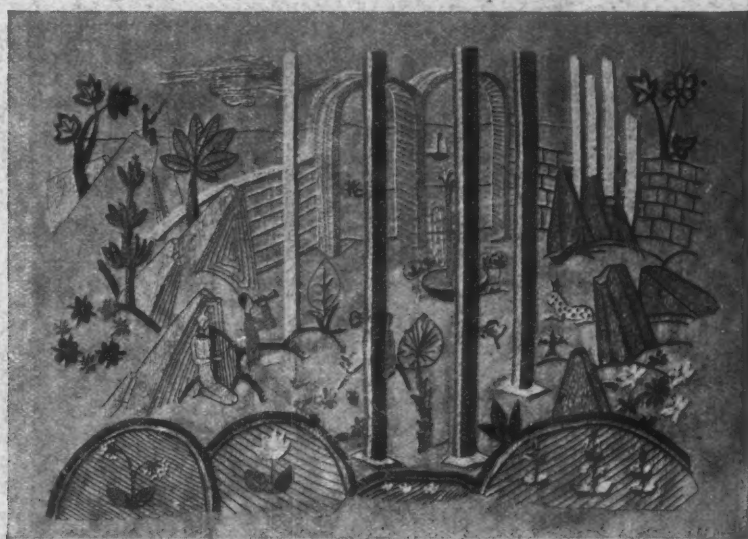


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THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration



Stockholm 1930

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Vol. LXVIII

August 1930

No. 405

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 OF SUPREME EXCELLENCE—

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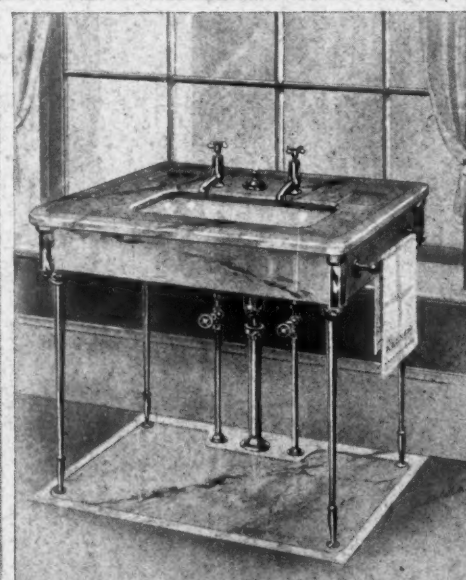




PHOTO ERNEST MILNER

THE NEW WORKS AT DAGENHAM

The above photograph shows part of the steelwork of
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THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

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Plate I.

August 1930.

THE NORTH END OF THE GOLDEN HALL IN THE
TOWN HALL, STOCKHOLM.

Ragnar Östberg, *Architect*.

From a tempera painting by John M. Holmes.

Östberg, whose town hall has made Swedish architecture famous in the suburbs as well as the centres of the world, cannot be ignored in any serious survey of the Swedish field. Sweden owes much to his masterpiece, and if it belongs to the epoch of the Arts and Crafts (taken in the Ruskinian, not the Paulsonian sense) it is the one monument worthy to give that great movement decent sepulture. But there is ivy in the courtyard of the Town Hall, a thing which the Architectural Association does not always seem to remember.

The Golden Hall, which was decorated by Einar Forseth, serves as a hall of assembly, a festal chamber and a banqueting hall with accommodation for 750 people. The colossal figure at the north end represents Stockholm, "The Queen of Mälaren" receiving tribute from East and West; a modern Athena blessing and inspiring the feasts and jollities of the loyal citizens of Sweden's capital.

The colour scheme of the Hall is ever changing. Under electric light the gold mosaic which covers most of the walls glows warm where the light scintillates on its surface, but the sunlight shed through the long windows gives a cool yellow, or even a greenish tint to the gold.

Apart from the walls the interior is subdued in colour. The ceiling beams are of untreated concrete except for a small area of geometrical pattern painted in crimson red. The polished floor is of cool grey Kølmarsten marble, in which is reflected the glint of gold mosaic and the crimson upholstery on the furniture. The effect when walking from the gallery of the Blue Hall, lit by sunlight, into this tremendous, slightly gloomy but brilliant interior, is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. It is an Aladdin's cave and the pictured history of Stockholm is its treasure.

Foreword.

By His Excellency Baron Ramel.

Minister for Foreign Affairs to H.M. the King of Sweden.

WITH great interest I hear that you intend to devote a number of your eminent periodical to Sweden and in particular to Swedish architecture. No doubt modern Swedish architecture can offer a great deal of interest even to the foreigner, possibly more than one is inclined to imagine. The country is perhaps still too little known abroad to be fully valued in every respect. This number of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW will certainly contribute to spread knowledge about our country.

The event that for you has actualized Swedish architecture is of course the Exhibition held in Stockholm, which has aroused many impassioned discussions in Sweden as well as in foreign countries on account of its new orientation and its unscrupulous rupture with architectonic principles hitherto prevailing.

I am not the competent person to express an opinion on the value of this architecture from an æsthetic and practical point of view. But I venture to think that it holds a fund of new ideas, too bold, if not too shocking, to be recognized at once in all quarters. As a framework for an Exhibition where the exhibited objects are of the principal importance and the frame's simplicity is intended to emphasize the beauty of these objects, this architecture seems to have proved to be excellent. The new ideas which have burst forth here possibly contain seed which will fertilize the architecture of the future.

Stockholm, July 1930.

Ramel

Laissez-Faire.

By the Editor.

THE people who tell us that England ought to stand up to her troubles and release something better than a plaintive wail appear to have forgotten that we are heirs to a pious Victorian tradition called Muddling Through.

They seem to think that the great English Ideal of muddling through is a slum ideal, born of a slum mind, conceived in a slum age.

They tell us that in the last hundred years England has bred a huge slum population, that the Northern and Midland towns are disagreeable places, that London itself is largely a slum (by the way it is also a city without bathrooms, but that is a mere detail).

They tell us that this winter we are going to have two million unemployed, and next year higher taxation, and they point out that twelve years after the War, Germany, the defeated foe, avoiding like the plague the principle of muddling through, has beaten us on the exports by which we live for the first time on record. They say that the United States in a few decades has walked over England and the principle of muddling through, so that she could now administer correction to us with one hand—or foot—if she wanted to.

And Sweden? Sweden, they say, is organizing herself on German-American lines. Sweden,

apparently, does not find it good to follow the English example, does not believe in housing your population in pigsties, nor in using the machine to mass produce more pigsties with the usual accompaniments of muck and mud. Sweden believes that mass production does not entail mess production, that it is possible so to organize matter that there isn't any mud to muddle through.

If we refuse to follow the lead of Germany or the States, say these harsh critics, why not cast an eye on the Swede, a quiet, amusing fellow, closely connected by birth, who is not quite such a heavy friend as the German, nor such a loud one as the Yankee. Sweden could teach us quite a lot, if we cared to learn, so they say.

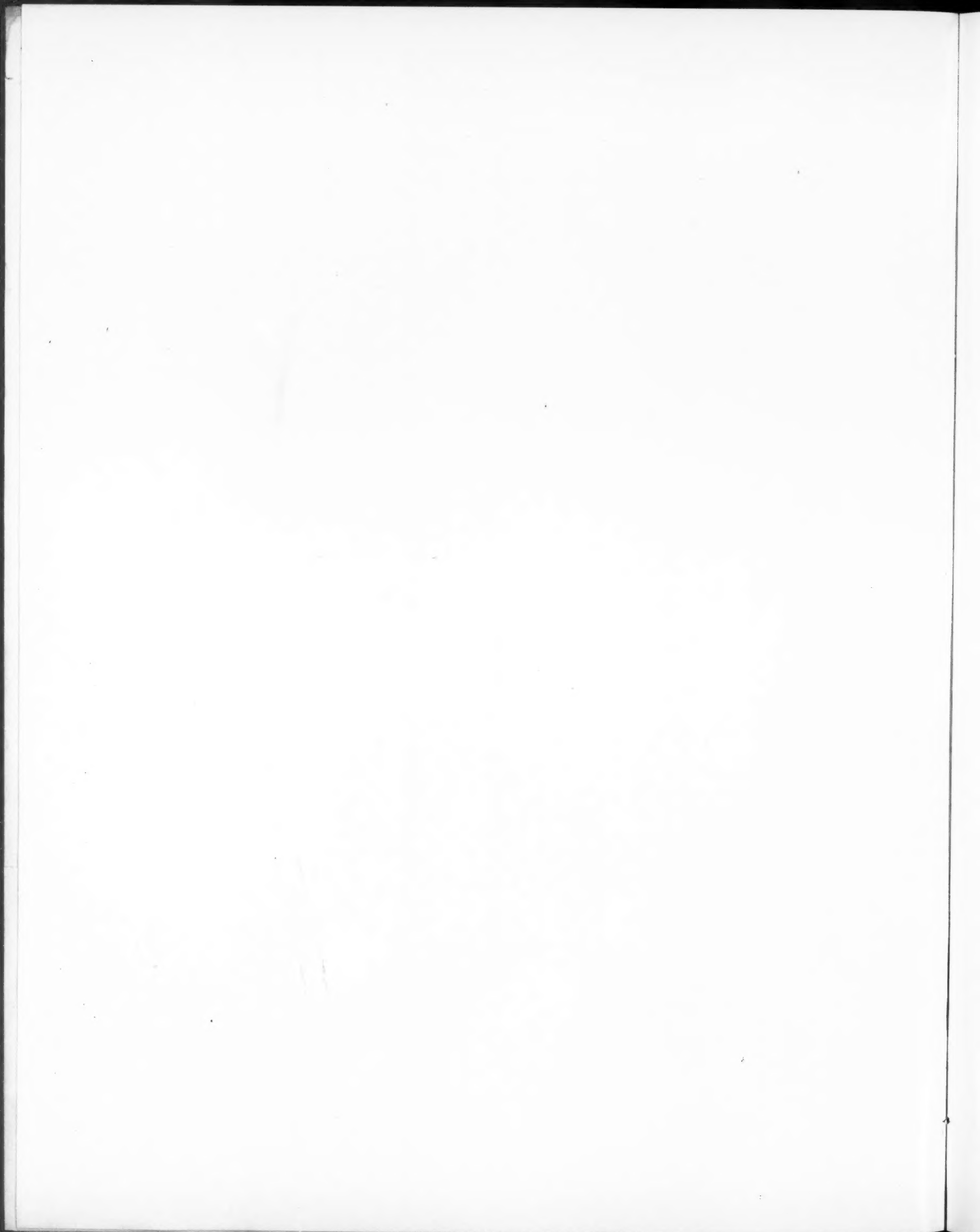
So they say. But why learn? Why organize and rationalize? Why design and plan?

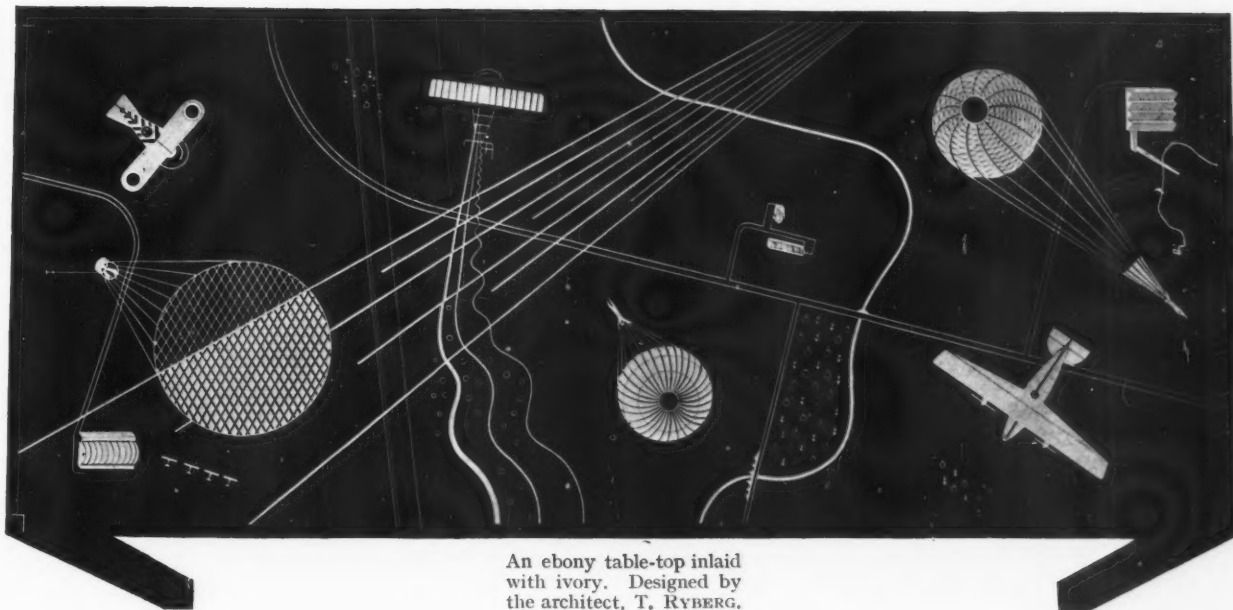
The North Country may be facing a dismal thing called Depression, the cotton trade bankruptcy, the steel trade and the coalmines ditto. The Stock Exchange may be drying up, and pessimists like Lord Rothermere—who, being a "Press lord" presumably knows nothing—may predict that England has yet to face her financial crisis. There is one unique recipe for every trouble, as Manchester, centre and flower of English thought, has always told us. That is, do nothing at all, or, in other words, muddle through.





Plate II. August 1930.
ASTRONOMICAL GLOBE IN GLASS.
Designer: EDWARD HALD.
Craftsmen: ORREFORS.





An ebony table-top inlaid with ivory. Designed by the architect, T. RYBERG.

Then Disaster Looms Ahead

Mining-Camp Civilization.

The English Contribution to Progress.

By D. H. Lawrence.

This article, the last he wrote, was the product of correspondence between D. H. Lawrence and the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW. Lawrence had been asked to write something about his own mining countryside, and the result, apparently unfinished, was found in an MS. book after his death.

It is now published as it was found, a protest against the shapeless kind of industrialization, which we can point to with whatever vanity

we feel, as the result of the English ideal of Muddling Through.

In an issue devoted to an attack on the industrial problem this article obviously has a place, but it must be admitted with regret that the Scandinavian mind does not appear to regard with profound enthusiasm the doctrine of laissez-faire, nor is the dogma of Muddling Through received with pious devotion by every serious Swede.

I WAS born nearly forty-four years ago, in Eastwood, a mining village of some three thousand souls, about eight miles from Nottingham, and one mile from the small stream, the Erewash, which divides Nottinghamshire from Derbyshire. It is hilly country, looking west to Crich and towards Matlock, sixteen miles away, and east and north-east towards Mansfield and the Sherwood Forest district. To me it seemed, and still seems, an extremely beautiful countryside, just between the red sandstone and the oak-trees of Nottingham, and the cold limestone, the ash-trees, the stone fences of Derbyshire. To me, as a

child and a young man, it was still the old England of the forest and agricultural past; there were no motor-cars, the mines were, in a sense, an accident in the landscape, and Robin Hood and his merry men were not very far away.

The string of coal-mines of B. W. & Co. had been opened some sixty years before I was born, and Eastwood had come into being as a consequence. It must have been a tiny village at the beginning of the nineteenth century, a small place of cottages and fragmentary rows of little four-roomed miners' dwellings, the homes of the old colliers of the eighteenth century, who worked in the bits of mines,

THEN DISASTER LOOMS AHEAD.

foot-rill mines with an opening in the hillside into which the miners walked, or windlass mines, where the men were wound up one at a time, in a bucket, by a donkey. The windlass mines were still working when my father was a boy—and the shafts of some were still there, when I was a boy.

But somewhere about 1820 the company must have sunk the first big shaft—not very deep—and installed the first machinery of the real industrial colliery. Then came my grandfather, a young man trained to be a tailor, drifting from the south of England, and got the job of company tailor for the Brinsley mine. In those days the company supplied the men with the thick flannel vests, or singlets, and the moleskin trousers lined at the top with flannel, in which the colliers worked. I remember the great rolls of coarse flannel and pit-cloth which stood in the corner of my grandfather's shop when I was a small boy, and the big, strange old sewing-machine, like nothing else on earth, which sewed the massive pit-trousers. But when I was only a child the company discontinued supplying the men with pit-clothes.

My grandfather settled in an old cottage down in a quarry-bed, by the brook at Old Brinsley, near the pit. A mile away, up at Eastwood, the company built the first miners' dwellings—it must be nearly a hundred years ago. Now Eastwood occupies a lovely position on a hill-top, with the steep slope towards Derbyshire and the long slope towards Nottingham. They put up a new church, which stands fine and commanding, even if it has no real form, looking across the awful Erewash Valley at the church of Heanor, similarly commanding, away on a hill beyond. What opportunities, what opportunities! These mining villages *might* have been like the lovely hill-towns of Italy, shapely and fascinating. And what happened?

Most of the little rows of dwellings of the old-style miners were pulled down, and dull little shops began to rise along the Nottingham Road, while on the down-slope of the north side the company erected what is still known as the New Buildings, or the Square. These New Buildings consist of two great hollow squares of dwellings planked down on the rough slope of the hill, little four-room houses with the "front" looking outward into the grim, blank street, and the "back," with a tiny square brick yard, a low wall, and a w.c. and ash-pit, looking into the desert of the square, hard, uneven, jolting black earth tilting rather steeply down, with these little backyards all round, and openings at the corners. The squares were quite big, and absolutely deserted, save for the posts for clothes lines, and people passing, children playing on the hard earth. And they were shut in like a barracks enclosure, very strange.

Even fifty years ago the squares were unpopular. It was "common" to live in the Square. It was a little less common to live in the Breach, which consisted of six blocks of rather more pretentious dwellings erected by the company in the valley below, two rows of three blocks, with an alley between. And it was most "common," most degraded of all to live in Dakins Row, two rows of the old dwellings, very old, black, four-roomed little places, that stood on the hill again, not far from the Square.

So the place started. Down the steep street between the squares, Scargill Street, the Wesleyan chapel was put up, and I was born in the little corner shop just above. Across the other side the Square the miners themselves built the big, barn-like Primitive Methodist chapel. Along the

hill-top ran the Nottingham Road, with its scrappy, ugly mid-Victorian shops. The little market-place, with a superb outlook, ended the village on the Derbyshire side, and was just left bare, with the "Sun Inn" on one side, the chemist across, with the gilt pestle and mortar, and a shop at the other corner, the corner of Alfreton Road and Nottingham Road.

In this queer jumble of the old England and the new I came into consciousness. As I remember, little local speculators already began to straggle dwellings in rows, always in rows, across the fields: nasty red-brick, flat-faced dwellings with dark slate roofs. The bay-window period only began when I was a child. But most of the country was untouched.

There must be three or four hundred company houses in the squares and the streets that surround the squares, like a great barracks wall. There must be sixty or eighty company houses in the Breach. The old Dakins Row will have thirty to forty little holes. Then, counting the old cottages and rows left with their old gardens down the lanes and along the twitchells, and even in the midst of Nottingham Road itself, there were houses enough for the population, there was no need for much building. And not much building went on when I was small.

We lived in the Breach, in a corner house. A field-path came down under a great hawthorn hedge. On the other side was the brook, with the old sheep-bridge going over into the meadows. The hawthorn hedge by the brook had grown tall as tall trees, and we used to bathe from there in the dipping-hole, where the sheep were dipped, just near the fall from the old mill-dam, where the water rushed. The mill only ceased grinding the local corn when I was a child. And my father, who always worked in Brinsley pit, and who always got up at five o'clock, if not at four, would set off in the dawn across the fields at Coney Grey, and hunt for mushrooms in the long grass, or perhaps pick up a skulking rabbit, which he would bring home at evening inside the lining of his pit-coat.

So that the life was a curious cross between industrialism and the old agricultural England of Shakespeare and Milton and Fielding and George Eliot. The dialect was broad Derbyshire, and always "thee" and "thou." The people lived almost entirely by instinct; men of my father's age could not really read. And the pit did not mechanize men. On the contrary. Under the butty system the miners worked underground as a sort of intimate community, they knew each other practically naked, and with curious close intimacy, and the darkness and the underground remoteness of the pit "stall," and the continual presence of danger, made the physical, instinctive and intuitional contact between men very highly developed, a contact almost as close as touch, very real and very powerful. This physical awareness and intimate *togetherness* was at its strongest down pit. When the men came up into the light, they blinked. They had, in a measure, to change their flow. Nevertheless, they brought with them above-ground the curious dark intimacy of the mine, the naked sort of contact; and if I think of my childhood, it is always as if there was a lustrous sort of inner darkness, like the gloss of coal, in which we moved and had our real being. My father loved the pit. He was hurt badly, more than once, but he would never stay away. He loved the contact, the intimacy, as men in the war loved the intense male comradeship of the dark days. They did not know what they had lost till they

lost it. And I think it is the same with the young colliers of today.

Now the colliers had also an instinct of beauty. The colliers' wives had not. The colliers were deeply alive, instinctively. But they had no daytime ambition, and no daytime intellect. They avoided, really, the rational aspect of life. They preferred to take life instinctively and intuitively. They didn't even care very profoundly about wages. It was the women, naturally, who nagged on this score. There was a big discrepancy, when I was a boy, between the collier who saw, at the best, only a brief few hours of daylight—often no daylight at all during the winter weeks—and the collier's wife, who had all the day to herself when the man was down pit.

The great fallacy is, to pity the man. He didn't dream of pitying himself, till agitators and sentimentalists taught him to. He was happy: or more than happy, he was fulfilled. Or he was fulfilled on the receptive side, not on the expressive. The collier went to the pub and drank in order to continue his intimacy with his mates. They talked endlessly, but it was rather of wonders and marvels, even in politics, than of facts. It was hard facts, in the shape of wife, money, and nagging home necessities, which they fled away from, out of the house to the pub, and out of the house to the pit.

The collier fled out of the house as soon as he could, away from the nagging materialism of the woman. With the women, it was always: This is broken, now you've got to mend it! or else: We want this, that, and the other, and where is the money coming from? The collier didn't know and didn't care very deeply—his life was otherwise. So he escaped. He roved the countryside with his dog, prowling for a rabbit, for nests, for mushrooms, anything. He loved the countryside, just the indiscriminating feel of it. Or he loved just to sit on his heels and watch—anything or nothing. He was not intellectually interested. Life for him did not consist in facts, but in a flow. Very often he loved his garden. And very often he had a genuine love of the beauty of flowers. I have known it often and often in colliers.

Now the love of flowers is a very misleading thing. Most women love flowers as possessions, and as trimmings. They can't look at a flower, and wonder a moment, and pass on. If they see a flower that arrests their attention, they must at once pick it, pluck it. Possession! A possession! Something added on to me! And most of the so-called love of flowers today is merely this reaching out of possession and egoism: something I've got: something that embellishes me. Yet I've seen many a collier stand in his back garden looking down at a flower with that odd, remote sort of contemplation which shows a *real* awareness of the presence of beauty. It would not even be admiration, or joy, or delight, or any of those things which so often have a root in the possessive instinct. It would be a sort of contemplation: which shows the incipient artist.

The real tragedy of England, as I see it, is the tragedy of ugliness. The country is so lovely: the man-made England is so vile. I know that the ordinary collier, when I was a boy, had a peculiar sense of beauty, coming from his intuitive and instinctive consciousness, which was awakened down pit. And the fact that he met with just cold ugliness and raw materialism when he came up into daylight, and particularly when he came to the Square or the Breach, and to his own table, killed something in him, and in a sense

spoiled him as a man. The woman almost invariably nagged about material things. She was taught to do it; she was encouraged to do it. It was a mother's business to see that her sons "got on," and it was the man's business to provide the money. In my father's generation, with the old wild England behind them, and the lack of education, the man was not beaten down. But in my generation the boys I went to school with, colliers now, have all been beaten down, what with the din-din-dinning of Board Schools, books, cinemas, clergymen, the whole national and human consciousness hammering on the fact of material prosperity above all things.

The men are beaten down, there is prosperity for a time, in their defeat—and then disaster looms ahead. The root of all disaster is disheartenment. And men are disheartened. The men of England, the colliers in particular, are disheartened. They have been betrayed and beaten.

Now, though perhaps nobody knew it, it was ugliness which really betrayed the spirit of man, in the nineteenth century. The great crime which the moneyed classes and promoters of industry committed in the palmy Victorian days was the condemning of the workers to ugliness, ugliness, ugliness: meanness and formless and ugly surroundings, ugly ideals, ugly religion, ugly hope, ugly love, ugly clothes, ugly furniture, ugly houses, ugly relationship between workers and employers. The human soul needs actual beauty even more than bread. The middle classes jeer at the colliers for buying pianos—but what is the piano, often as not, but a blind reaching out for beauty. To the woman it is a possession and a piece of furniture and something to feel superior about. But see the elderly colliers trying to learn to play, see them listening with queer alert faces to their daughter's execution of *The Maiden's Prayer*, and you will see a blind, unsatisfied craving for beauty. It is far more deep in the men than the women. The women want show. The men want beauty, and still want it.

If the company, instead of building those sordid and hideous squares, then, when they had that lovely site to play with, there on the hill top: if they had put a tall column in the middle of the small market-place, and run three parts of a circle of arcade round the pleasant space, where people could stroll or sit, and with handsome houses behind! If they had made big, substantial houses, in apartments of five or six rooms, and with handsome entrances. If, above all, they had encouraged song and dancing—for the miners still sang and danced—and provided handsome space for these. If only they had encouraged some form of beauty in dress, some form of beauty in interior life—furniture, decoration. If they had given prizes for the handsomest chair or table, the loveliest scarf, the most charming room that the men or women could make! If only they had done this, there would never have been an industrial problem. The industrial problem arises from the base forcing of all human energy into a competition of mere acquisition.

You may say the working man would not have accepted such a form of life: the Englishman's home is his castle, etc. etc.—"my own little home." But if you can hear every word the next-door people say, there's not much castle. And if you can see everybody in the square if they go to the w.c.! And if your one desire is to get out of your "castle" and your "own little home!"—well, there's not much to be said for it. Anyhow, it's only the woman who idolizes "her own little home"—and it's always

THEN DISASTER LOOMS AHEAD.

the woman at her worst, her most greedy, most possessive, most mean. There's nothing to be said for the "little home" any more: a great scrabble of ugly pettiness over the face of the land.

As a matter of fact, till 1800 the English people were strictly a rural people—very rural. England has had towns for centuries, but they have never been real towns, only clusters of village streets. Never the real *urbs*. The English character has failed to develop the real *urban* side of a man, the civic side. Siena is a bit of a place, but it is a real city, with citizens intimately connected with the city. Nottingham is a vast place sprawling towards a million, and it is nothing more than an amorphous agglomeration. There is no Nottingham, in the sense that there is Siena. The Englishman is stupidly undeveloped, as a citizen. And it is partly due to his "little home" stunt, and partly to his acceptance of hopeless paltriness in his surrounding. The new cities of America are much more genuine cities, in the Roman sense, than is London or Manchester. Even Edinburgh used to be more of a true city than any town England ever produced.

That silly little individualism of "the Englishman's home is his castle" and "my own little home" is out of date. It would work almost up to 1800, when every Englishman was still a villager, and a cottager. But the industrial system has brought a great change. The Englishman still likes to think of himself as a "cottager"—"my home, my garden." But it is puerile. Even the farm labourer today is psychologically a town-bird. The English are town-birds through and through, today, as the inevitable result of their complete industrialization. Yet they don't know how to build a city, how to think of one, or how to live in one. They are all suburban, pseudo-cottagey, and not one of them knows how to be truly urban—the citizen as the Romans were citizens—or the Athenians—or even the Parisians, till the war came.

And this is because we have frustrated that instinct of

community which would make us unite in pride and dignity in the bigger gesture of the citizen, not the cottager. The great city means beauty, dignity, and a certain splendour. This is the side of the Englishman that has been thwarted and shockingly betrayed. England is a mean and petty scrabble of paltry dwellings called "homes." I believe in their heart of hearts all Englishmen loathe their little homes—but not the women. What we want is a bigger gesture, a greater scope, a certain splendour, a certain grandeur, and beauty, big beauty. The American does far better than we, in this.

And the promoter of industry, a hundred years ago, dared to perpetrate the ugliness of my native village. And still more monstrous, promoters of industry today are scrabbling over the face of England with miles and square miles of red-brick "homes," like horrible scabs. And the men inside these little red rat-traps get more and more helpless, being more and more humiliated, more and more dissatisfied, like trapped rats. Only the meaner sort of women go on loving the little home which is no more than a rat-trap to her man.

Do away with it all, then. At no matter what cost, start in to alter it. Never mind about wages and industrial squabbling. Turn the attention elsewhere. Pull down my native village to the last brick. Plan a nucleus. Fix the focus. Make a handsome gesture of radiation from the focus. And then put up big buildings, handsome, that sweep to a civic centre. And furnish them with beauty. And make an absolute clean start. Do it place by place. Make a new England. Away with little homes! Away with scrabbling pettiness and paltriness. Look at the contours of the land, and build up from these, with a sufficient nobility. The English may be mentally or spiritually developed. But as citizens of splendid cities they are more ignominious than rabbits. And they nag, nag, nag, all the time, about politics and wages and all that, like mean narrow housewives.



Tray by TYRA LUNDGREN.

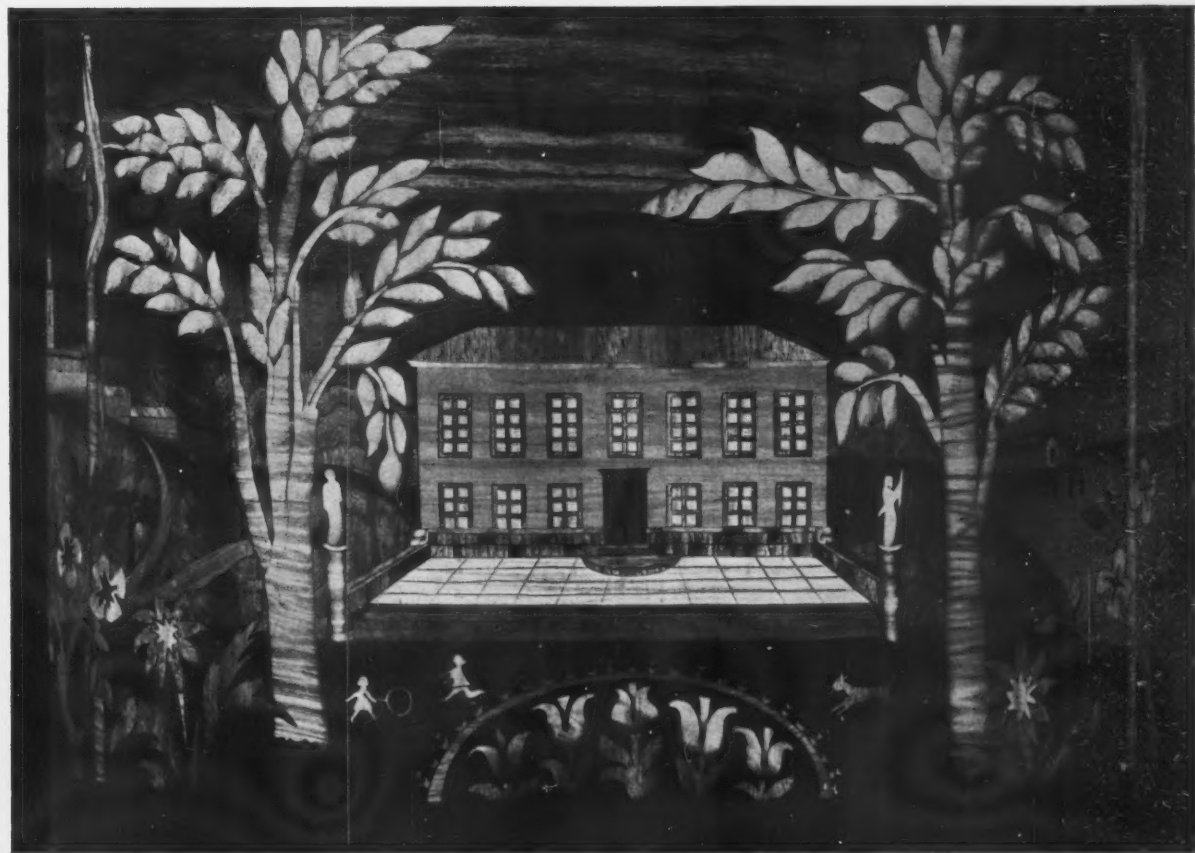
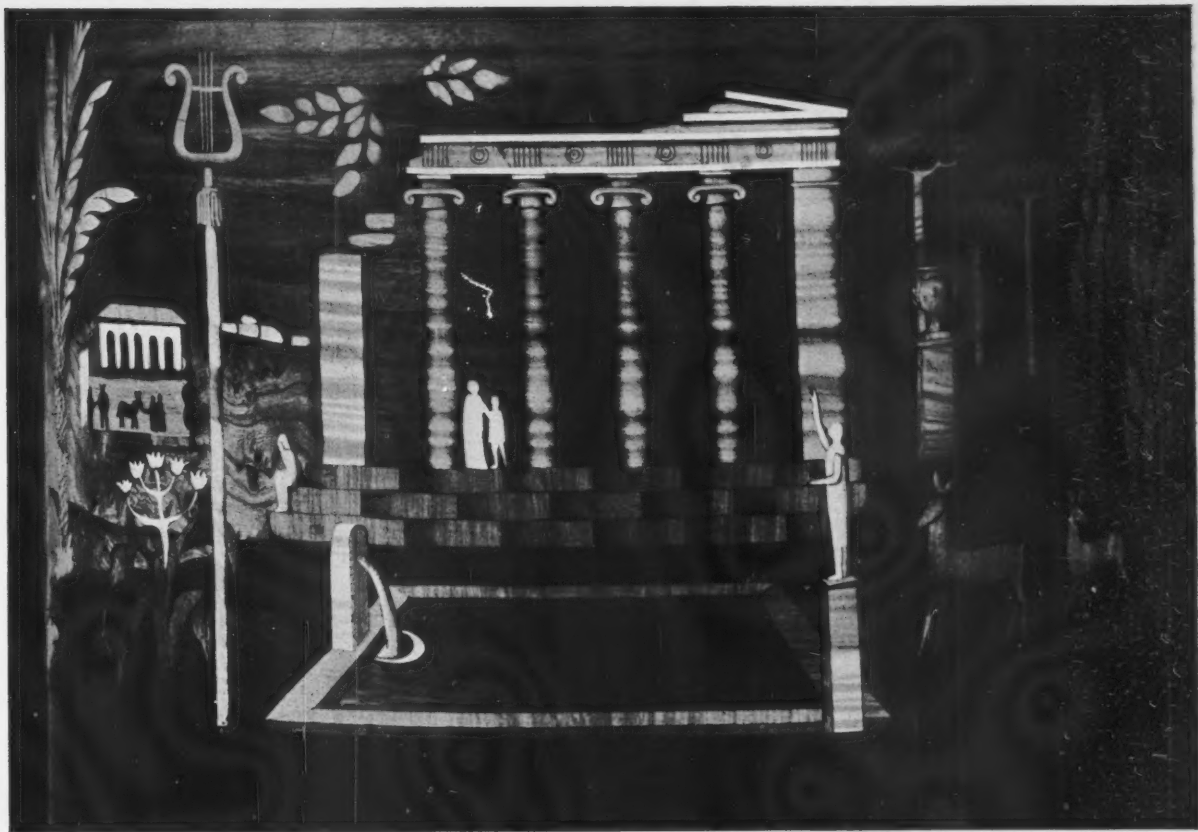


Plate III.

August 1930.

WOOD INLAY.

Two details by CARL MALMSTEN from the clock illustrated on p. 57, which is made of thirty-five different woods.



A VASE IN GLASS, by Simon Gate. Made by Orrefors.

Progress.

The Swedish Contribution.

By Sir Harold Wernher.

Chairman of the Anglo-Swedish Society.

IN times of industrial depression it is natural to survey conditions existing in other countries, and to attempt to solve the problem by studying the situation elsewhere.

Attention is naturally focussed upon Sweden, for here is a country from which much can be learnt. In the first place, they are holding in Stockholm an exhibition of outstanding merit, and, secondly, in spite of the conditions referred to there are here proportionately less unemployed than in any other country in Europe. This is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that during the depression of 1922 they had 163,000 unemployed on their hands. Let us then investigate the reasons which may have led to this result.

The French Revolution, and later the World War, affected Sweden less directly than the belligerent countries; in fact it is true to say that whilst we have been striving for supremacy in the battlefield, she has been consolidating her position along well-planned social lines. Just as in the past she led the way in constitutional monarchy and the emancipation of women, so today she is tackling every problem in a modern spirit, from the development of a Hospital Air Service for outlying districts to research work in connection with radium. What has led to this social, industrial and agricultural development, and to the mass production of these days? Surely it is to be found in the wealth of modern inventions which can be traced to Sweden.

She was amongst the first to appreciate the important part electricity would play in modern industry, and the magnificent hydro-electric plants, particularly that at Trollhättan, will stand as a memorial to national foresight. But this is not all, for, in finance, mass production, architecture and modern art the Swedes excel, and, in addition, they have had the courage to blend the old with the new. Take for example the Royal Palace, a masterpiece of Nicodemus Tessin, yet how perfectly the New City Hall by Östberg harmonizes with it. Make an inspection of the most modern factories, and you will see mass products turned out with the precision and beauty of a silversmith. How, then, have these results been achieved in a country with a national population smaller than the City of London (a further million and a half are located in

the United States of America). Primarily the Swedes are out to learn. Better education for himself and his children is the goal that every workman sets himself to reach. The results of this can now be seen at the Stockholm Exhibition of Modern Industrial and Decorative Arts where, as the title implies, mass production has invited the aid of the artist, and a happy combination of the two has been created. We are apt to look upon mass production as an abortion of the twentieth century. At one glance the exhibition will quickly dispel this impression.

The Swedes are definitely adapting themselves to modern ideas, and have created not only dwellings but their equipment, such as furniture, glass, etc., all peculiarly modern, yet at a reasonable price, and though the articles are mass products, they are nevertheless pleasing to look at and delightful to live with.

We, here, have not been slow to learn from others in the past. Let us not be too late in adapting ourselves to these new conditions, and in following where Sweden is leading.

How, then, can we bring Sweden nearer to England? Most people are under the impression that it is a long journey to Stockholm, but this is not the case; and it is difficult to imagine a more comfortable or delightful trip. The Anglo-Swedish Society is endeavouring to put forward the advantages that each country can gain from the other, but "seeing is believing," and it is only by a personal visit that the individual can realize how quietly and unostentatiously Sweden is progressing, not only in industry but also in art, and in a happy combination of the two. Sweden is a country which can combine traditionalism with modernism. Her racial characteristics are similar to England's, and she has a high moral standard in business, and specializes in high quality necessities as opposed to luxuries. The visitor will not for long feel himself in a strange country, for many of the names with which people come in contact are of British origin, and it would not take long to find out, not only how much we have in common, but how much there is to learn. History has shown that a nation cannot stand still, and in these days of rapid evolution and changing conditions it is not easy to proceed along the path single-handed. Let us therefore not be too proud to learn from those who have a lesson to teach.

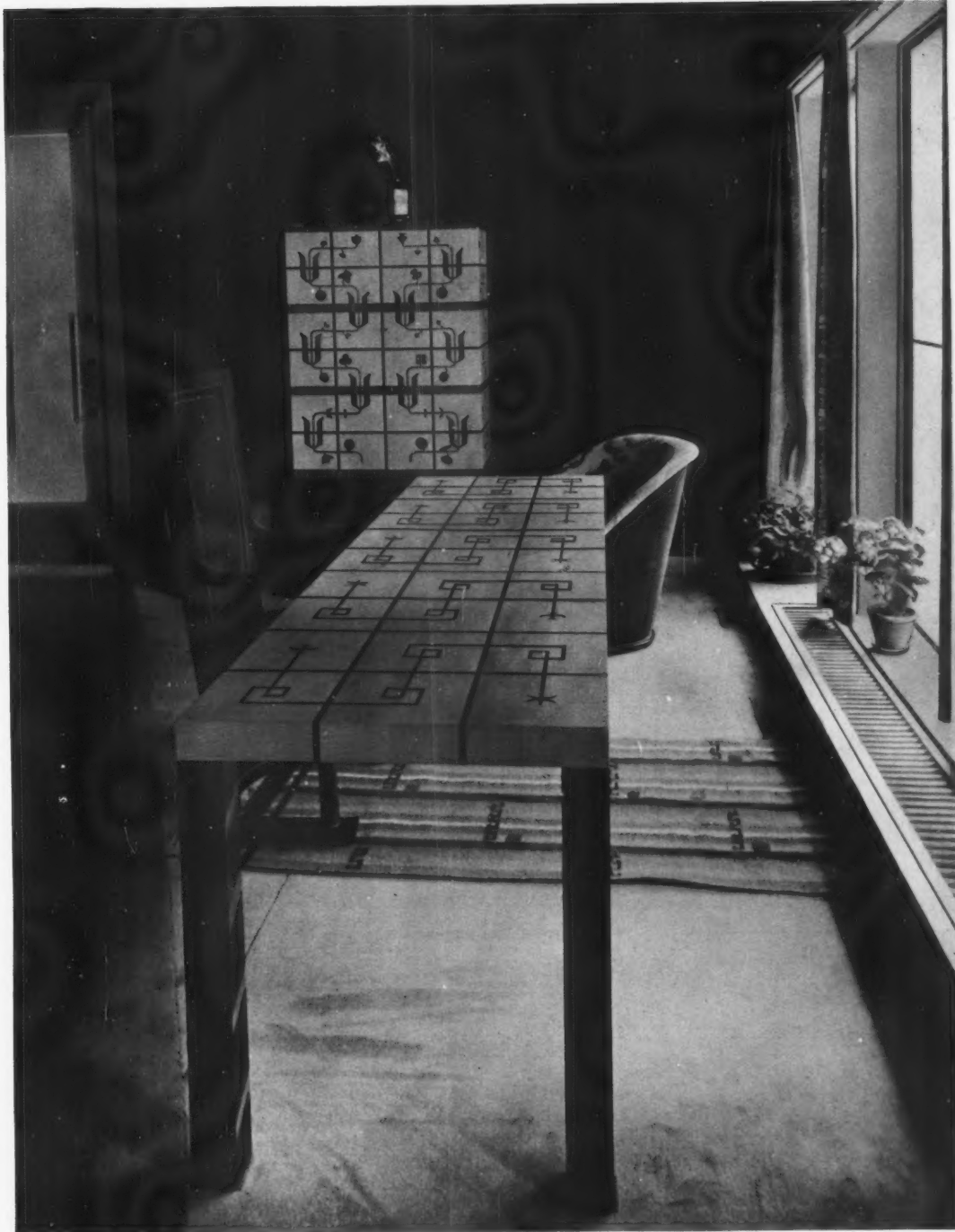


Table and cupboard of sycamore with inlays of different woods. Designed by A. F. Hiorth.

Stockholm, 1930.



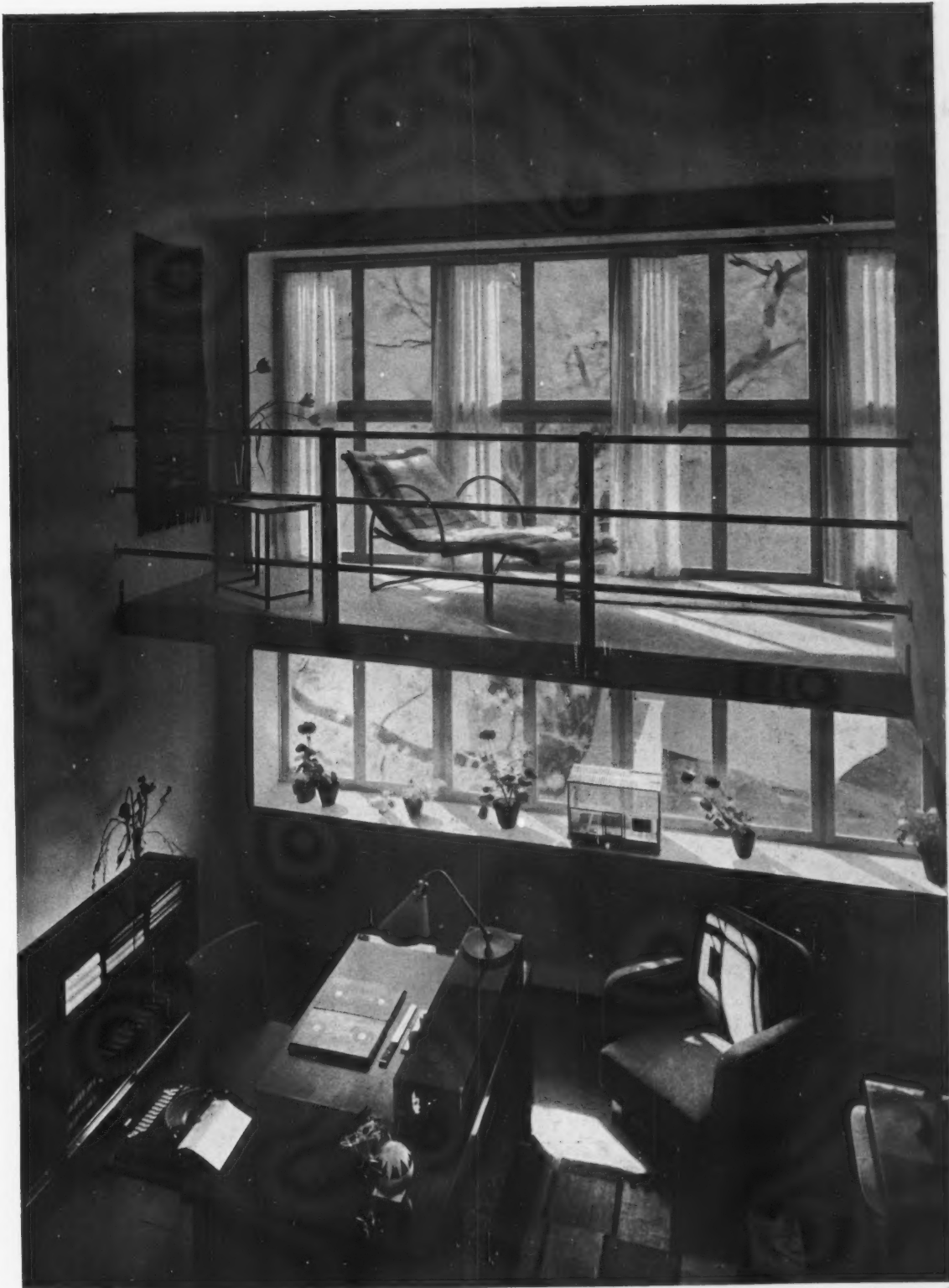
*A living-room designed by
Sven Markelius.*



*A living-room designed by
K. von Schmalensée.
The piano designed by Uno Åhrén.*



*A living-room designed by
Erik Lund.*

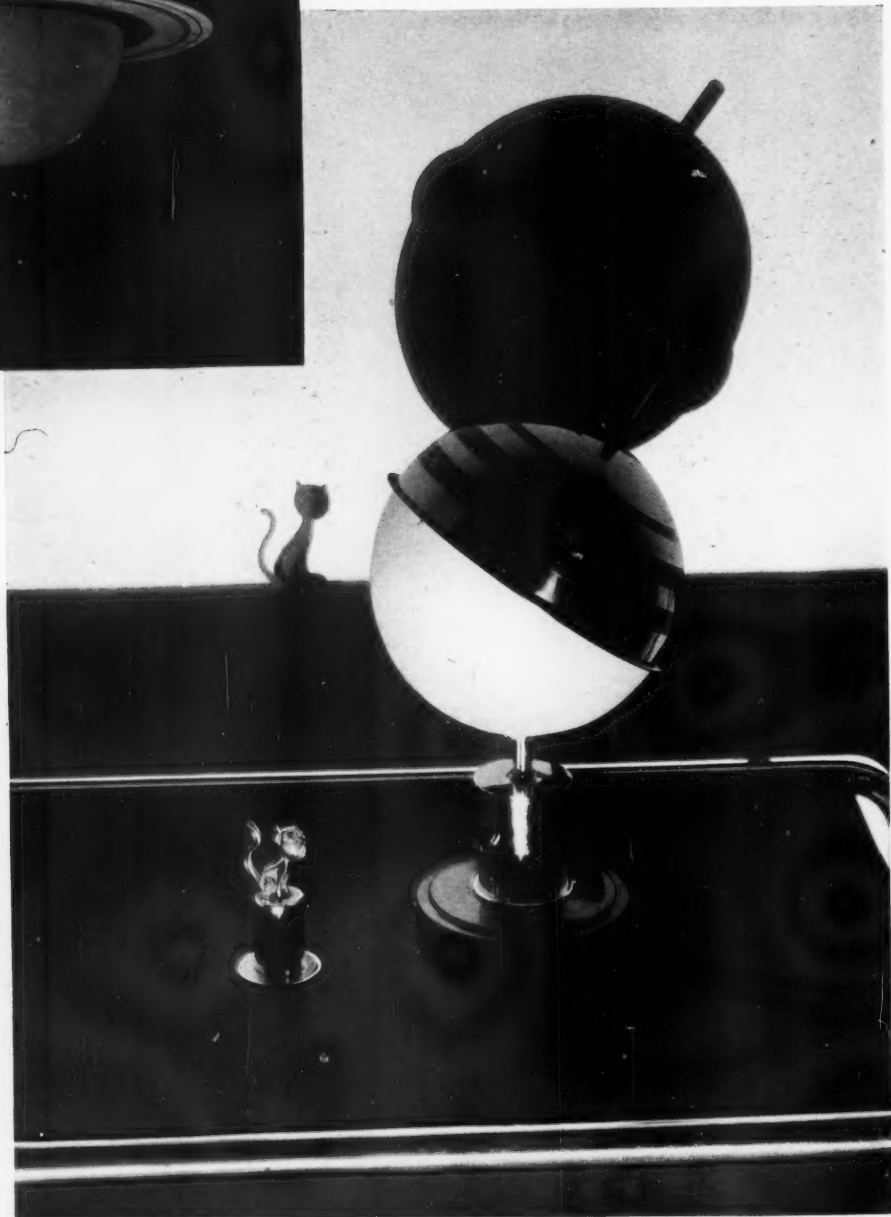


*A living-room and sun gallery.
Architect, Erik Chambert.*

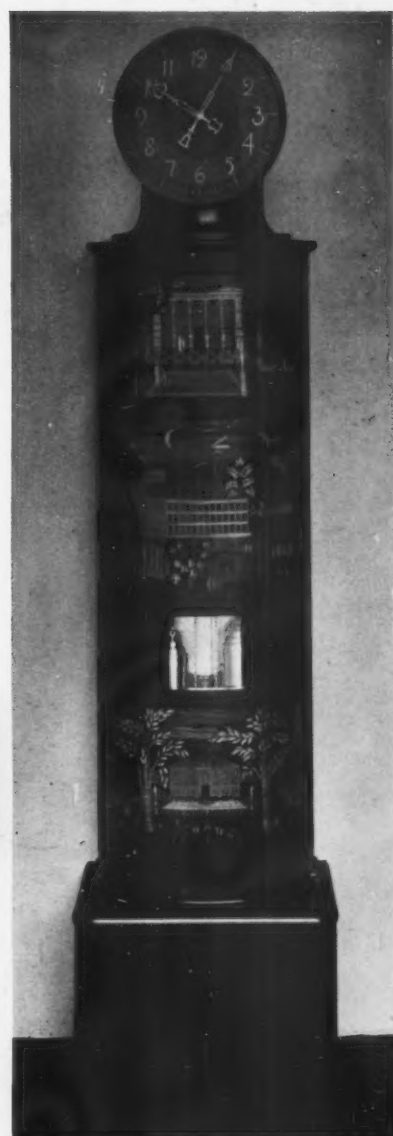
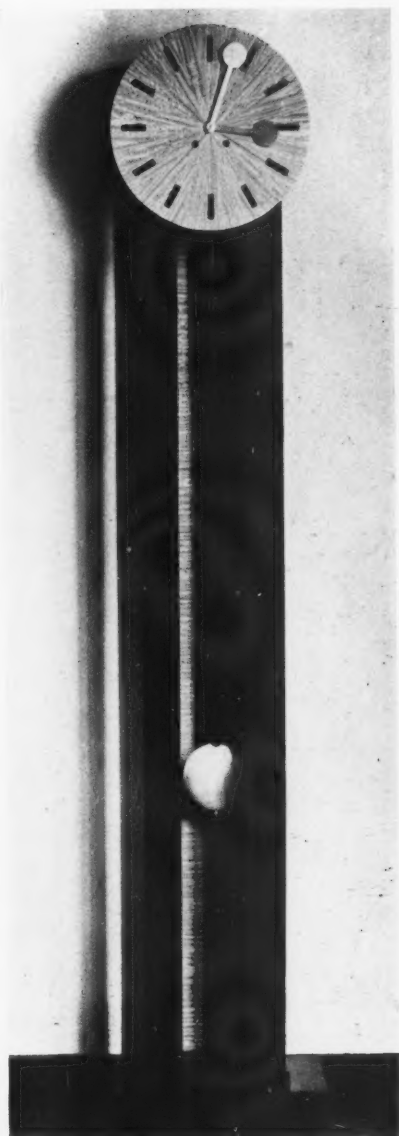
Stockholm, 1930.



*Hanging light in opal glass.
Designed by Edward Hald
and made by Orrefors.*



*Table lamp with adjust-
able shade. The globe is
of opal glass and bright
nickel, decorated with
black oxidized stripes.
Designed by Erik
Tidstrand and made by
Nordiska Kompaniet.*



Left : Clock of polished birch and lemon wood. Designed by A. E. Hjorth and made by Nordiska Kompaniet. Centre : A sundial made by Näfveqvarns Bruk, A.B. Right : A clock in rosewood with inlay in several other woods. Designed by Carl Malmsten and made by Nordiska Kompaniet.



1.



2.



4.



5.

1. Presentation urn in cast iron. Designed by Silversmith, Karl Wojtech. Made by Kompaniet Wolter Gahn. 4. Brandy bottle and glasses. Designed by H. Gehlin and made by Aktiebolaget Ystads Metallindustri. 5. Urn. silver. The head designed by Anna Pectrus. Designed by Wertberg Sinkäping.



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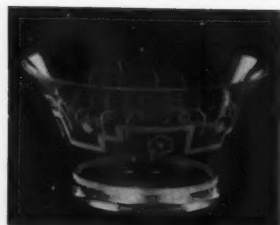
8.

1. A morning tea set in china. Designed by Lousie Adelborg and made by Lidköping. 2. Kitchen ware. Designed by Nils Lundström and made by Rorstrand. 3. Coffee urn. Designed by Ivar Johnsson and made by Kompaniet Wolter Gahn. 4. Entrée dish. Designed by Hugo Gehlin and made by Ystad-Tenn.

5. Covered dish. Designed by Hugo Gehlin and made by Ystad-Tenn. 6. Two-handled embossed metal dish. Made by Svenska Tenn. 7. Vase in silver. Designed by Just Andersen and made by Guldsmets A.B. 8. Vase in silver. Designed by Just Andersen and made by Guldsmets A.B.



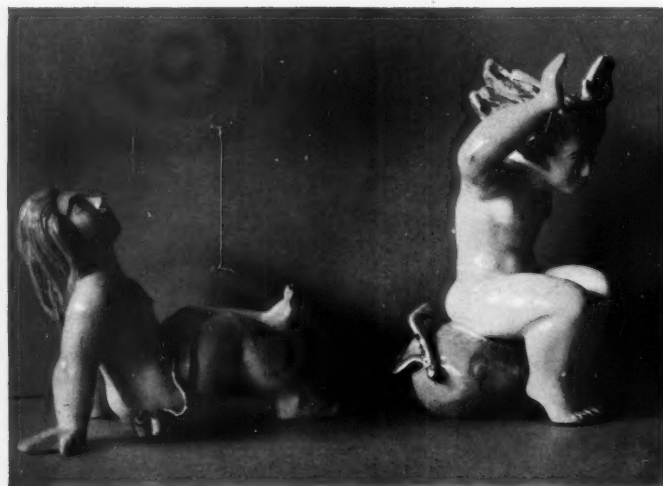
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2.



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4.

1. A vase in embossed glass. Designed by Edward Hald and made by Orrefors. 2. Bonbonnière in engraved glass. Designed by Viktor Lindstrand and made by Orrefors. 3. Bonbonnière with lid in engraved glass. Designed by Viktor Lindstrand and made by Orrefors. 4. Porcelain figures. Designed by Tyra Lundgren and made by Rorstrand.



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3.



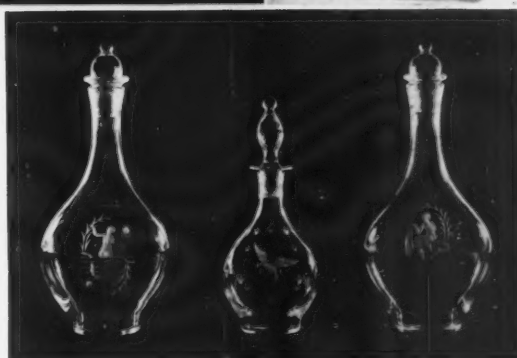
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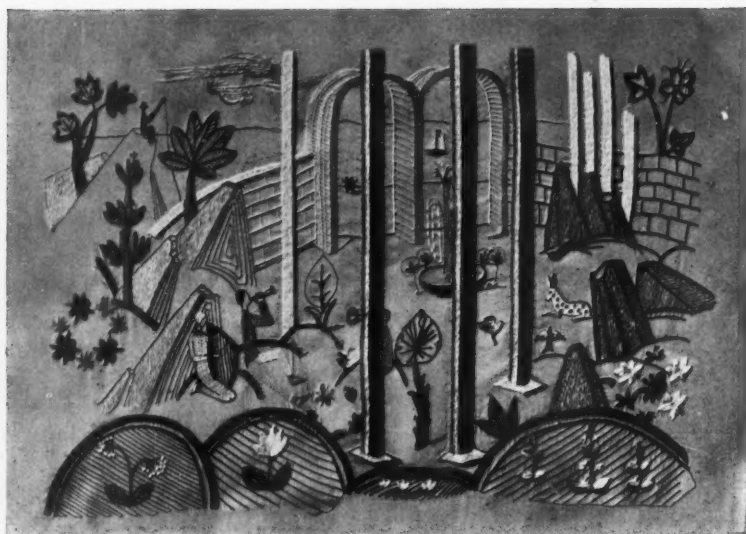


5.



6.

1. Vase. Designed by Viktor Lindstrand and made by Orrefors. 2. Vase. Designed by Simon Gate and made by Orrefors. 3. Plate. Designed by Viktor Lindstrand and made by Orrefors. 4. A bonbonnière. Designed by W. Kåge and made by Gustavsbergs A.B. 5. A pot-pourri jar. Designed by W. Kåge and made by Gustavsbergs A.B. 6. Three wine bottles. Designed by Edward Hald and made by Orrefors.



1.



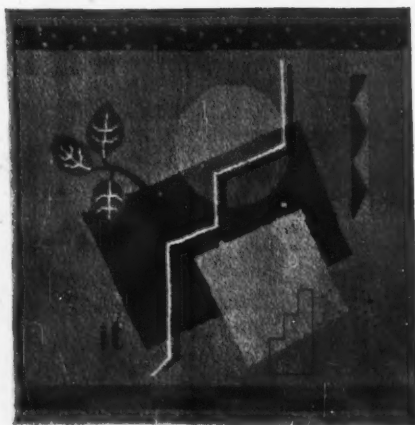
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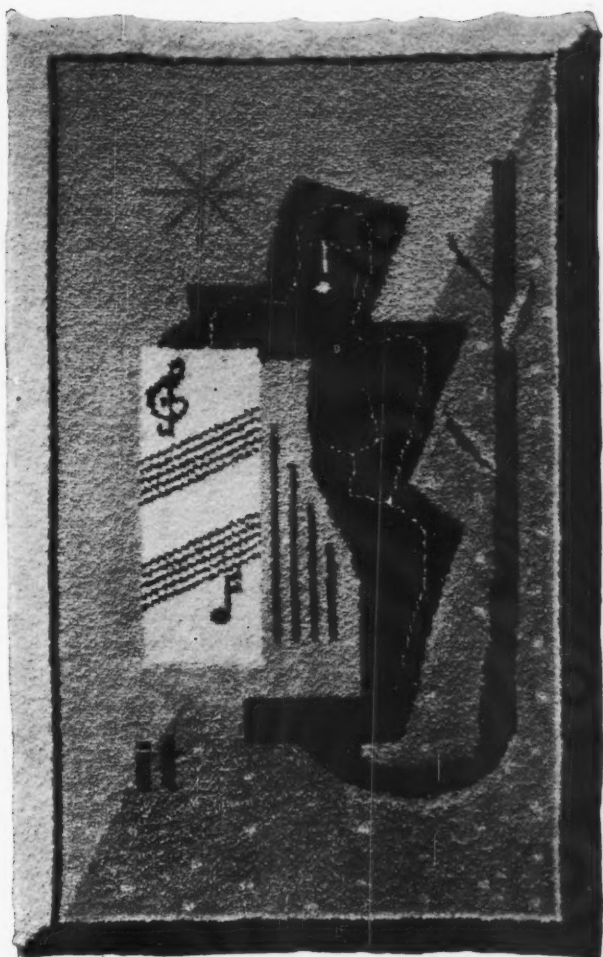
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7.

1. Embroidery in silks. Designed by Birgit Lindström and executed by Singer Co. Symaskins Aktiebolag. 2. Rug. Designed by Märtha Gahn and executed by Svensk Hemslojd. 3. Embroidery in silks. Designed by Birgit Lindström and carried out by Singer Co. Symaskins Aktiebolag. 4. A Flossa rug.

Designed and executed by Ingegerd Torhamn. 5. Embroidered bag. Designed by Birgit Lindström and executed by Singer Co. Symaskins Aktiebolag. 6 and 7. Details of embroidery on beach pyjamas. Designed by Birgit Lindström and executed by Singer Co. Symaskins Aktiebolag.



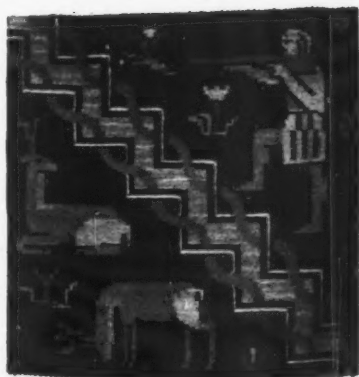
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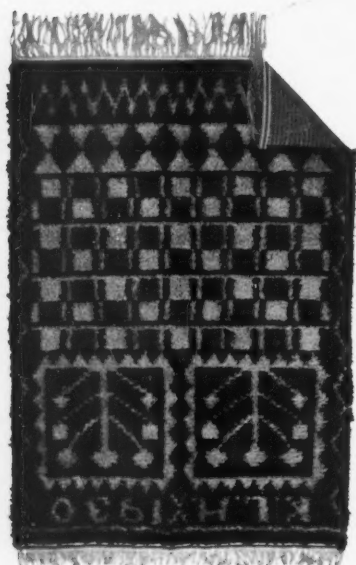


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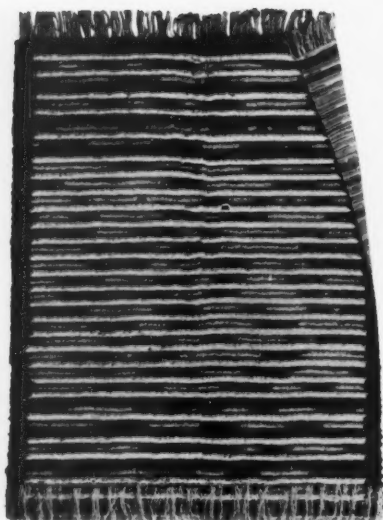


5.

1. *Flossa rug*. Designed and executed by Ingegerd Torhamn. 2. Copy of old rug from Kalmartan. Made by Hemslöjdsförbundet För Sverige. 3. Copy of old rug from Kalmartan. Made by Hemslöjdsförbundet För Sverige. 4. "The Hurter and the Deer." A rug. Designed by Sofia Widén and executed by Textilateljéer Licium. 5. *Flossa rug*. Designed and executed by Ingegerd Torhamn.



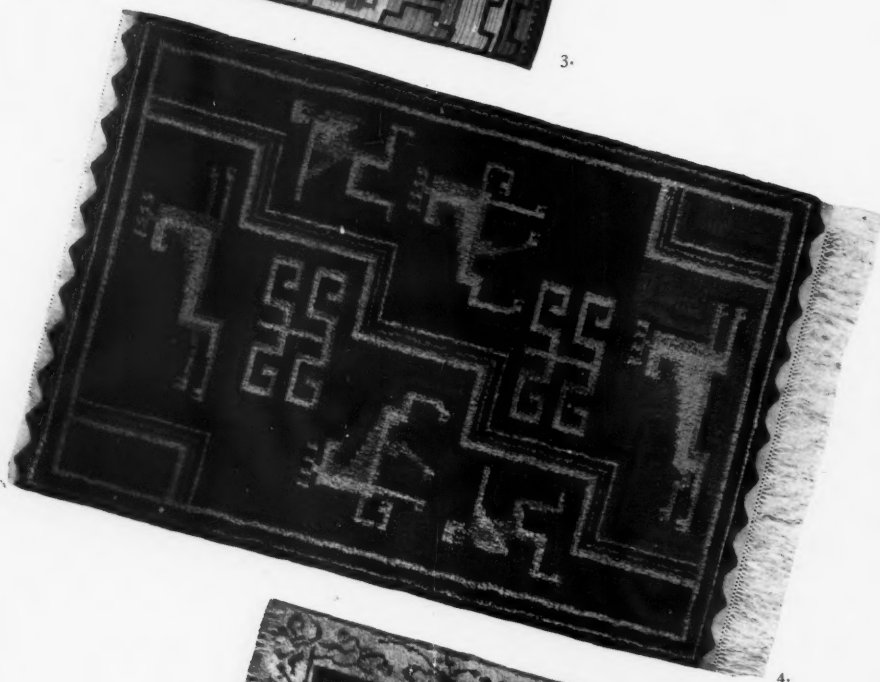
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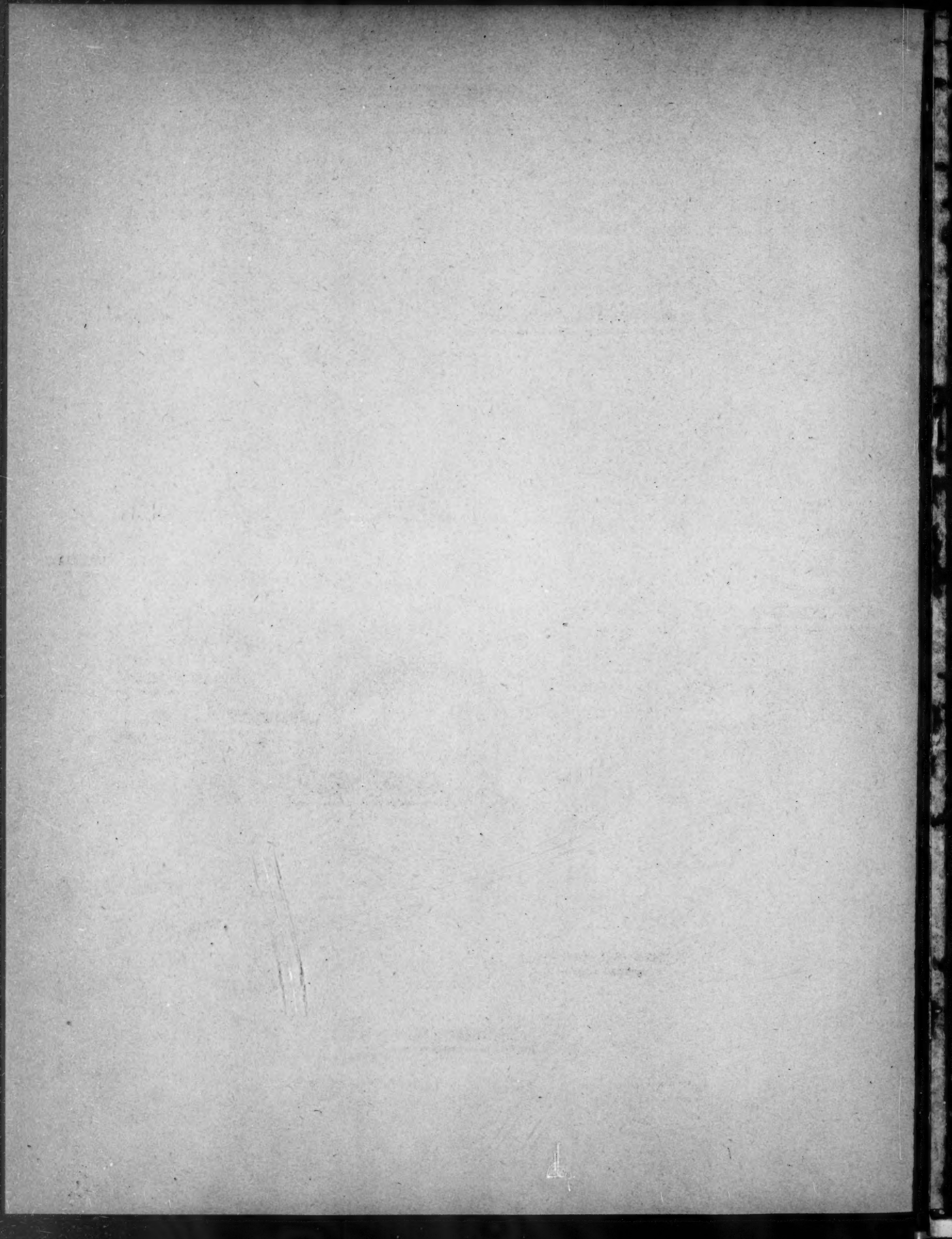
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5.

1. Copy of old rug from Kronobergs Län. Made by Hemslöjdsförbundet För Sverige. 2. Copy of old rug from Nerike. Made by Hemslöjdsförbundet För Sverige. 3. Curtain of heavy handwoven linen. Designed and executed by Elsa Guellberg. 4. "Elk Hunt." Rug designed by Sofia Widén. 5. A knotted rug by Hemslöjdsförbundet För Sverige.





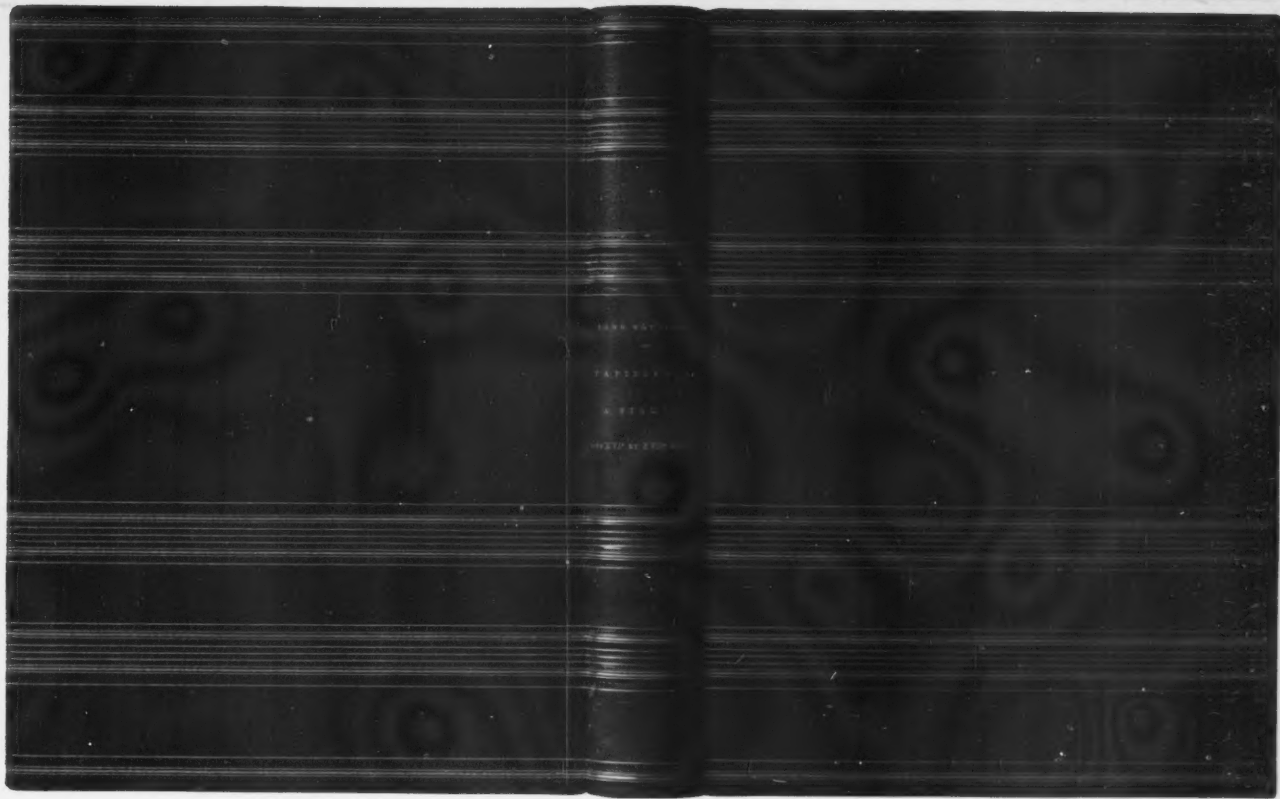
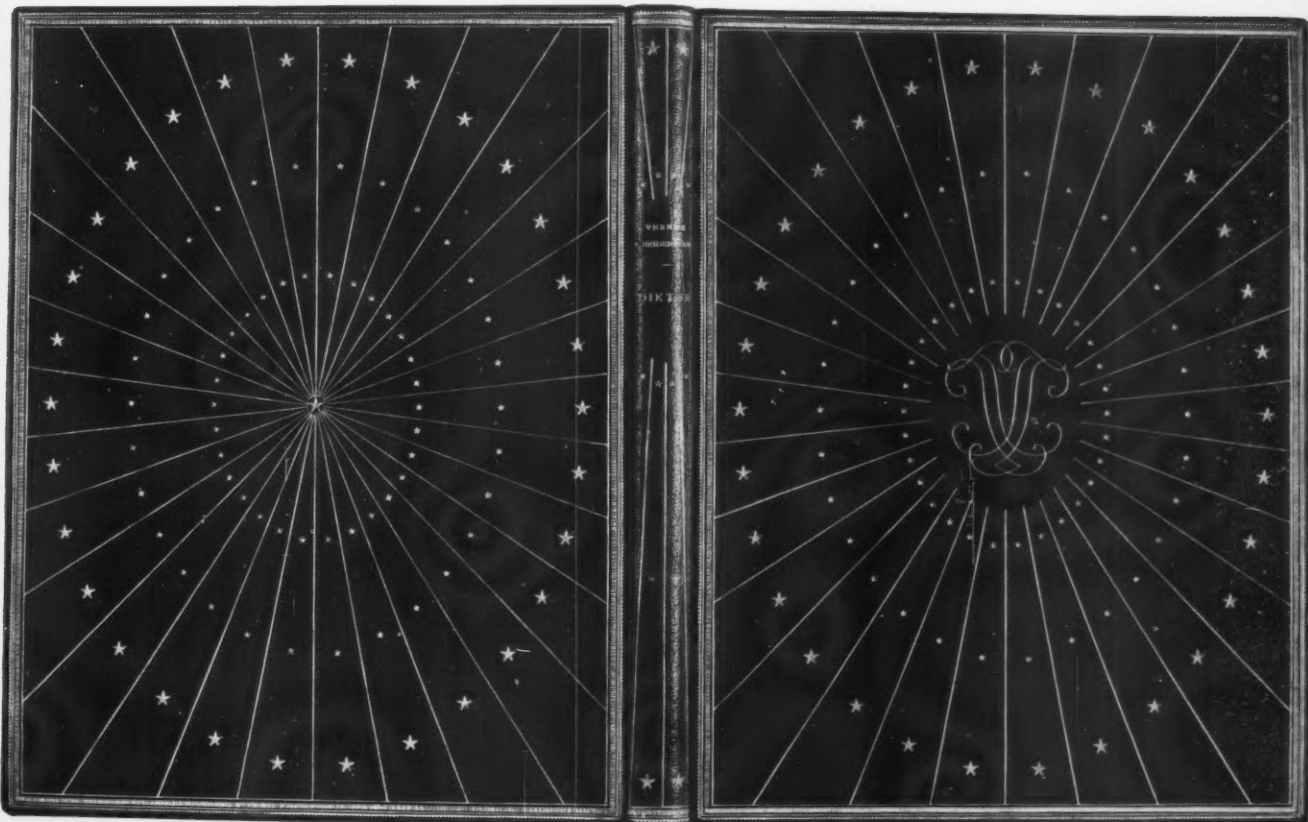


Plate V.

August 1930.

BOOK COVERS.

The one above is designed by VIKTOR ÅSTRÖM, the bookbinding by EDWARD SVENSON.
The one below is by the same artist, the bookbinding by P. A. NORSTEDT AND SONS.
The monogram was designed by AKKE KUMLIEN.



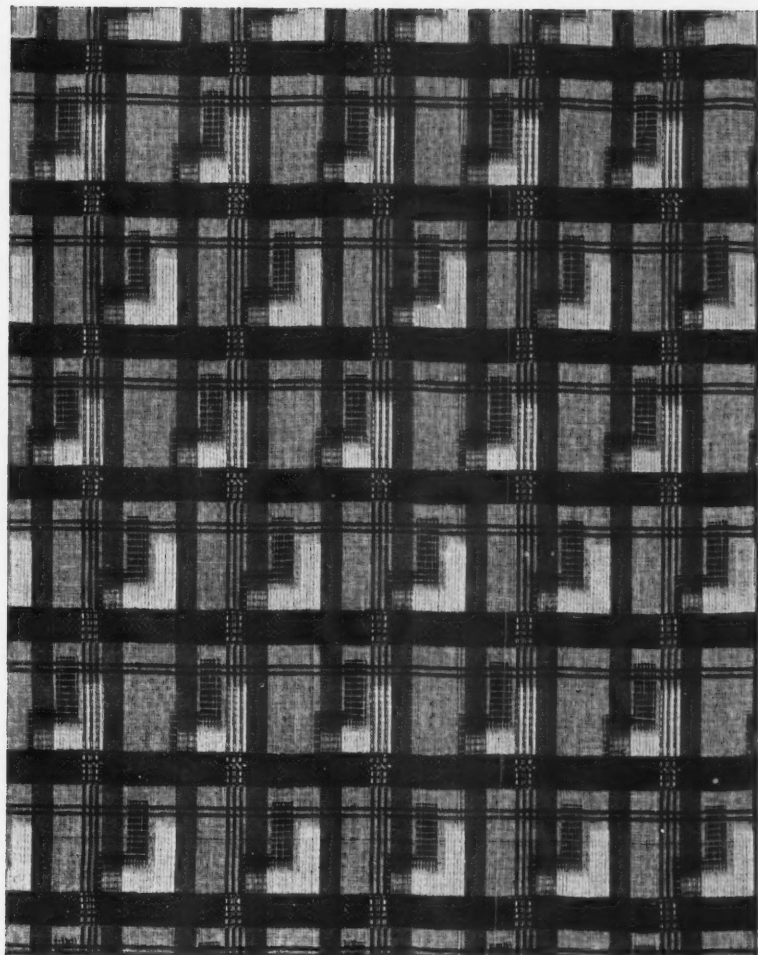


Plate VI August 1930.
COTTON FABRIC FOR CURTAINS.
Designer: BIRGIT LINDSTRÖM.



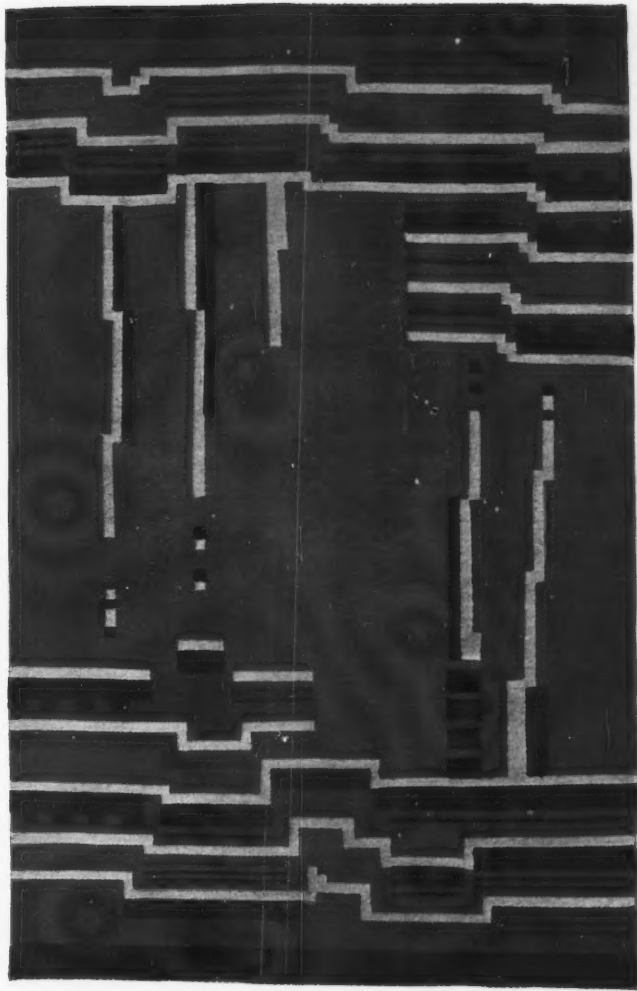


Plate VII. August 1930.
A RUG IN RÖLLAKAN TECHNIQUE
Designer: INGA VEDEL.
Craftsman: AXEVALLA KONSTSLÖJD.

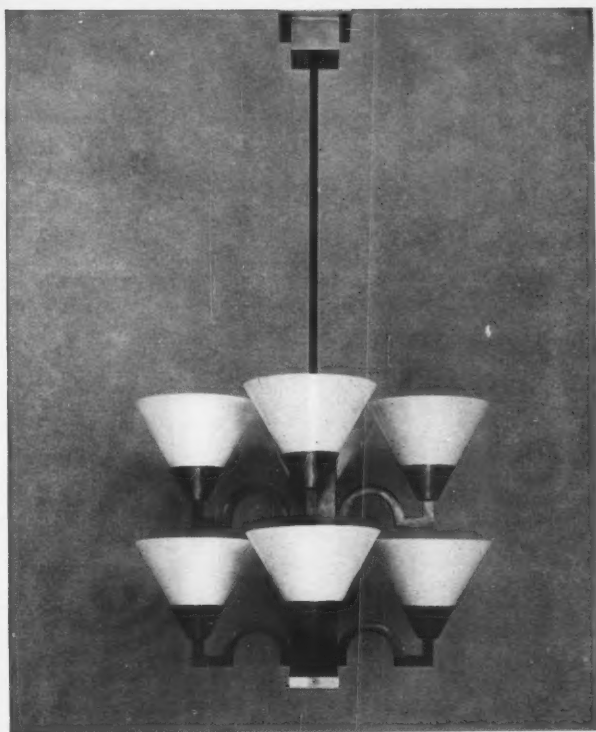


Plate VIII.

August 1930.

HANGING LIGHTS.

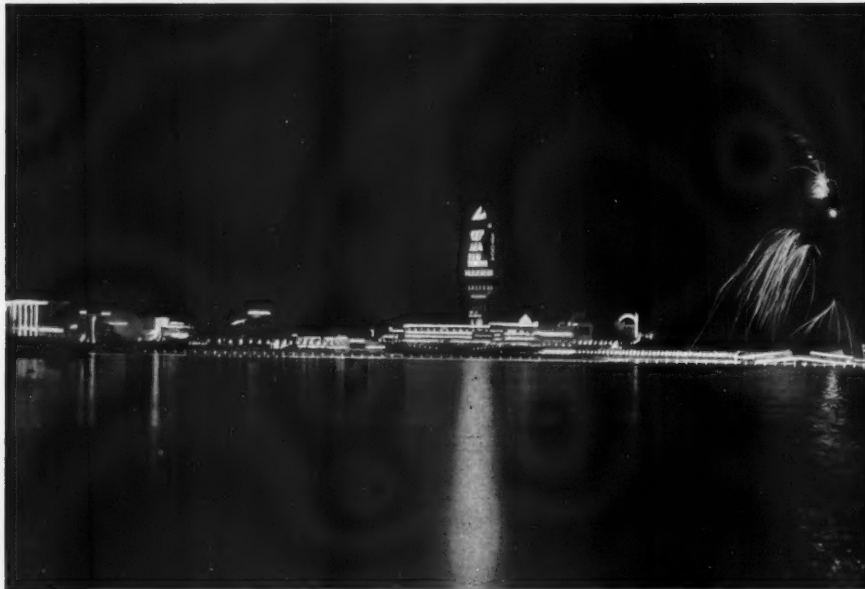


PRESIDENT : His Royal Highness
the Crown Prince of Sweden.
CHAIRMAN : Chief Justice Hellner.
VICE-CHAIRMAN : J. E. Sachs.
GENERAL DIRECTOR : Gregor Paulsson.
ARCHITECT : E. G. Asplund.

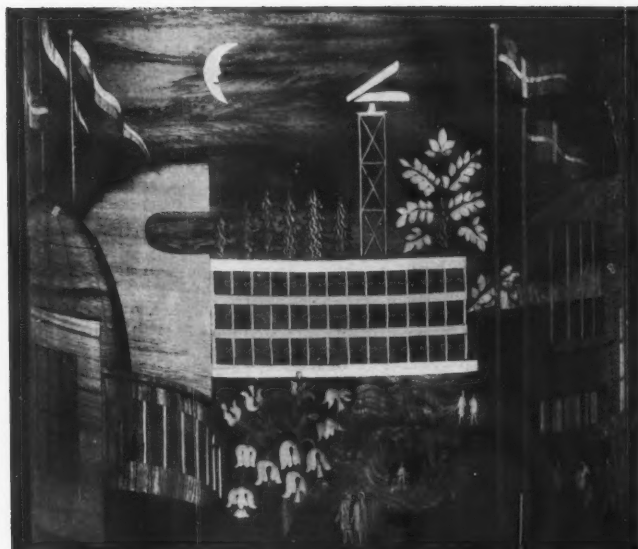
STOCKHOLM

I 9 3 0

*With copyright photographs specially
taken for THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW
by C. G. Rosenberg.*



General views, evening and night. The entrance is marked by the building with tall, illuminated columns on the left.



Stockholm, 1930, in inlaid woods.
From the clock illustrated on page 57.
Designed by CARL MALMSTEN.

Stockholm, 1930.

By P. Morton Shand.

THE Gothenburg Exhibition of 1923 revealed Sweden to an astonished world, not merely as an "artistic" nation, but as almost the only one that really counted as far as design and craftsmanship were concerned. This surprise was caused by a profound ignorance of almost everything about the culture and material civilization of the Scandinavian nations. "The world" consists primarily of the great Powers, and these find they have less and less time in the ordinary way of business to bother about the smaller, or to remember that there are circumstances in which the first shall be last and the last shall be first. To the average educated Englishman Sweden is not the land of Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XII, Swedenborg, Linnæus and Strindberg. It is a northern country which exports timber and matches. Exceptionally well-informed business men, to whom the name Krueger and Toll has become a household word, may identify it with the manufacture of Ericsson telephones, Electrolux refrigerators, Nobel explosives (but much more problematically with the Nobel Institutes), S.K.F. ball-bearings, cellulose, tar, standard joinery, and the world's finest blade steel which is forged in Eskilstuna from the world's purest grade iron ore mined in Lapland. A distinguished Cambridge scholar recently asked an eminent Swede whether there were flowers in his country. On being reassured as to the possibility of horticulture in this dim and distant region, the scholar's wife inquired if the Swedes had any "Art" . . . "Art?" Well, scarcely! For Art, with an ecstatic capital "A," we know, begins in Chelsea and ends in Hampstead, with branch studios in the Quartier Latin and beery Munich. Anders

Zorn? Oh, yes, I'd forgotten him. Rather unpleasantly buxom peasant girls, something more than merely academically nude, I seem to remember. You don't really mean to tell me he had a worldwide reputation as an etcher, and is still a rising value on the Colnaghi-Duveen market? Well, I never! I suppose, though, if it comes to that, there may be painters of sorts in Bulgaria or Bolivia for all we know.

Gothenburg showed that Sweden had a natural gift for planning and organizing exhibitions such as no other country possessed. The perfectly edited Swedish pavilion at the Paris Exposition des Arts Décoratifs of 1925 confirmed this suddenly acquired reputation. The fame of Stockholm buildings like Östberg's Town Hall, Tengbom's Concert Hall, and Asplund's National Library still further enhanced Sweden's rising artistic prestige. It was natural enough, therefore, that the world should have been waiting for the present Stockholm Exhibition with intense suspense. For one thing, it was on a much more ambitious scale than Gothenburg, and, for another, it was to be exclusively devoted to Swedish arts and crafts. The reactionaries hoped that it would definitely stem the tide of "Cubism" (by which they meant the evolution of the one style expressive of our own age and not hypnotized by the dead hand of past centuries); the progressives, that Sweden would rally wholeheartedly to Modernism and give it the definite orientation which it still lacks.

It is true that the world's Press has not been altogether unkind to this Stockholm Exhibition, but then the world's Press has got into the comfortable, good-natured way of

being consistently kind to all sufficiently important international exhibitions which are considerate enough to provide it with budgets of predigested copy. All the same, an uneasy undercurrent of bewilderment can be detected beneath its stereotyped eulogies. It is not only the reporters and the intelligentsia who are disappointed. Among architects, craftsmen, and artists the romantic Neo-Medievalists and Post-Preterite Georgians are just as disillusioned as the most *sans-culotte* Modernists. The general public—even the enlightened, patriotic Swedish public—seems to feel it has been duped. Those genuinely modest men, the Swedish architects, who are so hypercritical of their own work, appear to have fallen rather out of love with it, they hardly know quite why or how. The Stockholm Exhibition of 1930 may, and probably will, prove a commercial success. The fact that Sweden's artistic reputation has suffered a setback through it cannot be gainsaid. If the opinion of the majority of foreign (particularly British) visitors is to be believed, Sweden has not merely failed to advance on Gothenburg and her national pavilion at Paris five years ago: she has actually receded from the standard of those lofty pinnacles of achievement.

The causes of this failure are comparatively easy to detect. They are much harder to explain. Briefly, it is much more a question of what the exhibition's immediate objective has become than of what was its original *raison d'être*. Sweden has deliberately elected to turn her back on the fields of her former triumphs, and let the old Viking urge for discovery lead her forth to exploration of the uncharted currents of the Modernist maelstrom. In launching out into unknown seas she leaves her cherished traditions behind her, as the Sea Kings were wont to leave their wives till a third successive "lucky voyage" set the seal of success upon a colonizing venture. The world had expected a particular "line" from Swedish designers at this exhibition—a line that may for convenience sake be typified by the austere, ice-clear, neo-classical chastity of the Orrefors "Gaal" glass made famous by Simon Gate; and the simple charm of Borås cretonnes—with which those of Gothenburg and Paris had already familiarized it. Whenever the public expects one thing and gets another it feels bamboozled, like a retail dealer who finds that on delivery goods he ordered from sample prove to be by no means strictly "as per." Popular success is assured to any novelist who, having once scored an initial hit, plays the assiduous ape to his own original theme as mechanically as a champion billiard player chalking up one record break after another. It is much the same with nations and their standing commercial or artistic reputations for particular wares. Having been suddenly forced to realize that Sweden could make certain things supremely well, the world naïvely expected Swedish craftsmen to go on doing so as indefinitely as English "period specialists." Unfortunately, Sweden refused to behave like the "gifted and promising young artist" who, having painted the picture of the year in 1923, and repeated his success in the Salon of 1925, can be relied on to produce copies of these masterpieces season by season until at forty-five he is sterilized into immortality with an R.A. admission. England, of course, is more puzzled by this gratuitous flouting of an established reputation than nations less wedded to changelessness, because England is still busily turning out Adam plasterwork, Wedgwood china and Chippendale chairs, which are faithful to their eighteenth-century models in all except finish, without any disturbing

suspicion that the time for period reproductions may be drawing to a precipitate and (commercially) rather disastrous close. Odd fellows, these Swedes, looking a gift horse in the mouth like that! No proper business instincts! Just when they had started to build up a nice little novelty trade in stylish High Art lines—real high-class fancy goods, natty but not too jazzy—they go and change the management, write off their old stock and start on something the travellers had never as much as seen. Östberg was the man who put it across for them and collared the gold medals. Well, now, here's the new boss, Asplund, gone clean balmy. Encouraging them to cut in with hire-purchase wizards like Dave Drage on their own ground. He's putting the linoleum (laid free) on tabletops and throwing the Jacobethan dicings and barley-sugar sticks out of the window for the plain vans to take back to the warehouse. And they can't even make the Drage price—nowhere near it! Some people don't know when they're well off, or which side their bread's buttered. That's artists all over!

The world does not want Sweden to enter the Modernist market because the world has never identified Sweden with that distressing Franco-German sideline; and still more because the world has expressed the considered opinion that the form in which "this Swedish stuff" is already familiar to it is a perfectly satisfactory one. Mayfair does not like to have to change its carefully selected purveyors every other year, exhibitions or no exhibitions. Mayfair likes stability with only a very occasional change of nuance (or *je ne sais quoi*, as the hostesses would say); and believes in that reassuring trade mark "*La devise ainsi que la qualité toujours la même.*" And this summer Mayfair suddenly finds Sweden "going bolshy," which is all the more inexcusable because Sweden has a perfectly good king of her own and an aristocracy as vigorous as it is distinguished and ancient.¹ That Czechoslovakia should have gone artistically "red" shocks nobody, because Czechoslovakia is a republic, and a republic of yesterday into the bargain. But the Swedes! Those charming, cultivated men, who are so handsome and have such nice manners that (supreme compliment) they might almost be mistaken for Englishmen! Here we have elegant Sweden dabbling in this preposterous Franco-German "Meccano" style which we in England, with our well-known tact and the assurance of our exquisite nineteenth-century Brummagem taste, have had the wisdom to leave severely alone. What can these polished and gentlemanly people expect to be able to do in that cosmopolitan cubist cockpit? The answer is: granted a fair chance and a modicum of time, to sweep the board with theoretical French and German experimentalists, and give our own country the lead she so badly needs and is unconsciously waiting for.

Let us examine the astonishing spectacle which this progressive, vigorous, and all but self-sufficient country of barely six million inhabitants has to offer a little more closely. To illustrate both what it has done and is now doing, a three-storied, ramped pavilion, called *Svea Rike* (the Kingdom of Sweden), has been plastered with images of the past alternating with statistics of the present. Alas, this lucid and so humanly and amusingly tabulated

¹ It may intrigue Mayfair to know that five years ago the Crown Prince of Sweden decided to refurnish his Ulriksdal Palace, and insisted on purely modern, "non-period" furniture, designed by the architect Malmsten. This enlightening lead in royal patronage has proved an incalculable gain to Sweden. The furniture trade and public taste have profited in equal degree.

documentation of a nation's administrative and economic machinery is severely monolingual; and Swedish—more's the pity, judging from its euphony to uncomprehending ears—is not a "*Weltsprache*." This is a grievous error in what is otherwise the last word in modern national propaganda. Since this pavilion provides the indispensable explanation of Sweden's historic rôle and her contribution to civilization throughout the centuries, it is obviously here that the foreign visitor should start his tour of the exhibition. Unfortunately, he cannot understand this essential minimum about Sweden, and so fails to appreciate the deeper significance of an exhibition which, without what *Svea Rike* has to tell him, is like a book of travels unaccompanied by a key map.

Technically and administratively, the efficiency of Sweden is the admiration of the world. Her social legislation is complete and far-reaching enough to satisfy Mr. Maxton. Her manifold State enterprises work as smoothly as though directed by Lord Ashfield.¹ A modern democracy? Superficially, perhaps. But at core the country is profoundly aristocratic—aristocratic in its instincts and its tastes, its genius for leadership. The right man is found in the right place, as the organization of this exhibition of the nation in microcosm, under Dr. Paulsson's indomitable enthusiasm, shows. We have the inspiring spectacle of the whole resources of a self-disciplined, but essentially un-militarist, people mobilized for the execution of an eminently pacific national policy, which quite a large section of it probably either disapproves or fails to understand, in so far as it has any very definite feelings on the subject one way or the other. Yet no freer country exists, even if spirits are rationed on an income-tax assessment basis and can only be drawn upon against cheques on a householder's monthly liquor account. (It must be confessed that though they brew admirably in neighbouring Denmark, the national Swedish "near beer," euphemized as "Pilsener," can only be drunk with reluctance by the foreigner. But in a country where the high art of cookery can vie with the best French traditions this is a relatively minor drawback.)

The spiritual leaders of the country have decided that this present year of grace is to inaugurate a new forward policy for the nation. Henceforward Sweden shall turn her back on the past and its glories and look resolutely forward. A grim new champion enters the Modernist ring and throws down his ringing challenge to the bow-legged intellectuals who have been vociferously pamphleteering in it. A fresh artistic *Volkswanderung* is being unleashed upon Christendom. Le Corbusier's blood will soon be quaffed out of his own massy skull, just to show there is no ill-feeling; Gropius's Communist Bauhaus be razed to the ground so that a new Valhalla may arise at Dessau. And in the cloistered half-(Swedish) timbered ($\frac{3}{4}$ -in. facing laths) homes of selectly suburban England the old panic prayer will be heard: "From the fury of the Northmen, good Lord, deliver us!" But this time, it is devoutly to be hoped, no tributary Danegeld will stay or blunt the sword; and that the bad

old crumbling world of "Let's pretend we live in a romantic bygone age" may be smitten hip and thigh. May our own Viking blood, the only blood in us that matters, rouse itself to join in the massacre of those traitors to our age, the unnatural, spavined invertebrates who, in their Neo-Cotswold olde-worlde sanctuaries, daily pronounce anathema on reinforced concrete, chromium steel and plywood, in the sacred name of John Ruskin.

Sweden, then, has made a corner in a particular, hitherto unknown, "line" which has a sufficiently close affinity with our own Georgian mannerism to make it appeal very strongly to those nice genteel English people who "do so love old things." This line is characterized by its slender and almost elfin grace, which our monolingual pseudo-intellectuals, who are firmly persuaded that Denmark and Sweden, like Wales and England, are to all intents and purposes one and the same country, perspicaciously attribute to the influence of Hans Andersen. Rather tardily, as is our way, we woke up to the delicate fantasy and Sleeping-Beauty charm which Swedish craftsmen had imprisoned, as with a Merlin's spell, in the exquisitely refined glass, porcelain and textiles they so lovingly wrought. Since Gladstone's day Britain has always been avid of appropriate chances to salve her perpetually uneasy international conscience by sentimentalizing over smaller nations. Thus it was that Sweden began to be the object of the sort of uncritically sympathetic gush which was lavished on "gallant little Belgium" in 1914. We were told how the snowy purity and stellar clearness of arctic winters had refined her taste, and were left to assume that London fogs had been instrumental in fuddling and distorting our own.

And now, just when the boom in "Swedish grace" is at its very zenith, Sweden calmly proceeds to jettison this halcyon godsend without as much as a "by your leave"! Is this sheer perversity, born of a surfeit of misdirected praise, or the wilfulness of a spoilt child? It is neither. It is a great effort of national volition, a momentous and clear-sighted choice, an act of supreme, but unemotional, courage. Sweden has discovered that the enthusiastic development of her historical traditions in craftsmanship and the intensive exploitation of her national genius for decoration had led her into a *cul-de-sac* whence further progress is impossible. Like a squirrel she could only go on revolving in her cage. This salient symptom of Swedish spiritual unrest has not been detected by any foreign critic; nor, as far as we know, has any Swedish authority as yet openly admitted its truth. But it is a fact, a plain fact, which anyone with eyes in his head may discover for himself as he wanders through the various sections of the exhibition. The decorative *motifs* of Eda, Elme, Kosta, Orrefors, Pukeberg, and Sandvik glass; of Gevle, Gustavsberg, Karlskrona, Lidköping, Rörstrand, and Upsala china; of Flossa, Krabbasnår, Röllakan, Rosengång, and Rya rugs and hangings woven in Blekinge, Floda, and Skåne will be found on closer scrutiny to be severely limited. The able and versatile designers in these crafts are simply spinning out their own entrails, though it must be admitted that they perform this exquisitely agonizing feat of hara-kiri with all the traditional Samurai grace and skill. But no new infusion of blood, no good invigorating iron tonic, and no amount of devoted application and resource, can revitalize these delicious neo-baroque conceits and whimsies. The creative impulse, still vigorous, if almost wholly traditional, at Gothenburg has vanished, and only the familiar grace

¹ The telephone service, however, does not seem to operate quite as pluperfectly as it used to, or as its international reputation would lead one to anticipate. There are times when Stockholm recalls London in this respect; others when one might almost be in Paris. On the other hand, the octogenarian directors of our railway companies should be forced to go to the Exhibition to study the latest model third-class (three berth) sleeping-cars of the Swedish State Railways. Period mouldings and fripperies being eliminated, sheets can be provided as a result of these practical economies. The bogies run on ball-bearings.

remains grown visibly attenuated, and at times almost consumptive.

The Swedes saw that they had wandered so far from the functional concept of the modern world along their own lovely neo-classical byways that to get back to this *Weltanschauung* they must forsake the fine national traditions which had inspired their most consummate achievements. Realists, they knew that this would entail forswearing, if only temporarily, their proud pre-eminence in the arts and crafts. With Spartan courage they have not flinched from this almost unparalleled sacrifice of artistic prestige. Ascetically, they have preferred to renounce the world and the flesh with its pomps and snares. And like so many saints moved to the most sublime abnegations, they find themselves accused by Scribes and Pharisees, whose pious eyes are riveted on the totems of the past, of turning aside from the straight and narrow way to go a-whoring after the black altars of devil-worship and the fetishes of rectangular mumbo-jumboism.

In the Stockholm Exhibition this process of spiritual renunciation—the act of craftsmen nerving themselves to take the first hesitant and half-dismayed steps towards an unexpected apotheosis—can actually be seen at work. As under a microscope, we watch that gaily dappled Gothenburg beauty lay her dainty eggs; the eggs hatch out into rationally articulated caterpillars; the Corbusier caterpillars armour-plating themselves into severely functional chrysalides. That lovely Swedish butterfly, the ruched and powdered eighteenth-century Painted Lady, is about to transmogrify herself into a mechanist Chromium Admiral, lithe and lissome in spread of wings as a seaplane climbing to its chosen altitude of flight.

Nothing in the exhibition—not even the *avantgarde* modernism of its buildings, which has shocked not a few Swedes,¹ and called forth the *bon mot* of one of our most eminent critics that this denuding of structures (“already most frightfully thin”) to terms of pure scaffolding, can only be described as the Morse, the telegraphese, of architecture—has really entirely found itself, or seems quite sure of its footing in a new world. Some artists have followed Asplund, the chief architect, in boldly taking the plunge; others are still cautiously preparing to dive in; most are only beginning to undress. This reluctance is comprehensible. The waters of the Saltsjön are proverbially chilly in June, even for the world’s best swimmers. Though few are yet in the water, and none have reached the other shore, they can be trusted to get there all right. Let them take their time and choose their stroke, even if the latter should prove to be the crawl.

That severely functional chair, which has been becoming increasingly familiar in France, Germany and Holland during the last few years, sits oddly on its rustless steel or spray-painted gas-piping haunches amidst furniture, hangings and crockery that perpetuate, and, indeed, over-refine, the famous Swedish grace. Yet the main restaurant, which is uncompromisingly modernist, is one of the best buildings of its kind—as it is also one of the simplest and most straightforward externally—that has been erected anywhere so far. Internally, the daring severity of its colour-scheme and

lighting, in which a reflecting frieze of plain white vitrolite slabs is used with very telling effect, embodies all that is best of Swedish decorative genius interpreted in the new grand manner. It has (like the Press Reception Room in the Commissariat) a sureness of touch approaching mastery; there are no stunts or tricks about it. This is all the more noteworthy as mural decoration¹ in the exhibition is generally on a decidedly low level, judged by which it would appear that the Swedes cannot sustain comparison with French, German, or even English craftsmen in this field. The two-storied shop and dwelling-house containing the wonderful “luxury” furniture that was specially designed for the Nordiska Kompaniet, and executed in its own workshops, is better than anything a Mallet-Stevens or an Ernst May could design, and has an engagingly subtle natural setting when seen from the rear. The copper-sulphate green of the paper-felted dome of the Planetarium—the crown of which is invisibly flood-lighted a marvellous violet-blue at night—is a sight for sore eyes. The other buildings—all of which, except the wooden “Ideal Homes” and Herr Schmalensee’s charming concrete villa, were designed by Asplund, who has been going the pace with such abandon since the National Library that Professor Gropius must feel he has become quite a stuffy old fogey—all help to form a delightful ensemble; and individually, as collectively, exemplify consummate skill in grouping. A notable instance of this skill is the way in which the great steel advertising mast, the focus of the exhibition, is unerringly fitted into the charming perspective silhouette of Stockholm midway between two conspicuous church spires. Another is the boldly dramatic change of axis in the principal avenue. Here, instead of employing formal emphasis such as could have been afforded by a group of Milles statuary, or placing the bandstand there, after turning it round and making it more definitely conch-like in shape, Asplund has provided nothing but an inconspicuous one-storied booth used for the sale of postcards. There is subtlety in this self-denying picture ordinance, though many question its propriety, for the main restaurant certainly gains enormously in importance as a result. The almost feminine elegance of the first group of lofty flat-topped buildings that lie immediately behind the stainless steel entrance grillage evoke as yet barely discerned potentialities of the beauty of mechanistic architecture. But that lovely and riotously informal flower garden, ablaze with tall lupins, which slopes down to the reedy shore of an arm of the Saltsjön separating the exhibition grounds from the Djurgården peninsula, is not in very happy juxtaposition to the pure, impersonal formalism of their slenderly soaring lines. The asymmetrical plan is so neat and simple that it seems unthinkable anyone could lose his way; though a prominent F.R.I.B.A. complained, with some asperity, that he found he was continually achieving the impossible in this respect.

It may as well be candidly admitted that we erect mechanist buildings, not because we must, but because we like them. Whatever the near future may bring forth, there is today absolutely no practical necessity for adopting the mechanist hypothesis in building construction. Asplund could probably have done the exhibition rather

¹ The Old Guard in Sweden, when told that the population of Stockholm was, unaccountably enough, showing every sign of feeling thoroughly at home in the Exhibition, made the triumphant retort: “Wait till you hear what the English have to say about it!” It is comforting to realize, when so much is being written on the subject of “What’s wrong with England?” that the prestige of our inveterate conservatism stands as high as ever among “the best elements” of foreign nations.

¹ It is worth noticing that the dark-blue and white enamelled street name-plates in Stockholm are as ugly as they are (owing to the size and type of lettering employed) illegible. The new enamelled street name-plates of the Royal Borough of Kensington would serve as excellent models for the Swedish capital.

cheaper on neo-traditional lines in lath, canvas, and plaster. He did not do so because he did not want to do so. Mechanism may be the whim of the moment, but that does not alter the patent fact that there is more to be said for it than for any other. It is the only "style" which does not oblige its exponents to have recourse to insincerity or shams when faced with the problem of housing a motor-boat or motor-car, an aeroplane or a locomotive; or erecting a sky-sign or a factory. It is, therefore, entirely suitable for exhibition purposes. Asplund is able to bridge the transition from machinery to decoration without any faltering or embarrassment. In what other "style" could he have hoped to reconcile such mutually antagonistic elements? It is by such experiments that architects are learning how to co-ordinate the hitherto unco-ordinated activities of modern life. The present age finds the shapes of steamers, aircraft, cooking ovens, turbines, transmission poles and silos so infinitely more beautiful than traditional art-forms that it is impulsively scrapping the latter. When this phase has passed—for it is only a phase—we shall no doubt discover more truly functional ideals for our requirements by dint of having gained the necessary discipline over the somewhat uncritical enthusiasm of youthful exuberance.

Sweden manufactures admirable machinery—water turbines, electric generators, match-making machines, wood-pulping plant, dairy separators, and so on—but Sweden invented neither the machine nor the aesthetic of the machine. She is comparatively little troubled by the machine as a dread familiar spirit compared to the big industrial nations, yet the mission she has chosen for herself is the task of taming and humanizing the growing monster, of informing its tigerish, purely functional beauty with the grace and suavity inseparable from every manifestation of human culture. Though we have yet to learn to domesticate it and assimilate it to the aesthetic to which civilized man instinctively responds in other fields of creative art, the machine is an integral part of our modern culture. We cannot escape from this fact, or from its direct and indirect implications. Sweden intends to succeed where Great Britain, the United States, Germany, Holland and France have all failed in their different ways. In this momentous enterprise, as in so many others she has had to confront in the course of her heroic history, the purity of her racial stock should prove an asset of the utmost value. It is something more than merely conceivable that the still fermenting mixture of our conflicting racial strains may account for the inability of our own country to civilize what she invented and so heedlessly thrust on an admiring world as its standard model of industrialism. Our own flow of vital creative energy and capacity for creative application to practical problems are being continually dissipated by the incessant demands made on the manpower of Britain as the focus of a vast empire, which can only live, even as it has been built up, by feverish activity in colonization, development, industry and trade. These exhausting preoccupations have as yet left little leisure for the luxury of self-expression. We remain obdurately and sullenly incoherent among the comity of nations. Sweden, on the other hand, has every chance of being able to do what Britain might perhaps have done had not the good seed sown by William Morris been choked by the tares of a spurious Simple-Life rusticity and trodden under the besotted feet of Chipping Campden folk-dancers shod with artily wrot shoon. Instead of rolling up our sleeves

and doing some hard thinking about the logical shapes of things in daily use, we preferred, like the arrantly sentimental amateurs we are, to devote, not our daily lives, but the odd hours we consecrated to "higher purpose," to the fashioning of those "jolly" useless things which were as self-consciously ugly as they were functionally insincere. The new arterial roads of England stand as damning witnesses of the magnitude of our failure, and our purblind lack of even the most elementary business forethought. The Swedes, less romantic and amateurish than ourselves, and at the same time more intelligent and better educated, possess a serenely unprejudiced simplicity of mind combined with a challenging intellectual fearlessness. This direct outlook on life and singleness of purpose is as alien to the muddle-headed Englishman as it is to the superficially acute American, the so illogically logical Frenchman, the wilfully involved German, and the incomprehensible modern Dutchman. Sweden, therefore, has, *prima facie*, the ideal mental equipment for gauging both the potentialities and the limitations of the machine, and the machine aesthetic, in a degree which no other country can claim. She knows enough, but happily not too much, of its tyranny, its eternal imminence, and the fatal obsession it can become. She is neither infatuated by applications of the theorems by which it transmutes raw materials into finished commodities, like the German wallowing, as might a hippopotamus, in his eternal "*Sachlichkeit*," nor cowed by what the phlegmatic Englishman imagines to be its inevitable and irrefragable hideousness. Still less does she revel in the abstractions of its algebraical pulchritude, like a professor of the Ecole Polytechnique lecturing on ballistics to embryo artillery officers: "*Tuer, c'est si beau si on le fait avec précision, si la machine dont on s'en sert est à la portée de sa tâche et fonctionne impeccablement comme elle doit le faire.*"

She has accepted the aesthetic of the machine with all its corollaries as both right and inevitable; as leading our modern civilization straight forward by the shortest path, instead of bringing it back to its point of departure by some specious roundabout route, as did nostrums like "*art nouveau*." We shall be wise to back the Swedes, if only because it will save us a lot of time and trouble—things we invariably grudge. And this not only because their instinct is sure, their technical and intellectual equipment more than adequate, but because their sense of beauty and the fitness of things is more akin to our own than any other people's. We are no longer being invited to follow the erratic lead of French *petits bourgeois* and German *Geheimeraten* whose taste finds no echo in our own tenaciously conserved and sacrosanct traditions. So let us cease to allow functionalist architecture—which is already familiar and powerless to alarm us, as a sea people, in marine engineering, where, indeed, we actually originated it—to terrify us as though it were some awful bogey now that its development is in trustworthy and capable hands. We can still sleep peacefully in our beds. The new machine architecture is not the herald of world Bolshevism. It is destined to be imbued with wholesome Nordic sanity and that very Swedish "sweetness and light" which the Hampstead Garden Suburb—where, if anywhere, life is real, life is earnest—has been untiring in encouraging us to admire for the last five years. But if it is time to divest ourselves of these causeless phobias, is it not also high time we started to think about giving decent sepulture to the corpses of our once vital but now wholly devitalized

Plate IX. August 1930.
INSIDE THE PLANETARIUM.
 Most of the important stars are visible, including the Earth. The white blur is the Sun. Below, unseen, are six hundred people.

STOCKHOLM, 1930.

traditions? Some of them are in an advanced state of putrefaction, as the shop-windows of Tottenham Court Road, their chosen mortuary, stand to witness. We have dead architects and artists, and to spare, to whom the salutary task of burying them can be safely entrusted. Which done, these velvet-jacketed grave diggers can cease moralizing about "Cæsar's skull," and turn to again and start burying each other with the whole zeal of professional rancour to sweeten their honest toil. And, whatever happens, don't let us forget to nerve ourselves for these posthumous obsequies by throwing in that old tag from William Blake about the New Jerusalem; and perhaps something on Sussex byways from Kipling, or corners of England which can turn Grantchester into Skyros—or is it the other way round?

This, then, the acceptance of the machine æsthetic, is the true inward significance of this summer's Stockholm Exhibition. Those who do not perceive it are like the dear old-fashioned people who, in a decade in which motor-cars vastly outnumber miles of road, roundly declare that they cannot appreciate, or even take in, the landscape when propelled along a country lane at any speed exceeding 15 m.p.h. These worthy defeatists—who would be scandalized to be called pacifists—are trying to remain in the leisurely, dreamy abstraction of the stage-coach and toll-gate era, when people had time to think artily about art, and (since skyscrapers were still unthought of) could unflinchingly love the highest when they saw it. They lack the concise vision, the rapid synthesis, of our speed-boat age. They need a good dose of salts to accelerate their sluggish perception and clear their addled brains. Modern life, like the modern world generally, is continually being speeded up. Change follows change with a kaleidoscopic rapidity which inculcates mental alertness and precision. The vagueness on which art for its own dear, unsalaried—and so unsullied—sake, is once supposed to have flourished, is the quality which now fills our morgues with pedestrians. We need to keep in unrelaxing cerebral training to keep pace with unfolding of the new horizon. Before we are half aware of the initial researches, or the scope of their practical implications,

tentative experiment is transmuted into definite achievement, the manufactured article. To deny the machine is to deny the sovereign genius of man. It is blasphemy against evolution, the worst and basest kind of self-denial. We must brace ourselves to sustain an epoch of successive transformation scenes, and cultivate intellectual resilience in order to be worthy, or even able, to live in it. The lethal chamber for reactionary bipeds may become a sheer necessity in the near future.

We venture to prophesy that at the next Swedish National Exhibition the civilization of the machine will have been definitely attained, and Frankenstein can be safely let out of his cage as tame as any performing Pyrenean bear. And before this unprecedented triumph of mind over matter (*Hibbert Journal* please copy) the British reactionaries of that day—that is, if lethal chambers for diehards are not yet a part and parcel of the law of nations, specifically provided for in all extradition treaties—will re-echo the British reactionaries of this in declaring: "Of course this isn't a *patch* on the show these johnnies held in 1930. That was absolutely IT, you know! So much stronger and purer and all that in every way. Above all, so much *jollier* and so far more *amusing*."

Thereafter the world will look up to Sweden as the supreme exponent of a Modernism which has succeeded in finding its own soul and embellishing itself with a purely mechanist grace, just as till yesterday it regarded her with such ravished eyes as the ultimate expression of a daintily fragile charm, pure, delicate and aloof as the scent of some wild flower that defies the fashionable alchemists of the Rue de la Paix.

For the 1930 Stockholm Exhibition has at least taught us that the future of the machine as an integral organ of modern culture is assured; and that its technical perfection as an art-form is only a matter of time. In it there lies the germ of an Augustan architecture magnificent enough to satisfy both the conditions and the aspirations of a great, a golden age, and worthy of man's ultimate enfranchisement from the tyranny of matter and the superstitious terrors of his own timid and hide-bound imagination.



ALTAR CLOTH of black velvet with gold embroidery.
 Designed by SOFIE WIDÉN.



LIST OF EXHIBITION

BUILDINGS AND SECTIONS.

- 1 Main entrance and Commissariat.
- 2 Bed planted by W. Weibull.
- 3 Hall 2. Means of communication.
- 4 Court-yard 3. Alnarp Garden.
- 5 Viaduct.
- 6 Hall 5. Society for Swedish Home Industries. More expensive furniture.
- 7 Planetarium.
- 8 The Red Cottage.
- 9 Hall 8. More expensive furnishings.
- 10 Hall 9. Base metals. Musical instruments.
- 11 Court-yard 10. Näfveqvarn Exhibition.
- 12 Hall 11. Serial furniture.
- 13 Hall 12. Skins and leather. Musical instruments. Office and hotel equipment etc.
- 14 Court-yard 13. Exhibit by H. Jensen. Ramlösa.
- 15 Hall 14. Precious metals.
- 16 Court-yard 15. Planted by W. Weibull.
- 17 Hall 16. Ceramics.
- 18 Hall 17. Lighting arrangements.
- 19 Court-yard 18.
- 20 Hall 19. Glass.
- 21 Pond in Festival Grounds. Planted by W. Weibull.
- 22 Court-yard 21.
- 23 Hall 22. Wall-papers and linoleum.
- 24 Hall 23. National Federation of Home Industrial Societies.
- 25 Court-yard 24. Planted by W. Weibull.
- 26 Hall 25. Church textiles.
- 27 Hall 26. Hand- and machine-made textiles.
- 28 Hall 27. Books, book-bindings and graphic industry.
- 29 Court-yard 28. Advertising.
- 30 House of Public Service.
- 31 Entrance.
- 32 Estrade of seats with wandering gardens.
- 33 Seats.
- 34 Music pavilion.
- 35 Tower with press gallery.
- 36 Kingdom of Svea.
- 37 Offices.
- 38 Tenants' Savings and Building Society. Co-operative Union.
- 39 Hall 36. Residential flats.
- 40 Court-yard 37. Building materials.
- 41 Hall 38. Building materials. School Exhibition.
- 42 Hall 39. Hospital Exhibition and Ambulance Station.
- 43 Villa 40. Own Home type. Architect: Hörvik.
- 44 Sport or week-end cottage. Architect: Eriksson, Engineer: Öden.
- 45 Villa 42. Nordiska Kompaniet's exhibit. Architect: Bergsten.
- 46 Villa 43. Own Home, type XII. Architect: Ryberg.
- 47 Co-operative Union's detached shop and house.
- 48 Attached house 45. type VIII. Architect: Åhrén.
- 49 Villa 46. Own Home, type IX. Architect: Schmalensee.
- 50 Villa 47. Own Home, type V. Architect: Lewerenz.
- 51 Villa 48. Own Home, type XI. Architect: Ahlberg.
- 52 Villa 49. Own Home, type X. Architect: Markelius.
- 53 Attached house 50. Type II. Architect: Ahlqvist.
- 54 Villa 51. Type O. Architect: Åhrén.
- 55 Villa 52. type II. Architect: Jonson.
- 56 Entrance to Economy Buildings.
- 57 Humourists' Salon.
- 58 Exhibition of Sepulchral Monuments.
- 59 Swedish Cremation Society.
- 60 Entrance.
- 61 Estrade of seats.
- 62 Aquarium.
- 63 Camping Exhibition.
- 64 Exit.

EXHIBITORS' PAVILIONS AND KIOSKS.

- a The Swedish Press Bureau Co., Ltd.
- b Advertising mast of the "Social Democrat."

- c "Stockholms Tidningen."
- d "Stockholms Dagblad."
- e A. Johansson, Gardener.
- f The Inverness Spa Co., Ltd.
- g The Association of Swedish Newspaper Publishers.
- h A. B. Cloetta.
- i The Sales Co. of the Margarine Factories.
- j Nils-George, Music Publisher.
- k C. C. Spörung & Co., Metal-workers.
- l The Swedish Skerries' Association and "Åttonbladet."
- m The Sales Company for Hand-made Paper.
- n The Swedish Tobacco Monopoly.
- o Malmö Chocolate and Confectionery Manufacturing Co., Ltd. (Mazetti).
- p Autopose.
- q J. Hatvani (Caricaturist).
- r Pix Co., Ltd.
- s Sandra Henning.
- t Official Badge of the Exhibition.
- u The Ramlösa Spa Co., Ltd.
- v Rudolf Österberg Co., Ltd.
- w Paul U. Bergström's Co., Ltd.
- x Frans Svanström & Co., Stationers.
- y P. Wikström, Jr. (Masonite).
- z "The Builder" Magazine.
- aa Central Organisation of "The People's Park."
- ab The Banana Company, Ltd.
- ac "Home in Sweden" Society.
- ad The Salvation Army Publishing Co., Ltd.
- ae Aerated Water Apparatus Co., Ltd.
- af Shops.
- ag The United Chocolate Manufacturing Co., Ltd.
- ah Joh. Bruce and Edwin Jacobsson (Fruit).
- ai Zig-Zag Building Block Factory.

WATER AND SHORES.

- c2 Jetty (arr. launches).
- c3 Jetty for rowing boats.
- c4 Illuminated fountain.
- c5 Swimming stadium.
- c6 Ferry jetties.
- c7 Landing stage for water-cycles.
- c8 Jetty. Skerry express.

RESTAURANTS AND CONFECTIONERS.

- I Schumacher's terrace (in Hall 12).
- II Park Restaurant.
- III Bengta's Grove.
- IV Main Restaurant.
- V Soda Bar.
- VI Milk Bar.
- VII Confectioner's (in attached houses 50).
- VIII "The Bridge" confectioner's.
- IX "Green Point" confectioner's.

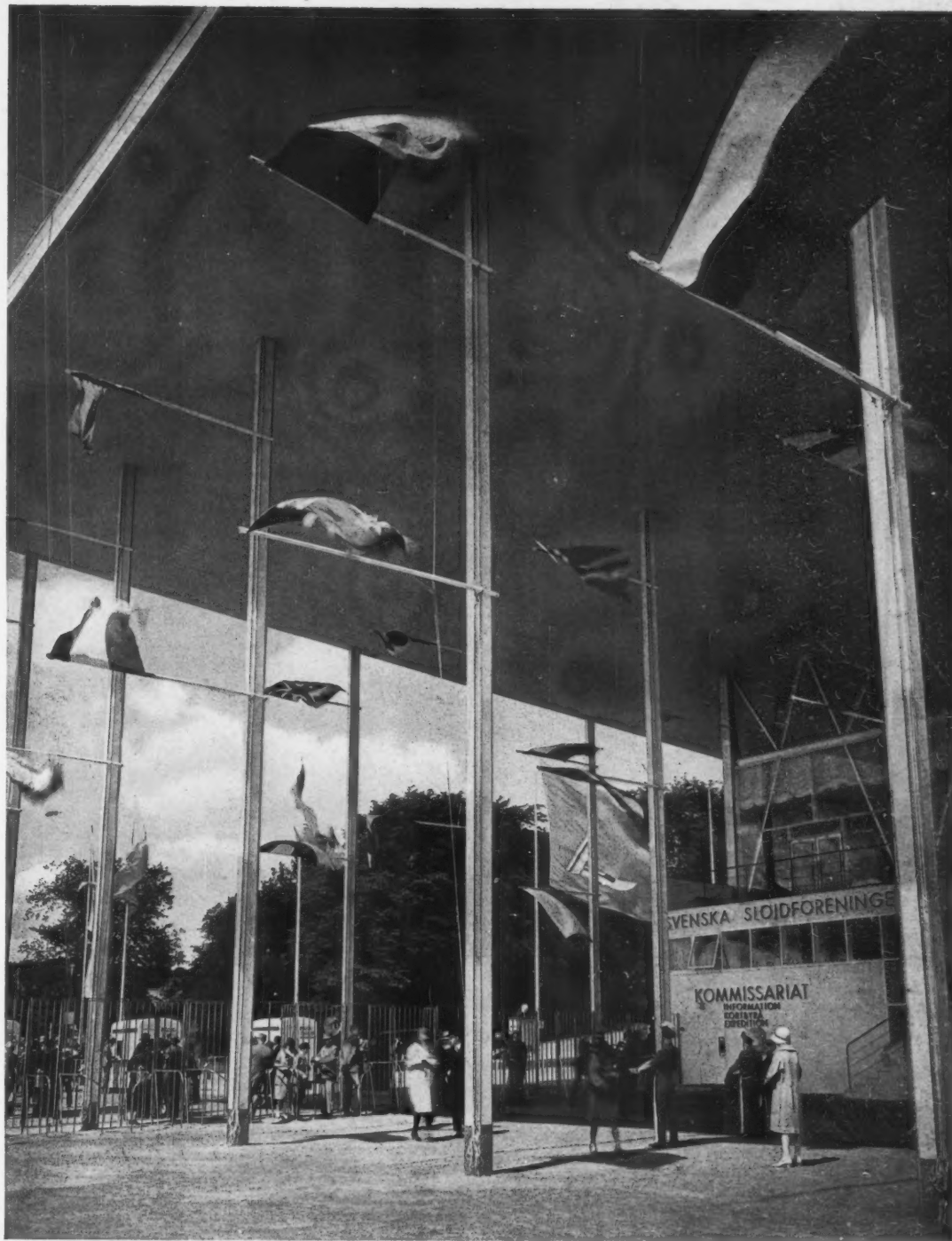
In Amusement Park.

(See below)

- T Large Amusement Park Restaurant.
- B "Lido" Refreshments.
- X Restaurant Markan.

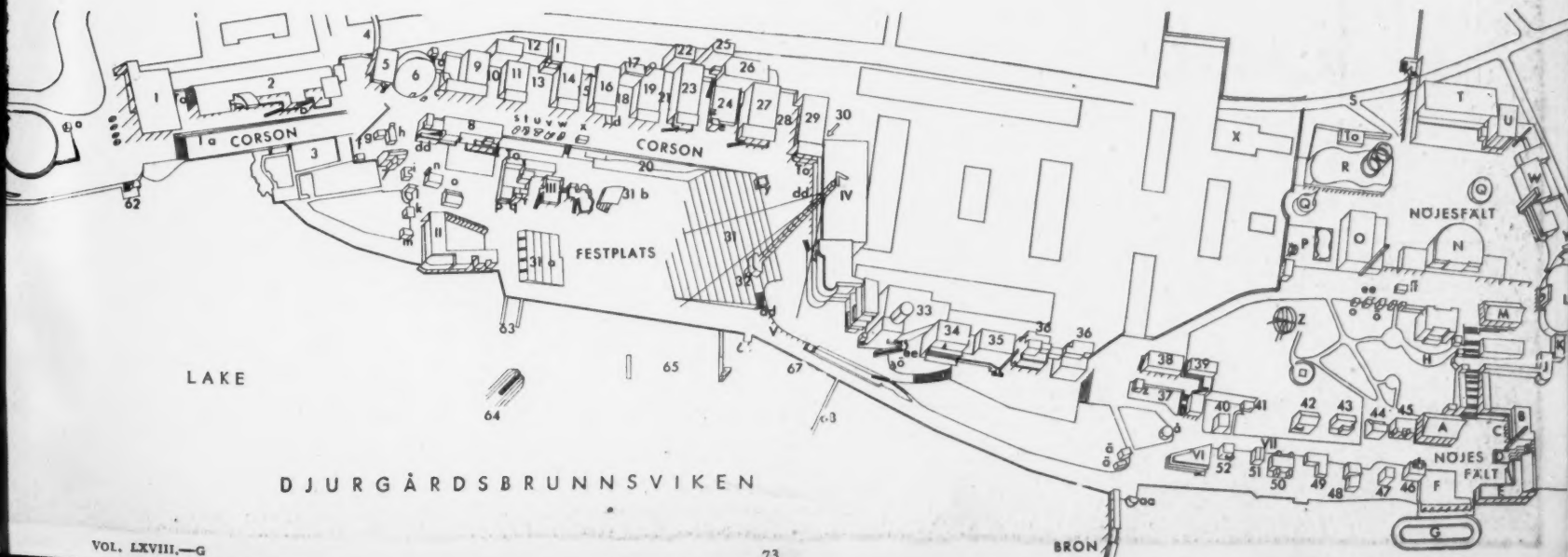
AMUSEMENT PARK.

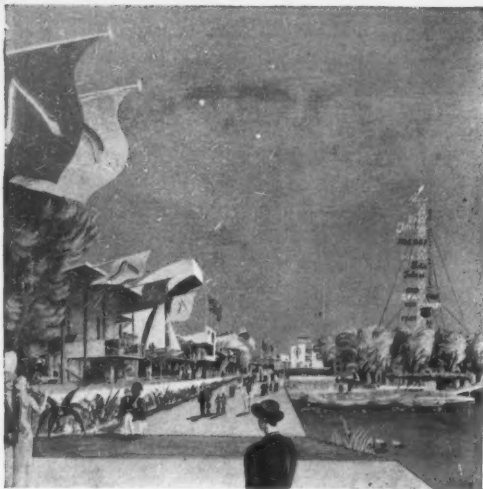
- A Old dancing.
- B "Lido" confectioner's.
- C "From the back of beyond."
- D Water-fall.
- E Refreshment verandah.
- F "Golf Course."
- G "Regatta."
- H Refreshments.
- J Hall of Mirrors.
- K Magic Theatre.
- L Opel Car course.
- M Wireless car course.
- N Modern dancing.
- O Theatre, Congress Hall.
- P Children's Tivoli.
- Q Auto Merry-Go-Round.
- R Scenic Railway.
- S Exit.
- T Restaurant.
- U Picture-house.
- W Music-hall.
- V Archery Court.
- Z Paris Wheel.
- To Toilet-Rooms.



The Entrance, with the Administration Bureau, called KOMMISSARIAT.

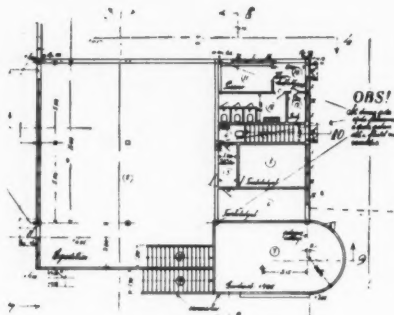
Below. The layout of the Exhibition.



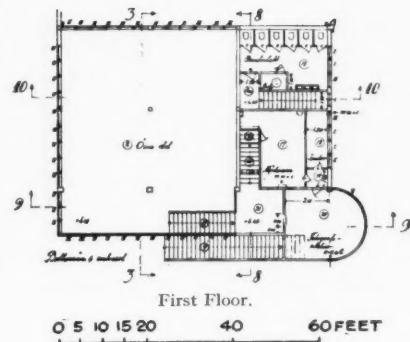


A drawing of the main promenade and block 2 (on the layout plan). The lake is on the right.

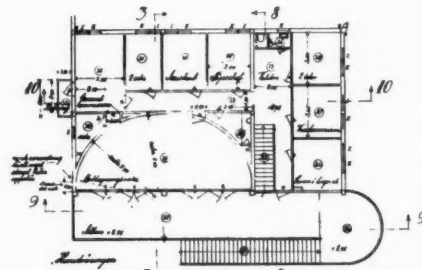
Plans of the KOMMISSARIAT illustrated on the preceding page. The ground floor provides for an information bureau, public cloak rooms and lavatories; the first floor for photographers; and the second for the administrative staff. The segmental room is Mr. Paulsson's, the Exhibition Director's.



Ground Floor.

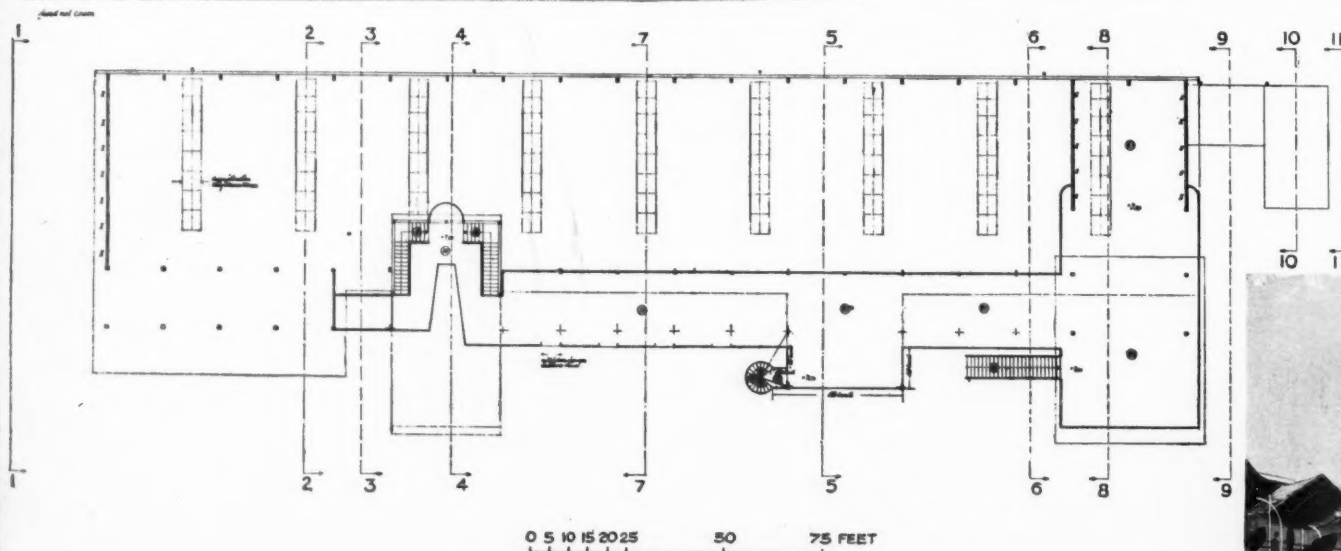
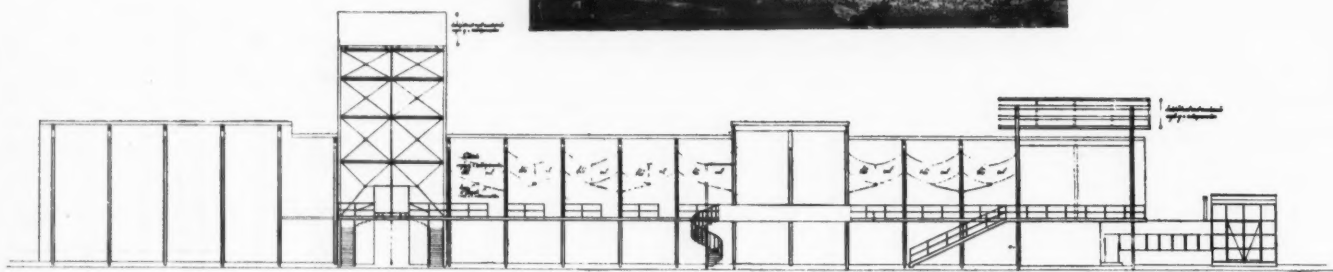
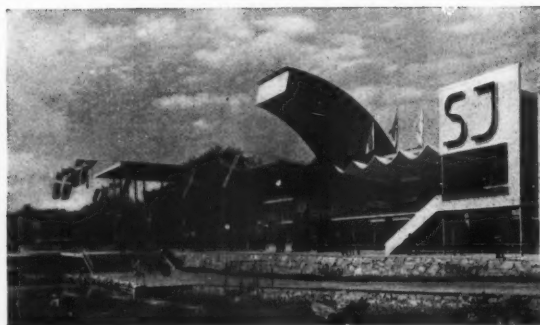


First Floor.

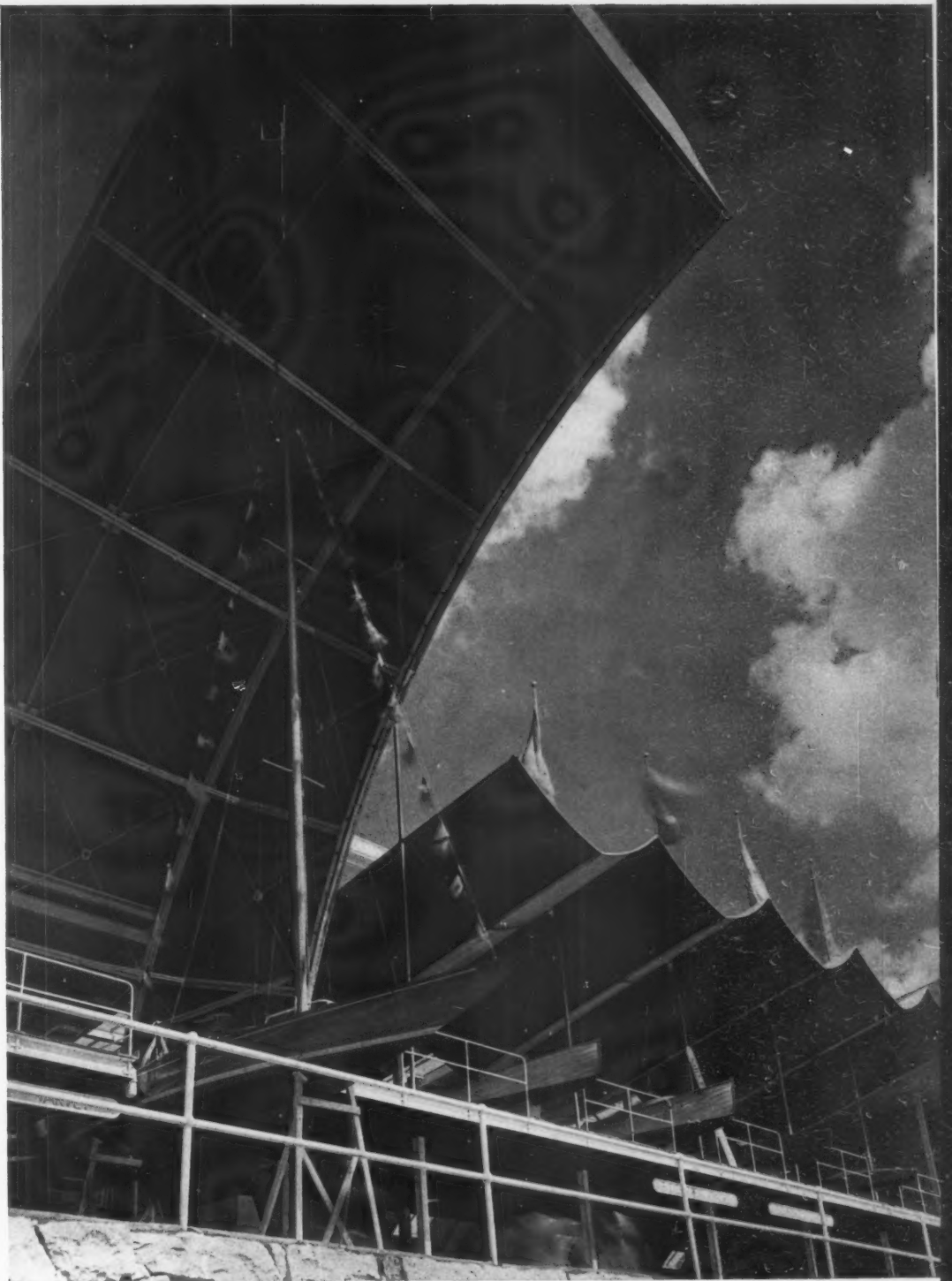


Second Floor.

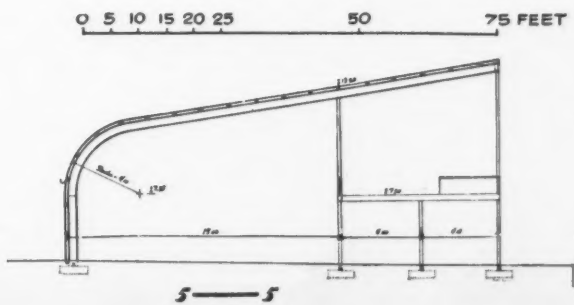
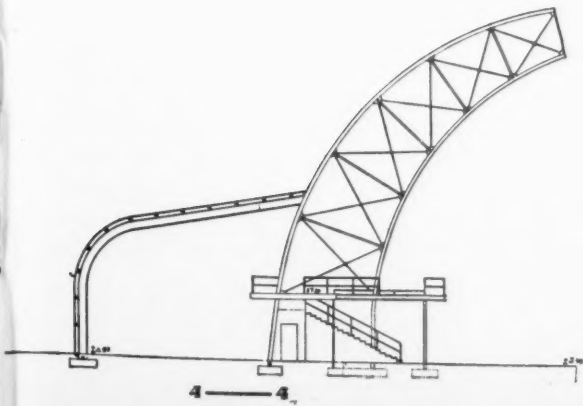
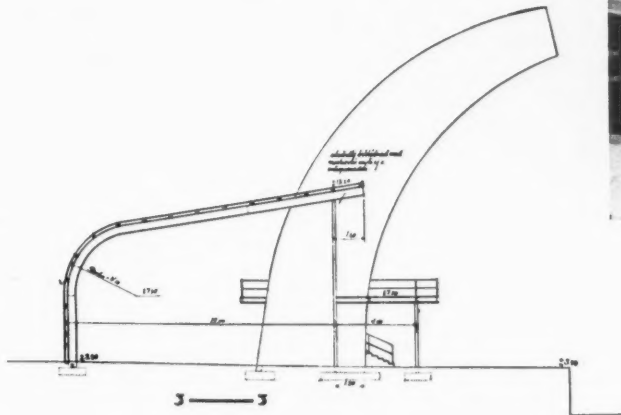
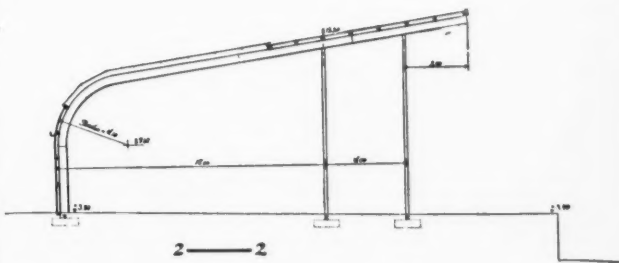
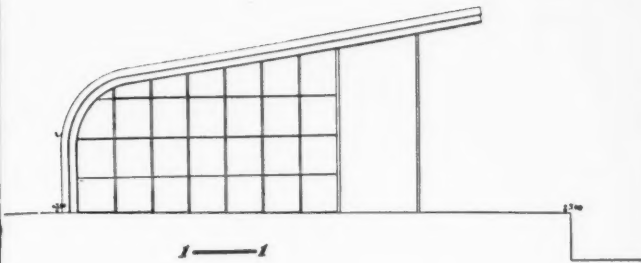
Block 2, looking the other way round towards the entrance. The big canopy covers a yacht of which a detail is shown on the next page. Below are plans and elevations of these buildings.



The architect's preliminary study for the end feature shown on the right of the centre photograph.



Bach translated into architectural terms: a study in roof rhythm. This is the central feature of block 2, and is shown again in the sectional diagrams 3-3 and 4-4. The section numbers relate to those on the opposite plan.

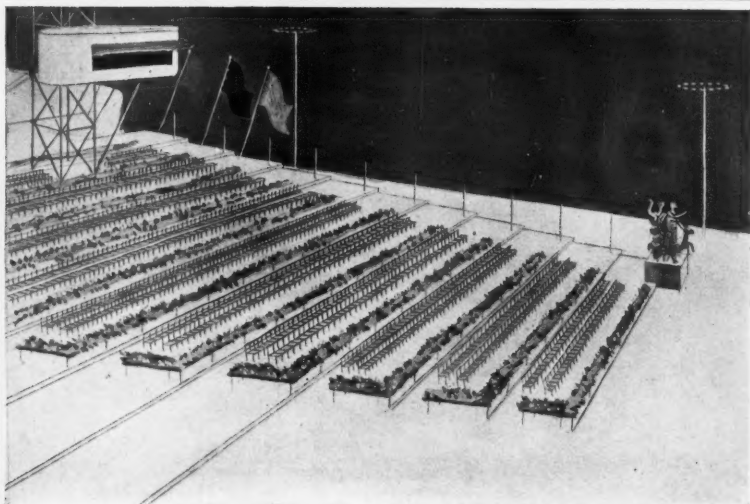




The Park Restaurant, II on the layout plan. This is one of the best buildings in the Exhibition.

Right—Hall 12 and Restaurant I from the main promenade: Hall 12 containing leather goods, musical instruments, and office and hotel equipment. On the *left* is Hall 11 for cheap furniture.

Right—A drawing of the space in front of the band stand with seats and flowers (31 on layout plan).



The Band Stand—31B on plan. When the band isn't playing, loud-speakers carry on—it is difficult to say which is the less objectionable. Swedish music of the popular sort is at an incredibly low level of taste and performance.

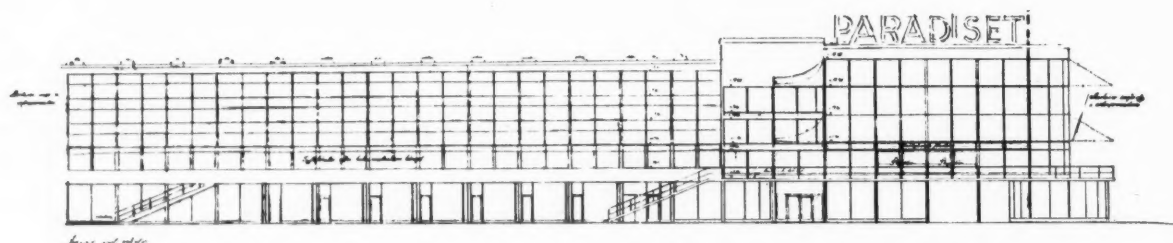
The Advertisement Mast (32 on plan)—a view of its lower parts. The thing at the top of the staircase is a Press box.



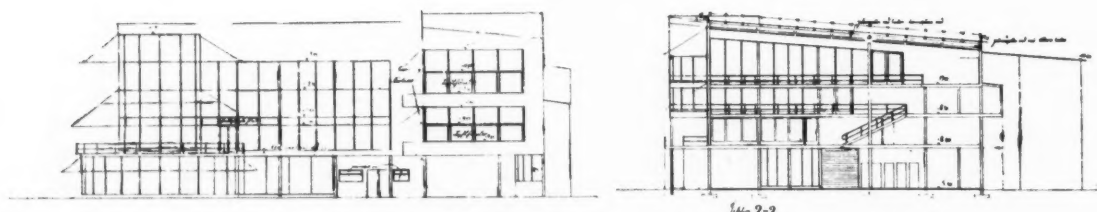
Upper floors in the Exhibition are invariably approached by staircases of this sort. No better example of "Swedish charm" could be found than this iron ladder which, without deviating in any apparent way from the rest of its kind, produces an effect which combines grace and refinement with an austerity which might almost be called classic.



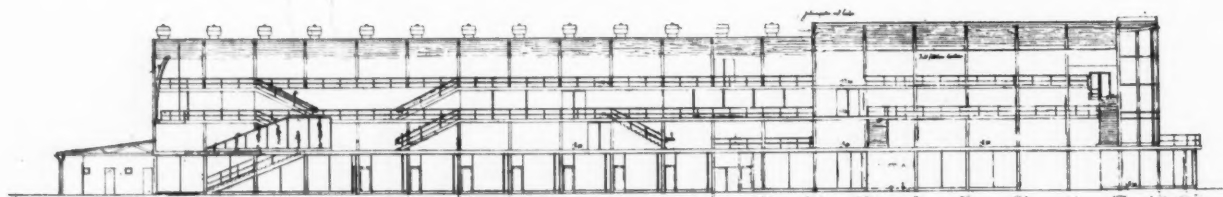
The front of the Main Restaurant which forms the focal point of the promenade and faces the distant entrance. It is built of steel, glass and vitrolite. The moons are large balloon lights inside the restaurant which is on the first floor.



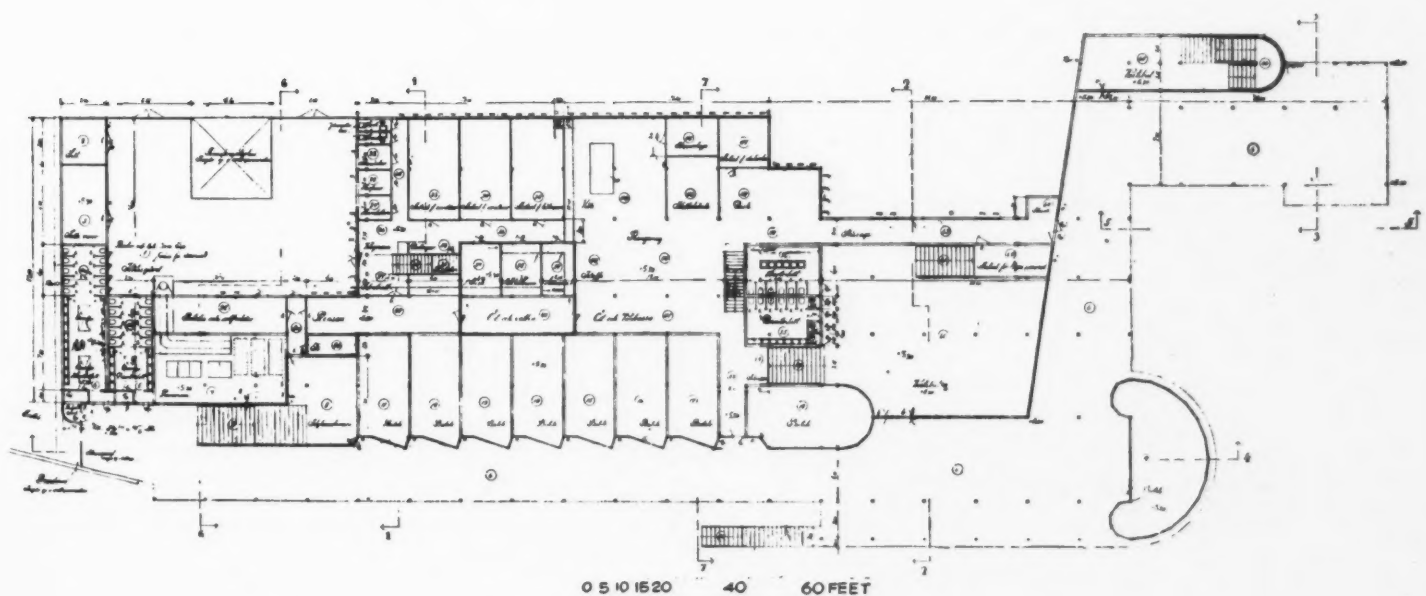
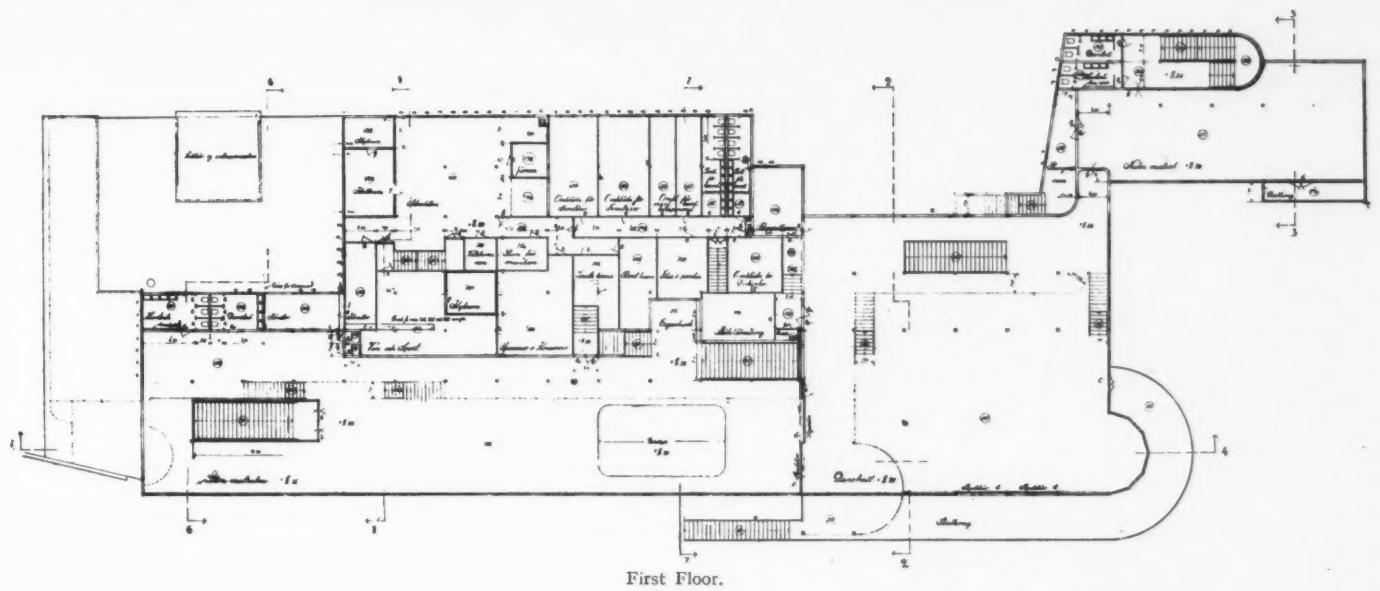
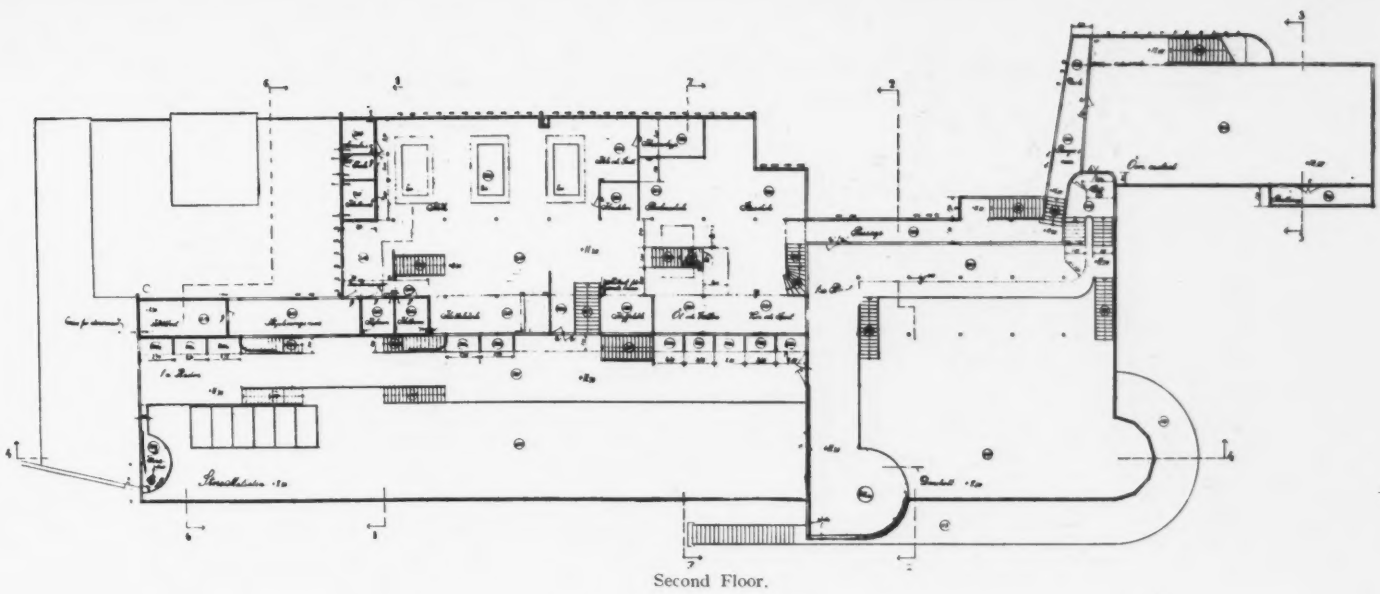
Working Drawing of the front. The ground floor is let as shops. A balcony runs the length of the first floor. The right-hand corner is in the shape of a great bay, seen in the plan opposite.



Elevation and section of the side illustrated on p. 93.



Section of the front. The staircases lead to higher level restaurants designed as balconies to the Main Restaurant on the first floor.

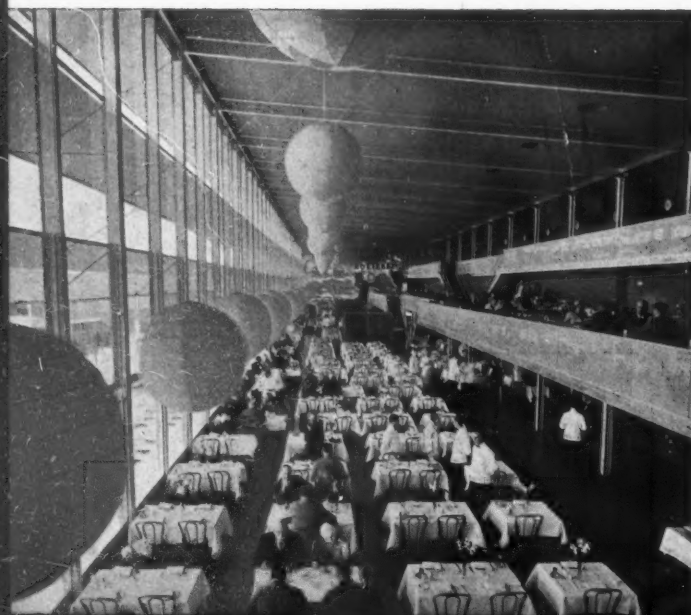


0 5 10 15 20 40 60 FEET

Plans of the Main Restaurant.



Adam, Eve, and the Apple: a scene in the Garden of Eden. This is in the Main Restaurant, and the photograph is taken looking into the great corner bay.



The Restaurant, noisy but gay. The effect is rather spoilt by common tables and chairs. Bentwood furniture can be used, but this is not

a
len.
ant,
ok-
bay

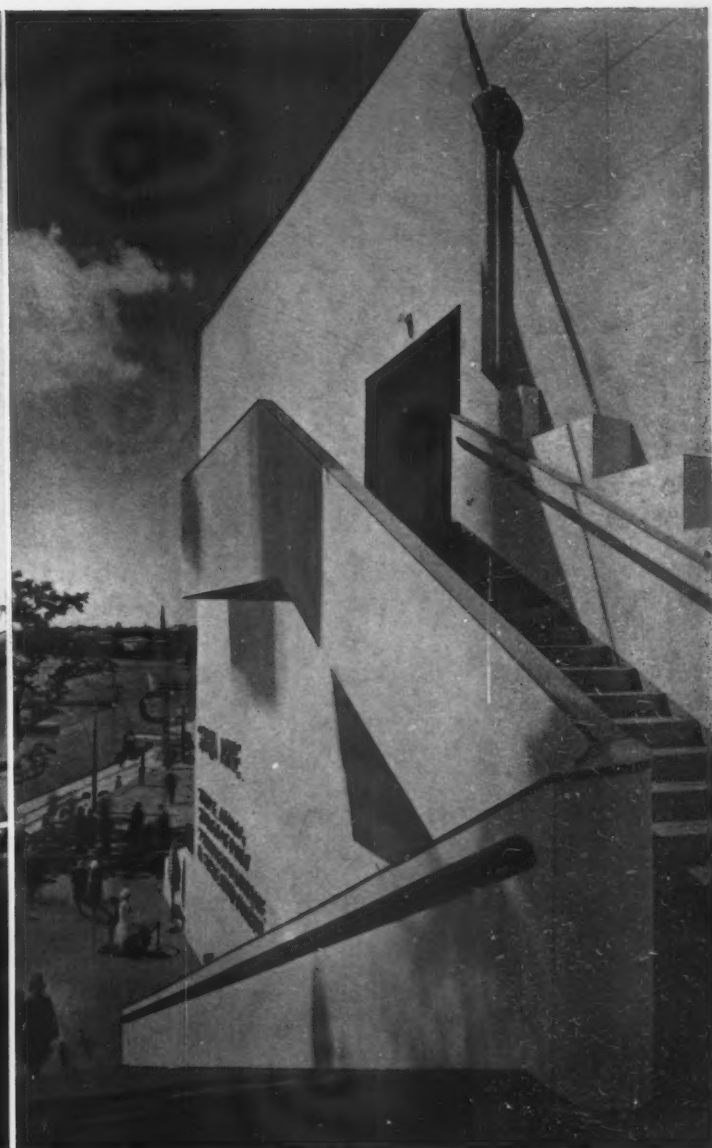
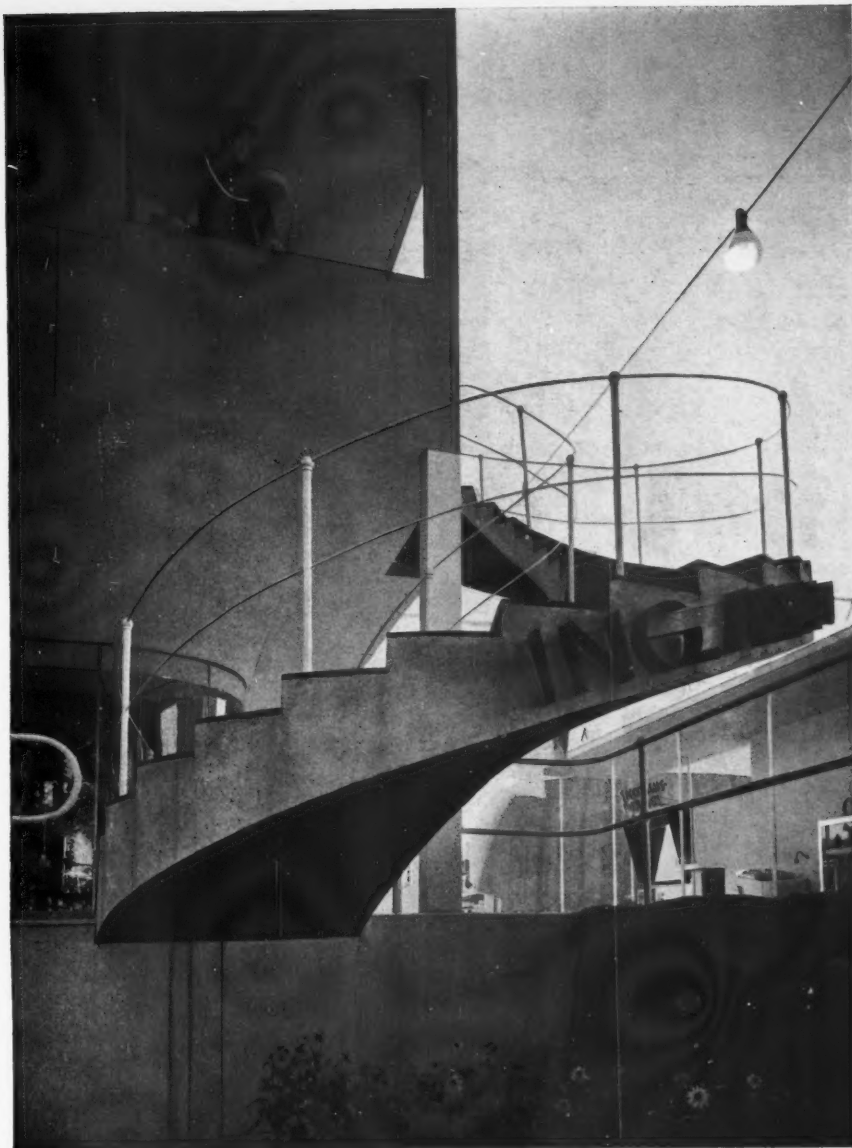


Overleaf: General view of the waterfront from the advertisement mast: that is, looking from 32 on plan to Hall 33 which is the Kingdom-of-Sweden building. Beyond it can be seen an old house which has been "functionalized" to suit its setting, a sight which is calculated to provide the cynics with quiet enjoyment.



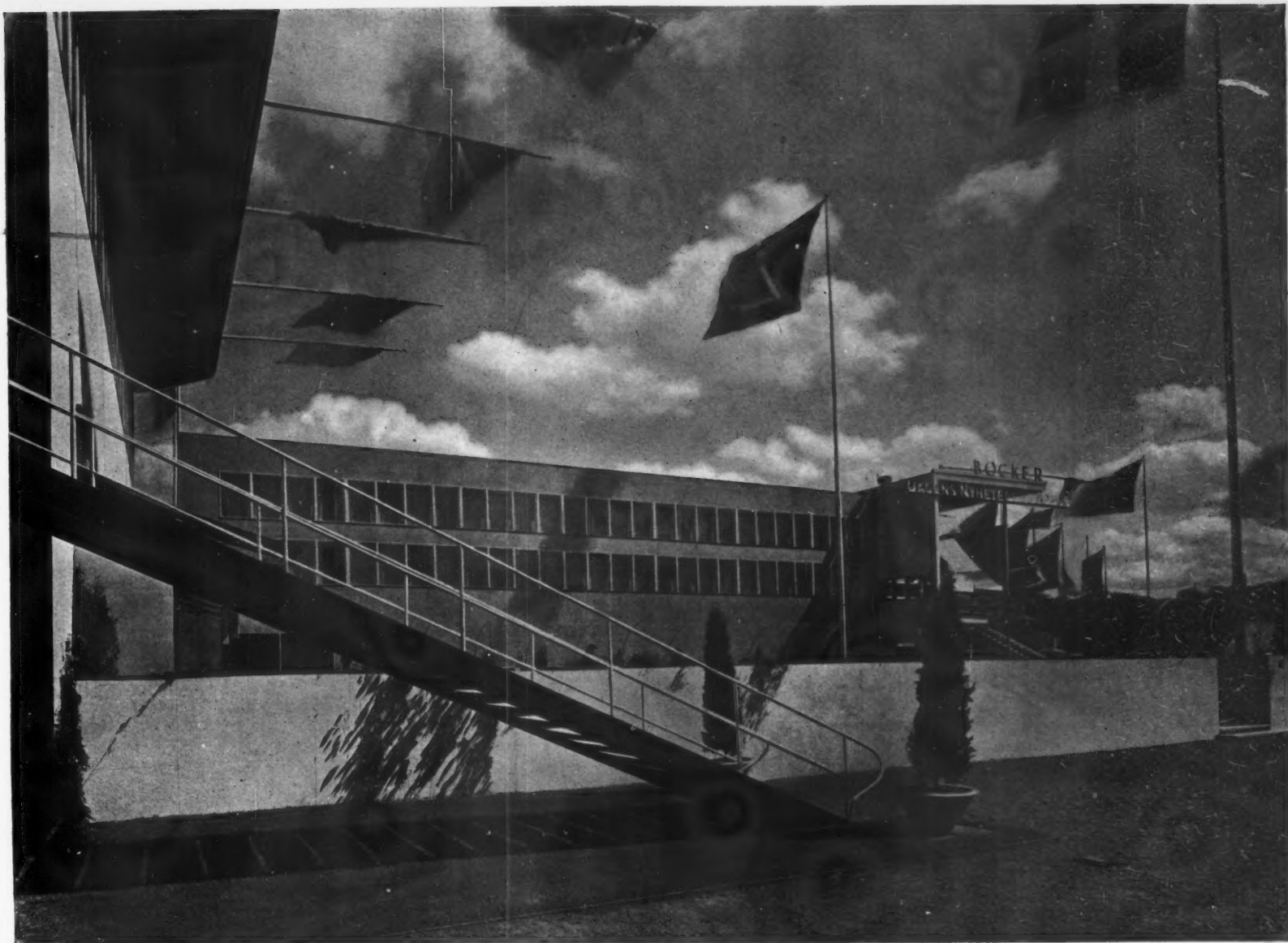
The Commissariat and Engineering Hall form the first block of buildings. Next comes the main block, Halls 5 to 29, which include on one side the Planetarium seen above (6 on plan, p. 73), and on the other the Co-operative and Nordiska buildings seen below (8 on the same plan). Both views are looking towards the entrance; in the lower one the canopy of the yacht illustrated on p. 75 can be seen in the distance.



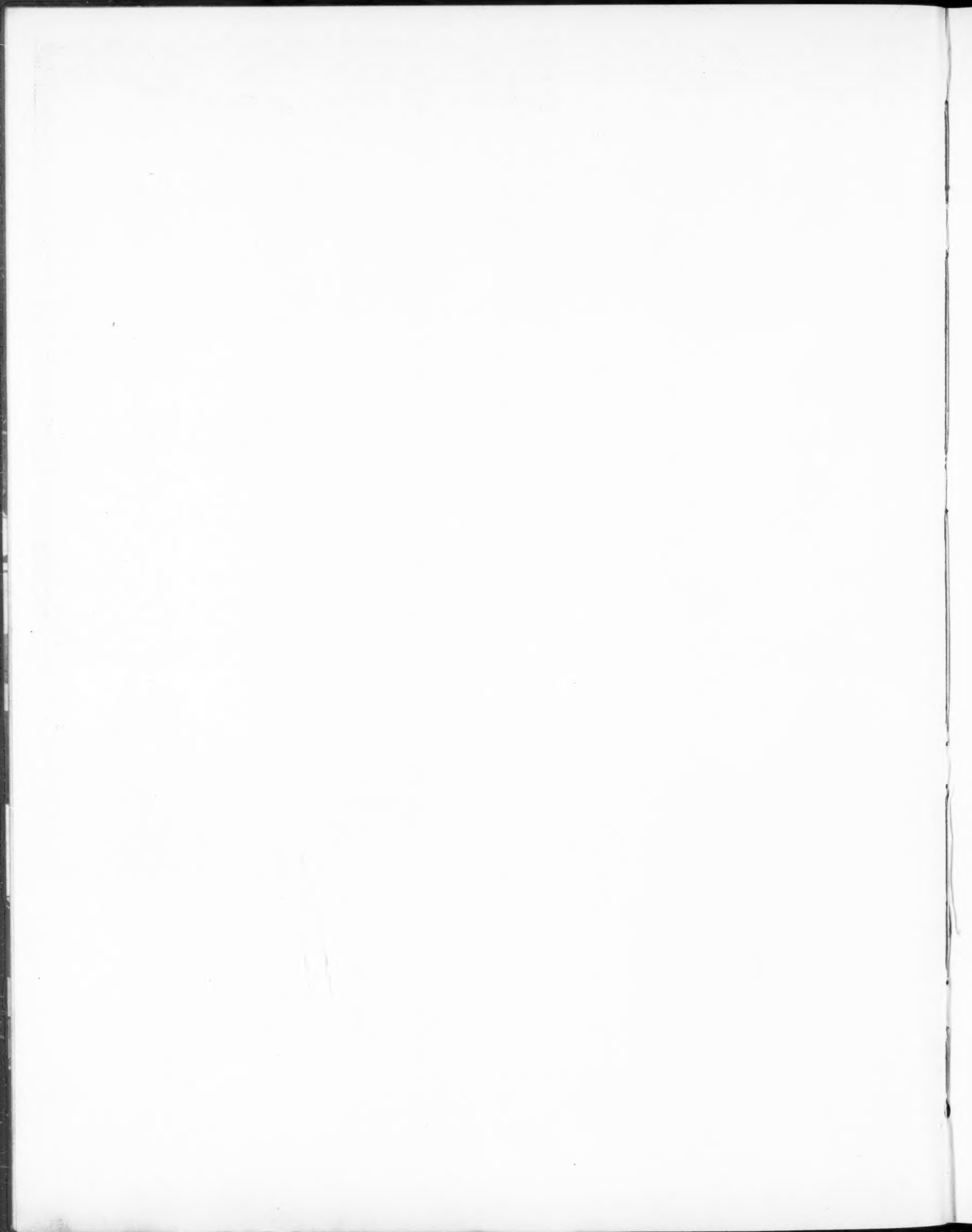


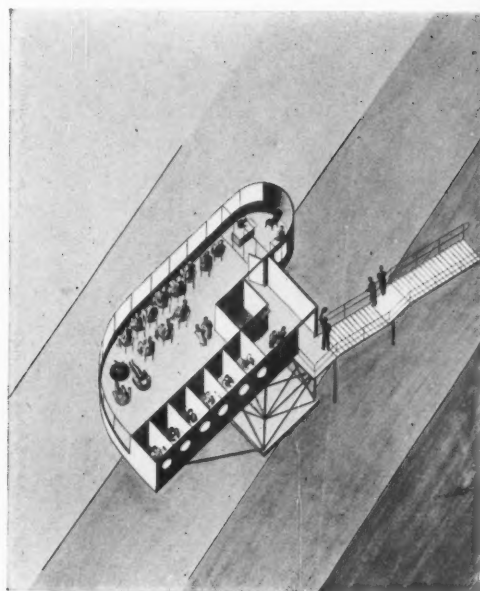
Two Staircases. The one on the left, a corner of the Nordiska building, can be seen on the left of the lower illustration on page 83. The one on the right belongs to the admirable Kingdom-of-Sweden building (33 on plan) which, inside, is a model of all that "publicity" should be and generally isn't. The object of this building is to tell the Swedes about Sweden. Its contents ought to be brought to the notice of the Minister for Education, the Empire Marketing Board, and the Department of Overseas Trade. A travelling exhibition showing the development of the British Empire and modelled on the same lines would do a lot of good work. Perhaps Major Longden has seen it. The building itself is shown on page 81.





Hall 27 from Hall 23. Hall 27 contains the book and bookbinding exhibits, and Hall 23 houses the National Federation of Home Industrial Societies. The staircase leads to the Church Textiles building.





The advertisement mast, with signs which, illuminated at night, can be seen all over Stockholm. The box near the base is a Press gallery equipped with half a dozen telephone boxes and tables for journalists (it is shown with the lid off in the drawing alongside). Posters are only allowed at certain spots in the Exhibition, and most of the advertising is done by lettering. An extremely ingenious method has been worked out by which the exhibitors pay only a nominal sum for the space they rent, but are required to pay a fee for each individual letter they use on or in their building, names and directions being regarded as advertisements. The lettering—barring electric signs—is all standardized and cut in wood, and is sold by the letter to each exhibitor who simply nails up as much as he wants on his building. Thus the more you say the more you pay, and the result is as decorative as it is remunerative.



DE VÄRMLANDS
Hjela
världen
HUSMODERN
LAMPOR
RADIO
HÅRDUKAR
RADIO
LAMPOR
ARMATUR
MAZETTI
D

BESÖK BRUNKEBERGSMAGASINET PHILIPS

Overleaf : Detail of the advertisement mast and Press box.

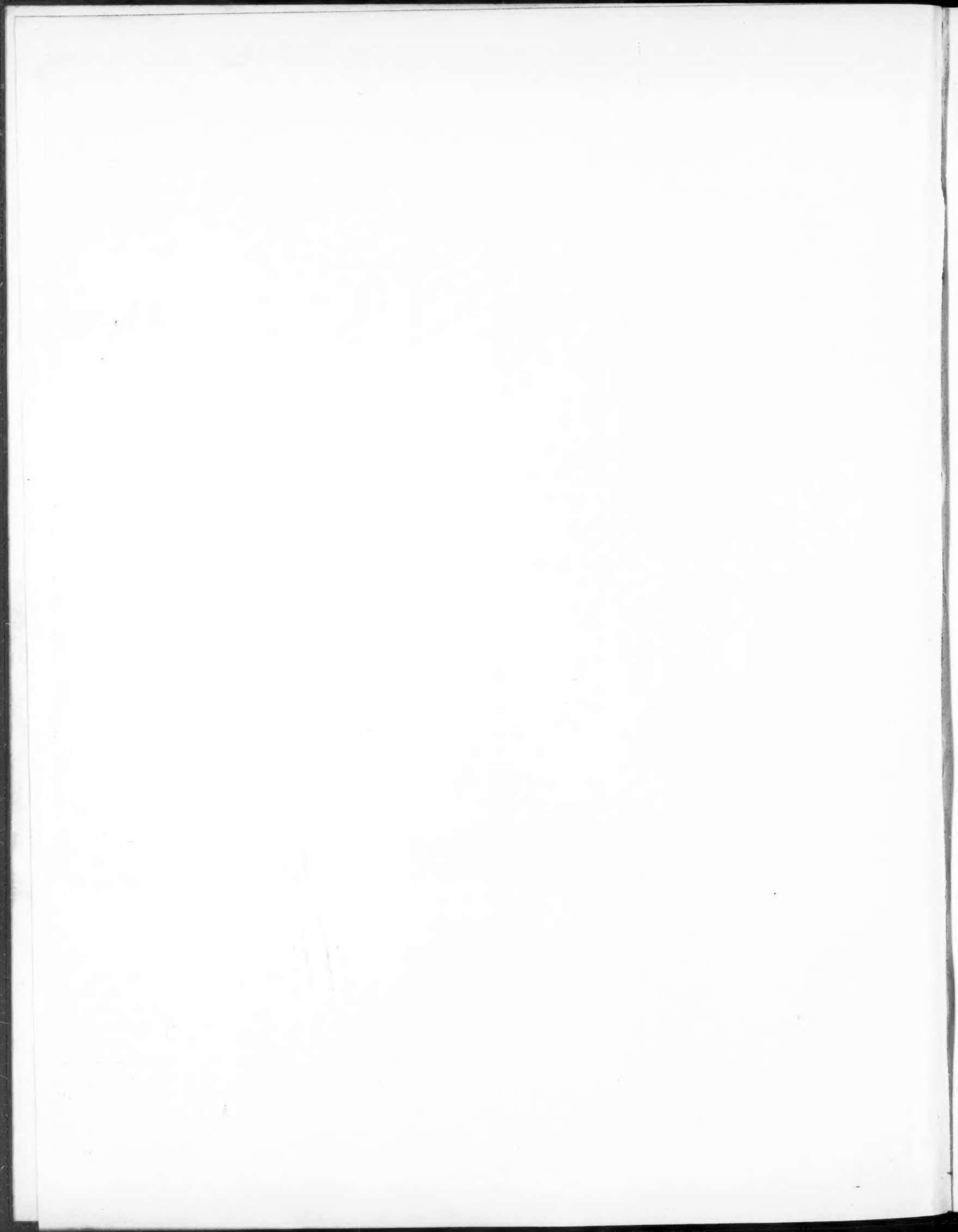


The Main Restaurant (IV on plan) is more fully illustrated with working drawings on pp. 78 and 79. This is one side of it, facing the number 68 on the Exhibition plan. The restaurant closes the vista of the main promenade, cutting the Exhibition in half, the second half consisting of villas and flats for people of small income—pleasant, but for the most part not particularly interesting. Some of their interiors have been illustrated in the first part of this issue. The “third half” contains the Amusement Park, a poor place sadly lacking in imagination and devoid of good side-shows. The Main and Park Restaurants (p. 76, II on plan) are the most ambitious buildings in the Exhibition, but the former is rather noisy by reason of the fact that all its surfaces are reflectors. The balloon lights do not really stop the reverberation, though they are obviously meant to do so. The outside shown above is extraordinarily beautiful.





Halls 27 and 29 from the balcony of the Main Restaurant. This photograph gives some idea of the lightness, fragility, and grace which steel and glass are capable of when intelligently handled. Asplund has shown that "modern" materials are not foreigners to charm, and it is because the Swedes have this particular gift of making things look delightful that their contribution to functional architecture is regarded as important. If the Swedes keep it up the public will very soon grow to like it, because they do it so nicely.





Chalmers' Institute, Gothenburg.

Swedish Printing and Books on Swedish Art.

By Noel Carrington.

Swedish Books.

- Swedish Textiles.** Edited by EMELIE VON WALTERSTORFF. Stockholm: Nordiska Museet. Unbound copy Kr. 55; in portfolio Kr. 59.
- Modern Swedish Architecture.** By HAKON AHLBERG, with a Preface by F. R. YERBURY. London: Ernest Benn Ltd. Price £4 14s. 6d.
- The Modern Decorative Arts of Sweden.** By ERIK WETTERGREN. Sweden: The Malmö Museum.
- Byggnaden Som Konstverk.** By GUSTAF STRENGELL. Stockholm: Albert Bonniers Förlag. Price Kr. 12.50.
- Hemmet Som Konstverk.** By GUSTAF STRENGELL. Stockholm: Albert Bonniers Förlag.
- Staken Som Konstverk.** By GUSTAF STRENGELL. Stockholm: Albert Bonniers Förlag.
- En Arkitekts Anteckningar.** By RAGNAR ÖSTBERG. Stockholm: Bokförlaget Natur och Kultur. Price Kr. 8.50.
- Gamla Möbler.** By GUSTAF MUNTHE. Stockholm: Bokförlaget Natur och Kultur. Price Kr. 8.
- Svenska Textilier.** By NILS G. WOLLIN. Stockholm: Utställningsförlaget. Price Kr. 2.
- Hemmet och den Moderna Smaken.** By NILS G. WOLLIN. Stockholm: Bokförlaget Natur och Kultur. Price Kr. 8.
- Skönhet och Trevnad i Hemmet.** By CARL MALMSTEN. Stockholm: Bokförlaget Natur och Kultur. Price Kr. 2.25.
- Ditt Hem. Hur Det Bygges Och Inredes.** By ERNST SPOLEN. Stockholm: Bokförlaget Natur och Kultur. Price Kr. 2.25.
- The Stockholm Town Hall.** By RAGNAR ÖSTBERG. Stockholm: P. A. Norstedt & Söner. Price Kr. 10.
- Carl Milles.** By M. P. VERNEUIL. Paris: Van Oest.
- Svensk Konstslöjd Under 1700-Talet.** By GUSTAF MUNTHE. Stockholm: Wahlström & Widstrand. Price Kr. 8.
- History of Sweden.** By CARL HALLENDORFF and ADOLF SCHÜCK. Stockholm: C. E. Fritz Ltd.

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AT the Stockholm Exhibition printing and its allied trades occupy a large hall in a central position. The contents of the ground and top floors typify by their difference the two main influences to which Sweden is at present subject. For on the ground floor are books, and these are characterized by a grace and elegance which derives directly from the best of eighteenth-century printing. Above are the posters and leaflets of the advertiser in which modern German influence is apparent. Others will have remarked this tug of war between domestic classicism and functionalism, for it is not confined to printing and is to be seen on all sides in Sweden, but it is distinctly interesting to trace its fortunes in the field of typography.

A modern Swedish book impresses one at once by the justness and nicety of its proportions and by the general air of restraint which is certainly classical. Looking at the plays preserved at Drottningholm Theatre, printed when French influence was paramount, I was struck by the fact that the tradition had descended somehow quite intact in Sweden. The Swedes acknowledge their great debt to William Morris, but I do not think they can ever have lost their eighteenth-century culture altogether. It is significant, too, that the types preferred by Swedish printers are Cochin,

AN INLAID CABINET.

Designer: UNO ÅHRÉN

Craftsmen: A. B. MOBILIA, MALMÖ.

From
The Modern Decorative Arts of Sweden.

SWEDISH BOOKS.



Left, a traditional Swedish example. Right, a piece of mongrel German book-cover typography.
The two influences at work in Swedish printing today.

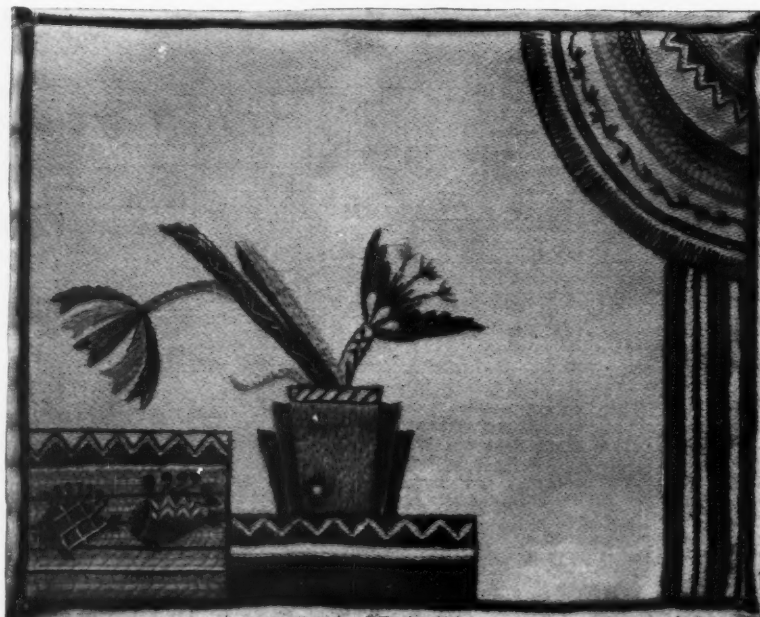
Garamond and Bodoni. I was privileged to inspect the printing works of Norstedt & Co., one of the largest Stockholm printers and publishers—for the same firm often combines the two offices—and was impressed by the close co-operation between the printer and the designer and letterer, Mr. Akke Kumlien. At the same time one must recognize that Sweden can show little of the bold experiment now in evidence at Paris, and that the First Edition Club's Annual Exhibition in London of English and American book-printing shows a much greater variety of creative effort.

In bookbinding, however, the Swedes put us to shame. Not only their individual work, but their commercial bookbinding also is excellent. Moreover, attractive leather and patterned paper bindings can be had at a reasonable price. Why do not our bookbinders think of developing such a trade in England? I also saw examples at the Stockholm Art School of work by students during the year, which were decidedly better than any art school in this country could produce.

I consider Swedish commercial printing disappointing to the visitor, because he will have seen the same sort of thing, only "very much more so," in Germany and elsewhere. Printing at all angles, the superimposition of photographs, and all the sledge-hammer methods of German publicity have captured the imagination of Swedish advertising men, but they have not yet given it any national turn. Perhaps they would do well to consider whether such methods are applicable to a country where no one ever seems in a hurry, unless it is the taxi driver to take you to a premature grave.

Much of the so-called functional printing lacks the essential function of being legible. Swedish type-founders seem to have produced little of interest and draw largely from Germany, as we do in England. While on the subject of catalogues, I may say I was astonished to find so many exhibitors without catalogues at all or with very poor specimens indeed.

It is now time to turn to the contents of a few of the books which will help us to understand the Swedish renaissance. I think the best book is still Erik Wettergren's



CUSHION COVER, embroidered with wool and linen thread.
Designed by BIRGIT LENNARTSON.

From *Swedish Textiles*, by Nils G. Wollin.



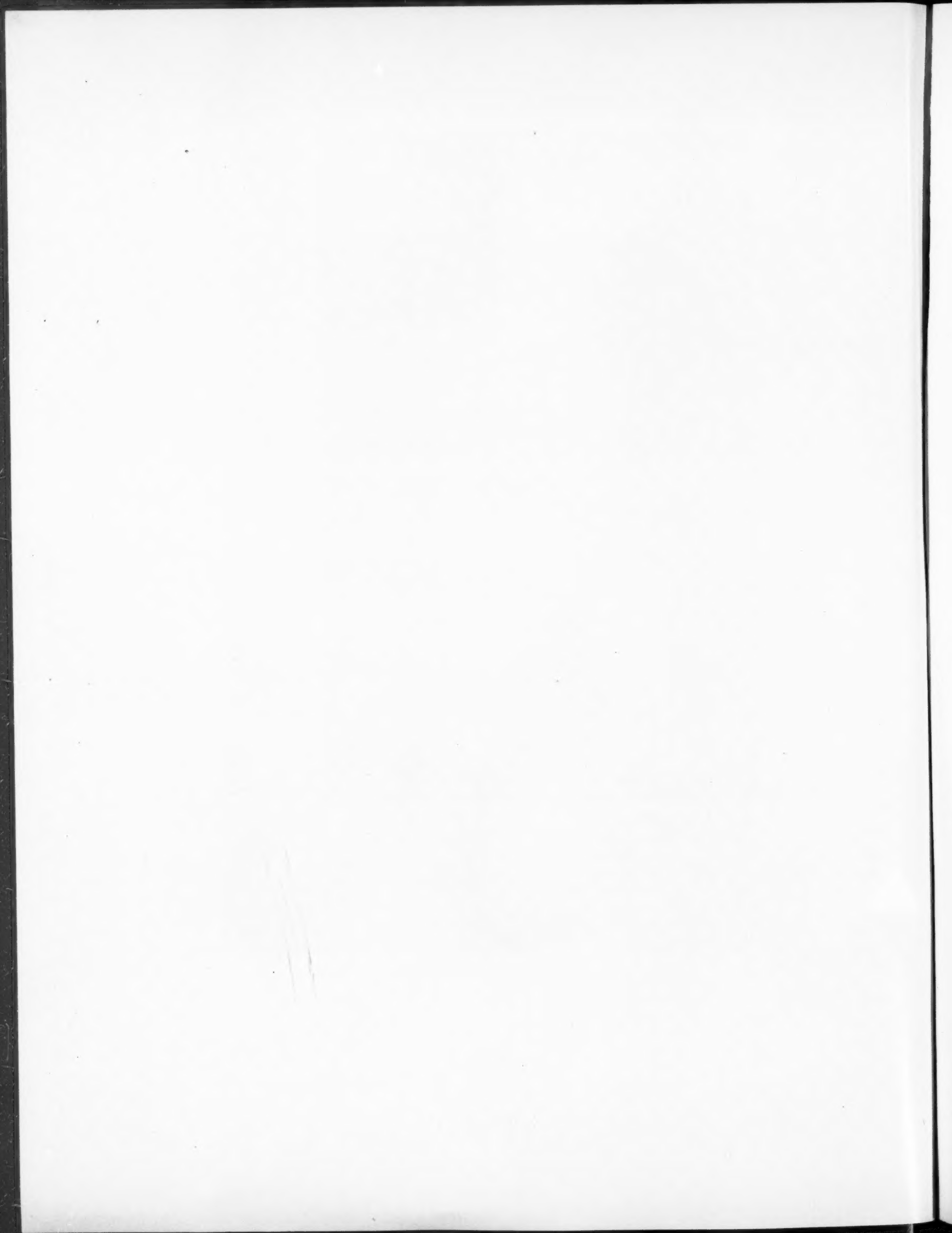


Plate XI. August 1930.
INLAID DOOR PANELS.

In the possession of the
National Museum, Stockholm.

Designer: EWALD DAHLKOG.

*From The Modern Decorative
Arts of Sweden.*





The *FOLKUNGA FOUNTAIN*, Linköping.
 Carl Milles, Sculptor.
 From *Modern Architectural Sculpture*.



SWEDISH BOOKS.



The Head of the GUSTAV VASA STATUE.
Carl Milles, Sculptor.
From *Modern Architectural Sculpture*.

The Modern Decorative Arts of Sweden, of which there is a beautifully printed and absurdly cheap English edition (Country Life, 21s.). It really gives one some idea of how the architects and artists of Sweden have succeeded and what they were up against. *Modern Swedish Architecture*, published by Benns in this country, now out of print, should also be borrowed before going to Sweden. I did not see any better book in Sweden. Incidentally, although the Swedish cities have delightful bookshops, they are surprisingly full of foreign books on architecture and the arts, perhaps because Sweden is not populous enough to support a very large publishing trade. The best is Fritzes at Fredsgatan 2, Stockholm, an excellent place to know of for anybody who wants Swedish books of any sort. Östberg's *Stockholm Town Hall* is a nicely produced souvenir, but the writing is jejune and, of course, in no sense critical. The same author's *En Arkitekts Anteckningar* is recommended to those who read Swedish. For the sculpture of Carl Milles there is nothing better than the volume on his work published by Van Oest of Paris, but Swedish

sculpture is well represented in the very fine volume, *Modern Architectural Sculpture*, just issued by the Architectural Press in this country. It has the advantage of enabling the student to see what place Sweden occupies in the modern sculptural movement.

For the historical student, there are four volumes, *Svensk Kulturbilder*, but they are expensive. Gustaf Strengell's series, *Byggnaden*, *Hemmet*, and *Staken som Konstverk*, are amply, if not very clearly, illustrated. I know no good political or social history of Sweden in this language. Hallendorff and Schück's *History of Sweden* is full of information but of the conventional kind.

There are, of course, plenty of books on various trades, but as textiles are such an important feature in Swedish industry one might mention Nils Wollin's *Swedish Textiles* in four languages, specially produced for the exhibition and well illustrated. The Nordiska Museet's book with the same title is a finely illustrated catalogue of traditional work though the typography is curiously disappointing. It is edited by the greatest of all Swedish authorities on the subject, Emelie von Walterstorff. Unfortunately, the people who are put in charge of the Swedish Museums seem to suffer under a delusion, not unknown amongst museum officials even in England, that the whole organization is run for their benefit. Far from regarding themselves as paid servants of the public, who are there to do their job like anybody else, they treat their museums as their own particular perquisites—barge in if you dare! A brilliant exception must be made of Dr. Ernst Fischer at Malmö, but the Nordiska Museet is a flagrant example. If anybody wants Miss von Walterstorff's book, which, by the way, is translated into English, he had better get it through the admirable Fritzes, mentioned above. Nils Wollin's *Hemmet och den Moderna Smaken* is the best small survey of interior decoration and is very well illustrated and printed at the price. There is a Swedish guide on Stockholm which one sees in every hand nowadays and there ought to be an English edition. It has a good map and index. The present little guides to towns and provinces issued by the tourist interests are written in childish style, bad English, and with a total disregard of the English mentality.



An EMBROIDERED CARRIAGE CUSHION, 1814.
From *Swedish Textiles*.
Edited by Emelie von Walterstorff.



Motorists who speed along the Great West Road from its junction at its western end with the Bath Road recognise their arrival in the Brentford area when they pass the Firestone factory on the left and the Pyrene factory on the right. At night the Firestone frontage and the tall Pyrene tower, both flood-lighted, form an even more striking landmark. To the airman the Pyrene factory stands forth even more prominently from its surroundings. The above airplane photograph (by Fox Photos) demonstrates how easily the Pyrene plant may be distinguished by the voyager in cloudland. The manufacturer who strikes a high note, who aims at construction which will place his product at the top in the race for reputation, wishes all the world to know and mark the location of his production plant. Its appearance—its characteristics of design and colour—may make it a landmark—a building everybody knows. How "Atlas White" Portland cement has contributed to that end both the Pyrene and Firestone factories testify. Write to me for advice as to method and information as to cost. The "Atlas White" way is the high-grade way.

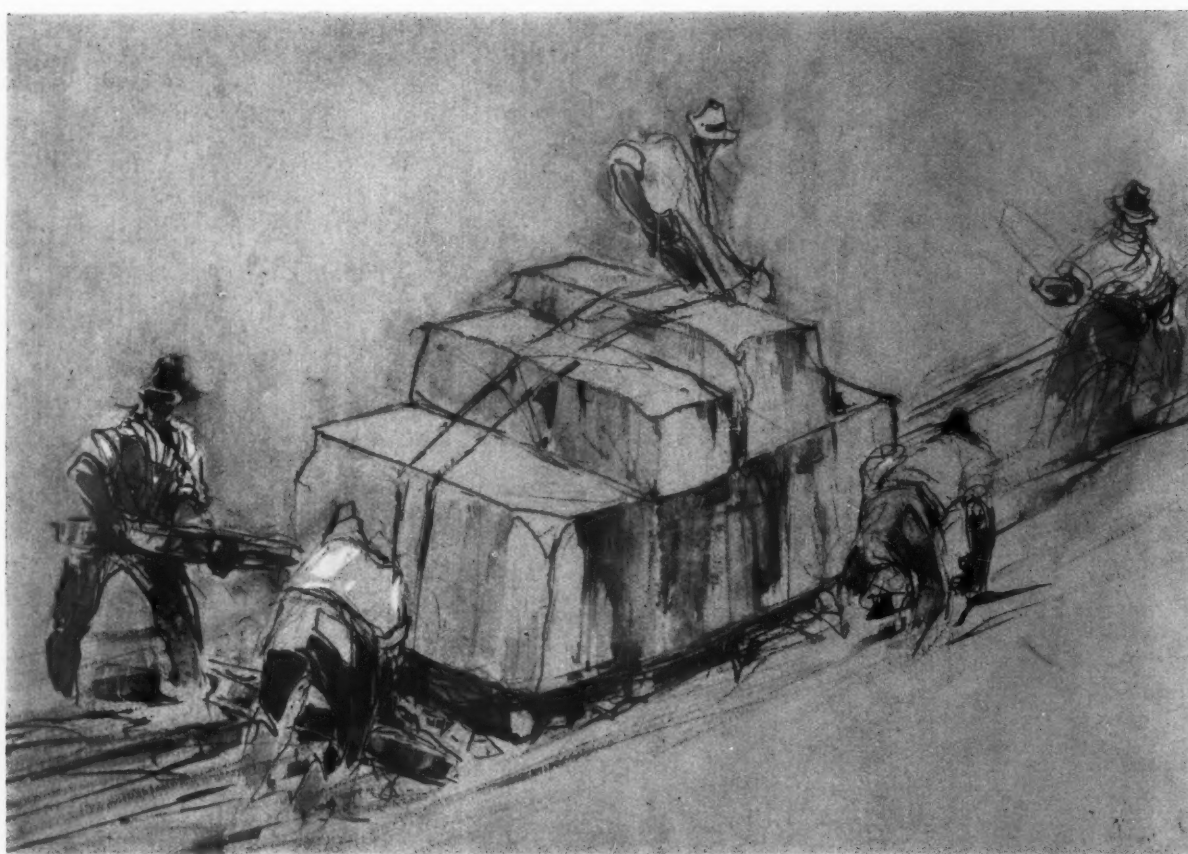
Regent House,
Regent Street,
London, W.1.

Frederic Coleman

Architects: Wallis, Gilbert & Partners.

Faience work and "Atlas White" terrazzo inside and outside both factories by Carters of Poole.

MARBLE EXPERTS



Marble Transport : Carrara Quarries.

From a sketch by W. Walcot.

J. WHITEHEAD & SONS LTD
IMPERIAL WORKS
KENNINGTON OVAL, LONDON, S.E.11

ANTHOLOGY

STOCKHOLM is almost as much channelled by the sea as Venice, and with an architecture as impressive as that of Paris, or of London, it has a finer situation than either. It seems to shelter itself under the walls of a great palace, begun at the end of the seventeenth century. We come very slowly to realize that this building may deserve its great architectural reputation. The windows, the details of the ornaments, are in the style that has spread everywhere, and I cannot escape from memories of houses at Queen's Gate, and even it may be from that of the Ulster Bank at Sligo, which I have hardly seen since my childhood. Is it not indeed a glory and shame of that architecture that we have been able to combine its elements in all sorts of ways, and for all sorts of purposes, as if they had come out of a child's box of wooden bricks? Among all these irrelevant associations, however, one discovers at last a vast, dominating unconfused outline, a masterful simplicity. The Palace is at the other side of the river, and away towards our left runs the river, bordered by tall buildings, and above the roofs of the houses towards our right rises the tower of the new City Hall, the glittering pole upon the top sustaining the three crowns of the Swedish arms. Copenhagen is an anarchy of commercial streets with fine buildings here and there, but here all seems premeditated and arranged. . . . On Friday we visit the great Town Hall which is the greatest work of Swedish art, and the most important modern building in Europe. The Royal Palace has taken 90 years to build, and been the organizing centre of the Swedish art in its time, and this new magnificence, its narrow windows opening out upon a formal garden, its tall tower rising from the quayside, has taken ten years. It too has been an organizing centre, but for an art more imaginative and amazing. Here there is no important French influence, for all that has not come out of the necessities of site and material, no matter what school the artist studied, carries the mind back now to some old Swedish building, now to Byzantium. . . . The Town Hall of Stockholm, . . . is decorated by many artists working in harmony with one another and with the design of the building as a whole, and yet all in seeming perfect freedom. In England and Ireland public opinion compels the employment of the worst artists, while here the authority of a Prince and the wisdom of the Socialist Minister of Culture and the approval of the most educated of all nations, has made possible the employment of the best. These myth-makers and mask-makers worked as if they belonged to one family, and the great walls of hand-made bricks, where the roughened surface of the bricks, their carefully varied size and tints, take away all sense of mechanical finish; the mosaic covered walls of the Golden Room, the paintings hung upon the walls of the committee rooms, the fresco paintings upon the greater surfaces with their subjects from Swedish Mythology, the wrought iron and the furniture, where all suggests history and yet is full of invention; the statuary in marble and in bronze, now mythological in subject, now representations of great Swedes modelled naked as if they had come down from some Roman Heaven; all that suggestion of novelty and of an immeasurable past; all that multitude and unity, could hardly have been possible had not love of Stockholm

and belief in its future so filled men of different minds, classes and occupations, that they almost attained the supreme miracle, the dream that has haunted all religions, and loved one another. No work comparable in method and achievement has been accomplished since the Italian cities felt the excitement of the Renaissance, for in the midst of our individualist anarchy, growing always as it seemed more violent, has arisen once more subordination, design, a sense of human need.

W. B. YEATS.

THE BOUNTY OF SWEDEN.

Marginalia.

THE quotation for this month's *Anthology* is taken from an article written by W. B. Yeats giving his first impressions of Sweden when he went to Stockholm to receive the Nobel Prize in 1924. The article was published in the *London Mercury* in September of that year. Mr. Yeats's remarks on Swedish art and the attitude of the general public to art, are equally interesting. He says:—

*Swedish Art,
Artists and
Public.*

" . . . When I try to define what separates Swedish Impressionism from French, I notice that it has a stronger feeling for particular places. Monet will paint a group of trees by a pond in every possible light, changing his canvas every twenty minutes, and only returning to a canvas when the next day's clock brings up the same light, but then it is precisely the light that interests him, and interests the buyers of those almost scientific studies. Nobody will buy because it is a pond under his windows, or that he passed in his boyhood on his way to school. I have noticed in some houses where I lunched two pictures of the Stockholm river, painted in different lights by Eugene Janson, and in the National Museum yet another with a third effect of light, but much as the light pleased his imagination one feels that he cared very much for the fact before him, that he was never able to forget for long that he painted a well loved, familiar scene. I am constantly reminded of my brother, who continually paints from memory the people and houses of the village where he lived as a small child: but the people of Rosses will never care about his pictures, and these painters paint for all Stockholm. They have found an emotion held in common, and are no longer like the rest of us, solitary spectators. I get the impression that their work rouses a more general interest than that of other painters, is less confined to small groups of connoisseurs; I notice in the booksellers' shops that there seems to be some little paper covered pamphlet, full of illustrations, for every notable painter of the School, dead or living, and the people I meet ask constantly what I think of this painter or that other, or somebody will say: 'This is the Golden Age of painting.' When I myself, as I leave the museum, try to recall what I have seen, I remember most clearly a picture of a white house on the sea-shore, with its tints separated by little lines that give it a general effect of mosaic, and certain portraits by Ernest Josephson, which prove that their painter was entirely occupied with the personality of the sitter—light, colour, design, all subordinate to that. The English portrait painter is sometimes so preoccupied with the light that one feels he would have had equal pleasure in painting a bottle or an apple . . . "

* * *

d

MARGINALIA.

*On returning
from Sweden.*

What shall it profit a nation to gain even half the world
and lose its own soul?
is a question which Swedes might very well put to us,
as they crawl gently on an L.M.S. express
from Tilbury to London,
via Kentish Town.

And now that we are by way of losing half the world,
the mess of pottage seems even messier
and our slums even more slummy.
Still we're a great nation,
one of the Big Sixteen.

"The Black Country,"
said the social historians
of the Industrial Revolution,
"was the inevitable handiwork
of Pioneers."
We shouldn't be guilty of such things now."
So we fondly believed, until one day
Industry came South.
Now we believe that anything is possible;
even things more vulgar and mean
than Luton or Slough.

And why does my Bank,
when it builds itself a new headquarters,
a Palace in Threadneedle Street,
the House of its Dreams,
dress itself up in the Grecian orders,
when we all know
it's a cage of concrete and steel
for human machinery?
Why doesn't the Chairman dress the part too?
A toga would suit his solemn pronouncements.

* * *

*The Garden
City.*

Junius writes:—

Are there, I wonder, any alert, instructed people who are
still sceptical of the garden city idea? If there are, let them
forthwith pay a visit to Welwyn. Letchworth, the pioneer,
now twenty-five years old is, of course, an established and
already a (limited) dividend-paying proposition. Progress at
Welwyn, which has been able to profit by the experi-
ence and avoid some of
the difficulties of her elder
sister, with the further
immense advantage for
"commuters" and others
of being but twenty miles
from London, has been
much more rapid, and to
the discerning proves over-
whelmingly that, if the
national stodginess of our
thinking and the indiffer-
ence of statesmen and men
of wealth could be over-
come, there lies here in
general, not merely in this
particular instance, a new
and fine way of life and
true progress.

* * *

Many people when they
hear the term Garden City
conjure up a vision of
droves of gaunt, wild-eyed
Jaeger-clad fanatics,
housed in inconvenient art

The Architectural Review, August 1930.

cottages, passionately nibbling lettuces, self-consciously
living in sin, and preaching subversive political doctrines.
In actual fact, you, of course, encounter a community
of ordinary respectable, but lively, game-playing, beef-
fed English folk of more than ordinary intelligence and
fitness; houses well planned, well built, and, above all, well
grouped, separated from the quiet tree-bordered roads by gay
gardens—houses, moreover, which you can find, as they are
actually numbered, not merely labelled *Sans Souci* or *Mon
Repos*. A well-built theatre with a stage as wide as
His Majesty's, and an auditorium to take comfortably a
couple of thousand people, houses many recreational and
educational enterprises.

* * *

The hum of industry and the leaven of artisan citizens
prevent the growth of suburban mildew. Hearty denuncia-
tions of the (however well meaning and however muzzled)
capitalist resound freely in byway and on platform, and
prevent political and social stagnation. If, under the primal
curse, we must work, and, under the secondary, be near
London, here is as near an earthly paradise as we are likely
to find in our time. *Rus in urbe, urbs in rure*—if not the best
of both worlds, certainly the avoidance of the worst of both.
It is fitting that our nation with its genius for compromise
should have invented this.

* * *

Last month there was unveiled a simple cenotaph in
brick, a memorial to Ebenezer Howard, clerk, visionary
and knight, the founder of Letchworth and Welwyn. Who
would dare put up a memorial to the founder of Oldham,
or Shepherd's Bush, or—Oxford, the squalid huddle of
whose business and residential quarters makes us wonder
what a Great University is for?

*The Ebenezer
Howard
Memorial.*

* * *

There are signs—no bigger as yet than a man's hand—
that the fundamental question of the poverty of design or



*The Memorial to Ebenezer Howard in Welwyn Garden City.
Architect: L. de Soissons.*

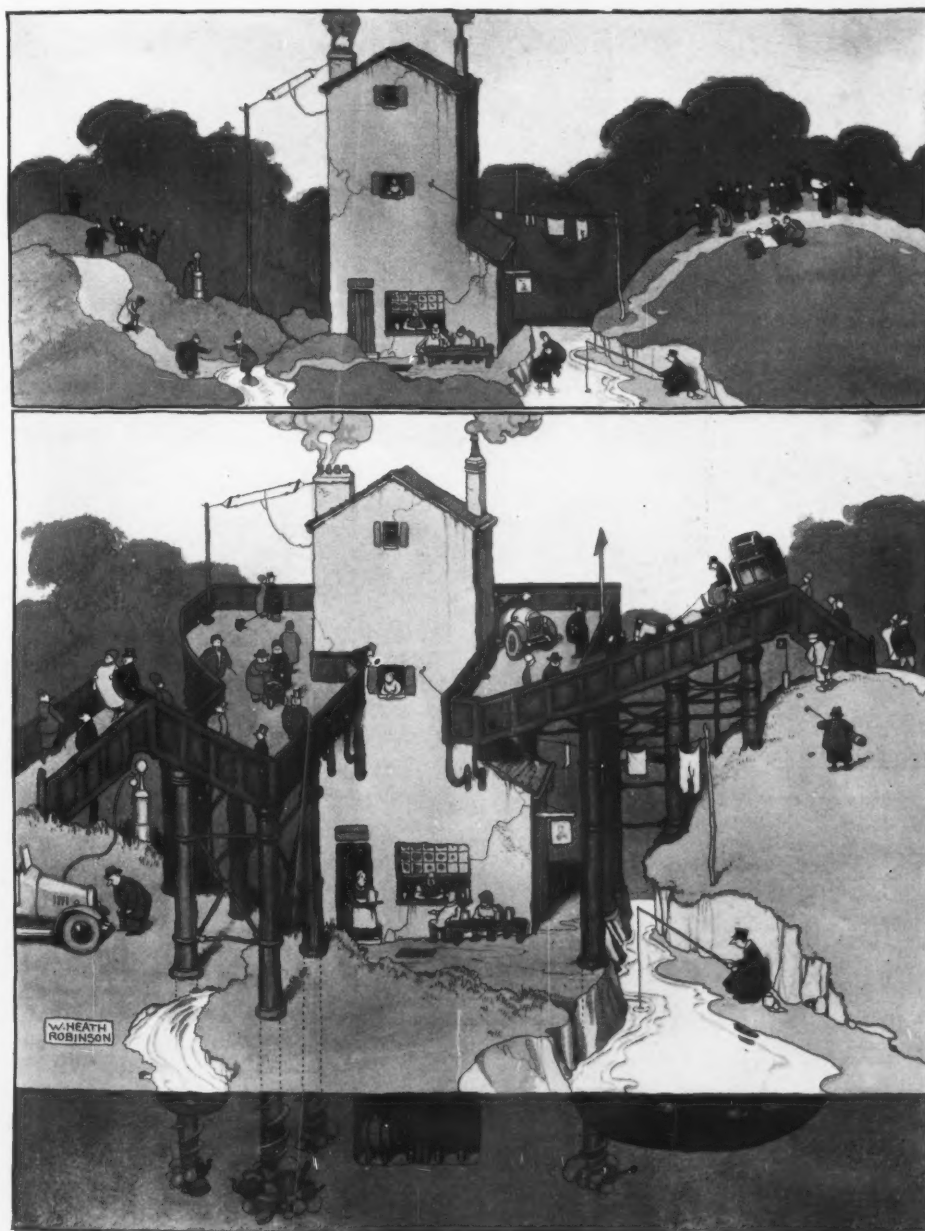
plan in English manufactures, as a factor making against successful marketing, is being canvassed in the general Press. But the advocates of sound planning make a poor show against the advertising men. To listen to these you might suppose them to mean that it matters little what you make or how you make it, so long as you advertise. And they still continue to talk as if advertising *per se* filled people's purses and created entirely new sales instead of (mainly) deflecting sales from one channel to another. However, as these adroit people know that the most important factor of successful advertising is not reason, but suggestion, we may conclude they know what they are about.

We were promised, by the way, some little while ago a new material, a sort of liquid wood which could be poured into moulds, small or large, complex or simple, hardening without shrinkage, indestructible by roughest usage when

hardened, weather and waterproof, hardly dissoluble by fire, incompressible, of considerable textile strength—and cheap—out of which anything apparently from a knick-knack to a house could be made swiftly and in limitless quantity. Thank God it hasn't so far come to anything. But if it should!

Have I not, in a most efficient hospital, been gazing at a gents' handsome carved oak wardrobe, the carving in three entirely different woods, firmly glued on to any lonely looking panel or edging. The sight has definitely retarded my recovery. In the new material and process these things will not need to be glued. They will be incorporate with the whole, and being indestructible, will live to betray our great-grandchildren's great-grandchildren. So that something has got to be done about it.

Apropos: a lively acquaintance of mine thought fit to send a freely worded letter to the makers of an admirable toilet implement upbraiding them for that, while aforetime they put it up in a simple efficient metal box, they had now foully stamped upon it a meaningless pattern which obviously did not fit its frame. He received a letter from the Sales Manager claiming the right of business men to produce their goods as they dam well please without consulting the Public. "Pardon me," replied my friend, "I am not the Public. Just as you are, no doubt, an admirable and highly-trained manager, but are unlikely to know anything whatever about the seemly making of things, I, who know nothing about managing sales, do know something about the decent making of things, and I know a good many people even better equipped than I am in the matter. Why not consult one of them?" Reply in effect: Re yours of blank penult, there may be something in this. Let's discuss it some time. Which goes to show that it is worth taking the trouble to write offensive letters, and that some business men are less owl-like than others.



Problems for the Structural Engineer. Building a Bridge Without Interference with Vested Interests Already on the Site:—A suggestion by W. Heath Robinson which might help to simplify the Charing Cross Bridge problem. From John Booth & Sons' Catalogue, reviewed on p. lx.



*The Piazza of St. Mark's Venice, by Francesco Guardi.
Recently sold at Christie's.*

*A Letter from
Sir John
Lavery.*

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—I am most interested to see that the Shell Company has published the letter it has received from the Scapa Society.

I seem to remember that this oil company, amongst others, announced some years ago its policy of withdrawing, or at least severely limiting, its advertising on outdoor signs. Its argument was, now that petrol pumps and oil cabinets were essential items of service to motorists, there was no further need for these blatant petrol signs.

So far as I have been able to see, only the Shell Company has adhered to this policy and carried it into effect.

Last October I had an interview with an official of the company in which he said that since the decision referred to they had concentrated on newspaper advertising instead of outdoor advertising, and that it had paid them handsomely.

In other words, the remaining petrol companies would be doing themselves, as well as the public, a good turn by withdrawing these shrieking vulgarities for good.

I am, etc.,

JOHN LAVERY.

London, July 14.

★ ★ ★

*Bad Design
versus
Culture.*

Mr. Howard Robertson was one of the speakers at a recent International Conference on Lighting, and although his remarks are criticisms of modern light-fittings, they are so pertinent that they could be applied to interior decoration as a whole.

"... I will conclude, if you will permit me, with a little criticism, as to the present manufacture of fittings, etc. In France I find them fragile, difficult to clean, clever in design,

extravagant in light. In Germany the metal work is poor, the illuminant does not resist the atmosphere, but there is a thoroughly efficient bulb. In England I find extremely sound ideas in the workmanship, poor design in the metal work of the fittings, which are by no means up to the standard of the technical ingenuity exercised in other directions. The result is that we would rather buy a foreign fitting because it is more attractive to look at. I can only suggest that there is too much of the arts and crafts, or too much of the antique, in the designs which we find in England today. It may be the dominance of the bad buyer. I am told by manufacturers of wallpapers and furniture that they cannot sell their designs because they are in the hands of buyers who have never been educated, and cannot appreciate good things. All he says is 'The Public wants this, and you have to build it.' I think that in order to develop modern lighting it is extremely important that anyone connected with the design of fittings should travel as much as possible, and if that cannot be done, at least spend some time every month out of the office. I think they should be thrust out into the street, and made to take lunch at a good hotel, dinner at a good restaurant, or at the Savoy, and then go to a cinema or somewhere, so that they can put themselves into the place of people who will be staying at these places temporarily. How can a man do goldsmithing for a county table if he has never been outside of a boarding-house? We cannot all be rich men, but we can all put ourselves temporarily into the place of these people. The man one is speaking to has not had the experience which even the humble architect has had in his travels, and in many cases he is not talking the same language. It is the same as when you go into a shop and ask for a blue tie with small white spots, and the assistant who serves you says: 'We haven't that kind, sir, but will this do? I wear this myself!' And he brings you some awful thing with horseshoes all over it..."

★ ★ ★

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To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—The damning appreciation of Gaudi by Mr. Evelyn Waugh in your June issue has missed the man's chief virtue as an artist—his ability to plan for effect. To judge the Sagrada Familia especially by its fragments and without a plan is rather like judging a pedigree bull by a joint on the dinner table. In the published plan the approach to the west front and the layout of the interior from the west door are worthy of the great baroque architects of the seventeenth century, with whom, rather than with folk of *l'Art Nouveau*, Gaudi should be compared.

Yours faithfully,

P. M. STRATTON.

The Well House,
Harman Water,
Bracknell, Berks.

On the reopening of St. Paul's Cathedral on June 25, Mr. Mervyn Edmond Macartney, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A., was knighted by the King. Sir Mervyn Macartney, who is architect to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, was editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW from 1906 to 1920. He was also at one time consulting architect to Durham Cathedral. The fact that this honour was conferred on him was a cause of gratification to the architectural profession.

The following letter has been received from a correspondent from the Overseas Club, who neither signs his name nor encloses a card.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—Would it be possible to start a society for the prevention of cruelty to the façades of our old theatres and other buildings? I refer mainly to the St. James's Theatre and the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, both of which are very much disfigured by vulgar election signs, or could they not be treated as national monuments? I think they are the last and nicest of the old houses.

Not the least interest of the exhibitions held at the Mansard Galleries is their variety. The enterprise which Heals show in organizing them results in exhibitions so unusual that they attract a very wide public, and often give the modern artist an opportunity of exhibiting his work, which, possibly, he might not otherwise have had. During August the exhibitions in the Mansard Galleries will be two—continued from July—of widely differing forms of art. One is of *Old Pewter and Old Maps*, and the other of *Animal Drawings and Paintings*. The Collection of Old Pewter is a very representative one, and includes examples of the work of British and Continental pewterers from 1680–1850. It has been assembled and arranged by Mr. Howard H. Cotterell, F.R.Hist.S., Past-President and Founder of the Society of Pewter Collectors. The collection of Old Maps includes a large number of fine examples of the work of the early cartographers—Mercator, Ortelius, Saxton, Blaeu, Speed, Janson, etc.

Among the artists contributing to the exhibition of *Animal Drawings and Paintings* are: Silvia Baker, Vere Cunningham, Marion Ellis, David Jones, Rupert Lee and Frank Medworth. The Exhibition also includes some very attractive porcelain paintings by Pearl Binder.

Mr. Nathaniel Lloyd's next article in his series on *A History of the English House*, will be published in the *October REVIEW* and not in September as stated in the July issue.

It was announced in the May issue of the *REVIEW* that when the winning design for the two rooms in THE

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MARGINALIA.

ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW Competition was carried out, the electric fittings and fires would be installed by Metro-Vick Supplies. The decorative light fittings and glass-ware business of this firm has, however, since been transferred to Messrs. Harcourts, Ltd., who have kindly consented to supply the fittings. The results will be published in the October issue of the REVIEW.

At the new *Punch* offices in Bouverie Street there is a table which must be unique, and almost historical. The top of this table is covered with the initials of the famous *Punch* contributors of many years. Among the initials are those of Phil May, John Leech, Charles Keene, Sir John Tenniel, George du Maurier, E. V. Lucas, J. Bernard Partridge, F. C. Burnand, Mark Lemon, W. M. Thackeray, and Sir Owen Seaman. This table, which has seen such



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good service, had become so worn that it was necessary to renew the framework. This Mr. Ambrose Heal was asked to design. The interesting top has been preserved and placed in the new oak framework, which was made in the workshops of Heal & Sons.

The fourteenth International Congress of Architects will take place in Budapest between September 7 and 14. Several hundreds of prominent architects have expressed their intention to be present. The R.I.B.A. will also be represented. Prizes will be awarded to the exhibitors at the International Exposition of Architectural Designs. Though Hungarian architects will exhibit designs, according to the decision of the organizing committee of the Congress they will receive no prizes.

Perhaps the most interesting subject on the programme of the Congress will be that of Architectural Acoustics.

Trade and Craft.

The motto of modern business catalogues seems to be "Above all things no dullness." But when a firm of structural engineers issues a catalogue enlivened with the absurdities of W. Heath Robinson, surely the height of commercial light-heartedness has been reached. Messrs. John Booth & Sons of Bolton have been enterprising enough to do this. Whether it is not asking too much of the reader's prowess in mental gymnastics to laugh with Heath Robinson on one page and study the intricacies of modern engineering on the next, is, however, another question. Again, are the serious engineering-minded, for whom presumably the catalogue is intended, also of a humorous turn of mind? But, to the lay mind it is delightful, and is certainly an improvement on the catalogues



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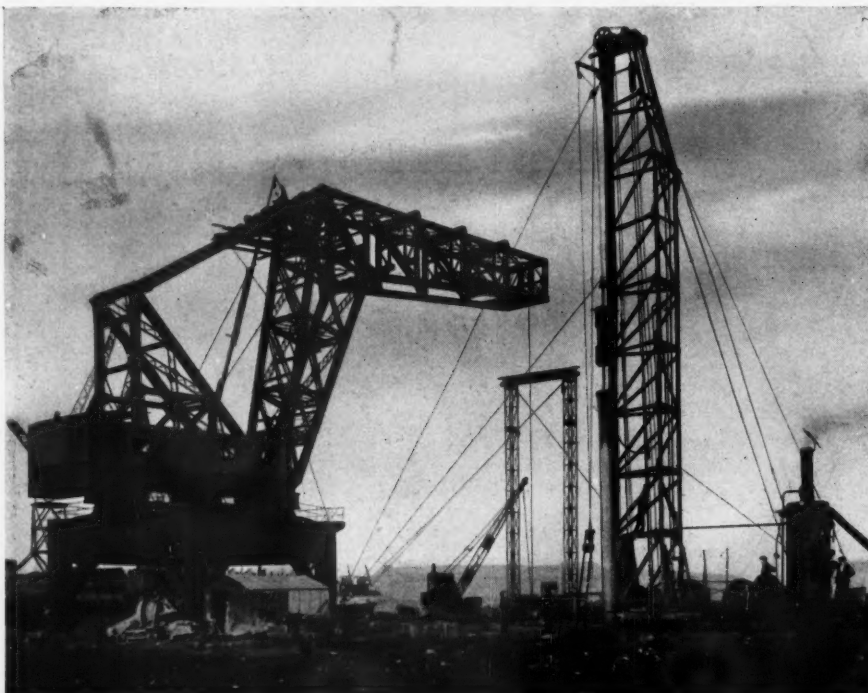
Bournemouth, Glasgow,
Birmingham, Dublin,
Newcastle-on-Tyne,
Torquay, Lincoln,
Eastbourne,
Liverpool,
Bristol.

which contain the strained efforts of the would-be artist. An illustration of one of the problems of the structural engineer as seen by W. Heath Robinson will be found on page 103.

An International Conference, composed of representatives of some of the foreign affiliations of Messrs. Holophane, Ltd., was held last month. The representatives of over twenty countries attended, and at the dinner held at the Trocadero Restaurant speeches were made by Dr. J. W. T. Walsh, President of the Illuminating Engineering Society; Professor Dr. J. Teichmüller, Director of the Lichttechnisches Institut, Karlsruhe; and Messrs. G. Grey Wornum, F.R.I.B.A.; Howard Robertson, F.R.I.B.A.; and J. S. Dow, Hon. Secretary of the Illuminating Engineering Society. Mr. Wornum, speaking on diffused lighting, emphasized the importance of co-operation between the architect and the illuminating engineer, and Mr. Howard Robertson, in his speech on Modern Interior Lighting, criticized modern light fittings, which in each country have their peculiar defects.

The British Steel Piling Co., Ltd., has issued, in booklet form, tables showing contracts for Vibro concrete piles in all countries. These data have been compiled and arranged in as concise a form as possible for the benefit of the architects who continually make inquiries about contracts carried out in specified districts in order to prove whether Vibro concrete

piles are suited to their particular purpose. The fullest details are given in the simplest form. The booklet also includes detailed drawings with explanation of the method of the formation of the pile, and illustrations of various structures where Vibro piles were used. The illustration shows the 64 ft. frame which placed the piles at Messrs. Furness Shipbuilding Co., Ltd., Hebburn-on-Tyne.



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View of the South Block (Erected 1927-1928).

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