THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration

Incorporating
THE
CRAFTSMANSHIP
SUPPLEMENT

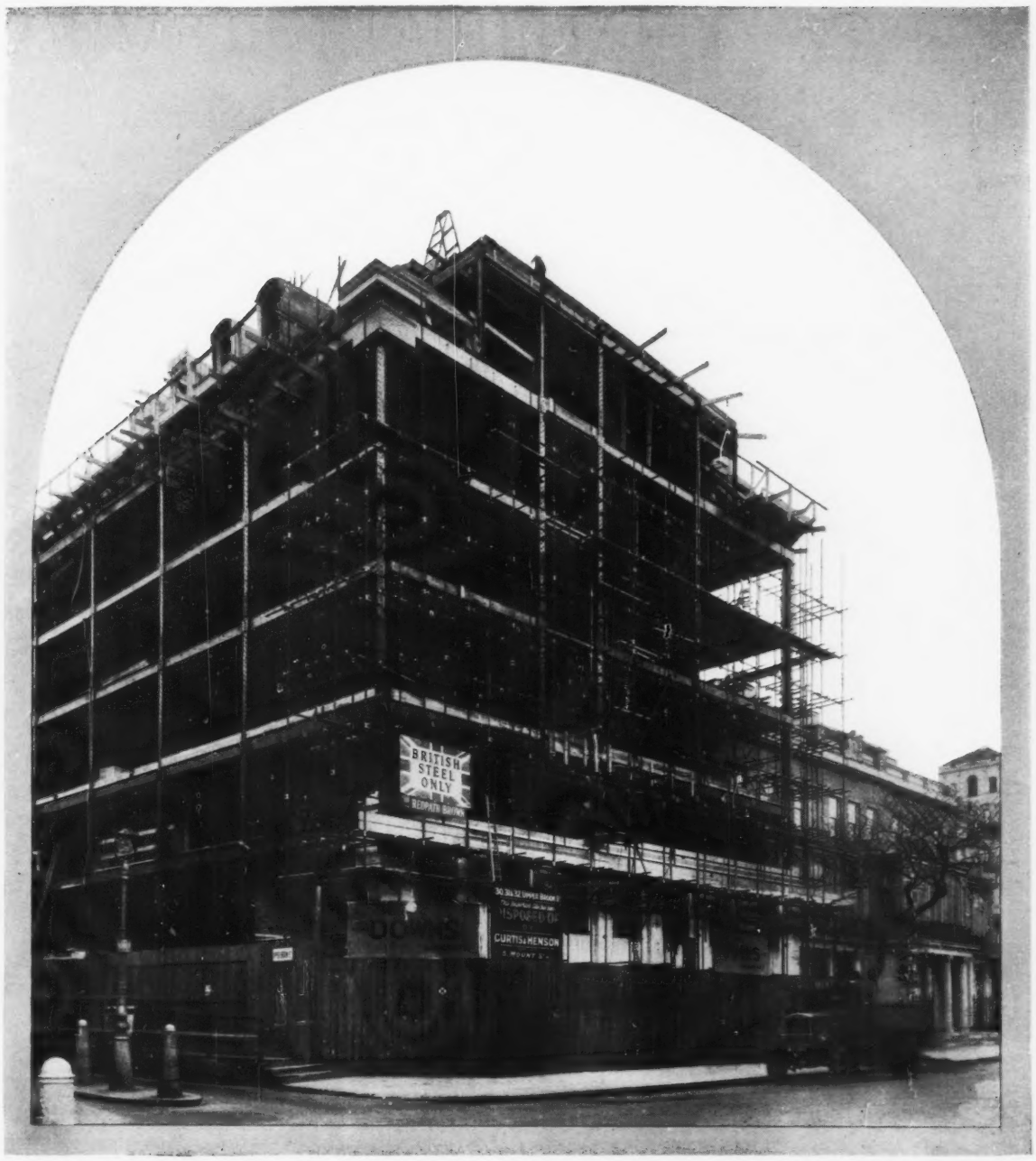
Two Shillings and Sixpence Net.

9 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W.1.

Vol. LXXI January 1932 No. 422

Buildings of Interest. H.D. *Tentest Copyright.*

TOM TOWER, CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.
Gateway built by Cardinal Wolsey. Tower added by Wren, 1682.



COUTTS BANK, 30-32 UPPER BROOK ST., W. Architects: Wimperis, Simpson & Guthrie

THE

ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration

Vol. LXXI, No. 422 — *January* 1932.

CONTENTS

Plates

Articles, photographs, or drawings sent with a view to publication will be carefully considered, but the Proprietors will not undertake responsibility for loss or damage. All photographs intended for reproduction should, preferably, be printed on albumenized silver paper.

All articles and illustrations should bear the name and address of the sender, and postage should be sent to cover their return.

The Editor disclaims responsibility for statements made or opinions expressed in any article to which the author's name is attached, the responsibility for such statements or opinions resting with the author.

All communications on Editorial matters should be addressed to the Editor, THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, *9 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W.1.*

Prepaid Subscription Rates

United Kingdom, £1 5 0 per annum, post free. U.S.A., $8.00 per annum, post free. Holland, Guilders 18 per annum, post free. Italy, Lire 150 per annum, post free. Elsewhere Abroad, £1 5 0 per annum, post free. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to THE ARCHITECTURAL PRESS, LTD., *and crossed Westminster Bank, Caxton House Branch.*

Subscribers to THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW *can have their volumes bound complete with Index, in cloth cases, at a cost of 10s. each, or cases can be supplied separately at 4s. 6d. each.*

An Index is issued every six months, covering the months of January to June and July to December, and can be obtained, without charge, on application to the Publishers, 9 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W.1

THE ARCHITECTURAL PRESS, 9 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W.1.

Telephone:
6936 Victoria (3 lines).

Telegrams:
"Buildable, Parl, London."

NICOLAS POUSSIN (1594-1663) *Rinaldo and Armida* (from Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered"). *With the opening of the French Exhibition this month, many paintings by French artists that are in different English galleries will be visited again, for few of these, if any, have been loaned to Burlington House. No gallery is more worth visiting than the Dulwich, which contains sixteen examples, of which that reproduced here is one, of the work of N. Poussin and his school. Poussin, who was not happy in France, disliked the Baroque and favoured the Classical; he studied and painted for the most part in Rome. He therefore blends together his learned classical figures with naturalistic landscape reminiscent of the Flemish manner. His brown trees and distant hills are always, as Cézanne said, painted from Nature. Poussin is an intellectual painter who allows no detail to be out of harmony with the composition.* Rinaldo and Armida *represents his later work at its best, dramatic figures against a brown and characteristic landscape. The picture is reproduced by the courtesy of the Governors of Dulwich College.*

PLATE I. *January* 1932.

The Real Gothic Revival

SALEM, NAYLOR, SALEM & CO. is a well-known firm in the blackest town of the North of England. I know because I went there recently and met young Salem (who is sixty-five) at one of those comfortable clubs in uncomfortable buildings which are so cosy a feature of the North British business world.

"Smoke!" snorted young Salem angrily when I expressed an effete Southern repugnance to the stuff, (for South men should know that the haze of smoke they live in compares favourably both in density and volume with that which is poured out of one of Salem, Naylor and Salem's chimneys), "Smoke! There's no smoke in Shellfield these days! I wish there was more smoke! I'd like to see some of the smoke there used to be!"

Purity of atmosphere did not appeal to young Salem. If smoke was good enough for old Salem and old Naylor it was good enough for him. For a hundred years smoke had signified wealth; it therefore followed that wealth signified smoke.

In this young Salem did what people always do; he began by calling a large abstract principle by a small concrete label, and ended up by thinking in terms of the label at the expense of the principle. Now let us suppose that he, and with him his civilization, has disappeared, to be replaced by other young Salems, who, knowing nothing about wealth, so envy their ancestor his cosy clubs that they decide to find out what made him so important and rich. Obviously smoke, the stuff he was always making such a lot of. So what do they do but feel their way back, unwinding the skein, as it were, their wise men proclaiming in clear, forcible and measured tones that the secret of wealth lies in making quantities and quantities of smoke.

Of this process there is no better example on record than the Gothic Revival. The return to the Gothic principle was made by way of its smoke, the smoke of crockets, of pinnacles, of aisles-like-forest-vaults. And what smoke they made! It was not until it started to clear that men began to ask themselves what it was all about. For close on a hundred years, by a paradox so startling that even prophets, if they ever think, must be rather dumbfounded, Ruskin, the arch-priest of Gothic, bolstered up the dying Renaissance. He found Humanism an exhausted force, the architectural empire of man a Debased Regency, and, shaking down the iron columns of the Crystal Palace upon the Philistines, he fought the fight for pinnacles instead of pediments, for clustered columns in lieu of Corinthian arcades, for that Gothic Revival, which was just another lovely Renaissance façade, a Crocket Revival, less Gothic in all essentials than the vernacular eighteenth-century tradition which it displaced.

The result of Ruskin's teaching was the disastrous broadening of the crack which Humanism had already made between "architecture" and "engineering"; "architecture," henceforward, was the plaything of the people who were "educated," that is to say, educated as humanists. The real Gothic tradition passed to the engineers, the builders of bridges, of viaducts, of railways, and railway station roofs. The significance of Voysey as a figure of historic importance is the fact that he was the first architect to see that the Gothic Revival could not wait for Ruskin.

But if crockets, pinnacles and clustered columns aren't Gothic, what in Heaven's name is? Should the history of architecture ever be written properly—and we have no good reason for supposing that it will be unless Mr. Christian Barman gives us more than a few brilliant sketches—the progress of man's expression in that art will no doubt be shown (what today is not!) as having the characteristic of the waves in a tide. Whether the tide is rising even stockbrokers cannot say, but as far as history shows anything, it shows the architectural impulse driving forward through a wave of constructional experiment, to a point at which the constructional momentum ceases, there flowering into a thousand classic shapes of foam.

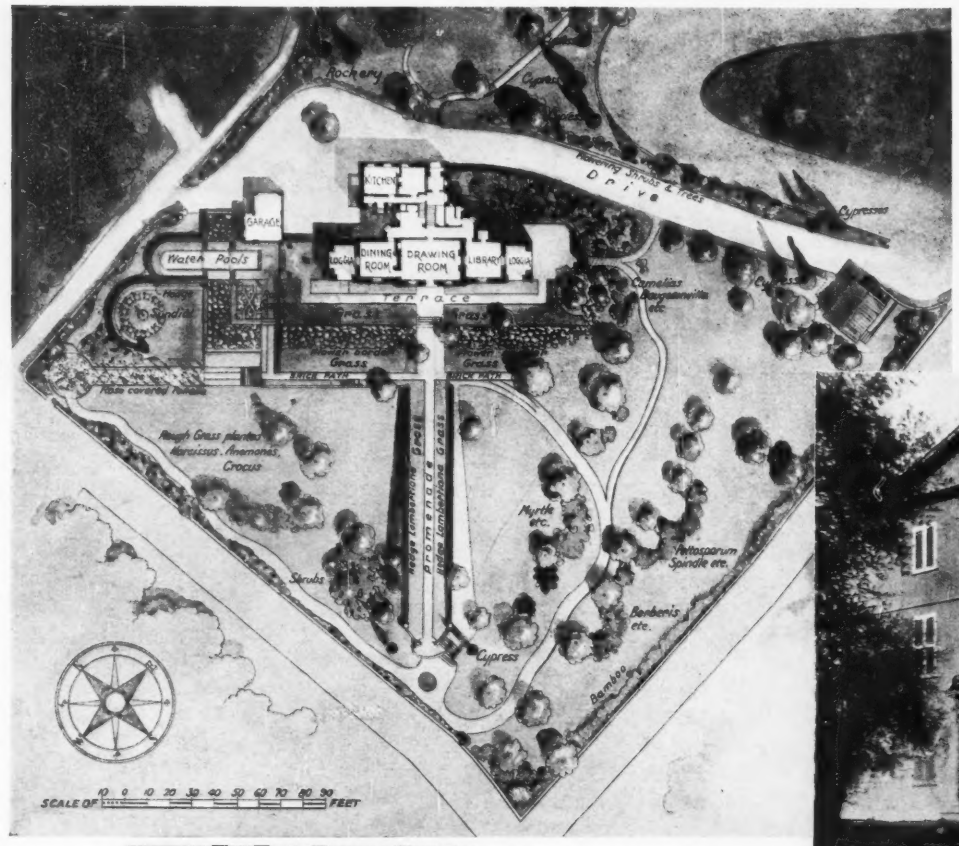
The two movements are generally given labels like Classic and Romantic, and the Gothic Revival is usually regarded as one facet of the Romantic Movement, but the instinct or necessity which drives men when they have exhausted the momentum of a wave to return to Nature, the source of their tidal energy, is implicit in the idea of revival; Revival, in fact, is a better label. Thus it is really clearer to say that Romantic movements, when they occur, are the signal of Gothic revivals, and Gothic revivals are those periods of constructional drive which occur when men are faced with new problems to solve; the final solution coinciding with the loss of momentum and that flowering of the released energy in the sparkling foam of a classic age.

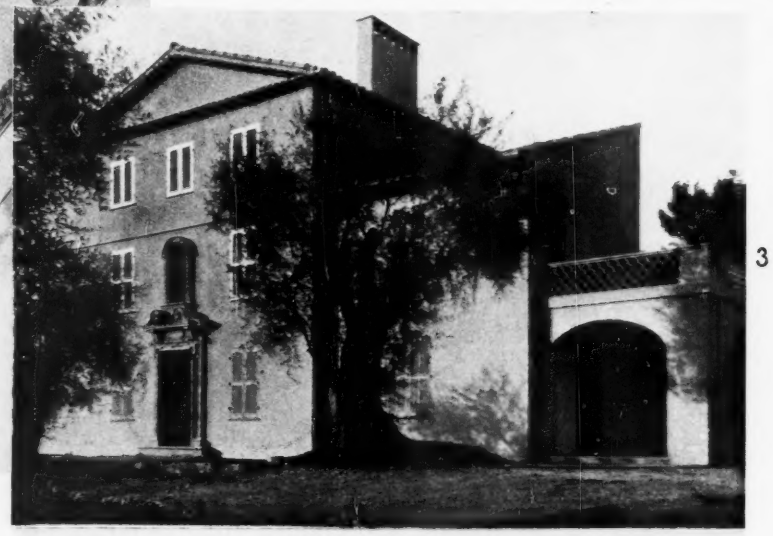
It is clear, then, that the so-called Gothic Revival was but a symptom, the smoke, of a real Gothic age. That age is upon us now, an age of construction, of drive, of almost terrifying experiment, decked out in the guise of a Modernism which the simple still accept or reject as a kind of *Art Nouveau*. The modern movement is not an *Art Nouveau*. It is a Gothic movement. This, I take it, was what Mr. John Betjeman meant, when, in the last issue of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, he said the Modern Movement was the real Gothic Revival.

THE ENGLISH ARCHITECT ABROAD

I—H. S. GOODHART-RENDEL. *THORENCIEL* (1), (2) and (3), is built on the side of a hill in the Terrefial quarter of Cannes. The stone walls are stuccoed and coloured cream. The roofs are covered with the *tuiles rondes* traditional in the district—they are paler in colour and flatter in curvature than the so-called "Roman tiles" used in this country, which they otherwise resemble. The cornices (known as *gênoises*) are made of these tiles, too. The doorway is of mottled limestone, predominantly

1

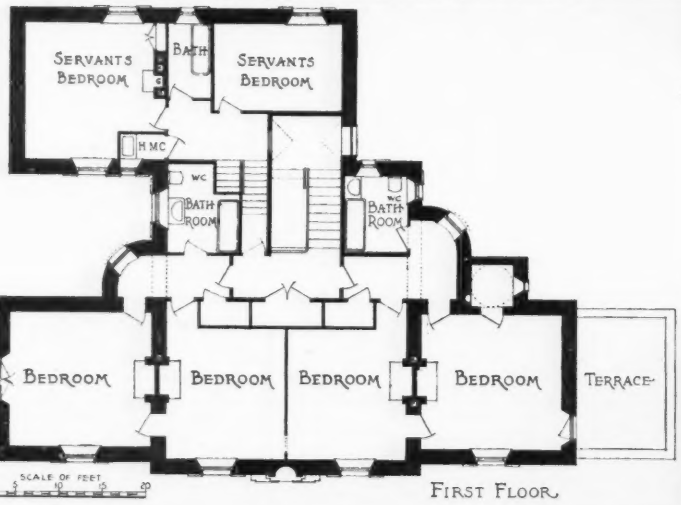


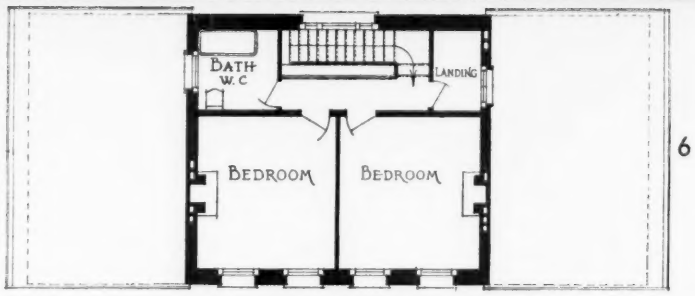


3

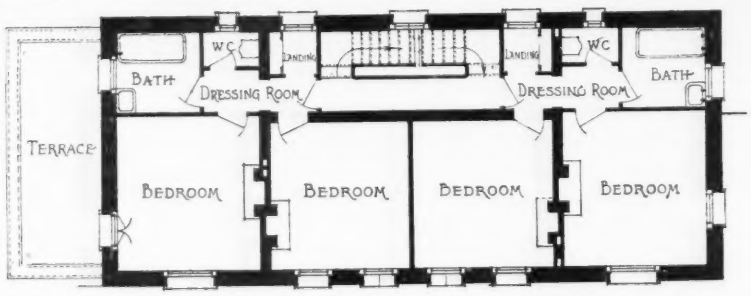
4

2

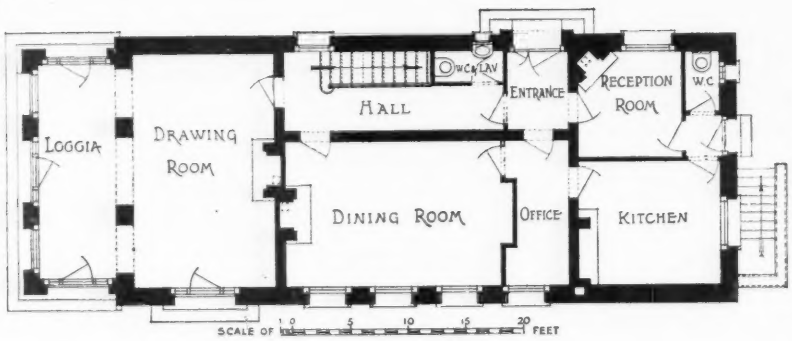




6



5

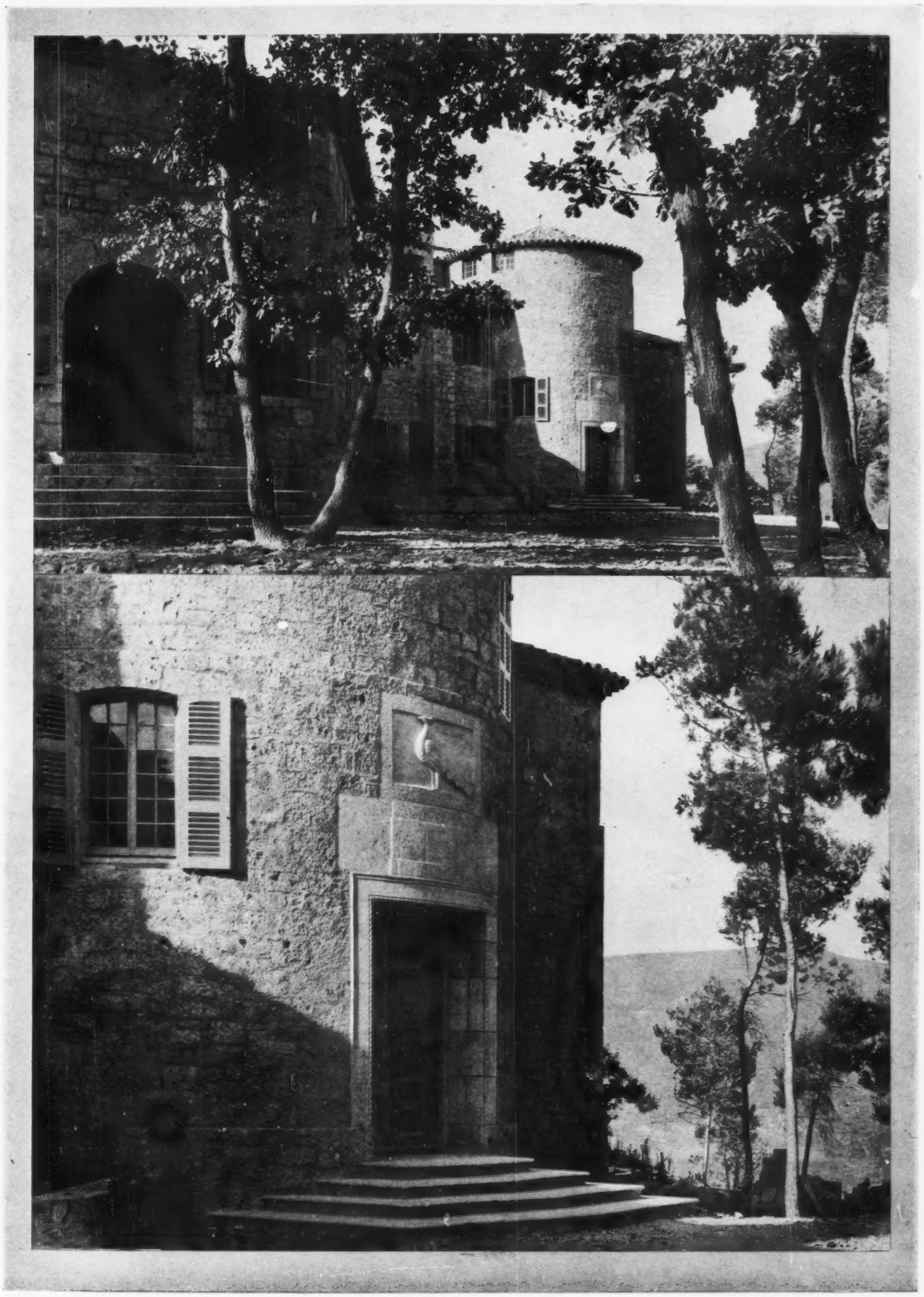


grey, that comes from Théoule in the Esterel Mountains. The shutters are of the old Provençal type with moulded louvres projecting slightly from the frame. These shutters are painted green. The niche above the doorway has, since this photograph was taken, been filled by a figure of St. Gabriel, which is the work of Esmond Burton.

THE VILLA ST. MAXIMIN AT VALESCURE (4), (5) and (6), is built of similar materials, and is similarly coloured, except that what dressed stonework there is, is here of white limestone from Cassis. The pots on the flat parapet are old "jarres de Biot."

THE ENGLISH ARCHITECT ABROAD

A

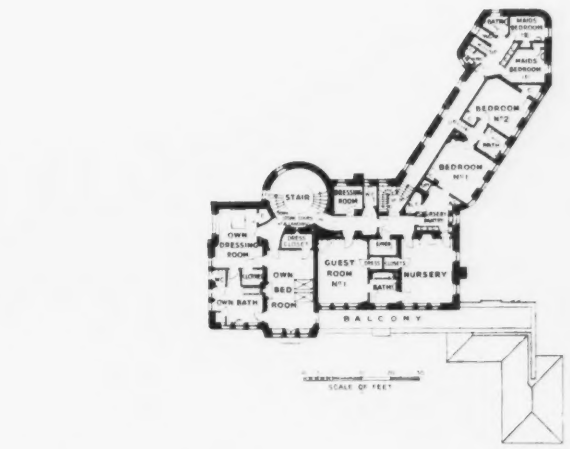


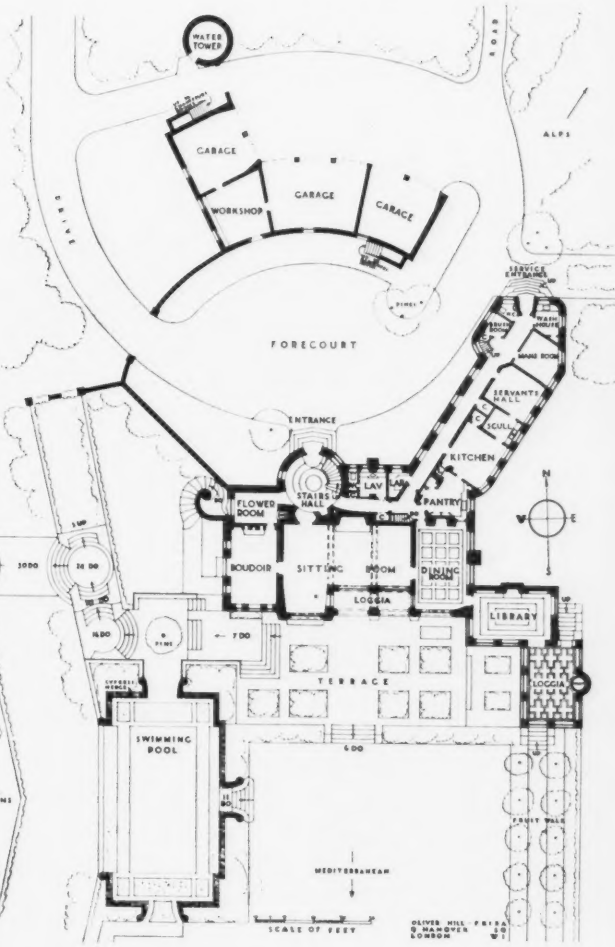
B

II. OLIVER HILL. *AN ESSAY IN THE PROVENÇAL MANNER.* This house is built on the crest of a hill near Cannes. The site was wooded and it was necessary to blast away the top to form a level platform. The stone recovered from this operation was used for the walls of the house. The colour of the stonework, which is of volcanic origin, is a pinky grey, and the roof is covered with old Provençal tiles, the eaves being constructed of oversailing courses in the traditional manner. The entrance forecourt is illustrated on this page. (A) shows the service door on the left with the bastion containing the circular staircase and the entrance door on the right. (B) is a detail of the entrance door. The carved peacock is a formalized representation of the owner's device. The casements and entrance doors are in walnut, left unpolished, and the shutters are painted blue-grey.

THE ENGLISH ARCHITECT ABROAD

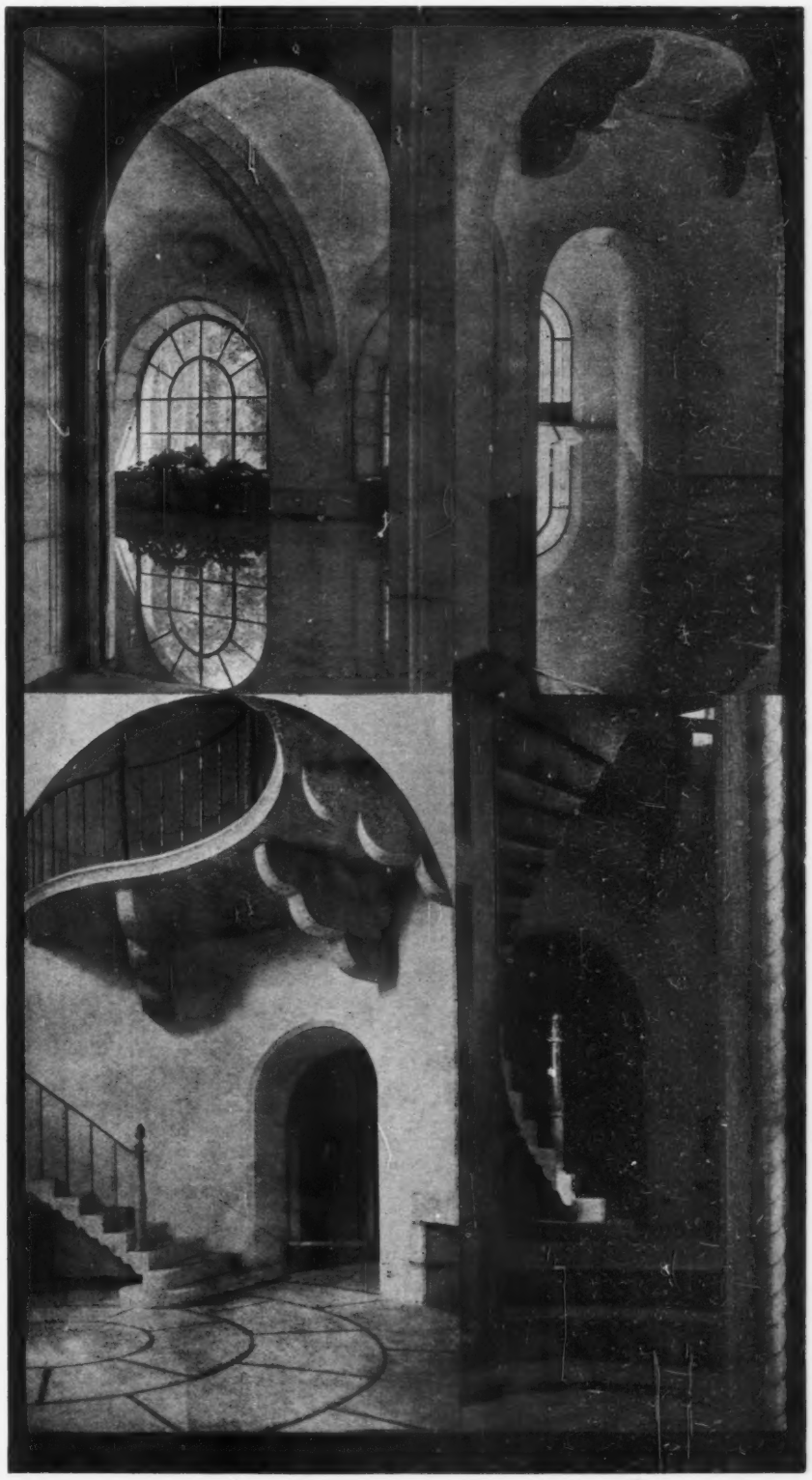
THE FACING PAGE. (Top, *left.*) Looking down into the Forecourt from the second storey, at part of the Garage block with the Water Tower beyond. The masonry of the tower was purposely left with a coarser finish. The whole of the roofs are covered with old local tiles, grey pink in colour, and the oversailing eave courses are constructed in the Provençal manner. (Top, *right.*) The Drive approach, and part of the West elevation. (*Centre.*) The Tower on the South front with part of the screen wall of slightly pointed arches, forming a Loggia to the principal Sitting Room and carrying a sleeping balcony over, with access from the three principal bedroom suites. (Bottom, *left.*) A detail of the Tower at night. (Bottom, *right.*) A general view of the South front showing the Library and Loggia on the right, extended forward to form a wind screen to the South-East.





1

2



3

4

5

(1) Lay-out plan of the house and garden, and plan of the first floor. (2) Looking into the dining-room from the main sitting-room. The floor is of highly-polished Swedish green marble. The lower part of the walls, chimney, window reveals and traversing arches are of Arles stone, and the ceiling is vaulted in three bays. (3) (4) and (5) are views in the staircase hall. The floor here is a pink marble quarried locally. The circular flying stairs, landings and brackets are in Arles stone. The carved newels are in silver-grey oak and the wrought-iron balustrade is painted a blue-grey. The house commands a panoramic view of the Mediterranean to the south, and of the Esterel Mountains to the west. On the north side the fan-shaped forecourt (A and B, page 3) is arranged with the north-east corner left open, from which a distant view is obtained of the Alps and the Gorge du Loup. The whole of the work was carried out under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Scully, the American owners of the house.

THE ENGLISH ARCHITECT ABROAD

1

2

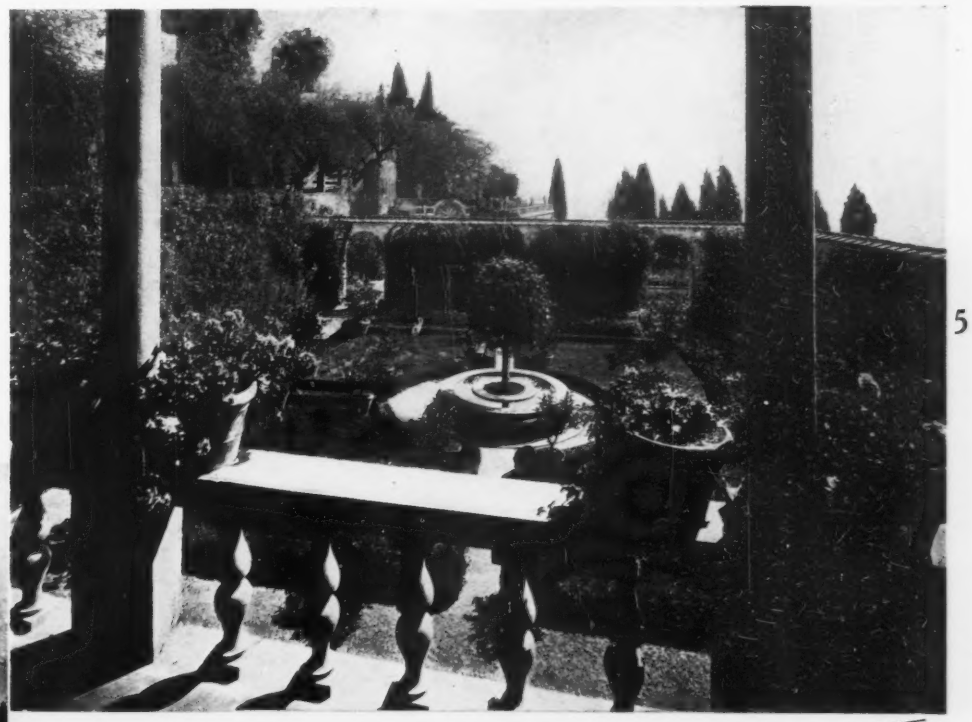
3

III—CECIL PINSENT. On the hills, close to Florence, there are a few modern houses that fit perfectly with the olives and cypresses of the landscape. These houses are designed by Cecil Pinsent, a young English architect, and though they are in no way imitations either of austere farmhouses nor of the dignified villas near them, yet they are so much a part of the Tuscan scene that Italian architects often stop to admire the manner in which an Englishman has understood not only their architecture, but how to use its characteristic lines for entirely modern needs. One of the most successful of these houses is *Le Balze* at Fiesole. It was a difficult problem for the architect to place, as he has done, a house of a certain size on the steep hillside and to transform a site where, before, sheer rock and scanty earth fell away from the garden of an old villa above, into a place of great beauty. The gardens were designed with the idea of hiding, here and there, the insistent view of the Valley of the Arno. The long, low house is flanked by gardens, one entirely closed in by walls (5), others with views of the landscape through branches of trees. From the windows of the house, owing to the steep declivity immediately below the long shelf on which the building and garden rest, the view is unobstructed

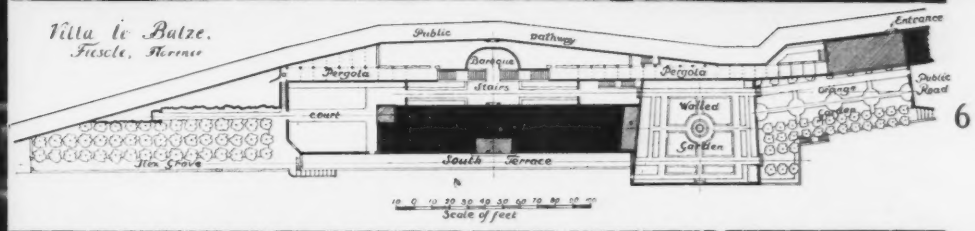
By v
one
an e
the h
by t
princ
build
by a
is on
once
From

THE ENGLISH ARCHITECT ABROAD

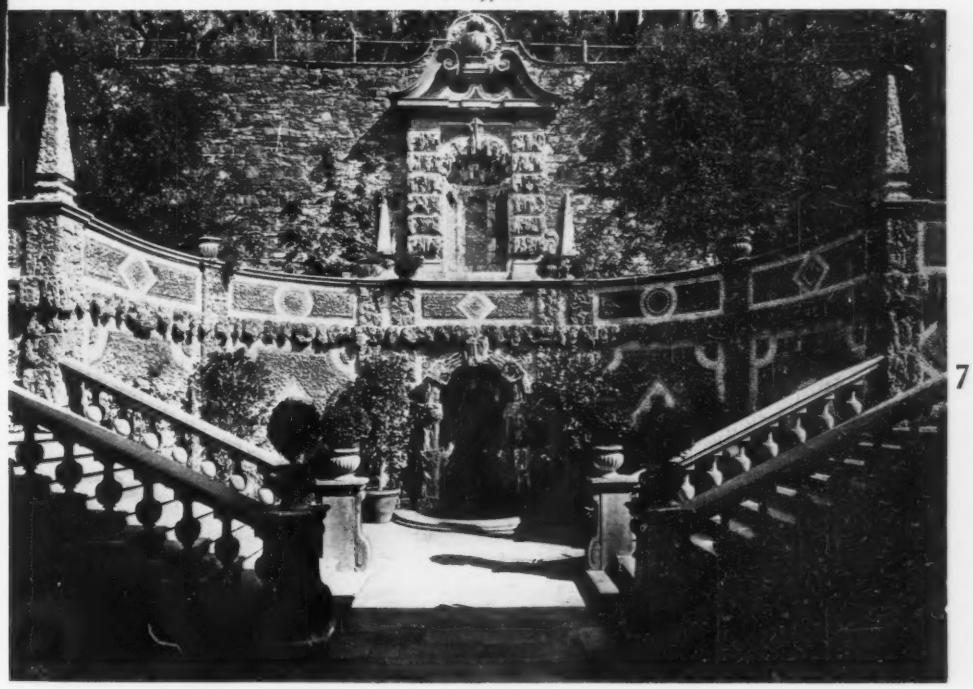
4



5



6



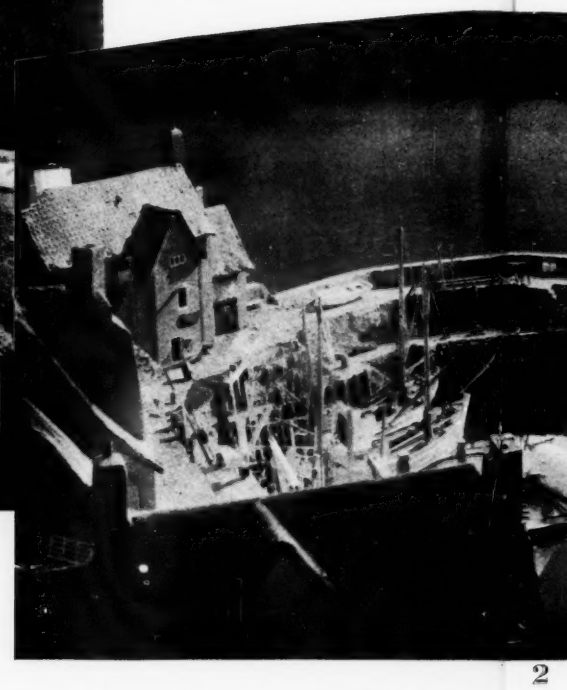
7

a house By whichever of the two entrances one arrives at the house, ransform one must pass through the gardens, and Cecil Pinsent, who is ll away an expert garden designer, has made these an integral part of of great the house. In (2) can be seen an ugly, modern villino changed f hiding, by the architect into a garage and gardeners' house. The ne Arno principal entrance to the house is through the loggia of this ly closed building at which one arrives, from the old Fiesole road, through by a path blasted through solid rock. The second entrance e, owing is on the left (3) where, leaving the dusty road, one is at shelf of once surrounded by flowers, orange trees, and flowering shrubs. structed From the loggia above one passes by steps down to the house. Here the architect has placed against the rock, facing the front door, a fountain decorated with mosaics, shells and stalactites. This gives, to what might have been a gloomy northern site, a gaiety combined with something of Roman dignity. The whole of this decorative scheme (7) and the stalactitic figures on the sides of the steps were not only designed, but also executed, by the architect. The stalactites were brought from the hills south to Montepulciano. (4) is the north entrance door of the villa; (1) its south side, showing the windows of all the principal rooms; and (6) a lay-out plan of the villa and gardens. [Yoi Máraini.]

Wolf's Cove, Th
& Dist

By John Bet

1



2

1. *THE HARBOUR, WOLF'S COVE,* with the *Admiral Benbow* on the left. Opposite is the harbour master's house.

2. *THE HARBOUR, WOLF'S COVE,* with some seventeenth-century fishermen's cottages in the foreground. The look-out, approached by a white ladder, is a modern construction of a type more often seen on the east coast than on this.

HOWEVER rough the day, the most unseaworthy luggers are safe once they are in the bay, and there is no more snug harbour along the coast than that enclosed by the new breakwater, whose protecting arm shelters the fishermen's cottages and older parts of Wolf's Cove. Indeed, the new breakwater has brought considerably more trade to the *Admiral Benbow*, kept by "old Grarm," although it would be impossible to assert that the class of custom has improved.

Wolf's Cove itself depends entirely on its shipping, for malt is imported to the mill at Thirlwall up the canal, and the Cove itself consists largely of fishermen who send catches of haddock and mackerel by railway to some of the nearer inland towns. The fish has not time to reach London before going bad, for the diversity of branch lines and awkwardness of connections—even for goods traffic—make the journey to the metropolis one of several days. Fishing, therefore, at the Cove is in only a fairly prosperous condition, and the intelligent traveller can put two and two together when he finds at the *Admiral Benbow* that the brandy, though inferior, is remarkably cheap.

The rowdiness on a Saturday evening during the winter months, when the fishing fleet cannot put out for head winds which drive a spring tide up on to the seaward walls of the *Admiral Benbow*, is an alarming sight, and rendered more alarming by the tragic scenes before the breakwater was erected, when the dripping wives of drunken husbands still playing skittles at the *Benbow*, would come for shelter, since the water was driving into the very windows of their cottages along the sea wall.

It is a sight, too, not to be forgotten when the basket beacon at the harbour leads some vessel into the bay. The Board of Trade has not seen fit to put adequate warnings of a dangerous reef outside the bay, and as many as three smacks from Lowestoft and Yarmouth came to grief on the rocks last year. Some attempt was made to save the crew, but the cargo was of even greater importance.

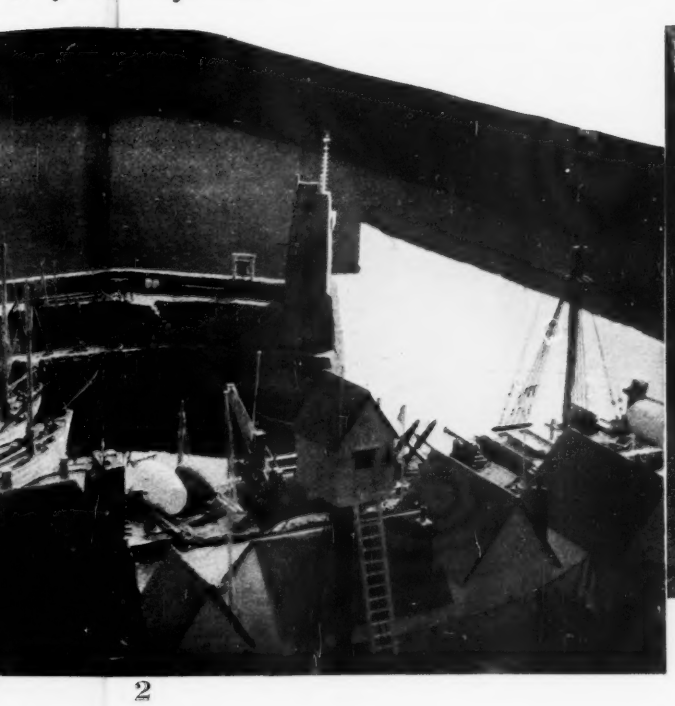
From the big fire at the *Benbow* to the kitchen range of the smallest cottage in the village, blue flames that come from driftwood are probably spurting up tonight. Egged on by inferior brandy and encouraged by the communal singing of local catches, men from the *Benbow* stream out on to the quay. One ascends the look-out, others man the boats, and with a courage that is increased by the anticipation of spoil, all pull for the distant wreck.

But farther along the quay, the *Lord Nelson* (formerly the *Lord Clonmore*) disregards such goings on. It is kept by old George Sarcophagus, a retired Levantine middy. Older men, some of whom have risen high in the merchant service, sit round its clean, well-polished wooden walls. Here, more beer than brandy is drunk, and a dignified interior fits the more decorous conversation. The *Benbow* is an enlarged and

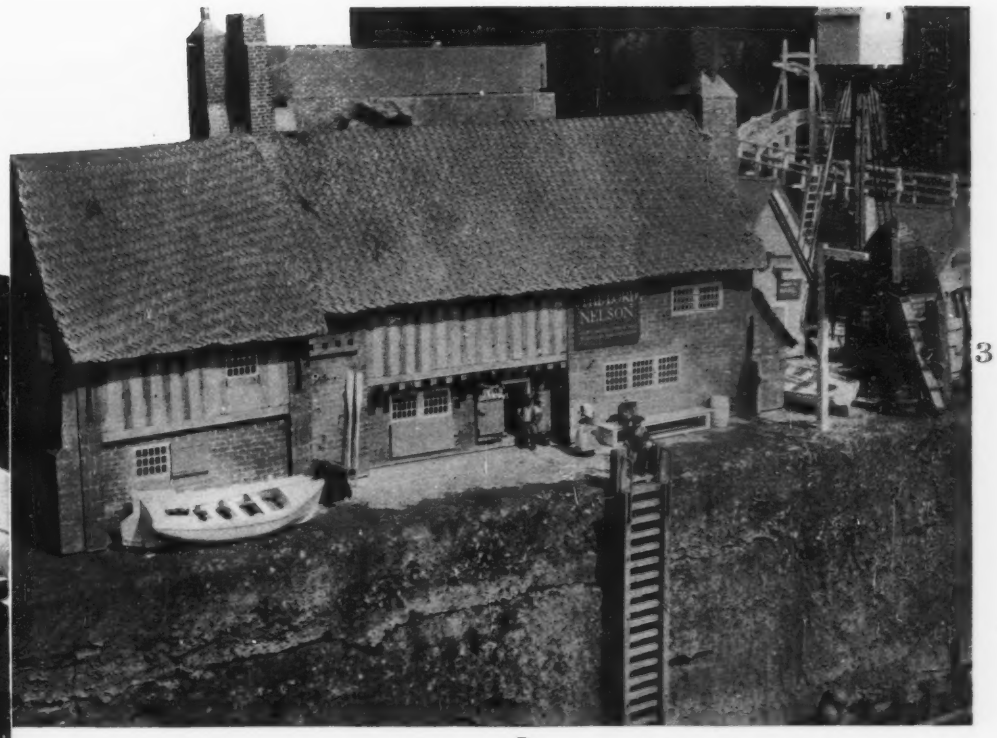
4

ve, Thirlwall Mere, District.

By John Betjeman.

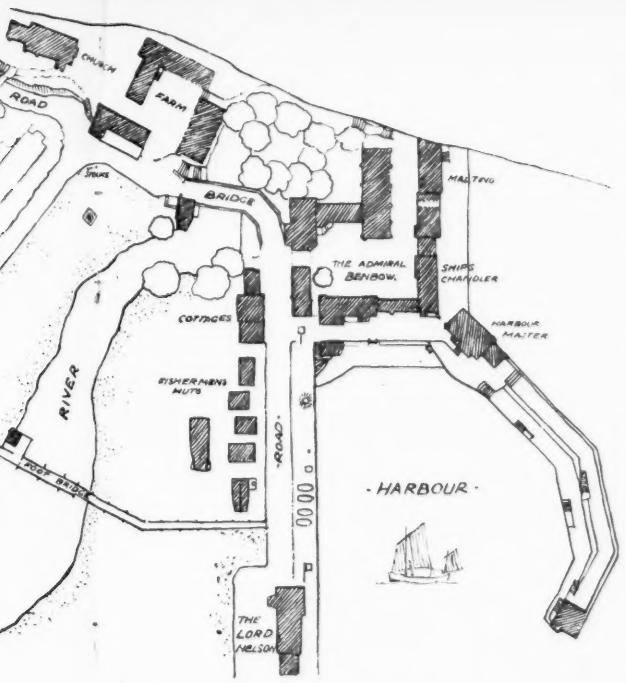


2



3

3. The *Lord Nelson* (formerly the *Lord Clonmore*), an eighteenth-century building. **4.** A plan of *WOLF'S COVE*.



4

ancient cottage with dark corners and awkward passages that the inhabitants are unsophisticated enough to regard more as convenient than picturesque. In the eighteenth century the *Lord Nelson* was built in the hope of an increase in local trade. Although the construction—for the *Nelson* is in parts half-timbered—suggests a medieval design, the architects were the local builders, and the inn is a result, not of a conscious attempt at style, but of mere convenience.

Wolf's Cove itself follows no plan. It was the aim of the fishermen to have their cottages as near to the sea, yet as sheltered as possible, while the landlubbers contented themselves with settling on the hill that rises above the harbour. The two sections of the community are joined together by a medieval stone bridge over the canal which, before 1810, was no more than a tidal stream. The footbridge farther inland—an ingenious wooden construction from the designs of Captain Manby—acts as a drawbridge, and provides a passage for the barges on their way up or down from the mill.

The flat land behind the Cove, which is crossed by a wooden causeway from the *Lord Nelson* to the footbridge, is frequently flooded. Nevertheless it is no longer salty, evidence of which fact may be found in the presence of willow trees within a few yards of the sea. Yet this flat acreage has never been laid out as a sports ground, owing to the proximity of drains, whose combined odours effectively keep away strangers, and have earned the place the nickname of Stinking Cove from the envious and *high-class* residential towns in the neighbourhood.

Over the bridge and above the cove the hill rises abruptly and the scenery and inhabitants as abruptly become agricultural. The first building of note is the old sixteenth-century Manor House, inhabited by an eccentric gentleman, Mr. P. Morton Shand, who is rarely seen outside his grounds. Indeed, the Manor itself is only approached by a small bridge over a pool. A devout Anglo-Catholic, this Lord of the Manor has thrown a decent wooden bridge across the road in order that he may have direct and uninterrupted communication with the small parish church. This building, with its high-backed pews, plaster walls and hatchments, has been fortunate in escaping the ravages of the Victorians. The benefice is united with that of a neighbouring village, Tilney St. Botolph, on whose spacious eighteenth-century church the money, that might have gone to the spoliation of St. Vedast, Wolf's Cove, was lavished.

The garden of the Manor is adorned with clipped yews and box hedges, and the interior of the house itself is crowded with objects, family heirlooms of intense historic interest, and pervaded with that rich smell of earth, graves and scrubbed stone, which reminds one of the deserted and generally-locked interior of a remote country church.

5

6

7

A reference should be made here to the eccentric Lord of the Manor, whose only positive acts during the last twenty years have been his refusal to allow the railway within a mile and a half of the village and to permit a vehicle, not horse-drawn, upon the estate. For this reason Mr. Frederick Etchells, the wheelwright, who lives in the large, red brick, seventeenth-century cottage on the right, farther up the hill, is as rich in this world's goods as the Lord of the Manor is in those of the next. He has bought out the blacksmith on the other side of the road and he has a share in the cider mill which adjoins it. All these buildings are of interest, but more so are their inhabitants, who carry on the pressing of cider, the making of wheels, and the forging of horseshoes in a style that many a garden city craftsman or woman would give his or her eyes to emulate.

Below Mr. Etchells' house is the farm which supplies and depends on the village. It faces the green on which may be seen stocks. These were used as short a while ago as the year before last, when little Boggins, a farm boy, was found to have cut off the tails of some cows. He was placed in the stocks at the time of the Little Mop Fair for the hiring of servants, and has since been obliged to leave the neighbourhood. Of the fair itself, round the cross on the green, and the clash between agricultural and fishing interests, there is no space here to make mention.

The peace of Wolf's Cove is deep. On the afternoon of leaving it, before setting out from the *Lord Nelson* to the railway station, I stood and listened in a reverie. The sea was calm, and in the pause between the smack of a wave on hard sand, a cock would crow from the hill, and in the next pause a dog would bark, and all the time the earth ticked as it absorbed moisture, and the only sound of human life was the clink of the smithy and the creak of an encumbered farm cart whose wheels and shafts had been made by Mr. Etchells.

Two trains a day only leave Wolf's Cove Station. Travelling by the afternoon one involves a wait of two and a half hours at Thirlwall Mere Junction, for the 8.15 to come up the five miles from Caldecote and continue the other twelve miles to Stoke Dry. The Wolf's Cove branch traverses flat meadow land, passes through a long tunnel, and

---

5. *THE CANAL TO WOLF'S COVE* in the distance. The footbridge was built in 1847.

6. *THE CANAL BASIN IN WOLF'S COVE*, by the yard of the *Admiral Benbow*.

7. *THE WOODEN FOOTBRIDGE* which acts as a drawbridge to allow the passage of barges up to Thirlwall Mere.

8

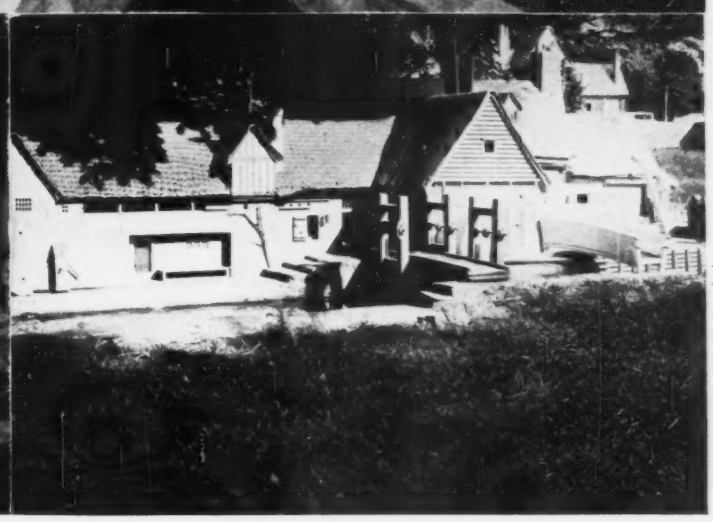
9

10

11

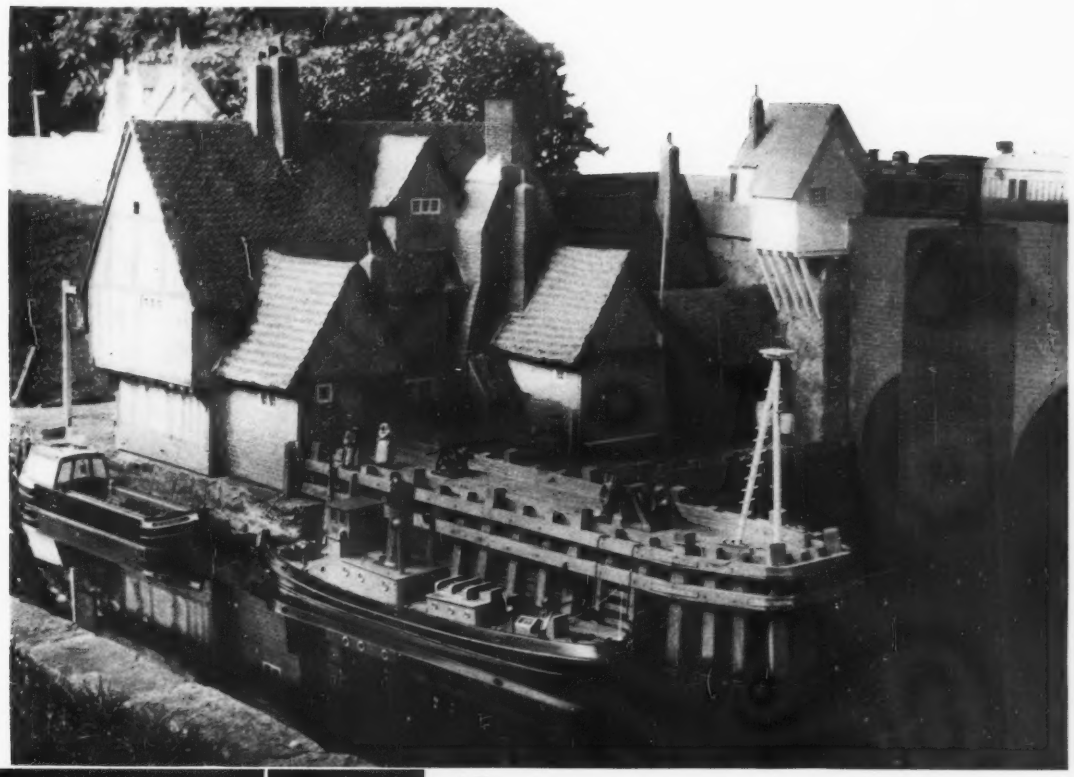
12

13



14

8. The agricultural part of *THE WOLF'S COVE* on the hill above the harbour. In the foreground is the Manor—a fifteenth-century stone building—and at the back is the smithy on the left and the blacksmith's cottage to the right of it. **9.** A closer view of *THE WHEELWRIGHT'S SHOP, THE SMITHY AND BLACKSMITH'S COTTAGE* with the *CIDER MILL* on the extreme left. **10.** *THE VILLAGE GREEN* surveyed by the farm. Notice the stocks and cross. **11.** *THE CANAL* six miles above Wolf's Cove on the way to Thirlwall Mere. The building on the left of the bridge was probably a lock-up. **12.** *THIRLWALL MILL.* **13.** The *WADE ARMS*, an unspoiled fifteenth-century inn frequented by bargees. **14.** *THE SLUICE GATES OF THE MILL* beside a wing constructed recently for the miller's son.



15

16

15. *THE JETTY* behind the *Wade Arms* where barges lie for hours after being pulled up by the tug in the foreground. On the quay are the two oldest inhabitants, the Widow Lloyd and her husband. The railway bridge is peculiarly in harmony considering that it was built in 1887. In the distance to the left can be seen Thirlwall Mere Station.

16. *THIRLWALL MERE STATION* which was formerly a seventeenth-century inn and still retains its licence.

comes out into a richer pasturage, with small fields and deep woods before slowing up into Thirlwall Mere Station. It is a pleasure to wait on that platform, for the Thirlwall Mere Junction is an inn which stands on the disused highway to Wolf's Cove. It still retains its licence. The general procedure of an intelligent passenger is to walk along the river bank—that river which joins on to the canal and flows to the cove—to the mill at Thirlwall itself. Here there is another medieval bridge and a deserted lock-up—or was it a chapel?—at the Thirlwall end of the span.

The miller, George Kolkhorst, is old now, and young Toby his son, is carrying on the business. The old granite grinding stones are still in use and the furniture inside the mill house has as yet been undiscovered. It is my custom to mess about with the sluice gates here, and go away before I get unpopular. Not far down stream the barges have been waiting for a couple of hours outside the *Wade Arms*, the lowest situated and most respected public-house in the neighbourhood. Here, with Mr. Jack Squire as host, the bargees drink at all hours, for the nearest policeman lives at Caldecote. This is a genuine medieval inn, and the railway bridge behind it is not out of keeping. By the time one has finished with the company there the oil-lamps have been lit and twinkle out from Thirlwall Station. The old salt, who is station master, has lit the lamps on both sides of the platform in honour of a passenger, and there is only half an hour to wait for the 8.15. Although the railway was recently taken over by the Great Western, old sailors are still employed along the line. This accounts for the flagstaff on Thirlwall Mere Station; and Captain Bowle, who is station master, talked to me for some time on his annoyance at the refusal of the company to allow the shrouds of his mast to come down to the ground and trip up passengers on the platform—as he says, "there aren't any passengers." So long did we talk in the comfortable chimney corner of the station over strong local beer that we both forgot the train, which, seeing lights on the platform, had scented a passenger and stopped instead of merely slowing down. By the time we stepped into the crisp night air the train was away in the cuttings among the chalk downs and nearing Stoke Dry.

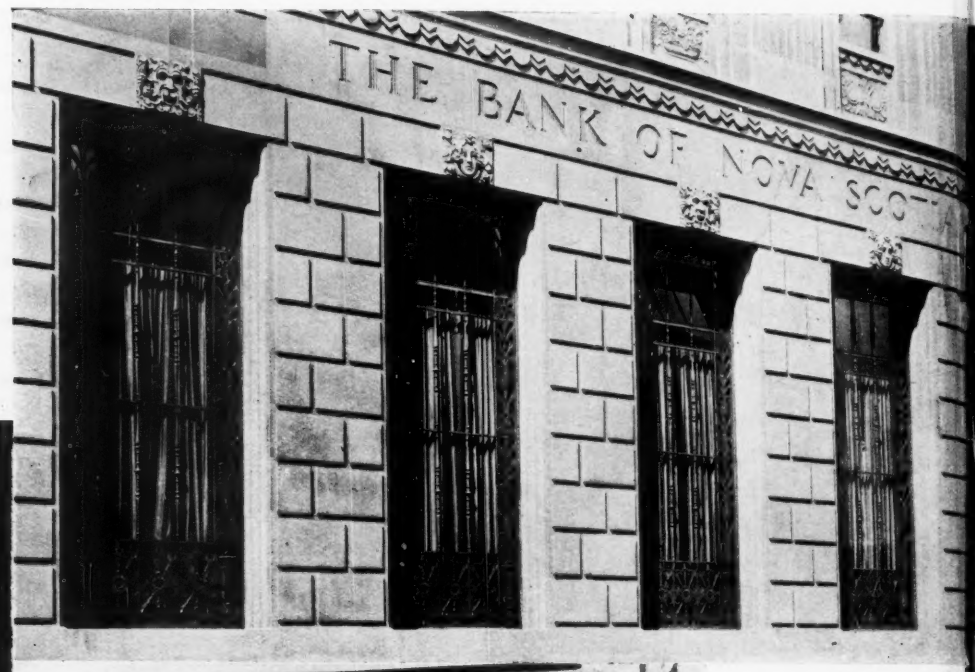
To those who have read thus far I must make an apology. Here are a thousand or two words and few of them about architecture. Let me now disclose the reason; it is that Wolf's Cove, Thirlwall Mere, and the railway are a model in the garden of Snowshill Manor, Gloucestershire; that every house, horse, piece of rolling stock, smack, tug, barge, millstone jetty, shroud, window, signboard, bridge, cart and gipsy caravan were made by Mr. Charles P. Wade, the architect. It is all to a half-inch scale, so that is why no tripper has ever visited the district.

A NEW LANGUAGE OF ORNAME

1

2

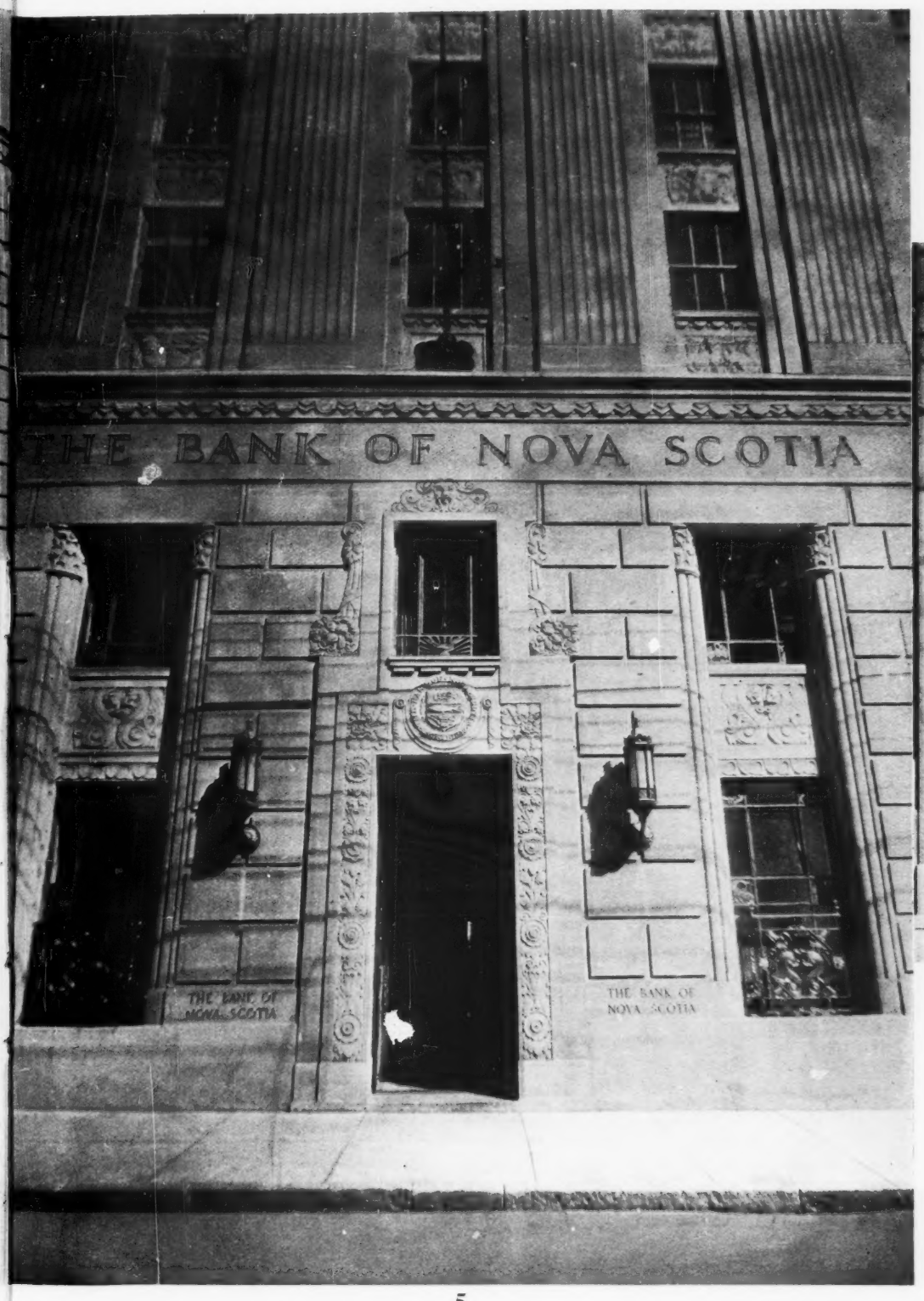
3



4

About three years ago Mr. John M. Lyle, the famous Canadian architect, was considering the problem of introducing a new note into the design of Canadian architecture, and came to the conclusion that a rich field of inspiration in regard to architectural ornament was lying dormant in the fauna, flora and marine life of the country; he therefore began to accumulate data in the form of Canadian flowers, fruits, trees, birds, animals, grain, marine life and Indian motifs. The three banks illustrated on these pages show that the results of his studies have led to the realization, not only of new forms of design, but also forms which are essentially national in their character. The Bank of Nova Scotia, Halifax (1), (2), (3), (5) *and* (6), *consists of a large main banking hall on the ground floor and office units on the upper floors. In* (5) *can be seen a worm's-eye view of the entrance and a part of the main façade, and in* (3) *the exterior windows of the banking hall. The walls are built of buff Indiana limestone; the keystones are neptune heads with sea-shell and sea-weed decorations alternating with a female head, Canadian fruit and flowers being used as a decorative surround. The window grilles are cast iron and the surrounds are in aluminium. A view of the main*

NAMENT IN CANADIAN ARCHITECTURE



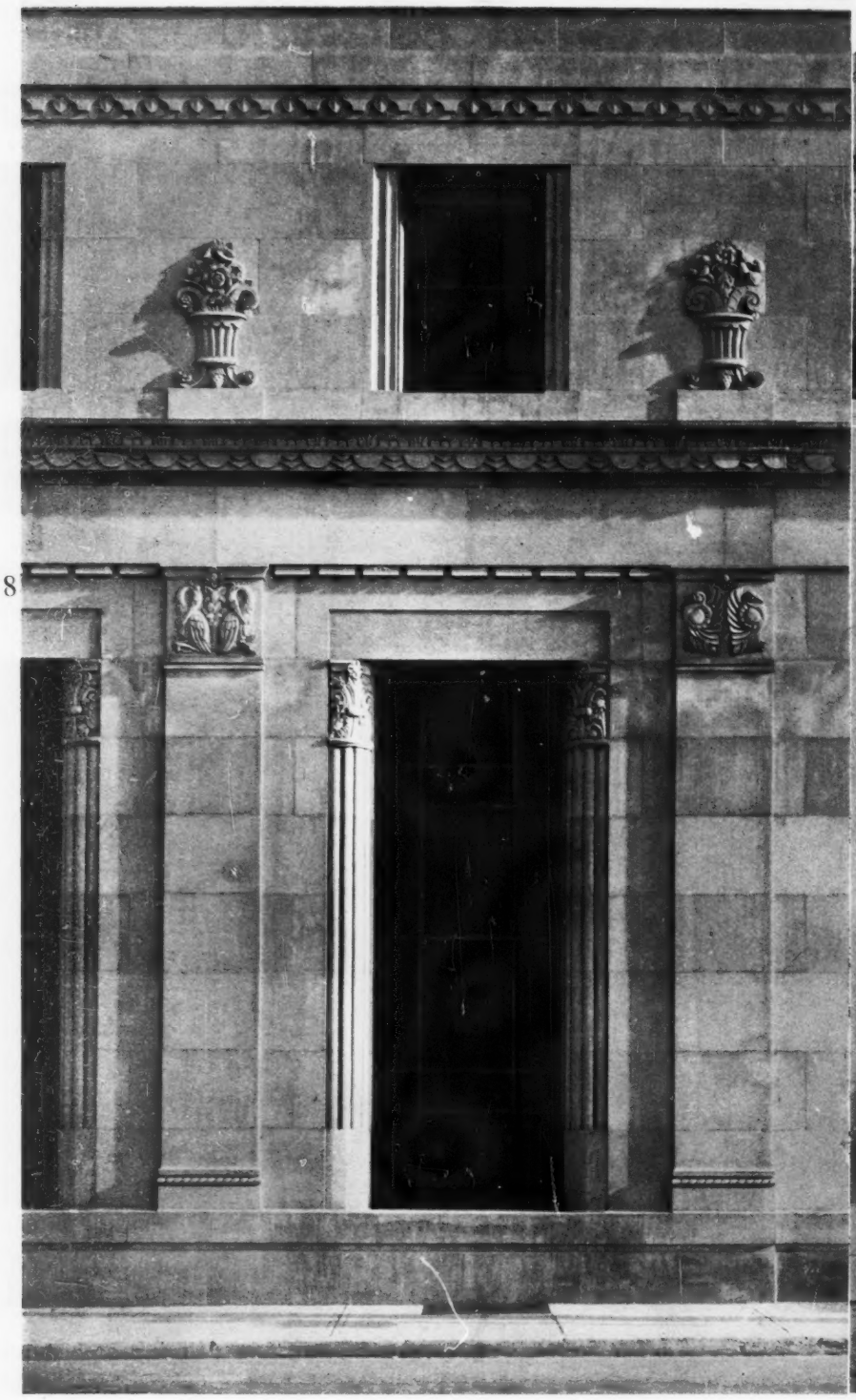
5

6

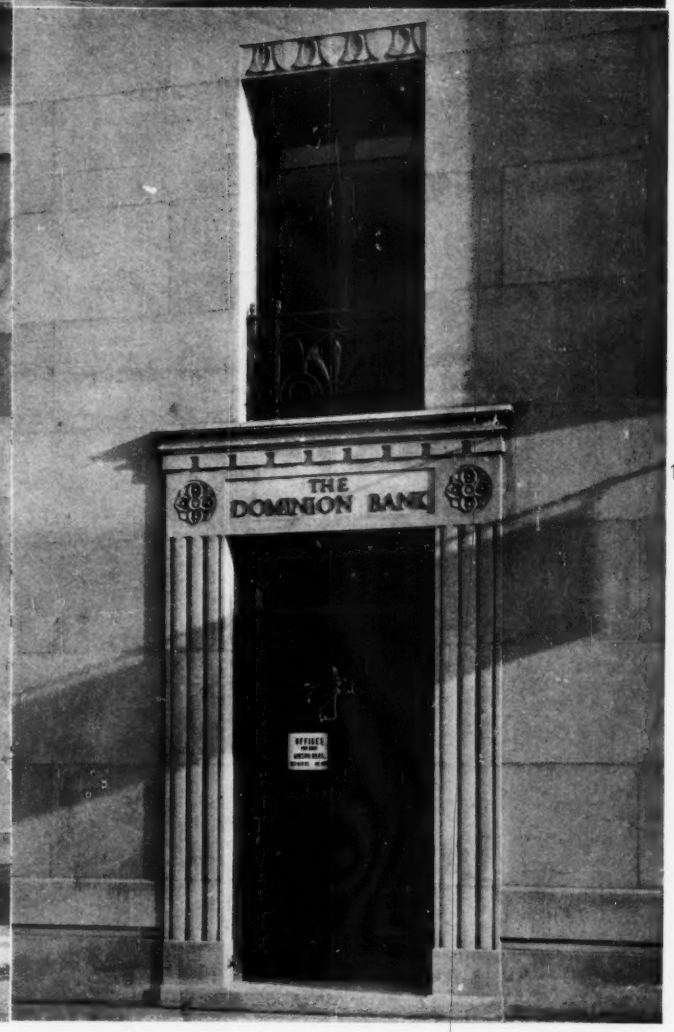
7

entrance, showing the cast bronze doors, is illustrated in (6). *The keystone motif is the crest of the Bank of Nova Scotia. The trim and mouldings to these doors have modelled surfaces and softened arrises. The floor of the Ladies' Room* (1) *and* (2), *is in marbleized rubber tiling, the colour-scheme being grey-green with a darker grey-green and dove-grey banding. The walls are in shades of jade-green with an antique glazed effect. The ceiling is silver-grey. The furniture, which was designed by the architects, is grey in colour. Mr. Andrew R. Cobb was associated with Mr. Lyle in the design of this building. The entrance front of the Central Canada Loan and Savings Company's Branch Office at Oshawa, Ontario, is illustrated in* (4). *This is a new façade on an old building, and is built of buff Indiana limestone with bronze inset panels and window treatment.* (7) *shows the entrance doorway to the Runnymede Branch of the Toronto Public Library, in which the Western Indian totem pole motif has been used as a decorative trim. In the totem pole, the raven is at the top, the beaver in the middle, and the bear at the bottom.*

8



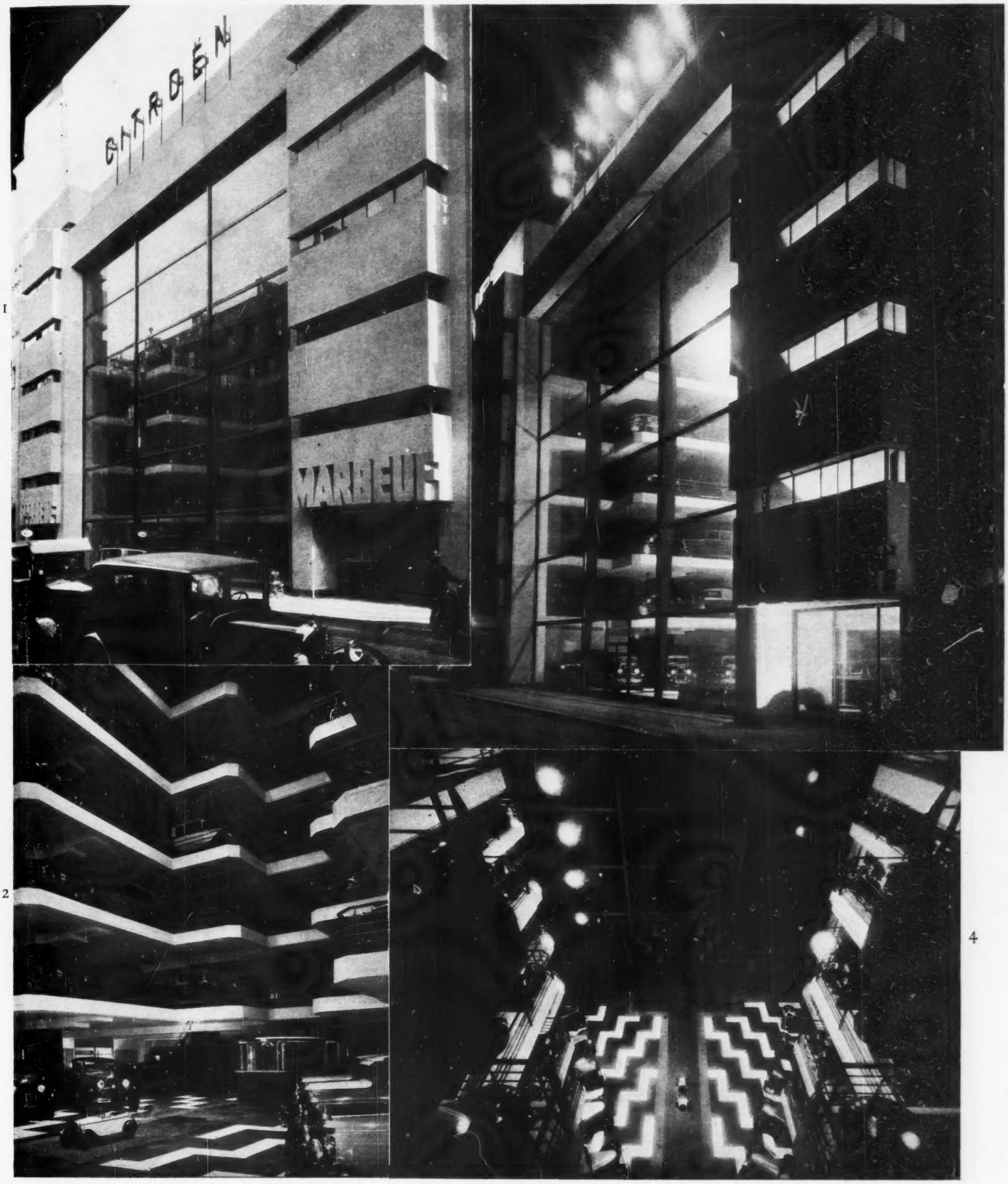
9



10

The exterior walls of the Yonge and Gerrard Streets Branch of the Dominion Bank, Toronto (8), (9) *and* (10), *are built of buff Indiana limestone. In the detail of the side façade* (8) *the Canadian flowers used in the two vases on the first-floor level are riverbank gentian, trumpet creeper, pine cone, may apple, spatterdock, hedge bindweed, charlock and sunflower. The birds represented in the pilaster capitals are the heron on the left, and the turkey on the right. The Canada lily and the sunflower are used in the capitals of the reeded window-jambs. The window grille above the side entrance* (10) *is in cast and wrought iron, and the wheat tassel motif has been used in its design.*

DRAMATIC ARCHITECTURE



A *Citroën* garage in Paris designed by A. Laprade and L. Bazin. (1) Sheer simplicity of design and economy of material give a dramatic effect to this building which, though situated in a narrow street affording few opportunities for display, strikes the eye forcibly. It is built of concrete, of a yellow sandstone shade. But the main part of the frontage is a huge window of plate glass, displaying the whole of the interior to the passer-by. Irrelevant detail has been ruthlessly suppressed, and even the necessary lettering is incorporated in the design of the building. (2) Five floors, to hold the cars, are all open, as it were in section, to a central covered courtyard which virtually takes up the whole ground space of the garage. They are bands of white concrete, with simple iron balustrades. The vast plate glass front, extending to the height of all five storeys, obviates the necessity for superfluous electric lighting in the daytime. The floors are all of rubber. (3) At night the building stands out as a pillar of light, but not, except at the top, by means of superimposed electrical signs. For the lighting of the interior serves also for the exterior and is part of the general architectural scheme. The bands of light which cut the concrete are effective by virtue of their utility rather than for their purely decorative quality. (4) The pattern on the rubber flooring carries out the lines of the balconies, and the neat ranks of cars combine with the design of the interior to produce a perfection of symmetry. [PATRICK BALFOUR.]

Ecclesia Sanctæ Johannæ de Arc apud Farnham, Surrey.

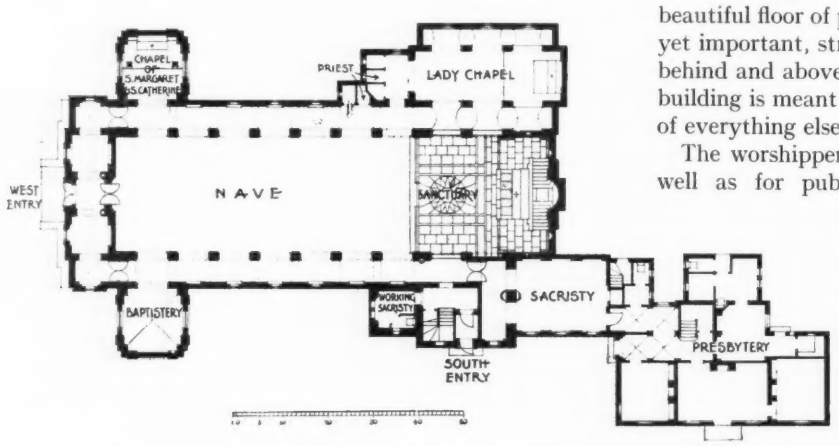
By Father Etienne Robo

AN architect's comments and criticisms on the memorial Church of S. Joan of Arc would be more valuable than the artless remarks of the plain man in the street. The readers, however, may find it interesting to know how the mere outsider chooses his style of building and reacts to modern architecture; how the Church of S. Joan seems to a priest to fulfil the requirements, both liturgical and practical, of a Catholic church.

When the writer of this article decided, a few years back, to erect this memorial to S. Joan, he made a search among the old churches of England and France for a suitable model to copy. The continuity of belief and ritual in the Catholic Church seemed at first to make such a solution possible. It soon became evident to him that apart from the question of cost, those beautiful buildings belonged to ages definitely past, to people whose practical requirements were not ours, to an art and a technique which expressed beauty in a language no longer familiar to us.

The churches recently built in Germany and Holland and the concrete churches raised in the devastated regions of France, to which we turned next, appeared to us as interesting departures from tradition, daring, full of originality and vigour, but lacking measure and certainty; they are trying to skip some necessary stages of a development to come. We thought it best to leave experiments to others and to look for an architect who would give us a blend of tradition and modernity.

We found him in Mr. J. E. Dixon-Spain, and the result is the Church of S. Joan of Arc. We wanted tradition, for the liturgical requirements of a Catholic church are the same now as they were a thousand years ago; there has been no break of belief or ritual such as happened in England at the Reformation when altars were destroyed and the pulpit took the place of honour. A church is the place where a sacrifice is performed; the altar is therefore the vital part; the church is built for it and round it. Everything else is secondary: pulpit, pictures, statues, are mere incidents. Anything which would turn the attention from the altar and the sacrificial action, is out of place. In the Church of S. Joan the nave is absolutely bare; no architectural or decorative details take the mind of the worshipper from the altar. The grey pillars rise and become walls and expand into a barrel-vaulted ceiling without any capitals or frieze, or dividing line of any sort. Likewise there is no separation between nave and sanctuary. The tendency to hide the mysteries from the faithful, to place a barrier between God and the people, realized in the Greek rite, half attempted in many old English churches, has broken down in modern architecture. In S. Joan's Church there is neither arch nor division to show where the sanctuary begins. A step, a massive communion rail, both practical necessities, alone mark where the nave ends. But the spaciousness of the sanctuary, its beautiful floor of porphyry and Roman stone, the unfinished, yet important, structure of the altar with shell and pilasters behind and above, show us well enough that this end of the building is meant to attract eyes and minds to the exclusion of everything else.



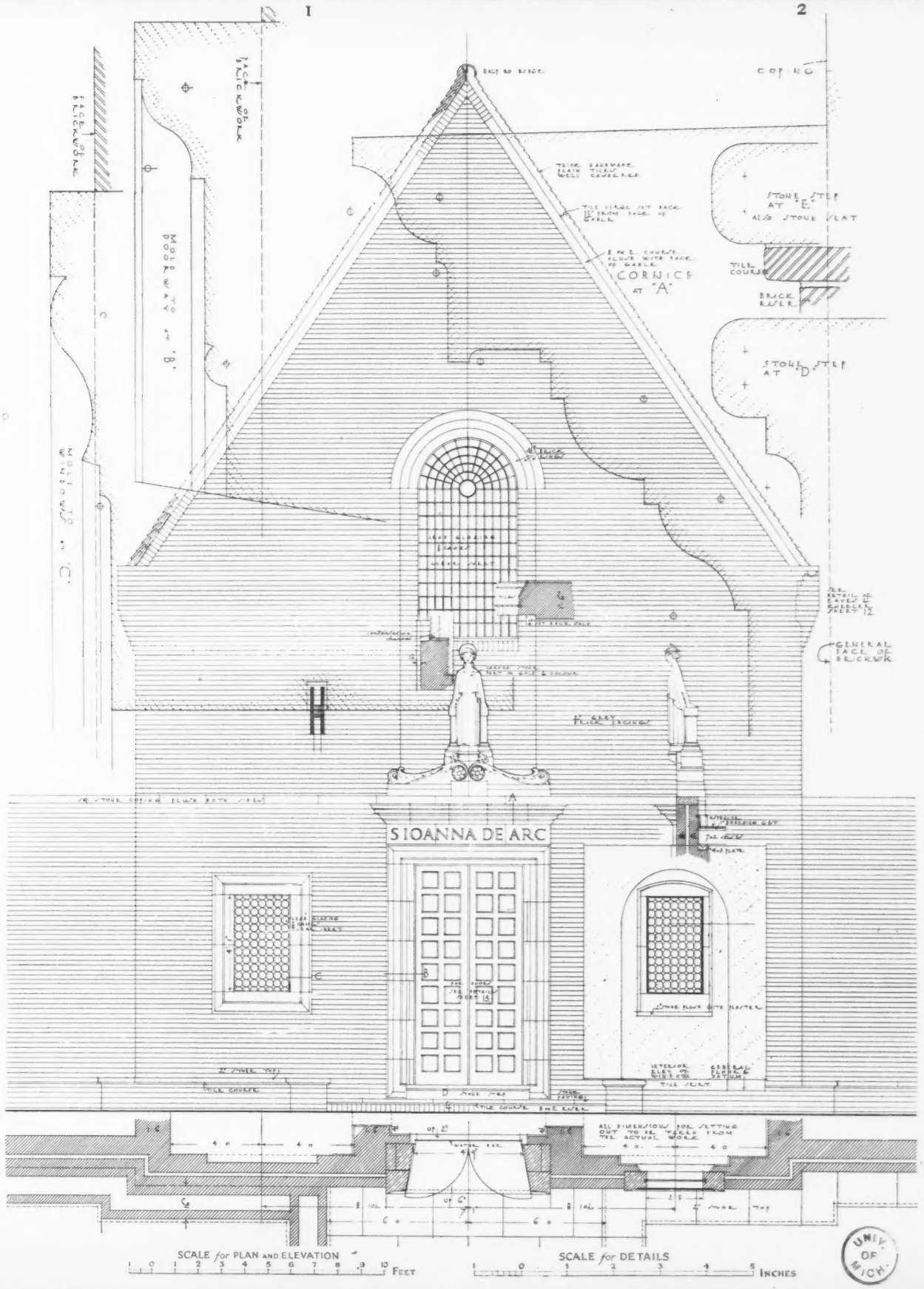
THE PLAN of the Church.

The worshipper comes to church for private devotion as well as for public services, and for some unexplained psychological reason he does not find himself at home in a large empty nave; he prefers some corner, inconspicuous and intimate. To meet that need, a side chapel, a sort of little church complete in itself, with aisles, pillars and nave, has been built by the side of the sanctuary. There, and in another occasional chapel, are the statues which would have been out of place in the body of the church. They are

1

2

3



(1) *A view showing the grouping of the Memorial Church of S. Joan of Arc with the presbytery.* (2) *The narthex. The sculptor of the stone statue of S. Joan over the entrance was Roger de Villiers.* (3) *A working drawing of a detail of the front elevation.*

PLATE III. *January* 1932.

The Sacristy and entrance to the Choir at the Memorial Church of S. Joan of Arc. The building is executed in brick and the roof is covered with hand-made tiles. The foundation stone of the church was laid on May 23, 1929, *by the Bishop of Southwark, and amongst the bishops who assisted at the ceremony was the Bishop of Beauvais, the successor of the ill-famed Pierre Cauchon who tried S. Joan. The architects of the church were Nicholas and Dixon-Spain* in association with *Falkner and Aylwin.*

PLATE IV. *January* 1932.

1

2

3

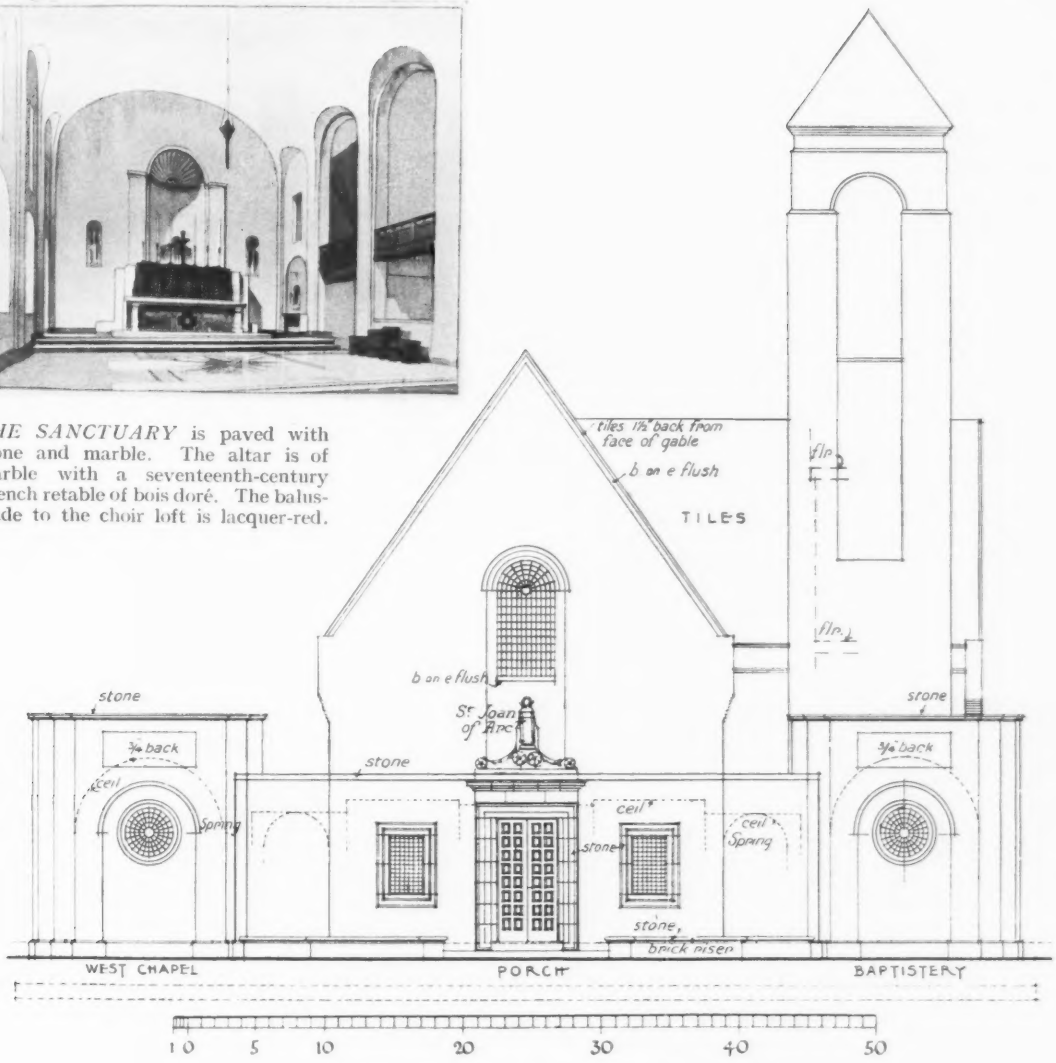
Statues in a Catholic Church should not be mere ornaments, they should create a spiritual atmosphere. The work of Mr. Vernon Hill, at the Memorial Church of S. Joan of Arc, reproduced here, seems to fulfil that purpose. His statue of the Virgin (2) *is not meant to show just a well-nourished mother playing with a pretty child, nor are his statues of S. Margaret* (3) *and S. Catherine* (1) *intended just to portray two good-looking young ladies. If they were, we should find them more distracting than helpful in a church.*

The Virgin, as here seen, suggests purity. The body is that of a very young girl; the spiritual, not the human is emphasized. She holds the child very lovingly, yet reverently; she is not merely the earthly mother; she does not even look at her divine son, she possesses him more by faith than by touch or sight.

S. Margaret and S. Catherine are similarly treated. S. Margaret's dragon represents the base inclinations which even the purest must fight against. The gentle maid conquers the monster, not by cunning weapon nor strength of arm, but by the power of the cross. S. Catherine, the patron saint of philosophers, is shown in argument with the Doctors of Alexandria. Note the firm poise of head and body. She does not seem to be so much arguing, as telling them.

PLATE V. *January* 1932.

THE SANCTUARY is paved with stone and marble. The altar is of marble with a seventeenth-century French retable of bois doré. The balustrade to the choir loft is lacquer-red.



A working drawing of the *FRONT ELEVATION.*

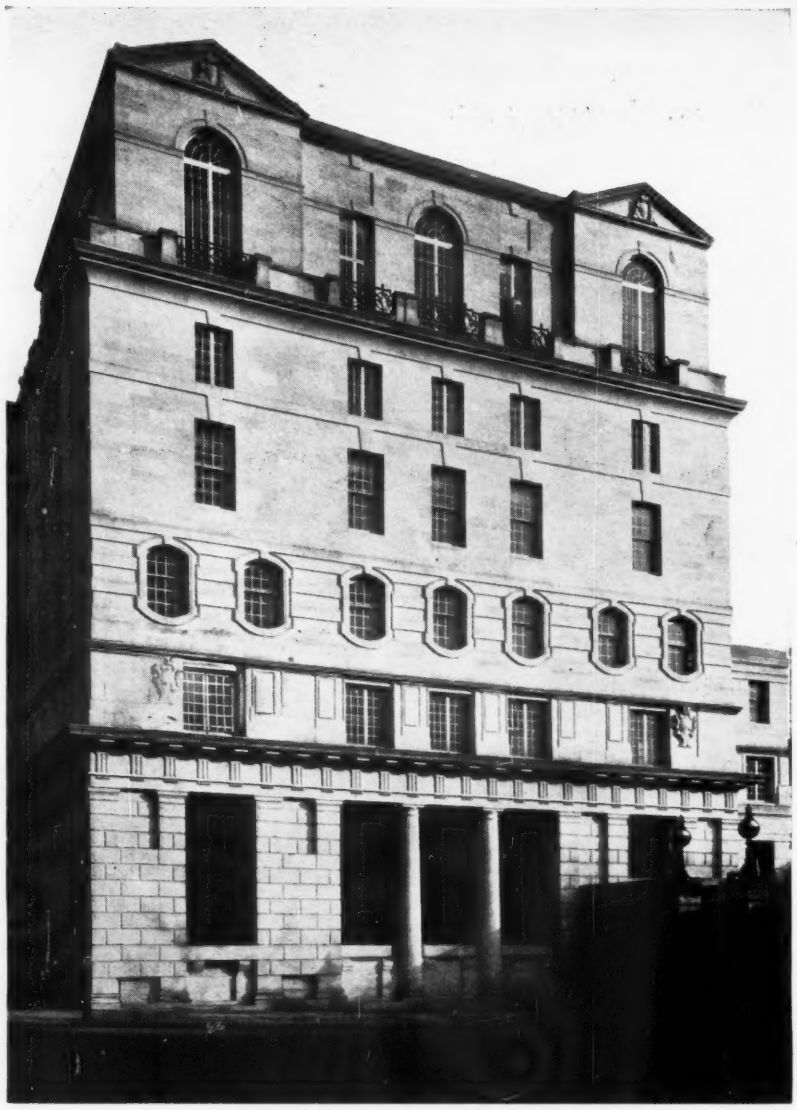
full of fancy and individuality; they seem a return to the art of the twelfth century, but such a natural and sincere one that they escape the reproach of conscious imitation: the Virgin, whose attenuated, yet graceful, form is more of the spirit than of the earth, S. Joseph, strong and kind, *the* protector. S. Catherine, subtle and determined, arguing with philosophers. S. Margaret, victorious of the dragon by the power of the cross. With very simplified lines the artist achieved powerfully the effect he intended to produce.

Practical modern requirements have also been adequately met in this church. The available funds did not allow any expenditure on mere decoration. Two luxuries, however, we could have: space and light. To those who expressed to us a wish for "a dim religious light" we answered that darkness might be a regrettable accident, not an achievement to aim at, and we asked the architect to give us a church "flooded with light." This end will be attained more fully still when the church has been completed, the brick parts plastered over, and the present grey plastering of the nave distempered. Space also we have in plenty. The suggestion of space is the one which comes first to one's mind as one enters the church. You find it in the narthex, in the body of the nave which is built to accommodate 300 people, and looks spacious enough for three hundred more, in the sacristy, in the sanctuary (26 ft. by 30 ft.), where great functions can be carried out with ease and dignity.

The organ and choir have been allocated a loft by the side of the sanctuary and overlooking the altar. This is a more suitable position than a gallery over the west entrance, a makeshift which came into use when great organs had to find a place in Gothic churches which had not been built to accommodate them. We must not forget the ingenious arrangement which gives the working sacristy a separate entrance, thus allowing church workers to come in and out without disturbing anyone.

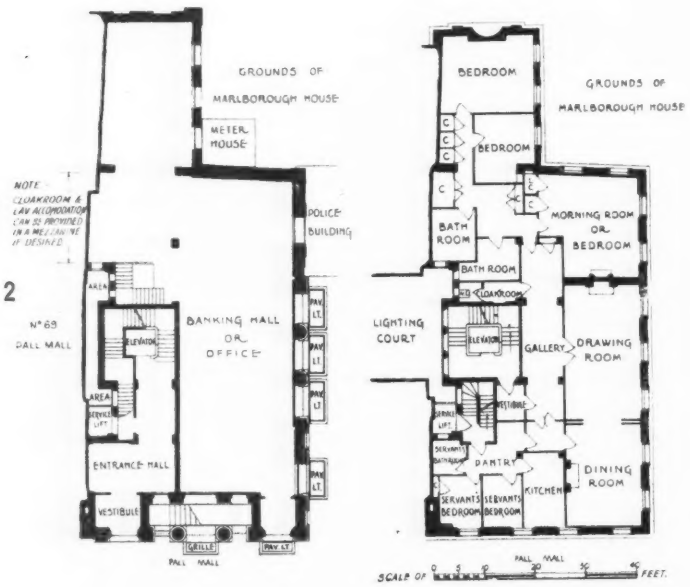
If I may be allowed to express an artless, but sincere, opinion after seeing this church during the last nineteen months under varied conditions of shadow and light, under the summer sun and in the November mists, after almost living in it, I shall venture to say that this memorial of S. Joan of Arc, incomplete as it is, gives one the impression of beauty achieved, for there we find serenity and fitness to surroundings, restraint in the severe lines, proportion in the grouping of the various parts of the building, and also the logic and purpose without which no work of art is quite complete.

NO. 68 PALL MALL, LONDON.—The site presented unusual problems and opportunities, as the building forms the west end of the block of clubs and banks on the south side of Pall Mall, the rear of the building cutting into the grounds of Marlborough House with no areas or gardens. In planning, advantage was taken of the large central lighting court of the adjoining bank building almost to cover the site throughout all floors. The staircases, bathrooms and cloakrooms are all grouped around this area which, though only 150 feet in extent, gives ample lighting. All three external fronts were therefore available for the living rooms, the sitting rooms and best bedrooms enjoying fine views to the south and west over the Mall and St. James's Park. There are nine floors, the ground and first floor with two basements being planned as offices. Above, there are three large flats each occupying a whole floor. The fifth and sixth floors, which are set back, form a maisonette, the drawing-room being carried through two storeys with a gallery over the dining-room.

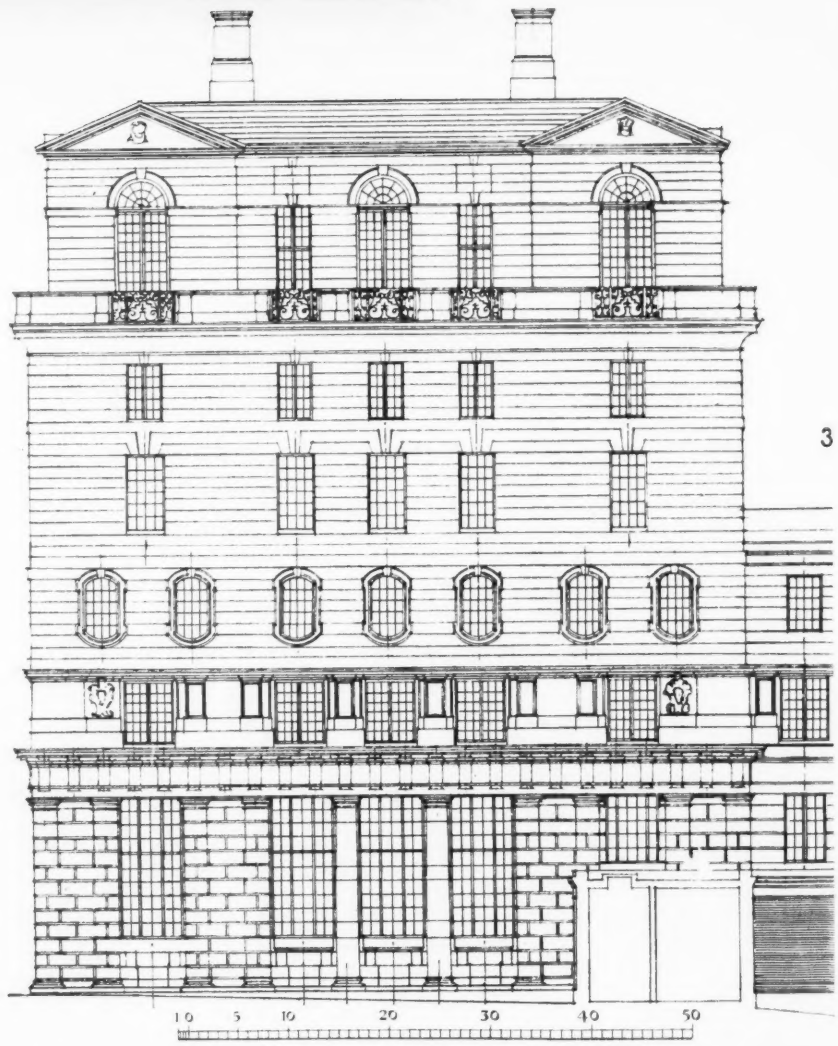


1

The building was erected to the designs of Romaine-Walker & Jenkins in conjunction with Sir Edwin Lutyens, the former being responsible for the planning and internal decorations and the latter for the exterior. (1) A view from Pall Mall. The exterior is built of Portland stone and the windows are metal casements on the ground floor and painted wood elsewhere. (2) Plans of the ground and second floors. (3) A working drawing of the south-west elevation.



2



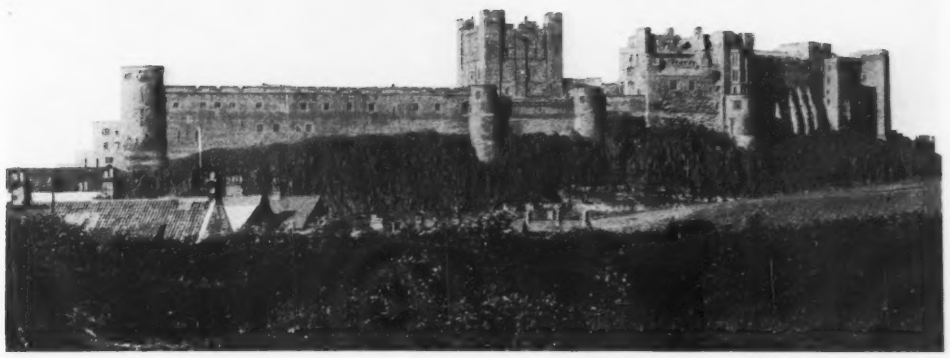
3

4

5

(4) A vista through the reception rooms of the fifth-floor maisonette of No. 68 Pall Mall, London. A painted scheme of decoration with a polished oak floor. (5) A Side Table and Mirror in the Entrance Hall. A Belgian black marble skirting runs round the base of the walls which, with the ceiling, are treated with a "stuc" finish. The table top and floor margins are of Greek Cippolino and the floor is in Bianca del Mara. The wrought-iron radiator grille is partly sherrardized. The Mirror has steel blue mountings and emerald studs.

PLATE VI. *January* 1932.



BAMBURGH CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND. The roofs of low buildings are shown nestling under this twelfth-century Castle as if for protection, just as buildings undoubtedly did at that time. Although the Castle has undergone many alterations of detail, of which the Tudor windows are most noticeable in this view, the building, as a whole, retains its Norman character. In the sixth century an extensive Saxon timber fortress stood on the site. From *A History of the English House.*

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

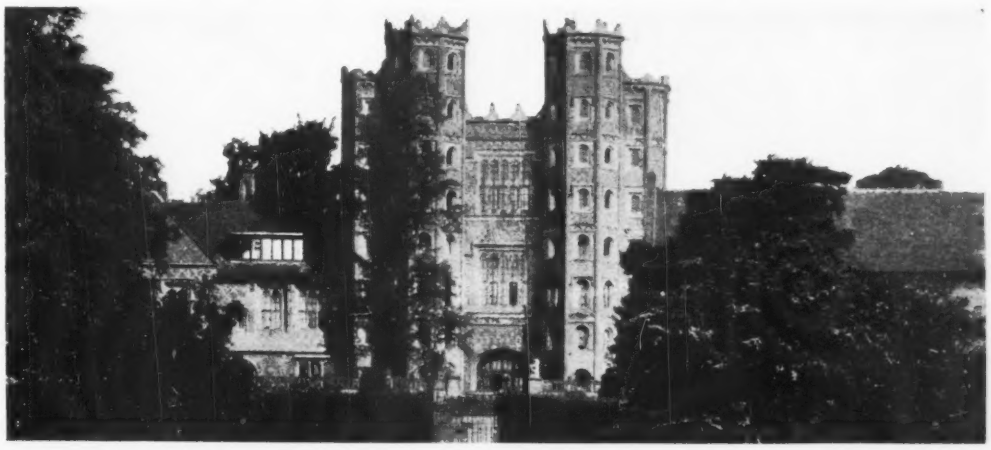
English *Domestic Architecture*

By The Earl of Longford

A History of the English House. From Primitive Times to the Victorian Period. By NATHANIEL LLOYD, O.B.E., F.S.A. London, 1931: The Architectural Press. Price £3.3s. net. New York: William Helburn Inc.

IN this excellent, scholarly and plentifully illustrated volume, which is undoubtedly the standard work on its subject, Mr. Lloyd gives us an historical survey of the English House from the time when it was a primitive hut to those mid-Victorian days when it ceased to be a house, that is, something designed for a human being to live in, and became a sham and a joke, as was to be expected in that romantic, business-like and intensely gullible age. He shows us, in approximately 900 illustrations, or about four times as many as have appeared in any previous work on the subject, houses big and small, their interiors, exteriors, walls, ceilings and staircases, and he even remembers such sanitary details as Sir John Harington's invention in 1596, which was not, however, adopted widely for two hundred years; in a country and at a time when the one-roomed hut still housed both the cottager and his livestock, cleanliness was naturally of less importance than some other things, among them beauty.

Confining himself to one country and to one type of architecture, the domestic, Mr. Lloyd clarifies our ideas about the English house considerably. Though singularly free from any unfairness, he considers that English domestic architecture has had two periods during which it was at once most national and most suited to its purpose. The first of these periods was the Tudor, which a sudden inrush of wealth and half-digested Italianism was to overwhelm with Elizabethan and Jacobean eccentricities. The second was the earlier part of the eighteenth century, when a style befitting the English climate and conditions was evolved, and is particularly to be observed in the less pretentious houses of the time. The greater mansions tended rather to full Palladianism, and Mr. Lloyd



LAYER MARNEY HALL, ESSEX. One of the two finest brick and terra-cotta buildings of the sixteenth century—the other is Sutton Place. The whole of the terra-cotta is Italian in design, and the brickwork is English Gothic. From *A History of the English House.*

THE ENGLISH FIREPLACE. A History in Miniature from *A History of the English House.*

1

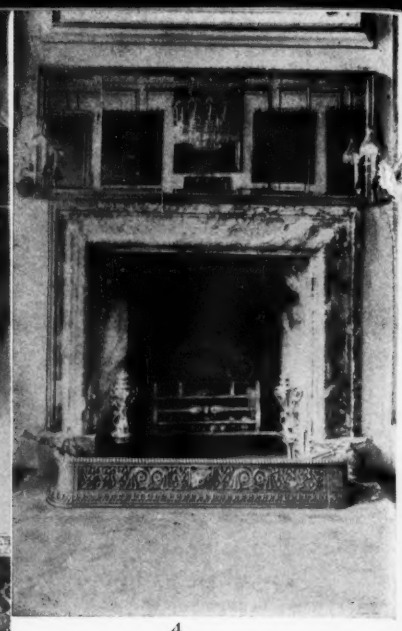
This series of chimneypieces reflects the periods of domestic architecture from the simplicity of the medieval, through the complications of Baroque, and on to the simplicity of the Regency. (1) A Henry III fireplace at *LUDDESDOWN MANOR, KENT*, which shows the lines of construction and lacks adornment.

2

(2) An early use of decoration above the fireplace at the time of King James I, in *LITTLE WOLFORD MANOR, WARWICKSHIRE*, before the introduction of the mantelshelf.

3

(3) Another Jacobean example where the chimneypiece is used as a wall decoration at *KNOLE, SEVENOAKS, KENT*.



4

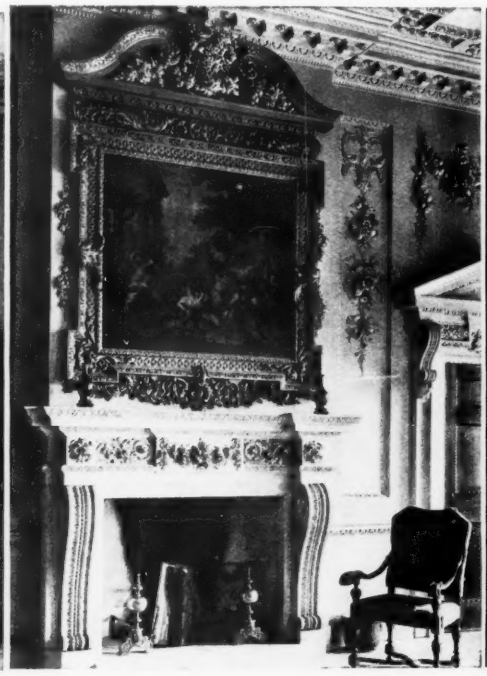
(4) A reaction from the elaborate Jacobean, in Charles II's reign. A bolection moulding, seldom with a shelf over the lintel. This typical example is from *BRICKWALL, NORTHIAM, SUSSEX*.

5

(5) The full-fledged Baroque from the Continent, in Queen Anne's period. Sir John Vanbrugh seized this chance of showing his skill in detail at *CASTLE HOWARD, YORKSHIRE*.

6

(6) An early George I sobered example by William Kent in *CADOGAN HOUSE, WHITEHALL, LONDON*. The whole fireplace was designed round the painting. An example of the time when we were "proud to catch cold at a Venetian door."



7

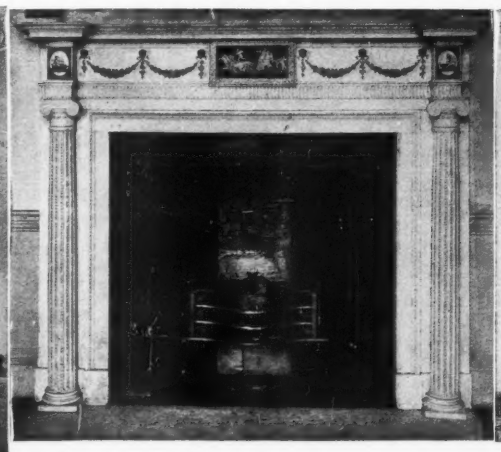
(7) A similar example of George II's reign from *THAME PARK, OXFORDSHIRE*.

8

(8) A French taste mantelpiece in *WINCHESTER HOUSE, PUTNEY*. This shows the reaction from Palladianism that heralded the popularity of the brothers Adam.

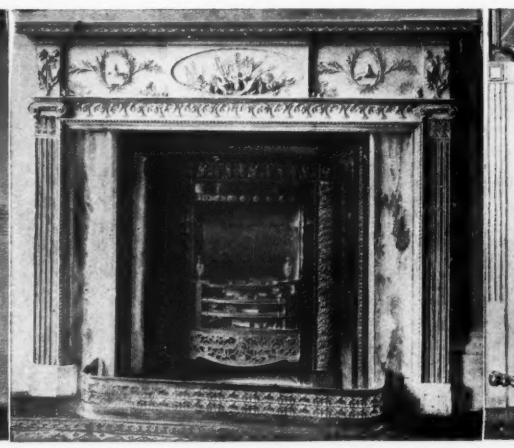
9

(9) The soberer English taste asserting itself in George III's reign, at 21 *PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON*, in the work of the brothers Adam



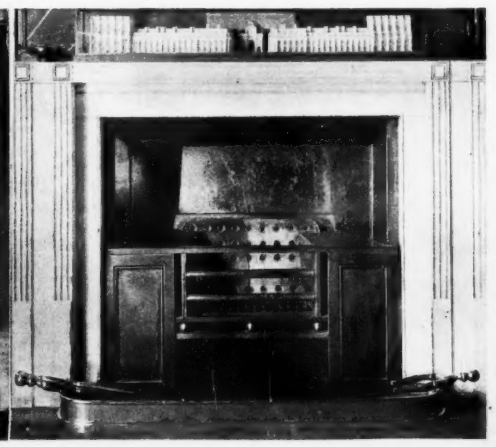
10

(10) Some more work of Robert Adam at 20 *ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, LONDON*, in marble.



11

(11) A *"MARINE" CHIMNEYPIECE* of wood, of the same late eighteenth-century date as the two previous examples.



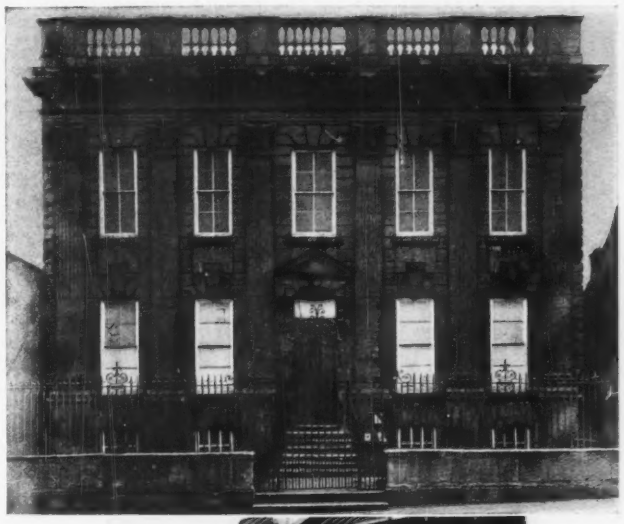
12

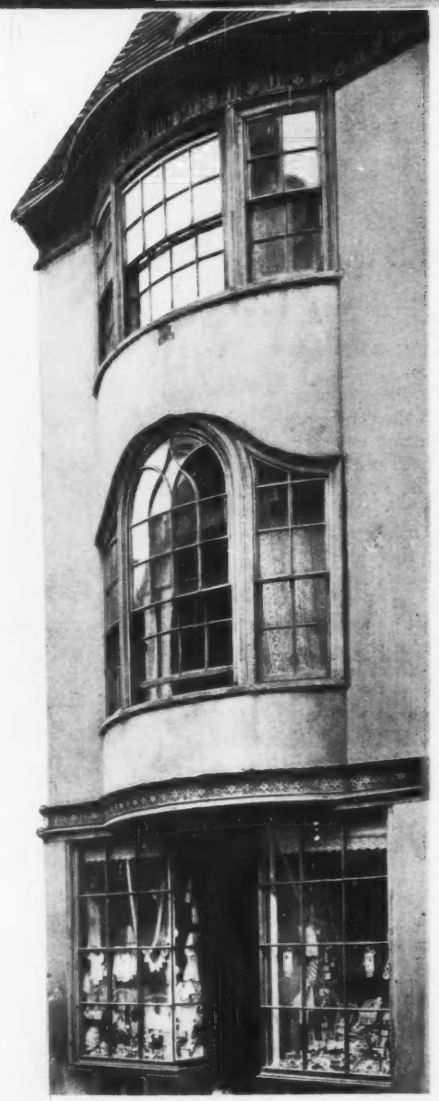
(12) The Greek severity of the Regency—solid work as a reaction from the "Saintiness" of the Adam manner. A white marble mantelpiece and contemporary grate designed by Sir John Soane in his house at 13 *LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON*.

rightly emphasizes the dependence of the latter style upon Italian models, and we get an impression that, with all the splendour of the Palladian manner, there is a trace of the absurd in such deliberate copies of foreign originals as the domed "Castle" of Mereworth. "The architectural history of the second half of the eighteenth century and thereafter is a history of revivals," says Mr. Lloyd, and from this point onwards we feel a certain note of despondency creeping into his writing, as he thinks of the horrors that the later stages of the movement for revival were to produce. Who can be surprised at this when both A. W. N. Pugin and the whole civilized world were to lose their reason amid orgies of Gothic, and yet more loathsome revivals were to follow, Picture-House Baroque, Insurance Office Classical, Bungalow Tudor and the rest?

But no anticipations of the latter end of revivalism can make us unappreciative of the solid achievements of Adam and Soane, to which Mr. Lloyd pays due tribute. For early nineteenth-century architecture in general he has not much that is good to say, and it is clear that the use of standardized structural and decorative features by men who had no real understanding of the architect's profession, and who worked largely for people without taste, was bound to mean a general and progressive lowering of standards. But in view of what came after, one can be thankful for what has been allowed to survive from that period by the boors of today. It is, however, pleasant to notice that Mr. Lloyd is able to end on a note of hope; perhaps, after all the horrors and the absurdities, the present trend of architecture is really about to open up a splendid future.

Indeed, the Classical Revival has a very real beauty of its own up to its last despairing gasps in the earlier Victorian suburbs of London and other cities. There is always some originality clinging to architecture of this type. But with its disappearance the whole Renaissance tradition died. Mr. Lloyd points out that no sooner had the lingering Gothic tradition finally succumbed before its more powerful competitor than the latter in its turn sickened and died. But till the end it is a vital style and its productions are interesting. It is called a revival, yet it is not such a revival as came afterwards, and when it died it was itself unrevivable, perhaps more so than other styles. Mr. Lloyd even suggests that in the later Victorian period the Gothic compares not unfavourably with the pseudo-Classical. And today there is nothing worse than, say, a combination of corrugated iron with Adam detail, common in the architecture of garages. An extreme instance, perhaps, but symptomatic.





(*Top*) A small Queen Anne house in the Palladian style at *BURFORD, OXFORDSHIRE*. (*Bottom*) A neat example of the combination of shop and house in the *HIGH STREET, HASTINGS*. The bow windows are typical of the beautiful late eighteenth-century seaport architecture which has been allowed to survive.
From *A History of the English House*.

A study of this book confirms one in one's conviction that a style can only be commendable when it springs from a nation's or a period's needs. A style wrenched bodily from its context in time or place may, after treatment by men of genius, or a long period of acclimatization, be made to fulfil the purposes for which it is required. But in general the process of swallowing such a style is dangerous to a country, and is likely to cover its face with a hideous rash. Accordingly modern architecture is desperately attempting to return to saner ideas, to escape from the tyranny of set styles, and base itself on the needs of today.

The best architectural periods had this object in view. The Tudor style, which Mr. Lloyd holds up to our commendation, had its foundations in Tudor needs. Such buildings as Thame Park and Glastonbury Tribunal House were eminently suited to the requirements of the sixteenth century. A twentieth-century imitation of them would be ludicrous; revived "Tudor" is the architecture of golf clubs. Yet modern architects can learn from their predecessors of that time to avoid unsuitable plans, crippling rules, and exotic detail, in fact to follow them by not copying them.

Thanks to the false tradition of freakish revivals, we are many years away from any tradition which can be of the slightest help. Architecture has never before had such possibilities with new materials and new proportions at its disposal, and in so far as a knowledge of the past can help it, Mr. Lloyd's book should do much to aid it in steering its future course.

THE LITTLE NEGRESS. A pencil drawing *by* Jacob Epstein. "What turned me from drawing to sculpture was the great desire to see things in the round, and to study form in its different aspects from varying angles, and also the love of the purely physical side of sculpture."
From *The Sculptor Speaks.*

What *is* Art?

The Sculptor Speaks. Jacob Epstein to Arnold L. Haskell. A series of conversations on Art. London: Heinemann. Price 8s. 6d. net.

MR. EPSTEIN has frequently been the centre of newspaper publicity; on each occasion in recent years when he has produced an important work, the art critics, the reporters, and those who write letters to the Press, have joined in clamorous and heated arguments. Hitherto, Mr. Epstein himself has kept silence, but now he replies to his critics with vigour and effect. Those who, in controversies of this kind, enjoy "personalities"—and who does not?—will not be disappointed. But Mr. Epstein, while replying to his personal critics, has taken the opportunity of defending and explaining his art as well.

The lamentable fact that many of those who should be leaders in art and taste are on the side of darkness is here clearly displayed. To these, this book will hardly commend itself; there are none so blind as those who will not see, especially when they can call to the support of their blindness an array of academic learning. But this work is addressed to the general public, the rank and file who at present follow the lead of the official guardians of taste. It is to be hoped that by means of this book and others like it, this army of official art may be reduced to consist, like the American army, of officers only.

And it is admirably planned to achieve this purpose. In an ordinary essay, many points might be slurred over or omitted, but under the Watsonian cross-examination of Mr. Haskell, Mr. Epstein is compelled to be definite. And, further, the ordinary man will more readily be brought to a sympathetic frame of mind by the avoidance of attempt at justification by wordy æsthetic theories. This is not to say that such theories have been deliberately left out so as to give the book a popular appeal. The reason is that Mr. Epstein dislikes them himself. He says: "I was only thinking when my model posed for me yesterday how free from all æsthetic theories I felt . . . That is the right method. Artists have no time for theory." Again, Vlaminck is quoted as saying: "La bonne peinture c'est comme de la bonne cuisine, ça se goûte mais ça ne s'explique pas."

That really is the beginning and the end of the matter. Why, then, is Mr. Epstein's work greeted with cries of "hideous," "perverted," "distorted," "immoral," etc.? It seems to me as if the answer was to be found in the survival of a kind of Platonic tradition. It is "ideal beauty" again. Discovered first by the Greeks, "the beautiful" is supposed to have appeared again at the Renaissance and continued to illuminate the great academic schools of European art. And "the beautiful" and "the good," are they not one? It follows, then, that if Mr. Epstein runs counter to this tradition he is offending not only against the beautiful, but against the good as well; his statues, besides being ugly, are also immoral. Hence all the anger.

To all this Mr. Epstein replies that he does not know anything about the nature of Art or Beauty, but that he knows a beautiful object when he sees one. And he shows that many such beautiful objects are to be found outside the European tradition; for example, among the works of African and Egyptian artists. And these works are altogether independent of the Greek formula. He can say no more.

To arriving at this point of view, the general reader should be materially helped by the excellent illustrations. Even if he starts with violent prejudice, by the time he has examined the thirty-fourth photograph he will be fortunate if he is not forced to admit he was mistaken.

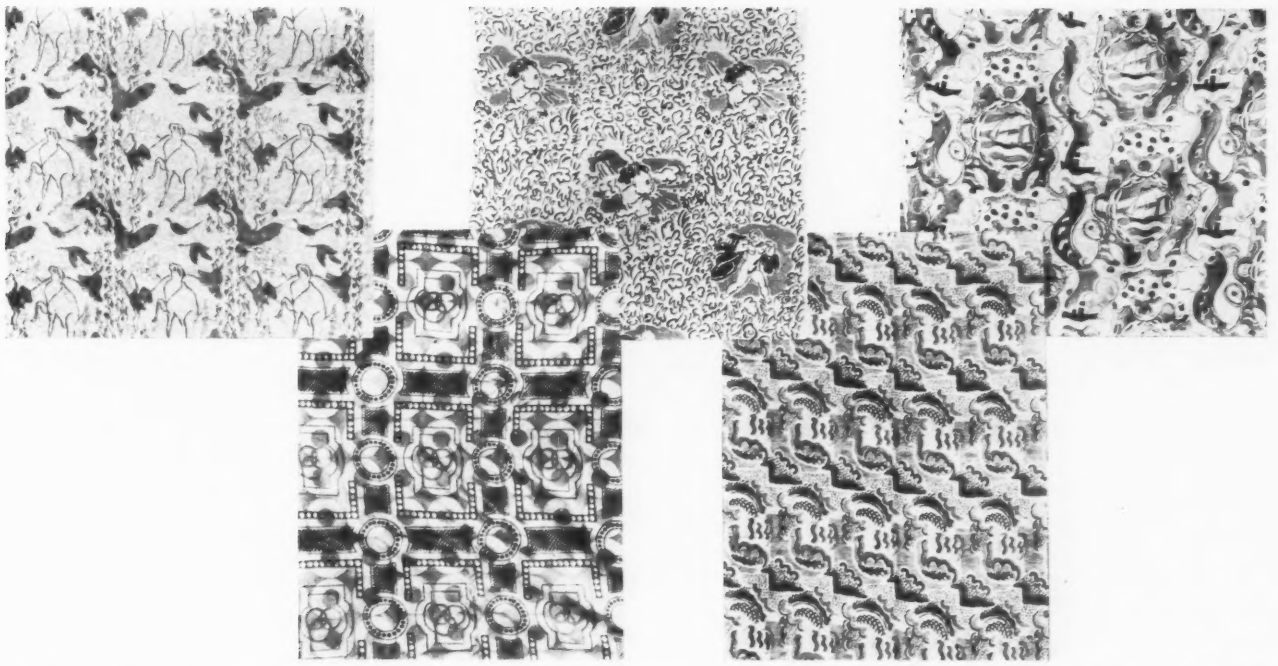
J. N. RICHARDS

THE RT. HON. JAMES RAMSAY MACDONALD, P.C. (1926), *by* Jacob Epstein. "The basis of the likeness lies in the shape of the skull and in the bony structure of the face, which I accentuate at times. In order to gain the first impression of the character of a head, it is often necessary to view it at an unusual angle, from up above or from down below."
From *The Sculptor Speaks.*

THE TITHE BARN, CHERHILL, WILTSHIRE.

Even were it new instead of a seventeenth-century building, the lines of this tithe barn could scarcely fail to please. It consists of no more than a hall and two entrances built in the true Gothic tradition, and does not attempt to express anything but its purpose. In this way it is a modern building and the roof construction is reminiscent of recent work by Mendelsohn. A rural object in rural surroundings, it seems to grow as naturally as the Wiltshire elms around it, and the greyish-yellow local stone walls and roof match the earth and unmetalled road. The seventeenth-century George Herbert, who lived not far off at Bemerton, in describing his church, might as well have been speaking of the tithe barn :

" *Now view the walls ; the church is compass'd round*
As much for safety as for ornament :
'Tis an enclosure and no common ground ;
'Tis God's freehold, and but our tenement.
Tenants at will, and yet in tail, we be :
Our children have the same right to 't as we."



WALTON FABRICS. Top (*left*) *THE LAMBS* by Cedric Morris; (*centre*) *THE WINDS* by Duncan Grant; (*right*) by Allan Walton. Bottom (*left*) *B.* 18, by Vanessa Bell; (*right*) *S.* 17, by Duncan Grant.

Genuine Arts & Crafts

By Cyril Connolly

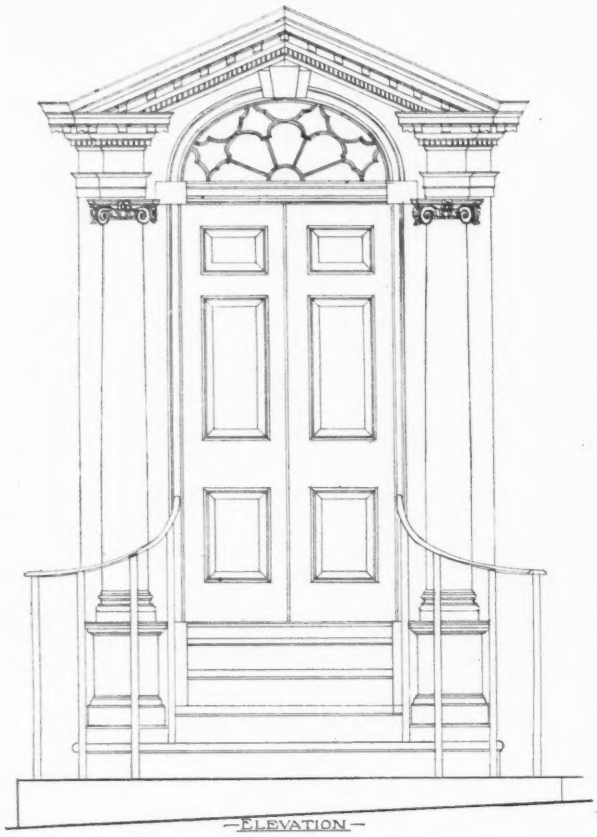
TO be pitchforked into art criticism without either the knowledge or the taste that distinguishes an art-critic is a frightening thing. Like a new boy who arrives in the middle of a term, one adopts a brazen attitude, secretly keeping one's ears open for the jargon of the older boys, then timidly experimenting in the new slang. To this end I have bought *Words wanted in connection with Art*, by Roger Fry. Art, artist, artifact, author, beauty, blütezeit, œuvre (to be anglicized as "oover"), impasto, pompier . . . They are all words I want and soon I hope to be able to show you some of them. Meanwhile I am reprieved, allowed one more month of grace to learn my "notions," for the exhibition I write about is not, properly speaking, art at all.

It consists of a show of Walton fabrics from designs by artists of the London school. The Walton factory is the first to use the Continental method, entrusting the designs to living artists and reproducing them in materials worthy of them. It makes possible an alliance between art and commerce that interferes neither with the freedom of the one nor the success of the other. The actual process is new and secret, enabling short lengths of the material to be sold without a loss. Other factories must count on selling thousands of yards before a profit can be taken; by being able to produce short lengths commercially, it becomes less necessary to play down to the public, experiments can be made, designs tried out without the risk of failure. The artist is given freedom in choice of his design, except that he must conform to the book of colours. Some of these, certain reds especially, must come from Germany, which adds to the price. The cloth is all British except for one velours, which carries a 100 per cent. tariff and is not being continued. The designs are stamped on by hand at the factory. The draperies are double-width and fadeless. The buyers go for the web of the cloth and choose those which will last longest. The prices range from 9*s.* 9*d.* (linen) to 19*s.* 9*d.* a yard. The amount of colours affects the price, and the dearest, which is also the most successful, has eight. It is S. 17, by Duncan Grant, in spun satin, a vaguely Chinese design which gives a rich golden brown effect, with notes of blue and red. Another design of his, the only one with figures, is of "The Winds," also in spun satin; colours blue, white, black and henna. "The Lambs" of Cedric Morris can be had, like many others, in ranges of colour, blue and brown or grey and red. It is linen, 12*s.* 6*d.* a yard. Allan Walton's ship design is blue, white, red and black, cotton or linen, 14*s.* 9*d.* Other designs are by Noel Gifford, Frank Dobson, Keith Baynes, and H. J. Bull. My favourite was B. 18, by Vanessa Bell, circles and squares in magenta and black, on a grey and white ground. The pots were rather disappointing, best when plain, for the coloured ones inevitably suggested the cover of another bad novel from a certain Press. The trays were by D. Davidson, ordinary trays prepared with jesso, painted with tempera, and given three or four coats of heat-proof varnish; they were of flowers or else abstract Braqueish designs. The flowers have sold the better. The rugs by D. Davidson were abstract, too, one a pleasant pink and green on a tan and grey background, the other, to me unpleasant, woven in cross-stitch by himself.

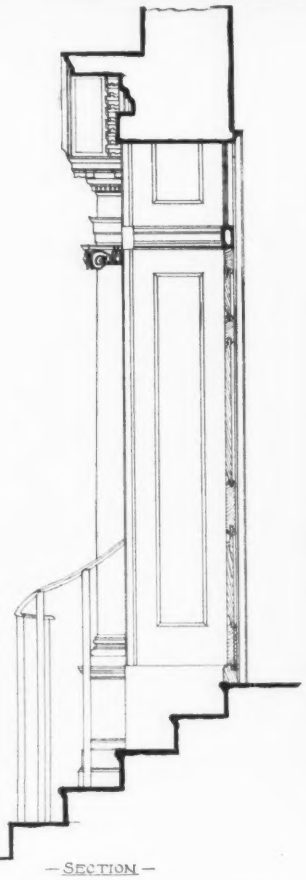
There was also a set of furniture designed and painted by Coxon, dressing-table, bureau, table and stool in a grey pale green for £52 10*s.*, a charming tile by Vanessa Bell (15*s.*) of a woman kneeling, cushion, fire screen, bag, by Duncan Grant, and a very comfortable small armchair covered with Duncan Grant's chinesy eight-colour fabric, designed in walnut by Allan Walton, and costing around £20.

The importance of the exhibition is that it promises a closer alliance between artist and manufacturer. For all the mirth poured on "arts and crafts," yet there is nothing inherently false in that conception, and the exhibition showed how easily one's prejudices could be removed where both art and craft were of a sufficiently high order. It is interesting to compare it with the paintings of the London group shown at the Agnew Galleries. The most striking fact to emerge is the astonishing progress of Vanessa Bell, whose "Autumn" I thought the most charming picture there, and whose work is the most enlightened at the Cooling Galleries.

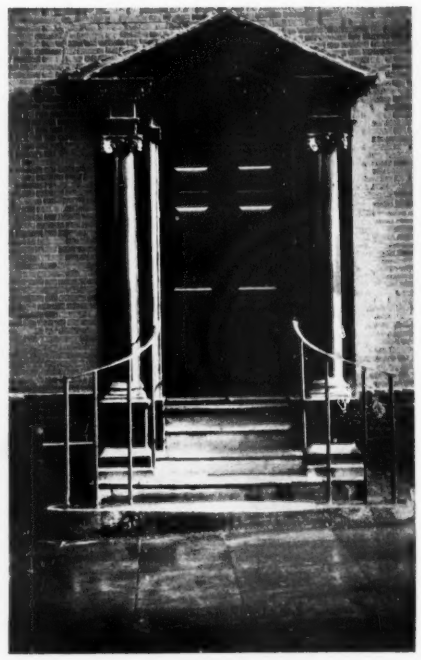
It must be admitted, however, that the exhibition is a tame affair. Good taste is ever present, and a refined, insipid grace. Vanessa Bell's squares and circles alone redeem the feathery splodges, the "stylized chrysanthemums," just as Duncan Grant's eight-colour design alone breaks away from the other staid and inoffensive hues into something like gaiety. And even that looks its best with Chippendale. I suppose it is a compensation that since none of the designs are fashionable none of them can go further out of date, but the refinement of the pots and trays and spun satin at once suggest a little flame under a silver kettle, a large double drawing-room fronting on a peeling square, and ladies taking tea. The exhibition is a noble and successful experiment, but not a daring one; there is even something depressing and defeatist about it. "Life is a terrible thing," the walls of the Cooling Gallery seem to say, "but a few discriminating people can have some rather charming chintzes, or one or two amusing pots in their rooms; if they care to."

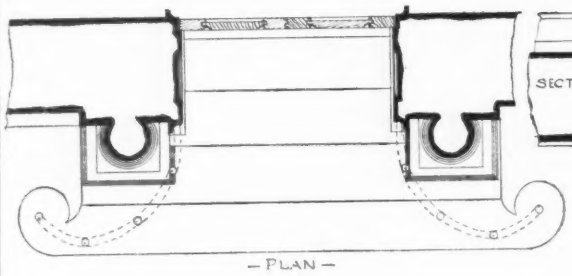


—ELEVATION—



—SECTION—

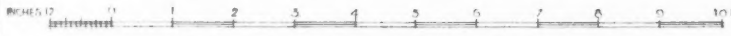




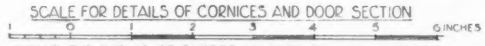
—PLAN—

SOFFIT OF KEYSTONE

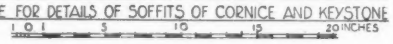
SOFFIT OF CORNICE

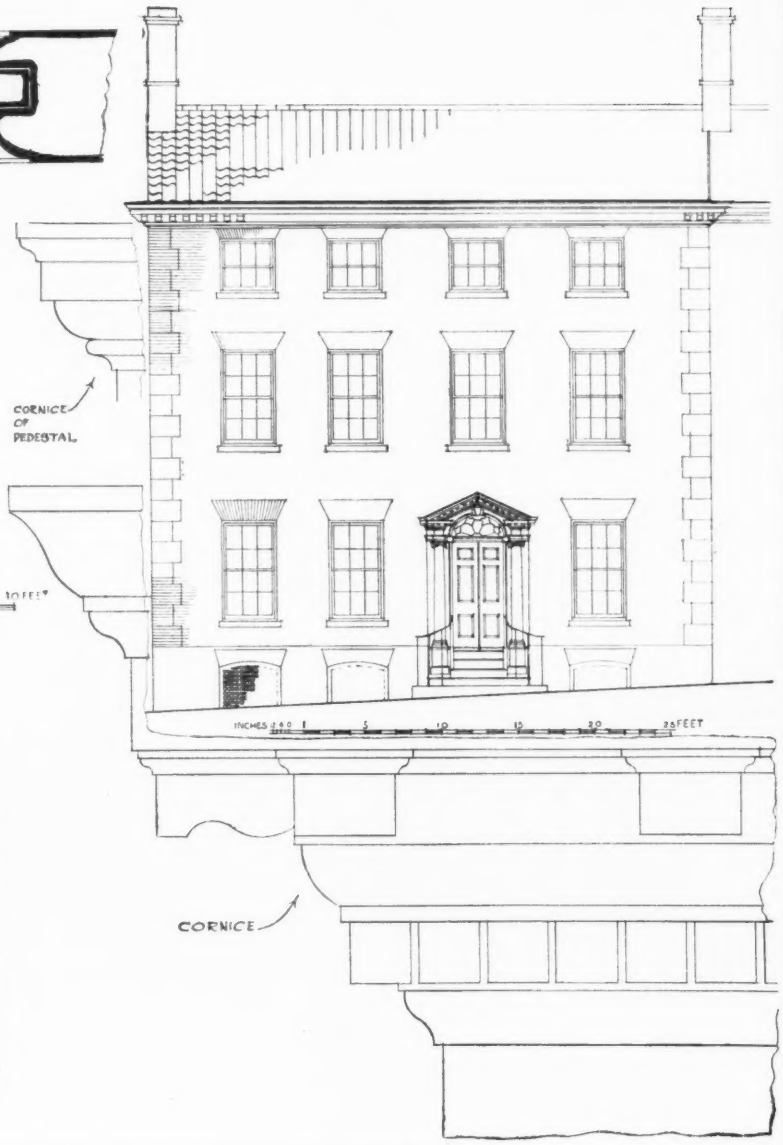


SCALE FOR DETAILS OF CORNICES AND DOOR SECTION



SCALE FOR DETAILS OF SOFFITS OF CORNICE AND KEYSTONE





GEORGIAN DOORWAY AT No. 27 TOMBLAND, NORWICH, NORFOLK. Measured and drawn by Claude J. W. Messent. *Many of the Georgian doorways to be seen in Norwich possess finely carved tracery in their fanlights, but this example is unique, the fanlight being elliptical instead of semicircular in design. Also the Ionic columns are placed upon pedestals, a rather unusual feature amongst the Georgian doorways in this town. The hand-rails and posts to the steps are of wrought iron and the soffits of the cornice and keystone are carved.*

FILM INQUIRY—6.[1]

CAMERA ANGLES.

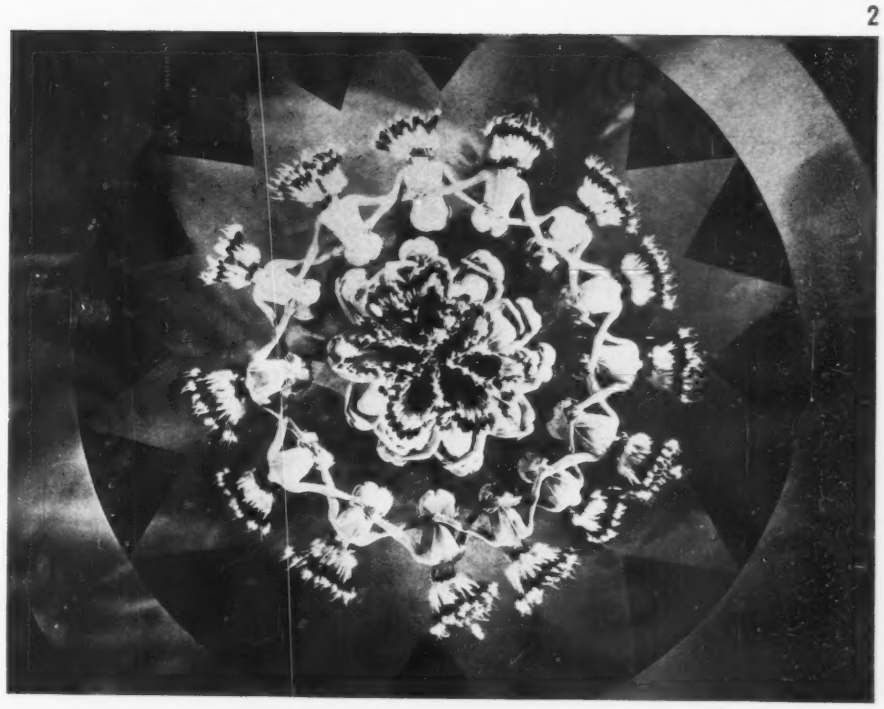
The camera angle seems to be one of the cinematic devices which have to be tied on to a process of the brain or they become quite mad. After the success of *Vaudeville* in 1925, the enthusiasm for camera angles, as mere demonstrations of technique, developed to such a point that the director would shoot his camera through the spokes of a cartwheel in order to show a character entering a shop on the other side of the street. It's a wonder that nobody thought of revolving the camera with the wheel !

But there is an unexplored future for camera angles; *camera angles used in equations of emotion*. That means, for one thing, different camera angles combined in superimposed images. Two angles of the same object, the one expressing fear and the other joy, or an objective camera angle combined with a subjective one. Again, equations could be made of angles and subjects with vignettes. Not the hard vignettes of old which were used inside the camera, but vignettes slipped into the mask-box outside the camera, so that the multiple images blend one into the other instead of being divided by hard edges. This soft vignetting, to achieve multiple images, is an untouched possibility of cinematography and, combined with effective angle interpretation, should arrive at a fresh vitality.

The accompanying stills illustrate (1) the camera perched on a mobile crane for *The Great Game*. Here the camera is angled for utility. The director wanted to follow action in a football game in a semi-close-up. (2) This time the camera is angled to achieve visual pattern. The lens of the camera is aimed through a hole in a plank near the roof of the studio, and has captured a ballet moment from the cinema musical comedy *Whoopee*. (3) In *The Crowd* King Vidor often used his camera to express the emotions of an observer. The boy is to learn of Death. The door (no longer a door but an emotional symbol for a world of heedless sunlight) is lost at the end of perspective lines made by stairs and ceiling. (4) This still is taken from a British film, *Scrags*, which showed a day in the life of a dog from the dog's point of view. A subjective shot.

OSWELL BLAKESTON.

2



3

1

4

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

A Free Commentary.

By Junius.

THE most heartening thing I have seen for a long while is a specimen book of Sundour Bookcloths from the makers of Sundour Fabrics—Morton's of Carlisle. These cloths are dyed with fast dyes. They are of a remarkably pleasant texture—one series has the feel of a rich heavy silk. The colours are as pleasant as the texture. There is, in particular, a brilliant jade-green, a fine vivid orange, and a superb peacock-blue. The subtler tones are equally satisfactory. *Mirabile dictu*, the cloths can be washed! No more books, left in a shower by our visitors, ruined irretrievably! The finger-marks of careless borrowers or table-readers, careless about marmalade, butter and soup, can be removed with soap or petrol.

* * *

And how did this miracle come about (years after we of the book-making trade have been reclining on the admirable alien Winterbottom)? "It would seem" that Mr. Shaw, anxious for an "epoch-making" binding for his epoch-making collected works, "approached Mr. Morton." Would he produce a special cloth for the publication? He would. He has. All honour to him and many shekels!

* * *

There will certainly not be a publisher who will dare to deny himself during this next season the pleasure and profit of issuing several books in these beautiful coats. Indeed, I now have the explanation of one or two particularly charming books which I turned over quite recently in a publisher's office, which were more than ordinarily pleasant to look upon and to handle.

* * *

And all British, too; nay, English! Many a man has been made a peer for much less than this . . . Lord Morton of Sundour, my heartiest congratulations!

* * *

We would commend quite seriously to the National Government, if the prevention of the destruction of the national inheritance of beauty and orderliness falls within its purview, the passing of a six-paragraph bill whereby the rates and taxes are remitted for three years on the best piece of planned building in the country. This would have the manifest advantage of stimulating effort and zeal all over the country, whereas only in one corner of it would the Treasury suffer loss. The fact that this is contrary to all precedent is no argument in a day when all precedents are going to be swept away, we hope, with a speed greater than that of the flight from the pound.

* * *

And if anybody thinks that the efforts of the C.P.R.E. are saving England at the rate that private enterprise is destroying it, let him think again. Has anybody recently seen a charming old-world village bordering on the Welwyn Garden City Estate? "That is a pretty village, wasn't it," describes the general idea precisely. Perhaps a shorter bill to authorize the walling up alive of certain builders in their own creations and the hanging of the permitting local authorities on their own lamp-posts would be the only means of dealing with this evil. But this is a spineless age. 'Tis no use crying for the moon.

* * *

Two new buildings invite the expert's and layman's comment. The happily named Unilever House at Blackfriars will no doubt receive general approval. It is in the dull grand manner. Sixteen pairs of noble columns prevent the light from entering the windows of three floors. This is, by the way, I think designed, not as a palace for the Mayor of Blackfriars, but as an office building. Nothing learnt in the last decade has been here remembered; and, as we say, we feel sure this will be applauded as a welcome addition to London's more pretentious monuments.

* * *

The other is Miss Elisabeth Scott's Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. Of course, what we all wanted was a Merrye Englande affair, from any dark arch of which might issue the ghost of Falstaff (or of Banquo) and not feel lonely; something, moreover, to harmonize with "Ye Olde Whatnottes" which abound in that Avonside pleasaunce. Instead we have a mere modern functional building admirably suited for its job. But that surely is not what we paid our memorial moneys for.

* * *

And we now await the spate of letters by the gentlemen who write to the papers about this sort of scandal. It is true the instructed Architectural Correspondent of *The Times*—who is, we should imagine, on internal evidence, also the Art Critic of that distinguished journal—has to a certain extent forestalled, and we hope discouraged them by giving it his official anonymous blessing.

* * *

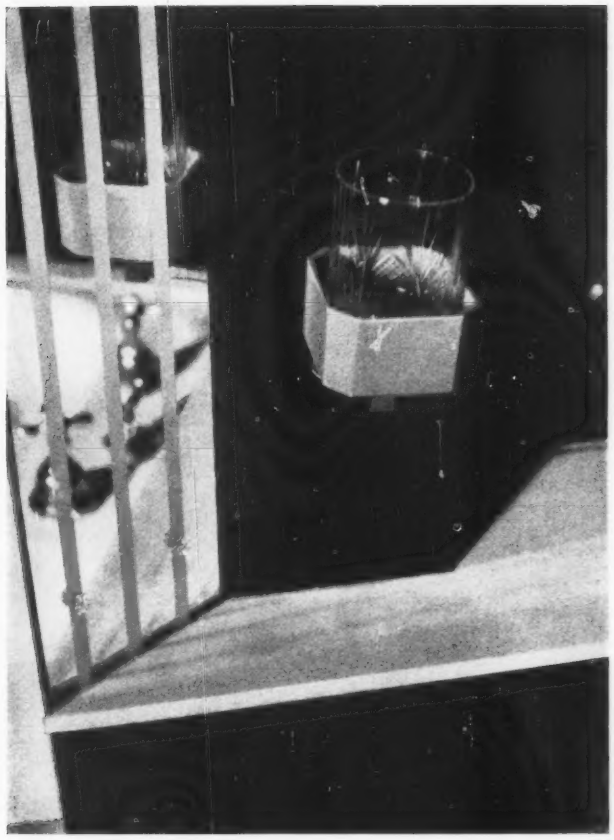
Now that the overcoat season has begun I may perhaps render a service by calling the attention of readers to an ingenious contrivance fitted to London taxicabs. This takes the form of a projecting lug to the spare seats, so arranged that the passenger entering hastily for fear of impending death or driven by the winged words of traffic cop or following driver, catches his coat pocket in it and gives the Invisible Mending Co. thirty-one shillingsworth of business. This happening to Junius recently; he, with his insatiable curiosity, asked: "Do you often get coats to which this particular accident has happened?" "Oh, very often," was the reply.

* * *

To the Borough of Marylebone, in some ways a most advanced body; in others, well, not so advanced, may we point out that the red-brick building at the north-west corner of the junction of Brook Street and Davis Street has been finished—is it three or four years?—and is still without its label; and that the writer of this paragraph has no less than three times in the present year been carried into Grosvenor Street by taximen who thought it was Brook Street; and may we invite them to consider whether this is reasonable? We also hear of a rubber-bottomed or ringed dustbin which, if adopted, would lessen the volume of sound of the devil's anvil chorus beaten out by their hard-working troglodytic dustmen upon the steel bars of their antiquated dustcarts in the smallish hours of the morning. . . . Milwaukee, Wis., by the way, is engaged upon a campaign which it is calculated will eliminate 40 per cent. of Milwaukee noise from honking, factory whistling, solid tyres, clanking chains, "and even the persistent rattle of milk bottles."

* * *

The South Kensington Museum authorities have issued four sheets of lettering by Eric Gill, three of carved tablets of Hoptonwood stone (two of these are re-issues of a series published twenty or more years ago by John Hogg) and one of lettering painted on wood—a superb example of free brushwork, and characteristic of the easy mastery of letter construction of this past-master of an important civic art. Let me commend them to all students and to all architects who, themselves instructed, still have draughtsmen who indulge in "art-lettering" to infuriate the perceptive.



A corner of a basin treatment in glass in the bathroom of a *PARK LANE FLAT*. An acid-embossed striped mirror reflects the basin and taps which are set against a background of $\frac{3}{8}$″ black opaque glass. The ledge is of $\frac{1}{2}$″ white glass. The mirror is fixed to the wall with crystal headed rosettes and the opaque glass is fixed by means of special mastic putty.

Designers and Craftsmen:
JAMES CLARK AND SON.

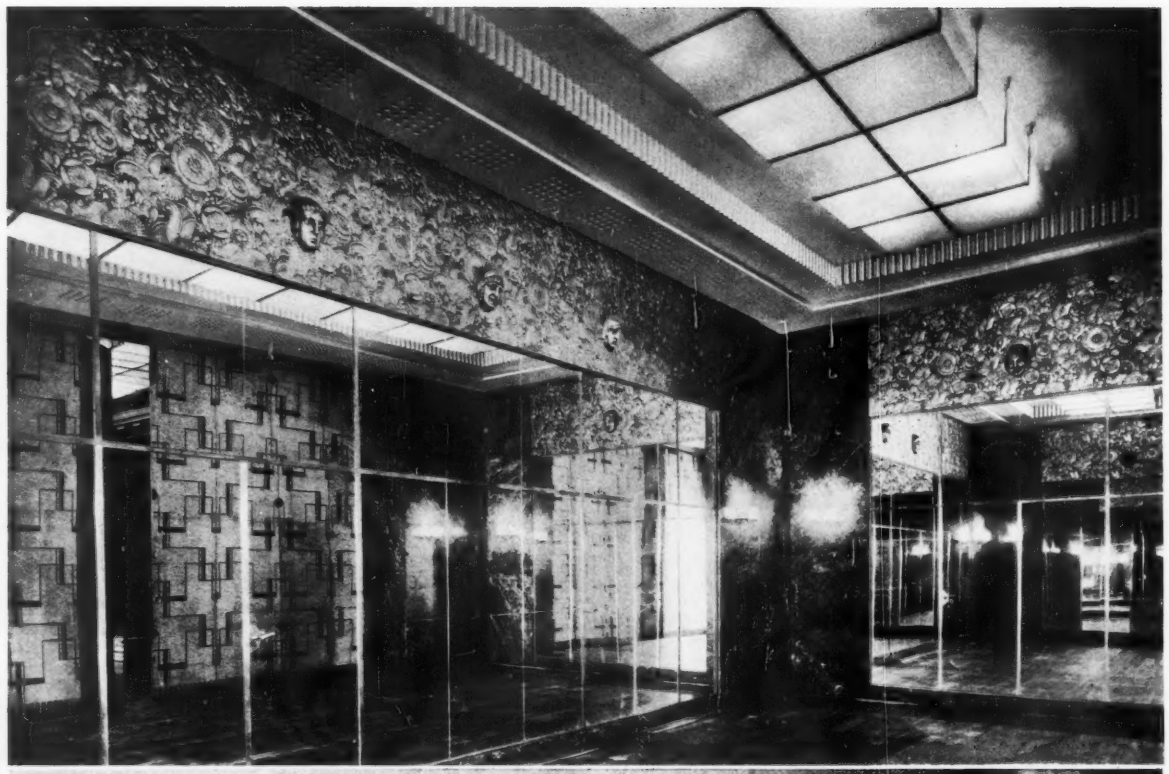
The Architectural Review
Supplement *January* 1932

Decoration & Craftsmanship

GLASS

NOTE. AT CLOSE RANGE. The position of this illustration has been changed to enable the whole of the Supplement to be devoted to the subject of GLASS. It will be found on Plate VII, facing page 22.

1925



1931

PROGRESSIVE SIMPLIFICATION; *two studies in the change of taste. 1925* shows glass used in simple panels, but the room, though more austere than much that went before it, is still highly decorated. In *1931* the flowering gilt frieze and indented cornices have come off the walls and glass, in great sheets, is given full expression. *(1925)* private salon for wedding breakfasts, at the RESTAURANT MILLIET, PLACE BELLECOW, LYONS. *Architect:* Michel Roux-Spitz. *(1931)* THE LOUNGE IN A GERMAN BOARDING HOUSE. *Architects:* Robert Vorhoelzer, Max Wiederanders and Walter Schmidt of Munich.

Looking into Glass. By Raymond McGrath.

The crafts of the glass-blower and the glass-engraver are outside the scope of this essay. We are looking into glass as a necessary adjunct to, or as an embellishment of, interiors of buildings. We are consequently concerned with glass made by machines, particularly with plate glass in all its forms. Craftsmanship in this sphere may once have meant bar-room windows, bevels, brilliant-cutting and rosettes. The importance of these has become trifling. We are not concerned with applied or incidental detail, but with principles; with precision and accuracy; in fact, with scientific craftsmanship. Scientific craftsmanship is not a contradiction. It is between craftsmanship and decoration that the distinction requires to be drawn.

VARIETIES OF GLASS

Any glass whatsoever may be used for an interior. The varieties are infinite. It is safe to say that the smaller the units the less useful and suitable they become. A point is reached where the units become small enough to merge in one again, forming a compact mosaic. The earliest windows were in small units. The medieval lancet was as full of pieces as a river bed with pebbles. Today the use of fragments would be as inappropriate as patchwork cushions on the Underground. The scale of life and of architecture has changed. Glass is used in large standard sizes. Larger sizes are available, but practical considerations and economy at present outrule them.

The finest product of modern glass manufacture is polished plate. It is normally clear, but various useful greys and pinks have been produced and the range of colours is limited only by the chemicals available for pigmentation. The application of colour to opaque plate is more important. An extensive range from black to opal white is already in use. Unpolished glass, rolled or cast, of green colour derived from its natural impurities, is not as aristocratic as plate. Hence its sterling qualities are frequently overlooked. The wired glasses, figured glasses and various technical glasses need not detain us. The point to stress is the pre-eminent structural quality of all modern glass. Its structural qualities far outweigh the decorative qualities, which are incidental.

FUNCTIONS OF GLASS

The need and value of light has determined the functions of glass. The principal function of glass is to transmit, reflect or diffuse light. Glass has other specialized functions, such as the transmission only of certain light rays. Resistance to heat and fracture are additional requirements.

QUALITIES OF GLASS

Clearness, true reflection and even diffusion are very practical considerations governing the use of glass. But more than any other synthetic material glass administers to our psychology and is, for that reason, such a softening influence upon the minds of journalists and their readers. "Professor Lives in Glasshouse," and "Crystal Walls in London" are headlines capable of conjuring up as much magic as "Alice through the Looking Glass." This perennial freshness and power of glass over us is a matter worthy of the designers' attention.

DESIGN WITH GLASS

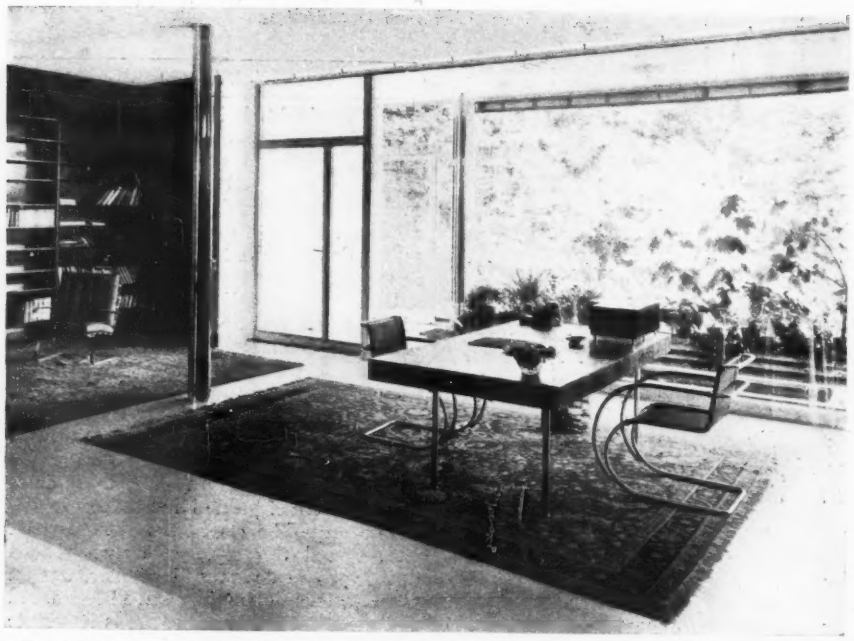
The undoubted intrinsic beauty and perennial freshness of glass have made the designer quick to seize upon such easy virtue. Translated into good glass the most impoverished designs are not without a certain *cachet* of quality, and it is a very vulgar design indeed which remains vulgar in translation.

Until very recently the full possibilities of glass had remained unrealized. Eighteenth century interiors had a linear quality of design. Column, pilasters and dentils were elements of this linear composition. In lunettes and windows it was the tracery of the glazing bars which was important. On the walls mirror glasses were used like pictures. The shapes of these mirror pictures were of prime importance. It was the heyday of bevels, bosses and cut-glass. In England this style of drawing-board drawing-room design still persists, but on the Continent glass has waved her wand and given us a new style. It is less style or fashion than a spiritual discovery.

DESIGN WITH SPACE

To enclose, limit and extend space is a metaphysical as well as a physical problem.

THE GERMAN PAVILION AT THE BARCELONA EXHIBITION. Walls of black glass reflecting a garden and water, shining stanchions, a polished ceiling, and a terrace of travertine combine to make Mies van der Rohe's "metaphysical pavilion" one of the most beautiful, poetical and stimulating pieces of building ever associated with the ordinary vulgarities of an exhibition. *Architect:* Mies van der Rohe.



THE STUDY IN THE HAUS TUGENDHAT AT BRÜNN. Generous glass walls bring the garden into the Haus Tugendhat, which was designed for a man who thrives on light and freedom. Just outside there is a pool with a winter garden in a glazed enclosure. The floor of this room is covered with white linoleum. The steel stanchion is cased with chromium-plated metal. *Architect:* Ludwig Mies van der Rohe of Berlin.

THE WINTER GARDEN OF THE HAUS TUGENDHAT, with walls and water which are both reflecting and transparent and therefore infinitely changing.

The imagination of the ancients was excited and satisfied by the creation of magnificent vistas through arcades and vaulted halls. The science of perspective enabled painters to extend the walls of palaces and churches into imaginary loggias. They did not know that two mirrors were to achieve the same psychological effect in a small shop in the Cité du Retiro.

The architecture of symmetry, axes, vistas and shapely plans has been superseded by an architecture of spaces and asymmetry. This architecture remains imperfect and incomplete and as yet vulnerable to classical criticism. Yet it is beyond this criticism and constitutes for many of us an inspiration and a portent. The work of the German architect, Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, is as epoch making as that of Brunelleschi.

LUDWIG MIES VAN DER ROHE

To Mies van der Rohe belongs the credit of imbuing modern architectural forms with the genuine spiritual qualities of great design. His magnificent simplicity, his sensitiveness to form and his understanding of spacial relationships, combine to make his rare works outstanding. He is known particularly by his interiors at the Plate Glass Exhibition at Stuttgart, by his German Pavilion at the Barcelona Exhibition, and most recently by his Haus Tugendhat in Brünn.

At Stuttgart he discovered the value of black glass in creating depth and space. At Barcelona the black glass wall of his terrace reflected in dark tones the foliage of the whole garden. This pavilion was clean and empty, in strange contrast to other exhibition stands. Its rooms and patios were uninhabited. Sudden encounter with metaphysical architecture brought home its beauty.

The house at Brünn is an arrangement of connected and related spaces. The living room, with its screens of waxed wood and honey-coloured onyx, is divided only by plate glass walls from the garden, and along one side of it, as in a glass avenue, runs the Winter Garden.

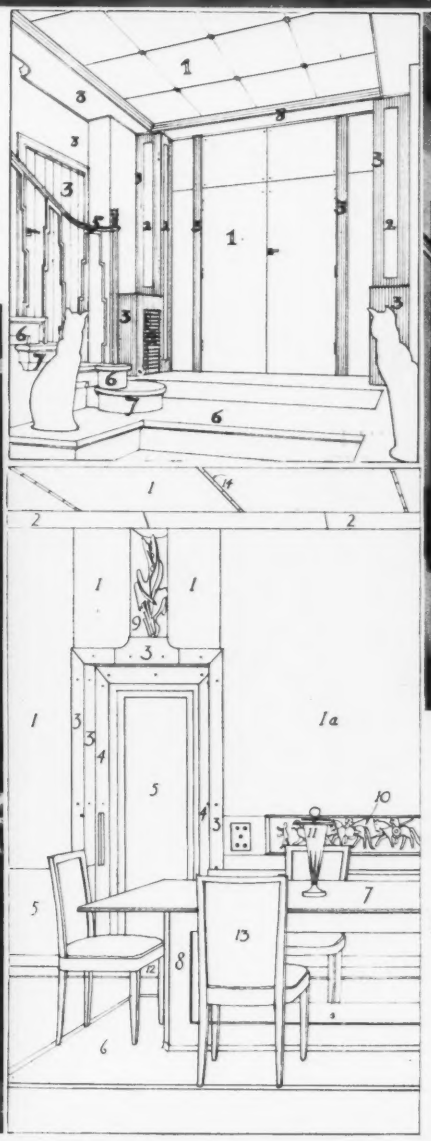
POSSIBILITIES WITH GLASS

Large unbroken surfaces of toned glass must be lived with to be appreciated. The Claude landscape mirrors which darkened and blended the colours of nature have a modern counterpart in grey plate mirror and black polished plate glass. These mirrors translate the aspect of room or landscape into a lower key. Their translation adds the freshness of aspects that were not discovered in the original. In a bright room this symphony of greys adds richness and contrast. In any interior these sheets of reflection are as valuable as lakes of water in a formal garden.

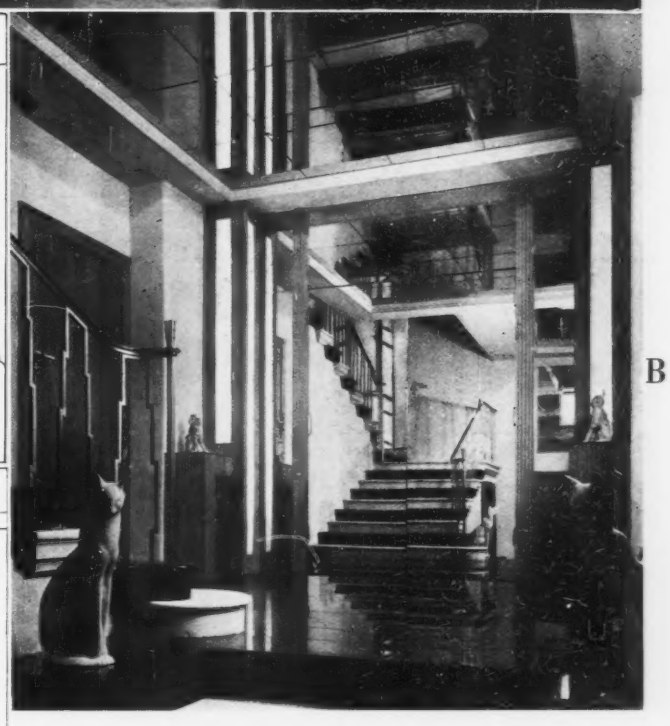
The space-increasing qualities of the glass screen wall in the Boarding House lounge here reproduced are worth observing.

Etching, sand-blasting and other processes, as decoration, I commend to your discretion. They are dealt with on page 35.

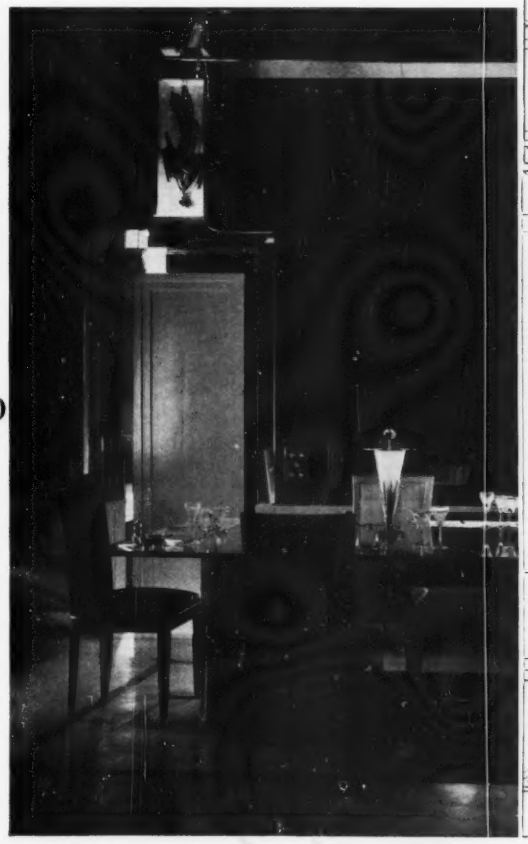
A



C



B



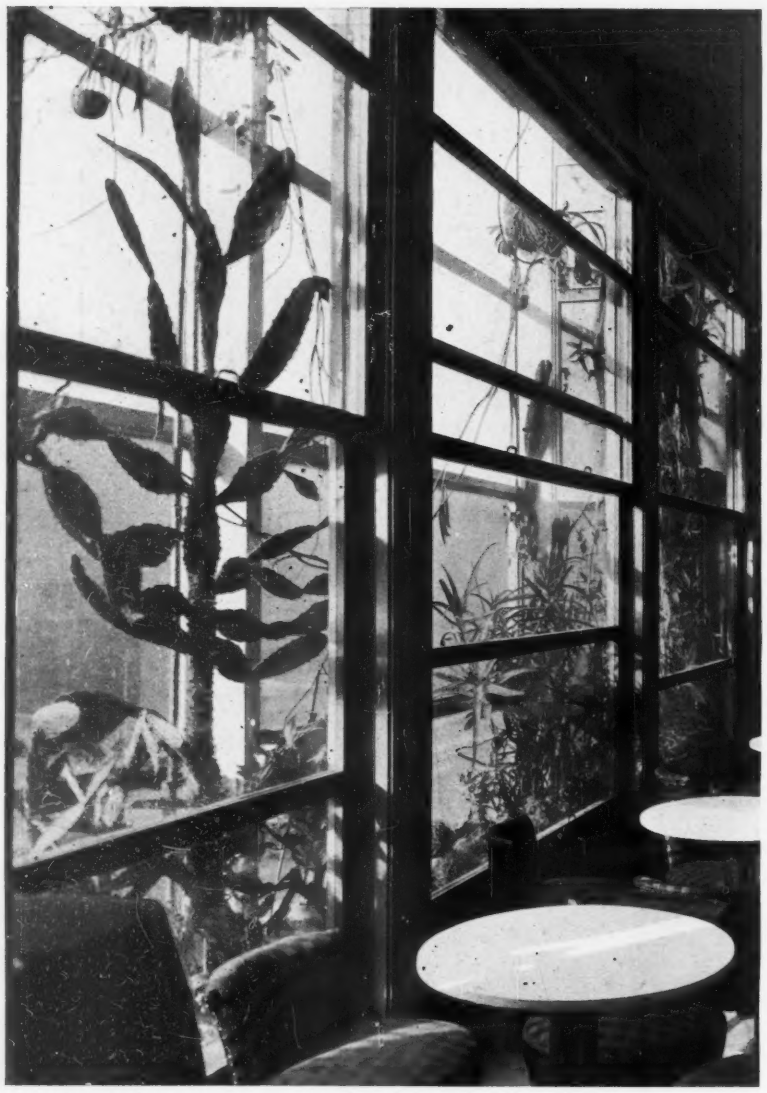
D

E

(A), (B) and (C). THE HALL AT GAYFERE HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, LONDON. *Architect:* Oliver Hill. *Craftsmen* (for the glass): The London Sandblast Company. The glass surround to the clock over the door was engraved by Orrefors. *The materials used and colour scheme were:*—(1) Peach mirror glass. (2) Illuminated angle piers, glazed peach-tinted obscured Cathedral glass. (3) Fluted natural colour myrtle. (4) Copper square link chains covering radiators. (5) Chromium-plated balustrade. (6) Polished black marble. (7) Dull polished ivory-coloured marble. (8) Grained textured plaster.

(D) and (E). THE BLACK GLASS DINING ROOM FOR THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., LTD., AT OLYMPIA, 1930. *Architect:* Raymond McGrath. *Craftsmen:* James Clark & Son. *The materials used and colour scheme were:*—(1) $\frac{1}{16}$″ Polished black plate glass walls and ceiling. Centre sheet 1a, size 13′ 0″ × 6′ 6″. (2) $\frac{1}{16}$″ Silvered pink plate cornice. (3) $\frac{1}{16}$″ Silvered pink plate surround and door lininz. (4) $\frac{1}{4}$″ Silvered p'ate door framing. (5) Cellulosed wood door and dado, yellow-grey. (6) Polished shell-pink composition floor. (7) Table top, size 13′ 0″ × 4′ 3″, constructed in two sheets of plate with bead polished edges, top sheet $\frac{5}{16}$″, bottom sheet $\frac{1}{4}$″. Top sheet silvered in centre portion concealing illumination above the aquarium pedestal. Cantilevered portion of table top left clear. (8) Aquarium table-pedestal, steel construction, with applied monel metal frame. Aquarium glazed $\frac{1}{4}$″ clear plate. (9) Illuminated niche with sculpture by Maurice Lambert, in cellulosed plaster and plate glass. (10) Sand-blast engraved clear glass panel, illuminated on the Internalite principle. (11) Opal glass table standard with decorative glass discs, clear edges, centres frosted. (12) Illuminated ground-glass door thresholds. (13) Vermilion lacquered dining chairs. (14) Black-nickelled fixing strips.

E

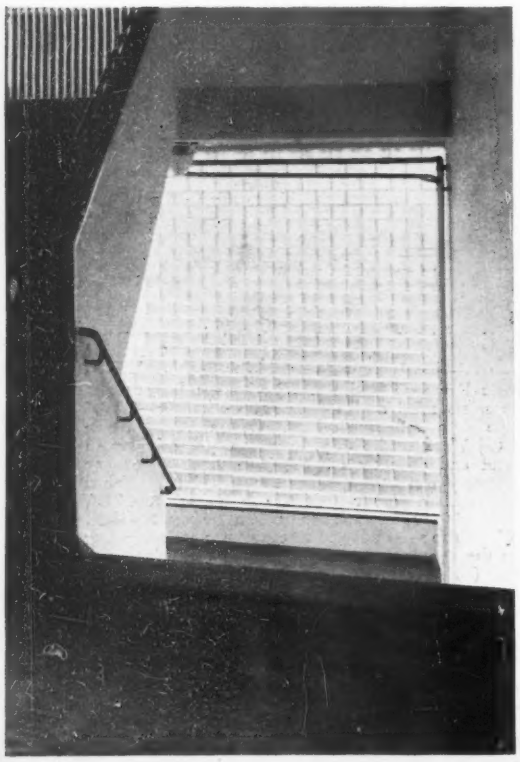


(E) *GOURMENIA RESTAURANT, BERLIN.* *Architect:* Leo Nachtlicht. One of the ground-floor cafés looking out into the tropical winter-garden. By the use of double windows it is possible to maintain a mean temperature which allows various Mexican, and other cacti to thrive as in a hothouse. The double window is, of course, a common (and, indeed, very necessary) feature of North-European houses in climates where a long and bitterly cold winter has to be contended with. It is interesting to note, therefore, that German manufacturers have now succeeded in producing a perfectly transparent double window glass that can be rolled with an intermediate air-space between the two sheets.

F

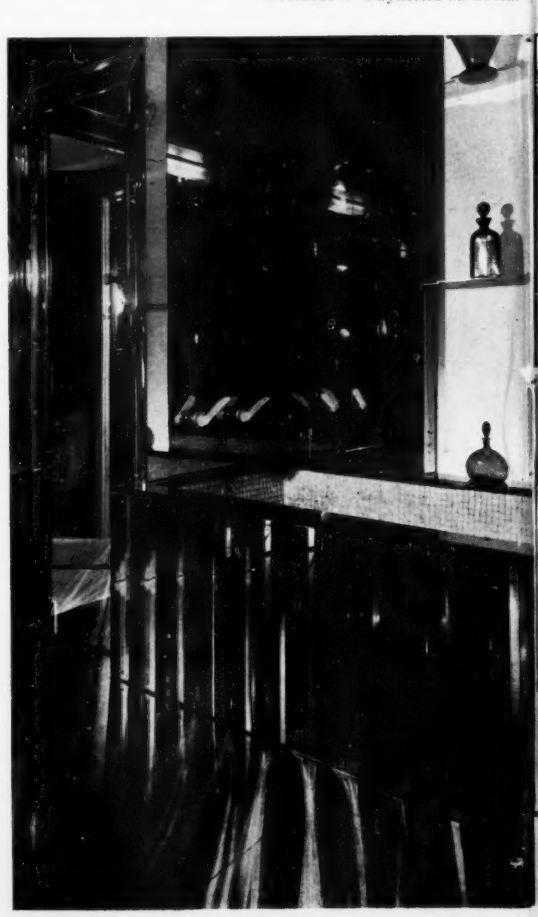
(F) A NIGHT TRIPTYCH AT *FINELLA*, CAMBRIDGE, the residence of Mansfield D. Forbes, Esq. The photograph is of the two connected living rooms, *North Pink* and *South Pink* Reflected in the gold mirror surround of the doors is the long glass-vaulted entrance hall, with glass *Architect:* Raymond McGrath.

H



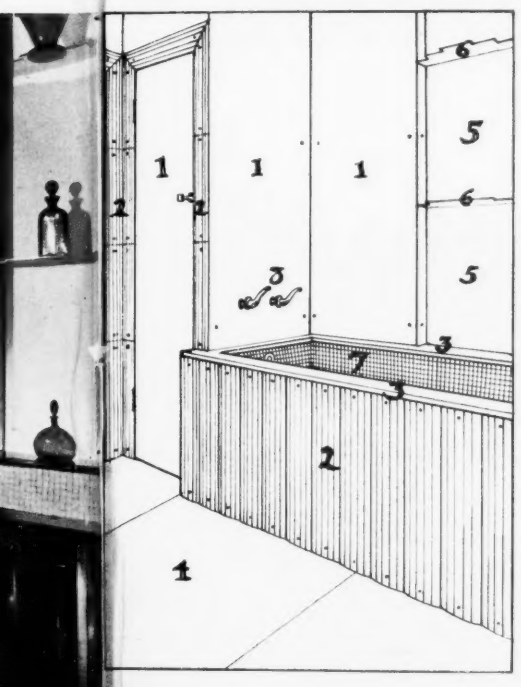
(H) A staircase at the VESNA *WOMEN'S TRADE SCHOOL, BRÜNN, CZECHOSLOVAKIA.* *Architect:* Bohuslav Fuchs. The windows are constructed of solid glass bricks laid with a thin mortar bond.

I



(I) THE BATHROOM AT GAYFERE HOUSE, LONDON. *Architect:* Oliver Hill. *Craftsmen:* James Clark & Son. *The materials used and colour scheme were:* (1) Grey mirror to walls, ceiling and doors; (2) Flat bevelled grey mirror; (3) Black glass; (4) Polished black marble; (5) Illuminated panel of blue-tinted obscured Cathedral sheet glass; (6) Polished plate-glass shelves let into reveal; (7) Gold glass mosaic; (8) Carved "dragon-fly wing" handles.

hall, with doors of Georgian-wired polished plate. The thresholds of the doors are ground glass, illuminated from below. The ceiling is ¾-inch rolled plate silvered, of a jade-green colour, with cornice of gold-mirrored fluted sheet on shaped dentils of polished 1-inch plate-glass. *Craftsmen:* James Clark & Son.



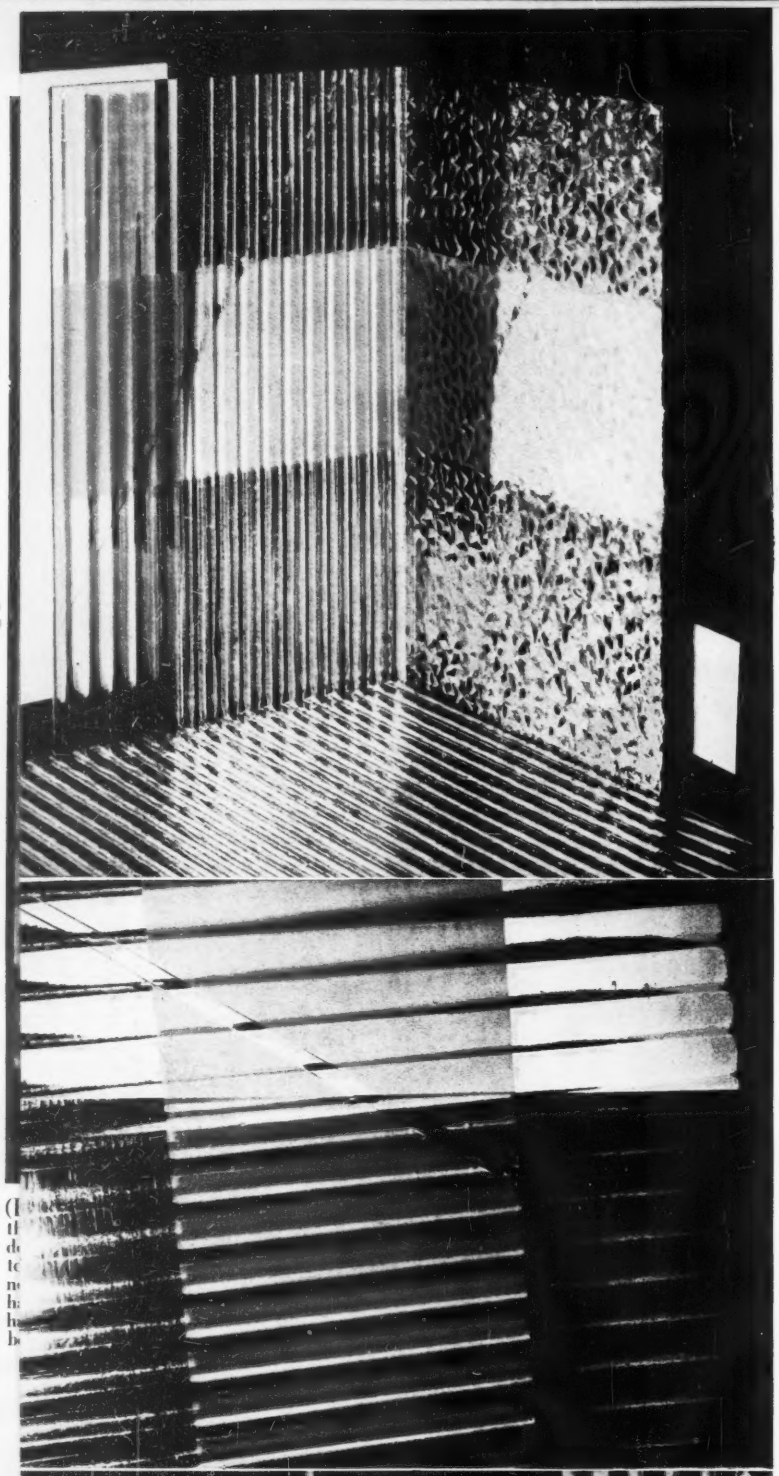
J

G

(G) A view into one of the mirrors which line a bathroom of a HOUSE IN PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON. This photograph is remarkable for the repeated and true reflection it shows of the opposite wall. The upper walls of the bathroom are lined with alternate mirrors of silvered clear plate and light grey or neutral tinted plate-glass, relieved with border strips of silvered pale blue plate-glass. The ledge, through which concealed lights shine upwards, is of sandblasted plate-glass. The wall panelling from the floor to the ledge is of ⅜-inch black glass.
Designer: Lindsay Savile *Craftsmen:* James Clark & Son.

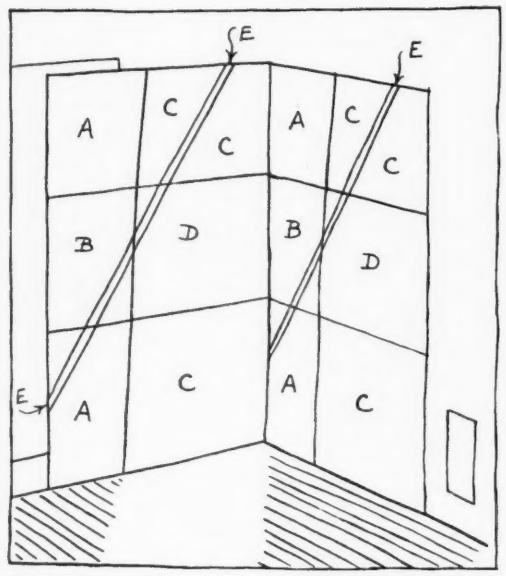
(K) The semi-opaque glass roof of the Winter Garden of the GOURMENIA RESTAURANT, BERLIN. *Architect:* Leo Nachtlicht. Note the geometric patterns of the subsidiary stalactite lighting. The supporting steel stanchions (one of which is visible in this view) are also encased in moulded glass and illuminated by tubular lights, arranged asymmetrically.

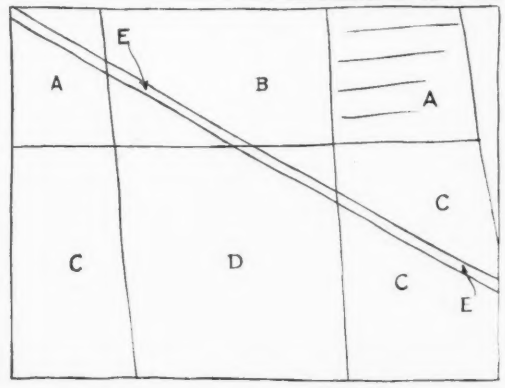
K



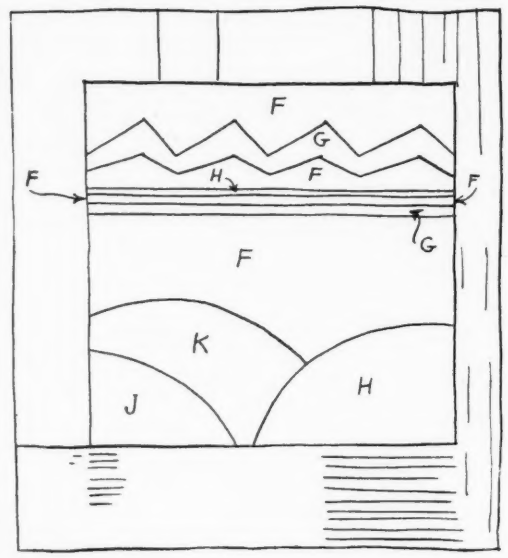
E

1





2



3

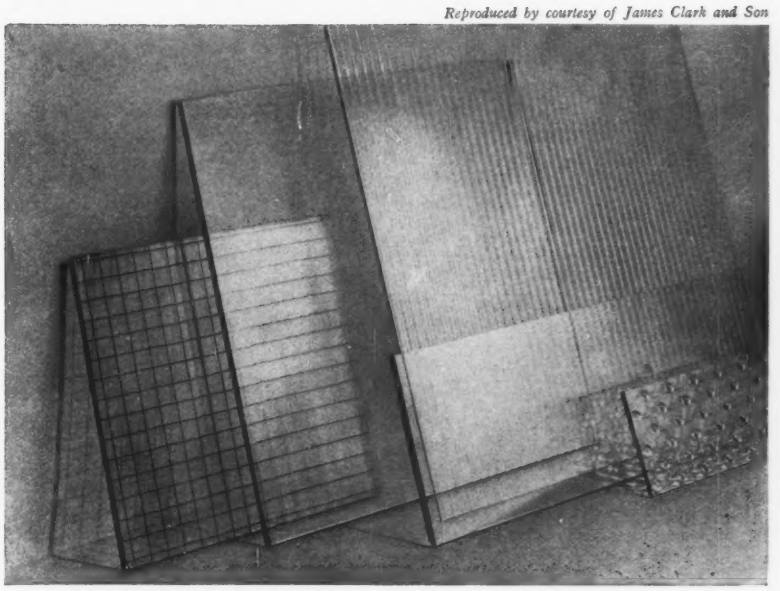
METHODS OF TREATING THE SURFACE OF GLASS.

When a decorative glass panel is to be illuminated from behind, a design can be produced by silvering or gilding certain areas to form a pattern. These areas will, of course, be completely opaque, but will reflect any light thrown upon them from in front. It is thus possible to have a light panel illuminated from behind with white light, and to produce a reflection of, say, amber from an outside source.

The three photographs have been produced to show diagrammatically what effects are obtainable by combining two or more processes on a single sheet. Figure 1 shows "Reeded glass" on the left and "Small Glistre" on the right. Figure 2 is a detail of the pane of "Reeded glass." Area A shows the glass left clear. Area B the glass sandblasted on its smooth side (which is towards the camera). Area C the glass silvered on its rough side. In D, the glass is silvered on its rough side and sandblasted on its smooth side. E shows a brilliant-cut line passing across the sheet, to illustrate its effect upon each of the different surfaces.

Figure 3 shows a pane of "Flashed Opal." Areas marked F show the glass in its normal state. Areas G the glass after the opal flash has been sandblasted away to a depth of about $\frac{1}{32}$ inch Areas H, the flash has been sandblasted away, the surface varnished (to increase transparency) and then silvered. It is thus opaque and reflective. J shows an area from which the flash has been sandblasted away, the surface being subsequently white varnished to give it additional transparency. K, the flash has been etched away and coloured lacquer has been applied to the surface, giving comparative transparency as well as vivid colour.

Reproduced by courtesy of James Clark and Son



SOME OF THE RAW MATERIALS. Left to Right, Georgian wired plate; rolled rib; fluted sheet; clear plate; cats-eye.

The Treatment of Glass.

By M. L. Anderson.

GLASS in sheets is manufactured in various forms, and is either clear and transparent, or, alternatively, has figured or textured surfaces which produce various degrees of obscurity of vision. When these glasses are used for ordinary purposes of window glazing they are complete in themselves, and can be regarded as finished products.

When, however, these glasses are to be used for decorative purposes, they can be regarded only as raw materials on which a greater or less degree of labour and process is required. The value of glass as a decorative material lies in the fact that, besides being inherently transparent, it is also hard, durable and clean. A great advantage, conferred by the transparency or translucency of glass, is that it is possible, in many cases, for the decoration to be applied to the back instead of to the front, so as to be protected by the material itself from damage and wear.

There are five main headings under which may be classed the various processes now used for the decoration of glass. These are :—

1. *Sandblasting.*
2. *Etching.*
3. *Brilliant-cutting.*
4. *Chemical Deposition of Metals.*
5. *Colour Spraying and Lacquering.*

Any or all of these processes may be used upon any glass, whether transparent or figured. In the case of most figured or textured glasses, entirely different effects are obtained by treating the *rough* side of the glass from those produced by treating the *smooth* side. Any or all of the processes can be used together on a single sheet.

SANDBLASTING

This process is essentially one of erosion. Sand is blown under high pressure on to the surface of the glass, and the particles of sand chip and rub away the metal. The surface produced by sandblasting is roughish, but the quality of texture can be graded from coarse to fine. Areas which are not to be sandblasted are masked from the sand by paper or other suitable stencils, cut to any shape desired. The glass can be cut away completely by this process, so that the thickness of the sheet is the only limit to the depth of relief which can be obtained.

ETCHING

Glass is affected by certain acids, and by their use a variety of textures can be obtained. These are known as *white acid, satin finish, dull stipple* and *bright stipple,* and they can, if desired, be superimposed upon one another. Areas not to be treated with acid are protected from its action with wax.

BRILLIANT-CUTTING

This process is carried out by grinding the glass on an emery (or similar) *wheel.* In its more elaborate forms it was very popular at the beginning of this century, but its use today is mostly confined to geometric patterns and for simulating *sectional mirrors.*

Bevelling of all sorts comes under this heading.

CHEMICAL DEPOSITION OF METALS

The ordinary mirror is the commonest example of this, and is produced by first depositing an invisible film of tin on the glass, and afterwards depositing silver on the tin. This process is known as *silvering.*

Alloy silvering is carried out in a similar way, but instead of being white, it produces a very mellow and beautiful tone of deep metallic purple.

Gold can also be deposited. *Gilding* is not as expensive as its name leads one to suppose, being, in effect, little more costly than *silvering* and *alloy silvering.*

Dark silvering is not unlike *alloy silvering,* but lacks the beauty of colour, being a more toneless grey; the two are sometimes confused.

In all these cases the metal deposited is protected from the atmosphere by a suitable paint or mastic, and occasionally by lead foil or electrically deposited copper. It is possible, however, to deposit an extra thin film of silver and to protect this by transparent varnish. This process is known as *half-silvering,* and its characteristic is that the glass is transparent towards the light, i.e. if it were glazed in a window, during the day-time it would be transparent towards the daylight and a mirror to anybody looking at it from outside, while at night the reverse would be the case, the pane becoming a mirror when seen from inside and transparent when seen from outside. The transparency becomes a rather pleasant bluish-grey in colour.

COLOUR SPRAYING AND LACQUERING

For decorative purposes very interesting effects can be obtained by applying pigment to a sandblasted surface which provides a *key* for it. Cellulose is being increasingly used. The colour is superficial, and need not be fired into the glass. By white-varnishing a sandblasted surface, the obscurity produced by the rough texture is largely counteracted, and the effect produced is not unlike that of *bright stippling.*

IN THE GLASSWORKS

(1) *FEEDING THE FURNACE* with "Frit," the raw material, which consists chiefly of fine silica sand. As this melts it flows to the farther end of the furnace, where it is "gathered" for "making," either by rolling, blowing or pressing. (2) *THE MANUFACTURE OF PRESSED OR MOULDED GLASS.* The molten glass, carried on the end of an iron rod like treacle on a knife, is being poured into the mould, where a shaped plunger will press it to the desired form. The moulds are all mounted on a revolving table, and move into position for use in rotation; part of a new mould is to be seen on the left, waiting for its turn. This particular photograph shows the making of a casserole in heat-resisting ovenware. (3) *THE MAKING OF FLASHED SHEET GLASS.* The blower at work on his blowpipe, which he spins and blows at the same time, to distend the molten glass and keep the bubble from sagging under its own weight.

These photographs are reproduced by courtesy of the Controller, H.M. Stationery Office, and the Empire Marketing Board.

ANTHOLOGY.

"HERE is my beloved London! 'No town on the face of the earth is more brilliant than London in June,' said the Daily Express *on June 12, 1929, and a few weeks later, on July 3, the* Star *informed its readers that 'London, as a whole, with its population of nearly 8,000,000, is the healthiest great city in the world, and we may largely account for this by the uniformly good sanitation and water supply.' Anyone who has compared the dust-carts of Dutch and German cities with the censers that spread their dubious perfumes and germs through the streets of the English Metropolis will share the enthusiasm of the* Star, *and admire London for remaining, notwithstanding, the healthiest great city in the world."*

* * *

"The English have rebuilt their house in reinforced concrete, but they have left its old thatched roof."

* * *

"There remains one form of art whose utter decay is a steady reproach to the people of England. Their architecture is the laughing-stock of the Western world. We must remember that architecture occupies a place by itself among the witnesses of culture. It is not merely the work of the artist, but the result of the co-operation of three agents: the architects, the people who commission them, and the public. Of these three agents, the last is the most important. Theories of art for art's sake, which are entirely in their place in other arts, do not affect the architect. Unlike other artists he is a professional man; one who, moreover, can only execute his work after he has sold it. This he will never do unless he carries with him the approval of the public. He has to study its taste and must work as it orders him. On the other hand, he has many opportunities for influencing this taste, especially in the course of his contacts with the people who commission his work. In England the public never demands, and the architect rarely counsels, beauty.

A thought which has never entered the heads of those who order, execute or admire buildings, is that local patriotism is not enough, and that there is also a patriotism of the fourth dimension. Is it not true that when we read or think of certain periods of history, we feel glad that we did not belong to them? Who could wish he had been a late Merovingian, a Frenchman of 1816, or an Englishman of 1870? Do we not feel glad that we shall not have to stand bodily before posterity and confess that we belong to the generation of the Great War and took part in its orgies of hatred and folly? Do we not, on the other hand, feel that we should treat with the deepest respect one of the Flemish burghers who built their belfries and resisted the great Kings of France, or the men who ventured across the great unknown ocean to plant the flag of England upon distant shores? Are we not full of admiration for the men who gave England Westminster Abbey or the Churches of London that were built after the Great Fire? For these men have given the things which they themselves conceived, they have erected to themselves monuments of character, upon which they deeply impressed the mark of their very own minds.

What will the generations of the future say of Regent Street, of the Corner Houses, and of the theatres of present-day London? How will they judge the post-war pseudo-renaissance style? Will their psychologists explain the supererogatory columns, stuck as an afterthought against concrete buildings that rest upon their own steel frames, as symbols of a phallic obsession? Will their builders not despise men who, blinded by their ritualistic mentality, worshipped empty forms inherited by their ancestors from earlier ancestors, and were unable to be other than pale reflections, untrue to their own selves, unable to speak a resonant and forceful language of their own? Even the ants adapt their building to circumstances. But the English still build as though they lived in the year 1800."

Extracts from *THE ENGLISH: ARE THEY HUMAN?* By G. J. Renier. *London:* Williams and Norgate. Price 7s. 6d. net.

Marginalia.

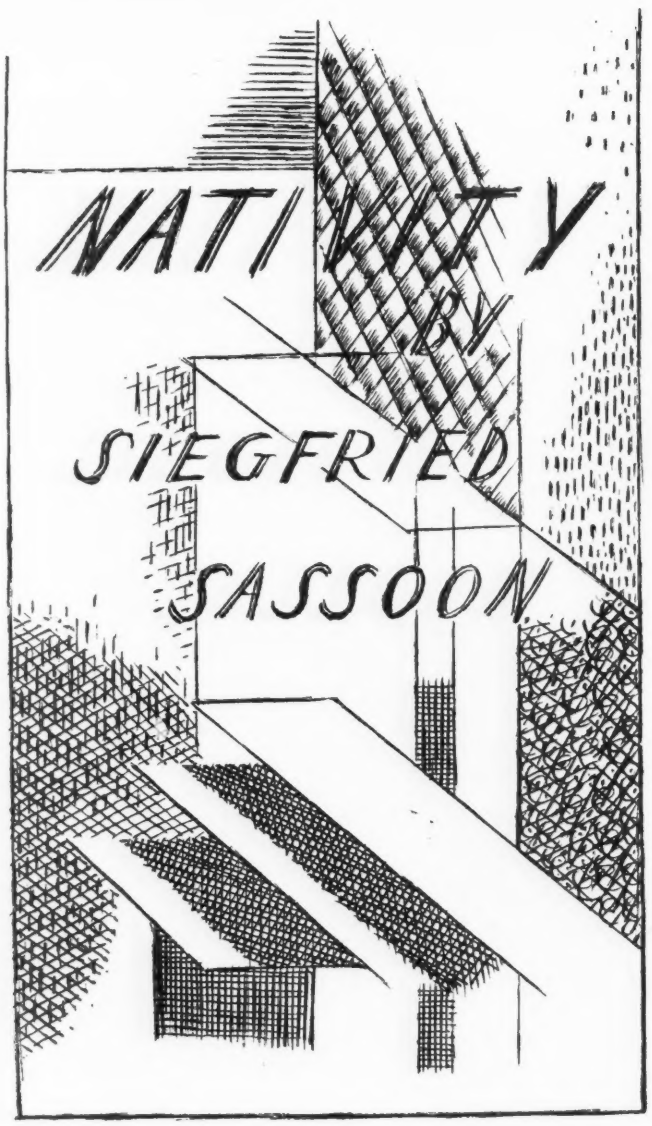
"And if I laugh at any mortal thing;
'Tis that I may not weep;"
BYRON, *Don Juan.*

Salvation through Shekels.

A poem written about builders with profound apologies to Mr. G. K. Chesterton and acknowledgments to Mr. Humphrey Pump's poem against grocers—

God made the jerry builder for a warning and a sign
That men should shun all flashiness and build with good design,
And see that deal and stucco do not pass for stone and oak,
And recognize in counterfeits a feeble-minded joke.
The jerry builder prospers for his trade is always plied
In countries where for many years the eyes of men have died,
Where plans are at a discount and where cities grow apace,
And nothing's built with common sense, economy or grace.
At heart the jerry builder is a man whose lust for cash
Has made him grasp the paying possibilities of trash,
But while he works at present in a way that gives offence,
He may *discover paying possibilities in sense*
No gallant paper pellets shot at ugliness and waste
Will cause an urgent problem of planning to be faced,
For the only thing that matters in this land of milk and honey
Is the vital, holy question: "*Does this action lead to* money?"
The scorn of cultured suburbs and the wit of their reproof
Cannot influence a doorstep or a tile upon a roof:
The only way to educate a builder on the make
Is proving that by giving well he's something more to take!

JOHN GLOAG.



illustrations of cover designs and processes of illustration. Both sections will be sufficiently technical to be informative, for Paul Nash is an experienced craftsman. A book such as this should be useful for the art rooms of schools where the average publication smacks of the leafy and bedizened days of King Edward. The illustrations given here were for one of the *Ariel Poems*, and are reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Faber and Faber.

The Work of Paul Nash.

An exhibition was held recently at Batsford's Galleries, in North Audley Street, showing adequately one facet of that many-sided artist, Paul Nash. It consisted largely of his designs for books and their covers. Originally he was known, as is his brother John, for landscape painting of England, and he has recently turned to the creation of abstract designs. He is one of the first English artists to realize that pictures in the future will not only be small framed areas to hang on the wall, but the whole room itself will be the limit of an artist's scope. To this end he is at present engaged on a book to be entitled *Room and Book*, and to be published by the Soncino Press. It will consist of a series of essays on the development of the modern æsthetic, fully illustrated, through the last century. This section of the equipment of the room will be followed by another on the assemblage of the book with

Art in Bournemouth.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Angry Tudor Specialists.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—*Re* your letter of the ultimo month *re* residences in Mill Hill, we beg to state that we do not see our way to seeing the humour of your correspondent with regard to the matter in hand.

I beg to remain,

Yours, *per pro*,

TUDOR RESIDENCE SPECIALISTS
(MILL HILL, LTD.)

One for Junius.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—" A Free Commentary " by " Junius " in the November issue should surely have had an Editor's footnote quoting W. S. Gilbert's lines :—

" The idiot who praises with enthusiastic tone
Any country but this, and every country but his own."

Assuming " Junius " is English, of course !

Has the poor fellow ever visited any

Continental cities, and is he prepared to say you cannot collect specimens of the most appalling rubbish of *their* home manufacture? Does he suggest that *their* middle-class homes contain nothing but things of high artistic merit?

Yours truly,

R. W. Sampson.

Fortfield Chambers,
Sidmouth.

Park Lane or Fifth Avenue?

From THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, 1901.

Park Lane is the most thoroughly English collection of residences to be found in London . . . Are we to see it turned into a questionable imitation of Fifth Avenue in New York? . . . The road itself was originally nothing but a country lane, and the slight irregularities of its course still add not a little to its charm. The majority of its houses are of a quiet domestic Palladian of the last century . . . The character of Fifth Avenue is essentially different; it is long and vast, bordered with houses, many of which are palaces, but its effect is that of a succession of architectural curiosities — the French château, the feudal castle, the Italian palazzo, the ordinary "brown stone" Palladian, rise one after the other in a straight line, each endeavouring to outshine its neighbour and advertise its millionaire owner. The new houses now rising in Park Lane give evidence of a determined attempt to alter its entire character and indulge in frippery and extravagance—to convert it into a Millionaire's Row.

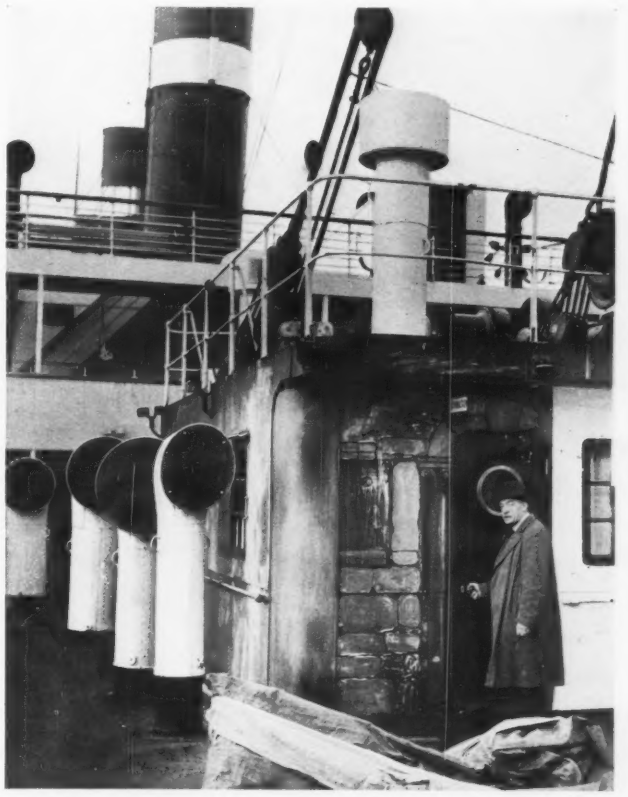
A Correction.

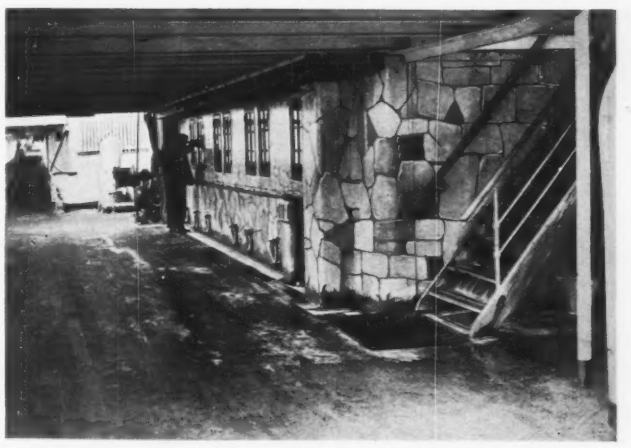
On page 175, Fig. 11, of the ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW for December was a photograph of Imperial Airways House, about which a misapprehension has been caused. The lamp in the middle of the room was designed by Raymond McGrath, but not the decoration of the room itself. This was carried out from the instructions of Mr. C. F. Snowden Gamble, who is responsible for the excellent advertising of Imperial Airways.

HIGH ART ON THE HIGH SEAS

The S.S. "Belgenland" has adopted a brilliant idea for the decoration of the outside of its cabins. They are painted to resemble stone built country cottages.

Perhaps companion ways, bridges and ventilators do not quite fit in with the general scheme, but as it progresses these may be made of rustic woodwork and the ventilators can be turned into rubbing posts. Then if they cover the decks with some imitation of thatch which is not inflammable, the funnels can poke out of them like olde-worlde chimneys. The sides of the vessel must then be painted like stone and covered over with rambler roses and Virginia creeper. After that the boat need only be put on dry land—say, in the Cotswolds—and, except for its size, it will be almost indistinguishable from an ordinary cottage. Even now, with the campaign to Buy British in full force, it seems a very good idea to look British as well.





Floodlighting—Some Possibilities.

Extracts from a paper by Percy Good on "Floodlighting for the International Illumination Congress: The lessons to be learned from it;" read to the Illuminating Engineering Society.

. . . one per cent. of the expenditure of the B.B.C. on music and entertaining would maintain the floodlighting done in London for the Congress for a whole year, and provide illuminated fountains in Trafalgar Square.

I believe there is a lesson to be learned here by those responsible for public advertising and salesmanship, and I will make a brief diversion to state a case. Let those responsible for the hospital at Hyde Park Corner, for example, located as it is on one of the finest sites in London, refrain from what I feel can almost be described as prostituting their property with advertisements as a means of raising money, and instead invite the advertisers to paint and floodlight their building so that it is made an attractive picture instead of what in such a position is almost a sordid one. If the advertiser could be permitted to have a very small notice, only visible to those close by, and be left also to make his general press announcements, and in other ways make such use of pictures of the building as he saw fit, I believe a satisfactory commercial return would be assured. I believe that an experiment of this sort by one of our national advertisers would prove both to advertiser and hospital that a beautiful contribution to the life of the city was a good way to secure an effective financial return from its citizens.

Taking another example: there are many streets in London and its suburbs with bare plots and awaiting new buildings, utterly disfigured with advertisement hoardings. I venture to suggest that if the advertisers refrained from using hoardings, turned the waste land into a little garden, floodlighted at night, with a small notice stating who had provided it, they would find it, in certain cases, better advertising than the disfigurements which are at present so prevalent. I am certain in my mind that the lighting engineer with the illimitable possibilities of floodlighting has an opportunity of developing a new cult of advertising in place of the present blatantly self-assertive methods.

The French Exhibition at Burlington House.

Despite the wave of nationalism, the success of the Italian and Persian exhibitions will probably be repeated in the French Exhibition which opens on the fourth of this month and continues until the fifth of March. In the eighteenth century an exhibition was hardly necessary as each country was an exhibition in itself. It is refreshing to find now, that industrialism has not so far deadened the sensibilities nor cinemas, to particularize, so sated the public appetite that an exhibition of really good pictures can have no attractions. Moreover, the fact becomes the more remarkable when one realizes that for years we have been brought up on Academy painting whose appeal is obvious and whose popularity with the "man in the street" is nevertheless not a tenth of the popularity of the Persian or Italian exhibitions. Six or seven closely printed and thick books have been appearing one after another during December and November on French Masters and it seems as though there will be a fanfare of praise and excitement among the public once more—praise and excitement of the British public over foreign art. It is not "the man in the street" who is to blame for the apparent apathy with regard to questions of taste. The success of foreign exhibitions in London proves that the blame lies on "popular" (i.e., patronized-by-the-wealthy) artists —and, alas, architects.

The World's Best Snapshot, 1931.

There is a winner of £2,915 in the Kodak world competition, 1931, also £1,100 in the British Isles Section of that competition. This picture was taken at Port Erin, I.O.M., at 9 o'clock on a July evening with a Kodak camera on "Verichrome" Kodak Film, exposure 1/25th second, stop f16.

"I should have been very proud of this picture had I painted it." —*the Hon. John Collier (one of the Judges).*

STONE DECORATIONS hoisted into position on an addition to A South Kensington Museum.

The Growing Public Interest in Architecture.

That there is a critical and interested public in architecture, numerous illustrations of new and old buildings that appear in the daily press give ample evidence. With the object of furthering this interest there has been established a course of University of London Extension Lectures once a week at the City Literary Evening Institute, Goldsmith Street, Drury Lane, London, W.C.2. They will be delivered by Mr. W. H. Ansell, and the fee for the course of ten lectures will be five shillings. The first lecture starts on January 20, at 7.30. Tickets may be obtained on application to Mr. T. G. Williams at the Institute.

The Architectural Association Pantomime 1931.

That least amateurish of amateur shows displayed this year the growing rebellion of younger architects against the "old school" of thought. The choreography was efficient and successful and the varied tastes in literature and art that were displayed from the modern Sewing Machine Ballet, by M. A. S. Dugdale, to the Victorian Drama (somewhat reminiscent of Elsa Lanchester), by E. R. Sandon, show that architects in the future will not at any rate exclusively be interested in their subject. The absence of such Professionalism is most exhilarating. Some lines from a composite song called Operatic Architecture keep running through my head. I do not know whether they reflect the opinions of the entire A.A. They go to the tune of *John Brown's Body:*

"Queen Anne's body lies a-mould'ring in the Grave,
Queen Anne's body lies a-mould'ring in the Grave,
Queen Anne's body lies a-mould'ring in the Grave,
But her style goes marching on.
Glory, glory,
Glory, glory,
Glory, glory,
} There follow the names of several prominent architects.
But her style goes marching on."

Savile Row.

If the Savile Row scheme materialized it would result in the demolition of the picturesque little passage into Conduit Street, as well as of the garden house erected by Lord Burlington, one of the rooms of which overhangs the passage. But as one must suffer to be beautiful (as the French say), so one must endure the removal of the beautiful to be convenient, at any rate, in the matter of urban changes.