THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration

ARCHITECTURE (*to London*). "YOU'RE MISSING YOUR CHANCE OF DOING A BIG THING WELL. WHY WASN'T I PROPERLY CONSULTED?" (From *Punch*).

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Plate I. April 1930.
GROSVENOR HOUSE, PARK LANE,
LONDON.

The Public and Art

Or a Brand from the Burning.

By Paul Nash.

DOES anyone know what the public thinks about art, or can one with any certainty say—the public is starving for or altogether indifferent to, architecture, music, pictures and sculpture? I think not. One can say certainly the public likes to be amused, thrilled and flattered, but art, good art, does not amuse, thrill or flatter nine people out of ten. Then, says the bright young journalist, How do you account for two to three hundred thousand people visiting the Italian Exhibition? Of course, there are many explanations. You, my friend, provide the best. You have excited the public's imagination by a romantic description of the amassing of this phenomenal collection; impressed your readers by a computation of its staggering value; thrilled even the most bored by the tale of its perilous voyage; and at last, when the pictures are hung and every superlative of art jargon is exhausted, every historical fact and fiction and every anecdote excavated for the public's benefit, you have conceived the brilliant idea of announcing that this year all really smart women are adopting the coiffure of the Quattrocento. So the magnets of curiosity, snobbery and fashion have drawn the public to see the great Italian Exhibition. Well, why not? The Press has got the public there; the question is, How does the public react to the pictures?

If you wander round Burlington House eavesdropping you will soon realize there are, for the most part, only two matters of interest for the public. One is the Historical, the other the Subject. People about you will be reading aloud from the catalogue or giving from their private store of knowledge information of dates and schools. Or they will be piecing together the story of the picture. Sometimes in religious whispers, sometimes with a hearty flippancy like people talking to keep themselves awake or because they are slightly frightened. The late Mr. D. H. Lawrence, writing in the February REVIEW, said that the vast mass of people find the pictures odious. With that I cannot agree. But then I cannot agree with many things in that naïve article about Pictures on Walls. On the other hand, I am grateful to its writer for giving so many openings for discussion on this question of the public and art. There is an important movement about now to bring the work of contemporary painters and sculptors, musicians and architects, designers and decorators into closer touch with the *general* public. Various schemes have been put forward and some tested. It is always interesting to examine a new scheme and there is a piquancy added when writers of Mr. Lawrence's importance are so generous as to give us their ideas. But like many of Mr. Lawrence's ideas, this one was rather startling for timid minds. It is even, I think, a little dangerous. Stated briefly, Mr. Lawrence's opinion was that when you were tired of a picture it should be burnt—I confess I read this with some uneasiness. Such a creed, once it got a hold on the public mind, would certainly clear off a lot of rubbish, but it would also inevitably destroy many works of art. If every collector conscientiously made a bonfire as soon as he tired of a picture, art would suffer some heavy losses. Take, for instance, Mr. Lawrence's own—imaginary—collection, a curiously revealing one, by the way. We find Titian always desirable; Renoir, Frieze and Brabazon get a couple of years, whilst Braque and Picasso hang uncertainly between a year and six months. Then I presume they would go on the fire. But what about all the other people who admire his Renoir and Braque? Why should they be deprived of the delight of their eyes, or possibly of something deeper, for a purely sensuous reaction to pictures is not universal. The point is that Mr. Lawrence and every other owner of a picture does not possess it utterly. The picture was not painted for him alone; it is a contribution to an undefined heritage.

Supposing I buy a book of Mr. Lawrence's, read it, and enjoy it, but at some time or other I feel I do not want to read it again, I am through with it. What then? Burn it, said Mr. Lawrence. Very well. But supposing everyone did the same; in the course of time, all Mr. Lawrence's books would be burnt, for one must expect this burning habit to become so natural to people that subscribers to the Times Library would burn a book as soon as look at it. Eventually, of course, there is only one copy left and that in the British Museum, with the result that future generations will know nothing of Mr. Lawrence's writings. Would not that be a sad deprivation for our grandchildren? For I imagine writers like people to read their books just as painters want their pictures to be seen. No, I confess I think this burning business had got on Mr. Lawrence's mind. Take as a further example his dictum—Familiarity wears a picture out. Once a picture has become really popular and then died into staleness it never revives again, the only thing is to burn it—and then reflect, how often in the course of history an artist's work has become the victim of a capricious popular mood and then think what would be left to us today if at the moment of a picture's decline from favour the public hangman had been ordered to stoke up the fire. Even machine-made things are not to be disposed of in this high-handed manner. The daguerreotypes of our grandparents were first cherished, then later utterly despised; now they have revived—not as relics but things of strange delicate beauty. Only a very egotistical mind can regard pictures in this way. With what contempt did the cocksure Whistler refer to Frith. It would tax his self-assurance pretty hard to find modern critics regarding Frith as a charming painter and Whistler as rather a bore! But there is another thing Mr. Lawrence gave us in the course of his article—a confession of his personal reaction to pictures. This was very interesting. Pictures, he said, are like flowers;

then they are like dead rags. At first they are fragrant, later they stink. It is a point of view—rather "vinaigrette" perhaps, but at least a friendly approach. So long as the picture pleased Mr. Lawrence's senses he gave it a good time until he tired of it, but he did not ask it a lot of questions. It is the people who cross-examine pictures who get nothing out of them. If only people could become more accustomed to pictures they would "take them for granted." Which brings us back to considering the public's feelings about art. Now Mr. Lawrence believed the public was "pining for pictures," so he suggested that Messrs. Harrods should start a pictuary or circulating library of pictures. This, of course, is not entirely a new idea. For many years the Arts League of Service has run its scheme of travelling portfolios of pictures—watercolours, drawings and prints. Prices are not exorbitant and I believe many works have been sold in this way. But, of course, there is no burning done. Also I do not think the portfolios can be kept for an indefinite period. The contents are examined, admired, criticized or condemned—perhaps something is purchased and the portfolio posted to the next on the list. The Harrod's scheme is not very clearly defined. The ideal is right but in practical working out it might prove a curse rather than a blessing for artists to "supply the public with pictures on the public's own terms," and although the lending libraries may serve the publishers' ends I very much doubt the picture dealers welcoming the intervention of Messrs. Harrods. But I am entirely in sympathy with the wish that the public should become familiar—in the best sense of the word—with modern works of art of all kinds and that is what Mr. Lawrence was really talking about when you stand clear of all his dead rags and bonfires.

The real difficulty I find is to persuade myself that the public takes any intelligent interest whatever in æsthetic manifestations. What it does possess is a sort of blind and dumb keenness from time to time. One night I decided rather late to go to a promenade concert. When I arrived a little after 7.30 a long queue two or three abreast stretched down the street. Congratulating myself that although a considerable queue it was not so long as I had expected, I took my place. After a quarter of an hour there were almost as many people standing behind me as in front. Time went by but the queue moved hardly at all. Occasionally it surged forward a few yards. Suddenly a clock struck eight, the hour for the concert to begin. Greatly surprised, I asked someone in front why the queue had not gone in. I was told the real queue had gone in more than half an hour ago. "Then, what are all these people waiting for?" I demanded. "For someone to faint," was the laconic reply. It was quite true. Listening to a somewhat Sousa interpretation of an all-Bach programme on a sultry autumn night under the intolerable conditions prescribed for poor concert-goers, was proving too much for some of the audience who from time to time were hustled into the open in a state of collapse. But the waiting queue numbered hundreds! If such behaviour could be called anything but idiotic it might be called enthusiasm for art, but it is the kind of thing I mean by blind and dumb keenness. It is what animates a large number of the visitors to the Italian Exhibition—beyond the thousands of inquisitive sightseers. It is, I think, the only quality to be counted upon in attempting to popularize modern works of art. But definite strategy is necessary to bring it into use. It is no good expecting the public to find its way; it must be directed or put into well-worn grooves and eased off down the slope.

For instance; a very simple way of familiarizing the public with modern pictures would be for the Academicians to devote, each year, a room to painters of independent views; then, because at a certain time of year the public is accustomed to make a pilgrimage to Britain's temple of art, the unsuspecting public could not help seeing some modern works of art. This is merely an instance of phantasy; such things do not happen in real life. The principle, however, remains the same. Point a direction or establish your works at the end of a well-known route and the public will eventually find its way. After that anything may happen. Or nothing.

THE ANNUNCIATION.
By Botticelli.

EDMUND BURKE'S ESTATE, Gregories, 1793, from a contemporary engraving. The house, known as Butler's Court, was burnt down in 1813.

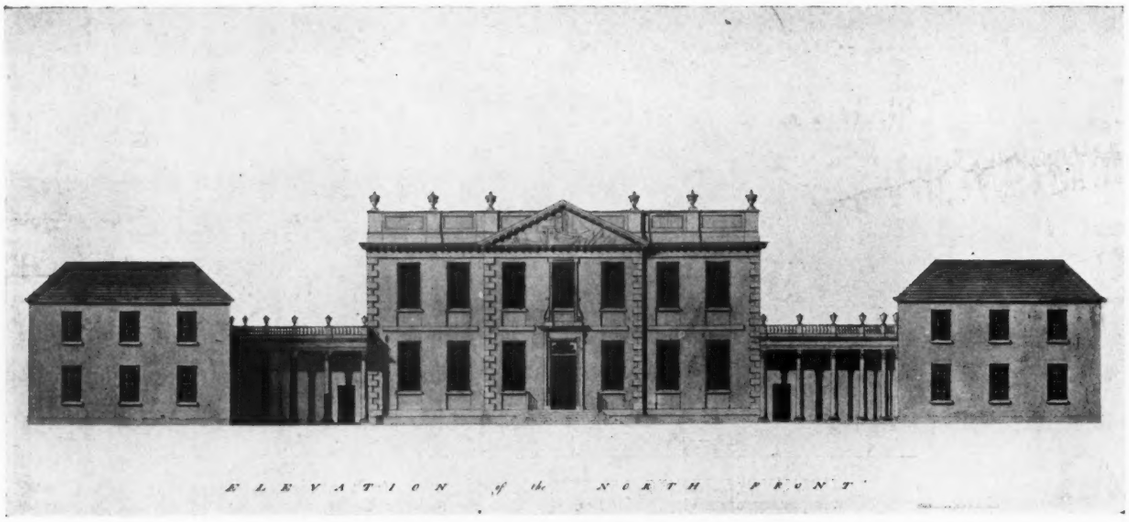
Gregories, Buckinghamshire.

The House of J. L. Garvin, Esq.

By Viola Gerard Garvin.

THIRTY years ago Mr. J. L. Garvin, the present owner of Gregories, was staying at Hall Barn. Events of some consequence were being discussed that week-end. And he took himself off alone, with his walking-stick, to think. In those days there was no railway nearer than Taplow, and no houses except an occasional farm, to disturb the leafy peace of the Buckinghamshire lanes and fields. Old Beaconsfield, that had been a busy post and market town on the road from London to Oxford, lies close to Hall Barn gates. But the bustle and clatter of the "Swan," the "Crown," the "Greyhound," the "White Hart" and the "Saracen's Head" that used to set the street in a roar, were quiet even then. And the small stir of this county village helped rather than hindered his mood as he walked. Going from Hall Barn he passed the church rectory on his left and took the Penn road north. Did he know, then, that the obelisk in the churchyard stood there for the sake of Edmund Waller, the poet? Did he remember that Burke lay buried on the south side of the nave, within? He crossed the London-Oxford road, was soon past the old houses of Aylesbury End, asleep like Rip van Winkles in the sun, and alone on the road. There are magnificent trees still on the left of that road, though many must have gone with the new building. Now he stepped out, swinging his stick and walking with a characteristic rhythmic stride, head back and shoulders squared. It is a countryman's walk, and all the years in Fleet Street have not conquered or changed it. You would think he knew where he was going, but you would be only half right. He is following some road in the mind and knows perfectly where that takes him. But his feet only carry him along the Penn road and he leaves the job to them. You will make another mistake if you suppose that because he does not look about him, he does not see. His eye registers the exactest fall of light on leaf or water. His ear records robin note and throstle note. His whole being answers as truly as Wordsworth's to the least changes of atmosphere. None of this is conscious. But memory guards it all, subtly and faithfully. There were fields on either side of the road. By and by he came upon a little pond, and a white gate over against it. Something made him pause here and look with the full eye of mind and body together. He cannot quite say what. Except that the little, solitary farm lying beyond the gate looked so infinitely small and far away among its great barns and outbuildings, and the acres of its fields in that level winter light so lonely and so bare of men. He did not know then—nor, indeed, until the other day—that the Scotch fir trees by that gate and looking over to Candlemas Pond, were planted by Edmund Burke after the triumphant issue of his action against Mr. Waller of Hall Barn, who attempted to assert manorial rights over the ponds of Mr. Burke's estate.

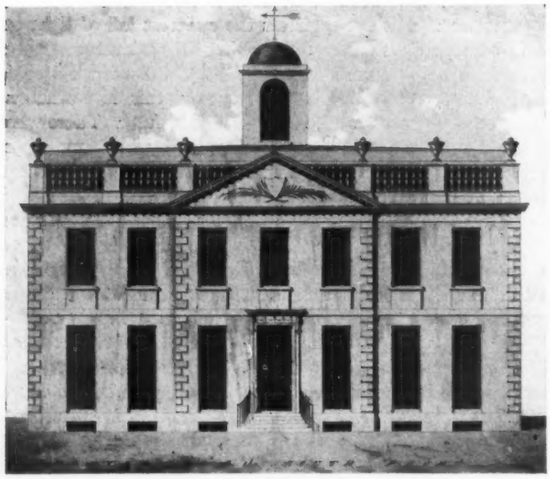
Years went by, and in 1921 Mr. Garvin had occasion to look for a small country house. He searched every county within reasonable reach of London, decided upon a house at



The *NORTH FRONT* of Burke's House, from a contemporary drawing in the possession of Lord Burnham of Hall Barn.

Guildford, but, at the last minute, there was some hitch in the arrangements and the transaction fell through. Suddenly he bethought him of Buckinghamshire, and consulting the "A.B.C." he found that Beaconsfield and Windsor had an admirable train service and were served by two stations in London. He motored down next day, through Old Beaconsfield and Aylesbury End, along the Penn road, now fringed with houses, though still green enough with garden and tree, and about a mile on found the mushroom town of New Beaconsfield sprung up round the station. He went to Frosts, the agents, and asked whether any houses were to let in the neighbourhood. Something small, but not modern, he said. For the mock Tudor residences he had just driven by were not at all suited to his taste or way of life.

Mr. Frost turned the pages of the big book. "Laurel Banks?" No. The name was enough. The pages were turned again. At last they found something. "What about Gregories?" said Mr. Frost. Mr. Garvin was thunderstruck. "But it was burnt down in 1813," he exclaimed. There flashed through his head a phrase of Lord Charlemont's in a letter to Burke, dated May 19, 1769: "You are now, I suppose, settled in your delightful summer's retreat, where you are enjoying the relaxation which you have earned and purchased, perhaps not too dearly by your constant and disagreeable application during last winter. *The noxious steams of St. Stephens are changed for the pure air of Gregories.*" He fell into a brown study, with the odd feeling that time was telescoped, so that the great scandal of Burke's purchasing a country seat without apparent means seemed to have happened yesterday, not in 1768. Mr. Frost broke in on his dream. "Oh, no, sir. That was the big house. This is Mr. Burke's farm." The dream was true. This was that very "Gregories," or at least part of it, where Burke "made a push, with all I could collect of my own, and the aid of my friends, to cast a little root." It was to let. "Bring the card, bring the card," said Mr. Garvin; "let us see it immediately." So they went to view, and through a bluish-green paling, and the trees that grew against it, he saw the little farmhouse he had seen twenty-one years before. They opened the gate and walked down the drive. It was June and the grasses must have been knee deep on either side. They came between two ponds, the larger on the left reflecting ancient boughs of elm and oak, the other tiny one dreaming in the secret shadow of willow, birch and thorn. They passed two amusing clumps of trees and the great black barn and turning round a slight bend came suddenly upon the granary. It was little. It stood on nine stone legs under the lee of the barn. From its tiled head to its nine heels it was a little cataract of white roses. It took Mr. Garvin, heart, soul, and for ever. Before he even looked inside the low gabled house he said, "This is for me and I for it." But he did look inside the house, up, down and roundabout. And he found it odd and bewitching to a degree, if very small. There was an old staircase that led up from the kitchen to a bedroom above.



The *SOUTH FRONT* of Burke's House, from a contemporary drawing in the possession of Lord Burnham of Hall Barn.

BURKE'S COACH-HOUSE, NOW THE LIBRARY AT GREGORIES, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, AS SEEN FROM PIEBALDS.

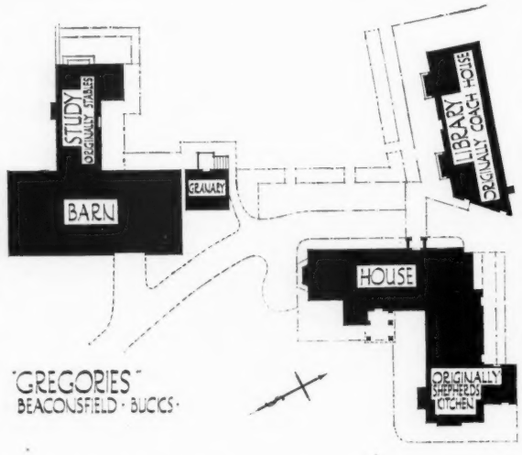
The library is built of the original old red bricks. The door, chimneys, and windows have been added, but otherwise the shape of the building remains exactly as it was.

GREGORIES FARM from the south-west. The pond in the foreground is still known as Waller's Pool and the old bridle path to Sealey's Farm ran between it and the barn. The old barns were burnt down within the memory of Beaconsfield people, but the new ones erected on the site follow the traditional shape. The French window in the wing of the house nearest the barn was added in 1872.

FROM THE SOUTH. The large window on the right of the house belongs to "The Shepherd's Kitchen," now Mr. Garvin's study. The gabled porch was added by him.

There was a Cromwellian cupboard in the parlour. There were crooked passages and ancient beams. And outside he was ravished to discover Burke's coach-house and the stables where the four black horses lived who drove him up to town for Parliament, and ploughed his land when the House was not sitting.

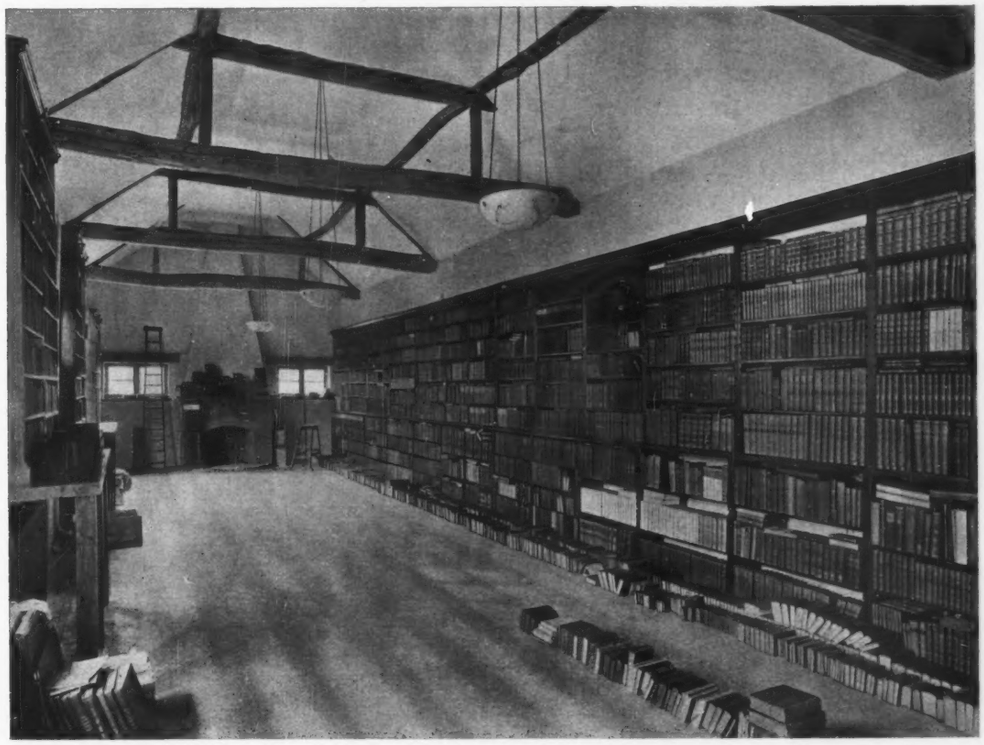
That is the story of how "Gregories" was discovered. Mr. Garvin determined to buy it and he did. He could do no less. For it lay there, a green island in the desert of modern houses round it; sheltered from their view by its trees; rich with history and quiet with the passage of years. It might have been waiting for him those twenty-one years. Twenty-one years or more; for the house and land go back a long way, and the outline of their history is perhaps worth recording.



The house itself is said to have been built somewhere between 1510 and 1520. But the history of the land is older. "Gregories," with "Whiltones," now Wilton Park, "Hide," and "Hawle or Halbarne," originally made up the Manor of Beaconsfield. All four of these, balancing evenly about the cross-shaped village of Beaconsfield, were manors in their own right, "Hawle or Halbarne" being the paramount manor and the other three subordinate. The Manor of Beaconsfield itself was part of the lands of Burnham Abbey whose foundation goes back to 1042. The history of all four estates is closely interlocked, for it was obviously in the interest of any squire who held one, to hold the others if possible. The same names crop up now in the deeds of one estate, now of another. It is for all the world like a game of manorial

THE DINING ROOM. The brick fireplace was added by Mr. Garvin.

musical chairs. The land of " Gregories " itself seems to have been called after the family who first held it. A Christina Gregory is mentioned in a deed of the thirteenth century, and Gregorys are insistent throughout the fourteenth century. The last is mentioned in 1391, when the manor was probably acquired by Sir Hugh Berwick who had bought Halbarne in 1358, two parts of that also being owned by a Richard Gregory at the date of purchase. So it goes on. In 1477, Sir John Butler had it. In 1556, Lord Williams of Thame, who had acquired Halbarne in 1545, and the whole of Mr. Burke was led to dispute manorial rights with them. And Burke probably bought " Gregories " itself from the Waller of the time. That was in 1768. In the 140 years since the time of the poet, Edmund Waller, many things had happened : Civil War, the execution of Charles I, the Restoration, the flight of James II, William and Mary's accession, and the reigns of the two first Hanoverians. Waller's house at Hall Barn had been enlarged to suit the changing taste of the time, and at some period towards the end of the seventeenth century a fine new mansion had been built on the



THE LIBRARY. The floor of the hay loft above the coach-house has been removed to expose the beams.

Beaconsfield Manor the year after, leased " Gregories " to one George Handford. And from now on in the records, " Gregories " has the alternative name of " Butler's Court," which Burke used for his big house. In 1580, Handford died ; and, by way of Richard Tredway, " Gregories " and " Halbarne " came together into the hands of Ralph Smith and his wife Agnes. The next record is interesting. The date is 1624. " Sold to the said Anne Waller, the Manor of Beaconsfield alias Bekonsfield, and all those Manors called Hall, otherwise Halbarne, Gregories, Hide and Whiltones, and the capital messuages, the Market House and Butcher's Shambles." Anne Waller was the mother of Edmund Waller, the poet. And for some years at least they must have lived in its Gregories Manor House. Later, they built a house on the Hall Barn estate, and evidently made over " Gregories " to cousins—there were numbers of Wallers in the neighbourhood and had been since 1400. Wallers were still in possession at Hall Barn, as late as 1780 or so, when " Gregories " land. The gabled manor house began to seem old-fashioned, perhaps even a little rough, and rather barbarous. So it became the farmhouse. The panelled rooms—two were panelled as late as 1912, when the Royal Historical Commission drew up its survey—that had probably seen Mistress Waller's merry arguments with Oliver Cromwell and John Hampden, her kinsmen—she was a confirmed Royalist—adapted themselves to talk of wheat, grass and cattle instead of politics or poetry. And Mr. Burke lived up at the big house and died there in 1797. But the farm was always his favourite. The gate to it, through which he must often have gone to inspect his crops or the " two middle-sized bacon hogs," who would fatten on barley-meal but not on carrots, with Reynolds or Crabbe or Garrick or any of his cronies from London, was the very gate which stopped Mr. Garvin on his memorable walk in 1900. There is a charming picture of the great statesman in a forgotten, garrulous " Life of Edmund Burke."

" Mr. Jesse called (this was in 1845) at a farmhouse near ' Gregories,' where the farmer's mother described in vivid terms the tall figure of Mr. Burke, his well-bred manners and his interesting appearance. She spoke of his extreme grief for the loss of his son, his avoiding the town of Beaconsfield after his death, and coming by a back way to ' Gregories ' . . . . that great man in his happier days frequently coming to the cottage, sometimes eating potatoes roasted in the embers of a wood-fire, and once trying the merits of a rook or jackdaw pie, or rather, a mixture of both."

This was Mrs. Rolfe, the wife of Burke's old bailiff. The anecdote has much more to say of his charm for the people of his estate, and his kindly temper.

After Burke's time, the history of " Gregories " is uneventful. When the big house was burned down, it had already been sold by Burke's widow to Mr. James du Pré of Wilton Park. The farm pursued its quiet life until twenty-five years ago, when the new railway cut its lands in half and destroyed its status. It saw at least two great fires. In 1872, a cottage was pulled down to make room for a croquet lawn, and the sitting-room facing south-west was thrown out and accommodated with French windows to suit Victorian taste. "Granny Weston's lane," though it keeps the old red brick orchard wall, is diverted into Station Road. The aged Rowan tree on the lawn died a few years since, and had to be cut down. The mighty ash by the gate fell in the great storm of 1928. Only the great oak tree stands beside the barn at the edge of the old cart-track that used to lead from the gate opposite Candlemas pond, and across the " Gregories " fields over to Sealey's farm. That oak tree is older than anything in the house. It has seen all the changes and keeps its counsel. As long as it stands in the garden, yesterday and today are the same in " Gregories."

It remains only to say a little of the changes Mr. Garvin has made, though pictures and plans show them more clearly than words. The first changes were incidental: the removal of pink marble mantelpieces that were desecrating the dining-room and the drawing-room, and the replacing of them by wide open brick hearths. There had been beautiful old fireplaces in these rooms previously, but they seem to have been removed with all the panelling at some date during the war. The second alteration was structural, and was carried out under the direction of Mr. Paul Phipps. The house is L-shaped and the kitchen wing towards its south-east end had seemed to continue into a tall, square, cell-like place called the " Shepherd's Kitchen," There was no entry from the house, but a small door led into it from the orchard on the north-east. By its beams and its huge fireplace, it was obviously one of the oldest parts of the building. But at the time it was quite uninhabitable. There was one dim window near the roof, and the floor and walls were the roughest of rough brick. On the suggestion of so great an expert as Mr. Henry Avray Tipping, a corridor was cut through the kitchen to connect it with the house. The beams were cleared of rubbish and left in their bare strength—the fireplace tidied and the chimney on the outside built out like the old Tudor one on the north-east outer wall. A great window was thrown out on the garden side. And the resulting room—the most attractive in the house—became Mr. Garvin's workshop. It has a wood-block floor, and the books against its whitewashed walls are its only ornament.

Since then, more book rooms have been needed. Burke's coach-house has been converted into the long library. Again, the old beams are its pride, and the tall windows face south-west toward the sun. Opposite to that across a stretch of grass and at right angles to the barn were the stables. And these have been converted into a sort of record room with timbered gables and an engaging air of having been there since the beginning in just that shape.

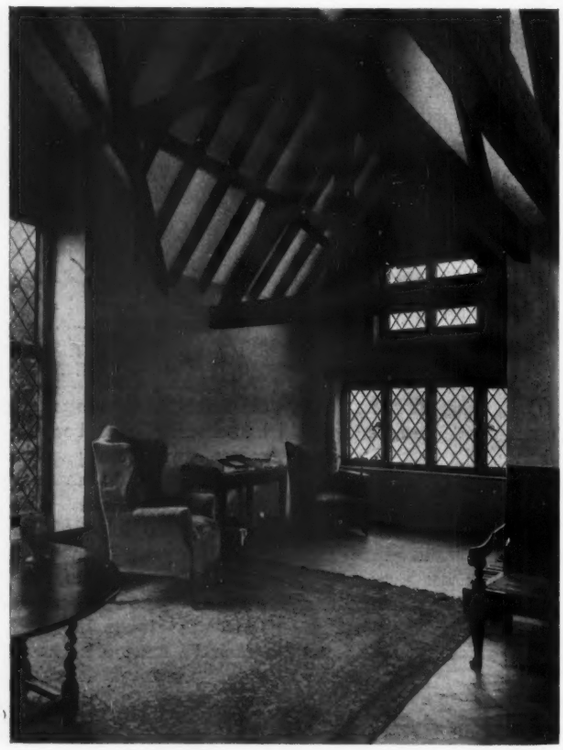
This nook, coveted by all members of the family and all friends, was designed by Mr. Garvin himself. It is called " Piebalds," and is, at some future date, to have its iron sign swinging outside, like the inns of the old town.

Much remains to be done to garden and house. But the changes will be odd and harmonious. The outbuildings that sheltered horse and coach and corn are as pleased to shelter books and the old evidences of country wisdom in their pages. Nothing in Mr. Garvin's time will be done to "Gregories" to destroy its inheritance. It is a house to love and a house to revere. For there young Waller may have written:

> Go, lovely Rose,
> Tell her that wastes her time and me
> That now she knows
> When I resemble her to thee
> How sweet and fair she seems to be.

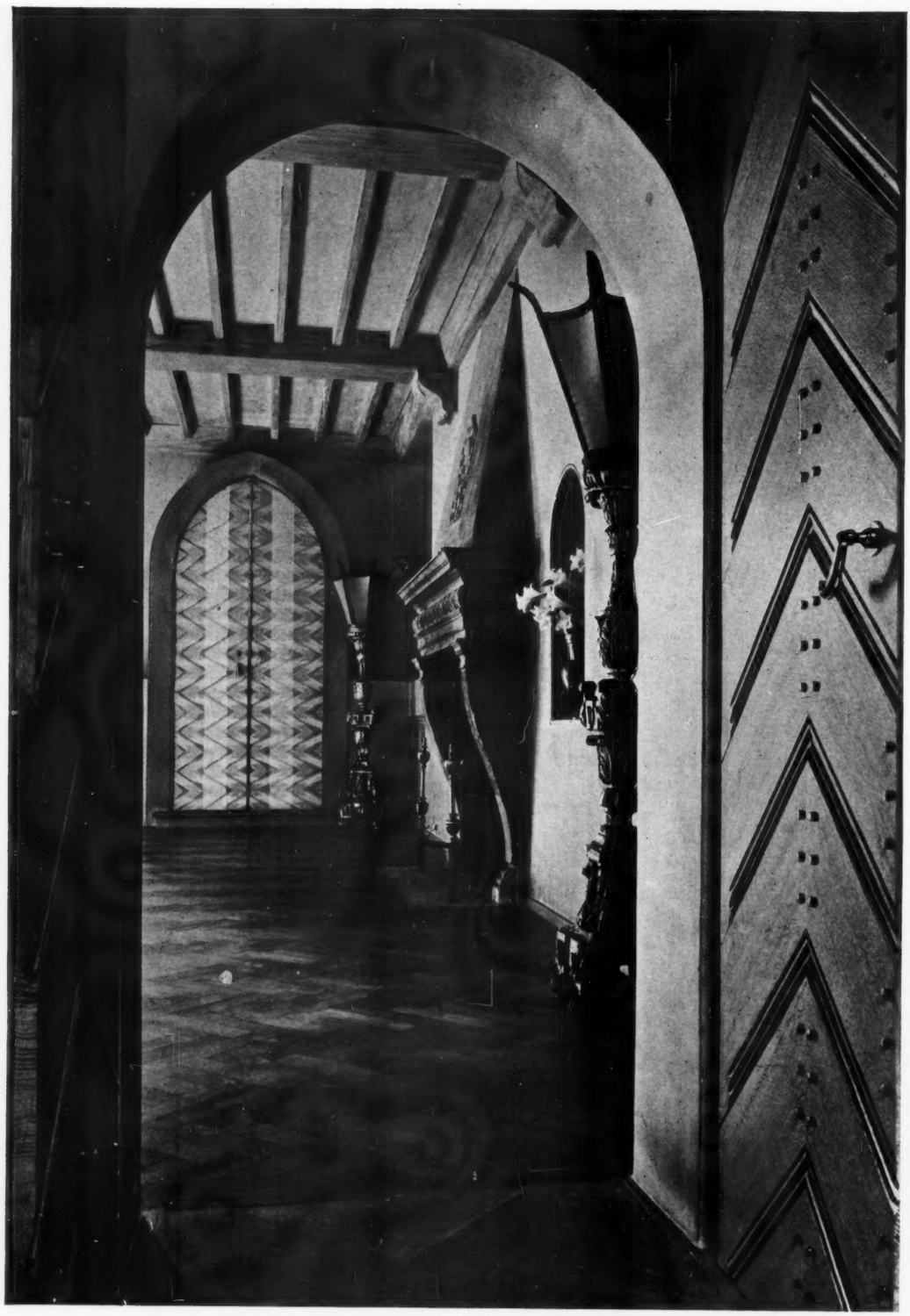
And the brooding tree by the barn which had known the storms of centuries and the fall of many trees, knew what Burke meant when he wrote in the hour of his extremity :—

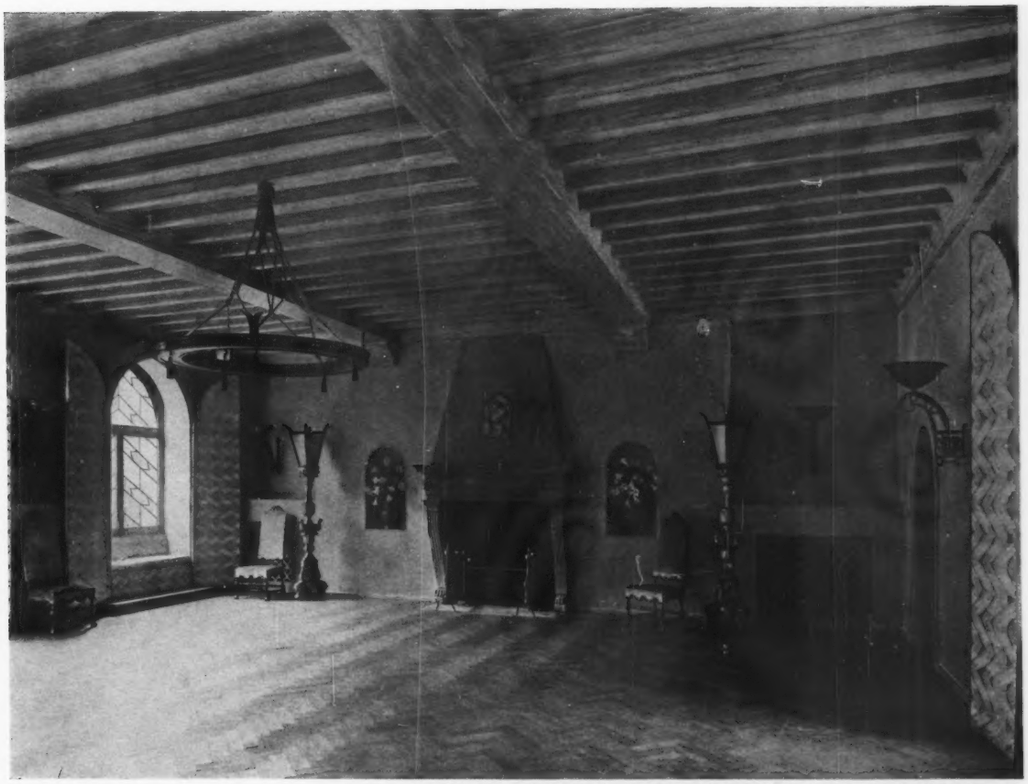
> The storm has gone over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me; I am stripped of all my honours; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I must unfeignedly recognize the Divine justice, and in some degree submit to it.



PIEBALDS. Mr. Garvin had the old stables altered according to his own design to make a second library.

The Garden Room on the ground floor of No. 70 Grosvenor Street, London, the residence of the Right Honourable the Lord Forres, P.C., occupies the centre axis through the house and has large glazed doors which open on the garden courts on either side. The room, illustrated above, is carried out in the soft colours of Travertine and Swedish green marbles. Lighting is obtained by means of reflectors in the saucer dome of the ceiling and by concealed lights in the tops of the nickes on either side of the fireplace. Oliver Hill, Architect.

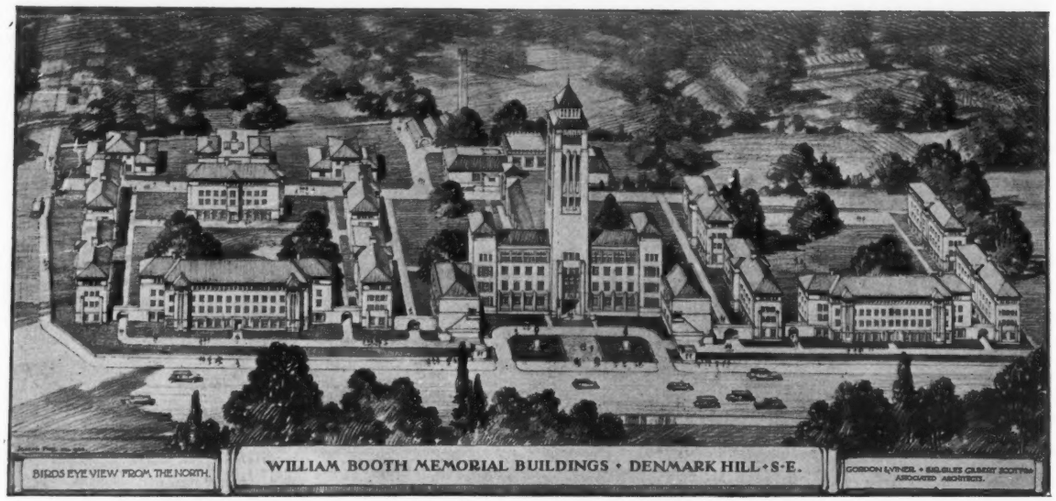




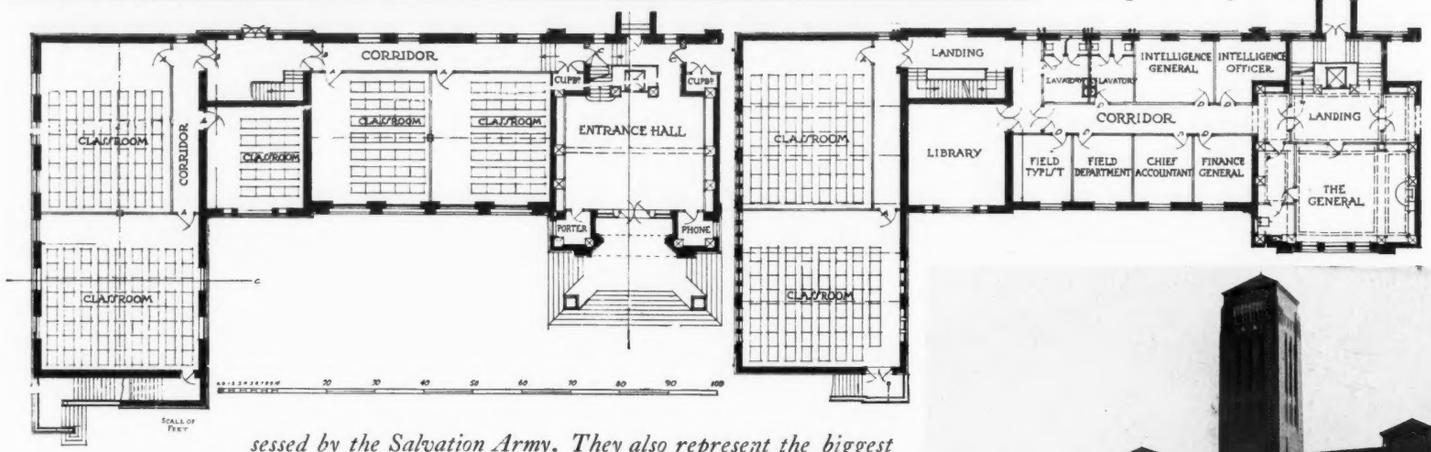
The Music Room at Lord Forres' house is a large apartment built over the garage at the back of the house, and is approached through passage ways passing round both sides of the Garden Court. The walls of the Music Room are formed of a composition of shell-pink marble dust. The ceiling soffits are glazed a cloudy blue-green colour, and the oak woodwork is silver-grey. The lighting for the room is obtained from reflectors in large copper bowls fitted on wrought-iron brackets round the walls. The illustration on page 176 *is of the entrance to the Music Room, and on this page the illustrations are, above, a view of the Music Room; and, below, the fireplace which is of Verona marble. Oliver Hill, Architect.*

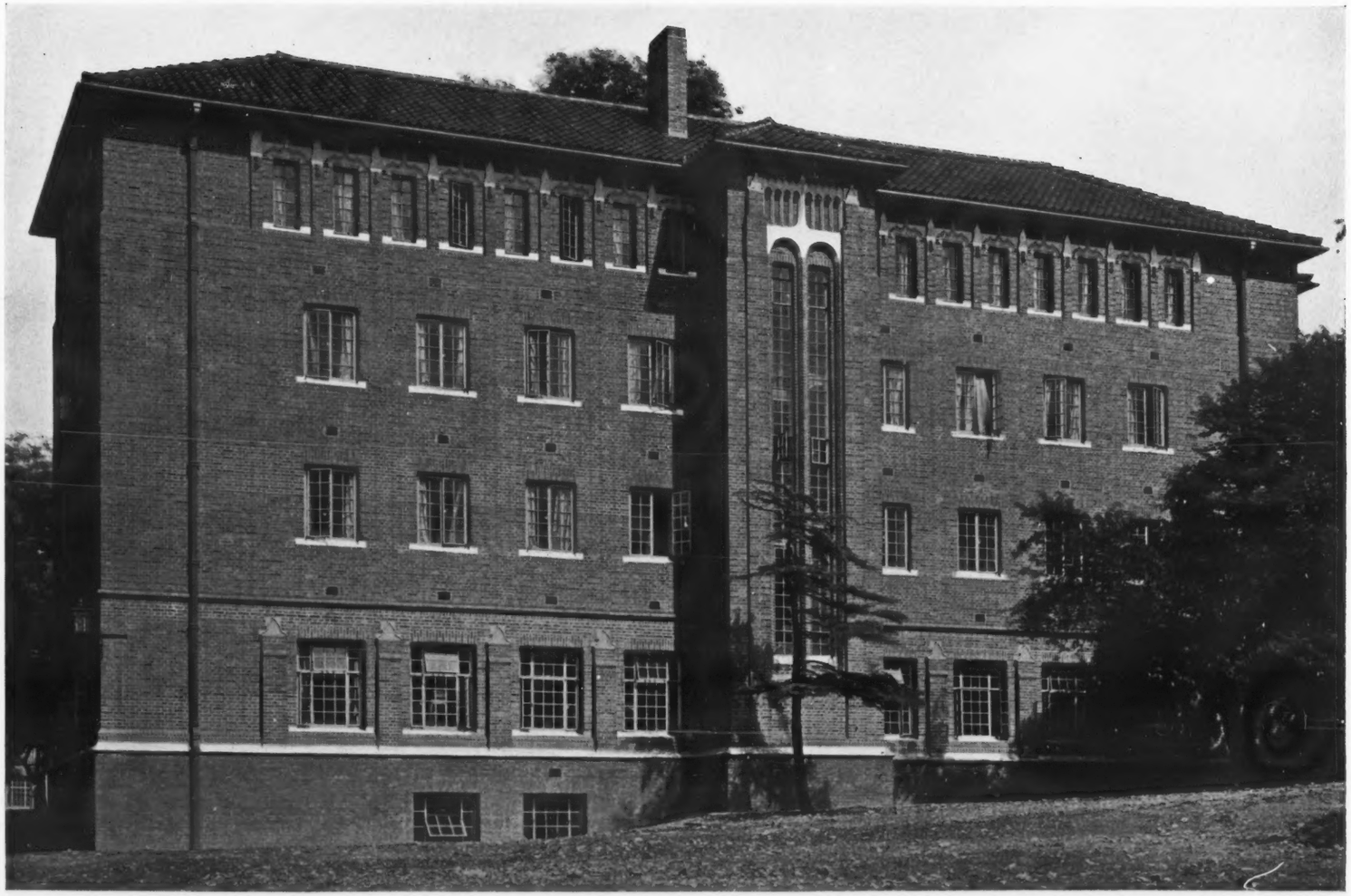
Above. The dining-room on the ground floor of No. 70 Grosvenor Street, London, looking through the Garden Room to the Court. The walls are lined with tapestry and pine wood. The ceiling is silver. Lighting is obtained from flood lights on the tapestries. Below. The drawing-room. The walls are panelled in pine, bleached silver-grey. Oliver Hill, Architect.

The tower of the William Booth Memorial, Denmark Hill, London, from the north-west. The tower is 200 feet in height and 35 feet square. Gordon and Viner, and Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, associated architects.

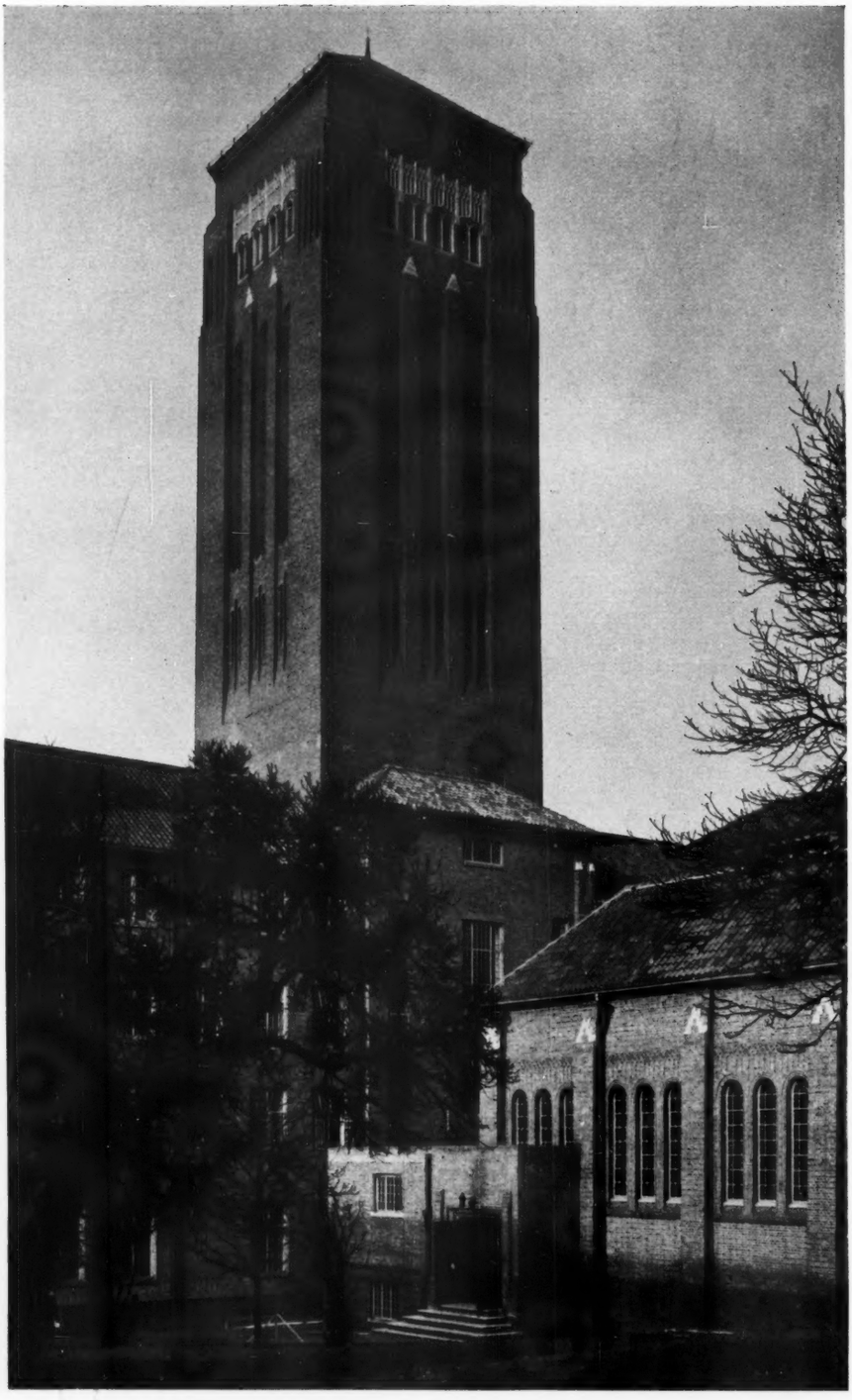


The William Booth Memorial at Denmark Hill, London, was built as a training college for cadets of the Salvation Army, and as a memorial to the founder, General William Booth. The buildings have a frontage of 800 feet to Champion Park, and a depth of 400 feet, and provide probably the largest training centre possessed by the Salvation Army. They also represent the biggest block of buildings in London constructed in brick for some considerable time. The illustrations on this page are of a bird's-eye view, half ground-floor and first-floor plans, and the front of the Administration block facing Champion Park. Gordon and Viner, and Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, associated architects.





The rear façade of one of the single hostels of the William Booth Memorial, Denmark Hill, London. The tall windows in the centre light the principal staircase. There are five single hostels and one double hostel for the female cadets, built round a quadrangle on the left side of the administration building. Eventually similar hostels will be provided on the right of the Administration block for the male cadets, but at the moment only two of the hostels are complete. Gordon and Viner, and Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, associated architects.



The William Booth Memorial, Denmark Hill, London, from the south-west, showing the Tower, Administration building, and the west side of the Assembly Hall. Gordon and Viner, and Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, associated architects.

The Grosvenor Estate

(or

for that matter, any other)

II. Today.

By Robert Lutyens.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Beresford Chancellor brought his historical survey of the Grosvenor Estate[1] down to 1865, as it was at the first quarter of the nineteenth century, so it remained in general external appearance (with the exception of some bursts of Victorian exuberance in the better neighbourhoods and an increasing congestion in the poor) until the commencement of a process of "rationalization" a few years ago.

THE SHOP-AND-FLAT ENVIRONMENT OF OLD BOURDON HOUSE.

While, at the beginning of the Georgian period, it may have been impossible to predict the full extent to which the Estate was likely to grow in value and importance, to us it is fairly obvious that, from an architectural point of view, it can have developed only in the way it did. The social as well as the æsthetic amenities of any eighteenth-century residential community were determined equally by a common tradition. There was a way of building in sympathy with a way of life. The arts, whether fine or applied (to preserve a somewhat invidious distinction), were a faithful expression of manners. That does not necessarily denote any degree of vitality in either art or society, although it may do both. Whatever it is like—by its kind, its quality, by its very absence, even—the testimony of art is in all circumstances complete and explicit.

The issue today is less simple. The arts have fallen away from their traditional stem and are in danger of withering.

The task of reconstructing the Grosvenor Estate does not very greatly differ from any other problem of urban expansion. However much we may say (as we are bound to say) that the proprietor, governors, trustees, administrators, architects, contractors and speculators in question are determined to make the very best job they can of it, that is not in itself a guarantee of architectural success.

Whether or not the enterprise will be blessed with efficiency depends upon our ability to arrive at some comprehensive definition of utility before it is too late.

With that touching optimism which distinguishes our popular Press, the *Daily Express*, referring to the threatened demolition of Lansdowne Passage and the occupation by offices of the east side of Berkeley Square, recently called upon Business to "find and engage another Adam." But why another? We have dozens of Adams! Together they will rebuild, not only the Grosvenor Estate, but London. Apparently shops and flats, shops and flats are the order of the day. Very well, then, granted there are people to live in the flats and buy from the shops, we will have acres of shops and flats, interspersed here and there with cinemas and sublimated pubs, and (if disarmament conferences continue to foster international bitterness) a few plots reserved for suitable memorials to the next great war. And who will design all this? As though it mattered! Let one architect submit an essay in an obsolete style, another an edifice embodying his robot-cum-Hollywood dreams of human destiny, a third a Queen Anne residence on the instalment plan, elastically extended in every direction. Each and every one will do his best. His hand may be informed with genius; but he will be working in the dark. Unless current acceptance is able to establish a mean between permission and prohibition (the habits of today being the traditions of tomorrow), his work must ultimately lack both coherence and validity.

Change and tradition should be retro-active; whereas, in one generation, change in the manner of life, change of method, the changes due to mechanicalization, have altogether exceeded æsthetic corroboration. The arts are now asked to find expression in a new idiom; and architectural design is not alone dismayed. Instructed in a school of classic orders and classic detail, of traditional construction and habitual usage, it is now faced with steel and glass and concrete, with the demands for a form which will fulfil a new function, which will take into account the high costs of living and labour, and which will interpret the modern attitude of mind with integrity and distinction.

Without tradition, what constant critical value is there which can be applied nowadays to an architectural form? Is a work of art to be adjudged, within the limitations of its medium, by its mastery or otherwise of certain definite and invariable principles? Is a work of genius anything more than the isolation and affirmation of observed phenomena? Or does it consist of the interpretation of phenomena: is it merely a matter of spontaneous individual expression—of inspiration, in fact—and, as such, without authentication, in the same way as personal spiritual experience is without corroboration? And, granted inspiration, what are the rules—if rules there be—and why? In other words, wherein lies the difference between a good building and a bad one? Without tradition, or, possibly, without starting at the beginning all over again, who shall draw a line between the true and the false in art?

[1] *Cf.* THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, March 1930.

It is too early to say to what extent the real nature of the problem is likely to be appreciated by whoever are primarily responsible for the reconstruction of the Grosvenor Estate. But what can be said of it in the interval? Nothing, surely, of the smallest value. A problem is only solved when it ceases to require a solution; and this particular problem is not isolated. Its inferences are very wide. Re-stated, it amounts to this: Is this age capable of producing a new æsthetic? While this question remains unanswered (and there are some who are determined to wring an answer from necessity), what is the use of pointing out that this or the other corner of old London will be changed in this or the other way? A mellow square, maybe, a pleasant old façade, will be left standing sentinel of the past. Districts where there is nothing to spoil will assuredly be improved, as marking the improvement of our social hygiene. Island freeholders will have their own ideas, and will interpret their responsibilities in their own way. The requirements of traffic will be fully investigated. Some buildings, even, may possess the beauty of a comely prose style in an age of journalism and novelettes. Gentlemanly good taste is certain to prevail over prolonged deliberations. As far as possible "layout" and street planning will receive consideration. Well distributed shopping centres will provide a source of attraction. Easy access to rural districts will be facilitated. Whatever is done will be done conscientiously and thoroughly and, no doubt, ingeniously enough. And what then? Why, shops and flats, to offset roundabouts and dirt-track racing in the park.

These are all social considerations. Architecturally we are as we were. For in what style should our flats be built? Should it be derivative or impressionist, Palladian, Classic, or modern French? And should it be suitable to treatment in brick, or stone, or steel? When in the eighteenth century a house was built on the Grosvenor Estate, it was built, quite naturally and suitably, in an eighteenth-century way.

Much as I had hoped to limit the scope of this brief article to a single example of architectural development, I find it impossible to avoid general observations if I am to make my meaning at all clear.

Without attempting to trace the complicated processes which led to the degradation of the arts in Europe during the nineteenth century, and the consequent disruption of a hitherto unbroken tradition, it must be acknowledged that, in the realm of architecture, we have today a great range of new materials with which to administer to completely new economic needs. These needs are being variously stated. They are called—according to temperament—the Spirit of the Age, the Age of Machinery, the Triumph of Youth, or, more prosaically, Rationalization. Artistically they amount to the same thing; and at a time when supply consistently anticipates demand—in the Age of Superlatives—there is a very great deal of exaggeration.

Most curious to observe is the way in which the romantic emphasis one was wont to associate with the private dwelling is now being transferred to the factory and the store. It is thus suggested that the ties of family life have become attenuated. The home is merely the place of incubation, wherein the individual enjoys all the amenities

Above, *THE REGAL CINEMA* at the northern frontier of the Grosvenor Estate, from the same point of view as, *below*, the entrance to London at *TYBURN TURNPIKE*, from a coloured engraving by T. H. Shepherd.

"Is it fair to make such very little corbels do such a lot of work?"
"Ah, but it is only pretence!"

THE BIRTH OF THE FUTURE IN PARK STREET.

of modern life without sentiment; the State, embodying in its Palaces of Industry the ennobling conception of Syndicalism, is exalted to a position of supreme importance. And that is all very fine, provided the suggestion is founded in experience; and to a certain extent it must be conceded that it is. But not entirely. And here we may be able to decide where much modern architecture succeeds, and where so much more of it fails.

New York is probably the parent of the modern movement, because that city had early to face the prospect of a growing population on an island site and the demands of "Big Business." Its architects, unlike ours, who are, so to say, members of the family, did not attend the obsequies of a vanished tradition, and were thus the less conscious of their obligations to the dead. Their vision was fresh, and they were able to provide in their work for certain unprecedented contingencies, with the result that a lot of it is remarkable. This applies particularly to their public buildings; for, up till then, they had not been called upon to exert themselves similarly in the domestic field. And now a curious reflex movement may be observed. The more advanced architects in Europe, profoundly influenced by the American achievement, began to embody its idealogy in their domestic work for no apparent reason. And they are handing the product back again—an orphan emigrant with an ambiguous passport. For whereas the original conception was founded in practical, economic necessity, most of the modern domestic architecture in France, Germany and Holland ignores completely the human, emotional need which it is supposed to satisfy. It is the fruit of an abstraction—the work of men enamoured of machinery; and while the beauty of a machine is one of functional perfection, men and women still continue to eat and drink and make love very much as they have done since the beginning of the world.

I am no mere detractor of "modernism," inasmuch as it is supposed to be a somewhat hysterical art movement running contrary to, or in advance of, the main course of contemporary life. If it were only that, there would be little cause for comment. The art which is false to the inspiration of its age passes unobserved. And, particularly, we do wrong to saddle the architect or the artist with more than his share of responsibility for an increasingly frivolous element in modern art. We set upon their little pedestals the psittacine pets of idle coteries, and reward their complacence with subscriptions to lending libraries, by attending private views in airless galleries, by sitting in draughty halls throughout demented symphonies with self-approving souls and aching corns. If the artist is our advocate, we have ourselves prepared the brief. We pay the piper and call the tune. A nation gets the art and the cooking it deserves. If we did not guard the arts against contamination by vulgar enjoyment there would be no merit in being a snob. In order to maintain the exclusiveness of art we have had to limit its appeal. The game is an old one; the old trick still succeeds. The quickness of the hand deceives the eye. We invent elaborate deceptions, which we know to be tricks and deceptions, but which amuse us and distract the attention from the uncomfortable sensation that the real jest is all the time on us. It is the old euphemistic method. We belittle what we want to propitiate. We must give life the lie; we must assert our deliverance from its blind, indiscriminating, warm, tender tyranny with every show of smart indifference. We must train our eyes upon the dim horizon that we may avoid the vivid, unequivocal panorama which lies stretched before us if we drop our gaze. We must train our ears to such a sensibility that we may hear above a chorus in unison the ring and tinkle of our little tunes. And so our parlour poets have small, well-modulated voices. Polite literature is concerned with cerebral convolutions, with pretty fancies and sick dreams. The painters and designers try to capture the very lineaments of Pure Thought and Pure Intelligence, Pure Beauty and Pure Form. Hostesses introduce into their "period" homes a touch of New Art by way of the cushions and the cocktail cabinet. And financiers, who are neither pure nor beautiful, are willing enough to pay for our social art the price of immunity from interference with their unsocial trade.

Which, though perhaps a digression, comes to this. The problem of reconstruction on the Grosvenor (or any other) Estate, fraught with difficulties as it may be, is yet inseparable from the wider problem of modern civic architecture generally. The success of any such enterprise—the sense of reality and serious purpose with which it is approached—will be the measure of our success in clarifying the greater issue or rendering it all the more obscure.

When in doubt, sensitive English taste may be counted upon to find refuge in the picturesque.

MEWS CONVERSION ON THE NORTH SIDE OF MOUNT ROW.

Aeroplanes from the Roosevelt Field, Long Island, dropping flowers on Colonel *ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHPLACE* at No. 28 East 20th Street, New York City.

A History

of

The English House

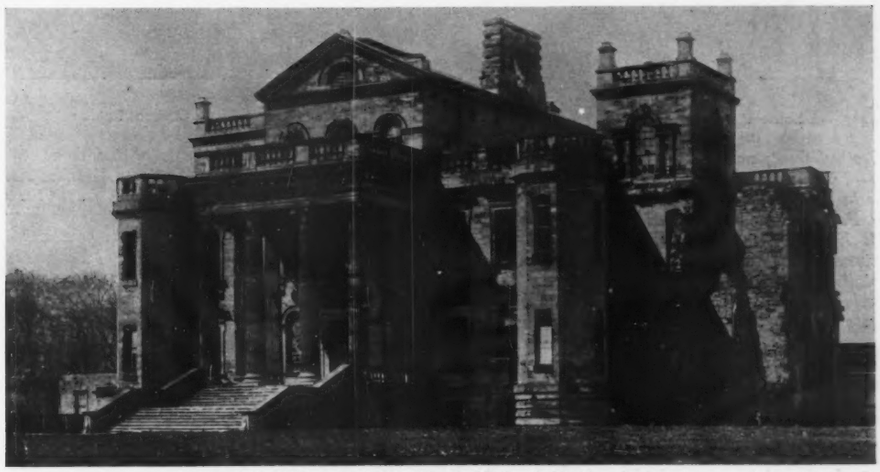
By Nathaniel Lloyd.

XX.[1]—The Eighteenth Century

Palladian and Georgian *(Continued)*.

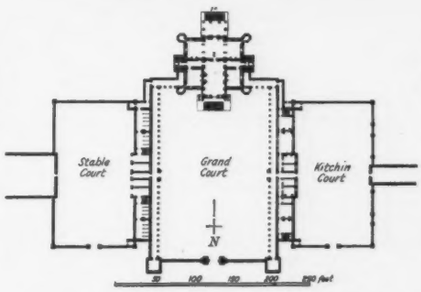
KINGS:

GEORGE I .. .. 1714–1727 GEORGE II 1727–1760



c. 1721. FIG. 435.—The south front of Seaton Delaval, Northumberland. Sir John Vanbrugh, *Architect.* *King :* George I.

FIG. 435.—*Only the main block of the buildings remains. Its design, the grouping of masses and the lighter treatment of detail, show the development of the architect's powers and a greater restraint in exercising them.* FIG. 436.



—Although a small establishment by comparison with Blenheim Palace, the same method has been pursued in arranging the stables and offices in wings on each side of a court, at the end of which is the main building, with that opposite it, left unenclosed.

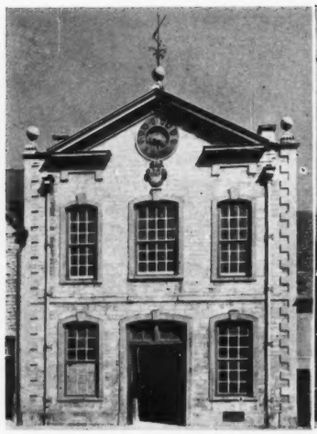
FIG. 436.—The ground plan of Seaton Delaval.

AMONGST dilettanti architects, Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington and Cork (1695–1753) was conspicuous. As a patron of the art, he had no equal either in attainments, devotion or munificence. His real claims to be the author of designs are obscured by the fulsome flatteries of his admirers and dependents, so that it is impossible to say how far works attributed to him were really his own. It is certain that he employed Campbell, Leoni, and Kent. Leoni, he brought to England; Kent, he befriended and even lodged in his own house. An instance of conflicting testimony is the statement by Walpole that the design of Burlington House was by Lord Burlington, whereas Colen Campbell claims the authorship for himself. It seems certain that Lord Burlington was the great arbiter of architectural taste, that he had some knowledge of draughtsmanship and that he concerned himself chiefly with the appearance of the exterior of a building, to which he sacrificed internal convenience. An instance of this is recorded of the house he designed for General Wade (Fig. 444) to whose complaint he retorted in the callous fashion recorded. Burlington House, c. 1718, was praised by Gay in the words, " Beauty within; without, proportion reigns "; but Lord Hervey, more wittily, if spitefully, described it as :—

> Possessed of one great hall of state
> Without a room to sleep or eat.

[1] The previous articles were published in the issues of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW for January—July, October—November 1928; January—May, October—December 1929; and January—March 1930.

Photo by courtesy of H. W. Fincham, Esq.



1721. *King:* George I.
FIG. 437.—A house at Witney, Oxon.

1723. *King:* George I.
FIG. 438.—Argyll House, King's Road, Chelsea, London.

FIG. 437.—*A street front, severely plain but possessing distinction.* FIG. 438.—*This house should be compared with Moor Park,* FIG. 433, *to see how differently the architect designed—Moor Park in the full Palladian manner; Argyll House in the more homely style of the new vernacular, but with individual touches in the details of doorway and windows, which show development upon classic lines from such houses as No.* 69 *The Close, Salisbury,* FIG. 431, *and the Red House, Sawbridgeworth,* FIG. 432. FIG. 439.—*A simple, practical plan devoid of pretentious state-rooms and contrasting with that of Moor Park,* FIG. 434, *by the same architect.* FIG. 440.—*A copy of the Villa Almerico at Vicenza by Palladio, the principal variation from which is the carrying up of chimney flues in the thickness of the dome to discharge under the copper callot. Whereas the Villa Almerico stood on a hill, commanding views from the porticoes, there is but one distant prospect at Mereworth. This building (notwithstanding its unsuitability to the English climate and requirements) appears to have attracted the Palladians, for three other copies were built: one at Chiswick by the Earl of Burlington; one called Nuthall Temple, in Nottinghamshire, by Wright; and another at Foots Cray, in Kent. None, however, so closely followed Palladio's design as Mereworth, of which Campbell was inordinately proud. The entrance front is flanked by two buildings, of which one, which supplements the scanty bedroom accommodation, is shown; the other belonged to the stables.*

Reproduced by courtesy of the London Survey Committee.

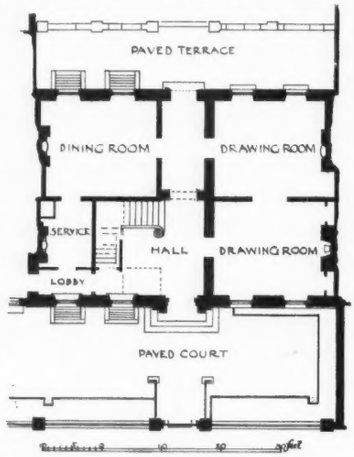
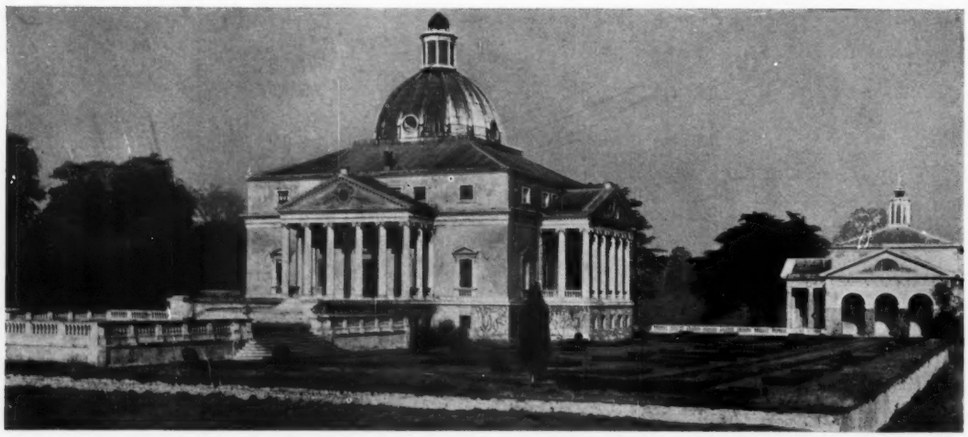


FIG. 439.—Ground-floor plan of Argyll House, Giacomo Leoni, *Architect.*

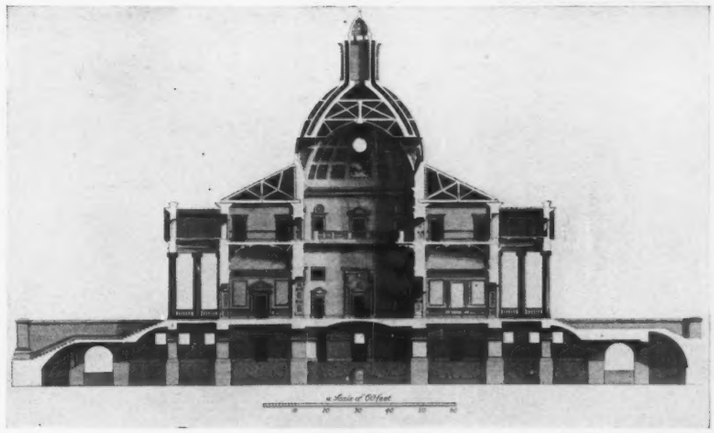
It has been pointed out that Burlington's designs (or those claimed for him), lack originality; indeed, that they are mostly adaptations or copies of Italian buildings, as was Mereworth Castle (Figs. 440–3) by Colen Campbell. Another adaptation of the same original at Chiswick, which was attributed to Burlington, is, in fact, less successful. Students differ as to Lord Burlington's qualifications to be regarded seriously as an architect. One authority[1] maintains that he was merely a man of taste and travel who influenced and made suggestions to those who were

[1] *A History of Renaissance Architecture in England,* R. E. Blomfield, II, p. 222 *et seq.*



1723-5. FIG. 440.—The south and east elevations of Mereworth Castle, Kent. Colen Campbell, *Architect.* *King:* George I.

Reproduced from Vitruvius Britannicus.



1723–5. FIG. 441. Section of Mereworth Castle, Kent. Colen Campbell, *Architect.* *King:* George I.

FIG. 441.—*The section shows the construction of the dome. Campbell writes, "The Dome consists of thin shells: The first is carpentry with Stucco, which forms the ceiling of the Salon. The outward is also carpentry, covered with Lead. . . . Between these two Shells, there is a strong Brick Arch, that brings 24 Funnels to the Lanthorn, which is finish'd with a Copper Callot, without any injury to the Smoke, which was not the least difficult Part of the Design."*

FIG. 442.—*The plan of the principal storey shows a square house with a large hexastile portico with triangular pediment to each elevation. The apartments surround a circular hall, which is 35 ft. in diameter and 60 ft. in height. The south front is given up to the gallery. The north front has a narrow entrance hall with a room on each side. The east and west fronts have each a state bedroom and an anteroom; other bedrooms are in the attic. The kitchen and offices are in the basement.* FIG. 443.—*Access to the first or attic floor is by two circular staircases up to the gallery in the central hall. Although only fifteen beds are indicated, there is provision for two more. Each wide bedroom in a portico pediment is lighted only by one small circular window.* FIG. 444.—*Of this house Colen Campbell wrote: "This beautiful Design is the Invention of the Right Honourable the Earl of Burlington, who is not only a great Patron of the Arts, but the first Architect." General Wade complained that the house was inconvenient and uncomfortable, whereupon Lord Burlington advised him to occupy a house on the other side of the street, where he might enjoy the prospect of his own house in the comfort which he desired.* FIG. 445.—*The country squire followed the prevailing fashion and the historian records that "Edward Bathurst rebuilt this seat in stately manner." The front is reached through trees from the right, and the approach, being close to the building, produces an exaggerated impression of size. It is, however, a country designer's production, and the clumsiness of its proportions mars its good qualities. There were once four central chimneys—symmetrically disposed; one of them, made of wood and painted to simulate brick, collapsed about fifty years ago. The building is a faithful provincial reflection of fashionable architects' work as seen by the eyes of a Kentish squire and builder.*

Reproduced from *Vitruvius Britannicus.*

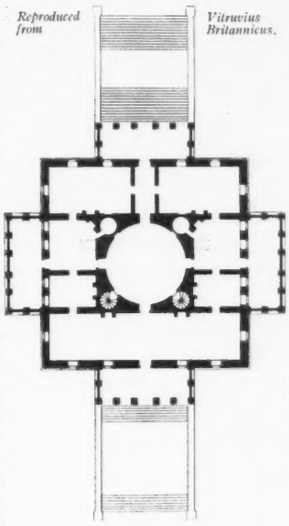


FIG. 442. Plan of the principal floor at Mereworth Castle, Kent.

Reproduced from Vitruvius Britannicus.

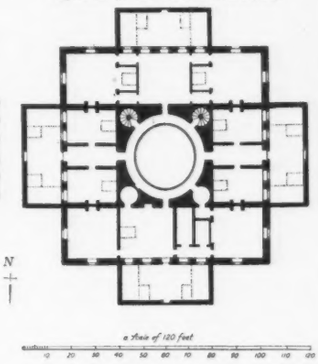


FIG. 443. Plan of the attic floor at Mereworth Castle, Kent. Colen Campbell, *Architect.*

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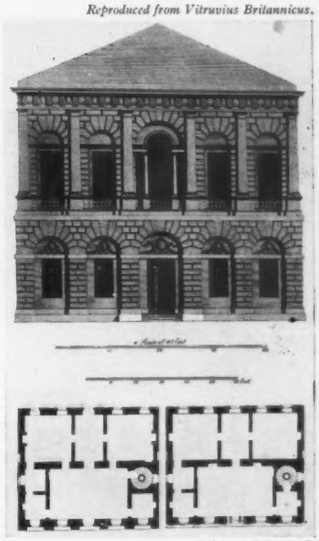


1724. *King:* George I. FIG. 444.—General Wade's House, Great Burlington Street, London.

c. 1725. FIG. 445. Finchcocks, Goudhurst, Kent. *King:* George I.

c. 1726. *King :* George I. 1728.
FIG. 446.—Sudbrooke Park, Richmond, Surrey.
James Gibbs, *Architect.*

King : George II.
FIG. 447.—Pear Tree House, Jordangate, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

the actual designers, and supports this view by weighty observations upon the complexity of the knowledge necessary to a competent architect and the slight acquaintance with design which will enable an amateur to make a great show of knowledge. Others (arguing from the distinction which Lord Burlington achieved in the opinions of his contemporaries, and noting that, in an age when criticism was unsparing, no cynic is recorded as doubting his abilities or his claims to authorship), regard his claims more seriously, and it is possible that records may yet come to light which will support this view. Meantime, it is significant that no records are known to exist which show that he had any practical knowledge of the problems of building or of the trades concerned—as had Pratt, Wren, and Vanbrugh. What has been said above regarding Lord

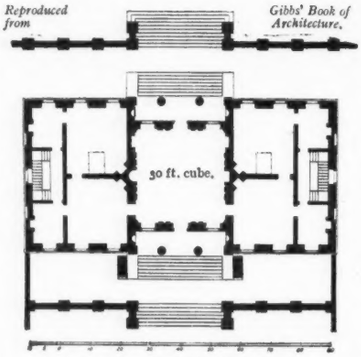
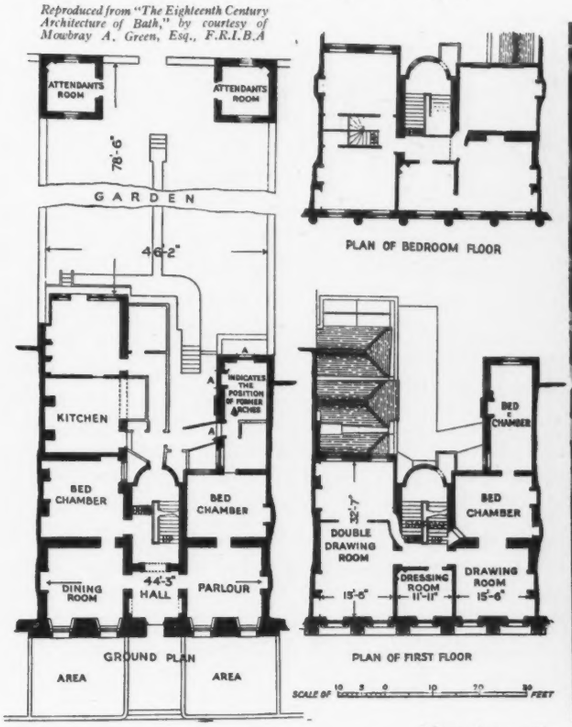


FIG. 448.—Ground-floor plan of Sudbrooke Park.

FIG. 446.—*The author says of this house : " Here is a cube room of 30 ft., handsomely adorned and lighted by two porticoes. It has two apartments off it and over them Lodging Rooms. There are vaults and other offices underground." Although the house has undergone minor alterations (the vases have disappeared from the dies of the parapet and the steps have been modified), the illustration shows the house much as it was built by Gibbs.* FIG. 447.—*A provincial builder's essay in domestic Palladian architecture. The parapet is missing, and the roof appears to be a later alteration. The window architraves are heavy and the doorway poorly proportioned. The treatment of the shutters is ingenious, but the piers which stop the iron railings are meagre. This house will not bear comparison with that at King's Lynn,* FIG. 429. FIG. 448.—*The plan shows that everything was sacrificed to the Cube Room ; indeed, two staircases were necessary to reach the first-floor rooms separated by the upper part of this room.* FIG. 449.—*An early instance in England of the grouping of dwelling-houses to form one composition. Wood was also a pioneer of systematic town planning ; this is an early essay by him in which the elevations are scarcely surpassed in subsequent terrace architecture.*

c. 1729. *King :* George II.
FIG. 449.—The north side of Queen Square, Bath.
John Wood the Elder, *Architect.*

Reproduced from "The Eighteenth Century Architecture of Bath," by courtesy of Mowbray A. Green, Esq., F.R.I.B.A



c. 1729. *King:* George II.

FIG. 450.—Plans of No. 24 Queen Square, Bath. John Wood the Elder, *Architect.*

c. 1730. *King:* George II.

FIG. 451. Lamb House, Rye, Sussex.

Burlington covers, in substance, the claims of other amateurs, (Lord Pembroke, Dean Aldrich, etc.), of whom he was the most distinguished exemplar.

The difference between Wren and the Palladian school, which regarded Palladio as its master and Inigo Jones as his prophet, was the difference between a fertile, original mind, fully informed, and minds devoid of creative powers, often ignorant, which were content to adapt and copy. Wren absorbed everything and produced new creations. The Palladians designed so slavishly to rules and drew so freely upon the works of Palladio and other Italian architects, as to stifle any germs of originality they might have possessed. Imitation and copying are forms of an insidious disease, which atrophies the faculties and which have had as devastating effects upon our architecture as they have produced upon any art or vocation.

FIG. 450.—*As an early terrace house special interest attaches to these plans. The centrally placed entrance gives into a small square lobby, beyond which an arch leads to the staircase hall. The parlour and dining-room are only 15½ ft. square, and behind each of these rooms there is a badly lighted bed-chamber. The staircase has a centrally placed window in its apsidal half-landing. Above the dining-room, and extending over the bed-chamber behind it, is a double drawing-room occupying the whole depth of the house on this floor, which consequently is lighted back and front. A smaller drawing-room (having only two windows) is over the parlour. The second floor has five rooms, and stairs up to the garrets. The garden in the rear of the house extends to Queen's Parade Place, and in each back angle has an outbuilding called an "attendants' room." In the light of greater knowledge, we can see how this plan betrays the inexperienced designer of terrace houses.* FIG. 451.—*This illustration of a country town house has details of good workmanship. The date of the bay window on the left is c. 1755; what appears to be brickwork between its plinth and the window-cill is actually brick tiling. The walling is in Flemish bond with grey headers. The entablatures over the gauged window arches are of moulded brick. The window-frames are almost flush with the wall face, those of the first floor being set slightly farther back than those of the ground floor; the thin glazing bars are of later date. The doorway has a flat hood and carved brackets; there are ten raised panels in the door, and the dormer windows are half-hidden behind the parapet.* FIG. 452.—*The south front was described by its architect as "The best tetrastyle frontispiece in square pillars that hath yet been executed in or about Bath. The windows of the principal story are dressed so as to become complete tabernacles, while those of the half-story are adorned with single architraves; and the mouldings in the whole front, proper to be carved, ar. all enriched in the best manner th workmen were then masters of." Quoted by Mowbray A. Green in* The Eighteenth Century Architecture of Bath; Bath; 1904, p. 74.

1734. *King:* George II.

FIG. 452.—Belcombe Brook Villa (now Belcombe Court), Bradford-on-Avon. John Wood the Elder, *Architect.*

FIG. 453.—*Built at a time when great landowners vied with one another in the erection of immense palaces, in the designing of which they personally took part. Lord Leicester at the same time reclaimed great areas of marsh, formed his park out of waste, and created one of the finest domains in the country out of clay and wilderness.*

FIG. 453.—The south front of Holkham Hall, Norfolk. William Kent, *Architect.* 1734–61. *King:* George II.

FIG. 454.—*The plan of a central block having subsidiary blocks connected with it by short corridors, as here, or by larger curved colonnades, as* FIG. 434, *was frequently adopted for great country houses during the eighteenth century.* FIG. 455.—*The house is built of cream-coloured bricks but the columns and some of the dressings are of stone.*

Colen Campbell was a Scotch architect who came to England early in the eighteenth century and became one of Lord Burlington's protégés. His early history is unknown. He died in 1729. For some time he was Surveyor of Works at Greenwich, but, following the fashion of the intrigues (in which he had a part in those by which Wren was superseded), Campbell in turn was ousted by Thomas Ripley. Campbell produced the important record of architecture, *Vitruvius Britannicus;* the three volumes for which he was responsible appearing 1715–25. The attributions of buildings to authors in this work are frequently unreliable and the whole is poisoned by the fulsome flattery Campbell lavished upon patrons. Although the work professes to be representative of the best architecture, the selections are partial. Wren is only represented by two plates of St. Paul's Cathedral, and one of the steeple of Bow Church. His work at Greenwich is not mentioned; indeed, the only person referred to in connection with this palace, with which so many architects were concerned, is the decorative painter, Sir James Thornhill. Of Marlborough House, always attributed to Sir Christopher Wren, Campbell says that it was "Invented by Christopher Wren, Esquire, 1709." Wren was knighted in 1674 and both "Sir Christopher Wren" and "Mr. Christopher Wren" are mentioned in the Introduction, vol. I, page 2, amongst other architects. As Campbell mentions (page 6) that the design of Marlborough House, which he illustrates, was "given by Mr. Wren," it would appear that the son, Christopher, was an architect also.

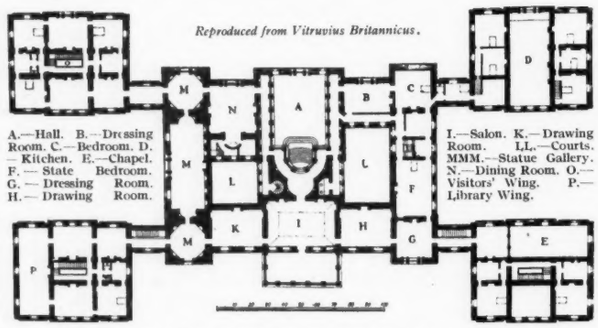


FIG. 454.—Plan of the principal floor of Holkham Hall.

Lord Burlington employed Campbell, and Campbell claims the credit for having designed the greater part of Burlington House. He was also the designer of Houghton Hall, Norfolk, a building altered and completed by Ripley. Another important building by Campbell was Wanstead Hall, Essex, now destroyed, but perhaps that of which he himself was most proud was Mereworth Castle in Kent (Figs. 440–3). This was, admittedly, a copy of a building at Vicenza by Andrea Palladio; and of Mereworth, Campbell says:

> I shall not pretend to say that I have made any improvements in this plan from that of Palladio,

and again,

> Here nothing was wanting for Strength, Conveniency or Ornament.

The plans and photographs of this house are worthy of study because they represent the current idea of perfection in house design. To us their unsuitability to English requirements is obvious, yet so obsessed were the Palladians by Italian design as to be incapable of exercising ordinary discrimination and intelligence.

Giacomo Leoni, *c.* 1686–1746, a Venetian, was brought to England by Lord Burlington to assist in the production of an edition of *The Architecture of A. Palladio,* 1715, for the drawings in which Leoni was responsible. In addition to the assistance he rendered Lord Burlington, he designed several important buildings, including Moor Park, Herts, 1720 (Figs. 433–4); the south front of Lyme Hall, Cheshire, 1726–32, a very indifferent composition; Bold Hall, Warrington, Lancs, 1730; Moulsham Park, Essex; Clandon Park, Surrey; and Argyll House, Chelsea, 1723. Probably, also, he designed the colonnade of Burlington House.

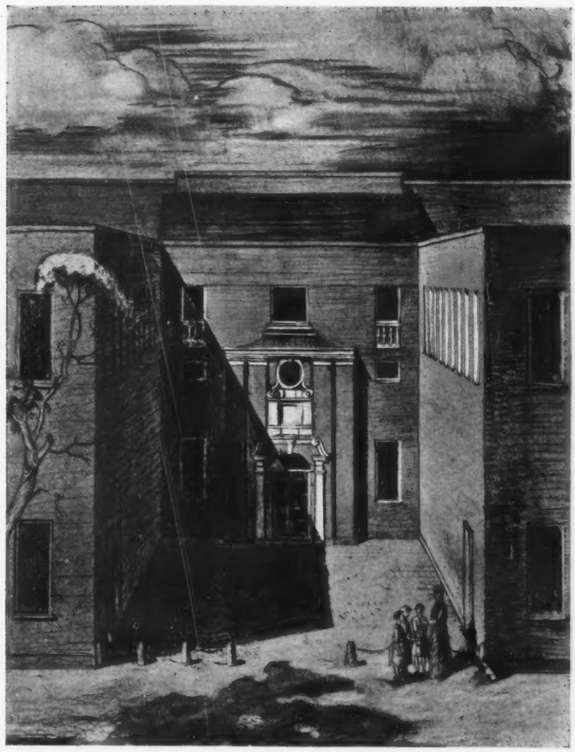
That Leoni should have designed buildings of great scale like Moor Park, in the Italian manner, is natural; that he should have designed Argyll House (Figs. 438–9) is surprising, for although the entrance doorway, the window over it, and the entablatures over the first-floor windows all have something of the grand manner (the doorway particularly), the general air, both of exterior and interior, is domestic and homely, without any more pretensions to grandeur than the house, No. 69 The Close, Salisbury (Fig. 431), and certainly less than the house at Burford (Fig. 428). In such treatment of small houses we shall find that the architects of the first half of the eighteenth century showed more discretion than some later who introduced columns and porticoes out of proportion and out of keeping with the importance of the houses upon which they were imposed.

FIG. 455.—The north front of Holkham Hall, Norfolk. William Kent, *Architect.* 1734–61. *King:* George II.

(To be continued.)

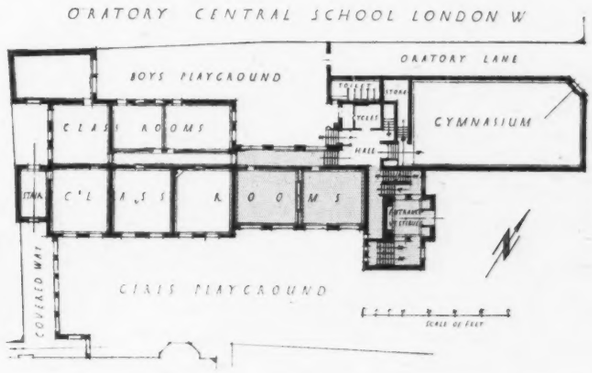
Above, the new extension to the Oratory Central Schools extensions, Chelsea, London. Christian Barman, Architect. Below, left, a typical school building of the church-school type belonging to the last quarter of the XIXth - century period; and, right, a characteristic council school of a few decades later. The study in contrasts which these pictures make is striking enough; but even more significant (if the invidiousness of it did not make it impossible) would have been a comparison with some modern school buildings. Until the last few years not many attempts have been made, in England at least, to approach the building of a primary school as worthy of a complete and rounded architectural expression. Probably Local Education Authorities have been at fault, but the more progressive of them realize now the need for a break with the past and its mistakes, for fresh ideas, a larger conception of the issues, and for courage.

Oratory Central Schools extensions, Chelsea, London. Christian Barman, Architect. A night view of the main front to the forecourt, showing the entrance to the girls' school.



The extensions to the Oratory Central Schools, Chelsea, London, Christian Barman, Architect, here illustrated, form the third of a group of buildings, the first of which was erected in 1899. This, the original building, designed by the late Leonard Stokes, P.P.R.I.B.A., lies at the south-west end of the present site. It consists of eighteen class-room units, with a staircase joining up the three floors. After the war a gymnasium hall known as St. Philip's Hall was built at the corner of Stewart's Grove and Oratory Lane, and joined up to the old building by means of a sloping corridor. At a later stage an upper floor comprising three class-rooms and masters' rooms was built over this hall. The problem facing the designer of the present building was to interpose a new block between these two existing blocks designed, regardless of one another, by different architects. And the new block had not only to fit into these old ones, but also to be capable of linking up with any future extensions. This new block is tinted grey on the plan reproduced below.

The site was hemmed in on three sides by neighbouring buildings. The north-easterly direction was the only one in which expansion was possible. Here, an L-shaped cul-de-sac, lay Stratham Place, which has now been partly closed to the public. When the school buildings are completed its place will be taken by a forecourt wider and shorter than the vanished street. The architect's original design reproduced above shows this forecourt, of which the left-hand side is now missing. It is interesting to compare this first sketch with the photograph of the façade as executed, which appears on the facing page.

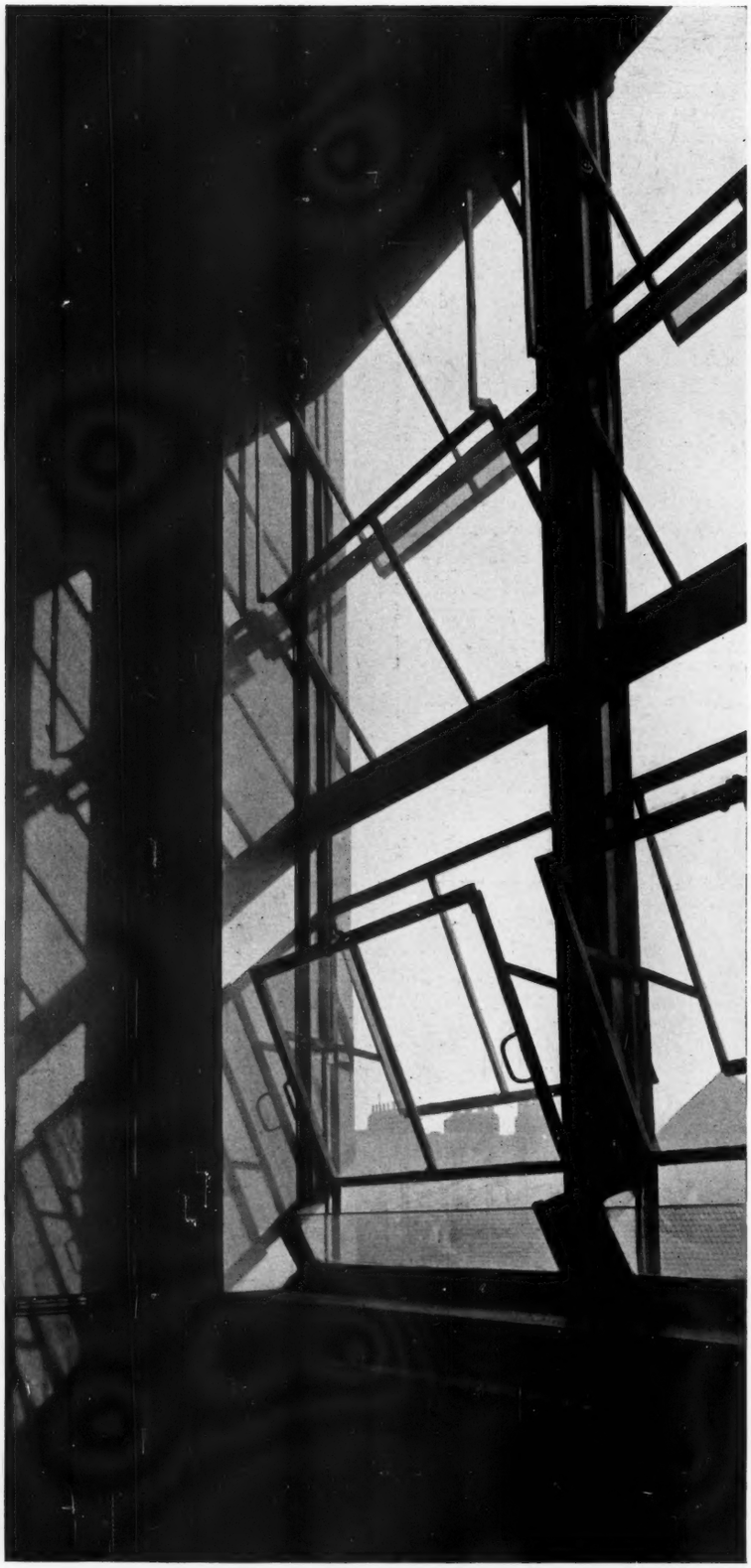


Oratory Central Schools extensions, Chelsea. Christian Barman, Architect. A view of the upper part of the entrance vestibule, showing the vaulted and coffered ceiling. The channelled plasterwork is finished with a rough surface; all the other with a smooth one.

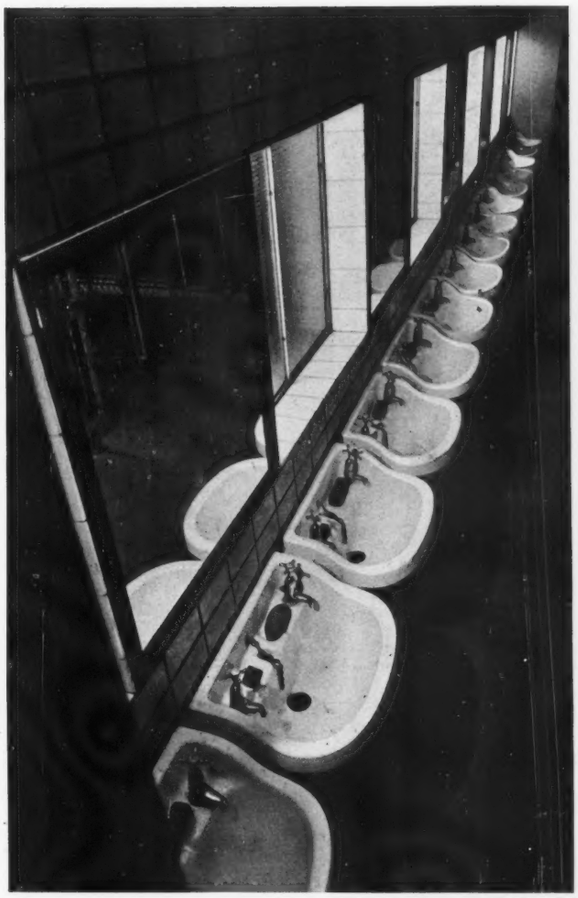
The Oratory Central Schools extensions, Chelsea, London. Christian Barman, Architect. The vestibule is like a welcome or a benison to those who enter. Its gracious proportions give it the dignity proper to the ingress to a noble house where people live who have a feeling for beauty and an ordered existence; its colouring exhilarates us to happy anticipations. We are just beginning to take into account the child's receptiveness to impressions of colour and form, impressions for which he has few, if any, words, but which sink deep enough to last a lifetime. If he is to love beauty and seek it he must grow up where it is, and the school must give him what the average home cannot. A platitude: but how many times in a day's march will you see it given form? It is not fancifulness that makes me believe that boys and girls passing daily through this vestibule will be influenced to a spiritual quickening and preparedness for intellectual enterprises.

The design of the doors is revealed fairly well in the photograph. The outer doors are painted a dark umber colour, the inner doors a glowing Venetian red. The whole of the framing, including the stucco architrave, is a white "broken down" to an oysterish tint. The door furniture is chromium plated and the glass in the door is wired with a rectangular mesh. The colour-scheme of the vestibule is derived from the floor, which is worked out in black, dove-grey, and light buff. These colours are carried up into the wall pilasters, and against them stands out attractively the warm red of the doorway and angle pilasters. It happens that within the last twelve months I have visited many new schools, among them the interesting and imposing ones in Hamburg and Charlottenburg; but standing in the vestibule of the Oratory Schools I experienced a mental excitement, a sharpened expectation, beyond anything I had felt in the others.

[*This note and those on pages* 193, 199 *and* 200 *are by Mr. J. Compton, the Director of Education for Barking.*]



Oratory Central Schools extensions, Chelsea, London. Christian Barman, Architect. An inside view of one of the composite steel windows to the class-rooms. The lower parts of the windows are of the "Austral" type, with a small specially designed hopper at the bottom. The upper pair are ordinary centre-hung sashes coupled together.



should be remembered that the Oratory Schools are an elementary school within the meaning of the Act), and a long search would have to be made for one where a supply of hot water is available to the pupils. The cloakroom was particularly difficult to light, being almost entirely below ground on one side and separated from the open air by a range of lavatories on the other, and the architect has shown great skill in solving his problem. A view of the hat and coat compartments is obtained by way of the mirror on the wall.

The serving hatch, below, is outside the dining-room and—with the exception of the surrounding architrave, which, like the outside of the dining-room door, is painted a strong scarlet—it is constructed of plywood faced with a stainless and acid-proof metal. There is a service door in addition to the hatch.

Oratory Central Schools extensions, Chelsea, London. Christian Barman, Architect. Above, the range of basins in the new girls' cloakroom. Education Authorities, hard driven by the need to keep down costs, have often made the lavatory accommodation and equipment an ugly minimum. Single basins are very rare in an elementary school (it

The "chef d'œuvre" of the Oratory Central Schools extensions, Chelsea, Christian Barman, Architect, is the small assembly hall where the children take their midday meal. (The illustration shows the end bay.) It invites to courtesy, benignity, and pleasant intercourse. Every detail in it has been thought out with affectionate care and, probably in consequence, the craftsmanship, which throughout the school is of a notably high order, will repay close scrutiny. It is going to mean much to a child to dine here daily for three or four years. The walls are coloured two shades of buff, and the panelled ceiling two shades of a light blue-grey stone colour; the woodwork is of Columbian pine stained with ordinary water stain to a colour resembling that of walnut. The entrance doors are of this colour, but the service door next to them is finished the same colour as the wall. The curtains are crimson with buff braid of the same colour as one of the wall tints. The curtains covering the cinematograph screen also match one of the wall tints. The panel over the doorway encloses a wireless loud-speaker.

The lower illustration is of the ground-floor corridor where boys circulate who have the tricks and habits and thoughtlessness of their kind. Here the dado is shoulder high and is painted dark steel-grey. The wall above is distempered a very pale green-grey. The class-room doors and also the narrow fillet surmounting the dado are vermilion; the whole effect is fresh and bracing.

A Free Commentary.

By Junius.

THE London section of the British Industries Fair certainly seemed less squalid in its new home in the now enlarged Olympia. The squeezing of a quart measure into a half-pint pot gave it the general appearance of a rather bright and clamorous slum and defeated the excellent mechanical arrangements for controlling the temperature and ventilation. At least, exhibition headaches were as much in fashion as ever. But many of the special stands were often of a simplicity, dignity, and comeliness calculated to attract the discerning buyer, while the standard booths were not seldom a relief from the mournful objects displayed in them. Fancy goods seem largely to have been inspired by the same strange old fancies. One had an impression of several million cake-stands, butter and bonbon dishes of base metal stamped and pierced into baser shapes which would have made effective cleaning a sheer impossibility. I was particularly affected by some Cromwellian pewter in which the rivets had been deftly simulated by stamped protuberances. It wasn't, needless to say, pewter, and it gave one no very intense Cromwellian feeling. And there was " English pewter " with those jolly little hammer marks on it cleverly made without a hammer.

* * * *

Even Messrs. Elkington, who showed some admirable new silverware of honourable workmanship and sound design, had made (of solid gold, I think) a " Flower Vase in the form of the Concrete Cooling Tower at Hams Hall Power Station," to be presented by some honest burghers to the H.R.H. the Duke of York—unfortunate prince.

* * * *

The production of evilly-designed, hot-coloured or art-shaded, technically excellent crocks and pots for the homes or shooting galleries of the Empire still proceeds apace in Staffordshire, with variations in the modernist manner. Any violent geometrical assemblage of discordant colours (as distinct from " shades ") can be labelled modernist without fee or licence, and the label, I am told, sells the articles " like hot cakes " to those who wish to be really in the movement.

* * * *

Naturally there are plenty of comforting oases in the general desert. The jaded eye may miss them among " such quantities of sand "—to which the words of the Walrus and Carpenter so happily apply. An excellent example of how a workaday product can benefit by the employment of an intelligent designer is the Orlak oven-table glass. Mr. Harold Stabler's shapes are pleasing, varied, and eminently practical for their double purpose of cooking and serving; knobs are partially sunk so as to minimize the tendency to " come off in the 'and "; there are no sharp angles to make cleaning difficult; and the well-planned mouldings are made so as not to chip easily. If only makers of common things for everyday purposes would understand that design has no necessary connection with " Art-nonsense," and that a magnificent work could be done if some real artists could be employed merely to chip, so to speak, the " Art " off the many things over which it is sedulously plastered!

* * * *

But on the whole there has been progress, slow but consistent progress, since that day some fifteen years ago when a collection of goods by English makers was assembled with a view to seeing how we could replace what had hitherto been supplied by the then enemy nations. Strong men blenched when they gazed upon this formidable muster; and oaths were sworn that something should be done about it. And certainly something has resulted from the propaganda of the Design and Industries Association, the Royal Society of Arts, and the British Institute of Industrial Art. Specifically, fancy leather goods then created a particularly painful impression; at Messrs. Benbaron's stand at Olympia the leather work was as good as anything from Vienna or Paris.

* * * *

The most significant thing in the admirable pamphlet, *The Village Pump: a guide to better Garages*, which Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson have published (price 6d.) for the D.I.A., is an " Open letter to motorists " from the president of the Royal Automobile Club, Sir Arthur Stanley, in which he asks them " only to give their custom to the petrol station which does not offend the eye." The others, he says, will soon put their houses in order; and he suggests that this is a better method than continued legislation. Certainly better if the motorists will make the small effort necessary to accomplish this great work. But we solid English are not easily stirred to action.

* * * *

The pamphlet, following the excellent recipe first compounded in these pages of showing " the good and bad of it," gives specimens of typical outrages and selected examples of tactful treatment of the difficult problem—difficult because the garage proprietor is often a small man without capital to spare for positive amenities. Much may be done, however, by mere elimination—in particular of the enamelled iron sign which is more manifestly the enemy than the much-abused pump.

* * * *

The advertising men—a lively and resourceful guild—always talk as if any movement to limit their activities was a movement in restraint of trade. " Lay your hands on outdoor advertising and you increase unemployment " is the cleverly-chosen battle-cry of the moment in the fight against the bills of Sir Alfred Knox and Commander Hilton-Young. But would any motorist buy less petrol if there were not a single advertisement in the countryside—or even in the newspapers? Of most commodities this may not be true; of petrol it certainly is. Advertising here does not add to the volume of trade in petrol (it adds, of course, to the volume of trade in advertising—and there, of course, is the rub), but only helps to determine the share which each competing firm is to get of the whole trade. Probably the majority of the petrol companies, fully conscious of the essential wastefulness of advertising their particular commodity, would be only too glad to withdraw from the road- and garage-sides. But they dare not do so for fear of competitors; the withdrawal of the bigger would be the opportunity of the smaller men. And so the wasteful fight must go on.

* * * *

The advertising man is too apt to think of himself as a benefactor and a builder of Empire because he causes two bottles of beer or two packets of chocolate to be consumed where one was consumed before. He forgets—though I admit this isn't the whole truth of a complicated matter—that in consequence, a pocket-knife the less, or a portion of a savings certificate or of an umbrella the less, is purchased by the consumer of the beer or chocolate. It is as well to remind ourselves and him of this obvious fact from time to time.

* * * *

Let us now praise the gentleman who reminds us that posters, besides being the poor man's picture gallery, solve the problem of what to do with such dull areas as gable ends; and the Member of Parliament who thought Poole Harbour a mere dull expanse of dull water, to be positively improved by a bridge a hundred and twenty feet high.

* * * *

Sensitive motorists must often have wondered why the Automobile Association should have thought it necessary to invent that curious yellow and black sign indicating that the bridge they are crossing over is, in fact, a bridge—a conclusion to which the least observant of them might be supposed to be able to arrive at unaided, especially as the name and the word "bridge" are thoughtfully added. I have recently seen the bridge name—still much too yellow and too black for comfort—without the conventional sign—which I hope will now become the established practice.

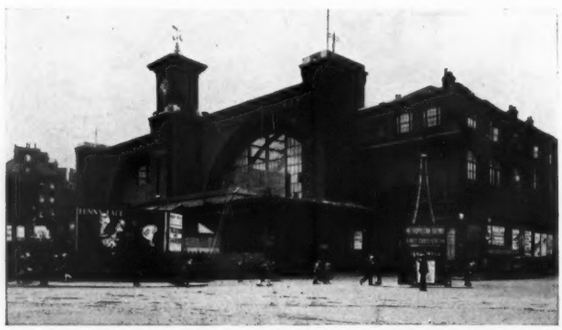
Our Railway Stations.

"It is the very temple of discomfort, and the only charity that the builder can extend to us is to show us, plainly as may be, how soon to escape from it."

JOHN RUSKIN, on The Railway Station.

Broad Street : a London terminus. Amateurs of problem pictures may try and find the design.

If you study the speeches of railway company chairmen (which I do not advise you to do), you will find a great deal about new road competition, new finance, new rolling stock and new locomotives, but you will rarely find a word about stations. Chairmen, obviously, see nothing wrong in them. But then our railway officials have never had much feeling for that poor creature, the passenger. They provide trains and they provide time-tables, and it is up to the passenger to find his train. That our big stations are about fifty years behind the times, that they are icy in winter and suffocating in summer, that they smell of something indescribable, that the noise is enervating, that the stranger cannot find his way without bothering anyone who looks like a porter, that they are the ugliest and untidiest buildings in any city, all these little drawbacks have either never occurred to railway chairmen or



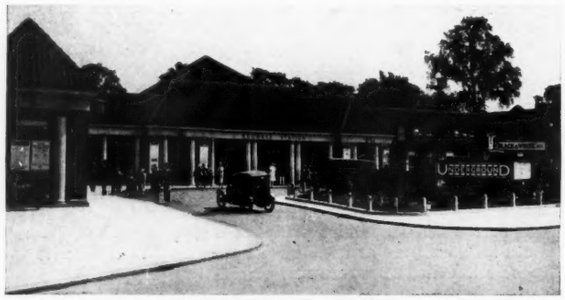
The Royal Route to Scotland. The once noble façade of King's Cross emerging from a No Man's Land of hutments and hoardings.

are accepted with the best kind of British complacence. Is there any reason why a station should not be a noble building, why it should not be light and clean, why waiting-rooms should not be possible to wait in? There is none, except that architecture is, of all professions, the most despised by the railway engineer, and is the very scullery-maid of the railway system.

'Ave a banana ! or welcoming the traveller at Leicester.

The engineer designs his station for the arrival and departure of trains ; to the arrival and departure of passengers he seldom seems to give a thought. As for appearances, so little do our companies care for them, that when they have a decent station they invariably give it over to the billposter and sign-merchant until it looks like a gin-palace or a cinema.

But courage ! A change is coming. The Underground has set an example and the Southern has seen fit to follow it. Perhaps one day a railway official will go abroad, and that will set him thinking. You never know. But must we wait any



The Underground Station at Edgware. What a strange obsession for good design this Company has !

longer? Why not tidy up and replan our stations now, when employment is the need of the hour, when the Government is simply pressing money on anyone who will spend it ; why not now, before everyone but season-ticket holders has taken to the road and before every visitor has decided we are a down-at-heels nation? Let Mr. Thomas, who was once upon a time interested in railways, pay a visit to Paddington or to New Street, Birmingham and see whether there is nothing to be done about them.

N. L. C.

The same obsession is even attacking the Southern.

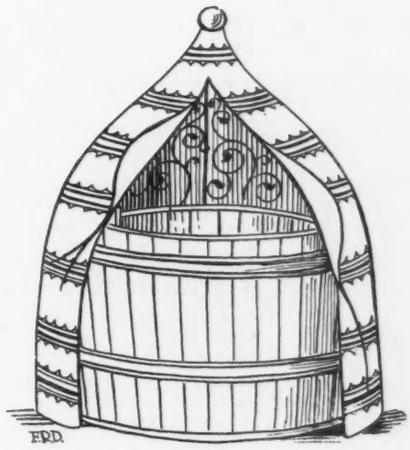
The illustrations on this page are reproduced from *The Face of the Land*, by courtesy of Messrs. Allen & Unwin, Limited.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH;

'Tis the Voice of the Plumber.

By Adam Prosser.

A LADY BATHING, from the manuscript *The Romance of Merlin* in the British Museum.
From *Under Eight Reigns.*



A BATH and BATH COVER, from the manuscript *The Romance of Alexander.*
From *Under Eight Reigns.*

Under Eight Reigns: George I to George V. A History of the firm of Dent & Hellyer, together with some information on Sanitation in this country from Norman times to the present century. By BERTRAM HELLYER. London: Dent & Hellyer, Ltd.

WHEN Robert Burns saw a well-known wingless parasite of the Anoplura order grazing upon the charming neck of the lady in the pew in front, he made some penetrating remarks about life. Though these remarks were couched in a savage Northern dialect which no reviewer of sensibility would dream of inflicting upon civilized people, I submit that in many respects Robert Burns was right. Life, like the tree in the quad, is excessively odd; we ignore the oddness because it is a bore, and because the glass architecture of convention is a necessary, if fragile, attribute to the comforts of civilization. But the oddness is there, as those who heave bricks into our glasshouses are constantly reminding us.

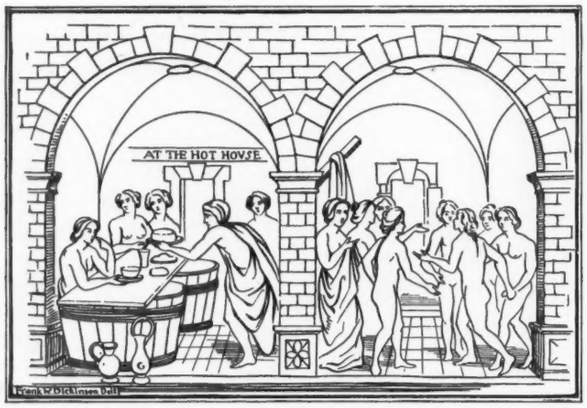
'Tis the voice of the plumber that breaks some of the windows. The *London Mercury* once republished a blue or white paper written by an intelligent Government servant—I repeat, an *intelligent Government servant*—on the plea that it was a fine piece of literature, which it was. It must be even more unconventional to review a plumber's catalogue in these columns. But if plumbers and Government servants insist upon being intelligent they must be treated according. So here is the catalogue of Dent & Hellyer, a contribution to the neglected, because Victorianly unmentionable, subject of Sanitation, on which Samuel Carter wrote the immortal lines (quoted, I am glad to see, in A. B. Wyndham Lewis and Charles Lee's *Anthology of Bad Verse*) which are reproduced on page 221.

Mr. Hellyer, whose firm can claim "two hundred years of service in the Cause," starts by saying: "My father only could have done justice to the story unfolded here, but—

> A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
> To measure Kingdoms with his feeble step——"

and after this charming beginning he goes on to give an historical sketch, only too brief, of sanitation from the eleventh to the eighteenth century. The following extracts give an idea of the ground he covers:—

> The Rev. Chas. Kingsley, speaking for the Association on the necessity of improved water supply, sanitation and ventilation, asked his audience to imagine the Emperor Constantine, who ruled these realms some sixteen hundred years ago, returning to life and visiting the scenes of his former glory, inquiring where the public baths were, that first and last necessity of every Roman citizen, and his astonishment and consternation on being told that such things did not exist, either public or private.
>
> From the Conquest to the latter part of the nineteenth century we can find no records of fixed baths such as the Romans used, or as are in use to-day, but it would be a mistake to conclude from this that bathing was not a common habit and that medieval knight and burgher went with unwashed bodies. Warm bathing was quite a general custom with all classes of society, of which there is ample evidence from medieval writings, but while the laver or lavatory received much attention and care in its design the bath seems to have been little more than a wooden tub.
>
> From Thomas Wright's history of *Domestic Manners in England in the Middle Ages* we read that: "People sometimes bathed immediately after rising in the morning and we find the bath used after dinner and before going to bed. A bath was also prepared for a visitor on his arrival from a journey, and what seems still more singular, in the numerous stories of amorous intrigues, the two lovers usually begin their interview by bathing together."
>
> The illustration taken from the Manuscript of the Romance of Merlin, in the British Museum, represents a lady bathing. It appears her ablution is being performed in the open, and the knight in attendance seems to convey the idea of



A 'BATHING ESTABLISHMENT in the reign of James I.

an amour of which the ass behind the knight scarcely approves; whether the damsel's gesture is one of approval or not it is difficult to say.

The illustration above represents a bathing establishment of the time of James I, and gives an interesting sidelight on the manners of the times. It is taken from a pamphlet entitled *Tittle-tattle*, and gives one some idea how the women of the period idled away their time. In one division they are seen bathing in tubs and at the same time are partaking of refreshment, whether cocktails or not we are not able to discern, while in the other they appear at that time-honoured occupation of talking scandal.

Germany and Spain seem to have been very much in advance of us in the habit of the bath, and some of the towns in Germany had as many as from four to twenty-nine public baths. The following is an extract from the laws of the Spanish town of Teruel in Aragon, and is dated A.D. 1176:

"Law 291 concerning the Public Bath provides that men shall have the use of it on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, women on Monday and Wednesday, Mohammedans and Jews on Friday, while on Sunday, in reverence to the Lord's resurrection, the bath should not be heated. No one is to pay more than one obol for bath service; servants and children bathe free. The bath keeper is penalized if he does not supply plenty of water and other requisites and there are further penalties for theft of bathing utensils or property of the bathers."

The only improvement in bath design that we can record in England since the Roman occupation is the metal hip bath commonly used by our grandparents; even the large wood tub of the earlier times seems to have disappeared and possibly the bathing habit with it. It is only in comparatively recent years that the plunge bath has come into common use. Fifty years ago many large houses were without fixed baths.

A letter in the *Sunday Times* in October 1929 spoke of a bath mentioned in Chaucer's "Second Nonne's Tale," that was not apparently a tub of banded wood, and looking up our Chaucer we found the passage:—

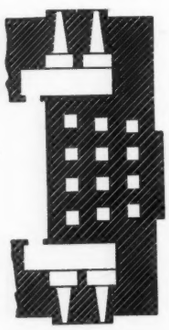
"For in a bathe they gonne hire faste shetten
And night and day gret fire they under betten."

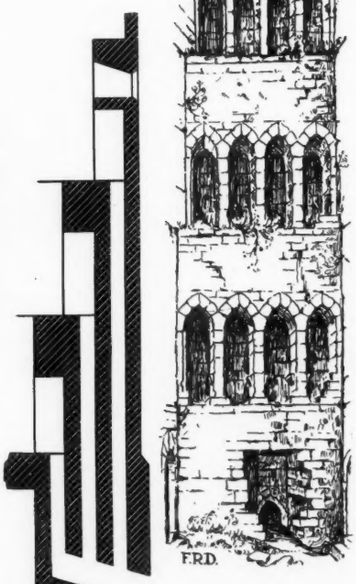
This bath could not well have been of wood, but it evidently had a wooden cover, with a hole only for the head.

In Leon Feuchtwanger's *Jew Süss*, in the eighteenth century a lady is described as soaking in her bath with her head out of the wooden cover, while she conversed with her gentlemen friends, the one most in favour being allowed to sit on the cover. These baths were, of course, filled by hand with hot water.

From baths Mr. Hellyer passes to the still more romantic subject of garderobes. There's no question but that contemplating their more

A view, section and plan of a *GARDEROBE* in the banqueting hall of the Tower of London.

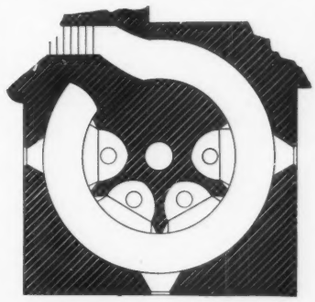


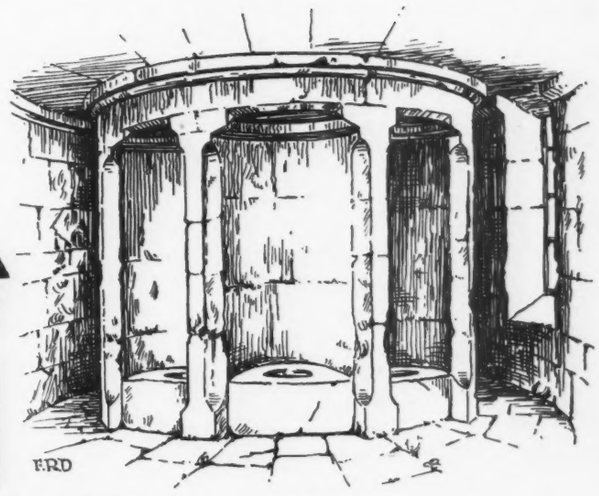


Plan, section and view of *GARDEROBES* at Langley Castle, Northumberland, From *Under Eight Reigns.*

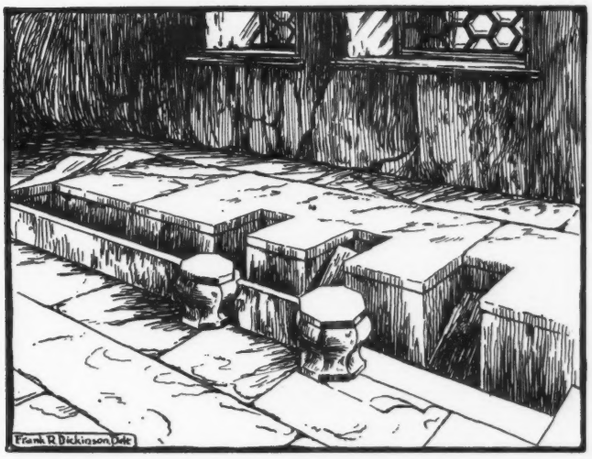
intimate activities, we get a closer view of our ancestors than any study of their politics can give. Returning to the eleventh century, Mr. Hellyer starts his survey with the Tower of London, where the sanitary conveniences, or garderobes, are of an elementary kind.

There are several placed at different parts of the building, the one we illustrate (p. 204) being placed at the north end of the banqueting hall, and on festive occasions the nearest guest would be within a few feet of the entrance. A small vaulted chamber measuring 3 feet wide and about 7 feet

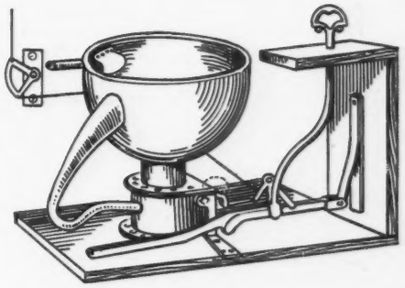




Plan and view of *GARDEROBES* at Southwell Palace, Nottinghamshire.



MARBLE LATRINES at Agra, India. These latrines were in the Harem of Shah Jehrem in the fifteenth century. Perfumed water (otto of roses) runs along the channel.

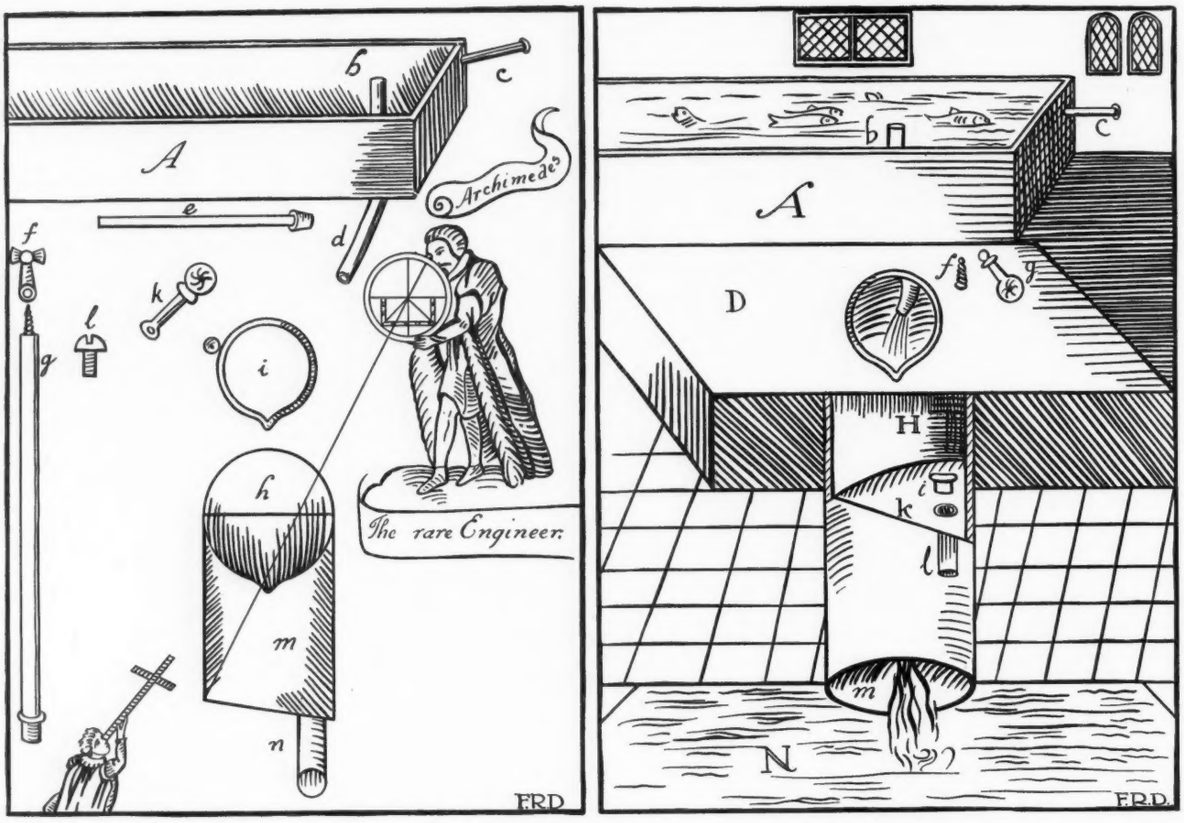


BRAMAH'S VALVE CLOSET. The first valve w.c. patented was Alexander Cumming's in 1775. Joseph Bramah's followed in 1778.

high built in the thickness of the wall, it is lit by a narrow window. A 19-inch stone riser the width of the chamber provides a space of 25 inches behind, which space one assumes was covered by a wooden seat. This space terminates a few feet below into an opening through the wall of about 16 inches diameter, the contents of the privy discharging through this opening and down the face of the wall into the moat. The illustration shows the arrangement quite clearly, also its proximity to the banqueting hall, and we can be sure that it represents the closet de luxe of the eleventh century.

In the fourteenth century we find considerable improvement made in the design and arrangement of these garderobes. Langley Castle, Northumberland, and Southwell Palace, Nottinghamshire, provide remarkable examples and show how the problems of sanitation were dealt with by the later medieval builders, and exhibit a planning and design of a very extensive nature.

Only the structural stonework remains of these examples and one is left to conjecture how they were furnished. There is, however, a very interesting description of the " Privies "



A PLAIN PLOT OF A PRIVY IN PERFECTION. Sir John Harrington's Water-Closet, invented by him in the sixteenth century and published in the *Metamorphosis of Ajax* at that time. Below is his description.

From *Under Eigh Reigns.*

This is DON AJAX house . . . all in sunder.

Here are the parts set down, with a rate of the prices; that a builder may guess what he hath to pay.

A, The cistern; stone or brick. Price - - 6s. 8d.

b, d, e, the pipe that comes from the cistern, with a stopple to the washer - - - - - 3s. 6d.

c, a waste pipe - - - - 1s. 0d.

f, g, the stem of the great stopple with a key to it - - - - 1s. 6d.

h, the form of the upper brim of the vessel or stool pot.

m, the stool pot of stone - - - 8s. 0d.

n, the great brass sluice, to which if three inches current to send it down a gallop into the JAX - - - - 10s. 6d.

And less you should mislike with this phrase, I had it in a verse of a grave author, that was wont to walk up and down the court with a forest bill; I have forgot how it began (like a beast as he was) but it ended in rhyme,

O that I were at Oxenford,
To eat some Banbury cakes.

i, the seat, with a peak devant for elbow room.

The whole charge thirty shillings and eight pence; yet a mason of my masters was offered thirty pounds for the like.

MEMORANDUM.—The scale is about half an inch to a foot.

AN ANATOMY.

"In the privy that annoys you, first cause a cistern, containing a barrel, or upward, to be placed either behind the seat, or in any place either in the room or above it, from whence the water may, by a small pipe of lead of an inch be conveyed under the seat in the hinder part thereof (but quite out of sight); to which pipe you must have a cock or a washer, to yield water with some pretty strength when you would let it in. Next make a vessel of an oval form, as broad at the bottom as at the top; two feet deep, one foot broad, sixteen inches long: place this very close to your seat, like the pot of a close-stool; let the oval incline to the right hand.

"This vessel may be brick, stone or lead; but whatsoever it is, it should have a current of three inches to the back part of it (where a sluice of brass must stand); the bottom and sides all smooth, and dressed with pitch, rosin and wax; which will keep it from tainting with the urine.

"In the lowest part of this vessel, which will be on the right hand, you must fasten the sluice or washer of brass with solder or cement, the concavity or hollow thereof, must be two inches and a half.

"To the washers stopple must be a stem of iron as big as a curtain rod; strong and even, and perpendicular, with a strong screw at the top of it; to which you must have a hollow key with a worm fit to that screw. This screw must, when the sluice is down, appear through the plank not above a straw's breadth on the right hand; and being duly placed, it will stand about three or four inches wide of the midst of the back of your seat. Item, That children and busy folk disorder it not, or open the sluice with putting in their hands without a key, you should have a little button or scallop shell, to bind it down with a vice pin, so as without the key it will not be opened.

"These things thus placed, all about your vessel and elsewhere, must be passing close plastered with good lime and hair, that no air come up from the vault, but only at your sluice, which stands closed stopped; and ever it must be left, after it is voided, half a foot deep in clean water.

"If water be plenty, the oftener it is used and opened, the sweeter; ut if it be scant once a day is enough, for a need, though twenty persons should use it.

"If the water will not run to your cistern, you may with a force of twenty shillings, and a pipe of eighteen pence the yard, force it from the lowest part of your house to the highest.

"But now on the other side behold the Anatomy."

Here is the same all put together that the workman may see if it be well.

A the cistern.

b the little washer.

c the waste pipe.

D the seat board.

e the pipe that comes from the cistern.

f the screw.

g the scallop shell, to cover it when it is shut down.

H the stool pot.

i the stopple.

k the current.

l the sluice.

m, N the vault into which it falls; always remember that ( ) at noon and at night empty it, and leave it half a foot deep in fair water. And this being well done, and orderly kept, your worst privy may be as sweet as your best chamber.

But to conclude all this in a few words, it is but a standing close-stool easily emptied. And by the like reason (other forms and proportions observed) all other places of your house may be kept sweet.

and "Lavers" in *The Ancient Rites and Monuments of the Monastical and Cathedral Church of Durham* compiled by J. Davies, of Kidwelly, and published in 1662, which in very simple language describes how these places were furnished. The same lavish expenditure of time and effort was bestowed upon the common articles of use, as upon the more particular and valuable, a practice which the modern mind finds it difficult to understand. The account is as follows:—"Within the Cloister-garth, over the Frater-House-door, was a fair Laver, or conduit, for the Monks to wash their hands and faces, being round, cover'd with Lead, and all of Marble, saving the outermost walls, within which they might walk round about the Laver. It had many Spouts, of Brass, with twenty-four Brass Cocks, round about it, having in it seven fair windows, of stone work, and over it a Dove-cote cover'd with Lead, finely wrought; as appears to this day.

"Adjoining to the East-side of the Conduit-door hung a Bell to call the Monks, at eleven of the Clock, to come and wash, before dinner, having their Closets or Ambries on either side of the Frater-house-door, on the outside within the Cloister, kept alwayes with clean Towels to dry their hands.

"There was also a large, and decent place, adjoining to the West-side of the said Dorter, towards the water, for the Monks, and the Novices to resort to, called the Privies, two great Pillars of Stone bearing up the whole floor thereof. Every Seat, and Partition was of Wainscott, close on either side, so that they could not see one another when they were in that place. There were as many Seats on either side as there were little Windows in the Wall to give light to the said Seats; which afterwards were walled up to make the House more close. At the West-end of it there were three fair glass Windows; which great Windows gave light to the whole House."

We can from this description form some idea of how the garderobes of Langley Castle and Southwell Palace may have been furnished. The illustrations (on pages 204 and 205) are taken from Turner and Parker's *Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages*, and in looking at these remarkable examples it requires little imagination to realize how easily the most modern arrangement of water-closets could be readily fitted to these ancient relics of masonry.

If the science of Sanitation and ventilation were not understood, and Lord and Lady, Bishop and Prior, tolerated unpleasant smells which they saw no reason to regard as but inevitable, they apparently did their best to secure what comforts and amelioration were possible with stained glass and coloured ornament. If the nose was to be offended the eye at least should be pleased.

We must not forget in those remote ages that glazed windows were very expensive luxuries and the draughty corridors and rooms were the best safeguards against the evils of bad sanitation.

The earliest forms of water-closets were very crude affairs. They were superseding the old privies and portable close-stools, but had been but little improvement on the still older forms spoken of previously.

So far back as the end of the sixteenth century, a worthy and a humorous knight, Sir John Harrington, invented a water-closet and wrote an entertaining treatise upon his invention entitled *The Metamorphosis of Ajax* (page 206).

The avowed purport is the description of a species of water-closet which Sir John Harrington had invented and erected at Kelston, his seat near Bath; but he has contrived to make it the vehicle of much diverting matter, evincing his extensive reading: he has also interspersed numerous satiric touches, and allusions to contemporary persons and events; many of which are now necessarily obscure, and which were no doubt one of the causes of its great popularity at the time of publication.

Sir John Harrington's invention is undoubtedly the first valve closet to be used in this country. We cannot say how far it was successful; the inventor certainly speaks well of it, not an unusual thing for inventors to do. Possibly people had no great objection to unsavoury odours in the sixteenth century as we have to-day, and saw no reason to adopt a new fashion at Sir John's suggestion, and further that compelling art of publicity was not practised as it is to-day.

It is not until the year seventeen hundred and seventy-five, two centuries later, that Alexander Cumming invented and patented his valve closet, the prototype of the present valve closet.

Then followed Joseph Bramah's in 1778 (page 205). The pan closet came into use in 1790. This type was a very unsatisfactory form, and fundamentally wrong in principle, having a filth-collecting container beneath the tipping pan. It would have been much better if improvements had been sought in Bramah's valve closet.

Steven Hellyer was one of the first to condemn the pan closet, and he reverted to Bramah. After working on this type he eventually produced his "Optimus" Valve w.c.

. . . . And so the story goes on, Compare this book with the ordinary kind of publication issued under the name of a respectable British manufacturer, and you see how unprogressive, how really sticky, our manufacturers are. Imagination is the one thing we don't pay for in England, so we don't get it. Mr. Hellyer's is a modest effort, but he is to be congratulated on it. More power to his elbow.

Metalwork.

Metal Crafts in Architecture: Wrought Iron in Architecture. By GERALD K. GEERLINGS. New York: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS. Price 30s. each.

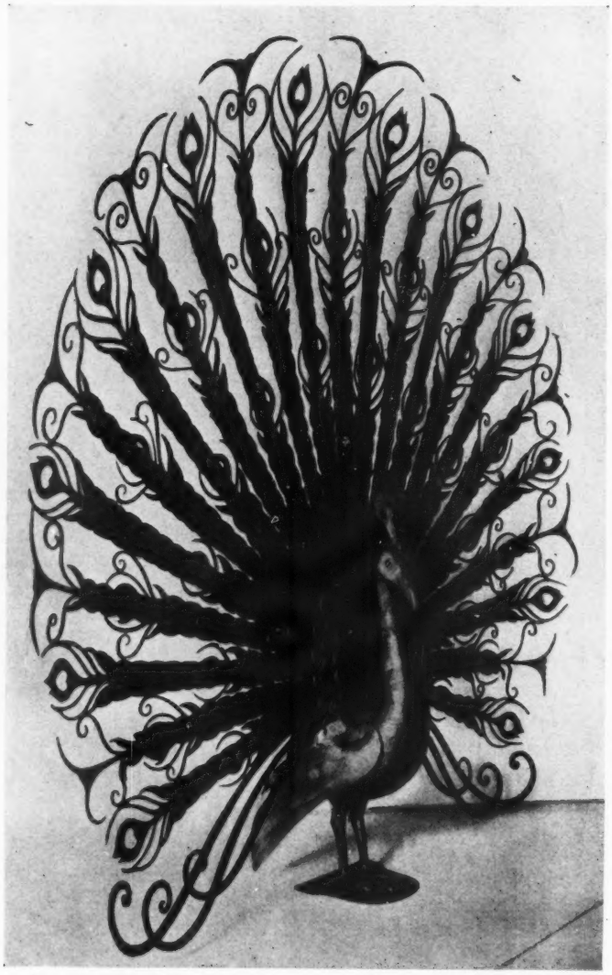
THESE two volumes on the metals used in architecture should be in every architect's library. They indicate a thorough first-hand knowledge of the subject, and tireless industry in collecting information, both historical and technical, with excellent photographs of typical work in Italy, Spain, France, Germany, the Netherlands, England and the United States. Being the work of an American, the space allotted to American metalwork naturally bears a larger proportion to the whole than might be the case with a book produced by a European author. This, however, should be an advantage to an English architect, as it leads him, while studying the older work of Europe, to note what his colleagues of the States are doing.

The metals dealt with in the first volume are bronze, brass, cast iron, copper and lead. Zinc and tin are also briefly noticed. Three chapters at the end of the book treat respectively of (1) Lighting fixtures, (2) Current developments in metalwork, and (3) Specifications for metalwork, which contains many suggestions of value to the architect. The book concludes with a useful bibliography.

Each metal is dealt with under the headings of History, Characteristics, and Craftsmanship. The examples of Italian bronzes, dating from the eleventh century, are especially interesting. Then follow twenty-five pages of modern American specimens, many of which are good. In the brief notice of English bronze work a misprint will be noticed, the sarcophagus of Edward IV in Westminster Abbey being mentioned as that of Edward VII.

Considerable space is devoted to cast iron, but no illustrations of English work appear, except a stove-back, bearing in large letters the inscription COALBROOKDALE FURNACE, THOMAS RUTTER; this is described as German. Practically all the illustrations of cast iron work are of American examples.

The volume on wrought iron contains many examples of European work ranging from the eleventh to the eighteenth centuries; while that of the United States includes the eighteenth,



A wrought copper *PEACOCK*, 42 inches high, on the pergola at the residence of Mr. W. S. Farish, Houston, Texas. H. T. Lindeberg, *Architect*.

From *Metal Crafts in Architecture*.

nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Two further chapters are given, one on lighting fixtures and door knockers, and the other—a very necessary one—on specifications. This book also contains a comprehensive bibliography. The author's observations on legitimate and illegitimate wrought-iron design are admirable and will be appreciated by most architects, not only in the United States, but in this country too.

FRANCIS BALDWIN.

How Doth the Busy Architect . . . ?

The Architect. By CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS. London: Geoffrey Bles. Price 5s. net.

THOUGH there is no architect of the same prominence who is less of a professional man than Mr. Williams-Ellis, he performs his task as spokesman for the architectural profession with admirable impartiality. His book is one of a series of autobiographies representative of various occupations, and since his career raises more interesting questions than most, which are candidly and persuasively discussed, he proves himself an excellent if unexpected choice. The story is a little slow in getting started, but anyone who embarks on his early reminiscences finds it difficult to stop.

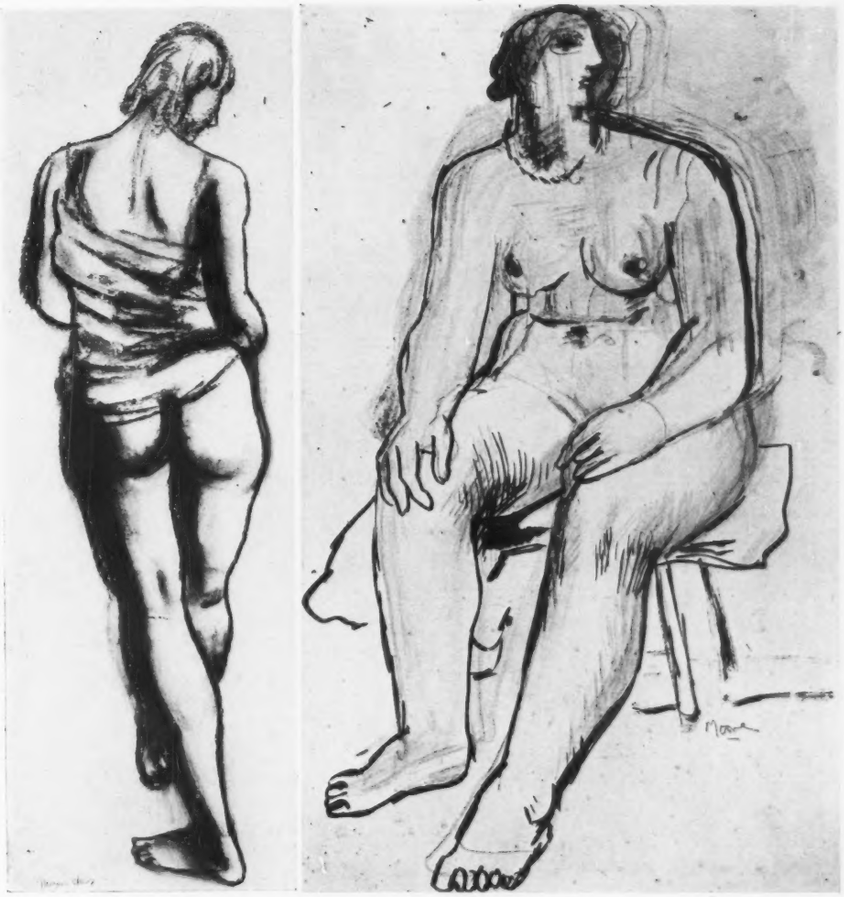
The author's official education had only lasted four months when it was cut short on account of his premature acceptance of a job—in other words, by his own impatience. Yet in spite of having taken this irregular short cut, he has not only "made good," but has even been received back into the fold as an F.R.I.B.A. As a standing example of all that is unprofessional, his remarks about professionalism are of some importance, and a short digression about them would not be out of place.

The pupils of any of our overcrowded architectural schools fall roughly into three classes. There are some young men who wish to take on a family practice, with or without any inherited talent. There are a great many with a facility for drawing, which they want to put to practical use. And there are a few of what Mr. Ellis would call congenital architects. Five years at an efficient school will teach any of the first two types to erect a constructionally sound building, but its effect on the congenital architect is likely to be calamitous. For architecture is not a superior form of quantity surveying, and it is no more than a convenient asset to an architect to be able to draw his own perspectives, instead of hiring a hack-draughtsman to do them for him. Yet the young men who can draw so far outnumber those who can design that the schools are more or less obliged to cater for the former, all of whom would be better occupied as poster-designers or professional photographers. Mr. Ellis is very moderate in his criticisms of architectural schools, but he has done well to speak out about the present cult of pretty drawings. There is an almost universally accepted notion that drawing and architecture are somehow connected, and there is even a vogue for the type of Ideal Home architect who starts planning a house with a sketch before deciding the size and disposition of the principal rooms. Between those who deny that architecture is an art at all, and those who forget that it is an applied art, there is only a minority of genuine architects, men who have felt the craving to build as long as they can remember.

There are naturally certain disadvantages in skimping one's architectural education. Mr. Ellis had to acquire most of his technical knowledge as he went along, and to this day he is not so much ignorant of technique as contemptuous of the conventions of house design. One does not go to Mr. Ellis for a *machine à habiter*; in his work, if and when beauty and efficiency conflict, beauty tends to come out on top. That is an understood thing. Between the beauty specialists and the efficiency specialists there must be architects of all degrees: Mr. Ellis is merely a bit of an extremist. Yet, if the architectural profession had been as closely organized twenty years ago as it is now trying to make itself, his talents would have been not merely unrecognized, but positively outlawed. In spite of all the onslaughts of concrete and steel, with their attendant hosts of technicalities, architecture remains an art. Though there is a lot to be said in favour of maintaining professional standards as a matter of convenience, it would be absurd to attempt to impose any sort of professional regimentation. To do so is to assume that all amateurs are knaves and all clients fools. Though amateur architects are apt to be house agents in disguise, we must not forget that Wren, amongst others, was a shameless amateur. When architecture becomes a matter of examinations and scholarships it loses its *raison d'être*. Instead of a creative artist, the architect becomes an amateurish structural engineer, a kind of parasitic middleman of building.

Clients, and other laymen, will find the book sympathetic and disarming, and full of good advice. Architects will be reminded of many forgotten amenities of their profession. Above all, to any young men—and I am sure there are many—who are in love with architecture the art, but repelled by architecture the profession, it will provide more than a temporary encouragement.

CHRISTOPHER HOBHOUSE.



NUDES. Left. From a drawing by Bernard Meninsky. *Right.* From a drawing by Henry Moore.

PAINTER versus *SCULPTOR. Although in the outlook of the painter and the sculptor there is a certain affinity in some phases of modern painting, yet there are decided differences, some of which may be observed in the two drawings reproduced here by courtesy of the St. George's Gallery.*

The drawing chosen to represent the painter is by Bernard Meninsky, who upholds a more or less traditional outlook, with perhaps a slight dash of modernity. The drawing representing the point of view of the sculptor is by Henry Moore and is decidedly modern in feeling.

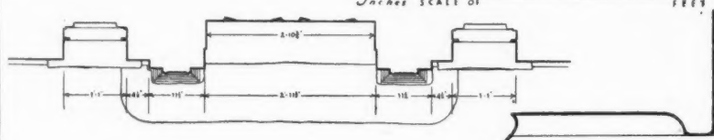
The sculptor nearly always draws from acquired knowledge, and although the painter to some extent does this too, the sculptor is less under the tyranny of his eyesight; he is more aware than the painter of what takes place on the other side of the forms which he sees.

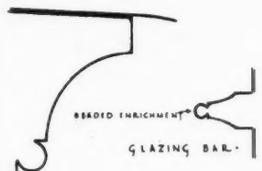
It will be observed that Meninsky has created a sense of bulk and weight by the use of light and shade, whereas Moore's effects have been obtained by the shapes of the outlines. It is as though he had looked at the model from one position, then looked at her from another, and made his outline the mean between these two positions; his line is thus in a state of movement between two extremes.

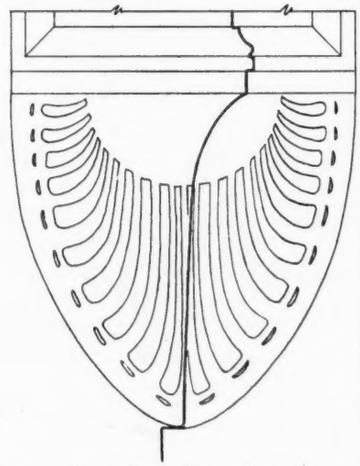
The painter is always consciously or unconsciously influenced by colour; on the other hand, as the sculptor is not trained to see colour, his problems are different; and when he does introduce it, it is imposed upon his drawing in a simple wash which is used merely to bind the forms together.

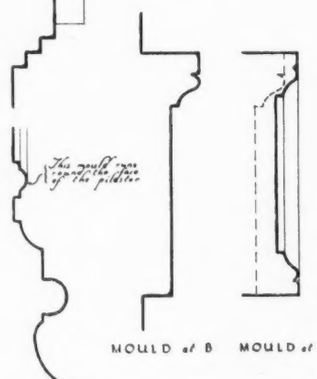
When drawing, the sculptor is perhaps thinking of the resisting qualities of marble, rock, or concrete; whilst the painter is thinking of flesh and blood. The painter thinks of colour and its effects by reflection upon the model; the sculptor puts down ruggedly the masses of the shapes of the figure itself. A sculptor's drawing always suggests its possible use for something else; the painter's drawing often is an end in itself. For this reason there is sometimes a larger outlook about the drawing by a sculptor, because his thought is, as it were, more outside his drawing; for while he makes his drawing, in imagination he may be seeing monuments of vast dimensions; whilst the painter makes what he can of the pictorial possibilities of the model before him.

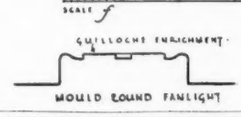
RAYMOND MCINTYRE.











THE ENTRANCE DOORWAY AT NO. 26 LOWER PRIORY, BIRMINGHAM.

Measured and Drawn by H. H. Jackson.

The house was built at the beginning of the 19th century at the time when the freedom of the Renaissance was hardening into a strait-laced and conscious rectitude, and when builders produced, by the use of standard mouldings, correct and not unrefined detail. The doorway is of wood, but little advantage has been taken of the licence which this material naturally permits, the designer preferring to concentrate on the general proportions, which are undoubtedly successful. The polished brass door-knocker is a fine piece of craftsmanship. The walling of 3-in. red bricks, with narrow, even joints, accords well with the large window panes and thin glazing bars. Blue bricks are used for the plinth.

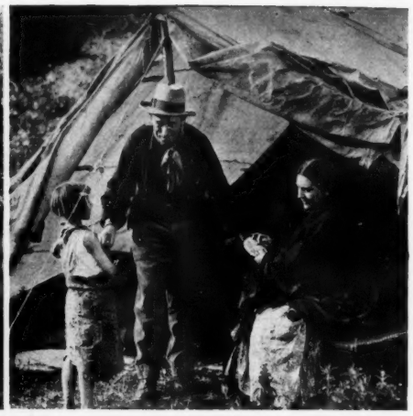
A certain well-known master used to be in the habit of saying to his form "Get sat down and wake your ideas up a bit." There are people, and architects amongst them, who ought to wake their ideas up a bit about the uses of sculpture and sculptors. The sculptor is, or ought to be, the architect's right-hand man, ready at any emergency to design a light fitting, a staircase, a mantelpiece, a balustrade, or a little "fancy stuff" on the wall. Only to employ him when a figure group, small or large, is required at some point on a building is to waste the best part of him; yet the number of architects who think of employing sculptors in any other capacity is very small. The foreigner, as these illustrations —which are reproduced from the collection of Mr. W. Aumonier—show, has a much more elastic conception of his function.

Above.

Left. SIGN OF THE ZODIAC. *Sculptor*—O. Stahr-Nielsen.
Right. THE ANNUNCIATION. *Sculptor*—Karl Knappe.

Below.

Left. STAIR RAIL. *Sculptor*—W. Sutkowski.
Right. SIGN OF THE ZODIAC. *Sculptor*—O. Stahr-Nielsen.



The sense of the open air, the sun and the wind, the rustling of trees and the freedom of the wandering life of those who work along the canals of France, is admirably caught in these scenes from the opening sequences of Gremillion's great film "Maldone." But the sluggish movement of the barge, the slow shuffling gait of the mules—with their drooping heads, a general air of acceptance of the inevitable, convey the impression of a pervading sadness—of unhappiness. These scenes materialize, as it were, one side of Maldone's dual character.

The scenes in Maldone's ancestral home with its substantial comfort, the air of well-being and stability, the suggestion of a regular and ordered life, express that side of Maldone's character which leads him to seek happiness in his home. At the same time the impression is skilfully conveyed—by the severe lines of the furnishings, the formal grouping of the actors, the lighting, the angles from which the scenes are viewed—that these attributes constitute for Maldone an irksome confinement, an imprisonment which is the price of his happiness.

IMAGE OF PSYCHE

MALDONE

Producing Firm	...	LA SOCIÉTÉ DES FILMS.
Direction	...	JEAN GREMILLION.
Maldone	...	CHARLES DULLIN.

The story of Maldone is essentially a story of human interest. It tells of that kind of inaptitude for happiness, of the desire which a man feels to rebel against the place in life in which circumstances have placed him. Generally the man succumbs. Maldone, unable to submit, always responds to the voice which calls him, urged by an imperious restiveness, even when his response leads him to unhappiness.

Born of a family of rich landowners, Maldone, moved by impulse, at the age of twenty, quits his ancestral home. For years he leads a wandering life in the open air, working with the barge traffic along the tree-lined, sunlit canals. Inheriting the family property by the death of his brother, he shows some promise of readapting himself to the idea of a steady and fixed existence. But the brief promise does not mature. His enemy—as a gipsy fortune-teller, met on his wanderings, had told him—is himself. His passion for liberty, his impatience of all restraint, allow him no repose. The comforts of his home, the many interests of the management of his estate, the patient love of his young wife, seem to him a prison where he is stifled in his happiness.

In vain he fights against his obsession to be free, to live wandering under the open sky even if unhappiness be the price of freedom. His vagabondage wins the struggle between his dual nature. Spurning happiness, he rides wildly back to fulfil his destiny—miserable, but free.

Such is the theme and story which Jean Gremillion has expressed and developed with profound intensity in his great film "Maldone." Avoiding anecdote or an easy picturesqueness, he has concentrated the resources of the film on the exposition of this deep psychological struggle between the alternating forces inherent in this man's character. Every event, every sequence of scenes, is chosen and inter-related the one to the other for the single purpose of expressing the dominant idea. And Jean Gremillion's film has expressed this struggle between these mutually destructive forces with a strength, emphasis and insight seldom equalled in the history of cinematic art.

MERCURIUS.

The Architectural Review
Supplement

April **1930**

Decoration & Craftsmanship

OVERLEAF: *AT CLOSE RANGE.*

The façade to the girls' playground at the Oratory Central Schools, Chelsea, Christian Barman, *Architect.* It is dominated by the four tall quadruple windows giving light to the class-rooms. The statutory window area for a class-room is double the area laid down for a private living-room, and the smallness of the wall space left over makes the designing of an harmonious school façade a problem of extreme difficulty. The present solution does not substitute a framework façade for the customary piece of walling, but instead concentrates both solids and voids into units as large and as simple as possible. The space between the ground- and first-floor windows is filled with ventilator panels modelled by Laurence Bradshaw. Fresh air enters the class-rooms through apertures in the masks. These panels, one of which is illustrated at the head of this page, were cast and finished at the Näfvequarn works, Sweden, a foundry as famous for the beautiful and lasting oxidized patina applied to its products by a secret process as it is for the number of distinguished artists it has employed to design these products.

AT CLOSE RANGE.

CLASS - ROOM WINDOWS AT THE ORATORY CENTRAL SCHOOLS, CHELSEA, LONDON. A description of the windows is given on the previous page.

An *OFFICE* with furniture in walnut and yew. For Henry Beecham, Esq.

Designers: R. W. Symonds and Robert Lutyens.

Prophets and Profits.

By John Gloag.

A YEAR has passed since Harrods struck a vigorously original note in advertising by inviting H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw and Arnold Bennett to "lend the influence of their pens to the cause of Business" and by publishing the interesting letters of refusal they received from those authors. As this excellent idea was concerned with the selling of goods, it was allowed to see the light despite its novelty. But one may be forgiven for wondering whether new ideas that were concerned with the design of goods rather than with the selling of them would receive sympathetic consideration. No big store has yet been inspired to lead contemporary taste by inviting a dozen or so competent English designers of furniture to exhibit their work in its showrooms.

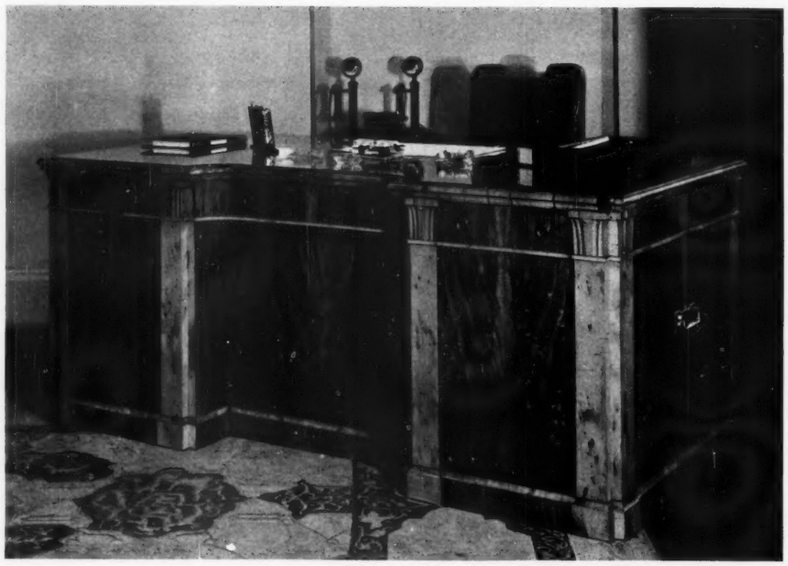
Occasionally, as a "stunt," the models of Continental craftsmen are exhibited, and sometimes a little English work, generally anonymous, accompanies the foreign exhibition, but the stores are passionately faithful to tradition and are the patrons of the copyist. And today the copyist has lost his pre-war cunning; he is not so much a mirror of past styles as a piece of blotting paper that gives a smudged impression of Stuart and Georgian forms, for he has passed from the straightforward aping of antique models to monkeying with their character, and sometimes his misbegotten fancies are sufficiently remote from anything antique to be labelled "modern" by the cabinet department buyers of the big stores. Apart from this travesty of "modern design" is a genuine modern movement in the furniture manufacturing trade, sponsored by Shoreditch and inspired by the work of the French artist-craftsmen, which began in 1926 and has for four years developed in an indeterminate manner. It is an unsatisfying and largely Semitic attempt to imitate the confident creative work of contemporary French designers of the calibre of Jacques Rhulmann, and to some extent it has been supported by retail furnishers. At least it has helped to turn the thoughts of many manufacturers and retailers from the disguising of wood to the displaying of wood. The colour and figure of oak and walnut and mahogany and rare decorative woods have been capitalized by this modern movement, and occasionally the wood itself has been considered sufficient for the decoration of certain pieces of furniture, and they have escaped the voluptuous embellishment that expresses the Oriental soul of Shoreditch. But the movement lacks leadership, as all taste lacks leadership today.

The people who could lead taste, whether they are merely popular newspaper proprietors with a flair for dramatic vulgarity, or great departmental store directors who are magnificent organizers, have this in common: they worship an intangible something known as "public demand." Sometimes in their inmost hearts they feel that a sacred and most desirable secret knowledge has been revealed to them, so that they can say with deep and purposeful sincerity that they know "what the public wants." But though they may draw comfort and great courage from this dear illusion, the fact is painfully clear that in the absence of an educated, fashion-setting aristocracy, the poor, dear public never knows what it wants in matters touched by art. It may have antipathies; it may have dim traditional preferences (for solid-looking furniture, for instance); but apart from feeling that the nude is naughty and that oak is vaguely indecent if it isn't old, ninety-nine people out of a hundred have no views on the things they put into their homes except on the points of cost and comfort. It is useless to think of the taste that is expressed in the furnishing and interior decoration of the artistic flats and neat little houses of Bloomsbury and Hampstead and Chelsea—that represents the ideas of a handful of educated individualists who have the sense to get what they want when they go shopping. But in thousands of homes in this country there is no will to get anything in particular: chairs are made to sit on, tables to be laid for meals, beds to sleep in. If the people who are interested in design, and who write about it, and who are actually engaged in creative work on it, imagine that the majority of their

fellow-countrymen and women are remotely interested in the æsthetic character of their everyday surroundings, they have only to go into a few homes in the suburbs of London or any big city — not slums, but homes that are supported on incomes ranging from £400 to £1,000 a year. The experience would be salutary.

A century and a half ago the humblest home had in it things of decent shape, simple variants of modish designs. The stock retort to this sort of statement is to curse mass production. But there can be mass production without machinery; there was something very like mass production in the workshops of the great Georgian cabinet-makers,[1] but it was mass production properly led and inspired by capable designers. Such leaders of furniture-making as Thomas Chippendale, Seddon, or Hepplewhite would be painfully limited in the twentieth century, for since their time an altogether idiotic fiction has been fostered by retail furniture establishments to the effect that everything is made in their own workshops. This fiction has driven the individual designer out of the furniture trade altogether. He must either be a lone experimentalist or a ghost in some manufacturer's studio, so that the Jaco Stores in High Street can pretend that his drawing-board designs were "made on the premises." The men capable of leading in design, the potential Chippendales and Sheratons, have been frozen out by "a custom of the trade," and furniture-making is an uninspired business of feeding wood through machines and buttering-up the retail buyers whose chief concern in life is keeping up the sales of the cabinet department.

Some day it will be discovered that there may be money in putting names to designs—the names of the men who originated them; and then there will be a sudden demand for furniture designers, and the furniture trade will realize with reluctant astonishment that a number of gifted designers have been making furniture for years—excellent stuff, too. Then there may be a chance of reviving taste on a large scale. At the moment the two outstanding examples of designers who are in the furnishing business, and who are leaders, are Ambrose Heal, the greatest pioneer of modern design in this century, and Gordon Russell. There are innumerable individual designers of merit, and a regrettable host of arty-crafty experimentalists who are so earnest and vocal that people are apt to recall their antics and their incredible clothes whenever modern furniture is mentioned. Of the real designers, there are some who are working in the grand manner of the eighteenth-century makers; notably Messrs. Symonds and Lutyens, examples of whose work have been chosen to illustrate this article.



A double-sided pedestal walnut *WRITING TABLE* with pilasters and carved caps of yew wood. The handles are made of a nickel alloy. For Henry Beecham, Esq.
Designers: R. W. Symonds and Robert Lutyens.

It is clear from the work of R. W. Symonds that, while he understands traditional influences, he does not prostrate himself before them. Even if the admirable books he has written on various historical aspects of furniture did not put his scholarship beyond dispute, every piece he has designed would proclaim his lucid sympathy with the perfections of another age. R. W. Symonds and Robert Lutyens are essentially designers in wood. But there is a school of design that deplores wood and urges us to consider the merits of such materials as glass and steel, rubber and patent leather. Modernity in furniture means so many things; but the meaning Mr. Symonds and Mr. Lutyens give to it is nearer to English needs than the cold engineering of M. Le Corbusier. To compare the work of these or any other comprehending designers in wood with the fierce utility of that great French architect, is as hopeless as trying to compare the ordered delicacy of a minuet with the stark urgency of a jazz fox-trot.

But, unlike the Continental designers, our own creative artists and craftsmen hardly get a hearing, much less a chance of helping to lead contemporary taste. Their influence is restricted. It is almost impossible to see their work in any furniture shop. Their only practical friend is the architect; and until the architect is once more in complete and undisputed control of creating our surroundings, as he was in the eighteenth century, the furniture designer must be limited and thwarted. But perhaps the opportunity of leadership will not always be ignored by businesses that have shown themselves to be so vigorously creative in the planning and operating of their organizations, and designers may yet find themselves empowered to advocate modern experiments in a perfectly respectable Queen Anne board-room.

[1] ". . . In a workshop, with twenty or thirty men at the bench, much division of labour would be found, and the efforts of an individual craftsman would no doubt be confined to the repetition of some detail of execution which might have to be repeated time after time"—*Thomas Chippendale: A Study of his Life, Work and Influence.* By Oliver Brackett.

The May issue of the REVIEW will be a Special Double Number on Modern English Interior Decoration. Amongst its principal contents will be an historical sketch on interior decoration in England from 1830 to 1930, a large series of illustrations of recent work, an article on new materials and new methods, a review of the position of the great stores in regard to modern decoration, an article on the uses, possibilities and accessories of electricity, and an illustrated account of the artists who are at present engaged in the field of decoration. Particulars of a competition to be held for a scheme of interior decoration, for which the sum of £100 will be awarded as a first prize, will also be published in this issue.

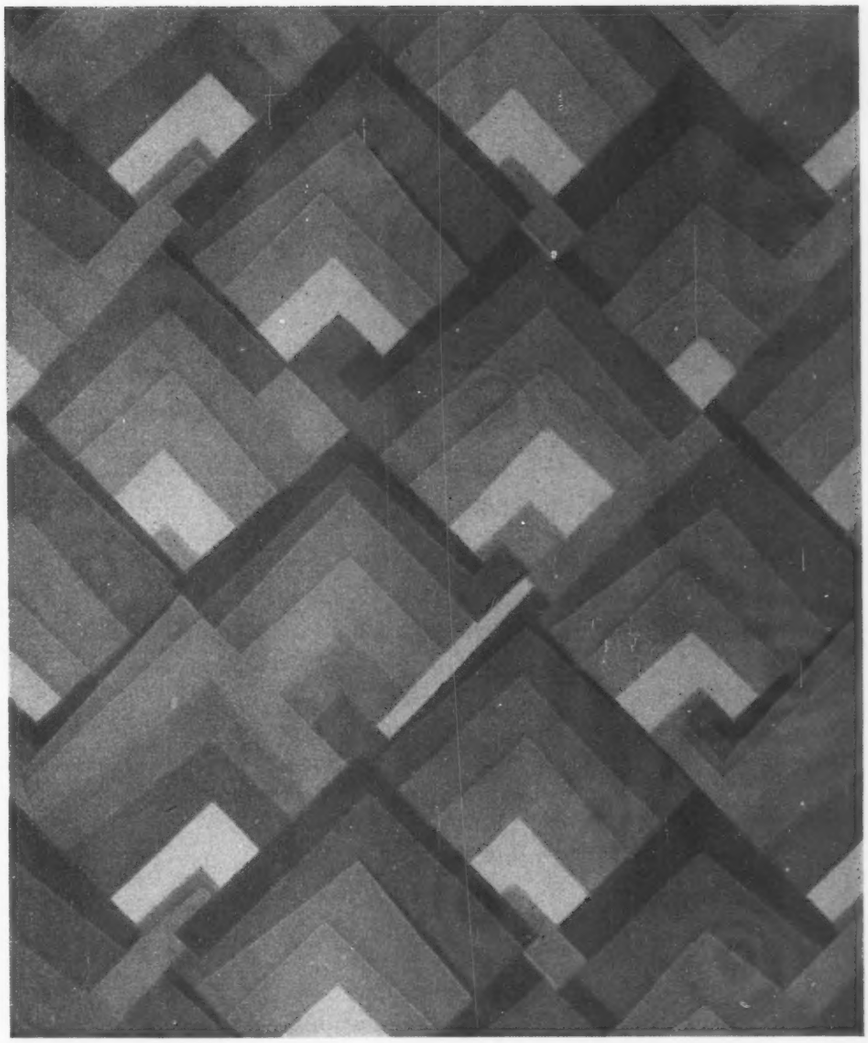
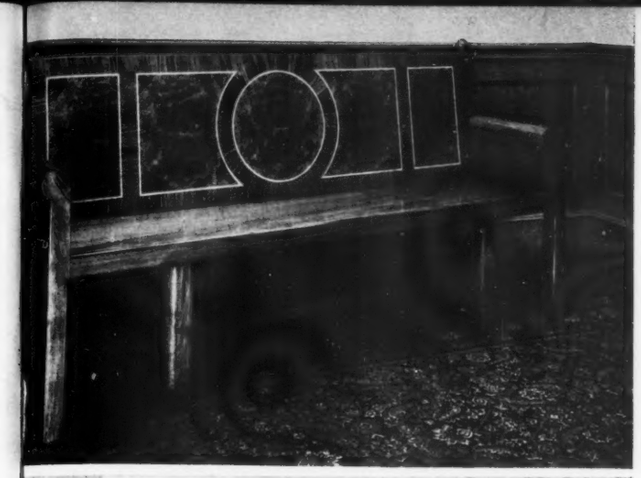
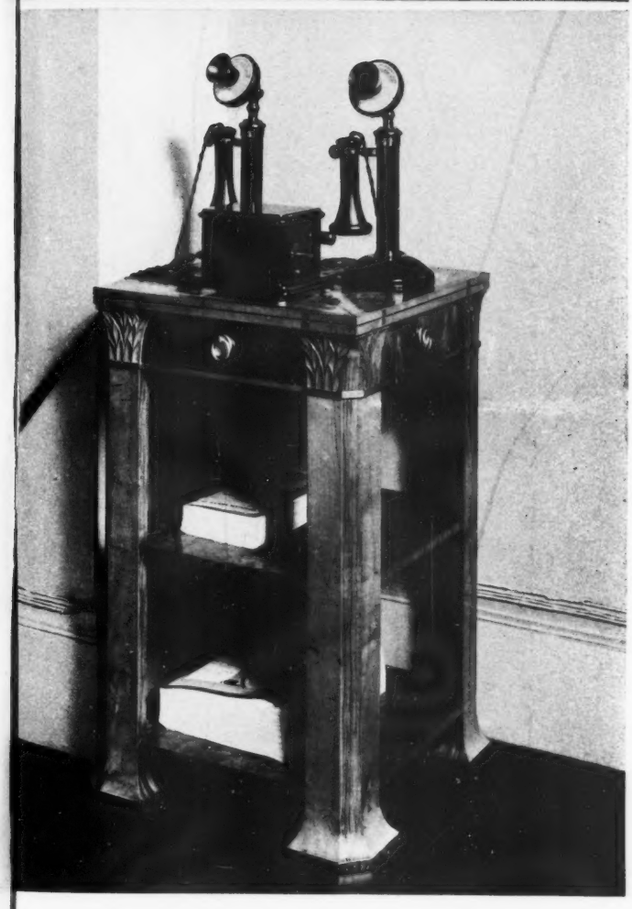


Plate III. April 1930.
A WALL COVERING.
Designer: Giorgio Dabovich (Milan).





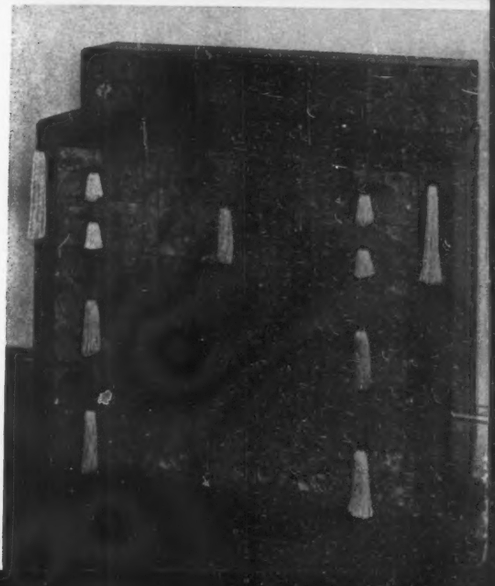
Left.

Above. A walnut *HALL SEAT* with panels of burr walnut. The front edges of the legs and the underneath of the seat rail are decorated with yew mouldings. For Henry Beecham, Esq.

Below. A *TELEPHONE TABLE* with an envelope top. The pilaster legs are of yew wood to match the writing table. For Henry Beecham, Esq.

Right.

A *PIANO* in burr walnut veneers with straight-grained edging and ebonized lines in the legs. The lyre is of wrought-bronze. For Alfred Beit, Esq.

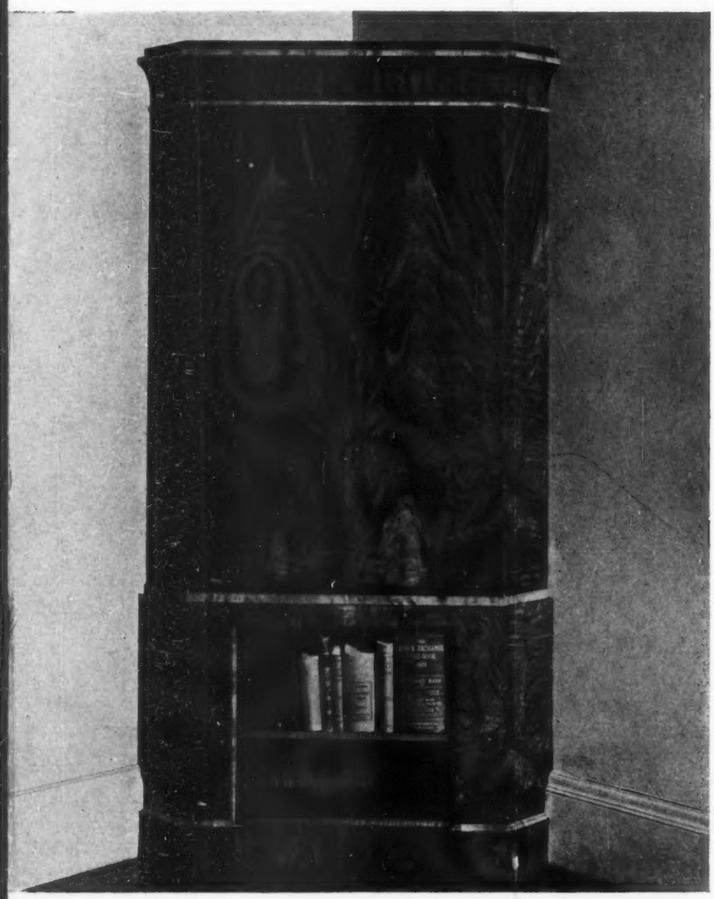


Right.

Above. A *BOOKCASE TABLE* with drawers and secret compartments of burr walnut and yew wood bandings. For Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A.

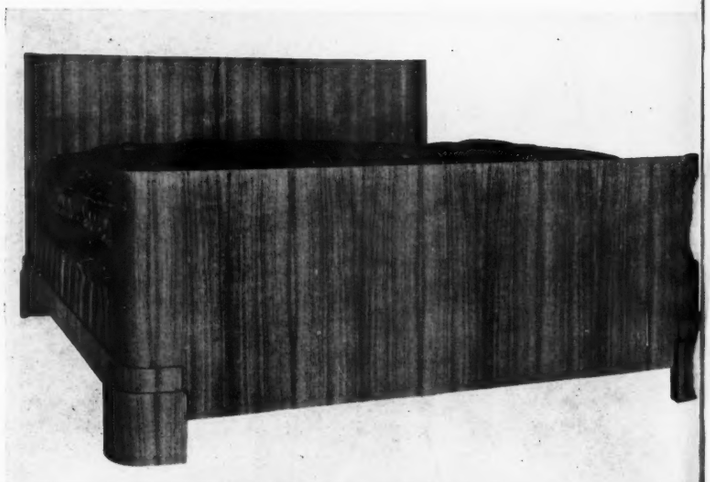
Below. A *WRITING TABLE* with a fold-over top, veneered with figured walnut and cross banded edgings. The pulls are of silk. For the Baroness Ravensdale.

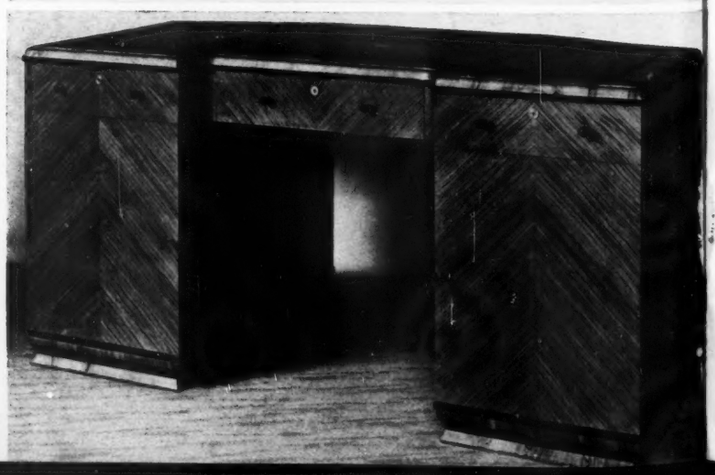
XLVII—The Furniture of R. W. Symonds *and* Robert Lutyens.



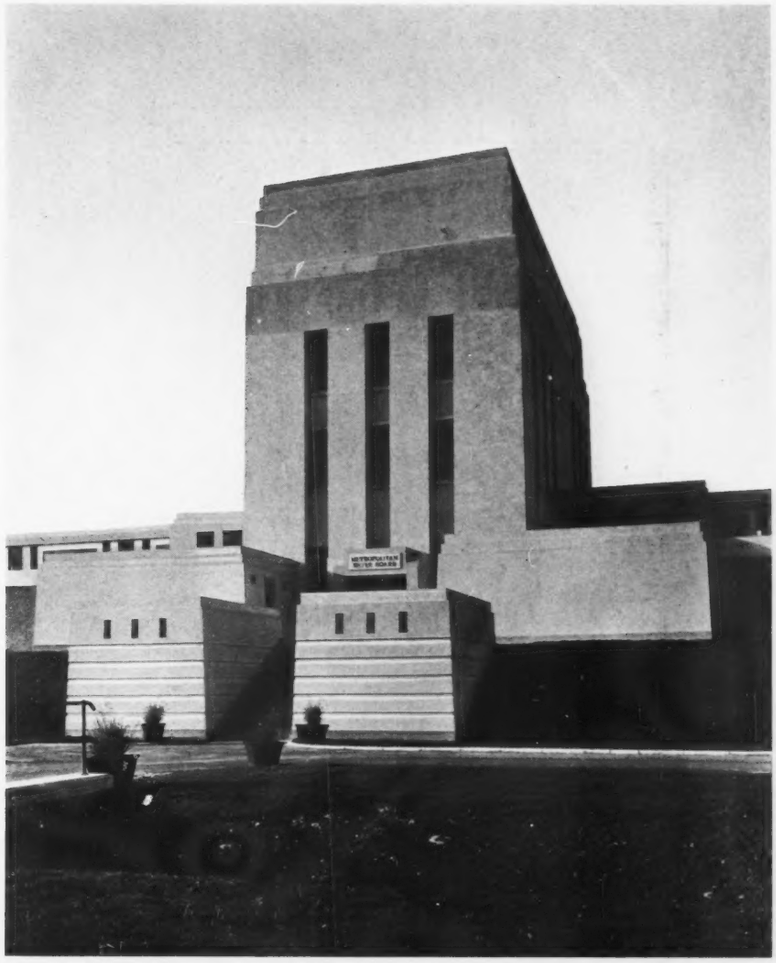
Left.
A walnut *CORNER CUPBOARD;* the upper part has a pair of folding doors enclosing fitted compartments and drawers. A bookcase is fitted in the lower portion. The mouldings are of yew. For Henry Beecham, Esq.

Above.
A circular *DINING TABLE* with extending rim, the top of which is veneered with burr walnut. The pedestal is of Chinese influence to harmonize with an Oriental setting. For the Baroness Ravensdale.





Right.
Above. A walnut *BEDSTEAD* with curved ends to the feet and back. All the edges are cross banded. For Mrs. Bruce Harvie.
Below. A *WRITING DESK* of walnut veneer with ebony bandings. For Alfred Beit, Esq.



An idea of the imposing effect of the new reinforced concrete filtration plant of the Metropolitan Water Board at Kempton can be gathered from the above illustration. Such buildings as this call to mind comments from many sources on the artistic possibilities provided by the massing of concrete. The ferro-concrete building is a monolith: column and beam, arch and wall become one stone, in which connecting steel rods link the most distant parts together. The possibilities of texture, the possibilities of colour inhering in the product make it a thing through which the designer can make his feelings flow. The more a building tends toward a mono-material building, the more nearly will perfect style reward an organic plan and ease of execution economize results. The more logical will the whole become. In all real art, structure and design form an inseparable unity. The ideal is the expression in one operation of the idea of building and the idea of beauty. The problem is to express in beautiful forms the type of construction thrust upon us by a utilitarian age. Each successive step along this line has an interest of its own. Every one of the preceding half-dozen sentences has been written recently by one or another well-known authority on architecture. Incidentally, "Atlas White" Portland cement renderings were applied to both the exterior and the interior surfaces of the Metropolitan Water Board building at Kempton.

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

Frederic Toleman

Chief Engineer: H. E. Stilgoe, M.Inst.C.E.
Contractors: William Moss & Sons, Limited.

I HAVE lamented that, being born an architect, I was not also thoroughly made. There are doubtless others in a like case; but the more usual condition is to be made an architect without having been so born. This is an omission and an oversight that nothing whatsoever can repair, and most of our more important architectural infelicities are from the brains and hands of such "synthetic" architects.

They may be energetic and business-like and even ingenious, but their superstructure of training, elaborate and complete, has been raised on an insensitive and prosaic foundation that will for ever prevent their achieving real architecture.

To say that all is therefore vain and profits them nothing would be pleasant but very far from true. The thoroughly leaden-footed pedestrian rule-of-thumb architect (if we grant him that title) often prospers exceedingly, for the very good reason that nearly all the world is very much to match and quite complacently insensitive and prosaic too. No doubt one's fellow-creatures love the highest when they see it, the catch of course being that they can't see it. They just love the highest that they can see, and usually that is no higher than their own eye level.

So make no mistake about it, you may make a very good living—or, more pedantically, a very good income—as a not very good architect. I dearly wish that it were not so: but given present public taste, if you are business-like and jolly and reasonably competent in a practical sort of way, and no more, you will probably be happier and richer than if you are a true architect with an æsthetic conscience and aspirations that hardly anyone will understand or care about.

The England of to-day should be an ideally congenial place for the first sort of architect, who is clearly having a high old time; but we who like to think we belong to the second sort are trying to change all that. We like to believe that the heyday of dunce-building is already past, and that we, the elect, shall yet come into our own.

Nor do we only believe it—it is not merely a pious hope—for many of us who feel that architecture (and with it amenity) is of the very substance of our lives, are giving up an increasingly large part of our time to the cause of æsthetic education, to the end that our prophecy may be fulfilled. We are not very many, and progress is as slow as might have been expected: the Englishman is not interested in ideas, but particularly not if their implications are æsthetic.

Yet, for all that, better times are coming, better times for the better architects; so it may soon be no longer safe to embrace this profession with no special endowments beyond practical common sense and a go-getting disposition.

CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS.

THE ARCHITECT. Chapter I.

Marginalia.

The British Industries Fair.

THERE is a ritual attaching to the British Industries Fair almost as rigid as that which surrounds Ascot, Goodwood, or Lord's. First we read of the miles of stands and of the thousands of invitations issued. (This year the effect was spoilt by a Parliamentary question which elicited that only a few hundred out of fifty thousand are ever accepted.) Then we read that within five minutes of the opening an enormous order was placed by an overseas buyer. Finally, exalted personages declare that British goods are the best in the world (hear, hear!), but that British salesmanship is deficient in this or that quality. It is unanimously decided that the personage has Hit the Nail on the Head, and the Fair pursues the normal and rather dreary course painted so ably by Junius on page 201 of this issue. This year it is very much less dreary than before, because it has at last forsaken the draughty, bedraggled splendours of the White City for a new and enlarged Olympia. Olympia is compact, warm, and almost cheerful. The train service is lamentable, and the parking of cars no easy problem, but it is Heaven itself after the White City.

* * *

In spite, however, of all the manufactured optimism which is part of the ritual, one notices that there is a slight official uneasiness about the British Industries Fair. There is talk about enlarging its scope. There are suggestions for spending more on advertising. Why, indeed, do not all these buyers come and buy if our goods are so perfect? I am going to suggest one reason which never occurs to our business leaders, knowing full well that it will be treated very much as the Syrian general treated the advice of the Prophet. What is wrong with industry as exhibited at Olympia is poverty of design.

* * *

Let anyone who spent a few hours examining the Fair consider how the contents live up to the simple, bold exterior of the new Olympia. The stands themselves had no coherence; each competed with its neighbours as do our shop fronts in the suburbs; a jumble of meaningless mouldings and bad lettering. The Empire Marketing Board stand and a few others stood out as a naked athlete might in a crowd of overdressed bookmakers. But go closer and examine the wares in all these little shops and stalls. The furniture section betrayed a consciousness of Continental influences, but was quite unrepresentative of the current English tradition. The pottery section, with a few exceptions I purposely refrain from mentioning, was truly deplorable. All the classic designs were there, meticulously copied; but when a new pattern was to be seen, one asked oneself, where on earth did the pottery trade find the artist? Those dinner services cry aloud the provincial art school of twenty years ago. And so throughout the Fair; the worst sections being stationery, fancy goods and lampshades, the best being sports goods and toys.

* * *

It will be urged in defence that this is not an Exhibition of Decorative Art, but a trade show. I agree. But how are we ever to compete in the export of furniture, pottery, fancy goods and the like, if we neglect the vital element of design? One buys a curtain as much for its decorative charm as for its wearing qualities. The French employ their best artists to design their materials and their furniture, because they know that it pays to do so. If our wares remain antiquated or ugly, it is largely the fault of our business men who refuse to make themselves aware of contemporary movements in art or to employ creative artists. They pay a lip service to art—for on all sides may be seen art-pottery, art-leatherwork, art-furniture

the prefix signifying some childish make-belief—but I do not imagine that any buyer from overseas will be greatly impressed if he is familiar with the products of Paris, Stockholm or Munich.

* * *

The Department of Overseas Trade cannot be entirely ignorant of what has happened abroad in the last decade. The Government could do British industry an immense service by encouraging industrial design just as it has improved marketing and packing. The best designed exhibits of each year might be selected and awarded diplomas. A suitably large enclosure (as large as the present E.M.B. stand) should be retained for their display. A diploma might also be given for the best designed stand and best printed catalogue. I maintain that this would give a stimulus to industrial design, because the manufacturers would have something to prepare for each year and something to think about afterwards. It will be objected, perhaps, that the selection would entail jealousy and ill-feeling. A certain amount of jealousy, quite possibly; but jealousy is not an altogether undesirable sentiment in trade. The Government might well appoint an independent body to judge—the Design and Industries Association, for instance. This method has been successfully applied in Sweden. Lastly, the Government might also give a lead by printing its invitation cards, its prospectuses and other pamphlets connected with the Fair in a style which has some relation to accepted typographical standards and which would be creditable to British Industry.

* * *

The Royal Academy.

A Letter from Sir Reginald Blomfield.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—In an article on "Architecture in the Italian Pictures," Mr. Raymond Mortimer introduces his remarks with the following words:—

"The Exhibition of Italian Art at Burlington House is a triumph for those who organized it, a triumph all the greater because of the unhelpful attitude adopted throughout by the authorities of the Royal Academy. These gentlemen are given rent free the only large exhibition building in London and exploit this monopoly according to their own caprices,"—and so on.

Attacks on the Royal Academy are, of course, a recognized commonplace of modern journalism, and as long as the game is played according to the rule, though it is rather old-fashioned, nobody minds—but Mr. Mortimer seems to have forgotten that the rules exist at all. In regard to the "unhelpful attitude" of the Academy, the actual facts are these. A committee of enthusiastic persons decided to hold an exhibition of Italian art, and the only galleries suitable for the purpose were those of the Royal Academy. The Committee approached the Academy with proposals which that body found it impossible to accept, but the Academy entered into negotiations with the committee and terms were arranged which were accepted by both parties, and have been entirely justified by the result. Mr. Mortimer talks of the "unhelpful attitude" of the Academy; one might just as well talk of the "preposterous position assumed by the Committee," and either statement would be as wide of the mark as the other.

Mr. Mortimer proceeds with his onslaught, and asserts: "These gentlemen (members of the Academy) are given rent free the only large exhibition building in London." He might just as well say that members of the Academy filled their pockets with the proceeds of the exhibition. I need hardly say that the whole of the proceeds of exhibitions go to the cost of the work of the Academy in its schools and exhibitions. Really these reckless aspersions should not be made in complete disregard or ignorance of the facts, and the facts are these. The Royal Academy is under the direct patronage of H.M. the King, but it receives no subvention whatever from the State. It was originally granted rooms, but when in 1867 the Academy moved to Burlington House, a long lease of that building was obtained, and the Academy spent £180,000 out of its accumulated savings on the conversion of the building into an exhibition gallery and schools. The whole of the buildings and their equipment are maintained entirely from the Academy's own funds, which depend on the public attendance at exhibitions. £180,000 at 5 per cent. means that the cost of the Academy is £9,000 per annum instead of "rent free," but this is not all. In addition the Academy finds the whole of the cost of its schools, there are no fees and the instruction is entirely free of cost to the students. The annual cost of this is approximately about £4,500 per annum; add to this between £3,000 and £4,000 for rates, and taking into account interest on the capital outlay, the annual cost to the Academy is over £16,000. I say nothing of the charities annually administered by the Academy, but what becomes of Mr. Mortimer's exhibition building "rent free"? Really our critics ought to verify their statements before they launch these wholly inaccurate assertions.

Mr. Mortimer also assaults the architects. I do not know with what authority, as I believe he is not himself an architect, but I note that he exhorts architects to draw their inspiration from Italian painters, and says that Gothic is not true architecture, whereas it appears M. Le Corbusier's efforts are. I am not an enthusiast for Gothic, but if thirteenth-century French and English Gothic is not architecture, what is it? I would suggest to Mr. Mortimer that

A CASE FOR OPEN COMPETITION.

ARCHITECTURE (*to London*): **"YOU'RE MISSING YOUR CHANCE OF DOING A BIG THING WELL. WHY WASN'T I PROPERLY CONSULTED?"**

From the drawing by Bernard Partridge.

What Punch *thinks of the scheme for the new Charing Cross Bridge.*

architecture is not only an affair of façade and frontispiece, but that planning and construction are also essential elements of that much misunderstood and misrepresented art.

Your obedient servant,

1 New Court, Temple, E.C. REGINALD BLOMFIELD

* * *

Mr. Raymond Mortimer is abroad, but an answer to this letter will be published in the May issue of the REVIEW.

* * *

An Exhibition of 18th Century Conversation Pieces.

A loan collection of eighteenth-century English Conversation Pieces—which was certainly a revelation of the achievements of the English painters of this period—arranged by Sir Philip Sassoon, was held at his house, Park Lane, in aid of the Royal Northern Group of Hospitals.

In an interesting foreword to the catalogue, Sir Philip says: "The essential requirement of a Conversation Piece is that it should be a representation of two or more persons in a state of dramatic or psychological relation to each other. It is this characteristic of dramatic or psychological relation which principally distinguishes the Conversation Piece from the portrait group pure and simple."

If these paintings had not been gathered from the four quarters of the British Isles, and from America, where some had gone, many of us would still be in ignorance of the great success painters we had known in one connection had achieved in another.

Gainsborough did some very charming work in this style, extremely clear-cut and tight in drawing, and with a gloss and finish almost Dutch, which show him in an entirely new light.

Hogarth also did many paintings of this kind; some good examples shown were sketched in with delightful freedom. But Zoffany seems to have shone particularly brightly in this branch of painting, fifty-seven varieties by him having been collected.

A painter almost unknown to the generality of the art world—Arthur Devis (1711–1787)—was to many of us an interesting find.

* * *

This is the verse referred to on page 203 of this issue.

A quotation from "The Stuffed Owl: An Anthology of Bad Verse."

Magnificent, too, is the system of drains,
Exceeding the far-spoken wonders of old:
So lengthen'd and vast in its branches and chains,
That labyrinths pass like a tale that is told:
The sewers gigantic, like multiplied veins,
Beneath the whole city their windings unfold,
Disgorging the source of plagues, scourges, and pains
Which visit those cities to cleanliness cold.
Well did the ancient proverb lay down this important text,
That cleanliness for human weal to godliness is next.

LONDON.

* * *

The Pseudo-Tudor Cult.

The pseudo-Tudor cottage is now having an immense boom amongst the advertising agents. It hardly seem possible to open a newspaper, travel on the Underground, or pass a hoarding, without a pseudo-Tudor cottage pressing its claims upon one. Building Societies, of course, are the chief offenders, who, by drawings of houses that no architect would own, vitiate the not too robust taste of the hopefully prospective small-holder. Another offender is the estate office whose window is occupied by a model of the estate with half-timbered atrocities that it is not possible to dignify with the name of pseudo-Tudor. But companies remote from building seem to have caught the craze too. If these companies would illustrate decent houses their advertisements might have an excellent effect on the thousands (according to statistics) who look at them.

The sins of Building Societies, however, are not confined to the hoarding. The advertisement materializes, the half-timbered atrocity becomes a fact, and soon a mushroom growth of red brick and alleged timber springs up in every green area within easy access of a large town.

* * *

A Statue of Artemis.
One of the Lansdowne Marbles recently on sale at Christie's.

A Fragment of an Assyrian Relief. Circa 722 B.C.
One of the Lansdowne Marbles.

Miss Margaret Bondfield, at a recent meeting, described the atrocity of these houses, whose main interior peculiarity is that they seem to have been planned in order to make their management as difficult as possible. Miss Bondfield grew heated, her wrath against the thoughtless architect poured forth, her "blood boiled" at the very sight of these houses. She said, in fact if not in word, "I do well to be angry." Certainly. But was not Miss Bondfield's righteous indignation perhaps aimed at the wrong quarter? Would it not have been more profitable for Miss Bondfield to have aimed her arrows at her audience instead of into the air at the nebulous architect? For this was at the Annual Meeting of a big Building Society. The thoughts of Building Societies are long, long, thoughts, but they certainly do not include thoughts on architects. The houses Miss Bondfield deplores are not designed by architects. That is just the trouble. If the Building Societies would give the architect a chance, he would certainly see to it that the woman living in a small house, which she has to manage perhaps single-handed, should have every modern device to make her work as easy as possible.

* * *

Etchings by Percy Smith.

A set of the etchings of Percy Smith, limited to 100 proofs of each, which he has named "The Dance of Death," are about to be issued in portfolio form. These seven etchings are a kind of war record through which the skeleton Death stalks in various moods, but always fatally inexorable. The grimness and horror are perhaps strongest in "Death Awed," when the sinister form pauses thoughtfully beside a pair of "not quite empty boots." Both the British Museum and the Victoria Museum have purchased sets. The size of the portfolio is 19″ by 16″, and the price is 15 guineas.

A book of 16 collotype plates of drypoints and etchings by Percy Smith, with an introduction by H. M. Tomlinson and a foreword by Professor W. Rothenstein, has been published by the Soncino Press. The edition, royal quarto, is limited to 140 copies at £1 5s. each, but there is also a further edition, limited to 20 copies, with an original signed drypoint as a frontispiece. The price of this *de luxe* edition is 6 guineas.

* * *

A New Scientific Intelligence Service and Library.

The Department of Scientific and Industrial Research has instituted an Intelligence Service and Library at the Building Research Station. The purpose of the Intelligence Service is to collect the very latest information available which has any bearing on building and construction. Also all the new books, pamphlets and periodicals, will be in use, and the data collected by these means will be at the service of any inquirer.

* * *

As the May issue of the REVIEW is devoted entirely to Modern Interior Decoration, Mr. Lloyd's next article on *The History of the English House* will be published in the June issue.

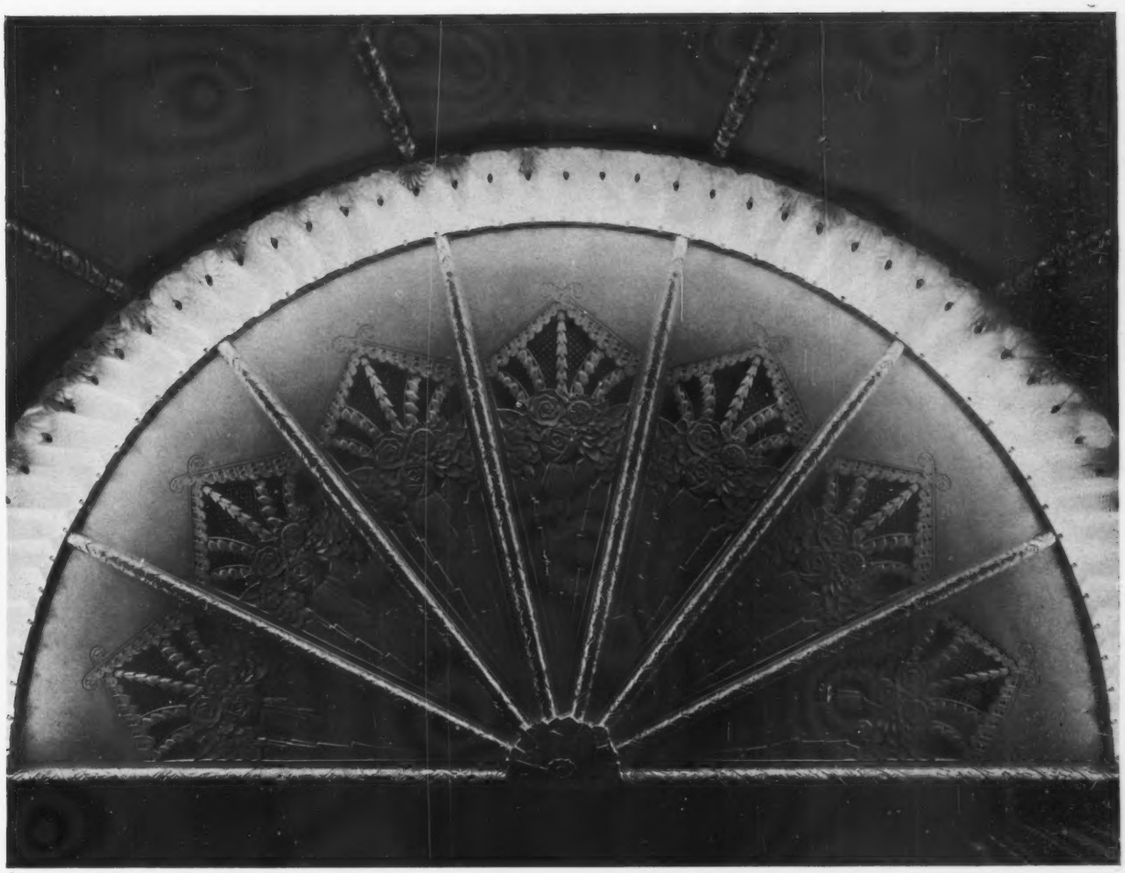
* * *

Trade and Craft.

The manufacturers of Portland Cement may, perhaps, have been among the first large cement making companies, for they opened their works at West Thurrock in Essex in 1873. There, on the north bank of the Thames, close to the L.M.S. Railway, they have remained, but the buildings and machinery have been from time to time modernized, as well as increased, so that Portland Cement is made with all the latest labour-saving methods known. To mark the development of over half a century, the Company has issued an illustrated booklet, containing views of the Works, including aerial views showing the economy and efficiency of the planning, with a description of the processes of manufacture. Both the description and the illustrations must be very interesting to anyone who knows anything of cement and its manufacture. The illustration on this page shows the Company's wharves, and in the foreground the barges being loaded with steel drums which are then carried to the London Docks, transferred to liners, and eventually are taken to foreign and colonial markets.

* * *

From an examination of *Salubra* and *Tekko* wall coverings it is evident that the designers have been cramped by no conventions. Plate III in this issue of the REVIEW gives an example, taken from the *Salubra* range, of wall decoration with which architects are able today to express themselves in new terms, both of design and colour. Most of the patterns are produced in a considerable variety of colourings, and the whole series, which is inclusive of plain and mottled shades, is of remarkable diversity. These wall coverings are all washable—they can even



VENTILATOR CEILING TO CABARET STAGE, CLARIDGE'S NEW RESTAURANT

DESIGNED BY BASIL IONIDES
MODELLING AND FIBROUS PLASTER-
WORK BY GILBERT SEALE & SON
SCULPTORS, CRAFTSMEN IN
STONE, WOOD AND FIBROUS
PLASTERWORK.

GILBERT SEALE & SON
22 LOMOND GROVE, LONDON, S.E. FIVE
'Phone: Rodney 3208-2440

be scrubbed—and the colours are permanent, a practical virtue which merges with the æsthetic.

* * *

The recently opened Adelphi Theatre at Slough has been equipped with a lighting system by the General Electric Company. There is a light fitting in the central auditorium of streaked opal and chevron pattern glass, and fitted with 144 Osram lamps of four different colours. The general auditorium has cornice lighting, with a number of illuminated panels fixed below the cornice at intervals, extending from the proscenium and gradually diminishing in size until the balcony is reached. In addition, there are wall brackets above and below the balcony. The stage lighting equipment is said to be one of the most modern and complete. The Electrical Contractors working in conjunction with the General Electric Company were the Berkeley Electric Engineering Company, Limited.

* * *

The firm of John Walsh Walsh is fast becoming one of the chief exponents in England of modern possibilities in glass. This, for a firm established as early as 1801, is a most praiseworthy exhibition of vitality. The moulded glass which Walter Gilbert has been chosen to make has made steady progress, and the variety of its application has steadily increased. Some idea of this variety may be gathered from the accompanying photograph of the firm's stand at the British Industries Fair held recently at Olympia.

* * *

Raines and Porter are the well-known restorers and preservers of many historic buildings in England. Some of their recent work is to be seen in Chichester, where they restored many of the old buildings including the Gatehouse of the Bishop's Palace, the Greyfriars Priory, the Boxgrove Priory, and the famous

The restored Market Cross, Chichester.

Market Cross. The firm has, as a result, published a booklet on Chichester which is in the nature of an illustrated guide, and was compiled by Arthur R. Warner, F.I.C., A.Inst.P., A.I.Struct.E., and Herbert S. Aylmore. There is also an appendix of illustrations of buildings restored by Raines and Porter, and these include St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, the Church Tower, Frensham, and Malvern College. A copy of this and similar booklets will gladly be sent to anyone who applies to Stanhope House, Park Lane, W. 1.

* * *

Messrs. F. & H. F. Higgs, Ltd. ask us to express their regret that, through an oversight, the name of Mr. Basil Ionides was not included in their advertisement which appeared on page liii of the March issue of the REVIEW, dealing with the reconstruction of Claridge's Restaurant. Mr. Ionides was responsible for the decoration of the restaurant, and also for the decoration of the corridor leading from the new entrance in Davies Street.

* * *

An essay, which might have had as title " In Praise of Interior Decoration " has been published in booklet form by Kenan Limited, of Duke Street, Manchester Square. It is a dissertation on the difficulties of the interior decorator who aims at original work. There is the financial advantage of standardized over individual work to be somehow combated. Also the maintaining of individuality has become more difficult since the decorator's scope has widened, for it is necessary for him to employ an army of specialists, who are used to working to standard designs. Yet he must have expert knowledge in each branch of the work, and keep in personal contact with it, and with the architect. But in spite of all the disadvantages the writer finds decoration one of the most fascinating of trades, and, though he evidently can still delight in " period reproductions," hopes, that with a greater co-operation between the client, architect and decorator, the modern movement in England may develop as strongly national a style as has recently appeared on the Continent. The illustrations in the booklet, of work carried out by Kenan to architects' designs, belong to a past epoch. Surely we ought to expect from people like Kenan Limited something a little more stimulating in the way of decoration.

* * *

The Leyland and Birmingham Rubber Co., Ltd., have moved their London office to Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, where they have premises large enough to accommodate also their Central Sales Control, which has therefore been moved from their works in Birmingham to London. In Leyland, therefore, will be the centre of manufacture, and in London the centre of sales organization.

* * *

The general contractors for the William Booth Memorial Training College were Griggs and Son; and among the artists, craftsmen, and sub-contractors were the following: Thomas Falds & Co. (dampcourses and asphalt); King & Co. (concrete blocks); London and Wales Steel Construction Co. Ltd. (reinforced concrete, structural steel, and iron staircases); Ames and Finnis (bricks and roof tiles); Greenway and Ludlow (stone); Goldstein and Sons (glass and patent glazing); Edward Evans & Son (jointless composition flooring and waterproofing materials); G. H. Haden and Sons Ltd. (central heating); Griersons Ltd. (electric wiring, light fixtures, and bells); J. Smith and Son (plumbing and sanitary fittings); Yannedis & Co. (door furniture); Brunswick Engineering Co. Ltd. (metal casements); Marconi Relay Automatic Telephone Co. (internal telephones); Blunt and Wray (folding gates); H. and C. Davis & Co. (iron staircases); and Bennett Furnishing Co. (school fittings).

* * *

The general contractors for the Oratory Central Schools were Bovis Ltd.; and among the artists, craftsmen, and sub-contractors were the following: Greenham Ltd. (demolition); Redalon (reinforced concrete); London Brick Co. and Forders Ltd. (bricks); Stewart's Granolithic Co. (artificial stone); Art Pavements and Decorations Ltd. (terrazzo paving); Braithwaite & Co., Engineers, Ltd. (structural steel); Haywards (patent glazing, fireproof doors, and iron staircases); Delabole, Satchell & Sons Ltd. (slates); Thomas Ellesley (rainwater heads); Turner Bros. (asbestos roofing); Pilkington Bros. (Georgian wired glass); Hollis Bros. (woodblock flooring and marble); Hope's Heating and Lighting Co. (central heating); Waring Withers and Chadwick (electric wiring); Higgins and Griffiths, Metro-Vick, Nordiska Kompaniet, and Schwintzer and Graff (electric-light fixtures); Tricity Co. and the British Electric Transformer Co. Ltd. (electric heating); Adamsez (sanitary fittings); Yannedis (door furniture and metalwork); Henry Hope and Sons Ltd. (casements); J. Avery & Co. (curtains and sunblinds); Plastering Ltd. (plaster); G. Jackson Ltd. (decorative plaster); Carter & Co. Poole (wall tiling); Greenboards and Beaverboard Co. Ltd. (school fittings); Venesta Ltd. and Staines Kitchen Equipment Co. (kitchen fittings); Comyn Ching (cloak-room fittings).

* * *

The general contractors for the reconditioning of Lord Forres' House were Holland and Hannen and Cubitts, Ltd., who were also responsible for the central heating and the joinery. Among the artists, craftsmen, and sub-contractors were the following: Smith, Walker & Co. (structural steel); Bective Electrical Co. (electric wiring, electric heating, and ventilation); A. Emanuel & Sons (electric light fixtures and metalwork); Shanks & Co. (sanitary fittings); J. M. Pirie & Co. (door furniture); R. E. Pearse & Co. (casements and window furniture); G. Jackson & Sons and Hartley Hearn & Rogers (decorative plaster); Bagues (metalwork); H. T. Jenkins & Son (marble); Howard & Sons and Levasseur (furniture); Medway Lift Co. (lifts); Broadbent & Sons and H. R. Hawkins (carving); Priston & Sons (special painting); and George Sheringham (decorations).

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