THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration

From a painting by Algernon Newton.

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THE

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Vol. LXX, No. 420 — *November* 1931

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ADVENTURES IN ARCHITECTURE. *By* Louis Golding	125
THE NEW HEAD OFFICES FOR MESSRS R.M.C. TEXTILES (1928) AT NOS. 30 & 31 GOLDEN SQUARE AND NOS. 8, 9 & 10 UPPER JOHN STREET, LONDON. Gordon Jeeves, *Architect*	128
ARDATH TOBACCO SHOP, No. 98, REGENT STREET, LONDON. Joseph Emberton, *Architect*	130
FILM SHOTS IN GERMANY. With Notes on the Film. *By* S. Chermayeff.	131
ALTERATIONS & ADDITIONS TO "OXHOLME," EDWALTON, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. Gregory and Robinson, *Architects*	134
THE *ÆSTHETICS* OF FAIENCE ARCHITECTURE. *By* Christopher Hussey	136
YARDLEY HOUSE, No. 33, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON. Wimperis Simpson & Guthrie, *Architects.*	141
BOOKS. *THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.*—The J. M. Barrie of Architecture. *By* Lionel Cuffe	142
Crystal Palaces	143
"Traditional" and Traditional	143
SELECTED EXAMPLES OF ARCHITECTURE. Detail of the front entrance door of "HOLLY TREES," COLCHESTER. *Measured and Drawn by* Kenneth C. Scarff	146
FILMS. Film Inquiry—5. Sets. *By* Oswell Blakeston	147
A FREE COMMENTARY. *By* Junius	148
THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW SUPPLEMENT. A REGENCY ARMCHAIR	149
AT CLOSE RANGE. DETAIL OF THE WEST FRONT OF THE SANTUARIO DE OCOTLAN, NEAR TLAXCALA, MEXICO. With notes *by* Chester H. Jones	150
THE *REAL* ENGLISH TRADITION. *By* John C. Rogers	151
THE CRAFTSMAN'S PORTFOLIO. No. 63. Modern English Wooden Furniture	155

ANTHOLOGY: Page 157 — MARGINALIA: Page 158 — *CORRESPONDENCE:* Page 158 — TRADE AND CRAFT: Page lviii — *A LONDON DIARY:* Page lxii

Plates

THE SMITHFIELD GATEWAY TO ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, LONDON. A watercolour drawing *by* William Walcot, painted in 1908 — Plate I

THREE FURTHER PAINTINGS *BY* ALGERNON NEWTON — Plate II

A DETAIL OF THE ENTRANCE FRONT OF A RESIDENCE AT RIVERDALE-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK. Dwight James Baum, *Architect* — Plate III

THE NEW DAIMLER HIRE GARAGE, HERBRAND STREET, LONDON. Wallis Gilbert and Partners, *Architects* — Plate IV

THE ENTRANCE DOORWAY TO YARDLEY'S SCENT SHOP, No. 33, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON. The door was *designed by* Reco Capey — Plate V

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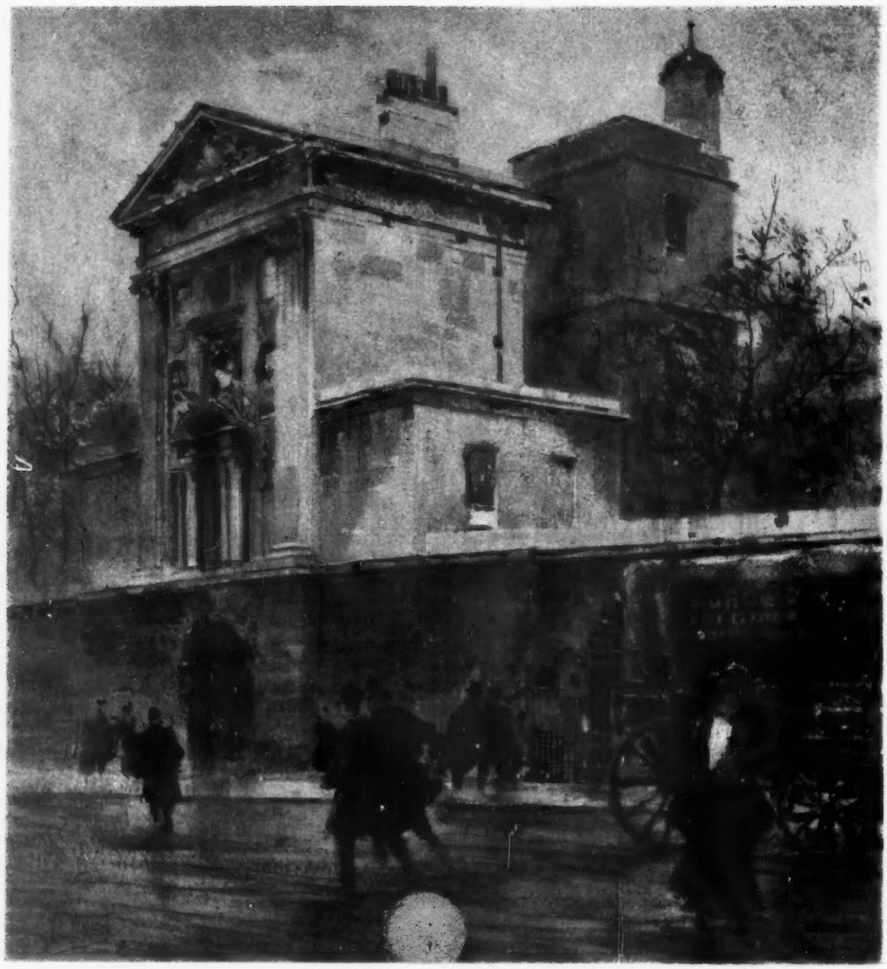


THE SMITHFIELD GATEWAY TO ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, LONDON. A WATERCOLOUR DRAWING BY WILLIAM WALCOT, PAINTED IN 1908. This is an early example of Walcot's work and foreshadows his later manner. Although less impressionistic, the economy of line in the drawing of the gateway is characteristic and the figures in the foreground are gradually becoming ethereal. The gateway to the hospital is not by Gibbs, as is frequently supposed; it was built in 1702. The whole of this front is an anonymous and graceful composition. The church tower behind is that of St. Bartholomew-the-Less; the body of the church was rebuilt by the younger Dance.

PLATE I. *November* 1931.

Adventures

in Architecture.

By Louis Golding.

YOU can, if you choose, avoid hearing Cortot at the piano, or reading a poem by Laforgue, or examining a Renoir nude. You can avoid even electric sky-signs if you maroon yourself on the Grampians or in the cotton wildernesses of Texas. But architecture you cannot avoid. In the Grampians the dour self-sufficient beauty of a sheep-fold may take your heart. In Texas you may be suddenly arrested by the diabolical grotesquerie of a petrol-filling station. Even in the Gobi desert . . . but I do not believe that the petrified eggs of dinosaurs, however monumental, may rightly be deemed architecture.

Architecture, then, is the most public of the arts; though, like all arts, it is only adequately appraised when the appraiser combines profound knowledge with instinctive taste. But because of the publicity and inevitability of this art, the lay traveller with any degree of sensitiveness becomes a sort of expert, whose emotions must command attention even though he has not studied the abstract principles of building, and is not aware, for instance, that when an arch is built to bear against an outside wall, a buttress or other counterfort is applied in a direction opposed to the pressure of the arch. It is not even necessary for him, though it will be helpful, to be able to recognize antefixæ as soon as he sees them, and to be playful on the subject of opisthodomoi and formerets.

The author of this article has been such a traveller. It is only by reference to the index of Messrs. Fletchers' admirable manual[1] that he can satisfy himself on the precise nature of a hypotrachelium. He has travelled through many countries. He can claim for himself (it would be simpler to say I can claim for myself) a swiftness and intensity of reaction to the manifold beauties of architecture; of architecture perceived in its mass or analysed into its constituents, of architecture perceived as pure shape in a void, or perceived as a thing built out of separable texture, set against a background of flaring dawn or moonlight, sepulchral and metaphysical. It is the primary concern of architecture, I take it, to enclose space in a form most consonant with the function intended: domestic, civic, ecclesiastical. Yet no builder, however rigid or venal, is quite completely without the hope that his work may possess some sort of beauty for some passer-by; not even the jerrybuilder, nor the builder of police stations and factories. And for my part I have passed by many thousands of buildings; and sometimes I have fled, green with horror, and sometimes lingered for hours or days, savouring the beauty of the thing built, as a man savours a wine upon his palate or a fugue from Bach with his eyes shut. Sometimes the beauty thus sensuously perceived, has been a beauty which generations of men have laboriously conspired and which time has consummated with an awe and a bloom that all the legions of Pharaoh could not deliberately fabricate. Thus Lincoln Cathedral or Santa Sophia. Sometimes it was a beauty conceived by man along the lines of supreme order and lucidity; and then overwhelmed by the forces of nature, slow and insidious, or abrupt and cataclysmic, till the beauty at length presented has an augustness which the unshaken edifice, in all its integrity, could not vie with. Thus the vast derelict amphitheatre of the Romans at El Djem in Tunisia or the prostrate majesty of Selinunte in Sicily, upon the edge of the African Sea.

Or it has been a beauty despite all intention; like certain railway viaducts or skyscrapers, or a cotton-mill I recall by the edge of a black canal in Lancashire, a thing morose and gigantic as Edgar Poe's most mournful imagination could devise, and marked by a strictness and sombre rhythm too classical for so tormented a mind.

It is in the sense I have tried to infer that I propose to bring to mind those adventures in architecture which have most possessed me. I will not dilate upon the unconscionable beauty of Magdalen Tower, or the Hudson Skyline or Monreale in Palermo, because adventures such as those are the common coin of architectural experience. Nor will I rhapsodize upon the cubic solidity of this stylobate, or the angelic fragility of that rose-window. These enthusiasms are the proper prerogative of specialists. I would recall rather, such adventures as were especial to the traveller, interpreting the background they were set in, of hill or city, of race or individual. They were just such experiences as a man's discovery in a lonely Mediterranean village, of a local wine as royal in its flavour as some proud Château Lafitte; or the discovery in a wild mountain church in Calabria of some altarpiece worthy of Vivarini or Bassano.

I remember Montreal. It seems comical, almost a little indecent. As memory swings upon her wing-tip surveying the motley horizons, it is not Kairouan and the Mosque of the Swords which arrests her eye, or the towers of Rothenburg glimpsed through falling snow, or the Baptistery of Pisa. It is Montreal. It is a day of infinite tedium when a too gentle Montroyalist trudged me through furlongs of thawing slush, from Bank to Stock Exchange, Chamber of Commerce to Y.M.C.A., bidding me admire, looking sidelong into my eyes to assure himself that I admired. Oh, what a day was there! Oh, what frigidity of bank-managerial Ionic, what tortuous Castles of Otranto adapted to the manipulation of the Canadian dollar! I utter no protest against a city in itself spacious and hospitable, a city, moreover, in which I was to be vouchsafed an adventure in architecture which Algeria and the Decapolis of Transjordania did not transcend. But who would not have been a little bored, a little peevish, at the reiterated information that this bank positively was built in '92, and this other cold façade of assorted architectural brawn dated from 1880? Surely not such a one whose memory was still fresh with the handiwork of the palæoliths in the caverns of Altamira, and with the lions set up before Homer's day above the gateway of Mycenæ! So the banks succeeded each other with fluting of heavy pillar and convolution of ornate capital. And so my friend looked sidelong at me anxiously. Then at length he conducted me to that climax he had intended and concealed all day long. It was the Church of Notre Dame, the supreme example of Canadian-Norman architecture, about as

[1] *A History of Architecture on the Comparative Method.*

passionate a building as a pair of scissors. My friend's cheeks flushed with triumph. "Built," he cried, "in 1771!" And I coughed and was sad at heart as we walked on, he marvelling at the speechless ecstasy which had fallen upon me. Then we came of a sudden to a dark blade of water. And beyond it I saw a miracle, a Babylonian palace; its walls were ochreous with a golden glow like the tawny lichen upon the Greek temples at Girgenti. Tier beyond tier it raised itself in superb proportion of storey to storey, window-space to wall-space. "Look!" I cried hoarsely. "Where?" he asked, puzzled. "There! There! Oh, what is it? Oh, Parthenon of Montreal!" He looked from the building to me and from me to the building with round, shocked eyes. "That?" he asked. "That!" I said. "That!" he repeated. "It's a grain-elevator!" The light went out of his eyes. He looked at me with cold distaste. I, whom the Canadian-Norman glories of Notre Dame had left a cold poached egg, I was all ablaze with the beauty of a grain elevator about three years old. "I think I'll be getting home to the wife!" he said. He trudged off through the yellow snow. And I looked on entranced though the slush rose about my socks, looked upon that temple that housed so fitly the genius of infinite acres of wheat, and was itself as golden as ripe heads of wheat. Its innumerable windows glanced back at the sun shouldering through clouds.

My memory turns from the vast continent to a minute island, the island of Djerba off the coast of Tunisia, where the sailors of Odysseus once grew drowsy upon lotus and lay down beside the Djerban maidens among the long grass. For this is none other than the Island of the Lotophagi. And you may spend many days of dreamy speculation there determining what the lotus was, whether it was a clover or a sort of date or a wild jujube, for wise men have proofs that it was each of them and all simultaneously. For my part I believe it to have been a liquor, the distilled juice of a crab-apple, and the more I tasted it the more I was certain. But the architecture of Djerba needed no draughts of lotus to win you to its beauty. It is an unpretentious and anonymous architecture; a craftsman builds a shrine there, as your neighbour gets the carpenter to build him a table. Yet in a few weeks your neighbour has forgotten who the carpenter was, and the carpenter that he ever constructed that table. So that there is an air of impromptu about the Djerban architecture, and none of the little mosques with which that strange island is dotted, stands out from its brothers, any more than a steeple of foxgloves from the other foxgloves in a thicket. So it seems as you walk about by day, in the strong realist sunlight. It is as if a race of giant children had piled together cubes and domes and minarets which they kept stocked in a huge play-box.

But it happened two or three nights after I arrived in the island that I could not sleep. A sort of ghostly insistence seemed to be plucking aside the curtains of my bedroom, but they would not budge, they were so heavy: being woven out of the coarse goat-hair from which they also weave the Djerban saddle-cloths well known in those regions. So I rose instead and passed out of my room and out of the inn into the village square. It was no more sensational a proceeding than that, yet I have not known an adventure in architecture so tremulous and exquisite. Moonlight held the island in suspension like some pale body between the upper and the lower sea. Those white surfaces, flat or rounded, which were by day almost too bright to look on, so dazzlingly their whitewash refracted the sun, looked like the inner curves of white flowers as they might seem to the probing bee, if he has eyes for anything but pollen. But the strange thing was this, that all the air of impromptu and simplicity which invested those buildings by day was gone. You could not but believe that their artists had designed them specifically for this apocalypse of the moonlight, as some painters intend their paintings to be revealed only in certain lights or at certain distances. There in the moonlight of Djerba, all that artful architecture was disintegrated into the very anatomy of beauty. There was such perfect proportion and correspondence of parts as Vitruvius and the Renaissance theorists of architecture studied and expounded in vast tomes, but never themselves captured. I recall one small mosque of which the outer aspect seemed to me as supreme as the inner aspect of Gallia Placidia's tomb in Ravenna, which still remains the loveliest thing I have set eyes on. The mosque in Djerba was surmounted by a dome, based on a square pediment, about a third as high. The rim was clearly margined above the perpendicular surfaces. Below the pediment three domes of a much smaller segment pursued each other like three dolphins. Below these the cube extended which was the main body of the mosque. The porch that stood against this main cube was threefold, repeating the three domes. The outline of the triple arches was echoed by a shadow of themselves that hung above and behind the flowing roof. Upon the right hand a great square block . . .

No, I cannot hope to analyse this wizardry into the terms of a theorem in geometry. I cannot hope that words will convey the deep-sea beauty of the deserted arcades; or of that ribbed dome which floated above the palms, so fragile that it seemed a breath of air must disperse it, so exact that you might have thought it beaten out of a metal more lovely than silver and more rigid than steel. What use is it to evoke that image of the turbaned man, riding upon his ass by the angle of the thick wall compact of moonlight; and oblique to the mass of the wall the line of the mosque beyond, that seemed an elevation of the sea's bed; or to conjure up the domes that capped it like a sequence of waves, curved and toppling, petrified at the moment of their apogee? And the man at the angle of the wall, who was he then? He was Haroun el Raschid riding about in Baghdad, none knowing who he was; he was Saladin in the roumi's camp, and Burton in Mecca, smiling into his beard. He was all the mystery and the secret humour of the East, the impresario of this lunar stage-setting.

It is a place, I warrant you, to craze your wits, this island of Djerba when the moon is on it. If you would not be left doting, cross the narrow strait to the mainland. At low tide you might almost step from block to block of the viaduct the Romans left behind them. Mount the straddling camel that will await you among the low red cliffs beyond the water, and go lurching across the desert to the farcical city of Medenine. It is so comical that you will shake with laughter. There is only one other adventure in architecture that you may undertake which will be so grotesque, so hopelessly funny. And in that other place you will weep slow and melancholy tears.

It is a strange collocation; at one moment to stand grinning among the toppling storeys of Medenine, a troglodytic city in Libya, and the next to stand weeping under the propylæum of that fake Parthenon called the Walhalla, that hangs over the upper Danube beyond Regensburg. It is so humourless, that pundit Parthenon,

that it attains a sort of idiot empyrean, where the only other inhabitations are the troglodytic dwellings of Medenine. So foolish it is, so glacial it is, that precise plagiarism of the one building in all the world's architecture that most calls for ardent Greek sky and burning Greek hills and golden islands to look out upon, gemming the bosom of an immaculate sea. And there it stands with its bronzen doors and tiles, cornices and hygienic slippers, and its tombs of meritorious German literary and military gentlemen. About it extends a landscape most unhellenic of any to be found short of the Michigan Boulevard in Chicago—a landscape of twisted forests and melancholy uplands, under skies ruinous with staggering cohorts of sunset. Well might such a landscape be the legendary home of those bloody German heroes, whose beards held the gloom of these same forests and who shouted together in battle as the winds might on these hill-tops. You take your boots off and assume such hygienic slippers to pass into that comical charnel-house, as a lady who eats nuts might wear in her villa in Golders Green. And you stand there and weep, because of all adventures in architecture this is the funniest.

Excepting for Medenine of the troglodytes. For this is the metropolis of a region where men have dwelt in subterranean holes and cliffside holes for countless generations. There is a sort of cadaverous humour about them and about the things they eat. Herodotus noted it long ago. And when these dwellers in holes desired to build themselves a metropolis to stand in the eye of those who dwelt in square-roofed adobe hovels, they built up their cliffs in the naked noonday and punctured them with holes. It is the very travesty of architecture, a comment incredibly ironical. Storey above storey rise the fabricated cliffs, pressed down tight over each other's roofs. It is as if a troop of Jewish comedians from the cheap music-halls, all old-clothes-men, stood on the stage before you with silk-hat after silk-hat pressed down upon their heads. The whole air is one of pantomime. Some fat negress ogles by, her feet clanking with silver anklets. She is the Widow Twankey. A hooded troglodyte, the masked villain of the play, climbs the precarious exterior staircase which leads to his hutch on the third or the fourth floor. He takes out from the folds of his burnous a wooden key as huge as a walking-stick, and fits it into the keyhole of a worm-eaten door which you can knock down with a breath. You expect to hear him mutter in a stage-whisper: "Hist! We are observed!" and see him take out from under his white pantaloons a watch as big as a turnip. The impression is confirmed by the sight of a few coal-black urchins darting in and out of those dizzy doors like a troupe of acrobats. It would not surprise you if the very camels, chewing a sardonic cud in the square below, were synthetic; as soon as they get their cue from the orchestra, they will rise, wink an eye, and proceed to do a step-dance with each separate pair of legs.

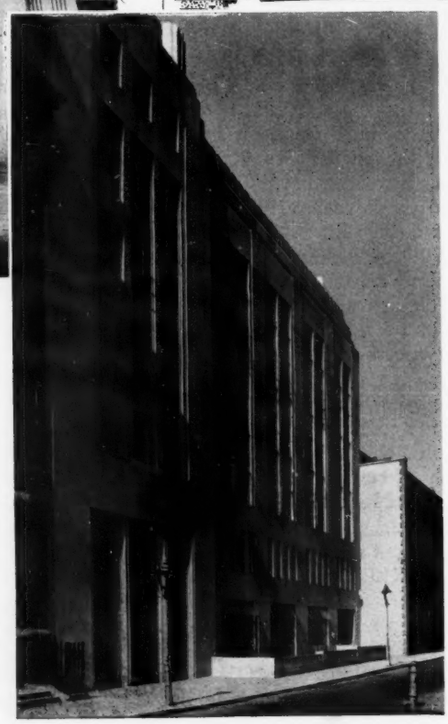
So much for comedy in architecture, there in Libya; the not less comical lack of humour in the Walhalla by Regensburg; enchantment in Djerba and splendour in Montreal. Shall I go now to the parapet of that rose-red minaret of Marrakesh in Morocco under the Atlas Mountains? Or to the square-towered castle of Lipari among the bubbling volcanic waters northward from Sicily? Or to that deep-arched early English bridge over quiet waters near Bedham in Sussex? All places of goodly adventuring for the lover of building beautiful or astonishing, but I will not make an end there. I will end in a place stranger than any of these. For all these mosques, bridges, factories, dwellings, and castles were human: constructed by human hands for the purposes of this common earth, shelter, prayer, or vanity. But the place of the last adventure I speak of seemed a thing not built by human creatures at all, and to exist upon some less comfortable star. It was the monastery of Megalospælion in the Peloponnese. You approach it from Diakophto, a small fishing village on the southern coast of the Gulf of Corinth, whence at once you plunge into a bleached and disastrous ravine. The great cavern from which the monastery receives its name is gouged out from the rough red precipice which blocks up the head of a narrower and more desperate side-valley. You trudge for hours up the shadeless path before the nightmareish building becomes manifest. But it is not a building. It is a thrusting of tier upon tier of nests into a yawning blackness. All sense of perspective and proportion is lost in this landscape, for nothing exists here by which to set a standard. At one moment the enormous distances are so shrunken that you might think the monastery nothing larger than a hive plastered by wild bees. A moment later it seems a thing vaster than any city, something that the pencil of wind and the scratching of water have scored upon the precipice. Then the sun strikes against such panes as remain in the window-frames, and you are aware once more that this is not Nature's self, but Nature patched and plastered and chipped and planed. Indeed, there is something portentous about the skill of its architects, who slung up these tiers of cells in the hollow cave and buttressed them on such soaring walls. But from the moment the idea seizes you, it does not leave you again till you turn your back on Megalospælion: the idea that this place was built and is inhabited, not by a race of men, but of birds.

It is precisely (you realize suddenly) as if a race of birds with the habits of swallows, but huge as pterodactyls, had brought in their iron beaks and talons the stuff to build this place, flying and croaking in the desolate air. Wherever any irregularity in the contour of the cavern permits it, you will see another cell, and yet another cell, plastered into the broken jag. You wonder how it is that the black-winged architects do not come scuffling out towards you as you approach. But there is no sound at all. There is no movement. A chill falls upon you. No creature inhabits there. You will have to turn on your tracks and night will be on you long before you have attained the ordinary world again. The windows are blank. The monks who are stated to hold their vigils here, died centuries ago . . .

You are wrong. A pair of passionless eyes is looking down upon you from behind each window. The eyes do not move. They are like glass or the beady eyes of birds. They are set in the faces of men. They are the monks. Their tall conical caps rise like some outrageous crest of black feathers. You see their enormous beards foaming over their gaberdines like water twitched by the wind. Their beards are like the uncouth down on the bosoms of tousled crows. A bell rings. The creatures come forth from their nests and pass along the exposed galleries to their devotions. Their black gaberdines shake as they move, like wings which have forgotten the faculty of flight. Their bird-like eyes look sharply right and left, but they see nothing. They have forgotten the faculty of seeing long ago.

And only a few leagues away rise the pillars of Apollo's Temple at Bassæ, set up by men whose minds were lucid as noble music. Those pillars are white and reasonable. Even in their ruin they have the symmetry of a wild flower.

1



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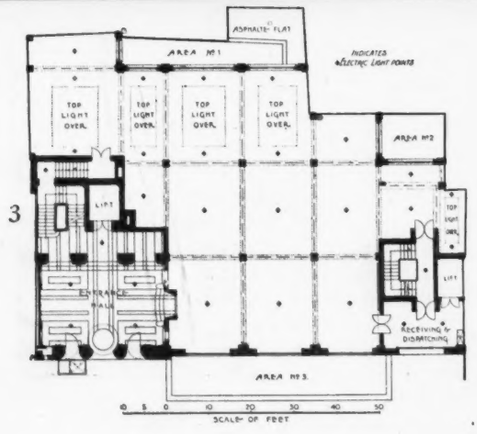
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INDICATES ELECTRIC LIGHT POINTS
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ENTRANCE HALL
RECEIVING & DESPATCHING
AREA N°3
SCALE OF FEET

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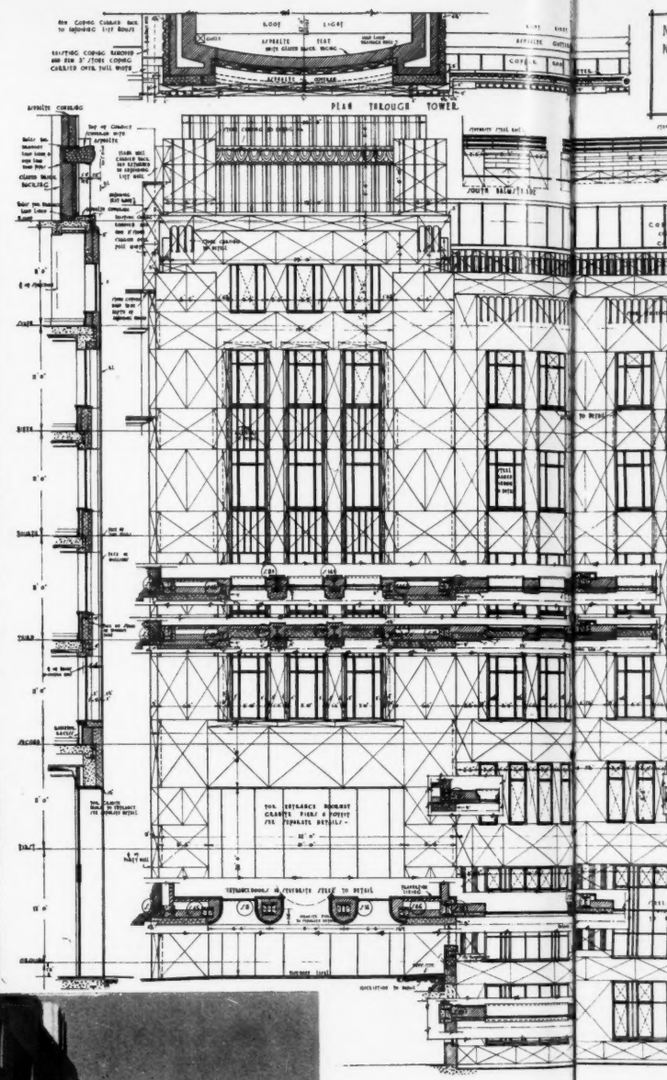
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TYPICAL ENTRANCE DOORWAY CASHES PIERS & PORTICO FOR SEPARATE DETAILS

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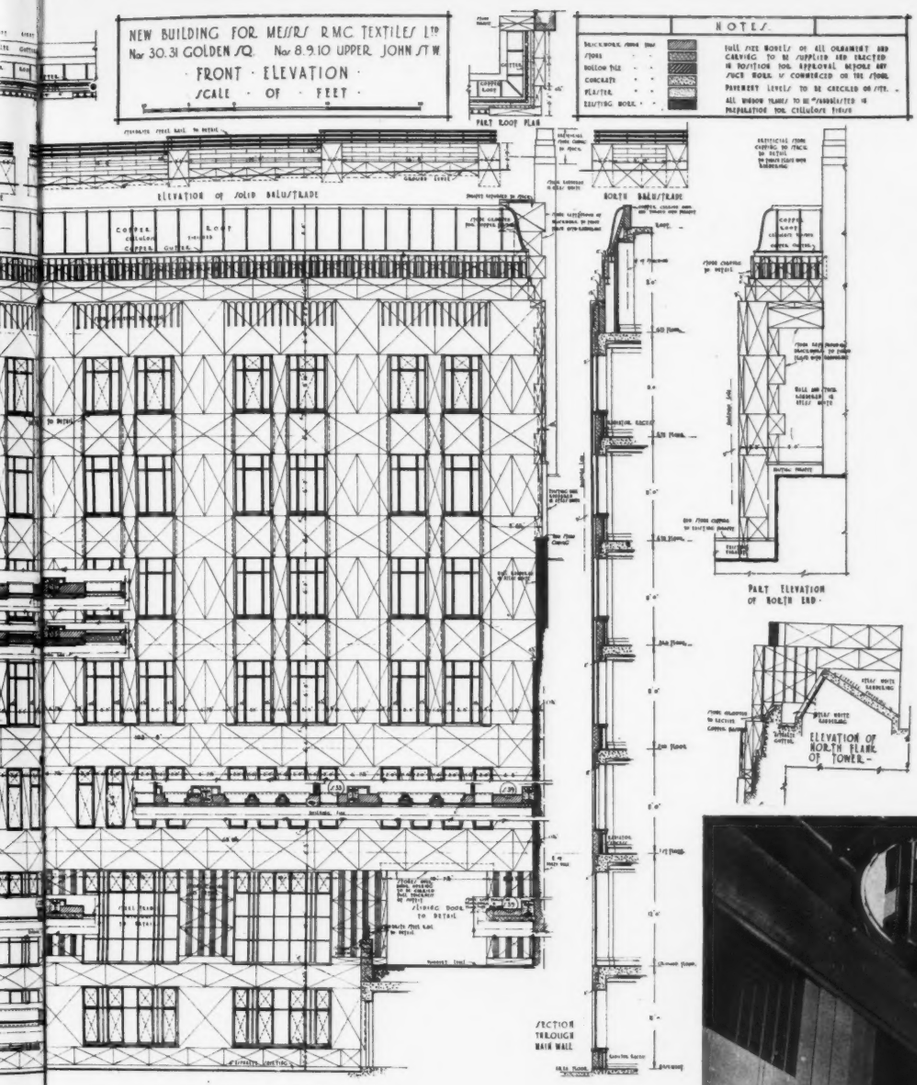

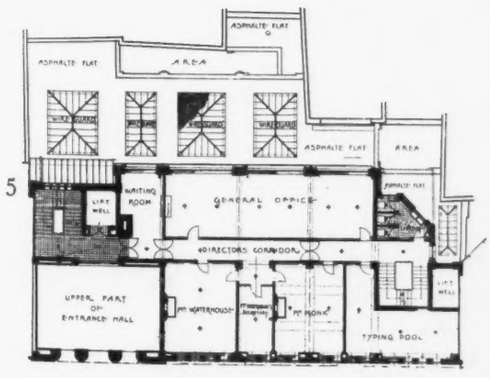

5

THE NEW HEAD OFFICES FOR MESSRS. R.M.C. TEXTILES (1928) *AT Nos.* 30 *&* 31 *GOLDEN SQUARE and Nos.* 8, 9 *&* 10 *UPPER JOHN STREET, LONDON. Gordon Jeeves,* Architects.

(1) *A worm's-eye view of a detail of the part of the entrance front in Golden Square.* (2) *The entrance front. The elevation is slabbed in Portland stone, with beds varying from* 9 *in. to* 4½ *in. in thickness. The stones vary in size, in some instances measuring* 6 *ft. in both directions. They are fixed to the brick backing and steel framework by means of cramps. The casements throughout and the entrance are in steel. The columns to the entrance, and reveals and soffits, are in polished San Stephano marble; the screen and revolving doors are stainless steel; the letters over the entrance are also stainless steel and pillar-box red enamel.* (3) *and* (5) *Plans of the ground and first floors.* (4) *A working drawing of the front elevation.* (6) *The entrance hall. The ceiling is in fibrous plaster finished with silver leaf. The walls and recesses are fibrous plaster painted varying tones of grey. The floor is in Belgian black and Sicilian polished marble. The electric light fitting consists of a series of metal and glass tubes, the underside of the projecting band being mirrored. The revolving doors are in stainless steel and the surround in hardwood cellulosed grey and pillar-box red.*

6

ARDATH TOBACCO SHOP, NO. 98 REGENT STREET, LONDON. Joseph Emberton, Architect. (1) The interior of the shop. (2) A key drawing to the materials used and colour scheme for the interior.

1. Plaster ceiling. 2. Steel-faced plywood, finished ivory white cellulose paint. 3. Sycamore veneer. 4. Hardwood, finished with cellulose paint in blue and the lower band on the circular counter in black. 5. Acided plate-glass light screen. 6. Birma-bright frames to cases.

(3) A cross section showing the arrangement of the indirect lighting and ventilation of the shop. (4) Plans of the ground and first floors. (5) A view of the shop from Regent Street. All the metal work, including the frames to the showcases, and the frieze over the shopfront and fascia, is in aluminium. Sycamore veneer on laminated board was used for the whole of the showcase bases and backs on the ground floor, the showcase exteriors on the first floor, and the counters on the first floor. Metal-faced plywood, finished with cream cellulose paint, was used for the horizontal planes for the indirect ceiling lighting on both the ground and first floors. The frieze over the showcases on the ground floor and all the ceilings are of plaster. The ground floor and staircase are laid with cream terrazzo.

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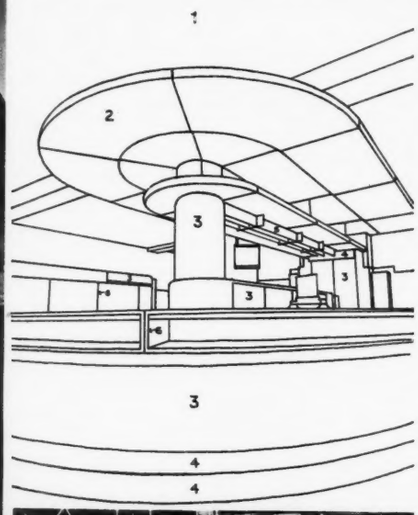

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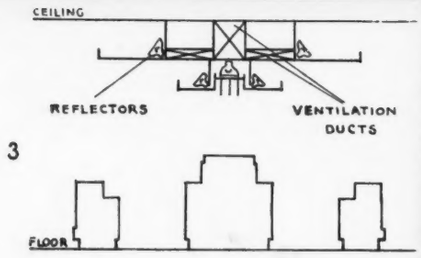

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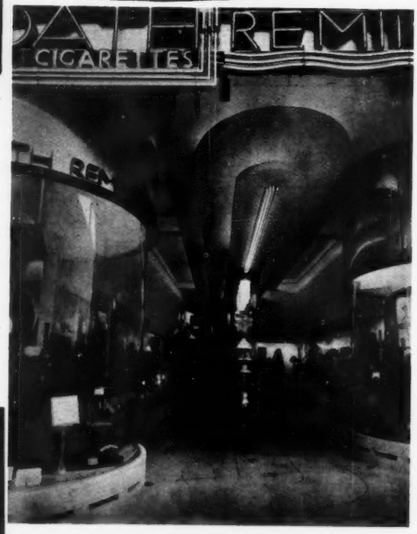
CROSS SECTION SHOWING INDIRECT LIGHTING AND VENTILATION



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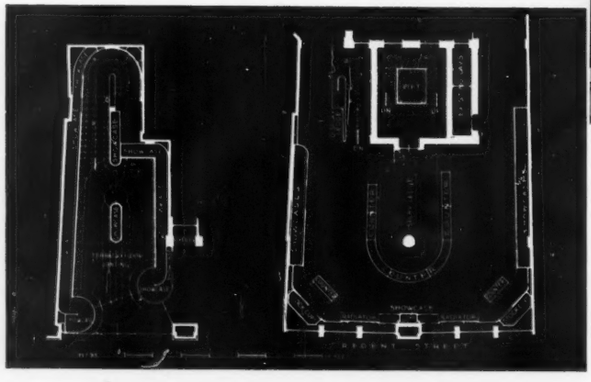

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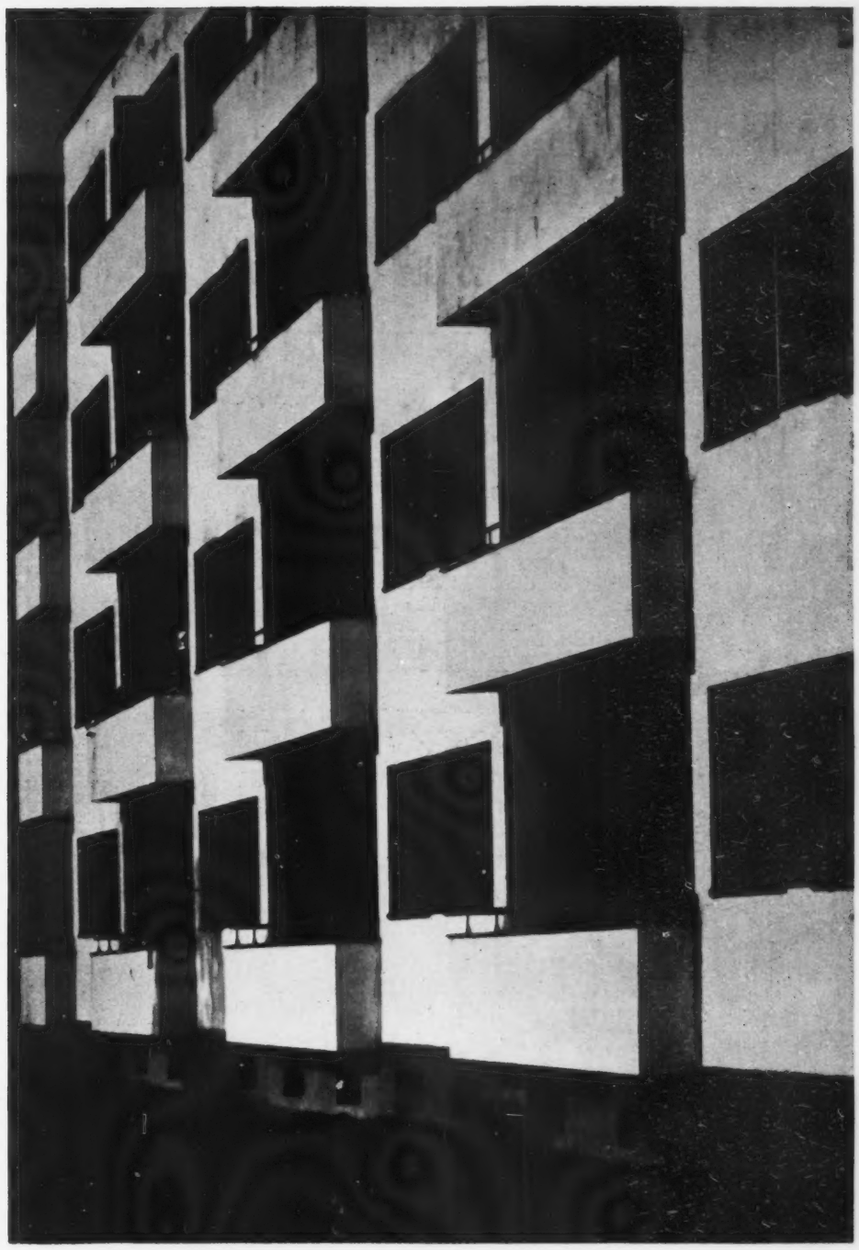


Film Shots in GERMANY

With Notes on the Film

By S. Chermayeff

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

The Orient Express arrived at STUTTGART 6.30 a.m.

The pre-war Bonatz Station, dim, vast and magnificent, already filling with workers. (1 and 2).

Outside—clear, white light and the new Zeppelin Hotel of the post-war Bonatz. (3).

The Weissenhof model houses of 1927—once the anathema of the burghers, now their pride, if a little worn, look down on a rapidly growing city. (4, 5, 6, 7, 8).

8 9 10 11

Four stages of Stuttgart. The medieval keep of the seventeenth century (9). Palace of Wurtemburg Kings with shades of the Roi Soleil—the nineteenth century additions in the Italian manner (10), and last, the modern industrial contribution. The riverside turbine house and dam (11). The furniture and other factories

19 20 21 22 23 24

The last height before Bavarian flats. Thirty-seven metres of peasant maypole (19).

BERLIN.—Poelzig's maypole of the old broadcasting house (20) slightly shabby but still carrying country cousin and other rubbernecks like ourselves far above the Building Exhibition. We look down on Charlottenburg (21) and Poelzig's new broadcasting house (22).

The greater new Berlin, superbly displayed in model form in the exhibitio

30 31 32 33 34 35

White and yellows zoned from the dark brick of the factory with fields and trees—Balconic Symphony. In the West—the river Hafel, Wansee, and 100,000 bathers every summer week-end—Pity the squalid flapping of Mr. Lansbury's canvas on the Serpentine. Immediately beneath our tower : America House—good publicity for bad building (34).

In the Kurfurstendamm, the Champs of Berlin, Mendelsohn's bachelor apartment and flat block with Cinema laid on—The famous Universum (35).

Sn

43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50

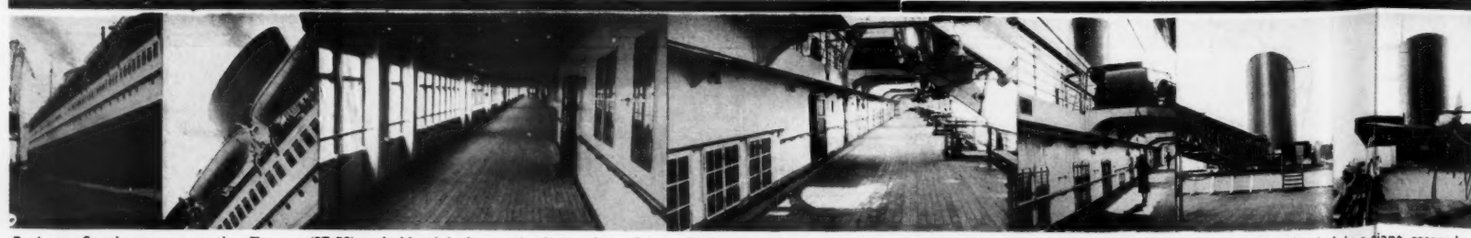
The Neukoln Siedling with its horseshoe nucleus of Taut at Britz (40-45).

The district dominated by one store—Architecturally and economically American (46),

New building in the centre—Europa House, a giant hoarding with no architecture (47). Bruno Paul's self-styled skyscraper of little distinction (48).

Mendelsohn's magnificent ship-

57 58 59 60 61 62 63



Back to Southampton on the *Europa* (57-59).—A Mendelsohn might have planned its structure. He might have saved it from the weakness of vapid tinkering within.

Miles of empty promenade decks (60-62).—An aeroplane of Modern Postal Service loaded in a giant catapult between the dummy funnels of tradition (63). Another maypole (64). Numberless immaculate stewards ; vast quantities of food.

12 13 14 15 16 17 18

e and other factories (12). The Tageblatt skyscraper (13). The Schocken of Mendelsohn, the first provincial store of the German Marks and Spencer (14, 15, 16). Signs of an energy which may catch and pass its only remaining Southern rival, FRANKFURT-ON-MAIN. The development of the Tenement Tradition established by Ernst May, now planning and building new Industrial U.S.S.R. under the five-year plan (17). By car through Wurtemburg towards Bavaria, the Alps gradually becoming visible through the heat haze. The sun-trap modern house of a carpet manufacturing artist. Its white cleanliness rivalling an old castle on the opposite slope for dominance of the valley (18).

25 26 27 28 29

form in the exhibition (23, 24, 25, 26) can be seen in reality. To the North a segment of the outer ring of the new Tenement Plan. The Siemens Stadt (27-32, A and 33) child of the Siemens Schuckert Industry.

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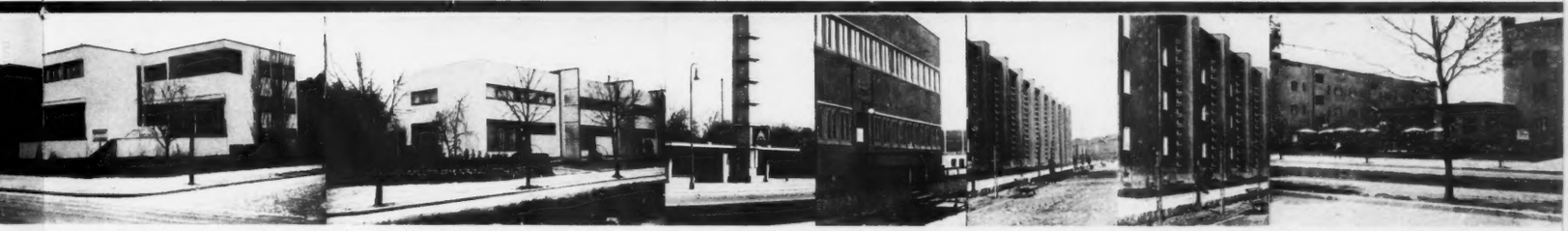
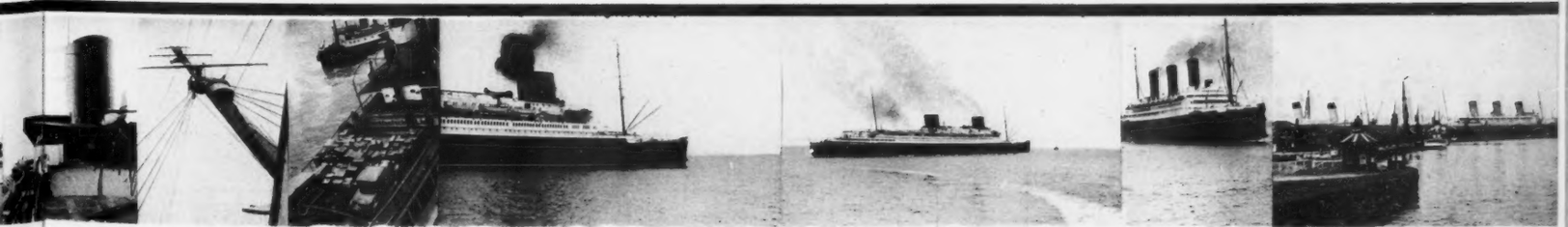


Smaller experiments by the Brothers Luckhardt (36, 37). In the East: Templhof Aerodrome, convenient legacy to the city of ambitious military parade of the last Emperor, now linking with arterial roads the new development schemes. A typical petrol filling station—the symbol of Templhof progress (38, 39). The neighbouring segments of new Berlin still in process growth.

50 51 52 53 54 55 56

ohn's magnificent ship-like slickness of the Metalworkers' Union (49-54). A link between his work of 1929 and the Chemnitz Schocken of 1930 (55, 56). A real breath of sea air in this city of stuffy architectural horrors of the nineteenth century—doomed to destruction at the hands of this new classism which will find its best expression in Columbus House, Potsdammer Platz—at present in excavation stages.

2 63 64 65 66 67 68



d in a giant catapult mmaculate stewards; Finally, Southampton Water—the tender and anxiety to be off (65)—the ominous sight of uncommissioned ships anchored in the river—a feeling of extreme inferiority on finding oneself betwee the departing *Europa* (66, 67) and the oncoming *Berengaria* (68). A revival of spirits at the sight of the quayside, and a positive feeling of superiority on seeing the funnels of the *Empress of Britai* (69), and their reminder of agonies of tortured oak beneath. Home again! Rule Britannia and the freedom of the Press! Southampton—London and "Daily" expresses—What news: Mr. Lloyd George the winner of the 3.30; suspension of the Gold Standard; Gandhi meets Charlie Chaplin; General Election; and to add to our uncertainties—Edwin John loses his latest fight

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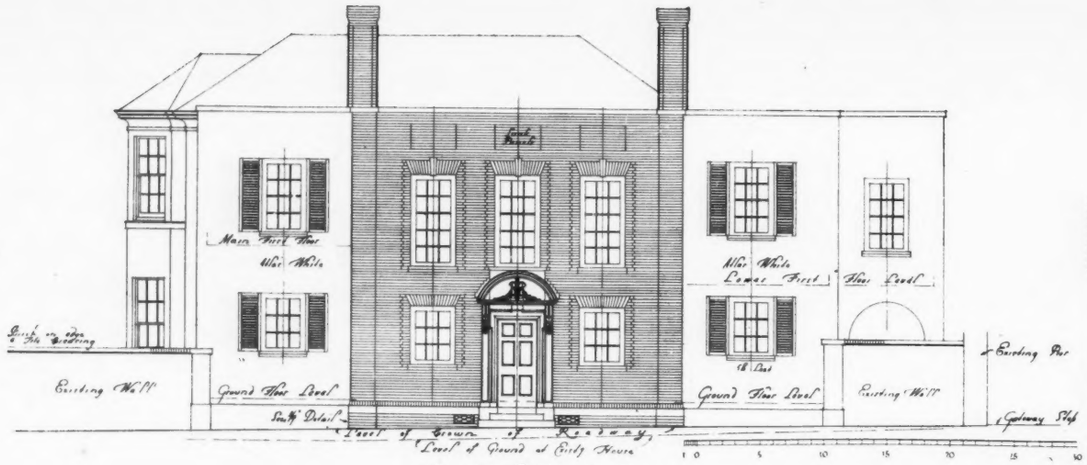

North Elevation.

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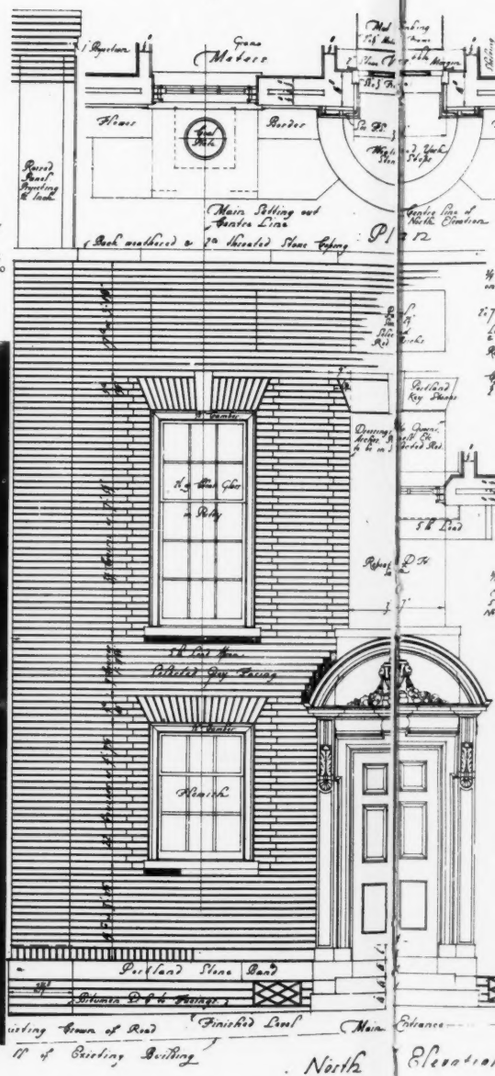

North Elevation

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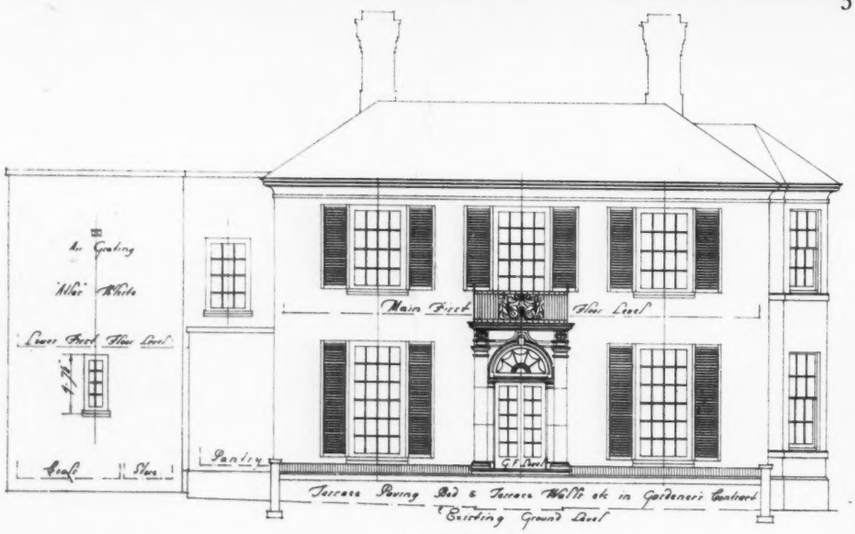
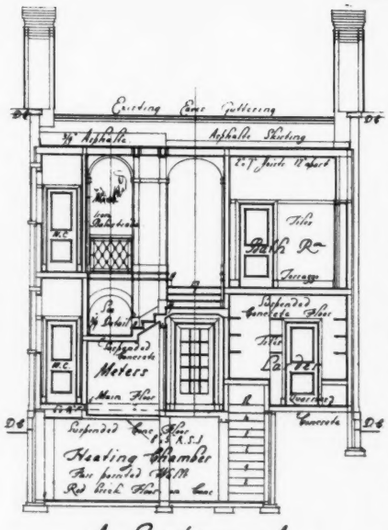


South Elevation.



A. Section A

ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS TO "OXHOLME," EDWALTON, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, by Gregory and Robinson.

The centre portion of the new north front (1) *and* (6) *is built of 2" hand-made bricks, the walls of the flanking portions being in white Portland cement. The entrance doorway is in pine. The door and window shutters are finished in green, the remaining woodwork being white. The surface treatment*

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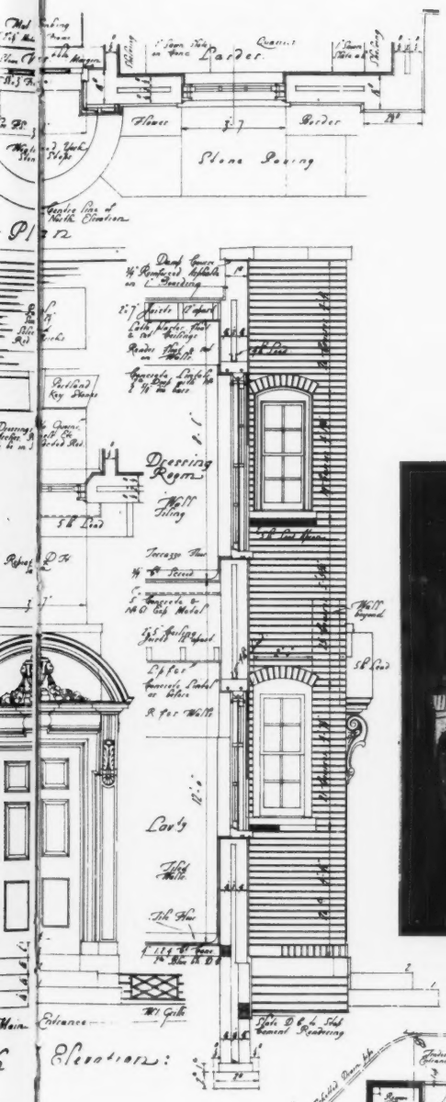

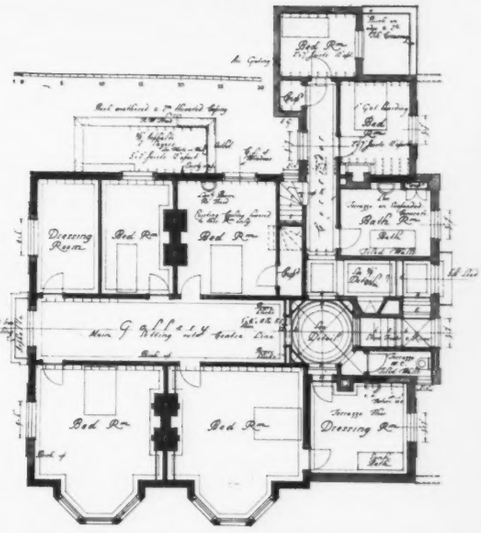

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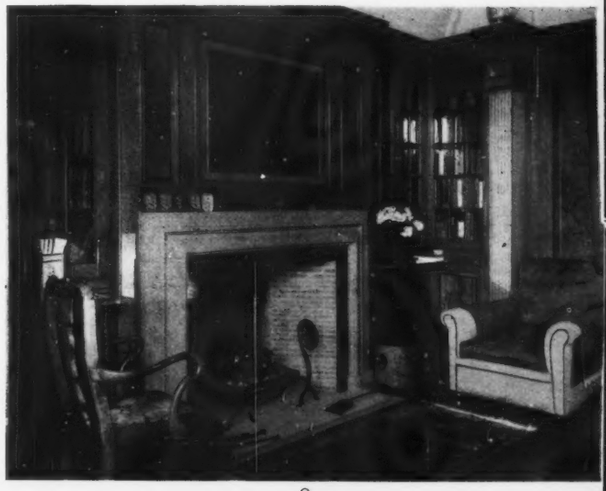

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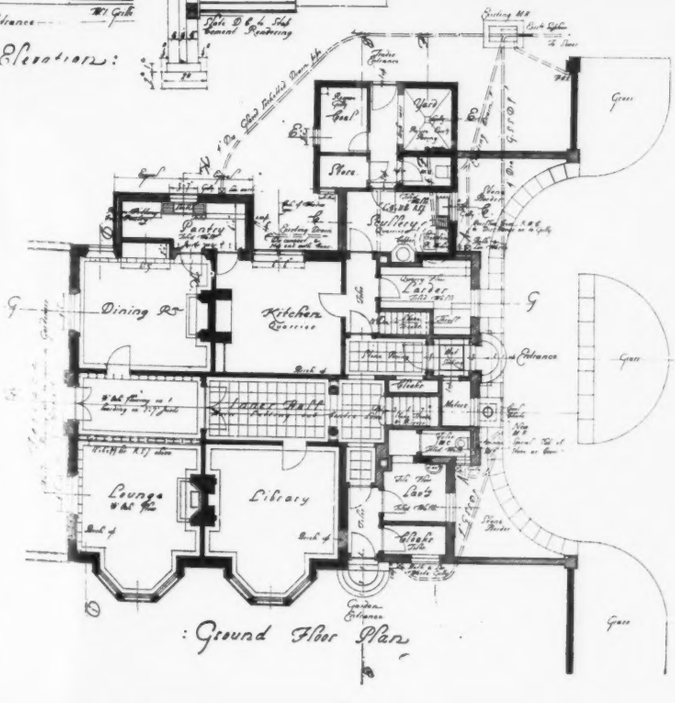

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of the altered south front (2) *and* (4) *is white Portland cement on the existing brickwork. The doorway, which was originally the front entrance, is in Ancaster stone with a wrought-iron balcony over, and gives access in its altered form to the stone-paved terrace.* (3) *is a circular garden shelter, paved with brown York stone, and has cement columns finished white; the roof is Norfolk thatch.* (5) *The lily pond, which forms a central feature of the rock and water garden. The pedestal rising from the water is surmounted by Verrocchio's* Boy and Dolphin. *The gardens were designed by the owner, Mrs. Turner, and carried out by her own gardeners. In* (7) *and* (9) *the first- and ground-floor plans, the hatched portions represent new work and the solid black parts the existing building. The surround of the library fireplace* (8) *is polished Hopton Wood stone and black and gold Portor marble. The bookcases and panelling are in quartered walnut with cross-banded margins and ebony inlay.* (10) *shows the entrance to the first-floor gallery from the octagonal landing, and* (11) *the inner hall looking towards the staircase.*

NOTE.—This is the second of two articles written by Mr. Hussey in which he discusses the revival of the use of faience in modern buildings. The first article, entitled Faience as a Medium for Modern Architecture, *was published in the October issue.*

The *Aesthetics* of Faience Architecture.

By Christopher Hussey.

MODERN buildings get more and more like those described in some of Mr. H. G. Wells's earlier novels. And Mr. Wells himself considers that the advance already achieved in architecture is as nothing to what will be seen in the next ten or twenty years. Speaking at the R.I.B.A. not long ago, he gave some instances of how the traditional building materials —stone and brick—are being displaced by materials better suited to modern conditions. Controllable light, now used so effectively underground, and for flood lighting, might, he suggested, soon replace even the sun. That is going further than most of us want, perhaps. But there is no doubt that he was right in prophesying the substitution for stone of translucent and vitreous materials.

Already stone is used only as a skin to dress structures of steel or concrete, on which the pseudo-structural members and mouldings of stone look progressively more ridiculous the more we become familiar with the freedom really allowed by modern construction. Both in England and America increasing use is being made of faience—or glazed terra-cotta—not so much as an alternative to stone as an improvement upon it for meeting modern requirements. Such a light, impervious, and malleable material is the natural complement to steel and concrete, and expresses the plastic conception underlying modern architecture more readily and more truthfully than stone. It has one unquestionable advantage over all alternative materials: its durability has been proved by three thousand years of trial, whereas the modern varieties of reconstructed stone are for the most part untried.

But through all the centuries that it has been used, and in spite of its enormously increased use in recent years, the "architectural æsthetics" of terra-cotta have not hitherto been clearly distinguished. So individual a material, differing so radically from stone and possessing such marked virtues of its own, is worthy of most serious study. By that means alone were the architects of the past enabled to evolve the grace of the classic styles and the splendour of Gothic from stone, and by that means only can architecture avail itself fully of all that terra-cotta offers. In the great majority of cases where it has been used, architects have followed the precedent of the Italian renaissance and used it to imitate stonework. At the time of the terra-cotta revival during last century, architecture was not ready for a cast vitreous material. The æsthetics of architecture had not been revolutionized by the advent of steel structure, and nobody seems to have given serious thought to the characteristics of the material. Architects saw in it a cheap means of reproducing the "stunning" bits of detail that they had sketched on their travels. But every material, properly used, develops forms of its own, whether in its mouldings or in the general shape that it assumes in the mass.

The possibilities of stone and brick were exhaustively explored by the classic and medieval architects, and the appropriate ways of using them were crystallized into "styles." Modern faience, steel, and concrete are now taking their place and evolving their appropriate forms. Faience, no less than concrete, is capable of producing an architecture distinct from all others, and neither of them has yet been developed to anything like its ultimate capacity.

This is particularly true of faience, and was the view taken by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research in its report upon faience and terra-cotta, published in 1929. The Board observed:—

> It seems probable that the output of terra-cotta increased more rapidly than knowledge of its requirements, and rather poor material was produced which helped to bring the ware into disrepute. This impression was deepened by the failure on the part of architects to realize the peculiarities of the new material—a condition which, apparently, obtains to a marked extent even at the present day.

The "peculiarities" of faience, upon which any theory of its architectural possibilities must be based, are, indeed, astonishing. Besides its adaptability as a casing for steel or concrete, it possesses in itself the strength of concrete without concrete's susceptibilities to frost and fire—fire, if anything, strengthens terra-cotta, while faience is glazed at a higher temperature than any conflagration is likely to produce. It not only provides a surface that does not turn black—a dingy process euphemistically termed "weathering" by romantic Londoners—and that can be cheaply and efficaciously cleaned, but it is also an economic material for constructing walls of any thickness. It enables pure and permanent colour to be introduced into architecture for the first time in modern history. For any kind of repetitive work, whether plain or decorated, it is the proper and most economical material. It is about two-thirds cheaper than any masonry that can approach it in durability. And of all building materials it is the most pliable.

On the debit side errors are, of course, more difficult to correct than in stone, and the making and delivery of the material to the site has to be arranged pretty carefully beforehand. Some architects complain of delays between the ordering and delivery of the material, which may be accentuated by an accident in firing. On the other hand, Mr. F. W. Troup, who used the ware so successfully on Messrs. Spicer's building in New Bridge Street,[1] writes to me in this connection: "So far as my experience goes there is no more delay than is sometimes the case with stone from quarries."

The sizes of blocks are, of course, controlled by the tendency of large surfaces to "twist" in firing and thus to produce irregularities of surface. The smaller the blocks the truer the surface, generally speaking, will be. But recent experiments have succeeded in producing blocks of double the size formerly considered possible, without serious twisting, and there is no question that manufacturers have devised means to overcome the limitations imposed in this respect.

A third possible source of irritation to architects is the necessity for all drawings to be redrawn at the works on the larger scale necessitated by the shrinkage of the blocks in firing. One architect of my acquaintance has suggested that architects should be given a shrinkage scale by manufacturers and so be enabled to make their own full-size drawings. The manufacturers, however, regard it as most important for the mould-drawings to be made under expert supervision at the works, and presumably they know their own business.

Objection is sometimes taken to the rather wide and irregular jointing of terra-cotta. I pointed this out once to Mr. Emberton, in connection with Summit House,[2] and he replied that he had no objection to joints; "if you've got to have joints," he said, "then make a pattern of them." Mr. Maurice Webb, at Artillery House, and Prof. Richardson have so arranged their designs as to mask many of the joints by mouldings. And Mr. Troup has pointed out to me that the difficulty of wide joints "may be got over by grinding down the beds and edges of all the blocks to an

[1] and [2]. See Mr. Hussey's previous article, *Faience as a Medium for Modern Architecture.*

even surface, as is done sometimes in America, giving a joint quite as fine, if not finer, than ordinary stone ashlar work." Recent improvements, here again, are tending to eliminate irregularities of beds and edges due to shrinkage in firing.

From these "peculiarities" it will be seen that the practical disadvantages of faience fall mainly upon the architect, and are of a temporary nature. Indeed, they probably only appear to be disadvantages because the other sets of drawbacks attaching to stone and brick are so familiar to architects that they are taken for granted. If architects habitually used faience they would probably discover a dozen intolerable disadvantages when they experimented with stone or brick—the dilatoriness of carvers and masons, the weight of large blocks, the smallness and variability of bricks. The fact that a scholar and artist like Prof. Richardson enjoys building in faience should satisfy the most conservative. Whilst the revolutionaries may be reassured by Mr. Emberton's verdict, after discussing his experience of faience with me: "The pliability of terra-cotta easily outweighs such irksome conditions as its use imposes."

In considering the æsthetic basis of the case for faience architecture, these practical considerations are of great importance, for they are the realities which the architect must face when he envisages his design. Above all, it must be borne in mind continually that terra-cotta is the rich relation of brick, not the poor relation of stone; a plastic, not a glyptic material, so that its handling should bear the mark of the potter's thumb and not seem to suggest the chisel of the mason.

The buildings to be discussed have been selected for the extent to which their design has been developed in relation to the qualities of terra-cotta; as illustrations, in other words, of "faience æsthetic"; rather than as specimens of modern designs in the abstract. In reviewing recent faience buildings it often happens that some virtue of the material is well displayed in a building for the design of which no originality, and sometimes no excuse, can be claimed. Such a one is the new theatre recently erected in the West End of London, which is not only shocking in the design of its façade, but makes use of a dead-white faience that accentuates its poverty. In such cases it is scarcely fair to blame the material for an effect inherent in the badness of the design. Manufacturers can only do what they are told, but when the opportunity occurs, they can make most valuable suggestions in the light of their knowledge of the material's possibilities.

The new elevation to Harrod's stores by Mr. Louis Blanc

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(1) A night view of the *CHANIN BUILDING, NEW YORK.* (2) Ornamental band course on the *CHANIN BUILDING.* Sloane and Robertson, *Architects.* (3) *THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART* by night. Horace Trumbauer, C. C. Zantzinger, and C. L. Borie, Junior, *Associated Architects.*

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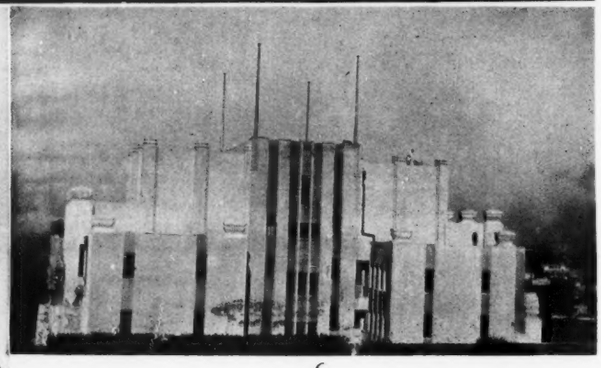

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(4) The *OPPENHEIMER WORKS, CLAPHAM, LONDON,* Emden, Egan & Company, *Architects.* (5) and (6) The new headquarters for the *BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.* Fowell and McConnell, *Architects.*

(page xxix) is very suitable to be discussed first, because, to relate it with the earlier fronts erected about 1900, it was necessary to use the old type of unglazed terra-cotta. But, compared with the uninspiring " hard-bake " of the original building, the new façade shows how well the resources of terra-cotta have been developed and learnt in the interval. One would not have said that the colossal Corinthian order, which is apparently *de rigueur* for all department stores, was suitable for interpretation in terra-cotta, although the material was undoubtedly used by the ancients since Etruscan times for temples where stone was lacking. Nevertheless, the architect and manufacturer have pooled their wits to such good effect that the new façade can be unreservedly praised. The use of two tones of brownish-red terra-cotta, with a reserved introduction of bronze-glazed enrichments and colour-glazed coffering in the soffits has produced a building which possesses both dignity and charm. No attempt has been made to conceal the small sections of which the columns are composed, but the emphasizing of texture throughout the new building cleverly prevents this circumstance from giving offence. The material has been used honestly as "the rich relation of brick," with the result that, so far from the design being open to the charge of pomposity as might have been the case had it been executed in stone, it has the warm domestic dignity of the brick buildings of the Wren period.

At Bury Court House, St. Mary Axe (12), Messrs. Richardson and Gill have shown a comparable understanding of terra-cotta's aptitudes. For the façade of the offices a mat glazed "honey-buff " faience is used with a basalt ware member round the entrance. The elevation provides a maximum of daylight for the interior by continuous lines of windows subdivided by faience cylinders. The whole front is contained by two solid piers moulded into vertical rolls. The design is, in fact, a composition of vertical cylinders and flat cross-beams in which advantage is taken of the repetitive facilities of terra-cotta. Horizontal joints have been entirely masked by the incidence of the cross-mouldings. The surface is pleasantly warmed by a slight variation of colour from cream to beige. It is an utterly simple design, but one that could only have been produced by an artist who thoroughly understood the nature of faience. This understanding is revealed in the prevalence of the rounded forms natural to terra-cotta, with the sharp, but shallow, moulding of the horizontals skilfully introduced in contrast. The whole has the elegance of the eighteenth century and yet meets every requirement of modern design and of the material. It is interesting to compare it with Mr. Emberton's Summit House, where mass is emphasized and equal advantage taken of plain repetition.

Mr. W. A. Johnson, who designed the Sheffield and Ecclesall Co-operative Stores (8), has no less happily wedded structure with faience casing. His use of flat

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(7) *ARTILLERY HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, LONDON.* MauriceWebb, *Architect.* (8) *THE SHEFFIELD AND ECCLESALL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY* building. W. A. Johnson, *Architect.* (9) *THE HANTS AND DORSET MOTOR SERVICES* terminal garage. J. Allner, *Architect.* (10) *THE AMBASSADORS' CLUB, LONDON.* Durand and Allison, *Architects.*

surfaces, shallow, clean mouldings, and his restrained introduction of colour indicate that he has considered his material. As a result he has produced a building that is attractively modern while at the same time economical and serviceable. The materials are mat-surfaced white-glazed ware, the coloured vases and cornice being in salt-glazed stoneware. The colour is enriched by the introduction of a little bronze salt-glaze ware which looks like lustre. The actual piers on which the vases stand are of stone.

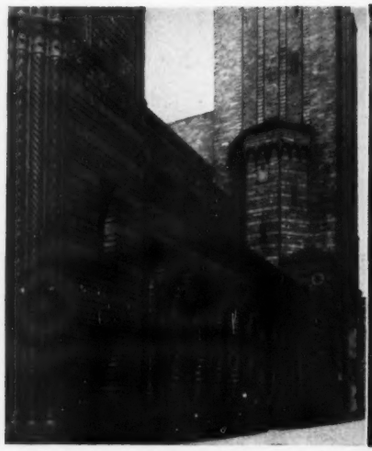
At Artillery House (7) Mr. Maurice Webb has made several interesting experiments in uniting a steel frame and a faience casing into a homogeneous whole. The main lines honestly express the structure and the plan, whilst emphasis is throughout laid upon the verticals. To help this effect Mr. Webb has as far as possible suppressed horizontal joints, and stressed the vertical ones by means of mouldings. There are no horizontal mouldings. Mr. Webb was good enough to discuss the design with me, and pointed out that his reason for suppressing all cornices and string courses was in order to let rain wash down the façade and so keep it clean—an admirable instance of how a thoughtful architect adapts his design to accord with the qualities of faience.

New York abounds in towers for which faience is the principal material, or has been used in conjunction with brick. On the earlier buildings the material was used, just as stone was used, for the imitation of "period" detail in prodigious quantities.

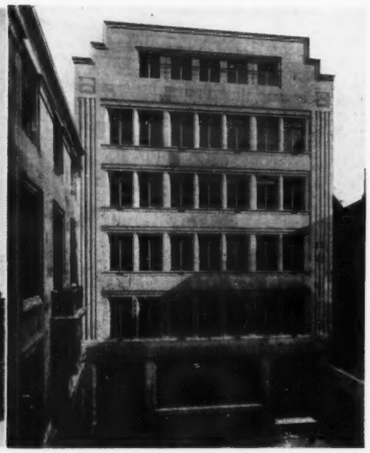
It is only of recent years that skyscrapers have begun to dispense with period decorations in favour of "functional" forms expressive of the structure. The great Chanin Building in New York (1 and 2), designed by Sloane and Robertson, and completed in 1929, is one of the best examples in America of the latest type of skyscraper, designed under the Zoning Law and expressing its structure in its finishings. The shaft is of buff brick, but the radiator-like buttresses at the top and above the basement are of buff faience, the use of which has enabled the architects to translate into plastic form the vital points in their steel conception. No other material could have created the illusion that here are steel ribs covered with a vitreous flesh. Also the whole "basement," the surface of which is treated very successfully with incised repeating patterns, is of faience.

Other outstanding combinations of brick and faience are 130 West 30th Street, New York City,[1] by Cass Gilbert, where an Assyrian frieze in faience is repeated at intervals up a brick shaft, and the Union Trust Building, Detroit,[2] where twin towers of great height are checkered with a bold pattern in coloured faience. On the former building faience is used for the spandrils or aprons between the tiers of windows, a purpose for which it is peculiarly well suited. Mr. Maurice Webb has introduced it for the same purpose on Artillery House in place of metal. Greater use might well be made of terra-cotta for this purpose in England.

[1] and [2]. See Mr. Hussey's previous article, *Faience as a Medium for Modern Architecture.*



(11) *EUCLID AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, CLEVELAND, OHIO.* Walker and Weeks, *Architects.*



(12) *BURY COURT HOUSE, ST. MARY AXE, LONDON.* Richardson and Gill, *Architects.*

The new headquarters of the British Medical Association in Sydney, N.S.W. (5 and 6), designed by Fowell and McConnell, is a 14-storey building containing the Association's office below, and doctors' and dentists' consulting rooms on the eleven upper floors, with squash racquet courts open to the sky on the roof. It is steel-framed and the faience fronts are designed to express the structure. The architects have produced a remarkably effective and frank design to which faience is the most appropriate casing.

Another structural use of faience which is becoming common in this country is to surround the great entrances to garages. It has been well used in this way by Mr. J. Allner for a terminal garage of the Hants and Dorset Motor Services (9). Another example can be seen on the L.G.O.C. garages at Hanwell.

Full advantage is taken in the United States of faience's brilliant reflecting surface for flood-lighting at night—a beautiful and most valuable form of publicity. If a business house is worth building well it is worth lighting up after dark, when its architecture will be seen far more effectively than by day. In London, however, a building needs to be in a very exposed situation if its stonework is not to turn black and so cease to be effective for night display, unless it is frequently cleaned; or else it must be faced with faience. The Elverson Building, Philadelphia, is a particularly successful example of a flood-lit faience building. In that city the wide intervals between the towers makes illumination especially effective. The City Hall at Miami is another building well adapted to flood-lighting. In London at present the bases of buildings alone are seen after dark, so that we sometimes get a reversal of the American system, i.e. the use of faience for the lower storeys, as on the Ambassadors' Club, designed by Messrs. Durand and Allison (10). The mother-o'-pearl-like surface of this charming little front is an example of the fine jointing achievable with faience.

The most remarkable instance of the introduction of colour into architecture by means of faience is—or will be—the pediment sculpture and roof of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, Pennsylvania (3). The great building has been wittily described as "a tribute to the Acropolis carried out in Minnesota marble." The architects have aimed at restoring to classic architecture its original brilliant colouring. At Philadelphia the roof is of turquoise tiles, and the pediment groups, of polychrome faience, are being worked out with the greatest care.

The possibilities opened up by the perfection of colour-glazed faience at Philadelphia are limitless. An early experiment in bi-colour work was made by Messrs. T. E. Collcutt and Stanley Hamp when they built the Savoy Hotel, London—a faience building that was also an early attempt to combine faience and steel structure gracefully. The result is so much more attractive than many late buildings that architects might well take a lesson from the Embankment front, in how faience can be handled lightly and with charm. An obvious use for coloured faience is the swimming baths, numbers of which are made for clubs, institutions, and wealthy men. The Paddington Baths, though not executed in colour, show how well the flowing modelling of the walls, most appropriate to baths, has been naturally achieved by the use of faience.

Considerable research has been carried out recently into the effect of light and colour in lessening industrial fatigue. It is proved beyond a doubt that the value of cheerful colour in industry is too great to be ignored in future, and we may look forward to factories being designed with due regard to the æsthetic reactions of operatives. Faience will be of utmost importance to this object, combining as it does cleanliness, durability, and economy. An excellent example of a modern factory cased in faience is Messrs. Oppenheimer's works, designed by Messrs. Emden, Egan & Co. (4). As manufacturing chemists it was of great importance to Messrs. Oppenheimer that their premises should be and look antiseptic—an aim that the architects have skilfully combined with efficient structure.

The various tendencies in recent faience architecture noted in this review can, I think, best be summarized in the term "stream lines." Faience architecture is stream-lined architecture. The malleable nature of faience, its smooth surface, and the possibilities it affords for the substitution of colour for relief, are causing architects to use it for the plastic expression of structural engineering. A modern building and a machine, though the one is static and the other mobile, have this much in common: both are composed of malleable materials and are shaped in accordance with mechanical stresses. Faience is becoming for the steel-framed building what metal plates or linen casing are to the automobile and aeroplane. This process in the evolution of a new architecture will be completed when economic means are discovered for using faience as a permanent shuttering or sheathing for concrete, in place of the temporary wooden shuttering at present used.

Experiments in this direction have been made by Mr. F. W. Troup, and I am indebted to him for the following description of the method employed:—

> The idea was to use slabs of "Carrara ware" as large as they could be conveniently made, with sufficient key to secure the slabs firmly to the concrete core. These slabs would be built up, say two courses in height, backed up not with continuous boarding, but simply uprights or cross battens sufficient to hold the slabs in place while the concrete was poured and tamped round the rods or steelwork as the case might be. On the inside of the wall the casing might be either in the usual boarding, or the terra-cotta slabs might be continued there in ordinary 2-in. partition blocks.
>
> The result would be that both inside and out the steelwork would be protected not merely by concrete, but by a material both fire-resisting and weatherproof.

When this experiment is followed up, faience will fulfil its destiny of becoming the logical and organic casing of concrete as it already is the logical casing for steel.

Those trees in awkward silence wait
A new "Desirable Estate."
In lines and scaffolding and tin
They contemplate the growth of sin.
And yet the very sin creates
Strange beauty from its new Estates.
Hard and red their houses frown
On where below lies Camden Town.
They cannot hear the coalmen call
Against each echoing stucco wall.
The terrace closed and tall and stark
Ignores the vulgar shout and bark,
But turns its blind back-garden eye
To where the laden barges lie
Upon the silent waterway.
"Ol' bottles, any rags today?"
Who knows what these dumb buildings feel
To watch their stucco peel and peel?

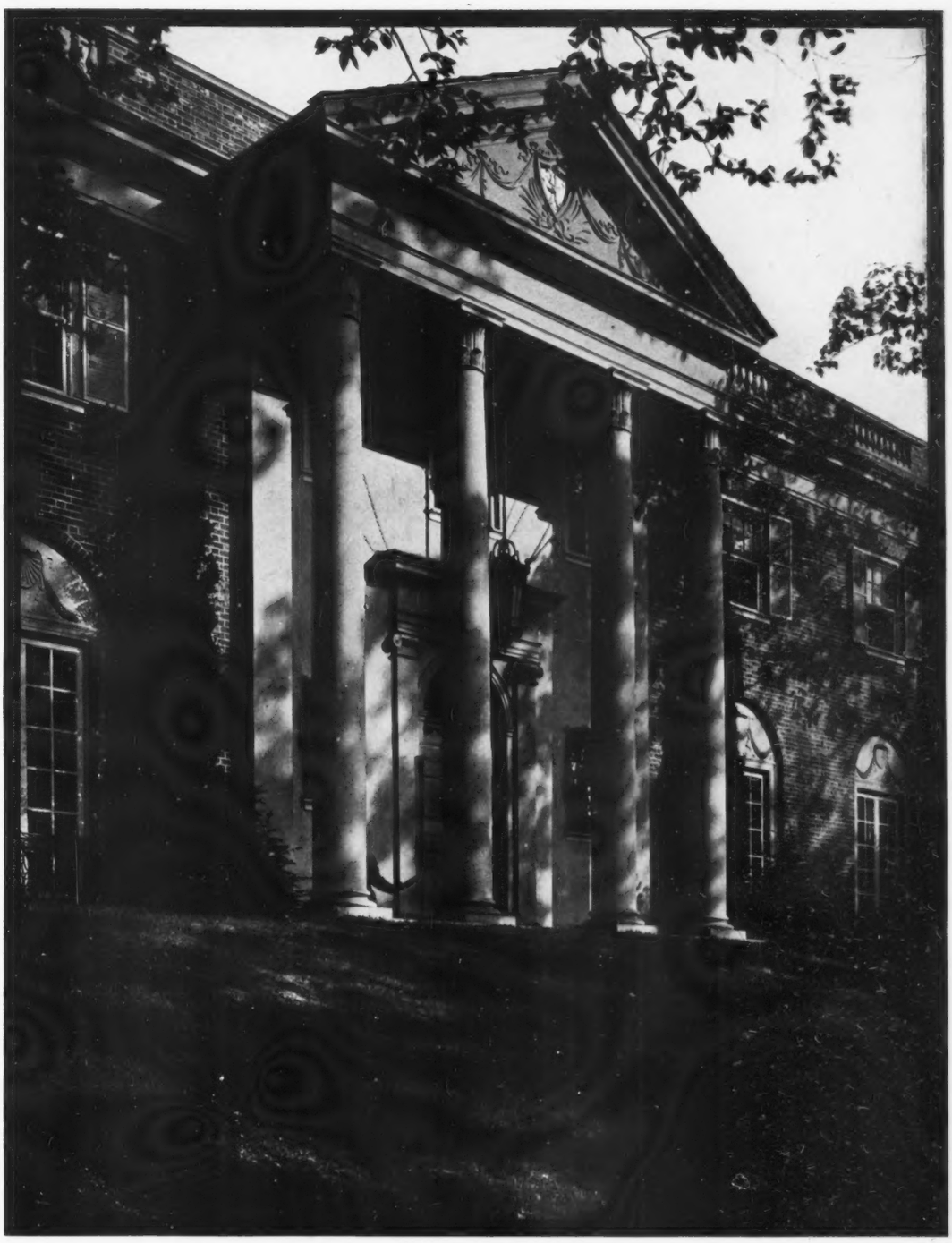
1

2

3

THREE FURTHER PAINTINGS by ALGERNON NEWTON. (1) *Spreading London: Hampstead Garden Suburb.* (2) *Coloured Houses on the Regent's Canal.* (3) *Chepstow Villas, Bayswater.*

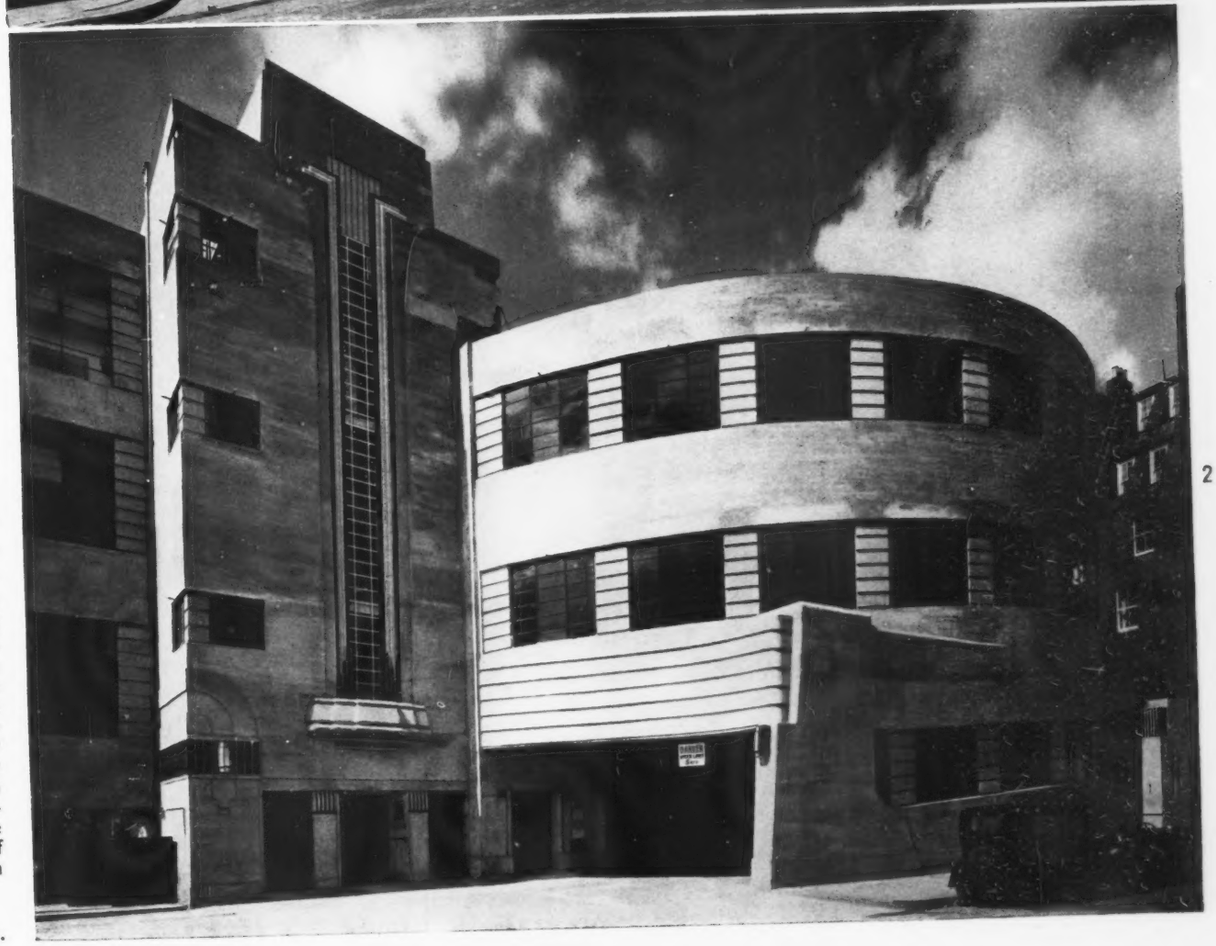
PLATE II. *November* 1931.



THE RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM P. HOFFMAN, ESQ., RIVERDALE-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK, is an extensive and excellent formal Georgian mansion, designed by Dwight James Baum. In this house of brick, with its white trim, there is an admirable balance in scale and also between detail and mass; each is adequate to the other in a well achieved relationship, and the details show a thorough feeling for the best precedent, yet at the same time the building reflects, in architectural terms, its own era.

PLATE III. *November* 1931.

1



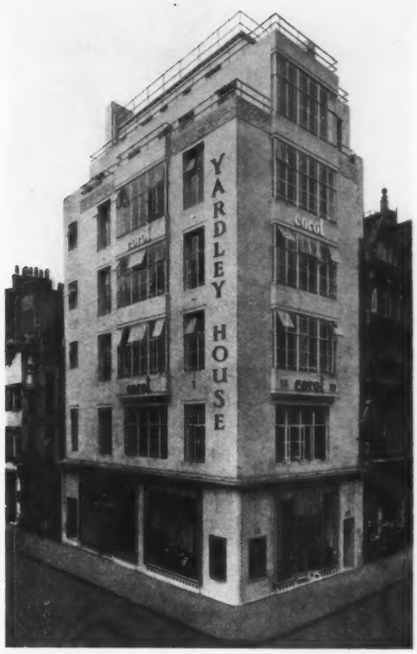
2

THE NEW DAIMLER HIRE GARAGE, HERBRAND STREET, LONDON. Wallis Gilbert and Partners, *Architects*. (1) From Herbrand Street. (2) The entrances to the ramp and the main staircase. The building is the only multi-storey garage yet constructed solely of reinforced concrete. Each floor is connected by a double-way semicircular ramp, 21 ft. in width, which permits double-way traffic up and down of the largest known cars. Plans of the building are illustrated on page 157.

Photo by Kinegraphs

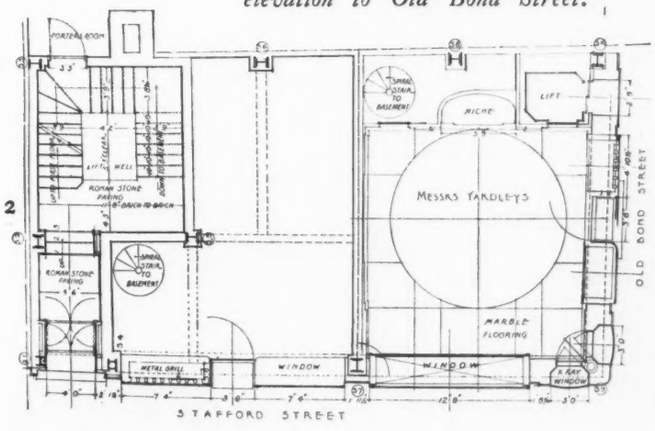
The entrance doorway to Yardley's scent shop on the ground floor of YARDLEY HOUSE, No. 33 Old Bond Street, London. The shops in Yardley House were designed by Ruhlmann of Paris; the designer of the gilt bronze entrance door illustrated above was Reco Capey.

PLATE V. *November* 1931.



1

YARDLEY HOUSE, No. 33 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON. Wimperis, Simpson & Guthrie, Architects. This is a steel and concrete building, faced with Roman stone above the ground floor. This floor consists of two shops; that facing Bond Street and the return in Stafford Street, together with the basement, is occupied by Messrs. Yardley, and there is another shop and basement at present unoccupied, facing Stafford Street. This part of the building is faced with beige marble of slightly darker tint than the Roman stone above, from which it is divided by a heavy cornice of beige marble. (1) Yardley House from Stafford Street. (2) The ground-floor plan. (3) A working drawing of the elevation to Old Bond Street.



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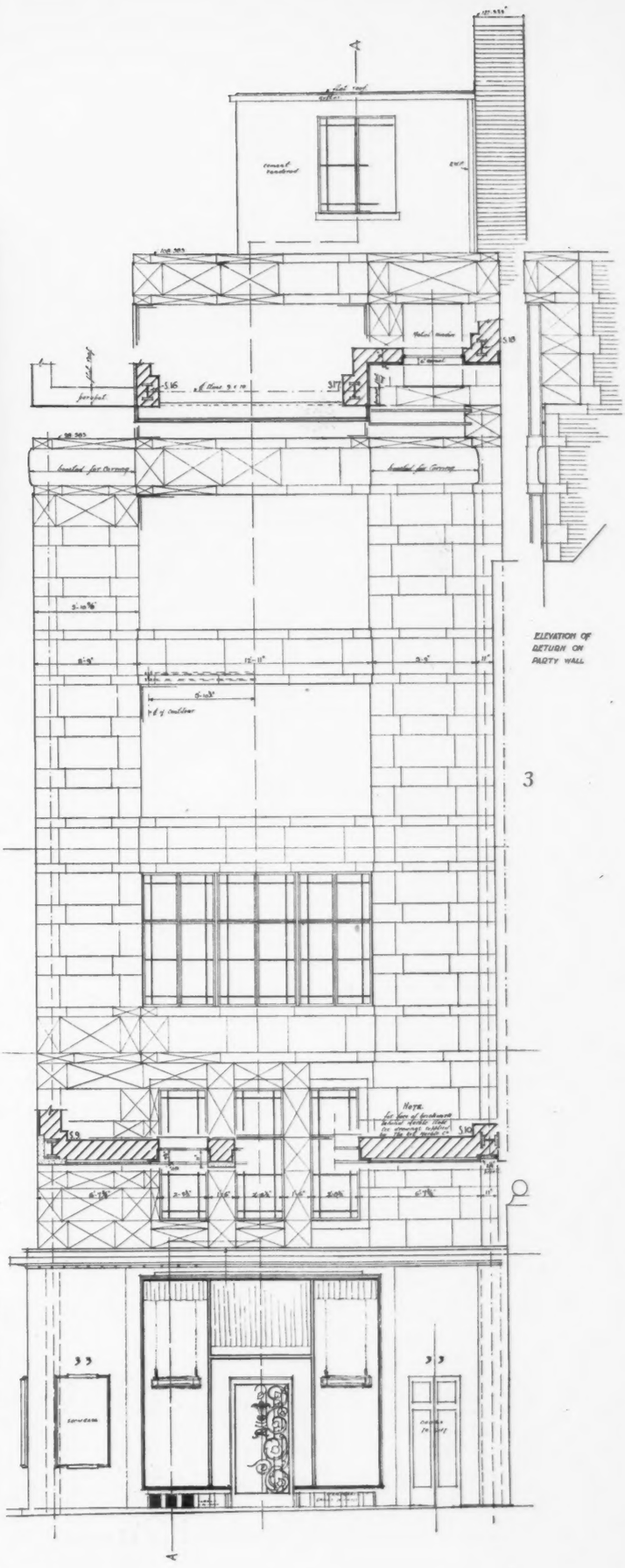


3

DUNDERAVE CASTLE with the New Buildings in the Foreground.

From *The Work of Sir Robert Lorimer.*

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

The J. M. Barrie of Architecture.

By Lionel Cuffe.

The Work of Sir Robert Lorimer. By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY. London: Country Life, Ltd., 1931. Price £3 3s. net.

THE work of no recent British playwright has appealed so vividly to the great mass of men and women as that of Sir James Barrie. It may be said of Sir Robert Lorimer that no one else's architecture has had so wide an appeal. All who admire the whims and the romanticism of the playwright must also appreciate the architect. Sir Robert Lorimer does indeed represent the popular conception of Scotland, and, as Mr. Hussey has said in the sumptuous book just published on his work, " his architecture is an expression of a rocky soil and glamorous history, an architecture of which the walls and bastions seem to have come together of themselves in harmonious compact against the elements, and where devices curiously wrought embody the wild grace of flower and forest and fairy tale."

Even we in England who have not been up the steep rock to where the Scots War Memorial rises like some inverted sporan over Edinburgh, have a chance of seeing some of Lorimer's work. St. Andrew's Church, Aldershot, is a reminiscence of Scotland amongst the Surrey pines; simple yet weird, it is a refined blending of the Celtic and the Italian, for in this red brick round-windowed church is embodied one of those round towers whose sinister beauty dominates many a hill and valley in Ireland.

Seventeenth-century architecture in Scotland was impressive and individual in style, and the first Scottish architecture worthy of consideration after Celtic times. The good workmanship, the ruggedness and solidity of these buildings, was eminently suited to the severe eighteenth-century styles, and the high-water mark of Scottish architecture was reached when Playfair and Hamilton made of Edinburgh a modern Athens. The severity

and restraint of this Greek revival was altogether too much for the worshippers of Balmoral, and it may safely be said that in no country have more hideous examples of sham medievalism reared their yellow brick turrets to a leaden sky. Lorimer was brought up in this Gothic tradition and helped to de-gothicize Scottish architecture. Nevertheless, he was capable of destroying eighteenth-century work in his own home.

In 1889, he entered the office of G. F. Bodley, and in the Thistle Chapel, Paisley Abbey, and St. John's, Perth, the Bodley teaching in Lorimer appears.

But his early work was the restoration of Scottish castles, and it is by this that he will be chiefly remembered. No architect was better acquainted than Lorimer with local stone and with the materials that built Scottish castles. His building was, as Stevenson described someone else's, " a great castle of joined stone that would weigh up a street of English houses." Moreover, Lorimer did not, like Bryce and Barry before him, attempt to make his own additions to Scots castles the same as the original building, but he joined them on by a narrow neck. Nor did he despise the Georgian so much as to wipe it away altogether, though he had little patience with the eccentricities of Barry.

It is among craftsmen that Lorimer would have been at his best. This is rather a pity, since he was living in an age when craftsmanship was at its lowest ebb, flavoured with church decorating taste and the most self-conscious " arty-ness " of the Gothic revival. Lorimer's furniture and plasterwork, embroidery and wood-carving are disappointing. For although he had the craftsman's instinct and had a characteristically sound knowledge of his materials, he fell short of being a great artist. His furniture especially shows this, for when it is slender it looks unstable, and is composed of restless curves. His memorial tablets, of which he made many, are undistinguished and reminiscent of typical church furnishing, and when he was not restoring a building but creating something, the façades he made resembled these memorial tablets magnified. When the taste for period decoration has died down, Lorimer will come into his own, not as a creative architect, but as a sympathetic remodeller.

Crystal Palaces.

Modern Glass. By Guillaume Janneau. London : The Studio, Ltd., 1931. Price 30s. net.

THE age which hails the Crystal Palace as one of the first efforts in modern architecture must take into account a new form of wall decoration. Therefore when a book comes out on modern glass one expects to see not so much glass ornaments fit for the mantelpieces of period or of non-period rooms, as glass decorations for large surfaces. Stained glass, as it has been interpreted by the Gothic revivalists, in whose hands it still remains in this country, must soon be a thing of the past, and the vital question that arises is, shall the new and increased surfaces of glass be treated pictorially or in the nature of an abstract wallpaper design? *Modern Glass*, by Guillaume Janneau, deals only at the end with stained glass, and then it suggests very little in the way of modern invention, the most impressive work being that of Karl Crayl in glass bricks at Magdeburg.

In the manufacture of glass as a purely ornamental substance, the decoration of mantelshelves and tables, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Sweden certainly produce the best designs, while Great Britain may produce good craftsmanship. Simon Gate and Edward Hald of Sweden have engraved glass in an elegant manner, while Jean Sala in France has produced fish in coloured blown glass of surprising and amusing shapes and beautiful quality. As lampshades and light-fittings, glass has so far made the biggest advance.

The striking dust-wrapper of this book is an encouraging effort in British publishing.

" Traditional " and Traditional.

The New Style Architecture and Decorative Design. With an Introduction adapted from the French of Maurice Casteels. London : B. T. Batsford, Ltd., 1931. Price 25s. net.

IT is interesting to notice that at the same time—in fact, almost on the same day—two such contradictory statements should have been published in England about architecture, as the following. While the *Builder* in a leading article heralded with some delight the collapse of modernism, and said that even the most extreme

MARCHMONT, BERWICKSHIRE.
The West Front restored by Lorimer.
From *The Work of Sir Robert Lorimer.*

THE KARSTADT STORES, BERLIN. Architect: *Schäfer.*

The complete absence of superfluous decoration gives a remarkable purity of outline to this building.

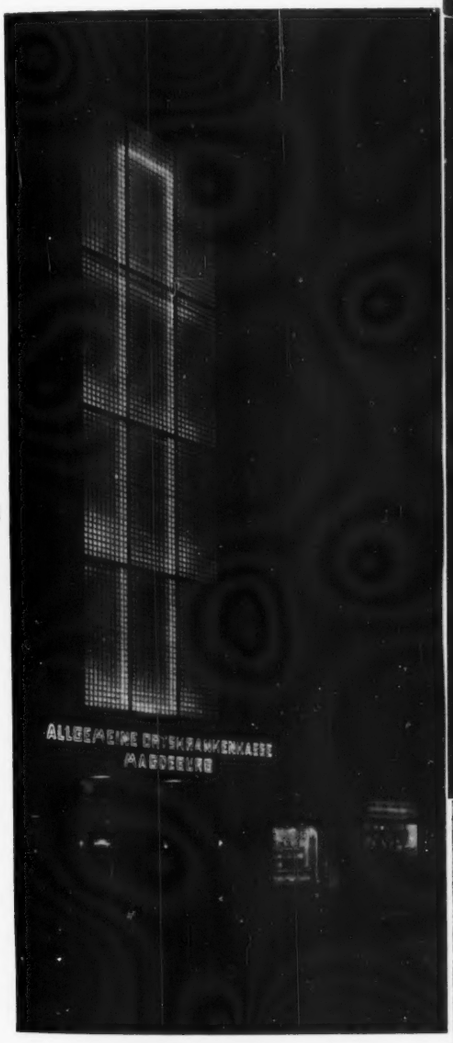
From *The New Style.*

left-wingers of architecture were becoming faint-hearted in their onslaught upon monumental Queen Anne, the introduction from the French of Maurice Casteels to a book on *The New Style* contained the following statement: "Generally speaking, however, the battle is won, and modern art now finds itself invested with certain security, even with a degree of respectability, which causes certain of its adherents to feel that the time has come to rest on their laurels . . ."

The introduction goes on to say that modern architecture is the result of utility and of economic conditions at the end of the Great War. "The engineers found themselves masters of the situation. A factory became a fighting machine, like a battleship; a whole district depended for its economic resistance and production upon an electrical power-station. Railway systems, dockyards, roads, no longer belonged to the province of military strategy, but were re-equipped, as it were, to help fight the far harder battle for economic victory, the battle of competition for markets, and cheap, efficient production. . . . . We need honest houses to live in nowadays; houses that make our lives easier and more healthy, houses that reflect something of the spirit of the times in which we live. This is not to demand perfectly cubical houses and equalized rectangular blocks in our cities. We cannot deny the tradition and culture that lie behind us. . . . We should beware of the apostle of modernism who can fail to be enchanted by such a work of architecture as the colonnade of the Louvre, or appreciate the charm of Queen Anne's Gate, or some of the Inns of Court, in London, or the streets of such cities as Rouen, Oxford, or Avignon."

The New Style is a representative collection of photographs of modern buildings dealing with the early effort before the war from the less fantastic horrors of Gaudi (misprinted Gandi) to Osswald's latest tower at Stuttgart. It is, in itself, a defence in illustration, and its remarks with regard to English "traditional" architecture come as a welcome emphasis to the pictures. "The public is becoming accustomed to the new architecture, even getting to like it, and it is chiefly the architects who lag behind. These manufacturers of Georgian façades will, it seems likely, soon be awakened from their reverie with a start, and will have to effect a considerable readjustment in their ideas if they are to continue in active practice."

(1) A STAIRCASE WALL constructed of glass bricks, shown at night in Magdeburg. Architect: *Karl Crayl, Germany.* (2) A WALL OF GLASS in the Architect's house, Rue Franklin, Paris. Architect: *Auguste Perret, France.* From *Modern Glass.*



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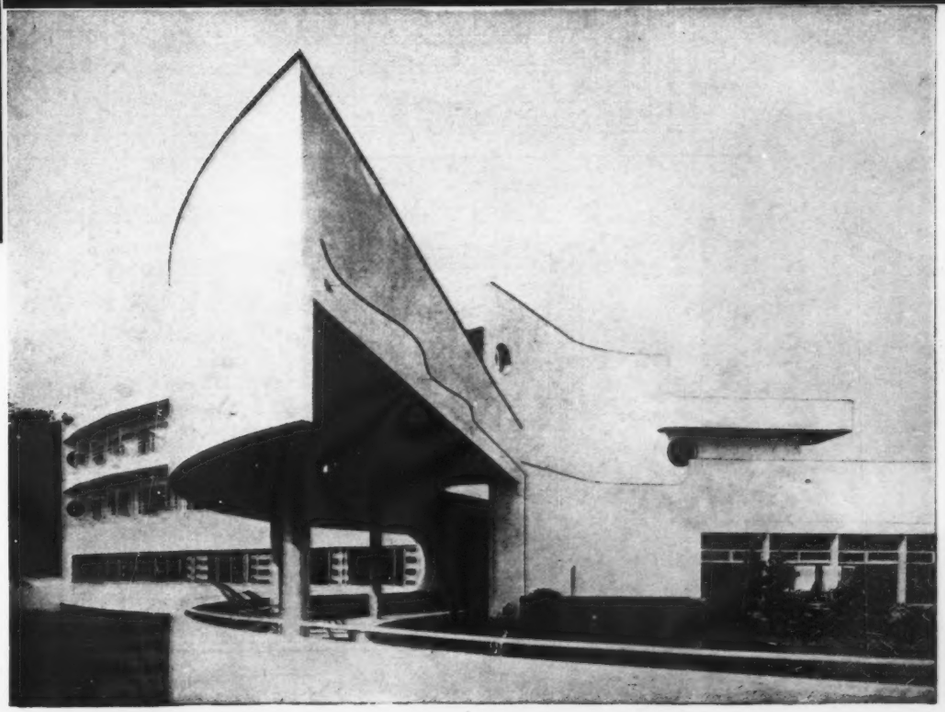


3

(3) A HOME FOR SINGLE MEN AND WOMEN, WERKBUND EXHIBITION, BRESLAU, 1929. Architect: *Scharoun.* The decorative quality is here strictly constructional. From *The New Style.*

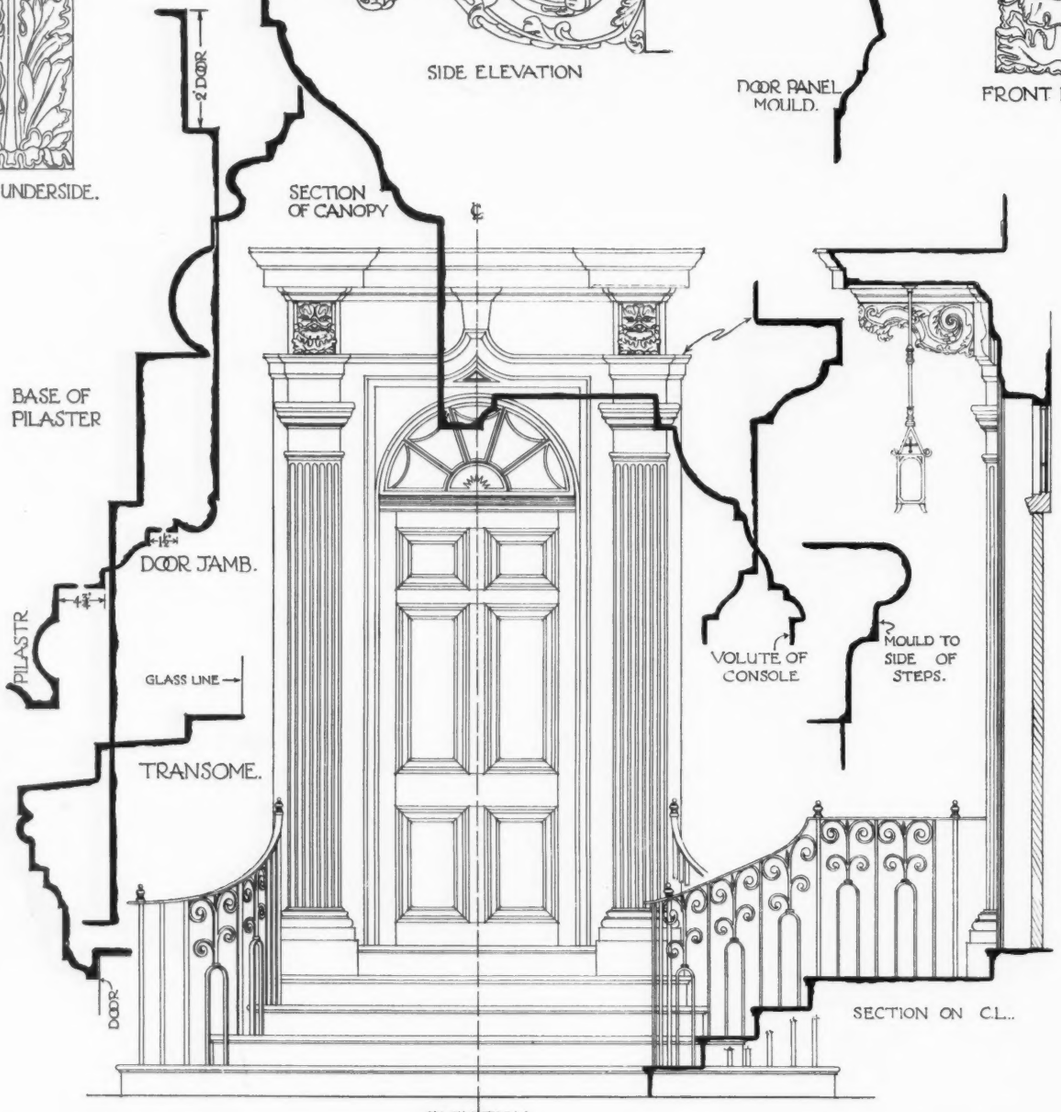
PLAN UNDERSIDE.

INCHES SCALE OF CARVED CONSOLE TO CANOPY.

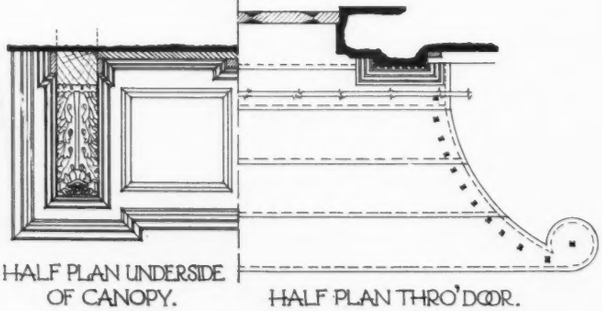
SIDE ELEVATION

DOOR PANEL MOULD.

FRONT ELEVATION.



ELEVATION.



HALF PLAN UNDERSIDE OF CANOPY.

HALF PLAN THRO' DOOR.

"HOLLY TREES"
COLCHESTER.
DETAIL FRONT
ENTRANCE DOOR.

MEASURED AND DRAWN BY
KENNETH C SCARFF.

SCALE FOR ELEVATION, SECTION, AND PLAN. FEET

SCALE FOR SECTIONS OF MOULDINGS. INCHES

FILM INQUIRY—5.[1]

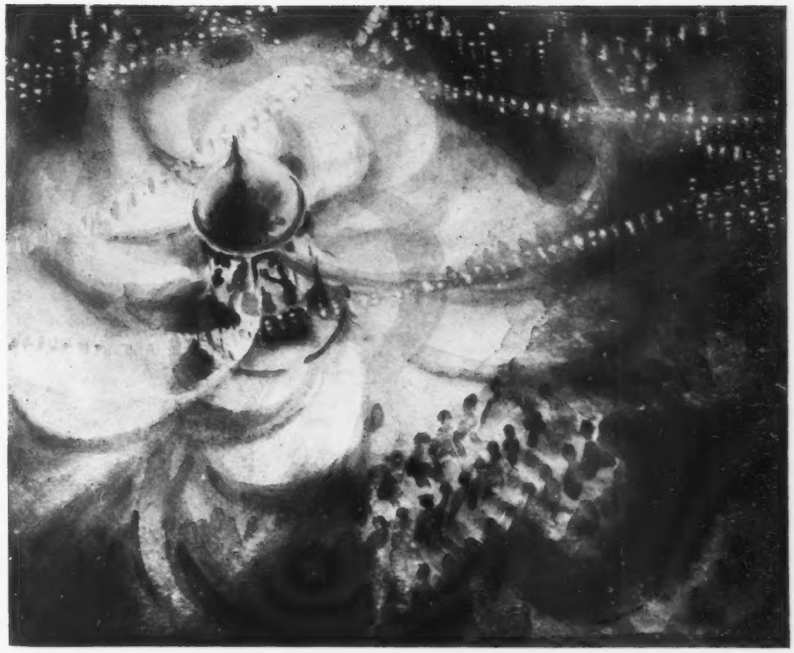
SETS.

The parrot cry of the film critics (is now and ever shall be, boredom without end) rings, "Motion pictures must move!"

Well, let 'em!

Supposing the scenery of films was sketched in by light instead of being frozen into wood, plaster, canvas. Then, backgrounds could be put into constant motion in relation to players and action. When the players were standing still and the action was unimportant, the light constructed scenery could increase luminosity and pattern. Moreover, changes of scene could be effected in a twinkling: light scenery could be built and shattered before a workman had time to find his hammer.

3



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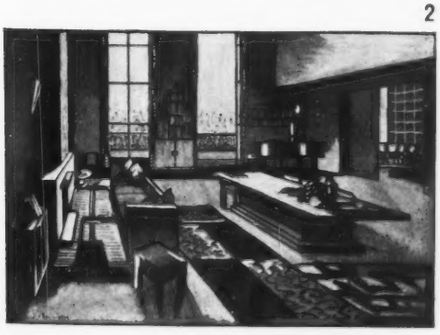

Supposing the air, too, was put into motion by means of coloured dust?

It is very grand for the critics to be able to repeat their little formula, but to how many of them have the possible dynamics of cinema ever even occurred?

(1) and (2) are "Original set designs for *Fascination*" by Paul Rotha. They are excellent examples of first-rate plans designed to meet contemporary needs of solid cinematic architecture.

(3) is the kind of sketch an artist, who is also a lighting expert, will hand to the studio supervisor to give him an idea of the material needed for a set, and the final impression it will create. Here, an elaborate scene is achieved with minimum economy. The only solid part of the set is the bandstand which is, in reality, a reflector. It takes several rhythms of light: on the dome light circles in varying shapes, on the pillars light moves as part of a machine. Raying from the bandstand, are spotlights tilted at different angles: their beams are clearly defined by dust moving in the air. The spotlight dance makes counterpoint with the music; the light on the bandstand is part of the music. The background of darkness is constantly dissected by chains of small round lights representing fairy lanterns. Finally, the scheme allows for clusters of coloured wires, looped from the bandstand to the edges of the picture. Spotlights would be drawn along these wires to give another promenade illumination simplification.

The sketch is by Stella Burford, and the scene is suggested by a poem entitled *Nora* by Rodger Burford.

OSWELL BLAKESTON.

[1] The previous articles were published in the June, July, August and October issues.

A Free Commentary.

By Junius.

THE directors of the Blank Railway having by now each received a copy of our last free commentary (if, indeed, their secretaries have not, by way of defending their overworked masters, made away with the insolent paragraphs), we await with philosophic calm and detachment their failure to acknowledge same or to take action about the various matters of offence.

* * *

Perhaps in the next issue . . .?

* * *

Apropos tariffs. These will, of course, be hailed (quite apart from their expected magical effect in restoring Britannia to the Lordship of the Seven Seas and what all) by all lazy-minded manufacturers who ask—what's all this nonsense about apt design and decency and fitness for purpose? The blank foreigner with his ingenuity and sense of the value of the designer as an aid to salesmanship will now be effectively stymied.

* * *

Let us carry our minds back to the late autumn of 1914, when, the Austrian and German markets being closed, an exhibition, under the inspiration of the founders of the Design and Industries Association (if I mistake not), was hastily got together of stationery sundries and fancy goods hitherto supplied by the then enemy countries. Alongside these goods were arrayed those which the British manufacturer was capable of making to take their place. (It is only fair to say that there has been distinct improvement since those days, but not enough to fly banners and let off petards about.) It was agreed by the beholders that the British substitutes were on the whole, with very rare individual exceptions, clumsy, expensive, inefficient and hideous. The cheap pencils, for instance, were nothing like so cheap and they wouldn't stand up to their work. The glass inkpots were ungainly and dear. The fancy goods were without fancy, appalling to behold, horrible to handle—colour, texture, fittings, general design, inadequate and not far short of being explicitly disgusting. It was a sorry affair. In many breasts there then sprang up a divine and inextinguishable discontent which was to flower in the D.I.A. and a great deal of devoted, unpaid and largely unregarded work towards doing the job (or inducing the doers of the job to do it) a little better—even, much better.

* * *

There is special need of an analogous exhibition today. It should be, as I conceive it, in three sections. The first section should be devoted to British goods of decent design (hand-bags and allied goods, glass, table-ware, scent and other packings, wrapping papers—in all these there have been distinct improvements, but the section will not be large).

* * *

The second section will (that is to say, should—we are dreaming dreams !) be devoted to foreign goods of excellent design, selling freely in our general stores and shops. This will be large and it will be exceedingly interesting. It will be seen that the despised foreigner is not content just to turn out something that will more or less do the job at the cheapest possible price. It will, on the contrary, be seen that he pays great attention to comeliness, to ingenuity and practicality, to elimination of unnecessary material, to attractive colour. It is clear that either he has in general better taste than his British competitor, or that he has better sense, the sense to consult people whose job it is to make things well—engineers, architects, even artists. This will be an exhilarating and stimulating exhibition, and the material for it could be got together in a day by six men and women in six taxicabs with six purses in a day's shopping in Oxford Street, Brompton Road, and Kensington High Street.

* * *

The third section will contain those proud imperishable goods about which fools like Junius have been making all this pother. Here will be the ghastly rows of shooting-gallery china, of ancient and terribly " modern " table-ware (the kind " we are selling a lot of just now "), rolls of lugubrious linoleum, furniture sticky with varnish, gay with chenille tassels, pierced and fretted and bossed with machine " art " carving and nice little lengths of applied moulding, all rapidly flung together and united with the very, very best glue. Here will be shelves groaning (and no wonder) with pierced metal ware for the table and the overmantel and the grand piano, and the whatnot, to hold fruit and bonbons and flowers (yes, flowers), and butter and cheese and biscuits, and tobacco ash and, indeed, everything that the heart of man can desire. And there will be copper crocodile work for letter-boxes and switches and faked tool mark name-plates for *Mon abri* and *Mon repos*. And strong men of sense and sensibility will wail and gnash their teeth—(or would; this is, as we say, a dream).

* * *

I, Junius, once did a joyous morning's work. I was provided by the D.I.A. with a goodly number of Bradburys. It was my task to buy a collection of jibe-worthy articles of common use for an exhibition at Olympia (space by courtesy of the *Daily Mail*, to give the *Mail* its due). It was an easy business. I selected a likely " house "—which I do not mention for reasons connected with our ludicrous laws of libel, mainly designed to protect the less worthy of our citizens (who, of course, need protection oftener, so there may be something to be said for these laws after all), and I began to buy with a fine frenzy. The happy salesmen soaped their hands with increasing frequency and begged to know whether there was anything else they could do for me. Having finally completed my order I asked them if they had any idea what I wanted their wares for. They hadn't. " I came here," I said, " thinking to find quite the ——est assortment of these things. I have not been disappointed. Please deliver to 6 Queen Square, Bloomsbury. *Good* morning." " Poor gentleman ! " they seemed to be saying behind their still obsequious masks, " Poor gentleman. He's evidently for it. But that doesn't affect the commission." But anyway, as I say, it was a brave morning's work.

* * *

So that's one reason why I don't hail tariffs with the enthusiasm of Mr. Amery and my Lord Beaverbrook. There are others, but they are irrelevant—here.

* * *

We can well imagine the fine old stock that will be rushed forward for this national emergency. We can see with our mind's eye the mournful little attaché cases with their mournful contents which the proud British salesmen will plant upon the (perforce) patriotic British buyer. And we are not amused.

* * *

And meanwhile hosts of American and Continental visitors eager to turn their dollars and francs and lire and dinars and piastres into pounds will rush over to see our advertisements, our petrol pumps, our litter, and—our termini. Which reminds me of the Blank Railway again. Well, well !

A REGENCY ARMCHAIR, with hollowed back. The arms are supported by eagles with spread wings. The whole frame is ebonized and enriched with gold.

The Architectural Review
Supplement November 1931

Decoration & Craftsmanship

OVERLEAF: *AT CLOSE RANGE.*

DETAIL OF THE WEST FRONT OF THE SANTUARIO DE OCOTLAN, NEAR TLAXCALA, MEXICO. —Among the many remarkable examples of the Churrigueresque in Mexico the Santuario de Ocotlan takes a leading place. It stands on a hill not far from Tlaxcala, the once illustrious city of the Tlaxcalans, cousins of the Aztecs, whence it is approached by a rugged pathway. It is surrounded by an almost deserted village. Ocotlan," place of the pines," has long been a pilgrimage centre, ever since a miraculous spring appeared there to quench the thirst of a pious Indian. The external detail of the church is all but confined to the dome and lantern and the west front with its towers. The hexagonal brickwork and the glazed tile dome exhibit the influence of the neighbouring city of Puebla, in her architecture the most individual city of the Republic. The design and craftsmanship of this front is superior even to that of Joseph de la Borda's two magnificent churches at Taxco and La Valenciana. For the brilliance of its studied composition we may forgive it its exuberance and, instead, remark design which bears nothing of the taint of tee-square and set-square. A spacious forecourt gives its splendour ample room. In his book on *Spanish Baroque Art*, Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell says of the building:—"It is, in many respects, the most extraordinary of the whole series, being absolutely unique and unlike anything else. . . . In effect, this façade and its towers are indescribable. Their appearance against the glittering blue of the Mexican sky must be left to the imagination. It is snowy white and scarlet shagreen against the intense blue of space."

[CHESTER H. JONES].

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2

(1) A Regency *ELBOW CHAIR* with dolphin supports to the arms, painted black with gilt lines. (2) A mahogany *WORK TABLE* of finely-figured mahogany, with shaped supports of gilt brass. The tripod has moulded legs which terminate in chased and gilt paw feet.

We are indebted to Messrs. Lenygon and Morant *for several of the illustrations published in this article, and for others to* Edward Knoblock, H. S. Goodhart-Rendel, Messrs. Brinsley, *and* Messrs. Caldwell. [ED.]

The *Real* English Tradition

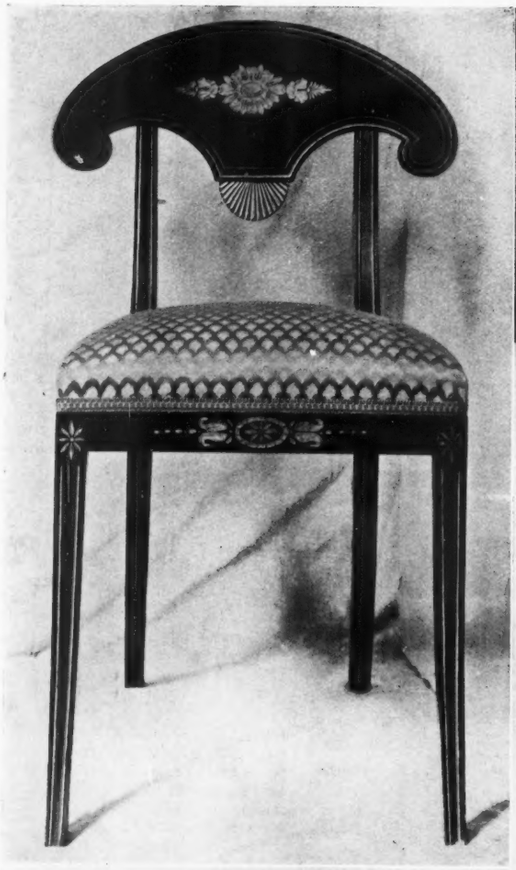
By John C. Rogers.

IT is an historical fact that roughly every hundred years since the Armada, England has found it necessary actively to participate in the quarrels of Continental nations, and by the aid of her forces to crush a power whose intolerable ambitions bid fair to enslave the liberties of others. Remarkable as the recurrent event has proved—and the last occasion is still all too fresh in our memories—it becomes doubly interesting to observe the important changes that took place in the tradition of design at these centennial milestones in our history. And it appears that these changes have, at each time of stress, progressively advanced into new fields, consequent no doubt upon changed circumstances in national life, the employment of new materials and various other factors.

In this article I am confining attention to events of the early nineteenth century. There is no need to do more than mention the clear analogy of that epoch with the present day; but, that is the root-reason of its intense interest and importance to all students and well-wishers of progress in modern architecture and the allied crafts.

No recognized and accepted style in interior decoration and furniture can develop unless it be understood, i.e. unless it expresses both in form and fitness for purpose the needs of its age. For this to come to pass it must develop as the healthy child of a living architectural style. If therefore the furniture and decoration of the Regency period (for such is the name now generally applied to the first quarter of the nineteenth century) possesses modern qualities and individual character, we should find it supported and based upon contemporary architecture; and this we may do in the work of Sir John Soane and his school.

The more Soane's work is studied in the light of his age and his early environment the more remarkable it appears. Out of the declining style of Robert Adam, and the dying embers of the later Renaissance, Soane evolved buildings that came as a revitalizing influence; he aimed at a simplicity of form in which well-proportioned plain surfaces, unbroken lines and bold curves provided an effect hitherto unknown in this country; he employed ornament with great reserve, often obtaining sufficient interest by the light and shade of well-considered masses. His contentment with clean and simple structural forms is a parallel with the aims of present-day designers, and most valuable to the student because he knew how to invest the practical and functional with a simple dignity and grace.



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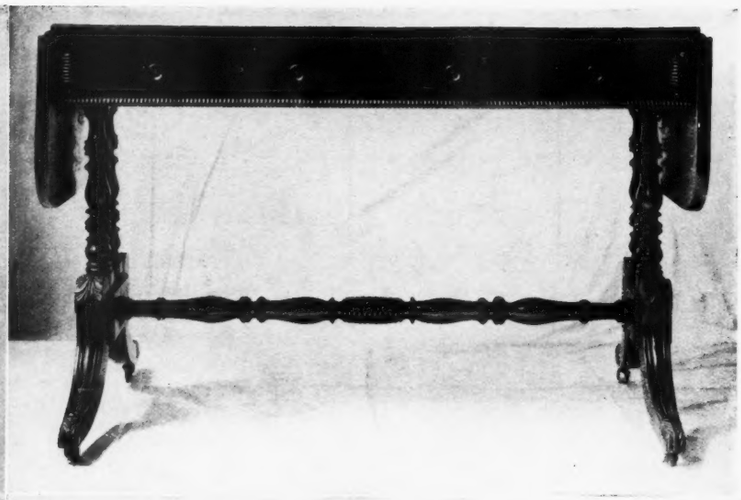

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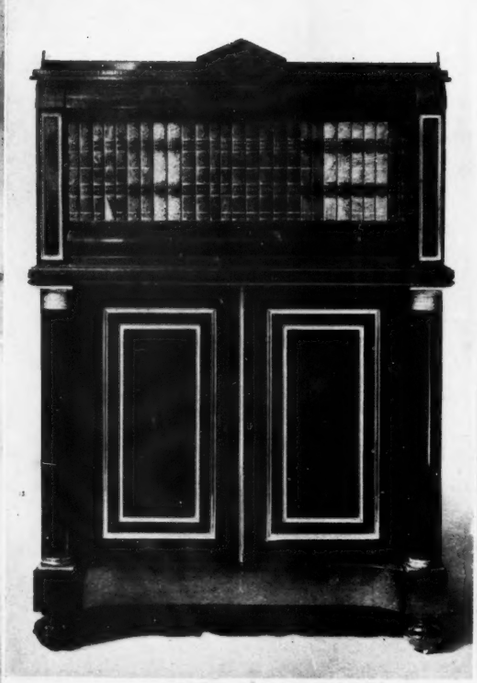

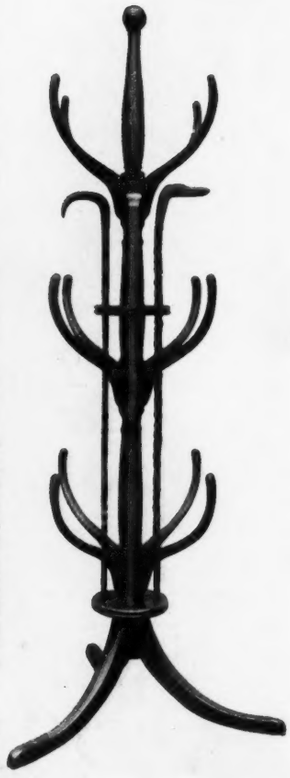

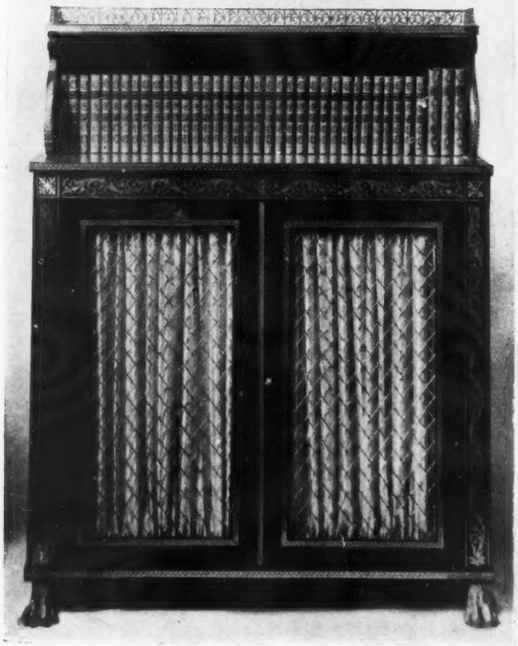

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(3) A Regency *SINGLE CHAIR* with ebonized frame, decorated with lines and other ornaments in gold. (4) A dwarf *BOOK CABINET* of rosewood, finely inlaid with leaf ornament in brass. The top shelf is fitted with a pierced and gilt brass gallery. (5) A rosewood *SOFA TABLE* with turned supports and stretcher. The splayed and moulded legs are enriched with acanthus leaf. (6) A mahogany dwarf *BOOKCASE* fitted with cupboards below and a bookshelf above. The panel mouldings are gilt. (7) A *STAND* for hats and walking sticks, with three groups of antler hat-pegs radiating from a turned shaft supported upon a tripod (*circa* 1805). (8) A *SOFA TABLE* with an extending top. The frieze contains two drawers. The table is supported on a central square pillar and shaped feet (*circa* 1815).

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(9) A beechwood *CHAIR* painted green, with carved and gilded enrichments. The seat and back are covered in green and silver Spitalfield silk damask. (10) An *ARMCHAIR* of light and graceful design (*c.* 1810). (11) A rare (English Empire) combined *CHESS TABLE PIANO*. The keyboard pulls out like a drawer and the hammers beat on glass tubes. The top is cross-banded with snakewood, inlaid with brass, and mounted on a lyre-pattern pedestal. (12) A *CARD TABLE* with a folding and revolving top. The four slender legs are embraced by a solid stretcher (*c.* 1810). (13) A *WORK TABLE* with a well, slung in a U frame, supported on a square pillar with four radiating feet (*c.* 1820).

A WELL-KNOWN GERMAN MAGAZINE ON THE ENGLISH REGENCY.

The following extracts are translated from an article entitled English Character: English Design, ***to be published in*** Die Form ;—

" A national tradition in design, properly so called, is something as dynamic and continuously alive, although it may at times slumber, as the national consciousness itself. It may be defined as the progressive evolution of certain racial characteristics and propensities that find their natural expression in form. It is *not* the sum total, or historical corpus, of those groupings of innumerable minor details and transient modes which crystallize into the particular national mannerisms evinced by each successive phase of style; though it is obvious that every one of these is permeated by it in some degree, and that all of them contribute to the formation of an integral stage of its development. This is why I have said it may be considered a hopeful sign that, conscious of what they owe to their own age, and revitalized by the manifestations of its creative spirit abroad, English designers are at last discarding copybook fidelity to historic models (which, though often good and simple in themselves, have long since become static and inanimate by virtue of their antiquity); and are beginning to grope their way back to the tap-root of the English idiom. If only because it would be at once the most natural and propitious source of inspiration, that culminating simplicity of the Regency style, in which the English tradition was arrested in terror of the machine a hundred years ago, might well be the point where it is destined to be resumed; a renaissance we feel cannot be long deferred, and may, indeed, be imminent. . . .

" It so happened that when the appearance of the country and the manner of life of its inhabitants began to be transformed by industrial expansion—a period roughly corresponding with the Regency, and subsequent reign, of that *arbiter elegantiarum*, George IV; the last British sovereign to be an active patron of the arts—a stage in the evolution of the national tradition in design had been reached which might be described, for lack of a better phrase, as in many ways modern in feeling.

" In both architecture and furniture this phase was identified with an extreme simplicity of form, manifested in a strong partiality for large, plain surfaces, and unbroken lines or bold curves; and the relegation of ornament to a severely subordinate rôle. This " Regency style," as it is called, is often erroneously described as a late English echo of the French *style Empire*. The Greek basis of the Empire style undoubtedly influenced the Regency style, but there is no contemporary French domestic architecture or furniture corresponding to this aristocratic embodiment of the supreme virtue of unpretentious, workaday plainness. Besides being the ultimate simplification of the eighteenth century tradition, the Regency style was the most English style that England has ever known. To realize it one has only to take a glance at a street of those long terraces of uniform houses, two or three windows wide and three or four stories high, which, though now rapidly disappearing, are still typical of certain districts in London such as Bloomsbury and St. Marylebone—to say nothing of whole quarters that have gradually become semi-slums. These late Georgian houses, which, when seen from the pavement, have their low-pitched roofs hidden by a line of plain uncorniced parapet, are as innocent of decoration as of structural shams. They began to be built about the last decade of the eighteenth century, and remained the " standard type " without any modification for the next forty years. Stucco their now blackened brick fronts and you would have rows of Adolf Loos, almost of André Lurçat, dwellings; but you would still have the true English tradition in design. When foreign architects visiting London ask to be shown " something really modern and functional," I take them first to see the house I was born in (which is just such a house as I have described), and then the broad-windowed, white-painted, two-storied, detached or semi-detached villas of St. John's Wood that are built of stuccoed brick. And I challenge them to discover any trace of decoration in either, unless it be in an occasional fanlight or elegant first-floor balcony of cast iron: added, though practical, graces which are the exception, not the rule. It is only after they have digested these " antiquities " that I begin to show them things like . . . . In furniture the Regency era is best exemplified by those solid, perfectly plain chests-of-drawers, made of lightly-varnished mahogany, that have large, circular wooden knobs for handles.

" This Regency style, and with it the whole English tradition in design, came to a full stop somewhere between 1830 and 1845 . . ."

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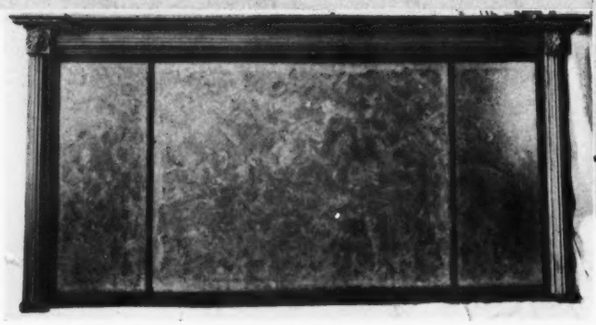

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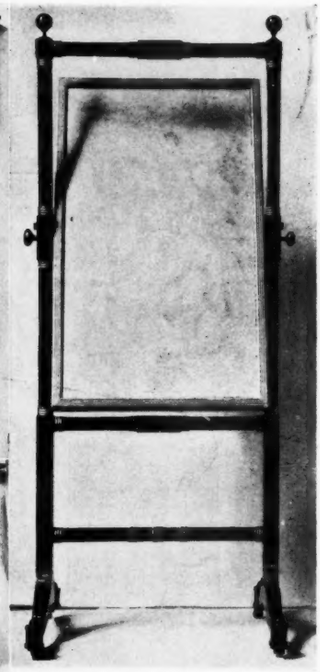

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(14) An *OVERMANTEL MIRROR* of gilt wood, with composition enrichments in the frieze. The centre panel represents *Venus* in a chariot drawn by lions, with attendant Amorini. (15) A Regency *THREE-PLATE OVERMANTEL MIRROR* with a reeded frame, ornamented with lions' heads, entirely gilt. (16) A *DRESSING MIRROR* with turned supports and stretchers, in ebonized and gilt wood.

We must reach at least to an equality with Soane in order to produce modern architecture that is harmonious and worthy of our age.

It has often been said that the English Regency is an echo of the French "Empire style." There is in this a modicum of truth, but error lies in regarding it as the main, if not the only, cause. It is true that a certain amount of English Regency furniture, with a smaller quantity of interior decoration of that period, possesses features based on ancient Egyptian and classical motifs culled by French artists during Napoleon's campaigns in the Levant and Egypt. But this is of no greater significance than the mid-eighteenth-century parallel that induced the enterprising Chippendale and others to produce furniture exhibiting Gothic tracery and Chinese pagodas. Special creations to the order of wealthy patrons, or the outcome of an amateur's eccentric notions such as a great part of the furniture made for Thomas Hope, must rank with certain of today's efforts, which are aptly and adequately described as "great fun." Nor must Hope's famous book *Household Furniture* be regarded in the truly national sense its title suggests. The work forms a valuable record of the furnishing and decoration of his own remarkable house, Deepdene, Dorking, yet so completely steeped in archæology at the time, it is of little value to the modern student of design.

The English Regency style covered the whole country and proved itself economically and commercially acceptable to the people who, like ourselves, were sadly impoverished by a costly war.

It was, to quote a German writer, "the most English style that England had ever known." It is clear that appreciation of our late Georgian domestic work is strong upon the Continent; they take joy in the clean lines and plain surfaces of our long terraces of houses, faced with stocks or stucco, regularly punctuated with rectangular windows in three or four stories, the roofs hidden behind a plain parapet. They delight in this frank simplicity and liken it to the modern work of Adolf Loos and André Lurçat. They see plainly enough "the true English tradition in design," yet "something really modern and functional."

And so with the bulk of the furniture of that time: there is much of a simple elegance, and we should expect it so. Yet by many it remains almost disregarded owing to a ridiculous belief that the end of the eighteenth century saw an end of all good cabinet and chair making. Amongst authorities, however, it is now readily admitted that Regency furniture can often show very interesting design coupled with perfect material and superlative craftsmanship, and if I may add my own experience, the construction and finish of some of the finest Regency furniture exceeds in quality anything I have examined made in the glorified eighteenth century.

It is something more than a catastrophe that all this courageous effort was soon to be arrested, but nothing could keep pace with the machine. A serious decline set in after 1825 and before 1840 the Regency style and with it the whole English tradition in design, had come to an end—*pro tem.*, let us hope.

Now this is my point: can we not believe that our national tradition in design has laid buried for a century, but not dead, while the exploitation of the machine and a mad craze for ancient styles obsessed men's minds? It is clear we are rapidly extricating ourselves from the copy books; and, spurred by what is happening on the Continent, are now conscious of what we owe to our own age. Therefore if we are destined to pick up a thread from the past, surely the Regency style stands invitingly as a truly modern development, nipped in the bud while we built up and perfected the mechanical age, to be now resumed in a renaissance which many feel to be imminent.

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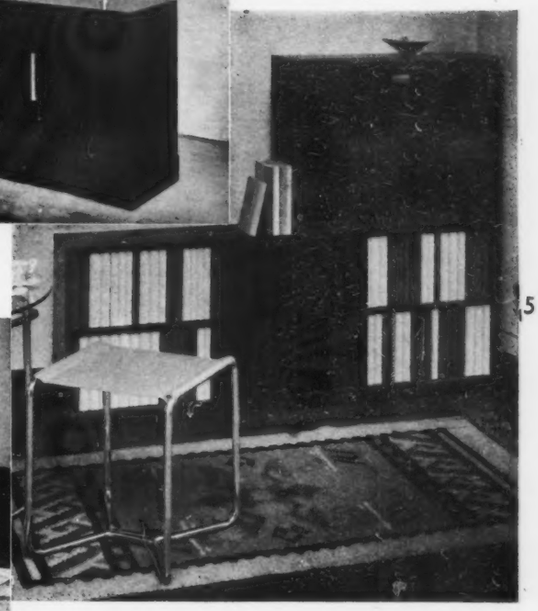

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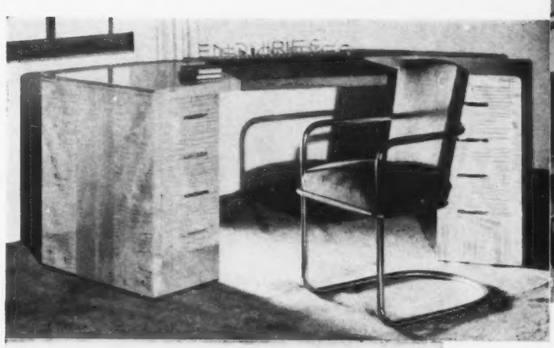

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(1) A *SIDEBOARD* in ebonized mahogany, with chromium-plated handles. *Designers* and *Craftsmen :* Heal. (2) An Office *WRITING TABLE* in grey sycamore with blue bands of the same wood. The writing slab is in blue hide and the fittings are Staybrite. The *CHAIR* is in chromium-plated steel, upholstered in velvet. *Designer :* Joseph Emberton. *Craftsmen :* The Bath Cabinet Makers' Company. (3) A *SIDEBOARD* veneered with zebrano. The drawer handles are chromium-plated bars fixed to sealing-wax-red blocks. *Designer :* E. Arthur Brown. *Craftsmen :* Crossley and Brown. (4) A *CHEST* veneered with French walnut and finely figured Amboyna. The side carcases form cupboards and the centre drawers. *Designer :* Herbert Walker. *Craftsmen :* B. Cohen and Sons. (5) Three units of a sectional walnut *BOOKCASE* which can be arranged in a variety of forms, each unit being of the same size. That in the top right-hand corner is equipped with a drop flap and fitted for a writing desk. *Designer :* Michael Dawn. *Craftsman :* F. Gough. (6) A veneered walnut *BOOKCASE* for the directors' room of the Colne Valley Waterboard. The drop handles to the drawers are of white metal. *Designers :* Symonds and Lutyens. *Craftsmen :* Tibbenham.

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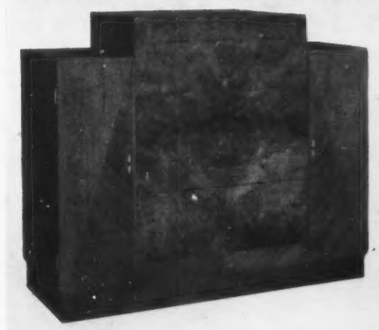

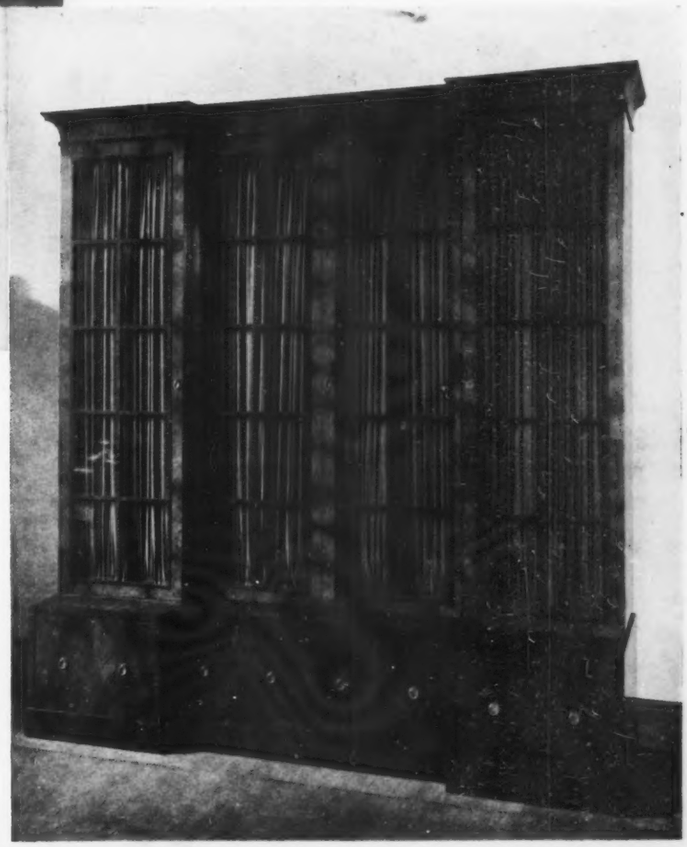

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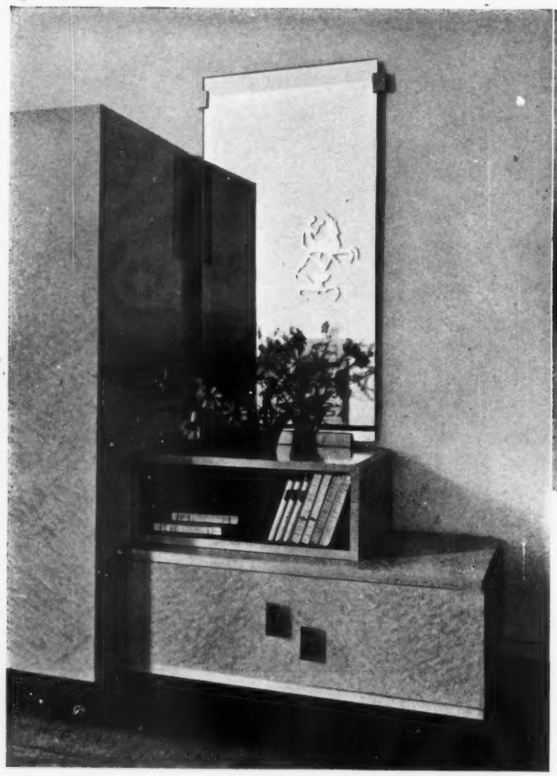

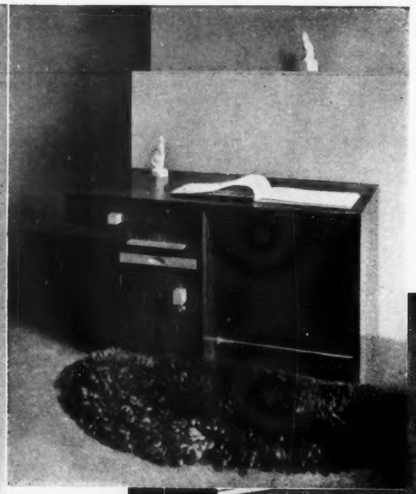

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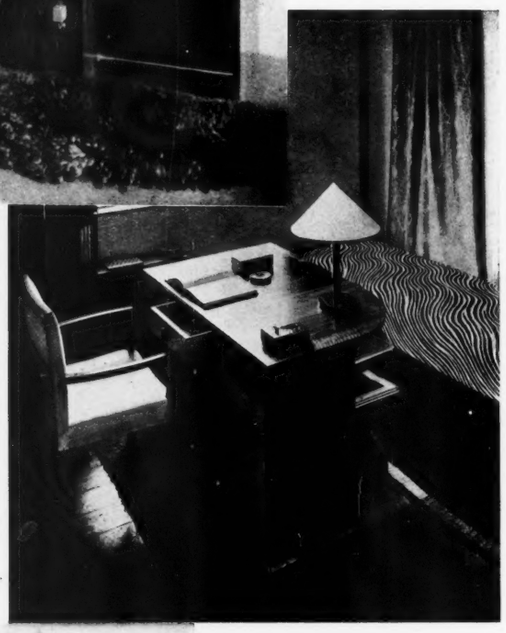

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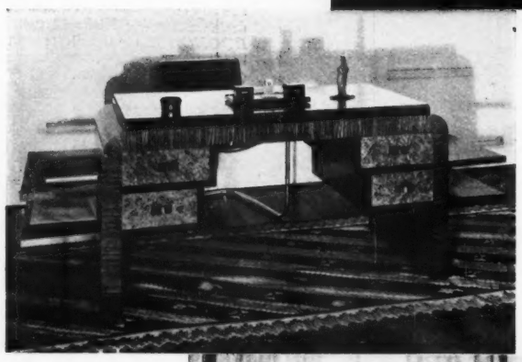

(7) A *WARDROBE* in bird's-eye maple with a blackwood base. *Designer:* T. S. Tait. *Craftsmen:* George Parnall and Company. (8) A *WRITING DESK* in macassar ebony, burr walnut, and blackwood. The top is covered with half-inch plate glass. *Designer:* T. S. Tait. *Craftsmen:* George Parnall and Company. (9) *BEDROOM FURNITURE* veneered with figured birch, stained oatmeal colour. *Designer:* David Pleydell-Bouverie. *Craftsmen:* Crossley and Brown. (10) A *DESK* in walnut. *Designers* and *Craftsmen:* Arundell Clarke. (11) A *DESK* in walnut and cherry. The *CHAIR* and *SECTIONAL BOOKCASES* are in walnut. *Designers* and *Craftsmen:* Gordon Russell.

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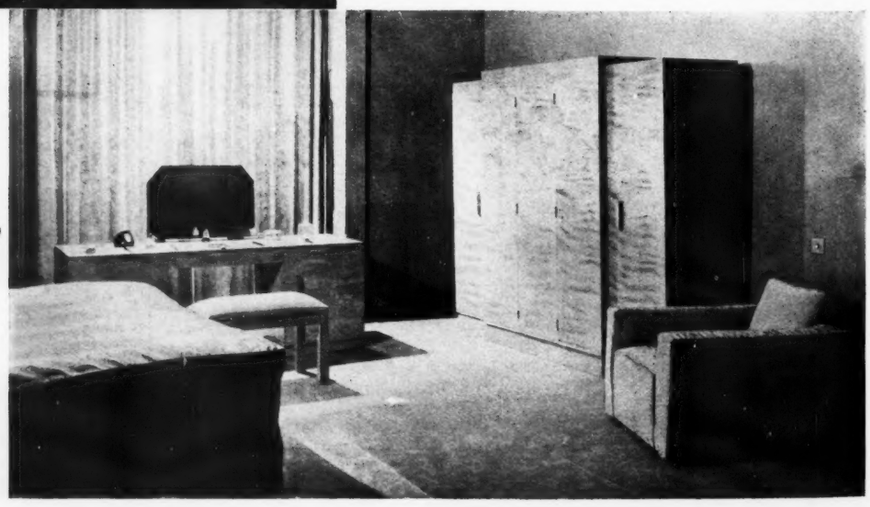

"Atlas White" Portland cement has been used for twenty-five years to produce many forms of white Portland cement concrete. In no area of its tried and successful employment is the permanency and excellence of the material invariably shown to greater advantage than in exterior stucco. The house illustrated on this page, designed by Stanley H. Smith, A.R.I.B.A., located at Meadway, Old Southgate, shows how tastefully and artistically an exterior of "Atlas White" concrete stucco can be employed on a residence of attractive design. The "Atlas White" on such a stucco frontage costs less than a shilling a yard super. The selected white silica sand costs from 2d. to 3d. per yard super. The method of application is important, but simple to follow. Write for a copy of our "Atlas White Stucco Specifications" and learn how easily this type of finish is produced.

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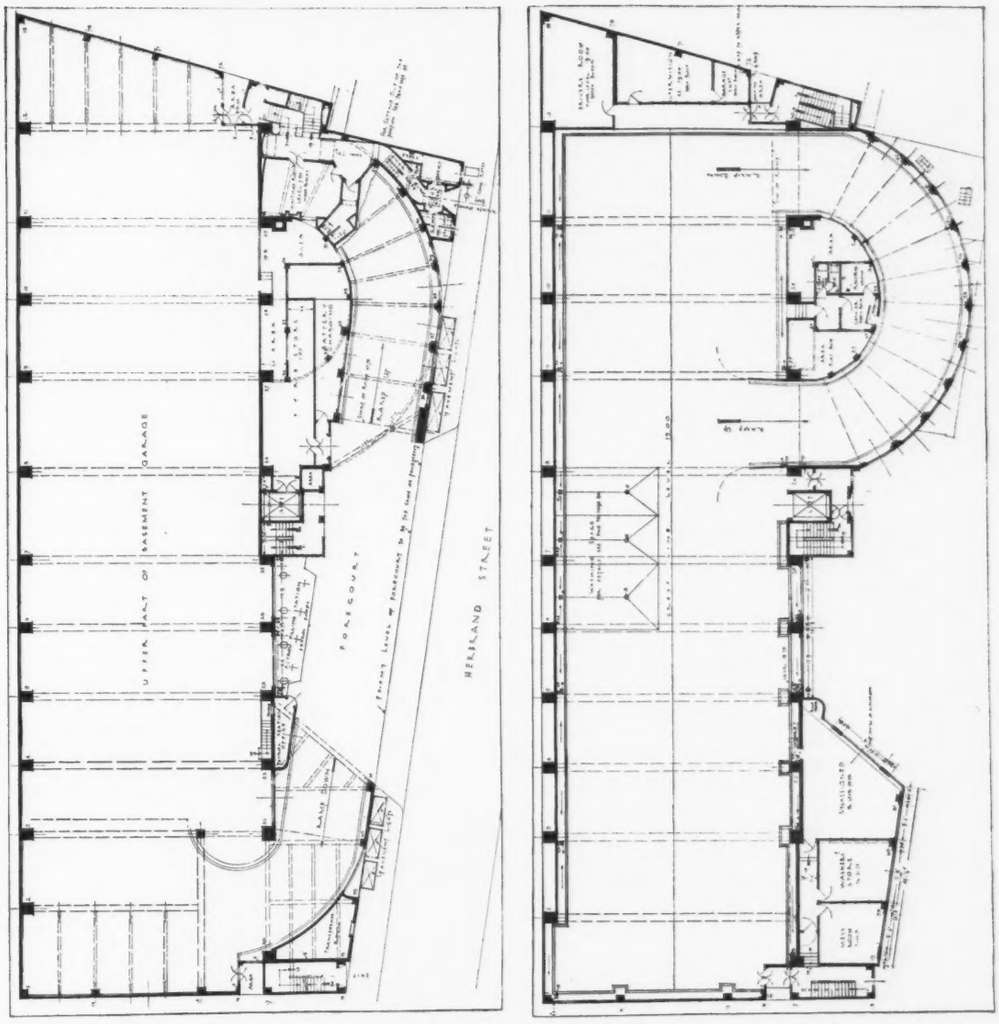


PLANS OF THE ROAD LEVEL AND GROUND FLOORS OF THE NEW DAIMLER HIRE GARAGE, illustrated on Plate IV of this issue. The building is of single span construction and offers uninterrupted garage space on each floor, the width of the span being 58 ft.—a long span in reinforced concrete. It can be seen from the plan at road level that the ingress and egress of cars from their particular parking space is an easy matter, and the whole garage can be emptied of cars in a matter of minutes. The number of cars this garage will accommodate is approximately 325. Special provision has been made for the fireproofing and ventilating of the building, and it is equipped with a complete sprinkler and drencher system, together with blast ducts. To accelerate the cleaning of cars an area has been allocated on each floor with special forms of artificial lighting and a water supply delivered under strong pressure from a battery of pumps situated in the basement. The basement is designed to house even larger vehicles up to the size of the motor coach. On the ground floor there is a private owners' entrance leading to waiting-rooms, etc. The upper floors contain special departments, even to the making of chauffeurs' uniforms. The warming of the building is by unit heaters.

ANTHOLOGY.

" I look upon those pitiful concretions of lime and clay which spring up in mildewed forwardness, out of the kneaded fields about our capital—upon those thin, tottering, foundationless shells of splintered wood and imitated stone—upon those gloomy rows of formalized minuteness, alike without difference and without fellowship, as solitary as similar—not merely with the careless disgust of an offended eye, not merely with sorrow for a desecrated landscape, but with a painful foreboding that the roots of our national greatness must be deeply cankered when they are thus loosely struck in their native ground ; that those comfortless and unhonoured dwellings are the signs of a great and spreading spirit of popular discontent ; that they mark the time when every man's aim is to be in some more elevated sphere than his natural one, and every man's past life is his habitual scorn ; when men build in the hope of leaving the places they have built, and live in the hope of forgetting the years that they have lived ; when the comfort, the peace, the religion of home have ceased to be felt ; and the crowded tenements of a struggling and restless population differ only from the tents of the Arab or the Gipsy by their less healthy openness to the air of heaven, and less happy choice of their spot of earth ; by their sacrifice of liberty without the gain of rest, and of stability without the luxury of change."

* * *

The most familiar position of Greek mouldings is, in these days, on shops fronts. There is not a tradesman's sign nor shelf nor counter in all the streets of all our cities which has not upon it ornaments which were invented to adorn temples and beautify kings' palaces. There is not the smallest advantage in them where they are. Absolutely valueless—utterly without the power of giving pleasure, they only satiate the eye, and vulgarize their own forms. Many of these are in themselves thoroughly good copies of fine things, which things themselves we shall never, in consequence, enjoy any more. Many a pretty beading and graceful bracket there is in wood or stucco above our grocers' and cheesemongers' and hosiers' shops: how is it that the tradesmen cannot understand that custom is to be had only by selling good tea and cheese and cloth, and that people come to them for their honesty, and their readiness, and their right wares, and not because they have Greek cornices over their windows, or their names in large gilt letters on their house fronts? How pleasurable it would be to have the power of going through the streets of London, pulling down those brackets and friezes and large names, restoring to the tradesmen the capital they had spent in architecture, and putting them on honest and equal terms, each with his name in black letters over his door, not shouted down the street from the upper stories, and each with a plain wooden shop casement, with small panes in it that people would not think of breaking in order to be sent to prison! How much better for them would it be—how much happier, how much wiser, to put their trust upon their own truth and industry, and not on the idiocy of their customers. It is curious, and it says little for our national probity on the one hand, or prudence on the other, to see the whole system of our street decoration based on the idea that people must be baited to a shop as moths are to a candle.—(*From* The Seven Lamps of Architecture, *by Ruskin*—The Lamp of Beauty.)

* * *

Marginalia.

Brighton.

Once more the front of Brighton—once perhaps the loveliest sea front in England—is being "modernized." Monumental Queen Anne is taking the place of the original Regency and some of the old black-glazed brick houses at the Kemptown end are being removed for a *de luxe* garage. When attempts are made to remove Sussex Square and Brunswick Terrace to make them harmonize with the red and copper of the Metropole Hotel, the Brighton Town Council will no doubt be proud of its work. We fight a losing battle who try to support good architecture. We are told it is out of date and inconvenient. But looking at it from a monetary point of view, the Brighton authorities should be far-sighted enough to realize that they may be able to get a good profit out of Regency, which is fast being recognized. Let them remember that Stratford-on-Avon has done well over Tudor, and that they may make a little over stucco.

* * *

New Wildes for Old.

Thank heaven that common sense comes to the gentleman with the *mens sana in corpore sano* illustrated here. With a real vehemence worthy of James Douglas he has gone to the root of the whole matter about wanting to preserve the countryside in that stimulating little paper *Lang's Monthly*. All the trouble, he says, is due to Oscar Wilde. Of course it is. Common sense at last! Let me quote what he has to say about the leaders of the various councils for preserving rural districts from nice desirable Tudor residences and slap-up corrugated iron petrol stations and road signs. They—

"Walk down Piccadilly
With a poppy or a lily.

That was their ideal of life. Oscar Wilde was their prophet, and when he was sent to Reading Gaol the cult wilted and died for a generation . . . but abnormality breaks out in many ways and it is the abnormal mind which produces abnormal desires." For myself I must agree with this clever man. I never heard of anything so disgusting and abnormal as wanting to remove hoardings and tidy up petrol stations when there is good money to be made. I am glad to say that later on the author is able to find a verse from St. Luke which backs him up. To the many millions of readers of *Lang's Monthly* this article should be a stirring appeal, and I can only hope that all cranks and artists will be hounded out of the country and that every lane and main road will provide entertaining reading for the motorist.

* * *

The Master Builder.

The current number of the *Master Builder* contains illustrations and an article on past and present architecture in Soviet Russia. In its pages there is a lack of monumental Queen Anne which should be a considerable help to the somewhat arid creators of desirable blocks of flats. There are also illustrations, plans and elevations of small houses which should be in the hands of the designers of housing estates and thus create some hope for that countryside which is criticized so ably in *Lang's Monthly*.

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE.

In Defence of Derwent Wood.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—By a letter in your September issue, Mr. C. R. Nevinson states, "Derwent Wood despised or envied genius more than Jews, therefore his bitterness against Epstein was most awful—"

That statement deliberately attributes the dual mentality of a knave and a fool to one who was a great artist and a man of noble character.

Many people knew Derwent Wood longer than I, but we loved each other as brothers, fought constantly and ferociously in argument at our clubs, in our respective homes and at every street corner from Chelsea to the Café Royal. His bitterness was Homeric, never mean or drawn behind another man's back, nor over the grave of his enemies.

The secret of that bitterness is mine, and I divulge it for a worthy biographer of this passing age. Our battles began with the futility of academies and institutions and individuals; they ended in an armistice on the futility of so-called fine art itself. In his heart he came to see, as I maintained from the beginning, that artists have been too content to play at making toys.

I hope those who may know no better of my dead friend will accept this assurance that Francis Derwent Wood despised only insincerity, and envied no man.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
OLIVER P. BERNARD.

* * *

THE LEVERHULME MEMORIAL PORT SUNLIGHT CHESHIRE

Architect: J. L. Simpson, Esq

Sculptor: W. Reid Dick, R.A.

THE NEW CLOCK AT SELFRIDGES.

An Impression by Robert Byron.

THERE IS ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW AT SELFRIDGES.

* * *

Sex, Cinema and Screen.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—The following extracts are taken from the same issue of a popular trade journal.

REDECORATION SCHEME

"ATMOSPHERE" ADDED WHILE CINEMA CARRIES ON

An elaborate and original decorative scheme has been carried out at Hillsborough Cinema House, Sheffield. The walls of the body of the hall are decorated with pictures of beautiful buildings and scenery, representing Italian lakes, and the walls of the balcony suggest an English garden. The decorative scheme has been adapted to suit the structural arrangements. Looking through an alcove, the patron sees a beautiful vase of flowers or festoons of wistaria and other creeping plants. The pale blue background is carried up to meet the blue of the ceiling, hanging from which are lanterns of lemon and pink, which form a contrast to the colour-scheme. Commonplace articles like ventilators and radiators are hidden by sprays of lovely flowers and rustic wood and stone work.

"KEEPERS OF YOUTH."

WARDOUR. BRITISH. 6,395 FEET. CERT. "A." RELEASE: JANUARY 25, 1932. DIRECTOR: Thomas Bentley. LEADING PLAYERS: Robin Irvine, Garry Marsh, Ann Todd. RECORDING SYSTEM: R.C.A., sound on film.

School drama. Sexy story of games-master's attempted seduction of assistant matron, and latter's salvation in romance with younger tutor. Characterizations and general development pass scathing commentary on "keepers of youth," boy being expelled for sexy escapade while his tutors snarl and bite for favours of heroine, and head-master himself having been expelled from own college for something unsavoury. Portrayal of games-master picture's best entertainment bet, combining ribald frankness of invective with racy ridicule of platitudinous references to school honour and justice. Clever character-work in support and appealing feminine portrayal. Smoothly capable direction, fair settings, good photography, excellent recording. Acceptable entertainment for adult popular houses.

Is it, or is it not, curious that our cinemas seem to get more and more dreamy, while our films get more and more—what is the word—ah yes, Sir, vital.

Yours truly,

P. BENISON RODD.

The Mall,
Chiswick.

* * *

Harmony in Ships.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—Lord Clonmore's and Mr. Shapland's remarks on this subject are evidence that there is now a growing interest in the appearance of ships. It is remarkable that this should not have been the case earlier, seeing that ships are large and important structures moving round the world, often in view of thousands of persons.

The architecture of the exterior of ships was at the time of the Romans practically land architecture, but gradually, and particularly since the Middle Ages, it has developed in the direction of letting the structure, without appended ornaments of any sort, speak of the vessel's fitness for its purpose. Consciously or unconsciously ship builders have produced æsthetically satisfactory structures—satisfactory on account of their functional fitness and well-balanced distribution of masses, hull, deck houses, funnels, etc. The result has been beautiful structures for the transport of passengers and goods by sea. The steel ship builder may in fact be said to have shown the way for the land architect. Because what is it Le Corbusier has advocated in his work for a new architecture but the following of the example of the ship builder?

As far as the beauty of the exterior is concerned, British ships—particularly the liners and passenger ships—are ahead of ships belonging to less maritime-interested States. The British builders have eliminated before others incongruous ornaments and left the good structure of the modern ship to speak for itself.

Some of the extinct types of ships, such as British steel sailing ships, Norwegian wooden barques, the coasting schooners of many countries, etc., have in their time reached a very high standard of architectural beauty.

Ornaments are not under all conditions necessarily out of place, and perhaps ship building may even provide an example indicating the further progress of the new land architecture. At any rate, the Vikings built a thousand years ago ships which

were so perfectly fitted for their purpose that the use of the science of today could not lead to better results under conditions such as existed then. At the same time these ships were provided with ornaments in good harmony with the main structure.

The development of the architecture of the interior of ships did unfortunately not follow that of the exterior, but that of ordinary house architecture. It is necessary to use the expression "house architecture," and not "land architecture," because the production of engineering structures such as bridges, retaining walls, light-houses, etc., has closely followed the ship builder's practice with correspondingly good results. The blame for the interior architecture of ships not being in harmony with the natural functions of a structure made for transportation over the seas has been placed on various persons, such as the passenger, the owner, the builder, and the decorator. There is a certain amount of tragedy in the case, as it may happen that no one of these persons desires the style actually adopted, but the established state of affairs brings about the decision simply by inertia. The passenger's opinion is not asked, and it is not very likely that he would inquire before booking his passage as to which style his cabin might be decorated in. He would soon fall in with any style provided he is otherwise cared well for. The ship owner is interested in pleasing the passenger. Any objections which he might raise, due to a personal vanity he might consider satisfied by a particular style of decoration of his ship, could probably be overcome by arguments of a competent architect. The ship builder has to look after so many things in connection with the production of a satisfactory ship that he cannot be expected to give much attention to the interior decorative problem. In the case of large passenger ships he would probably leave the question to be decided between a decorator and the owner. The former is the person who is in the best position for improving the architecture of the interior of ships. A change can, however, hardly be expected before there is a change in the house architecture, as applied, for instance, to hotels. It would be natural if architects brought order on land and got rid of the periods there before they tackled the problem at sea. The so-called new architecture may perhaps bring about the desired change. It may at least provide the backbone of a satisfactory architecture. In time the flesh to cover it may come.

J. BRUHN, M.I.N.A.

Oslo, Norway.

* * *

Lord Clonmore Defends Himself.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—May I just make a short reply to the two criticisms of my article? To the third (printed above) I will make no reply, as I think it expresses very largely my own point of view. My plea was, not that the taste of the passengers should be educated to some high and precious standard of artistic appreciation, of which we are most of us only too glad to be incapable, but that they should not, on the other hand, be provided with that false, meretricious and complicated form of decoration which is debauching the mind of so many today. I did not ask the naval architect to supply the impossible, but something which is probably more economical than his present creations, that is to say a ship whose decorations have been designed with a view to that simplicity required by life at sea, and by its own structure. This can be done, and has been done by various continental firms, both those owning ships running in southern seas, and those whose ships must face the cold of the north. Perhaps particularly the Swedish Lloyd.

Mr. Ralston scores off me very well in various places, and I will gladly grant him his points, but I would like to answer two statements: First, about the broad plain surfaces which he finds in a Banking Hall. I do not wish to see marble and stone used at sea—God preserve us from them!—but what is against slabs of wood and looking-glass so skilfully used by various continental companies and so ignored by our own? Second, he mentions the question of windows and their size. My plea was not for windows as opposed to portholes, but *vice versa*. These can be equally decorative, are more economical, more practical, and as it is hard to see through them one hopes that the passengers may thus be persuaded to look at the sea from the most normal place, the deck.

Yours truly,

6, Adam Street, CLONMORE.
Portman Square, W.1.

* * *

Unregistered Architects.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—The younger English architects can at least extract some small comfort from the knowledge that the evil effects of the present economic depression are far from being confined to architectural practice. But it is considerably less edifying to reflect that the large proportion of whatever work remains is falling to men who were not only fortunate in being able to lay the foundations of their careers in an age of plenty, but are now enjoying something of a second innings at the expense of a missing generation; and it is perhaps permissible to ask once again if the present method of architectural remuneration is based either upon good sense or equity.

Public trustees, boards of directors, and even private individuals, when in search of an architect, must be excused for putting their trust in established reputations. But there is no doubt that this selection is influenced by the consideration that it is just as cheap (or expensive) to employ an older man at the top of his profession as a younger one on a less exclusive eminence. The fees of both consist of a percentage of the cost of the work entrusted to them—the most obviously fruitful source, in any case, of suspicion between architect and client.

Now, if you want your portrait painted by a fashionable Academician, you know that you will have to pay a fee of, say, fifteen hundred guineas. On the other hand, if you are prepared to take the risk of commissioning some less affluent artist, you may get an excellent picture for fifty. Why, then, cannot the choice of an architect be similarly determined? It will be argued that the risk is incomparably greater; that an architect is responsible for the expenditure of large sums of public and private money, and that his reputation (the preferred word is "experience") is the only guarantee that the money will be safely and satisfactorily spent. On the contrary, I insist that no client can possibly incur any *material* risk in the selection today of an architect. For it is the surveyor and engineer and the local authorities who between them do most of the work. They are the body-builders. The architect merely provides the æsthetic garment—the fancy dress. And it is only necessary to stroll casually through the main thoroughfares of London, gravitating towards the City, to be sure that it must be something other than conspicuous accomplishment that induces the unfortunate client to repose his confidence in even some of our most distinguished costumiers.

I would suggest, for the serious consideration of all young architects, that fees should consist of two separate charges, made up as follows:

(1) 2½ per cent., say, on the cost of work, with a view to covering expenses and specific overheads, since these must necessarily vary with the extent of the work in question; and

(2) Any fixed sum as previously agreed upon between architect and client, and the subject of a contract containing the necessary safeguards required by both parties.

The architect can thus ask as much or as little as he likes. And as it is to be assumed that the older men, in order to maintain their position or whatever it is they have to maintain, will ask most, it may so happen that opportunity—in the good years and in the lean—will be a little more evenly distributed, to the benefit of the profession, the public and of posterity.

I am, Sir,
Yours, etc.,

20, Stafford Place, S.W.1. ROBERT LUTYENS.

Editorial Note.—Mr. Lutyens takes only one side of the question; the other, from the R.I.B.A. standpoint, is that no professional architect shall compete with another as regards fees. This is the professional as opposed to the commercial standpoint.

A new and very interesting development in the world of interior decoration of all kinds has just been announced by the Merchant Trading Co., Ltd. It takes the form of a new material called "Flexwood," a veneer which, by a special process, has been made flexible and mounted on canvas. Besides being obtainable in practically any species of wood, one of the chief assets of "Flexwood" is that of its moderate cost. It is claimed by a pamphlet just published on the subject by the firm that "'Flexwood' is the best quality of veneer (as is used in the highest class of panelling), but in a form never before available. . . The decorative possibilities of 'Flexwood' are unlimited. It lends itself to a variety of designs which would be prohibitive in cost by any other means."

* * *

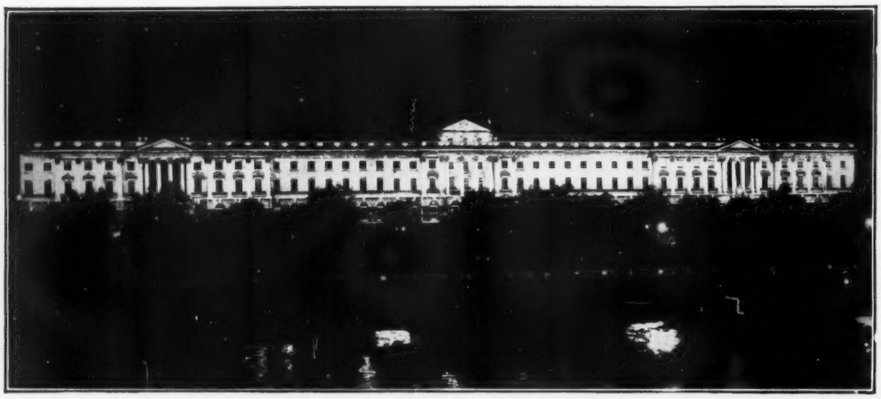
A booklet has recently been issued for the White Lead Publicity Bureau, the sponsors of White Lead paint. This booklet gives a brief description of the numerous uses of this paint, both for exterior and interior work in a modern house today. Its durability is one of its chief assets as regards exterior work. When used internally its extensive range of colours, taken from the British Standard schedule of colours, make it a very popular decorative material. The illustrations appearing in the booklet speak well for its appearance in actual use.

* * *

The illustration appearing on this page is of Somerset House flood-lighted. The lighting for this building was carried out by the Edison Swan Electric Co., Ltd., who were also responsible for the illuminating of several other buildings for the recent International Illumination Congress and the Faraday Centenary celebrations, including Tower Bridge, St. James's Park, and St. Anne's Church, Limehouse—both in London and the provinces.

* * *

"There is a room in Australia House which has no echo." That is the heading of a pamphlet just published in connection with "Treetex" Wallboard, manufactured by "Treetex," 421–4 Australia House, Strand. It is claimed by the manufacturers that "Treetex" is so made that it is absolutely sound-proof when used to line a room, either as a decorative material, in the form of panelling, or as a base for paper or plaster. It might at first be thought, when this factor is known, that sheets of "Treetex" are thick and heavy, but to quote from a booklet on the subject: "Actually they are so light and flexible that we shall be able to choose our own designs for ceiling, wall and panel in our houses of the future."



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We are asked by the Leyland and Birmingham Rubber Co., Ltd., to announce that publication of their monthly house magazine, the *Relay*, will be suspended from this month.

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The general contractors for Messrs. Yardley's shop, Old Bond Street, were Messrs. Gee, Walker and Slater, Ltd. Among the artists, craftsmen, and sub-contractors were the following: Henry Boyer, Ltd. (demolition); Redpath, Brown & Co., Ltd. (structural steel); Kleine Co., Ltd. (fireproof construction); Zeta Wood Flooring Co., Ltd. (wood-block flooring); Rosser and Russell, Ltd. (central heating); Grierson, Ltd. (electric wiring); Shanks & Co., Ltd. (sanitary fittings); James Gibbons, Ltd. (door furniture); Crittall Manufacturing Co., Ltd. (casements); Safety Tread Syndicate, Ltd. (iron staircases); J. M. Pirie & Co. (London), Ltd. (metalwork); Art Marbles, Stone and Mosaic Co., Ltd. (marble); Sage & Co., Ltd. (shop front and fittings); Waygood-Otis, Ltd. (passenger lifts); James Ritchie & Sons, Ltd. (service lift).

* * *

The general contractors for "Oxholme," Edwalton, Notts., were Messrs. William Woodsend, Ltd., who were also responsible for the demolition, excavation, foundations and reinforced concrete, joinery and stonework. Amongst the artists, craftsmen, and sub-contractors were the following: Val de Travers (asphalt and special roofings); Nottingham Patent Brick Co. (bricks); Ancaster Weather Bed and Portland (stone); Morris Westminster Guild (cast lead); F. F. Docking & Co. (central heating); Lewis and Grundy (grates and door furniture); Blackburn, Starling & Co. (electric wiring and bells); C. A. R. Knight (plumbing); Woodhouse & Co. (sanitary fittings); Polished Ancaster Weather Bed (stairtreads); Midland Plastering Co. (plaster); A. A. Lazzerini (decorative plaster); J. R. Pearson & Co. (gates, grilles and balustrade, metalwork); Anslem Odling & Sons (marble); Carter & Co. (tiling); Hopson and Auty (panelling and fittings in walnut to library).

* * *

The general contractors for the new Ardath shop in Regent Street were Messrs. Frederick Sage & Co., Ltd. Among the artists, craftsmen and sub-contractors were the following: Stuarts Granolithic Co., Ltd. (reinforced concrete stairs); W. J. Burroughes & Sons, Ltd. (central heating); Troughton and Young, Ltd. (electric wiring and ventilation); British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd. (electric light fixtures); Birmabright Ltd. (birmabright metal); Claude General Neon Lights Ltd. (Neon installation); Art Pavements and Decorations, Ltd. (Terrazzo).

* * *

The general contractors for the R.M.C. Textiles Company's new building in Golden Square were the Western Construction Co., Ltd. Among the artists, craftsmen and sub-contractors were the following: St. Mary's Wharf Cartage Co., Ltd. (demolition); Art Pavements and Decorations, Ltd. (exterior marble work); Fenning & Co., Ltd. (internal marble work); Campbell Bros., Ltd. (plaster decorations and painting entrance hall); Haskins (staybrite steel and enamel entrance screen); Drytone, Ltd. (internal doors and panelling to offices and corridors); United Paint Co., Ltd. (paint); E. L. Maiden, Ltd. (heating); W. James & Co., Ltd. (steel casements); The Crittall Manufacturing Co. Ltd., (steel screens); Comyn, Ching & Co., Ltd. (door furniture); Caxton Floors, Ltd. (fireproof floors); J. F. Ebner (wood block and other flooring); Bath and Portland Stone Firms, Ltd. (stonework); Waygood-Otis, Ltd. (lifts); Brookes, Ltd. (Alundum staircase lining); Cope & Co., Ltd. (internal tile work); Library Bureau, Ltd. (safe doors); Empire Stone Co., Ltd. (artificial stone); Lift and Hoist Co., Ltd. (cellar lift); Educational Supply Association, Ltd. (sliding doors); Caston & Co., Ltd. (interior of lift in Birmabright Alloy, and balustrade to main staircase); Clark, Hunt & Co., Ltd. (balustrade to staff stairs); Shanks & Co., Ltd. (sanitary fittings); Edison Swan Electrical Co., Ltd. (electric light fittings); Cecil Cooper & Co., Ltd. (electric light installation); Redpath, Brown & Co., Ltd. (steelwork); Ewart & Son, Ltd. (copper roofing); Haywards, Ltd. (pavement lights); Clarke and Vigilant Sprinklers, Ltd. (sprinklers); Gas Light and Coke Company (gas supply); Birmabright Ltd. (birmabright metal); E. Heffer & Co. (special electric light fitting in entrance hall).

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The general contractors for Daimler House, Herbrand Street, were The Trussed Concrete Steel Company, Limited, who were also responsible for the demolition, excavation, foundations, damp-courses, reinforced concrete, bricks, partitions and plaster, and among the artists, craftsmen, and sub-contractors were the following: The Ragusa Asphalte Paving Co., Ltd. (asphalt); Banister, Walton & Co., Ltd. (structural steel); The Richardson Building Supplies, Ltd. (special roofings); Haywards, Ltd. (glass); Mellowes & Co., Ltd. (patent glazing); R. W. Brooke & Co., Ltd. (wood-block flooring); Carter & Co. (London), Ltd. (faience work, terrazzo flooring); Plastona, Ltd. (waterproofing materials); H. W. Dutton & Co., Ltd. (central heating and boilers and ventilation); Gas Light and Coke Co., Ltd. (gasfitting); Electrical Installations, Ltd. (electric wiring and electric light fixtures); Fredk. Thomas & Co., Ltd. (electric light fixtures); W. H. Gascoigne & Co., Ltd. (plumbing and water supply); Leeds Fireclay Co., Ltd. (sanitary fittings); Comyn, Ching & Co., Ltd. (door furniture); Williams and Williams, Ltd. (steel sashes); Wilmer & Co., Ltd. (folding gates); Haskins (rolling shutters); Haywards, Ltd. and Wilmer & Co., Ltd. (iron staircases), Park Royal Engineering Co. (Independent sprinklers and drenchers, transformers, etc.); James Walker (Architectural Decorations), Ltd. (decorative plaster); The Central Joinery Co., Ltd. (joinery); Carter & Co. (London), Ltd. (marble and tiling); Marryatt and Scott, Ltd. (lifts); The Synchronome Clock Co. (clocks).

A LONDON DIARY.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2—

Mesopotamia—I: Sumer (Ur).	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Egypt—I.—Life and Arts	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
,, ,, ,, ,,	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Mesopotamia—I: Sumer (Ur).	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Early Costumes	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Chinese Pottery	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Costumes, Seventeenth Century.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Far Eastern Pottery ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Exhibition of Indian mediæval Sculpture. Throughout the month.	10–6	,, ,,
The Beginning of Landscape.	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
The Beginning of Landscape.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Rossetti: Watts	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Romney and Some Contemporary Painters.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
French Painting—I ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION
Exhibition of the Works of F. A. de Planas Doria and Paul Nash. Throughout the month.	9.30–6	BATSFORD GALLERIES, 15 NORTH AUDLEY ST., W.1

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3—

Mesopotamia — II: Records.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Egypt—II: Monuments	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
,, ,,	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Egypt—III: Life and Arts	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Costumes, Eighteenth Century.	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Costumes, Nineteenth Century.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3—*continued.*

Early French and German	12 *noon.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
Early Flemish	1 *p.m.*	,, ,,
General Visit	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
The Eighteenth-century Collectors and Patrons.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
French Painting—II ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4—

A Selected Subject ..	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Greece (Crete and Mycenæ).	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Early Age of Italy (Etruscans, etc.).	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Mesopotamia — II: Records.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Domestic Glass	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Enamels	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Vestments	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Indian Section: Buddhistic Paintings.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Technique	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Pre-Raphaelites	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
English Miniature Painters	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Lectures on the History of Renaissance Architecture by Sir Banister Fletcher. Every Wednesday.	6 *p.m.*	CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5—

Origins of Architecture—I: Greek.	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Age of Italy (Etruscans, etc.).	12 *noon.*	,, ,,

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5—*continued.*

Early Britain—I (Old Stone Age).	3 *p.m.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Life and Arts of the Dark Races—I.	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Vestments—II	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Japanese Prints	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Aspects of Modern Art: The Morris Movement.	5 *p.m.*	,, ,,
English Portraits ..	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
French Painting	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ...	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Some Eighteenth-century Poets.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
French Painting—III ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6—

Early Greece (Crete and Mycenæ).	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
How the Bible Came Down to Us—I.	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Greek and Roman Life—I	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Greek Sculpture—I ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Tapestries	12 *noon.*	V. AND A. MUSEUM
Period Furniture: Oak ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Chinese Paintings ..	3 *p.m.*	,, ,,
Italian Primitives ..	11 *a.m.*	NATIONAL GALLERY
,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
Turner and Landscape ..	11 *a.m.*	TATE GALLERY
,, ,, ,, ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,
George II and Lord Chatham.	3 *p.m.*	NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
French Painting—IV ..	3 *p.m.*	WALLACE COLLECTION

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7—

Early Britain—II ..	12 *noon.*	BRITISH MUSEUM
Early Christian Period ..	12 *noon.*	,, ,,