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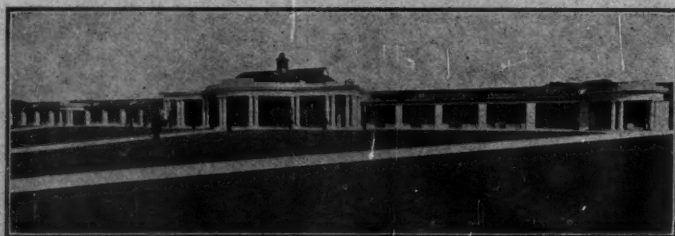
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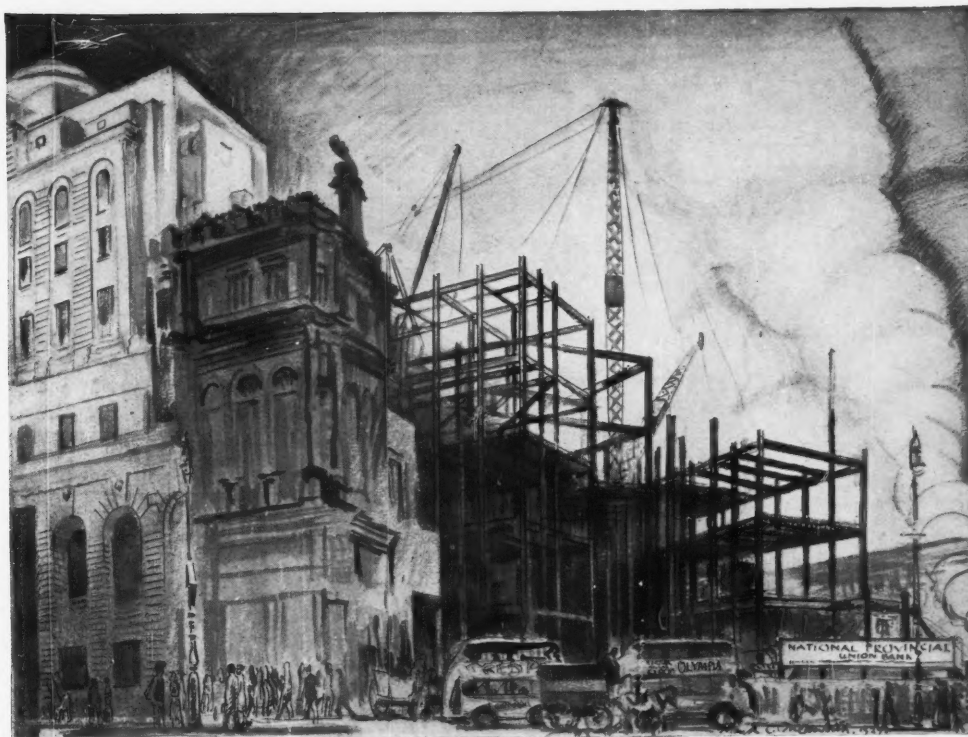
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THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

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Vol. LXVI, No. 394

September 1929

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Plate I. September 1929.
POLONAISE CARPET.
From the Jekyll Collection.

The Architecture of Wine.

By P. Morton Shand.

WERE I in quest of an architect to build me a house, I would not disclose even the vaguest "requirements" of my new home (and cellar) to him whom I had in mind until I had seen the colour of the wine he had brought up to manhood in his own—wherein wine, amorously stored away in darkness like a cherished heirloom, had gratefully requited the silently refining and enriching years of seeming oblivion by mellowing as does the patina of ancient brickwork. A fine red wine should grow a soft tawny-russet sooner than it takes a red-tiled roof to weather into the same lovely sunset tint known to the French as "onion-peel"; a white wine passes from pale honey-yellow to a dark amber-gold long before Portland stone can transmute its whiteness into chiaroscuro. Wine is a living organism, not an inanimate liquid which grows from heady youth to sturdy manhood and then declines, slowly or quickly as the case may be, into senile decay and our common mortality. A lover of architecture, therefore, ought always to have the best wine (better even than the lawyer) because he alone, having mastered its "housing problem," should be able to build that ideal cellar where the dusty bottles can ripen into their very fullest and proudest glories. If Noah planted the first vineyard, which pious Armenian priests point out to American tourists in the neighbourhood of Lake Van, we may be sure that in fashioning the Ark he took thought to provide a dry, dark place in it, where the temperature would remain as even as might be, for the storage of his precious wine-skins.

From the days of Charlemagne coopers and glass-blowers, the two trades most intimately associated with wine after the vine-dressers, grape-treaders, and vintners—for we may eliminate the taverners (*les taverniers qui brouillent nostre vin* so furiously denounced by François Villon in a blazing ballad), who were but retail vendors, as often as not watering or doctoring what they sold; and the skimmers, those unworthy botchers, who likewise added no quota of corporate skill in the service of Bacchus, unless fouling the pledged bowl with the *olor de bota* of their reeking *odre* be counted such—have been held in honour by their fellow-handicraftsmen and all honest brochurers of firkins, swillers of stoups, and crackers of bottles.

It may be conjectured that the same medieval master-craftsman who carved the cathedral's high altar or choir-stalls carved the chapter's richly-sculptured hogsheads and turned the great wooden screw for the presshouse of some neighbouring viticultural monastery as well. The smith who hammered out the deftly-foliated wrought-iron grille of the shrine that was its special pride, the blazon of its fame for foreign pilgrims, might as likely as not have been identical with the artificer who flattened out the hoops of the archiepiscopal wine-barrels and forged the massy lock of the cellars in which they lay. The glazier who extolled the saint to whom the splendid edifice was dedicated by patiently fitting the painted and fired fragments of his lead-rimmed effigy into the lofty stained window of its nave may likewise have blown wine-flagons and wine-cups, graven with Vulgate texts in praise of the grape's gladdening blood, or painted

with arabesques of racemes, vine-leaves and vintage revellers, to grace his archbishop's high table.

Before we lightly dismiss the idea of any real connection between wine and art, except in the now hackneyed poetic sense of wine sustaining the artist in his travail and rewarding him for his labours by the stimulus of fresh inspiration when achievement has turned his pain to joy, let us reflect a moment on all the noble designs and comely shapes which owe their existence to that of wine: eighteenth-century cellarettes and wine-coolers, silver wine-tasters and wine-strainers, wine-labels of Sheffield plate and Battersea enamel, decanters of Bohemian and Venetian crystal, old French and English wine-glasses, cut or uncut, with a notched stem or a stem filled with air-bubble spirals. And when just tribute has been paid to the beauty of all of these, there still remain the oaken wine-casks—the pipes, butts, aums, hogsheads, tuns, barrels, rundlets, ankers, kegs and puncheons hooped with flat iron bands, or swathed in corrugations of ribbed wattles, the spacings of which are undoubtedly arranged on some purely traditional and formal system of design that is at once architectural and practical—and the wine-bottles themselves, Burgundian and Rhenish and Bordelais, the Bocksbeutel flagons from Bavaria, straw-girt Tuscan *fiaschi*, or the alchemist's phials containing that true Elixir of Life, the *Eszencia* of Carpathian Tokay.

The story of wine is much less the history of gradually improving methods of cultivating the vine, or of steady progress in mastering the delicate art of vinifying the juice of its grapes, than of the discovery, as timely as it was tardy, of a means for conserving the must after it had been duly fermented into wine. Though the ancients used sealed earthenware amphoræ, and even air-tight cemented vats, for storing and ageing their wines, these owed their undoubted keeping powers partly to "simmering"—an indirect way of fortifying wine that enhances its alcoholic content by reducing its aqueous volume—and partly to the admixture of certain herbs and spices, or preservative agents, such as pitch and salt. The *vino cotto* and vermouth of Northern Italy and Provence, and the Greek wines prepared with resin, may be considered as the modern descendants of these early forms of *vin de garde*.

From the fall of the Roman Empire wine was always lodged in wine-skins or wooden casks. Indeed, the use of the former is not unknown in parts of Spain and the Balkans at the present day. Wooden casks, however, soon became general wherever oak and iron were available. The only satisfactory wood for making wine-casks is oak; chestnut and other timbers which have been tried, all impart some extraneous taste to the wine. Wine put into skins or casks was not ordinarily intended to last beyond the next vintage, and was kept "on tap" like a barrel of beer, or draft cider. Unfortunately wine in the wood inevitably evaporates, slowly but progressively, because even the straightest and most perfectly seasoned oaken staves are too porous to be altogether impermeable to the outside air. Once an air space occurs at the top of a barrel, "flowers" will form, or acetous fermentation sets in, to the ruin of the wine or its unintentional conversion into vinegar, unless it

THE ARCHITECTURE OF WINE.

is regularly filled up with fresh wine. About the sixteenth century the wine-growers of the Rhine Valley noticed that the larger the cask employed, the slower was the rate of evaporation and the less, proportionately, the loss of wine they suffered. This discovery caused the vogue for those Brobdingnagian hogs-heads of which Tübingen, Grün-ingen and Königs-

stein were once admired examples. More famous than any, perhaps, except of course that *stupor mundi* the Heidelberg Tun itself, which held some 32,400 gallons, were the Swedish Tun of Würzburg, the only survivor of yet mightier brethren burnt by Gustavus Adolphus's troops in 1630; "The Twelve Apostles" in the Rathskeller at Bremen, and the Kestenburg and Domnapf Tuns of Speyer. A drunkard whose capacity was legendary in the Palatinate—a province formerly known as "the wine-cellar of the Holy Roman Empire"—once declared he could never behold the great rose-window of Speyer Cathedral without believing that it was a celestial vision of the butt-end of the Domnapf, aureoled in glory, spurring a rainbowed ullage of golden and purple freshets into the crystal goblets which good St. Vincent hands to all honest tipplers in clinking them welcome to paradise. Most of these great aums were elaborately carved with fantastic or conventional architectural decorations. The Heidelberg Tun, built in 1591, has an elaborate pediment and a balustraded platform, reached by a spiral staircase and gallery, on the top, for all the world as though it were a terraced belvedere.

Up till about the end of the seventeenth century in England, lipped jugs or stoneware pitchers, often called "Greybeards," were used for drawing off wine (usually sack or claret) from the butt. These were rather similar to the crocks known as *chopines* in France and *boccali* in Italy, which still survive in some parts of those countries. Private cellars were then rare,



Left: An English CLARET glass bottle, c. 1610.
Centre: A Dutch CONSTANTIA WYN glass bottle, c. 1765.
Right: A German STEIN WEIN glass bottle, c. 1790.
Reproduced by courtesy of André L. Simon, Esq.

sign so as to ensure the recognition and return of his own property. Roughly-blown, bulbous-looking bottles, that were often dented or lopsided, gradually superseded these off-license pitchers for the more genteel customers, because they slopped less and were equally serviceable as draught measures and carafes on the dinner-table. These clumsy prototypes of our modern wine-bottles were made of heavy, almost opaque glass, with broad thick bottoms; extreme solidity and an ability to stand up well and firmly on their bases being the only other qualities demanded of them. For purposes of identification, a die engraved with the landlord's name or initials, or the sign of his tavern, was stamped into a glass cartouche, technically known as a "button," stuck on the slope of the shoulder. Much the same type of squat blown flask is still used at Arbois, in Franche-Comté, for bottling the historic *vin jaune* of Château-Châlon, and holds sixty centilitres, or just over a pint.

It was the providential discovery that a roughly-rounded, wedge-shaped piece of cork-bark, distended to its utmost elasticity by a night's soaking and then forced under compression into a bottle's mouth half its size, was the ideal means of sealing up wine so as to exclude all air from the vessel, while permitting of the stopper's ready extraction at any time, which brought about the revolution in the age and, therefore, nature and quality of the wine drunk; and, as a direct consequence, the shape of bottle adopted as most



Left: A French wine glass bottle, dated 1731.
Centre: An English PORT glass bottle, c. 1750.
Right: A German RHENISH glass bottle, c. 1825.

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André L. Simon, Esq.

appropriate for containing it. Up till the beginning of the eighteenth century the use of bottles for maturing wine into "bottle age" was unknown, and would, indeed, have been almost impossible for lack of a satisfactory air-tight bung that was as easy to introduce as to withdraw. Dom Pérignon, the blind cellarer of the Benedictine Abbey of Hautvillers, between Ay and Epernay, is usually credited with the epoch-making adaptation of the means to the end.

In any case Dom Pérignon, who died in 1715, the same year as Louis XIV, is supposed to have invented the secret for making the wine of Champagne effervesce (or rather the process which enabled it to retain in bottle the otherwise merely transient effervescence of an incomplete fermentation); and champagne, as the sparkling wine we know it, would be inconceivable without corks that were made of cork. Once the new stoppers—and stopper is the right word, because the first corks, like modern champagne corks, were mushroom-headed so as to provide their own means of extraction—were adopted, the bondage of the cumbrous cask with its continual need of replenishment was at an end the moment a wine was considered sufficiently matured for bottling; or, in other words, when it had hitherto been first drawn off for consumption. It now became possible to plumb up wine in an impermeable, yet easily opened, container of convenient size and store it away in the cellar, where it needed no further attention and continued to improve for long years. At this stage the history of wine enters upon an era which Mr. André Simon has aptly termed "Bottlescrew Days" ("bottlescrews" being the name by which the earliest corkscrews—contrivances devised to permit of the employment of a simpler and more satisfactory shape of cork, driven home flush with the bottle's mouth—were known to our great-grandfathers)—an enlightened and reasonable age of uniformly - moulded cylindrical bottles, corks, corkscrews, sealing-wax, bottled wines, family wine-cellar, choice cobwebbed bins and "three-to-six-bottle men" with an exacting taste for vintage wines having several decades to their score.

England was the first country



Left: An old English opaque moulded SHERRY bottle. Right: Eighteenth-century PORT bottles, reproduced from *Bottlescrew Days*, by André L. Simon, by permission of Messrs. Duckworth.

phobia of which was inspired with the idea of throttling all trade, or need for trade, with France, had had the effect of excluding practically every wine except port from England owing to the enormous preference it gave to Portuguese over all other, and particularly French, wines: £7 5s. 3d. per tun duty on the former as against £55 5s. on the latter. The greater the demand for port (which now enjoyed a virtual monopoly of the market), the more the Douro growers brandied it under the pretext that this was done to flatter the depraved English palate in response to its own insistent demand. In reality, their object was to cloak its not infrequently poor quality or imperfect vinification and meet the competition of the growing taste for cheap spirits, such as gin, rum, and smuggled French brandy. Port grew so alcoholic, and tasted so rankly of raw spirits, that it could only be made drinkable by keeping it for many years. The cork solved this hitherto troublesome

problem in the simplest and most economical way. The natural result was that the vintners started to bottle wine and sell it in this guise so that the well-to-do classes could lay down their own cellars in anticipation of future needs. The "button" on the bottle now began to bear the wine-merchant's or cellar-owner's name; or the latter's crest. Later still, when the laying down of hundreds of dozens of vintage ports became the general rule, it was sometimes stamped with what the French call the *millésime*, or year of the wine's vintage, in order to distinguish one wine from another in the same cellar. It is worth noting that the first known paper label for pasting on a wine-bottle was printed in Oporto for the 1756 vintage. By a curious paradox it is precisely



Left: Typical bottles of the shape used for fortified wines (PORT, SHERRY, etc.); that on the left shows the more usual bulge in the neck. Right: The Portuguese national type of bottle for unfortified wines.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF WINE.

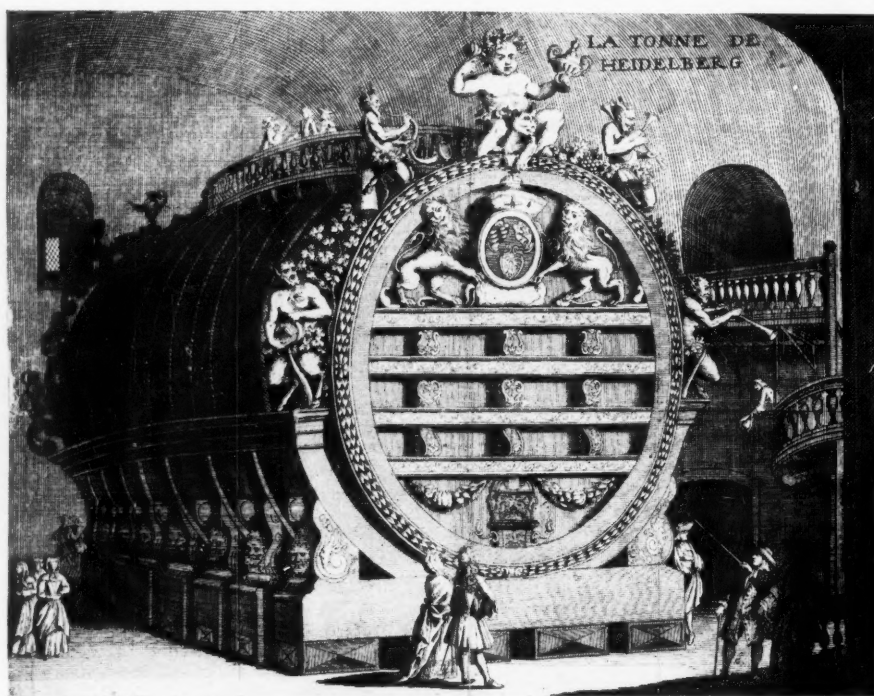
for vintage ports that the English tradition of sealing the corks with the shipper's name, or the year, instead of labelling the bottles, survives most obstinately; as is exemplified by the splash of whitewash on the naked punt to show which side to keep uppermost in decanting or rebinning. When a bottle of wine stands upright for any length of time, the air space isolates the wine from the cork, with the result that the latter begins to grow dry and hard and soon shrinks. This lets in the outer air and the vinegar fungus is not slow to form. In the cellar a recumbent position is essential for the bottle so as to ensure the air-bubble resting harmlessly against the glass as in a spirit-level, and the cork being kept entirely covered with wine. Once the main purpose of the bottle ceased to be that of an intermediary vessel, or bailer, for transferring wine from a cask to a glass, uniformity of shape became imperative, because the first necessity for the new storage type of bottle was that it should be truly, instead of merely approximately, cylindrical in order that it might lie evenly, shoulder to shoulder, with its fellows in the same bin. The glass-makers were quite equal to meeting the new requirement, and almost as soon as bottled wines began to establish their popularity, bottles were being moulded in separate halves in Bristol: then, as now, one of the most important ports for wine.

Moulded bottles are conspicuous by the ugly ridged line which runs down each side of them; and by an absence of all "work" in their necks. It is, however, quite possible, if much more expensive, to blow bottles sufficiently cylindrical even for binning. I have in my possession some dozens of beautiful, light-green wine-bottles from the Empress Eugénie's private cellar at the Château de Compiègne, which, in spite of the fact that they must have been blown between 1853 and 1870, still prove eminently serviceable and far less brittle than the ordinary moulded type. Their bases are marked with a star and a capital "E," while the necks have the charming and characteristic twist, as though of gathered-up threads of spun glass, typical of all carefully blown bottles. These bottles are as uniform in shape and size as could be reasonably required, and have been in constant use for bottling *vin ordinaire* for several decades.

By 1784, the moulded port bottle, with much the same silhouette as we know it, had become standardized in England. The new bottled wines led in turn to the introduc-

tion of decanters and wine-strainers, because the heavily "loaded" vintage ports and Madeiras formed thick crusts or deposits from which the wine had to be carefully drained away. These strainers, often in the form of a thistle, were made of silver or Sheffield plate in a variety of sometimes exquisite designs. The wine, shown off to the full advantage in its crystal decanter as it had never been before, needed an indication of its identity when more than one kind was set before guests at table. The first decanter-labels, or "bottle-tickets" as they were originally called, were roughly fashioned disks of bone, wood, iron, steel, copper, pewter, or plain Bilston enamel. Later, heart-, crescent-, and panel-shaped, convex chain-labels of mother-of-pearl, ivory, silver, Sheffield plate, the fine yellow metal alloy used by Christopher Pinchbeck, and choice Battersea enamel, were produced, the beautiful workmanship and finish of which is a joy to

many collectors indifferent to—or even ignorant of—the wines whose names they display. In order that a proper provision of bottles could be kept standing up, or lying down in cradles, ready for use where they would be needed, the mahogany cellarette was designed in harmony with the dining-room furniture. A rather similar receptacle, lined with tin, known as a wine-cooler, was devised to obviate white wine becoming tepid in



THE HEIDELBERG TUN.

Reproduced from *Bottlescrew Days*, by André L. Simon. By permission of Messrs. Duckworth.

hot weather. Straight-sided red-lacquered saucers are still sometimes met with, which date from the same period and were intended for standing bottles in when no decanter was in use at table.

Sir Boyle Roche once proposed a Bill in the Irish House of Commons to enact that "every quart bottle should hold a quart." There is no doubt that there was just as much need for such a measure in England, but until bottles were moulded it was impossible to stipulate that they should all hold an equal measure. The ordinary current size was then the quart bottle, the ancestor of the modern "reputed quart," which actually holds about a pint and a third. Pints and "nips"—the latter being half-pint bottles, of which those curious hand-grenade-shaped quarter-bottles of Champagne sold at railway-station buffets, confectioners' shops, and city luncheon-bars may perhaps be the descendants—were much used in Oxford and Cambridge colleges and at the Inns of Court. The magnum—short for "*magnum bonum*"—a name reflecting the enhanced quality of wine which a larger bottle assures, and not the bottle's double

dimensions—certainly already existed, but it does not seem to have been very largely employed, even for port. The "teppit-hen," of five reputed pints, a much older measure, was popular in Scotland and the North of England. The double magnum, jero boam

(containing the equivalent of six ordinary bottles), and the imperiale or rehoboam (a quadrupled magnum), sizes which still maintain some sort of a precarious existence, were nineteenth-century extravagances. Those great straw-covered glass carboys, called *Maries-Jeannes*, *Dames-Jeannes* (hence our word "demi-john") or *Bonbonnes* in France, holding anything from six to twelve litres, that still survive in the Madiranais, were also common in England during the eighteenth century; but they seem to have been used almost exclusively for the spirituous cordials popular at that epoch. The wicker-worked, spigoted, stoneware jar, if anything from two to ten gallons capacity, variously employed at the present time for spirits, cider and ginger-beer, may be considered as the modern evolution of the demi-john. The carboy survives in very much its original form as the appropriate vessel for the transport of sulphuric acid.

The word "wine-bottle" probably sets the average Englishman instinctively visualizing a claret bottle, for the excellent and sufficient reason that it is, on the whole, much the commonest type in Great Britain; and also because other shapes are usually prefixed by the names of the wines they most frequently contain. In France, on the other hand, the claret bottle is something of an exception, so



Left: Modern Bordeaux bottles with labels typical of the fine Crus Classés CLARETS. Centre: A blown wine-bottle from the private bins of the Empress Eugénie at the Château de Compiègne. Right: MUSCATELLE bottles. On the left is the moulded French Muscat de Frontignan bottle, and on the right the Portuguese Moscatel de Setubal, which is similar in shape to the white blown hock bottle. Both are white in colour.



The base of the Château de Compiègne bottle, embossed with the Imperial "E" (for Eugénie), and the star cypher.

Devonshire cider—which is the general rule, the standardized national type. The champagne bottle, divested of its flashy gold-foil, mushroom-cork and mesh of wiring, reveals itself as simply a rather stouter and thicker white Burgundy bottle, that has passed rigorous tests before being pressed into the service of effervescence, such as is equally the birthright of Montrachet, Meursault, Chablis, Pouilly, Château-Grillet, White Hermitage, and many of the Savoy and Touraine growths.

The lusty, jovial Burgundy bottle represents the simplest development of the old eighteenth-century blown flask, which served the dual purpose of wine-measure and table-carafe, into a stout, workman-like type of moulded bottle that, though perhaps unnecessarily heavy, lends itself readily enough to binning away. No bottle sits more solidly and imposingly on its seat; and none is more suggestive of a prodigious cellarage. Yet, in spite of the sleek, almost callipygic roundness of its matronly punt, was ever a shape devised fuller of promise to the hearty diner, or pious oenophile? How admirably the rapid and confident sweep of its single curve evokes the gentle gurgle of a big, round, mature and fruity wine sleepily issuing from its long prison. There is none of the maidenly reserve and rather aloof grace of the Bordeaux bottle in the firm contours of



Left: Modern BURGUNDY bottles with two different types of millésime. The Moulin-a-Vent is dipped in wax and the Pommard is capsuled in the ordinary way. Right: A typical modern CHAMPAGNE bottle.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF WINE.



Left: Hungarian TOKAY flasks. Right: Château-Châlon bottles, both of which are blown. Notice the bottle ticket cartouche of the left-hand bottle.

the fully-rounded shoulders. The mighty girth of the loins—for the equally capacious kick-up (that ignoble subterfuge of nineteenth-century vintners, so typical of the canting commercial morality of their age), the void of which has been growing steadily more cavernous ever since its inception, is happily invisible when the bottle is filled with red wine—seems to promise as many bumpers as a demijohn. No bottle “takes” sealing-wax better; which should for choice be scarlet as a cardinal’s hat and envelop a good four or five inches of the neck with a smooth, sightly, and impervious sheath. (Dipping in wax, provided the wax be not too friable, affords the cork better protection than that now almost universally employed labour-saving device, the metal capsule.) This type of bottle is ideal for showing off a small and discreet oblong label, like an *ipse fecit* panel, low down on the punt, such as that on which the elect among initiates may sometimes read the electrifying inscription *Romanée-Conti. De Villaine et Cambon, Successeurs de la Maison Duvaux-Bloch*. The middle slope of the almost Pre-Raphaelite neck provides just the right, the significant position for that all-important weather-vane, the—preferably crescent-shaped—*millésime* of the vintage year. The white bottle is no less lordly and heartening to the beholder than the red; try to imagine “divine” Montrachet in any other lineaments! Burgundy is an exuberant wine, as exuberantly medieval as the architecture of the Hospices de Beaune, announcing itself with the bold and triumphant assurance of a great and still vigorous tradition in the livery of a bottle that seems to cry from afar, “Oyez! Oyez! Make way for the King of Wines, the Wine of Kings. *Voici le Vin de Bourgogne!*”

“Love me, love my bottle.” One cannot love the wine without loving its traditional shell. Every wine-bottle should express the nature and qualities of its wine as a skilful rider sets off the breed and paces of his horse. The Claret bottle is of an as austere refinement as the wine it holds. There is a complete absence of pomp and circumstance. Here is a shape at once sovereignly graceful and practical with an admirable severity and purity of line, a studied absence of the least adventitious embellishment. Though this shape displays a fine, if immature, torso in the nude, it is not really complete without a long, but unostenta-

tious, white label, with a vignette of its *Château* at the top, running the whole length of the body from the shoulders to an inch or so from the base; and the wonderful three-inch branded corks, straighter-grained than the finest briar pipes, that are the sign-manual of the sublime *crus classés*. The *millésime* should be oval and placed just below the dip of the neck. Bordeaux in this guise is a quietly, but an impeccably, dressed wine. I cannot help feeling that by rights the modern Claret bottle ought to have been the typical English eighteenth-century shape; in reality it was a late nineteenth-century evolution of a very clumsy prototype. The white bottle is much less impressive. The finest Sauternes mirrored in it looks very like clarified olive oil.

Apart from the Château-Châlon blown flask of sixty centilitres *contenance*—a scantling of just about a pint—and the port type of bottle, frequently of a litre capacity, employed for Banyuls, Rivesaltes, Grenache, and Picardan, the only generally recognized exceptions to the Burgundy and Bordeaux shapes in France are those used in Alsace, Anjou, the region round Pouilly-sur-Loire, and for the Muscat of Frontignan, though the *Blanc-Fumé* wines of Pouilly-sur-Loire, Chavignol, and Sancerre, in the centre of France, are occasionally bottled in small white flasks of much the same shape and size as those identified with Tokay. The corrugated bottle of Frontignan, the coarsely-moulded grooves of which are awkwardly twisted at the neck, is also of recent adoption: this rather flamboyant type having been selected as an adroit and inexpensive medium of publicity.

By some tacit, and rather sycophantic, convention, virtually every fortified wine is bottled in the same shaped bottle: Port and Carcavellos, Sherry and Malaga, Madeira and Marsala, and those curious new Imperial potions euphemistically termed “Cape and Australian sweet wines of Port style”; as also the Muscats of Syracuse and Samos, the Roussillon growths of Banyuls and Rivesaltes, Picardan and Grenache *Rancios*, the Aleatico and Malvasia of Corsica, and even almost unknown Sardinian wines that never seem to leave their native island, like Giró, Nasco, and Monica. Exceptions, of course, exist—notably the Portuguese Muscatelle of Setubal and the Italian *Moscato Appassito*, bottled respectively in transparent and opaque hock-bottles



Left : German Rhine-Wine bottles. On the left is a brown *HOCK* bottle and on the right a green *MOSELLE* bottle. Right : Typical Stein Wein *Bocksbeutel*. That on the left is blown and that on the right is moulded.

—the most familiar of which in England is the redoubtable quartern methylated-spirit bottle used by sardonic grocers for the sale of Tarragona "Port." This standardized type common to all loaded or muted wines, usually called the port-bottle, which was of English origin and represents the earliest kind of moulded wine-bottle known, seems to have been evolved about 1784. I must confess that just as I am not among the champions of port the wine, because it is a fortified mixture prepared in Oporto wine-lodges and not the natural product of the wine-presses of Douro vineyards, I am also no great admirer of port the bottle. All the same, an authority as eminent as Mr. André Simon has pronounced it "a truly magnificent specimen as regards shape, colour, size, weight, and general excellence." Personally, I find the semi-architectural convention of the columnar neck ungainly, over-emphatic, badly proportioned and functionally useless. This stocky little column is too squat and broad for its length and needlessly destroys the bottle's unity of shape, because it rises from the shoulders much too abruptly, thereby giving the impression that neck and body were moulded separately and stuck together afterwards. Perhaps this very weakness of design is the reason why port bottles have brittler necks than others. Spirits like rum and whisky, and even some bottled stouts and beers, generally choose the same, or a very similar, type of container. There is something about the parvenu appearance of a proprietary brand of whisky put up in a port bottle—for whisky, as befits the cotter's dram and ostler's swig it originally was, has no history and no traditional bottle—as spuriously "Scottish Baronial" as that turreted Speyside castle which a well-known firm of distillers have built for their offices in the Haymarket. Today, bottlers of whisky, brandy, and gin (which obviously needs a transparent, square-faced bottle to reflect the bluish-white sheen of its satin) are more and more availing themselves of the same licence that alchemists of liqueurs have long enjoyed of choosing whatever shapes, appropriate, fantastic or merely vulgar, seem most likely to intrigue public curiosity into an increased demand for their wares. One whisky firm, however, deserves praise for the particularly charming form of triangular flask with a "dimple" on each face which it has recently adopted.

The real Portuguese bottle—though the port type seems

to be rapidly superseding it, Bucellas being now more often met with in Lisbon bottled as if it were port—is that typified by Collares; a very graceful, semi-amphora form which swells out gradually in a single unbroken curve from the neck to the inward-sloping shoulders and then recedes towards a base that is of considerably smaller circumference than the shoulder girth. A modified form of this shape—which is very similar to the blown bottles from the Empress Eugénie's cellars at Compiègne, if rather more pronounced in curve—is used by some of the Armagnac bottlers of the Département of the Gers.

The unpretentious, pigeon-chested, light-green Swiss wine-bottle, like the brown Swedish beer-bottle, is distinctive without being memorable. Somewhat resembling a stone ginger-beer bottle in shape, with short, angular shoulders, it is, as befits a nation of honest peasants, as innocent of the fraudulent kick-up as of any elegance of line. Italy has the famous *fiasco* of Tuscany, which, when deprived of its protective straw wrappings and padded base, proves to be round-bottomed as a laboratory flask, only much more roughly blown, and incapable of standing up. The neck, though long, is usually cut off abruptly without any pretence of a flange; the mouth being summarily stoppered with a wisp of straw, or papered over, to keep out the dust. The reason for this is that the custom in Tuscany and Central Italy is to add a drop or two of olive-oil when filling the bottle to prevent the air coming in contact with the wine. When the bottle is poured out, the oil is sopped up with a wad of cotton-wool, or the first quarter of a glass or so is simply thrown away. There are several varieties of the *fiasco*: the ordinary roughly-covered litre-and-a-half size, which is the current national type; neatly plaited smaller sizes, gaily decorated with green and red strands and quite useless knotted straw handles, which are primarily intended for export and therefore properly corked and capsuled; and a third type, of varying capacities, with an amazingly thin and prolonged tubular neck, used as a table decanter, that is most beautifully and elaborately braided over with fine straw in cane-chair seat designs and bedizened with red and green silk pompons, which is met with in restaurants and private houses. Where the first of these types is used at table it is slung in the metal cage of a sort of rocking dumb-waiter, the

THE ARCHITECTURE OF WINE.

guest helping himself by pulling down the neck of the bottle level with the brim of his glass. The Orvieto *fiasco* is smaller, dumper, and broader-bottomed than the Chianti type. Since the war the primitive, unwieldy and unbinnable, if undoubtedly picturesque, *fiaschi* are more and more yielding ground to normal modern shapes owing to the impossibility of packing them without a heavy toll of broken bottles. In fact, for the wine-exporters the old Italian *fiasco* has become synonymous with the English sense of the word. The Persian carabas is of much the same type. This, too, is a long-necked glass flask encased in straw, with a capacity of some three litres, which has been used for bottling the wine of Shiraz from time immemorial. This wine, so dear to Omar Khayyám, is fermented and matured in immense glazed earthenware vases—reminiscent of the stage setting of *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*—holding 250–300 litres apiece, which are buried in the ground to keep them cool.

Germany can boast two purely national types: the hock-bottle of the Rhine and the Bocksbeutel of Bavaria. Meredith seems to have missed the opportunity of saying that the hock-bottle “had a neck,” the nervous neck of a thoroughbred race-horse; for in spite of the fact that, having no kick-up, it holds as much as any other, a common criticism is that this shape is “all neck.” This, though true, is only superficially true. If the hock-bottle is rather top-heavy, it is also the easiest and surest of bottles for pouring out. Although it bins well, it is guilty of wasting a good deal of valuable cellar space owing to its egregious length. Yet how perfectly this dignified, elongated, and gentlemanly bottle suggests a cool, fragrant wine designed to be slipped into the waiting ice-bucket on a hot day to frost over deliciously till the crucial moment of a summer lunch sets it free to perfume the air and embalm our palates. Hock is unique among the “great” wines in that however transcendent the fame and venerable the age of any particular specimen, it can be revered as devoutly in a setting of Nature as in the most historic banqueting hall. No wine is more at home, thanks to that *alter ego* its bottle, lapped over in a mossy brook, or standing on a humble garden table under the shade of overhanging trees. Probably the affection with which the *Rheinweinflasche* is regarded by Germans is as much a wondering admiration for a form slender to attenuation among a corpulent and rather graceless people as proper respect for an integral part of their historic and cultural patrimony. An agreeable note of variety is afforded by the differentiation in colour between the golden brown used for the wines of the Rheingau, Rheinhessen and the Palatinate, and the dark green—the true “bottle-green”—which distinguishes the growths of the Moselle, Saar, and Ruwer Valleys. When used for a red wine, such as Assmannshäuser, Ober-Ingelheimer or Walporzheimer, it seems to lose all appropriateness. A white hock-bottle is an ignoble parody. Though hock, the bottle of the wine, has been taken in vain in many tints by the purely imitative, or so-called “similar” wines of half a dozen other countries—to say nothing of as many brandy distillers—hock, the Rhine wine alone native to that bottle, can never be plagiarized except in name. That charming

survival of past ages, the pot-bellied, light-green Bocksbeutel, which, though moulded, seems to have strayed from the nearest museum or curiosity shop, is perhaps the most romantic-looking wine-bottle there is. Unfortunately, not even Chianti *fiaschi* are more recalcitrant of binning, or show a higher percentage of those disheartening “breakages in transit.” Yet, in spite of these manifest disadvantages, the Franconian wine-growers stubbornly refuse to abandon its use, arguing, very properly, that a Stein Wein implies a Bocksbeutel and a Bocksbeutel a Stein Wein.

In Austria and Hungary a bottle similar to the hock shape, except that it is usually white and has a slight outward bulge towards the middle of the neck, breaking the suavity of its “stream-line” and robbing it of much of its grace, is the prevalent type for white wines. Tokay is identified with those white or brown flasks, holding much less than a pint, the long thin necks of which, no wider than glass towel-rods, so admirably evoke the exquisite flavour of the rare and costly quintessence they harbour. In September 1927, a Dresden wine-merchant offered for sale in London eight thousand bottles of Tokay, valued at £40,000, from the cellars of the former Royal House of Saxony. The vintages of these wines, many of which must have been laid down by that doughty champion of Protestantism, the Elector Augustus the Strong of the 365 Bastards, ranged from 1700 to 1880, but most were of famous eighteenth-century years. It was apparently easier to find buyers for the bottles empty than full, antique dealers being willing to pay 15s. each for the older shapes minus their contents.

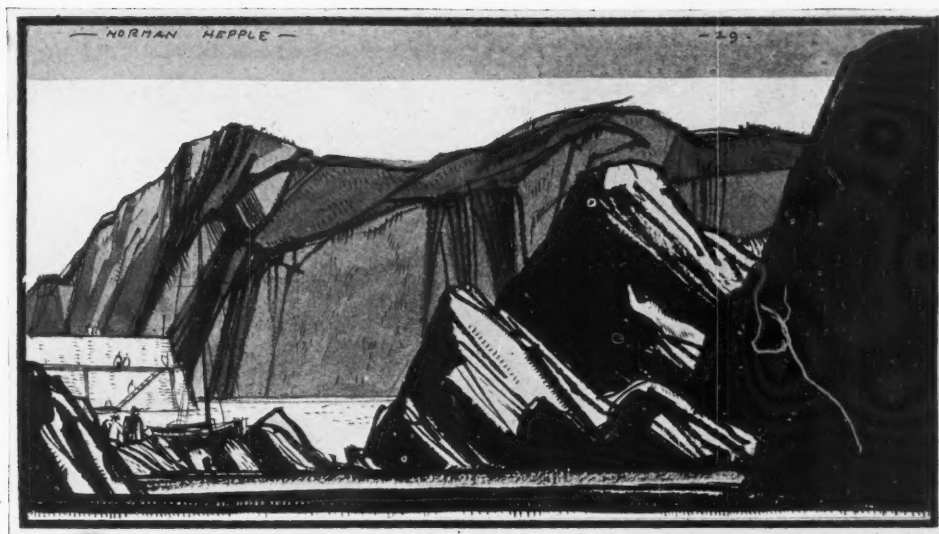
Another delightful survival is the vitrified stoneware *cruchon* used for Geneva Hollands and some brands of Curaçoa. The square, straw-covered blue Venetian glass vial of Zara Maraschino, with its crudely-lettered label, has a charm perfectly in harmony with its scented, semi-Oriental flavour. There are people who admire Benedictine and Grand Marnier bottles, which have not half the dignity of those now rare litre jorums of the original Grand Chartreuse; others extol the registered trade-mark shapes of Bisleri Bitters, that looks like a purgative mineral water, and of Strega, which resembles a cruse of synthetic lemonade syrup.

Perhaps the most hideous of all is the Elixir des Pins, in which an ordinary bottle is encased in a plaster mould rusticated and coloured to imitate an unbarked fir-log roughly stripped of its branches. The genuine Riga Kümmel, like Danziger Goldwasser, Heering's Copenhagen Cherry Brandy, and the *carafon* of Teissire's Grenoble Ratafia, are instances in which bottles and labels achieve complete unity of function and expression as an introduction to the flavours of their contents.

The art of the paper wine-label, the first example of which is Portuguese and dates from 1756, is, like the art of the poster, of which it may be considered a miniature form, still in its infancy. All that can be said here is that a rough, matt, cream, or yellowish paper is preferable to one that is smooth, glossy, and white; and that the Germans, who have produced some very pleasing and effective designs in colour-printing, are far in advance of other nations.



The “Dimple” Scotch WHISKY bottle adopted by Messrs. Haig & Co. It is one of the most attractive of modern bottles of its type.



Glorious Devon.

By William Walter Wood.

THE Egyptian Delta is a flat land of date-palms and mud huts; the upper reaches of the Nile have a certain rugged grandeur—all the rest is barren desert and the dusty legacy of a bygone people. It was a scorching hot day in the Sharia Emad el Dine when I met Robinson on his return to Cairo. I asked him where he had spent his leave and was told "in Devon." What a picture leapt to my mind's eye—of blackberries in the copses of Bovey Tracy, of the heather on Haytor, of the good red earth and the green grass—those marvellous fields that bring a wistful smile of remembrance to the exile in hot and arid lands.

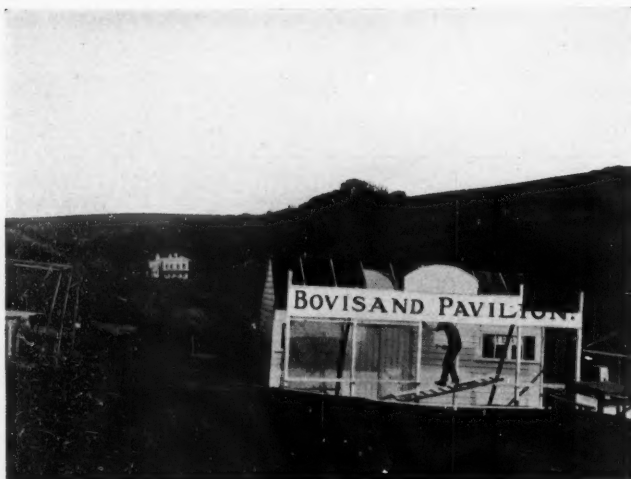
Time passed and I, too, came back to Devon. I came to look for those beautiful verdant combes, those unspoilt villages that are the pride of Mother England and a joyful memory to her sons abroad. I got out at Plymouth, that city of marble pavements—a noble sight after rain—which owes so much to Francis Drake and John Foulston. But my objective was the country, the coast, and the moor.

At the Barbican, alongside the spot where the Pilgrim Fathers boarded the *Mayflower*, I entered a motor-boat and was carried across the Sound to see the delightful cove of Bovisand, the nearest patch of sandy shore to Plymouth, where the city's children may build their sand castles and inhale the tang of the sea. I landed at a war-time quay and crept around a headland to view this earthly Paradise. Nature had given liberally of cliff and gorse and grassy slope, of sandy beach and sunny sea; man had placed a charming home in this delightful setting, and then had gone away. You can see the house in the photograph; and in the foreground the consequences of over a hundred years of human progress. An attempt has been made to turn this

lovely spot into a kind of bank-holiday resort. Wooden erections of the type usually associated with fair-grounds encumber the bed of the combe, the cove is littered with waste paper, the place is destroyed: man in his twentieth-century arrogance has intruded upon Nature and with the most disastrous results. To grumble and point the finger may do some good, but surely the people who are responsible for these erections have only put them up to help make a livelihood, not to desecrate a beauty spot. What they apparently fail to realize is that they *are* desecrating a beauty spot, and that they are, therefore, *robbing themselves* by frightening away the very folk who would pay for the tea and other fare that they have to offer. Why could not the vendors or lessors of the land have insisted upon the purchasers or lessees submitting their ideas to the arbitrament of an architect, retained by the owners for the purpose of preserving the amenities of the place? Surely this is nothing but a sound common-sense business policy, for the value of the sites would thus have been saved from depreciation and the vendors of tea, etc., would have increased their custom. The intelligent layman must be as incensed against the thoughtless spoliation of England as is the architect, and will undoubtedly keep away from such abominable scenes of desolation.

Not far from Bovisand are the delightful villages of Down Thomas and Knighton. As one climbs the hill out of the sheltering hollow in which the latter lies, one is led to believe that Bovisand may, after all, be only an isolated case. But disillusionment quickly follows. The right bank of the Yealm slopes precipitously down to the river; and clinging to its face are bungalows, semi-bungalows, and all manner of horrors such as only the ingenuity of the

GLORIOUS DEVON.



"man had placed a charming home in this delightful setting, and then had gone away. You can see the house in the photograph; and in the foreground the consequences of over a hundred years of human progress."

very literally belongs to the site on which it stands. It is this atmosphere that the Yealm bank cottage to some extent possesses, but it enjoys the distinction alone. The other erections owe a great deal of their ugliness to the "artistic" creations of the mass producers. For whilst builder—and sometimes architect—and client are not free from blame, the person who is chiefly at fault is he who manufactures in sufficiently large quantities to be cheap, articles which he assures a gullible and indiscriminating public are "artistic." Why in the name of wonder cannot he mass-produce goods of a less offensive character? One firm that produces large quantities of pink, diamond-shaped asbestos tiles has now turned over a new leaf, and one sees brown and grey tiles of the same material, rectangular in form, not unpleasant to look upon and probably very little more expensive either to buy or to hang.

Is it cheaper to make a ridge tile which gives a silhouette of this sort than it is to make one that gives a straight line? If people do not employ architects "because they are expensive" why do they waste money on weird



"An attempt has been made to turn Bovisand into a kind of bank-holiday resort. Wooden erections of the type usually associated with fair-grounds encumber the bed of the combe, the cove is littered with waste paper, the place is destroyed."

jerry-builder and the uneducated taste of the public can together devise. Amongst them is one sober, box-like, cement-rendered cottage. In all probability it is no more the work of an architect than are any of the others. But no attempt has been made at decoration—the building is simple, direct, and entirely free from any hint of self-consciousness. Probably it was built in the same spirit as its ancestors, by a man with a genuine feeling for materials, solidity, and efficiency. The conscious striving after effect—the cult of beauty, the cult of colour—is the damnation of modern architecture. When the Devonian bridge builders, cottage builders, church and manor house builders in the past set themselves a task, they went at it logically and, I believe, without any fussing about what the result would look like. A farmer at Buckland Monachorum wanted to build a house for his leading hand. He chose a pleasant spot near a spring where stone could easily be quarried, and there he built with the materials at hand. The quarry is, today, a pleasant garden, and the cottage



"The right bank of the Yealm slopes precipitously down to the river; and clinging to its face are bungalows, semi-bungalows, and all manner of horrors."



"there is a grand old farm, solid and reposeful, and one feels that it will still be there when its noisy neighbours across the way have passed into the limbo of the forgotten past."

On the right are a few quiet and genteel survivals of the Greek enthusiasm—they are like respectable spinsters trying hard to preserve their dignity amongst an hilarious Hampstead Heath crowd on a bank-holiday afternoon. Then there is a grand old farm—its accidental massing forms a composition that no amount of art could improve upon. It is solid and reposeful and one feels that it will still be there, cool, calm, and self-reliant, when its noisy neighbours across the way have passed into the limbo of the forgotten past. What a wonderful opportunity has been lost! On the left of the road the ground rises very steeply; consequently it was no doubt sold very cheaply; but instead of the buildings clinging to the hillside as they do in Italy, Cyprus or Palestine or any mountainous country, one feels that they may at any moment come sliding down into the road.

A great hoarding smothered with posters, all vying with one another to attract the attention of the passer-by, is the final disfigurement of what was no doubt at one time a beautiful country lane.

A little off the road to the south is the village of Plymstock.



"one is greeted by those boon companions of modern commercialism—a gigantic hoarding on one side of the road and a discordant petrol-filling station on the other."

and awful terra-cotta beasts with which to grace their gables?

There should be a law passed against the use of imitation timber framing; and the employment of the descriptions "Old-world Country Cottage" and "in the Tudor style" when applied to modern fabrications should be made a criminal offence.

One may be annoyed at intervals along the remainder of the road back to and through the spoilt village of Elburton, but from the moment of entering the main road one execrates continuously until Laira Bridge is reached. (From the bridge into the heart of the city the way is no worse than the passage through a typical South London suburb.) This land approach to the ancient and honourable port is an affront to all sense of common decency. Jerry has done his work well. The road is bespattered with small houses, all of which could easily have been made pleasant little places to look upon and to live in without additional expense—but they have not.



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GLORIOUS DEVON.



"A great hoarding smothered with posters, all vying with one another to attract the attention of the passer-by, is the final disfigurement of what was no doubt at one time a beautiful country lane."



"The cottages are all of limestone, the roofs are slated, and yet the gable of the village meeting place is 'half-timbered'."



"a 'semi-detached pair of old-world villa residences in the Tudor style' half blot out the parish church."



"rough-cast houses of identical design form a potential slum. I think they are the most depressing sight I have seen in Devon."

Along a main street rough-cast houses of identical design, but varying in colour through most of the hues of the spectrum, form a potential slum. I think they are the most depressing sight I have seen in Devon.

To the north of Plymouth the same sad story is unfolded. Magnificent trees have been ruthlessly cut down. Local architects and other public-spirited men have made attempts to save them wherever possible with, in at least one instance, some success. But they are as voices crying in the wilderness.

Hartley is a good-class residential suburb, and as one leaves it for the north one is greeted by those boon companions of modern commercialism—a gigantic hoarding on one side of the road and a discordant petrol-filling station on the other; and the vale immediately beyond has all the charm peculiar to English parkland.

Just beyond Crownhill there is another group of excellent examples of the art of the speculative builder.

Yelverton and Crapstone are the moorland homes of many wealthy business magnates, and to these beautiful and healthy spots army and navy men have retired. The places have all the appearance of that mushroom type of growth usually associated with popular seaside resorts. They are ugly and straggly; some of the houses are quietly hidden away amongst trees and blend happily into the landscape, but a large number are quite unnecessarily obtrusive.

England as a whole, and Devon in particular, is suffering from a disease of a most virulent type; it has broken out in ugly spots everywhere—it is a sort of measles, and like measles it can be cured. The architect must play the part of the physician and he must be backed up by the powerful instrument of public opinion. A little time ago I drew the attention of the Editor of *The Architects' Journal* to a case brought before the Moretonhampstead bench by the chief constable for the county. A view was alleged to have been "disfigured or injuriously affected" by the erection of a notice-board advertising a boarding-house—a full account appeared in *The Architects' Journal* of February 6, 1929. But the magistrates dismissed the case. Legislation attempts to do something, but it requires the backing of general indignation. All of those who are genuinely perturbed at what is happening to our countryside can help if they will. Why not make a point of only buying your petrol from well-designed filling-stations? They are so difficult to find that it would necessitate carrying a spare supply with you, but the effect would gradually be felt and with it would come the inevitable improvement.

The most powerful factor in the creation of the present deplorable state of taste was undoubtedly the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century. As machinery came in the craftsman went out, and with him went local tradition, for which no substitute has yet been found. The Gothic revival was the natural reaction—the layman was told to admire Tudor work, the Edwardian architects continued to reproduce it, and being a conservative people we are still asked for it by the Georgians. So are the jerry-builders, and they gladly give it! Milton Combe, as its name implies, is pocketed in the hills—a quaint and delightful place. You come upon its inn, suddenly, around a corner, and it is called the "Who would have thought it?" The cottages are all of limestone, the roofs are slated, there is not the faintest suggestion of timber framing and yet the upper third of the

gable of the village meeting place is "half-timbered"—to a thickness of about one inch! The same sort of thing can be seen in Brixton (South Devon), where a "semi-detached pair of old-world villa residences in the Tudor style" half blot out the parish church.

At Buckland Monachorum, at the top of the hill where the road drops steeply down into the sleepy old village, the desire to ameliorate the conditions of life amongst the rural folk has called for the erection of a Women's Institute, timber-framed and covered with asbestos, with wood strips over the joints. A *real* Tudor cottage serves as a small general store—and its walls are defaced to advertise its wares.

There is a cure for this plague, although at the outset it will naturally be attended by its own evils. Tradition lives amongst the country folk in the depths of the country—contamination comes from the city in various forms. The week-ender builds his bungalow, the small trader retires, the clerk decides to live a rustic life and exploits some city "amenity" to attract custom from the villager. But even with these influences at his door the countryman, who knew nothing of the industrial revolution, is hard to turn from his good habits. The cure, then, lies in the creation of a healthy outlook on art in the city-bred. It is hopeless to expect him to understand rural traditions—in the smoke and turmoil he has never known anything of the kind. He thinks in terms of motor cars, motor bicycles, wireless sets, loud speakers, vacuum cleaners, water H. and C., and all the other "necessities" of modern life. He has created a rod for his own back: he has lost his simplicity and has gained—? But he represents "the march of civilization," and, therefore, he must be given what he wants. To do this he must be provided with a house that belongs to the only era he knows—one of Corbusier's "machines for living in." It can and must be beautiful, and the man in the street must be told that it is beautiful. Gradually he will then come to see that the modern house fulfils his conception of things; in him will be created a new spirituality, a new appreciation of values, an appreciation he never previously possessed. He will want his house and his garage, his filling station and his advertising hoarding to be as clean and orderly and as utterly sane as his motor car, his omnibus, and his outlook. This can be brought about by architects creating a new fashion to which the modern man or woman will respond: the manufacturers will follow the lead and the speculative builders will come hurrying after. Lectures and Press articles will do some good, but the great good can only come from example. As Mr. Nathaniel Lloyd recently pointed out, the jerry-builder of today is only imitating the architect of yesterday. Let us give him something worth imitating and to which both he and his client will react. To me it seems useless to dream of persuading every person about to build a house that he should employ an architect, and still more useless to expect Jerry to do so. We shall all look forward to that Utopian day when Jerry will be our client; but, in the meantime, what of the present? Our new buildings will, undoubtedly, suffer misinterpretation at the hands of the uninitiated; but, at any rate, the builder will have a clearer concept of his objective.

Then the exile will be able to return to his native land and be cheered and inspired by what he sees, and feel that man really is the better for, and not the victim of, his civilization.

The Tomb
of
*AGNES
SOREL*,
the
mistress of
Charles VII,
in the
Château
of
Loches.



Loches.

By Thérèse Lavauden.

THE Châteaux of Touraine and Blaisois are strewn like happy flowers about one of the most peaceful and happiest regions of the world; yet these pleasure haunts, lovingly raised by the master builders of Vendômois and Lombardy, witnessed some of the worst scenes of human passion. Behind the display of gallantry and the pomp of etiquette there warred unceasingly political fury, religious intolerance, and love.

Sometimes it is the rivalry of jealous women, the hatred of queen for favourite, craftily dissembled during a whole lifetime and bursting forth finally at widowhood: Catherine de Medicis evicting Diane de Poitiers, Duchesse de Valentinois, from Chenonceaux and exiling her to Chaumont. Or, as at Blois and Amboise, massacres so savage that their haunting memory drove the Court away. Or, again, there is the less sanguinary but no less tragic lot of Chambord, dedicated by its creator, François I, to the gods of hunting and pleasure, then rejected almost immediately by the most inconstant of the Valois, and thenceforth destined to shelter only exiled monarchs, the Leczinski, or the fruitless dreams of an unhappy pretender, the Duc de Bordeaux.

At Loches, more perhaps than anywhere else in Touraine, history has associated in a sort of sinister flirtation the romantic antithesis of grace and horror. Monastery, fortress, lover's retreat, royal residence, and State prison, Loches has preserved as relics of its stormy career a collection of objects which make it one of the most interesting places in the world for historians and archæologists, and one of the most inspiring for dreamers.

The dungeon of Loches, of strategic importance, was throughout the wars of the French sovereign with his insular vassal one of the principal aims of conquest. Taken and retaken by Richard Cœur de Lion and Philippe-Auguste, it served later as a State prison when Louis IX, first of the Capetian Kings to do so, came to make a royal

residence of the Château de Loches. But this tutelary and paternal king brought with him instead of captives the peaceful train of his councillors, clerks, and laymen. He resided with them in the Château, then very modest, which overlooked the delightful valley of the Indre. The site was so pleasant, so charming, with its view of lawns and water, that his successors contracted a habit of spending the hunting season there, until Charles VII, leaving behind at Chinon the greater part of the Court, came hither to shelter his amour with Agnes Sorel. Then it was that he extended the façade of the Château, whose side faces the Collegiate and whose two stories surmounted by turrets, planted on the roof, open on to the fine terrace commanding a view of the town and the valley of the Indre beyond.

Agnes Sorel of all royal favourites has remained the most mysterious; contemporary chronicles are sufficiently vague to authorize all legends about her. But the neglect of historians has been fully atoned for by the solicitude with which she has inspired poets and playwrights of all times. Some have seen in her the precursor of Jeanne d'Arc, the strong counsellor who cured Charles of his obsessions and incited him to recover his kingdom. Others, on the contrary, contrast her with the Maid, frivolity versus fortitude, and would have it that the royal treasure was emptied by her extravagance and caprices. What was she in reality, this ravishing Angevine of pure and childlike countenance, which Jehan Fouquet did not hesitate to take as a model for the Virgin?

Today, the Château of Loches contains her tomb. Placed at first in the Collegiate, pillaged by the revolutionaries who, it is said, opened the sarcophagus and pulled out the teeth of the unfortunate Agnes, the charming mausoleum was then—supreme disgrace—confined to the cellars of the Sous-Préfecture, and labelled "document administratif." Once again, Agnes, restored to posthumous

LOCHES.

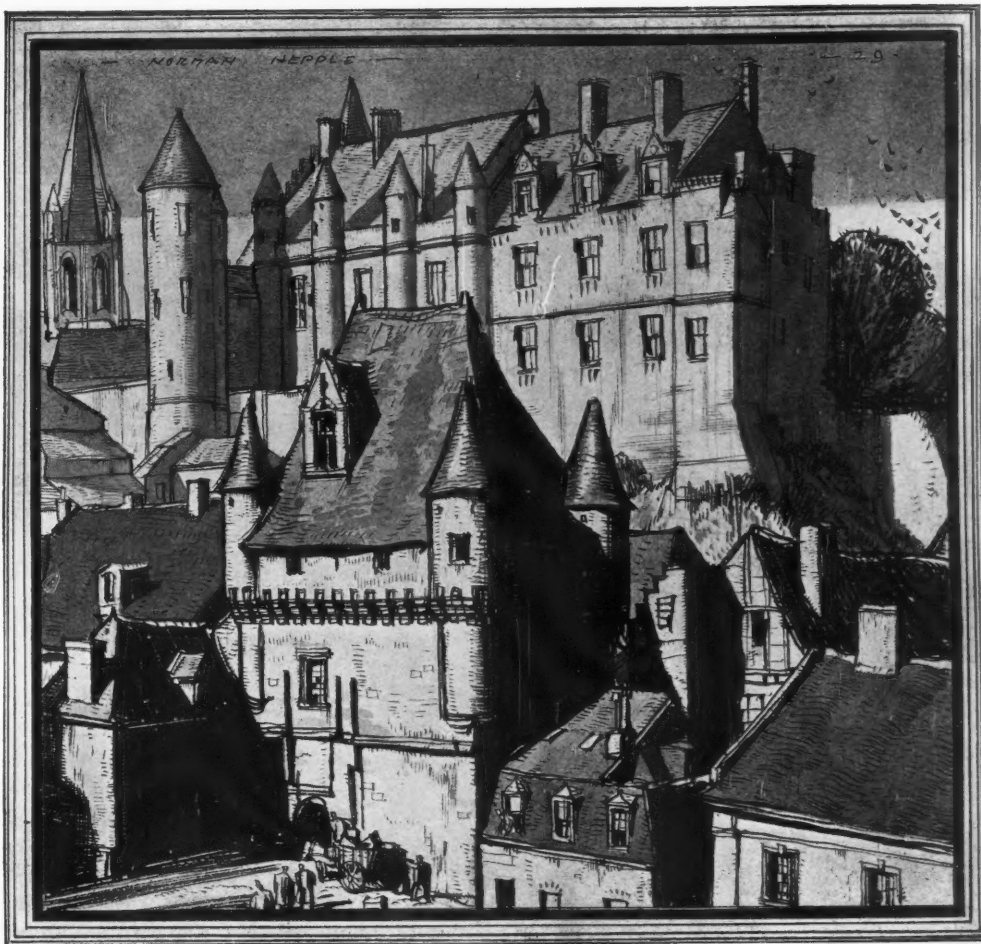
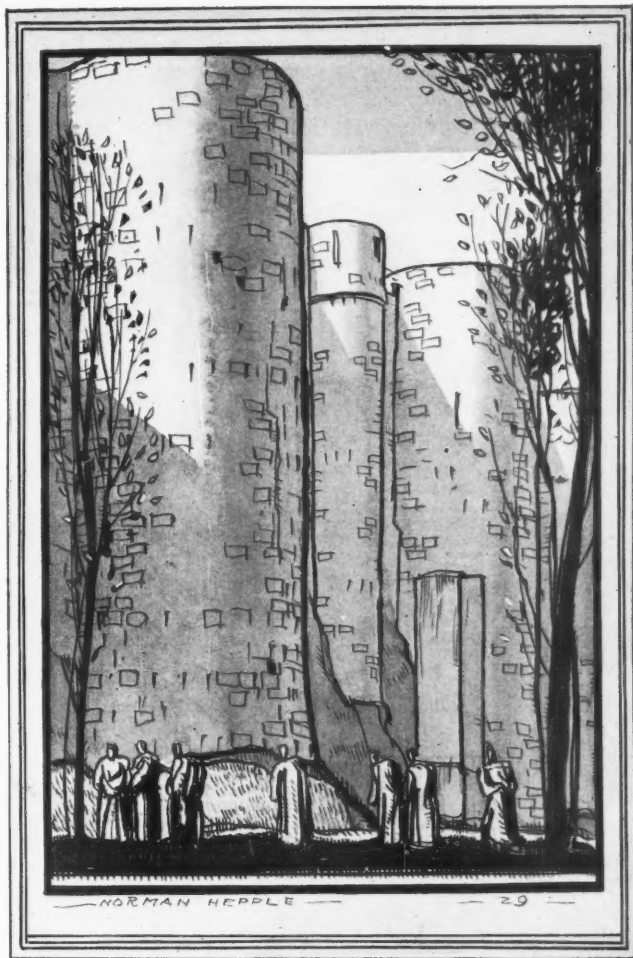


Plate II.

September 1929.

THE CHÂTEAU AND LOGIS DU ROY.

From a drawing by Norman Hepple.



THE KEEP of the Dungeon.
From a drawing by Norman Hepple.

honour, lies in one of the rooms of the Château, surrounded by her attributes of innocence; two cherubs shading her face with their wings, two lambs resting at her feet, symbols of her terrestrial love.

The epitaph is curious and most edifying. It enumerates the four fiefs bestowed upon her by her royal lover (the first being the domain of Beauté, in the Eure), and it makes much of the pious generosity of the dame.

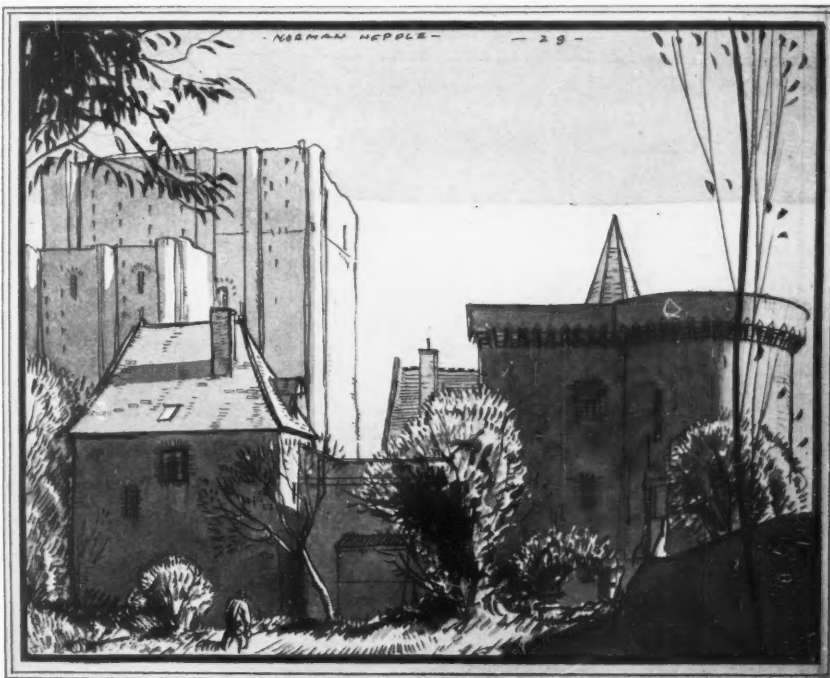
Cy git Noble damoiselle Agnes Seurelle, en son vivant dame de Beauté, de Roquesserie, d'Essoudine et de Vernon-sur-Seine; piteuse envers toutes gens et qui largement donnait de ses biens aux églises et pauvres; laquelle trépassa le neuvième jour de Février, l'an de Grâce mil quatre cent neuf. Priez Dieu pour l'âme d'Elle. Amen.

The guardian of the Château—unfamiliar with Gothic characters—never fails to read in a loud voice, "Cy git, damoiselle Agnes Seurelle, en son vivan'

dame de Beauté et de Coquetterie," etc. A double title merited no doubt, but slightly profane it must be confessed, to be inscribed within the precincts of a Collegiate Church.

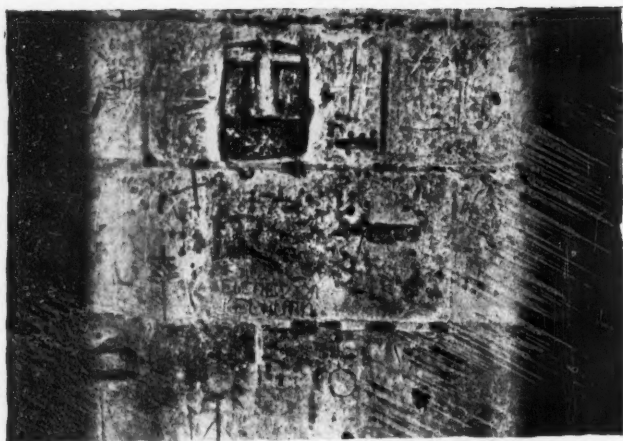
The dungeon, which raises its enormous keep to the south of the city wall, is apart from the Château, as if Fate, more humane here than at Amboise or Blois, wished to conceal one from the other these two contrasting habitations; the voluptuous bower of the favourite, the lugubrious tower of the executioner.

Recent excavations, still in progress, have revealed to archæologists an important network of underground corridors establishing liaisons between the dungeon and the Château and between the Château and the country, several leagues removed from the city. This is absolutely in keeping with the traditions of feudal architects, always careful to ensure, in case of siège, a means of taking refuge within the heart of the citadel, and one of escaping and revictualling without the walls of the place attacked. But what lends a most sinister if romantic interest to the subterranean passages of Loches (the dungeon of which sinks to a depth of 75 feet) is the fact that they served as a regular parade for a sovereign to whom the cruel games of the torture chamber were a greater attraction than the bucolic spectacle of the fine fountains playing in his park. Louis XI, indeed, made of Loches one of his favourite residences—not with a view to carrying on clandestine love affairs (for was he not accused of having poisoned poor Agnes?), but in order to "perfect the prisons." The terrible gaols (culs de basse-fosse), which this king, vindictive to a degree amounting to Sadism, had made at Loches are still intact. Cells, hiding-places, traps, instruments of torture, nothing is wanting to make of this famous dungeon of Loches the ideal Chamber of Horrors for amateurs of violent sensations. Moreover, the actual destiny of the den is in the care of a family of Basque guardians, gifted from father to son (they have been there for three generations) with a sort of



THE DUNGEON.
From a drawing by Norman Hepple.

LOCHES.



THE ALTAR carved by the Bishops of Autun and Le Puy with a nail on the walls of their cell. The air in the cell was so rare that to avoid asphyxiation they stood on each other's backs in order to breathe through a tiny aperture opening on to a dark staircase.

genius for inspiring terror. Born actors, with harsh, passionate voices, dark thin faces under their tiny berets, their vivid eloquence and trenchant mimic encountered in such sinister surroundings is wholly calculated to give a severe shock to the nerves of any over-sensitive visitors.

A few years ago a tiny crypt was discovered beneath the Collegiate; that is to say, about half-way between the Château and the dungeon. It has been identified with the chapel where Louis XI used to meditate and pray to Our Lady, for whom he had special devotion. These underground prayers said, a passage led him directly to the gaol where languished his prisoners. It is thus that, according to tradition, the King was in the habit of coming and taunting his encaged victims, and the cages indeed, together with other little knick-knacks, were the ornaments with which Louis XI, artist in ferocity, chose to adorn the rooms of his fortress. He was wont in fun to call them his "fillettes," and he created several species, in varying degrees of horror. The worst, suspended from an iron bar, swung in mid-air in the underground chambers. They measured 6 feet square. A hole in the bottom allowed the gaoler to pass the captive chunks of meat on a pike, unless the King, displeased with the behaviour of his victim, imposed fasting to increase the horror of the penance.

In such a cage Louis shut Cardinal Balue. The son of a tailor, Balue had been raised to ecclesiastical dignities by Louis XI, whose feelings towards him, as towards his other plebeian favourites, were mixed and suspicious.

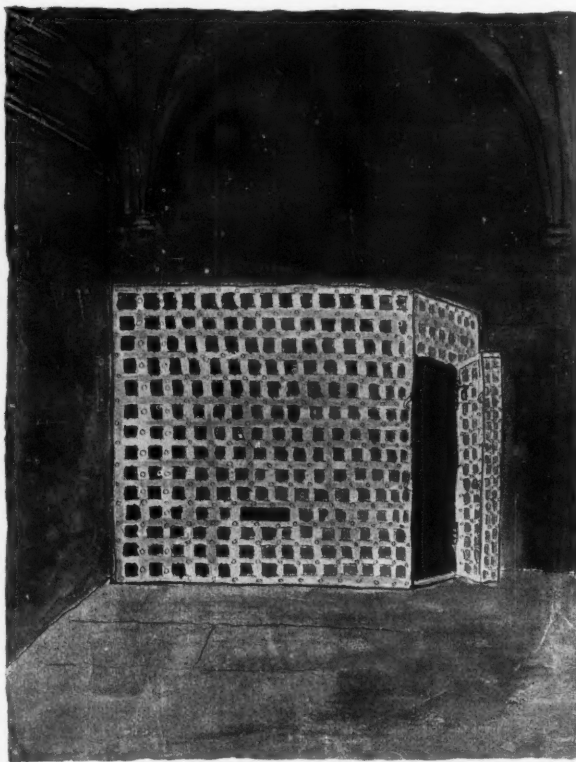
"C'est un bon diable d'évêque pour cette heure," he said. "Je ne sais ce qu'il sera dans l'avenir." Balue, unfortunately for him, arranged the interview with the Duc de

Bourgogne at Péronne. Charles le Téméraire, sworn enemy of Louis XI and as treacherous as he, kept him three days at his camp in ignominious captivity, extorting from him the famous treaty of Péronne. Immediately he was free, Louis avenged his misadventure by encaging Balue, which, however, did not prevent him from coming, ironically, in search of counsel all through the twelve years which the unfortunate prelate spent at Loches. At last, in 1480, acting upon the advice of the Papal Legate, Julien de la Rovère, the future Jules II, Louis freed his prisoner who, having a good constitution in spite of tortures, finished his career at Rome laden with favours, the result of a strange new caprice of the King's. Another cage, this time fixed in the recess of a window, held the chronicler Philippe de Commines, the historian of the reign, who, after receiving many favours, had the misfortune to incur the King's suspicion. It is on the rock forming one side of the cage that he carved this melancholy sentence:—

*Dixisse me aliquando penituit,
tacuisse nunquam.*

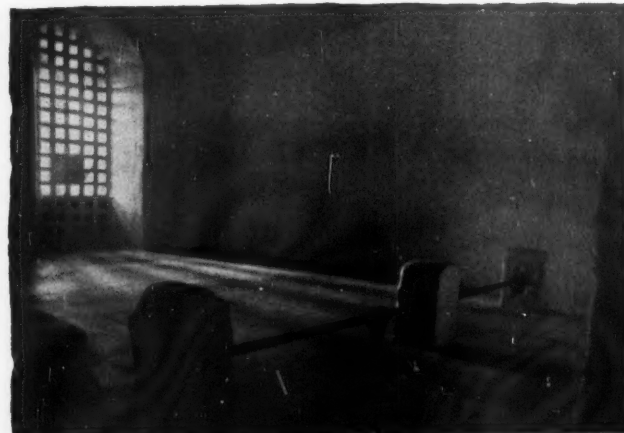
Having the good fortune to survive Louis, Commines, in his Memoirs, gives us a portrait of the King, which is treated sufficiently freely to be convincing. With much generosity and astoundingly balanced judgment in a former victim, he shows us Louis pursuing his vengeance and exercising his cruelty, terrible indeed, not so much when fearing for his personal safety as when he considered the State menaced by conspirators. "Cestuy dit-il en parlant du roi—n'a faict mal à nul qui ne luy eust faict quelque offense."

Louis was not the only man to make use of the prisons of Loches. One is still shown the cell of Ludovic Sforza, Duke of Milan, called the Moor, whom Louis XII brought back



THE CAGE in which Cardinal Balue was imprisoned by Louis XI for twelve years.

From a drawing by F. Creyke.



THE TORTURE CHAMBER and RACKS.

captive from Italy after the Battle of Novare; a dark tunnel, hollowed in the rock, which the royal prisoner was allowed, as a mark of great favour, to decorate with warlike emblems, swords, guns, helmets. Opposite the little air hole, which let in a tiny ray of light, the industrious prisoner carved a wee sundial to give him, at the bottom of his pit, the illusion of measuring human days. The decoration of this prison would serve the moralist with an eloquent commentary on the endurance of human vanity in the clutches of adversity. In this miserable hole, penetrated by the feeblest ray of light, the Moor fretted like a lion, clawing and tearing at the bars of his cage. Yet, during the nine years he was in prison, his whole concern was to recall his past magnificence and carve on the walls, with bitter complaints, the various warlike implements which had wrought his ruin. There is nothing more arresting than the clumsy portrait of the prisoner, with his large red lozenge helmet whose visor, raised, reveals the haughty countenance of the despot whom ill-fortune did not break; nothing, save only the rebellious inscription beneath:—

Celui qui n'est pas content.

Liberated at the end of ten years of captivity he fell down dead upon receiving the news of his release.

The sides of the rock in the lowest stories reveal cells of acute horror, such as that one entirely deprived of air, wherein lay the Bishops of Autun and Le Puy, shut up by Francis I. These, careless of measuring time like Ludovic, managed by means of a nail to carve in the darkness a minute altar under the words "Jhesus, Maria," and in summary hieroglyphics the fourteen Stations of the Cross. The air of the cell was so rare that their only hope of avoiding asphyxiation was by standing on each other's backs to clamber for breath up to the tiny aperture opening on to a dark staircase. The wall still bears the marks of their hands and feet made in the sinister efforts. Lastly,

at a depth of twenty-five metres, the extreme of awfulness is reached, that black pit with a trap door through which the unhappy victim was pushed, after which he groped about the narrow chamber where he found himself until, in one corner, the floor failing, he pitched into the abyss communicating with the castle moat.

Two years ago, excavators discovered in the very bowels of the dungeon a vast subterranean passage, hitherto blocked up, and whose historical interest is no less than

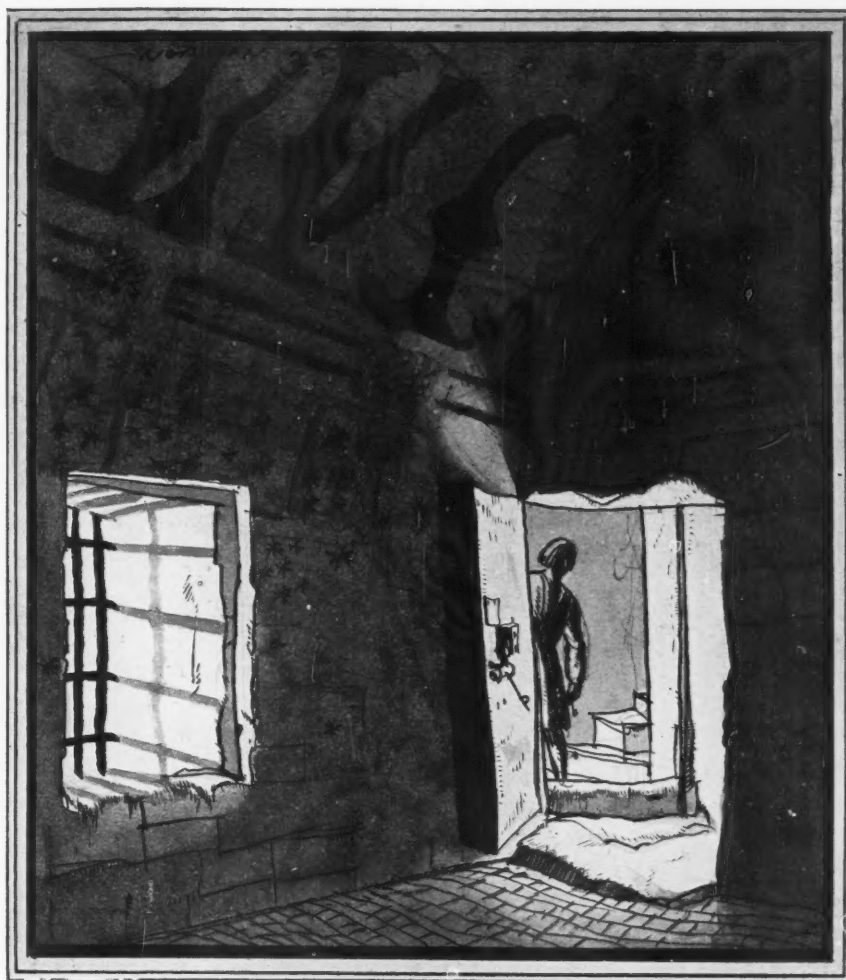
that of the already-mentioned cells. This is the way by which Marie de Medicis, mother of Louis XIII, imprisoned at Loches, made her way to Angoulême. The Duc d'Epemon, who had contrived the escape, paid his devotion on the spot with his head. There, on the wall, a cross and the inscription "Requiescat" marks the place of his execution.

Such is this surprising museum of historical atrocities. Visiting it one understands the last wish of the Chronicler narrating the death of Louis XI, "afin que ceulx qui vien—droient apres lui soient ung peu plus piteux au peuple et moins aspres à pugnir qu'il n'avoit été."

The most recent inscription at Loches sounds like a far-off answer to this wish. It was discovered a few years ago, and is dated 1785; its author is unknown, but no doubt was some political prisoner who heard about him the roar of coming Revolution:—

Soon we will destroy these high walls, break these chains and make these tortures disappear, which were invented by Kings too weak to restrain a people athirst for liberty.

Today, within the rock hollowed out to let in light the gaoler of Loches keeps turtle-doves and white rabbits. In the garden in front of the sinister orifice a baby plays and munches lettuce—the good Commynes's prayer has been granted and peace reigns at Loches. In the Château, as in the dungeon, there is no place for anything but dreams.



THE CELL of Ludovic Sforza, Duke of Milan, who was brought back a captive from Italy by Louis XII after the Battle of Novare.

From a drawing by Norman Hepple.



A Church at Alassio on the Italian Riviera.

Designed by W. G. Newton & Partners.

The site, which was generously presented to the Church Council, is an old garden gently sloping up towards the north. An ancient salita or cobbled pathway runs up through the garden, under the shadow of an old pergola. On the east is a sunken lane some ten feet below the garden level. On the west is a carriage road, which ends in another salita, climbing the hills behind.

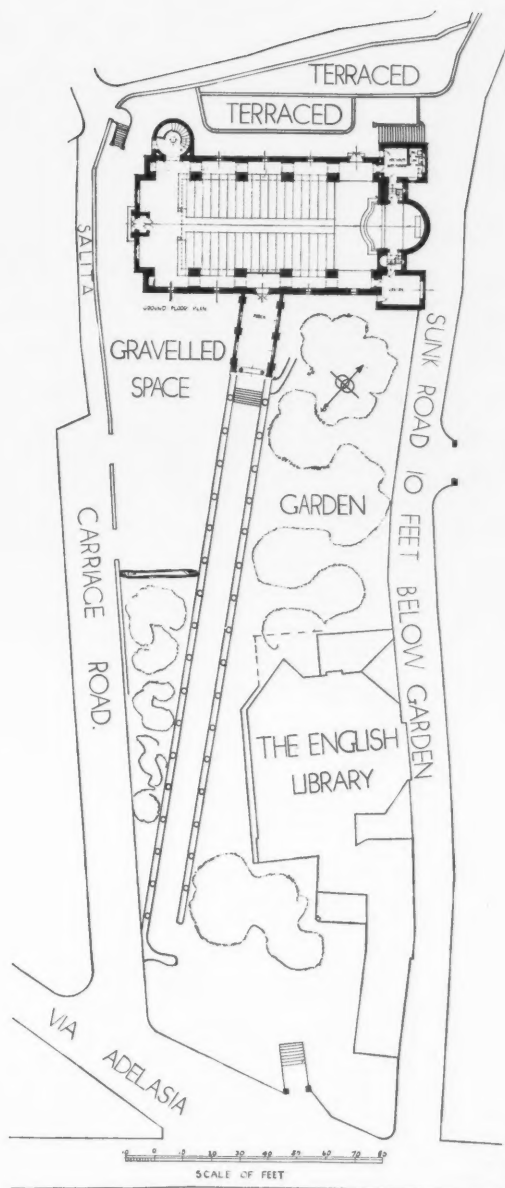
The church has been built for the English community. It is planned with its main entrance, approached from a long porch in the middle of the south wall, on the axis of the

pergola and pathway. The west doorway is used on ceremonial occasions, and admitted the Bishop of Gibraltar at the Consecration service.

In plan the church is divided into five bays. The piers on each side are joined together by arches, in the deep embrasures of which are the slim, round-headed windows showing a glimpse of blue sky and olive-trees. The nave roof is of open timber—Douglas fir, darkened by exposure to the sunshine before fixing. The sanctuary is apsidal. On each side of the sanctuary arch is a small arched opening at the level of the balustraded gallery which



From the sunken lane on the EAST of the garden.



THE PORCH from the pergola.

runs between the nave piers; these are for the pulpit and lectern, and are approached by small staircases at the back, so that the preacher is not seen till he arrives in the pulpit.

The interior is simply treated in rough plaster; with Borgo Varese stone as a base to wall and pier and a dressing to the arches. The balustrades of the gallery, the altar rails, and the doors are of Italian walnut, skilfully made by the local craftsman, Signor Stalla. The floor of the nave and gallery is of oak blocks; the sanctuary is paved with two colours of Siena marble.



Left: THE SITE and GROUND-FLOOR plans. Right: THE EAST END from the sunken lane.

A CHURCH AT ALASSIO.



AFTERNOON SUN.
From the pulpit.



THE SANCTUARY.
With a pulpit and reading balcony on either side.

Outside, the walls are plastered a sand colour, matching the dressings of Borgo Varese stone, and the roof is covered with half-round local tiles cunningly tinted down by Signor Poretti, the builder.

Beneath the sanctuary and sacristies, where the ground falls to the sunken lane, are the mortuary, heating chamber, and a committee room. These lower parts of the work are built in random ashlar,



harmonizing with the stonework of the lane wall, shadowed by lemons and an ancient fig-tree.

The work owes much to the builder, who took a keen interest in it, and to Count Vergerio, the Italian engineer, who acted throughout as resident-architect; and it has been fortunate in the affectionate care lavished on its fitting and furnishing (a task not yet completed) by a number of the resident community.

SIGNOR PORETTI,
the Italian builder of
the Church.

Royal Mail House.

*The New
Headquarters
of the*



*Royal Mail
Steam Packet
Company.*

Sir Edwin Cooper, *Architect.*

By J. E. Newberry.

DURING the last few years the architecture of the City of London has been enriched by a series of magnificent buildings designed by Sir Edwin Cooper. These include the *Port of London Offices* on Tower Hill; the *Banque Belge* in Bishopsgate Street; *Messrs. Spiller's new offices* in St. Mary Axe; *Lloyd's* palatial quarters in Leadenhall and Lime Streets; and last, but by no means least, *Royal Mail House*, which adjoins *Lloyd's* and forms with it the consummation of two important schemes covering some four acres of ground.

It is interesting to trace the development of Sir Edwin Cooper's genius throughout the numerous works that owe their existence to his fertile brain, and to note its more mature expression in his later conceptions, culminating in *Lloyd's* and *Royal Mail House*. One feels that this artist is now completely imbued with the spirit of the Renaissance and has a profound knowledge of classical architecture, particularly that of the Italian Renaissance as manifested by the works of Peruzzi and San Michele. With Sir Edwin's great experience of the requirements of modern buildings and his ingenuity in symmetrical planning he is now able to express himself in a scholarly language that he thoroughly understands and to produce works of art that are beautiful in shape and proportion—clothed with refined and delightful detail, and yet fulfilling every modern and scientific requirement.

Building in the City is always hedged around with difficulties of foundation, restrictions of height owing to adjoining rights of light, and the irregular shapes of old sites. By a wise arrangement the *Royal Mail* and *Lloyd's*

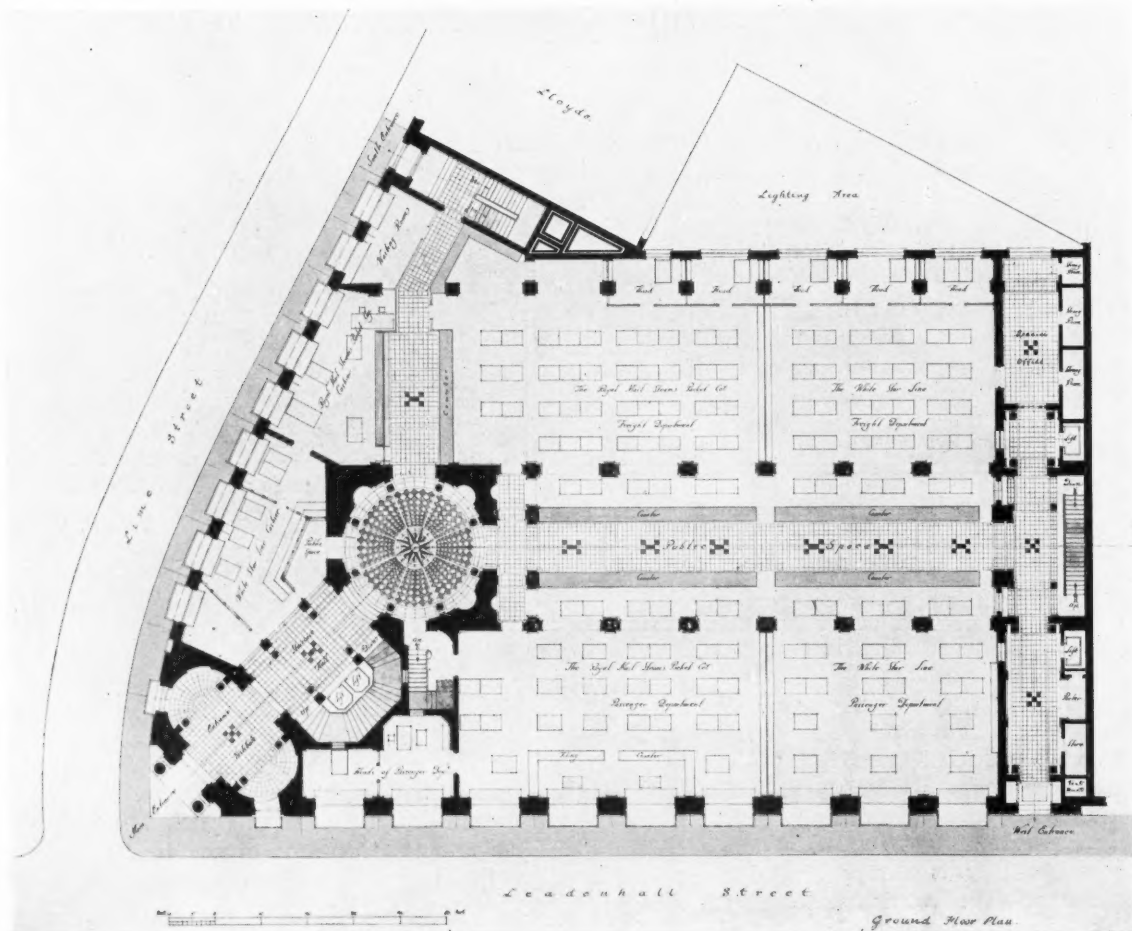
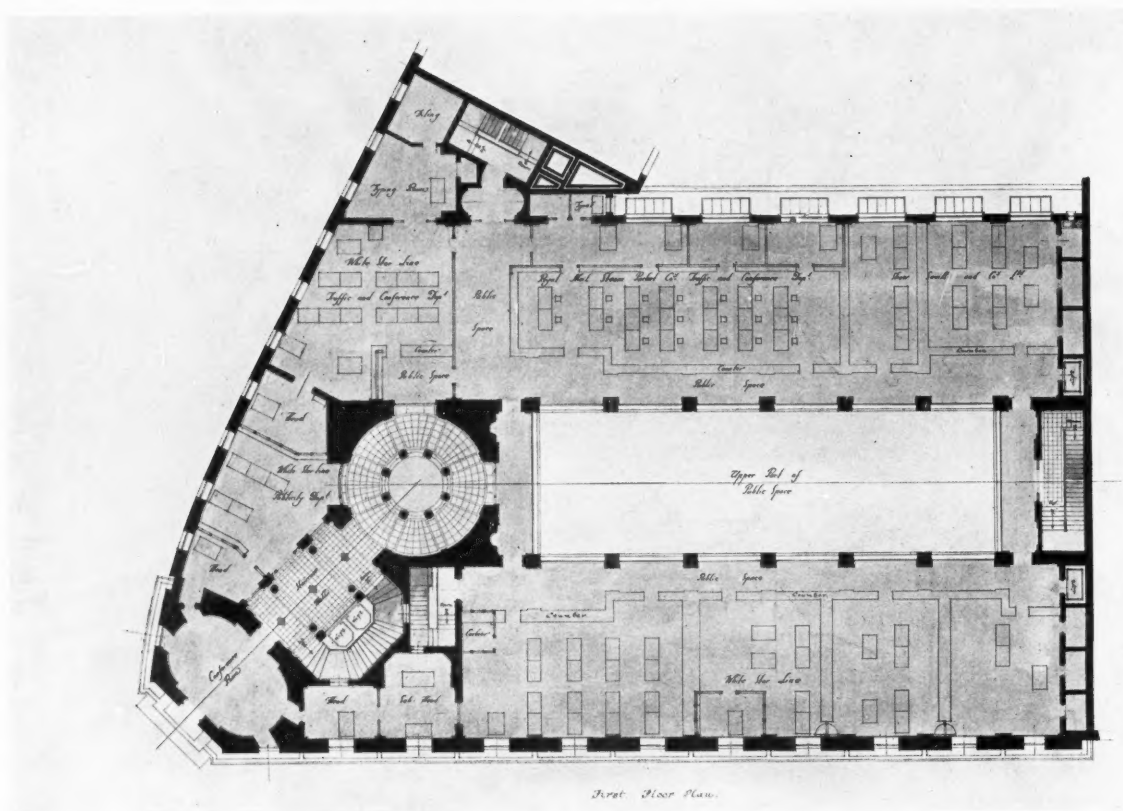
combined in acquiring sufficient land for their united requirements, and this has been planned by the architect in such a manner as to minimize some of the difficulties of City planning and to give the most convenient shapes and the largest possible amount of light to each building. Even with this advantage it needs a past master in the art of planning to contrive the successful results that are attained in these buildings.

The site of *Royal Mail House* is on the south side of Leadenhall Street, with a frontage of about 200 ft. and a minimum depth of 120 ft. *Lloyd's* adjoins on the south and west, and Lime Street is on the east at an acute angle with Leadenhall Street. The frontage to Lime Street is about 155 ft., and takes a slightly curved concave line.

This great building is ten stories high, two of which are below ground and eight above; there is also a mezzanine floor over part of the basement. The façade towards Leadenhall Street, with a short return in Lime Street, is carried up vertically above the ground for five stories, and the three upper stories are set back. The southern portion of the Lime Street front is vertical for only three stories above the ground, five upper stories being set back. This gives an indication of the difficulties an architect has to contend with where there are narrow streets with their consequent opposing rights of light.

The external treatment of the building expresses the dignity of the great business it houses, and differentiates between the relative importance of the various stories. The principal entrance is on the angle between Leadenhall and Lime Streets, and minor entrances are placed at the

ROYAL MAIL HOUSE.



Plans of the **GROUND** and **FIRST-FLOORS.**

ROYAL MAIL HOUSE.



Plate III.

THE MAIN FRONT IN LEADENHALL STREET,
SHOWING THE ANGLE ENTRANCE.

Sir Edwin Cooper, *Architect*.

From a drawing by R. C. White Cooper.

September 1929.



unity to the two buildings. The subsidiary western entrance to *Royal Mail House* has been kept very simple so that it may not compete with *Lloyd's*, and corresponds in shape with the easternmost ground-floor window in Leadenhall Street.

On the second floor (third story) are eleven lofty windows towards Leadenhall Street, nine of which are adorned with Ionic pilasters, entablatures, and pediments, the two end windows being treated with architraves only. The monumental effect of the great width of plain wall between these windows and the plain wall surface at the ends should be noted. The central window of the chairman's room, over the main entrance, is appropriately marked by a more ornate treatment and a projecting balustrade. The fourth floor of the Leadenhall Street façade is crowned by a bold cornice and blocking course over, with a deep frieze and architrave beneath, the lowest member of the latter being carried around the third-floor windows. Square windows lighting the fourth floor occur in the frieze and alternate with richly carved emblematic panels. Above the main cornice the fifth floor sets back 6 ft. from the main façade, and the sixth and seventh floors a further 8 ft. The windows in these upper stages

Looking south from the WEST ENTRANCE. The walls and floors are of Subiaco marble and the vault is built of fibrous plaster.

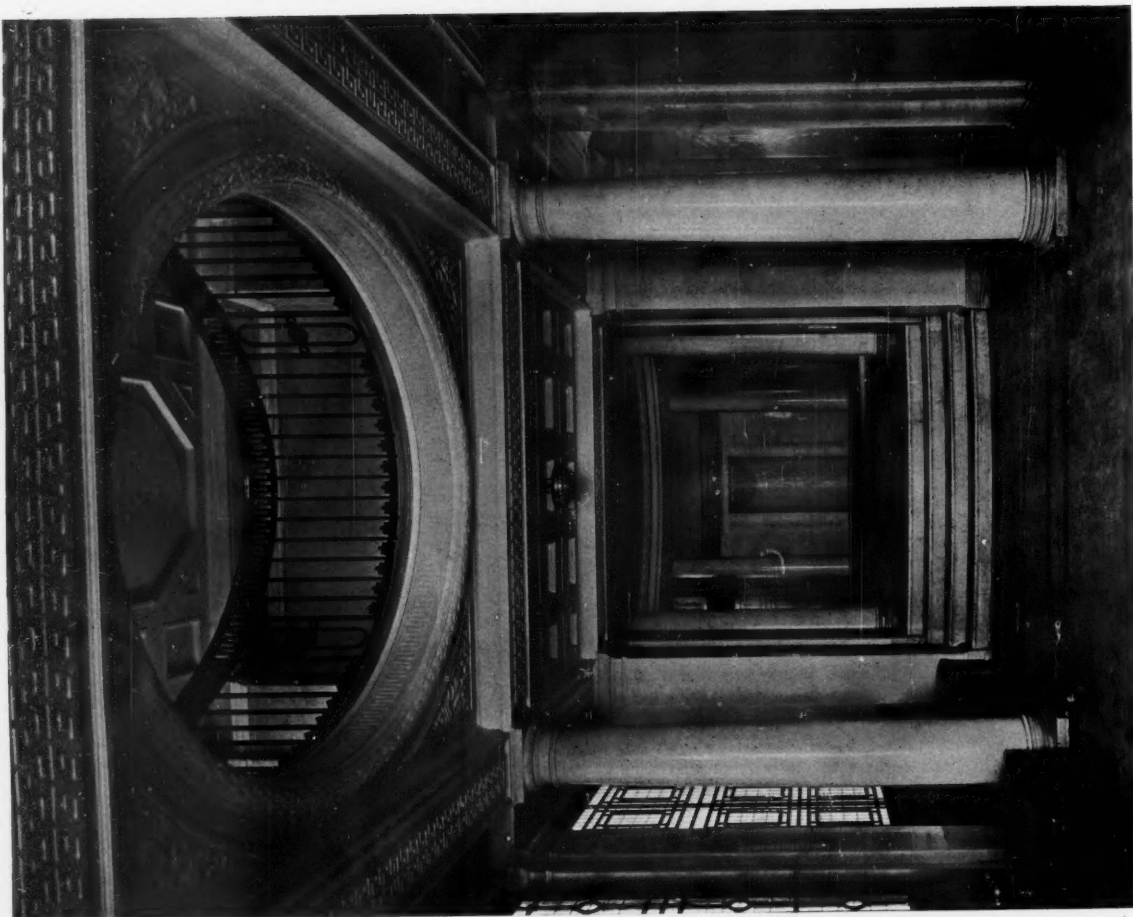
extremity of each façade. The main entrance is accentuated with Doric columns and a fully developed entablature which runs the whole length of the Leadenhall Street façade with a short return in Lime Street. Massive rusticated pilasters alternate with large plate-glass and bronze windows in Leadenhall Street which light the lower part of the main office on the ground floor; smaller windows light the hall to the main entrance, and subsidiary windows over the entablature light the first-floor portion of the main office.

The imposing main entrance to *Lloyd's* new building, which adjoins *Royal Mail House* on the west, is rightly treated as a distinct and separate composition with its lofty arched entrance and pediment over, but the main lines of the upper part are carried through and thus give



Looking north from the WEST ENTRANCE towards Leadenhall Street.

ROYAL MAIL HOUSE.



The *STAIRCASE HALL*.

ceilings are of fibrous plaster. The metalwork of the Staircase Hall is in bronze and the railing to the well is in iron and bronze.



The *VESTIBULE* of the Angle Entrance.

The walls and floors of the Vestibule, Staircase Hall, and of the Rotunda illustrated on the opposite page, are of Subiaco marble; the



The *ROTUNDA* on the ground floor.



A detail of the *ROTUNDA*.

ROYAL MAIL HOUSE.



A detail
of the Cornice
of the
MAIN OFFICE.

The walls and piers of the *MAIN OFFICE* are of Subiaco marble. The caps and entablature are carried out in fibrous plaster.



The
MAIN OFFICE
looking
east.

ROYAL MAIL HOUSE.

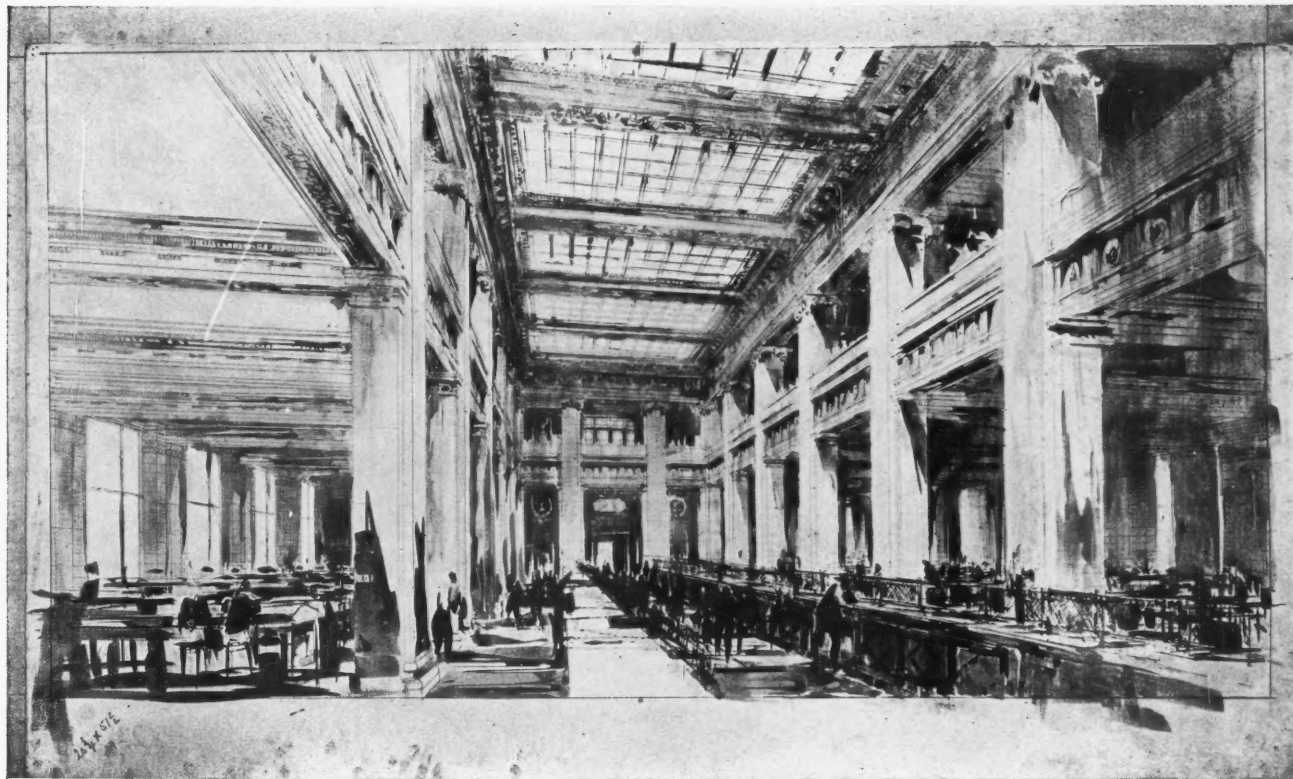


Plate IV.

September 1929.

THE MAIN OFFICE.

Sir Edwin Cooper, *Architect.*

From a drawing by William Walcot.



The *ROTUNDA* on the first floor.

ROYAL MAIL HOUSE.



The *CHAIRMAN'S ANTE-ROOM* on the second floor.



The *STAIRCASE* on the second floor, looking west. The treads to the stairs are of rubber.

are plain openings, less in width than those of the main façade, and spaced so that there are two windows over each of the latter, except at the ends which terminate with groups of three on the sixth floor and semicircular ended lights on the seventh. The upper part of each stage is finished with a string-course and parapet, the stone course below the string being slightly set back, a refinement which improves the silhouette when viewed on the angle.

On the Lime Street front the main façade is continued for a short length of about 20 ft., the vertical portion beyond being only three stories high. Here low rusticated arched openings light the basement, with large windows over to the ground floor, the piers between being also rusticated. The first floor windows have flat architraves and entablatures, two of the range being emphasized with pediments. The second-floor windows are plain square openings, and this façade is finished with a string-course and parapet, a sunk course below the string being ornamented with plain discs. The third, fourth, and fifth floors are set back some 22 ft. from Lime Street, and the sixth and seventh are each also set back a few feet farther. The upper part towards Lime Street terminates in flanking projections or towers on the north and south ends, and *Royal Mail House* carries on the same lines and forms one great architectural composition with *Lloyd's* on the south. Portions of these interesting upper stages can be seen from a street at right angles to Lime Street, but the outlook from upper rooms opposite the building and from many high neighbouring structures must be charming and should improve the architectural taste of the City. In the *sub-basement* are the oil-fired steam boilers, the calorifiers for water heating, two artesian wells with their pumps, softening

and storage tanks, a room into which fresh air is brought, filtered, warmed if required, and delivered through fan chambers into ducts which lead to all parts of the building. In the basement are spacious mess-rooms for heads of departments and the general staff, well lighted by pavement lights in Leadenhall Street, and by windows in Lime Street; also the kitchens, sculleries, service rooms, and stores. In the mezzanine between the basement and ground floors is a great range of lavatories.

Internally the most striking feature is the Main Office, which occupies nearly the whole of the ground floor. Its public approach from the main entrance is planned on an axial line at an angle of 45° with Leadenhall Street and leads through a domed entrance hall, the main staircase hall, and thence up four steps into the Rotunda, the centre of which is on the intersection of the axial line of the main entrance and the centre line of the Main Office. The conception of this great room is that of a top-lighted nave six bays long and more than two floors high, with wide side-lit aisles forming galleries around the four sides of the nave. Large and lofty Ionic piers or square columns, cased in marble, carry an Ionic entablature which extends above the second-floor level, and transverse beams span the nave, the openings between being large ceiling lights. On the first-floor level is a Doric entablature carried on marble pilasters attached to the square piers and having a marble "parapet" above, surmounted by a delightful low bronze railing.

The metopes in the lower frieze are decorated with delicately carved emblems in low relief, such as tridents, oak leaves, fruit and corn, owls, bees, etc. The north aisle of this room is lighted by large windows in Leadenhall



The *BOARDROOM* on the second floor. The walls are panelled in figured walnut, and the furniture is made of the same wood. The pilaster caps and other carvings are in limewood. The electric light fittings are of white metal and glass. The ceiling is in fibrous plaster.

ROYAL MAIL HOUSE.



The *CHAIRMAN'S ROOM* on the second floor. The panelling and furniture are carried out in walnut, and the carving is in limewood. The electric light fittings are of white metal and glass. The fibrous plaster ceiling is modelled in very low relief.



The *FIREPLACE*
in the
Chairman's Room.

ROYAL MAIL HOUSE.

Street, and the south aisle, which extends up to Lime Street, is lighted by similar windows on the south and east. Down the centre of the nave is a broad space for the public with oak counters on either side and doors at the western end into a wide corridor leading to the secondary entrance. A similar public space occurs at the eastern end of the south aisle with approaches from the vestibule and the Lime Street entrance. The remainder of the great room is fitted up with desks for the use of the staff, and a staff staircase placed next the main staircase provides access to the first floor. The polished marble in the nave is creamy in tint, as are also the walls; the upper parts and ceilings are

floors in height, is horseshoe in plan, and a corridor runs around its semicircular end, connecting with central corridors to ranges of rooms over the aisles of the Main Office. The awkwardness of the site has induced much interesting planning, particularly the ingenious arrangements for the chairman's lavatory, dressing-room, luncheon room, and service kitchen. The third and fourth floors repeat the arrangement of the second in a simplified form, but the Lime Street front wall is now set back. The external wall towards Leadenhall Street is set back on the fifth floor and on the sixth and seventh floors this process is repeated.

A main staircase off the principal entrance and a staircase



The CONFERENCE ROOM on the second floor. The panelling is in Austrian oak and the plaster ceiling is finely modelled. The furniture is in oak and leather.



The GENERAL MANAGER'S ROOM on the second floor. The panelling is in sycamore and the ceiling is modelled in plaster. The furniture is of walnut.

white, and the marble paving of the public portion is light in tone. This treatment, combined with the floods of light that enter through the nave ceiling and wide windows, produce an effect of spaciousness and brightness that it would be difficult to surpass.

The Rotunda on the ground floor is carried up through the first floor, and has a well in the centre surrounded with a marble balustrade and eight marble columns of Corinthian character, and an oval-shaped Conference Room is planned over the entrance hall.

On the second floor the main staircase hall is extended towards Lime Street with a semicircular end and becomes a reception room, conveniently near the Chairman's Room and Boardroom. The former is elliptical in shape and directly over the entrance hall and Conference Room. At this level a lantern light covers the nave of the Main Office; the Boardroom is placed at its eastern end over the vestibule below, and is lighted from what now becomes a large central court. The Boardroom extends through two

in connection with each subsidiary entrance lead to the upper and lower floors; there are two lifts in the well of the main stairs, and two next the western subsidiary stairs. These lifts and stairs give easy access to spacious lavatory accommodation on the seventh floor for the male and female staffs; as previously mentioned, staff lavatories are also provided on a mezzanine floor over the basement; on all other floors above the first, lavatories are provided for the use of chiefs only.

Much could be said about the internal fittings and decoration, but some of these are well illustrated by the photographic reproductions. Sir Edwin Cooper's craftsmen have produced most excellent examples of carved work in wood and stone, metalwork in iron and bronze, marblework from the Subiaco quarries, and joinery in walnut, oak, and sycamore. Amongst all this wealth of crafts particular mention should be made of Mr. Haughton and his beautiful carving in lime-tree wood which adorns a few of the principal rooms.



SELECTED EXAMPLES OF ARCHITECTURE.
The Continuation of THE PRACTICAL EXEMPLAR
 OF ARCHITECTURE.

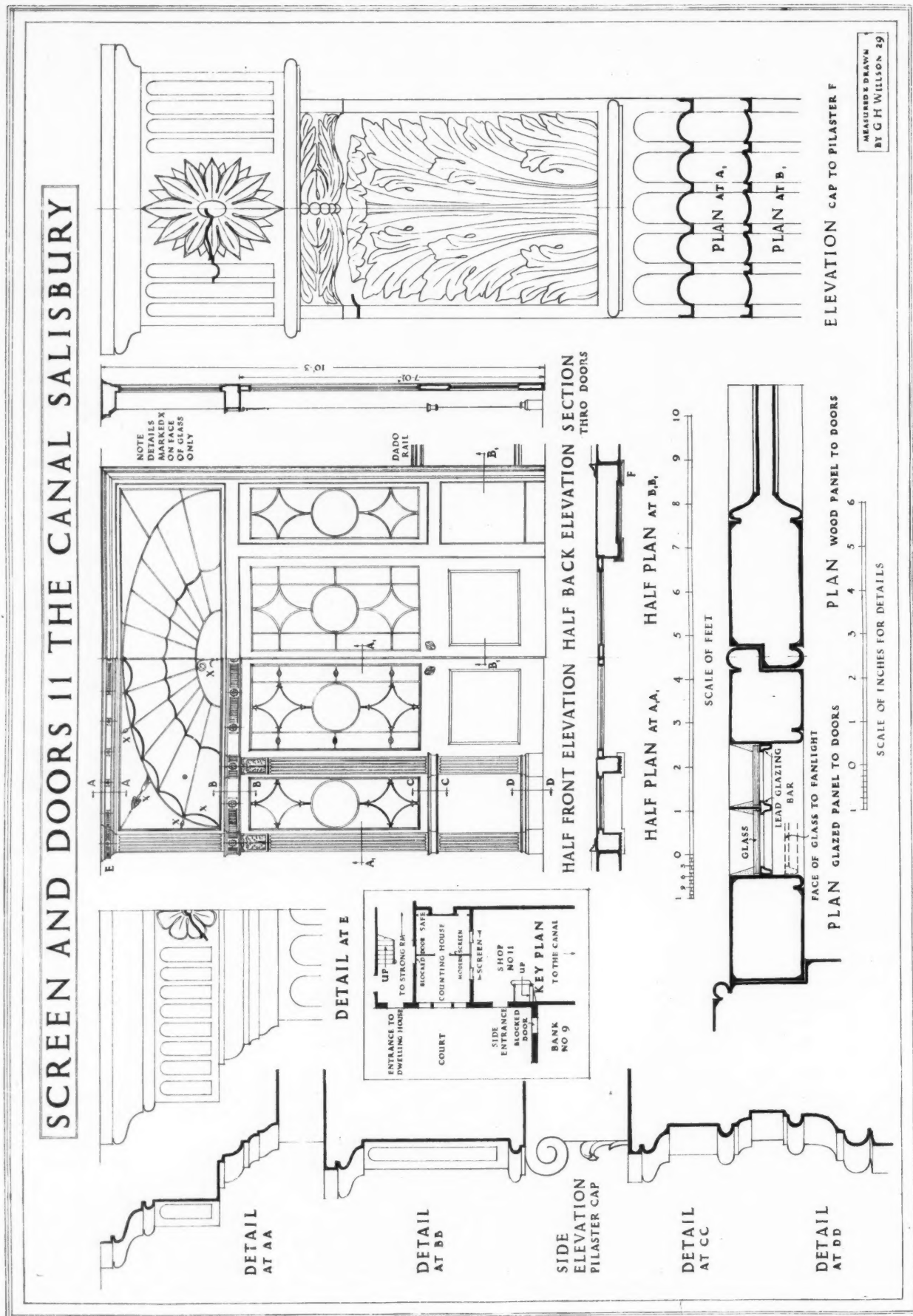
THE SCREEN AND DOORS AT No. 11
 THE CANAL, SALISBURY.

Measured & Drawn by

G. H. Willson.

An interesting history is attached to the buildings known as Nos. 9 and 11 The Canal. In 1748 Benjamin Collins, the proprietor of the Salisbury Journal (now known as the Salisbury and Winchester Journal), became their owner. The Journal was printed in premises at the rear, and Nos. 9 and 11 were opened as banking and bookselling businesses respectively; all three businesses were controlled by the same management. Collins's private house adjoined and possessed a door which led to No. 11.

The screen and doors shown in the illustration gave access to the old counting-house of the bookseller's shop, and probably formed part of a general refitment of the building which cannot have taken place before 1760, and probably did so at a considerably later date. There is some doubt as to the designer of the screen and doors; tradition says it was Robert Adam, although no evidence exists of any work being done by him at Salisbury. The screen is of wood with compo enrichments; these and the glazing bars are now gilt, the groundwork being painted white. The glazed panels to the doors, and the fanlight over, still retain the original crown glass which is set in lead glazing bars.



MEASURED AND DRAWN BY G. H. WILLSON.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH;

The Dead City.

By A. Trystan Edwards.

The City of Tomorrow. By LE CORBUSIER. Translated from the eighth French edition of *URBANISME*, with an Introduction by Frederick Etchells. London: John Rodker. Price 25s.

IN the practice of physic and surgery every doctor likes to assume that there are three stages which mark his association with a patient, namely diagnosis, treatment, and cure.

It is a truism that the human body is such a highly complex organism that drastic remedies applied to the cure of ailments the nature of which is insufficiently understood may result in killing the patient. The great city is also a complex organism; and in attempting to judge whether M. Le Corbusier has prescribed properly for the ills from which it suffers, I do not propose to consider whether his original diagnosis was or was not a correct one. The existing city, we all know, has many imperfections, and one might write volumes in criticism of it.

With a good deal of what M. Le Corbusier has to say concerning the disorder and congestion and other blemishes of the average twentieth-century large town we may all agree. My immediate task is to diagnose "The City of Tomorrow," the ideal city planned by M. Le Corbusier, for it appears obvious that this city is sick and is suffering, in fact, from very serious diseases, some of which are perhaps mortal. I cannot help feeling a little astonished that M. Le Corbusier, who is so voluble concerning the sufferings of London and Paris, was not able to diagnose the ailments of his own city with greater success. "The City of Tomorrow" is like a man whose limbs have indeed been arranged in a geometrical pattern; but is it a living organism? Can it move, can it grow, can it talk?

In dealing with a writer such as M. Le Corbusier the critic's task is made easy in one respect—there is no doubt whatever as to what he means. He has had the courage to depict for us an ideal township, and is prepared to defend it against all detractors. Let us

first take a glance at the twenty-four skyscraper towers which are to house 960,000 business men and clerks. It will be observed that one architectural design, presumably capable of being determined by one man, reproduced twenty-four times, suffices for the needs of nearly a million people engaged, perhaps, in hundreds of different types of occupation. Let us contrast with this an area in the City of London in which a similar population is accommodated. It would be of interest to count the number of different arrangements of office rooms, and the number of different street views and architectural compositions which could there be encountered. In considering the welfare of mankind

as a whole it would, of course, be extraordinarily selfish for an architect to raise any objection to the establishment of an "ideal" city, which is going to bring health and happiness to everybody, merely on the ground that his own profession is going to be almost entirely snuffed out. Therefore, I do not lay stress upon this particular point.

It would be interesting to ascertain the attitude which the business man is likely to adopt towards these gigantic skyscrapers in which he will be allowed to rent for himself and his staff a certain number of rooms, or "cells" as M. Le Corbusier describes them. Of course, it may be said that business men are already becoming accustomed to sinking the individuality of their firms in mammoth blocks of offices, and this process of training in architectural self-restraint may eventually enable them to accept, without demur, the accommodation which M. Le Corbusier offers them. Yet it may be remarked that the great majority of business men still seem to take a certain pride in the possession of premises which are unmistakably

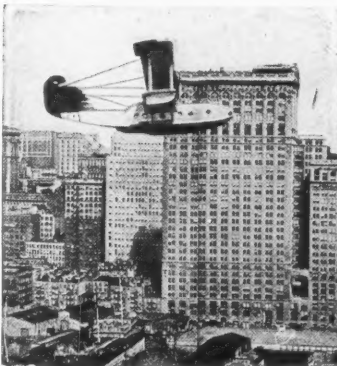
their own and which they are at liberty occasionally to alter, should they be in the mind to do so. And this is one of the gravest disadvantages of the skyscraper block, if this be let out to a number of different tenants. It represents a peculiarly inflexible type of building. Once the ground floor is determined, the floors above, with quite insignificant variation, must follow suit, whether the storeys be twenty in number or a hundred. This vertical street, unlike the horizontal one upon which M. Le Corbusier pours such scorn, cannot be altered piecemeal to suit the varying needs of a large number of different building owners. The



THE NOMADS' CAMP.



THE NOMAD HAS TAKEN ROOT
(and this is the sort of small town
or village which so delights the
town planner!)



WE ARE NO LONGER NOMADS:
WE MUST BUILD TOWNS.
From *The City of Tomorrow*.

vertical street must remain architecturally static for an indefinite period.

Again, we cannot help putting the question whether, in the event of the number of business men

and clerks exceeding the 960,000 which are allowed for in "The City of Tomorrow," its author suggests that the buildings now marked as "Public Services" should be pulled down to make room for new skyscraper office blocks. It is difficult to avoid this conclusion, for these buildings surround the skyscrapers on all sides, and when the latter are increased in number (it being a principle of M. Le Corbusier's philosophy of town planning that the business area of a city must be free to expand) they must encroach upon the area devoted to "public services." M. Le Corbusier does not seem to have thought out this problem of expansion, for it is clear that if an *ideal* city is being designed *de novo*, an important pre-requisite of its successful organization is that every part of the city which possesses its own necessary function must be free to expand without encroaching upon the areas devoted to other functions. This is not easy to arrange, but it is possible, and no city can claim to be "ideal" which does not fulfil such a condition.

Very few types of building are provided for in M. Le Corbusier's city; the office, the private dwelling, and "the public building" divide the city proper between them. Some distance away is the "industrial city." No attempt is made to relate the residential quarters to the "industrial city," and it is clear that in this "Utopian" plan the latter is merely an afterthought.

Shops do not seem to be specifically provided for, yet the proper relationship of shops to the residential and business areas is a very important problem of town planning. In



the City of London a man may go out in his luncheon hour and do a little shopping if he be inclined, and this is a great convenience. Perhaps it may be assumed that in M. Le

Corbusier's skyscrapers, room will be found for restaurants and general stores. Shops, however, do not receive proper architectural expression, nor is their relation to the city as a whole logically declared if they have to take their chance in the general scheme and are relegated to a certain number of "cells" in blocks originally allocated to other purposes.

Let us next study another aspect of civic design, at one time considered very important, namely, the relative disposition of public and commercial buildings. It may seem pure reaction to suggest that the old-fashioned type of city in which churches and public buildings dominated over shops, offices, and private dwellings, had any particular merit; yet in respect of architectural expression such a city was undoubtedly superior to New York, for instance, where mammoth blocks devoted to commercial purposes are the most conspicuous objects in the view. Looking at "The City of Tomorrow" one finds that the buildings which house the "public services," and which presumably include the Town Hall and Law Courts, are of the same scale as the residential buildings and uniformly flat-roofed. The twenty-four commercial skyscrapers out-top the rest of the city which prostrates itself before them. Not a dome or a spire is to be seen; nor, indeed, any other architectural feature of special interest. It appears just as if the forms of building had been subject to some severe and ultra-Puritan censorship, and only two or three, counted innocuous and "pure," had been allowed to survive.



TWO VIEWS, TO THE SAME SCALE AND SEEN FROM THE SAME ANGLE: Above, MANHATTAN
Below, THE CENTRE OF "A CONTEMPORARY CITY." The contrast is startling.

From *The City of Tomorrow*.

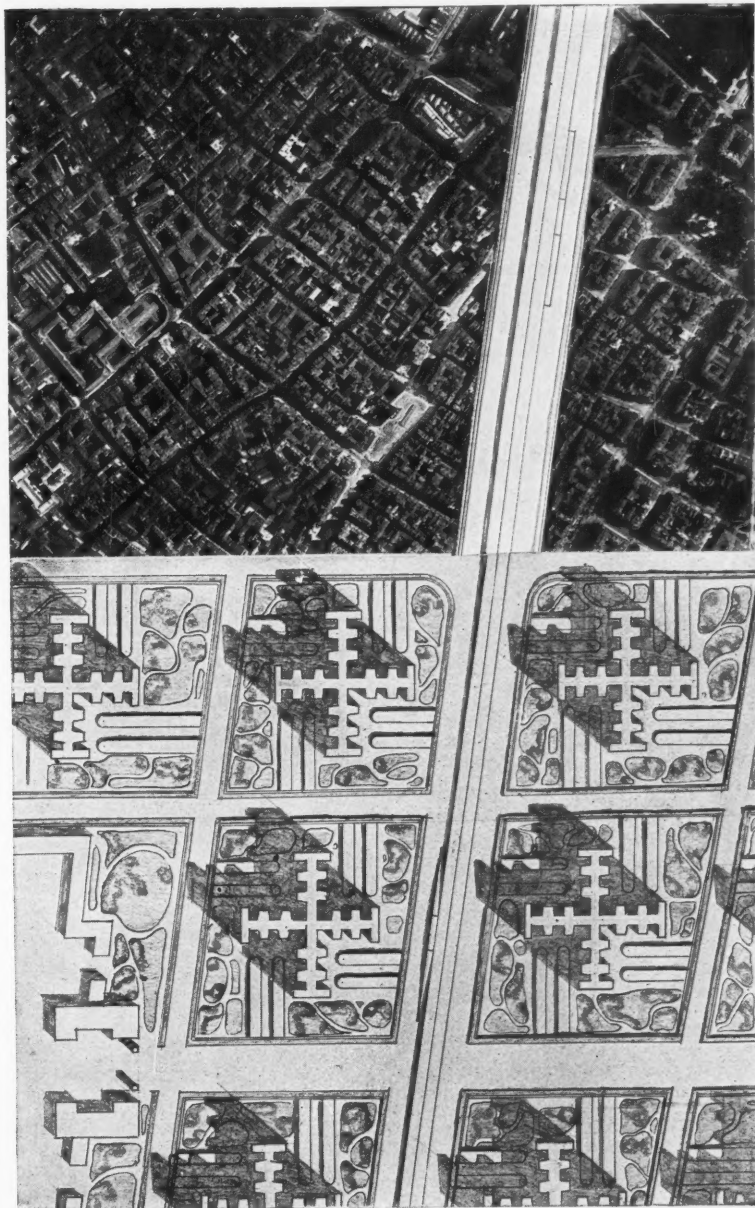
Yet, strange as it may seem, M. Le Corbusier is quite seriously and honestly of opinion that he is bringing richness of content to an art which, until his own arrival on the scene, has suffered from the most dismal monotony! "These immense geometrical barracks," we read, "are designed to introduce a quite new variety into the urban scene and to replace the corridor street as it exists in every large town

are possible." But granted, of course, that the actual silhouette of the group of skyscrapers changes as one moves about, their architectural character does not thereby acquire the attribute of variety. Changes in perspective do not mean changes in design. No purple patches of rhetoric can obscure the conclusions of cold logic on this point. Again, our author takes refuge in sentimentality:

"Their outlines softened by distance, the skyscrapers raise immense geometrical façades all of glass, and in them is reflected the blue glory of the sky. An overwhelming sensation! Immense but radiant prisms. As twilight falls the glass skyscrapers seem to flame." Our author must indeed imagine that his brother architects are very simple folk if their reasoning faculties can be lulled by an allusion to a sunset!

M. Le Corbusier's plan of concentrating the business quarters of a great city in his twenty-four skyscrapers has as its primary object the solution of the traffic problem, and there is much to be said for his contention that if skyscrapers are to be built at all they should be widely spaced so as to allow plenty of room for traffic between them. Unfortunately, however, the trouble arises at the bottle-neck at the base of the skyscraper, and the provision of ample open space around it does not altogether meet the difficulty. In the new city at about 6 p.m. every day 40,000 clerks will be clamouring for exit from each skyscraper, either by railway or by road. How long will it take to get them out? Many of the lifts will not be express, but must have nearly a hundred stopping-places on the way down. And what of intercommunication between the blocks during the day? Would it be possible, for instance, to get from the thirty-fourth floor in skyscraper A to the twenty-seventh floor in skyscraper B as quickly as a man may walk half-a-mile in the City of London? In the ordinary town of 40,000 inhabitants, however, the population is discharged from thousands of separate doorways direct into the public thoroughfares and at different parts of these thoroughfares, and there is no question that if a correct relation is maintained between road width and building heights, this system of traffic distribution is by far the best. There is not space here to propose alternative solutions for our urban ills. M. Le Corbusier's solution, however, spectacular though it is, fails in certain important respects. In fact, it is true to say that practical town planners will have very little to learn from it, although, of course, the intellect is always stimulated by theories which it must emphatically reject.

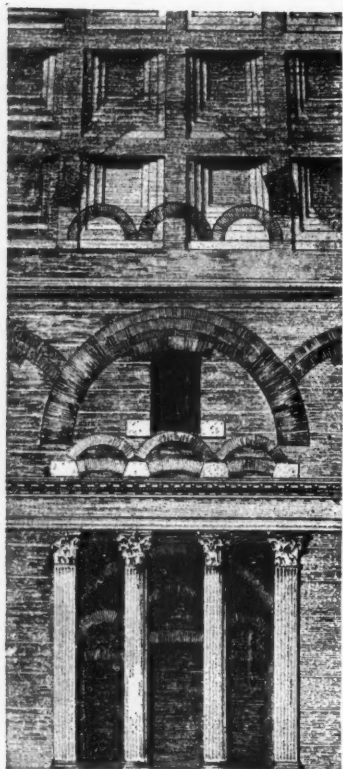
It is much too easy to design ideal or Utopian cities if the artist concentrates upon two or three of the factors to be considered and rejects all the others. M. Le Corbusier's city is a dead city and it represents nothing more or less than architectural nihilism. While, however, the constructive ideas of M. Le Corbusier cannot hold our attention for long, the methods of his propaganda are of great interest, and especially so because they are gradually being adopted by the whole Modernist School. First, the "reformer" refers



Here is the solution proposed by the "Voisin" Scheme. Here are the districts which it is proposed to demolish and those which it is suggested should be built in their place. Both plans are to the same scale.

From *The City of Tomorrow*.

by noble architectural perspectives, through the play and interplay of projections and recessions, 'set-backs,' cellular construction, and the giant skyscrapers. If anyone will examine carefully my plan for "A Contemporary City" and imagine that he is taking a walk through the town and keeping in mind the great increase in height of buildings, he will see that the scene changes with each step and is never repeated; that the corridor street is gone and is replaced by a scheme where space and an infinite variety



THE PANTHEON, ROME. Showing brick arches in the walls and dome.
From *A Handbook of Greek and Roman Architecture*.

Le Corbusier's proposals is an over-simplification of the city, whereas what we require is not simplicity, but order. In the human body, for instance, there is immense complexity combined with order, and the city also is complex. M. Le Corbusier's solution is to do away with the complexity. This complexity, however, is part of the subject of civic design. The modern great city is like a large orchestra which often plays an inferior piece of music, and in which the instruments themselves may occasionally even be out of tune. It is the business of a reformer to improve the music and the instruments, but not to cut down the range of the orchestra, nor the number of musical effects that are aimed at by it. M. Le Corbusier has not the patience to attempt this, but substitutes for this orchestra a single tin whistle with about five notes, with which he plays a perfectly rhythmical tune. But it is not enough.

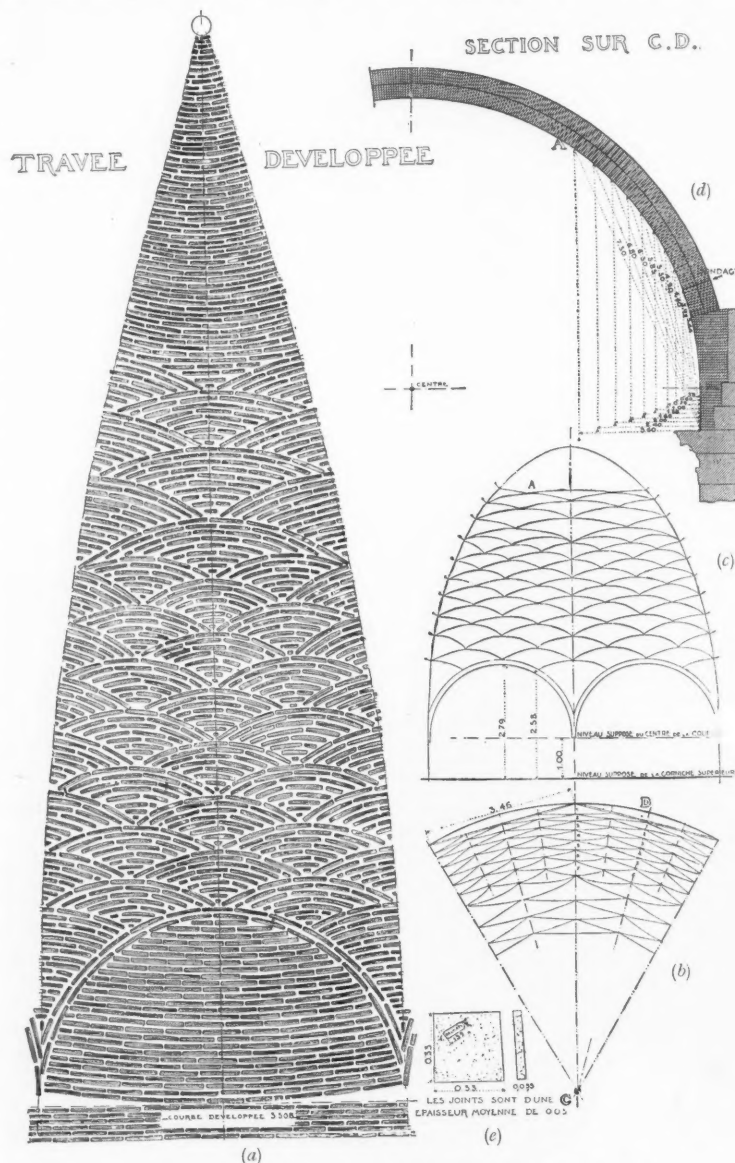
Greek and Roman Architecture.

A Handbook of Greek and Roman Architecture. By D. S. ROBERTSON. Cambridge: The University Press: Price 25s. net.

STUDENTS of architecture will be particularly grateful for this book by the new Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge. Professor Robertson has endeavoured, as he states in his preface, to keep his main narrative free from confusing detail and to direct

to some admitted and obvious defect in a building or buildings of the past, and suggests that the defect is common to all the buildings admired by those who belong to the opposite school of architectural opinion; and then, by loud and reiterated clamour, he frightens the reader into supposing that there is only one way of dealing with the evil in question, and that is by accepting his own remedy. For instance, in the past certain towns have grown up at random, the roads are crooked and inconveniently planned. This method, or rather lack of method, M. Le Corbusier describes as "the pack-donkey's way." In contrast to this there is, of course, the Le Corbusier way, which consists in having every road straight, and he assumes that everyone who objects to this method must necessarily be in favour of foolishly intricate curvilinear roads. But the fact of the matter is that any competent town planner will use straight or curved roads whenever the occasion warrants the use of either. One may wonder how M. Le Corbusier would have solved the problem of the junction between Regent Street and Piccadilly Circus, for instance. The sweep of the Quadrant is not only architecturally elegant, but it seems to be an ideal solution of the particular problem there presented. It may be granted, of course, that in a well-planned town the majority of roads should be straight, and we do not need M. Le Corbusier to tell us that. His only contribution here is the fanatical statement that *all* roads should be straight, and, so far from adding to our resources by this ill-founded principle, he makes the town planner's task more difficult. In fact, his attitude upon this particular point is one of sheer reaction and retrogression.

The real effect of M.



THE DOME OF DIOCLETIAN'S MAUSOLEUM, SPALATO.
(a) True elevation of $\frac{1}{2}$ of the interior; (b) plan showing $\frac{1}{2}$ of the interior; (c) section showing the same; (d) section along the line C—D in (b); (e) a brick from the dome.
From *A Handbook of Greek and Roman Architecture*.

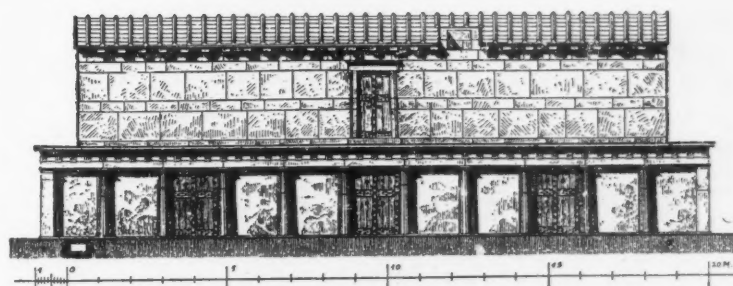
attention to essential matters. Accordingly his text is largely devoted to the most important and representative buildings, much valuable information of a more specialized character being concentrated in the appendices. The bibliography, avowedly modelled as it is on Von Duhn's Register for the 1892 edition of Durm's *Baukunst der Griechen*, is especially valuable. It is remarkably complete, containing all the latest authorities as well as the standard works, and it is a simple matter for the student to get any further information he may require about particular buildings or important architectural features.

The author's treatment of his subject is in the main historical. While his book is less technical than Durm's great work, his arrangement is easier to follow, and the charm of his writing makes it easy for even the unlearned to follow his narrative of the growth and development of classical architecture.

After a preliminary chapter in which he briefly indicates the sources on which our knowledge of the subject is based, and in which he wisely refuses to be dogmatic on the vexed subject of origins, Professor Robertson starts with a sketch of the architecture of Crete, Troy, and Mycenaean Greece, choosing Cnossos, Phaistos, Troy, and Tiryns as representative sites. In his chapter on the Dark Ages before the dawn of Greek architecture proper, he discusses constructional and technical terms, thus equipping the reader for the subsequent narrative. Then follows a description of the most important early Doric and Ionic temples in the light of the latest evidence.

The development of the later Doric and Ionic and of Corinthian in the late fifth and fourth centuries leads us to some valuable chapters on Hellenistic and secular buildings. Hellenistic work, so usually neglected, is given adequate treatment, emphasis being laid on the importance of its achievements—especially in civil architecture. There is an interesting discussion on the question of the stage of the Greek theatre.

A short survey of the principles of Greek and Roman town planning precedes the chapters on Roman architecture. In his remarks on Etruscan and early Latin architecture the author sums up the latest evidence while refusing to be drawn into controversial statements. In treating of Roman architecture



SKENE OF THEATRE AT PRIENE,
earlier form (restored).



SKENE OF THEATRE AT PRIENE,
later form (restored).

From *A Handbook of Greek and Roman Architecture*.

proper, Professor Robertson deals first with the temple architecture of the Republic and Empire which, in his opinion, illustrates the development and decadence of Hellenistic decorative tradition. The new materials and methods of construction used by the Romans are better exemplified in their secular buildings, so that, abandoning to some extent the chronological method, he groups his buildings in the line of their structural development. His final chapter on Greek and Roman houses and palaces throws much fresh light on a complicated subject.

The choice of illustrations is deserving of special praise. They are all excellent and range from hitherto unpublished photographs to beautiful drawings of restorations. Especially welcome are the line drawings reproduced from Koldewey and Puchstein's *Griechischen Tempel in Unteritalien und Sicilien*. They add in no small degree to the pleasure and profit to be derived from this book.

H. C. B.



A CAPITAL FROM LARISSA IN ÆOLIS.
From *A Handbook of Greek and Roman Architecture*.

Rural Norfolk.

The Old Cottages and Farmhouses of Norfolk. By CLAUDE J. W. MESSENT, A.R.I.B.A. With 112 pen-and-ink illustrations by the Author. Norwich: H. W. Hunt, 14 Orford Hill. Limited edition. Price 10s. net.

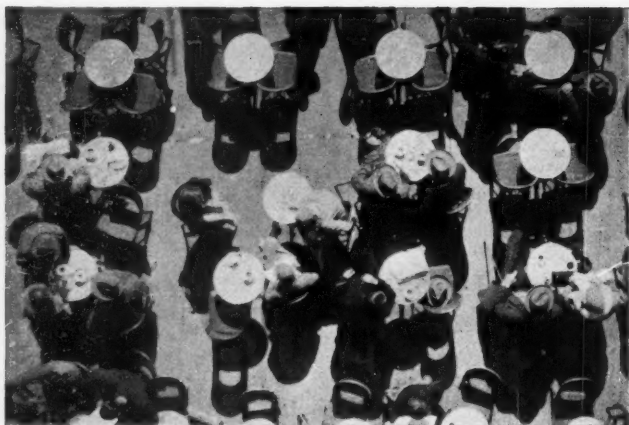
MESSENT sets out to record in his pictures and in his text the heritage of fine old cottages and farmhouses which can still be enjoyed in the county of Norfolk. The author's drawings, which are rendered with a coarse line and are, in some cases, of poor draughtsmanship, are not very successful in conveying the atmosphere and charm of these delightful buildings. Nevertheless, the book is welcome for the support it gives to the movement for the preservation of what remains to us of the beauty of the English countryside.

In choosing his subjects the author has avoided well-known examples and has gone into remote and rather inaccessible parts of the county for his material. In addition to cottages and farmhouses, he has sought out some fine old dovecotes or pigeon-houses, which are usually to be found in the private parks. The final chapter of his book is devoted to some examples of Georgian shop fronts culled from the smaller towns and villages.

A. E. D.

THE FILMS.

The Architectural Review, September 1929.

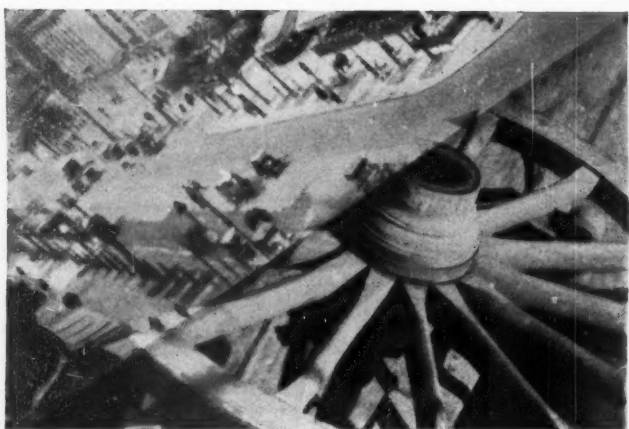


Café LA ROTONDE from the fifth floor.

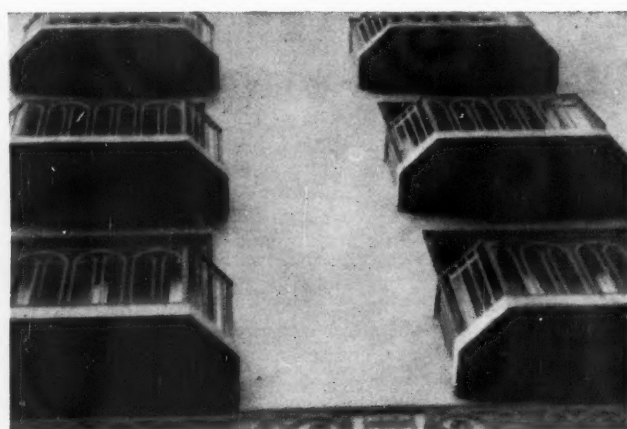


A shadow cast on the pavée.

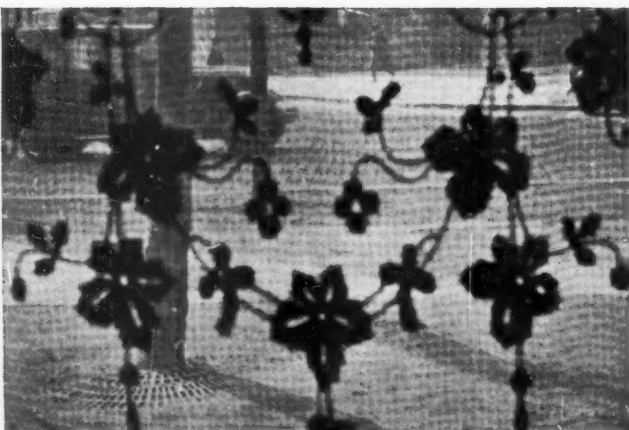
The stills reproduced on this page are from the film *MONTPARNASSE* and have either a pictorial or a compositional interest. But the expression of the abstraction with which the film is primarily concerned, the artistic life of Montparnasse, is revealed only when these details are related, in deliberate sequence, by the essential change and movement of the cinematic medium.



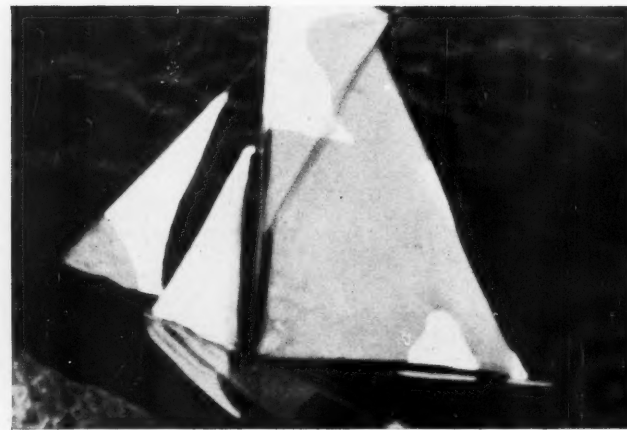
BOULEVARD MONTPARNASSE.



A detail of a modern house.



BOULEVARD RASPAIL.



In the JARDIN DE LUXEMBOURG.

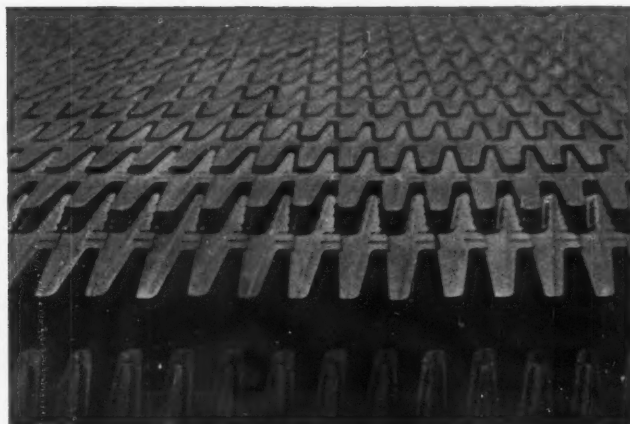
Abstractions.

*LA MARCHE DES
MACHINES.*

Produced by
MR. EUGEN DESLAW.

MONTPARNASSE.

Produced by
MR. EUGEN DESLAW.



Above and Below:

Two of the mechanical details forming the substance of the film *LA MARCHE DES MACHINES*, which is concerned, in its entirety, with the expression of an abstraction—with the exposition of the general character of mechanism.

the abstract qualities of cinematic art, on its essential movement, its rhythm or harmony, on its power to relate or contrast the images of which the film is composed. The so-called *abstract* films, as for instance some films made by Mr. Man Ray, are necessarily dependent on form, although the forms may not exist outside the limits of the film. The abstraction in these cases depends equally on the

abstract attributions of the cinematic medium.

ATENDENCY in some modern literary works, of which the best known and most obvious examples are the writings of Mr. James Joyce, has been towards a kind of sharpshooting impressionism. A word, or a series of apparently disconnected words, or the briefest possible phrase, is sufficient to put before us a scene or an idea. The effect of the book is built up by a sequence of these scenes and ideas thus swiftly presented to the mind. This form of impressionism, which is not to be confused with the French school of impressionist painting—which is concerned with quite other problems—is paralleled and equalled and in some respects surpassed, by certain aspects of the silent film.

Where the choice of a means of expression lies between the literary and cinematic arts and rapidity of statement is a deciding factor, the silent film, with its visual imagery, its power to present more than one image at the same time, appears to be most readily adapted to the representation of tangible form. In dealing with abstract ideas, with thoughts which, as it were, originate in the mind rather than those which are impressed on it from without, the advantage, for swiftness and directness, appears to lie with the literary medium. There are words which exist solely or primarily for the expression of abstractions.

But rapidity of statement is not necessarily the deciding factor in the choice. Depth or permanence of impression may be of more value than conciseness, and expansion rather than compression will enable the exploration of the varied aspects of a theme.

The film, necessarily concerned with form and incapable of the direct expression of an abstract idea, becomes, with these considerations of expansion and exploration, eminently suited to the exposition of abstraction. Its capacity to express the abstract is dependent on

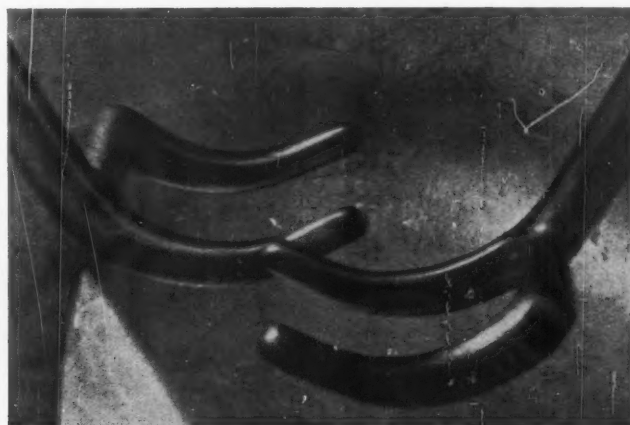
Two films recently completed by Mr. Eugen Deslaw are both expressions of abstractions. *La Marche des Machines* is an exposition of the character of mechanism. *Montparnasse* is concerned with the artistic life of that celebrated quartier.

The stills reproduced here, if regarded singly, being static and isolated, are powerless to express the abstractions which are expressed in the films. They can, however, give some indication of the means by which those abstractions are eventually revealed.

For example, each of the scenes, incidents, or details depicted in the illustrations from *Montparnasse*, taken separately, is contributory towards the exposition of the theme with which the film is fundamentally concerned, only in the sense that individual words are contributory towards the formation of a sentence or paragraph. They are, as it were, the raw material of the finished work. These illustrations have a pictorial or compositional interest, but, in themselves, they are statements of fact and not expressions of abstraction. That abstraction is expressed only by a sequence of these scenes, or factual statements, arranged in deliberate relation to each other. Without the cinematic movement which enables that sequence, the abstraction remains unexpressed.

The impressionism which we find, for example, in *Ulysses*, is paralleled in these films. In both the literary and cinematic works the character or tendency of the subject as a whole is brought to the surface by a rapid sequence of impressions, each in itself of little moment, but, in their deliberately arranged relation to each other, potent to reveal a meaning beyond the limits of their individual significance.

MERCURIUS.



From *LA MARCHE DES MACHINES*.



THE RIDGEWAY, MILL HILL.

NO old-clothes shop in the slums is filled with more bric-à-brac of rubbish than the roads of our towns and countryside. Born under a bill-board and suckled on sky-signs, the average modern Englishman doesn't know what it means to be free of advertisements. As a result he does not particularly mind them.

But one poster can spoil a charming prospect. The Ridgeway at Mill Hill is one of the few unspoilt lanes within the ten-mile radius of London. Mr. Martin S. Briggs, who took the photograph says :

"The Ridgeway has only one serious blot in all its mile of length. Almost opposite the entrance to Mill Hill School stands this aggressive hoarding, intercepting the fine view towards Totteridge, conflicting with the dignified design of the adjoining 'King's

Head' inn, and breaking the long line of the seventeenth-century barn and cottages east of the inn. The hoarding stands within the jurisdiction of the Hendon Urban District Council; the owners of it are the Borough Bill Posting Company; the ground on which it stands belongs to the Cannon Brewery Company, and the names which usually appear on it are Cadbury's Chocolate, McNish's Whisky (at present), Sandeman's Port, and the L.N.E. Railway Company."

Surely this hoarding can do very little good to the firms who advertise on it? Perhaps now that their attention is drawn to it, the Borough Bill Posting Company will agree that there is no advantage to be gained in keeping the board in a position which can be of little use to anybody, and a great nuisance to many.

Barbizon House :
Goupil Gallery :
Godfrey Phillips's Galleries :
Redfern Gallery.

IN considering exhibitions, one is inclined to judge work by standards which modern views on art have introduced; but in the case of Flora Lion (an exhibition of whose works has recently been held at Barbizon House, 9 Henrietta Street, W.1) one must be cautious, because she has made no attempt to follow any of the movements in modern painting and, therefore, cannot be said to fall short of any standard in which she is not interested.

She must be accepted for what she has done in the course which she has set herself: that of sincerely attempting to delineate character with as sound a practice of her craft as she is capable. In this there is always the effort (sometimes a strain) to live up to her ideal: that of faithful representation; colour and form, apart from this, have no meaning whatever for her.

But with the kind of people she paints—and to a great extent has to please—this attitude is by no means always possible to maintain. One would like to see her go out into the highways and byways and secure some models with whom she could be entirely free to paint as she feels, and not be restricted by narrow social prejudices; for, at present, her true capabilities only occasionally show in unguarded moments in a landscape, or at some portion of a portrait in which her hand has not halted at the necessity of exact likeness—in a full brush of pale Manet-like colour spread upon the canvas and pulled together and defined by the sharp edges of the flat of the brush, in which no consideration is present except the joy obtained from the deft use of the material.

Remembering the direct type of painting which she produced (for instance, the portrait of her mother in the Tate Gallery), some may think that there is now an added refinement in her work—but this is nearly always at the expense of her naturally robust, painter-like qualities.

In this present exhibition she can be, perhaps, seen at her best where the necessities of the occasion have demanded a quick seizure of some fleeting effect, and where there has been no opportunity for labour and her energies have been concentrated—forgetful of all else—to express in a moment of time the emotion the scene has produced in her.

It is thus in some of her landscapes that, at present, her true character creeps through: though, to be sure, sometimes the colour looks as if the palette had been set in the studio for portraiture—there is a little too much brown.

Of these landscapes "Cornstacks" (22), "Coverack" (17), and "St. Mark's Column" (44) may be selected as good examples.

The summer exhibition at the Goupil Gallery was a very small one, consisting mostly of works by men of established reputations. There were no works indicating art in the making, unless Elliott Seabrooke's paintings can be classified as such.

It was interesting to see Hampton Court through the eyes of Sidaner—a painting by him, showing the east front of the palace, producing a slightly foreign aspect of something with which we are all familiar.

Christopher Hall's "José Maria de Cossio" (3) can be praised

for the courageously uncompromising nature of its portraiture—a circle drawn with a compass would almost exactly contain the head—and one feels that it exactly describes the sitter. His "Still-life" (20) is rather bleak and barren in subject-matter: the effort to use undecorative things for decorative purposes is too obvious.

"Ros-Braz, près Pont Aven" (16), by Henri Moret—painted more or less in the style of impressionism, being to some extent governed by the use of the colours of the spectrum, with its light greens and violet shadows—gives a pleasant sensation of sunlight.

The ancient and tiny "Dieppe" (1) by Walter Richard Sickert reminded one of his Whistler period when he was tied to the apron-strings of that jealous master—very different from the independent attitude which he has attained today.

Elliott Seabrooke's "London Garden" (25) and "Autumn in London" (28) bear rather too much the mark of the palette knife or some similar tool, the aggressive handling of which disturbs works intended, one feels, to be calm and restful.

Neville Lewis's four pictures, if not of much importance in regard to size, yet show in some degree his characteristic qualities. Works were also shown by Wilson Steer, Walter Bayes, Bernard Meninsky, and others.

In the first room were engravings by various masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, their chief interest being the amazing minuteness of the workmanship.

The works of André Favory at Godfrey Phillips's Galleries, 44 Duke Street, St. James's, were inclined to be a little monotonous in treatment and in subject. There is attraction in the ease with which they are painted; but this is sometimes obtained through devil-may-carelessness instead of knowledge—he is a little too easily satisfied. His forms are often broken and patchy; simplification would in many cases greatly improve his works, especially his paintings of the nude, which are also rather too uniformly blonde in colour.

However, one forgives him for the defects pointed out, because of the qualities which, in his case, seem inseparable from them. His chief qualities are freedom in handling and his plastic use of paint; but one still thinks that this freedom could be more happily combined with a greater concern that his forms should be more interesting.

In many ways his landscapes are more satisfactory; they are cooler in colour and more definitely designed; "Paysage la route en Provence" (3), "Paysage Provençal" (6), and "Vue de mon jardin" (7) being the most attractive, while "Composition deux Baigneuses" (30) is the most interesting of the figure studies. Among the flower-pieces "Les Fleurs" (13) had the most pronounced decorative motive and, in addition, was an excellent piece of painting.

The first exhibition of British lino-cuts held at the Redfern Gallery, 27 Old Bond Street, W., was, on the whole, disappointing.

It is a truism that you cannot get out of a thing more than you put into it; and this certainly applies to lino-cuts. In a way the process is very simple, but for this very reason one must have a great deal of reserved knowledge in order to express anything interesting with such limited means. It is a medium which "a child can use," and in many cases this exhibition shows that a child has done so—anyway, babes in artistic experience.

The results in many ways are merely superficial designs made up of extremely bald patches of rather crude colour, and in some instances the contact with the paper has not been well managed. Whatever medium is used it is, after all, the work that counts, and not merely the medium; therefore, to hear that they are actually made from blocks cut from *linoleum* may split the ears of the groundlings, but does not excuse them for not being interesting as works of art.

One of the best was Claude Flight's "Fishing in the Rain" (90), but the objection to it is that it is too much like a Japanese colour-print; the smell of linoleum does not specially hang about it.

One would like to see what an experienced designer like William Nicholson could do with lino-cuts; if results could be obtained from this process he would assuredly produce them.

RAYMOND MCINTYRE.

The Haig Controversy.

AS I write, Mr. A. F. Hardiman's equestrian statue combines with Mr. Tapper's memorial to the inflexibility of a Dean and Chapter and Mr. Snowden's monumental work at The Hague to oust the portraits of bathing belles and the reports of baby competitions from the front pages of the frock and folly Press. We live in an exciting age. It is as strange as it is good to see public opinion rousing itself like a lion over questions of taste; and though artists like Mr. Hardiman and Mr. Epstein have a good deal to put up with, the poison that astonished patriots shoot into them acts like champagne to the cause of art.

Why the First Commissioner of Works decided that the Haig memorial must take the form of an equestrian group I do not know. At the moment I do not intend to ask. There is a great misunderstanding underlying most of the public discussions, and before anything more is said this ought to be exposed. I venture to think that most of Mr. Hardiman's critics are discussing a form of memorial whose significance they do not comprehend. Just as the lion *motif* is symbolical of majesty and power, so the horse or equestrian *motif* is what we may call the martial symbol. For centuries the equestrian *motif* has been used as a piece of shorthand or, if you will, as a hieroglyph, to express much more than the fact that *here is Colonel Jones who used to ride a horse*. It summed up a State, a people, a period in the figure of their reigning monarch or general, and the horse on which the figure was mounted presupposed the ranks of the army or nation behind. The horse symbolized the people whom the monarch or captain commanded.

It must be clear to the meanest intelligence that such symbolism cannot be adequately represented by a mere naturalistic reproduction of the man and his horse, even when depicted in a characteristic attitude. You can't symbolize family life by drawing a portrait of somebody's mother. Symbolization requires symbols, and in response to this demand the custom grew up in the past of putting stout eighteenth-century generals in Roman uniform to denote their imperial magnificence. The Great Elector of Brandenburg, in Berlin; Louis XIV, in Paris, and William III, in London, have laurel wreaths, sceptres or bare legs. None of them *really* went about like that. The sculptor

represented them thus in order to suggest certain attributes which could not be expressed by literal reproduction of their boots and breeks. And in the same way he conventionalized the horse, making it perhaps imperial and classical, to show that it was not any old horse, nor one particular horse, but a symbol of the State's might, majesty, dominion, and power.

If so much applies to equestrian statues of the past wherein the horse was not an anomaly, it applies with still more force to the present. Western warfare no longer recognizes the dashing cavalry officer on his charger, and in proportion as the horse in warfare grows obsolete, the horse *motif* in war sculpture demands a treatment more and more symbolical, for the horse can now be nothing more than a symbol of the warlike spirit, the spirit of leadership, the spirit of the charge or the advance of an army against the enemy, led by its commander.

If Lady Haig wishes to put up a private memorial to her husband she has a perfect right, even in an equestrian statue, to demand a naturalistic treatment like that used at Edinburgh, for she is commemorating a private gentleman, and the sculpture is then not an *equestrian group*, but the portrait of her husband on a horse. The same right may be granted to Earl Haig's own regiment if it requires to put up a memorial to a great cavalry officer. But the nation is now commemorating neither a private gentleman nor a cavalry soldier. It is commemorating the leader of its armies, the great Commander-in-Chief, and through that commander the army itself and even the nation which fought or carried on under him through the war. For such a monument the symbol of the *equestrian statue* is required, and it is essential that that statue should be symbolical, and not the portrait of a gentleman on the portrait of a horse.

All of which goes to show that Mr. Hardiman did the right thing. It does not, however, say that he has succeeded. I personally think that he has failed. Less realism here, more there, would improve the design, while it would probably wipe away most of the criticism. There is every reason why the face ought to look like the man it is supposed to represent; there is no reason why the horse should have such inexpressive legs—if such a term may be permitted. Some of the Field-Marshal's buttons and pockets might be quietly suppressed; while, on the other hand, his boots and breeches would be both more conventional and more sculptural if they were more realistic. A good riding-boot is a great piece of sculpture. No doubt Mr. Hardiman will have the opportunity to improve on his model.

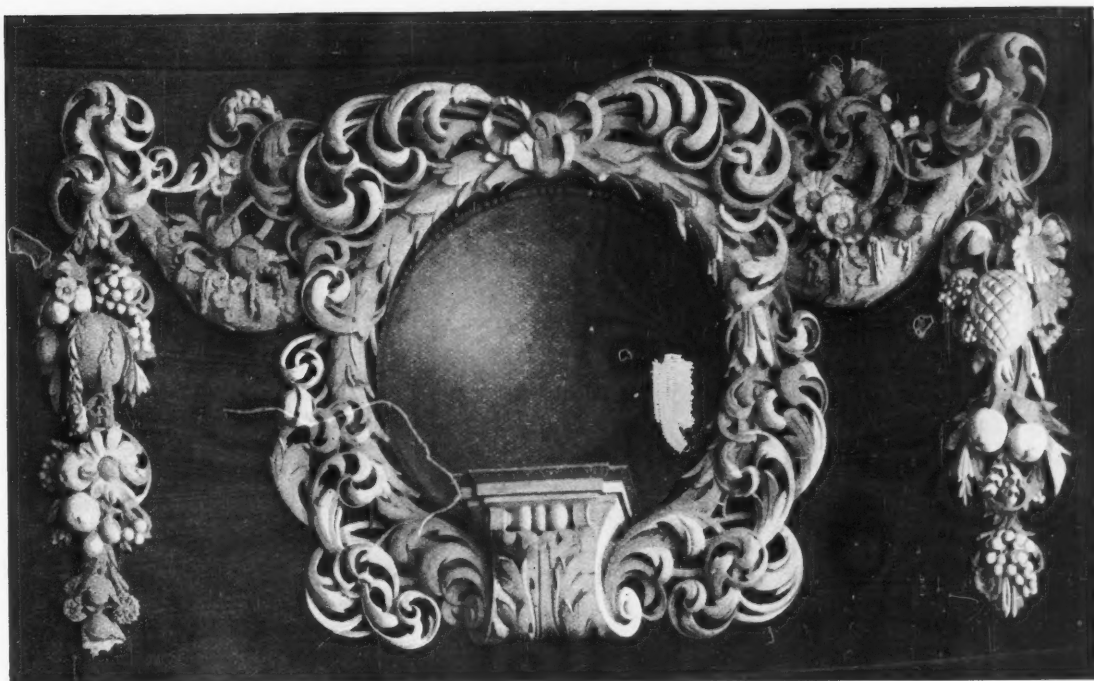


Reproduced by courtesy of H.M. Office of Works.



Photo by Topical Press Agency.

Left: A model for the proposed national memorial to the late EARL HAIG. Sculptor: A. F. Hardiman, with whom S. Rowland Pierce will be associated as Architect. Right: The memorial statue of EARL HAIG in Edinburgh. Sculptor: G. E. Wade.



SEPTEMBER

1929.

Craftsmanship

The
Architectural
Review
Supplement

OVERLEAF: *AT CLOSE RANGE.*

The south entrance doorway to the Board Room of Royal Mail House, the new head offices of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company in Leadenhall Street, London, was carried out in figured walnut. The caps of the pilasters and the decorative panels above the door were carved in limewood by George Haughton from the designs of Sir Edwin Cooper. The electric light fitting is of white metal and glass.



AT CLOSE RANGE.

A description of this detail is given on page 143.

THE SOUTH ENTRANCE DOORWAY TO THE BOARD ROOM OF ROYAL MAIL HOUSE.

Store, Buyer, Maker—II.¹

By R. Gordon Stark.

IT may be not without advantage to the cause we have been discussing to consider seriously whether it is not possible, *without the loss of commercial efficiency*, to introduce by degrees into our stores a higher standard in the matter of house furnishings than is at present prevalent. In the following article I will confine myself to furniture, though I will say in passing that one of the strong arguments in favour of my appeal to the stores to employ really good "designer-selectors" is that the majority of the public badly need guidance and advice in the furnishing of a new house; and are too often guilty of spoiling the effect of good modern or other furniture by unnatural conjunctions and wrong choice of colours for walls and materials for curtains, etc. This is where the service of a clever decorating adviser would be so useful in a store, first of all by giving confidence to the customer, and secondly by satisfying her in the result and favourably impressing her friends. Too many salesmen think only of getting rid of so much stock without considering the immensely important after-effects in which the goodwill of their firm is so bound up. Similarly, your average buyer is much more concerned to find out "what is selling," i.e. what, in the phrase of the commercial traveller, is "going like hot cakes," than in trying to sell something different and something better than his neighbour, and relying on the *art of salesmanship* to impress customers with the excellence of his choice.

Furniture, furnishing fabrics, carpets, fittings, even glass and china, should be treated more consistently as a whole and not be regarded as belonging, as it were, to separate watertight compartments, or rather departments.

According to letters written in reply to my last article (in the July number of the REVIEW) and to which I replied briefly in the following issue, I understand the opposing argument still to be, as I expected, that commercial considerations alone are to blame—if, indeed, any blame is admitted. This means an assumption either that the public really either prefers the class of goods that is offered them or else cannot afford anything better.

Let us leave out of the question pure reproduction pieces, which at least are honest and which anybody is perfectly entitled to prefer, though I feel fairly convinced that their vogue will become less powerful, for it is not in the nature of man to stand still and be content with mere copies of the work of past generations. I will admit at once, however, that it is better to have this than many experiments in "modernist" art one has seen. One of my courteous critics seemed to be under the wrong impression that I was championing that somewhat self-assertive and self-conscious development which is unfortunately always a concomitant of any sane urge forward in art. Without entering into a detailed statement of one's creed, I might point out that I do not believe, for instance, in the man who translates into wood what his creative mind has probably seen first in stone, nor in him who gives us pieces "devoid of comfort"—either to soul or body—for the sake of originality of line. Beauty combined with utility (and let these be considered as two quite separate qualities) are essential.

¹ The previous article was published in the issue of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW for July last.

And if these can in any way be combined, and produced—in different qualities perhaps—at the right prices, then our aim will have been attained. It is bound to come—in time—because the demand for it has, very definitely, begun, and will continue. And it is the firm with foresight enough to foster it and wait for results which will gain in the end, even if success is not loud and instantaneous, and for a time hangs fire. But it will depend on the policy that firm adopts, about which I will tentatively throw out some suggestions further on. I do not recommend, for instance, making a big splash in highly expensive and somewhat exotic furniture and decoration of the beauty-parlour style. Nor am I surprised to hear, considering photographs I have seen of American modern furniture, that the movement in the States has suffered a setback. They are on the wrong tack and should try again. Finally, we must not imagine that the ordinary English manufacturers' interpretations of modern furniture, as they are at present, are of very much use. The majority of them are bad, but there will be a certain sale for them because there are always some people who like to be original and who must have what they are told is the latest. The flashy, "expensive-looking" taste will always have to be catered for, I suppose, but the growing army of people of good taste and modest purses is, I argue, being neglected, and it is a much larger army already than is appreciated by those who should make it their business to know.

These designs that one sees everywhere lack real character, and it is here that new forms and the new materials and economic methods of construction known to our manufacturers could be used and improved upon by trained artists.

There is a great deal these latter, whether employed by the manufacturer or the retailer, might do in teaching the former, if only *what to leave out*! There is often quite a lot of unnecessary cheap decoration which had much better be omitted. Or, in the case of applied mouldings and mass-production fretwork, which have to be there to cover a multitude of sins (in designs produced for the use of unskilled labour), could not these at least be improved?

The blame for the generality of atrocious designs, particularly in what is called "modern furniture" in our big shops, must supposedly be laid at the doors of the designers employed by the manufacturing firms whose heads are purely "practical business men," not artists. The only conclusion to be drawn is that 99 out of 100 of these artists are more or less bad designers. The designs that they produce are made up in large quantities at a time, thus bringing down the cost enormously and capturing the market. Now, as competition is extraordinarily keen, the buyer cannot afford to ignore economic facts; for he knows that if he cannot sell, say, a figured walnut bedroom suite of a certain size, quality, and appearance of "value" at a certain price, his customers will go elsewhere. If he is in a big enough way he will be able to get a manufacturer to reserve him a particular "line," with a guarantee that his competitors in London, or at least in his immediate vicinity, will not have it. He will still have to buy a stock line which is sufficiently low in price by reason of its being turned out a dozen or a hundred or two hundred at a time

(whatever it is), the remainder going perhaps to the provinces. But as London is the best market he is not likely, unless he can take the whole output, to get the first choice together with a guarantee of reservation. It is usually the man in a small way who would like to improve on existing models, but finds that the alterations he wants make them prohibitive for the limited capacity of his buying. The manufacturers, besides, won't be bothered.

It is not often that a buyer is capable of inaugurating a style of his own; time is too short, what with his ordinary routine work, and it is easier to take that which he considers is (for his purpose) the best of what is offered him. He will be content with the standard set up by the manufacturers, whose business it is, after all, supposed to be to create the styles and set the fashion. At least, by adopting this attitude, he is not at any particular disadvantage because practically everyone else at present does exactly the same. The only chance, so far as I can see, of one of these big stores, with their stocks of mediocre furniture so monotonous in their similarity to each other, to get ahead of its fellows is to introduce (gradually) a little originality and a moderate amount of better taste, together with something individual and of special interest to their customers. The more they go in for the class of standardized furniture thrust on them by the big manufacturers, the more cut-throat the competition with their rivals becomes. It leads, inevitably, merely to this: who can sell these things at the cheapest price?—not, as it should be, who can produce a standard of design superior to his fellow's? The public is either very long-suffering or very dull. I personally think chiefly the former. The majority of people haven't the time to explain what they want, to search for the ideal or to wait to have it made even if they can afford it. Let it then be the privilege of one at least of our big furniture retail shops to provide them with what they will really appreciate and show enthusiasm for; and by manufacturing this in gradually increasing quantities there need be no difficulty on the score of cost, though there must always be different prices according to the quality of materials, construction, and finish. But it is on the question chiefly of design that we are arguing and which is of such vital importance from an educational and social point of view.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.]

This discussion originated with a certain advertising campaign devised by Harrods' Stores, upon which the REVIEW took the liberty of commenting. An admirable résumé of the first stages of the discussion appears in the July issue of The D.I.A. Quarterly Journal, from which we venture to quote:—

"Some months ago the great English public that feeds on the thirty-two-page Sunday papers were slightly stirred by finding on three successive pages an advertisement of Messrs. Harrods. They were infinitely better reading than most advertisements, being written by no lesser authors than Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, and Arnold Bennett, each giving his reasons for declining the offer that they should 'write up' Harrods. Both the invitation and the replies were peculiarly instructive—concerning the psychology of Big Business and the function of the author—but there was one implication that made some of us fairly rub our eyes. Harrods had justified their invitation by the claim that, as they employed the best artists, designers, architects, and craftsmen, so also they needed the finest writers to make known their wares to the world. This could hardly be passed over, and THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW asked very pertinently, who were these artists and designers, and why, instead of the work of living English artists, the rooms of Harrods were full of reproductions? The reply of Harrods was the reply so familiar to

our ears—that it was not the business of a big store to create taste but to meet a demand, etc. And later on their architect admitted that it might be difficult to sell the work of 'artists of repute.' Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis summed the matter up in a letter published in the June issue: 'I seem to hear a low and sustained hum, as of innumerable flies, buzzing about the withered corpses of "Artists, Designers, Architects," good of their kind and in their day, but dead these many years, dead as Queen Elizabeth, dead as Queen Anne, dead as Georges First to Fourth, dead as mutton.' Meanwhile, we still await the names of the famous artists employed at Brompton Road who have so long laboured in obscurity."

After Harrods had put forward their case it was obviously necessary to find out whether every other great store looked at the problem through the same spectacles, and in an article entitled Sweden—and Harrods it was shown, as anybody who was acquainted with the Continent already knew, that even a country like Sweden possesses stores which sell as a matter of course the works of its best artists to the public. Why shouldn't the same thing be done in England? In the first instalment of Store, Buyer, Maker, Mr. Stark discussed the difficulties and made suggestions for their solution, and he has now developed some of his previous remarks.

The casual reader may be forgiven for thinking that though the subject is interesting, words are words, and even the careful development of such arguments in favour of using the artist as these, don't really cut very much ice. But, fortunately, there are people in England who are not entirely satisfied with the policy of laissez-faire. That something should be done soon to substitute action for words is made clear in the following quotation from an article by Mr. Robert Lutyens on 'Tendencies in Modern Decoration' in the August issue of The Realist. He writes:—

"The manner in which one of the most important of the new palaces of industry in London was recently constructed deserves the study of everyone concerned in solving the difficulties of labour in the building trade. So far-sighted was the policy pursued, and so admirable were the results, that it is all the more extraordinary to learn that furnishing contracts in connection with this giant modern office, running into many thousands of pounds, were given for the manufacture of sham Chippendale desks for the Directors, chairs with cabriole legs and claw-and-ball feet, and much more of a similar and spurious sort, worth less than the wood they are made of, and completely without either intrinsic or artistic merit. It is further interesting to note that one of the contractors concerned with a part of this furnishing, no longer content to continue supplying this class of goods in England, although the market is so flourishing, has radically increased his business by opening a factory in Germany entirely for the construction of modern furniture executed to the designs of modern artists."

In the near future there is every possibility that we shall be able to make an "interesting announcement." The problem presents many difficulties, but they are surmountable, and when negotiations have reached a riper stage we shall have more to say on the subject. In the meantime this very guarded hint must suffice.]

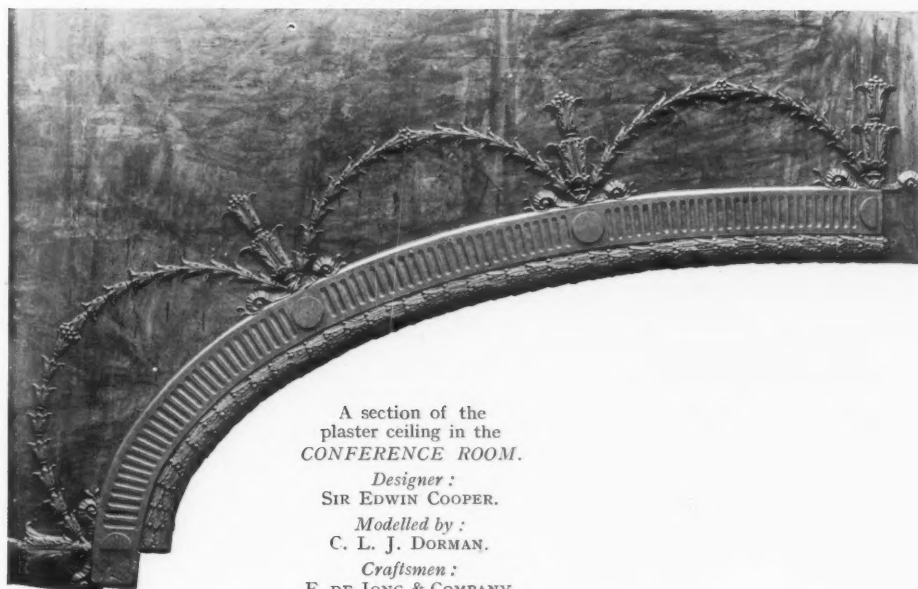
*A Craftsman's
Portfolio: XL—*

Details at
Royal Mail House,
Leadenhall Street,
London.



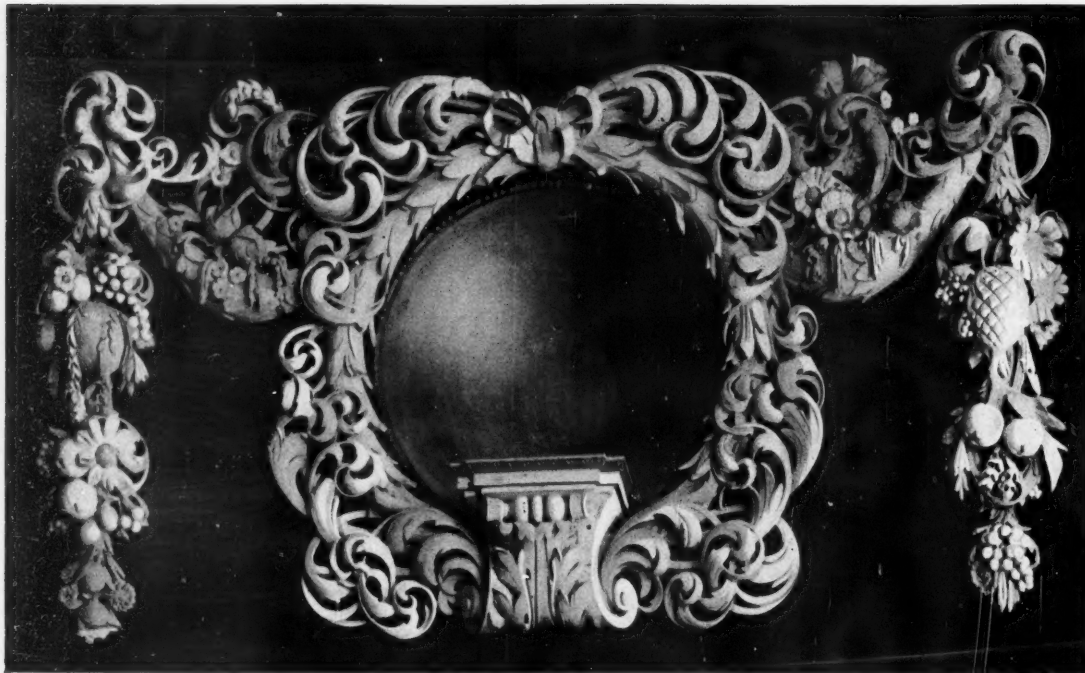
A detail of the
decoration on the
plaster ceiling in the
*GENERAL
MANAGER'S ROOM.*

Designer :
SIR EDWIN COOPER
Modelled by :
C. L. J. DORMAN.
Craftsmen :
F. DE JONG & COMPANY.



A section of the
plaster ceiling in the
CONFERENCE ROOM.

Designer :
SIR EDWIN COOPER.
Modelled by :
C. L. J. DORMAN.
Craftsmen :
F. DE JONG & COMPANY.



Above :
A niche over the entrance to the
BOARD ROOM, carved in lime-
wood upon walnut.

Designer :
SIR EDWIN COOPER.

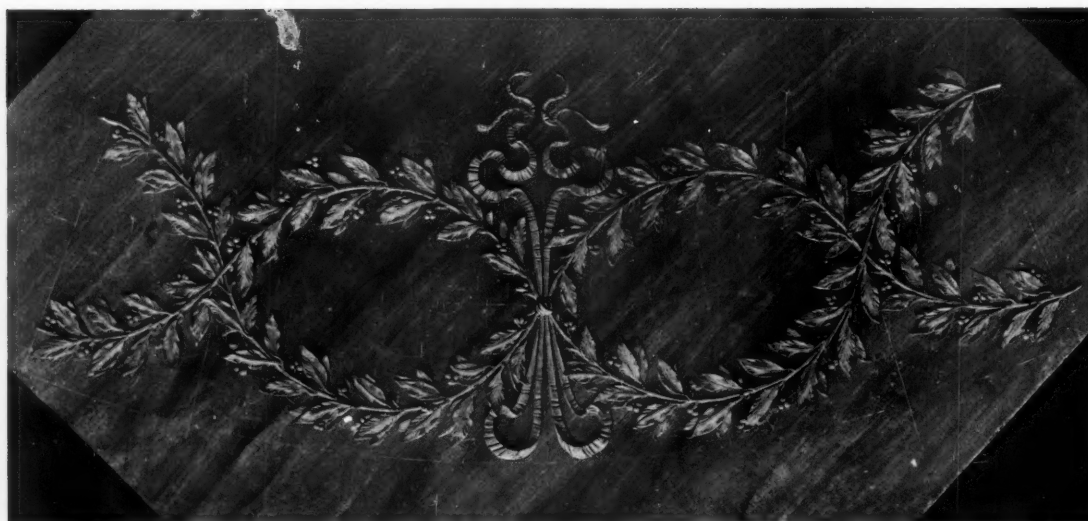
Carved by :
GEORGE HAUGHTON.

Below :
A section of the plaster ceiling in
the *CHAIRMAN'S ROOM*.

Designer :
SIR EDWIN COOPER.

Modelled by :
C. L. J. DORMAN.

Craftsmen :
F. DE JONG & COMPANY.





The wall, with its trio of arches in the corner of the garden, as shown in the picture I have chosen for illustration for this September number, was made of concrete many years ago. The owner of the house, a man of fame and fortune, took great interest and delight in its construction. He lived to enjoy it but few years after its completion. The "Atlas White" Portland cement stucco, with which all of the exterior walls of the house were originally rendered, was chosen as the only dependable material which could be trusted to produce a truly permanent white colour content—a point insisted upon by the architect. Those walls, after the passing of many winters and summers, are still beautifully white. They will always be white. I have many photographs of the house. Some were taken soon after it was built. Some were taken recently. All of them show the rare quality of the "Atlas White" stucco texture. I will be pleased to show them to any architect passing my way who is interested in exterior colours and textures, with other pictures, equally interesting, illustrating a wide range of architecture.

Regent House,
Regent Street,
London, W.1.

Federick Colman

ARCHITECTURAL LIGHTING

means lighting which is an integral part of the building, lighting designed and executed by lighting specialists in co-operation with the architect. This photograph shows work just completed at New Oxford House, the London headquarters of the Permanent Co-operative Building Society. Architect: Percy Morrey, A.R.I.B.A., M.S.c., O.B.E. Lighting Contractors: Messrs. Best & Lloyd Ltd., 40 Great Marlboro' St., London, W.1., Works at Handsworth, Birmingham



BEST & LLOYD LTD.

LONDON

PARIS

NEW YORK

BUT they were soon interrupted by Hephaestion's falling sick of a fever, in which, being a young man and a soldier, too, he could not confine himself to so exact a diet as was necessary; for whilst his physician, Glaucus, was gone to the theatre, he ate a fowl for his dinner, and drank a large draught of wine, upon which he became very ill, and shortly after died. At this misfortune, Alexander was so beyond all reason transported that, to express his sorrow, he immediately ordered the manes and tails of all his horses and mules to be cut, and threw down the battlements of the neighbouring cities. The poor physician he crucified, and forbade playing on the flute or any other musical instrument in the camp a great while, till directions came from the oracle of Ammon, and enjoined him to honour Hephaestion, and sacrifice to him as to a hero. Then seeking to alleviate his grief in war, he set out, as it were, to a hunt and chase of men, for he fell upon the Cossaeans, and put the whole nation to the sword. This was called a sacrifice to Hephaestion's ghost. In his sepulchre and monument and the adorning of them he intended to bestow ten thousand talents; and designing that the excellence of the workmanship and the singularity of the design might outdo the expense, his wishes turned, above all other artists, to Stasicrates, because he always promised something very bold, unusual, and magnificent in his projects. Once when they had met before, he had told him that, of all the mountains he knew, that of Athos in Thrace was the most capable of being adapted to represent the shape and lineaments of a man; that if he pleased to command him, he would make it the noblest and most durable statue in the world, which in its left hand should hold a city of ten thousand inhabitants, and out of its right should pour a copious river into the sea. Though Alexander declined this proposal, yet now he spent a great deal of time with workmen to invent and contrive others even more extravagant and sumptuous.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT (356-323 B.C.).

By Plutarch (circa A.D. 50-120).

Causerie.

The Westminster Abbey Sacristy.

Let no one be led away by the later ramifications of the Westminster Abbey sacristy controversy, which were the subject of an article in *The Architects' Journal* for August 21 last, from contemplation of the real point at issue. Dean Foxley Norris, in his overwhelming desire for the sacristy, has tried to narrow the field of public inquiry to a discussion of the rival merits of two bad sites, which he has put forward as the only possible alternative positions. The controversy, in wasting itself upon these instead of upon the major problem of whether or not the unobstructed north front is to be tampered with in any form, has nearly served the Dean's purpose by dividing its opposition.

It is evident that the Dean wants this sacristy so much that he is prepared not only to flout the expressed opinion of a mass of intelligent critics of his proposal, but to make his application to the Fine Arts Commission a sham and a delusion; for it appears that the Commission were not asked for their opinion on the sacristy scheme as a whole, but to decide which of two alternative sites was the lesser evil. Regretting that "any addition to the Abbey should be found necessary," they did their duty under the terms of reference, and chose the lesser evil. It was unfortunate that they should have chosen either site, but the blame rests

primarily with the Dean, who surely knew what he was about when he denied them the liberty of their judgment.

Thus it cannot be said that the Fine Arts Commission has pronounced in favour of the scheme, and those who have seen the model of the apologetic and insincere erection that for a space lay hidden under the shadow of St. Margaret's Church from the opprobrium it yet called down, can say with fervour that never for a moment could their consciences allow such a debatable addition to the Abbey to obscure the finest and least damaged front of that noble building. If the Dean can find no other site for the sacristy, if it is true that the Westminster School gymnasium is "unavailable," then there must be no sacristy. Whatever else may happen, the north front must not be touched.

* * *

The Petroleum Filling Stations Committee, under the chairmanship of Sir Lionel Earle, have recently published a supplementary report on the approved type of sign which they recommend should be displayed on petroleum-filling stations in lieu of advertisements, and a reproduction of the sign published with the Report is given on this page, through the courtesy of H.M. Stationery Office. The reproduction is to scale.

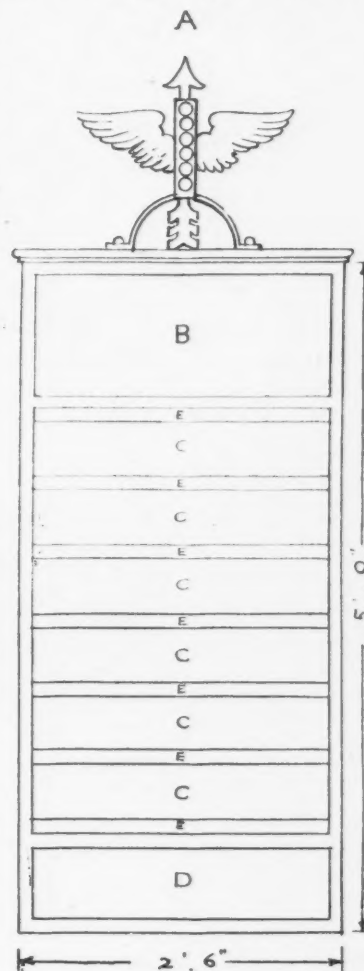
The approved design, which is attractive in form, is the result of a competition organized by the Royal Institute of British Architects at the request of the Committee. From the 110 drawings received, the Assessors selected that submitted by Mr. R. L. Gould, whose original design, however, did not fully meet the requirements of the Committee. As the result of further discussions with Sir Lionel Earle, the Assessors arranged with Mr. Gould for amendments to be made, and the approved design is the result. Standard lettering and numerals of a traditional Roman character, which it is suggested should be used with the design, were also agreed upon. These are

The Sign recommended by the Petroleum-filling Stations Committee.

pleasant in form, but if a word of criticism may be offered we venture to suggest that an opportunity has been allowed to slip of designing lettering which was modern in its spirit and would probably have been more arresting to the eyes of the passing motorist.

The following is an extract from the Report:

"In our view it is most desirable that the sign should be such that it will receive the support of public opinion, and will be used not only in all areas controlled under by-laws made under Section 11 of the Petroleum (Consolidation) Act, but generally throughout the country to the benefit of both trade interests and the motoring public. For these reasons our Chairman, with Sir Richard Allison and our Secretary, met the designer of the sign selected in competition, together with the Jury of Assessors, to discuss



certain amendments considered to be necessary. The diagram appearing in the Appendix hereto incorporates those amendments. Having considered a full-size model which we caused to be prepared, we are of opinion that the treatment indicated is suitable for the purpose which we have in view.

"We do not consider it desirable to specify the materials of which the sign should be made, the details of construction or the manner in which it should be produced and displayed, as it will be appreciated that the general treatment indicated can be adhered to by the use of various materials, and the sign can be displayed either by projecting from a wall or standard, suspended from a wall bracket, etc., or fixed to a wall surface. We suggest that the colour-scheme of the sign should be silvered or white lettering with black enamel or flat painted ground, scarlet frame and gilded symbol. We feel strongly that it is most important that well-formed lettering should be employed, and we therefore recommend that the lettering on the sign should be uniform and of the type indicated in the Appendix hereto. We also recommend that a system of movable slats which can readily be standardized should be used to indicate the names of the products retailed at the premises. The diagram in the Appendix hereto indicates a sign of maximum dimensions, but, in our opinion, whenever smaller signs are employed the width of the sign should remain constant, only the length of the sign being reduced. Reduction in length from the maximum should, as a rule, be effected by the omission of the movable slats, but not less than three slats should be included in the sign as a minimum.

"As regards means of illumination at night we are of opinion that it is impracticable to standardize methods, but we consider it desirable that signs of the illuminated box-form type with glazed panels as an alternative to movable slats, as well as signs of the reflecting type, should be permitted, provided that the general lines of the design indicated and the requirements as to reduction in length of sign are followed."



The late
Mr. Geoffrey
Scott:
A Tribute by
Mr. Trystan
Edwards.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Geoffrey Scott, which occurred at the Rockefeller Institute, New York, where he succumbed to pneumonia on August 14. He had been engaged in editing the *Boswell Papers*; and it was his intention, after these had been published, to write a life of Boswell. "His literary career," writes Mr. Trystan Edwards, "cut short at its prime, yet shows a record of achievement which is sufficient to secure for him a lasting reputation. For it is impossible to imagine that students of architecture will ever fail to find stimulus and instruction in his great book, a masterpiece of æsthetic criticism, in which the fundamental principles of the art of building are discussed with a rare delicacy of understanding. *The Architecture of Humanism*, which first appeared in June 1914, was robbed of its initial success by the war, but the publication of a second edition last year proved that it had steadily made its way.

"Geoffrey Scott brought to his architectural studies a splendidly equipped mind. He was educated at Rugby and New College, where he read Classical Greats and, incidentally, won the Newdigate prize. After leaving Oxford he became secretary to Mr. Bernhard Berenson, the art critic, in whose house at Florence he resided for several years. During the war he was secretary to the British Embassy at Rome, and subsequently, upon his marriage with Lady Sybil Cutting, he lived at the Villa Medici at Fiesoli. Thus he had an

opportunity of absorbing the very spirit of the Italian Renaissance, and it was from this cultural vantage ground that he launched his famous attack upon the Victorian fallacies which he held to be responsible for the architectural débâcle of the nineteenth century. Alas! the Romantic fallacy, the Mechanical fallacy, the Ethical fallacy, and the Biological fallacy are still with us, and it may be many years before Geoffrey Scott's exposure of them will have its proper effect. Although long familiar with his work, for I may recollect that I had the privilege of paying tribute to his genius in an article that appeared in this REVIEW in 1914, I naturally turn to his book once more, and again find myself lost in admiration of its extraordinary subtlety and its truth, for Geoffrey Scott was one of those who realize that the truth is not simple. What exalts him above so many contemporary writers about æsthetics is the scrupulous intellectual honour which caused him to state his opponents' case far better than they could ever have stated it themselves; then, when by sheer weight of argument he utterly demolished it, his victory seemed all the more complete.

"Geoffrey Scott was a man of singular personal charm. Very tall and of striking appearance, he at first gave the impression of aloofness, and, indeed, the distinction of his personality was not concealed beneath a bushel. There are even people whose respect for him would quite properly be mingled with a little awe. This feeling would, however, quickly vanish when they could enjoy the wit and vivacity of his conversation and appreciate his gift for friendship and the noble and generous outlook of his mind."

The portrait of Geoffrey Scott, illustrated here, is from a drawing by the late William Rothenstein.

* * *

In an article entitled "Tendencies in Modern Decoration," which was published in the August issue of *The Realist*, Mr. Robert Lutyens surveys the position today of domestic architecture and interior decoration.

Mr. Robert
Lutyens on
Modern
Domestic
Architecture
and Interior
Decoration.

tion, and more particularly of furniture in England. After referring to the slowly evolving growth of traditional form, and to its withering in the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century, he emphasizes the necessity of each age producing a style of its own, suited to its needs and resulting from the conditions of its manufacture, and not in spite of them. The individual designer, upon whom, therefore, the responsibility now rests, must take all these economic factors into account, as well as æsthetic considerations, in order to produce a style that will be typical of our age. Mr. Lutyens, however, believes that the result will depend upon the degree of opportunity and intelligent patronage which can be brought to co-operate with the designer in his efforts. With regard to domestic architecture, Mr. Lutyens is more optimistic. He considers that the jerry-built villas and other atrocities are more likely to be remedied by political than any other means, and that the architects "who have for long had their feet firmly set upon the sensible road towards a garden-city planning" may be trusted to develop a course of domestic architecture in keeping with the English landscape. The plight of the interior decorator writes Mr. Lutyens, seems to be the most hopeless. He receives very little encouragement in England, he is hampered by financial considerations, and he is asked to undertake the decoration of old houses where new art forms would be out of place, or new ones which are "ungainly shells." Mr. Lutyens finally emphasizes that the fault lies, not in the lack of modern artistic talent, but in the lack of opportunity, which is given to it in this country.

* * *



Shop—Walls lined with Pink Marbled Vitrolite pieces, the Counter with panels. Black Vitrolite skirting and dado rails.



Bathroom—Walls lined dado high with White Vitrolite pieces between Black Vitrolite margins.



As shown by the illustrations, Vitrolite, supplied in pieces suitable for courses of Ashlar, has very marked advantages over tiles. The material itself has a distinctly superior artistic quality, and its hard polished surface is quite unstainable. Moreover, the large size of the pieces, with the consequent reduction in the number of joints, is vastly more impressive and pleasing.

Vitrolite pieces are supplied in three standard sizes, 8" x 18", 10" x 18" and 12" x 18", and are fixed by mastic to a Portland cement screeding or hard plaster wall. Easily cut for fittings, to fit round pipes or to finish against window and door frames, these Vitrolite pieces can be fixed by any builder. Where the number of square yards to be covered and the standard size desired are given, the right number of pieces will be packed, with or without mastic as requested, and delivered to rail-head, London. The cost is very little more than that of tiles.

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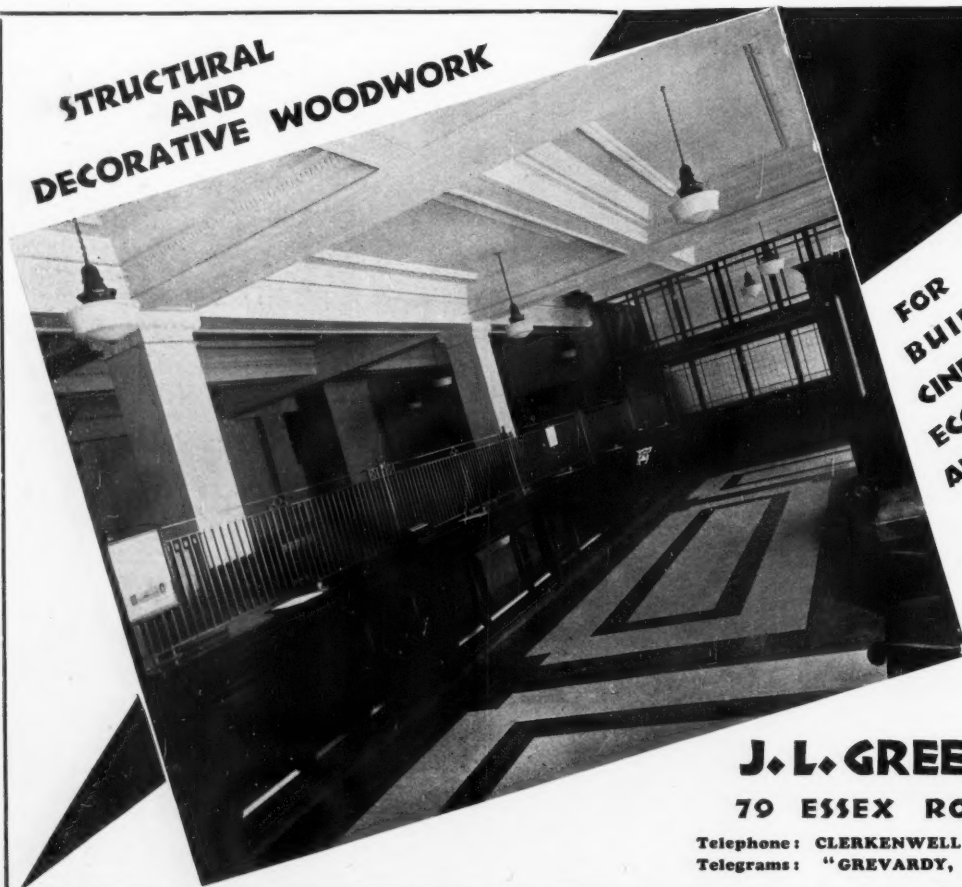
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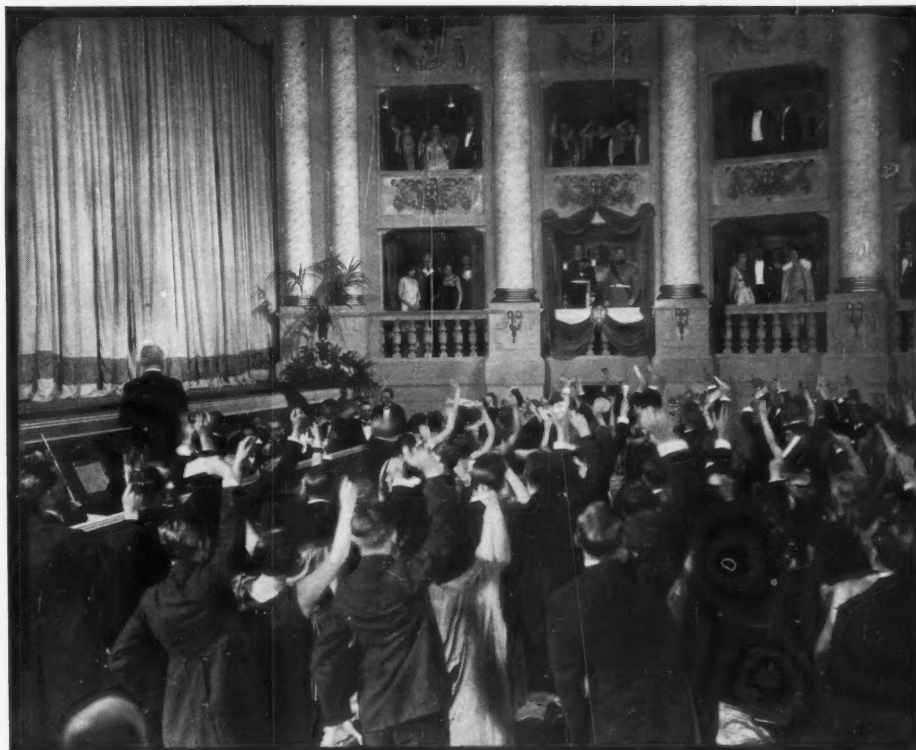
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Film
making
and the
English
Architect.

For the English architect and artist, the practical side of film-making suggests a new field for creative work, which Mr. Edward Carrick, in an article on "Building Scenes for Films" published in the issue of *The Architects' Journal* for July 31 last, urges them to accept and develop.

The illustrations accompanying the article are of fascinating interest and show how ingeniously film scenes are made. The two pictures on this page represent, *above*, the stage and half the auditorium of a theatre scene built entirely of three-ply wood and timber by Mr. Carrick for the Welsh-Pearson production of the film *The Broken Melody*, and, *below*, a view "behind" of part of the same scene in which the fragility of its construction can be appreciated. Several illustrations are also included of a railway tunnel drama photographed by the Schufftan process, a clever German invention, of which Mr. Carrick gives the following description:—

"To the Germans must be credited the invention of the Schufftan process. This is a simple but ingenious arrangement of a camera and a looking-glass which, when worked in conjunction with models, makes the wildest and most fantastic ideas of a Piranesi possible on the films. You can design buildings hundreds of feet high, and still have action take place upon them, and all at very small cost. This process is worth describing."

"You build a very carefully detailed model of whatever your imagination has visualized; let us say, for example, a fantastic castle. You want a princess to appear at one of the windows and to wave to some knights as they pass beneath the gates. Well, you reflect your correctly-lighted model into a sheet of looking-glass at a certain angle in front of your camera, so that looking through the camera at the glass only the model is to be seen. Then you go behind your mirror and scratch away the silver from behind the window and gate at which you intend your characters to appear, so that, looking at your reflected castle, you have an image of it, perfect except for the two holes through which you can see into the spaces beyond."

"Now you fill these spaces up in a very simple way. At a given distance behind the mirror, this distance being governed by the laws of perspective, you build your gateway, life-size; and upon a scaffold near by, you build your window. Behind the window you place your princess and

beneath your gate the knights; light them to correspond with the model, and all is perfect. The action takes place, and you have a picture which has cost a twentieth part of what you would have spent on building the front of a castle."

"But surely you see the join," everyone says. No, you don't, because the image of the model reflected in the mirror appears in focus, in common with the built-up fragments of life-size scene behind, whereas the jagged sawlike edge where the mirror has been chipped away, because it is so near the camera, becomes out of focus and vignettes itself away into the reality which is built at the correct perspective distance. This is an extraordinarily interesting process that should bring architects with imagination seriously into the films."

★ ★ ★

King Edward's Hospital Fund for London have arranged for a special visit to the Air Port of London at Croydon, on Saturday, September 21, at 2.30 p.m. The party will be

An opportunity to inspect the Air Port of London at Croydon.

conveyed by omnibus from Charing Cross Underground Station, Victoria Embankment, leaving at 2 p.m. They will be able to witness the arrival and departure of continental air liners, and will be given special facilities for seeing all that is of interest at this important Air Port, including the three large Hangars, the Control Tower from which the taking off and landing of out-going and in-coming aeroplanes are regulated, and at night the lighting equipment and movements of aircraft in the vicinity controlled and the Neon Beacon, a kind of "air lighthouse" which enables aircraft to locate the aerodrome from a distance. They will also be shown the arrangements for ground signalling (wind indicators, boundary lights, etc.), the system of radio communication, the meteorological service system, the workshops for fitters, carpenters, and fabric workers, and the warehouses in which goods are stored.

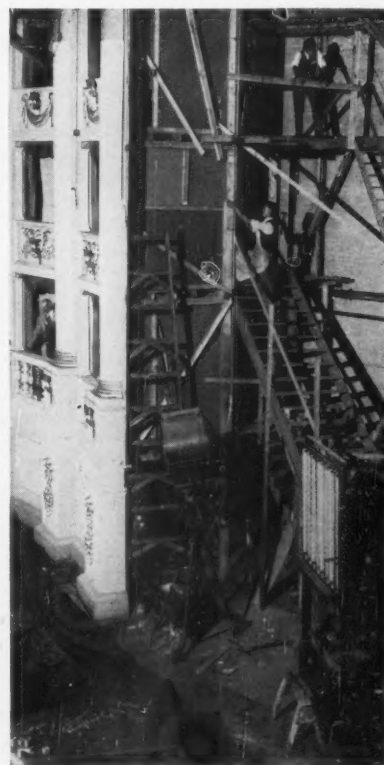
★ ★ ★

Tickets, price 7s. 6d., can be obtained on application to King Edward's Hospital Fund for London, 7 Walbrook, E.C.4.

★ ★ ★

For an additional charge of 10s. 6d. visitors will be given an opportunity of taking short flights over the surrounding district in aeroplanes provided by the Surrey Flying Services.

★ ★ ★



CAUSERIE.

Apropos of Mr. Morton Shand's remarks concerning wine cellars on page 101 of this issue, the illustration below might be said to approach the ideal to which he refers. This wine cellar was built for a house designed by Professor Bruno Paul of Berlin, and is reproduced by the courtesy of the editor of *Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration*.

The motor industry and the spoliation of the countryside.

'In the July issue of *The D.I.A. Quarterly* the Editor writes:—
In an evening paper a short time back we read an article entitled "See this green and pleasant land by motor-coach,"



in which the writer painted in sunset colours the comforts and delights of travel by road. A great deal of what he wrote was quite true. The motor-coach companies do study the comfort and convenience of the average passenger much better than do the railways, and this is one of the secrets of their success. The other secret, as the writer pointed out, is because travel in them "is an education as well as a pleasure." "To break the journey in the picturesque surroundings of a quiet country town . . . to come so near to the heart of England . . . a glimpse of green lanes giving way to scattered cottages, etc." Very true, and we quite agree with the pronouncement that "those who are concerned in the organization of road passenger transport will tell you that this educational and aesthetic factor has played a large part in building their prosperity." Why, then, do the motoring industry, the coach proprietors, and the wealthy motor associations stand by silent when this very beauty of the countryside is being so rapidly devastated along every main road? They are in a better position than anyone without exception in this country to put a stop to roadside advertisements and untidy petrol-stations, and they could bring great pressure on the authorities to restrict ribbon development; but they do nothing. They will wake up, perhaps, too late. Already you see more of the country from the railway than from many main roads.'

We hope the warning will not go unheeded.

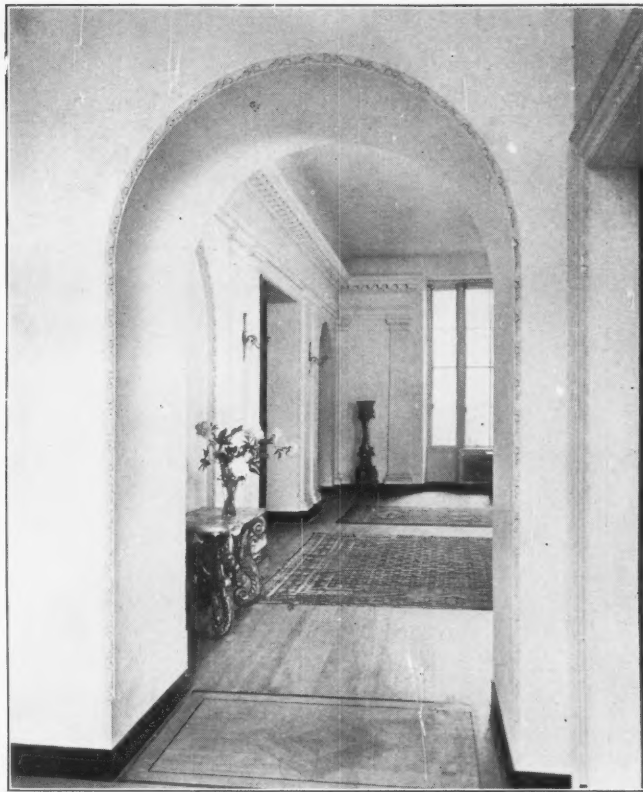
The Architectural Review, September 1929.

Trade and Craft.

The general contractors for the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company Building were Trollope and Colls, Ltd., who were also responsible for the reinforced concrete, foundations, stone, fireproof construction, partitions, plumbing, plaster, joinery, stonework and gas fittings. Among the artists, craftsmen and sub-contractors were the following:—J. A. Lawford & Co., Ltd. (dampcourses, asphalt, and special roofings); The London Brick Company (bricks); D. Colville & Sons, Ltd. (structural steel); Cope & Co. (tiles and tiling); Roberts Adlard & Co. (slates); Nicholls & Clarke, Ltd. (glass); British Luxfer Prism Syndicate, Ltd. (patent glazing); Mr. George Haughton (woodcarving); Hollis Bros. & Co., Ltd. (wood-block flooring); Mumford, Bailey & Preston, Ltd. (central heating, kitchen equipment, gas fitting, and gas fixtures, boilers, ventilation, and water-softening plant); G. Matthews, Ltd. (stoves, grates, gas fixtures, and mantels); Higgins & Griffiths, Ltd. (electric light fixtures, electric wiring, electric heating, and bells); J. Bolding & Sons (sanitary fittings); The Leyland & Birmingham Rubber Co., Ltd. (stair treads); James Gibbons, Ltd. (door furniture, casements, window furniture, and folding gates); Haywards, Ltd. (iron staircases); Heaton, Tabb & Co., Ltd. (sunblinds, furniture, and office fittings); F. de Jong & Co., Ltd. (decorative plaster); William Smith (metalwork); J. Whitehead & Sons, Ltd. (marble); Smith, Major & Stevens, Ltd. (lifts); The Hoisting Appliance Co., Ltd. (cranes); Gent & Co. (clocks); and Le Grand Sutcliffe & Gell (water supply).

A new building, comprising offices and works, is now in course of construction for the Pyrene Company on the Great West Road at Brentford, which has been designed by Messrs. Wallis Gilbert and Partners. The architects have achieved marked success by the use of faience work in conjunction with white cement concrete, and in the Pyrene building faience work has been introduced in a manner which affords added interest to the salient features of the design. When completed the building will show a rhythm of columns enriched with faience caps and bases expressing a simple bay motive. The panels which make up the solid portion of the wall surface are also in faience work, and narrow strips of coloured faience act as flutings to the columns. The building, with a frontage of 480 ft., will stand at a higher level than the road, and will be set back—a condition which has governed the elevation design. The main entrance is approached by a flight of steps from the roadway.

The principal point in the design of the factory, apart from the efficient lay-out of the works for production purposes, is the effort that has been made on the part of the designers to create a lasting, clean, and colourful building, together with good massing and proportioning to the main outline.



Interior at
22 BELGRAVE SQUARE, W.
Architect: R. K. Binney, Esq.

Jackson's were responsible for all the decorations which were executed in fibrous plaster, wood and carton-pierre, and the successful combination of these mediums into such a felicitous unity is typical of Jackson's work, in public and domestic architecture alike. Their work-



shops in Rathbone Place are completely equipped and staffed to supply all forms of decoration in fibrous plaster, stuc, cement, lead, wood, composition and carton-pierre, and are always open to inspection by those professionally interested.

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The above illustration shows the table, made specially in English walnut, for the Board Room of *Royal Mail House* by Messrs. Heaton Tabb & Co., who produced all the furniture used in this building to the instructions of the architect, Sir Edwin Cooper.

* * *

Perhaps one day somebody will write an article entitled "A

Short Discourse on the Social Rise of the Bathroom." Meantime, those who are interested may study its very latest phases in the latest of catalogues. Yes, undoubtedly the bathroom is the *nouveau riche* of Western interior decoration. From the comparatively not very distant time when Court beauties found a minute marble basin and a jet of cold water to be completely adequate, the bathroom has known many changes. For long it

JUST PUBLISHED.

A SMALL brochure has been issued by Messrs. Bessant's on interior decoration, and especially on their own work in that sphere in its various branches. It is illustrated with photographs of interiors which they have carried out and furniture which they have made, in some cases to the design of architects, as for example a room designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., a carved and veneered walnut desk designed by Walter Tapper, A.R.A., P.R.I.B.A., and Michael Tapper, A.R.I.B.A., and an interior of one of the principal rooms at Imperial Chemical House designed by Sir Frank Baines.

• • • • •

Messrs. Bessant will gladly send a copy to anyone who applies to them for one at 17 Soho Square, W.1.



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in design and craft can be appreciated in the
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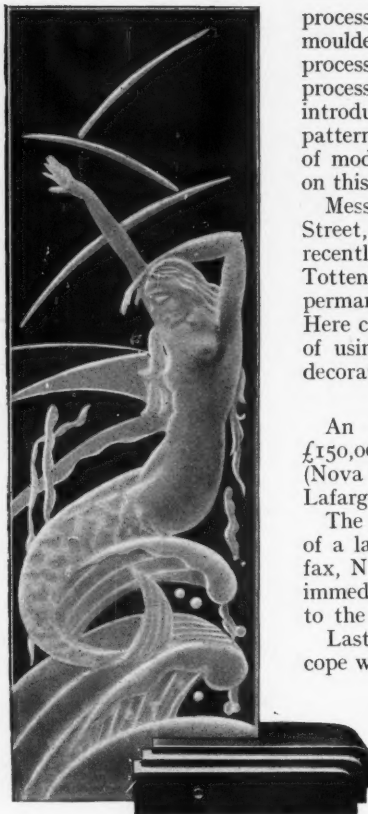
1929

LONDON : BIRMINGHAM : NEW YORK

was considered an unnecessary luxury, and when, in Victorian times, it became an institution and an essential in every house, no one dreamt that it could be in any way interesting, but rather, like most of the necessities of life, intensely dull. Now, however, it is coming into its own, and strives for equal recognition with the rest of the house. One of these very new catalogues has been issued by the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company. Dull is most certainly the last word that could be applied to it, for by most colourful illustrations it proves that there is no reason why the bathroom should not be as exciting as the boudoir, or even more so. Not only does it show a wonderful variety in its colour schemes, but also gives a number of variations on the same theme, so that the most ambitious of interior decorators may hope to have his wildest dreams realized. The catalogue is claimed to be the first of its kind, and is certainly a great advance on catalogues compiled solely of lists of materials and prices. It is, perhaps, not using too strong a word to call it revolutionary, and is to be recommended to anyone seeking for ideas in one of the newest forms of interior decoration.

Various processes of engraving on glass have been brought out from time to time, such as the process of engraving by wheel and the process of engraving by acid. The first of these is very tedious, and therefore costly, and does not lend itself to the engraving of large surfaces. The second is considered to present too many difficulties in the production of artistic results.

A process which was brought out a few years ago is sandblast engraving. Messrs. Arnault were among those who first introduced this particular type of engraved glass into the country and they have specialized in the



process. Messrs. Arnault have recently produced moulded engravings which they claim, by their process, give a true rendering of the subjects. The process, it is said, is specially adapted for the introduction of colour, the cutting of intricate patterns, and may, indeed, be applied to every type of modern interior decoration. The illustration on this page is of a screen for a table lamp.

Messrs. Arnault's offices are at No. 14 Morewell Street, Tottenham Court Road, and they have recently opened special showrooms at No. 255 Tottenham Court Road, where an important and permanent display of engraved glass may be seen. Here can be studied the many and varied ways of using this glass in connection with modern decorative schemes.

An order for cement, amounting to over £150,000, has just been placed by the Halifax (Nova Scotia) Harbour Commission with the Lafarge Aluminous Cement Co., Ltd.

The cement will be used for the construction of a large pier at the Ocean Terminals in Halifax, N.S., and operations are to be commenced immediately by Mr. A. G. Tapley, Chief Engineer to the Commission.

Last year the port of Halifax was unable to cope with the tonnage during the winter season, when the St. Lawrence River is closed, and the Commission decided at once to take steps to deal with vessels desiring to make Halifax their port of discharge.

The cement ordered is the well-known Ciment Fondu made at the Lafarge Company's works at West Thurrock, Essex. It is impervious to the corrosive action of sea water and will enable the new pier to be constructed within the shortest time.



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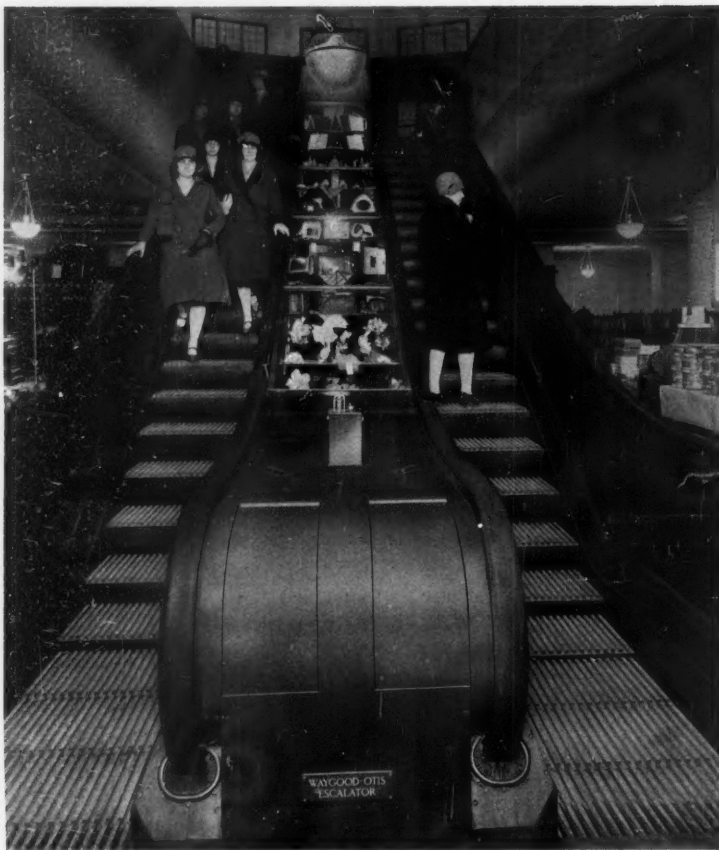
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Messrs. Waygood-Otis, Ltd., the well-known lift makers, have recently installed escalators in various stores and shops in this

country. This is a fairly recent introduction as far as the English stores are concerned, although escalators are widely used in the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. They are employed to supplement the lift system and form the quickest and best method of transporting large crowds from floor to floor, the lifts being used to take a smaller number more quickly. The eleven escalators at the new Piccadilly Circus Underground Station have also been supplied by Waygood-Otis, Ltd. The illustration on this page shows an escalator at Selfridge's in Oxford Street.

* * *

ADVERTISER, aged 39, qualified Quantity Surveyor with extensive experience of Architectural and Engineering works, is willing to take position as assistant to Quantity Surveyor with a view to such position leading to partnership arrangement. Practice in South or West of England preferred. Replies to Box No. 881.

* * *

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F.R.I.B.A.

Lecturer in Decoration : H. WARREN WILSON, A.R.C.A.

THE Division of Decoration has been instituted with the co-operation of the Incorporated Institute of British Decorators. It aims at stimulating and promoting a knowledge of Decoration generally, and provides a three years' course of training, leading to the Certificate in Decoration, for those who wish to make the profession of Decoration their calling in life.

The Division of Decoration forms part of the Bartlett School of Architecture, and is carried on in close co-operation with the Slade School of Fine Art. Studio work forms an important part of the course.

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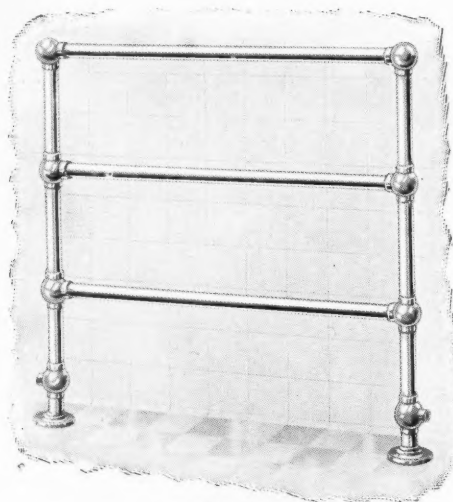
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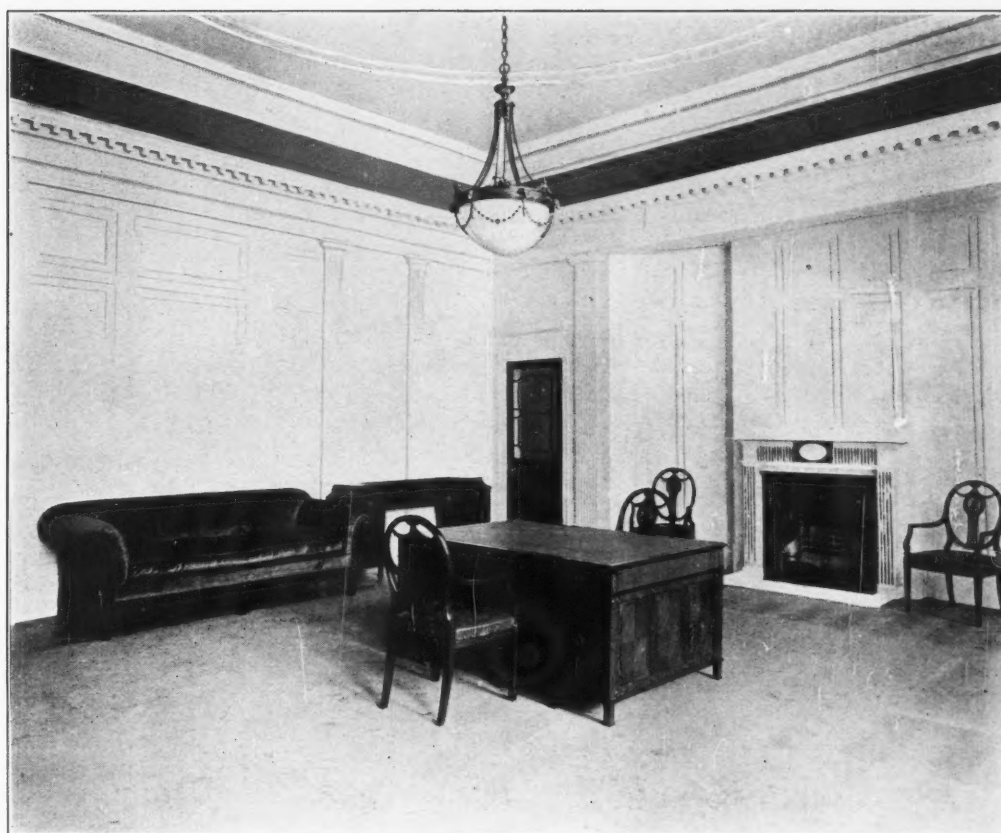
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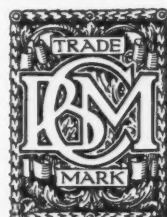
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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2—

Records of Babylon and Assyria—I	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—I	12 noon.	"
Monuments of Egypt—I	3 p.m.	"
Monuments of Assyria—I	3 p.m.	"
Early Costumes	12 noon.	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Miniatures	12 noon.	"
Costumes of Seventeenth Century	3 p.m.	"
Chinese Pottery	3 p.m.	"
Italians—I: Primitives	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Turner	12 noon.	"
Some Jacobean and Carolean Poets	11 a.m.	TATE GALLERY
English Portraits	3 p.m.	"
Modern Paintings and Fine Engravings of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. Throughout the month.	10-6	THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Early English Water-colours. Twenty-fifth Annual Exhibition.	10-1	WALKER'S GALLERIES, LTD., 118 NEW BOND STREET, W.1

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3—

Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—I	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM
Monuments of Egypt—I	12 noon.	"
Monuments of Assyria—I	3 p.m.	"
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—II	3 p.m.	"
Costumes of Eighteenth Century	12 noon.	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Costumes of Nineteenth Century	3 p.m.	"
Landscape—I: Dutch	11.50 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
—II: French	1 p.m.	"
General Visit	11 a.m.	TATE GALLERY
Charles II and His Court	12 noon.	"
History of the Collection	3 p.m.	NATIONAL " PORTRAIT GALLERY
		WALLACE COLLECTION

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4—

A Selected Subject	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Greece (Crete and Mycenae)	12 noon.	"
Early Age of Italy (Etruscan, etc.)	3 p.m.	"
Life and Arts of the Dark Races—I	3 p.m.	"

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4—(continued.)

Ironwork	12 noon.	V. AND A. MUSEUM
General Tour	3 p.m.	"
Indian Section: Woodwork	3 p.m.	"
Portraits—I: Rembrandt and Hals	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Portraits—I: Rembrandt and Hals	12 noon.	"
Blake and Watts	11 a.m.	TATE GALLERY
Portrait Drawings and Miniatures	12 noon.	NATIONAL " PORTRAIT GALLERY

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5—

European Architecture—I	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Age of Italy (Etruscan, etc.)	12 noon.	"
Early Britain—I	3 p.m.	"
A Selected Subject	3 p.m.	"
Bayeux Tapestry—I	12 noon.	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Bayeux Tapestry—II	3 p.m.	"
Illuminated MSS.	7 p.m.	"
Stained Glass	7 p.m.	"
Van Eyck and Early Netherlands	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Van Eyck and Early Netherlands	12 noon.	"
Hogarth; Millais	11 a.m.	TATE GALLERY
The Dutch Wars	12 noon.	"
Selected Pictures	3 p.m.	NATIONAL " PORTRAIT GALLERY
		WALLACE COLLECTION

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6—

Early Greece (Crete and Mycenae)	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM
How the Bible Came Down to Us	12 noon.	"
Greek and Roman Life—I	3 p.m.	"
Greek Sculpture—I	3 p.m.	"
Vestments—I	12 noon.	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Early English Furniture	12 noon.	"
Chinese Paintings	3 p.m.	"
Italians—I: Early Florentine	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Italians—II: Early Florentine	12 noon.	"
French Painting	11 a.m.	TATE GALLERY
Monmouth	12 noon.	"
Miniatures	3 p.m.	NATIONAL " PORTRAIT GALLERY
		WALLACE COLLECTION

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7—

Early Britain—II	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Christian Period	12 noon.	"
A Sectional Tour	3 p.m.	"
Tour of Several Sections	3 p.m.	"

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7—(continued.)

Vestments—II	12 noon.	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Carpet	3 p.m.	"
Indian Section: Sculpture	3 p.m.	"
Oil Paintings	7 p.m.	"
Celtic Ornament	7 p.m.	"
El Greco, Velazquez, and Goya	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
El Greco, Velazquez, and Goya	12 noon.	"
General Visit	11 a.m.	TATE GALLERY
Dutch Genre	12 noon.	"
		WALLACE COLLECTION

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9—

Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—II	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM
Records of Babylon and Assyria—I	12 noon.	"
Greek Sculpture—I	3 p.m.	"
Monuments of Egypt—II	3 p.m.	"
Tapestries	12 noon.	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Domestic Glass	12 noon.	"
Lace	3 p.m.	"
English Pottery	3 p.m.	"
Italians—III: Early Venetian	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Italians—III: Early Venetian	12 noon.	"
Reynolds and his Circle	11 a.m.	TATE GALLERY
Milton and Bunyan	12 noon.	"
Rubens	3 p.m.	NATIONAL " PORTRAIT GALLERY
		WALLACE COLLECTION

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10—

Early Britain—III	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM
Life and Arts of the Dark Races—II	12 noon.	"
Greek Sculpture—II	3 p.m.	"
Monuments of Assyria—II	3 p.m.	"
Architecture—I	12 noon.	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Architecture—II	3 p.m.	"
Landscape—II: Rubens, Gainsborough, and Constable	11.50 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Landscape—II: Rubens, Gainsborough, and Constable	1 p.m.	"
Pre-Raphaelites	11 a.m.	TATE GALLERY
James II	12 noon.	"
French Furniture	3 p.m.	NATIONAL " PORTRAIT GALLERY
		WALLACE COLLECTION

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11—

Greek Vases—I	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Britain—I	12 noon.	"
Early Britain—IV	3 p.m.	"
A Selected Subject	3 p.m.	"

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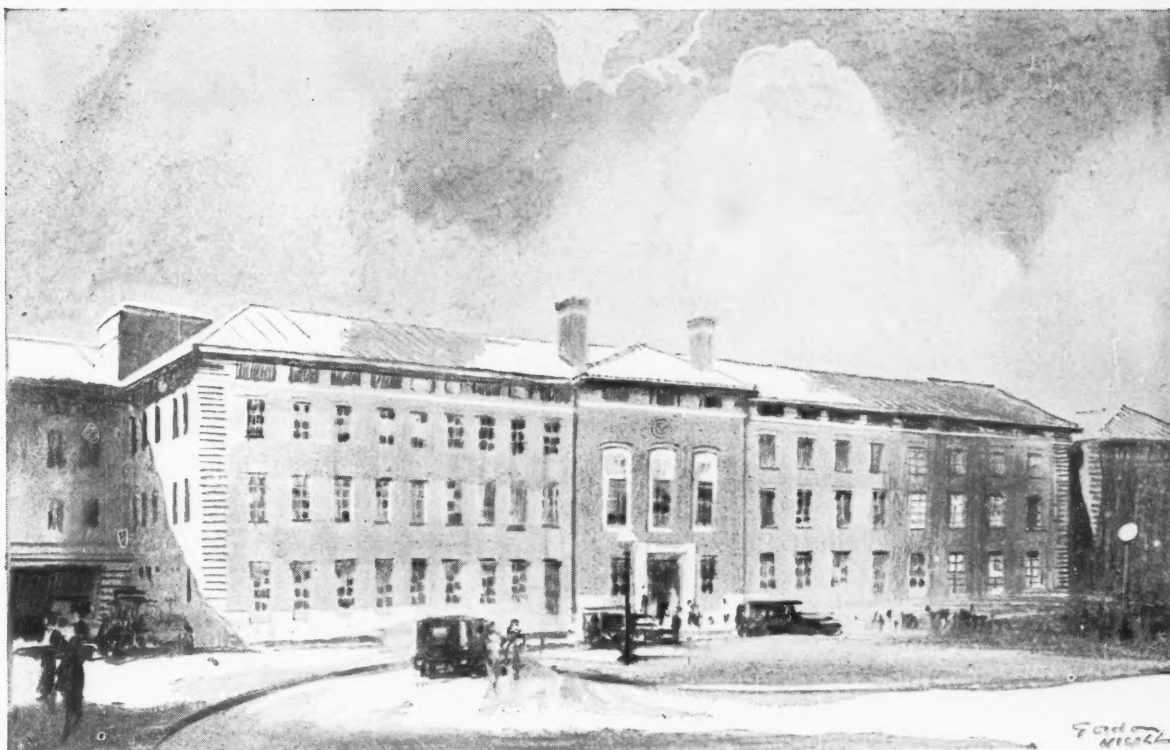
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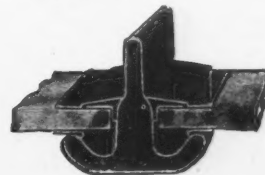
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The Architectural Review, September 1929.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11—(continued.)

Oriental Rugs ..	12 noon.	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Ivories ..	3 p.m.	"
Indian Section: Architecture ..	3 p.m.	"
Portraits—II: Hogarth, Reynolds, and Gainsborough ..	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Portraits—II: Hogarth, Reynolds, and Gainsborough ..	12 noon.	"
Turner ..	11 a.m.	TATE GALLERY
Some Tenth-century Portrait Painters ..	3 p.m.	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12—

Greek and Roman Bronzes, etc. ..	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM
Greek and Roman Life—I ..	12 noon.	"
The Romans in Britain—I ..	3 p.m.	"
Early Britain—II ..	3 p.m.	"
Early Renaissance Sculpture ..	12 noon.	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Donatello ..	3 p.m.	"
Watercolours ..	7 p.m.	"
Enamels ..	7 p.m.	"
Early French, German, and English ..	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Early French, German, and English ..	12 noon.	"
French Painting ..	11 a.m.	TATE GALLERY
The Revolution ..	3 p.m.	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Watteau ..	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13—

How the Bible Came Down to Us ..	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM
Illuminated Manuscripts ..	12 noon.	"
Monuments of Assyria—II ..	3 p.m.	"
Greek Sculpture—II ..	3 p.m.	"
Michelangelo ..	12 noon.	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Tudor and Jacobean Furniture ..	12 noon.	"
Japanese Paintings ..	3 p.m.	"
Italians—IV: Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese ..	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Italians—IV: Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese ..	12 noon.	"
Blake; Rossetti ..	11 a.m.	TATE GALLERY
William III and Mary II ..	12 noon.	"
Selected Pictures ..	3 p.m.	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Selected Pictures ..	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14—

The Romans in Britain—II ..	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Britain—III ..	12 noon.	"
Tour of Several Sections ..	3 p.m.	"
A Sectional Tour ..	3 p.m.	"
Rodin ..	12 noon.	V. AND A. MUSEUM
General Tour ..	3 p.m.	"
Indian Section: Cave Paintings ..	3 p.m.	"
Raphael Cartoons ..	7 p.m.	"
Italian Sculpture ..	7 p.m.	"
Rubens and Van Dyck ..	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Hogarth ..	11 a.m.	TATE GALLERY
French Life and Art ..	12 noon.	"
French Life and Art ..	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 16—

Records of Babylon and Assyria—II ..	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—III ..	12 noon.	"
Monuments of Egypt—II ..	3 p.m.	"
Greek Sculpture—II ..	3 p.m.	"
Oriental Pottery ..	12 noon.	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Persian Metalwork ..	12 noon.	"
Malolca ..	3 p.m.	"
Hispano-Moresque Pottery ..	3 p.m.	"
Italians—V: Leonardo, Michelangelo, and later Florentine ..	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Italians—V: Leonardo, Michelangelo, and later Florentine ..	12 noon.	"
Watts, Stevens ..	11 a.m.	TATE GALLERY
Pepys, Evelyn, and de Grammont ..	12 noon.	"
Nattier and Oudry ..	3 p.m.	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Nattier and Oudry ..	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17—

The Greek Vases—II ..	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM
Greek and Roman Life—II ..	12 noon.	"
Arts and Customs of Ancient Egypt—III ..	3 p.m.	"
Records of Babylon and Assyria ..	3 p.m.	"
English Pottery ..	12 noon.	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Chinese Porcelain—I ..	3 p.m.	"
Landscape—III: Wilson and Cromie ..	11.50 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Landscape—III: Turner ..	1 p.m.	"

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17—(continued.)

Turner ..	11 a.m.	TATE GALLERY
Queen Anne and the Duchess of Marlborough ..	12 noon.	"
Selected Pictures ..	3 p.m.	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Selected Pictures ..	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18—

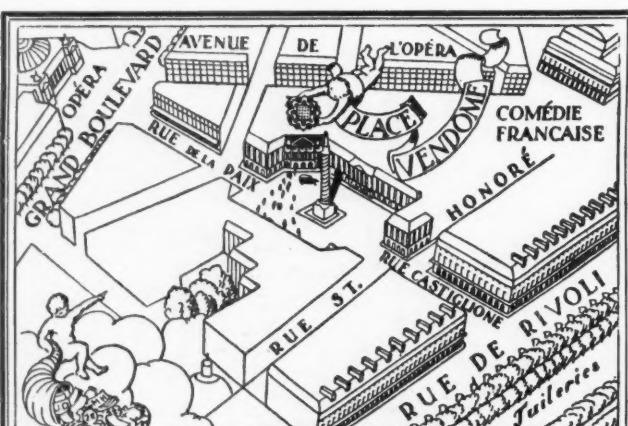
A Selected Subject ..	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Britain—IV ..	12 noon.	"
Anglo-Saxon Period—I ..	3 p.m.	"
Life and Arts of the Dark Ages—III ..	3 p.m.	"
Tapestries ..	12 noon.	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Chinese Porcelain—II ..	3 p.m.	"
Indian Section: Metalwork ..	3 p.m.	"
Portraits—III: Raeburn to Watts ..	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Portraits—III: Raeburn to Watts ..	12 noon.	"
General Visit ..	11 a.m.	TATE GALLERY
General Visit ..	12 noon.	"
Landscape in English Portraiture ..	3 p.m.	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19—

European Architecture—II ..	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM
The Romans in Britain—I ..	12 noon.	"
Monuments of Egypt—III ..	3 p.m.	"
Greek Sculpture—III ..	3 p.m.	"
Chinese Porcelain—III ..	12 noon.	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Continental Porcelain ..	3 p.m.	"
Oriental Arms and Armour ..	7 p.m.	"
English Medieval Sculpture ..	7 p.m.	"
Dutch Genre ..	11 a.m.	NATIONAL GALLERY
Some Recent Painting ..	12 noon.	"
Some Recent Painting ..	11 a.m.	TATE GALLERY
Marlborough and his Wars ..	12 noon.	"
Marlborough and his Wars ..	3 p.m.	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Rembrandt ..	3 p.m.	WALLACE COLLECTION

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20—

Greek and Roman Life—II ..	12 noon.	BRITISH MUSEUM
Greek and Roman Bronzes ..	12 noon.	"
Between the Old Testament and New ..	3 p.m.	"
The Romans in Britain—II ..	3 p.m.	"
French Porcelain ..	12 noon.	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Evolution of the Chair ..	12 noon.	"
Japanese Prints ..	3 p.m.	"



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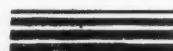
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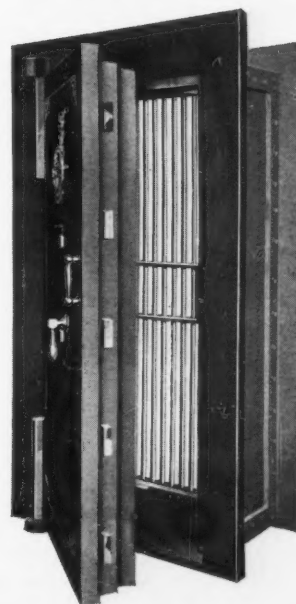
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The Architectural Review, September 1929.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20—(continued.)

Italians—VI: Umbrians 11 a.m. NATIONAL GALLERY
and Raphael. 12 noon. " "
Italians—VI: Umbrians 12 noon. " "
French Painting 11 a.m. TATE GALLERY
The Jacobites 12 noon. NATIONAL PORTRAIT
GALLERY
Lemoine, Boucher, Fra 3 p.m. WALLACE COLLECTION
gonard.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21—

Early Britain—II 12 noon. BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Christian Period 12 noon. " "
A Sectional Tour 3 p.m. " "
Tour of Several Sections 3 p.m. " "
English Porcelain—I 12 noon. V. AND A. MUSEUM
English Porcelain—II 3 p.m. " "
Indian Section: Jade 3 p.m. " "
European Arms and Ar- 7 p.m. " "
mour.
Chippendale 7 p.m. " "
Representation and In- 11 a.m. NATIONAL GALLERY
vention.
Representation and In- 12 noon. " "
vention.
Pre-Raphaelites 11 a.m. TATE GALLERY
Miniatures 12 noon. WALLACE COLLECTION

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23—

Arts and Customs of An- 12 noon. BRITISH MUSEUM
cient Egypt—II.
Records of Babylon and 12 noon. " "
Assyria—I.
Greek Sculpture—I 3 p.m. " "
Monuments of Egypt—II 3 p.m. " "
General Tour 12 noon. V. AND A. MUSEUM
English Embroideries 12 noon. " "
Italian Renaissance Fur- 3 p.m. " "
niture.
Malollica 3 p.m. " "
Italians—VII: Crivelli 11 a.m. NATIONAL GALLERY
and Paduans.
Italians—VII: Crivelli 12 noon. " "
Blake; Rossetti 11 a.m. TATE GALLERY
Restoration Dramatists 12 noon. " "
Selected Pictures 3 p.m. NATIONAL PORTRAIT
Work by the Pande- 10-1 GALLERY
monium Group. Sat. 10-6 THE BEAUX ARTS GAL-
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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24—

Early Britain—III 12 noon. BRITISH MUSEUM
Life and Arts of the Dark 12 noon. " "
Races—II.
Greek Sculpture—II 3 p.m. " "
Monuments of Assyria 3 p.m. " "
French Renaissance Fur- 12 noon. V. AND A. MUSEUM
niture.
French Eighteenth-cent- 3 p.m. " "
ury Furniture.
Landscape—IV: General 11 a.m. NATIONAL GALLERY
Some Landscapes Com- 12 noon. " "
pared.
Eighteenth-century Paint- 11 a.m. TATE GALLERY
ing.
Eighteenth-century Paint- 12 noon. " "
ing.
The Courts of George I 3 p.m. NATIONAL PORTRAIT
and George II. GALLERY
Dutch Landscape 3 p.m. WALLACE COLLECTION

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25—

Greek Vases—I 12 noon. BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Britain—I 12 noon. " "
Early Britain—IV 3 p.m. " "
A Selected Subject 3 p.m. " "
Laquer 12 noon. V. AND A. MUSEUM
Early English Furniture 3 p.m. " "
Indian Section: Rugs 3 p.m. " "
Some Landscapes Com- 11 a.m. NATIONAL GALLERY
pared.
Some Landscapes Com- 12 noon. " "
pared.
Reynolds and Portraiture 11 a.m. TATE GALLERY
Collectors and Connoisseurs 12 noon. " "
12 noon. NATIONAL PORTRAIT
GALLERY

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26—

Greek and Roman Bronzes 12 noon. BRITISH MUSEUM
Greek and Roman Life—I 12 noon. " "
The Romans in Britain—I 3 p.m. " "
Early Britain—II 3 p.m. " "
English Seventeenth-cen- 12 noon. V. AND A. MUSEUM
tury Furniture.
English Eighteenth-cen- 3 p.m. " "
tury Furniture.
Jade and Laquer 7 p.m. " "
English Primitives 7 p.m. " "
Dutch Portraits 11 a.m. NATIONAL GALLERY
Hogarth 12 noon. " "
11 a.m. TATE GALLERY
From Walpole to Chatham 12 noon. " "
History of the Collection 3 p.m. NATIONAL PORTRAIT
GALLERY
WALLACE COLLECTION

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27—

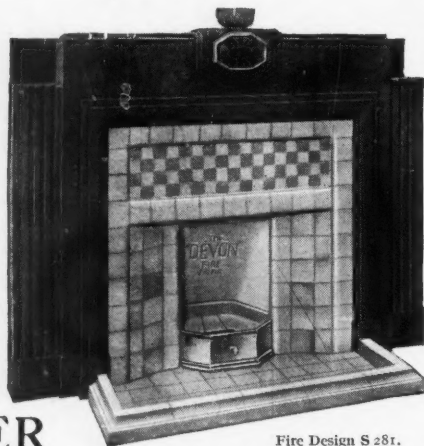
How the Bible Came 12 noon. BRITISH MUSEUM
Down to Us—I.
Illuminated Manuscripts 12 noon. " "
Monuments of Assyria—II 3 p.m. " "
Greek Sculpture—II 3 p.m. " "
Musical Instruments 12 noon. V. AND A. MUSEUM
French Furniture 12 noon. " "
Chinese Sculpture 3 p.m. " "
Early Netherlands and 11 a.m. NATIONAL GALLERY
Italy Compared.
Early Netherlands and 12 noon. " "
Italy Compared.
Turner 11 a.m. TATE GALLERY
12 noon. " "
The Making of the Empire 3 p.m. NATIONAL PORTRAIT
Gallery
Early Nineteenth-century 3 p.m. WALLACE COLLECTION
French Painting.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28—

The Romans in Britain—II 12 noon. BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Britain—III 12 noon. " "
Monuments of Assyria—II 3 p.m. " "
Greek Sculpture—II 3 p.m. " "
General Tour 12 noon. V. AND A. MUSEUM
Ironwork 3 p.m. " "
Indian Section: Pottery 3 p.m. " "
Precious Stones 7 p.m. " "
English Landscape Paint- 7 p.m. " "
ing.
Drawing 11 a.m. NATIONAL GALLERY
12 noon. " "
French Painting 11 a.m. TATE GALLERY
12 noon. " "
Titian, Van Dyck, and 12 noon. WALLACE COLLECTION
Gainsborough

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 30—

Glass and its History 12 noon. BRITISH MUSEUM
Records of Babylon and 12 noon. " "
Assyria.
Early Greece (Crete and 3 p.m. " "
Mycenae).
Monuments of Egypt 3 p.m. " "
Ecclesiastical Metalwork 12 noon. V. AND A. MUSEUM
Coptic Tapestries 12 noon. " "
Goldwork and Jewellery 3 p.m. " "
Medieval Ivories 3 p.m. " "
Italian Portraits 11 a.m. NATIONAL GALLERY
Turner 12 noon. " "
11 a.m. TATE GALLERY
Dryden and Pope 12 noon. " "
3 p.m. NATIONAL PORTRAIT
Gallery
French Furniture 3 p.m. WALLACE COLLECTION



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