THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration

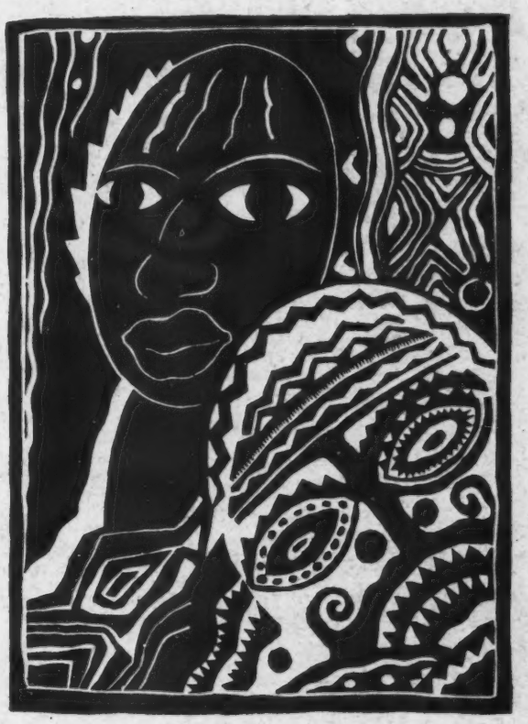

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Plate I. October 1930.

THE POWDER IS FINISHED, HUNTING IS VAIN. A decorative panel in the Palazzo Tommasini, the house of the composer. The panel was painted by the architect, CITO FILOMARINO.

Towards a New Renaissance.

By John Gloag.

SINCE the Eiffel Tower first exposed its suggestive skeleton to the eyes of the world, and a skeleton of the same material was decorously clothed and commercially exploited, all ten storeys of it, in New York under the name of the Tower Building, old methods of construction have been melted in the furnaces of the ironmasters. Steel has dissolved stone, and the wall has ceased to support anything, for it is now the merest gossamer shroud for a framework of girders. Everybody knows this, but only a few people frankly admit that a structural revolution has taken place, and even fewer control the consequences of it with imagination.

Walls are still regarded as bodies, although walls are now only clothes, and this explains why so many buildings erected today have about as much vitality as scarecrows. The gaunt rags of old thoughts hang uneasily upon them; a tattered toga and a shabby three-cornered hat, raided from the property-box of style.

Meanwhile the structural revolution is being rather stridently expounded by a group of enthusiasts who contend that the expression of function with the new methods and materials should be the aim of architecture. But these modernists have not got the courage of their concrete convictions. They put design under the control of structural methods, instead of recognizing structural methods as servants to whom orders should be given for the greater glory of design. They are as savagely practical and as heavily unimaginative as Bismarck's Prussians: blood and iron is the creed proclaimed by all the stark, ungracious buildings that they send blundering into our streets to put civic unity to the sword. This negative utilitarianism is an inevitable reaction from the decadent complexities of nineteenth-century building. But the modernists invite us to enjoy as a feast of inspiration what is really only a fast from ornament. This worship of unadorned surfaces and of exaggerated simplicity may cause these years of trial and frequent error to be labelled as the period of æsthetic sanitation. M. Le Corbusier and his fellow-inhumanists have poured disinfectant out of the ends of their pencils to good purpose, but sanitation is only a preparatory process, and for what are they preparing? A new renaissance? Although the modernists suggest by their work and their sermons that means are an end in themselves, another generation may recognize aims less shallow and may weave into a coherent design the tangle of part-worn and half-formed faiths that today perplexes architectural thought.

It is doubtful whether a new renaissance could arise unless there is a broad foundation for it in the form of good common art, nationally established and entering naturally and easily into the daily life of the people. The modernists may perhaps believe that a new renaissance could draw vigour from the common mechanical aptitude of our time; but that belief grows from machine-worship and a desire to mould man in the likeness of their metallic deity. They see homes as garages, and regard churches, galleries and theatres merely as parking places for human robots: art is for adornment: it ceases to be an intrinsic factor of design. The structural engineer stretches the canvas, and the artist decorates it. This conception is made plausible by the freshness and vitality of pictorial and decorative art today; and although there is no element of partnership in this association of the builder and the artist, it might lead ultimately to an effective dominance of building by the artist, who would concern himself not only with titivating the interior walls, but with giving life and colour and interest to exterior surfaces. He might not be content to embroider those concrete clothes; he might design the cut of them, and so make the engineer his slave instead of his employer. In half a century or so we might be entertained with the spectacle of a Rex Whistler creating a great pictorial building, while a Corbusier worked out the framework of steel and concrete that could best accommodate the fanciful turns of the artist's invention. This development of the structural revolution would be unhealthy, for the principles of architectural composition might become submerged and the follies of the nineteenth century repeated on a grosser scale.

The renaissance that marked the end of the Middle Ages was preceded by a period of widespread competence in common art. But what is the position of common art today? It is ineffectively merged with industrial art. Who maintains standards? What sort of influence have the art schools? What effect could a group of inspired architects have upon a country when the patrons of architecture were surrounded by the poorest standards of design in their daily life?

When those questions are pondered optimism disappears, until it is realized that the modern equivalent of common art is industrial art. But unless there is a fruitful collaboration between artists and directors of industry the new renaissance will be stillborn in a studio. With very few exceptions the art schools fail to stimulate such a collaboration. Art education committees are occasionally composed of people who seem to be better adapted by Nature for the management of Borstal institutions, for they plan the imprisonment of imagination and guard art students from all contact with the realities of contemporary civilization. Revision of the whole system of art training is necessary, if only to reduce the numbers of incompetent people who, calling themselves designers, help to maintain mediocre standards; and it is even more important that education should be focussed upon the needs of industrial art.

A new renaissance may come in the second half of this century; but, whenever it comes, it certainly cannot live and attain a noble and adventurous expansion upon new materials alone. The negative utilitarian ideas of the modernists may represent a stage in the preparation for the new renaissance; but they should be reminded occasionally that their flavourless functionalism no more resembles a creative adventure in architecture than an aperient resembles an apéritif.

Wayside Gods.

Past, Present & Future.

THE human race has at all times exhibited a tendency to raise statues and shrines by the wayside, and an observant traveller may know something of a nation by its gods. Greece and Rome had their wayside gods and so still has the East. What sight is more familiar in India than the little shrine to Siva on which lie a few offerings of fruit and flowers? And when we think of Southern Europe, of the Pyrenees for instance, do we not call to mind the coloured figure of the Virgin and Child, encased in a stone or wooden shrine, to which the weary muleteer doffs his hat and pays a moment's reverence? Who has not studied those gaunt crucifixes of the Alps; the Christ of the Italians a soft and gentle figure; the Christ of the Bavarians tortured and drawn. Certainly one may learn much from the wayside gods.

The Age of *CONTEMPLATION*.

Reproduced from "Austria" by courtesy of The Studio.

The Age of *FAITH*.

We in this country have, since the Reformation at least, paid strict heed to the Mosaic injunction. It will be recalled how the patriarch ordered the breaking down of all the idols his people might find "upon the high mountains, and upon the hills, and under every green tree." It will be remembered, also, how often the simple Israelites were found backsliding. Whatever the cause, our high roads have not been hitherto the scene of any breaking of the second commandment. A traveller might say that the signpost and pillar box were our only shrines. But the truth is, I think, that we worshipped the moors and the trees, the green fields and the river banks, and they needed no other tabernacle than the sky. Such was our simple faith, a faith that is passing.

For now the temples of that faith are desecrated and thought of little account. To the hedgerow trees are nailed advertisements for petrol, and the heart of every field is stabbed with the hoarding. Mammon is exalted to be the Zeus of our civilization, with a host of minor deities to do Him reverence. Statesmen and editors vie with each other to sing His praises, and now the advertising expert, for ever His high priest, does not scruple to raise statues in His honour. Followers of the older cult may rend their garments, as did the Hebrew prophets, and call on the faithful few to resist the triumphal progress of the new religion. In vain they buy parks and hills as sanctuaries, in vain they plant the speed tracks with trees: the new civilization spreads farther and farther afield until town joins hand with town, and hoarding gives way only to shop and villa. Slower than our cousins across the ocean to give the new gods their due, now at last we have made a start, and as we speed along endless by-pass roads in six-cylinder saloons, we shall be able to pay a second's reverence to our papier-mâché deities.

The Age of *MAMMON*.

It's a shame to say religion is dead.
There's a new religion,
and new gods,
That's all.
Haven't you seen the statue of one of them,
so glossy and life-like on the Bath Road?
Such a typically English Bacchus!
A sporting young gent in top boots,
a roadside god for Believers
in Having a Good Time.

SOME EXAMPLES FROM GOD'S OWN COUNTRY.

A moving monument to all who are thirsty and languid by the way.

The porter of a heaven of cleanliness, if not of godliness, awaits you.

How dull our "ten mile limit" seems by comparison.

Functional architecture at its brightest.

The great Sphinx gives us no such thrill as this.

Surely the sirens would save their voices could they lure us thus?

The apotheosis of Mr. Bowler, and his world-conquering hat.

NOTE.—The illustrations on this page are reproduced by courtesy of Arts et Métiers Graphiques.

The Post-War Post Office.

Recent Tendencies in Post Office & Telephone Exchange Design.

I.—Great Britain.[1]

By P. Morton Shand.

ALTHOUGH individual opinions are divided as to the desirability of a State department of architecture, such as the Office of Works represents, it can hardly be denied that the growing volume of Government building calls for some sort of official architectural control; and that the supervision exercised should be more than merely competent. At the present moment the design of virtually all Government buildings, irrespective of their nature, is entrusted to His Majesty's Office of Works. The only notable exceptions are those War Office structures, exemplars of a remarkable "Sapper Style," typifying the taste of retired generals, for which a (I believe Pontoon) Section of the Royal Engineers is responsible. Why, if Government buildings are to be designed by architects in Government employment, they should not all of them be designed by the professional staff of the Office of Works is a question which has never received a satisfactory answer either in or out of the House of Commons. Such a unification would undoubtedly result in very sensible economies, and a corresponding amelioration in general design.

Granted the existence of the architectural department of the Office of Works, and the variety of buildings it is called upon to design, the taste of its chief architect is clearly a matter of greater national importance than that of any other architect practising in this country, however eminent or actively engaged. The architectural "policy" of Sir Richard Allison has been a very decided improvement on that of his predecessors. Though he has not occupied himself with what, in the more modern sense of the word, may be called the realities of architecture, it would be manifestly unjust to decry his work for being unimaginative and unenterprising. His official position has condemned him to be a civil servant first and an architect only afterwards.

The Office of Works has rarely encouraged those rhetorical sculpturesque frills dear to Latin governments. Moreover, the enforced economy of the lean post-war decade has exercised a most beneficial pruning influence on current design. Under Sir Richard Allison, any lingering hankerings after Late-Victorian ponderosity or Edwardian ostentation have been severely repressed. There has been fortunately no governmental echo of the ex-official splendours of the "Imperial Chemical" manner. The display of the royal insignia has been noticeably curtailed, but the design of "the fighting dogs" has been improved almost out of recognition. Which makes one wish that the design of our pathetic coinage and grocer's calendar postage stamps could, *faute de mieux*, be handed over to H.M.O.W. for re-editing.

POST OFFICES.

Post offices abroad are nearly always built to look severely official and emphatically, even intimidatingly, administrative. The governments of foreign countries avail themselves of every architectural opportunity to remind their citizens that, as the local headquarters of a department of state, enjoying all the authority and prerogatives pertaining thereto, a post office is a monumental symbol of the fact that they are governed. In Great Britain, on the other hand, our aversion to bureaucracy is such that its appearance is made as deliberately domestic as possible, as though to assure humble purchasers of single stamps that, even when uniformed, postal employees are ordinary public carriers, not members of an inquisitorial gendarmerie. Under Sir Richard Allison's régime the smaller English post office seems to be emulating the branch bank: a now representative type of building which combines the atmosphere of the more discreet kind of shop with that of the more "architectural" kind of private residence. While safeguarding public amenities, it offers public facilities, much as does a "reformed" public-house. And like both the branch bank and the "reformed" public-house, the small post office is anxious not to appear too modern or too commercial. Septuagenarian ladies renewing dog licences must be able to feel at their ease within its precincts. The G.P.O. and H.M.O.W. are not interested in the taste of the uprising generation. What Government department ever was?

The able young architects employed by the Office of Works are so impeccably gentlemanly in their architectural manners that one feels they must have been personally selected by Mr. Trystan Edwards. Everything they design is in perfect harmony with the English scene of the day before yesterday, which we are frantically seeking to persuade ourselves is likewise that of today. Their post offices help to keep this make-believe "Cranford" England aristocratic, well-bred, well-groomed, and what Rossetti

[1] The illustrations to this article, with the exception of Figs. 17, 19, and 20, are reproduced by courtesy of H.M. Office of Works.

FIG. 1.—*MAIDSTONE* General Post Office.

FIG. 2.—*LEIGH-ON-SEA* Post Office.
D. N. Dyke, *Architect.*

called " yesteryear." They reaffirm the sovereign importance of being unobtrusive, undemonstrative, quietly dressed, and low-voiced. They suavely deny that Victorian industrialism was anything more than an epidemic of vulgarity which momentarily interrupted the continuity of our national architectural traditions. The sober good taste of their elevations is so confirmed and absolute that it is difficult to believe that buildings which blandly ignore the existence of the whole apparatus of modern industry are intended to serve the complex postal needs of a modern business community. The architectural department of the biggest multiple-shop concern in the kingdom refuses to admit that such things as multiple shops exist. Are not its newest branches —Egham (Fig. 7), Harpenden, Amersham, etc.—camouflaged as dignified private residences of the last century but one?

FIG. 3.—*HASTINGS* General Post Office and Telephone Exchange.
D. N. Dyke, *Architect.*

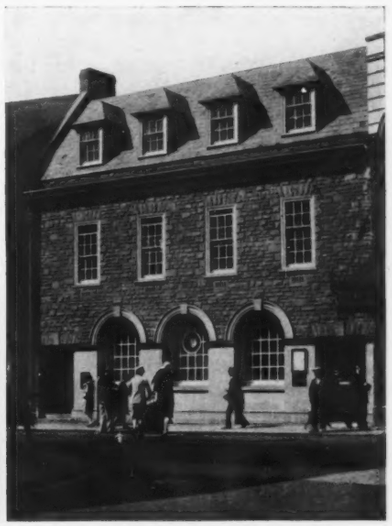


FIG. 4.—*NEATH* General Post Office.
A. Bulloch, *Architect.*

But in spite of an undeniably high general level of academic excellence, there is a certain rather supine tameness about the cultured urbanity of these charming little buildings, a complete lack of that robust vitality and adventurous spirit symptomatic of an era which, in other countries, has already proclaimed itself as one of radical departures from conventional design. It would be as absurd to pretend that these Neo-Georgian post offices were truly modern as to accuse them of being jerry built. Their designers have kept the unrest of the modern world, its severely functional ideals and iconoclastic experiments, severely at arm's length. Reinforced concrete is utterly taboo, unless its democratic uncouthness can be suitably veiled by the decency of brick or stone. Levée dress is still *de rigueur*. Its simplification is, indeed, the only evidence these façades evince that the world-war was ever fought, or that the civilization they so naïvely re-echo perished with its close. Stumbling upon that exemplar of Office of Works post-bellum elegance, Mr. D. N. Dyke's new general post office at Maidstone (Fig. 1), after several years' absence on the Continent, the writer could not help asking himself what had become of the vaunted pioneering genius of our race; and whether the England of today, which this Neo-Augustan building was presumably intended to express, is no more than a well-laid-out garden suburb, where the paramount claims of " atmospherics " are allowed to stifle anything recognizable as a reflection of the spirit of the present age. If these essentially refined and eminently habitable-looking edifices help to preserve the eighteenth-century character of many small English towns, as they undoubtedly do, they also help to perpetuate the insularity of England by isolating us from the main architectural currents of our epoch. Such " period " elevations could not possibly have been adopted were the Channel Tunnel already in being. Continental nations, which have been living and creating in the spirit of the twentieth century for the past ten years, regard them as a symptom that our cultural decay is as pronounced as our commercial decline.

One can only assume that these traditional Renaissance compositions are intended to embody a reversion to type. The modern post office is an evolution of the old posting house, and the posting house was an essentially eighteenth-century institution. The Victorian era, that Age of Façade,

FIG. 5.—*KEW GARDENS* Post Office.
E. Cropper,
Architect.

which achieved the organization of the post office as a State undertaking, did little to establish it as an individual type of building. The larger Victorian post offices resemble town halls, museums, or banks; the smaller ones police stations, mortuaries, or the kind of coal merchants' depots found on railway sidings. So in default of any better prototypes, the Post Office decided to hark back to its Georgian antecedents. For anyone gifted with the historic sense, it would seem far more natural to find not throbbing motor mail vans, but jingling four-horsed mail coaches taking up and setting down their sacks before these ceremonious Georgian porches. If it is a sufficiently serious criticism that these structures do not in any way embody the spirit of our age, it is a still more serious one that they express neither the nature of their titular function, nor of the various subsidiary businesses carried on in conjunction with it. The original, and still predominant, identity of the G.P.O. with communications has been lost sight of by those who plan its buildings. Instead of post offices they build offices. The post office ought to be an individual type of building, as individual as are its international activities. It should be allowed to emphasize the work it does in something more than a merely decorative sense, so as to be recognizable at a glance. Some appeal to the imagination is called for. The threadbare classical symbol of Mercury's winged head is not enough.

A State school of architecture may be expected either to generalize a manner of its own, or else to lend to salient local idioms the imprimatur of some necessary minimum of official significance. The illustrations accompanying this article show that except for a few concessions to specific urban amenities, or a strong local sentiment for the preservation of mannerisms traditional to certain districts, the Office of Works has consistently followed the first of these policies. A fair measure of autonomy seems to have been granted to Scotland, but the results are, unfortunately, only too typical of the present debased level of Scottish architecture. It would be interesting to know whether, in deference to their separate constitutional status, a corresponding latitude of design has been allowed in the case of any post offices recently built in Northern Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands. The only Welsh example illustrated here, Mr. A. Bulloch's Neath general post office (Fig. 4), which is faced with Forest of Dean stone, has good regional, if hardly peculiarly Welsh, characteristics. It sits down well and squarely in the main street of this Glamorganshire mining town, and is at one with its neighbours even to the extent of being as under-windowed as they are.

FIG. 7.—*EGHAM* Post Office.
A. Bulloch,
Architect.

FIG. 6.—*NANTWICH* Post Office.
A. Bulloch,
Architect.

In England the only marked departures from the Office of Works post-bellum style are to be found in East Anglia and Lincolnshire. The ground-floor teak surrounds, whitewashed walls, and high-pitched tiled roof of Mr. H. T. Rees's post office at Horncastle (Plate II) wear a cheerful and friendly Dutch air entirely appropriate to the district and its associations. This is certainly one of the most successful of recent British post offices. Mr. D. N. Dyke's Beccles post office, with its farmhouse gable ends, is likewise semi-Frisian in inspiration. The same architect's really charming little post office at Leigh-on-Sea (Fig. 2) is less conspicuously East Anglian in feeling. Its unbroken, and very urban, roof line seems a trifle too conscious of its dignity. For the rest, Mr. Bulloch's new general post office at Bath is a meritorious study in the conservation of amenity, which looks very creditably like an integral part of Wood's Bath, and that is really all that need be said about it. The same architect's new sorting office at Plymouth, a pleasant enough design, is somehow more like a municipal secondary school. The casements of Mr. Rees's Gosforth post office in Newcastle-on-Tyne are not too successfully composed. This building's endeavour to achieve dignity does not altogether escape dullness. Mr. Dyke's very rural little post office at Crawley is as entirely domestic as any private house in that once sleepy Sussex town; but the conspicuous chimney is not a particularly happy feature. Mr. E. Cropper's flat-roofed, single-storey branch office at Kew (Fig. 5), like Mr. Bulloch's combined post office and telephone

exchange building at Nantwich (Fig. 6), is an admirably economical and straightforward piece of work, which has just the right modicum of formal emphasis. It would be hard to find a better example of the adaptability of the Georgian idiom in its graceful combination of "Sense and Sensibility." This reticent little building settles down into the cloistered eighteenth-century atmosphere of Kew with becoming gravity, like some heroine of Richardson's novels demurely taking her accustomed place among gentlewomen of her acquaintance. Another admirable branch office on the outskirts of London is to be found at South Tottenham. This is built of the same silver-grey brick which Sir Giles Gilbert Scott has used so successfully at Clare College, Cambridge.

Examples of trite, or vulgar, design are rare. Totnes is one of the exceptions that prove the rule. This post office wears the spuriously rustic "Lorna Doone" air of a "select" seaside boarding-house, which would have been more in place at Bexhill or Birchington. Birchington-on-Sea, however, is invidiously flattered by an elegantly proportioned edifice like a free library. On the other hand, Hastings (Fig. 3), which can boast fine Regency traditions, has been given a gaunt, four-square general post office that might easily be mistaken for an architecturally ambitious tobacco factory.

FIG. 9.—*PROSPECT* Telephone Exchange, Cricklewood.
A. Scott, *Architect.*

FIG. 8.—*GRAVESEND* Telephone Exchange.
D. N. Dyke, *Architect.*

TELEPHONE EXCHANGES.

One of the things which thrilled the writer most, as a young man, in the Paris of the years immediately before the war, was the boldly lettered inscription "*Vox clamans per orbem*" stretched across the banal *art nouveau* façade of a new telephone exchange on the Boulevard Raspail. Subsequent practical experience of the working of the French telephone service brought a fuller appreciation of the appropriateness of that sonorous adjective "*clamans*," and the unconscious irony with which it expressed the furious and impotent ravings of Parisian subscribers trying to induce *Mademoiselle Allo-Allo*, in her Olympian official capacity of a "*fonctionnaire de l'Etat*," to connect them with the numbers of fellow sufferers under bureaucracy. But this magniloquent and evocative motto at least showed that the architect's imagination had been stirred by the function of the telephone, even though a festoon of the usual female figures, baring the conventional right bosom, somewhat oddly symbolized the godlike and magnetic power of the human voice overriding physical obstacles and national frontiers on a slender strand of copper wire. Scarcely a single British telephone exchange suggests that its architect has been as much as casually interested in the nature of the apparatus it contains.

In the second of three articles on "Post Office and Public" which the Assistant Postmaster-General in the last Government contributed to *The Times* about a year ago, the G.P.O. was criticized for spending a million pounds a year on telephone exchange sites and buildings. According to Lord Wolmer, who may be taken to represent enlightened English opinion :

> An automatic exchange is merely a box of machinery which the public need never enter, or even see. All that is needed is a building good enough to hold the plant, which can be placed in any by-alley centrally situated.

This cheeseparing, petty-shopkeeper attitude towards buildings that house important public services is not shared by foreign countries, irrespective of whether they are richer or poorer than ourselves. One has only to think of that inspiring skyscraper, the New York Telephone Building: a more than usually pertinent example of good architecture being good publicity, since it was erected, not by the American Government, but by the highly efficient limited liability company which operates the telephone system of the United States.

The one specific charge of architectural extravagance Lord Wolmer

FIG. 10.—*SHEFFIELD* Central Telephone Exchange.
H. T. Rees, *Architect.*

brought against the G.P.O. was the expenditure of £119,000 on the construction of a building in Sheffield designed to accommodate a labour exchange, certain administrative departments of the local postal services, and the new central telephone exchange (Fig. 10). It is worth noticing that the cost of the plant for this automatic exchange, which has the high capacity of 9,000 lines, exceeded the cost of the whole building by £50,000. With the question of cost in relation to capacity we are not concerned here. The suitability of site and elevations,

FIG. 11.—*KENSINGTON* Telephone Exchange.
E. Cropper, *Architect.*

however, depends on what degree of architectural importance it is considered that the central telephone exchange of a large city should express. After all, a central telephone exchange is not a species of civic pudenda like an underground convenience. It links a city with the rest of the world. And in these days, as a journalistic mixed metaphor is perpetually reminding us, facility of communication is the lifeblood of trade. If the public service of telephony is deemed less worthy of architectonic significance than that of wireless telegraphy, or the various forms of transport, perhaps Lord Wolmer will be good enough to tell us why? His Lordship would seem to be on safer technical ground in censuring the Office of Works for facing this much discussed structure in Portland stone (" a building material previously unknown in Sheffield "), when a suitable local stone was available, than in condemning the choice of " a commanding central site in a principal thoroughfare," which involved the relatively paltry sum of £17,000.

What is acclaimed as " far-sighted business policy " under company management, is apt to be denounced as " reckless prodigality " under the State's. Our public men are insistent in their demands that the telephones " should be made to pay," and convinced that " under proper commercial management " they would. Yet forgetful of their own slogan, " it pays to advertise," and that an appeal to popular imagination is the secret of all successful publicity, they rest assured that the complicated mechanism of a telephone exchange calls for no better home than some nondescript sort of masonry shell to protect it from the elements. Though they would never dream of putting up a factory that did not " tell the world " what it produced, they are scandalized by the idea that a telephone exchange might be allowed to proclaim its function and cast aside its anonymity. This is the same complacent Victorian mentality which perpetrated the desolating hideousness of industrial England in the sacred name of utilitarianism. Its only acceptable model is that " engineer's job," the steel-framed, brick-boxed electric railway substation—a branch of " utilitarian " design in which we do not exactly shine, as can be seen if typical Southern, L.M.S., District or Metropolitan substations in the London district are compared with those to be found on the Berlin city and suburban lines of the Reichsbahn. It may, indeed, be argued that both substations and telephone exchanges are " boxes of electrical machinery," and that the only real difference between them is that in the one case this machinery is used to propel trains and in the other to increase the normal range of the human voice. Granted the analogy, there is still no valid reason why the particular functions of either type of building should be denied a modicum of self-expression. Whereas the exteriors of our engineer-designed substations continue to be left more forbiddingly industrial-looking than the casing of the rotary converters imbedded in their floors, the " architectural " façades generally favoured by the Office

FIG. 12.—*MAIDA VALE* Telephone Exchange.
E. Cropper, *Architect.*

of Works strive to impart a cosy air of domesticity to our telephone exchanges. With the rapidly extending substitution of automatic for manual operation, the perpetuation of this curious anomaly is bound to appear a grotesque and quite gratuitous anachronism.

FIG. 13.—*BISHOPSGATE* Telephone Exchange.
J. H. Markham, *Architect.*

The telephone has the briefest of histories. It is hardly older than the century. Thus the telephone exchange is peculiarly a product of our age. It ought therefore to express it. A telephone exchange is quite a different type of building to a post office. Although it often proves more convenient or economical to install a telephone switchboard

under the same roof as a post office in smaller towns, there is not the same practical necessity for this proximity as in the case of telegraph instruments. There was, indeed, no question of any such juxtaposition as long as the telephone service was exploited by private enterprise. In early days exchanges were housed in all sorts of buildings. The old Western Exchange (which has since become the new Frobisher) occupied a vast bay-windowed mansion in the Cromwell Road—a sombre Victorian avenue, epitomizing the horror latent in the name South Kensington, which Meredith has described somewhere as "a long street of large yellow brick houses in which rich men clap their hands to their breeches' pockets and say 'Thank God, I am a rich man! Only a very rich man could afford to live in one of these very fine, large houses,'"—outwardly indistinguishable from innumerable private residences surrounding it that have long ago suffered the supreme outrage to

FIG. 14.—*STOCKTON-ON-TEES* Telephone Exchange.
H. T. Rees, *Architect.*

the pomps of gentility known as "conversion into private hotels." Tribute should be paid in passing to the old National Telephone Company for the elevations of the Gerrard (now Gerrard+Regent) exchange constructed under its licence. This building, which was architecturally immensely in advance of its age, immediately strikes the observer as having been expressly designed for some new, and definitely technical, purpose. If the old Gerrard does not exactly represent the 1930 idea of a telephone exchange, it at least suggests something much more akin to one than the majority of those built to Office of Works designs.

In central urban areas the policy of the Office of Works would seem to be to make telephone exchanges conform, as far as possible, to their immediate architectural surroundings. Thus the seven-storied building which Mr. A. R. Myers designed to accommodate the new Metropolitan and National exchanges (with provision for "Empire" in the near future), is a facsimile of the usual London office building fronted with an alternation of pilastered piers of Portland stone and bronze casement infillings. In that Street of Wool and Silk its Neo-whatever-it-is façade expresses nothing, and looks exactly like that of any other sufficiently modern block of offices. The nearest attempt at expressing a *boîte aux machines*, though not an altogether felicitous one, is Mr. E. Cropper's building housing the Abercorn and Maida Vale exchanges (Fig. 12). There is no nonsense or architectural frippery about this rather aggressively industrial-looking structure. The positively Modernist assertiveness of its conspicuous and factory-like tower, which rises menacingly above the docile housetops of Kilburn, recalls *in petto* that enormous brick fortress of an exchange looming over the Winterfeldstrasse in Berlin. Mr. A. Scott's Prospect exchange at Cricklewood, a little higher up the interminable meanness of the Edgware Road (Fig. 9), is decidedly good and workmanlike, but the only thing differentiating it from a substation is that official afterthought, the

FIG. 15.—*TAVISTOCK* Repeater Station.
A. Bulloch, *Architect.*

FIG. 16.—*HALESWORTH* Repeater Station.
D. N. Dyke, *Architect.*

Mercury's head carved on each of the window keystones. Mr. Cropper's Langham exchange is so dignified and "Cavendish Square" that it might easily be mistaken for a museum. An identical criticism applies to the same architect's even vaster Kensington exchange (Fig. 11), in which a weak and hesitant cornice, that lacks proper significance, cuts up the façade into a far too definite one-third to two-thirds proportion. This building suffers from a plethora of window cills and surrounds, too various in kind, that produces a restless and rather patchy general effect. Formal emphasis on fenestration in such cases is largely meaningless, since the type of frosted window adopted is one which, though admitting light, cannot possibly be looked through. Mr. J. H. Markham's Bishopsgate exchange (Fig. 13), would have you know that it makes no bones about being a plain warehouse type of building in an honest warehouse district where a spade is bluffly called a spade. Modesty is always laudable, but the nature of a telephone exchange

has nothing in common with the nature of a warehouse. The floral motifs of the large stone medallions seem rather self-conscious applications under the circumstances, which only accentuate this furniture depository aspect. The Gravesend exchange (Fig. 8)—where by using thin metallic window divisions Mr. D. N. Dyke has successfully avoided the all too prevalent domestic note—is much more evocative of its mechanical purpose. At Southend-on-Sea, Mr. Markham has relied on a very bald fenestration for the upper stories, while the ground floor is pierced by an unaccountable multiplication of windows which are protected by Spanish wrought-iron grillages, more in keeping with a bank—if indeed, they can be regarded as appropriate to this country at all. Mr. Dyke's Portslade exchange at Brighton is a very successful little building which achieves just the right scale of importance, though the window over the entrance meets the roof cornice rather uncomfortably. Mr. H. T. Rees's Stockton-on-Tees exchange (Fig. 14) is most invitingly habitable if considered as a private house set in a countryside remote from smoking slag-heaps and reverberating shipbuilding-slips. The detail of the doorway is particularly attractive. The same thing may be said of the porch of Mr. Cropper's Wanstead exchange.

FIG. 17. *COCHRANE* pillar box, *circa* 1866.

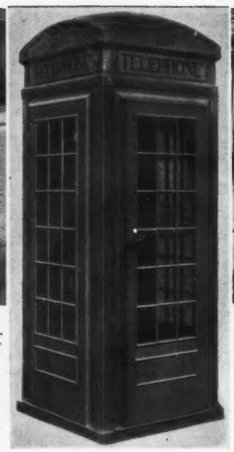


FIG. 18.—Standard sheet steel *TELEPHONE CABINET designed by* Sir Giles Gilbert Scott.

FIG. 19. *HANDYSIDE* pillar box, *circa* 1878.

Still newer as a type of postal building is that scion of the telephone exchange, the repeater station, the function of which is to amplify and relay sound volumes that inevitably grow perceptibly fainter after certain zones of distance are exceeded. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance for assuring good audibility in long-distance trunk calls, especially when submarine circuits, such as those linking this country with the Isle of Man, Ireland, and the Continent, are involved. Mr. Dyke's repeater station at Halesworth (Fig. 16) in Suffolk—which serves this end of the Anglo-Dutch telephone cables that connect Great Britain with Holland, Germany, and the countries of Central, Northern, and North-Eastern Europe generally—has an agreeably semi-rural character, rather like an agricultural laboratory, or the sort of outhouse built to accommodate the electric light and sewage pumping plants on a large private estate, quite in keeping with the pastoral nature of the East Anglian landscape. The fenestration is excellent. Indeed, this little building would be unexceptionable but for the awkward placing of the chimney at one end, which, by reminding one of the position of the funnel on a locomotive boiler, suggests propulsion rather than transmission. The Tavistock repeater station (Fig. 15) appears to have been originally designed as a block of married quarters for the Devon constabulary. Even Sherlock Holmes might be excused for failing to identify it with its nominal function.

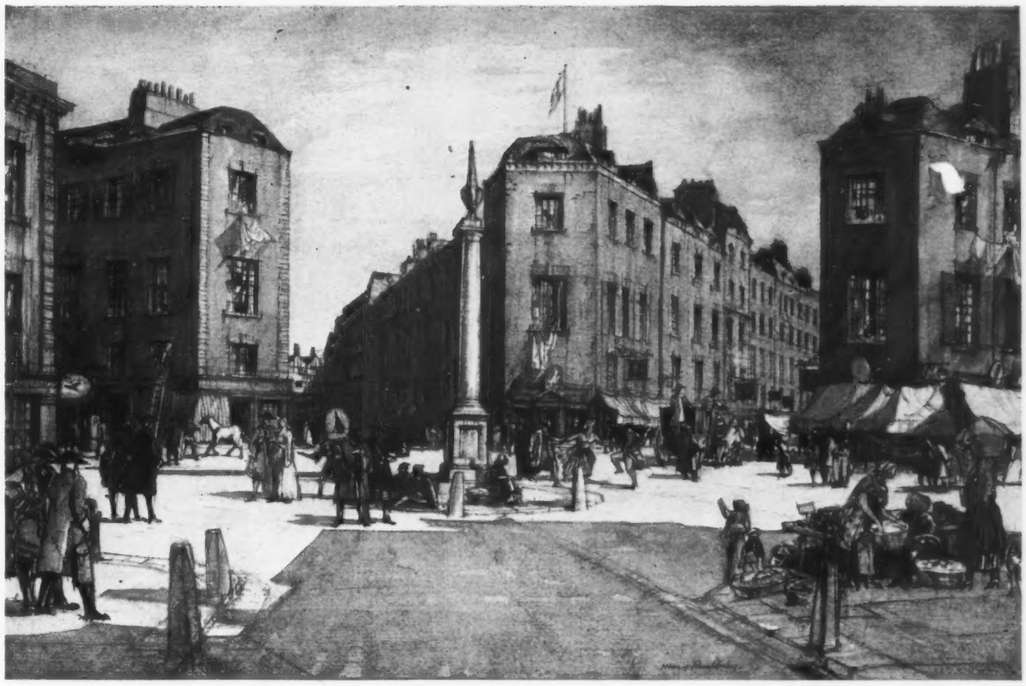
To sum up: There is now a definite Office of Works style well-sustained, competent, refined, traditional, commendably English, predominantly Neo-Georgian, and wholly unadventurous. It makes no attempt to express either the functions of the G.P.O. or the spirit of the present age. It is unthinkable that Storey's Gate would have passed plans for the head parcels office of an important provincial town as drastically functional and unstylistic as those embodied in Munich's impressive new "Postpaketenamt" (Fig 20), which was designed by the architectural department of the German postal administration.

Sir Giles Gilbert Scott's very dignified steel cabinets (Fig. 18) are by far the best street telephone boxes that any country can boast of. All that they lack is a wide shelf on which the telephone directory, still left to swing in space, can be comfortably laid open and consulted. The earlier G.P.O. telephone boxes are unsatisfactory because they were designed in concrete as though the material employed were wood. Nothing can be said in favour of their varnished timber prototypes. To enter them is to court asphyxiation.

Whatever strictures may be passed on the architectural shortcomings of the G.P.O., it must never be forgotten that it is the only postal administration which has ever perfected a really satisfactory type of letter-box. But that was long ago, and the design was pretty certainly no gentlemanly architect's job. The dear old Victorian pillar-box, as cast by those honest ironfounders, Handyside of Derby (Fig. 19), and robed in its splendid scarlet, is as conspicuous as it is good to look upon. No industrial design ever embodied "fitness for purpose" more fitly or to better purpose. With its slightly domed top and serrated overhanging edge, it is at once a severely logical and practical form, as simple as it is admirable. The oval, double-slitted variety is rather less prepossessing. Latterly the sovereign beauty of its proportions has been grievously impaired by reducing the girth of the sturdy column. When painted a villainous shade of blue, to indicate that it is a receptacle for air-mail correspondence, this attenuated model looks as amorphous a piece of cast iron as the "ornamental" base of the average electric light standard. Even the earlier (Cochrane) hexagonal model (Fig. 17), with its acorn finial, has an undeniable classic elegance. Original specimens of both bear the interlaced "V.R." monogram.

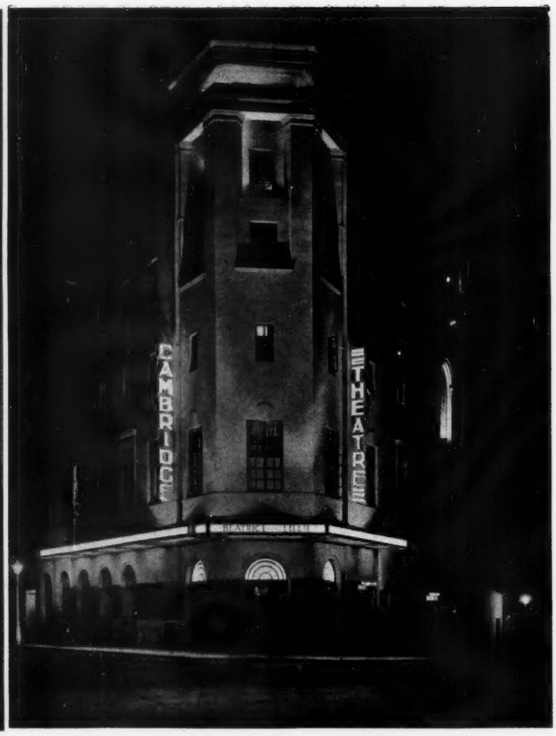
FIG. 20.—The Head Parcels Office, *MUNICH, designed by* the Architectural Department of the Post-ministerium of the German Reich.

Plate II. October 1930.
HORNCASTLE POST OFFICE.
H. T. Rees, *Architect.*

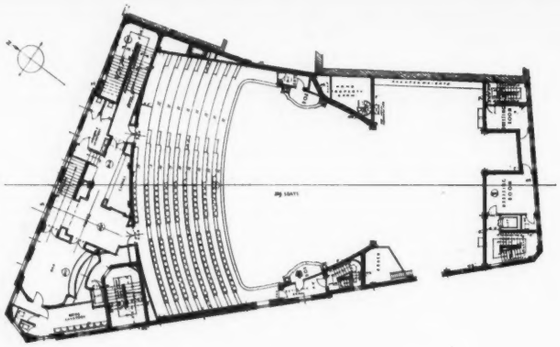


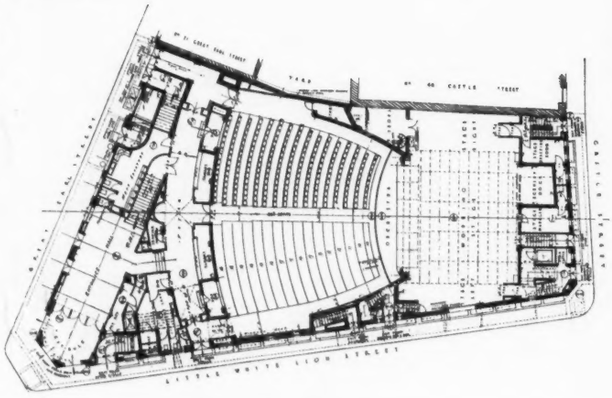
The Cambridge Theatre, Seven Dials, London. Wimperis, Simpson and Guthrie, Architects. (Above) Seven Dials in 1744, *from a watercolour drawing by Henry Rushbury, A.R.A. Some notes about the Doric column which can be seen in the centre of the picture, and which was designed and built by Mr. Neale, are given on page* 189. *(Below) The safety curtain designed by G. W. Leech, illustrating a fanciful history of Seven Dials from* 1330 *to* 1930. *The design is on a pale yellow background and is carried out in the colours employed in the decoration of the theatre.*

The site chosen for the Cambridge Theatre was an unusual one, and the outlines of the plan were dictated by three important considerations, namely, the slope of the ground, the client's desire that the stalls should be at, or near, the ground level, and the necessity of planning the main entrance on the corner facing Seven Dials. The form of the auditorium was designed by the architects as a great elliptical vault, the curvature of which increases as it approaches the stage, and becomes domical at the proscenium wall. The usual stepped and broken theatre ceiling being thus obviated, the result is one of increased unity and intimacy. Bands of concealed lighting across the ceiling, gathering in intensity as they near the proscenium frame, further emphasize the form. The scale and simplicity of the shapes have been successfully maintained in the decorative treatment carried out by S. Chermayeff of Waring & Gillow, who also designed the carpets and furnishings.

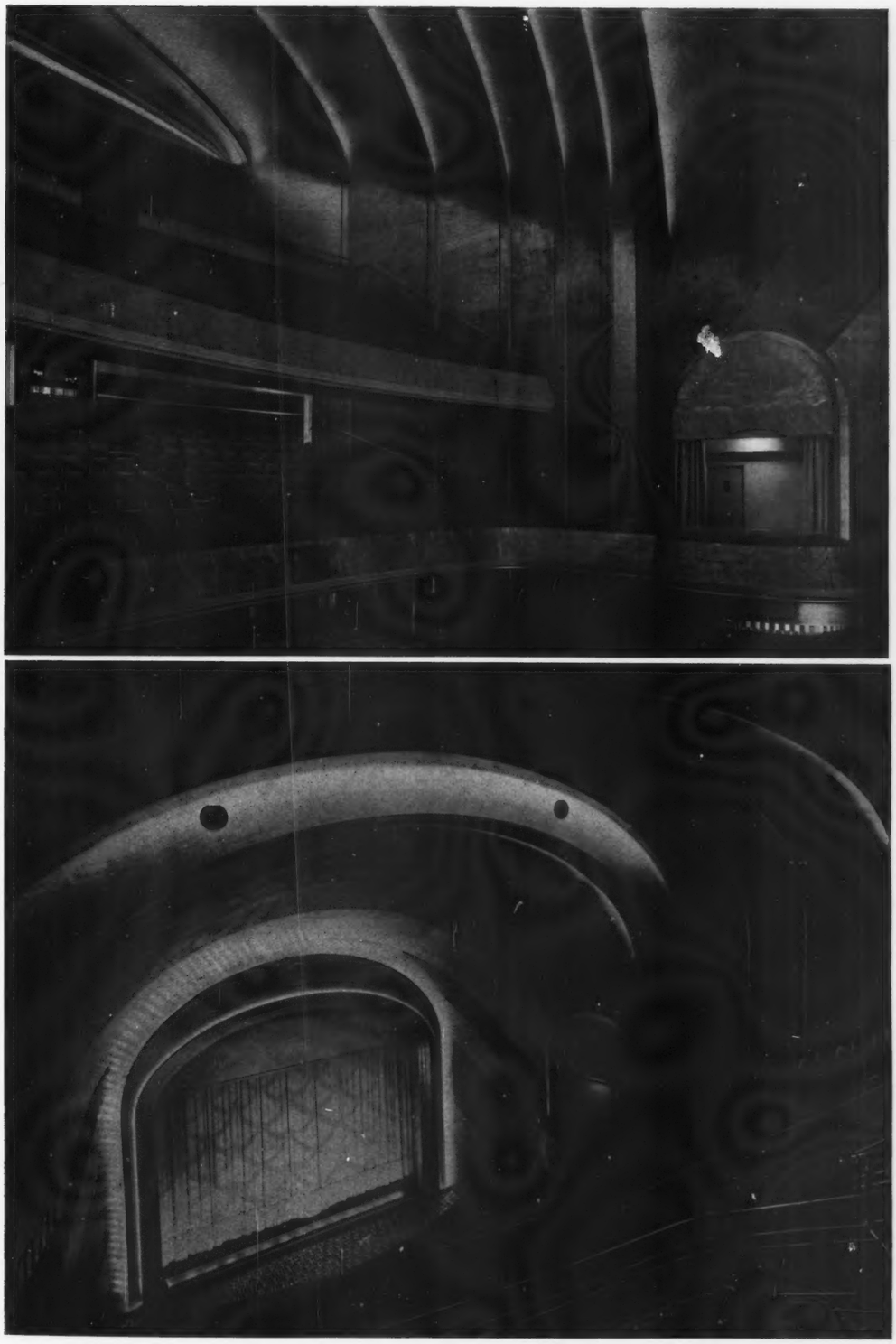


(Above) Day and night views of the theatre from Seven Dials. At night the hexagonal corner tower is floodlit from the top of the canopy, the soffit of which contains concealed yellow lighting.





The fascia of the canopy is in blue, and the same colour is repeated in the electric signs and in the floods in the tower. (Below) Plans of the orchestra stalls and dress circle.



(Above) The auditorium from the Royal box. The ceiling and wall surfaces are treated with metal leaf, toned and lacquered in various shades. The lighting ribs continue as motifs down the walls. (Below) The auditorium from the upper circle.

The stage from the back of the stalls, showing the profile of the Royal box on the right. The pelmet and curtain have a drapery motif in gold, silver and lemon yellow.

(Top) The dress circle. The lines of light in the ceiling and the engraved plaster of the back wall follow the main line of the building. Bottom (left) The stalls foyer; (right) The approach to the upper circle and the foyer beyond.

A bay in the lounge bar. The counter is of ebony, the black being repeated in the black glass background, forming a mirror to reflect the illuminated glass on the counter. The stools are chromium plated and upholstered in yellow Toyo cloth.

The lounge bar, which is under the entrance hall, is approached by a staircase from the stalls foyer. The silver handrail follows unsupported the sweep of the black terrazzo balustrade. The indirect lighting is reflected from a silver ceiling and the walls are stencilled in cellulose of pinky greys. The rubber floor is in greys, pinky browns, blues and black.

A History

of

The English House

By Nathaniel Lloyd.

XXIII.[1]—The Eighteenth Century

Palladian and Georgian *(Continued)*.

KINGS:

GEORGE I 1714–1727
GEORGE II 1727–1760

1725. *King:* George I.

FIG. 496.—Mereworth Castle, Kent.
Colen Campbell, *Architect.*

c. 1744. *King:* George II.

FIG. 497.—Honington Hall, Warwickshire.

1745. *King:* George II.

FIG. 498.
Thame Park, Oxfordshire.

FIG. 496.—*The gallery doorway leading into the salon reaches, perhaps, the summit of Palladian design and workmanship.* FIG. 497.—*The Octagonal Salon has a domed ceiling of eight diminishing sides enriched with octagonal sunk panels and divided by ribs with stucco ornament. The doorcase, in the pediment of which recline amorini, rivals the work at Mereworth* (FIG. 496). *The walls have large panels with enriched mouldings, and the windows are in the three external sides of the octagon.* FIG. 498.—*In the doorcase, dado and panel mould, all the mouldings are enriched with carving. Both wall and door panels are sunk.*

SOME late seventeenth and early eighteenth century doors had two large square raised panels (Fig. 512), or, later, sometimes sunk, with ovolo moulding. At Mereworth are doors having ten panels (Fig. 496). At Thame Park (Fig. 498) the doors are of mahogany (which became the favourite wood by the middle of the century), but many were of deal, painted like the panelling.

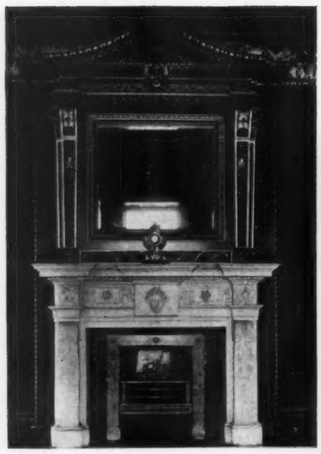
Types of mantelpieces include:—

The Monumental, as at Sudbrooke Park (Fig. 500).

Simple pilasters and shelf on consoles, as at Argyll House, Chelsea (Fig. 484).

More elaborate examples of the same type with stucco ornaments, as at Honington (Fig. 493).

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



1725. *King:* George I.
FIG. 499.—Mereworth Castle, Kent.
Colen Campbell, *Architect.*

1726. *King:* George I.
FIG. 500. Sudbrooke Park, Richmond, Surrey.
James Gibbs, *Architect.*

c. 1725. *King:* George I.
FIG. 501.—Mereworth Castle.
Colen Campbell, *Architect.*

FIG. 499.—*The chimneypiece in the gallery is of the type described by Ware as a "Continued chimney-piece suited to a Drawing Room"* (A Complete Body of Architecture, by Isaac Ware, London, 1756, p. 555) *because the composition is continued up to the ceiling as distinguished from a "simple chimney-piece" which ends at the shelf or pediment at shelf level. The simple treatment of the marble mantel is notable in this richly decorated room.*

FIG. 500.—*Such monumental fireplaces as the marble fireplace in the Cube Room are characteristic of interior details of the palatial houses built for peers (as at Houghton, in Norfolk, and elsewhere) in which coloured marbles were used; special prominence was also given to white statuary marble, the working of which reached a high level of perfection.* FIG. 501.—*This corner fireplace, of wood, in the West Bedchamber, is painted and the enrichments are gilded.* FIG. 502.—*The monumental marble mantelpiece in the South-East Room is designed in the manner of William Kent and is built of Carrara and "black and gold" marbles.* FIG. 503.—*The fireplace and panelling are painted. Such frames as that over the mantelpiece often enclosed a picture of fruit, flowers, or other "still life" subjects, or of a landscape.*

The corner type, carved, enriched, painted and gilded as at Mereworth (Fig. 501).

In coloured marbles and with a tablet breaking the frieze, as at Honington (Fig. 504).

Aurora in carved and painted pine (Fig. 507).

Rococo as at Chesterfield House (Fig. 494).

The correct decoration "for a country seat for a small family" was thus described[1] in 1757:—

> The Parlour story is 13 feet high in the Clear, and the rooms to be wainscotted throughout with plain marble slab Chimney Pieces, and the Withdrawing Room to be wainscotted but Chair high, and the remaining Heighth stucco'd in Pannels, with Paper Ornaments, and a plastered Cornice enriched, the Floors to be of the second best Deal dowell'd. . . The Chamber Story is 12 Feet high in the Clear, and to be wainscotted for Hangings with neat Plaster Cornices, and Marble Slab Chimney Pieces.

Isaac Ware gives three kinds of decorations for the inside of rooms[1]:—

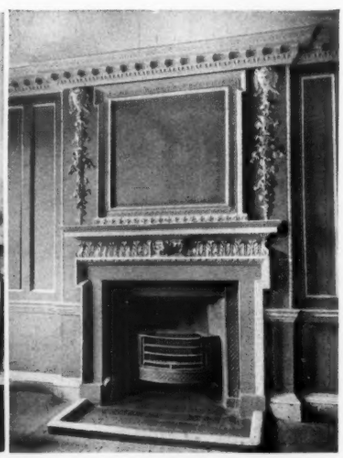
1. Stucco, "wrought into ornaments."
2. Wainscot.
3. Walls hung with paper, silk, tapestry, etc.

Of the three kinds we have named, the grandest is that in stucco; the neatest, that in wainscot; and the most gaudy, that in hangings.

[1] *The Modern Builder's Assistant*, by William and John Halfpenny, Architects and Carpenters; Robert Morris, Surveyor; T. Lightoler, Carver. London, 1757.

[1] *A Complete Body of Architecture*, Isaac Ware, London, 1756, p. 469.

c. 1730. *King:* George II.
FIG. 502.
Easton Neston,
Towcester.



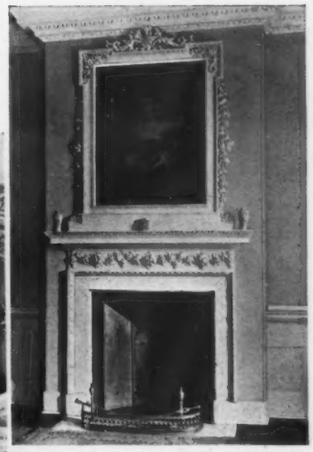
c. 1740. *King:* George II.
FIG. 503.
Lloyds Bank, Lewes,
Sussex.

c. 1744. *King :* George II.

FIG. 504.—Honington Hall, Warwickshire.

1745. *King :* George II.

FIG. 505.—Thame Park, Oxfordshire.



1745. *King :* George II.

FIG. 506.—Thame Park, Oxfordshire.

FIG. 504.—*The drawing-room mantelpiece. About the middle of the eighteenth century we find a rectangular tablet impaled upon the friezes of fireplaces. Such a tablet projects slightly and the shelf cornice breaks round it. Often the field of the tablet is carved with fruit, flowers, game, or trophies in high relief. The use of marbles of different colours is also worthy of notice.* FIG. 505.—*The illustration shows the Hall fireplace and the decoration of the stucco ornament applied to the walls, which are divided into large shallow panels with enriched mouldings. Although the treatment is distinctly baroque, it has not yet passed into the extremes of the French rococo, as in* FIG. 494. FIG. 506.—*A "continued" mantelpiece in a bedroom. The early nineteenth-century grate is "in the Gothic taste."* FIG. 507.—*Carved wood or marble mantelpieces frequently had a head of Aurora carved on the tablet in the centre of the frieze. Such woodwork was intended to be painted, not stripped and waxed as is often seen now.*

For a noble Hall, nothing is as well as stucco; for a parlour, wainscot seems properest; and for the apartments of a lady, hangings.[1]

Of the chimneypiece, he says :—

A principal compartment should be raised over it to receive a picture. This will be very happily terminated by a pediment. It may be broken to receive a bust, a shield or other decoration : and as this can reach only to the chimneypiece, which must be a great deal above the height of the pedestal, the compartments, or pannels, on each side being brought within a small space of the pedestal, will give a pleasing variety.[2]

The chimneypieces at Mereworth, Thame Park and at Lewes (Figs. 499, 505, 503) meet this description.

Of the doorcase, he advises :—

Over the door there is a space for lower pannels, unless where pediments intercept them. In this latter case the pediment should be opened to receive a figure that will fitly occupy the place; in the other, the whole is to be ornamented with a compartment in stucco or wainscot, according to the construction of the room; and if not pictures, festoons should be the ornaments.[3]

[1] *A Complete Body of Architecture*, p. 470.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 475.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 476.

c. 1755. *King :* George II.

FIG. 507.

See Figs. 489 and 493.

Ware illustrates his remarks with drawings of the staircase hall and salon ceiling at Coleshill, which he ascribes to Inigo Jones, but which we know to have been by Sir Roger Pratt. In another place he refers to the way

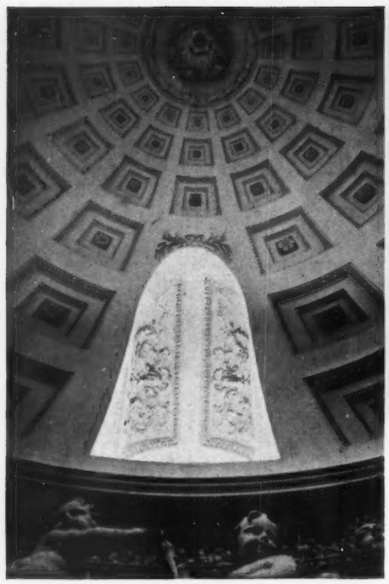
the British Palladio, Inigo Jones, conducted himself in these noble ornaments.[1]

The Palladians favoured ceilings divided into compartments, as those at Coleshill (Fig. 348); other ceiling treatments are shown in Figs. 508, 509, 510. Italian stuccoists treated ceilings in harmony with their own wall decorations (Figs. 493, 497).

Having shown his preference for classic details for walls, ceilings, doorcases and fireplaces, Ware proceeds to speak of decorations in the rococo manner, which he calls French, but he cautions his reader :—

first to establish in his own mind the great superiority there is in the true and noble ornaments over these

[1] *Ibid.*, pp. 468, 485.



1725. *King:* George I.

FIG. 508.
Mereworth Castle, Kent.
Colen Campbell, *Architect.*

c. 1730. *King:* George II.

FIG. 510.
Easton Neston, Towcester.

FIG. 508.—*The interior of the dome shows the aperture of one of the circular windows* (*see* FIGS. 440-1). FIG. 509.—*The ceiling of the gallery which occupies the whole of the south front. The frieze is decorated with stucco ornament, the cove is painted to represent ornament in relief, and the ceiling has panels containing paintings.* FIG. 510.—*The elliptic plaster panel in the centre of the ceiling* (*after Titian's* Venus and Adonis) *in the south-east room, now the dining-room, is probably by Artari or Bagutti. The spandrils are decorated with sporting accessories, and so are in keeping with the subjects employed for the decoration of the walls* (*see* FIG. 490).

1725. *King:* George I.

FIG. 509.
Mereworth Castle,
Kent.

petty wildnesses; but we must advise him also to understand the construction of both: for, unless he can conform himself to fancy, as well as work with judgment, he will do little in an age like this.[1]

In a preceding paragraph, he referred to the need to consult

> the fancy of the proprietor

and Ware's own submission to Lord Chesterfield's wishes for such French ornament is illustrated in Fig. 494, of the drawing-room at Chesterfield House, where walls, ceiling and fireplace are designed in this manner.

Staircases had balustrades of wood or iron; handrails were less wide than those of the seventeenth century and usually started with a twisted volute at the foot of the stairs (Figs. 485, 487-8, 491). Batty Langley says of these:—

> In small buildings a twisted Rail is very proper, but in magnificent Buildings, I think them vastly inferior to a noble Pedestal.

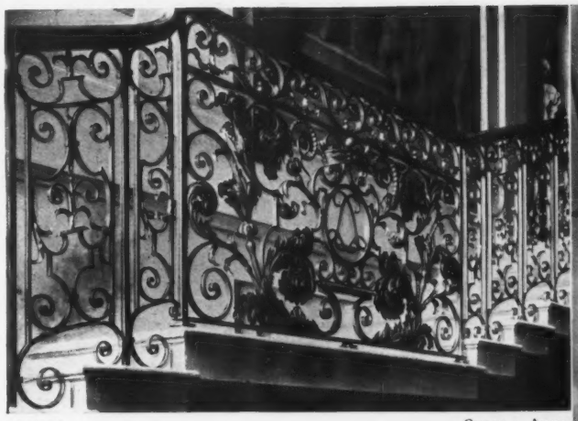
Turned wood balusters passed from spirals (of which there was considerable variety) to a diversity of other designs. Newel posts, lately only a thicker barley-sugar spiral or a substantial square post panelled on each side, now usually took the form of columns complete with the cap appropriate to the order chosen (Fig. 488). Metal balustrades, at first heavy and richly designed as at Easton Neston (Fig. 511) and at Chesterfield House (Figs. 495, 513), tended to become lighter—that at Honington Hall (Fig. 492) is exceptionally so; and their handrails, of wood, were narrower, like those of the wooden balustrades. The general tendency of iron balustrades was towards greater simplicity than those in earlier manner at Easton Neston and Chesterfield House; the acanthus leaves were omitted and the design became a succession of panels filled with straight and scroll work sometimes approaching to lyre shape. External balustrades might have these panels at intervals, the intervening spaces being filled with straight vertical bars of square section, pointed or arrow-headed (Fig. 474).

It might be supposed that the only effect of the changes of architectural styles, plans and materials dictated by fashion and introduced into houses built for wealthy and prosperous persons was to gratify caprice and pander to luxury. Such a view would be superficial, erroneous, and so far from actual facts as to deceive no impartial person; but contemporary testimony is valuable in showing how the standard of accommodation improved.

Writing in 1749, John Wood the elder comments upon the effect of improvements in Bath, thus:—

> About the Year 1727, the Boards of the Dining Room and other Floors were made of a Brown Colour, with Soot and small Beer, to hide the Dirt, as well as their own Imperfections; and if the walls of any of the Rooms were covered with Wainscott, it was with such as was mean and never Painted; the Chimney

[1] *A Complete Body of Architecture*, p. 501.
[2] *The Builder's Compleat Assistant*, 2nd Ed., p. 166.



1702-11. *Queen:* Anne.

FIG. 511.
Easton Neston, Towcester.

c. 1720. *King:* George I.

FIG. 512.—The Red House,
Sawbridgeworth,
Hertfordshire.
Photo by Bedford Lemere.

Fieces, Hearths and Slabbs were all of Free Stone, and they were daily cleaned with a particular White-wash, which, by paying Tribute to every thing that touched it, soon rendered the brown Floors like the Starry Firmament; the Doors were slight and thin, and the best locks had only Iron Coverings Varnished. . . . Each Chair seldom exceeded three half Crowns in Value; nor were the Tables or Chests of Drawers, better in their Kind, the chief having been made of Oak; the Looking Glasses were small, mean and few in Number; and the Chimney Furniture consisted of a slight Iron Fender, with Tongs, Poker and Shovel, all of no more than three or four Shillings Value. . . . As the new Buildings advanced, Carpets were introduced to cover the Floors, though laid with the finest clean Deals, or Dutch Oak Boards; the Rooms were all Wainscoted and Painted in a costly handsome Manner; Marble Slabbs and even Chimney Pieces became common; the Doors in general were not only made thick and substantial, but they had the best sort of Brass Locks put on them; Walnut Tree Chairs, some with Leather and some with Damask or Worked Bottoms supplied the place of such as were seated with Cane or Rushes; the Oak Tables and Chests of Drawers were exchanged, the former for such as were made of Mahoggany, the latter for such as were made either with the same Wood, or with Walnutt Tree; handsome Glasses were added to the Dressing Tables, nor did the proper Chimneys or Peers or any of the Rooms long remain without well Framed Mirrours of no inconsiderable Size; and the Furniture for every chief Chimney was composed of a Brass Fender with Tongs, Poker and Shovel agreeable to it. . . . To make a just Comparison between the public Accommodation of Bath at this time and one and twenty years back, the best chambers for Gentlemen were then just what the Garrets for Servants now are.[1]

Before the middle of the eighteenth century drainage systems had become orderly, though far from sanitary. The cesspool method of disposing of soil was the usual one; indeed, it remains in many country houses and cottages in the twentieth century. Isaac Ware[2] gives a house plan showing the run of drains beneath, including cesspools and "bog-houses," the latter outside

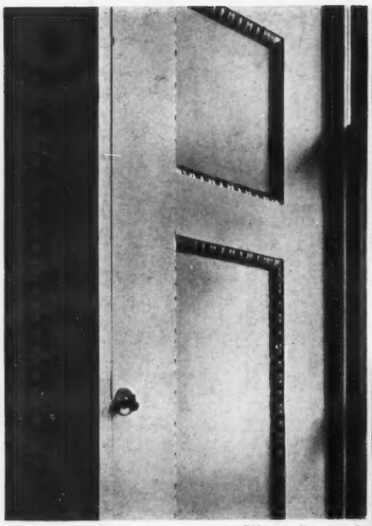
[1] Preface to *An Essay Towards a Description of Bath*, by John Wood, Architect. 2nd Edition. London, 1749. Vol. II.

[2] *A Complete Body of Architecture*, 1756, plates 29–30.

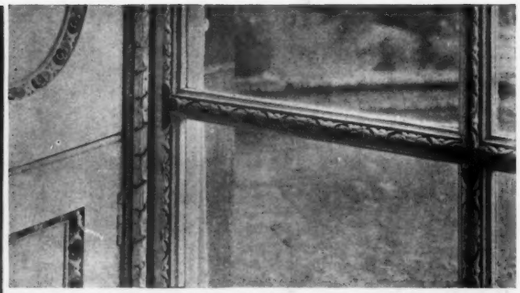
c. 1730. *King:* George II.

FIG. 513.
Chesterfield House,
Mayfair, London.

FIG. 511.—*A detail of the stair balustrade which is in the manner of, but not necessarily by, Jean Tijou. Wren provided such balustrading for the staircases at Hampton Court Palace and these were forged by Tijou. The* L *cypher is that of the owner of the house, the first Lord Lempster.* FIG. 512.—*An interesting handling of a staircase in a limited space. The newel, balusters, and handrail are of designs common to the period, but have been cleverly adapted to the position, the ramping of the handrail being ingenious if not altogether successful. The two-panel door with fielded panels is also characteristic.* FIG. 513.—*Detail of the stair balustrade* (*see* FIG. 495). *It is regarded as one of the finest examples of wrought ironwork in England and transcends the work of Tijou at Hampton Court* (FIG. 411). *The design, in the French manner, is bolder and more developed than Tijou's. The naturalistic treatment of the acanthus leafage is admirable in its form, and has none of the thinness from which such ornament often suffers.*



1723-5. *King:* George I.
FIG. 514.—Mereworth Castle, Kent.



1744. *King:* George II.
FIG. 515.—Honington Hall, Warwickshire.

1725. *King:* George I.
FIG. 516.—Mereworth Castle.

FIG. 514.—*A detail of the panelling to the windows and shutters. Although wainscot was no longer in favour with fashionable Palladian architects, skirtings, dados, and shutters of wood were still in vogue. The egg-and-tongue moulding, like most Palladian mouldings, was large in scale.* FIG. 515.—*Glazing bars, though not so thick as Wren's, were still substantial. Those of the windows in the Octagon Room are richly carved within, in harmony with the panel moulds of the shutters.* FIG. 516.—*A detail of the parquetry floor of the East Dressing Room; a rare surviving example of this work.*

the main walls but attached to them. He specially commends drains and sewers (built of brick), the floors of which are inverted arches, as being better than flat floors, with angles, in which soil would lodge, and he mentions that these improved drains had been constructed under the new building of the Horse Guards.[1] The practice of taking soil and waste pipes into drains or cesspools, without intervening traps, would be offensive.

The provision of accommodation for servants is referred to by Ware. In addition to lodging them in the garrets of an

> ordinary town house,

he suggests supplementing that by beds

> contrived to let down in the kitchen.

As the kitchen already had been provided in the basement, he adds:

> but in this case the necessary care for these peoples healths requires it should be boarded.[2]

In a country house

> servants of the meaner kind may be lodged over the hen-houses, that common thieving of hen roost robbing will be avoided.[3]

House bells were in use by the middle of the eighteenth century, being referred to (in inns) by Fielding,[4] but for entrance doors the knocker, a good early type of which is on the door illustrated (Fig. 473), were usual. This type, no doubt, is that to which Fielding refers in the passage:

> He had scarce finished his story when a most violent Noise shook the whole House. To attempt to describe this Noise to those who have heard it would be vain, and to attempt to give an idea of it to those who have never. . . . In short, a Footman knocked. . . .[1]

The burden of certain taxes on houses is well brought out by contemporary references.

Of the Window Tax:

> Landlady of Inn—"For it is a dreadful thing to pay as we do. Why now there is above forty Shillings for Window lights, and yet we have stopped up all we could: we have almost blinded the house, I am sure."[2]

The Window Tax continued throughout the eighteenth century; it was instituted in 1696, supplementary to the tax upon inhabited houses.

The incidence of Chimney Money is brought out in an epitaph which reads:—

> A house she hathe, its made
> Of such good fashione
> The tenant shall ne'er paye
> For repparatione.
>
> Nor will her landlord ever
> Raise her rente
> Or turne her out of doors
> For non paymente.
>
> From chimney money too
> This cell is free,
> To such a house who
> Would not tenante be?[3]

Amongst these taxes, that on bricks was first imposed in 1784, and increased from time to time, but not abolished until 1850.[4]

Ware refers to "Common Builders" of London houses who

> sell for fourteen years purchase, exclusive of ground rent,[5]

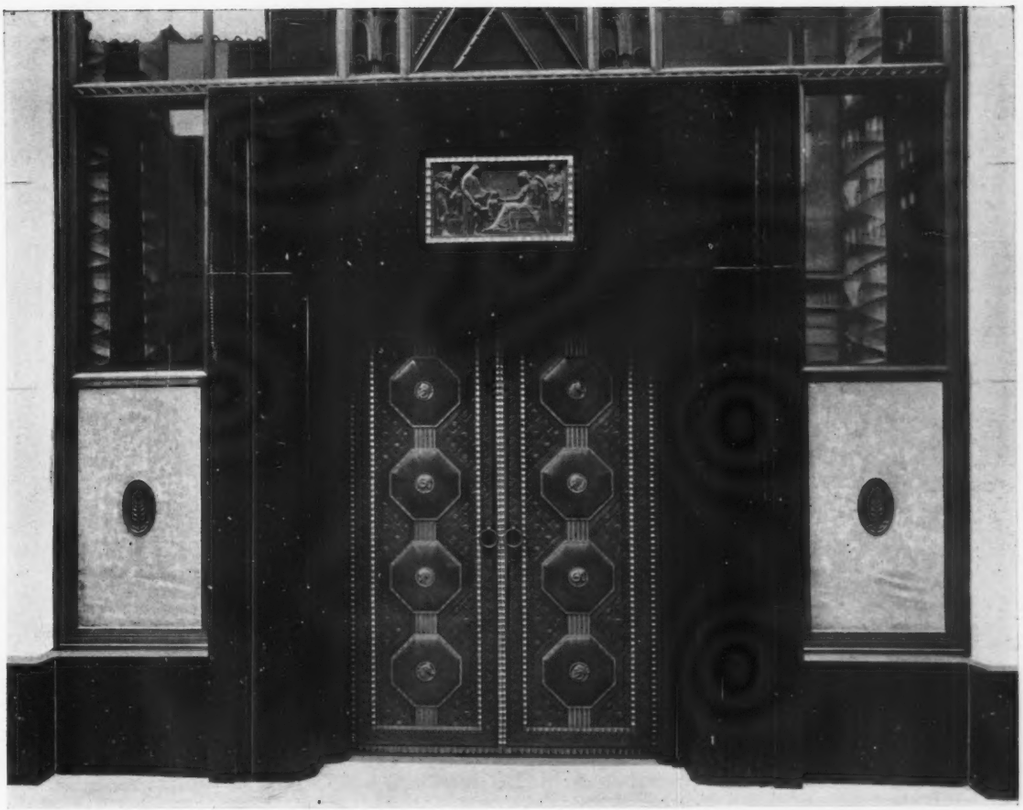
from which it might be inferred that speculative builders let houses as well as rented them. Speculative building of houses on an extensive scale was going on at an earlier date than this (1747), for Sir John Lowther, writing to Mr. William Gilpin (his agent at Whitehaven) February 19, 1697, after referring to house building operations in Whitehaven, said of Dr. Nicholas Barbon:

> Dr. Bairbones, has, in this Town (London) not laid out less than £200,000 in ye same manner, for which, in my opinion, he deserves more of ye public than any Subject in England[6]

(To be continued.)

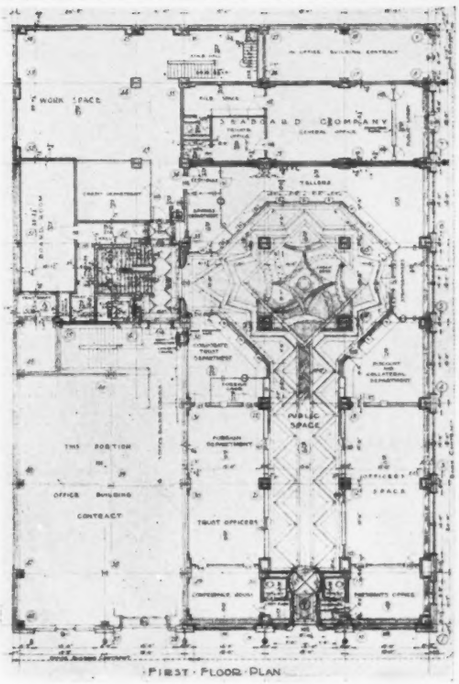
[1] *A Complete Body of Architecture*, p. 288.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 347.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 354.
[4] *Tom Jones*, by Henry Fielding, 1749, Bk. vii, ch. 2 and ch. 15.

[1] *Ibid.*, Bk. xii, ch. 4.
[2] *Ibid.*, Bk. vii, ch. 13.
[3] Epitaph on a tombstone in Folkestone churchyard, date 1668, In Memory of Rebecca Rogers.
[4] *A History of British Brickwork*, by Nathaniel Lloyd, p. 52.
[5] *A Complete Body of Architecture*, p. 347.
[6] Extract from the original letter in the office of the Lowther Estates, Whitehaven, communicated by E. L. Nanson, Whitehaven.



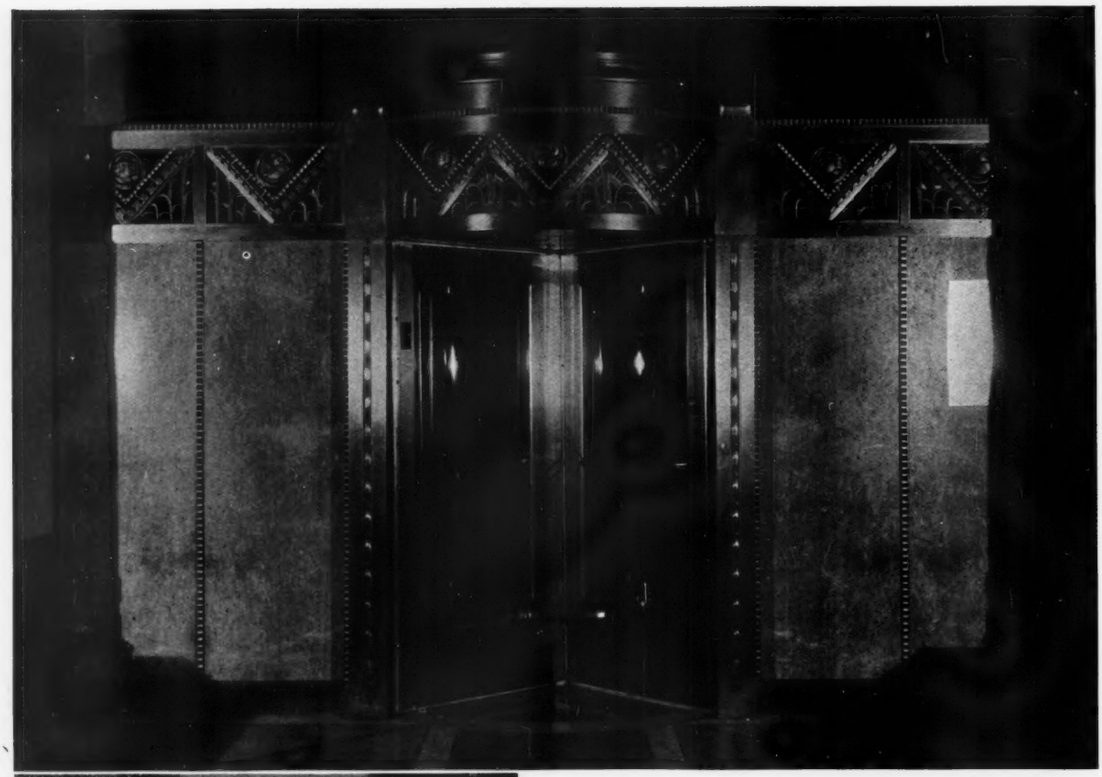
Bank premises in the Integrity Trust Company's building, Philadelphia. Paul P. Cret, Architect. The problem of the architect was to design this bank around the structural framework of a typical office building already in course of erection. The column spacing and the height of the floors had been fixed; so, too, had the position of the outer windows and the two entrances, one leading from the office building to the bank and the other from the street to the bank.

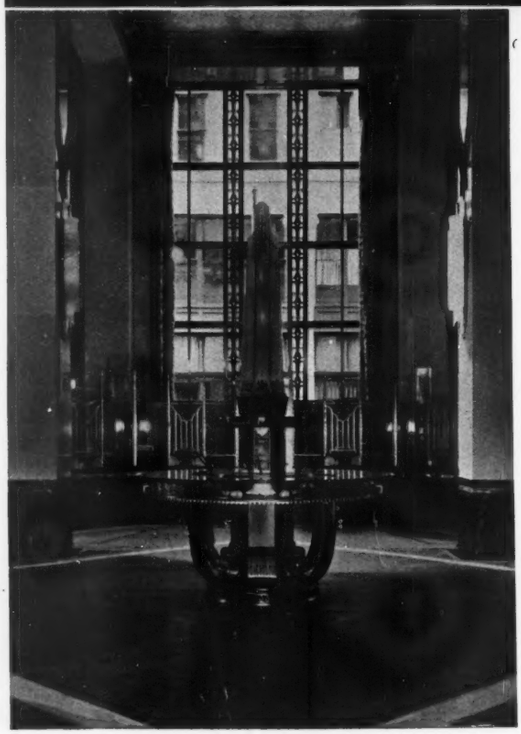
The bank premises consist of the first floor, the area of which is approximately 10,350 *sq. ft.; the basement, occupied by the safe deposit department; and the mezzanine floor where the investment and title departments are situated.*



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

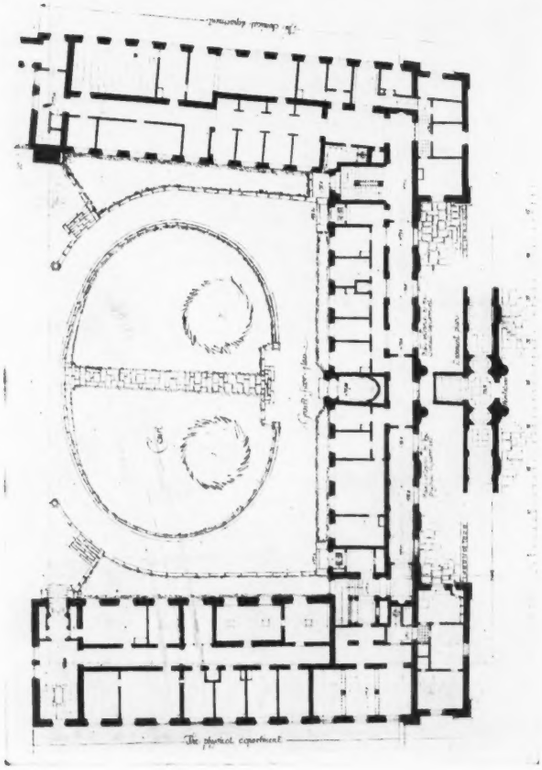
The top illustration on this page shows the entrance to the bank from the street. The surround to the doors is built of imported Swedish Emerald Pearl granite, and the doors are ornamented in bronze and monel metal. Above them, in the centre of the surround, and set in a granite frame edged with an ornamental band of monel metal, is a bronze bas-relief, symbolic of the Integrity Trust Company, by A. Bottiau, the French sculptor. The bottom illustration is the first-floor plan.



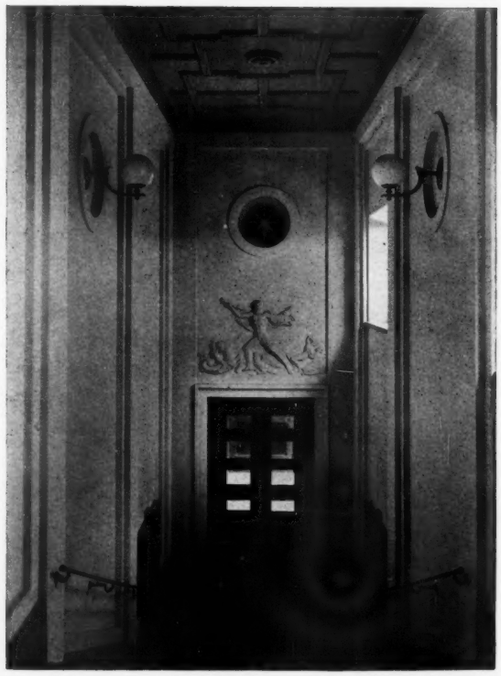


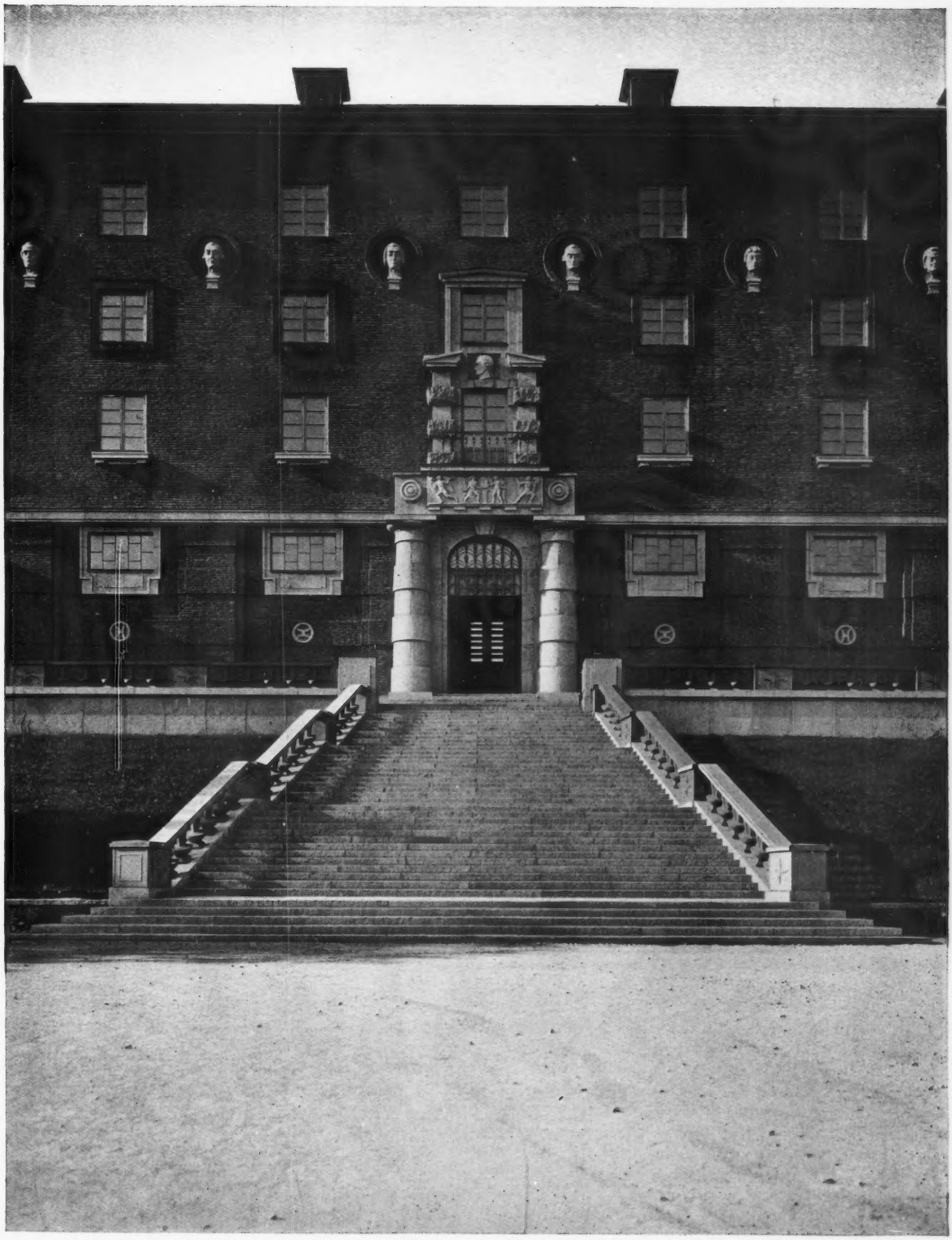
(Above) The revolving entrance doors. (Below) The banking hall on the first floor. From the plan it will be seen that the central aisle of the public space widens out to an octagonal rotunda, in the centre of which is a large central check desk. The concourse part of the public space is separated from the bank offices by a rail of imported Pyrenees black-and-white marble, with ornamental bronze gates. The lower part of the bank screens round the rotunda is of the same marble. The bank screen itself is of bronze and glass. The floor of the public space is covered with a design consisting of brass lines and ornaments set in imported marbles and coloured terrazzo.

The check desk in the centre of the banking hall. The desk is of bronze and monel metal, with etched glass on the top and in the light.



(Above) The entrance front of Chalmers' Technical Institute, Gothenburg. Arvid Fuhre, Hugo Jahnke, Conny Nyquist & Karl Samuelson, Architects. (Below) The ground-floor and basement plans, and the entrance leading to the main corridor.





The central portion of the entrance front.

The tower of the old cathedral at Saragossa. From a drawing by P. M. Stratton. The city has many towers; the one shown is the cathedral's octagon, built in 1685 *of brick with stone images. Near this spot St. James rested on his journey to Compostella; a cathedral stood here as early as the third century; the Berbers held it for a mosque, and the style of Byzantium remains in its walls. There was building and pulling down all through the Middle Ages and parts of the outside were remade in Classical fashion in the seventeenth century.*

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

Going, going . . .

By P. M. Stratton.

Little-Known England. Rambles in the Welsh Borderland, the Cotswolds, the Chalk Hil's, and the Eastern Counties. By HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN, B.A. Londcn: B. T. Batsford, Ltd. Price 12s. 6d. net.

ABOUT thirty-five years ago three children (one myself) were driven behind a stumbling grey by our mother from Shaftesbury to Rushall Down House on Salisbury Plain, a distance of 40 miles. The last five miles from Tilshead village onwards gave us choice of several faint tracks on the downs. We asked of a shepherd the best way to take, and he replied: " You voller theäs un till you do get to Meäster's woat rick," with the air of a man who had mentioned a primeval landmark as unmistakable as Stonehenge. He had that enthusiastic knowledge of his own locality which Mr. Eberlein, in *Little-Known England* seeks to give his reader about certain tracts of country which he loves: these are the Welsh borders of South Shropshire and Herefordshire, the Cotswolds, the Berkshire downs and the Eastern Counties.

This is not a book describing atmospheres or the " souls " of places, or even their hearts, and frankly I for one am glad. The parasites of Thomas Hardy have so dissected and analysed Wessex, for instance, that if ever I write a book about my own country it shall be called *The Guts of Wessex*. Mr. Eberlein, however, does not become so intimate as that. His method is to sit beside you in your car, or ride or walk abreast with you if he can persuade you to leave machinery, and direct you to the prettiest villages, the old castles and earthworks, the finest towns and the widest views. These are " meäster's woat ricks " to him.

His taste in views I regard as impeccable, and this is high praise in an age when every motorist goes about collecting views, describing them to his fellows, sifting the claims of rival views, and even preserving them for posterity. To cool an engine over, as it were, a wide prospect, is to make the best of earth and hell. On this account the first part of the book, which deals with the country round the Strettons, is the most enjoyable to read; the old highway down the Long Mynde, the Clee Hills, and the slopes of Caer Caradoc and the Wrekin afford satisfactions from which it is difficult to draw the eyes; for besides the rich modelling of the hilly ground there are flat stretches to give a classic repose. Mr. Eberlein, however, does not hold the balance fairly between those mountains and their valleys, for he does not show you the intimate beauty of wet pebbles in the beds of streams, or stop your car and point at the water ouzel which flies up and down the banks. He is not entirely correct to say the Stretton hills in July are covered with gorse and heather. The prevailing colour is rather the dark green, turning rusty later, of the whortleberry leaf.

On the way to Ludlow the author takes you to Heath Chapel (page 180), a solitary, untouched Norman shrine high up on the Clee Hills; higher still is a Roman camp, both brave works of men born probably under other skies.

On the west of Ludlow and Leominster lie Aymestrey, Eardisland, Pembridge, Weobley (page 179), and many smaller villages which entirely merit the epithet " unknown." They have much half-timber work in the broad Herefordshire manner of large square panels and black posts and beams; great stone chimneys rise at the ends of houses and finish with brick stacks; the roofs are thatched or covered in diminishing courses with Welsh slates which, in this air, look natural and innocent. There are dovecots of the manors, and separate steeples to several churches. St. Margaret's (page 179) is farther south and the border side of Hereford. It stands in a mountain parish, remote from change, and within its plain walls holds a rood loft of carved oak in the rich Welsh manner. From this little church the way runs down to the Golden Valley, " the Lombardy of Herefordshire, the Garden of the Old Gallants," as a Vaughan of Bredwardine called it.

Mr. Eberlein, as he pilots you through the mazes of border-country lanes, where at any moment the road may turn into a water-splash or a rivulet, likes to stop at some old castle, or religious house, and delay you with some story of siege, or love or superstition; or with some titbit of bucolic gossip, as, for instance, with the tale of the farmers of Hopton Cangeford, who objected to autumn crocuses as harvest decoration in the church. But I think the true ground of their rejection lies in the rustic name for this flower—" naked lady "—and that the worthy farmers feared too much tittering from the boys and girls on the " Feast of St. Pumpkin," as well as plenty of chaff from neighbouring villages. What a start for a legend—that the vicar filled his church with naked ladies on the Harvest Festival!

Our author does not linger over the Cotswolds, and at Painswick he is curiously incomplete, mentioning only the church, the tombstones, iron stocks and yews (but not the dance of girls round the yews at the clipping). There are in this town, however, two types of industrial architecture of which few know and fewer still realize the significance. I refer first to the warehouses for wool—small circular buildings with conical roofs standing in private gardens south of the church; and, secondly, to the cap mills on the river banks. Here is in embryo of warehouse and factory what the industrial revolution might have meant in architecture. Both types are racy of the soil; the factories have large windows divided by stone mullions; the walls and roofs are from the local quarries; they are weathered by 200 years of wear, shrouded by trees, and nourished by the power of the water. A pool stands before each, and the swish of falling water thrashes through the air upon the hum of the machines and the piercing and inconsequent noises of birds. Such was the manner of industrial civilization, when buildings had " a living influence " and gave form to water-mills and windmills; then it faded behind the cloud of coal. Few people even realize that we once had an industrial type of architecture which was not despicable, and, persisted in, might have given dignity to the North and grace to the Midlands.

To Chipping Campden, however, Mr. Eberlein does justice, and reminds us of Robert Dover who instituted the Whitsuntide games on the hill nearby, " being full of activity and of a generous, free, and public spirit "—a rare type nowadays.

ON THE RIVER YARE, NORFOLK. A tract of Fen country reminiscent of Holland.
Painted by Edward Duncan.
From *Little-Known England.*

Leaving the Cotswolds at Cirencester we are taken next to Dorchester-on-Thames, and so on through Clifton Hampden (see below) and Abingdon to the Berkshire Downs. Mr. Eberlein thus brings his region within reach of a day's motor run from London. Presumably the result will be that some at least of the villages mentioned will no longer be "little known," though we hope they will remain little frequented.

The Hendreds and Hagbournes are off main roads, and so "their aloofness has been their salvation"; they are far lovelier than the most ancient ribbon developments, such as Bracknell or Witham in Essex. Who made these Hendreds and Hagbournes? Is it possible by a close study of them to arrive at their underlying principle? Their materials are very diverse, and they have not the distinction of being in one style like the Cotswold villages, or of having a common ground of colouring. Is it possible to revive the tradition of village building as a thing beyond cottage building only, or do the by-laws, the clients, the costs prevent it? I feel sure they do. We are allowed to serve the community by building a bus garage, but not by building a thatched barn like that at Moulsford (page 180).

I hope Mr. Eberlein will draw Londoners out to Essex as well as Berkshire, for north and east of Epping is a delightful country revealed to us partially by the four volumes of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments. Essex villages have a style of their own, due to a family resemblance of many gables and a whiteness of walls; they are decent and comely but not rich; they are like groups of white nuns or nurses.

Suffolk and Norfolk are in architecture the two most imaginative counties on the east side of England, as Gloucestershire and Somerset are on the west. In the latter case the traffic with Spain and France probably acted as a spur to native wit; in East Anglia the influence of the Netherlands kept invention alive, as in the case of Shipdham Spire (page 180). The great churches seem, however, to overpower the villages, and when you have seen the sacred buildings and the castles, you are apt to think that is all and leave the villages still "little known." It is well therefore to have Mr. Eberlein to remind you what to look for, which should, however, include the vast forest of Thetford.

Not the least serviceable part of his book is the résumé at the end, for quick reference by the tourist. Also it is by far the best-written portion, being succinct and well constructed. It seems a pity that he did not give himself time to write as well in the first and by far the longest part. There is something highly inappropriate in describing beautiful villages and wide views by means of slang and slipshod English such as: "One gets nervy about the future of villages like Bibury"; "Not one-half the endless good things in the less-known parts of little-known England will you find," etc.; "No bit more warrants the praise than that immediately hereabout." And there is a sentence, only

THE BARLEY MOW INN, CLIFTON HAMPDEN.
Drawn by C. Patterson.
From
Little-Known England.

worthy of suburbia, on page 80 of the book, finishing with the word "road-maining." On the bottom line of page 110 "not" is printed for "note." The cottage building, which is the chief architectural glory of England, depends not on columns and carvings—the adjectives of architecture—but on a scrupulous care in choosing materials like plain nouns to nominate the function of each part, and unfretted lines like mildly active verbs to draw the parts together. Mr. Eberlein earns our thanks for his praise of his subject, but he would do it even more honour by observing its own reticent and careful manner. (By the way, the map of Shropshire, etc., shows Great Malvern on the wrong side of the hills, which do *not* run to Worcester.)

We are especially indebted to Mr. Eberlein because he tells us of things in time for us to see them before they disappear, or are vulgarized by ugly neighbours. Now that each political party has made up its mind to revive agriculture, it is quite likely that farming may become reasonably profitable. In due course an amount of building will be done, and little-known England will have, I fear, its old face lifted. Farmers know the lines of a beast, and if builders had as much knowledge of the lines of building, all might be well. But the weak point of country builders is æsthetic vanity.

Within ten years of the time when the old shepherd directed us to "Meäster's woat rick" the charm of all his countryside was destroyed by the War Office. Tilshead, the two Orchestons, Shrewton, and many other downland villages were once served by narrow flinty lanes and green tracks with flowered verges, the routes to fairs and markets of the great flocks of sheep even more than of the wagon-loads of barley and the carriers' carts. The chalk stream running through nearly every village went through wild musk in the same direction. All the house and garden walls were cob, white- or colour-washed, and the roofs were thatched. Only the church and manor house and sometimes the rectory had Chilmark stone as green-grey as the willows. The heavy elms could not rise above the deliberate lines of the hills which appeared to teach everything in the valleys its proper place and size. It seemed impossible for such villages to alter or to be moved out of their rightness. The War Office brought their tin craft and covered acres with huts. The General, the Grocer, and the Builder showed their heads on the same æsthetic plane. The hot, dry rattle of corrugated iron was gunman to the quiet. Even great landowners mended farm buildings and fences with the same exotic metal. Those villages live now only in a few old watercolour drawings, or closed in a few memories like a chipped vase in a cupboard.

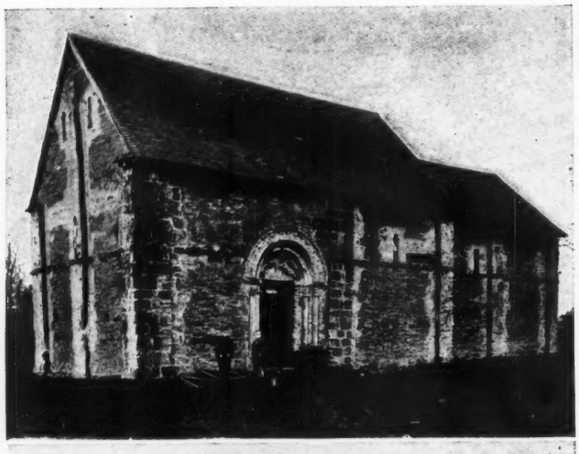
LOOKING TOWARDS THE CHURCH AT WEOBLEY.
Drawn by Sydney R. Jones.
Few fifteenth- and sixteenth-century villages of the Borderland can compare with Weobley in the diversity and carved decoration of timbering to be seen in close compass.
From *Little-Known England*.

THE CHURCH, SAINT MARGARET'S, NEAR BACTON, WALES.
The pride of this tiny church, with its curious wooden bell-cote, is the capacious carved rood loft, built in the Welsh manner and extending right across the upper part of the chancel arch.
From *Little-Known England*.

Florentine Furniture.

Il Mobilio Fiorentino. By MARIO TINTI. Pp. 78, 320 collotype plates. 13×9¼ ins., Milano-Roma. Bestetti e Tuminelli. Price 300 lire (about £3 10s.)

IT is seldom that one comes across Italian books in London and it seems that few Italian publishers send to English papers for review. In fact, there is very little push in the Italian book trade as compared with the German, and yet Italy produces some of the finest books in Europe. One of these has just reached me from Rome. It is a history of Florentine Furniture written by one of Italy's foremost historians and art critics, Mario Tinti. The book is the result of many years' work, and the utmost care has been taken to illustrate this little monument



Left. THE HEATH CHAPEL, ABOVE CORVE DALE. One of the most perfect examples of a Norman church to be found in England.

A THATCHED BARN, MOULSFORD VILLAGE, BERKSHIRE.

A typical farm building in the Thames Valley district which exemplifies the truth that there need be no divorce between the utilitarian and the picturesque.

From *Little-Known England.*

THE LEAD SPIRE OF SHIPDHAM CHURCH, NORFOLK.

From *Little-Known England.*

to the "Florentine Carpenters" with examples of their work which have not been restored or tampered with.

This is most decidedly one of the books of reference and encouragement that should be in all architects' offices and in all our art schools. I use the word "encouragement" because the illustrations show that if only one is sufficiently courageous and audacious in design, one wins through in the end. In turning over these 320 plates one sees how little copying of what came before was done by these fine old carpenters and sculptors of Tuscany. They were not stagnant conservatives, and the author, who is very keen on modern steel furniture, does not write showing us to what we should return, but rather to encourage us to move on.

The letterpress is very carefully divided into the following chapters: "The Evolution of Styles from the Gothic to the 19th century," in which the author has a few thrusts at the baroque and its "exasperated imagination"; "The Techniques," wherein he describes minutely how every kind of tasio work and other decorations were done; "The Art of the Wood," in which he deals with the laws and guilds that governed and protected the artists in the past; "Biographical Notes" on all the principal Florentine woodworkers from the 15th century, containing a careful list of each artist's works; a chapter on the different forms in furniture and their origin and evolution, and eight pages of comments on the plates; in all a very fine book.

EDWARD CARRICK.

Full-Size Period Mouldings

Mouldings of the Tudor Period. A Portfolio of Full-Size Sections. By TUNSTALL SMALL and CHRISTOPHER WOODBRIDGE. London: The Architectural Press. Price 8s. 6d. net. New York: William Helburn Inc. Price $4.

IT is many years since the publication of a book containing anything like so varied and extensive a selection of mouldings as this portfolio, or its predecessor *Mouldings of the Wren and Georgian Periods*. Together, these portfolios form a study of the work produced during those two centuries which, from a practical point of view, are of the greatest interest to the architect and draughtsman today. So far as I know, no book of mouldings has ever previously been published in which the examples are reproduced to their *full size*, and the value of these two portfolios is greatly increased on that account.

In the present volume there are some 250 examples selected from the small domestic work of the Elizabethan and Jacobean eras. They are grouped on twenty sheets and include mouldings for windows, panelling, fireplaces, doors, staircases, cornices and beams. Each sheet contains, also, a small ($\frac{3}{4}$-in. to 1 foot) dimensioned scale drawing of a window, a piece of panelling, etc., which not only indicates the position, relationship and general arrangement of the mouldings, but also supplements the information they reveal about details of the domestic architecture of the Tudor period.

A. E. D.

EXTERNAL DOORS

Sheet 13

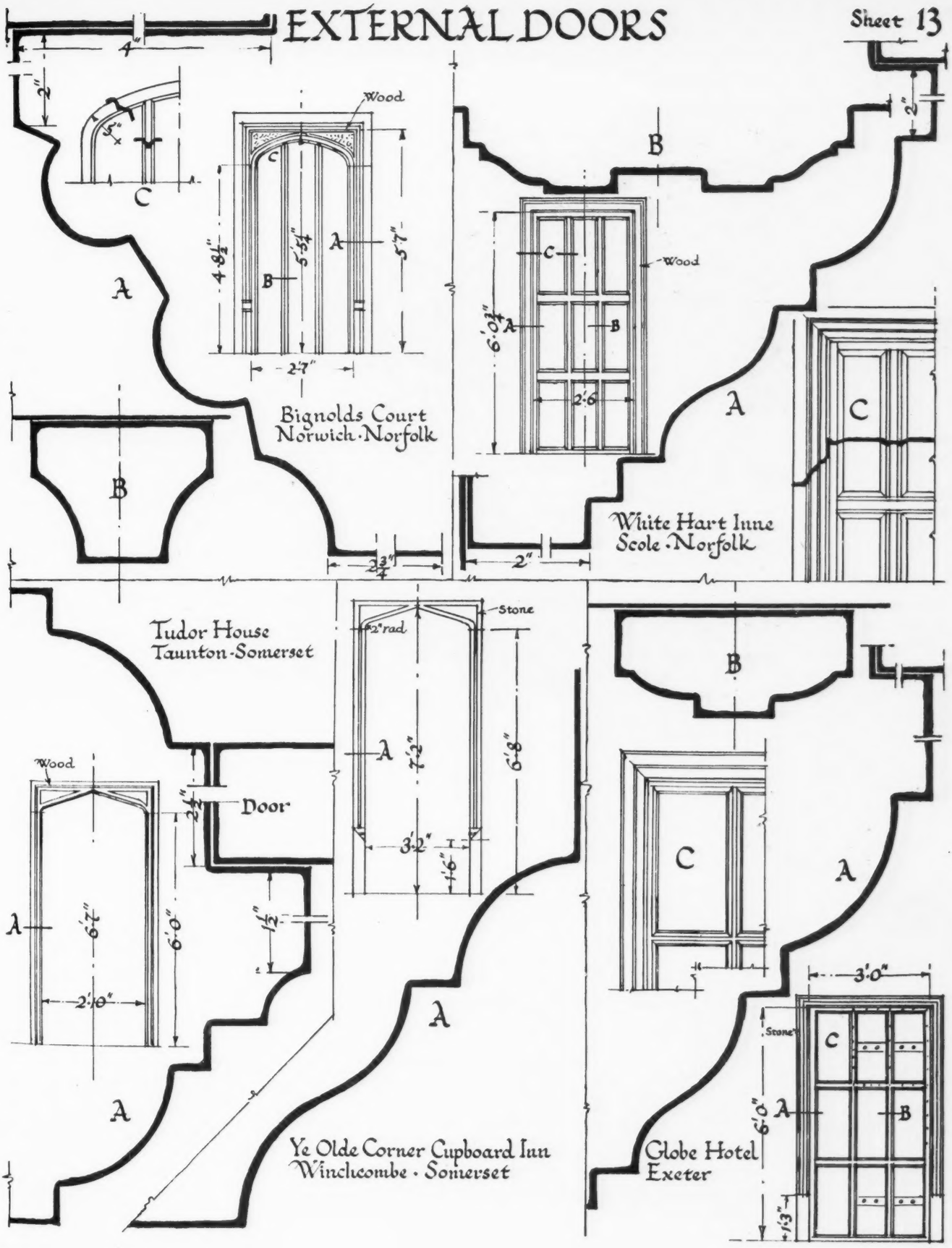


Plate III. October 1930.

A SHEET OF FULL-SIZE MOULDINGS OF EXTERNAL DOORS.

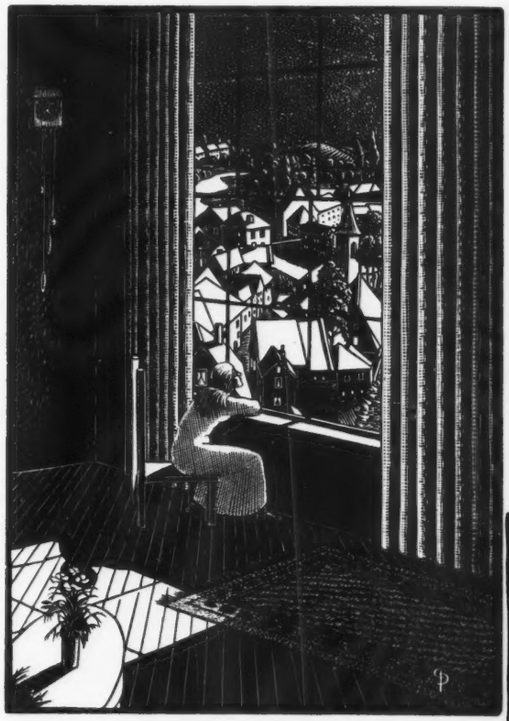
From *Mouldings of the Tudor Period.*

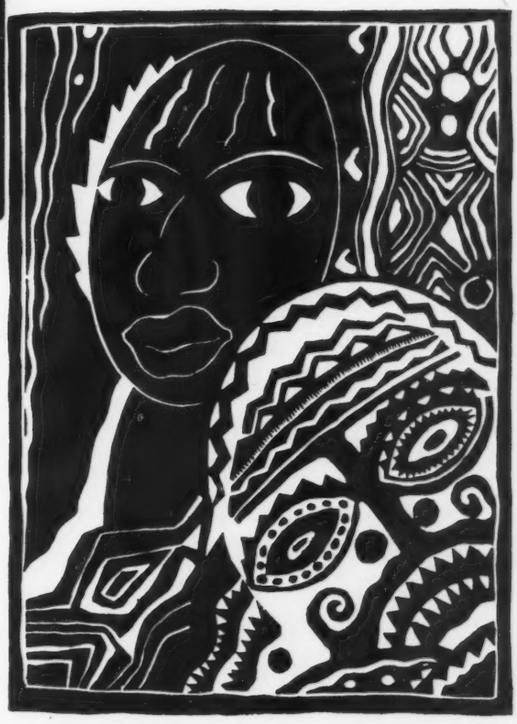
WOODCUT and *LINOCUT.*

MOONLIGHT (*a woodcut by Claughton Pellew, reproduced by permission of the St. George' Gallery, George Street, Hanover Square, London*).

The woodcut has behind it the weight of a considerable tradition; it is to be approached with respect and a certain amount of ceremony. It has the dignity of a long-established craft. Those who realize that there is a distinction between the artist and the craftsman, will see that the woodcut is the medium of the craftsman; its execution must be leisurely and orderly. This is not to say that the artist has no sense of law and order; but it is of a different sort, conditioned by the immediate necessity of responding to the impulse to create.

The chief beauty of a woodcut lies in the severe clearcut quality of the lines which is inherent in the hard unyielding nature of the wood. Even the surface quality of a print is different from that of a linocut; the intense black which can be got from a woodcut under the pressure of the printing press is not so desirable in a linocut. The material used sets the standard for the desired result and because a print from a linocut is obtained by the more gentle pressure of the hand roller, it is greyer in tone.





THE MASK (*a linocut by Frank Weitzal, reproduced by permission of the Redfern Gallery, 27 Old Bond Street, London*). *Linoleum, being a more docile material than wood, lends itself to quicker, more spontaneous and direct methods of cutting; effects can be obtained from linocuts which are somewhat similar to woodcuts, but it is the qualities unobtainable from woodcuts that should be aimed at. One of the charms of linocuts is an apparent effect of irresponsibility. The continuous sweep of a line is not interfered with, because the material is non-resisting, and sudden changes in the direction of the knife or tool used can be indulged in at the whim of the cutter.*

To artists who are inclined to be temperamental, linoleum is quick to respond to their needs, and they can obtain immediate effects from their inspirations without the delays of tedious intermediary processes.

I can recall to mind a certain Belgian painter, who handled lino in the manner which, in my opinion, is the correct one. He simply cut and tore out pieces in the way he wanted them; and sometimes when these patches overlapped the shapes which he had originally intended, the result happily enhanced the particular quality of spontaneity he desired.

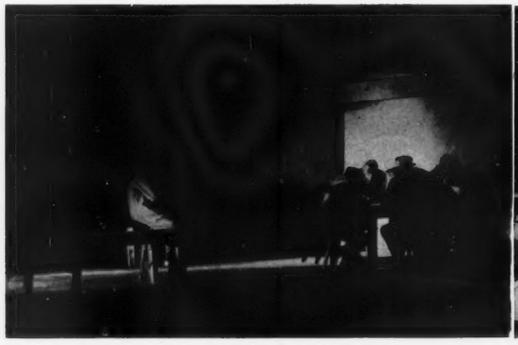
Weitzal selected a dark subject for his theme, so that his spaces are not complicated by the necessity for removing much linoleum, which would have spoiled the direct effect of his line.

RAYMOND MCINTYRE.

RUSSIAN FILMS.

Russian films are tendencious. The majority are propagandist for Communism. For that reason they have been opposed in this country. The propaganda, intended for a public of indifferent, and even low, intelligence, is generally transparent. Whether we agree or do not agree with the principal aim and object of these films, and whatever the transparency of the methods employed, their sincerity is unquestionable, and they reach an uncommonly high level of technical achievement. Russian film directors have made "montage" a fine art. "Montage," or mounting, means the inter-relation of contrasting or complementary scenes, interchanged with greater or less rapidity, in order to stimulate and increase an emotional reaction to the visual image. "Montage," dependent on movement, cannot be adequately illustrated by stills. The illustrations shown on these pages reveal a quality of intense reality. They are free from obvious artistry, but such photography is not produced without a large measure of that skill which conceals the means of its attainment. The evidence of these films seems to indicate that the present trend of Russian thought gives rise to a kind of puritanical outlook. If the arts and graces are not cultivated, lascivious suggestiveness is unknown.

MERCURIUS.



From *FRITZ BAUER.*
Petroff, *Director.*

ARSENAL.
Dovjenko, *Director.*

EXPIATION.
Kuleshov, *Director.*

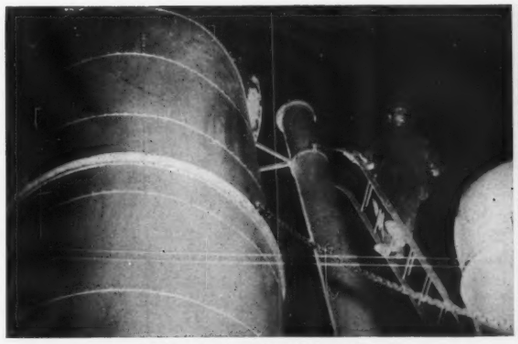
HIS SON.
Cherviakoff, *Director.*

TWO DAYS.
Stabajov, *Director.*

THE END OF ST. PETERSBURG.
Pudovkin, *Director.*

SOLD APPETITE.
Ochlopkoff, *Director.*

PRISON HOUSE.
Raismann, *Director.*



IT'S A SHAME TO SAY.
Armand and Oganessoff, *Directors.*

THE GENERAL LINE.
Eisenstein, *Director.*

MOTHER.
Pudovkin, *Director.*

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND.
Chermjak, *Director.*

NEW BABYLON.
Trauberg, *Director.*

THE YELLOW TICKET.
Ozep, *Director.*

A Free Commentary.

By Junius.

AN enlightened piece of advertising for which the Shell-Mex Company is responsible, and which might with advantage find imitators and adaptors, takes the form of letters printed in the advertising columns of the Press from the Royal Society of Arts, the Design and Industries Association, and the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, in which these societies congratulate the company on its policy of restraint, its refusal to desecrate the countryside with obtrusive invitations to buy its petrol. It is advisable to explain (as these advertisements do not exactly give to the reflective an impression of absolute spontaneity !) that this is not a mere astute piece of commercial axe-grinding. The genuine wish of the company's executive to do something to mitigate the offence of its inevitable publicity has been long well known to active members in the societies named. The suggestion came from the societies and was agreed to by the company. It is, of course, of the essence of such arrangements that there should be some compensating business advantage to the co-operating company as, clearly, the directors are not free to apply their shareholders' money to irrelevant adventures, however admirable. But the hopeful thing in this instance is the intelligence in the first place to admit responsibility, and in the next to the falling in with a constructive suggestion instead of explaining that such a thing, having never been done before, " will never do."

* * *

If the sense of civic responsibility were developed in business men, *if* it were not so generally assumed that profits were their sole concern, and all that, as a result of their operations, happened of general inconvenience or outrage within the law, was no concern of the profit-maker, then it would not be fantastic; on the contrary, it would be the sane, inevitable thing to find the tobacconists, the chocolate-makers, and the newspapers, the three prime producers of LITTER, out of an unbearable sense of shame calling a conference and agreeing to combine for this admirable purpose of clearing up their own mess and, with their united forces—clearing it up.

* * *

The mournful thing, of course, is that this kind of intelligence and conscience is so rare. A hopeful correspondent in *The Times* suggests that the cigarette manufacturers might put in their packets requests that the cartons, picture cards, foil, tissue, etc., should not be just thrown about England anyhow. The matter is naturally not quite so simple as this guileless one suggests. All the manufacturers of tobacco would need to co-operate or (so it would be argued with, I think, fair plausibility) " the public "—that vague ass—would resent the implied reproof and patronize the non-preaching tobaccos. But that is not to say that the matter should end there.

* * *

Meanwhile, lest it be said that the chocolate-makers have been altogether supine, let us note that a non-crackling theatre chocolate packing has been evolved. Some of us think that the evolution of a non-chocolate-munching audience would be more to the point—but that clearly is an opinion they cannot be expected to share.

* * *

A month or so ago the Dean of Manchester, speaking on The Claims of Beauty in Modern Life to the text that at bottom the experience of beauty is a religious experience, puts the matter from another angle. He said, " A man I know, for example, lives in spacious splendour in Shropshire. He talks bitterly of the ugly stream which arises around him—litter, charabancs, filling stations, clamour, concrete bridges, and gaunt, treeless roads. And yet none is more responsible for this than he. He has mills almost within eyeshot of my deanery. His chimneys belch forth smoke. His workfolk live in soulless streets, bounded by dumps and grassless fields. What sense of disciplined beauty can such a population possess? "—(here, of course, the Dean twists his argument further than his premises warrant, but his heart is in the right place). The essential ethical question is: May a man extract all that he can from the muscles of his workmen and the purses of his customers and go and live in spacious splendour in Shropshire on the proceeds—and not give a dam what happens to either? Roughly, the accepted answer for today is—Certainly, why not?

* * *

I wonder how many who have been hoping against hope that some cinematographic house would be opened to which a person not actually a moron might go with reasonable certainty of not being bored or outraged have, as I did, missed its coming. There is a house—a mere pavilion, not a palace, in Shaftesbury Avenue —which gives a crowded hour's entertainment of actual " things seen." True, one must also put up with those sad, and in the main, completely unintelligible growlings, bleatings, and barkings which pass for the reproduction of the human voice, and a certain amount of rather heavy facetiousness in the titlings and sub-titlings and, in general, the rough with the smooth. But to see " young ladies of Nippon shake a leg in Western style "; a chimpanzee shaved; a fashion parade—very intimate; the English polo team preparing for defeat at Westchester, and very self-consciously being introduced by a barking captain; niggers making jazz music; Mrs. Eleanor Glyn describing IT (of course these personal gambols are manifestly deplorable—Mr. Bernard Shaw has naturally been at it already); the Hamilton games; steeplejacks on a New York church; Canadian girls as mounted archers; excerpts from the Bombay riots (an intensely interesting affair); some brilliant nonsense from the creator of Micky Mouse (which is so much better than S.A. nonsense and crime nonsense); hopping in Kent; Costes taking off from Le Bourget to dare the Atlantic passage; Australians *v.* an England XI; Miss Carstairs flashing and roaring by on her speed-boat; King Haakon opening an exhibition; Parisians bathing in the Seine; Chasseurs Alpins at their vigorous, incredible training; D'Annunzio in state at home; excavations in Algeria; cloth making by Samoan women—there is enough to interest and stimulate even though more discretion in presentation and selection might have added much to its interest. Still, here is an attempt at using the cinematograph for reasonable entertainment with instruction, and it deserves the patronage (and criticism) of the intelligent.

* * *

I should like to produce a dramatic and educative noise-film of the operations of the Westminster City Council's prehistoric dust-carts manned by its grim and grimy troglodytic operatives. Scene: a famous old London square in which brain-workers—Junius and others—try to snatch a few hours' hard-earned sleep. Time, 6.45 a.m. Loud rumbles heard off ..... Close up: dust-cart " half as old as time." A desperate clanging as of an ill-rehearsed anvil chorus (this is actually produced by banging a metal dustbin upon a metal bar in the cart; no noisier way of dealing with this problem has yet been discovered). Voices issue from the dustmen (dustmen is, of course, euphemism; filthmen would be more accurate, and really no human beings, for whatever pay, should be put to work in such *unnecessary* squalor) apparently (and no wonder) expressing general disapproval of the whole business. Voices issue from awakened sleepers to the same effect . . . We hear, however, that Westminster " is experimenting " with a system that has been known on the Continent for years. Years hence we may get another hour's sleep.

The double " L "-shaped *DRAWING-ROOM* at No. 1 Stanhope Place, London, the residence of Mrs. Rose Morley, showing the architectural treatment, columns and pilasters, and the book-filled niches flanking the chimneypiece in the smaller room. The pilasters, doors and cornice are grained to represent pine, and the wall filling is painted a warm plaster tone. All the lighting is indirect, the niche heads being illuminated, while the soffit of the beam contains open panels through which the light is reflected from silver-lacquered coves. See also Plates IV, V and VI.

Designers :
R. W. Symonds *and*
Robert Lutyens.

The Architectural Review
Supplement
October 1930

Decoration & Craftsmanship

OVERLEAF: *AT CLOSE RANGE.*

The tympanum from a small church at Aston Eyres, near Bridgnorth, Salop, portraying *The Entry into Jerusalem.* The church was built for Fitz d'Aer, 1132–1148. Sculpture of this period had little modelling and the figure work was generally designed on one plane. The photograph is reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Harold Daniels.

Plate IV. October 1930.

A detail of the entablature, columns, and pilasters in the drawing-room of No. 1 *Stanhope Place. The use of this room as a music-room also, suggested the bell motif in the capitals.*

Plate V. October 1930.

A fountain, in the form of a table, between the windows in the dining-room at No. 1 Stanhope Place, London, designed by R. W. Symonds and Robert Lutyens. The fountain is made of green glass-covered scagliola, with a black-and-white silver mirror. The walls are a mottled oatmeal in colour. The chimneypiece, doors, and ceiling are lacquered silver, and the curtains are jade green.

Plate VI. October 1930.

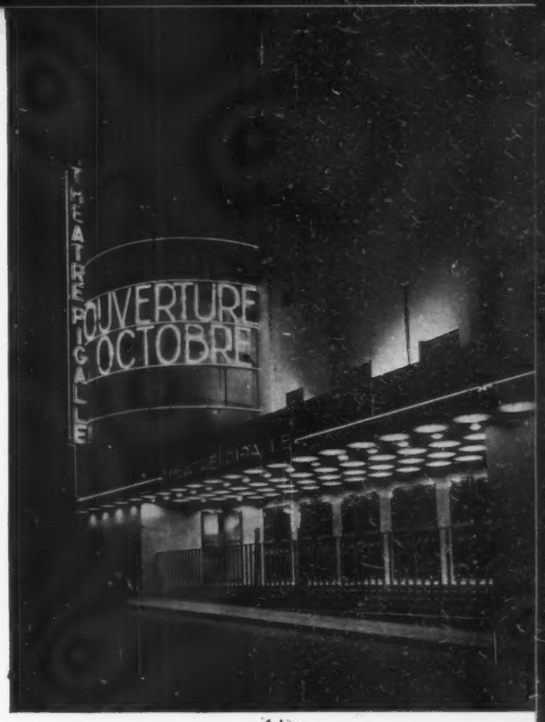
A detail of the silver-lacquered chimneypiece, with its silver wood candlesticks and ornament, in the dining-room at No. 1 Stanhope Place.

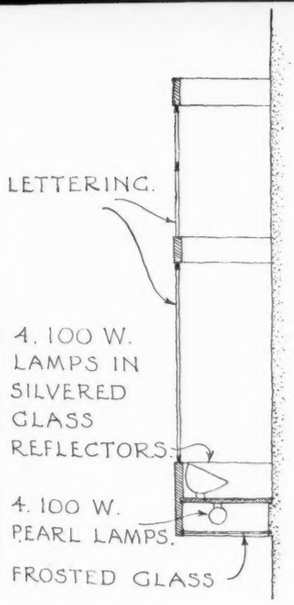
A CRAFTSMAN'S PORTFOLIO.

LII.—Exterior Lighting.

Edited by R. W. Maitland.

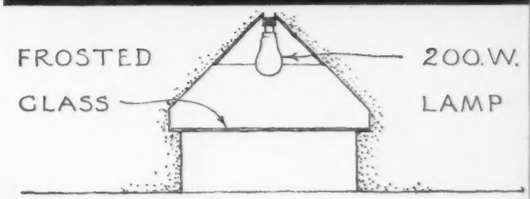
Luminous decoration can be applied in the form of glass panels or bands on the face of a building, and arranged to ensure a satisfactory design both by day and by night. This also applies to lighted surfaces illuminated by the indirect system, and necessitating some kind of projection or recession to house the lamps. The following illustrations and drawings show a few of the possibilities in the design of modern exterior lighting schemes. At the *ST. GEORGES THEATRE, PARIS* (*left*), can be seen an unusual and successful method of securing prominence to the name of a theatre, and at the same time giving a decorative effect to the façade. The results are obtained by placing lamps behind the canopy and reflecting the light on to the wall behind; at the same time large metal letters are projected about 3 ft. on the wall surface. The lighting of the entrance to the *PIGALLE THEATRE, PARIS* (*right*), is arranged to form a definite pattern on the soffit of the canopy which brilliantly illuminates the pavement below it.

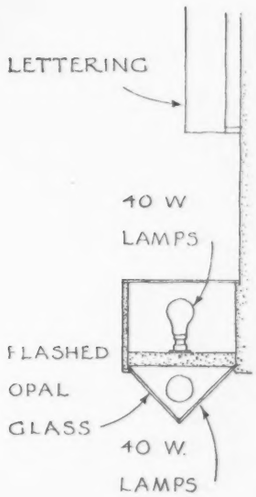


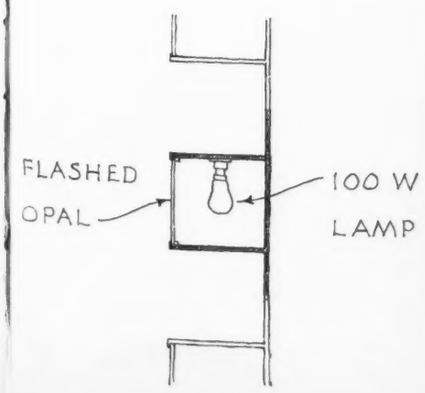


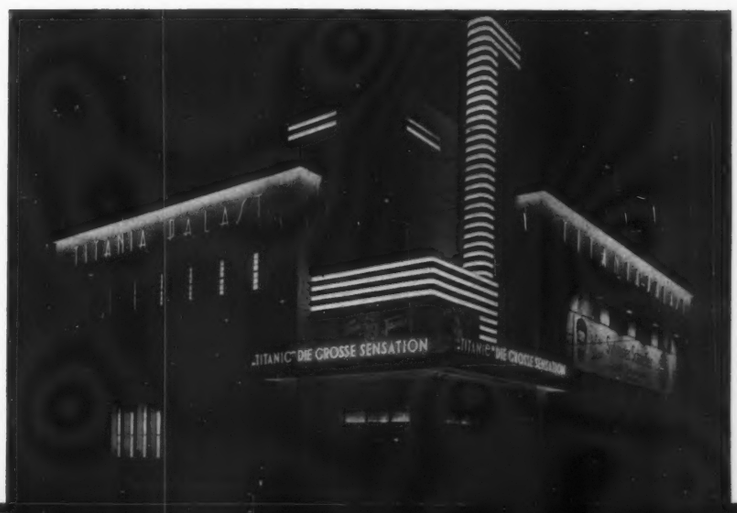
This detail from the *SAVOY HOTEL, LONDON*, shows how luminous surfaces can be arranged to play an important part in the character of the front. Light boxes form the main features, and are placed on the underside of the canopy surrounding the Savoy Courtyard. The drawing illustrates the method of construction.

FASTON AND ROBERTSON, *Architects.*



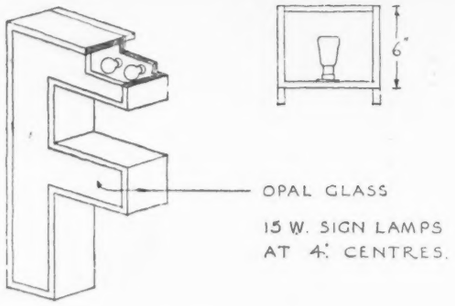




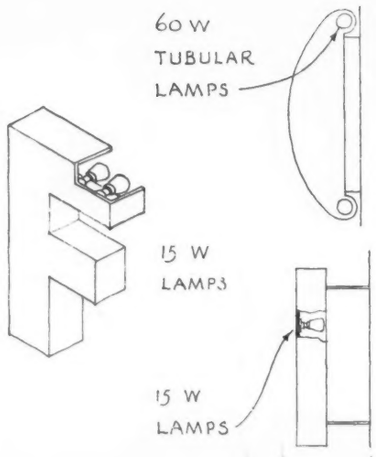


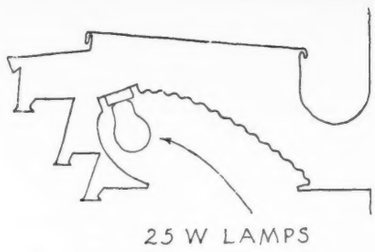
At the *TITANIA PALAST, BERLIN*, there is a novel design by means of which boxes, in the form of bands, provide a luminous effect by night.

The *FESTIVAL HALL, GERMANY*, where lettering in the form of boxes with glass fronts gives a decorative effect when illuminated, and also has the advantage of a good daylight appearance. The drawings show the method of construction.



A scheme of lighted surfaces by means of indirect lighting at the *HERPICH STORE, BERLIN*; excellent in appearance both by day and by night. A cornice projects at the sill level and houses a series of lamps which throw the light on to a given space between the showroom windows.





The lighting of a fascia to a shop, as shown in these illustrations of the *DARMSTADTER UND NATIONAL BANK*, Darmstadt, provides two methods of arrangement, giving similar results. The lettering can be housed flush with the fascia and the light arranged behind it, or the lettering may project and the lamps can be placed inside the letters.

No more attractive effect can be given the entrance to a public building than that obtained by modern, well-planned and well-executed, high-grade marble terrazzo. The above illustration is from a photograph of the interior entrance to the Lytham Cinema. The paving is in travertine Biancola—the special name given to its marble terrazzo products by Art Pavements & Decorations Ltd. The colour content of the paving—the terrazzo being placed in situ—is obtained by a combination of crushed travertine marble and "Atlas White" Portland cement. The floor is panelled with ebonite dividing strips. The wall linings, balustrade, and the newels are also in travertine Biancola. The steps of the stairway are cast solid in travertine Biancola. The result is an exceptionally attractive one. That "Atlas White," the standard by which all other makes are measured, is chosen by the producers of this class of work as the white Portland cement to be employed, is a just and distinct tribute to the outstanding merit of the material. I have an interesting collection of terrazzo slabs and steps of all sorts. Architects may obtain, from an inspection of my collection, comparative ideas of surface texture and colour content, which they will find of real value. While I do not market dividing strips, I have a collection of various types of dividers which is an interesting department of my "terrazzo museum." Write for a copy of "Atlas White for Terrazzo."

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

Frederic Toleman

Architects: Frank Matcham & Co.

ANTHOLOGY.

IN architecture the movement (the romantic revival) anticipated the literary romantic exploits, whereas in reflecting the disturbance of the social balance, architecture followed; for architecture was far from being the immediate instrument of expression of the masses. It was the toy of the classes, as early indicating their inclinations as dolls and rocking-horses.

The desire of the common people to improve their condition had as its background a materialistic conception of life. It was not romantic. That being the case, they were unable to avoid for long the direction of thinkers from among the middle classes, who guided the popular demands into channels wherein the spirit of man was ignored. Under the specious guise of the welfare of the individual, men were turned into hands, time into money, and the architect into a functionary of these parched souls. Wordsworth was forgotten and primroses became cattle fodder. The Early Victorians had attempted to clothe traditionally that which had no tradition. Their architecture is tradition tacked on to innovation. It has a certain childish charm in consequence, like sand castles decked with poppies. Some of it has genius. Contemporary critics did not notice the failure to assimilate architecturally the novel ideas of their day. All they were nervous about was a certain shakiness in the matter of style.

The middle of the century found the middle classes supreme. They were without any tradition of power, their greatest good being the desire of comfort for themselves, and their highest ambition the reproduction upon a smaller scale of the grandeur of times past, or of times present. Thus the new railings to Buckingham Palace, reduced and reproduced, encaged the countryside. Waddling in elastic-sided boots, the middle classes missed the road to a full and complete life, and, taking that decorated by dogmatic notice-boards, led the nation into the wilderness.

The Mid-Victorians abandoned tradition and gave up all attempt to sequential development. They ran hither and thither, seeking in old Italy, old England, and old France, for some garb in which to clothe their thought. It was not easy to find a suitable costume, for their ideas were peculiar to themselves and their day. They desired that architecture should advertise their affluence, and, if they were not affluent, that it should pretend that they were. Fearful that they should be thought original or unusual, they desired that it should perpetuate half-discarded notions; above all, that it should be superficially imitative of times past: what times, or how long past, mattered exceedingly to those of little knowledge who had come under the spell of some vehement pleader. The pleaders had for the most part lost all sense of direction. They felt that they did not like the present, and turned longingly to the past in which they found their hearts' desire. But when they tried to transplant it in time, one by one difficulties presented themselves, not merely those of unsuitability in fitting nineteenth-century man into twelfth-century surroundings—that was a small matter; but obstacles of cost, of material, of handling, of workmanship. Haste, unknown in the twelfth century, had crept into the nineteenth. Machines did what men had done, and did it differently, while men had forgotten how. . . .

In such an atmosphere the opportunities of genius to express itself in art were slender. Genius does not conform and, though non-conformity in a religious sense was in the ascendant, that variety is not partial to the disturbing habits of genius. It had forgotten the divine lunacy of its founders . . . .

To this pass had the nineteenth century come in her eagerness to serve the god of quick returns. Ruskin, the most read writer, made matters worse. Pater, weaving the delicate pattern of his discourse on art for art's sake, had only appealed to an elegant-minded few. The mass of Englishmen, as Mr. Herbert declared, considered the wilderness of chimneys in which they wandered the Promised Land. They were blind to the imperfections surrounding them. Trade was good.

DUDLEY HARBRON.

AMPHION: OR, THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Marginalia.

The Seven Dials.

The Seven Dials. The very name has as romantic a flavour as any sentimentalist could wish. But, as so often happens, the uncoloured facts are a hundred times more interesting than any romantic tale.

The crossroads called Seven Dials are much older than their name, for they existed when St. Giles's Church stood in fields outside the City of London. An inn had been built at one corner called the "Cock and Pye," and the district came to be known as Cock and Pye Fields. The village which grew up round the church of St. Giles later became part of the City of Westminster.

* * *

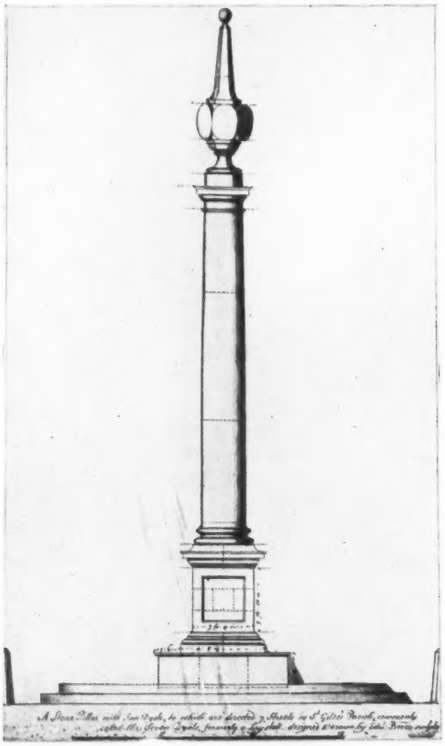
It would not have been altogether a tragedy had the Great Fire reached to Cock and Pye Fields, for by then it had become dilapidated, dishevelled, and poverty stricken, and the plague must have ravaged the parish. In spite of its having escaped the fire, Cock and Pye Fields had evidently been included in the great schemes for the rebuilding of London, for in 1694 Evelyn makes a note in his diary that he has been to see the "building beginning neere St. Giles." A Thomas Neale, who had made a fortune in lotteries, leased land in the parish of St. Giles, rebuilt Cock and Pye Fields, and at the junction of the seven roads raised a Doric pillar surmounted by seven sundials, one to face each road. Some accounts hold that there were originally only six dials, and that one of them was split to make the necessary number. There was a popular belief that the astrologer Scriblerius had been born at the very place where Neale had erected his column, and, at his death, Neale requested that an inscription to the astrologer's memory should be carved on the column, but his request was apparently ignored. This Thomas Neale, incidentally, leased land north of Piccadilly from Sir Thomas Clarges on the understanding that he should spend £10,000 on building. In fact, Neale did nothing at all, and Sir Thomas Clarges' son, a few years later, got the lease out of his hands.

* * *

Some of the French Huguenots who flocked into London in 1685 settled at the Seven Dials, and for another hundred years or more the district was prosperous. Before the end of the eighteenth century, however, the pillar no longer marked the crossroads, for in 1773 some rioters, hoping to find treasure hidden at the base, pulled the pillar down, and it was never re-erected. Less than fifty years later it was again to be seen, no longer in London, but as far afield as Weybridge. When in 1822 the then Duchess of York died, the inhabitants of Weybridge decided to put up a memorial to her, and agreed that the Doric pillar lying in a Weybridge stonemason's yard would make an excellent one. This pillar was the Seven Dials column, which the stonemason had at some time bought. The column was duly erected, but without the sundial-stone, which stood for many years outside the Ship Inn at Weybridge, and was used as a mounting-block, until it was transferred to its present position outside the Urban and District Council offices.

* * *

The district of Seven Dials, which kept its name in spite of the removal of the pillar, now, at the end of the eighteenth century, began to degenerate. The parish of St. Giles was one of the poorest, and the surrounding squalor, creeping in, finally submerged the Seven Dials. By Victorian times it was as decrepit, miserable, tumble-down, sordid, and of as ill-repute as would make the realistic setting for a Dickensian novel or a Hogarth picture. Filthy tenements had, if possible, worse cellars—questionable haunts in which the lowest types of humanity swarmed and where a variety of unlawful trades was carried on, including the sale of stolen goods, while in the numerous antique shops lively profits were made in fictitious old masters and fakes.



The inscription reads:
A Stone Pillar with Sun-Dyals to which are directed 7 Streets in St. Giles's Parish, commonly called the Seven Dyals, formerly a hay stall, designed and drawn by Edwd. Pierce, sculptor.

The Seven Dials Column as it is today at Weybridge.

* * *

The twentieth century is perhaps destined to see greater changes in Seven Dials than any other. The first, and a notable one, is the building of a new theatre. That the Cambridge Theatre has been built here is proof of the astuteness of its promoters who have chosen an historical site that has known many vicissitudes, but is now entering an era which will outrival its predecessors in prosperity.

* * *

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

The Philosophy of Modernism: A Letter from Mr. John Hilton.

SIR,—Mr. Burford has faced the difficulties of attempting in a small space to give the main features of a Western culture. It would be unfair and a useless multiplication of words to criticize such a description. One falls immediately on such contradictions as Mr. Casson's maintaining in the same (September) number of the REVIEW that the outlook of contemporary artists on the past is the same as that of the fifth-century Greeks; while Mr. Burford considers it best defined by its opposition to their view. One remembers the antics of Mr. Wyndham Lewis in his onslaught on this dynamic, relative, activity-as-existence ideology. And one notes in this morning's *Times* the statement of a philosopher that we are at the end of the epoch where time held a more important place than eternity.

But whatever the nature of this prevailing culture, whichever of the limbs of the Hegel-begotten twins of opposed abstractions we choose to affix to it, we are left by Mr. Burford with an issue which is veiled in no kind of doubt. Whatever this culture is, we have not got it; or hardly at all.

Mr. Burford has hopes on the other hand. He appears to imply that we ought to have this culture; and, of course, what we ought we can. He suggests a picture of a backward corner of the desert boorishly refusing irrigation. But is not the situation more difficult and more important than that?

Your Editorial in the August number of the REVIEW and Mr. Williams-Ellis's article in this justly reiterate distress at the much-deplored inability of this country logically and self-consciously to deal with its affairs. "Muddling through" is the name generally given to this characteristic of the Englishman, and intellectual inertia is alleged to be the cause of it. But this is not the whole of the case. Muddling through is the result not only of a negative distaste for concepts, but, and this is a point which, though perhaps insignificant before, may now become supremely important, it is the result also of a positive distrust of them.

In the last two centuries the concept has risen to a dominant position and is today at the height of its power. In Russia particularly, and to a great extent in Germany, Sweden and other countries, there is a paramount determination to grasp and control the fundamental principles of every branch of life, a fierce confidence that the thing can be taken whole into the head, hewn into its proper categories, and set out in clear working order.

This view could not be put more clearly than in the first of the books that Mr. Burford is discussing, the volume on Russia. The problem of the architects, says the author, "is to grasp the new structures of life, in order to share actively in the whole Becoming of the new world by giving them expression in architectural form." "We must strive to create in our architecture as in our whole life a social order, that is to raise the instinctive into consciousness." And the final aim of the architect is the "creation, striving consciously to a goal, of an architecture which shall exercise on a prepared objective-scientific basis, a balanced artistic influence."

The Russians are conscious of their dependence through Marx from Hegel; they exult in the sacrifices of large aspects of truth necessary for the dialectic process of advance; they recognize sometimes that no assimilation of the universe to categories can be final. But it is no consolation to the Englishman for asking him to accept a doctrine, a closed system of concepts, that it will be sooner or later absorbed in its opposite. He insists on pointing out on the spot exactly which half of the world has been left out. His chiefly recognized glory is the invention of the only effective piece of machinery in politics for the control of concepts and categories. And, in general, his attitude is that the complete and conscious grasp of anything of real importance is an impossibility and the attempt an arrogant impertinence; that the best he can hope to do is by the grace of God and a clear eye to give the right touch at the right moment to forces which are either outside himself or built up in him by temporal and piecemeal processes.

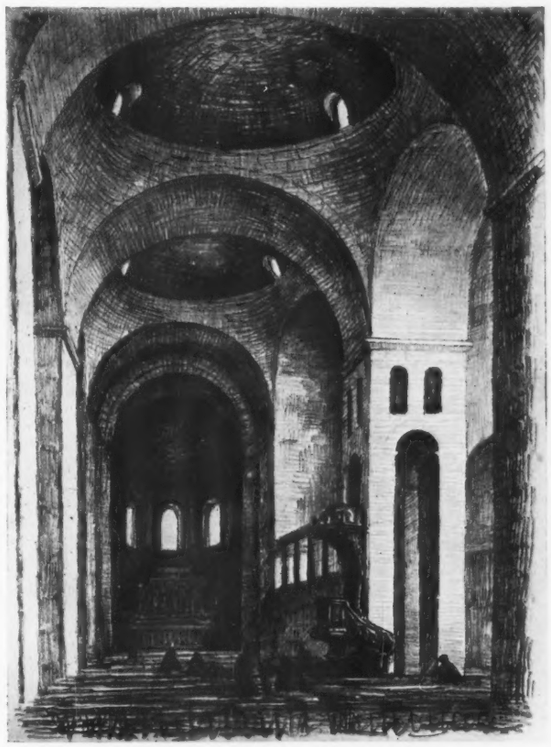
It would be a pity if this attitude should become extinct in the world: it contains an aspect of truth not allowed for in the dialectic process mentioned. And, for this reason, it will not disappear merely by the affection of the persons holding it with the dynamic culture: for it is neither the mere lack of this culture, nor the opposite culture; but a deeper-rooted antithesis to the idea of any sort of culture based on abstraction of this sort. It will disappear, if it does, by the failure of those persons to survive in any way of significance to the world. For clearly these doctrines which we regard as merely doctrines, have, for their believers, a unifying and inspiring power far and away above anything in this country; a force which will not be easily resisted. In architecture, for instance, the Wchutein institute in Moscow is turning out a stream of young men to form a united, vigorous and clearheaded body, not only kept sane and supple like the German architects by long periods of work on buildings, but trained in the psycho-technical laboratories to hack out and seize for their own the cultural-ideological structures of the world as it is and as they are going to make it, and the basic principles of the articulation of space by which they are going to express this structure. What one fails to realize is that England is the direct and only noteworthy, if still unconscious, opponent to a world in this sort of state.

Of the value of our attitude, it is difficult to judge. What is clear is the dilemma in which we are placed. We do not know where to turn for a stimulus to maintain our own life. Are we to assume a fashion to which we are antipathetic, becoming a poor imitation; are we to heave up the complementary extreme by similar methods of abstraction; or are we to continue trying to muddle through, hoping to bring to true life a calculated opportunism based on every possible resource of the intellect?

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

JOHN HILTON.

The Corner House,
Northwood.



SAINT FRONT, PERIGUEUX.
A miniature reproduction from a lithograph by Roger Fry.

* * *

The Lithographs of Roger Fry.

A portfolio of ten original and hitherto unpublished lithographs by Mr. Roger Fry is to be published by *The Architectural Press* during this month.

We owe so much to Mr. Fry's criticism that we might think of his painting as one thinks of the sonnets of Degas or the violin of Ingres. But in the case of Mr. Fry the two activities are more closely connected and his art owes as much to his experience as a critic as his criticism owes to his experience as an artist. Both are the product of a carefully nourished sensibility, not rigidly drilled, but fostered to its fullest extent. We must not expect in Mr. Fry's painting those eccentricities of talent and flashes of temperament which please as an expression of personality but evade rather than solve the artist's problem. No atom of his sensibility is wasted in this way, but all of it is used in the most essential parts of the picture. None of his works are more characteristic of such complete artistic sincerity

than the ten architectural lithographs included in this portfolio. In prints of all kinds, the artist is often tempted, when once he has conquered his medium, to display an easy virtuosity. Mr. Fry has avoided all such side-issues. All but one of these lithographs represent the interiors of large buildings; a subject of peculiar interest and difficulty, by his treatment of which the genuine artist can always be distinguished from the ingenious executant. As one might expect, Mr. Fry is not content with superficially impressive effects of height and space, but goes straight to the heart of the problem, the construction and manipulation of these volumes of space at once so rigidly defined and yet the possible material of free and intricate harmonies.

The following are the titles of the ten lithographs included in the portfolio: Rock-cut Church, Aubeterre; Baroque Altar, Perpignan; A Staircase, Narbonne; Arles sur Tech; Elne; Notre Dame, Clermont Ferrand; Rock-cut Church, St. Emilion; Saint Front, Perigueux; Cluny Museum, Paris; Trinity College Library, Cambridge; and one of these is reproduced to a miniature scale on page 191.

The edition is limited to forty copies for sale, each of which is numbered and signed by the artist, and the price of the complete portfolio is £15 15s. There are in addition five complete sets from which individual lithographs may be purchased at the price of £2 2s. each. Each lithograph measures 22 × 15 inches and is mounted.

The lithographs are on view at the offices of the publishers, *The Architectural Press*, No. 9 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W.1 (close to St. James's Park Station).

A limited number of prospectuses are available for distribution, and application for copies should be made to the publishers immediately in order to avoid disappointment.

* * *

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 are not available for publication this month. 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.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

The English Hedgerows: A Letter from Mr. I. L. England.

SIR,—A few days ago I was pained to read in the columns of *The Times*, which so often champions the cause of the beautiful, a letter advocating the removal of the hedges along our roadsides. For what reason?—merely as an aid in preserving that "useful speed" which our motors have now attained.

Preserving England's beauty is an item which deserves no consideration, and while our poets and tourist agencies rave over it, soon little will be left. It seems to me that some of our public officials have gone motor mad, and it is time a halt were called to review what we have already done, and the useless spending of the people's money stopped.

With the rapid development of aviation many of these new roads will be useless in fifty years' time, and a more enlightened generation will be left to mourn the loss of an irrecoverable beauty. It will be a tragedy the like of which has not yet been witnessed, when England's beauty is sacrificed to the mania of speed.

It cannot be denied that the beauty of a countryside is judged by the views from the road, and our hedges have gone far to make England's loveliness unique. They are an inherent part of it, which if destroyed will mar it for ever.

In recent years I have motored thousands of miles, and proved that one can drive with speed and safety on roads that are hedge-lined. At corners it is wise to lower, or even remove hedges, but wholesale destruction is a vandalism which cannot be too strongly condemned. It is nothing less than a crime, which the whole nation will in time impress upon purblind officialdom.

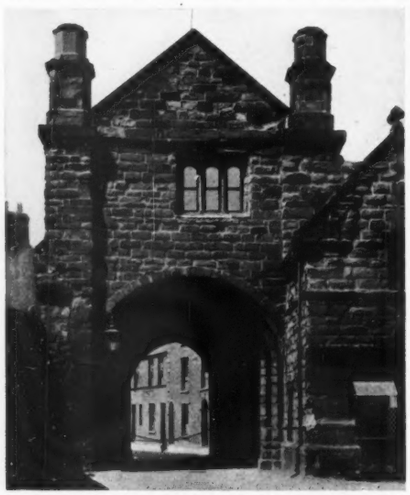
On our new roads a few authorities have had sense enough to plant hedges and such trees as oak, elm, chestnut, and ash that are typically English, and bound up with our traditions and history. Hampshire is an example that others might copy. Others are ugliness itself, hedgeless, barren and concrete-lined ribbons that have turned a fair country into the likeness of racing motor tracks, which they themselves are. I think, for example, of the new by-pass leading to Watford from the south. It is depressing to drive upon.

I. L. ENGLAND.

220 Silver Road,
Norwich, Norfolk.

* * *

The D.I.A. has issued the third of its Cautionary Guides on Carlisle. This guide, however, has an important difference; whereas the previous guides were flaunted in the face of the citizens, in the hope thereby of bringing them to a better frame of mind, this one appears sponsored by the Mayor, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Amenities Committee of the town. Carlisle is probably, to many people, merely a means to an end, a confusion of crowds, din and dust into which they pitch in a desperate struggle from the refuge of one train to another, or a halting place on the road north or south. But Carlisle is more than this. It is an old historical town full of interest, and there are genuine visitors who come for this reason. How often must their excited interest have been dampened by the sights that greeted them as they entered by road or rail. How the historical sights must have been obscured by the blazonings of self-advertisement. No one, however, is more aware of its shortcomings than Carlisle itself, as the D.I.A. booklet proves, for the Corporation is preserving all the old buildings of merit, and as quickly as is humanly possible demolishing and rebuilding wherever improvement demands it. If only it could also curb the hearty exuberance of its shopkeepers.



CARLISLE: TWO GATEWAYS. The old and——

——the new.

* * *

This Cautionary Guide ought to be sent to the Corporation Dignitaries of every offending town—and there would be no difficulty in compiling a list—with an injunction to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest it. Some proser is reputed to have said that "everyone is either a warning or an example." Carlisle is striving hard to become the latter.

* * *

The Guide can be had from the D.I.A. or from Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson, price 6d.

THE RIPPLERAY FIRE

THE RIPPLERAY Electric Fire recognizes the fact that people like to see heat as well as feel it. Light passing through bubbling water produces a flame-like pattern on the glass screen. It makes no pretence of being a coal fire and attracts neither dust nor cigarette ends. The Rippleray may either be had in the large model as shown, or in a small portable form.

Architects are invited to write for the following new illustrated lists:

1. Architectural Lighting (A174)
2. Best Electric Fires (A175)
3. Period Lighting (A171)
4. Modern Lighting Fittings (A172)
5. Glass Diffuser Fittings (A173)

A Rippleray Fire at Jacquard, 106 New Bond Street
(Architects: Messrs. Yates, Cook & Darbyshire)

BEST & LLOYD LIMITED

40 Gt. Marlboro' Street, London, W.1. Works: Handsworth, Birmingham

THE RIPPLERAY FIRE IS OBTAINABLE FROM ALL DEALERS

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—Although the Government quite rightly insists on, and embodies in all contractors' contracts, the condition that recognized Trade Union rates be paid to all employees, I find that quantity surveyors (of whom there are many in this Association), in their dealings with Government departments, especially H.M. Office of Works, find their scale of charges cut down to an "impossible" figure. Indeed, so many fully qualified quantity surveyors have lost money over their transactions with the Government that they now refuse such work.

Apart from the principle being decidedly bad, and, incidentally, opposed to all tenets of a Labour Government, the best brains in the profession cannot be obtained by such procedure.

The layman may not know what a quantity surveyor's work is. The services of a competent quantity surveyor prevent the employment of the "wrong" firm on a job and ensure that trade conditions be observed, that inexperienced estimating be discouraged, that careless mistakes be discovered, and that sharp practice on a contractor's part be detected and thwarted.

The quantity surveyor is the accountant of the architectural profession. When any work of importance is to be done the architect, on completion of the plans, calls him in, and his "quantities" are issued to each of the contractors tendering, thus providing a fair and uniform basis for competitive pricing. The quantity surveyor gauges the amount of material to be used, how much labour the work should entail. He exercises a *visa* on the contractor's tender. He reduces it to "quantities" and is invariably called in when it comes to a "bill of extras" or "variations," i.e. if the contractors claim to have exceeded the anticipated amount of material. If a sound quantity surveyor is not employed, it is most probable that there will be something wrong with the quantities—either *plus* or *minus* in favour of the contractor or the owner of the building.

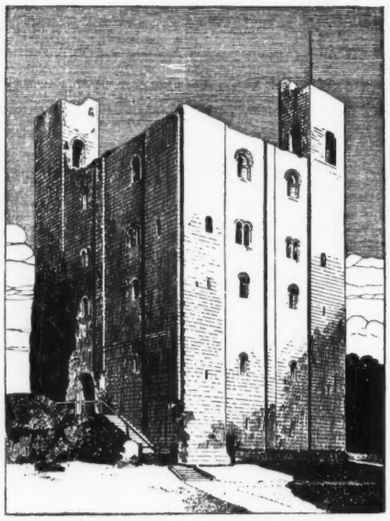
Large firms of contractors invariably refuse to tender unless "quantities" are supplied.

It is evident that practitioners of this important profession are being maltreated by the Government. No trade union would take such treatment lying down. Quantity surveyors have no trade union. It remains for this Association to voice their justifiable complaint.

Yours faithfully,

G. B. J. ATHOE,
Secretary.

The Incorporated Association of Architects and Surveyors,
1 Wilbraham Place, Belgravia,
London, S.W.1.



Hedingham Castle, from a drawing by Sydney Newcombe. From Little-Known England, *by Harold D. Eberlein. A review of this book is published on page* 177

Trade and Craft.

It must be admitted frankly that the new catalogue issued by Gordon Russell is disappointing—disappointing, that is, for those who know Russell furniture. The illustrations are lacking in that subtle quality which makes for attraction, and the furniture suffers correspondingly. This is not to say that with a little imagination the merits of Russell furniture may not be seen. The admirer, however, of Gordon Russell's work cannot but feel that justice has not been done to it. The catalogue is nevertheless full of interest. Special attention must be drawn to prices—a most important item, which is not always stated so clearly—for though the Russell workshops make furniture to special orders, and furniture of expensive woods and elaborate workmanship, they also make simpler furniture in less expensive woods to stock designs, and this is very reasonably priced. Of the individual pieces illustrated there is a wardrobe in figured mahogany, inlaid with various woods, and lined with sycamore, which was designed by R. D. Russell, and is undoubtedly a piece for the furniture collector. The department which makes to special order—practically always for architects who wish furniture made to their designs—has grown so enormously during the last few months that it has been necessary to open a new workshop to deal with this branch of the work alone. This of itself would testify to the good qualities of the workmanship, but now that there is a showroom in Wigmore Street no one need rely on hearsay for his opinion of Russell furniture.

* * *

In the list of artists, craftsmen, and contractors connected with India House, published in the September issue of the REVIEW, the name of Joseph Armitage appeared as being responsible for the plaster decorations. This statement under-

F.S. CLAY MODEL FOR STONE, OCEAN ACCIDENT BUILDING, MOORGATE SIR ASTON WEBB & SON, R.A., F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECTS.

BY GILBERT SEALE & SON, SCULPTORS, CRAFTSMEN IN STONE, WOOD AND FIBROUS PLASTERWORK

estimates the extent of Mr. Armitage's work. With the exception of the sculpture of the entrance doorway, which is by Mr. Charles Wheeler, and the pierced and carved marblework in the interior which came from India, Mr. Armitage was responsible for all the sculpture in stone and wood, plaster decorations, and certain models for bronze on the building.

* * *

Messrs. Frigidaire, Limited, have planned three kitchens for their stand which may be seen at the Building Exhibition at Olympia. One is a small kitchenette; another an average sized kitchen for a four- or five-roomed flat; and the third, a slightly larger one suitable for a house of moderate size.

Their object is to show how easily Frigidaire can be included in kitchen designs, how little space it requires, and the practical advantage of including refrigeration of this kind, apart from reasons of health and comfort, for in most cases no separate larder accommodation is necessary.

* * *

The general contractors for the Cambridge Theatre were Gee, Walker and Slater, Ltd., and among the artists, craftsmen, and sub-contractors were the following: Redpath Brown & Co., Ltd. (constructional steelwork); Caxton Floors, Ltd. (floors and staircases); Luxfer, Ltd. (windows and lanterns); Carrier Engineering Co., Ltd. (heating and ventilating); Berkeley Electrical Co., Ltd. (electrical installation); Waygood Otis, Ltd. (lifts); Pyrene, Ltd. (sprinkler installation); Sturtevant Engineering Co., Ltd. (vacuum cleaning plant); Gimson & Co. (counterweights and stage sets); Hydraulic Engineering Co., Ltd. (jigger for fire curtain); Ames and Finnis (roof tiling); Frank Burkitt (fire curtain); John Brunskill (stage floor); A. C. Gibson & Co. (roller shutters); Haskins, Ltd. (roller shutters to cloakrooms); Venreco, Ltd. (stage lighting equipment); Newalls Insulation Co. (insulation to boiler-room); J. W. Gray & Co. (lightning conductors); Synchronome & Co., Ltd. (electric clocks); John Bolding, Ltd. (sanitary fittings); Reliance Telephone Co. (intercommunication telephones); Fred. Braby & Co., Ltd. (roof ventilators); Art Pavements and Decorations, Ltd. (terrazzo paving and biancola); Potter Rax Gate Co., Ltd. (collapsible gates); Comyn Ching & Co., Ltd. (canopy and grilles); Chubb and Sons, Ltd. (safe); C. and A. Brown, Ltd. (models); C. W. Courtenay, Ltd. (stonework); Ragusa Asphalte Co., Ltd. (asphalt); T. W. Palmer & Co., Ltd. (handrails and balustrades); S. W. Farmer and Sons, Ltd. (suspended ceilings steelwork); Lindsay, Savile & Co. (painting); T. and W. Farmiloe, Ltd. (plumbing supplies); E. Hatley and Son (ventilators); Hollis Bros., Ltd. (oak floors); J. M. Newton and Sons, Ltd. (glazing); Girlings Ferro Concrete Co., Ltd. (circle steppings); Willment Bros., Ltd. (excavation); G. A. Geyton (sign writing); Electrolumination, Ltd. (Neon illuminated signs); and J. Akers, Ltd. (signs).

* * *

The general contractors for the decoration of the Cambridge Theatre were Messrs. Waring and Gillow, Ltd., and among the artists, craftsmen, and sub-contractors were the following: G. Jackson and Sons, Ltd. (plaster work); Fenning & Co., Ltd. (marble work); Lap (C.I. Process), Ltd. (bas-reliefs); Conrad Parlanti, Ltd. (bronzework, engraved doors, and metalwork); Beardmore & Co., Ltd. (door furniture, metal lighting fixtures, and metalwork); Robinson, King and Co., Ltd., and T. and W. Ide (mirrors and glass); Woodward, Grosvenor & Co. (carpets); Crowly & Co. (hand-made carpets); Dualite, Ltd. (ornamental glass in lighting fittings); and Standard Insulator Co., Ltd. (rubber flooring).

* * *

The general contractor for No. 1 Stanhope Place, W.2, was B. E. Maycock, and among the artists, craftsmen, and sub-contractors were the following: Bellman, Ivey and Carter, Ltd. (artificial stone); E. Young & Co., Ltd. (structural steel); E. A. Denyer (central heating, boilers and plumbing); Berry's Electric (1928) Ltd., and C. J. Pratt (grates); G. Jetley (marble glass); J. F. Ebner (patent flooring); F. Geere Howard, Ltd. (electric wiring and heating); Shanks & Co., Ltd. (sanitary fittings); W. Knapman (plaster and decorative plaster); Bagues, Ltd. (metalwork); Palmer and Waumsley (joinery); and Anselm, Odling and Sons, Ltd. (marble).

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