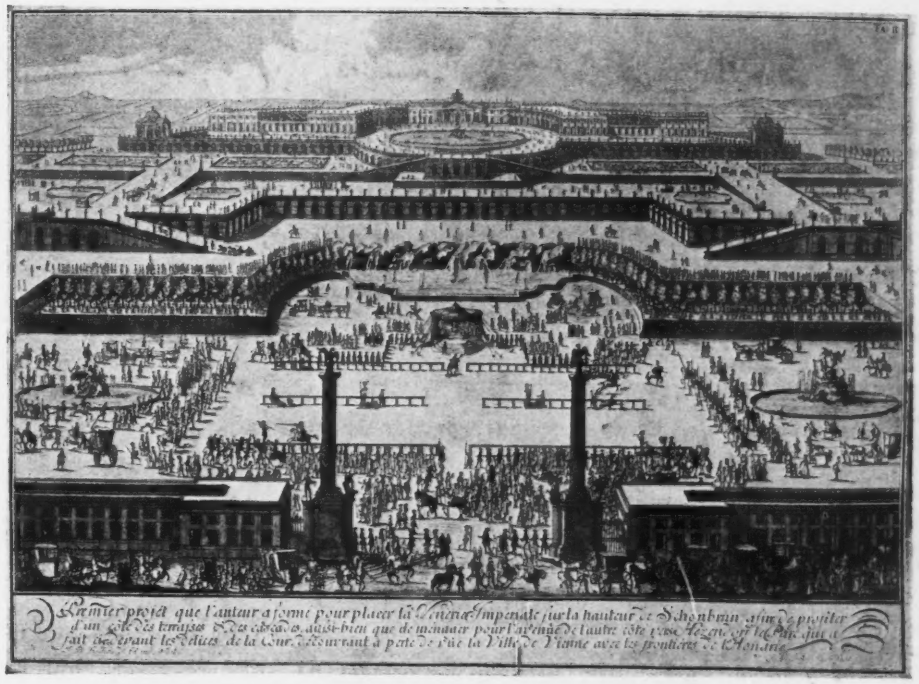
THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration



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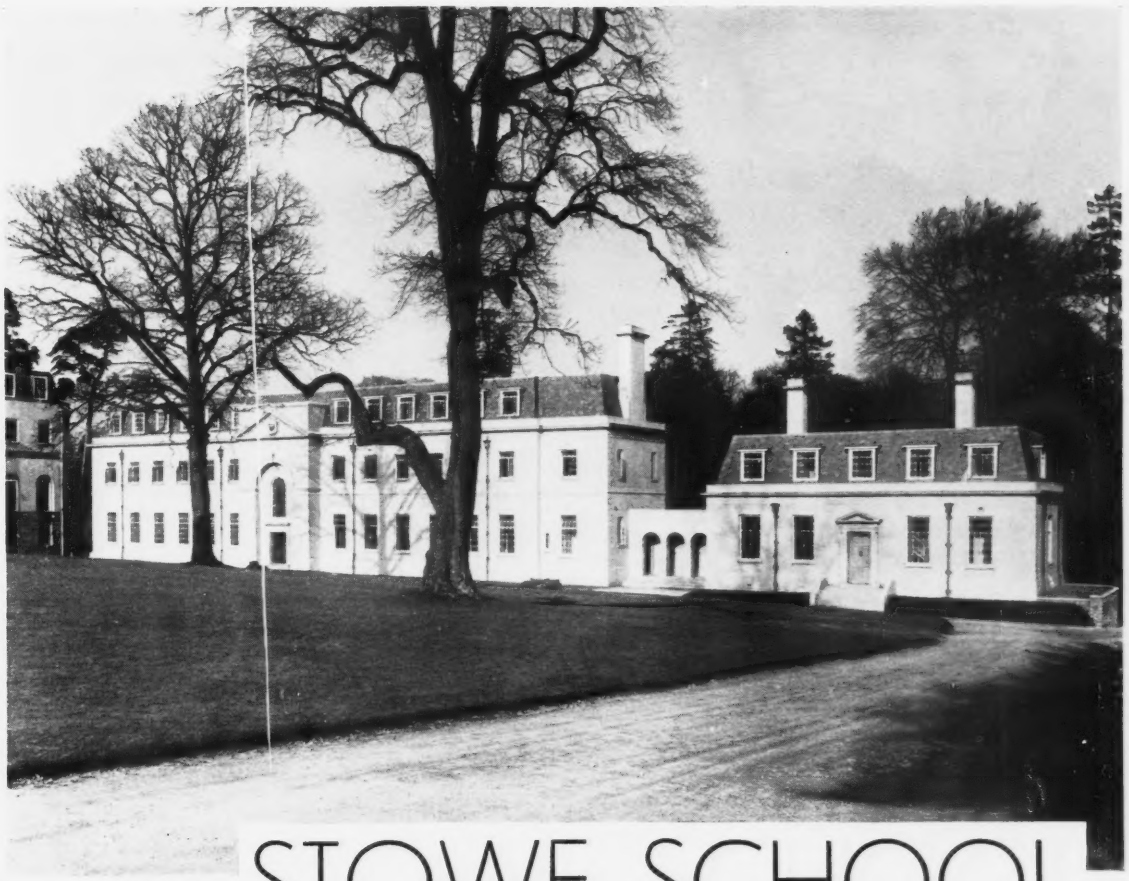

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Floodlighting at Buckingham Palace
for the Silver Jubilee celebrations.

PLATE i *June 1935*

Royal Patronage

By Osbert Lancaster

In this present age, when the functions of Monarchy are either strictly limited by a press-fed democracy or usurped by some dictator, and the Royal Builder seems a figure as remote and fabulous as the dodo, it is our pleasure to draw attention to a time when Royalty's connection with architecture was not confined to the laying of foundation stones.

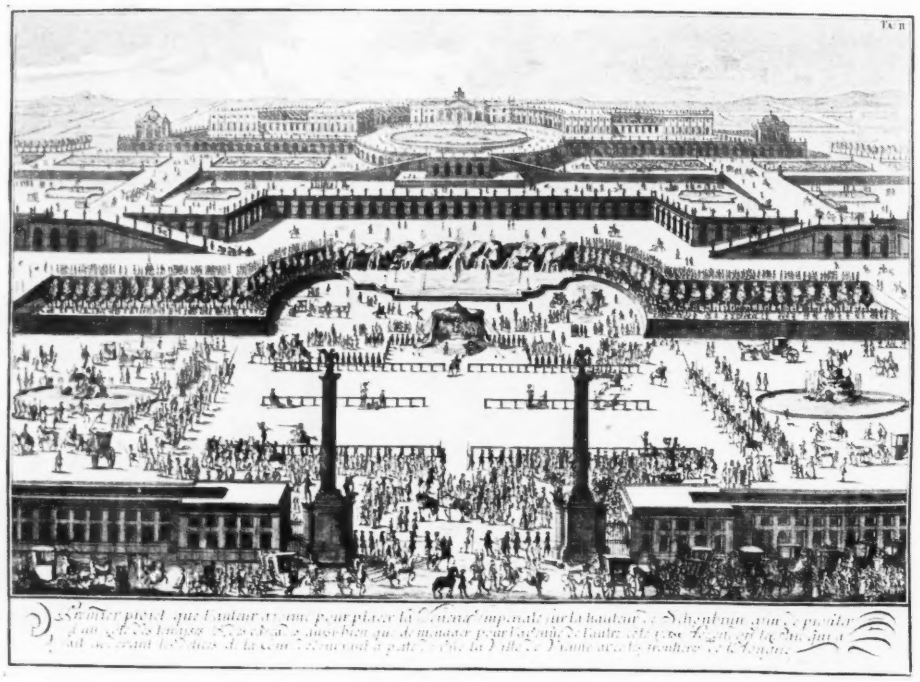
As few monarchs have themselves had the time or knowledge to practice architecture (an exception is the Prince Consort, who personally designed the parish church at Whippingham; but then, his time and knowledge seem both to have been limitless), their influence has, of necessity, been indirect and, moreover, has usually functioned in one of two ways. Either, following the example of Louis XIV, they regarded architecture as merely an additional means of concentrating as much attention as possible upon themselves, and its main function as the provision of a suitably gorgeous pyx for the physical embodiment of the Divine Right of Kings, or like Ludwig I of Bavaria, they might themselves have some marked personal preference for a particular style with which their architects were forced to comply. In Louis's case the result was Versailles, in Ludwig's a plethora of public buildings in Munich that are an example and warning of what is likely to emerge when the architectural principles of classical antiquity have passed through the large meshes of Teutonic understanding. The former type has always had by far the greater number of representatives, chiefly owing to the zeal with which European princes strove to model themselves on le Grand Monarque in every department of life, not only during his lifetime, but for almost a century after his death.

What Louis XIV's original idea of removing the abode of the monarch and the centre of the administration from the middle of his turbulent capital to the village of Versailles cost the peoples of Europe, it is impossible to estimate. Within a few years every sovereign ruler from Lisbon to St. Petersburg was busy copying his example. The great majority of these buildings have a strong family likeness, and only a few differ slightly from each other and their common prototype. Thus, Joao V of Portugal was enabled by reason of the enormous wealth he derived from Brazil, to outdo all his rivals in the matter of size and to embark on that colossus among palaces, Mafra, a gallant effort to combine Versailles and the Escorial under one roof, which covered an area of 290,000 sq. ft., and on which 45,000 men were constantly employed. Then again, the Hapsburgs and the Neapolitan Bourbons enjoyed a great advantage over many of their fellow royalties in having at their disposal architects so gifted as Fischer von Erlach, I, and Vanvitelli. Among the minor princelings of the period occasional divergences from the norm are now and then observable as, for instance, in the unusually spacious dining halls in the palaces erected by the princes of Hesse-Cassel and Hesse-Darmstadt, which were due to a family weakness for drilling large bodies of troops indoors on wet afternoons, but by far the greater number, however, were intent only on emulating le Roi Soleil as faithfully as their resources allowed.

Some, indeed, even outdid their idol, and, not content with merely building themselves new palaces in the country, laid out whole new cities. The Duke of Wurtemburg, tiring of Stuttgart, builds the new town of Ludwigsburg, while his neighbour, the Elector-Palatine, moves his capital from Heidelberg to Mannheim. It is to this tendency to concentrate on the surrounding of the palace, the houses of the Court officials and the offices of the Government, that we owe such masterpieces of town-planning as the Place Stanislas at Nancy.

In England, however, both architecture and the Monarchy developed very differently. Our kings had, from as early as the eleventh century, been great palace builders, but unfortunately, their greatest achievement, on which a succession of rulers had lavished their wealth, the great Palace of Clarendon, in Wiltshire, probably the first unfortified royal residence in Europe, has totally disappeared, and until the excavations, now being carried out by Dr. Borenius, are complete, its characteristics must remain a matter for conjecture. The Tudors, from whom much might have been expected, unfortunately made the interesting discovery of the advantages, both political and economic, to be derived from paying frequent visits of considerable duration on their more prominent subjects, and even encouraging, as demonstrations of loyalty, the presentation of desirable residences to the Crown. Of those palaces which they did build for themselves, Greenwich has been completely rebuilt, White Hall and Nonesuch have vanished, and St. James's, though charming, lacks architectural interest.

With the arrival of the Stuarts, however, a golden age of architecture should, by rights, have dawned. Both Charles I and his son were far more richly endowed with taste than the average potentate, and they had at their disposal the services of the two greatest architects this country has so far produced; but, alas, they were also confronted with the perpetual bugbear of the royal builder in this country, lack of funds, and so, every time one passes down Whitehall one must shed a tear outside the Banqueting Hall, not so much for the sake of the Royal Martyr, as for the fact that it is but a lovely substitute for a palace that must dispute with Bernini's project for the



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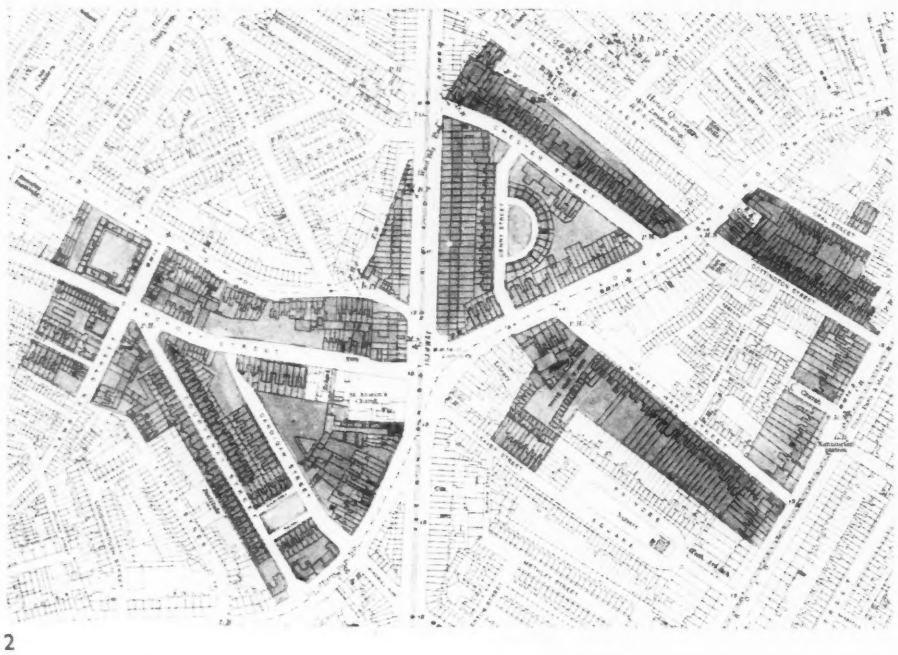

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1. Fischer von Erlach's first design for the Palace of Schönbrunn. 2. A map showing the extent of the Duchy of Cornwall Estate in Kennington. The problem facing the eighteenth-century builder was to decide over how much space he could spread the architectural embodiment of the importance of one man. That with which his descendant has to cope is, how best to overcome the lack of space that twentieth-century conditions are imposing on thousands of men.

Louvre, for the proud title of the greatest palace that was never built.

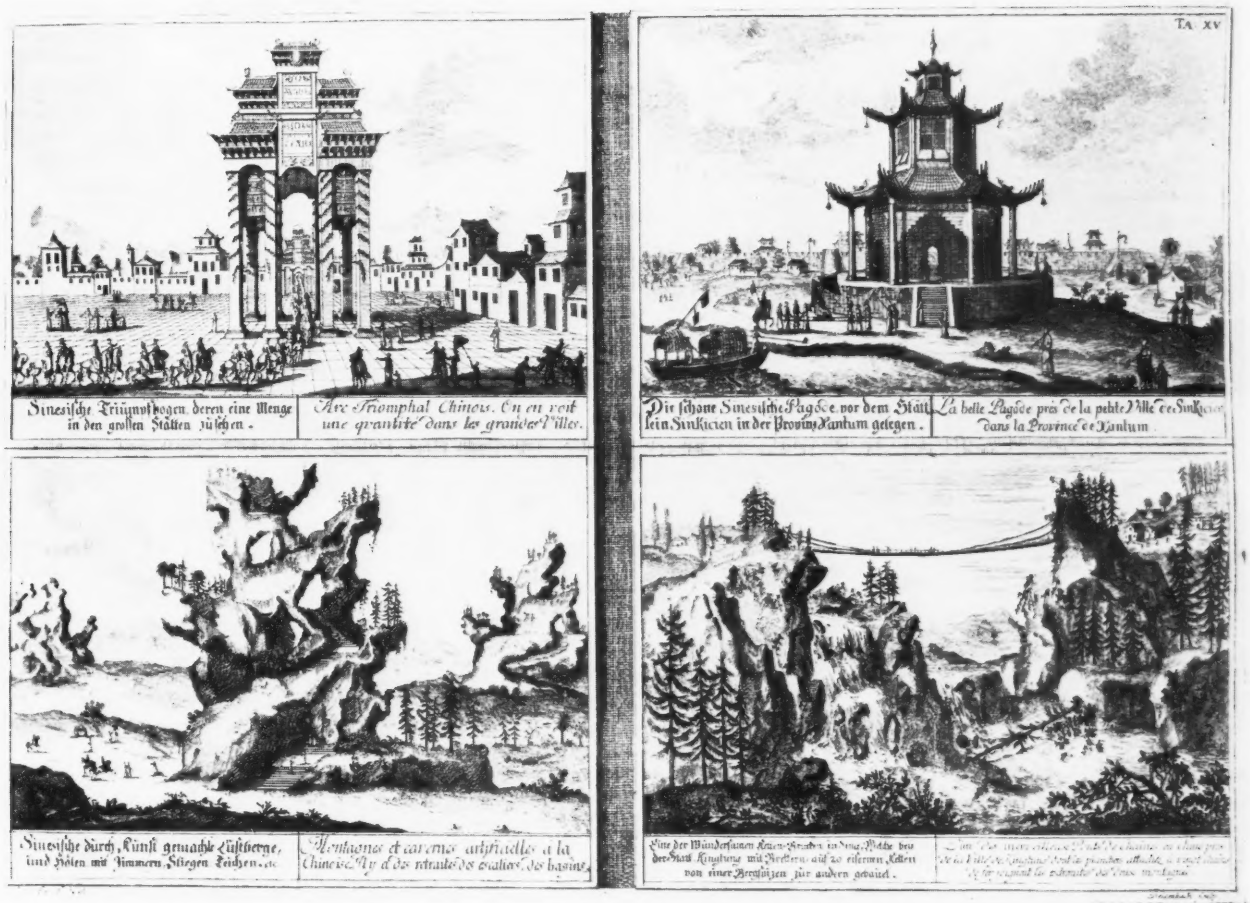
It is, however, some consolation to reflect that it was Charles the Second, ever pressed for money though he was, who yet found £60,000 to enable Inigo Jones to initiate what was to prove the greatest triumph of secular architecture in this country, Greenwich Palace.

On coming to the period when all Europe was busy imitating Louis XIV, one finds that in England alone the influence of that monarch was negligible: for this there were two reasons. The first was the fact that the principals that had brought about the glorious revolution of 1688 were not such as to encourage extensive building operations on the part of the monarch, and the second, the personal character of Sir Christopher Wren. This great man had far too much artistic self-respect ever to employ his genius on a mere extension of another man's personality. As Mr. Aldous Huxley remarks with democratic gusto, "His great palace at Hampton Court is no gaudy stage-setting for the farce of absolute monarchy. It is a country-gentleman's house . . . a house meant to be lived in by someone who was a man as well as a king." Thus Hampton Court and Kensington differ from Versailles not merely in origin (William III removed from his capital through no desire to emulate his life-long rival but solely to escape the London fogs), but chiefly in the fact that they are, first and last, Wren's achievements and not the King's.

When George I came to England the connection between the Crown and architecture became more remote than ever, for whatever wealth and energy the first Hanoverians had to spare for building was devoted to the embellishment of their beloved Herrenhausen. However, to George II must go the credit for continuing the work begun by Charles II at Greenwich.

His grandson, George III, by no means a builder by temperament, was, early in his long reign, faced by a problem the solution of which he shirked and bequeathed to his successor, thus supplying him with the opportunity and excuse to embark on that magnificent career that won for him the title of the greatest Royal builder of his age. The problem was simply a growing lack of accommodation. This was brought to a head by George III's noble response to the Biblical exhortation concerning a full quiver, when it was found that the palace of St. James was quite incapable of combining the functions of an official court and a nursery for first arrivals of the fifteen Royal offspring. His Majesty met these difficulties in a thoroughly characteristic and unsatisfactory way. First he purchased Buckingham House, henceforward known as the Queen's House, then he decided to alter and reopen Windsor and, finally, on the death of his mother he took over Kew. Here he determined to erect a palace in the Gothic taste to the plans of Mr. Wyatt, but eventually abandoned this daring project and contented himself with Kew House, the late Princess of Wales's unattractive little villa, built in a style that

3. The Palace of Schönbrunn, as actually completed.



4. Drawings of Chinese architecture and gardens from Fischer von Erlach's great book on Comparative Architecture, published in 1721. *It was from this and similar works that the devotees of exoticism drew much of their inspiration. The disrupting influence exercised by such specimens of landscape gardening as those illustrated in the two lower plates on the doctrines of Le Nôtre can readily be imagined.*

is a remarkable anticipation of nineteenth-century Pont Street Dutch. The ultimate result of all this tinkering with a problem that was only capable of one solution, namely the erection of a large new palace in London itself (William Kent, among others, actually produced plans for a palace to be built in the Green Park) was that London, which had become almost overnight the centre of the most extensive of empires, alone among European capitals lacked a worthy setting for the dignity of the Crown.

Before proceeding to a consideration of the Prince Regent and his works, let us for a moment take stock of the later developments of the eighteenth century on the continent. By the second quarter of the century the style inaugurated by Louis XIV had reached the final stage of its development. The throne rooms were full to saturation point with gilt and mirrors: no amount of skill could make a staircase more magnificent and impressive than those at Brühl and Wurzburg, and in those gardens whose formality was incapable of further development the fountains had attained to the most fantastic pitch of elaboration that the ingenuity of contemporary hydraulic experts could compass. A reaction was due. When it came it took the form of a striving after a greater "naturalness" which was, however, as artificial, fundamentally, as the formality it displaced. It was the age of the "English Garden" and the gospel according to Capability Brown. Everywhere the straight paths and formal *allées* began to twist and curve and at the end of every vista, flanked by weeping willows and bosky thickets, appeared a temple, a gazebo or a ruin. The result of all this romantic activity was that the focus of interest shifted from the palace itself to the surrounding gardens, and a new architectural form was evolved, namely, the pavilion. The immediate origins of this agreeable novelty are not exactly ascertainable, but one can safely assume that it was largely due to an increasing desire on the part of the princes for a degree of privacy that their grandiose palaces could not afford (the usefulness of the pavilion for purely erotic purposes was soon discovered) combined with the growing popularity of exotic modes of building such as the Chinese, **4**, and the Turkish, which did not easily lend themselves to the erection of large scale buildings. Moreover, it is but a step from the elaborate orangeries and conservatories which had long been flourishing, to such buildings as the Petit Trianon and the Amalienburg. Side by side with the development of the pavilion and in some degree affected by it, an increasing tendency to lightness and fantasy is observable in all the "Lustschloss" built at this period, together with a growing fondness for oriental modes which stood, in fact, in much the same relationship to the styles of the countries from which they supposedly derived as did Mozart's *Rondo a la Turca* to genuine Turkish music. The Elector of Saxony built a Lustschloss at Pillnitz, **5**, in the Chinese style, but was outdone by the Elector of Cologne who, at his hunting box at Falkenhurst, celebrated mass in a chinoiserie chapel.

This craze for converting the palace grounds into an exhibition park of architectural abnormalities reached its culmination at Catherine II's summer palace at Tzarskoye Selo. Here we find pavilions and "Caprices" in the Chinese, Turkish and Siberian styles, together with a rash of obelisks, ruins, pyramids and triumphal arches. There was a whole Chinese village, a military hospital in bastard Gothic, and numerous very Turkish baths. Moreover, this tradition did not die with Catherine but continued down to the present century, when one of the Grand Dukes further

5

6

5. The steps of the Elector of Saxony's hunting box, Pillnitz, near Dresden. 6. The Löwenburg at Wilhelmshohe, near Cassel, built for William IX of Hesse-Cassel, by the architect Jussow, who is known to have visited England in 1780. *It is interesting to note that this building was exactly contemporaneous with Fonthill, and suffered a similar fate, collapsing within a few years of its completion. However, William IX, with a manly resolution that Beckford lacked, promptly rebuilt it.*

adorned the park with a villa in the Wimbledon style of 1905, complete with half-timbering and pebble-dash.

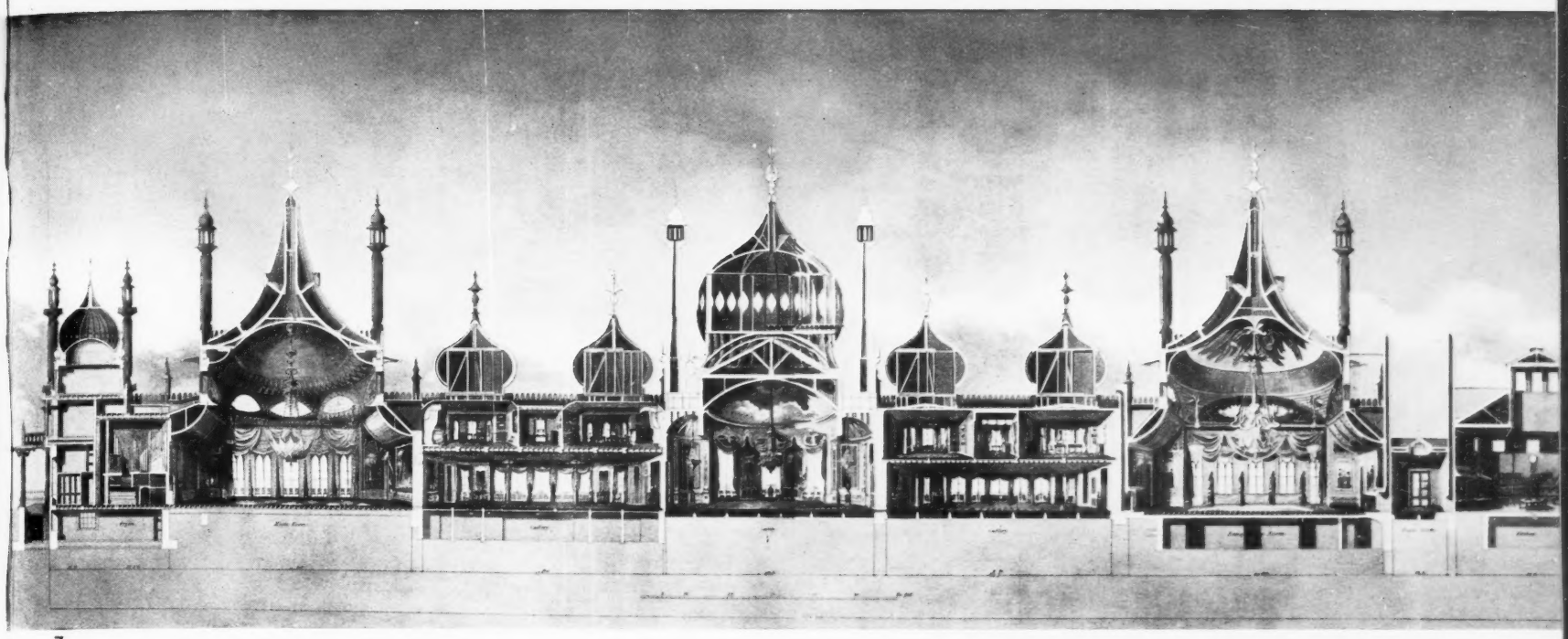
In England this craze for the architectural styles of far away was to a large extent superseded by an equally sophisticated devotion to the styles of long ago. The Gothic taste which had flourished ever since the middle of the century (Mr. Kenneth Clark gives 1745 as the date of the first Gothic ruin to be erected), met with little success abroad until much later. The only eighteenth-century monarch who seems to have been susceptible to its charms was William IX of Hesse-Cassel who in 1793 built a finely ruinous, but yet inhabitable castle, **6**, in the grounds of his palace at Wilhelmshohe to the plans of the architect Jussow. This digression on the subject of the exoticism is necessary in view of the fascination it held for the Prince Regent, in all of whose buildings a tendency towards eclecticism is at once observable.

This agreeable Prince, on attaining his majority in 1783, was provided with an establishment of his own at Carlton House. From that moment until the end of his life, his interest in building and decoration never abated and the sound of the chisel and the hammer and the dull thud of arriving bills were the continuous accompaniment to life at his numerous palaces. Adequately to deal with all Prinney's architectural creations would need a volume, and a magnificent and fascinating volume it would be. Carlton House, his first venture, with its countless saloons packed with magnificent furniture (H.R.H.'s bill for this item alone for three years amounted to over £130,000) its garden laid out in imitation of Mr. Pope's at Twickenham, and its Gothic conservatory, **Plate ii**, underwent countless transmutations before it was finally pulled down in 1829. No sooner was he installed than he decided that his town house must have a complement in the country, so in 1784, the first edition of the Pavilion, at Brighton arose, **7**, a simple classical affair by Henry Holland. However, it was not to be expected that these unexciting colonnades could long supply a suitable background for so exotic a character as the Prince of Wales and in 1787 considerable additions were made by Robinson. In 1805, the new stables were built and finally in 1817 Nash's dream of Mogul splendour was comparatively finished. During all this period the interior decoration was constantly being changed, always in the direction of a greater and more opulent lavishness. The scale of expenditure can be gauged from the fact that several of the chandeliers cost £12,000 apiece. However, by 1824, Prinney had grown weary of Hindu magnificence, so in that year he had the place once more redecorated throughout and left for the rustic, but hardly less expensive chinoiserie of Virginia Water. It must not, however, be assumed that the Pavilion and Carlton House had up till now engrossed all the energies of this remarkable man; that would be sadly to under-estimate his gifts of vision and imagination. Elaborate and in many ways admirable, alterations had been carried out by Wyattville at Windsor and a fanciful water-world of lakeside pagodas, barge-borne orchestras and tropically heated saloons, had been called into being at Virginia Water, **8**.

In 1819, he decided to rebuild Buckingham House. Various plans had from time to time been submitted by Chambers, Soane and other architects but finally, despite the disgruntled protests of Soane, who considered that he had a prior claim, the Regent decided to employ his old favourite, Nash, **9**. It would take too long to go into the details of all the various intrigues in which the King and Nash were engaged as fellow conspirators and which had as their laudable object the hoodwinking of the Office of Works and the Treasury; it will be sufficient to say that the estimated expenditure, sanctioned somewhat grudgingly by Parliament, was some £400,000 and at Prinney's death £640,000 had already been spent and the palace was but half finished. However, Buckingham House, while absorbing a large part of his energies was not the only solace of his old age. Late in life he had acquired a strong taste for the pleasures of domestic bliss in rural surroundings and this was gratified by Lady Conyngham and a building by Nash in Windsor Park known as the Cottage. Together with Virginia Water this has long since disappeared, but a guess may be hazarded as to its nature from the fact that it had a thatched roof and the bill for furnishing was £17,000 in one year.

In the year 1830, His Majesty King

The Gothic Conservatory at Carlton House, by Sir William Hooker. It is not recorded whether it ever housed any plants, but in 1814 it sheltered the Kings of France, Prussia, and Wurtemburg, together with the Tsar of Russia and a distinguished company, who were here entertained to a magnificent banquet and saw its beauties fully revealed by the new gas lighting.



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7. The interior of the Pavilion at Brighton, by John Nash. Note the ingenuity with which the architect has superimposed his oriental fal-lals on to Mr. Holland's classical structure, the framework of which is still clearly discernible. The interior decoration is here depicted in its final state after Prinney's last refurbishing in 1825.

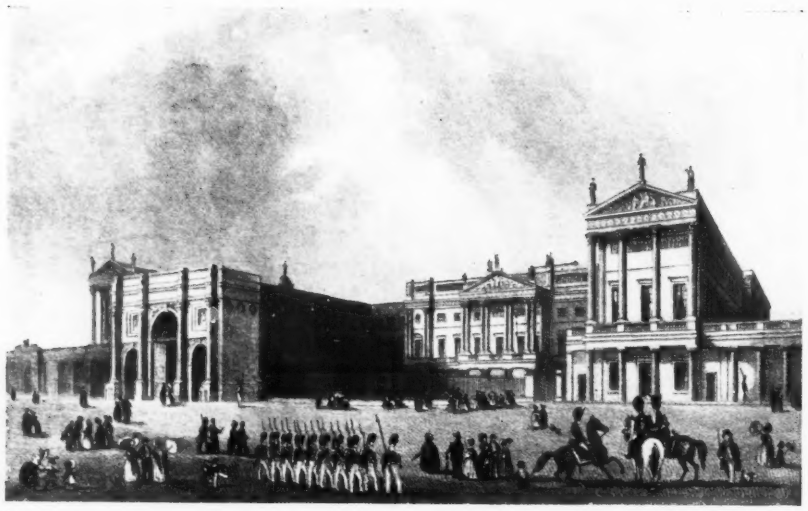
8. The Chinese pavilion at Virginia Water. The development of architectural chinoiserie has here reached a point midway between the conscientious but idealized conceptions of Fischer von Erlach, 4, and the flimsy whimsicality of the Paris Exhibition. Notice also the approach to the bungalow type of architecture. This fondness for horizontal planning is characteristic of all the eighteenth-century Royal Palaces, few of which extend beyond two stories and is said to be due to the assertion of Louis XIV that for lesser mortals to sleep on a higher level than their sovereign was lèse-majesté.

8

George IV, having assured those around him that, although nervous, he was very brave, quitted his pavilions and his palaces for mansions which, though possibly less lavishly decorated, were likely, one fears, to have proved even more extravagantly overheated than the apartments in which he had so long delighted.

When, to the accompaniment of wars and rumours of wars and the trumpet calls of approaching revolutions, the bewigged and corsetted old paladin, with his cherry-brandy and his sultanas, his bijouteries and his charm, passed away there perished with him the whole eighteenth-century conception of the tradition of the royal builder, never to rise again. In that year the nineteenth century, under cover of the smoke and tumult of the barricades, got firmly into its stride and its monarchical representatives, such men as Louis Philippe and Leopold of Coburg were incapable both by temperament and by reason of the exigeant constitutions by which they were bound, of reviving the pomp and circumstance of their predecessors. It might be thought that the royal influence on architecture was finally dead and so, in the sense that such men as Louis XIV had understood it, it was, but in a strange and totally different way it was only just beginning. This paradox is best illustrated by considering the contrasted careers of two nineteenth-century figures, each in their way typical of certain aspects of their times.

The Prince Consort and Ludwig II of Bavaria, in their relation to the arts, might be considered as the royal protagonists of the contemporary fable of "Eyes and No Eyes." For Ludwig architecture was purely a means of escape, a magic carpet that would convey him from a present with which he was entirely out of sympathy, to a castellated and Wagnerian mediævalism, as at Hohenschwanstein and Neuenschwangau, or to a lath and plaster eighteenth century as at Herrenchiemsee, Plate iii, and Linderhof. For Albert, on the other hand, architecture, like life, was real and earnest and primarily concerned with such matters as the proper housing of the working classes and the erection of new and improved types of factory. Moreover, the problems it presented were not lightheartedly to be overcome, and to their consideration all that protean industry and terrifying ability was directed, in exactly the same way as it was



9

10

9. The east front of Buckingham Palace as completed by Nash, and before Blanc's new façade was added.
10. The Parish Church at Whippingham, personally designed by Albert, Prince Consort. When it was built it numbered the Royal Family at Osborne among its parishioners.

brought into play in dealing with the problem of Schleswig Holstein or in composing an oratorio. Even when the results of their activities have a certain superficial resemblance the two princes were actuated by widely different motives. Whippingham Church, 10, for example, that painstaking and spiky experiment in Rhenish-Gothic planted down against a typically English background of lush meadows and rolling downs, may, at first sight, appear as ludicrous and out of place as an accurate reproduction of Versailles in the middle of a lake in the Bavarian Alps, but it is the outcome of a totally different train of thought. Herrenchiemsee provides us with the perfect example of the wish-fulfilment motive operating in architecture; it was built solely in order to intensify Ludwig's long day-dream in which he played the rôle of a yet more radiant Roi Soleil. Whippingham, on the other hand, was built, not from any desire to wallow in the ritualistic emotionalism of a synthetic Middle Ages, but simply because Albert, after long and careful consideration, had come to the conclusion that that particular style was the one best suited to the needs of Divine Worship, in exactly the same way that the Crystal Palace represented the style most suitable for housing international exhibitions.

Although today the character of the Prince Consort may appear slightly ridiculous and vaguely repellent, for the austere virtues that were his are seldom accompanied by overwhelming charm, and sympathetic as many aspects of Ludwig's character are to the modern mind, there can be no doubt as to which of them has the greater significance at the present time. Albert, almost alone of his contemporaries, realized and attempted to cope with the artistic and cultural problems raised by the industrial revolution: problems to which we are very little nearer solution today. Since his death and until H.R.H. the Prince of Wales made his recent speech at Burlington House, no more inspiring lead has been provided by any Royal personage, and if a greater part of his efforts were doomed to failure it was due to circumstances over which he had no control. It was Albert's, and the nation's, tragedy that the rise of mass production should have coincided with one of the periodic low-water marks of European taste. That the remarkable hideousness of the artistic products of the period was not due, as is still sometimes assumed, to the coming of the machine-age, is proved by the fact that the standard of taste in early Victorian England was no lower than in the France of Louis Philippe, or in the Germany of Frederick William IV, both of which countries had then hardly been touched by the industrial revolution. Moreover, in this country admirably designed cast iron railings and lamp-posts were produced by Peachey and others, for the Regents Park developments, as late as the 'thirties. That this was not perceived at the time and that the hysterical Ruskinian antagonism to the machine-age should have crystallized into a universal assumption that all mass-produced products were, from the æsthetic point of view, *ipso facto*, bad, is understandable, but it cannot justify a similar confusion of thought today.

When H.R.H. said in his recent speech at the R.I.B.A.: "I think you know how concerned I am over the living conditions of the great mass of our people, and how anxious I am to see these conditions improved as quickly as possible" and went on so heartily to advocate the application of the principles of mass-production to housing, he might almost have been quoting his great-grandfather. Where the difference lies is in the fact, of which his speech at Burlington House has given us further proof, that H.R.H. understands, as the Prince Consort did not, that the beauty of the machine-made article is entirely different from, and alien to, that of the craftsman's product, and that the standards of today demand that an architect shall work outwards from the kitchen and not inwards from the façade.

Now the evolution of the Royal Patron is complete, from the old Louis XIV type of palace builder *via* the organically sound but unavoidably unenlightened philanthropy of the Prince Consort, to the twentieth-century planned efficiency of the Prince of Wales, and the choice rests with us: whether we follow the path indicated by H.R.H. or, accompanied by the Royal Academy, we go tripping in mad Ludwig's footsteps down the primrose path of never-ending revivalism.

A

B

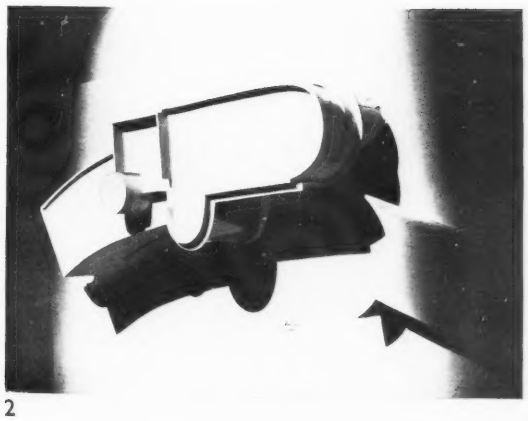
F. R. YERBURY

A. The palace at Herrenchiemsee, built by Ludwig II of Bavaria in imitation of Versailles. B. The Crystal Palace designed by Paxton for the Great Exhibition of 1851. The significance of this building in the history of modern architecture lies not so much in its alleged "functionalism," as in the fact that all the arches, joists, etc., were exactly the same and therefore interchangeable. Thus it was erected in record time, and represents the first successful application of the principles of mass production to building.

HOUSE AT WENTWORTH

1

OLIVER HILL,
ARCHITECT



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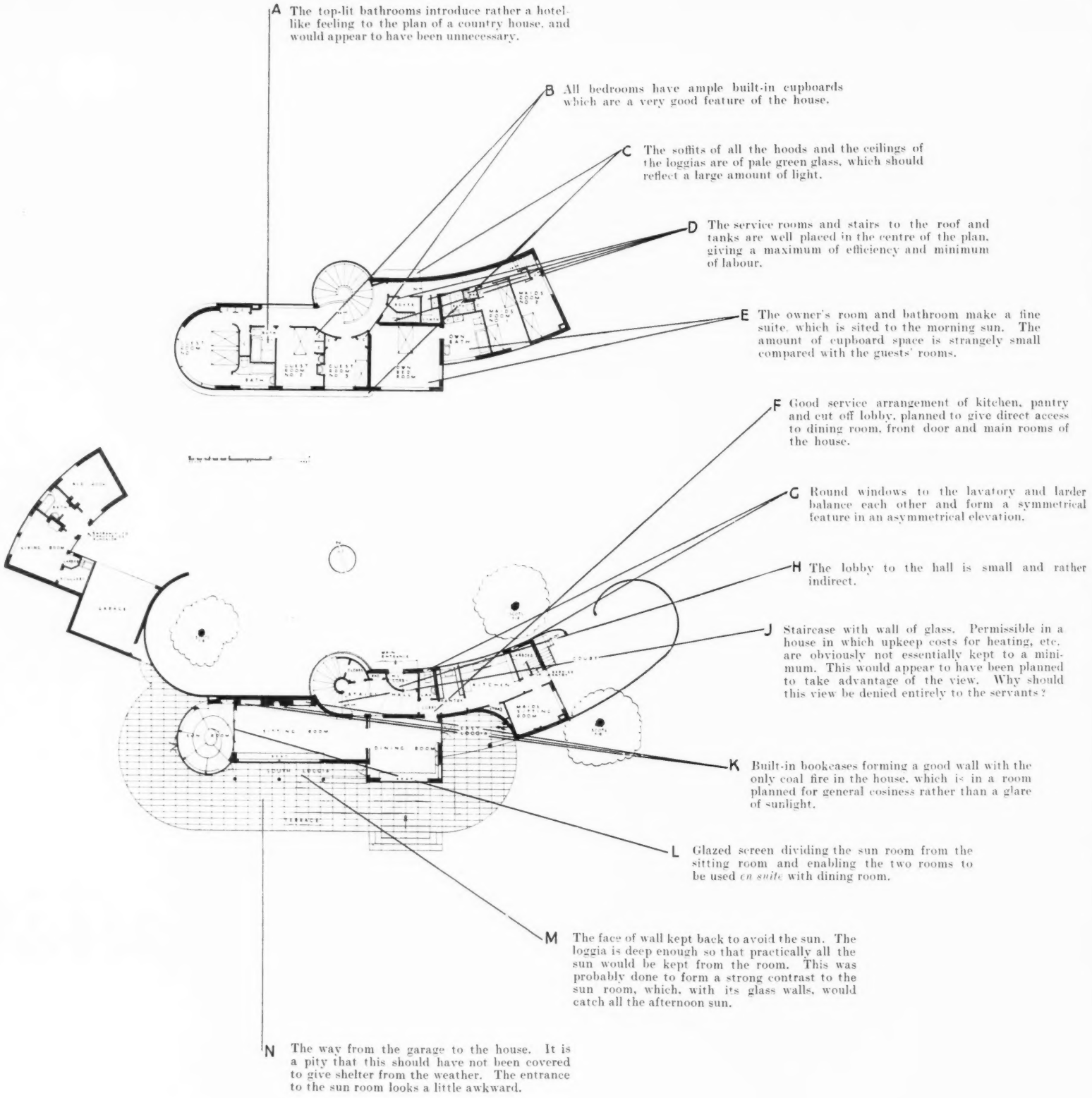
1. The entrance front from the garage. The view shows the placing of the house among Scots firs. On the right is the connecting wall to the house and, on the left, the screen walls to the garage, road and service entrance, etc. The walls and casement frames on this front are white. The circular staircase is seen within its glass enclosure. 2. The experimental scale model made in the architect's studio. This shows the lay-out with the garage and chauffeur's bungalow in the foreground, the entrance front on the left containing the circular staircase bay and, on the roof, the sun-bathing enclosure and the circular tower housing the upper stairs, etc.

H O U S E A T W E N T W O R T H ,



3. Looking through the dining room door along the south loggia. The long living room window is seen on the right, purposely shaded from the midday glare by the projecting ledge of the loggia; the Sun Room is at the end. The rectangular paving slabs are a pink-bluff colour of a uniform double-cube size throughout. The soffit of the loggia is glazed a blue-green colour giving an undersea effect. 4. The south front. The centre portion contains the dining room on the ground floor with south and east windows and glazed doors for the breakfast loggia on the right. The right-hand wing of the house curves back to permit the morning sun to these latter and the owner's suite over. 5. The entrance front facing north. On the left of the circular staircase window is the entrance door, sheathed in verdigris copper. On the extreme right is the garage and chauffeur's bungalow, and on the left the screen wall to the service yard. The circular tower on the roof encloses the stairs to the sun flat and the storage tanks and is colour-washed sky blue.

VIRGINIA WATER

ANALYSIS

The site is one with great natural advantages. The position of fine Scots fir trees; planning to make the best use of the wide views to the south; and a contrast of sun and shade in the living rooms governed the position and shape of the house.

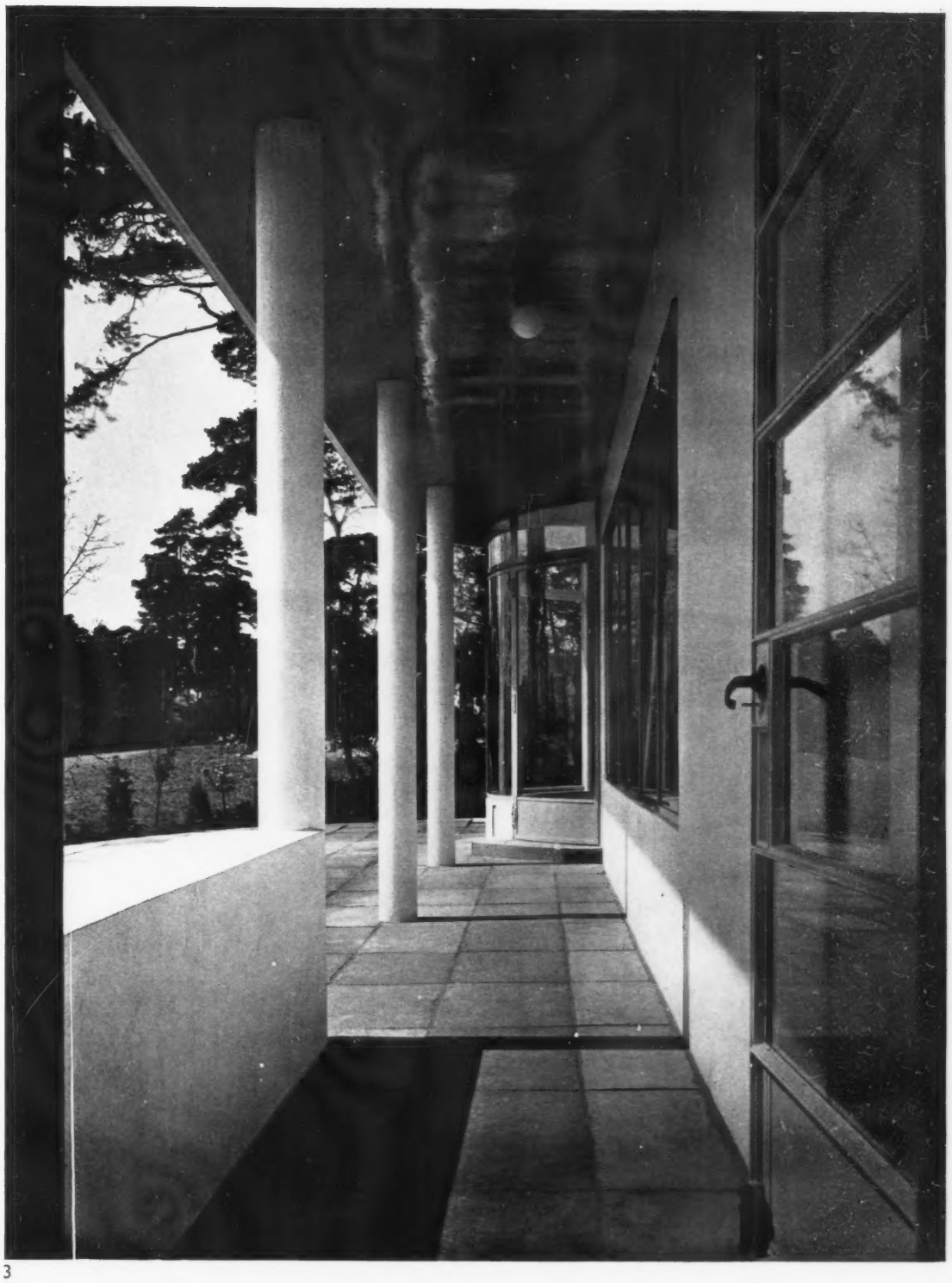
The three main rooms on the ground floor open into each other. The dining room is planned for the morning and midday sun, and opens on to a covered loggia which faces south-east. The sitting room is shaded from the sun by being recessed from the face of the wall above. The long window and window seat allow full use to be made of the view. The sun room facing south-west is walled almost entirely with glass, and, receiving all the midday and afternoon sun, forms a pleasant contrast to the sitting room. This room contains the only coal fire in the house.

The four bedrooms on the first floor are well planned. three having their own bathrooms leading directly from them, the fourth having access to one of these bathrooms. The built-in basins in the single rooms to a large extent solve the problems of sharing a bathroom. The ample amount of built-in cupboard space is noteworthy, but the practicability of the very deep cupboard to the principal guest's room is questionable.

The service arrangements generally are excellent. The sequence of larder, kitchen, pantry and cut-off lobby is logically and adequately planned. The boxroom, linen cupboards and h.m.c. are well placed and of convenient size. The top-lit corridor on the first floor of the service wing seems an unnecessary sacrifice to the elevation, and it is a pity that top-lit bathrooms should have been unavoidable.

The heating chamber is approached by an outside stair in the service court to the east of the main building. For the sake of elevational composition the garage is placed to the west, but although there is a sheltering screen wall, no covered connection to the house has been provided.

A. C. Tripe



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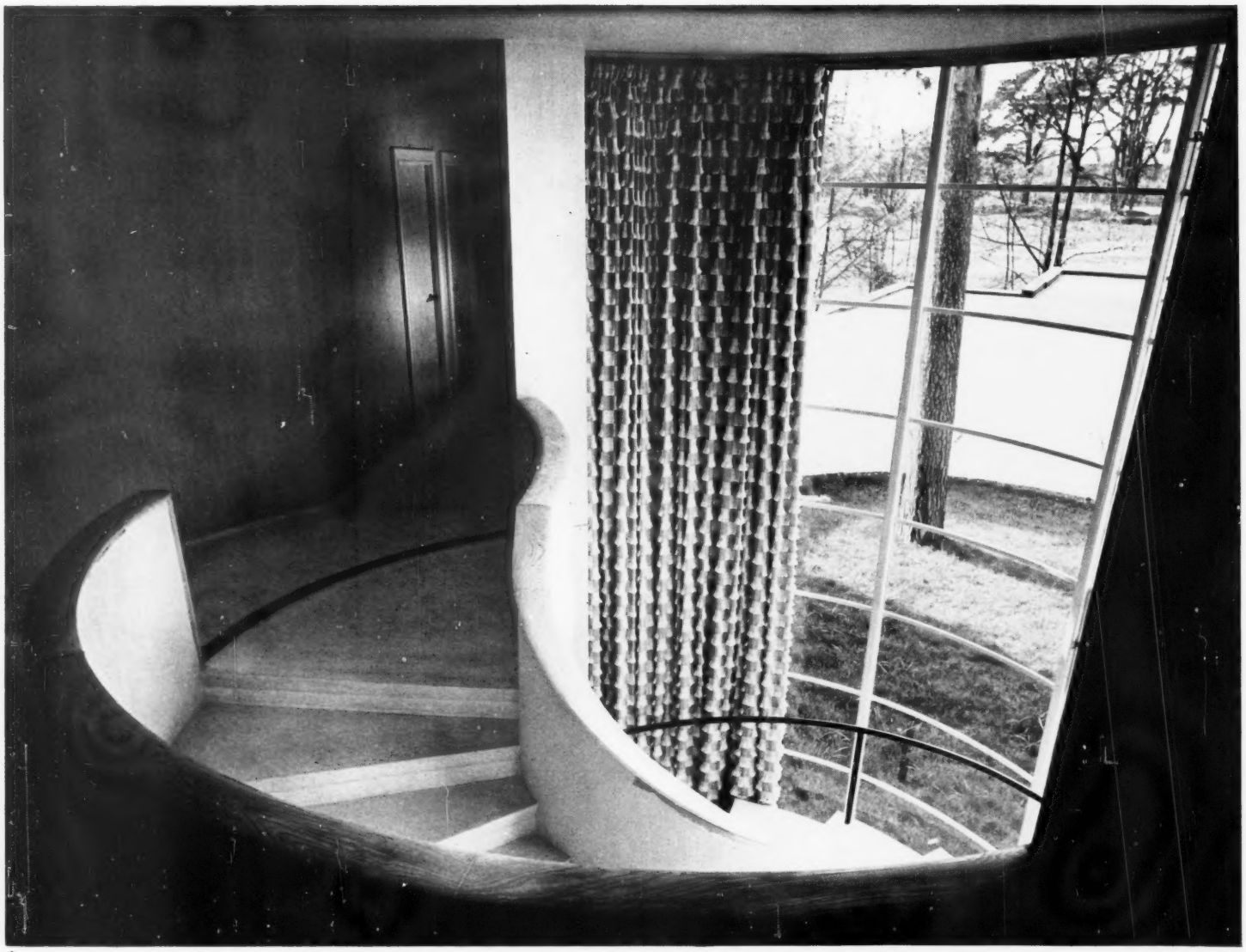
HOUSE AT WENTWORTH



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6, 7. The circular staircase. The stairs are of reinforced concrete construction and the V-shaped risers and treads are finished with an ivory coloured composition. The great staircase window curtains are a Marion Dorn fringe woven material in pale green and white. 8. Looking into the living room from the sliding doors of the dining room. Both these rooms are entirely lined with rectangular pinky-toned ash veneered panels. The long window seat covers the radiators; the open grilles are chromium. The fireplace on the right is of polished Perrycot Portland stone with two thick polished plate-glass shelves over, supported intermediately by chromium tubes. On either side are glazed, sliding-fronted showcases, with concealed lighting. The sliding glazed screen at the far end opens into the circular Sun Room.

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1. *Monument in memory of the soldiers killed at the Battle of Kazan in* 1552. 1817. *Alferov, architect.*

The St. Petersburg of Alexander I

By Tamara Talbot Rice

Few cities have been consciously constructed with the intention of surpassing all others in beauty, but from the first St. Petersburg was one of those built with this end in view. In 1703—in the days when kings disported themselves in Western Europe by building mere palaces—Peter the Great undertook the seemingly preposterous task of erecting, upon marsh land, what was at the same time to serve as an exquisite town for himself and as a convenient capital for his people.

With the laying of St. Petersburg's foundation stone, the delight of building took possession of all those concerned in the work, and the strategic and economic purposes of the new town receded to a secondary position, while that of her beauty stood out as of paramount importance. With the passing years, which brought with them a state of comparative peace, Peter was personally able to indulge more fully in his fondness for building, and by 1711 was able to devote considerable time and attention to the work. His energy was amazing and his influence so beneficent that he achieved his end—at his death St. Petersburg was already a most beautiful city, and even foreign travellers were forced to recognize it as one of the loveliest capitals in Europe.

It was, however, throughout the reign of Catherine the Great that St. Petersburg took on an appearance which was truly magnificent. This able woman had a veritable passion for building; a favourite pastime of hers consisted in discussing plans with eminent architects; a palace was her preferred gift to one whom she wished to honour—and an admirable gift it proved, since it afforded equal pleasure to donor and recipient and, in addition, even delighted those who were in no way concerned with the gift. In time Catherine's fondness for such gifts became so well known that the populace of St. Petersburg could learn of the advent of a new favourite at Court by the erection of a new palace.

Yet it was under the rule of Alexander I. and it was entirely due to this delightful monarch's personal influence, that St. Petersburg became both one of the pleasantest towns in Europe as well as the most important example in the world of a city built in the Empire style. Not only were a number of palaces erected in the capital throughout Alexander's reign, but more than half the town was actually constructed between the years 1801-1830. In addition, practically all the minor features in the town date from this period, such as the ironwork, whether of balcony rails, bridge parapets or garden railings, the friezes, columns, obelisks and spires; all are essentially Empire both in spirit and in style. Many of the major buildings and the great majority of the minor ones, such as the town houses of the gentry and the merchant and professional classes, who now took up residence in the capital, and many of the shops, were built at this date. Still more important is the fact that each one of these buildings bears the imprint of the monarch's hand, since not a single structure could be raised within the town boundaries, whether intended for private or for public use, before Alexander had passed the plans of its façade. Such was the Emperor's charm and such his talent that the law was never resented, and only when his successor, Nicholas I, tried to carry on the practice was an outcry raised against it, so that it was finally abandoned.

A contemporary explains Alexander's

system for controlling building in the following words: "Having happily terminated all his military campaigns, the Emperor wished once again to indulge in his favourite pastime of building, which warfare had so unhappily interrupted. He wished to make St. Petersburg lovelier than any of the European capitals he had visited, and with this end in view he decided to found a definite committee of architects under the chairmanship of Bétancourt. This committee was not to be troubled with complicated problems of the right of ownership of the houses or land, nor with questions regarding the durability of the buildings, regardless of whether they were intended for private or for public use; its main concern was to examine the designs of all intended façades and either to pass, to alter or to turn down these designs. The committee was also to deal with the lay-out of streets and squares, with the cutting of canals and the erection of bridges, as well as with improving outlying parts of the town—in a word, its sole aim was to consist in ensuring the town's external beauty."

By thus combining his fondness for building—almost the passion for building, which he may have inherited from his grandmother, Catherine the Great—with a definite plan of action, Alexander was able to develop town planning on an unprecedented scale and to achieve such magnificent results that his reign may be considered as one of the greatest, if not the very greatest period, in the history of Russia's architecture. We can go still further and maintain that he is directly responsible for the position which Russia deserves to occupy as the only country in early nineteenth-century Europe in which architecture flourished, and where town planning was extensively resorted to.

Empire architecture in Russia differs wholly in spirit and somewhat in detail, if not in actual outline, from that of the rest of Europe. The actual ornament is more massive, blank walling is frequently resorted to, and the handling of a huge mass often recalls the spirit, if not the technique or the style, of Persia and the Near East. In actual fact, however, the builders of the period never came in contact with the East, but found much of their inspiration in the West. Thus Europe's nineteenth-century passion for Greece, as opposed to her eighteenth-century enthusiasm for Rome, reached Russia from France, and although both countries experienced a like sympathy for the liberty of Hellas, the essential differences in their outlook found expression in their architectures. At the time France was the home of democratic thought, but in actual fact she was in the hands of an autocrat; Russia, on the other hand, was a monarchy, but her ruler was imbued with the genuinely liberal ideas of contemporary Switzerland. "A golden age has at last dawned for Russia," wrote Vigée Lebrun, and this age, coming as it did after the short though dread rule of Paul I, brought with it a repose, a sureness, and a steadiness unknown in the rest of Europe. None of the restless, almost mock grandeur of France, none of that Regency spirit of England with its somewhat perverse love for the mysterious, the intriguing or the curious, found expression in Russia's architecture. Only a single structure, the only known architectural work of the draughtsman and engraver, Alferov (1780-1840), I, a monument in memory of those killed at the Battle of Kazan in 1552, displays something of the English spirit, combining as it does the seemingly incongruous simplicity of Egypt with the austerity of Greece. Since, however, Alferov was the only Russian who, like England's great contemporary travellers, had visited Egypt and India as well as Italy and Greece, his experiment in architecture is not wholly inexplicable.

The whimsical was only rarely expressed in Russia's architecture—her men were too concerned with the great business of building to be anything but serious in their work. The simple, genuine, Doric became the preferred Order, and the column the characteristic feature of the Empire style in Russia. It had first been used on an extensive scale by Starov (1743–1808), Russia's first national architect, and henceforth the column became the basis of the

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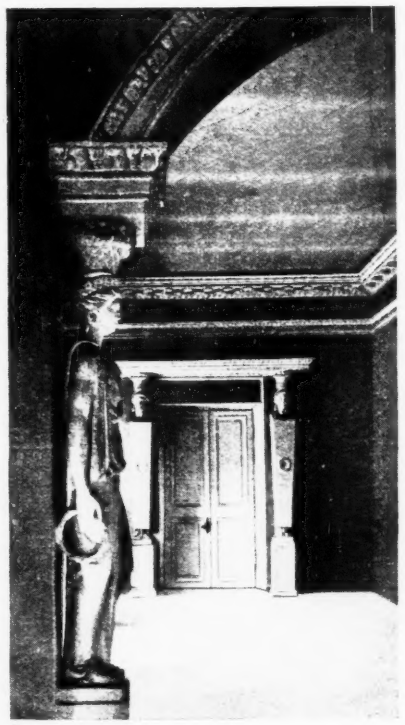

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2. The Cadet Corps building in St. Petersburg (1806–1811). *Voronihin, architect. "Although a lesser work of his, it is one which serves fully to display his great talent. It was inspired by the temple of Poseidon at Paestum, but is essentially Russian in spirit."* *3. Church on the Ligovka, St. Petersburg*, 1812. *Postnikov, architect. "Romanticism appeared to blend with the style of Paestum, and the work of architects such as Postnikov reflect a gentle quality which, when combined with the elaborate decoration Quarenghi and Cameron had first introduced, form the chief charm of many a Russian mansion."* *4. The Hall of the Caryatides, St. Petersburg* (1806-1811). *Voronihin, architect.*

5

6

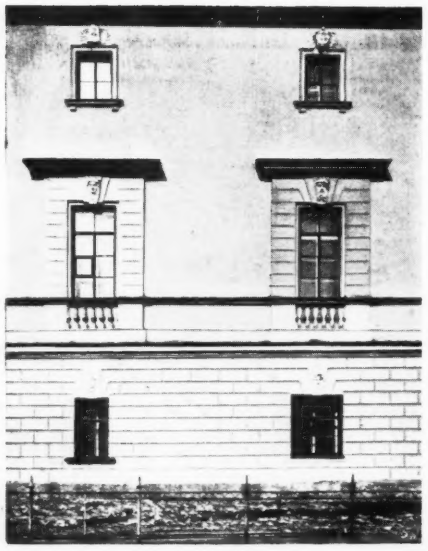
7

5. A column standing in front of the Stock Exchange, St. Petersburg, 1805–1816. Thomas de Thomon, architect. "Though it appears at first sight as entertaining a freak as many a folly of Regency England, such is the mastery with which it interprets the great sea which it overlooks, that a closer inspection reveals it to be a far more important work. Its mighty, massive figures of Neptune and of other maritime deities are closely in keeping with the great heavy column, whilst the bows of ships, shaped or topped with curious sea creatures, give a marvellous impression of that curious enigmatic body—the sea." 6. The monument by Thomon in memory of Paul I. Pavlovsk, 1806–1808. "Thomon was equally successful in a gentler mood, and his monument to Paul I is a masterly work." 7. The Pulkov Hill monument, 1809, also by Thomon.

national architecture—for this and no less is what the Empire style became in Russia, spreading as it did from the capital far and wide into the country, appearing with equal felicity in remote manor houses as well as in provincial town halls. The column seemed to symbolize or to recall the native forests, and the Ionic column, the one which more nearly resembles Russia's slender birch trees, was constantly used in place of the Doric for more delicate and intimate work. Equally characteristic of the style are a portico and pediment of immense size, often additionally emphasized by a bold decorative motive, and whereas in England a pediment appears as a mere feature topping an impressive entrance, it becomes in Russia the central feature in a massive composition.

The Russian Empire style reflects two distinct trends. The first flourished early in the century, culminating in 1812. Thomas de Thomon and Zaharov were its main exponents, for both broke away from the more ornate, seemingly more effeminate art of their immediate predecessors, Cameron, Quarenghi and Brenna, to follow Starov's traditions and Ledou's ideas. In origin and in inspiration their style was Greek, in influence French, and it may perhaps be due to a subconscious revulsion against the latter element that the tendencies expressed by Thomon and Zaharov and their followers were no longer experienced after Napoleon's Muscovite campaign. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that a marked return was made throughout the second period in the Russian Empire style to the heritage which Quarenghi and Brenna had left. Romanticism appeared to blend with the style of Pæstum, and the work of architects such as Postnikov, 3, came to reflect a gentle quality which, when combined with the elaborate decoration Quarenghi and Cameron had first introduced, form the

8. A detail of the façade of the Admiralty building facing the Nevski. The two top windows were added in 1830, *and the sculptural frieze removed. Zaharov, architect. This is St. Petersburg's second great building. "The breadth, spaciousness and calm of his buildings are typical of nineteenth-century Russia. The Admiralty façade is some five hundred yards long."* 9. *Design for warehouses on the Neva,* 1804, *by Zaharov. "Here his ability is clearly apparent, for reasons of economy debarred him from resorting either to porticoes, colonnades or sculptured ornament as embellishments to the building."* 10. *The Cathedral of St. Andrew, Cronstadt,* 1806–1811, *also by Zaharov.* 11. *Bell tower in the Novgorod district, circa* 1815. *Stassov, architect.* 12. *The top design was for a villa by Stassov, for the Countess Minich, near St. Petersburg. The lower one is for the reconstruction of the Potemkin Palace into government offices, Ekaterinoslav.* 1811. 13 *shows Stables at Tsarskoye Selo.* 1823, *by Shustov.*



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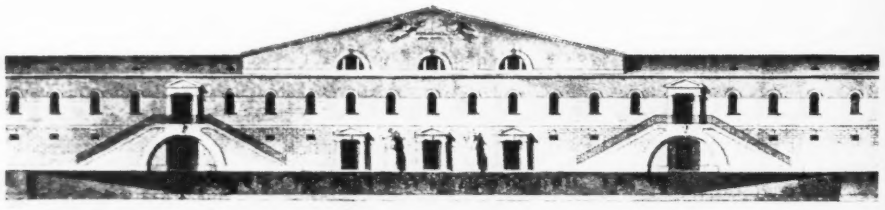

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chief charm of many a Russian mansion.

Stassov and Rossi were the two great architects throughout these years. Rossi was in fact the greatest architect of his age, and although nothing will be said of him here and none of his work illustrated, since it is impossible to deal with him in a few lines, the fact must be stressed that it is to him that St. Petersburg is indebted for many of her finest general effects. Theatre Street is but one of several of his great compositions.

Voronihin (1760–1840), a serf of the counts Stroganov, was one of the great architects of the first period. Educated and sent abroad by his master, and influenced first by Bajenov and Kazakov—two great architects of the time of Catherine—then by the spirit of the coming age, Voronohin matured quickly. By the age of thirty he was already a highly competent architect: at forty no one hesitated to entrust him with the building of the Kazan Cathedral in St. Petersburg. Although lesser works of his are illustrated in **2, 4,** both serve fully to display his great talent. The former was inspired by the temple of Poseidon at Pæstum, but it is essentially Russian in spirit, and the great portico and important pediment flanked by small wings are very characteristic. In addition it retains all the sureness and grace found in Voronihin's greater buildings.

The Frenchman Thomas de Thomon, who came to St. Petersburg in 1799, is generally known for his superb building of the St. Petersburg Stock Exchange. He deserves wider fame, since he was one of the greatest architects of his day. **5** illustrates one of the columns which stands in front of the Stock Exchange. Though it appears at first sight as entertaining a freak as many a folly of Regency England, such is the mastery with which it interprets the great sea which it overlooks that a closer inspection reveals it to be a far more important work. Its mighty massive figures of Neptune and of other maritime deities are closely in keeping with the great, heavy column, whilst the bows of ships, shaped or topped with curious sea creatures, give a marvellous impression of that curious, enigmatic body—the sea. Thomon is equally successful in a gentler mood **6, 7,** and his monument to Paul I is a masterly work.

The Admiralty, St. Petersburg's second great building, **8,** is by Zaharov (1761–1811). Though he spent most of his life, but for one visit abroad, at the St. Petersburg Academy of Fine Arts, first as a pupil, later in the capacity of a professor, there is nothing academical about his work. The breadth, spaciousness and calm of his buildings are typical of nineteenth-century Russia, where everything appeared on a monumental scale. The Admiralty façade is alone some five hundred yards long, but so logically does it develop, such is the sureness of its execution and the power of Zaharov's art, that there is nothing monotonous about it. His design for warehouses **9,** may rank almost as second to the Admiralty. Here Zaharov's ability is clearly apparent, for reasons of economy debarred him from resorting either to porticoes, colonnades or sculptured ornament as embellishments of the building. Nevertheless he succeeded, even without these essentials of the style, in creating a marvellous edifice, and one in which something of the nobility of the greatest buildings of history seems to have survived.

Stassov (1769–1848) was, together with Rossi, the great architect of the second period. He is distinguished for the unfailing sureness of his proportions, for his masterly use of a great, plain Doric column, and for his distaste for sculpture and for ornamentation. Most of his work was done in Peterhof, Oranienbaum and Tsarskoye Selo, but one of his most delightful creations is a bell tower executed for Arakcheev, Alexander I's favourite, in his country estate in the district of Novgorod, **11.** In **12** we find Stassov in a happier mood and resorting

11

12

13

to sculpture and decoration in order to obtain the gay and feminine effect he thought necessary for a villa for Countess Minich built just outside St. Petersburg.

Shustov (1766–1830) stands out among the lesser men as the architect of one of the finest buildings of the period, the Stables in Tsarskoye Selo, 13. This is a curiously impressive and satisfying work, for all its severe austerity.

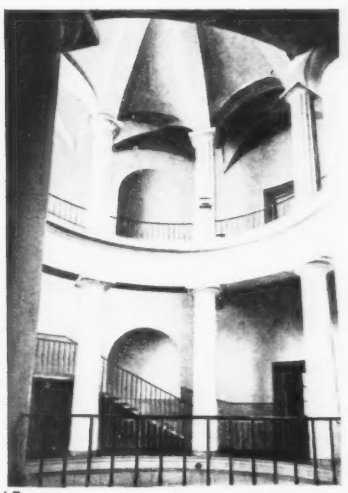
Lucini (1784–1853) follows him closely as the designer of the Custom House Buildings. His fine proportions, and the nobility of his inspiration would alone assure him of a high place in the history of Russian architecture, but his great decorative qualities place him well above most of his contemporaries. The great hall in the Custom House, 14, is a superb composition. Its walls are of artificial yellow marble, the cornice is white and the cruciform dome green with a rich ornament. So fine is this hall that it is worthy of the hand of Thomon, the leading architect of his day.

Plavov (1794–1864) is the last architect of whom mention can be made here, for although his façades were sham classical, in accordance with the style of Nicholas I, his interiors still remained typical of the age of Alexander. 15 illustrates a fine staircase in which the massive Doric columns contrast pleasingly with a delicate metal stair rail of a type usually employed by Plavov.

The Empire style in Russia is constantly compared with that of the eighteenth century, when Trezzini, Rastrelli, Quarenghi and a score of other great men were at work. Their magnificent edifices cannot fail to delight, but there is hardly a Russian who does not prefer Alexander's age, feeling with Corneille that :—

" L'un est sans doute mieux rêvé,
Mieux construit et mieux achevé . . .
Mais je voudrais avoir fait l'autre."

14



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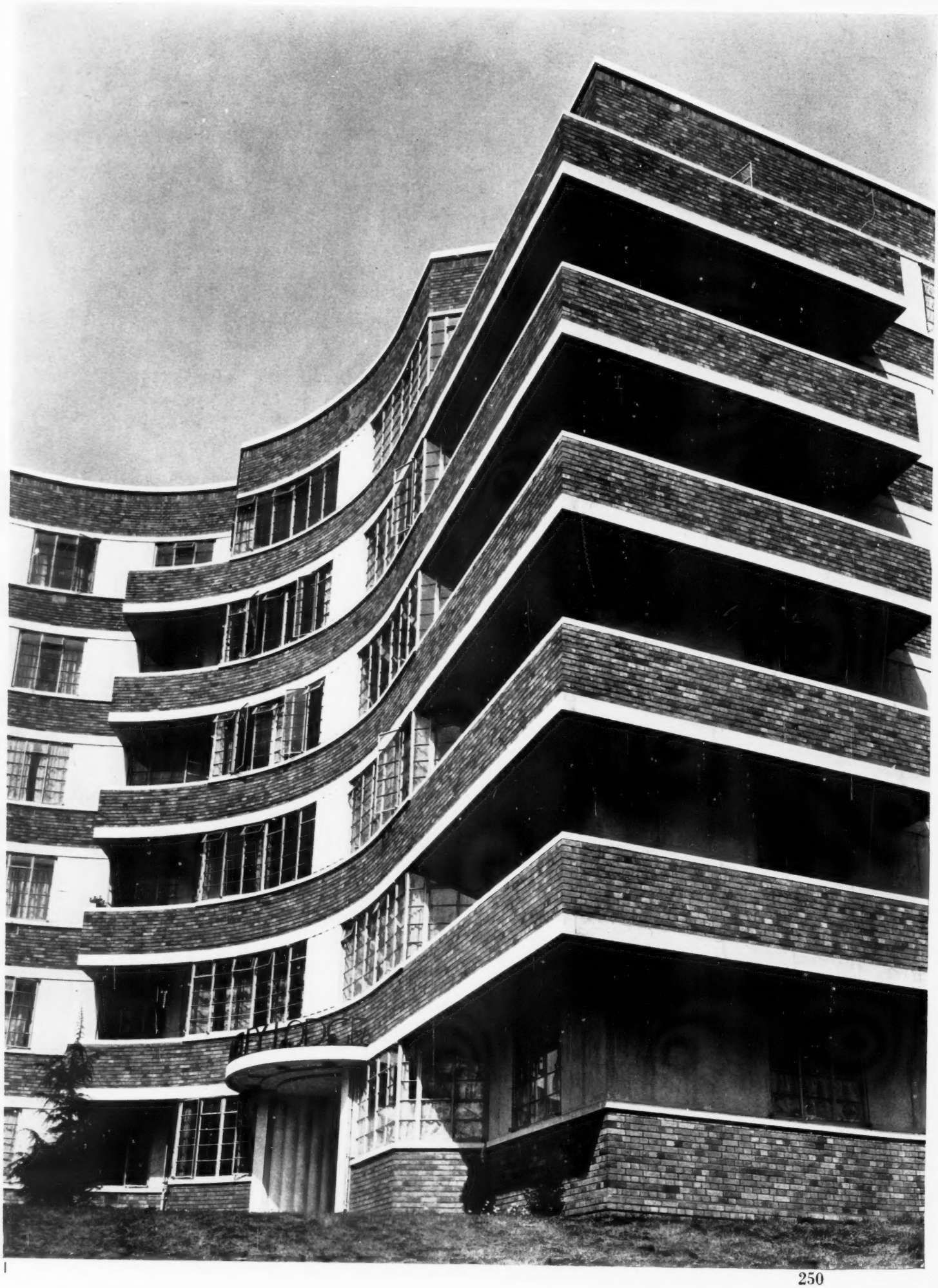
14. Hall in the Custom offices. 1829–1832. Lucini, architect. 15. Staircase in the Obuhov women's hospital in St. Petersburg. 1835–1836. Plavov, architect.

FLATS AT CHOLMELEY LODGE,



H I G H G A T E

2

1. A detail of a corner of the south front showing the cantilevered balconies. 2 and 3. Views from the balconies overlooking Waterlow Park.

GUY MORGAN, ARCHITECT

3

A N A L Y S I S

By R. Ross Williamson

This scheme was designed first of all for Bournemouth, but the Borough Council, on the already time-honoured plea of "amenity" rejected it. The councillors were quite ready to accept it, they said, if only the architect would consent to clothe the alleged bleakness of the façade in Tudor timber-work. He would not compromise, so Cholmeley Lodge now looks out over the trees of Waterlow Park (honoured by Herr Baedeker's single star) and the copper domes of St. Joseph's Church towards London in the south and, it seems, very far below. From the flat asphalted roof you can get one of the most superb views, surely, to be had anywhere in the neighbourhood of London.

The fabric of the building is of solid brick, with the spine and external walls carrying the weight of the floors. Stanchions and beams are introduced at certain points where loads are heavy. It was found that brick was the most economical and the most practical medium in which to carry it out, although Mr. C. S. White, the structural consultant, considered the possibilities of a steel-frame and reinforced-concrete. Especially in the matter of the curved work was brick found to be most suitable.

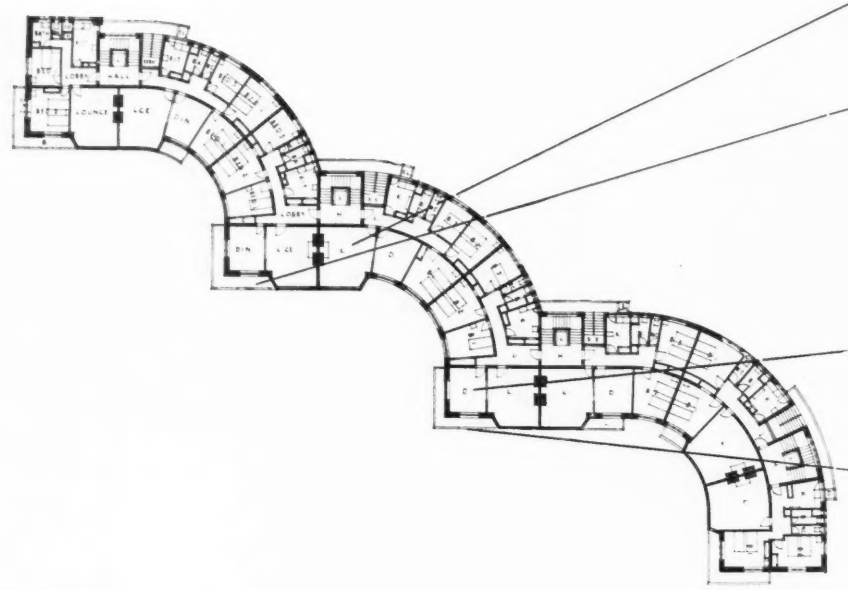
The floors are hollow-tiled and fire-resisting. They are cantilevered out to form balconies and to compensate for this extra weight, and the fact that the site is a sloping one, it was necessary to reinforce the foundations of the south exterior walls. All the drains, both soil and surface, are on the north side of the building; these are laid in the same excavation trench and served by the same manholes, thereby minimizing unsightliness in the plumbing and expense in the sewerage. The scheme, consisting of 48 flats, took eight to nine months to complete, and cost under £40,000. The price per foot cube was 1s. 4d.

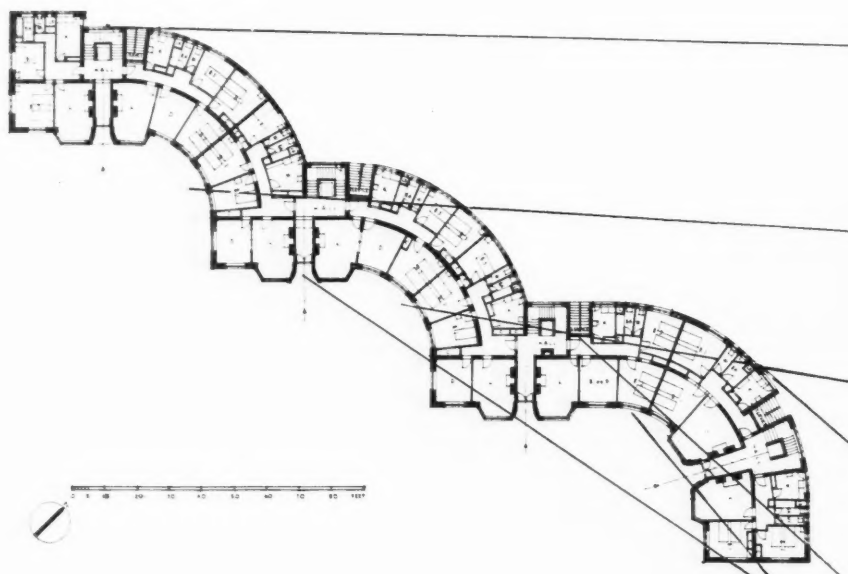
By using a curved façade on a southern aspect, the sharply defined shadow areas caused by right-angles are eliminated to a certain extent: the "flank view," reminding one of a first lesson in the rules of perspective drawing, but inseparable from buildings where you have right-angled junctions, is also avoided.

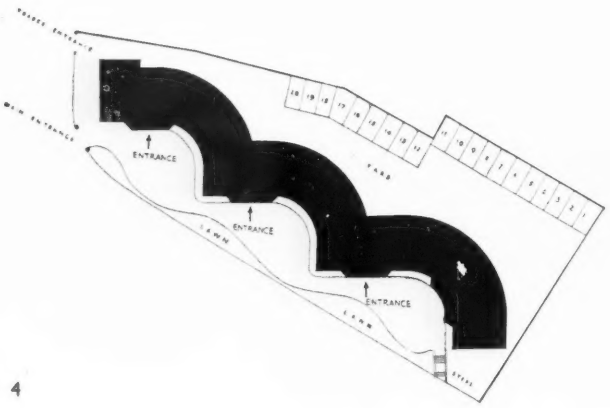
Economy was a very real element in influencing many of the architect's choices. The most outstanding example of this, next to the choice of brick, and one at which, no doubt, a great deal of criticism will be levelled, is the form the fenestration takes. The desire for as large a glass area as possible and the need for covering it economically, ruled out the possibility of using the large single panes which would be ideal in the circumstances. A compromise between the clients' demands and the architect's wishes was reached by installing standard casements which, with their smaller panes, and more frequent metal stiffenings, eliminate the danger of possible warping.

The architect, it should be pointed out, was not responsible for the interior fittings, nor for the crazy paving, the beacons, or the arboriculture which adorn the "grounds" of the building.

FLATS AT CHOLMELEY LODGE







A Most of the rooms, which, unlike the dining room, are likely to be occupied for long periods, are not overshadowed by the balconies.

B The cantilevered and drained balconies are wide enough (3 ft. 9 in.) for other purposes than striking poses in. They will accommodate a perambulator or a deck chair. Should the balustrades have been of metal, thus avoiding their tendency to become harbingers of litter? The position of these flats is very high, and the solid fronts give a feeling of security which is amplified by one of privacy, highly conducive to the habit of sun-bathing, suggested by their southern aspect.

C The dining rooms are always overshadowed by the balconies, but this is compensated for by two completely different outlooks.

D Artificial stone copings. These, and the use of hydro-lime mortar in the brickwork, go a long way to prevent that disgraceful efflorescence which blemishes so much modern brickwork unprotected by sufficient weathering.

E Standard metal-framed windows. Why? Because economy was an important consideration to the clients, so the cheapness of this type of casement could not be ignored. Also rigidity is assured where there is a large expanse of window space.

F Curved bays on a southern aspect, by eliminating right angles, tend to dispense with "hard" shadow areas, and avoid that undesirable "straight-along" flank view inseparable from windows placed near a right-angled junction.

G Brick found to be best for curved work. Why not all brick, then? Because the general effect would have been too heavy. This is North London. Besides, the white rendering of the window soffits, the backs of the balconies, and their ceilings, reflects the light into the rooms. Continuation of the logical Georgian tradition, not a mannerism.

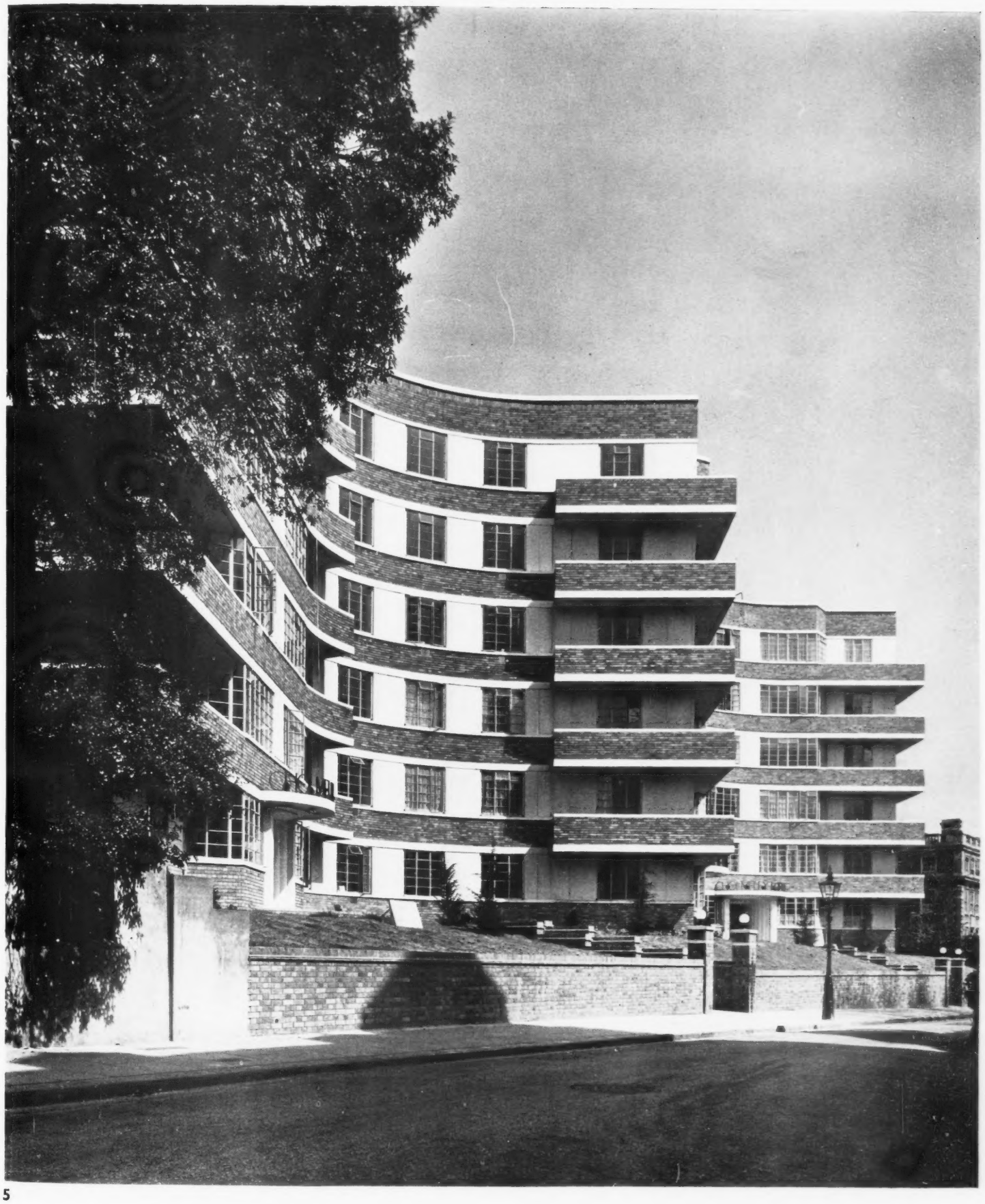
H To make the most of the glass area in the kitchen, the larder is recessed into the bathroom. Food sacrified to light.

J Entrances and passage ways take up the minimum of space on the south side. They run through and the lifts and service stairs are on the north side.

K The three great curves (the special feature of the building) have radii of 30 ft. This was found to be the minimum curve in which ordinary bricks and straight casements could be used, and to which the internal fittings, e.g. skirtings, could be bent.

4

HIGHGATE



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4. The lay-out plan. 5. The south front from Highgate Hill.

FLATS AT CHOLMELEY LODGE

6

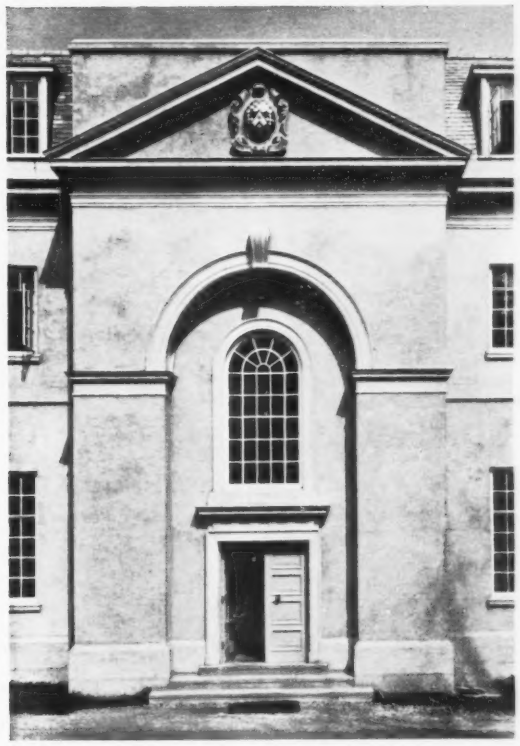
7

6. One of the entrances to the flats. 7. An entrance doorway. The concrete canopy is cantilevered from the wall and faced with artificial stone. Under the canopy is a row of circular ceiling lights.

1

R. FIELDING DODD,
ARCHITECT

Walpole House, the new boarding-house at Stowe School, Buckinghamshire, 1, 2, 3, 4, is situated at the extreme eastern end of the main School buildings, and forms the eastern wing of a three-sided open court facing due south. The Housemaster's House, 6, 7, is on the south side of Walpole House, to which it is attached by a covered way from the Housemaster's study. Both buildings are of brick, finished in stucco with reconstructed stone dressings to match the older buildings adjoining, their relation to which can be seen in the site plan, 5. The roofs of the new buildings are covered with Cornish slates. On the ground floor of the new boarding-house there is a House Room, House Library, nine Studies and a Master's Study and Bedroom. There is also a large changing-room, with a washing-room adjoining, at the rear of the entrance hall. The first floor contains two dormitories each accommodating twenty beds, with ablution rooms adjoining the landing. A master's study and bedroom are also provided on this floor. On the second floor



2

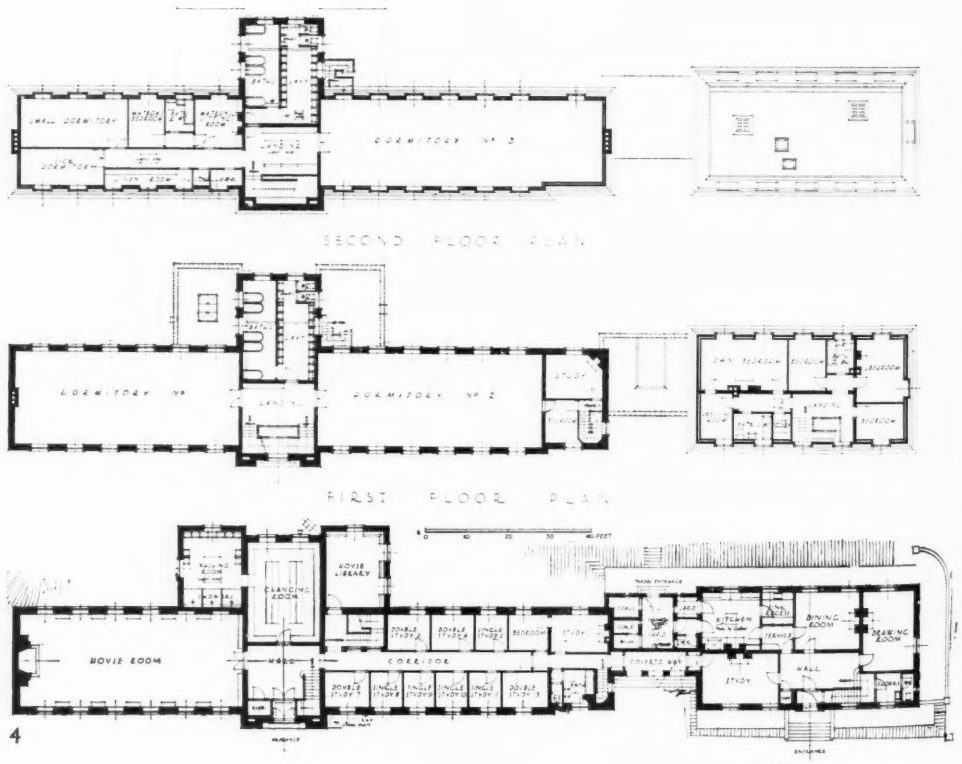
3

there is one large dormitory accommodating twenty-four beds, with ablution rooms adjoining ; also a matron's flat, a small dormitory with four beds, and a "sick" dormitory, together with the necessary heated linen cupboards, etc.

The floors are constructed of concrete beams with a filling of hollow terra-cotta blocks, and covered with oak blocks ; the ablution rooms are finished with terrazzo paving.

The Housemaster's House consists of three living rooms, with the usual offices, five bedrooms and dressing-rooms, and two bathrooms.

The boarding house is supplied with central heating and a domestic hot water supply from the main school buildings ; the Housemaster's House is provided with a separate installation.



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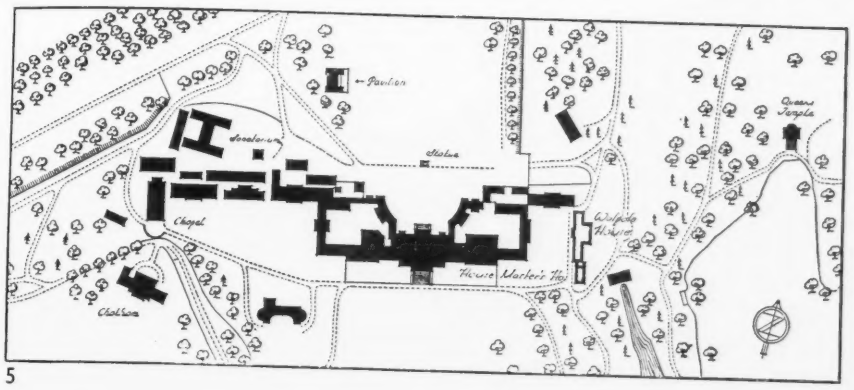

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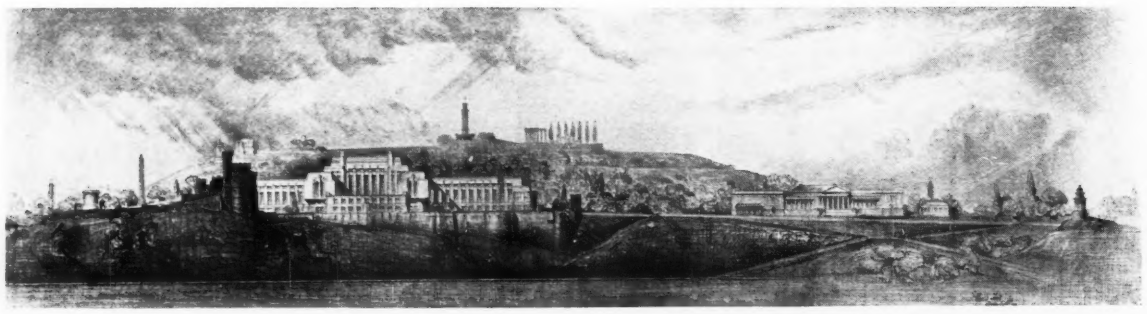


Government Buildings, Edinburgh. Thomas S. Tait, architect.

Drawn by J. D. M. Harvey.

Architecture at the Royal Academy

By Professor C. H. Reilly

THE great exhibition beloved of Royalty and the middle-class has opened its doors again, and once more it is pleasant to escape from its miles of pretty pictures and sticky portraits—with the occasional exception, of course, of something lovely or serene, like Augustus John's portrait of Lord David Cecil and Glyn Philpot's of Lady Melchett—into the cool seclusion of the architecture room with its gentle Farey-like washes of colour set in broad white mounts. If the effect of the room by contrast is as restful as ever, the architecture displayed on closer examination appears the reverse. The old men with their Orders and settled manner belonging to a settled past are apparently no longer exhibiting. Sir Reginald Blomfield has no terrace, street or bridge to remind us that the eighteenth century is still with us in the consciousness of many people, though he has a couple of charming sketches in another room. Sir Edwin Lutyens certainly has a Walcot-like drawing of "Middleton Park, North Front," but whether the whole of the fine stone house with its green shutters as seen, is his or only the *porte cochère* and the cottage, no one can say without inside knowledge or a plan. Sir Edwin Cooper is mainly represented by a fine cold storage building to the blank walls of which he has nevertheless managed to give a slightly Roman feeling, and by great drawings showing chiefly the trees round his reconstructed Gatton Hall, Surrey. The reconstructed trees are clearly of more importance than the reconstructed house. The old guard, therefore, with their old type of architecture, may be said to have disappeared, but the new generation, on the other hand, has not yet entirely occupied the field. They are there in small beginnings, such as the model of a little circular house by Myerscough-Walker, complete and elegant as a new streamlined car, and the house-like aeroplane which has settled on Round Island in Poole Harbour, by Edward Maufe. Till now, this architect with his fine taste has never, apart from his lovely churches, got beyond a sort of Georgian nudity in his domestic work. There are others, but on the whole the direct, logical, functional architecture of the factories, the new stores and schools, which everyone knows is going on, is absent. Like the Spencer pictures it is probably a little too steep for a hanging committee, which must always have its mind concentrated on its great one-and-sixpenny public. As a result the room is full of compromise buildings, great blocks of flats, hospitals and hotels—one can hardly distinguish them apart from the catalogue—with Georgian proportions to their windows, but to little else, certainly not to their masses, which are a law to themselves. It is a bad but probably a temporary stage through which our architecture, or rather our architecture as shown at the Royal Academy, is passing. We shall either return to an exhibition chiefly composed of pleasant little thatched cottages and small country houses, of which there is a number in the present exhibition—pretty peeps with no plans or other worries—or some young architect will one day get elected by mistake for someone else and the room, when his turn comes to hang it, will be stacked with models of the new world outside and its walls hung with great plans of new cities and sections of cities. Admittedly this is a very remote chance. The room in all probability will go on illustrating for years to come drawings of a forced and false realism, which it is thought is the only kind in which the public can be interested; what may be called gentlemanly architecture, that is, architecture always conscious of the past and not too anxious to look the future squarely in the face. How little the Royal Academy understands or appreciates that future, the recent winter exhibition was ample evidence, if of another kind.

Of the blocks of flats which dominate the room, I found Chesil Court, by W. S. Grice and Denis Poulton, the most satisfying because, while keeping to Georgian proportions of window, these architects maintained a corresponding Georgian suavity of plane and mass. One cannot be vigorously modern and elegantly Georgian at the same time. Curtis Green has felt this in his big stone-faced Queen's Hotel for Leeds, and has contented himself with minor classical features to pavilions on the roof and to the terrace in front, a little reminiscent of the New Grosvenor House, while

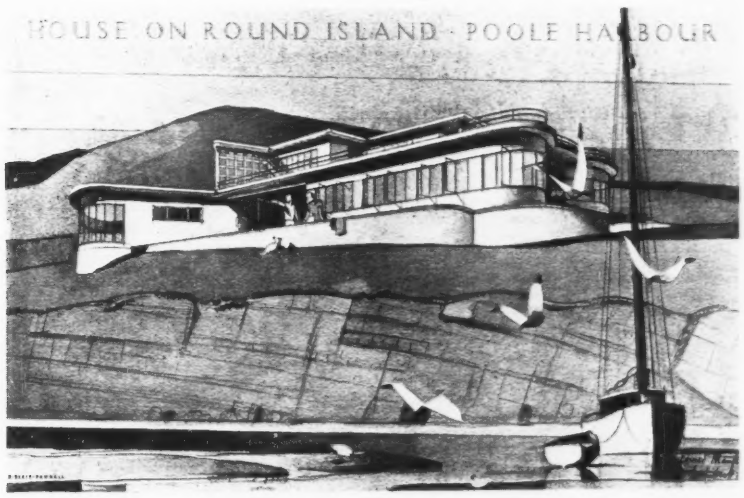
leaving the rest of the stone casing to his steel frame clean and plain as public taste demands to-day. I have noticed the same trend in Fortnum and Mason's sugar-coated cakes. Indeed, with no rule of the road to guide architects who have been accustomed to the laws of the Orders and with no real faith in functionalism to sustain them, the only thing left is to be plain and hope that the result will be harmless. That is what Mr. Gordon Jeeves must have felt when he designed the vast block of flats which is to replace some twenty houses in Knightsbridge. The result is an endless repetition of identical windows, a workhouse or prison for, I suppose, the very wealthy. Robert Atkinson, in Albany Court, Regent's Park, has blocks radiating from a central one, with square "fascist" windows—I have just returned from Italy—which is both masculine and imaginative. The worst block is an enormous ungainly one for the elegant front of Hastings which it must be about to destroy. This great pile has all sorts of funny shapes to its lower storeys which make a poor base for the towering mass above. Myerscough-Walker, who has made a marvellous drawing of it, has added highly suitable and threatening clouds, giving to the whole a nightmare character very proper to the scheme. But enough of these generally shapeless blocks of flats. Our irregular English town sites are not suited to these great buildings like the rectangular sites of an American city. On the other hand, when an open site is developed with a number of blocks and plenty of land between, we seem unable to distinguish such schemes, witness Chiswick Court Gardens by Evelyn Simmons, from the blocks of a modern hospital.

One of the largest drawings in the exhibition and very prominently placed, is an American sky-scraper for the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank at Hong Kong, but with none of the elegance of the later American buildings of this kind, such as the Empire State Building in New York. It is surely a great pity as this sky-scraper is bound to be for many years the most prominent building in Hong Kong.

Turning to more happy things, T. S. Tait shows his great government building at Edinburgh in a fine drawing, which does not shirk the surroundings, the real difficulty of the problem. One can say with certainty that the architect, while being true to his faith and designing a modern building without traditional detail, has nevertheless made one which not only admirably suits its rocky site but at the same time pays deference both to the prison and to the becolumned classical building it has for a near neighbour. V. O. Rees, in his new library for University College, Swansea, shows a dignified balanced composition, standing up well on the hillside, which no one could mistake for anything but a place of learning, and that without providing it with any of the ordinary architectural labels from the past by which we generally distinguish such buildings. Lawrence Wright, the decorator's ghost for the better half of our cinemas and a great contributor of drawings of other people's buildings to past exhibitions, in this one shows a pleasant little house of his own at Banstead. May he in future never do anything again save under his own name! A man who can draw almost as well as Wright also has a delightful house, this time in Devonshire. He is Brian O'Rorke and his house is not at all modern, but both it and his drawing of it are very compelling to an old fogey like myself, brought up on such things, though never on such good ones. Austen Hall has a good clean-looking building for a gas company's showrooms at Bristol, but pleasant as this exterior is, the interior, which is not shown, is, I know, better still and has greatly impressed those important people, the D.I.A.

Of church architecture, the chief exhibit is Walter Tapper's fine church of the Annunciation, Old Quebec Street, which it is good to see again as his diploma drawing. Sir Giles Scott has apparently now set about conquering the Empire, for he has a great church at Vancouver, where he has managed, with that skill in massing which is his great quality, the difficult task of combining a corner entrance and tower on the apex of a triangular site and has, as usual, achieved a fine composition. Oliver Hill, too, shows a church, and it is neither modern nor baroque, nor made of glass, but is even slightly nonconformist looking. It is a mystery. In the catalogue it is called "Bride Church," which seems to add to it. When we have plans and sections and can understand it, I am sure it will be full of interest. The same thing applies to Professor Knapp-Fisher's drawings for the John Keble Church, Mill Hill. For a year or two the Academy used to ask for plans and other geometrical drawings necessary for the understanding of any but the simplest building. Now, I suppose, thinking again of its special public, which only likes to use its brain in solving its annual problem picture, it considers such things merely irritating. A witty man once said Lord Northcliffe founded the *Daily Mail* for those who could not think and his brother, Lord Rothermere, the *Daily Mirror*, for those who could not read. On similar lines it might be said the Academy exhibits its architecture for those who cannot read a plan or see things inthe solid without a pretty picture to help them.

P.S.—I have, I see, forgotten a great work by one of the Royal Academy members, although, of course, like all their work, it is on the line. Sir Edwin Cooper shows, as the Medmenham Ferry Memorial, a bronze cupid dancing on the ridge of a little tile roof covering a stone arch. The drawing is of considerable size. Meanwhile towns like Liverpool are clearing their great slum areas and putting up magnificent blocks of tenements, rivalling those of Vienna. Leeds is rebuilding a third of the City. Such things, however, find no place in this exhibition. It may be said that drawings of them would not be submitted by their authors. If so, though I know a few are sent each year, it is the strongest criticism of all of the character of this annual showing of our architecture.



House on Round Island, Poole Harbour. Edward Maufe, architect. Drawn by D. H. Beaty-Pownall.

Some Drawings in the Architectural Room

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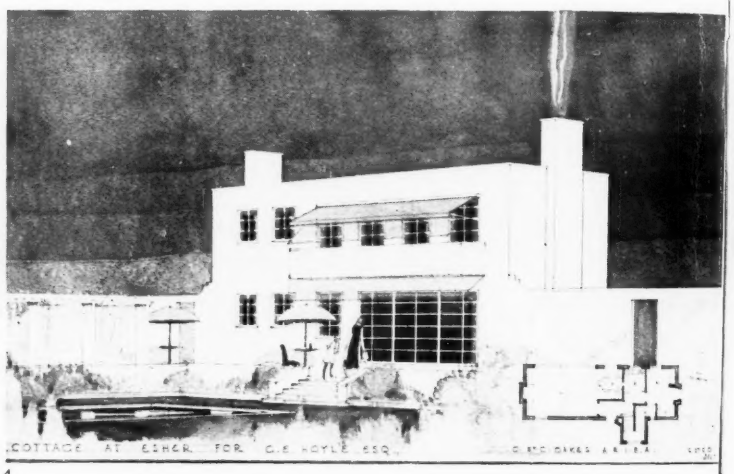

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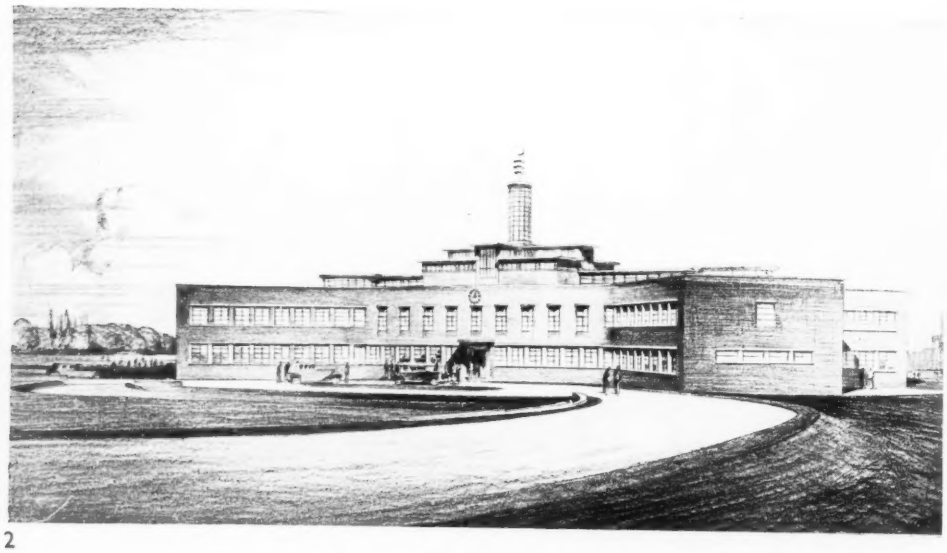

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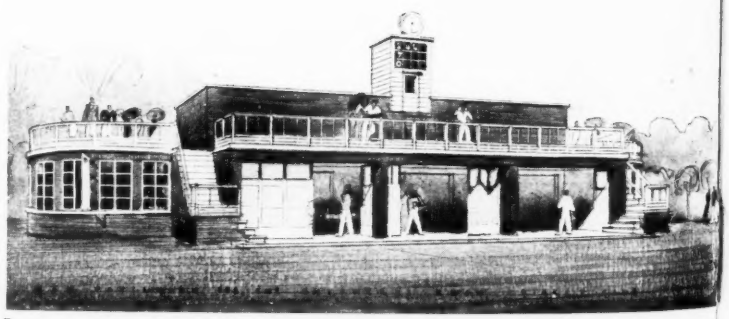

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1. *Swansea University Library. Verner O. Rees, architect. Drawn by Cyril A. Farey.* 2. *Offices at Slough. A. B. Llewellyn Roberts, architect. Drawn by J. D. M. Harvey.* 3. *The new Westminster Hospital to be erected in Page Street, Westminster. Adams, Holden and Pearson, architects. Drawn by J. D. M. Harvey.* 4. *Cottage at Esher. C. St. Clair Oakes, architect. Drawn by the architect.* 5. *Cricket pavilion, Acton. John Grey and G. A. Jellicoe, architects. Drawn by D. F. Martin-Smith.*

Manslaughter

A short story inspired by the Architectural Room at the Royal Academy.

By John Barton

THE Architectural Room at the Royal Academy is not favoured with the presence of the general public to any great extent. This is attributed by architects to its obscure position, and by painters to its lack of colour. (The sculptors, of course, say nothing; they are nowadays, as a type, very self-contained men who prefer not to commit themselves, even in their sculpture.) The painters are probably right, there is not enough colour. After all, elsewhere there is plenty of *that*, from geraniums and ancient albino negresses—or are they dowagers?—to little Bloomsbury models reconstructed to illustrate a classical fancy, and Mr. What's-his-name's annual horse, so that when the visitor puts his head round into the Architectural Room, and sees he is being deprived of the one thing that's kept him going so far, he soon withdraws it again and goes home to tea. For this reason unfashionable lady visitors find it a most convenient spot when overcome by the nudes of venerable Academicians, recovering their dignity by a natural process of thought in contemplation of an Elizabethan roof-truss to a modern country-house, or a twentieth-century office-block in the Greco-Roman manner. Since, however, most ladies who find themselves in the direction of Burlington House are not, at least, unfashionable, the Architectural Room, as has no doubt already been gathered, habitually presents a neglected, not to say a deserted, air.

At the Summer Exhibition of 1995, it was still fully occupied presenting this air when Smirke met Pennethorne crouching down in a corner, examining a drawing near the floor. Smirke was younger than Pennethorne, or perhaps it should be said that Pennethorne was rather older than Smirke, for they were both ancient men, grown withered in their honourable profession of providing London with obsolete structures in the very best manner. It was obvious that Pennethorne felt agitated about something, for he rocked to and fro in his singular position, resembling a patriarchal sacred baboon on Monkey Hill clothed in the outer teguments of gentility; while, contemplating him from the door-opening, stood Smirke, his sometime collaborator, immobile as a Permanent Under-Secretary in the general tide of progress.

At last however Smirke blew out his moustaches, which hung like draped curtains over his mouth, foraged reflectively in his beard, and spoke up.

"Well, Pennethorne?"

Pennethorne would appear not to have heard this greeting, for his uneasy abstraction continued. So Smirke advanced across the room and stationed himself immediately to his rear, and at the same time bending forward a little to see the object of the other's scrutiny. This was nothing less than a particularly fine drawing of the well-known Temple of Jupiter at Baalbec, adapted to meet the exigences of modern banking. Smirke himself was lost in admiration of it when he became aware that Pennethorne, though not risen, had turned and was surveying him from head to foot, feet first.

"Spatterdashes," said Pennethorne, "on clean pavements, tails in tube-trains, an umbrella on a sunny day . . ." he leapt suddenly from his squatting posture into the air, "Away with them! Away with all outmoded pedimenta; strip, strip to the functional structure! Be honest," he added in a conciliatory tone, "If you would conceal anything, remember you should have nothing to conceal."

And he advanced upon Smirke with unmistakable purpose.

That gentleman, umbrella-armed and aghast, threw himself into the position of a fencer, with up-raised left hand supporting his silk hat and gloves.

"Come, come, Pennethorne," he said tremulously, "I assure you I have something to conceal. I recognize that you are applying the arguments of Modernity to things seen about you, but may I point out that you yourself are wearing spats, and your hat and gloves are not thrown away but lying neatly on the chair over there? You would not, I feel sure, renounce the democratic traditions of a lifetime by seeking to impose on others something you are not prepared to do—or rather, have not already done, yourself? You strip," he added, not ungenerously, "and I will call the attendant to ask if I may follow your example."

And he backed slowly in the direction of the door.

"My poor friend," said Pennethorne, "my democracy is combined with so strong a sense of social service that I should be the last to enjoy the causes I uphold. But you, an *ancien Prix de Rome* if I am not mistaken, and my former collaborator, may well provide visible demonstration of a change of heart for me, if only in protest at all this . . ." he waved his hand round the room with an expansive gesture, ". . . this *pseudolatry*. Look at it. Consider that design for a theatre: who would ever suppose the theatre was a machine—for the production of drama? Some people have scenery on the stage, others prefer it in the auditorium, these people set scenery in the street. Away with them!"

"Yes, indeed," said Smirke, eagerly pursuing the innocuous trend, for he infinitely preferred understanding to underwear, "From the scientific approach, these buildings may well appear to be the work of men whose chief intellectual preoccupation has been playing with bits of string, to demonstrate a barbaric ignorance of any conceivable reason existence, to be dull, stupid, and ridiculous. But since we know their designers to be distinguished, titled, and not infrequently competent, members of the community, with whom it would be demonstrably false to associate any such qualities, there must obviously be some alternative basis for their activities. Let me endeavour to present a simple illustration.

"Imagine to yourself a cat, leaping to this . . ." and he raised a hand horizontally above his head and stood on tiptoe, while eyeing the suspicious Pennethorne carefully, ". . . or an even superior altitude. Its objective is a small, perhaps a minutely small, foothold; yet without consideration of the established laws of gravity, trajectory, dynamic force, and equilibrium, the sagacious animal projects itself through the air, and successfully accomplishes its purpose."

"I am not questioning the sagacity of cats," said Pennethorne, "I have a great respect for cats. In direct contrast to man, they behave with decorum when unobserved and proclaim their genuine intentions from the house-tops."

And he made a rush at Smirke, who ensconced himself behind the model of a half-timber, half-baked super-cinema, and continued:

"One moment, one moment. That cat, then, may be said to have pursued its artistic instincts. Now I will ask you to visualize a parallel instance, from the scientific standpoint. Consider, Sir, the processes attendant upon any athlete who contemplates a feat in the least unusual. From the subsequent records of any such worthily-performed event, it is obvious that, for several weeks previously, he subsisted on an exclusive diet of patent baby-foods, invalid beverages, sedatives, laxatives, certain types of cigarette, and at least two opposing forms of nerve tonic. He would then consult his medical, physical and meteorological advisers, discover, in conjunction with a public-spirited newspaper, moral and literary stimulus for his venture, and eventually, provided he were so fortunate as to escape the cosmic horde of major tragedies, catastrophies, cataclysms and cold feet, that would inevitably beset his path, he will break a record. This, as a piece of comparative muscular activity, is perhaps some fifty per cent. less creditable than that performed by the cat each day under the influence of love, hunger, or a well-aimed pebble. That, Sir, is a not unjust parallel of the state of traditional and modernistic architecture to-day."

Smirke crouched behind the twin Gothic spires of the super-cinema, and observed Pennethorne critically for any tendency to arbitration.

That gentleman, however, started violently forward, shouting briskly: "Your trousers first, I think," and in a moment their respective positions were reversed on either side of the model: Pennethorne, with outstretched attenuated arms, assuming an attitude of extraordinary menace, while poor Smirke clutched desperately at the stand in front of him, and continually, with the energy of fright, hopping with great rapidity from one foot to the other, like a jumping puppet being sold on the city pavements.

Then a remarkable change arrested Pennethorne's growing expression of frustrated rage. Over his heavy-jowled face there crept a slow, enigmatic smile, and then a portentous air. He directed his gaze beyond Smirke to the opposite wall, and stared fixedly from under contracted eyebrows at something that appeared to have caught his glance. Smirke's upturned and wondering countenance followed, but when he had completely about-faced, a quick movement from behind made him run to cover in a most undignified fashion.

He selected the model for his purpose, but being quite unused to this form of exercise, rose up unexpectedly when but half-way through. This had the disastrous effect of placing the burden of eclectic art upon his shoulders, where it balanced precariously for a moment, then rocked and swayed in an alarming manner, and finally bounced from his rotund posterior as he bent down again sud-

denly in a frantic effort to avert catastrophe, and fell shattered at the delighted Pennethorne's feet.

"Well, Sir," said Pennethorne, with an exaggerated air of politeness, as Smirke stood a docked prisoner among the debris, "No doubt you now comprehend more fully what is implied by the phrase, 'breaking a convention.' But I was about to dilate to you on my particular reasons for detesting this piece of municipal buffoonery by a famous architect."

And he waved his hand lightly in the direction of some impressive drawings of a steel-framed Italian palace, with the words "Town Hall" appearing on its lower fortifications.

Pennethorne became suddenly engrossed in these drawings, and Smirke, seeing Authority, in the shape of an attendant, appear in the next room, attracted no doubt by the noise of his unfortunate accident, realized that neither incentive nor opportunity were lacking for a determined effort on his part at this moment. He said therefore, ponderously, yet in a spirited manner, "Ah, I thought you were referring to these," and holding his index finger firmly before him, clambered over the surrounding ruins, and marched at a smart pace straight through the doorway.

He was unfortunate in finding Pennethorne at his heels before he could reach the populated parts of the building.

They arrived eventually, following Smirke's finger, opposite the picture of a large female nude, two rooms along. In heraldry, without doubt, it would have been called a torso *proper*, for it was painted in that conscientiously-obvious manner that may be likened to a habit for mentioning that one had fish-and-chips for dinner, and always adding that there was pepper, salt and vinegar as well. There is nothing wrong in painting like this, of course, but nowadays to colour a photograph is considerably easier and more accurate, and this method is, in fact, sometimes adopted. It was also proper in a popular sense, being of those nudes with whom Nature and the manufacturing arts conspire, in the form of a concealing twig or two and a length of ribbon.

Smirke cleared his throat. "Take this nude," he said.

"Leave her alone," said Pennethorne, coming forward.

Smirke backed circumspectly.

"I greatly regret, Pennethorne," he said, "that your present mood is not more conducive to a spirit of mutual understanding. I hold myself willing to explore any reasonable avenue that may lead to a basis of agreement, provided, naturally, I am asked to renounce nothing of importance in my present outlook. It is the revolutionary, surely, who should go more than half-way in an effort to reconcile those who are determined to conserve Society: but what do we find, what do I find? An intransigent adherence to profound convictions. I repeat, I regret this impasse, but my philosophy leaves me no alternative but to place the responsibility for it on other shoulders."

During these remarks Smirke quizzed round for his way out, and since Pennethorne blocked egress into the next gallery, he edged cleverly towards a door at his rear, paused with a hand on the knob to deliver his last words, flung it open, bowed, and slammed it violently behind him.

On the whole it was a good exit. Phrases carrying with them all the authority of a hundred years repetition, expressed with that unthinking sincerity that is always impressive, and neatly followed by the speaker's disappearance. There was something final about the explosive report with which the door closed.

Unfortunately Smirke, on the other side, found himself in the attendants' lavatory, and so, in consequence, was forced to come out again sooner or later.

Cautiously he turned the handle, and tiptoed a shade ignominiously across the room, was immediately spotted by Pennethorne, and pursued, *en suite* as it were, through gallery after gallery of the nation's art. Ruminating Grampian cattle and shades of old Hampstead: whole rooms infested with the work of great painters, and the representations of great sitters: all the pictures that Smirke, in more leisured mood, would have delighted to flit among: sipping in, like a happy, corpulent bee, here an eminent politician appearing as a democrat, there a financial peer taking up an option on aristocracy, while all around the air would be sibilant with the swish of fashionable long skirts, the whispered praise of the artistic, and the loud comments of important people talking of something else.

Now, however, the place was strangely empty. It might be that it had closed for the day, or that everyone in London was killing time by some other method. Smirke's mind was so confused, as he trotted along in a feverish gnome-like manner across the echoing floors, that he could scarcely remember just what time it actually *was*. A ridiculous phrase, "Time to pack up the old traps," kept running through his head, but his one definite aim was to get inside the Athenæum, read a *Times* leader, a joke or two in *Punch*, have a stiff whiskey and soda, and above all to be surrounded by solid, immobile minds, that believed in the rising and setting of the sun, but precious little else that moves.

Smirke had been making for the Central Hall, his vague purpose being to stand in the middle and shout for help in all directions, but when he arrived, breathless and distraught, he found it already almost entirely occupied by the immense model of a great domed temple. He recognized this immediately as the celebrated structure for an impoverished island very near Borneo, which had been the talk and envy of the architectural profession for some years. It had been accurately described by a host of great critics as a superb *pile*, and Smirke, as he stood there, even in his present distressing plight, experienced a feeling of awe slowly creeping over his faculties at the sight of so great a wealth of catholicity contained within its imposing forms. He noted, with growing admiration, how in the composition of its beauty nothing had been left to chance. The fruits of intellectual travel in time and space were gathered that the finished edifice should present, as a foregone scientific conclusion, the noblest appearance in the world. Here a renowned doorway, there a famous window could be detected, spires and minarets, from the Bosphorus and beyond, clustered at the base of an exact replica of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, twice the size and in the wrong materials, which terminated near the summit to carry a *tour de force*, or *coup d'œil*, of impeccable Renaissance features, culminating in a false dome in genuine Roman concrete. He recalled with an inward glow how one commentator, whose opinion he had previously suspected, showed generous appreciation of its transcendent dramatic qualities by claiming it "a tragedy as a whole, but a comedy in detail."

Smirke's meditative wits were scattered by the ponderous tattoo of Pennethorne's feet bringing up the rear, and he turned quickly from side to side in an instinctive desire for cover. He backed experimentally into the magnificent West Front entrance, like a whelk retiring into its shell, but the retreating Gothic arches were deceptive and he was soon caught—and in his favourite style, too—in a welter of gargoyles and dog-tooth ornament, and, like Bonaparte at Waterloo, from behind.

He braced himself against the surrounding fabric, and the lath-and-plaster suddenly giving way, shot forward into the air and landed in a run at Pennethorne's feet. Still running he took a sharp right-wheel, dashed round the base of the temple, and sighting Pennethorne again, with feelings akin to those of the traveller lost in the desert coming back to his previous night's corned-beef tin, he leapt sideways and succeeded in lodging himself among some Renaissance spires, five feet from the ground, where he perched precariously, looking down with a rather superior expression.

When, however, Pennethorne himself measured his distance backwards preparatory to making the ascent, Smirke turned hastily and began mounting higher. In a moment the monumental structure shook beneath him as Pennethorne landed a foot or so below, and squinting over his heels Smirke saw him climbing energetically upwards.

When Smirke reached the great Edwardian dome a complacent smile flitted over his face, like that of a venturesome, bald-headed child crawling back to its mother. He progressed rapidly and ingeniously over the vast curved surface, using his stout paunch and rubber-soled boots with the rhythmic ease of a slug. He reached out with eager, trembling hands to the Chinese cupola at the top, and drew up his feet, feeling he had at last found sanctuary from the Pennethornes, and even the Tuppenny- and Threepenny-thornes, of this world. Which indeed he had, for at that moment his eclectic spirit fled the poor, immutable clay, and while Pennethorne was still engaged in breaking off a Byzantine pinnacle to drive home his ideological convictions, the essential Smirke was already skipping into a bœotian Arcady, where barocco columns willingly supported indifferent architects under cover of the flowering acanthus.

The epilogue is conveniently supplied by a very unimaginative fellow, who, in his capacity of academical attendant, was quite unable to arrest Pennethorne's subsequent flight, or, indeed, to appreciate the elevated plane of the whole *affaire*.

He said:

I was proceeding through the exhibition galleries under the influence of my duties, when I observed pass with great rapidity a gentleman who looked like a jockey, followed immediately by a gentleman who looked like a horse. Violent conversation was exchanged, being largely carried back to me as a dull booming sound, followed later by a loud report. Including the Central Hall in my customary tour of inspection, I found the celebrated religious accumulation in the centre had acquired, as an additional embodiment to be disclosed to visitors, the precise angle of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Clasping the last straw, of a number on the summit, was the prostrate and naked corpse of a gentlemen in a high hat. The only other abnormal spectacle was the sight of an open window, through which I detected a hatless figure in full morning-dress tapping the head of a very modern-looking young female, whom he addressed as Utopia.

He was shouting, "A worm may turn, madam, but it looks much the same on the other side."

The Quite Unaltered Gardener

By J. M. Richards

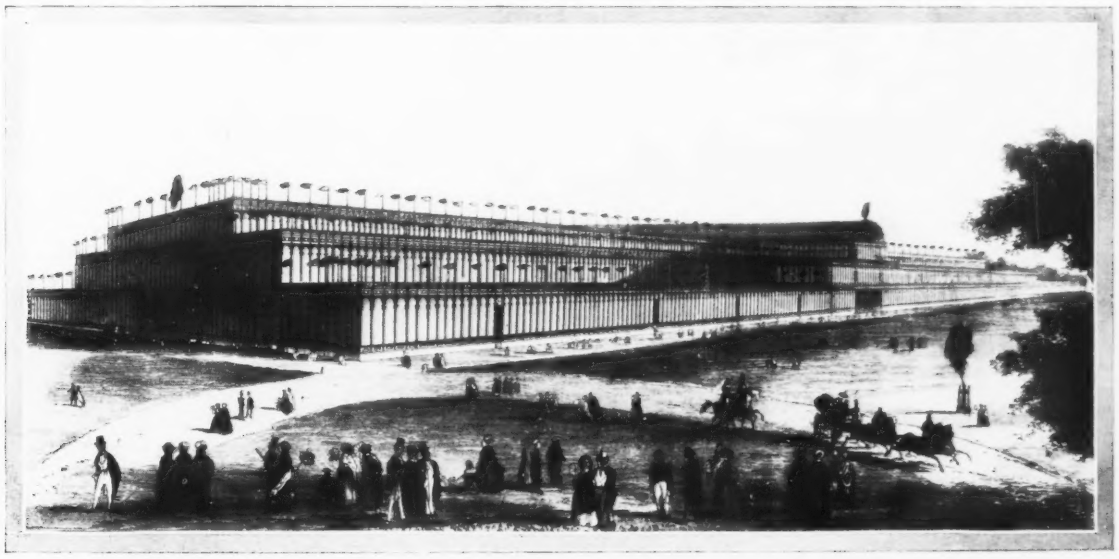
PAXTON AND THE BACHELOR DUKE. By Violet Markham. London: Hodder and Stoughton. Price 20s. net.

THE Crystal Palace may be said to be a by-product of the prize strawberry. When Paxton's celebrity is at its height, when his name as the designer of the great glass house to hold the Exhibition of 1851 is on everybody's lips, when he is already an important personage in several fields of enterprise with his knighthood only just round the corner, his life-long patron and employer, the sixth Duke of Devonshire, refers affectionately in his diary to "Paxton the quite unaltered gardener." Success had made him neither conceited nor presumptuous; nor did he allow the expansion of his interests—in railways, newspapers, politics, finance—to cause him to neglect his duties to the Duke's estates: superintending the cultivation of his Grace's strawberries, devising vistas and waterworks at Chatsworth that none in Europe could compare with and tending with his own hands the giant *Victoria Regia* lily, whose successful first flowering under his care on the 2nd of November, 1849, was his most spectacular horticultural triumph. To the giant lily, indeed, Paxton directly owed his success with the building for the Great Exhibition. It was through his experiments in search of a glass house large enough to contain the lily and through his experience in constructing that and the Arboretum and the Great Conservatory at Chatsworth (at the time it was built the largest glass house in the world), that he was able to outrival the professional architects of his time when the opportunity arose. Further, he himself described how the economical roof-construction that made the Crystal Palace practicable was inspired by the rib-structure of *Victoria Regia's* leaf. He owed his success in many fields beyond gardening to the gardener's habits of constant observation and experiment and empirical consideration of an idea—and to the gardener's optimism.

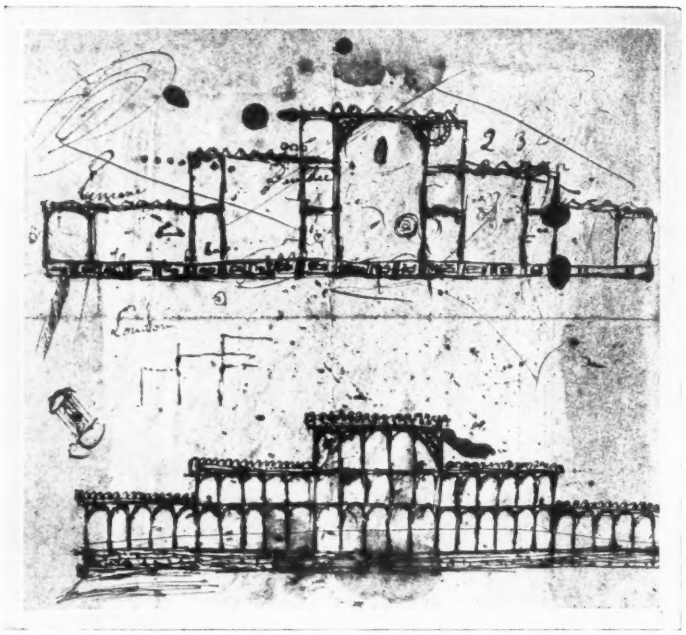
While strolling from his estate at Chiswick into the gardens of the Horticultural Society adjoining it, the fancy of the young but lonely, melancholy Duke of Devonshire was caught by the "short pleasant-looking young man who often opened the gate for him." This, he was told, was the gardener in charge, primarily, of creepers and new plants. He was so struck with the young man's intelligence that he offered him the post of head gardener at Chatsworth when that post fell vacant in the spring of 1826. The offer was, of course, eagerly accepted; and the young Joseph Paxton, at the age of twenty-three, was launched on a career that was fully to justify the Duke's assessment of his character.

His genius for organization and his instinct for landscaping and cultivation earned him the Duke's respect as a gardener. From him the Duke acquired his own enthusiasm for horticulture. Together they planned and cultivated on a scale only the Duke's feudal wealth and almost child-like superiority to circumstances allowed. They sent an expedition to India to collect rare orchids for the hot-houses; they transported bodily twelve-ton palm trees half across England to adorn the Great Conservatory; they devised Rockeries, Plantations, Waterworks and Improvements until Chatsworth became the most famous garden in England. The Duke's lavish hospitality found an appropriate setting in the costly landscape, and even the slightly disapproving young Queen was impressed with the splendour of the illuminations Paxton arranged for her visit. Paxton's personal qualities—his forthrightness and intelligence—earned for him, further, the Duke's affection as a companion. He became his constant personal attendant, accompanying him on expeditions and tours as far afield as Malta and Constantinople; later, with his managing wife, Sarah (the niece of the Chatsworth housekeeper, whom he had married within a few months of his arrival there) his adviser on all matters of business.

At the same time Paxton was expanding his own interests. In 1831 he founded and edited the *Horticultural Register*, which was followed three years later by the more ambitious periodical, the *Magazine of*



The Building for the Great International Exhibition in 1851. *Paxton's Crystal Palace. From "Paxton and the Bachelor Duke."*



Paxton's original sketch for the Crystal Palace, made on a sheet of blotting-paper during a board meeting of the Midland Railway at Derby, June 1850. From "Paxton and the Bachelor Duke."

Botany. It was in these that he had several bitter controversies with the odd-tempered Loudon, the great botanical authority of that time; later they corresponded with mutual respect. Other eminent horticulturalists became his friends—Dr. Lindley and Sir William Hooker, the first Director of Kew Gardens. He published a *Pocket Botanical Dictionary*, and his *Practical Treatise on the Cultivation of the Dahlia* was translated into three languages.

Soon he ventured into wider fields: finance interested him, particularly in the, at that time, rapidly expanding province of railway enterprise. He became a close friend of the Stephensons, the great railway engineers, and of Hudson, the Railway King. He laid the foundation (again with the help of the pertinacious Sarah) of his considerable fortune. He founded the *Daily News*, with Charles Dickens as editor—though this was not one of his successes. Then came 1851, with nation-wide excitement about the proposed exhibition, veering between cautious enthusiasm and bigoted opposition to the unpopular Prince Consort; public outcry at the prospect of a huge brick building in Hyde Park; chaos, and Paxton to the rescue with the idea of a great conservatory; its welcome by the harassed Prince Consort; the selection of Paxton's design (after he had worked day and night for a week to get his plans submitted in time) by the Exhibition Commissioners, on the advice of Robert Stephenson; then final triumph when the Crystal Palace was completed in Hyde Park. No one else had thought of enclosing those obstructive elm trees within the exhibition building; none of the melancholy prophesies of disaster were fulfilled; the Queen most graciously (and, with pride in her beloved Albert, happily) declared the Exhibition open, and Paxton was the hero of the day.

Subsequently his career is the pattern of the successful Englishman's, though considerably more varied than most: knight: Member of Parliament; business and financial magnate—though not always so successfully as before, moving a little feverishly from one new enterprise to the next: national patriot during the Crimean war; architect to the Rothschild family—and all the time the personal friend and adviser of his beloved Duke. After the Duke's decline in health and death in 1858, Paxton himself seemed to decline in vigour. He survived his patron seven years; successful on the whole, respected, the father of a Victorian family, but not, it appears, altogether happy. Widening interests had brought prosperity: his simple origins were left far behind; the unassuming character remained, but the careless rapture of the gardens at Chatsworth had been left also behind.

Miss Markham, Paxton's own granddaughter, with the aid of Paxton's and the Duke of Devonshire's letters and diaries, tells this story in captivating and well-documented detail. The book, in spite of the rather unfortunate wording of its title, contains no suggestion of the unconventional relationships with which the biographies of the present era are apt to be enlivened. It begins in the way all biographies should: "Joseph Paxton, the son of a small farmer, was born at Milton Bryant, Bedfordshire, on August 3rd, 1803." But, though it remains a personal history throughout, it is also, in effect, the history of an epoch. The story of Joseph Paxton's career, in which each month almost sees new possibilities, new avenues for exploration, opened up to him, is the story of the early nineteenth century—of material expansion accelerated to a degree never imagined before. That was the period of the Stephensons, of the "Great Western," of penny postage, of Chartism, the Frankfort Assembly and political unrest, and of the electric telegraph. It was a period of expansion with a high, almost religious, seriousness and of unlimited opportunity: and Paxton had just those qualities of character and application that enabled him to become the embodiment in one person of all the characteristics of Victorian success, moral and material. His career, however, apart from his personality, has exceptional interest because of the means by which those qualities of his were turned to such fruitful account. He climbed to success on the arm of feudalism: with the help of the most absolute survival of eighteenth-century autocracy, the complete antithesis of that new order that he and his contemporaries were even then establishing: the noble Duke, whose feudal privilege it was to be the disseminator of Taste, but whose misfortune it was to be born into an age when the foundations of Taste were already loosened and self-determination supplanting it. Politically frustrated, the Duke would wander casually between Devonshire House, Chatsworth, Hardwick, Lismore (his estate in Ireland), and Chiswick; but his favourite was Chatsworth, where Paxton his friend ("O! Paxton, my kind deliverer from all ills, how good and kind to-day," is an entry in his diary) could represent for him the important, busy world that he could never discover, and his spasmodic energies find a pathetic outlet in ingenious waterworks and fantastic conservatories. In the association of these two, in a relationship that itself belonged to an earlier century, progress and stagnation were for once in intimate consort.

Amid expanding opportunities the essential characteristic of the middle nineteenth century was confidence; boundless confidence, self-determination notwithstanding, in the rightness of its judgments and the permanence of its criteria. Even the autocratic tradition could not keep the Duke himself free from the current enthusiasm for the standards of the moment. This book is full of instances of such child-like faith: in taste that was to the Victorians not their own preference but the ultimate judgment. From Naples, during their Grand Tour of Europe, Paxton writes to his wife: "The Duke has purchased two nice pictures here. One a Sneider—a beautiful Game piece. Of course it is not equal to Landseer's, but it will not cut

a sorry figure beside it." Paxton had confidence in great measure, but his judgment, it must be admitted, was very often right. His other particular quality was his practicality; every idea was considered in terms of unromantic fact. His comment, again to Sarah, on the Dardanelles is typical: "About thirty miles up stand Abydos and Sestos famed as being the place where Leander swam across the Hellespont, and more recently Lord Byron. I think I could do it myself without much difficulty." His versatility would have been exceptional in any age. He was one of those men who seem, without apparent effort, to be successful at anything they touch. Besides his important successes in business, horticulture, diplomacy and architecture, prowess as a sportsman is hinted at in one of the many charming letters to his wife that Miss Markham quotes: "Yesterday morning was fine, and it was arranged we were all to shoot. The betting was that I should kill as many as the other three, which my dearest will be delighted to hear I accomplished. The birds had never been so wild before and got up long before we got near them. I got mine by sheer hard work. The result of the day showed thus:

Your own Dear Love	.. .. ..	11 Brace
The Duke	.. ..	5½ „
Mr. Levinstone	.. ..	2½ „
Mr. Shuloff	.. ..	1½ „

therefore leaving me a brace and a half the winner."

Paxton was something more than the typically successful Victorian raised to an exceptional degree: in his early days, at least, he had the humility of greatness: in his first occupation, as a botanist and landscape gardener, had he continued to apply himself to so restricted a field, he might have proved himself a genius; but, with abilities like his, who could resist the temptation to plunge as deeply into the multifarious excitements of the expanding universe he lived in?

It is appropriate that, despite the various activities of his life, it is only through his Crystal Palace, now a historic landmark for a new architectural generation, that his name is remembered—except, obscurely, through the Paxton strawberry. The glittering glass house is his fitting monument, permanently established on Sydenham Hill: its purpose, of almost ridiculous solemnity, to be a popular museum "formed on a scale which permits the exhibition of monuments of art in unbroken symmetry: and the productions of nature in unthwarted growth"; its opening by the Queen the high peak of its author's career: "The Queen came with Prince Albert, and was smiling and gracious. The sun shone, the Hallelujah Chorus, given by 1,500 singers under Costa's direction, with a band strengthened by 200 brass instruments, shook but did not shatter the glass roof. Clara Novello, who sang the solo parts of the National Anthem, electrified the audience by a high B Flat so compelling, that the policemen present, contrary to all discipline, removed their hats."

Joseph Paxton, 1851. *From a portrait by Octavius Oakley. From "Paxton and the Bachelor Duke."*

Where Shall We Go?

SHELL GUIDES. General Editor: John Betjeman. London: The Architectural Press, Ltd. Price 2s. 6d. net. each.

DERBYSHIRE. Edited by Christopher Hobhouse.

KENT. Edited by Lord Clonmore.

WILTSHIRE. Edited by Robert Byron.

To travel freely and in comfort is one of the surest ways of acquiring an appreciation of landscape. It is no accident that the period when Englishmen were most alive to the pleasures of scenery corresponds with the period of the development of road travel and the improvement of the roads in the eighteenth century. Good roads meant more travelling for the squire and his family—to Bath, to Tunbridge Wells, perchance to Weymouth or to Scarborough. More travelling gave him a taste for landscape, and a taste for landscape meant still more travelling. It meant also the growth of a literature of travel which is the source of the English guide-book tradition. So in our own day, when the motor car has brought the roads back into use, it is becoming once again more blessed to journey than to arrive. We can travel hither and thither seeking out whatsoever delights we may choose, scanning with an appraising eye the scenes we visit, and learning as we go that England is not just town and country, but rather town and an infinite variety of countrysides. And to aid us in our wanderings there is springing up a new literature of travel, in the midst of which the *Shell Guides* must occupy a distinguished place.

If the title pages of these little volumes on "Derbyshire," "Kent" and "Wiltshire" are rather reminiscent of Neale's *Views of the Seats of Noblemen and Gentlemen*, that is because they are conscious of their ancestry. We are back in the coaching days—only with a difference. We have not quite so much time at our disposal as had the Rev. Richard Warner and the rest of that leisurely journalising tribe. We must know quickly what we need to know

Tissington Hall, which stands near the Ashbourne-Buxton road, and which, for five centuries, has been the seat of the Fitzherberts, a great Derbyshire Catholic family. From "Shell Guides: Derbyshire."

before the liquid in our tank has converted the future into the past. So Mr. Betjeman, who is general editor of the series, has not forced his parallel too far. Each volume, after a short and charming introduction, attacks the business of telling us what there is to see. Is it buildings we are interested in?. Here we are not only told briefly what there is and when it was built, but our interest is awakened by some very telling comments on the quality of the architecture. Do we golf, or fish or ride? We are given the information we need on golfing, fishing and riding in the county of our choice. All three contain a very useful gazetteer of the principal towns and villages, refreshing in its raciness, together with excellent maps, one showing the relationship of the county to its surroundings ("Kent" dispenses with this one) and a other giving the roads and contours within the county. Each volume measures 9 in. by 7 in., and is bound with a spiral binding, so that it can be folded back on itself for easy handling.

Of the separate guides little need be said. They are all three good, and each is good in a different way. In "Kent" the various contributions are signed. Sheila Kaye-Smith writes the introduction on the "Kent and Sussex Borders," Miles Sargent has a delightful little essay on the hop-pickers, Lord Clonmore writes on Canterbury Cathedral, the Dean of Rochester on his own charge, and Arthur Waugh finishes with a note on "Charles Dickens and Kent." Though interesting in themselves, the various sections are perhaps not so useful from the guide-book point of view as they might have been, but there is abundant information in the gazetteer. The "Derbyshire" volume begins with "How to See Derbyshire," which makes a useful division of the scenery of the county into four categories. There are also articles ranging in scope from "Great Families and Great Houses"—would not the modern motorist have preferred to do without the great families?—to "Derbyshire Industries." "Wiltshire" begins with "The Face of Wiltshire," and, then, after conducting us with witty comments through time and space in the county, does not omit the modern industries, which are not so inconsiderable as one might believe. There are also nature and sporting notes, and one on war, the unwelcome industry of Salisbury Plain.

Which, then, shall it be? Derbyshire Dales, or Wiltshire Downs, or Kentish Weald? I myself shall visit all three, some day, with a *Shell Guide*.

W. A. EDEN

The Tedworth Hunt at an opening meet at Rainscombe Park, near Marlborough. From "Shell Guides: Wiltshire."

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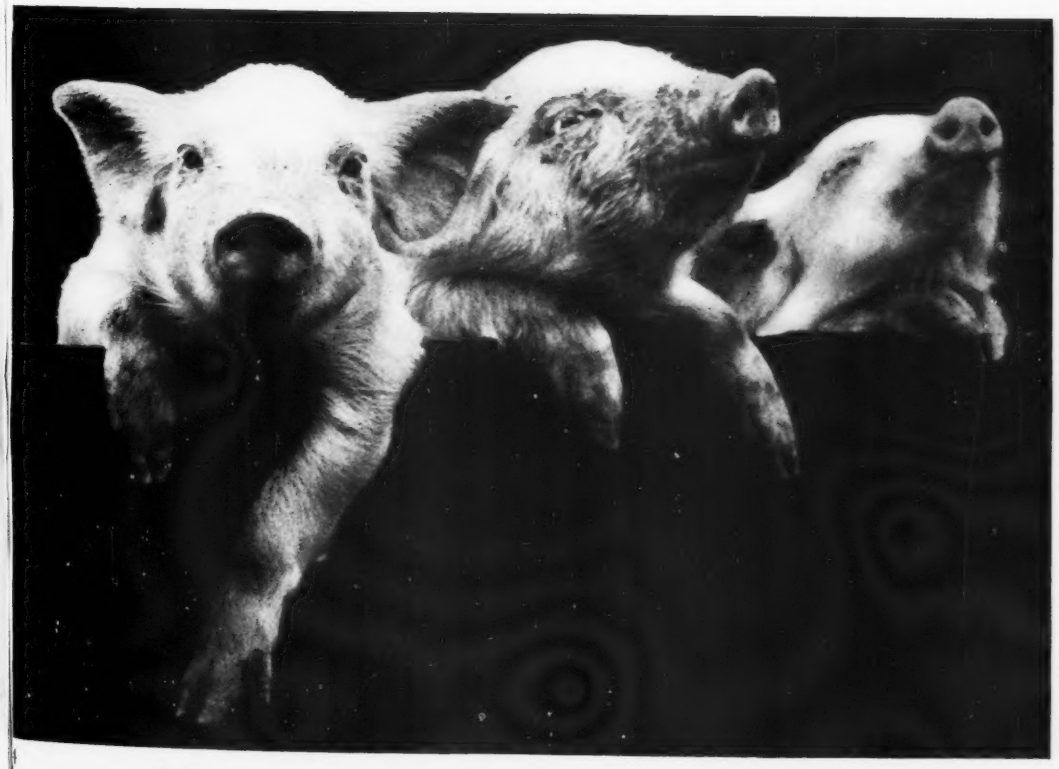

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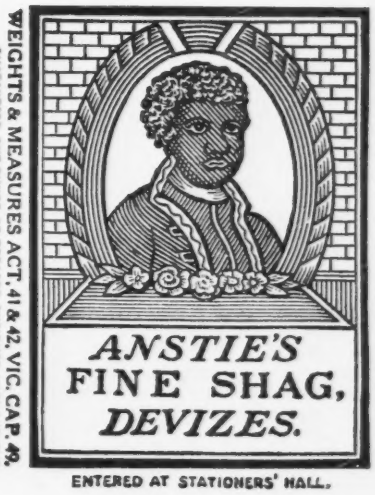

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6

1. Queen Victoria's royal coach on the Kent and East Sussex Railway, which runs on the Kent and Sussex borders. 2 and 3. You can look two ways in Derbyshire. 2 is Castleton Valley looking west, and 3 is the same scene looking east. 4. A group of Wiltshire porkers quite undisturbed by the bacon question. 5. Cranbrook Mill, Kent, built in 1814, and one of the finest windmills in England. 6. An eighteenth-century tobacco label still used in Wiltshire by Anstie's of Devizes. From "Shell Guides."

"Out of the Stem of Jesse"

THE EARLY ICONOGRAPHY OF THE TREE OF JESSE. By Arthur Watson. Oxford University Press. London: Humphrey Milford. Price 25s. net.

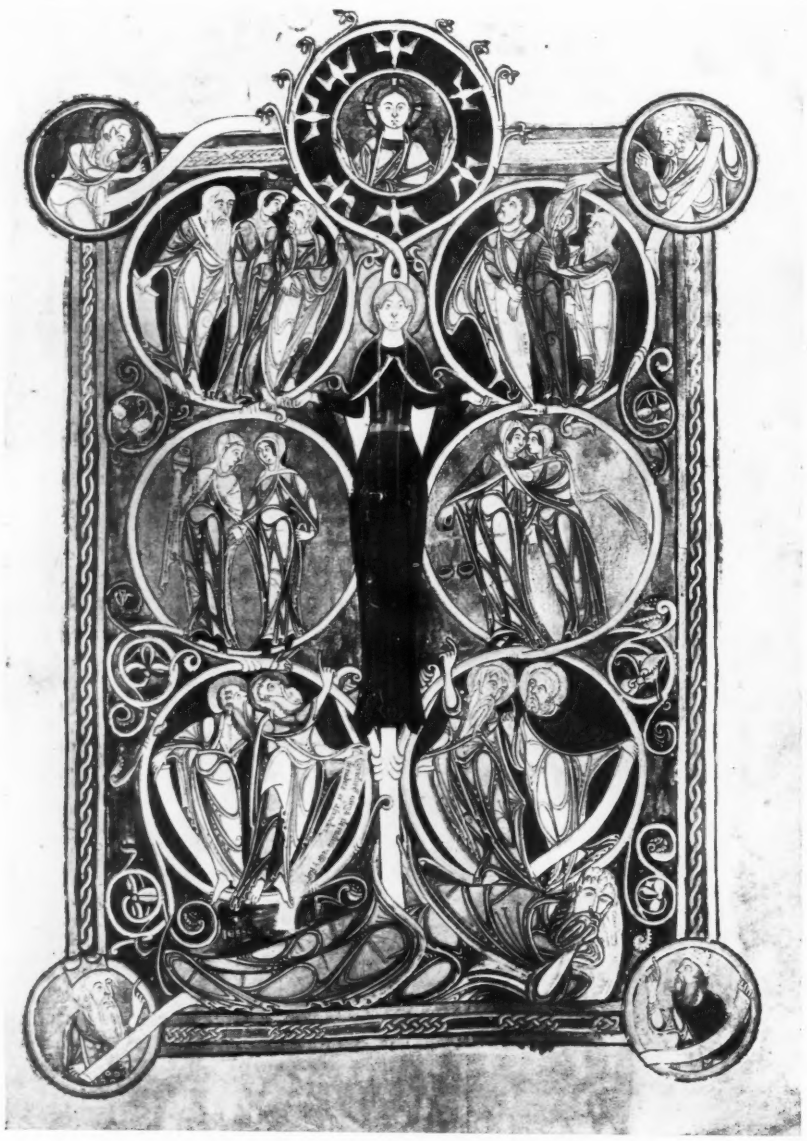
YOUR reviewer is thoroughly humbled by this work of exacting scholarship. Only a prodigiously learned mediævalist, say, Dr. Montague James, whose antiquarian erudition is combined with sufficient theology, could possibly tackle Mr. Watson's researches in any spirit of confident criticism.

Mr. Watson has explored influences which, in one degree or another, could have stimulated the evolution of this fascinating symbol. For the benefit of that large majority which is not completely familiar with the Old Testament, it may be as well to quote Isaiah xi, 1–3:

"And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots: and the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord."

Mr. Watson reminds us that the Authorized and Revised English versions "cannot be taken as clearly representing the ideas conveyed in the Latin":

Et egredietur virga de radice Iesse, et flos de radice eius ascendet. Et requiescet super eum spiritus Domini: spiritus sapientiae et intellectus, spiritus consilii et fortitudinis, spiritus scientiae et pietatis; et replebit eum spiritus timoris Domini. Mediæval theology ardently demonstrating the fulfilment of Old Testament prophecy in the Gospels, came to associate *virga* with the Virgin and *flos* with Christ. Various suggestive impulses, the quarries of Mr. Watson's delving, helped to conceive this imagery—the Tree of Jesse, growing from a recumbent figure and bearing fruit in the ancestors of Christ and Christ himself. The author deals with early examples which lack some of the features that conform to the plain guide-book man's idea as to what a Tree of Jesse should look like.



In the twelfth-century bible at Lambeth Palace, London. From "The Early Iconography of the Tree of Jesse."

Mr. Watson points out that the symbol invaded Christian Art at a relatively late period. It was not a recognized subject in the mural paintings of Catacombs, sculpture, or illuminated ornament, during the first thousand years A.D. He says "it is unlikely that research will reveal any general acceptance earlier than the eleventh century of the subject as one to be used in imagery."

The author is entrenched behind a bristling palisade of footnotes; he constructs a redoubt that would satisfy the ambitions of the most formidable Teutonic scholar. Nor is this to be wondered at, for even Macaulay's brightest schoolboy might well shrink from aspiring to a theme which carries the enquirer into so many remote fields of learning. To begin with, there is the obviously ticklish nature of the whole problem. Who but a fool would venture lightly to investigate the sources from which a mediæval symbol may, or may not, have sprung? It is obviously impossible to arrive at very positive conclusions as to how the imagery took root in the mediæval consciousness and blossomed into superb artistic expression. Mr. Watson goes to mediæval literature, sermons, and what is described as "the Prophet-Drama." He sees among other possibilities "the correspondence between stage directions and details in art." Even those, who, like the reviewer, are not deeply read in architectural history, know that the structural principles of Gothic have been ascribed to Oriental influence. Analogies in the shape of tree-imagery from Eastern Art are considered by Mr. Watson, but he feels that "the difficulty in establishing a relationship between Oriental trees and the Tree of Jesse is that, although we may find striking parallels, it is difficult or impossible to demonstrate connecting links." Trees yield such obvious hints to symbolists that research may quickly be lost in a jungle of coincidence and conjecture. Genealogical tables and their tree metaphors, the *Arbor Iuris*, these have given Mr. Watson more tangible material for scholarly surmise.

The symbol was a glorious development in mediæval art, supremely adapted to vital treatment in various media—stained glass, sculpture and illumination. Mr. Watson accompanies excellent plates with elaborately documented notes and comparative analyses of figures that are represented in different examples. Some very lovely things are illustrated. The most fervent admirer of Blake may feel a disloyal qualm on beholding the Jesse Tree in the twelfth century Bible at Lambeth.

It is imperative to add that this remarkable book has been published with the help of "a generous grant from the Publication Fund of the University of London."

MONTAGUE WEEKLEY

A wall painting in the Chapelle du Liget, Chemillé-sur-Indrois. From "The Early Iconography of the Tree of Jesse."

Abstractions

ART NOW. An introduction to the Theory of Modern Painting and Sculpture. By Herbert Read. London: Faber & Faber, Ltd. Price 12s. 6d. net.

MR. HERBERT READ in *Art Now* endeavours to probe the activities of the artist and analyse the nature of æsthetic enjoyment. He brings not only a widely-read mind to bear upon his enquiry but also a sensitive understanding of the works with which he deals. He has, therefore, produced a most interesting and illuminating book, and one which all who are interested in problems of æsthetics should certainly read if they have not done so already.

And yet a young painter of some considerable talent has just seized this admirable book and flung it into a corner of my room. But when I asked him to show me the passages with which he disagreed he was unable to point to any. His fury was caused by the endless futility, as it seemed to him, of philosophic speculation about painting. His own creative processes seemed as evident to him as the beating of his heart: but it caused him discomfort and annoyance to be compelled to examine his pulse.

I am afraid that this number of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW will certainly, and for the same reason, suffer the same fate at his hands.

He pointed, however, to one passage in *Art Now* with pleasure, and that was a conversation between Socrates and Protarchus which Mr. Read very aptly quotes from Plato's *Philebus*, in which Socrates finds the truest satisfaction in the contemplation of straight lines and curves and surfaces and solid forms. It seemed to him that Mr. Read in the course of his uncomfortable dissections had at least come on a theory to account for abstract painting.

Mr. Read's explanation is to divide non-representational artists into two categories: in the first he places those who wish to escape from the chaos of existence and to take refuge in a world of fixed and enduring beauty that does not depend (to use Plato's phrase) on "the itch of desire." The first group seems in practice scarcely to exist. Into almost every abstract picture creeps the shadow of a mandoline, the pattern of a leaf or a flower, or suggestions of the human face or frame. And even if the artist wished to avoid them, the eye is so constituted that it must everywhere discover reminiscences of personal form. Who has not at some time found a concrete ghost lurking in the abstract folds of his curtains?

In the second category he places those artists who follow what he calls the theory of *subjective idealism*, to which he gives the name of *symbolism*. "A human being drifts through time," he says, "like an iceberg—only partly floating above the level of consciousness." And it is the business of the artist who accepts the creed of *subjective idealism* to try to convey by symbols something of the dimensions and characteristics of his submerged being. He subdivides these artists into two categories: first, those who, like Picasso in his abstract vein, use non-representational patterns to express their inward vision; and, secondly, those who, like the Surrealistes, achieve their effect upon the subconscious by the incongruous juxtaposition of carefully painted representational ingredients.

Now, though Mr. Read never in fact says so in *Art Now*, the general effect of the book is to produce an impression that these various groups of artists are doing entirely different things. Some, those who seek for purely abstract form, wish their paintings apparently to afford them a kind of visual armchair in which they can relax from the turmoil of the world. Others, like Picasso, are dominated by anguish at their moments of creation and wish to explore the turmoil of their inmost souls. Others again seek to represent Nature—whether from the point of view of Matisse's *Integral Vision* or from that of Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Perfect State of Nature*. All that Mr. Read can find to bind these various activities together is "the artist's handwriting"; the expression of his personality in his craftsmanship.

A simpler and yet more universal view would be that the painter, like the poet or the musician, is expressing an experience the value of which is called its beauty. Now some experiences may best be expressed on a limited, and others on a wider, scale. A composer may choose to write pure melody or to use harmony also; his harmony may be confined to a piano or extended to an orchestra, according as it may best suit the set of emotions which he is trying to convey. In the same way a painter may have a feeling of cylinders or spheres or cones which he may wish to express. He may, like Cézanne, clothe them in natural forms—of trees, and men walking—and thus call into play among his cylinders or spheres or cones a literary or psychological sense, as well as those parts of the subconscious mind which think pictorially but not abstractly (our dreams are evidence of these; who ever dreamt in terms of triangles?) Or, on the other hand, he may prefer his cylinders or spheres or cones unaccompanied. The difference is in fact no more than that between painting and drawing: the artist may prefer to express himself without representation, just as he may prefer to express himself without colour.

The limitation to purely abstract form is, however, so severe that its future seems doubtful. But if the representational element could be replaced by a rhythmical one, by some such means as the cinematograph, a visual beauty as pure and yet as rich as that of music, might yet one day be achieved. On the other hand it may be that the visual sense is too much accustomed to dealing with images ever to be able to dissociate itself from them, that direct access to our feelings for mathematical proportion and abstract form can only be gained through our ears, and that our eyes must always suffer the glorious contamination of our imaginations.

BRYAN GUINNESS

The Post Office Sets an Example

POST OFFICE PUBLICITY. By Sir Stephen Tallents, K.C.M.G., C.B., C.B.E. Post Office Green Papers, Number 8. Price 6d.

EVERYONE will remember *The Projection of England*, written by Sir Stephen Tallents when he was secretary to the Empire Marketing Board (though not written in that capacity). It was a satisfying piece of pamphleteering, an art which, since its great days in the reign of Queen Anne, has been increasingly and unreasonably neglected as a propaganda medium.

His appointment, on the dissolution of the Empire Marketing Board, as Public Relations Officer to the Post Office, was a particularly

apt one; and at the Post Office he has had the opportunity of putting into practice some of the principles set out in his pamphlet. Under his guidance the Post Office has become a most progressive patron of all techniques of self-projection; entering energetically into the field of business enterprise instead of remaining content with its advantageous position as an official monopoly. This small book is a record of this achievement and of present Post Office activity in the way of propaganda, described by Sir Stephen himself and illustrated from posters, advertisements, stills from cinematograph films and the like. The cinema stills are evidence of work of a particularly high standard. The celebrated E.M.B. film unit, which under Grierson's leadership was doing such spirited work, was transferred to the Post Office *in toto* at Sir Stephen's suggestion, and by saving it he saved a band of first-class workers the like of which we have not in this country in any other of the arts. Their documentary films are of permanent value both as documents and as films.

It is refreshing to find an official publication written with such spirit and enthusiasm as Sir Stephen Tallents shows. There cannot be many Government documents that contain, as this one contains in the space of one and a half pages of text, a quotation from or a reference to John Stuart Mill, Carlyle, Fletcher of Saltoun, Dorothy Osborne, Burke, Abraham Lincoln, Milton, Shakespeare, Clive Bell and Wyndham Lewis. It is unfortunate that, in a booklet concerned with the art of display, the title on the (otherwise attractive) front cover should be set in a type belonging to the very worst commercial traditions. Inside, print and lay-out are pleasing.

J. M. R.

A Free Commentary

By Junius

No Commentator, free or fettered, can possibly omit reference to what seems to me and to many incomparably the most significant happening in our distressful country since the war. Need I say that I refer to the glorious success of the Jubilee celebrations in honour of His Majesty the King. I do not allude to the material splendour, though that in the circumstances was well enough, but to a warmth and fervour of what can only be described as personal affection. Not the most loyal of His Majesty's subjects among whom Junius as staunch upholder of an hereditary republic may, he hopes, humbly claim to number himself, could have in his wildest dreams imagined what in sober fact happened.

* * *

It is inevitable in any account of human public affairs that there should be certain decent and polite reticences and insincerities in the more formal speeches and leaders by people and journals of importance. There are privileges, precedents, anomalies, extravagances, interests, traffics, conventions, vulgarities that do hedge a King and Court—even the best of Kings and the purest of courts—and do call for tactful reticences on occasions of rejoicing and congratulation. And there were in fact too many summaries of the achievements of the reign which made nonsense of real history and, to take a single preposterous point, represented the winning of the war as a feat of glory and a theme for unqualified approval. But there was no need of any humbug and insincerity about the personal character of the King, there were no eccentricities, so to call them, to be lightly skated over, as there may possibly have been in the case of former sovereigns.

* * *

It was not the popular clamour, the long nights spent in jolly and jolly-uncomfortable vigil that were so impressive. For a fine show is a fine show; an extra holiday on full pay is an occasion for humbler folk of which the comfortable and secure can appreciate the flavour only by the exercise of a sympathetic imagination. But even on the popular side there were excellent and most significant things. In what country of the world, or to be more cautious, of Europe would order have been assured with so little display of force and with such good temper? Where else would the people dance with the awesome guardians of the law? In what country would those same guardians of the law, deprived by merry souls of their helmets, have had the native wit and the discipline not to draw an angry baton to assert the Majesty of the Said Law?

* * *

What seemed to this observer really important was the impression made on what for want of a better word we may call the intelligentsia—"foul word!" as my good friend A. P. Herbert would say. I happened to lunch on the morrow of the festival with a group of which most of the members might reasonably, that is without irony, be called intellectual: and *all* instructed (Yes, Junius does occasionally, he freely admits the soft impeachment, move in the MOST exalted circles!). Here there was not one who had not been first astonished and then profoundly moved by the quite obviously spontaneous enthusiasm of the crowds. I was prepared here for a pretty general expression of the sentiment "What fools these mortals be! What hope for change where reigns such ingenuousness, such gullibility, such care-free indifference to anything that's really serious and formidable in the passing show?"

* * *

But no! Here was something you could not sneer away, here something positive and active and resolved—not the product of manipulation, ballyhoo and the dope patriotism of yellow and/or sycophantic journalism. There was something to be learnt about the English people of today, something to be stored in the brain (and heart) against the occasion of the next book or speech or article.

* * *

One of our "iridescent parasites" gave me *her* version. "I thought," said she, "it would be a crashing bore bringing the children up . . . I wouldn't have missed it for the world!" Something solid, something moving and unusual had got under her much too well-groomed skin.

* * *

My next encounter was with a commissionaire. "What did you think of it?" I said. "Didn't think much about it till I went down to the end of the street to see the old King. I wouldn't have missed it for a bit!" with which characteristic bit of cockney understatement he straightened his back and gave me an old-fashioned look as who should say "And I dare you to laugh at me in your damn superior way, blast you."

* * *

Well, it is all over if anything as good as that is ever over. The echoes will reverberate. The debate on the humble and loyal Address in the House of Commons crossed the t's in a noble and impressive manner. It was a grave mistake that the Lord President of the Council was given no part in it. No one does this kind of thing so finely. But nothing could possibly have been happier in simple, honest phrasing, more apt to the great yet affectionate occasion than the speech of Papa Lansbury. There were indeed reserves and mixed metaphors, but there was no humbug. It was the speech of an honest bourgeois gentleman—if one may use so odd a collocation and convey no hint of the implications of the mouth of Molière. There was tact, candour, generosity—and statesmanship in it.

* * *

Here was the peroration.

I think that our people have done great things in the past, but I believe that they have the greatest thing to do in the future. Pitt once said in this House that England by her exertions had saved herself and by her example had saved the world. I want our country to respond to the appeal of his Majesty. I want us to say that we are going to put the coping-stone on the advances (you can't quite do that!) that our people have made in political and social freedom and to say that we are going by one means or another to win economic freedom, and I hope that we are going to say—the young men, young women in this House and outside—that we are going to lead the world in upholding the banner of individual freedom, individual liberty, and also international freedom and international liberty. (Cheers.) I want the British Commonwealth of Nations to remain, but I want it to lead mankind away from war, away from trust in war, and to build a new world based on co-operation, brotherhood and love.

* * *

King's weather; a happy laughing (and crying) crowd; pageantry of peace—no Kings (but one), few Captains to depart when all was over; an English day for foreigners to admire, in the classic sense; tribute to King George, the first Gentleman in Europe, in a sense undreamed of by the original "holder of the title" . . .

* * *

Gentlemen, the King! The Queen, God bless her!

OVERLEAF, *AT CLOSE RANGE*

The illustration is of the curved western end of a house at Wentworth, Virginia Water, and shows the view across Chobham Common. The lower apartment is the Sun Room with glass walls to the height of the ceiling. The upper room is the principal Guest Room, the external rendering of which is white, with the soffits of the projecting ledges and casement frames painted blue-green. The architect of the house, which is also illustrated on pages 241-244 of this issue, is Oliver Hill.

DECORATION

6

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW SUPPLEMENT

A TWO-ROOM FLAT IN VIENNA
FRANZ SINGER, ARCHITECT

With photographs by Pfitzner Haus

1 Living

2 Dining

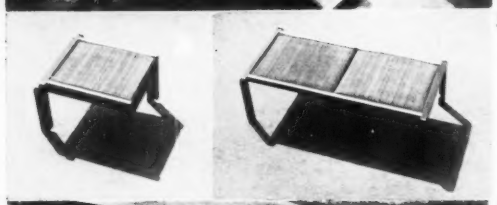
3 Sleeping

The plan on page 272 and the illustrations on pages 271–273 are of a two-roomed flat forming the upper storey of a hillside villa on the outskirts of Vienna. The wide window seen in 9 commands a magnificent view of the whole city and the surrounding mountains. This flat was planned for the use of a young married couple of the middle class, each following their own professional work and intellectual interests, so it had to be contrived to fulfil many different functions. The two rooms can be thrown together making one large reception room, or can be separated as two self-contained rooms each alternatively as living, working, dining, or sleeping room. It is, in fact, the design of the furniture which makes it possible to fulfil all these separate functions by the simplest rearrangement. The single pieces of furniture are fitted together and placed in such a way as to result in the greatest possible area of continuous free space which can be varied to suit either purpose.

To take the illustrations seriatim: 1–3 shows three different uses of the lower half of the room in A plan. In 1 we see a divan-bed, by day, used as a sofa with three square cushions forming a back in a convenient depth. The backs of the chairs are of adaptable slope. In 2 the small round table has been enlarged into an oval topped dining table by putting a third leaf into place in the middle, which in 1 was seen as a shelf underneath the table. A folding flap is pulled up (the support comes into play automatically) which doubles the area of the top of the glass and crockery cupboard. In the background the open sliding door of the hatch cupboard is seen. 3. The divan-bed, in use as a bed. The divan is pulled up to the wall. By this movement the ready-made bed (by day under the divan) lifts up to a normal height. The middle leaf of the table is pulled out at one side to form the night table (turned round, it can be used as a bed table).

4

5



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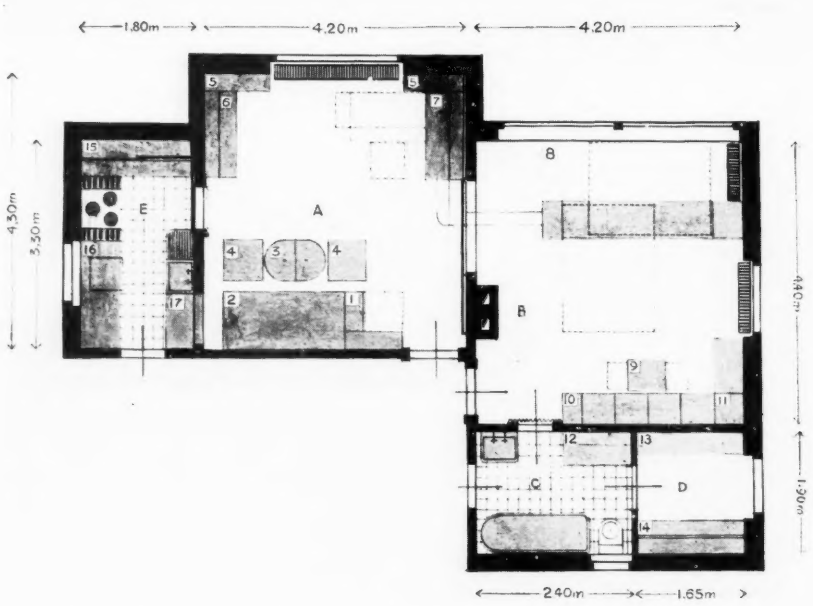


A—A room for living. working. dining. sleeping (single bed).

1 Glass and cutlery cupboard with pull-up flap. 2 Divan bed. 3 Expanding table. 4 Arm-chairs. 5 Bookcases. 6 Cupboard for small nesting tables and nesting chairs. 7 Pull out writing table.

B—A room for living. working. dining. sleeping (double bed)

8 Long window seat on a raised platform into which the double bed is pushed during the daytime. 9 Table with pull-out leaves. 10 Shelves. 11 Sitting corner formed of separate upholstered stools.

C—Bathroom

12 Seat (dirty-linen cupboard inside it).

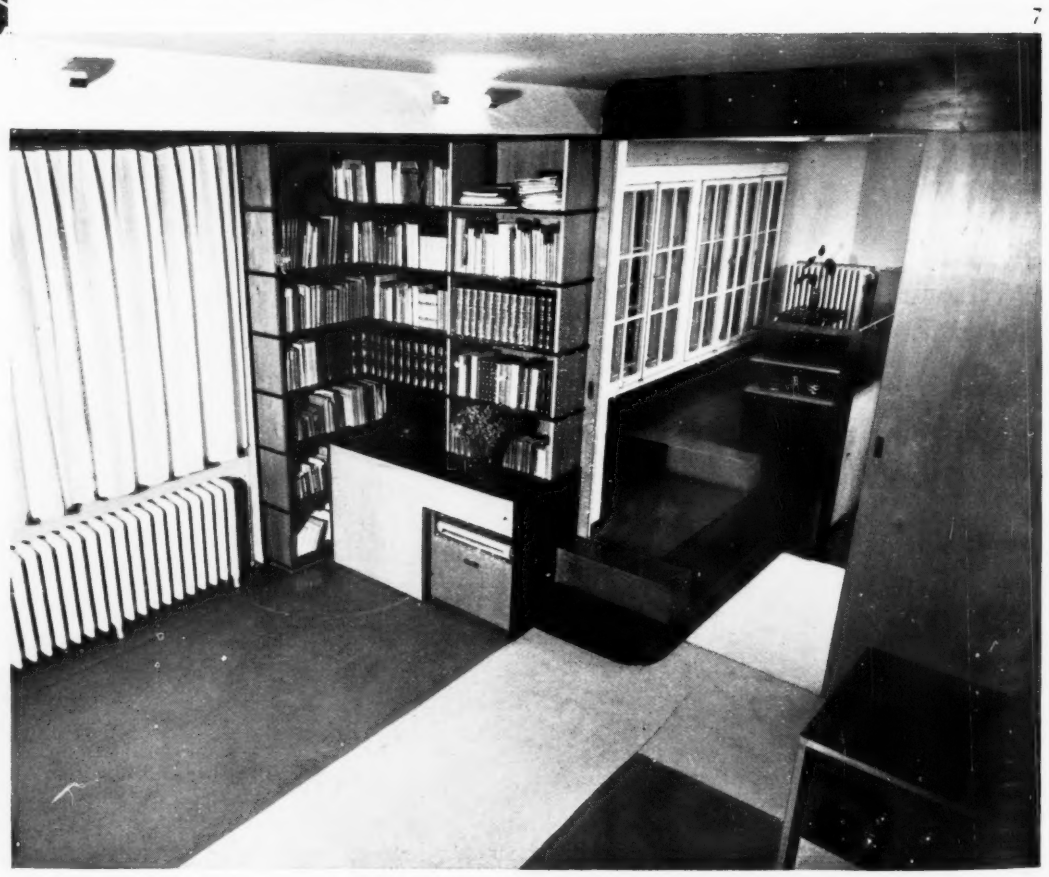
D—Box-room.

13 Linen shelves. 14 Racks for clothes. hats and shoes.

E—Kitchen.

15 Crockery dresser having a shallower top and a broader lower part. 16 Washing slab and working table (under which is a chair). 17 Sink. hatch and china cupboard.

7



4 shows the bookcases forming the left-hand top corner in the plan of room A. The size of the cupboard below is adapted to take a nest of tables and a nest of arm-chairs. chairs and stools. Two stools are illustrated in 5. the left view showing the nesting system and the right one the method of linking the stools together to form a longer seat. 6 and 7 show the opposite bookcase corner. In the former can be seen the folding writing table and arm-chair expanded and in the latter (with the sliding doors into room B open) both are fitted into their cupboard recess. The typewriter fits into the space immediately above the niche for the arm-chair. the waste-paper basket being under the seat. The table light folds over on to the table top.

8

9

10

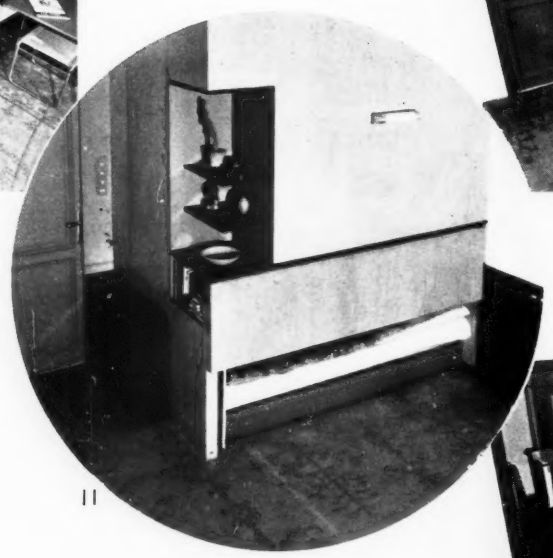
8, 9 and 10 show different views of room B. The first two are for daytime use. In 8 the two different levels of the room are clearly shown. The sitting corner in the back is composed of single upholstered cubes, the small table being extensible to each side. 9 shows the back of the stepped-up window seat seen lengthways in 8. In 10 the double bed has been pulled out and a bedside shelf on either side of it; the cover of the bed cavity being simply raised and folded back. There is a night table and a recessed light on each side of the bedstead. The picture illustrates the meaning of the raised level, constructed above the bed in its day position, thus saving this usually wasted space.

11–17 illustrate a further development of the principle shown on the previous page. This principle is based on the fact that the same space can be used for alternative living functions during the day or night. The design considers not only the possibilities of width and breadth in the plan but also of height. It may be briefly described as making use of the full height of a normal room by taking a cube out of a room in order to save all hitherto wasted overhead space by packing away the essential furniture within part of it. The inside above this cavity (not shown in these views except for the mirrored inside face of the door, in 14) is a fully fitted dressing room. 11 is

13

12

17



11

14

15

16

the cube with the sliding cover lifted ready to pull out a bed or alternatively a low divan (underneath the bed). It shows like a section the raised platform, dividing the total height of a normal room into two different heights. By night, the ready-made double bed can easily be taken out as shown in 17, or, by day, a low divan mattress as in 14. The narrow black box seen against the door in all views folds over as a step up to the dressing room. In 14 it becomes a dressing table, with a mirror in front which forms the inside of the lower half of the door. In 15 the divan mattress is seen folded double, lengthways, to make a sofa by day. 16 shows yet another arrangement, the top third of the sofa being used as a separate seat at one end of the table, forming a sitting corner. 12 shows bed and divan stowed away, but the book-shelf exposed, the room being absolutely free, and 13 the flap, only half pulled out in 16 and in 17 (as a night table), now fully extended (with the leg rest released) to form a writing table.

6. Taste, Art and All That

By Geoffrey Boumphrey

THE first half of my quest is done. We know now what, so far as I have been able to discover, the man-in-the-street OUGHT to want—and why. It remains only to tidy up a few loose ends and enunciate a few Canons of Taste, before going on to see whether he looks like getting it—whether the ideals of our more advanced designers are, in fact, anything like those which I have threshed out with such labour. No one realizes more clearly than I that, in advocating a return to Function as the only safe basis for decorative design under present-day conditions, I shall be accused of holding out a vista of unprepossessing austerity—not to say of barrenness. "Must we, then, eschew all ornament and decoration? Throw aside as worthless our Glorious Heritage of Tradition? And what of Façade, on which (out of your own lips) the whole edifice of civilization has been reared? What—above all—what of Art?" It is a little difficult to answer so many questions at once: so we will put the one about Art aside for a moment. The other three show a regrettable tendency to jump to conclusions.

When Function was being dissected, in the fourth of these articles (its architectural significance as "structure" being set aside) it was found divisible into Mechanical or Æsthetic Purpose; and these were shown (by the parable of the Dance Club) to be frequently so intermingled as to make separation impossible. In such cases Function and Façade are equally inseparable. A reference to our Second Principle of Interior Decoration ("A room should represent an extension of its owner's tastes, appearance, or personality"), will surely indicate that most cases likely to come under review in these articles will have to be considered as belonging to this composite class. And thus Façade is seen to be in no way *taboo*, provided that it fulfils its purpose, as set out in our Fourth Principle, "to embellish the wherefore and the how, the function and the structure—and not to belie them." The determination of when it does or does not succeed in justifying its presence in this way will call for Taste.

I should have liked to develop this further, but there is a touch at my elbow, a mingled smell of turpentine and Hopwood stone-dust in my nostrils and a voice saying, "Art? But what about art? My dear chap, you can't possibly leave that where you've put it! Art in Industry, you know, and all that." Perhaps he is right. I would not have it thought for one moment that I dislike—much less despise art—nor that I consider it has no place in the modern interior. It is, on the contrary, because I rate it so highly that I have been driven by disgust at its misuse and misunderstanding to bundle it aside and leave it there. By dint of tracing the typical (though not quite universal) development of the artist into the Artist and of art into Art, I have been enabled to draw a sharp distinction between Art and design, for the greater clarity of my arguments, and even to take in my stride such phrases, hideous in their miscomprehension, as Applied Art. But no doubt the voice is right: the time has come when the whole question of art, so far as it affects decoration, must be examined in detail.

A return to Function as the basis of design need not, we find, exclude Façade. Thus Taste must be considered, and a niche found for Art.

From our present point of view all fabricated objects can be divided into four groups. First, Pure Art. The distinguishing feature of this is that it has no utilitarian function whatever: it exists for æsthetic reasons only. Its part in the modern interior, as I see it (though collectors and connoisseurs will use it differently) is to provide one or more points of interest when and where necessary—and nowhere else. What it loses thus in quantity it will more than gain in quality by the effect it may hope to create. Moreover, since few if any works of art can stand the test of a daily scrutiny for years, a selection should be available from which certain pieces may be taken, shown for a time, and then put away for a rest.

Fabricated objects form four groups:—

Group One—Pure Art

TOOTH AND SONS

—whose bastard-sister

—"Applied Art"—

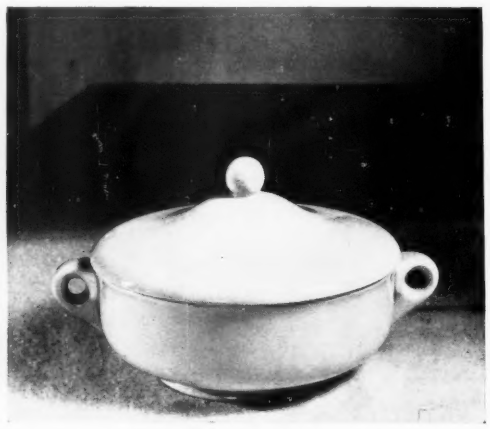
forms

The picture of still-life above is chosen as an example of Group One, not on account of its artistic merits, but as a charmingly close parallel to its companion illustration.

This brings us to Group Two—Applied Art. The idea behind this group is that the Artist shall beautify by his skill objects of some utilitarian value. In the days before mass production, when the artist was still a craftsman (in the craft appropriate to the object beautified) and not merely an Artist, there could be no objection to this form of embellishment—and many very beautiful things were produced in this way, as a glance round any good collection or museum will show. It is, for instance, in no way absurd to suppose that a metal-worker of Cellini's skill could have employed a lobster *motif* in designing and making a bowl of very real beauty. But it is ludicrous to contend that salad bowls, moulded by the hundred and sold at a popular price, usually possess any artistic merit whatever. Objects in this class are allowable only when they are the work of artist craftsmen—who are rare today. They are necessarily expensive, and therefore unsuited to the new patron, the man-in-the-street. They are, besides, something of an anachronism since the coming of the new beauty to which I referred last month. We will leave them to the collector of the curious, trusting that their baneful influence over modern design—at present lamentably great—may quickly weaken.

Group Three consists of products such as textiles and wallpapers, which, by their nature and the method of their manufacture, clearly justify embellishment. Ceramics, also, to a certain extent fall within this class—and a large variety of other products which, for one reason or another, seem occasionally to justify more elaborate treatment than their bare manufacture provides. It is in designing for this group and the next, rather than by flooding the limited market of Group One—that the artist, with rare exceptions, may hope to bring himself back into closer touch with life today.

But he must first be prepared to make himself thoroughly familiar with every manufacturing process for which he intends to design—and he would be well advised to take the title of designer until such phrases as Art in Industry and Applied Art are no more than memories. The task of the critic in appraising products of this group is peculiarly difficult. He must assure himself first of all that the ornament is justifiable—that the object would not have looked better or as good unadorned: and, if this is not so, whether some change of material or process might not have achieved a similar result more efficiently. In ceramics, for instance, the application of ornament (sometimes good, sometimes bad) has for many decades been allowed to distract attention from the fundamentally important question of form.



Here are two vegetable dishes from very beautiful Wedgwood services. That on the left is their own "Celadon"; that on the right the "Honey Buff" made for Messrs. Heal and Sons, Ltd. It will be observed that the shapes are similar except for the knobs and handles. The Wedgwood knob is based apparently on a nasturtium flower, and is, I think, the only touch of pseudo-naturalism in the whole set. Executed with perfect delicacy in, say, *pâte blanche*, it might be beautiful (though easily broken and hard to clean); clumsily moulded, as it is, for a not very expensive market, it seems to me to have neither beauty nor congruity with the rest of the service. The spherical knob of the Heal pattern, though itself by no means perfect for either form or function, is yet an immense improvement. The "Celadon" dish would clearly do well to shed its ornament and join the "Honey Buff" in Group Four.

Again, can a poor and badly-registered transfer pattern be said to be any improvement on a plain, suitably-tinted glaze? Only so far as it distracts attention from poor underlying form—which is not a good thing to do. Whether added ornament is or is not desirable on particular textiles or ceramics, can only be decided when these are considered in relation to their surroundings. But we are at least safe in demanding that if it is to be there it shall be good.

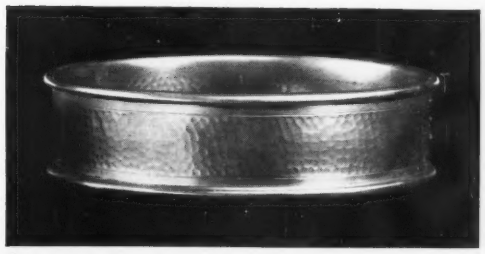
Group Two.

But Applied Art we dismiss as unsuited to machine production

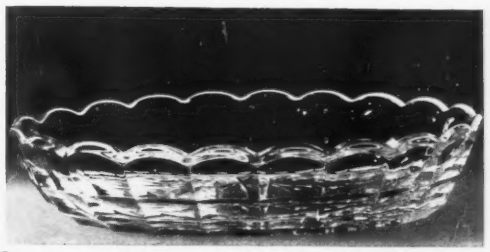
Group Three, however, appears to offer great opportunities to the Artist—or (preferably) Designer.

Certain examples of this group are taken and analysed.

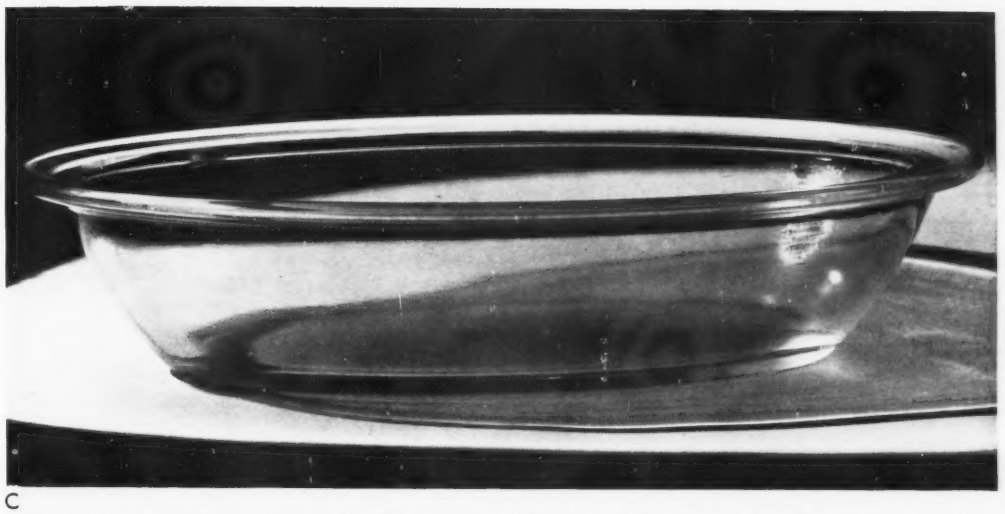
Paraphrasing our First and Fourth Principles of Decoration we can say that good ornament may help and must not hinder function, that it must be appropriate to its vehicle in appearance and association, as also to its material and method of manufacture.



A



B



C

A is a silver dish. It might have been laboriously beaten up by hand: it was actually spun in a fraction of the time by machinery. In the former case the marks of the mallet could only have been removed at the expense of a considerable amount of extra time: actually, spinning leaves only faint concentric markings which can be polished away in a moment. It is possible that the makers considered a pattern desirable to conceal dents or finger marks: it is more probable that they did nothing of the sort—but felt that some sort of pattern would be more artistic. Did they apply some ornament appropriate to the rotary method of manufacture, such as engine-turning? No—they used imitation hammer marks to give the impression that the bowl was hand-made—when a glance at the base shows clearly that it is not. Here is an example of bad (because dishonest) and probably superfluous ornament. The glass bowl, B, is another. It apes, in moulded glass, the ornamental form of cut glass, losing in its different process of manufacture the clear-cut brilliancy which made the other form of decoration acceptable at the time of its production. How very far preferable æsthetically is the plain common-or-kitchen "Pyrex" bowl, C, relying on its shape alone, not ashamed to reveal itself as moulded glass, price 4s.!

In appraising the quality of Pattern (which, as we have already noted, may include Picture) it is important to remember that, except for ceramics, almost every example we are likely to encounter in this Third Class will be machine-made. The first question we shall ask of it, then, is whether it is suited to this means of reproduction. Except in the various printing processes, the machine does not lend itself well to the duplication of naturalistic pattern, although casting and, still more, die-casting and press-work might in certain cases be allowed as exceptions. In the main, however, Picture can be considered admissible only on printed fabrics, wallpapers and ceramics. How great a loss may this austerity entail? Before answering the question it is essential that we have a clear idea about the object under consideration. Is it to be regarded primarily as a vehicle for superlative decoration, or is the decoration merely an embellishment of the object? Where the former is the case, art clearly enters in—and the object should be relegated to Group One, where we need not follow it. Where the second applies, we may safely assume, if we have any faith in the selective power of natural good taste throughout the ages (and on what are we to base any standards of æsthetic criticism if we deny this?), that abstract or highly formalized pattern is felt to be at least as satisfactory as naturalism—since we have already noted in the previous article that throughout the ages picture-pattern shows a persistent tendency first to become stylized and then to revert to pure abstraction. I wrote at least as satisfactory; but in my opinion this is an understatement of the truth. The forms of most machine-made objects are obviously unnaturalistic and it is therefore only logical to affirm that they are best suited by decoration of a similar style. The machine makes them: let the machine make their ornament—if ornament be needed. There should be no loss of beauty here, though the compensating beauty may be of a different order. The individual touch of the artist must in any case be lost. Even if this were not so, its duplication and reduplication a thousand times over must rob it of much of its interest and all of its snob-value (no small asset in the eyes of many). Deeper than this, even, lies the question of how suitable Picture can ever be on objects of daily use. We know that "Every picture tells a story." But what story can bear unlimited repetition? Surely after the first few dozen glances one comes to appreciate any picture-ornament solely for whatever merits it may possess as pure decoration. Why, then, not go straight to the final stage and eliminate the risk of boredom?

Good ornament

and bad

—and none

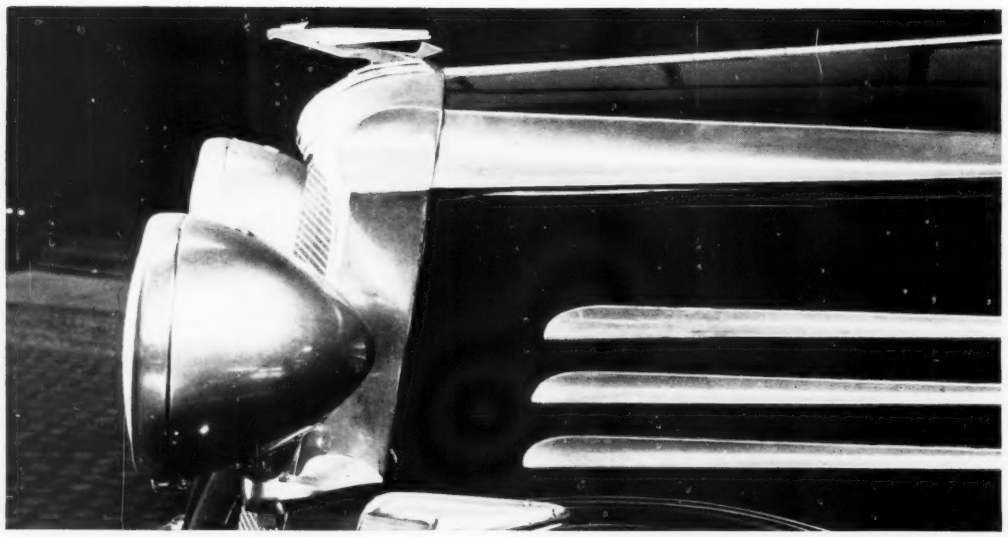
are variously appraised.

The restrictive influence of the machine and the limitations of picture-ornament.

A dissertation on

I mentioned a sentence or two back the word "style." It is, I suggest, only in connection with ornament or decoration that the word can be applied to modern design. (I am not concerned here with Group One art.) There can be no modern style in design based on pure function. But in the other strictly limited field a contemporary style is becoming apparent.

and illustration of



Style in modern design.

I showed in the third of these articles the mascot of a Rolls-Royce and made various disparaging remarks about it. Here is the mascot of a Vauxhall. Its only function is æsthetic—to suggest speed, silence and efficiency. It is pure façade. And yet, not only is it beautiful in itself but, unlike the Rolls-Royce nymph, it succeeds in harmonizing with the almost pure functionalism of the car. We can attempt to explain this by pointing out that its lines are suggestive of machine-work, by noting the way the wings are fluted to match the fluting of the bonnet (itself pure façade): but beyond this we are bound to admit that something we can only call style enters into it. In Group Three, then, where added ornament is permitted, we may allow ourselves to demand a certain congruity of style.

It is in Group Four,

We come now to Group Four, containing all fabricated things of pure, functional design, bare of ornament, relying for their æsthetic effect on subtle proportion, proper use and finish of materials and obvious fitness for purpose. It is here, if anywhere, that we shall find the first foreshadowings of the New Beauty.

to which belong

all objects of pure

Here is the plain job—and here is its Group Three equivalent.

functional design, that

we may hope to find

the New Beauty.

And now — the

DESIGNERS!

And in gas fires—do we miss the imitation-flame effect? But illustrations could be continued indefinitely—and more often than not we should see in them glimpses of the beauty we are looking for. The Golden Age may be behind us; but it is possible that a Platinum Age lies just ahead. We know now what the man in the street OUGHT to want, and we have collected certain standards by which to judge whether or not he is likely to get it. We come, then, to the second half of our quest—THE

[To be continued]

ANTHOLOGY

The Influence of Material on Style

The influence of material upon style is an aspect of art history that is never sufficiently studied, especially in relation to building. You will not, for instance, find it remarked in books about English architecture that the fan vaulting in the cloisters of Gloucester Cathedral, the first vaulting of this kind in England and a departure full of consequence to English Gothic, was made possible, and perhaps largely suggested, by the use there of that extremely light stone, travertine. Again, the lightness of plentiful and local travertine explains many of the departures in Roman architecture, especially the Roman development of the arch. A few facts about their masonry will explain much of the inappositeness of so many modern stone buildings. Did there survive more than a lip-service feeling for stone, masonry would not be used at all when it is merely the screen to steel and concrete construction. But even apart from this use, our new metropolitan masonry would carry little conviction. When we visit an ancient stone building of no particular merit, we may yet find it of great interest so far as it makes us aware of its locality. For the building, if constructed of local materials, is an expression of its neighbourhood. We may even see upon the opposite hill a disused quarry from which the stones were taken. The building is part of the landscape carved by man : there exists the connection, though the building be an eighteenth-century palace, with the cave dwelling and the rock tomb. (For a fine house is not only a moulded thing, but also a carved thing.) The stone may have come twenty, thirty miles ; no matter, it is better than three hundred miles. And this consideration is supported by a proverbial saying of quarrymen which scientists have failed to discount altogether : masonry weathers best in a building near the quarry. Though a block be taken to a region of identical climate, yet it weathers far better within a twenty-mile radius of the home quarry.

I do not suggest that there is, in itself, anything modern about the use of non-local stones for building. At all times choice stones have travelled to the sites of important buildings ; and even inferior stones to regions which possess no rocks that supply masonry. It is a matter of degree, and of a consequent degree in change of attitude. Before transport became so easy, local stone usages were in far greater evidence : the respect for stone as a material of a particular character was widespread, strengthening the background before which national, and even international, architects worked. There was less of the modern moulding attitude to architectural design, and vastly more tradition in the employment of each kind of stone. Many million jerry-built, or semi-jerry-built, dwellings do not tend to heighten the non-plastic architectural sense. These dwellings are moulded like cheap tea-cups : the use of brick ceases to be any kind of substitute for stone. And if this has always been true to some extent of town architecture, it is a hundred times more true in the hey-day of science and machinery.

Let us leave this digression with the thought that Athens was mostly built of the local Pentelic marble, Rome of the neighbouring travertine from Tivoli, while London's native building stone, Kentish Rag, is no more than a moderate kind of sandy limestone. That fine limestone, Portland stone, has well served London where it has been employed for hundreds of years. But London has never become a province of Dorset, as Venice became an offshoot of Istria.

ADRIAN STOKES, "Stones of Rimini."
(Faber & Faber.)

MARGINALIA

Street Decorations

Frank colours are best for street decoration, and red, white, and blue are as good as any and better than most, particularly when the Union Jack is bound to be the dominant recurring feature. If the shocking assertion may be dared, the Union Jack is not a specially beautiful object from a design point of view, but when it appears as the geometrical summing up of its own scheme of colours it is artistically redeemed, and whenever this happens in the Jubilee decorations the effect is good. Yellow, whether used as such or to represent gold, is a very dangerous colour in street decorations, tending, like the gamboge of childhood's paint-box, to creep into everything—but of that more presently—and attempts at subtlety in colour, as on some of the shops and private houses, achieve the dullness they deserve. This is not the occasion for thanking God that you are more artistically refined than your neighbours.—*The Times.*

Building a house in 55 minutes

Houses for sale—straight from the factory, is the sign now displayed by house agents throughout Sweden.

Factory-made houses that can be erected upon a site within a few hours are now being made in great numbers.

They are completely "nail-less."

Mr. P. Jerholm, the Swedish inventor of the nail-less "house," says that his ready-made house has not made any revolutionary change in house building.

"It has already helped to improve the housing standard of a large part of the population," he told me.

"The house is divided up into floor, ceiling and wall elements, shaped in such a way that they can be joined in varying combinations," he said.

"In order to safeguard against warping, and at the same time to add strength, each part is enclosed in a frame of profiled iron, to which the isolating and covering layers of the part are attached.

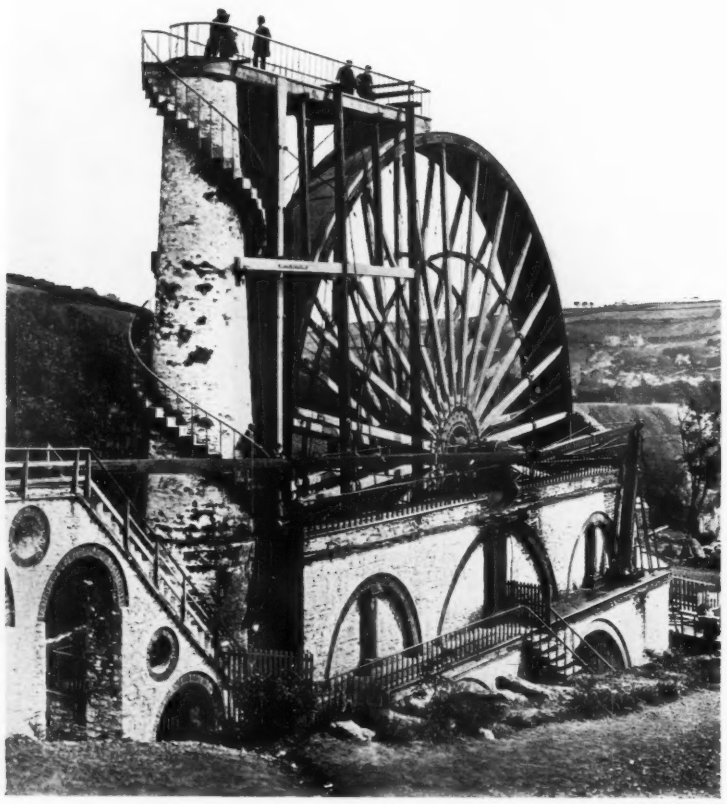
"The iron frame serves a double purpose—it constitutes the supporting skeleton of the house and at the same time carries walls, floors, and ceilings. They are joined to each other by means of bolts."

Mr. Jerholm revealed that during his experiments he built two villas of two floors, using eight different kinds of elements.

The larger one, of six rooms, was erected by five men in eight days.

"After a winter's use they did not show any signs of cracking, and proved to be very warm," the inventor said.

Each element consists of several layers, separated by a packing of double layers



SCIENCE MUSEUM

This water wheel at Laxey, in the Isle of Man, was built by a local engineer named Casement in 1854. For 75 years it de-watered the Laxey Glen Mines, which yielded copper, zinc, silver and lead ores. It is of the pitchback type, i.e., the direction of the water, introduced at the top of the wheel, is reversed and as it flows downwards under the platform the wheel rotates inwards. As the reservoir is situated higher than the top of the wheel the water rises vertically inside the hollow tower, 75 feet high, flows horizontally under the platform on to the wheel, and returns down the near side.

of asphalt felting, while pressed straw squares are used as a heat isolator.

A "nail-less" bungalow can be erected by three men in fifty-five minutes.

Sunday Express.

Problem.—If five men take eight days to build a villa and three men take 55 minutes to build a bungalow, how many bolts were used? We are glad that they do not show any signs of cracking.

Agraphobia: or the Mood Mogul

Mr. Aldous Huxley found the Taj Mahal disappointing. Palladio's Villa Rotonda had been so much more satisfactory. Not so Mrs. James Cromwell (née Doris Duke, Tobacco Heiress), who, it is reported, has been so captivated by a moonlight visit to Shah Jehan's mausoleum during her honeymoon that she has decided to rebuild part of her winter home in Florida in the same style. It is a pity that we are not told which part of her home is to undergo this grandiose metamorphosis. You cannot put a turnip dome just anywhere, even in Florida. Or can you?

At all events, a Delhi architect has already been retained for the preparation of the plans, and the work of making "marble tessellated doors and windows for export to the United States" is to go to Indian factories.

But what is the use of being a tobacco heiress and a hot favourite for the happy title of "the richest girl in the world" if one is to possess only replicas of the Seven Wonders? Might not the Taj Mahal have been purchased outright, dismantled, shipped and reconstructed in Florida? Mrs. Cromwell seems to be contented with a very poor second-best. It is unworthy of her.

It may be, however, that she has heard the story (a true one) of that unwary compatriot of hers who allowed the amazing Mr. Kopp to sell him Trajan's Column for 20,000 dollars. The affair is related in *Collections and Recollections*, the recently-published reminiscences of Mr. Joseph Henry Duveen, who describes the savage reception which the American received from an army of stray cats when he arrived to take over his purchase. From this feral peril he emerged only to find himself and his assistants in the hands of the Roman police, while Mr. Kopp, his pockets well lined, was over the border and heading for Greece.

With feminine caution Mrs. Cromwell is evidently avoiding all risk of a similar occurrence. But she really ought to extend her honeymoon to Brighton and see what the Regent did when he felt that way.

FRANCIS WATSON

Frontispiece

The photograph of Plate i in this issue, showing the floodlighting of Buckingham Palace for the Silver Jubilee celebrations, is reproduced by the courtesy of the General Electric Company.

1935. One of six decorative panels painted by Miss Betty Dyson for the Lansdowne Restaurant in Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, London. The panels, which are painted in oil on canvas, and indirectly lighted, depict Berkeley Square at various periods in its history.

O U R E A S T E R N E M P I R E

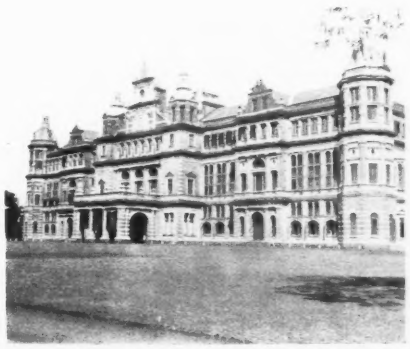
By Penelope Chetwode

I. Government Palaces

The early Governor-Generals of India built themselves (at the expense of the company) magnificent houses. Here is the charming summer residence completed by Lord Hastings (Governor 1813-1823) at Barrackpore, near Calcutta. It stands in a fine park, now an inevitable golf course, laid out by Lord Wellesley (Governor 1798-1803).

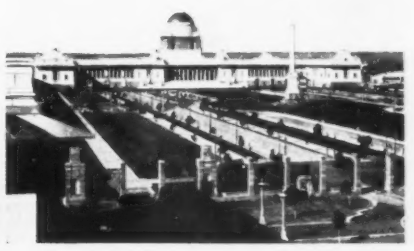
But undoubtedly the finest, as well as the largest, of all the early Government Houses is that at Calcutta. Built at the command of Lord Wellesley it was designed by an engineer named Wyatt, nephew of James Wyatt, who adapted the plan of Kedleston Hall in Derbyshire. This noble mansion is not popular with Governors and their families today. They complain of its being barrack-like and unfriendly. Not a bit like "Home."

In sharp contrast to Calcutta is Government House, Maymyo (Upper Burma). The wives of most high officials—likely candidates for a governorship—dream of this place. It is popular throughout our Eastern Empire because it is "so like an English country house." Governors' wives find they can make the rooms, unlike the great square barracky apartments in Calcutta, really snug and homely. The house stands in a semi-tropical park tastefully planted with conifers.



But the Governor of Burma must suffer for the beauties of his summer residence. During the winter months he is condemned to spend his time in this unfortunate and extremely inconvenient mansion at Rangoon. It was built during the reign of King Edward and is universally condemned as ugly and unfriendly like Government House, Calcutta.

Here, in Colombo, is another Government House of the homely English type. I have never been inside it but from the outside it appears to contain plenty of cosy corners and "*Kala juggers*" (dark sitting-out places, suitable for amorous couples at dances. An Urdū phrase and the source of innumerable jokes amongst British residents in India and Ceylon).



We have had to wait a long time for a Government House to compare in beauty and intelligence of planning with those of the early Governor-Generals. Now at last we have one in Sir Edwin Lutyens's Viceroy's House at Delhi, completed in 1931. The official bungalows of the new capital have also forsaken the half-timbering so unsuitable to India for the Greek columns and snowy plaster of Barrackpore.

[To be continued]

MAKERS OF PELVIS BAY BY OSBERT LANCASTER

Sir Septimus Ogive, R.A., O.B.E., from the portrait in the Town Hall.

To no one is Pelvis Bay more indebted for the proud position it occupies in the opinion of all those who love good architecture than to the subject of this portrait. Although the picture was painted some years ago, when the subject was a younger man, to-day, at the age of 93, Sir Septimus is as active as on the day when he drew up the plans for S. James-the-Least, some sixty odd years ago, and thus commenced his long association with the town, and all who know him hope that the salubrious and invigorating air of the Queen of Watering Places will keep him fit and hale for long to come, and that the town may receive several more additions to the long list of his masterpieces at present adorning its skyline.

His Worship the Mayor, Councillor Dilsberry Busfun.

It is to the initiative and enterprise of Councillor Busfun that Pelvis Bay owes its present magnificent sea-front and promenade. He it was who encouraged and initiated the various large improvement schemes of recent years. Moreover, it is to him that the town owes the excellence of their workmanship and the thoroughness of their construction ; and great was the general satisfaction when it was learnt that of all the tenders submitted to the council by various contractors from all over the country, that submitted by Busfun, Dilsberry and Busfun, Ltd., had been accepted.

Miss Veronica Pullfeather, B.A., the well-known authority on landscape gardening, whom the council engaged to superintend the laying out of all the parks and gardens involved in their recent improvement schemes. Before taking up this post Miss Pullfeather had made a big name for herself as a designer of pottery. Recently she has been responsible for the town's beautiful Jubilee decorations, and at the moment is engaged on her plans for the forthcoming Pelvis Bay Pageant, which is already arousing more than local interest. She is a niece of Councillor Busfun.

Angus McGillivray, Esq., the Managing Director of Lead Gnomes, Ltd., the vast concern that has recently established its factories in the neighbourhood and which resulted from the recent merger of Fancy Fountains Inc. and Scottish Manure (Holding Co.). Since the arrival of this Napoleon of finance in our midst, he has taken the liveliest interest in all the developments in the town, and is even now, it is whispered, preparing a big scheme to convert the old Salt Water Baths, in the High Street, into a limited company under the name of Radium Waters, Ltd. Since his arrival here Pelvis Corporation Stock has gone up 19 points.

Drawings by Osbert Lancaster

Trade News and Reviews

By Brian Grant

"Masses of stately tulips bathed in gas-light, sturdy trees waving their foliage in a halo of brightness."
The gas floodlighting in St. James's Park.
Photograph by courtesy of The Gas Light and Coke Company.

Saturday, May 11, 1935

Far from the madding crowd I gave London a wide berth during the first five days of Jubilee week. On the sixth day, having learned that many of the major floodlighting effects were to be discontinued after that date, I ventured forth from my cloistered retreat to brave the tempestuous multitude.

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It was an amazing evening. I have never seen the like of it. The Mall at 8 o'clock was solid with people, literally hundreds of thousands of them, tramping, shoulder to shoulder, on towards the Palace. Thinking, that, perhaps, St. James's Park might afford a rather more leisurely route of progress by stealth and physical force, I gained access by one of the entrance gates. Here it was just the same, hundreds and thousands of men, women and children surging on towards the Palace. At the little suspension bridge that crosses the lake a small band of "Roberts" were posted. The little bridge needed their kindly guardianship—it was, I am sure, never constructed for such an evening as May 11, 1935.

• • •

I caught occasional glimpses of the floodlighting. Masses of stately tulips bathed in gas-light, sturdy trees waving their foliage in a halo of brightness and, in the distance, the Palace a great blaze of light.

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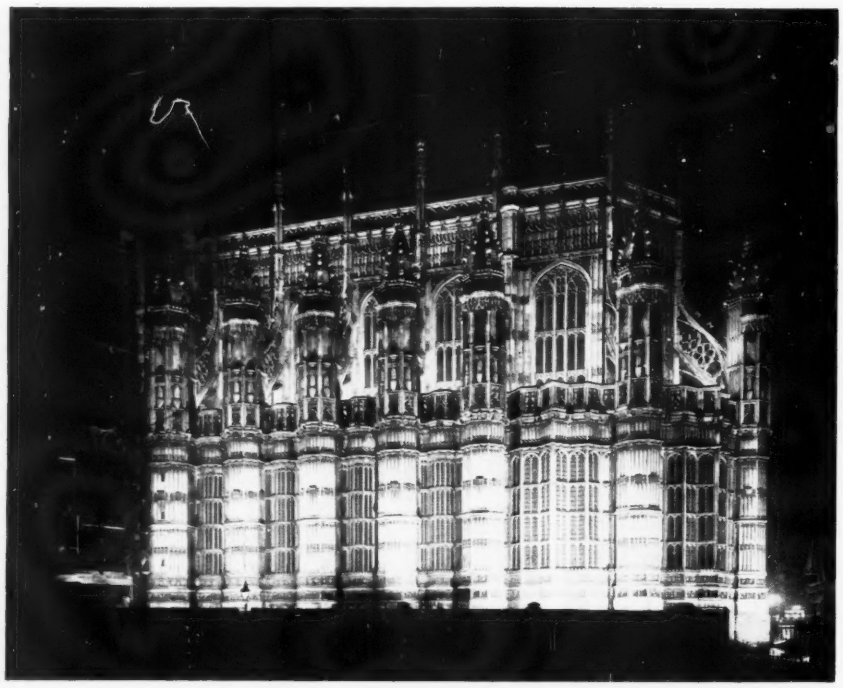
Somewhere round about the hour of



The floodlighting of the Henry VII Chapel, Westminster Abbey. Photograph by courtesy of The Holophane Company who were responsible for the floodlighting. A total of 85 kW was used to floodlight the Abbey.

midnight, having in the meantime partaken of a well-earned rest and a much needed morsel of light refreshment, I emerged once again into the vast sea of humanity, wave upon wave flowing this way and that, a cheering, singing, flag-waving multitude.

In Piccadilly Circus jubilation was at its highest peak. Little Eros, I learned, had been threatened with boisterous but friendly assault, and now a solid ring of smiling policemen encircled the base of the statue. (I wonder if the little fellow shot many of his arrows that evening?) What a crowd! They sang, they danced, they cheered, with their Union Jacks, their paper hats, their toy trumpets and their inexhaustible good humour.

• • •

Let it be put on record that though I personally witnessed six hours of these amazing celebrations, not one incident did I see that savoured of unpleasantness or ill-humour.

Fruit vendors with their barrows of unguarded fruit, luscious-looking pears and grapes, were hemmed in by the curbside in the Circus, along Regent Street and the Haymarket—happy to be there in all that turmoil selling their wares, sublimely confident that hooliganism would play no part in the evening's very riotous proceedings.

• • •

I had intended that these notes should be

mainly descriptive of the Jubilee flood-lighting, but I find that I have spent my ink in paying tribute to a great spirited British public. To the Editor and to the reader, if needs be, I tender my apologies: to those hundreds of thousands of people who thronged the streets in orderly disorder, I take off my hat.

• • •

And so to bed!

I am sure that very many of us associate the metal bedstead with those dimly distant days of the antimacassar and the aspidistra—when men were men and warming pans were warming pans, if you know what I mean. Just why this should be so it is difficult to answer. Supposedly, because our ancestors were (as we are so frequently reminded) "men of metal."

• • •

But, seriously, steel has much to commend it—sleeping or waking. Why, therefore, the decline of the steel bedstead? "Design," just that one word is the answer. The metal bedstead has remained for too long a thing of "knobs" and tortuous twists; which in this age, so often spoken of as the "age of metal and glass," is rather amazing, isn't it! But, I am told, its popularity has of recent years been "rapidly increasing," and I am indeed interested to learn that the members of the Metallic Bedstead Manufacturers' Association are, "in order to maintain and *improve* (the italics are mine) the quality of the design of their products," inviting suggestions from designers.

The island. St. James's Park. Photograph by courtesy of The Gas Light and Coke Company.

To this end they have organized a competition and I give briefly some of the governing conditions as sent to me by the M.B.M. Association.

Designs must be submitted to the Secretary, not later than June 30, 1935.

Whilst every care will be taken that unsuccessful designs are returned to their owners if submitted with the necessary stamps to cover postage for return, the Association cannot be held responsible for the loss of such designs in transit.

The Association will be prepared to purchase successful designs at an agreed cost per design, and it is a condition of this competition that designs are submitted on that understanding.

Cash prizes are offered which will be awarded to the three designs considered by the Association as the most successful.

Application for full details should be addressed to the Secretary at 8, Waterloo Place, Birmingham 2.

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I will make one comment, one would like to have been told that at least one well-known industrial designer or architect had been elected to serve on the committee of judges.

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All Abroad!

I commend for your attention the "Autocheque" system of travel abroad.

Undoubtedly a very high percentage of those who read these lines will be spending some part of the summer months in foreign climes—if you are taking your car with you write to Autocheques at Piccadilly House, 33 Regent Street, London, and learn how their plan for foreign travel (devised by motorists

for motorists) makes easier the way of the traveller.

You choose your own route, your own hotels (advice given if asked) and off you go happy in the knowledge that your whole journey (barring extras, of course) has been paid for in advance.

A specialized type of service is available for architects. The idea is that should an architect be commissioned to design, shall we say, a new hospital in England, he may like to plan a European motor tour to visit the finest modern hospitals abroad—Autocheques undertake to advise on this technical angle according to the requirements of the individual architect who is making enquiries, and to draw up itineraries to include any such buildings as should properly be included in such a survey.

• • •

Oil it!

There reached me through the post a short while back a small tin of Wakefield's "Oilit." With it came a covering letter over the signature of F. Palmer Cook, of Henry Hope and Sons—a gentle reminder that doors, door furniture, window hinges and other domestic fittings do at times get very thirsty for a little spot of lubrication. How few of us ever quench that thirst unless, through long neglect, the fitting ceases to function.

A similar tin of oil has been sent to all users of Hope's windows—so get busy all you householders and caretakers, forget the lawn mower and the baby "Austin" for once in a while and lubricate those very worthy doors and windows.

• • •

A New Company

Mr. James Ross, the late General Manager of Treetex, Ltd., is now Managing Director of James Ross (Building Materials), Ltd., of 6, Broad Street Place, London, E.C.2. The company has been formed to extend the marketing of a number of well-known building and insulating materials, including Callender's Plaster, "Gypit," a hard wall plaster specially manufactured for skim coat work, "Hard Board," Cumberland Stone and all Peter Ford's products, including their "Pytho" plaster board.

Mr. Ross's many friends will want to join me in wishing him good luck in his new venture. His long experience in the building industry, and his sound knowledge of modern construction and acoustical problems, will stand him in good stead.

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All Quiet on the West-End Front

From May 31 to June 29 an exhibition of materials for acoustic correction and sound transmission in buildings will be held at the Building Centre in New Bond Street.

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Timber Development Association.

F. C. Pritchard, Wood and Partners have been appointed Advertising Agents to the Timber Development Association. The plan drawn up for the forthcoming twelve months includes the use of the technical press, the cinema, lectures and competitions.

Cut and engraved glass bowl presented to H.M. the King on his Silver Jubilee by the Worshipful Company of Glass Sellers. The bowl stands 13 inches high and is of pale blue glass. The Royal Arms are engraved on one side and those of the Glass Sellers Company on the other, with a Latin inscription round the top. Designer: James Hogan. Craftsmen: James Powell and Sons (Whitefriars), Ltd.

• • •

The Buildings Illustrated

House at Wentworth, Virginia Water.
Architect: **Oliver Hill.**

The general contractors were Messrs. R. Mansell & Co., Croydon. Among the craftsmen and sub-contractors were the following: S. Whitmore Robinson (heating and hot water engineer), F. Clive Grimwade, F.S.I. (quantity surveyor), Smith, Walker & Co. (constructional steelwork), Tentest Fibre Board, Ltd. (roof insulation), Haywards, Ltd. (roof lights), Crittall Manufacturing Co. (metal casements), Art Pavements, Ltd., window cills and flooring (Biancola), Marb-L-Cote, Ltd. (combed textured plaster), Asbestos Cement Building Products, flooring (Decolite), Hollis Bros., flooring (hardwood), Korkoid Co., Ltd., flooring (cork), Laminated Wood Products, Ltd. (internal doors and panelling), F. Braby & Co., main entrance door (copper covered), P. C. Henderson & Co. (sliding door gear), Edward Deane and Beal (central heating), H. Ponton & Co. (electric wiring), John Bolding & Co. (sanitary fittings), James Gibbons, Ltd. (ironmongery), Comyn Ching & Co. (radiator grilles), Pilkington Bros. (glass), D. Bianco and Sons (furniture), Skellorn Edwards (curtains and upholstery), Marion Dorn (fabrics), Frigidaire, Ltd. (refrigerator), "Aga" Cooker (cooking range), William Boby, Ltd. (water softener), Septic Tank Co. (sewage disposal), Troughton and Young (electric light fittings), W. W. Jenkins & Co. (marble work).

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Cholmeley Lodge, Highgate Hill, London.
Architect: **Guy Morgan.**

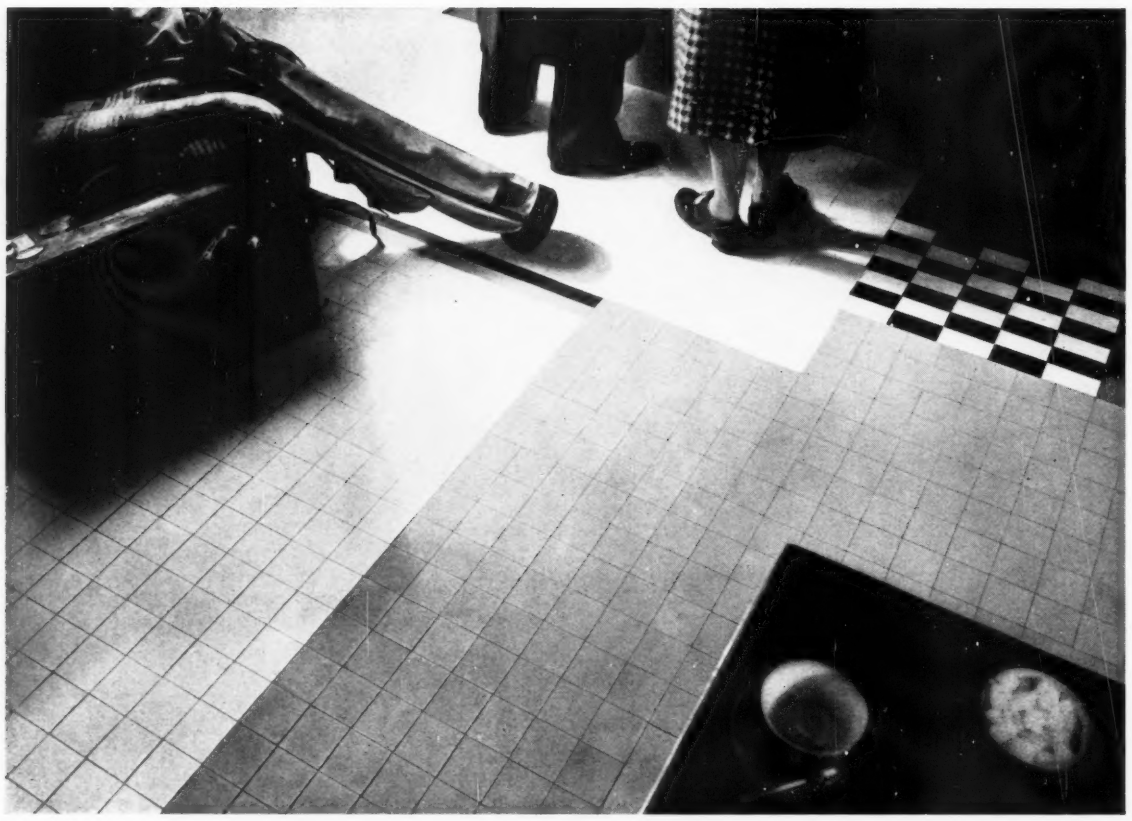
The general contractors were Messrs. Speirs, Ltd. Among the craftsmen and sub-contractors were the following: Excel Asphalte Co. Ltd., (asphalte), Macfarlane and Macfarlane (jointless flooring), Williamson Cliff, Ltd. (bricks), W. T. Lambert & Co., Ltd. (rubber flooring), W. C. Richardson (artificial stone), Dorman Long & Co., Ltd. (structural steel), Faulkner Greens & Co., Ltd. (glass), Chance Bros. & Co., Ltd. (patent glazing), Vigers Bros., Ltd. (oak flooring), Diespeker & Co., Ltd. (patent flooring), E. L. Maiden, Ltd. (central heating), G. E. Taylor & Co. (electric wiring), Catesbys, Ltd. (sanitary fittings), Henry Hope and Sons, Ltd. (casements), Southern Plastering Co. (plaster), V. Ramsden (tiling), Keighley Lifts, Ltd. (lifts—passenger), Hammond Bros. and Champness, Ltd. (lifts—goods).

• • •

New Boarding House (Walpole House) and Housemaster's House, Stowe School, Buckinghamshire.
Architect: **R. Fielding Dodd.**
Consulting Sanitary Engineers: **Rogers, Field and Bean.**

The general contractors were Messrs. Higgs and Hill, Ltd. Among the craftsmen and sub-contractors were the following: Lawford Asphalte Co., Ltd. (asphalt), Diespeker & Co., Ltd. (reinforced concrete, fireproof construction, patent flooring, and staircase construction (terrazzo), London Brick Co. and Forders, Ltd. (bricks, partitions), Constone, Ltd. (precast stone and artificial stone), Redpath, Brown & Co., Ltd. (structural steel, iron escape staircase), Old Delabole Quarries, Ltd. (slates), J. A. King & Co., Ltd. (patent glazing, "Glascrete" roof lights), Stoner and Saunders, Ltd. (cast lead), E. B. Burgess & Co., Ltd. (wood-block flooring), G. N. Haden and Sons, Ltd. (central heating), Parker, Winder and Achurch, Ltd. (grates and mantels, door furniture), F. G. Alden (electric wiring), F. Church (plumbing), W. N. Froy and Sons, Ltd. (sanitary fittings), John H. Pye and Sons, Ltd. (casements and wrot ironwork), Holbrow and Sons (house room fittings).

ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO ADVERTISERS.



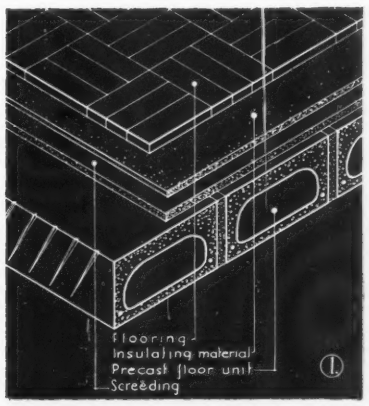
NEW BOARDING HOUSE *and* HOUSEMASTER'S HOUSE, Stowe School

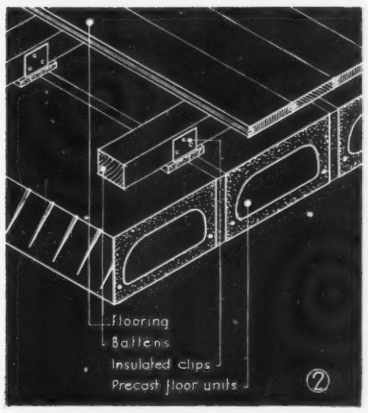
Architect: R. FIELDING DODD, F.R.I.B.A.

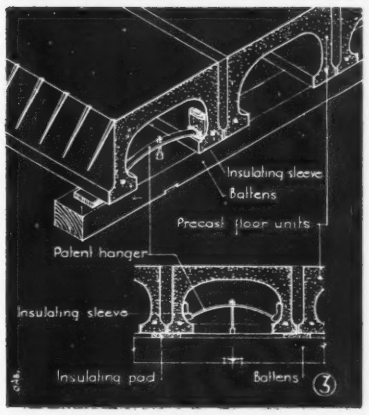
A general view showing the New Boarding House (Walpole House) on the left of the picture with the Housemaster's House adjoining. *Photo by* R. & H. Chapman

Architect: OLIVER HILL, F.R.I.B.A
Contractor: R. MANSELL, LTD.

HOUSE AT WENTWORTH, VIRGINIA WATER







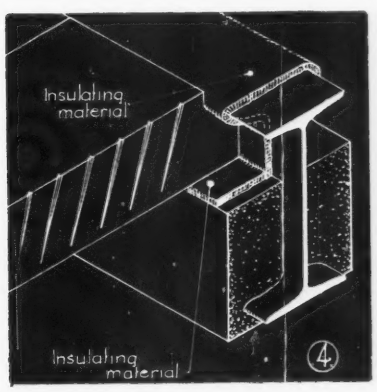
SOUND INSULATION *AND* ACOUSTIC CONTROL
IN PRECAST FLOOR CONSTRUCTION

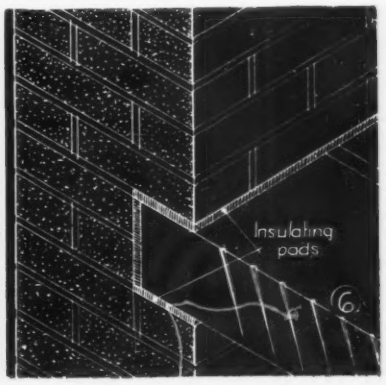
With the inevitable replacement, in city areas, of separate dwellings by blocks of flats the problem of securing that the privacy of each family shall not be disturbed by the activities of neighbours has become one of first-class importance. For this reason we have devoted a considerable amount of time and energy to discovering how the best possible acoustic results can be economically achieved with the Siegwart precast floor system.

The nature of the Siegwart Floor (hollow beams) is such that it is of itself an effective barrier to air-borne sounds. Impact noises can be minimised at the outset either by the provision of a soft treading surface or, where this is not desirable, by placing insulating material between the floor finish and the floor proper (Fig. 1) or, in the case of a board floor, by insulating the battens from the concrete by means of insulated clips (Fig. 2). In order to obtain an even greater degree of insulation between the storeys of the building it is recommended that a false ceiling of suitable acoustic material be added and fixed in such a way that it is insulated from the floor itself. An insulated hanger has been devised to facilitate the fixing of false ceilings under special soffitless Siegwart beams (Fig. 3).

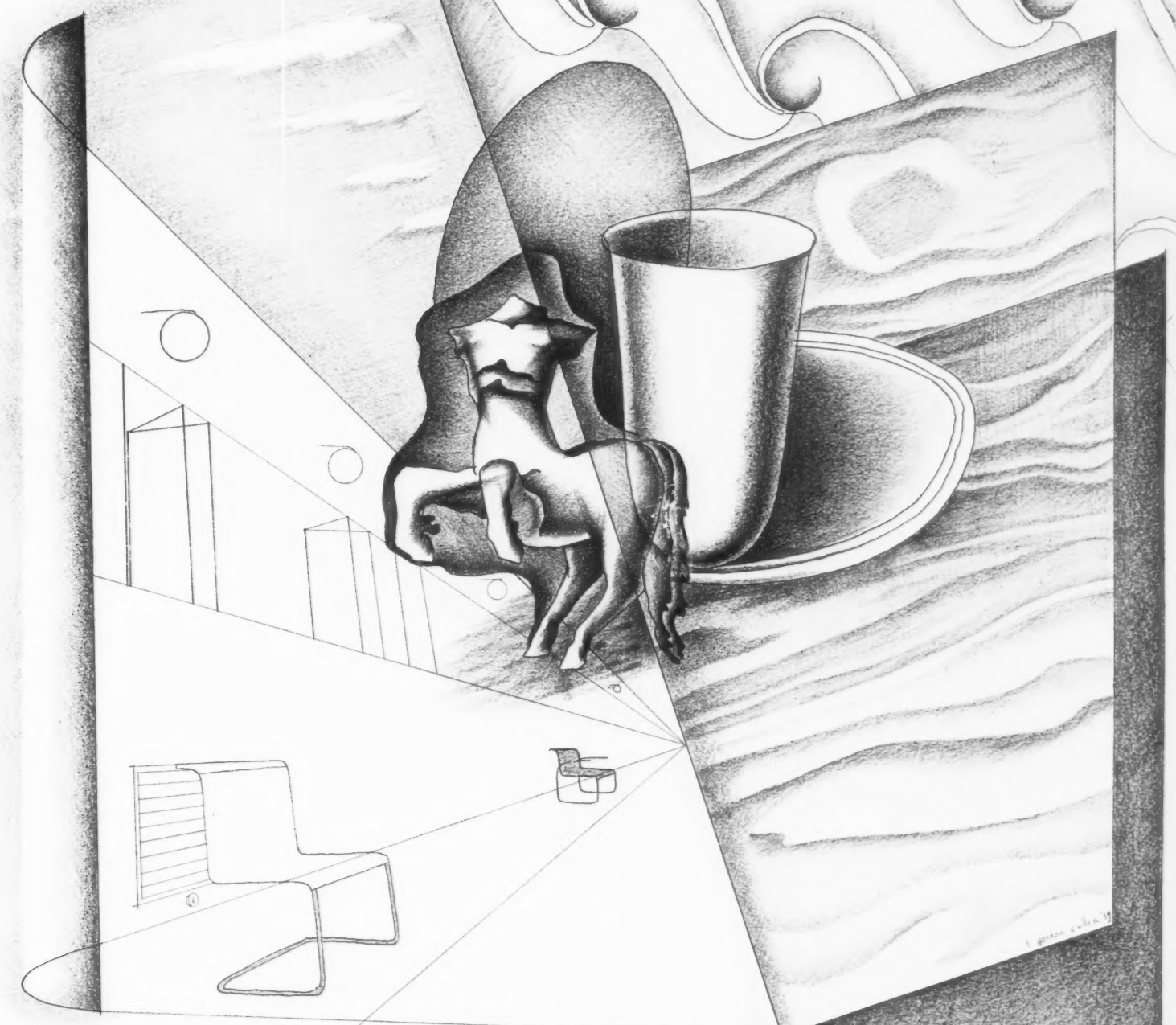
Another problem, which has come to the fore with the development of the multi-storeyed building for dwelling purposes, is to prevent noises such as footfalls or the scraping of chairs from travelling along the floor and thence through the frame and walls, and conversely to prevent the banging of doors and air-borne sounds such as a radio-set or piano placed near a wall from being transmitted via the wall to the floors above or below. This can only be done by insulating the floor from its bearings (Figs. 4, 5, 6), and so from the frame and or walls.

Issued by the Siegwart Fireproof Floor Co., Ltd., *who are specialists in the design and construction of Precast Floors, Roofs and Balconies.* For full technical information and any assistance you may require in the application of the Siegwart principle to specific structural problems write to **Siegwart, 231 Strand, London, W.C.2,** or at Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, Belfast.





DECORATION



ADVERTISERS' SUPPLEMENT

The problem of highway lighting continues to exercise many minds. We respectfully submit this solution to the consideration of those readers of this Journal to whom the subject may be of interest.

A NEW THOUGHT—ON STREET LIGHTING

This illustration has been prepared to give an indication of one manner in which the problem might be solved.

It will be noticed that the buildings on each side can be bathed in light, each building, whatever its formation, receiving equal illumination.

This system, therefore, is adaptable to the dual purpose of floodlighting each side of the road, as well as the road itself.

The problem, as we see it, is to provide a uniform distribution of light over the length and breadth of the road, avoiding glare in the eyes of road users and obstruction of vision. If this can be achieved without excessive current consumption a solution will be within sight.

New principles of light diffusion and deflection which have already been widely adopted in other fields of illumination, make an installation on the lines illustrated a practical proposition.

The units incorporate a single lamp, the light being completely diffused and distributed without loss over a wide area. The light is accurately controlled, and a succession of units at suitable intervals would provide a uniform flux of light, smoothing out the alternate pools of light and shadow which characterise most existing systems of street lighting.

The units can be suspended from over-head cables or supported on pillars, and can be made instantly accessible.

From an æsthetic, as well as a utilitarian standpoint, such an installation would have much to commend it.

Full details for a scheme of lighting on these lines have been prepared and we shall be pleased to discuss them with anyone interested in the subject of street lighting. Enquiries are invited.

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