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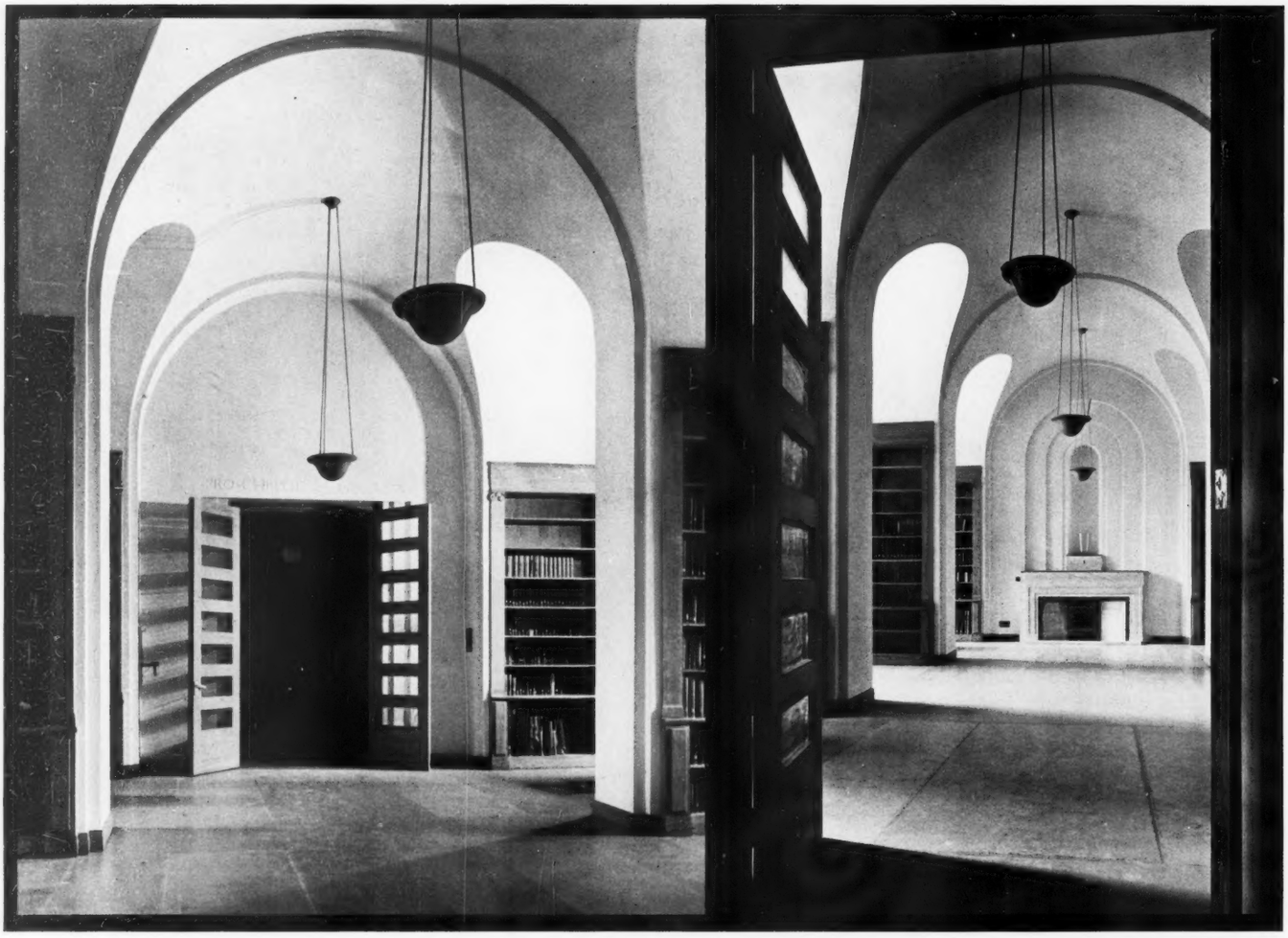

A LIBRARY AT RICHMOND BY EDWARD MAUFE

These two views of the new library at the Wesleyan Theological College, Richmond, Surrey, are of (*left*) the glazed double doors to the existing corridor and (*right*) a view looking through the glazed double doors. In the distance can be seen the electric fire in a surround of Swedish green marble and rustless steel. The walls of the library are finished with rough plaster and the ceiling is pre-cast fibrous plaster. The fittings are of English oak with adjustable shelves. The main electric lighting is from lights at the tops of the bookcases in arched openings between the "bays" (*see* plan, 5). Other illustrations of the library are reproduced on pages 84 and 85.

Art and the Schoolmaster

By J. E. Barton

THE neglect of art in schools is a central topic in any talk about education among the general run of reasonably modern and intelligent English people. Let me say at once, therefore, it is also a matter to which the majority of present-day headmasters are by no means indifferent. Themselves a product of educational systems in which art was either ignored or completely misunderstood, they realize their own misfortune and see the importance of giving better opportunities to the rising generation. This will sound incredible to anybody who judges headmasters by the invulnerable air they assume on platforms at annual prize-givings; but secretly, and in their professional conclaves, they are full of heart-searchings, and their views are being extended very far beyond the old horizon of academic successes and Arnoldian character-building. Even a headmaster can hardly fail to notice that among schoolboys, and among the better sort of young schoolmasters, there is now a real intellectual quickening, born from the constructive renaissance of art and thought which is going on in the modern world at large. His problem, the difficulty of which can scarcely be measured by those who view it from outside, is how to encourage this new and vitalizing spirit within an overloaded curriculum that literally groans under the tyranny of public examinations and university specialism.

The organization and the ideals of our leading schools were shaped by Victorians : men of energy and of bracing virtues, but men whose æsthetic outlook had the shortcomings and the confusion that were characteristic of their period. The Victorian age, in respect of all the visual arts, was the unavoidable chaotic interval in history between the death of the old civilization that had been built up on universal popular handicrafts, and the birth of the new civilization which is now resuscitating the creative principle under modern conditions of mechanical production and applied science. The nineteenth-century schoolmaster recognized literature, paid some little attention to music, and perfunctorily admitted the value of drawing, either as a useful hand-and-eye training for young boys, or as a suitable accomplishment for young ladies. More than this could not fairly have been expected from him, seeing that he lived in a society which had come to regard the practice of art as an isolated talent, and the enjoyment of art as an exotic taste. Boys who were born with an executive turn for the arts and crafts were supposed to find their own way to some course of professional and technical instruction. As regarded the others—those who might enjoy art, but were not destined to make a livelihood out of it—a modicum of encouragement was thought to be adequate for pursuits which at best could be nothing more than an enlightened hobby. Many schoolmasters took the line that anything in the way of a youthful passion for the arts was unhealthy or even dangerous. They viewed with alarm the doctrine of art for art's sake which was in vogue among the æsthetes of the 'nineties, who in their reaction from Victorian standards had openly proclaimed that the artist was independent of moral considerations. It did not occur to schoolmasters, nor to anybody else, thirty years ago, that a shallow æstheticism was only the counterpart of a narrow morality; that pedagogues and artists alike were suffering from a lack of wholeness in their attitude to life. Nobody in those days had grasped what, for readers of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, should be a truism : that civilized living, public or private, is a unity, of which art is an indispensable and all-pervading element. The old civilizations had taken this for granted. They did not discuss art in abstract terms, but instinctively and by tradition they felt its existence as a dynamic spirit which more or less inhabited all rational activities and pleasures of man, and the whole range of his organized works, from pokers up to cathedrals.

Before the industrial revolution, some fairly consistent understanding of the visual arts was included in gentlemanly culture as a matter of course, just as every joiner's apprentice in every village had his share in a common heritage of constructive ideas derived from the mistress art of architecture. But this æsthetic culture of a ruling class was never directly embodied in school or college education. It was diffused and developed—like the ancient culture of the Greeks—through social life and intercourse. Systematic higher education as we know it to-day, attempting to cater for all intellectual needs, is less than a century old. In other words, it was conceived at just the wrong moment : in a world of distinctively middle-class aspirations, a world that discounted those impalpable values of which the aristocrat, the artist, and the good artisan are by nature the best judges. The public school system and the Albert Memorial are contemporaries. Both reflect a mentality for which art has ceased to be a form of living, and has become at its

highest a form of learning, at its lowest a sentimental pastime. In all ages the schoolmaster has been tempted to substitute scholarship for life, and scholarship in art has always been the parent of ornate futility, except when it has been forcibly directed into noble or useful channels by the pressure of living emotions or active needs.

On the whole it seems providential that nineteenth-century schools did not take up "art" seriously. Far better leave it alone than study it from a fundamentally wrong point of view. If young Victorians had been instructed in the history and appreciation of art as a regular "subject," we can guess the results by observing the usual product of the academies and art schools which existed and multiplied in that period with "art" as their sole objective. When the arts are reduced to luxury or to antiquarianism, with no big prevailing social purposes to stimulate their practitioners towards ever fresh and changing forms, they come to be regarded by the general public as an escape from reality. And so they are. Nothing could be worse for children than to bring them up in a type of culture that perpetuates an atmosphere of dead veneration, devitalizing the art of the past while it ignores what is new and real in the art of the present.

To-day, however, the schoolmaster has no excuse for neglecting art. Art, in a living sense, is forced upon him. It is no longer a mystery reserved for a few exceptional people. Anybody who is at all observant, even if he never goes inside a gallery or a museum, can see that almost every aspect of the man-made world is being transformed around him. He can also see that while some of the transformations are the offspring of stupidity actuated by greed, others are not less obviously works of high intelligence animated by public spirit. Most of the boys we teach, though often impervious to the verbal niceties of literary art, can feel at a glance what Rupert Brooke called "the keen unpassioned beauty of a great machine." By temperament the boy of our day is a realist and a functionalist; but his vision of contemporary mechanism is enthusiastic as well as exact. Very often he appreciates construction. It is not enough for him to know or to reason out how a thing works. He sees the thing in its totality, in its adaptation of form to purpose, with the zest that belongs to art. This susceptibility, born in the boy and biologically current in the air of his generation, is our starting-point and our natural means of contact with his mind, in introducing him to the realm of ordered æsthetics. One good modern critic has hit on the suggestive idea of treating art history backwards, so as to base our understanding of the past on our experience of the present. To some extent this principle must always be utilized by any teacher who tries to lead young people towards a first-hand perception, as distinct from an academic knowledge, of the historic arts. The vice of textbook study, when it is applied to art, is to breed a habit of seeing old masters from the outside, as something rounded and final. Old masters are only final for the person whose valuation of them is scholarly and inadequate: the person who accepts their outward form as a standard, but does not enter into their vitality by re-making them for himself. Art in the making is the only art that matters. Neither literature nor the visual arts can profitably be dealt with in school, unless we grasp the main notion that they are to be enjoyed by a creative impulse, similar to that which produced them.

No amount of schooling will change the fibre of a boy's mind; but a good education should unify his outlook by giving coherence to whatever faculties he may possess. An intelligent boy begins by living in his own day, and no intelligent teacher will disregard the very important fact that the bias of our period is towards architecture, with its attendant plastic and pictorial arts, rather than towards literature. Literary studies, when they take no account of the arts that speak directly through the eye, have never been altogether good, even for literature itself. Experienced teachers who have had to prepare boys for literary examinations are often heard to admit that there is an air of unreality, of parrot precocity, in the sort of criticism which these young minds, wholesomely objective and free from introspection, are supposed to assimilate and reproduce. If a boy has already caught a glimpse, from the more concrete arts, of what is meant by design, by a sense of proportion, by a right use of material, by the relation of structure to ornament, by functional perfection as the first requisite of man-made beauty, he comes to poetry or drama or any other classic branch of literature with a basis of judgment half formed.

Our boys are growing up in a world where the architect and the engineer, the mechanic and the physicist and the chemist, are co-operating in the most important general outburst of original constructive design, sprung from new needs and a corresponding new vision, that has happened since the release of Gothic art at the end of the twelfth century. Even if a boy lives far away from a metropolis, the films and the popular illustrated magazines enable him to see that architecture and engineering, art and science, are now moving swiftly hand in hand towards a more formidable, but to modern minds a more logical and satisfying, conception of the beautiful. He might not know exactly what you meant if you told him that æsthetic ideas are everywhere gradually penetrating our commercial blocks, hangars, bridges, and ocean liners; that we live in the dawn of a new society which aspires to plan its cities, to think in masses, and to endow with life huge forms of necessary mechanism. But he feels it, nevertheless. He responds intuitively to the exciting consciousness of an age that has begun to reconcile art with utility, and to prophesy the marriage of machinery and personality.

The drawing and elementary craft-work that are practised in our schools from the infant stage upwards—and which nowadays are directed with a growing enlightenment both in method and in spirit—have two main objects. They help to give a certain orderliness to the child's instinctive perceptions of form and colour, and they also help him to guess what sort of obstacles have to be overcome by the real artist. But all this, for the mass of pupils whose contact with art is to be appreciative rather than executive, is only preparatory. The important thing, the thing we have so long and so patently neglected, is to set young people on the path of viewing great works and phases of art in a synoptic way. We want them to know something of the common principles that lie behind all good creative work, to see how art springs from and reacts on all true civilization, and above all, to discover the nutritive value of art in their own lives.

In this sort of education architecture, both by its affinity to engineering and because it is pre-eminently the art which embodies broad social and religious ideals, offers the right beginning with the modern boy. Architectural evolution, treated quite simply and from a strictly constructive stand-

point, with lavish lantern illustration and constant reference to contemporary examples and aims, is a theme that even middle-form boys of the least bookish type can readily follow, and follow with interest. Nobody expects boys, at this incipient stage of their æsthetic progress, to show any conscious sense of what it is now the fashion to describe as formal qualities. But some general ideas of design, arising out of practical considerations and common sense, are soon apprehended; and by learning how good sculpture emerges from architecture, and is still part of it, the more receptive boy is weaned away from the crudely photographic and sentimental conceptions that kill direct vision in art. I can vouch for the fact that boys who have been shown on the screen many typical examples not only of good Greek and Gothic and Renaissance sculpture, but also of Egyptian and Chinese and Romanesque work, find nothing whatever to disconcert them in modern works which to many of their cultivated elders seem either puzzling or revolting.

Pictorial art is a more complex business. Hang up in a class-room half a dozen large colour reproductions after Renoir and Cézanne, and their brightness alone will make them popular even with quite young boys. But it is only at the sixth-form stage, when a foundation has been laid in connection with the architectural and plastic arts, and with the pictures of the old masters, that we can hope to convey an inkling of modern pictorial aims. It is true that any adolescent who is sensitive to form and colour will often react spontaneously to a modern picture. This was proved at the Burlington House exhibition of French art. There is no obstacle in emphasis of colour or distortions of form which genuinely belong to our own time. The youth himself is of our own time also. But to see how good modern painting hangs together, and to feel its essential kinship with the architectural spirit that is being re-discovered everywhere in the more practical arts and trades, can only come gradually. The approach to painting depends so much on frequent opportunity of seeing first-rate original works that provincial young people are seriously handicapped. Hence the importance of what is now going on in many of our provincial art galleries : a happy resurrection to life, assisted in some cities by admirable enterprise in the direction of public libraries.

In these days of organization, every subject that is recognized as part of an official school timetable is prone to lose its freshness by conforming to a syllabus framed on academic lines. Art, in the sense we are now discussing, is not a subject. It is a standpoint. In France, I believe, a course of historical art appreciation is now prescribed in the curriculum of higher state schools. Those of us who have lived through a generation of what is known as educational progress are only too well aware that this kind of thing is usually fraught with disappointment. To academicize the study of art in schools, with the usual corollary of suitable textbooks, examinations, recipes for teaching, and special degree courses for the teachers, would probably bring, in the long run, a little grain with a great deal of chaff. Art, and the love of art, can only live by natural growth and change. The perceptions on which art depends, both for creation and for enjoyment, are far too flexible to be organized within the four corners of a system. Schools and universities being what they are, it is pretty certain that any such organization would always succeed in stopping short at the very point where youth itself begins to live. What we want is something not institutional, but personal. Art, like literature, requires contagion as well as instruction. We need in our schools a liberal sprinkling of teachers on every side, mathematical and scientific and historical as well as literary, who have realized by experience the exhilarating power of fine things. Masters who are keen in this way soon influence others. The master who sometimes makes use of his holidays to get about and see what is happening in the more advanced cities of Europe can bring back to school the gusto of his own discoveries. Few schoolboys are so stupid as not to detect immediately the difference between what is purely professional in teaching, and those other things which a teacher cannot help imparting because they belong to his inner self. We must rid ourselves once for all of the notion that "literary and artistic" interests are in some way opposed to what is practical and scientific.

No doubt some people will say that if headmasters rope off a small portion of their timetable and allow subjects like architecture and sculpture and painting to be dealt with by amateurs whose enthusiasm may exceed their knowledge, the result will be superficiality and a crop of error. To this objection there is one simple reply. Art is not like arithmetic, in which one or two mistakes may be fatal. A few rash admirations in art hurt nobody in the long run. What matters there is vitality. As a rule, you will find that people who pursue anything with passion attain a reasonable degree of accuracy. I have never known a passionate boy stamp-collector, or a passionate boy amateur of motor-cycles, who was not fairly sound on the facts of his hobby. Knowledge—or as much of it as is necessary—follows love. Begin with archæology, and you may miss art altogether. If art itself enthralls both your reason and your imagination, you will soon become as much of an archæologist as you need to be.

The schoolmaster who takes up this sort of work should anchor himself to a few simple root ideas. The main idea to keep alive is the idea that in all art the plan and the function, the shape and the meaning, are not two things, but one. Discussions about the sublime, or on beauty in the abstract, mean little to a boy's mind and do positive harm unless they are supported by a scaffolding of plain constructive principles. And whatever may be done for art in this direct way will depend largely for its value on the atmosphere that pervades the school. Every teacher, whatever subject he teaches, can contribute something if only his own eyes and mind are receptive. The public school does not exist for technical instruction or the production of artists. But emphatically it should play its part in creating a more enlightened public opinion. Public opinion is what determines, ultimately, the evolution of our cities and factories, shops and homes. It is useful every now and then to pillory the eyesores that disfigure the countryside and our once comely old towns. But if we want people to see what is bad and hate it, we must first induce them to see what is good and love it. This is an affair of visual education, and a slow affair at best. If the schoolmaster neglects his modest share in this great work he is missing a great chance. As a class, schoolmasters were never more conscientious than they are to-day, never more alive to their responsibility for the characters and minds of their pupils. When they realize that neither character nor mind can have full fruition except in a civilization made visible to all by art, their work for the community will be even more valuable than it is at present.

THE WESLEYAN THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE

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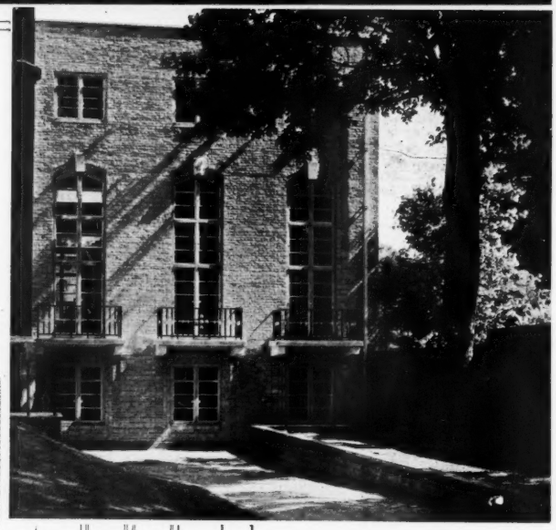

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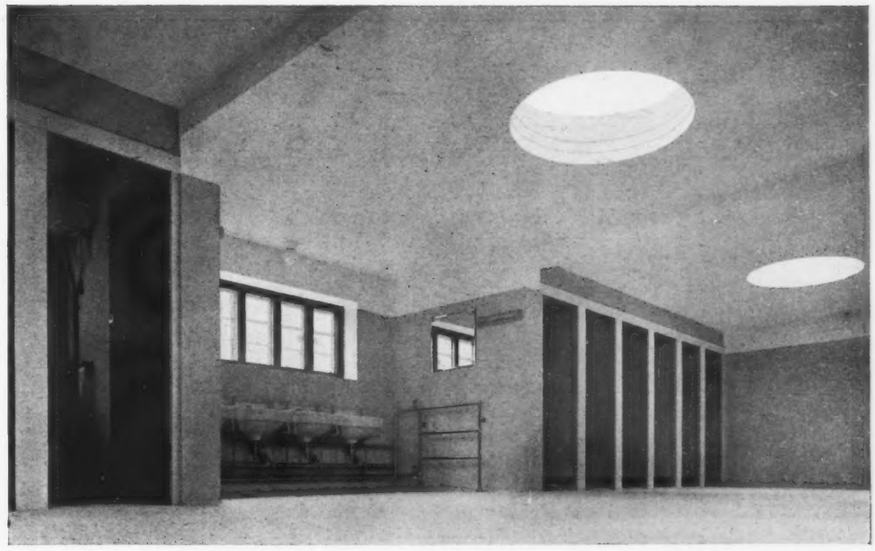
LIBRARY, RICHMOND, BY EDWARD MAUFE

(1) The south-east front facing a paved court and lawn. The walls are built of bricks which are rough in texture and a pink buff in colour. The coping and balconies are of reconstructed stone with a Portland finish, and the windows are metal casements in oak frames. The centre keystone on the first floor was *carved by* Alan Durst. The balcony railings are wrought iron with forged and gilded enrichments. The forecourt is paved with stone, in large squares, taken up from an old corridor and re-used. The wall of the existing college can be seen on the right side of the photograph. (2) The architect's working drawing of the south-east front. The dotted lines show the outlines of the reading " bays " with their barrel-vaulted ceilings. (3) The north-west front looking on to the entrance drive and avenue; the existing college buildings can be seen on the left. (4) One side of the students'



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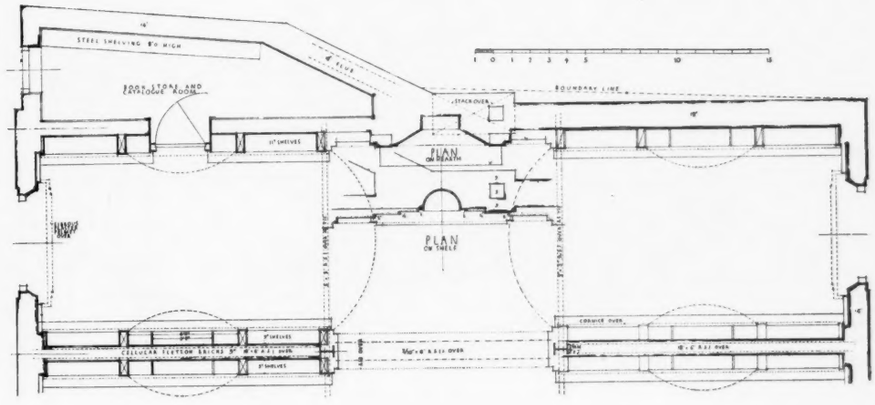

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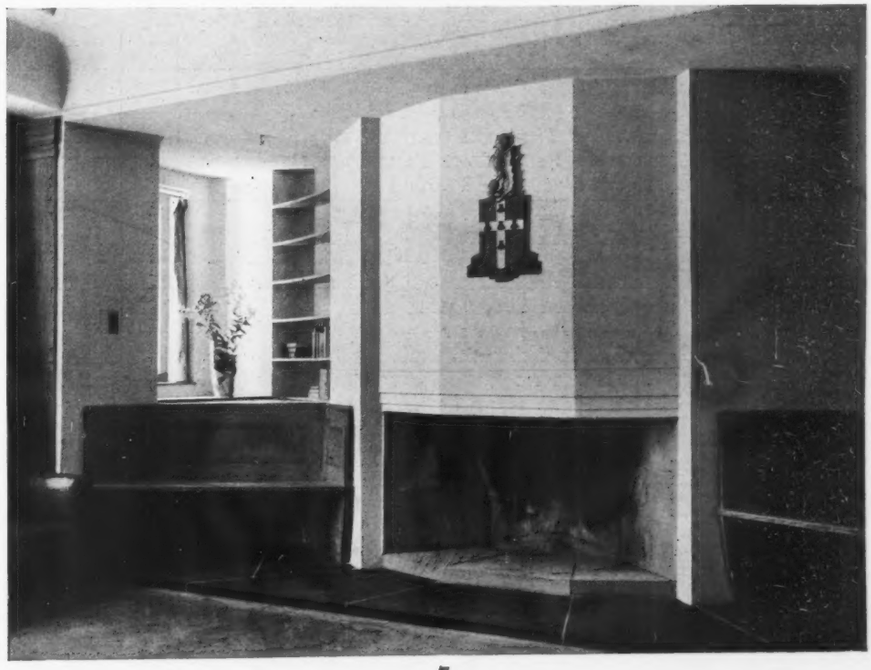
toilet-room, over the library, showing a row of basins, flanked on each side by lavatories; the walls, floor, and w.c. divisions are of a special terrazzo; the ceilings are of painted plaster with glass dome lay-lights formed in the flat roof. (5) Part of the plan of the library showing the fireplace and two of the six reading " bays." Advantage has been taken of the irregular shape of the site to provide a book store and catalogue-room extending to the full height of the library. (6) Entrance to the students' toilet-room from the existing landing and foot of the double staircase leading to the bedrooms and studies on the floor above. (7) The common room fire-place, with carved and coloured college arms *by* Eric Aumonier. The fire recess is built of slabs of firebrick 3 in. thick as a lining and backing to the brickwork of the opening, and the wall over is carried on a pre-cast reinforced concrete lintol, finished to match the walls, which are of rough plaster. The floor is paved with oak blocks. The seats are of oak, limed and waxed.



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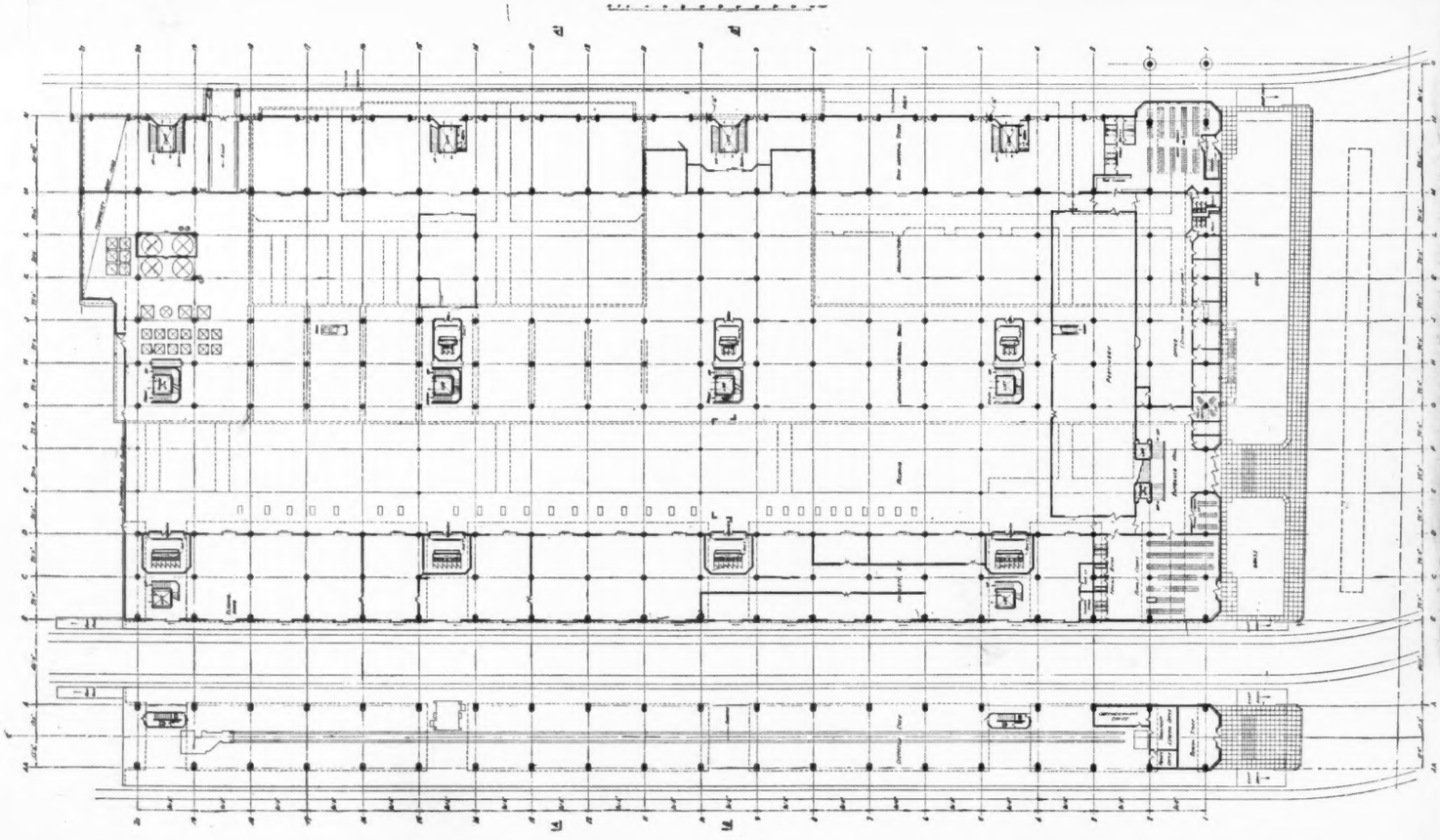
BOOTS' FACTORY AT BEESTON, B



N, BY SIR OWEN WILLIAMS

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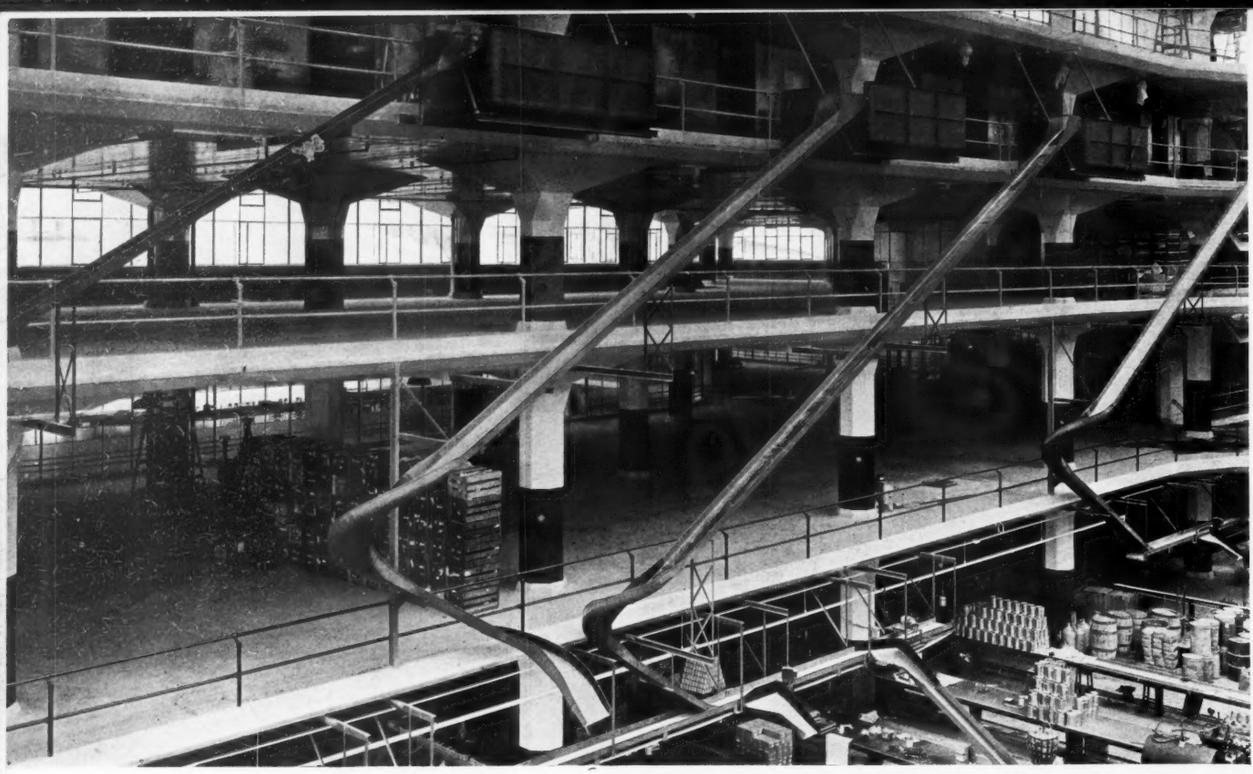
About one-third of Messrs. Boots' factory at Beeston, Nottinghamshire, has been erected; when finished it will be the largest reinforced concrete building in the country. The section now completed, and illustrated here, has an area of some fourteen million cubic feet. The two principal materials used in its construction are glass for the walls and roofs, and reinforced concrete for floors and staircases. The panes of glass in the walls are of uniform widths but varying heights. A basic unit measurement of 7 ft. 8 ins. was adopted, and the whole building, including the floors, staircases, and doors have been designed as factors of this dimension. The glass panes are fixed in frames of steel and secured with strips of aluminium. On each floor the wall is divided horizontally into three parts, of which the upper and lower are fitted with roughcast glass; the centre part is glazed with polished plate.

The principal feature of the exterior is the cantilevered roof over the unloading dock (3) and (5), which runs the whole length of the south front, a distance of 550 feet, and projects 30 feet without supporting columns or stanchions. The travelling cranes beneath the roof can pick up a load from a railway truck or lorry and drop it at any point of the dock at the ground- or first-floor levels. Illustration (1) is of the entrance (or west) front. This view shows one-half of the width of the complete scheme, which is to be 750 feet on the east and west fronts, and 1,000 feet on the north and south fronts. At the unloading dock, shown at the top of the ground-floor plan (2), all raw materials are delivered and are dispatched from the manufacturing department through the bulk store packing hall, and finished stocks to the dispatch department and dock on the east front. A view looking down into the dispatch dock and roadway is seen in (4). The overhanging roof to the dock is designed to prevent goods being damaged by rain.



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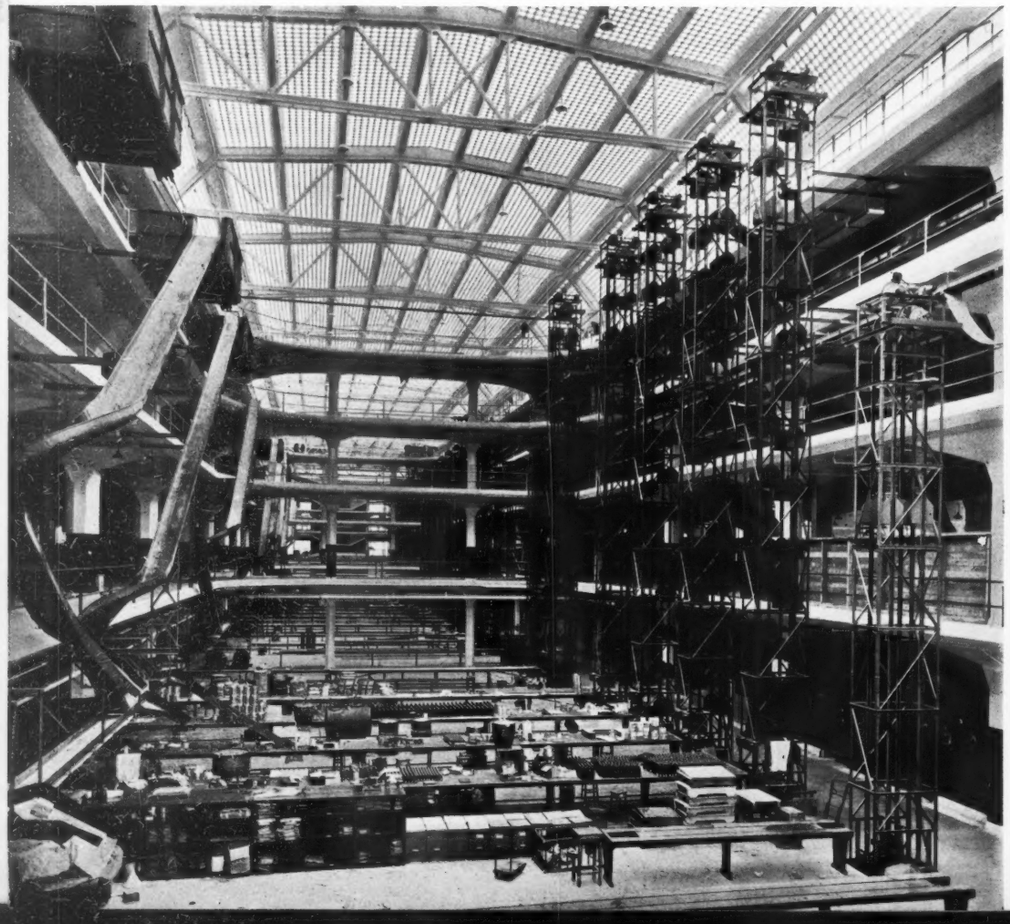
The big packing hall (6) is 580 ft. long, two-thirds the length it will be in the completed building. The width between the main columns is 69 ft., each floor overhanging the hall by 7 ft. 8 ins. The steel roof trusses have a span of 69 ft. and are spaced 30 ft. 8 ins. centre to centre. They support a glass concrete roof, consisting of slabs, $1\frac{3}{4}$ ins. thick, carried on concrete purlins, spaced 7 ft. 8 ins. centre to centre. This latter measurement coincides with the panel points of the truss at unit centres. The main floor is of jarrah strip, and those on the upper floors are asphalt.

In (7), a view across the hall, the large amount of space provided on each floor can be appreciated. The total floor area at present is 740,000 square feet. The factory has been built in small sections with free joints so that the expansion and contraction of the building materials will occur naturally and not result in the development of cracks.



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The big packing hall is a link both longitudinally and vertically between all the floors, making this one large building instead of an assemblage of small buildings. It allows considerable freedom in the internal transport as packing materials can be shot down on inclined chutes from upper floors, and the packed goods can be lifted on the other side of the hall to all floors at any point by the continuously operating elevators shown in (7).

Sir Owen Williams was associated with the owners' Works Planning Committee in the design of the factory.

The Passing of the Village

By John Betjeman

LAST Saturday I was driving in a dogcart through a remote part of Hampshire: not in the New Forest, where sanatoria by Sir Aston Webb, and half-timbered bungalows peep about among the pines, but in the northern part of the county near Alton in an unvisited tract of land between two main roads from the Metropolis, the one to Winchester and the other to the West of England. Nor was the country defaced by fir trees and larches, which, because they grow fast and can quickest afford shelter to a generation which must do everything in a hurry, are planted on downs and in districts which have formerly rolled with beeches, regardless of future generations and regardless of the appearance and general character of the surroundings. And this part of Hampshire undulated gently with hills which grew broader and barer as they neared the Plain. On the slopes were beech plantations, and in the valleys unfenced roads ran like streams between fields of oats and barley. And on the 1-in. Ordnance Map I found the remotest village to drive to; it was called Wield. Many roads led to it; nearly all of them were marked white on the map—not available for motor traffic. But from Bentworth, from Burkham, from Alton, from Preston Candover, from Astley's Farm, from Church Bradley and Herriard all roads led to Wield. But now it seemed that no one wanted to go to Wield, for nearly all the roads were white on the map, which meant that as we jolted down them in the dogcart there was the high grass of a wet August beneath us for a surface, and hawthorn bushes and dripping hazel made a thick, low arch above us.

Through a farmyard and past an overgrown pond which spread from the village green out on to the road, and we were in Wield. The village may have been of importance once, but it was not so now. There was not even a cottage with orange curtains, behind which an artistic person was making etchings of picturesque bits, nor was there a hand-painted board announcing the presence of gentlefolk making hand-made cakes. The brewers had not seen fit to erect a Tudor public-house. Instead there was a deep green surrounded by rows of brick cottages, thatched. Interspersed between them were elms, and round the gardens were clipped yews. Little footpaths led to the church and around the church the cottages centred. Even the church had escaped many repulsive efforts of restorers, and was a small Norman building, aisleless, with perpendicular windows with clear glass in them, a cool whitewashed interior containing a Norman chancel arch, and alongside the Holy Table a vast early seventeenth-century canopied tomb to a family which had long ceased to exist. In the churchyard, again, the grass was long, over square unpretentious gravestones, and from the sunny walls of the church, plaster had fallen to disclose patches of flint, and in one place, mellow red brick which had blocked up a chancel window.

We stood in the silence while the earth ticked as it absorbed the moisture. It seemed as though all life had left Wield. A motor-bike roared away from some cottage quite near us. The Primitive Methodist Chapel, a humble and decent building for 1867, had grass on what was once a well-kept path, and on the blistered, grained oak door was an old torn notice about an electoral roll. The windows were grey with a furry fungus. The cottages that skirted the chief road to the village had uncared-for gardens, high with cow parsley, whose trunks were as thick as young trees, and the hawthorn hedge was out of shape and choked with bindweed. The place looked as though everyone had gone away.

Round the corner we came upon a telegraph pole. Someone had pasted a notice on it.

Of course, everyone had gone there, unable to resist so attractive an entertainment. At that moment an old car shook itself out of the farmyard. Beyond the telegraph pole was a shed—"LYONS' TEA: HEPWORTH WILL MAKE YOU A MAN OF FASHION FOR FORTY-FIVE SHILLINGS: WILLS' GOLD FLAKE: Oyez! Oyez! Steppe in to Ye Olde Tudor Restaurante, Basingstoke. BARGAINS IN HARDWARE! BARGAINS IN UNDERWEAR! HAVE YOU BEEN TO

[Continued on page 92]

1

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ORDER AND DISRUPTION

Before their invasion by modern transport, communities on down and moor remained more rural, with the exception of fen communities, than any others in England. Sheep-farming was the declining source of income. Persons from another valley were, in Dorset, regarded as foreigners and to marry one of them was to lose caste. The insularity of the villagers made each settlement a town in itself. **1** Bremhill in Wiltshire, depicted here by the eighteenth-century pen of Rowlandson, and **2** East Dean in Sussex are two typical of numberless examples. The church, cottages, parsonage and glebe farm, strongly built, are grouped close together. The bottom illustration **3** shows the urbanization of the downs at Peacehaven, near Brighton, Sussex. Here

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Photograph by F. Frith & Co.

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the reverse of the process which existed in agricultural downland communities has occurred. In the first place, Peacehaven can hardly be called a community. The inhabitants, who have nothing except a taste for external ostentation in common, have made every effort to get away from one other. The planning, as is well shown in the illustration, gives no evidence of concerted effort. Their occupations are anything but sheep-farming, nor do they marry among themselves. They do not know each other and the winter is too much for them. Peacehaven represents a new and noisy form of peace.

Illustrations 2, 4, 5, and on pages 92, 93, 99 and 100 are reproduced from *The Villages of England*, a review of which appears on page 99.

4

Photograph by F. Frith & Co.

4 The village of Cockington near Torquay, Devon, of which probably more picture postcards are sold than of any similar rural settlement in England. **5** Castle Combe, Wilts, another "show" village of late medieval date with its houses centred round the market place, once important as an exchange and meeting place, now important as a space for turning the saloon cars of sightseers. But probably the very man who turns his car in the centre of Castle Combe and admires the architecture of his ancestors, pays so little regard to the architecture of today that he writes the following letter which appeared in a recent issue of *The Times*:—

DESIGNS FOR SMALL HOUSES

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

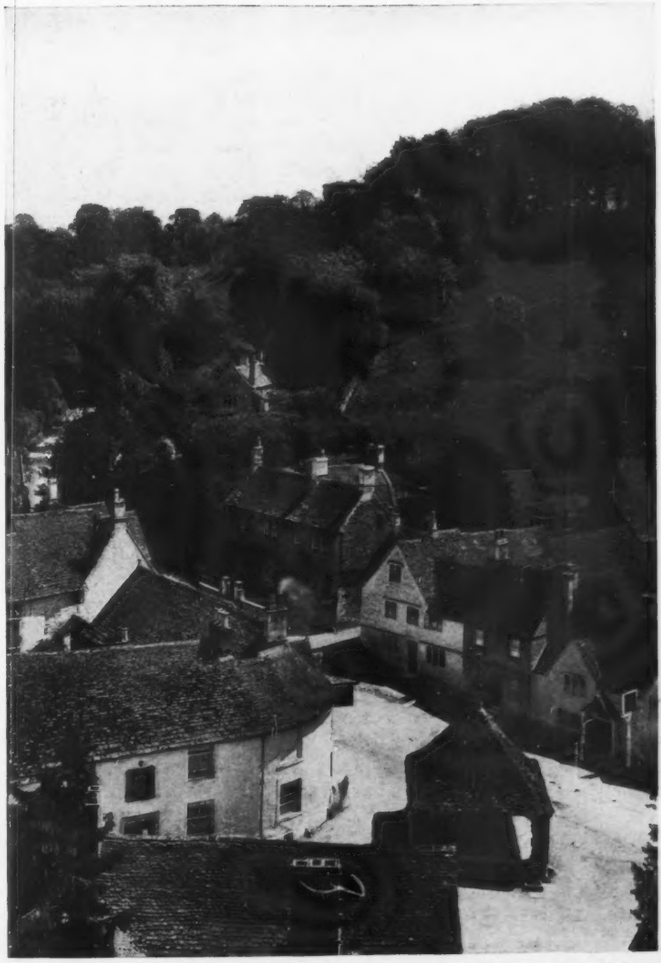
Sir,—It may be of interest to your readers to hear of my experiences during my endeavours to build a small house at low cost whose exterior appearance was not unsightly and whose rooms were of reasonable dimensions.

I went to the most reputable of our builders in the locality, and, having named my figure and stated my requirements, was promptly shown over one of those atrocities with which we in the South of England are so familiar. When I put forward a few suggestions which would have improved both its outside appearance and its interior amenities, I was told that "that would be in the nature of a fancy job," and that the price would be fanciful also. Other builders in the locality gave the same answer. I finally obtained what I wanted from one who is not considered locally to be a "regular builder" at a very reasonable figure, but it remains to be seen whether I have been justified in taking the risk of employing a man whose reputation has still to be made.

It would appear that our master-builders do not consider it necessary to suit anything but the purses of their customers.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, F. G. H. J.

He never seems to have thought that it was necessary to employ an architect who, presumably, would have some knowledge of material and local characteristics. He feels, vaguely, that something is wrong, but his is the typical contemporary attitude to building that nothing good can now be built and that architects are not the necessity which our economic structure has made them, but expensive luxuries. The most surprising thing about this letter is that *The Times* ever published it.



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Photograph by F. Frith & Co.

Photograph by F. R. Yerbury.
A village built in a GREENSAND district. Whitchurch, Bucks.

Photograph by B. C. Clayton.
A village built in a CHALK district. Haughley, Suffolk.

Photograph by Dolby Bros.
A village built in an OOLITE district. Ufford, Northants.

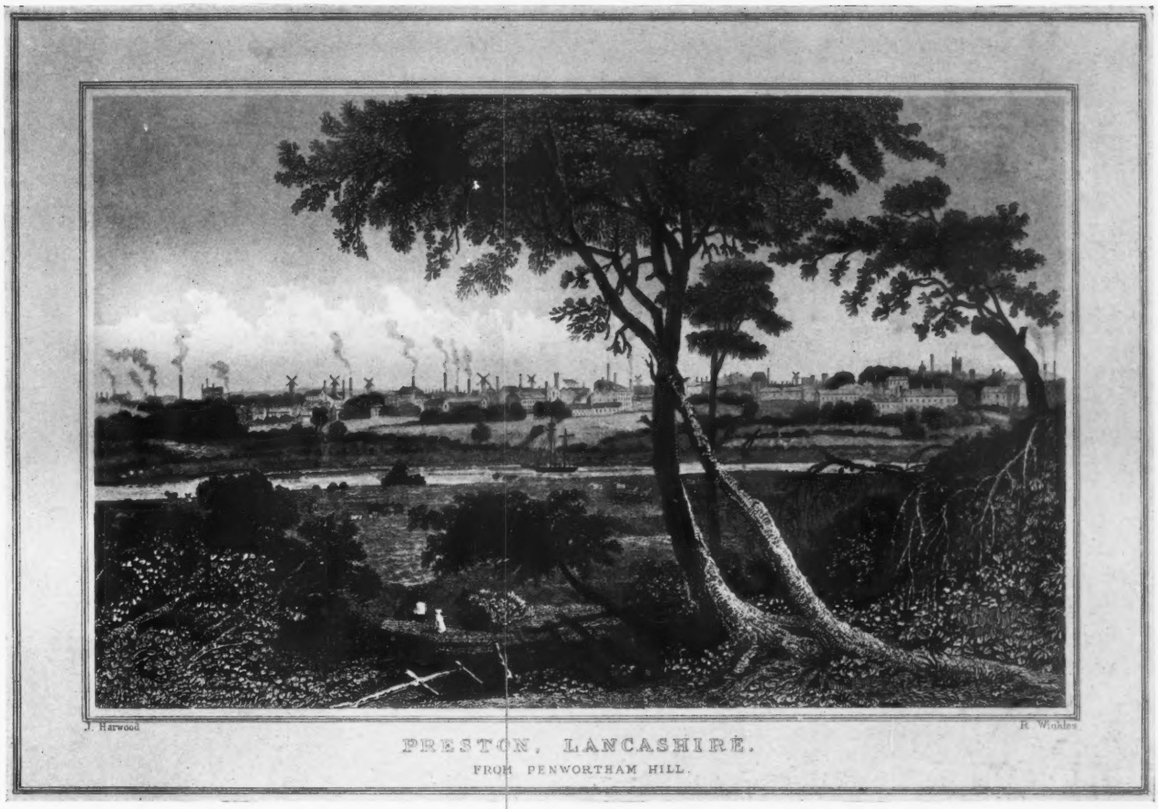
ASTON'S ARCADE?" Of course, the villagers had gone to be made men of fashion by Hepworth, to drink Lyons' tea in Ye Olde Tudor Restaurant, and smoke Gold Flake and to obtain those bargains to the sound of the wireless in Aston's Arcade. A motor-bus marked "Basingstoke" brushed the hedges and drew up to take away some waiting villagers. Wield was empty. It seemed that it was no longer needed.

Nor is Wield needed. Village communities, except for somewhat arty collections of weavers and spinners in the Cotswolds, have practically ceased to exist. Not all the desperate munificence which erects village halls and arranges local concerts will preserve them. The inhabitants will remain in their houses listening to the wireless, and this is a typical remark you will hear: "No, I don't go about in Wield much." When they are not listening to the wireless they spend their leisure in the Electric Palace and Timothy White's. The centre of interest has moved from Wield to Basingstoke.

Not that Basingstoke was until recently of no importance. It was, in the past, a market town with its own occupations and attractions for the villages around it. But Basingstoke is no longer Basingstoke, but London. To Timothy White's comes toothpaste from London, the cloth for the fifty-shilling tailors is not made anywhere near Basingstoke, the films at the Electric Palace come from Hollywood, the tea in Ye Olde Tudor Restaurant comes from Cadby Hall. Basingstoke is no longer a country market town, but a suburb of the Metropolis. And the same may be said of every other provincial town in England.

It is useless to deplore this change. As useless as it is to deplore unalterable economic facts. Industrialism has changed the whole social order, and that is surely a trite enough remark. Only an escapist who has not the courage to face the creations of the machine age in which he lives will fly to the country to find rural peace. But the tentacles of motor-car, motor-bike, telephone and motor-bus will get him there. Even the lamp is shattered and the pylons stride across the field he views, all for the sake of a glaring electric bulb. It is useless to blame Wield for going to Basingstoke or to blame Basingstoke, vile as the main road in that town is, for attracting Wield.

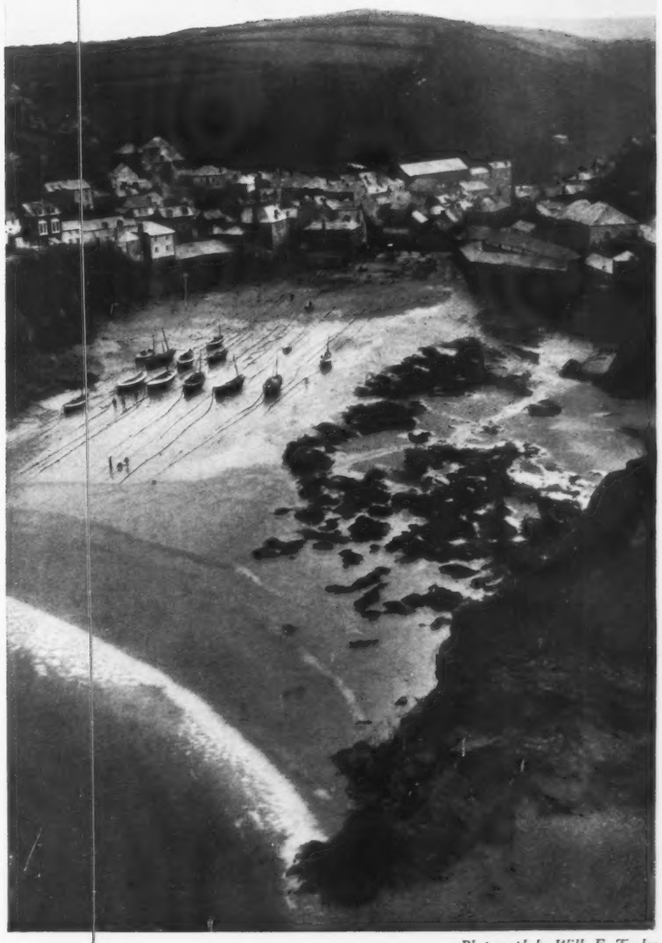
All one can do is to blame Basingstoke for being so hideous when it need not have been. A main road is a main road, and a petrol station is a petrol station, and there's an end of it. But there is no disguising a main road to look like a Stratford-on-Avon street with half-timbered hideosities decorated with the art of Stratford-atte-Bow, and there is no disguising a petrol station to look like a Swiss chalet; fortunately no one yet has tried to



A GROWING FORTRESS

In 1831 this steel engraving was published. It showed Preston as a small fortress of industrialism set among rural surroundings. The fields stretch right up to the factories themselves. The factories in the distant view are interesting, some of them working by power from the old windmills, others by power from the new-fangled steam. Yet in 1831 Preston must have been an attractive town with its simple square factories and utilitarian dwellings. As the writer of the text of the book *Lancashire Illustrated*, from which this engraving is taken, states: "At the present time, the extent of the cotton works in Preston is truly astonishing." Such a triumph of industrialism was regarded then with the astonishment of rural eyes; to-day a district of farms which was equally prosperous would be just as astonishing to our urban imaginations. Over the Ribble, which flows through meadows beyond which are cornfields even in the direction of Preston itself, have now been flung bridges; and Preston, which in 1821 numbered about 27,000 souls, in 1921—so far as it could be distinguished as a separate borough from Lancashire, which has itself become a vast town—numbered 112,989 persons—one could hardly call them souls.

PLATE II. September 1932



NEW USES FOR THE SEA

The fishing village was a conglomeration of houses built purely for shelter and close to the water's edge. When such a village can be reached by modern transport it loses its compactness and spreads over the surrounding country, as like to and as closely connected with London as possible.

Right. Port Isaac, in Cornwall, an eighteenth-century survival.

Above. Torquay, in Devon, looking like a London suburb.

The lower illustration is from *The Villages of England*, of which a review appears on page 99: the upper is from *Devon: Coasts and Moors*, to be reviewed in a later issue.

Photograph by Will. F. Taylor

disguise a pylon as a Northamptonshire steeple. There are some heights to which even commercial imagination cannot stretch. In a little while, when it is too late and when every provincial main street has become a replica of that blatant mile of pretentiousness, Oxford Street, a few people will realize that something is wrong. This will probably not happen until commercial Tudor and bank and post office fancy Queen Anne cease to be paying propositions. But when that glorious day comes—and it may take a revolution to bring it—perhaps the house will show its grace of construction in steel and concrete, the petrol station its useful function and the main road will soar straight and unbothered as a Roman road, a monument to a civilization which has been brave enough to master the machine.

For the machine age is in its way a beautiful age, but it is not the way of a bygone agricultural civilization. So much misdirected energy is put nowadays into " preserving the countryside." Such energy would be far better spent in preserving the towns by disciplining the jazz modern of cheap tailors, the vulgarity of co-operative stores, and the haphazard planning of self-important local councils.

The Machine has won and England seems to be the last country to realize the fact. Those little spaces between the main roads, war memorials to defunct agricultural labourers, should, where possible, be preserved, but the stateliness of pylons and the clear-cut lines of a new unostentatious factory will not detract from their beauty.

On the day of writing this article I came upon this significant notice in *The Times* (August 4) :—

Photograph by F. Frith & Co.

A village built in an OLD RED SANDSTONE district. Hope, Devon.

Photograph by F. Frith & Co.

A village built in a CHALK district. Charminster, Dorset. The materials for the construction of cottages vary with the geological belts of their districts : brick and plaster in chalk belts, and the native stone in oolite, sandstone, granite, and other hard stone areas. Differences in construction, thatching, and proportion exist in the chalk districts of East Anglia and Dorset, but the materials and colours remain the same.

The Estate Market

SELLING VILLAGES

" WEEK-END " BIDDERS

Next Wednesday the little Bedfordshire village of Tingrith, 12 miles from the county town, will almost all come under the hammer. There are 42 lots, with a total area of 914 acres, including four farms of from 145 to 250 acres, the village hall, the school, and many cottages. The agents are Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. (Berkeley Square) and Messrs. J. R. Eve and Son (Bedford).

A liberal outlay has been made in the upkeep of the estate for a long period, and management as an entirety has provided safeguards which will be lacking if the offer of the whole in one lot is not taken. It may be hoped that some, at any rate, of the villagers will be able to buy the freeholds that they live in and probably love. If they cannot, the emphasis that is laid on the value of country cottages for " week-end " use may have an unwelcome meaning for them. There is not much time to make arrangements.

This should prove that we are no longer able to afford to retain the relics of an agricultural civilization—to any considerable extent. We have created a machine age and we should not be afraid of it, but rather become accustomed to it and control it. The machine age may be a roaring lion in the land, but the lamb of agriculture can lie down beside it. It is such a shorn and shivering lamb that it is hardly worth the eating.

Two hundred years ago England was a park dotted here and there with mellow towns; now it is a town dotted here and there with derelict parks. After all, I am not very brave to exchange my dogcart for a motor-car.

EDWARD WADSWORTH ✓

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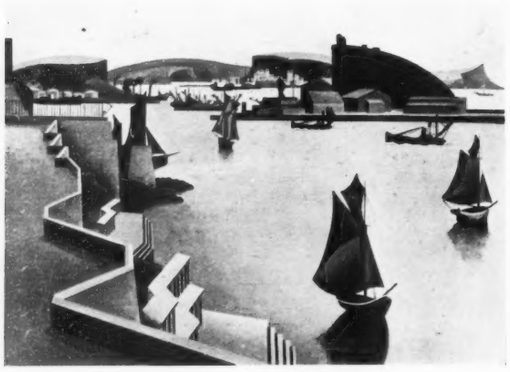

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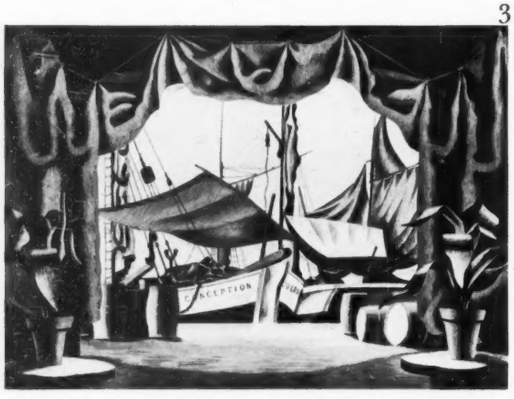

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IN these days of scientific and technical progress, when a force barely known a hundred years ago has emerged in the shape of THE MACHINE and asserted itself as an all-powerful factor affecting the whole of the spiritual outlook and conditions of the civilized world, the previously extant forms of art were bound to undergo radical changes and become amplified in accordance with the general trend of contemporary existence. Naturalistic representation, which had been for centuries the basic principle and main purpose of art, had lost a great deal of its significance; for this could now be achieved, and from a practical point of view far more satisfactorily, by mechanical processes. If ART, in competition with THE MACHINE, had to maintain its rank among the creative manifestations of mankind and contribute to the continuity of æsthetic development, new fields of activity had to be discovered, new aims and motives found, which could not be expressed by the artist-creator except by the means which the artist-craftsman alone has at his disposal. It became therefore logically imperative for those artists who realized that their mission was not to imitate, but to further and continue the work of creation and of culture, to discard all æsthetic conventions which had become antiquated, and to adapt their outlook and their mode of expression to the broadened frames of the new reality. It is these artists who, when the history of present-day art is written in timely perspective, will be remembered as the pioneers of a new ideal of beauty and as the exponents of a living art, the art which mirrors the essential spiritual aspect of our age. One of these artists is Edward Wadsworth.

Wadsworth laid his responsive nature open wholeheartedly to the altered conditions of present-day life and psychology, and by founding his pictorial conceptions on positive values, and not on sentimental trivialities, has battled and succeeded in keeping alive the dignity of his craft and the great tradition of pure art. For the fundamental laws of harmony, which govern artistic production, remain as immutable as the laws of nature; but another harmony which is the accord of a work of art with the spirit of contemporaneity (the quality on which the evolution of a specific style of an epoch depends) is indispensable if such work is to be endowed with an inherently vital significance. Fully aware of this, Wadsworth set out early in his career to discover pictorial equivalents for his æsthetic reactions towards the cultural conquests of the times. His development was gradual, and it is only by a slow process of evolution that he arrived at the recent stage in which all naturalistic elements disappear and in which pictorial realization is made to depend solely on unrepresentational coefficients of forms and colours. The accompanying reproductions illustrate the development of

(1) *THE CATWATER*, 1923. In a private collection. (2) *DUNKERQUE*, 1923. In the Manchester Art Gallery. (3) *ST. TROPEZ*, 1925. In the collection of Mrs. A. P. Herbert. (4) *SHELLS*, 1927. In the collection of Mrs. Bertram Park. (5) *MEETING*. In the collection of F. O. Roberts, Esq. (6) *LOWESTOFT SCORES*, 1928.

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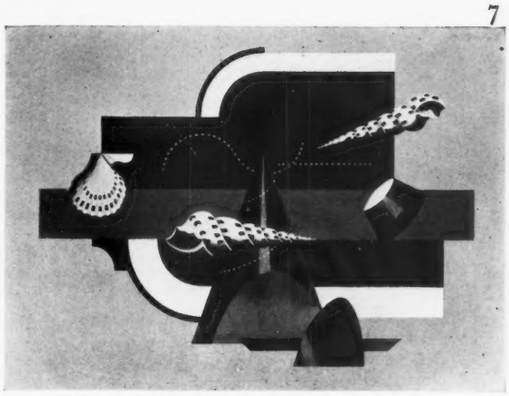

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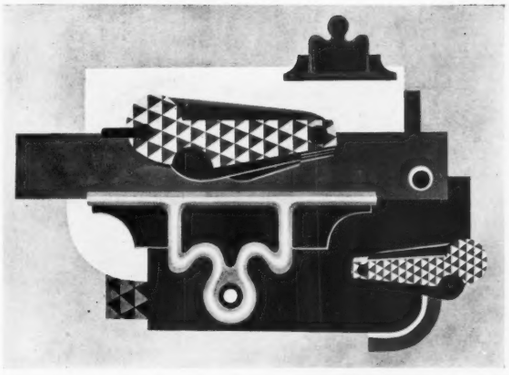

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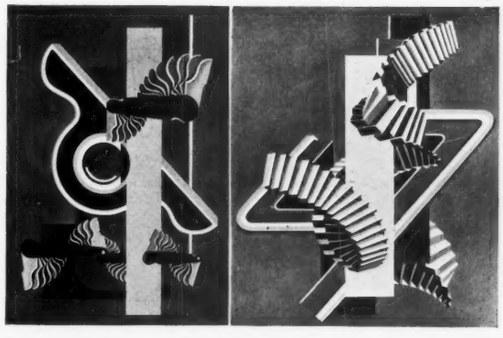

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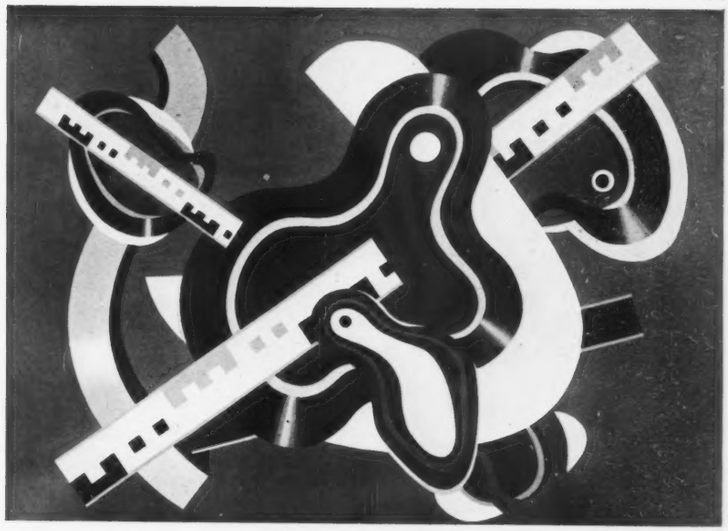

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Wadsworth's art in the course of the last ten years, when the artist had already passed from the purely experimental stage to more mature achievement. Three distinct links are detectable in the consecutive chain of this evolution. In the landscapes and seascapes which were painted between 1921 and 1926 the pictorial conception is still organically based on subjects found in surrounding nature; the intrinsic visualization is dependent on physical vision. Then, in 1927, an important change takes place: visualization gains the upper hand and naturalistic motives become subsidiary to a consciously premeditated idea of harmony; the picture as an object in itself and not as a representation of objects becomes the sole and final aim. Shells, ships, masks, propellers, various parts of machinery, and so forth, are only used as exterior symbols whose shapes and colours correspond to the formal and chromatic functions which they fulfil in a pictorial organism. But the introduction of realistic elements into spatial ideography, the presence of material forms in an ambit of abstraction, could not entirely, and for long, have satisfied the sensibility of an artist averse, in full conformance with the exactingly logical spirit of the age, to any kind of compromise. And thus, in 1930, we see Wadsworth reach his latest phase in which he has purified his art of all circumstantial elements with a view to expressing with the utmost clarity and precision, condensed into pictographic formulæ, the impressions which the inherent motive rhythm of our mechanized age makes on the retina of his æsthetic susceptibility. His aim is to capture the essence of the endless harmony of mechanical motion and to sublimate into static form various aspects of the new speedbound beauty thrust upon the world with the advent of the machine. This pursuit of a live ideal permeates Wadsworth's work with a living quality and imparts to his paintings a more than merely decorative value. If he resorts to two-dimensional diagrammatic treatment of shapes and forms divested of realistically interpretative meaning, and organizes his pictorial problems into decorative patterns with no naturalistic associations, it is because such abstract formalization suits his purpose of attaining logical solidarity between the subject-matter and the means of expression.

As is the case in modern architecture, where every æsthetic feature is based on practical indispensability, so are the linear and chromatic elements in Wadsworth's art substantiated by the integral function which they fulfil in these pictorial statements of the invisible metaphysical truths which the artist's sensibility perceives in the motive forces of contemporary life.

MICHAEL SEVIER.

(7) *STILL LIFE*, 1930. In a private collection. (8) *COMPOSITION*, 1930. In the Cruggenheim Collection, New York. (9) and (10) *COMPOSITIONS*, 1931. (11) and (12) *COMPOSITIONS*, 1932.

A NEW PLAN FOR AN

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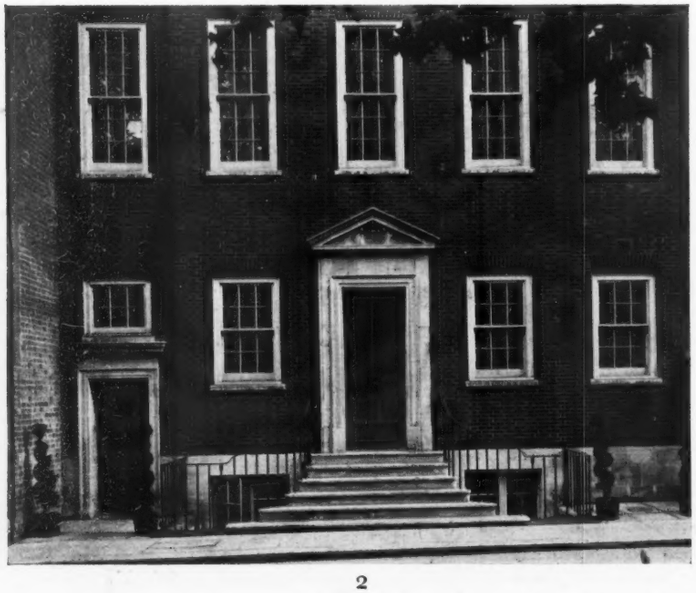

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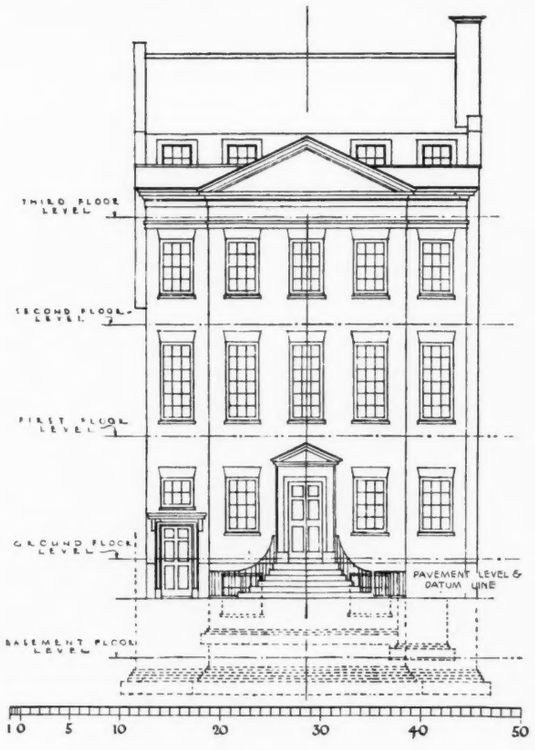

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(4), (5), (6), (7) and (8). Plans of the basement, ground, first, second and third floors. The rooms, etc., numbered on the plans, are as follows :—

(1) Area; (2) Maids' lavatory; (3) Kitchen; (4) Cupboards; (5) Dresser; (6) Larder; (7) Lobby; (8) York stone steps up; (9) Garden court; (10) York stone paving; (11) Flower beds; (12) Wine cellar; (13) Service corridor; (14) Sink; (15) Radiators; (16) Butler's pantry; (17) Footmen's bedrooms; (19) Corridor; (20) Brushing space; (21) Servants' hall; (22) Heating-chamber; (23) Men's bathroom; (24) Fuel; (25) Meters; (26) Area; (27) Dining-room; (28) Verandah; (29) Service ante-room; (30) Wrought iron railing; (31) Reinforced concrete columns; (32) Staircase hall; (33) Ante-room; (34) Corridor; (35) Library; (36) Sliding door; (37) Cloaks; (38) Entrance hall; (39) Music-room; (40) Flat; (41) W.C.; (42) Corridor; (43) Bathroom; (44) Mrs. Fitz-Gerald's bedroom; (45) Ante-rooms; (46) Boudoir; (47) Asphalt flat; (48) Mr. Fitz-Gerald's bedroom; (49) Wardrobes; (50) H.M.C.; (51) Hall; (52) Spare bedroom; (53) Servants' bedrooms Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4; (54) Maids' room; (55) Linen; (56) Store; (57) Corridor; (58) Stairs, down.

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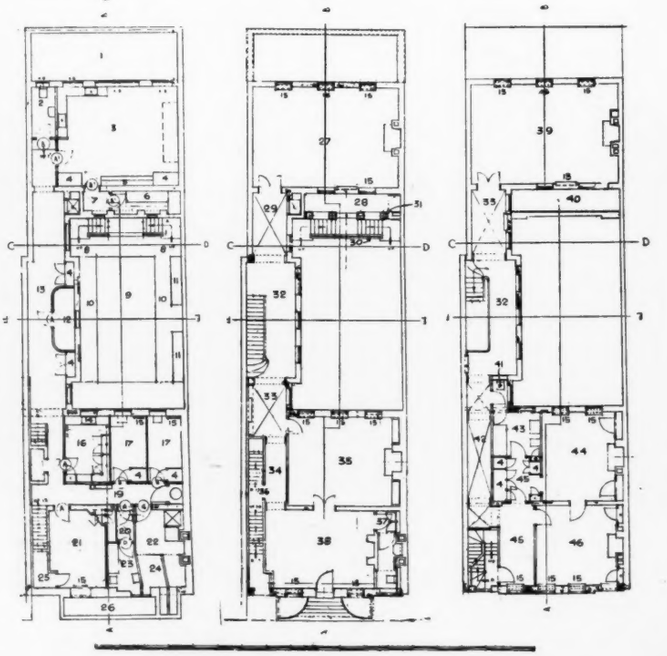

OLD PROBLEM

LEES HOUSE, LEES PLACE, NORTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON. The Town House of the Hon. Evelyn Fitz-Gerald. Designed by Frederick Etchells.

This modern house, built for two modern people leading a highly modern life, may at first sight appear to have a faint flavour of the eighteenth century. This is as illusive and as unimportant as when Picasso, to compare small things with great, gives the world a bold experiment in the guise of an 1870 lithograph. Such minor matters, therefore, as cornices, mouldings, false arches, and so on, which are easily added to a building and as easily removed, may be discounted or ignored.

The windows throughout consist of normal double-hung sashes which still remain, despite all snobbery, the most convenient way of ventilating a room by means of windows. *La fenètre longue* is just our old friend the Yorkshire sliding sash in pale disguise, and the objections raised by Auguste Perret against its use in domestic buildings have so far not been met.

No shame need be attached to the pediments.

The essence of a house, or other building, is the PLAN, and that depends upon the SITE. Here we have the TYPICAL LONDON SITE, about four times as deep as it is wide, and lit at the ends only; and in this case looking due north (an added inconvenience).

The TYPICAL LONDON PLAN, which has many virtues and which has persisted in essentials for at least two centuries, has here been cast aside in order to develop a plan which will allow the sun to enter almost every habitable room, and to give light and air to every corner. These things are more important, at least to the inhabitants of a house, than long windows, the absence of mouldings and other vogues of the moment.

The LONDON PLAN is so well known that description is almost superfluous. It consists of an entrance lobby, which may be the narrowest of passages, or in the case of houses with a wider frontage of a tolerably wide space almost to be dignified with the name of HALL. This passage broadens out at the rear to take the staircase, which is usually set before you as you enter. The front portion of the house, on one or other side of this entrance, forms the dining-room, and the narrower space at the rear is a morning- or breakfast-room. The first-floor front contains the drawing-room, and if the house is sufficiently grand the rear portion of this floor contains the lesser drawing-room; sometimes, indeed, there is even a sort of boudoir or closet leading off the latter.

The floors above gradually diminish in height and grandeur, and are occupied by bedrooms, dressing-rooms, and (converted) bathrooms. The basement below, in its unexpurgated state, is almost always gloomy, over-roomy and damp.

It will be readily seen that if such a house faces due south, the dining-room and drawing-room will get their full share of sunlight, but that the morning-room gets none at all. But if the house faces due north, the morning-room gets the full midday sun, *i.e.*, at a time when it is of least use, but the dining-room and drawing-room get no sun at all.

In spite of its manifest drawbacks, this Plan, like the Florentine "Madonna," has been experimented with by so many ingenious people that it has reached a high degree of efficiency, and it is extremely difficult to get away from one or other of its various forms, especially where economical planning is necessary.

London, in the days when the LONDON PLAN was first invented and developed, must have been a noisy city, but in the Nineties and the Nineteen Hundreds when those of us who are rapidly becoming old fogies first began

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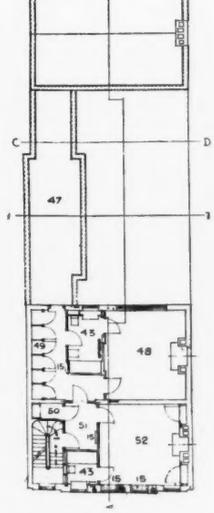
"No shame need be attached to pediments." (1) The façade on to Lees Place, facing north. (2) The front door on the Lees Place front. (3) Working drawing of this elevation. (9) The interior courtyard which acts as a trap for precious sunlight and is pleasanter and quieter than the usual street outlook (*see* 9 on plan).



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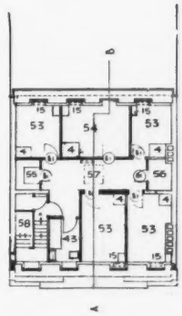

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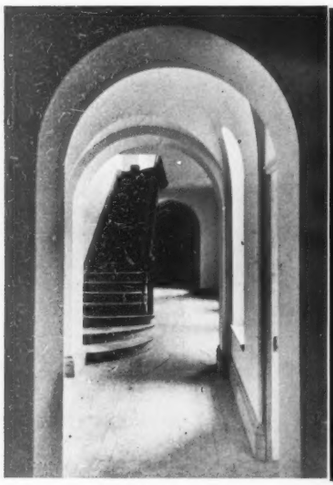
A NEW PLAN FOR AN OLD PROBLEM



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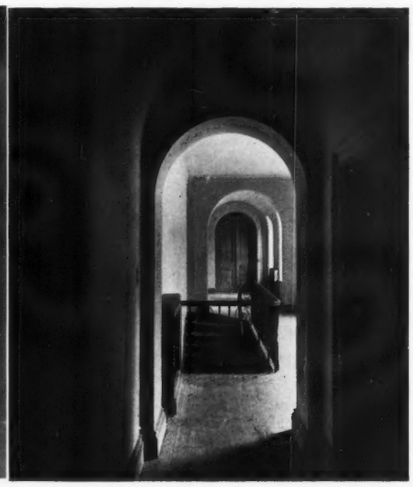

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to take notice of their London, there intervened a period of solid rubber tyres, of wood-block roads, of peace and plenty—a sort of Indian summer during which the disadvantages of principal living-rooms looking on to the street were small, and were perhaps more than outweighed by the constant view of the pretty pageant which has now disappeared for ever.

Nowadays, the architect's nerve-wracked and over-driven clients naturally demand a far greater degree of quietude and a maximum of sunlight, or at least of the possibility of sunlight. The LONDON PLAN no longer works; but it is not easy to find an adequate substitute. The Plan of the house here presented shows an attempt to achieve the desired results.

The entrance hall, it is true, looks due north, but this would not seem to be particularly disadvantageous to those who pass through it to that important room, the library, where cocktails are dispensed. The dining-room and the drawing-room have cross-lighting, which was once anathema to the then Mr. Walter Sickert, but at least they look due south on one side. So do the family bedrooms, and all but one of the servants' bedrooms. The boudoir looks north, but as this forms practically one with the adjoining bedroom, it may perhaps be included among those rooms into which the sun can freely penetrate. The spare bedroom looks north, but something has to be sacrificed in this world, and it was felt that a spare bedroom is mainly a *night* affair.

The Plan, as every architect will see immediately, is frankly cribbed from that of the normal London House to which the stables at the back have been attached by means of a wide corridor, such as the house which the Morrells once had (or still have?) in Bedford Square. There are, however, some differences. The *back* staircase, which is really the *main* staircase, has been placed at the *front* of the house, and in addition a non-functional ceremonial staircase has been placed in the connecting passage; this staircase leads only from the ground- to the first-floor, but has importance from the point of view of the occupants of the house. It is wide and of easy going.

The house, as the Plans show, is built round an enclosed well, or courtyard, which is of sufficient size to give a sense of space and to admit the precious light, and in which it proves not impossible to grow a variety of plants. The roof of the connecting passage has been utilized as a formal garden in which whiskers of grass can grow between the concrete slabs with which it is paved.

It may perhaps be conceded by the well-disposed that the architect was for once justified in departing from the TYPICAL LONDON PLAN and in concentrating his attention on certain vital points, rather than on that so easy elimination of trimmings which would seem to be the surest passport to fame at the moment.

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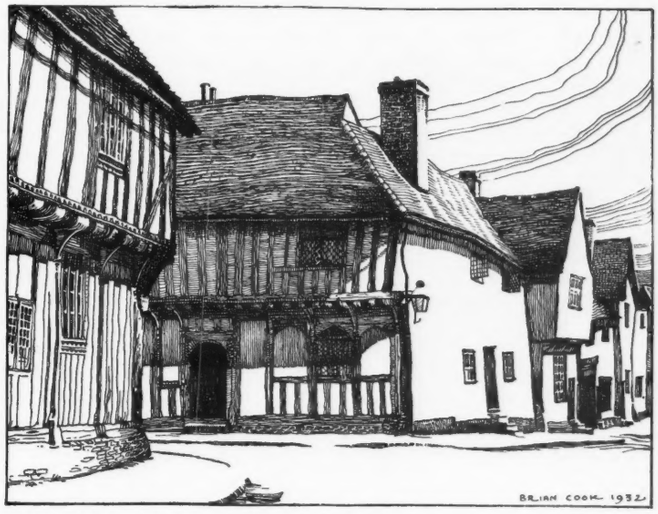
(10) and (11) BEFORE FURNISHING; (12) and (13) AFTER. The staircase is of oak, slightly limed, with balustrade of iron and handrail of limed oak. The walls are of a simple parchment tint. (11) and (13) are on the first floor, and the staircase illustrated is the "ceremonial staircase" referred to in the general notes. (14) "The Boudoir" in the refined but rich manner. The walls are panelled with flush, chestnut-faced, laminated boards, without cover slips. The ceiling is of plaster. The floor is covered with mouse-tinted carpet. The fireplace is of Hopton Wood stone, with eggshell finish. The furniture is mainly of chestnut with dull-beige-brown upholstery, but the circular, table on the left of the photograph is of plate glass with chromium-plated legs. The chestnut facing boards have been left in their natural state, except for a slight rub-over of white wax. The picture over the fireplace is of subsequent introduction.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.



LAVENHAM, SUFFOLK. A typical East Anglian village street. Drawn by Brian Cook.

Puzzles and Doubts

By Edward Gordon Craig

The Villages of England. By A. K. Wickham. London: B. T. Batsford, Ltd. Price 12s. 6d. net.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE photographs of our English villages for the public—fifty-one pages of text for the architects, builders and others who know something more than the public does about the history of England, the migration of peoples, place-names, geological formation and the rest—and here we have a very good twelve-and-sixpenny manual about some of our cottages.

The author, in a modest preface, tells how and why he came to write this book, and how he was not able to do as he had wished, which was, to issue a series of illustrated manuals on English Architects of the Eighteenth Century, English Western Church Towers, English Post-War Buildings, etc., which should be at least as good and at least as cheap as the first-class " Blauen Bücher " of Germany, which had impressed him, as they impress all who stop to think for a moment, as being actual things—touchable—real—not visions, not fantastic notions, I mean.

Mr. Wickham liked these very popular German booklets, and he saw at once that he had but to show them to a publisher in England, for the said publisher to agree immediately, and without making any of the usual excuses, to take these German books as a guide and bring out as good books, as cheaply, on English subjects, for the English people.

Mr. Wickham is one of many millions, though in some ways he is of a small and rare group. Because of this, he believed that there were millions of English men and women who felt as he did; and he went to Mr. Batsford with the proposal to give us all a series of English books on England's lovely houses, cottages, villages, abbeys and palaces.

Mr. Batsford took up the notion. And then came the first hitch. " Suitable authors could not be found who could be induced to carry through their tasks."

And suitable authors were not found. And this fact was discouraging. Were not suitable authors found in Germany who were ready to carry through their tasks? Presumably they were; then how is it that with all sorts of clever Englishmen in our islands, Mr. Batsford and Mr. Wickham could enlist the practical services of none? *Puzzle One.*

This was six years ago, and Mr. Wickham's idea was shelved, Mr. Batsford asserting that it was " doubtful if sufficient support could be counted on for the large edition which was necessary for publication at a cheap rate."

This is most extraordinary. If German publishers could count on sufficient support, why cannot an English publisher? *Puzzle Two.*

Mr. Wickham doubtless felt, as you and I feel, that in England there are at least a hundred thousand people out of the forty-five millions, ready to pay five shillings (the price of the German books, I believe) for a series of books of full-page reproductions, simply bound, with a brief and useful text. But no, it appears we are all of us wrong about that. *Puzzle Three.*

Either we are wrong, or else the publishing world needs reorganizing; and this surely cannot be the case. (By the way, can anybody tell us if the lending-library system is practised in Germany?)

It appears that there are not even fifty thousand people in England ready to pay five shillings for a first-class book of this kind (for the Blue Books in Germany *are* books—not merely booklets, as I called them just now).

This apparently being the case, I think the whole matter should be gone into systematically by a mixed committee, and it should be discovered how many people there are in

CLARE, SUFFOLK. Another typical example of the East Anglian style with the addition of fine pargetting. Drawn by W. Curtis Green.

LOWER WOODFORD, WILTSHIRE. A brick cottage with flint and stone dressings characteristic of the county. Drawn by Sydney R. Jones.

our land who will pay for good books, good pictures, good theatres, and how much they are willing to pay.

I have been told by everyone that the English don't like books or pictures or theatres when good. I don't believe this about the books, though I do about the theatres, but I should believe it, if the statistics were given me. No one ever dares to produce statistics to prove what will remain fantasy till it be proved fact.

They tell me that the English people care for nothing but trash and sensationalism; and if this were true, it might explain why it was so difficult for Mr. Wickham, aided by Mr. Batsford, to find suitable authors and to induce them to carry through their tasks. It is all very well for good authors and artists to be told that there is no public for good things of the kind in England; but where are the statistics?

Surely it is these that are wanted.

How is it that German publishers can show German authors and artists the figures, and our publishers simply say that there are no figures to show?

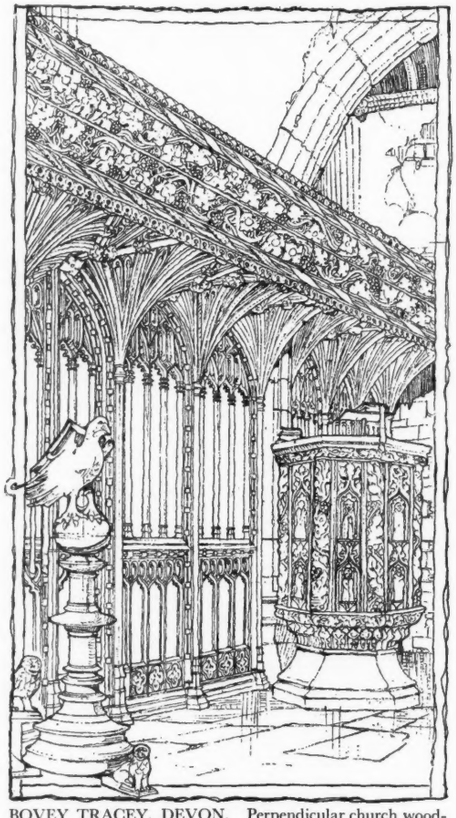
Our publishers are honourable business men; they will not cheat the public of good books, or the authors of good profits, for they are as sensible as honourable, and want to make a profit themselves.

Several explanations can be given, and one of the simplest is this—that perhaps it has never occurred to the publishers to discover how many people there are in each city and town and village of England ready to buy a good book. I don't mean novels or detective stories, which are so often a success, but rather different books and, if I may be allowed to say so, rather more serious. I enjoy both, but it's odd that the serious ones can't be made to succeed better.

Serious is Mr. Wickham's book, *The Villages of England*, and it is one of the most delightful books before the reading public today; but is it before this public? The reading public may say that many hundreds of new books are brought to its notice, but that it really cannot afford to buy all of them.

Will not some newspaper go into this matter and discover how many people will and do buy detective stories—how many buy better-class novels—how many buy biographies and autobiographies—histories—books of verse? Will it not discover for us whether the public likes such and such authors, and why—dislikes others, and why: find out, without prejudice, how much prejudice plays a part in the decisions to buy or not to buy, to praise or blame, and whether the public consists of sheep, or of people with some discernment?

If the author of this book were called by some famous name, instead of being called Mr. Wickham, would that in any way cause the sales to go up? I don't presume that the book has sold badly (and the wrapper, designed by Mr. Brian Cook, will have helped, without a doubt, to sell it); but I surely voice the wishes of many thousands of people when I say that we would very much like to see some effort being made to get at statistics and publish them, so that the blighting pessimism which is for ever present with us—and which is, for the most part, created by the doubts and fears of publishers unwilling, nowadays, to publish anything worth while; or of critics, unwilling to praise it very much; or of booksellers, unwilling to push it—would be blown away.



BOVEY TRACEY, DEVON. Perpendicular church woodwork of a richness only to be seen in Devon. Drawn by James Macgregor.

The Problem of Modern Architecture

Modern Architectural Design. By HOWARD ROBERTSON. London: The Architectural Press. Price 15s. net.

"THIS book," says Mr. Robertson in his preface to *Modern Architectural Design*, "is not a plea for so-called 'modernism' . . . but is an attempt to deal with certain aspects of design from the standpoint of a practising architect of the present day."

The author pushes modernism contemptuously between

inverted commas, derisively labels it "so-called," implying that manners alone prevent him from calling it something else, and absolving himself from any suspicion of bias or partisanship, is free to describe, with great ability, the methods and aims of present-day architecture, and to analyse the influences that through the greater part of the civilized world have worked such rapid and startling changes in building.

It might, however, have been no loss, but some gain, if Mr. Robertson had come forward with an axe to grind, instead of so ostentatiously with none. The axe of English architecture would take no harm of a little strenuous grinding, and Mr. Robertson is well equipped to do it.

That all is not completely well in this country he is aware.

> The imitators, the purveyors of the *moderne* . . . present a modern *hors d'œuvre* of singular messiness, in which there is something for every taste. The English palate is rather prone at present to these *moderne* mixtures, which have the doubtful advantage of being compromises in which no one is committed to the expression of a definite point of view.

This castigation is well deserved. The present unhappy condition of English architecture rises largely from a pusillanimous desire to please everyone. We hear too much about "bridging the gulf" between the traditional and the modern, but the signs are yet lacking of any real wish to get to the other side. It is therefore a disappointment that Mr. Robertson was not willing to commit himself more definitely to a point of view, and help, as he could so well do, to hustle our architects off their rather dreary seat in the middle of the bridge.

Such, however, has not been his purpose in writing this book, and it is perhaps not fair to criticize him for not achieving what he never set out to do. What he did set out to do was to describe, and this he has done in the most interesting and stimulating manner.

The author's description covers all the aspects of the modern architectural problem. He enumerates the multitudinous considerations that occur in the production of a modern plan; some as old as building, but requiring in our day a much more efficient and economic organization; others quite new, the services of heating, of lighting, of ventilation, and of much else that for the first time take their place in a building. The emphasis is upon organization. The architect is compared to a general marshalling his troops, and it is the variety and frequent insubordination of the units under his command that create the difficulty of, and the necessity for, a complete reconsideration of architectural ideas.

Not only has the architect to find a solution to all these new and conflicting problems of service and convenience, but he can no longer afford to waste the space he has, and in addition must invent space that he has not. Mr. Robertson reverts to the topic of space production several times in this book, rightly holding it to be an important factor in an explanation of the modern manner.

In the chapter entitled "Expression," the author reveals an acute sensibility to the emotional significance of shapes and proportions.

> In the Gothenburg Art Museum, the voids of the tall arches are practically similar in width to the piers between them. This is an unusual system to adopt according to rules, but here it provides the keynote to the whole character, which is of an aloof and reticent simplicity.

This, and other criticisms, supported by numerous photographs show considerable penetration, and the chapter is the most stimulating in the book.

One would have liked a longer and more detailed chapter on Architectural Education, since Mr. Robertson's views on this subject must necessarily be interesting, but he has not given more than a few unelaborated suggestions, and made clear the inadequacy of traditional methods in the training as well as the practice of architecture.

The book is well and amply illustrated, with photographs, drawings, and plans, of a large variety of modern buildings. The drawings might be better. They are executed in a dot-dash style of draughtsmanship, whose roughness would be more suitably applied to the representation of old-world cottages than the precise forms of modern buildings. Especially is this true of the sketch of a church by Paul Tournon, from which it is impossible to deduce any information whatever.

Throughout the book Mr. Robertson's sympathies with the modern movement are apparent, though one could wish that they had been more vigorously and provocatively stated.

MICHAEL DUGDALE.

Mind and Mindlessness

The Works of Man. By L. MARCH PHILLIPPS. New Edition. London: Duckworth. Price 8s. 6d. net.

ART criticism is as much an acquired taste as philosophy. By this I mean the so-called higher criticism which deals with movements and schools as opposed to individual works and exhibitions. The platitude "you cannot write about art," so often expressed by artists (usually after receiving unfavourable Press notices on their pictures), does not therefore apply to this higher criticism which has nothing to do with the actual production of art, but only with abstract theories relating to it.

March Phillipps was one of the first people to write about world art on the comparative method. Believing that art is a true expression of life, he proceeded to study the works of the great creative epochs in the world's history and to find reflected in them the character and mentality of their creators. He travelled extensively and produced, as a result of his travels and studies, two books of art criticism: *The Works of Man* (first published in 1911), and *Form and Colour* (first published in 1915).

In his first and greatest book the author, dealing with the principal art movements of Europe and the Near East, sets out to expose the non-intellectual character of Oriental as opposed to the highly intellectual character of Occidental architecture. To illustrate his theory that art is an interpretation of life he writes mostly of architecture, which, "being the most broadly human of all the arts is the richest in human character."

The temples of Egypt continually call forth extravagant encomiums from expert and sentimentalist alike. Along comes Mr. March Phillipps. He ignores their age, their size, their romance. He examines them critically in the cold, clear light of reality. He examines them and he finds fantastic forms of which "the origin is non-functional and does not lie within the art of architecture." The base of a column is the point where its strength should be greatest and the base of an Egyptian column contracts. Not only does it fail to express the function it is intended to perform, it fails even to express the natural hardness of the stone it is built of.

Egyptian art is blank and mindless. Turn from the "sausage-shaped" columns and disproportionate architraves to the statues which stand in the courtyards and the reliefs which cover the massive pylons. Here you will find a dull reiteration of stereotyped forms based entirely on the memory-image. The lives of the ancient Egyptian peoples are reflected in their works. They were entirely governed by the river on whom they depended for their subsistence. This "tyrant," the Nile, allowed them no variety. Twice a year he flooded and fertilized their land, and twice a year they must sow and reap their crops. They were tied for ever to his muddy banks and to escape from his tyranny was to die in the desert. And so they perfected everything which lay within their own narrow little sphere, but outside of that they never ventured. "The perfection of the primitive" is the common attribute of Egyptian art and life.

Against this mindless art of the ancient Nile-dwellers March Phillipps sets the purely intellectual creations of the Greeks. The Greeks brought the archaic forms of Egyptian art to life. Early Greek sculpture shows signs of an intellectual vitality new to history. The subtle inflections in Doric architecture reflect the infinite subtleties of Greek thought.

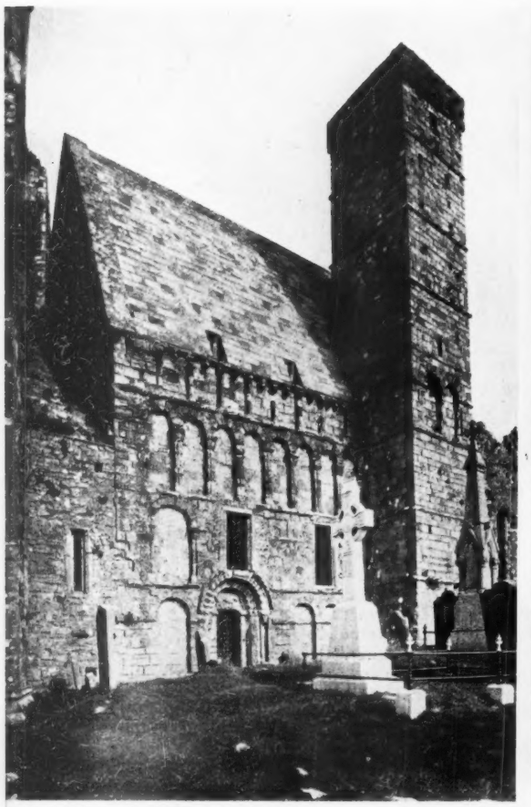
With these two schools of Egyptian and Greek art as a basis for his arguments the author proceeds, in the remaining chapters of his book, to analyse and interpret the works and character of the Arabs, the Goths, the Italians of the Renaissance, and the French aristocrats of the eighteenth century. His remarks on the treatment of Gothic architecture in Italy and of the classical style in England are peculiarly interesting. He points out, for example, the fundamentally Gothic character of St. Paul's and the widening of the arches to classical proportions in the Florentine Duomo.

March Phillipps writes in a style which is both vigorous and mentally stimulating. His arguments are frequently provocative and there is much that the modern reader will disagree with. Nevertheless, the book is a classic in its own sphere, and the new edition which Messrs. Duckworth have recently brought out should be read by all serious students of art.

PENELOPE CHETWODE.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE

1



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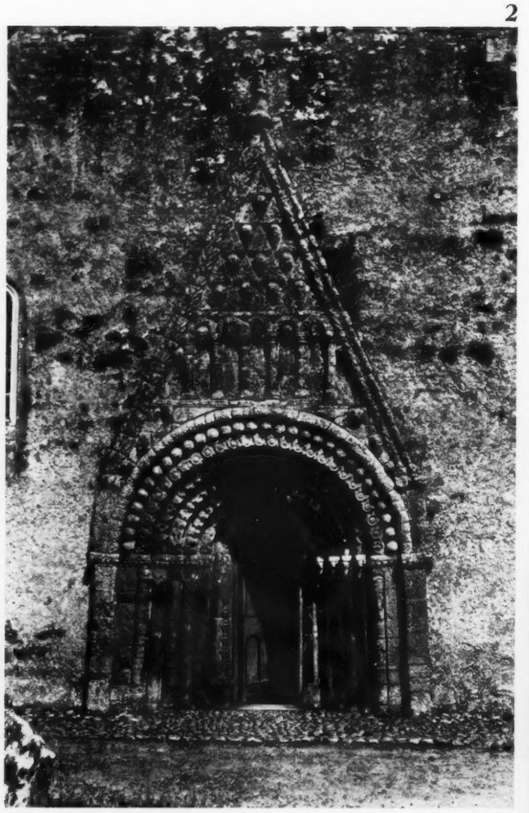


3

The ancient Celtic Church did not possess Cathedrals, but it produced buildings which were in the beginning built of wood or wattles and clay, and thatched with reeds, rushes and straw. Where stone was plentiful it was used, and some of these "beehive" dwellings remain. But the first considerable architectural work of this civilization reached its height early in the twelfth century after the union of the Irish Church, that stronghold of learning in the dark ages, with Western Christendom. The finest examples of this architecture, in what is known as the Hiberno-Romanesque style, were at CORMAC'S CHAPEL AT CASHEL **1**, which was built in *c.* 1124, and the west doorway at CLONFERT **2**, which was built in 1166, six years, according to Dr. Macalister, before the coming of the Normans to Ireland.

Both the examples illustrated represent a style which had little akin to the Norman in England or the Romanesque on the Continent, though it was undoubtedly influenced by the latter, but it is a product mainly of the ancient Irish civilization.

When the first English invasion of Ireland occurred in 1169 Gothic architecture made itself apparent and Christ Church Cathedral, St. Patrick's, Dublin, and KILLALOE **7**, all completed before the end of the thirteenth century, are representative. TUAM CATHEDRAL **3** is a successful late nineteenth-century attempt to imitate this style—at least exteriorly. The stepped battlements particularly noticeable in the tower pinnacles are characteristic of Irish Gothic. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in Ireland did not flower into "Decorated" as in England but remained severe, and the troubles and bad government which marked the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries prevented the introduction of anything to correspond with either English Perpendicular or Continental flamboyant.

7

The Cathedrals of the Church of Ireland. By the Bishops of Ossory and Killaloe. London: S.P.C.K. 1932. Price 6s. net.

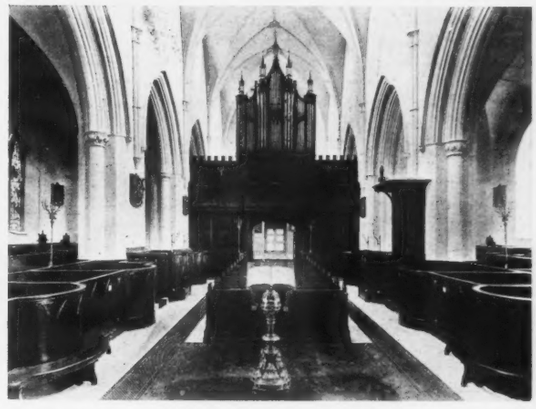
The Church of Ireland is twisted up in Celtic knots—æsthetically at least, even though its necessarily Protestant traditions may stand firm—and it is still under the influence of the Morris movement in its early phases and the style of the late Mr. G. E. Street. When reading this book one could hardly believe it was published in 1932. Admittedly Irish Protestant cathedrals are small buildings, hardly bigger than the average English parish church, yet they receive even stranger consideration than those heirlooms. A building which receives much attention in this book is the peculiar cathedral of St. Finbar, Cork, erected by Burges in the French Gothic style in 1864. The authors say: "In 1861 it was felt imperatively necessary to remove a building which had little more than a hundred years' antiquity to commend it," and this is the spirit of the book. True, Waterford Cathedral **4** receives an episcopal pat, but sentences such as this startle the reader more than once: "A further restoration was undertaken in 1926, when the walls of the choir were stripped of the rough plaster which had hitherto disfigured them, and the stonework pointed, to the manifest improvement of the appearance of the interior." "Lovely mosaics and marbles and glass" introduced in 1896 are described with as much relish as the destruction of "cumbrous" Georgian woodwork. For all this, the book should be bought by all who are interested in Irish Gothic, for it is a valuable and well-illustrated reference book.

KILLALOE CATHEDRAL, built between 1179 and 1200 and restored in the seventeenth century. All illustrations on these two pages are from *The Cathedrals of the Church of Ireland.*

THE CHURCH OF IRELAND

4

5



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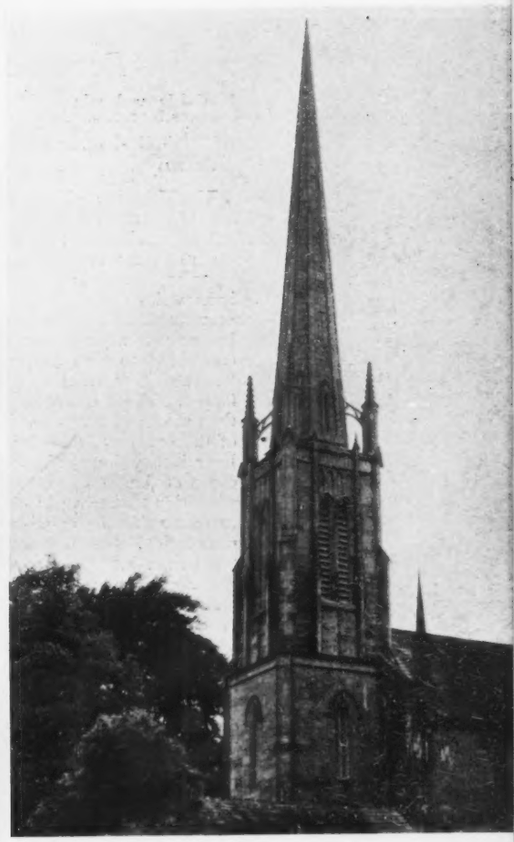


But of Irish Gothic little remains and that so vilely over-restored that little can be judged from it. A Protestant architecture was the outcome of Georgian times which produced in domestic work some of the finest buildings and Dublin one of the finest cities in Europe. The outstanding example is CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, WATERFORD, **4**, which, despite the destructive efforts of Sir Thomas Drew in 1890, retains its fine proportions and delicate mouldings. It was built by John Roberts in 1773.

Classical architecture became, however, largely the perquisite of the still predominant Catholic Church, and imposing edifices were erected in the Roman and Greek manner for this body, well on towards the end of the nineteenth century. Save in the Church of Ireland which is still undergoing one, the country seems to have suffered hardly at all from a Victorian Era of architecture. Protestant churches from the beginning of the nineteenth century onwards were built in a pleasing Strawberry Hill Gothic style, with well-made box pews and galleries within, suitable to the meeting-house style of worship. The interior of HOLY TRINITY, DOWN, **5**, although the Cathedral is of ancient foundation, is an excellent example.

Yet it is without that these Gothic buildings displayed the greatest architectural skill, and almost every town and large village in Ireland has its Protestant church, its interior tightly locked, except on a Lord's Day, but its exterior solidly built and generally set off by a fine tower of original design sometimes crowned by a spire. This Gothic, based on old Irish architecture, prevailed in the Church of Ireland until the money from its disestablishment arrived in the 'seventies of the last century. Thereafter "restoration" as it is unfortunately known in England became known also in the Irish Church. LISMORE TOWER AND SPIRE, **6**, erected in 1827 show an understanding of Gothic that was truly traditional and far in advance of contemporary work in England. Thackeray described it as "the prettiest I have seen in, or I think out of, Ireland." The Church of Ireland to-day would do well to preserve its Georgian Gothic buildings and their fittings, instead of bothering so much about the scanty remains of medieval Irish architecture.

8

LIMERICK CATHEDRAL (ST. MARY'S), built in the thirteenth century, but largely restored in 1660. This is a characteristic example of Irish Pointed Gothic. Notice the strange tracery.

9

ST. LASERIAN'S CATHEDRAL, LEIGHLIN, built between 1152 and 1181 with sixteenth-century battlements and tracery.

Benedictine Baroque.

Einsiedeln und sein Architekt Bruder Caspar Mosbrugger. By Dr. Linus Birchler. Augsburg: Dr. Benno Filser Verlag. Price 25 Marks.

Das Marienmünster zu Ettal im Wandel der Jahrhunderte. By Richard Hoffmann. Augsburg: Dr. Benno Filser Verlag. Price 15 Marks.

THE architectural history of the famous Benedictine monasteries—the one Swiss and the other Bavarian—described in these two scholarly and well-produced monographs, is that of recurrent conflagrations and periodic reconstructions. The former seem to have been welcomed as blessings in disguise by abbots whose unvarying zeal for better and brighter building was not tempered by any sentimentally romantic belief that old shrines were more conducive to piety than new. No attempt was made to "harmonize" what they rebuilt with what had escaped the flames. These monks had far greater pride in their own age than modern bishops and bankers have in ours. Their disregard of the canons of amenity and "period-purity" was complete. Even if they thought backwards, they build forwards. With the dawn of the Renaissance they summarily banished every trace of Gothic barbarity; in the first flush of Baroque they hastened to modernize the primitive crudities of Renaissance out of all recognition. But, like patriotism to Nurse Cavell, Baroque was "not enough." They went Rococo with the same thoroughness that South Seas missionaries are said to "go native." No order attired the female saints of its particular devotion so modishly, or corsetted them with more consummate elegance, in that becomingly sophisticated fashion than the Benedictines.

Einsiedeln, in the Canton of Schwyz, forty kilometres south of Zurich, was the birthplace of Paracelsus. The abbots of this monastery, which was consecrated in 946, were titular Princes of the Empire. The library contains the celebrated tenth-century "Regionator Einsiedlensis" MS. Over 180,000 of the faithful make an annual pilgrimage to venerate its Black Virgin, whose feast is on September 14. The noble Swiss Reformer, Zwingli—who threatened the Bishop of Constance to turn Protestant, and (a far more effective form of blackmail) to preach against Swiss mercenaries enlisting in the Papal troops, unless his longstanding cohabitation with a peasant paramour was "regularized" by episcopal condonation—was for two years the parish priest of Einsiedeln. Later, the monastery became one of the chief centres of the Counter-Reformation. It was efficiently looted by the French Revolutionary Army in 1798.

The oldest engraving extant, which dates from about 1513, shows Einsiedeln already manifesting certain premonitory symptoms of Baroque after its rebuilding in 1509 by Hans Niesenberger of Graz, the architect of the Cathedral of Freiburg-im-Bresgau. The abbey in its existing state was built between 1703 and 1770, and is predominantly the work of a lay brother, Caspar Mosbrugger, who died in 1723. The exterior is chiefly notable for the charming little semicircular arcades which flank the main façade; the interior for the intricate beauty of the wonderful plasterwork in the aisles, the diagonal tribunes of the domed octagon, and the ceiling of the confessional church. A particularly lovely doorway surround is shown in Plate 63. Some exquisite *puttis* and the graceful fashion-plate medallion of Charity *en décolleté* (Plate 60) in the vaulting of the dome are the work of Aegid Quirin Asam. The hideous bronze-gilt chandelier in the nave was the appropriate gift of Napoleon III.

Ettal, in the Bavarian Alps, near Garmisch-Partenkirchen and Oberammergau, was founded by Ludwig of Bavaria in 1330. The very wild site on the old imperial road from Augsburg to Verona was chosen by the Emperor's horse, which genuflected three times in equine adoration before a majestic trinity of fir trees. The miraculous qualities evinced by Giovanni Pisano's marble Madonna soon made it an important place of pilgrimage. In 1441, Jörg von Polling, who built the Frauenkirche in Munich, was appointed "Baumeister," a post which the Italian Henrico Zucalli occupied at the opening of the eighteenth century. After the great fire of 1744, which destroyed the new buildings begun in 1710—including the shell of the dome and the altar of St. Catherine, painted by Pellegrini of Venice, together with the pillared high-altar, and the figures of the apostles on the façade, sculptured by Aegidius Verhelst—the rebuilding was directed by Joseph Schmuzer, of Wessobrunn, and Johann Georg Uebelhör. In 1748 the cupola was coppered over, and the great central supporting column removed. The marble and stucco enrichments of the interior, the work of Ignaz Gunther and Ignaz Finsterwalder respectively, were finished in 1772. The ten gilt lead reliefs of the Passion round the altar-piece, and the four carved panels on the walls of the choir, were delivered by Roman Anton Boos in 1778. A holy-water stoop by this sculptor is shown in Plate 45. The pride of Ettal is the marvellous plasterwork of the delicately fretted organ-loft (Plate 20) and the billowing clouds of the sacristy ceiling (Plates 40 and 41). The tabernacle of the Altar of St. Benedict and a confessional-box dating from about 1750 are fine pieces of woodcarving. There is an incredible marble statue by Johann Baptist Straub of St. Agatha as a fussy and much-petticoated German governess calling the children in to tea from the garden. In another of David, the same artist anticipated the late Beerbohm Tree in a familiar pose as an operatic Indian potentate.

P. Morton Shand.

The Austrian Garden.

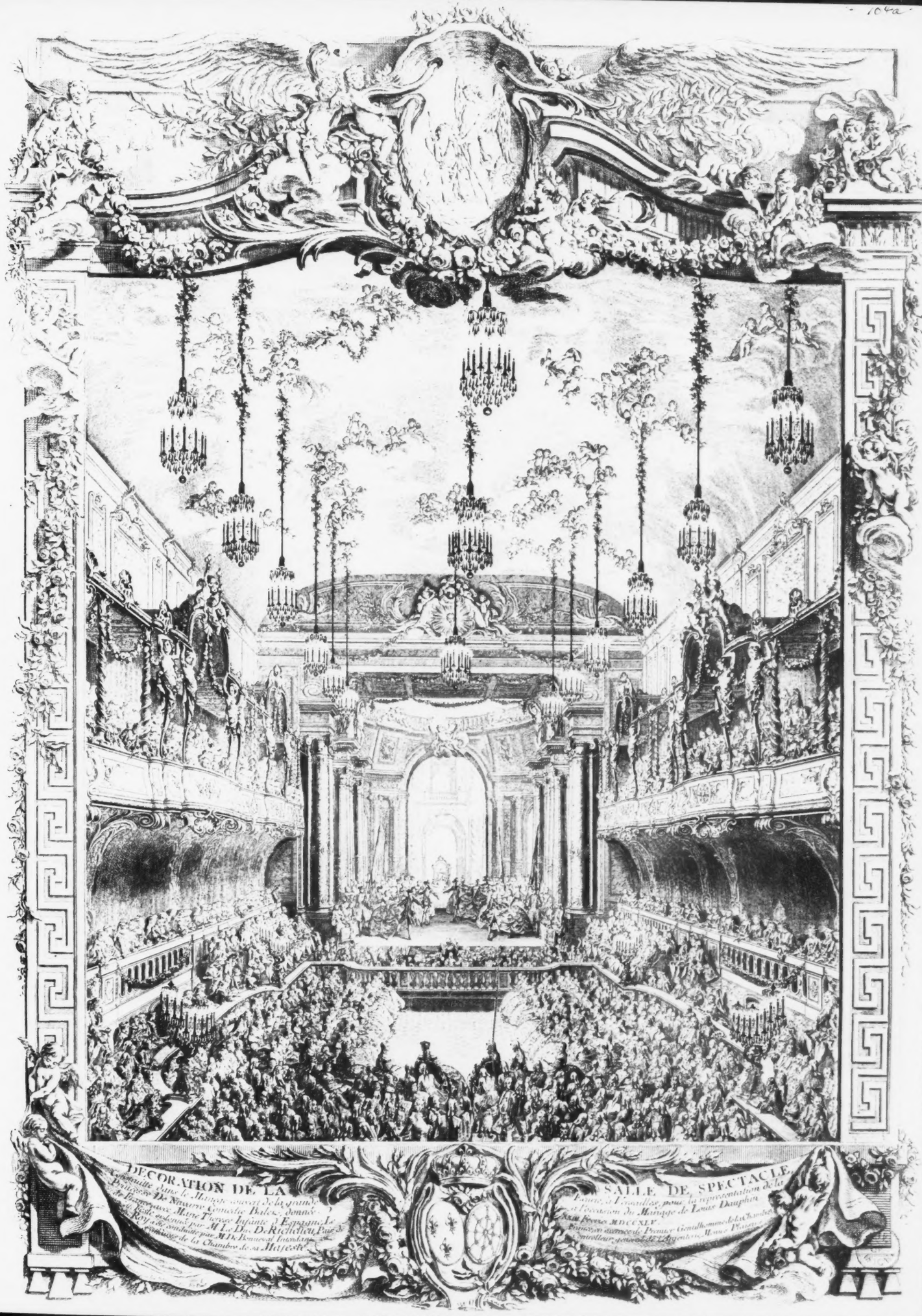
Baroque Gardens of Austria. By G. A. Jellicoe, A.R.I.B.A. London: Benn. Price £4 4s. net.

IN tracing the influence of Italy upon the Baroque gardens of Austria a sense of restriction in the planning of the latter is at once noticeable and contrasts strongly with the lavish scale on which the Italian villa garden was laid out. The need for creating a design within a certain area, which has given Austrian gardens their chief characteristic, was due, in the earlier attempts, to the necessity of laying them out within fortifications. And later, when the final expulsion of the Turks made building outside the walls of Vienna possible, so close were the palaces to the town that the spaces allowed for the garden were still limited. With this in mind, and with the spectacular hills of Italy replaced by the gently sloping country round Vienna, the Austrian architects set out to design Italian gardens in a modified form which would give their owners a sense of seclusion and enjoyment of Nature in comparatively urban surroundings.

In the general lay-out, the influence of Italy is seen in the adoption of terraces as a means of dividing the garden. These again are in a modified form; they do not tower one above the other, but carry on the natural slope of the ground in dignified proportion. This slow procession of ascending levels, carried forward as it were by the horizontal lines of immense hedges and divided by cascades and flights of shallow steps, is the chief attraction of the Austrian garden. This severely formal planning made a suitable background for the Viennese themselves, whose minds at that time were so accustomed to the pageantry of the stage that their gardens were laid out more with an eye to theatrical effect than for enjoyment. An example of this can be seen in the ingenious placing of their pools and fountains where they will best catch reflections, and again in the setting of their palaces or gloriettes where they will look most like paintings upon a backcloth of sky.

Mr. Jellicoe in this, his third book, sets before us the whole range of Austrian Baroque gardens. The book is admirably planned, beginning with a comprehensive introduction, tracing their development from the sixteenth century and their sudden blossoming out with Austria's later prosperity under such patrons as the Princes Eugene of Savoy, Liechstenstein, and Schönborn, and finally under the Habsburg family, who in Schönbrunn sought to outstrip the glories of Versailles. The series of plans and old engravings give a good idea of the gardens and their form in relation to the palaces, and are more enlightening, it must be confessed, than the reproductions of the photographs themselves. Most of these photographs come from a country where the understanding of the value of light and shade in architectural photography is unsurpassed, and the feeling of disappointment is, I think, due entirely to the method of printing, which produces a curiously blurred effect, and spoils the contrast between light stonework and dark hedges. The paintings of Bellotto give a better impression, though even these have been robbed of their clearness. This is a pity, as in choice of general views and details Mr. Jellicoe shows his deep appreciation of the gardens he has taken such trouble to portray.

L. Byron.



DECORATION DE LA SALLE DE SPECTACLE
Faite, et Executée, pour la representation de la
Bataille dans le Mariage ouvert de la grande
et l'occasion du Mariage de Louis Dauphin
De Nauarre Comedie Balet donné
Xxiii Janvier MDCCXLV.
Marie Therese Infante d'Espagne Le
Roy, a été conduite par M.r le Duc de Richelieu Pair
Dessinée et executée par M.rs Beaucent et Jourdain
Peintres ordinaires de la Chambre de sa Majesté

FEBRUARY 23, 1745: AT CLOSE RANGE

HAPPENING to pass through Paris the other day, and across the Place de la Concorde, I saw some large announcements saying, in effect, " This way to the Exhibition of *l'Art de Versailles*"—and promptly went the way I was to go.

The " art of Versailles " proved not to be peasants' art, or handicraft—nor was it a collection of artistic little bits, done by ladies and gentlemen who to-day live in Versailles. The exhibits were not for sale, so the semi-fashionable world was not there to show its wares and itself—so that there was no sign of the modern charity bazaar outside the building . . . all was quite ordinary and quiet.

On getting inside, you became either bored or excited—according to your temperament and your calling. Were you an architect or a draughtsman, you would be excited; were you even one of those who delight in draughtsmanship of the kind that Mansart and Moreau le Jeune could create, you would also be excited. For this was a small collection of drawings of all kinds, by Mansart, Moreau le Jeune, Cochin *père* and Cochin *fils*, P. A. Slodtz, Boquet, Gabriel de St. Aubin, Heurtier, and some dozens more.

Thirty or forty of these drawings were designs for theatres, operas, scenes, costumes—projects or records; and among these were four large and glorious drawings, representing the inside of perhaps the most wonderful theatre ever seen in France.

I paused before these four drawings, dated 1745; and certain words written by Voltaire—written about this theatre and its noble spectacle—passed through my memory : he wrote that these things would " leave behind them not one single trace."

Here were four drawings which left behind a hundred clear traces, which prove to-day what a fine thing a theatre and its spectacle could be in 1745.

The spectacle in question was that given before Louis XV and his court at Versailles, in a specially constructed *salle de spectacle* erected in the *Grande Ecurie*. The occasion was the marriage of the Dauphin with Marie Thérèse, Infanta of Spain—the date, February 23, 1745.

P. A. Slodtz and Perrot designed and built a stage, proscenium, galleries and ceiling, and so constructed the whole that in twenty-four hours stage and galleries could disappear and the entire place become a ballroom. This transformation was effected by the evening of February 24.* No such theatre, no such ballroom, was ever seen before or since, and were it not that we see them in front of us in these large drawings, showing every inch of their construction and beauty, we should hardly know what to answer to those who say that such things are " impossible."

The drawings give the answer.

Voltaire never said that to achieve such things was impossible. All he said was that it was hardly worth while, since not a single trace (except the words of the piece) would be left. He was wrong, and here are the traces.

The reason for Voltaire's writing this nonsense was that he either wished or regretted that no trace would ever be found to prove that things made solely *pour les yeux* could possibly be far more than that. Perhaps he failed to see that spectacle is not made only *pour les yeux*, when artists make spectacle. In any case, these drawings prove that such spectacles are for the eyes, the ears, the heart, the thoughts, the fine emotions of people with eyes and ears and senses.

It was Voltaire who wrote the text of the *Princesse de Navarre*, and I am assured that the verses are good.

It was Rameau who also wrote the *Princesse de Navarre*—wrote the music for the verses and the dances.

Who invented the dances, I have not discovered. The dancers who executed them were dressed in costumes designed by Boucher, and moved against a background of sceneries designed by Servandoni. Yet all was as though it had been the work of one man.

In a preface or *avertissement* to the book of the words, published later, Voltaire writes this :—

> The King wished to offer to Madame la Dauphine an entertainment which should not merely be one of those spectacles to please the eyes, such as all nations can prepare, and which, fading away with the splendour that accompanies them, leave no trace behind them. . . . '

Some there were who could not then—some who cannot now—read anything by Voltaire; they said he disturbed without satisfying. I can read everything by him except his theatrical pieces, which seem to lack so much, that they bore me; on seeing the drawings of the places in which they were recited, and of the actors and dancers who recited and danced them—and above all, of Rameau and the other composers who wrote music for them—all that ennui goes; the *raison d'être* becomes clear, and all is well.

How comic that Voltaire, the divine author of *Candide* and *Zadig*, and a dozen other delights, and the noble champion of downtrodden human beings, should talk twaddle about " *ces spectacles pour les yeux* " which " *passant . . . ne laissent après eux aucune trace* "; how comic and how blind !

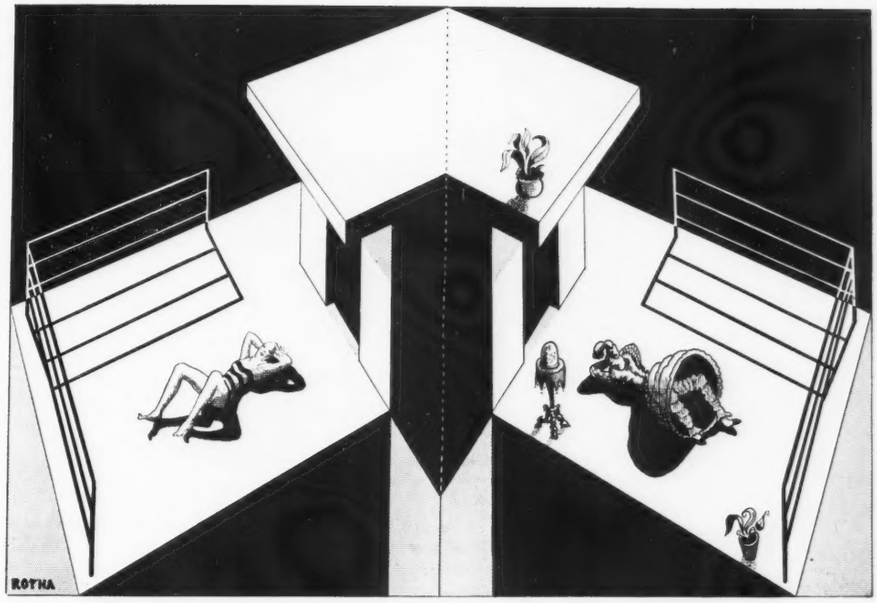
* * * * * *

The blind should not visit the exhibition in the Orangerie in Paris to-day, because eyes must be in good repair, to serve as messengers to the soul. They will not grow fatigued, for there are but four rooms, and the exhibits are not crowded—to " huddle together " was not the custom of the artists who made these drawings and spectacles, so there is no huddle in the grouping of their work to-day.

The designs shown begin with the epoch of Louis XIII and carry on to that of Louis Philippe. I stopped to enjoy a picture representing very precisely a performance given in honour of Queen Victoria, in the year 1843, at the Château d'Eu. A special theatre had been built—but a theatre in no way comparable with that of 1745. The play performed was *Richard, Cœur de Lion* . . . the names of the author, the composer, actors and singers are not given. A nice-looking, shipshape little affair—neat and not very gaudy—the best that could be done at a time when the great artists, Dumas, Hugo, de Musset, Frédérick Lemaître, Rachel and Berlioz, were considered, for no sufficient reason, " too revolutionary " a dish of blackbirds to set before a king.

EDWARD GORDON CRAIG.

* But how exactly the transformation was effected, not even Monsieur Bonnet, architect to the French Government at Versailles, can say—for he informs me that he has so far come across no document which describes it. The method of raising the sloping floor of the auditorium is well known. A careful drawing of the machine constructed by Françoise Cuvillièe (1750) for the Residenztheatre, München, is to be found in the archives of that city. But this Versailles affair was a good deal more than that and we must await the result of M. Bonnet's further researches to learn in detail what was done and how.



Architecture, Life, and a Film

IN reviewing the relationship between modern architecture and present cultural life, it is necessary to analyse several statements which are usually " taken for granted " by the self-appointed exponents of contemporary life.

The journalist writes of the *modern trend towards simplicity*; the reader, although he may have had no direct experience of divergence from Victorian standards, accepts this *modern trend* with inevitable and alarming faith. Again, the art critic explains the *modern trend* by means of the useful and over-used phrase, *functional æsthetic*; again, the reader welcomes superficial glibness and he probably, if he exerts any mental judgment at all, labels it " deep thought."

We wisely start, therefore, with the suggestion that a comparison be made between the cultural life of an earlier period of Western culture and the manifestations of the present day. Take a Gothic cathedral and a modern building; the *method* of approach, in each case, is essentially the same — mechanical. The Gothic cathedral is a perfect piece of mechanism, but what is expressed is different. It will immediately be realized that the *expression* of the earlier period was predominantly symbolical in the sense that the old symbols had their being in mystical experience, whereas that of the present day is predominantly factual; modern architecture provides an emphasis of facts—symbolical in the sense of a movement parallel to the factual life state.

At first it might appear a paradox to say that the apparent simplicity of a symbol is in essence more complex than the lengthy explanation. But let us take an analogy; a man may sum up a friend's character with a shrug of his shoulders (symbol), or he may answer with a number of definite sentences (factual statements). It is obvious, in this instance, that the symbol is more complex than the explanation which leaves the hearer with no obligation of involved mental interpretation.

Given that the factual mode of expression is simpler, we have to deal with the problem avoided by the art critic : is this simplicity-trend something fundamental or a reaction from modern life? If the simplicity of modern architecture is an essential simplicity, then it is art; if it is a mere reflex from complexity, then it is not art; for *art is the attempt to hold before us what the world around means to us.*

The earlier periods of culture produced art expressions which sought escape from the earth, the symbols being placed outside the earth; a vertical line might be said to represent this movement away from earth which stands for FACT. The hiatus between architecture and cultural life occurred during the great wave of industrialism; architecture ceased to be significant and drifted into revivalism. Primarily, the influx of knowledge was too great; today architects are beginning to master this knowledge. *With the recent development towards the factual, we have the keeping near to earth expressed by the predominantly horizontal lines of modern architecture.*

Of course, the real factual life " demands " factual backgrounds; that is why sociologically advanced communities are the best patrons of the modern building (Germany, for example). There is an interesting connection of thought between factual life, *nachtcultur*, etc., and factual architecture. Do not the larger windows signify, beyond the immediate hygienic advantage, the flooding of more light into life itself ? Does not the factual life, in its most complete and perfect expression, substitute the courage of the known for the superstitious evocation power of the unknown ?

* * * * *

Have we fully considered the possibility that the film is the very best medium of propaganda for the new architecture? The film can show buildings *and people living in them.*

If only architects of depth and understanding would band together to make a film showing the way modern architecture is linked to modern life (and is not just a crazy attempt to be different), it is possible that, besides silencing the most vigorous of conventional critics, many of their commissions would be changed from compromised to convinced and convincing architectural statements.

Paul Rotha's brilliantly amusing drawing suggests how such a film could draw entertaining and forceful visual conclusions : on one side the modern woman takes a sun-bath in a modern house, on the other side the Victorian woman experiments with the up-to-date sun roof ! —and so on through endless possibilities.

JAMES BURFORD.
OSWELL BLAKESTON.

A Free Commentary

By Junius.

THERE may be poetic justice in the Roads sending the Railways where the Railways sent the Canals in the sacred name of individualism, but there is not good national business in it. One wonders why the National Party with its commanding Tory majority does not revive the old game of dishing the Whigs by adopting after more than due consideration and opposition the saner points of its opponents' programme. And surely there is a business of this kind ready to its hand in the unification of the transport problem. Are the conservers so frightened of the name of Socialism? Well, if so, let it be done in the name of National Planning.

* * *

If ever plan were needed it is in this job of ordering the present transport chaos. While the railways are slowly dying the roads are becoming so overloaded that they bid fair to choke themselves at no distant date. Only the present unmitigated slump postpones the absolute congestion that threatens. The logical development of the present policy of preventing uncontrolled competition in the road services—we have got thus far—is unification, rationalization, nationalization of road, rail and inland water services—if these latter are not past reviving on a national scale. The pressure of events (particularly the most essential event of all, summed up in the formula : There is so much food that you must go hungry; so little employment and such bad business that you who are employed must work longer hours for less wages) will force us to huge operations of adjustment, national and international. Why not make a beginning by way of practice? And clearly Tories are the people for the job. Are all the plans of the bright young men who owe general allegiance to that party to be merely kept in the graph and memorandum stage? Are they still bent on meriting the old gibe that they are eager for reform in general, but against any particular reform?

* * *

Why, even the B.M.A. have been saying kind words about osteopathy and admitting that the official attitude has not been altogether perfect in the past.

* * *

What a deal of wisdom gets into the correspondence columns of *The Times*, together, of course, with much nonsense. And I have often wondered why that newspaper does not keep a practical sage to sift grain from chaff, edit the most sensible suggestions on practical problems and issue them from time to time, if only as an enlightened advertisement. On the question of road safety, a not negligible aspect of the transport problem, a Mr. Arthur Cooke, of Cambridge, a surgeon who has "assisted at the death of a score or more mangled motorists," points out that it is not novices who cause these deaths (he is, of course, right; it is in general reasonably, often remarkably, skilful rash cads), and suggests that skidding, a frequent factor in road disaster, should be made an offence. It is, he reasonably asserts, a more serious and dangerous offence than not having a tail lamp. And he hints at the plain truth that it is in all but a very few instances avoidable, and due to driving too fast for the given conditions and sudden braking. A really unforeseeable condition, such as a patch of oil or an emergency due to the action of some other driver who has lost his head, would absolve the skidder, but skidding *per se* should be assumed to be a result of rash driving, and therefore punishable.

And why not attach to the car of a motorist who has been convicted for rash driving and had his licence therefore endorsed, a sign which should connote that endorsement. It could be removed after, say, two years clean driving. The fear of having to sport this device would, I assume, exercise a moderating influence on egotists unsusceptible to the ordinary decent motives. Meanwhile, of course, it would be ungracious not to admit with gratitude that road manners have vastly improved and are daily improving. But it will need more than the solemn thanks of Mr. Pybus to deal with the impenitent dangerous 5 per cent.

* * *

And by the way, in addition to making skidding an offence, I would add that driving with one arm round an attendant nymph (or swain, as the case may be) should also be *per se* actionable.

* * *

I found in Stratford-on-Avon that the local disappointment at not having a half-timbered period piece "At ye signe of ye olde play-house" is giving way to a grudging admiration. For myself I found the building almost all I had expected from a study of the drawings and the photographs and from the comments of my more perceptive friends. I did feel, however, that the red was a little stark and over-emphatic. I was given to understand that the original material contemplated by the designer was Cotswold stone, and this would have given just the quiet silvery splendour which my amateur soul desired. Omitting tiresome and belated praise of the intelligent fit-for-purpose plan and of the ingenious and comely details of decoration, I would note, not, I hope, in a carping spirit, that the handles to the dressing-room doors of the artists were nicely calculated to rip any dress and maim any careless finger; that stainless steel and plymax, admirable when put out of reach, is a too ready recorder of the public thumb and finger; that for the specific purpose of a Shakespeare theatre necessarily having a large repertory of plays to present in any given season, the storage room for scenery is inadequate; and finally that (here I echo a plaint of J. C. Squire's) a cloakroom that has but one point of entry and exit is a bad and infuriating cloakroom.

* * *

Holidaymakers in the Cotswolds should not miss a pleasant little show of all the talents by Cotswold artists now to be seen at the Alcuin Press in the lovely High Street of Chipping Campden. William Simmonds, the puppeteer, shows a beautiful horse in white alabaster; Ed. Barnsley, Peter Waals and Gordon Russell furniture of real distinction; Alfred and Louise Powell, Phyllis Barron, Mrs. Mairet (now of Ditchling), F. L. Griggs, Paul Woodroffe, the Geres, the Campden "blacksmiths" Thornton and Dormer, Alec Miller, and others are well represented. The catalogue by the Alcuin Press is an admirable example of how such things should be (and are generally not) done. On the whole, the show is a notable efflorescence of intelligent local patriotism.

* * *

Those who know the pleasant little village of Woodstock hard by Blenheim Palace need never go there again. It looks like a poor fly caught in the meshes of a gigantic spider's web, except that the wires and pylons of the electric light company have none of the unpremeditated delicate art of the spider, but rather show the premeditated beastliness of the commercial mind at its most ruthless, not giving a dam for anything except really sound business considerations. Woodstock has its electric light possibly at a lower price than formerly, quite likely at a higher, but it has lost everything that made it one of the jewels of the English countryside. Pity the Duke could not have issued forth with his retainers from the adjacent Noble Pile and hanged a director or two on the first of the standards to discourage the erection of the other four or five score which testify to the benefits of disordered progress.

* * *

I write these last words in the general waiting-room of the main terminus of the L.N.E. Railway and I am moved almost to tears. The place is roomy and clean. A large looking-glass gives a cheery feeling and enables the general fair to powder its nose with some circumstance. Good posters enliven the walls. A carafe of water and a glass, an ink bottle with real fluid ink and a pen are provided ! Honour where honour is due.

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW SUPPLEMENT
DECORATION & CRAFTSMANSHIP
September 1932

1. A hand-made rug in brown, cream, a dull rust colour and pale gold, by Marion Dorn for the music-room *designed by* Brian O'Rorke for Mrs. Robert Solomon. The room is illustrated on page 108.

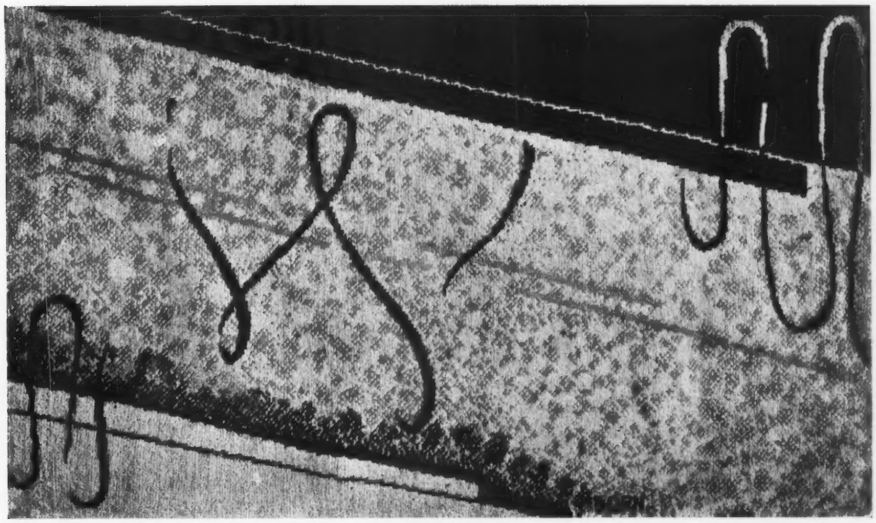
MARION DORN
Architect of Floors

BY DOROTHY TODD

2

3

(**2**) and (**3**) A music-room decorated for Mrs. Robert Solomon *by* Brian O'Rorke. The furniture is in pale beige niger leather, and the walls are glazed in the same tone of pale beige. There are some beautiful Chinese vases in the room, one of which can be seen in the niche on the right in (**2**). The rugs, *designed by* Marion Dorn, are in brown, cream, a dull rust colour and pale gold.



4. A hand-made rug in brown and cream and beige, mottled with vermilion streaks. *By* Marion Dorn.

Marion Dorn
Architect of Floors

By Dorothy Todd.

A RETREAT FROM THE RESTLESS SPIRIT OF THE AGE: this notice hangs in the window of a well-known New York decorator who, notoriously, specializes in *other*-Period styles. Its implication is misleading, based on a common fallacy concerning contemporary types. Actually, there is no surer retreat from restlessness than a consciously *modern* interior.

A good modern interior inevitably is derived, in however modified a form, from such principles as have inspired (among others) Le Corbusier or Djo Bourgeois, in France; Walter Gropius or Marcel Breuer (one of the originators of the metal chair), in Germany; Mart Stamm and J. J. P. Oud, in Holland; Neutra and Howe and Lescaze, in the U.S.A. The type is noticeably international, and has countless adherents, in England, whose work is already well known to readers of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

An almost inevitable concomitant of such interiors is the plain, washed, or painted wall. Furthermore, mouldings, in the old-fashioned sense, have been banished; and such variety as the contour of a room assumes is rigorously formal (geometrical) in character—apparently the outcome of constructional devices. It is common knowledge that among the more intelligent workers in this field the term *decorator* has been generally discarded in favour of *interior architect.*

Austerity, again, distinguishes all good modern furniture. Curtains and covers tend to be plain, the latter often of some such indefinite character as we associate with a herring-bone design.

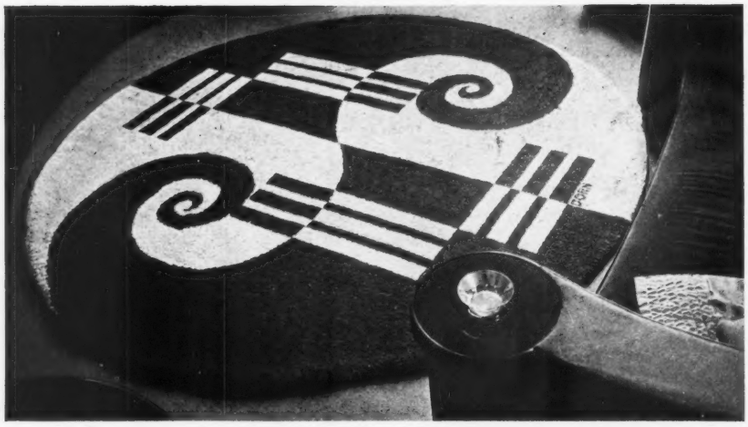
Pattern, then, of the more complicated or subtle type may reasonably be expected to appear in one of two forms only in a good modern room: in the form of a picture hanging on the wall (this, even, among purists is apt to be taboo!), or in that of a good modern rug on the floor. It follows that the rug has, functionally, attained today the pinnacle of its historic significance in the decorative scheme.

Modern rugs, then, have been placed peculiarly in the limelight. What of English rugs. . . .?

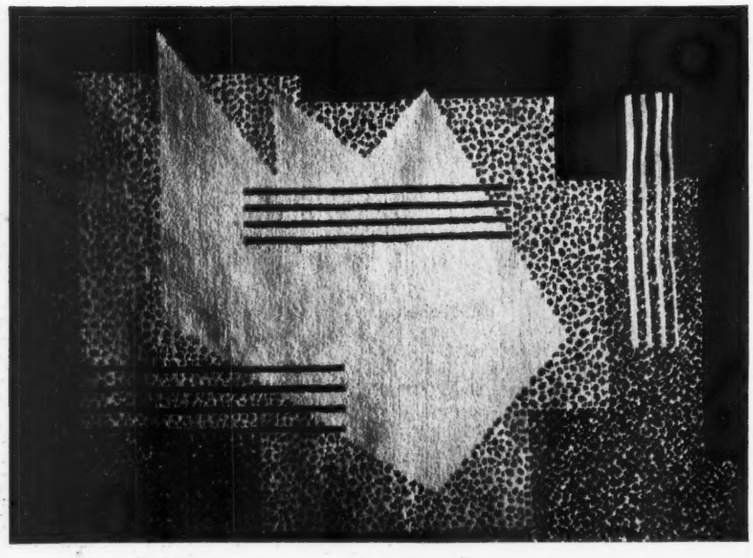
A return to England after any prolonged absence is always a little disconcerting to those who, like the writer, are susceptible to depression through the eye since our national standards fall noticeably below the level of certain other countries in the field of decorative art. It is infinitely cheering, therefore, to be able to chronicle the activities of such an artist-craftsman as Marion V. Dorn, who conspicuously proves that work can be, and is, produced in England which, both as to intelligent conception and adequacy of technique, competes on equal terms with the best Continental production.

Such modern interiors as I have attempted to convey above call not so much for a mere covering as for a work of art. And it is no exaggeration to describe the rugs featured in this article by such a term.

Mrs. Dorn, above all, sees her room as a unit in which floor-coverings, curtains and furniture covers all have some definite relation to the ground plan and to each other. And given this type of consciously and intelligently planned interior, in which the floor covering assumes a fundamental (structural) importance, a rug must not only be right in proportion, but right in *feeling* also. For instance, Mrs. Dorn was recently asked to design a rug for a very large room the ensemble of which was pitched in a very blonde key. The artist immediately saw that this room needed solidity at the base; a uniform scheme was discarded in favour of a rug in which dark browns struck a dominant



5. A hand-made rug for H. O. Clarke, Esq., in nigger brown and cream. *By* Marion Dorn.



6. A hand-made rug in nigger brown and natural cream wool. *By* Marion Dorn.

note. And this colour-scheme not only brought the room, so to speak, to earth, but furthermore established in the other parts a relation which had not previously existed.

The most successful modern rugs, this designer feels, are those which have been planned in relation to the room for which they are intended (and it is well in this connection to remember that Oriental rugs, however expensive, can never be thus perfectly adapted). So convinced is Mrs. Dorn of the superiority of this method that she *prefers* to give the time and extra effort that such a study of background demands. She may, indeed, be said to offer not so much a rug as what Americans might call "floor service," and it is not always remembered that—as with the architect, so with the artist—this sort of "service" is a gift from the designer to the client. That is to say, the rug specially designed for you costs no more than the one you buy off the peg. Again, the artist is able to give an unbiased opinion with regard to certain items of expenditure. For instance, in connection with close-cover carpets, having once ensured the all-important questions of general suitability and colour, he or she is by no means certain to advise the most expensive material—a procedure which can scarcely be expected when dealing with the carpet vendor directly!

Furthermore, the artist should be in a position to supply those subtle shades of colour which every person with a reasonably sensitive eye demands, but which through the ordinary commercial channels, where colours are apt to be garish or murky, it is rarely possible to achieve. In this department I give Mrs. Dorn full marks. She has had about 500 shades specially dyed; for instance, I noted some six different tones of white and cream, three blacks, and literally dozens of beiges, browns and greys. One need scarcely underline the importance to the householder of the fact that the artist, unlike many manufacturers, assumes complete responsibility for the dying of felts or carpets to delicate or unusual shades.

Most of Marion Dorn's rugs are hand-tufted. She also makes tapestry (untufted) rugs and a variety of other weaves. She attaches very great importance to texture (for instance, certain designs require rough shearing, others smooth); and she asserts that nowhere in the world may one find such beautiful wools or such beautiful weaving as in England. In this connection it is interesting to note that she has a sample set of weaves, many of which have been actually originated by her. Like the better-known dress designers, Mrs. Dorn makes regularly, each season, her new *collection*. And at such times she not only adds to her stock, but takes out all those designs which have been several times repeated.

Modern rugs, the prejudiced should note, are neither exclusively geometrical nor always designed in hard colours. A remarkably successful use of arabesques combined with a delicately reserved palette (this artist's present tendency is away from bright colours) distinguish the rugs shown in these pages. Rugs which are actually in two colours reveal so rich an invention in arrangement as to suggest an infinite variety of tones. In the case of one brown and white rug, for instance, the changes from light to dark are achieved merely by means of the distance at which brown spots are disposed on a light ground. Mrs. Dorn's present agreeable colour scale, in which lead-pencil greys, beiges, browns, and white play a leading part, allows for changes in the general scheme of a room. Too often in the past, she feels, a rug has been apt to tie its owner down. Furthermore, one may live with her present colours without fatigue.

It is important to avoid three-dimensional effects on the floor. Too many rugs do not lie flat, but rather convey an effect of hills and valleys. Ordinary shadings are inclined to *model*, and not the least of Marion Dorn's achievements is a method of transition of tones which is generally little known, which, indeed, in the past, has been exclusively associated with a few museum pieces among Chinese rugs.

I have considered the modern rug mainly in relation to the more or less modern interior. It is, however, a fact that, almost alone in the field of consciously twentieth-century production, a good modern rug can be and often is most satisfactorily allied with *other*-Period styles. I have seen many delightful houses in which priceless old English furniture combined harmoniously with such modern masterpieces.

The Rugs of Marion Dorn

7. One of the hand-made rugs in the music-room of Mrs. Robert Solomon. The rug is natural cream, dull rust colour and nigger brown. 8. A hand-made rug in grey-blue motif, edged in white on a nigger-brown ground. The craftsmen for all the rugs by Marion Dorn illustrated on these pages were The Wilton Royal Carpet Factory.

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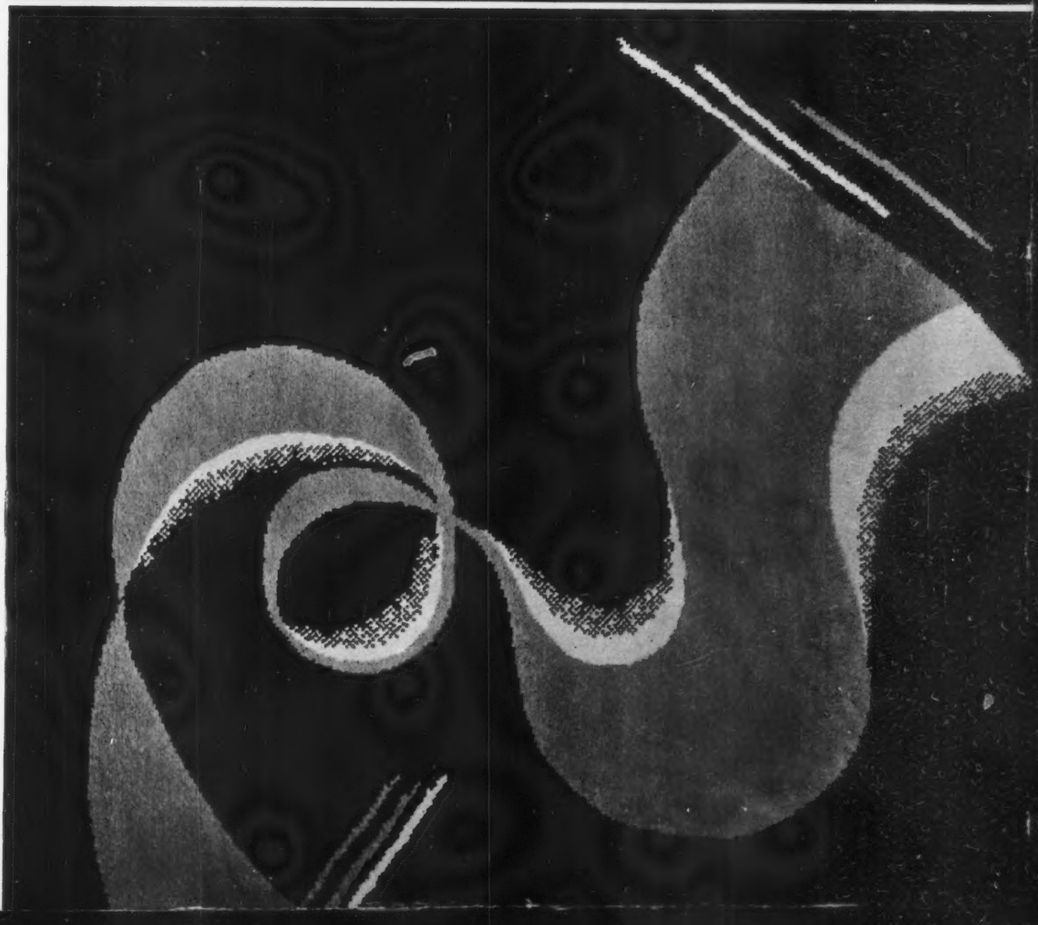

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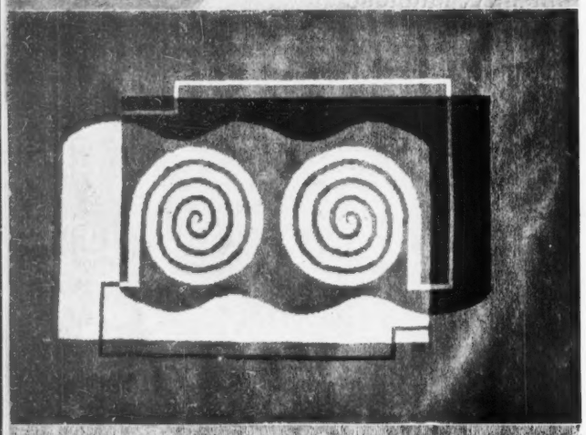

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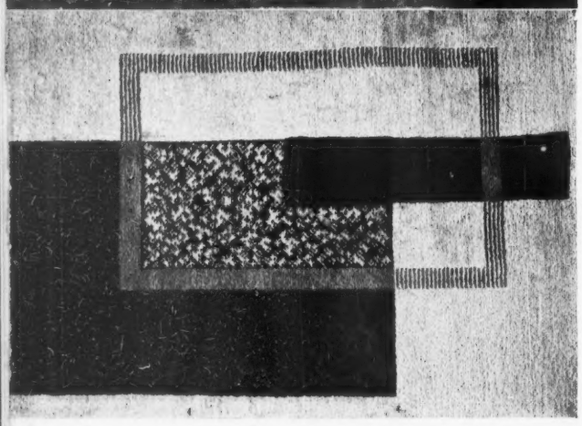

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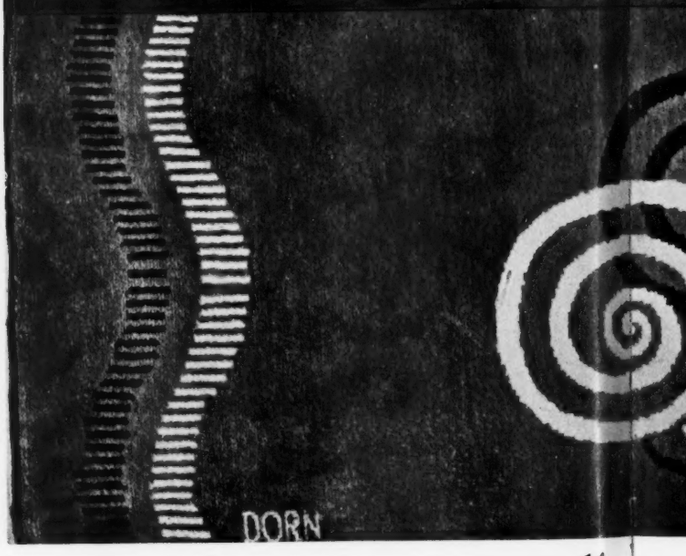

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9. A bedroom rug in white and brown—woven by Mrs. Drage in a flat decorated by Marion Dorn and Robert Dickins. **10.** A hand-made rug in cream and two shades of beige. **11.** A hand-made rug in two greys, black and vermilion. **12.** A nigger-brown and white rug in a room of the same colour scheme. The walls and curtains are white and the carpet and covers brown. **13.** A hand-made brown and white rug in the same room (brown and white room). **14.** A hand-made rug with a vermilion ground, nigger-brown and cream motifs. **15.** A hand-made rug in Chartreuse green, brown and white.

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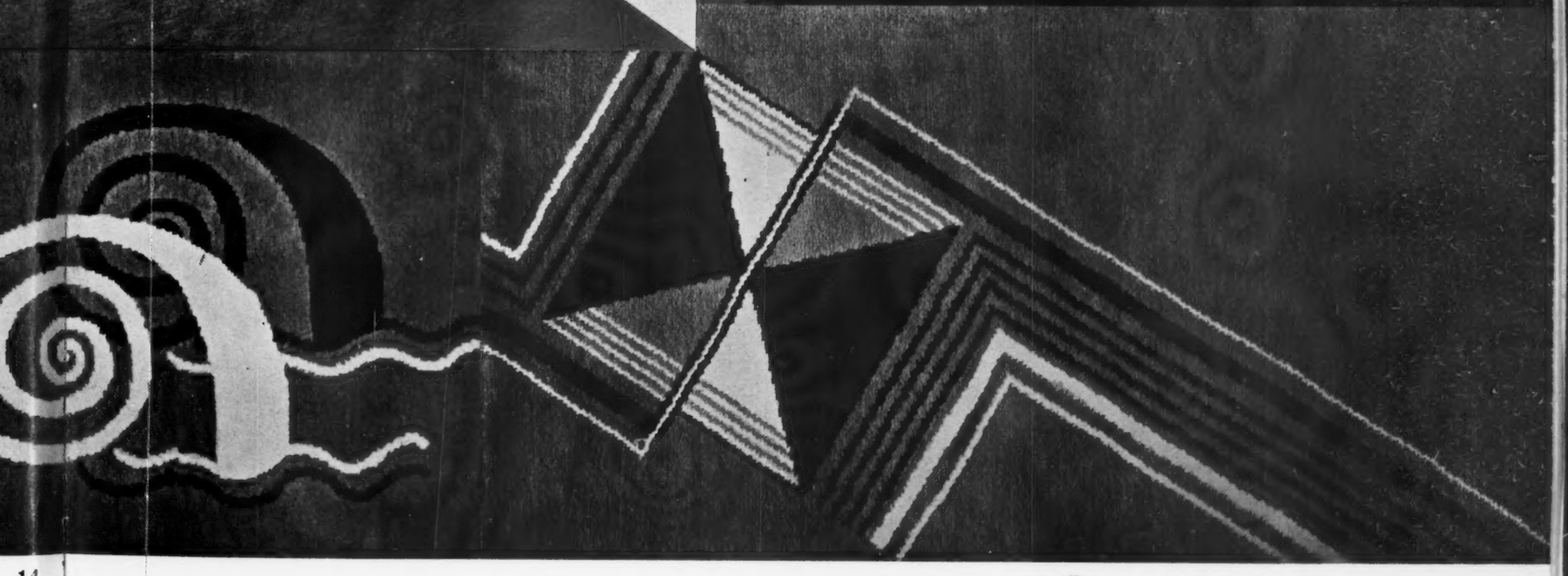

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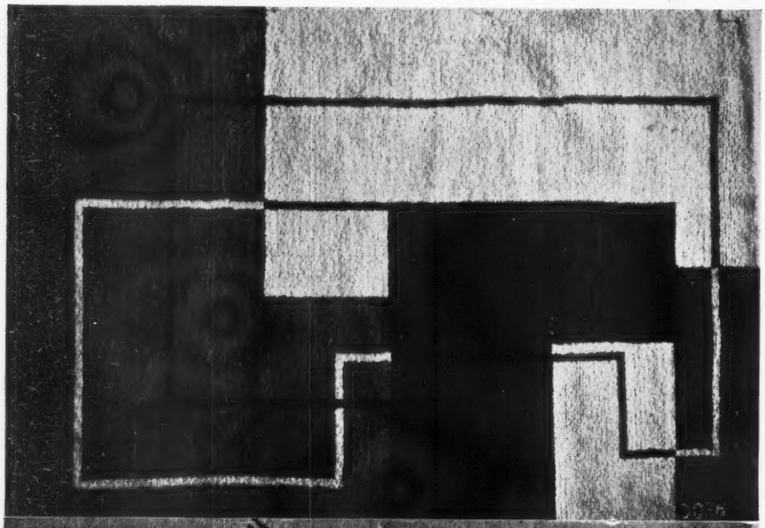
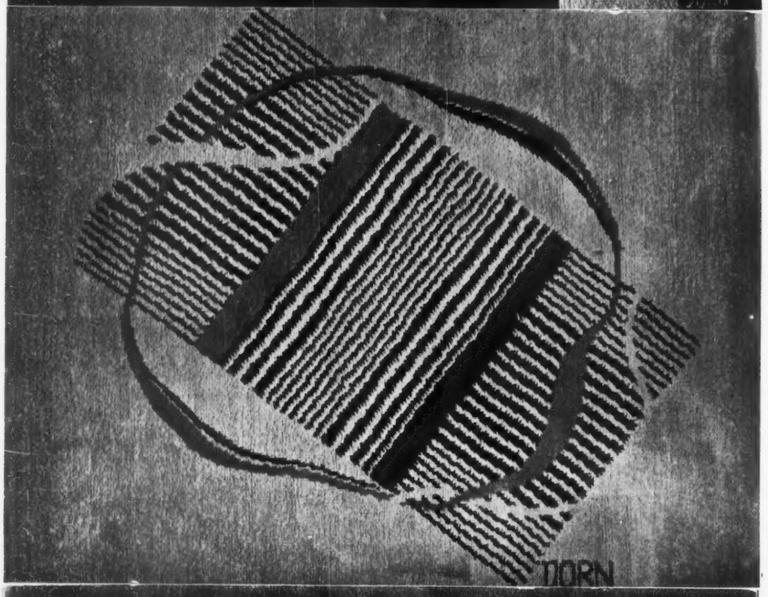
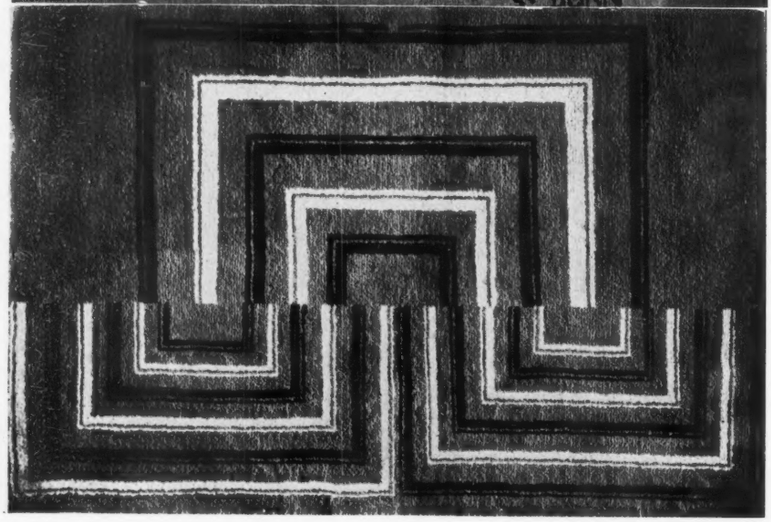


16. A hand-made rug in shades of dull yellow gold, cream and brown.



17. A hand-made rug on a cream ground with nigger-brown lines and circlets of grey-blue and Chartreuse green.



18. A hand-made rug in beige brown and white.

ANTHOLOGY

AN EIGHTEEN-EIGHTY PROPHET

PEOPLE often talk as if there was an opposition between what is beautiful and what is useful. There is no opposition to beauty except ugliness: all things are either beautiful or ugly, and utility will be always on the side of the beautiful thing, because beautiful decoration is always on the side of the beautiful thing, because beautiful decoration is always an expression of the use you put a thing to and the value placed on it. No workman will beautifully decorate bad work, nor can you possibly get good handicraftsmen or workmen without having beautiful designs. You should be quite sure of that. If you have poor and worthless designs in any craft or trade you will get poor and worthless workmen only, but the minute you have noble and beautiful designs, then you get men of power and intellect and feeling to work for you. By having good designs you have workmen who work not merely with their hands but with their hearts and heads too; otherwise you will get merely the fool or the loafer to work for you.

That the beauty of life is a thing of no moment, I suppose few people would venture to assert. And yet most civilized people act as if it were of none, and in so doing are wronging both themselves and those that are to come after them. For that beauty which is meant by art is no mere accident of human life which people can take or leave, but a positive necessity of life if we are to live as nature meant us to, that is to say unless we are content to be less than men.

Do not think that the commercial spirit which is the basis of your life and cities here is opposed to art. Who built the beautiful cities of the world but commercial men and commercial men only? Genoa built by its traders, Florence by its bankers, and Venice, most lovely of all, by its noble and honest merchants.

The train that whirls an ordinary Englishman through Italy at the rate of forty miles an hour and finally sends him home without any memory of that lovely country but that he was cheated by a courier at Rome, or that he got a bad dinner at Verona, does not do him or civilization much good. But that swift legion of fiery-footed engines that bore to the burning ruins of Chicago the loving help and generous treasure of the world was as noble and as beautiful as any golden troop of angels that ever fed the hungry and clothed the naked in the antique times. As beautiful, yes; all machinery may be beautiful when it is undecorated even. Do not seek to decorate it. We cannot but think all good machinery is graceful, also, the line of strength and the line of beauty being one.

Give then, as I said, to your workmen of to-day the bright and noble surroundings that you can yourself create. Stately and simple architecture for your cities, bright and simple dress for your men and women; those are the conditions of a real artistic movement. For the artist is not concerned primarily with any theory of life but with life itself, with the joy and loveliness that should come daily on eye and ear for a beautiful external world.

* * * * * *

There should be a law that no ordinary newspaper should be allowed to write about art. The harm they do by their foolish and random writing it would be impossible to overestimate—not to the artist but to the public, blinding them to all, but harming the artist not at all. Without them we would judge a man simply by his work; but at present the newspapers are trying hard to induce the public to judge a sculptor, for instance, never by his statues but by the way he treats his wife; a painter by the amount of his income and a poet by the colour of his necktie. I said there should be a law, but there is really no necessity for a new law: nothing could be easier than to bring the ordinary critic under the head of the criminal classes. But let us leave such an inartistic subject and return to beautiful and comely things, remembering that the art which would represent the spirit of modern newspapers would be exactly the art which you and I want to avoid—grotesque art, malice mocking you from every gateway, slander sneering at you from every corner.

OSCAR WILDE. From a lecture given in America in 1882.

MARGINALIA

GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL

Although it is a little late in the day, THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW wishes to congratulate Mr. Edward Maufe, an example of whose work appears on pages 84 and 85 of this issue, on winning the competition for a Protestant Cathedral at Guildford.

* * *

COMPETITION

ORGANIZED BY THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY FOR LONDON MANUFACTURERS & CRAFTSMEN IN CONNECTION WITH THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR, 1933.

1. In connection with the British Industries Fair, 1933, a Competition is being organized by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths which is open to all manufacturers and craftsmen working in the London area.

2. The object of the Competition is to produce, for a composite exhibit to be shown at the Fair, articles of everyday use and good design in the precious metals which are likely to sell at the present time. The judges will look particularly for freshness of design in things of everyday use and moderate price. Enamels will not be excluded. Individual work of a special character by craftsmen in the form of exhibition pieces may also be submitted. Such work may include models, viz.: figure work, trophies, and the work of the sculptor as applicable to the Silver Trade. The names of the designers should in all cases be stated.

3. The Company reserve the right to purchase for their collection of modern work any examples so submitted, and will endeavour to arrange for designers to co-operate with manufacturers in their production.

4. Paper designs should, if possible, be accompanied by specimens of work.

5. All entries should be sent in to Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, E.C.2, before October 15. They will then be submitted to a Selection Committee appointed by the Goldsmiths' Company and the Trade Societies concerned.

6. No definite Prize Scheme is outlined in this circular, but it is the intention of the Company to encourage merit in such ways as may be thought desirable, taking into consideration the circumstances of each case.

* * *

A TOUR THROUGH THE FENS

1 THE FENS, a typical road between West Walton and Walpole St. Peter.

2 A familiar East Anglian sight. A substantial red brick eighteenth-century house, now a farm, on the road between KING'S LYNN and WISBECH.

3 A row of Georgian houses on the Neme at WISBECH.

THE FENS

A few days ago I went on a bicycling tour—for a bicycle is the best way of seeing a flat district—in the neighbourhood of Wisbech and King's Lynn, in order to see the great marshland churches of Walpole St. Peter, Terrington St. Clement, Tilney All Saints, Letherington, Walsoken, and West Walton, whose great flint and stone towers can be seen for miles above the willows and reeds, orchards and wheatfields of that impressive tract of country. This part of East Anglia is still agricultural and as soon as the Great Eastern leaves Cambridge and draws up in the dead town of March we reach the one part of England which has been least touched by industrialism. Even the railway stations, with their green gas-lit refreshment rooms, might have come out of some Victorian picture book on the progress of steam locomotion, and the roads which lead to them wind like streams among the reeds, unsuitable for motors, better for traps and carts.

4 WISBECH

Compared with most provincial towns, Wisbech is unharmed by industrialism; admittedly it is not so rural an example of urban life as Spalding or Holbech or Horncastle, for it is a little nearer and a little more intimately connected with that industrialization which we have come to call "civilization." But its quality as a market town remains. It is still the centre of interest for the ague-stricken people of the fens. The Neme on which it stands is a tidal river. A hideous new concrete bridge in a bastard classical style takes the place of a decent, though unsafe, iron structure of the last century, and this communicates with one of the most imposing rows of Georgian houses (3) yet to be seen outside Bath. Near is the old Market Place with its Georgian Gothic "Octagon Church," a stronghold of East Anglian Protestantism, fits in appropriately with its weathered white brick against the mellow red of the Georgian house next door. In the same old Market Place is to be seen a late eighteenth-century butcher's shop painted yellow and grained with a Chinese design in white wood for ventilation when the shutters are up (7).

THE "ROSE AND CROWN"

Not the least pleasant part of Wisbech is its inn, the "Rose and Crown," where there may still be had fine wines and excellent food. One does not expect to enter an English provincial hotel of an evening and find such a meal as this prepared—melon, oxtail soup, sole, roast duck, blackcurrant pie, anchovies on toast. Yet such did I find in the "Rose and Crown," a substantial Georgian building with relics of its Empire furniture.

5 GO-AHEAD WISBECH

But the town of Wisbech has been infected with the "spirit of the times." It can be "up to date." A modernistical cinema in a jazz style worthy of any fifth-year student at an architectural school is going up. With a fine example of truly "modern" or rather "traditional" work to copy in the Georgian houses on the Neme and the fine Regency wharves lower down the river (4) the banks must, of course, be garrulously classical; they are worthily set off by the new bridge mentioned before. On the Neme beside a pleasant and severe Regency corner house two villas in the Metroland manner are being erected (5).

6 1818 & 1918

On an oval plot of ground and approached by three fine entrance gates stood the old palace of the Bishops of Ely. This was said to be by Inigo Jones although it is more probably the work of Henry Bell of King's Lynn. In 1818 it was removed. The entrance gates remain, and behind a good Regency villa was built (8). The oval of the grounds, enclosed by a high wall, was bordered by elliptical terraces of excellent dwellings called Union and Ely Place, erected in about 1820. They are good examples of neat Georgian urban architecture and planning. But they were not good enough for Wisbech. A large War memorial, in the form of a Celtic Cross—there are no Celts in the district—in the Celtic style—there are no examples of it in the district—in granite—there is no granite in the district—completely spoils what was before a beautiful, if humble, architectural prospect (6). For all this, Wisbech has sinned less than other towns. Even its outskirts are not so frightful, partly because they are not so large.

THE CHURCHES

One can hardly blame the diocesan authorities, nor even the rectors, for the sad state of these buildings. For instance, the Rector of Wiggenhall St. Mary-the-Virgin is also incumbent of the neighbouring livings of Wiggenhall St. Germans and Wiggenhall St. Peter and Tilney-cum-Islington. The two first of these churches are among the finest in Norfolk with a wealth of medieval woodwork. Wiggenhall St. Peter has lately become a ruin. Tilney-cum-Islington, a plain Early English cruciform church with a Perpendicular tower, has also been closed for public worship, and the slates are falling from the roof and nettles prevent access for all but the hardiest to the windows of the church (10). These are the only means of viewing the interior for the key is miles away.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

Yet in some cases those in authority, the rector and parishioners, are to blame. For instance, at Letherington—said to be the finest church in

7 An eighteenth-century butcher's shop in WISBECH.

8 (*left*) The gate to the old palace of the Bishops of Ely, WISBECH, with a Regency villa behind. 9 (*right*) the Octagon Chapel, WISBECH.

10 (*left*) DECAY. ISLINGTON CHURCH, Lynn, closed for public worship. 11 (*right*) DECAY. LETHERINGTON CHURCHYARD, CAMBS, with eighteenth-century headstones hidden by grass and overgrown with ivy.

Cambridgeshire—the whole south side of the churchyard is filled with magnificent seventeenth- and eighteenth-century headstones (11) and altar tombs, with baroque carvings and inscriptions as good and better than any I have seen in the Cotswolds. Over these ivy is allowed to crawl and grass and weeds to obscure the stones from view. At West Walton a fine altar tomb has been allowed to tumble to pieces. At Walsoken a magnificent collection of eighteenth-century headstones is totally obscured by grass and nettles.

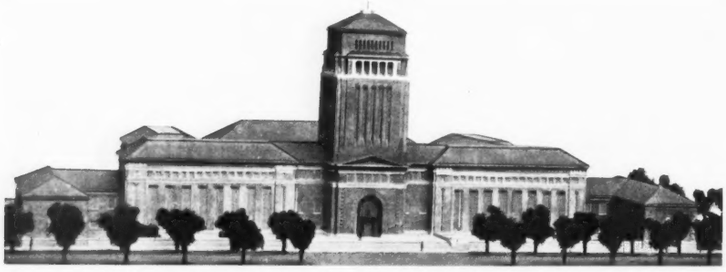
CHURCH OF ENGLAND APPURTENANCES

As the visitor parts the red baize curtains that shield the entrance door and enters the pitch-pine closet and pulls, in the dark, at the various handles, one of which will lead him from this cumbrous "draught protector" into the body of the church, his eye becomes accustomed to the inevitable view. At West Walton, for instance, the Early English arcade on the north side of the nave is for some reason filled up in three of its bays with match-boarding. The western two bays are used for cans, brooms, dead altar flowers, trestles and old lamps over which hangs the emblematic, if hardly heraldic, banner of the West Walton troop of scouts. One corner at the west end of the nave is a heap of broken wood, buckets and rubbish. At Letherington the hatchments (12), those rapidly disappearing relics, still remain on the walls. This is fortunate. Yet it would cost little to mend their torn canvases. At Terrington St. Clement part of the exterior north wall is piled up with coke. I suppose it is too much to expect that the East Anglian churchpeople can be roused from their antiquarianism to an appreciation of the many Georgian and early nineteenth-century remains in and outside their churches, but at least that hideous red baize, those buckets and enamel jugs, those dead flowers and hideous altar frontals, might be removed from sight.

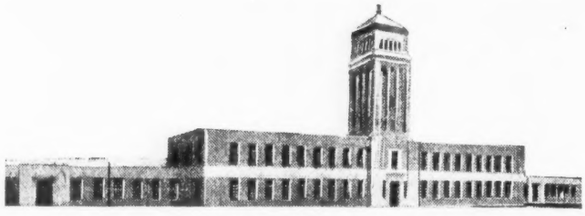
12 LETHERINGTON, CAMBS, showing Early English arcade, hatchments and Victorian organ pipes.

DECAY

We are told that the canning industry is bringing prosperity to Wisbech. But for all this the country seems in a sad state of decay. Fine Georgian houses in the villages, once the residences of prosperous farmers or retired millers and corn merchants, have grass growing right up to their doors and frequently a substantial brick house is mutilated and divided up to serve as cottages (2). Meanwhile the churches are in a sadder state of disrepair.



THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, CAMBRIDGE



THE ALADDIN FACTORY, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX

CORRESPONDENCE

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, CAMBRIDGE

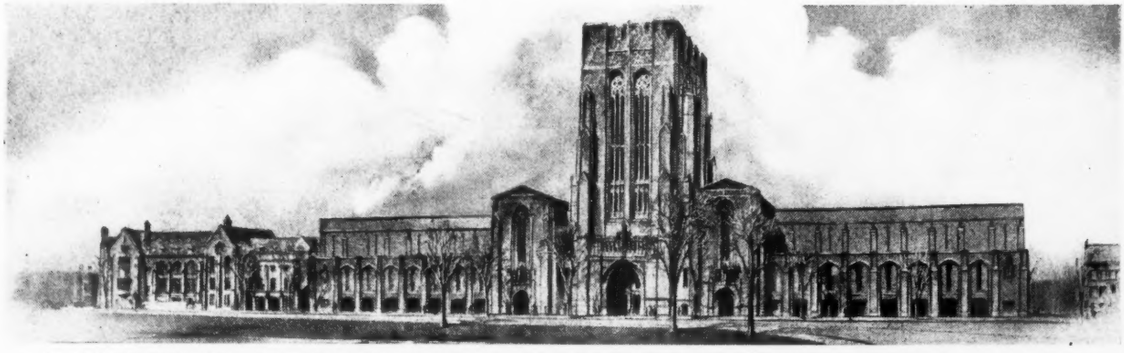
To the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

SIR,—A controversy going on about the University Library at Cambridge has raised several æsthetic points. Speaking of the new library, a local paper says: "The tiled roofing and campanile would be appropriate if the building were going to be the power works connected with an Italian certosa, but then the Greek temple effect at the top of the campanile would constitute a singular innovation. . . . If the bold originality of present-day Continental architecture can't be followed let's have something of artistic merit." And certainly the new library is very like the "Aladdin" factory at Greenford, Middlesex. The same critic goes on to suggest that English Collegiate Gothic might be adopted. His suggestion is carried out at Yale University, U.S.A. No one would think this building was the gymnasium that it is. It has been described as a Cathedral of Sport and cost £800,000.

Perhaps one of your readers can suggest a solution to this curious æsthetic problem.

Yours truly,

Cambridge. F. H. INGRAM.



A CATHEDRAL OF SPORT. THE NEW GYMNASIUM, YALE UNIVERSITY, U.S.A.