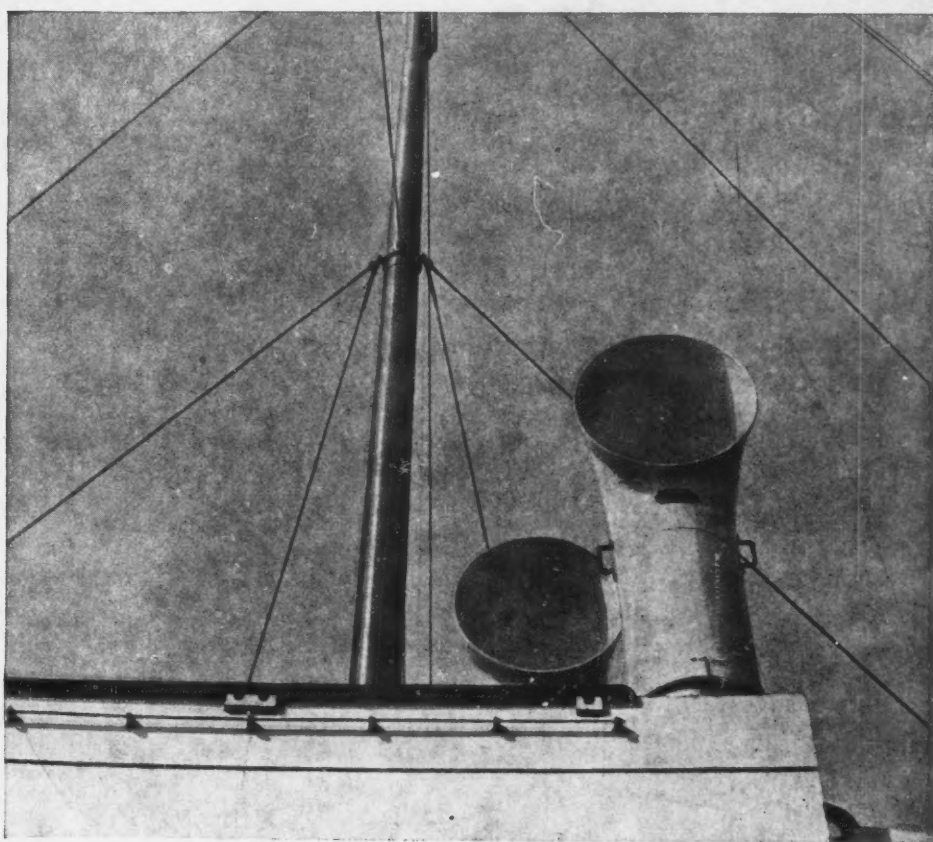


THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

JAN 18 1935

A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration



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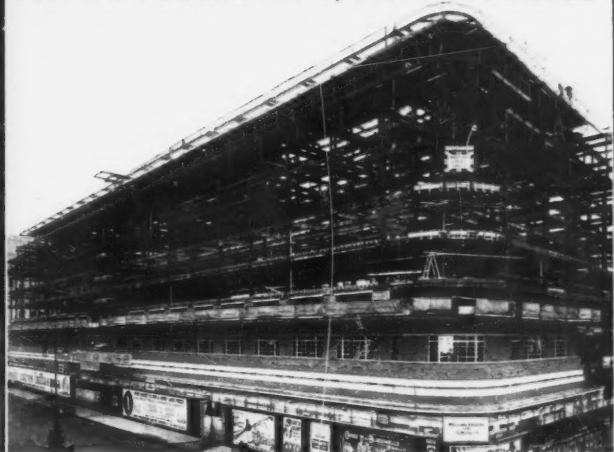
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THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration

Vol. LXXVII, No. 458

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"A *surréaliste* flavour is to be found in the work of several of the younger painters here, Wadsworth, Burra, Hillier, Banting. It is in Mr. Paul Nash's later pictures, I think, that this contemporary disquietude has in England been most effectively exploited. And it emerges again in the astonishing photographs he has taken. The view of the North African city, for instance, is 'made' by the curious pipe which runs hesitatingly across it, like a crack or a flaw, with a most mysterious and discomfoting effect." From an article on Mr. Nash's photographs by Raymond Mortimer on page 27 of this issue.

PLATE I

January 1935

Frank Lloyd Wright

And the Significance of the Taliesin Fellowship

By John Gloag

THE dull orange coloured cars of the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific Railroad set me down at Spring Green, Wisconsin, at 10.40 p.m. on a cold October night. Only two people climbed down from the train. There was no station—only a sort of shack. There was no visible station staff. There were a few houses in sight and one light. The locomotive emitted the peculiarly despairing cry characteristic of American trains, and with its bell tolling steamed away and left me at the furthest point west I had yet reached in that large, friendly country. It was my real destination in the United States, for at Spring Green there lived one of the great men who gave form and feeling to the modern movement in design long before it was fashionable to chatter about functionalism in Europe. All I knew of Frank Lloyd Wright was derived from photographs of his work; from reading that biographical essay entitled "The Prodigal Father," in Alexander Woolcott's book, *While Rome Burns*; and from a vast, disconnected body of gossip and legend, lit here and there by his own writings; and from all this I gathered that he was a modernist and a humanist with a splendid disregard for the pettifogging restrictions that make such miserable, meek and timid creatures of most of us. I had forwarded my introductions from New York, I had telephoned to him that morning from Chicago, and he had invited me to come to Spring Green and stop as long as I could.

As I waited, wondering into what shape my pre-conceived idea of this great man

would be changed by meeting him, a car roared up to the depot. It was driven by a girl, and a tall young man got out of it. There was something about him that proclaimed the student of architectural design; something large and casual and competent—difficult to define; you meet it in most architectural schools in England, and when I squeezed into the front seat beside him I felt as though we were just leaving 36 Bedford Square. We rushed through cold, sweet-smelling autumn country, palely metallic in the moonlight; and after crossing the Wisconsin River on a slender steel bridge, we turned off the big road and climbed uphill, and reached Taliesin after a narrow, winding drive. I saw the uncertain masses of a stone house, with balconies flowing about it, and generous stretches of window, shimmering with reflected moonlight.

My tall, good-looking guide took me to an inner room, and there, standing before a wood fire that snapped away in a stone fireplace, was an old man with the carriage of a youth; a robust figure, obviously in splendid health. He had a kindly, furrowed bronzed face—a cloud of silver hair; an unforgettable dignity of movement and manner, and friendly dark eyes. In the daytime those eyes are sandy brown, and they have a permanent twinkle. He was dressed in grey, with a coat cut like a tunic and trousers of the same coarse grey tweed strapped in tight to the ankles. His tunic was unbuttoned, exposing a soft leather waistcoat of scarlet, open-necked, and showing a white shirt with a lightly starched collar, open and tieless. A deep, caressing

voice; a disarming and haunting smile—and that, superficially, was Frank Lloyd Wright.

"Let a man build and you have him. You may not have all he is, but certainly he is what you have. Usually you will have his outline."

That is what Frank Lloyd Wright had said in his Kahn Lectures at Princetown in 1930; and I began to get something of his outline the next day, when I went round Taliesin. I do not even now begin to know all he is; but I know now why many Americans appear to hate and fear him; a small or common mind could not hold its little own in his presence. I know now why the young men about him almost worship him, and why their reverence is untainted by any of the sentimental *cher maître* slop; it is because he is eternally young—a youth with a touch of wise malice, and a gift for reducing problems to their simple elements. I once heard Sir James Barrie say that he believed that all great men were simple minded. He was speaking of Thomas Hardy; but the remark applies to all far-ranging creative minds, and particularly to a mind that can see clearly the faults and mistakes of the age in which it has its span of activity, and can be staunch and persistent in grappling with the results of contemporary errors, and can plan for the future instead of making a weak escape from the present. Frank Lloyd Wright has such a mind, and he has the gift of applying it as a designer; and he is now engaged upon his greatest architectural work: the redesigning of society for the machine age.

He pointed out that there are escaped significances in every civilization. The

Romans missed the true significance of the arch; the Americans have, so far, missed the true significance of the machine. In the hour's talk we had after my arrival at Taliesin, those were the thoughts my host left me to sleep on; and the next day I saw how the whole of the work at Taliesin is planned to bring into its proper place in social and industrial life the character of the machine. The Taliesin Fellowship is not an "art colony." It is not an "escapist" school. It is a social research station, unrecognized and unsupported by the country which will benefit by its work, but perhaps none the worse for that. It is training designers as they have certainly never been trained before, to accept responsibilities for civic and national planning, for architectural and industrial design; it is giving them a profound understanding of the characteristic art of the machine age. In the theatre they have built; those fortunate young men and women at Taliesin are studying film technique, and in no narrow national sense either. Painting, drawing, sculpture and music are among their studies, and when the Fellowship begins to work outside its own immediate territory, when its activities spread beyond the completion and perfecting of its own buildings, its influence may be far greater than anybody at Taliesin yet suspects.

In the plan which has been committed to print, it is stated that "The Fellowship aims, first, to develop a well-correlated, creative human being with a wide horizon, but capable of effective concentration of his faculties upon the circumstances in which he lives." Frank Lloyd Wright told me that he makes all the apprentices read Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*, to bring home to them the embarrassing and disastrous effects of inadequate education in simple human relationships.

The plan states that "Fundamental architecture is the first essential of organic living and fruitful culture in this work at Taliesin." And the sentence that follows shows how far they are from the arty-crafty escapists who confuse the problems of the machine age with their reactionary urgencies: "If we are eventually to have appropriate organic forms as worth-while

expressions of our machine age life, the original work will be done where workers themselves have as a way of life spontaneous recourse to practical modern machine-shop and general working conditions; and have at the same time the benefit of inspirational fellowship in the arts and machine crafts."

How many people in the New World or the Old could conceive such a courageous and splendid alliance as "the arts and machine crafts"?

I have heard it said that the Taliesin Fellowship is merely making a lot of little Frank Lloyd Wrights—it isn't; but if it had the recipe, the nation that had a dozen men in that mould would be the architectural aristocracy of the world.

The house that gave me its designer's "outline" reposes on a hill-top. It is spacious and full of light, and the rooms develop the relationship of the house with the landscape. It belongs to the country as easily and beautifully as the flaming Autumn woods belonged to it. The fluid composition of local stone and glass and ambling balconies, the great rooms scented with the smoke of wood fires, the absolute simplicity of every article of furniture and equipment: everything about Taliesin is the product of what we now call functionalism, but it is educated functionalism, not the crude pioneer stuff that passes in Europe: Frank Lloyd Wright left all that behind him in the first ten years of this century.

I talked to apprentices who were working on models and drawings of buildings. There was one model being completed of a house on the Mesa, and it made me wish I was only an inch high so I could see in true scale that magic house with its great floating window-walled rooms, stepping upwards and outwards in horizontal bands of glass; its austere lines and its gay gardens, enlivening roof spaces and elevated courts with colour. In all the buildings conceived at Taliesin materials are mastered: they don't call the tune and spoil the shape. I saw the model of St. Mark's Tower, for New York City; an airy structure of copper, concrete and glass, a quadruple arrangement of duplex apartments. As it ascends the tower gets larger. "They will never again build the skyscraper quite so wastefully and foolishly whenever St. Mark's Tower is completed in New York City," Frank Lloyd Wright wrote in *The Capital Times*, which is a local paper published at Madison. The work of the Fellowship is now interesting newspaper readers all over Wisconsin. Since Christmas, 1933, there has been a weekly feature entitled, "At Taliesin," in *The Capital Times*. Other papers that print news of the Fellowship are the *Wisconsin State Journal*, a Madison paper; the *Spring Green Home News*; and the *Iowa County Democrat*, published at Mineral Point. Each paper gets a different article, generally written by the apprentices, and sometimes by Frank Lloyd Wright. Nobody is encouraged to write unless they have something to say. But the Taliesin features, in spite of this unique restriction, are in great

demand by the local press, and the papers that carry them have a big circulation in rural communities. The country people who read those clear and definite accounts of experiments made and work done, and who thus come into cold and refreshing contact with straight thinking about the life-and-death problems of industry, can only be heartened in their own outlook upon the rather haggard prospects of contemporary existence.

Frank Lloyd Wright belongs to Wisconsin. In one of those Taliesin articles he set down all his reasons for loving that State. He wrote:—

"I love Wisconsin because my staunch old Welsh grandfather with my gentle grandmother and their ten children settled here nearby. I see the site of their homestead and those of their offspring as I write. Offspring myself, my home and workshop is planted on the ground grandfather and his sons broke before the Indians had entirely gone away."

Every word he said to me in praise of that countryside as he drove me through it in a Cord car (which cruised at 75 miles per hour, and, because of its front-wheel drive, took sharp bends quite comfortably at 60) showed that his love for it was based not upon a superficial appreciation of its beauties, but because he has always known how to live in it. He has never been a "city architect," camping-out in a country house. That is why his country houses look so naturally gracious, and why they blend with such felicitous ease with their surroundings. He loves country sights and sounds and smells. He was immensely intrigued with an idea I had once made into a story, about an invention which accentuated the human sense of smell to such an extent that it revolutionized society in four generations, and his comment perhaps explained why the book was never published in the U.S.A. "The American nation," he said, "has largely lost its sense of smell owing to chronic catarrh, derived from central heating." There was the inevitable twinkle in his eye; one could never be quite sure whether one was being laughed at or not. I don't suppose anybody could tell what was amusing that alert mind.

I should have returned to Chicago that afternoon, but he urged me to stay. "Don't be time-bound," he said. I stayed another night. He has never been time-bound. He has used time, and has never been stampeded by it. He has used money, and has never cared about it. He is "news" to sensational journalists, because he has led a vastly different sort of life from the conventional architect of the sedate, professional model. He was the biggest news that ever happened in design, when the Imperial at Tokio survived the great Japanese earthquake, which it had been constructed to survive. Save for a few discerning architects, writers and critics, he is unknown and unhonoured among the people who make loud public noises in America.

He made me feel humble, ignorant and encouraged; and he made me feel ashamed for the great country that knows so little of his work and understands nothing of his greatness.



Frank Lloyd Wright

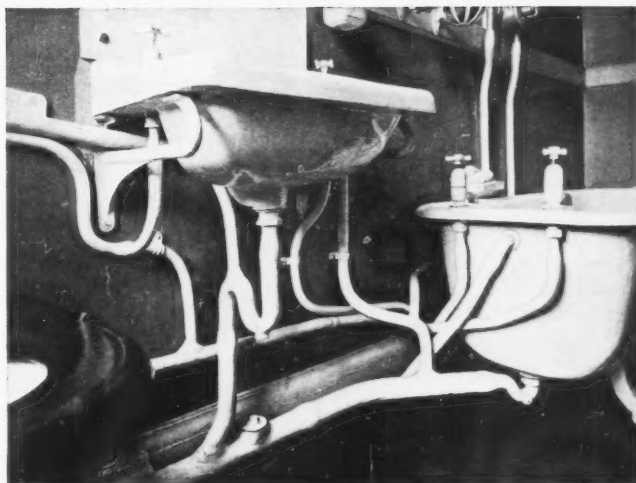
The Exhibition of British Art in Industry which is being held in the Galleries of the Royal Academy for the next three months has been organized jointly by the Royal Academy and the Royal Society of Arts with the following objects in view:—

To impress upon the public the importance of good design in articles of everyday use:

To show, not only to our own people, but also to other nations, that British manufacturers, in co-operation with British artists, are capable of producing, in all branches of industry, articles which combine artistic form with utility and sound workmanship:

To encourage British artists to give to industry the benefit of their talent and training, so that the objects with which we are surrounded in our daily lives may have an appearance which is not only attractive, but is based on genuinely artistic principles.

"The importance of this Exhibition to the manufacturer, the artist, the retailer and the consumer, in these days of mass production and international trade rivalry, cannot be overestimated. Its effect must be to stimulate in the public the desire to possess articles of good design and quality, and thus promote a closer co-operation between artist and manufacturer to their mutual advantage. It should also go far to raise the prestige of British manufacturers in foreign markets." *From the R.A. Circular.*



A monumental example of the plumber's art. (By courtesy of Messrs. Greenwood and Hanson.)



A r t i n

I n d u s t r y

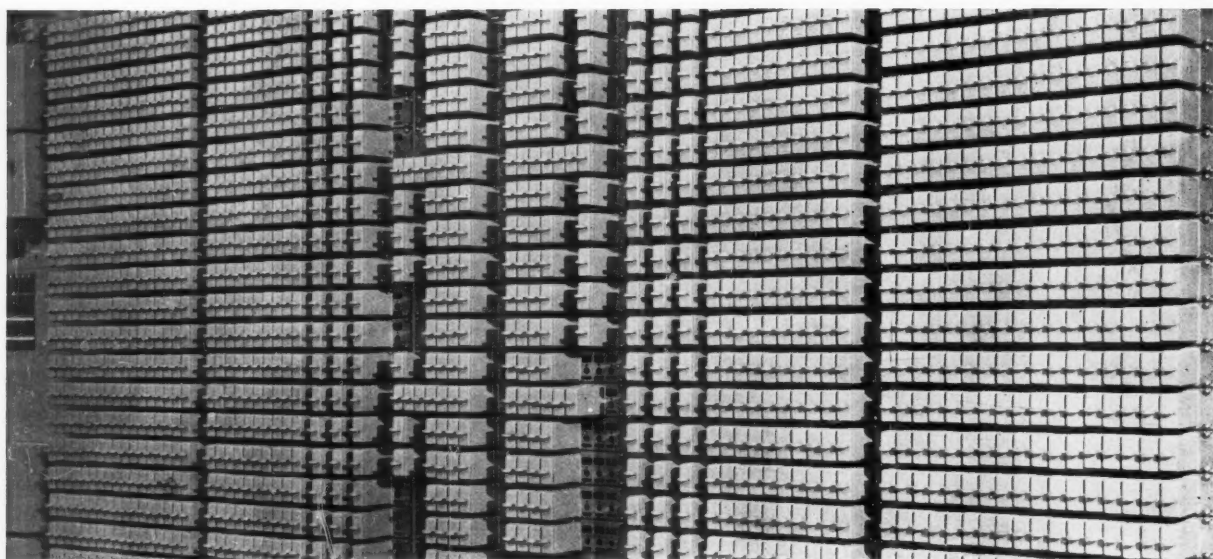
The public interest aroused in The Royal Academy Exhibition of Art in Industry which opens on the fourth of this month, is reflected in the number of books recently published on the subject. Here, as a basis for criticism of the Exhibition, the views of three prominent writers are analysed by four critics of industrial art, and a summing up made by a fifth, so that in all eight points of view are reflected in the following pages. These eight opinions reveal in certain cases a remarkable unanimity, and in certain cases a remarkable divergence; they form a fairly representative background of opinion, against which the Exhibition itself may be measured. It will be dealt with in the next issue. The books analysed are given below. The numbers refer to the numbers against the articles:—

1. *Art and Industry: the Principles of Industrial Design.* By Herbert Read. London: Faber & Faber, Ltd. Price 12s. 6d. net. 2a and 2b. *Industrial Art Explained.* By John Gloag. London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. Price 5s. net. 3. *Industrial Design and the Future. A Challenge to the Future.* By Geoffrey Holme. London: The Studio. Price 15s. net.

1. Herbert Read

By Christian Barman

IF you want to find out whether a writer or speaker about art in industry knows what he is talking about, you have only to watch his use of the word "design." In the two languages of the workshop and the drawing room this word, which is common to both, has two meanings as different from each other as chalk from cheese. Talk to an artistic middle-class person, and you will find him using the expression "good design" as though it meant aesthetically agreeable. An engineer or any other kind of practical workman, on the other hand, will refer to the design of a gearbox or an anti-squeeze circuit in a radio receiver, and to him the word will have a functional meaning only, and "good design" will be synonymous with practicality and efficiency. As design happens to be a process that takes place not in studios and drawing rooms but in workshops and drawing office departments, it will be obvious to anyone which is the false meaning and which true. It has to be admitted that Mr. Read has put the deplorable phrase "industrial design" into the sub-title of his book; but in the title as well as in the book itself he is careful to avoid the "aesthete" use of the word which even now is allowed to vitiate the work of some of the keenest and ablest propagandists among us.



"The resemblance between these two illustrations is not merely fortuitous; the same laws of design end in the same effects of harmony." The top one shows an architectural sense of design exemplified in an assembly of engineering units. The "B" Ampli-

fier Output Switching Relays at Broadcasting House, London. The bottom illustration is a Settlement at Dammerstock, Karlsruhe, Germany. Gropius, Haesler, Riphahn and Grod, architects. From "Art and Industry."

Mr. Read's book, therefore, is a book to be taken seriously, and to my knowledge no better book setting out the elements of industrial art has appeared in any language in modern times. This is no exaggeration. The book is one that will inevitably be read by the more intelligent middle classes, and yet it will appeal to the practical workman as well; and anyone who has had the privilege of knowing intimately that admirable type of person who is equally at home before a machine lathe and over the drawing board will agree with me that that

is a test indeed. Naturally, the middle class smart Alick could not possibly take the book seriously if it made no mention of at least a few of the elaborate psychological theories that have been fashionable at various periods since the war. Mr. Read must know there is no need to bring in the Freudian Id in order to explain the difference between the Chinese Sung vase and the Greek drinking cup he illustrates. Predilections springing from the unconscious levels of the psyche are perhaps real enough; but in the present state of our

knowledge they are not of much use in any serious discussion. The one thing we do know for certain about the Sung vase is that a person who enjoys looking at it is a person largely interested in the process of making with the traces of which it is covered all over; whereas in looking at the Greek drinking cup you are really supposed to take the middle-class cognoscenti view and to get your enjoyment on a social plane where working with your hands is not the done thing. Of course, every schoolboy knows what the Greeks of the fifth century

The Architectural Review, January, 1935

B.C. thought about mechanical labour, but even if he did not it needs only one glance at the picture of the Greek cup on page 25 to tell him. Fortunately, Mr. Read is too sensible to give these supererogatory doctrines more than a paragraph or two. Once assured that the author knows all about the neo-coprophagists and the influence of ante-natal experiences on our idea of space, Bloomsbury will accept his credentials; and henceforward the serious reader is free to get on with the job.

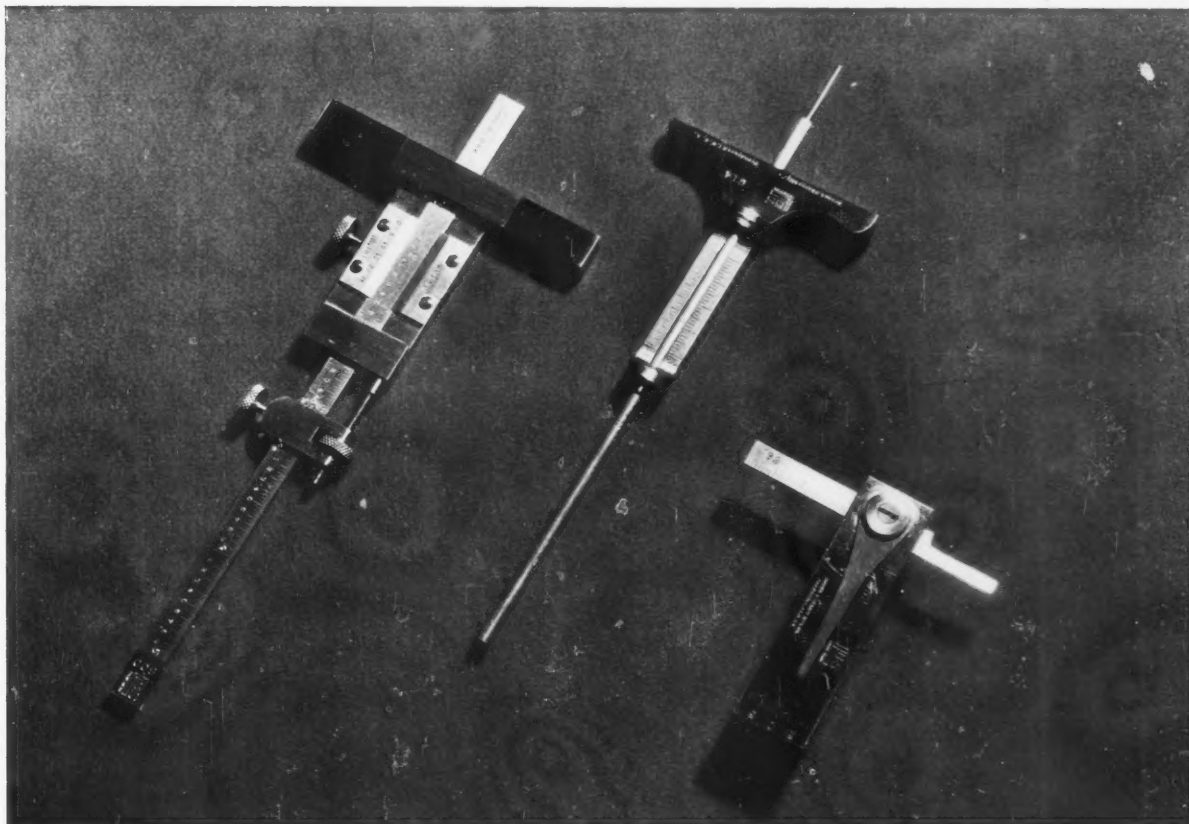
And, on the whole, he will find himself getting on with the job extremely well. Mr. Read takes the most important materials of industry and considers each in turn under three different aspects: Material, Mode of Working and Function of Object. This tripartite framework is at once logical and efficient, and the reader who has attentively gone through the second chapter will be surprised to notice what a quantity of interesting and relevant information he has picked up on the way. Mr. Read refers rather disparagingly to the "logical French

mind" which classifies pottery, glass and metalwork as the arts of fire, and prefers the division inorganic-organic. I think he is wrong here, for surely the most striking thing about the "inorganic" materials from the maker's point of view is not that they are not "organic," but that instead of being found in nature in an almost finished state, they have had to be invented by man and do not, indeed, exist as materials at all until they have been fabricated by elaborate processes involving the use of heat. The chapter ends with a first-class summary which must be quoted:—

It follows . . . that we must enlarge our concept of the work of art. The things we use in modern life are infinitely more numerous and more complex than ever before. When such things come into our life—such things as typewriters, petrol pumps, refrigerators, vacuum-cleaners—our first impulse is to put them in a category altogether distinct from objects such as dishes and candlesticks, which we have grown accustomed to regard as fit objects for aesthetic form. But once these objects too were intruders into a world of simpler utensils, or of no utensils at all. And just as they have been assimilated to the traditions of good form and design, so these new and complicated tools and utensils must equally be regarded as material for the application of the principles of design. For those principles

are ubiquitous; there is absolutely nothing we make and use which cannot submit to the discipline of form, and its accompanying grace or harmony.

After a short but well-balanced interlude on ornament, the author, suddenly eschewing all pictorial illustration, hurls at us five closely printed pages on the education of the artist, followed by a long appendix even more closely printed. I wish I had the space to deal with some of the excellent points in this final section; but even if this were possible there would still remain the lay-out and typography of the book itself. Though modest in price as well as in dimensions, it is in fact a piece of work as experimental and as challenging as any of the objects of which it contains illustrations, and fully deserving a separate, and not too lenient, notice all to itself. This much, at least, can be said: the main lesson of the author's text, that the greatest virtue today is to conquer sentimentality and nostalgia of the past, is here very strikingly demonstrated. No one handling this book can say that Mr. Read (seconded by his publishers) omits to practise what he preaches.



This illustration shows tools which, in design, resemble a scaplane. "The extraordinary similarity of formal appeal proves the absolute nature of the inherent æsthetic values, values totally independent of any functional explanation." The tools, reduced to the same scale as a scaplane, although

very different things, are beautiful for the same reason. They are a Vernier depth gauge, a graduated rod depth gauge for measuring the depth of holes, and a diemakers' square for checking included angle of clearance in making dies. From "Art and Industry."

2a. John Gloag

By A. J. Penty

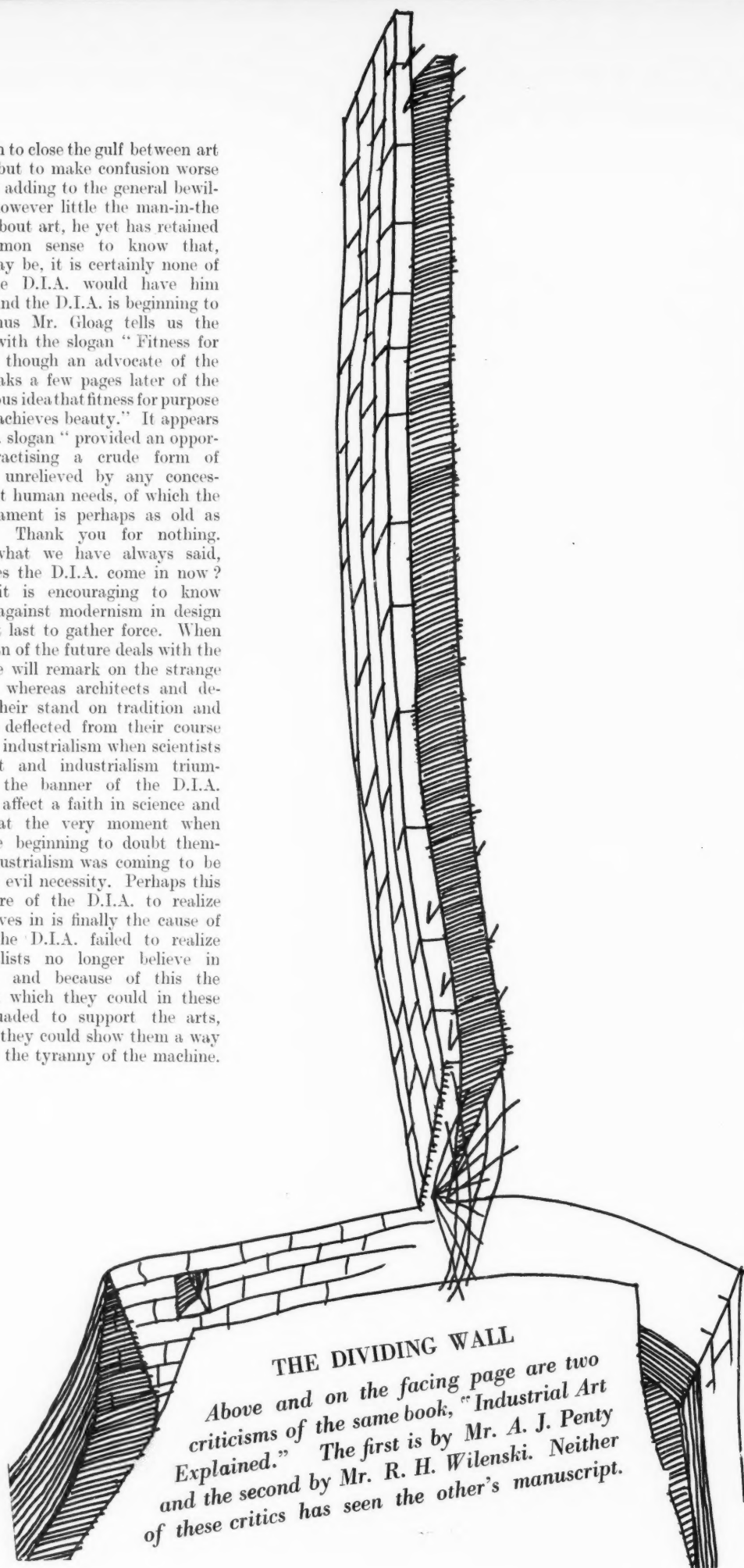
REMEMBER at the time the idea of the Design and Industries Association was being canvassed, listening to a conversation between a designer who all his life had been in the employment of an industrial firm, and an artist who was a keen advocate of the D.I.A., but had no experience of industrialism. "And what's your idea?" enquired the former. "To spiritualize the machine." "Then good luck to you," came the retort, "you might as well try to spiritualize a crocodile!" And there he left it; he knew what he was talking about, as only those do who have lived inside the industrial machine. Mr. Gloag has not abandoned hope of spiritualizing the machine, but there is plenty of evidence in his book to suggest that the attempt has so far failed. After twenty years of strenuous activity with the object of uniting art and industry, the D.I.A. has confessed that its advances have met with little response. It complains of "lack of support from the very section of the community that the Association exists to serve." And the reason for the apathy is in its way quite illuminating. "The independent bodies that attempt to make industry attend to its business with art are usually ignored or half-contemptuously humoured by manufacturers, because it is sometimes difficult for manufacturers to imagine that people who are going to give time and energy to propaganda and education in a purely disinterested spirit can possibly be serious."

The D.I.A. is the offspring of the Arts and Crafts movement, but it is not very respectful to its parent, for it never loses an opportunity of speaking disparagingly of it. Yet the Arts and Crafts movement has had infinitely more influence on industrial design than the D.I.A. Between the 'nineties when it boomed and the outbreak of the war there was an enormous improvement in industrial design. It was an improvement in the direction of simplicity and a better use of colour. There can be no doubt whatsoever that the impulse to improvement came from the Arts and Crafts, for in spite of the fact that its critics today regard the movement as a decorative one, it did a great deal to encourage simplicity in design. In the same way the anti-industrial policy of the Arts and Crafts made more impression on industrial design than the courtier policy of the D.I.A. This should not surprise us, for people always respect fighters and treat flatterers with suspicion.

And there is another reason for the failure of the D.I.A. In order to secure the support of manufacturers they sought to explain art away. They told them that art is utility, function, convenience, fitness, efficiency, and God knows what else—in fact, anything except what it really is—æsthetics. But the practical effect of this gos-

pel has not been to close the gulf between art and industry, but to make confusion worse confounded by adding to the general bewilderment, for however little the man-in-the street knows about art, he yet has retained sufficient common sense to know that, whatever it may be, it is certainly none of the things the D.I.A. would have him believe it is. And the D.I.A. is beginning to doubt it. Thus Mr. Gloag tells us the D.I.A. began with the slogan "Fitness for Purpose," but though an advocate of the D.I.A., he speaks a few pages later of the "wholly fallacious idea that fitness for purpose automatically achieves beauty." It appears that the D.I.A. slogan "provided an opportunity for practising a crude form of functionalism, unrelieved by any concessions to ancient human needs, of which the desire for ornament is perhaps as old as civilization." Thank you for nothing. But that is what we have always said, and where does the D.I.A. come in now?

Meanwhile it is encouraging to know that reaction against modernism in design is beginning at last to gather force. When the art historian of the future deals with the present day he will remark on the strange paradox that, whereas architects and designers took their stand on tradition and refused to be deflected from their course by science and industrialism when scientists were confident and industrialism triumphant, under the banner of the D.I.A. they began to affect a faith in science and industrialism at the very moment when scientists were beginning to doubt themselves and industrialism was coming to be regarded as an evil necessity. Perhaps this complete failure of the D.I.A. to realize the world it lives in is finally the cause of its failure. The D.I.A. failed to realize that industrialists no longer believe in industrialism; and because of this the only terms on which they could in these days be persuaded to support the arts, would be that they could show them a way of escape from the tyranny of the machine.



THE DIVIDING WALL

Above and on the facing page are two criticisms of the same book, "Industrial Art Explained." The first is by Mr. A. J. Penty and the second by Mr. R. H. Wilenski. Neither of these critics has seen the other's manuscript.

2b. John Gloag

By R. H. Wilenski

MANUFACTURERS and retailers habitually assume that creative artists take no interest in manufacture and commerce; creative artists habitually assume that manufacturers and retailers think of nothing but making money. Manufacturers and retailers say that creative artists have no common sense; creative artists say that nothing but common nonsense is ever produced by manufacturers or offered for sale by retailers. Both sides are, of course, both wrong and right. And the fact is, that it is only manufacturers, retailers, and artists with uncommon sense who can realize the possibilities of the use of art in industry; and such men have hitherto been rare.

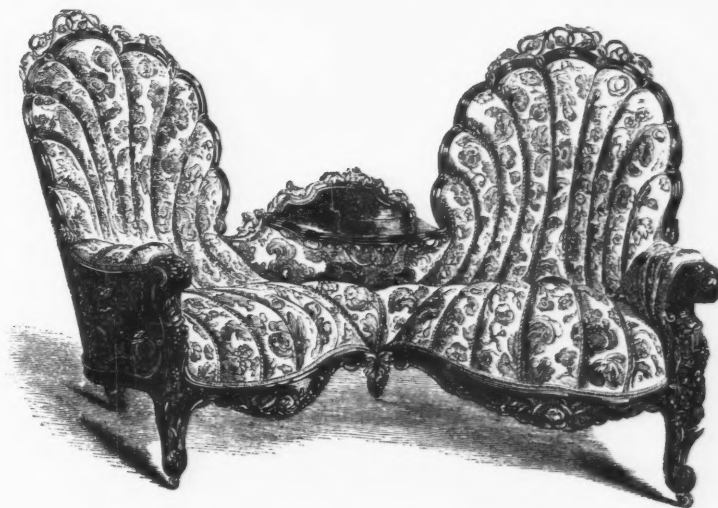
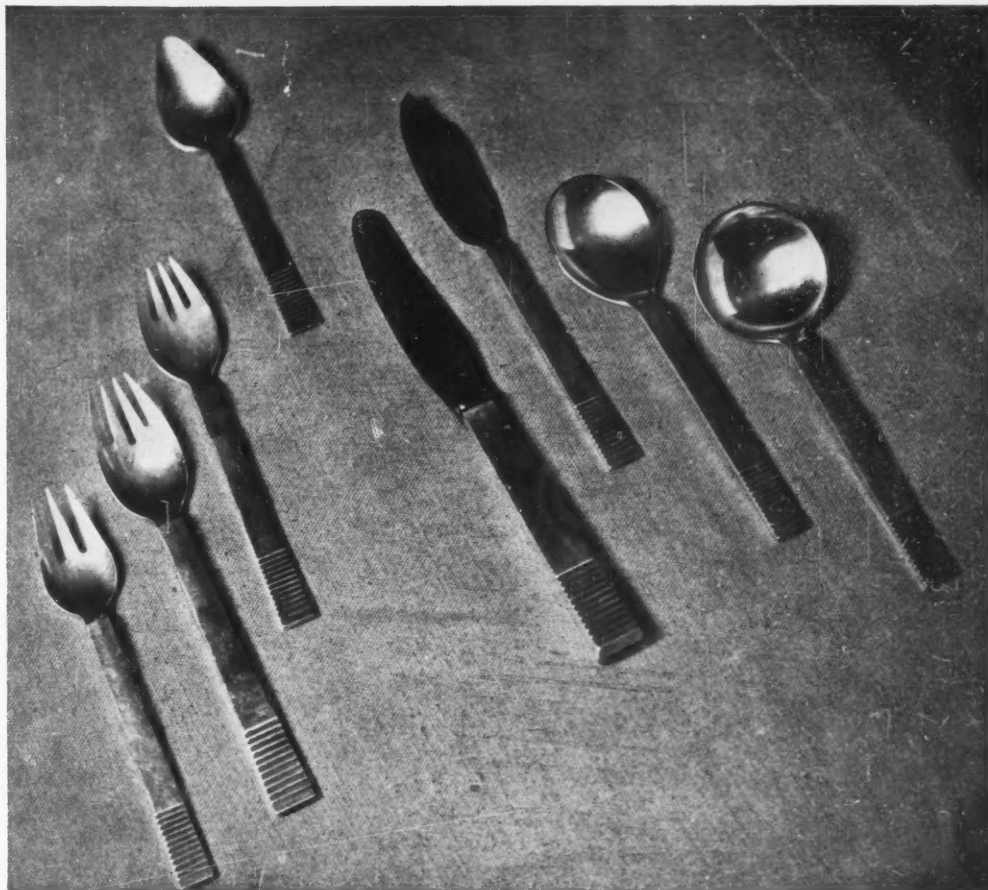
But such men are less rare than they used to be. We have only to turn the pages of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW or of Herbert Read's *Art and Industry* or—the latest contribution—Mr. John Gloag's *Industrial Art Explained*, to see that there is now a growing desire on both sides for intelligent collaboration.

Mr. Gloag's book begins well. "The Arts and Crafts Movement," he writes, "impeded the proper development of industrial art in England, because it captured the interest of so many artists who might otherwise have been attracted to problems of industrial design, and because its preoccupation with the past increased the readiness of manufacturers to imitate traditional forms." I call that a good beginning because progress in this matter depends on a clear concept of the harm done by the Arts and Crafts Movement. That Movement would have been a valuable gesture had it stood for creative art as distinguished from derivative art; had it encouraged creative artists to want to

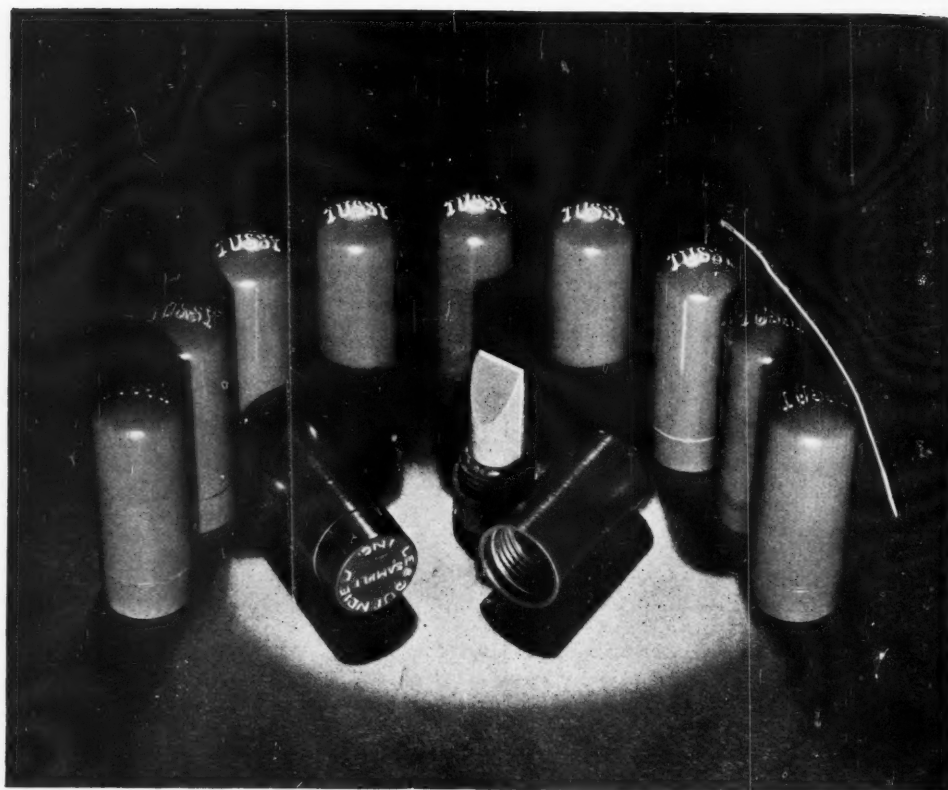
Top. "In objects designed for a use which never materially varies, change of form must be undertaken with great caution. Attempts to modernize cutlery have often resulted in mere freaks. Georg Jensen's table service, here reproduced, strikes a happy balance between the old and new simplicity." —Geoffrey Holme.

Mr. Conran, in his article on Mr. Holme's book on page 9, says of Jensen's ware: "The dangers of setting up any standard of taste are many, and it is often possible to disagree with the author in his choice of objects. Personally, I dislike round spoons both to eat from and look at, and cannot see that the cutlery by Georg Jensen is anything but a retrogression in beauty and convenience on the eighteenth-century spoons which are put on the opposite page for comparison."

Below. "The enthusiasm for a style or for decoration, devoid of purpose or restraint, produces freaks which may be temporarily popular, but soon become objects of contempt. The illustrations are examples of 'modernism'—for the 'Siamese' chair of 1851 was very modern in its time. The centre one is a progressive effort of the Great Exhibition of 1851 reproduced from the Catalogue, and the bottom one an example of 'Modernismus' in furniture drawn by the author."—From "Industrial Design and the Future."



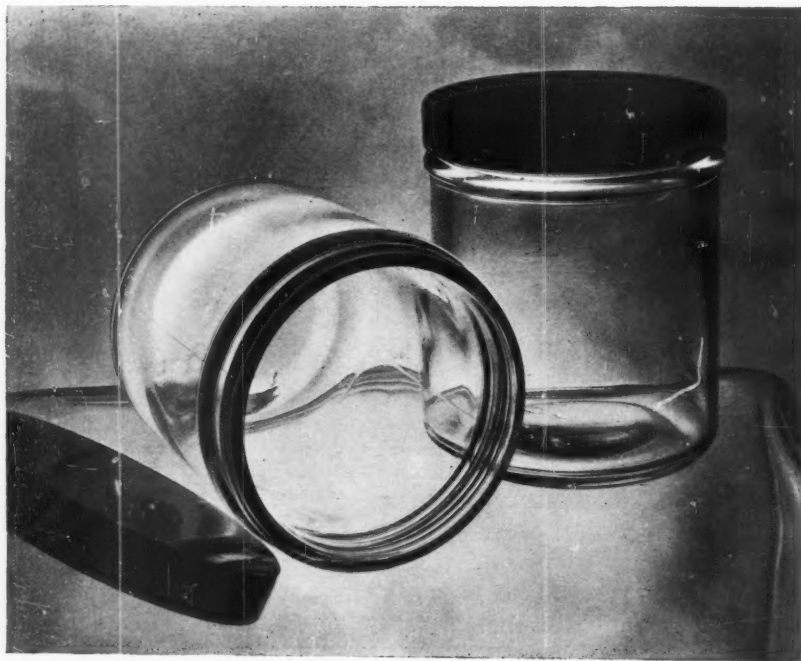
design the products of machines; and had it encouraged manufacturers to consult creative artists with design-power before embarking on production. But it was, in fact, an unfortunate and futile movement because it told an industrial world, passionately concerned with mechanical production, that machine-made things are inevitably hideous things which can be rendered a little less hideous by derivative decoration "applied" here and there; and because it told boys and girls in art schools that everything made by hand is "artistic" and that the imperfections of hand-made things are their merits. The Arts and Crafts Movement was—and still is—a futile movement in so far as it tells artists that the results of accidents in firing are merits in pots; that hand-printed textiles are better than machine-printed textiles, because hand-printing is occasionally smeary; and that the virtue of hand-drawn straight lines resides in their wobbliness. It can only become a useful movement by declaring that the function of the creative artist is to design, not only new ornaments and decoration, but also, fundamentally, *new things*; that since things are now normally machine-made it is now a function of the artist to design new things to be manufactured by machines; and that manufacturers who refuse to allow creative



"New products provide a new field of discovery in plastic design. The products shown are shaving soap containers made of a plastic compound."

Below. The triumphs of design should not be limited to a few special pieces produced for individuals: cream jars designed by the Owens-Illinois Glass.

On the opposite page. A cardboard carton designed by Gustav Jensen. The lettering appears white on black panels and the fields between the black panels are of various pastel tints; the lid is black stamped in metal. From "Industrial Design and the Future."



artists to fulfil that function are wasting the design-power of the country.

With the aid of photographs, and of drawings by Mr. Norman Howard, Mr. Gloag shows us the evolution of the factory from the eighteenth-century mansion to a functional unit in steel, concrete, and glass; clocks and gramophones gradually assuming a logical economy in form; the train-coach and the motor-bus becoming at long length what they should have been at the beginning—things essentially different in structure from the stage-coach and the horse-drawn bus. And at the same time he shows us absurdities produced by Art and Craft "applied" to machine-made products—grotesque results of the Mediævalitis, Tudoritis, Jacobeanitis, Georgianitis and Edwardianitis against which Industrial Art has had so continuously to struggle.

Mr. Gloag's book is really heartening because it states a case for the use of original design-power in three distinct fields: Industrial Architecture (the accommodation of industry), Industrial Art (the products of industry), and Commercial Art (the distribu-

tion of industrial products); and because it reminds us that intelligent co-operations have already happened, are happening and will go on happening.

Both sides can find what they need. There really are manufacturers who want to use original artists with design power. And the Cubist-Classical Renaissance in the arts has produced a generation of such artists who, like Leonardo da Vinci and Uccello in an earlier Renaissance, have the constructive attitude of mind which manufacturers require.

To bring the design-power and the producing power together Mr. Gloag suggests an

Academy of Design with a Sales Organization attached. But that, as I see things, will avail nothing until (a) artists seek and find and offer their life's energies to such manufacturers as want to make new things, and shun like the devil the manufacturers who only want to make "modernized" versions of fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth-century best-sellers; and until (b) manufacturers seek and find and offer long contracts at fair wages to the artists who want to solve constructional problems and make non-existing things, and shun like the devil the artists who only want to "apply" decora-

tion and ornaments to existing commodities. The artists must realize that industrial design cannot be done in an art school, or an Academy of Design, or an artist's studio; that it can only be done in the manufacturers' works. And the manufacturers must realize that industrial design can only be done by creative artists given the conditions in which to do it. For this reason I have the feeling that the initiative, for further progress, must come from the manufacturers' end. If they provide the creative artists with security and practical conditions, the artists will provide them with profitable ideas.

3. Geoffrey Holme

By Loraine Conran

UNDER very heavy headings Mr. Holme sets forth his arguments in a series of short, disjunctive sentences. The smooth insinuation of ideas does not appeal to him, and with a contradict-me-if-you-can attitude he lays out his very strong arguments in favour of better design and a greater consideration of the aesthetic in life.

One of the strongest and best supported pleas that he makes is for better design in cheap articles. Before proceeding to this he demolishes the idea that the public has no taste, and, therefore, a cheap article intended for wide sale must be bad. The cheap article is going to make far more profit than the luxury product, so will repay good designing to a corresponding extent. It is encouraging to learn that American business men have decided that when a certain pitch of efficiency has been reached in manufacture, distribution and selling, increased profits can only be attained by a better designed product. This is a fairly elementary conclusion, but it does not seem to have struck home over here.

This desire of the American to improve the desirability of their products has led to the process known as styling. An elaborate questionnaire aiming at the buyer's needs and wants is prepared, and though most of the answers can only be approximate, the aggregate result gives a far better idea of what is wanted than the guess-work and intuition which is usually employed to forecast market requirements.

Lack of competition gave Victorian manufacturers a virtual monopoly which fostered the take-it-or-leave-it attitude from which we have not yet recovered. Styling is a sign of change.

The book is divided into three parts. The first contains Mr. Holme's definition of Industrial Design and his arguments in favour. The second is a series of questions,



and the answers given to them by various prominent manufacturers and designers. The third is a series of photographs and drawings illustrating good and bad design.

In the second part the answers to each question are taken together and lose by being out of their context. Mr. Beddington's answers to the first three questions are an example :

- (1) What, in your view, does industry want from the designer ?

Industry wants good design from the designer.

- (2) What difficulties, if any, prevent industry from obtaining it ?

Industry is prevented from getting it by not paying enough.

- (3) How, in your opinion, and according to your experience, could these difficulties be overcome ?

These could be overcome by paying more.

These conclusions are not very profound, but as a sequence they present a point of view that can be appreciated. Taken separately and set amongst a welter of more complicated answers they seem pointless. Support is given to Mr. Beddington's assertions by a table in the first part showing the very large earnings of designers in America.

The question section as a whole is boring to read as there is so much repetition. Mr. Holme draws no conclusions from it not already stated in the first part ; however, it shows how much thought is given to design among the better class of business men ; thought that in the case of some has been backed up by action.

The third part contains some very well-composed photographs. The dangers of setting up any standard of taste are many, and it is often possible to disagree with the author in his choice of objects. Personally, I dislike round spoons both to eat from and look at, and cannot see that the cutlery by Georg Jensen is anything but a retrogression in beauty and convenience on the eighteenth-century spoons which are put on the opposite page for comparison. Similarly I do not consider that the metal flower bowl by Franz Rickert compares at all favourably with the Egyptian bowl on the same page, and the etched design I find unimaginative and without grace. However, no good can come of multiplying instances of this kind, which are inevitable when taste is founded on a standard of individual appreciation, as it should be.

The photographs both show what advance has been made recently, and suggest the way for further advance. Simplified exteriors of apparatus appears as one of the aims of modern designers. In the case of wireless sets this has been carried too far, and the exterior shape has overruled the efficient disposing of components in the interior. This kind of thing will not happen where the designer, the manufacturer, and the public keep sufficiently in touch. Mr. Holme has not overlooked this ; in fact, there is scarcely any side of the question he has not examined.

To Sum Up

The Royal Academy

Exhibition of Art in Industry

By Joseph Peter Thorp

WE may profitably ask ourselves what we expect to get from the much-heralded Exhibition organized by Mr. John de la Valette, and jointly patronized and financed by the Royal Academy and the Royal Society of Arts.

Of the organizer I do not know enough to make prophecy plausible. I raised an interrogative eyebrow when he was appointed, as did most of us who were in the movement, but I do not propose to raise the famous cry: "Don't nail his ears to the pump!"

Of the R.A. and the R.S.A. we know much. For myself I share neither the Bloomsbury nor the Surbiton view of the R.A. Of the R.S.A. we know it does, and has long done, sound work in a sound way. It has also resented the intrusion of the D.I.A. into its established field, and has obviously, in its conduct of the forthcoming affair, gone out of its way to omit a gesture long overdue, of appreciation of the work of the younger body *as a body*. The D.I.A. happens to have done, without established funds or official support (indeed with official counter-support—the B.I.I.A.), about twenty-eight times the amount of *effective* work in this field as the R.A. and R.S.A. put together. It is well that the plain truth should be plainly stated. But speaking as an original member of the D.I.A. I say frankly that bygones must be bygones : it doesn't matter, it *never does matter* by whom the work is done so long as it *is* done. The R.A.-R.S.A. show has our sincere good wishes and any support that we can give it.

What we want to see chiefly is an attempt to produce by mass production methods good, sound, serviceable, seemly things—e.g., electric light fittings cheap enough to be bought by an intelligent artisan (in work) or even by a hard-pressed country doctor or a mere journalist—we want, that is, to see the *best* manufacturers tackling their job in a new mood for a new time. "The rich ye have always with you" and plenty of people to cater for them. What we

emphatically want is good things for the poor. Nor do we think that chromium plating is the last stage in the Ascent of Man : nor that one table or chair is essentially nobler and more right than another because it is made of tube-steel and glass and the other false and *démodé* because it is made of wood. I called the first Dorland Hall Exhibition in June, 1933, "Scenario for a National Exhibition." Our admirable contemporary, *Design for To-Day*, justly described the recent Dorland Exhibition as "a retrogression to the frivolous and 'amusing' (*foul* word, as Mr. A. P. Herbert would say) ideas of the pre-crisis world" and a letter of formal protest was printed in the December issue over twelve well-known names of designers, architects and manufacturers, with the terms of which we are in the fullest agreement.

We want the lively pioneer manufacturers to realize that neglect to build up practical working schools of design within their industry cannot be immediately neutralized by a belated gesture of goodwill and the expenditure of a few or even of many belated guineas ; we want the manufacturers of shooting gallery china, of copper trays in the image and likeness of the crocodile, of fire-irons hidden behind a Beefeater, with the Tower of London impaled on the point of his halberd, of futile, complicated, abject, fussed and fretted metal what-nots for the over-mantel, the middle-mantel, the under-mantel and the occasional table, of Art pots in Art colours for Art villas built by Art builders—we want these either to submit to trepanning or to be persuaded, like the good fellows they doubtless are at home and "at the dogs," that there are people who know more than they about this business of design : that many of these are our foreign rivals : that many others among them are English architects, designers, men of organized intelligence, who can not only tell them where they get off—that's easy : but put them in the way of getting on. We want all that—and then some.



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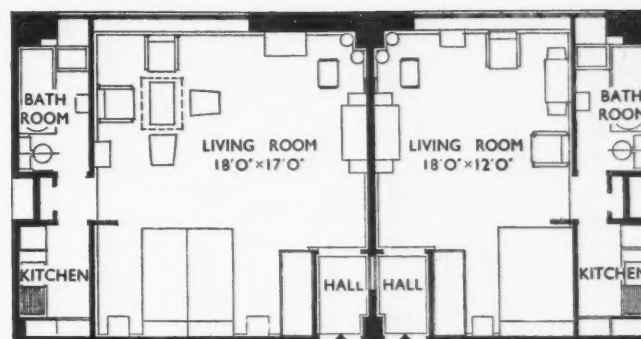


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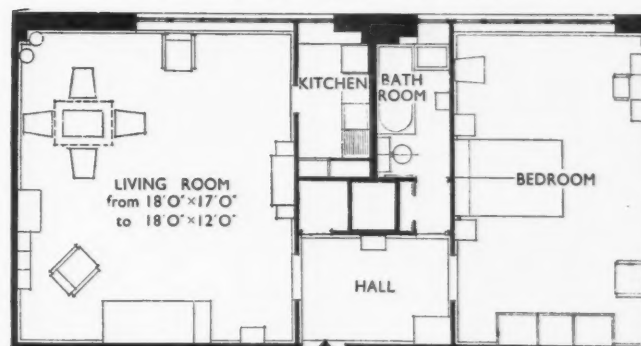
The preceding pages have dealt with mass-production as applied to articles of everyday use—industrial art. On this and the following pages we see mass-production applied to the problem of providing shelter—architecture. No type of contemporary dwelling is quite free from the influence of mass-production; many elements of construction, metal windows, patent floors, cooking, heating and sanitary equipment, are already standardized. Here, however, at Mount Royal, the great new block of flats in Oxford Street, the principle is developed beyond the mere provision of standardized equipment. Faced with the task of covering 60,000 sq. ft. of site with from 6 to 6½ million cubic feet of building, the architects concentrated upon producing a unit which could be multiplied indefinitely—that is, until the building area had been filled. A full size model of this unit (shown in the plans and photographs on this page) was then built, and subjected as a car might be, to every possible test, a living instead of a driving test.

Some two months of intensive study and experiment were put into this initial work, until the unit of the flats, 18 ft. by 17 ft., was passed by all parties concerned, architects, engineers, builders, building owners, as an efficient piece of machinery. The rest is mass-production: the whole building is made up of this unit repeated 650 times and mounted upon a base of shops and "services." Whether this is a fit way to provide shelter for Man, who is in the habit of regarding himself as half divine; whether it is "good for architecture" or bad for civilization, the fact remains there are people who find the convenience and economy of this mode of life attractive.

Each has his "cell," but he shares with his fellows a sort of communal life, the need for which is embodied in the public spaces on the first floor at Mount Royal—which, with lounge, restaurant, snack bar, newspaper and tobacco shops, barber's shop, pillar boxes, offices and delicatessen store, amount to what is in effect a private town.



3 TYPICAL SINGLE-ROOM FLAT LAY-OUT

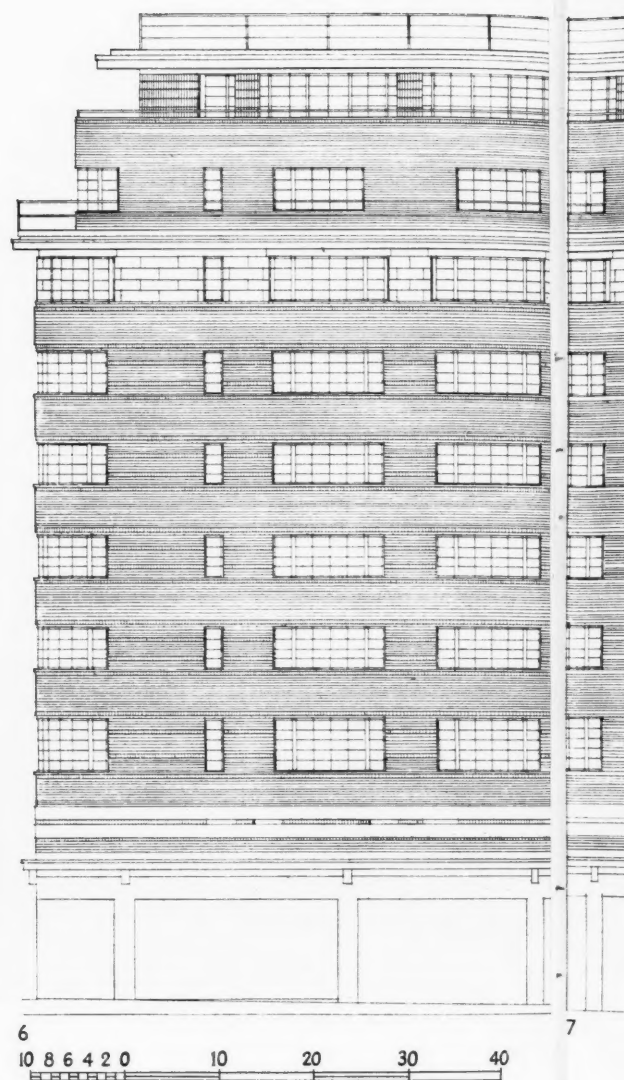
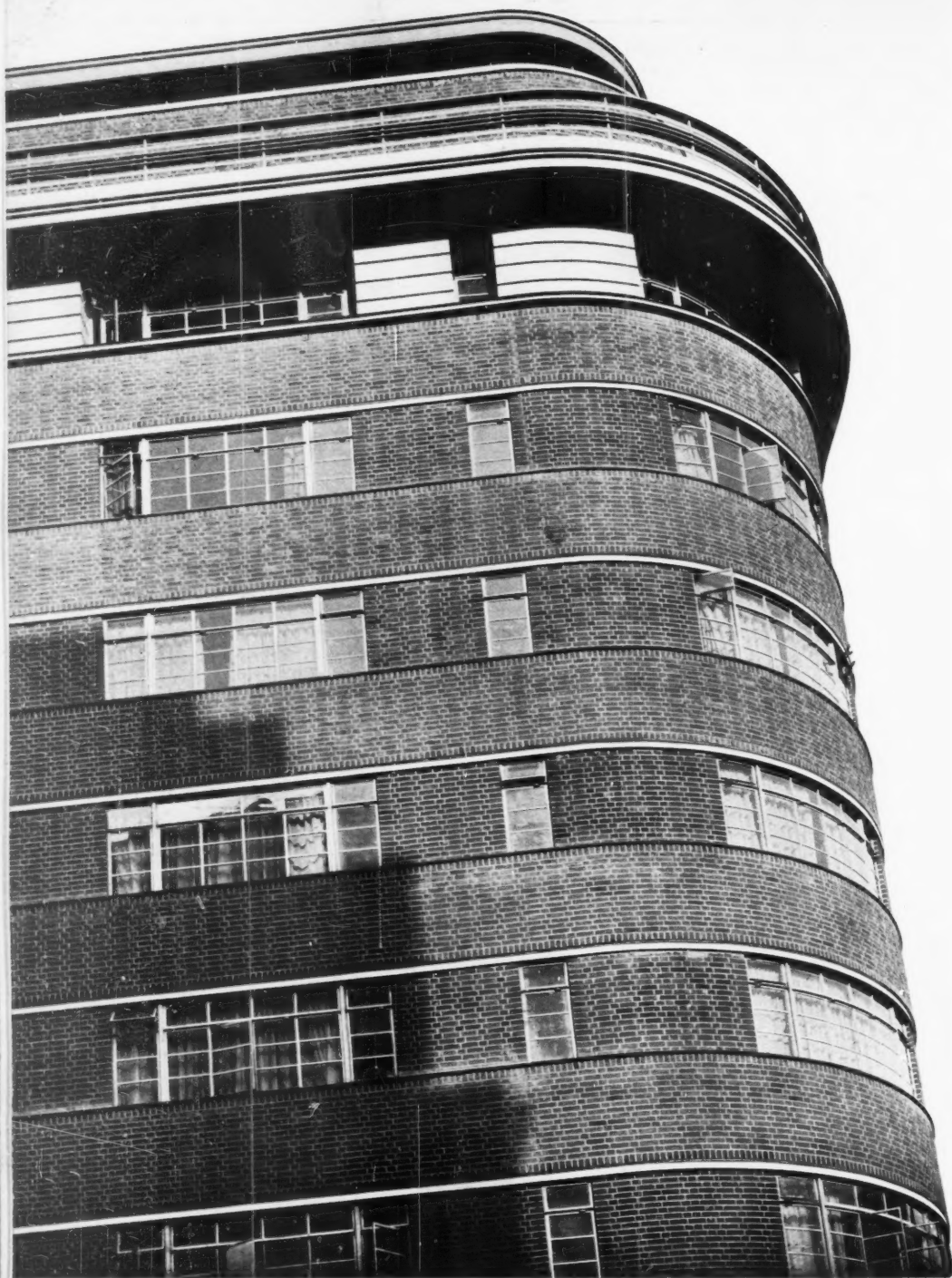


4 TYPICAL TWO-ROOM FLAT LAY-OUT

Mass-produced equipment. The mass-produced home. The mass-produced town. Add a chapel and a residents' committee and you have the essential machinery for village life—within the city.

1, 2, 3, 4. The Unit—Single or double. A single-roomed flat consists of a hall, living room, kitchenette and bathroom; a two-room flat of a large hall, living room, bedroom, kitchenette and bathroom. The living room of the single flat, shown above, contains a divan and deep wardrobe in a recess, chairs, a table with a cutlery drawer, a sideboard with a cocktail cabinet, a writing table and a bookcase. The most interesting and useful feature in the kitchenette is the combined cooking stove and refrigerating cabinet.

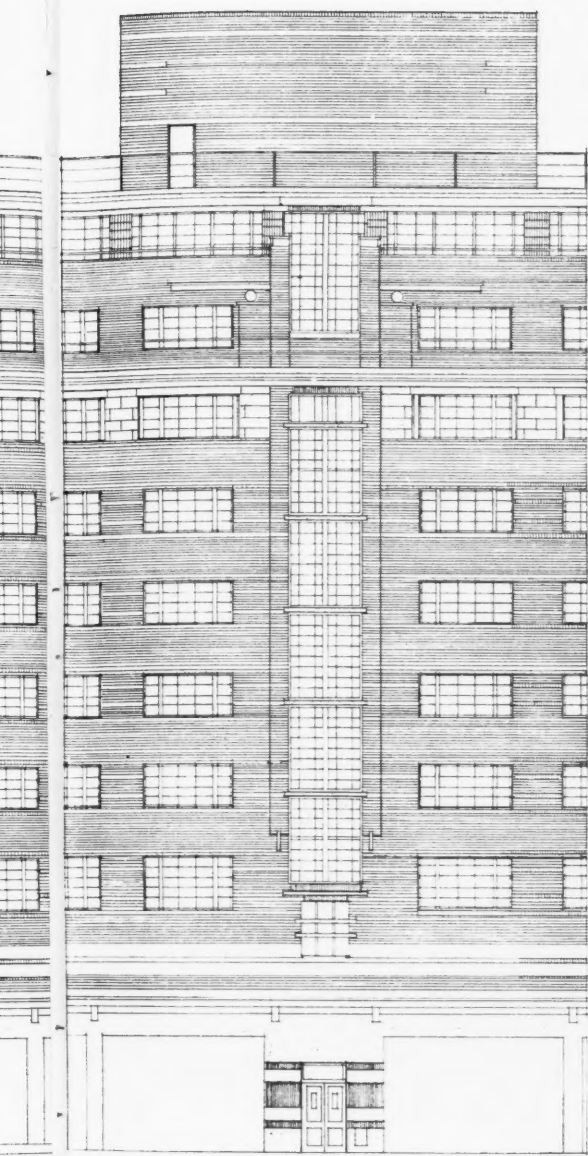
M A S S - P R O D U C E D S H E L T E R



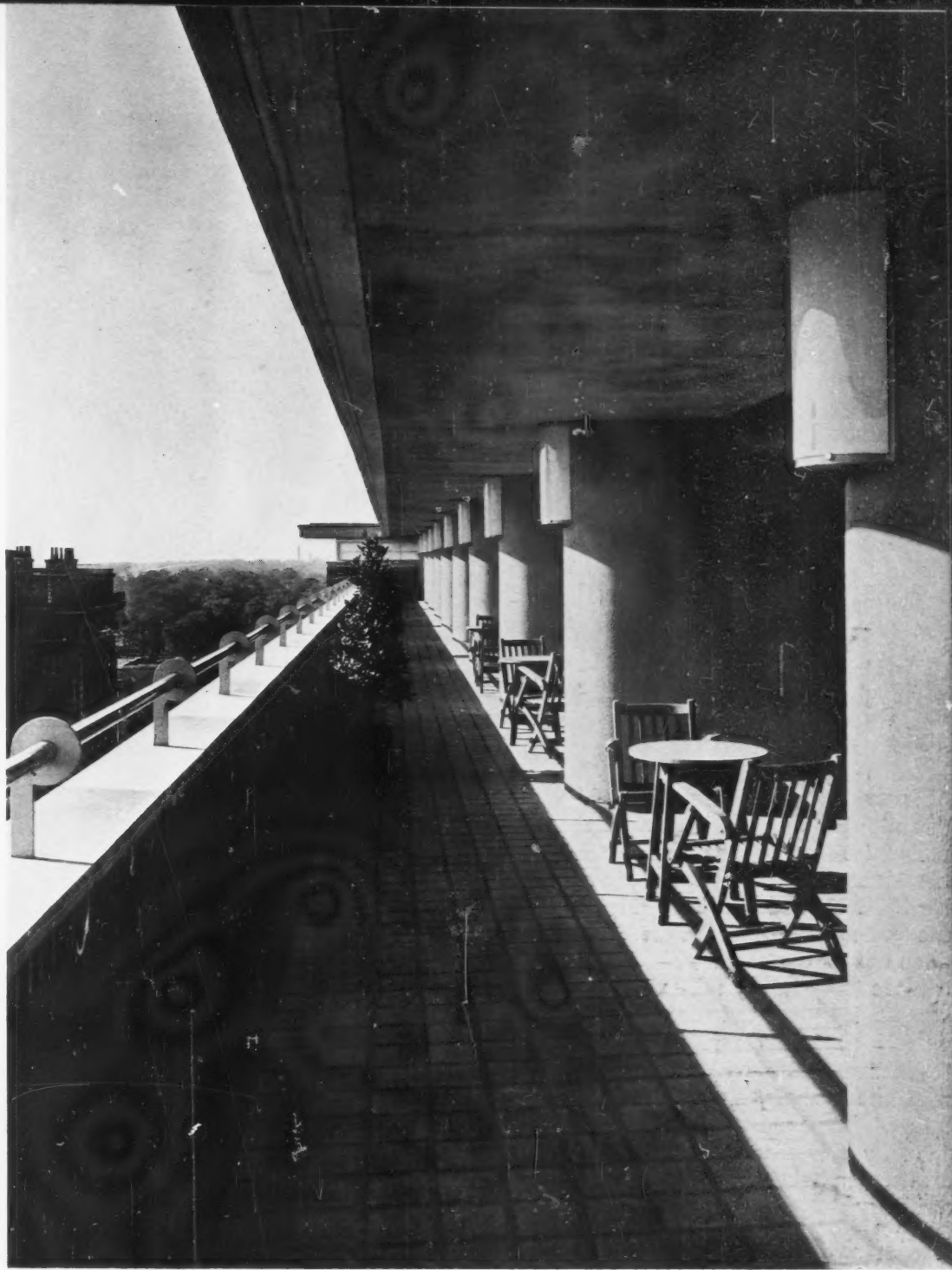
5. A detail of the corner treatment. The walls are of brick with artificial stone dressings. The strong horizontal lines produced by the uniformity of the standard steel windows are emphasized by the treatment of the brickwork. 6, 7. Measured drawings of the end and central features of the main elevation. 8. The garden

terrace on the eighth floor facing Hyde Park. 1,000 ft. long, it runs round the building. It is paved with buff-coloured quarries. The furniture is teak, and the standard light fittings on each pier is plain frosted glass. Within the alcoves are the windows of the top floor flats which look over the roofgarden. 9. Plan of the eighth floor.

MASS - PRODUCED SHELTER: MOUNT R

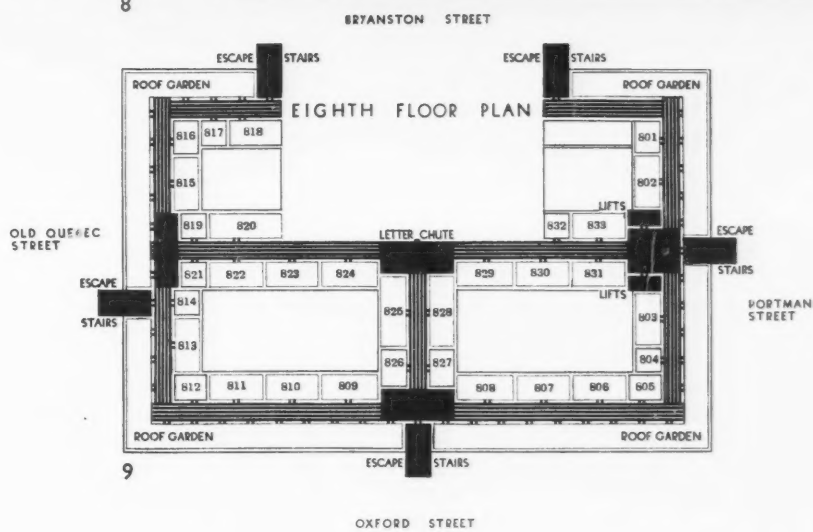


7



8

SIR JOHN BURNET,
TAIT AND LORNE
ARCHITECTS



T ROYAL, LONDON



9

A demand has often been made for some sort of critical analysis of buildings, but the obvious difficulties have generally succeeded in defeating the idea. In the two following pages a method has been worked out, by which some at least of the difficulties are overcome. Criticism is confined not to the general but to the particular, and is made immediately self-explanatory by means of contact between the drawing and the written word—as in the diagram on the opposite page. Furthermore the architects have been invited to read the analysis, and to reply to the questions raised. Their answers will be found on page 16. By this means, the greatest drawback to architectural criticism is avoided, the critic's tendency to make general indictments which fuller knowledge of the problem would lead him to withdraw, for the architects are given the opportunity to direct attention to circumstances outside the critic's knowledge which dictated their course of action. This method, incidentally, should throw a good deal of light on the problems which the architect today has to face. To the reader of perception the present analysis, and its reply, should prove illuminating.

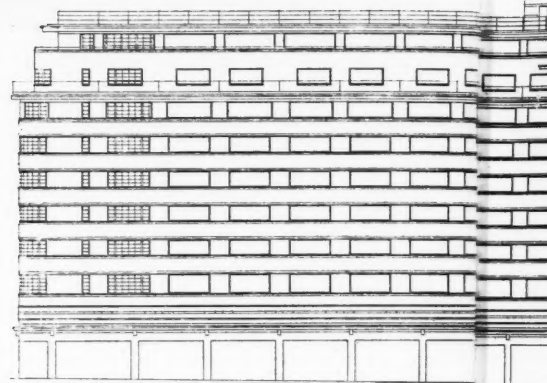
ANALYSIS

By E. Maxwell Fry

Equal floor heights, unit compartments, unit spans; it was in such terms the Mount Royal programme was drawn up. There was an island site valued at a king's ransom, to be filled on the ground floor with shops, and above with as many flats as the Building Acts would allow. A large space at the rear was allocated to a multi-floor garage, the subject of a separate design.

The necessity for preserving every spare inch of ground floor space for valuable shop rentals was insisted upon, and explains to some extent the placing of the main entrance in Bryanston Street at the rear of the building. It explains also the narrowness of subsidiary entrances on each of the other three façades.

The owners had clear ideas to lay before their architects. They aimed at building a vast honeycomb of small service flats to let at short or long rentals, each flat to be completely equipped for independent living, but connected by telephone, lift and hotel personnel with all the services that a modern hotel can offer. These services were to have their headquarters in an office, lounge, restaurant, snack bar, barber's shop, beauty parlour, etc., situated above the ground floor shops. The design consists, putting it far too simply, of course, in the satisfaction of these three main elements of the programme. My "shorthand" reactions to Mount Royal are embodied in the notes on the next two pages.



10

1 Windows: They are wide. They nearly link in continuous bands, but not quite. Why should they have not have been increased further to give a shadowless room within and a definite rhythm of glass outside, so that the brick banding could be dispensed with? Does the use of brick call for the small horizontal window bars? Or are these inserted for reasons of acoustics? One is inclined to wonder whether the horizontal stressing brought about by brick bands and window bars is not a little unnatural.

2 The top terrace, widened by omitting the outer thickness of flats, so that the corridor is glazed and opens on to the terrace, is like the promenade deck of a great liner, except that one looks over a sea of Hyde Park trees, with the Marble Arch anchored immediately below.

3 Is not this stone-faced frieze a vestigial of classic monumental ancestry? Has it any connection with the deeply projecting cornice that forms the outer edge of the terrace floor above? And are the inset windows a further accentuation of the idea of a modelled frieze, for if this were so it would appear to conflict once more with the skin-tight feeling of the wall surfaces below—especially on the important corner sweeps?

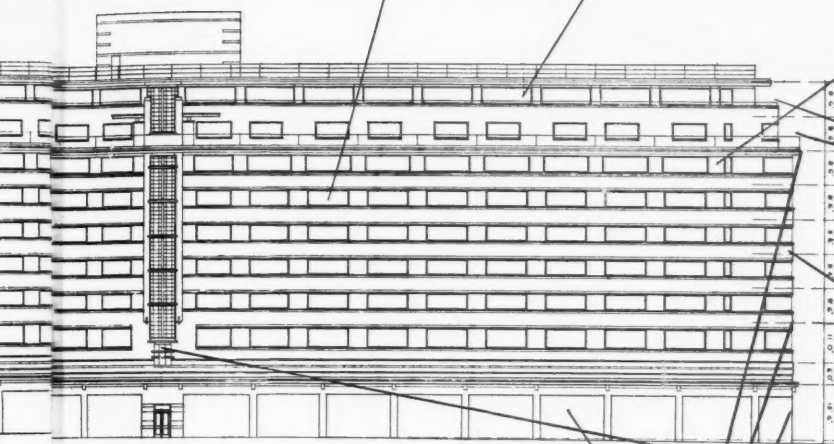
4 At last the sensible terrace set-backs freeing space for use in cleaner London air and sun! The London Building Acts talks about "two storeys in the roof" as though London were Nuremberg, and all the time a fine scheme such as this lay well within the law.

5 The rounded corners suggest, not the old association of bastion strength, but the feeling that the walls encase a rigid structure, as the curving walls of a ship laid in their riveted plates are a skin over a rigid steel skeleton. The way in which the great bulk thrusts out from the side streets is suggestive of some great liner newly launched. Take away the corner windows and the effect is largely lost.

6 The more's the pity that this character once established and the rhythm of windows set moving along the face, there should be the cleavage at the centre, too fragile to do more than interrupt. The plan says yes, but everything else seems to say no.

7 The shop windows: Why should shops be separated by a column of stone? Where a single concern has rented more than one space the stone disappears. The idea of support which it renders cannot be sustained against the pressure to provide selling space without interruption. But these columns suggest that the shop front is cut from a base of stone and that the building lies on this base.

8-9-10 Regarding it as such, there is evident in the façade the classic vertical division of base (8), column (9) and cornice (10); and inherent in this association the classic expression of downward bearing weight, which in a rigid steel-framed building cannot be logically upheld. The specially emphasized horizontality is at war with tradition.



11 The offices lie off the main circulation, and the lounge is kept clear of rapid movement. A row of columns and ducts separate the lounge itself from the track of the main circulation, so that it is a place set apart from the machinery of the plan.

12 The ground floor being given over to shops to the greatest possible extent, the main entrance to the flats is on Bryanston Street in rear, clear of Oxford Street traffic—a little private, as residential flats should be.

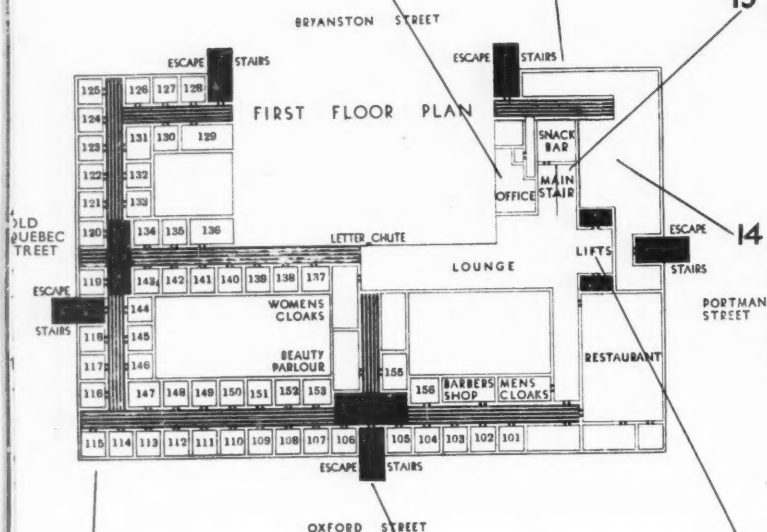
13 The staircase is wide and direct, to serve a population of thousands.

14 The service is situated where it may perform several functions at once—i.e., serve restaurant and private dining-rooms southwards; lounge, snack bar and first-floor flats westwards; and the rest of the flats on seven floors upwards. The perfecting of the heated food trolley probably accounts for the latter feat.

15 Four lifts serve the whole building, but obviously the position of lifts is dictated by the entrance. The lift hall recess is wide, for with rapid lifts and heavy use in two directions, a smaller space would easily become crowded. People leaving lifts at ground floor are nearly always in a hurry.

16 Lifts are the natural circulation for tenants, but in an emergency a system of staircases is vital. These fulfil the most stringent requirements of the Fire Brigade. They are symmetrically disposed, and, therefore, easily remembered, their prominence on the external faces of the building acting as a further and constant reminder. They are in straight flights and well lit. The existence of these staircases must be a comforting thought to the fifteen hundred or so tenants!

17 The site is filled completely and with the utmost economy. No alternative layout appears to offer any increase of accommodation, though the loss of 16 units on each floor would bring daylight to rooms now giving on to internal areas. Probably the short tenancies lessen the commercial value of sunlight. Question: would the same accommodation in a 20-storey tower take away as much light as it got for itself?



THE ARCHITECTS' REPLY

1. We should have liked very much to have carried the windows in a continuous band with only the vertical steel columns and their fire-proofing intervening, which would have happily disposed of the brick banding, and to have treated the windows in large sheets; but a building of this sort is designed to suit not one interested party but a collection of interested parties, and the design when finally presented is the result of the points of view of these interested parties.

2. It would have been impossible for us to get another outer ring of flats at this level on account of the angle of light established by law. The flats would have been too small to be of any value, hence the roof terrace. In this respect, as in most respects, the design is the result of a set of conditions established by others:—

a The condition of a very large number of very small units.

b The restriction of the Parliamentary Acts under which we build.

c The restrictions of estate and leaseholders.

d The desires and demands of the tenants.

e The cost of the services within the building, consisting of heating, hot water, lighting, ventilation, refrigeration and cooking in every unit, rose to such proportions in the cost of the building that the architectural treatment had to correspondingly decrease to the very simplest of terms. This was our problem and is likely to become the problem of most of us during this generation.

3. Yes, but when it is inherent in the conditions that a certain proportion of stonework be used on the façade where does one put it? The cornice has no place whatever in the design but is merely a method of projecting over the public way the space required for firemen operating in case of fire. But for projecting over the public way in this manner it would have been necessary to take another 2 ft. 6 in. out of the flats behind and render them practically useless for their purpose.

4. We have found no difficulty in getting the London County Council to read the "two storeys in the roof" in this manner, nor did we have any difficulty with our clients who realized quite readily the advantages of a roof terrace of this sort.

5. Our intention in the design was to cover the steel frame as lightly as possible and get away for once as far as we were able from the impression of the old wall bearing structure.

6. We agree with you and we wish that others did too, but unfortunately they do not, and there is still the desire for the feature and this desire has to be let down as easily as one can.

7. We should have liked to make a continuous band of the shop windows just as we should have liked to make a continuous band of the flat windows above. Here again other influences intervened.

8. The conditions called for a building of brick with stone facings.

9. Rather than have string courses in stone and small architraves, and

10, around each window in stone, we concentrated the stonework in a band at the ground floor level and another band at the sixth floor level. We should have

E. MAXWELL FRY

M A S S - P R O D U C E D S H E L T E R : M O U N T R



12

been very happy to have found another treatment but the conditions could not be laid aside.

11. The position of the lounge and offices was established exactly for the reasons you have indicated. As the building has a very large population generous lines of communication had to be laid out, otherwise the lounge would have failed to fulfil its purpose. It would in itself have become a corridor.

12. You are right in your assumption. The entrance to the flats was placed in Bryanston Street because of quietness and because of the difficulties of parking in Oxford Street, even for short periods of time.

13. It was impossible to get a sufficient amount of space on the ground floor level to put the main lifts in the entrance hall, and, in any event, had the lifts been placed at the entrance they would have been in an awkward position for the flats above. Therefore, the easiest way to connect the entrance hall with the lift hall was by means of a wide stairway.

14. The lines of communication for food service were placed as nearly as possible near the centre of this unit which is the kitchen, so that they could operate most efficiently either horizontally or vertically. The services of a building of this size are enormous and expensive and the planning of them may spell success or failure for the operation.

15. The position of the lifts was dictated

just as the position of the entrance in itself was dictated. The lift halls had to be planned in a generous manner on account of the population. We had to consider a population of approximately 200 per floor made up of residents, their guests and staff, and on account of the nature of the accommodation we had to consider two peak periods per day, one in the morning, one in the evening, when most of this population would be on the move along lines of communication.

16. The position of the staircases throughout the building was discussed in the very elementary sketch stage with the London County Council and the London Fire Brigade officials, and their advice was followed. We find the London County Council and the Fire Brigade most helpful in this respect.

17. We think that the accommodation provided in the existing building could be housed in a twenty- or thirty-storeyed tower more satisfactorily and more economically than it is housed in the existing building, and would gain more light for itself and allow considerably greater light for its neighbours, that is, provided, of course, that the tower commenced at the first-floor level and the authorities were willing to change their regulations. You realize that the shops in this area are very valuable and could not be restricted without considerable loss to the leaseholders.

FRANCIS LORNE.

12. The entrance to the flats is in Bryanston Street at the "back." A staircase leads straight up above the ground floor shops to the first floor where lie the public rooms—restaurant, lounge, snack bar, barber's shop, newspaper kiosks, and so on. This floor might be the main floor of a large hotel. The staircase and dado are of travertine marble, and the handrails are of satin silver anodized aluminium.

13. Looking up the main staircase.



13

T R O Y A L , L O N D O N



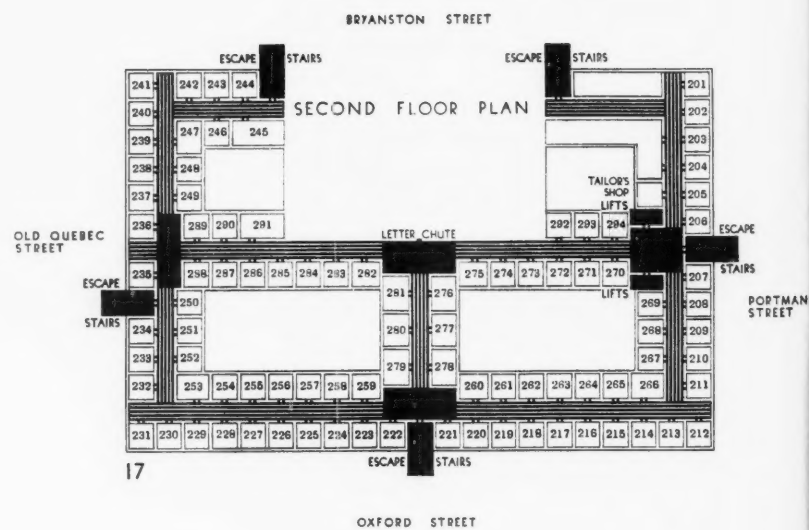
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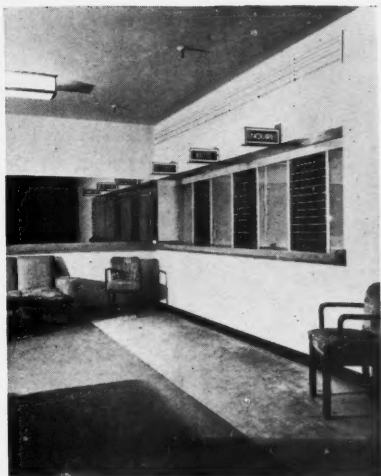
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Rationalized urban living. The first floor is in the nature of a town with a lounge, restaurant, cocktail bar, snack bar (open all night), grocer's shop, baker's shop, newspapers, cigarettes, etc. Thus the essential services are housed under one roof, and the resident is able to do his shopping without moving out of the building.

14. The lounge. The floor is rubber, the walls plaster, flesh pink in colour, and the ceiling is suspended insulating board. The curtains are red and grey, harmonizing with the plain walnut furniture, designed by the architects. 15. The restaurant. The floor here, of maple laid on insulating board, is rather unusual. The hangings in blue and silver are in contrast to the mahogany furniture. 16. The cocktail bar. The floor is rubber, and the walls are parchment coloured with a cork dado. The wood used

M A S S - P R O D U C E D S H E L T E R : M O U N T

OLD
QUEEN
STREET



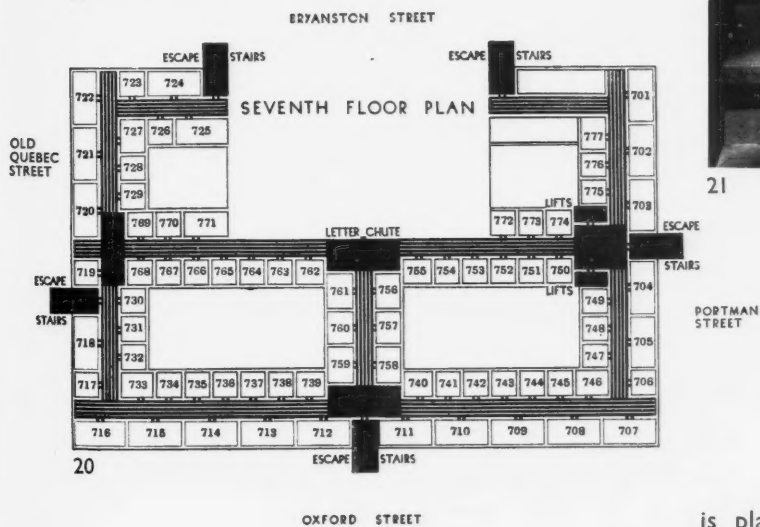
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19



21



20

is plain oak, and the stools at the counter revolve. The central pier is painted red, and the lighting is by opal strips butted together.

17. The second floor plan.

18. A corner of the lounge, showing the reception counter with its separate divisions for keys, post, enquiries, etc.

19. The soda fountain, which is part of the main lounge.

20. The seventh floor plan. This serves as a reminder that the building is a block of flats. The whole of the services shown on this page are for the use of the residents who enjoy "home" plus all the comforts of hotel life.

21. Looking up one of the escape stairs towards the external window. The staircase is in pressed steel with non-slip cement treads and landings.

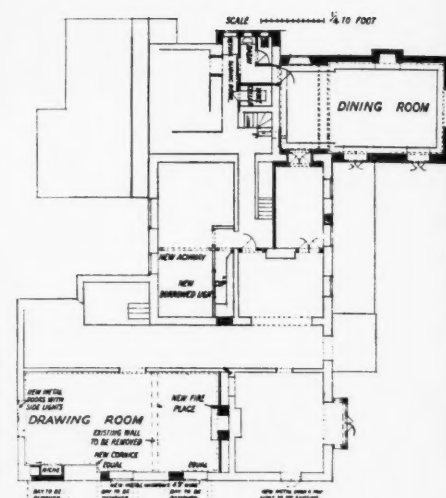
ROYAL, LONDON



2

KENNEDY AND NIGHTINGALE
ARCHITECTS

T U R V I L L E C O U R T ,



3

When the reconstruction of Turville Court, near Henley, was undertaken, the original farm house had been developed and enlarged out of recognition by a succession of occupants, and had finally achieved that kind of riverside character in its appearance commonly found in the Thames Valley. The south side was interrupted by rectangular bays and balconies of white painted wood, over which the low hipped



roof broke out uncomfortably, and which, in an exposed situation on a high ridge of the Chilterns, were neither appropriate to the climate nor to the landscape. Of these projecting elements the tower with its thatched roof alone survives, 4. The front door was at the east end of the house and was reached by a carriage drive along its north side, which ended in the customary sweep. The sweep tantalized a visitor with

a momentary panorama of delightful upland country before he found himself inside with a choice of three ill-designed rooms all looking the same way. The removal of the entrance to its present position in the stable courtyard (a fine barn music-room occupies one side of it) has given an L shaped character to the plan which, with its new dining room wing, is much better suited to the green plateau on which the house stands, 1 and 2.

B U C K S



5

Upstairs, the windows have sliding metal casements to allow of practicable louvred shutters. These are painted green and introduce a note of elegance into the austere and much simplified exterior. There is also a hint in them of the French influence which prevails in the furniture and appointments indoors. The house is of brick, plastered and coloured white, the outbuildings being for the

most part of flint and weather board. The roof is of red, hand-made tiles.

A small paved area screens the new west window of the drawing-room from the entrance yard, and provides it with a foreground designed to make the least possible architectural intrusion into the character of the surroundings. The treatment of this incident in the plan, 3, has a certain interest of its own. With its irregular lay-out

suggestive of the "built up" scenery of the modern stage it suggests a rendezvous for people rather than sculpture and seems to invite us to become part of a "landscape with figures," 5.

Without pretending to any historical or stylistic interest, Turville Court is a good example of a nicely appointed house in the country, which a well directed architectural opportunism has fitted to its purpose and surroundings.

T U R V I L L E C O U R T , B U C K S

Scenario for a Human Drama

By P. Morton Shand

It is the purpose of this series of articles to bridge the gap that lies between the eighteenth century English house and the modern house. Mr. Shand in doing this is working backwards from the present time to Soane. The following is a short summary of what has been described in the four preceding articles.

SYNOPSIS

Experiment, invention, and the demands of modern life, have completely changed the old methods of construction, and have produced new synthetic materials. It is absurd to impose upon these essentially light materials the essential ponderosity of classical forms.

Towards the end of the last century building technique and design were hopelessly out of date; architects had ceased to plan or construct, and had become specialists in the reproduction of the antique. The war brought the machine into its own. Little more than a decade ago a new architecture appeared, based on a scientific approach to building through structural realism.

Among its pioneers Behrens and Loos were the outstanding figures. Behrens was the first architect to realize the architectural and sociological significance of what nineteenth-century engineers like Eiffel had achieved. His Turbine-erecting Hall for the A.E.G. (1909) was the first modern building. He was the first to preach the Industrialization of Building, and to standardize the office block (1911). Step by step his successive houses cleared the way for the house of today. Loos stripped it of all ornament, *art nouveau* as traditional, and in his House for Dr. Scheu (1912) embodied the first immediate prototype of the modern house, in which he adopted a flat roof, plain walls, and set-back upper storeys. We owe it to him that decoration ceased to be the chief concern of architects. Van de Velde was the "wall breaker" who let air and light into rooms and reorganized their planning as living space. Hoffmann cleared up the mess of *art nouveau* by a return to simplified classicism. Behind these four men was an older architect, Otto Wagner, who had purged classical forms of their historical ornamentation, though he substituted for it a sparing contemporary decoration that was the genesis of *art nouveau*. But he consistently respected material, and was the first architect to build with sheet-steel, and to adopt flat roofs for theoretical reasons.

V. Glasgow Interlude

IF there can be a more cruel fate than being that Dostoevskian *humilié et offensé*, a neglected genius, it is to be a tardily rediscovered precursor to whom popular opinion attributes other men's achievements instead of his own. Sweeping claims have been made on behalf of Charles Rennie Mackintosh (1868-1928) in England as well as Scotland that are based on little more than the enthusiasm with which Hermann Muthesius championed him in Germany, and the fact that most of his interior designs were exhibited or published on the Continent. In their misapprehension of the fundamental nature of the New Architecture, and therefore of the part Mackintosh actually played in its genesis, zealous partisans have obscured just where they thought to have established his title to fame. It has been repeatedly said in print, more often without either saving qualification or supporting evidence, that Mackintosh was the real founder, the great pioneer, of the whole Modern Movement in architecture. As a Scotsman I should be proud to think

The previous articles were published in the July, August, September, and October issues.

this was true. Unfortunately it is not—or rather, it is true only if we may presume that the pioneer of one movement which led (indirectly in point of impulse, if, as here, directly in point of time) to another, very dissimilar to it, is *ipso facto* the originator of both alike. What Mackintosh was the father of, and what few of his admirers have claimed for him, was something quite different. He was undoubtedly the founder of that revolutionary architectural formalism that Germans call the *Jugendstil*, the first architect to translate *art nouveau* decorative motifs from graphic into glyptic terms. Many of the most characteristic of these mannerisms were his own invention, though the Munich School had been beforehand with others. In any case, they arose from the same yeast: Aubrey Beardsley's volatile fantasy working on the heavy vernacular dough of the arts and crafts brotherhood. And Aubrey Beardsley, an essentially architectural illustrator, was the by-product of pre-Raphaelism and the linear Japanese aesthetic which Whistler had begun to Europeanize in the 'sixties.



1. Charles Rennie Mackintosh

The *Jugendstil* waxed and waned too rapidly in its *cul-de-sac* to know what art-historians label "a period of decay." But from its exhaustion, the fierce mental and mechanical realism of the war, and the grim sociological stimulus to economic building provided by the breaking up of the old capitalistic civilization in the years that followed, the New Architecture was born—which leaves Mackintosh one remove further from having begotten it, or inspired its begetting, than either Loos or Behrens. Mackintosh knew nothing of its birth-pangs, had no share in its midwifery, for, unlike them, he was intellectually neither in nor of that significant transitional phase of reorientation which heralded it. But since, as the earliest Modernist *Innenarchitekt*, he immediately preceded this return to first principles, and so helped, if unwittingly and involuntarily, to prepare the way for it, he built better than he knew. Naked structural truth and the repudiation of all applied ornament are the cardinal canons of the New Architecture; and partly by force of circumstances, but quite as much from choice, Mackintosh was far less of a constructor than a decorator—less even than such declared ornamentalists as Olbrich, Van de Velde and Hoffmann.

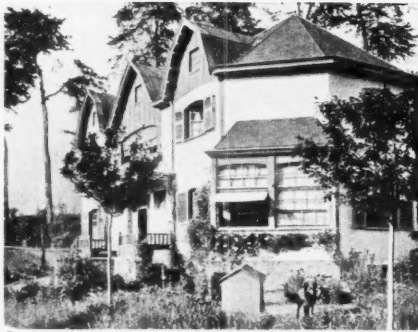
To abandon a putative pretension Mackintosh could never have claimed for himself is not to belittle the significance of a man Scotland may well be proud of—but is so, in so far as she is aware of him at all.*

* It was only as a result of the educative publicity of the privately organized Mackintosh Memorial Exhibition held at Glasgow in May, 1933, that the Scottish National Portrait Gallery decided to acquire Mr. F. H. Newbery's portrait of Mackintosh, and the Corporation of Glasgow bought two of Mackintosh's water-colours for its Municipal Collection. Towards the end of his life Mackintosh developed into a great and supremely original water-colour painter. Examples like *La Rue du Soleil* evince a timeless modernity and an essentially architectural quality of abstract design such as none of his buildings or furniture approaches.

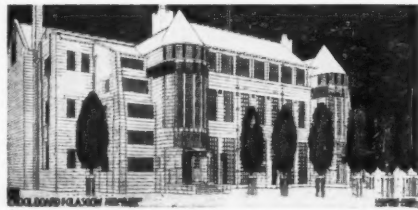
2 (Frank Lloyd Wright's Winslow House, Illinois [1893]), 3 (Van de Velde's own house at Uccle, near Brussels [1895]), and 13 (the ground-floor plan of C. R. Mackintosh's Windyhill, Kilmacoll [1900]), represent early prototypes of the modern house, already definitely untraditional, if still stylistic; and this in spite of being built with traditional methods and materials. 11 (C. R. Mackintosh's Hill House, Helensburgh, [1910]), a combination of picturesqueness and straightforwardness, brings us a little nearer the "machine-à-habiter." But 12 (one of J. F. McIntosh's "Cardean" class 4-6-0 express locomotives [1908]), provides a direct anticipation of modern forms. Between it and the rest of these examples lies a groping phase of trial and error, which unconsciously exhausted the last possible alternative to functionalism. This last alternative was "art nouveau" decoration, inspired by Aubrey Beardsley's linearism. 5 is a section of one of his ink drawings for "Salome," clearly echoed in 6, a tombstone designed by C. R. Mackintosh, and 7 three chairs and a fireplace of his from the Cranston Tea-rooms. Other echoes, just as unmistakable, can be seen in 8 and 9: the "decorative emphasis" of ordinary beam-and-post construction by Van de Velde (Folkwang Museum, Hagen, 1902), and timber structural elements used primarily as vertical decoration in the interior of C. R. Mackintosh's Glasgow Art School (1899). But the exterior of the last building (10)—and still more of 4, Mackintosh's original perspective for Scotland Street School, Glasgow (1904), which was finished by another architect—furnishes us with the earliest outstanding pre-war exemplar of functional fenestration.



2



3



4



5



6



7

chiefly in virtue of a misconception. The importance of dissipating it is that it has led to a far more disastrous one: the popular identification of the New Architecture and the Façade Modernism of those who have found "new fronts for old" the most paying kind of commercial eclecticism as one and the same thing. In his zeal to vindicate Mackintosh, Mr. Muirhead Bone has declared that he found his influence so overwhelmingly manifest in the Paris *Exposition des Arts Décoratifs* of 1925 that it only needed a statue of Mackintosh to crown the effect. This is much as though he had said that some recent colony of speculatively-built "modernistic" villas so clearly embodied the principles of Adolf Loos that each ought to be adorned with a medallion bearing his portrait.

Those who believe that C. R. Mackintosh was the originator of the inornate functional simplicity of modern forms may be referred to the work of a fellow-Glaswegian homonym and contemporary. As the designer of the famous "Dunalaistair" [1896] and "Cardean" [1908], 12, classes for the old Caledonian Railway, John F. McIntosh [1848-1918] ranks as the greatest stylist among locomotive engineers. And since for nearly a hundred years ships and locomotives were almost the only branches of creative design in which our formal tradition continued to develop along the lines

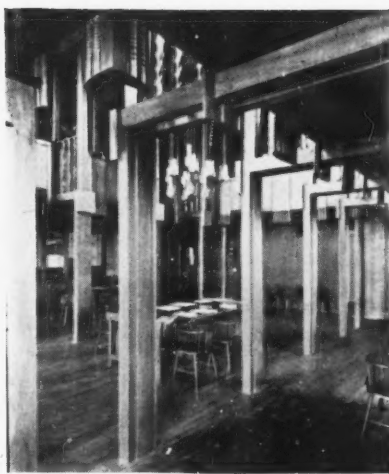
that the eliminative elegance of the Regency Style had so surely traced, this is another way of saying that he was one of the very greatest nineteenth-century architects. To compare the Glasgow Art School with the first, or the Hill House, Helensburgh, with the second of these superlatively lovely types brings instant enlightenment as to which of the two namesakes directly prognosticated the geometric compactness and structural economy of the modern house. J. F. McIntosh started life as a fireman, lost his right arm as an engine-driver in a railway accident at the age of twenty-eight, and rose to be chief locomotive superintendent in 1895. Dozens of his "Dunalaistairs" were built for the State Railways of Belgium, where they undoubtedly helped to inspire that formalized mechanical vision which paved the way for the emergence of the New Architecture. The Mackintoshes are a distinguished clan. There were hereditary Mackintoshes of Mackintosh centuries before a certain Charles of that ilk became the Mackintosh of Waterproofs in 1843. His discovery had implications far beyond clothing, for it pointed the way to the scientific insulation of what very modern architects prefer to call "shelter."

A Mackintosh chair—and nobody who has seen one will easily forget what it is like—might be described as the sort of chair

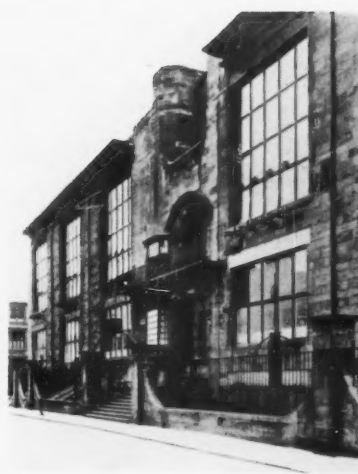
Beardsley would inevitably have produced if asked to design one, minus what that decade and the next variously deprecated as his "deliberate unpleasantness," "unwholesome morbidity," "stinking decadence" or "downright wickedness." The tombstone illustrated, 6, is pure Beardsley, except that the salacious-satiric quality of his wonderful line has been strait-jacketed into a prim Gothic-Revival respectability. Like Beardsley, Mackintosh was never romantic, but both alike were the creatures of that hyper-aesthetic *maladie de la fin du siècle*. This explains why the Continent regards Mackintosh, Beardsley and Wilde as geniuses mutually complementary to each other—a view which ignores the important consideration that wit in its broader sense was the basis of both Wilde and Beardsley's work. In any case Mackintosh was essentially a shaper of things; and no amount of Beardsley's influence on an ordinary architectural schooling could have made him build as he did, if he had not had in him what in any epoch would have been the makings of an outstanding architect. It is the classic rôle of Scots *perfidum ingenium* to expire in defence of a foredoomed cause, usually without even realizing that it is already standing in its last ditch. In the tenacity with which he clung to his original principles long after they had become superannuated, but in nothing



8



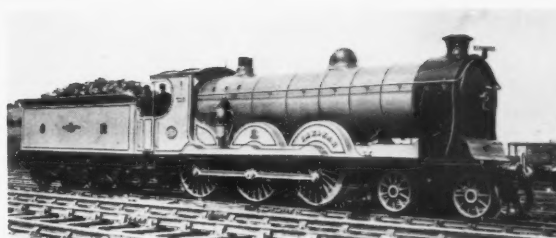
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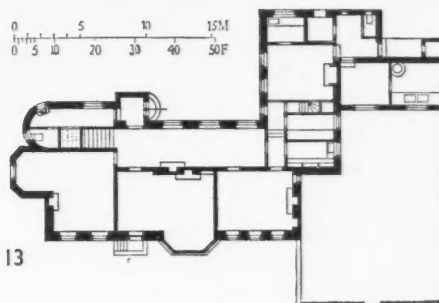
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12



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else, he was a typical Highlander. For, except very superficially in his domestic work, there is no trace of that Scottish quality which is common to Thompson and Playfair, no less than to Adam and Bruce. To that extent, at least, he was a direct precursor of the cosmopolitan formalism of the outstanding architects of our own day. It was Mackintosh's misfortune that he failed to realize that to embody those principles was to exhaust their potentialities; and that the new, and to him alien, interpretation of architecture which now arose, proceeded with inexorable logic from unconscious or subordinate factors in his own achievement. The result was the younger generation of architects either did not know of him, or else under-estimated the very real worth of his contribution. Yet Mackintosh was the first to take his courage in his hands and

have done with those "impossible loyalties," Morris and Philip Webb's remnants of traditionalism, which their timid followers had been far too devout to think of jettisoning. In cutting the Gordian knot he freed construction from historicism and its concomitant, unfunctional ponderosity, the very eliminations on which the New Architecture is based. But it is equally true that he sacrificed half the freedom gained by his enthusiastic reinforcement of Morris's disastrous doctrine of the room as a composite work of art. Though uncritical admirers profess a contrary belief, Mackintosh's use of plain surface was the reflection of a purely ornamental, and in no sense constructional principle. Only when he had to build, and so work in single harness, does he seem to have seen beyond that narrower orbit of his own vision which was his wife's. It would appear to have been

the florid coarseness of her wholly inferior decorative talent and a firm insistence on 'me too' that too often led him into an uxorious ornamental vulgarity.

Mackintosh was born and bred in Glasgow, where he lived and worked up to the war. In 1887 he was apprenticed to a local architect, and some two years later he entered the firm of Honeyman and Keppie, of which he became a partner in 1902. But from 1883 to 1894 he also studied continuously at the Glasgow School of Art, which the enlightened direction of Mr. F. H. Newbery was then making an active focus for what were already called "modern tendencies." It was here he won the "Greek" Thompson bursary in 1890 that enabled him to travel abroad. But as he confined his tour to French and Italian cathedral cities it had probably little influence on his subsequent de-

velopment—far less, anyhow, than his marriage. In 1896 "The Four"—Mackintosh, Miss Margaret Macdonald, the fellow art-student whom he subsequently married, and a Mr. and Mrs. MacNair (Mrs. MacNair and Mrs. Mackintosh were sisters)—jointly re-exhibited some *modern-style* furniture at a London exhibition of arts and crafts they had previously shown in Glasgow. The next year is the most important date in Mackintosh's life. In 1897 he was commissioned to decorate the first of the four Cranston Tea Rooms, 7,* the earliest (though an astonishingly full-fledged) embodiment of "the Mackintosh style"; and work started on the new Glasgow Art School, 9 and 10, which had been the subject of a competition limited to six Glasgow firms in 1894. That Mackintosh (nominally Honeyman and Keppie) won it was almost entirely due to the tenacious support of Mr. Newbery. As the Glasgow Art School was the only important design Mackintosh ever carried out in its entirety, it is by it, his first building, that his work as an architect must stand or fall.

1897! Van de Velde was startling Europe with his celebrated *art-nouveau* Rest-Room in the Dresden Art Exhibition of that year (the first on the Continent to include an Arts and Crafts Section), but had built nothing except his own house at Uccle, 3. Otto Wagner had not begun to emphasize his structural simplifications of Palladio with "contemporary" ornament; Olbrich had not published "*Ideen*," his famous album of *art-nouveau* architectural sketches, and therefore had not yet been invited to embody them in those flowery buildings for the Darmstadt Exhibition of 1901; the Vienna Sezession, though already beginning to break away, had still to be founded; and Loos, Behrens and Hoffmann had not even started their careers. But Frank Lloyd Wright had built the Winslow House, Illinois, in 1893, 2, (which Europe remained in virtual ignorance of for another twenty years); Voysey had already put some of his most characteristic houses behind him; Aubrey Beardsley had been art editor of the *Yellow Book* since 1894; and Obrist, Pankok (and Riemerschmid had produced the first authentic *art-nouveau* decorative designs in 1895 (though it is extremely doubtful whether Mackintosh had either seen or heard of

them). These dates are stressed because so much confusion prevails as to who anticipated whom. Only a few months ago I received a letter from Van de Velde (who, if anyone, might be supposed to know the facts) in which he said that, historically, the all-important question was to determine whether Olbrich first influenced Mackintosh or vice versa!

The first section of the new Art School (which faces Renfrew Street and includes the main entrance) was finished in 1899, but financial difficulties delayed the second (which fronts both Scott and Renfrew Streets) for several years; and it was not till 1909 that the whole building was completed. During the construction of the final section an extra floor was added; but since this is invisible externally it entailed no noteworthy modification of the elevations, which are in all structural and decorative essentials identical with those shown in Mackintosh's original plans of 1894. A big central school is bound to be to some extent what the Germans call a *Hallenbau*; and, compared with even the freest disposition of intercommunicating rooms in a large private house, any fairly wide hall or lofty gallery will always appear more openly and spaciouly planned by reason of its absence of dividing walls and flat confining ceilings. When, as in the Glasgow Art School, this free and open planning for space rather than enclosure is everywhere accentuated by an absolutely unprecedented kind of decoration, the gloss of novelty naturally becomes all the more arresting. Stripped of that decoration, and the unaccustomed pattern of the raftering (traditional materials, wood and stone, are used throughout), the interior reveals itself as certainly by far the most original architectural design of its day, but structurally much behind contemporary engineering practice. Had it been a house and not a school, the liberties taken with the solid opacity of walls would deserve to be described as revolutionary. Time has not subdued that enigmatically "foreign" aspect of the exterior, where plain surface accidentally acquired a wholly new significance for architecture.

Both Mackintosh's houses are later designs, yet there is only a faint echo in either of the open floor-planning of the Art School, or its bold bays of fenestration—though these recur, and still more forthrightly, in the staircase-towers of Scotland Street School, 1904, 4, his best and cleanest work—which Van de Velde reproduced in his own Art School at Weimar (1905). As an architect Mackintosh showed little development. He was too extreme an individualist to be adaptable. He could not learn from experience—his own or others'—and he lacked the powerful co-ordinating intellect, the biological curiosity and industrial prevision of a modern-minded man like Behrens. In short he was altogether "the artist"; and (as his portrait shows), I, even dressed for the part. Analysis of the plans of the houses just mentioned (the only two he completed) discloses a much immaturer

conception of *Raumgestaltung* than earlier houses of Voysey and Baillie Scott; and according to Mr. Newbery it was on Voysey that Mackintosh modelled his domestic work. The severely simple Lowland farmhouse exterior of Windyhill, Kilmacollm (built about 1900, but probably designed considerably earlier), has not a single distinctive Mackintosh touch. In the much larger Hill House, Helensburgh, 11, [1910], which has a rudimentary sun-parlour, he used plain harled rubble walls to modernize Scots Baronial (there is a conically-capped turret in rear) in precisely the same spirit as Voysey had for long been using plain roughcast to modernize English Vernacular. Being more ambitious, and so more amply windowed, it is much more characteristic. Even in a photograph it looks far less of a "garden-city house" than in the slightly schoolroomish perspectives dotted with woolly love-in-the-mist trees Mackintosh affected.

With the exception of Aming Bell, that distressing case of pernicious anaemia of the pre-Raphaelite glands, and Lorimer—who swayed between timily romanticized echoes of Mackintosh's Gothic designs and stereotyped academism—Mackintosh had virtually no direct followers in Great Britain. But on the Continent his influence was so immediate and far-reaching that it would be hard to exaggerate it. It was in 1900, the year of his marriage and that famous Paris Exhibition, that he was first invited to exhibit abroad—appropriately enough in the building which Olbrich had just built for the Vienna Sezession. The immediate result was that Fritz Wärndorfer, one of the founders of the *Wiener Werkstätte*, took his band of craftsmen over to England to show them arts and crafts at home. It was probably during Wärndorfer's visit to Glasgow that he commissioned Mackintosh to design the well-known "Room for a Music-Lover." These drawings were published in Darmstadt in 1902—the year of the Turin Exhibition, in which Mackintosh designed (and virtually filled) the Scottish Pavilion. They were followed by his designs for "The House of an Art Lover"—a competition organized by Alexander Koch that was actually won by Baillie Scott—edited by Muthesius, which created a greater sensation than any of his previous work. The visits Mackintosh subsequently paid to Vienna, Budapest, Munich, Dresden, Venice and Moscow to organize exhibitions of his work were a triumphal progress; and everything he showed was eagerly bought up. Mackintosh was the first British architect since Adam to be a name abroad, and the only one who has ever become the rallying point of a Continental school of design. British cultural prestige had never stood higher across the Channel. With much the same authoritarian finality as Herbert Spencer removing his ear-trumpet, Adolf Loos used then to clinch every argument about design by saying, "Well, anyhow, that is how they do it in England!"

* In point of fact, his friend, George Walton, did quite as much of this work. They did not, however, collaborate as certain rooms were allotted to each. The order of the opening dates of the Cranston Tea Rooms was: 91, Buchanan Street (Arpil, 1898), in which they shared about equally; 114, Argyle Street (1899), in which the bulk of the decoration and furniture was Walton's, but Mackintosh designed the Dutch Kitchen (the prototype of innumerable Miss Hook of Holland cafés); 205, Ingram Street, where Mackintosh added the White Room (1900) and redecorated and refurnished several other rooms at various later dates; and 217, Sauchiehall Street (1904), which was entirely Mackintosh's work. Of these only Ingram Street, the oldest, survives, which Miss Catherine Cranston originally opened in 1885. Since her death it has become "Cooper's." It is interesting that the decorations of Miss Cranston's two London hotels, the Kenilworth and Waverley, should evince something of the same family characteristics as her Glasgow tea-shops.



1. Photograph by Paul Nash.

Nature imitates Art

By Raymond Mortimer

WASN'T it Oscar Wilde who was the first to point out how Nature imitates Art? Now this has dwindled from a paradox into a truism. Snow, for instance, used to be white—all writers and painters before the middle of the nineteenth century are witnesses to this fact, and there are probably eminent centenarians alive who can still remember when snow was white, nay, who still maintain that it is white. But the French Impressionists, a hardy and fearless band, who seem to have thought nothing of anchoring their easels in deep snow and working in an Arctic gale—the French Impressionists painted snow pink and blue and mauve and green. And today the most philistine of Public School

men, as they trudge with skins upon their skis up the Swiss mountain-sides, notice that snow is no longer white, but is in effect pink and blue and mauve and green. Similarly we have seen the female form divine refined from the rich curves of Edwardian Baroque to the streamline of contemporary architecture. Motoring through France one comes on villages with white houses, a red brick *mairie*, and a church with a spire in Second Empire Gothic—Utrillos, in fact, but they were not there till Utrillo painted them; or at least they were not perceptible, and a thing cannot be said to exist until it has been perceived. Indeed it is impossible today for anyone acquainted with contemporary pictures to move a

step without seeing imitations of them in the streets, in the fields and in houses. Those willows have evidently been trained by Segonzac: the tall undernourished boy at the street-corner has modelled himself on an early Picasso; even the apples on my breakfast table have conspired with a napkin to make a painstaking copy of a Cézanne. Nor, alas, is Nature always very fastidious in her taste: I have seen the mighty ocean taking a hint from Mr. Olssen, R.A., and I once caught an odious puppy deliberately mimicking Mr. Studdy's Bonzo.

Painters in fact isolate and make permanent aspects of the visible world, and even for the more non-representational and abstract works surprising

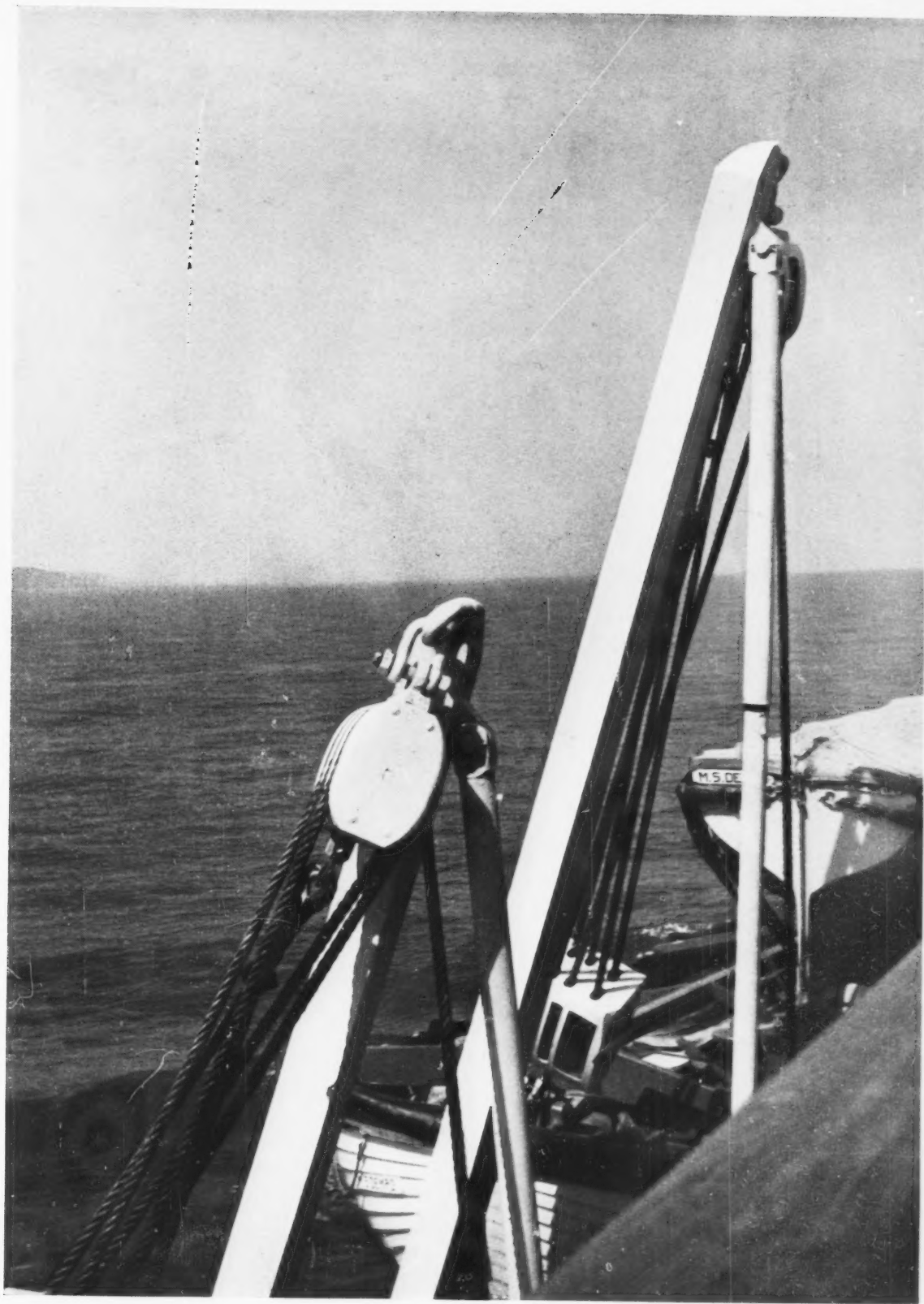


2. Photograph by Paul Nash.

parallels can sometimes be found in nature, as is revealed by the extraordinarily pictorial and vigorous photographs taken by Mr. Paul Nash. If Uccello had been armed with a Kodak, I have no doubt that he would have used it to capture the strangest tricks of perspective. Mr. Paul Nash has detected in nature, where the rest of us would have seen nothing, just that disquieting element which gives a particular flavour to his later pictures. He is, of course, one of the artists who have been stimulated by the curious movement known as *surréalisme*. This is the name that was given to their theories by a body of French and Spanish writers and painters—their chief object is the exploitation of the subconscious, they work by free association, as it were, in automatic writing. Their paintings sometimes resemble work done in trance. Incidentally they are Communists, from a love of violence for its own sake and out of hatred for the existing régime. But the

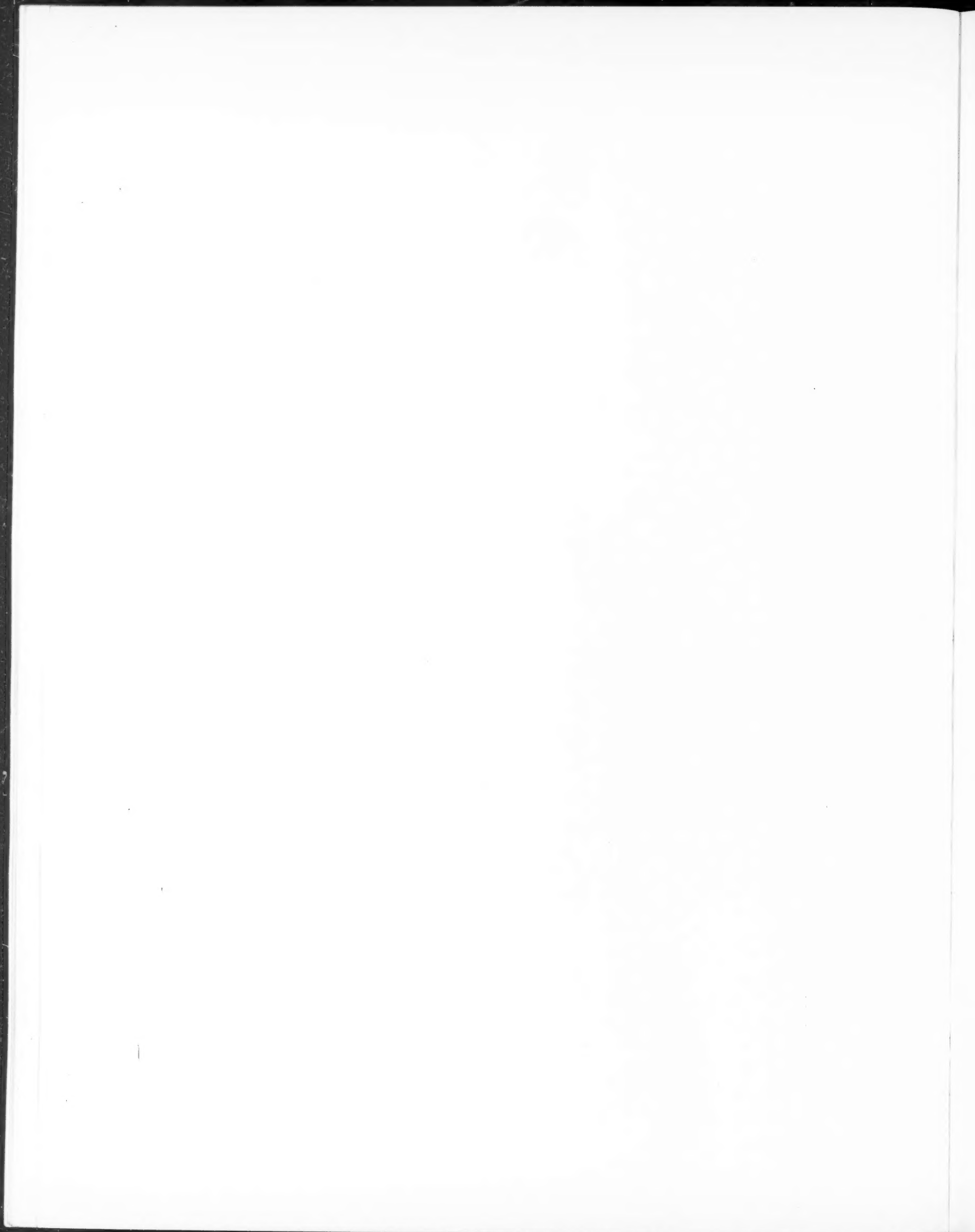
chief interest of their work has been in its power of disquieting. The most incongruous images are used to excite surprise and horror. Like all movements with any vitality, it is a canalization of states of mind fairly widespread in the contemporary world. The neo-romantic revolt against reason, against consciousness and against common sense shows itself in a variety of ways, in the novels of Lawrence, the absurdities of the Nazis, the vogue of gangsters, the Marx Brothers, Crazy Weeks at the Palladium, the Leopold and Loeb motiveless murder. In life it is entirely disastrous, in art it explores a new and valid avenue to poetry. The most incongruous images are used to excite astonishment and horror, a tree grows in a bedroom, and a stream flows across the carpet; a billiard table is discovered on an iceberg; men draped like statues have faces without features. Picasso has played a part in discovering the violence latent in certain forms, and Chirico is another painter who,

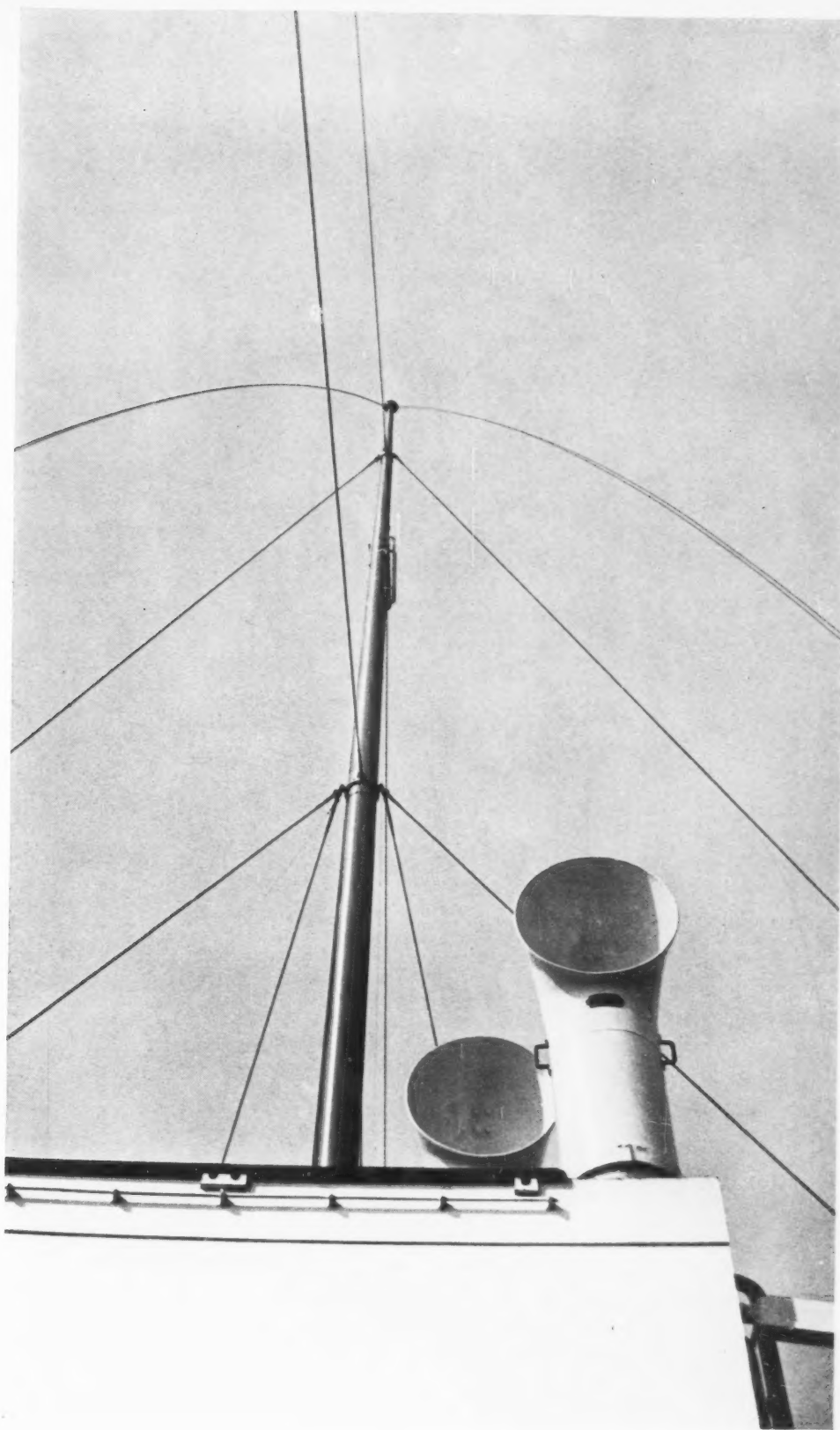
though not a *surréaliste*, has an analogous state of mind. The literary influence of the movement in England has been imperceptible, though related ideas are used as part of the subject-matter of Mr. Sackville West's extremely interesting recent novel, *The Sun in Capricorn*. But a *surréaliste* flavour is to be found in the work of several of the younger painters here, Wadsworth, Burra, Hillier, Banting. It is in Mr. Paul Nash's later pictures, I think, that this contemporary disquietude has in England been most effectively exploited. And it emerges again in his astonishing photographs. The view of the North African city, Plate i, for instance, is "made" by the curious pipe which runs hesitatingly across it, like a crack or a flaw, with most mysterious and disconcerting an effect. Plates ii, iii, photographs taken on board ship, again, are not concerned with that constructional, mathematical or streamline beauty usually sought in photographs of liners.



Photograph by Paul Nash

PLATE ii *January 1935*

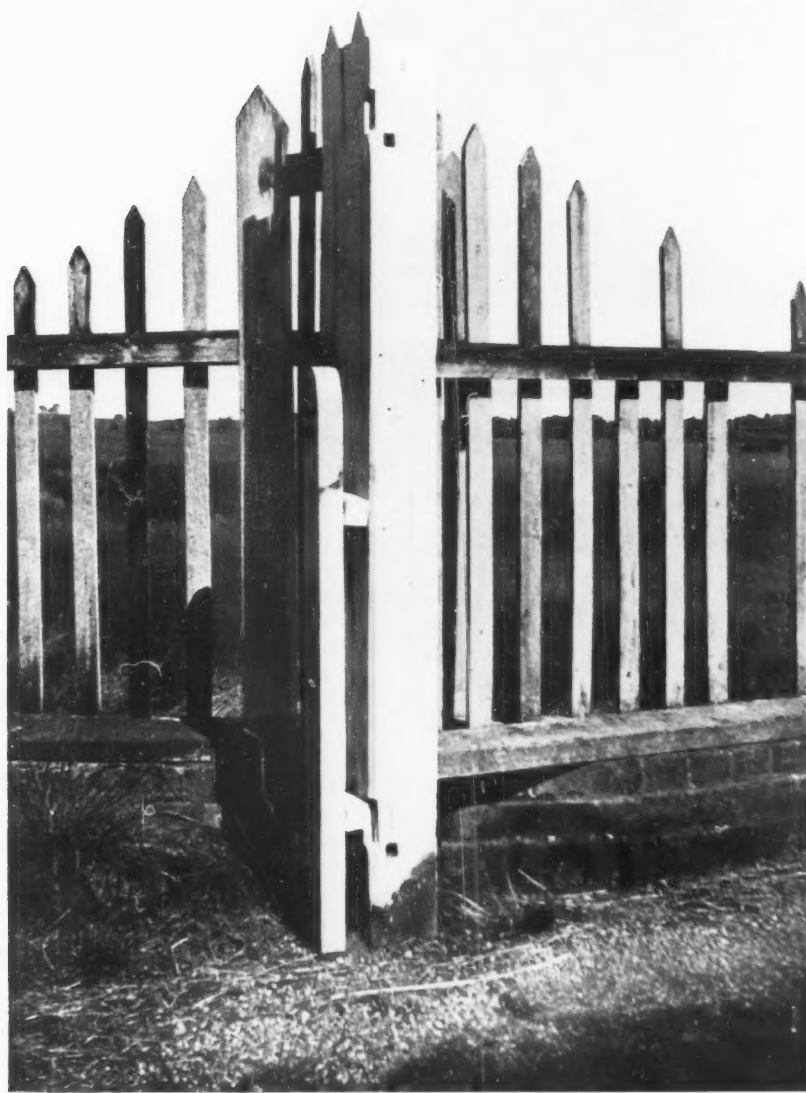




Photograph by Paul Nash

PLATE iii *January 1935*





3. Photograph by Paul Nash.

The davits remind one of the sinister osseous objects occurring in some of Picasso's later pictures: and, in the mast photograph, the two curving wires among all the straight ones have an insect-like quality, disquieting as an intrusion of organic life into a non-organic system. The fence photograph, 3, comes near to being an abstraction, but again it is somehow ferocious, and the broken off tops on the right-hand side break the symmetry in an indefinitely disturbing way. The least

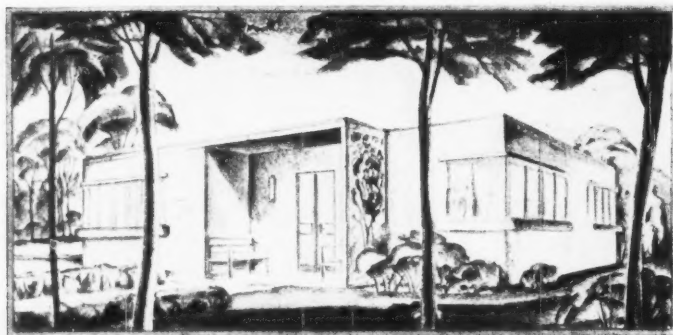
legible of these photographs was produced by the shadow of a branch falling on two steps. 1. Here there is a fortuitous suggestion of the séance-room, coming. I fancy, from the furred outline of the reaching ectoplastic shadow.

To those unfamiliar with *surrealiste* ideas and with Mr. Paul Nash's practice as a painter, these remarks are likely to seem fanciful and far-fetched. They will rightly admire the photographs for the extraordinary sense of different textures which they emphasize, and for

the great beauty of the light in them. Only an artist, and an artist with fine imagination, could have isolated and, as it were, trapped these unexpected aspects of the world. No doubt Mr. Nash made them, as he might make sketches, partly as themes to use in his painting, but I hope he will show them, and others that he has taken, in an exhibition: for they carry an enigmatic poetry which is absent from the honourable and painstaking work of most contemporary English painters.

Book of the Month

**We will deliver this five-room house
to you this very week!**



Basic is as Basic Does

By Baird Dennison

TWENTIETH CENTURY HOUSES. By Raymond McGrath. London: Faber & Faber. Price 21s. net.

SOMETHING we have long been patiently waiting for has come to pass. An authoritative and comprehensive book on modern architecture has been published in England. And it is better than any foreign book on the subject that has yet appeared: better, even, than the half-dozen best of them rolled into one. For instead of the irascible Continental polemic, which is what *les purs des purs* usually treat us to, or the blatant exploitation of the modern house as a journalistic stunt or publicity "copy," which is what the English-reading public has hitherto mostly had fobbed off on it, we encounter a quiet objective sincerity, that never raises its voice, and persuades by reasonableness, common sense and a dryly informing irony. Nearly every architectural book is dear, and would still be so if published at half its net price, but here by some miracle is value for the not inconsiderable sum of a guinea.

It is only right to give vent to enthusiasm about this book, because it has a dignity of purpose and phraseology such as Mr. A. Trystan Edwards is now almost alone in exemplifying. (Incidentally it contains a shrewd criticism of his doctrine of Number, Punctuation, Inflection as "having much in common with the idea that the head is not complete without a hat.")

That penultimate statement of mine will, of course, invite knowing scepticism. Basic! Smug schoolboy grins were exchanged (I

myself was one of the grimmers) when the rumour got about that Mr. McGrath was writing his book in what is called "Basic English." Those grins are now, as nurses used to threaten us, wily smirking on the other side of our ugly faces. I am not an advocate of Basic, if only because Mr. Ogden makes the A and the C of that political-platform word stand for "American" and "commercial" respectively (the other letters representing British, Scientific, International). Surely, though, these "simple infime" meanings have long since been fused in "advertense," *vide* . . . ? But I'd better stop, or my already almost butterless bread will be even more drastically devitaminized. Mr. McGrath has used Basic with such uncanny skill that he makes it read like the best and most flexible sort of English prose. Only rarely will the native of the British Isles experience a linguistic jolt, or have to stop and scratch his head—both of which are very good for him—before verbal reconstructions like "cooking-room," "layerwood," or "gas-bag" (for balloon). My chief quarrel with Basic (apart from the A and the C of it) is that it appears to require the elimination of nine-tenths or ordinary punctuation. That this book has been written in it is none the less of very real value. Up to now the literature of modern architecture has for all practical purposes been written exclusively in German: the language in which most of Corbusier's sucklings have imbibed his rich mother's milk. Mr. McGrath's book will be assimilable

for thousands of readers in Scandinavia, the Baltic and Balkan countries, etc., who at present have to renounce any attempt to read current English technical works because of their "literary quality" (our old friend 'style' being once again the villain of the piece!) It is doubly important for them to be able to read a book of such scholarly impartiality—taken in conjunction with F. R. S. Yorke's *The Modern House* it provides all that anyone but the specialist can reasonably require—because it will make clear what was England's initial contribution to the development of modern architecture, and on what lines British architects are taking up its threads again today.

That Mr. McGrath's offset illustrations have been chosen from twenty different countries, and are accompanied by brief biographies of their architects, gives some idea of the pains he has taken to be representative. It is as good to find Sigurdur Gudmundsson's excellent work in Iceland included as it is encouraging to discover a promising Rumanian modernist in M. Marcel Iancu. One may be tempted to wish away some of the more romantic English homes characterized by "such unnecessary details as those sharply sloping roofs and pointed roof-ends which give our sky-lines the look of broken bottles on college walls" (including one recently inherited by that stout defender of the faith of our fathers, Mr. John Betjeman); but these at least exemplify what the modern house proceeds, and has so happily escaped from. The symbols used in the plans, which are McGrathian simplifications of the "Mundaneum" type invented by Dr. Neurath, deserve special praise.

This book says much that either urgently needed crisper utterance or else was still floundering about in our incoherent English minds vainly seeking expression. The last century's legacy of cant and chaos has never been more unerringly summarized:

In the middle and late eighteen-hundreds the shades of the prison-house became thicker and thicker as the requests in church for all things bright and beautiful became louder and louder. . . . The houses of the well-to-do of this time were like the stage of a third-rate company acting something out of history in the wrong dresses. The houses of the poor were all in streets like unending lines of smoke-discoloured teeth. . . . Architects were just as much conditioned as everyone else by the idea of value for money.

One more passage must be included, because it so nobly resumes the author's belief that art will have to become as certain and measured as science, and that the first step in learning is unlearning:

Love of the great things of the past is not enough. Forward is the only way for a man to go. In building as in thought, writing, music, science, there is only one road that will take us anywhere and that is the road between today and tomorrow and the great discoveries of the future. Though we may do things which seem strange to those whose eyes are turned back on fictions of the past we are at least making possible the coming of a form of building which will be more in harmony with the hope of great architects of other days than a nation-wide museum would ever be. The future is in the hollow of our hands, in the wide windows of the twentieth century house are framed the white towns of tomorrow and the clear-cut buildings of men as awake as ever the Greeks were to the fullest pleasures of living. What other road is there to take but into these surprising distances?

Perhaps the best reading is the dialogue (from which the above is extracted) between



OVERLEAF, AT CLOSE RANGE

P H O T O G R A P H Y

The centenary of the discovery of photography is a reminder of the ever-increasing debt which architecture owes to the camera. This gracefully melancholy group in meditation before a Jacobethan tomb in the Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh, was taken by David Octavius Hill (1802-1870), the Scottish landscape painter, on a primitive paper negative some time between 1843 and 1848; and is reproduced from one of Hill's own untouched brown calotype prints. Hill was 'discovered' by Dr. Heinrich Schwarz, the curator of the Vienna Art Gallery, about 1900, when the Germans at once acclaimed him as "the Master of Photography": as which he is now universally recognized. Apart from their beauty of tone and pose, and their astonishing naturalness of expression, the most interesting thing about Hill's magnificently virile portraits is his deliberate choice of monumental backgrounds. A romantic preoccupation with architectural subjects was as characteristic of the 'Old Masters' of photography—Henry Fox Talbot and Hippolyte Bayard are prominent examples—as is the enthusiasm of the modern school for the stark geometric functionalism of factories and power houses.

(Photograph by courtesy of the Royal Photographic Society.)

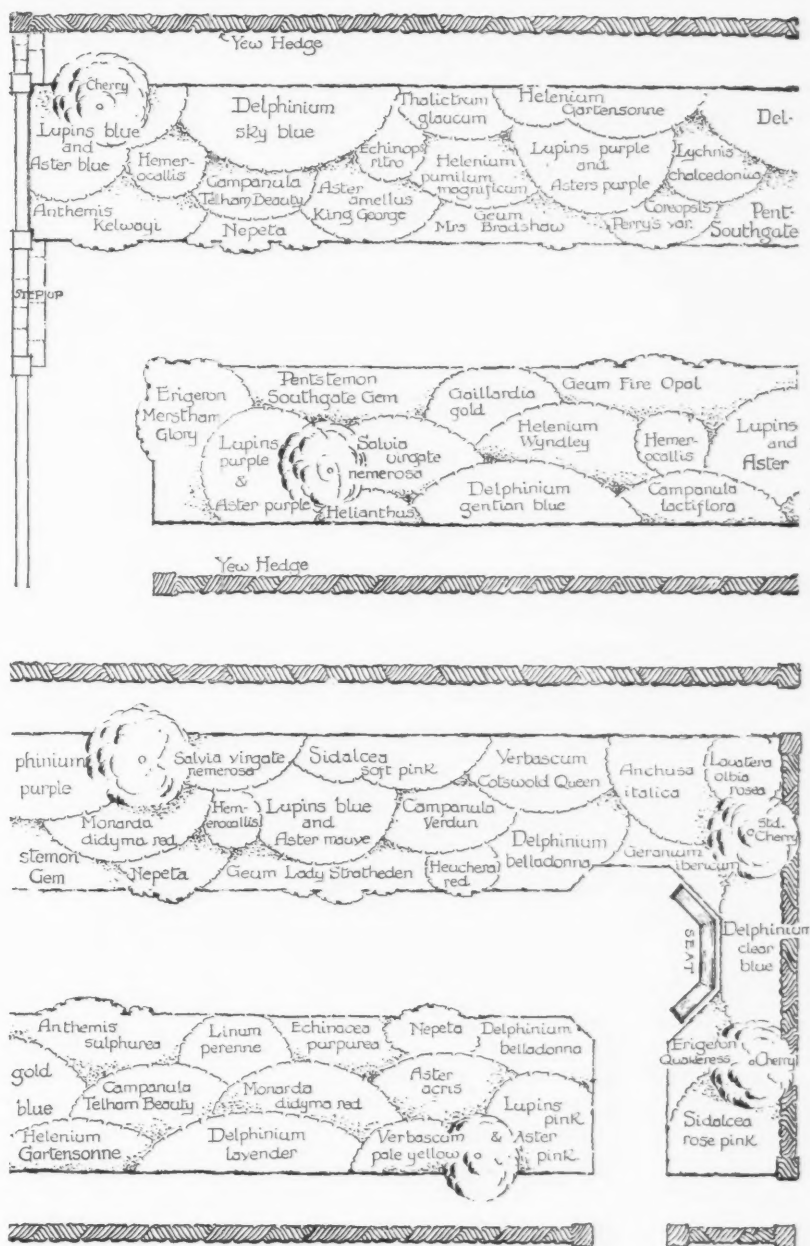
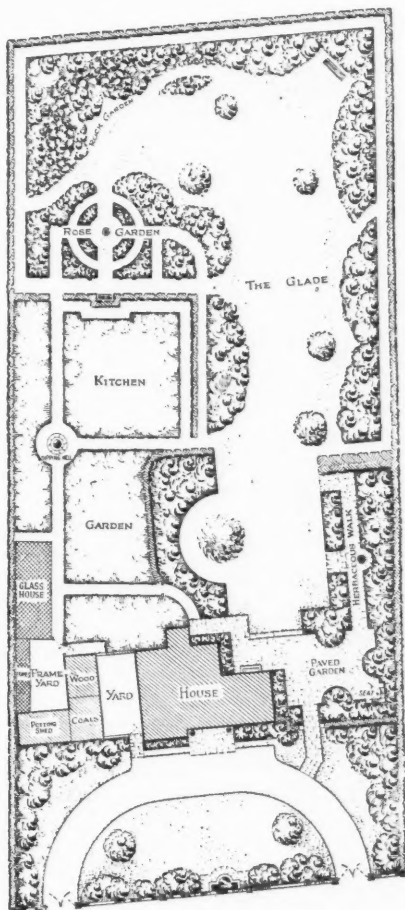
PLATE iv

January 1935



an eminent architect of the old school and a young modern—why are modern-minded men always supposed to be egregiously young?—called "Last Words." The case has never been better put on either side. In fact Mr. McGrath provides infinitely better attacking arguments against "this modernism."—"Free planning is quite as bad as free love or free trade" is one of them—than any used by that distinguished G.O.M. of the Mistress Art who gave a wireless talk on this very subject only a month or two ago.

One grim little note, reminiscent of the obituary pigeon-holes of a big newspaper's stock-room, recurs throughout the biographical pages. The names of all living architects are followed by brackets in which the years of their birth are linked to ominous blanks by the finger-posts of unconnecting hyphens. These may not be altogether unintentional touches of what the Germans call "gallows-humour." For the book closes on a half-prophetic note of the possibility, if not the early probability, of urban humanity being condemned to live deep in the earth's bowels in vast concrete cavern cities, completely equipped with all the technical and social services of our modern civilization. Still, vigorous hyphenates and die-hard traditionalists may find equal solace in the picture of a future in which subterranean "interiors" will be the only possible form of architecture.



Above is a planting plan for a herbaceous border. Below, the plan of the garden at Glengarry Stanway. These illustrations are from "Garden Design of To-day."

A Real Manual for the Gardener

GARDEN DESIGN OF TO-DAY. By Percy S. Cane. London: Methuen. Price 15s. net.

To me garden books have always seemed rather stupid; full either of self-congratulatory sentiment or of dull facts and figures and Latin names. Mr. Cane's book is neither vague and sweet, nor a de-luxe edition of a bulb and seed catalogue. To my amateur mind it seems most comprehensive. Whether you have a minute court-yard or roof garden, an uncompromising fence-bound rectangle in Suburbia, or tens of acres in the Shires, Mr. Cane can tell you exactly what to do with it; how to create

the most intriguing rock gardens or pools, how to plan your garden in relation to the surrounding country; the trees and shrubs to choose if planting a "glade" (a delicious thought this); the flowers to have if you want colour all the year round in your window boxes. Careful planning can transform the most plebeian little villa, and the most uninspired eighteenth- or nineteenth-century "larger garden." Mr. Cane might have been tempted to dally with such delightful ideas as pools, streams, statuary, terraces, vistas and loggias, but we are told all the most earnest gardener could want to know about species, varieties, times of planting, and flowering, and the plants to choose for every position.

ELIZABETH KENDALL

Paint

WHITE LEAD PAINTS. Why, When and How Specified. With a Foreword by Alfred C. Bosson, M.P., F.R.I.B.A. London: The White Lead Publicity Bureau. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is a book of reference which should be in the library of every architect, surveyor and engineer because it tells them all there is to know about the importance of good paint for the decoration or preservation of property. In his Foreword Mr. Bosson says it is estimated that some £10,000,000 are spent in the United Kingdom every year on paint, quite apart from the much larger expenditure on the operation of painting. Truly amazing figures. Of course there is paint—and paint, and

the purpose of this book is to demonstrate the qualities of white lead. The evidence is contained in six chapters in which are discussed:—

1. The chief characteristics of white pigments used in paints.
2. Painting and decoration.
3. The specification of paintwork.
4. Corrosion.
5. Practical specifications for the painting of new work, maintenance painting and the painting of metal surfaces, accompanied by expert advice.
6. The cause and cure of some common painting defects.

The book ends with a series of practical specifications for the use of paint in connection with new work, maintenance work and metal work.

A.E.D.

A Free Commentary

By Junius

As the day approaches when the poor journalist has to sit, write and deliver his weekly or monthly wad of copy, the dismaying thought consumes him: of course this month, or week, there is nothing whatever to say. The *daily* fellow, of course, hasn't time to have these qualms.

But this month three of the roomy pages of the REVIEW would not be enough for me to utter my thoughts on the subject of the deaths of two peers, on the behaviour of Countesses, and on the psychology of the Gunner Captain.

About the deaths of the two peers, Lords Buckmaster and Riddell. I knew the latter fairly well. He was a genial, kindly man. He did me more than one special service. It was characteristic of him that when, as a youngish man, I mentioned some semi-business project to him, he advised me that, if I worked hard and long, I would have good prospects of attaining an income which he mentioned, and which was, in fact, considerably lower than what I was then enjoying.

It is, perhaps, characteristic and inevitable in such successful men that they should assume that all that matters is a man's income, and that all a visitor could possibly care about was some device for increasing it. (As a matter of fact, I went to discuss some fool plan for improving golf instruction which I had babbled about to Gilbert Jessop, Prince of Sloggers at Cricket and Golf, and of course, Riddell was by that time immensely interested in golf, and did, in fact, succeed in making one of the most successful and pleasurable golf courses in England.) It was also quite characteristic that he should take for granted that the remuneration of people like "Junius" should always be immeasurably lower than that of lawyers, shrewd real estate estimators, newspaper proprietors, and what not. But what most interested me about Lord Riddell was that he was a portent in a new society, a society with a new standard of honour and behaviour—(Countesses now lend—do they also sell?—their faces for a consideration to the manufacturers of powders and unguents, and write

handsome testimonials for the money-lending furniture houses).

He held, of course, the tradesman-theory of newspaper-owning for which, indeed, there's a more or less specious, logical case, and which is now almost universal. It is not quite universal, as you may see from the conduct of *The Times*, *Manchester Guardian*, *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Morning Post*—to go no further. That theory is "I give the public what they want. We all love a good murder. We all like to peep through bedroom keyholes. I don't do any harm. I don't advocate immorality or murder. I entertain . . ." and so forth.

Lord Riddell did much good in the world, and certainly many beneficent organizations will be the poorer for his death, and many a gathering will miss his genial smile and his humorous shrewd comment.

On the same day appeared the obituary notices of Lord Buckmaster—a man with a passion for justice, an eccentric possibly, but none the worse for that, a disinterested pleader for lost causes, a man of singular eloquence, a poor man, who was able to counter a heckler shouting: "We don't want any blooming gentleman to represent us at Keighley," by: "My father was a farm labourer."

No more space was given to him than to his fellow peer—in many papers, of course, much less—and he did not "cut up" for nearly as much (in that pleasant phrase of the mid-Victorians). If there is ever one law for the rich and the same law for the poor, it will be due to his impassioned pleadings. He had an austere and noble face, but I suppose he may be reckoned as not a particularly great success in life as we now reckon things.

And then about the Gunner Captain. We met in the train. He was proceeding to the Conservative Party conference on the White Paper, and the future of India. He was certain that the party of craven yielders, of paltry promise keepers, would be completely routed, and

A FREE COMMENTARY

the brave real-politik-ites, the havers-and-holders, the providers of honourable and lucrative jobs for the cadets of our aristocratic and patriotic houses, would carry the day. He must have felt depressed when the result of the voting was announced—poor fellow, he was so sincere and so sure; and so, and so—impossible.

I liked this ex-Captain of Artillery for not resenting my thrusting in without introduction when I saw his pamphlet on India and asked him if he was in politics. I said I had no special knowledge of India. Could he sketch his point of view? He said that Indians were—well, it wouldn't be tactful to say what he thought. He said the Baldwinites were going to give away the Empire. I asked without heat, wasn't there a case for the case that India wasn't theirs to give away? and whether as a matter of fact a similar attitude adopted by another weakling (Campbell Bannerman) after the Boer War hadn't in fact had an effect precisely the opposite of what had been passionately prophesied by those who then took his own present point of view? Ah, he said, but that was different. You were dealing with white men. I asked if he really thought that pigmentation made all that difference? And he said—yes.

And then I passed on to home matters and found that he had the same or similar views about English Socialists and Communists as about all Indians: he had forgotten all about the pigmentation doctrine. White Englishmen who differed from him, who were traitors, were quite as offensive as brown Indians. It would be quite impossible for him to admit even the abstract possibility of his being wrong; or of its being conceivable that Indians, even after hearing his or his party's or his country's exposition of the European or the British scheme of life, should still have a dream and scheme of their own—and not being Europeans, not being British, should actually prefer their own way of life. I am not here arguing that he was wrong but merely recording that he *was* quite incapable of even imagining that he could be: while to me that seemed, on *a priori* grounds at least, quite possible.

Nor would I, he said, be so tolerant of Socialists and Bolsheviks, of "poor whites"—he didn't use this term, of course, but it was implied in his discourse—if I'd sat, as he had, on a public assistance committee. There were young fellows, he said, living on the dole who'd never done a day's work and never intended to so long as there was a dole. When I asked him if he didn't know quite a number of his own class who were quite content to live upon a dole left them by their fathers, he admitted it, with regret, for he was—I say it without irony, a decent, public-spirited and hardworking fellow—but he said that was different.

I agreed that it was different, but ventured to suggest that, seeing the difference of opportunity in the two types, it might be fairly argued that his lot were the less admirable. He thought that harsh. We exchanged cards. We both hoped quite sincerely to meet again. We neither of us lost our tempers. The ex-mistress of beagles in the carriage who had been sufficiently appalled to see us speaking to each other without introduction, got hotter and hotter about the ears. What was England, her England, coming to?

What indeed?

•
DECORATION. I.

EDITOR'S NOTE

The advance notice of this section described it as containing "an important series of illustrated articles on the subject of Domestic Interior Decoration, which will replace the Craftsmanship Portfolio. The chief object in presenting this new feature is to familiarise architects and the lay public with some of the best contemporary work . . ."

It has, of course, always been the policy of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW Supplement to do exactly this. The sole change lies in our decision to devote this section in future to Interior Decoration and nothing else. We believe that this is a wise and necessary step.

Since contemporary movements in decoration have already exhausted their first fine careless rapture, the time has come when some kind of mental stocktaking should be useful. The article which begins on page 37 opens the argument; it will be followed by others whose aim will be to provide an intelligible framework or scaffolding for the discussion both of theory and practice. Whether the phrase INTERIOR DECORATION accurately expresses the modern concept is a question which, for the moment, has been deliberately avoided.

1. A corner of the Drawing Office in the new offices for Messrs. Troughton and Young, at No. 143 Knightsbridge, London, designed by A. B. Read, A.R.C.A. The illustration shows the simple treatment, and the orderly system for keeping the drawings in numbered cylinders. These cylinders are arranged on wire racks, each cylinder being held in a wire ring.





2

2. The Governing Director's room from the corridor. The walls here, as for the offices generally, are covered with wallboard, with rounded open jointings. 3. The office of the Director of Design. This office is equipped with an adequate drawing table, while a vertical drawing board 9 ft. by 12 ft. occupies the whole of one wall. The walls and ceiling are very pale grey, with black and chromium furniture, and the curtains are blue oiled silk. 4. The Governing Director's office. An example of logical design, with the interest in the simple forms and the colour and texture of the woods and furnishing materials. The fitted furniture and the panelling is of Australian walnut and Japanese chestnut. 5. The General Office, with fitted filing cupboards and good lighting. 6. The office of the secretary of the Modern Fittings Department. The bay in which the desks are placed provides a low level ceiling, from which direct lighting is obtained, while the sliding glass panel in front of the desk affords an easy method of communication with the Director's office. 7. The Governing Director's office, showing the position of his desk, and the spaciousness of the office which allows ample space for the Conference table. The table was designed so that the six chairs at the sides, when not in use, fit snugly underneath out of the way. The photograph shows quite clearly the texture of the wood of the fitted furniture, and the slightly contrasting tone of the panelling.



3



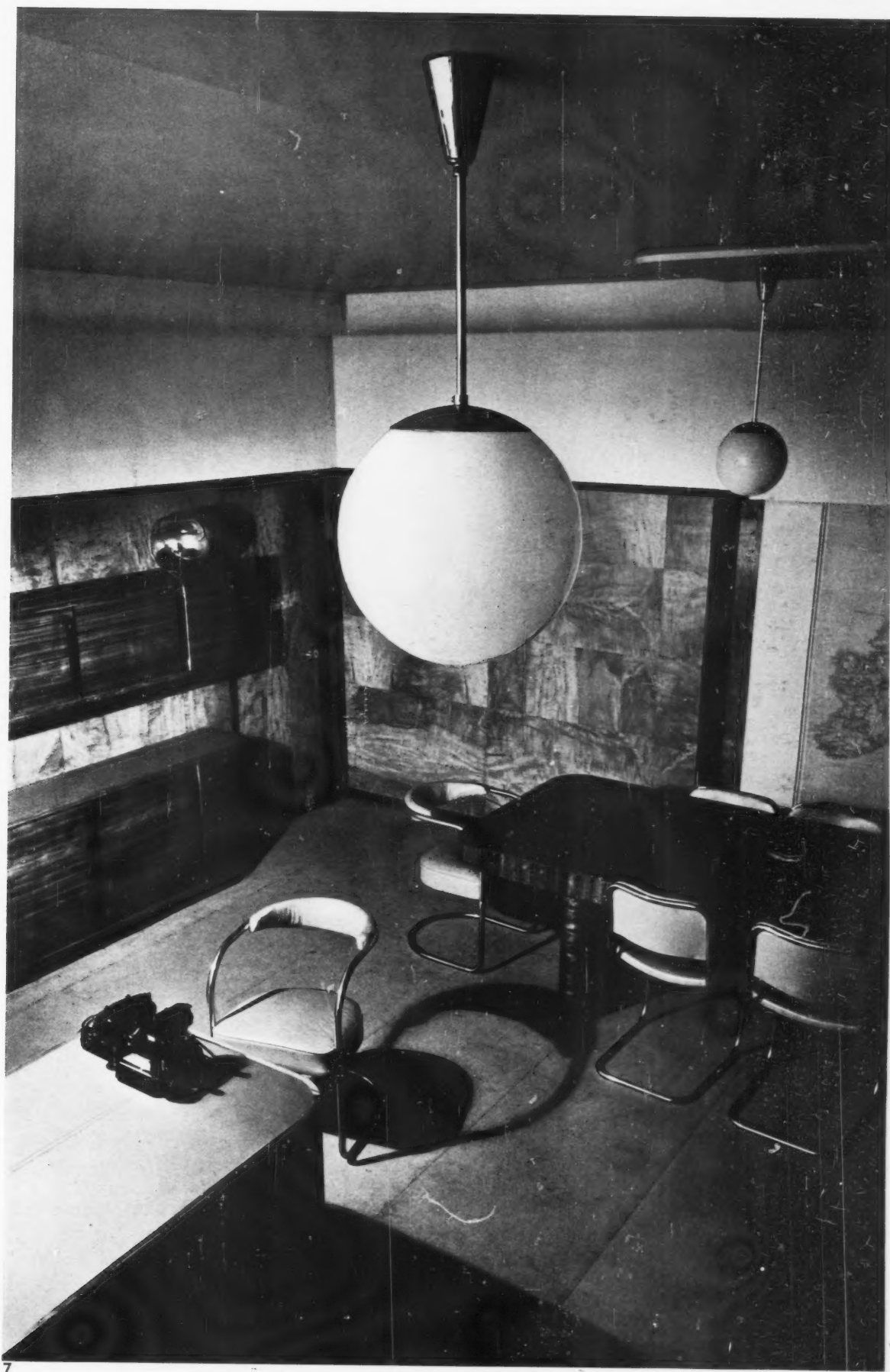
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5



6





8

8. The entrance to the Contracts Department, with the reception desk on the right. The partitioning throughout is formed of wood framework faced on both sides with insulating boards, painted cream or pale grey, while the doors are flush wood cellulose, sprayed green, with view panels of Georgian wired glass.

From the apparently elementary nature of the article which follows, it should not be taken that the author's intention is to put one or two self-evident truths in a simple or facetious way. This is not the aim of the article, or of the series of which it is a part. The aim is to elaborate a theory of design by a method that might be called *visual argument*. The illustrations are in fact the story, and the letterpress is added merely to emphasize and correlate arguments implicit in the illustrations. The text is set in different sizes to distinguish the main statements from the passages where the author breaks off to develop—in an aside, as it were—his arguments in greater detail and smaller type. The third column in large type gives the thread of the argument. This technique has its drawbacks and is, indeed, experimental, but it is hoped that the wedlock of letterpress and illustration may make up in sequence a vividness what it lacks in urbanity.

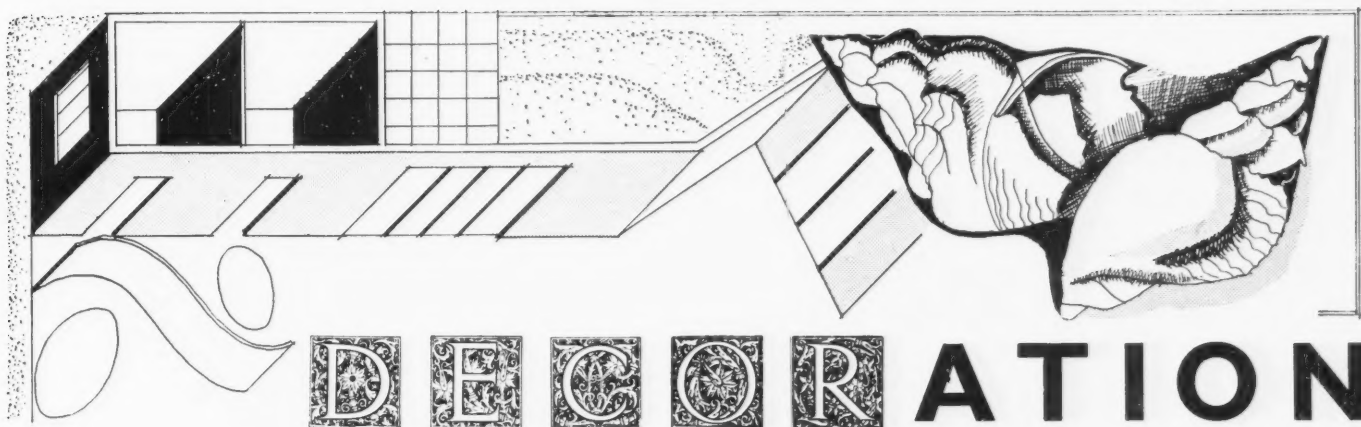
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Page 37. The empty room, by courtesy of Mr. Christopher Nicholson.

Page 38. M A N. By courtesy of Messrs. Glaxo Products.

Page 39. Bedroom by courtesy of Mr. Arundell Clarke.

Page 40. The Louis Quinze background by courtesy of Messrs. White Allom.



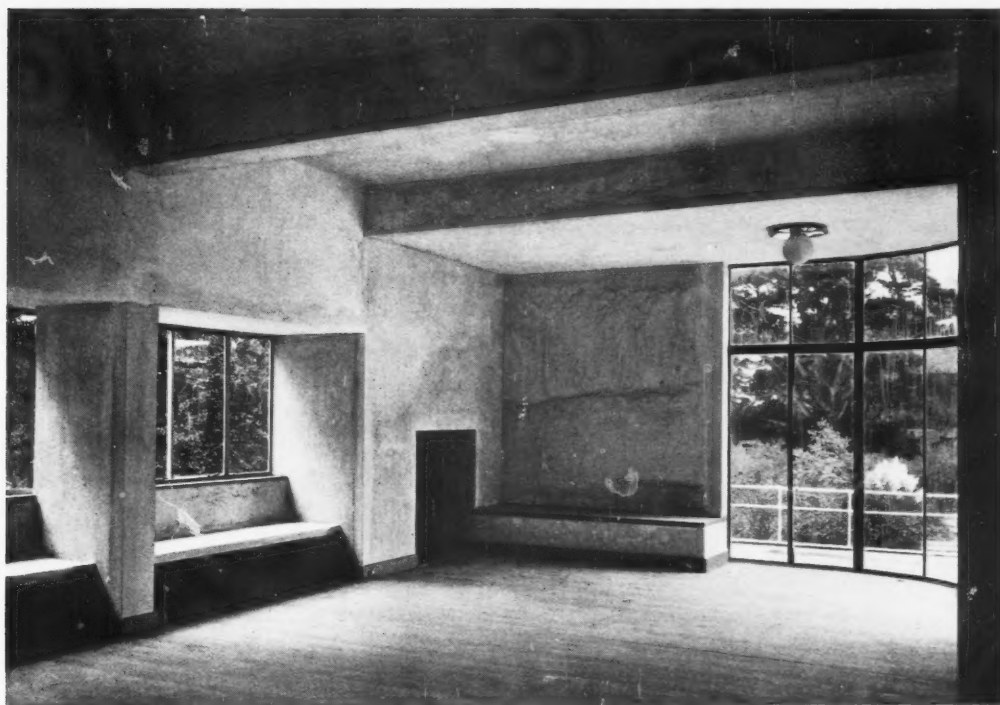
By Geoffrey Boumphrey

Much has been written about interior decoration, much about taste: little about trends. Much about the modern movement; little about where it is going to, and why. Much special pleading for particular prejudices; nothing to the measure of an impassionate survey. I intend to take the historical approach—but the history of tendencies rather than periods—to survey the whole country from a god-like eminence in the clouds: but unlike any god I am acquainted with, I shall try to start with no definite likes or dislikes, no preconceived opinions. It cannot be done, of course: but the attempt will provide me with a useful and clarifying exercise, and will give others the pleasure of pointing out where I have failed. In order that mixed metaphors, at any rate, may not be laid to my charge, I must now be assumed to have scrambled down from my cloud

and be pursuing the path of tendencies which I espied. My journey, then, is not planned to bring me to a goal which I have already in mind: it is, on the contrary, a journey into the wilds—a piece of research which will, I hope, lead eventually to conclusions, but to *what* conclusions I do not yet know. A trip through imperfectly-mapped country generally means a devious course: mine will be unusually devious, since I do not know exactly where I am going. My first intention is a review of the whole ground, without which it will be difficult to maintain that any position finally chosen is necessarily the best. I can, however, hope to carry with me on the journey a piece of parchment tucked away in my pilgrim's scrip, and written on this will be certain Principles by which I may know the Celestial Chamber when I find it.

In my search for the perfect room I shall take the historical line—though of trends rather than periods.

So ought our first picture to be a cave?



One might take an empty room, waiting the services of the decorator, as the point of departure. But much has already been done to that: its proportions, the shape and placing of its doors, windows and fireplace (if any) have all made contributions. Something more fundamental is needed—something by which to measure the room and all that may be done to it. Even the pit-dwelling, the cave or the tree-top do not go back far enough. The fundamental unit of measurement is

or an empty room?

No, even these do not go back far enough; our proper point of departure is . . . (carefully over please)



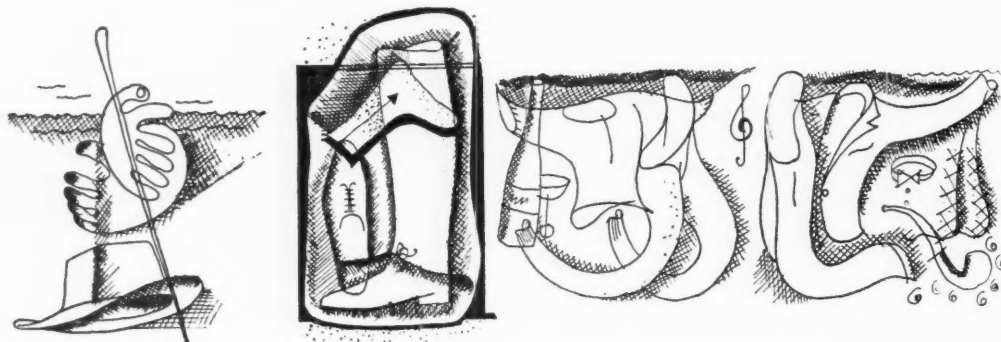
MAN!

MAN! The proper measure of man's work is man. Pope has expressed this sentiment earlier and better (since, on the whole, better English was written in his day than in mine). Let us now pursue its implications.

In its earliest form the room or its prototype was, no doubt, simply a defence against enemies, human or bestial, and later, against the weather. A natural development was its use as a store (American readers, please translate into English)—especially, we may hazard, when Neolithic man invented agriculture and so improved on Paleo's hand-to-mouth methods of existence (and, incidentally, prepared the way for Mr. Beverley Nichols). During these immense periods of time the standards by which various rooms were assessed must, I think, have been purely functionalist. A good cave would have a high enough roof inside to permit standing and to collect most of the smoke, a low enough entrance to shed rain-drops and to be

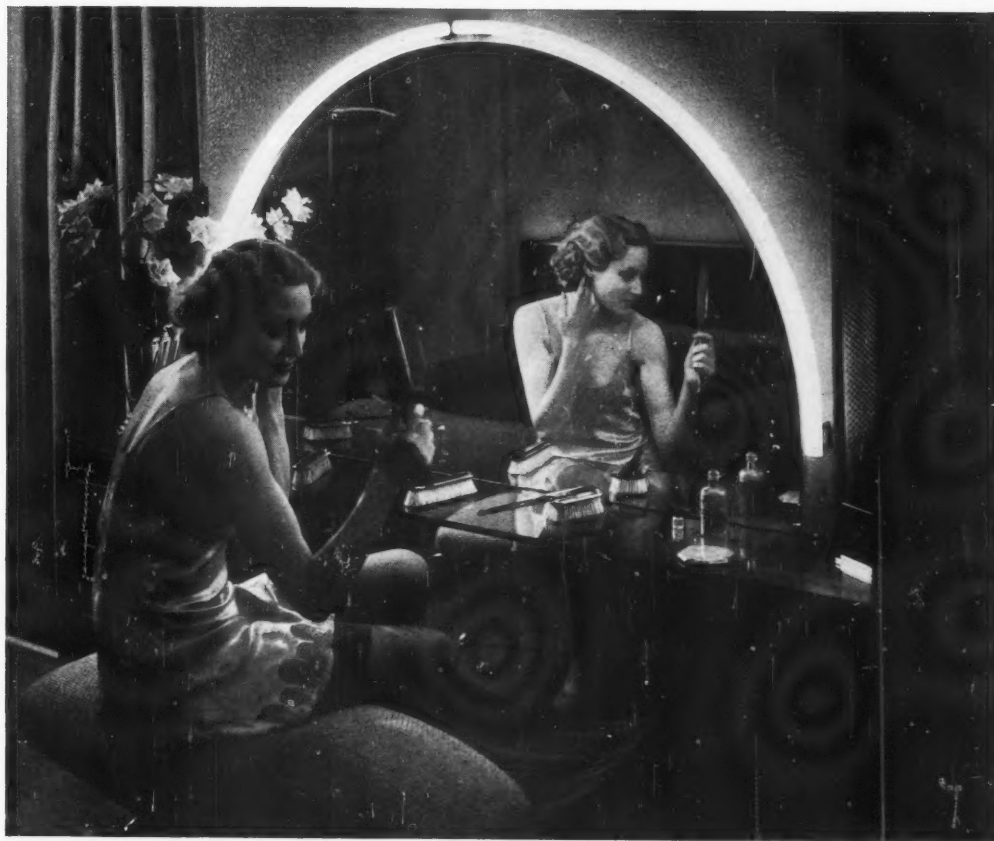
easily barricaded. A cave of the most exquisite proportions which leaked would be considered bad. Taste, that shibboleth of the artist, the critic and the cultured—that hair-shirt of the man in the street—had not arrived. Bowing before the evidence of hundreds of centuries, I take as the First Canon of Interior Decoration: "Cursed be that which fails to do its job, or impedes man in the doing of his." By this rule the occasional table, so apt to catch Grandmamma's elbow as she reached across to the purdonium, must be adjudged bad, no less than the chunk of sandstone which prevented Great-grandfather from grabbing his stone axe a fraction of a second before his eldest son got it.

To whom must be added
in due course



the various trimmings
of modern life—

But nudity—only permitted on these pages in infancy or marble—was not man's estate for ever, nor functionalism the be-all and end-all of his dwelling. Clothes (first worn, perhaps, for protection or for ceremonial adornment) came to be used as decoration—and in this we may recognize what must here be ineptly referred to as the hand of woman. Taste was born. Man's condition was changed. His dwelling must mirror not only his tastes, but his taste. The simple, naked child will serve us no longer as an illustration; we must add to it clothes, books and the knowledge that comes from books, music of its own or another's making, drink, tobacco, motor-cars—in short, it must become modern man. And for a dwelling, we must give it



resulting in this,

the room as an extension of its owner's person



or possibly this.

or personality.

I may be accused of having skipped a stage in the argument here. Why, because decoration has come to be used wholly or partly for its own sake, should I declare at once that the room must become an expression of its owner's tastes and personality? In the primeval days of functionalism a stone club or two, a wooden breast-plough or a pile of flint-chippings in a corner would show clearly enough that the owner was a hunter or warrior, a farmer or a flint-knapper. But interior decoration cannot be said to have existed in those times: the presence and indications

of such furnishings were entirely uncalculated. Why, then, this arbitrary extension of the principle when we come to deal with questions of decoration? The answer, I think, is to be found in the relation between *taste* and *tastes*—two words of entirely different meanings, yet mutually interdependent. Tastes need little or no defining: they are the things one does habitually—primarily for pleasure, but also to some extent from force of circumstance. But taste is a much more elusive bird, except to the gastronome. It is, of course, what anyone who differs from ourselves

**A dissertation on taste
and tastes**

on aesthetic questions has not got. My Shorter Oxford Dictionary (which, I was sorry to see, by default rates purdonium even lower than a lost cause) suggests "the sense of what is appropriate, harmonious or beautiful." I am grateful for that first adjective—"harmonious"—will be a useful Means Test for us. Whether or not there is such a thing as natural taste I do not propose to enquire here, since I am sticking as closely as possible to demonstrable facts—but, certainly, taste is a thing that can be developed and modified by education. Quite as certainly, it is not necessarily improved by extreme sophistication. Its fundamental quality is perhaps

a sense of proportion—and this is easily upset by undue concentration on any one aspect. At one time I was constantly being surprised by the failure of artists to decorate their homes in a seemly fashion. I realize now that they are unconsciously paying the penalty of specialization.

Reverting now to my original question, we see that good taste demands some sort of harmony. If we apply this to the problems of interior decoration, we see that since the one constant in a room is the owner, taste requires a *décor* in harmony with his tastes. What neglect of this principle can lead to, I show below.

neglect of which may result in

I suppose it is possible for a heavyweight boxer of an essentially masculine type to have an exquisite appreciation of, let us say, Louis Quinze furnishings. Nevertheless, when we



place him in a beautifully-appointed room of the period, we are, I think, conscious of a certain incongruity. Similarly, if the lovely lady and the elderly gentleman on the preceding page were to be transposed, we should feel that our sense of fitness had been outraged. From this I do not hesitate to lay down the Second Canon of Interior Decoration: "A room should represent an extension of its owner's tastes, appearance or personality."

a certain incongruity.

And now, having established these two principles—at least to my own satisfaction, I shall set out to explore as exhaustively as I can the whole field of interior decoration today. The survey divides itself at the outset into two distinct parts: What *ought* people to live in and what do they *want* to live in? (1) *Ought*. The artist-decorator (charming phrase!) designs what he likes—and what he likes he wants people to live in. He maintains that they *ought* to live like that. Generally he must be held to be in the right, since his intuition is sound in direct ratio to his merit as an artist. Here, then, my task will be to assess the merit of the artist. (2) *Want*. People generally *want* to live in surroundings that have an *escape* or *compensation* quality. Their wants depend on their reactions to the circumstances of their lives—their incomes and environment. What they *do* in fact live in may be regarded as a resultant of these two forces, the *ought* and the *want*—a compromise between the two. The artist tries to sway the community his way; the community, for the most part, goes its own way, allowing itself to be a little influenced by the artist. I shall, therefore, divide my research into (i) What does the man in the street want—and why? (ii) Where is the artist going—and

why? And I shall start with (i), because it is obviously the first thing to find out, being by far the bigger question, in bulk if not in importance. Moreover, one other factor has yet to be mentioned. The man-in-the-street is, as a rule, non-creative: he must depend for the decoration and furnishing of his house on the work of others. His links with the artist (where no direct contact is effected—as in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred) are the manufacturer and the salesman. These last are, as a class, inclined to press on him what they think he *wants* (since they can sell it to him with less effort) rather than what they think he *ought* to have. Finally, since the community at large is the canvas on which my picture is to be painted—I cannot hope for success without first acquiring some knowledge of its character.

No true impression of what the community wants can be derived solely from a study of what it has *got*. I therefore commence by taking the apotheosis of the man-in-the-street—the woman in the film. Here we may hope to find his aspirations multiplied to the nth degree, his tastes and outlook fixed on celluloid, his dreams given reality by the folk behind the screen. In short, LET US GO TO

Here emerges a useful remedy against the above.

Putting aside for the moment what the artist wants, I decide to try and find out what the man in the street wants.

The scene
changes
therefore
to
HOLLYWOOD

[To be continued]

ANTHOLOGY

The Creed of a Modern Architect

Essentials

Buildings, like people, must first of all be sincere. Above all, integrity.

In practice the ideal of Organic Simplicity is a matter of true co-ordination: beauty a matter of the sympathy with which it is effected.

The simplicity of the universe is very different to the simplicity of the machine. Elimination may be just as meaningless as elaboration. I offer any fool as an example.

A patient study of the machine is the first duty of the modern artist. The machine will never more be banished from the world. It is our dearest hope, the normal tool of our civilization. Give it work that it can do well—nothing is of greater importance. This will be to formulate new industrial ideals sadly needed.

Plasticity is essential to the successful use of the machine. It is the true expression of modernity. A modern building may reasonably be a plastic whole, owing nothing to orders or styles. It is engineering that now builds. The old structural forms are decayed.

All forms stand prophetic, beautiful and for ever in so far as they were themselves truth embodied. They become ugly and useless only when forced to seem or be what they are not and cannot be, and when life has gone by succession into following forms.

Only growth needs, or ever finds, expression.

An excessive love of detail has ruined more fine things from the standpoint of fine art or fine living than any other human shortcoming.

A matter of taste is usually a matter of ignorance.

Decoration

Decoration should be *of* the surface, never *on* it. It must now be sent on its way, or be given the meaning it has lost if it is to stay. In the light of Organic Simplicity decoration has been a makeshift.

Ornamental has come to have a non-integral meaning in architecture. Ornament can never be applied to architecture or vice versa. Let it die, therefore, for architecture.

Architecture in superimposed layers is now an 'imposition' in every sense.

Only very sophisticated Doctors of Appearances dare use the cornice any more, and then the dead living dare use it only for national monuments to honour the living dead.

New significance in architecture implies new materials qualifying form and texture, and requires fresh feeling which will eventually qualify both as ornament.

For a century or more decoration has been setting up for itself, and has come near to doing pretty well, thank you. It thrives because we have no architecture. Any decorator is the natural enemy of Organic Simplicity in architecture. He will give you an imitation of anything, even of imitative simplicity. This, too, may be simulated—the real complication glossed over, the internal conflict hidden by surface and belied by mass to create the semblance of simplicity. Most of the surface-and-mass architects achieve a simplicity-lie.

All simplicity near or far has a countenance, a visage, that is characteristic. But this countenance is visible only to those who can grasp the whole and enjoy the significance of the minor part, as such, in relation to it. The kind of simplicity that is violent is for 'Art and Decoration.' Soon we shall get simplicity inviolate—by way of *construction developed as architecture*.

The House

A house should grow from the soil as an interior space under fine shelter. I liked the sense of shelter in the look of a building. I believe I achieved it.

Too many houses are little stage-settings or scene-paintings, bazaars or junk-shops.

There should be as many kinds (styles) of houses as kinds (styles) of people, and as many differentiations in the former as there are different individualities in the latter.

Only those attributes of human comfort and convenience which in a digested or integrated sense truly belong to the architecture of the home, should be there at all in modern architecture.

A house is only 'a machine to live in,' in the sense that a tree is a machine to bear fruit. A heart is a suction-pump if it comes to that. This definition expresses only the least of what these things are.

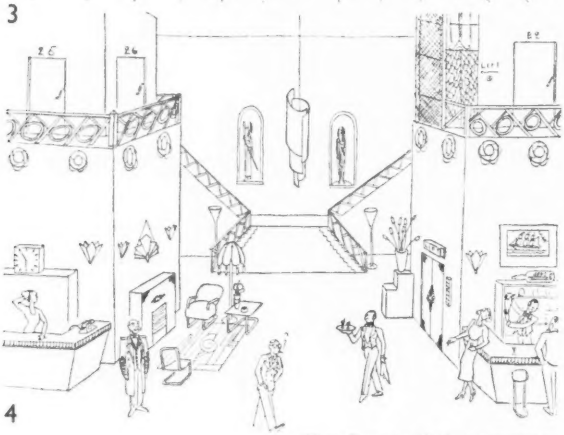
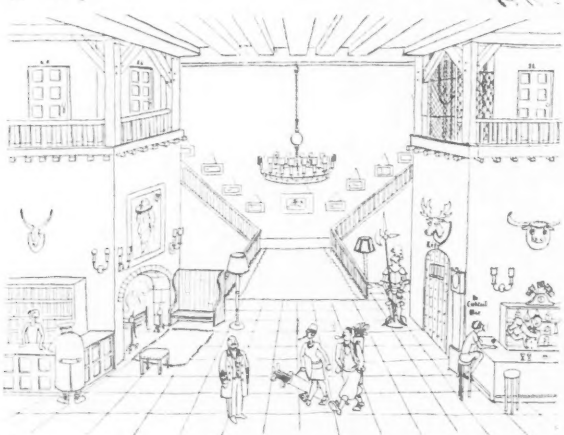
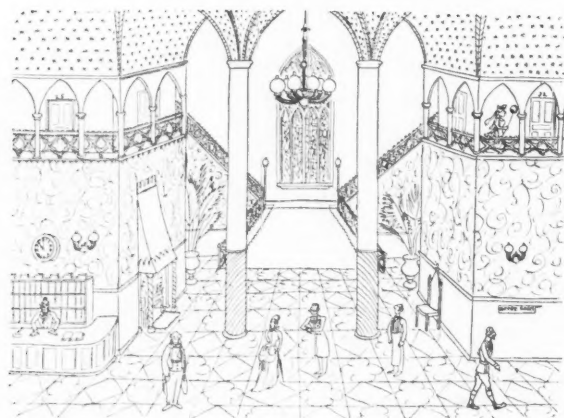
The house should be a noble consort to man and the trees. It should have repose (the highest quality in architecture) and such texture as will make it at one with nature. It should not be like a box, or too complementary to the machine. The Cardboard House* may for a time completely triumph over "architecture." It is certainly infinitely to be preferred to bad surface decoration, but its simplicity is too easily read—visibly it is an attitude. *It is therefore decoration too.* Structurally, these Cardboard Houses evince complicated or confused construction merely to arrive at exterior simplicity. They are only scene-painting. Though the machine should build the house, if it can do so naturally and well, this does not mean building a house as though it, too, were a machine, because a house is not a machine or like one.

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT.

Sayings selected from "*In the Cause of Architecture*" (1908) and Other Essays.

* "The Cardboard House" is the term used by the writer for the type of house associated with the name of Corbusier.

A SHORT HISTORY OF PELVIS BAY BY OSBERT LANCASTER



Drawings by Osbert Lancaster

In continuation of our short study, in the November, 1934 issue of the REVIEW, of the architectural changes and improvements at Pelvis Bay, we have much pleasure in publishing the following brief notes, kindly supplied by the management of the Ship Hotel, together with four charming illustrations, showing the successive changes of interior decoration of that well-known luxury hotel. We feel sure, that, mirroring as they do the successive changes of taste, and representing the work of the very best decorators and architects of their respective periods, they cannot fail to be of interest to our readers.

1. The original decoration of the lounge-hall at the time of the opening of the hotel. The architect, Sir Septimus Ogive, was responsible for the whole scheme. The purity of the style (thirteenth century Flemish-East Anglian) throughout, makes it one of the masterpieces of the time, comparable only to the Randolph Hotel at Oxford, the Angel Choir at Lincoln, and St. Pancras Railway Station.

2. In 1901, in celebration of King Edward's Coronation, the management decided to install a lift and to redecorate throughout. The style chosen was Louis Seize, and the effect was, at the time, generally admired, recalling, as a contemporary newspaper happily phrased it, "memories of the gracious days of the *ancien régime*, when powdered beaux paid their court to the beauties of Versailles in the fairy-like surroundings of the Petit Trianon." In architectural circles it was regarded with great satisfaction, as constituting a decided rebuff to the Nouveau Art movement then beginning.

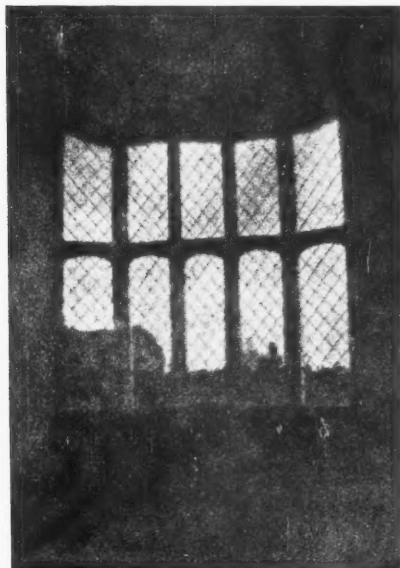
3. In 1920 the management decided that the interior of the hotel was perhaps a trifle lacking in "cosiness," and decided on radical alterations. To convert the pillared hall into the semblance of an old Tudor coffee-house or tavern, necessitated the introduction of two vast steel girders to act as supports in place of the corinthian columns.

When in position these were painted, grained, and varnished with such success that few visitors were aware that the age-old oak beams above their heads were in reality solid pressed steel !!!

4. In 1929-30, when so much alteration and rebuilding was going on in the town, it was decided that in pursuance of their policy of always keeping up to date, the decorations must come into line with the rest of the contemporary modern buildings on the parade, so the whole hotel was done up in the modernist style, with what happy results may be seen by any visitor to this ancient, yet modern, hostelry at the Queen of British Watery Places !

THE END

THE OLDEST PHOTOGRAPH



The year 1934 was memorable as the centenary of Photography, and a most stimulating exhibition of early photographs was organized by Messrs. Elliott and Fry last month to celebrate the event. It is interesting that what is undoubtedly the oldest extant photograph (which we reproduce by courtesy of the Royal Photographic Society's Journal) should have been of an architectural nature. This represents the interior of an oriel window at Lacock Abbey, Wilts, the home of Henry Fox Talbot, the great English pioneer of photography, by whom it was taken early in 1835 with one of the small home-made wooden boxes his wife used to refer to as his "mouse-traps." This month's "At Close Range" (Plate iv) shows a magnificent group by D. O. Hill.

TOWN PLANNED BY NATURE

"The Clerk said that as an urban district, Nailsworth could not undertake a town planning scheme of their own because of the expense. Fortunately, Nailsworth was town planned by Nature, but there were certain powers of control under a town planning scheme."—*Gloucester Citizen*.

RETROSPECTIVE JUSTICE FOR A LONG-NEGLECTED ARCHITECT

"Mackintosh (Charles Rennie) could not only design a building, but he could concern himself with its embellishment; and he helped to build up the reputation of Glasgow as the finest tea-room centre in the country."—A.B.U. in *The Glasgow Evening Times*.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPORTS UP AGAIN

According to the *Sunday Times*, Mr. Henry Ford, the motor-car manufacturer, is adding another historical cottage to the old English village which he is building at his home in Dearborn, Michigan. Some time ago he purchased Bull's Lodge Cottage, once the home at Boreham, Essex, of Anne Boleyn, and restored it, as far as possible, to the appearance it had in her day. It is now stated that he is having it taken down, and that it will be transported to Dearborn (Ill.) for re-erection.

If only some patriotic Mæcenas would purchase one of the original "parvenu style" palaces erected in Riverside Drive, New York, by the first of the sock-suspender or canned soup kings, and have it re-erected in the Tottenham Court Road, Britons could hold up their heads again.

BUILDERS' SOCIOLOGY

An Englishman's home is his castle and must be held inviolate in the interest of the country. Therefore the National Federation of Housebuilders, holding their half-yearly conference at Blackpool, says the *Northern Daily Telegraph*, have determined to be the defenders of that castle against the siege of the tenements.

Speaking about the slum clearance scheme, Mr. R. W. Willan, of Sale, stated that tenements and flats were not the homes that Englishmen desired. "They are not the homes they have been used to," he said.

"They have been used to living in rooms with some privacy to give them independent thought. The homes that are proposed for them are going to make us a people of mass Socialism and mass Communism. That has been proved in other countries."

He thought they ought to warn the Government of the mistakes made by these countries. They had been told privately that the building of tenements was to stop, as socially, politically and financially they were not good for the country. People wanted houses of their own so that they could have a stake in the country, so that they could be proud of their own little plot.

"I shall be very sorry to see my fellow-Englishmen living in tenements all over the country," he added. "I think it is a great mistake."

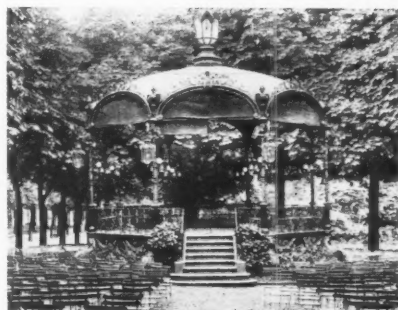
SALE (LIDO DESIGN)



"The tendency of today is to self-amusement on organized lines. Young people in particular are tired of sitting in a vitiated atmosphere and being amused by others. They want activity and physical fitness."

(Continued on page 44)

B A N D S T A N D H I S T O R Y



A The wrought iron bandstand, illustrated in A, stands in the formal eighteenth-century park at Nancy, known as the Pépinière. It was designed and executed about 1740 by Jean Lamour (1698-1771), the great French *maitre-feronnier*, for Stanislas Leczinski, Duke of Lorraine and ex-King of Poland. It was Lamour who executed the magnificent Baroque grilles of the famous



B Place Stanislas at Nancy which was laid out to the designs of Emanuel Héré.

It is interesting to compare this original prototype, which has undergone hardly any important formal modification during the course of two hundred years, with the new metal bandstand in Kensington Gardens designed by H. M. Office of Works, by whose courtesy the photograph B is reproduced.

This, says the *Manchester City News*, is the belief as phrased by Mr. T. R. Day at an inaugural luncheon in the Midland Hotel recently—which has inspired the Sale Lido scheme.

With Sir William Kay at their head, a group of leading city business men and entertainment specialists are to build on a site near Sale's *Pyramid* super cinema on the main Chester road, a comprehensive structure including the largest covered swimming pool outside Wembley, a huge "solarium" for sun-bathing in fool-proof artificial sun-ray light, an elaborate ballroom, promenades, cafés, restaurants and all the facilities modern youth demands.

THE LAST PILLAR



A house-breaker perched on a pillar busily destroying the last vestiges of a dignified Regency house at the corner of Hyde Park Place, Bayswater.

ETON'S NEW HOUSE

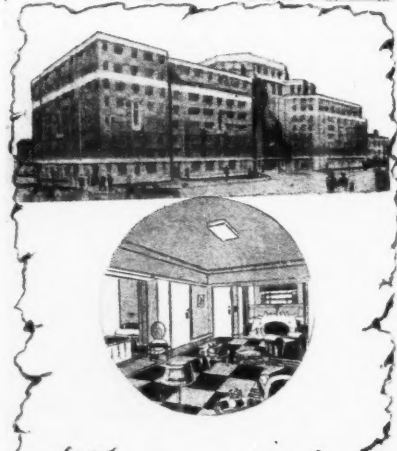
A writer in the current issue of the *Eton College Chronicle*, referring to the architecture of a new house which is to be built at the College, says:—

"The prospect of a new house arouses fears concerning its style of architecture. May we hope that it will not conform to the architectural tradition of the last eighty years or so at Eton, i.e., pseudo - Classical - Gothic - Tudor-Renaissance, or a combination of any of these, liberally decorated with fruit, conspicuous drain-pipes and fire escapes.

"At the same time, we do not look forward to an ultra-modern house, for the sole reason that it would not harmonize with the original buildings any more than the styles mentioned above.

"Cannot Eton have the courage to build houses, original yet harmonious, instead of bad copies which must in-

THE PICK OF LONDON'S FLATS



Hillsborough Court (left) "contains all the modern amenities, including: some of the best brains in London, constant hot water, central heating in every room, tiled bathrooms, etc. Immediate inspection is recommended." King's Court (right) "is more than a block of flats. It is the answer to the public demand for comfortable modern living at reasonable cost."

evitably be unsuccessful? Those who know Oxford will agree that this task is not impossible."

A TOUR-DE-FORCE BY MODERN SILVERSMITHS

The Raynsford Cup is an old vessel used by the Society of Lincoln's Inn for the election of Benchers by ballot, which bears the London hallmark of the year 1677. It is remarkable not only for the subtlety of the shape—the line at the shoulder flowing to the elliptical handles—but by reason of the thickness of the silver. The raising of a disc of silver into such a shape involves great and long-sustained labour as well as great skill.

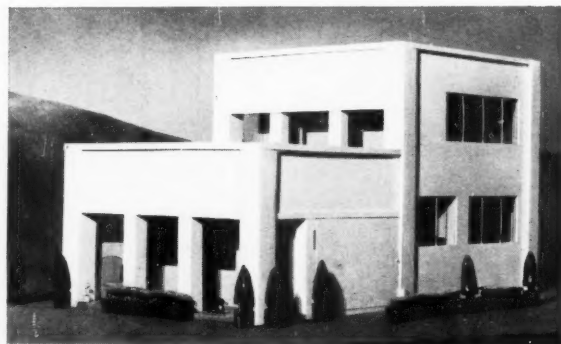
A replica of the cup has lately been made for the society and given as a wedding present to the Duke of Kent. The craftsmen engaged in the work not only equalled the original in weight (51 oz.), but exceeded it by 12 oz.

The replica is probably the thickest piece of silver of this shape and size ever made by hand. It is free from the irregularities of the original, but was made on the same principle and with old-style tools.—From *The Times*.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL HUMOUR

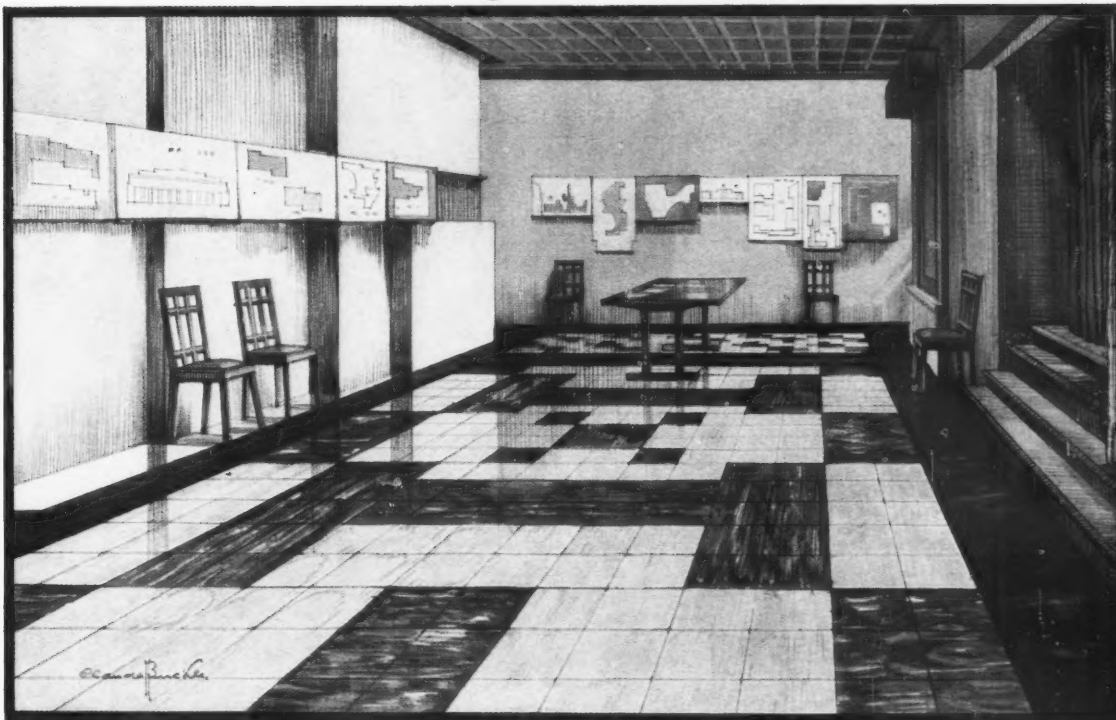
In a letter to *The Times* about the recent excavations at Maiden Castle, near Dorchester, Mr. R. E. Mortimer Wheeler, the Curator of the London Museum, stated: "I am able to say that both the Duchy of Cornwall and the Office of Works are fully sensible of the desirability of preserving such excavated features as are not incompatible with the general amenities of the landscape."

NO LOCAL COUNCIL WILL TURN THIS DOWN



It will influence the rising generation. It is nursery propaganda for modernism—a hand-made doll's house that belongs to this century, as all dolls' houses have in the past belonged to theirs. The architect was Ralph Wright, the interior decoration was carried out by Bertha Wright, and the furnishing by Messrs. Heal's.

The Lecture Room, Building Centre, New Bond Street, London, W.1



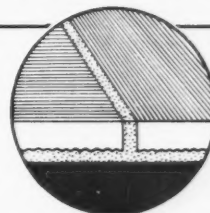
THIS FLOOR WAS DELIVERED IN 6 FT. WIDE ROLLS

A Runnymede rubber floor is the right floor for a hall such as that illustrated—and for many other places. Its numerous advantages over other floors are well known.

There are special reasons why the floor you use should be Runnymede Rubber. It is made in rolls 6 feet wide, and is delivered and laid in this form. Therefore it is **cheaper to lay, lies better on the floor, and is more waterproof** than other such floors.

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THE SECRET

This diagram shows an enlarged section of Runnymede tiling illustrating the unique method of jointing.



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Trade News and Reviews

By Brian Grant

"The collaboration of artist and manufacturer is of real importance to contemporary design. The undersigned designers and manufacturers wish to record their belief that the artist can only influence design in so far as he studies the processes of manufacture and produces his designs for goods that are as efficient and as cheap as the ill-designed goods at present on the market, and that displays of luxury only serve to heighten the public suspicion of the artist in industry and to drive him back to his few special commissions for wealthy patrons."

Art in Industry

I have extracted the foregoing from a letter which was sent to the Editor of *The Architects' Journal* a few days after the opening of the recent Contemporary Industrial Design Exhibition at Dorland Hall. I ask all would-be Industrial Designers to read it slowly and thoughtfully. There is no place in industry for the artist who is solely an artist—he can, no doubt, do delightful drawings of beautiful things, but for the manufacturer to attempt to convert

those very beautiful drawings into things of wood, of metal, or of glass would be either quite impossible or prohibitively expensive. Many a "word-battle" have I fought on behalf of the artist; many an hour have I spent arguing with manufacturers in an effort to prove to them that the employment of capable artist-designers is not extravagant folly but sound business policy.

I believe that a great many manufacturers are beginning to realize that there is something in all this talk about "Design in Industry"; they are watching with interest,

and just a little concern, the activities of some of their more enlightened brethren—those few manufacturers who have the courage of their own good taste to employ designers intelligently. The deep-rooted belief that good design does not pay and could never be made to pay is weakening visibly. It is imperative, then, that the artist should prepare himself intelligently for the work he will be called upon to perform in Industry; he must familiarize himself with the manufacturing processes involved in the production of the articles he is asked to design; he must accept the limitations which manufacturing methods so often impose; he must remember that seven-eighths of design for industry should be directed towards efficiency.

The Dorland Hall show was a definite setback—a most unfortunate exhibition of eccentric frivolity and mistaken ingenuity. More than one manufacturer has since taunted me with a very self-satisfied "I told you so!" and has, very rightly, pointed out that such an extravagant form of Industrial Art would provide the manufacturer with a very excellent short cut to Carey Street and/or Brixton. Dorland Hall was indeed a nasty blot on the artist's copy-book. Forget it! Let us take encouragement by recalling just a few happy examples of successful collaboration between artist-designer and manufacturer.

The Ekco wireless receiver—Model 65 (price 10½ guineas). Cabinet designed by Wells Coates.

The Murphy wireless receiver (price £14 10s., table model; £17 console

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*Illustration shows No. 35 Ideal Rayrad fixed on ceiling in a Post Office
The steel surface plates have been drilled to accommodate the electric light fittings*

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model; £24 radiogram). Cabinet designed by Gordon Russell.

"Ultralux" electric light fittings (prices from 5s. 9d. to £2 16s.). Designed by A. B. Read.

The "Yorke" office desk manufactured

by Edgeleys, Fleet Street (price 10 guineas). Designed by F. R. S. Yorke.

Door furniture manufactured by James Gibbons, Ltd., designed by R. A. Duncan.

Basic furniture made by B. Cohen and Sons. Designed by Tecton.

"Fabrics and Colour Schemes"

is the title of a very pleasing little booklet just issued by the Old Bleach Linen Company of Randalstown, Northern Ireland. Its author, Derek Patmore, has considered and wisely devoted the whole of his attention to the needs of those with good taste, but small incomes, and gives ten practical schemes of inexpensive decoration. Most of the illustrations are in colour, and

Through the Letter Box

Design for Working

Heaven knows how many hundreds and thousands of times I have walked up and down Fleet Street, and yet only in recent months have I discovered Edgeleys, the office furniture makers.

My attention was attracted by a special display in their window of an office desk designed by F. R. S. Yorke—a very sensible affair in oak on a tubular frame with recessed grips in place of protruding drawer handles. The price at that time was in the neighbourhood of 17 guineas, but subsequent adjustment in methods of production and slight economy in materials has enabled them to market it now for 10 guineas.

Edgeleys made the all-electric "stream-line" desk so ably designed by Walter Goodesmith, which was one of the few really worth while exhibits at the Dorland Hall show, and they have just recently carried out some work for Cambridge University Library to the design of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott. Mr. Byford, of Edgeleys, is determined to work in closest collaboration with capable

designers in the production of office equipment which shall have both design and price to commend it.

A small brochure illustrating these architect-designed desks may be had upon application to Edgeleys. Their address is 151 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

R.I.B.A. Glassware

Messrs. Stevens and Williams have sent to me the photograph which I reproduce here illustrating the glassware made by them for the R.I.B.A. Dinner Club. All this glassware was designed by Keith Murray and is executed in full lead crystal glass. The wine-glasses have hollow trumpet feet, and the two wine decanters are decorated with cut fluted facets. The base of the water jug and the stopper of the spirit bottle are decorated in the same way.

The letters R.I.B.A. are engraved round the top of the wine-glasses and tumblers, spaced out with stars in between, thus following out the same theme as the Wedgwood china supplied to the Royal Institute.



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I like particularly well his very efficient yet gay-looking kitchen. This is carried out in red, white and blue. The walls are painted white and highly varnished and are decorated with a line of red and blue, which runs round the cornice. The table is painted red and the cupboards white. The pottery is in blue and red. The curtains are very appropriate—they are made of "Old Bleach" material decorated with a special new applied design of kitchen utensils in white. The floor is covered in dark blue linoleum.

The modern dining-room is interesting—the walls are panelled in an "Old Bleach" fabric called "Birch Bark," which resembles a very happy gold and brown wood-grain. I regret the complete absence of prices—a book of this sort produced as an essay in wise economy loses so much of its usefulness if the reader is not given a few hints in actual terms of £ s. d.

The Old Bleach Linen Company's London showrooms are at 47, Gresham Street, E.C.2.

Twyford's Catalogue

Mr. Manufacturer, if you would send the architect something really useful in the way of literature, send him a good "old-fashioned" catalogue. I use the term "old-fashioned" in no derogatory sense. Twyford's catalogue is all that a catalogue should be—398 pages of well-indexed and well-illustrated information presenting their complete and very comprehensive range of sanitary fixtures. It is divided into two main sections, the first dealing with domestic fixtures and the second (arranged in convenient sub-



One of a series of new fireplace designs by W. N. Froy & Sons. The electric unit is a 3 kW. type with 3 foot-press switches, all in non-rust metal. The simple walnut surround encloses a cupboard on either side.

divisions) with fixtures designed to meet the special requirements of public buildings, hotels, schools, hospitals, etc. A third section deals adequately with the present increasing demand for coloured ware and the illustrations in this section are reproduced in the actual colours available. Copies of this excellent catalogue are obtainable from Twyford's, Ltd., Stoke-on-Trent, or from their London office, Imperial Buildings, Kingsway, W.C.

The Association of Artists in Commerce

I have referred before in these columns to the Association of Artists in Commerce and do so again because any association which has as its avowed object the proper co-ordination of art and industry is richly deserving of support. The Association was inaugurated in September, 1932, and during the past year has, under the energetic chairmanship of Henry G. Dowling, done much to establish itself as an organization determined to do a most important job of work in an eminently practical way. I understand that since December, 1933, the Association membership has been trebled and that active branches have been formed in many of the principal provincial cities. This is all as it should be—the Association has my best wishes for even greater successes in 1935. Communications should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 20, High Holborn, W.C.1.

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Radiation

The Buildings Illustrated

The general contractors for Mount Royal, Oxford Street, W., designed by Sir John Burnet, Tait and Lorne, consulting engineer, Stinton Jones, M.I.Mech.E., M.I.E.E., M.I.San.I., were Messrs. Holland & Hannen and Cubitts, Ltd., who were also responsible for the natural stone work, the patent sound-proof ceiling clips and the paint work. Among the sub-contractors were the following: Willment Brothers (demolition), Redpath, Brown & Co., Ltd. (structural steel), The Trussed Concrete Steel Co., Ltd. (precast concrete floors), Scaffolding, Ltd. (tubular steel scaffolding), Basildon Brick Works (red facing bricks), Ames and Finnis (grey facing bricks), London Brick Co. and Forders, Ltd. (Fletton bricks), D. G. Sommerville & Co., Ltd. (Durus precast stone), Limmer and Trinidad Lake Asphalt Co., Ltd. (asphalt work), F. McNeil & Co., Ltd. (Insulcrete, pumice partitions), Art Pavements & Decorations, Ltd. (marble work), Fenning & Co. (granite work), J. M. Pirie & Co. (London), Ltd. (internal ornamental metal work and door furniture), Brown and Tawse, Ltd. (general smiths' work), J. Starkie Gardner, Ltd. (cornice balustrade), Fredk. Braby & Co., Ltd. (steel windows, steel stairs, copper flashing), H. H. Martyn & Co., Ltd. (pressed steel door frames, skirtings, window cills and radiator enclosures), Sevenoaks Brick Co., Ltd. (white sand lime bricks in court and slate external cills), Plastering, Ltd. (plaster work and

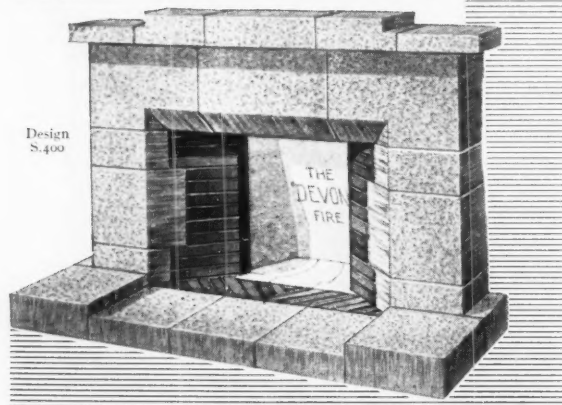
screeds: Statite patent plaster), Celotex Co. (ceiling insulation), Matthew Hall & Co. (sanitary engineering), Ashwell and Nesbitt and Young, Austen and Young (heating and ventilation and roof tanks), Automatic Sprinkler Co. (sprinklers), Waygood-Otis, Ltd. (lifts), Compton Brothers (glass), Malcolm McLeod (granolithic), Diespeker & Co., Ltd. (terrazzo), Wallington Jones & Co., Ltd. (cork roof insulation), Lamson Store Service Co., Ltd. (letter chute), Shutter Contractors, Ltd. (fire resisting roller shutters), Carbo Plastering Co., Ltd. (external coloured renderings), Guthrie and Wells (paint work), Jenson and Nicholson and John Hall (paint materials), Eric Munday, Ltd. (lettering, signs, etc.), The Avon India Rubber Co., Ltd. (rubber flooring), Rippers, Ltd. (wardrobes, counters, doors and general interior joinery), John Bolding and Sons, Ltd. (plumbing fittings), J. A. King & Co., Ltd. (pavement lights), Macintosh Cable Co., (electric cables), T. F. Firth and Sons (carpets), Falk Stadelmann & Co., Ltd. (lighting fixtures and neon signs), Noel Floors, Ltd. (wood floorings), H. Holdron, Ltd. (linoleum), Amalgamated Hotel Supplies (medicine cabinets), Pressed Steel Co. (combined electric stoves and refrigerators), Scottish Caterers, Ltd. (restaurant kitchen equipment), D. Macdonald and Bros. (furniture—3rd floor and bath stools), W. and T. Lock, Ltd. (furniture—5th and 6th floors), Waring and Gillow, Ltd.

(furniture—remainder and curtains), Pyrene, Ltd. (fire extinguishers), Curzon Window Cleaning Co. (window cleaner), Wm. Rhodes, Ltd. (beds and pillows [Somnus], and blankets), Synchronome, Ltd. (clocks), Bective Electrical Co., Ltd. (standard lamps), John Brown, Ltd. (curtains), Newman Smith and Newman (quilts), L. Lumley & Co., Ltd. (soda fountain), Marian Dorn, Ltd. (rugs), Fortifex, Ltd. (rubber mats), L. Sterne & Co., Ltd. (kitchen refrigerators), Siemens Electric Lamps and Supplies, Ltd. (7,000 Siemens electric lamps), Aluminium Protection Co., Ltd. (oxidized satin-silver finish to aluminium), R.I.W. Protective Products Co., Ltd. (waterproofing of walls and anti-staining damp-resisting paint on stone work), Bedroom wardrobe fittings, by Rippers, Ltd., executed in Western Red Cedar. The British Aluminium Co. (aluminium).

The general contractors for Turville Court, near Henley, Bucks, designed by Kennedy and Nightingale, were Messrs. Collier and Catley, Ltd. Among the sub-contractors were the following: William Freer, Ltd. (central heating), Arthur Cozens (electric wiring), W. N. Froy and Sons, Ltd. (sanitary fittings), James Gibbons, Ltd. (door furniture and casements), Aquamellis Engineering Co., Ltd. (water-softening plant), John Bailey (new entrance porch).

Architect, M.A., A.R.I.B.A. Age 30. University Lecturer. Seeks a junior partnership or position as assistant with a view to partnership: since 1927 has been engaged in general practice and teaching. Box 59A.

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