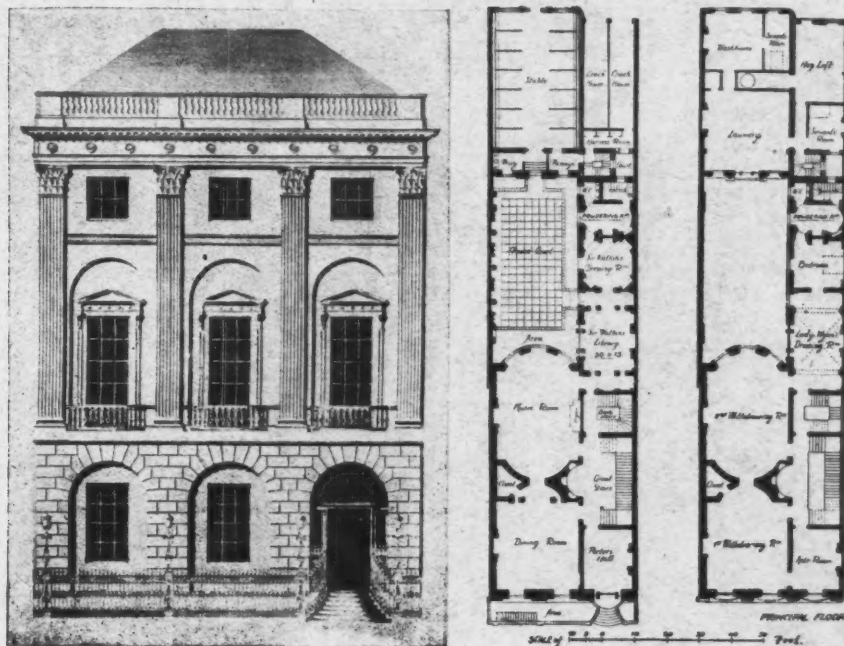


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A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration



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Vol. LXVIII

November 1930

No. 408



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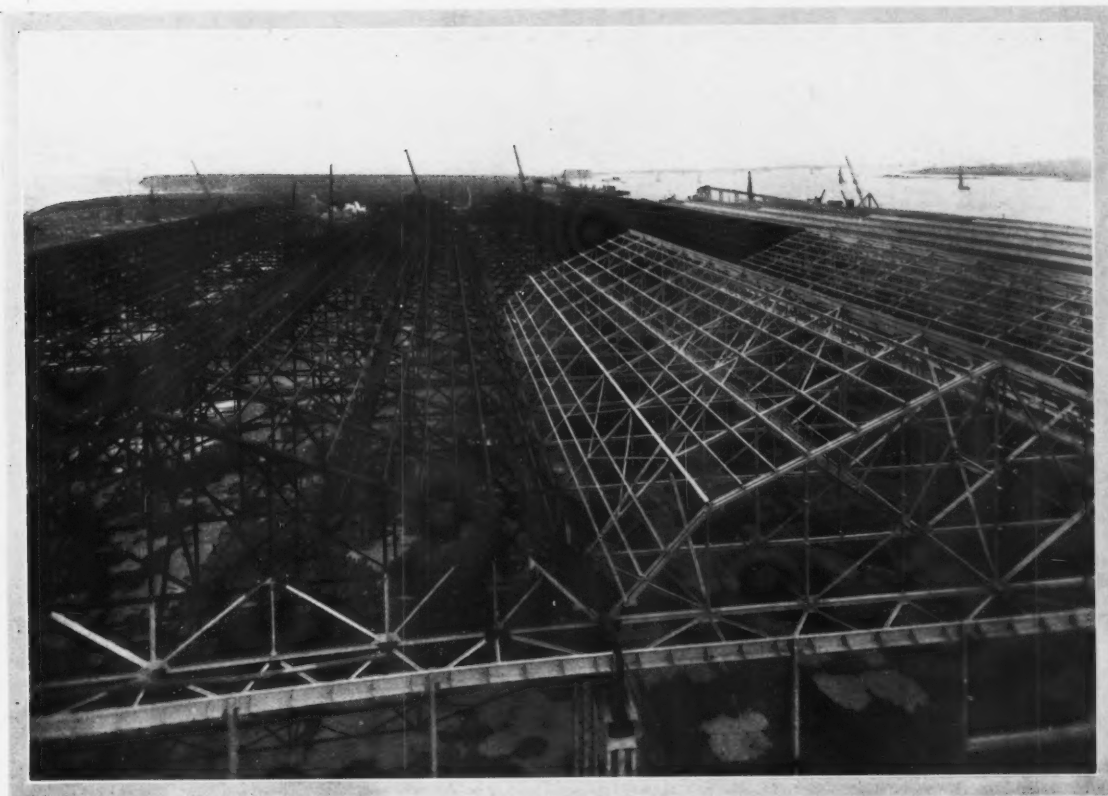
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THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

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Plate I.

November 1930.

*The Design awarded the First Prize of £100
in the competition for Lord Benbow's Apartment.*

By Raymond McGrath.

Extract from the Assessor's Report.—The winning design is not free from defects. The symmetrical arrangement of the furniture is most tiresome; the colour is far from satisfactory; but it reveals, as no other design does, a definite *will* to exploit the peculiar character of the plan. It accepts the doors as integral parts of the composition; above all, it does not ignore the bay window but shows not only a desire to incorporate it in the design, but a sense of its significance as well. It is clear that this design has been built up round the window, and this, in the assessor's opinion, is a sign that its author has tried to exploit the plan.



Those Meagre Tin Plates.

By Elyn Walshe.

THE number of accidents due to traffic is now so colossal that it behoves anyone who can help to do so. The Road Act is a measure so vast that the clause dealing with road signs or traffic directions has not received the attention it should. This clause provides that, in future, road signs shall only be set up by the competent authority, meaning the County Council, or City or Borough Councils. When the Minister of Transport mentioned this clause in moving the second reading of the Road Bill, he explained that the effect would be that no private property owner may in future protect himself by placing a "Concealed Drive" notice at his gate. All parties of the House of Commons applauded; but if this is all, a great opportunity will be lost. The matter of traffic directions and road signs should be tackled as a whole, and looked at from every angle.

Public opinion would support any well-considered scheme for dealing with road signs on a national scale. They should be clear and unmistakable; they should be uniform throughout the country; and they should (if it is not too much to ask) be pleasant to the eye. It is much to be desired that the Minister of Transport should set up an Advisory Committee to deal with this important matter. Such a committee should include architects and artists, advertising and lighting experts, as well as representatives of the local authorities. The Design and Industries Association and the Council for the Preservation of Rural England might also be represented. The committee should be a permanent body, and as fresh need arises it should not be left to a local authority alone to plaster the streets or roads with meagre little tin plates according to their present fashion.

The local authorities will be under an obligation to provide adequate notices, both in town and country. How inadequate they can be in the country has been pointed out again and again in the motoring columns of the Press. In large cities they have their own sets of signals which are different in every case. How inadequate they are in London can be seen by anyone who goes down Victoria Street, Westminster. This street has very few commercial signs, and in consequence the official notices can be seen in all their mean starkness. There are about thirty street lamps in this thoroughfare and nearly all of them bear some small, nearly illegible, grimy notice. Some lamp-posts have three little plates on them. Several of them bear, very high up, a dim plate headed "Metropolitan Police" and a tremendous lot of other print completely illegible to the passer-by. Even the mounted police could hardly be able to read them. Perhaps they are private and confidential, but in any case they are a sad waste of public money.

There are other notices directing the public to the underground stations, neighbouring churches, baths, lavatories and fire-alarms. There are flimsy papers about the shortcomings

of the Westminster dogs, and in some cases the notices have been thoughtfully pasted over waste-paper baskets, into which the rain will presently wash them.

Apparently it is nobody's business to look after these signs, to review them from time to time, clean them, or replace them when illegible or out of date. There are at present no trams in St. James's Park, but one of the notices directing to the trams, and probably intended to point towards Westminster Bridge, has turned round until it points towards the Park.

Then there is the implied obligation laid upon the local authority to remove or prohibit all private signs, or, at any rate, all likely to prevent the public from seeing the traffic indications. The present chaos of signs in many streets renders it totally impossible to see any of them, either those of public authorities or of private traders. Anyone standing at the corner of Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Street will agree that chaos is the only word for the state of things which prevails in Oxford Street at the present time. Between that corner and Oxford Circus there must be several thousands of signs fastened against or jutting out from the buildings on both sides of the street. The high omnibuses hide a good deal also.

Each additional sign reduces the value of all the others, but this obvious consideration does not stop the spate of signs which, in this thoroughfare, has reached such a pitch that not one catches the eye even of a pedestrian. As we are promised the abolition of the speed limit, and as the result of this is expected to be a further speeding up of traffic, the motorist will have no chance at all to see any directions unless something drastic is done.

The Observer lately gave some particulars of a new system of traffic regulation which is on trial in Switzerland, which might well engage the attention of such an Advisory Committee as has been suggested. In order to be quite clear to people passing through the country, and overcome the language difficulty, the new signs are to bear no words at all. A simple colour language has been devised, and in order that no one may confuse the traffic signs with those of private traders, the colours used for the traffic signs are to be forbidden to private traders. Everyone has heard the ancient joke of the old lady who thought she had arrived at a station called Bovril. In Switzerland she will not be able to make such a mistake. It ought not to be possible for her to make it in England either.

The problems in town and country are perhaps somewhat different, but in these days no one stays long in the same town or country place. It is essential that wherever he goes the motorist should see the same signs, so that the careless and selfish should have no excuse. If this is the intention of the Government in passing the Road Act, let us hope they will seek the advice of architects and other experts in order that the new signs may be universal, clear, durable and pleasing.



The Headless Drummer. This figure, hewn like its fellows from a huge block of silvery stone, is the most moving of those along the lower corridor of the roof of the Black Pagoda. Its attitude can only be fully appreciated by those who have seen an Indian woman drumming. The wrist is held rigid, while the fingers do the work.

Head of a WOMAN
WITH RATTLE
OR CENSER. A
statue on the roof.



The Black Pagoda at Kanarak.

By Robert Byron.

With Photographs by THE AUTHOR.

THE genius of India is the genius of the Hindus. Travellers seldom visit the south, where the great temples of Madura and Tanjore, Rameswaram and Srirangam, display this genius in all its astounding and exuberant magnificence. From Bombay, as a rule, they move north and east, where their attention is focussed on a non-Indian architecture, polychrome and two-dimensional, whose zenith is reached in the Taj Mahal. We are already habituated in Europe to the Islamic style; and there is nothing essentially new about it in India save its materials, a dazzling frost of marble framed in rhubarb sandstone. Hindu architecture has none of this complacent glitter. It aspires, in three dimensions, and is often tortured in the process. Moreover, its monuments have lacked advertisement. And the traveller's impression of it, on the ordinary trans-India route, derives either from the warrior States of Rajputana, where there is little building, or from the seething squalor of the Benares ghats. Perhaps the delicacy of his servant's movements, the precision of two thousand years with which his servant places an object on a table, may give him a hint of the profundity of the Hindu tradition, of a genius sprung with Indian trees and Indian scents from the pallid, endless plains, and armoured against the steel-grey sun with a philosophy of timelessness. Artistically, this genius has found expression in architecture on a grand scale. And its classic building lies not in the south, among its most spectacular achievements, but on the coast of Orissa, some four hundred miles below Calcutta. This is the Black Pagoda. The beauty of the Taj Mahal is the beauty of a bubble, gorgeous and mindless. Here, at Kanarak, stands a monument to the beauty of divine man—divine in his knowledge of the divine—a monument flowered in symmetry, strength, and infinite delicacy, through the nettles of man's doubt. With Chartres, the Parthenon, St. Sophia, Karnak, and Angkor, the Black Pagoda ranks among the six pinnacles of the world's architecture.

The building stood originally at the sea's edge; and from the sea, now receded a mile and a half, let it be approached.

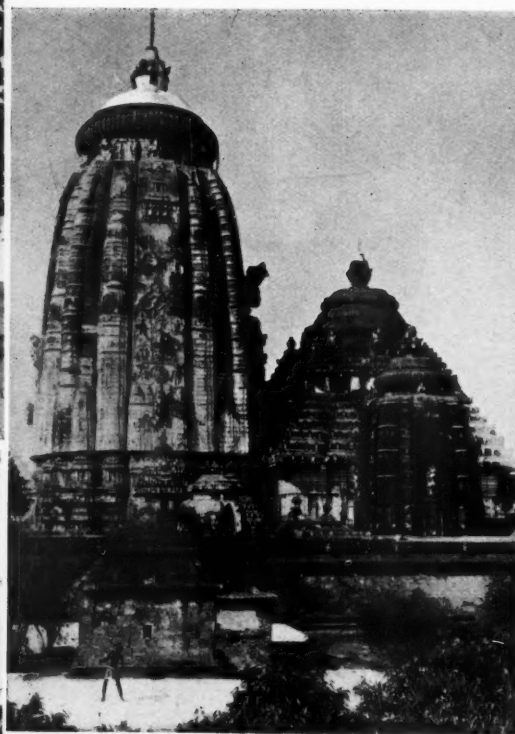
It is late afternoon. The tide is out. In either direction, as far as the eye can strain, a glassy belt of wet sand runs parallel with a frill of surf that stretches unbroken from here to Cape Cormorin. A baleful solitude lurks in the turbulent gold light of this immense panorama. No footprint, no indent of a boat, relieves it. Only a gannet, portentous in its monopoly of incident, holds the stage, reflected white and preening in the flawless coastal mirror. Far out on the hot grey-blue surface of the Indian Ocean, the breakers begin to form, tossing preliminary manes, losing themselves and their momentum in unseen troughs, re-forming, rising up again, curling and curling, till each subsidiary wave is absorbed and a hissing mile of water bounds into the air, disintegrates in white spume, then clangs down on the receding ghost of its predecessor. A breeze comes off the sea, bearing the waves' thunder over the crumbling sand-cliffs. The traveller follows it, losing it as he sweats and stumbles through the refracted heat of these ramparts. Above, the plateau still is sand, trodden here and there by sabre-toed birds, and bearing a sparse marine vegetation, prostrate and fleshy. A herd of gazelle darts away to the right. Distant a mile and a half stand trees in a line, blue-grey as an angry sea, the eternal horizon of India. Over them appears a squat dark pyramid: the roof of the Black Pagoda.

The trees, which are of that feathery love-in-the-mist species known to Mr. Somerset Maugham and others as the *casuarina*, owe their existence, in this particular case, to the Public Works Department. An inscription on the building reads: "To preserve this superb specimen of old Indian architecture, the interior was filled in by order of the Hon'ble J. A. Bourdillon, C.S.I., Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal A.D. 1903." On the outside also the fabric has been buttressed; large blocks of stone have been replaced, and in cases cemented. But the greatest labour was to clear the building, and once cleared, to keep it, from the sand. This defence the trees, planted on a rectangular embankment of loose stones, have accomplished. The building

THE BLACK PAGODA



Top. Dawn light on the *SOUTH-EAST FACE*. *Bottom.* The south side and foundations of the *VIMANAH*. The niche half-way up contains a green chlorite deity.



Juggernaut Temple at Puri, showing the complete *VIMANAH* and *JAGMOHAN*.

now stands, with its numerous appurtenances, in an enclosure half a mile long and a quarter wide.

A decrepit Hindu, wearing a brass plaque of guardianship, offers his services. But for him the place seems wholly deserted. Yet morning and evening, when the air is filled with the sweet, complex odour of flowering shrubs, the shrill pealing of a temple bell denotes a concealed village. For the rest, day and night are a speaking silence, interrupted only by the faint rumbling of the sea, the rustle of the casuarina trees, and the crackle of stunted palms, as the hot sea-breeze lays its burden of sand at their feet. The sun alone obtrudes on the consciousness, a scorching curse, taking away the beauty from the building and the goodness from the air, burning the shoulders, stabbing the eyes, robbing the shadows of their blackness, and at last, in its noon zenith, creating a sort of steely darkness.

The general aspect of the building may be judged from

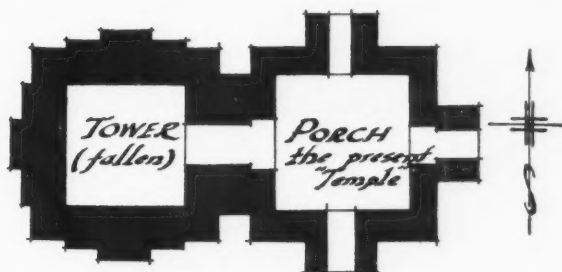
the accompanying plan and illustrations. Its material is a dull rusty sandstone, with the exception of the roof, which is of a silvery colour. Both stones have blackened extensively, like Portland stone in London; so that the carving and structural ornament are thrown into double relief. But since these features, unlike those of many Indian buildings, are contrived with a sensitive regard for the general lines of the mass, the effect is admirable, particularly in the case of the roof. On analysis, the building falls into three sections: first the roof, embellished with an artistically distinct cycle of statues; next the supporting walls, originally adorned with groups of figures in almost complete relief and bands of intricate horizontal ribs, now composed largely of squared but inoffensive modern masonry; and lastly the base, carved with such lavish elaboration, yet with such a classic sense of pure design and form, as to render it the loveliest of the many lovely monuments of India and, beyond any other, the most sympathetic to a European taste formed under the early Renaissance. This base contains the famous wheel motive, in which, as in the statues on the roof, the dramatic element is present. This presence, usually so exuberant in India, and the restraint with which it is here introduced, achieve a perfect co-operation between two opponent schools of architectural thought and give the building a soul. The entire circuit of the base, following all its indentations, amounts to some 490 paces. Its total length I computed to be 450 ft., and the total height of



The EAST FRONT. Note the door frame of green chlorite. The protruding masonry is modern, although it preserves the structural lines of the old.



The base of one side of the GREAT EAST DOORWAY. The carvings are in green chlorite.



THE GROUND PLAN. The total circuit of the base is about 490 paces.

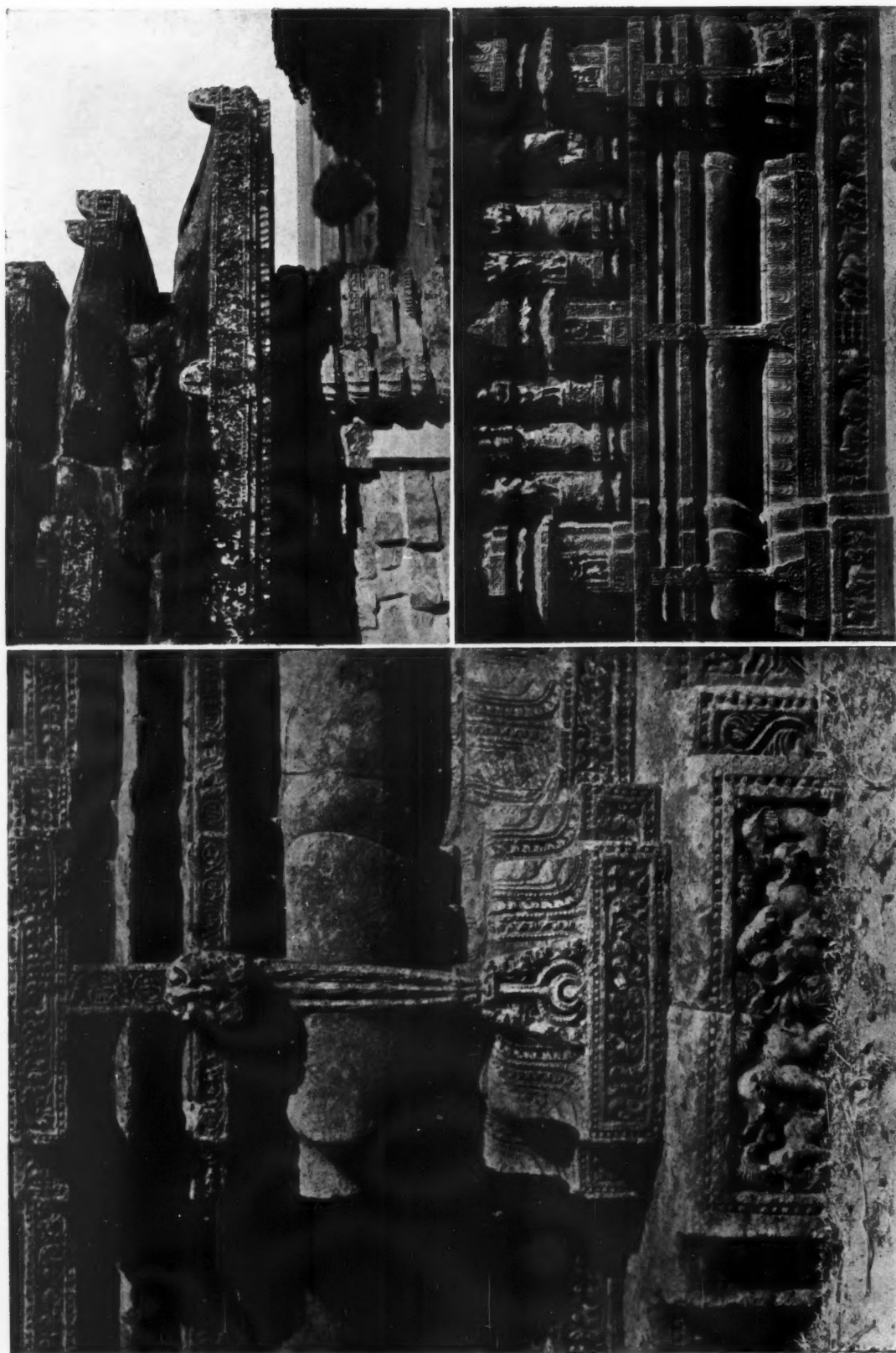
the temple 120 ft. More reliable statistics are doubtless available; but I can only find it stated that the super-structure itself is 90 ft. square.

The size and function of the base, which still remains intact, can be understood by a study of the neighbouring temples of Puri and Bhubaneswar. The Black Pagoda, in its present form, is only a porch. As will be seen from the illustration of the Juggernaut Temple at Puri (see opposite page), the base used originally to support also a great *Vimānah*, twice the height of the existing structure, whose foundations, gigantic blocks of hewn stone, are still in place. Here was the inmost shrine, to which the porch gave approach. A large part of the *Vimānah* was still standing in 1837, when Fergusson sketched it. Stupendous as must have been its effect, and miraculous its detail, it needs an effort to regret its absence. The fusion of *Jagmohan* (porch) and *Vimānah* (tower) into an architectural unity, as exemplified

in the temples of Khajuraho and Tanjore, was never successfully accomplished by the architects of the Orissa style, in whose hands the two elements remained separate and diverse, and their extreme proximity a discomfort rather than a fusion. It is true that, as originally planned and built, the Black Pagoda may have succeeded better than its fellows. Its architect was endowed with a superior genius. And its tower and porch must have found some unity in the common base which those of Puri and Bhubaneswar lack. Nevertheless, after an examination of the latter, the conclusion is unavoidable that the serene beauty of the porch at Kanarak, of its mass, of its statuary, and of its reliefs, here gains much from its singleness. Nor need the interior, filled up in 1903, be too deeply mourned. According to Fergusson it was "singularly plain," the only feature of interest being the wrought-iron beams supporting the roof.

Considerable doubt exists as to the date of the building. The year 1241 is usually given. Fergusson discards it, on the ground that "it seems impossible—after the erection of so degraded a specimen of the art as the temple of Puri (A.D. 1174)—the style could ever have reverted to anything so beautiful as this." He compares it with the great temple of Bhubaneswar (seventh century); but detecting a more noticeable tendency towards "modern forms" assigns it to the second half of the ninth century.

Numerous authorities concur in saying that the temple was dedicated to the sun. Doubt exists on this point. But let us imagine it as such: as the chariot of the sun god,



Left. A section of the bottom or "architectural" zone of the base. Architectural shape in India demands continuous repetition, in order to produce a sufficient play of shadow to give form and variety. The manner in which the decorative detail here increases, rather than obscures, the constructional solidity, is superb. The elephant frieze has become frivolumous. Right (top) A corner of the bottom storey of the roof, showing the trees and the sea in the distance; (bottom) The two lower zones of the base.

standing by itself, untreed, on this lonely stretch of shore, with the surf thundering in but a hundred yards away, and the burning deity, high in heaven, accepting its homage and festivity. Along the whole length of either side of the base, at regular intervals, inset where the porch and tower join, and outset where the steps protrude to give them access, run the carved wheels of the chariot, eighteen in number, and culminating, at either end of the longer flight to the front, in a tandem of galloping horses. Each wheel is twice the height of a man. But a glance at the pictures will show that there is nothing naturalistic in their proportions. They neither seem, nor are meant to seem, to support the massive piles of masonry above, as sometimes occurs on a smaller scale in the Dravidian temples. Their function is entirely ornamental; their drama, suggested, not actual. This restraint is particularly apparent in the horses: diminutive creatures, prancing with speed and gaiety, instead of straining, as they might have done, at the giant car behind them.

Between the wheels, the base is divided into three zones, all highly ornamented, the lower architectural in character, the two upper depicting a variety of small figures, sometimes singly, sometimes in couples. These couples, of which one or two instances, of life-size proportions, still survive on the main walls of the building, exhibit the prosecution of the sexual act in various positions. Murray laments that "unhappily, much of the decoration is of a licentious character"; later, he rejoices to inform the traveller that "the roof is beautiful, and covered with elaborate carvings free from all objectionable features." Such comments illustrate the level of artistic criticism in India, where the Taj Mahal is held to be the apotheosis of human achievement, and the Black Pagoda is regarded (by those few who have heard of it) as remarkable only for its pornography. Certainly the carvings must embarrass family parties. But the adjective "pornographic" suits them as little as it can suit any true work of art. They have none of the Pompeian impulse to caricature. The artists of the Black Pagoda were concerned with joy rather than pleasure, something permanent and implicit in the human race rather than temporary excess immediately forgotten. The Indian artist's presentation is unconscious of impropriety. Pornography is always conscious and approving of it. If there is joy in sex, and the fact is recognized, then the carvings of the Black Pagoda are the logical artistic expression of that joy. Open to sky and sun and sea, with trees their audience, their joy is only part of a greater joy, the joy of the wheels and horses, of the musicians on the roof, of the miniature elephant frieze that supports the base, of the whole divine building. And their indecency leaves them.

This spirit of joy reaches, in the statues of the roof, a climax so intense as to become inseparable from melancholy. Along each of the two corridors which divide the tiers of the roof, rows of women, 4½ ft. high, with their silver stone sharply outlined against the shadow behind, dance their praises to the sun, inducing, as they move, the music of flutes, drums, and cymbals. These women are of the highest beauty, exhibiting, beneath the delicate, restrained movements of the Indian player, a lovely repose, classic in feeling, eternal in meaning. Nothing of this appears from below, whence their only function is the harmonious assistance of the architectural whole. Their divine content is with themselves, with the sun, and with the view and the far blue line of the sea. The visitor must wander among them, slipping his arm in theirs as he treads cat-like round the

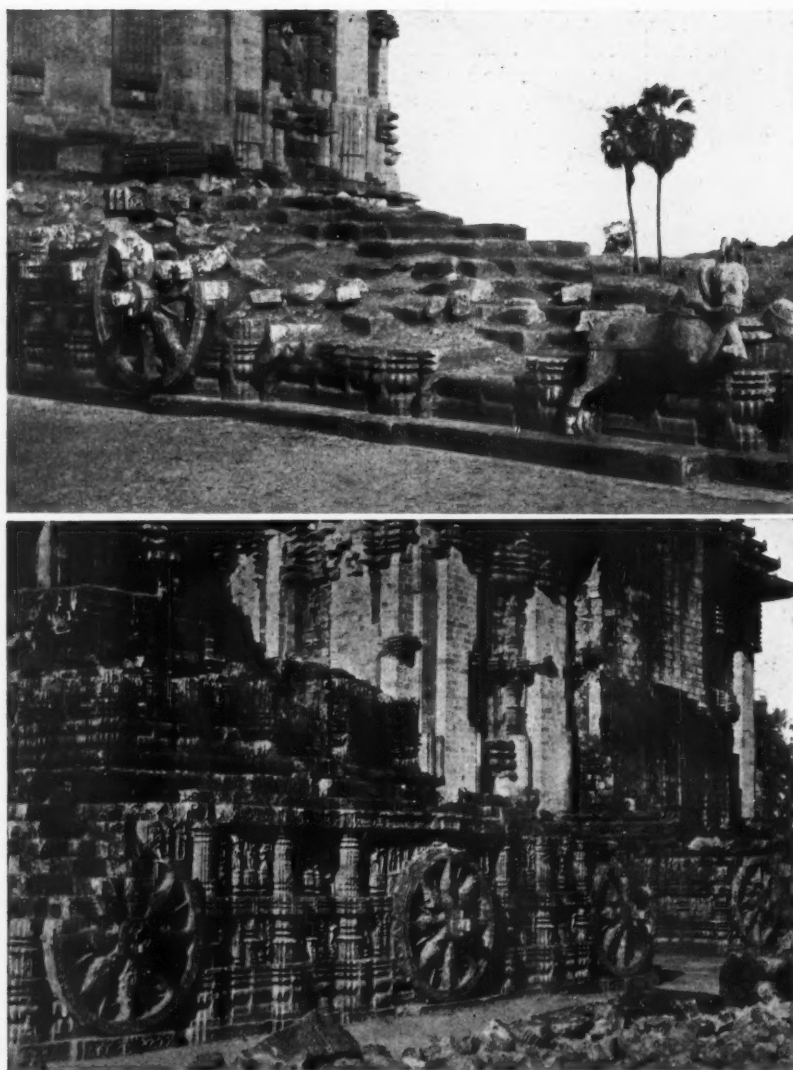
sloping cornice, and gazing on the scene that has been theirs for a thousand years. The flautist, you notice, scarcely looks up; she knows it all too well; the scene is in her brain. The cymbalist cannot restrain her pride, her eternal satisfaction with her situation; while her fellow, bearing some kind of rattle or censer on her shoulder, indulges a little peal of ecstatic laughter. The drummer's head is gone; but her hand conveys all that a head could, and more. Behind, in recesses wholly invisible from below, stand other, smaller women, carved in a highly polished brown stone. One of them, shaded by a palm, gazes rapturously at the child balancing on her left arm. Nor is it merely in spirit, in expression, or in anatomical perfection, that these figures are beautiful. Their genius lies in their precise equilibrium between formalism and naturalism. They are less formalized than the archaic figures in the Acropolis Museum at Athens. Every limb, every finger, every lip is instinct with life, yet without the vitiating touch of a Pheidias or Praxiteles. The sculptor had no fear of sharp edge and sharp incision. And he knew both how to use detail and to omit it. His jewellery displays an exquisite taste. Fillets, earrings, armlets, bangles, rings, and belts, heavily and boldly sculptured, all serve to illuminate the contours and strength of the body. It is these, and the strange untroubled coils of hair, which bring formal repose to the naturalistic grace and movement of each whole figure. Such an interaction between jewellery, coifing, and the nude is unknown in European art.

Of the effect of the roof as a whole, photographs must convey the chief impression. It appears a simple arrangement. But close examination will reveal the extraordinarily complicated and ingenious means employed to create every possible diversity of light and shadow, no matter what the sun's position; and in addition, once created, to use this diversity not for the purpose of mere ornament, but to give an air of architectural strength and cohesion. The entire roof, though in reality nothing more than a series of decreasing horizontal tiers, conveys the illusion of being vertically bound by single, double, and triple strands. Says Fergusson: "The first and second storeys consist of six cornices each, the third of five only. . . . The two lower ones are carved with infinite beauty and variety on all their twelve faces,¹ and the antefixæ at the angles and breaks are used with an elegance and judgment a true Yavana could hardly have surpassed. There is, so far as I know, no roof in India where the same play of light and shade is obtained with an equal amount of richness and constructive propriety as in this instance, or one that sits so gracefully on the base that supports it."

The carvings attached to the temple fall into four classes, of which the statues on the roof have already been described. Of the same style, in their vigorous naturalism tempered with formalism, and of the same silvery stone, are the pairs of elephants and horses which mark the approach to the north and south doors. The former have nothing remarkable about them; the elephant does not lend himself to full relief. But the opponent war-horses, fully accoutred with bits, bridles, reins, martingales, saddles, stirrups, girths, quivers, yaks'-tails, and cruppers, are inspired with a superb vigour, and display an exuberance of decorative motives and movement worthy of Bernini at his best. Each horse tramples with his fore-feet a "wild man," whose crumpled

¹ This applies to a single side only.

THE BLACK PAGODA.



Top. The STEPS of the east front, showing a wheel and galloping horse. The neck of a second horse, whose head has been broken off, appears just in front. Bottom. The SOUTH SIDE of the base showing the three "zones" and the wheels.

form acts as a pedestal; and each is reined back on to his hind-legs by a running figure, whose attitude expresses at once the speed of their joint motion and the strain of their sudden standstill. These horses have an entirely different character from those in tandem at the east end of the base; the latter, as befits their relation to the wheels, being severely formalized, though rendered prominent by the contrast of their own silver stone with the rusty red and black around them.

The third cycle of carvings are those executed in green chlorite. To appreciate the unrivalled beauty of this stone as material for bas-relief it must be seen in full sunlight. Its colour is a pale green, a delicate fusion between exposed copper and carnation leaves, none the less a steady positive colour. The patina of the stone is incomparable, giving an impression of obsidian hardness, yet soft as though induced by centuries of polishing. And on this patina the sun strikes lights of glistening

gold, diffused in a shower of infinitesimal flecks, till they gradually dissolve on some cool green declivity. Though blocked up, the great doorway at the east end, 16½ ft. high, is enclosed within an oblong frame of this material, 4 ft. wide, and carved in eight successive bands. In the chamber that was once the sanctuary and over which the great *Vimānah* rose, the pedestal of the absent idol is also of chlorite, exhibiting a charming frieze of oblatory ladies. Outside this chamber, inset in the foundations of the tower, stands another slab of the stone on which is represented a deity 9 ft. high, whose body, from the shoulders to the knees, is encased in a muslin so fine as to be invisible from all but a few inches' distance. On this whole figure, which has been exposed to the weather for a thousand years, not a single scratch or abrasion is visible.

There remains the base, 14 ft. high, the masterpiece of the whole building. For nearly 500 yds. its ornament is maintained on a scale of minute elaboration, and the tiny elephant frieze with which it meets the ground continues without interruption. In the presence of photographs, a detailed description of it is superfluous. Two facts should be noted. One is the absolute purity of architectural form and decorative pattern in the lower zone—form and pattern whose classic proportions and interplay of plain with textural surfaces offer commentary to any style of building in the world. The other is the beauty of the carved and undercut detail by and for itself alone. At the temple of Ramesvaram, on the tip of Adam's Bridge, the visitor is confronted

with a quadrilateral corridor a mile long and supported, at close intervals, on gigantic bracket pillars. Every one of these pillars, which must number several thousands, is carved with an elaboration and exactitude no less painstaking, no less of an achievement in terms of time and labour, than that here displayed. The temple guide is proudly demonstrative, and the visitor is seized, if he happen to be a person of artistic sensibility, with an overpowering nausea, a hatred of India and the East and of all their works. For the carving at Ramesvaram, as at so many other places famed for their exhibits of human skill and patience, is no more the work of artists than the Benares tray in the villa at Cheltenham. Only a dead mechanical persistence is apparent, the persistence that coped the Great Pyramid with its last monstrous stone, a persistence not less sickening than, and not very different in its results from, the glib facility with which Detroit delivers fully-grown motor-cars. Such precisely is the quality which Kanarak lacks. The genius of the Black Pagoda lies in the true and individual beauty impressed on every stone that has gone to its making. No building in the world is so completely the work of a spontaneous artist. Nor, perhaps, have so many spontaneous artists ever coalesced, before or since, in a single purpose—and achieved it.



Plate II.

November 1930.

One of the eighteen Wheels at the base of the Black Pagoda. The diameter is about ten feet. Imagine a sandstone of light rusty red, gone black in the interstices. Despite this material, the detail has retained all its sharpness and delicacy. Particularly noticeable is the way in which all the constructional elements, including the large hub with its pin, have been brought to serve the decorative purpose.



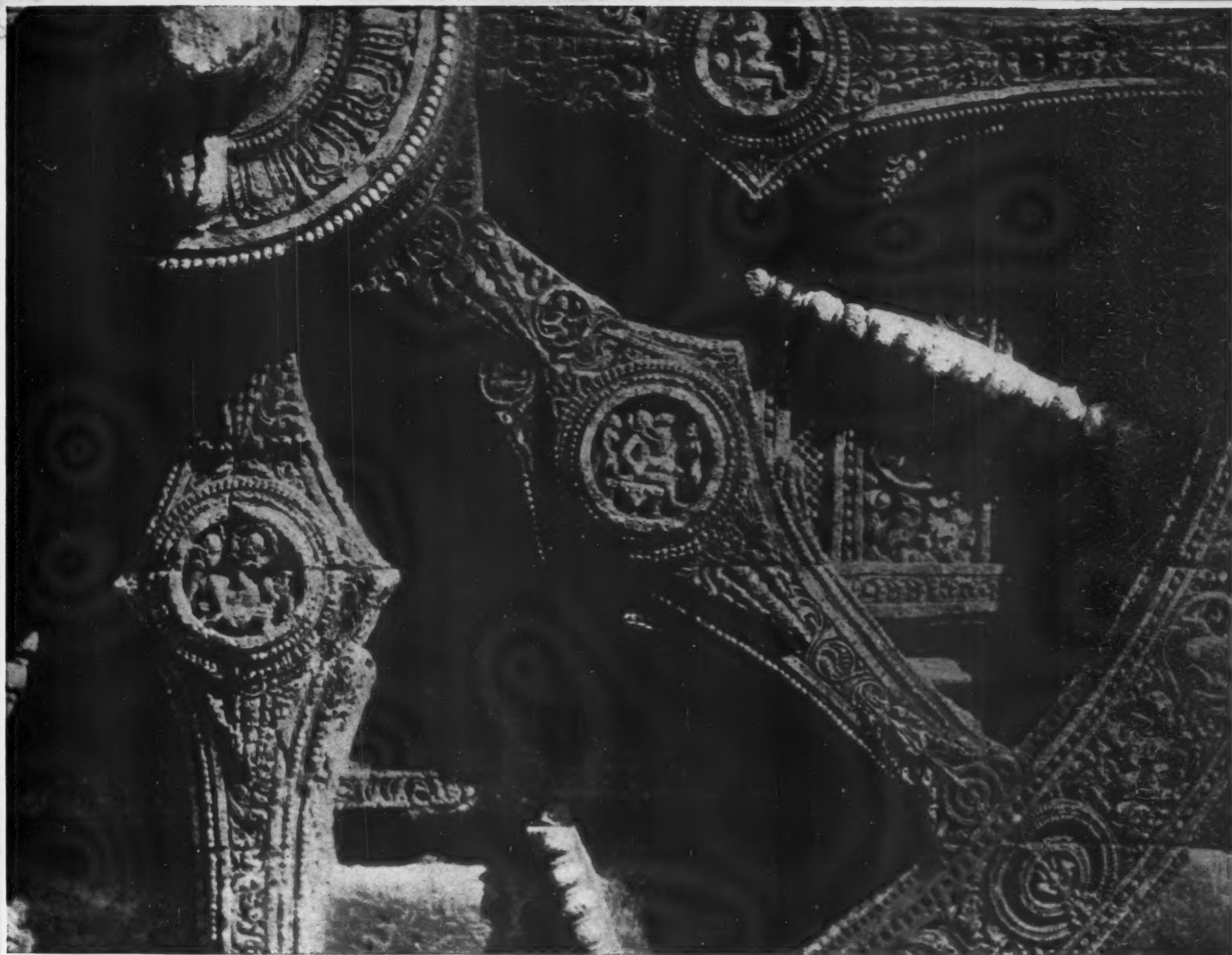


Plate III.

November 1930

Spokes and Rim of a Wheel. The courses which divide the whole base are continued behind, though their treatment is flatter, as becomes a background. The same patterns are found on the rim as on the purely architectural zone of the base, thus bringing the wheels into unity with the general design.





Plate IV.

November 1930.

A Horse, to complete the Wheel Motive. This animal, carved in silver stone right at the end of the long flight of steps leading to the front entrance, shows up brightly against the red and black stone behind. The head stands about five feet six inches off the ground, and the total height is therefore only half that of the wheels. Thus the animal's function is simply to express a formal suggestion.

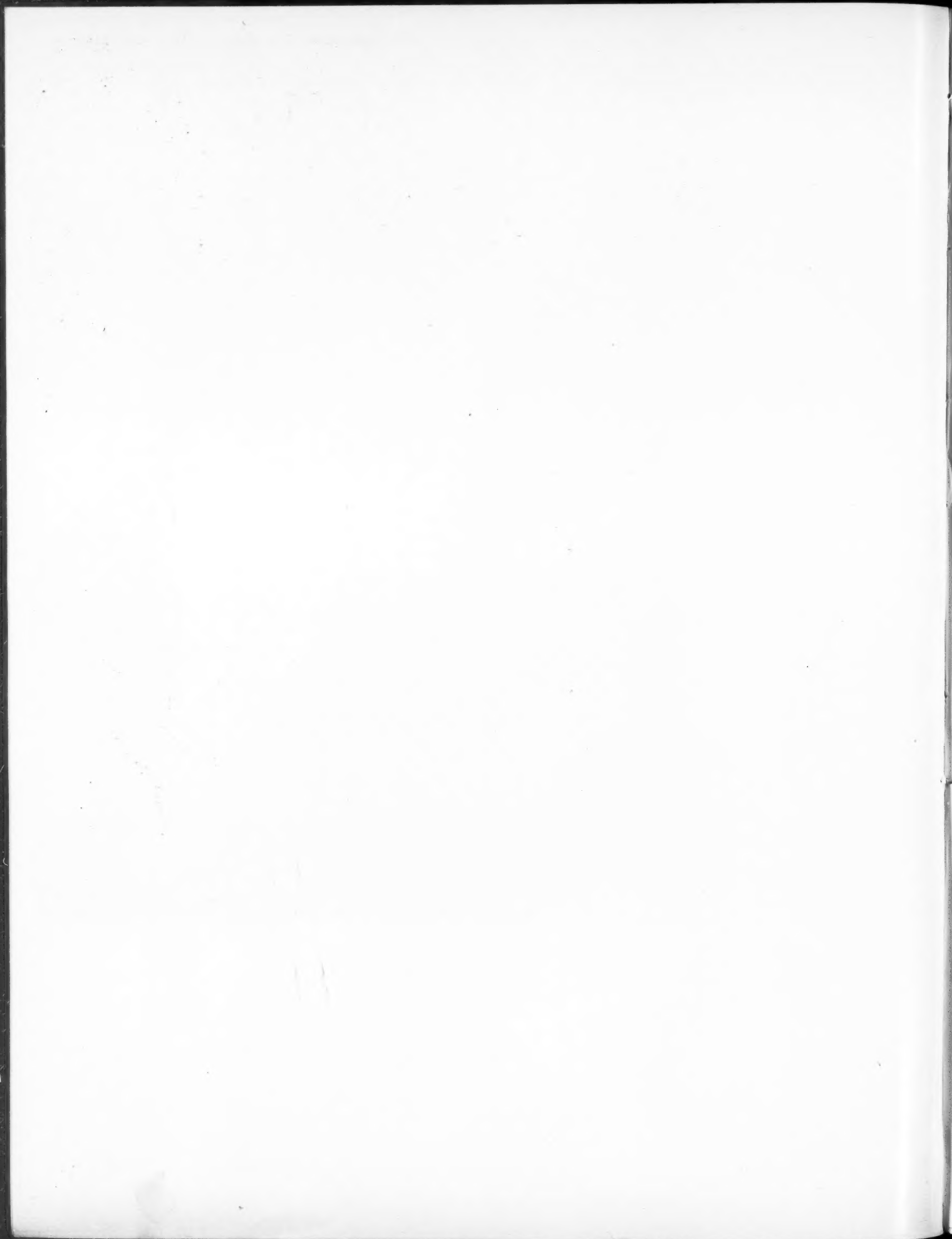




Plate V.

November 1930.

A Horse's Head, from the horse illustrated on Plate IV. The classic sculptors of Hinduism were evidently nearer China than Persia. But there is more life and vigour here than is found in Chinese art. Note the effective line of the harness, and the corded knot on the shoulder.



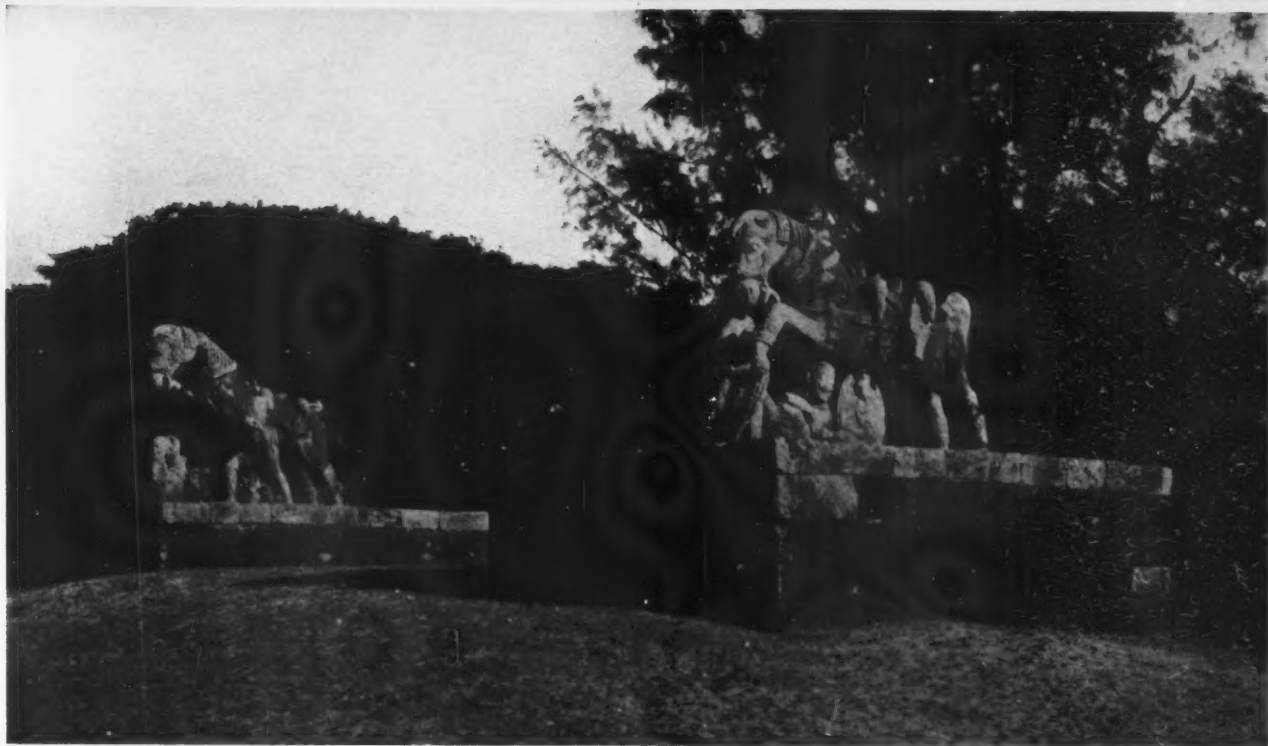


Plate VI.

November 1930.

Top. Two War-Horses, Guarding the South Approach. These horses, not quite life-size, have an entirely different character from those attached to the base (see Plates IV and V). Their action is more naturalistic, in the decorative, baroque sense. Each tramples a wild man, and is reined in by a running attendant. Bottom. One of the above War-Horses. Every detail of harness is called into play. Note the yaks' tails depending from the saddle. The crumpled group below forms a support of great ingenuity.

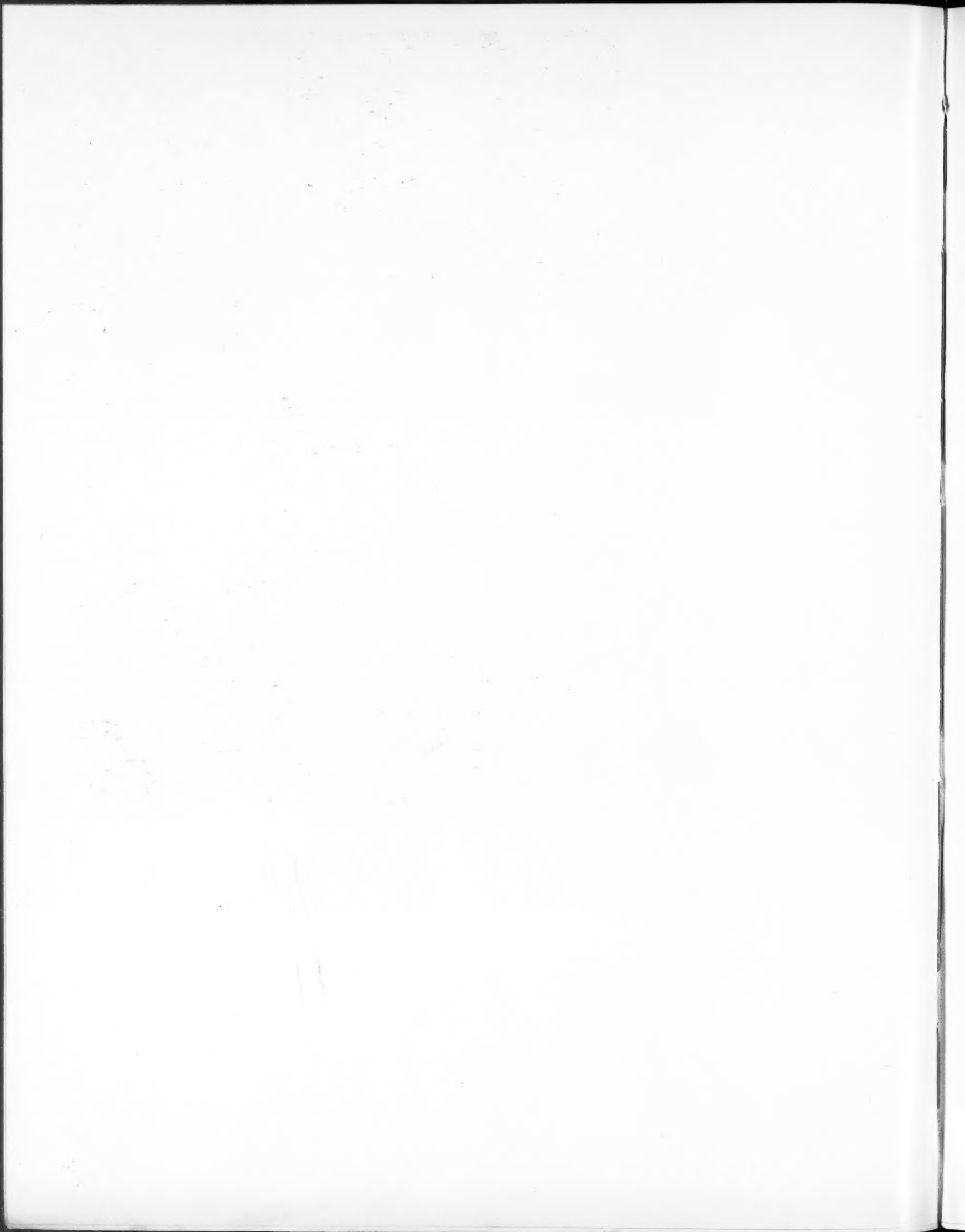




Plate VII.

November 1930.

Statues on the roof. Top (left) The Cymbalist; (right) The Flautist. Bottom (left) The torso of a woman in a recess; (right) The torso of the flautist illustrated above.



Lord Benbow's Apartments.

The Architectural Review Competition : Assessor's Report and Awards.

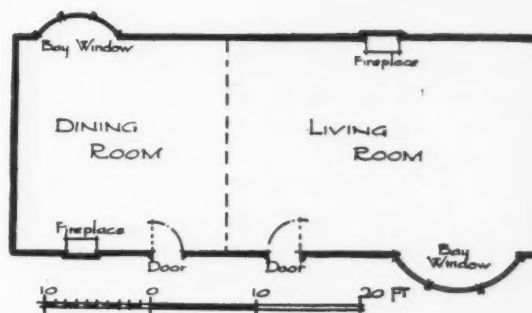
IT was expected that the competition for Lord Benbow's Apartments would appeal to those whose interest lies in decoration, but the promoters were prepared for no such extraordinary response as it actually elicited. Architects, painters, art-students, professional decorators, artists from the Dominions, and the master of a famous pack of fox-hounds, submitted designs, the level of which was, on the whole, very high; and while, unfortunately, all the competitors cannot be awarded prizes, it is hoped that a number of their designs will be illustrated in forthcoming issues of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

The Competition was as follows :

The Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW offers a first prize of £100, a second prize of £50, and a third prize of £25, for the three best schemes submitted to him by August 1, 1930, for the decoration and furnishing of the two rooms shown in this plan. The competition is open to any architect, decorator, or artist of British nationality or living in the British Isles.

One perspective drawing in colour only is required.

In making the drawing the competitor may take what point of view he likes, but this must be calculated to impress an intelligent client of the kind described below. The smaller room is to be treated as a dining-room, and the larger room as a drawing-living-room ; part of each room must be



The height of the rooms is 12 ft. 6 in.

The height of the door opening is 7 ft.

The windows may be the full height of the room, or less, at the discretion of the competitor.

The dining-room is 20 ft. square.

The drawing-room is 20 ft. by 30 ft.

In judging the competition the Editor will not be too particular about sizes, but the competitor should not submit a scheme which blatantly disregards the measurements provided.

shown and the nature of the connection (if any), though if he prefers to treat the whole thing as a single drawing-living-dining-room the competitor is at liberty to do so. The competitor, while regarding himself as the general supervisor of the job, must provide in his scheme work for not less than two and not more than five other artists : a sculptor, furniture-rug-wallpaper designer, painter, etc. The selection of the collaborators and the nature of their job will be entirely at the discretion of the competitor, who may either collaborate with them in the production of the competition design, or may simply fill in their names, thereby indicating that he would choose them as collaborators in the event of his winning the competition. Arrangements have been made for the room indicated in the plan to be built at Waring & Gillow's, where the winning design will be carried out and put on exhibition.

The Client.

A well-known Clydeside shipbuilder, Lord Benbow, who was knighted and later elevated to the peerage in recognition of his public services to Glasgow, a city which has reason to be grateful to him for many reasons, desires a new London establishment.

Having recently become a widower, and

having devolved all official functions upon his sister, he has sold his house in Curzon Street and has rented bachelor apartments not far away, of which the two principal rooms are shown here.

Although born in a London suburb nearly sixty years ago, Lord Benbow's active life has naturally been associated with Glasgow and the Clyde; and it was in the early years of his success, thirty years ago, that he became intimately acquainted with the school of thought

now associated with the name of C. R. Mackintosh.

This early enthusiasm has gradually crystallized into a devotion for the later developments of the modern movement and has led him to seek for a distinguished modern treatment in the decoration of his apartments.

He therefore desires that several artists should be employed on this job, as collaborators, the artist who presents the scheme being regarded as the architect.

COMPETITION.

One other condition he lays down. Although much in sympathy with the modern movement, as he understands it, he has an invincible loathing of abstract patterns, which he has never been able to understand. In the course of a life devoted to business he has patronized or taken part in most available games and sports, from street football to

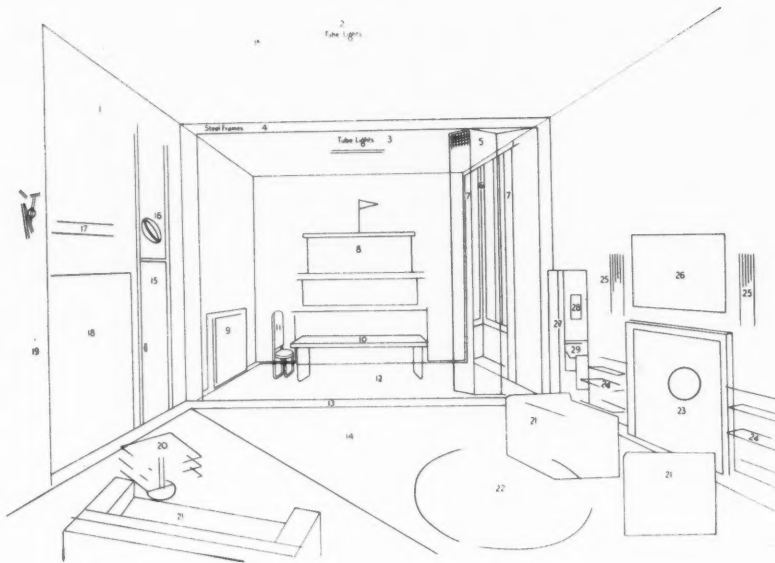
hunting and horse-racing, and in fact he is now the owner of a large racing stable and stud-farm—Purple Streak, who won a recent Derby, carrying his racing colours.

Without producing an atmosphere which will be too redolent of the stable and the country, and therefore unfitted for a sophisticated town abode, he wishes to

produce an effect which is gracefully sporting, and he therefore lays it down that as many as possible of the patterns used in the decoration of his apartments (such as carpet designs, fabrics, paintings, wallpapers, etc.) should have as their basis a sporting subject. Beyond these few conditions, he wishes to give the artists concerned as free a hand as possible.

KEY TO THE SECOND PRIZE DESIGN.

(1) and (14). Stippled grey (or uniform grey) varnished walls and ceiling for all ceiling and wall space. (2) and (3). Tube lights. (4) Steel frame dividing the two rooms, providing slots at either end for glass screens. (5) Folding glass screen. Frames of steel. Glass—Georgian wired plate. Screens can be opened out to shut off the inner room if required. Ideally the screens should fold up out of sight. If this is not possible they could be contained by the wings of the frame which, in that case, would show wider than in the drawing. (6) Bay window the height of the room. Varnished white painted wood. (7) Curtains. Suggested pattern of white posts, pennants and numerals on green ground. A steel band acts as a vallance (frame). (8) Sideboard and cocktail bar constructed on lines of a grand-stand surmounted by a pennant of Lord Benbow's racing colours. Materials steel and glass. (9) Electric fire. Black glass surrounded by white marble or polished stone. (10) Dining table, black glass and steel. (11) Chairs, steel frames, black pigskin backs and seats. (12) Green pile carpet. (13) Dead pink rubber flooring. (14) Carpet (pile) in green, pink, black and white. Designed to represent a tennis court—either exactly or by an equivalent design. (15) Door, green varnished paint. Frame like a goal-post. White varnished paint, rounded battens (wood). (16) Ventilator with revolving glass. (17) Horizontal tube lights. (18) Built-in bookcase, varnished white painted wood. All books bound either in red, white, black or green leather, or in cover papers in these colours. (19) Curtains, textile-design of balls, wickets and numerals, in black, white and red on green ground. (20) Black glass table. (21) Couch and chairs upholstered in ribbed white buckskin or nearest equivalent in white leather. The appearance of a cricket pad to be suggested. (22) Oval glass table. Steel supports. (23) Electric fire radiator, black glass, clouded glass, white marble or white polished stone surround. (24) Black glass shelves to slide in and out of wall. (25) Wall tube lights. Suggestion of bails and wickets. (26) Tempera panel. Group of objects, boxing glove, punch ball, rackets, etc. Painter suggested—Edward Wadsworth. (27) Radio or gramophone cabinet, faced with looking glass which reflects—(28) One of Lord Benbow's collections of drawings and prints which occupy the back wall, also (29) Desk at the window end of this wall.



Assessor's Report.

The Editor of *THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW*, in his capacity as Assessor of the Competition, has contributed the following report:

Those who study the terms of the competition will see that there are three pivotal words which determine the plan of attack—"Modern," "Bachelor," and "Sporting." In making his first selection the assessor threw out all designs which failed to comply with the instructions implicit in

these key-words, and then the remaining designs were judged on their ability to satisfy the demands represented by "Modern." But if "Modern" was to determine the result, all would depend on the interpretation given to the word.

What is "Modern"?

It cannot be defined positively as metal furniture and the Corbusier aesthetic, nor negatively as absence of traditional feeling.

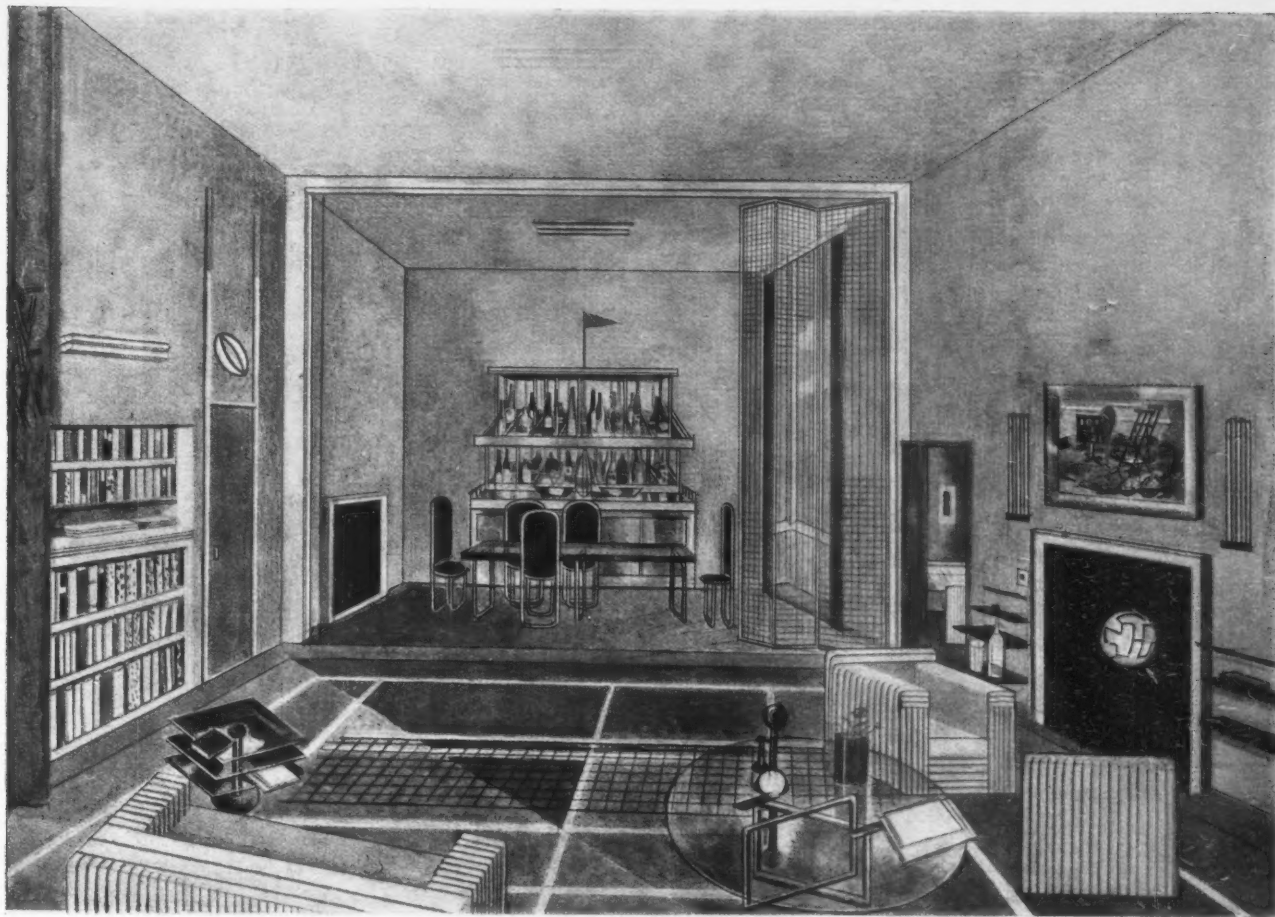


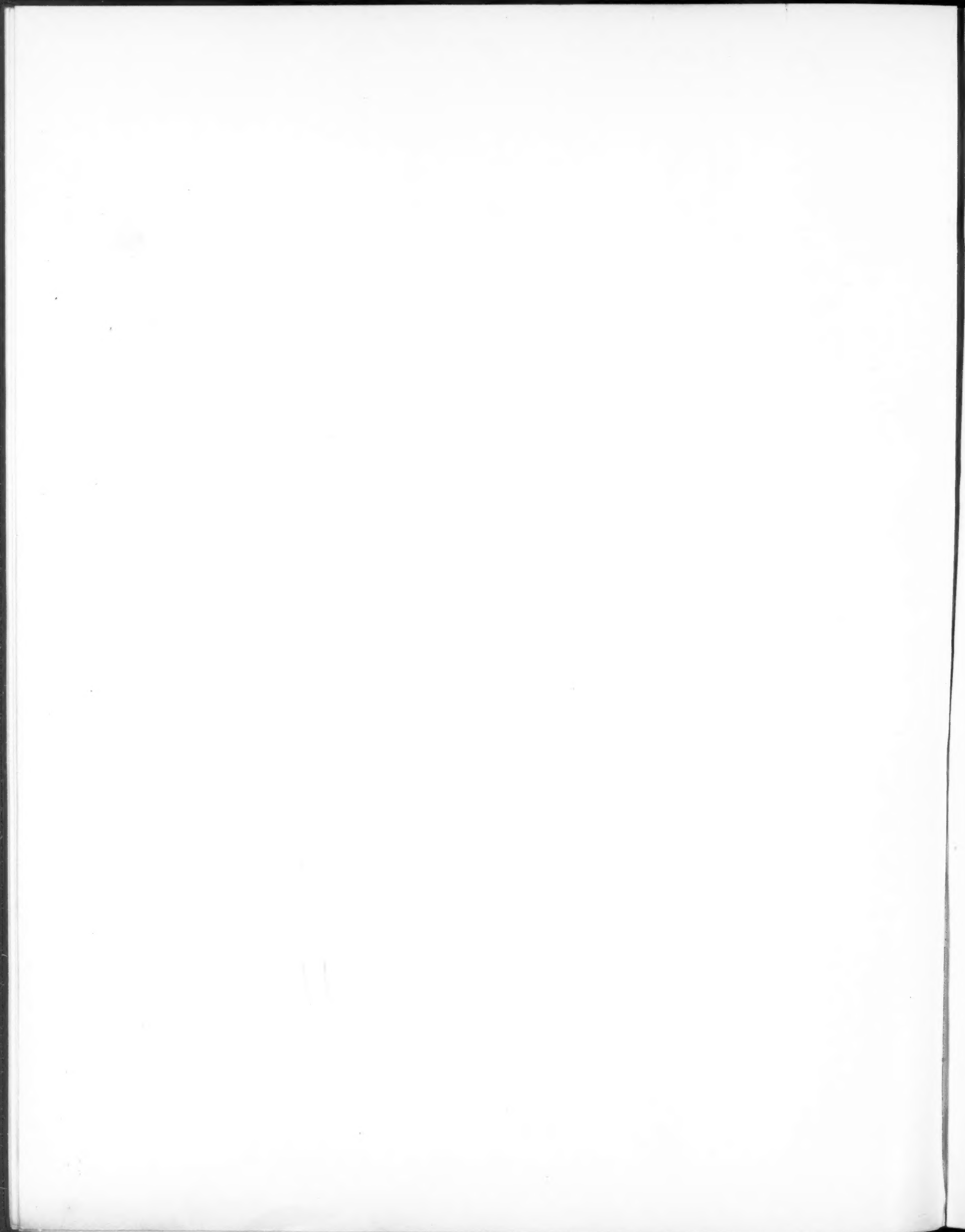
Plate VIII.

November 1930.

*The Design awarded the Second Prize of £50
in the competition for Lord Benbow's Apartment.*

By Paul Nash.

Extract from the Assessor's Report.—The second prize has been awarded to a design which is made faintly ridiculous by the fact that the artist either misunderstood the purport of the remarks regarding Lord Benbow's sporting tastes, or deliberately surrendered to his sense of humour At the same time, in the assessor's opinion this design shows a truer architectural quality than any other submitted. It is placed second because it is less successful than the winning design in exploiting the particular idiosyncrasies of Lord Benbow's plan. Taking very simple motifs, like the thin cylindrical light fittings and the square frames of picture and partition, it builds up by means of combination, repetition, and contrast a subtle fugue-like organization in which the planes of the walls play their part. The interplay of incident, the feeling for volume, the cunning punctuation provided by the dark bodies, is intellectually agreeable.



In the last extremity words like "modern" have to be boiled down into something quite simple, and in the assessor's mind they boiled themselves down to this: that as decoration is regarded by the modern mind as architecture, and as architecture is regarded as involving, first and foremost, the imaginative exploitation of the plan conceived three-dimensionally or plastically, so a decorative scheme conceived in a modern way should exploit the idiosyncrasies native to the plan—and exploit them in such a way that one would be nearly justified in saying that the plan dictated the scheme of decoration. In other words, "expression of plan" is a governing factor inside as well as outside a piece of architecture. The plan as it develops three-dimensionally suggests the basis of its own decorative interpretation.

* * *

We have now definitely accepted "expression (or exploitation) of plan" as the first *modern* principle in decoration. How does this affect the assessing of the competition? The result is interesting and curious. Only one drawing out of the large number submitted shows the will to exploit the possibilities of the particular plan provided for the competitor. The rest, practically without exception, show charming ensembles which bear no relation at all to the peculiar character of Lord Benbow's apartments.

It will be clear to anyone who studies it that easily the most important features of the plan when developed three-dimensionally are the bay windows, and that any serious architectural interpretation of the room must involve their development as integral to the programme, although there is nothing to this effect in the written conditions. Those who do not perceive the immense significance of the windows, have failed, in the assessor's opinion, to appreciate first principles.

The ideal competitor would have placed his dining-table in the niche provided by the dining-room bay (which is 2 ft. narrower than the other one), and would have proceeded to turn the two rooms into one, carefully avoiding a symmetrical arrangement of furniture, and building, as it were, diagonally across the room, so that the corners, always stimulating points, could be adequately developed and the walls, with their intersecting planes, treated plastically rather than as four separate elevations. The insistence on a symmetrical disposition, with tables at dead centres and chairs grouped respectfully round them, is as out of date as a concentration of furniture round the fireplace. The modern room is adequately heated throughout, and this fact would enable the ideal competitor to focus his interest on the bay windows, which are the natural spot lights.

The actual drawings submitted are divided into two groups: one ignores the bays entirely, and treats the apartment as an ordinary rectangle; the other goes to immense pains in devising ingenious "balancing features" for the wall opposite the bays, with the object of achieving a symmetrical decorative arrangement.

But to resort to the ignoble subterfuge of placing a niche on the wall opposite the bay in order to make the scheme appear symmetrical is not consistent with our interpretation of the phrase "expression of plan"; nor, on the other hand, can an Order, however "modernized," be made suddenly and wantonly to bend round a bay because a bay happens to be there, without regard to

classic symmetry. Mary Adshead, in a design which would have been most impressive had it been designed for a pure rectangle, has committed this awful crime with a gusto which one admires but cannot approve.

The winning design is not free from defects. The symmetrical arrangement of the furniture is most tiresome; the colour is far from satisfactory; but it reveals, as no other design does, a definite *will* to exploit the peculiar character of the plan. It accepts the doors as integral parts of the composition; above all, it does not ignore the bay window, but shows not only a desire to incorporate it in the design, but a sense of its significance as well. It is clear that this design has been built up round the window, and this, in the assessor's opinion, is a sign that its author has tried to exploit the plan. (After the awards had been made, and the envelopes containing the names of the competitors opened, it was found that the winning competitor was an architect.)

The second prize has been awarded to a design which is made faintly ridiculous by the fact that the artist either misunderstood the purport of the remarks regarding Lord Benbow's sporting tastes, or deliberately surrendered to his sense of humour. Footballs, goal-posts, cricket stumps, pads, grand-stands, etc., etc., feature in most unexpected places. At the same time, in the assessor's opinion this design shows a truer architectural quality than any other submitted. It is placed second because it is less successful than the winning design in exploiting the particular idiosyncrasies of Lord Benbow's plan.

Taking very simple motifs, like the thin cylindrical light fittings and the square frames of picture and partition, it builds up by means of combination, repetition, and contrast a subtle fugue-like organization in which the planes of the walls play their part. The interplay of incident, the feeling for volume, the cunning punctuation provided by the dark bodies, is intellectually agreeable. The whole design has something of the functional slowness and grace, of a racecourse, and, incidentally, shows how closely the forms of sport follow the functional aesthetic. This is decoration played architecturally.

The third prize has been awarded to a scheme different in all particulars from the preceding one. (It will be illustrated in the December issue.)

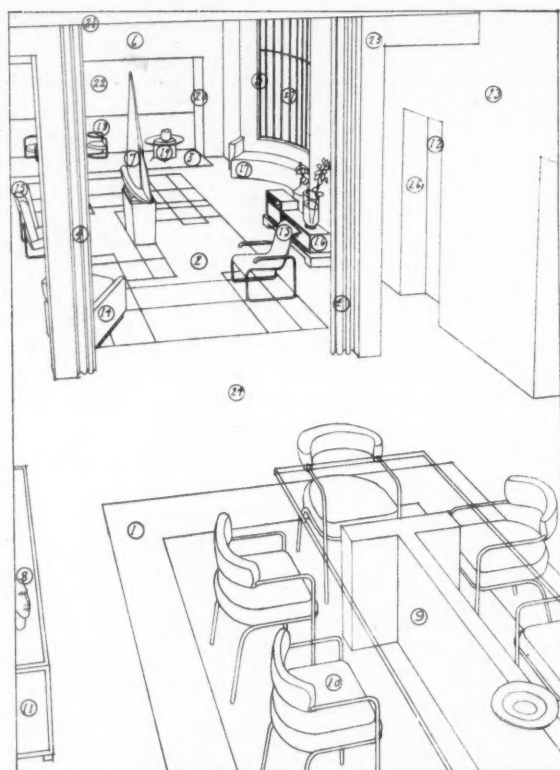
Here the competitor has shown a still greater contempt for the plan provided by Lord Benbow, and one feels that with very little alteration the same scheme could be carried out in almost any kind of room. In fact, it hardly requires a room. At the same time, there is a largeness of conception about it which cannot be ignored, and the scheme of colour is superb and puts it in a class apart. It has therefore been awarded the third prize.



The Assessor having made his decisions and having awarded the prizes, the envelopes attached to the drawings were opened, and the names of the prize-winners made known. They are as follows:

COMPETITION.

KEY TO THE WINNING DESIGN.



CARPETS:

- (1) A black dining-room carpet with dark grey modernist design of sporting equipment—stumps and bats, rackets, nets, etc. (2) Yellow, green and grey living-room carpet, abstract layout with insets of yachting designs in the dark squares. (3) Yellow carpet with a design of hurdles.

FABRICS:

- (4) Curtains to draw between dining- and living-rooms. Dining-room side: red velvet with printed football-field design. Living-room side: yellow velvet with a design of gliders. (5) Printed silk curtains to window bay, yellow with a hurdling design. Similar curtains in red to dining-room bay with golf-course design.

WALLPAPERS:

- (6) Wallpaper to living-room only, broome yellow with an abstract design of seagulls, harbour-buoys and yacht-slips.

SCULPTURE:

- (7) Yacht-piece in alabaster, lit from below, on a stand faced with glass. (8) Head of Lord Benbow as a boy.

FURNITURE:

- (9) Dining-room table with cast glass top and stand of pale-green cellulosed wood. The table butts into an illuminated wall alcove containing a flat relief of pole-vaulting. (10) Set of nine tubular steel chairs, chromium-plated with red crush-grain morocco upholstery. (11) Sideboard in stained sycamore. (12) Doors in stained cellulosed sycamore. (13) Two arm-chairs in tubular-steel, chromium-plated with buff canvas upholstery. (14) Arm-chair in sycamore with canvas upholstery. (15) Easy chair in tubular steel with untanned sheep-skin upholstery. (16) Sycamore bookcase with gold mirror top. (17) Curved window seat, upholstered in untanned leather. (18) Tubular steel chairs. (19) Glass table on a chromium-plated block.

LIGHT FITTINGS:

- (20) Illuminated glass jambs to alcove containing mural decoration. (21) Illuminated lintel over curtains.

WALL PAINTINGS:

- (22) The original "Purple Streak" winning the Long Odds at Ascot in 1820. (23) Street football in London. The decoration extends from the dining-room into the living-room, and can still be seen from either room when the curtains are drawn. On the opposite wall the decoration is a Cup-match at Glasgow.

OTHER FEATURES:

- (24) Polished travertine floor. (25) Columns faced with grey glass with wing-lintels of the same. (26) Door linings of grey glass. (27) Steel frame window, glazed with Vita Glass.

FIRST PRIZE - £100

Raymond McGrath,
"Finella," Cambridge.

Suggested Collaborators

E. McKnight Kauffer (Rugs).
Paul Nash (Fabrics).
Edward Bawden (Paintings and Wallpapers).
Raymond McGrath (Electric Fittings and Furniture).
Maurice Lambert (Sculpture).

Arrangements have been made for the winning design to be carried out and put on exhibition at Waring & Gillow's showrooms in Oxford Street. The firms who have undertaken to make the various accessories are as follows:—

Rugs (hand-made) - WILTONS ROYAL CARPET FACTORY,
3 Paternoster Square, E.C. (Mr. K. T. Henry).

Electric fittings and fires. - HARCOURTS, LTD., 155 Charing Cross Road (Mr. L. G. Haworth).

Wallpapers - JOHN LINE & SONS, LTD., Tottenham Court Rd., W.C. (Mr. Henry G. Dowling).

Fabrics - DONALD BROS., LTD., 287 Regent Street, W.1 (Mr. E. J. Archer).

Furniture - WARING & GILLOW, Oxford Street, W. (Mr. F. R. Peacock).

SECOND PRIZE - £50

Paul Nash,
Oxenbridge Cottage, Iden,
Sussex,

In collaboration with

Denham Maclaren
(Furniture and Light Fittings).
Edward Wadsworth (Paintings).
Paul Nash (Carpets and Fabrics).

THIRD PRIZE - £25

Vanessa Bell,
8 Fitzroy Street, London, W.1,

In collaboration with

Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant (Paintings).
Humphrey Slater (Carpets and Fabrics).
John Skeaping (Sculpture).
Robert Medley (Furniture and Light Fittings).

This design will be illustrated in the December issue of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

A History
of
The English House

By Nathaniel Lloyd.

XXIV.¹—Later Eighteenth Century: Early
Nineteenth Century : Revivals.

Kings :

GEORGE III .. 1760-1820. GEORGE IV .. 1820-1830.
WILLIAM IV .. 1830-1837

1753.
King :
George II.
FIG. 517.
House on
School Hill,
Lewes.



1760.
King :
George III.
FIG. 518.
House at
Witham,
Essex.



FIG. 517.—Such square houses, well planned and comfortable, are to be found in many country towns. The house on School Hill is built of brick; its front is of grey (slightly vitrified) headers, with red brick window dressings, bands and cornice. The return wall is built with red stretchers and grey headers in Flemish bond. The window arch keys, and the cemented quoins, are painted white; so, too, is the wooden doorway. The roof is masked by the parapet.

Some roofs were of low pitch and of several spans in order to keep down the height, thus enabling a lantern light to be provided over the staircase. Others were flat and also had a light over the stairs, whilst some combined pitched and flat roofs—the flat ones being in the centre. Only by such means could the larger "cube houses" be adequately lighted. The iron railing is not contemporary. FIG. 518.—A sober, square house with an unusually distinguished central feature.

THE architectural history of the second half of the eighteenth century and thereafter is a history of Revivals.

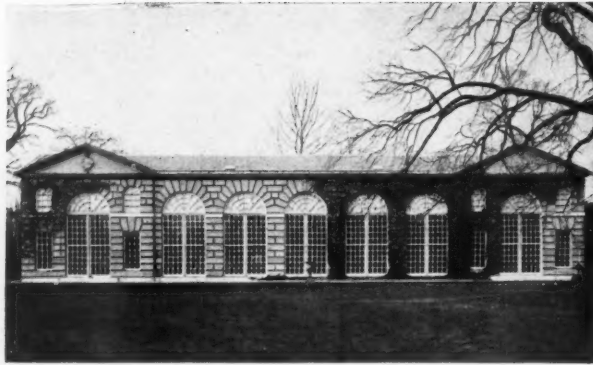
The Gothic Revival was no new thing. Gothic design had had its recrudescences in different forms and degrees of intensity from time to time during the preceding two hundred years. It never died out, it merely subsided. It is constantly found in ecclesiastical buildings, it was persistent in the house plan (shown repeatedly in this History), and it was firmly established in minor domestic architecture in almost every county. Even a classic architect like Wren practised it, as in Tom Tower, Christchurch, Oxford. Its fullest developments in pointed openings and tracery

fascinated some minds. About 1750 Horace Walpole added extensive buildings to a cottage (including chapel, refectory, and picture gallery) in this Gothic manner and even incorporated details from demolished medieval buildings. So notorious were these achievements as to earn the appellation of "Strawberry Hill Gothic." In 1742 Batty Langley published an attempt to improve Gothic architecture by rules and proportions, and took the opportunity of displaying "many grand designs" of his own invention, all "geometrically expressed." That he made himself ridiculous is immaterial, but it is material to note that "Batty Langley Gothic" catered for a public want. When the Duke of Buckingham wanted a muniment room for storing his collection of Saxon MSS., Sir John Soane, c. 1805, designed a room for him on the ground floor at Stowe, the tracery, tabernacle work and ceiling of which were copied from the Henry VII Chapel at Westminster. Eaton

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, July and October 1930.

THE ENGLISH HOUSE.

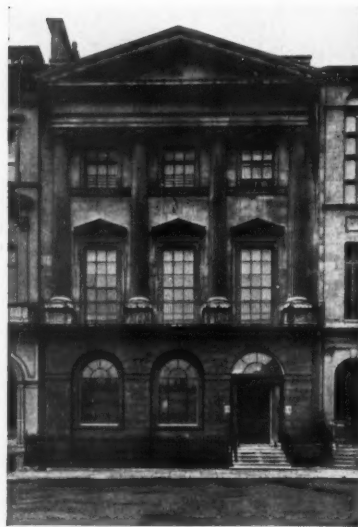
Photo by Bedford Lemere.



1761. FIG. 519.—The Orangery, Kew Gardens, London.
King: George III. c. 1767.
Sir William Chambers, Architect.



FIG. 520.—Albany, Piccadilly, London.
King: George III.
Sir William Chambers, Architect.



1763-5. FIG. 521.—No. 15 St. James's Square.
King: George III. c. 1767.
James Stuart, Architect.



FIG. 522.—The Royal Crescent, Bath.
King: George III.
John Wood the Younger, Architect.

FIG. 519.—Chambers was the architect of several pagodas and fantastic buildings at Kew, reflecting that Oriental taste which he acquired on his voyages to China and the East Indies; this orangery, however, is sober and architectural in its design. FIG. 520.—Illustrating a domestic elevation by Sir W. Chambers. The buildings on the right and left of the court were originally designed as stables and offices. FIG. 521.—This elevation by "Athenian Stuart" may be compared with that of No. 20 St. James's Square (FIG. 529) by Robert Adam, who never went to Greece. FIG. 522.—The "Crescent" is actually a semi-ellipse. Its fine effect is produced by the Ionic Order, two floors in height, and the bold curve of the horizontal lines above and below. In front is a great lawn enclosed by iron railings. FIG. 523.—The scheme of a centre block with four subsidiary blocks connected by quadrants, was conceived by Matthew Brettingham (who had assisted Kent

at Holkham) and developed by James Paine for Sir John Curzon who wished to build himself a house which would surpass Houghton and Holkham. Adam accepted the plan and elevations, but himself designed and built the south front (see FIG. 524). The angle with which each corridor terminates at its outer end enabled a window to be provided which greatly assisted the lighting; this treatment followed the practice of Palladio. The floors of the quadrants are laid with oak boards, cut to the same curve. Dr. Johnson wrote of it in his diary under the date of July 19, 1777, that it is "very costly but ill-conceived . . . the grandeur is all below. The bedchambers are small, low, dark and fitter for a prison than a house of splendour. The kitchen has an opening into the gallery by which its heat and fumes are dispersed all over the house." The plan shows the distance from the kitchen to the dining-room to be 80 feet.

Reproduced from *Vitruvius Britannicus*.

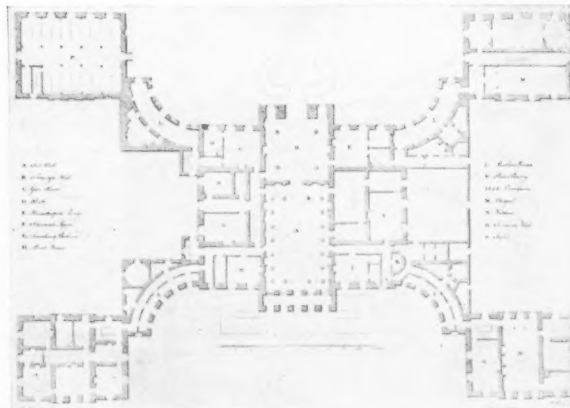


FIG. 523.—Plan of Kedleston, Derbyshire.
King: George III. c. 1767.

FIG. 524.—The wings of this elevation, shown in the Adam plan (FIG. 523) were never built, and the centre suffers for lack of their support. FIG. 525.—Architects practising at this time vacillated between comparatively robust forms of Palladian design and the more attenuated compositions, having slight applied ornament, which were popularized by the Brothers Adam, who designed also in the more virile manner. FIG. 526.—In an obituary notice this design was attributed to James Adam. The introduction of applied ornament could scarcely be carried further than on this exterior, which may be compared with the more scholarly elevation in St. James's Square by Robert Adam (FIG. 529). The Brothers Adam introduced the use of stucco freely into their eleva-



FIG. 524.—The south front of the centre block of Kedleston.
Robert Adam, Architect.

King: George III.

tions as well as for the decoration of interiors. FIG. 527.—Notwithstanding the popularity of grey stock bricks in the London district, the use of red brick continued, and many admirable little houses were built of it. Often the only decorative feature of these houses was the wooden entrance doorway, the variety of designs for which, in vogue during

the eighteenth century, defies illustration. This house has also a neat cut-brick cornice of slight projection and three-light windows, the good proportions of which add to the whole effect. FIG. 528.—A well-proportioned elevation with segmental bay windows and a segmental head to the doorway. The cornice is slight and compares unfavourably with earlier ones, but the parapet has been destroyed.



1768-9. King: George III.
FIG. 525.—No. 3 The Terrace,
Richmond Hill,
Surrey.



1763-74. King: George III.
FIG. 526.—House in Adam Street,
Adelphi, London.
The Brothers Adam, Architects.

Hall, Cheshire, was designed by W. Porden for the Marquess of Westminster in 1803 mainly in the Perpendicular style. Perhaps this architect's chief claim to distinction is for his invention of window tracery and balustrades in cast iron. Instances might be multiplied. The publication (c. 1812 and thereafter) of voluminous illustrated works on English mediæval buildings by John Britton, familiarized the public with ancient Gothic architecture and created a public taste, whilst the publication by Augustus Pugin and E. J. Willson of measured

drawings, which included large details from mediæval buildings, enabled architects to design in the Gothic manner correctly and with facility. In *Examples of Gothic Architecture* by these authors, second edition, published 1831, the Introductory Remarks indicate this as an object of the work:

In the selection of the subjects for this work, a preference has been given to such as appeared most likely to afford useful lessons to the modern artist.

And, later:
A selection of such as have appeared best suited for imitation, particularly in domestic architecture.



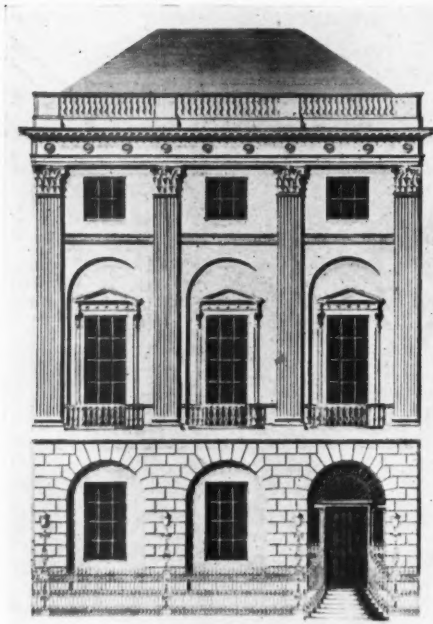
c. 1770. King: George III.
FIG. 527.—The Mill House, Wye, Kent.



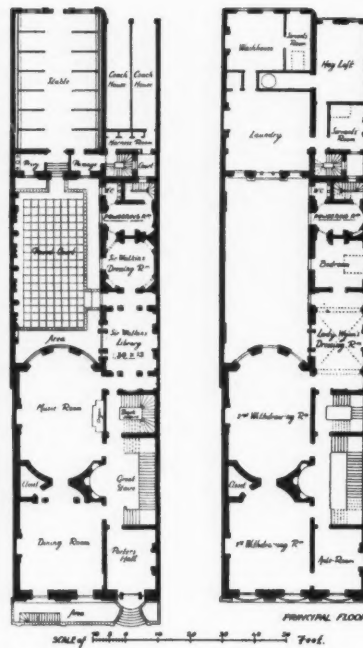
c. 1770. King: George III.
FIG. 528.—A house at Lewes, Sussex.

THE ENGLISH HOUSE.

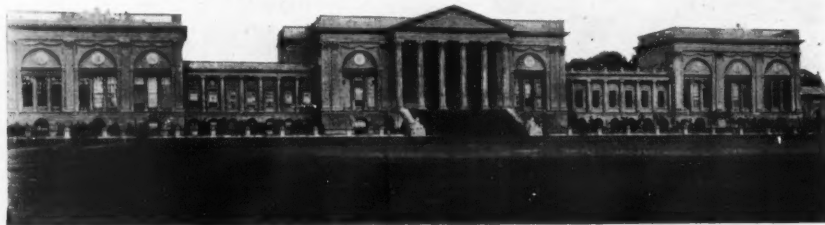
Reproduced from "The Works of Robert and James Adam."



1772.
FIG. 529.—No. 20 St. James's Square, London.
Built for Sir Watkyn Wynn by Robert Adam.



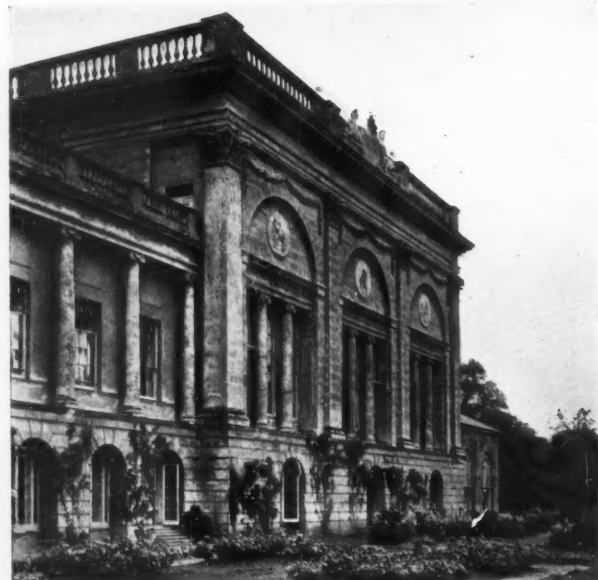
1772.
FIG. 530.—Plans of No. 20 St. James's Square.



c. 1777.

FIG. 531.—Stowe, Buckinghamshire
Robert Adam, Architect.

King: George III.



c. 1777.

FIG. 532.—A detail of the south front of Stowe.

FIG. 529.—The house is described by the architect in the following words:—"Where variety and grandeur in composition cannot be obtained (the front is only 46 feet wide) we must be satisfied with a justness of proportion and an elegance of style."—The Works of Architecture of Robert and James Adam, Esquires. Vol. II. London. 1779.

FIG. 530.—As plans of a narrow-fronted town house, these show development since the earlier work by John Wood the Elder, at Queen Square, Bath, in 1729 (FIG. 450). Both premises extended to streets at the back, but whereas the house at Bath has a garden, that in London has the space occupied by stables and offices; an open area near the middle of the plot being happily designed as a court. The London staircase is less happy than it appears in the plans. The semicircular spaces are only alcoves, so that they do not actually increase the width of the staircase hall, the lankiness of which is accentuated by its height and by the long flight of stairs in its length. On both ground and first floors there are reception rooms of good design and proportions, the smaller rooms on each floor being designed as the private apartments of Sir Watkin and Lady Wynn respectively; both suites look out into the paved court. These plans show a vigour and ability which are lacking in the cruder plans of John Wood.

FIG. 531.—The south front of Stowe was designed by Robert Adam, but was slightly modified by the Italian, Signor Borra, who carried out the work and who was responsible for the internal decorations. The elevation has a width of 900 feet. The straight skylines of the three main blocks are broken only by the lower height of their connecting links. FIG. 532.—This detail of a wing of the garden (south) front is a good example of the architect's work in the grand manner of the Italian Renaissance, and shows that Adam was capable of greater architecture than the mere shallow prettinesses for which, alone, he is often given credit.

FIG. 533.—Shows the development of a seventeenth-century cottage, based on the medieval hall house plan, by additions at about 1780, and again forty years later, the latest front being like that in FIG. 535.

Reproduced by courtesy of Edwin Gunn, Esq.



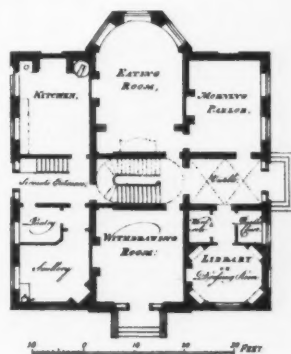
c. 1780 and later.

FIG. 533.—Plan of Maze Farm, Lincolnshire.

FIG. 534.—A timber-framed house, the front of which is covered with "mathematical tiles," arranged to imitate brick heading bond: the quoins are of wood, painted. Such construction is found throughout the south-coast counties. FIG. 535.—A frame house covered with painted weatherboarding. The inside of the framing is lathed and plastered, and the air space, thus enclosed, ensures a warm house in winter and a cool one in summer. The roof is covered with plain red sand-faced tiles; the doorway, cornice and joinery show evidences of being a local tradesman's work. Such houses continued to be built for many years. FIG. 536.—These plans, from Rural Architecture, by John Plaw, London, 1794, plate liv, show the accommodation provided for a "villa" at the end of the eighteenth century, and the naming of the rooms gives them special interest. The fashion for semicircular ends to rooms is varied in the eating-room by making the exterior of the bay window a semi-hexagon. The semicircular staircase landing was also a favourite treatment of Sir John Soane's. The taste for "shaped" rooms is varied in the library, which is an oblong hexagon, with recesses on four sides. FIG. 537.—Where brick was used, for the upper floors, the treatment was usually simple, emphasis being placed upon brick details, such as gauged window arches, rather than upon the introduction of dressings of stone. In this house the ground storey is rusticated, stuccoed and painted; often, however, this storey was also of red brick. Here the handsome doorway and ironwork unite to confer additional charm.



c. 1780. King: George III.
FIG. 534.—A house in High Street, Lewes, Sussex.



c. 1785. King: George III.
FIG. 536.—A plan of a small country house.
J. Plaw, Architect.



c. 1780. King: George III.
FIG. 535.—A house near Rolvenden, Kent.



c. 1780. King: George III.
FIG. 537.
No. 13 Devonshire Place, London.

It is not surprising that with a public interest revived and with material for easy guidance at hand, many domestic buildings were designed in Medieval and Elizabethan manner during the remainder of the nineteenth century, and that, notwithstanding their deficiencies, these compared not unfavourably with the debased and clumsy classic revivals and with the nondescript architecture which dominated the second and third quarters of that century. It must not be supposed, however, that houses designed by copyists to meet the vulgar taste were models either of dignity or utility, and their deficiencies proved easy butts for the pen of Ruskin, who spared neither them nor the classic monstrosities with which they competed.

To such a pass had architectural taste come that the glass-and-iron Crystal Palace, designed to house the Great Exhibition of 1851, was hailed as a new architecture that would meet modern requirements and supersede all other styles. Critics of current works did not fail to point out how professional architects had failed in the public competition for the Exhibition building, alleging that this was due

to lack of enterprise and because they were unable to tear themselves away from tradition. They proceeded to show:

how mistaken we had been in endeavouring to copy from ancient examples; that the architecture of the future should be the architecture of common sense, and that if the same principles which had inspired the designer of the Exhibition building had been applied to the Houses of Parliament, to the British Museum, and to the new churches then in course of erection, millions of money would have been saved and a better class of art secured.¹

The adulation poured forth over Paxton's big greenhouse is remarkably like that bestowed upon the products of some revolutionary architects of the present day. Time will show whether these are better justified.

What we term the Classic Revival (which we may date, approximately, as beginning c. 1760) was essentially a copying and adaptation of Italian and (later) of Greek details.

Although these supplanted Palladian design as fashions, Palladian design continued contemporaneously and has never ceased to be the architecture of the grand manner;

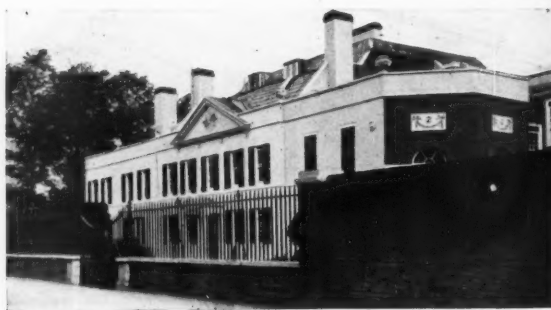
¹ *A History of the Gothic Revival*, by Charles L. Eastlake, London, 1872, pp. 281-2.

THE ENGLISH HOUSE.

FIG. 538.—A grouping of houses connected by Doric colonnades to form one composition; in many respects more interesting than the ordinary terrace treatment. FIG. 539.—Shows a distinguished centre feature to which wings and other additions have been made. The Aurora in the tympanum of the pediment is an example of well-placed detail. FIG. 540.—The introduction of pateræ and flutes into the frieze of the pseudo-cornice is a happy instance of a carpenter's design. The doorways, which are of a favourite design, are becoming thin and decadent.



c. 1790. King: George III.
FIG. 538.—The Paragon, Blackheath, London.



c. 1790 and later. King: George III.
FIG. 539.—Hollydale, Keston, Kent.



c. 1790. King: George III.
FIG. 540.—No. 24 West Street, Farnham, Surrey.

moreover, architects, like the Brothers Adam, who were apostles of the Revival, designed, also, Palladian buildings.

The fact is that this Revival was more decorative than architectural; its novelties being in trimmings rather than in form.

The fashion for rococo ornament, which Isaac Ware deplored, but to which he was compelled to bow, was succeeded by intensified devotion to the antique, which, beginning as a popular practice in collecting pictures, statuary and *objets d'art* (for housing and displaying which great houses having spacious apartments were built), developed into copying antique ornament and decoration and applying them to these apartments. Economy with display—in other words, the desire to produce imposing effects as cheaply as possible—led to simplification of design and repetition of details by means of moulds, by which walls could be enriched at small cost with applied plaster ornament. In all this, however, proportion and rules of good architectural design were not ignored.

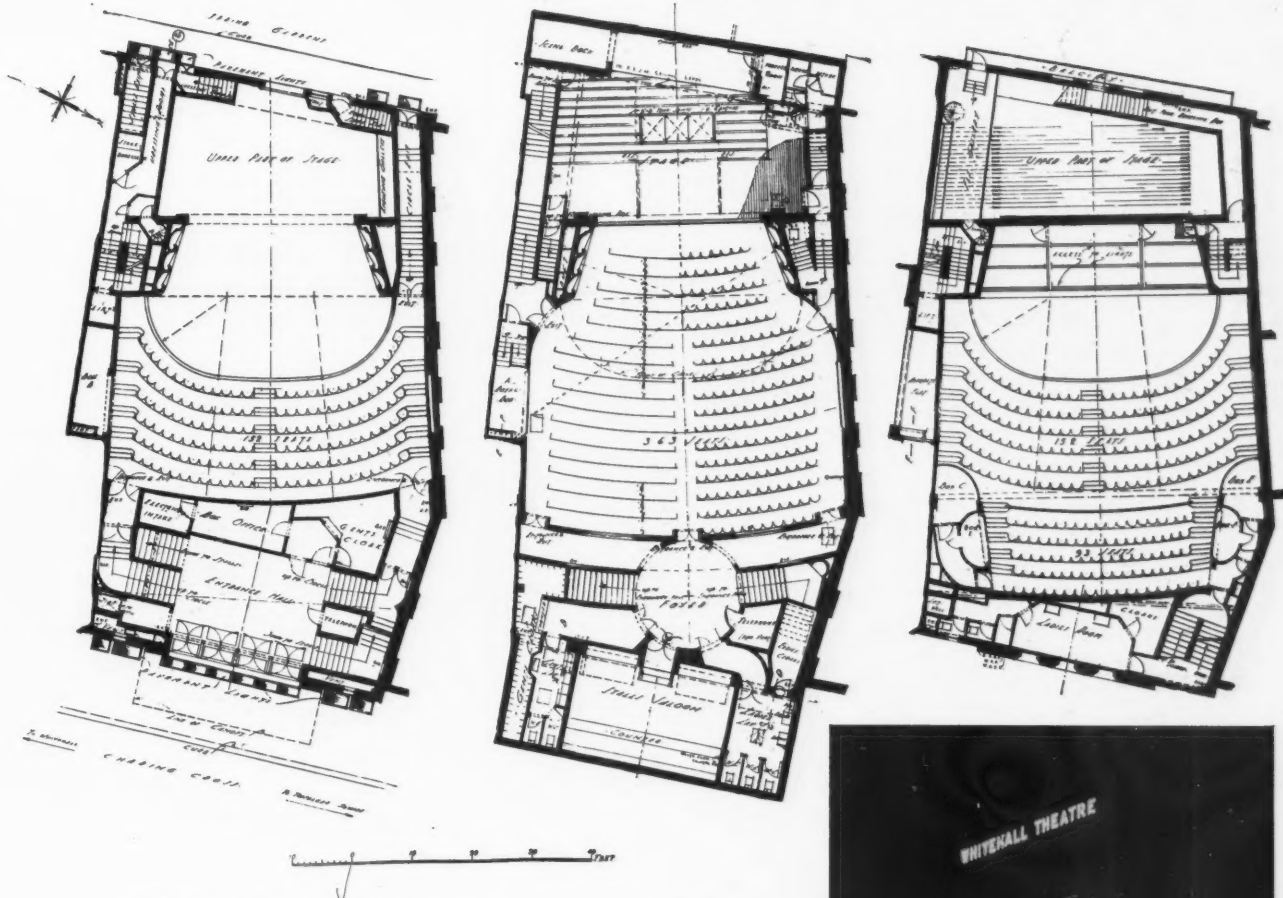
Important influences upon architecture of the latter half of the eighteenth century were the Brothers Adam, of whom the most distinguished was Robert. Born in 1728, he was second son of William Adam, architect, engineer, and master mason to the Board of Ordnance in Scotland. William Adam was an architect of ability, who worked in the Palladian manner, succeeded Sir William Bruce as the leading architect in Scotland, and published *Vitruvius Scoticus* in imitation of Colin Campbell's *Vitruvius Britannicus*. He was architect of many great houses built for Scottish peers, and of notable public buildings in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee.

Robert Adam was a good-looking young Scotsman, having suave manners and considerable charm in company.

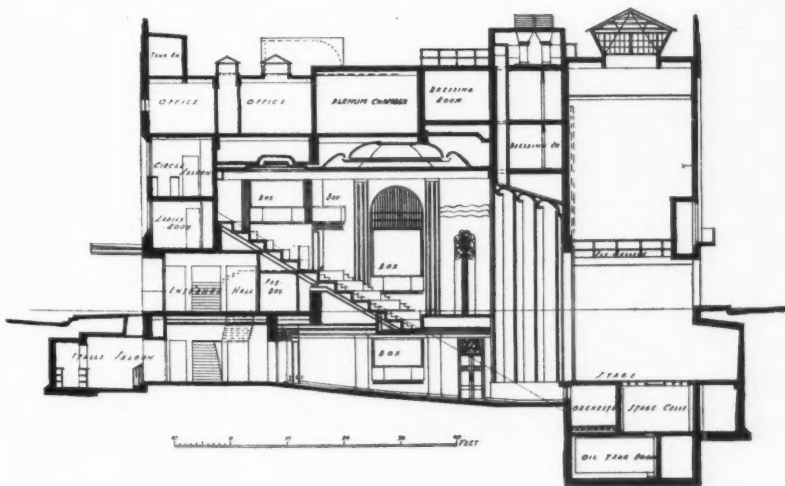
Between 1754 and 1758 he made a tour, mostly in Italy and to Spalatro in Dalmatia, where he made drawings of Diocletian's palace, which were engraved by Bartolozzi and published in 1764. On his return to England he embarked upon architectural practice and became the most fashionable architect of the day. He succeeded in ousting other architects, as James Paine from Kedleston which Adam carried out to Paine's plans, and at Harewood, Yorks, designed and built by John Carr of York, the completion and decoration of which was put into the hands of Adam. Although Adam completed, altered, and decorated many great houses, his name cannot be attached to any of the very large ones as entirely designed and built by him. Amongst houses where he was engaged may be mentioned:

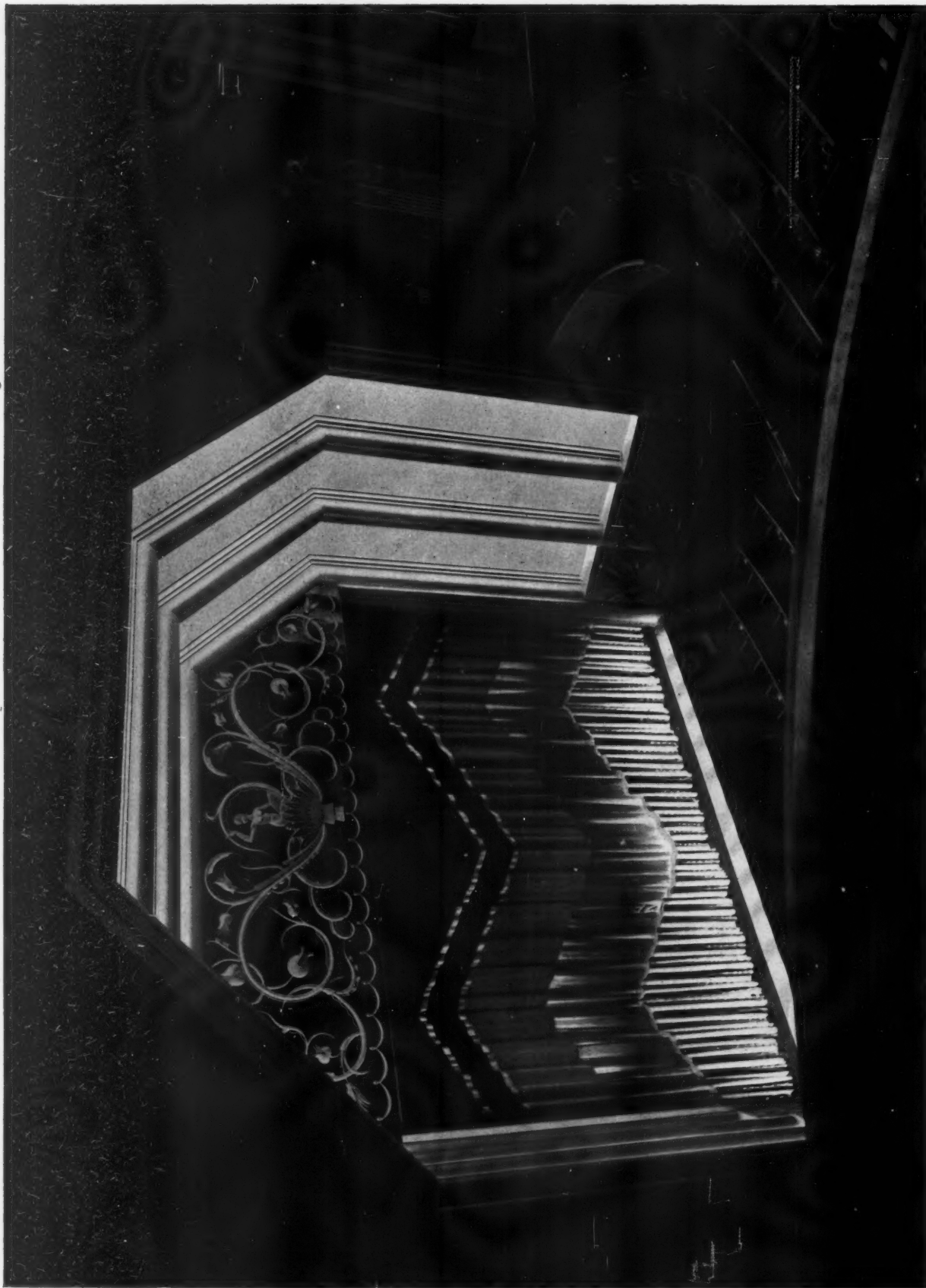
Shardeloes, Bucks, 1759-61; Sion House, Middlesex, additions 1761-2; Kedleston Hall, 1761-2; Osterley, 1761-73; Shelburne (now Lansdowne) House, 1765; Kenwood, Highgate, 1761-7; many London houses from 1768 and, subsequently, including No. 20 St. James's Square (Figs. 529, 530). Stowe, Bucks, is his design, which was carried out, with slight modifications, by an Italian, Signor Borra, whilst certain buildings there are by Vanbrugh, Kent, Leoni, and other architects (Figs. 531, 532, 466.) Adam seems to have been captivated by light forms of Italian and Etruscan decoration, of which he made drawings and which he copied or adapted for English houses. His brother, James, who was associated with him in much of his work and may, alone, have been responsible for Portland Place, studied in Italy, 1760-3. He was concerned with the Adelphi speculation, which almost involved the Brothers in ruin. Another brother, William, 1738-1822, was the financial and business partner, who, as William Adam & Co., traded in Liardet's stucco, which the architect brothers employed largely in their own works; the extent of which may be gathered from the record that 3,000 men were employed in 1772 upon these speculative building enterprises.

(To be continued.)

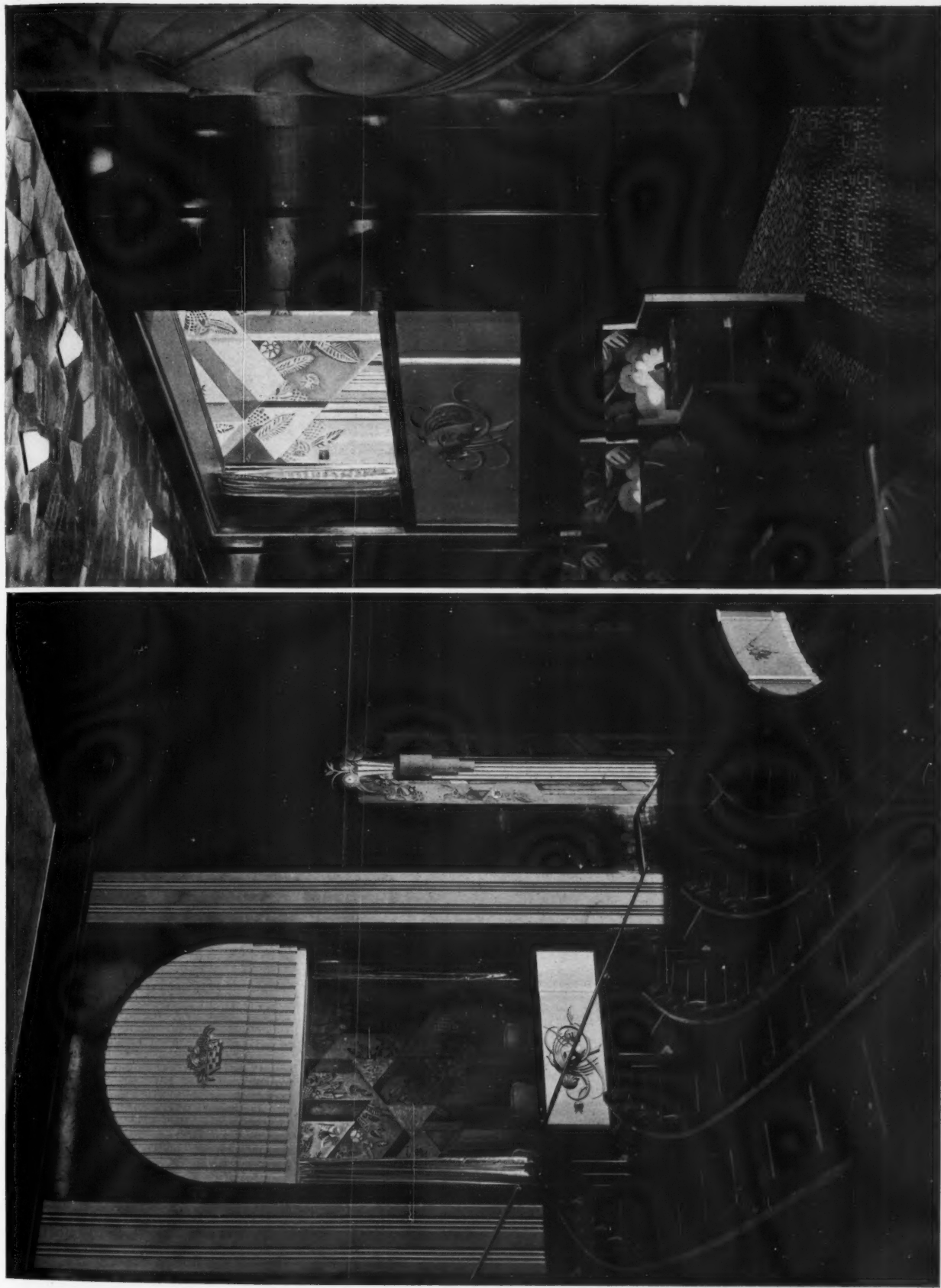


The Whitehall Theatre, Whitehall, London. E. A. Stone and Partners, Architects. With photographs by M. O. Dell and H. L. Wainwright, the official photographers of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW. Above; plans of the ground floor, the stalls, and the circle; centre; a night view of the theatre from Whitehall; and, below, the longitudinal section.





✓ The proscenium front is carried out in fibrous plaster, with concealed lighting behind the three coves. The pelmet is also of fibrous plaster in silver and black. The colours of the drop curtain are silver, black, green, and red.



Left. A box in the circle. The walls are of plaster in brilliant colourings of silver, black, red and green. The circular head to the arch is in fibrous plaster, silvered. Right. The decoration of the Royal box is similar to that of the boxes in the circle. The walls at either side are in white mahogany, stained black, and the curtains are silver.



Top. Boxes in the circle. The decorations of the "observation" box on the left are similar to those of the adjoining box which are described on the previous page. The dome of the ceiling of the theatre is fibrous plaster, silver sprayed. The front of the balcony to the circle is fibrous plaster capped with anebony handrail. Below. The fixed shutters of the orchestra grille are in stainless steel.



Top. The pay-box in the entrance hall. The walls of the entrance hall are lined with sycamore, some of which has been left in its natural colour whilst some has been tinted green. The pay-box is in stainless steel and the floor is laid with vitreous mosaic. Bottom, left. The stalls saloon. The design of the window blind behind the bar illustrates the wine-cellar of the Old Shippe Inn which formerly stood on the site of the theatre. Right. The ladies' room behind the circle. The lining of the walls and the shelves is white mahogany, stained green and polished. The basins are black earthenware.



The Private Theatre built at Parma in 1618 by Aleotti for Duke Ranuccio II; it is constructed entirely of wood. From the floor to the tie-beams the height of the theatre is 75 ft. 7 in. There exists at present no complete history of the building, but Mr. Edward Craig has been collecting material since 1926 for such a work, and has now almost completed his task. His book will be unique in many ways, and will include several of the private letters between the Duke Ranuccio Farnese and the architects and painters, regarding the construction of the theatre, which, for size and beauty and for its peculiarly theatrical qualities, is unrivalled to this day. Some of these letters could well be included in a new edition of The Honeywood File. Mr. Craig has this year photographed the theatre in all its details, as well as all the original plans, sections and elevations, and the designs for the theatrical machines used there in 1629. In addition to these his book will include minute descriptions of the Masques and Spectacles given there between 1629 and 1732; altogether it will be a record surpassing in magnificence anything in theatrical history and beside which Reinhardt's Miracle will seem but a small achievement.

BOOKS.



ADA LUNDBERG AT THE OLD MARYLEBONE MUSIC HALL.

Painted by W. R. Sickert.
From *Thirty Years of British Art*.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH:

Art for Sale's Sake.

By Bryan Guinness.

Thirty Years of British Art. By SIR JOSEPH DUVEEN, Bart. With an Introduction by SIR MARTIN CONWAY. London: The Studio, Ltd. MCMXXX. Price 7s. 6d. (paper); 10s. 6d. (cloth).

WHEN children are given brightly coloured catalogues by their parents they turn the pages over with delight, but if they try and spell out the words beneath, they sometimes cry with disappointment. It is to be hoped that readers of Sir Joseph Duveen's *Thirty Years of British Art* will not similarly give way to their feelings. On glancing through the beautifully produced illustrations of this book their breath must inevitably be taken away by the presence of such æsthetic plenty. Walter Sickert, Augustus and Gwen John, Wilson Steer, William Nicholson, Henry Lamb, Stanley and Gilbert Spencer, Paul and John Nash, Boris Anrep, Epstein, and Dobson, are but a few of the more outstanding names of those whose work is reproduced.

One cannot, it is true, help regretting that, while a most brilliant drawing by Dobson has been included, not one of his sculptures should be shown, and that there should be but two illustrations of sculpture in all. It is true, too, that pictures such as *Diana of the Uplands* by Charles W. Furse (which is described as "a radiant vision of radiant (*sic*) English girlhood") has little to justify its presence beyond a certain grotesque charm of period; while some of the examples of the fashionable portraiture

which yearly cover the walls of the Royal Academy, and Sir George Clausen's picture of *Gleaners Returning* through bilious sunlight, might well have been omitted from a book



NUDE BY A WINDOW.

A watercolour drawing by Frank Dobson.
From *Thirty Years of British Art*.



SWAN UPPING AT COOKHAM.
Painted by Stanley Spencer.
From *Thirty Years of British Art*.

whose aim seems to be to survey what was best in the British Art of the last thirty years. But on the whole the book undoubtedly contains one of the best chosen collections of modern paintings that could have been made, and shows admirably, as Sir Joseph most rightly points out, that despite some fashionable opinion to the contrary, there is painting of a more durable quality being produced in England today than there is in Paris.

But the reader, after the exhilaration of seeing so many beautiful pictures, is destined to receive a cold douche on turning to the text. It opens, indeed, with an admirable preface from Sir Martin Conway, who, in a few well-chosen words, pays a graceful tribute to all that Sir Joseph Duveen has done and is doing for Modern Art in England, and who thus leaves the ground clear for the author to write about the pictures. But in chapter one we receive a sermon instead of the expected rhapsody, addressed admittedly

"especially to that large general public of whom it can most certainly be said that it is apt to treat modern art as rather a joke." In the second chapter is told the interminable history of various organizations that developed outside the Royal Academy; of how a Select Committee of the House of Lords sat on the Chantrey Bequest; and of how, as the years went by, public appreciation grew for the works of the younger men of 1900.

In the third chapter the author damns with faint praise so great a genius as that of Stanley Spencer. "Opinion," he says, "is still divided about Stanley Spencer's *Resurrection* at Millbank, but all will admit that technically at least it is a very remarkable work." How is it possible to talk in terms so chilly and non-committal of a work that heaves with such powerful vitality? If the author likes or dislikes it, let him say so. If he has no opinion as to the merits of the pictures he has yet been perspicacious enough to select, let him simply publish their reproductions without comment. Instead, he gives a dreary lecture on their marketing and seems utterly unconcerned with their technique, development, or æsthetic value.

In the fourth chapter Sir Joseph Duveen holds the Royal Academy blameless for not showing better pictures, for, he says, its wall space is limited, and the number of modern artists is legion. Yet surely the Academy is not therefore

cleared of the duty to use its wall space to the best possible advantage.

The story of the magnificent prizes offered by the author for posters advertising the Leeds exhibition shows his great bravery in the cause of art. Many a man would have been discouraged by foolish modesty from himself putting upon record these and other examples of his great generosity; but Sir Joseph shows that he does not fear the charge of singing his own praises, if the concert be in aid of the cause of Modern Painting. What is needed to make the *Public* buy is, he says, publicity. And the tale of the struggle he has fought to bring modern art before the *Public* is presumably calculated to evoke a generous response from that *Great Governing Body* by dint of a persistent repetition of the same theme. But those who already admire modern English painting will find that the text is tedious reading, while those who do not are unlikely to sample it.



THE DEATH OF A PEASANT.
Painted by Henry Lamb.
From the Collection of Sir Michael Sadler.
From *Thirty Years of British Art*.

Not Lost, but Gone Before.

The Film till Now. By PAUL ROTH. London: Jonathan Cape.
Price 15s. net.

TODAY a cinema background is as important as a social one. So many of the "bright-young" men and women are working in the talkies that a couple of intellectual directors, a highbrow experimenter in pure cinema, and half a dozen glacial movie stars may be found at any dinner-table.

Paul Roth's task has been to give the cinema student, or amateur conversationalist, a cast-iron background of history and theory, the professional a book of charming memories, and the littérateur a number of hours of gentle gratitude.

To begin, there are more than eighty stills; beautiful stills which recapture, for the cinema devotee, the early delights of *The Stone Rider* and *Siegfried*. They alone make this magnificently produced work memorable; but there are, also, 310 pages of sincere text together with a number of invaluable appendices. (One appendix contains a unique list of the most outstanding films till now, with the usually unobtainable names of cameramen, art directors, scenarists, etc.) In short, this book is a fine job as well as a brilliant achievement.

The development of the film is considered from the commercial and the æsthetic viewpoints. Introductory history is phrased tersely with plenty of the needful moralizing. Then follows an assured analysis of the various forms of cinema: the abstract and absolute film, the cine-poem, the cine-surréaliste essay, the cartoon, the epic, the document, the document-story, the cine-eye and the radio-ear, the decorative film, the art film, the cine-fiction film, the musical-singing-dancing mix-up. Afterwards, the author devotes chapters to the American film, the Soviet film, the German film, the French film, the British film ("supported by the flatulent flapdoodle of newspaper writers and by the indifferent goodwill of the English people"), the Swedish film, and the Japanese film.

Cataloguing is hardly expert reviewing, but Roth has written his book to explain cinema and Roth's relation to cinema. All that remains to be done, all that should be done, is to stress the fact that never before has the cineaste been presented with such concise information under one attractive cover. This ought to be more worthy than bickering about some personalized, obscure favourite which Roth has omitted; a silly form of scratching indulged in by those—to return cattiness for cattiness—who have their reasons!

If we must fight with Mr. Roth, in order to prove that we are impartial, we would pounce on the authoritative method of

stating theory. For example, about stereoscopy and large screens the author writes, "Gradually the powerful resources of cutting and editing will be forgotten and instead there will be long scenes lasting for minutes." Is not this, however, applying the yard-measures of the old to the new? No one will deny that the assembling of film strips (montage) was one of the fundamentals of the old cinema, but, with the coming of the new, is it not up to the technicians to discover fresh methods? Roth fears that stereoscopy and large screens will eliminate the close-up; well, what about a non-representational use of light which rhythmically sweeps sections of the screen into prominence? Still, as theory till now, it is an excellent reminder of what is "not lost but gone before."

OSWELL BLAKESTON.

Anglo-German Art.

The London Promenade. By W. GAUNT. London: The Studio. Price 25s. net.

FOR those of us, and there are plenty, who are unfamiliar with Continental periodicals of the moment, Mr. Gaunt's illustrated commentary upon contemporary London will have, without doubt, the appeal of freshness. Some, even among those who, usually, are neither charitable nor gullible, may actually think his drawings good. So deceptive is both the new, and the apparently new. The knell-like note, however, of Mr. Wilenski's approbation had rung out for me before I received this volume for review, and, not unnaturally, I was on my guard. If a short digression will be forgiven me, I would like to say that, whenever I read one of this gentleman's enthusiastic articles in the newspaper, hailing, in his madcap way, yet another world genius, I feel exactly as if I were some Dartmoor farmer who hears, resigned but resolute, the baleful drone of the prison siren. It means that one more unfortunate has got to be harried back into the obscurity from which he should never have been permitted to escape. But it is at this point, with a pen for a pitchfork, that I set off in pursuit.

That Mr. Gaunt is, plainly, young, would not, perhaps, have been interesting enough to mention for its own sake, were it not for the fact that he exhibits, to a startling degree, that chief and most melancholy fault of the young draughtsman. He simply cannot decide how he wishes to draw. He draws, consequently, in about five different ways. Of course, if they were ways of his own . . . As one proceeds through his book, from page to page, from Grosz to Muirhead Bone, one realizes that what is important about Mr. Gaunt is less his originality than his origins. While he finds the problem of how he himself should draw quite insoluble, if not downright dull, no one could complain of his lack of interest in the technique of others. In that part devoted to drawings of people, which has been the most highly praised portion of his work, Grosz dominates; tyrannizes, one might go so far as to say. With the architectural pictures, Mr. Gaunt vacillates between those of the ordinary Pennell type, suitably tinted, and imitation Muirhead Bones. There is a church, however, which might irritate Nina Hammett. Some of the drawings, generally tail-pieces, show no discernible influence. These are the worst in the book.

To conclude, anyone who occasionally buys *Simplicissimus*—anyone who is familiar with the work of that excellent artist Grosz, with Ohler, Wilcznski, and a dozen other men whose pictures are continually reproduced in an endless number of foreign illustrated papers—will have surprised the largest among Mr. Gaunt's small secrets. This scratchily derisive method of drawing, the modern revival of which is due, probably, to Kubin, has long diverted one's Continental train journeys. One might argue, indeed, that it is a pleasure to see this particular technique influencing, at last, an Englishman. But the pleasure, to say the least of it, would have been considerably augmented if these gifted artists had hit, shall I say, upon a protagonist whose modesty, as regards his own gifts, had been a little less exaggerated.

It was necessary, during the War, to put up with substitutes. Although the original commodity, in this case, is still made in Germany, the War, on the other hand, is over.

BRIAN HOWARD.

OBJECTIVE AND
SUBJECTIVE TECHNIQUE.



TULIPS, by Orlando Greenwood. The painter's chief effort has been to be "truthful," by which he means the faithful copying of things as the average "normal" man sees them. The artist has cultivated his eyes to see penetratingly; his faith in, and obedience to, the laws of perspective are unshaken, and he has trained himself to detect minute variations of colour—that which is local, and that which is assumed by absorption and reflection from surrounding objects.

The painting has been carefully arranged, and once fixed there has been no departure from the original shapes of the objects, as a more imaginative treatment would have demanded. A certain liveliness has been attained by variations in the positions of the flowers, but there is no distortion of the flowers themselves through the alteration of shapes created by movement.

The subject is decidedly three-dimensional owing to the natural disposition of light and shade and not by their conscious utilization to round out the forms by opposing light portions against dark. It is objective in outlook because it is paint used in subjection to natural effects. The painting can be seen at the Beaux Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, London, W.2.

HEAD OF TURKISH WOMAN, by Schevchenko. This has been "painted from the palette"; that is, the painter has translated what he has seen into the material of oil paint; he has not tried to turn paint into nature. Whistler once said, "to say to the painter that Nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player that he must sit upon the piano." This is subjective painting; the paint has been made to depict the artist's feeling for colour and form, and is not dependent merely upon eyesight; it is, in fact, his own convictions, carved, as it were, in paint. The oval of the face, the sweep of the drapery round the head, and the massed forms of the body are in themselves sufficient subject-matter for the picture; and having satisfied his reactions to these forms the result appears as a perfectly rendered transcription of his model. The painting was exhibited at the Exhibition of Soviet Art held recently at the Bloomsbury Gallery, Bloomsbury Street, London.



RED ARMY, by Pamyatnikh. A painting which is representational, but representative of movement. The directional lines of the forms have been indicated as the eye saw them; that is, without the detail which a photograph would have shown. Had any attempt been made to put in the anatomical shapes, the movement would have been interrupted, and the sense of rhythm lost. The painter, however, was not interested in these facts, but in pictorial effects, and the facility with which it was necessary to record the moving horses and riders, seen probably under direct observation, precluded any temptation to be attracted to details which would have hindered his aim. The picture shows an undulating movement; the strong shadows upon the ground, together with the happy effect of the apparently accidental patches which are left light, contribute to the general sense of activity. This painting was also shown at the Bloomsbury Gallery.

RAYMOND MCINTYRE.

Film Structure and the work of *Close Up*.

SO much has been written about films, and so little of it to the vital point of cinematic structure, that the sustained effort of the admirable monthly publication *Close Up* to stress this all-important element of film production must, inevitably, command our attention and respect. The perception of cinematic requirements guiding this magazine are best described in the words of its own editor, for the interest of the readers of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW. He says:

"Nearly three and a half years ago *Close Up* came into circulation as 'the only magazine devoted to films as an art.' Films as an art. That meant more than looking for beauty, more than analysis and criticism. It involved, immediately, a probing down to source—the expression of life in photographed movement.

"Was art unearthed in this probing? Probably not, but principles for artistic construction were soon enough discovered. But think of that—the expression of life in photographed movement. Think of it as simply as that, and 'films as art' must take on new meaning.

"Not that it was, or is, our purpose to state what constitutes cinema, or what films should be: what we were able to discover was more simple and quickly evident, namely—that certain elements were essential to the structural determination of the film.

"The film is built of moments.

"Moments can be drawn out until they snap. Time can be held until it becomes fuller and more significant than the sane spectator can endure. The director (the film organizer) does this by synthesis. He strips layer and layer off consciousness. He reveals a situation. The audience knows that in life or on the stage, the action in a poignant moment would be quickly over. But the cinema is its own art, and has its own form. It can do what life and the stage cannot do; it can bring the laws of relativity to visual presentation. The audience sees the situation with fearful clarity; yet time, on the screen, fails to bring the relief of fulfilment.

"The camera stresses a detail. Somewhere in the room, neglected and neglectible, a cigarette burns a hole in a tablecloth. Some such trifle may hold the key to a situation. These are the faint and half-perceived subconscious actions from which the spectator may intuitively reason and react.

"The film is built of units.

"Complete attention to unit structure is an essential of film organization. The difficulties lying in the way are many and manifest. For the film unit is not capturable, nor is it examinable in any static form. The film unit is more in the nature of a *transference*; it has to be thought of as:

"(1) welding unit to unit. Graphically it could be represented by a line moving from one point of contact to another. Movement is essential to it.

"(2) a moment in the complete structural plan.

"A film is composed of a number of photographed scenes or moments, each of which is lighted, acted, designed, and photographed separately. There may be in a film any number of these 'scenes', from two hundred and fifty to two thousand five hundred. It is evident that in the selection and control of so great a number of unrelated moments (each of which must take its place in one unified whole), a complete visual perception of the final result can be held only under great difficulty. It would be possible to make a film in such a way that each scene was apparently perfect in its inter-relation of texture, form, composition, emotional-aesthetic intensity, and yet lack the essential transferential character which alone can be the determining factor of a final, unified idea.

"This transferential quality is brought about partly by movement itself, and partly by *overtone*, as in music. Thus, the cigarette and the tablecloth, which may seem like a pause in dramatic continuity (and one which will endure for just so long as the cigarette burning the hole is shown on the screen), may actually be a purely overtone effect, adding a direct and immediate impetus to the dramatic continuity, of which it is, therefore, part. It is in the agglomeration of detail that cinematic presentation finds its strength. The modern film is rich in visual commentaries. By compilation of details it can build incredible intensity. These details are not—or should not be—either symbolism or simile. That is another and more rudimentary consideration. They are repercussions, they belong to and are part of the simple narrative continuity. And by their use overtone is created. Overtone, which, as Eisenstein has said, is the basis for all future cinema, overtone allows us to cope with the inferential, with the *nuance*, thus bringing about a more profound realization of the principles of the medium than in the externalized, objective film of broad references.

"The film of moments is turned into a unity by the constant speed of the projector. The projector moves at a fixed pace. The film may tell of a moment of time, but the uniform speed of the projector gives it a new cinema-time. Moments may be taken from all over the world and superimposed; moment placed on top of moment to achieve an X-ray of the simultaneous consciousness of the universe, of which Jung says the artist is the interpreter. And the film is organized, unified, by the fact that a fixed number of pictures passes through the gate of the projection apparatus per minute. Not that any one director thinks in terms of such a basic, mechanical unit; no creative mind works quite so simply. On this fundamental truth, however, are built all the psychic beauties of the most subtle film, all the powerful impacts of the most Soviet, all the slick humours of the most Hollywood!

"Unity! When Dreyer made *The Passion of Joan of Arc* he was obsessed with his units. His pre-plan must have been unprecedented, and yet he had overlooked something. His insistence on emotional transcendentalism (achieved through sonorous rhythm and sliced images) insisted finally on emotional stagnation. The failure was in some non-recognition of the cumulative power of units, in themselves cramped and uncomfortable. Relief from this kind of tension would have caused, no matter how momentary, the emotional 'pins and needles' which he was striving to impart, instead of an increasing numbness.

"Architecturally, moment is placed in relationship to moment. So that the film, when it is finished, should be a distillation of vitality.

"Movement on the screen is no question of going from one place to another, it is always the 'carrier' of something by reason of which it is made, and it is the *intention to act* which gives movement its poignancy. In other words, movement is a 'bearer of news,' and its profoundest expression is in the content of the film itself, rather than in the movement of the camera turning on a swivel or travelling on a wagon. It is possible for many kinds of movement to exist at one and the same time, and there have been occasions when—as with some of the Russians—the outcome has been in danger of vertiginous extinction.

"Movement control is an essential factor, and must be recognized as one of the major determinants in establishing the plan of the film. It must be stated that the *pause* and suspended action are of the greatest importance, not to emphasize movement only, but to create it.

"Space forbids elaboration of these underlying principles of film structure. It will be seen, however, that the task of the genuine cinematist is no haphazard one, but a task needful of intensive intellectual probity and cunning; of scientific knowledge and emotional integrity—a task, in short, needing the devoted perseverance and labour which the artist alone can bring to the medium. That the common run of films have lacked these outlined qualities is no fault of the theorists. The story of 'the common run of films' is—well, is another story!"

A magazine working along such lines as these is living in the act of high achievement. MERCURIUS.

A Free Commentary.

By Junius.

WHEN trading firms go out of their way and at considerable expense to make bold and interesting experiments, they deserve all the free publicity that can be given to them in enlightened journals. Messrs. Pollard, the shop-fitters, are exhibiting in their Oxford Street galleries, furniture, carpets, pottery, glassware, lighting fittings and decorations—all designed by Frank Brangwyn. Messrs. Pollard have made the furniture and made it very well indeed. Ashted Pottery, Doultons, the Leach Pottery, Mortons of Carlisle, James Templeton & Co., the Whitefriars Glass Works, and Dernier & Hamlyn have co-operated in the production of the pottery, carpets, glass and light fittings.

No serious person can afford to treat with easy disrespect any work from so gifted an artist as Mr. Brangwyn. The most satisfactory of the exhibits are the carpets, and Mr. Brangwyn's supreme gifts of warm rich colour and sense of free pattern would seem *a priori* to be most likely to find apt expression in this medium. I remember urging upon this distinguished painter many years ago that he should design some carpets. Heaven knows, we then needed some fresh blood in the business. "Well," said he, "I should like to, but a man must live. I have never known a British firm prepared to think that any fee above ten guineas was not excessively generous. On the other hand, by contrast, two German men of business a year or two ago approached me." (This would be about 1910-11.) "We should like you to design a carpet for us, Mr. Brangwyn. Of course, we could not give you a fee which we should consider adequate, but if an honorarium of two hundred guineas would not seem too ungenerous we should be honoured if you could do this for us." The carpet was designed and "made in Germany"—without the slightest effect on the policy of our British carpeteers. This is what makes Messrs. Pollard's experiment so interesting and significant. We are moving.

And yet, and yet—I am not at all sure that this is a satisfactory exhibition. The furniture as a whole shows little sense of any sound knowledge of the technical problems of wood construction. The reckless superfluity of material due to necessary reinforcements, which a better constructional plan would have avoided, would appal the thrifty manufacturer, and, resulting, as it does, in unnecessary weight and clumsiness, the housekeeper and the long-suffering removal man. Derricks would be necessary for the moving about of some of these pieces. This defect is particularly manifest in a handsome inlaid oak sideboard of which the top is a plain shelf supported in the middle by a small upper cupboard, but left free at the ends—dangerously free, for if someone does not badly damage his eye on the sharp projecting corners he will be lucky. Heavy reinforcement is therefore necessary—reinforcement which gives the effect of clumsiness without strength. In fact, this is just such a "drawing-board design" as we are continually forced to deprecate in student designers who have "not gone through the shops."

Structural designs are obviously on a different footing from surface pattern designs. An artist of Mr. Brangwyn's gifts can, with much hope of success, pass from easel to drawing board and invent appropriate patterns for fabrics and carpets with only a superficial and readily acquired knowledge of the technical processes of weaving and printing. And in this very furniture under review, the surfaces are often brilliantly covered with well-planned veneers of beautifully grained woods. But it is in principle no easier for a painter to design a practicable piece of furniture than for him to design a house. The decoration of surfaces is one thing; the effective and economical, and therefore aesthetically satisfactory, handling of constructional material is quite another.

Of course, in fairness to the designer it must be said that he has deliberately sought to make new forms in the modernist rather than the traditionalist mode. But he has not used new materials; such, for instance, as the laminated woods which allow of and indeed call for new methods of construction, or the metals and glass with which the exceedingly self-conscious modernists are now so actively experimenting.

Nor has he been concerned with new problems and apparatus of living; or new doctrines as to light, air, heat, or real or affected simplicity of manners; certainly not with the problem of reduced circumstances. Perhaps the handsome dresser of ash with fold-over shelves, the outside decorated with squares of veneered oak and circassian ash was designed for a studio or a cottage where the tenants do their own work. But the price (£56) limits the use of such a piece. A sycamore and Indian greywood pedestal writing-table—of which the delicately harmonized colours and well-spaced inlays were delightful—departed from comfortable tradition without any attendant advantage. It was supported on two runners of wood, placed under the centre of the pedestals (architecturally most unsatisfactory), while the metal handles of the drawers were of so desperately unlikely a pattern as to make it difficult to believe that the artist had seen them, much less committed them.

It is not, I think, merely due to the stuffy prejudices of a traditionalist that the most satisfactory pieces seemed to be those which, without being copies, were least out of harmony with a long and fine tradition—in particular some rush-seated chairs of the ladder-back type, a chair with tooled leather cushions and a dressing table in oak—though this indeed gave an impression of unnecessary weight and solidity. A throne-like armchair in walnut, upholstered, was most original and effective. But, in general, it must be said that these pieces compare (with many other pieces) unfavourably with those designed in much the same general mood by Mr. Ambrose Heal and Mr. Russell of Broadway in their workshops.

All this would not be worth saying with what must have the appearance of ingratitude, not to say a rash impertinence, if it were not that professional furniture makers will visit this exhibition and wag their heads and say: "These artist fellers—so impractical, you know. If this is what the greatest of them can do, what's the use of bothering with the others?" And they'll return to their offices with a new argument, and seemingly not a bad one, against taking a hand in that liaison between art and industry which is desperately so necessary.

"Can no one invent a silently closing lift gate?" is a *cri du cœur* from the front page of *The Times*—following that long series of appeals in the same place by the public-spirited J. W. P.—"The bulb-hooter is sufficient for London traffic. All others should be prohibited." (The cynical may suppose that J. W. P. is a maker of bulb-horns. I do not suppose this; but even if he were he has the truth in him—of course the Klaxon is a senseless outrage in a town.) Can nobody invent a door for clubs and hotels which shuts without a bang? Can no enlightened Government pass a law making it justifiable homicide to slay the too-loud-speaker fiend who sets his infernal instrument at his open window, what time he chatters and gambols with his mate or offspring in the background. Can no one keep off our roads tractors and trollies on solid tyres filled with junk iron?

I was indeed stupefied by hearing a muted, positively a muted, barrel-organ playing in the Harley Street quarter recently. Is it possible that the doctors, who could have taken this matter of noise seriously enough to get something done on the grounds of public health, have given the strolling players notice that they will be driven from their doors if they continue to make those devastating noises which prevent all serious concentration in the worker? And how long are we to wait in London for the common-sensical arrangement of Paris (no bad noise-maker when it tries)—motor horns barred after 11 p.m.; warning at turnings to be given by headlight? How long? How long?

Head of one of the
WAR HORSES and
a "WILD MAN"
guarding the south
approach to the
Black Pagoda at
Kanarak. See also
pages 194-200, page
224, and Plates II.
to VII.



The Architectural Review Supplement

November 1930

Decoration & Craftsmanship

OVERLEAF: *AT CLOSE RANGE.*

A Hindu War-Horse of 1,000 years ago. Few cultures can boast finer examples of monumental sculpture than the two horses which guard the north approach to the Black Pagoda at Kanarak. Those who conceive of Hindu art as a mere heaping of formalized minutiae must revise their judgment before the boldly hewn vigour of this classic group.



the myth of french taste by p morton shand

EXCEPT towards their own national feelings and shortcomings, both real and imaginary, the English are a singularly uncritical people. In nothing do they show themselves so supremely uncritical as in their appraisal of things French. A large section of the population naïvely assumes that because the outward forms of life are more or less identical in the different parts of this compact island of Great Britain, a corresponding, if radically dissimilar, uniformity must prevail on that compact continent, the mainland of Europe. Thus *foreign* has largely become synonymous with French, and French with Continental, for no better reason than that France happens to be the name of our nearest and best-known neighbours. France—the country in which most of us land in order to reach the others—is so utterly different to England that Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Spain, seen after it, seem much of a muchness, variants of the same incredibly un-English interpretation of life. Open-air cafés, single-decked trams, and heavily-armed gendarmes are common to each of them, just as boxed-in public-houses, double-decked tramcars, and unmilitary-looking policemen in domed helmets are to be found in all parts of the United Kingdom. With our besetting looseness of expression it is not surprising that we should be prone to confuse the terms French and Continental in the same way that we habitually confuse English and British. To Britons, for whom the only frontiers are seacoasts, the concept “European” has still a purely geographical significance.

Our educated classes are quite ready to admit they do not know very much about the other Continental nations, but they are blandly convinced that they do know all about the French. To criticize anything French is to be met with the retort, “Well, anyhow, we don’t want to imitate the Germans, do we?” To reply that we need not imitate either French or Germans, but that we do need to assimilate from both, and any other nation besides, whatever it is profitable for us to adapt, leaves these objectors with a sense of unfairly avoiding the question at issue, the sporting, but eminently uncritical, *entweder-oder* of French v. Germans.

It has long been an unquestioned English dogma that everything “artistic” must either originate, or assume perfection of form, in France. Embalmed in the evocative fragrance of all the perfumes “created” by the Rue de la Paix, the myth of the supremacy of French taste has triumphantly survived the disconcerting realities of direct contact with the men and women personifying it during the war. True to our illogical character, we endorse its authority with such wholly irrelevant considerations as the heroism of the defence of Verdun, and French prowess in tennis, boxing, and rugby football.

It is all very well for Americans—who have for all practical purposes no language, history or racial unity of their own to give them independent cultural ballast—to swallow the pretension of French intellectual and artistic superiority at its face value. We Britons are the heirs to a civilization every whit as ancient as the French, and infinitely more virile, which yields nothing to theirs in splendour of achievement. Admittedly, like every other nation, we owe much to France. What is less often admitted is what France owes to us.

Whence arose the sense of the inferiority of English to French taste, it is hard to say. It may have been a Norman or Plantagenet legacy, like so many of our pathetic Vere de Vere snobberies; or it may have been born on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, that early, but none the less typical exemplar of Gallic *panache*. Since Elizabethan and Commonwealth England conserved no memory of it, it is more probable that it began in the reign of Charles II, a period of reaction from austerities eminently propitious to its growth. Certain it is that the Restoration dramatists did much to nurture it. Paradoxically enough the superstition seems first to have taken firm root in the dark age of sanctimonious Victorianism. With the gelded aesthetes and intellectuals of the Eighteen-Nineties it became an exquisite obsession; the superb lucidity of George Moore’s prose helped to modernize it; the sentimental fiction of popular writers of the calibre of W. J. Locke to humanize it. The nation,

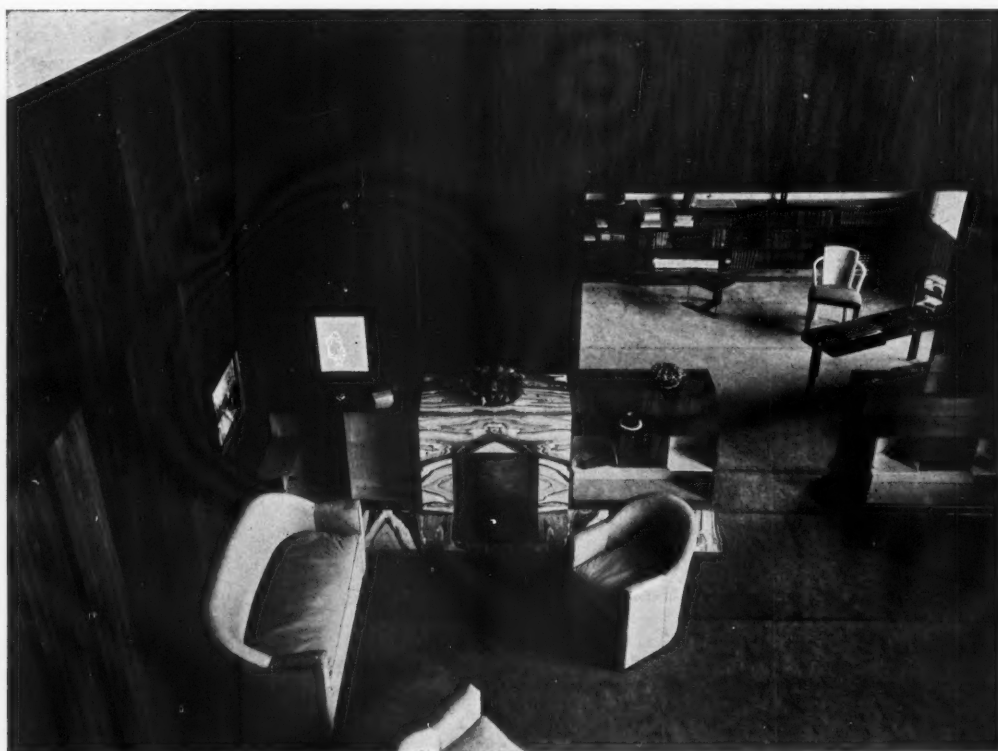
as is its wont, accepted these valuations unreflectingly and without protest. Once the first “75” had started barking at the “Hun,” Kipling hastened to give them his bellicose benison. The war, which made even Englishmen think, forced us to weigh their pros and cons. Today the Entente lies buried in the British military cemeteries of France with three-quarters of a million of our dead, *morts pour la France* as a French general had the temerity to phrase it—albeit not inaccurately.

The Third Republic French, we are for ever being told by our womenkind, are this, that, and the other things which we uncouth Britons can never hope to be: so artistic, so light and deft of touch, so inventive, so *chic*, and even, God save the mark, so exquisitely refined and aristocratic. This is part of the established English creed of self-disparagement with which we periodically reaffirm our touching faith in our own national inferiority. The old vainglorious claim that French taste, *qua* French, represents the zenith of human refinement, has been put on a proper commercial basis concurrently with the stabilization of the national currency. It can pay for first-class publicity. It is doing a thriving export trade, which is rapidly driving English Post-Pre-Raphaelite prettiness out of its last remaining stronghold, our own home market.

The great civilizing mission of French taste among the nations spent itself with the eighteenth century. If we compare French and English work in that age, which was the heyday of each, the marked simplicity and restraint of the latter is as apparent in every branch of decorative art as it is in architecture. This element of reticence and sobriety, which attained its supreme expression in the Regency Style, that essentially English sublimation of the “Style Empire,” is the most precious heritage of our national traditions of design. Never—not even in the most benighted decades of the nineteenth century—have our furniture-makers spontaneously evolved anything so fussily and gaudily repulsive as a Boule cabinet. The most heinous enormities of Mid-Victorian moulders pale into insignificance before the gushing vulgarity of Louis Philippe ornamental resourcefulness. Even our grossest Late-Victorian and Edwardian façades evince a certain corpulent chastity when contrasted with the meretricious bedizenment of Neo-Second-Empire. The Beaux Arts has to answer at the Bar of Heaven for those orgiastic elaborations of the classic D.T. motif of bedside peacocks shattering the walls of Jericho with fugued tremolos on the *cor-de-chasse*, in which the Avenidas of South American capitals have run amok.

Today we are living in the twentieth century, and romantic retrospects are vain. It is by the French contribution to the civilization of the Modern World, which the volume under review so admirably presents, that France’s claim to be admired as still “*la grande nation*” *par excellence* must be judged. Infinitely superior to our own in both a qualitative and a quantitative sense though it certainly is, it cannot sustain comparison with the national contribution of Germany or Sweden. Drastic as the purging of the French exuberance has been, it is still manifestly insufficient. Until France can forge standards for herself which do not at present exist, it is likely to remain so. And the discipline which these standards implies is not lightly to be imposed on a country where the *petit bourgeois* reigns supreme, and every man’s taste is a law unto itself. A change of fashion does not necessarily denote a change of heart. If “neat, but not gaudy” remains the British ideal, “both neat and gaudy” approximates to the French. Let us emulate that consummate neatness of design in which they have always excelled, and cast their vulgarizing gaudiness from us as utterly alien to our national genius. Standing as we do on the eve of a British contribution to the Modern Movement, a careful and dispassionate comparative study of what other nations have already achieved in it is the elementary duty of every British architect. When confronted by an *embarras de choix*, it is best to begin by deciding what should be avoided. There can be little doubt we have much to learn from Sweden, Austria and Germany in a positive sense, but that France can teach us more than any of them in a negative.

THE MYTH OF FRENCH TASTE.



THE HALL IN A VILLA AT NEUILLY.

Designer: GABRIEL GUEVRÉKIAN.

If we try and analyse French taste we shall not be slow in discovering that it is in almost every respect the antithesis of English. Theirs is rigid and logical; our own is elastic and instinctive. France is the country of the carefully designed *ensemble*; England the land where all styles and ages are jumbled together into the eminently habitable chaos called "home comfort." On this side of the Channel design is sober and reticent; on the other it is apt to become rhetorical, florid or flamboyant, and does not shrink from parade, false emphasis and gesticulation. The bane of French taste is its easy tolerance of *simili* in conjunction with an enthusiastic cult of *fantaisie*. Effect is what is all too often desired, and, in the absence of standards, effect is liable to deteriorate into the flashiness of mere *éclat*. The love of things "fancy," as haberdashers would say, is part of the Latin temperament which alternatively fascinates and repels us. A good instance of *fantaisie* is the cut of French clothes for men. These rarely lack a touch of that sartorial "distinctiveness" which enables a Brazilian to feel decidedly *distingué*. "Expelled from those fields in which she so often betrayed a lack of discretion," says M. Deshairs, in his introduction to his book, "fantasy, irrepressible as ever, has taken her revenge by shaping those glass and china bibelots which amuse our dilettantism. She may yet be able to inspire the design of less fragile creations and come to terms with reason." The wish is clearly father to the thought. Meanwhile, Lalique glass is there to remind us that Gallic fantasy has not been banished very far from the Elysian fields. In France, thanks to the absence of standards of aristocracy, there are no such things as the things that are not done, or not worn; and this acts as a powerful stimulus to unrestrained flights of fancy. The reason why no men dress in Paris who can help it, is the reason why all women who can, get their clothes there. Male and female canons of taste are complementary to, not interchangeable with, one another. In Modernist design, a Teutonic corrective is more than ever necessary to offset Latin exuberance.

Since 1925 French influence has been paramount on English Modernist design—in so far, that is, as present-day English design can be said to be Modernist at all. Crudely and slavishly imitated, raw and unassimilated, the devastating effect of French *fantaisie* can be seen in indiscriminate expanses of sand-blasted

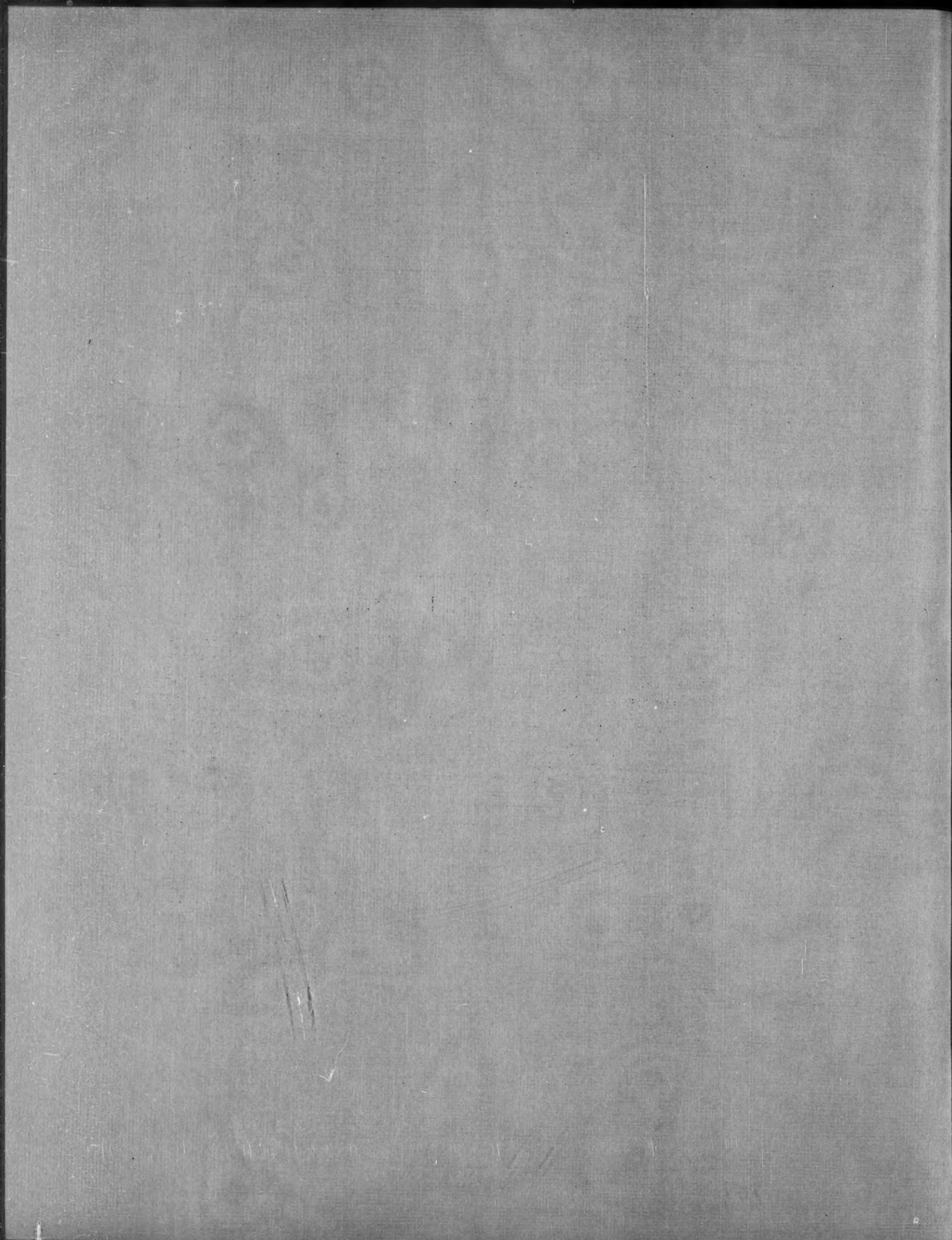


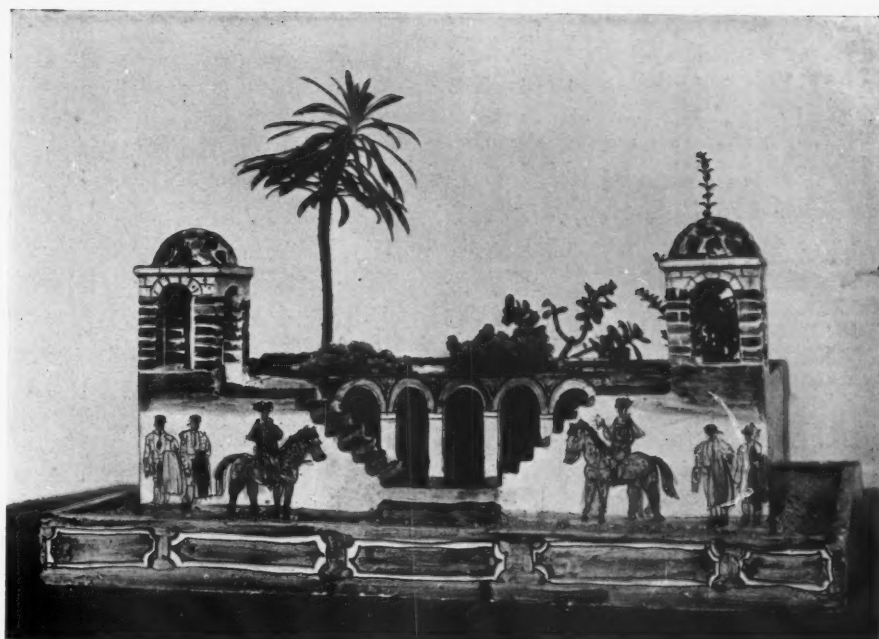
A STAIRCASE.

Architect: R. MALLET-STEVENS.

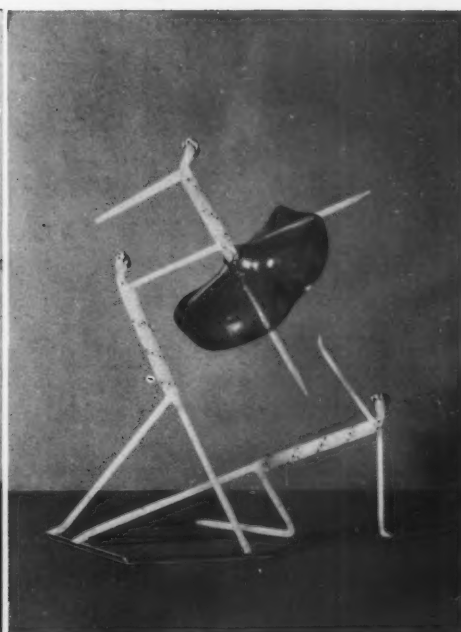
On the opposite page: Plate IX.
Fragment of a Tapestry called
"The Circus," by Jean Lurçat.
From Mme. Guttoli's Collection.



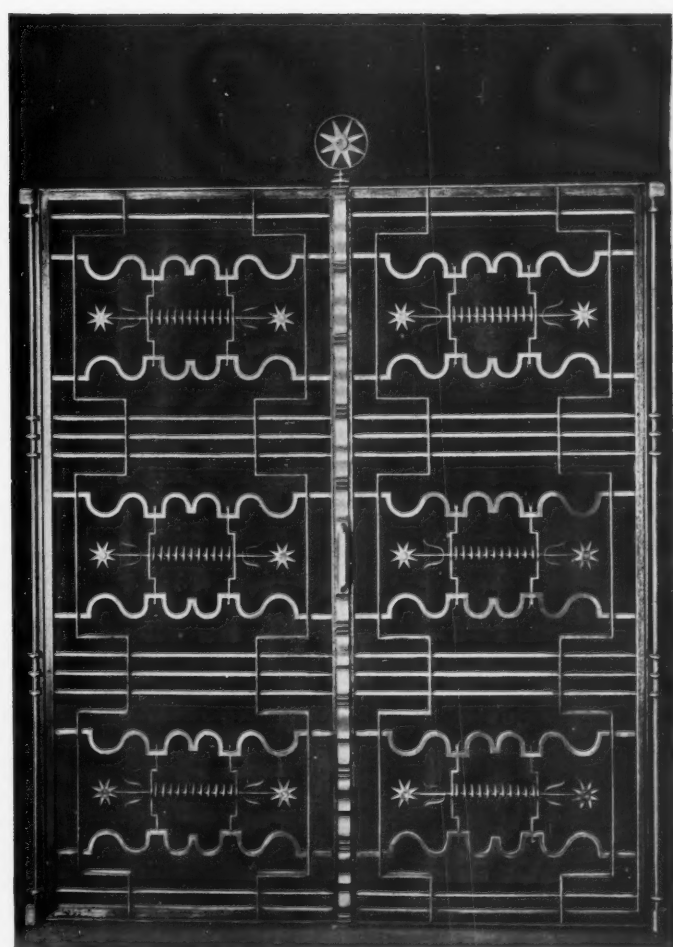




A GARDEN IN CERAMIC.
Designer :
 RAUL DUFY.



A BALLET FIGURE IN BLOWN GLASS.
Designer :
 LÉON ZACK.



Left. AN INTERIOR GRILLE, "ROSE DES VENTS."
Designer : GILBERT POILLERAT.



Right. A CHIMNEYPIECE.
Designer : GABRIEL GUEVRÉKIAN.



A SMOKING-ROOM.

Designer: LOUIS SOGNOT.

glass, perverse little shop-window ornaments (*tellement drôle!*) and interior striations of flat paint and cheap metallic fabrics. That sort of thing, it need hardly be said, is neither French, nor any other sort of Modernism, but simply our old Sixpenny Bazaar article de Paris novelty, in all its *simili* arty-tarty finery, here today and gone tomorrow. If we must adopt French mannerisms, rather than those of countries with which we have much closer natural affinities of mentality and taste, in the process of evolving a Modernist style of our own, then at least let us take the trouble to choose from among the worthiest, instead of the tawdriest contemporary French designs. Hitherto the firms of decorators entrusted with the corruscation of the really true-blue "super" cinemas, and the refronting of the "dinkier" kind of milliners' shops, "in the Modern style," have imagined that the latter was emphatically "the stuff to give them." And give it us they did with a vengeance—and still do, as playgoers who visit the Whitehall Theatre can see for themselves. "It's the new idea, you know. Come to stay, too. Can't help noticing it anyway, can you?" my neighbour, in that *boîte-de-nuit* interior, remarked the other evening.

The second series of *Modern French Decorative Art*¹ which *The Architectural Press* has just brought out, five years after the first, fills what Mr. Churchill is fond of calling "an obvious void and a felt gap." For the first time it will be possible for such of our surveyors and decorators as cannot find time to cross the Channel to convince themselves of the difference between French Modernist decorative design and modern French decorative tripe. Had such a book been in existence two years ago many of the "modern" atrocities recently perpetrated in London would have emerged from their scaffoldings with less

¹ *Modern French Decorative Art*, Series II. With an Introduction by LÉON DESHAIRS. Published by The Architectural Press. Price £2 10s. net.

brazenly vulgar miens and fewer, chaster, and more skilfully placed beauty-spots. If only as a crib-book this magnificent volume of three-colour, collotype and half-tone plates must be regarded as a godsend, providing, as it does, a comprehensive survey of the very best examples of French design in every branch of decorative art in the period 1925-30.

No French artist or craftsman of any note has been overlooked, while the authority of the selection is enhanced by the fact that it was entrusted to an extremely competent and distinguished French editor. If it is rather disquieting to find that hardly any new names are represented, M. Léon Deshairs cannot be blamed for failing to discover new talent when this year's Salon des Artistes-Décorateurs disclosed a corresponding dearth. On the other hand, he must be aware that one of his "discoveries," the famous Georg Jensen, is a Danish, not a French, silversmith. Louis Sognot, J.-C. Moreux, and Gabriel Guevrékian have deservedly come well to the fore as what the Germans call *Innenarchitekten*. The last of these, like Mallet-Stevens, is a pupil of Josef Hoffmann, whose salutary and restraining influence on current French design can scarcely be overrated. Mallet-Stevens himself seems to have shed many of his extremer mannerisms. André Lurçat and Djo-Bourgeois are as good as, if not better than, ever, which is saying a lot. The bookbindings are really admirable and in every way superior to those shown at the Stockholm Exhibition, and the best contemporary German work. Jean Lurçat's wonderful carpets are perhaps the most convincing proof which this book has to offer of the vitality of French design. Wrought iron, in which France leads the world, is much too summarily dismissed, and could with profit have been expanded by eliminating four pages of jewellery as lamentable as anything to be found in the latest catalogue of the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company.



A detail of a GARDEN FOUNTAIN
Sculptor:
TOMASO BUZZI.

A CRAFTSMAN'S
PORTFOLIO.

LIII.—Italian Decorative Art at
the Monza Exhibition, Milan.

A PILLAR for the
centre of a path.
Sculptor:
TOMASO BUZZI.



These illustrations are of objects shown at the Exhibition of Decorative Art held at Monza, Milan, during October. Clever architects did their best to make a Classical Royal Palace suitable for the display of modern designs. The exhibitors included Pietro Chiesa of Milan, Professor Balasamo Stella and his Swedish wife, while perhaps the most delicate work of all was that of Ravasco, the great Italian goldsmith.



GARDEN STATUES
in Vicenza stone,
representing
(left) Architecture
(right) Painting.
Sculptor:
LELIO GELLI.



Detail of a GARDEN FOUNTAIN
Sculptor:
TOMASO BUZZI.

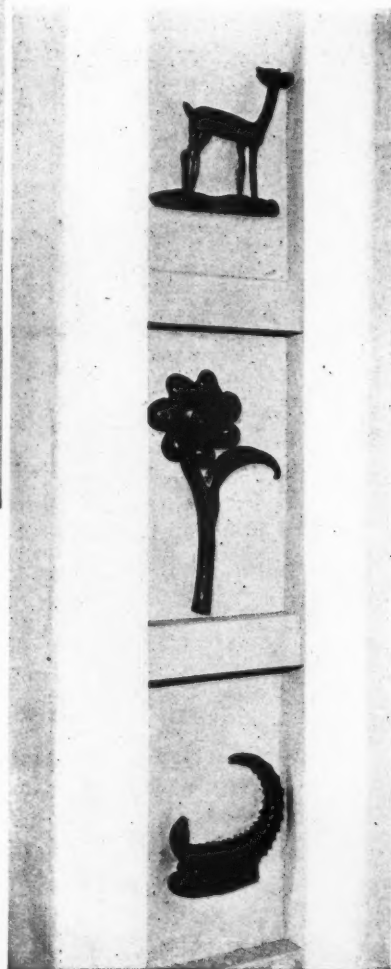
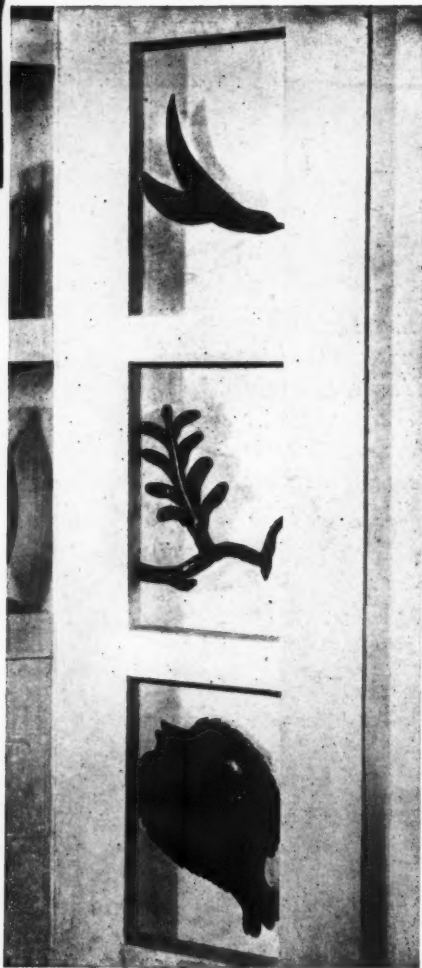


A VASE.
Sculptor:
ROMANO DAZZI.

Painted GLASS medals
by GRANDATE (Milan).



GLASS decorative objects
fixed to a wall as part of
a scheme of decoration.
Designers and Craftsmen:
VENINI (Venice).



GLASS decorative objects
fixed to a wall as part of
a scheme of decoration.
Designers and Craftsmen:
VENINI.



Painted GLASS medals
by GRANDATE (Milan).

A DUCK, carved
in wood by a
student, aged 14,
of the School of
Woodcarving at
Cascina.
Sculptor:
SILVIO MASI.





Copyright

Martin-Kaye.

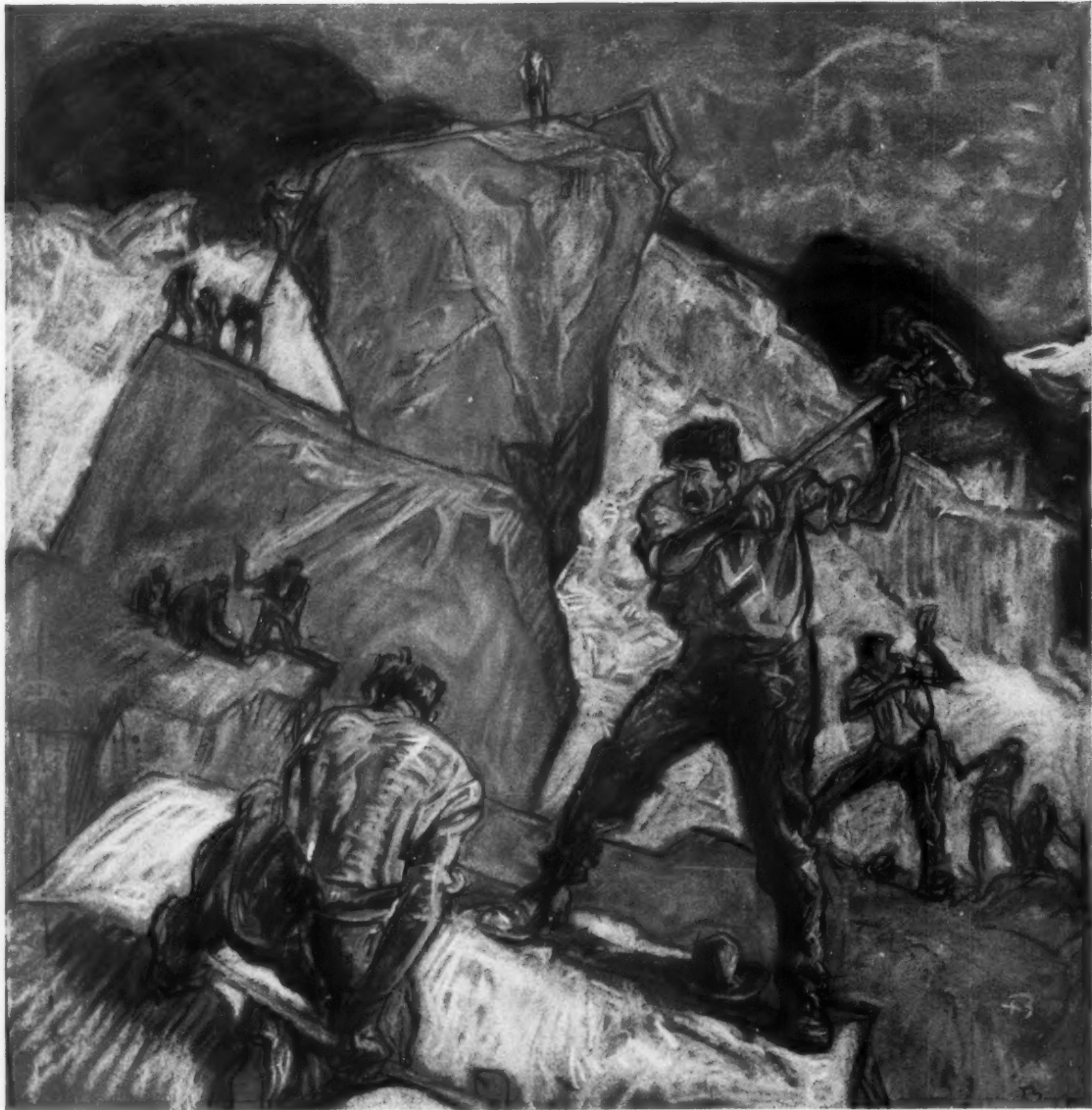
The Cornhill front of the head office of Lloyds Bank, illustrated on this page, is in Portland stone, set and pointed with "Atlas White" Portland cement mortar. The reasons for setting light-coloured stones in a non-staining mortar are obvious. Buildings may be seen in most of the main London thoroughfares in which the Portland stone of the front elevation has become stained on contact with a setting material which is not dependably non-staining. In addition to being pure white and making non-staining mortar, "Atlas White" Portland cement has the full high strength of standard Portland cement. That correct setting and backing can simply, by the use of "Atlas White," quite definitely prevent staining of fine cut stone, no matter how light its colour, is a fact easily demonstrated by inspection of such buildings as Lloyds Bank. "Mortar" is an illustrated publication containing recommended specifications for the production of stone-setting mortar and pointing mortar. I will send a post-free copy to anyone who writes for one. It also contains coloured plates suggesting coloured joints in brickwork, an incomparable method of bringing out the true colour quality of the brick.

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

Frederic Toleman

Associated Architects { Sir John Burnett & Partners.
Campbell Jones, Sons & Smithers.
Contractors: Trollope & Colls, Ltd.

MARBLE EXPERTS



Marble Quarry.

From a pastel drawing by F. Brangwyn.

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

ANTHOLOGY.

THE neighbourhood of Buckingham is by no means picturesque. It is situated geologically at the junction of the Oxford clay with the lower oolite, and though in other districts the latter rises into high and picturesque hills, such is not the case with this portion of its course. It is a plain, slightly undulated, agricultural country, partly arable, but mainly devoted to dairy farming, butter being the only produce for which it is famous. It is (or rather was) here and there well wooded with oak, is everywhere enclosed, with a good deal of hedge-row timber, sadly disfigured by lopping, and there is usually some more ornamental timber round the villages. The latter, as a rule, retained some traces of the "Great House," the residence of the old proprietor who had in most instances succumbed to the all-absorbing influence of a single family, originally one of their own—the squire-race, but then become the Marquises and subsequently the Dukes of Buckingham, who from their semi-regal seat of Stowe, some four miles from my own humble village, lorded it over the county. An unpicturesque country, denuded of its natural aristocracy, is no doubt very dull and unattractive, yet it possesses some interest in the natural and quaint character of its inhabitants and in its retentiveness of old customs. I have never met with so many odd eccentric characters as in my native village, nor do I suppose that there were, even then, many districts in which old customs were better kept up. Whether they are so still, I know not.

The cottages were usually of the old thatched type, built of rough stone, or of timber and plaster. The one sitting-room known as "the house" had the old-fashioned chimney-corner, in the sides of which the master and mistress of the family sat, with the wood fire, placed upon bars and bricks, on the floor between them. In the ample chimney over their heads hung the bacon, for the benefit of the smoke, and below it all sorts of utensils for which dryness was to be desired, and high overhead as they sat there the occupants could see the sky through the vertical smoke-shaft. The room was paved with unshapen slabs of stone from the neighbouring quarry or "stone-pit," and the oaken floor timbers showed overhead, though hardly sufficiently so for a tall man to feel his head to be safe. Between one of these timbers and the floor there was placed (where babies were to be found) a vertical post, which revolved on its central axis and from which projected an arm of wood with a circular ring or hoop at its end, so contrived as to open and shut. By passing this about the baby's body the little thing could run round and round at will, while its mother was busied at her household work or at the lace-pillow. The bedroom arrangements I do not recollect, but I do not think they were so defective as those we now so often hear of, and the generality of cottages had a pretty ample garden.

SIR GILBERT SCOTT.

PERSONAL AND PROFESSIONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

London, 1879.

Marginalia.

There are two important societies that only await formation. The first is

The Society for the Destruction of Ivy

on all classical or medieval buildings. This plant, at no times beautiful, save when it covers up Victorian Gothic or old-established ruins, is hiding, even as you sit and read, who knows how much elegant plasterwork and who knows how many careful mouldings. Every member of the society would pay a small subscription which would be sufficient to equip him with the society's syringe and poison. With these at dead of night he would puncture the gnarled ivy roots and eventually discover many a tasteful building that would otherwise have been lost for ever.

The second society is that for the

Destruction of Inappropriate Stained Glass

and perhaps its object would be the harder to accomplish. The organization of street rows beneath the east windows of most of Wren's City churches, which would end in stone throwing, is the only method that occurs to one. We have in mind two notorious examples of inappropriate stained glass. Until recently the most unspoilt of Wren's City churches—St. Mildred's, Bread Street—with its wealth of woodwork and plaster was sufficiently lighted by two plain glass windows of the old Puritan type so that the details of the interior were visible. Now it is darkened by Gothico-Renaissance-pseudo-Burne-Jones windows. The same thing is happening year by year to the chapel at Greenwich Hospital. When all the remaining windows are filled with faithful representations of Biblical scenes it will be impossible to see Athenian Stuart's Greek details and the wonderful carving of Bacon's marble organ screen.

* * *

The Marino Casino, Clontarf, that elegant pavilion in which all the genius of Sir William Chambers and much of the wealth of Lord Charlemont is embodied, and which, it was hoped, would have been a perpetual memorial to Taste and Patronage, is in danger of decay. Grass grows on the steps around it, water comes through broken windows, the famous carved bed is smashed by hooligans, and the mantelpieces are gone, while the ceilings are damp and dropping. Wilton's statuary which decks the corners is chipped and ridiculed, and a prosperous Dublin suburb grows up around the tiny field in which it stands, neglectful of it, and without an agitator in its cause. It is the duty of our readers to make representations to the Free State Government, Preservation of Ancient Monuments Department, which may be willing to take it in hand.

* * *

It looks as though we are going to lose about the only consistently decent outdoor advertisers in the country—London's Underground Company. The new attempts to co-ordinate London traffic may mean the state ownership of the Underground Railways. Then it will probably be good-bye to McKnight Kauffer, farewell to Adams, Holden and Pearson, adieu to those bold attempts of numerous other architects and artists to defy the filthiness of urban taste. Some sort of public tribute should be given to the Underground Railways for their great part in the campaign of considerate advertising and for their encouragement of such a sculptor as Epstein in a time of ostentatiousness and sham Queen Anne.

Proposed Societies: A Profitable Outlet for the Destructive Instinct.

A Memorial to Taste and Patronage.

Art and the Poster: An Impending Disaster.



Curiosities of Architecture.—I.



A House between Juan-les-Pins and Cannes, largely executed in glazed tiles and glazed bricks.



The Philanthropist and Tiresome Regulations.

We take off our hats to Mr. Leicester and Mr. Beable, great men in their own way, which is the selecting of nice big sites for nice big hoardings. Mr. Leicester says in an interview that it is "their continual study how to further improve hoardings so as to conform to modern requirements and to thus render better and better service." Mr. Beable has been a little

in the way of frozen composers.

Our Free Commentator has already remarked on the Brangwyn Exhibition and the notes below are added more in the spirit of friendship than of disagreement with him.

An Exhibition of Furniture by Frank Brangwyn.

thwarted in his studies. To quote the *Advertising World*: "He finds," he says, "that local authorities are becoming rather troublesome and their restrictions frequently prevent the billposter from erecting the improved structure he would wish. In one instance he bought a site on a drab wall, erected a fine panelled hoarding and had everything ready for a fine display, when the council stepped in and said, in effect, 'This hoarding is two inches deep, therefore it projects two inches over the pavement. It's agin the by-laws to project.' It would have been perfectly legal for him to have plastered the bills on the wall without any attractive structure."

There have been many right and strident outcries about the parking of cars in big cities of England, and it looks as though we may get some sort of legislation. The problem of the utilization of every inch of space in garages becomes more important than ever. A clever invention comes from Mr. E. Chaudoir, a lift expert of High-gate. For a multifloor garage he has devised a lift which, in addition to being capable of the usual vertical movement, can be rotated so that after a car has been raised or lowered to the required floor it can run into radiating stalls. There is not space to describe his ingenious device for housing twenty cars in 4,380 sq. ft. on each floor, nor to do more than hint at the fact that they can all be taken out in well under an hour.

The Problem of the Parking of Cars and an Ingenious Idea.

If, as Goethe says, architecture is frozen music, then St. Pancras Church is frozen Bach and St. Pancras Hotel is frozen Wagner. We would welcome any other suggestions

Music and Its Architectural Synonym.



A MARBLE QUARRY
A THREE HUNDRED TON BLOCK

JOHN STUBBS & SONS
272 CROWN STREET LIVERPOOL
32 ST. JAMES'S ST. LONDON S.W.1

J S & S Studio



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

GILBERT SEALE & SON

22 LOMOND GROVE, LONDON, S.E. FIVE

'Phone: Rodney 3208-2440



The Dining Room in Pollard's Exhibition in Oxford Street.
Designer: Frank Brangwyn.
The furniture is mostly of ash, and beige predominates.

Pale and delicate as wood anemone or stout as the heart of Robin Hood, Frank Brangwyn's furniture stretches away to right and left through the bed and reception rooms of the exhibition at E. Pollard & Co.'s shop, 299 Oxford Street. Rarely in recent years have artist and manufacturer joined together so amicably. You only have to look at the furniture to see how Mr. Pollard has submitted himself entirely to the great artist. The craftsmanship is beautiful. Yes, indeed, the British workman is an artist to the fingertips. Now quaint, now just a little *art nouveau*, now faintly reminiscent of this period or of that, now "modern," yet yet somehow not "modern." Mr. Brangwyn, Mr. Pollard, and their craftsmen have devised an interesting exhibition.

We may judge of the delicacy of much of the work from the eloquent description of a teacup, of Doulton ware, by Mr. Arthur Hayden: "A few rapid strokes cross-hatched in clay suggest a trellis fence, on which is thrown a red rose with fairy hand, which melts into a grey, fawn, and green bank of twilight shades." Perhaps the most tasteful of the exhibits are the rugs, each initialled by the artist, of very much the same shades as in the teacup Mr. Hayden has described. We advise all those who are interested in Mr. Brangwyn to visit this exhibition.

* * *

The English Countryside:
A Book for Children.

Watts & Co. have produced a book for children about the English Countryside. It is called *This England*, and although 24 per cent. of the illustrations are of foreign lands there is sufficient buoyancy and chattiness in the style to carry a child most of the way through the book. It is one more serious effort—though executed in a light-hearted manner—to increase the appreciation of "rural amenities."

* * *

A series of popular displays and demonstrations, illustrating "Science in Everyday Life," is to be given at the Portland Hall, Regent Street Polytechnic, in aid of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London. The first of these will take place on Wednesday, October 29, at 5.30, when Dr. Walter Clark, Director of Research Laboratories, Kodak, Ltd., will give a demonstration-lecture on "A Hundred Years of Photography," tracing the development of photography, by description and demonstration, from the Daguerreotype down to modern processes, including X-Ray photography, colour photography, and cinematography. Later demonstrations will deal with the story of Sound-production (the gramophone, etc.), Sound-photography (the talking film), Illumination and Dyeing.

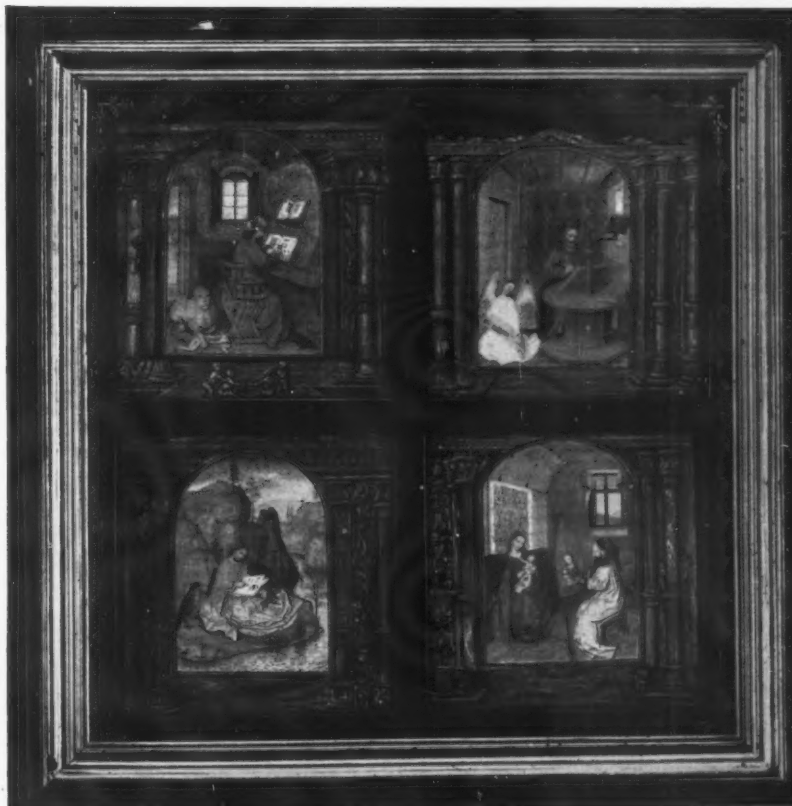
Popular Lectures on Science.

For full particulars and prices of tickets applications should be made to the Secretary, King Edward's Hospital Fund for London, 7 Walbrook, E.C. 4.

* * *

Eight miniatures from a *Book of Hours* were sold at Christie's recently to the Savile Gallery. They are an example of extremely beautiful, if somewhat late, work by an unknown French artist of the fifteenth century. The illustration shows four of the miniatures.

A Fifteenth-Century Book of Hours.



A Fifteenth-Century Book of Hours (French).



The Subject in Question.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

A Letter from
Derrick's
Advertising
Agency.

Dear Sir,

"WAYSIDE GODS."

Your Issue, October 1930 (page 150).

Our clients, Messrs. John Walker & Sons, Ltd., the Scotch Whisky Distillers of Kilmarnock, have instructed us to address you in connection with the article which appeared in your Journal on page 150 of the October 1930 issue.

They wish us to tell you that they are very much in sympathy with the implied disgust of your contributor. The statue of their trade figure Johnnie Walker which was erected on the Bath Road was made and placed there by a firm of sign-makers who did it on their own responsibility. They then invited inspection of the statue from our clients who immediately gave instructions that it was to be removed. Our clients added to these removal instructions their refusal to accept any statues of a similar type, or to permit the erection of the existing one elsewhere.

Is it at all possible that you can give some prominence to this disclaimer by our clients of any responsibility for the erection of the statue? Our clients feel that some harm cannot fail to accrue to them from your article, even though no direct criticism is contained in it—its bitter irony cannot fail to be felt by your readers.

Yours faithfully,

E. M. I. BUXTON,

Managing Director, Paul E. Derrick, Ltd.

233 High Holborn,
London, W.C.1.

* * *

An
Exhibition of
Sculpture
and
Drawings of
Animals.

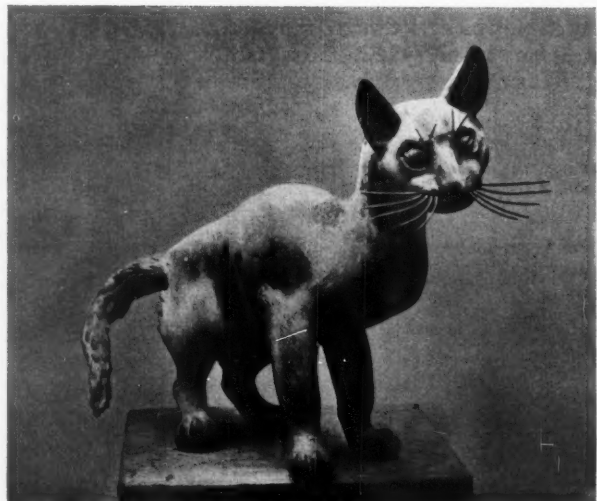
There is an exhibition at the Warren Gallery, 39A Maddox Street, W., of Sculpture and Drawings by Carl Moritz Schreiner. He is a German artist most happy in his treatment of animals.

* * *

WESTGATE-ON-SEA.

Hark! I hear the bells of Westgate.
Tell me what it is they sigh
Where those minarets and steeples
Prick the open Thanet sky.
How they ripple up and over,
Down the gables of the "Grange,"
Round the domes of "Redcliffe Castle,"
And o'er "Egmont," hear them change.
Happy bells of eighteen-ninety!
Bursting from your freestone tower,
Recalling laurel, shrubs and privet
Red geraniums in flower,
Feet that scamper o'er the asphalt,
Through the Borough Council grass,
Till they hide inside the shelter
Bright with iron work and glass.
Striving chains of order'd children
Purple by the sea-breeze made,
Striving on to prunes and suet,
Past the shops on the parade.
Some with wire around their glasses,
Some with wire across their teeth;
Writhing frames for running noses,
And the drooping lip beneath.
Church of England bells of Westgate,
On this balcony I stand;
White the woodwork wriggles round me;
Clock towers rise on either hand;
For me, in my Voisey arbour,
You have one more message yet—
"Plimsolls! Plimsolls! in the summer,
Oh! goloshes! in the wet!"

* * *



A Cat by Carl Moritz Schreiner



Architect: W. E. Masters, Esq., F.R.I.B.A.

Engineer: Donovan H. Lee, Esq., B.Sc. (Eng.), A.M. Inst. C.E.

Contractors: Eton Estates Ltd.

Berkeley Court — There are more than a million Cellular Flettons in this building. These wonderful new light-weight bricks reduce deadweight nearly 25% and consequently effect great economies in steelwork. Their heat, sound and moisture insulating properties offer the advantages of cavity walls at much reduced cost. Write for detailed information.

LONDON BRICK COMPANY & FORDERS LIMITED, Africa House, Kingsway, W.C.2.

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Trade and Craft.

If the fashion—perhaps dictated more by necessity than prompted by choice—for firms to issue expensive catalogues and brochures at different times of the year increases, there will no doubt soon be an Autumn and Spring List as long as any publisher's. One of the firms who spare no effort to issue brochures

that will be original, attractive, and yet informative to the interested reader is that of Messrs. Thos. Firth and Sons, the makers of Staybrite Steel. Their latest brochure is a veritable book, cloth bound, and illustrated in collotype. They state that theirs is the first catalogue to be so illustrated.

Why is it that the writer of the foreword to a catalogue almost inevitably thinks it is necessary for him to write an essay, whose floweriness of language is evidently intended to hide the plain commercial fact that the object of the brochure is, in the last resort, increased sales? All that is necessary is a straightforward statement of the merits and uses of the article in question—devoid of quotations from the poets—and which would be, incidentally, in much better taste.

In the brochure in question, after a preliminary flourish the writer settles down to the steady pace of sober praise of Staybrite Steel. The illustrations depend for their interest, somewhat unfairly, more upon the architect's designs than on the uses of Staybrite Steel shown therein. But the variety of these uses is at once apparent and is astonishing. That is, after all, one at least of the objects of the brochure, to make the reader realize the possibilities of Staybrite Steel.

The illustration on this page shows the main entrance to the railway station at Geneva, in Staybrite Steel. The designers and craftsmen were Messrs. Wanner et Cie.

The British manufacturers of



The photograph reproduced herewith shows a view in the Smoking Room of the M.V. "Eastern Prince." The entire decoration and furnishing of the First Class Public Rooms, Entrances and Cabins de Luxe of the three sister ships "Northern Prince," "Eastern Prince," "Southern Prince," were carried out by Hamptons under the direction of the Architect—A. McInnes Gardner, Esq., F.I.A.



Hamptons have also secured the Contract for the decorating and furnishing of the First Class Tennis Court Café, First Class Entrances (seven in all) and the First Class Staircase from Boat Deck to E Deck, the Tourist Dining Saloon, the Tourist Smoke Room, and the Tourist Lounge on board the "Empress of Britain," now being built by Messrs. John Brown and Co., Ltd., Clydebank, for the Canadian Pacific Steamships, Ltd., to the designs of Messrs. P. A. Staynes and A. H. Jones, Decorative Architects, Victoria Station House, S.W.1.

Works and all Factories:
QUEEN'S ROAD,
BALTERSEA, S.W. 8
Telegraphic Address:
"HAMITIC, LONDON."

HAMPTONS
Decorators Furnishers

PALL MALL EAST,
LONDON, S.W. 1
Phone:
GERRARD 0030.
Hamptons pay carriage to any
Railway Station in Gt. Britain.

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



*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

sanitary earthenware are so menaced by foreign competition and the dumping in this country of foreign goods at lower prices than those of the British manufacturers, that an increase in unemployment is prophesied unless something drastic can be done. The British manufacturers claim that lower Continental prices are due entirely to the lower rate of wages abroad, and their Association is taking strong measures to combat the impending serious trade depression. An illustrated booklet is to be circulated among architects, builders, and firms associated with the building trade, an advertising campaign is to be started, and local authorities of all descriptions are to be approached and persuaded to use British in preference to foreign goods. Thus the manufacturers hope disaster may be averted.

It is the same tale retold, from black currants to sanitary earthenware. Once more, *cherchez la femme—politique*.

The British Steelwork Association has issued a number of booklets on steel construction with the object of making some of the many, and steadily increasing, ends to which steel in construction is being used, known to a wider public. One of these on *Steel Bridges* deserves special attention. This catalogue, apart from the cover in imitation calf-skin, which is to be deplored, is well got up. The foreword on steel bridges, their history since the first metal bridge across the Severn in 1779, and their virtues and uses is interestingly written. The plates

which follow are examples of varying types of bridges, from those of simple plate girder construction over small rivers in England to immense undertakings abroad, like that over the Zambesi illustrated on this page. The captions to these illustrations are of a commendable brevity. The result is a catalogue distinctly above the average.

* * *



ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL,
JOHANNESBURG, S.A.

SIR HERBERT BAKER, A.R.A., and
F. L. H. FLEMING, Esq.,
Associated Architects

THE marble altar and the apse linings to All Souls Chapel as shown in the accompanying illustration were executed by us at our Hammersmith Works.

R.C. CATHEDRAL,
DEMERARA

MESSRS. LEONARD STOKES & DRYSDALE, Architects
A fine new marble altar for the above-mentioned Cathedral was recently entrusted to us and successfully executed.

WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL
LONDON

L. H. SHATTOCK, Esq., A.R.I.B.A., Architect
The marble reredos for St. Patrick's Chapel was worked and fixed by us.

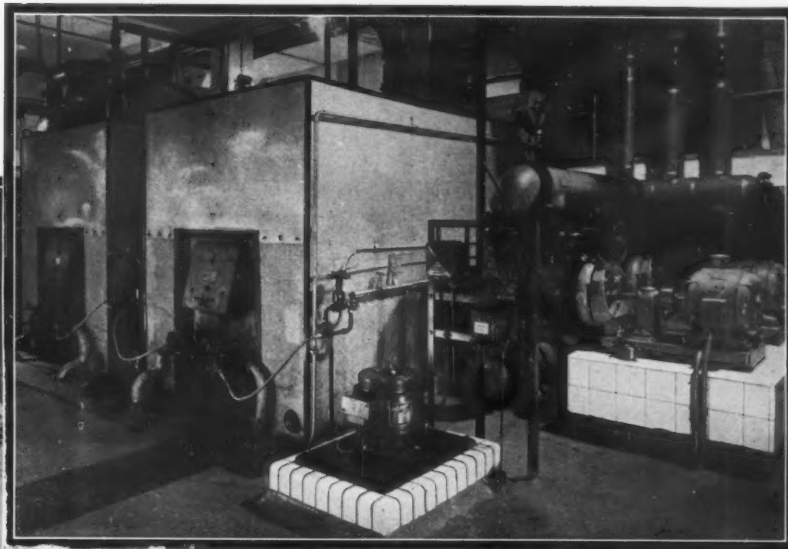
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Telephone - - Fulham 6142-3
FOR THE BEST
ECCLESIASTICAL

Marble work

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

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



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

Left: A new photograph of India House.

THE hot water for the heating and ventilation of this building is supplied by oil-fired boilers, and by means of centrifugal pumps is circulated at a low temperature (120° to 135° Fahr.) through invisible heating panels consisting of $\frac{1}{2}$ " bore copper pipes embedded in the ceiling. The temperatures of the rooms are controlled by valves concealed behind the wood panelling, portions of which are hinged for this purpose. The embedded copper pipes are without joints of any description except at the points where they are accessible. The air for ventilation is drawn from above roof level, through an air conditioning chamber, where it is cleaned, warmed and given a comfortable degree of humidity, after which it is delivered to the various rooms and extracted by mechanical means. Thermostatic valves automatically control the temperature and humidity of the conditioned air.

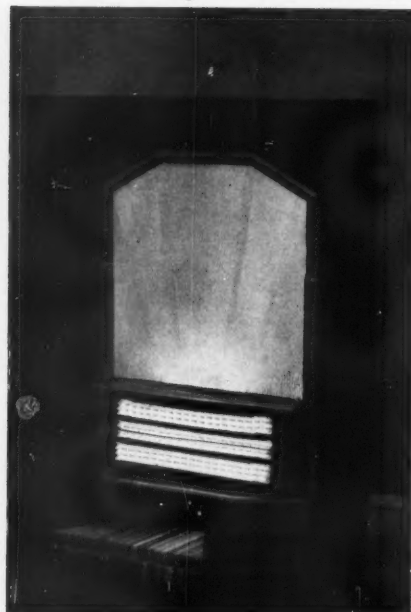
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Probably everyone agrees that for comfort nothing can equal a coal or wood fire. It is also obvious that we can no longer cope with the trouble nor afford the time they entail. If, therefore, gas or electric fires have become a necessity—for even in the most efficiently centrally heated room a fire is sometimes necessary—it is essential that they should be of good design. But the majority of both gas and electric fires are so depressing that whatever their claims to heating they certainly can lay no claim to cheerfulness. Serious attempts are being made, however, to improve both gas and electric fires, though some are not



altogether happy—it is worse than useless in an attempt at cheerfulness to brighten up a fire of poor design with bright colours in enamel and gilt—but the crying need for such improvement is being felt, which is already a step in the right direction. Messrs. Best and Lloyd is one firm which is seriously tackling the problem, and their latest design is the Rippleray Fire, which is illustrated on this page. Presumably this fire, as well as heating efficiently in reality, is also designed to heat

by suggestion. Light from a filament lamp is thrown upwards through water contained in two bulbs connected by a glass tube, one being heated by the lamp. The difference in temperature agitates the water and causes the rippling flame-like effect on the glass. The fire can also be had in a portable type.

* * *

The general contractors for the Whitehall Theatre were Griggs and Son, Ltd., and among the artists, craftsmen, and sub-contractors were the following: St. Mary's Wharf Cartage Co., Ltd. (demolition and excavation); Ragusa Asphalte Paving Co. (asphalt); Trussed Concrete Steel Co., Ltd. (reinforced concrete); J. Bysouth (stone); A. D. Dawnay and Sons, Ltd. (structural steel); J. A. King & Co. (pavement lights); J. and W. Shale (guardrails); Pugh Bros. (glass); Ed. Evans and Sons, Ltd. (patent flooring); New Power Saver Co. (waterproofing materials); L. Lumley & Co., Ltd. (soda fountain); Jacksons Boilers, Ltd. (tea boilers); Berkeley Electrical Eng. Co., Ltd. (electric wiring and light fixtures); Young Austen Young (ventilation); J. Blaikie and Sons, Ltd. (plumbing); Wiggins Sankey (sanitary fittings); F. Knight & Co., Ltd. (door furniture); Morris Singer Co. (casements); Williams and Williams (casements); Dennison, Kett & Co., Ltd. (rolling shutters); Hitchens Laminated Wood Products, Ltd. (fireproof doors); F. A. Norris & Co., Ltd. (iron staircases); Marc Henri & Laverdet (decoration); H. H. Martyn & Co., Ltd. (decorative plaster); J. Starkie Gardner (metalwork); Birmingham Guild, Ltd. (metalwork); Herbert and Sons, Ltd. (metalwork); Bromsgrove Guild, Ltd. (metalwork); H. H. Martyn & Co., Ltd.; Brookes, Ltd. (vitreous mosaic); W. W. Turner & Co., Ltd. (furniture); Hoffman Sprinkler Co. (sprinklers); Sturtevant Engineering Co., Ltd. (cleaning plant); Gimson & Co., Ltd. (scenery lines); British Challenge Glazing Co. (stage lantern); W. W. Turner & Co., Ltd. (cloakroom fittings); Marryatt and Scott, Ltd. (lifts); Franco-British Electrical Co., Ltd. (signs); and F. Burkitt (fire curtain).

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