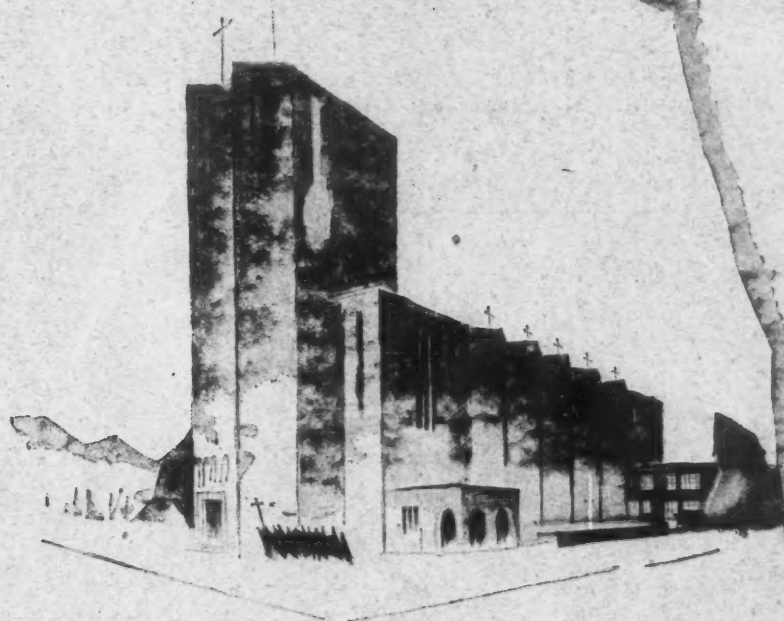


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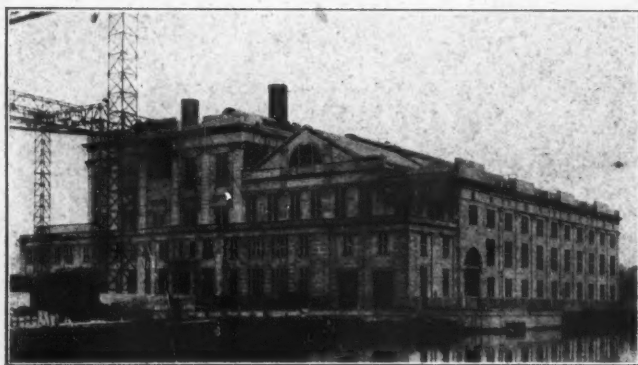
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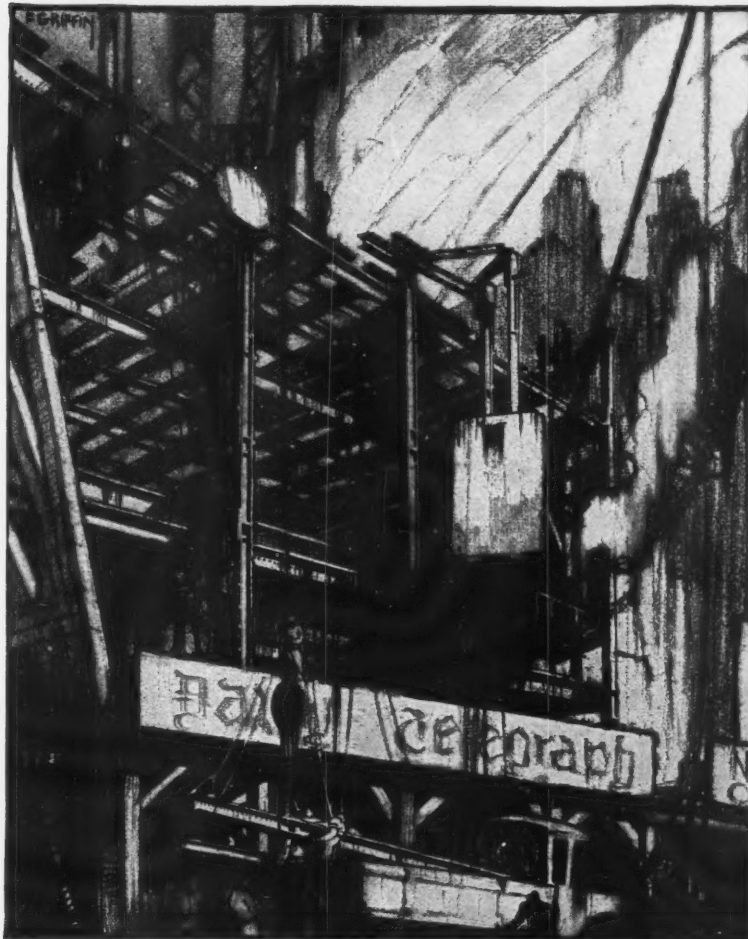
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THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration

Vol. LXVII, No. 398

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Plate 1.

January 1930.

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER IN THE TOWN HALL,
STOCKHOLM.

Ragnar Östberg, Architect.

From a tempera painting by John M. Holmes.

The room has dramatic scale given to it by the contrast of the horizontal seats with the strong verticals of the window openings. The effect is enhanced by the smaller scale of the detail of the patterned walls. The geometrical pattern of the wall surface is formed of untreated strips of pine fastened on to cream-coloured canvas which is stretched loosely between the strips for acoustic reasons. Galleries at either end accommodate the public and the Press. The spaces between the windows on the side opposite to that shown are filled with large watercolour maps—one of old Stockholm and the other showing the present layout of the city. The rich crimson draperies have their climax in the baldachino above the President's chair. The timber of the roof is painted in so-called Swedish primitive red—a red slightly more orange and slightly lighter in tone than the crimson below. On these timbers various free patterns are painted in green, blue, etc., and on the dim ceiling above one sees views of Stockholm from age to age painted on a blue background.



Greatford Hall, Lincolnshire.

The Seat of Major C. C. L. Fitzwilliams.

By Darcy Braddell.

With photographs by GORDON TURNILL.

THIS is the story of a personal experience which, but for the expressed desire of the Editor, would never have been written for publication in this or any other magazine.

In September 1922 I found myself on my way to spend a week-end with my old friends the Fitzwilliams at their home in Lincolnshire. The train had dropped me in the middle of a flat agricultural plain, almost unpeopled save for a few hamlets scattered at wide intervals. I shall never forget my first sight of the house because I was unprepared for anything so beautiful. The car which met me had been running along a narrow road bordered with tall trees when it slowed down to turn unexpectedly over an ancient stone bridge spanning a fair-sized stream. I looked up to find myself in front of a lovely grey stone house of many gables. An unassuming doorway greeted me, and passing through it I was led at once into a long panelled Hall. A glance round showed a fireplace to my left elaborately carved with the arms of the family and behind me a superb Elizabethan screen, which spanned the whole width of the room.

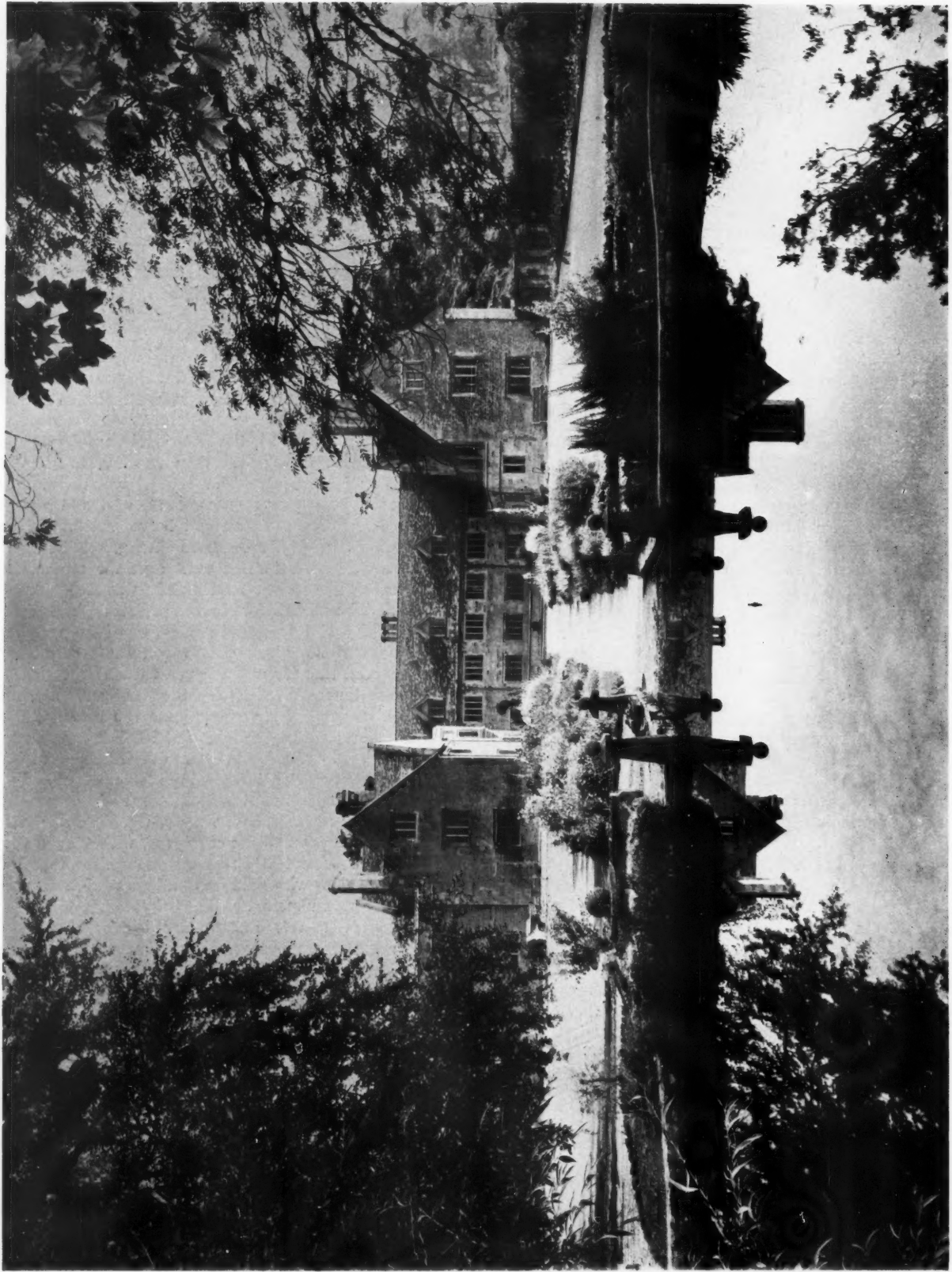
The afternoon being fine and the sun far from set, my host took me for a tour of the house and garden. I found on walking round the old place that the original plan and fabric had been considerably changed in the passage of centuries. Many mullion windows had been knocked out to make way for sashes; the courtyard around which the house had originally been planned was now filled with a haphazard mass of low one-storey buildings, top-lit pantries, larders, boiler chambers and such like. My host explained to me that these had been installed during the nineteenth century when the house had passed into other hands, and showed me a row of early Tudor windows which had once formed one side of the Hall but were now useless, as they looked on to a servants' passage. I remarked to him how interesting it would be to clear all this junk out and restore the courtyard. "Yes," he replied, "that is one of the reasons I've asked you down." From the courtyard we passed across the back of the house and round to the west, where an immense lawn stretched away to a view of meadows beyond. A stream fringed the whole length of this lawn and along its banks was a most enchanting natural water and rock garden. During the next half-hour, while we strolled past the long line of Elizabethan stable buildings which stood on the other side of the house, and paid a fleeting visit to the little thirteenth-century church just beyond, my host told me something of the history of Greatford. His people had built the house about the time of the Reformation, so he believed (we were able subsequently, as I shall tell, to substantiate this fact), and had held it until the Civil Wars, when it had been taken

from them. Like the rest of the Lincolnshire men of that time, they had been great sheep farmers, and, in fact, the west wing of the house had been a barn, into which the sheep were driven when necessity arose. The only member of the family who seems to have been of any note was one Nicolas Fitzwilliams, who had held the proud office of Mayor of Calais. He it was whose arms I had seen carved on the Hall mantelpiece.

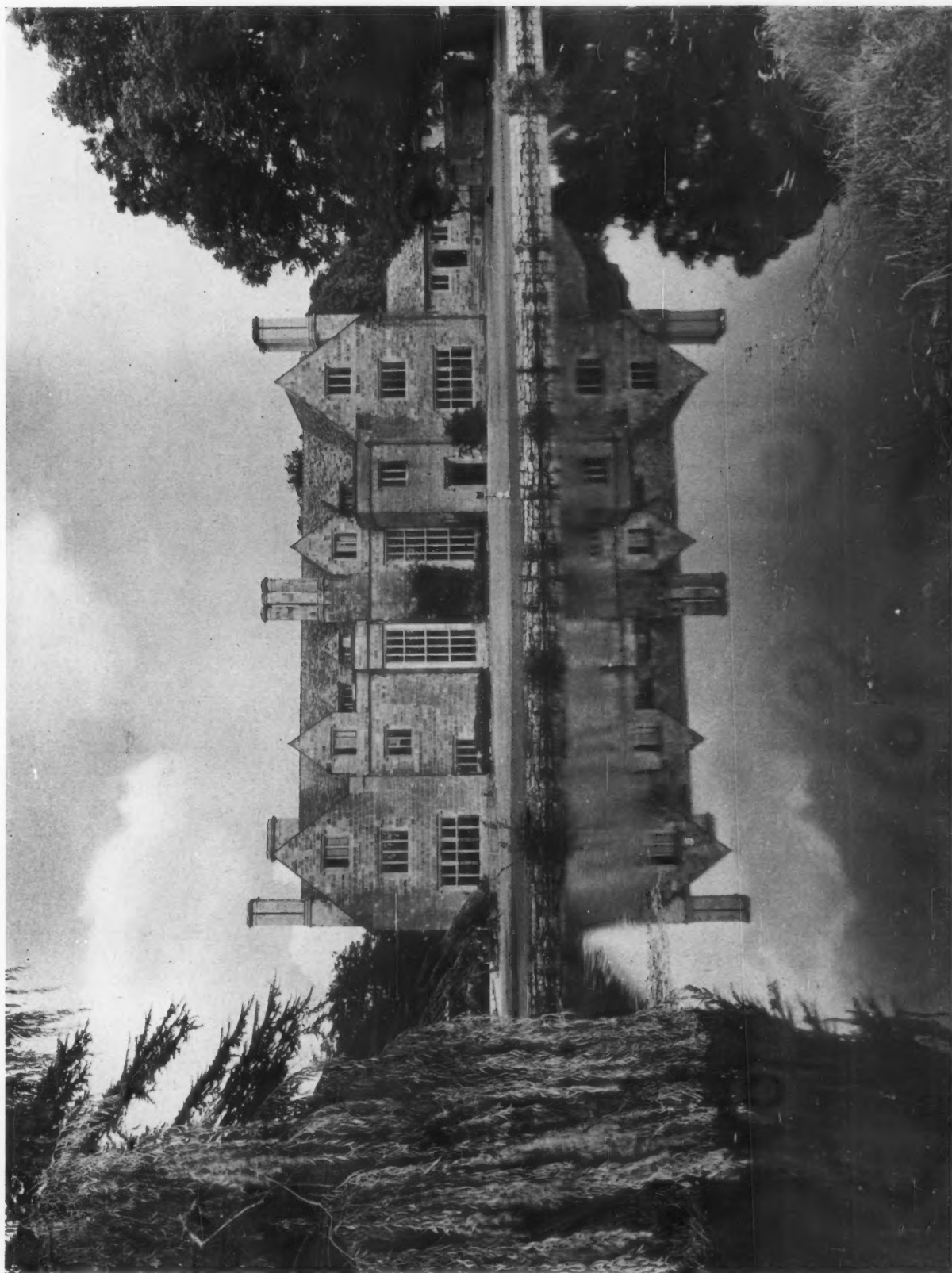
After the Commonwealth the house had passed into the hands of first one family and then another, but it was not until the middle of the War that it returned to the Fitzwilliams in the person of my host, who had always wanted to buy it back. The night before the first battle of the Somme he received a telegram offering it to him, and the last thing he did before he went over the top was to reply, accepting the offer. That, briefly, was the history of Greatford as I heard it before I went in that night to dress for dinner. I had been put in what was known as the Monks' Room. Nobody knew quite why it was so called, but it was supposed that it was the room used by the visiting priest at the time of the Reformation. At any rate, my hostess told me, when she showed me the room, that a cupboard which was to the left of the fireplace had once given access to a corkscrew staircase immediately outside, but that the opening had now been boarded up. This secret opening was supposed to have provided a convenient bolt hole for the priest in case of necessity. The room had one window looking on to the courtyard, with the cill very high off the floor and the mullions very close together. There was one door which led on to a landing, forming the head of a secondary staircase.

At dinner I found, besides my host and hostess, one other guest, a middle-aged lady, whom I will call Mrs. L. In addition to us four grown-ups there were three children and their nurse, and the usual number of maids a house of this size would be likely to have. There were no men servants of any kind. The evening passed agreeably, and we went up to bed at about eleven o'clock.

About four o'clock in the morning I was awakened by an infernal din going on in the landing outside the door of my room. At first, in the semi-conscious state of the half-awakened sleeper, I thought the maids were sweeping the passages and banging their brooms in a most unwarranted manner. Then I sat up in bed, very much awake, for I saw, with horror and amazement, eddies of smoke and thin tongues of flame curling in under the door. I jumped out of bed, after trying to switch on a light and failing, and ran to look. I instantly realized the staircase outside was on fire, and must have been burning some time, judging by the rapidly increasing roar which met my



The *NORTH FRONT* from the Lower Pool. This aspect of the house did not exist before the fire.
The garden in the foreground is new.



The *SOUTH FRONT* as rebuilt. The two long windows belong to the Great Hall which, after the fire, was altered to occupy two storeys.

GREATFORD HALL.



ears, and that escape through the door was shut off. I then made for the window and had a moment of the most complete and utter panic I have ever experienced, for the first three casements I tried were all heavily barred and there was no question of being able to squeeze out of them. The relief which came over me when I noticed the fourth window had no bars was indescribable. I opened it and peered out. Below me were the glass toplights of the courtyard, looking in the grey light of early morning unpleasantly distant. I turned my head to the left and saw huge volumes of smoke pouring out of two windows in the central block nearest to where I was. Even while I watched one of the windows fell out, the masonry crashing into the courtyard below, and flames poured out of the opening. In a twinkling the roof above had caught fire and was burning fiercely. It was only then that I understood the real magnitude of the fire, and the vital necessity



Above. The COURTYARD to the East Wing. Before the fire the courtyard was covered in with buildings one storey in height, which were used by servants only. The oriel window is also new. *Below.* The COURTYARD and new LILY POOL from a dormer window above the Great Hall.

of giving some kind of alarm. I hung out of the window and yelled "Fire!" as I never did before, and as I hope never to do again. After a short while I heard footsteps and cries over my head, and I guessed it must be maids making their way to the corkscrew staircase I have already mentioned. I remembered what my hostess told me of how there was only a thickness of inch boards between me and this staircase, so I cried out to the girls to get an axe and see if the boards could be smashed down from outside. I might as well have asked them to fetch a rice pudding. Baulked of escape that way, and realizing I must get out of the room without any further delay, because the door could not hold out much longer, I ran back to the window, and climbing up to the cill, squeezed myself out between the two mullions of the one and only window which opened. I measured the distance apart afterwards of the old mullions of Greatford. They

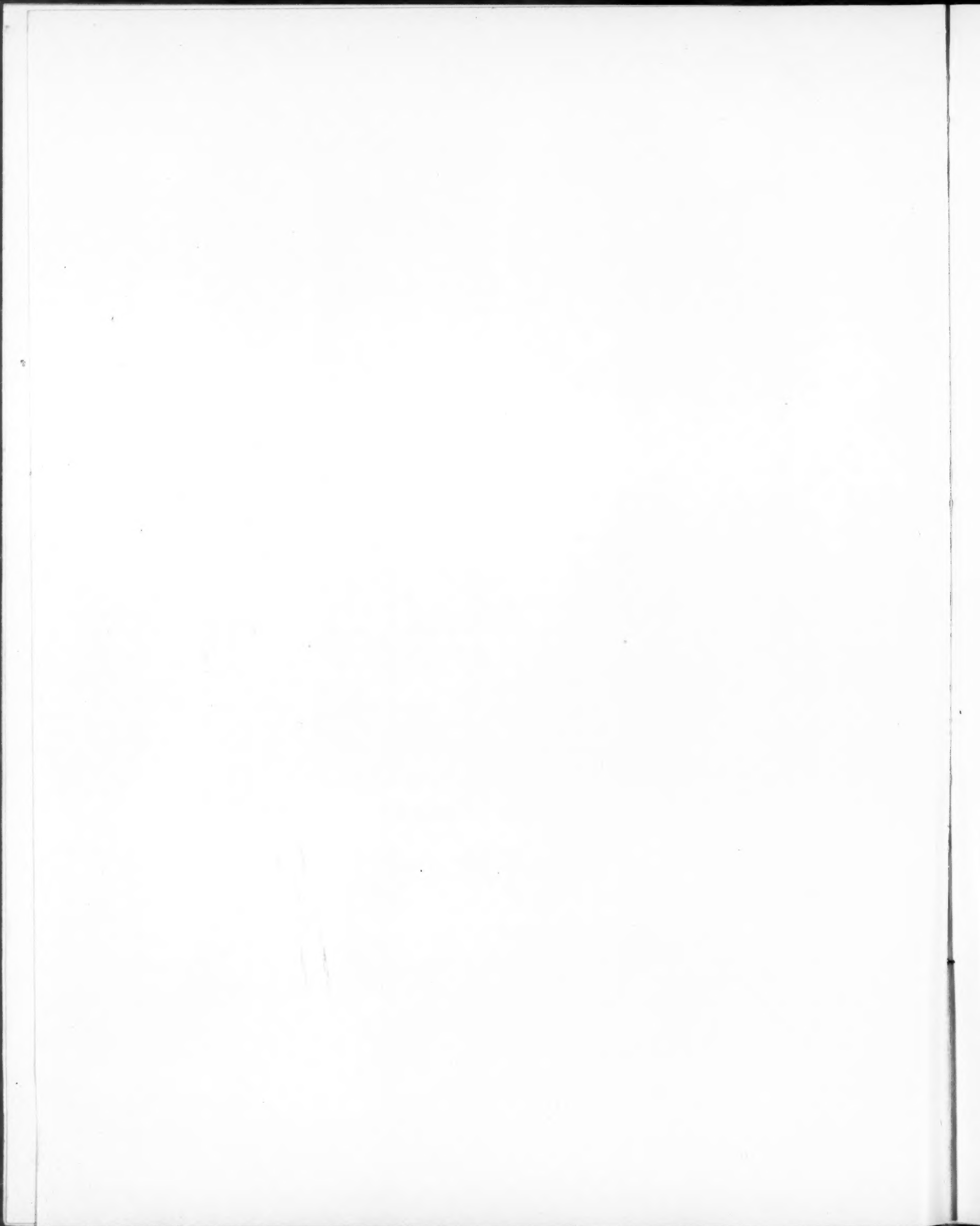
GREATFORD HALL.



Plate II.

January 1930.

A CORNER OF THE WATER GARDENS WHICH
SURROUND THE HOUSE.



were thirteen inches precisely. It was just as well I wasn't fat. Balanced on the cill I reached above my head for the eaves gutter, and finding this bore my weight, I kicked off from the windows. There I was, hanging in mid-air, clad in pyjamas and feeling astonishingly elated. "This," I thought to myself, "is exactly like a scene in a movie." I looked down and descried two maids in their nightdresses, standing in the courtyard below, and called out to them. They shouted back to me: "Oh, we *are* glad to see you safe, sir!" I thought that a most uncalled-for comment at the moment, and began hastily to make my way to a rain-water pipe, hoping to be able to shin down it somehow. However,

Right. The *COURTYARD* to the *WEST WING*. The one-storey building with the parapet roof on the right is new. Its purpose is to connect the Great Hall to the rooms in the West Wing



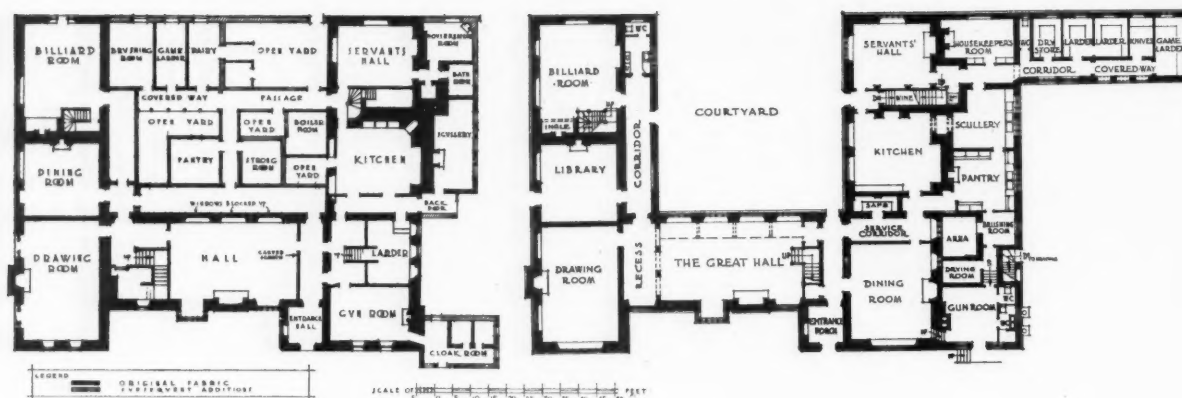
Above. The *WEST FRONT*, the nearer end of which suffered least from the fire.

Left. The new *SERVANTS' OFFICES* in the East Wing from the stable yard. The whole of this front was re-designed with the exception of the stacks.

this wasn't to be, for I came to a break in the wall, and as I put my weight on the next piece of gutter it broke, and I fell down the face of the house. I hit a

corrugated iron roof about six feet square, which lay between two glass skylights, and found myself quite undamaged and about four feet above the blessed ground. With the exception of the two maids, there was not a soul in sight. We tore round the end of the wing and across the stable yard, and such was the excitement of the moment that I never noticed my bare feet were on very sharp gravel. At the front of the house we saw a terrifying sight. At her

GREATFORD HALL.



The GROUND FLOOR Plan
before the fire.

The GROUND FLOOR Plan of the house
as it has been rebuilt.

window, which, unlike mine, was a long sash, stood Mrs. L. Behind her, the light of its flames throwing her figure into silhouette, her bed was burning fiercely. Above, in a gable considerably higher than the window I had fallen from, were three maids trapped in their room, and behind the gable the whole roof blazing like fury with flames twenty to thirty feet high. Mrs. L. called to us to bring a ladder, but where *was* a ladder to bring, and above all, where the devil was everybody else; where were Fitzwilliams and his wife and children; were they alive or dead? In impotent panic I ran back to the stable to search for a ladder. Every door was padlocked and there was no sign of one anywhere. In despair I returned to the house and at that moment one of the maids saw, lying against a wall, a gardener's ladder. It was just long enough to reach to Mrs. L.'s window, but no farther. Meanwhile there were the three maids many feet above in the direst peril. Then—O blessed sight!--I saw the ladder I wanted. It was a lovely great builder's one and reached from the ground to a chimney stack, where it was lashed to a piece of scaffolding. By a miracle of chance some repairs to the stack were in progress and the builder had left his ladder over the week-end. I didn't lose much time getting up, but it seemed an eternity before I could get the lashings unbound. The roof behind the stack was alight and I was bombarded by a constant shower of small sparks which did not help matters, and, to add to my confusion, ammunition in the gun-room below began to explode with violent detonations. I could not see the maids in the gable from where I was, but I kept shouting to them to stay where they were, and all would be well in a moment. As a matter of fact, they did not take my advice, but one of the girls—more adventurous than the others—tied sheets together and lowered herself by this means to the ground and then did (what none of us so far had thought of) the most sensible thing she could, which was to run to the village near by and telephone for the fire brigade at Stamford six miles away. The second maid tried to follow her example, but half-way down the knots became untied and she fell into a flower bed and was slightly injured. The third girl, seeing the fate of the second, had collapsed and was in a fainting condition with her body hanging half out of the window. Meantime I was quite unaware of what had happened, so that when I had at last got the lashings undone, and with the help of the two maids heaved the ladder against the face of the gable, only one girl had still to be

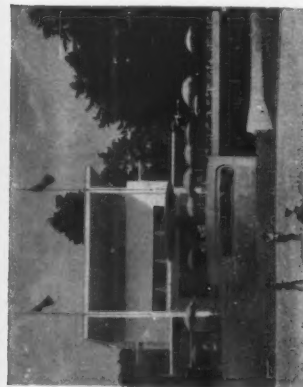
rescued. I was just preparing to get up the ladder, and wondering how on earth I was going to get a fairly heavy girl in a fainting condition down it without breaking both our necks, when, to my unfeigned delight, a gardener, fully clothed and booted, turned up, and without a moment's hesitation most gallantly scaled the ladder and brought the girl safely down on his shoulder.

So, by a Divine providence, all four persons, who ten minutes earlier had stood in the most imminent peril of a horrible death, escaped with scarcely a scratch between them. In the meantime, to our unbounded joy, the Fitzwilliams had appeared round the far corner of the house.

They had been in the wing that was the very last to catch fire and most of the action I have just recounted had taken place before they were properly awake.

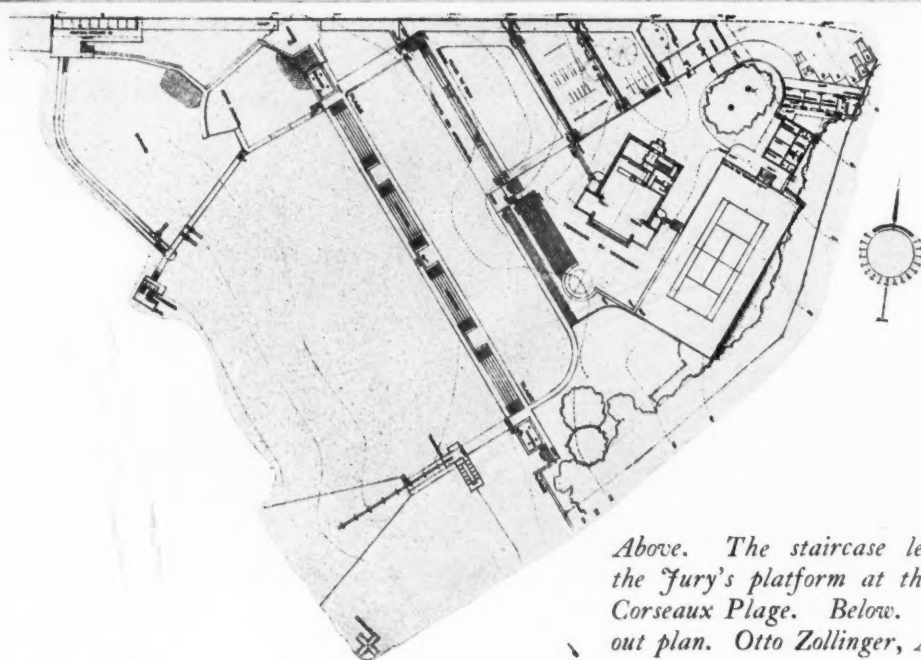
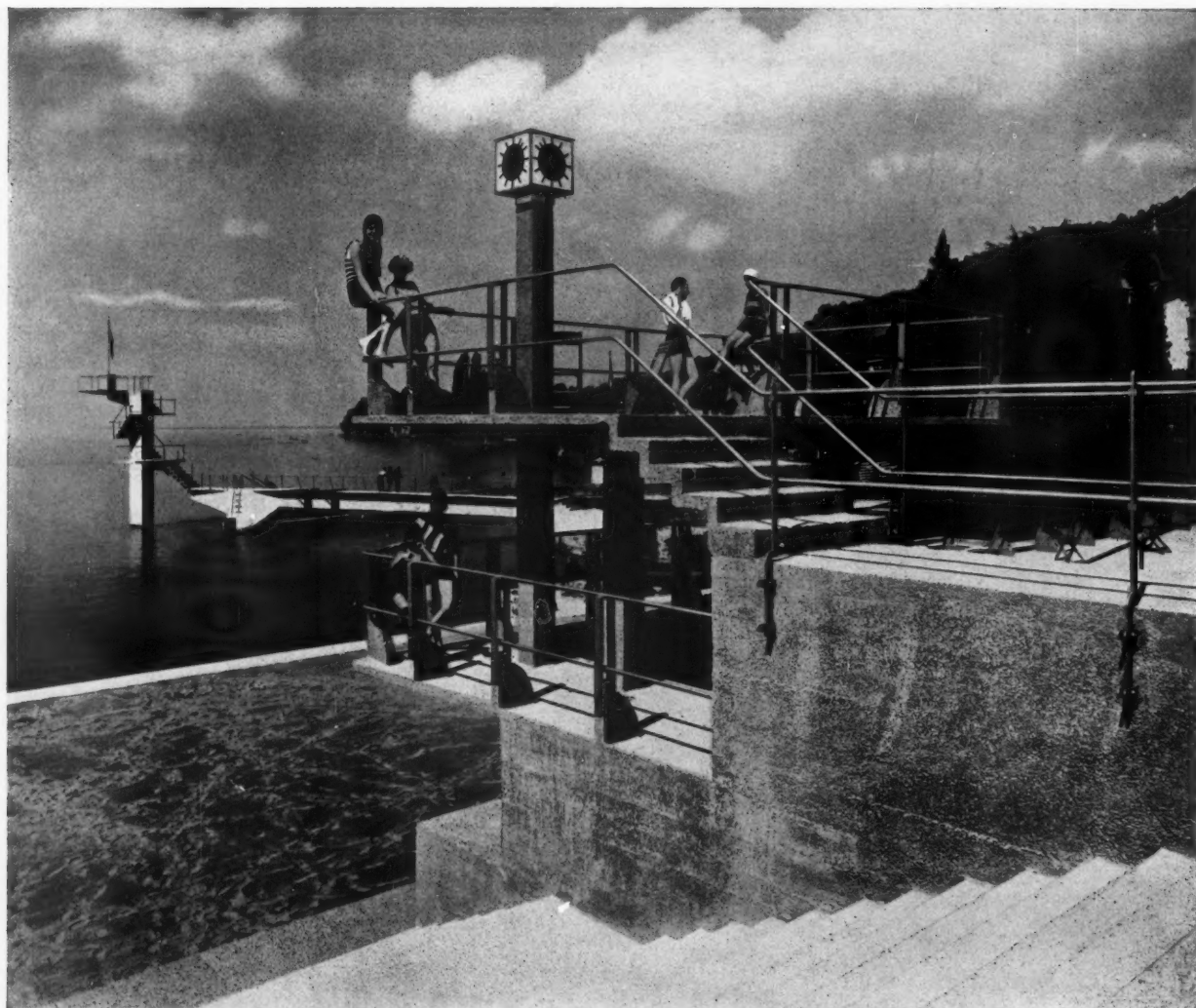
So Greatford fell. But before I finish this story of my lurid introduction to a house that was to occupy much of my thoughts for the next four years, I must tell of one dramatic incident. Just before the arrival some two hours afterwards of the fire brigade, I was standing on the lawn watching through the open windows the panelled walls of the drawing-room literally dissolve before my eyes, so fierce was the fire devouring them, when I saw, as in a vision, the lines of a Tudor doorway emerge through the flames. An instant after it vanished, smashed to fragments by a fall of timber and masonry. The door had lain buried behind the panelling for over two hundred years and no eye but mine was ever to see it again.

To finish my story as quickly as I can, when he had got over the frightful shock of his loss, Major Fitzwilliams set about the rebuilding of his house. There was nothing left but the outer walls, and they weren't to be trusted. Work was started at the west wing and the house rebuilt in carcase form, working round the courtyard from west to east. During operations many stones were discovered of all periods of Gothic architecture. These must have been taken from the monasteries of Stamford pulled down at the time of the Reformation and used by the Fitzwilliams as convenient building material. The best of them are now preserved in a rock garden, a few act as stepping-stones across the streams that surround the gardens. The servants' offices were all re-planned so that the ancient glories of the courtyard could once again come to their own. A large pool now fills the centre and reflects on its mirrored surface the many stones that bear the marks of the night that, after nearly four centuries, saw the end of old Greatford.

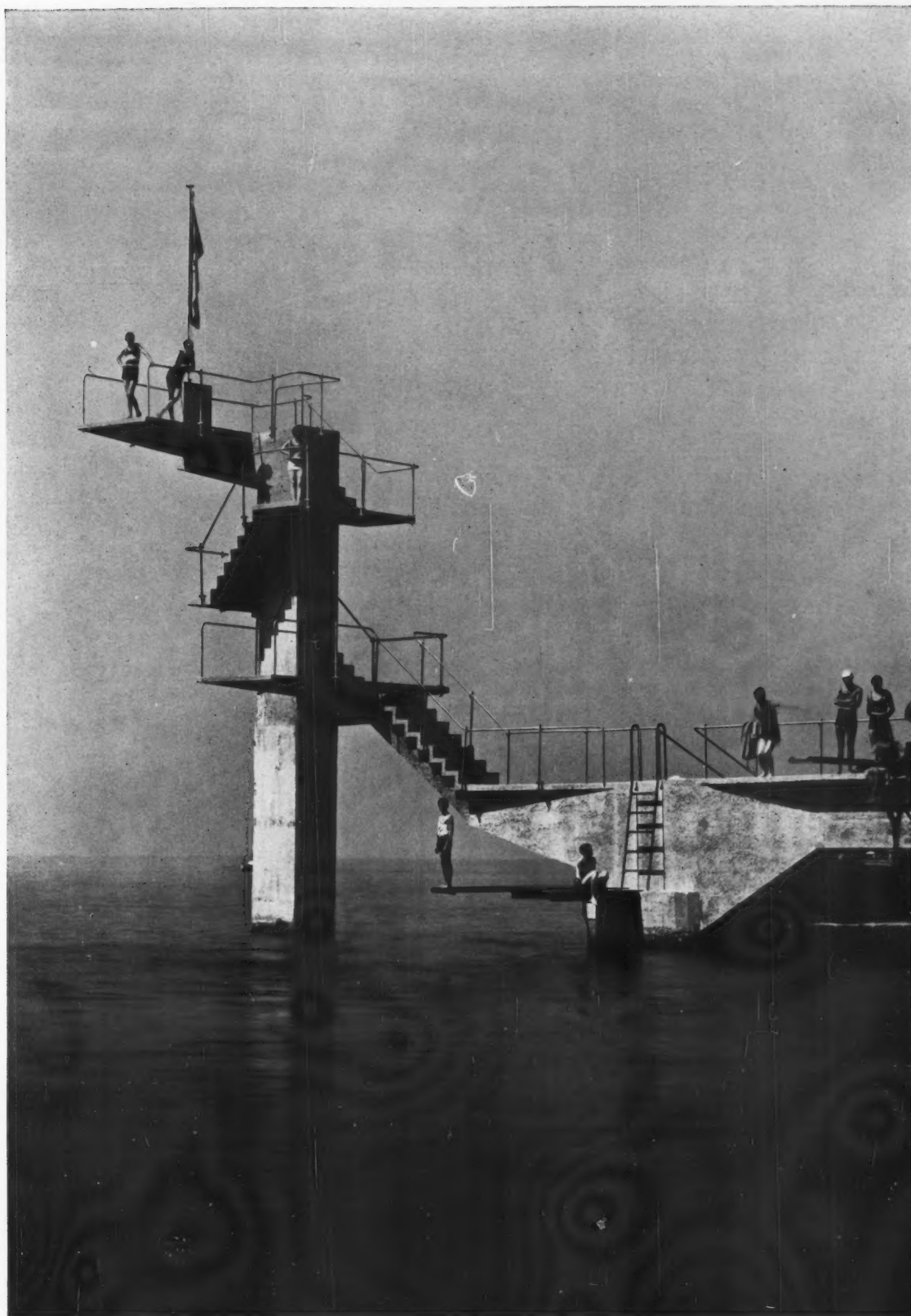


It is an amazing thing that opportunities are so seldom seized in this country of designing bathing stations with architectural merit. There have been good efforts, such as the bathing station at Prestatyn, North Wales, designed by Easton and Robertson, which was illustrated in the June 1926 issue of the REVIEW, but our architects have never really had a chance. There is significance in a comparison between

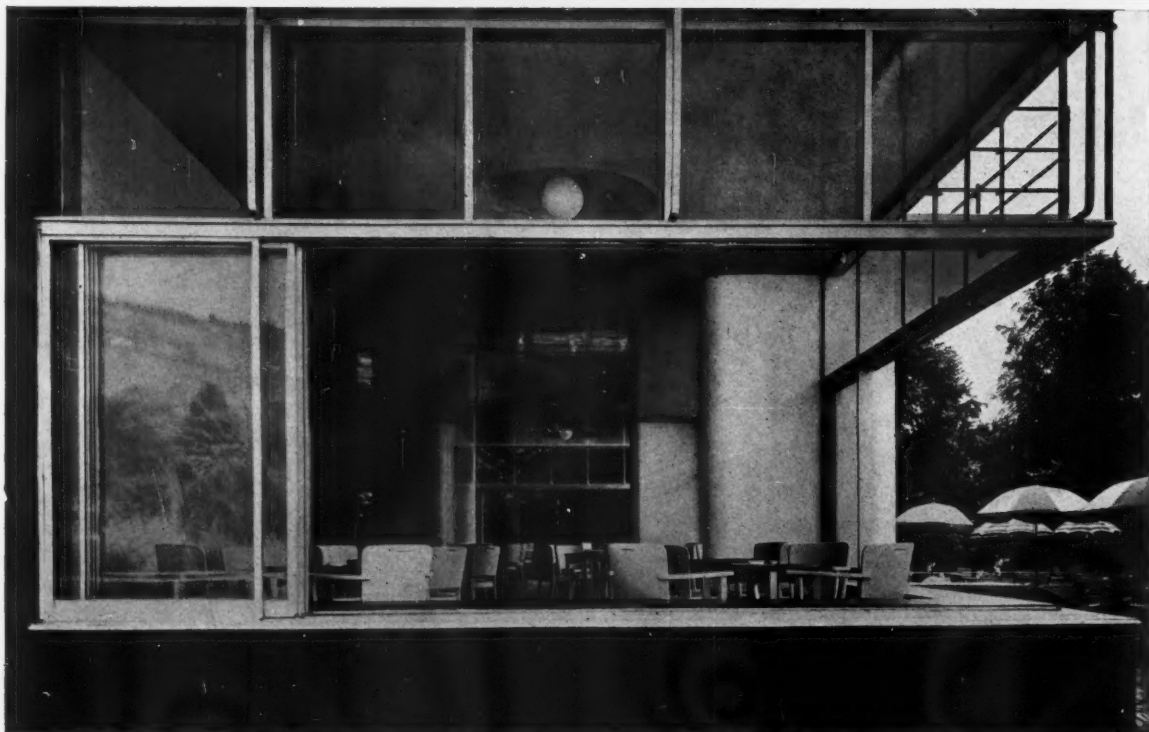
what is being done in England and, for instance, the new Vevey-Corseaux Plage in Switzerland, designed by Otto Zollinger, whose scheme combines the fruits of a piquant imagination with fitness and comfort. In the large view, the plage can be seen nestling at the end of a bay on the shores of Lake Geneva, and below is the club house which is hidden behind the trees on the left of the general view.



Above. The staircase leading to the Jury's platform at the Vevey-Corseaux Plage. Below. The layout plan. Otto Zollinger, Architect.



1 The diving-pool at the Vevey-Corseaux Plage. The Plage is built entirely of concrete and shows how attractive the results of the use of this material can be. Otto Zollinger, Architect.



Above. The tea-room of the Vevey-Corseaux of the beach and diving pool through large
 Plage, looking towards the diving pool. windows which fold back down two sides
 Below. The tea-room from the terrace. practically throwing the room into the open air.
 From the tea-room the visitor can get a vista
 Otto Zollinger, Architect.

A History
of
The English House.

By Nathaniel Lloyd.

XVII.¹—Late Seventeenth & Early Eighteenth
Centuries.

I Sir Christopher Wren (*Continued*).

KINGS:

CHARLES II ... 1660-1684	WILLIAM AND MARY 1688-1702
JAMES II ... 1684-1688	ANNE ... 1702-1714

ALTHOUGH Wren's Continental travels were confined to France, his architectural studies extended to Italian, Dutch and Northern European examples. Through these studies, checked by actual examination of the works of Bernini, Mansart, Le Vau, Gobert and Le Pautre and by experience which he gained in course of practice, Wren obtained a thorough acquaintance with the principles of classic architecture and grounding in the grammar of design; indeed, a man endowed with his intellectual abilities was certain to set himself thoroughly to master any subject with which he engaged. In a sense, he was an amateur, and because he did not enter the practice of architecture through the customary channels he incurred the enmity of more orthodox surveyors. Such jealousy has always been shown by dull, conventional practitioners who fail to recognize ability, even when far transcending their own, and (like the religious fanatic who acknowledges but one path to heaven) would require genius to enter the profession through the same rut that they, themselves, have trodden.

Although Wren made himself familiar with the architecture of other climes, he never lost touch with the real problems of building in England. His designing was always sane and practical. Daily requirements were studied, climate was not forgotten. He never subordinated real requirements to the exigencies of the Orders. He showed himself master of the Orders, of proportion of composition, and did not subordinate cardinal necessities to these. Above all, he had that rare gift of great architects, the power to conceive and visualize a whole scheme in perspective, complete in its relation to its own setting or to other buildings. This enabled him to modify a design whilst work was in progress without that injury to its unity or coherence so often to be seen in buildings designed by less able men. Wren's skill in devising a setting to a building may be seen in the plan of the grounds at Hampton Court Palace: his

ability in grouping and developing existing buildings in Greenwich Hospital, where he had to accept not only the Queen's house by Inigo Jones, but the partially built palace of Charles II, which he combined with new buildings into a noble group comparable with any palace in the world. It has been said that Wren had no successor, that he did not found a "school" in any sense of that elastic word. To some extent this is true. Whilst still associated with him, Hawksmoor and Vanbrugh were heading in another direction. It is in the works of lesser men—of men whose names are forgotten—that we must look for continuance of the Wren influence; in houses built for prosperous traders in every country town and for small squires in every parish. It is in these that we find the Wren influence lingering notwithstanding the vagaries of Time and Fashion.

We have seen how the new architecture produced the architects—men who had architectural education, who had travelled and made acquaintance at first hand with Continental buildings of the Renaissance, artists who made themselves fully acquainted with the building trades but who had not handled tools nor were in any sense tradesmen. Such architects were Inigo Jones, John Webb, Roger Pratt, and Christopher Wren. Skilled tradesmen worked for them to whom was delegated detailing which could not now be entrusted to mere workmen. On large works, contracts were given out to each trade, as is still the practice in the Northern Counties and in Scotland; indeed, frequently the work belonging to a trade was divided between several contractors, but these contractors were themselves workmen, not mere employers of labour or men of business having organizing abilities like many modern contractors, who do not work with their own hands and may never have done any manual work. In the absence of a general contractor (as conducting most modern works) the architect had to regulate the activities of each trade, the importance of ability to do which was emphasized by Sir Roger Pratt in a passage already quoted.¹

¹ The previous articles were published in the issues of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW for January—July, October—November 1928, January—April, and October—December 1929.

² THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, October 1929, p. 162.



c. 1685. King: Charles II. Early eighteenth century. Queen: Anne. Early eighteenth century. Queen: Anne.
FIG. 377.—Honington Hall, Warwickshire. FIG. 378.—No. 45 Sheen Rd., Richmond, Surrey. FIG. 379.—No. 11 The Green, Richmond.

FIG. 377.—The coved door-hood (semi-elliptic or semi-circular) was introduced towards the close of the seventeenth century. Late examples were carved in the form of shells instead of being filled with fruit, flowers, acanthus leaf, birds and amorini; but transitional examples combine both treatments. FIG. 378.—Many late seventeenth and early eighteenth-century doorways still exist which are constructed of wood, richly carved. They are usually approached by a flight of Portland stone steps which are flanked by wrought-iron balustrading. The door panels vary in number from six to ten. FIG. 379.—Another typical doorway with wrought-iron balustrade and steps. FIG. 380.—Handsome carved brackets supported flat, triangular, and semi-circular or

semi-elliptic hoods which were frequently enriched with carving in the form of a shell, animals, fruit, foliage, etc. FIG. 381.—This stone doorway is in the Wren manner, with a contemporary eight-panel door. FIG. 382.—The large bolection moulding used round fire-place openings is here applied to a doorway; indeed, in all periods, openings of every kind were furnished with the mouldings in vogue at the time. FIG. 383.—The substitution of painted wood for stone entrance doorways, ultimately produced a remarkable diversity of designs based (more or less) upon the Orders; these designs were usually well proportioned and beautiful. FIG. 384.—This doorway, of the Roman Doric Order, is a fine sample of a vigorous and masculine rendering of the Order.



Early eighteenth century. c. 1701. William and Mary.
FIG. 380.—Manor House, Croom's Hill. FIG. 381.—Mompesson House, Salisbury.



c. 1702. Queen: Anne.
FIG. 382.—Lower Standard Farm, Ninfeld, Sussex.

c. 1702 Queen: Anne.
FIG. 383.—The Grange, Farnham, Surrey.

c. 1709. Queen: Anne.
FIG. 384.—The Bluecoat School, Westminster, London.

The architect provided designs, gave directions, examined accounts and approved prices. An assistant surveyor measured up work, bought all materials that did not necessitate absence from the job and kept account of materials brought to the works. The clerk of works and paymaster kept account of materials received and paid for same and assisted the surveyor. Another clerk acted as timekeeper and assisted the clerk of works.

The architect's provision of detail designs was thorough. In writing *re* the designs for the library at Trinity College, Cambridge, Wren says:—

I suppose you have good masons, however I would willingly take a farther paines to give all the mouldings in great, wee are as scrupulous in small matters and you must pardon us, the Architects are as great pedants as Critics or Heralds. And therefore if you approve the designs, let the mason take his measures as much as is necessary for the present setting out of the worke and be pleased to transmit them to me again and I shall copy out partes of them at large, more proper for the use of the workmen and give you a carefull estimate of the charge.¹

It appears also that whilst the architect continued to occupy the originating and directing position which he had attained in Inigo Jones' time, the master-tradesman-architect, though obscured, was not completely obliterated. He set himself to master books on the Orders and to acquaint himself with the principles of design and proportion. Probably the first of these tradesmen to rise to new heights were men associated with Wren, in daily execution of works under him, as Thomas Strong, Nicholas Stone, Christopher Kempster, and Robert Grumbold.

The Grumbolds were a family of masons. Thomas, who built the east and south ranges of Clare College, Cambridge, 1638-42, in the Perpendicular manner, was paid 3s. (January 18, 1638-9) for "a draught" of the bridge, upon which also he worked. Robert Grumbold, his successor, directed the works of Trinity College Library, Cambridge, from 1676-82, working to Wren's designs and frequently journeying² to London to confer with him—there is no record of Wren's visiting the works. Grumbold (a local tradesman) appears to have been chosen and employed by the college authorities. His supervision, journeys to London,

weekly wages and payments "by the great" are recorded in the contemporary accounts now in the college library.¹ Another mason—George Grumbold—was also employed.

Robert Grumbold also built part of the West Range of Clare College buildings, 1662-76, in Perpendicular manner. The educative effect of his having worked at Trinity College Library under Wren may be seen in the elevation of the North Range (hall, kitchen, combination room and library) at Clare, which Grumbold built 1683-93. A payment to him of £2 10s. od. for designing this and £1 weekly for survey and overseeing the works is recorded in 1682. Here he has designed in classic manner, and whilst he has adopted several features from Wren's designs for Trinity College Library, other details certainly are not by Wren; indeed, there is no reason to suppose that he was consulted. Grumbold's progress in classic designing is further exemplified in the River Front of the Master of Clare's Lodge, 1705-7, which is an ambitious composition in the full classic manner and possessed of considerable merit.²

Wren's practice of furnishing designs, with or without detail drawings, for provincial buildings and leaving the execution of the works to others, frequently makes it difficult to apportion architectural credit, but enough emerges from scattered and imperfect records to satisfy us that, before the end of the seventeenth century master tradesmen had gone far to qualify themselves in knowledge of classic architecture and in ability to design not only details but whole works. Wren himself recognizes the progress of such men, referring to them when, following the collapse of buildings at Hampton Court, 1689, he suggests taking

affidavits of able men, not interested, Bricklayers, Carpenters and Masons that have left off their aprons and are without suspicion of being influenced by him.³

When we study the second and third quarters of the eighteenth century we shall see how completely the master mason and master carpenter undertook the designing as well as the erection of buildings.

(To be continued.)

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 32.

² The connection of Robert Grumbold with Cambridge buildings has been clearly traced by Geoffrey Webb in *Country Life*, vol. ix, pp. 18-26 and 58-65.

³ *Wren Society*, vol. iv, p. 72.

FIG. 385.—A detail of the ground floor windows of the elevations illustrated in FIGS. 355-6. The sturdiness of these windows, with their heavy architraves and segmental arched heads, lends stability to fronts pierced with many openings. FIG. 386.—Designers of this period realized the dignity to be produced by very tall windows (the open-



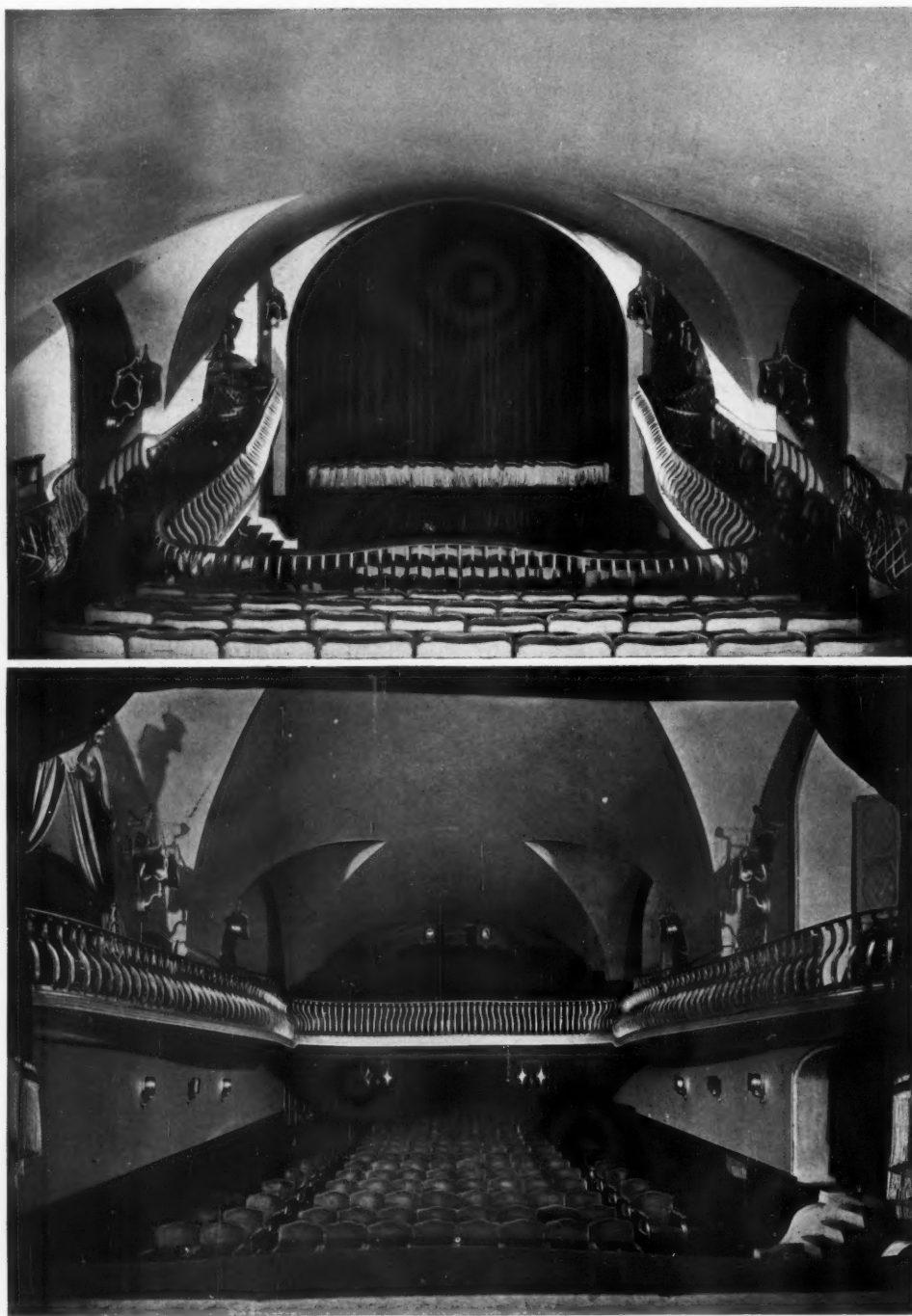
c. 1690. William and Mary. FIG. 385. Hampton Court Palace.



c. 1700. William and Mary. FIG. 386.—Drayton House, Thrapston, Northamptonshire.

ings of these are nearly three times as high as they are wide), and "punctuated" them in various ways—Wren at Hampton Court, FIGS. 355-6, by circular windows; the architect of Drayton by oblong panels, in front of each of which was a sculptured bust in a bracket, all so narrow as to increase the impression of height.

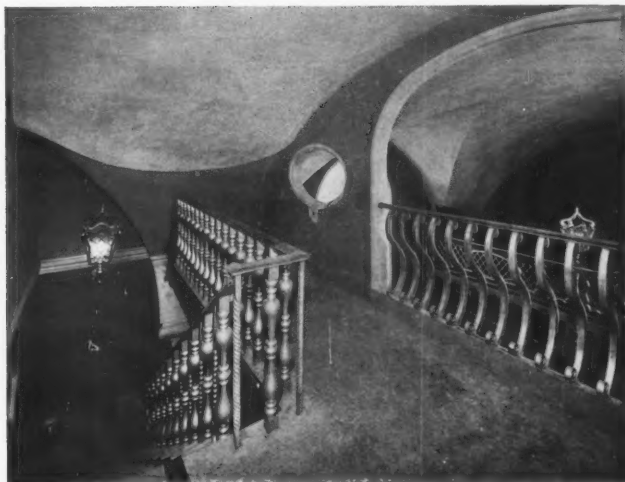
THE PIRANDELLO THEATRE.



THE ODESCALCHI THEATRE, ROME.
Above. The curtained STAGE. Below.
The AUDITORIUM.
Virgilio Marchi, Architect.

' The Pirandello Theatre.

By Kineton Parkes.



The UPPER CORRIDOR and BALCONY giving a view of the Foyer.

Virgilio Marchi, Architect.



The entrance to the FOYER.

WHERE the Odescalchi, Princes of the Holy Roman Empire and the rivals of the Popes themselves, lived in splendour and power, in the Palazzo Odescalchi, built for one of them by one of Italy's greatest artists, there is now the newest theatre in Italy; a novelty among the theatres of the world—the Odescalchi Theatre in the Piazza S. Apostoli, Rome, designed by Virgilio Marchi.

This successor of Bernini as a Roman builder, Virgilio Marchi, is a very young artist. He was born at Livorno as recently as 1895, and studied at the superior school of architecture of the Accademia di Belle Arti in Siena, receiving his diploma in 1919. He has already made a fountain at Livorno, villas at Rome and Florence, and has worked on the scenery of the Opéra in Paris and the Scala in Milan. Last year he exhibited at the Sindicato of Fascisti Artists' First Exhibition at Rome, four designs for scenes for D'Annunzio's tragedies, but his chief theatrical designs were scenes for the theatre he built for Pirandello; scenes as strange as the theatre itself. One of Marchi's best pieces of scenery and costume work was for Lord Dunsany's *Gods of the Mountains*, produced by Pirandello and his Arts Theatre Company of Rome at the new theatre, the stage of which was found not only adequate for this well-peopled play, but for the seventy characters appearing in Pirandello's own play, *The Installation of the Head of the Navy*. It was with this play that the Odescalchi Theatre was opened in Rome in 1925, in the presence of His Excellency Benito Mussolini, with the best actors and actresses in Italy as members of the Arts Theatre Company: Lamberto Picasso and Marta Abba, who have since appeared with Pirandello in London. During his short occupation of the Teatro Odescalchi, Pirandello produced his *Six Characters in Search of an Author* as well as a number of plays by other modern authors.

Luigi Pirandello, who was born in 1860, went to Rome

at the age of nineteen. At Bonn he graduated in philosophy and returned to Italy to teach for some years in a girls' high school. In 1889 he published poems; in 1894 his first novel, and short stories characterized by somewhat painful humour. In 1904, another novel made his name in Italy, and he published, as many Italian artists do, his Artistic Creed. This Creed is vigorous in expression, despairing in outlook, cerebral in conception, and cynical in expression, but with certain kindly human appeals, seeing that all his plays, novels, and stories are concerned with lower middle-class life. The plays have been a great success in Rome, Milan, Paris, and Basle; in London, at the New Oxford; at Huddersfield and other provincial centres; and at twenty theatres in Germany ever since his first play was produced in 1912.

Elenterio Riccardi, the Rome sculptor, gave me his card of introduction to this actor-playwright; it was inscribed "Illustre Maestro Luigi Pirandello." That is the best of Italy; when they admire a man they are not afraid to say so, and to hail him master! Pirandello inscribes the photograph he gave to his architect, "To Virgilio Marchi, the marvellous builder of my dreams." It sounds somewhat flowery, but enthusiasm covers a multitude of weaknesses, and I rather fancy this somewhat strong Continental weakness.

To see the Odescalchi Theatre—the work of Marchi—and the plays that have been produced in it, is to discount the apparent exaggeration of Pirandello's inscription on his picture. This little theatre is one of the most interesting of the century, and has many features, not only worthy of imitation, but certain of it. Small as it is, it is now being used for cinematographic representations. In order to establish it Pirandello secured a small government subsidy, and collected other funds privately. The architect, Virgilio Marchi, working in close conjunction with Pirandello, was commissioned by the Società Anonima del Teatro d'Arte.

The foyer consists of two sections, divided by a

THE PIRANDELLO THEATRE.



The stage setting for Act III of Lord Dunsany's play *GODS OF THE MOUNTAINS* produced by Pirandello at the Odescalchi Theatre.
Designer: Virgilio Marchi.

three-arched partition, the smaller section forming the vestibule to the larger, from which arises the staircase of white marble with a balustrade of silvered turned balusters. All the decorations of the double foyer are silvered, including the gallery imitated from earlier forms of the cantoria, but are not effective, being used only as decoration and for the purpose of screening off the offices. The motive of all the decorative devices for windows, standard and hanging lamps, ventilating and heating screens, and the sparse wall-designs is the comic and tragic mask, a motive which lends itself very successfully to the general lines of the original building. This succeeds in uniting the old with the new in a very attractive design. The silvered standard lamps are carved in wood, and the furniture of the cloakrooms, offices, actors' dressing-rooms, and the refreshment rooms are silvered grey; the walls of the vestibule are coloured violet and the rest for the most part golden yellow.

The structures of the bar and the lounges reveal very well the forms of the old building, and the new work is designed in the same suave curves, the vault suggestions always being acted upon. From the lower floor the gradinata ascends with a single turn to the gallery above, from which, over a simple balcony screen, a view of the foyer below is obtained. The design of this balcony is continued all round the gallery of the auditorium in gentle curves. The sides are adapted for the lighting effects, and the back, rising in a rake of one-eighth, provides soft grey velvet upholstered fauteuils for 100 persons. On the floor 200 places are provided,

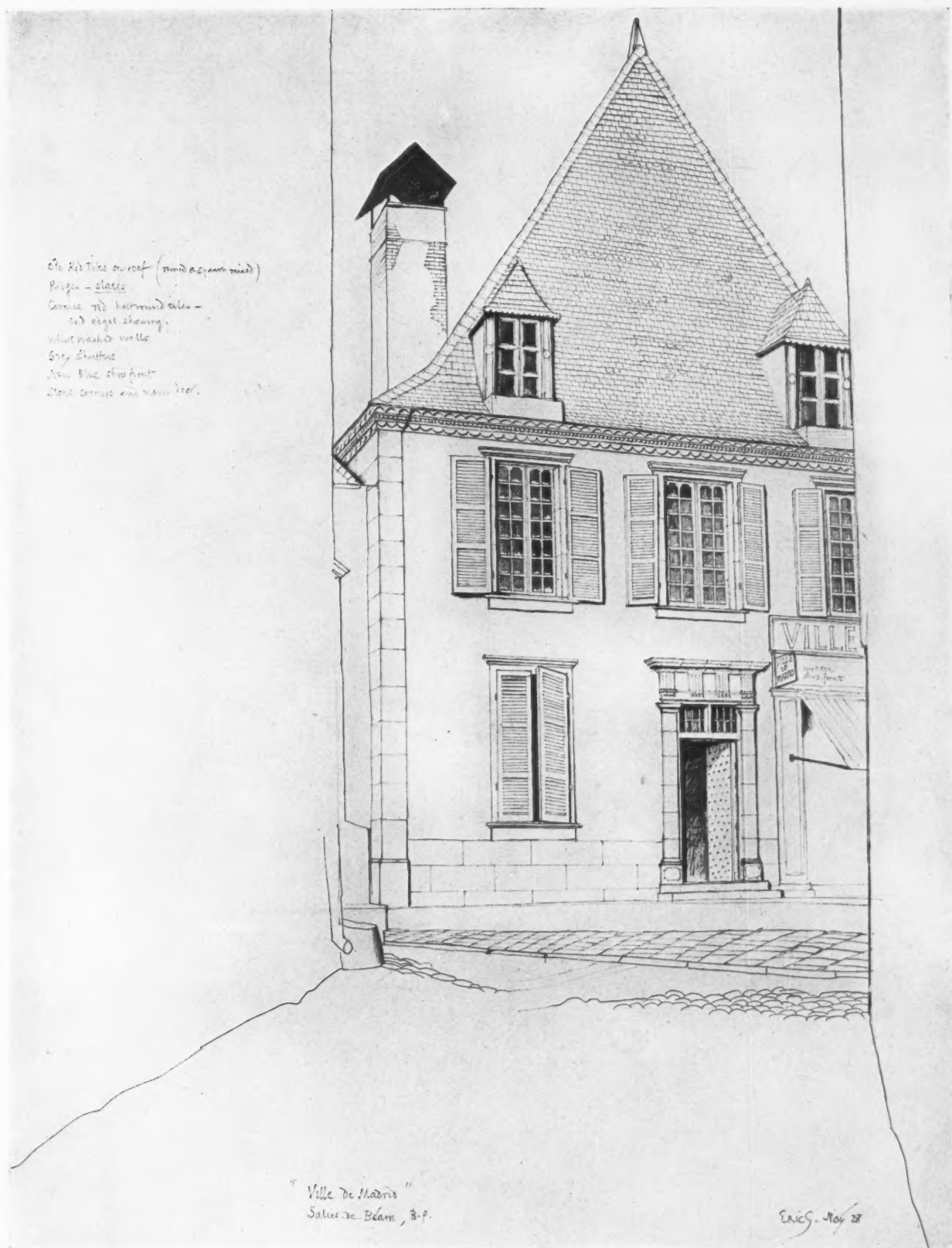
with two gangways, and one entrance at the front from the side, and two at the back. The walls are covered with silk and are simply lighted. The proscenium curtain is also of draped silk in heavy folds with a deep fringe. There is no drop-scene. The roof consists of one large plain curve, broken for windows in four places.

Pirandello's theatre is largely psychological; it is very intimate. In a large theatre much of the essence of his plays would be lost. The Odescalchi Theatre is different from any other. The side gallery lighting is different, for Pirandello insists on the psychological importance of even the most minute variations of light to suit those of mood. I should imagine his lighting plans are as complicated as are the emotions he exploits in his plays. Intimacy of contact is obtained by the union of the slightly projective stage with the auditorium, a stage which is under a yard in height, so that

complete vision of all the actions of the people in the play is possible and less overhead space is required. The stage machinery, so far as Pirandello's requirements are concerned, is quite modern. The theatre is of course experimental, and for the purposes of exceptional work, not only by Pirandello but by other adventurous dramatists desirous of probing things which have not been attempted on the stage before. It is, however, a practical theatre, for Pirandello is an actor as well as playwright, and when his theatre was opened he appeared as his own *capo comico*; the leading comedian has always been of the first importance in the Italian theatre, from the days of the *Commedia dell'Arte*.



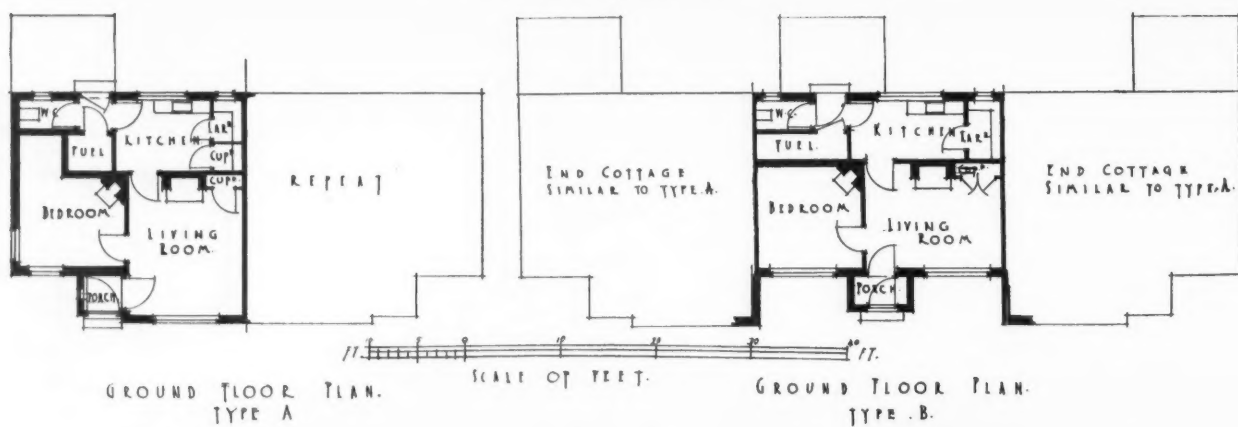
LUIGI PIRANDELLO



The Ville de Madrid, Salies-de-Béarn, Basses-Pyrénées, France. From a pencil drawing by Eric Gill.



From the south-west.



Almshouses at Potters Bar, Hertfordshire, for the Jesus Hospital Charity. Oswald P. Milne, Architect.



The lay-out plan.



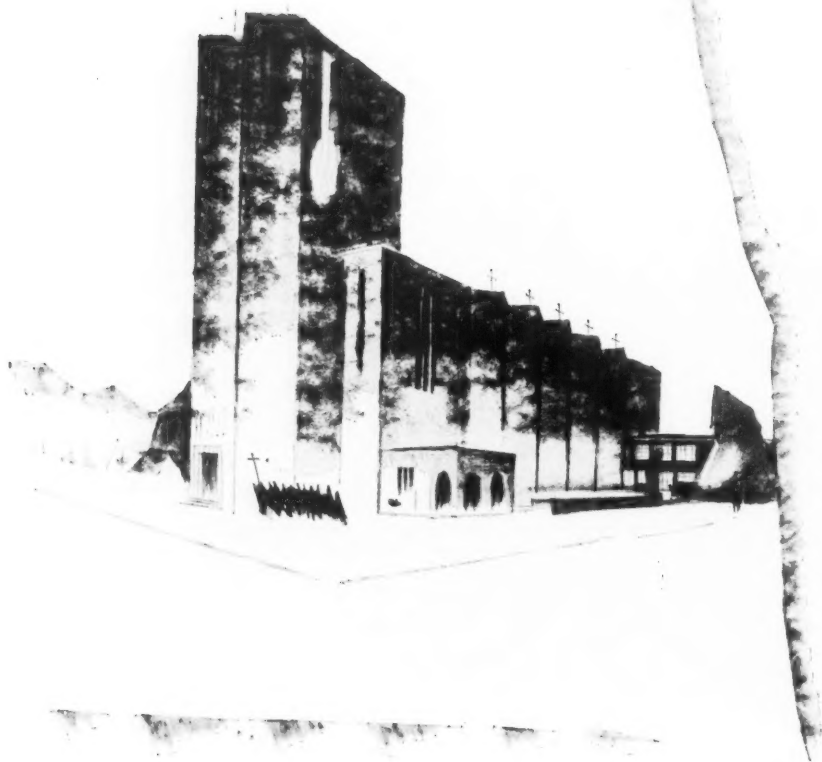
From the terrace.



*The terrace walls and steps of the Almshouses for the
Jesus Hospital Charity. Oswald P. Milne, Architect.*



*Two drawings
by Karl Wach*





The Savoy Theatre.
Frank Tugwell, *Architect*.
Decorations by Basil Ionides.

Savoy Court.
Easton & Robertson,
Architects.

Light Opera.

By Raymond McGrath.

With photographs by THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

HERE, "In vico qui vocato la Straunde," Peter of Savoy built his "most modern" palace, some time in the thirteenth century. Here he lodged the most "beautiful foreign ladies" and married them to his rich English wards. There were great "feastings, suppers and tourneys, with food in plenty, and sweet spiced wines" you may be sure. Simon de Montfort, that unfortunate man, lived in the palace when Peter had been obliged to return to the Continent; and, after Simon, came John of Gaunt.

John of Gaunt knew how to live. There were "great feastings, in dinners, suppers and other entertainments" such as you might have thought conceivable only in France or Spain. Over a glass of something you might have seen the poet Chaucer suddenly smile as a subject struck him—"a subject for a short story." Under the circumstances can you wonder that this was "the fayrest manor in Europe"?

Well, it is not to be expected that such good things can go on for ever. It was on June 13, 1381, that Mr. Wat Tyler decided that this was too much of a good thing altogether. There were a great many people in London for the feast of Corpus Christi. They collected all the picks, axes, hatchets and other nauseous implements that were to be found in the vicinity of the Strand. They took all the matches that were in all the tobacconists' shops and between them they broke into the cellars, and thereafter they picked, axed, hatcheted, burned; in fact, entirely destroyed the Palace of Savoy.

From seven plaques, engraved in stainless steel, you may construct this pleasant story. It was a very happy idea to provide this historical diversion in the new Savoy courtyard, where, under the glittering marquise, you enter both hotel and theatre—the reconstructed Savoy Theatre, which is now

the "most modern" playhouse we have in London and at the same time the "fayrest."

"Most modern!" Yes, indeed, it is an expression we use glibly in England about architecture which is already covered with moss before it has emerged from its author's brain. London is an unusually mossy prospect. A fresh plant, a new shoot, is as rare to the despairing botanist as oases are well known to be to wanderers in deserts. But in the new Savoy Theatre the botanist may well claim to have discovered a real plant, with green leaves no less, and an actual flower! He is almost excited enough to imagine that his whole garden is on the point of blossoming. It is only a matter of time he tells himself. Consider the lilies of Westminster.

Why is it that, of recent years, London architecture (and it goes without saying, the architecture of the rest of England) has lagged hopelessly behind, not in quantity of course, but in quality? This is to a very great extent because the public, in which I include all clients of architecture, has somehow or other got out of touch with the vital principles of building and decoration. Lawrence has drawn our attention to the fatal error of confusing decoration with architecture. There are two kinds of architecture. Architecture which is lasting, simple and monumental in form and permanent in material, and architecture which is of-the-moment, decorated, impermanent. It is stupid to build decorated architecture to last, and it is stupid to think that decorated architecture is not just as important as that which is more monumental. Without fresh, vital, contemporary decoration everywhere, the public becomes artistically anæmic and unintelligent. Decorated architecture, or, shall we say, entertainment architecture, should be

THE SAVOY THEATRE.

built to be renewed. What can we say of the age which heaped an infinity of bad imitative decoration into one monumental pile, as one age has done in Russell Square, and then bequeathed us the miraculous mass as a flagrant tombstone to its own iniquity? The Albert Memorial is particularly bad because, apart from the fact that it was ugly when it was built, it is so loaded with contemporary decoration that any sane person would expect it to be in the dustbin with Queen Victoria's hats. How crying is the need for contemporary decoration everywhere! The public is out of touch. Most of it is still living on the worn-out stimulus of the 'seventies and 'eighties. We want frescoes, sculptures, mosaics by living artists, and we need as much as we can get—a good powerful antidote. If the public was conscious of living art we should already have our Titania Palast and our Théâtre Pigalle. What we have got is our Savoy, and its influence will be immeasurable, without a doubt. A great many people will wake up in the morning and begin to rhapsodize about stainless steel or Neon light, and thus, overnight, are victories won.

In the category of entertainment architecture I place theatres as the most important of impermanent buildings. The old inadequate Savoy Theatre is now very adequately fulfilling the existing needs. It is abreast of the times. I refrain from conjecturing how long it will remain in that enviable state. To Mr. Frank Tugwell is due the great credit of revolutionizing the interior. The excellence of its decoration is due to Mr. Basil Ionides. The theatre front,

the theatre signs, and the Savoy courtyard are to the stainless credit of Messrs. Easton and Robertson. This is, indeed, a fine crew with which to scour the architectural main! The task of renewing such a strategic stronghold as the Savoy Theatre was no light one, yet it was done before the expiration of the contracted time.

During the last eighty years there has been a rapidly increasing change in the form of the theatre. Apart from the elaborations of stage equipment, due to all the fluctuations of stage-craft, the principal considerations which have governed theatre design have been visibility, audibility, safety, and comfort.

Visibility in the new Savoy Theatre is excellent. The sight lines have been so well considered that there is very little picking and choosing between the seats. The ramp of the galleries gives no sensation of pitching into the stalls, a sensation commonly experienced in London theatres. The space usually devoted to boxes has been otherwise allotted with the result that there is but one box, the Royal box, on the right-hand side of the auditorium. Whilst the King's eye view of the theatre itself, obtained from this vantage point, is very entrancing, the King's eye view of the stage is rather aerial and eccentric, though very much less so than the usual box affords. After all, there is not very much to be said for boxes in this traditional position. The box provided at the back of the dress circle is very happy. The electric lighting has been extremely well done. The stage end of the auditorium is illuminated by the wired-glass



Green and silver are the dominant notes in the colour scheme of the *COURTYARD* and approaches, with gold for the lettering, while white flashed opal glass gives a clear note to the lighting. The lighting troughs produce an effect of continuous glass, with metal fixings concealed as far as possible.

THE SAVOY THEATRE.



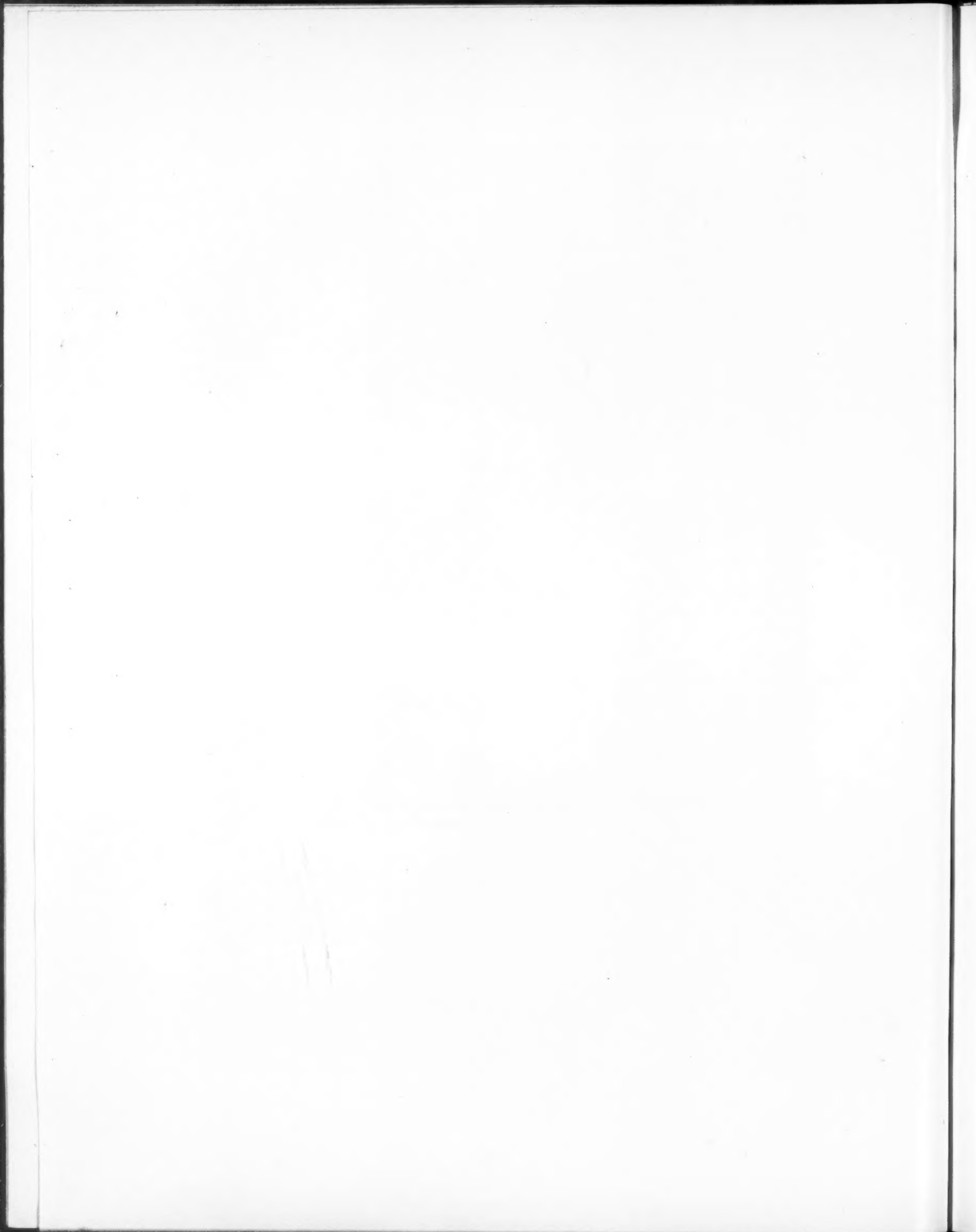
Plate III.

January 1930.

A DETAIL OF THE REMODELLED FRONT.

Easton and Robertson, *Architects*.

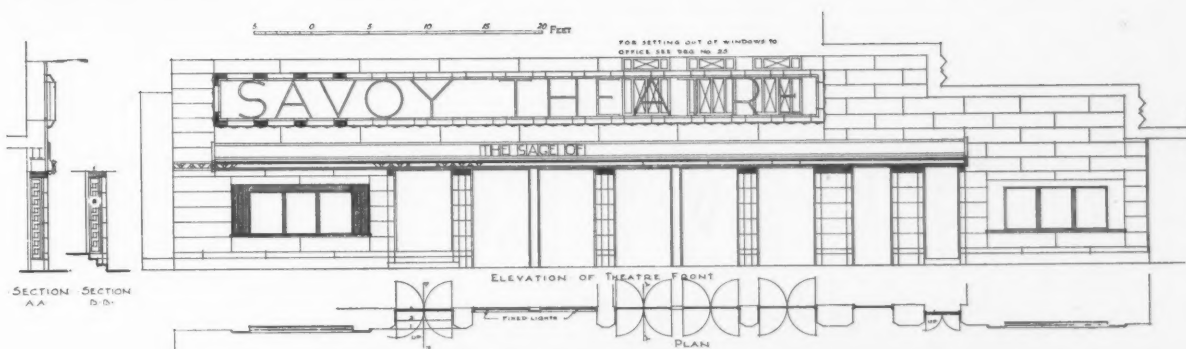
The existing statue of Peter of Savoy is retained in the new scheme and has been regilded. The soffits of the arch and canopies are lined with decorated asbestos-cement sheets arranged to form a pattern dependent on their variety in grain and colour.





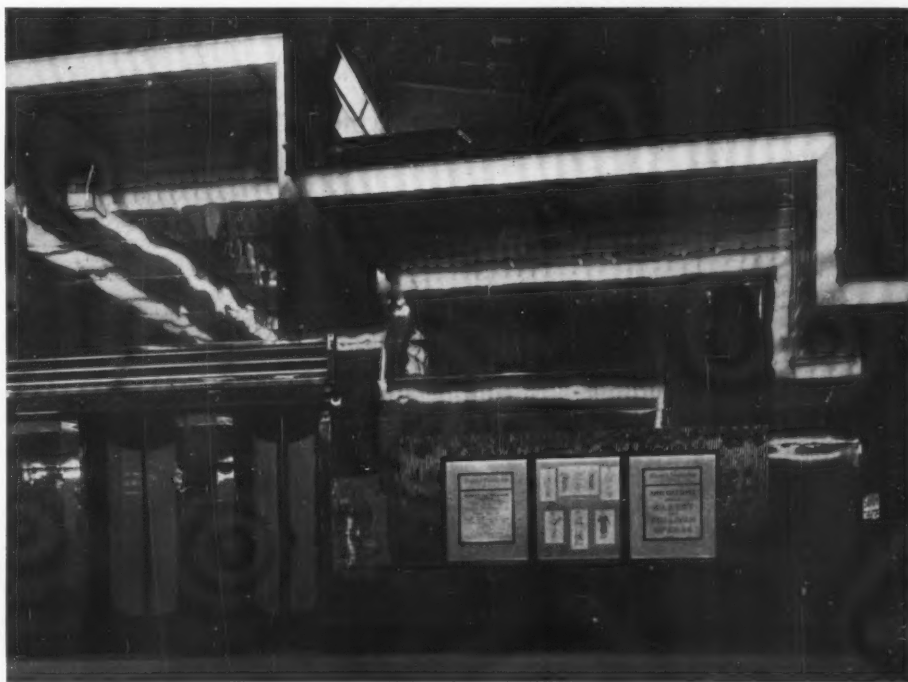
Left. The main features of the remodelled theatre front are the *TWO SIGNS*, the smaller of which has interchangeable lettering. The background of the larger fascia is of patterned mirror, framed in a continuous lighting trough of rose-tinted glass. Green, gold and silver predominate, with black as a foil. The iron doors were designed by Basil Ionides.

Easton and Robertson,
Architects.



Centre. *ELEVATION* of the remodelled theatre front in the Savoy Courtyard. The existing marble and stoneware facing was removed and the whole façade refaced in stainless steel.

Right. A night view from the *COURTYARD*. Reflections in the steel theatre front help in the illusion of increasing the apparent size of the Courtyard. The poster cases are arranged with curved glass fronts to produce an even illumination of their display.



THE SAVOY THEATRE.



THE RETIRING-ROOM of the Royal box. The walls are in damask of artificial silk in green and fawn, and all the rest is silver leaf including the modelled bands on the walls.

Technical Exposition of Munich, where a congress of theatre managers was very favourably impressed by a model theatre completely equipped with electricity. The Savoy Theatre was installed with electric light in 1881—the first installation of the kind in England. Thus was the career of electric light begun and dimmers, one of the first essential refinements, were invented a few years later.

As for audibility, Mr. Tugwell has been at pains to take advantage of the most recent experiments in America and on the Continent. It is popularly supposed that the realm of acoustics is shrouded in mystery and doubt, at best “a puerile science,” as Garnier once called it. The Salle Pleyel is sufficient disproof of this. The section of the Savoy ceiling has been governed by the acoustic properties of the shape. Mr. Ionides has covered the walls and ceiling in fibrous plaster, and the flat surfaces of the walls are broken up with fluting. In the proscenium what might have been harmful sound reflections are scattered by his coffering. The acoustic properties of the new Savoy are, I believe, entirely satisfactory.

The site of the Savoy Theatre is a peculiar one. The theatre as originally constructed faced the Embankment and Somerset Street. Advantage of this fact has been taken as far as possible to make this entrance the most convenient, thus providing space for cars and also avoiding the Strand traffic. The building itself was entirely reconstructed between the limits of the four walls. On each side there are entrances or exits at different



A plaster model of the bronze ENTRANCE DOOR HANDLES.

Modelled by
Gilbert Seale.

panels in the coffering of the ceiling of the proscenium frame. The fluted roll-and-gorge fronts of the galleries have at their bases a continuous trough of light which is reflected into the auditorium from the curving fronts. The soffit of the dress circle is ingeniously panelled for the purpose of lighting, and similar provision is made above the galleries themselves. It will be seen that most of the lighting is, therefore, indirect or architecturally restrained and concentrated, rather than spotted in a distracting way about the auditorium.

The lighting is thus extremely restful and the eye travels naturally and expectantly to the glowing fringe of the curtain. The Savoy Theatre has not been backward in the sphere of theatre lighting. The first use of electricity on a stage was at the Paris Opéra in 1846, when a sunrise was presented. When in 1879 it was discovered that gas vapours were destroying the paintings in the foyer of the Opéra the first installation of electric lighting, in any theatre, was projected, and in 1880 this first incandescent electric lighting was completed. Two years afterwards came the Electro-



THE ENTRANCE DOORS are of cast iron treated as bronze. The metal work, including the handles of which a detail is given above, was modelled by Gilbert Seale.



The SAVOY COURT FOYER. The pay boxes are in moulded metal bronzed on a black marble wall. The ceiling is in gold and silver, and the walls in mirrors and black marble. The handrail is in silvered iron.

THE SAVOY THEATRE.



The centre feature of the *SAVOY COURT FOYER*. The table is in Macassar ebony and the rest is silver. The lights in front of the mirrors are of glass and fitted with clips so that no metal shows.

levels, so that the very great difficulties of the task will be appreciated. Mr. Tugwell has triumphed over these difficulties, and the accommodation of the theatre has been increased and is now just under 1,200 seats.

The space under the Savoy courtyard has been taken advantage of to form refreshment rooms, a lounge and communicating corridors. The space on either side of the proscenium is devoted to entrance and exit staircases, whilst, in addition, the Royal box, with its ante-room, has been contrived. The stage has also been reconstructed and several storeys added to the dressing-rooms.

As for comfort, the seating is very good and a very adequate and efficient system of ventilation has been installed in the theatre.

In his decoration of the interior Mr. Basil Ionides has

achieved a rich and glowing harmony which gives to the theatre-goer that sense of satisfaction which is not always to be found in the theatre, for it is so often a blessing when the lights go down. The walls and the proscenium are covered with silver leaf, lacquered in various shades of gold. On the walls the narrow ribs between the flutes are painted rose colour, and these flutes in the lower part of the auditorium have a vine-patterned cast cresting which covers the ventilation grilles. There is a macassar dado to the height of the seats. A very subtle effect is obtained by the use of the various shades of gold lacquer in the coffers and in the receding frame of the proscenium. The reflections in this metallic surface of the greens and reds of the curtain are very beautiful. The panels in the coffers of the proscenium have been carved in plaster in low reliefs, Chinese style. This flat technique, with sharp, sinuous edges, gives good values of light and shade. There is a fine mixture of oriental subjects, all the panels being different. There are dragonflies, lanterns, pheasants, temples, dagobas and pagodas to take your mind off the now rather tired ladies and cupids of good tradition who hold up the balconies, boxes, ceilings—everything, in fact—in the theatres of the "good old days." The fronts of the galleries are also fluted and silver-leafed and the lower edge of these fronts is neatly softened off into the ceiling below. The seats are upholstered in a motley of five shades of stamped Utrecht velvet, shades



A plaster *LIGHTING VASE* at the head of the staircase of Savoy Court. The vase is polished black to represent marble and the figures are of ivory colour. Modelled by Gilbert Seale.

THE SAVOY THEATRE.

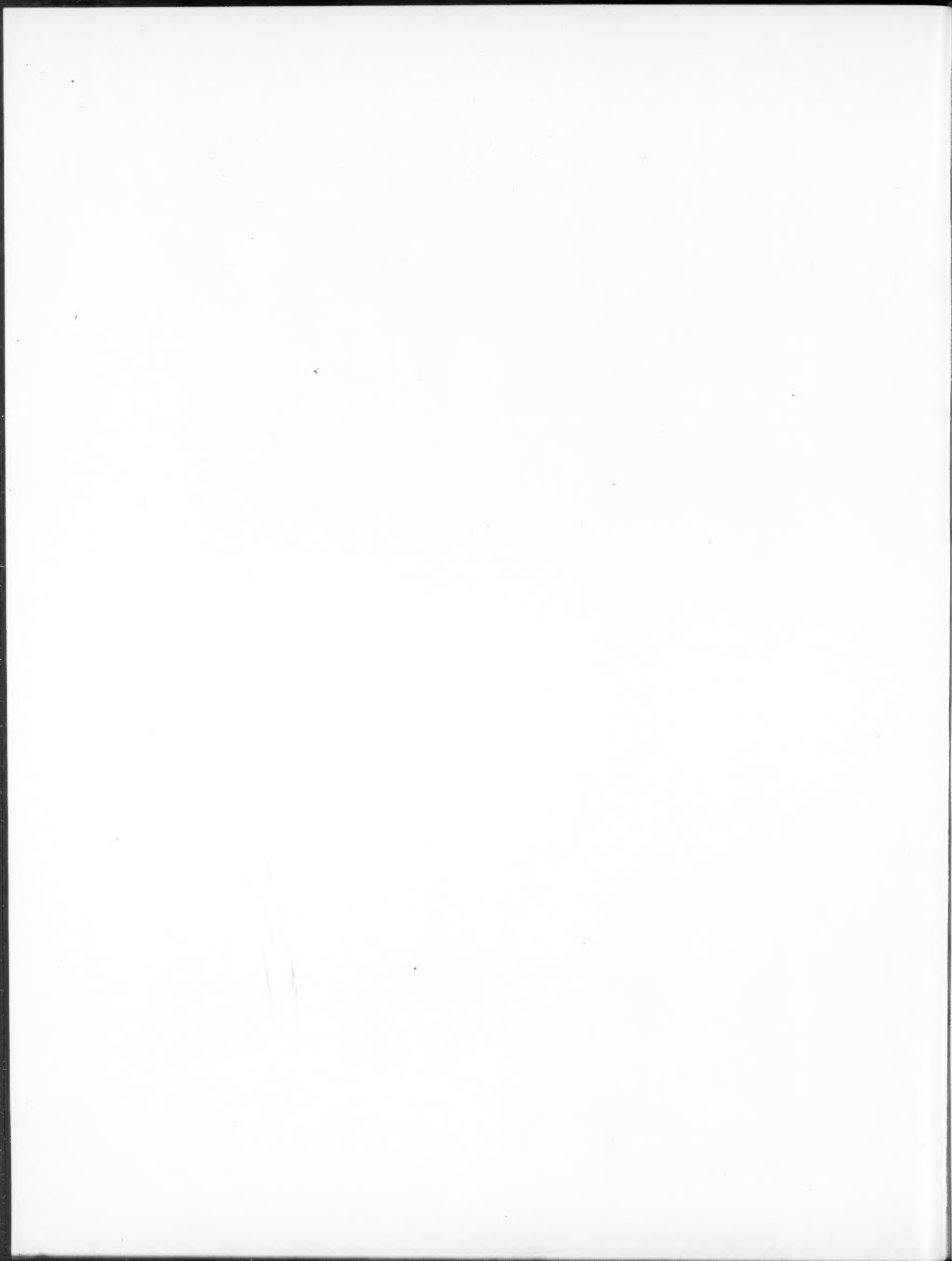


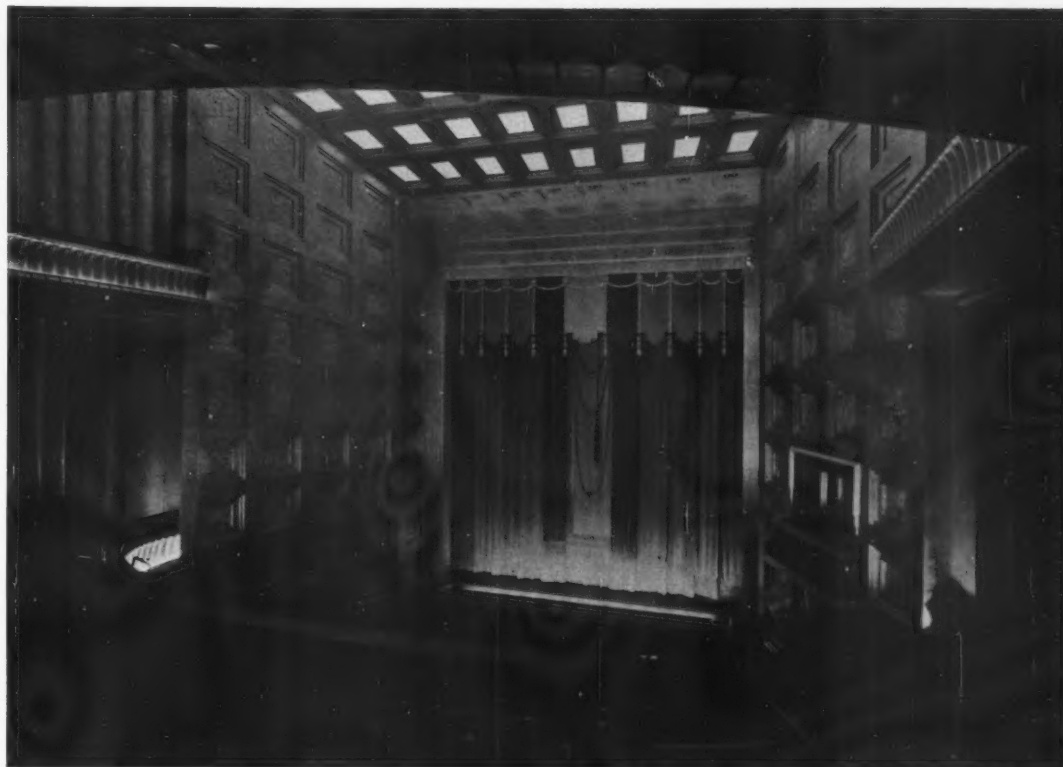
Plate IV.

January 1930.

THE NICHE and VASE on the staircase in Savoy Court leading down to the theatre. The niche and vase are of plaster, the former being treated with gold leaf and the latter with black cellulose. The figures are of ivory colour. The vase contains a concealed light which illuminates the figures.

Designer : BASIL IONIDES.





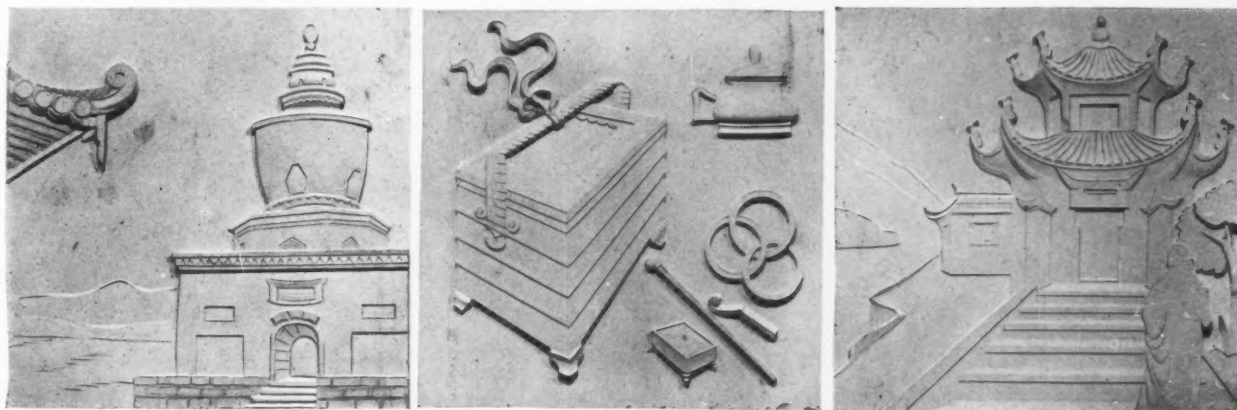
THE AUDITORIUM from the dress circle. The stage curtain is in fine coloured velvet, with bright green fringes and cords. The coffering is in four shades of gold.

ranging from amber to red. The arms and woodwork of these seats are a light harmonizing brown. The floor is covered with a red floral carpet, and the seat rows are distinguished by neat metal letters screwed to the floor.

The curtain is a fine luxuriant thing in variously shaded broad strips of velvet, light fawn in the centre, beside it deep crimson, and so on through crimson vermilion, deep amber and honey colour to mouse-brown. The deep, stepped fringe is emerald green, so are the cords and the great tassels which loop over the centre panel. The Royal box has a kingly ledge of red plush and red velvet curtains.

Behind it there is a retiring-room lined with brocade framed in silver.

Let us make our way out of the auditorium. The walls of the corridors are painted in corn colour and green with relief paint, stippled and combed. The dress circle bar has a screen of gold leaf between sheets of plate-glass. The lower entrance foyer has a stepped, wavy ceiling indirectly lit. This is all genuine entertainment. Most important is the courtyard foyer from which the stairs go down to the dress circle and to the stalls. In fluted niches above these stairs stand black vases where on the rims most theatrical ladies, with dresses and hair fantastically blown



Carved-plaster panels, based on eighteenth-century Chinese lacquer designs, on the *PROSCENIUM ARCH*.

THE SAVOY THEATRE.

about by imaginary and conflicting winds, look down into mysterious lighted depths. In this foyer stepped and tapering columns built up of glass cylinders support a silver fluted frieze. The columns are illuminated and the glass is a cloudy hand-made variety with a twisted watery trellis in it. The ceiling, with its scrolled panels, is silver with vertical facets of gold. The ceiling light is a disk of glass hung on four

cylinders which prolong themselves in a circle of mirror on the ceiling. The saucy little ticket windows have a silvered wrought-metal frame bordered with cut-glass in a setting of black marble. The size of this foyer is very ingeniously increased by a conspiracy with mirrors. The entrance doors have draped metal frames and their bronze handles are in the form of attractively stylized beasts.

We are now standing in front of the theatre in the Savoy courtyard. Here is a breath of the new world well calculated to move even the most hardened "florist." In the stainless steel façade of this theatre Messrs. Easton and Robertson have given us something that would excite even a Parisian, something after the heart of a Mallet-Stevens. Noteworthy in this façade is the use of metal lettering on a wired screen as a decorative frieze which ingeniously embraces several existing windows without allowing them to interfere with the design. The valances of the stepped shelters and the face of the arch are likewise executed in stainless silver-steel. The mirror polish of this stainless steel is so beautiful that one is tempted to hail its invention with as much enthusiasm as the tropical mariners hailed ambergris. The manufacturers, the architects and the proprietors of the Savoy have achieved something in the nature of a landmark. Much experiment lies behind this mirror polish. In earlier examples of stainless steel, as the architects have pointed out, the surface of the metal always appeared wavy and irregular. The plates were brought to this mirror polish by multiple polishing mop machines. "Only in very recent times have machines been set up to enable sheets of a large size to be stretched for flattening purposes, resulting in a true and planished surface." The sheets in this case are 14 gauge steel with accurately finished edges. The manufacturers supplied the special equipment which drilled for the fixing studs. These studs were machined out of solid stainless



The lighting of the *BALCONY FRONTS* from the Royal Box. This shows the massed rich colouring of the seats against the luminous wall treatment.

steel rolls, a departure from the general practice. The fluted portions were formed in powerful presses. The mouldings on the tops and bottoms of the valances are of 18 gauge steel drawn on hardwood cores, a method of drawing sections which does not involve the heavy expenditure which would be incurred in the making of special rolls. The engraved plaques, from which we have already

culled a little history, were likewise executed in stainless steel. These were designed by the architects and executed by Mr. Eric Munday.

The shop front of the Savoy Taylors Guild has also been remodelled in stainless steel, by Easton and Robertson, to harmonize with the general scheme. The base course is Napoleon marble in which are inserted excellent grills of rectilinear design. The door-handle is a notable feature of this thrilling shop front.

On the polished surface of the great arch facing the Strand the word SAVOY has been carried out in gilded hardwood, excellently lettered. Behind these letters run the Neon tubes which at night illuminate a brilliant green. The pediment of the arch is surmounted by the gilt figure of Peter of Savoy which was part of the old design. Continuous V-shaped troughs of light, stepping up with the marquises, carry the eye into the covered space of the Savoy courtyard. The electric signs for the Savoy Theatre are all excellently designed. In particular one notices their decorative lettering and direction arrows. Mr. William MacIntyre was the consultant for the lighting; and the engineer, under whose direction the difficult steelwork connections of the marquise with the stanchions of the existing buildings were carried out, was Dr. C. H. Lobban.

And there you have an inkling of the complicated activities behind the design of a modern theatre. In 1807 London had ten theatres, in 1870 it had thirty, and now it has more like fifty, and a good many more are projected. Some of the recent additions have been poverty-stricken in design, to say the least of them, but the reconstruction of the Savoy marks what one hopes will prove to be the turning-point in the career of the London theatres. In the near future we may hope to speak with not-such-bated breath of the wonders of the Théâtre Pigalle.



From the *ROYAL BOX*, showing the junction of the balconies and proscenium coffer framing. The division of the theatre at this point is deliberate so that the framing is related to the stage and brings the audience nearer. The whole is in gold, but round the top of the balconies is a strip of coral velvet.

The Italian Exhibition; The Works of Edna Clarke Hall and Margaret Fisher Prout; An Exhibition of Modern French Paintings.

THE most exciting event this month is the opening of the Italian Exhibition at Burlington House. I have heard rumours of the dismantling of galleries in every part of Italy to furnish paintings for it; and, having witnessed the magnitude of the Flemish and the Dutch exhibitions of previous years, I have realized the potentialities of the Italian exhibition ever since the idea was mooted.

One does not have to think over the matter very long in order to appreciate the debt the world owes to the Italian old masters. Think of the various works by them which are our common property to the extent that we all hold them in memory; and apart from the religious aspect of Italian pictures—over which a sort of halo has gathered—these must have purified the ideas of many—however unaware of it they may be—and set up a standard of beauty in their minds which has unconsciously been absorbed into the very fibre of their being.

And the steamer *Leonardo da Vinci* arrived in the Thames with all these treasures on board! Even to go over a list of the painters is thrilling: Fra Angelico, Benozzo Gozzoli, Andrea del Castagno, Verrocchio, Lorenzo di Credi, Filippo Lippi, Pollaiuolo, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, Piero dei Franceschi, Luca Signorelli, Mantegna, Antonello da Messina, Giorgione, Giovanni Bellini, Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Tiepolo, Leonardo da Vinci, Perugino, Pintoricchio, Raphael, Fra Bartolommeo, Andrea del Sarto, Bronzino, Michelangelo, Correggio, and a host of other lesser painters.

The general public will look mostly, perhaps, for Raphaels and Botticellis, while those interested in painting as a craft will search among the primitives and will look eagerly for the Leonardos; and in their pilgrimage through the galleries will come across many quite unexpected little masterpieces by men they have never before even heard of.

I presume they will not see *La Gioconda* or *Mona Lisa*; she once strayed from the Louvre and will probably not be permitted to do so again. Perhaps it is just as well; she has a genius for publicity and requires too much limelight, and she would distort the general value of the exhibition by concentrating too much attention on herself. In the Louvre one almost has to queue up to see her, and probably the same thing would happen at Burlington House; but on the other hand, this might serve a useful purpose by getting the crowds away from other paintings which we would like to see.

But there will be other Leonardos; and if not enough we can always go in to the Diploma Gallery next door and have a look at his cartoon for a Holy Family, which contains nearly all his characteristic beauties of line. His influence will be noticed particularly in the type of feminine beauty which he evolved, in some of his contemporaries and some later painters. Especially is this influence apparent in *The Marriage of St. Catherine* by Luini, who was one of Leonardo's disciples, though he has copied the superficial qualities without the depth and character of Leonardo, whose work never degenerated into mere sweetness.

Leonardo's peculiar type of beauty may be seen particularly in *The Virgin of the Rocks* and in some of his drawings; this is the beauty of quietness, aloof from the turmoil of being troubled about many things. In those days certain types of faces stood definitely for certain modes of thought—a pure woman showed forth beauty; a nobleman was made apparent by a noble man; in painting a madonna a painter did not merely accept the features of any model who might be before him as the Dutch and Flemish painters evidently did.

Leonardo's sense of beauty was based upon standards which, not being personal, were less controlled by feeling and emotion; these standards always kept a sort of boundary to the emotions, which could play around within them but could always be pulled up and restrained at any given moment. This sound basis must in part be a reason for their immortality; they are not merely emotional outbursts.

There is an interesting painting by Giorgione, *The Tempest* (which the journalists tell us is insured for £500,000), which is well worth studying; a severely painted portrait, *Lionello D'Este*, by Vittor Pisano, and a *Portrait of a Lady*, by Pollaiuolo, which will appeal very strongly to those interested in good drawing.

Visitors must not overlook the modern part of the exhibition, or walk through it with their noses in the air as some of them walked past the Van Goghs in the Dutch exhibition.

Most of the good Italian modern painters have become so closely identified with French modern art that they have been more or less assumed to belong to that nation.

* * *

The exhibition at the Redfern Gallery, 27 Old Bond Street, of the work of Edna Clarke Hall shows its many-sidedness. This has certain disadvantages because, in her case, it seems to denote an uncertainty as to the particular line she should pursue, and it seems only reasonable to suppose that she should make some definite decision in the matter; for although it may be a good thing to approach everything with an open mind it is, after all, the artist's business to select; an open-minded attitude sometimes induces mere vagueness, and one cannot perceive very clearly any logical sequence of development.

There is no question regarding Edna Clarke Hall's admirable qualities as a draughtsman; but her excellences usually show in small details of a composition rather than in the composition taken as a whole.

She is at her best when she has some definite theme to illustrate, and it is as an illustrator that she will probably find herself. Some of the illustrations she made for *Wuthering Heights* show imagination and something of the weirdness of the book itself.

Other works of a different type illustrating some poems of her own, written with a reed pen and incorporated with the free style of the drawings, show one of the most interesting sides of her art.

* * *

An exhibition of oil paintings by Margaret Fisher Prout held recently at the Tooth Galleries, 155 New Bond Street, gave her an opportunity, of which she took full advantage, to display her works under ideal conditions.

In many notices in the Press regarding this exhibition the word "happy" occurred, and certainly the word does naturally associate itself with her paintings; there is nothing whatever in them that is morbid, and this is something to be grateful for.

In all her paintings there is an appropriateness in her use of paint—an appreciation of its qualities; she never allows it to degenerate into mere imitations of something else; the rendering of colours and surfaces of objects is always shown to us through the agreeable qualities of oil paint consistently applied in an individual manner.

Her best portrait is *Girl at a Window* (25): the figure of the girl easily takes its place in the general pattern of the painting; she appears to live quite naturally in her surroundings and to be plastically at one with them.

This painting, if acquired for the Tate Gallery, would certainly serve to uphold the prestige of British painting.

* * *

During this month a comprehensive exhibition of modern French paintings will be held at the Beaux Arts Gallery, 1, Bruton Place, Bruton Street, W.

This exhibition should not be missed by those who are keen on modern French art, and those who are not should go either to confirm or clear away their prejudices.

Among those showing works are: Emile Othon Friesz, Jean Marchand, S. A. Dunoyer de Segonzac, Valde-Louis Barbey, Picart Le Doux, Paul-Elie Gernez, Robert Lotiron, Pierre Lacroix, Maurice Savreux, Abel Gerbaud and others.

RAYMOND MCINTYRE.



We still hear a lot about representation; to copy or not to copy. If these hands, modelled by Eric Kennington, were shown to any ancient citizen, he would accept them as a fairly accurate naturalistic treatment (with the creases in the skin left out), and he would presume that the artist had posed a model and made a copy.

The moment the real hands of the model are placed beside the sculptured ones it becomes clear, of course, that divergencies exist, not only the obvious divergencies of lengthened fingers and sharpened angles, but subtler modifications; simplification of the drama in the back of the hand; simplification of planes. In thus selecting for his own purposes certain forms from the original and rejecting others, the sculptor has simplified the architecture of the hand so that he has been able to make a clearer, though necessarily more limited statement of the bony structure beneath than is found in the model. Again,

in the treatment of the forearm he has rejected many subtleties of the flesh in order to get a graceful arched roundness beside which the real arm looks rather flabby.

But why—asks our ancient citizen—why not copy the whole thing, lock, stock, and barrel? Why distort nature by selecting certain forms and rejecting others?

Of the thousand and one answers to this question the most matter-of-fact is that there is nothing else for the sculptor to do. The "copying" myth was started and is still kept alive by people who, however sincere their intentions, have simply never tried to draw, nor ever tried to see.

Let the disbeliever take a pencil and start to copy the nearest evergreen tree (if he cannot draw his job will be easier, not harder, than the experienced painter's). When he has decided that he is no longer reproducing but selecting (and even improvising from his own concept of the tree), he will realize that

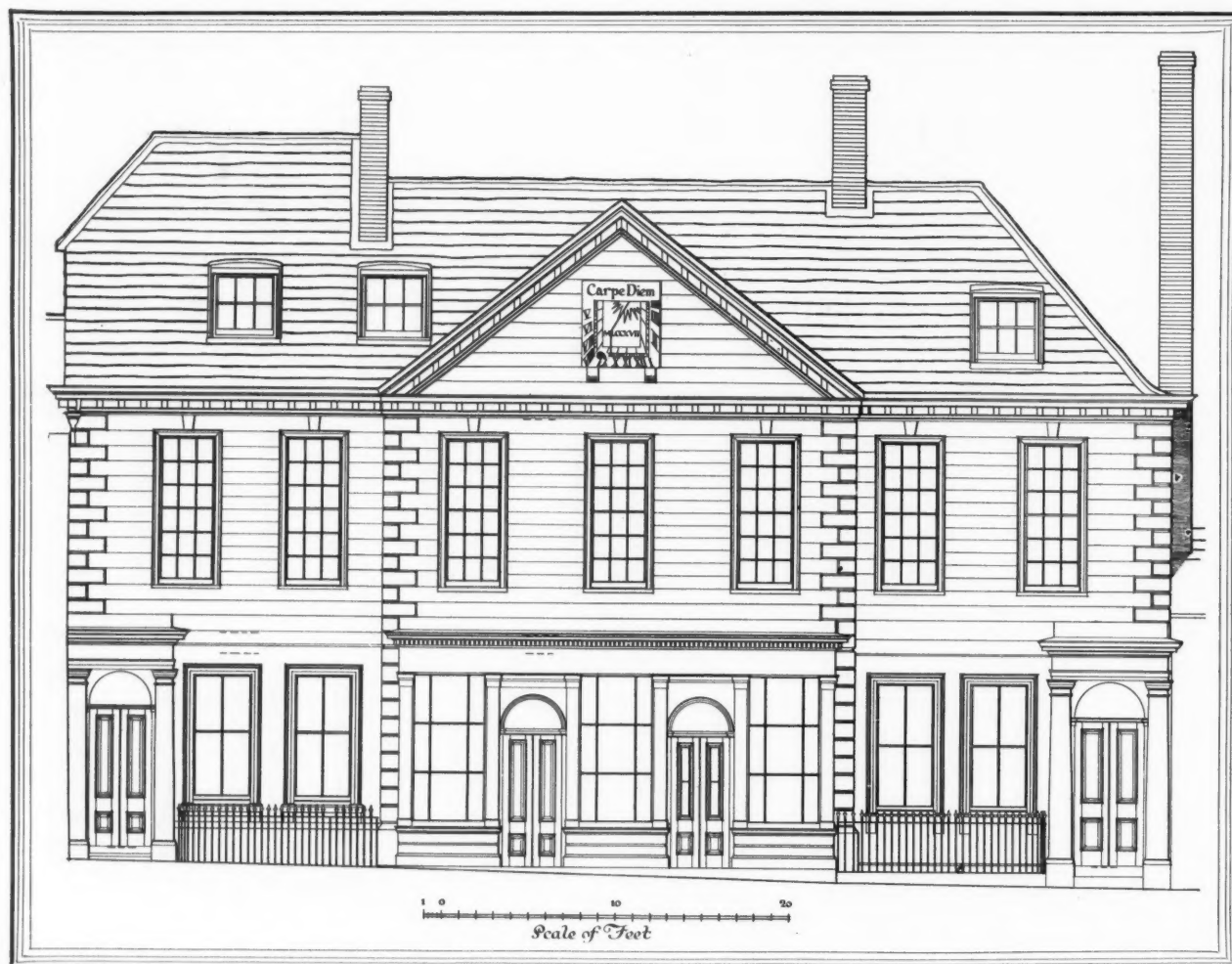
in drawing, as in sculpture and architecture, the artist's problem is no other than: What shall I select—and why?

In other words, the artist's methods of "copying" are just as artificial as his methods of "inventing" forms. The representational approach is divided from (for instance) the cubist by nothing more substantial than a point of view.

* * *

CORRIGENDA.

On page 305 of the December issue of the REVIEW Mr. V. O. Rees was referred to as the architect of the new building for the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, instead of Mr. P. Morley Horder and Mr. Rees, who were associated architects in the design of this building. Also the statement that Mr. H. Hart was responsible for the gilt bronze gates with cast bronze insets for this building was incorrect. These features were designed by Mr. Allan Howes, who also carved the panel above the gates.



MEASURED AND DRAWN BY E. F. HARVEY.

NEWCASTLE HOUSE, LEWES.

THE High Street of Lewes still retains a large part of its eighteenth-century character, with a good sprinkling of earlier houses. Until a week or two ago its chief ornament was Newcastle House, a spacious building which bore the date 1717 on the sundial within its pediment, but which may have been built earlier by John Braman, a native of Chichester, who came to Lewes in 1696. In spite of strenuous local opposition the East Sussex County Council has now demolished the house, and is to build new County offices upon its site. The house was built of old stone, chiefly Caen, from Lewes Priory, and the front had been painted. The

cornice was of wood with plain modillions, and the roof, originally of tile, had latterly been covered with slate. In 1711 the property was acquired by Benjamin Court, a successful Lewes ironmonger, who relinquished the house in 1734 to the Duke of Newcastle who used it

Photo: C. J. Bedford.



as a "Coffee House" and a political club-house. The late eighteenth-century shopfronts were no doubt a subsequent alteration, but their simple lines rather added to the pleasant effect of the old house. The interior had some good staircases, panelled rooms, and fireplaces. Measured drawings of sections and details of the main staircase were published in the May 1928 issue of the REVIEW.

From the HIGH STREET.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH;

The Spinlove
Saga.

By Clough Williams-Ellis.

The Honeywood File. By H. B. CRESWELL. London: The Architectural Press. Price 7s. 6d. net.

NOT since "Elizabeth" enchanted me with her most poignant *Fräulein Schmidt* and *Mr. Anstruther* have I been appreciably moved by any collection of letters until a happy chance brought me *The Honeywood File* for review.

I had noted its appearance week by week in *The Architects' Journal*, and I had heard it much discussed, and from what I had both read and heard I had determined that I would pay it the compliment of waiting to read it as a whole and at leisure in the book form in which—if there is any such thing as literary justice—I felt it was bound, ultimately, to appear. I am glad I had the necessary self-control, for I have been well rewarded now for my abstinence by a sit-down meal that I have devoured with gusto.

Doubtless there are those who would find "The File" unappetizing, even indigestible, just as there are indubitably those who find *Saki* unamusing and Aldous Huxley unedifying. Yet I feel pretty safe in asserting that this particular book is both amusing and edifying, and will be so found by most of those who read it, but most of all by those readers who have ever had anything to do with the putting up of a house, whether as architect, client, builder, or as interested onlooker. They will smile and groan retrospectively—their troubles and their triumphs will find an echo in the Honeywood letters very much as our war memories, pleasant or unpleasant, are stirred by *All Quiet on the Western Front* or *Journey's End*. Not that there is tragedy in these letters—far from it—unless, indeed, one count the accidental maiming and subsequent death of a valuable hunter through the architect's professional negligence. But there are moments poignant enough—moments of strain or misunderstanding—reflected in the criss-cross of correspondence that might well, with a little less luck or good management, have led to disaster more or less complete.

Yet in the end the pompous old noodle, Sir Leslie Brash, exultantly moves into his Honeywood Grange, and is gracious enough to express his knightly approval to Mr. Spinlove, the devoted but disingenuous young architect. They are the two chief protagonists, though the dramatis personæ also include a capable and conscientious contractor, another one both incompetent and fraudulent, a general foreman—a paragon of efficiency as are (apparently) all general foremen—the villainous District Surveyor, the inevitable "Client's Friend" with a patent product to push, a rather shadowy "Client's Wife," who is, however, the power behind the throne, and, finally, the chorus—solicitors, neighbours, assistants, and architect's friends.

The ingenious author states his aim in his preface: "Although *The Honeywood File* is designed to engage aspirants to architectural practice with a lively presentiment

of the adventures that await them, a picture in which men and women rather than architects and builders occupy the canvas, and which is more concerned with the fabric of life than with the fabric of houses, it will perhaps amuse those who have fallen under the spell of bricks and mortar or who are curious of the unexplored."

That is a very proper purpose, and Mr. Creswell certainly achieves it, not least by means of the commentator's notes that he appends to his creatures' letters, as, for instance: "*The stately creature! It is a devastating, but not an unfriendly letter. On the contrary, it is evident that Brash likes Spinlove and respects his capacities. Such a letter could only be written, and tolerated, when addressed to a man young in years and experience by one mature in both. We may also imagine that Spinlove's personality is frank and boyish, and that this and his youth perhaps serve him well at this juncture; for Brash has ample grounds for feeling extremely annoyed and dissatisfied with his architect.*"

I should like to meet Mr. Spinlove again, also Grigblay the builder, Bloggs the foreman, and even the preposterous Sir Leslie. Perhaps the Architectural Association Dramatic Society will one day give us a stage version of *The Honeywood File*—or continue the saga in a dramatized sequel. I hope so.

But what is still more to be hoped is that all those about to build for the first time, whether as architects or owners, will consult the file that Mr. Creswell has so obligingly put at their disposal. If they do, they will be more than entertained—they will assuredly learn something to their advantage.

The Art of The Faker.

English Furniture from Charles II to George II. By R. W. SYMONDS. With 260 illustrations. London: The Connoisseur Ltd. Price £5 5s. net.

IT is now some sixty or seventy years since Rossetti began collecting old furniture and bric-à-brac to adorn his studio in Chelsea and started the fashion for furnishing with antiques. At that time antique furniture was commercially without value. It could be picked up for next to nothing. Those who were in the know in those early days could furnish their houses for a few pounds, for antique furniture could then be bought at a tenth the price of new. Chairs, tables and cabinets could be bought for a few shillings. Fine old pieces of crockery for a few pence. Willow-pattern plates could be had for a penny apiece.

But times have changed. The supply of old furniture has been long since exhausted or practically exhausted, for it is only occasionally, nowadays, that old furniture finds its way to the market. But while the supply has diminished the demand for it has increased to such an extent that workshops and factories have come into existence to cater for the demand. In them tables, chairs, bureaux and cabinets are made and reach a venerable age in the space of a few days. And in such quantities that if Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite and the greater unknown cabinet makers of the past had made a tenth of the furniture that is ascribed to them, they must each have had the hundred hands of Gias, and the old models are so faithfully imitated that there are few who can distinguish between the genuine article and the counterfeit. Indeed it may be doubted whether there are any who can so distinguish when the antique maker sets out to produce a first-class fake. For the art of faking has reached such a high state of perfection that "the most knowledgeable dealers and the most experienced collectors are constantly baffled."

Up to a certain point this development appears justified. There can be no doubt whatsoever that the antique trade has been a powerful agent in the improvement of public taste. At a time when the furniture trades supplied nothing that was not



A mahogany *LIBRARY TABLE* with a fold-over top and a base composed of a chest-with-drawers. The lion-headed terminals pull out to support the hinged leaf. This piece is strongly reminiscent in design of the Kent school of furniture.

From *English Furniture*.

Circa 1740.

rubbish, from an æsthetic point of view, it provided a way by which the man of average means could furnish with some measure of taste, while it has reacted to educate the furniture trade itself by endowing it with standards.

Unfortunately, however, upon this movement, which on the whole is good, has been grafted another movement for which nothing is to be said—that of the collector. It is a false and parasitic development, for the influence of the collector is entirely to encourage spurious activities. He encourages not the living artist and craftsman but the living super-faker, while the high prices he is willing to pay for certain kinds of furniture, coupled with his deplorable lack of æsthetic discrimination, has given a false direction to taste—a fact that is reflected in the expensive books and periodicals that cater for him and flatter his vanity.

The book before me is of this order. It is a book compiled and written for collectors, and as such it is, in my opinion, vitiated by the collector's point of view—or would be, were the compiler any other than Mr. R. W. Symonds—for it is necessary to understand that the collector's approach is not æsthetic but antiquarian. He values a piece of old furniture not because of its beauty, which is finally the only thing that can give his activities validity, but because of its expensiveness and rarity. Mr. Symonds is an antique furniture man who has escaped this snare, and he has escaped purely and simply because he is an artist. He knows that the creative faculty is better than the acquisitive, and this knowledge has led him to design furniture

himself.¹ In fact he uses the past as it should be used—as inspiration for the present. In the same way he realizes that design, not *anno domini*, determines (or should determine) the value of a piece.

So, since Mr. Symonds is responsible for this monumental book with its magnificent photographs, I will admit that it is not entirely damned, especially as there is an excellent chapter devoted to faking, or to be more correct the devices of the super-faker. Here Mr. Symonds is doing a noble work in exposing the super-faker, who is himself performing a public service in so far as he is helping to bring collecting into discredit. For after all, furniture collecting is intellectually on a level with collecting postage stamps, but not so harmless. It has nothing to do with art; or it has, and that is the trouble. The collector who was inspired by a genuine love of beauty would earn our respect, for he would be keener on promoting a revival of craftsmanship than on collecting old pieces. But the collector today is only inspired by rarity and that is a different proposition.

In the early days of my career I spent a year or so in the employ of a firm of antique fakers. It was an accident of circumstances that got me there, but it was great fun and I decided to stay for the experience. The firm I was with faked furniture. But they did not belong to the order of super-fakers who prey upon collectors and literally live by fraud. They were merely the ordinary respectable fakers who give the public what they want, and value for money. True, they sold as old, pieces of furniture that were really new, but I am of the opinion that

¹ See p. 48.—Ed.



A walnut *BUREAU BOOKCASE* with burr veneer on the front and straight-grained veneer on the sides. The drawer linings are of Virginia walnut and the carved enrichment of lime wood, gilt. *Circa 1740.*
From English Furniture.

generally speaking the public wanted to be deceived. They had come to the conclusion that to furnish with antiques was "the thing" and they were only too ready to accept anything as old on a salesman's responsibility.

My experience of the antique trade was not in this country but in New York. I was employed as a designer. Why should a firm of antique fakers employ designers? For two reasons. The first is that models were not generally available to copy from, but only photographs, often very small ones taken from the illustrated papers. The designer took these photographs, improvised the details and prepared working drawings; and only a designer familiar with the styles could do this. The other reason is peculiar to America. Designers were needed to adapt the old styles to American ideas of accommodation. The accommodation of old English furniture is different from that of American furniture. In consequence, if the average American were shown a piece of genuine Chippendale, he would not buy it, because it would not give the accommodation he demands. But he has read in the papers that Chippendale furniture is *the thing* and he demands Chippendale. To overcome this difficulty Chippendale has to be re-designed to adapt it to American ideas of accommodation. Sometimes this makes exceptional demands on the ingenuity of the designer, as, for instance, when he is required to design a Chippendale table with a centre leg, no precedent for which exists. For in America dining tables are mostly round. This kind of design was known amongst us as "Chippelwhite"—one of the firm's clients having one day asked to see specimens of that distinctive style.

In this establishment there was no separate drawing office. The designers worked in one of the showrooms on an upper floor. The shoppers who came in every day little suspected that the drawings upon which we were engaged would in due course make their appearance as furniture in rooms two or three hundred years old. Yet such was the case, and at times even the elect were deceived. On one occasion a Queen Anne cabinet made its appearance in the showroom. It was, within the limits of the style, an original design and it was so skilfully faked that the manager was deceived, mistaking it for a genuine antique, and called on one of the designers to admire it, when to his amusement the designer told him he had designed it himself. (The antique trade is full of amusement, and it is recommended as a vocation for anyone who finds life rather dull.) In the showroom in which we worked, lengths of oak panelling occupied the wall space. They were supposed to be parts of panelled rooms that were stored away in the warehouse, though as a matter of fact the remaining pieces did not exist. Clients who desired oak-panelled rooms were shown these specimens. When any one of them expressed an admiration for a particular piece the salesman would address himself to one of my colleagues. "Wilkinson," he would say, "how many feet have we got of such or such panelling?" Wilkinson would refer to a book he kept in a drawer and discover it had not been entered up, and then he would make his way to the telephone. "Is that store house?" he would ask. "How many feet of panelling 37d have you got?" After waiting a moment he would inform the salesman in the presence of the client that there was seventy-eight feet of it. And when the client had gone we all joined in a good laugh.

This ruse was very effective. When a client took the bait, dimensions of the room were secured and a design prepared showing how the panelling could be adapted to fit the room. This, of course, always involved piecing out the "old work" by a piece "faked to match," and care was taken that the "match" was not too good. Fortunately for this procedure clients rarely asked to see the remainder of the panelling which was supposed to be in stock. When they did, one excuse after another was trumped up until sufficient time elapsed for it to be made. On one occasion when a client was very insistent, the salesman had to feign illness and actually had to keep away from business until the room was made.

I have left until the last the story of a daring imposture that was made during my sojourn in the antique trade—so daring, in fact, that the firm were frightened and made a pious resolution never to do anything of the kind again. There was hung up in the showroom a reproduction of a piece of carving by Grinling Gibbons. One day it attracted the attention of a millionaire's daughter. She was told it was from a panelled room by Grinling Gibbons that was expected to arrive from England shortly. On

hearing this she wondered whether it would be suitable for their dining-room. Dimensions of this room were obtained and a "Grinling Gibbons chimney-piece" was put in hand. The men worked at it three weeks day and night, at the end of which time Miss X was informed that the chimney-piece had arrived. She came to see it, bringing with her an "expert," who declared it to be genuine. The rest of the room she was told was hung up at the Customs for valuation. Miss X was contemplating a European tour. So a drawing was shown her of the remainder of the room showing how it could be adapted. Of course, it did not exactly fit. The ceiling would have to be lowered, an alteration made here and there, and some new panelling supplied to piece it out. All this was perfectly satisfactory, and a price was agreed to. The firm thought they were going to do very well out of this piece of business. But the Grinling Gibbons carving proved to be so expensive to make that they actually lost money on it. So Miss X really got the best of the bargain and the room looked quite well in execution. It was easily the best room in the house.

A. J. PENTY.

An Agriculturist in France.

Travels in France. By ARTHUR YOUNG. Edited by Constantia Maxwell. Cambridge: The University Press. Price 12s. 6d. net.

As every schoolboy, but no adult, knows, Arthur Young was a great agriculturist, an incorrigible traveller, and a master of English prose. He visited France in 1787 for six months, in 1788 for two and a half, and in 1789-90 for eight. The copious diary and general observations which he made on these visits are now reprinted, with admirable preface, notes, index, and map, in a very pleasant form.

In 1787, Young was mainly occupied in noticing the novelties of the country; in 1788, he paid more attention to agriculture; while in 1789, political events absorbed his attention. But, on whatever subject he wrote, it was Young's elusive gift to be intensely interesting. He omitted no experience of which posterity could wish to hear: the value of his work lies in giving an entirely impartial account of the state of affairs which the *cahiers* are out to denounce, and the apologists of the monarchy are only concerned to justify.

The *ancien régime* naturally comes in for some severe criticism: Young struck at the root of the matter when he noticed "women without stockings, and many without shoes; but if their feet are poorly clad they have a superb consolation in walking upon magnificent causeways. The new road is 50 feet wide, and 50 more dug away or destroyed to make it." At the time three-fifths of the peasant's income was taken in dues from which the nobles were exempt, while he was subject to all kinds of other disabilities and injustices. As a result, the greater part of the population were too poor to avail themselves of any improvements the government might effect, too down-trodden to take any interest in political events. Young was amazed by the ignorance and backwardness of the provinces, and by the neglect of the countryside, except where the magical effects of individual ownership had turned waste land into fertile properties.

Paris was a singular contrast. Politics filled everyone's mind, and Young came into contact with all shades of opinion. He joined the Jacobin Club; he got into trouble for losing his cockade. His diary of Paris in the winter of 1789-90 is a standard authority on the period; nothing could be more candid and well-informed.

But this book is so excellent that one cannot help wishing it a better fate than that of a mere school-book. Unfortunately Young is a little too practical in outlook. In architecture he is frankly not interested. France was never a good country for architecture, and Young mostly admires the buildings left behind by Roman and British invaders. (Incidentally, it is strange to find that the notes describe the Maison Carrée as a building in the style of the Parthenon.) Apart from this, however, the book is perfect: one can only wish that Young had bought that tempting estate at Moulins, and prolonged his diary indefinitely.

CHRISTOPHER HOBHOUSE.

The square, a tempting architectural shape, is often decorated abroad with trees and sculpture. Presumably we dislike such pompous scenes as this at Zurich, for if we did not prefer



the more barren beauties of our English squares, relieved as they are by the public spirited essays in bigger and brighter lettering of tradesmen who depend for their



living on our goodwill, why else should we put up with them? At Infirmary Square, Leicester (which incidentally contains the church where Chaucer was married), the municipal authorities, alway seager to promote the amenities of our cities, have crowned their efforts by installing, not some useless statue,

but

this elegant central feature.

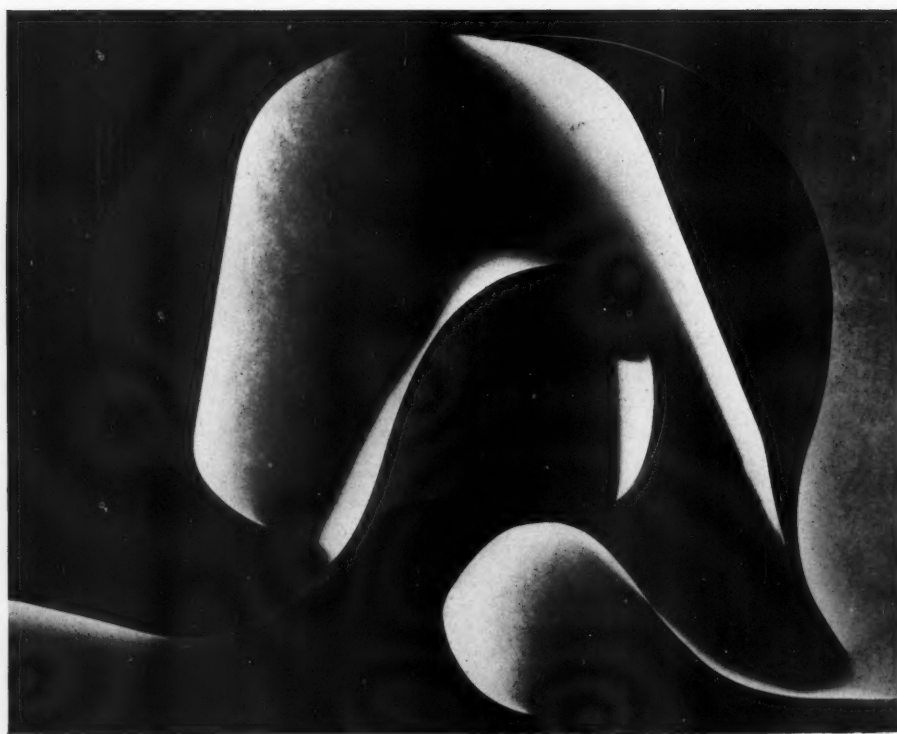


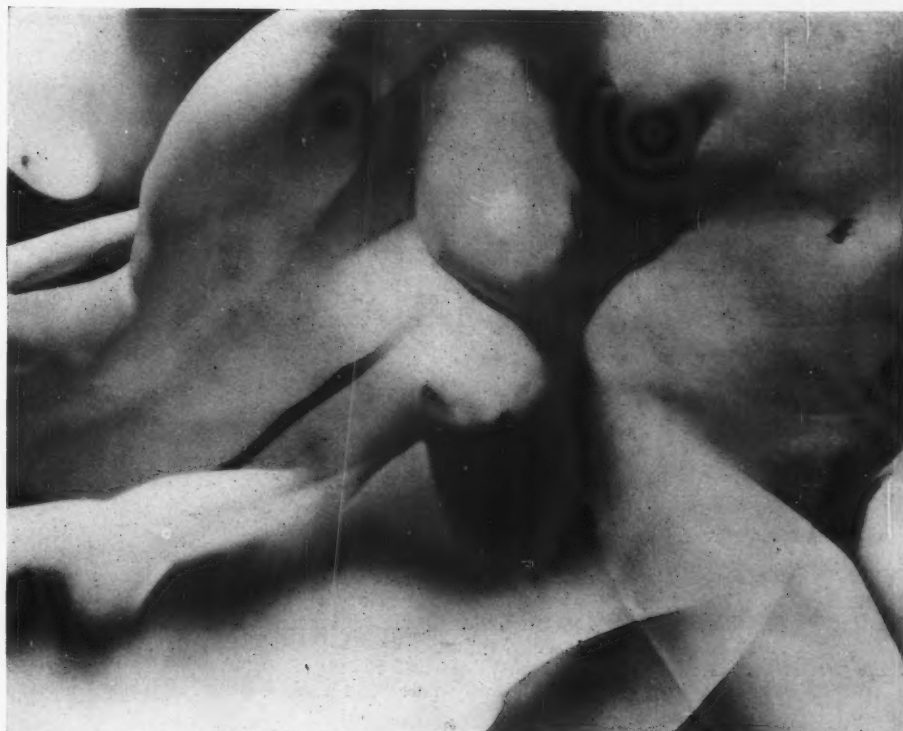
Could they not finish the good work by giving the square a piece of sculpture worthy to be compared with the group at Zurich, thereby vindicating the artistic claims of Leicester, and achieving a *tout ensemble* which we venture to think will be essentially British?





PHOTOGRAPHIC
DESIGNS
by
FRANCIS BRUGUIÈRE.





PHOTOGRAPHIC
DESIGN by FRANCIS
BRUGUIÈRE.

Light.

The Photography of FRANCIS BRUGUIÈRE.

ALTHOUGH the fact may seem to be self-evident, the realization has come only within comparatively recent years, and mainly by reason of the influence of the cinema, that the sole medium of photography is Light. The paper on which a photograph is printed, the screen on which a film is projected, has, in itself, no intrinsic interest. An even tone of pigment on a painting has merit on its own account. It has a quality, a richness, a depth. Independently of any gradation of tone it attracts by its own nature. Photography has none of these advantages. Where an even, ungraduated tone occurs in photographic work it is a passage of dullness and nothing more. The light, by which the photograph exists, becomes significant only through variations in intensity.

There is no exaggeration in saying that the principal difference between what we might term the old photography and the new photography is that the old sought to give significance to form by means of light, whilst the new seeks to give significance to light by means of form. This is to employ photography to its legitimate ends. It is using the medium of light with respect to particular possibilities and limitations.

Form requires analysis and selection for its proper interpretation. It can be better expressed by means other than photographic. Light, in itself formless, can be revealed by form. At the risk of repetition:—in this new photography, as we have termed it, the form is justified not on its own account, but only as it reveals the light.

For example, two eggs and a clothes' peg are a collection of objects unlikely by its own merits to arouse our enthusiasm. If the incidence of light with those objects creates a pattern in gradations of light in such a way that our interest is attracted to that pattern and not to the objects, the objects justify their choice but assume importance only as they reveal the light.

Along these lines, from the purely photographic point of view, the value of form does not lie in its intrinsic merits, but in its ability to vary the intensity of the light which it reflects. A candlestick, in this respect, may put the Pyramids in shade, or a decanter hold more of life and sparkle than the whole of Gower Street.

The precedence of light and the secondary importance of the object by which the light is revealed, and the relative insignificance of the material of which that object is composed, are well illustrated, within the limits of the point of view under consideration, by the brilliant work of Mr. Francis Bruguière. For the most part he uses cut and bent paper as the means of giving tonal value to the primary medium of light. The paper, in itself, has no particular attraction. The meaning or intention of his designs, interesting as they unquestionably are, are beyond the range of the immediate discussion. What does concern us, and what so amply illustrates the case in point, is that these designs are designs in light; that they exist, as we see them, solely by reason of the light. This particular character of his designs which I have sought at some length to distinguish, has an important bearing, which I hope to discuss later in these columns, on the development of cinematic art.

Mr. Bruguière would, I think, be the first to agree that his work is still in the experimental stage. His effects are generally obtained by the simplest means. But perhaps a greater subtlety in the means would lead to a greater subtlety of effect. In its sensitive reaction to light the human figure is probably unexcelled. Yet Mr. Bruguière's work with the living figure, carried out by means of multiple exposures, is, to my mind at least, less successful than his work with paper models. But his photographs, made with the help of paper models, have this advantage. They are, if the phrase may be allowed, "absolute" photography. They are dependent for their effect on the right use of the medium proper to photography; they are independent of extraneous interest. As such, his work is a valuable basis on which to build a photographic art which shall establish its right to exist as an independent means of expression, on the merits of its inherent character.

MERCURIUS.

A Free Commentary.

By Junius.

THE beneficent machinations of the C.P.R.E., under the inspiration of such patriots as Lord Crawford, Lawrence Chubb, Patrick Abercrombie, Harry Peach and Clough Williams-Ellis, are rousing us to prevent "this other Eden demi-paradise" from being turned into a permanent demi-dustbin. It is the English method not to turn seriously to the solution of an urgent problem till the problem is practically insoluble; then to turn over angrily in half-sleep, rise deliberately and—solve the insoluble rather more effectively than anybody else. But it is an expensive method; and those of us who want to save England, not for our children's comfort but more reasonably and selfishly for our own, need to bestir ourselves, to indite letters to national and local papers, to make insulting speeches, to stick pins into the soft parts of city fathers, to deny patronage to commercial offenders, or better, to go out of the way to patronize those who are trying to be helpful, to tackle litterers caught *in flagrante delicto* with tact or venom according as we are the stronger or the weaker parties on the sullied ground.

In America, where the litter and disfigurement problem is even more dismaying, except that there is so much more room that, with the worst will in the world, the litterers cannot do more than disfigure the countryside in parts, the problem is being tackled with Transatlantic vigour. The White Plains Conservation Society calls upon "every public-spirited citizen motoring through Westchester County to devote a few minutes of his time to tearing down every advertising poster or board that he encounters on the right of way along the roadside." A wise law prohibits the erection of posters for 30 ft. (wiser if it were 500) on each side of the centre of the road, and signs outside this area are out of bounds and may be attacked at once. The patriotic citizen can (and no doubt will) buy special outfits—jacks, blow-lamps, crowbars, saws and axes—and we can see the bright young people of Westchester County having the time of their lives, while, no doubt, the commercial gentlemen will rally to the defence of their property and their right to defile the breast of their Mother Earth—with machine-guns.

In England the law moves slowly. Might not the citizen's conscience allow him to take a step ahead of it and do good with stealthy prudence? A speaker at the D.I.A. annual dinner professed to have invented a certain fluid of such potency that if poured privily at the bases of poster supports, in fields and other unsuitable places, the leprous distilment courses through the natural gates and alleys of the timber so swiftly that in a few days the offending hoarding is found grovelling on its face, its legs rotted in a perfectly plausible manner as by the natural alchemy of time. It is more likely that the speaker was speaking in parable rather than in truth. But the matter should not be beyond the reach of the laboratories of Lord Melchett's merry men at I.C.I. House hard by the Mother of Parliaments.

Meanwhile a Heartless Rhyme for Ruthless Advertisers by way of a slogan:

And shall these Blighters do us in?
And shall the sword sleep in our hand
Till we have made a Rubbish Bin
Of England's green and pleasant land?
(Harsh cries of "Not likely, Not—likely.")

The pylon controversy meanwhile waxes and wanes. I am not so sure that this is the best ground for lovers of England's threatened beauty to fight on. Cheap electric power must come, and it is certain that civic and rural communities will not be content to be deprived of it because its provision carries with it a certain scarring of the land. Nor will they pay three times as much for their conveniences in order to avoid the scars. This is asking too much of human nature. It is not well for defenders of amenities to be condemned as mere aesthetes, wholly impractical and unprogressive people. There are plenty of reforms to be carried, outrages to be prevented where no question of efficiency or expense arises but mere questions of greed, stupidity, or gross insensitiveness. And it is not unlikely that Mr. Richard Sickert and Mr. Eric Gill are right in their plea for recognizing the beauty of things, honestly made for purpose, being made where they are wanted, and in the simplest and most effective way. There is no more reason why pylons made by competent engineers should not be as beautiful as the Forth Bridge.

But it did look rather at one time as if we might have had Art Pylons designed by Sir Blank Dash. That would have been the crowning blunder and have shown that the lesson of the mournful Tower Bridge with the Art stuck on the Engineering had been missed. We don't want engineer and architect combining in plans for these modern engines of material progress—pylons, bridges, cloud-kissing blocks of flats and offices—but the architect-engineer or, rather, the engineer-architect; and I pin my faith in Sir Owen Williams and the new Dorchester House—though this may sound very much like rank heresy in this so orthodox magazine.

The Lanston Monotype Corporation, that admirable institution—for that by its persistent and intelligent work in the cause of worthy type design it has surely become—has commissioned a new type from Mr. Eric Gill. It is proudly named "Perpetua" (*exegi monumentum*), and is used for the first time in his volume of collected essays, *Art Nonsense and Other Essays*, published by Messrs. Cassell and Francis Walterston, and printed at the Cambridge University Press. It is pleasant to find Messrs. Cassell in that goodly company.

The upper-case letter has a fine proud bearing, a beautifully calculated balance of thick and thin strokes, and the movement of the design flows freely. The lower case—perhaps over delicate for Mr. Gill's violent opinions and bludgeoning phrases—has grace with vigour, is admirably legible and, such is this remarkable craftsman's originality even in so difficult a matter as this, that I can see no trace of a model on which his design has been based. I should have thought that the heavy leading was a mistake, partly because the type should carry its own leading, so to say, and partly also because it seems to me to look better in the few lines of quoted verse which happen to be set solid. But there may be dark commercial reasons behind this leading business connected with bulking and price. The public is still a little apt to buy books by the pound. Perhaps I ought to add that the type will not be ready for general use until the Spring.

ART-NONSENSE

THIRTY POINT *Perpetua*.

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

THIRTEEN POINT *Perpetua*.



One of the *SIGNS* at the Savoy Theatre. It is erected on the bridge over Somerset Street and consists of white opalescent cubes of glass which are lit with lamps of continually changing colours, giving an infinite variety of shades and tones.

Designers :

EASTON and ROBERTSON.

The Architectural Review Supplement

January

1930

Decoration & Craftsmanship

The first of the new series of articles on Modern Decoration, published on p. 43 of this issue of the *REVIEW*, is contributed by Paul Nash, who discusses the problems to be faced in the modern evolution of English furnishing. The second article in the series will review (in the February issue) the work of the

Italian school which displays a certain naïve freshness of feeling not dissimilar to the pre-Corbusier gambols of the Swedes.

OVERLEAF: *AT CLOSE RANGE.*

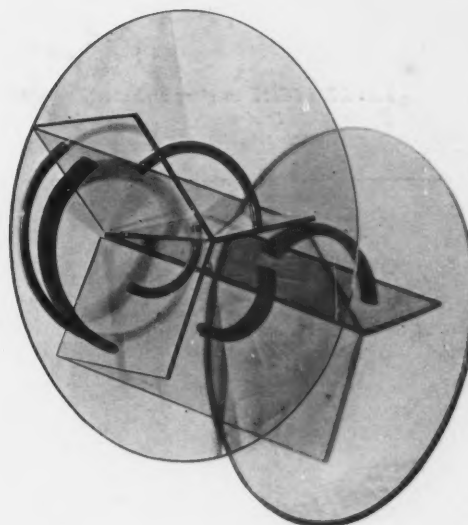
THIS photograph shows a section of the balcony fronts at the Savoy Theatre which have been designed not only to carry the strip of lights, but also to reflect light downwards on to the audience. The section was arranged to look as light as possible, and for that reason the "leaf" top of the fluting is kept well below the actual top, which is covered in coral velvet. The lower part of the fluting was curved under the arch to give a subdued effect to those of the audience sitting at the back of the theatre and to avoid the usual hard line cutting the view of the stage. The harmonious effect thus obtained is increased by the reverse flutes ending in ornamental curves. The carving of the panels on the walls is the work of Gilbert Seale.



AT CLOSE RANGE.
A sheer view of the
flanking walls to the
stage of the
SAVOY THEATRE.
Designer :
Basil Ionides.
A description of this
detail is given on the
previous page.

Modern English Furnishing.

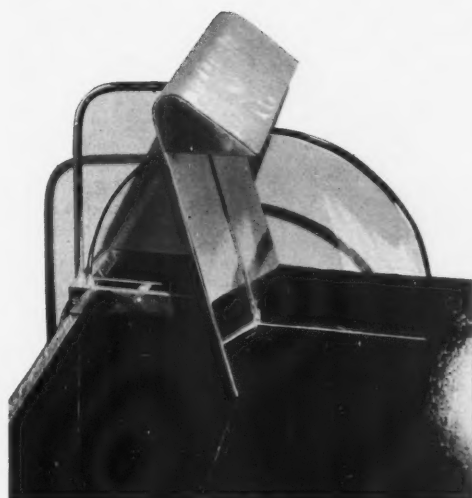
By Paul Nash.



Above
A COCKTAIL TABLE
in glass and steel.

Below
A TABLE LIGHT
in glass and steel.

Designer :
DENHAM MACLAREN.



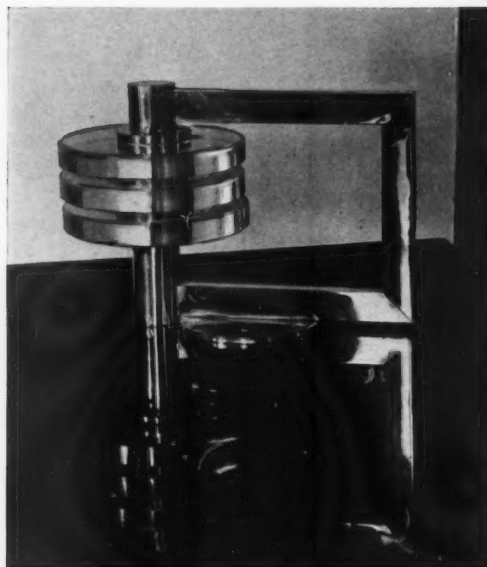
ON the subject of furnishing a modern house there are two problems to consider: the problem of compromise with things as they are and the problem of creating a new thing. By the first, I mean to suggest the usual dilemma faced by the decorator expert or the owner (amateur) decorator when he must reconcile an old style with a new treatment and make a harmony out of seemingly discordant features and objects—a problem which, whilst it is not the main interest of this article, must be considered in so far as it affects contemporary production in building and furnishing. The second problem, however, is a more abrupt challenge to thought, since it involves the development of a new æsthetic, by which I mean the development of a new perception of beauty which in course of time must establish a new style. Now, there has been no established, comprehensive style of interior decoration in England since the era of the Brothers Adam. That is to say, there has been no designer or group of designers capable of creating a harmony, inside as well as outside of a building, which, when complete, seemed the expression of an æsthetic. Robert Adam had vision, and in the course of his work imposed his vision upon the architecture of his time. The fact that this vision was not entirely original, that the Adam style was based upon Renaissance, Roman, Greek, and French work, detracts

in no way from its significance; rather it emphasizes the peculiar genius of the Brothers for extracting from foreign material an essence with which they founded a style not only personal but national. There is a charming sentence in the preface to their *Works*—a just blending of humility and pride—which reads: "We by no means presume to find fault with the compositions, or to decry the labours of other authors, many of whom have much merit and deserve great praise. Our ambition is to share with others, not to appropriate to ourselves, the applause of the public; and if we have had any claim to approbation, we found it on this alone, that we flatter ourselves we have been able to seize, with some degree of success, the beautiful spirit of antiquity, and to transfuse it, with novelty and variety, through all our numerous works."

It occurs to me that this power of transfusing was the secret of success of eighteenth-century architectural decoration and design; that it was most perfectly expressed in the work of Robert Adam; and that it is a talent long lost to English designers, but one which seems of vital importance today.

During the last century, as at all times, England was subjected to a certain number of invasions by foreign fashions, reflections of which are traceable in various forms, from the heavy stamp of Empire furnishing to the Japanese decoration of Late Victorian drawing-rooms. No important influence, however, seems to have inspired an English designer to "seize and transfuse" its spirit into any noticeably interesting form which could be described either as personal or national. Up to the present time our architects, designers, and craftsmen seem to have been content to borrow and adapt, but not to transfuse to the extent of recreation. It may be that the imports have not possessed the elements essential to a sympathetic chemical action, or that it has not been possible to extract from them a substance

Below
A
TABLE LIGHT in glass and steel.
Designer
DENHAM MACLAREN.



capable of being blended with our peculiar properties of style; for the English precedent does not admit of drastic mixtures, although there are many instances of the crude experiments of foreign imposition throughout the country. In the case of the Adam Brothers, in spite of the markedly "antique" character of their work, the classical imposition is not obtrusive. The severe lines of the composition, the rather sweet grace of the ornament, are in keeping with the almost indefinable spirit of the English tradition. For one reason or another, to me, the architecture and ornament of the Adam period seem as much a part of the English expression as the music of Purcell or the poetry of Herrick. If one considers the remains of London, apart from the churches, nothing of its architecture impresses itself so intimately upon the mind as certain houses in old Bloomsbury squares, the narrow façades of the Adelphi, the Admiralty screen. These, we feel, are London, evidence of character as typical as the white oak woods of Sussex or the beech aisles of the Chilterns. But the real significance of Adam architecture lies not so much in the fact that it possesses a personal and national style as that it is invariably evidence of style itself. To discover an Adam house in a street of other buildings is to experience order in chaos, quiet amidst noise, refinement beside vulgarity. This is not due to any superficial quality of elegance; it is because it is the work of a designer who understood the underlying principles of harmony.

I have dwelt particularly upon the work of the Brothers Adam since I imagine it to be unique in the history of English



Above
A DESK
in Coromandel and
Sycamore woods
with a
fixed strip light.
The desk has one
glass leg.

Designer:
DENHAM MACLAREN.



Below
The OPERATING
THEATRE in the
Princess Louise
Hospital, Kensington,
London.

Associated Architects:
LANSDOWN
and
SAUNDERS.

architecture and the only example applicable to the contemporary problem of interior decoration. We are faced today with much the same task as that which the Brothers undertook in the early part of the eighteenth century. We are invaded by very strong foreign influences; we possess certain solid traditions. Once more we find ourselves becoming conscious of a renaissance abroad, curious and rather embarrassed by the event; at once anxious to participate and afraid to commit ourselves, wishing to be modern, but uncertain whether that can be consistent with being British.¹

Compared with the Adam Brothers we are certainly at a disadvantage; for, whereas they had for inheritance the direct tradition from Wren through Inigo Jones and Vanbrugh, and for resources the works of Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Wedgwood—in other words, a legacy of pure style and the equipment of perfect craftsmanship for the execution

¹ Waring and Gillow Exhibition.



Above
WALL PAINTINGS
by
John Armstrong
at
No. 10 Portman Court,
London,
for
Sir Geoffrey Fry, Bart.



Below
A study for
a
WALL LIGHT
in
terra-cotta.

Sculptor:
HENRY MOORE.

Below
A
WALL PAINTING
by
Blair Hughes-Stanton.



article cannot carry it beyond the importance of a slight commentary. Mr. Frederick Etchells, in his admirable translation of Le Corbusier's *Towards a New Architecture*,¹ has clearly expounded the essential ideas of the new æsthetic. Those ideas are now current. There remains, however, the necessity for their true application to our own needs, according to our own conscience. What is wanted in England is greater mental independence, an intelligent, unprejudiced study of modern movements and methods combined with an ideal to form standards for ourselves and to evolve a national style.

The designers and craftsmen working in England at the present time may

of their designs—today we can hardly look behind without a shudder, or around without a sense of despair. Nevertheless, I suggest that contemporary architects and designers in England are capable of founding a new precedent in the building and furnishing of houses, provided they approach the problem from the inside and refuse to be imposed upon by the first attractive foreign fashion which offers itself, or to apply formulæ of modern construction without understanding their underlying principles. A knowledge of the basic values of the modern æsthetic must be as necessary to English designers today as 200 years ago when Robert Adam wrote: "The detail of our profession comes naturally to the man who understands its great principles . . . the architect who begins with minutiae will never rise above the race of those reptile artisans who have crawled about and infested this country for many years."

It must be understood that the purpose and scope of this

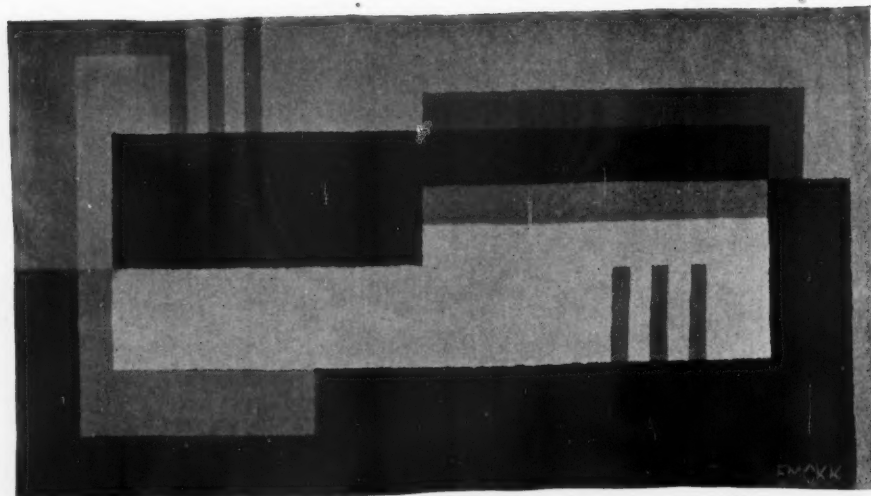
be divided into two main camps: those actively in sympathy with the modern movement and those in sympathy in a passive or theoretical sense. Of the former, a handful is producing work intelligently conceived but often indifferently executed—by others. The latter are for the most part able—even consummate—craftsmen who, while half-heartedly admitting that there seems to be something happening, show by the form of their designs that, at present, they are indifferent to its meaning, in fact are definitely out of touch with the spirit of their times. Between these two is another camp consisting of those designers who are determined to be modern at all costs. These may be subdivided into those who affect modernity for reasons of snobbery and those who regard it as a commercial asset. In the course of the last six months I have seen examples of the work of all three camps, and I have no doubt that the "commercial modern"

John Rodker, 1928.

CRAFTSMANSHIP.

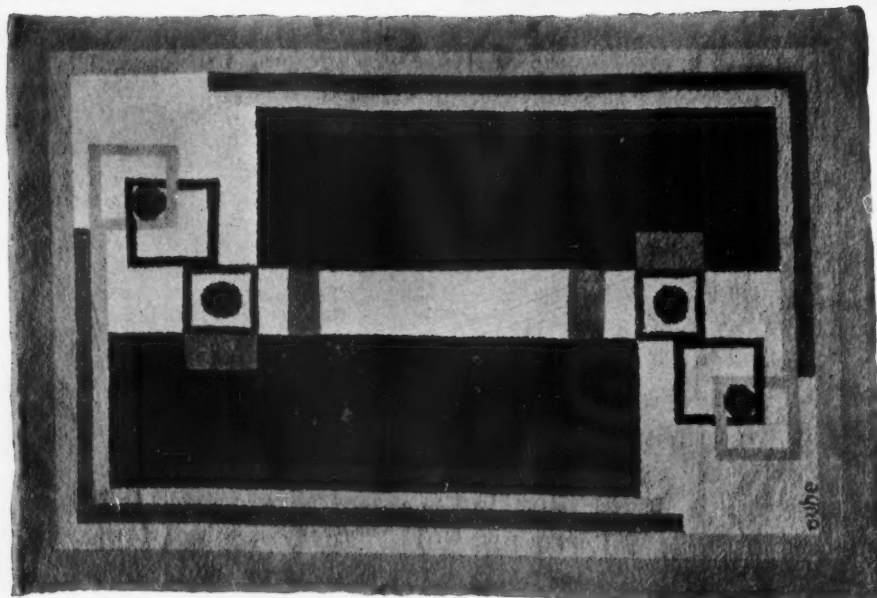
*Top and
Bottom :*
RUGS.

Designer :
E. MCKNIGHT
KAUFFER.



Centre :
Hand-made
RUGS.

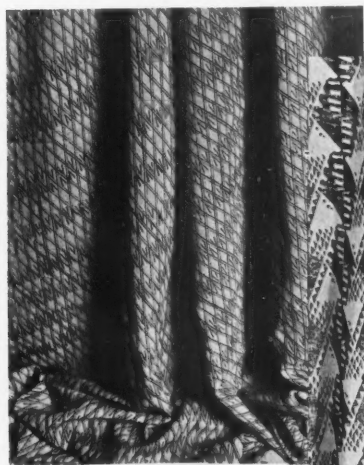
Designer :
ALLAN WALTON.



is the worst enemy to progress that the movement has to face. As I have already hinted, I believe the work of the designers in the first camp to be handicapped by the means of execution and supply at their disposal. Let us suppose a young, intelligent architect is commissioned to build and equip a house so that it shall represent the product of English contemporary work in architecture and furnishing (I avoid the term decoration for reasons which will appear later)—a commission, in fact, to produce a modern English house. Let us further suppose that the character of the interior design requires curtains, rugs, pottery, upholstery, and, in a small degree, wall-papers; add to these the necessity for sculpture and pictures. Now, how will our architect proceed—imagining his own powers

Block-printed *LINEN* in black and red on a fawn ground.

Designer: DOROTHY LARCHER.



Block-printed *LINEN* in black and red on a cream ground.

Designer: ENID MARX.



A *CHAIR* upholstered in block-printed linen.

Designer: ELSPETH LITTLE (*Modern Textiles*).

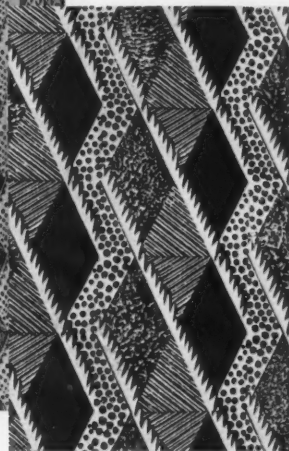
A Workroom at *Modern Textiles* showing the *WALL-PAPER*.

Designer: EDWARD BAWDEN.



Block-printed *LINEN* in black and white.

Designer: PHYLLIS BARRON.



BATIK CURTAINS. That on the left is of white linen with the design in black and grey. The right-hand curtain is of silk and the colours are yellow, orange, pink, and brown.

Designer: MARION DORN.

to be limited to the actual building of the shell? To begin with, he is faced with the problem of obtaining furniture in addition to his built-in pieces, tables, chairs, couches, desks, etc. Who can supply them? Who makes modern furniture? I submit that our architect might make a search which began in the Tottenham Court Road and ended in the Cotswolds; he would see excellent pieces of furniture—sober, honest, puritanical pieces, even rich and elegant pieces cunningly patterned with choice woods, inlaid with strange substances, carved and studded and laminated pieces; but their forms!—their forms somehow would not do. I think our architect would decide to have his furniture especially made. This is not impossible, but it is probably expensive, and the supervision of a carpenter is a special science. Either the carpenter has no traditions at all, but “thinks he knows the idea,” or he has very definite traditions which make him too obstinate to be trusted. Leaving problem one with this doubtful solution, let us take problem two. If our architect is wise, he will not make a tour of the

more important furnishing houses in his search for textiles for curtains and upholstery, but, undeterred by the delay caused by numerous inquiries, will presently discover two or three artists producing textiles independently. Having selected and commissioned his designs he will next realize that, owing to the "uncommercial" nature of their production, he must wait a considerable time for their execution. This is not necessarily a bad thing, but it may prove a great inconvenience. With this rather clumsy solution of problem two he now considers the question of rugs. Once more inquiries are put about, and eventually one or two genuine designers of modern rugs are tracked down. But he will not find a large selection of rugs at his disposal, for it is a small struggling industry, and rugs and carpets are expensive to produce "on chance." In all probability he will select a design which the artist must send away to be reluctantly executed—at his (the artist's) cost—by a firm of conventional manufacturers in the Midlands! Finally, he desires a wall-paper of original design for certain of the smaller rooms—a boudoir, perhaps, or a nursery. What more natural than to inspect the stock of the best-known wall-paper shops? but definitely, alas! what more futile? Once more our architect sets out to search. This time his inquiries are rewarded by the discovery of an almost private publication of original designs printed by a special process on sheets of an unusual size. He will learn that the artist is forced to have his work produced by lithography at one of the larger commercial printing presses, since no manufacturer will take up his designs. This history of the trials of an architect in search of an ideal is not given with the thought of discouraging the enterprising patron or, for that matter, the intelligent architect. The picture is drawn to disclose the absurdity of our system of supply and demand. If we follow the quest of our architect still farther we shall find that the matter of obtaining pictures and pieces of sculpture will give him little trouble. He will set out to visit certain galleries and dealers specializing in modern work and, today, will have to travel no farther than Bond Street. Why, then, should he be put to this complicated trouble to find his furniture and textiles?

Now, in order to encourage the production of good modern work, some system of centralization is obviously



Above A PIANO in burl walnut, veneers with straight-grained edging and ebonized lines in the legs. The lyre is of wrought bronze.

Designers:
SYMONDS and LUTYENS.

Below
A bronze DOOR-KNOCKER.

Designer:
GERTRUDE HERMES

necessary. London should have at least one centre where all the best examples of modern production could be obtained. This centre should either be equipped with its own staff of designers and craftsmen, or control the independent worker to the extent of being able to rely on his efficient co-operation. An organization of this kind could command the best workers in every medium, and its establishment would be the incentive so much needed towards experiment and study. At present no unity of effort exists and certainly no unity of mind. I would forestall criticism

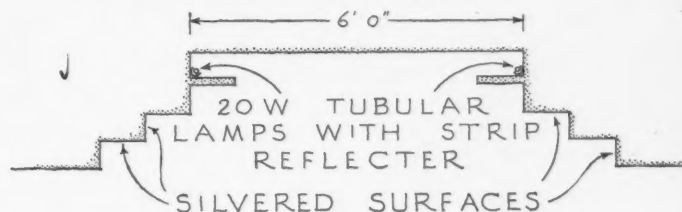
of such a scheme by insisting that the greatest care must be taken in its formation to protect the liberty of the workers against the subtle encroachments of the middlemen who may imagine they see "a good thing in it" for themselves. No artist denies that agents are a necessity; but the commercial agent outside of picture-dealing seldom knows how to behave in treating with artists. By all means let the centre be run "on business lines," but insist that a constitution safeguards its workers against commercial tyranny. Finally, I would suggest the formation of an investigation bureau for exploring the resources of the building and engineering trades, experimenting with new substances, discovering a new purpose for materials in common use, and studying the functions of all modern appliances with a view to developing their highest formal importance. The unknown designers of the engineering trades can give points to many of our superior-minded craftsmen in matters of architectural form. It is scarcely necessary by now to point out that the whole character of the new movement in the applied arts is architectural rather than decorative. That repellent term, "the decorative arts," begins to lose its meaning. It is obvious, of course, that a great deal of "decorating" must still continue in house furnishing¹ and a great number of designers be employed as decorators; but this work belongs to the department of renovating, with which this article cannot be concerned. Admitting, however, that renovating

commissions are far more frequent than opportunities of the kind imagined here, I am convinced that these will occur increasingly in the future. It is in this belief that I have attempted to state a case for the modern English designer, and suggested a possible solution for some of his problems.

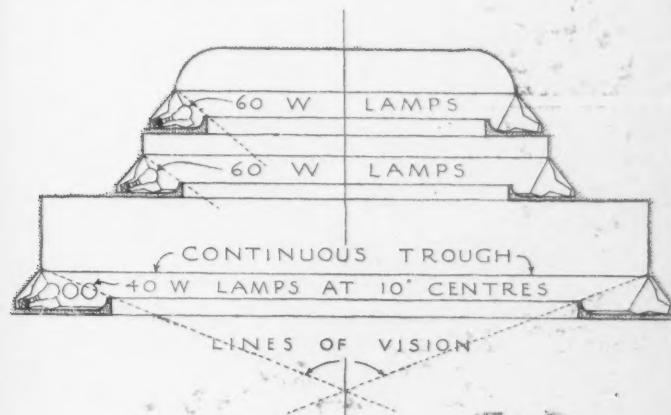
¹ *The New Interior Decoration*, by Dorothy Todd and Raymond Mortimer.

A CRAFTSMAN'S PORTFOLIO :

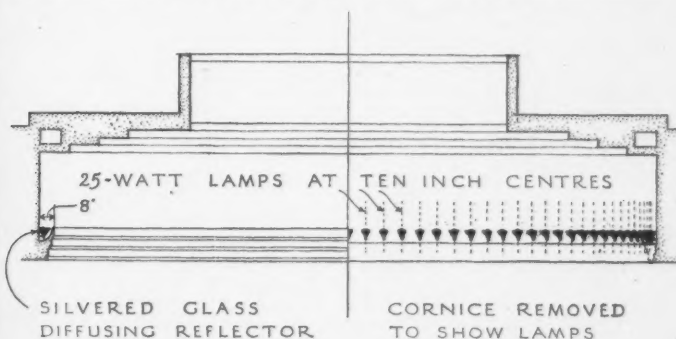
The basis for indirect lighting systems is invariably the ceiling, and flat surfaced types as well as those of more complicated contours are equally adaptable. Much, however, depends upon the equipment employed and the disposition of the sources of light, and the following examples have been selected for their diversity of treatment and for the suggestions they offer in regard to the possibilities of this subtle development in the science of illumination. The first example is of the lower entrance to the *SAVOY THEATRE*. Here the lighting is concealed from view and reflected from a flat pink ceiling above the top tier of the stepped ceiling. The vertical surfaces catch the light on its downward direction, and give a charming effect of light and shade to the bold modelling of the latter. The tendency to give an appearance of height is effected by the brightness of the central portion of the ceiling.



The lighting of the *ST. GEORGE THEATRE, PARIS*, is of special interest. It embodies three separate tiers of lamps, each containing three different colours to enable interesting atmospheric effects to be introduced. The interior of the theatre relies for its effect, which is one of vitality, on colour and the texture of various materials. Red, gold, and silver form the colour scheme and the matt and shiny surfaces are effectively arranged.

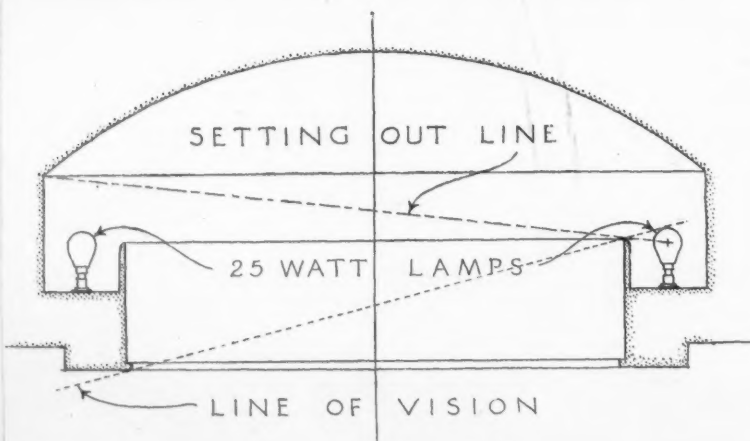
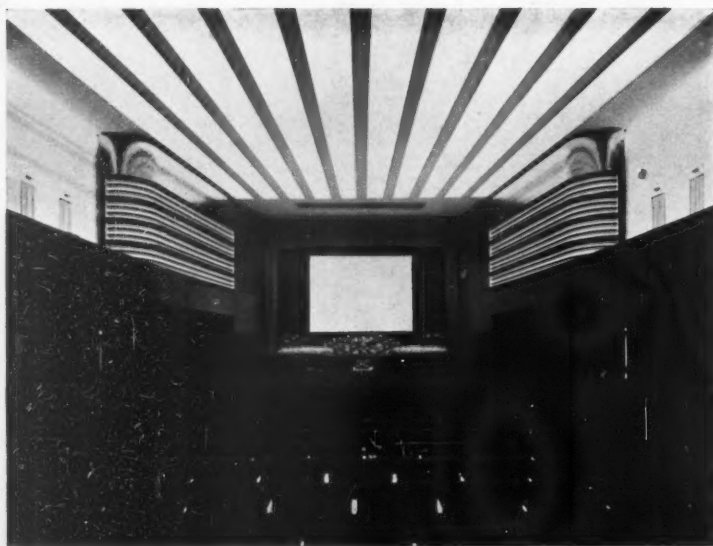
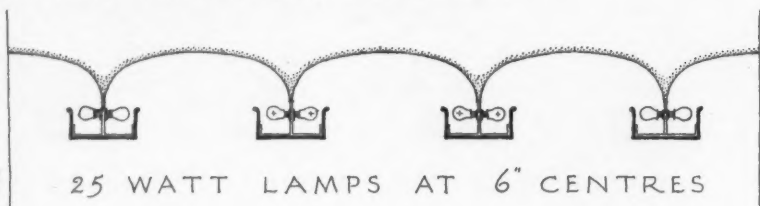


The indirect system of lighting can also be applied to ceilings stepped in section and circular in plan as at the *SALLE PLEYEL, PARIS*. The reflectors are housed in a suitable cornice and the careful spacing of the pearl or opal lamps ensures even lighting over the surface of the ceiling. Adequate room for the housing of the reflectors must be considered at an early stage in the development of the scheme, in order to ensure that the lamps are not visible from the floor. The section shows the disposition of the lamps affecting the various surfaces.

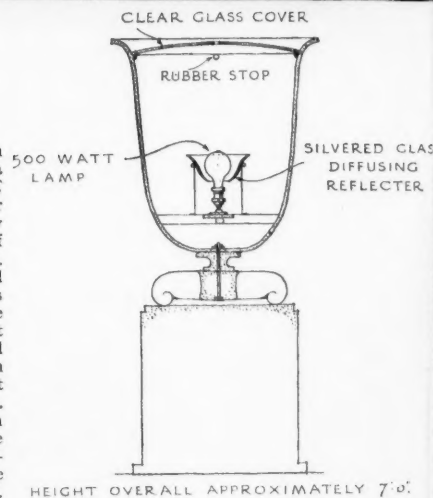
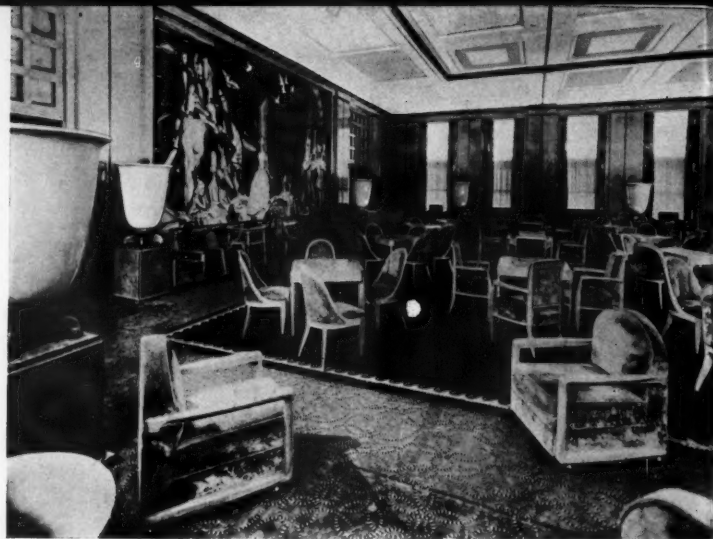


XLIV—Indirect Lighting.
Edited by R. W. Maitland.

The *UNIVERSUM CINEMA, BERLIN*, provides an excellent example of indirect lighting used entirely for the illumination of the interior. This form of lighting was a great success without the introduction of supplementary lighting, despite the general view, which is partly true if the entire surface is used as a light source, that indirect lighting, used alone, entirely eliminates shadows. The reason for the effectiveness of this interior is that the entire ceiling has been split into separate units and that they function as an individual light source; by this means shadows are retained.



In the upper foyer of the *UNIVERSUM CINEMA, BERLIN*, shown above, the lighting units provide the pattern to the ceiling, and illustrate a very flexible motive which may be subjected to modification by introducing coloured lighting, controlled to obtain any desired effect. The section makes clear the method of construction and disposition of the lamps.

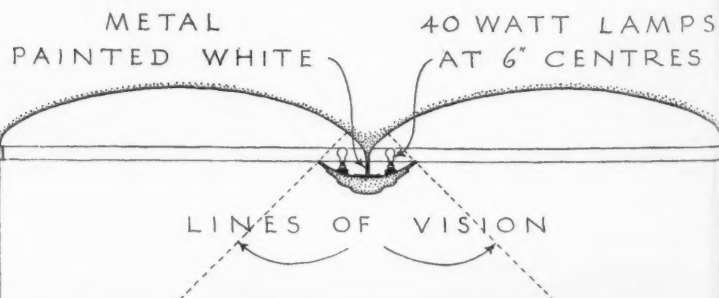


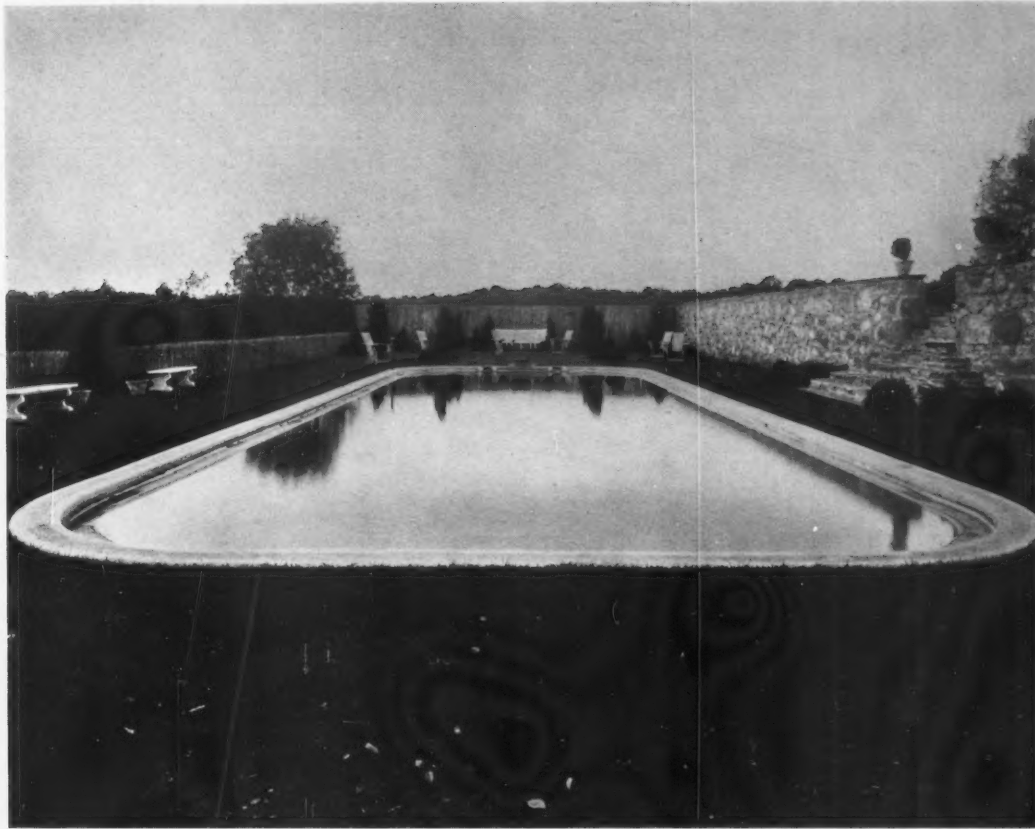
The above illustration of the first-class Tea Lounge on the liner *ILE DE FRANCE*, together with its drawing, show a successful method of installing the units. These have been placed in large Sèvres vases which contain suitable reflectors and 500-watt lamps. A clear curved glass cover has been fitted to prevent dust from entering the units. The vases have been so arranged that the light is evenly distributed over the entire surface of the ceiling.

The vestibule of the *TITANIA PALAST*, illustrated below, has a coved ceiling for which lighting has been designed so that it is evenly distributed over the entire surface. The light units are placed in fairly close proximity to the ceiling for the purpose of illuminating fittings from the floor and walls. There are two points to be specially studied in positioning the lamps when designing a scheme of this type:

1. Adequate ventilation should be ensured round the lamps. The method employed is clearly indicated on the drawing.
2. The lamps should be spaced sufficiently close together to provide a comparatively continuous line of light in order to produce even illumination over the ceiling.

If difficulty arises in obtaining even illumination over the surface, it is possible, when decorating a ceiling, to grade the colour from dark at the light source, to light at the point farthest away from the light source.





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

Frederic Coleman

MARBLE EXPERTS



From an oil painting by F. Brangwyn, R.A.

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ANTHOLOGY.

BRASH TO SPINLOVE.

August 10, 1925.

Dear Mr. Spinlove,

You must permit me to convey to you that I did not at all anticipate that at this early period I should be requested to disburse so preponderant a proportion of your fees. I conceive I am correct in asseverating that professional gentlemen are, by habitual custom, paid their fees after the services they refer to have been performed and not previously thereto. The mansion is a considerable distance—a very considerable distance I am led to apprehend—from being completed, and yet I am now requested to disburse a sum approximating 80 per cent. of the whole remuneration eventually accruing to you when the works have been satisfactorily completed and your engagement with myself terminated. I confess that I am amazed at a claim which is—if you will allow me permission to so express myself—most extravagantly preposterous.

Although it is not a matter to which I should, under happier circumstances, desire to make deviation, I, nevertheless, consider that you are under serious responsibilities and obligations towards myself which, as in all such monetary matters, have a financial signification. I observe that the contract document protects me with a not unsubstantial guarantee; that is to say, the sums I periodically disburse are amply secured to me by the value of the operations performed. It is on the face of it—if you will permit me to say so—an utterly anomalous conjunction of eventualities which gives me no such security against my architect, to whom I am requested to disburse—by clear demonstration—not 80 per cent. of, but more than double, the proportion of fees represented by work accomplished.

I observe that the certificate, which you inform me has been transmitted to Mr. Grigblay, is for the augmented amount of £3,000. May I be permitted to remind you that £2,000 is the payment I am accustomed to anticipate disbursing on these occasions.

Yours sincerely,

[Brash's protest is not unnatural, and his reasoning would be sound if his premises were true. This is a very different letter from those he wrote to his young friend in the early days; in fact, it is such a letter as he might write to one of his own years and standing. Spinlove's firm resistance to being bilked seems to have jolted Brash into a higher esteem of him. His wordy expostulation is a little pathetic.]

SPINLOVE TO BRASH.

August 13, 1925.

Dear Sir Leslie Brash,

Had I known you were not aware of the custom concerning payment of architects fees I would have explained the matter. I now enclose particulars of architects charges issued by the Royal Institute, from which you will see that two-thirds of the 6 per cent. fees—that is, 4 per cent. of the amount of the accepted tender—represents fees earned before the contract is signed. The remaining 2 per cent. is for general supervision and direction of the work, and is payable in instalments as the works proceed; so that the architect is in the same position as the builder in giving

The Architectural Review, January 1930.

what you term "financial security." At no time is the architect paid for what he has not done.

I shall be glad if you can make it convenient to send me a cheque. One has, of course, to get in one's money.

Grigblay is entitled to £3,000. He would have been entitled to £2,000 several weeks ago had he applied for it. The contract states that certificates shall be for not less than £2,000.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

[Spinlove seems now to have got Brash's measure in this matter of fees. He has knowledge, of course, but the letters also show him to be the stronger man. By comparison Brash appears to be—if I may be given permission to be allowed to so express myself—a flabby old jelly.]

H. B. Creswell:

THE HONEYWOOD FILE.

* * *

Marginalia.

"Simple but smashing laughter" was the apt phrase in which G. K. Chesterton once summed up the virtues of W. W. Jacobs. Simple but smashing laughter; it is what we have learnt to expect both from *Karshish* and the author of *Thomas*, who, unlike many amusing people, is as funny in his speech-making as in his writing. A man of serious views, he has been known to denounce strange gatherings of earnest enemies, bringing to the eyes of his audience tears of laughter, and to his own, tears of mortification.

* * *

The humour of his latest book, *The Honeywood File*,¹ which Arnold Bennett describes in the *Evening Standard* as an "entirely new kind of fiction," is described, also by Arnold Bennett, as rather rude and crude, but often very funny. "Further," says Arnold Bennett, "the novel—for the book is a novel, though dealing exclusively with architecture—is full of human nature, and full of useful information, lightly conveyed, for everybody concerned with domestic architecture. We are all without exception concerned with domestic architecture. We all want to buy, build, or rent a wigwam of some description, or to know how, why, and where the wigwams in which we are already camping are wrong and might be bettered. Hence I am inclined to think that all citizens who are capable of the sustained effort of reading a short book might read *The Honeywood File* with some pleasure and more profit. . . . It is an original and ingenious essay in fiction, and I insist that it has a civilizing value."

Arnold
Bennett and
The
Honeywood
File.

* * *

Some of Sir Leslie Brash's pompous grandiloquencies are really remarkable (Sir Leslie Brash is the client-owner of Honeywood).

DEAR MR. SPINLOVE [he writes to the architect],

I am glad to be in a condition to intimate that I am now

¹ Reviewed on p. 33 of this issue by Clough Williams-Ellis.

The
Honeywood
File.

emancipated to freedom from the dental surgeon's sanctum, though still unable to make spectacular public appearances.

But he was glad too soon, for the pain returned, and after writing to Spinlove under the influence of toothache :

I was astounded to peruse your communication to Messrs. Nibnose and Rasper, in which you take it upon yourself to engage me to disburse compensation without any kind of authority from me to do so, and in face of my emphatic objection, expressed to you in verbal conversation some weeks ago, to do anything of the kind,

he apologizes in the following handsome manner :

I have to solicit your condolences and ask you to make excuses for the somewhat rough asperity of my last communication, as I was at the time suffering from a dental relapse in a molar which has proved unexpectedly refractory, and you will be sorry to hear me say that the distress was extremely chronic.

[It is to be hoped, says the author, he will be very sorry indeed to hear Brash say it, but then—why say it ?]

* * *

Sir Leslie Brash, in fact, is full of human nature. And so is Lady Brash. Here is a typical product of her lucid pen.

LADY BRASH TO SPINLOVE.

November 19, 1925.

Dear Mr. Spinlove,

I really think I ought to write to you about the smell ! It was quite dreadful on Sunday they all noticed it and Mrs. Bingham said it made her eyes water she is so subject to hay fever like my dear mother was and I take after them both !!! I could never consent to live in a house with a smell like that which goes on and on even after I get home like the monkey house in the Zoo especially the drawingroom. Whatever Sir Leslie may say something will have to be done or none of our friends will ever come to see us !!!

How fast the leaves are falling !

Yours v. sincerely,

How fast the leaves are falling ! What an exquisite touch from the imbecile wife. And at the foot of his reply Spinlove writes : " Yes, I noticed the leaves were beginning to fall." After that Mr. Creswell will surely find it difficult to maintain that Spinlove has no sense of humour.

* * *

The other letters in the book are difficult to choose because they are difficult to refuse. Spinlove's description of the rat hunt in progress amongst the workmen at Honeywood is nice; some of Grigblay the builder's personal messages are charming; the glorious but all-too-taciturn Bloggs, who signs himself *yours humbly*, is in form with his " your wire received and noted. Two o'clock Witspanner clomb over fence so I thought better use a bit of tack. "What are you bargin' in for I says don't you see the notice board"; and the cowkeeper, George Brimble, in the catastrophe of the valuable hunter and the trial holes, puts it neatly when he says "something had ought to be done or there might be a worser assidence."

* * *

But the letter which ought to be posted up in every office where letters are written is that in which Mr. Creswell pillories a style of letter-writing which, because it is adopted in certain business circles, is supposed

by some to be businesslike and to give an impression of efficiency.

Dear Sir,—I beg to thank you for your esteemed favour of the 17th inst., and it will give me great pleasure acting for your good self and meeting you on site as per your letter. I am free Tuesday and Thursday and every day the following week as advised at present if suitable to your convenience and will thank you to let me know re same.

Thanking you in anticipation,

Yours faithfully,
JAS. SPINLOVE.

Needless to say, says the author, no diction is businesslike which is not lucid; and faulty grammar and the use of such expressions as "as per" and "re same" implies ignorance and not efficiency. Re same, All firms in the building trade please note.

* * *



A photograph of Greatford Hall taken immediately after the fire described by Mr. Darcy Braddell on page 1. It should be compared with the view on page 2.

* * *

For years the London County Council has been discussing a new bridge at Charing Cross, and now Parliament has said that it will consider the scheme. As a result, the Council, in its eagerness not to miss the fortunate moment, has precipitated a plan which was only made public at the end of November. This plan may be the fruit of much thought and argument on the part of the London County Council and the Southern Railway authorities, but no advice or help has been asked from official bodies like the R.I.B.A., the Town Planning Institute, and the London Society, nor has cognizance been taken of such proposed plans as have been made public at various times. And the public—which is surely entitled to the fullest information—has been kept in complete ignorance. The only answer to the storm of adverse criticism which has been raised against the scheme is, in Sir Percy Simmons' words, that the Bill will "it is expected in due course be inquired into by Parliament, who will give, as always, an impartial and unbiased decision on the scheme." Yet, if everyone except the promoters is agreed that an entirely new scheme is the only possible course, why should Parliament be asked to waste its time sitting upon an unhatchable egg?

* * *

The Council may be commended for forethought in that

Charing
Cross Bridge.



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Photograph by Anderson, Rome.



THE BROTHER OF THE DUKE OF URBINO BETWEEN HIS COUNSELLORS, AND CHRIST BETWEEN HIS FLAGELLATORS.

A painting by Piero della Francesca from the Duomo Gallery in the Exhibition of Italian Art at Burlington House.

Charing Cross Bridge.

they have been giving their attention to the problem for many years, but they most certainly cannot be commended for their foresight. The opportunity of laying the scheme before Parliament may be extremely fortunate, but it is trivial in comparison with the stupendous importance of the opportunity to plan a new area in the centre of London. The Council is not planning for a decade, but for centuries, and the responsibility which that entails calls for the utmost deliberation. The situation, as Professor Adshead has pointed out, resembles that of the rebuilding of Regent Street by Nash a hundred years ago, and the London County Council would surely be the last body to wish to precipitate a scheme by which posterity would judge that not only had the added hundred years of experience in architecture, engineering, town planning and sociology been unavailing, but that we were actually less capable of handling a big town-planning problem than our presumably less enlightened forefathers.

* * *

The opportunity to develop both banks of the river, to clear away slums that are a disgrace, to solve the traffic problem and the housing problem—in fact, to rebuild the most important area of modern London so that it may be regarded afterwards as the finest work of our age—is so magnificent that the attitude of the London County Council and the Southern Railway, which turns it into a semi-private affair, would be ludicrous if it were not so serious. It is a national problem, on which the best brains of the country ought to be brought to bear, and the only likelihood of finding the best solution is for the London County Council to hold an open competition, to be assessed by a jury composed of the highest authorities on each of the different subjects involved. The London County Council is London's governing body. As such we look to it to uphold the highest traditions of the world's greatest city.

* * *

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

Dear Sir,—I should like to be allowed to offer my congratulations on the "Underground" article contained in your issue of November last.

A letter from the Managing Director of Lyons.

Anything which promotes serious thought on the things which influence our lives, or which will keep us in the path of progress, must be welcomed.

A letter from the Managing Director of Lyons.

I myself shall, I hope, be the last man desirous of discouraging Mr. Morton Shand in his enthusiasm for the "Underground" and all its works. So far as it concerns the service rendered to the community, I am entirely with him, and so far as it has caused him to hold up the decoration of our shops as a contrast, I am flattered and unrepentant.

Once perfection has been achieved, little remains to be done, and if my Company has not yet reached the pitch of perfection in the arrangement of its shop fronts which Mr. Morton Shand acclaims in respect of "Underground" architecture and decorative work, do not think we are standing still. Some proof of this is given in the fact that these shop fronts differ in many respects from the original design.

Of course, I cannot promise that our efforts will meet with Mr. Morton Shand's approval. The Board of J. Lyons & Co. are not unmindful of the necessity to keep abreast of the times, but leaders of art are rarely in agreement, and until they are we shall of course be liable to be held up to scorn by one or other of the schools which may be contending at the moment.

Our hope is to be successful in supplying the public with good food in surroundings which add to their enjoyment and our efforts will continue in this direction.

The problem of the "Underground" is not quite the same, as the aim of their patrons is to annihilate time as much as possible in their desire to get to a destination, which so often is one of our Corner Houses.

I am,

Yours very truly,
ISIDORE SALMON.

CADBY HALL,
KENSINGTON, W.

* * *

God bless secondary education and elementary schools. Education. The mere sound of these preposterous words are enough to persuade any self-respecting child that he had better stay untaught than be saved by the grace of the pedagogue who spawns such terms. For instance, high school. What on earth is a high school? Can it be a corruption of Hi! school, the sort of school that is like the well-known animal who answers to Hi or to any loud cry?

Still there they are in all their preposterousness, and we are supposed to get civilized somehow at one or another of them. The contributions on education in the last issue of the REVIEW found an echo in an extraordinarily suggestive letter from Sir Michael Sadler, published recently in *The Times*.

Sir Michael
Sadler.

Why is it [he asks] that the English middle-class, which from about 1780 to about 1850 had showed itself, both in industry and commerce, full of adaptability and initiative, got stiff-minded and unaccommodating in dealing with its customers at home and abroad?

We had nearly reached the peak of our prosperity. Were we a little tired with the climb? Did we rest till we got stiff? And was it a physical reason which kept us rather unobservant (curiously lethargic in comparison with our earlier state of mind) when our competitors crept upon the scene?

Or was one of the reasons why we fell short of our previous record some change in the mental conditions of foreign trade—a greater need for what Mr. Goodenough's report calls "sympathetic contact with our markets," a call for more of the elasticity of mind which a stringent and stimulating course of school training can produce? We found ourselves hard-pressed by competitors in the nineties of last century. By that time, the searching reorganization of Prussian secondary schools in 1882 had begun to tell: partly because the captains of industry who had favoured the modernization of the Prussian secondary schools were alive to the value of education for salesmanship, partly because the schools were turning out well-trained young recruits for subordinate rank in the commercial service. Also, what Prussia did thoroughly in 1882, the United States had done with verve in the decade before. The number of high schools in the various divisions of the United States suddenly doubled itself during the years 1870-79.

But in 1868 Mr. Gladstone's Government missed the chance of giving England a modernized and widely extended system of secondary education. All that was done was to pass the Endowed School Act, 1869—a very useful measure which reformed the grammar schools but did not give us a system of new schools like those which Prussia and the United States quickly acquired. In effect, we lost nearly forty years before setting our hand to making English secondary schools comparable in general accessibility and in public favour to the German *Realgymnasien* and *Realschulen*, and to the American high school. Consequently, many of the older business men in England, shrewd and vigorous as they are, and large numbers of the obscurer people who hold key positions on the staffs of our commercial houses, fall short of their Continental competitors in width of general education, and of their American rivals in readiness to try new ways and to find cheap attractive wares alluring to buyers. Woolworthism is not originally English.

But there have been so many other factors in the problem—for example, the skill of our competitors, the growing power of trade unions, the mere distractions of sport, the drain of ability from business into the administrative services at home, in India, and in the dependencies, and a preference for putting first-class brains into the professions rather than into business and industry—that I doubt whether our disregard of the value of popular secondary education, though it may have handicapped us badly, is the main cause of the disability of which Mr. Goodenough's committee still finds some reason to complain. Scotland got popular secondary education by the Act of 1872. And the Scots have played a great part in English commerce at home and overseas during the years of our comparative decline.

The new secondary schools have now had time, in spite of the war, to turn out a large number of young men and women who, if education is a vitally important factor in the problem, should now be making their influence felt, even against the resistance of well-seasoned old stagers, whose strong character makes them tenacious of old habits and disposed to distrust mobility of mind. Do your correspondents see any signs that the new spirit in English secondary education is beginning to bring more scientific enterprise and more creative salesmanship into English business?

My own conjecture is that, so far as mental and moral factors are concerned in the spread of trade, what matter most are *labor improbus*, a not purely self-regarding belief in the importance of one's job, and the momentum which comes from confidence that one's race has something to give to the world which the world will be glad to have. But, alongside of these things, secondary education, widely spread and accessible to all boys and girls with brains and energy, is very important,

provided that the schools foster initiative as well as *esprit de corps*, give their pupils a sense of the "hang" of the modern world, teach them how to speak well and to write clearly, open their eyes to beauty in colour and pattern, and imbue them with the habit of trying always to realize what the people we traffic with feel and think and hope for.

* * *

But is it not a fact that English secondary education, as at present administered, has worked as a brake on commercial enterprise? It doesn't like to be thorough like German education, because thoroughness of the German sort endangers the Young Idea's sense of proportion; it doesn't like to go all out on the forthright commercial methods of American education because it wants to civilize people, not turn them into grade A tradesmen.

* * *

As a result, the product of the English school is neither an expert like the German, nor is he a first-rate business man like the American. He is more of an all-rounder, perhaps, than either, but as a business man—well, he is not taught to be a business man and the other fellows are. Our grandfathers who made our trade were the raw material, and very good material it was. But even the raw material would be unable to stand against these specializing Germans and Americans. Our grandfathers' grandsons—the people who have to compete against the specialists—have gone through an educational process which makes them less—not more—capable of creating trade; for the higher life they have been taught to respect points the other way.

* * *

Two things seem to follow from this. Either our trade will decline or our schools will have to "teach business." "Teaching business" sounds bad, but so (once) did "teaching music." Eighty years ago the people who "taught" Rugby football were considered odd. Business, after all, is a noble occupation when it consists in the selling of good things. If all the English things sold were beautiful, or even nice, we should be bestowing an immense advantage on the world by wresting markets from the cheap-and-nasty yahoos. The only difference between an organization like Binko, Ltd. (which sells bad office furniture all over the world) and a firm like the Roman Catholic Church, is that one seeks to do good and the other doesn't. If Binko sold exquisite chaste cheap furniture, how glorious it would be to roam the earth, an inebriate salesman, convicting dull business men of the sin of sitting in green leather.

* * *

Another Sanderson is wanted to demonstrate to the schools the glorious and romantic absurdity of trade. Then they would join up in their thousands, these eager enthusiasts, and how majestically good and beautiful trade would grow. Today they look round upon an empire which has dotted the world with inky chimneypots and tram-lined slums, and they say, No. Or forced to toe the line in the business world, they find that the ideals fostered at school and university (generally as a safeguard against the corruptions of business life, and quite right, too) have taught them to despise their job.

SERENITY



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Pirandello

In contrast to Shaw, who makes a farce of our present civilization in order to demonstrate a better, Pirandello sets out from a world in every appearance normal, and by a compellingly logical reasoning leads his audience step by step to the absolutely irrational, so that the foundation on which the everyday world rests seem to be tottering. The result, as in *Enrico IV*, is terrifying. His plays are singularly original in the way they are written. It is as if he sketched them in black and white and left the actors to fill in the colours. As a result of this dependence on the actors it is obviously possible completely to alter a play in the presentation. Pirandello was convinced that the actors of the New Drama needed a special training, and it was for this reason that he founded his theatre in Rome. Here the actors' training in improvisation is such that they are capable of producing any new play in five or six days. It is this theatre, where the actors trained by himself produce his plays, which is illustrated in another part of this issue. Pirandello as a dramatist explains himself in the words which he made the motto for one of his works: "I see, as it were, a labyrinth where our soul wanders through countless, conflicting paths, without ever finding a way out. In this labyrinth I see a two-headed Hermes which with one face laughs and with the other weeps: it laughs with one face at the other face's weeping."

* * *

We regret to record that the death occurred recently in London of Mr. William Shanks of Barrhead, the chairman and managing director of the firm of Messrs. Shanks and Co., Limited, sanitary engineers. He was a son of the founder of the firm, and had been connected with it all his life, being for many years its chairman. But Mr. Shanks also found time to take an active part in municipal affairs. In 1894 he was appointed the first Provost of Barrhead, and remained on the Council until his death. It was under his guidance that there was introduced into the town a bacteriological system of sewage disposal which, it is believed, was the first of its kind in

the country. Mr. Shanks was also a Justice of the Peace for the county of Renfrew.

Trade and Craft.

René Lalique's work is now so well known in England that it needs no introduction. And yet, it is never possible to write a *finis* to one's knowledge of his style. It is not something stereotyped which repeats itself interminably in however wide a range. He is always surprisingly, refreshingly original. Exhibitions are held from time to time in London of some work of special importance he has executed, but it is not for these alone that the exhibitions are interesting; always there can be seen some new design, colour or quality, some new end for which, he has found, glass may be the means. It seems incredible that Lalique should have turned to glass as his medium only some ten years ago, and that now, in spite of his seventy odd years, he should show such originality, and a vitality and mental fertility usually associated with youth. The exhibition recently held at Breves Galleries, was arranged chiefly in order to show a door of glass which had been made for the Paris Salon, and an illuminated glass table. The heavy double door, which swung perfectly easily, was ornamented with panels of moulded glass in a design of birds and berries. These panels are interchangeable, and another bird design and one of thistles may be substituted. The pedestal table resembled a four-petalled flower, with the illumination cleverly arranged in the pedestal so that it shone up from the flower's centre in a soft glow. The table was laid with a glass dessert service for four people.

* * *

We very much regret that the illustration on page xvi of the December ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, showing the doors executed by Messrs. Haywards, Ltd., of Union Street, Borough, S.E.1, for Messrs. Oppenheimer, Ltd., was printed upside-down. The illustration is correctly shown in Messrs. Haywards' advertisement on page xxii of this issue.



Architect: A. McInnes Gardner, Esq., F.A.I.

A view in the Smoke Room of the M.V. "Southern Prince."

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Another stage in the progress of railway electrification in India has just been completed by the official opening, on November 5, of the main line of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway from Kalyan to Poona. The contract for the overhead equipment for this work was placed with British Insulated Cables, Ltd., of Prescott, and carried out by them to the specification of Messrs. Merz and McLellan, consulting engineers, of London and Newcastle. The overhead equipment of the main line contains several novel features. The contact wire and catenaries are tensioned off at approximately every mile, the continuity of contact being made by a patented form of overlap span which permits some of the tension stresses to be balanced, so reducing to a minimum the amount of steel required in the structures at such points. The current, it is claimed, is transmitted at 110,000 volts A.C. to substations, where it is transformed and converted to 1,500 volts D.C. from which the line is fed. The total estimated cost of the electrification scheme is in the neighbourhood of £8,000,000, of which the contracts obtained by the British Insulated Cables, Ltd., amount to about £2,000,000.

* * *

The general contractors for the structural alterations in the Savoy Theatre were the Pitcher Construction Co., Ltd., and among the artists, craftsmen, and sub-contractors were the following:—Dawnay & Sons (steelwork); R. Crittall & Co. (ventilation and heating); the Crittall Manufacturing Co. (metal windows); Christie & Grey (sound proofing); the Strand Electric Co. (electric wiring); Tucker and Edgar (electric light fixtures); Pirie & Co. (door furniture); Frank Burkitt (fire curtain); Lift and Engineering Co. (lifts); Burkle & Son (joinery); Adrian Stokes (metalwork, door furniture and handrails); Jenkins (marble); Opperman & Co. (ornamental sheet glass); James Powell & Sons (lighting glass); Gilbert Seale (sculpture, modelling for bronze and plaster, and decorative plasterwork); Carter & Co. (tiling); Burkle & Son (dado and cloakroom fittings); James Edwards (carpets and textiles); G. Pixton

(seating and furniture); Sanderson (wallpapers). J. Gatwick was the clerk of works and C. E. Harris the quantity surveyor.

* * *

The general contractors to the alterations to the Savoy Hotel entrance and theatre front of the Savoy Theatre were George Parnall & Co., and among the artists, craftsmen and sub-contractors were the following:—Vigor & Co. (demolition); R. J. Goddard & Co. (asphalt); George Parnall & Co. and General Electric Co., Ltd. (glass); Henry Hope & Sons, Ltd. (patent glazing); Savoy Hotel Works Department and Strand Electric Co., Ltd. (electric wiring); General Electric Co., Ltd. and Ascog, Ltd. (electric light fixtures); Fenning & Co., Ltd. (marble); Strand and Interchangeable Signs, Ltd. (signs); Thomas Firth & Sons, Ltd., *Staybrite* steel for the reconstructed façade, shutters, and arch.

* * *

The general contractors for Greatford Hall, Lincolnshire, were Clarke and Belton who were also responsible for the joinery and the stonework. Among the artists, craftsmen, and sub-contractors were: The Excel Asphalt Company (asphalt); Ketton Limited (stone); E. E. Pope (cast lead, plumbing, central heating); Stanley Cooper & Company (electric wiring); Cecil Ern & Company Limited (electric light fixtures, metalwork, and door furniture); Bolding & Company (sanitary fittings); Henry Hope (casements); and C. Kerridge, Junior (panelling of the Great Hall).

* * *

The general contractors for the Almshouses for the Governess and Sisters of the Jesus Hospital Charity, High Barnet, were Pettengell. Among the artists, craftsmen, and sub-contractors were the following: A. H. Herbert & Company, Ltd. (bricks and roof tiling); MacDowall Stevens & Company Ltd. (stoves); Leeds Fireclay Company Ltd. (sanitary fittings); Comyn Ching & Company, Ltd. (locks and furniture); Crittall & Company Ltd. (casements); William Cutbush (garden work and planting); and Fernden Fencing Company (fencing and gates).



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