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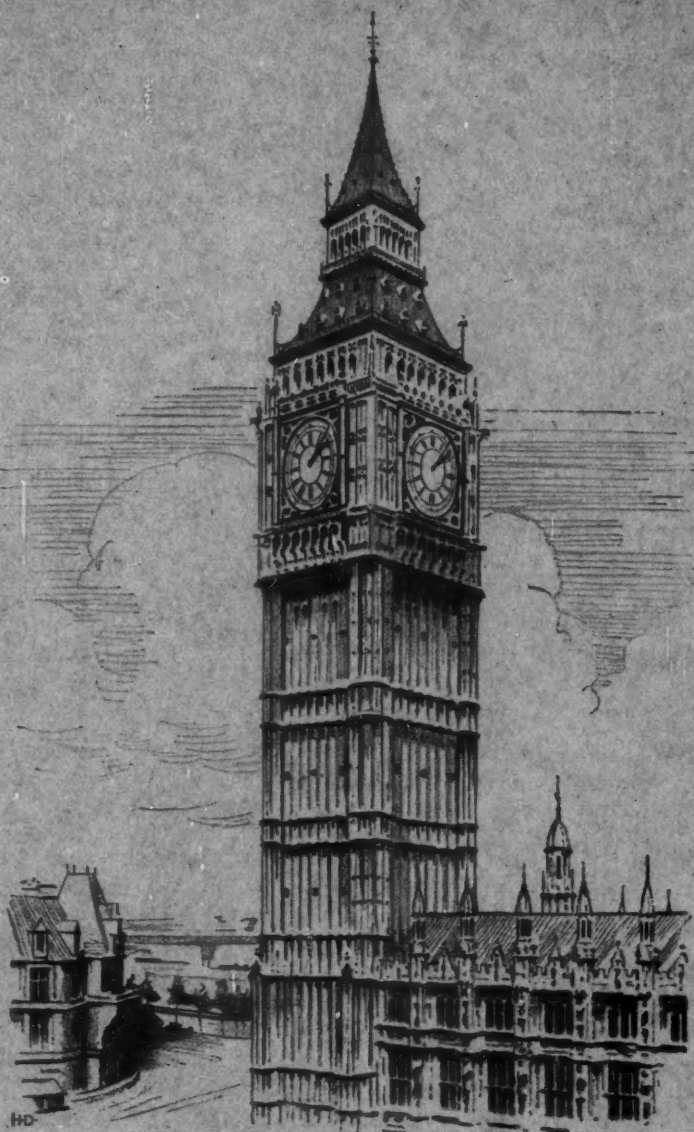
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COROT, JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE (1796-1875). *Vue de Villeneuve-les-Avignon.* This picture was probably painted in 1836. Being therefore among Corot's earliest works it exhibits none of the haze and fluff, the inevitable willows, and what Clive Bell calls the "bad Tennyson" of his later and prosperous period. Sharp outline, careful detail, and "the sun for hero" make it an early rebel against Classicism. To Bloomsbury, Corot is a stupid peasant, to the Cotswolds a kindly Peter Pan, but both unite in admiring the straightforwardness and natural poetry which are in all his better landscapes, and which could never have been achieved at that time save as the result of the utmost simplicity of mind. Corot was among the first to let nature dictate to him and it was his genius which prevented him from allowing it to dictate the wrong things. [Lent by the Musée de Reims to the Exhibition of French Art now running at Burlington House, London. No. 349 in the Catalogue.]

PLATE I. February 1932.

# Four Hours from London.

By Edward Gordon Craig.

NOT far from London is a walled-in city, built some time before crusading began—in fact, built because Crusades were not dreamed of. But when, later on, the notion of the Grand Tour began to appeal to European warriors and others, it was from here that they started—and here they collected.

You reach this fortified place by sea; from London, it takes no more than four hours to get inside the ramparts. Its high and iron-like walls look so forbidding that, at the first glance at them, the modern tripper—to whom Le Touquet and Deauville are half-heaven—decides that this darned spot is no place for him, for it don't give a fellow a chance to show off—besides, there is no central heating.

A traveller will not find that fellow here, and so all's well. He will not find the collectors of antiques here, for there is nothing to collect. The hotels, though well arranged and managed, have no convenience for trippers, and no balconies from which a cinema star can address the world, as it sweeps by under his window.

This walled-in city is on the coast of France, where seven towns look across the English Channel—Dunkerque, Calais, Audresselles, Wimereux, Boulogne, Le Portel and Dieppe—it is one of these.

The city has no less a queen than Our Lady the Virgin. It was Louis XI—ever a man of parts—who, in 1478, decided that this lovely place lacked but one thing—an everlasting ruler. So he made over the place, by law, to Our Lady. "There are such stupid people in the world," said he, as he strolled round the high ramparts under the arched linden trees; "there are such fools: and although this pepper-box cathedral, in the Rue de Lille, is dedicated to her, what would happen should a fire destroy it? Whereas, these ramparts having withstood one hundred and eighty-seven fires, four hundred and twenty bombardments, and the people within, thirty-nine sieges, it stands to reason that it is a pretty good town, as towns go.

"So, then, once it becomes the legal property of our sweet Lady, even those wise men from the East,

when they come to be born over there in England . . . I refer," said Louis, turning to his secretary and to his Chief of the Archers, who were not listening, "I refer to Lord Reading, Sir John Simon and Sir Herbert Samuel . . . these men of wit will see the force of my *logique* in dedicating the whole town to her."

How right he was! Men by the thousand had dedicated their worthless lives to her; she took them, and nothing remained; whereas a city. . . .

\* \* \*

It was under these ramparts, through a gate called the Porte de Calais, down a long and twisting tunnel, that I passed on May 8, 1931—four hundred and fifty-three years after Louis XI had walked and talked there—and came out into the Haute-Ville. I was in the Rue de Lille.

Once there, I became conscious of an intense silence. Things were busy enough, but noise was taking a rest. The amount that noise has to do nowadays is so unjust, the part she is forced to play so immense, that it is only fair that she should have a holiday here and there. Here, within these closed-in walls, she was lazying in silence. People went here and there, actively occupied, without awakening her; and I passed down the street until I came to an archway on the right, over which was printed, in hushed characters, HÔTEL DE BOURGOGNE; and I knew that I had arrived at my destination.

## II.

AFTER Our Lady, there is certainly no more remarkable woman in the whole city than the lady of this house, Madame Hermel.

As I entered the courtyard, a bell pealed, and there she stood, surrounded by her staff. I was reminded of Napoleon in the midst of his Marshals, without the gold braid or the clatter. This bell calling the staff together had sense in it, so the sound improved, if anything, the tranquillity it broke into.

I was shown to a lordly sitting-room, the centre

## FOUR HOURS FROM LONDON.

of a group of apartments which had been reserved for me. The sitting-room was full of light, since it had six large windows.

It was thanks to an artist that all this preparation had been made for me. An English dramatist, one whose plays are (how shall I put it?) well—more plays than palaver, in short are good plays, and are seldom performed in England, he had prepared all this for me.

The Hôtel de Bourgogne is the best inn and the second oldest house in the citadel. Madame Hermel is now in her eighty-eighth year, and as active and authoritative as she can have been at thirty-six. She supervises every meal, and all of them are good.

The wine is excellent, especially the *blanc ordinaire*—a kind of sauterne at six francs fifty centimes a bottle—the contents of the half-bottles being rather drier.

Suite of rooms, food and all, come to 42 to 48 francs per person (that was in May 1931)—i.e. about seven to eight shillings per day.

If you did not want to live like a king, you could live like an ambassador, by dispensing with a few sitting-room windows and taking less wine—then your bill would descend to about six shillings a day.

\* \* \*

I had a large balcony overlooking the courtyard. Facing my windows, at the other end of this courtyard, is a gallery which crosses in front of room No. 9, in which the Empress Eugénie stayed when she passed through the town some years ago.

Many well-known men and women made this inn their home when visiting this walled-in city; and to my surprise and delight, I found that Irving had been often here. Downstairs, in the dining-room, is a picture of him—not the most fortunate portrait—and under the portrait it says: "Henry Irving made this hotel his home whenever he came to this city." Each week, English sightseers (in organized groups) come pouring in through the archway, and a guide holds forth to them. Today, four groups came. The guide of the second group announced that "Henry Irving stayed here—and it was from this courtyard that he took his scene for the *Lyons Mail*." Awestruck silence among the sightseers.

There being no courtyard scene in that play, the guide had it wrong. But not so wrong as the guide of the next group. I heard him say: "It was here that Henry Irving came to stay. The balcony there is the one he had copied for the scene in *Romeo and Juliet*." Awestruck and open-mouthed, the sightseers took it all in. The two balconies of the hotel are eighteenth century and nineteenth century, and French; and

Irving's *Romeo and Juliet* production was fourteenth or fifteenth century, and Italian.

### III.

AFTER a pleasant lunch I went out to survey the town. I turned down the first street leading from the Rue de Lille, and, looking up, perceived that it was called "Rue Henry." I was not displeased to find a street named after my old master, and sauntered down its full length—some four or five houses. I looked around for a good café where I might smoke and tell myself how very well I thought the world was looking. I arrived where another street crossed the end of the Rue Henry, and to a passer-by I said: "Can you tell me where I can find a good café?" "There," said he, pointing, "you will find one in this street, the Rue Irving"; and he passed on.

Of course, it seemed to me quite proper and natural that the city ruled over by our gracious Lady, a city with ramparts, should call one street "Henry" and the one next to it "Irving"; and, indeed, when I came to look up at the inscription at the corner, I found it as he had said—only spelt a bit oddly: "Eurvin"—rue Eurvin. I was in a generous and forgiving mood, and I would even have overlooked the blunder had it been spelt *Ervine*.

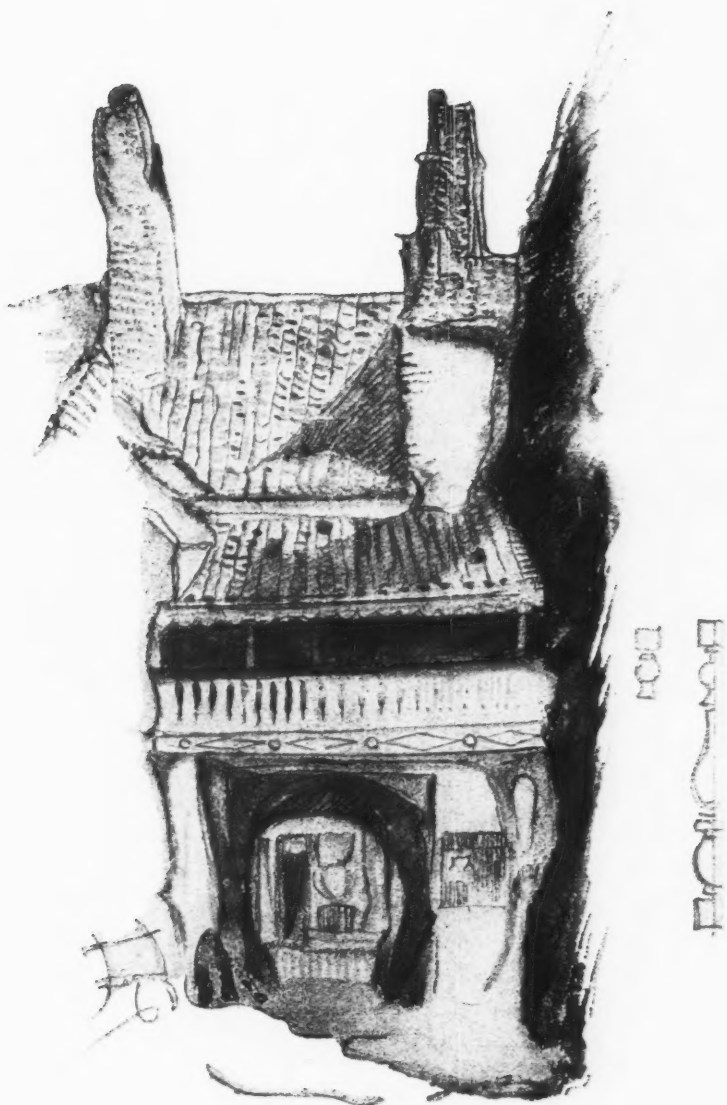
I entered the shady, cool parlour, ordered "un filtre," and sat brooding and drinking coffee and smoking and wondering which parts Henry Irving had studied in this sunny and amiable city, with its halo of silence. Dante Gabriel Rossetti had been here often, and Lola Montez, too . . . had Henry Eurvin sat and talked with either, in the shady courtyard of the Hôtel de Bourgogne?—it was possible.

Madame Hermel, her hands folded across her apron-strings, said she remembered him well, but could not say which years he had come here; but she told me that her daughter would know. Her daughter—a charming lady, speaking English fluently—regretted she knew nothing, but said that her sister might know; later on, that her niece might be able to remember; and lastly, the books. The books were sought for, but they were not found. Whether they will some day be found I cannot tell—but till then I cannot guess which years Irving visited this fortress. Number 19 was his room—so much I was assured. It looks out on to the ancient Beffroi, a belfry prison built in the thirteenth century.

\* \* \*

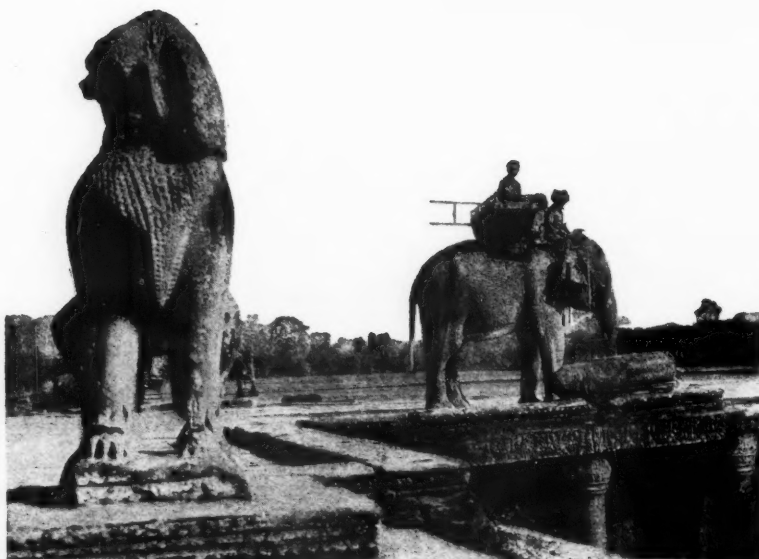
There are other walled-in towns in the world; and if one wants to go far to find them, and if one has enough money, one can be walled in nicely at Lucca or Carcassonne or at Vitre—but none of these are four hours from London.





A view of the courtyard of the HÔTEL DE BOURGOGNE.  
It was, I believe, from this courtyard that Irving took  
his scene for *Robert Macaire*, produced at the Lyceum  
Theatre in 1883. [E. G. C.]

*From a drawing by Edward Gordon Craig.*



The western end of THE  
OUTER CAUSEWAY.

# The Temple of Angkor Vat.

By Peter Quennell.

SINCE De Quincey related in his *Confessions* how the confused reminiscences of Oriental architecture coloured the atrocious nightmares which he had provoked by the abuse of an Oriental drug, our attitude towards the "cruel and monumental" civilizations of the Far East has undergone, upon the whole, singularly little change. We still admit our stupefaction. Confronted, for instance, by the violent intricacies of Hindu ecclesiastical architecture, we find that this gesturing polytheism, this cumbrous sensuality and superabundance of ornament, loaded with symbols and all curiously knit together with a web of mythological subtleties which we have neither the leisure nor the patience to understand, violates in our minds some sentiment far stronger than any attempt at dispassionate appreciation. Like the author of the *Confessions*, we apprehend in the character of the Eastern divinity an element at war with our own peace. We, too, flee before the many-armed, the many-headed—especially in those labyrinthine temples built to be his chosen hunting-ground, the courtyards, corridors, innumerable chambers where the god sits coiled up, his multiple visages carefully staged one above another, among a spread of tarantula arms each displaying its particular attribute. Here is enigmatic reserve where we demand clarity, tortuous emphasis where we have been taught to expect simplicity and reserve; here is an abracadabra as baffling and as merciless as the patterns of Eastern shadow and light. If we are to grope our way into the centre of the labyrinth, it must be through a civilization which combined in a surprising degree our affection for openness, symmetry and breadth with what we are inclined to call the typical disadvantages of Eastern religious art.

As for the manner of approach—the romantic possibilities of architecture is a theme on which, at the present day, it is hardly necessary to insist. Architecture has its affinities with music; its connections with the plastic arts are so obvious as to require no underlining. Then, of course,

there is the quality of poetic or rhetorical inspiration from which it may derive its impetus. Between poetic and dramatic expression the frontier is not easily defined. In this article I want to stress the extraordinarily *dramatic* character of a great architectural tradition. Otherwise the subject would be too vast for proper treatment. Khmer civilization is a palimpsest of which a very large part is still almost entirely undecipherable. Angkor Vat and Angkor Thom—the temple and the royal city, both have now emerged from the forest. Separated by an interval of two hundred years, they are key-positions surveying a mighty prospect of experiment and discovery, a period of victorious expansion followed by a period of gradual decline. It is the Khmer race which, even today, populates French Indo-China. Coming originally from the plains of Northern India, replenished at different epochs from the same source, these aggressive and ambitious warriors developed a civilization which did not finally collapse until the beginning of the fourteenth century, when Angkor fell into the hands of the Siamese, its sanctuaries were plundered, the towers stripped of their gold, and its rulers driven away to found a new capital at Pnom-Penh. Meanwhile Cambodia had been encrusted by their cities, bridges, monasteries and massive temples. The Khmers were opulent, possessed a multitude of slaves. . . . One imagines a civilization of prodigious overripeness. As builders, they had acquired a taste for the spectacular only to be compared with the architectural magniloquence of the French *Grand Siècle*. This comparison, which must be applied to the severe formalism of Angkor Vat rather than to the period of exuberant and hasty construction that produced the great edifices of Angkor Thom, has already been brought forward by a French archæologist. It should be accepted, however, with various important reservations. Nothing could be so deceptive as an attempt to gauge the sensibility of an alien people by the application of standards which, if we no longer share them, are none the less an

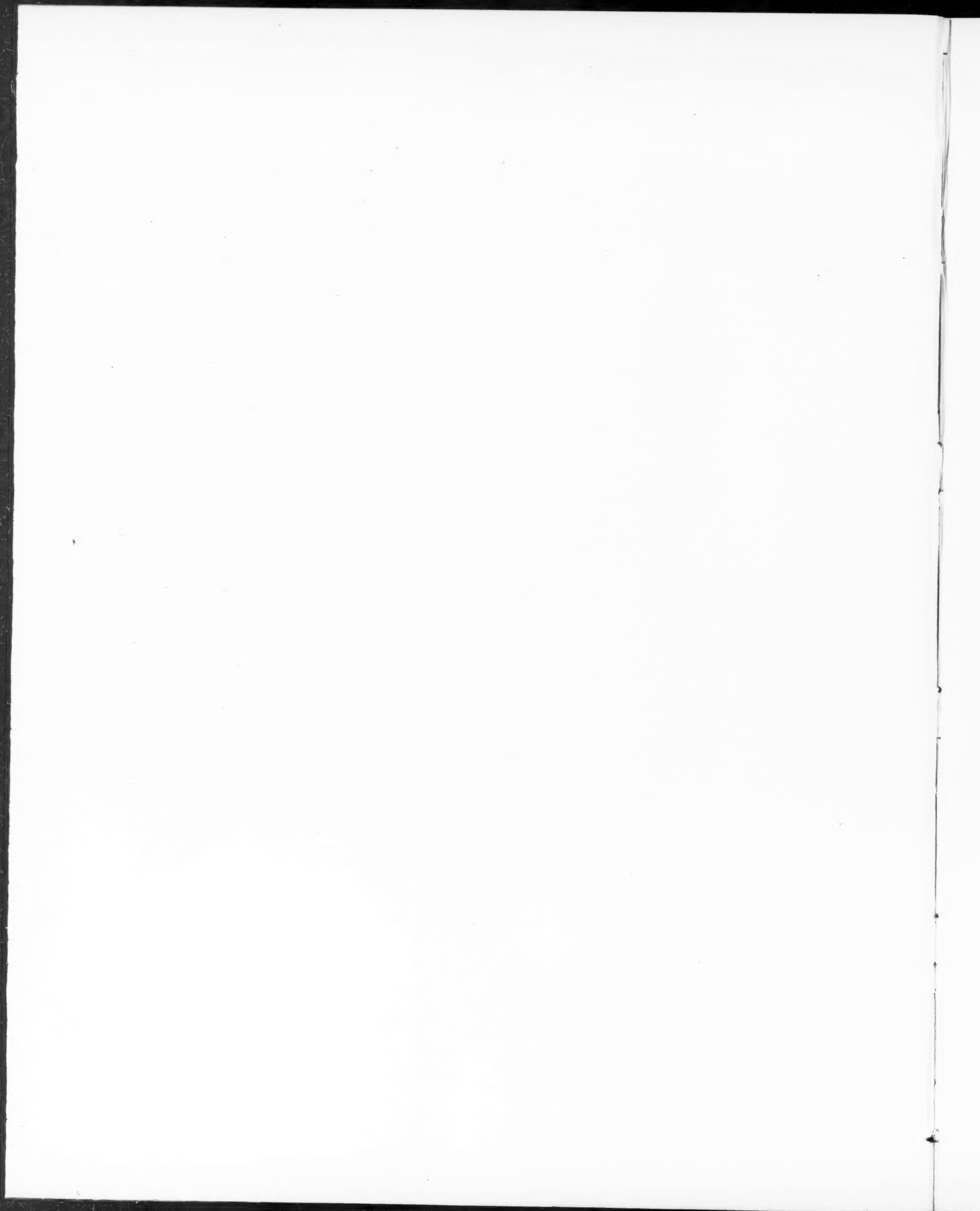


(A) *The Temple of Angkor Vat, seen from the south.* (B) *The inner sanctuary from the courtyard on the second storey.* (C) *The Temple at sunrise; a view along the main causeway.* (D) *A detail of the cloisters on the second storey.*

Messrs. G. Van Oest, of Paris and Brussels, have published four magnificent volumes on this subject, entitled *Le Temple d'Angkor Vat*. Through their kindness some of the illustrations have been reproduced here.

PLATE II. February 1932.

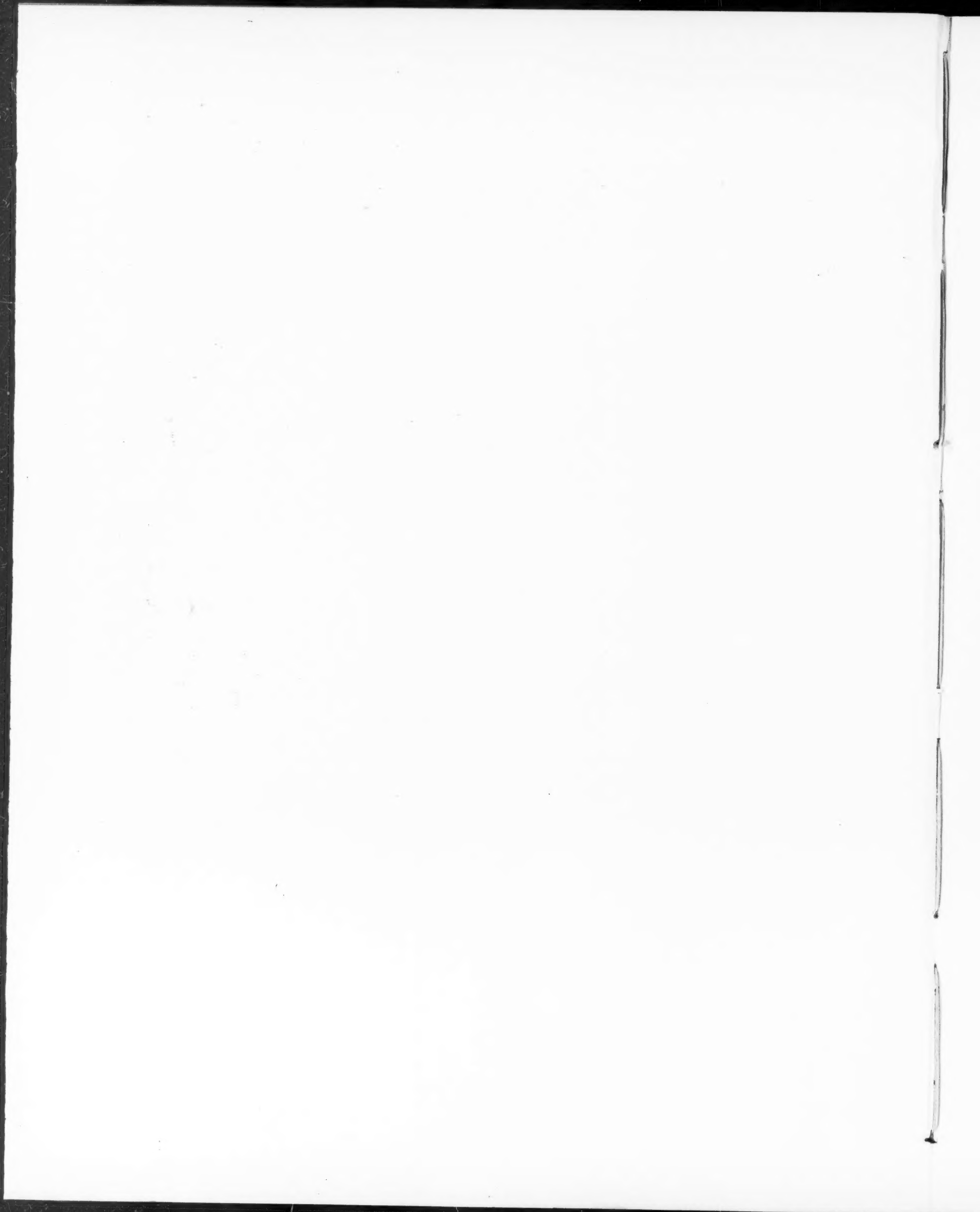






*Two bas-reliefs from one of the galleries of the Temple of Angkor Vat. Figures of this type, apsaras or devatâs, celestial nymphs or minor goddesses, occur frequently in the decoration of Khmer temples.*

PLATE III. February 1932.

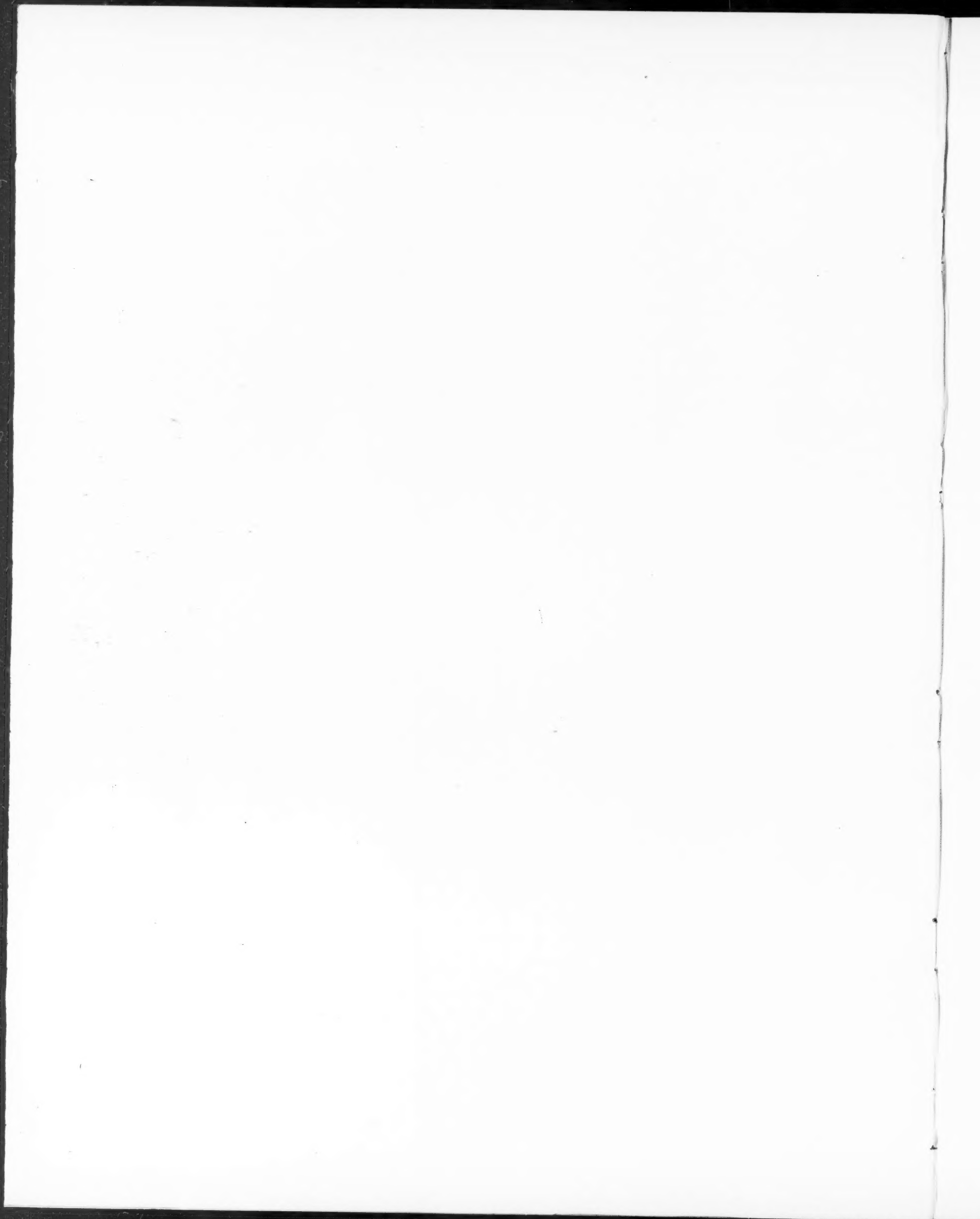






*A bas-relief from one of the galleries in the Temple of Angkor Vat. The inspiration of these and similar figures was no doubt derived from the actual corps-de-ballet of the Khmer monarch. Note the typical Khmer physiognomy.*

PLATE IV. February 1932.

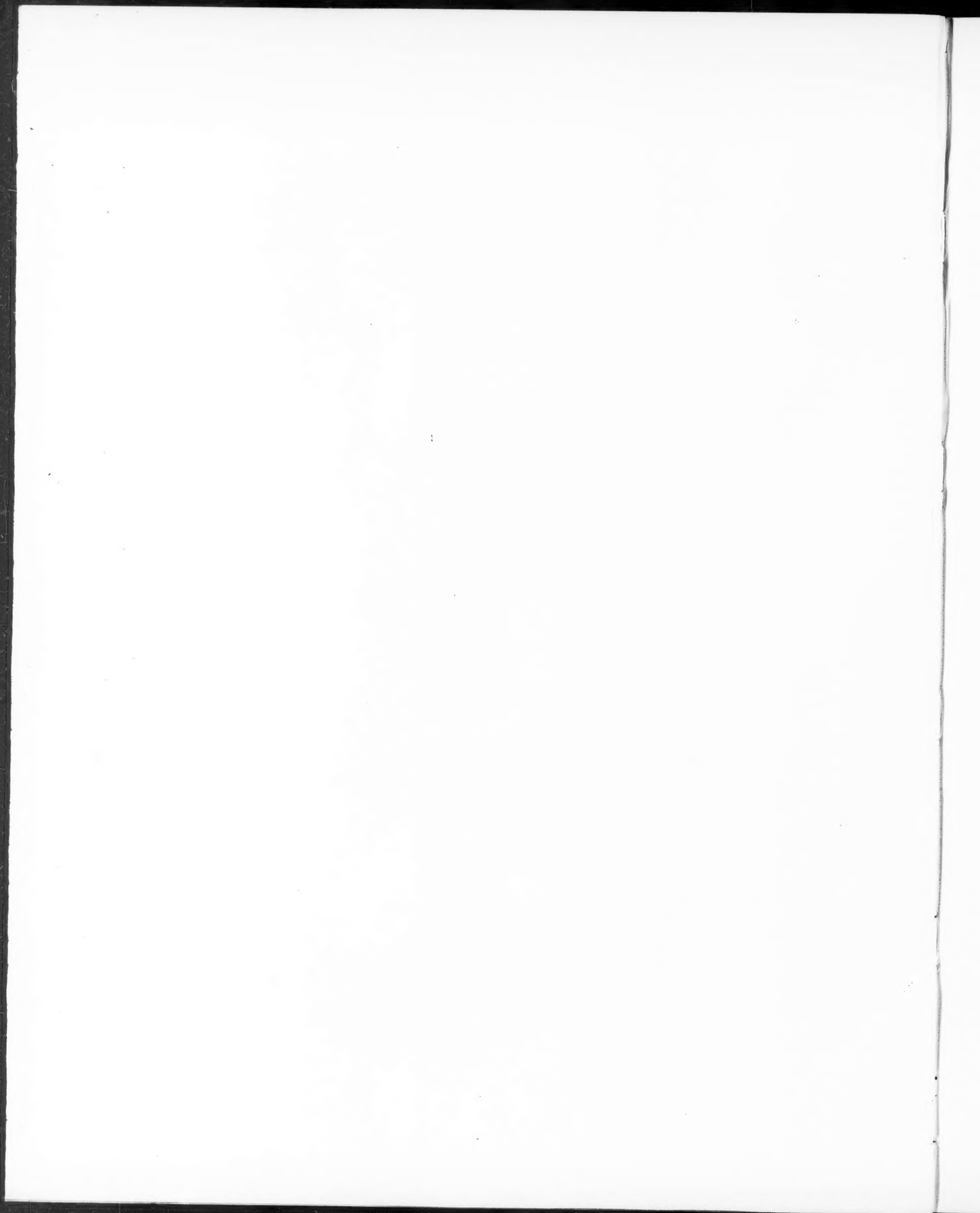




*The remains of a broken statue in the Temple of Angkor Vat. The Khmers were not only daring architects but, on occasions, fine sculptors; witness the splendid fragments of Khmer art to be seen at the Musée Guimet in Paris. An enlarged detail of one of the four-faced towers of the temple known as The Bayon is printed on Plate IX.*

PLATE V. February 1932.





integral part of our universe. The parallel then is stimulating but also proportionately inexact. Barbarism—culture—those are terms which we employ relatively. They designate qualities present to some extent in the fabric of every civilization. Thus, when we speak of Khmer civilization, we are including many characteristics which have now passed under the heading of barbarism. The theatrical perspectives which they created, huge rectangular pools traversed by granite dikes, pyramidal sanctuaries ascended by lion-guarded stairs, awake the European sensibility to an immediate and exciting response. We should not ignore, upon the other hand, the many curious and "barbaric" limitations of the artificers.

It is interesting to realize, for example, that the Khmers, with all their love of distant prospects, of openness, breadth and, at times, of the almost classical regularity which I have mentioned, never troubled to acquire the logical and geometrical groundwork usually a concomitant of architectural classicism; that, although they were accustomed to raise their shrines and monasteries in great quadrangular enclosures, they very often failed to obtain a perfect quadrangle; that, although they were ambitious builders, they very often showed themselves to be indifferent masons.

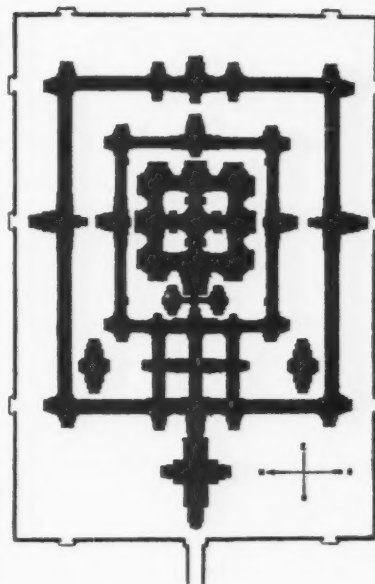
. . . Compare the artful geometry and exquisite workmanship of a Greek temple! There the simplicity of the design was reinforced by the solidity of the detail, the dignity of the effect was implicit in the strength of the construction; while the Khmer artificer drove straight at the effect. He was less a builder, you feel, than a stage-designer, less an architect than a poet or impresario. In terms of granite, brick and laterite, he was concerned to rear a splendid background, of which every prospect should evoke terror, palpitating respect, a background for the god, for the priests of the god and for the King whose character, after death, became fused with the character of the divinity he had represented upon earth.

Imagine a city in which the sovereign, rather than demean his office by condescending to any lower level, spent the night and had his council chambers established on the highest storey of his palace's highest tower. Many idiosyncrasies of Khmer architecture reflect this cult of the royal dignity. His house, and his alone, might be built of imperishable materials; commoners lived between wooden walls, under roofs of thatch. The long causeway, which leads to Angkor Vat, terminates in a kind of balustraded saluting-platform, from which the monarch could survey processions while they filed with music round the outer walls of the sanctuary. There he sat—as in the ribbon of continuous bas-relief, which encircles the temple, you can still distinguish him sitting—cooled by the wind of huge fans, a heavy necklace about his bare shoulders, among his functionaries, his women and his slaves, the opulent centre of an enormous stage-spectacle, an imperial insect controlling a gigantic apiary, a fixed point in the swarm of musicians, pontiffs, and dancers. Dancing must have played a very large part in the ritual existence of the Khmer monarch and in the service of his deities; for dancing-girls, equipped in every detail like the bayadères of the present monarch who rules at Pnom-Penh, are a common sculptural motive, to be met with wherever a convenient space offered, posturing bonelessly, tendering flowers—symbolic of the curiously naïve hedonism which seems to have pervaded Khmer life, their love of processions, fine buildings, graceful adolescent ballerinas, cock-fights, wrestling-bouts

and the thousand-and-one enchanting superfluities which can be employed to glut the appetites and heighten the enjoyment of a race of successful warriors.

Perhaps their success had come too easily. Angkor is the memorial of a race who, because they were enabled to surmount gigantic obstacles by the use of unlimited slave-labour, were inclined for a similar reason to over-estimate the power of a single directing intelligence upon a huge throng

of spiritless mechanics. It is typical, for instance, of their methods that, having built a massive terrace-wall sculptured in high relief and then wishing to advance the frontage some few yards, quite arbitrarily they should have smothered their original, completed effort behind a second range of sculptures, chiselled to an almost identical design. But this facility, though to some extent it proved demoralizing, was also responsible for the extreme imaginativeness and hardihood of their conceptions. No group of monuments is more immediately impressive than the half-dozen great ruined temples and monasteries which lie within a short distance of Angkor Thom, not a few still partly submerged beneath the forest. Of the royal palace itself very little now remains; but to right and left of its grand entrance runs a foundation-terrace, flanking what was once the principal square of the city. The terrace has been several times remodelled; its rectangular bays and bastions are supported alike by a regiment of grotesque caryatids and by a long stretch of bas-relief which represents huntsmen, mounted upon elephants, scouring the forest, the elephants with loose, majestic movements of their trunks picking up the fallen animals. The broad, rather careless outlines of this composition are as lively and as confident as Khmer bas-reliefs, executed presumably by servile chisels, are often spiritless, mechanical and dull. Equally vigorous and self-assured are the tigers and *garoudas* which follow—monstrous, bestial creatures arching out their chests in the effort to support the terrace and its buildings above their heads, preposterously fierce with their intimidating display of dog-teeth, beaks and talons. Yet, under all their fierceness, they conceal something of the buffoon quality which you observe in the workings of the Khmer mythological fancy. The *garoudas*, or lion-birds, hereditary enemies of the *nagas*, the demon-cobras, ruffle up their plumage as they strangle the serpents between their claws or trample them beneath their feet, in an access of rage which the sculptor has treated good-naturedly, almost ludicrously. One remembers the deeply saturnine, genuinely cruel-looking monsters which have sprung at different epochs from the darkness of the human imagination, the Assyrian bull, the Thessalian



A PLAN of the Temple.

centaur, its crafty low forehead and laid-back stallion's ears. . . . Whereas the Cambodian sculptor, desirous of producing a granite lion which shall guard the chief entrance to the royal palace, incises a profound but smiling growl, elevates to the sunlight a pair of round, contented buttocks. It is as though this people—rich, victorious, pampered—were beginning to fall asleep among dreams, half humorous, of their own power—as though they were inspired sometimes to a good-humoured smile at the recollection of their own native ferocity.

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## THE TEMPLE OF ANGKOR VAT.

less than halfway towards the actual shrine. Its remoteness is emphasized by the tiny saffron-clad figure of a strolling Buddhist priest. From the elaborate porch the same causeway continues, with frequent bastions, past a couple of small ruined edifices, called "libraries," and reaches two rectangular sheets of water. Here the temple itself is not far ahead. But, before attempting a detailed description of Angkor Vat, it may be as well if I note down some general characteristics of its structure.

First dedicated to Vishnu, afterwards taken over by the worshippers of Buddha, Angkor Vat, like almost every other Khmer shrine, is built in the form of a pyramid, the highest tower being, of course, the midmost sanctuary. So lofty is the pyramid that archaeologists once conjectured that the builders might have taken advantage of some natural eminence. This conjecture, excavation has proved to be incorrect; it is raised upon a solid mass of laterite, an artificial mountain raised by the labour of men's hands, by teams of slaves working, no doubt, under the lash. . . Next, as to the significance of the form which Khmer architects were at so much pains to achieve—the enormous walled enclosure that surrounds the temple suggests the army of priests, acolytes, scribes, dancers and musicians which was necessary for the service of the god. The Khmer priesthood, we know, contained many grades and included a vast number of accessories. Thus the different stages of the building imply the various levels of initiation. So far might the worshippers go; not farther. So far the priests. Perhaps it was only the god-king himself, accompanied by some few ministrants of the highest order, who penetrated the midmost sanctuary. That sanctuary, the central pinnacle, flamed at its summit with the sacred *linga*, the golden emblem of an immemorial phallic cult.

The temple, then, is a pyramid of three storeys. Each storey is an open courtyard, shut in by low cloister-like galleries with high-pitched curving roofs. From each courtyard climb several staircases towards the next. Angkor Vat is a symphony in laborious, danger-fraught ascents. . . The first gallery, stretching right round the temple, is lined by a ribbon of continuous bas-relief. To this bas-relief, which depicts a multitude of heroic and naturalistic episodes, I must refer again later. Meanwhile, between the first and second storeys—supposing that you approach by the western side, the side of the main entrance—you pass through four little courtyards, popularly known as "basins," divided by a cruciform gallery. The belief that they were meant to hold water is natural enough when you consider their depth; stairs lead down from the cloisters by which they are intersected. But archaeologists, for various good reasons of their own, are inclined to laugh away the above explanation; they have no substitute to offer in its place. Certainly, the square pillars of the cloister, their intricately chased capitals, the line of roofs stepping (so to speak) upward and backward at the angles—one horizontal section detaching itself from the roof-ridge of the next, with separate gables and pedimental ornaments—would make a very pleasant reflection on the unruffled surface of a shallow stone-paved pool. But these courtyards, as I have explained, only exist at the western side of the building. Elsewhere you ascend one of eleven outer staircases and gain a second courtyard which surrounds the central mass. Now each storey is based upon a vertical substructure, cut by two staircases at every corner and single staircases at the middle of all its four sides. As the substructures increase in height, so

do the stairways increase in steepness. The courtyards grow proportionately narrower. From where you stand in the second courtyard, the steps to be ascended seem, at first sight, almost perpendicular; overhead, flanked by its four smaller companions, soars the ringed and serrated cone of the midmost tower.

This is the sanctuary proper; here, on the third platform, is square space divided cross-wise, four cloisters leading by narrow covered steps into the hollow tower which forms their axis. After your long ascent you rush forward expectant. Darkness awaits you, emptiness, an acrid stifling smell, part sweet, part nauseous, and the incessant seething twitter of a thousand bats. They seethe there in the darkness, gibber in internecine tumults, fold and unfold their papery wings, whirl and beat about the inky concave. . . But it is time to go down again. This third platform overlooks the forest from a large number of low windows which strain the harsh sunlight through close-set granite bars, turned like the legs of Jacobean tables. Vishnu and his priests would have had the whole temple and its dependencies, and, far away to the right, the royal city spread out beneath their eyes as in a gigantic map. . . But imagine the high priest, when the moment came to descend from his altitude, carrying, maybe, some token of the god's living presence; when the god-king appeared as the bearer of an oracle. It seems likely that the worshippers themselves were never admitted beyond the first gallery, which contains the bas-relief. Officials and priests, according to their dignity, would have been allowed to climb higher. A well-drilled regiment of acolytes would have been performing their ritual ministrations. Musicians would have filled the sanctuary with the noise of their brassy instruments; while dancers—the little, ugly, supple, wide-mouthed dancers whose portraits are repeated over every wall—would have gratified the sight with pantomimes half ecstatic, half sensual and worldly. . . And the priest himself—any traveller, who has had experience of those very stairs, will tell you that, even when new and unbroken, they must have been scarcely broad enough to support a human foot. Perhaps an unusually small foot, shod in a sandal, might have found some quarter or possibly half an inch to spare. But then the steepness is terrific; your head swims; and, since we cannot conceive of a high priest, like the modern traveller, edging down backwards or crab-wise, we shall have to suppose that he underwent an arduous schooling, that he was taught to descend the cliff face—its steepness accentuated by the massive moulded substructure which it interrupts—with a degree of deliberation, a superb insouciance, which resembled planing or flying rather than walking. In this legendary balancing feat are summed up my impressions of Angkor Vat. Its geometry is the triumph of an entire culture; it achieves, almost beyond expectation, an effect of hieratic remoteness, of divine inaccessibility. The plan is huge, spacious, magnificently co-ordinated. But the detail—that is often ugly, sometimes as speciously depraved as a curtain of Nottingham lace. The celebrated bas-relief girdles the temple round with a lava stream of struggling figures. But the Khmers and their descendants have always loved it. The characters they love best shine with the polish of innumerable affectionate hands; the villains are splashed a vivid red from centuries of betel-nut expectoration. For the Khmers, after all, were a childish people and indiscriminating. They allied the maniac patience of the coral-insect with the exalted scope of some god-like mathematician.

# HAY'S WHARF

Upon the site occupied by the new head offices of Hay's Wharf, London Bridge (H. S. Goodhart-Rendel, Architect), there used to stand the Church of St. Olave, who is commemorated on the Tooley Street front of the new offices by Mr. Colin Gill's mosaic outline. The circumstances in which the church was sold and destroyed are recorded on the same front in an inscription cut and filled with black mastic by Mr. Esmond Burton. The site is irregular with a frontage on Tooley Street and another on the river. Owing to the congestion of traffic in this quarter, it has been necessary to leave the ground as unencumbered as possible for the parking and circulation of vehicles. Below the first floor there is no solid building above-ground except what is needed for approaches, lifts, and staircases to the storeys above.

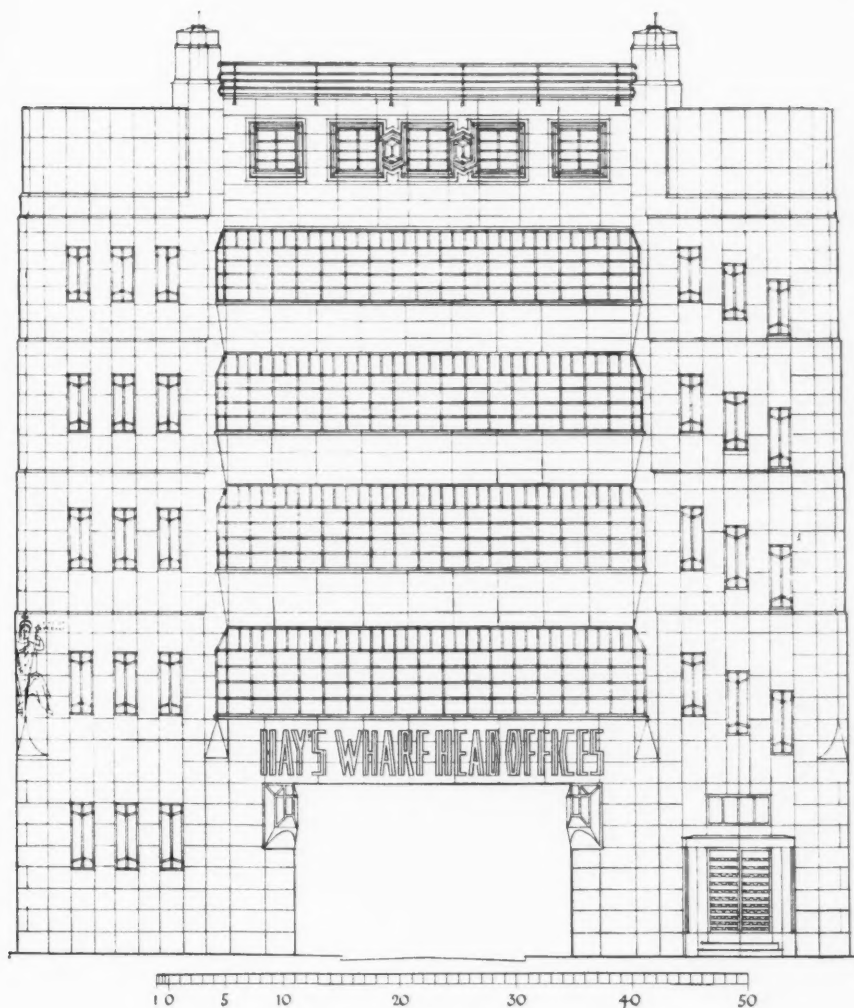
Tooley Street is narrow; the windows upon it have therefore been arranged to catch as much light as possible. The method of this arrangement is a development of the bulkhead system, the dirty



A



B



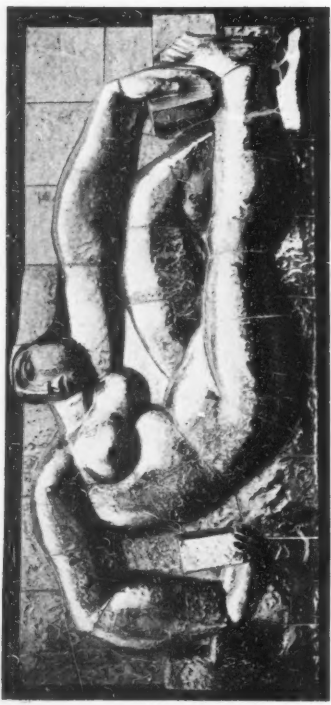
C

internal pockets involved in that system being avoided by the use of inclined glazing. The tower-like block corresponding with that containing the staff staircase was designed originally for lavatories, as the size and spacing of the windows show. A change in plan from this disposition was made too late for a corresponding change to be made in the steel and stonework. The illustrations on this page are:—(A) The west approach from Tooley Street showing the escape staircase. The walling generally is in Portland stone, the windows are in bronze, and the escape stair is in concrete rendered in white cement and stone dust. (B) The Tooley Street façade. The lettering over the car entrance and lamps below are in bronze gilt. (C) A working drawing of the Tooley Street elevation. (D) A commemorative figure of St. Olaf on the Tooley Street front; it is executed in black ceramic mosaic strips, inlaid in the Portland stone; the halo and cross are in gold mosaic.



D

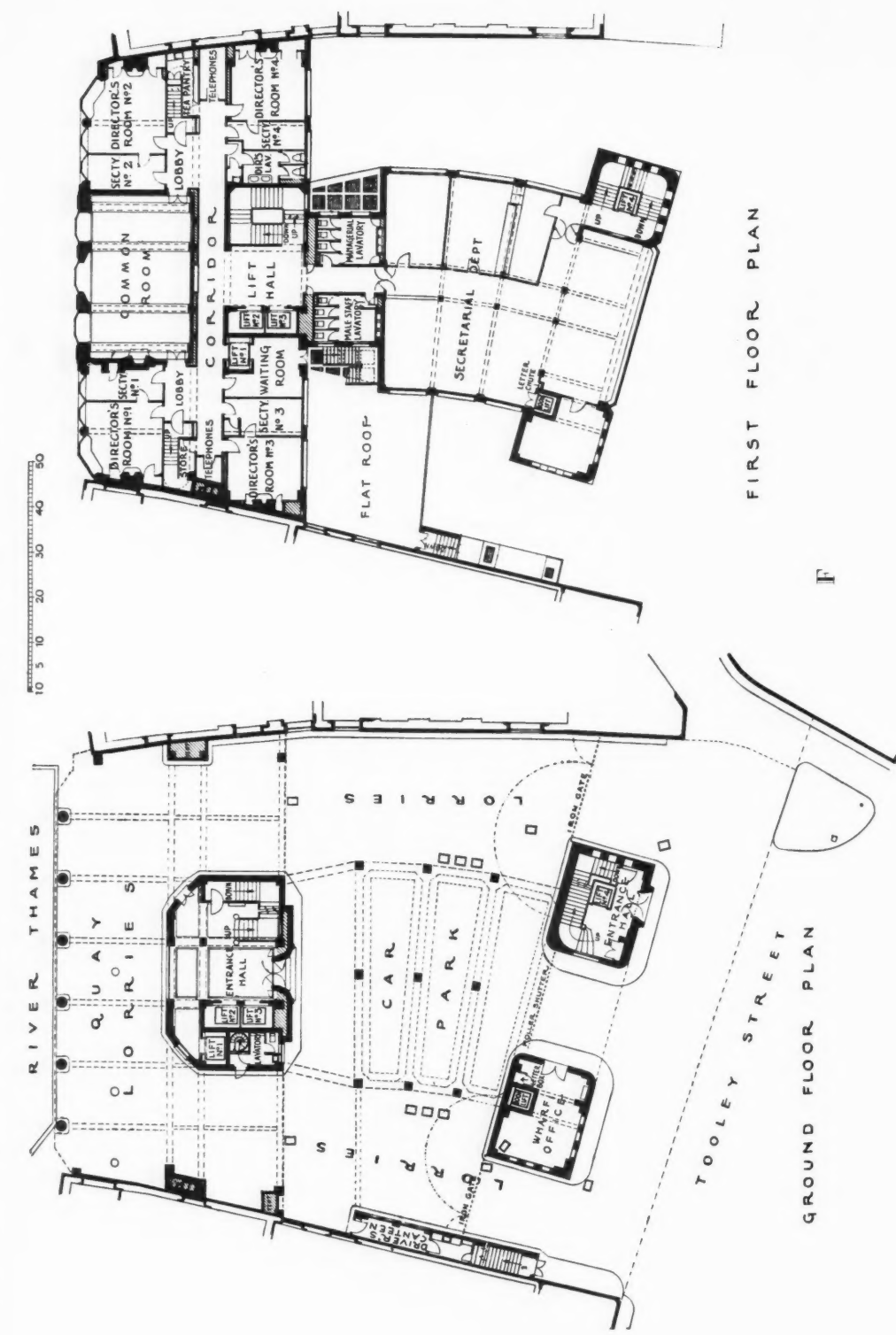
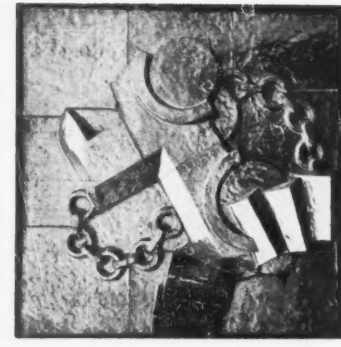
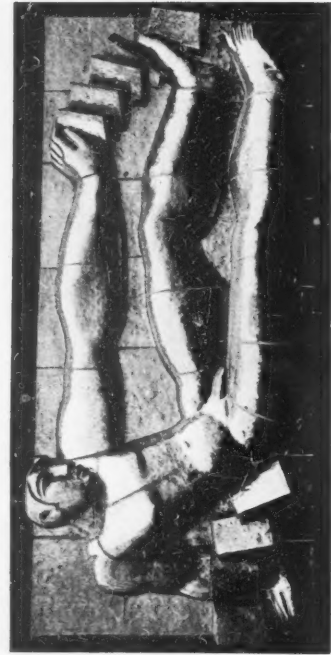




E



F



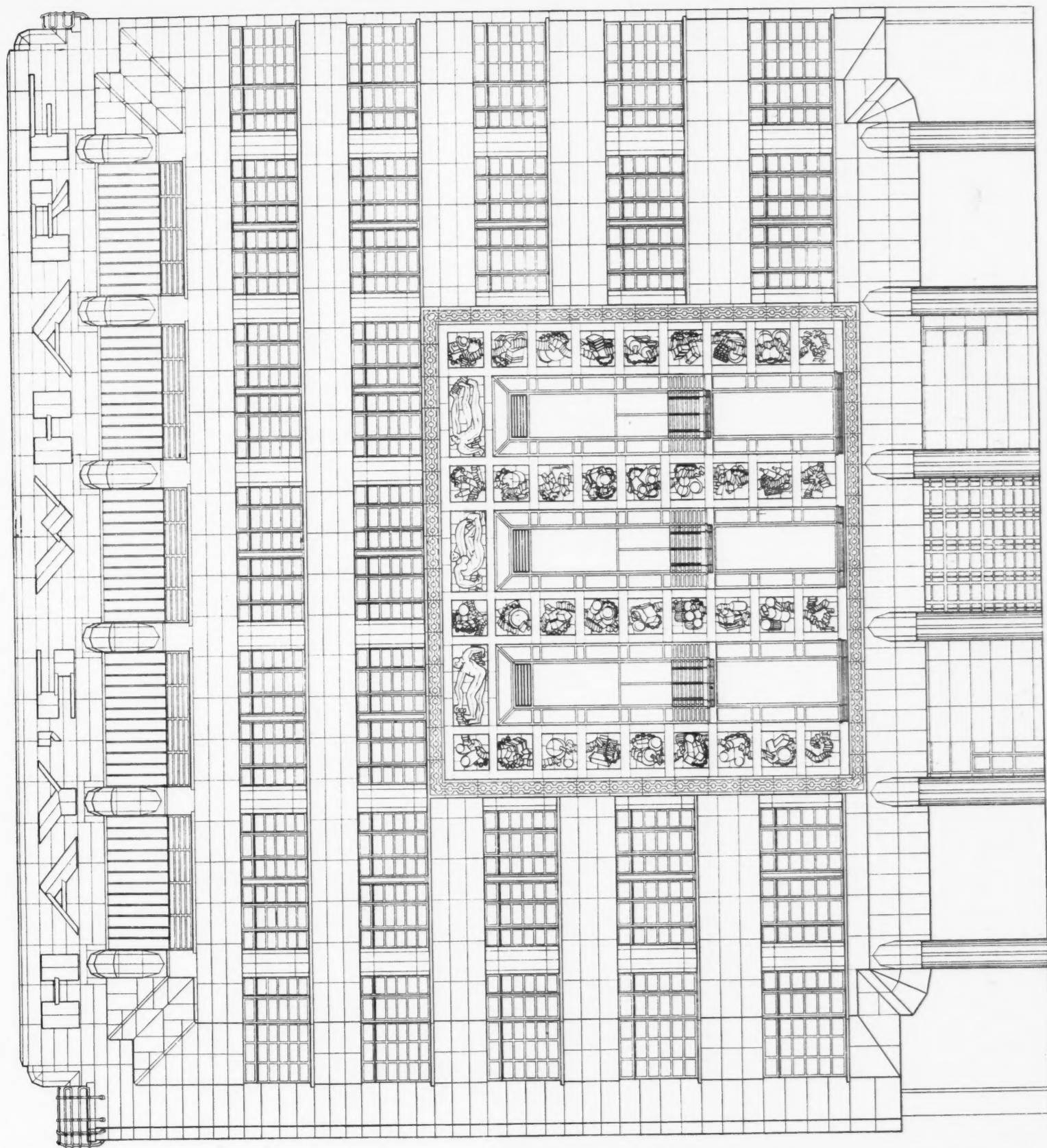
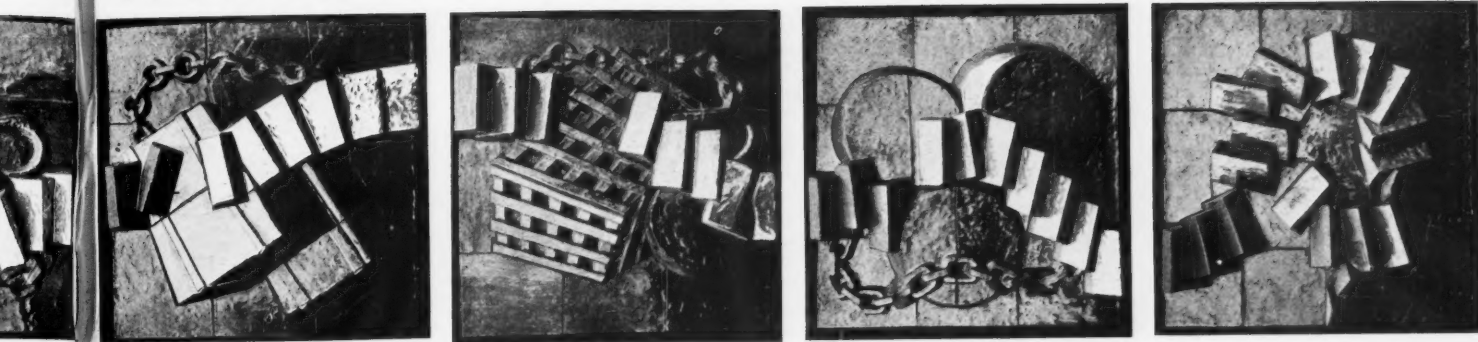
The normal design of the storeys is interrupted by the Board Room which is not yet completed and could not be photographed, and by the Common Room in which the directors will customarily work together. These rooms are expressed prominently in the middle of the river-front, being placed one above the other with their windows combined in a black granite frame ornamented by panels of gilded faience (E). Mr. Frank Dobson modelled these panels, which in their design express and symbolize the activities of the wharf and dock. The carved geometrical pattern encircling the frame and its panels is

bichromatic—being black where it is polished and grey where it is not. A large bevel surrounding the whole river-front (G) provides, at the top, sloped north-lights for the drawing offices and at the sides canted look-out windows for the directors' private rooms. The ordinary windows facing the river are bent in-and-out on plan so that a casement can always be opened away from the wind, and that views up and down the river can be enjoyed. The large gilt letters at the top of the front are fixed to a stone wall that amounts to nothing more than a masonry hoarding and is frankly shown to be such at either end.



their design express and symbolize the activities of the wharf and dock. The carved geometrical pattern encircling the frame and its panels is are fixed to a stone wall that amounts to nothing more than a masonry hoarding and is frankly shown to be such at either end.

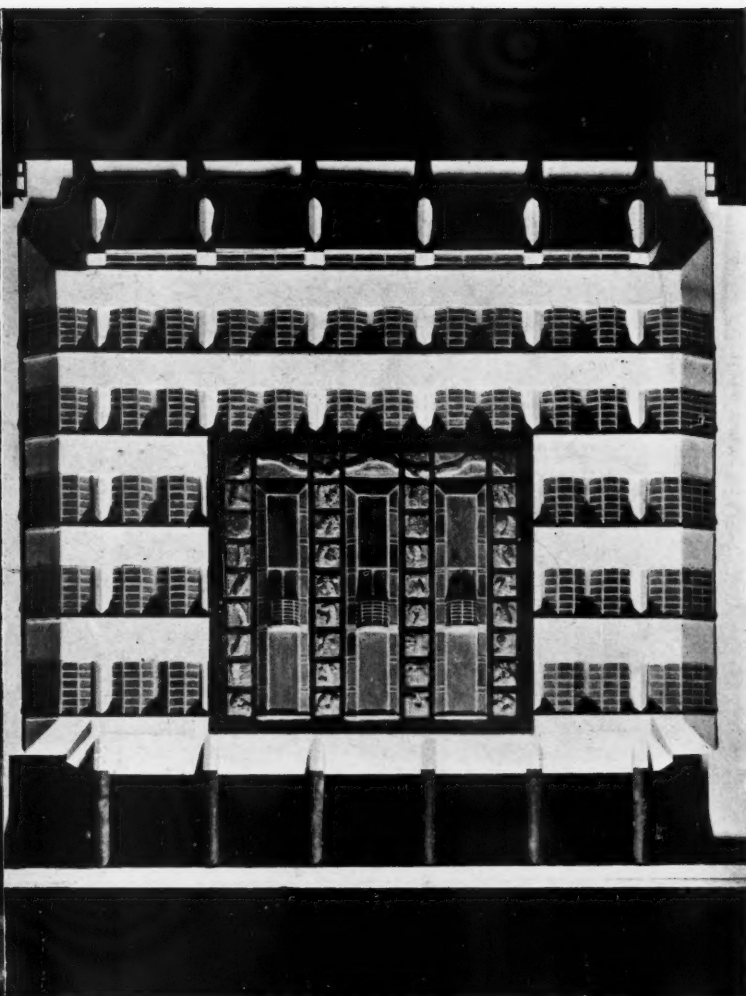
# 'S WHARF



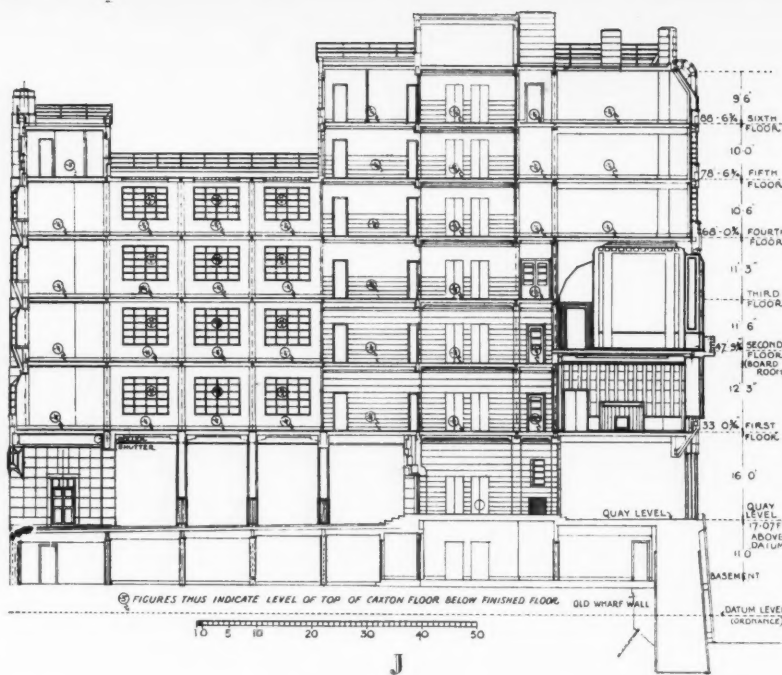
1 0 5 10 15 20 25 30  
G

# HAY'S WHARF

H



I



J

The elevations owe their general character to the desirability of admitting as much daylight as possible to the offices within. The stanchions and screen walls below the window-sills, together with what little other walling there is, are faced with Portland stone in slabs, shown as a veneer and, of course, not bonded

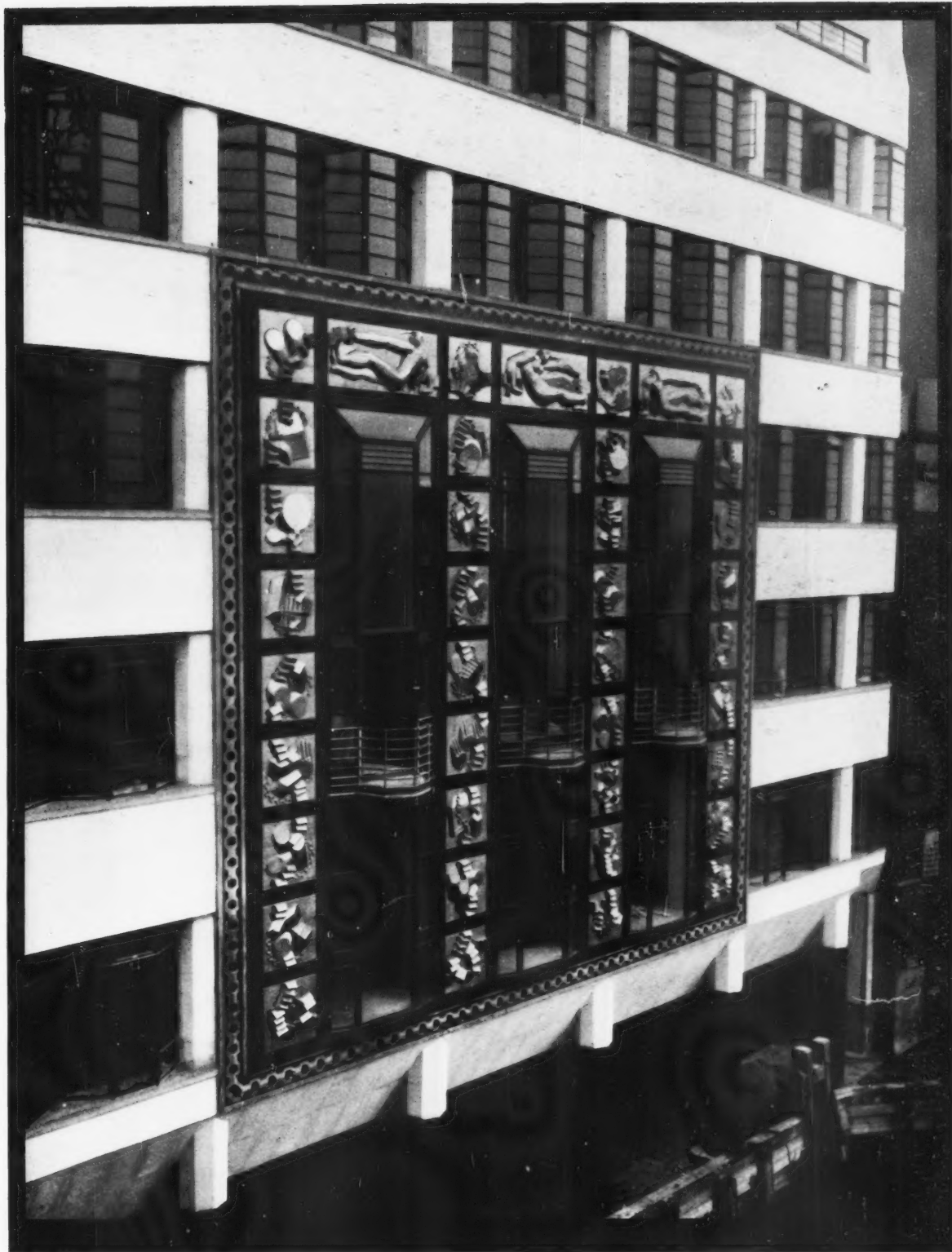
as masonry would be. Portland stone was chosen from among other materials, because no other material that would resist the London atmosphere as well would have been so easy to fix. On the Tooley Street front its use was disallowed by the L.C.C. for the bands between the windows. These bands are therefore faced with artificial stone. Party walls, that will eventually disappear or be covered up, are faced with white cement divided into panels by thin lines of black encaustic tiles. This division

is intended to diminish the likelihood of the cement cracking.

No money has been spent anywhere upon conventional mouldings and enrichments. Except the architectural emphasis on the river-front to the Common Room and Board Room, there is no external ornamentation except around the principal

entrance. Here the arms of the three families most concerned in the development of the business are displayed in coloured enamels on copper and combined with black granite and gilt faience into an architectural composition. The heraldry was drawn by Mr. E. Ware. The gates are of gilded wrought-iron. Illustration (H) shows the river-front from the wharf; (I) Mr. Frank Dobson's sketch model for sculpture on the river-front; and (J) a working section on the axial line of the building. The river retaining wall was already in existence.





(K) A detail of the river front of the head offices of Hay's Wharf. The frame to the sculpture is in *Emerald Pearl* granite, part of which is polished and part is tooled. The columns at the quay level are cased in bronze plates with bronze cover fillets.

PLATE VI. *February* 1932.





PLATE VII.  
February 1932.

The interior of the head offices of Hay's Wharf has been designed for easy cleaning. Mouldings are rare; carved work is non-existent; decorative effect where called for is obtained by the combination of contrasting materials or surface textures. Doors generally are flush, veneered in Australian silky oak. Floors to corridors are in terrazzo.

Grouped round the Board Room and the Common Room, the two principal rooms, are the directors' private rooms on two floors with subsidiary staircases so that directors have immediate access to both main rooms and to each other. The illustrations here are:—(L) The staff lift from above; the enclosure is built entirely of stock steel sections. (M) The main entrance in the car park. The door jambs are in *Bon Accord* polished black granite; the surrounding architrave in Norwegian *Emerald Pearl* granite. The moulding around the lintel is in gold glazed terra-cotta. The lintels are in Portland stone with gilt incised lettering. The heraldic shields were designed by Mr. E. Ware and are enamelled on bronze. The doors are in iron, gilded.

The design of the building generally, although strictly conditioned by practical needs, is not intended to obtrude those needs upon the on-looker as a substitute for architectural qualities. Its "functionalism" claims to be no more than the basis of its pattern, a basis that has proved very suggestive of gradated proportions (generally in geometrical progression) and contrasting arrangements of lines. These proportions and arrangements have been the especial pre-occupation of its designer, who, if they fail to please, has no utilitarian pretext to offer for many of the choices that he has made.



L



M

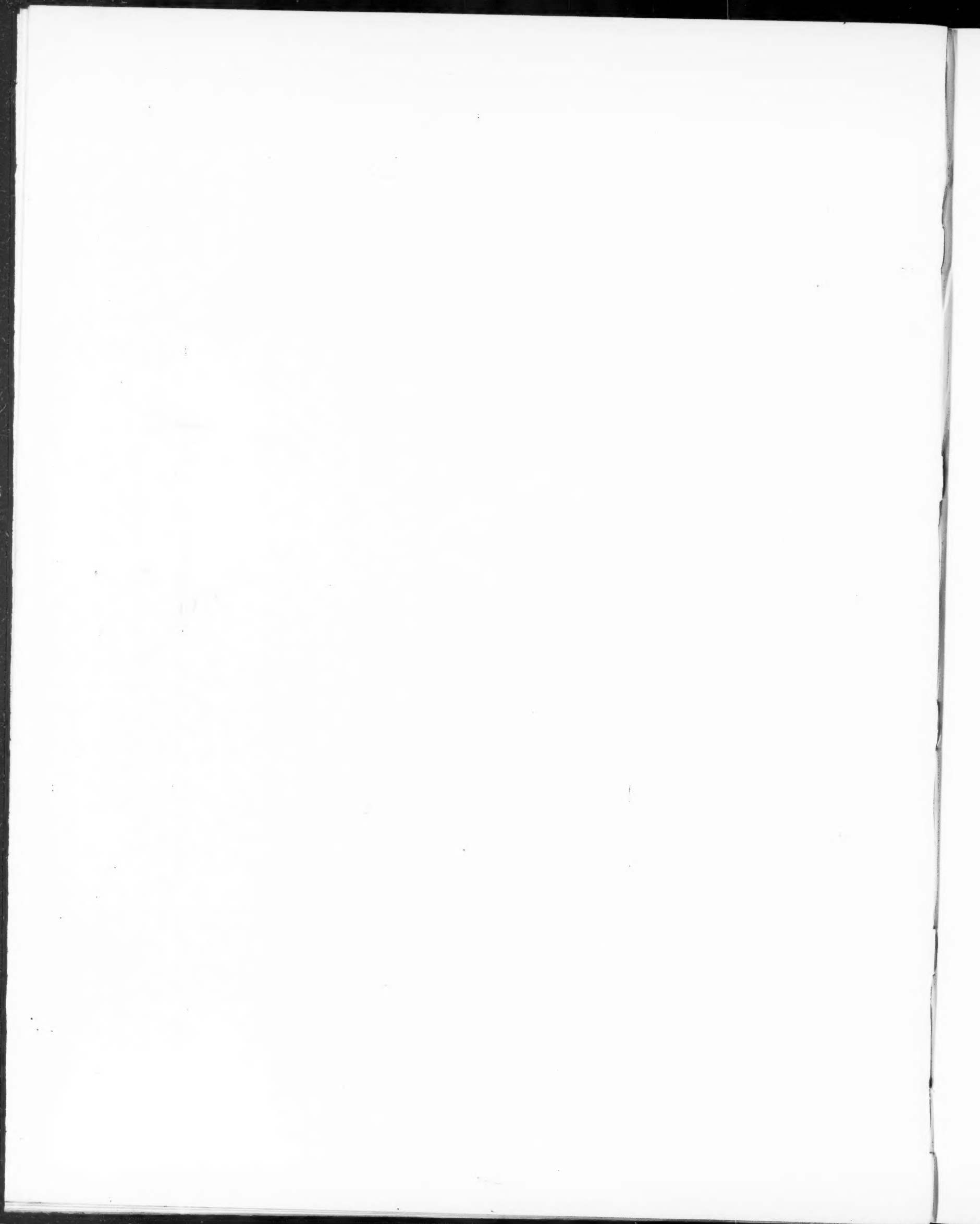


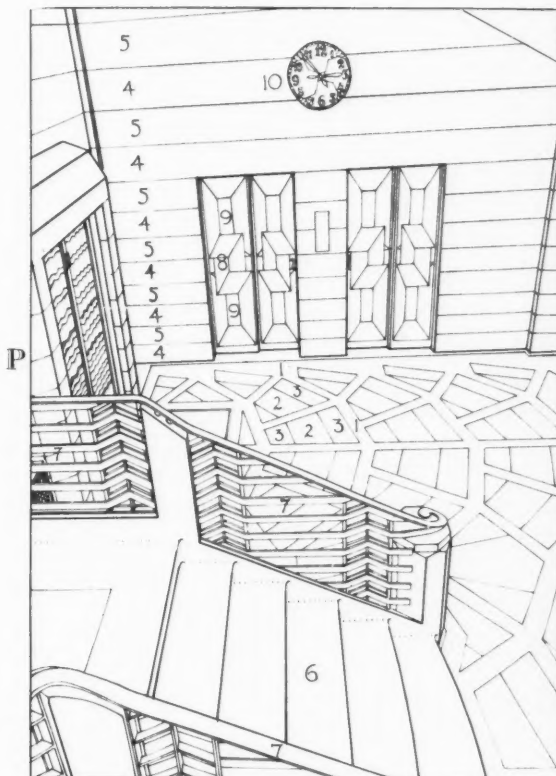


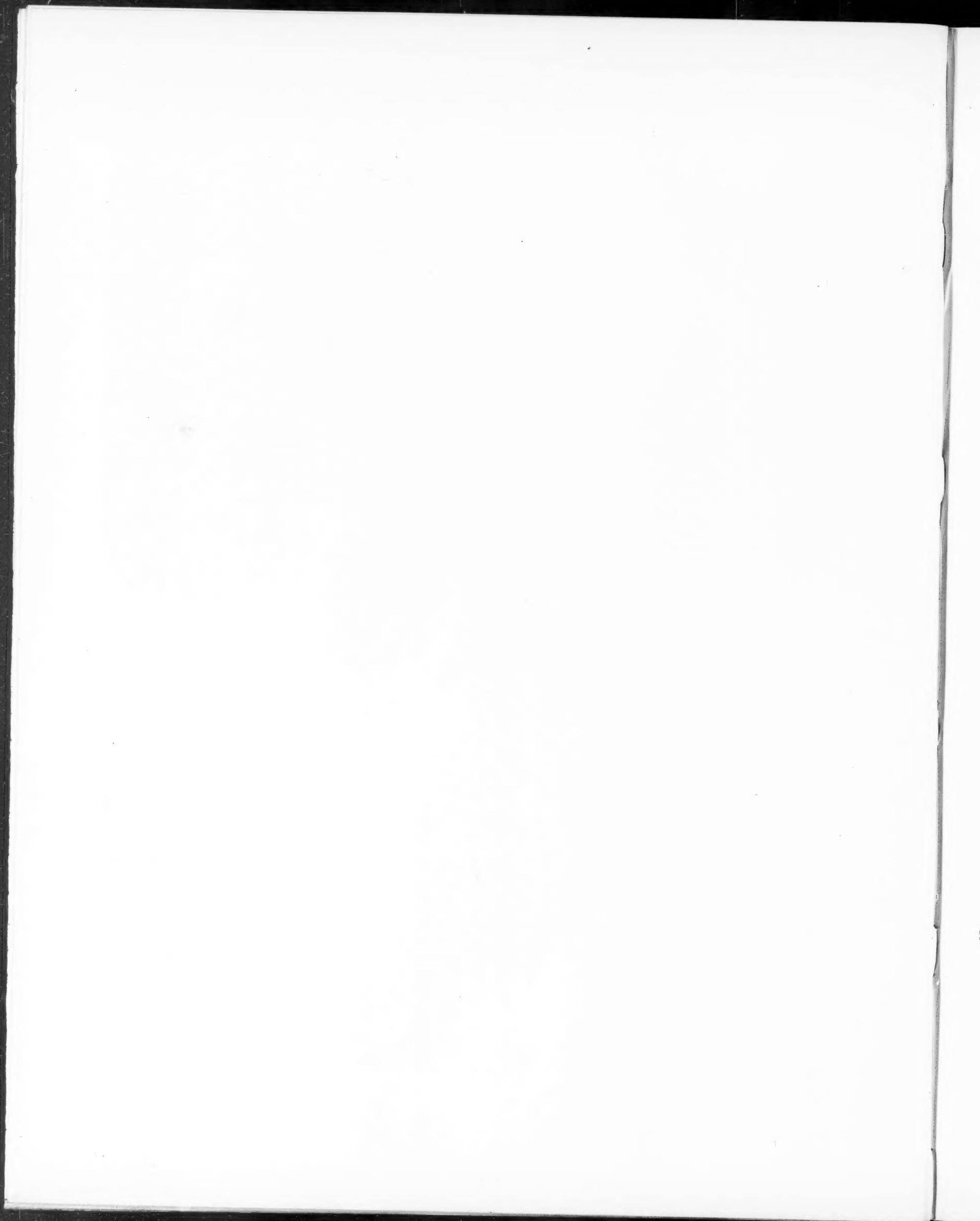
PLATE VIII.

Februarv 1932.

(N) The main staircase of the head offices of Hay's Wharf, at the first-floor level. (O) The main entrance hall. The hall is lit by a very large window giving a view of the River Thames. The materials and colour scheme for the entrance hall, a key sketch of which is given (P), are as follows:—

(1) Terrazzo floor, light buff; (2) Terrazzo floor, medium buff; (3) Terrazzo floor, dark buff. The floor pattern is separated by ebonite strips. (4) Terrazzo walls, medium buff; (5) Terrazzo walls, dark buff; (6) Terrazzo stairs, light buff; (7) Aluminium alloy balustrade; (8) Australian silky oak; (9) Kingwood; (10) Bright metal clock, bronze hands and figures.



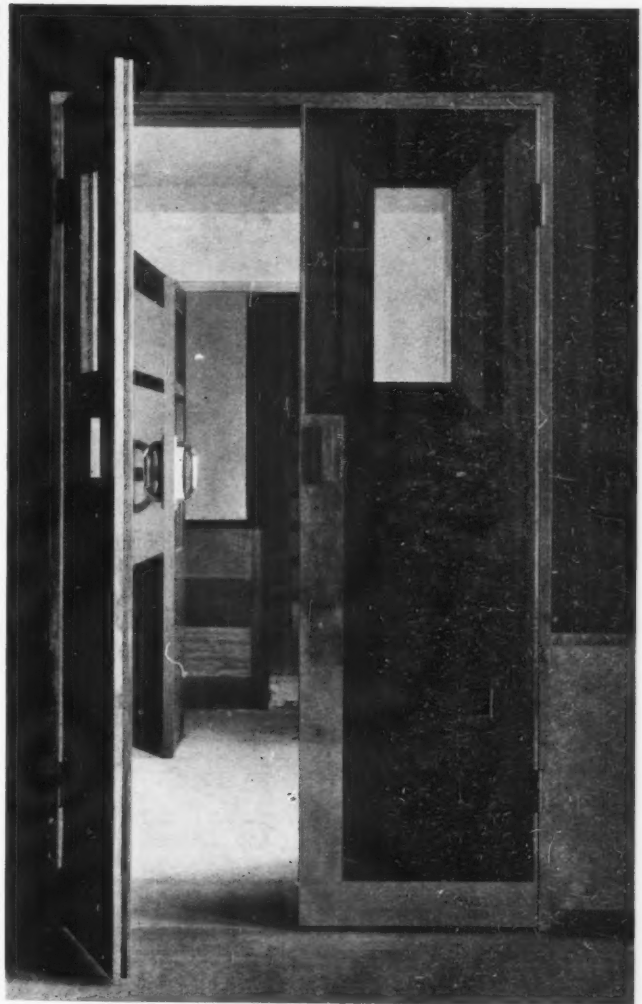
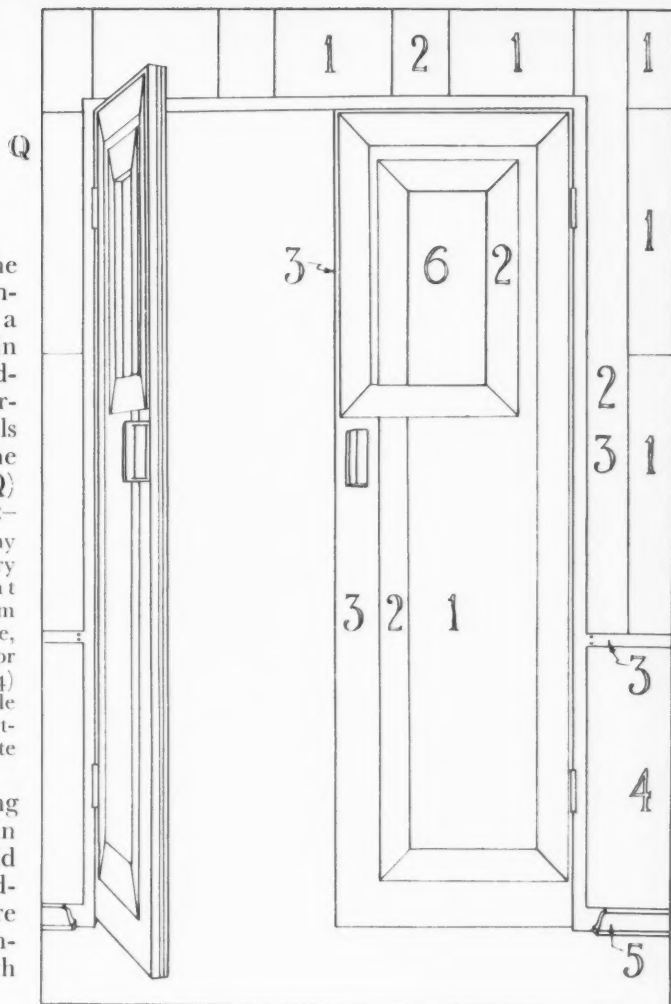


# HAY'S WHARF

(Q) and (R). The doors of the Common Room, with a glimpse of the main corridor and subsidiary directors' staircase. The materials and colours of the doors, of which (Q) is a key-sketch, are:-

(1) Cherry mahogany satin grain; (2) Cherry mahogany straight grain; (3) Aluminium alloy metal door handle, binding to edge of door and architrave; (4) Rose Liseron marble dado; (5) Bronze skirting; (6) Wired plate glass.

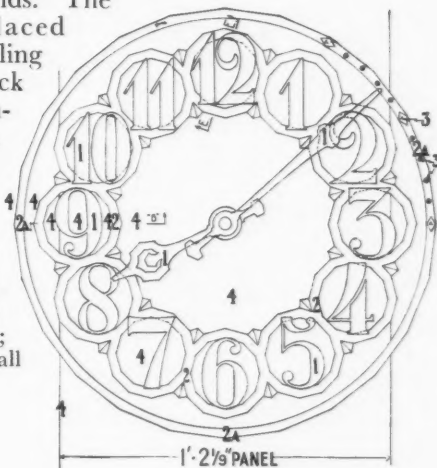
(S) Part of a working drawing of the main staircase. The solid portions of the landing balustrade are in reinforced concrete, covered with terrazzo.



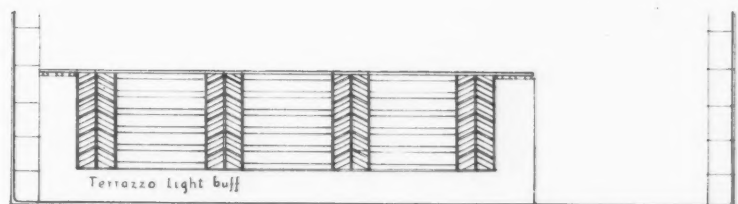
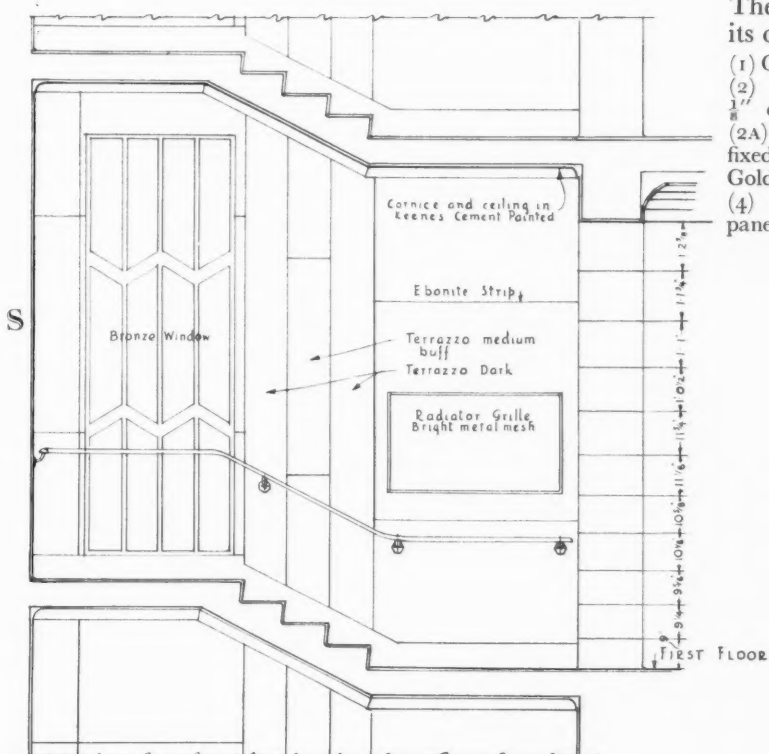
R

(T) A working drawing for the electric clock in the Directors' Common Room. The clock is executed in stainless metal with gilt figures and hands. The skeleton dial is placed against the flush panelling of the room, the clock mechanism being concealed in the panelling. The materials used in its construction are:-

(1) Gold figures and hands; (2) Silvered finish rim,  $\frac{3}{8}$ " out from panel face; (2A) Silvered finish rim fixed on to panelling; (3) Gold studs to mark minutes; (4) Cherry mahogany wall panelling.



T





# A TWO-YEAR-OLD



A



B

drive; the extraordinary maturity of these new gardens is due to good digging and careful attention. Planted in the low stone walls surrounding the sunk garden there are rock roses and various kinds of rock plants; against the brick or high walls grow peaches, nectarines, apricots and plums. Rhododendrons bloom in the stone vases and hydrangeas in the tubs and lead vases. Instead of using climbing roses as decoration to a pergola the substitution of specially selected climbing plants has been made. Entwined round each post of the pergola above the sunk garden are three varieties specially selected to ensure continuous bloom throughout the season. They include:—

Wistaria (blue and white), Bignonia radicans grandiflora, Clematis Montana and Clematis Tangutica, Clematis Rubens, Clematis Fammula, Clematis (choice hybrids) Jackmanii, Solanum Jasminoides, Solanum Crispum, Akebia Quinata, Vitus purpurea and Vitus Coignetia, Periploca græca, Polygonum baldschuanicum, Jasminum Stephanese, Jasminum primulinum, Jasminum revolutum, Piptanthus Nepalensis, Abutilon vitifolium album, Lonicera flexuosa, Lonicera belgica.

“The worst thing about a new house,” said somebody, “is a new garden”; but in really intelligent hands it is remarkable how quickly a garden can be made to look as though it had been there for ever. At THE MANOR HOUSE, EARNLEY, SUSSEX, the house

is sixteenth and eighteenth century, but the gardens have lately been entirely altered and enlarged so that but for some very useful old elm trees everything about them is new. Two years ago the sunk garden (A) was a pig yard; three years ago the terraces (C) were a circular

On each side of the pergola grow beds of *Dracæna cordylina indivisa* and *antirrhinums*. (B) The lily pond behind the garage.

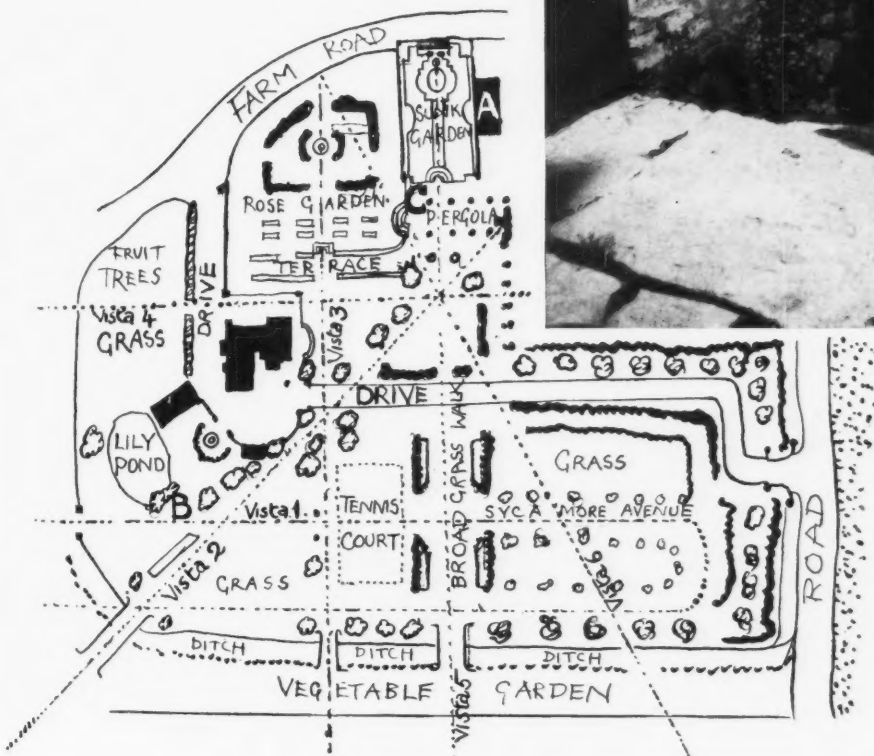
# GARDEN IN SUSSEX

The types of hybrid tea roses planted in the gardens are :—

Lady Inchiquin, Lady Pirrie, Angele Pernet, Madame Butterfly, Independence Day, Theresa, W. F. Dreer, Caroline Testout, Red Letter Day, Dainty Bess, Betty Uprichard, Lady Hillingdon, Mrs. Frank Bray, Shot Silk, Mrs. Wemyss Quin, Madame Edouard Herriot, Covent Garden, General McArthur, Mrs. A. R. Waddell, Ophelia, Lady Ashtown, Madame Leon Pain, Sensation, Miss C. E. Rossen, Waltham Crimson, Etoile de Hollande, Madame Jules Crolez, Madame Abel Chatenay, Mrs. H. Morse, Lieut. Chaure, Col. Oswald Fitzgerald, Hugh Dickson, Hadley, Evening Star, Mrs. Joseph H. Welch, Golden Ophelia, Alex. Hill Gray, Marie Adelaide, Wilhelm Kordes, Freiberg, Mrs. G. Shawyer.

Amongst the Polyantha roses, the varieties of which are not well known, are :—

Orange Perfection, H. Pernet, Kirsten Poulsen, Golden Salmon, Erna Terschen-dorff, La Reine Elizabeth, Ellen Poulsen, Else Poulsen, Orleans Rose, Rodhatte, George Elger, Orange King, Lady Reading, Miss Cavell, Girlie, Jessie, Alice Amos, Katherine, Pride of Hurst.



Climbers on the house and walls include :—

Ceanothus dentatus, Pyracantha Salandii, Forsythia, Bignonia radicans grandiflora, Sophora microphylla, Sophora Tetraptera, Romneya Tricocalyx, Hammalis, Crinodendron hookeri, Ampelopsis robusta, Abutilon vitifolium album, Jasminum primulinus, Azara microphylla, Escallchia Langley, Hyperica Patulus, Chimonanthus fragrans, Dam-anialis Japonica, Cotoneaster, Ampelopsis sempervirens, Ampelopsis Veitchii purpurea.

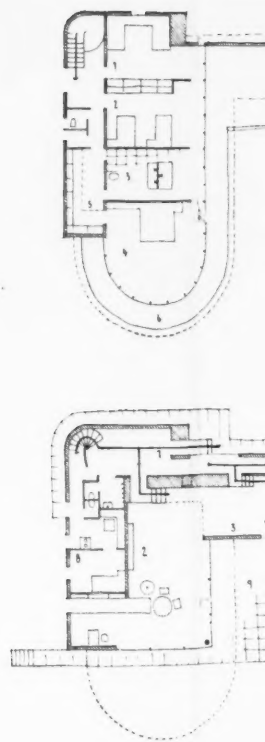
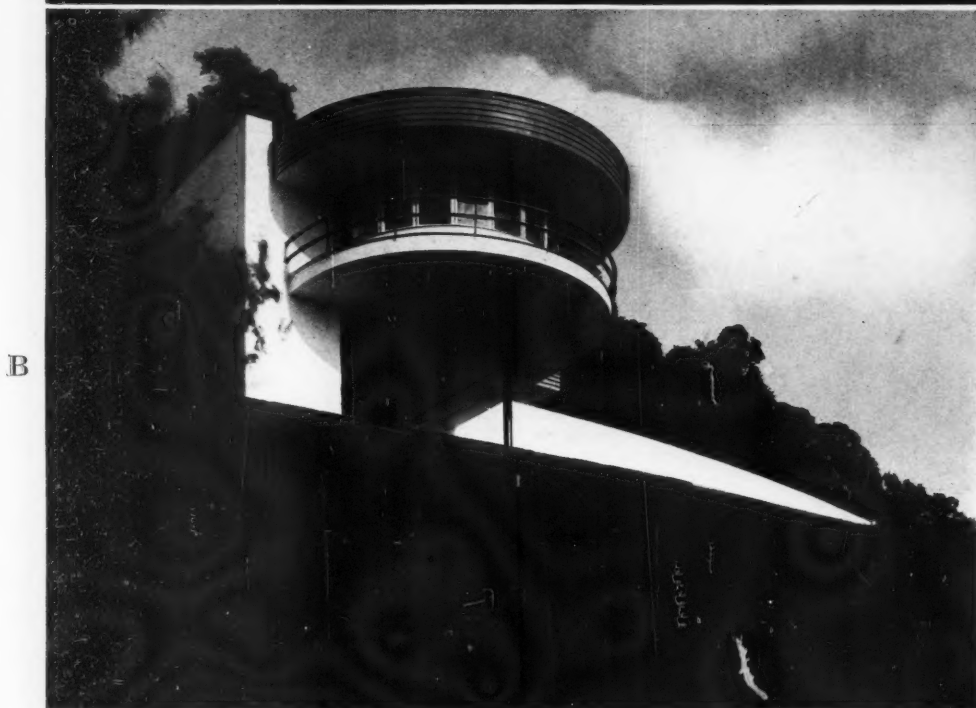
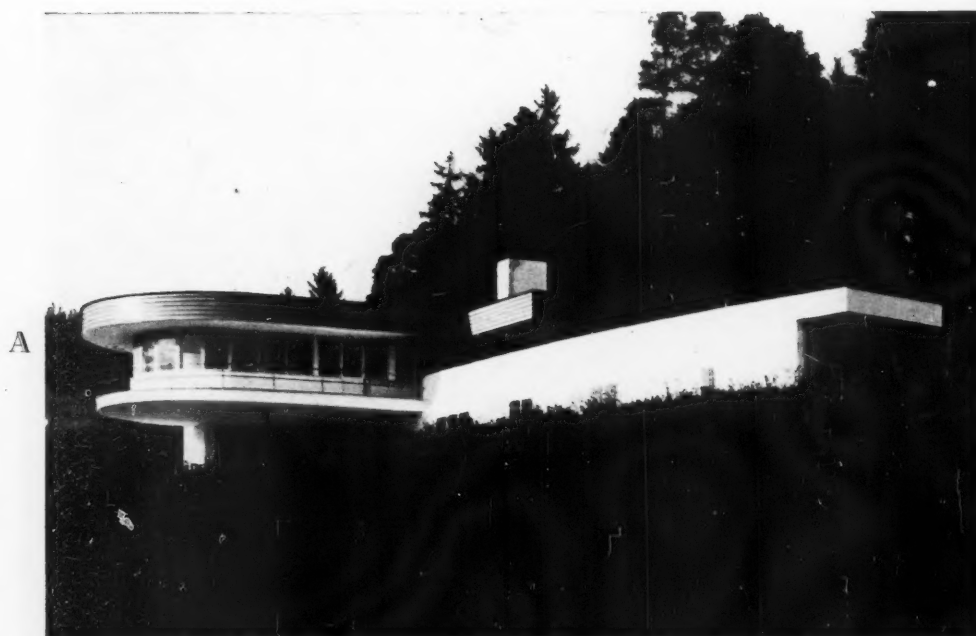
The hedges in the gardens include :—

Cupressus Macrocarpa, Lonicera pileata and Baccharis (two unusual types), Yew and large-leaved privet.

(C) Two stone-walled terraces and steps leading to the pergola. The walls of the terraces are lined with rock plants, and above are Polyantha roses. (D) A sketch plan of the house and gardens.



## THREE NEW



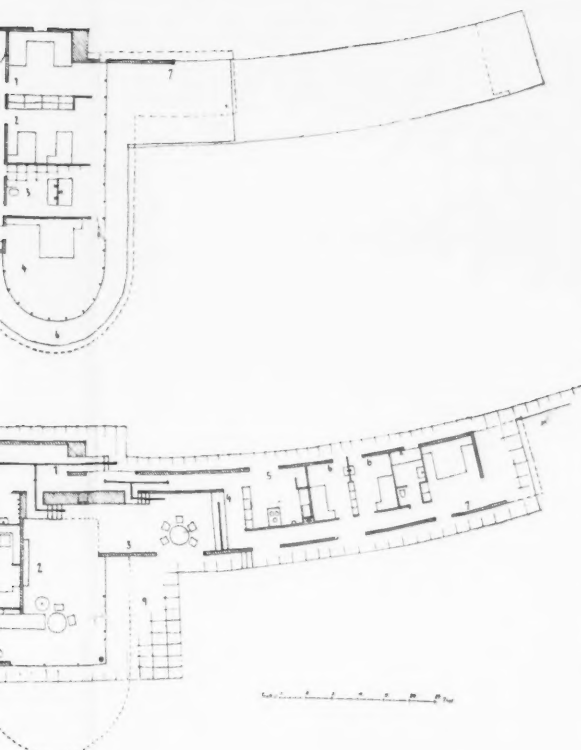
I.—*THE HAUS ROSENBAUER, LINZ, AUSTRIA.* The house is situated on the southern slope of a wooded hill and the last line of trees brushes its northern walls. To the south and south-east is an uninterrupted view over the Donau Valley, which widens about the foot of the hill. The approach is through the wood, and the design and distribution of the main masses have regard to this, the long block which runs parallel with the trees being kept low so that it shall not interrupt the view. The wing, which is at right angles to the wood, has two storeys, and on the first floor are the sleeping rooms glazed entirely on the south-east side, as are all the important apartments, and opening on to a balcony. Above the bedrooms is a roof terrace, the parapet of which gives a pleasing weight above the first-floor windows. This projecting wing acts as a defence against the wind from one side and a trap for the sun on the other. The flat roofs, floors, and great



# HOUSES



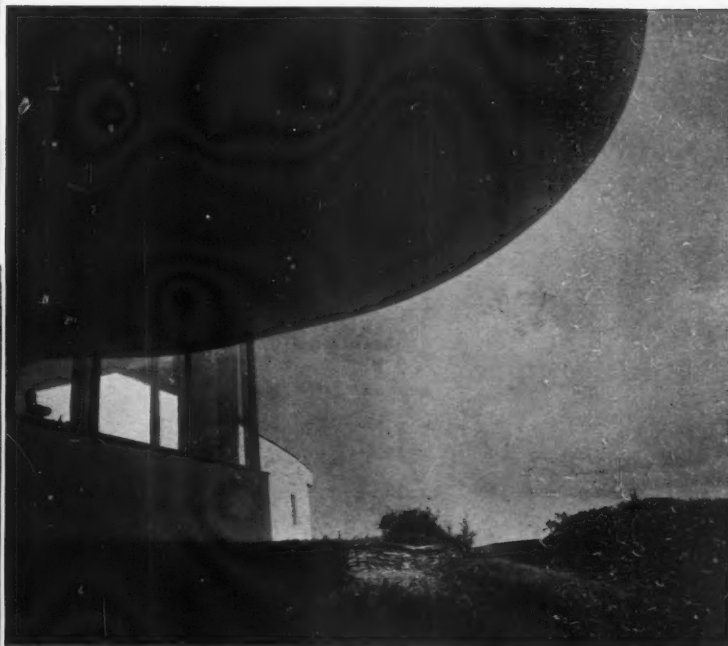
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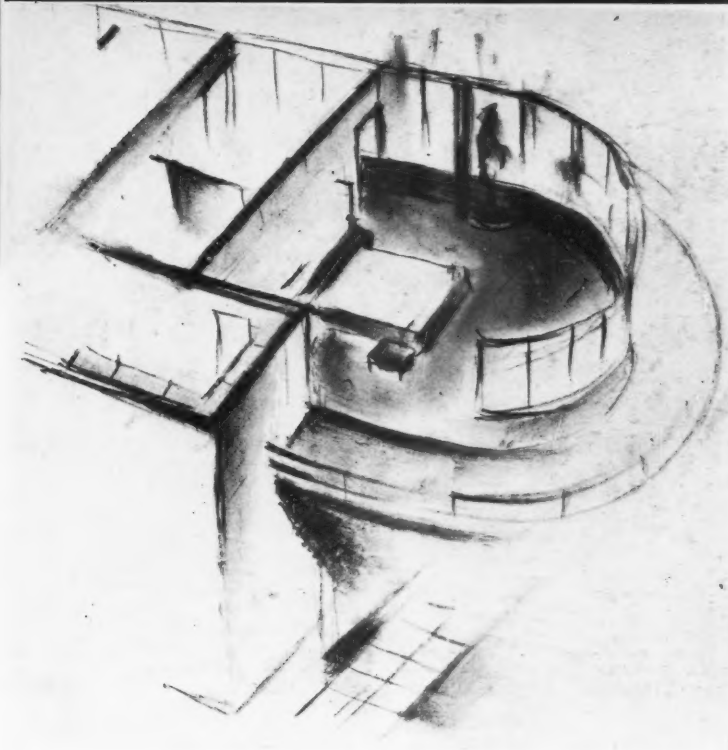
## *Plans of the ground and first floors.*

The rooms on the first floor (*top*) are :—(1) Nursery maids' bedrooms. (2) Children's rooms. (3) Bar. (4) Parents' bedrooms. (5) Cloak-room. (6) Circular balcony. (7) Roofed terrace.

Those on the ground floor (*bottom*) are :—(1) Entrance hall. (2) Hall. (3) Dining-room. (4) Dresser. (5) Kitchen. (6) Servants. (7) Friends' rooms. (8) Haus superintendent. (9) Terrace.



D



E

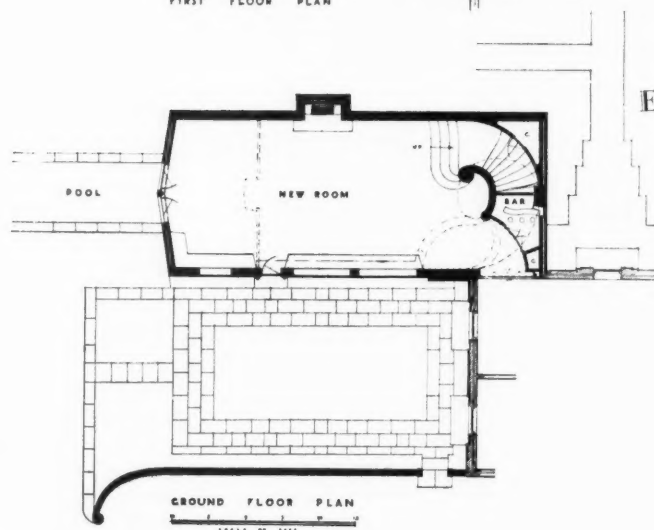
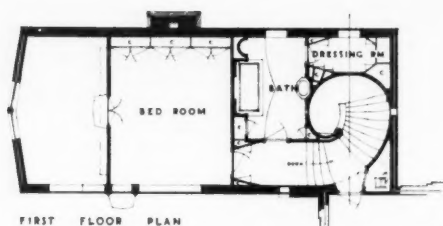
overhanging slab of the upper floor are in reinforced concrete, but the walls are of brickwork plastered and coloured white. The face of the parapet above the first floor is in horizontal bands of wood painted in pale grey. Internally, the walls and ceilings are plastered and finished with a wood float; the floors are in oak blocks arranged in squares and form a chequered pattern. The doors are of laminated board faced with wood veneer, and the balustrades are of stainless steel. The photographs on these pages show :—(A) The south-east aspect with its large area of glazing. (B) The projecting two-storied wing. As in the last picture the collapsible window to the ground floor is "out of position." (C) View from the balcony of the first-floor bedrooms. (D) Underneath the projecting slab which carries the bedrooms and forms the balcony. (E) The architect's preliminary sketch looking down upon the projecting wing with its roof removed. The architect for the house was Lois Welzenbacher.

[F. R. S. YORKE.]

# THREE NEW HOUSES

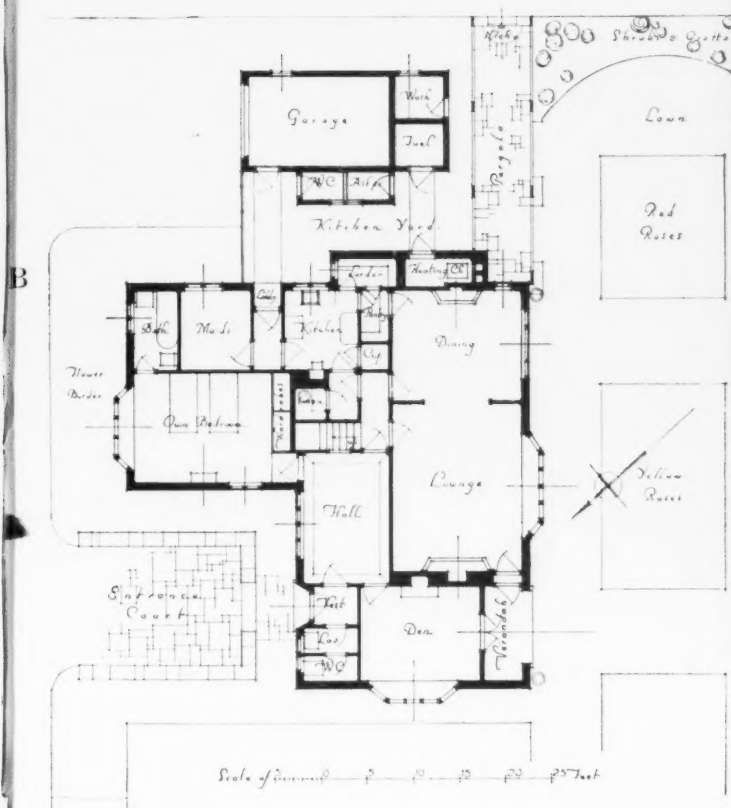
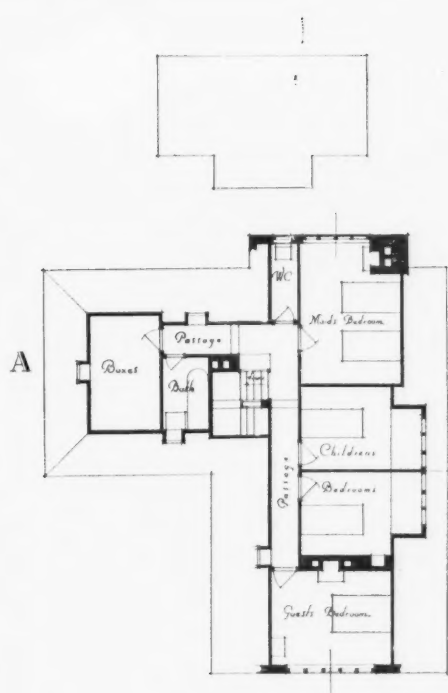


II.—A HOUSE AT NORTH FORELAND, KENT, the residence of W. J. Martin Tomson, Esq. This house aims at providing more simply and directly for the needs of twentieth-century life than the conventional type of house. It is rendered externally in white Portland cement; the walls and ceilings are treated with a plastic decorative finish. The floors and stairs are surfaced with ivory coloured magnesite flooring, and the staircase handrails, chimney-piece, window cills, etc., are of Bianco del Mare marble. The illustrations are:—(A) A night view of an end of the sitting-room, carried up the height of two storeys. (B) From the bedroom balcony, looking down through the end window of the sitting-room, to the blue swimming pool. The balcony can also be seen in the nearest window of (A). (C) Looking down the circular staircase. (D) The staircase, showing the centre pier which is cased in stainless steel strips, and surmounted by an electric light fitting of radiating glass leaves. (E) Plans of the ground and first floors. The architect for the house was Oliver Hill.





# THREE NEW HOUSES



III.—*THATCH*, WOLLATON PARK, stands in a beautifully wooded park, within two miles of the centre of the City of Nottingham, and was designed as a two-maid house with compact service quarters and facilities for opening up all the rooms to the garden for summer games. The plinth is of small local sandstock bricks of a brindled colour. The walls are wood floated in white cement and white stone dust, and the roof is thatched with Norfolk reeds. The roof of the garage is covered with Stamford tiles of a similar colour tone. The view from the south (C) emphasizes the magnificent lime trees in the background. These, together with the position and roof lines of the garage, help to emphasize a natural composition for the site. The recessed entrance door on the north-east front (D) has a flagged

forecourt. The reveals of the doorway are enriched with hand-modelled panels in white cement. The woodwork of the windows is painted pale green and the decorative lattice work pillar-box red. The ground-floor plan (B) is arranged with a dual reception room to give a sense of scale internally, whilst the den is planned as a work-room or playroom in connection with the tennis court opposite. The administrative quarters are compact with a working kitchen and maids' room. The whole of the first-floor plan (A) is arranged in the roof space. The gable windows and large dormer to the south-west light the bedrooms and there are small dormers to the passages, specially shaped to suit the thatched roof. The architect and owner of the house is T. Cecil Howitt.





1



2



4

This gigantic group of buildings, designed by Martin Elsaesser, was built at a total cost of nearly £1,000,000, and is undeniably one of the most impressive and monumental structures of the modern age. In reality it is a self-contained and autonomous city which regulates the distribution of perishable commodities, not only to Frankfort but to the whole surrounding industrial region as well. It is provided with enormous cattle-pens, its own post office, cold-storage plant, railway sidings, and wharfage on the canalized River Main. The market-hall proper, which extends uninterruptedly down the whole length of the building, has a floor space of 11,300 square metres. Thus it is not only the largest market-hall in the world, but also the largest enclosed area yet roofed over with concrete. Reinforced concrete was adopted throughout, as steel-girder construction would have presented considerable technical difficulties, besides being absolutely prohibitive in cost. The roof consists of a series of semi-circular transverse vaults, built on the Zeiss-Dywidag system, which re-echo the form of the barrel-roofing of the administration block in the Frankfort Municipal Electricity Works, designed by the late Adolf Meyer.

The Dywidag system, which has revolutionized the construction of wide-span domes and cupolas, was invented by two German engineers, Herren Bauersfeld and Dischinger. It was first used in the "Gesolei" buildings at Düsseldorf. Various planetariums provide smaller examples, and the triple-domed Leipzig Market Hall represents its most spectacular achievement. The fifteen domed bays are themselves supporting elements of the framework, and only need extraneous support at the four corners. Here they are sustained by a sequence of massive, rectangular stanchions of peg-top design, which increase in girth vertically like the shears of a shipbuilding-slip. These pairs of stanchions are set 14.1 metres apart. They have a height of 29 metres and a span of 44 metres. The whole of the exterior infilling is of standardized oblong panes of glass, and ordinary red clinker brick. Frankfort Markets form one of the few outstanding examples of modernist functional architecture in which brick and concrete have been logically and

# R CENTRAL MARKETS



harmoniously blended. Brick is never used to conceal the presence of concrete elements, and concrete is never used where lighter construction would be more economical: a combination that would have been impossible with a steel framework. The heroic scale of the fenestration, in which the vast expanses of the side walls are treated as uninterrupted sheets of glazing, is almost staggering in its effect. Features of the design are the lofty tower-like lift- and cage-staircases of glass and concrete which run up the outside of the seven-storey administration blocks that flank each end of the great hall. Throughout the building there is a complete absence of any straining after effect, any attempt to be modern *qua* modern. An architect worthy of the name has faced a big job squarely, wrestled with it, and succeeded magnificently. That is all. Questions of "style" and ornament do not arise. In England we should probably have Tudorized it, or organ-piped the main front with foolish and costly pillars. In Germany the *hommes d'hier* have been remorselessly

superannuated. Imposing by day, this enormous building is almost overpoweringly beautiful when illuminated at night—but then, that was one of the things the architect took into consideration when planning it. The illustrations on these pages are:—(1) A typical exit for motor traffic. Note the decorative arrangement of the protective iron guards on the jambs. (2) An aerial view of the barrel-vaulted roof showing the sequence of domed concrete bays. (3) A night view of the whole group of buildings taken from the opposite bank of the River Main. (4) The vast parking space outside the main front by night. (5) One of the lift and staircase cages, which occur at each end of the building, illuminated at night. (6) An interior view of the great market hall, showing the pronounced batter of the great trusses which support the barrel-vaults. (7) One of the administration blocks which flank each end of the market hall, with its conspicuous reinforced glass and concrete lift-cage.

[P. MORTON SHAND]



THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

# Maintaining the Supply of Antiques.

By John Gloag.

*The Gentle Art of Faking Furniture.* By HERBERT CESCINSKY. London: Chapman and Hall. Price £2 2s. net.

"I WANT to see your reproductive furniture," said the innocent client to the salesman in a New York store. Well might it be called "reproductive," this stuff labelled "antique"; and *The New Yorker*, when it published that joke, was more apt than perhaps its editors realized. "One does not require an expert, but an actuary, to tell the collector of English furniture that, in one year, more is shipped to America than could have been made in the whole of the eighteenth century." That statement, followed by convincing statistics, is made on page 1 of Mr. Herbert Cescinsky's new book.

His twenty-one chapters give the facts about the supply of antique furniture, the production and recognition of fakes, and what is in effect a miniature history of English furniture-making. We are shown in stimulating detail not only the commercial exploitation of deceit, but the tragedy of misdirected patronage, which has fattened the dealer, obscured the designer, prostituted the craftsman, and turned men who might have become intelligent connoisseurs of decorative and applied art into mere collectors. For example, we learn that the late Lord Leverhulme, "who, considering the enormous amount of furniture which he bought (he had three or four great houses simply packed with pieces), seemed to have had a positive genius for buying fakes. . . ."

Nearly every chapter discloses the lameness of the collecting mind which, careless of design, looks only for the "evidence" of age. We are told that the effect produced "by a vile so-called 'antique shading' of the surface or by a glass papering which leaves the bare wood exposed through its stain, known in the trade as an 'antique finish' because it resembles no antique piece ever known," is used by the faker "chiefly because so many 'collectors' . . . refuse to accept a straightforward piece unless it has been so maltreated." Again, in the chapter on lacquer work, the author states that Chinese and Japanese lacquer is "infinitely superior to anything produced in Europe, but it does not realize the same prices, for some peculiar reason perhaps known to collectors or the trade. Some of the square cabinets, mounted on English carved and gilt wood stands, which appear to have had a great vogue from 1665 to 1685, are Chinese or Japanese, possessing all the perfection of detail and workmanship of those countries, yet I have known of several where the fine Oriental work has been obscured by a dirty varnish in the attempt, probably, to make it look English."

In 163 pages of text and in the captions of the 292 plates, Mr. Cescinsky, with great force, an amount of tiring reiteration, and a relieving sense of pawky

humour, writes a specification for the making of an expert in English furniture. He must have knowledge of the character of design in any period, and of the structural and ornamental methods and the tools used by craftsmen, and of the materials that were available. This book suggests how the foundations of such knowledge may be laid. As it will be bought, in sheer self-protection, by many fakers, a still greater prostitution of skill in this sinister industry may be anticipated. It may also be an active fertilizer for a new crop of competent experts. Encouragement to become an expert is given in the last chapter, where the author issues his final warning about the hopelessness of legal redress for people who have bought fakes. "It is far better to buy wisely and leave the law alone. After all, one can pay an expert a really fat fee, and then be considerably in pocket as compared with a law-costs bill."

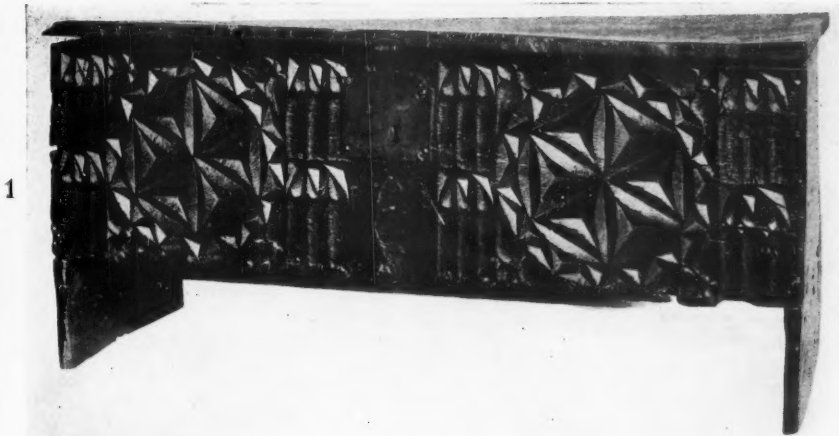
The warnings begin with the dedication, which is to "the memory of the late Adolph Shrager who acquired a Second-hand but First-rate knowledge of both English Law and Antique Furniture by the simple process of paying for it in 1923." Adolph Shrager was the plaintiff in the famous antique furniture case that enlivened the English courts in 1923, and Mr. Cescinsky was the principal witness for the plaintiff. Furniture was sold to Shrager "at massive prices," that same furniture afterwards realizing "the prices of bad second-hand goods at a well-known London auction room, with the trade in attendance in full force." Mr. Cescinsky's evidence "was rebutted by the leading lights of the antique world, whose testimony in turn was contradicted in an unmistakable manner by the subsequent auction prices" (Chap. VII, p. 54). There are constant references to this action, and most of them illustrate the eccentric standards of the antique trade. There was "the celebrated 'Royston Room,' which was alleged to have come out of Royston Hall. . . . Actually there never was a 'Royston Hall' at all, and the basis of the room was a few odd scraps of old panelling (afterwards all resurfaced during the reconstruction) taken from a dairy at Royston and used up. . . . The sum of £1,972 was charged for the room, including its adaptation and fixing" (Chap. IX, p. 73). A pair of cream lacquer cabinets was charged to Shrager at £1,250 and sold the year after the case for £147. A pair of "William and Mary red and gold lacquer stools" was charged at £250, valued by Mr. Cescinsky at £20, and ultimately fetched £27 6s. (Chap. XII, p. 96).

Mr. Cescinsky flays the covering of romance from the "antique" business, and underneath we perceive an activity that is largely dishonest and wholly ridiculous. This book unconsciously indicts the collector and his concern for the art of dead days, whose taste and example minimize public regard for contemporary design, so that living art suffers. Maybe the faker is a just rod for the fool, and Mr. Cescinsky's facts afford no hope that the supply either of fools or fakers is declining.

The book is pleasantly produced, with typography by the Westminster Press, and excellent half-tone plates. Its only defect is the lack of an index for the plates; the index for the text is most conscientious.



# FAKES IN ONE YEAR MORE OLD FURNITURE IS SHIPPED TO AMERICA THAN COULD HAVE BEEN MADE IN THE WHOLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



(1) "OAK CHIP-CARVED CHEST"; a modern fake. The construction is not of the period, and the entire chest is made up from straight-sawn oak. The appearances of age have been produced with caustics and the wire brush."



(4) "One of a pair of *YELLOW LACQUER CABINETS* from the Shrager case of 1923. They were described by one of the defendant's experts as 'utterly genuine' and 'fairy-like.' The pair were sold to Shrager for £1,250. Evidence was offered, at the trial before the Senior Official Referee, that they were bought in Barcelona, but no purchase price was stated, and neither an invoice nor a bill of lading was produced. I condemned them as modern fakes (which they were, as I saw the stands in the process of making in a kitchen in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square), and I valued them at £85 each; £170 the pair. At the subsequent sale at Puttick and Simpson's rooms they fetched £147 the pair, on May 2, 1924. They were bought at this price by the late Lord Leverhulme and came with his collection to New York in 1927, when I refused to catalogue them. I considered them too 'utterly' anything but genuine. They were sold in New York, in separate lots, and one returned to England later. It is possible that the other now ornaments some American 'collection.'"

(5) "A mahogany *ARM-CHAIR* of important and expensive character, which has been made up entirely from old fragments. Note the lack of projection of the satyr masks on the front legs. To an expert, the whole chair *looks* wrong, both from the point of detail and proportion."

(3) "An original plain mahogany serpentine-fronted *CHEST OF DRAWERS* which has been 'improved' by a set-back top, carved base moulding, and 'bracket' fret, ornamented splay sides and elaborate handles and lock-plates. It is safe to say that no one, in the eighteenth century, would have designed ugly, sprawling feet of this kind on a piece of this presumed quality. Note how the splay sides have been widened, to contain the carved pendants, at the expense of the upright drawer rails, which have disappeared entirely."

The illustrations and descriptions on this page are reproduced from *The Gentle Art of Faking Furniture*, by Herbert Cescinsky.



(2) "A *MAHOGANY COMMODE* which has begun life as a serpentine-fronted chest of four drawers. The bottom half has been cut away (probably to make a second commode), and the bottom drawer has had its central part cut away to form a knee hole, with pierced and carved brackets between. The legs and applied carvings on the canted corners are modern; so are the handles. The top is new, so are the serpentine ends."



# FRENCH ART

## A History of Emotion.

**Medieval Sculpture in France.** By ARTHUR GARDNER, M.A., Litt.D., F.S.A. Cambridge, 1931. The University Press. Price 73s. 6d. net.

**T**HIS remarkable book is a splendid example of industry, care, thorough knowledge of the subject and historic insight. Although mainly archaeological and fitted as a reference book, it is written in a manner that should fascinate and please the general reader. The outstanding value of this work for me is the abundance of proof that it gives to show how spiritual culture as the foundation of religion has from the beginning of time been the mainspring of all the arts, which always were man's endeavour to express and record his emotional feelings and happenings. Is not all art the manifestation of thought and feeling? Therefore as religious feeling is the most deeply felt of all our emotions, from earliest times, we find all the medieval sculpture told a story which was coloured. Colour (as March Phillips has so well proved in his books, *Form and Colour* and *The Works of Man*) is the language of the emotions, and form is the language of the mind. Colour and form without "story" is no more than *sensuous*. It pleases the appetites of sense, but gives one nothing to digest.

Another important point brought out by this book is that the tendency to tell a story put the desire for realistic representation in the background. While conventional treatment adds to the clarity of emotional expression, realism and its complexity foster materialism. Too close a search for complete likeness obscures idealistic expression. A truthful record of *selected* facts is better than a complex collection of many. The heralds of all time have felt this and acted on the principle. As a theist I plead for spiritual culture regardless of creed or denomination; and our author shows clearly how when materialism and worldliness increased, art deteriorated. Speaking of fifteenth-century sculpture we read: "Firstly, whereas the thirteenth-century sculpture was strictly architectural, the work of masons formed a *truly* part of the building it adorned, the later sculpture may be described more as furniture sculpture. Where statues adorn porches they are free standing figures in niches and no longer set against columns. We do not find the vast assemblage of statues embodying an elaborate theological scheme spread over a whole façade or noble porch, but the best work is usually found adorning the interior fittings of the church, such as screens, altars and tombs. The figures therefore no longer form part of the building, but are often meant to stand by themselves. The imager is now definitely separated from the mason, and is moving in the direction of the gentleman artist of the Renaissance.

"Secondly, while the later sculpture is still religious in character, a change has taken place in the religion. The serene and joyous spirit of the thirteenth century is replaced by a sentimental and even sometimes morbid ideal . . .

"Thirdly, fifteenth-century sculpture is individual and

materialistic. The broad and noble simplicity of the draperies is replaced by picturesque and complicated folds. The old conventions are discarded and costumes are closely studied from the actual dresses of the day." So as ever, materialism and worldliness take the place of idealism and religion in the widest sense. Mundane interests coming first in the affections, together with the selfish safety seeking for the soul's escape from Hell, instead of producing a "broken and a contrite heart" produced ceremonial forms and symbols.

On page 422 our author writes: "No longer do we find the triumph of Christ or the coronation of the Virgin occupying the first place in the hearts of men, but the chief emphasis is laid upon the sacrifice, the sorrow and the pain involved in the scheme for the redemption of mankind. The mystery plays, no doubt, helped to fix the traditional treatment of the subjects, and the costumes of the actors must often have served as models for the sculptors, but in both plays and sculptures the sentiment is that of the day. The pious soul dwelt on the sufferings of Christ and his Mother, and thus we continually find this sentimental and theatrical note in the sculptures and paintings of the period with which we are dealing." And on page 430 we read: "A more commonplace type of late fifteenth- or early sixteenth-century Madonna may be illustrated from Rampillon (Fig. 439, page 430). The drapery here is of the traditional type, and would almost pass for early fourteenth-century work if the case were not given away by the broad face with its 'smug' and self-satisfied expression and the exaggerated crown on her head." Showing again and again the effect of belief on the quality of expression, and reminding us of what Ruskin said, namely: "Tell me what you love and I will tell you what you are."

Many of the illustrations show one important feature to be found in nearly all medieval sculpture, and that is the sexlessness of the angels, proving how conscious the designers were that in the pure atmosphere of spiritual thought and feeling, all sexual instincts were dormant. And, furthermore, it is noteworthy how lovingly all the early medieval sculpture is wedded to the building it adorns, and how oblivious the old men were of what we now designate as *pedestal* sculpture.

Considering the inaccessibility and inadequate lighting so often to be contended with, it is remarkable that of 473 illustrations so few are poor. The worst to be said for this book is that its size and weight are ponderous; nevertheless, as a library book of reference it is in perfect harmony with the archaeologist.

C. F. ANNESLEY VOYSEY.



CHAOURCE. *Head of the Magdalen*. An early sixteenth-century work, probably 1515. It anticipates the work of Guido Reni. "Here the sentiment is just right; the pathos is there to the full, but there is a restraint which makes it extraordinarily affecting."

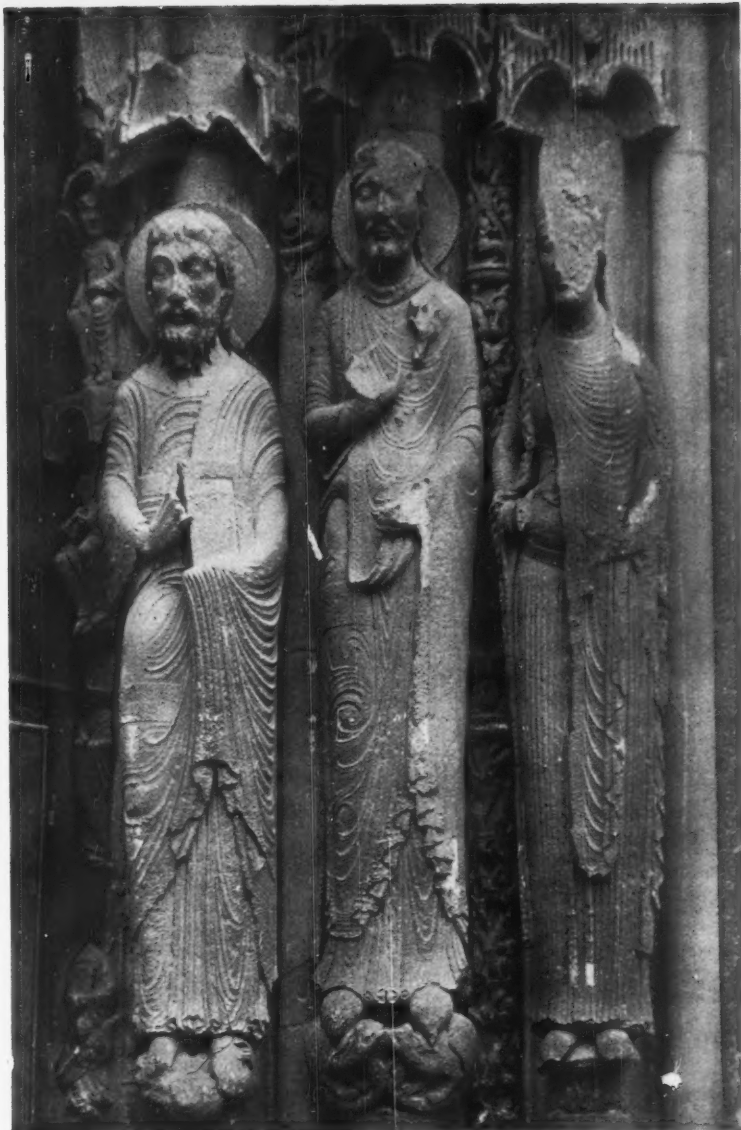


TROYES. *St. Nizier. The Entombment*. The beginning of the sixteenth century. "The Entombment groups vary greatly in quality . . . In some the pantomime of grief is overdone, especially in the later examples . . . but where restraint is exercised, really impressive works of art are produced . . . That of *St. Nizier* at *Troyes* is remarkable for the skill with which the rigidity of death is shown in the figure of Christ." From *Medieval Sculpture in France*.





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3. RAMPILLON. *A Madonna in the eastern aisle chapel.* Late fifteenth or early sixteenth century. "The drapery here is of the traditional type and would almost pass for early fourteenth-century work if the case were not given away by the broad face with its 'smug' and self-satisfied expression, and the exaggerated crown on her head."

4. CHÂLONS-SUR-MARNE. *L'Épine. The Entombment.* Late fifteenth or early sixteenth century. See the comment under the illustration of a similar subject on page 64.

5. CARCASSONNE. *St. Nazaire. "Pietà."* Early sixteenth century. Although never executed with such stark unrestraint as contemporary figures of the same subject in Flanders and Germany, the French have here approached more nearly to emotionalism than anywhere else. In this example the colours are still preserved and bring out well the contrast between the grief-stricken living face and the stiffening corpse.

All illustrations are from *Medieval Sculpture in France*.



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1. SOUILLAC. *Isaiah.* Mid-twelfth century. "The cross-legged dancing attitude, the thin draperies showing the limbs beneath, and the snake-like meshes of the hair and beard" are reminiscent of Rouillac or some Rococo monumental sculptor; but by reason of the greater faith and fervour in which this statue was executed, the figure is alarming instead of merely fanciful.

2. CHARTRES. *West Porches. Statues of the right door.* Fourteenth century. The draperies have become simpler at this pinnacle of Catholicism in Europe. These statues are an example of Mr. Voysey's comment on the sexlessness of figures in medieval sculpture, "proving how conscious the designers were that in the pure atmosphere of spiritual thought and feeling all sexual instincts were dormant."



# FRENCH ART



JACOB'S DREAM. By the School of Avignon.

## The French Pictures.

By Cyril Connolly.

THERE are several features that make the French Exhibition at Burlington House radically different from those which have preceded. It may not be as great as the Italian, but it is the only one where the later rooms contain more beautiful things than the earlier, where you could argue that the contemporary French show at the Leicester Galleries holds the best things of all. One has only to think of nineteenth-century Italian or twentieth-century Dutch to realize how paradoxical this is, and what pleasure can be extracted from an art that, for once, goes forward—an art without a golden age. An art without tragedy also, a procession of four centuries of Paganism, of devotion to things which you can touch or see. This seems to me the supreme importance of the French pictures; they represent exactly how far the human genius can adventure into passion and beauty without doubting its credentials or calling into question a belief in anything less terrestrial than itself. They do not preach, they do not point upward. Life has no aim, they seem to say; and the aim of art is to convince us that life is worth while without one. If you conform to their view of the universe they will show you, in return, just how much gaiety, at what price of unhappiness, you can squeeze out of it.

The exception is to be found in the primitives, but primitives are hardly French. They belong to the great free-trading Catholic federation which was Europe in the Middle Ages; only they happened to be painted in what is now France. The *Jacob's Dream*, here illustrated, is of the school of Avignon, and I do not think that one has the right to describe its airiness as anything than Mediterranean, despite the pointed spire. Similarly the Fouquets, the Clouets, the Corneille de Lyons, though in every way more French, do not seem to need description here. In an art which increases in importance with every century, the beginnings can for once be treated with the brevity they deserve. Though by this time French painting was definitely French, and French sitters had French faces, it is only the first station on a branch line from other renaissance

portraiture. It is in the seventeenth century, with Poussin and Claude, that the French genius, that blend of imagination with order, has clearly emerged. Claude is a painter whom every one can spot, whom only the critic who can irradiate the obvious will find something fresh to say about. Poussin is a great artist whom one has to swallow; he is now a front-rank classic, and I am secretly more bored with him than I would care to admit, paying the penalty of a too premature adulation. The picture shown on page 68, however, is sufficiently unlike his typical compositions to be moving. A woman is gathering, in the foreground, the scattered ashes of Phocyon, condemned for treason, and denied his funeral rites. Behind the tragic scene, the dark grove, the villagers walk on the lawns of Megara; the temple, the acropolis, and the public buildings rise above them, and the deep luminous air of classical Greece bathes the imaginary city in the radiance, the bloom, of the ancient world.

In the next hall and the next century there are two great painters, Watteau and Chardin. Chardin shows exactly how different the French genius is from the Dutch, what added light and excitement dwells in the materialism of the Ile de France—in its servants, still-lives and interiors—compared to the heavier, cannier, masters of the North. Compare especially the vase of flowers (204) with any Dutch artist except Vermeer. But Chardin, like the *Le Nains* in the previous century, was a bourgeois painter, and the eighteenth century was an aristocratic age. For this reason, among others, he seems to me less important than Watteau just as he seems incomparably less beautiful. For Watteau, I think, is the high spot of the exhibition, the most French of all the painters, and within the limits of this Frenchness, the most packed with beauty and feeling. The picture 169, reproduced on page 68, is the gem of the collection, the concentrated essence, 22 in. by 18 in., of gaiety and pathos. Unlike the art of his imitators, there is nothing affected in the world of his pastoral; the actors, the fine ladies, have a right to be there. The picture is a perfect classical lyric and renders what is the most difficult of all sensations to portray without heaviness or sentimentality, the sadness of the moment, that fugitive distress of hedonism which falls imperceptibly, like a dew, from pleasure, and which, when apprehended, gives rise to the deepest, the most nearly tragic emotion admissible in the pagan world.

To see how miraculously the painter has succeeded, one must think of the attempts to fix this precarious sentiment in literature; how self-conscious they are, often sounding forced and cloying as if Mr. A. E. Housman had written the lot of them; how Keats, Ronsard, even Shakespeare, Vergil and the Greek anthology, everything except, perhaps, the quartets of Mozart, has overdone it compared to this clear statement—the strutting dancer, the amorous company, the music about to begin, the girl standing petrified, immobile, beneath the elms, beneath the garlanded urn.

There follow those uneven artists, Boucher and Fragonard, judged, like all the uneven, by their worst efforts, yet it is impossible not to be ravished by the little *La Petite Morphil*, shown on page 69, the example of a sex that neither Shelley nor D. H. Lawrence had so far got at. The colours are unexpectedly delicate; notice the yellow slab of curtain, the yellow piscinal light, the rose on the floor. There are two lovely Fragonards out of many (181) "*Les Lavandières*," which suggests Corot with its grey walls, green beech tree, and Tuscan air. The other is (196), "*The Bathers*," where not only the women, but all the surrounding vegetation seems crisped and curled like chicory by the foam of the cascade.

In the next room Fragonard keeps pace with Corot and Ingres, but it is the duller in the collection. There is a lovely landscape (312) by the elder Moreau, the first "*paysage*" in the exhibition, though followed up by Corot's charming *Volterra*. Otherwise Prud'hon, Greuze, David, and Lépicié hold sway. 290 and 291 are the work of Chassériau, the pupil of Ingres, one of the most interesting painters represented. He seems, especially in 334, a French pre-Raphaelite; but 291, *Esther preparing to receive Venus*, is a lovely composition. Her sinewy torso rises naked from the silk draperies, her arms are stretched above her head, the long face with the violet eyes recalls the Pattell beauty which still works its way out in divergent English families.

Ingres, like Poussin, can be a very boring painter, but he is at his best in the drawing shown on page 69, in No. 339 *The Architect*, in *La Source*, and the magnificent portrait of the

# FRENCH ART

Duc d'Orleans. By now Courbet, with the beautiful, but unnecessarily skied, *Baigneuse* (340) has appeared, and Daumier and Géricault. In fact, modern painting has begun. For the French were fortunate to have had no Queen Victoria; their nineteenth century was as dazzling as the Elizabethans, and they got an æsthetic start over us of fifty years. Balzac and Stendhal, whose realism suggest Courbet, then Baudelaire with his friend Guys, followed by the Goncourts, and their friendship with Gavarni, and their circle, Gautier, Flaubert, Zola, Daudet, later the alliance between impressionist painters and symbolist poets—these will be known as the pioneers of art, the æsthetic nucleus, the founders of the modern outlook. For they were the first to have to deal with the problem of ugliness, something almost unknown in the eighteenth century, but which followed the march of industry as fatally as typhus follows a marauding army. In the eighteenth century to be an artist implied no problems, no divorce or vital criticism of life, but in the nineteenth the choice had to be made, existence having become intricate. Buildings were pulled down and hoardings were stuck up; were you going to like them or lump them? The metropolis, the suburb, the factory, had to be assimilated; a new, complex, tough and hostile civilization confronted individual poet and painter, and the nineteenth century is the record of their victory, just as the twentieth century gives the measure of their defeat by it. The Frenchmen made the best of it, and did not retreat into a fool's paradise, like the pre-Raphaelites or the Lady of Shalott. It is this that makes the impressionists our heroes, because they turned lyrically to the omnibus and the bowler hat, the railway station and the café, for their inspiration and bathed these monstrosities with light. Their problems were our problems, and the remainder and most important part of the exhibition shows how they solved them. For me the hero of these rooms is Degas. None of his pictures, unlike some of the Renoirs and Manets, let you down. A sober, exact, yet magnificent realism inspired them. They are like the best sentences of Flaubert. No. 400, *The Cotton Exchange at New Orleans*, seems to me the clearest example of this modern outlook. Notice the broker's office, with grey ceiling and green walls, the white cirrus of raw cotton on the long table, the shirt-sleeves, the top-hats, the polished vintage faces of the French business men, the implication of wealth, sobriety, complexity and force carried from their Latin home to this enervating country, this town whose green light filtering through the long windows is of the tropics, of a creole city.

Renoir, though anyone must be astounded by *La Loge* and the *Umbrellas* in the Tate, is more of a painter's painter. One respects his mastery of colour, but his horrible rainbow hues, his flesh tints, his melting blondes, make him repulsive to an eye untrained to see beyond them. Cézanne is not adequately represented. Except for two magnificent still-lives and a landscape, the selection might have been improved. There are, somewhere, better Monets, also, though the Manets are excellently done. Here again the Bar at the Folies Bergère and Chez le Père Lathuille are supremely modern masterpieces, rich and satisfying. The Sisleys and Pissarros are pleasing, but the Berthe Morisots slightly sentimental. The Seurats, too, are unimpeachable, intellectual in composition, in colour lovely. It is interesting to compare Lautrec and Gauguin. Lautrec, of all that modern group; the most detached and cynical, the most professionally interested in human degradation, and the most paganly aware of its colour; and Gauguin, the only painter of that time to go back on its principles, to run away from the battles of modernity and hide his head in the Pacific sand. How he has missed the bus, what a second-rate poster artist time has shown him to be!

Of minor criticisms of the exhibition the worst that can be said is that there is no Douanier Rousseau; not enough Cézanne, nor Guys, nor Géricault; too much Prud'hon and David; and one appalling and suspect-looking Nattier, *The Abbot*, and an unnecessary portrait of Victor Hugo. Some of the least-known pictures (Ingres especially) are skied to make way for old favourites, and some of the loveliest, notably Seurats, are scotched by the vivid Gauguins set beside them. It is sad that Van Gogh can't be classed as a French painter. Alphonse Legros appears mysteriously in the index with no pictures after his name; perhaps we may suspect a compromise! and there is no Santerre, Regnault, or Fromentin.

It was interesting at the private view to notice the procedure of two little groups. One consisted of the *personnel* of the French Embassy, frock-coated and top-hatted, nosing, like trout, their way upstream amid a volley of fragrant handshakes, the hosts, the founders of the feast; while in another part of the building, in hatless mufti, Mr. Roger Fry conducts Mr. Raymond Mortimer, Mr. Francis Birrell, and Mr. Aldous Huxley round, like conspirators. From time to time a fault is found, a reputation made or doomed and, like gallant fireships, the disciples spread out to ignite their acquaintances with the verdict, then they are back again while the dignitaries of the Academy uneasily watch them.

As a pendant to the Exhibition it is essential to visit at once, before it closes, the modern French pictures at the Leicester Galleries, an up-to-date harlequinade after the old-fashioned pantomime. Here, also—alas, without a Douanier Rousseau—is another excellent collection where you may admire all the logical sequences in French painting since the post-impressionists, Bonnard, Forain, Vuillard, Braque, Matisse, Derain, Utrillo, Vlaminck, Marie Laurencin, Chirico, Picasso and Chagall.

At the Lefèvre Gallery is another such exhibition with fewer artists and fewer paintings, but all of them magnificent examples, and here at last you may see the work of Rousseau le Douanier. The best pictures are the Matisse, the Derain landscape (15), a lovely Utrillo (29), a head by Modigliani (48), No. 23 by Vallotton, (39) by Bessière, (43) a nude by Pascin, (54) a Chirico, and (49) an exquisite Braque still-life of oysters and a roll. Unfortunately the photographs given overleaf are not of the best examples of the painter's work shown in the exhibition, but as a corollary to the French pictures they must be seen, if only to illustrate the further difficulties that now beset the visual art and the extraordinary tradition of intelligence and beauty—in short, of civilization—the unceasing love of life that has preoccupied our nearest neighbour and which reduces political differences, cries of "Buy British" or "Buy Belgian," to their proper place. And, unlike the art of any other country, French painting still develops; at this moment a new masterpiece may be forming on a canvas, for it is even now possible to hold another exhibition that starts where the Leicester Galleries stop and has as many good things in it. And there, with luck, you may find yourself ahead of Mr. Fry.

## Books on French Painting.

**The French Masters.** By HORACE SHIPP. London: Sampson Low, Marston and Co. Price 7s. 6d. net.

**A Short History of French Painting.** By ERIC G. UNDERWOOD. London: Oxford University Press. Price 8s. 6d. net.

**An Account of French Painting.** By CLIVE BELL. London: Chatto & Windus. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THERE have been several books about the Exhibition. Mr. Horace Shipp's is remarkable for illustrating the lovely Watteau pictured on page 68. The two outstanding ones are Mr. Eric Underwood's and Mr. Clive Bell's. Mr. Eric Underwood's (from whence came the Seurat and the Cézanne shown on pages 68 and 69) is essentially a readable work of reference, a book to take with you or use afterwards to look up biographies of painters, their dates and influence. Painters, as Hazlitt said, are the happiest people, and their lives, except for occasional professional quarrels, are correspondingly devoid of incident; but what there is to know about them will be found in Mr. Underwood's *A Short History of French Painting*. Mr. Clive Bell's book, *An Account of French Painting*, is a different matter. I cannot recommend anyone to read it, because it is so clear, so true, so up-to-the-minute, that if you do, you will inevitably go round the Exhibition with an eye not your own. The painters fall into line in their Bloomsbury importance—Poussin, Chardin, Watteau, Ingres, Courbet, Guys, Renoir, Manet, Seurat and Cézanne. The verdict is just, and there is no appeal from it. This mistake I made; and this article, despite attempts to banish it from my mind, is only a précis, an embarrassed recapitulation, of Mr. Bell's book. For Mr. Bell represents not only himself but the school of Roger Fry, and it is unfortunately the only organized, militant, and intelligent school of criticism that we have. You must read Mr. Clive Bell's book, but read it *after* you have been and formed your own judgment, not before. The style is sometimes so simple and slangy as to be undergraduate, but it is a brilliant piece of work and knits French painting into a framework in which all the important names fit into place. I wish I had never seen it.



# FRENCH ART—A GALLERY OF FRENCH PAINTING FROM THE SE



**THE CLASSICAL.**—N. **POUSSIN** (1594-1665). *The Gathering of the Ashes of Phocyon by the Women of Megara*. No. 144 in the French Exhibition. Though strictly an intellectual painter, Poussin foreshadows the coming naturalism in the backgrounds of his pictures, and the Greek temple surrounded by French houses—somehow, in this beautiful composition, not out of place—show that Poussin studied his scenery from nature itself despite the canons of his day. The naturalism which we see in Poussin was carried further by Claude (1600-82), who frequently painted a landscape purely for its own sake. But the flower of French classical painting was in Watteau and Fragonard, combining as they did exquisite grouping and colour with leafy landscape that has never been surpassed for depth and luminosity.

Reproduced from *French Art in the Nineteenth Century* by courtesy of *The Studio*.



**WATTEAU** (1683-1721). *Fêtes Venetiennes*. No. 169 in the French Exhibition. This is perhaps the best of all Watteau's pictures. The school of Fêtes Galantes painters—which included (besides Watteau) Chardin, Pater, Lancret, Nattier and Boucher

Reproduced from *French Art in the Nineteenth Century*

—is well represented here by certain classicism in his luscious romanticism of Watteau, but then Ingres at the beginning of the 19th century, when West became President of the though not uninspired—a work has been represented in photog



**COURBET** (1819-77).

*Les Demoiselles de la Seine*.



**MANET** (1832-83).

*Déjeuner sur l'herbe*.

**THE MODERNS.**—Between the realism of Millet and Courbet and the classicism of Chassériau come the landscape painters of France who were inspired by their contemporaries in the same subject in England. The Barbizon school at this

period produced one of the greatest landscape painters, Corot, an example of whose early work, which was his best work, is the frontispiece of this issue. As a link between the realism of Courbet and the natural landscape painting of Corot, the work of Daumier is important. He seems to have foreshadowed Manet and the impressionists in choice of subject, while his technique resembles that of the Barbizon school. But Courbet was the first realist who kept up a high standard of painting when the rest of Europe was plunged in sentimentalism. Courbet virulently insisted that he was a great artist. Of the picture reproduced here, *Les Demoiselles de la Seine*, Clive Bell says, "Can anyone who has contemplated those two mid-century fun-girls taking an afternoon off, who has admired the magisterial drawings and responded to those harmonies as amorous and imperial as an autumn garden, can anyone deny that this picture does take its place with the masterpieces from which it derives?" The high standard set by Courbet was



**CÉZANNE** (1839-1906).

*Card Players*. **DERAIN** (b. 1880).



*Nude*.



**RENOIR** (1841-1919).

continued immediately by Manet, Renoir, and Monet. More than Courbet in choosing such subjects as bathing machines for the making of masterpieces. At this time impressionism, somewhat pre-Raphaelite technique of Manet and Courbet, painting through the influence of Japanese art on Monet, impressionists who are the most easily appreciated of modern art by a vast and unsympathetic public. Renoir, with his colours, is wedded to Boucher and the eighteenth-century nude. For this brief series of illustrations such impressionists as Sisley, and Signac have been omitted, but their method is a dangerous generalization, in the work of Seurat, in a most scientific manner in the dividing up of color impressionist pictures of provincial scenery, of boats, of gardens, and said the last word for impressionism.



THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY TO THE PRESENT.



represented here by BOUCHER (1703-70). *La Petite Morphil*. There is a classicism in his luscious and fashionable pictures, which is not missed in the leafy classicism of Watteau, but the classicism triumphed in the painting of David, Prud'hon, Ingres at the beginning of the nineteenth century just as it did when Benjamin became President of the Royal Academy. At its worst this classicism was heavy and not unimpaired—a word critics inevitably connect with heavy. Though Greuze is represented in photogravure all over Europe the best exponent of this classicism was



INGRES (1780-1867) whose *Les Sœurs Mont-gu* (No. 885 in the French Exhibition), reproduced above, is one of the best drawings at Burlington House. The other master of this classical manner is Chassériau, who has hitherto been insufficiently noticed. His mural decorations in churches, which met the full force of a Gothic Revival and were mostly ruined, attempted the intellectuality of Ingres—whose pupil Chassériau was—with the vivid colour and drama of Delacroix. "C'est un Indien," said Gautier, "qui a fait ses études en Grèce."



CHASSÉRIAU (1819-56). The *Venus Marine* here is a representative work. Indeed, the middle of the nineteenth century in France suffered from no Landseer and no sentimentalism, unless perhaps Meissonier seemed sometimes near the horrors of English Victorianism.

Art in the Nineteenth Century by courtesy of The Studio.



La Loge.

Manet, and Monet. Manet went even further than the Impressionists as bathing machines and roundabouts in time impressionism, antagonistic to the Impressionists. Manet and Courbet, crept into French Impressionism, and it is perhaps the Impressionists who appreciated of modern French painters. Renoir, with his fleshy tints and flashy Impressionism, but their method culminated, although the work of Seurat. He experimented with dividing up of colour and produced Impressionism, of boats, factories and municipal Impressionism.



DEGAS (1834-1917).



SEURAT (1859-90).

Dimanche à la Grande Jatte.

After impressionism there follows a series of post-impressionist schools which are too many to catalogue and impossible to squeeze even in the pages of a large book. Most important of all post-impressionists is Cézanne. He realized that impressionists were losing their sense of form, and, as he himself said, his pictures were largely experimental. He believed that colour must be put upon canvas to create solid forms, and that solidity was

lacking in the painting of impressionism. Cézanne's theories could be pushed to a logical conclusion, and they were. Cézanne had said that anyone who could paint the cone and the cylinder could paint nature. Whether this is strictly true is beside the question, but it

produced a modern school of Paris which interested itself in creating pictures without direct regard for the object being painted, deriving shapes and thrusting landscape into triangles and cubes, and figures into positions which were more suitable for design than if they had been reproduced photographically. How great a debt is owed to this point of view has only recently come to be realized, when we are learning to see in a new way. The French have taught the world to see beauty in suburbs, thanks to the influence of the Impressionists. There is beauty in the shapes of violins, and in the colours of cigar-box lids, and in the tawdriness of roundabouts, which our Puritan self-consciousness might otherwise have thought vulgar and uninteresting. For these, too, the world is indebted to the post-impressionists.



UTRILLO (b. 1883).

Eglise de Grosly.



MATISSE (b. 1869).



Odalisque. PICASSO (b. 1881). La Grecque, 1923.



Sebastian Droste and Rosalinde Fuller in *THE WAY*, a film by Francis Bruguière. The woman's head is superimposed large on the screen because she dominates the drunk man's fantasies and desires. The use of the head alone has the physical interpretation of "registering" the drunk man's inability to focus on the whole of the body and to see things in scale. Notice how the use of parts of people and things, superimposed in a screen pattern, suggests the low-dive atmosphere without the use of sets.

#### FILM INQUIRY—7<sup>1</sup> TIME AND SPACE.

As a medium, the cinema is capable of dissociating time and space. Indeed, it is this strange power of the cinema, this genuinely magic power, which so definitely sets the cinema apart as an art form.

**TIME.** J. W. Dunne's *Experiment with Time* should be presented, by public subscription, to the managing director of every studio. Whenever a scenarist of any intelligence whatsoever manifested himself within the walls of the studio, the managing director should then descend on him and compel him to read Mr. Dunne's suggestive book. In this way it might, eventually, occur to some scenarists that time in the film may not be only of the past and present but of the future. The Ukrainian worker, Dovjenko, is the sole director till now who has taken advantage of this astonishing fact. A classical example, from a Dovjenko masterpiece, is the famous scene of dead soldiers being rushed up into the firing line.

Scenarists could find as much material in the

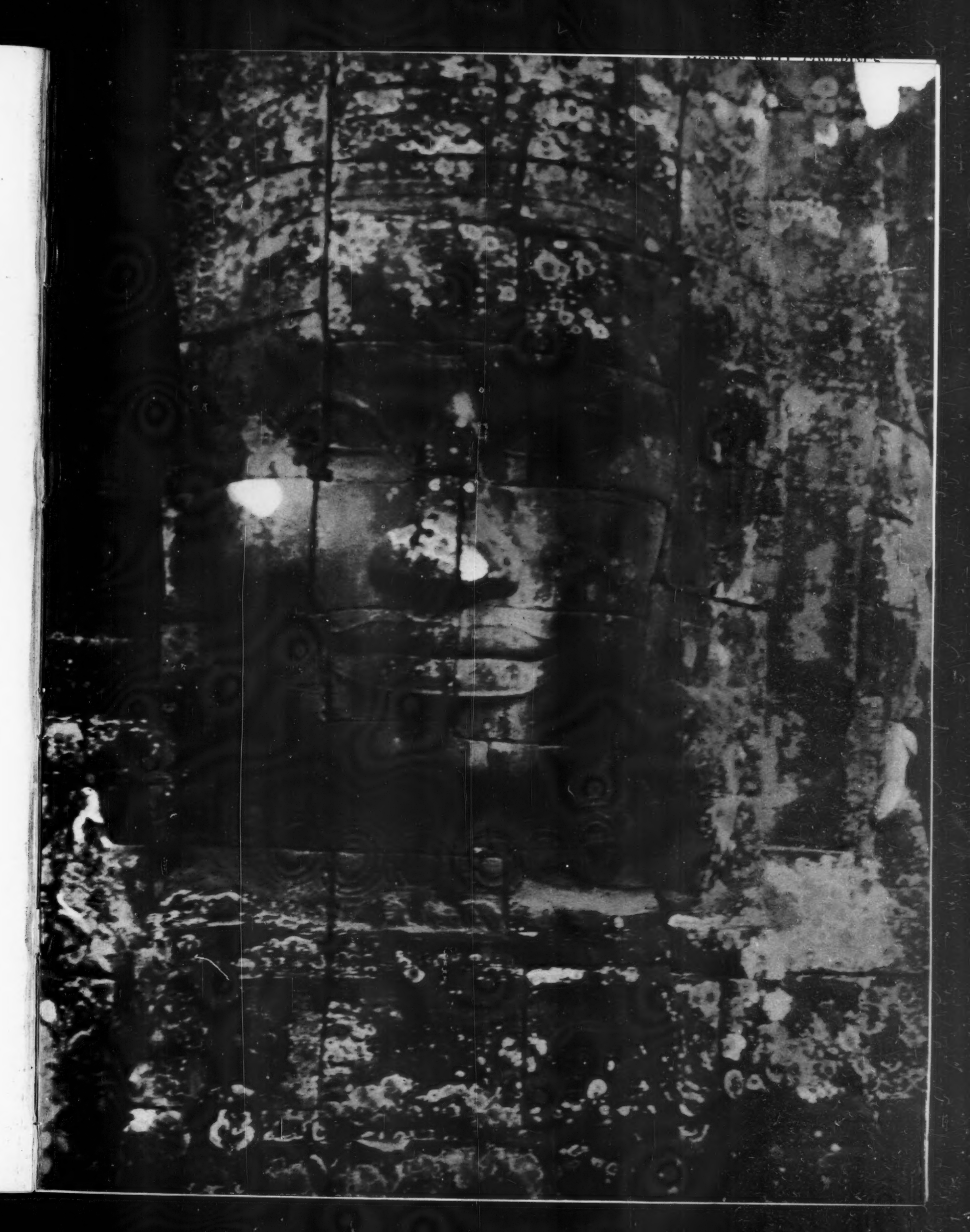
superconscious mind as in the subconscious. All the Freudian tricks of transference and such-like belong, without fuss, to the cinema *together with the magic of crystal gazing*. If a character is thinking intensely about somebody else, the person thought about may be shown quite simply in the room fulfilling some action actually to take place in the future. If a character deserves a special background, he may be dragged, in close up, from his natural surroundings and placed against some future or ideal emanation of his "spiritual" significance.

**SPACE.** Painters have long been hypnotized with the possibilities of dissociated space. But the cinema can go further and put their experiments into motion. The cinema can make the river flow into the room; the cinema can make the bedroom mirror a real waterfall. Parts of objects, for instance the familiar symbols of the cubists, can be related in a new equation of movement through a new dimension. The cinema achieves the space dissociation by means of superimposition: Francis Bruguière's *The Way* is the most skilful example. Bruguière went as far as to use parts of the human body instead of sets.

OSWELL BLAKESTON.

<sup>1</sup> The previous articles were published in the June, July, August, October, and December 1931, and January 1932 issues.

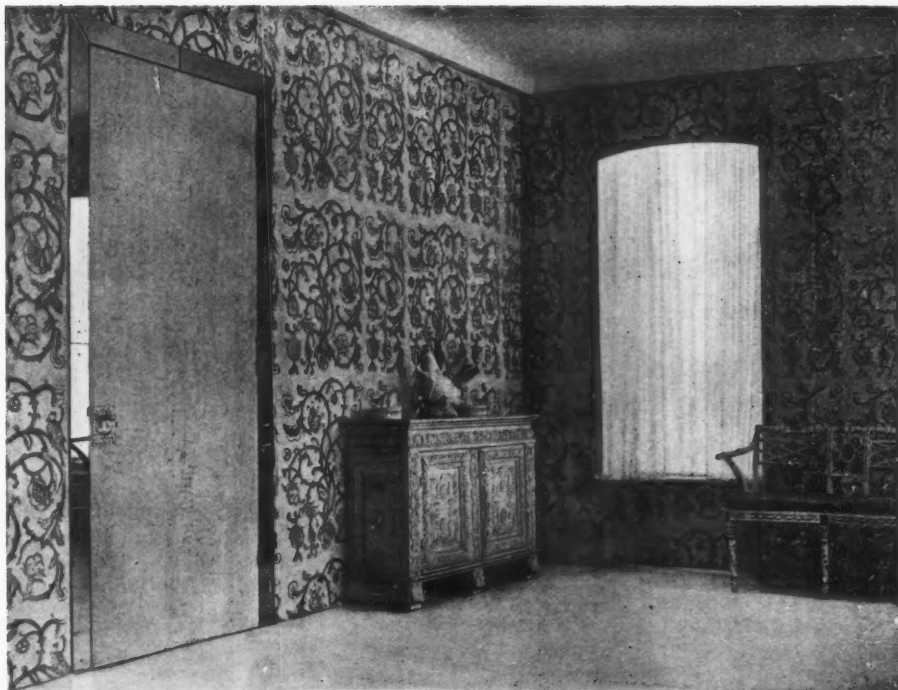






A DETAIL OF ONE OF THE FOUR - FACED TOWERS WHICH DISTINGUISH THE TEMPLE KNOWN AS THE BAYON. First dedicated to the Buddhist divinity, *Lokeçvara*, it was remodelled soon after its construction to accommodate the cult of the Brahmanistic *Siva*; its central tower is said to represent Mount Merou, the sacred mountain in which the gods resided. Among the most fantastic and worst built of Khmer monuments, it stood at the exact centre of the royal town, in the vicinity of the royal palace and the main square. The four-faced pinnacles which characterize the Bayon also appear above the various city gates. The Bayon is typical of the period of exuberant and hasty building which preceded the "classicism" of Angkor Vat.

A corner of the DINING-ROOM at North House, Westminster, London. Architect, Oliver Hill. The walls are hung with canvas, painted white, and stencilled in green with a floral design. The architraves are grey mirror. The only electric lighting comes from behind the net curtains, simulating shafts of sunshine. The furniture is lacquered ivory colour.



The Architectural Review  
Supplement February 1932

## *Decoration & Craftsmanship*



ALUMINIUM edged shelving in a perfume shop in New York. Architects: THOMPSON & CHURCHILL.

# MODERN WALL COVERINGS

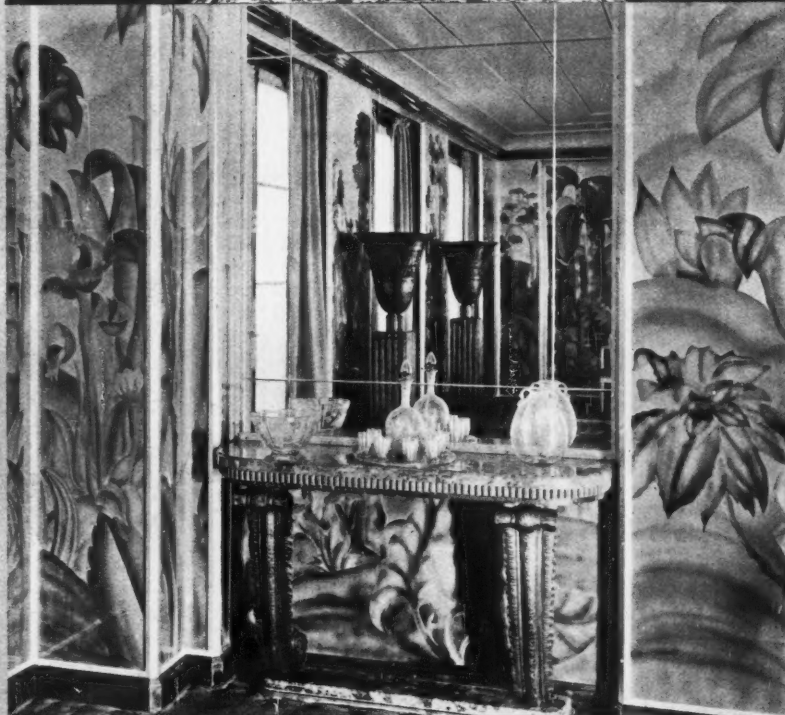




1923

THE ROUEN  
EXHIBITION

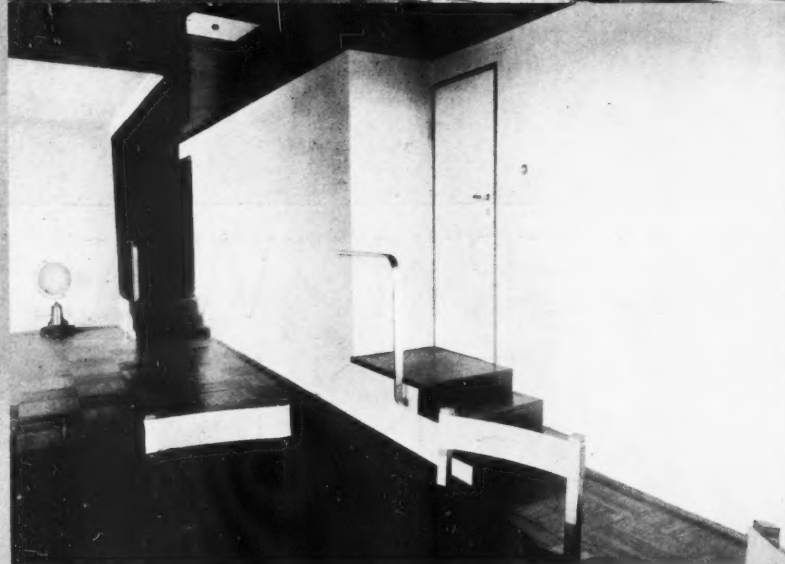
Walls of a dining-room overcrowded with decoration in that pretentious taste which demands enormous bay windows and ornamental timbered gables.



1929

THE PARIS 1925  
MANNER.

The strivings of a quarter of a century are summed up in this final flourish of the Grand Manner.



1932

A VILLA INTERIOR AT  
LINZ, AUSTRIA.  
*Architect: Lois Welzenbacher.*

Plain surfaces, clean lines and refinement of detail, the result of a period of purification.

# Modern Wall Coverings. By F. R. S. Yorke.

**I**NTERNAL walls, considered in the light of modern materials, may be divided into two distinct categories. Those that are severe planes deriving their effect from form, the play of light and shade and the colour or texture of the facing material, but with the shape of the wall areas always predominant; and those that rely on applied ornament, treated frankly as a pattern, quite distinct from structural forms. Mural decorations, wallpapers, design in plastic paint, glass, tiles, and so on.

We are all conversant with the use and handling of oil paints and marble and any useful discussion of these materials would take up far too much space for inclusion here. Glass was dealt with thoroughly in January, so that material, too, will have no place in the present article.

We may consider that heavy wooden mouldings and fibrous plaster enrichment, with their semi-structural forms, are dead. Built-up panelling became obsolete when veneered laminated board was introduced, making possible the use of large single boards which was impracticable with the natural wood, and for which panelling was, after all, only a substitute, but a singularly clever innovation which served its purpose splendidly until a more logical and economical solution arrived.

## PLASTER

Beautiful in itself and the basis for so many applied treatments, plaster has long been the popular medium for covering structural work and giving to the wall a clean and even surface. In spite of the many new wall coverings it holds its own today, because we have discovered nothing that can fitly take its place, having the same simplicity, fulfilling all its functions, yet embodying none of its disadvantages, which are many.

It requires skill in its application; and the insulating qualities, especially of the hard gypsum type, which, in addition, encourage condensation, are relatively poor. It is slow in "drying out," and in consequence delays completion and makes difficult the application of any immediate permanent decoration. It is, however, the only material with which we can directly obtain a plain surface.

## SYNTHETIC WALLBOARDS

surmount most of the difficulties, but the handling of sheets in sizes larger than the standard supplied would be impracticable; and because they do not lend themselves to butt jointing without a cover slip, it is impossible without the aid of plaster or plastic paint to obtain that all-important plain surface.

The wallboards, excluding plywoods and the development of these in built-up laminated boards with a wood veneer, may be divided into three categories. Those that are formed from wood pulp and those formed from wood fibre, those of cane fibre and root fibre, and the plaster boards with a core of gypsum and a surface of tough paper.

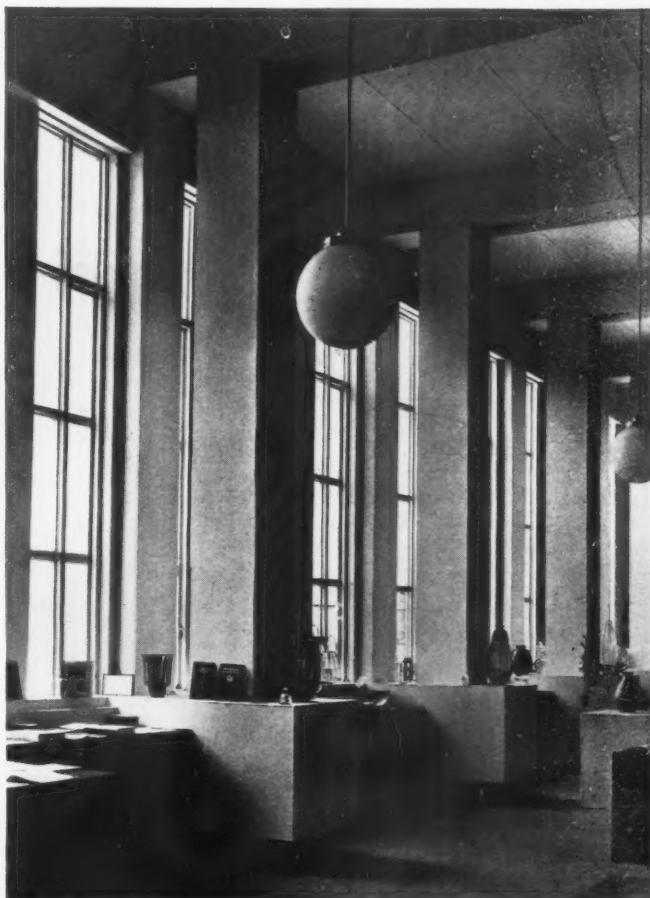
Anaglypta strips 2½ in. wide can be obtained, and these are sufficiently flexible to stretch or bend if the boards move, and they cover the joint unobtrusively without presenting that panelled appearance which occurs with the use of wood strips.

A visible cover for the joint appears to be the only solution where wallboards of a pulp nature are used, as these are particularly liable to movement; but it is essential that whilst modern tendencies are increasingly towards homogeneous surfaces, we should be able to obtain in a simple manner this desired unity.

If we use a fibrous type of board or one with a gypsum base, the joints can be covered with a tape or scrim, or better, a strip of fine metal gauze. The joints are then filled with mastic or gypsum plaster in which the metal gauze is embedded, and the whole set or floated and set with one or two coats of plaster. The plaster may be in quite thin layers, so reducing the amount of moisture involved and the consequent time necessary for "drying out" to a minimum. Coats of ⅜ in. render and ⅛ in. set would suffice.

## PLASTIC PAINT

A more straightforward finish can be obtained by the use of a plastic paint which will dry with relative rapidity. This medium can give perfect results and lends itself to a variety of textures or patterned treatments (see page 74) and also unfortunately to a deal of abuse.



An excellent use of WALLBOARD with no obtrusive covering of the joints or splitting into panels. Walls, ceiling, pillars and bases are all lined with wallboard in this gallery in the fine-art section of the Rotterdam Exhibition.

## MODERN WALL COVERINGS.

The plastic paints are based on ground mica or ground marble and plaster of paris, or a mixture of the two with a blend of other ingredients, and the powder produced, when mixed with cold water, forms a plastic medium with unique qualities. It is fundamentally a material for textured or low relief work and tends with exaggeration of relief to lose much of its charm; dust which lodges on the projections is not easily removed. Textures and patterns are produced with combs, knives, stipplers, or manipulation with the hands, whilst the material is wet. A material such as canvas, the texture of which it is desired to reproduce, is applied to the wet surface, on which it leaves its impression.

Being good conductors of heat, the plastic paints do not induce condensation and they have a comparatively high sound absorption coefficient.

Whilst drying hard, they retain a certain elasticity which enables the surface to withstand wear and tear without cracking or peeling.

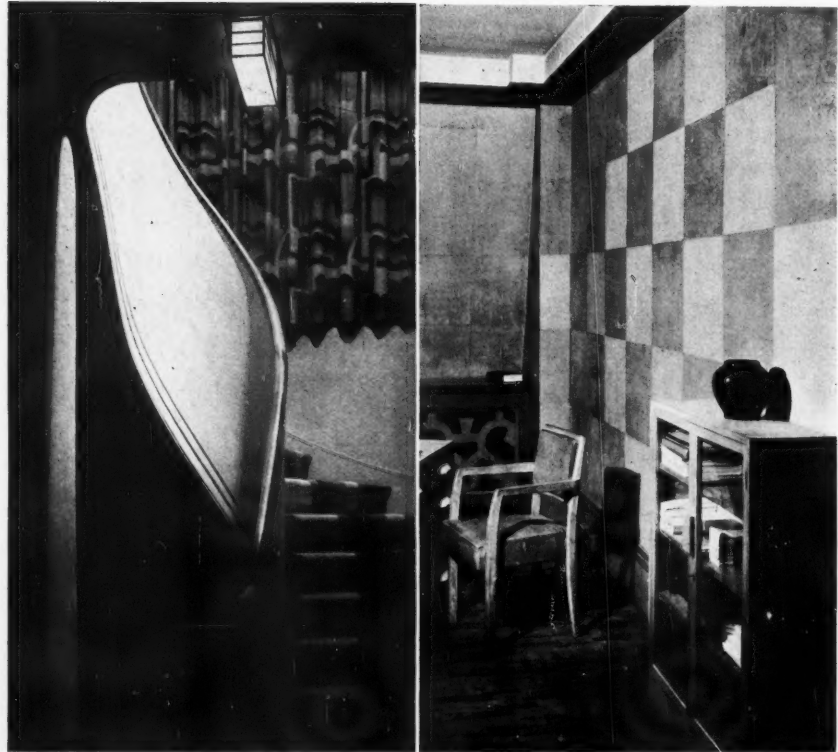


The ease with which PLASTIC PAINT can be manipulated, and how, by a slight movement of the hand, three different patterns are formed from the same tool, is shown in this illustration.

### VENEERED PLYWOODS AND LAMINATED BOARDS

Although these do not enter the class which can be regarded as taking the place of plaster, the consideration of homogeneity of surface, which is a difficulty in the case of the wallboards, does not apply, as the nature of the material makes possible a particularly fine flush joint, or the joints are frankly expressed by the insertion of veneers of another wood.

The fine veneer with which the boards are faced comes usually from abroad, and, with the popularization of new woods, in increasing quantities from the Empire. The veneers are specially selected for fine grain and figuring and are sliced from logs by immense knives. On account of their thinness, they arrive in a warped, and, what appears to the uninitiated, a shockingly broken condition; but before application to the boards they pass through the hands of skilled craftsmen in a patching



Left—A staircase balustrade in *PLYWOOD*, designed by S. Chermayeff for his own house. The balustrade is formed from  $\frac{3}{8}$ -in. plywood on each side of  $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. studding. The faces are stippled with a silver sand and white paint mixture. The rail is of natural (cigar-box colour) mahogany, waxed and polished.

Right—A room at Vintry House, London, designed by Louis de Soissons and Grey Wornum. The walls are lined with squares of ordinary *BIRCH PLYWOOD* laid with the grain in alternate directions to give a chequered effect. The surface is waxed and polished.

and matching department, where flaws and blemishes are cut out and replaced by carefully cut pieces, held in position by gummed tape applied on the side that will eventually be the face. The other side is glued and fixed to a highly sand-papered board, and the whole is then

pressed, a process which by modern methods is completed in eight minutes. The gummed paper having been removed from its surface the veneered board is ready to take its finish.

Panels of any size are veneered on the reverse side to counteract the pull



Dark polished *BURR WALNUT* on *PLYWOOD* covers the walls of this room at Bechstein Hall, Brook Street, London, designed by Sir John Burnet and Partners. The skirting is Zirracotti veneer with a dark, almost black, streak. The cove of walnut gives a definite break between wall and floor.



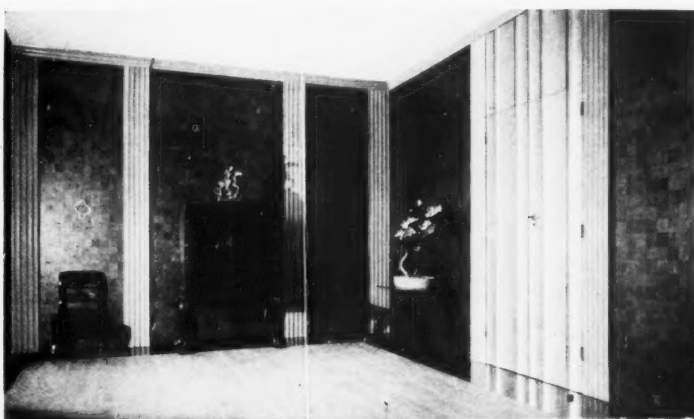
(3) The use of LAP in its moulded form is shown at the New Victoria Cinema, London. The panel and low relief nude figure in plain olive green lap are cast in one piece. Designer: Newbury Trent. Craftsmen: Lap C. I. Process.

(4) LAP in slab form used as a wall covering in a Paris showroom.

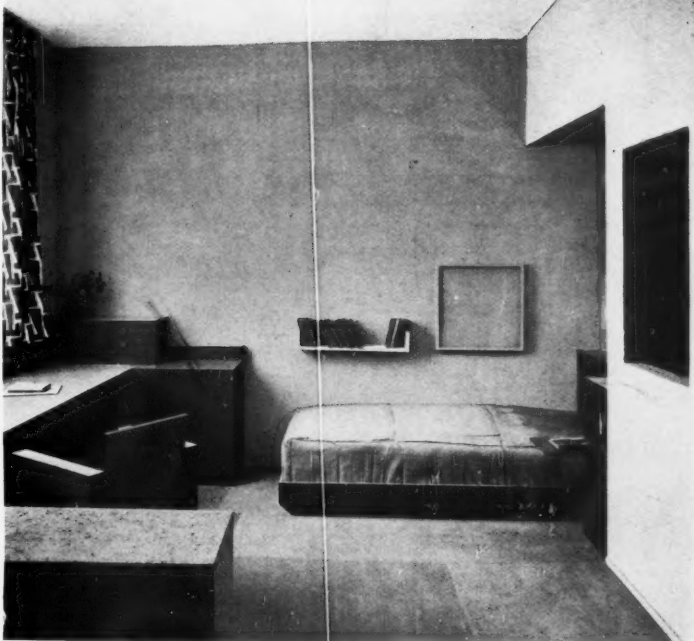
(1) British PLATE GLASS as a wall covering in the drawing-room of Gayfere House, Westminster, London. Single sheets of glass form the panels between the pilasters, and to these are applied squares of silver leaf treated by a special process which gives an iridescent variety of colour with a general tone of silvery greyish green.

Architect: Oliver Hill.

Craftsmen: The London Sand Blast Decorative Glass Works.



1



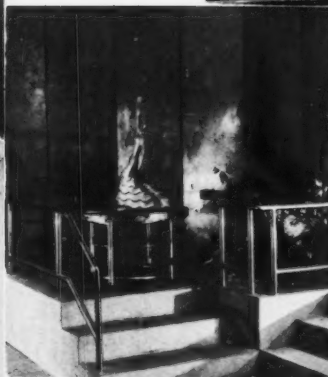
2

(2) The modern trend is towards simple walls, usually quite bare, and with an architectural rather than a decorative expression. The walls of this BEDROOM are distempered a soft primrose colour and the cupboards and woodwork generally enamelled dove grey; the carpet is a soft fawn and the chintz curtains are patterned in strong blue, white and orange.

Designer: Djo Bourgeois.



3



4



5

(5) The use of SILVER LEAF in the drawing-room at 20 Belgrave Square, London; the walls and ceiling are plastered and covered with silver leaf in 2-inch squares, over which is stippled biscuit-coloured paint. The flower piece was painted by Mrs. Thompson and let into the wall.

Architects: Gerald Wellesley and Trenwith Wills.

Craftsmen: (for the furniture) Keeble; (mirrors) P. W. Ide.



**PLYWOOD** used as panelling at Vintry House, London. A perfectly decent one-piece flush door of veneered laminated board, marred by the planting-on of unnecessary mouldings.

*Architects:* Louis de Soissons and Grey Wornum.

*Craftsmen:* C. Miskin & Sons.



**PLYWOOD** used logically on the walls of a study. An unusual treatment is the arrangement of veneered boards in alternate vertical and horizontal bands, uninterrupted by the door.

*Architect:* S. Chermayeff. *Craftsmen:* (for the walling) Chapman and Davies.

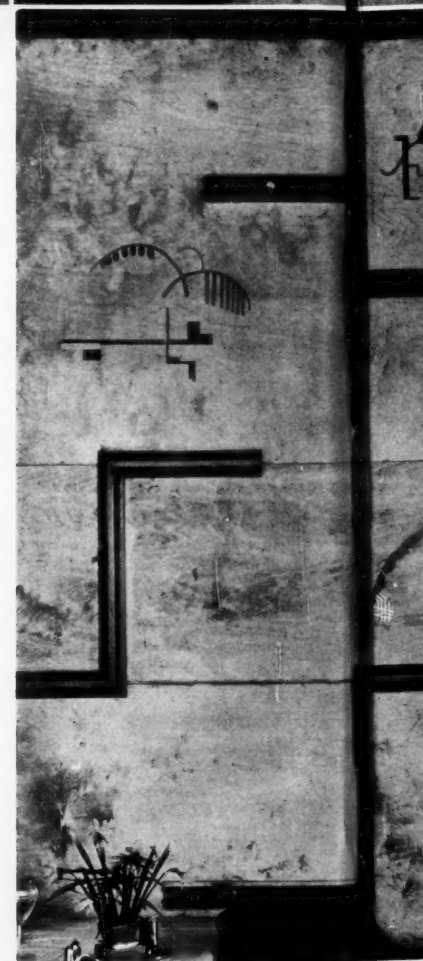
**ALUMINIUM FACED PLYWOOD** covering the walls of the Vitamin Café, London. The flooring, which is in plywood, and the wood architecture, shelves, and skirting are cellulosed.

*Architect:* A. D. Connell. *Craftsmen:* Williams.



**PLYWOOD AND PAINT.** A really effective use of plywood for walls from the direction of both economy and appearance, at a *Cresta* silks shop in Brighton. False walls and ceiling are faced with  $\frac{3}{4}$ " birch plywood prepared and painted three coats of semi-gloss cellulose of pale-flesh tint.

*Architect:* Wells Coates. *Craftsmen:* James Bodle.



**Frankly APPLIED ORNAMENT** well used by Louis de Soissons and Grey Wornum. The walls are painted in these the symbols are painted in artist's colour.

*Designer:* Miriam Wornum.

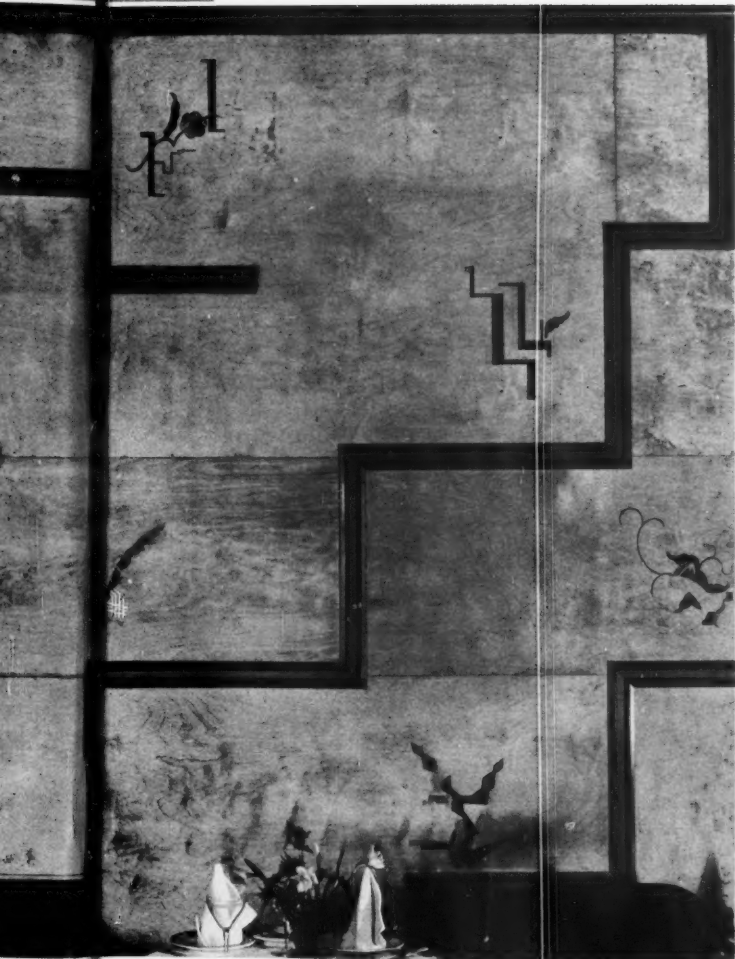


D. PLYWOOD covering the  
of London, being, which  
wood arches, shelves, and  
Craftsmen: Williamson.



SAPELE MAHOGANY VENEERED PLYWOOD, AND LAMINATED BOARD, with a solid mahogany recessed capping, form the curved partition seen in the lower right-hand side of this photograph of a *Cresta* silks shop at Bromley, Kent.

Architect: Wells Coates. Craftsmen: Welwyn Builders.



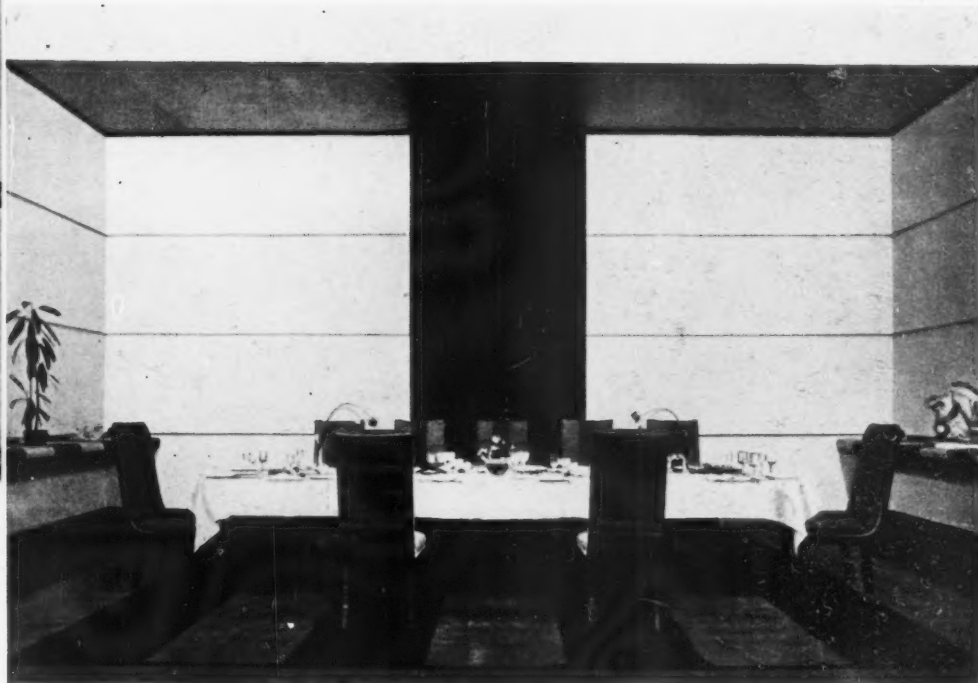
AMMENT used at the Bellometti Restaurant, London. Architects: Louis de  
n. The walls are covered by sheets of polished plywood in varying sizes and on  
ed in artist colours.

Miriam Venum. Craftsmen: (for the plywood) Venesta.



LAMINATED BOARD with a sycamore veneered face lining the "walls" of a first-class cabine-de-luxe on the s.s. *Campana*.

Craftsmen: R. G. C. Panels.



OPAQUE GLASS used with dignified simplicity as a wall covering in a dining-room. The walls are of streaky opal glass with a highly-polished surface. The sheets are in sizes easily handled and economical in manufacture. They are held in metal frames in the normal window-glazing manner. The floor and ceiling are in block opal glass.

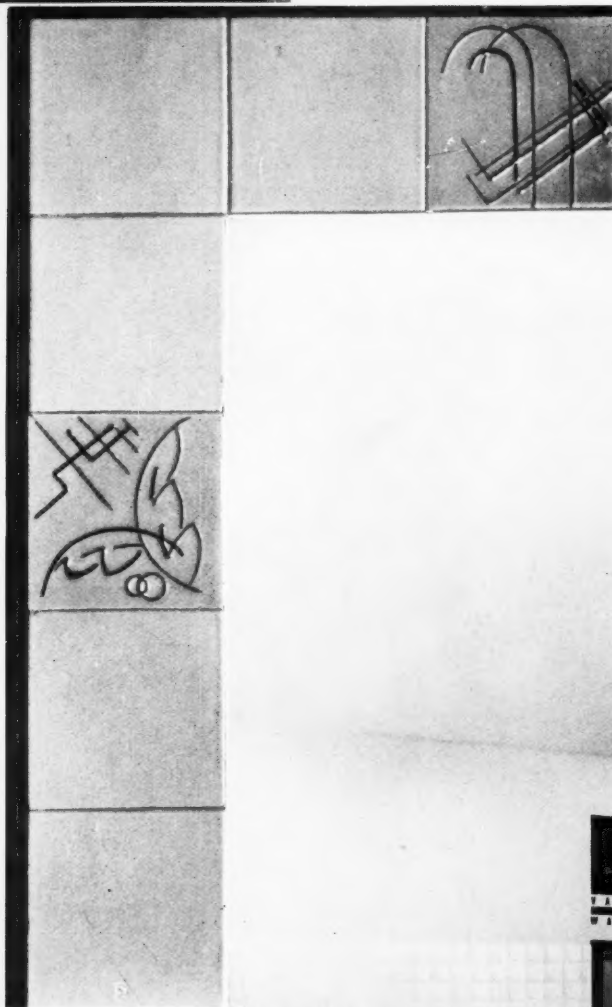
Architect: E. Fahrenkamps.





CASEMENT CLOTH hung from a plaster cornice to the floor forms a purely temporary wall covering in the designer's own office, where it serves to camouflage a more elaborate but unbearable wall treatment. The table tops are *Venesta* doors.

*Architect* : Wells Coates.



Decorative hand-glazed TILES used to punctuate a series of plain commercial tiles.

*Designer* : Reginald Till.

*Craftsmen* : Carter and Company.



White GLAZED TILES covering the walls to the height of the door head in the entrance hall to a bath house at Brünn, Czechoslovakia. Here, as in the detail above, the tiles are not "bonded" but the joints are carried through, candidly expressing an applied treatment; and the result through intelligent handling is extraordinarily pleasing; a lesson for those who think tiles are only suitable for urinals.

*Architect* : Bohuslav Fuchs

# The Architectural Review, February 1932.

of the face veneer and it is advisable that doors and large veneered panels be laid on laminated plywood with a gaboon core. Panels are sometimes doubly veneered to prevent the slightest movement of the groundwork affecting the surface veneer. Whereas in traditional work it was customary to use only one wood in the panelling of a room, it is now possible to blend several different growths whilst maintaining a smooth surface; but the opportunity is equally open to right and wrong uses, and calls for the exercise of restraint. The temptation too frequently pulls in the other direction.

Choice of veneers ranges from white maple to blackest ebony, and between these are scores of woods varying in price from 8s. 4d. per hundred feet for plain oak to 150s. for Amboyna.

If the surface be waxed and polished there is no interference with a gradual toning down of the wood, and the beauty of the grain is not impaired as was so often the case in the bad old days of french polishing.

## METAL-FACED PLYWOODS

Metal-faced plywoods have been used a great deal with a utilitarian end in view, but they combine essentially decorative qualities with fitness for specific purpose, and the lustre of the metal provides a remarkably fine background for every material and colour with which it harmonizes almost uncannily.

Aluminium-faced plywood is used admirably by A. D. Connell at the Vitamin Café (page 76), where it is fixed to studs and framing with cheese-headed screws.

Aluminium is subject to discoloration by oxidation, and difficulty may be experienced in keeping the surface clean where it is exposed to much handling. The polish may be restored, however, by cleaning at intervals with an ordinary non-gritty metal polish.

There is a special alloy of aluminium with manganese and magnesium, which has similar mechanical properties to those of



A SALUBRA WALLPAPER with a nursery design, reminiscent of a child's own drawings.  
Designer: Henri Weber.

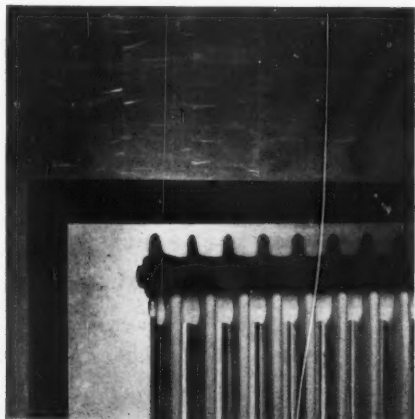
the ordinary aluminium alloys and, used internally, will keep its surface for several months.

Plywood faced with almost any sheet metal, bronze, monel metal, nickel steel and galvanized steel, is obtainable in various finishes. The metal face is either on one or both sides or turned into the edge if that is to be exposed. The metal face is sometimes little more than a foil and the sheets can be cut and worked as ordinary plywood and butt-jointed without a cover strip.

faulty or blemished plaster or to counteract its disintegration.

Intelligent use has been made of plain papers with a silver or dull gold face, cut into comparatively small squares, with a visible joint.

An English firm is now making a wide range of aluminium foil papers with a pattern either impressed on the plain sheet or reproduced in colours to which the bright aluminium ground gives a splendid brilliance.



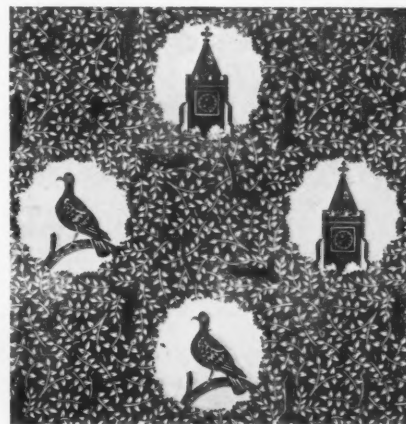
BRONZE-FACED PLYWOOD as a backing to this radiator is framed in black glass. The wall is of plaster, silverlaced.

## WALLPAPER

Wallpaper, that old exponent of disgusting designs, has declined in popularity and become a standing joke merely because the manufacturers lack the initiative to introduce patterns which, because they stray a little from the accepted flowery groove, may be a slight commercial risk.

Nearly all the interesting wallpapers come from abroad, although we have artists as capable of design as the foreigner; in fact, such designs exist, and a few are printed in a semi-private way.

Wallpaper is, in theory, quite ideal as a wall covering and quite cheap. But because of its standard of hideousness it is little used in decent work, except to hide



An ENGLISH WALLPAPER by Edward Bawden, made on a small scale in a semi-private way. The foliage is green on a cream ground, and the bird and clock design is in red, grey and black.



## MODERN WALL COVERINGS.

### CELLULOSE PAINT

Where the time factor is of importance the speed with which cellulose can be applied and its capacity for quick drying give it an advantage over most finishes. Unlike oil-paints which harden by slow oxidation, cellulose dries by evaporation of the solvent, a process so rapid that it would commence during a brush stroke and so necessitates the use of a spray in its application.

Cellulose tends on long exposure to become brittle, especially at sharp angles, and mouldings should be designed with regard for this peculiarity and rounded or softened at the edges. It is particularly hard when dry, and, unlike french polish, will resist discoloration by heat or alcohol. It is consequently used for the painting of furniture and top surfaces of counters or tables where ordinary paint-work would become damaged or discoloured.

### MURAL PAINTING

Mural decoration in colour or mosaics has persisted through the ages as a means of obtaining a definite expression, but can only enter the private house with a specific purpose. The more nearly the subject coincides with the ideas of one man the less will it be appreciated by his successor. Thus in a dwelling-house it is as well to use a cheap medium easy to handle, and without too much consideration for lasting qualities. A good distemper will suit the purpose admirably. It is cheap and does not need a specially prepared ground. The colours can be mixed together to give shades intermediate to the standard, but gradation of tone is



A MURAL PAINTING by Muriel H. Minter, measuring 12 ft. by 6 ft., carried out in true fresco in grey, blue and green with a sparing use of bright colours. The work is executed in "earth" colours whilst the lime and sand plaster is still soft.



Mural decoration in DISTEMPER at Barrow's Café, Birmingham. Designed and executed by Frank Freeman.



Highly coloured VITREOUS MOSAICS in the mural decoration designed by Boris Anrep at No. 15 Vale Avenue, Chelsea, London. The walls are in rough plaster in which the mosaic subjects are set. Such treatment allows an interweaving of the two materials on the walls; the ceiling is plain plaster and the floor entirely in mosaics.

almost impossible, which is all to the good, for with a life limit of seven to eight years it would be ridiculous to spend the time necessary to achieve the high degree of complexity possible in oil painting. At Highfield, Birmingham, distemper was used for mural painting over an area of a thousand feet, and the total cost of material, including scaffolding to reach a large wall twenty-three feet high, was ten pounds. A similar scheme is that at Barrow's Café, Birmingham, illustrated on this page.

### TILES

The problem of tiles is rarely tackled by those men who could use them sanely. Perhaps memories of past usage urge them to banish the thought for ever from their minds, but tiles, properly handled, are an admirable wall covering (see page 78) despite the fact that in the past they have been relegated to the urinal and those positions in which a hygienic finish is the first essential.

They may be obtained with or without glaze, and a more recent development which should find an important place as a wall covering is the glass tile to which many manufacturers are devoting a great deal of attention.

### LAP

Lap is a new synthetic material, French in origin but now manufactured in this country. It is a precast substance whose superficial characteristic resembles that of polished stone with a slightly translucent surface.

It is made in slabs for facing, or cast in moulds to reproduce high and low relief sculptures and patterns (see page 75).

Lap is based on a highly refined and costly cement which, mixed with pigments, will produce almost any colour or combination of colours. It may also be obtained in textures embodying powdered or leaf metals, which adhere to the cement surface and form an integral part of the material.

Lap has the peculiar property of taking upon itself a surface finish similar to that of the mould in which it is cast, so that from a plate-glass mould it is re-covered with a plate-glass face. It is cast in a thin layer with a backing of special concrete which may be reinforced in the case of large slabs, producing an absolutely permanent and colour-fast material.

★ ★ ★

The new materials exist and are so many and versatile that almost anything is possible, and the manufacturers on the practical side are concentrating on bringing them nearer and nearer to perfection. But we have not yet learnt to use them with restraint or treat them with respect. We have allowed them to master us, playing all sorts of silly tricks, using one to imitate another and producing no end of coarseness and unmeaning detail. We have been like children with a new toy, but it is high time that the novelty wore off and a little understanding took its place.



# ANTHOLOGY

## FAKES

**A**S with stocks and shares, buying tends to inflate prices, and in this respect it is surprising how small the antique world really is. Years ago I knew of two collectors only of Cousins' prints, and prices soared amazingly while they were buying, and dropped flat when they were filled up. With the general buyer there is no such danger, as the dealers never know where to catch him, but the collector of, say, Queen Anne walnut, once he becomes known to the trade, will find prices creep up alarmingly; hence the remarkable price-fluctuations which occur from time to time. There is the other type of collector, he (or she) who seeks for the impossible, the pieces which never did and never could have existed. This class asks not only for the massive price, but for the fake into the bargain. Many years ago there were two famous gamblers in the early railroad days in the States, who each piled up fortunes at their game, whether honestly or otherwise matters very little here. The point is that both must have been of the class which the American styles "hard-boiled," to have succeeded at cards. Both these gamblers came from the same home town, and they returned, in their later days, and retired, each devoting his leisure to making a collection of English furniture. There was the keenest rivalry between the two, and, in a very short time, they passed the bounds of the possible and began to look for the miraculous. Both got it! A tripod table, for example, had to be carved over every inch of its surface before it was regarded as worthy of their "collections," and if a well-known unique chair existed, they were in the market for a set of the same pattern, with a settee and a couple of arm-chairs thrown in. That dealers, or fakers, played up the one against the other was only infantile commercial instinct. I saw the selected remains of both collections in America only three years ago. Both had been "weeded out," remember, yet I found no single piece which had not been "improved."

A few words may also be said here about experts in general. I know one American collector who told me the rarest thing he had was his expert. It took more trouble to "collect" him than all the works of art he ever possessed. I have seen expert evidence given, over and over again, which was too inaccurate to be attributable to gross ignorance only. Beware of the expert who professes a knowledge in too many branches; as a rule he is ignorant of them all. It takes a lifetime to know enough of English furniture to become an expert, and I have not the slightest doubt that

with pictures, china, silver, jewellery, manuscripts and other works of art, it takes as long.

\* \* \*

Speaking of furniture (the subject of this book), and leaving out forgeries of china, enamels, tapestries, needlework and a hundred other examples of works of art, each factory has its own hall-mark, as it were, if one can only train one's eye to recognize it. A maker of bogus "Chippendale," for example, will employ the same carver, whose "hand-writing" should be recognizable after a while. With such things as frets, inlays and the like (which must be produced in quantities), the temptation to duplicate must be strong, as the faker is a commercial man who cannot afford to throw things away. The same is true of his patterns. To evolve an original creation implies drawings, templates, "jigs," and possibly models, and to pile the cost of those on to the one piece is not good business. The dealer, at least—he who reaps what rewards are going—will not stand for it. The fake may be exposed, in which case it will not fetch even second-hand price (very few will buy a fake with open eyes), and that is the risk he takes, and for which he expects a large reward when he does "plant" something. With a really good furniture fake the incompetent or ill-equipped expert has no chance whatsoever; he is beaten before he starts. But really good fakes are costly to make, and therefore rare. This is his salvation. Yet expertise is not, or should not be, a game of guessing. One should either know or not, and, if the latter, confess his ignorance. Yet that is not good business for the expert. That reminds me of another caution, to expert and collector alike: a really fierce price is no guarantee of authenticity, and, at the other end, only a dealer in stolen goods can afford to sell much under market value.

\* \* \*

What of the future of the antique trade? Allowing for circulation, antiques being bought and thrown again on the market, the time must come when the source will dry up. This day is not far distant. What then? Is it possible that fine forgeries, recognized as such, may become valuable in their turn? Remember it is only while the prices of antiques are high that it pays to make these fine fakes. To "antique" a good reproduction may double its cost. Here is a possibility of the future: the collecting of fine fakes. It opens up a vivid prospect! Fancy a piece of the future being catalogued or described as a "genuine fake; guaranteed"! Fancy the new school of experts which may arise to meet the new demand! One can visualize some of those white and blue circular plaques being affixed to houses and the ruins of factories. "Here lived (or died) —, the noted faker." W. S. Gilbert died many years too soon.

From *THE GENTLE ART OF FAKING FURNITURE*. By Herbert Cescinsky.

## MARGINALIA

"And if I laugh at any mortal thing;  
'Tis that I may not weep;"

BYRON, Don Juan.

## "JUNIUS" WISHES

to apologize to his readers for the absence of his *Free Commentary* this month. He has been prevented by illness from contributing.

## APPENDAGE TO THE FRENCH EXHIBITION

To those whose enthusiasm for French art leads them on to the excellent Exhibition of Twentieth Century French Painting at the Leicester Galleries, and the Lefèvre Galleries, a further Exhibition

at Batsford's Galleries, 15 North Audley Street, of "Three Centuries of French Taste" should be of importance. The Exhibition at Batsford's will fill this gap and continue until February 20.

## TWO FRENCH JOKES

Heard at Burlington House before a Watteau: "I could paint like that, if it weren't for the leaves."—Before a Seurat: "Good gracious! I never knew the French did mosaics."

## POETRY

### TASTE AND TARNISHING

BY JOHN GLOAG.

Verses suitable for recitation by a nephew who, having been left the gem of his rich uncle's collection of furniture, learns that it is not only a fake, but not even a clever fake; or, alternatively, by a furniture designer of original genius who is struggling (in an attic, of course), on the bottom rungs of the ladder, in the approved manner of genuine geniuses.

*Who warred with lies against design  
And told the world that nothing fine  
Was made since eighteen-twenty-nine?*

**The Dealer.**

*Who fostered in the heart of man  
Contempt for sanity and plan,  
And put on modern work a ban?*

**The Dealer.**

*Who delved in old romantic dust,  
Exalting tarnish, mould and rust,  
Implanting the collecting lust?*

**The Dealer.**

*Who thought simplicity was bleak,  
And carved the genuine antique  
Into a foolish, florid freak?*

**The Dealer.**

*Who, when supplies were running  
short,  
Dishonour to the craftsman taught,  
And faked what fool collectors bought?*

**The Dealer.**

*Who is the enemy confessed,  
Foe of designers, artists' pest,  
By foul means feathering his nest?*

**The Dealer.**

### The Suburb.

By Natalie Engleheart.

*When Newland Suburb tumbled down  
A few Town Councillors were crushed,  
But Councillors Noggan, Jones, and  
Brown*

*Who, being spared, in accents hushed  
Amid the debris and the dust  
The fell catastrophe discussed.*

*Councillor Noggan rose and spake:  
No doubt the under-soil was sand.  
Councillor Jones: It was a quake,  
Result: Upheaval of the land!  
Councillor Brown replied: Just so,  
It's similar to Jericho.*

*The facts were these: where Newland  
stood  
Old trees in lovely groves had wound,  
But builders cut them down for wood,  
And Newland, built on ancient ground  
In rows of villas brightly named  
Was stark, and naked, and ashamed.*

*It said: Egad! in other times  
So green was I, so fitly drest!  
And shall I bear that house "THE  
LIMES"?*

*Or wear "CLOVELLY" on my breast?  
And shall I stomach "CEDAR VIEW"  
Where Cedrus Deodara grew?*

*When Newland Suburb tumbled down  
A few Town Councillors were crushed,  
But Councillors Noggan, Jones, and  
Brown*

*Who, being spared, in accents hushed  
Expressed regret that Newland died—  
And none suspected suicide.*

## CORRESPONDENCE

### RELIGION AND THE CRAFTS

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—I read recently that a working woman, commenting upon modern affairs, "attributed the lack of interest in good workmanship to the lack of religion." I was particularly struck by that comment because I had been listening, a short while before, to a Cabinet Minister, the gist of whose remarks was that the encouragement of good handicraftsmanship was intimately related to the welfare of the "souls" of our people.

#### FAITH AND HANDICRAFT

Yet, one wonders on further reflection, why should these things strike one as remarkable at all? It is surely an undeniable, though a seldom acknowledged fact, that in these days of alleged indifference to organized religion, the connection between faith and handicraft is actually as strong as ever it was in ancient Greece or in medieval Europe.

Carlyle's statement still holds good: "A man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him. A man's or a nation of men's . . . if you tell me what that is, you tell me to a very great extent what the man is, what the kind of things he will do is." Correspondence in the lay Press from time to time turns on this very point. Not long ago Mr. Bernard Shaw on Russia, Mr. Maufe on architecture, for instance, used phrases inferring acknowledgment that "the kind of things" men do in politics, in art, in building today is a manifestation of what they believe, or at least what they mentally envisage behind or beyond those things. Political and national uncertainties, architectural "all-wrongness" or mediocrity, and the apparent "lack of interest in good workmanship," have been but the natural fruit, first of over-complacency in prosperity, and then of post-war mental confusion, impatience of dogma, the

desire for adventurous experiment, the tendency to "scrap" accepted ideas.

#### A MEANING OF RELIGION

Yet whatever uncertainty the present generation may experience regarding the faith of their fathers—and here again I quote Carlyle's definition: "By religion I do not mean here the church creed which he professes . . . not this wholly, in many cases not this at all . . . but the thing a man does practically believe, often without asserting it even to himself"—there is little doubt that they do possess a faith. It is perfectly clear, to give but one general and national example, that present-day Germany "believes in" open-air recreation. Whether or not an absorbing faith in physical culture facilities holds a germ of its own decay, or is a stepping-stone to some loftier creed, is irrelevant; but this is certainly one of the dominant articles of faith on which modern building work in Germany is based.

But most conspicuously there is evident among the younger men and women a faith in themselves without which experiment cannot be undertaken nor progress hoped for. It requires not only hard work, but faith, too, in order to produce experiments in the permanent arts with any hope—however fallacious—of such experiments being ultimately hailed as achievements. Failure is the mark of those who experiment without faith in anything, even their own nebulous notions.

#### MYSTERY

Nevertheless, something still more is required: the element of the illusive, the ideal, the spiritual. The leaven of "imagination" is still a factor in producing the most satisfactory and successful work. The etymological confusion between mystery, meaning a religious rite, and mystery, a trade or craft, is no unfortunate one. The practical is not the only issue.

Not long ago Mr. Aldous Huxley unmasked, in a magazine article, the terrifying implications of Mr. Ford's benevolent phrase, "the recurring mental load is shifted from men in production to men in designing." Therein lies the tragedy of the machine, because, says Mr. Huxley, "all labour-saving devices are also, to a greater or less extent, creation-saving devices." He sees the common man, always poor in this world's goods, "now condemned to psychological poverty as well." As the cure for too great mastery of mind over matter, of art over nature, he prescribes, "more art and more mind." In good craftsmanship art and mind, eye and imagination, hand and spirit, play their part and produce harmony and satisfaction.

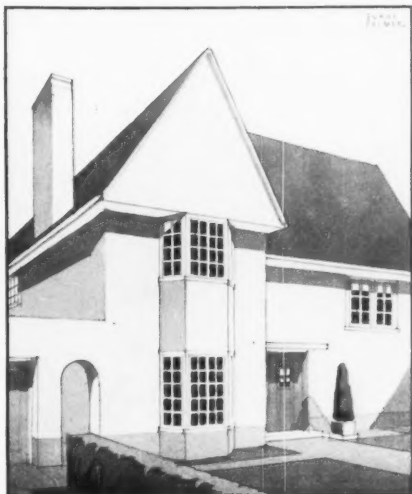
There are abundant signs that in this highly mechanized age there exists still, or perhaps has been born anew, a perception of some indefinable soul-satisfying quality in good work, whether actual handwork or careful intelligent craftsmanship aided by the machine. Those qualities indicative of the indissoluble link between "religion" and the crafts are being sought, often unconsciously, but nevertheless with hopeful persistence, by a people who, whatever the pessimists may say, are very far from having lost their soul. Words such as "vision" and "seer" are too much decked in ecclesiastical raiment for



the common man of today to welcome their company. But it remains true that clear-sighted vision is the first quality of a creator, and that no man who is not a seer can hope to lay a straight course of bricks, construct a steady dining-table, or design a bank.

I am, Sir,  
Yours faithfully,  
V. M. CHRISTY.

## A TRANSFORMATION



The House as it was.



The House as it is.

To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIR,—I saw on Wednesday last in my dentist's waiting-room a copy of your exceedingly interesting journal; and, turning over the pages and looking at some of the pictures I saw there, I was moved to tell you of some alterations and improvements which have recently been effected to my nephew's house.

My nephew, returned but recently from India, resolved at last to settle in a real English house; a house which would, as I suggested to him, breathe the spirit of this England of ours and which would be able to give him back something of that something from which during his long sojourn in India he had been so cruelly divorced.

### A MAN OF IDEAS

The architect, however, quite failed to enter into the spirit of the enterprise, and to sympathize with these perfectly natural yearnings. An untravelled man, he was quite unable to understand that longing for things English which all who help to bear the White Man's Burden in the Empire overseas (and, of course, their women folk) so deeply and passionately feel; and his design, which he assured my nephew would be in "the best and sanest English tradition"—as he expressed it—in no wise rose to our expectations. It was quite indisputably a plain and uninteresting design, as you will clearly see from the photograph which I enclose.

Nothing daunted, however, my nephew set resolutely to work to do that which had been skimped—that is the only word—and to set matters right.

### BEAUTY UNADORNED

Mr. Horace Slapp—our builder—who was at one time an officer's servant in my nephew's regiment when he was stationed in Dublin—willingly undertook to help us and entered with enthusiasm and conscientiousness into the project. The work was completed in well under two months, and after my nephew's malaria was better he moved cheerfully into what was nothing less than a transformed residence.

The second photograph which I enclose will

illustrate the nature and extent of our work. Thus the chimney, which had been left plain and uninteresting, I caused to be modelled upon the shape of one which I remember noticing on a building between Polegate and Glynde. The nasty white concrete on the walls was all scraped off by one of Mr. Slapp's men, revealing underneath brickwork of a beautifully variegated sort, all rough and uneven, just like the old farmhouses in the district, and all of delightful shades of pink and yellow. The front door, with its little tiled protective canopy, was one of Mr. Slapp's, which he fortunately had lying idle in his yard and which he was only too glad to sell to us and fix up. And by nailing strips of wood, darkened by one of Mr. Slapp's men, on to the walls, I feel confident that we have achieved the right English farmhouse effect, and although I am fully conscious that this has been done before, I claim in this case that it was myself who suggested this treatment to Mr. Slapp, to which he heartily agreed.

### MORE LIGHT

The greatest improvement perhaps lies in the alterations effected to the windows, which were originally divided into no less than 84 small panes, making no less than 336 corners to be cleaned inside and out. Thus 672 corners on the front of the house alone.

My nephew was more than charmed with the change, for not only is he fully aware of the greater domestic efficiency which is bound to accrue from having dispensed with such an obvious source of quite unnecessary labour, but will now be in possession of an entirely unobstructed view from all the windows of the house, while the rooms themselves will, of course, be very much

better illuminated in consequence of this removal of the strips which held the little panes together.

Other, and perhaps lesser, improvements will be easily discovered by anyone who studies carefully and compares the two photographs. I feel now, Sir, that I have already trespassed too much upon your space and attention, but I felt only too keenly that there would be many among your readers who would be only too glad to hear how a spirit of ingenuity, coupled with a certain courage, has been allowed to triumph over what at first sight appeared to us an insuperable difficulty.

There are some lines by Mr. Rudyard Kipling which beautifully express this spirit of trial, betterment and venture. Something about a "temple gong" and some "blossom" of some kind, but as I am quite unable to remember them well enough to be able to quote them, and have not my book of Kipling verse by me, perhaps you will be gracious enough to a woman who is no longer young to accept the word for the deed?

With every good wish for your success,

Yours truly,

WILHELMINA PALMER.

P.S.—Mr. Slapp also sold to my nephew the portable garage. One which he could actually pack up and take with him wherever he goes. To India even, were he returning there! It may be seen on the left-hand side of the picture.—W. P. Eastbourne, Sunday.

From a book of the title and date below by  
G. A. COOKE, ESQ.

## A WALK THROUGH LONDON OR, A PICTURE OF THE BRITISH METROPOLIS CONTAINING Architectural Descriptions. 1832

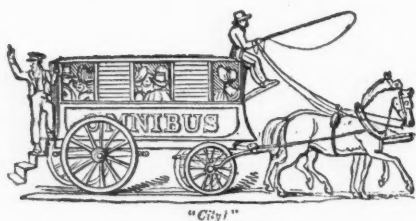
In allusion to the striking increase of buildings in all directions round the Metropolis, Colman, several years ago, wrote some clever, but sarcastic, lines:

"Stretching, round England's chief emporium, far,  
(No rage for building quench'd by raging war)  
What would the Villan, rang'd in dapper pride,  
Usurp the fields, and choke the highway side!  
Peace to each swain, who rural rapture owns,  
As soon as past a toll, or off the stones!  
Whose joy, if buildings solid bliss bestow,  
Cannot, for miles, an interruption know:  
Save when a gap of some half dozen feet  
Just breaks the continuity of street,  
Where the prig Architect, with style in view,  
Has dol'd his houses forth in two by two,  
And rear'd a row, upon the plan, no doubt,  
Of old men's jaws, with every third tooth out;  
Or where, still greater lengths of taste to go,  
He warps his tenements into a bow,  
Nails a scant canvas, propt on slight deal sticks,  
Nick-nam'd Veranda, to the first-floor bricks;  
Before the whole, in one snug segment drawn,  
Claps half a rood of turf he calls a lawn;  
Then chuckling at his lath-and-plaster bubble,  
Dubs it the Crescent—and the rents are double."

### OMNIBUSES

Omnibuses have recently been established, which convey passengers from one end of London to the other at a low rate, and in the most safe and convenient manner. Nearly 100 coaches and omnibuses run daily between the City and Paddington.





## A WARNING

If you find it requisite to enquire your way, or ask any other question, go into some shop for that purpose; you will find the owners civil and obliging enough to direct you either to persons or places, *few respectable tradesmen being without a Directory*. Never tell your business or residence to a stranger—honest persons will not ask you.

From these outlines of this great commercial City, it is easy to conceive that a stranger, ascending Hampstead or Highgate hills on a clear morning, and beholding it stretching along the bosom of a fine valley from Limehouse in the East to Chelsea in the West, the towers and spires here crowded together, and there scattered abroad, might with a patriotic enthusiasm exclaim: "Yonder is the Metropolis of the British Empire, the Abode of Science, the Emporium of Trade and Commerce, the Glory of England, and the Wonder of the World!"



## GAY IN GASLIGHT

Now each trader of responsibility seems to vie with his neighbour in procuring the largest possible squares of glass, and the most costly embellishments. Mirrors and gilding give to many of the shops of the Metropolis rather the air of the saloons for the resort of the nobility and gentry than places for the sale of articles at a comparatively cheap rate: in confirmation of this, we only need look at Ludgate Hill, where are perhaps the most elegantly finished shops in the world.

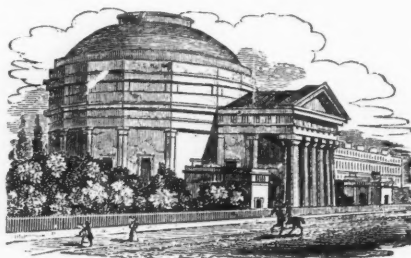
Southey, our Poet Laureate, in his *Letters of Espriella*, writes: "If I were to pass the remainder of my life in London I think the shops would always continue to amuse me. Something extraordinary or beautiful is for ever to be seen in them. In one window you see the most exquisite lamps of alabaster to shed a pearly light in the bedchamber; or formed of cut-glass to glitter like diamonds in the drawing-room; in another a convex mirror reflects the whole picture of the street with all its moving swarms, or you start from your own face magnified to the proportion of a giant's. Here, a painted piece of beef swings in a roaster to exhibit the machine which turns it. At one door stands a little Scotchman taking snuff, and in a window a little gentleman with his coat puckered up in folds, and the folds filled with

water to show that it is proof against wet. Here you have cages full of birds of every kind, and on the upper story live peacocks are spreading their fans; another window displays the rarest birds and beasts stuffed, and in glass cases; in another you have every sort of artificial fly for the angler; and another is full of busts, painted to the life, with glass eyes, and dressed in full fashion, to exhibit the wigs which are made within, in the very newest and most approved taste. And thus is there a perpetual exhibition of whatever is curious in nature or art, exquisite in workmanship, or singular in costume, and the display is perpetually varying, as the ingenuity of trade and the absurdity of fashion are ever producing something new."



## ST. BRIDE'S

*St. Bridget, or St. Bride's, Church* was so called on account of being dedicated to that female Irish Saint. In November 1824 a fire destroyed several houses in front of this beautiful specimen of the genius of Wren, when the ground was purchased by the City, and an opening is now made, that displays this beautiful spire, which before could only be seen from Blackfriars Bridge, and there only imperfectly. Thus, after being buried for 140 years, it is now thrown open, and forms a proud ornament to the metropolis.



## THE COLOSSEUM

The *Colosseum* in Regent's Park. This splendid edifice, either as a building, or considering the panoramic view it contains, is a work of much novelty, magnitude and singularity. The original project is said to have extended no farther than giving a panoramic view of London and the surrounding country, taken from the top of the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral. The building was erected from the designs of Mr. Decimus Burton, and is one of the most magnificent in London. It presents a

Greek Doric portico of the largest dimensions, and of the best proportions in Europe, and a dome 126 ft. in diameter, 75 ft. of which is entirely of glass. The science with which this dome is constructed is well worthy of admiration, and proves an excellent specimen of architectural mechanism; while its outline forms a striking object in the splendid picture of the Regent's Park, and is visible at considerable distances. The building itself is polygonal on the outside, having sixteen faces, 25 ft. each in circumference. The cement on the outside has been judiciously tinted, to imitate the effect of time, in various mixed tones of grey, yellow, and brown, producing a good picturesque effect. The entrance hall and adjoining vestibule leading to the exhibition are in the same chaste style. The walls are painted imitation marble, with sienna pilasters. Pieces of transparent canvas, painted in imitation of sky, are strained underneath the lantern lights, so as to produce an excellent effect. The pleasing and beautiful *Swiss cottage* produces an admirable effect, and from a recessed window in it the visitor sees the rock scenery and waterfalls of singular contrivance. The *Panorama* of London, where the spectator is supposed to stand on the summit of St. Paul's, give a sublime and magnificent view of the metropolis, as well as a minutely accurate picture of every particular house that can be discerned from that edifice.

## A CASKET OF ART

A new grotto has been added to the *Colosseum*, which already appeared, to use an Irishism, to "contain more than it could 'old.'" The grotto is placed on a rock, on the right-hand side of a beautiful shell fountain, in the conservatory. This little bijou, though, in reality, it only occupies a few square yards, is made to seem to expand in various directions to an almost interminable distance. On the right is a prospect of the sea, which appears as if the end of a long line of rocks terminated in the ocean, which is swelling and falling with dark green waves and troughs, as though answering to the driving of the winds. A little farther on a waterfall trickles down into a brook beneath; beyond that again a dripping well adds its tiny stream, and the whole is illuminated through fissures in the crags above, so contrived that the eye is unable to trace the opening through which the light first enters. The varied colours of the rays that stream down into the grotto, give a pleasing softness to the light; and the introduction, in different places, of tinted spars and fossils, seems to justify the various hues that meet the eye.

## THE FIRST LIFT

In the circular tube that goes up the centre of the building is an ascending room by which persons who wish it may enter at the bottom, and in a few seconds find themselves at the top. There are also some beautiful conservatories, full of the rarest exotics, which, being kept warm by hot water, are an agreeable promenade in cold weather.

