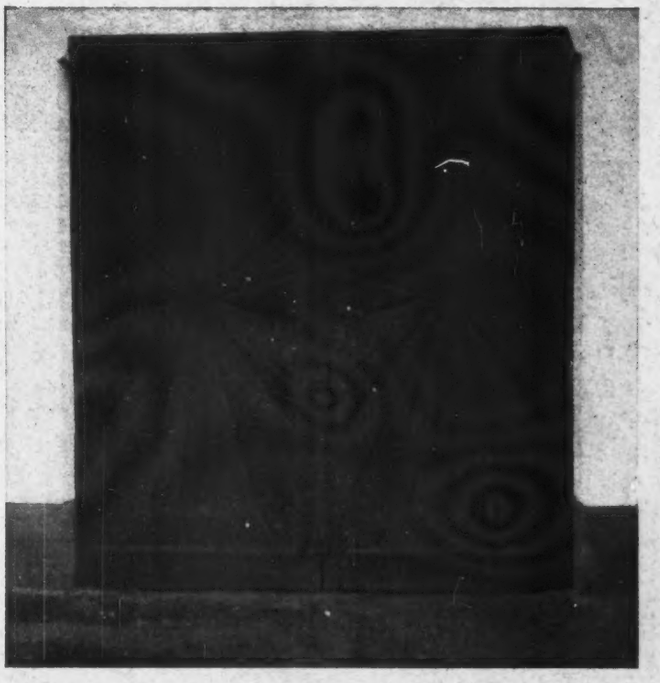
THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration



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THE

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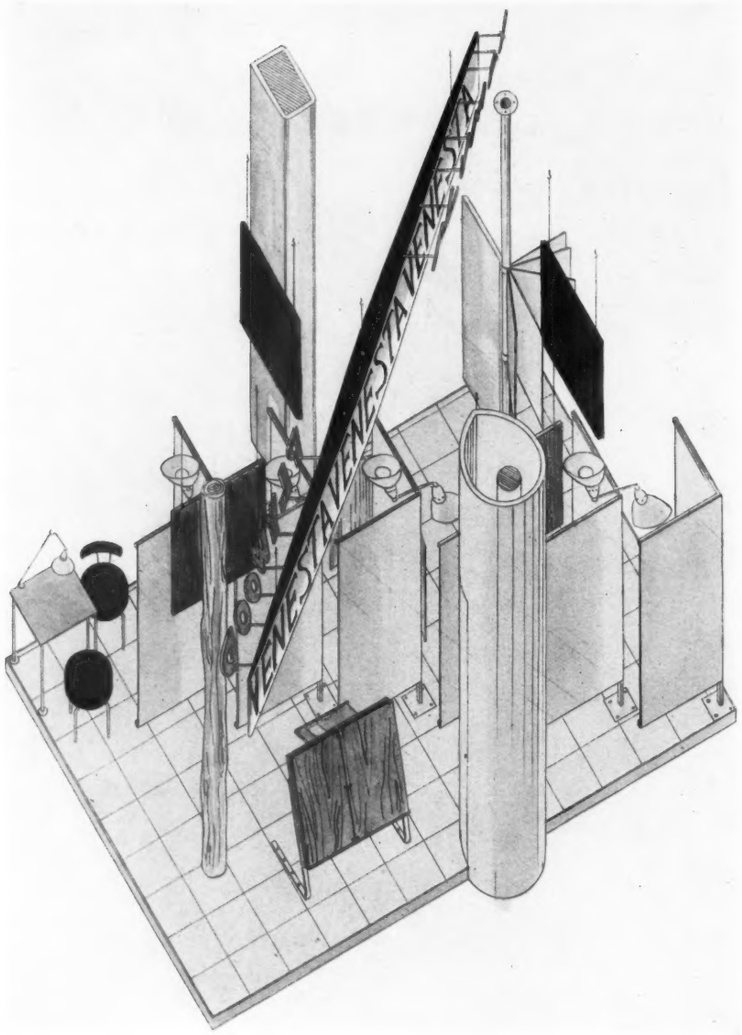


Plate I. September 1930.

AN ISOMETRIC SKETCH OF THE *VENESTA* STAND AT THE BUILDING TRADES EXHIBITION, OLYMPIA, LONDON.

Le Corbusier, Jeanneret
and Perriand, *Architects.*

What of the Future ?

The Building Trades Exhibition & Others.

By Clough Williams-Ellis.

THE Englishman-in-the-street has a fixed idea that England invented exhibitions, that Prince Albert and Paxton's portentous greenhouse conferred a unique distinction upon us and upon the year 1851. Let me disillusion him.

In the year 521 B.C. (according to the Book of Esther) King Ahasueras staged a six-months' international exhibition of the most ambitious kind with a particularly striking Industrial Arts section, an extract from the catalogue reading as follows :—" White, green and blue hangings fastened with cords of fine linen and purple to silver rings and pillars of marble; the beds of gold and silver, upon a pavement of red and blue and white and black marble, and . . . the vessels of gold, the vessels being diverse one from the other."

We had nothing like that even at Wembley, and the *Pavillon d'Elegance* at Paris scarcely equalled it.

And what about Doge Lorenzo Tiepalo's Venetian Industrial Exhibition in 1268? What, for that matter, of the ancient fairs of Tautah, Nijni-Novgorod and Leipzig, and how about the famous Leyden Exposition of 1699?

Yet to be quite honest the first real exhibition in the strictly modern sense of the word was that of 1798 in Paris—small but distinguished, and the progenitor of a long and notable line.

Is it conceded, then, that we no more invented exhibitions than do we notably shine in conducting them?

The born (or educated) exhibitor shows only what is creditable to himself and to his country; he displays none other than his best. That is the German and Scandinavian way. The English seem to rely on quantity rather than on selected quality; they would impress you by vast piles of things in wearisome variety rather than allure you by perfection.

Indeed, we have so little sense of shame as to our less creditable products; we are so ready, even eager, to display them, that the more nicely sensitive must surely regard us less as exhibitors than as exhibitionists.

Not so in Sweden. Even the Swedes, I doubt not, manufacture many things that do them no particular credit; they, too, like the rest of us, have their " shameful hinder parts," but they do not insist upon publicly exhibiting them. When it comes to exhibitions, these things are decently and discreetly ignored; the world is allowed to see only what Sweden can be proud to show, which, however, is so much that we are astonished.

So thorough is the winnowing, so good the discipline, that I, at any rate, have found scarcely one second-rate thing at either the Gothenburg or Stockholm Exhibitions, or one not well and effectively displayed.

Hence, to a large extent, the enviable repute now enjoyed by Swedish products the world over; hence, too, the phenomenal improvement in the general level of their manufactures, whence again the notable prosperity of Sweden.

It would be silly to claim that a wise exhibition policy could be responsible for the happy state of that or any other land, but it would be sillier still not to recognize its part in the artistic and industrial renaissance of a country that, having a population rather less than London's, is in many ways leaving Great Britain quite definitely behind.

I recall, too, the Leipzig Building Trades Exhibition of just before the war; I kept its catalogue until only the other day, not entirely for the good things it contained, but partly because of its pleasing cover and general get-up. I have kept no English exhibition catalogues—building trades or other.

Yet quantities of good, useful and interesting things are shown at our own Olympia Building Trades show—some things even that are beautiful—but the *general impression* is far from exhilarating. Why? Because there are yet vaster quantities of things that have none of these claims to our attention—yet claim it none the less by just being there.

We are jaded by a welter of competitive material of every kind and sort, clamouring for our notice. There is little in the way of order or discipline, nor any visible sign of selection on the score of merit, so that those of us who are earnest seekers after things both new and good must perforce subject ourselves to this ordeal because, with all its faults, the show is one that the architect cannot afford to miss.

Yet, such is the frailty even of architects, that free tickets and special invitations will fail to drag him there—he knows too well at what cost to his spirit and vitality the round of those too-numerous stalls must be made.

It were unreasonable to expect in a fortnight's trade show the high order of display one is accustomed to in a six-months' Continental exhibition—though the recent great improvement in the Ideal Homes Exhibition (so far at any rate as presentation is concerned) makes one increasingly impatient of the old disorder.

It is, however, the British Industries Fair that touches the abysmal bottom of the whelk-stall tradition—a mere riot of space-buyers showing and doing just whatever seems good to them, and surely what can seem good to no one else but the riotously-minded.

I have suggested elsewhere that this show might gradually be made more worthily representative by the establishment of a definite " Quality Section," a Court of Honour into which the really meritorious would be invited and thus given some mark of official approval.

This should attract both those first-rate firms and exacting buyers who at present hold aloof from what they contemptuously regard as beneath their notice. This attitude of many of our best firms and of both British and foreign buyers, however well justified,

STANDS at the Building Trades Exhibition. *Top* (*left*) The Ruberoid Company; (*right*) Messrs. Vigers. *Below*. Messrs. Kerner, Greenwood. The wisdom of employing architects to design stands for the display of building products is evident from Plates I and II in this issue, and the results point their own moral. A plan of the Exhibition is given on page 148.

is a most unfortunate one for the prestige and effectiveness of the B.I.F. itself, and it seems clear that something at least should be done to put the whole thing on a higher plane.

Whatever is true of the B.I.F. is to a greater or less degree true of every other trade show, not excepting the Building Trades Exhibition which is that which most nearly concerns the architect.

Now, if the architects were to take a more active part in its organization, whether by direct invitation or by some form of peaceful penetration, we might soon find this particular show giving that lead towards more selected display and improved *ensemble* which it is in so many ways peculiarly fitted to provide.

When it came to the point, the ordinary exhibitor would probably be thankful for some guidance as to what he should show and how, and to be saved the responsibility of making the difficult decision all by himself and probably wrongly.

A rightly constituted advisory and selection board with adequate powers might very quickly change the thing out of recognition and raise it to something like the highest Continental level.

Stocks and catalogues would gradually be overhauled and revised to bring them into line with what was found acceptable at the exhibitions, and even the ironfounders might at last begin to scrap their engravings and patterns of cast-iron lamp-posts, railings and conveniences so strangely misbegotten half a century ago.

It is such things that give mass production an entirely undeserved bad name, and just because so much of our builders' ironmongery and most of our ready-made joinery is ill-designed, the tiresome person who can use his eyes to some extent (but not his head) will assert that "Standardization means ugliness," which is manifest bosh.

The Americans are more logical and realize that, given a really good original, the more it is multiplied (within wide limits) the better.

For a few or for many dollars (it matters little which) the American manufacturer commissions the best artist or expert he can find to make him designs and models for what he intends to turn out—whether it is a door-knob or a window. Then he starts "production" by thousands or by tens of thousands, so that the happy American architect is able to specify and build-in cheap stock-pattern fittings that are nearly always excellent in design and workmanship, and sometimes real works of art.

Of course America still has its banalities, but they are no longer the general rule as in England—despite the patient mission work of our Design and Industries Association.

We English have a snobbish belief that "Cheap and Nasty" represents cause and effect, and we have done our best to substantiate the heresy by only making good things in such small quantities that they are too expensive for general use and remain the luxuries of the exacting rich. It is surely the mission of trade exhibitions to change that and to show what good things the machine can give us when it has a mind behind it.

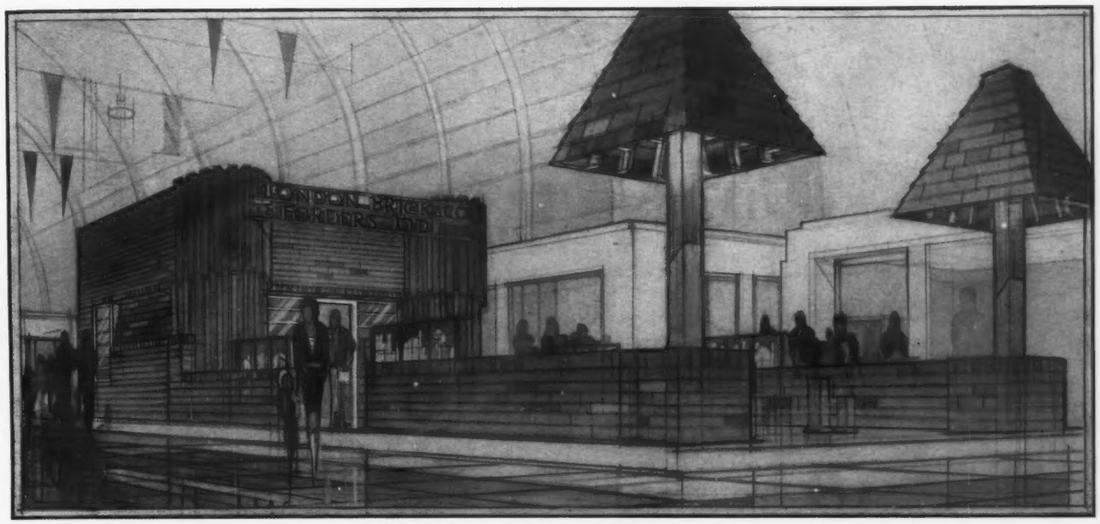


Plate II. September 1930.

THE STAND FOR THE LONDON BRICK COMPANY AT THE BUILDING TRADES EXHIBITION.

Joseph Emberton, *Architect.*

Architecture at the Cape.

By H. H. McWilliams.

II[1]*—In the Towns.*

IT is almost a surprise to find that Capetown was built at the foot of Table Mountain instead of on the low-lying "Cape Flats" which connect the peninsula to the mainland.

Here the intrepid Dutchman could have made his canals and waterways so that ships might have sailed between False Bay and Table Bay without circumnavigating the dreaded Cape of storms. Certainly they could always have been sure of a fine wind to turn their windmills merrily; one has only to read the journal of Van Riebeek to realize how severe the gales were before Van der Stel planted his oaks, when the south-easters swept down from Devil's Peak and blew the corn out of the ear.

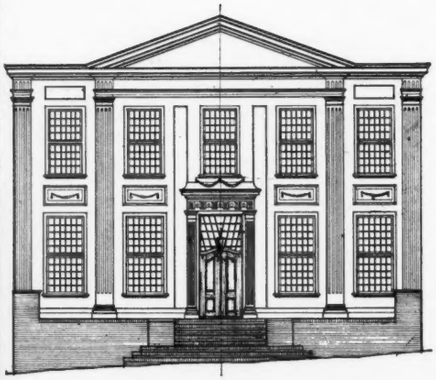
Nearly all the buildings of the Dutch in Capetown are of a later date than those in the country. The danger from fire became so serious that it was necessary for the Government to issue a "placaat" forbidding the use of thatch—for it was not unusual for a band of rebellious slaves to endeavour to set fire to houses in the town during a high wind, in order to escape during the confusion.

On more than one occasion half the town was gutted, and the risk from carelessness and smoking in the streets was no less great. Tiled roofs were out of the question—the gales blew them into the sea—and so it was suggested that flat roofs made of large square tiles laid in lime on stout boards should be tried. These were water-proofed with whale oil, and were found most successful, and all houses, old as well as new, gradually came to be roofed in this

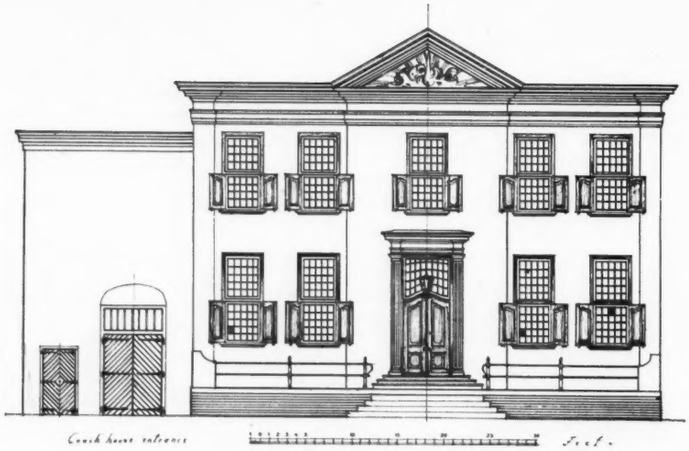
[1] The first article was published in the July issue of the REVIEW.

Above and *Below*. Houses of the first *DUTCH* period in Poeland Street, Capetown.

A house of the second *DUTCH* period in Bree Street.



Left. A *DUTCH* house in Keerom Street, Capetown. *Below.* A measured drawing of the elevation of the Koopmans de Wet house, the design of which is attributed to Thibault.



A measured drawing of the elevation of a house of the second *DUTCH* period in Caledon Square, Capetown.

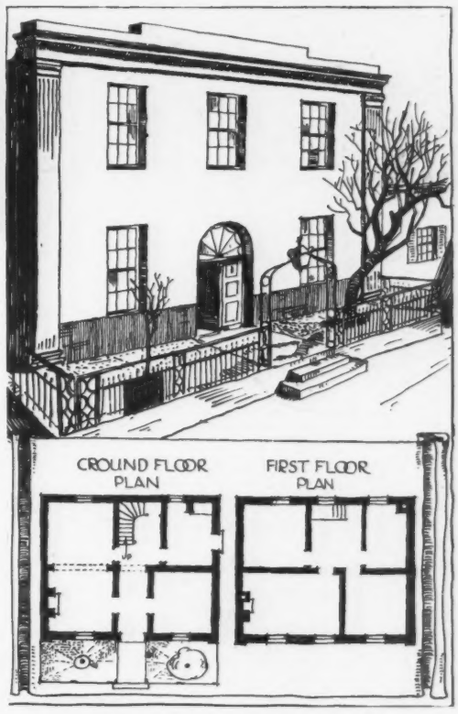
Below. An example of the *TRANSITIONAL* type in Lower Buitenkant Street. *Right.* A late *TRANSITIONAL* house in Hope Street.

manner. There are three types of town house. The *first* consists of old single-storied buildings, with an ornamental curved parapet as the only decoration. When gables were no longer possible the coping of the parapet came in for a certain amount of attention. The result is very pleasing—the plain expanse of wall surmounted by the rich curves and volutes of the country type of gable spread out horizontally.

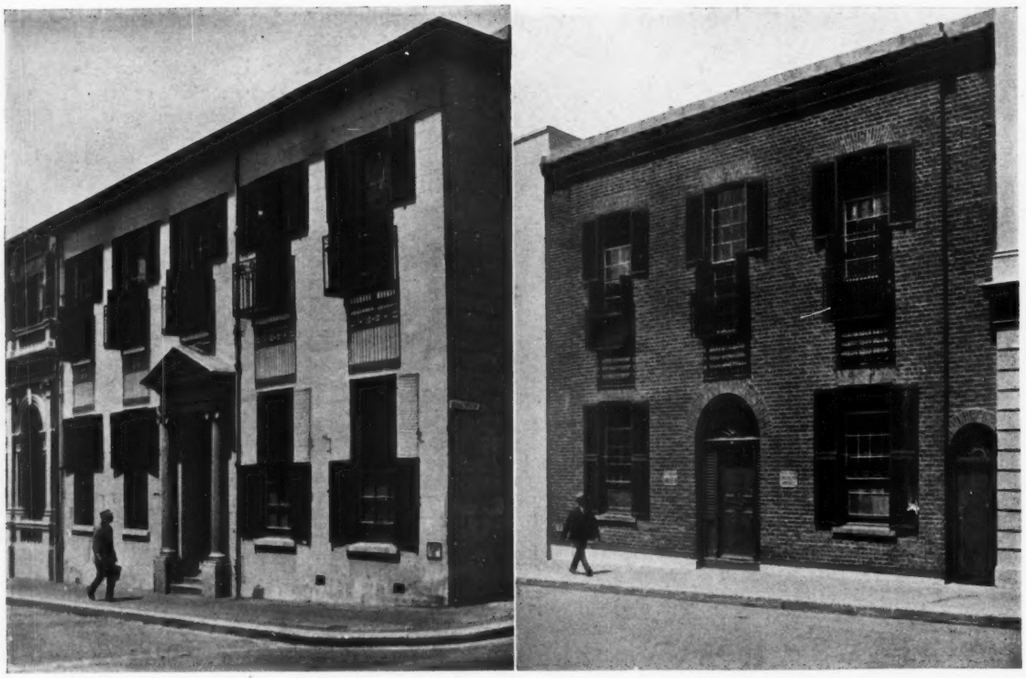
The plan of most of the town houses is in the shape of the letter " U " with a courtyard between the wings, at the back of the house. In some cases, and especially after the English occupation, the " L " plan was favoured, as the function of the courtyard died out and the parlour took its place.

The *second* type of house was of two stories with a certain amount of architectural treatment consisting of pilasters supporting a cornice upon which, prior to several severe earthquake shocks, stood a parapet and urns.

From old pictures and descriptions by travellers it is evident that nearly every building was decorated with these

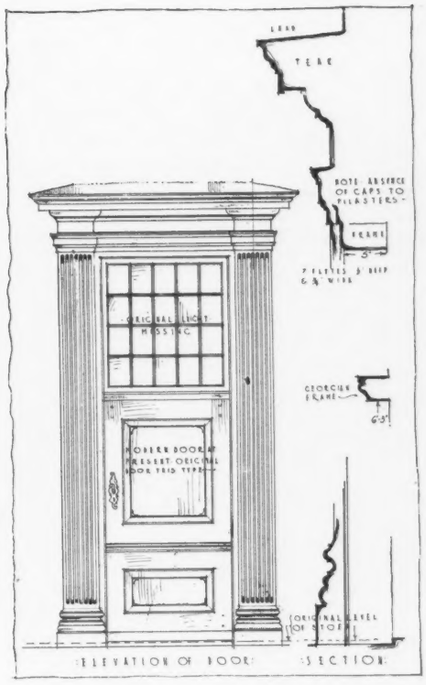


Perspective sketch and plans of a typical *GEORGIAN* town house, circa 1840-70.



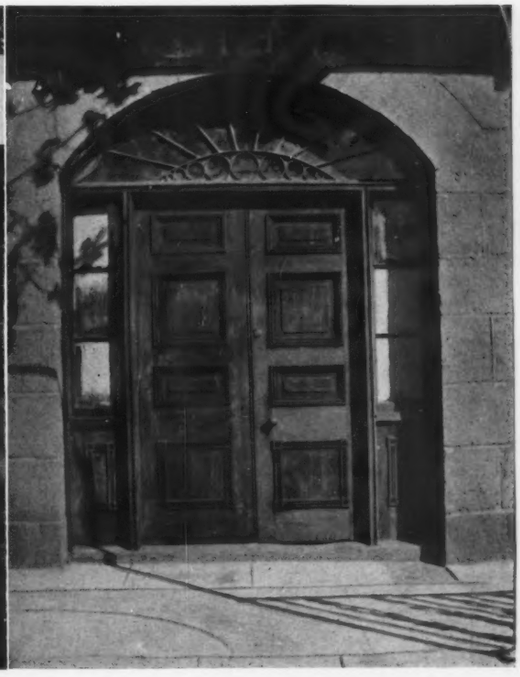
GEORGIAN houses in Parliament Street,
Capetown.

GEORGIAN houses in Hatfield Street. The cast-iron balconies to the upper windows are identical with those on houses in Kennington Road, London.



Left. A measured drawing of the doorway to a house in Buitengracht Street. *Right.* A doorway of the *DUTCH* period in Bree Street.

A *GEORGIAN* doorway
in
Parliament Street.

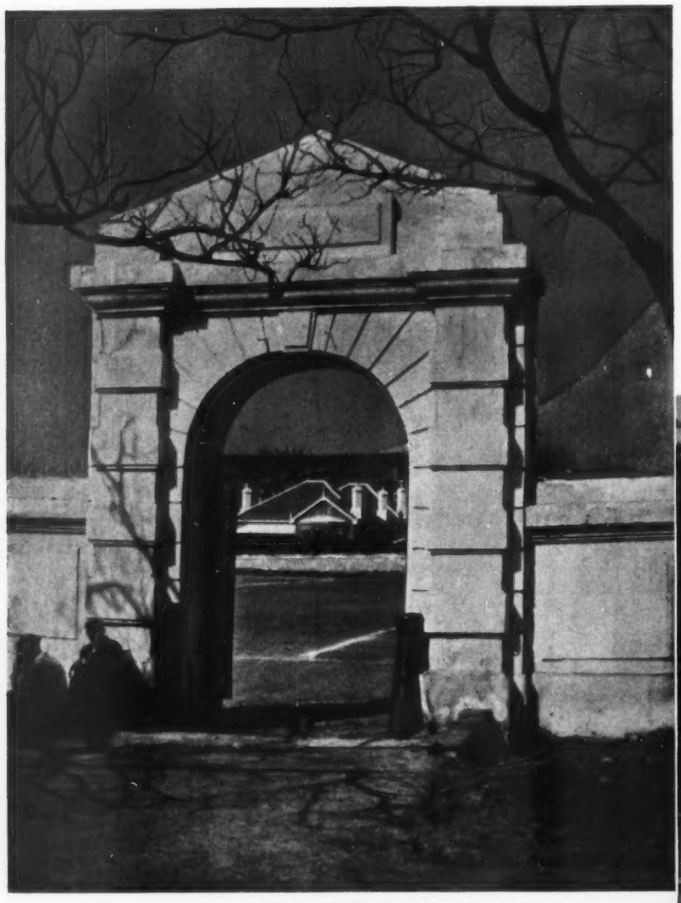


A *GEORGIAN* doorway
in
Harrington Street.

urns, but their removal has been more of an improvement than a disfigurement.

The *third* type was introduced by the English, and bears a close resemblance to contemporary work in England.

All the Dutch houses possessed the "stoep" running the whole length of the façade, terminated with plaster seats and approached by a wide flight of "klompie" brick steps. A regular feature is the teak doorway, often containing very elaborate and well-designed fanlights, some of which embody a lantern.



A gateway in Government Avenue, Capetown.
Designed by Thibault.

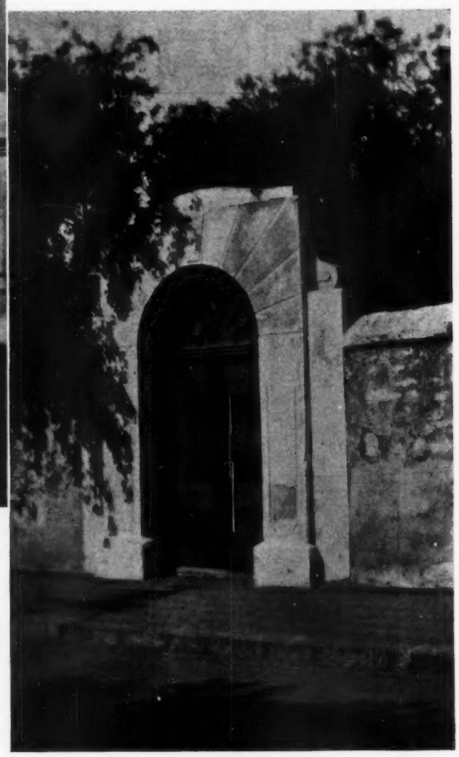
It is difficult to know whether these well-proportioned façades were contrived by an architect, although some of them are attributed to a Captain Thibault, who came to the Cape in 1785 as an engineer. He designed several large houses, and seems to have been the only architect at that time.

His friend, Anton Anreith, the sculptor, is responsible for many fine pieces of work in plaster and in wood, including the pediment of the wine cellar at Great Constantia. Many houses of the second type have pediments as a central feature, and some contain splendid examples of Anreith's work.

In walking through the streets of Capetown one is impressed by the pleasant uniformity of the flat roofs of the houses. As a composition in colour, as well as in form, these houses present a very agreeable sight. Usually the walls are distempered an ochre, a pale shade of grey, or light pink. Cornices and pilasters are whitewashed. The walls of the stoep are painted maroon, or dark brick red, and the paintwork on the doors and windows is green, or left the natural teak colour.

Judging by old coloured prints and lithographs these are the traditional colours, although it seems likely that the wide use of ochre-coloured walls was introduced by the English, who were not able to stand the glare of whitewash.

A number of the Dutch houses—particularly those nearer the sea—were surmounted by an observation chamber in a gable over the centre of the façade, possibly for the purpose of noting the arrival of convoys in the bay, or the flag signal from Lion's Head when ships were sighted. This was also used as a means of access to the roof, and the old burghers and their families were accustomed to spend the cool of the evening on their housetops.



A gateway in Hatfield Street.

Public buildings vary in design and possess few distinctive features in common, and in country towns the town hall or Drosdty was merely a larger square town house containing offices.

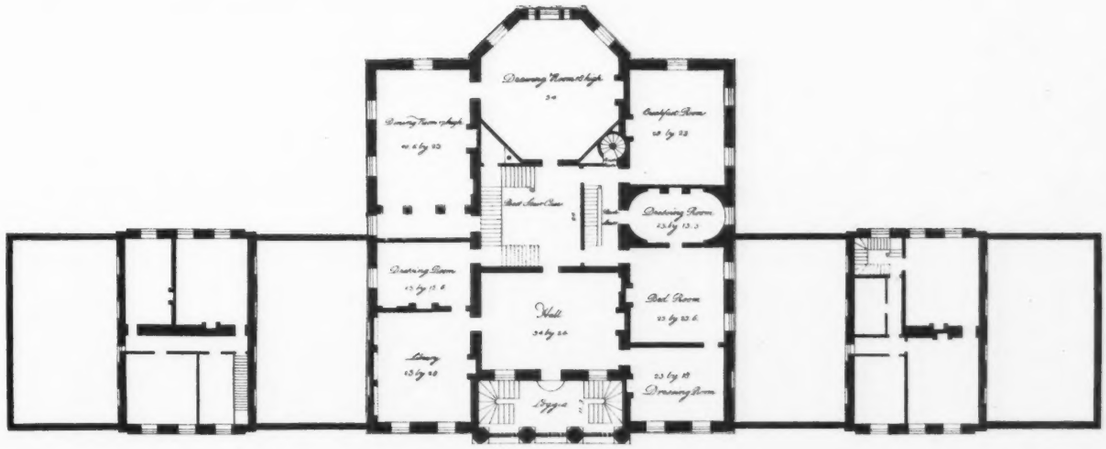
Most of the streets were lined with oaks and bordered with rivulets or canals, and in Stellenbosch, now a large modern town, this may yet be seen, though the acorn falls noisily in showers on the corrugated iron roofs.

Plate III. September 1930.

THE MAIN ENTRANCE FRONT OF BASILDON PARK, PANGBOURNE, BERKSHIRE.

John Carr of York, *Architect.*

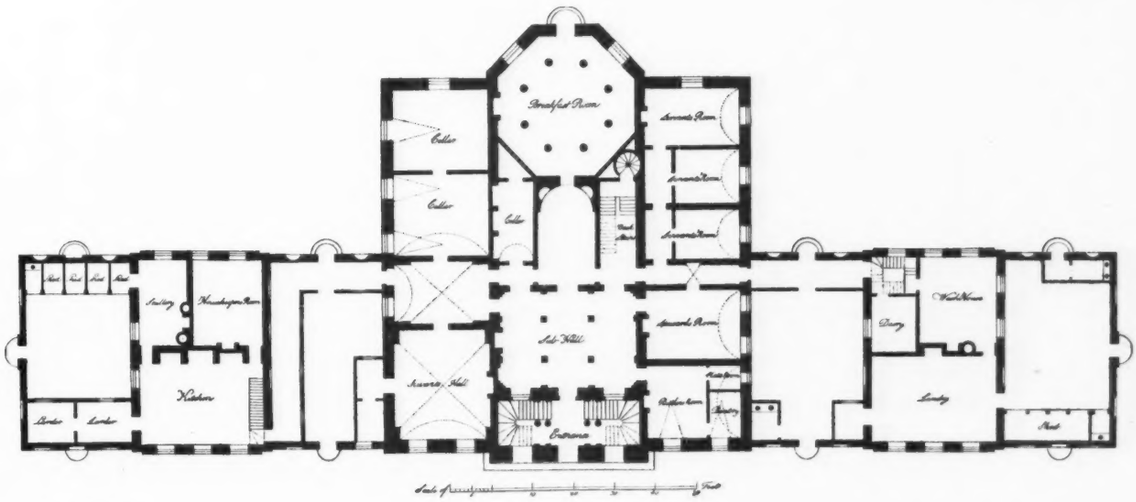
The present mansion was built in 1776 *for Sir Francis Sykes, Bart., and its plans and decorations were published in* Vitruvius Britannicus *in* 1802.



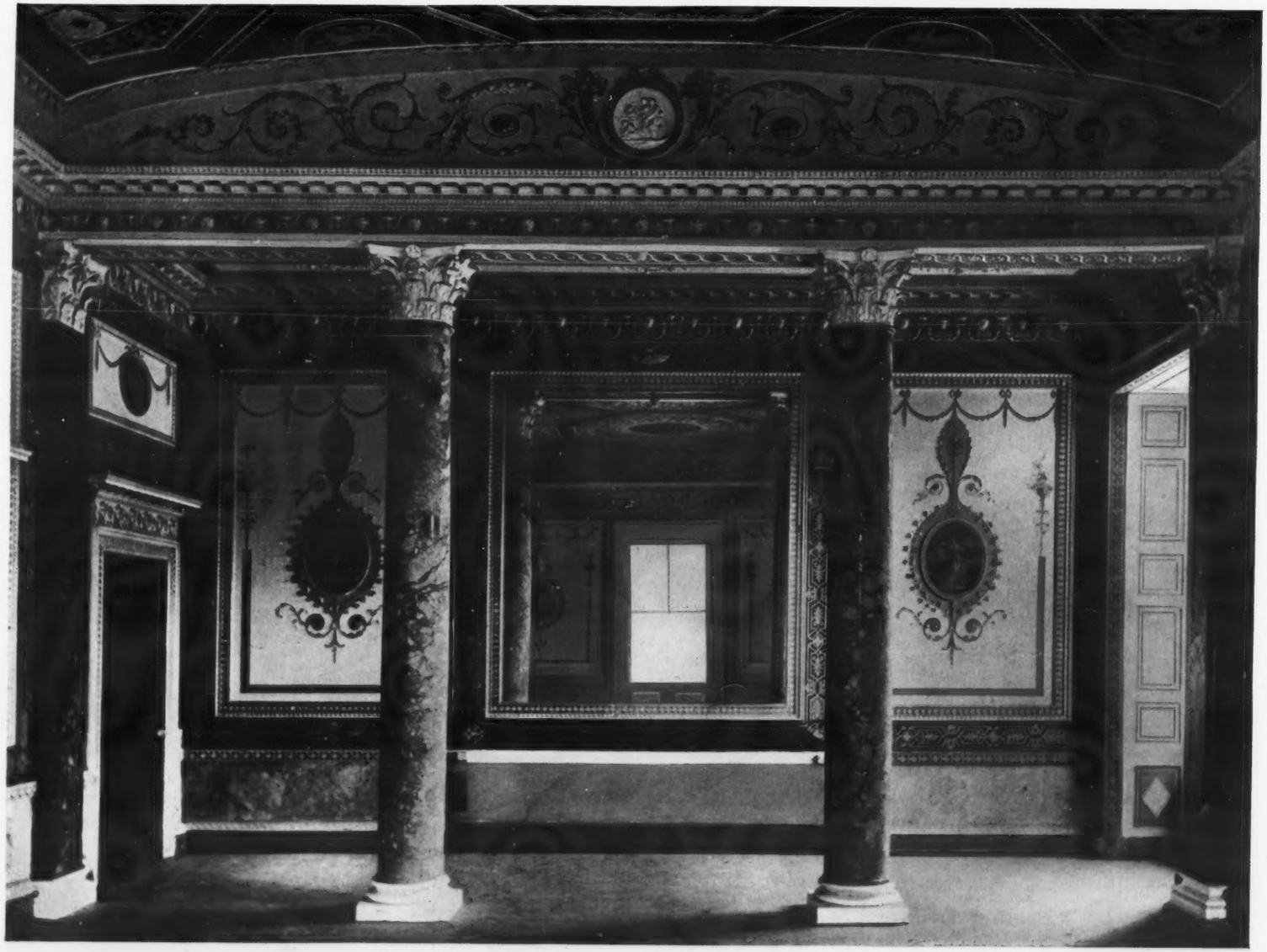
(*Above*) *Plan of the principal floor and chamber floor of the wings or offices at Basildon Park, Berkshire.* (*Below*) *Plan of the ground floor. John Carr of York, Architect. The following quotation is taken from historical records of the house which are preserved in the Reading Museum:*

"*In Charter* 699. *Saxon owner. Bestles dun or Bestles Hill. Conquest held by Aileva, a free woman. Conqueror granted to William FitzOsborn, Earl of Hereford; subsequently given to the De Newbergs, Earl of Warwick, and in* 1180 *split up and passed through many families, Botilers, St. Amands, Braybrooks and Yonges. In* 1680 *the Countess of Bath left the house to her nephew, Sir Henry Fane. On the death of the last Viscount in* 1766 *it was sold to Francis Sykes, Governor of Bengal, by whom the present mansion was built. He was knighted in* 1784. *His grandson, Sir Francis William Sykes, sold the property to Mr. James Morrison, in whose family it has remained until recently.*"

The house is unadaptable to modern requirements and is therefore being demolished to make way for a residence more suitable to the needs of the present owner. The whole of the interior decorations and fittings are, however, being preserved, and they form a remarkably fine collection of late eighteenth-century craftsmanship.



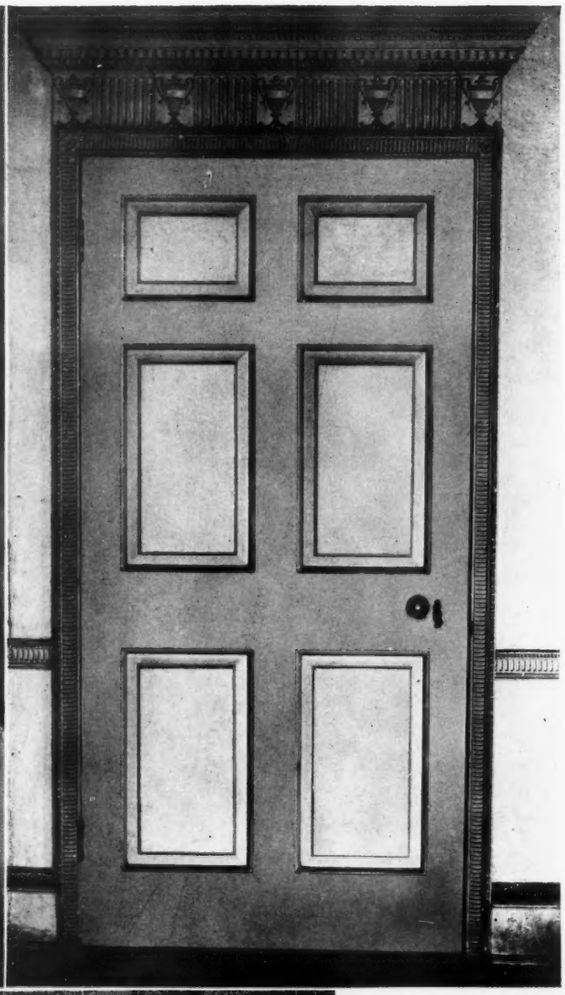
The drawing-room ceiling at Basildon Park. The painted panels are attributed to Angelica Kauffmann.



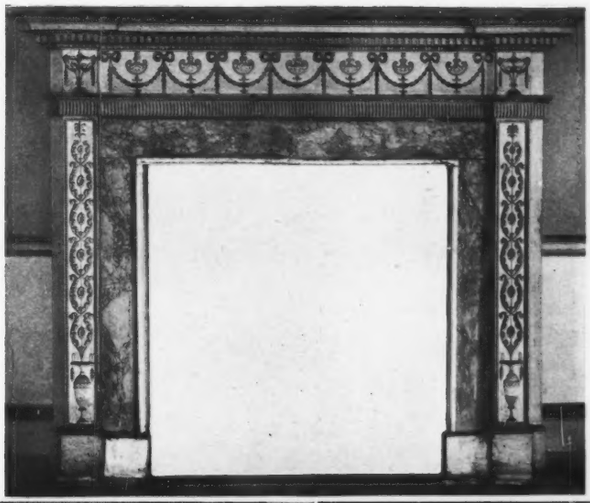
An end view of the drawing-room. The decorations throughout the house were designed in the pure Adam manner.

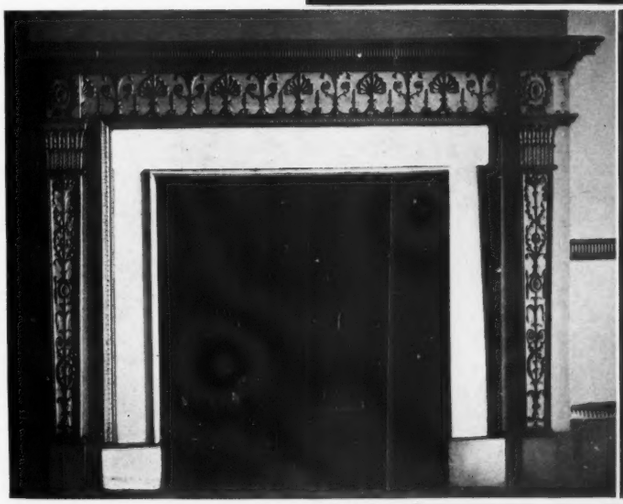
(*Left*) *One of the mahogany doors leading to the drawing-room. An enlarged view of the carved decorations to the door surround is given on page* 140. (*Right*) *The painted Adam decoration in the drawing-room.*

(Right) This carved mahogany door is on the left hand side of the hall, of which a general view is shown here. The foot of the main staircase can also be seen in the foreground.

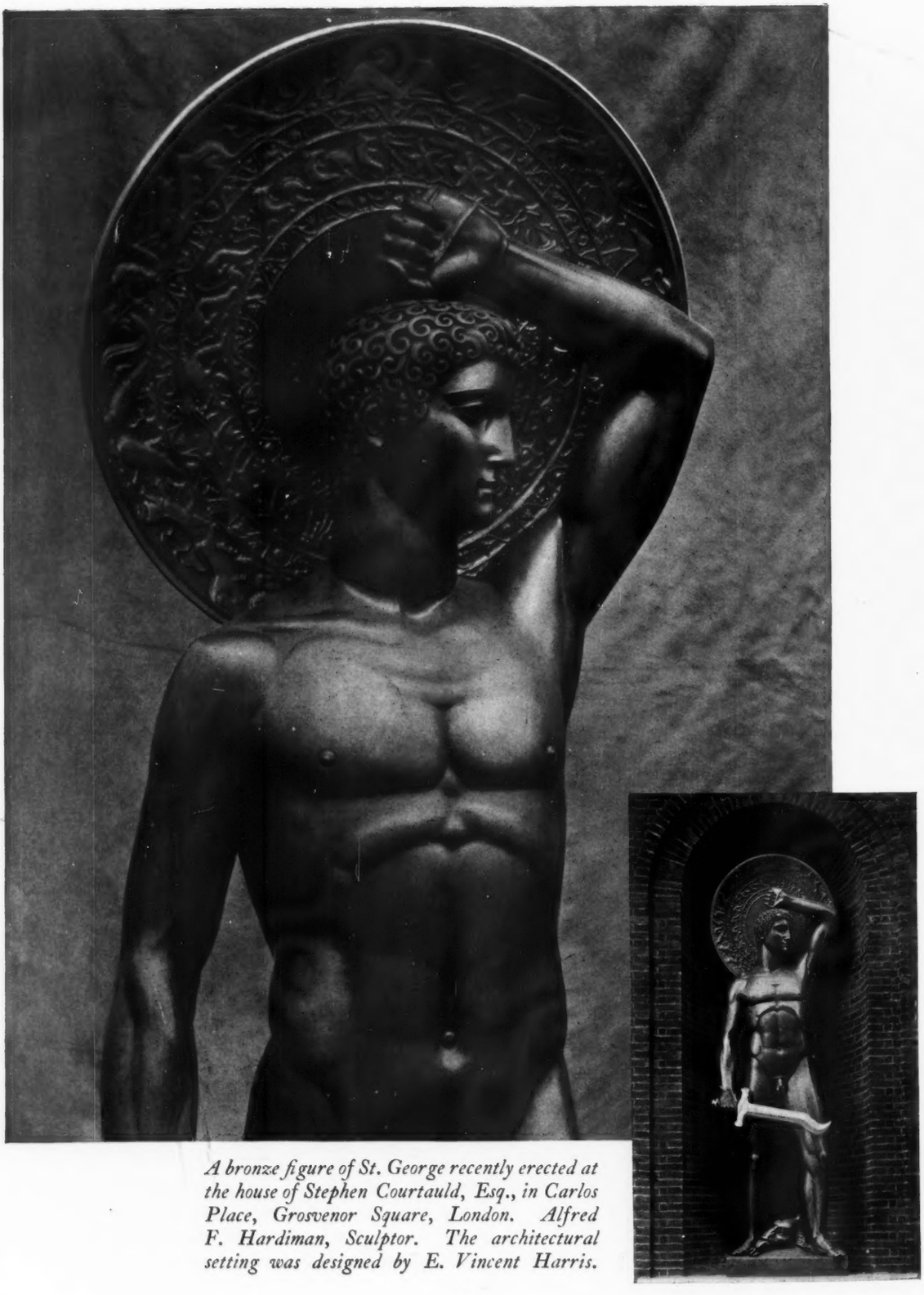


(Above, left) The door of one of the reception-rooms. (Right) A bedroom door. (Below) The reception-room. The mantelpiece is of marble.





The four carved mantelpieces illustrated on this page are taken from different bedrooms in the house.



A bronze figure of St. George recently erected at the house of Stephen Courtauld, Esq., in Carlos Place, Grosvenor Square, London. Alfred F. Hardiman, Sculptor. The architectural setting was designed by E. Vincent Harris.

Photo by Bernès Marouteau & Cie.

An armillary sphere, *THE CYCLE OF LIFE*, at Philip's Academy, Andover, America.
Paul Manship, *Sculptor.*

Modernism.

By Stanley Casson.

WE live in an age of paradox and platitude, and to save ourselves the trouble of distinguishing the one from the other we use the term "modern." Thus we live our "modern" lives in "modern" houses with all "modern" conveniences. But the moment we attempt to decorate or to furnish or to add the embellishments of art in a manner wholly and startlingly new, wholly unlike the average house in which we live or the manner of our ordinary lives, strangely and paradoxically and stupidly we call that art or that decoration "modern." What hypocrisy! What poverty of language!

"Yes, madam," says the house-furnisher; "we have Turkish carpets, Axminster carpets, or 'modern' carpets. We have four-poster beds, double beds, divan beds, or 'modern' beds." Poverty of language combined with idiocy of expression! So, too, if the flapper daughter of our friend next door drinks four cocktails and calls her father "old bean," we say she is "modern."

Obviously enough, to call a thing "modern" is but another way of saying "unusual and of a new style." So why don't we say so and have done with it, or give the style a name in the good old way, or call it "George V

The *CHAPEL OF ST. ROCHUS* in the Mortuary Chapel at Ragusa.
Ivan Meštrović, *Sculptor.*

Style"? For, after all, we can have modern Axminsters, modern Turkish carpets, and modern four-posters. What the shopwalker really means when he talks about "modern," in inverted commas, is merely a style which he has, in fact, never seen before. Yet Chippendale, I am sure, never sold his wares as "modern" when he first put them on the market, and Michelangelo was never called "a modern," when his sculptures first astonished Italy. So sterile is this commercial age that it needs must use a word which will be a misnomer in a year and which has not even the saving grace of being descriptive. It means nothing whatever. So let us call it "Late George V" or "League of Nations Style"—anything, in fact, which will date it and fix it in some kind of a background. For in ten years what we now call "modern" will be old-fashioned and so the term will be useless.

But the important thing is not so much what we call it as what it is. And of that we can get a moderately clear idea from the wholly admirable book of plates just published by The Architectural Press and called *Modern Architectural Sculpture,*[1] for although the book is devoted to this one subject it gives us, in fact, a synthesis of the modern styles of art in all the Western countries of today. So let us drop those inverted commas (as does the editor of the book in question) and see if we can find the unifying principle that guides the living artists of Europe and America.

The brief and admirable introduction by Mr. W. Aumonier, the editor, draws attention to the fact that we are in the presence of a universal change of outlook in art, and, in fact, in all the mental and æsthetic activities. He says:—

> As one trained in the school of Tradition, I confess that I approach the modern phase with diffidence, but I realize that there is a power within and behind it that cannot lightly be set

[1] *Modern Architectural Sculpture.* Edited by W. AUMONIER. The Architectural Press. Price £3 3s. od. net.

aside. That this phase has come to stay and, moreover, to spread, I am firmly convinced, and there can be no doubt that it must be regarded as a serious movement, and not merely as an ephemeral pose to overthrow the old conventions. It is impossible to deny the far-reaching effects of this Modernism, stretching, as it does, from Scandinavia across Europe to America; and it is not only in decorative art that this development has taken place, for the same tendencies are to be found today in Music, Literature, and Thought.

The photographs which are included in this magnificent book will help each of us to form our own conclusions. And living, as we do, in the very middle of the movement itself, imperceptibly prejudiced for or against it by our daily contacts, it is no easy task to find the principles that lie at the bottom of it all. But find them we must, or else we shall be at the mercy of bigotry and sentiment and unable to provide a defence either for our opposition to Modernism or for our belief in its virtue.

Looking through the plates of this book and remembering all the works of the modern sculptors with which I am acquainted, I am impressed most forcibly by a certain uniformity of style, which seems to be mainly a uniformity of conception as well as of outlook. A score of modern artists have a score of different minds and yet what they produce has that intangible quality common to them all which we so stupidly call "modern." And what is that intangible quality?

Firstly, I think, these artists have all decided to *start afresh* upon their work without *necessarily* considering that the past in general, or their past in particular, has any validity at all to *control* them. That is not to say that they disregard it. On the contrary, they see how essential all the art of the past (and of the whole past, not of a mere partial antiquity) is to their inspiration. But they insist on regarding it as past and done with, as a stepping stone, or a "footprint in the sands of time," or as any of those sad transitory things which so delighted the utterly static culture of the last century. In this point of view they are at one with those sculptors of fifth-century Greece who, having learned their lesson from the artists of the preceding generation, quite callously used their predecessors' statues as rubble for the terracing which was to hold their own masterpieces.

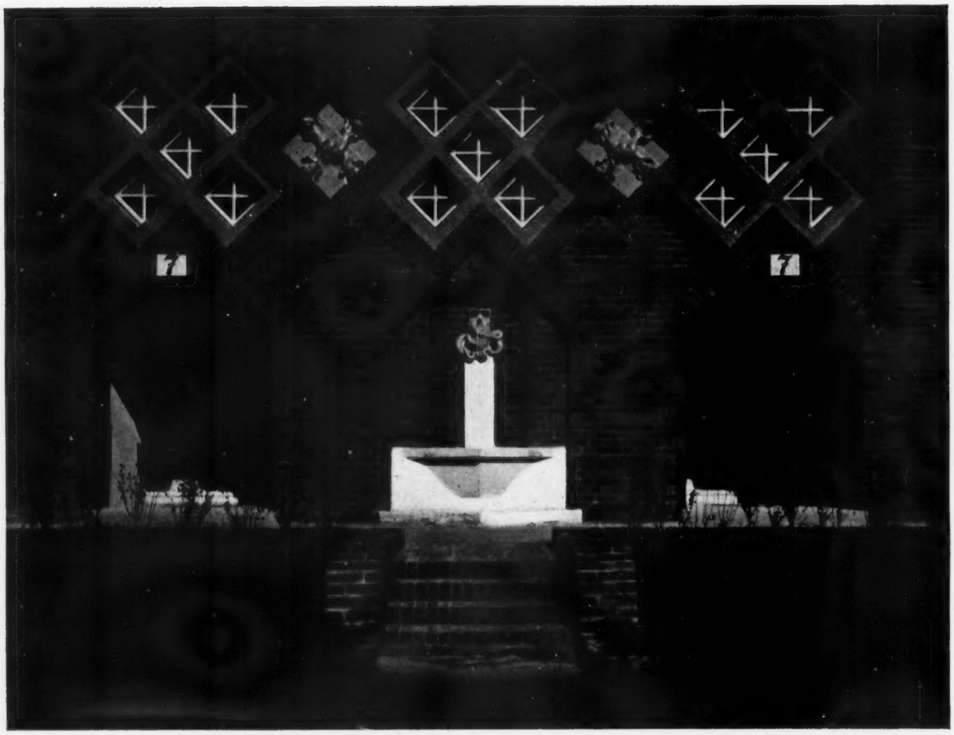
This "starting afresh" does not mean the despising of the traditional, still less a working in opposition to it. It means rather that tradition is analysed for the lessons it can teach as well as for the mistakes it can make. Here and there one can see an artist who abandons with scorn all the lessons of a traditional art. He and his kind litter the highways of art like the gaunt skeletons of dead camels on the caravan route. Tradition is the living but ever-changing stream of art. Abandon it and you are left a decaying carcase or a whitening skeleton by the roadside. But tradition is the moving stream of the caravan, not the road itself. The stream can change direction when and where it will. But if tradition is identified with the highway itself, then you can never leave it, and the ruts and grooves become deeper and more entangling.

The modern artist, and above all the sculptor who is perforce the most traditional of all artists by nature, follows the direction of the stream, but is not driven into the ruts. The essence of his work is a readiness to abandon the high-road when and where he will. He adapts, transmutes, and alters.

One thing which all the modern sculptors have in common is their recognition of the fact that the forms of sculpture are not fixed and never can be. The human figure may be essential to his art, but, to the modern, it is a human figure which he can interpret in his own way. Art has been said to be "appropriate distortion"—that is to say the alteration for artistic purposes of what Nature has cast into a tolerably standardized form. The first artist to realize that distortion was essential to his art, was the first to discover that Form in art constitutes precisely that element in which the individuality of an artist can make itself distinct from the ordinary realities of Nature. For even the most realistic of artists can never make an absolutely exact reproduction of Nature without the aid of mechanical methods for exact copying. And it is the hair's-breadth of deviation which counts. Once granted that the artist cannot copy, however hard he try, the principle of freedom, and so ultimately of distortion, is granted. With the best will in the world a sculptor may seek, for instance, to make an exact carving of a

Photo by Photo-Librairie de France.

A YOUNG GIRL.
J. Bernard, *Sculptor.*



WORKMEN'S DWELLINGS, VIENNA. The fountain and reliefs are in blue and green ceramics.
CESAR POPPOVITS, *Architect.* Professor ROBERT OBSIEGER, *Sculptor.*

human hand. But his carving will, without question, fall short of the standard of accuracy reached by a plaster cast of the living hand itself. Realism in art is a stupendous fraud simply because it is unattainable. We are left with the greater truth that distortion—or, to use a better term, alteration—is the essence of what the artist is striving for. He is trying all the time to alter and adapt to suit his environment, which is the particular group of conceptions and thoughts that have given birth to the artistic idea in his mind. Thus, in a sense, he is more of a "naturalist" than the realistic artist, for he, at least, is following the ordinary methods of the evolutionary process and adapting his offspring to its environment!

Meantime the realistic artist — the "naturalist" — is striving after an unattainable ideal in an unnatural way.

The modern sculptor has seen that the tables have been thus turned. He falls back on the true methods of art, which, incidentally, are the oldest and the best.

In all the sculpture figured in this book it is at once evident that the modern sculptor in every country is aware of the failure of the merely realistic school. All alike alter and adapt human or animal figures. For they realize (what the realists had forgotten) that the first artist who created a non-existent form—whether centaur, gryphon, cherub, or mermaid—was altering Nature in the most drastic way imaginable to suit the conveniences of art.

The community of character perceptible in modern sculpture is not so much that of style as of outlook. The apparent similarity between the work of Scandinavian, Yugoslav, and British sculptors which is superficially apparent to an untrained eye, lies simply and solely in the willingness of the artists in each case to abandon any attempt to copy Nature with exactitude. Where Rodin and Barye copied, as they thought, faithfully, and showed their originality rather in composition and execution than in conception, the modern sculptor will think first of the forms he wants and that suit his material, and of fidelity to his models afterwards; and in this process certain national characteristics do most curiously emerge. From a glance at the work of the Germans it is evident that German Gothic traditions are still strongly entrenched in German minds, and the same is true of the Dutch, whose fertility of invention in sculpture is not great. But the German work throughout seems to have a severely practical application: it is essentially architectural and functional. German sculpture in brick and iron harmonizes admirably with modern German architecture.

The same Gothic prejudices are evident in Czechoslovak sculpture.

In Yugoslavia, on the other hand, the underlying influences are Byzantine, certainly not Gothic, with an admixture of the peculiar forms and shapes common to the art and architecture of Dalmatia. Meštrović's Ragusa Chapel can be here compared with the similar building by Rosandić on the islet of Brazza. Both have common qualities, but Rosandić's work falls far short of that of Meštrović simply because he has adopted and adapted an inferior architectural model. The Brazza Chapel is frankly hideous.

Italy, France, and the other Latin countries seem almost completely sterile in work which can in any way compare with the modern movements in Scandinavia, Germany, and England. The reason may be that the Latin races are notoriously conservative and traditional in the worst sense.

The entrance to the *NEW YORK TELEPHONE BUILDING.*
Mackenzie, Vorhees and Gmelin, *Architects.* Ulysses Ricci, *Sculptor.*

They are slow to adapt and to innovate. The almost complete absence of sculpture worth the name in Italy is an eloquent testimony to the power of reinforced tradition represented by Fascismo.

France still has the memory of Bourdelle, and the work of Maillol and Bernard, but of these three only Bernard can be said to be a truly modern sculptor. The other two are experimenting with distortion and hesitate to take the plunge. Bernard alone stands out as a brilliant modern. There are, of course, experimental moderns like Chana Orloff or Céline Lepage, but their work is trivial and unimportant. France is today but fighting a rear-guard action. The more adaptable Northern and Teutonic races are in the van.

Austria, alone among European countries, seems to have achieved the perfect unity of sculpture with architecture. Where Epstein will plaster his gaunt figures on to the outside of a building, Austrian sculptors, with their natural grace and delicacy, will make their sculptures an integral part of the buildings they adorn. The decoration of the block of flats in Vienna by Ferdinand Opitz seems to me to be one of the most satisfactory combinations of architecture and sculpture to be desired.

Of Sweden it is hardly necessary to speak. Carl Milles dominates Swedish art and, for the matter of that, European art, like a Colossus. He is the most important living sculptor and the greatest influence on the future. Nor is he the only sculptor in Sweden. I am sorry that none of the work of Sture Strindberg is shown in this book, for he stands high.

Norway cannot boast the genius of Sweden. Vigeland has a great name, but his work shown in this book is poor and spiritless, lacking the fire of the great moderns. Denmark has a far more powerful claimant in Utzon-Frank, whose delicate bronzes rival those of Milles in power and personality.

In our own land there is great promise and not vast achievement. Dobson, Gill, and Ledward are too well known to need discussion. The editor of this book, Mr. Aumonier, has done some peculiarly delicate and attractive work which *de gré ou de force* is essentially modern.

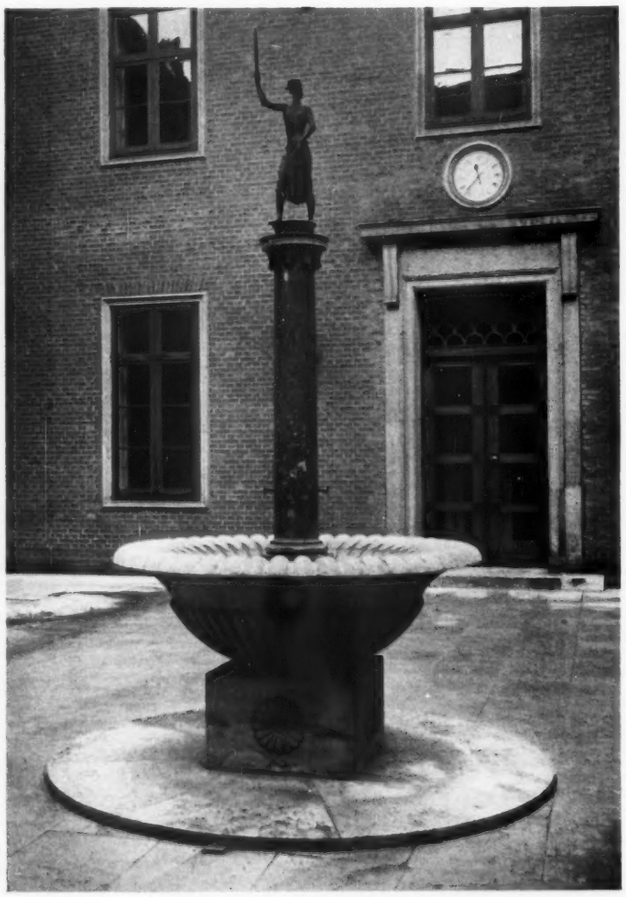
Only Eric Kennington seems to fall short of our standard. His work has neither character nor certainty. He does not seem to know whither he is striving.

The United States of America frankly puzzle me. They have one fine stylist and sculptor—Paul Manship—who ranks neither as a "modern" nor as a rigid traditionalist. Two buildings of great importance are shown here—the Nebraska State Capitol and the Los Angeles Public Library. Each is adorned with sculptures by Lee Lawrie. The sculptures in both cases give me the impression of an immense dullness, and I do not know why. I think it is because they are all so tremendously improving. The Nebraska Capitol is plastered with moral sentiments about good citizenship and the sculptures seem rather to follow suit. And all the history of art is in them. Hints of Egypt blend uneasily with hints of Assyria and Greece, and even with Hittite. The sculptor knows too much and dares too little.

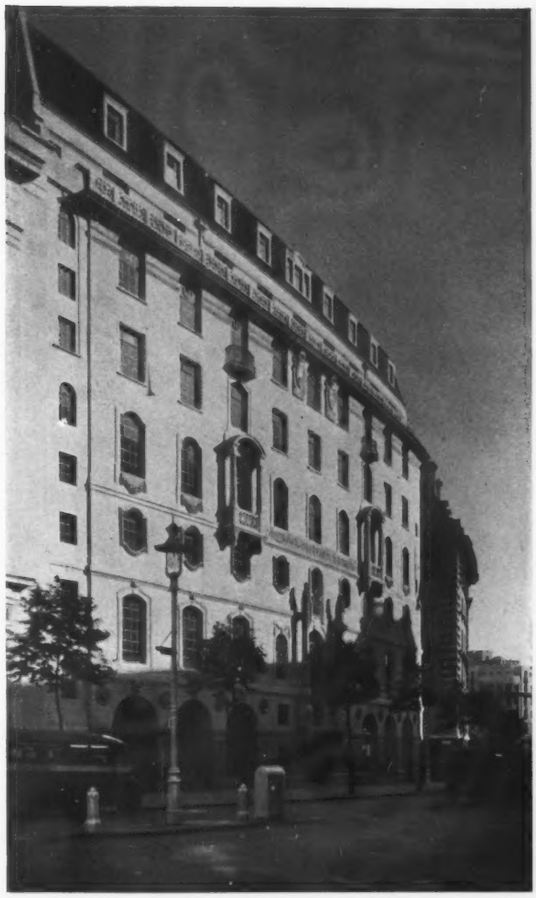
The Los Angeles Library is even more formidable. Socrates and Leonardo preside over a polyglot and polyhistoric series of reliefs in two planes. The whole thing is an aggregation of clichés rather than a unified conception. I am glad there is nothing like it in London.

It is a relief to see the frankly Oriental traceries of the New York Telephone Building. Its entrance is like a modernized *medresseh* at Samarkand, full of originality and a certain charm, and in no way bogus-Oriental. It has more dignity than any of the other American buildings shown.

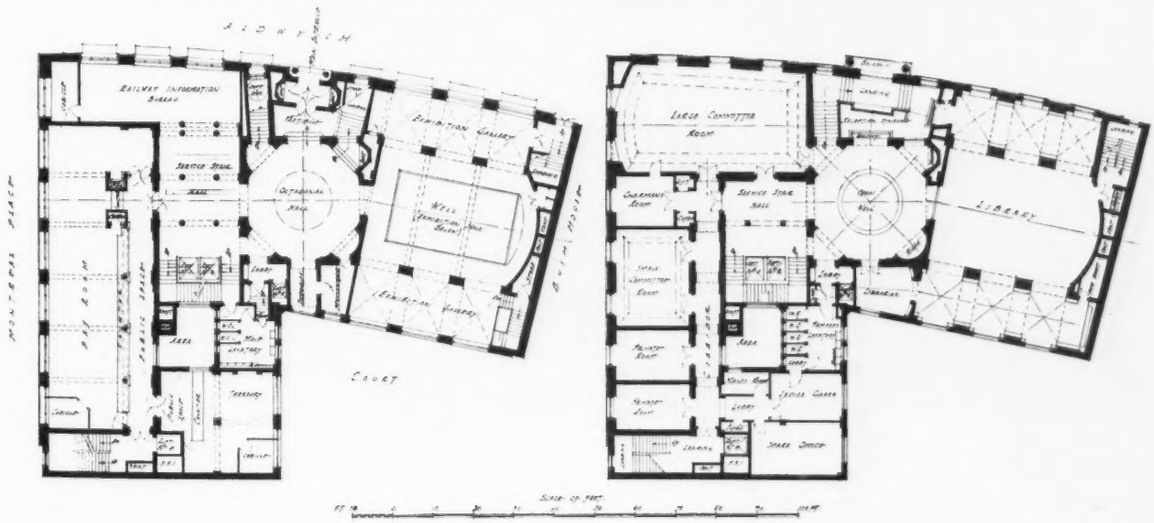
Of all this material much can be selected and much learnt from the selection. It shows the art of sculpture at its great turning point in modern times. Ten years hence we shall know where we stand. Today we can only guess. However, the destination is a good one and the travellers are well equipped. But not all of them will reach the goal of a new style and a fresh outlook.

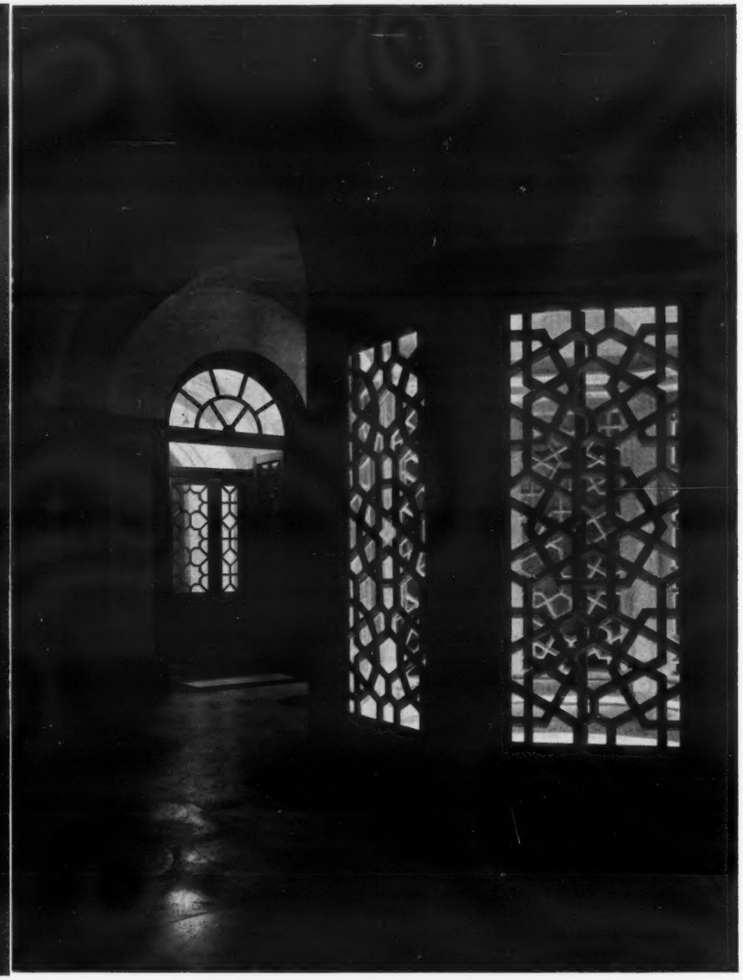


A *FOUNTAIN* at Frederiksborg, Denmark.
Professor Utzon-Frank, *Sculptor.*



India House, Aldwych, London. Sir Herbert Baker and A. T. Scott, Architects. The exterior walls of the new headquarters of the High Commissioner for India are built of Portland stone, with the exception of the ground floor which is in granite. The roof is covered with glazed Lombardic tiles of varying colours ranging from red to amber. Above the great arch in the centre of the façade is the Star of India surmounted with an Imperial crown, at each side of which is a guardian tiger supported on columns of Indian traditional form. The columns of the projecting balconies on either side above the entrance, are also traditionally Indian in their detail, and the pierced stone balustrades are composed of Jali panels. The discs in the spandrils of the arches on the ground floor are carved and painted with the Arms of Indian Provinces. The plans below show the ground and first floors.





(Left) The Exhibition Hall on the basement floor. The walls and corbelling are of red Corsehill stone. The gallery on the ground floor is enclosed with a fretted and carved balustrade of Burma Padauk, the panel motifs being Indian flowers and fruits. (Right) The octagonal ambulatory on the third floor. The walls are lined with Mereuil marble and Belgian fossil and the floor is patterned with Roman stone and Belgian fossil. The central octagonal lantern surmounting the main dome of the octagonal entrance hall on the floor below is filled with white marble screens pierced with geometrical patterns carved by Indian craftsmen in Delhi.

The octagonal entrance hall on the ground floor. The walls are built of Red Corsehill stone. Traditional motifs and shapes are woven into the column decoration and wrought-iron gates, whilst heraldic symbols from the Arms of Indian Provinces are inlaid in marble on the floor and carved on the pierced white marble balustrade around the well opening on the first floor.

Copyright reserved. *The Acropolis.*

THE GREAT ZIMBABWE.

With Notes by Claire Gaudet.

The ruins of the Great Zimbabwe owe much of their mystery to visitors since they were discovered by the American hunter and trader, Adam Renders, in 1868. *They lie about* 17 *miles south-west from Fort Victoria in Southern Rhodesia. The greater part of the literature upon these massive piles of stone has, in default of exploration on scientific lines, only increased and deepened the mystery at last cleared away by Miss Gertrude Caton Thompson and her party. The Great Zimbabwe is only one of many similar remains found all over the country. The word Zimbabwe is said to mean the capital or principal kraal of a native chief, and has been in use since the Portuguese first traded with the natives for gold in the sixteenth century. That the builders were natives of the country is fairly well established by the finding of pottery of an earlier settlement beneath the cement foundations laid down at the time of the building of the walls. There is no evidence more reliable than that of the potsherd; and black ware, polished with graphite, runs throughout the entire occupation of the site, thereby proving that the walls must have been built by natives, and that there was no foreign invasion or influence; furthermore, this pottery is said to be the prototype from which all present-day native black ware is descended. The ruins are essentially the work of primitive peoples, and exhibit no knowledge of construction other than the most rudimentary. It seems not unlikely that the builders might be the descendants of that earlier Bantu-speaking folk, a powerful tribe of negroes who gradually overran the country and who came originally from the centre of Africa in the region between the Western Nile and Lake Chad, which, we are told, they left some two or, at the utmost, three thousand years ago. There is no definite history available, so the traces of the language, aided by modern excavation and the ever-garrulous potsherd, must play the part of historian. The ruins consist of three groups: the Elliptical Temple, the Acropolis above, and the settlement or village in the valley. It is now held that the so-called "Temple" enclosure is nothing more nor less than the chief's fortified kraal or royal residence, probably the original capital of the Monomotapa State, and the Acropolis an impregnable stronghold in which the chief and his household could take refuge. The walls of the Acropolis and of the so-called Elliptical Temple below, follow the natural formation of the ground, a trait characteristic of the hundreds of sites built and deserted by these same people, who never remained long in one place. There is no planning save that, in the distribution of their parts, these ruins resemble the others in their general scheme. The height of the walls varies from* 22 *ft. to* 32 *ft. and they are built with a considerable batter. In places their width at the base measures* 15 *ft., and* 10 *ft. at the summit. They are raised with much skill with stone units of equal size. There is no mortar or cement used in any of the walling, neither are bonding stones used throughout its thickness, and although it presents a smooth face, no attention whatever has been paid to the position of the joints, for, in places, vertical or slanting lines appear which run through many courses.*

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

Old Wine in New Bottles.

By James Burford.

Neues Bauen In Der Welt. Edited by Dr. JOSEPH GANTNER. (1) **Russland.** By LISSITZKY. Price, 12.50 marks. (2) **Amerika.** By RICHARD J. NEUTRA. Price, 17.50 marks. (3) **Frankreich.** By ROGER GINSBURGER. Price, 15 marks. Vienna: Anton Schroll & Co.

THE excellent series of books under the general title of *New Buildings of the World* is edited by Dr. Joseph Gantner, of Frankfort, and published by Anton Schroll & Co. in Vienna. Three volumes have already been issued—Russia, France, and America. The contents of the books make it clear that "New Buildings" means buildings designed and carried out in a spirit of development, evolution, and adventure. The question is often asked, what this "new" architecture is all about; what it means. This question recalls a story of the author, George Macdonald. He was asked by a woman what he meant by his book *Phantastes*. He replied that he had written the book with the principal object of giving her his meaning. That is just the kind of answer one would like to give to questions about this "new" architecture. But the fact is that architecture, in England at least, is no longer current language. This is the age of the diatribe, and nothing is thought to have been stated until it has been stated in words. That, incidentally, is one of the reasons for my being called on to write this review. Not that I shall be able to give an adequate verbal answer to what is being better expressed—abroad, of course—by other means. But, even so, I may be able to give some indication of what lies behind this "new" endeavour and achievement. After that the staid British public can sit back in its chairs and say, in the justly famous words spoken on a certain occasion by the censor of films, "It is too unintelligible to have any meaning, or if it has it is probably unpleasant."

Architecture is not merely building, not even building well. It is not so simple as that. Architecture is building ordered or controlled to express an idea or an emotion appropriate to its purpose, its position in time, and, above all, to its creators. That is not a complete definition. There is much more in it than that. But there is no need to play the Mad Hatter and attempt to squeeze architecture into the teapot of definition.

Let me say a word at this point to the mechanistic school which tells us that if a building meets its purpose, and its construction is the logical outcome of the means employed, it has done all that good architecture has any right to require. It is said to be "functional." I agree with the premises as far as they go, but my answer is that the building at this point is not architecture at all. It is only ready to become architecture. I am taking architecture to be a work of art, an emotional expression, a symbol. Perhaps I can make my meaning clearer by means of an analogy.

The human figure at its highest development, and carping criticisms aside, meets its purpose, and its construction is the logical outcome of the means employed. A long and close study of the human figure convinces me, more and more, that this is so. It even produces some emotional reaction in an observer, the kind of emotion we have from seeing a good thing well done. But it is stretching a point too far to claim that the human figure, without ordered movement or deliberate arrangement, is, by itself, a work of art. It corresponds, at this point in my analogy, to the merely "functional" building of the mechanistic school. Now if the human figure, controlled by a skilled dancer, is put through the movements of a dance (I am not talking of the Black Bottom or the Six Eight or whatever the latest ballroom craze may be, but controlled and directed as Ruth St. Dennis, for instance, would do it), then this meet-to-its-purpose and "functional" human body can be made to express emotion—to express emotion of any height or of any depth. Its "functional" nature is the basis, but only the basis, the necessary preliminary provision, of this emotional expression. But there is one important limitation—and here I join hands again with the mechanistic school—the "functional" or constructional nature of the human figure, no matter what strength or vagary of emotion it is called on to express, must never be ignored; the dance must exist, we may say, within the limit of biological fitness. Let a knee or an elbow be turned out of joint and our pleasure turns to disgust. The "functional" aspect has been ignored, the dance becomes a disaster.

Now, architecture, to my mind, is just like that. It is the deliberate expression of appropriate emotion, within the limits—to go back and borrow a term from my analogy—of "biological" fitness.

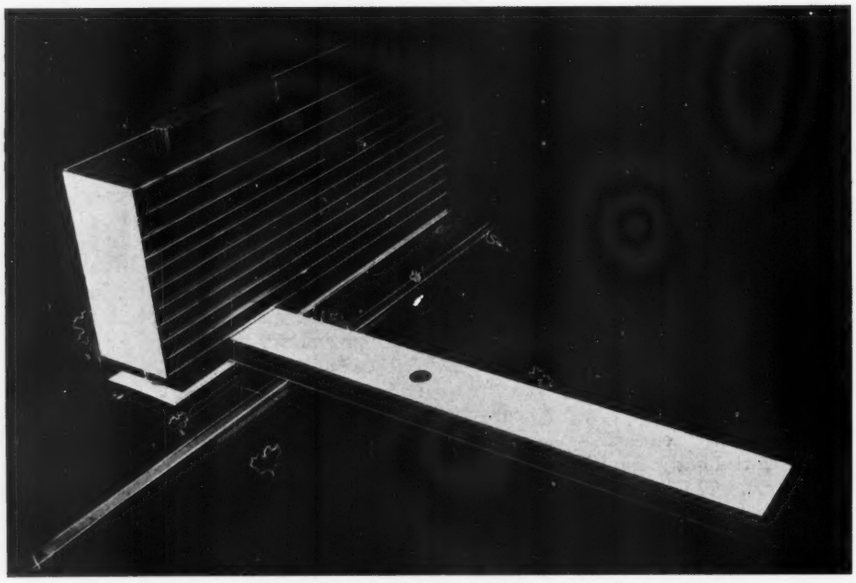
Given, then, that these "New Buildings of the World" are an endeavour to express conceptions and emotions within the limits of "functional" or "biological" fitness, the question arises as to what are the conceptions and emotions which they seek to express and which, in turn, formulate the principles of their expression.

That is a pertinent question to which a full answer cannot be made or its validity demonstrated within the space of a few pages. I can only attempt the bare outline of a statement.

"The New Buildings of the World"—with the exception of Russia which, at least to some extent, is culturally differentiated from political and geographical Europe—are limited, for the range of these publications, and consequently for this review, to the "New Buildings" of what we call the Western World, that is to Europe-without-Russia, and its offspring, America.

Behind all artistic expression there lies some fundamental view of life, some fundamental view of the world around. Personal idiosyncrasy does not concern it. It is a question of race, of blood; in the true historical sense, of Culture. Looking back over the history of the world we can trace the rise, the full-flowering, the decline of the Great Cultures of the Past. We see the Egyptian, the Chinese, the Apollonian, the Magian, the Mexican; we stand against the closing phase of our own Culture, the Culture of the West. Each has its own world-view, its own life, its own destiny. Each is born, who knows how, or whence? Each lives through its springtime, summer, autumn, winter. Each dies and passes out, who knows where?

Every vital artistic impulse, every vital urge to artistic expression, is an attempt to hold before ourselves, by a kind of symbolic representation, our relation to our world, the deepest meaning of that world to us, to mark our progress towards a full acceptance of all that this implies. That world-view is our Cultural view. If we are to recognize, as far as we are able, where we are and how we stand, we must endeavour to understand, as far as that may be



An *OFFICE BUILDING* for the Union of Consumers Co-operatives.
J. LEONIDOV, *Architect.*
From *Russland.*

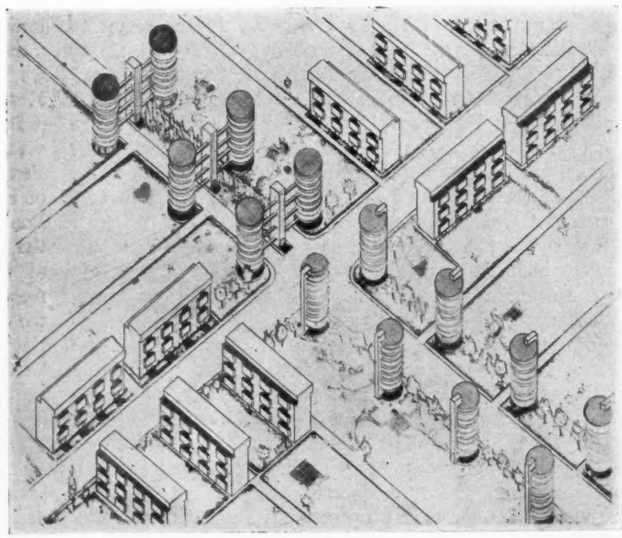
possible, what it is that goes to distinguish our Culture, and what our Culture imposes on us. But a Culture cannot be distinguished by its own light. What is inherent in us can be apprehended only by contrast with what is extraneous from us. Historical comparisons can cast light on our own situation. But here a difficulty arises. Whatever historical evidence of the inward life of alien Cultures we submit to our examination, we have to bear in mind that we view that evidence in the light of our own Culture, in the light of our own world-view, and not by the light of the world-view of the Cultures we examine. We have to realize, for example, that we can never see the world of the Classical Greek as the Classical Greek saw the world. We can never see the world of the Chinese from the truly Chinese point of view. With all our study, with our utmost endeavours to "think ourselves into" the minds of men of Cultures other than our own, the element of our own world-view must be always present, and the most we can achieve is an approximation. But, even so, the differences which emerge are at the most so striking, and at the least sufficiently distinct, to leave us with no doubt as to the implications and limitations of the world-view of the Culture of which we form a part.

The immense range of such a study is entirely beyond the scope of a brief essay in these pages. The most that can be attempted is a general statement of the results of such a series of comparisons.

What emerges, then, from the comparative study of Cultures to give us apprehension of our own—and I am fully aware of the immense difficulty of stating the matter in a few words—may be indicated along some such lines as these :—

The essence, the soul, of our Western Culture—the world-view of the peoples which go to make, and are the necessary factor to the existence of that Culture, is dynamic, relative, interactionary, infinitely-directional. Life, to men of our Western Culture, can only be conceived as a constant state of interplay of forces, a life existing by reason of action and interaction, of movement and counter-movement in a state of equilibrium. In the strict sense of the word our world—that is, what the world is to us—is a functional world, the word "function" being used to denote the quality of activity-in-existence. To us any force has value not of itself, absolute, but only in relation to other forces, and that value not in itself constant, but constantly changing with the forces by which it gains its relative existence. Our deepest experiences, our most vital expressions of the world around us, cannot be expressed in terms of finality. To take an analogy from mathematics : we can express ourselves algebraically but not arithmetically. No expression of our Western Culture can be, in the strict sense of the word, *perfect. Imperfection* in the sense of an absence of finality is the inevitable concomitant of our world-view. For life to us is never stable, never fixed, but exists only in a state of relative activity.

No Culture shows such strongly marked differences from our Western view—differences which may be



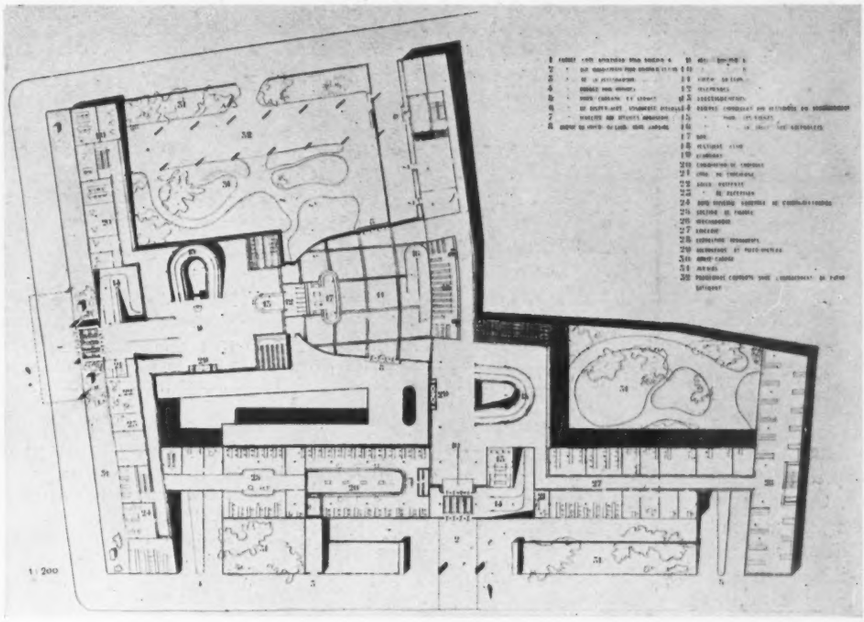
A *HOUSING SCHEME.*
KOTSCHAR, *Architect.*
From *Russland.*

termed oppositions—as the Culture of Classical Greece. The Apollonian Culture with its somatic view of the world, its point-formed existence, its timeless a-historical conception of life, its nearness, distinctness, its *perfection*, is the antithesis of our Western world-view, with its dynamism, relativism, its strong sense of time and history, its *imperfections*, its very existence dependent on the constant interplay of forces.

A few particularized comparisons may help to point the difference.

For example:—What is admirable in the Classical drama is the *attitude* of the hero. Beset by forces against which he does not regard himself as a competitor, he becomes heroic by reason of his bearing, his *attitude*. As the thunder-clouds of wrath roll by he is seen to be unmoved by the catastrophe. The emotions engendered are terror and relief. In the Western drama it is the *action* of the hero that makes him heroic. He is a vital factor in the interplay of forces. His course is altered by the force of circumstances, the circumstances are changed by the strength of his opposition. Western drama is relative, functional, activity-in-existence. It is character, not pose, which we admire.

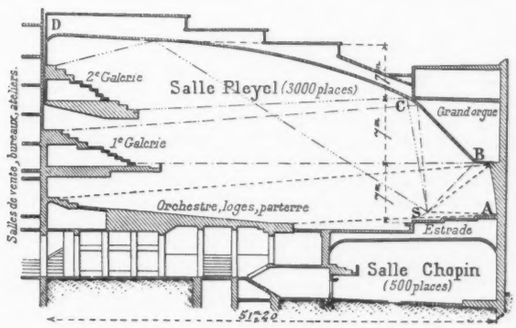
Or compare sculpture at its culminating point in Classical Greece, with the great period of sculpture in the West—the period of the great cathedrals—Chartres, for instance. Each work of Classical sculpture stands perfect in the light of day—in itself a complete statement. Even where groups of figures are found, as in a pediment, each figure has its own somatic existence. How different is the conception of the world that seeks that expression to the world-view expressed by the sculpture of the West—the cathedral sculpture—where no single figure has significance by itself, but realizes its meaning only in relation to the thousand other figures around it, so that the whole body of sculptured figures forms one contrapuntal expression of a relative conception.



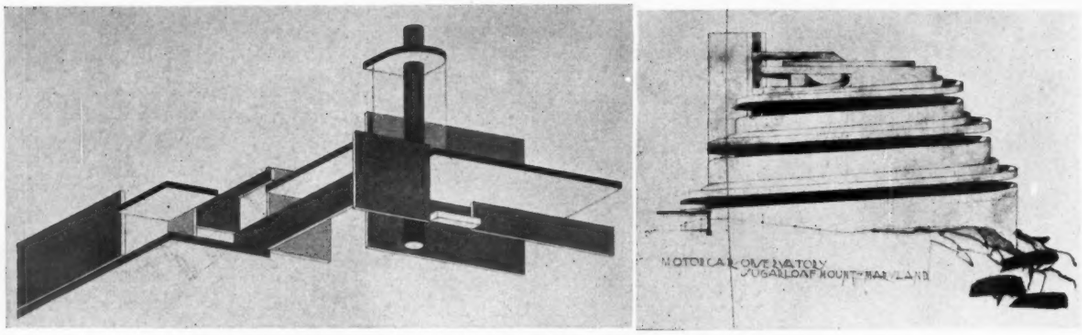
The *GROUND PLAN* of the first project for the new headquarters of the Russian Co-operative Societies. LE CORBUSIER and JEANNERET, *Architects*. From *Frankreich*.

Or contrast our conception of vista and perspective with the lack of them in Apollonian art. Or compare our conception of astronomy with the Classical view of the universe. Consider the difference between Western and Classical mathematics. Pythagoras, discovering the principles of relativity, discarded them as having no useful purpose, as we should consider the Classical conception of point-formed, somatic mathematics useless to the expression of *our* physics or astronomy.

Such examples serve only to give the slightest indication of the understanding which emerges from a comprehensive study of the comparative history of the Cultures—an understanding of the essence, or soul, of our own Culture of the West. Given, then, that the art of architecture is an expression-form of our deepest experiences, a symbol of our world-view, of the strongest impulses of the life-force of our Culture, and that that Culture is essentially dynamic, relative, functional (activity-in-existence), the basic principle of the formulation of Western architecture must be dynamic, functional, and relative. This basic principle underlies every architectural expression of the vital phases of the Western Culture. Baroque architecture, though less architectonic than the Gothic, and existing in terms of borrowed form, is actuated by principles derived (though at different stages in its development, as indicated by the change of the prime symbol from the architectural to the musical) from the same world-view, the world-view of the West. Both are essentially contrapuntal and essentially opposed to the somatic conception inherent in the world-view, and consequently in the expression-forms of Apollonian man.



Section diagram of *SOUND WAVE REFLECTIONS* at the Salle Pleyel, Paris. AUBERTON, GRANET and MATHON, *Architects*. From *Frankreich*.



Left. A sketch design for a *RADIO STATION*. K. Loenberg, *Architect*. *Right.* A project for an *EXCURSION- AND VIEW-POINT* with access to the summit for motor-cars, Sugar-Loaf Mountain, Baltimore. Frank Lloyd Wright, *Architect*. From *Amerika*.

Since the close of the eighteenth century, or thereabouts, expression-forms have been divorced from the true course of our Cultural development. Experiments have been made in the utilization of forms proper to earlier phases of our own Culture, without the actuation of those principles which originally gave them vitality; and in the imposition of forms proper to Cultures other than our own, without that absorption and metamorphosis which made the Baroque (for example) in its time and season a true expression of the Western world. The results of such experiments were inevitably lifeless. The futility of such attempts at retrogression and imposition is recognized by the most vital minds today.

These "New Buildings"—and my limitation of the term should be borne in mind—some with a marked degree of success, are a serious endeavour to express, in terms proper to our own Culture, our relation to our world at our own time. In the true sense of the word, they are Traditional.

* * *

Unfortunately the majority, in this country at least, in whom the Cultural life flows at so low an ebb as to be practically non-existent, do not see it in that way.

Town Planning in France.

L'Urbanisme à la Portée de Tous. By Jean Raymond. Paris: Dunod Editeurs.

M. RAYMOND is a pupil of the *Ecole des Hautes Etudes Urbaines*, for which he makes the rather sweeping claim that it provides "the only town-planning course in existence" (French writers, technical and otherwise, are apt to imagine that France = the universe). Moreover, he complains that there is still no proper standard work on the subject, which is even harder to believe unless this statement is qualified by "in French." The truth of the matter is that town planning is in much the same backward state in France—perhaps as the result of the inefficiency of an over-centralized administration—as the provision of modern sewerage and pure water supply. This little primer, therefore, will be of real use to M. Raymond's compatriots; while his practical experiences in Morocco, where he was engaged in laying out the new quarters of Casablanca and Rabat, should prove of considerable technical interest for foreign students.

A good many of M. Raymond's 177 pages are wasted in an academic preliminary review of the historical origins of city planning—"*au commencement de la ville est le chemin*," etc.—which is rather out of place in so slender a volume. "What a town needs is personality." The object of civic design is to "*donner une âme à la cité*"; a soul that can be imparted, apparently, by the application of such purely mathematical formulæ as "the superficial area of a projected town should be equal to the sum of its intended inhabitants divided by their density of population per acre." M. Raymond lays much stress on the necessity for a proper, and constantly revised, "*dossier urbain*": a corpus of methodical municipal documentation on the town's history and development in relation to its topographical, geological, hydrographic, climatic, economic, and social conditions.

That the area of urban parks ought not to be inferior to 10 per cent. of the town's built-up area is unexceptionable. When, however, the author adds: "small squares and gardens have not much hygienic value in a civic sense," he contradicts, not only the basic principle of garden-city design, but also his own assertion that "garden cities, with their individual gardens and agricultural zones, should prove the best possible propaganda for the 'Back to the Land Movement.'" The absurdly incomplete comparative table of the great cities of the world (thirteen in all, only two of which are European), showing the number of their inhabitants per hectare (2 acres and 1 rood odd) of public parks must surely be inaccurate in stating the figure for London as 1,000 to 1 as against New York's 943 to 1. Intermural Paris makes the worst showing of all with 1,354 to 1. There is brief mention of Sir Titus Salt's early experiment at Saltaire, Port Sunlight, Bournville, and "the first real garden city" at a place called "Letworth" (*sic*), but the short section devoted to satellite towns, which is illustrated by almost astronomic diagrams, contains no reference to Welwyn.

M. Raymond gives several examples of current French practice in road-making. Thus the camber of streets should be between 1-40 and 1-80; and their width in multiples of 2·50 metres. The breadth of their pavements—which require an inward slant of ·02 to ·04 per metre—should be in multiples of ·75 metres. (He might have insisted on the expediency of *paving* these pavements; a practice which is far from universal in France.) The best slopes for roads are in the ratio of 2–3 per cent.; 5 per cent. should never be exceeded if possible. The requisite interval between small trees bordering a highway is 4 metres; in the case of elm or chestnut the spacing should be 6 metres, for poplars 8, and for plane trees 10. "Nothing is more depressing than a long, straight road arriving on the axis of a large building. One is overwhelmed and obsessed by this monument which seems to retreat in proportion as one approaches it."

The functions of a cross-roads (*carrefour*) and a "*place*," M. Raymond rightly insists, must not be confused in drafting a plan, as they often are in English surveys owing to the few examples of the latter which our existing towns have to offer. That "terminus stations in big cities are no better than *culs-de-sac*" is a condemnation which requires qualification since the introduction of electric traction on suburban lines. The elaborated Greek Cross sections of Le Corbusier's communal skyscrapers "have not yet proved their worth and should only be resorted to in very special circumstances." What is remarkable about M. Raymond's admission that "the concierge's lodge, being a place of call for all tenants, should be a particularly well lighted and ventilated spot instead of the sombre dungeon we are only too familiar with in most large French towns," is that it does not so much as envisage the possibility of abolishing this grotesque

medieval anachronism. It is no less amazing to find him saying that least light is required in those rooms that are least used, such as "dining- and drawing-rooms." There are some useful notes on Knapen syphons, a Belgian invention for draining damp walls which has recently been tried in this country.

Several pages are devoted to Tergnier, at present the only real garden city in France. Tergnier, which was built by the Chemin de Fer du Nord to house some of its employees rendered homeless by the war, was designed by M. R. Dautry, the chief engineer of the company, who contributes a short introduction to this book. By 1925, 940 masonry and 300 wooden houses had been built there (some detached and some in blocks of two to four cottages), only ten of which are of similar design. The inhabitants in that year numbered 4,000; 7,000 being the maximum population which is to be ultimately provided for. Of the 150 hectares which the site contains, nine are devoted to sports grounds, five to parks, 200,000 square metres to streets and open squares, while only 55,000 square metres in all are destined to be covered with buildings. Seven hundred square metres of ground are allotted per house. Each house cost 25–30,000 francs to build, including the price of the land at 10–15,000 francs per hectare. Though M. Raymond claims that modern hygiene has been combined with "*des extérieurs coquets*," he admits that much of the building was altogether too rapid to have been satisfactory. Most of the designs are, indeed, rather deplorable, while living- and bath-rooms are only provided in the foremen's houses. An extraordinary combined water-tower and bandstand, which is apparently the pride of Tergnier, is illustrated in the book.

M. Raymond regrets that in rebuilding the towns and villages of the devastated region of France many old errors of planning, such as the retention of existing building lines in narrow streets, have been perpetuated. He also deplores that the town-planning legislation of France should be behind that of Morocco (and, he might have added, of most other civilized countries). It is interesting to learn that the original plan of Mogador was the work of a French civil engineer named Cornut, who was for long a prisoner of the Sultan of Morocco. There is a particularly instructive explanation, accompanied by plans, of alternative schemes for site development redistribution, known, respectively, as the "percentage" and "*demi-rue*" systems, as applied to the Bou-Regreg sector of Mazagan. The "*Voirie*" by-laws of the municipality of this town are given in full. Three of them deserve to be quoted:

Article 29.—"Every blind, or party, wall visible from the public highway must be decorated in conformity with plans approved by the municipality." Article 30.—"The colour schemes and designs chosen for all house frontages, walls, doors, windows, and shop fronts must be submitted to the municipality for its approval. In certain cases the municipality may require specimens of these to be executed *in situ* in order that modifications may be made where this is considered necessary." Article 32.—"The posting of advertisements and the placing of signs is prohibited everywhere except in the spaces specifically reserved for the purpose."

On the whole, France has still about as much to learn, and as little to teach, in regard to town planning, as urban sanitation.

P. Morton Shand.

Angkor Vat.

Le Temple d'Angkor Vat. With 150 collotype plates and an Introduction by Louis Finot. Two volumes. Published for l'Ecole Française d'Extrême Orient by G. Van Oest, Paris. Price 400 francs.

THIS work attempts to give a complete photographic survey of the temple of Angkor Vat, in what is nowadays a part of French Cochin-China. Since about the middle of the last century, when the site was first visited by a French Jesuit, le P. Bouilleraux, Angkor Vat has often been described and has been drawn and photographed more than once. Such accounts, however, usually display an entire absence of exact scientific knowledge. It was not until 1907, when Angkor and the surrounding district passed into the French colonial empire, that the study of these stupendous ruins was undertaken upon a scientific basis. Since then the monument itself has been carefully stripped of the invading vegetation, the tottering masonry repaired, and the various inscriptions which it contains as far as possible deciphered—with the result that Angkor Vat has now emerged from the penumbra of legend and hearsay; we can fix the approximate date of its erection and have gained some fairly comprehensive idea of the brilliant Aryan people which, during several centuries, maintained here a civilization in many ways not inferior to the achievements of Babylon and Rome.

Briefly, Angkor Vat was built towards the middle of the twelfth century and served as a gigantic mortuary chapel to the deified monarch, Sūryavarman II. Hence its name, which signifies "Palace-Monastery." One need hardly mention that Angkor-Vat is an annexe of Angkor-Jhom, which comprises the ruins, even more spectacular, of the palace and government buildings proper. The unfinished temple, M. Louis Finot conjectures in his introduction to the present volumes, may have been used, during the monarch's lifetime, as a place of retirement from the cares of State. After his death, he was deified here under the form of Vishnu. Thus the religious character of the edifice is purely Vishnuite. Buddhism, contrary to the speculations of many early travellers, only established itself as an interloper—though it is to Buddhism, incidentally, that we owe the preservation of the monument. For Angkor Vat became a place of pilgrimage, and today it is still inhabited by a colony of yellow-robed Buddhist priests, while the numerous Buddhas which populate its empty, bat-haunted corridors collect their pious toll of incense-sticks and votive flowers.

Of the extraordinary dignity of its architecture I hope to be able to write at greater length after a projected visit to the ruins. It must be sufficient to say that Angkor combines the advantages and disadvantages of any work raised by slave labour. While its conception is magnificently bold and spacious, the detail of the execution is frequently mechanical and hackneyed. For example, the celebrated frieze of scenes taken from the Ramayana, can scarcely be considered seriously from a sculptural point of view. Yet fine sculptors the Khmer artists must have been; witness the splendid head, reproduced as plate 89 of the second volume. The photographs contained in these two volumes are, on the whole, extremely good. The book is expensive, but certainly worth the price. It gives an adequate impression of one of the great monuments to the constructive genius of the Aryans.

Peter Quennell.

A Romantic Country.

Yugo-Slavia, Slavonia, Croatia, Dalmatia, Montenegro, Herzegovina, Bosnia and Serbia. By Kurt Hielscher. London, The Studio Ltd. Price 30s. net.

THE author of this book on Yugo-Slavia has, in reality, provided an extensive photographic panorama of the countries now grouped together under the title of Yugo-Slavia, embracing Slavonia, Croatia, Dalmatia, Montenegro, Herzegovina, Bosnia and Serbia. The letterpress, which is brief and occupies some nine pages, is accompanied by over one hundred and ninety illustrations, each bearing a short explanatory foot-note.

These illustrations are admirable, and range from purely architectural subjects, such as the edifices and monuments of the Dalmatian towns, to the forest-clad beauty of Bosnia, the stark majesty of the Karst mountains, and the mighty peaks of Alpine character of the north of Slovenia.

Typical peasant costumes are shown here and there; but, knowing that fascinating country, I feel that the introduction of more local colour in the form of peasant garb would have been preferable to the inclusion of so many landscape pictures. It is somewhat surprising to find that the old-time spelling of the names of towns is observed in the book. For Dubrovnik we have Ragusa; for Ljubljana, Laibach; for Split, Spalato; and as this excellent work is likely to be sold to prospective visitors to the country, such a departure from the present customs in nomenclature is rather misleading.

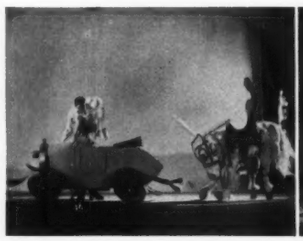
One or two errors of description have crept in; for instance, in the plate on page 130 the youth is described as playing a tambourine. The English translator has taken this to be a literal rendering of the word "tamboura," which relates to an entirely different instrument bearing some resemblance to a guitar.

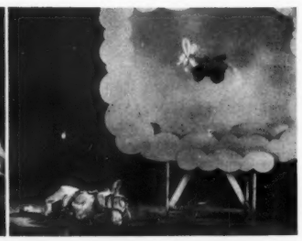
Architects will delight in the pictures of noble buildings such as Diocletian's Palace at Split (occupying eleven acres of ground), a whole series of the castellated city of Dubrovnik—that positive dream of beauty—and the Cathedral at Trogir, called Traù in the book. Not less interesting are the examples of the homes of the people, which are roofed in highly characteristic fashion, with long wooden shingles.

Julia Chatterton.

MARIONETTES.

Some interesting experiments are being made at Wembley by the Associated Sound Film Industries, Ltd., with films acted by marionettes, operated by the well-known Gorno family. Producers and directors will readily agree that marionette films are still in their early and experimental stages. The films gain immensely from the synchronized sound. But the advantage of the spoken word, freely employed in these films, is difficult to understand. The charm of the little figures lies very much in their fantastic character, in their air of unreality. Our delight in being allowed to look on, for the time being, at a world not quite our own is destroyed by the realism of ordinary, or nearly ordinary, human speech. If speech must be used at all it should be in the highly conventionalized form of articulated squeaks and gurgles of the kind we associate with our old friends, Punch and Judy. One of the principal opportunities offered to their directors by these marionette films lies in the possibility of emphasis, or caricature, of movement.





The burlesque film, Paleface and Redskin, *directed by Mr. Harrison, stresses the basic elements of that truly American epic, the Wild West film. The simplicity of the foundation of love and adventure on which these films are principally built up is humorously given additional emphasis by duplicating the achievements of the hero by the performance of his horse. Whilst the hero and heroine are engaged in that amorous "business" without which no Wild West film would be complete, the hero's horse, as the scene on the left shows, flirts unblushingly with the heroine's automobile. Whilst it would be almost profane to doubt the ultimate success of the principal hero of the piece, we may conclude from the evidence of the horse's delightful dream, depicted with engaging naïveté in the scene on the right, that he, too, enjoyed his due reward. Even without the label of "Tom Mixup" there can be no doubt as to which particular hero of those "wide, open spaces" Mr. Harrison has chosen to caricature.*

(*Left*) *In the comic operetta,* A Limejuice Tragedy, *Mr. Harrison burlesques the too penetrating astuteness of the famous personality of Baker Street, and the incredible obtuseness of his faithful foil and friend. The scene is laid in one of those opium dens which seem to enjoy such a flourishing existence on the popular screen. For reasons given in the introductory note this film is probably the least successful of the four, as its humour relies too much on the word and too little on the action.* (*Right*) *There can be no doubt as to the origin of this caricature from a film, the title of which has not been decided. The little figure is a masterpiece in its way. But Mr. Keaton expresses his humour with a subtlety and delicacy difficult to convey through the movements of a marionette. The fun of this film lies in its situations rather than in its delineation of character.*

The principal figure in this film, entitled Our Dumb Friends League, *needs no introduction. Mr. Grierson was the director. The "plot," if so airy a structure can be termed a plot, turns, as the title perhaps suggests, on the relation between the silent and talking film. Mr. Grierson has cleverly inspired his marionette with the characteristic attributes and behaviour of the world's most famous clown, but we gather from the pathetic ending that the "talkies" have "come to stay."*

MERCURIUS.

A Free Commentary.

By Junius.

IT is comforting in these days of the mass-production of journals by powerful corporations to find so admirable a publication as *The Countryman*, well written, edited with imagination and a scholarly sensitiveness, and excellently printed, establishing itself independently as indispensable to the intelligent country-dweller, in spite of dubious head-wagging, both of knowledgeable professional critics and uninstructed well-wishers. It says much, too, for the one hundred and sixteen advertisers that they had the wit to see that this modest-looking venture was worth patronizing and would justify their confidence. The editor, Mr. J. Scott Robertson, is a young man, born in the late sixties, who retired to the country close upon thirty years ago to devote himself to the intensive study of rural problems. Everybody who was intelligently interested in agriculture and the countryside before the War knew the signature " Home Counties " and read the good stuff that was to be found over it. *The Countryman* is a dreamer's dream come true and is the kind of journal so rare these days that has a personality and a mission without being a bore. The week-ender can learn to be a good countryman from its bright, well-informed, and sanely inspired pages. And to the countryman proper it is a friend indeed.

* * *

Churchmen (I hope) and collectors (certainly) will be impatient to welcome the splendid folio Bible which the Oxford University Press is to produce under the direction of Mr. Bruce Rogers. It is to be set in the beautiful Centaur type which that distinguished and patient typographer has produced after Nicholas Jenson. Mr. Bruce Rogers's transcript has a grace and delicacy which other versions, after this model, made from worn type and impressions that have " spread," unquestionably lack. I have been privileged to see the title and text page specimens which have nobility and an austere dignity, unrubricated, eschewing all decoration and relying for their beauty on the unaided art of the typographer. Here for the first time will be offered a serious challenge to the hitherto unchallenged Doves Bible of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson and Mr. Emery Walker.

* * *

Dons, American well-wishers, and undergraduates have been writing to *The Times* to explain what to any perceptive visitor to the once beautiful and restful city has long been obvious, that Oxford is now about as well suited to be a seat of learning as, say, Whale Island at the height of the gunnery season. Work is impossible to anyone with a window giving upon the streets which are mere railways for the conveyance of goods and rubber-necks, while the motor bicycles of the undergraduates themselves poop up and down and round about to the increase of the general clamour. It is even doubtful if soon a stone will be left upon a stone—the very walls are cracking.

Is there no one of light and leading and courage in the home of lost causes who will issue forth from some crumbling quad and do battle for Peace and Sanity against Noise-for-Progress-and-Business sake and Hugger-Mugger Development motived by no other principle than the sacred rights of private greed—for that is what it all amounts to. Heroic measures are called for, when even the Burgesses of Brighton have risen up and declared that they have had enough of it—and would fain occasionally sleep o' nights.

* * *

Why, indeed, should not the University authorities forthwith declare the University closed and steadfastly refuse to reopen it till such time as complete jurisdiction, as of a city within a city, be given to them over the whole area enclosing the colleges—with a sufficient margin for a sound-barrier. That would quickly bring the Interests to heel. This inner city would, I dream, be protected by its own toll-gates (to say nothing of ramparts, barbican and drawbridge); lorries might be passed in upon their lawful occasions for fixed and strictly limited hours after paying due toll on entrance, and again on leaving if they had outstayed their time and their welcome. Motor-buses and " de luxe " charabancs—" Blue Bird," " Pride of the Valley," " Scourge of the Countryside," and what not—would discharge their freights outside the Inner City gates. Street musicians would be thrown into the Isis, together with gear-wrenchers, klaxoners and cutters-out. Enlightened by-laws forbidding altogether the importation of the gramophone and the loud-speaker would perhaps hardly commend themselves to the younger generation, which apparently can hardly read a novel without putting on a record, or conduct a conversation except against a background of estimable but entirely unregarded B.B.C. noises.

* * *

And meanwhile the Design and Industries Association has issued a *Cautionary Guide to Oxford* to stress the moral of what may, of what does inevitably, happen if citizens who may be supposed to care for the dignity and beauty of their city, sit back with folded arms and let the enemy destroy it under their noses. Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis is, in his introduction, less truculent than usual. Perhaps he is a little overawed by his subject—whereas if St. Albans is to be lashed with whips Oxford invites scorpions. Perhaps he is touched because there appears to be one just man in Oxford—the City Engineer—who is doing his best with what comes under his jurisdiction. The indictment by photograph is vigorous and pointed. Unfortunately, small-scale photographs are inevitably flattering, and give no sufficient impression of the real squalor of the originals; and some of the worst of Oxford, the long sad rows of banal respectable villas inhabited by dons and other people of culture, does not appear at all in the brief.

* * *

Philadelphia has an important shopping street—Market Street—and proposes right now to deal with that fatuous abomination the projecting sign, not in the teeth, but with the support, of the enlightened merchants trading therein. Says the President of the Market Street Merchants' Association among other sane things: " We are making every effort to eliminate this nuisance and have the support of all clear-thinking and progressive merchants. Such merchants are ready to pull down their signs in unison with their fellows, realizing that the days of the totem pole are past and that appealing windows and architectural features should supplant them." We commend these admirable sentiments and this enlightened example to our irrepressible totemists.

* * *

It is a pity that the R.A.C. is too proud to take advice about the æsthetic side of its useful labelling operations. A no-entry sign at the north-east corner of Cavendish Square, and no doubt elsewhere, doesn't exactly add to the amenities, and it might so easily be made to do so. The R.A.C. might have taken warning from the bridge sign of their A.A. rivals. That brilliant effort, apparently (but, I think, not actually) representing a waterfall of mustard, shatters the soft grey of many a lovely old stone bridge in this long-suffering island. . . . We now await the promised direction signs for the pillar-boxes of London with less apprehension, because Government departments are showing increasing signs of enlightenment and respect for sensitive eyes.

* * *

A case heard a little while ago in Paris should be of interest to artists as proving that it is not only in England that the commercial doctrine is held that the payer of the piper can not only call but can alter the tune. The Bank of France, having commissioned from the late Luc-Olivier Merson a design for the new 50-franc note, proceeded to improve it, still leaving, however, the artist's signature upon the amended design. The heirs sued the Bank, demanding the deletion of the signature for the sake of the dead artist's reputation; and purely nominal damages for principle's sake. The Bank's case was, of course, that a bank-note was not a work of art, and that having been handsomely paid for his design, the artist had no further concern with or rights over it. The court, however, found without qualification for the plaintiffs.

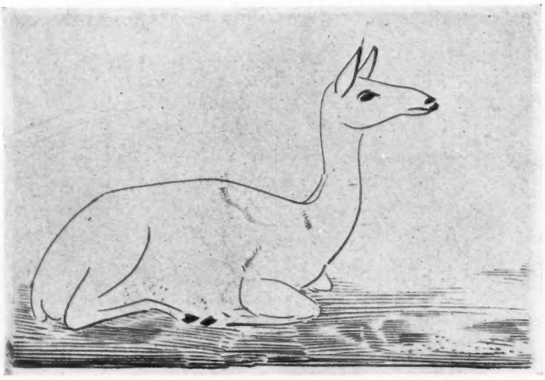
* * *

A grim clerical joke of the month deserves general commemoration. The three Cardinal Archbishops of Milan, Genoa, and Naples have comforted their tragically smitten flocks and improved the dread occasion by informing all and sundry that God, angered beyond bearing by the short skirts of Italian maids and matrons, has bidden the earth open up and overwhelm them together with their innocent brothers and fathers. The Nachtkulturists of Germany must be apprehensive and presently expect to be blown clean off the Fatherland.

ETCHING : DRYPOINT : ENGRAVING.

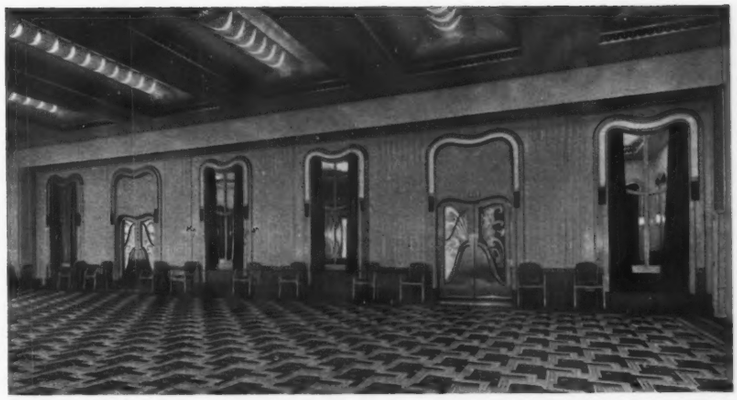
ROUGH PLAY.—An etching by Orovida, reproduced by permission of the Redfern Gallery, 27 Old Bond Street, London. Great flexibility of line can be obtained in an etching chiefly because the pressure of the needle upon the copper plate need only be of sufficient strength to expose the ground which has previously been spread upon it; so that when the plate is put into the acid bath the acid can eat away the portions thus exposed. Hence, so far as the physical aspect of the lines is concerned, it is the acid that does the work; therefore, there is no impediment to the even flow of the needle as the artist draws with it upon the plate. The depth and strength of the lines are determined by the length of time the plate remains in the acid bath. When examined under a magnifying glass it will be seen that these lines are practically uniform in character: the general qualifying tone upon which they appear is obtained by not wiping the plate quite clean, thus leaving a slight film upon it.

DEER.—A drypoint by David Jones, reproduced by permission of the St. George's Gallery, George Street, Hanover Square, London. In a drypoint, as in an etching, the needle is drawn over the plate; but, as there is no waxed surface and no acid action afterwards, the pressure upon the needle has to be of sufficient strength to score the line upon the copper. This scored line, which is of the nature of a ploughed furrow with an uneven ridge on both sides of it, holds the ink, and gives to the line when printed a furry velvety quality. One of the charms of a drypoint is the precise air of determination given to it by the somewhat rigid pressure of the needle: the artist, knowing that whatever marks he makes will appear in the print, reveals a sort of careful awareness in every line; there is none of the casual ease of the etcher, who, if he makes a mistake, can always stop it out with varnish before he puts the plate in the acid.



A GAZELLE.—An engraving on copper by J. Hecht, reproduced by permission of the St. George's Gallery. An engraving upon copper has qualities which are entirely distinct from an etching or a drypoint. Instead of a needle the engraver uses a tool which he pushes away from him and which cuts a clean-edged line as it goes. In this particular example, where the line is used, not to express light and shade, but entirely for the sake of the beauty of the line itself, it will be realized that great skill and assurance are necessary. When examined, the beauty of the cleanly engraved line will be apparent: the economy of the means used, the great value of the slightest accents, in the seizure of opportunities to secure these accents (as shown in the treatment of the hoofs, the eye and the nostril), the importance of this limited use of black to the engraving as a whole will be appreciated.

RAYMOND MCINTYRE.



The new Empire Room at the Trocadero Restaurant, London, looking towards the *MOVABLE WALL*. Views showing the wall half down and completely lowered will be found on page 141.

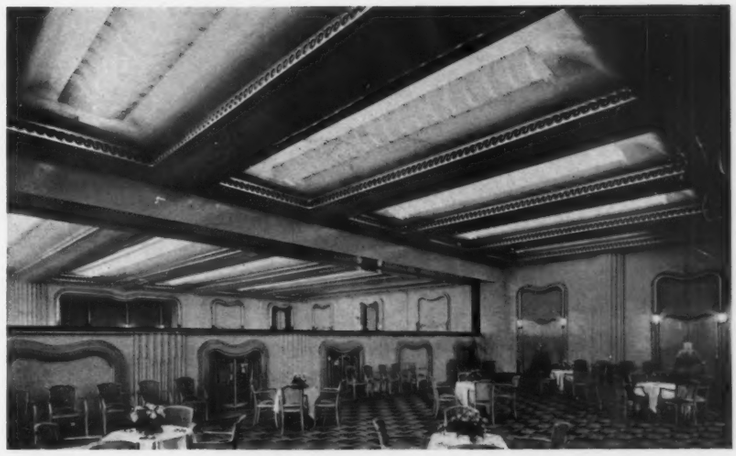
Oliver Bernard, *Architect.*

The Architectural Review
Supplement
September 1930

Decoration & Craftsmanship

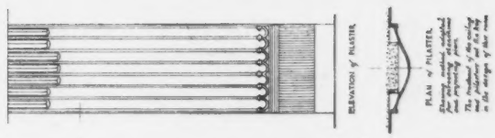
OVERLEAF: *AT CLOSE RANGE.*

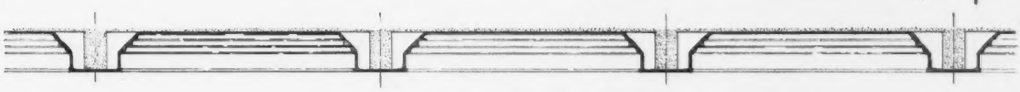
A detail of one of the painted and gilt carved wood doorways to the drawing-room at Basildon Park, Pangbourne, Berkshire. John Carr of York, *Architect.* Illustrations of the drawing-room and its ceiling are given on pages 114–116.



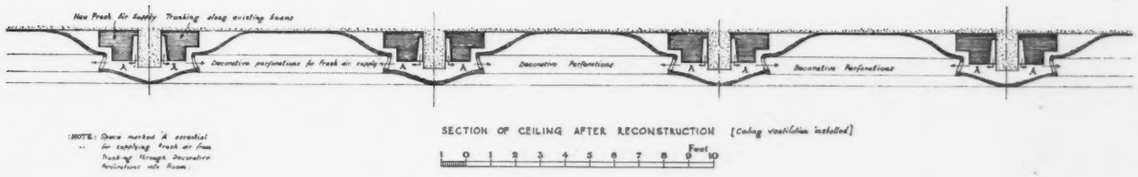
The New Empire Room at the Trocadero Restaurant, London. Designed by Oliver Bernard. (Right) The movable dividing wall is shown half down. (Centre) Sections of the ceiling before and after reconstruction. (Below) The movable wall has been lowered to the floor level.

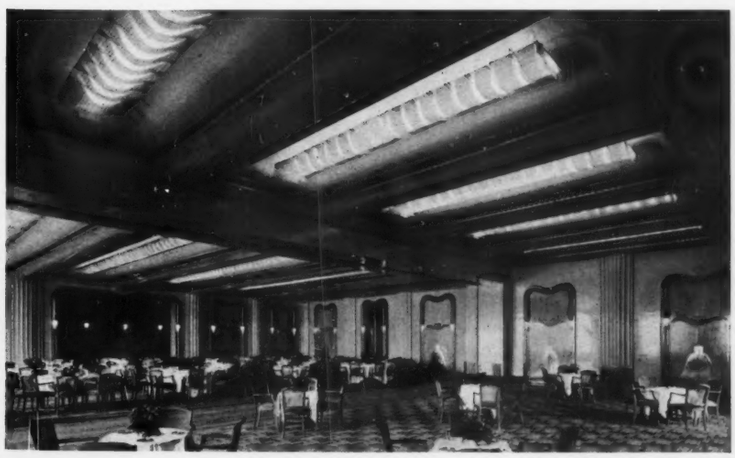
The entire room is 82 ft. long and 67 ft. wide. When desired, it can be divided into two separate banqueting rooms by the sinking and rising screen which is operated by electricity. This screen or false wall is a complete replica of the surrounding walls. The glasswork introduces a new form of plate glass into this country of a colour in which the pink of the Gloire de Dijon rose is blended with the palest gold amber. It has been carried out in a framework of electro-gilt bronze. The lines throughout the design are in harmony with the studied curves of the ceiling and the window and door architraves. The ventilation has been incorporated in a boldly-designed ceiling consisting of uninterrupted and curvilinear recesses, and again concealed behind grilles which are treated as the form of a fringe to the wall decoration above the skirting.





SECTION OF CEILING BEFORE RECONSTRUCTION [No ceiling ventilation installed].





the windows, doors, and arch to the recess, are daringly projected and finished in gold leaf. These overlays are terminated at their base with glass tassels of blown glass tubes in variegated colours, and crystal beads, forming original and brilliant electric fittings. The lighting fittings are echoed in the construction of twelve ceiling panels of tubular glass. Six of these are 31 ft. long and 2 ft. 9 in. wide, and the other six are 17 ft. long and 2 ft. 9 in. wide. In spite of its great length and area, the total weight of a fitting 31 ft. long is only 62 lb. About thirty-six thousand tubes have been used for the ceiling fittings and wall tassels, and 380 lamps are fitted to the walls and ceiling.

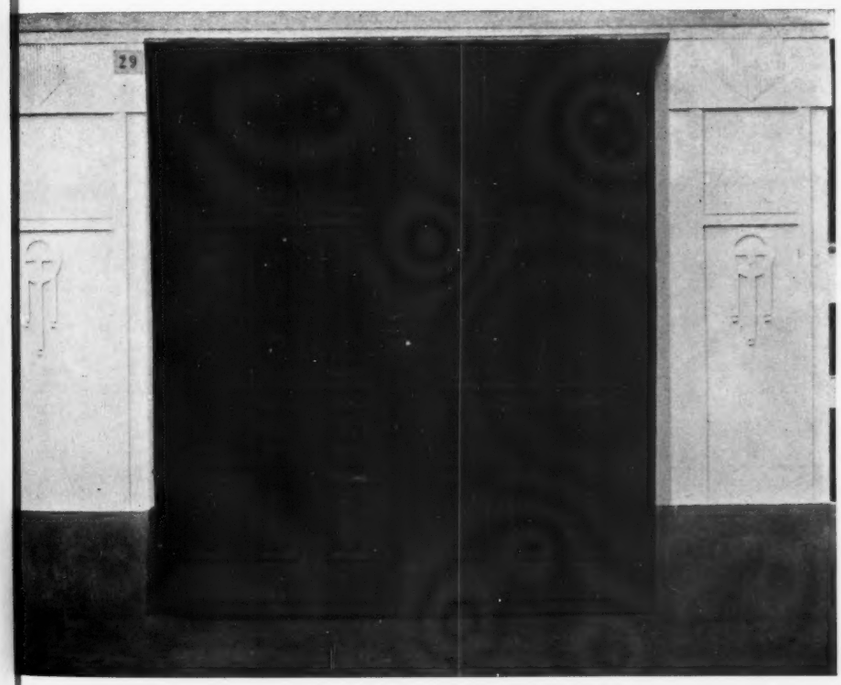
(*Above*) *A close-up view of the screen between the Empire Room and the foyer.* (*Below*) *Looking towards the screen and the foyer. The windows and door surrounds are carried out in specially selected sycamore and oak, left natural with a dull wax polish. The overlays of the architraves to*

LI—Doorways in Czecho-Slovakia.

With Notes and Photographs by Lady Ingram.

The doorways of the cottages in the villages of Czecho-Slovakia are extremely varied and often of quite an imposing character. This is due to the fact that what appears to be the doorway of a cottage is often the entrance to a small farmyard, the actual cottage doorway being either a small one at the side of the larger one, or inside the yard, at right angles to the yard entrance. These large doorways are often 8 ft. to 9 ft. wide to permit a cart or cattle to pass through. They are sometimes made of oak and carved, the wood being merely oiled or lightly varnished; but more often they are made of heavy deal and the wood is cut into panels of various shapes to form simple designs, and then painted bright colours. The designs used for the doorways are generally purely conventional and geometrical, but others suggest a "setting sun" or "sun's rays"; when this is the case they are painted red and yellow to enhance the effect. Other colour-schemes which find favour are grey and green, brown and orange, blue and yellow, or two shades of blue, all of brighter hues than would be used in England. The door handles are of plain iron, but many of the doors have wrought-iron "rosettes" for ornamentation. These are shaped like a rose or a heart and sometimes have iron rings with which to close the door.

A very old oak doorway in the village of *KRAKOVANY*.



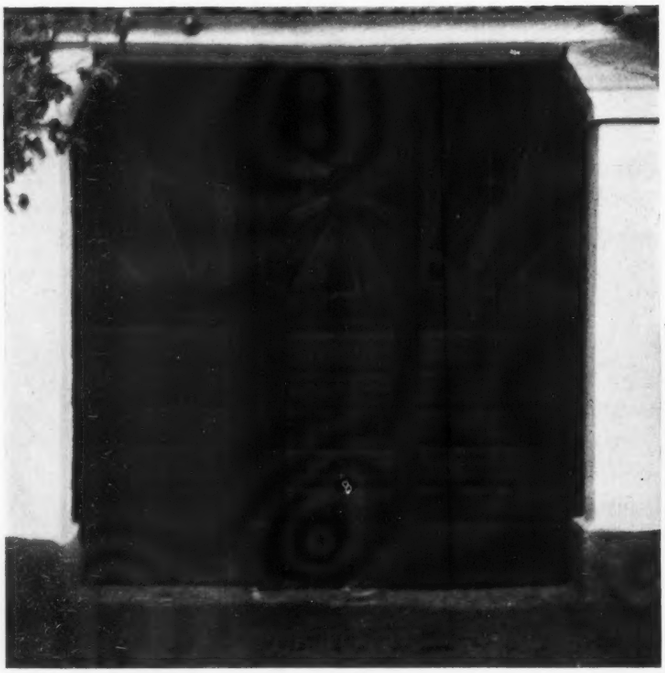
An old varnished oak door in *KRAKOVANY*.

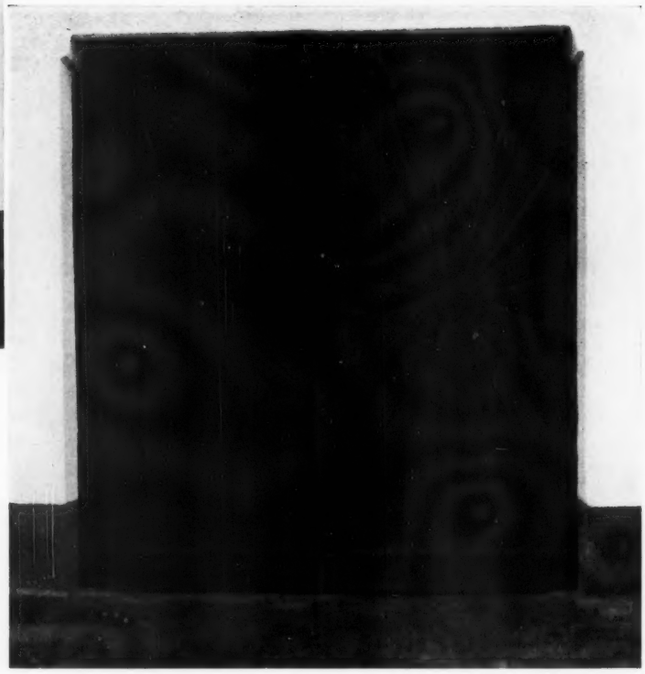
When iron ornaments were too costly, wooden imitations would be made and glued on, and these often form the central point of the design. The large doorways are not divided down the centre, but have a large and a small division, and there is usually a heavy iron rod which holds the larger division steady, while leaving the small part free to open easily for the use of those on foot. On either side of the door there are usually pillars and sometimes simple paster ornamentation, while every house has two small front gardens which are either fenced in with a wattle fencing, wooden palings, or wire netting.

In the *WAAG VALLEY*. This door is painted in two shades of blue and has both iron and wooden ornamentation.

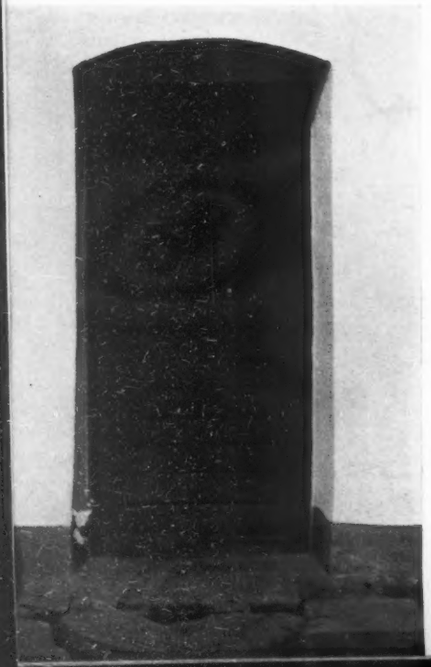
An oak outer-gate to the door of a cottage in the village of *BANKA*. The door is painted dark blue.

A door in the village of *CHTELNICA* with the "sun's rays" design painted in red and yellow.

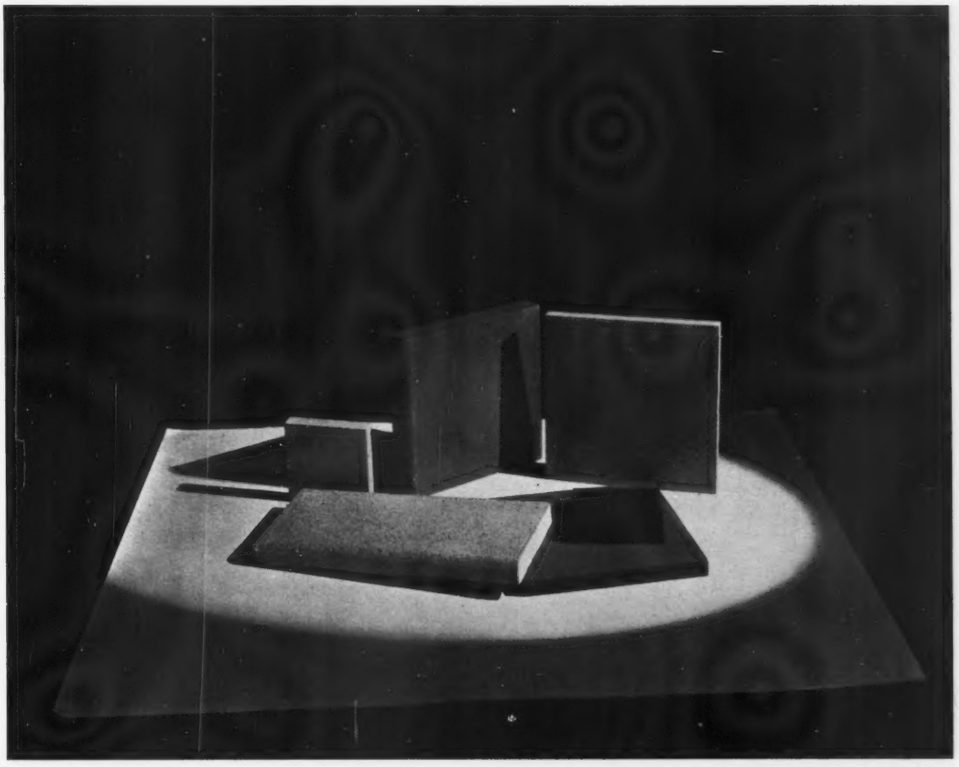




A door in *STERUSY*, painted red and orange. The walls of the house are white with an orange border at the base.



A small doorway in varnished brown deal to a house the walls of which are colour-washed in pale yellow. The doorstep is half a millstone.



Industry at large, during the past decade, has given careful study to the development, under scientific management, of floor surfaces and floor materials. The wooden flooring once general in factories was long ago found wanting. Its cost of upkeep and periodical replacement was high. Its susceptibility to damage and attrition under the stresses of heavy machinery, the handling of materials and the wear and tear of modern internal transportation equipment was marked. It constituted an undeniable fire hazard. Its slippery surface when wet or covered with grease or oil was an antithesis of "Safety first"—a positive menace to life and limb. Recent years have consequently seen the introduction of concrete and mastic floors. Within the past five or six years, "Alundum" crushed aggregates in Portland cement concrete floors and "Alundum" non-slipping semi-vitreous tile have been adopted for factory flooring by many of the most progressive industrial firms. Made from bonded aluminium oxide, "Alundum" floors are hard, tough and durable. They resist contamination from oils, fats, grease, potash and acids. "Alundum" floor surfaces are positively slip-proof, even when wet or when oils have been spilled on them. They afford workmen a sure footing. Write for descriptive literature and prices of Norton Floor Products—"Alundum" in the various forms in which it may be employed to produce the most efficient floor surfaces science has devised.

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

Frederic Toleman

"Alundum" Floor Materials will be shown on Stand 110—Centre Aisle—Main Hall —Olympia—at the Building Trades Exhibition—September 17 to October 1.

ANTHOLOGY

NORCOMBE HILL—not far from lonely Toller Down—was one of the spots which suggest to a passer-by that he is in the presence of a shape approaching the indestructible as nearly as any to be found on earth. It was a featureless convexity of chalk and soil—an ordinary specimen of those smoothly-outlined protuberances of the globe which may remain undisturbed on some great day of confusion, when far grander heights and dizzy granite precipices topple down.

The hill was covered in its northern side by an ancient and decaying plantation of beeches, whose upper verge formed a line over the crest, fringing its arched curve against the sky, like a mane. To-night these trees sheltered the southern slope from the keenest blasts, which smote the wood and floundered through it with a sound as of grumbling, or gushed over its crowning boughs in a weakened moan. The dry leaves in the ditch simmered and boiled in the same breezes, a tongue of air occasionally ferreting out a few and sending them spinning across the grass. A group or two of the latest in date amongst this dead multitude had remained till this very mid-winter time on the twigs which bore them, and in falling rattled against the trunks with smart taps.

Between this half-wooded, half-naked hill, and the vague, still horizon that its summit indistinctly commanded, was a mysterious sheet of fathomless shade—the sounds from which suggested that what it concealed bore some humble resemblance to features here. The thin grasses, more or less coating the hill, were touched by the wind in breezes of differing powers, and almost of differing natures—one rubbing the blades heavily, another raking them piercingly, another brushing them like a soft broom. The instinctive act of humankind was to stand and listen, and learn how the trees on the right and the trees on the left wailed or chaunted to each other in the regular antiphonies of a cathedral choir; how hedges and other shapes to leeward then caught the note, lowering it to the tenderest sob; and how the hurrying gust then plunged into the south, to be heard no more.

THOMAS HARDY.
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

Marginalia.

On Bankers, not born but made.

At the public schools
(that's to say the private schools
for the middle classes)
they often have carpentry shops
for boys who're clever with their hands.
Training our future Chippendales?
Good Lord, no.
Parents and masters, between them,
will get the boy into "a profession"
or else a bank,
rising ten pounds a year till he's sixty,
and then a pension till his carcase dies,
his soul, that was born to design,
having died years and years ago.

* * *

On the Dilemma of the Railways and the Way Out.

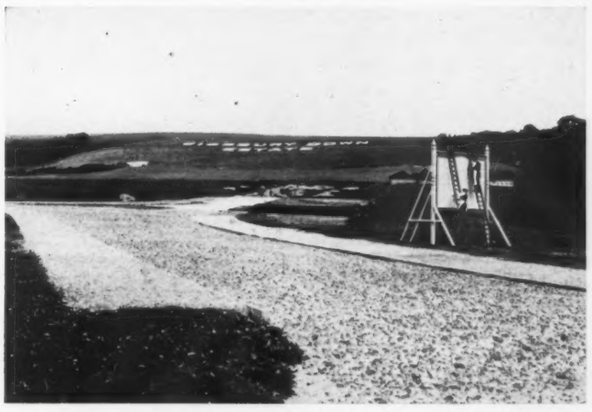
It's really amazing that people submit, without protest,
to the noise and the stench and the meanness
and, above all, the confusion
of Liverpool Street
or Paddington
or Euston,
for I don't know which is worst.
But every year more passengers take to the road,
and all the Directors can do
is to pull long faces
at their unfortunate shareholders,
while their advertising managers
fill the streets
with "Go L.M.S."
"Go Great Western."
Why don't they say,
"Go to Hell!"

* * *

The Indestructible Downs.

The Downs, to the foreigner, are still characteristically English, whatever the modern Englishman may feel about them. They have been till now, however, so guarded, partly by vigilant local opinion, and also, no doubt, by a still surviving sense of the fitness of things, that they are perhaps less spoiled than any but the more outlying districts of England. The American on his way from Newhaven to London, whose enthusiasm was so great that he must needs hang out of the carriage window exclaiming, "Wonderful! Isn't it wonderful? Just like a lawn!", would have been not a little taken aback had he seen that lawn sadly gashed by huge lettering. A Company, struck by the original idea that to cut the green grass from the white chalk soil would be an excellent means of advertising have made, such a seemingly unthinkable thing, actual fact. What, however, would have astonished our American more would have been to find that the Company had done it all in the innocence of its heart, and that it was with a pained surprise it realized that some people preferred the Downs as they were. How often have people accused of spoiling the countryside maintained that they meant no harm, and that they were as interested in preserving the English country as their accusers? How opportune is the resolution of the C.P.R.E. to discuss at its National Conference the problem of educating the average citizen to some sense of his responsibilities towards his country, even after he has conscientiously paid his taxes.

* * *



The Cissbury Down, Sussex.

A Considerable Achievement.

Were the ghosts of two famous men—famous now no doubt in the ghost-world, the one for his much talking, and the other for his assiduity with pencil and notebook—to travel once more from Fort Augustus, and to turn south towards Fort William, with what solemnity would the more imposing ghost pause on some height—to the relief of a much tried horse—to find words fit to describe the immense enterprise known as the Lochaber Hydro-Electric Power Undertaking—the ponderous name given to the result of a scheme, begun nine years ago, to provide electric power for a now newly-erected aluminium factory at Fort William.

A correspondent has been sufficiently moved by the sight to write that " though this truly wonderful engineering feat in trapping the water supply, from two lochs and over 300 square miles of mountainous country, for the development of very high power for a factory at Fort William, cannot be praised too highly, the promoters of the scheme have surely been blinded by—to a certain extent very laudable—utilitarian motives, to the utter disregard of all claims to consideration of the Highland scenery. It is true that, nowadays, those who think we may be in danger of losing more than we gain by exploiting every resource of the country for commercial ends are called romantic and sentimental. But there are still some people to whom country, unspoiled by trippers' litter, quick sales advertisements, and factories, is of the greatest value, and to whom any inroads made on the fast diminishing residue is literally painful. If in the name of commerce, employment, and humanity it was necessary to build this factory in a non-industrial area, surely the factory could have been made a little less strikingly conspicuous, and the village, built specially for the workers, made to look a little less like a transplanted London suburb. . . ."

What Dr. Johnson would have said it is impossible to imagine. Perhaps something as unexpected as his snub to Boswell for venturing to remark he thought a hill " immense," that it was " no more than a considerable protuberance." But then the scenery had evidently made so little impression on the great doctor—or was it perhaps because Boswell was his only audience ?—that his main contribution to this part of the tour seems to have been a fit of temper at being deserted in a wild part by that faithful attendant, and a contrary philosophical—and exasperating—good temper in face of the discomforts of the Glenelg Inn. But then again, the doctor was an Englishman.

* * *

Beautifying the Countryside with Hoardings.

There is a monthly — it should be nameless were it not that to leave it unnamed might be misconstrued — which may be recommended as a laughter-maker. This monthly is *Lang's*. Certainly if it did not raise our laughter it might raise our ire. The venom of its fuming and fretting, the acidity of its attacks, particular and sweeping, would be irritating if they were not so amusing. Each month some new tom-tom is beaten, some new war cry is raised, as, " the nation must live," and evidently the hoarding is to be the modern banner of hope. But when a statement in a recent issue like " telling the Ellis's and their company to get on with their own job and leave us to ours," is given as conclusive argument, argument itself becomes obviously ridiculous. Doubtless such a phrase exactly expresses the feelings of the burglar when he is disturbed by an irate householder. The fact that by the spoliation of the countryside they are damaging what is other people's property, does not seem to have occurred to this journal. According to an article written by a " Mere Bill-Sticker,"—a tirade on the sensitive soul of the bill-poster (from all of whom heaven preserve us)—apparently anyone who objects to bill-posting is one of " the Chelsea loafers who decry everything in honest trade," or who " deprive honest men of their means of livelihood," etc. All this may be taken for what it is worth. But in the July issue there is an article on the maintenance of hoardings and advertisements. One does not expect to see eye to eye with the writer, but when in the midst of much that is excellent he speaks of *improving* the countryside by hoardings, he is on dangerous ground—unless he means the Black Country, whose inhabitants would doubtless be only too glad to see a little colour. Of improving any other countryside by hoardings there is no question. To prove what can be done there is an illustration with the title, " Beautifying the Countryside," revealing on a quite estimable hoarding, all fresh from the carpenter's shop, three of the neatest, nattiest, prettiest and most pert of advertisements. One can only weakly murmur that, indeed, beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

* * *

A Letter from the Secretary of the Pure Rivers Society.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—At a recent conference of Midland Authorities at Warwick when a survey of the River Avon was discussed, the chairman, Dr. E. C. Jee, who is technical adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture, is reported as saying that to call upon certain towns to take action to prevent pollution would be expensive : " We must hold our hands until money becomes a little easier and then we may make a little headway. We are now marking time."

I have no wish to criticize Dr. Jee, whose admirable work in fighting pollution is well known. No doubt his remarks in the present case accurately represent the official policy.

This policy might be fully justified if there were any visible tendency to cut down public expenditure, but in fact, various members of the Cabinet are exercising their brains to find reasonably justifiable methods of spending money to relieve unemployment. From this point of view a period of depression is the most suitable time for undertaking public works.

Most of the money spent on any form of public work to prevent river-pollution goes in wages, and all of the

The Village of Inverlochy, Inverness-shire.
JOHN A. W. GRANT, *Architect.*

material employed should be produced in this country. Surely, then, this form of relief work, so urgently needed all over England, should be one of the first to be considered. It may be that Local Authorities at such a time as the present naturally shrink from increasing their expenditure, but this difficulty might be largely overcome if grants in aid from State funds were available, a principle already admitted in the case of road construction.

If a fraction of the money now lost on unemployment "dole" could be spent on wages for work to prevent pollution, more than half the battle would be won which the Pure Rivers Society is fighting in defence of the public health and the amenities of our country.

Yours faithfully,
THOS. W. GOMM,
Hon. Secretary, The Pure Rivers Society.

* * *

The C.P.R.E. Conference at Welwyn.

The Council for the Preservation of Rural England will hold its National Conference for the Preservation of the Countryside at Welwyn Garden City from October 9 to 11. This arrangement will give an excellent opportunity to everyone attending the Conference to prove the existence of a fact that few people can find time, or will take the trouble by making a journey to Welwyn to prove for themselves—the undoubted merits of the garden city.

Some of the subjects under discussion will be: the Preservation of Commons, Parks, and Open Spaces and the Provision of Playing Fields; Town and Regional Planning; and Education and Citizenship in their Relation to the Safeguarding of the Countryside. Sir Lawrence Chubb and Sir Theodore Chambers are among the speakers. The Sessions will be held in the Welwyn Theatre, which holds 800 people. Arrangements are being made for accommodation to be provided for a number of visitors in Welwyn, and train facilities for those who prefer to travel daily.

* * *

The International Exhibition of Town Planning and Housing.

The International Town Planning and Housing Exhibition is to be held in Berlin from May to August 1931. The Exhibition will be held in the Berlin Exhibition grounds, which occupy an area of about 50 acres. There will be five main parts: Modern Construction Work; the Modern House; Modern Building (materials, methods, etc.); Building and Construction for Agricultural Needs; and International Housing and Town Planning.

As far as possible the German exhibits will illustrate progress from 1900 to 1930. No definite programme will be issued for the International Section, but it is hoped that each country will send in exhibits illustrating some of the characteristic features of its own housing and planning. In each of the ten divisions of the German Exhibition an expert will arrange the scheme, and the names include some of the best known amongst German architects today as, for example, Professor Gropius, Herr Bruno Taut, and Professor Gustav Wolf.

* * *

The Smoke Nuisance.

The Annual Conference of the National Smoke Abatement Society will be held at Leicester on September 26 to 28, when papers will be read on different aspects of the problem. Dr. Margaret Fishenden will speak on smokeless fuels and methods of heating, and another expert will discuss the mutual effect of smoke and weather. The smoke nuisance from the airman's point of view, which is a new and important one, will be explained. The Sheffield Manufacturers' Smoke Abatement Research Committee has recently examined the difficulties of smoke abatement in Sheffield as it affects more especially the iron and steel industries, and a full report of their investigations will be read.

The seriousness of the smoke nuisance is at last receiving general attention. It is a plague which needs careful handling and yet strong measures, and it is to be hoped that the National Smoke Abatement Society will find some solution.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

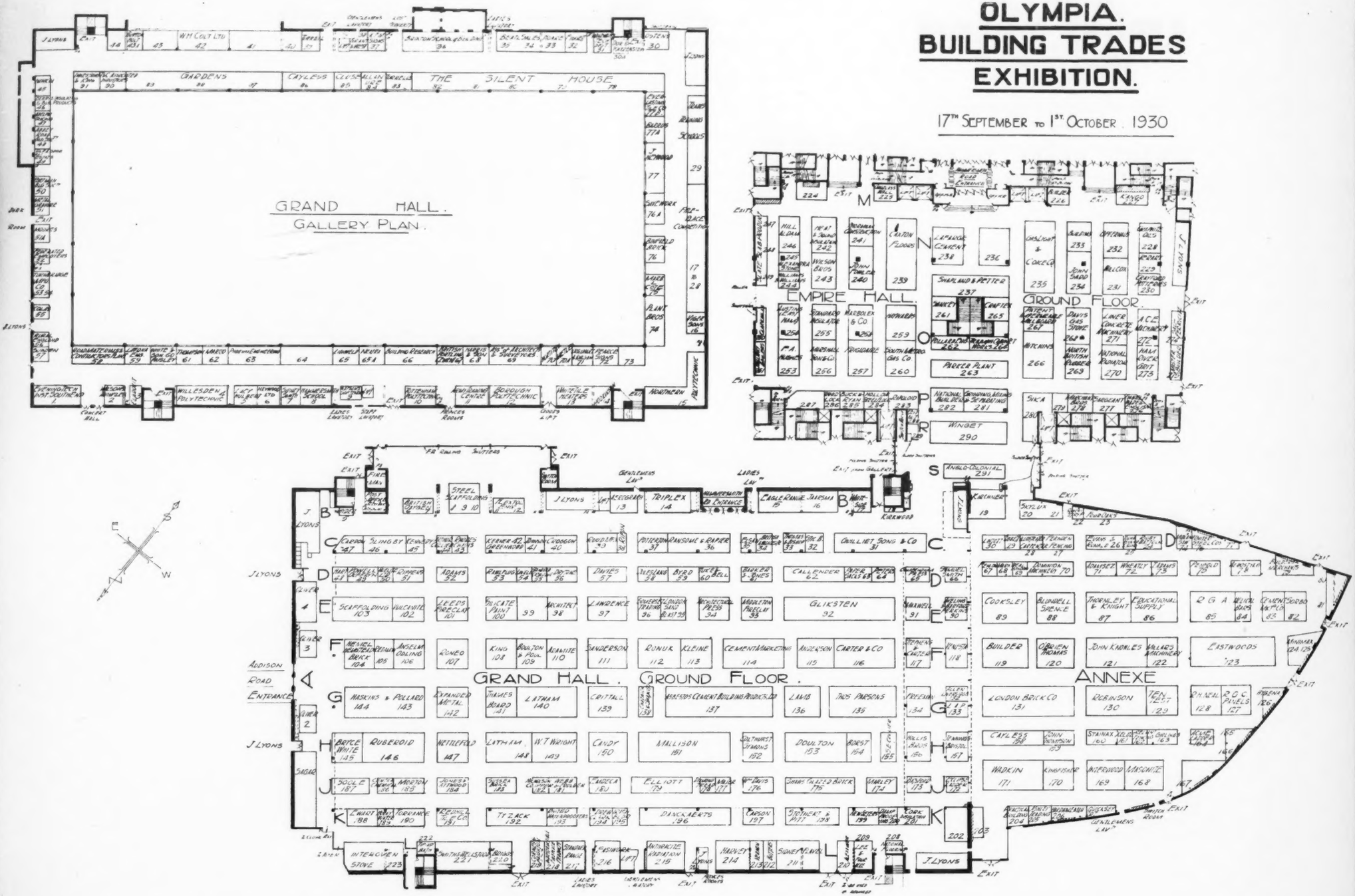
Competition

First Prize £100 Second Prize £50 Third Prize £25

Owing to the unexpectedly large number of designs received for Lord Benbow's apartments (particulars of the rooms were published in the May issue of the REVIEW), and the consequent extra work involved in judging the drawings and selecting the Winning Designs, the Editor much regrets that the results will not be available in time to be announced in the October REVIEW as previously arranged. He hopes, however, to publish them, together with the Winning Designs, in the *November* issue.

★

Arrangements have been made for the Winning Designs to be carried out and put on exhibition at Waring and Gillow's Galleries in Oxford Street.



The Plan of the
Building Trades Exhibition
at Olympia.

The Plan of the Building Trades Exhibition at Olympia.

At first sight it seems a thousand pities that the Exhibition of Medieval Art at the Victoria and Albert Museum should have been arranged for those weeks in which London is proverbially empty. But perhaps it is not, after all, so unfortunate, for if London is emptied of its own citizens it is filled with foreigners and people from the provinces, who go the round of galleries and museums. This is more than can be said for the average Londoner. The museum has made a wonderful and varied collection, and this is certainly an exhibition which no student of art can afford to miss.

* * *

Obituary.

As we go to press we learn with regret of the death of Sir Aston Webb after a long illness. He was 81 years of age. Sir Aston Webb, K.C.V.O., C.B., was President of the Architectural Association in 1884 and of the Royal Institute of British Architects from 1902–4. He was also a Past President of the Royal Academy.

Amongst the innumerable public and domestic buildings designed by him were the new façade to Buckingham Palace, the architectural surroundings of the National Memorial to Queen Victoria; the Admiralty Arch, Charing Cross; the completion of the Victoria and Albert Museum; the Britannia Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, and the Royal College of Science, Dublin. One of the many private houses designed by him was "Yeaton-Peverey," Shrewsbury. He also built Christ's Hospital (Blue Coat School) at Horsham and the new shops for the Army and Navy Co-operative Society in Victoria Street, Westminster.

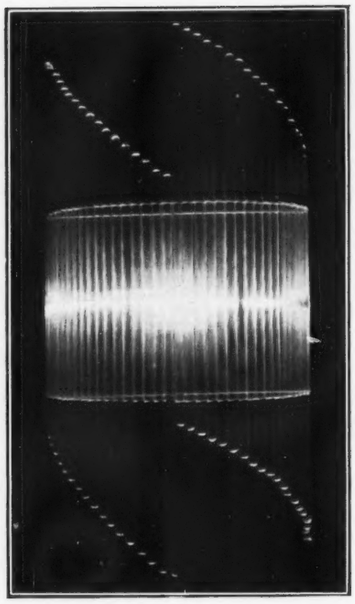
Trade and Craft.

An unusual exhibit can be seen at the Adamite Company's stand at the Building Trades Exhibition: this is a statue known as *The Spirit of the Rock*. This statue, which was designed by

Mr. Doyle Jones, is of crushed Cornish granite bound together by "Atlas White" Cement, and water—no other ingredient having been used—and was cast in one solid piece by Messrs. Emerson and Norris in 1924. Since then it has stood in the open air in a factory district near London. During these six years it has never been cleaned, but has been allowed to "weather" untouched. Now it has been washed down with a weak muriatic acid solution and it has been found, the Adamite Company states, to be whiter than it was six years ago, which fact they give as proof that "Atlas White" Cement becomes whiter with time and exposure.

* * *

It is frankly admitted by many architects that they never trouble to examine the welter of catalogues, booklets, samples, etc., which manufacturers shower upon them from time to time. We think, however, that Messrs. Chance Brothers' new sample case and booklet will be looked at, and also used. The case itself contains forty samples, and is so arranged that all of them are visible for comparison at a glance. The aim of the booklet, which accompanies the sample case, is to give the architect information in the clearest and most concise form.



Some of the glasses are claimed to be quite new and a number are specially suitable for lighting purposes. If a criticism may be made, some of the samples are perhaps a little behind the times. It is stated that figured glasses can be silvered and that different effects are obtained by silvering on the rough side or the smooth side of the glass. Surely some examples of these might have been substituted for other somewhat out-of-date specimens.

* * *

The lighting of the new Empire Room at the Trocadero is of especial interest. The British Central Electric Co., Ltd., has devised a fitting made of fluted glass tubes of about $\frac{1}{8}$ in. in diameter, mounted on an almost invisible frame. The frames have been suspended below the rows of lamps on the ceiling, which are hidden, and the rays thus transformed into bands of soft subdued light. This gives a restful and yet very efficient lighting. The general effect may be seen from the illustrations on pages 139, 141 and 142 of this issue, while on this page is shown in detail the construction of the fitting.

* * *

The mechanical part of the disappearing wall at the Trocadero, because it is invisible, perhaps does not receive its share of attention or praise. Messrs. Waygood-Otis, Ltd.—who, it will be remembered, were responsible for the rising floor at the Savoy—are the engineers of the disappearing wall. No one who has seen the wall will question the excellence of the technical workmanship. Illustrations of the wall in various positions will also be found on pages 139, 141 and 142.

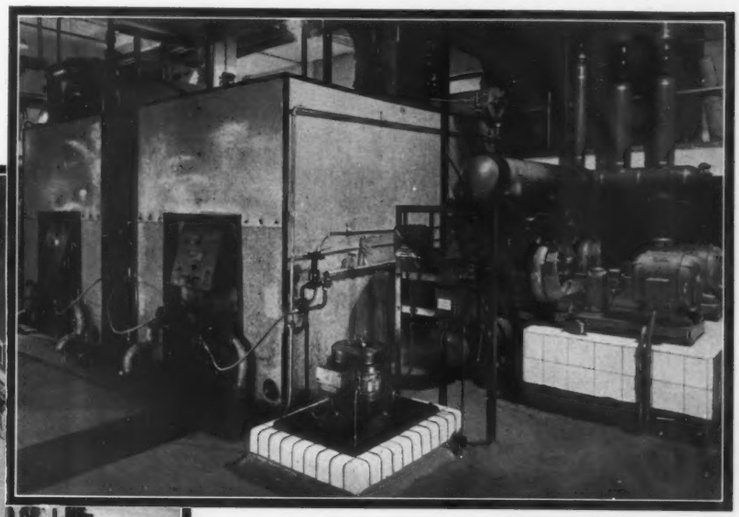
* * *

The stand of Messrs. Sadd & Co. at the Building Trades Exhibition will be a Jacobean hall and staircase specially designed for them by Mr. George Coles. The whole of the woodwork is of Essex oak, the panelling being framed and tenoned together by means of oak dowels. This woodwork is an example of the standard of craftsmanship to be found at this firm's workshops. The architectural light-fittings were also specially designed by the architect. The illustration on page lxviii is of the stand.

INDIA HOUSE, Aldwych.

Architects: Sir Herbert Baker, A.R.A., and A. T. Scott, A.R.I.B.A.

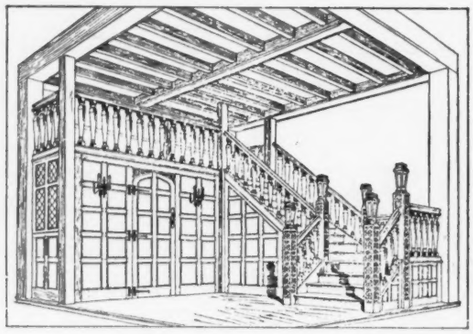
Consulting Engineer: Dr. Oscar Faber, O.B.E.



Above: A view of the boiler house showing, on the left, the two oil-fired boilers; in the foreground, the automatic sump-pump for the dispersal of water-waste; and on the extreme right, the hot-water circulating pumps and the circulating pipes.

Left: A new photograph of India House.

THE hot water for the heating and ventilation of this building is supplied by oil-fired boilers, and by means of centrifugal pumps is circulated at a low temperature (120° to 135° Fahr.) through invisible heating panels consisting of ½" bore copper pipes embedded in the ceiling. The temperatures of the rooms are controlled by valves concealed behind the wood panelling, portions of which are hinged for this purpose. The embedded copper pipes are without joints of any description except at the points where they are accessible. The air for ventilation is drawn from above roof level, through an air conditioning chamber, where it is cleaned, warmed and given a comfortable degree of humidity, after which it is delivered to the various rooms and extracted by mechanical means. Thermostatic valves automatically control the temperature and humidity of the conditioned air.



The general contractors for India House were Higgs and Hill (who were also responsible for excavation, foundations and reinforced concrete), and among the artists, craftsmen and sub-contractors were the following: Charles Wheeler (sculpture); Joseph Armitage (decorative plaster); Limmer and Trinidad Lake Asphalte Co., Ltd. (asphalt); London Brick Co. and Forders (bricks); Croft Granite, Brick and Concrete Co. (artificial stone); Dorman Long & Co. (structural steel); Ames and Finnis (special roofing tiles); Rheocrete Pumice Stone Slab Co. (partitions); Stevens and Adams (wood-block flooring); G. N. Haden and Sons, Ltd. (central heating and ventilation); Higgins and Griffiths, Ltd. (electric wiring, electric light fixtures and bells); Matthew Hall & Co. (plumbing); J. Gibbons, Ltd. (door furniture); Crittalls Manufacturing Co., Ltd., and Henry Hope and Son, Ltd. (casements); Reliance Telephone Co. (telephones); Plastering, Ltd. (plaster); W. Smith, T. Elsley, Ltd., and J. Hobbs and Sons (metalwork); Waring and Gillow (joinery and special furniture); South Western Stone Co. (stonework); Fenning & Co. (marble); Carter & Co., Ltd. (wall tiling); Holloway Bros. (special furniture); Smith, Major and Stevens, Ltd. (lifts); Gent & Co., Ltd. (clocks); and Le Grand, Sutcliffe and Gell, Ltd. (water supply).

* * *

The consulting engineers for the new construction work at the Trocadeio Restaurant were Reade, Jackson and Parry, and among the artists, craftsmen and contractors were the following: Dorman Long (steelwork); Carrier (ventilation); Cullum & Co. (hollow-block floors); Waygood-Otis, Ltd. (mechanism of disappearing wall); Hampton and Sons, Ltd. (joinery work); Mallinson and Sons, Ltd. (sycamore and oak); Conrad Parlanti, Ltd. (window frames and bronze metalwork); Sturtevant (electro-gilding of metalwork); London Sand Blast and Decorative Glass Co., Ltd. (decorative glazing); Battiscombe and Harris (plasterwork); British Central Electrical Co. (electrical ceilings and fittings); J. Lyons & Co., Ltd. (electric wiring and lamps and painting and gilding); W. W. Howard Bros. (parquet floor); J. W. Oatley (curtains and upholstery); and Templeton & Co. (carpets).

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

BARTLETT SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE,
DIVISION OF DECORATION.

Professor of Architecture: A. E. RICHARDSON, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A.
Lecturer in Decoration: H. WARREN WILSON, A.R.C.A.

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

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C. O. G. DOUIE, *Secretary.*

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