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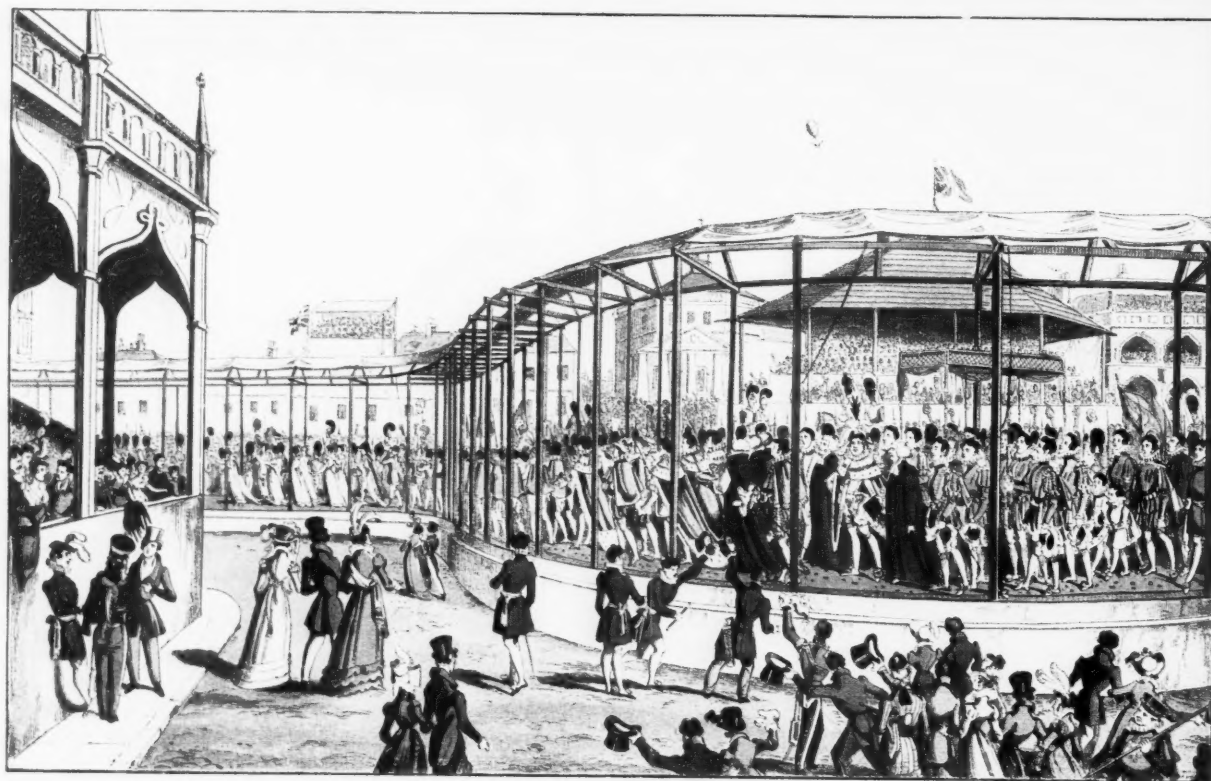
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CORONATION PROCESSION OF HIS MAJESTY GEORGE THE FOURTH 1821

Modern Architecture and the Public

T H E M . A . R . S . E X H I B I T I O N

IT is one of the sad handicaps of the modern movement in architecture that the ordinary person, on whose understanding of it the satisfactory progress of the movement depends, has probably never once seen an example of modern architecture. It is not as though examples were rare if the architectural field is regarded internationally—the recent ubiquitous establishment of the movement is one of its greatest achievements and its simplest claim to significance; it is not even as though examples in this country were rare, only up to the present, with few exceptions, private persons and private industry have been modern architecture's best patrons, so that modern buildings are generally hidden, or at least do not advertise themselves to the public, and do not form part of the public's normal environment.

This is a handicap that time can cure, but it leads us to another more serious one. Alongside the real growth and expansion of modern architectural practice has developed the bogus modernism with which we are all familiar, one that assumes the transitory or accidental characteristics of the real thing, and exploits its fashion value, without possessing either its rational justification or its artistic integrity. The existence of this "modernistic" practice, by confusing the issue, presents a greater danger to the healthy unselfconscious acceptance of the modern idea than the existence of any diehard practice of, for instance, Renaissance revivalism; and the capacity to discriminate between the genuine and the false is the first kind of sensibility that must be inculcated in the public mind if a truly modern idiom is to be allowed room to re-establish itself.

The public does not at the moment even know modern architecture when it sees it, and is therefore not in a position to hold out to the modern architectural movement the support that it needs to enable it to make the transition from its adolescent stage as the conscious cult of an intelligentsia to its mature stage as the unconscious expression of a culture.

An unconscious expression is the result, as often as not, of the assimilation of an adopted mode, as the Georgian evolved from the exotic importation of Inigo Jones or as the ubiquitous "Adam style" from the applied monumentality of Palladio. A wide acceptance in the first place demands a wide understanding; so one of the necessary tasks of the modern school of architects, when they join together in collective activity, is the simple one of propaganda. The typical collective activity, in which technicians in general can most beneficially indulge, is research: co-operative thought, that is, by pooling experience and invention. But in the case of the architect lack of building experience limits

the usefulness of his technical research; his buildings are his laboratory and his theoretical knowledge of his art, unlike the scientist's theoretical knowledge of his science, advances only with the opportunity the public gives him of applying it. The weakness of the present position of modern architecture lies in the lack of experience the modern architect is given of applying his art to the solution of typically modern problems. While his opportunities remain only those afforded by the patronage of the intelligentsia, his influence will be restricted and his contribution to civilization insignificant.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the M.A.R.S. Group (the Modern Architectural Research Group), the body through which the modern architects in England express themselves collectively, though formed some while ago primarily as a research organization, should now find itself undertaking its first large-scale public activity in the form of a frankly propaganda activity. The M.A.R.S. Exhibition of Modern Architecture, now announced to take place this summer at the New Burlington Galleries in London, sets out to expound modern architecture to the public. It promises to be more than simply an exhibition of photographs of modern buildings, and to do more than explain the practical advantages, functional, hygienic and economic, that unacademic architecture possesses; by unifying the qualities of modern architecture it will seek to convey something of its spirit, presenting it as the spontaneous environment of an uninhibited present, and the practice of it, the architect's part, as a formal and technical activity that belongs intimately to today.

The exhibition will be a momentous occasion. It promises to be an important landmark in that development of a coherent contemporary expression in which the modern movement in architecture partakes. The exhibition, however, can be left to register its own importance when it opens two months from now; but it is worth discussing meanwhile the question of what is peculiar about the present relationship between architecture and society that makes necessary (and even possible) a conscientious exposition of the nature of what is being claimed at the same time to be the only reasonable modern architecture.

For it will not have been overlooked that several assumptions have been made at the beginning of this essay that are at first sight of doubtful validity, and that certainly are not justified by historical precedent. The assumption most open to question, of course, is that the public has to be actively won over to support a new kind of architecture before that architecture can flourish; with this is coupled the assumption that a wide public understanding

of that architecture is a necessary condition of success. It might be argued that neither in the case of Tudor architecture nor of Georgian architecture is any record in existence of the universality of the current idiom having been established by a rational exposition of its advantages. Neither, in our sense, was the architecture "understood"; the style that was current only meant the alphabet with which the community wrote architecturally. The great virtue of, say, the Georgian style was that its application was unstylistic: although connoisseurship was alive, in the general run of building the actual selective judgments that the process of architectural design involved were made almost instinctively. But today we are without that instinct, that visual preoccupation with a single alphabet of expression, that enables us to abbreviate the complex processes of deliberate design into an act as unselfconscious as speech or walking.

It is true, moreover, that the public did not, in Georgian times, express its support of one architecture, by preference or understanding. It accepted the architecture it was given. But it was the only architecture, and was modern simply because it embodied the latest practice and presented a formal contrast with the architecture of a more barbarous past.

The key to the difference between then and now lies in the disappearance of the overwhelming influence of the aristocratic tradition. The Georgian terraces and squares, that we regard so reverently both as the apex of achievement of English architecture and as the complete expression of co-operation and citizenship, were not laid out at the citizens' instigation but by the great landlords. They owe their existence to an aristocracy's interest in "improvement" and to an aristocratic taste.

Today the aristocracy, such of it as remains, is philistine; the commercial aristocracy that has in part replaced it is also philistine. There is no pervading influence or patronage that will convert a cultured taste into a wide-spread habit of application. Today in our democratic or bureaucratic state we must substitute a thousand committee men, councillors, civil servants and private builders for each single aristocratic patron. It is these whose patronage the modern architect needs, and who represent the public whom he must educate to serve as his patrons. This may involve an undesirable intellectualization of the Architect's art, but only thus can sufficient co-operation be obtained to give modern architecture the same opportunities of civic application that the great landlords gave it in the past. And only civic opportunities, buildings for public services and public works on a large scale, can enable the architect to exploit the modern qualities of standardization and mass production, and to make full use of the characteristically modern industrial organization.

But architecture is an art, it might again be said, whose mysteries cannot be understood by all: the spiritual as well as the formal qualities that make the difference between good art and bad art are matters of feeling and not of fact; the vital element in architecture, that is, is not subject to exposition and analysis. It might be said, let the architect prosecute his art and let the public accept it as simply and as unanalytically as it has always accepted great art. But here again we come up against the complexity of our social organization, the confusion of purpose that makes the public querulous of change but at the same time uncertain of relative values and easily seduced by novelty. Educational efforts, therefore, towards the establishment of an understanding of modern architecture, must be pursued as a kind of tactic; as the only way of simplifying the issue in preparation for a state of affairs more analogous to the Georgian. We must go back first to the building up in the public mind of a simple sense of function, in the way of rightness and orderliness as well as of efficiency, using the easily demonstrable practical virtues of modern architecture to gain a degree of public co-operation; trusting later to see that architecture accepted for its own sake as art.

It has been said before that the way to a householder's patronage is through the kitchen; that the appeal of efficiency and pleasing simplicity in the region where the mechanical side of architecture is most naturally displayed forms the best introduction to the architecture as a whole; and it is an elaboration of this method that modern architectural propaganda can best employ.

An exhibition, such as the M.A.R.S. Exhibition, can first of all demonstrate with force and conviction the advantages of modern building on economic, hygienic and planning grounds and, even though these do not necessarily add up to architecture, as long as the awareness of this limitation is preserved, such a demonstration may succeed in establishing a solid foundation for subsequent less selfconscious evolution. In the second place the balance can be partially redressed by photographs and models of actual examples used to display the human and aesthetic qualities. The synthesis of the whole only actual building can demonstrate.

A further service an exhibition can perform is one of education in optical perception. The quality of modern architecture depends very largely on exactness of proportion and on carefully considered relationships of all kinds. We no longer seek the picturesque; our machine organization would only allow a spurious imitation of it, nor does the tempo of our time encourage it. Instead, we find pleasure in the curious shapes of machines, in precision and in the elegance that arises from accurate structural elimination. Instead of ornament we enjoy the surfaces of metals, the textures of natural materials and the juxtaposition of differentially coloured planes. Appreciation of these qualities demands an eye trained to distinguish them, and our eye today, coarsened as it has been by the confusing demands the architecture and the urban scene of the past hundred years have made on it, needs practice and training in recovery from the partial anaesthesia that prevalent ugliness has induced. We have to sharpen our sensitivity to simple relationships and proportions,* in order that this kind of true sensitivity to architectural qualities may take the place of the connoisseur's unaesthetic interest in variation of style.

One has the suspicion that, in any case, as a nation our formal sensibility is not well developed. Our artistic leanings are more literary, and what we take to be architectural appreciation often proves to be only a dutiful and sentimental interest, an admiration, as for Tudor remains, for ruined abbeys, for herbaceous borders and for the English village, that is based on prestige or on a semi-literary scale of values. A real formal or visual discrimination would not allow us sedulously to preserve beauty spots near isolated waterfalls while our heritage of urban squares and terraces and of humanized countryside was being destroyed by the building speculator. It seems that we have to go abroad, say to Spain or Austria, to find a people actively and spontaneously aware of their surroundings.

But be that as it may, there is reason enough to wish to establish in the public mind a general perception of the essential qualities of modern architecture. The state of mind which proper appreciation of it demands is one that is necessary before any of the co-operative enterprises modern society needs can be put into force: regional planning, co-ordinated transport services, to name only the ones on the fringe of the architectural sphere. For wider political and sociological reforms, with which we are not here concerned, the same sympathy, realism and lack of prejudice are again essential conditions.

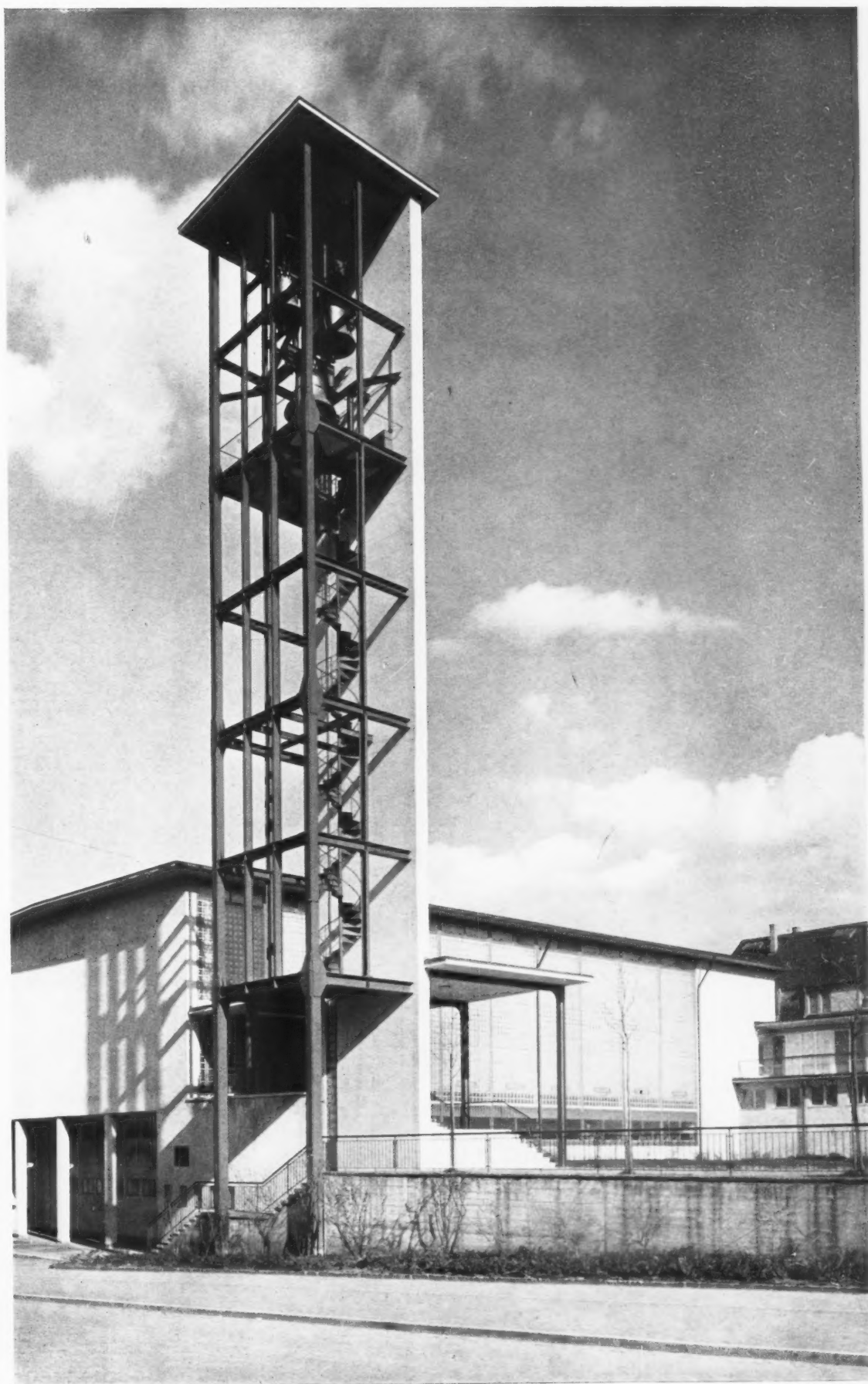
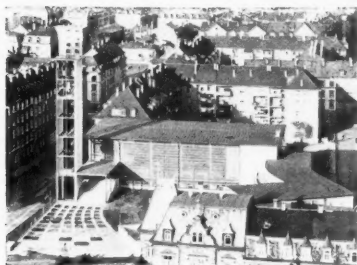
Mr. Herbert Read, in his book *Art and Society*, observes that "it is dangerous for a society to be too conscious about art; but it is nevertheless necessary for society to support the artist." He goes on to say, "it may be doubted whether a great civilization was ever consciously planned. It is an unconscious growth, and is killed by rationalization. At the present moment we have suffered such a fate. We are at the dead end of a process of rationalization, and by a supreme effort of consciousness we are trying to recognize the fact. Consequently we live in an age of transition, in which a whole way of life and thought is breaking down, never to recover, and if civilization is to continue we have to discover a new way of life." If civilization is to continue: a promise and a threat: the new way of life and the breakdown of the old. The effort needed is an active one. The forces of disintegration will not wait upon the spontaneous blossoming of art.

J.M.R.

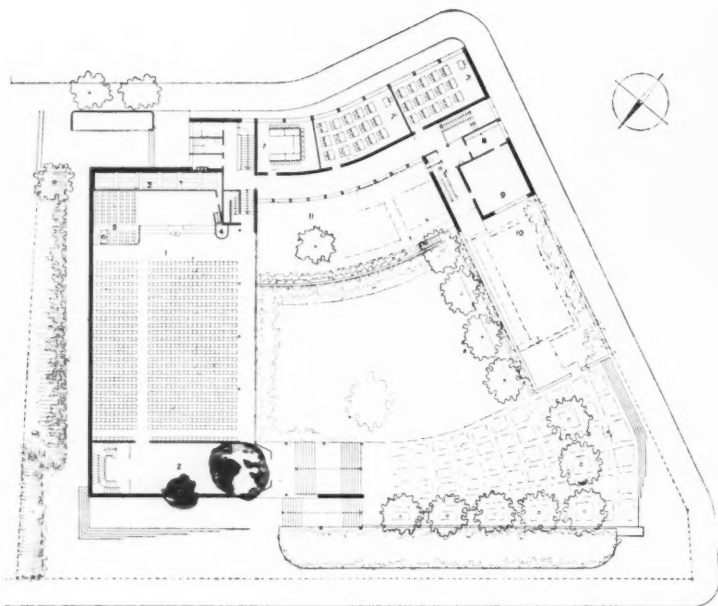
*That this process has already begun, is perhaps indicated by the present-day interest in abstract art, where refinement of visual perception is the unalloyed basis of appreciation.

A S T E E L C H U R C H I N B A S E L

The St. Johannes-Kirche, Basel, was the subject of a competition, open to all Swiss architects, held in 1931, for which 141 sets of plans were submitted. Later on, however, the original provision of 1,400,000 Swiss francs had to be reduced to 800,000, which necessitated a second, but this time limited, competition. The second, like the first, was won by Egender and Burckhardt. It is not without interest that Herr Burckhardt should have started his career in London, where he studied under Professor Richardson at University College, because he believed Swiss architecture to be too much influenced by German and French teaching. If it seems surprising that a church of such uncompromisingly modern design could have been built in ultra-traditional Basel, it must be borne in mind that Swiss Protestantism, being Zwinglian, has always adhered to the austere possible forms and rejected anything suggestive of religious mystery or decorative appeal; that the funds available imposed a building of the utmost simplicity; and that the site lies in a new outer suburb of closely ranged blocks of working-class tenements. 1, a view from above, showing the church's very urban setting. 2, a detail of the tower. The architects wanted to omit the tower, but their hands were forced by a private donation specially made for the purpose. Their ultimate adoption of a plain steel framework with a concrete back wall was the result of a sudden inspiration while watching a lofty steel derrick assembling the girders of their own church.

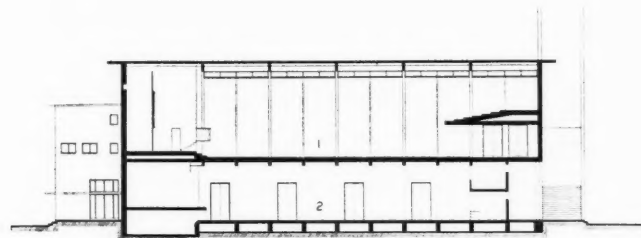


K. EGENDER AND ERNST F. BURCKHARDT, ARCHITECTS.



KEY TO PLAN

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Church. | 7. Sunday School. |
| 2. Porch. | 8. Waiting Room. |
| 3. Organ. | 9. Pastor's Reception Room. |
| 4. Pulpit. | 10. Pastor's Garden. |
| 5. Choir. | 11. Sexton's Garden. |
| 6. Organ Loft. | |



KEY TO SECTION

- | |
|-----------------|
| 1. Church. |
| 2. Parish Hall. |

Above is a plan at a level that shows the church itself. Under the church, which seats 1,100, is a parish hall holding 600. The pastor's and sexton's dwellings, with the Sunday school and the pastor's reception-parlour beneath them, form a right-angled wing. Between lies a spacious garden. 3, a general view from the side showing the garden court. 4, an interior. It is an established convention in Switzerland that choir and organ (there is no altar) should be visible to the congregation, and that the pulpit must not assume a central importance. One wall of the church consists entirely of glass bricks. The exposed and uncased steel framework is painted white, the flat ceiling being faced with squares of unpolished birch plywood. Standardized tip-up cinema-seats replace the usual bulky and uncomfortable pews. The total cost was 750,000 Swiss francs.



A S T E E L C H U R C H I N B A S E L

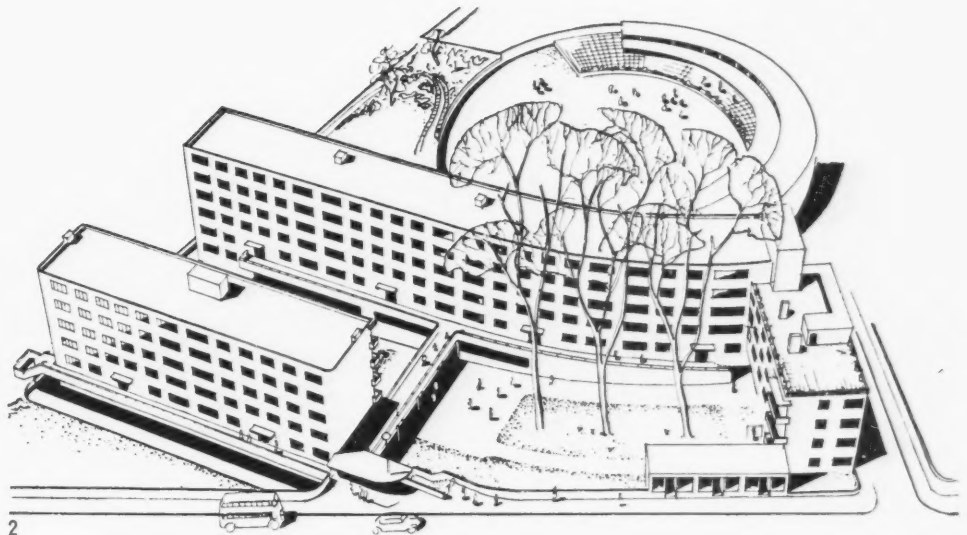
FLATS AND NURSERY SCHOOL, LADBROKE GROVE



1

This London housing scheme, known as Kensal House, although built under a Housing Act subsidy to re-house tenants from the Kensington Borough Council's slum-clearance areas, is also intended as a practical experiment in mass automatic fuel service to low-rental flats, the scheme having been initiated by the Gas, Light and Coke Co. for that purpose. The fuel-service programme which the company wished to demonstrate was as follows: A, a constant supply of hot water to sink, copper and bath (for these three purposes one small instantaneous water heater is installed in each flat); B, a modern automatic cooker in the kitchen; C, a coke fire, lit by gas, in the living-room. The total accommodation is 68 flats, with clubrooms for adult tenants and a nursery school with space for 60 children. 1, a view from Ladbroke Grove, looking south-west. 2, a bird's-eye drawing from approximately the same point.

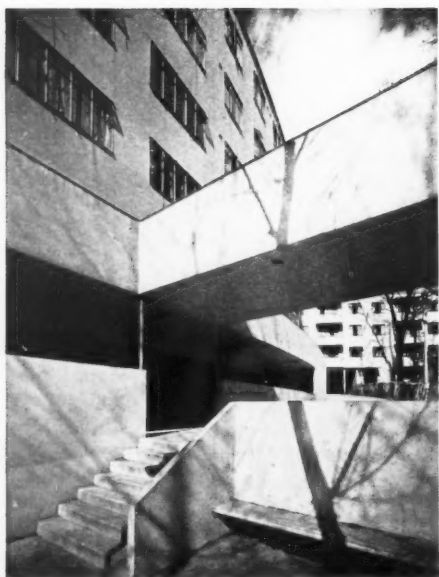
COMMITTEE OF ARCHITECTS: ROBERT ATKINSON, C. H. JAMES, G. GREY WORNUM.
E. MAXWELL FRY, EXECUTANT ARCHITECT.



FLATS AND NURSERY

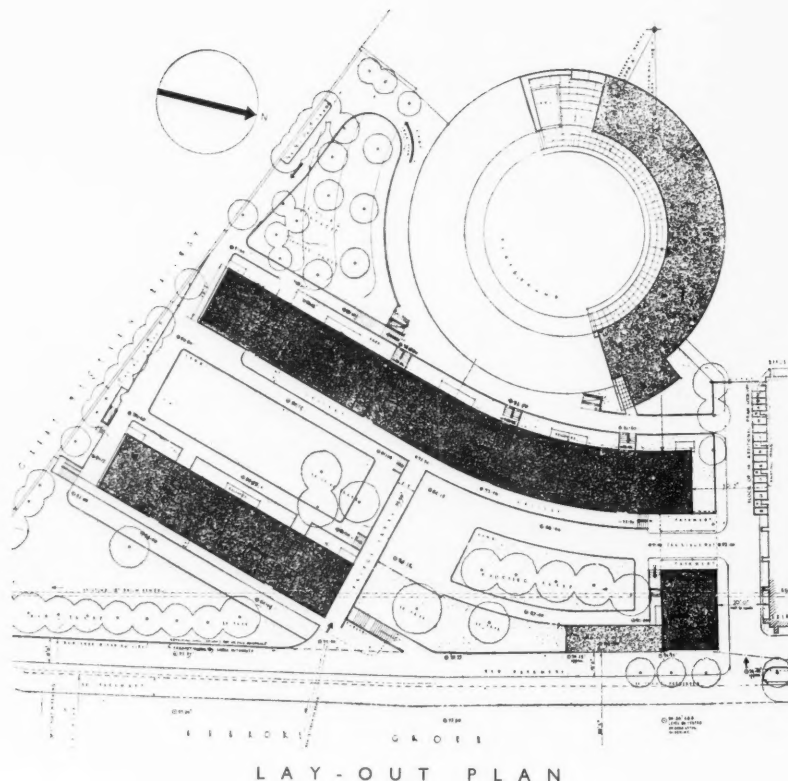


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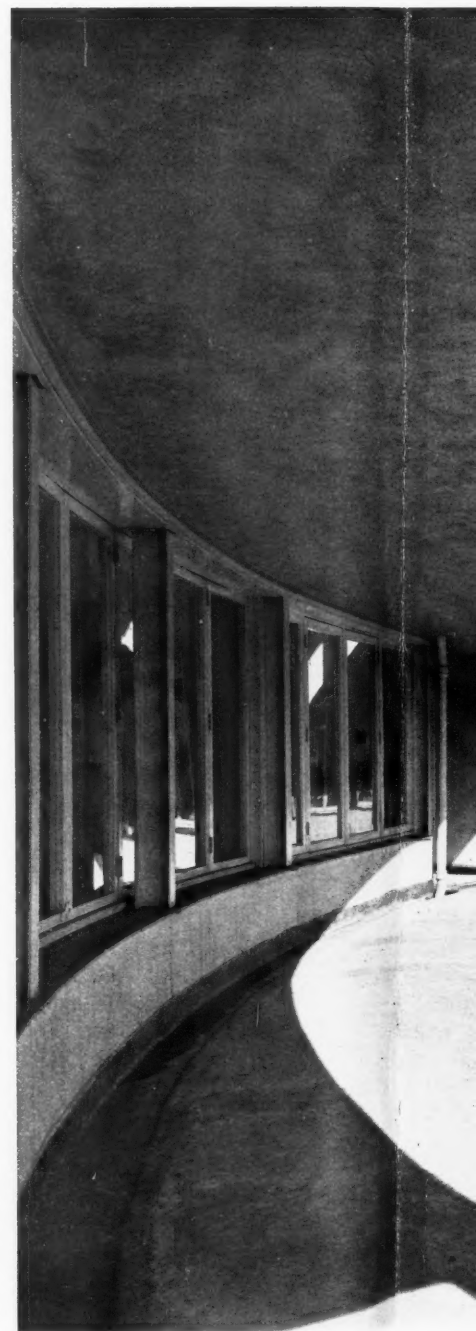


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The site, of approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres, is bounded on the south side by the Great Western Railway. It was formerly part of the Kensal Green Gas Works and the site of a former gas-holder has been utilized as the foundation of a children's playground. Its circular shape dictated the plan of the nursery school adjacent (see layout plan below). The two flat blocks run approximately north and south, to permit morning sun to reach the bedrooms (the majority of which face east) and afternoon sun to reach the living-rooms. Of the 68 flats 54 have three bedrooms and 14 two bedrooms, besides kitchen and bathroom. Each flat has both a large family balcony and a smaller balcony specially ventilated for drying clothes. The rents are 11s. 6d. a week and 9s. 6d. a week for the two sizes of flat, including rates. 3, a view from the Ladbroke Grove pavement, close to the central approach to the rear block of flats, which is by way of a bridge over the lower-level garden separating the blocks (see bird's-eye sketch on the previous page). The photograph shows the well-designed bus-shelter beside this entrance. 4, the same bridge and covered way where it impinges on the rear block of flats. 5, the circular nursery school, bounding one-half of the playground; also the west face of the large block showing the balconies. 6, the east face of the large block.

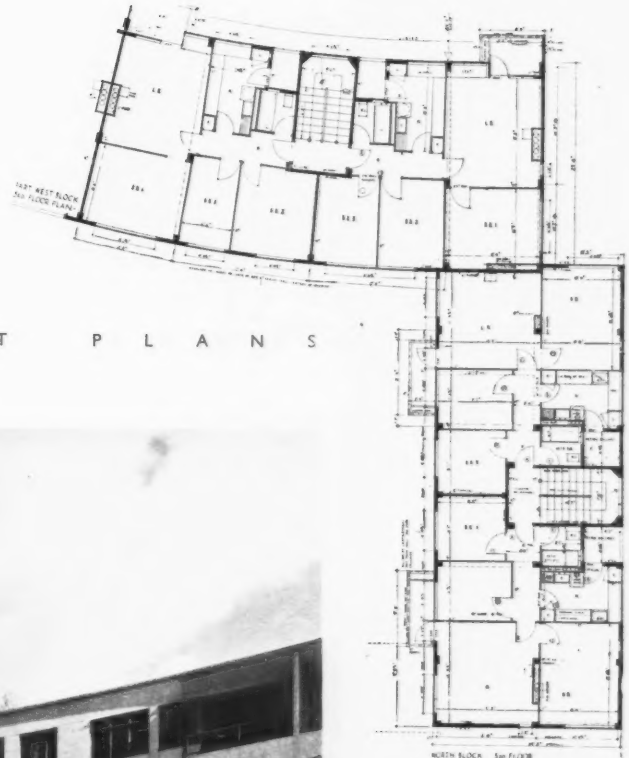
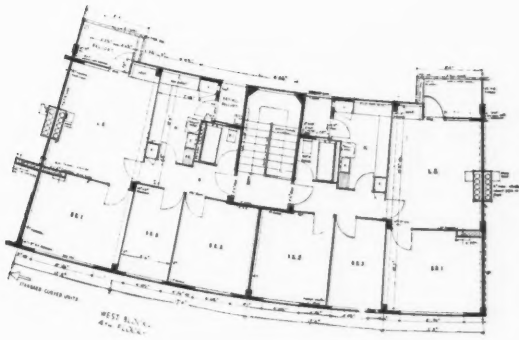


LAY-OUT PLAN

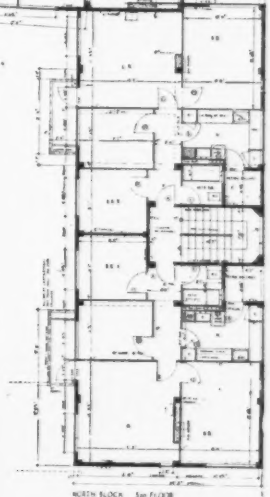


5

SERY SCHOOL, LADBROKE GROVE



TYPICAL FLAT PLANS



FLATS AND NURSERY SCHOOL, LADBROKE GROVE



7



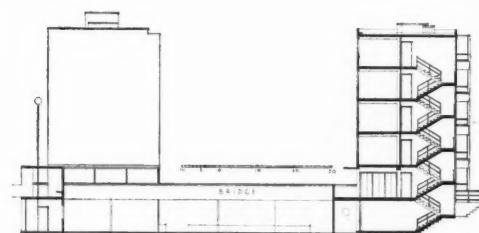
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9



10

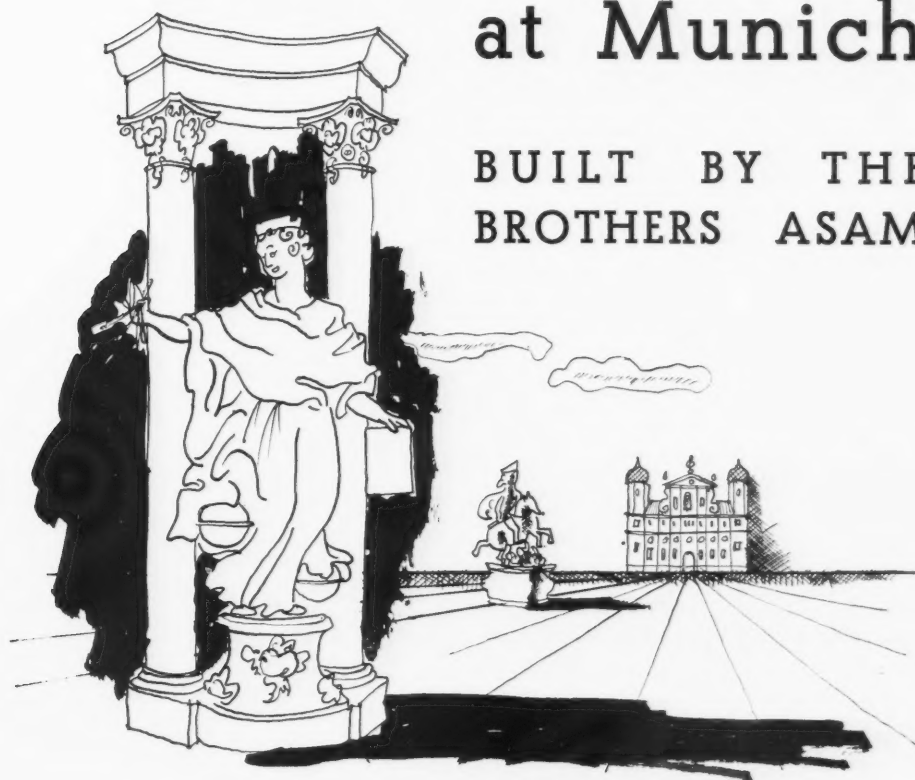


SECTION

The construction of the flats is reinforced concrete, with 4 in. walls with a smooth external surface obtained from the hard boards used as shuttering. The walls are lined on the inside with 1 in. of cork. Floors and roofs are hollow tile, the latter finished with asphalt. All windows are metal. Window-boxes, holding 2 ft. of earth and well drained, are built in the concrete of the balconies. The nursery school is of light steel frame and timber construction, with brick walls where necessary. Internally the walls are plastered. Those in halls and living-rooms are painted to a height of 3 ft. 6 ins., so that finger-prints, etc., can be wiped off. Kitchens and bathrooms are painted throughout and bedrooms distempered. Floors are linoleum. 7, a typical living-room. 8, a typical kitchen. 9, an interior in the nursery school. 10, a close-up exterior on the west side showing the large balconies.

The Church of St. Nepomuk at Munich

BUILT BY THE
BROTHERS ASAM



By C. L. Robert

MOST of us who enter a church or other building of the Rococo period in Germany are overwhelmed by its profusion of decoration, the apparent chaos of architectural forms and incoherent diversity of execution. Yet once its aims and principles are understood we find that this very profusion is part of a deliberate principle, and we are able to appreciate that there is no style in which the three arts of architecture, painting, and plastic decoration have been so successfully united and welded into a complete artistic whole as the Rococo. Here Germany achieved, unwittingly, the zenith of her architectural development; in fact her only notable achievement in this field of culture. In order to understand this otherwise meaningless trend in architectural development it is necessary to review briefly the conditions which led to its birth and sudden decline.

At the close of the seventeenth century the wave of the Baroque swept over Central and Western Europe from its birthplace in Italy. The ornamentation

was heavy and sombre. Columns and supports were surmounted by exaggerated heads and busts derived mostly from ancient mythology or the threatening figures of the Old Testament. Ceilings, decorated with dark, ominous clouds and life-sized gods and devils, contributed to the depressing atmosphere. At this time Germany was divided into a great number of small kingdoms, principalities and ecclesiastical domains, whose petty rulers vied one with another in attempts to impress their neighbours and subjects with the magnificence of their palaces, residences and churches. The Baroque style was little suited as a background for picturesque and brilliant court festivities, and under the patronage of these princelings a new architecture was demanded to provide them with a setting more in keeping with their requirements. The Rococo was the immediate and satisfactory result. In it painting, sculpture and plastic decoration were subordinated to architecture to a degree never before experienced in the history of art. Architects, acting under the pressing orders of their royal patrons,



1
The church is treated as an elaborate accent in the street façade. The rustic work about the entrance: rugged rocks piled on the street pavement: is a characteristic form of expression in the Baroque. 1, the exterior.

were bent only on producing the most gorgeous settings and outbidding each other in the profusion and novelty of their decoration. They spared neither expense nor invention in developing a new style adapted to the existing mode and circumstances. Freed from all restraint and for the first time free from foreign influences, an independent school of architects was soon developed out of the native stock of the more competent stonemasons, and several quickly made a name for themselves by their beautiful work in different parts of the country. Although their designs often differed widely in detail yet, inspired by the same motives, they gave

birth to a new style and laid down certain principles which were generally followed by the rising generation of artists in the several contributory branches.

Amongst these Masters of the German Rococo, whose work differed essentially from the French in being far more elaborate and gaudy, may be mentioned Dientzenhofer, Greising, Neumann, Trost, and finally the brothers Asam—Cosmos and Egid. The latter was a noted master of the art of plastic decoration, and the former a very able painter. They belonged to a family of artists which came to Germany from the Tyrol. Their father was already famous for his fine work at several

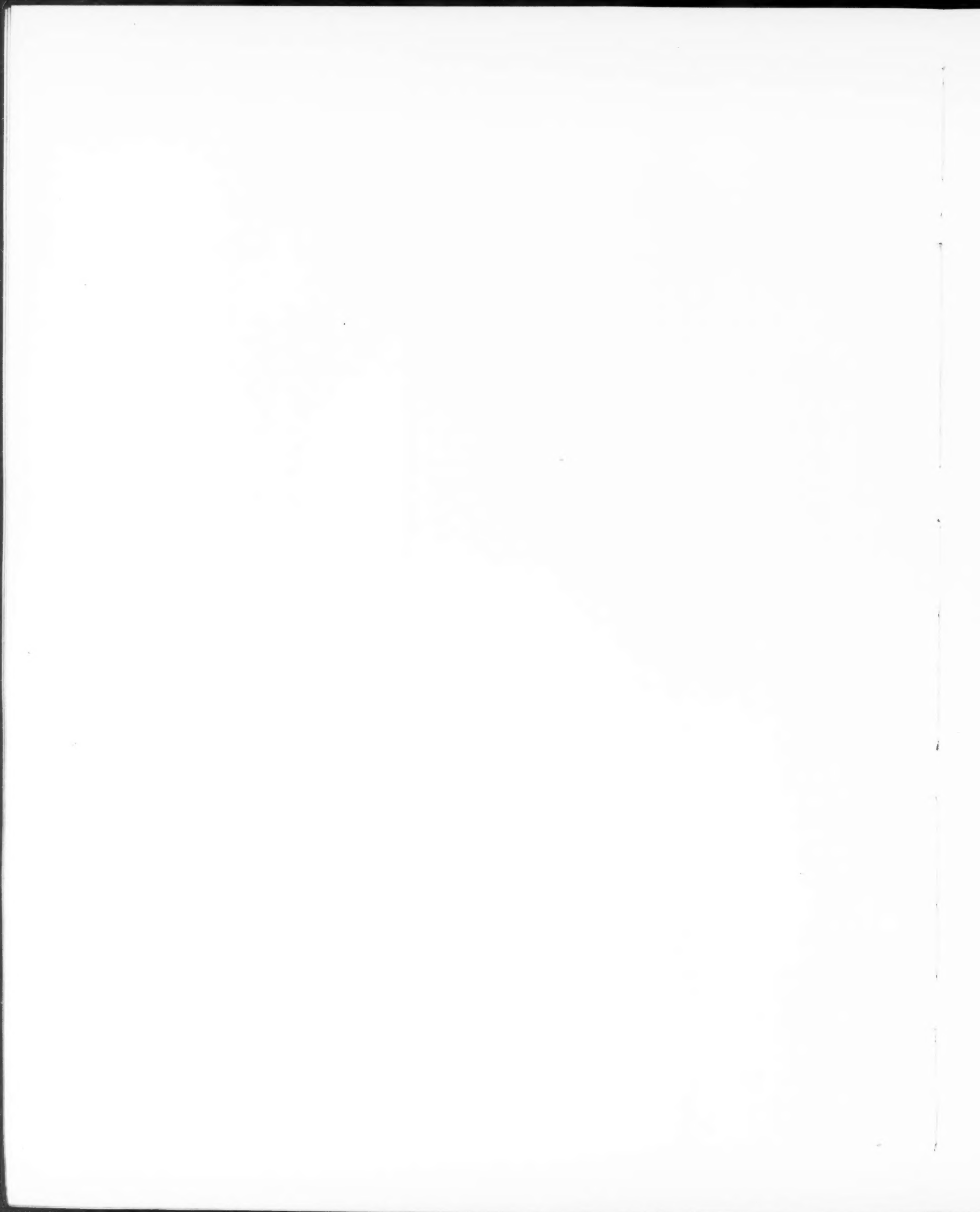
Bavarian monasteries, and they began their career at Munich in 1715.

Their masterpiece was the Asam Church at Munich, which remains today one of the finest examples of German Rococo in existence. It may be noted, particularly as an indication of the certainty with which the new style was by then established, that this, their greatest work, was carried out free of the court patronage by which the Rococo was generally inspired. While the brothers were at work on the beautiful church at Weltenburg, a barge laden with very valuable decorative material was nearly lost in the Danube, but was miraculously saved, and as a thank-offering Egid Asam vowed to build a church to the glory of Saint Nepomuk at his own expense, which should surpass in beauty and richness of decoration everything hitherto attempted or accomplished in his native land—and he kept his word. The foundation stone was laid by the Elector at Munich in the presence of a vast crowd on the sixteenth of May, 1733. Unrestrained by the demands of a patron and with a free hand to create as their artistic fancy dictated, during the following years they lavished their whole energy and combined abilities on perfecting their church. Its progress was only interrupted for brief intervals by other work, on the completion of which the necessary funds depended. In 1739 Cosmos died, but the work went on: nor was the decorative detail entirely finished when the church was consecrated in 1746, six years before the death of Egid.

The architectural problems to be solved by the two brothers were considerable, as the building stands on a very narrow site, with no space between it and the adjoining houses, but in the design they successfully overcame all difficulties. The entrance to the church is through splendid wrought-iron gates and from here the parts of the interior which the Asam brothers particularly wished to emphasize stand out very clearly. It is the artistic handling of light that heightens the effect to a degree seldom, if ever, attained in other religious buildings and which has secured for this church such a world-wide reputation. The sources of light are hidden. The great double windows of the façade are behind us and are concealed from below by the pipes of the organ. The windows penetrate between them and illuminate only the upper regions. On the other hand, three small circular windows are ranged very high along the length of the right wall (the high house on the left made some such arrangement necessary), and these are themselves concealed amid a mass of plastic decoration. They light the high altars—there are two, one above the other—the Christ on the Cross above them, the assembly of carved and coloured angels who appear to be floating in the soft light, and finally, the painted ceiling, dimly representing Christ rising to Heaven surrounded by clouds and accompanied by a host of angels, saints and doves.

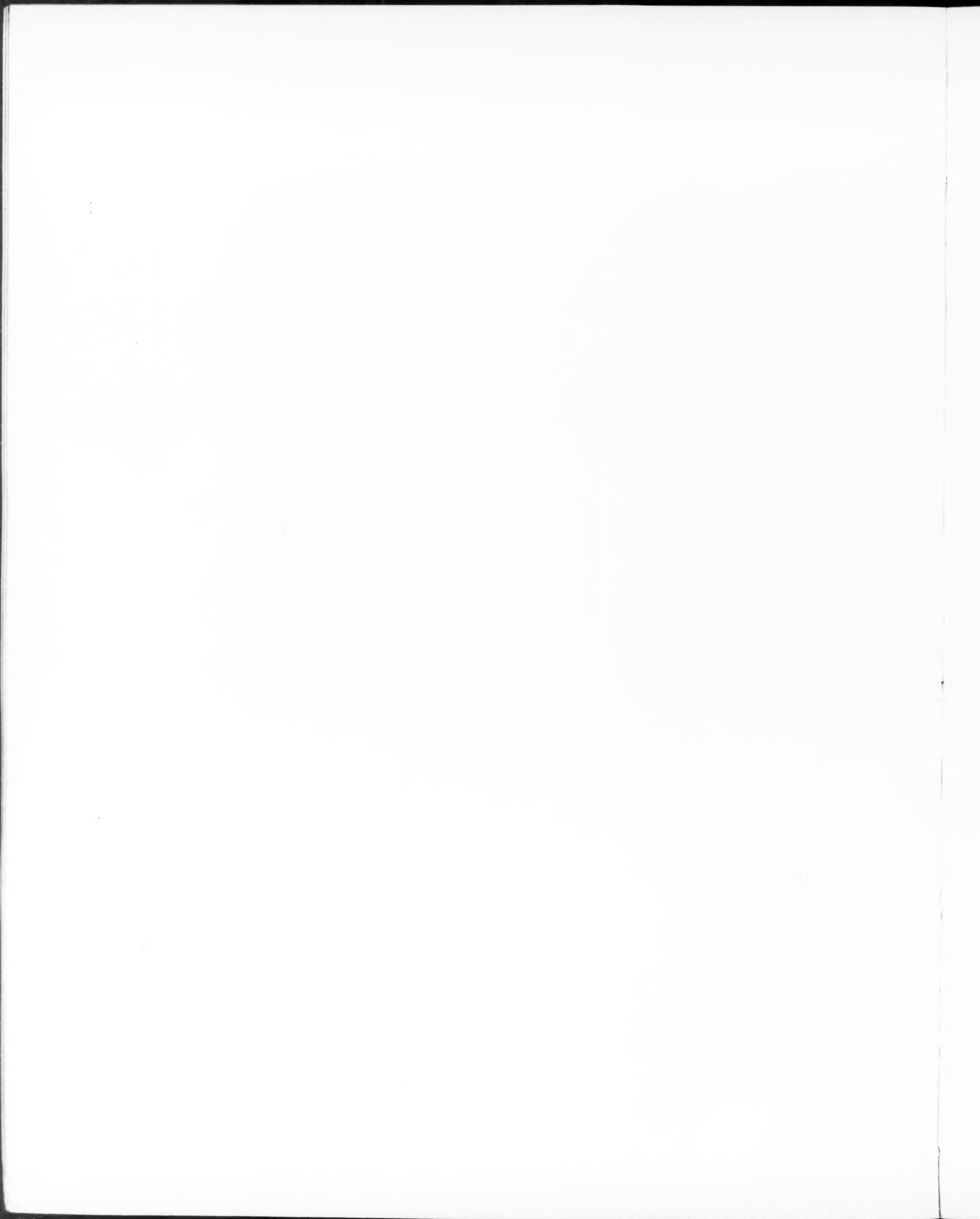


“Barley sugar” columns, elaborated with sculpture by Kuerschner. The columns surround the gallery (see Plate iv) in the Church of St. Nepomuk at Munich.





Death destroying Life. The tombstone of Count Zech in the Church of St. Nepomuk at Munich. The designer of the tomb was I. Guenther; the Architects of the church itself were the brothers Asam.





2



3



Sculptured groups and figures are carefully poised to emphasize the spatial composition. They serve to carry the eye from one plane to another and unify the whole of the interior enclosure. This intention can be read in the figure of an angel, 2, the putto perched on the organ case, 3, and the sculptured group, 4, which represents St. Nepomuk (to whom the church is dedicated) raising a sinner from the dead.

The plastic figures, designs and paintings are all gradually reduced from below upwards in true perspective until it is almost impossible to discern in the failing light where plastic reality ends and painted representation begins. The scene far above us among the clouds has itself the semblance of reality and it requires little imagination to find ourselves transported into another world. This was the inten-

tion of the designers. It is the idea pervading the whole work; the worshipper shall at once, on entering the church, be transferred from his everyday surroundings into the mysteries of another and future life, and, to attain this end, every artistic device and motive is utilized to the utmost. It is only when we bear this in mind that it is possible to understand the origin and significance of what might

otherwise appear a gross superfluity of decoration and colour.

We must remember on entering that we are not viewing a museum of Rococo art but a church erected by its pious founders with a fixed and clear intention. Imbued entirely with this idea, the Asam brothers completed a work which has hardly a parallel in the architectural production of that period in any country. Both façade



5



6

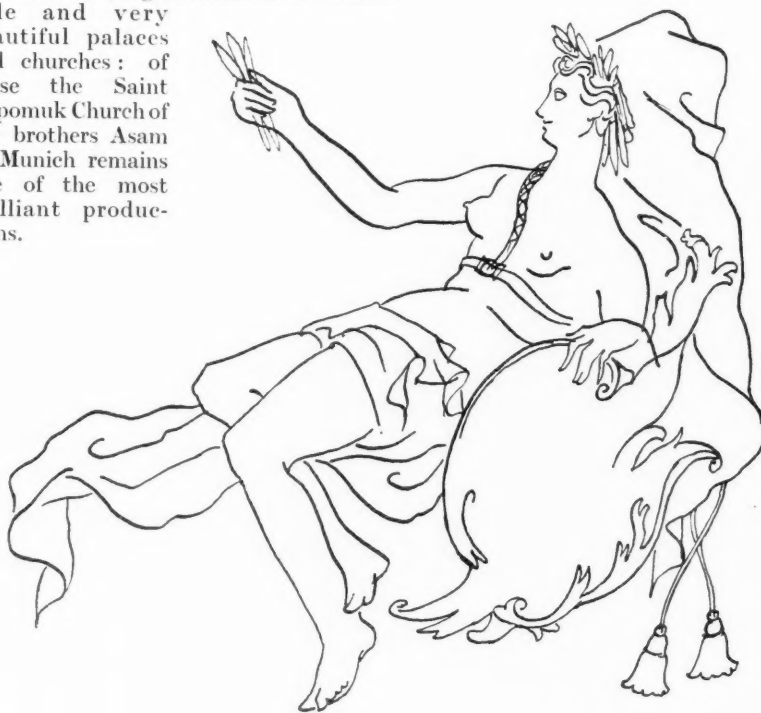
Baroque architects could rely on an amazing virtuosity in contemporary metal craftsmanship and in all decorative work. The design flows freely from one medium to another. It is difficult to see where the sculptured decoration ends and the painted ceiling begins. 5, the gilded iron entrance gates to the nave, looking towards the altar. 6, above the high altar, looking upwards towards the painted ceiling. See also Plate iv.

and interior are the highest perfection of the German Rococo. The whole space is filled with a brilliant confusion of gilded saints and coloured cherubs, of festoons and garlands of flowers, both free and in plastic carving.

The nave, which is without aisles or side-chapels, is decorated along the sides with large panels of many-coloured marbles separated by richly carved and gilded columns. These support a narrow gallery running the whole length of the building and terminating in an altar placed above the great high altar itself—a feature to be found nowhere else. Massive columns of turned red marble, rising from the gallery, support the cornice, while, high above, the domed roof with its exquisite painting closes the view from below. Every niche, every corner and projection formed by the profuse carving is occupied by life-sized figures representing saints or groups of cherubs and angels, all coloured and gilded. Silks and satins are frequently used as backgrounds for decorative panels and even small pieces of looking-glass are freely introduced to heighten the bright effect, and sparkle like precious stones. In all this confusion and lavishness of decoration, this profusion of troubled and chaotic design, so characteristic of the Rococo, the eye finds no repose.

The end of this picturesque period came as suddenly as it began. With the decay of the society that produced it there was an inevitable revulsion of taste against the

superfluity of decoration, of gilt and moulding, of cherubs, festoons and flowers; and, about 1780, the Rococo period, with its brocaded coats, powdered wigs, crinolines and overlaid buildings, ended suddenly and completely. It has left us, as its monument, a great number of remarkable and very beautiful palaces and churches: of these the Saint Nepomuk Church of the brothers Asam at Munich remains one of the most brilliant productions.

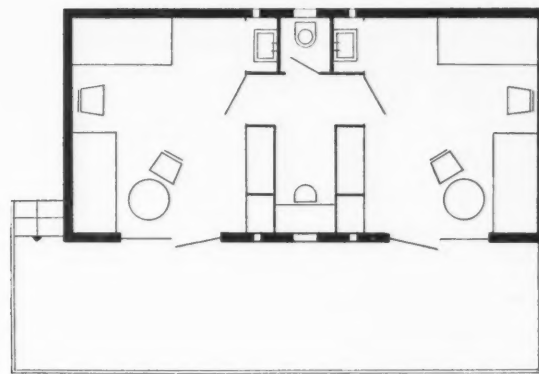


HOUSE NEAR LOCARNO, SWITZERLAND

This small week-end or holiday house is built on a steep hillside overlooking the lake. The accommodation consists simply of two large bed-sitting rooms, each with hot and cold water and a built-in wardrobe, separated by an electric kitchen and a w.c., the glazed doors of the rooms giving on to a wide terrace. It is constructed entirely of wood (see overleaf) on masonry footings. 1, from the end of the terrace, showing the position in relation to the lake ; 2, looking along the terrace, showing the open wood floor ; 3, the front from below the terrace.

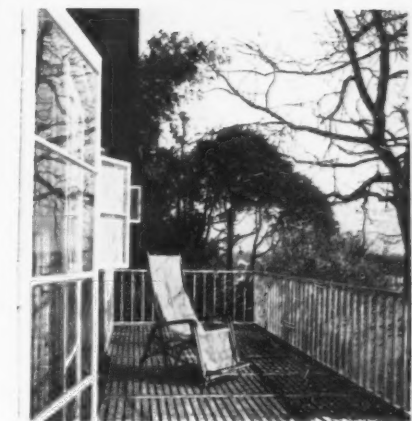


1



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FLOOR PLAN



2

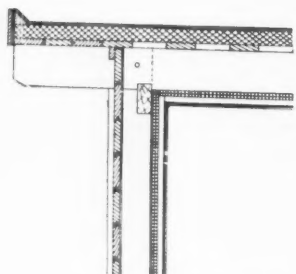


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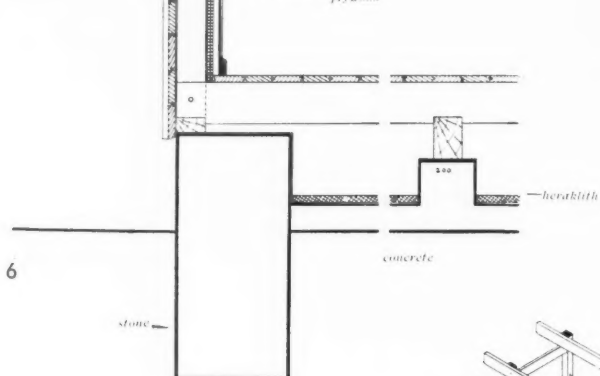
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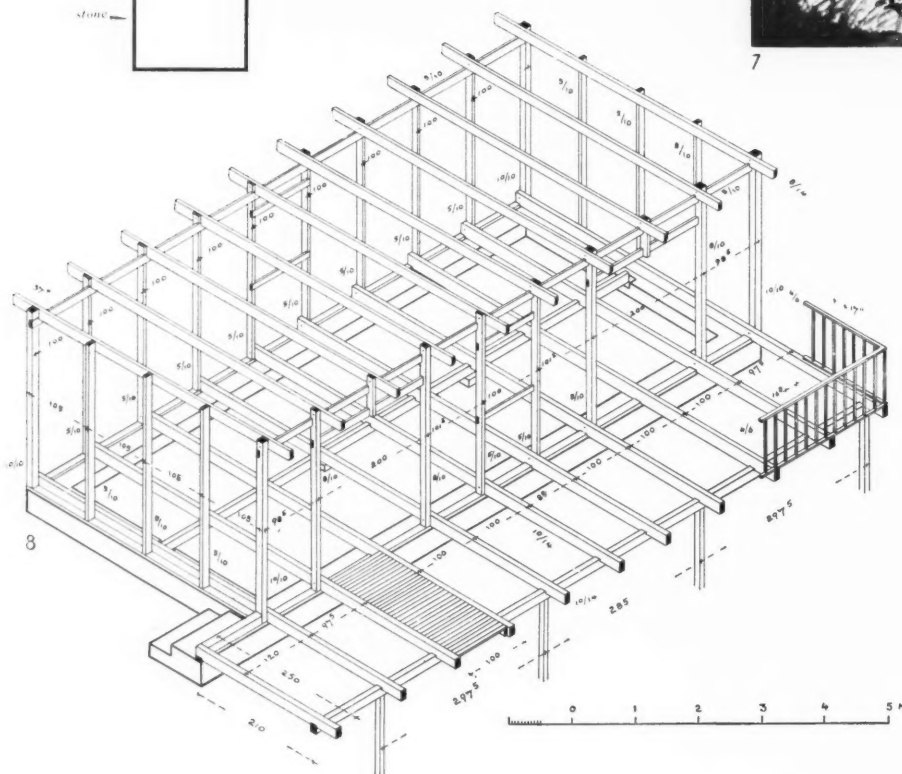
4



wood siding
building paper
felt
building paper
wood
insulation board
oregon pine
plywood



6



8



5



7

4, looking from one of the bed-sitting rooms, showing the wide window opening overlooking the lake. 5, a close-up of the boarded front from the terrace. Construction is with a wood frame on masonry footings, the floors being of wood joists supported from the surface concrete, and insulation by means of "heraklith" and building paper. The section, 6, shows the method of construction and the layers of materials of which the walls are built up. The interior is lined with oregon pine-faced plywood. The roof, shown in 7 under construction, is constructed of wood joists supporting wood boards, which are widely spaced to carry 2in. "heraklith" slabs. These are covered by two layers of roofing felt; 8, a diagram (metric scale) showing the timber framing.

HOUSE NEAR LOCARNO, SWITZERLAND

A WORD TO LONDON'S VISITORS

How we Celebrate



THE CORONATION

By Robert Byron

I

THE Cæsars have fallen in the east and west; echoes rule the wave-lapped thresholds on the Bosphorus; tourists eat lunch in the Forbidden City. But the King of England still goes to Westminster to be crowned, mightier than the Cæsars or the Sultan and the Son of Heaven. Dear London! You are the mother of the occasion. You saw it inaugurated by the Norman bastard, and have seen it grow till all the nations of the earth now throng your streets to cheer.

"But who, London dear, has given you such a pretty new dress?"

"The Government and the local authorities."

"For what purpose? They don't generally care what you look like."

"To please our visitors and honour the King."

"Is it possible, perhaps, that these guardians of yours want to hide your poor old body?"

"Having no vanity, I had not thought of that."

"But your body is hidden, is it not, under the flags and flowers and streamers and the stands and crowds?"

"Of course it is. They would be ashamed of it naked."

"Why is that?"

The answer is not as simple as it seems, gentle visitor from overseas. We all know London is ugly—muddled, smoky, and lacking in those grand vistas and symmetrical spaces which are the proper adornment of a great capital. It is not this that shames us. We like London's ugliness, just as one likes the ugliness of an old woman because it tells of a long life and strong character. Confused as London is, her streets and buildings commemorate our history and institutions more vividly than any other town or monument. And since our history and institutions have affected a large proportion of the world's population, we

cannot be surprised if our visitors look behind the decorations in search of our past. Let them by all means. Ugliness! What does ugliness matter if it illustrates the birth of liberty? We can be proud of it.

No; the source of our shame is not the appearance of London. What the decorations hide, and what we want them to hide, is what we English, the custodians of the imperial capital, are doing to London on the quiet. It is not her ugliness which is a catastrophe; it is our indifference to the parasites which are devouring her old features, and will leave us, when their meal is finished, with a town which is not only uglier than it was before, but whose ugliness is no longer redeemed by the graces and memories of the past. To deliver London to a beauty-specialist, as Napoleon III delivered Paris to Haussmann, might be regrettable; but there would at least be some result to compensate for the features the specialist destroyed. To deliver her to the worms, and to let our children receive her back with all her character, and all our history, obliterated by the combined rapacity of the Government, the Church, the Corporations and the monstrous regiment of speculators, is a barbarity hardly equalled since the devastations of Jenghis Khan. Yet such is the fact which will reveal itself, behind the triumph and tumult of 1937, to the visitor's inquiring eye. The Venetians when they fired on the Parthenon, or the Germans on Rheims Cathedral, had the excuse of an emergency—even if posterity has not accepted it. We have no excuse, acceptable or otherwise. Slowly and furtively, but only too surely, England and the Empire are being defrauded of their ancient capital, against their wish and without their consent, and must needs find comfort, not in a city more beautiful or convenient, but in one whose sole advantage over its predecessor is that it can be sucked of a few more halfpennies by the leeches of Whitehall and the spiders of the Church, by the long-nosed vampires of high finance and the desperate avarice of the hereditary landlords. It is a high price that England and the Empire must pay for the sacredness of property, the robustness of *laissez-faire*, and the principle of hospitality to a persecuted race. It means that when May is over, and the flags are down, and the crown is back in the Tower, the capital of the greatest political association ever devised by man will revert to her usual status of a local bucket-shop.

The coronation of a King of England is a spectacle which no generation is likely to see twice. So we are told; so previous generations have felt. But in 1937, such a statement is doubly justified; for if it is true of the ceremony, it is truer still of the setting. Unless a miracle intervenes, the next sovereign to be crowned in the Abbey will emerge upon a London so different from that of the preceding reign that the identity of the city will be reserved to its name alone. Change there must be, as there always has been: no towns, for instance, could have been more different than the London of Charles II's coronation and that of James II's a quarter of a century later, after the Great Fire. But in those days people knew how to build; if they shed a tear for the old, they rejoiced in the new, because they hoped that the new might be better than the old. Today architecture, as controlled by speculators and officials, is a forgotten art; when a work of genius or a building of famous associations is demolished, there may be compensation for the landlord, but there is none—in this heyday of democracy—for the public. So look while you may, gentle visitor, for next time, but for the lions in Trafalgar Square, there will be nothing you will want to look at—unless you sound the alarm. We take no notice when the alarm is sounded by one of ourselves: we reply that property must still be sacred, while denying in the same breath that the nation as a whole has property in works of art. But if you enjoy

HOW WE CELEBRATE THE CORONATION



Left, Carlton House Terrace, which gives its dignity to the Mall, London's only ceremonial way; it was built by John Nash in 1828. Right, the new commercial building in Carlton Gardens, whose upper storeys break the skyline of the Terrace.



Pembroke House, Whitehall Gardens, built by Sir William Chambers about 1757, and now to be destroyed to make room for new offices. This view shows the brick garden front with the water-gate below the projecting bay—one of the few remaining examples.

the coronation, and wish to thank us, do so with your scorn. Deluge your contempt upon the only nation in Europe that destroys its birthright for the sake of a dividend. Shout it in the press, in your press, in ours. Injure our miserable tourist industry, decimate our hotels, by refusing to come here again. If you dislike us, you will enjoy doing so anyhow. If you like us, you may do us the service of saving London and of teaching the missionaries of Western civilization how to civilize themselves.

You think I exaggerate, perhaps. You see the familiar landmarks still in place. You feel no breath of doom on the grimy old town. It may be that you know London less well than you imagine. Let me improve your acquaintance. Let us see not only what has been destroyed, or is about to be destroyed, but what is actually in process of destruction during the coronation festivities. As we do so, I may entertain you by explaining how our laws on the subject work. You will need your laughter then. For the present, spare my feelings and come to Buckingham Palace.

II

1. Carlton House Terrace

There is only one street in London worthy of a royal procession, and this is the Mall, which leads from Trafalgar Square to Buckingham Palace. Its dignity derives from the two great blocks of Carlton House Terrace, which occupy the high ground on the north and were erected in the grand classical manner from designs by John Nash in 1828. Suddenly, towards the end of 1932, it was revealed that the Commissioners of Crown Lands, who are responsible for the Terrace, were bent on its destruction. This news provoked such a burst of public indignation that for once disaster was averted. But not entirely: Lord Balfour's house, No. 4 Carlton Gardens, was demolished before the public could stop it, and a block of business premises erected in its place. Even the masts and banners put up for the coronation cannot hide this deformity: at the end nearest Buckingham Palace, the skyline of the Terrace is now ruined by an ungainly mass, whose excessive height was not forbidden because it was thought less important that London's only processional way should be destroyed than that the onus of taxation in England for the next hundred years should be redeemed by £0.0s.0.00000387d. per head, per annum, through the development of a Crown site on strictly business principles. The story of this outrage is old history, I admit. But it shows what can be done under the very windows of the Sovereign, and despite the fact that the agents of destruction are actually the paid servants of the public. True, in this case, they were checked half way. But there is still no security for the rest of the Terrace, or for any of

the other buildings—among them some of the best in London—whose destiny is subject to the incalculable vagaries of the Commissioners of Crown Lands.

2. Pembroke House, Whitehall

No check can be hoped for, or has even been suggested, on the action of these same official maggots with regard to Pembroke House, an upstanding brick mansion between the Banqueting Hall and the Embankment, which was built by Sir William Chambers about 1757. Chambers is one of the great English architects, for he built Somerset House; and Pembroke House is unquestionably the finest example of his domestic, as opposed to his official, work now left in London. It must also be one of the very few houses, if not the only one, which retains its old water-gate, showing how much wider the Thames must have been before the Embankment was made. Outside, the house is severe; it needs a trained architectural eye to see how good its proportions are, and the spacing of its windows. Inside it is full of invention, and the plaster-work, particularly that in the dining-room, ranks with the finest in England. But what does this matter? What does it matter if the block which replaces this masterpiece rises above the Banqueting Hall, insults the Cenotaph, and makes mock of a street which certain misinformed sentimentalists have termed the shrine of English liberties and the axis of the British Empire? Officialdom has no use for the house, perhaps? The staircase has already been torn out of it. In other European countries, public servants are men of sufficient education and imagination to find a use for their national monuments. And then there is the garden! To hear the officials talk of it, one would think a garden in this part of London were a danger to the public health. In their eyes a garden exists to be built on as quickly as possible, instead of to be enjoyed by those who work in the neighbourhood. Cut down the trees! Tear up the lawn! Disembowel the old house! And then we shall have a nice new ministry twenty storeys high situated just where it ought to have been if London had been planned yesterday afternoon by some anæmic female bureaucrat instead of founded—so regrettably—by the Romans in A.D. 50.

3. Abingdon Street, Westminster

Stone-fronted houses of the eighteenth century are rare in London, and one of the prettiest of them is that which can be seen from Parliament Square as you look westwards towards Millbank. That such an ornament should continue to exist in



Left, an interior of Pembroke House, which contains some of the finest eighteenth-century plaster-work in England. Right, the stone-fronted eighteenth-century houses in Abingdon Street, opposite the Houses of Parliament, now to be destroyed.

proximity to so much Gothic, in the very shadows of Parliament and the Abbey, is an outrage not to be suffered longer than is necessary; and now that a Committee has been formed to determine the site of a national memorial to King George V, its members have seized the chance of removing once and for all an object which has refreshed the eyes of weary legislators for nearly two centuries. The Church, in the person of the Archbishop of Canterbury, has lent its support to the scheme. And those who have contributed to the cost of the Memorial, among whom are many trusting fools in the Dominions and America, may now have the satisfaction of knowing that they have materially assisted the Government and Church of England in their long-drawn task of obliterating all visible traces of what was once considered our glorious past. Down goes the little stone house. Up pops a statue (by a Royal Academician). And out of its now decent oblivion there emerges a thing called the Jewel House, an octagonal structure quaintly restored in the last century, but Gothic and therefore righteous. What crimes King George ever committed to deserve a memorial so horrifying to its subscribers, so opposed to public interest, and so provocative of lasting execration, is a mystery to which the Primate may hold the solution but which can only fill the man in the street with a still deeper distaste at the interference of his National Church in matters which do not concern it.

4. All-Hallows, Lombard Street

The behaviour of the Church in matters which do concern it is, if possible, more odious still. In other days, the Church believed in good art; many of the finest works of English architecture owe their origin to ecclesiastical patronage. Now things have changed. It is not merely that our modern priests are ill-educated, lacking in taste, and incapable of detecting an object of beauty when they see one; not merely that for them, as for Ruskin, architecture is indissoluble from morality and must either therefore be Gothic or must stink to heaven of paganism. Such defects one could forgive them for their poverty, except in the case of Bishops, who are well enough endowed to acquire some pretence of culture to mellow their declining years. Ignorance and stupidity, however, are merely negative. What sickens is the positive rancour with which these befooled and dog-collared vandals regard every place of worship that happens to employ the architectural language of the Renaissance instead of that of the Middle Ages. Classical and Gothic have each their separate merits. But one of the merits of the classical for ecclesiastical purposes is that its small churches are as good as its large, whereas Gothic is fine—fine as opposed to picturesque—only

on a scale which is beyond the reach of the ordinary parish church. No clergyman will realize this obvious fact; not only will he not realize it; he will not allow himself to be informed of it. In his myopic opinion, a classical church is simply an error of taste, offensive to God and man, which it is incumbent on him to remove as opportunity arises, without reference to the feelings of his flock, his Government, or his country.

The Fire of London in 1666 coincided by a miracle with the existence of England's greatest architect, Sir Christopher Wren. And it happens therefore that the greatest single group of buildings in England, a group which ranks English architecture beside the whole achievement of the Continent outside Greece and Italy, consists precisely of those classical churches for which our Philistine hierarchy is imbued with such profound hatred. Wren himself, apart from St. Paul's, built more than fifty of them, and there collaborated with him in doing so two lesser masters, Tijou the iron-worker and Grinling Gibbons the wood-carver; so that in almost every case the interior detail is worthy of the structural form. These churches, and many later ones in the same tradition, stand mainly in the City, where land values are high. The Church of England, therefore, is resolved to demolish them, and sell the sites, at the first opportunity.

Fantastic though it must seem to any visitor from a country which honours its past, the Church of England has power to do this. When the Ancient Monuments Act, which enables certain buildings to be scheduled for preservation, was framed, the property of the Church was excluded at the instance of the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the ground that such an enlightened institution could be trusted to take proper care of its own treasures. Furthermore, under the Union of Benefices Act of 1860 and 1898, any church can be demolished at the discretion of its Bishop, provided he can prove, should objection be raised by a parishioner, that such demolition is "in the interests of religion." The London churches are not well attended, and it is not difficult, therefore, for the Church to mask its spleen against them by



The entrance to All-Hallows Church, Lombard Street, by Sir Christopher Wren, about to be destroyed.

pretending that, if their sites were sold, the money could be used for the founding of churches elsewhere.

The present Bishop of London has enjoyed the emoluments of his diocese for thirty-six years. One might suppose that in such a

HOW WE CELEBRATE THE CORONATION



The interior of All-Hallows, Lombard Street, which is about to be destroyed, contains all its original interior fittings—one of the finest collections remaining in any of Wren's churches.

period he would have developed an affection, or at least a simulation of gratitude, towards the city that has cherished him and listened to him with such exemplary patience. Not he! In 1919 this prelate decided of his own wisdom to abolish nineteen of the City Churches in a simultaneous holocaust. Many others had already disappeared in the past; but the fate of these, spread over a long course of years at a period when taste was at its lowest, had attracted little attention. Dr. Winnington-Ingram's proposal, however, was too much even for a nation of shopkeepers. Thanks to the efforts of the London Society, opinion for once grew articulate, and the scheme was quashed by Parliament in 1926 on a petition from the Corporation of London. As a result, people began to realize how precariously situated were the central monuments of our national architecture. "However, all's well that ends well," they said to themselves, and worried no more. The Church had drawn in its claws.

Now, in 1937, it has suddenly begun to show them again. If this time it has been more cautious; if no actual holocaust is mooted; if the victims are to be chosen one by one, over a succession of years, so that their disappearance may pass unnoticed—such a strategy may prove more successful; its first deployment has already attained its objective. The weakest victim, from the point of view of legal defence, was the church of All-Hallows in Lombard Street. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council lent its sanction to the destruction, thus reversing the decision of Parliament in much the same way as the Supreme Court in America reverses President Roosevelt's decisions. And this beautiful building, which retains all its old fittings, reredos, font, pulpit and organ-case, of carved wood, intact and unrestored, is to be sacrificed as a financial hors d'œuvre to the orgy of speculation in real estate which our pastors are preparing for the future. Posterity will not forget these men—they may be sure of that. Even the Bolsheviks, when they sold up the Hermitage, had not the effrontery to sell anything Russian. But in England, property is sacred. Yes. In England, the Church is sacred too. Yes. And art? Art! Good God! We don't want any of that sort of stuff.

5. Waterloo Bridge

One is tempted to hope, sometimes, that the Labour Party, being the party of the intelligentsia, may prove less Philistine than its opponents in the event of its coming to power. This hope is dispelled, for the moment, by a mountain of debris which

now overlooks the Embankment from the west end of Somerset House, and which is all that remains of the best bridge London ever had, or is likely to have in this generation. While Rennie's masterpiece adorned it, the river was part of London; one looked across the water to St. Paul's and the Wren spires, and rejoiced in the harmony between them and the curve of the river, a harmony induced by the chaplet of well-matched arches stretching from bank to bank, by the amity between each arch and the rise and fall of the span, by each couple of Doric columns expressing the function of the several piers. The controversy that delayed the destruction of this bridge lasted nearly ten years; it was lost not because of any demonstrable need for a new bridge, but because the Labour majority on the London County Council, interested only in flouting the Conservative majority in the House of Commons—which had tried for once to save a national monument—made the destruction of the bridge an article of political faith. They have had their way; they have vindicated their puny independence; now they whine because Parliament refuses help towards the cost of a new bridge. Let them whine. The louder they cry out about the lusts of the capitalist and the martyrdom of the noble worker, the more attention they attract to their own fraudulent idealism, whose slogan is the public welfare, but which is capable of sacrificing the national architecture to a cheap tactical advantage in the sphere of municipal government. If this is public welfare, I prefer Colonel Blimp. He is a wolf all over. The party of planners and beautifiers dresses itself up like a sheep.

6. The Adelphi

East of Charing Cross, behind the Strand, a number of old streets run down to the Victoria Embankment Gardens, and in York Buildings, where Pepys lived with his faithful Hewer, can still be seen the entrance to that extraordinary labyrinth of tunnels which the Adam brothers raised to support the blocks of apartments known, after them, as the Adelphi. In the main block, which faced the river from a commanding height, every room, vestibule and passage was a work of art, either for its painted plaster ceiling and marble mantelpiece, or for its shape alone. Here Dr. Johnson visited Garrick and Topham Beauclerk. Here, in the arches underneath, Dickens played as a boy. In recent times, the owners of the property had made several abortive attempts to sell it—abortive on account of the expense threatened by the necessity of demolishing the arches—so that everyone had fair warning of the fate prepared for it. Warning or not, nothing was done. At last a bidder was forthcoming. And the Adelphi is now a deserted pit, from which in the fullness of time another of those vast and formless termitaries known as modern commercial architecture will rise to injure the skyline of London from the river and remind posterity of the depths to which England had sunk at the coronation of King George VI.

7. Sir Joseph Banks' House in Soho Square

The Adelphi, though unique in its construction and full of exquisite details, was chiefly remarkable as a monument to the Adams' vision of modern urban requirements. Sir Joseph Banks' house, on the other hand, was one of their individual masterpieces and was regarded by authorities on the subject as almost the best example still surviving of an eighteenth century town house—the term "town-house" in this context meaning a house adjoined by others as distinct from a mansion in its own grounds. Apart from its famous Council Chamber, very large, magnificently proportioned, and roofed with a decorated barrel-vault, it would be tedious to recapitulate the glories of this house; the subject is too melancholy. It is enough to say that this kind of interior was not only the most splendid, in point of workmanship and inventiveness, that England ever produced, but that being peculiar to our national genius, and having no counterpart anywhere on the Continent, it constitutes, in a sense, our most precious contribution to the general architecture

of Europe. In addition to these considerations, it will be remembered that Sir Joseph Banks, for whom the house was built, was one of the best known and most typical figures of the Augustan age in England—typical in that, rather than waste his money on a series of domestic pleasures, he fitted out a ship for Captain Cook, and himself accompanied it on a voyage round the world in 1768–71, to search for new plants. In 1778 he became President of the Royal Society, an office which he held for forty-one years.

Ponder, now, the circumstances under which this grand memorial to English taste and a great Englishman has been destroyed. The freehold, owned by an antique-dealer, was sold to the Ellerman Trustees. Who the Ellerman Trustees may be I neither know nor wish to know. But I do know—we all know—that when Sir John Ellerman died in 1933, he left a fortune of £37,000,000, the largest fortune ever assembled in this country. One would imagine that development of a small site in Soho could make little difference to a fortune of this magnitude; yet the Trustees decided to pull the house down. Only a few weeks elapsed between the announcement and the act, but even this was sufficient time for a number of protests to be made. These protests were ineffectual.

8. Sir Joshua Reynolds' House in Leicester Square

The period from 1760 to 1780 was a golden age in English civilization. There was peace from the Jacobites; the Empire was founded; trade was expanding; and the Industrial Revolution was still only a cloud on the horizon. In thought, literature and art, and in the development of a society whose chief pleasure was in the exchange of ideas, English culture attained such glory at this period that even France, the most conceited of countries intellectually, looked to England for inspiration in literature and political theory. London, naturally, was the centre of this activity, and if London itself had a centre, it was to be found in the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds in Leicester Square. In this house, which was built in the reign of William and Mary, Reynolds lived for the last thirty years of his life. Here were painted the finest portraits ever achieved in English art. Here the Royal Academy was conceived. Here Reynolds was visited by Gibbon, Garrick, Goldsmith, and all the celebrities of the age, above all by Boswell and Johnson. Boswell alone would have immortalized the house; the conversations that took place there have become part of the English classics; and apart from the Doctor's own rooms, it is the setting which stands out most clearly in the whole *Life of Johnson*. In those pages, and in this house, we watch Reynolds' rise to fame and riches; we are told when he first kept his own coach; we are touched by his loyalty to Johnson, and Johnson's pleasure in his company at Leicester Square. For Reynolds enjoyed entertaining. He even had the balusters of the staircase widened, to make way for the ladies' hoops.

At the moment of writing, this house still stands; its facade, painted green and white, gives a single touch of dignity to the west side of Leicester Square. There is probably no house in London more intimately associated, over so long a period of time, with so many of the greatest ornaments of English civilization; there is certainly none whose associations are so minutely and frequently described by a literary genius of the period. For a nation such as ours to permit such a house to be destroyed, a sane man would have expected some major excuse, some pressing project of the most vital public interest to which the continued existence of the house was inimical. And what does this mighty consideration amount to? Simply—if you can believe your ears, poor deluded seeker after England's past—simply that a body known as the Automobile Association, which already inhabits an enormous block in Coventry Street, wants to extend its premises and employ a few more typists. Such an excellent reason does this appear for the destruction of one of London's most precious historical memorials that the Westminster City Council, having deliberated on the matter, decided that it was not worth the trouble of forwarding a protest to the London County Council.

Till just before the war, there was another famous house in "Leicester Fields," of which Macaulay wrote: "It is still well known, and will continue to be well known as long as our island retains any trace of civilization; for it was the dwelling of Newton." Does our island still retain any trace of civilization? I like to think so. But I shall not look for it on the premises of the Automobile Association.

9. Kingston House, Kensington Gore

The disappearance of Kingston House, one of London's few remaining mansions in its own grounds, as foreshadowed by its recent sale, is not among the major horrors in the coronation



Waterloo Bridge, John Rennie's masterpiece and the finest of the Thames bridges, recently destroyed.



The Adelphi, or rather, the site of the recent Adelphi—; for this elegant piece of riverside planning and design by the brothers Adam has just been destroyed. The headpiece to this article is another recent view of the site.

festival of destruction; but it recalls the demolition of more important houses of this type, and raises the question of what will happen to those that still survive. Chesterfield House, where Dr. Johnson waited on Lord Chesterfield, Devonshire House by Kent, and Lansdowne House by Adam, were all first class examples of English architecture, and have all vanished since the War. Of hardly less value are Portman House in Portman Square, Spencer House overlooking the Green Park, Holland House in Kensington and Apsley House

HOW WE CELEBRATE THE CORONATION



The famous house, No. 31, Soho Square, residence of Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society and scientific pioneer in the eighteenth century: one of the best town houses built by the brothers Adam. The house has now been destroyed.



Left, a current photograph of the Adam house illustrated above. Right, another celebrated house in the process of being destroyed: Sir Joshua Reynolds' house in Leicester Square.



to as much as £5,000 a year. And though one cannot question the fairness of such assessments, it is possible that the families which own these houses will not be able to maintain them after another generation or two. Yet such is the ignorance of the public, the impotence of the societies appointed to defend such buildings, and the callous indifference of the authorities, that no safeguards are devised or remedies put forward, until, as always, it is too late. The owner sells; the speculator has his plans ready; and before any protests can take effect, the nation has been deprived of another treasure. No one cares, so long as property is safe, and so long as the nation itself is denied the property of its own history. So look on these houses, gentle visitor, while you may.

10. Bedford Square

With the exception of Carlton House Terrace, I have mentioned up to now only single buildings. The larger groups, the streets or squares which are all of one design, raise the question of re-planning, a question which, though equally pertinent to the amenities of our mutilated capital, is distinct from that of isolated houses or churches, because the destruction it involves, if no less regrettable, is not so wanton, not so absolutely lacking in rational justification, as the examples I have cited here. But though it may be impossible to preserve all the streets and squares that still retain the character of the past—the character of architectural decency—some at least of them deserve the title of national monuments and the care which such objects, in any country but England, would naturally receive. Such is Queen Anne's Gate; such is Cheyne Row, whose numbers 17 and 18 are already threatened; such are the magnificent terraces designed by Nash to surround Regent's Park. These last, it appears, are safe for the moment; the Commissioners of Crown Lands, who presumably are not exempt from an ordinary share of human vanity, received such a fright at the execration poured on them during the Carlton House Terrace scandal that they have drawn in their claws. But let no one suppose that fright with them means penitence, or that before bracing themselves to new programmes of destruction they will have the grace to announce their projects in advance and so consult public opinion before putting them into practice. Is it unreasonable to ask even this degree of courtesy from servants of the public? Even inquiries as to the destiny of the buildings they administer are received with indignation, prevarication, and the quiverings of affronted dignity. A case in point is Munster Square, a perfect and unspoiled example of Nash's quieter manner, off Albany Street near Regent's Park. Rumour says its doom is decided. But will the Commissioners confirm or deny this? They will not!

Of the greater squares, which are London's chief contribution to the vocabulary of town-planning, Grosvenor Square, Portman Square and Berkeley Square are already defaced beyond repair. But others remain in Bloomsbury which are still as their architects planned them and which represent the high-watermark of English urban amenity. Of these by far the finest and most worthy of permanent preservation is Bedford Square. And the visitor will be surprised to learn therefore, that the destruction of the east side of this square is under consideration, if not already decided, by no less an institution than the British Museum. No one will deny that the British Museum is in urgent need of fresh accommodation. But that an institution devoted to the diffusion of knowledge can contemplate an act of this description is a phenomenon so far removed from the canons of civilized behaviour that it seems at times as if the English were really as mad, as gross and as intolerant of art and culture as their foreign detractors pretend. Surprising? No... nothing is surprising any more. If the Bishop of London, having destroyed all the churches in London, were to erect mosques in their place; if the Commissioners of Crown Lands, having destroyed all the palaces in London, were to force the King into a flat; if the Jews, having destroyed all the houses in London, were to turn the land into a bacon-farm; if the Dukes went pig-sticking on camels in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey and the British

at Hyde Park Corner. The last two in particular are associated with some of the proudest moments in English history: Holland House, besides nurturing Charles James Fox and being the centre of that aristocratic Whiggism which eventually piloted the 1832 Reform Bill through Parliament without bloodshed, was a meeting-place of Cromwell and his coadjutors; Apsley House was the home of the Duke of Wellington, and remains to this day almost exactly as he left it. Not everyone realizes that the rates and taxes imposed on houses of this type may amount

The Architectural Review, May 1937

Museum made a bonfire of the Elgin marbles to see if stone would burn—I should still not be surprised. Go back, gentle visitor, to your own more rational country, and reflect, with perhaps a tear for me, that the founders of the British Empire cannot govern a single town.

III.

The Church; the Civil Service; the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; the hereditary landlords; the political parties; the London County Council; the local councils; the great business firms; the motorists; the heads of the national Museum—all are indicted, some with more cause than others, because of some more decency might have been hoped for, but all on the same charge. These, in the year of the coronation, 1937, are responsible for the ruin of London, for our humiliation before visitors, and for destroying without hope of recompense many of the nation's most treasured possessions; and they will answer for it by the censure of posterity. But though posterity may take its revenge, and the parasites, individually and severally, be branded as parasites for ever, there is no satisfaction in this for the loss to England and our children. How is it, how can it be, that in a country where the authorities are proverbially sensitive to public opinion, such injuries to the community can continue to be engineered by the selfishness, negligence and rapacity of men who are working in the dark, men whose very names are for the most part unknown? One explanation, useful to parliamentary defenders of the Government's indifference, is that public opinion is on the side of the parasites; for according to this explanation, if it were on the side of the buildings, it would make itself heard more often. This is a very specious explanation. It needs an explanation itself.

The attitude of the Englishman to art is extremely conventional. Painting he knows is an art, because he is told so. He is not told that architecture is an art; on the contrary, thanks to the brutish ignorance of Church, Government and speculators, he is strongly encouraged to believe that it is not. Some pieces of architecture, he is allowed to believe, are worth preserving; but if they are, it is not by any means on account of their value as works of art. The value of architecture in England, according to official and ecclesiastical standards, varies in proportion to 1, its antiquity, 2, its quaintness, and 3, its holiness. By these standards, a bit of the old Roman wall is of more importance than Nash's Regent Street, and one ruined pointed arch than all Wren's churches put together.

Deluded by this gospel of artistic falsehood, the poor Englishman, no matter what he may feel at the disappearance of all that gives dignity to his everyday life, does not realize that his deprivation is also the deprivation of his children, of his country, and of all those peoples over the water that come



Bedford Square, the noblest domestic square in Europe and the only one of the larger Bloomsbury squares still intact. It is one side of this square that the British Museum authorities threaten to destroy.



Kingston House, Kensington Gore, a Georgian example of the town house standing in its own grounds, likely soon to be destroyed: from its large garden, and from the front.



Munster Square, near Regent's Park, one of the most charming of the smaller domestic squares. It was designed by Nash and is under the guardianship of the Commissioners of Crown Lands. According to rumour, it is now to be destroyed.

HOW WE CELEBRATE THE CORONATION

of English stock and still look to England to refresh the traditions they have inherited from her. Not being permitted to realize this, the demolition of some house or church that ought to be preserved seems to him only a personal and local disaster, instead of one universal to his country and three other continents. If he summons courage to brave convention and protest, he is told that it is not fair to forbid a landlord to do what he likes with his own, or, if a public body is concerned, that the money or the ground is needed for more urgent purposes than the salvation of a mere building. And he acquiesces. Because he has never been told that buildings can be great, that their importance to humanity ranks with literature, music and painting, he accepts this argument as it stands, without carrying it to its logical conclusion. He does not see that by this same argument, the action of the Commissioners of Crown Lands in attacking Carlton House Terrace can be compared with the action of a keeper of the National Gallery who goes by night with a pair of scissors to mutilate the pictures in his charge. "But there would be no point in that," responds the bewildered simpleton, "for no one would profit financially." Of course someone would profit financially. When there were no more pictures left, the site of the Gallery could be sold—perhaps to Mr. Herbert Morrison and Co., for the erection of a public convenience. There would be plenty of profit then. Think of the pennies in the slot!

The man in the street, therefore, takes no cognisance of architecture, because it does not occur to him that it is his duty to do so, and because no leader or organ of opinion has yet impressed this duty on him. Parliament has not this excuse. The cohorts of peers who draw incomes from land, the 600 M.P.s. whose wages swell the budget, have better opportunities than ordinary people to inform themselves of such a catastrophe as the destruction of the national architecture; and, on several occasions lately, they have even held debates on the subject. I say "they"; I mean that infinitesimal minority in each House which has the wit to realize that a country without architecture is an uncivilized country, and a people without it, a barbarian people. These minorities deserve our honour and gratitude. But they themselves are the first to admit that they accomplish nothing. Alone of European countries, England allows her finest buildings no defence against the vandals that encompass them. In law, there is nothing to prevent the Dean and Chapter from demolishing both St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. Such a contingency may be unlikely. But the contingencies I have already described might also have been thought unlikely before they occurred. The moral to be learned by the public, once it does become conscious of the value of architecture, is that there is no man, nor any body of men, in the whole of London that can at present be trusted to preserve the buildings in their charge.

The English statute book, it is true, enshrines a certain measure known as the Ancient Monuments Act. By the provisions of its feeble casuistry, the Office of Works is entitled to schedule for preservation any monument which is

1. Uninhabited, and
2. Not the property of the Church.

There is no definition of what constitutes an ancient monument; this unimportant question is left to the Commissioner of Works, whose inspectors are enjoined from time to time to prepare a list for the instruction of the Office. That list is worth reading. I open it at Wiltshire, my own county—a county which is particularly rich in great examples of English architecture, Medieval, Renaissance and Augustan. Of the 243 entries, the largest section of the whole list—204, consist of earthworks; six of prehistoric stones; five of barns; one of a white horse; one of a ruined chapel; one of a hall in Salisbury; and the rest, apart from a few bridges, of vestigial tracks and castles that have ceased to exist. Seven, in fact, out of the whole 243 have an architectural character; and of these only one, the hall in Salisbury, can be charitably interpreted as of some slight architectural importance. It is evident that the inspectors who compile this list are selected rather for their archaeological pedantry than because they are aware of architecture as an art.

Even if they were aware of it, the list would not be very different. For the clause in the act which limits its operation to uninhabited buildings, means in effect that only ruins, or buildings that have once been ruined, are allowed to be noticed. In other words, the act is designed to preserve precisely those structures which, as examples of the country's art and genius, are the least worth preserving because they are in the worst condition. Was it madness, or a genuine hatred of architecture in all its forms, that framed such a measure?

Such is the limit of the law's defence. Many people imagine that if the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments, which in twenty-nine years has completed a survey of only seven counties and London, singles out a building for description, that building is safe. Even if they were right, which they certainly are not, the fact that the Commission is arbitrarily forbidden to notice anything erected after the year 1714, would take away half its usefulness.

Besides this, two other official measures are worth recalling, as influencing the fate of buildings. One is the Town and Country Planning Act of 1932, by which local authorities are empowered to schedule any monument for preservation, provided they compensate the owner. This act, so far, has failed to save one single building of any kind. The other is the most recent of the numerous Housing Acts, under which, if a building is pulled down whose replacement would ordinarily be assisted by a Government grant, that grant will only be forthcoming provided the *facade*, as well as the rest, no longer exists. This extraordinary clause would seem to have been specially designed to defeat that excellent rule whereby Paris and Rome have preserved so many of their ancient beauties without prejudice to the rights of the landowner; namely that though the latter may do what he likes behind, the facade on the street, if so scheduled, must remain intact and in harmony with the buildings about it.

This is not the place to suggest remedies. Nor is it the time—to judge by Lord Stanhope's speech as First Commissioner of Works in the House of Lords on December 2nd, 1936, or by Mr. Hudson's speech as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health (God knows why he should be concerned with ancient buildings) in the House of Commons on February 10th, 1937. The holocaust continues. The prophets cry in the wilderness. The man in the street shuts his eyes and ears. Yet it is curious to reflect, in face of this vast indifference, that of all the arts, architecture is the nearest to the most people, affects their happiness most closely, obtrudes on their sight most often, and costs them least to enjoy. Of all the arts, it is the most democratic; it, and it alone, enables the corporate, as opposed to the individual, artistic impulse to express itself. One day, perhaps, democracy will apprehend this fact. And on that day, in contemplating London, it will awake to one of the saddest betrayals ever witnessed by the inhabitants of a civilized country.

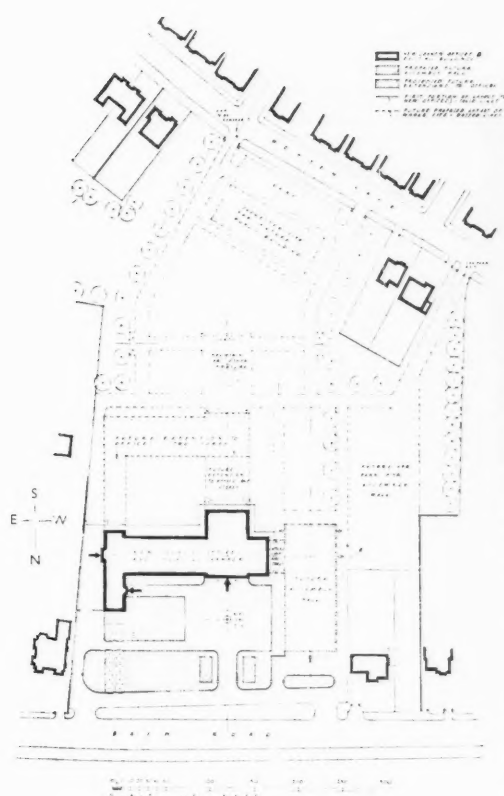


Mr. Herbert Morrison performs a ceremony: lifting the first stone to inaugurate the work of destroying Waterloo Bridge. 14

CURRENT ARCHITECTURE

I

C. H. JAMES AND
S. ROWLAND PIERCE



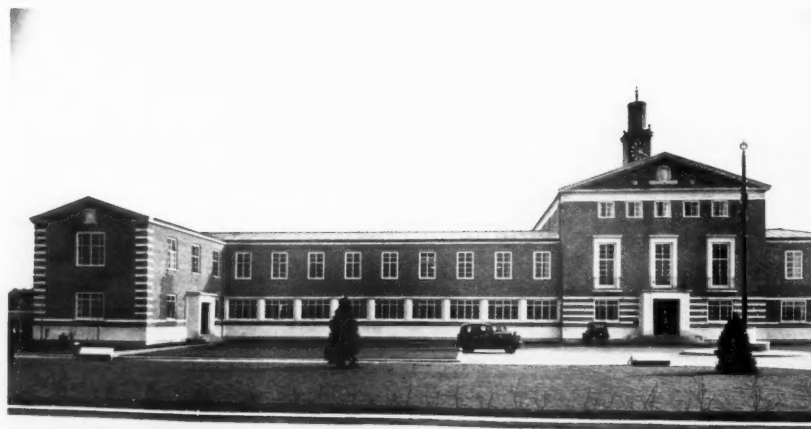
1

These Offices for the Slough Urban District Council are the outcome of a competition held in 1934. The building occupies only a small part of the site, the extent and the future developments of which are indicated on the block plan. The building has been set well back from the road and ample parking space has been provided. A view of the main entrance is shewn in 1.

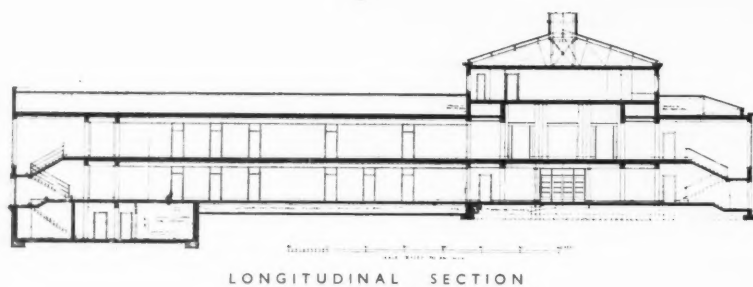
The four departments of the Municipal Offices have been planned on two storeys: The Engineer's and Accountant's departments are on the ground floor, where they are easily accessible to the public, and the departments of the Clerk to the Council and the Medical Officers of Health are on the floor above. The building is constructed in 14 in. solid brickwork,

CURRENT ARCHITECTURE

I



2

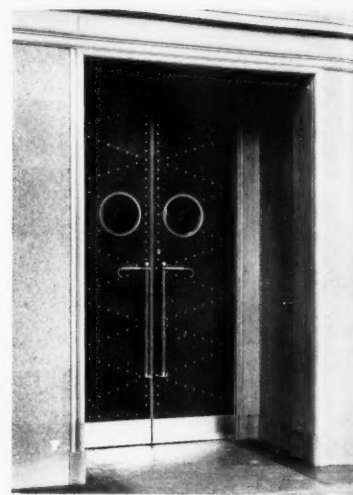


LONGITUDINAL SECTION

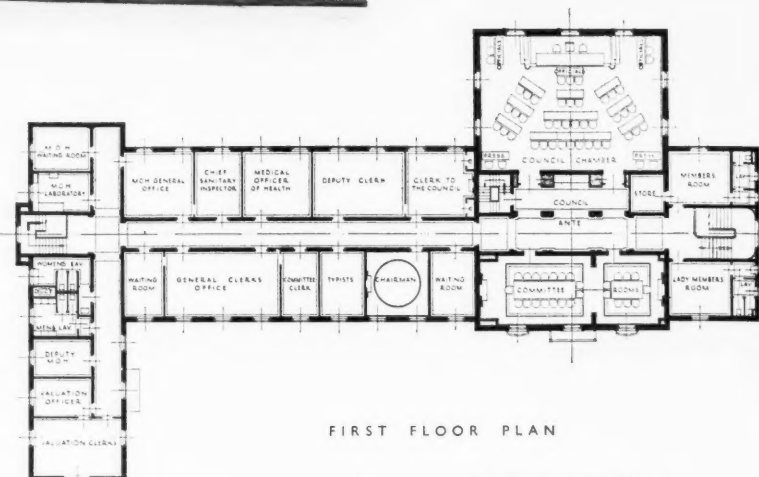


4

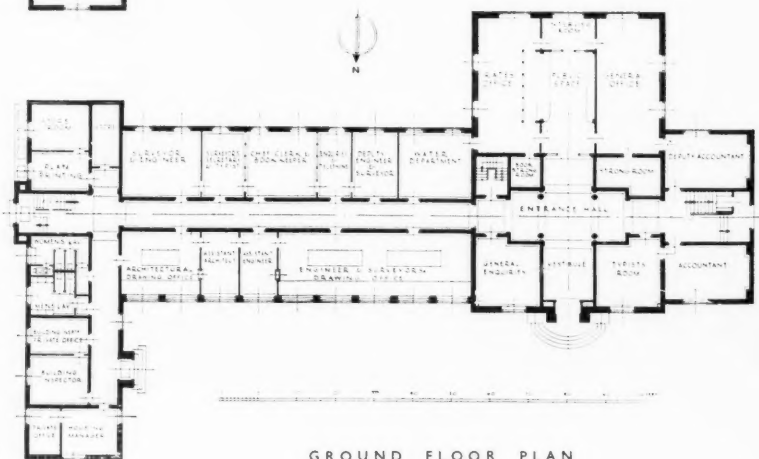
C. H. JAMES AND
S. ROWLAND PIERCE



3



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



GROUND FLOOR PLAN

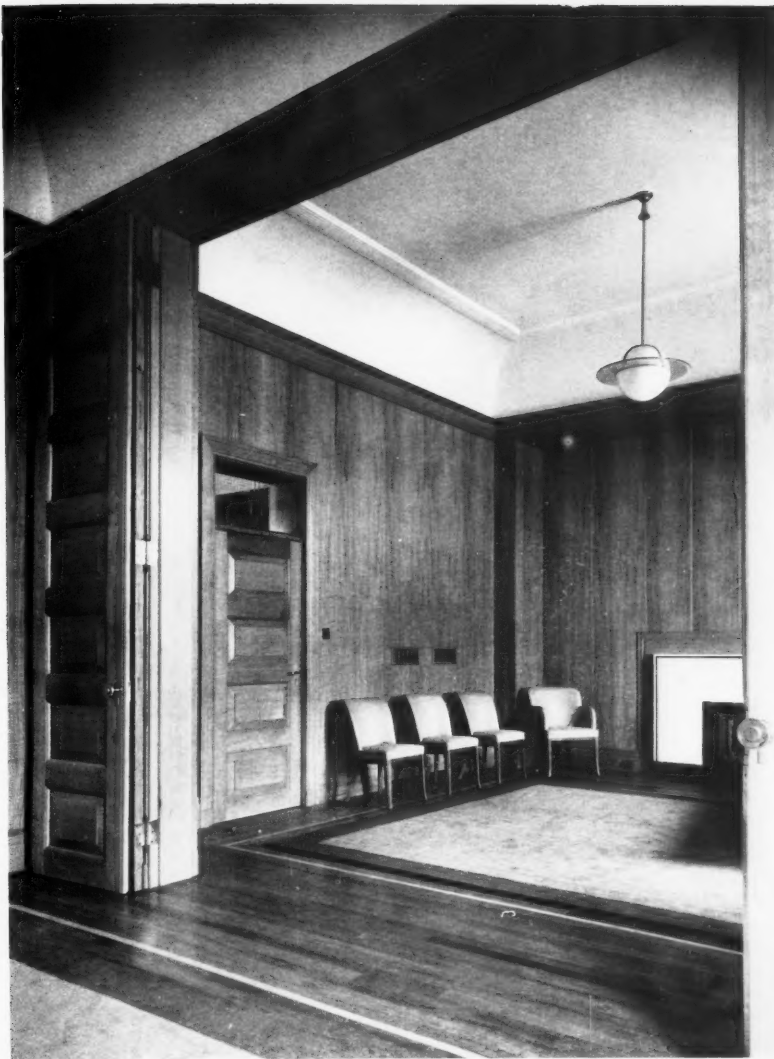
faced with multi-coloured bricks from the Newbury district, with dressings of Gloucestershire (Nailsworth) stone, 2. Internal (corridor) walls are in 9in. brickwork and partitions in pumice blocks. There are no steel beams except under the Council Chamber. Floors are of hollow tile construction; windows are steel, set in wood frames. The roof and fleche are covered with

sheet copper. In the interior, flooring to the offices generally is in linoleum, and to the corridors and offices of the heads of departments in cork tiles. Staircases, 4, entrance hall and council ante-room are sprayed with a special textured paint. The committee rooms, 5, are flush-panelled in veneered English oak, with teak strip floors. Chairs and tables are in oak; the chairs covered

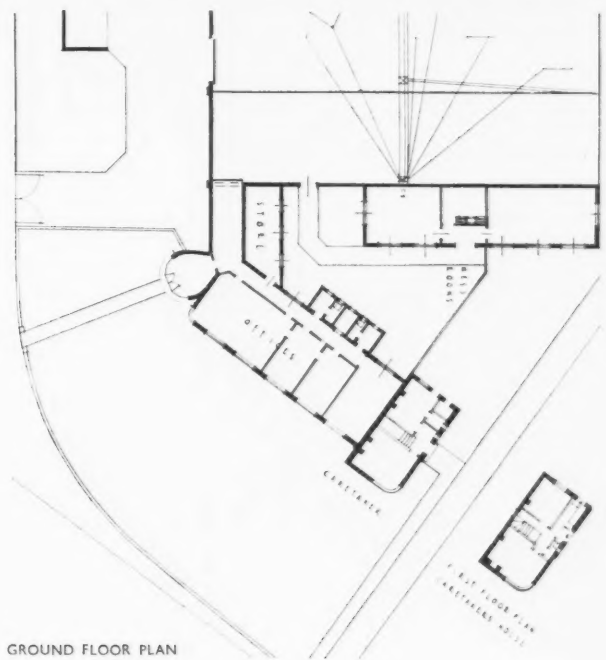
CURRENT ARCHITECTURE

2

SIR JOHN BROWN
AND HANSON



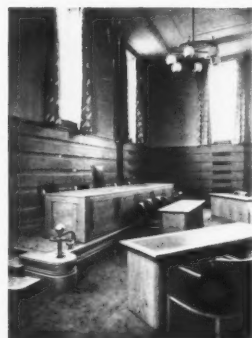
5



GROUND FLOOR PLAN



6



7

with beige morocco. The council chamber, 6 and 7, is panelled to a height of about 10ft. in solid English oak (with some cork tile on the back wall) with acoustic plaster over. The decorated ceiling is in fibrous plaster; and chairs and tables are in English oak, covered with morocco leather. The floor is covered with a heavy grey-brown carpet. The doors are shown in 3.

This building at Worcester for Edward Webb & Sons consists of a block of offices placed parallel with the road and a factory building behind following the main direction of the site, which lies at an angle to the road. The office block and the near end of the factory are shown on the plan; also the caretaker's accommodation. The view shows the elevation to the road.

CURRENT ARCHITECTURE

3

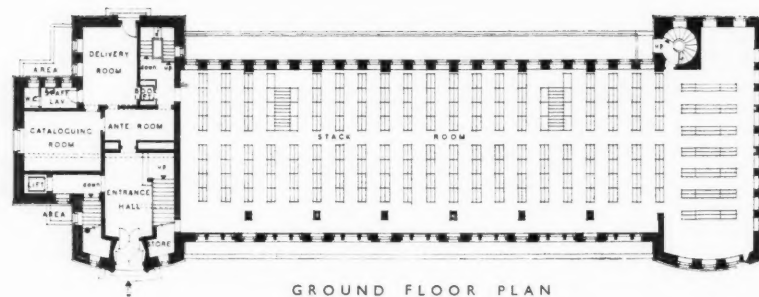
THOMAS WORTHINGTON
AND SONS



1



2



GROUND FLOOR PLAN

This Library building will ultimately form the dominating feature of a new group of buildings at Manchester University. These include a staff house and refectory, which with the existing Arts building will form a group enclosing a large grassed quadrangle, with a tree-planted approach. The two views, 1 and 2, of the front elevation show the materials used; red brick

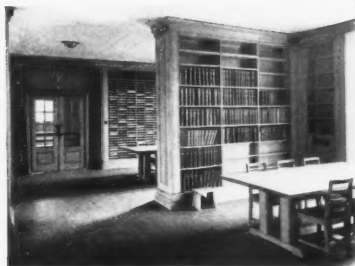
with Portland stone for the base and window dressings. On plan the building consists of a rectangle 160 ft. by 38 ft., with wings at each end: the South wing containing entrance staircase and administrative offices, and the North wing containing small reading rooms. The view of the entrance staircase, 4, shows the book counter and, on the left, the catalogue lobby. In the centre block are two large



3



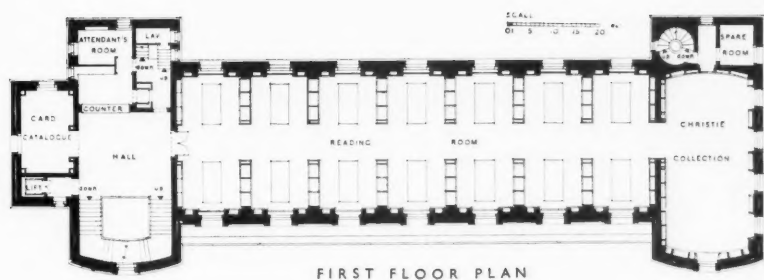
4



5



6

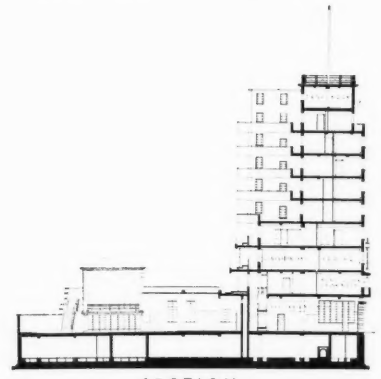


reading rooms on two floors, 3, 5 and 6. They are divided into seven bays on each side of the central aisle by the oak bookcases. 6, shows the vaulted bays in the upper room. Below is the book stack in three decks, which is connected to the upper floors by service stairs and lift. There is seating for 170 readers in the large rooms and 40 in the small ones and accommodation is

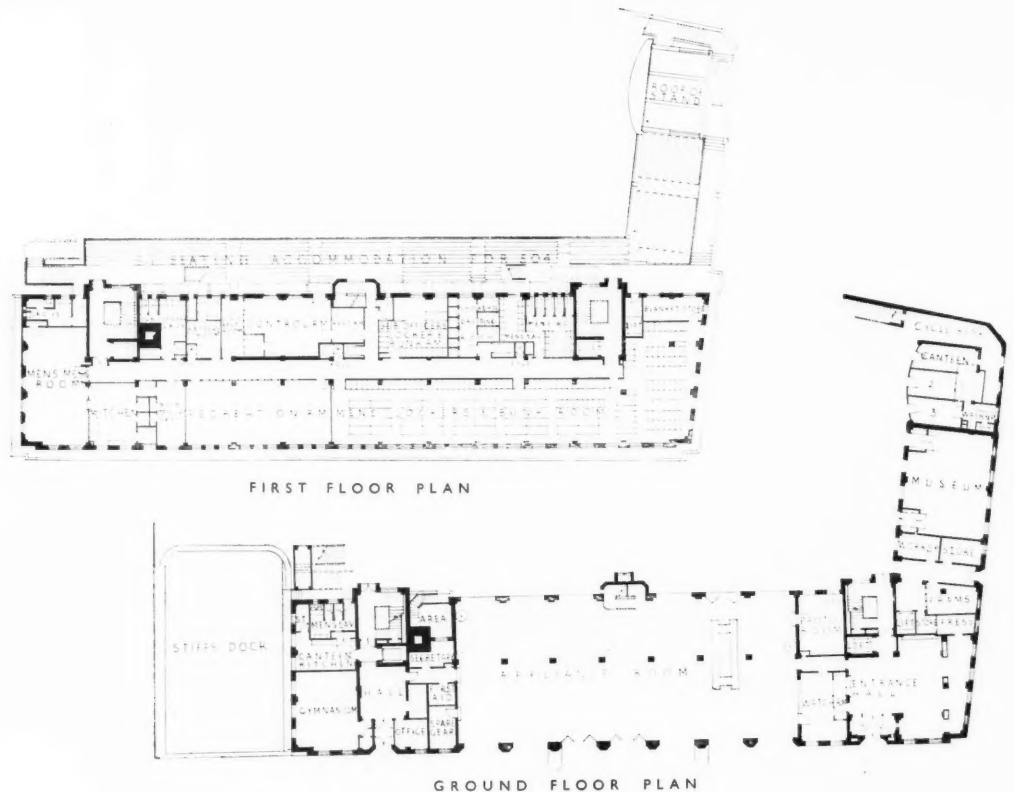
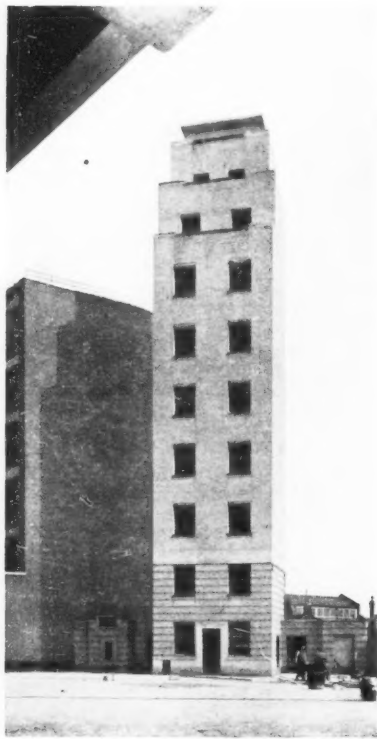
provided in the stack room for 70 more who can work there with direct access to the books. There are 300,000 volumes relating to the Arts and allied faculties: 55,000 in the reading rooms and 245,000 housed on steel racks in the stacks, and the building allows for extension to include an ultimate limit of 1,000,000 volumes.

A black and white photograph of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York building. The building is a large, multi-story structure with a prominent corner section. It features numerous windows, many of which are dark, suggesting they might be closed or the interior is unlit. The building is situated on a street corner, with a bare tree in the foreground on the right and a street lamp visible. The overall style is a historical architectural photograph.

**E. P. WHEELER
L.C.C. ARCHITECTS
DEPARTMENT**



SECTION



100 ft. high, with its two upper storeys set back in conformity with building regulations. It is the first tower in the Brigade to contain an enclosed staircase: this is valuable for training purposes as the majority of fires in buildings are fought from the staircases. The body of the tower contains a well-ventilated hose-drying hoist with a capacity for more than sixty lengths of hose. The air in the tower can be warmed, and there is a hose-hoisting motor provided. The building is steel framed, and faced above a stone base with greyish yellow brick.

THE ENGLISH WAY WITH CEREMONIAL

WHAT HAVE WE LOST?

By Osbert Lancaster

"Sorry, I've not got anything on me; I'll send it you tomorrow." The ringing Hanoverian whisper echoed clearly round the Gothic pillars and along the crowded aisles, for His Majesty King William IV, on whose brow the sacred oil was not yet dry, could never accustom himself to the fact that he was no longer under the necessity of making his every remark carry from one end of the quarter-deck to the other. The occasion for this remarkable response, for which one would search the Coronation Order in vain, was the moment of the Oblation when, according to ancient custom, the newly anointed Monarch presents the Archbishop with twenty pounds in pure gold for the benefit of the Abbey; and moreover it was not the only incident that enlivened the Coronation of the last of our Hanoverian kings, for during the ceremony of the homage of the bishops, when all their lordships salute the sovereign with a kiss on the cheek, "the Bishop of London," we are informed by a contemporary newspaper, "kissed His Majesty on both cheeks and thus by a superabundant display of loyalty gave occasion for much laughter." Alas, one fears that on May 12th there will be no such richly comic interludes; and if there were, no one would be so ill-bred as to laugh. For now we are a serious-minded people, fully conscious of our Imperial mission, and constant propaganda has taught us that Royalty is never a fit subject for heedless mirth. Is it possible that in the attainment of this high-minded attitude some virtue has gone out of us?

For months past a grateful and appreciative public has been deluged with books and articles, wireless talks and coloured supplements dealing with every aspect of the King and his crowning. In the cotton-mills of Tokio and the glass-factories of Bohemia under-nourished Japanese and lugubrious Czechs have been toiling night and day in the manufacture of souvenirs and decorations of extreme fragility and alarming colour with which the honest Britain may commemorate and celebrate the glorious event. *The Illustrated London News* has excelled itself in the production of a special issue in which the features of Royalty, and even of Royalty's household pets, peer out from the gleaming

pages of a fourteenth-century missal; never before, not even in the memories of its oldest readers have the loyal publishers been so lavish with illuminated borders and gilded Gothic trimmings. The most eminent architects, after prolonged discussion, have produced plans for the decoration of our thoroughfares and public buildings which promise to turn the whole of London into the likeness of one vast department store celebrating the twenty-first anniversary of its foundation. So much patriotic and disinterested activity prompts the reflection that we have certainly come a long way since the loyal subjects of King William enlivened their plain and dignified streets with arches of evergreens decorated with patriotic sentiments in silver ribbon-work and elegant transparencies depicting Britannia crowning the pear-shaped cranium of the Sovereign with a laurel wreath, while Tyranny grovels in helpless rage beneath her feet; the whole presently changing into a fully-rigged man-of-war with the Royal Arms at the masthead, by means of a cunning readjustment of oil lamps. Has the progress we have made in the interval been altogether so admirable; or is it possible that what we have gained in flood-lighting we have lost in spontaneity?

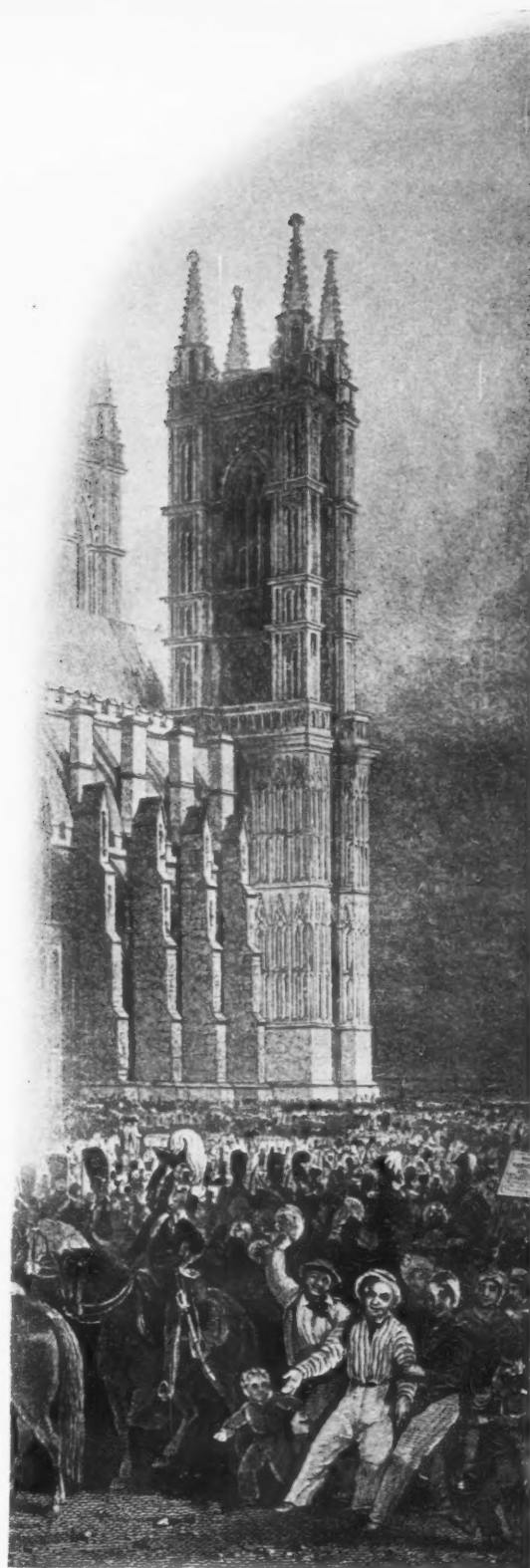
The fact that the commercial possibilities of a Coronation have been exploited to the full is one which must be accepted as only natural in a community in which commerce, in one form or another, has become the be-all and end-all of existence, and, moreover, the present generation is by no means the first to avail itself of such opportunities. As long ago as 1761 at the Coronation of King George III Horace Walpole complained that profiteering in seats had become the most intolerable abuse. For a bedroom and sitting-room on the route similar to that for which his mother at the time of George II's Coronation had paid £50, only with a rather worse view, he was forced to pay £250. But quite apart from the increased but recurrent exploitation of a great national festival, somewhere between the years 1837 and 1937 there does seem to have crept into our national life a certain spirit of pomposity and mock heroics, falsifying the hearty rhetoric of our communal festivals and rendering us hypocritical and self-conscious.

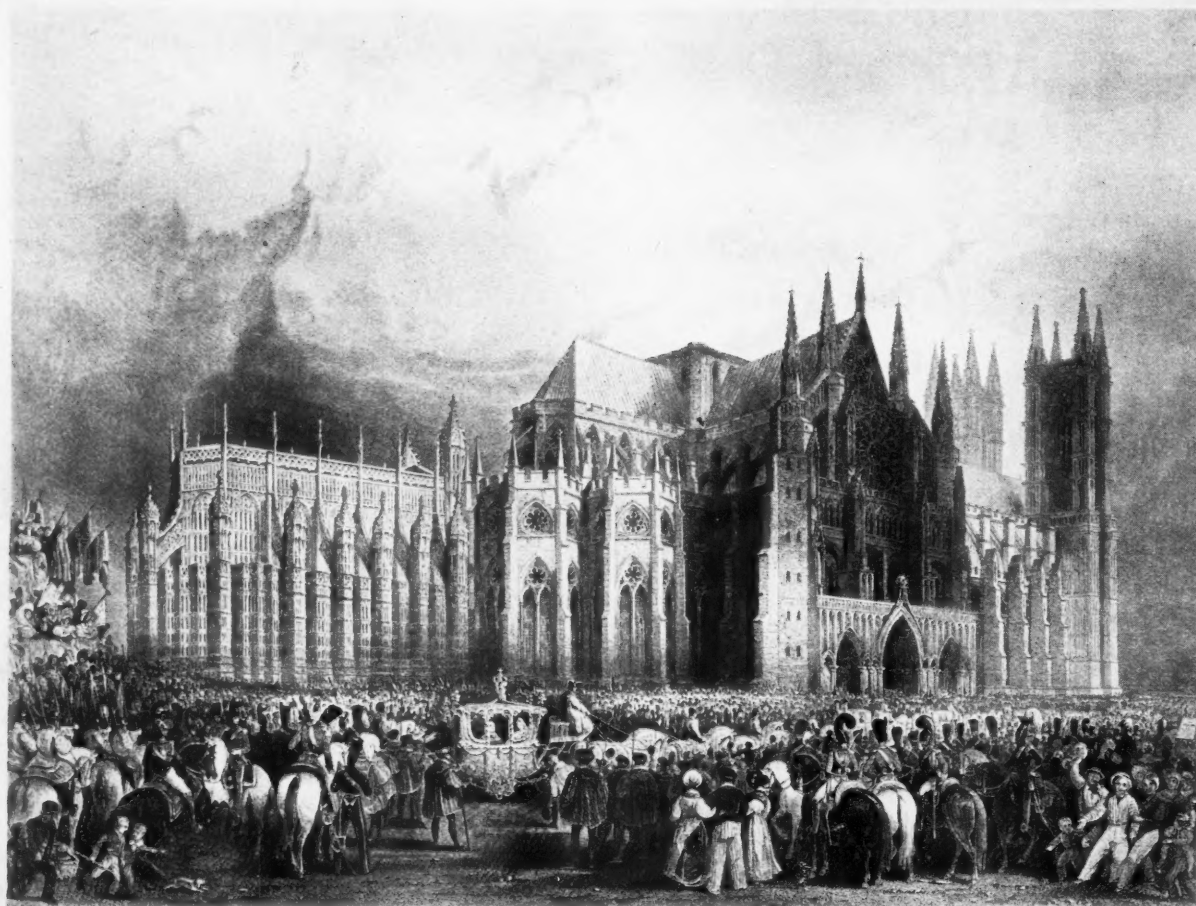
In the eighteenth century the power was still in the hands of the aristocracy who, happily confident of their own worth and importance, had no need to adopt an attitude of semi-religious and sycophantic adulation towards the Crown, and could allow their eccentricities full play on any occasion, no matter how solemn. But the powerful middle class who succeeded them had no such feeling

of self-assurance fortified by long tradition, and, unaccustomed to the seats of the mighty of which they were now in occupation, were forced to conceal their uneasiness behind a façade of unnecessary solemnity and reverence. Gradually the Crown was forced to identify itself more and more with the interests of the class with whom the real power lay, and eventually there came a day when the heir to the throne could be publicly referred to as the Empire's most

successful commercial traveller. Trade followed the flag and the Crown went along with the baggage.

This process was hastened and encouraged by the Royal Family's connection with the House of Coburg, the nouveaux riches among European princes; a family, moreover, who were among the first to discover the uses of skilful propaganda. While William IV was still on the throne the Duchess of Kent, with her usual tactlessness and





Despite the fact that political feeling was then running high on account of the Reform Bill, William IV's progress to the Abbey for his coronation was a great personal triumph for him. He was madly cheered the whole way, and so loud was the popular enthusiasm that Mr. Greville, cantankerous as usual, records that he was greatly disturbed by "the great acclamations". William himself regarded the ceremony as a useless and ill-timed expense, and was nervous lest it should result in an occasion for "popular effervescence". This coronation was one of the cheapest on record; the staggering cost of George IV's ten years before, and the unassuming character of William himself, combined to make economy the watchword in 1830. Hence the popular jibe, "the half-crown-ation." Above, a steel engraving of the procession at Westminster (by courtesy of the London Museum). Below, a caricature by Doyle. Among others in the group are the Duke of Wellington, Talleyrand and Brougham.

much to the justifiable fury of her brother-in-law, carted her daughter round the country opening bridges, receiving deputations and engaging in all those activities with which today Royalty, whether they like it or not, are inevitably burdened but which filled the last survivors of the eighteenth century with shocked surprise. However, at Victoria's Coronation the earnestness and gloom of the Coburgs could not altogether prevail over the natural high spirits of the Hanoverians, and we are informed that in the singing of the anthem the Duke of Sussex's celebrated tenor voice, of which he was so justly proud, was clearly audible if a trifle flat, and that his brother the Duke of Cambridge very kindly lent his assistance to the musical side of the service by beating time with a rolled-up programme. But that fearful consciousness of one's dignity which was to be the hall-mark of the coming age was not quite absent on this occasion, as is clearly discernible in the following extract from *The Observer*: "The homage took a long time and as if to relieve the monotony the Lord High Treasurer amused himself and the company by flinging Coronation medals about, the scramble for which scarcely befitted so high a solemnity. Several times there were two or three people rolling on the floor together in the scramble, and ribboned military officers and robed aldermen



Equestrian ascent by Charles Green. From a print in the Cuthbert collection, 1828.

of the City of London were seen sprawling together and wrestling like school-boys." Actually this distribution of medals and the subsequent scramble were the result of no sudden whim on the part of the Treasurer but had been traditional features of countless Coronations; now, however, they are regarded as undignified and "scarcely befitting to so high a solemnity." The voice of the nineteenth century has spoken.

However, Victoria's Coronation was the last national pageant, solemn or otherwise, that the country was to enjoy for many years to come. From 1837 to 1887 the only Royal junketing at which the general public were allowed to assist was the opening of the Great Exhibition in 1851, an occasion which was firmly indicated by its principal organizer to be more in the nature of a ceremony of religious self-dedication than an opportunity for any indecorous revelry. The jubilee of '87 was undoubtedly a celebration possessing a deep and true significance, as any ceremony must be which marks the passage of a long and crowded stretch of time, but ten years later the celebrations have become less spontaneous and more Imperial. The rich oriental imagination of the late Lord Beaconsfield and the Empire-building activities of so many of his co-religionists in the gold-fields of S. Africa have combined to produce an atmosphere less English in character and more reminiscent of the flashy pomp of the Berlin of William II and the Paris of Napoleon III. For the 'nineties are rightly considered a decadent age, but the symbols of that decadence are not the writings of Wilde and the drawings of Beardsley but the poems of Kipling and the paintings of Sargent. It has been considered rather daring of the

former to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee in a poem with the refrain "Lest we forget, lest we forget." Forget what? The allegiance owed to God? Possibly that is what Mr. Kipling had in mind, but in the result it sounded far too like a forcible reminder that we had "dominion over palm and pine." In architecture the spirit of the time is admirably expressed by those dropsical Empire bambini clutching kangaroos against the background of Sir Aston Webb's skilful evocation of Imperial Potsdam at the end of the Mall, which form so lamentable a contrast to the Duke of York on his dignified column flanked by those noble terraces with which Mr. Nash had decorated the other end of that thoroughfare nearly a century earlier. But once more at the very end of the age the national feeling for what was right and truly significant reasserted itself on the occasion of the old Queen's funeral, a ceremony which not even the late Victorians could vulgarize: that was an achievement reserved by an inscrutable providence for Mr. Noel Coward.

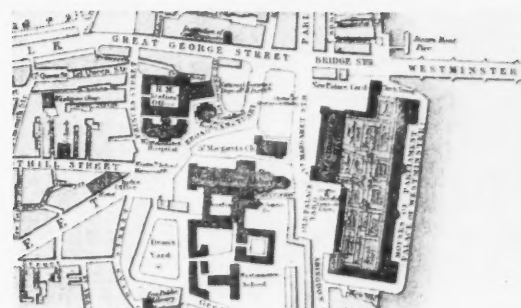
Today, in an age of pep-talks and high-pressure salesmanship, when the only art of which complete mastery has been attained is that of propaganda, it is perhaps inevitable that that spirit of casual dignity and natural pageantry which is characteristic of the English tradition in such matters—as it is indeed in architecture—should suffer an eclipse. Ever since that day when Mr. Disraeli enchanted his sovereign by proposing that she should assume the title of Empress of India (a proposition which aroused the most furious and significant opposition at the time) we have grown increasingly Durbar-minded and our great festivals have, while gaining in outward splendour, lost much of these

qualities of inevitability and essential rightness peculiar to all that is best in our art, our literature and our landscape. Were one asked to define this spirit, one would be well advised to take refuge in examples rather than analytical exposition. The Household Cavalry making their way through the traffic every morning at Hyde Park Corner, two Generals in full-dress uniform with

orders and decorations leaving a *l'évée* in the back of an Austin Seven, the Lord Mayor's carriage with footmen hanging on behind, their white mackintoshes gleaming in the lamplight, passing through the deserted streets of the City at midnight, the funeral of an ambassador—these are scenes which occur to one as being truly representative of the national genius for display at its

THE FRONTISPIECE

The frontispiece to this issue shows the coronation procession of King George IV, which took place on July 19th, 1821. Besides serving as a good illustration of the casual spirit in which ceremonies were performed in those days, whose disappearance Mr. Osbert Lancaster deplores in his article, the print illustrates an admirable adaptation of the street that might suitably have been copied today: the processional platform and the movable canopy (seen partially rolled up) for protection in case of rain. It is also of architectural interest for



another reason: the location of it is in Parliament Square, as can be seen from the drawing of the old Westminster Guildhall, whose porticoed front appears between the supports of the canopy. This building was erected in 1805, partly rebuilt (and another storey added) in 1892, and demolished in 1913. Herewith are another print of the building (dated 1828) and a plan of London showing its position and the planning of Westminster at that time. It was of George IV's procession, depicted in the frontispiece print, that Leigh Hunt wrote his "Coronation Soliloquy":

Yes, my hat, Sirs
Think of that, Sirs
Fast and plumed and Spain-like,
See my big,
Grand robes; my wig,
Young yet lion-mane-like.
Glory! Glory!
I'm not hoary;
Age it can't come o'er me;
Mad caps, grave caps, gazing on the grand man,
All alike adore me.

best rather than the vast disorganizing gorgeousness of the modern coronation.

However, that the old spirit does survive and can still manifest itself on occasions, was shown at the Silver Jubilee, which despite the efforts of certain newspaper proprietors to turn it into a vast "Pageant of Empire" remained, thanks largely to the unpretentiousness and good sense of his late Majesty, a simple and dignified celebration marked by a whole-hearted and unforced outburst of popular merry-making, and one is confident that in spite of the disinterested patriotism of hotel

proprietors, politicians, steamship companies and souvenir manufacturers, it will not be wholly absent on May 12th. But on that day there will be one listener at least, and one moreover of the most dogmatic royalist convictions, who, when he turns on the radio, will be unable quite to stifle an unworthy suspicion that the music he it never so fine, would be even better had the choir the inestimable advantage of the loyal co-operation of the Duke of Cambridge with his home-made baton and the Duke of Sussex with his remarkable tenor voice!

Book of the Month

London for Living in

By Aileen Tatton Brown

LONDON: THE UNIQUE CITY. By Steen Eiler Rasmussen. London: Jonathan Cape Ltd. Price 15/-

Mr. Rasmussen is a humanist. He does not write about London because he admires the layout of our streets, the magnificence of our monuments or the proportions of our public buildings, but because it expresses for him the Englishman's way of living.

"Just as we look to London as the originator of English ideals in the world, so is the manner in which people live or try to live in London the expression of the same world of thought... 'My house is my castle' the one family house, open-air life and all that we others admire and are fain to imitate is inseparable from the English mode of thought and life."

His description of London gains enormously from this method of approach. He appreciates London in a way that is only possible for somebody who has lived there and is prepared to take the trouble to know it intimately. The illustrations are of unpretentious but exquisite houses, little-known back streets, and remote corners of public squares and parks. Together they form a comprehensive and attractive summary of all that is best in everyday London, and provide one with convincing reasons for continuing to live in and like a town that is again beginning to be called by many people "The Great Wen."

The book, however, is not merely a description, it is a justification of London, and in particular of London's way of growing. London is described as having been from the first a kind of gargantuan city, ignoring all restraints. At an age when continental towns were still swaddled in battlements, London had pushed past the city walls and was already thrusting out towards the country. All subsequent attempts to check or regulate its growth were failures. Elizabeth tried to limit its size, Wren tried to replan it, but always the monster town continued to grow larger, and to take and use for itself whatever caught its fancy. Continental towns, in contrast to London, were

controlled and planned. Military consideration limited their size and the pleasure of their rulers determined their arrangement. Compared with London they are small and well laid out with magnificent palaces and broad streets. But this was not done to please their inhabitants, who live in high tenements and have difficulty in taking exercise. In contrast to the planned towns of the continent, London is organic; it was never planned but grew as it pleased the citizens to let it grow. The result is a town of one-storey houses with gardens arranged in self-contained neighbourhoods, round parks and open spaces, "so that London became a greater and still greater accumulation of towns, an immense colony of dwellings where the people still live in their own houses in small communities with local governments, just as they had done in the Middle Ages."

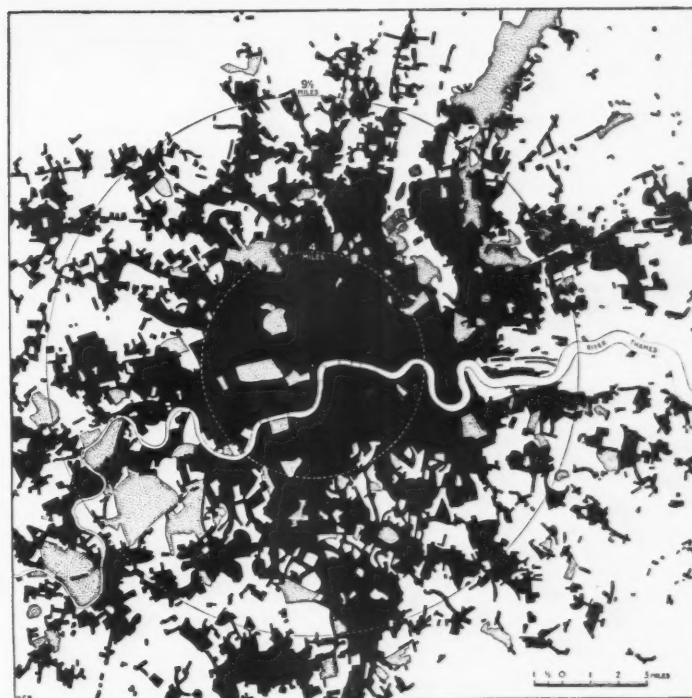
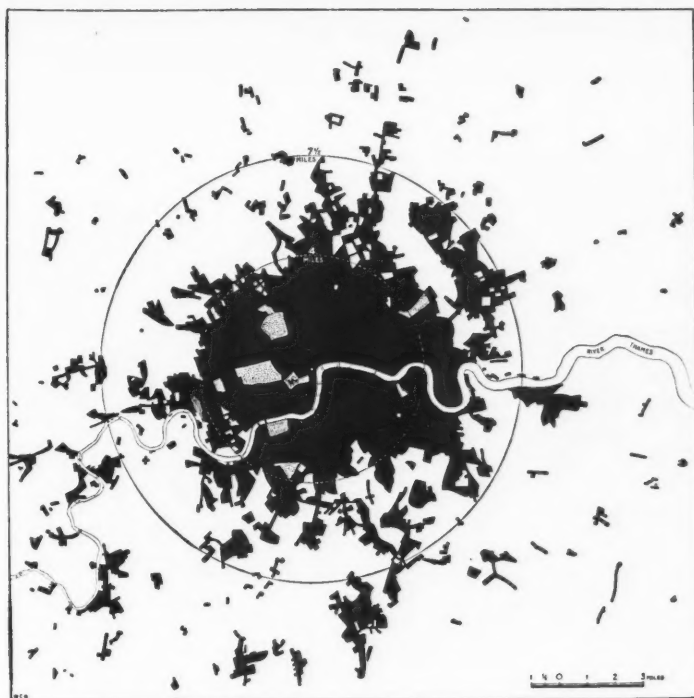
The author has a twofold purpose in writing this book. In the first place he wishes to explain to foreigners, with the aid of photographs of London and Letchworth and Welwyn, that the chief object of Town Planning is not Monumentality, but the creation of pleasant surroundings in which people can live. In the second place, he wishes to persuade Englishmen that London realizes these aims, and that they have nothing whatever to learn from the planners of the continent. They have merely to appreciate London and preserve it from interference. The innovations which Mr. Rasmussen deplores are slum clearance schemes, and attempts to check the outward growth of London. Talking of slums he says "There is a strong tendency to depopulate the most thickly populated areas and this tendency is a right and wholesome one. But when replacing poor little houses by big blocks of flats, large sums are tied up in quarters which should normally depopulate, and wholesome evolution is thus hindered." And in his opinion if we prevent London from expanding we will only succeed in reproducing here the same densely

packed tenement blocks that are to be found in the walled cities of the Continent.

However much one may agree with the author in liking Bedford Square, and disliking the type of Copenhagen tenement which he illustrates for comparison, it is difficult to take his advice seriously. He says "you English who come over to the Continent and see big residential quarters with miles and miles of tall houses in which the people live in dwellings piled one on top of the other, should try to realize that this unfortunate system is not the result of the need for good homes or the improvement of the condition of traffic. The only reason for its existence is this. The Landlord gets higher rent for his property." But we are beginning to realize it. We also realize that the English landlord is very little different from his Continental counterpart, and that if land values continue to rise in London he has no alternative but to behave in the same way. London has indeed been fortunate in the past. But the elegant terraces of houses, the open squares and the numerous parks were not a natural growth, a by-product, as it were, of the English character in isolation. They were planned with as great deliberation as the Place de l'Etoile, and were the work of a few highly civilized, cosmopolitan individuals with almost unlimited means at their disposal for securing their own comfort. Bedford Square was not planned for children to play in but for the duke to look at. Portland Place is 100 ft. wide because Lord Foley liked the view across Marylebone Fields. Regent's Park, Lincoln's Inn Fields, St. James's Park, Hyde Park, and almost every open space the author mentions is the personal relic of some king or influential gentleman. The urbanism the author admires is the product of a single class that flourished during one period of London's history. It is, in fact, no more than an ornamental waistcoat embroidered for Gargantua by an affectionate aunt now dead.

Mr. Rasmussen admires the Englishman's way of living. He appreciates his domesticated architecture and love for fresh air. He envies his freedom from control from above. He urges us to remain true to our own ideas, but unfortunately though they worked well in the 18th they are no longer compatible in the 20th century. Included among the illustrations are maps showing the growth of London between 1900-1914 and 1929; the author refers to the growth as a reaching out towards the country. One might equally well describe it as a pressing in on the town. The ever-widening rings of suburbs round London cut off the centre of the town from the surrounding country more effectively than walls and battlements. The bigger London grows the more the value of land will rise and the more congested will be the condition under which people live at the centre. To talk of "depopulation" of slums when the slums are surrounded by built-up areas on every side is fantastic. And to hope for the preservation of two-storey houses and gardens in the centre of a town which is ringed in by suburbs and has expanding businesses at the centre is equally optimistic. Individual landowners are powerless to resist the relentless pressure, which increases as London grows outwards.

Satellite towns are not really a solution of the problem. At its present rate of growth London will engulf Welwyn in about 30 years as it has already done Hampstead Garden



Suburb. If this is to be prevented the size of London will have to be limited in the same manner as the size of the satellites.

But it would be easier to plan the development of London than to limit its size; to let London go on as Mr. Rasmussen suggests, thrusting out into the country, but with certain reservations. Urbanism might be allowed to spread outwards along the main lines of communication, but it should never be allowed to spread sideways and fill in the space between the spokes. Unless these spaces are preserved as ventilating shafts penetrating inwards to the centre of the town the outward movement defeats itself. Everybody cannot live on the circumference.

The advantages of this type of expansion over unregulated expansion are very great. The town can grow without being stifled by its own growth. The radial roads along which the development would take place would make possible good and direct communications with all parts of the town, so that factories, which still prefer sites near the centre of the town because of the difficulty of delivering their finished products along roads planned as residential suburbs, would be tempted to follow their workpeople out into the country. In this way population could be localized and the peak traffic problem, which is caused by having to transport people long distances to their work, would be solved. On the other hand, it would be unnecessary to fix an arbitrary limit to the growth of the town; given proper transport facilities the modern town can grow outwards indefinitely. But it is only by canalizing the growth along certain main lines and preserving open spaces between that harmful congestion at the centre can be avoided.

If Mr. Rasmussen had concluded his analysis of the growth of London along these lines we would have had no fault to find with an otherwise excellent book.

Above: two maps of London showing the area built over: left, in 1900; right, in 1929. Below, domestic architecture from the Greek revival: houses with shops near St. Pancras Church, taken in August, 1930. From "London," by Steen Eiler Rasmussen.





Domestic architecture in London: houses with balconies, Berkeley Square (taken, August, 1930); and a balcony on a house in Park Lane (taken, September, 1931). From "London," by Steen Eiler Rasmussen.

Classifying the Bizarre

CHINESE INFLUENCE ON EUROPEAN GARDEN STRUCTURES. By Eleanor von Erdberg. Cambridge, Mass. Harvard University Press; and Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press. Price 21s.

One of the characteristic figures of the eighteenth century in Europe is the Man of Taste; he is met in all walks of life, but whether he be a monarch like Frederick the Great, a Person of Quality like Horace Walpole or a professional artist like Reynolds, his essential qualification is that he speaks with authority; the century as a whole liked Rules in matters of taste, and sought a canon. Significantly, it seldom spoke of "good" or "bad" but frequently of "correct" or "incorrect" taste, and it took its cue from those who by achievement had made themselves qualified to speak.

This codifying of what was correct resulted in a canon of orthodoxy in painting, architecture, gardening and decoration, but it also produced by reaction a desire for the unorthodox. This desire was widespread, in that evidences of it are found all over western Europe from Berlin to Madrid and from Naples to Stockholm, but it was limited vertically in that these departures from the Correct were generally made by the few at the extreme top of the social scale or by those with uncommonly active minds.

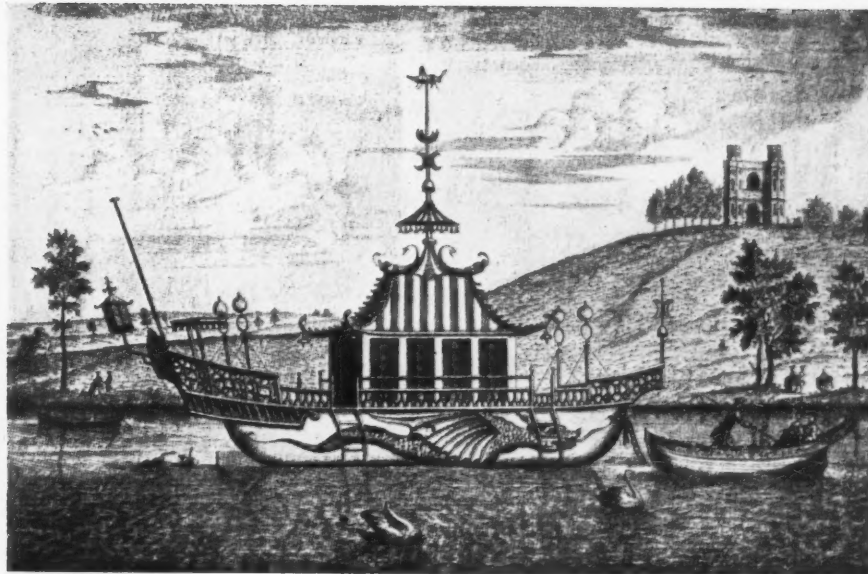
The Correct was identified with the Classic or Antique, and the two most important departures from it were the Gothic and the Chinese tastes; in both of these England exerted an early and important influence.

Miss von Erdberg's book deals with the Chinese fashion that was followed in Europe from the end of the seventeenth to the second decade of the nineteenth centuries, and though it is limited to garden architecture, and excludes furniture and decoration, it is in effect a history of *chinoiserie*; it is even more than that, for it classifies the subject under the main headings of the Exotic, the Grotesque and the Imitative styles. This comes as a corrective to those of us who have been content to regard the whole fashion as a subdivision of the Rococo and to describe it all as exotic.

But exotic it was and remained, from the Kew Pagoda to the Brighton Pavilion, and at heart capricious. As Miss von Erdberg points out, it was originally based on a conception of the Chinese as a carefree race living in the branches of stylized trees or among fantastic flowers, devoid of Reason but extremely amusing; she tells us, incidentally, that the Chinese were clever enough to foster this idea of themselves in their exported goods. The early eighteenth-century European thought of these happy beings as inhabiting with equal probability the Congo, Hindustan or China and was not at all disturbed by the conjunction of feathered head-dresses with pigtails, or turbans with mandarin's robes. Is not this confusion also evident in the name of *das Japanische Haus* given to the Chinese Pavilion in Potsdam (1754), or the mixture of "Hindoo" exterior with dragon-adorned interior in the Brighton Pavilion (1818)?

In fact, it might be argued that the essential idea of *chinoiserie* is that it be bizarre, amusing and eccentric. Had its contemporaries taken it as seriously as does Miss von Erdberg, or as they did take the Gothic taste, it would not have been limited to the scattered and highly sophisticated few but would have soaked down through the social strata and have become ultimately a commonplace. This did in fact happen to the Gothic, although it was as far removed as possible from the approved Georgian canon; but it was not exotic and it could be related to something which Europe had already experienced, which was real and therefore comfortably susceptible to rules.

When Sir William Chambers tried to introduce rules into the Chinese taste those who already



Left, the "Dragon House" in the grounds of Sans Souci, Potsdam; right the Mandarin yacht and belvedere, Virginia Water, near Windsor. From "Chinese Influence on European Garden Structures."

admired the taste all over Europe followed him, and *chinoiserie* entered what Miss von Erdberg calls its imitative phase; but it is doubtful whether Chambers was actually responsible for many new converts to or admirers of the taste. The Kew Pagoda certainly did not do for the Chinese what Strawberry Hill did for the Gothic.

The fact remains, however, that the Chinese was adopted by a number of influential people as a relief from the strictly Correct, and is an important chapter in the history of taste in Europe. Miss von Erdberg's extremely well-documented book might have surprised some of those who only thought they were being witty and amusing, but whether the evolution of the fashion was a conscious or an unconscious process the author has reduced her great wealth of evidence, drawn from nearly every country in northern, southern or western Europe, to an ordered and progressive story.

The student of taste has reason to be very grateful for this book, particularly for the bibliography, the annotated List of Buildings and for the illustration of no less than 94 examples.

JOHN STEEGMANN

The Problem of Urbanization

THE PRESERVATION OF OUR SCENERY. By Vaughan Cornish, D.Sc. Cambridge: The University Press. Price 7s. 6d.

This small volume of essays includes the proposals submitted by Dr. Vaughan Cornish on behalf of the Councils for the Preservation of Rural England and Wales to the Government Committee on National Parks, as well as addresses to the British Association and other scientific societies on the subject of how best to save England from "what is mildly termed urbanization, a condition that is to say in which towns are not fit to live in and the countryside not fit to look at." It is noteworthy as much for the delicate perception revealed by the author when describing the varied types of beauty in English scenery as for the fact that, unlike many preservationists, Dr. Cornish recognizes the necessity for constructive as well as for anti-destructive measures.

"As regards the close masses of residential streets of Victorian times in London and other great cities . . .", he writes, "now that steel instead of stone or brick is the structural material of towns, the present population can be accommodated upon one-third of the ground space by increasing the height of the houses, with no diminution of sunlight, and almost all the added space will be available for town gardening and afforestation." And, of building in rural areas, few save those moved by personal considerations will dispute his finding that "we have reached a stage in housing when all buildings should be erected to the design of registered members of the architectural profession." One criticism only must be levelled against the point of view here displayed. Nowhere throughout the book is seen any realization that the day of local materials is ending, that the truest harmony with historic architecture is to be achieved by imitating, not its outward form, but the spirit in which it was conceived and in which its virtue still rests.

GEOFFREY BOUMPHREY

The Aesthetic Labyrinth

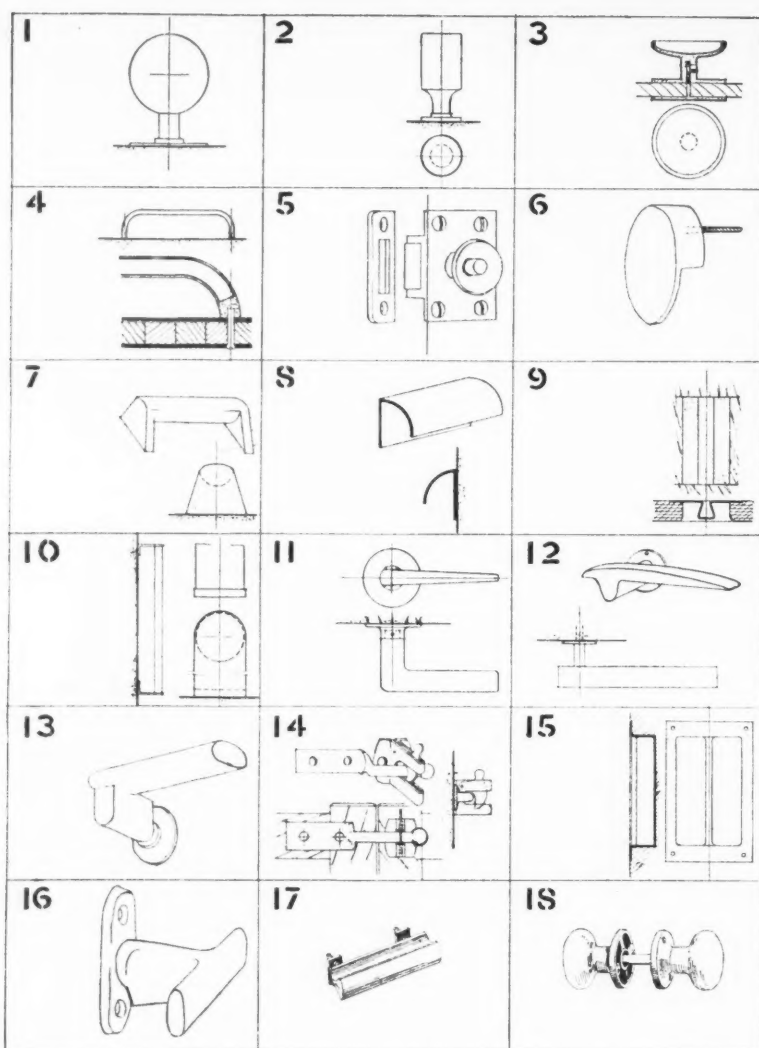
"ART AND LIFE." By Hannah Priebsch Closs. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. Price 15s. net.

TWENTY-FIVE essays, most of them quite short, and nearly a hundred plates, are here devoted to the eminently worthy object of making people see. In Germany the transcendental type of art criticism had been in danger of running to seed before the political pruning-knife was applied, but few in England have been bold enough to offer to a general audience anything between the two extremes of the technical and the anecdotal. The author dedicates her book with a Middle High German quotation, and her roots are in the Teutoburger Wald. But she brings more than a native and unconscious Germanism to her task, for she is confessedly anxious to free us from "the tyranny of an æsthetic prejudice which would exalt the Italian Renaissance to the detriment of other forms of artistic expression." While less violent than Blake in his attack on the Cinquecento idols of Reynolds, she patiently explodes a number of the more glaring popular misconceptions of the purpose

and achievement of those "old masters" whose title is almost as vaguely used as the word "mediæval," and by no means all of her objectives are windmills. I feel that she is a little summary in her treatment of Egyptian art, and of China we have next to nothing, but within limits which she herself acknowledges as arbitrary she conveys a great deal of sound observation in a form which, if occasionally extravagant to vagueness, should in the main find her readers in the right quarters. That is to say that she will stimulate and often convince, not only the largely indifferent public whose pre-judgments could survive no intelligent criticism, but also that *demi-monde* that haunts the studios and exhibitions, often seen in Cork Street but seldom in Trafalgar Square, and with no very clear idea of how to get from one to the other. "Our healthy adoration of purely formal values," she writes, "can nevertheless cause us to lose all sense of proportion in our criticisms until we extol certain minor and inferior works merely because of their tendency towards abstraction." That it is possible for the same person to admire both Bach and Beethoven needs emphasizing here and there at the dinner-table.

The intention of recalling us to Nordic excellencies snobbishly obscured causes Mrs. Closs to give much play to "the magnanimous wind of the Baroque." And, indeed, the still small voice that endeavours to apply precision and simplification to seventeenth-century æsthetics is seldom a successful instrument. She struggles bravely to follow Wölfflin and Gurlitt, West and Worringer and the Propylæen History, into those rarefied regions where Rembrandt, Rubens, El Greco and Poussin join hands with Bernini, Schlüter, Hildebrandt and Elias Holl in dithyrambic homage to the elderly Michelangelo, while even Indian sculptors and the artists of the Pergamum Acropolis find themselves caught in a like frenzy. More valuable, because less frequently expressed in English, is her preference for German over French Gothic, and one is made to marvel afresh that the carvings at Bamberg and Naumburg and those of the Rhenish school are less familiar to the English art student than casts of Roman copies of late Greek sculpture.

The illustrations are admirably chosen, the juxtaposition of Giorgione with Derain, of Vermeer with Dicksee, of Villard d'Honnecourt with a Greek vase-painting and Grünewald with a Chinese



Types of door and cupboard handles standardized by manufacturers, in aluminium alloy, bakelite, chromium plate, doverite, etc., reduced from a page of "Specification."

landscape adding immensely to the effect of the author's words. Their reproduction, however, particularly in the case of a Dürer woodcut and in some of the sculpture, leaves something to be desired.

FRANCIS WATSON

This Year's "Specification."

SPECIFICATION. Edited by F. R. S. Yorke. London: The Architectural Press. Price 10s. 6d.

It is not so very long since the old craftsmanship headings of Joiner, Mason, Plumber, Bricklayer and the rest could easily be made to cover the whole process of building, no matter how big the job. The exact point at which building ceased to be a matter of craftsmanship and became a modified form of civil engineering is difficult to determine: possibly the earliest signs were Paxton's mass-production and standardization methods for the Great Exhibition—more probably the introduction of the steel frame for London buildings at the beginning of the century. Central heating, lifts and other forms of highly mechanized equipment date from about the same time—hence the army of specialist engineers who exist to tell the architect about all the things he cannot possibly know for himself—consultants for reinforced con-

crete, steelwork, lighting, heating, ventilating and the trades and sub-trades which are allied to one or more of the old craftsmanship headings but which belong properly to none. Hence, too, the need for a book such as *Specification*, which deals very thoroughly with the old-established trades, and also reviews the newer and more mechanical side of building, with sections devoted to such things as glass-concrete construction, radio equipment and piling.

In order to keep *Specification* down to a reasonable size, the Editor has pursued the policy of using diagrams and tables whenever possible, and has saved a good deal of tedious explanation which few people can be bothered to read—bricks and wallboards are excellently presented in quite a small space, and the floor section says everything that ought to be said with a minimum of repetition. Manufacturers, too, have been encouraged to make their advertisements as informative as possible, and most of them have been sensible enough to do so. The usual type of "prestige" advertising is obviously out of place in a publication such as this, and the change-over to common sense is not only better for the manufacturer but also adds considerably to the value of *Specification* itself. To persuade manufacturers to spend money is difficult enough, but superhuman efforts must have been necessary to make them spend it in

the right way. A bouquet should go not only to Mr. Yorke, but to Mr. Curtis and the publishers as well.

PHILIP SCHOLBERG

O Babylon!

METROPOLITAN MAN. By Robert Sinclair, London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. Price 10s. 6d.

This is a terrific and terrifying book.

"Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city! for in one hour is thy judgment come." Mr. Sinclair sets these words from an old book of Revelation on the fly-leaf of his new one, wherein he reveals with a staggering array of facts the condition of what he calls "glorious London, immense, ruthless, sentimental London, cradle of Parliaments, vault of Croesus, shrine of history and site of the Imperial College of Science and Technology—London, field of adventure, arena of the young, stage of Shakespeare, child of Wren, mother of nations—liar, oppressor, gaudy pauper and provincial-minded humbug."

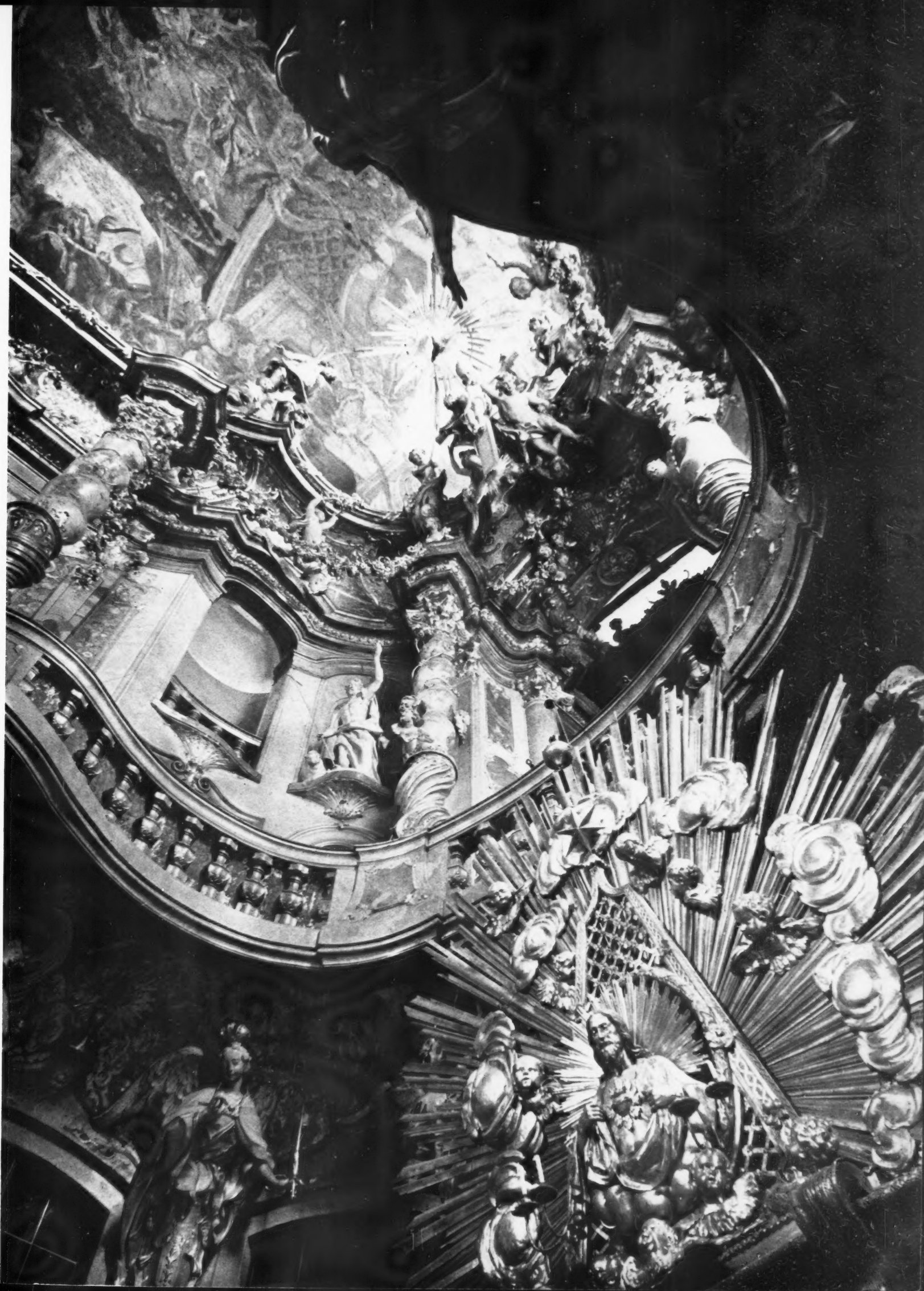
I cannot imagine that statistics have ever been made more vital, have ever been so vivified as in this book. Mr. Sinclair deals only in facts. "What I think does not matter," he says. "What I have collected in the way of ascertained facts does matter." And from every obscure corner of every obscure set of statistics relating to London (he gives a list of 643 references) he has collected data to give a complete picture of modern Babylon, to analyse every aspect of metropolitan life from the counting house to the marriage bed, from dukes to dustcarts, from recreation to procreation, from slums to suicides, from town planning to trolley-buses. He reels off facts for over three hundred pages. Most of them are very shocking, some are comic, some almost unbelievable (90,000 future suicides are walking the streets of London today; one-third of the people who die in the County of London die in a workhouse, etc.). The result is an appalling picture of dirt, disease, poverty, disorder, cynical mismanagement. But Mr. Sinclair never allows his facts to be dull. They speak for themselves, but through his voice. He has a gift of neat phrase and a method of presentation which puts life into the deadest statistics. There are scores of passages one would like to quote, but one will serve to illustrate his method:

"One hundred and nine bodies of the town council kind dispute the rulership of London, abetted by two hundred and forty-six other bodies with statutory powers of public regulation. There are more than fifty mayors with fur and feathers. These three hundred and fifty-five authorities, nearly one for every day of the year, consist of 6,390 amateur legislators and administrators. The number may be a little difficult to visualize. It would be true to say that for every policeman you see on duty in the streets of London there is a councillor, committeeman or boardman hidden in the background, who helps to rule London by means of a blotting-pad, a casting vote, the minutes of the last meeting and other familiar paraphernalia of the school debating society."

That reveals Mr. Sinclair's intention as well as his method. For this book is no mere collection of facts to titillate the do-you-know type of mind, no mere piece of muck-raking to amuse idle scoffers. Behind it all Mr. Sinclair has the deep burning purpose of exposing the needless suffering and death, the intolerable squalor, the economic drain, the psychological disturbance that "cannot be dissociated from the lack of all regional government in this compact region, and from its lamentable record of administrative waste, short-sightedness and petty jealousy."

The publishers claim that this is an urgent document. It is. It should be read by every one who has any thought for the organization of human affairs—and more particularly by those (the vast majority) who have not.

THOMAS SHARP



OVERLEAF:

AT CLOSE RANGE

The Church of St. Nepomuk at Munich, designed by the brothers Asam and consecrated in 1746, is one of the most lavish examples of the German Baroque, and this photograph illustrates the multiplicity of materials and techniques with which the cumulative effect of richness was obtained. It is a view looking from before the altar up towards the painted ceiling. An article on this church, with further illustrations, appears on pages 211-214.

PLATE iv, *May 1937*

DECORATION

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW SUPPLEMENT

MAY

1937

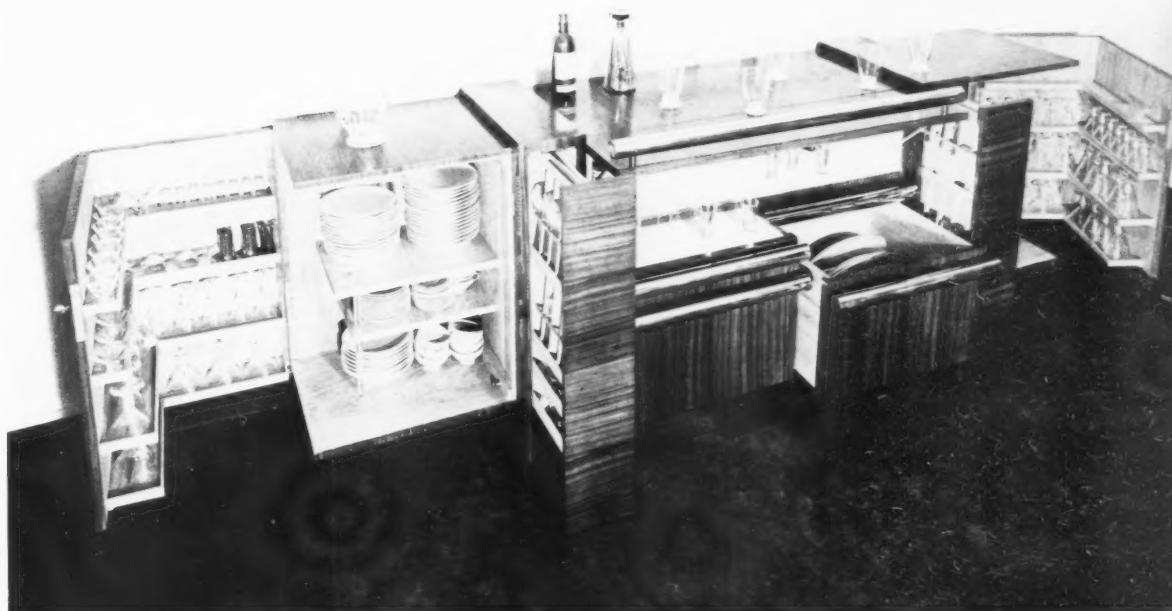
INDIVIDUAL SOLUTION

A DIRECTOR'S ROOM
AT THE B.B.C.

BULLETIN OF STAN-
DARD DESIGNS

BAR IN A VILLA
AT VARESE NEAR
COMO, ITALY: FRANCO
ALBINI, ARCHITECT

COLOUR: SOLIDITY
BY OZENFANT



INDIVIDUAL SOLUTION — 5

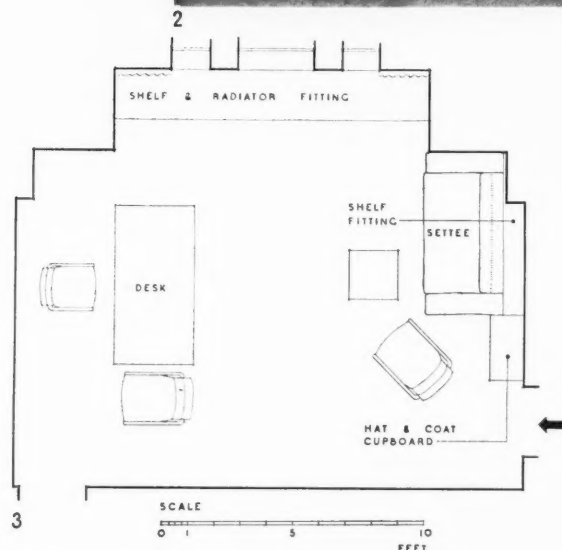
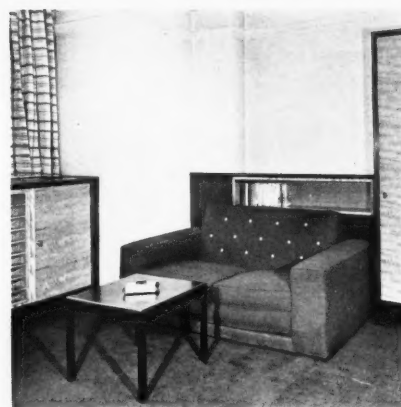
This dining-room sideboard, designed by Jean Royère, consists of a cupboard completely fitted for crockery, glass, cutlery, etc., each element of which opens out (as in the photograph above) to make the contents easily accessible. The photograph on the right shows its appearance when entirely closed. The sideboard is veneered in Zebrawood, the centre portion, which serves as a cocktail bar, having a white ceramic lining.

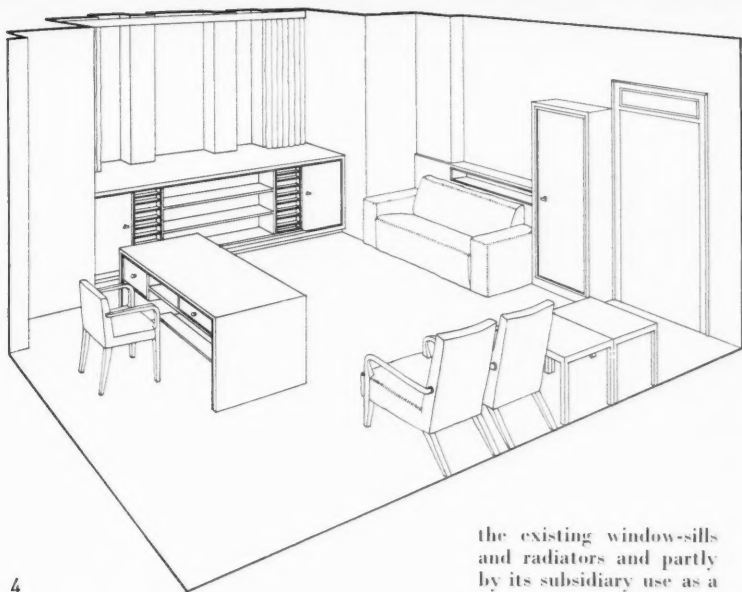


A DIRECTOR'S ROOM AT BROADCASTING HOUSE, LONDON DECORATION AND FURNITURE DESIGNED BY DAVID AND ELSA BOOTH

An existing room in the B.B.C. offices had to be decorated and furnished to serve as a director's office. The requirements in the way of equipment were fairly normal: a large desk, a certain amount of shelf and cupboard accommodation, a cupboard for hats and coats, chairs for visitors, a settee for less formal interviews, and one or two small tables. Expenditure was limited; no structural alterations were made to the room and the existing broken white paintwork of ceiling, walls and joinery was not altered. The plan, 3, and the drawing, 4, show the disposition of the furniture in the finished room.

All the furniture is veneered in Rio rosewood, with drawer- and door-fronts veneered in Japanese chestnut. The chairs are in solid rosewood. Door-furniture is chromium-plated. The curtains are of horizontally-striped material in shades of nigger-brown, white and beige. The hair-pile carpet is very dark brown. 1, the desk, showing also the desk chair. It is B.B.C. practice to conceal all telephones, and the deep drawer on the left is designed to take three instruments on slide extenders. Apart from this the desk is only equipped with a small drawer for personal odds-and-ends and a shelf for papers and diary. The desk chair is covered with white Morocco leather. 2, the settee, with a fitting including a recessed shelf. The settee is upholstered in rough-textured dark brown fabric. 5, the window-fitting. This consists of a centre range of bookshelves flanked on either side by cased-in radiators and by small cupboards. The radiator grilles are hinged, and small access lids are provided for the controls. The height of the fitting was dictated partly by





4

the existing window-sills and radiators and partly by its subsidiary use as a work-table. The easy-chair is covered in blue-green wool cloth. 6, a view across the room showing the wardrobe fitting on the right.

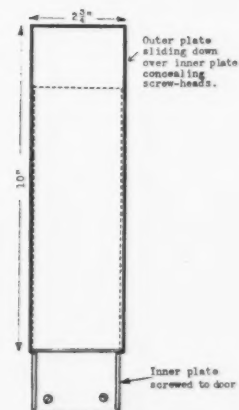
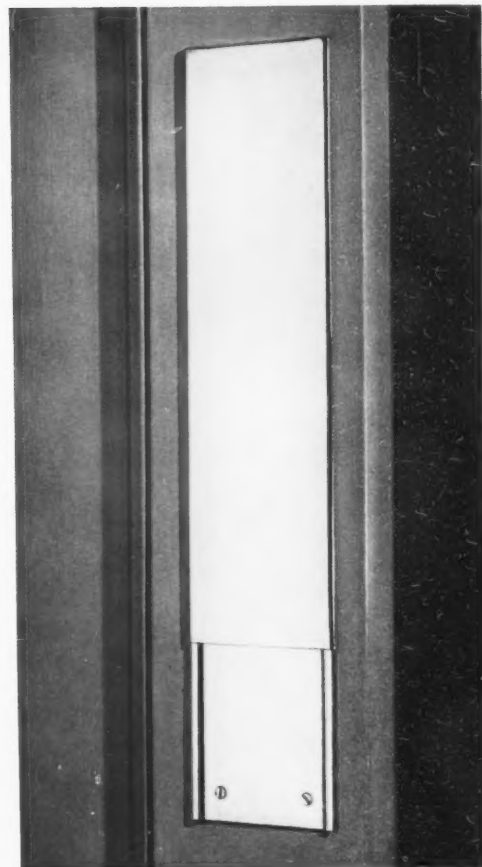


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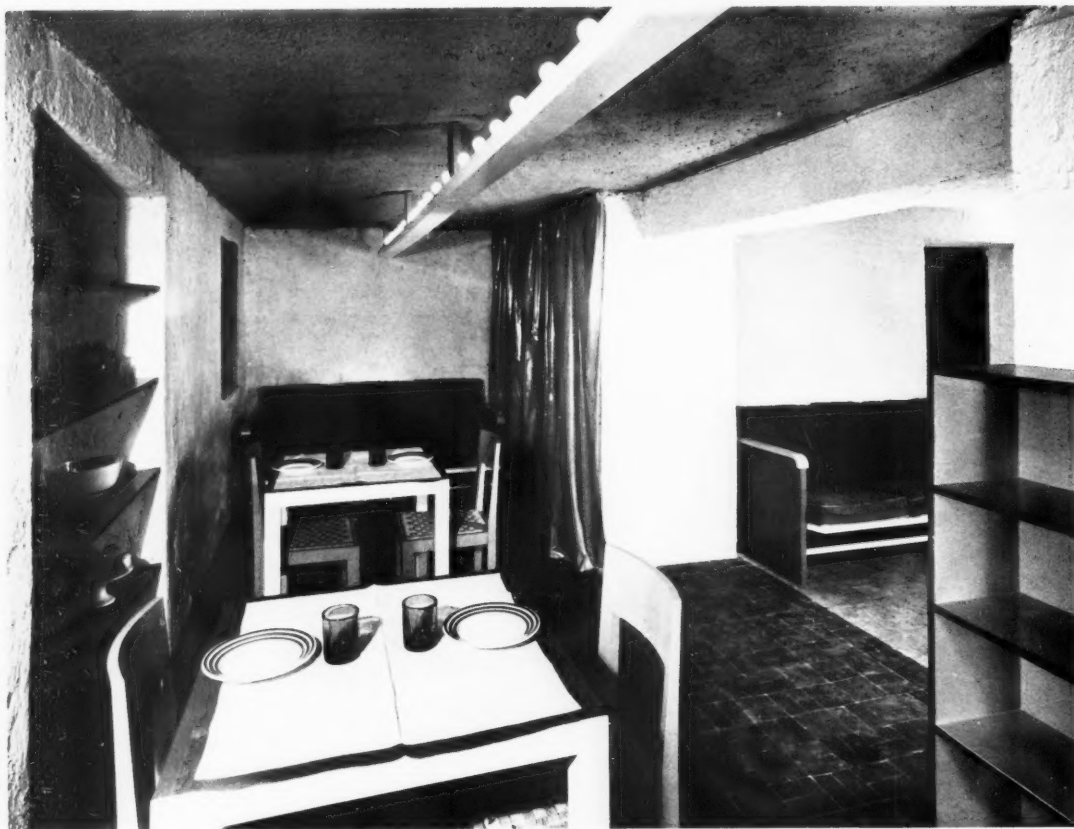
6

BULLETIN OF STANDARD DESIGNS



"Kenmalco" finger plate: designed to avoid the usual unsightly appearance of projecting screw-heads and to protect the fixing screws from exposure. A brass inner plate is screwed to the door in the usual

way and the outer finished plate slides down over it until stopped automatically by a turned-over flange at the top, two small depressions in the inner plate causing the fit to be accurate. The photograph and drawing both show the top plate in the same position, partially slid over the lower one. The dimensions are given on the drawing. Obtainable in matt chromium steel, Florentine bronze, copper-bronze and antique bronze finishes. Price, 3s. each, retail (chromium steel finish, 5s. each). Kenneth Malcolm & Co.



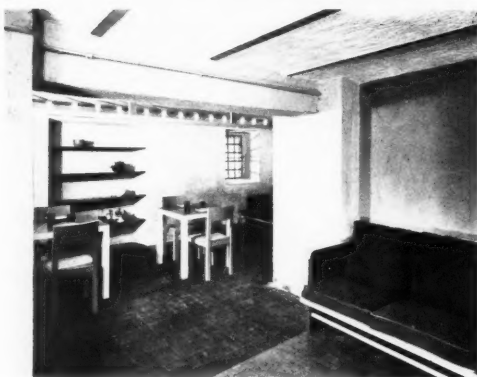
1

A BAR IN A VILLA IN ITALY

Two cellar rooms in the Villa Levi-Broglio at Varese near Como were converted to form this bar and supper room. The first room has been left free for dancing: in the centre there is the dancing floor and round the walls are sofas. The second, the supper room, is furnished with tables and chairs. 1. The rough texture of the walls has been preserved for its decorative value, and in the first room the structure of the ceiling, seen in 2 and 3, consisting of curved stones springing from steel beams, has been accentuated and its decorative quality emphasized by painting the beams red. Flooring is of small rectangular tiles. The supper tables are painted white and olive-green and the chairs are red, with seats of rough raffia. The sofas, seen in 2, have an iron frame with steel net springing of the elastic type used for beds: sides and backs are painted olive-green and the arm-rests orange-yellow. The stepped shelves are of olive-green wood.



2



3

FRANCO ALBINI, ARCHITECT

COLOUR Solidity

By Ozenfant

“Le beau est la rencontre de toutes les convenances.”—EUGÈNE DELACROIX.

We head this article "Solidity": meaning the effective solidity of colour compositions based on the psychological properties of hues; not forgetting the material solidity of colours.

Let us begin then with the most practical and most necessary consideration: the technical solidity of colours. Doing this we see that the search for a certain degree of material fixity in colours has curious and fortunate *aesthetic* results, in ruling out certain selections of hues, which are at the same time materially fragile and have an effect of "fragility" on the sensibility. (As if in actual fact there were a natural relationship between the actual fragility of pigments and their effect on our intuitive psychology. Doubtless there are truths to be discovered in this direction, but that is not the purpose of this article.)

An architect, at any rate, will admit without hesitation that while certain ultra-fragile harmonies, obtained by the use of fragile pigments like pink or rose, can be used in hats or expensive dresses (which have only to exert a limited effect for the duration of a ceremony) these same shades are not a suitable choice for walls or furnishing: architecture, even when it aims at charm, must maintain dignity, and suggest the security which comes from lasting things.

Now in the present state of chemical science and of our psychological perception, apart from rare exceptions, it is possible to state the following general rules:

1. Very bright hues are less solid chemically (and generally also appear less solid) than more neutral hues.

2. In the same pigment the most intensely pigmented colour is the most solid chemically (and psychologically). A pink obtained by adding red to white is less solid in "feeling" and in duration than red.

3. Clear hues are generally more fragile than sombre ones.

It is therefore wise to obtain effects of vivacity or subtlety of hue by *contrasts*. A "simultaneous contrast" allows the mutual modification of hues which are seen in one glance. Some colours intensify each other, others lose brilliance. The effects of intensification by simultaneous contrast make it possible to paint less clearly and less vividly, hence with greater solidity, for the same effective result.

This is fortunate, because harmonies which are founded on any particular shade of a pigment, seen alone, are extremely perishable (by the laws of chemistry and light). It is therefore preferable to obtain subtle effects by contrasting tints; the effect is much more durable, because it is more vital. (This fairly general parallel between the appearance of "solidity" to the eye and its duration is useful to remember.)

Example: It is well known that pale pink obtained by adding lake to white is very fragile: fortunately exactly the same effect can be obtained by putting a neutralized colour of solid green against a hue that is pink in value (and relatively neutral and solid) but is made with white and red ochre, or even burnt sienna—these are very fixed pigments. The same result can again be obtained by making the pink deeper, more pigmented and thus more solid, and by apparently devaluing it through contrast with a neutral surface containing red.

Rule: A "virtual" tint is always more attractive than the same hue in reality.

This technique of "exaltation," of causing *relatively neutral* colours to sing together, is unquestionably an art. And is not the architect an artist? Art lies in transfiguring realities: in making them appear what they are not. It is only then that realities take on poetic qualities. In art, in contrast to morality, "deception" is more praiseworthy than truth. In art the real is worth less than the virtual. Our Lao-Tse would say perhaps: in art the real is the virtual.

Rule : Never rely on the qualities of tints regarded alone and at close range, but obtain subtle shades or strong hues by opposing contrasts : tints playing solidly one against the other.

Complementaries

It is not necessary to enlarge on the subject of complementary hues (those which, mixed together, do not give a dual colour—green, orange, violet—but become blackish). Everyone knows that these complementaries are in most instances mutually exciting. Example: a red intensifies a green; a yellow a violet; a blue an orange.

It is also known that a vivid hue enfeebls the appearance of less vivid hues in the same category. For example, a vivid green appar-

ently neutralizes a less vivid green; a red discolours a pink, etc.

But it is less known that very often the classic law of contrast, as it is often over-simply explained, is at fault. And from this there result those ludicrous occasions when, brush in air, the painter stands in front of an effect which is just the contrary to what he expected : he dreamed of the heroic effect of red pigment on a green of young salad ; and the pigment turned out a chocolate cream soda. (See the table which follows : red on green.) In order to avoid these vexing moments, let us remember the following principle, which can be very useful for decorators, especially in calculating bands, fillets, ornaments :

A coloured surface less extensive than the background (ratio of distance: a strip one centimetre wide seen at about five yards range—the usual distance in interior architecture), placed on a large background of another colour, undergoes virtual modification in accordance with this table:

Green surface on red background appears grey			
Yellow	“	violet	“ “ whitish
Violet	“	yellow	“ “ black
Blue	“	orange	“ “ dark green
Orange	“	blue	“ “ pink
Clear blue	“	orange	“ “ grey-white
Orange	“	green	“ “ yellow
Orange	“	violet	“ “ pink
Green	“	violet	“ “ blue
Blue	“	yellow	“ “ greenish black
Yellow	“	blue	“ “ bluish white
Red	“	green	“ “ reddish brown
Violet	“	green	“ “ greyish pink

We must study these laws and integrate them. They have much to teach us of the reactions of primary colours one against the other, of the peculiar characteristics of the eye (due to its "chromatic aberrations") and of the considerable constructive or destructive possibilities which can be exploited, constructively, in architecture.

Some Observations on Colours

BLUE.—It is useful to know (and it is only a few months since its scientific causes have become known through the recent researches of Polack and Ch. Lapicque on the chromatic aberrations of the eye) that blues become apparently darker according to the increase of distance: this explains why, in a

[continued on page 246]

A design for the colour-decoration of a flat in London, based on the methods of colour-selection and relationship already discussed by M. Ozenfant in his articles. The exact colours are given below according to the Ostwald notation (also already discussed by M. Ozenfant), those in the illustration being diagrammatic only. The plan at the bottom of the page shows the arrangement of the rooms the colour-scheme has been designed for; the other drawings show each room separately with walls and ceiling developed to arrive at relative areas of colour.

A, the entrance passage: green carpet (ost. p.e. 22); walls, matt grey (ost. g.); doors, glossy grey (ost. z.); door-frames, glossy white; ceiling, matt white.

B, the living-room: the walls are a greyish colour in three tones (ost. e.c.2, ost. c.a.2, ost. c.a. 1), the brightest on the wall opposite the window, the medium tone on the walls at right-angles to the windows and the strongest on the walls against the windows. Curtains are arranged in four colours to move on tracks, to give a large number of possible variations of colour (as described in M. Ozenfant's article in the January issue). The ceiling is matt white.

C, a boudoir: green pile carpet (ost. 23 n.e.); the walls and ceiling decorated with mural paintings (whose motif only is suggested in the drawing—the decoration, of course, to be studied in detail; the method of setting about this will be discussed in a later article).

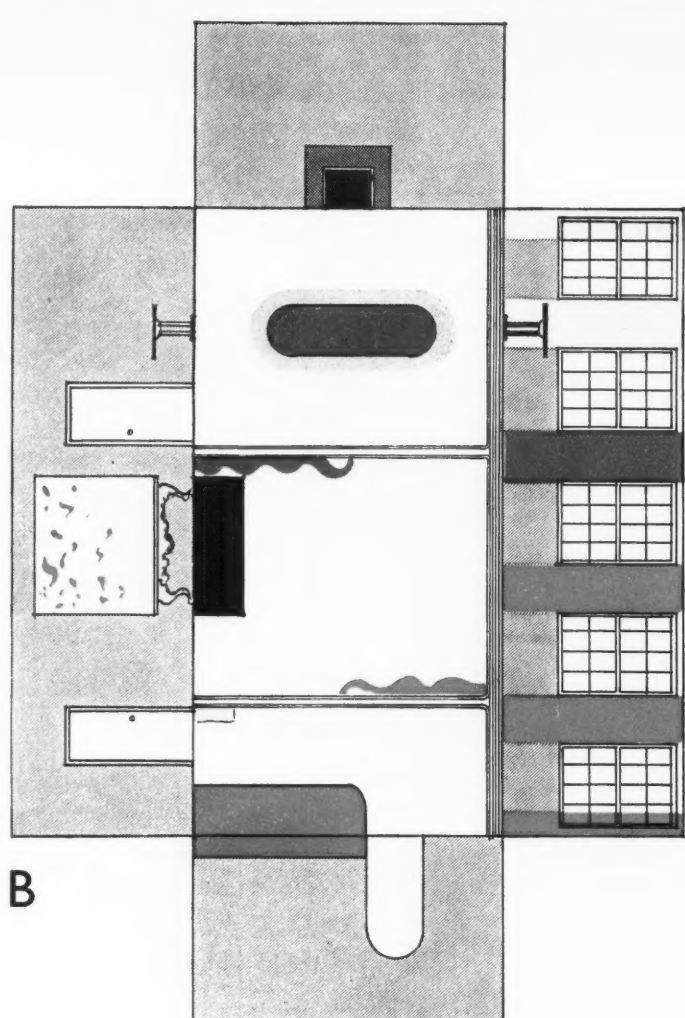
D, the kitchen: walls and ceiling white; panelling of the cupboards in red (ost. 5 n.a.), blue (ost. 17 g.a.), green (ost. 23 l.a.), and yellow (ost. 1 i.a.); doors in blue (ost. 19 c.a.).

E, the study: walls and ceilings matt white; door and furniture very glossy grey (ost. 3 n.l.); green linoleum floor (ost. 23 n.s.).

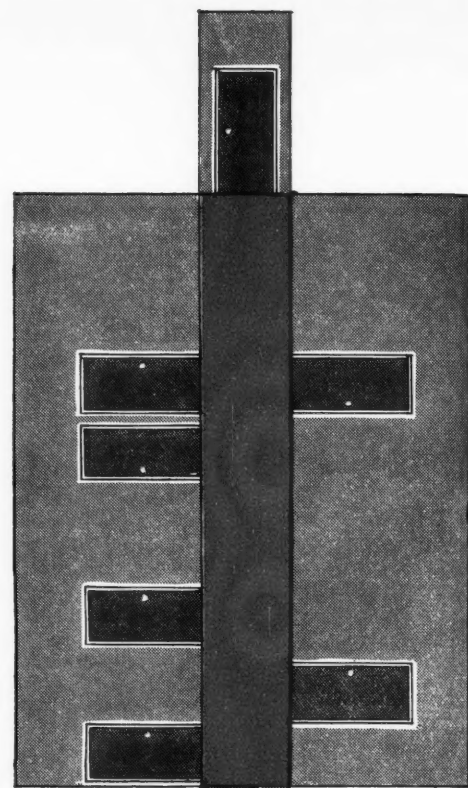
F, the bathroom: walls enamelled white; bath, pink and green.

G, second bathroom: walls enamelled white; bath, pink and blue.

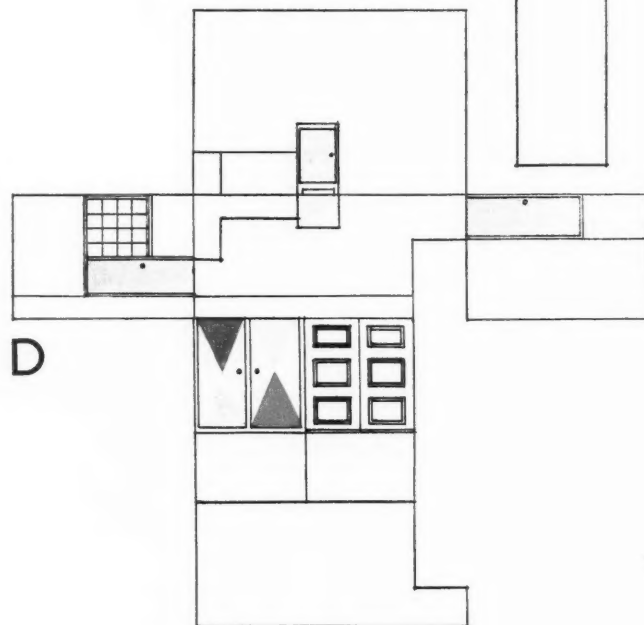
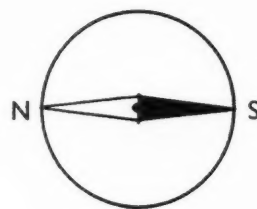
H, the bedroom: to counteract the chilliness of the window facing



B



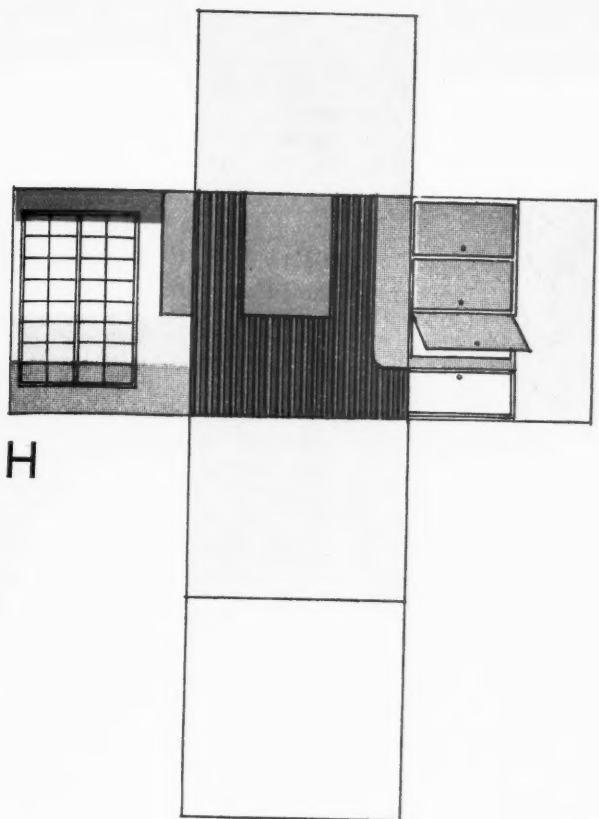
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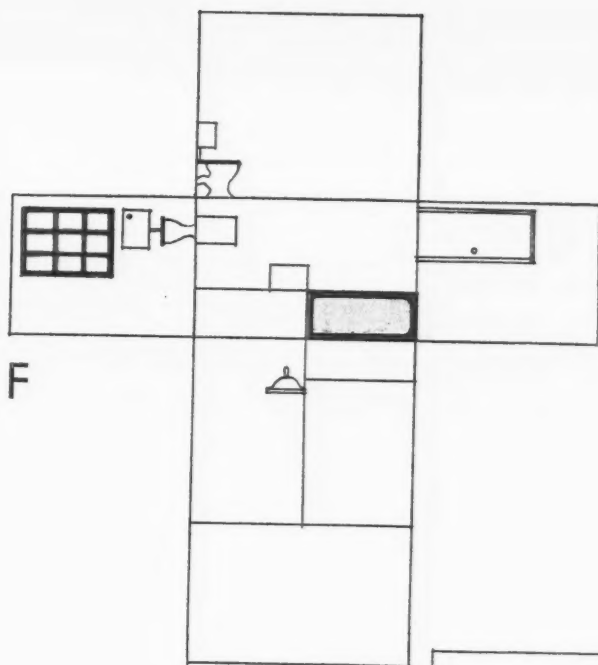
D

north, there is a "spectrum" in the form of silk curtains in gay variegated colours. The wood floor is of narrow boards, enamelled in alternate colours of red (ost. 6 n.g.) and green (ost. 23 n.i.). The walls are pink (ost. 5 c.a.); the ceiling light blue (ost. 16 e.a.); the cupboards green (ost. 23 g.c.) but deep yellow inside (ost. 1 n.c.); the bedspread is red velvet (ost. 7 n.a.).

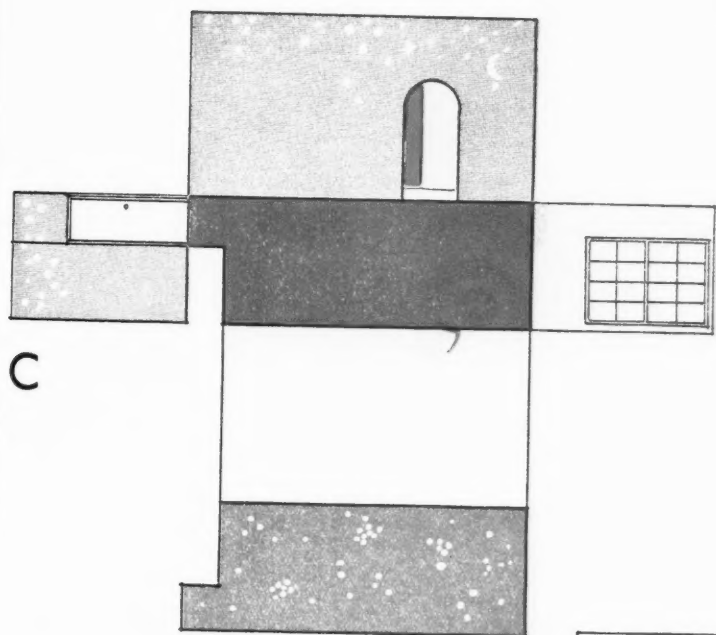
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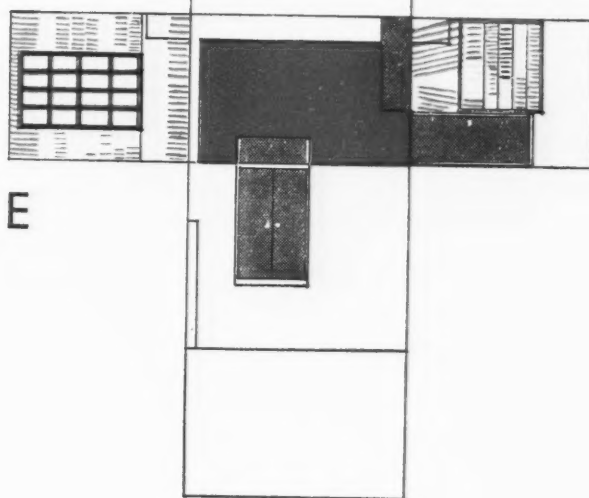
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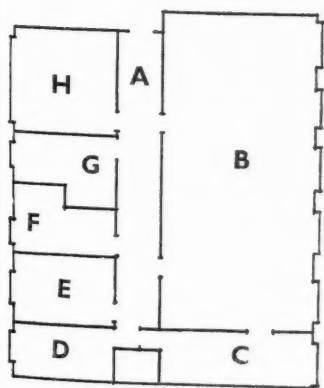
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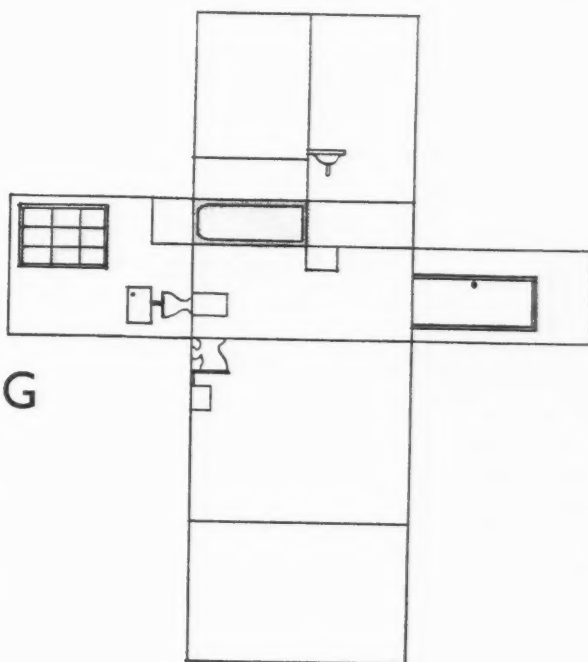
C



E



G



PLAN

room containing blue, too dark blues must be avoided: because, once placed on the walls, they appear to become much darker than would have been imagined.

REDS.—For reds, exactly contrary to blues, distance brightens them. The eye, beyond five yards range, is short-sighted on reds, that is to say that sight cannot then remain any longer in tune with reds.

Relatively pure reds on white backgrounds appear rapidly pinker as the distance from them increases. That is why reds are suitable if "light" walls are desired, but in consequence pure reds have no great constructive solidity.

YELLOW.—Our eye rests naturally on yellow. That is why yellow is the colour which "writes" forms most clearly. The intensity of yellows must not be forced with oil or varnish, because all colour made in this way has a tendency to become heavier in the course of time: this is the reason why neutral tones age more agreeably than the vivid tones produced by these methods. In addition the effects of this yellowing and heavying in each colour must be visualized.

VIOLET.—The violets are the most "destructive" colours there are. Hence they are very useful in cases in which it is desirable to conceal the bad proportions of a room by virtually levelling the walls. This applies above all to those violet-reds (or red-violets, for it is difficult to distinguish the two) like those in the 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th Ostwald series. The painted surface of these tints seems to vibrate violently. This seems to be caused by the eye not being equally in focus for each hue, and trying unsuccessfully to focus sometimes on the red, sometimes on the blue contained in the violet; this hesitation explains the malleable appearance of the wall.

BLACK.—An excellent colour for the mortuary. However, black can at times be used externally, because façades and columns are usually seen from a fairly great distance, and the effect of distance is to take out colour or diminish the intensity of hues and values. Black, at a distance, appears grey in proportion to its remoteness. We will deal further with these effects when considering colour in town planning. But it is worth repeating that it must always be remembered that the effects of hue-values are extensively modified by distance; and to sum up, that blues become darker, reds become weaker in effect, and whites become greys as a result of increasing the distance of vision.

WHITE.—From an æsthetic point of view it might almost be said that there cannot be too much white in a room; there cannot be too much silence to hear the music of colours. This is in contrast to other colours which must be administered in exact quantities. Some rules for this have been outlined in the preceding article.

Distance makes white more and more grey. (And dust too . . . so that if white is decided on, have the courage not to split it up; it will split itself up, and dust gives more delicate effects than painting.)

Adding a cold white (zinc) to a colour has the effect of adding blue; adding a hot white (lead) the effect of adding pale yellow. This explains some of the surprises met with in mixing colours: when a colour is being prepared with a red, especially one of the red ochres, by adding white gradually and systematically the colour can be seen to tend more and more towards violet. This is because adding white has the same effect as adding blue. A little yellow must therefore be added to neutralize its disquieting violet. At the same time it must not be forgotten that all oil colours tend to get yellow as they grow old, which automatically corrects the tones which are not quite yellow enough.

NEUTRALS.—It is the neutrals which make colour sing. Through reaction to contrast they enable strong colour effects to be obtained without making it necessary to use loud (and fragile) hues. The neutrals are the basses, the 'cellos, the bassoons, the percussion instruments—the bright hues are the violins, the brass, the flutes. Relatively dull colours, well tuned with one or several neutrals, will sing with distinction.

Here is a general law: "*plus d'opposition, plus éclat.*" (Delacroix.)

Every bright hue apparently subtracts from the neutral the corresponding hue contained in it. For example, a red "takes out the yellow" from a reddish grey; a bright yellow makes an orange appear redder; a bright blue reddens a violet, etc.

(In consequence a good working method consists first of all in having neutrals placed on the surfaces, and afterwards adding bright tints in conformity with the neutrals.)

The decorative masters, Rubens, Veronese, Delacroix, have admitted that the neutral which is most favourable to one or several bright hues is the neutral which results from a mixture of bright hues. They call this neutral the "bed" of the colour. In application, establish this neutral by mixing vivid hues; then have this neutral "copied" for use on the walls, mixed with neutral hues to give solidity. It is in fact the most elementary common sense to obtain neutral colours with relatively neutral pigments, which are generally solid. Contrary to this common-sense rule painters very often make neutrals with mixtures of vivid neutralizing colours; neutrals obtained like this lack solidity.

Try then to see that your painter mixes the least possible number of different powders in making colours: the tarnished mixtures of so-called "fixed" bright pigments are already of an unreliable solidity; with more than four

pigments it is nothing more than alchemy . . . you may find gold in the bottom of the pot, but more likely an unreliable colour.

A good common-sense rule is only to use blacks and ochres in preparing colours, and only to use bright hues in cases of necessity, to reinforce the base colour.

Material Solidity of Colours

It is necessary to know the approximate degrees of solidity of the pigments most generally used in architecture. It would not be worth the trouble which architects and decorators take to study and to map out their colour charts exactly if the shades were to be lost in a few weeks. Very often in less than a few weeks the most delightful colours have lost their virtue: the charming girlish pink has become ash grey . . . spare us this sorrow.

There are two laws to be observed in order to paint with solidity.

1. Use good materials.

2. Avoid certain mixtures of pigments which agree very badly from a chemical point of view, and whose deplorable habits are unfortunately little known by house decorators.

DEGREE OF STABILITY IN PURE WELL-MADE COLOURS (OUT OF 10).

COLOUR.		FAULTS.
Lead white	8	Turns yellow
Zinc whites and titanium whites...	9	—
Vermilion (sulphate of mercury)	4	Turns black
Cadmium reds	8	Expensive
Chrome yellows—orange and dark	6	—
Chrome yellow—lemon	4	—
Ultramarine	7	—
Emerald green	6	Fragile in mixtures
Viridian	9	Expensive
Greens—with a basis of chrome and prussian blue	5	—
Natural sienna (F)	8	—
Burnt sienna (F)	9	—
Yellow ochre (F)	8	—
Prussian blue (alone or with white)	8	Rather fragile in several mixtures.
Black	8	—
*Alizarin and various Madder lakes	8	Fairly stable in strongly pigmented colours—pale tints—fragile.
Natural and burnt umber earths (F)	8	—
Red ochres (F)	9	—
Cobalt violets	9	—
Artificial ochres with an iron base, English reds, etc. (F)	7-9	—
Oxide of chromium	9	—

Exclude all colours with an analine base.

VERY BAD MIXTURES.

Prussian blue (iron cyanide) and chrome yellows.
Vermilion and Prussian blue.
Vermilion and chrome yellows.
Cobalt violets and all colours with an iron base (marked F in the list above). All these mixtures are very fragile.

We will now see, applied to a flat, a practical use of the theories and precepts laid down in the preceding articles.

* Modern chemistry is gradually discovering fairly solid lakes, but their names are not yet standardized.

The Birth of a Nation

Falmouth, March 7, 1787.

Scott came this morning and took me to see the consolidated mines in the parish of Gwynnap; they are situated in a bleak desert, rendered still more doleful by the unhealthy appearance of its inhabitants. At every step one stumbles upon ladders that lead into utter darkness, or funnels that exhale warm copperous vapours. All round these openings the ore is piled up in heaps waiting for purchasers. I saw it drawn reeking out of the mine by the help of a machine called a whim, put in motion by mules, which in their turn are stimulated by impish children hanging over the poor brutes, and flogging them round without respite. This dismal scene of *whims*, suffering mules, and hillocks of cinders, extends for miles. Huge iron engines creaking and groaning, invented by Watt, and tall chimneys smoking and flaming, that seem to belong to old Nicholas's abode, diversify the prospect.

Two strange-looking Cornish beings, dressed in ghostly white, conducted me about, and very kindly proposed a descent into the bowels of the earth, but I declined initiation. These mystagogues occupy a tolerable house, with fair sash windows, where the inspectors of the mine hold their meetings, and regale upon beef, pudding, and brandy.

While I was standing at the door of this habitation, several woeful figures in tattered garments, with pickaxes on their shoulders, crawled out of a dark fissure and repaired to a hovel, which I learnt was a gin-shop. There they pass the few hours allotted them above ground, and drink, it is to be hoped, an oblivion of their subterraneous existence. Piety as well as gin helps to fill up their leisure moments, and I was told that Wesley, who came apostolizing into Cornwall a few years ago, preached on this very spot to above seven thousand followers.

Since this period, Methodism has made a very rapid progress, and has been of no trifling service in diverting the attention of these sons of darkness from their present condition to the glories of life to come. However, some people inform me their actual state is not so much to be lamented, and that, notwithstanding their pale looks and tattered raiment, they are far from being poor or unhealthy. Fortune often throws a considerable sum into their laps when they least expect it, and many a common miner has been known to gain a hundred pounds in the space of a month or two. Like sailors in the first effusion of prize-money, they have no notion of turning their good-luck to advantage; but squander the fruits of their toil in the silliest species of extravagance. Their wives are dressed out in tawdry silks, and flaunt away in ale-houses between rows of obedient fiddlers. The money spent, down they sink again into damps and darkness.

Having passed about an hour in collecting minerals, stopping engines with my finger, and performing all the functions of a diligent young man desirous of information, I turned my back on smokes, flames, and coal-holes, with great pleasure.

BECKFORD, 1834

("Italy")

A Previous Coronation

At the coronation of King George III the public was fleeced in the most expert manner by every variety of racketeer. The profiteering in seats was brazen and extensive; among the worst offenders being the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. A week or so before the actual ceremony there occurred a lightning strike among the workmen erecting stands inside the Abbey. Hitherto these worthies had derived considerable profit from allowing members of the public into the Abbey to view the preparations on payment of a suitable consideration; now soldiers had been posted at all the entrances in order to keep out all intruders and consequently this profitable racket was transferred to the gallant troops who refused to share their earnings with the workmen. As a result of the strike the military were allowed to continue levying tolls on would-be visitors while the workmen were given a rise in wages.

A few days later all the sedan chairmen threatened a strike. For months past these transport workers had been broadcasting their anticipation of the enormous sums they would make on the day of the coronation. The public became alarmed and appealed to the authorities who considered instituting a set tariff of charges for the day of the ceremony; at the first hint of a tariff the chairmen promptly announced their intention of striking, whereupon no more was heard of the scheme, and they were able to fleece the public to their hearts content.

Ichabod! Ichabod!

With the disappearance of so many admirable eighteenth century houses, complete with Adam ceilings and fine fireplaces, original plasterwork and other period fittings, few will have many tears left to shed for the house of Rothschild in Piccadilly; all the furniture and hangings of which were recently sold by auction. Nevertheless, it was in its way just as much a monument of a vanished age as, say, the Adelphi or Kingston House, and far more complete. For anyone interested in interior decoration and social history a



The Bodleian Library at Oxford. The proposed additions are illustrated in the current number of "Oxford." See note on this page.

tour of inspection before the sale was an invaluable and quite unique experience: a journey back into that world of the 1870's which seems today to be as remote as the Middle Ages, far more remote than the eighteenth century. What vast quarries of marble must have been exhausted, what an infinity of silk worms must have spun their stuff, what years of labour must have gone to the production of all that gilding and in-laying, quilting and tasseling with which the princes and rulers of Israel adorned their mansion! From the bedrooms with their enormous equipment of jugs and basins and miscel-

laneous crockery to the vast kitchens into which no glimmer of daylight ever found its way, there is no jarring note to falsify the impression that for once one has achieved *le temps retrouvé*. Thoughtless people might well shudder at the monumental hideousness of it all, and smart young intellectuals be moved to mockery and mirth, but one cannot altogether withhold an admiration of a kind. Moreover, have we achieved so much progress in the course of the last seventy years that we can afford to be superior? These marble panelled, gilt encrusted rooms full of *boule escritorioes*, giant chan-

deliers and the more involved products of the patience and ingenuity of second Empire furniture designers, are undoubtedly offensive to a generation who would be unwilling to support Henry James when he made his celebrated remark, "Personally, I can stand a lot of gilt." But they have a certain dignity of their own and reflect a taste which, though undoubtedly vulgar, was nevertheless strong and clearly defined. Today the houses of the very rich are only too often vulgar without being funny, mean without being simple; reflecting no taste save that of the decorator of the moment

and giving no hint of the personality of the owner. A fit setting for the figures from a dressmakers' catalogue, as trivial as a charity matinee.

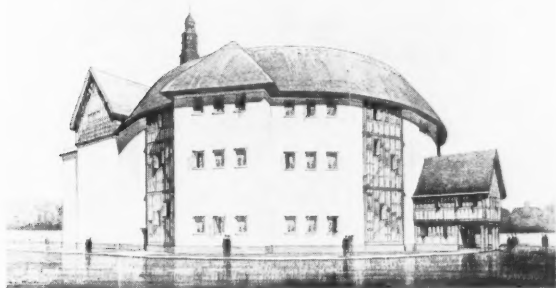
Dreaming Spires

The current number of "Oxford" is a very refined high-class production. In the words of Lord Halifax, in his preface,

"This number of 'Oxford' will come into the hands of each individual member of the Society, scattered as its membership is throughout the world. It contains a message which I trust will not only carry conviction of Oxford's needs but also reveal hidden springs of strength which will enable them to be fully satisfied."

Those who have set it out in eloquent words are able to write with particular authority on the subjects with which they deal. I hope that what they there say will succeed, as it certainly deserves to do, in rousing a spirit of determination to meet the University's needs, and that all Oxford men and women who read it will be glad to make such contribution themselves as they are able."

The spirit of determination aroused in at least one Oxford breast is slightly damped after looking at the drawing for the new Bodleian included in the number. In the words of its architect "the question of style was of unusual importance." He then goes on to give us a long but, to me singularly unconvincing, justification of his attitude and its outcome. Among other disputable opinions in the explanatory article the following has a certain interest in view of the drawing that accompanies it. "Ornament has, in fact, only been used where it serves a definite aesthetic purpose, and not applied indiscriminately merely to enrich the building." I find it difficult to understand what definite aesthetic purposes are served by all the arms and pediments, topping the rows of windows.



The proposed new Shakespeare Centre in London.

SHAKESPEAREAN IDYLL

"A good deal of progress has been made with the scheme to establish a great Shakespeare Centre in London. In *'The Times'* of January 25 it was announced that the Globe-Mermaid Association of England and America had been formed with the three-fold object of rebuilding Shakespeare's old Globe Theatre, destroyed by fire in 1613; rebuilding the old Mermaid Tavern, originally located in Bread Street, Cheapside, and made famous by Shakespeare and his friends; and of founding a great Elizabethan library and museum for the use of students and visitors from all over the world.

"It is intended that the project will make London—the city where the drama-

tist's working life was spent and where his plays were written and first acted—the acknowledged centre of the Shakespearean world. The proposal has already created considerable interest in this country and America.

"HOPE OF RIVER SITE

"Although the actual sites of the three buildings have not been definitely decided on, it is hoped to secure a prominent position on the South Embankment of the Thames where the Centre would come within the London County Council's scheme for the development of the south bank of the river.

"Designs for the Globe Theatre and the Mermaid Tavern by Mr. Kenneth M. B. Cross, F.R.I.B.A., have been approved. The new Globe Theatre will be

a reproduction of Shakespeare's theatre, with certain modifications to comply with modern requirements, and it will be double the size of the old theatre. The circular building will have a diameter of 150 feet. A platform stage extending into the auditorium, as in Shakespeare's time, will be the chief feature.

"Seating accommodation will be provided on three sides of the stage and there will be two galleries. There will be seats for 2,000 people. The details of the original building will be followed even to the thatched roof. The thatch, however, will be placed over a roofing of fireproof concrete.

"THE MERMAID TAVERN

"The Mermaid Tavern will be an attractive building in the Elizabethan style. It will have a frontage of 124 feet, with genuine half-timbering. At the rear there will be a large galleried courtyard.

"As there will be no refreshment bar in the Globe Theatre, a sunken covered way will be constructed to enable patrons of the theatre to pass to the tavern. It is also proposed to construct steps from the embankment to the river, and to provide an Elizabethan barge to convey visitors across the river. In the construction of the buildings small red Dutch bricks of the type used by Elizabethan builders will be employed."

THE TIMES.

American visitors are coming over in a specially reconstructed *Mayflower* exactly the same as the original ship of that name, only with the accommodation of the *Queen Mary*. All visitors to the theatre are expected to come in Elizabethan costume, and on wet nights, a celebrated actor dressed as Sir Walter Raleigh will throw his cloak (reinforced mackintosh) on the ground for the benefit of lady visitors. Or maybe not!

AWAY WITH THE LITTLE HOME

"It's only the woman who idolises 'her own little home'—and it's always the woman at her worst, her most greedy, most possessive, most mean. There is nothing to be said for the 'little home' any more: a great scramble of ugly pettiness over the face of the land.

"The Englishman still likes to think of himself as a 'cottager'—'my home, my garden'. But it is puerile. Even the farm-labourer today is psychologically a town-bird. The English are town-birds through and through, today as the inevitable result of their complete industrialization. Yet they don't know how to build a city, how to think of one, or how to live in one. They are all suburban, pseudo-cottager, and not one of them knows how to be truly urban—the citizen as the Romans were citizens—or the Athenians—or even the Parisians, till the war came.

"And this is because we have frustrated that instinct of community which would make us unite in pride and dignity in the bigger gesture of the citizen, not the cottager. The great city means beauty, dignity and a certain splendour. This is the side of the Englishman that has been thwarted and shockingly betrayed. England is a mean and petty scramble of paltry dwellings called 'homes'. I believe in their heart of hearts all Englishmen loathe their little homes—but not the women. What we want is a bigger gesture, a greater scope, a certain splendour, a certain grandeur, and beauty, big beauty . . .

"Do away with it all, then. At no matter what cost start in to alter it . . . Plan a nucleus. Fix the focus. Make a handsome



Photomural decoration by Donaldson Yuile in a house at St. Sauveur des Monts, Quebec. It decorates the wall behind the bar, and illustrates week-end pastimes in what is one of the main ski-ing districts of Canada.

gesture of radiation from the focus. And then put up big buildings, handsome, that sweep to a civic centre. And furnish them with beauty. And make an absolutely clean start. Make a new England. Away with the little homes! Away with scrabbling pettiness and paltriness."

D. H. LAWRENCE
(*Phoenix*)

Honour from Abroad

It is only natural to wish to give due prominence to a selection of rousing pats on the back which British Architecture has recently received from the great American authority, Mr. Lewis Mumford. The following selection is taken from his *New Yorker* review of the Exhibition of Modern Architecture in England which was held in the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

"There are some healthy tendencies in this English work, and they should perhaps be emphasized. One of them is the unabashed use of traditional materials like stone, wooden clapboards, and brick, instead of clinging to the cumbrous forms of concrete. Even under the best conditions, concrete is an unlovely

material, more valuable for its moral qualities, its solidity, its durability, its usefulness as an alternative to steel columns and girders, than for its aesthetic charm. Concrete has so many legitimate uses in the modern world that it need not be wasted on small houses.

"There were two other periods of remarkable vitality in English domestic design: one between 1790 and 1830, and the other between 1890 and 1910. During the first period, houses were built all over England that were on a level, in the straightforward use of functional units, with those Adolf Loos began to build in Austria around 1900. The windows corresponded in size and placing to their actual usefulness in the interior, and no attempt was made, beyond an occasional fanlight, to introduce a single tag of Renaissance decoration. The English have a way of doing these important things in a fit of absence of mind, and then they let other countries take up the

idea and develop it. This is what happened to the second outburst of modern design. It produced half a dozen architects of great importance—such as Voysey, Baillie Scott, Mackintosh, Parker, and Unwin—but the work of these men failed to start a general movement."

History in Manufacture

Of the political, social and literary aspects of the Victorian scene there exist numerous authoritative and exhaustive accounts; of the history of all those unspectacular commercial enterprises on which the whole elaborate superstructure of the epoch rested, the majority of us are all too ill-informed. There has recently appeared a small volume for private circulation only, which reveals in an unpretentious but most striking fashion, the progress and development of a typical English business from the beginning of the last century until the present day. *Under Five Generations*, by Stanley J. Benham, is a plain and unvarnished account of the history of the firm of Benham, the well-known Wigmore Street manufacturers. Kitchen ranges and wholesale ironmongery are not, perhaps, at first glance, very promising material for any literary work; but in his account of the rise

and expansion of his firm, Mr. Benham contrives to invest them with a romance and importance quite unexpected, and sheds a most illuminating light on a typical, important, but little-known element in our national life—the old family business which has remained in the hands of the descendants of the founder, but has not therefore ceased to move with the times. This little book is not only well and simply written but quite admirably printed and produced.

Coronation Print

The illustration of an equestrian balloon ascent which appears on page 233 with Mr. Osbert Lancaster's coronation article, and on the cover of this issue, is reproduced from W. Lockwood Marsh's magnificent and too little known book *Aeronautical Prints and Drawings*. We are indebted to the publishers, Messrs. Halton & Co., for permission to reproduce it.

How we Celebrate the Coronation

The article by Robert Byron under the above title, which appears on pages 217–224 of this issue, is being printed also as a pamphlet and will be on sale early in May. It will be obtainable from the usual booksellers or direct from THE ARCHITECTURAL PRESS.



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Trade News and Reviews

By BRIAN GRANT



The escalator-well at Olympia. The reconstruction of the Empire Hall showing the improved view points of stands. Architect: Joseph Emberton.

Olympian Excerpts—1937

Some items of architectural interest from The Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia

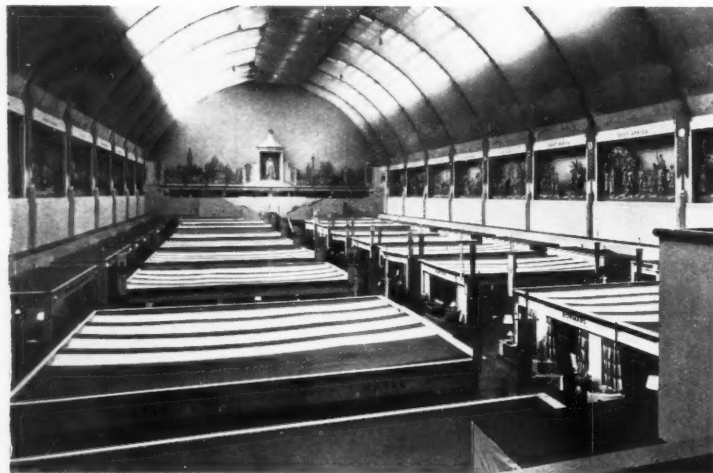
Again the "Daily Mail" and their architect, Ian Jeffcott, have given us a show well charged with entertainment value. This year's venue was to have been the new exhibition building at Earl's Court and everything had been planned for that building, the last-minute change involved a great deal of re-planning and fresh detail work. The decoration of the main hall was carried out in varying tones of golden yellows and greens. Beneath an octagonal canopy situated centrally over the main staircase stood the large golden statue of His Majesty, King George VI (15 feet in height) specially modelled for the exhibition by Sir William Reid Dick, and along the

south and north sides of the hall two friezes, covering a total area of nearly 10,000 square feet, depicted the peoples of the British Commonwealth and Dominions paying homage to their King and Emperor. Each frieze was comprised of nine panels set in three planes, the figures in the panels being nearly twice life-size.

Considering the exhibition as a totality there was a commendable orderliness about the arrangement and presentation of the exhibits, particularly was this noticeable in the main hall. Organized grouping of exhibits, planned disposition

of gangways and a firm insistence upon standardized framework for the individual exhibits has made this possible. The exhibitor is only given freedom in so far as the display of merchandize within the stand is concerned. Without proper architectural control how chaotic such an exhibition would become. A close examination of many of the stands showed clearly where was the dividing line between "control by the exhibition architect" and "spontaneous display by the exhibitor." The average shopkeeper wants to pile everything he has in stock into his shop window—the average exhibitor (far too many of them, anyhow) feels that he is not getting his money's worth, or that he is not giving the public theirs if he does not cram every stick of available merchandize into his display. Precisely the wrong way to attract custom.

I have never seen the Empire Hall look so well and so thoroughly "exhibition" as it did on this occasion. The escalator well (and what a boon those escalators are) is a splendid piece of exhibition planning. Another boon and blessing is the ingenious Revolving Directional Dial designed by Ian Jeffcott, working details of which I reproduce on the following page. A number of these are placed at various points in the different halls—without their aid one's progress from anywhere to anywhere else would be racked with torture. Method of use is completely simple and foolproof. At different points around the 1 ft. 7 in. diameter revolving disc the names of the various sections and special features of the exhibition are written, the enquirer turns the disc until it points to that section or feature which he wishes to visit and he will find clear directional instructions printed beneath the triangular hole



The main hall at Olympia. At the far end is the statue of H.M. the King by Sir William Reid Dick, R.A.

LOCALISED SERVICES — HOT WATER SUPPLY



ECONOMY - SERVICE - WASTE PREVENTION

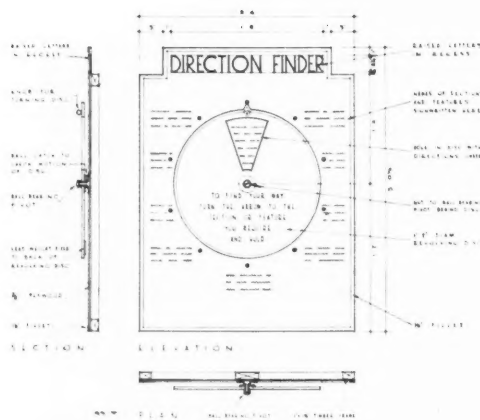
Economic considerations, service conditions and the necessity to prevent extravagance and waste, all demand that a localised unit heater system should be used in blocks of flats, in industrial housing, and in the small house

Discussion of systems and costs with the Chief Engineer of Ascot Gas Water Heaters Ltd., Ascot House, 244, High Holborn, London, W.C.1 ('Phone: HOLborn 7107) will gladly be arranged.

pierced in the disc. These Direction Finders are not new, they were first introduced at the Ideal Home Exhibition of 1936—I admired their ingenuity then and again found them confoundedly helpful this year.

Kitchens of the Nations

This was an interesting exhibit, produced and carried out under the supervision of F. R. Yerbury. The six rooms reproduced were representative of Russia, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Germany, Holland and Norway and were typical representations of peasant "kitchens." The use of the term "kitchen" is not entirely apt as in many of the old peasant houses in various parts of Europe the one room does service for the kitchen, living-room and bedroom combined. Details for the German kitchen were sent over from Munich by the Food Ministry of the German Government and represented an adaptation of the traditional peasant kitchen of Bavaria to present-day use. The design has been prepared for the German Government to serve as a model for the furnishing of the Bavarian farmhouse kitchen. Typical Teutonic thoroughness. Two modern English kitchens completed the exhibit and provided an interesting contrast.



*Details of Exhibition Direction Indicator
designed by Ian Jeffcott.*

Scottish art and historical relics

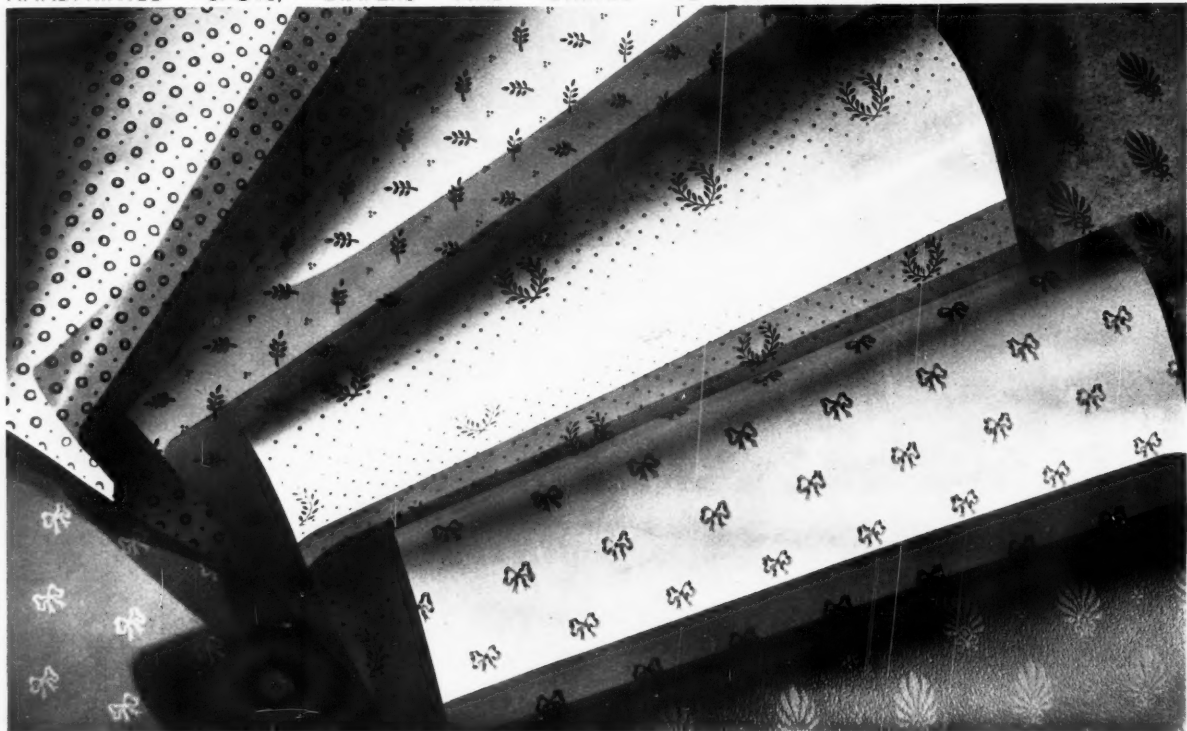
The Northern Kingdom had a section of its own which included a full-scale replica of the navigation bridge of R.M.S. *Queen Mary*, a reproduction of the Crypt of Glamis Castle, the famous blacksmith's shop at Gretna Green and the interior of

Bobbie Burn's cottage. These reproductions were excellently presented and those responsible must be complimented upon their thoroughness. Most fascinating of all, however, was the fine collection of Scottish historical relics loaned to the "Daily Mail" for the period of the exhibition. I was told by Major Milford Cottam, who was responsible for getting the collection together, that the value of the exhibit most probably exceeded £100,000. There were some beautiful specimens of old Scottish silver, pewter and glass, an awe-inspiring array of broad and backswords and some priceless relics of Mary, Queen of Scots, and also of the Jacobites.

Among the pictures were portraits by Landseer, Lely and Clouet.

Those responsible for the gardens in the Grand Hall annexe are entitled to a very high percentage of marks. I found them enchanting. They delighted me and, too, they filled me with discontent. Was your garden, in the first week of April, aglow with Azaleas, Carnations, Magnolias, Flowering Cherries and Wistaria? Mine wasn't. I found the Daffodils, Croci and Bluebells hopeful but uncertain — but the clay was good and solid.

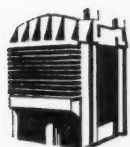
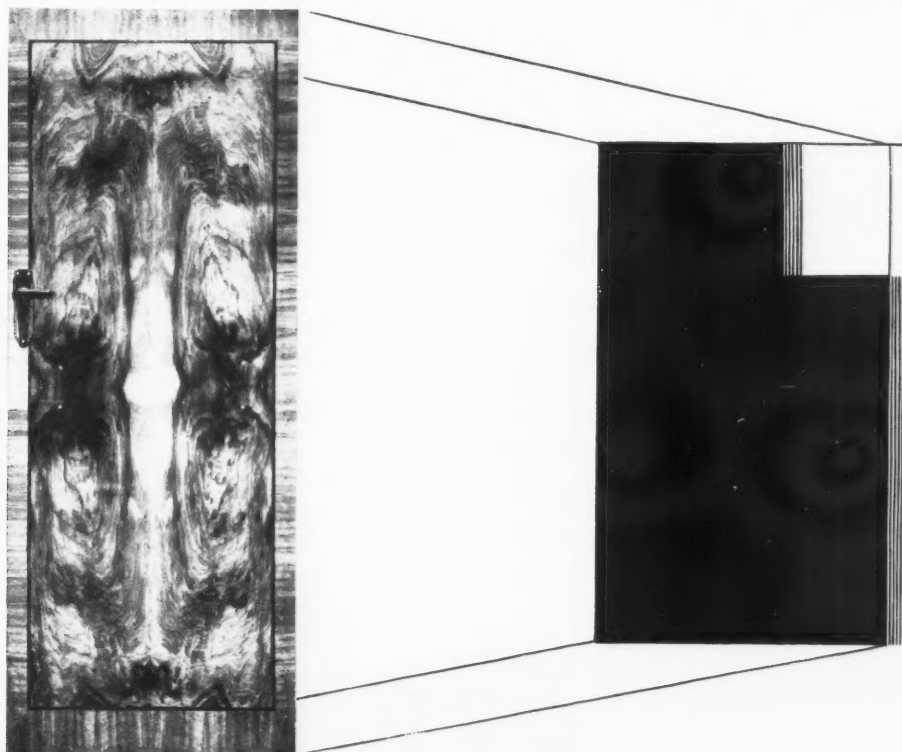
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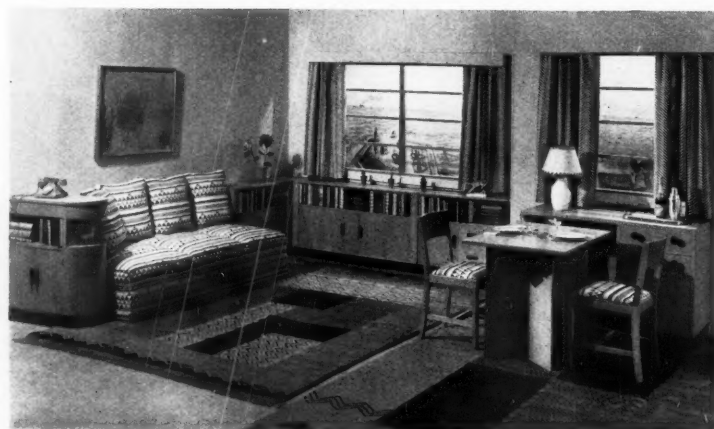
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Again the G.P.O. had spread themselves. There was a good exhibit—interesting and satisfactorily displayed. Special circuits had been installed from Olympia and arrangements made so that visitors might speak to telephone officials in various parts of Europe and the British Empire. Demonstrations of various postal services were in constant progression and programmes of Post Office sound films were there for the seeing and the hearing. And for the first time in the history of Olympia there was an exhibit by the Metropolitan Police with genuine "Roberts" in attendance. Truly is officialdom discovering that propaganda, advertising or "public relationship"—call it what you will—is not entirely undignified and inefficacious.

• • •

The exhibits in the main hall were much the same as they have always been in previous years—the same firms showing almost identically the same merchandise. Of the furniture I would say that much of it was painfully bad to gaze upon, a lot very indifferent and a little good. Quite the best display in this section was that presented by Bowmans of Camden Town. I have always regretted that this Company's store should be tucked away in a rather obscure suburb; were it situated in the heart of London's shopping centre it could not fail to have a good moral effect upon the buying public. Send for their catalogue—it contains a large num-



Furniture made-to-measure. A modern interior furnished by Bowmans of Camden Town. The dining table top folds in half and the table slides back into the sideboard recess.

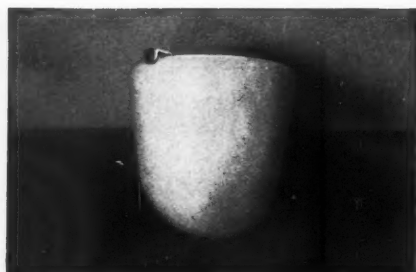
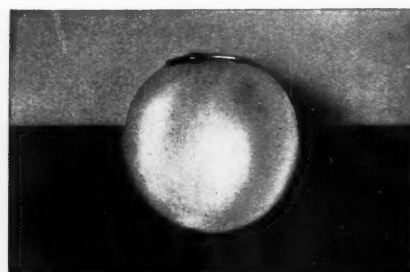
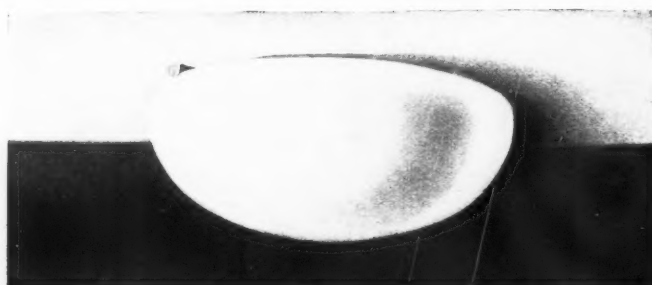
ber of excellent photographs illustrating most pleasant-looking furniture.

• • •

The lighting section was small. Just as well, perhaps, as the majority of the fittings on show were of the "over-dressed" variety. The best exhibit in this section was the smallest—the Oswald Hollmann Stand. The Hollmann range of all-glass fittings for fixing flush to wall or ceiling are excellent in design.

Equipment for heating, cooking and ablution

On the Stand of Ideal Boilers & Radiators, Ltd., I found a new domestic gas boiler for the small house. It has been designed to supply economically a sufficient supply of hot water for ordinary bathroom and kitchen requirements plus one radiator and a towel rail. The boiler is neat in appearance, finished in grey vitreous enamel with chromium plated



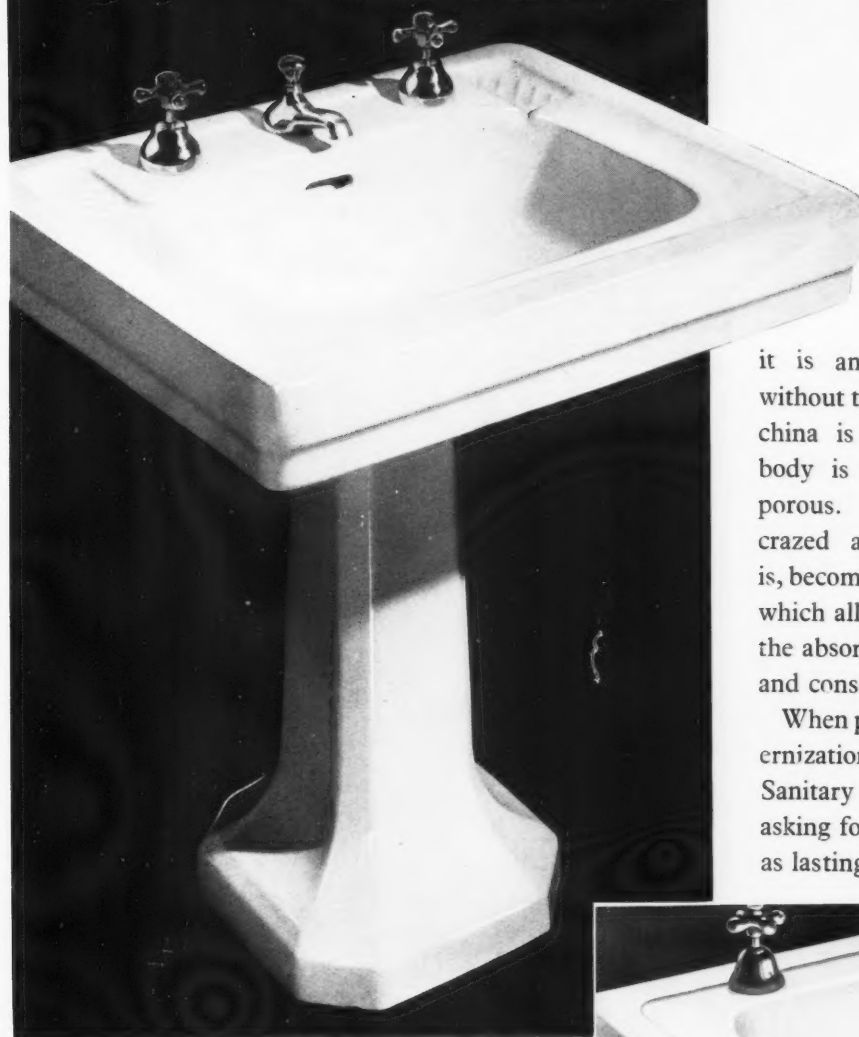
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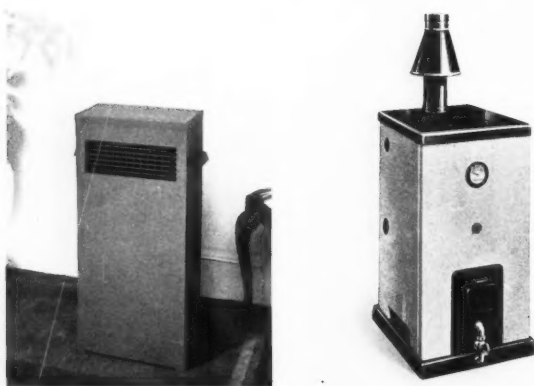


"Standard" Vitreous china, showing permanent glaze, non-absorbent body.



Ordinary ware showing crazed surface and fouled, porous body.

SHOWROOMS: LONDON: *Ideal House, Gt. Marlborough St., W.1.* BIRMINGHAM: *35, Paradise St. & HULL*



An electric low-temperature heater by Bratt Colbran Ltd., and a domestic gas boiler by Ideal Boilers and Radiators Ltd.

These convector heaters are made in three standard sizes and the prices range from £3 10s. to £9 5s.; they are contained in simple metal cabinets, light in weight and fitted with handles so that they may be moved from room to room as required. The cabinets are finished in spray bronze, or choice may be made from a range of 20 lustral colours.

The good-looking Esse Heat Storage cookers - "Premier," "Major" and "Minor" - formed the centre of attraction on the Smith and Wellstood stand. Architects will be glad to know that they are now being made in six standard colours. Also exhibited on this Stand was the new B.J. anthracite heater - designed by the company's engineers in collaboration with Betty Joel.

fittings, and occupies very little floor space. Automatic controls are provided to regulate the amount of gas burned according to the demand for hot water. As soon as the required temperature has been obtained the controls automatically shut down the gas to a self-pilot flame, when the water is drawn off or the temperature of the water falls the flames are returned to the "full on" condition by the action of the thermostat. An insulating jacket round the boiler reduces loss of heat and also prevents overheating

of the kitchen. This firm was also exhibiting their "Standard" porcelain enamelled and vitreous china bathroom fittings which are now being manufactured at their Hull works. The baths and the basins are of excellent design and are available in a range of six standard colours, white, black and four attractive pastel shades.

A new electric low-temperature heater was exhibited by Bratt Colbran, Ltd.

Another very elegant utilitarian is the Moffat electric cooker which I saw for the first time at this exhibition. Of cast iron and steel construction throughout, finished in grey and white porcelain enamel or special finishes in either two-tone ivory, green and ivory or ivory and crimson. The boiling plates have stainless steel covers and the oven top is finished in stain-resisting porcelain. Definitely a thoroughbred in appearance and, from the specification, an eminently sturdy and workmanlike piece of equipment.



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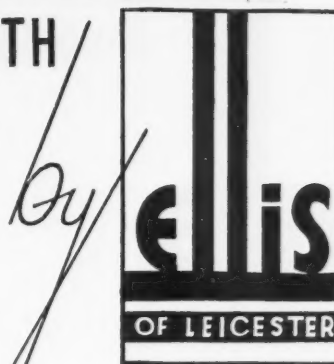
The Architects for this imposing structure were Sir John Burnet, Tait & Lorne, and the Contractors Messrs. Holland & Hannen and Cubitts, Ltd. May we let you have the fullest information and interesting literature.

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The Buildings Illustrated

Kensal House: Flats & Nursery School.

Committee of Architects:

Robert Atkinson, C. H. James and G. Grey Wornum.
E. Maxwell Fry, Executant Architect.

Flats.

The general contractors were Messrs. Bovis Ltd. L. G. Mouchel & Partners (consultant reinforced concrete engineers). Among the sub-contractors and craftsmen were the following:—Matthew Hall & Co. Ltd. (sanitary engineers), Hoskins & Sewell Ltd. (steel windows and doors), Allen & Greaves Ltd. (railings and gates), Baldwins (Birmingham) Ltd. (sanitary fittings), Cellulin Flooring Co. (flooring, lino), Evos Doorways Ltd. (internal standard doors), Comyn Ching & Co. Ltd. (ironmongery), Gas Light & Coke Co. (gas carcassing, heating, lighting and fittings), Anti-Static Installations Ltd. (radio installation), Stie-B Paint Sales Ltd., Scolux Enamels Ltd. and Silexine Ltd. (concrete stone paints), Turners Asbestos Cement Co. (blue pipes, etc.), Tentest Fibre Board Co. Ltd. (Tentest board used as insulative lining to all ceilings, roofs, etc.), E. B. N. Askings Ltd. (all cork linings), Masonite Ltd. (all external concrete surfaces

shuttered with "Masonite" tempered Prestwood and Painted stone paint), Nursery School.

The general contractors were Messrs. Leslie & Co. Ltd. Among the sub-contractors and craftsmen were the following:—Matthew Hall & Co. Ltd. (plumbing, sanitary engineers), Cellulin Flooring Co. (cork carpet and lino), Comyn Ching & Co. Ltd. and Hilmor Ltd. (ironmongery), Allen & Greaves Ltd. (railings), Kingfisher Ltd. (sliding folding windows), Freeman Heating Co. Ltd. (heating), James Couper & Sons Ltd. (steel frame), Baldwin Ltd. (sanitary fittings), Carbo Plaster Ltd. (external rendering), Cattybrook Engineering Co. (bricks for plinth facings), Tentest Fibre Board Co. Ltd. (linings and ceilings), E. B. N. Atkins Ltd. ("Statite" plaster throughout), Venesta Ltd. (flush doors), Engert & Rolfe Ltd. (roofing), Concrete Piling Ltd. (precast concrete piles), L. G. Mouchel & Partners (reinforced concrete consultants).

• • •
Offices for Urban District Council of Slough.

Architects: C. H. James and S. Rowland Pierce.

The general contractors were Messrs. H. Tyson Chambers Ltd., who also

contracted for the excavation, foundations and dampcourses. Among the sub-contractors and craftsmen were the following:—Twistell Ltd. (reinforcing steel), Diespeker & Co. Ltd. (reinforced concrete, floors and staircases), J. G. Blair (stone carver), E. Sargent & Sons (stone mason), Aston Construction Co. Ltd. (structural steel), L. Carter & Son Ltd. (special roofing), McNeil & Co. ("Insulcrete" blocks), The London Sand Blast & Decorative Glass Works Ltd. (decorative glass), Haywards Ltd. (pavement lights), J. L. Emms Ltd. (cast lead), Stevens & Adams Ltd. (hardwood flooring), R.I.W. Protective Products Ltd. (waterproofing materials), J. Wontner-Smith, Gray & Co. Ltd. (central heating), Bratt Colbran Ltd. (coal fires), Lumby Ltd. (boilers), W. G. Bedford Ltd. (electric wiring), Hume, Atkins & Co. Ltd. and Troughton & Young Ltd. (electric light fixtures), The Synchronome Co. Ltd. (electric clocks), J. Wontner-Smith, Gray & Co. Ltd. (Council Chamber ventilation), H. Tyson Chambers Ltd. (plumbing), John Bolding & Sons Ltd., and Broad & Co. Ltd. (sanitary fittings), Marble Mosaic Co. Ltd. (Terrazzo floors and stairs), N. F. Ramsay & Co. Ltd. (ironmongery and door furniture), C. E. Westead Ltd. (steel windows and doors and window furniture), W. G. Bedford (bells), General Post Office (telephones), Milners Safe Co. Ltd. (strong room), Light Steelwork (1925) Ltd. (iron balustrades to staircases), The Birmingham Guild Ltd. and



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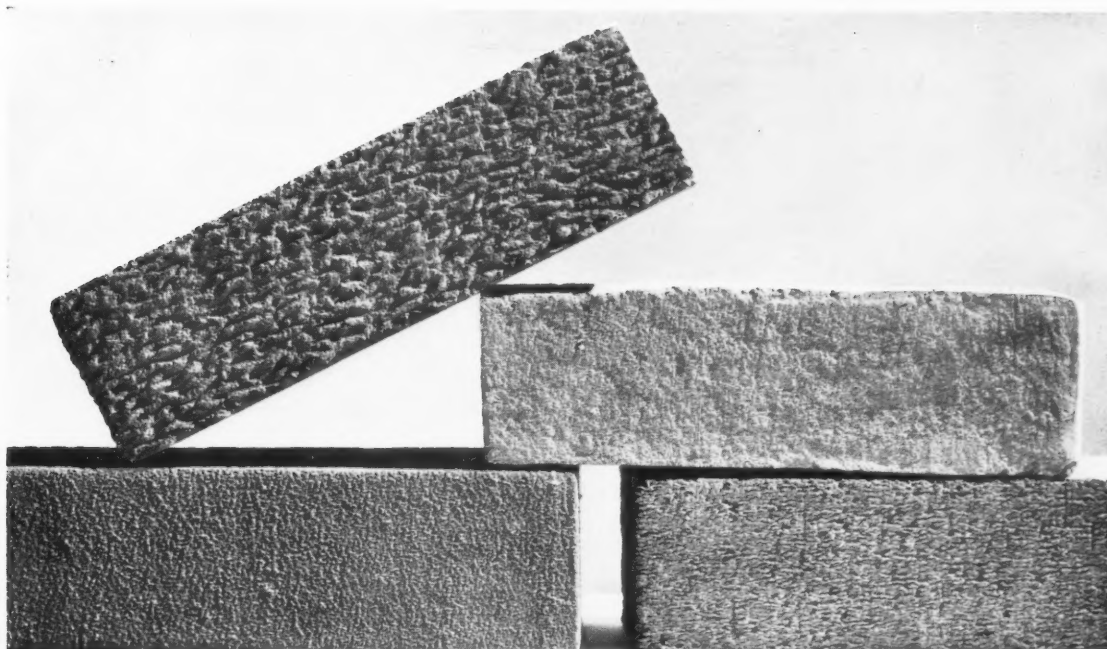
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New Works and Offices for Messrs. Webb & Sons (Worcester) Ltd.

Architects: Sir John Brown and Hanson.

The general contractors were Messrs. W. Bowles & Son. Among the sub-

contractors and craftsmen were the following:—W. Richards & Son (steel-work), John Ellis & Sons Ltd. (Granolithic flooring), Ruberoid Co. Ltd. (steel decking), D. Anderson & Sons Ltd. (flat roofing), Helliwell & Co. Ltd. (patent roof glazing), Cellactite & British Uralite Ltd. (roof ventilators), Crittall Manufacturing Co. Ltd. (metal windows), Parker Winder & Achurch Ltd. (cloak room fittings), Mather & Platt Ltd. (roller shutters), K. S. Neale (iron-mongery), Baldwins (Birmingham) Ltd. (sanitary fittings), Abel & Smiths' Electrical Co. (electrical installation), Birmingham Guild Ltd. (front lettering).

Library for the University of Manchester.

Architects: Thomas Worthington & Sons.

The general contractors were Messrs. G. & W. Smith Ltd. Among the sub-contractors and craftsmen were the following:—Wm. MacDonald & Co. (foundations), Limmer & Trinidad Lake Asphalt Co. (asphalte, dampcourses), Caxton Floors Ltd. (hollow tile floors), Buckley Junction Metallic Brickworks ("Red Jacobean" bricks), Empire Stone Co. Ltd. (artificial stone staircases), Robinson & Kershaw Ltd. (structural steel), F. Brown & Sons Ltd. (slates), W. Higgins Ltd. (partitions), Pilkington Bros. Ltd. (glass), Bromsgrove Guild Ltd. (cast lead), A. M. MacDougall & Sons Ltd. (wood block flooring), Conway

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New Fire Brigade Headquarters.

Architect: E. P. Wheeler.

Principal Contractors: Higgs & Hill, Ltd., other contractors and sub-contractors were:—C. Isler & Co. Ltd. (trial borings), Walter Lawrence & Son Ltd. (excavation works), Sir Lindsay Parkinson & Co. Ltd. (river station, pier, etc.), Gee, Walker & Slater Ltd. (raft foundations—front block; superstructure—rear block), Dawneys Ltd. (steel framework—front block), Higgs & Hill Ltd. (superstructure—front block and drill tower; raft foundations—rear block), W. G. Cannon & Sons Ltd. (heating and ventilation and hot water—

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Sub-Contractors for Front Block

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Sub-Contractors for Rear Block

Crittall Manufacturing Co. Ltd. (steel casements), Le Grand Sutcliffe & Gell Ltd. (deep lift well tank), A. Goldstein & Co. (glass merchants) Ltd. (patent glazing and lantern lights), Lenscrete Ltd. (concrete pavement-lights), Mather & Platt Ltd. (sprinkler installation), Higgs & Hill Ltd. (ornamental grills), The Zelite Co. Ltd. (cement glazing), Camden Tile & Mosaic Co. Ltd. (wall tiling), Wm. E. Farrer Ltd. (sanitary fittings), Carron Co. (gas coppers), Hope's Heating & Lighting Ltd. (heating), General Asphalte Co. Ltd. (asphalte), C. W. Courtney (Portland stone), H. & C. Davis & Co. Ltd. (wrought ironwork), Albert Turner (Builders Merchants) Ltd. (asbestos sheeting).

Sub-Contractors for River Station and Pier

Harland & Woolf (adaptation of Charing Cross), Frederick Braby & Co. Ltd. (deck houses), Trevor Construction Co. Ltd. (reinforced concrete and general engineering works), Samuel Williams (pre-cast piles), Covington & Son Ltd. (dredging), G. Tate & Son (pile driving).

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• • •

Director's Room at Broadcasting House, Portland Place.

Architects: Elsa Booth and David Booth, A.R.I.B.A.

The sub-contractors and craftsmen were as follows:—Troughton & Young Ltd. (ceiling lights), Best & Lloyd Ltd. (desk lamp), Edinburgh Weavers Ltd. (curtains and settee covering), A. H. Lee & Sons (chair covering), George & Co. (desk chair), Wilton Royal Carpet Factory Co. Ltd. (carpet), J. P. White & Sons Ltd. (furniture, fittings, chairs), Nesta Ltd. (settee).

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