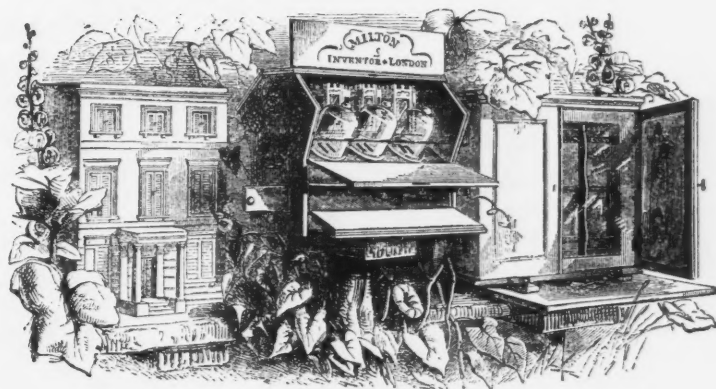


THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

A Magazine of Architecture & Decoration



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Vol. LXXXII

July 1937

No. 488

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THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

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Engraved by Th. H. Shepherd
1837

1837
PANTHEON, OXFORD 20

Engraved by C. H. Smith

James Wyatt's masterpiece, the Pantheon, for many years a social focus of fashionable London, is a significant landmark in the history of English architecture. Its impending demolition brings to a close an eventful history during which, changing its social colour with the times, it was an assembly

room, an exhibition hall, a theatre, a bazaar, and finally the business premises of a firm of wine merchants. Together with a disastrous fire the successive rebuildings involved have left hardly a trace of the original form of what was once described as "certainly the most elegant and beautiful

structure that has been erected in the Metropolis." The story of the Pantheon, an outline of its history and a survey of the new building for Messrs. Gilbey which maintains in some respects its historic continuity, provides the main theme for this issue.

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The Architectural Future in America

By Henry—Russell Hitchcock

The American (March) issue of the ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW presented, largely without critical comment on individual buildings, a brief survey of America's recent contributions to modern architecture, considered as an international movement. In this article the well-known architectural critic Professor Hitchcock, looking more to the future, outlines the trend of æsthetic theory in the United States with particular reference to that characteristic form of expression—the skyscraper.

TWICE America has startled the world. In the late eighties and the nineties the invention of the skyscraper produced a new type without precedent in the past and without parallel in nineteenth century Europe. Almost miraculously one genius, Louis Sullivan, was able to cope with the skyscraper, in the fullest architectural sense, functionally, technically, and æsthetically, while most of his contemporaries hamstrung themselves with attempts to solve the new architectural problem in traditional terms. Sullivan was immediately recognized in Europe, and through the developing work of his disciple, Wright, in several wholly different fields of activity, the brief renewal of architecture Sullivan accomplished in the skyscraper ultimately had its vital repercussions throughout the world. But by the time the world in general came to build tall buildings more or less of the American type, the work of Sullivan had been snowed under at home. The traditionalists, with some inspiration from Sullivan's earlier buildings, had worked out a formula of adaptation of the styles of the past which was not too completely ludicrous; following a line very similar to that of the Romans who so generally clothed their brilliant engineering with the shopworn and vulgarized fragments of Greek architecture.

Again in the twenties America stirred the world with a new burst of skyscraper building. Generally the more obvious garments of historicism fell away as it became evident they were incapable of even partially plausible adaptation on an increasingly enormous scale. The memory of Sullivan's early vertical designs, or perhaps a parallel instinct that these new skyscrapers were not ordinary buildings, but towers, gave them a dominantly vertical expression; the zoning law in New York, pathetically feeble gesture of urban amelioration that it was, gave them a pyramidal silhouette of rising masses. However poor each individual skyscraper may be, the total effect of the skyline, as of some monstrous geological formation, is certainly impressive—particularly, it is not unjust to say, from a distance.

In these skyscrapers of the twenties tradition was at bay, but by no means dead. Tradition demanded masonry walls pierced by small vertical windows; tradition demanded ornament, even if it could hardly be seen; but above all tradition demanded and achieved the suppression of all direct structural expression. Hence, the magic of the late afternoon view of New York when suddenly the improbable masonry towers, daylight failing to penetrate their exigous openings, begin to be transformed, their solidity gradually revealed as but a surface; their arbitrary vertical lines giving way to the horizontal lines of the structure, as floor after floor is lighted up.

This is the urban scene on which depression descended in 1929. The tallest of all the skyscrapers was still rising, last hopeless survivor of the boom: the Empire State building in New York; while in Philadelphia, How and Lescaze's Philadelphia Savings Fund Society building attempted, for the first time since Sullivan, an expression technically related to function and construction. In New York, Hood, designer of the boldest and probably the finest of the vertical skyscrapers, the "Daily News" building, emphasized

with somewhat less thoroughness—owing to a distrust of European æstheticism—the horizontal structure in his MacGraw-Hill building. At the very end of the boom the skyscraper seemed about to enter a third phase, a phase cleaner, better scaled and more structurally expressive than the turgid gorgeousness and eclectic megalomania which immediately preceded.

With the depression, the old skyscrapers emptied, the new ones ceased to draw tenants. Economically the type was suspect and many voices announced that there would be no more. Lonely, its riveting the last echo of the sounds that had eaten into the nerves of a generation, only Rockefeller Center still rose; the most conspicuous monument of the five depression years.

Stylistically Rockefeller Center is not significant. It has one of Hood's silhouettes, it is clean, but not so clean as the "Daily News" building, and even more vertical. But here for the first time the bold ideal of such European theorists of the skyscraper as Le Corbusier was approached. Rockefeller Center is not just a skyscraper; the building just referred to is but one in a group. Rockefeller Center is an attempt to construct in one coherent scheme a whole urban quarter, to provide for that quarter its own streets and squares, and to place the tall buildings so that they do not get in each other's light and air. Integrating thus the architectural expression of a multitude of urban needs so that the rich and the middle classes, at least, can find within its limits, offices, shops, recreation, and even instruction, Rockefeller Center poses the whole problem of the skyscraper in terms long imagined by bold Europeans and scorned by practical Americans. Of course it is only a beginning: to idealists in America its many serious faults are perhaps too evident. It requires the enthusiasm of foreign visitors, Le Corbusier himself, Lubetkin, innumerable intelligent laymen, to convince pessimists that it does point a new way for urban architecture in the mid-twentieth century, a way with which its detailed faults have little to do, any more than the incredible economic plane on which it is conceived.

In the early years of the depression Rockefeller Center was often pictured as a Frankenstein monster, the last skyscraper devouring the greatest fortune in the world. But the question: "will there then be no more skyscrapers"? requires today a rather careful answer. Individual skyscrapers on anything like the scale of the major monuments of the twenties are probably very unlikely, although tall buildings are certainly not. For the average land owner to cease building relatively tall buildings in American cities, granted the establishment of a real psychology of recovery, is with American commercial optimism, too much to hope. But the real question is: will not urban developments of the Rockefeller Center type and very possibly immensely superior in clarity of conception, if not in scale, be a vital feature of the near future in American architecture? The answer seems provided by the present plans for the continuation of Rockefeller Center.

Obviously just as the increase of size in the individual skyscraper in the twenties encouraged a modification of type beyond the traditional blocks of the opening of the century, the extension of area in developments of the Rockefeller Center type, the

necessity for thinking in terms not of a single vertical mass, but of streets and squares, low buildings and high; and of office buildings and apartments with many repeated storeys of identical plan, as well as of theatres, museums, and so forth, of complicated individual plan, will lead to a new expression. It is not too fantastic to suppose, considering the emergence of the general idea of such a new urbanism in Europe before its particular and limited adaptation in America, that by force of parallelism, if not through direct influence, the concepts of modern architecture in Europe, which already were echoed in the latest individual skyscrapers by Howe and Lescage and even to some extent by Hood, will at last take root on the American scene. The position of Harrison and Foulhoux, the architects of Rockefeller Center, thus becomes a crucial one. Not because they are great architects in the sense that Sullivan was, single-minded geniuses devoted only to architecture, but because they have in hand the completion of the first, and in cost probably the greatest, of a new type of urban complex destined in one form or another to be widely imitated.

It is significant, therefore, that their work grows cleaner, more straightforward, as they continue, except insofar as respect for the existing central group imposes a continuance of certain formulae of design established now six or seven years ago. If it be possible to achieve a new expression negatively (as functionalists presumably believe) Harrison and Foulhoux should in time do so. For the influence of European models on even their latest work is essentially slight, affecting particularly the detail (or should one say, absence of detail). However, it is also significant that their individual buildings have almost no clear major conception of form, lacking even the pronounced silhouette that Hood gave the central building, or the amazing section that the science of acoustics gave the Music Hall. With as great an opportunity as is conceivable in the contemporary world, Harrison and Foulhoux illustrate forcibly the general bankruptcy of the power of formal creation in America since the days of Sullivan and Wright. Nor is this bankruptcy solely evident in the work of architects, like Harrison and Foulhoux, who first achieved success in the confusion of decadent semi-traditionalism, in which America joyfully wallowed in the twenties. It is interesting and more significant that on the right of the skyscraper builders the men who still remain avowed traditionalists have even more lost such sense of form as their own limited heritage provided, while on the left the avowed modern architects of America have hardly been more successful in achieving new form.

The modern architects of America, in the limited sense of those who are wholly self-conscious about their position, sometimes seem to divide on this issue of the sense of form into two groups. On the one hand are those whose sense of form appears to be borrowed from Europe, who in one way or another are willing to subscribe to the concept of a coherent modern expression, sometimes described as an International Style, first crystallized in the twenties in Europe. On the other hand are those whose spokesmen at least, deny with greater or less vigour the significance of the sense of form as such. Perhaps these men subconsciously hope by the denial of all aesthetic canons at present recognized, whether traditional or modern, to destroy at last the malady of aesthetic eclecticism. For, I suppose, there might conceivably grow up in a vacuum, without benefit of intention, a sense of form wholly of the twentieth century and wholly American, as was Wright's in the days when he was an active architect before the War.

It is not unfair to say that the first group of architects have hardly been able to any creative extent to make the contemporary European sense of form their own. With the possible exception of Neutra, most of the existing work of American followers of foreign modern architecture abroad must probably be regarded as aesthetically second-rate beside the very best of European buildings of the last decade. It is evident in comparing certain American projects of ten years ago, designed under European influence, with the executed work of today, that the maximum penetration of modern European ideas of form could take place with extraordinary rapidity and has not deepened with the years.

In the sense in which modern architecture as an International Style has already reached maturity in Europe, we are increasingly unlikely to have in America great original masters with a developed personal sense of form working directly under its aegis. On the other hand, it is probably true that in the absence of any alternative sense of form, and above all else, in the absence of any new directing genius in America, our architects are best advised to

accept European modern architecture as an International Style, a new academic standard, to be maintained as consistently as possible as a makeweight to the decadent traditional sense of form which is still in existence, although more and more generally discredited. This is particularly true as regards the many types of building, not specifically mentioned in this article, for which modern European precedent in executed buildings is most obviously related to American problems: schools, theatres, large private houses, and so forth.

The conclusion of this discussion of the bankruptcy of the sense of form in America (which would, but for the presence in London of certain important individual architects of European training and experience, be almost equally true of England) is not necessarily a dismal one. The stages of sound architectural development are often extraordinarily rapid, as in post-War Europe, but they have sometimes been rather slow in the historic past. The evident lack of a torch bearer in American architecture today is no indication that such a one may not appear within a year or two, as economic recovery increases the volume of modern building and encourages the employment of younger men.

Analogies from the past are never altogether convincing, but in this connection there is one that suggests itself. In England in the early seventeenth century late Gothic sense of form was decadent. Architecture decked itself with the tawdry trophies of Italian mannerism as they were transmitted in corrupt distortion through Northern Europe; the old refused to die, the new refused to be born. One man, Inigo Jones, returned from Italy, well instructed in the new sense of form, the International Style of the age, particularly as preached and practiced by Andrea Palladio. At first he found only theatrical settings to do, then finally architectural commissions. Disregarding a few transitional works of which the attribution is disputed, his architecture was wholly of the new age, but it was also for many years wholly international, not as yet English, and, in comparison to its Italian prototypes, rather lacking in invention; inhibited, perhaps, by the necessity of maintaining single-handed a standard as yet generally unrecognized in England. At Chevening around 1635 there is a sudden change. Confronted with the specifically English problem of the country house a different sense of form suddenly appears, wholly new, no longer mediæval, but English, not Italian. Within ten or fifteen years two other men, Webb at Ashdown, Pratt at Colehill, further developed the new post-mediæval English sense of form, initiated by Jones at Chevening. Perhaps indeed they perfected it. At any rate a miracle was achieved. An architecture wholly modern for the seventeenth century, and in no sense transitional, like the Jacobean, existed under the Restoration. After the first few great houses the new sense of form came to be established generally; a new substyle arose, and the strength of that substyle was so great that in America as well as in England it lasted for more than a century.

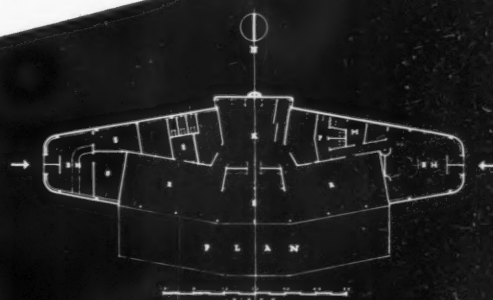
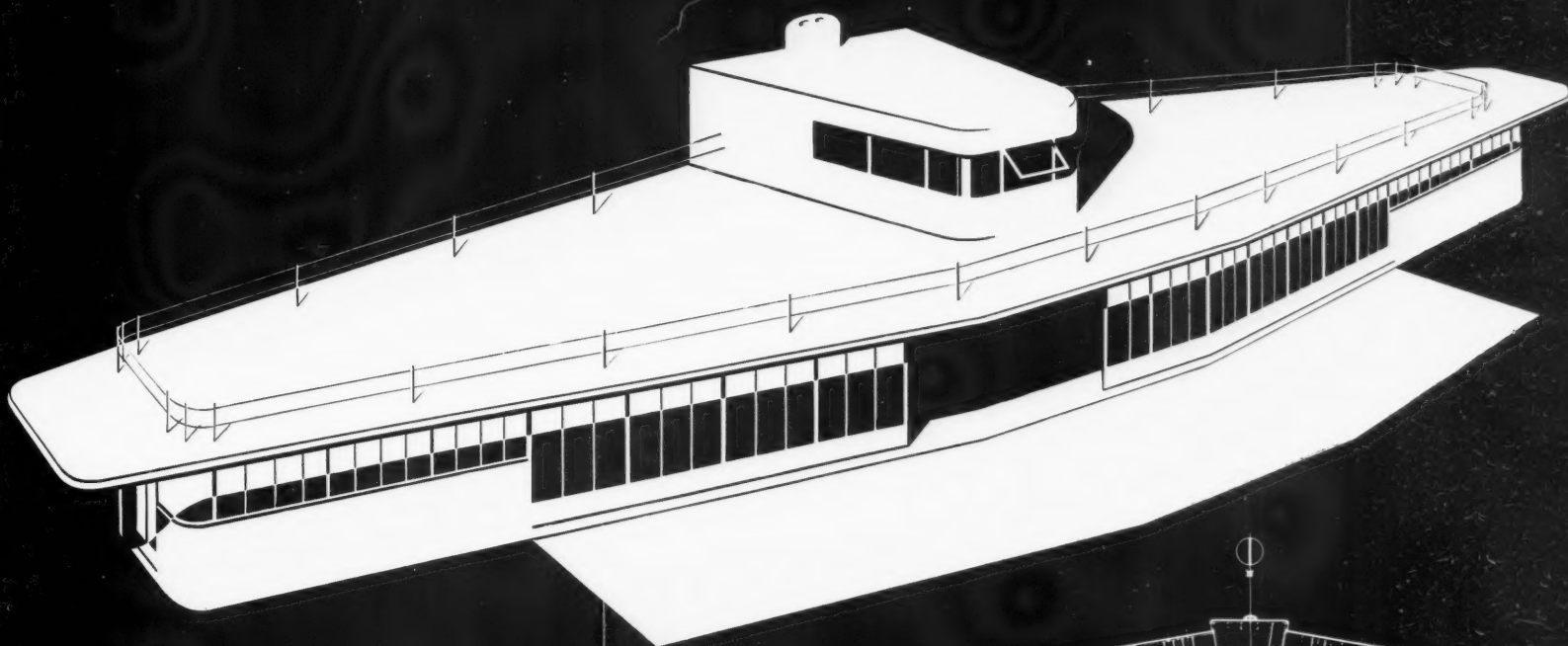
Jones could not have succeeded in innovation had he merely tried to be not Jacobean; it was necessary for him to assimilate and apply the rules of a great international academic. After he had practised Palladian architecture in his own country for fifteen years, acclimatization came quite suddenly. Once acclimatization had taken place in the work of Jones, two younger contemporaries, the one with the benefit of foreign study, the other without, could make the newly achieved sense of form their own; advancing with it to perfect integration of what was not specifically Italian in Palladio with what was not Gothic in England. So we should hope in America within the next few years for a comparable integration of all that is not specifically European in the International Style with all that is not revivalistic eclecticism in existing American architecture.

Until this integration is accomplished the interest of modern American architecture will be more largely sociological and functional and technical than formal.

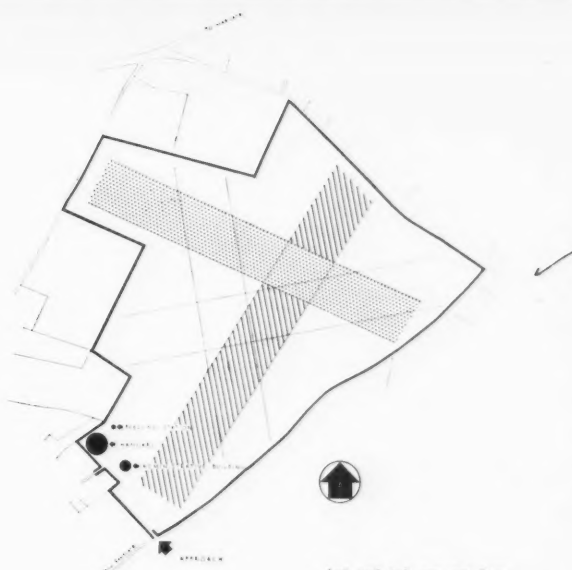
The time is past for always cheering one's own team. Although the opportunities for critical comment in America are very few, in such critical comment as can be made we should not fear to criticize negatively the work of those who rate as most advanced, nor to praise sincerely such occasional excellences as there may be in the work of men who remain half traditional, half modern. This is no longer treason; only such critical frankness can assure that American architects shall again lead the world with all the originality of Wright's best work, with all the grandeur of the most conspicuous skyscrapers.

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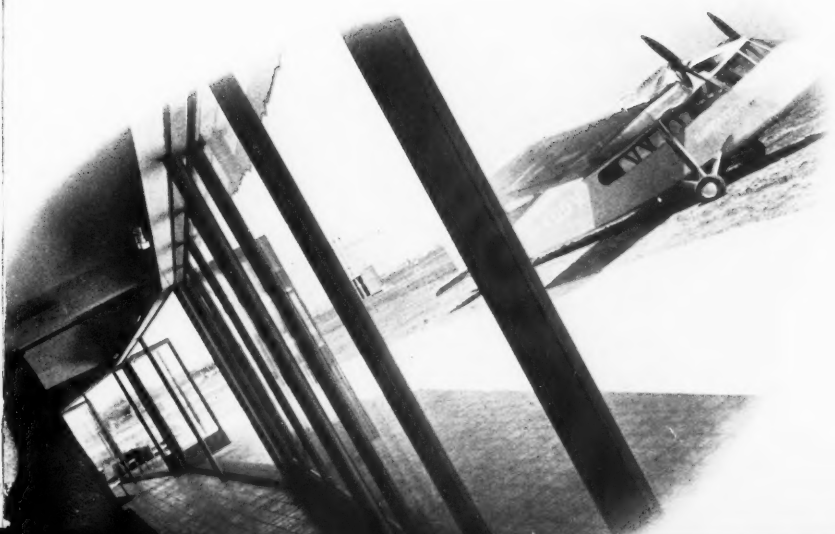


D. PLEYDELL BOUVERIE,
ARCHITECT

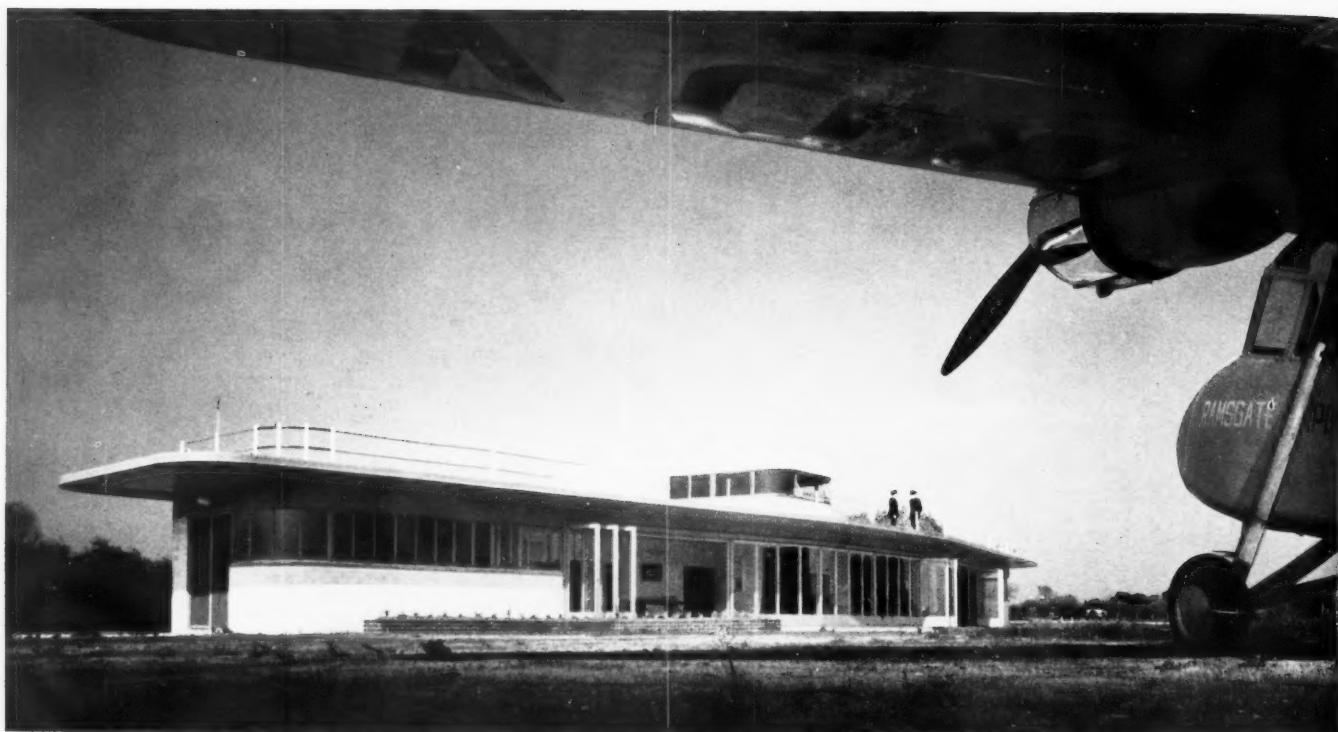


L A Y - O U T D I A G R A M

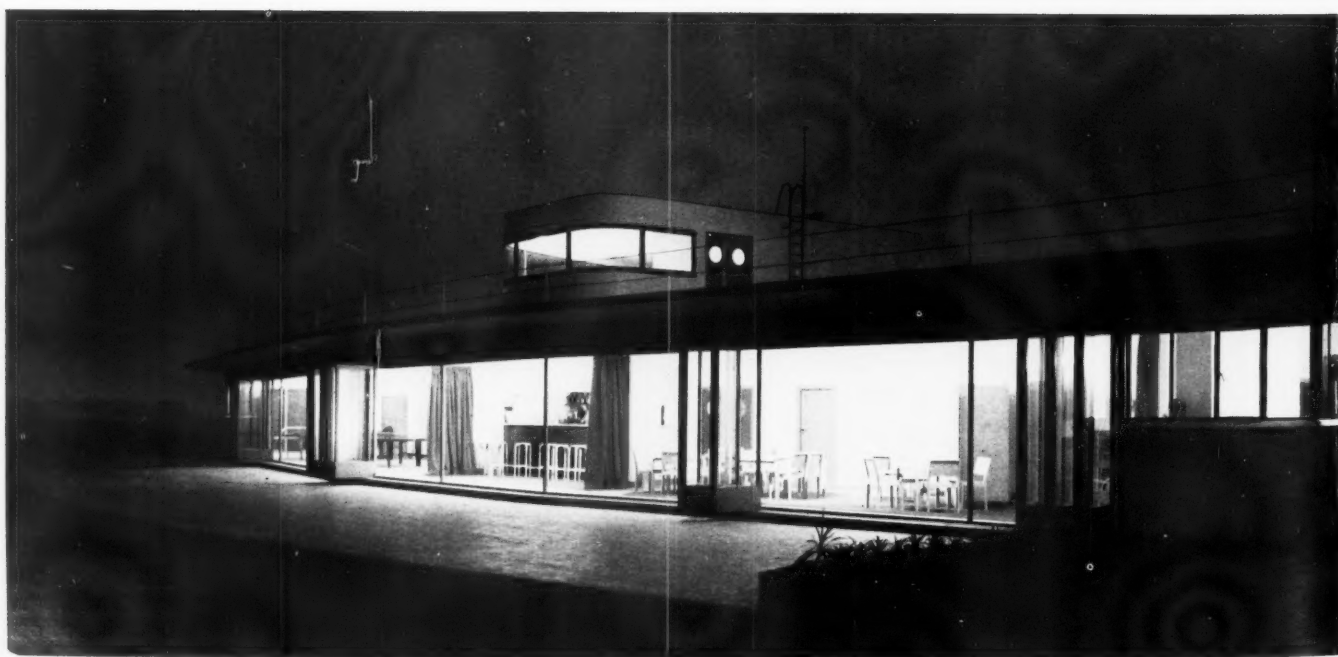
The immediate use of the Aerodrome is for private aeroplanes flying school and minor services. But provision must be made for large scale expansion. Mr. Whitney Straight, managing director of the company operating the aerodrome on behalf of the Corporation, gave the Architect his requirements : A plan-form suitable for administrative buildings of different sizes, acting as a recognizable trademark from the air and from the ground, and yet capable of quick and economical expansion and adaptation. It is interesting to note that no obstructions were encountered on questions of planning or structure, the local Authorities being helpful and understanding throughout.



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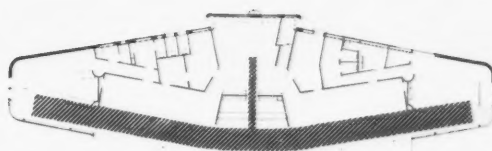
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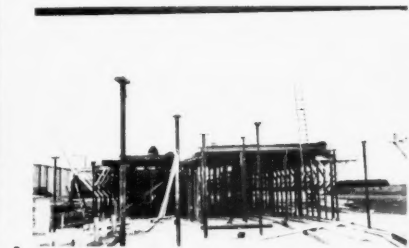
In airport architecture, a comparatively new problem, the detailed requirements are constantly changing, so that complete flexibility of planning becomes essential. This has largely determined the structural system of the building. A reinforced concrete and hollow tile roof slab 151 ft. long is supported on two beams (a continuous circumferential beam and a spinal beam) on 26 3½-in. steel columns. Walls are non-bearing and built off the tiled floor which covers the building and extends over the terrace. Electric light, power, clock, telephone and radio wiring is run

along the beams. All partitions can therefore be altered without affecting the services. This can be seen in the diagram, 6, showing the electrical layout. There is a system of ducts on each side of the building externally, communicating direct with the Control Tower, so that night flying equipment can be altered or increased without any cutting away. The north side of the building is heated by panels under the clay floor tiles; the south side by standard radiators. 5 shows, diagrammatically, the

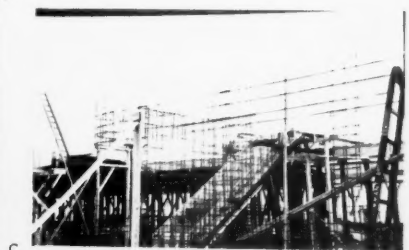
heating layout. 1, View from the flying field. 2, A night view showing the free communication between the public rooms. 3, From the Club Restaurant looking out over the flying field. 90 ft. length of folding and sliding teak doors open the Restaurant to the terrace. The floor tiles carry through to the exterior. 4, Club Lounge showing access to Restaurant. All the rooms facing the flying field are intercommunicating, but are divided by heavily interlined curtains.



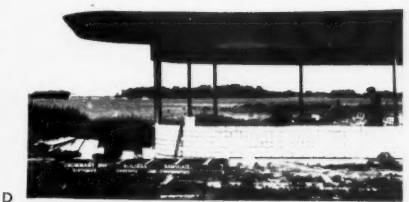
A. and D. End Cantilever, beam and columns.



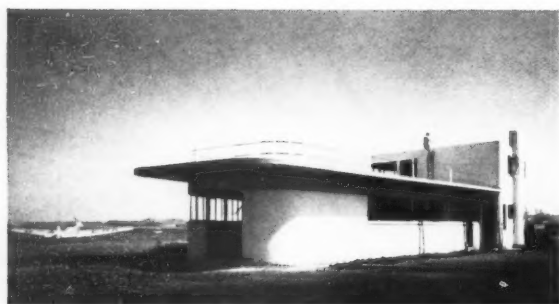
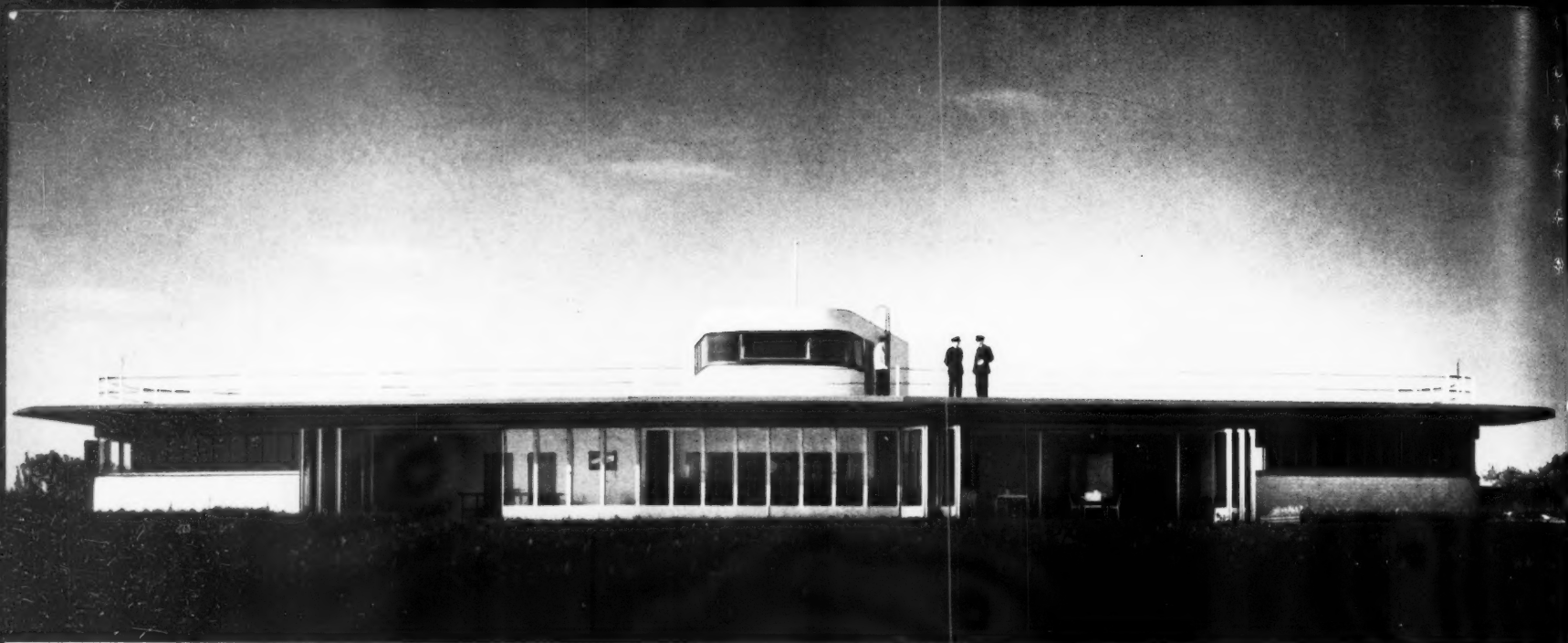
B. Columns before the formation of the shuttering for the beams.



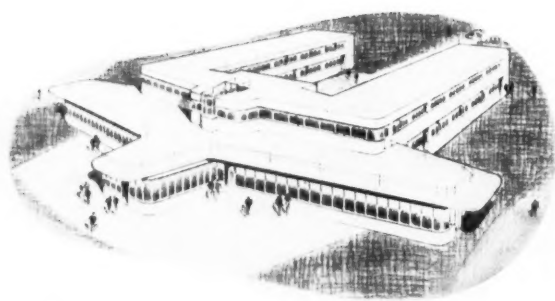
C. Control Tower Reinforcement.



D. Club Lounge showing access to Restaurant.



A view of the Club Members' entrance. Note the precast flue duct which houses vent from gas-cooking apparatus, central heating and domestic heating flue pipe, soil and vent pipe, rain-water pipes, etc.



The same plan-form for a larger administrative building, showing its natural development. Before this stage is reached the non-bearing external and internal walls and openings may be changed many times to meet varying requirements.



Lost at the Pantheon

Wm. H. Hays
Samuel Cohen
Wm. H. Hays

PANTHEON, 1790-1

Wm. H. Hays

Wm. H. Hays

Wm. H. Hays



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE LATE PANTHEON THEATRE
as it appeared in 1811

Several Pair of RUBY POUTING LIPS,
OF THE FIRST QUALITY.
To be fitted by Rens Dukes, Queen Dukes, Renslers, Dier
Men, Duh-Men, and Chimney-Sweepers.
To be fitted by Rens Dukes, Queen Dukes, Renslers, Dier
Men, Duh-Men, and Chimney-Sweepers.
A SAILOR.
Honest for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray
for ever.
A SAILOR.

To be SEEN, at the PANTHEON, OXFORD-STREET.
A NONDESCRIFT.
Wonder of the Deep.

4000 Teeth,
To be SEEN, at the PANTHEON, OXFORD-STREET.
A NONDESCRIFT.
Wonder of the Deep.



By R. P. Ross Williamson

VERY soon now the housebreakers will begin work on the Pantheon. There is bound to be a last, and final outcry when the little porticoed façade begins to go. But really there is nothing to be sorry about. For so long it has been an anachronism, tantalizing the sensitive with its suggestion of a better age and only adding bitterness and regret to the aridity of an Oxford Street afternoon, that on the whole we shall be better without it. And, pleasant though it is, it's just as well to realize that we're losing no masterpiece by a master hand, as a lot of people still seem to think. There is nothing left that we can see of the building which was once upon a time the wonder of England and without peer, so they said, on the whole continent of Europe. Not even the famous portico is by the great Wyatt. Today, in the last moments of its life, a refined, nineteenth-century sunlight comes slowly through Smirke's tall reticulated windows into a vast Victorian counting house, falling upon the mahogany excellence of deserted desks. In spite of

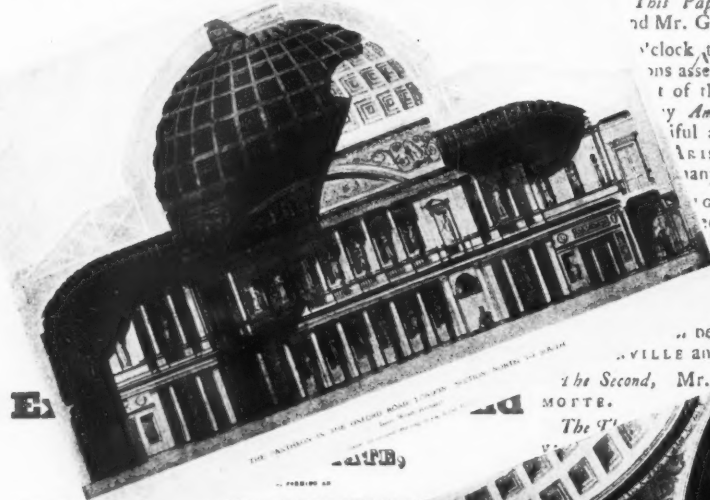
its quietness—for you are a long way from Oxford Street in this great hall—the Basilical Room, as it was called, is strangely without feeling. It is rather disappointing. Old trade calendars, labels of despatch, a notice announcing that there will be a public holiday on June 22nd and 23rd, 1911, for Their Majesties Coronation, two Harrovian memorial volumes that somebody has forgotten to take away—it is not very different from the sort of litter you would come across in any empty mercantile office. One had hoped, somehow, to find more than this in a building with a history so long and so varied as the Pantheon's.

But now why? Hasn't a facility to start afresh, without dependence on past glory, always been its chief peculiarity? Disaster, in the last 165 years, has come to it often enough. Various, it has been one of the great centres of fashionable amusement, a concert chamber, an exhibition hall, twice a theatre, a bazaar, until finally it became the business headquarters of a great firm. In one guise or another

the Pantheon has usually managed to represent or reflect the feeling of the age. To follow its fortunes is to follow, in some measure, the social history of the last century and a half.

It finished building in 1772. Its object was to provide a centre for social amusement on a grand scale, and a winter counterpart to the Ranelagh of summer. James Wyatt, as everybody knows, was the architect. All London went mad about it: "... the wonder of the eighteenth century, and the British Empire," declared Horace Walpole; "... it would have done honour to Greece at its most splendid period of taste," wrote Wilkinson the topographer, and even in 1824, long after it had disappeared, Angelo, the great swordsman, remembered it as "certainly the most elegant and beautiful structure that has been erected in the Metropolis." A pressman of the time describes it: "Imagination cannot well surpass the elegance and magnificence of the apartments, the boldness of the paintings, of the disposition of the lights,

FREEHO



ENTRANCE . . . FROM THE WEST SIDE OF

72 . . . will be Sold . . .

Precedent to an Order of the Court of Barons
Silly Argument perch'd upon Law
A granting and galloping hies;
On a large prancing horse Independent
And joins in the sportman's loose
Behind secret influence to mount is up
Prerogative's bubble lies low,
Ambition was thrown when it leap'd as
Hark forward! huzza! Tally Ho!

But Reynard, bold Reynard, gets on in the
His art and his cunning prevail,
For the blustering North wind blows for
their face,
The wife don't hunters turn tail!
He heapev'ry hedge the old farmers had made
And laughs at their village of woe;
Old Fame will record all the tricks he has play'd,
Hark forward! huzza! Tally Ho!

A delightful *hay-maker* captivated every heart with her *keels*. She was the most exquisite dancer of the Highland reel we ever saw, and so everlasting, that she triumphed over every Scot, male and female, in the place; their attempts both to recognize and fatigue her were ineffectual. The only thing which to our minds she did find



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Primo Soprano
Prima Donna
Tenore
Seconda Donna
Secondo Soprano
Ultima Parte

Prima Buffa	-
Primo Buffo Caricato	-
Mezzo Caratterre	-
Seconda Buffa	-
Secondo Buffo	-
Ultima Parte	-

27th July
1870 PANTHEON.

priority of the Public had been very
 ited by the Advertisements which ap-
This Paper from MONSIEUR Sr.
 and Mr. GODDARD.

At five o'clock, there were upwards of five
hundred persons assembled in the PANTHEON,
most of the Professors of Fencing in
Paris, many Amateurs of the Art, and a
large number of beautiful and elegant Ladies, as well
as many Aristocratic Refugees from
France, and many of the English Nobility.

GHNESS THE PRINCE OF
ed. The Assault was delayed
il a messenger arrived with
Company must sustain the
disappointments than one
ass could not be present.

.. began between two *Amateurs*,
..VILLE and another.

the Second, Mr. P. LAND and Mr. LA-
MORTE.

The *Pr* ux and Mr. SAIN-
yed much taste and

St. GEORGE ap-
parently paid his re-
d three times for
Wood Forest, re-

rchers—the
acters sung
of Robin
music of

voices.
US na-
tians

a negro boy and

there, Friars, Nuns, &c. imagined fancy-dresses, and a number of ballad-singers, particularly one who stated the performers of the theatre.

The rooms were not cleared till eight o'clock.

Amazing Philosophical Exhibition !!!

*Hydraulick and Pneumatick Experiments, by the Mi
and Fire, never before Exhibited in this*

M
ENGINEER, lately
ants, most respectf
General, that he
nents,

At the PA

first Time on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at six o'Clock precisely,
ADMITTANCE FREE. SINGS AND SIXPENCE.

The first Experiment present an **HYDRAULICK FOUNTAIN**,
 form, by Adaptations, Flow, every Kind, Fans, multiplied Sheaves,
 which in discharging, fo presents of very curious Hydraulick
 fixed Lustres turning and to the Frize of the Room, always
 upon a Column of Water, **BEST PERFORMANCE WILL**
SPECTATORS WITH **ENHANCEMENT**: Also some Balls
 upon Water Spouts, rec-^{re} ^{re} Diagonally.

These Illumination, having Three Pavilions one upon the other, Water in the first, and the Fire between the Two Waters. A going by Water—A Lustre composed of 40 Lights, and folter Spouts rising to the Frize of the Room—A Pneumatic Mats Silvered Enital, 50 Burning Bougies—A Tulip which actuates one of the Pneumatic Machine, by showing the Three Elements, Air united—An Automaton Man, smoking his Pipe, natural as

which last are reflected from gilt vases suspended by gilt chains. Besides the splendid ornaments that decorate the Rotunda, or great room, there are a number of statues in niches below the dome, representing most of the heathen gods and goddesses, supposed to be in the ancient Pantheon of Rome. To these are added three more of white Porphyry, the first two representing the present King and Queen, and the last Britannia. The whole building is composed of a suite of fourteen rooms, all of which are adapted to particular uses, and each affording a striking instance of the splendour and confusion of modern times."

This was the setting which, for a good fifteen years, provided a splendid background for those masquerades which distinguished the most sparkling period of an age skilled, as never in this country before or since, in the art of devising and practicing pleasure. Everybody went there, paying the half-guinea required as entrance fee, from Royalty down to those "gentlemen of the conveying fraternity"—as Angelo describes them—well-known to the Bow Street Runners, and most of them were impressed, or said they were. Boswell was disappointed, said there was not half-a-guinea's worth of pleasure in seeing this place. "But, Sir," was Johnson's retort, "there is half-a-guinea's worth of inferiority to other people in not having seen it." Which is, apparently, what everybody else thought. Its own popularity killed it so far as fashion went. And, moreover, the goings-on at the masquerades had become such that not many people with reputations still to lose were anxious to be seen at them. But the proprietors had been wise enough to vary the balls and routs with concerts at which the Italian singers were the special draw. It was these concerts which saved the Pantheon and before very long were to give it a reputation as a home of music.

It had not been at night only, by masquerades, that the Pantheon had drawn all fashionable London to Oxford Street. In the daytime a crowd as equally smart, if less noisy, attended the exhibitions of scientific apparatus which were constantly held there. That one of the chief pleasure centres of London should be chosen for this purpose is a good illustration of the spirit which prevailed in the latter part of the eighteenth century and made it the most enlightened period in our history. The wooing of Nature to induce the surrender of her rich gifts to the already mounting profusion of the age was one of the chief excitements of a society which demanded, much more than we realize, that things should go ever faster and faster. It was the golden age of invention. Everything was still possible. The inevitable conclusion to such achievement, the Industrial Era, was scarcely yet in sight. An inventor was still a polite person, a benefactor to mankind. So George III came to the Pantheon to inspect Dr. Wilson's lightning conducting plant laid out in the Cupola Room (and the future George IV was very nearly killed through not being able to keep his hands off things). Lunardi, one of the first of the great balloonists, exhibited his machine here after his flight from the Artillery Ground.



A. Masquerade Scene in the PANTHEON

See the title page of the original print for the names of the persons who were present at the supper given at the Pantheon on the 26th of May 1788.



The INSTALLATION--SUPPER, as given at the Pantheon, by the Knights of the Bath, on the 26th of May 1788.

Two scenes typical of the eighteenth century Pantheon. Above, one of the periodical Masquerades. Below, a section of a print by Bunbury and Gilray: a panoramic illustration of the supper which inaugurated the season of 1788.

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After having acknowledged
ENSLER now
of this Metropol
of the Pantheon ;



This present Evening,

Will be presented a **MUSICAL PIECE**, called the

Lord William, Mr. HILL.

Edward, Mr. BISHOP,
Chorus of Fishermen, Peasants, &c. &c.

In 1788 a great concert was given here in commemoration of Handel. The first part of this festival was held in the Abbey; which shows that the good name of the Pantheon was no longer in doubt. The place was specially fitted up and decorated for the occasion by Wyatt and a Royal Box designed for George III and Queen Charlotte. Once again, it only needed a restoration of fashion to prove to its patrons that the Pantheon was a marvellous building. Enthusiasm for both it and its designer was just as strong as it had been sixteen years before, and the following year Wyatt was called upon to turn it into a theatre to house the Italian opera and ballet rendered homeless when the Opera House, its official stronghold in the Haymarket, was burnt to the ground. It was taken under the patronage of George III and became known as the King's Theatre.

night of a severe winter, the Pantheon was burnt to the ground. It still ranks as one of the classic fires of the Metropolis. All sorts of stories grew up about it as they always do on these events. One of them, obviously incredible, whose repetition is an honouring of tradition rather than a statement of the possible, declares that Wyatt was driving across Salisbury Plain in his post-chaise when he saw the glare of the fire in the sky above London. "Surely, Dixon," he said to his clerk, "the whole city is on fire." Salisbury is 81 miles from London.

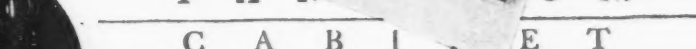
Angelo records the scene: "The fire happened on the night, or rather morning, of one of the severest frosts within memory—so much so, indeed, that thousands of people went the whole of the next day to observe the phenomenon of vast clusters of icicles, twelve and fifteen feet in length, and as big as branches of trees, hanging from the north front parapet, and the very windows, through which the flames had raged for hours; these icicles being the frozen stream, projected from the pipes of the fire engines, which were well supplied during the conflagration."

glass chandeliers, that were suspended from the roof of the building, were whirled round; and the vast damask curtains, with which the upper parts of the house were enriched, majestically waved, like the spacious flags of a first-rate ship of war. . . . ”

That was the end of the first Pantheon. The second was not so magnificent. Wyatt was commissioned to build it again but compared with his first building it could in no way be called an architectural triumph. It was nothing "but a fancy sort of large room for music, masquerades, etc.," a contemporary remarks. It is the Pantheon shown in Rowlandson and Pugin's plate in Ackermann's "Microcosm of London."

Concerts, masquerades (though not so grand as formerly because the War was on) went on until 1810 when Messrs. Gedge and Bonnor rented it at a thousand pounds a year as an exhibition hall for the "National Institute for Improving the Manufactures of the United Kingdom, and Arts connected therewith." The old joy in discovery for the sake of knowledge had gone. The Industrial Revolution was under way. Things must be made to pay now. This particular expression of it, however, did not pay. It was too big a scheme to be practicable, so before very long it became a theatre again: "The

...universally admitted, that every at-
tempt to raise the price of cotton in the air, by any power of mechan-
ics, is as there is no possibility of success. MR. ... of resistance. MR. ... is nevertheless
one of the

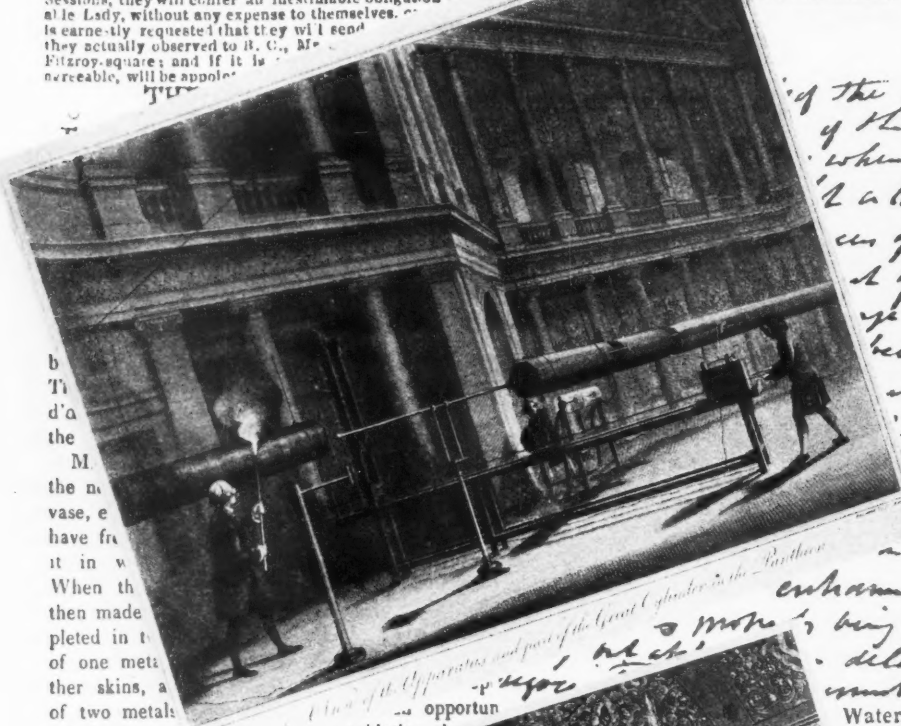


NEVER before seen in London, and the first ever invented or exhibited in Europe.

MR. ENSLEN, a celebrated German Naturalist, on the first Discovery of the Properties of Inflammable Air, thought it might be applied to a less dangerous and more agreeable Use than that of inflating simple Balloons. After two Years constant Application, numberless Experiments, and great Expence, he flatters himself to have at last attained the wished-for End; and thinks

PANTHEON BAZAAR, Oxford-street.—If any public-spirited individuals who witnessed a LADY exceedingly ILL-TREATED, because she had an Italian greyhound with her, at this Bazaar on Saturday last, the 14th of June, will COME FORWARD and give EVIDENCE as will enable the party aggrieved to carry the Sessions, they will confer an incalculable obligation on the Lady, without any expense to themselves. It is earnestly requested that they will send them actually observed to B. C., M. Fitzroy-square; and if it is agreeable, will be appointed.

MEMORANDUM for MORNING VISITS.—VISITERS IN, are respectfully invited by Mr. PALMER, celebrated DRESSING CASE, "The Pocket the economist of room, and great praise to the Age."—Peculiarly adapted for sudden journey, nearly opposite the Pantheon, 85, Oxford-street, of St. James's-street. Also every delivery, Patent Needles, &c. 1854.

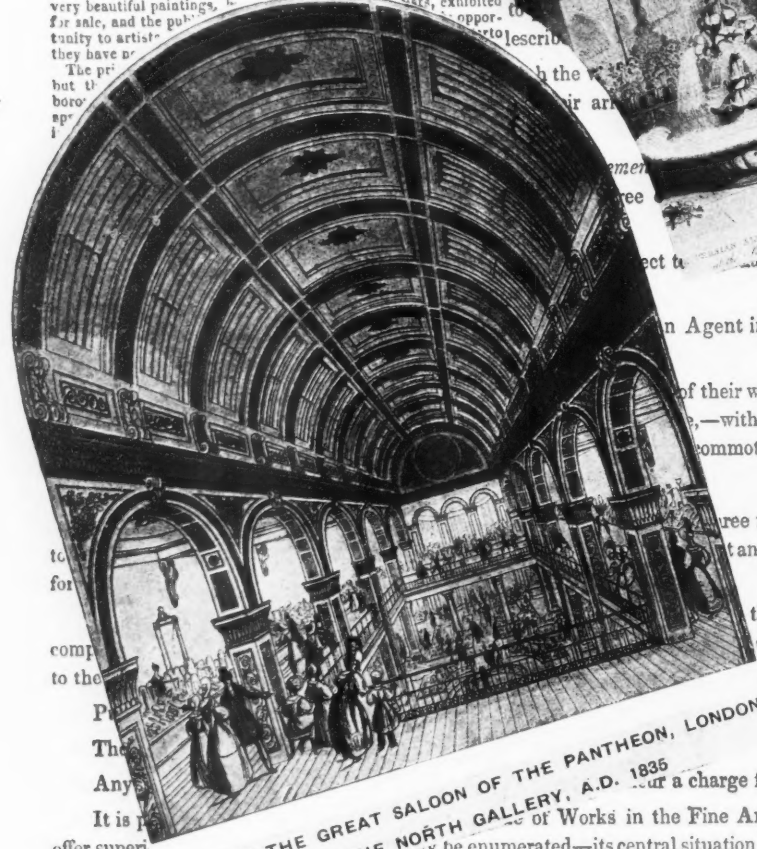


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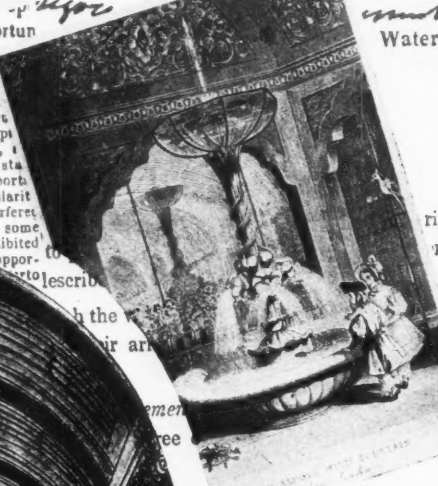
the most beaut.

The Pantheon was opened yesterday as a public Bazaar. traces of the theatre are entirely removed, and the site occupied by a spacious hall with galleries round, supported by the pillars which are continued to the roof of the building. This hall, the suite of rooms adjacent, are occupied by a number of stalls very judiciously arranged, so that while affording ample opportunity for the display of the various articles for sale, the regularity of the plan and the general effect of the whole is not interfered with. Contiguous are spacious galleries ornamented with some very beautiful paintings, for sale, and the public has the opportunity to artists they have produced.

The price but the honor of the exhibition.



VIEW OF THE GREAT SALOON OF THE PANTHEON, LONDON. It is offered for the sale of the Building, and the deposit to be forfeited.



Water Colours.

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Sales;
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charge of one month's exhibition.

an Agent in London, as none can be

of their works: a nightly watch will be kept, with Engines on the Premises, for the purpose of extinguishing any fire, commotion, or otherwise.

three months, the Establishment will be under the management of any respectable Auctioneer's, and the purchase-money, and to the deposit to be forfeited.

Pantheon Theatre" this time, with no less than one hundred and seventy-three boxes and a great bill of singers and dancers. After a month this, for some unaccountable reason, failed too, and an attempt a year later to turn it into an English Opera House roused the *amour-propre* of the legitimate Opera House, prosecution on the score of insufficient licensing, a fine, and closed doors. At Christmas time there was pantomime at popular prices. But it was a last flutter. The Pantheon's career as a place of amusement was ended. Destraint for three years' rent caused it to be put up to auction, and even the nails and the floor of the pit, says Beresford Chancellor, were sold against arrears.

The next phase came in 1834 when Sidney Smirke reconstructed it as a bazaar. The idea of letting-off small pitches to stallholders in a properly conducted, weather-proofed premises under the supervision of several respectable matrons was conceived by a Mr. John Trotter in 1816 as a means of relieving distress among the widows, orphans and relatives of those who had lost their lives in the Napoleonic Wars. It soon became a popular institution in London, and for over thirty years the Pantheon seems to have sheltered one of the more important of these bazaars. "The style of decoration," we read in Timb's "Curiosities of London"—that too-little-known guide to the early Victorian town—"is from the loggias of the Vatican. . . . From the southern end of the hall is the entrance to an elegant conservatory and aviary, mostly of glass, ornamented in Saracenic style. Here are birds of rich plumage, with luxuriant plants, which, with the profusion of marble, gilding, and colour, have a very pleasing effect in the heart of smoky town." And so it remained, doing steady business and providing, no doubt, with the bright birds, exotic foliage and splashing fountains of that Saracenic annex, a romantic oasis under the pall which descended, ever-thickening, on the 19th century city, until in 1867 Messrs. W. and A. Gilbey bought it and made it the head office of their great business. It served them well for nearly seventy years.

And now, standing on a site whose value has increased to an extent which would have been regarded as fantastic by its first promoters, Smirke's building is to give way to a product typical of our age: a branch of the multiple-stores of Messrs. Marks and Spencer. There is, as we said before, no cause for sentimentalizing over this, the last metamorphosis in a long series. It has sheltered so many activities, suffered such vicissitudes of fortune, that change would seem to be endemic to it. But is it too much to hope that it may still be called the Pantheon?



DESCRIPTIONS of the ILLUSTRATIONS to this article are given on PAGES 46-49

GILBEY HOUSE, CAMDEN TOWN

SERGE CHERMAYEFF
ARCHITECT



The new administrative building for Messrs. W. & A. Gilbey Limited has been erected on a corner site between cobbled streets serving an adjacent railway goods yard carrying heavy traffic. The whole design and construction has been based on the following primary necessity:— The elimination of noise from two sources: (1) Structure borne sound: transmission of vibration from roadway to building and (2) air borne sound; street noises entering directly or being reflected through windows. The whole building is sealed; windows opening for cleaning only. The window areas have been reduced as far as possible without loss of light to allow the placing of standard filing cabinets in any position. The entire office area is air-conditioned by a plenum. Ceilings in offices facing street are treated with acoustic absorbent plaster.



REINFORCED CONCRETE STRUCTURAL WALL POURED FROM MASONITE SHUTTERING : PAINTED ONLY.

TYPICAL WINDOWS IN TEAK WITH BROWN FAIENCE CILLS : OPENING WITH COACH KEYS FOR CLEANING ONLY.

LARGE BAY WINDOWS IN TEAK WITHIN A TEAK SURROUND.

"GILBEY HOUSE" SHEET METAL LETTERING CLEAR OF THE WALL FACE : CELLULOSED INDIGO.

ANODIZED ALUMINIUM DRIP MAKING JOINT BETWEEN CONCRETE FACE AND FAIENCE.

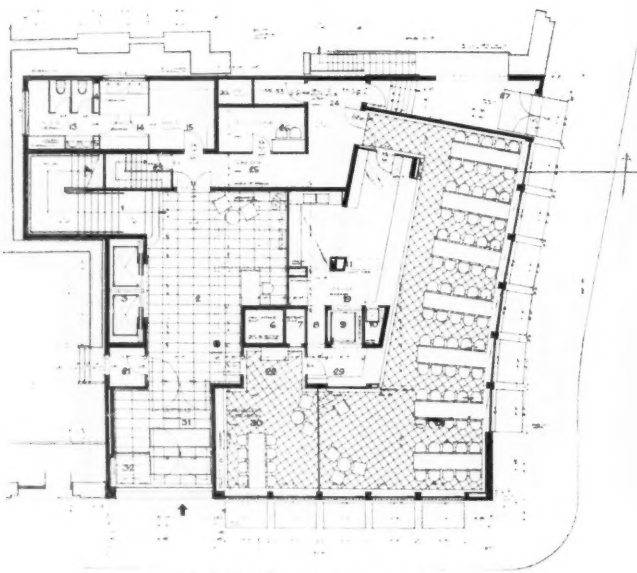
PROTECTIVE DADO OF BROWN GLAZED FAIENCE.

ENTRANCE DOORS IN TEAK CELLULOSED INDIGO.

WIRE PROTECTIVE GATES : CELLULOSED BROWN TO MATCH FAIENCE.

BUFF TERRAZZO ENTRANCE STEPS.

1



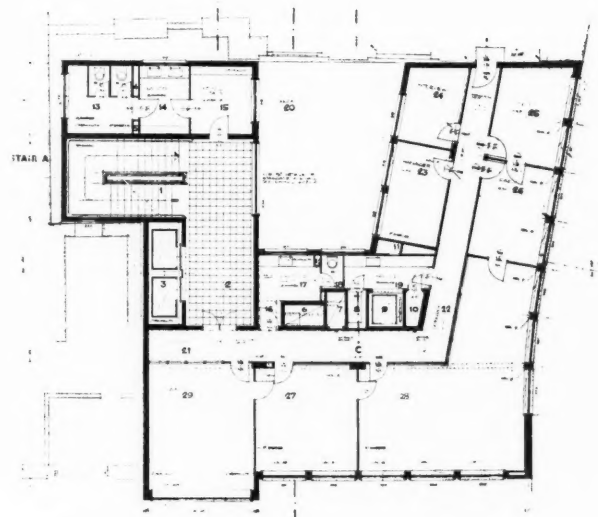
GROUND FLOOR PLAN

KEY TO GROUND FLOOR PLAN

- 2. Reception and waiting
- 6-10. Vertical service ducts
- 13-15. Men's cloaks
- 19. Servery and crockery wash
- 21. Lobby to women's cloak
- 26. Telephone exchange
- 27. Service entrance
- 28. Staff counter
- 30. Manager's clubroom

KEY TO THIRD FLOOR PLAN

- 6-10. Vertical service ducts
- 13-15. Women's cloaks
- 16-18. Directors' cloaks
- 19. Service
- 23-26. Manager's and waiting rooms
- 27-29. General offices



THIRD FLOOR PLAN



2

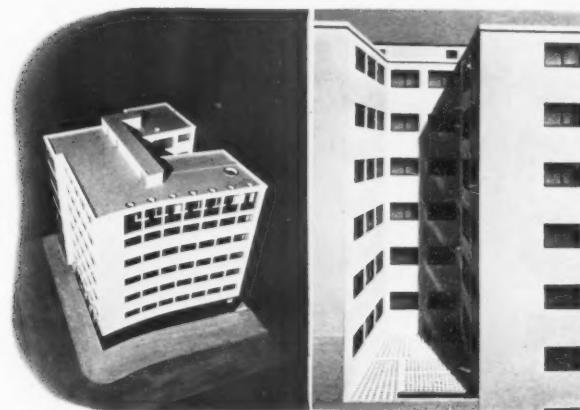
1. Detail of main entrance indicating the materials and finishes used on the exterior.
2. The building as seen from the main approach down Oval Road. The projecting bay marks the main entrance and provides an Architectural stop.
- 3 and 4 are views of the model of the building.

PLAN

a. The junction of the two roads, James St. and Oval Road at this point originally gave an obtuse angle at the corner site. By agreement with the Authorities the building line was adjusted. A bottle neck was removed, a right-angle obtained at the corner which in its turn gave the sweep to the frontage on James Street.

b. Staircase, lift enclosure and cloakrooms have been placed in the "dead" space at the N.E. corner of the site and are lighted and ventilated naturally by minimum wells between the new and old buildings.

c. The main vertical services are placed centrally, i.e. directors lavatory block, extract and intake ducts, serveries, service and ledger lift, postal chute, electrical and telephone ducts.



3

4

G I L B E Y H O U S E

CONSTRUCTION

a. The building is a reinforced concrete structure standing on cork footings insulated internally and on roof with Heraklith slabs. All external walls act as structural beams.

b. Congested foundations due to limitations of site and existing neighbouring buildings made structural complications necessary to avoid the massive footings of adjoining buildings. A typical instance is the cantilevering from an inset footing of the S.E. corner of the new building.

c. The foundations and superstructure are in addition isolated from the roadway by an air duct formed with an anti-vibration wall under pavement. This vibration wall and the main structure and intermediary floor slabs within the structure are isolated one from another by expansion joints filled either with bitumen or cork in the vertical sections. A horizontal expansion joint in the floor slab isolates the working portion of the building, i.e. the service, W.C.'s, lifts, central ducting, air conditioning ducts, etc. Vertical pipes are interrupted with rubber joints against sound transmission from plant.

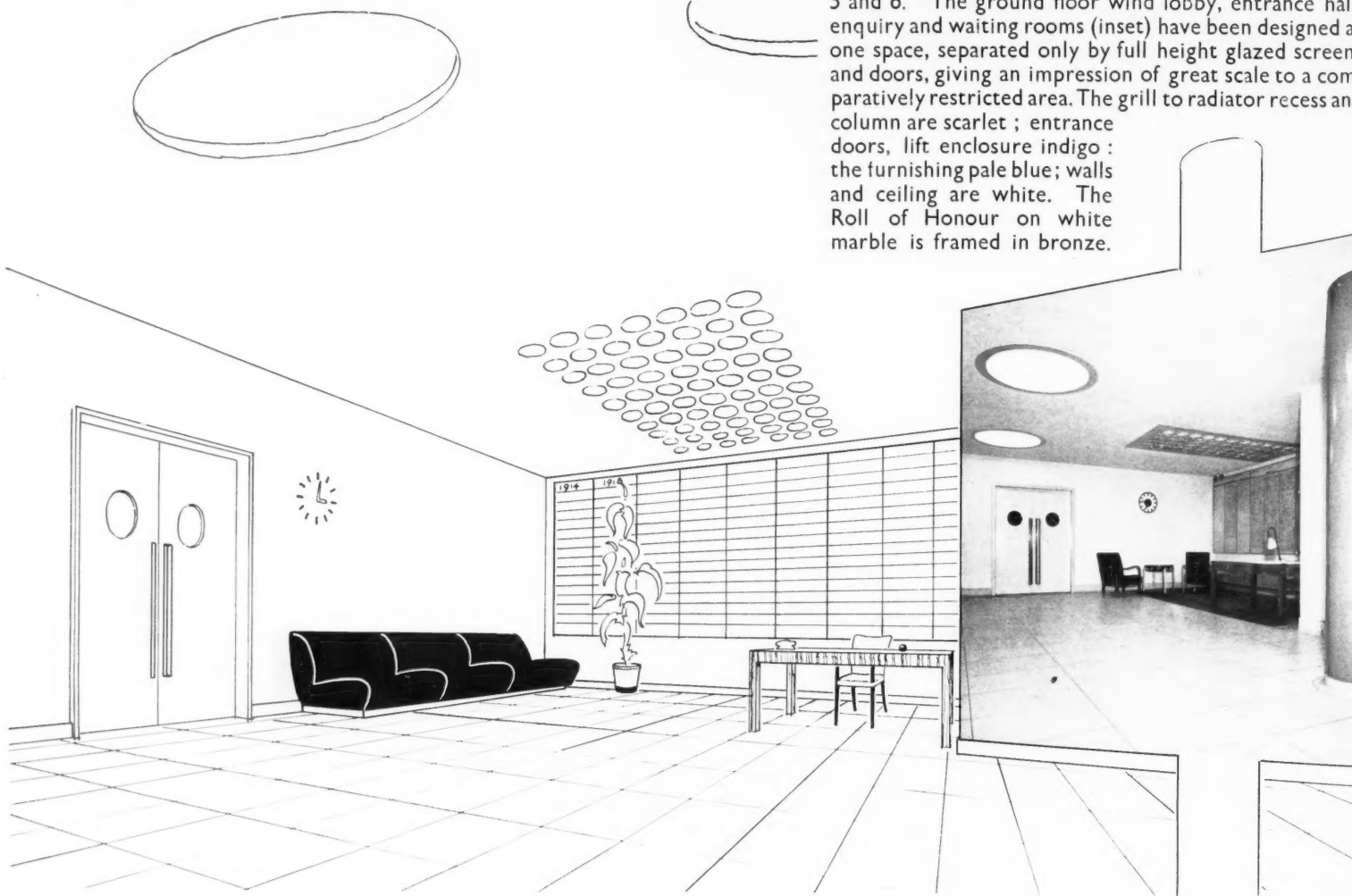
The floor slabs are composed of hollow tile and slag concrete screed, (i.e. cellular, sound-insulating) with cork floors for elimination of impact noise at source as well as against transmission.

d. Vertical and horizontal plenum ducts are in reinforced concrete and form an integral part of the structure, making for greater rigidity and, therefore, silence.

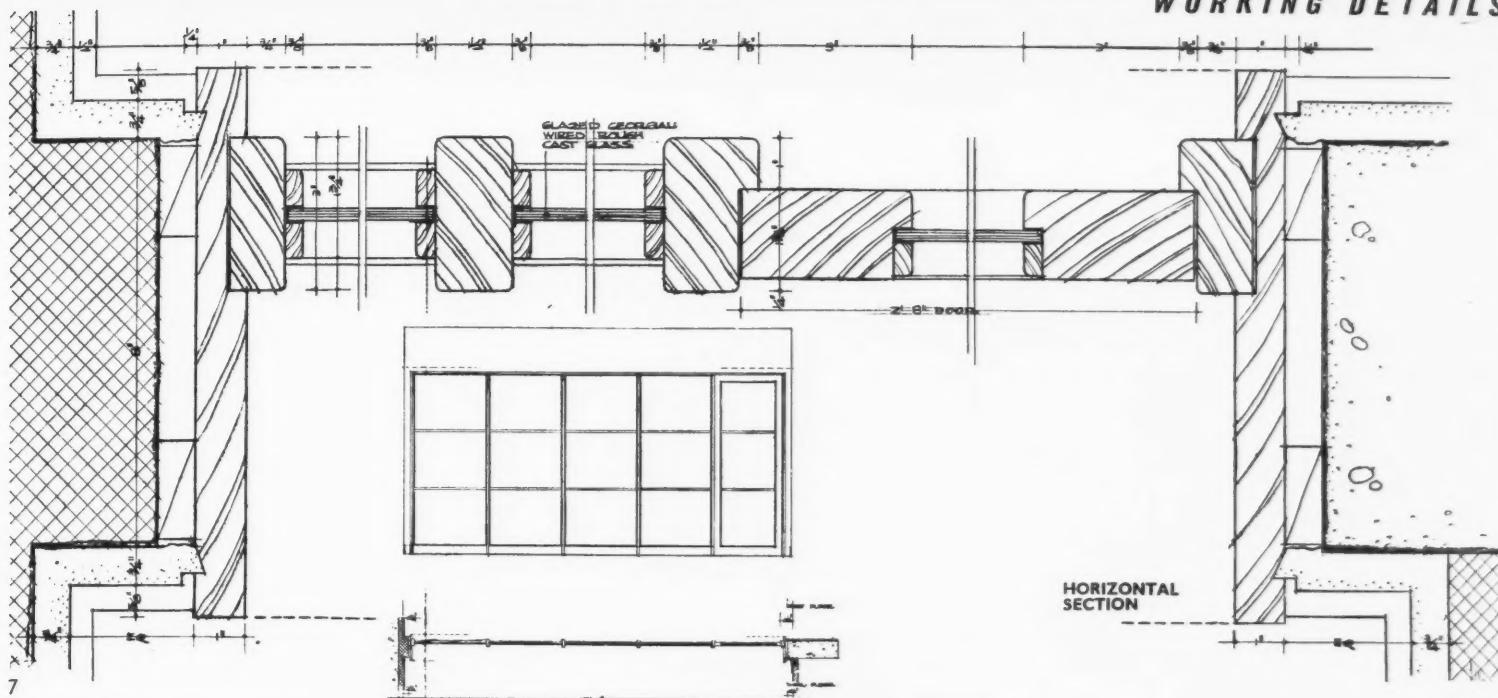
Construction drawings, showing these features are given on page 18.



5 and 6. The ground floor wind lobby, entrance hall, enquiry and waiting rooms (inset) have been designed as one space, separated only by full height glazed screens and doors, giving an impression of great scale to a comparatively restricted area. The grill to radiator recess and column are scarlet; entrance doors, lift enclosure indigo; the furnishing pale blue; walls and ceiling are white. The Roll of Honour on white marble is framed in bronze.



WORKING DETAILS

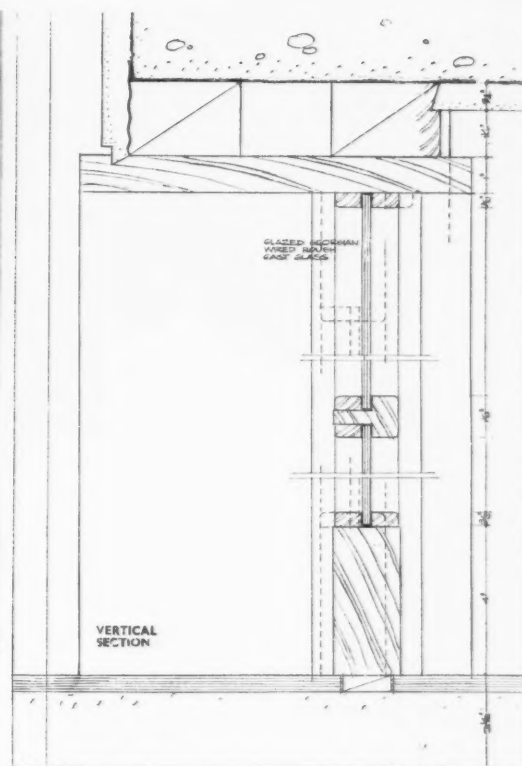


SCREEN DETAIL

7, Elevation and horizontal section of typical screen. 8, dividing Director's offices over main entrance from the corridor. 9, vertical section through screen.



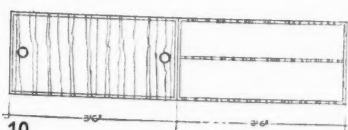
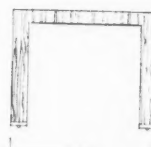
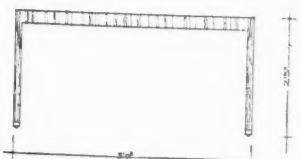
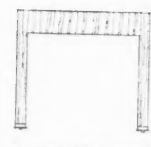
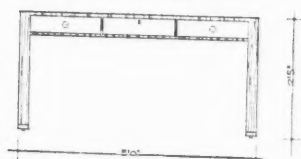
8



9

UNIT FURNITURE

10, Furniture for Directors offices and Board rooms. Top: desk. Centre: unit conference table. Bottom: wall cupboard and shelves.



10

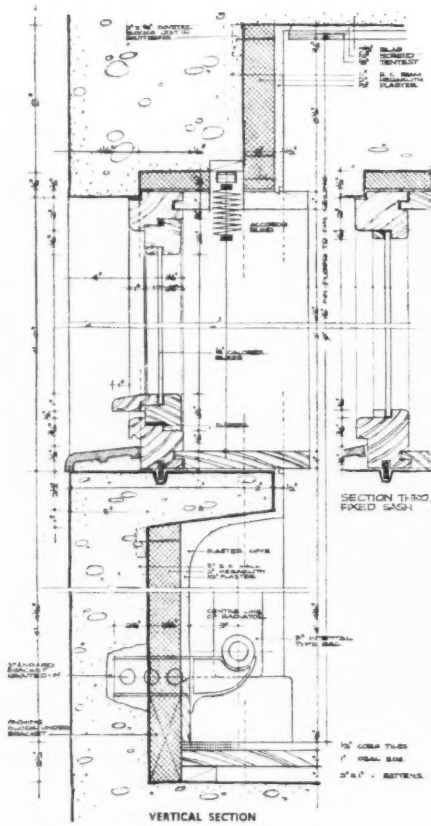


11

WORKING DETAILS

On this and the following three pages are a selection of the architect's working drawings, intended to cover the main points of structural interest in the building.

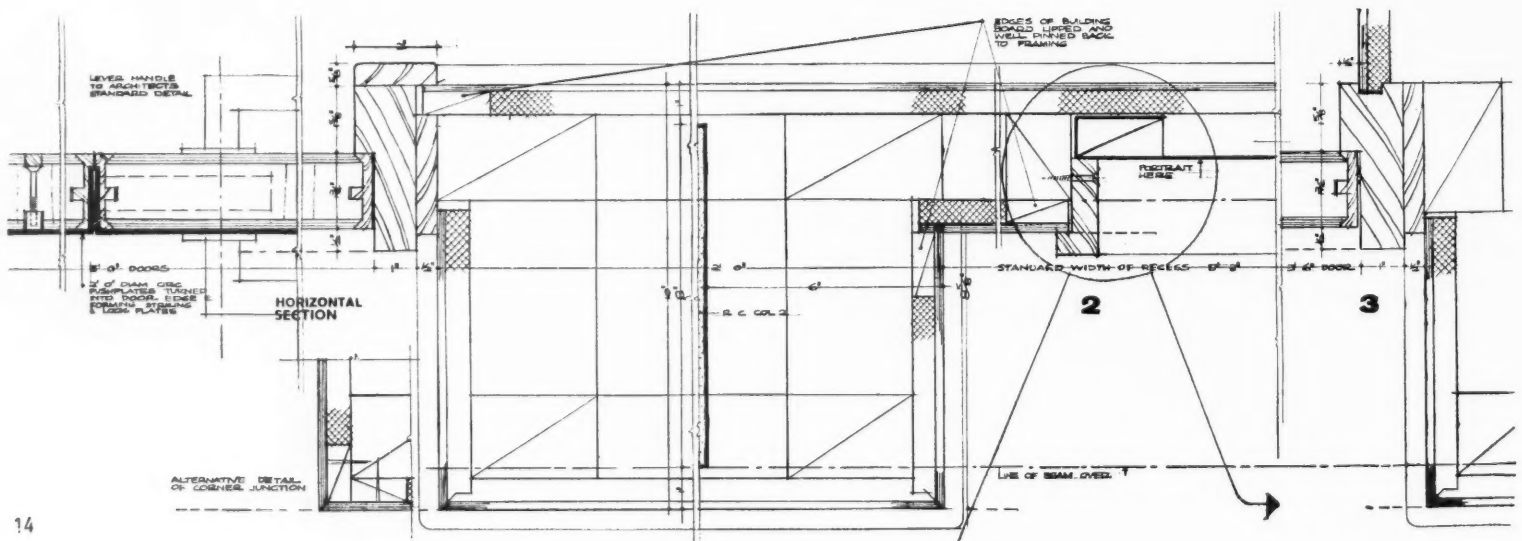
WORKING DETAILS



12



13



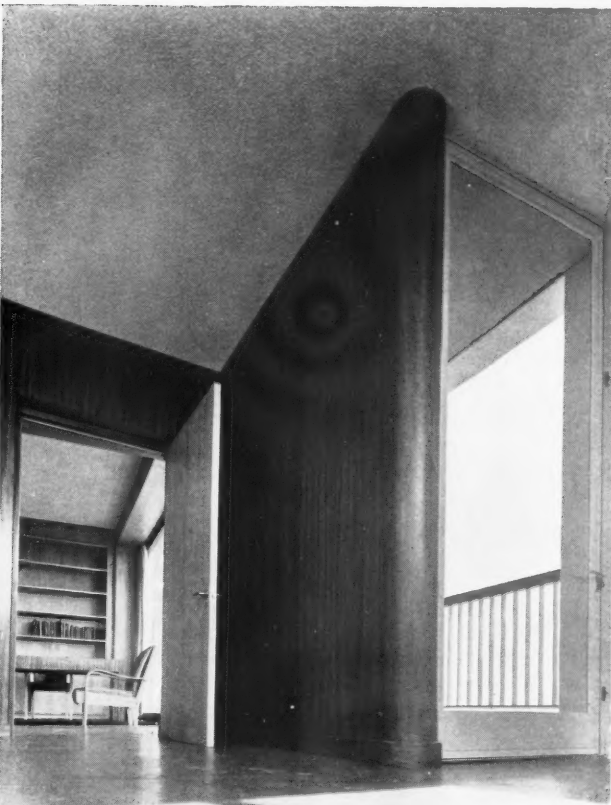
14

WINDOW DETAILS

12, Vertical section through external wall and teak window. 18, Horizontal section showing insulation of columns. 17, Elevation and Vertical section of lounge windows over entrance with heating coils below, concealed by metal grilles.



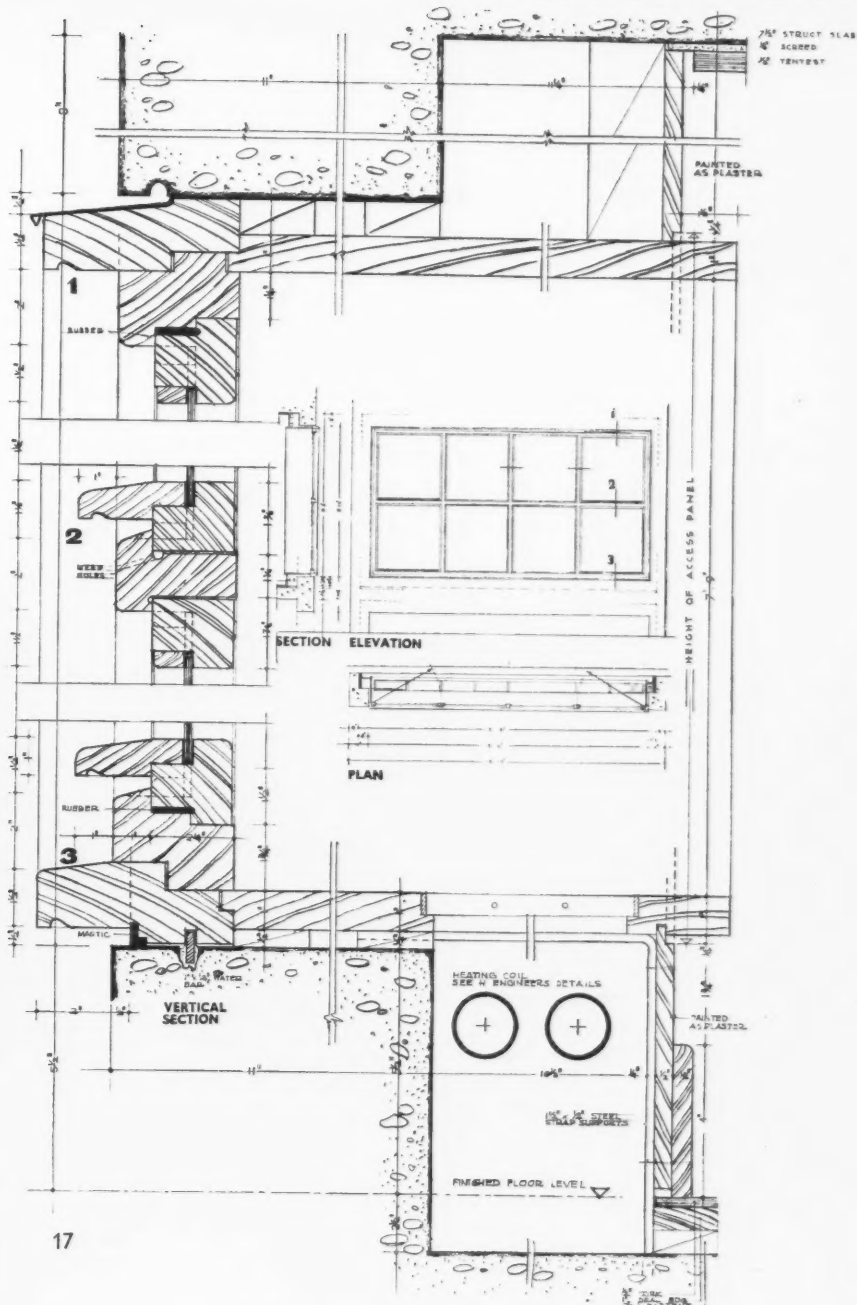
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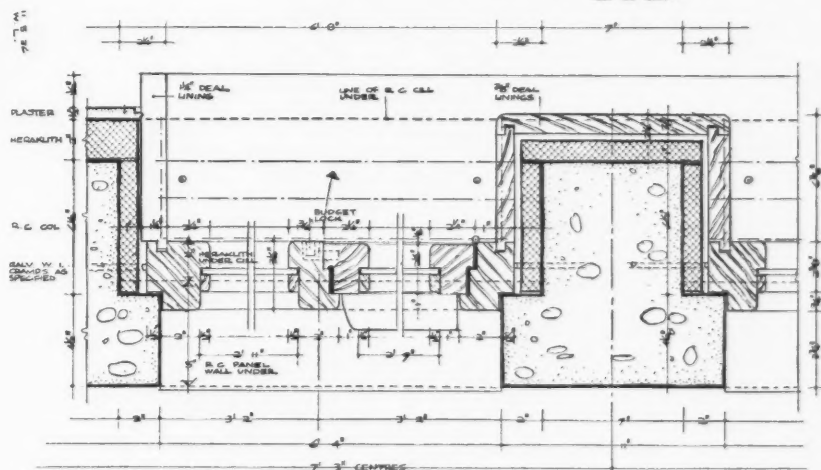
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17

WORKING DETAILS



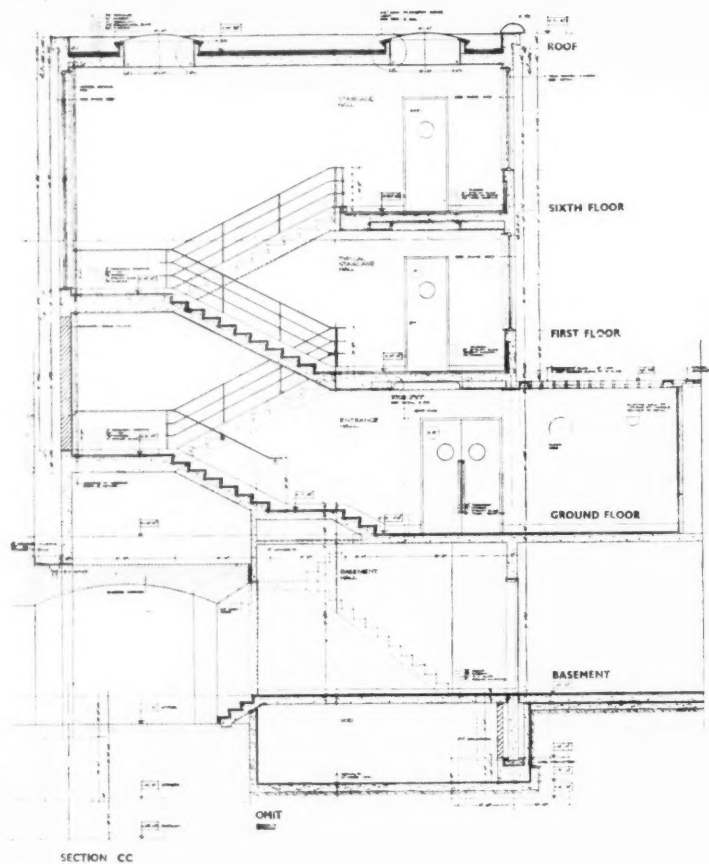
17



18

13, General view of Board room towards the internal partition faced with walnut. The construction detail of this is shown in 14. 15, Committee room 6th floor. The Vineyard Scene in tapestry is by Boucher. 16, Detail of partition showing the Chairman's room panelled in chestnut, and the steel glazed door to balcony.

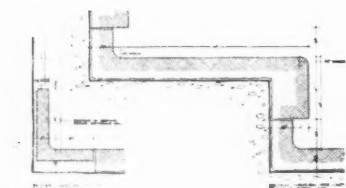
WORKING DETAILS



12



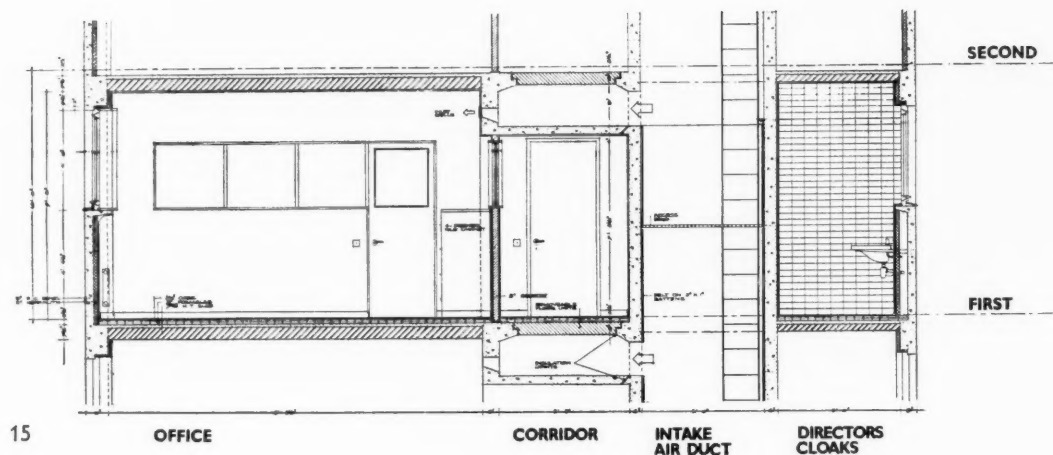
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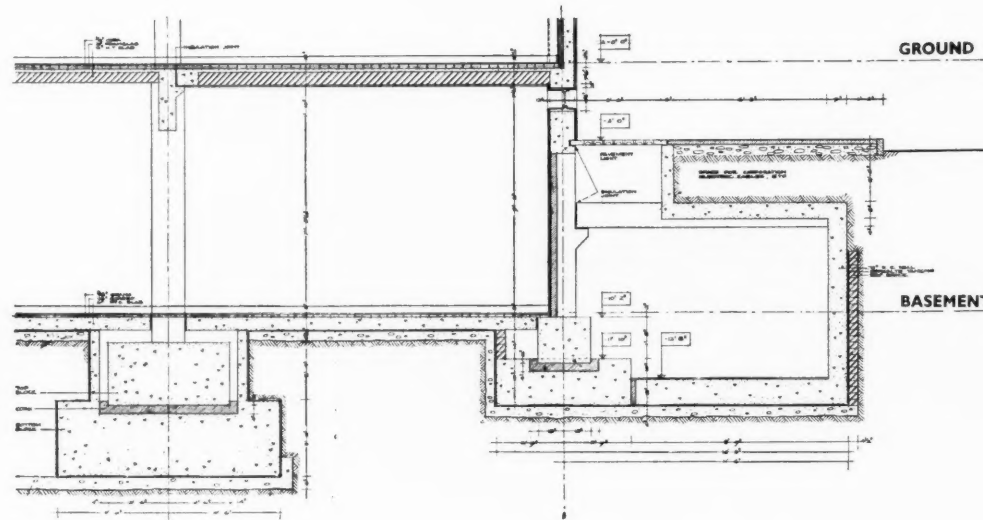
14

STAIRCASE DETAILS

12, Vertical section through staircase. 13, 6th floor landing looking towards fixed windows to inner court. 14, detail of precast terrazzo treads and risers. 16, typical lower landing.



15



16

STRUCTURAL DETAILS

15, typical section through offices showing the vertical and horizontal plenum ducts. 16, section through foundations and antivibration duct under pavement. The principles governing the construction are described on page 14.

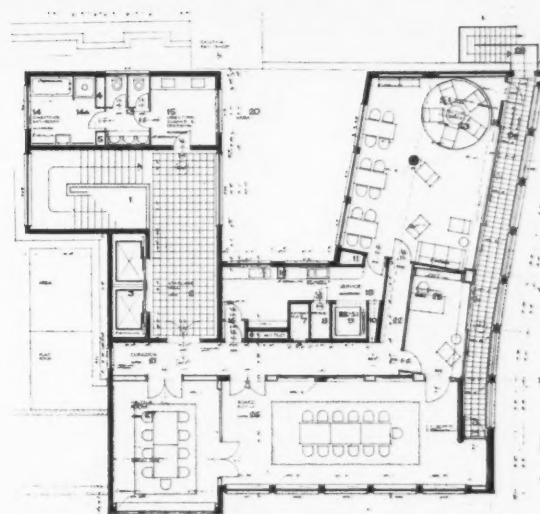
The Board Room, Directors Restaurant and Club Room are all on the sixth floor, divided from the open terrace to the South by large sliding doors, and are sufficiently high for street noise to be unobtrusive when these windows are fully open in the summer. These rooms have beautiful views over Hampstead Heath and Primrose Hill. This floor has an independent servery, communicating with the kitchen by a service lift. 17 and 18, The Directors' Club Room showing the sliding windows to terrace and the main sitting group against a curved panel of figured Birch. The Chairs are upholstered in pale blue, scarlet and black, the colours repeating those of the 19th century portrait of one of the founders.



16



17



SIXTH FLOOR PLAN

- 6-10. Vertical service ducts
- 11. Kitchen and servery extract
- 13-16. Directors' cloaks
- 19. Service
- 23. Directors' clubroom
- 24. Terrace
- 25. Chairman's room
- 26. Board room
- 27. Committee room



18

19

GILBEY HOUSE, CAMDEN TOWN



19



20

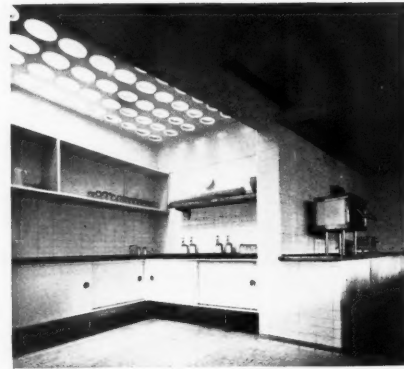
Contrasts in office design. 19, One of the porters' chairs from the Pantheon, seen in 21 in place on the staircase landing at Gilbey House. Another view of the landing is shown in 22. The Pantheon Offices, 20, with their impressive monumentality of decoration and furnishing are as expressive of their period as the new offices; air conditioned, and provided with services undreamed of in the former. 23, Kitchen. 24, Lavatory.



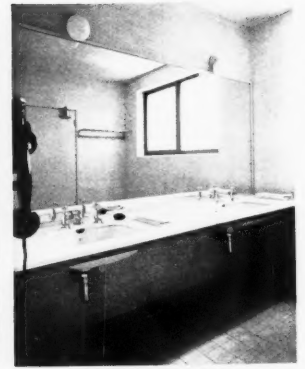
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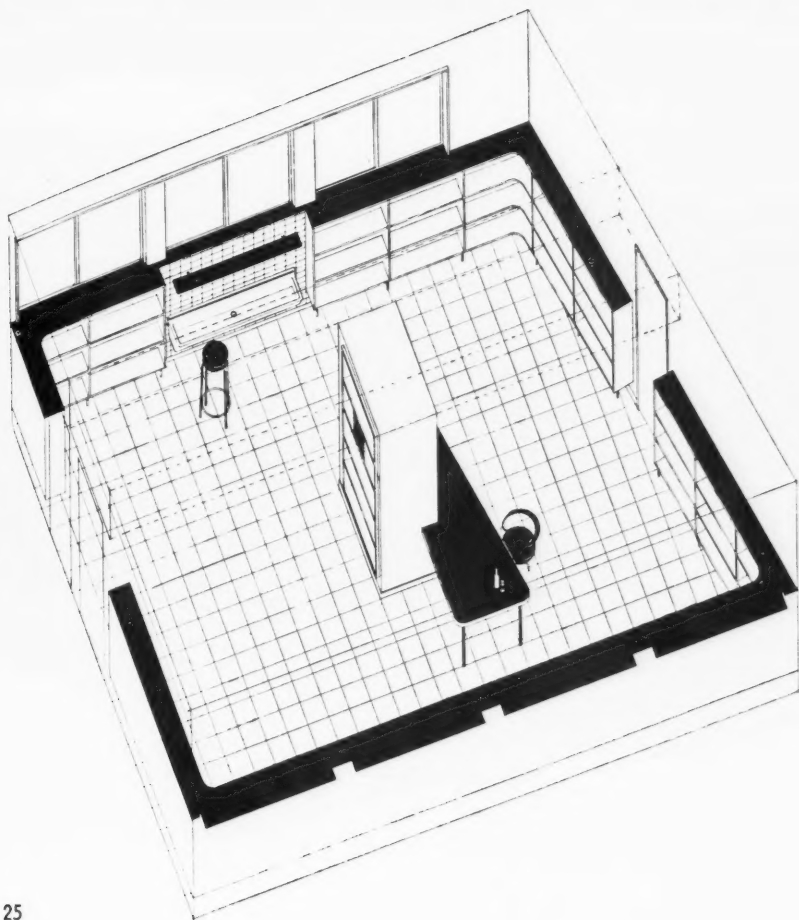
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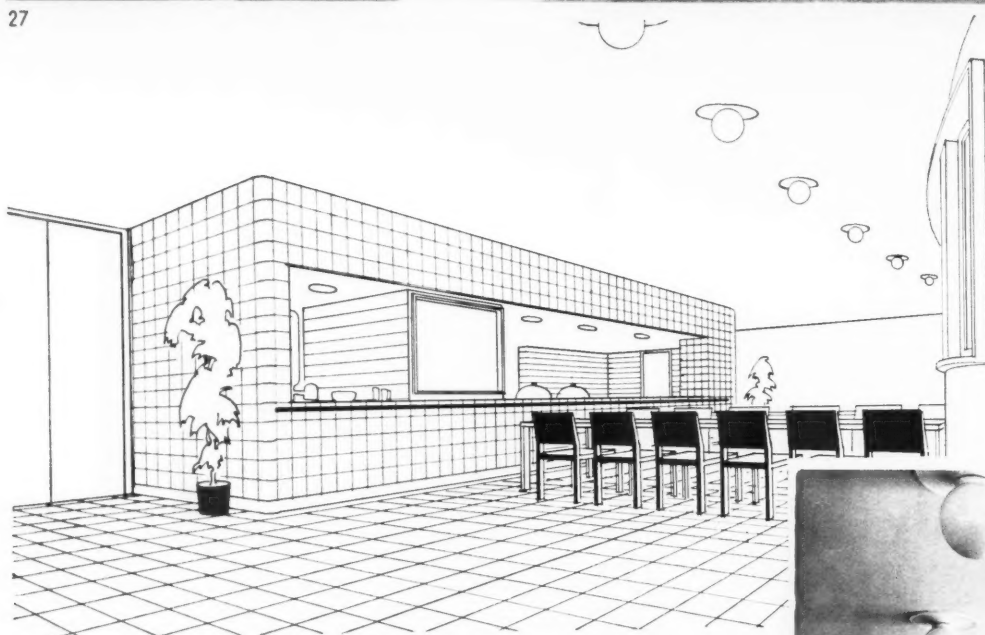


The Sample Room on the First Floor. Here samples of wines and spirits are tested before purchase. On arrival of shipments a sample of the bulk is compared with the purchase sample. Here, also, test blends are made up; the blend when completed is approved and passed for bottling, and the bottled product passed for condition and brilliancy. In all these operations the eye, the nose and the palate come into play. Special lights are provided for judging brilliancy and others for comparing colour. After tasting, the mouthful is ejected into a trough cleansed by running water. 25, An isometric drawing showing the general arrangement. The tops of the fittings are of stainless steel. The tasting trough can be seen on the far wall. 26, Detail of storage bins and shelves and the centre fitting with special lighting for brilliancy tests.





27



28

Preparation of food is in the basement, with its own entrance in the East. The cooked food is taken by means of an electrically-controlled lift to canteen level, to a "self-serving" counter. 27, View to Manager's Room from Canteen through sliding folding screen. 28, The Staff Canteen. The woodwork in the former is walnut, in the Canteen, birch. 29, Window detail.

The Canteen and Manager's Dining Room, silence not being an essential factor, have been placed on the ground floor where the various noise-preventive measures are likely to be least effective. As the Manager's section opens direct from the main entrance hall and is at the same time served direct from the main servery, this is separated from the Canteen only by a sliding folding partition, enabling the Manager's Dining Room to be used as an extension foyer or buffet to the Staff Canteen for performances, dances, etc., out of office hours.



29

How we celebrate the



a word to London's visitors

ROBERT BYRON

ONE SHILLING

The common lack of respect for our architectural inheritance, the negligence of the authorities both civil and ecclesiastical: even their hostility towards buildings committed to their care: was the subject of an article "How we celebrate the Coronation" by Robert Byron in a recent issue of the ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW since reprinted in pamphlet form (the adjacent illustration is a reproduction of the cover). The following article by Ernst. F. Burckhardt, is translated by P. Morton Shand and is reproduced, with the original illustrations, by courtesy of "Weiterbauen," Zurich. It tells of recent efforts to revitalize the aims and activities of the "Heimatschutz," a Swiss society of long standing, equivalent to the S.P.A.B. and C.P.R.E., that champions the cause of rural and architectural preservation. Seeking as it does to reconcile preservation as such—the prevention of the form of vandalism censured by Robert Byron in his article—with the constructive demands of a progressive architectural development, the reformed policy of the "Heimatschutz" is reprinted here because it represents a much sounder attitude towards preservation than the purely restrictive activities of the parallel organizations in England.

for
read // **HEIMATSCHUTZ**
C.P.R.E.
S.P.A.B.

On December 11th, 1935, the *Heimatschutz* (the Swiss equivalent of the C.P.R.E.) and the Swiss branch of the international society called the *Friends of the New Architecture* held a joint meeting at Zurich to discuss objects that these bodies have in common. The evening closed with the adoption of a resolution setting forth their respective future aims and spheres of activity which were signed by the executive committees of both organizations:

1. The *Heimatschutz* pledges itself to intensify its campaign, not only for the conservation of the remains of antiquity, but also to further the development of rational building throughout the country.

2. The various local organs of the *Heimatschutz* will not confine their endeavours to trying to preserve existing buildings and beauty spots; they will also give assistance in the form of advice and support constructive proposals for meeting pressing problems that are conceived in terms of organic replanning.

3. The *Heimatschutz* pledges itself to protect the community from the excrescences of private enterprise and land speculation. It will use its influence to secure the adoption of uniform town-planning and systematised measures of regional planning and their legal enforcement.

4. Consequently, the *Heimatschutz* is ready to support the efforts of all architects who set co-ordinated remodelling of our towns and countryside before the claims of vested interests.

5. In order to carry through this forward policy it is desirable that the representatives of the new architectural movement and the organization known as the *Friends of the New Architecture* should take an active part in the various institutions of the *Heimatschutz*.

6. Further it is essential that the local branches of the *Heimatschutz* should co-operate in the closest manner with the various State and Cantonal Commissions for Rural Preservation; and also use their influence to secure the nomination of members of the younger generation to serve on all commissions of this kind.

Since then much has been said both in praise and blame of this meeting between two societies that had hitherto pursued mutually antagonistic aims, though the editorial comments in the official organ of the *Heimatschutz* have shown only too clearly how scant has been the appreciation of what it was really all about. I think, therefore, that it can do no harm if I repeat what was said on that evening, and once again resume the attitude of the adherents of the New Architecture to the whole question of rural preservation.

At the time of its foundation the *Heimatschutz* was a young and courageous movement. It entered the lists on behalf of native peasant handicrafts against the soulless mechanization of industry. It stood up for a return to tradition at a period when all styles were adopted vicariously, and the architect had degenerated into a kind of talented decorator.

Today this same movement is in danger of becoming old-fashioned, fly-blown, and tiresome because cultural values have shifted their centre of gravity. What was formally sound and good has now become reactionary.



1



2

1, *The Rosshardt drawing class of the Zurich school of arts and crafts finds manifestations of the present age more stimulating than subjects like the "rustling mill," or those picturesque street-fountains and old doorway motifs of our great-grandparents' days.*

2, *"Love of country and fidelity to its traditions as part of the drawing instruction in our schools". (Caption and illustration from "Heimatschutz," No. 4, 1935).*

Those handicrafts on which the movement meant to take its stand no longer exist, and in many places industry has achieved a degree of quality surpassing that of manual crafts. The architects of today are no longer mere decorators who take pride in feats of virtuosity. Nowadays they seek a wider sphere, unite together, and strive to work in co-operation with institutions and societies which can simplify their investigations and support their efforts. It was thanks to these endeavours that the *Friends of the New Architecture* were able to establish contact with the *Heimatschutz*. We hoped that our co-operation would provide the latter with a fresh stimulus and give a new meaning to its title, for we are convinced that the movement represented by the *Heimatschutz* is every bit as vitally necessary today as it was at the moment of its foundation.

The fresh orientation of policy we had hoped for might be called *positive* rural preservation, though it is not

really new to the nature of this movement. In fact the change of attitude it implies has been evident for some time among the more active local groups, in which the complete transformation of our whole conception of architecture has already made itself felt.

It has been generally accepted that rural preservation can no longer confine itself to the conservation of what is ancient, but must also concern itself with the furtherance of what is new as well, and support new construction wherever it is designed to safeguard the character of a town or the aspect of the countryside. Another thing which has now been realized is that the preservation of the character of a town can only be achieved when rebuilding is planned on a large enough scale. Basle offers an example of valuable co-operation between local architects and the *Heimatschutz*. Here they joined forces to advocate a scheme for planning the new university buildings as a modern

intellectual Acropolis overlooking the Rhine.

There are, however, still plenty of people alive today, and many members of the *Heimatschutz* among them, who regard rural preservation as a sort of antiquarian hobby. These only joined the *Heimatschutz* because they are fond of old buildings, and care little what the rest of their country looks like. Then there are those many members who demand that the *Heimatschutz* should give vent to their own dislike of everything modern, and help them to dream their dreams of the good old times. It is certainly most important that monuments of a past age should be spared wherever practicable, and that they should be restored as honestly as possible. During the discussion at the joint meeting of the two societies already referred to, Werner Moser drew attention to the three basic principles for the preservation of buildings of cultural importance that have been laid down by the International Congress of

3, *This is the youth whose physical welfare it is the business of rural preservation societies to further.*

4, *This is the youth whose (apparently) harmless pursuits are fostered by those who labour under a misconception as to what rural preservation implies (from "Heimatschutz," 1934).*



3



4

Modern Architecture. They are as follows:

A historical monument should be preserved *if*

(a) It is of general interest as a typical and unadulterated expression of some former phase of civilization.

(b) Its maintenance does not entail condemning people to live in it should it embody bad housing conditions.

(c) Traffic can be deflected from its immediate vicinity in cases where its presence constitutes an obstacle to rational development, or the activities centred round it can be transferred to some other part of the town.

Yet after all what a small place is occupied by interesting old buildings on the face of a town or landscape! They ought, therefore, surely to occupy a proportionately small place among the *Heimatschutz's* activities? But in glancing through its official organ one is astonished to find what a large proportion of the contents is filled with them, and how little evidence it provides of any policy of *positive* rural preservation. Its pages are full of bitter letters about the disfiguration of our lake shores, but they evince a complete absence of constructive proposals, or illustrated examples of well-designed bathing-places and commendable water-side planning. Lists are published of old houses which have been demolished or are threatened with destruction unaccompanied by any attempt to estimate their true aesthetic value or weigh the reasons for their condemnation. Great prominence is given to folk-songs, peasant costumes, schoolchildren's drawings, etc., and the fundamental principles of the movement are forgotten.

A typical nightmare for the *Heimatschutz* members is the advertisement poster—not, indeed, altogether without reason. But in this particular field it is easy enough to fill pages with negative examples, and to forget how much modern life owes to its enlivening decorative influence. In the right place the poster should be given complete freedom, just as it should be rigorously banished wherever it jars with the landscape or prejudices safety on the roads. Why shouldn't dreary working-class streets, windowless factory façades, gaunt retaining-walls, and railway stations be adorned in the spirit of the age—not indeed with frescoes, but good, vigorous advertisements?



5. Former centuries can also claim examples of properly co-ordinated town planning. Aerial view of Neunkirch (Canton of Schaffhausen). Only a measure of controlled national planning actively furthered by the Rural Preservation Movement could hope to bring order into this chaos.



6. Horgen on the lake of Zürich: one of many similar examples of planless speculative development.



7. Neubühl, Zürich an example of a suburb planned in the spirit of positive rural preservation.



8. An advertising poster that is properly placed can become an urban ornament, a living work of art assimilated to the busy street scene. A streethoarding in Paris (from "Arts et Métiers graphiques" 1934).

I should like to make the concept of "rural preservation" far more general, yet far more precise, by developing it from the point of view of the architect and his work. Every architect fulfills the job entrusted to him to the best of his ability. He is in duty bound to watch over his client's interests. True, he receives a commission on the work he performs for him. But every architect who takes his profession seriously does far more for his client than this. If he has a sense of the higher and wider meaning of architecture, he plans his building as part of a greater whole, subordinating and harmonizing it to the landscape with a much kindlier regard for its neighbours than any local regulations require. He immerses himself in the economic and cultural aspects of his programme; he strives to assimilate his designs to the demands of his age. In older urban districts he is the pioneer of their rational redevelopment, in the country he opens the way for the systematic co-ordination of an eventual scheme of regional planning. Thus with his modest little job he seeks to make a definite contribution to a vital organic evolution. No one demands this extra contribution from him. On the contrary, his clients often regard it as an unnecessary complication, or an attempt to make himself self-important. The

voluntary extra work which he does for the community calls for recognition in higher quarters. I consider it to be one of the *Heimatschutz's* first positive duties to accord him its support in return for these services.

It is not enough to wax indignant about the erection of a factory or a silo in the middle of a village if no attempt had been made to decide what part of the neighbourhood concerned ought to be its industrial zone; or if the local authority feels itself under no obligation to establish a plan defining its residential, shopping, and manufacturing areas. There is no sense in lamenting that tall tenement barracks with mansard roofs should be standing in the heart of the country if no effort has been made to secure the adoption of building regulations limiting the number of floors in rural districts. Far from being saddened by the fact that the world goes on living, working, and building, the *Heimatschutz* ought to rejoice in it. It ought to lend a hand wherever there is to be orderly provision for our new way of living, and wherever the vices of land speculation are being attacked at their source. It ought to defend the work of all architects who are animated by this spirit, and to throw its weight into the scales on behalf of every proposal for rational building development or the systematic re-

modelling of an urban area. Finally, it should offer its active co-operation wherever the needs of transport, industry and agriculture are being intelligently studied, so that little by little a sane, organic measure of *national planning* can be carried into effect.

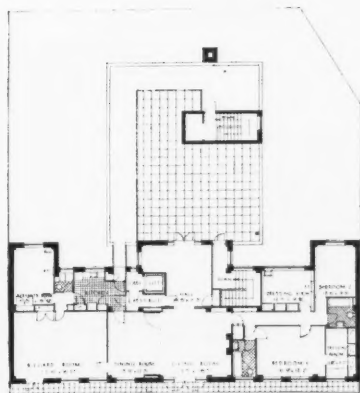
Why, it may be asked, should the Swiss branch of the International Congress of Modern Architecture take so much interest in the *Heimatschutz*? The answer is because this group unites all those younger architects who are striving to bring every form of building into a more congruous and interdependent relationship to which each individual structure shall add its quota. These men do not consider they have done their bit merely because "to build in the modern manner"—anyhow as regards externals—has now become general. They are not content with having won the well-meaning sympathy of many of the *Heimatschutz's* local committees, being eager to take an *active* part in its corporate work. They want to have the chance to show their veneration for every sterling exemplar of antiquity which typifies its age: that they execrate the chaotic building of the last few decades; and that they are confident of being able to weld present and future together in such a way as to make Switzerland a seemly as well as a worthy home for *all* her citizens.

CURRENT I

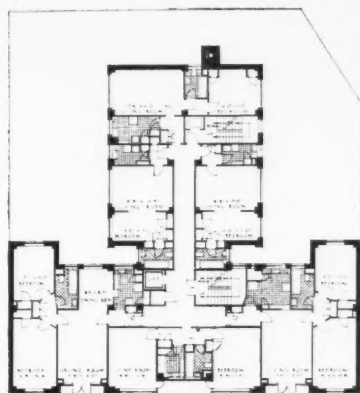
ARCHITECTURE

FRANK SCARLETT

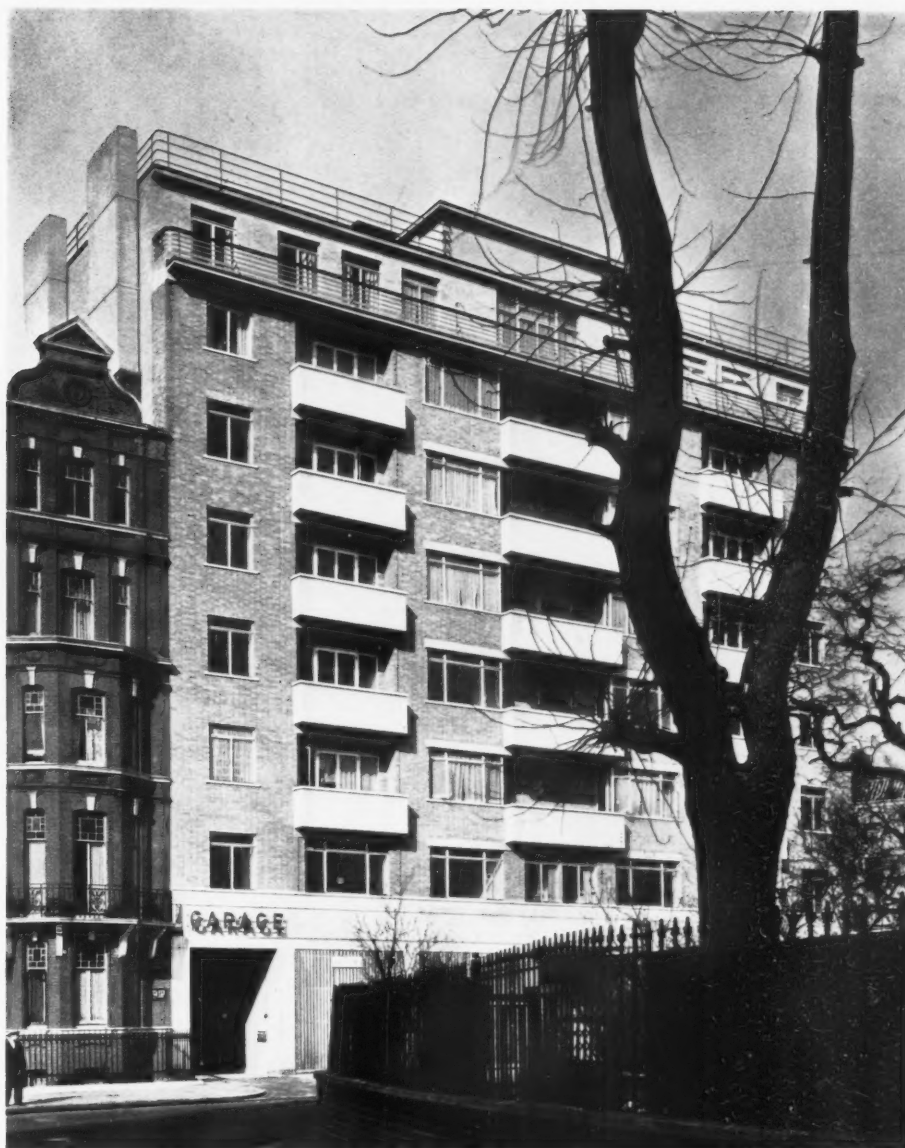
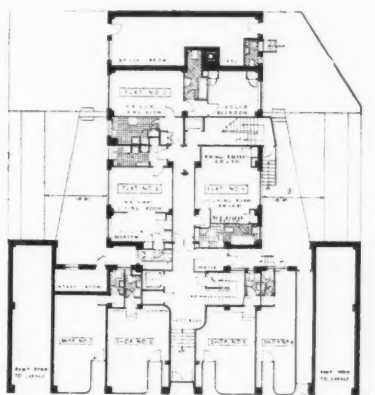
SEVENTH
FLOOR
PLAN



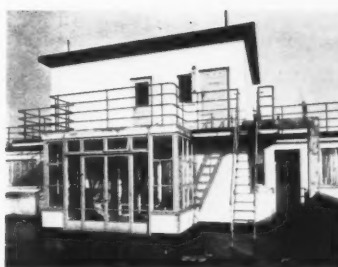
TYPICAL
FLOOR
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GROUND
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1



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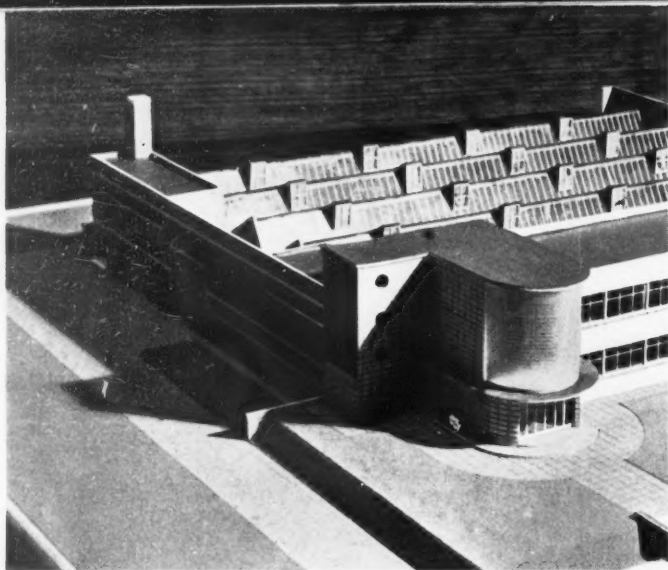
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4

Wallace Court, a block of flats in the Marylebone Road, has a ground floor occupied by shops and the entrances to the flats : in the basement a garage, 4, with in and out ramps : six floors of six flats per floor, and on the seventh a single flat which is occupied by the owner of the building. The building is constructed on a reinforced concrete frame. It is interesting to note that a steel frame was originally designed, but on obtaining alternative tenders (on quantities) the reinforced concrete frame showed a saving of over 10 per cent.

on the cost of the building. The panel walls are of 13½ in. brickwork with silver-grey facings on the Marylebone Road frontage, 1, and sand lime bricks for the other elevations. The seventh floor front elevation is of white bricks. The windows on the front elevation are specially designed to give large glass areas, and in the centre flats are combined with french doors, 3, giving access to balconies. 2, a view of the roof garden to the seventh floor flat.



1



2



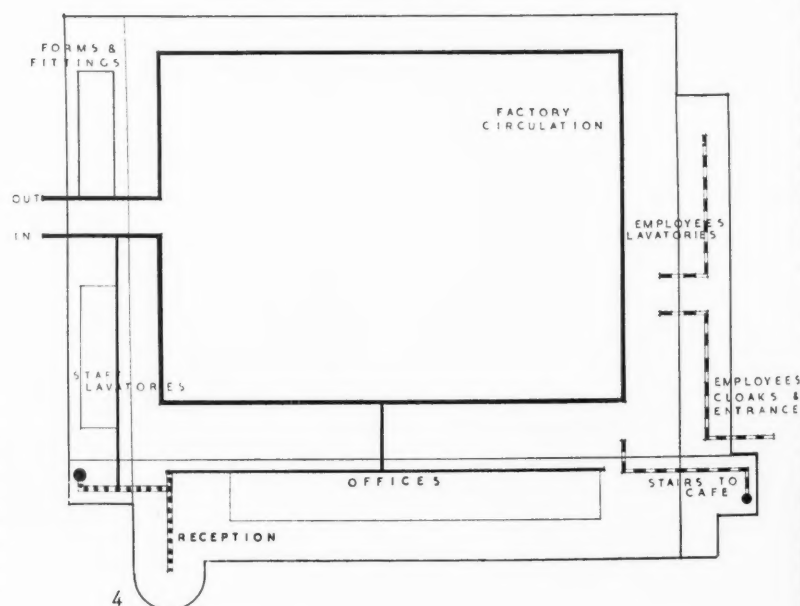
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CURRENT ARCHITECTURE

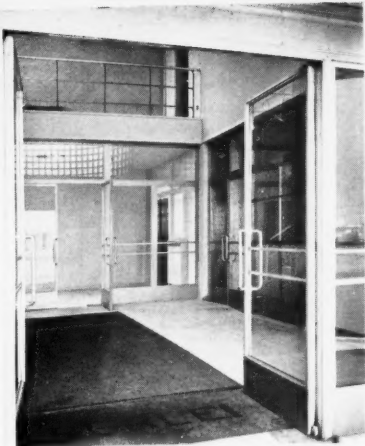
2

SIR JOHN BROWN AND HENSON
IN ASSOCIATION WITH
W. DAVID HARTLEY

The Berlei corset factory, which stands on a site on the Great West Road at Slough, consists of an administrative block facing the road with the factory behind. The plan, 4, is arranged to avoid confusion of circulation between employees and goods; also to obtain the requisite north lighting for the factory. The model, 1, shows the effect of introducing different building levels on a site which is practically flat. The administrative block, being raised above the factory area, simplifies supervision and presents a more monumental elevation to the road. The office block, 2 and 3, is faced externally with faience slabs and the factory block with buff facing bricks. Windows are metal, painted dark green, the window over the main entrance in glass bricks. 4 and 5 show the entrance hall and the canteen, 6 and 7 are two views of the staircase and 8 a view of the entrance hall from the first floor landing.



4



4



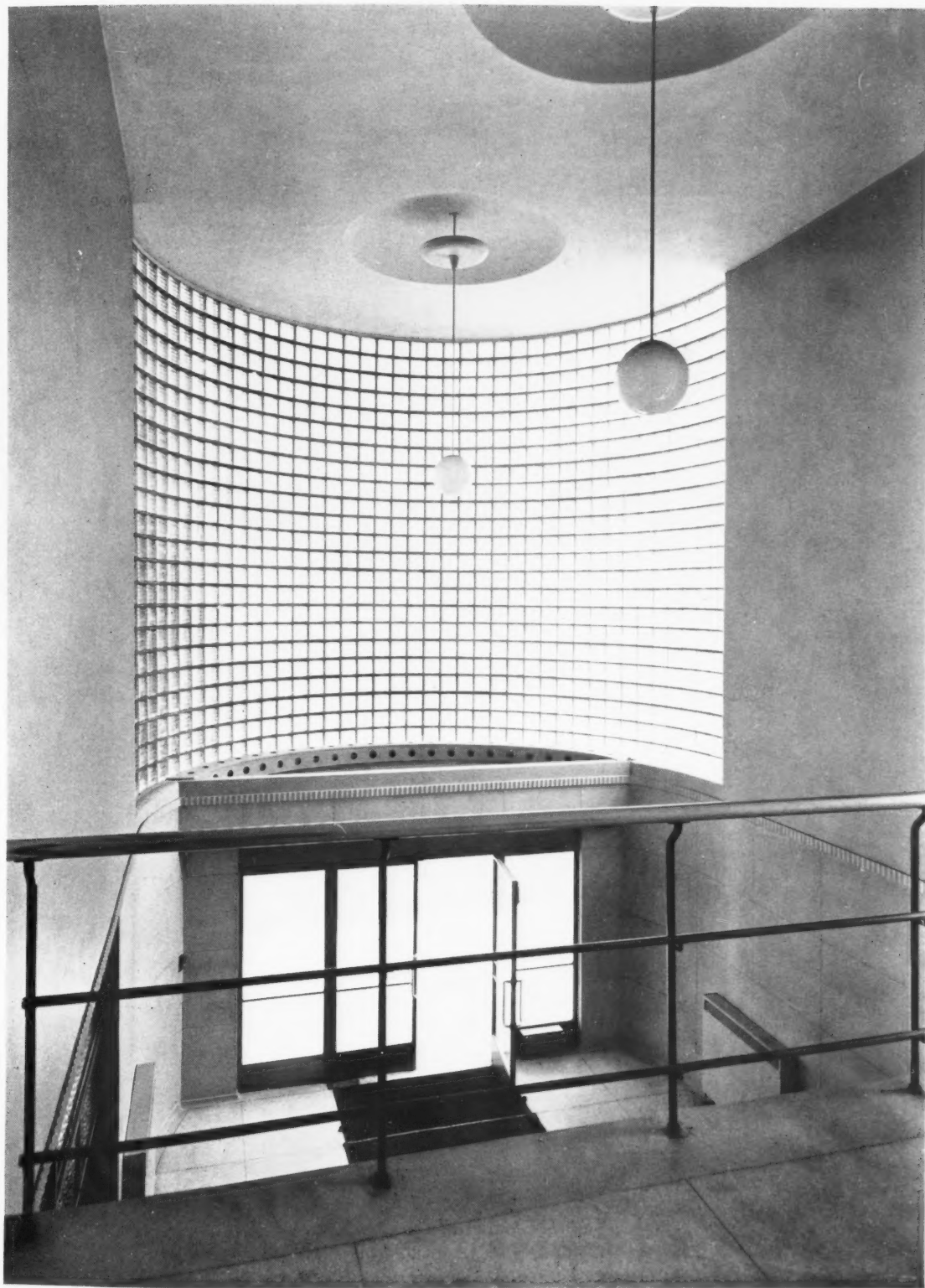
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CURRENT ARCHITECTURE 3

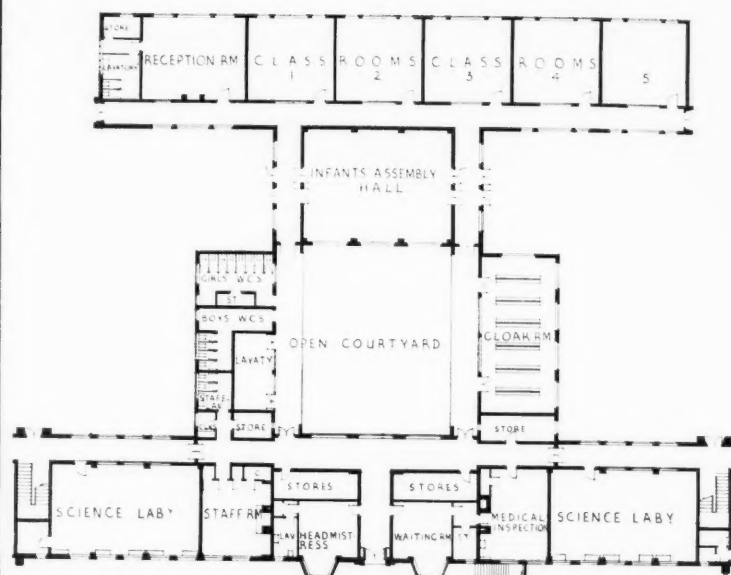
LOUIS DE SOISSONS



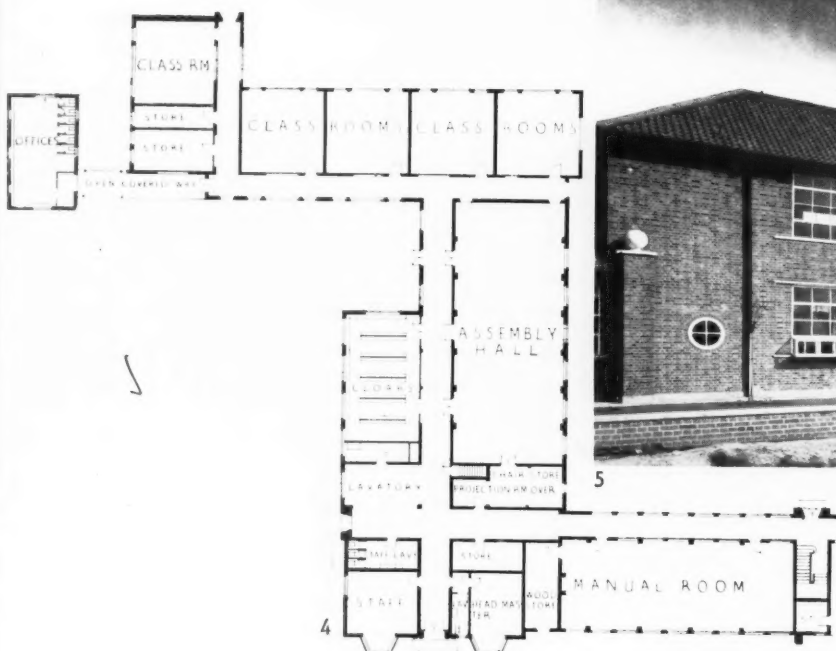
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4



5

The Silver Jubilee School at Bedford is planned for 360 senior boys, 360 senior girls and 280 infants. The entrance to the senior girls' department is shown in 1. The general planning principle has been to occupy as little building depth as possible in order to leave free the maximum area for playing fields. Class rooms all face towards the playing fields, and are planned in three blocks divided by groups of trees. 3, Plan of

centre block : 4, the boys' wing. Above the class-rooms are craft rooms for senior boys and girls. 2. Special rooms for manual, domestic science and other purposes are in the front of the building, facing north-west. The building is in brick, 5, with reinforced concrete beams and piers; the internal walls fair faced brickwork, distempered; floors wood block (Canadian birch) and granolithic paving; staff lavatories tiled.



X. Alfred Darbyshire Accounted a good actor

by Dudley Harbron

ON a certain Sunday in June 1839, after meeting two Quaker gentlemen walked toward the home of the younger, when the senior of the two remarked to his companion—"it would be a good idea to print a list of the trains between Liverpool and Manchester."

The speaker a handsome gentleman, George Bradshaw, was the brother-in-law of his companion William Darbyshire, a dye-works manager residing in Peel Street, Salford. It was so that the now celebrated Bradshaw's buff-backed Time-Table of the trains was evoked. For birth was in the air, Mrs. Darbyshire had been delivered of a son that same day.

The child, in due course named Alfred, was thus a very complete Victorian, for the young Queen had been upon the throne for two years to the day—the 20th of June. Nor was it to be long before the popular ruler was complimented by change of the name of the street into which Alfred Darbyshire was born: from Peel to Melbourne, Her Majesty's first minister.

Melbourne Street was in the semi-rural setting of 18th century Salford. It consisted of a row of red brick Georgian houses in the shade of the classic St. Philip's Church, then in the open fields. The district was quiet and respectable.

In these surroundings Alfred spent most of the first ten years of his life; receiving unquakerlike stimulus from the contemplation of a military funeral, and falling down the steps which led to his front door, got a lifelong architectural impression. He was marking-time on the topstep when this swift retribution overtook him.

In 1851, uncle George Bradshaw took his twelve year old nephew to London to see the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park. The furniture and objects of fine art naturally astonished the young visitor. The Prince Consort had succeeded in directing his subjects' thoughts toward the ornamentation of their surroundings. Alfred was one of his willing converts. He wanted a watch chain. Instead he was packed off to Ackworth—the Quaker school near Pontefract. There the drawing master Henry Sparkes

(by nature an artist) had been trained as an architect and surveyor. Indeed he is still remembered as having made the second survey of the school estate. Darbyshire accompanied the artist upon his sketching excursions. Sparkes, as a means of instruction set his boys the task of sketching, measuring and plotting out part of the school buildings. The problem was particularly interesting for Darbyshire who made a painstaking drawing of the boys wing. Then, learning that this procedure was part of an architect's professional activity, Alfred determined that on leaving school he would ask to be trained as an architect.

Now in Manchester at that time one of the principal firms was that of Lane and Alley. Mr. Richard Lane had retired. Age had overcome him; age and the aftermath of the exhibition. The bits of Manchester which he had designed under the impression that Athens and England had some affinity, were become embedded in a welter of warehouses. Mr. Alley was responsible for some of these and for the endless cotton-mills that fed them. To Mr. Alley then it was that Alfred Darbyshire was article; with him upon the realistic design of cotton-mills his romantic mind was disciplined. Before he was out of his time, as befitted a young man who had been awarded the Society of Arts prize for a drawing—*The death of a Stag*—he was trying to give these homely structures some architectural trimmings. For every self-respecting architect at least knew that cotton mills were not architecture until they had a few bits of Egypt or Italy, or mediæval England added. That was the architects *raison d'être*. In fact the business of let's pretend was established in adult society.

The members of Mr. Alley's staff had, like sensible men, other interests than architecture. The manager was, when Mr. Alley was called away from the office, a born actor; and several of the pupils—notably one Hodgkinson—believed that given the opportunity he could hold a large audience enthralled. Darbyshire was interested and joined in the mummery. He liked parts with a make-up of whiskers. Uncle George was clean shaven and Quakers do not act in such worldly ways. His father was interested in Mechanics Institutes and their uplift of the working man. Save that he had a liking for improving exhibitions, the influence of William Darbyshire upon his son's career was negative. The son was unlike his sire.

In 1858 Darbyshire took a busman's holiday, one of several such during his pupilage. He visited Lyme Hall, the seat of W. J. Legh, Esq. (later ennobled as Lord Newton). He occupied his time in sketching and measuring the renaissance building partly designed by Leoni. Indeed, instigated by the owner, Darbyshire intended to compile an illustrated monograph of the building. During other of his holidays he studied mediæval architecture, visiting Haddon Hall and the Abbeys in North Yorkshire, for the Gothic revival threatened to render all classic studies superfluous. Pugin had preached the doctrine "see England first," and now that most young men were busy complying with his request, they might meet Mr. G. G. Scott in any

cathedral. Mr. Darbyshire had that excitement in Ripon.

On the expiration of his articles in 1860, Darbyshire continued with Mr. Alley doing mills. It was two years later, following upon a visit to the exhibition of 1862, that he decided to venture as an architect upon his own account. Possibly the exhibition prompted him to take the step. It certainly convinced him that through the revival of Gothic lay the hope of English architecture. Or it may have been because Lord Newton gave him the job of completing the building of Lyme Hall which Darbyshire had surveyed as a pupil; or that soon afterward Bewlay, Moss and Co. of Dublin, commissioned him to design a large sugar refinery, which determined him to open an office.

When the plans of the factory building were completed the clients suggested that a consulting engineer should be called in to inspect them. The architect proposed that Sir William Fairbairn the eminent engineer be retained. When the two met, Fairbairn, after examining the plans, commented:—"I am convinced that the time has arrived for the introduction of wrought iron for building purposes."

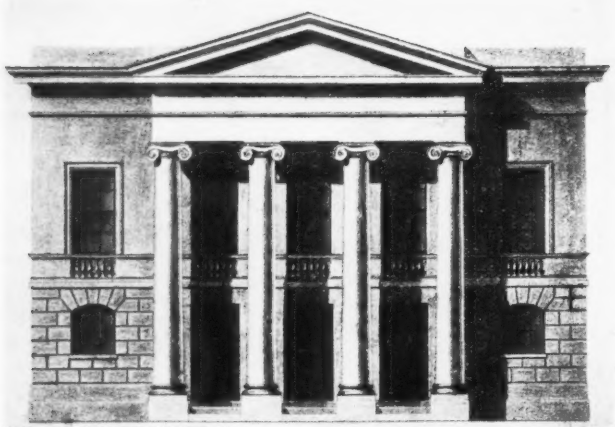
Darbyshire agreed. The owners consented and their building was thus the first in which rolled steel was used to support the loads.

Most architects try their luck in competition. When the council of Pendleton near Salford resolved to build a Town Hall, Darbyshire, now a confirmed mediævalist, decided to submit a design. The exhibition of '62 had convinced him that neo-gothic was the most lively movement in architecture. He had studied the genuine examples and felt himself capable of designing something worth while. His friends less sure of the public appreciation advised him to try an alternative classic design. Fortunately he accepted the hint and prepared another design; for his Gothic effort was ignored and the Italian renaissance suggestion was preferred in this the first competition he had entered.

Meantime his private theatrical entertainment in Mr. Alley's office had developed into a public performance as an amateur in a Shakespearean play at the Theatre Royal, Manchester.

The manager of the Theatre, C. A. Calvert, thought Darbyshire's playing of his part out of the ordinary. In consequence of his success as an actor there was some suggestion that he should change his profession. For Whitehead the manager of the Theatre at Bury was equally impressed by his performance. When Whitehead took a company on tour—which turned out a failure—it was to Darbyshire that he turned for support. Whitehead wrote to the architect inviting him to come to Hereford and play the part of Othello—and to bring along with him an architect friend in the part of Cassio. Obviously with two leading parts in the mouths of amateurs the expenses of production were much reduced.

When the two actors reached Hereford they found that they had been billed as Stars from the Theatre Royal, Manchester. They were already famous. The result of this advance publicity was that the



1. The Salford Town Hall. Darbyshire's competition-winning design submitted as an alternative to a building in the Gothic "style."

theatre was packed from floor to ceiling by an expectant audience of Shakespearean enthusiasts. These would have been well rewarded had not Bertram, a professional actor cast as the Duke of Venice, been drunk; not only drunk, but vexed that these two amateurs should have such prominent parts in the play. In his befuddled state, something about the make-up of Darbyshire as the Moor of Venice reminded him of a Turkey rhubarb merchant he had seen on London Bridge. All went well until the scene when the Moor appears before the duke and his court. At this stage the duke

murmured something about "rhubarb" and set the caste a tittering. The audience did not at first notice any departure from the book, but this obtuseness only emboldened Bertram to punctuate each appearance of Othello with this ridiculous epithet, until the audience became annoyed—when Iago, to relieve the tension threw the offending Bertram off the stage.

This experience deterred Darbyshire from adopting the profession of actor which he had momentarily considered as a possibility. Whitehead the manager was consoled for his financial loss by one of the

audience, a lady who married him out of sympathy and endowed him with all her considerable worldly goods.

The two disillusioned actors returned to Manchester. They did not however desert the stage. The same year Darbyshire played Polonius to the Hamlet of Henry Irving. The performance was such a huge success that it was repeated on the following day. It was the first time that Irving, then unknown beyond Lancashire had played the part, further it is probably the only occasion when an amateur actor-architect has supported so distinguished a professional.

It almost follows naturally that an architect who is also an actor should be employed in the design of buildings in which plays are presented. In the instance of Darbyshire the inevitable happened. His friend Calvert desiring to enlarge the Theatre Royal, Manchester, happily retained to do the work the services of the young man whose performance he had admired. Indeed Calvert proved himself a faithful friend; throughout his life Darbyshire was a source of assistance to him in many emergencies. On one occasion he designed and painted the scenery for *The Merchant of Venice*. Calvert prospered and later purchased the Princes Theatre, Manchester, which his friend altered.

Like his Uncle Bradshaw, Darbyshire was of an inventive turn of mind. The faculty is rare, though those who have it seem to possess it abundantly. Our hero gave, as will appear, frequent reign to original ideas. In 1870 he entered for an open competition for an abattoir at Manchester because he had imagined an important innovation in the plan of such buildings. It consisted in conveying the dead meat to the market from the slaughter house by overhead tracks. He was not too optimistic for he was awarded the prize. He complained afterwards that his idea had been adopted by other architects, without acknowledgment, for the lay-out of abattoirs in most of the cities of Europe.

Next year he decided to build himself a house, in order to try out some new ideas which he had for the design and arrangement of domestic buildings. He felt that the building would advertise him—because it would excite discussion. It did. The building attracted the attention of the Town Clerk of Manchester, who insisted on buying it before it was completed, so that the author was unable personally to apprise the result of his ideas.

As Calvert proved himself a true friend, so equally Henry Irving, in the great days that were to become, did not forget the architect who as a young man had played to his Hamlet. Having left Manchester for London Irving had attained some success and to further his ambition had obtained the lease of the Lyceum Theatre. The original theatre, and that which he leased had each of them been designed by Samuel Beazley, who had decorated the auditorium ceiling "in imitation of lace work on a pink coloured ground" in order to please Madame Vestris—the daughter of Bartolozzi and the mother of Mathews. Thus in this one building did these three minor masters meet.

The new architect let himself

go on the decoration of this theatre—particularly in the private box for the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and in the dressing room of Ellen Terry. Constructionally the Lyceum was altered with careful regard for the safety of the audience and the performers. The scheme whereby this was done was known afterwards as the Irving-Darbyshire Safety Plan.

The main principles of this Safety Plan were: to isolate the property; to separate the audience from the stage; to provide two exits from every part of the house; to construct a glazed louvred light over the stage; and that the materials of the auditorium and the escape stairs should be fireproof. Now that we are familiar with these precautions they do not seem more than common sense, but at the time of their introduction by Darbyshire they were unique. To have devised them was a considerable feat. All subsequent theatres of any consequence had to follow the plan. Darbyshire himself built the Comedy, Manchester, the Palace of Varieties in the same city, and the new theatre in Exeter all on these lines.

In 1880, he was asked by some friends to come to London to meet a certain Belgian count who they thought it would be to his advantage to know.

The encounter was arranged to take place at a smart new London hotel. The meeting was so satisfactory that Darbyshire before he left the presence of the interesting gentleman, had been appointed to secure three large sites and to prepare the plans for three new theatres. For the London building he succeeded in securing a site on the Thames Embankment, for the two others—sites in the North of England. All the people who knew of the project were very enthusiastic over the possibilities of financial gain, and there was keen competition among actor managers to secure the lease of the projected London Theatre. The architect worked hard on the schemes for nine months; when the curtain dropped the foreign gentleman ceased to correspond; letters sent to him were returned endorsed "gone, no address." That was the end of the three mirage except the explanations.

Undoubtedly as an offshoot of his theatrical interests, and especially of his scenic designs of Mediaeval London and other architectural settings for Calvert, Darbyshire was appointed by the Committee to design the background for an artistic bazaar. They thought that something like the kind of scenery he had created on the stage would attract attention. As they planned to hold the event in St. James's Hall, Manchester, Darbyshire suggested that there was space enough to arrange the stalls behind a façade representing a German town of the 15th-16th century. He proposed to dress the stall-holders in the costume of the country and period. So great was the success of this idea (which was not quite new) that he was afterwards approached from all quarters to stage variants of this kind of décor.

The chief displays of this sort which he undertook were the Shakespeare Show at the Albert Hall, London. In this case the background was Stratford-on-Avon. A representation



2. Costumes designed by Alfred Darbyshire for the "Shakespeare Show," at the Albert Hall "... the actors being represented in correct and artistic costume, by ladies of rank and fashion, who, in the intervals, presided over the stalls of a fancy bazaar." Caption and illustrations from the "Illustrated London News," May 31st, 1884. The headpiece to this article is an illustration of Ackworth School.

of the church concealed the organ; streets and houses formed the remainder of the background. The stall holders in groups wore the costumes of the plays by the dramatist. Many of the costumes were designed by the architect, who cut out the patterns "full size" before they were made up. In this detail he was following in the footsteps of some of his predecessors; Kent who dressed his lady friends as the Orders; Owen Jones who designed George Eliot's costumes.

But the summit of Mr. Darbyshire's adventures as a showman designer was reached suitably in the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria 1887. For this historic occasion he planned a full size reproduction of Old Manchester and Salford. He expended much care and research before he planned the setting, naturally this had great sentimental interest for him and his fellow citizens.

Unlike the early scenery, all of which was designed to be shown under cover—this last *chef d'œuvre* was to be built in the open air, to be seen from all sides and from above.

The entire conception was successfully completed, and the spectacle was a tremendous success. It is amusing to learn that the reproduction of the old Parish Church of Manchester was so much appreciated that £1,500, was taken in copper from shrewd Lancastrians who paid for the privilege of ascending the artificial tower to view the imitation town from above.

Darbyshire wrote three books. One of these *An Architect's Experiences* is the foundation for the events in this sketch. He became the President of the Manchester Society of Architects, to which body he gave their Presidential Badge. He died in 1908, aged 69, young, as men count age today.

Book of the Month

A Persian Pilgrimage

By Sacheverell Sitwell

"THE ROAD TO OXIANA." By Robert Byron, London Macmillan & Co. Price 10s. 6d. net.

No writers on Persia, Lord Curzon included, have written good descriptions of Persian architecture. But "The Road to Oxiana," which has some splendid photographs, has, as well, the rare merit of surpassing its own illustrations. This is the more remarkable in that it is in diary form. That preserves to it all the merits of a book of adventure. Mr. Robert Byron, as a writer, has remarkable powers of characterization so that his persons live before our eyes. It is a book, therefore, which should have a general appeal over and above its specialist interest. In fact this book, together with "Gentle Savage" by Mr. Richard Wyndham, are for the general reader two of the best books of the last twelve months. The mention of this latter, which has the Sudan for its subject, is the measure of the former. All who enjoyed one will delight in the other.

But now, turning over the pages of "The Road to Oxiana," we will pause at his illustrations of architecture, while glancing at the opposite page in order to read his descriptions. The Dome of the Rock, at Jerusalem, is the start, so to speak, of his architectural pilgrimage though it is not Persian and not even wholly Mohammedan in origin, being in large part the work of Greek craftsmen. Soon, catching the author's infection, one is longing to reach Persia and for that reason impatient to leave Teheran, the modern capital. And, at last, but not much before page two hundred, we are in Isfahan.

Here is part of his description of that city. "You drive about, under avenues of white tree trunks and canopies of shining twigs; past domes of turquoise and spring yellow in a sky of liquid violet-blue; overlooked by lilac mountains and by other ranges receding to a line of snowy surf." Mr. Byron is, it may be, a little hard on the Royal Mosque of Shah

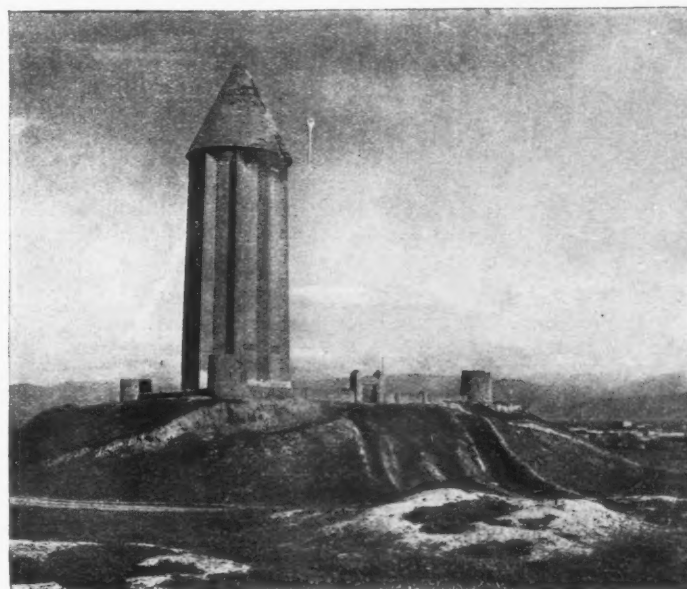
Abbas but he is explicit in his admiration for the smaller mosque on the far side of the Maidan, called by Shah Abbas after his father-in-law, Sheikh Lutfullah. This, judged by any standard, must be one of the loveliest buildings in the world.

But it is already apparent how few and far between are the masterpieces of Persian Art. We may admire the Gumbad-i-Kabus, though unable to place it, as does the author, in the final hierarchy among the greatest works of man. But that tomb tower, the Gumbad-i-Kabus apart, the world of Persian Art in which he travelled contains three great things: the mosque of Sheikh Lutfullah, the ruined buildings of Herat in Afghanistan, and the Shrine at Meshed. We come back, therefore,

to the mosque of Shiekh Lutfullah. This was begun in 1618, at a very late date, in fact. Its boldness in decoration appears at once in the dome, which is built of very small bricks enamelled with a design of a branching rose tree in black and white. The interior of this dome is the climax of tiled decoration with its network of compartments increasing in size downwards, as they descend from the formalized peacock in the centre of the dome. They form, in fact, the eyes within that fabulous and exaggerated plumage. The walls, below, have splendid tiled inscriptions in Cufic characters and panels of tiled work in the Persian carpet convention. Mr. Byron characterizes this interior as of a splendour that has no counterpart elsewhere; though the places



Isfahan: the Dome of Sheikh Lutfullah; 1618. From "The Road to Oxiana."



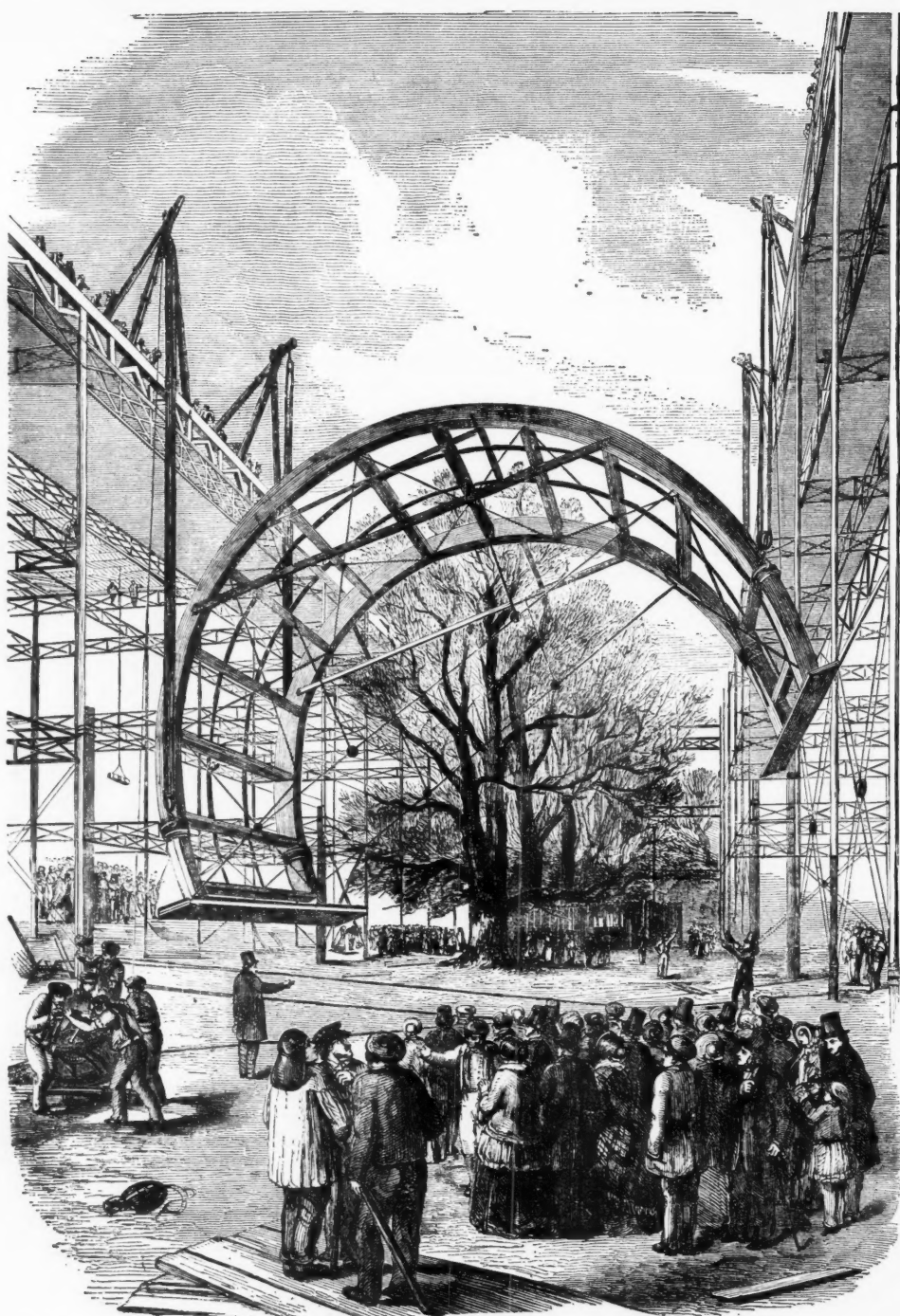
The Tower of Kabus; 1007. In "The Road to Oxiana," Robert Byron writes that "The Gumbad-i-Kabus ranks with the great buildings of the world," an opinion which Sacheverell Sitwell is unwilling to support.

that came into his mind, as he wrote that, are all in the decadence of their own particular styles, and prove by analogy the over-ripe and only just achieved beauties of this astonishing scene.

The Musalla, at Herat, has so seldom been visited of late years that it is almost the discovery of the author. Perhaps a touch of romantic excitement at being in an unknown land, Afghanistan, has entered into his description of its beauties. It is certain that he, here, excels himself. The Musalla consists, now, of little more than seven broken minarets, but these are still above a hundred feet in height. Four of them marked the corners of a mosque which was built by Gohar Shad Begum, the daughter-in-law of Timur, a lady whom Mr. Byron can claim to have brought back into popular history by the pains he has devoted to her memory. The shafts of these minarets he describes as "covered with small diamond-shaped lozenges filled with flowers, and bordered with white faience in relief, so that the upper part of each minaret seems to be wrapped in a glittering net." If the mosaic on the rest of the Musalla surpassed, or even equalled, what is left today on the broken minarets, there can never, as he remarks, have been such a mosque before or since. It is appalling to think that the destruction of these wonderful monuments dates from 1885 when the British, in one of their periodical panics of Russia, sent a commission of the Indian Army to destroy anything that might give cover to the advancing Cossacks, an instance, be it noted, in which the Russian steamroller, for a change, was



"My Lower Middle-class Persian Self." . . . "the costume (the means by which the author made his way into the forbidden Shrine of Meshed) "was subtle: brown shoes with tight black trousers four inches too short; grey coat; gold stud instead of a tie; our servant's mackintosh; and a black Pahlevi hat which I aged by kicking it—these components created the perfect type of Marjoribank's Persia!"—From "The Road to Oxiana."



Raising the centering for the transept. The wooden arches, 108 feet high were raised into place by a gang of "longshore-men." The position of the trees necessitated their being two bays from the dead centre of the building.—From "1851 and the Crystal Palace."

threatening our toes. Herat, because of this foolishness, is no longer one of the wonders of the world. It was the home of Bihzad, the greatest of the Persian artists, and perhaps some idea of its buildings may be gained from the superb reproductions, done lately, of one or two of his manuscripts.

The shrine of Meshed is the work, also, of that same Gohar Shad. This is one of the most sacred places of the East and it was only by disguising himself as a Persian and running considerable personal risk that the author contrived, not so much to enter as to pass swiftly through, its enamelled portals. He had a vision, hardly daring to raise his eyes, of a "swollen sea-green dome adorned with yellow tendrils," and then, hurrying into the court of the mosque, was able to see the two magnificent texts or friezes made in tiles; one of them, a border of white writing powdered over a field of gentian blue along the skyline

of the entire quadrangle; the other, a border of the same alphabet in daisy white and yellow on a sapphire field. This latter was designed by Baisanghor, the son of Gohar Shad, a famous calligrapher in his time. It is dated 1418. The whole of this vision was a matter of seconds and he had no time to see more than this.

The Shrine of Meshed has, in fact, only been opened to a very few Europeans. It is as inviolate as the Potala at Lhasa. This, of course, adds much to its glamour; but, now that Herat is in ruins, and Samarcand and Bokhara are known to contain but little in comparison, the Shrine of Meshed, a small town on the far eastern edge of Persia, next to Afghanistan, contains, it is evident, the finest building in the Persian Mohammedan style. Let us hope, in order that it should preserve its glamour, that Meshed may for long remain distant and difficult of access!

SACHEVERELL SITWELL.

Art and Industry

EIGHTEEN-FIFTY-ONE AND THE CRYSTAL PALACE. By C. Hobhouse, London: John Murray, Price 7s. 6d.

For the present generation the stress laid on the function of the Palace as a classic example of mass-produced unit construction tended to obscure its original one, that of housing the Great Exhibition, and, following the spate of obituary literature evoked by its untimely disappearance, Mr. Hobhouse's witty and agreeable book comes as reminder and relief.

The Exhibition was Prince Albert's effort to instil into the British public something of that whole-hearted appetite for education inherent in the German; "he never quite got rid of the idea that the man who doesn't talk about his work is bad at it"; if the English would not talk they should at least see; the progress arrived at in the realms of art, commerce, and manufactures, should be displayed in the capital city to its inhabitants. It was also, perhaps only half-consciously, a bid for that popularity which ever eluded him. Neither project was realized, in that the public, opposition once conquered, took the exhibition to its heart, not from the educative standpoint, but as a new and glorious fun-fair, and with sure instinct for self-flattery regarded it as their own, without so much as a thought to its originator.

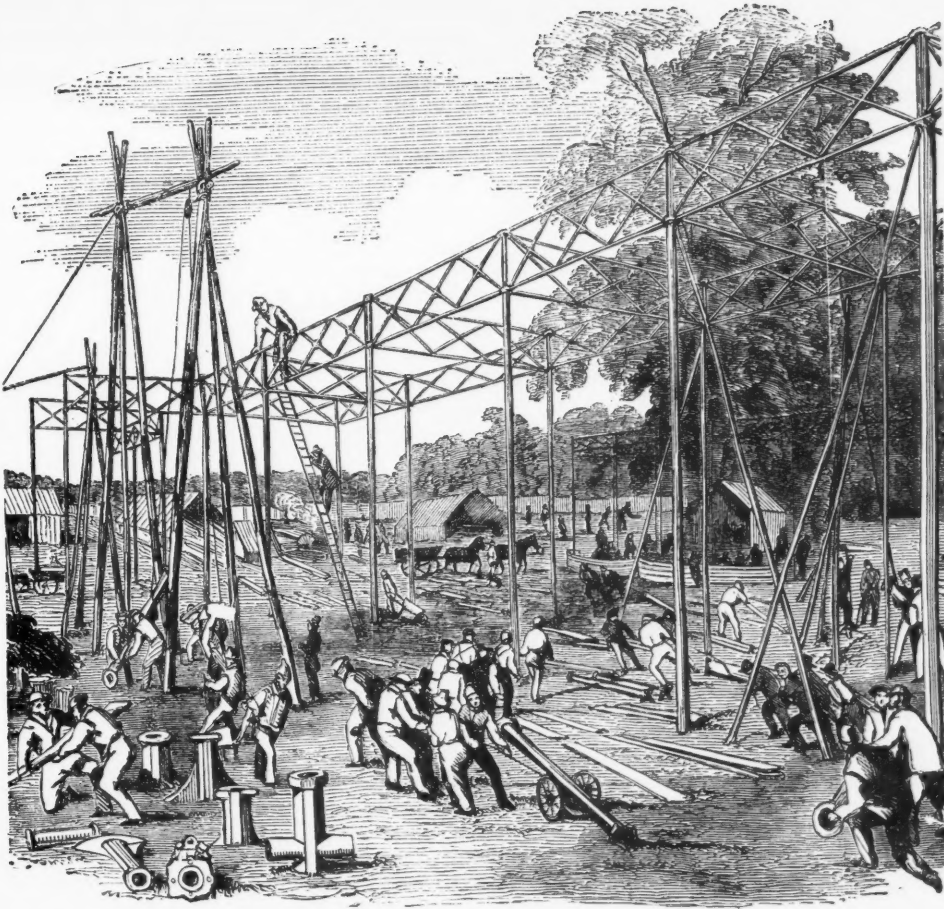
In Mr. Hobhouse's book the inception of the exhibition by the Prince and Henry Cole, the victory of Paxton's design over that of the established committee, and the part of Jeremiah the prophet as played by the redoubtable Colonel Sibthorp, M.P. (this gentleman found an amazing number of similes for the building, referring to it in turn as a sieve, an oven, a hotbed of popery, a tower of babel, a lightning conductor, and a house of cards) are entertainingly described.

As far as progress in the applied arts and sciences was concerned the Palace itself was the outstanding contribution, and the achievement was the more extraordinary in that Paxton was a virtual amateur, with none of the specialized training of engineer or architect; its contents ranged from scientific improvements of the first importance to the purely ridiculous. A "masticating knife for the use of the toothless," an "expanding" hearse, a silent alarm clock which turned the sleeper's bed on its side at any given hour, these ranged side by side with the "fifty-four varieties of life-boat contributed by the Duke of Northumberland," and a "model for a canal across the isthmus of Suez" from Mr. Clark, of the Seaside Hotel, Hastings.

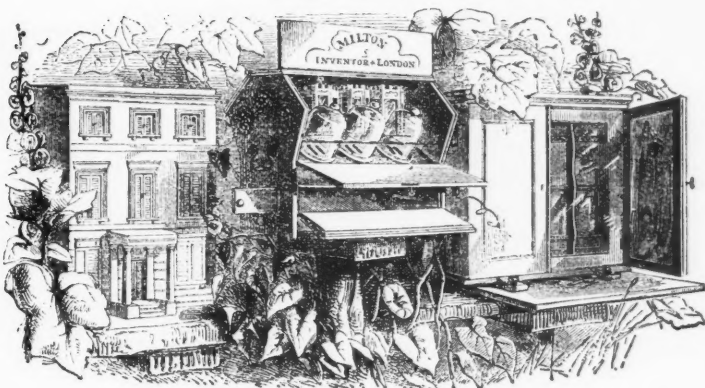
To those who visited the Exhibition the criterion of criticism was less that of art than of industry, less admiration of the result than of the means used to arrive at it. As Mr. Hobhouse remarks "the Victorians were very apt to judge of beauty by the amount of labour which had gone to its making." What place do the achievements of 1851 hold for us today? Distance lends enchantment to the view perhaps, but anyone who has lived long enough knows that a certain distance lends a violent disgust to the view.

The space of time which has elapsed between us and the products of the mid-19th century is just sufficient for us to have arrived at the stage of re-awakening and therefore of passing judgment. Examples of the work which thirty years ago were condemned to the lumber room are now being exhumed and dusted. The danger remains, however of the critical judgment of the 20th century on the 19th being mitigated by a curiosity valuation, by a purely visual interest in an ancestor which seems so unlike its descendants, a concentration on quaintness rather than quality. Let us at least however accord to the exhibitors whose work is detailed in the later chapters the faculty of enjoyment, of knowing what they wanted and going wholeheartedly to get it; a faculty which is too often lacking in these days, when, as a famous bishop said, we glorify in decision under the title of broadmindedness.

Perhaps the most adequate account of Mr. Hobhouse's appreciation of this quality in the Great Exhibition can be given by quoting his criticism of the "Greek Slave" statue. With the Greek Slave, he writes "we may appropriately take our



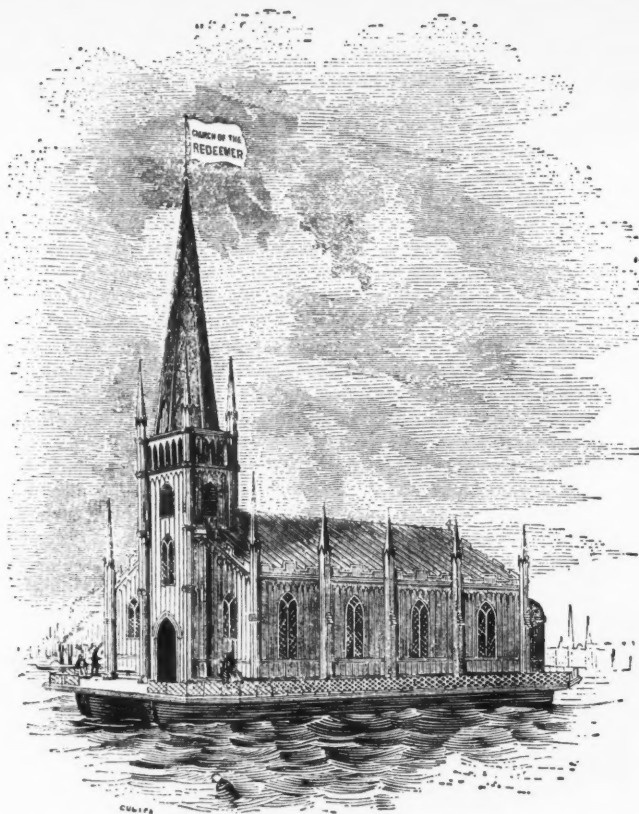
The Crystal Palace under construction. Assembling the standardized units of the building. "Paxton witnessed the erection of three columns and two girders in sixteen minutes. It was the first great demonstration of the possibilities of mass-production."—From "1851 and the Crystal Palace."



From the Great Exhibition. Above: Neighbour's "Cottage" and other Beehives. Below: Milton's Beehives. The "Royal Alfred Hive" (centre) "is conveniently adapted for the purpose of taking the honey without destroying the bees."

Two American contributions to the Great Exhibition. Left: Floating Church for Seamen. "This neat edifice now floats on the waters of the Delaware. The superstructure is firmly fastened on two of the New York clipper-ships . . . of about 90 tons each. The exterior is painted to represent brown stone . . . There is a large stained glass window at the east end with different devices . . . On either side of the chancel is a bishop's and priest's chair, all of black walnut." (Clement L. Dennington, N. York.)

Right: The Greek Slave, by Hiram Power. "The figure here represented is intended for that of a young and beautiful Greek girl, deprived of her clothing and exposed for sale to some wealthy eastern barbarian, before whom she is supposed to stand, with an expression of scornful dejection mingled with shame and disgust. Her dress, which is the modern Greek costume, and the cross implies



her religion and country. The chains on her wrists are not historical, but have been added as necessary accessories." "Chains, for the matter of that," writes Christopher Hobhouse, "appeared to be a 'necessary accessory' of half the sculpture of the period." From "1851 and the Crystal Palace."

leave of the Crystal Palace. The work of an American sculptor in Rome, imitative in design, meretricious in execution, and deliberately titivating in its sentiment, it represented and embodied the two supreme shortcomings of the period—its vulgarity and its eclecticism. The possibility of the appreciation of fine arts had spread downwards to the middle classes; and the middle classes had gone bald-headed for all the artistic fallacies—nature, pathos, and moral purpose. But we need not for all that despise the early Victorians. Where they suffered from a surfeit of ill-digested knowledge and ill-controlled idealism, the present day shrinks in diffident self-consciousness from any form of allusiveness or didacticism. Where they were adventurous, we are cynical; where they were dogmatic and hearty, we are merely empty and apologetic. The meanness and timidity of modern design, the cult of the second-rate, attained their climacteric, let us hope, in the reign of Edward the Eighth, and found their most characteristic expression in the postage stamp of that monarch. The reaction is due to come: and there are signs that it is coming soon. It may carry us far beyond the happy mean. From our present poverty of effort and design, we may be transported to the plethora which afflicted the 1850's. But if art is a manifestation of the enjoyment of life and the cultivation of the faculties, it is surely better to be too self-confident and too exuberant than to stand by and sneer at anyone who gives himself away at all."

C. B. MOFFAT

C. F. A. Voysey

AN APPRECIATION

It came as an exceedingly welcome honour to me when I was asked by the Editor of this REVIEW to commemorate Mr. Voysey's eightieth birthday by a congratulatory delineation of his personality and his work. What will the public do to celebrate the occasion? What will public bodies undertake? Will there be an exhibition? What will the next Honours' List say? I do not know, but I do not expect much. The small number of small drawings scattered over several rooms of the recent Royal Academy exhibition of British architecture makes me fear for the worst. Why is it that such silence has descended on the life of so outstanding and so

lovable an artist? It may partly be due to Mr. Voysey's abhorrence of noise, of limelight and blatancy. As he prefers the quiet of his immaculate little flat and the familiar intimacy of his club to the vexations of publicity, publicity may have taken revenge. But it is also unquestionably the fault of today's architects and designers. Do they really need to feel so completely original that they must shut their eyes to the vital connections between their style, our style, and the Edwardian and Victorian days? And yet, without Morris—that must be admitted even by those who could not recognize great art of the past detachedly enough to admire the Morris Exhibition of 1934—there would never have been the revival of sound applied art, and without Charles F. Annesley Voysey there would not now exist an industrial art of independent, i.e. non-period character.

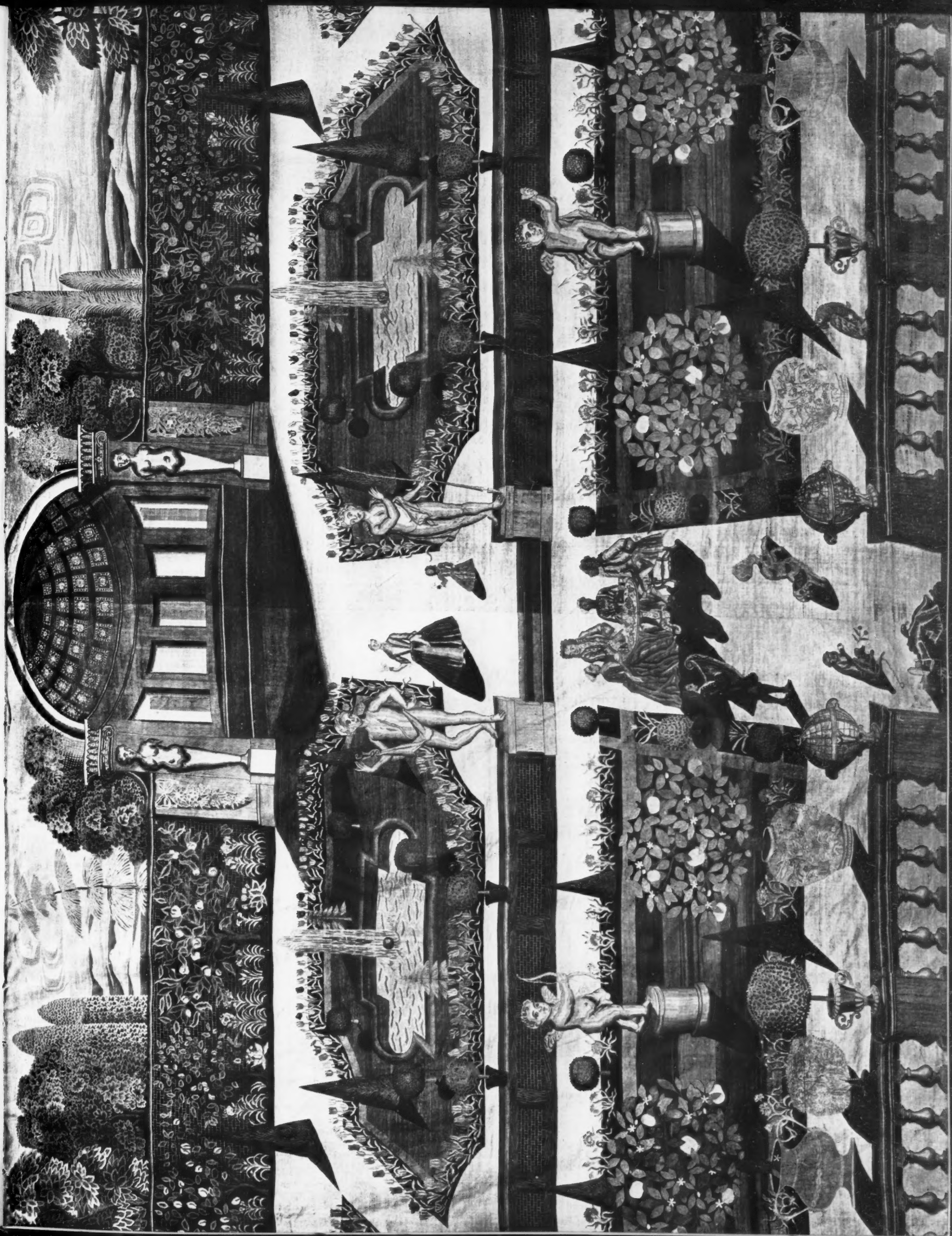
Here is one of his lasting merits. In his textile, wallpaper, carpet designs, in his cabinet-work and his objects in various metals he approached his tasks in so young, so adventurous, and at the same time so serene and so kindly a spirit that freshness and novelty were bound to result, although—one must add—rather as a by-product than by the artists' intuition. Compared with Voysey's motifs some of Morris's later patterns look heavy, somewhat crowded and slightly stuffy. But it is understandable that Mr. Voysey—so he told me—tried, when he was young to keep away from Morris's influence which was just then at its height. He must have felt Morris's style as something too overpowering, almost as a danger to the placid development of his own style. And it is true I think that in Morris's designs the passionate reformer, the forcible preacher is always present, whereas in Mr. Voysey's works we only recognize the artist loving all the things he draws and enjoying the charm of the ornament into which they gradually merge. He is not a dogmatist, and not a revolutionary at all, although from his discovery of a world of decorative possibilities never yet touched by the great styles of the past a revolution has started.

His buildings express the same qualities and the same historic position. The country-houses of which he erected an innumerable quantity mainly in the nineties and the first years of our century are mile-stones in the development of British, of European architecture. They inspired Baillie

Scott and Walton and Mackintosh in Britain, and all that for a time was called the Cottage Style on the Continent, to say nothing of their mongrel offspring everywhere in the suburbs of English towns. What are the distinguishing features of Mr. Voysey's houses? They are first of all comfortable inside and look it from outside. They are carefully adapted to their surroundings, roads, gardens, hills, woods, rivers, lakes. Their plans are clear and easily readable, and yet not pressed into any pre-determined schemes. The individuality of a house never suffers from a wish on the architect's part to demonstrate novelty. This is true of all Mr. Voysey's mature works; in some of his earliest houses, where he is still under the influence of that remarkable innovator Mr. A. H. Mackmurdo, he seems sometimes to have enjoyed escapades, and we enjoy them too. But he nowhere appears as a militant pioneer, he is on the contrary, one may say, a born mediator; that is perhaps the specific secret of his art. He fiercely objected when I once talked to him about his paternity to the Modern Movement. "I have only wanted to carry on tradition," he insisted—an utterly English confession incidentally. He did not even admit that his supplying designs to manufacturers for their open market meant breaking down the walls of exclusivity which Morris and his followers had built around the works of their hands. "They never sold well," was his only comment. I doubt whether that is true, but he can be assured anyhow that these designs revolutionized the minds of the most go-ahead young artists on the Continent, and that at least some of his old manufacturer customers have not forgotten him. It was in fact one of them who was able to supply me with the exact date of Mr. Voysey's birthday, a date carefully left out by him from his short biographical notes in handbooks such as "Who's Who?" May it now be disclosed to future historians: it is the 28th of May, 1857.

And future historians will take an interest in that date, unless all our ideas of writing and recording the history of art and architecture break down. For Mr. Voysey's work, I think we can say already now without hesitation that it will last as the work of one of the few really great architects of the past hundred years.

NIKOLAUS PEVSNER.



OVERLEAF: *AT CLOSE RANGE*

A panel in Petit Point. It was worked, probably between the years 1730 and 1750, by the five successive wives of Thomas Foley of Stoke Edith, where it formed one of a pair decorating the state bedroom. The panel is now on view at the exhibition of "British Country Life through the Centuries," which is being held by *Country Life* in aid of the National Trust.

PLATE iii, July 1937

DECORATION

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW SUPPLEMENT

JULY

1937



CHERRY SORTER'S CHAIR

THE MAJORCA RESTAURANT
BREWER STREET
J. DUNCAN MILLER,
ARCHITECT

INDIVIDUAL SOLUTIONS

COLOUR: IN THE TOWN
BY OZENFANT

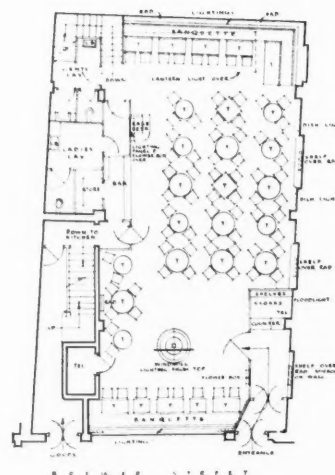


CHERRY SORTER'S CHAIR

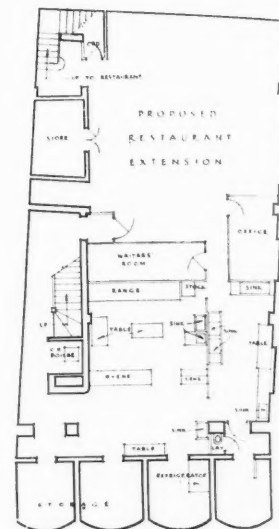
This chair, with its seat and back of shaped alder wood, is an interesting prototype of modern bent wood forms. Its shape has been largely determined by the cherry sorter's method of working in which, sitting between two baskets, he sorts the cherries from one to the other. It is shown at the exhibition held by *Country Life* for the National Trust.

THE MAJORCA RESTAURANT BREWER STREET

J. DUNCAN MILLER, ARCHITECT

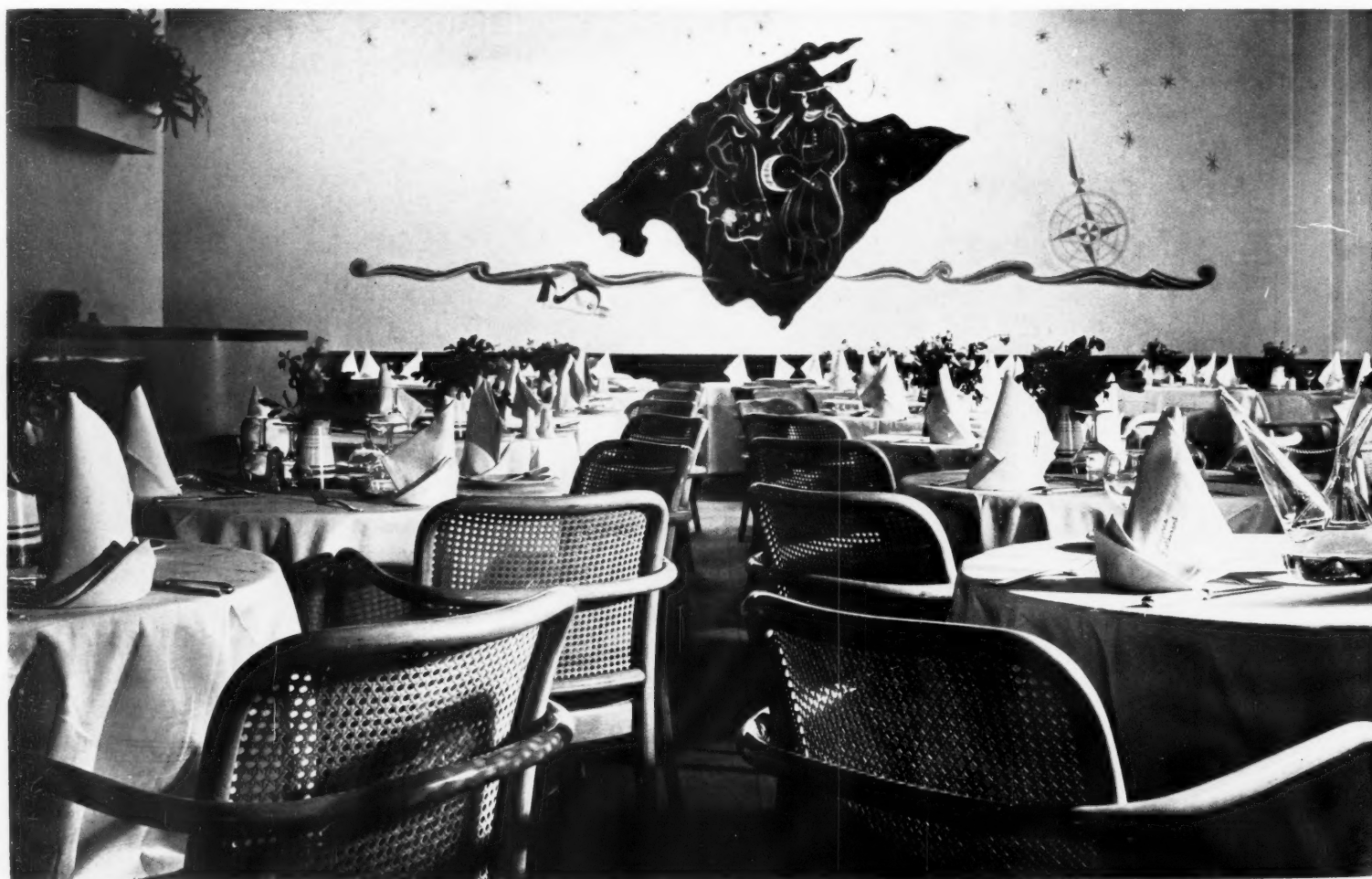


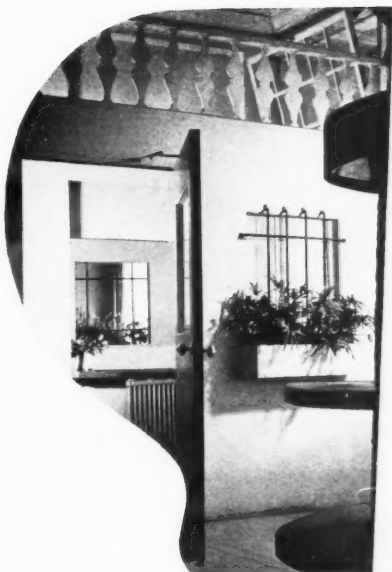
GROUND FLOOR PLAN



BASEMENT PLAN

The name of the restaurant controlled the general lines of the scheme of decoration. To this end decorative features were introduced in the form of a windmill, a tiled roof to the bar, grills in front of two small windows, a balustrade on a wall partition, etc. There are also a series of mural paintings by Hans Aufseeser.





2



3



4

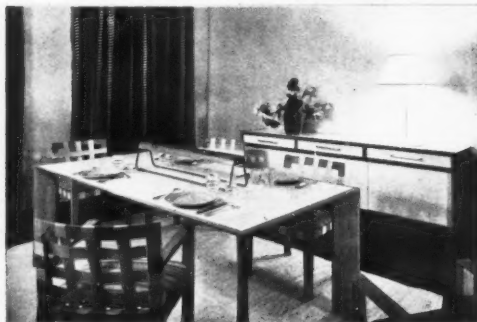
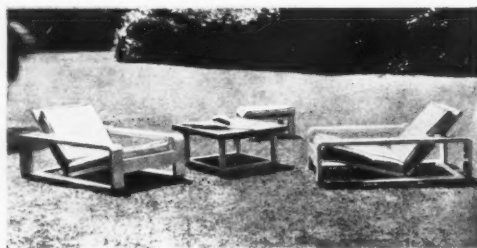
The plans show how a new staircase at the back of the restaurant gives access to a space in the basement for a possible extension. Walls were covered with a rough paper to receive the mural paintings: this was afterwards painted a light stone colour. Throughout the scheme it is noticeable that these mural paintings: seen in the general views 1, 4, and 5, overleaf: answer their decorative purpose much more satisfactorily than the architectural effects introduced, 2 and 3. The floors are ruboleum laid in squares of light buff with grey lines between the squares. Banquettes are covered in dark blue, piped red; chairs are a standard "Thonet" model of bent birchwood upholstered in rust.



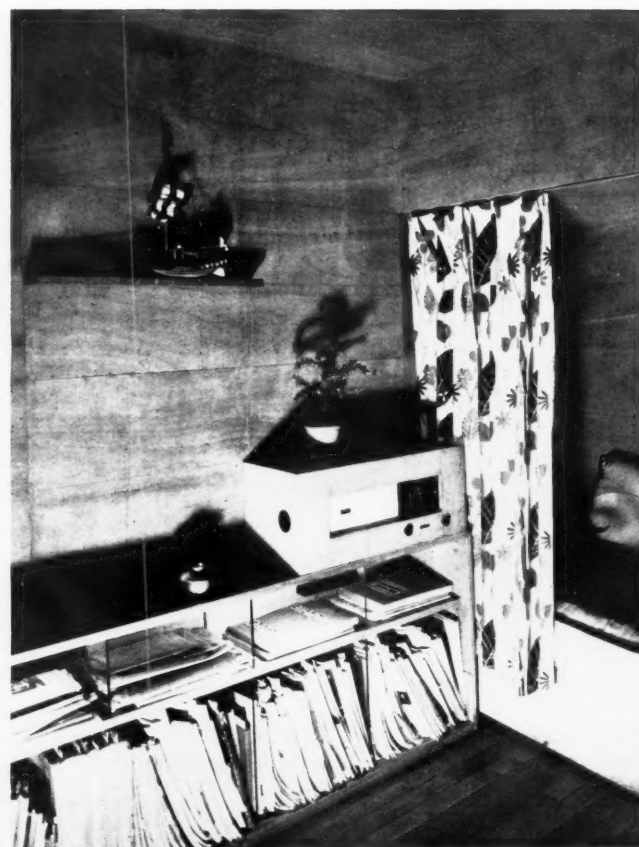
5

I N D I V I D U A L S O L U T I O N S

Furniture by Jean Royère. Below, garden furniture in lacquered wood; chairs with adjustable backs. 1, Dining room furniture in natural oak and white vitrified material. 2, A reconditioned bedroom. Radio in natural oak and black ebonite; divan covered with woven raffia; bright patterned curtains.



1



2

G A Y



S A D

COLOUR In The Town

By Ozenfant

LET us leave it to the H. G. Wells of Architecture, to trace the outline of ideal towns, to sketch a hypothetical Paris or London of the year 3000. As for us, let us accept the present, the actual condition of the English Capital: her past, her present and her immediate future. I would speak of what is immediately realizable.

We have already stated our liking for white. But it must be understood that we will not commit the errors of those architects who are justly charmed with the white islands of Greece and who would, ridiculously enough, make a Greek (or a Frenchwoman) of London.

Every locality has its own particular requirements. In architecture, as in all other social problems, there are universal laws, but there are also variable factors which arise specially from the locality, and which must be taken into account. This is not the same as the idea of the petty regionalist, whose ideal is to produce the imitation-antique-local. *But to neglect local conditions, amounts to ignoring a universal law which is this: everywhere and always and in everything, particular circumstances must be taken into account.*

Often—too often—the modern architect solves the problem of town colour with artless simplicity. He builds in any material, and then applies to the façades a whitish pseudo stone facing; and the trick is done: "It's white, so it's modern"—not quite good enough.

In the first place, because pseudo stone compositions inevitably make a poor show when dirty; in short, they weather abominably badly. These towns or districts built in imitation stone, give the impression, after some seasons, of derelict film sets or of universal exhibitions ready for demolition. And these buildings are "new," so "stick no bills"; the joy of strong, fresh poster colours—that gay make-up on the scabs and wrinkles of diseased walls—is denied to them; also the ivy and Virginia creepers: masks to rejuvenate ruins.

Young architects, keep away from pseudo stone facings! they are a sham, a deception, a treachery to architecture, which must be able to age naturally; to weather, not to tarnish.

Stone is rare in London, but you have splendid bricks, a whole range of deep reds, of oranges and yellows, even of browns, greens and blacks. (So have the French, although their range is more limited). English bricks have a texture which modulates light exquisitely on days when it is sufficiently strong; brick is a treat to the eye when the sun shines and is strong enough to show the delicate variations of tints; but great masses of brickwork are horribly depressing during the gloomy days which are frequent in Great Britain. If the moderns, paying homage to a fashion from the Continent, do not make much use of brick, the traditional architects use it on a commercial scale. But, have the latter given sufficient thought to the fact that dull days are very frequent in the British Isles?

Let us first see how much beauty can be extracted from existing towns, taking London as an example; from the lessons we learn we will infer what is desirable for the new town which is to be built.

One sees too many of these enormous, monotonous buildings where nothing catches the eye (art lies in attracting it), desperate buildings, where not a single bright and clear note enlivens the miserable waste, where the eye wanders sadly like a tortured soul in the desert.

The tradition of the old British builders has been forgotten or betrayed.

Look at old brick houses, and note how the old architects knew how to arrange cordons or key-stones of light stone; see the admirable houses of Russell, Bedford, Marylebone or Edwardes Square, and so many other places, where the house painters have observed the true tradition; hear how the brown, blackish and reddish surfaces sing like 'cellos, thanks to the perfect white framing of the windows; the

doors with their fresh white, black, brown, red and green colours. What sadness lies beside them; uniform blocks of brick or stone, new and disgustingly dirty.

Old houses, at any rate, were allowed to turn black—and we know how active London smoke is; each spring the painters came and refreshed them. A few square yards of fresh paint were sufficient on a large façade, to make them sing. The so-called traditionalists, and many moderns, have forgotten this great lesson of necessary *contrast*. This lesson came from Holland, a country which has a light often similar to English light. Old Amsterdam is never gloomy, because the sense of contrast has always been maintained; dark notes being made powerful by active notes, or inversely. In certain cases, all innovators must be conservatives. It is an elementary law that a bunch of flowers enlivens a stone vase which, in itself, is sad. Comfort is much spoken of in England, and modern comfort. The street and the citizen outside his home are too much forgotten. Why, drawing from the rich palette of English bricks of which I have spoken, should we not conceive a polychromy of façades made up of those beautiful elements? It is worth considering. It would have the sober richness of Moroccan carpets, if the choice were judiciously made.

There exist white enamelled bricks; one might be tempted to associate them with ordinary bricks. But their substances look rather poor to the eye. It seems that manufacturers ought to make an effort to provide architecture with white bricks made of a somewhat mat material, which harmonizes happily with brick. It would be of great assistance to the architect; these whites would play the part of painted *active notes*, but would be absolutely permanent.

The general use of cement is not to be deplored, if it can be treated as a stone; there are already very good examples, where chiselling has succeeded in conferring on cast cement the



CONTRAST BY PROJECTION

nobility of granite. It is needless to say that by adding gravel, sand, or coloured oxides to the cement, solid polychromies can be obtained.

I am aware that, generally speaking, the use of coloured ceramics has not been very successful, except during the Assyrian and Byzantine periods. But this is a question of the architects' talent . . . we must put our trust in the young men.

British Constants

We have already pointed out a first constant: *Brick*. Our second constant is the *Special Light*, due to the peculiar English climate. This has been dealt with in previous articles. A third constant is the *Soiled Air*

of great English cities. No doubt in the time of our children or grand-children, when an end has been put to the exquisite coal fire, as charming as it is evil-smelling; when coal is burnt at the pit-head and its power transported to towns over wires and consumed in improved radiators; when means have been found of freeing the roads from dust; then the atmosphere of the capital will be as clear as at the seaside, and there will be many less fogs; then our grand-children will see London remaining clean, and the façades will demand less contrast in colour; the sun will visit your Islands more often, and you will be able to have monochromy; thus, in the South, and even in Paris, buildings derive their eloquence from *projections casting shadows*—it is light which creates contrast. Here, generally,

Classical architecture of the neutral type scarcely uses any colour; but it obtains contrast through the strongly projecting volumes which are obtained through large scale oppositions of light and shade: above Cavendish Square. English architecture in general makes little use of volumes; hence the necessity of utilizing contrasting colours. On the right are two examples from Portland Place: below, Edwardes Square. Architects are inclined to be deceived by always having the façades of their buildings photographed in a very good light, so that there appears no need for colour or for contrasts; and with the help of the sun everything is gay. But dull days should be taken into consideration as well.



CONTRAST BY COLOUR NO CONTRAST



It would be nice to find richly coloured motifs on nondescript modern façades: or frankly painted statues. We must not forget that the Parthenon was brightly coloured, in spite of its bold projections. Here the author has chosen old examples only for lack of finding modern examples which have made successful use of colour in the town.



SPOTS OF COLOUR

façades have very few projections; light must be assisted by means of colour and values. Filtered by mists, clouds, dust, light is dim in the town for nine months out of twelve. It is, of course, not a matter of painting London in bright colours; London owes part of its extraordinary charm to its distinction. But it must be understood that if London is admirable, say for one third of the year, on very bright days, or on certain exquisitely misty days, it must be improved for the three other thirds.

Not much is necessary to do this: only to return to the old tradition of contrast, of which I have previously spoken. I once asked that London should be provided with white collars: the dinner jacket is smart and distinguished, not by mere convention, but precisely because of its strong contrasts of dark and white.

It must be realized, however, that where the façade painters in the old days had the courage to use bold tones and whites, those of today, convinced that they are following them, imitate dirty tones and foul whites, and think it is smart. But, is there anything more depressing and ill-bred than a dirty collar or one that appears so? And a nice white collar lends dignity to a well cut old coat, even a threadbare one. Well, London's coat is well cut, but old, so let's wash its underwear. Whoever walks on a sunny day, under a grey sky or even in rain, along the right bank of the Thames, and who looks at Chelsea or Chiswick, over the river, must notice the charming silvery effect of a few houses which, for a century or more, have steadfastly remained white, resisting the wave of monotony which came from Hanover at the beginning of the last century.



NO POLYCHROMY

But Architecture with strong volumes



If exquisite Regent Square were deprived of the painters' care it would quickly become a slum, like the buildings above.



WHITE



Paint the slum with good contrasts and you have this, even on rainy days when the former is suicidally sad.

Whether they are old or new, houses must, at all costs, have well arranged whites and bright colours. New or old, if they are built of bright materials or painted in bright colours, they must be provided with dark parts playing the same contrasting rôle as bright colours in the previous case. And, in both cases, the doors must be in clean cut colours, not too light (except for white), brown, green, black, Sober red. Orange and yellows particularly are not very structural; we can leave them and the hateful violet for posters. If the architecture is old and has good style, it is best, certainly, to re-establish the original colours—nothing is more out of place than “modernizing” by means of shades in fashionable taste. (I have already given hints on the subject in Article I).

Contrast is a fundamental law in *all* art. Our attention must be periodically aroused by our senses, so that it does not become inattentive and bored. The same law applies to the musician, the poet, the bill poster, the speaker, the writer, the cook, the traveller, the lover even; as a famous line has it “*one day boredom was borne of uniformity*.” The most hopeless slum could be made almost attractive, at least for the passer-by, with the application of a few dabs of well-chosen paint, without interfering with the smoke-blackened bricks; I would like to have it tried; a few shillings worth of paint per façade; a law should be passed to that effect.

Without over-emphasizing it, we have suggested how colour can render dismal, stupid or ugly architecture acceptable by means of surgery or camouflage; each town should have a façade specialist. . . .

Now, from the suburbs, we will return to the wealthy places in London; to Portland Place, if you like. The laws we have just defined, are clearly seen there; the dismal monotony of certain new buildings, and the noble and stirring dignity of old houses, with their fine black bricks, splendidly strong, and white windows in good contrast.

The crescent which, on the Regents Park side, ends this magnificent thoroughfare, seems to contradict me, because it is painted a uniform colour, and in one of those yellow shades for which I have no liking. But in the first place, let us realize that we are dealing with a fine architectural *ensemble*, that its curved shape models the uniform colour and graduates it according to the incidence of light; then that the vast colonnade creates powerful effects of light and shade, giving strong contrasts; moreover, the proximity of the trees in the square, brown in winter, green in spring, gold in the autumn, add their touch of colour; a contrast which is denied to the immense majority of town buildings. The enormous buildings in the Mall would no doubt appear tedious if they were in a street facing houses. Compare the beauty of the Rue de Rivoli, facing the trees in the Tuileries, with a certain dullness which is evident in the same façades facing the walls of the Louvre.

This is a good place to mention the rôle of town gardens in connection with colour. Here, London is triumphant. The dulllest blind brick walls, seen as a background to trees and garden lawns, become noble; good colour has had its effect. What a charming symphony of colour, in the spring week of the Coronation, there was in Edwardes Square: the façades of an excellent type—each in a different colour brick—play as melodiously as string instruments; the doors play their bold solo; the

trees are clothed in green, the lawns sing their dewy song; a mass of red and yellow tulips contributes a Spanish vigour; a mass of pink, blue and lilac hyacinths play a sweet and distinguished scale which thrills you with true English pleasure; the whites of the walls painted up to the first floor of the house, vibrate perfectly, and finally the trees in blossom remind us once more that a little white is necessary everywhere. What painters the English are, with flowers.

Yes, you architects and town-planners, trees, plants and flowers can be the best friends of your work; their colour is always “right” and yours are likely to improve by contrast with them. London gives reliable proofs of this, when in severe Portland Place, a row of flowers on the windows on the ground floor gives a moment’s joyful life.

APPEARANCES OF METALS.—It seems that bright and light metals, such as chromium, must be used discreetly; bronzes and brasses always have great warmth and distinction; gold is splendid for lettering and signs. As for iron, it will hardly stand any colour but those which harmonize with its “genius” of neatness and strength. Blacks are no doubt the most suitable tones: if necessary, very dark greens and browns. Reds must be strictly excluded as they suggest rust and minium; yellows look like imitation copper; alas, too often we see viridian greens, pastel blues, or even sickly mauves, making oriental nougats of them; it only serves to ruin a fine façade, or make ridiculous an insignificant dwelling which is quietly relapsing into obscurity. The ancients never committed such clumsy mistakes.

Let us never forget the architectural *psychology* of tones. Any tone is bad which gives a false impression of a material; wood alone has become accustomed to being camouflaged without complaining; it is curious, but true. An old habit is second nature.

Groups of buildings variously painted, with *soft colours*, may eventually yield very charming urban effects; there is an example in Abingdon Villas (Kensington, W.8); the straightforward buildings are not very remarkable, but a fairly happy selection of colours, well harmonized, makes the whole gay and charming; a pink, a green and grey between a neutral orange and a pale brown, play a very pleasant flute-like melody. *Here, the effect is obtained, not by a contrast in values, but by a contrast in hues.* This is another possibility.

BRIGHT COLOUR.—In architecture, obviously, its use must be restricted. The use of bright colour is marvellous for reviving, or for rendering more dignified the dignity of a façade—I will only mention examples from Cambridge, where we cannot fail to admire the use of exciting colour in the unforgettable yard of Christ’s College. On the stones of the old building, the carvings of the royal arms are brightly painted in red, blue, green and gold. The yard of Trinity College is another example of splendid polychromy. In Bond Street, too, above the window of a certain black painted shop, I very much like the coat-of-arms which glistens with a regal power; the beauty of blacks and mat blacks, varnished, and that gay music.

The ancients knew how to season their dishes to taste. In these days, we have become rather too dull, and dullness is the delight of the weak. The displays, fortunately, have started sounding jolly pychrome fanfares. And bill posters do wonders. It seems that, taking

financial returns into consideration, panels for bill posting should be reserved on certain commercial or industrial façades, by the architects. These would give gaiety to the business districts.

LETTERING.—There have been, and there still remain, some very fine signs in London. But the standard of lettering has gone down very much. Too much badly formed lettering, badly architected, with whites on black background (which often makes Berlin seem so depressing). Gold letters on brilliant black backgrounds; it would be a joy to see more of them.

TO SUM UP.—London offers wonderful raw material. Its dark walls, like double bases, lack something of the counterpart of violins and trumpets. A little white would, well placed, give some of that; and gaiety through contrast, in accordance with a dying tradition, would enliven the old buildings which were originally built with this contrast but have become toned down with time. In 90 per cent. of cases it is only a matter of re-establishing what already existed there. And this adjustment, like all adjustments, would have marvellous results.

Am I mistaken? For the last few months, it seems to me, there are encouraging signs of a tendency in this direction; facing Hyde Park, we see hotels which were of an insipid cream colour being repainted in plain white. When I wanted the walls of my academy all white, the painter did not want to do it—because it would get too dirty. Now the academy has contaminated the whole quarter, where white is spreading everywhere, and in



the Strand, there is a façade being repainted white which frankly asserts its whiteness. It gets dirty? Yes, but white remains white longer than a shade which is already dirty.

In the sober and fine façades of modern buildings, it would be nice to see *spots of bright, varnished colours*; in the neutral parts of the façades: emblems, statues or groups of statues, *frankly coloured*, like the Chores of the old Acropolis, the Kings of Trinity College, and the coat-of-arms of Christ’s College, in high and strong relief, gilded, blatant.

I do not know whether others are like myself, but these last few months I have been longing for rainbows. The walls of London rather remind you of wet weather. Let us make rainbows shine on them. And what makes a rainbow beautiful, are the clouds, the colour of mellow brick, on which it spreads its radiant spectrum.

Change and Decay

But all the while Industrialism had been coming over England like a climatic change; the French wars masked the consequences till they became almost unmanageable. It is possible to imagine, with Robert Owen, an orderly evolution of the rural village into the industrial township, given the conditions which he enjoyed at New Lanark, a limited size and a resident, paternal employer. Belper under the Strutts, Bolton under the Ashworths, the cosy houses and flourishing gardens of South Hetton, to which foreign visitors were carried with special pride, the playing fields of Price's Candle Works, the Lancashire village where Coningsby met Edith, all have some affinity with the Owenite Utopia, bold peasants, rosy children, smoking joints, games on the green; Merrie England, in a word, engaged in a flourishing export trade in coal and cotton. But any possibility of a general development along these lines had already been lost in the change-over from water to steam power, in the consequent growth of the great urban aggregates, and the visible splitting of society, for which the enclosures had created a rural precedent, into possessors and proletariat. The employers were moving into the country; their officials followed them into the suburbs; the better workmen lived in the better streets; the mixed multitude of labour, native or Irish, was huddled in slums and cellars, sometimes newly run up by speculative builders, sometimes, like the labyrinth round Soho and Seven Dials, deserted tenements of the upper classes. In a well-managed village with a responsible landlord and active parson, the old institutions and restraints might still hold good; in a neglected village, and in that increasing part of the population which now lived in great towns, they were perishing. Off work, the men could only lounge and drink; the girls learnt neither to cook nor to sew. Lying outside the orbit of the old ruling class, neglected by their natural leaders, the industrial territories were growing up as best they might undrained, unpoliced, ungoverned and unschooled.

Yet the physical separation was not so complete that the world beyond the pale could be ignored, and the Evangelical asceciis was imposed on a generation to which the spectacle of bodily existence was at once obtrusive and abhorrent. Physically, the national type was changing; the ruddy, careless Englishman of the eighteenth century, turbulent but placable, as ready with his friendship as his fists, seemed to be making way for a pallid, sullen stock, twisted in mind and body. And if the eye which ranged with such complacency over the palaces of Regent's Park, the thronging masts of wide-wayed Liverpool, the roaring looms of hundred-gated Leeds, descended to a closer view, of Finsbury, say, or Ancoats, it would have observed that the breeding ground of the new race was such that in truth it could breed nothing else. The life within the factory or the mine was doubtless rigorous, and to children often cruel, but the human frame is immensely resilient, and with such care as many good employers took, the working hours of a labourer's life were probably his happiest. But the imagination can hardly apprehend the horror in which thousands of families a hundred years ago were born, dragged out their ghastly lives, and died; the drinking water brown with faecal particles, the corpses kept unburied for a fortnight in a festering London August; mortified limbs quivering with maggots; courts where not a weed would grow, and sleeping-dens afloat with sewage.

G. M. YOUNG
(Early Victorian England)

MARGINALIA

L'ARCHITECTURE DE CUISINE

One of the most interesting buildings of Barcelona is the Cathedral. Building operations have been in progress for many decades on this structure, the design of which is described as that of pastry, a Catalonian style of architecture.

—LIVERPOOL WEEKLY POST

DEFENCE OF THE GEORGIAN REALM

In several parts of London the amenities of quiet residential districts, admirably laid out in the first half of the nineteenth century, have been largely destroyed by the luxury-flat speculators, and the existing legislative machinery has not been used to restrain them.

The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has long been aware of the rising tide of public indignation at the reckless demolition of buildings which, if not "ancient," nevertheless are representative of the best period of English house-building.

The Society has never occupied itself exclusively with Gothic and mediæval work, as is sometimes mistakenly supposed. It seeks to protect and preserve any building which, in the phrase of its founder, William Morris, is "artistic, picturesque, historical, antique or substantial: any work, in short, over which educated, artistic people would think it worth while to argue at all."

Realizing that Georgian architecture is being made the special subject of attack, at the very time when educated public opinion has come to appreciate its merits, the Society has welcomed the offer of a group

25.

GEORGIAN



Cottage



Shop

Two little gems of "Georgian," as visualized by a little known artist and published in an educational series for schools, enabling the happy pupils to distinguish the various architectural styles at a glance. These should prove useful to the newly-formed Georgian society if any argument should arise as to what is, or is not, Georgian.

of enthusiasts who will help to relieve it, insofar as Georgian architecture is concerned, of the great burden which recent legislation has imposed upon it.

The "Georgian Group," which has now been formed as a special branch of the present organisation, will concern itself primarily with buildings erected from 1714 onwards. The word "Georgian" has been adopted for convenience only. Good Victorian buildings will come equally within the scope of its activities. The members of this Georgian Group will, ipso facto, be members of the S.P.A.B.

Readers who are specially interested in the Georgian period and would like to join the Group are invited to apply to its Secretary,

Mr. Douglas Goldring, 48, Tregunter-road, London, S.W.

Extract from a letter from Lord Esher in the DAILY TELEGRAPH

In default of effective legislation, the only adequate means of combating the armies of rodents, financial, ecclesiastical and official, whom Mr. Byron has recently denounced in these columns, the above society should receive every measure of support.

On Visiting my Umpteenth Exhibition of Domestic Design

You're grand in the kitchen
And you're brilliant in the bathroom;
Usual or unusual
The offices are swell.
Your touch is safe and certain
With a cover or a curtain;
On the glass and china items
You do quite well.
Your lamp for the study,
Your bookcase for the landing,
Your cupboard for the nursery

Have tolerable air;
Some of you are even able
At a pinch to build a table,
But the article that beats you
is a chair.

Yes, a nice plain chair that you
Can sit to take your dinner
from.

An ordinary chair, that you
Draw up to write;
Not a rich and turgid bolsterer
That hails from the upholsterer,
But the chair you put your
waistcoat and your

Braces on at night.
Not, one might fancy,
Such a radical problem,
Not such a test for your
Imposing brain.
Yet you simply cannot hit on
Anything that's fit to sit on.
And on this head, my honest
friends,

You'll have to try again.

ANSWER TO RHETORICAL QUESTIONS

The chief question one should ask about a new building is not "Does it stand out?" but "Does it fit in?" Is it another ruffle on the surface of chaos, or is it something firm enough to be carried further, with appropriate modifications, in the next building? Every new structure, if it is really well designed, should be capable of becoming the nucleus of a whole city. I find myself asking such questions, too, about new materials—about the fashionable blue mirror glass, for example, that has been employed on so many shop fronts and restaurant fronts this last year. A city of brick or a city of limestone is fine, but how would one feel if so much as a single avenue were lined from end to end with blue mirrors?

Queer in the stomach with a touch of vertigo!

THE PANTHEON

The illustrations to the article on pages 7-10 of this issue, which are superimposed on a selection of playbills, press cuttings, etc., referring to various activities at the Pantheon, are many of them of considerable individual interest.

The two architectural drawings on page 8 were made for Sir John Soane to illustrate his Royal Academy Lectures, the

lower, detail, drawing is by C. J. Richardson. The centre illustration on this page shows Wyatt's decorations for the Handel Festival of 1784, of which the following description appeared in the *European Magazine*:

"The East and West galleries and the passages behind the Ionic colonnade are filled up with benches, and also a gallery over the orchestra for company. In this gallery there is a new organ case, decorated with a transparent portrait of Handel, by Smirke, with boys in the chiaro-scuro holding a wreath of laurel. The orchestra is considerably enlarged and will hold about 250 performers. Over the entrance and directly opposite the orchestra a gallery is constructed, supported by six new Ionic columns, like those of the original building. In the centre gallery is placed His Majesty's box lined with crimson satin and looking-glass and hung with curtains of crimson damask fringed with gold, an elegant view of which is also annexed to this number. The ceiling is elegantly painted in Mr. Wyatt's usual style of ornamental painting. The box is covered with a dome, in each side of which will be placed the royal supporters in gold. Behind His Majesty's box are seats for his attendants. The front of the box is decorated with crimson satin curtains and valances, fringed and laced with gold. The dome will be lighted up with additional lamps.

On page 9 is an illustration of Lunardi's balloon, exhibited in the Pantheon in the same year. On the right is a print by Rowlandson and a Pugin from Ackermann's *Microcosm of London*, showing the Pantheon as rebuilt after the fire of 1792. The following is the official description:—

"Since the Pantheon was rebuilt it has been principally used for exhibitions

and occasionally for masquerades, of which the plate is a very spirited representation. It is composed, as these scenes usually are, of a motley crowd of peers and pickpockets, honourables and dishonourables, Jew brokers and demireps, quidnuncs and quack doctors. These entertainments are said not to accord with the English character; and we should have been inclined to impute this want of congeniality to a fund of good sense, which renders our countrymen insensible to such entertainments, if we were not daily witnesses of their pursuing amusements less rational and infinitely more frivolous."

The third illustration on page 9 is a print "Lady Betty Bustle and her maid Lucy preparing for the Masquerade at the Pantheon."

The top illustration on page 10 shows, as an example of the scientific apparatus exhibited periodically in the Pantheon, Wilson's Lightning Conductor: described as "A view of the Apparatus and part of the Great Cylinder in the Pantheon." Below are two views of the Bazaar, the "Great Saloon" and the "Persian Alcove with Fountain."

There are few buildings which have received so much criticism from their contemporaries as the Pantheon. The following extracts, to which no doubt numerous additions could be made, give some idea of the reactions of various critical observers of the eighteenth century. Firstly, an account of the opening (on January 27th, 1772), from the

Gentleman's Magazine

"Was opened for the first time the much talked-of Pantheon, to a crowded company of between 1,500-2,000 people. Imagination cannot well surpass the elegance and magnificence of the apartments, the boldness of the paintings, of the disposition of the lights, which last are reflected from gilt vases suspended by gilt chains.

Besides the splendid ornaments that decorate the Rotunda, or great room, there are a number of statues in niches below the dome, representing most of the heathen gods and goddesses, supposed to be in the ancient Pantheon of Rome. To these are added three more of white Porphyry, the first two representing the present King and Queen, and the last Britannia. The whole building is composed of a suite of 14 rooms, all of which are adapted to particular uses, and each affording a striking instance of the splendour and profusion of modern times."

Mrs. Powys in her diary entry of Jan. 28th, 1772 gives another, but less appreciative, account.

"This week the town was in a vast bustle at the opening of the Pantheon, and Mr. Cadogan was so obliging to send me tickets for the first night. As a fine room I think it grand beyond conception, yet I am not certain Ranelagh struck me not equally at first sight, and as a diversion 'tis a place I think infinitely inferior as there being so many rooms, no communication with the galleries, the staircase inconvenient, all rather contribute to lose the company than show them to advantage."

Horace Walpole

"If we laugh at the French, they stare at us. Our enormous luxury and expense astonishes them. I carried their ambassador, a Comte de Levi, the other morning to see the new winter Ranelagh, the Pantheon, in the Oxford Road, which is almost finished. It amazed me myself. Imagine Balbec in all its glory! The pillars are artificial giallo antico. The ceilings,

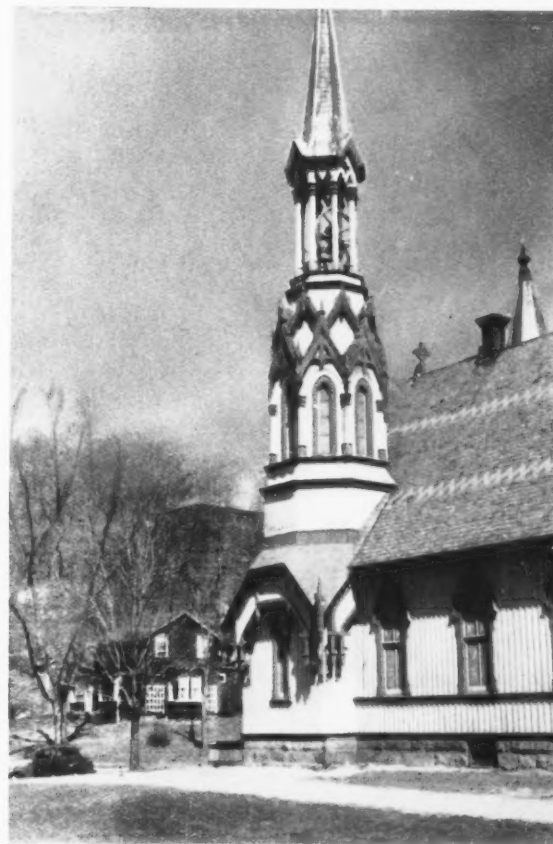
even of the passages, are of the most beautiful stuccoes in the best taste of grotesque. The ceilings of the ball-rooms and the panels painted like Raphael's loggias in the Vatican. A dome like the Pantheon, glazed. It is to cost £50,000. Monsieur de Guisnes said to me, 'ce n'est qu'à Londres qu'on peut faire tout cela.' . . .

"There has been a masquerade at the Pantheon which was so glorious a vision that I thought I was in the old Pantheon, or in the temples of Delphi or Ephesus, amidst a crowd of various nations, and that formerly 'Panthoides Euphorbus eram,' and did not recollect what I had seen.

All the friezes and niches were edged with alternate lamps of green and purple glass, that shed a most heathen light, and the dome was illuminated by a heaven of oiled paper well painted with gods and goddesses. Mr. Wyatt, the architect, has so much taste that I think he must be descended from Sir Thomas. Even Henry VIII had so much taste, that were he alive he would visit the Pantheon."

"In his preface (first number of Adam's Architecture) he seems to tax Wyatt with stealing from him; but Wyatt has employed the antique with rare judgment, and the Pantheon is still the most

MODERN TREASURY—X.



HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED

A charming example of the American ecclesiastical style at the beginning of the century, in the neighbourhood of Westchester. With its memories of Gothic and hints of the Kremlin, it stands as a symbol of deep, if eclectic religious enthusiasm of, to coin a phrase, the racial melting-pot.

beautiful edifice in England. What are the Adelphi buildings! Warehouses laced down the seams like a soldier's tunic in a regimental old coat."

Fanny Burney

In "Evelina"

"About eight o'clock we went to the Pantheon. I was extremely struck with the beauty of the building, which greatly surpassed whatever I could have expected or imagined. Yet it has more the appearance of a chapel than a place of diversion; and, though I was quite charmed with the magnificence of the room, I felt that I could not be as gay and thoughtless there as at Ranelagh, for there is something in it which rather inspires awe and solemnity than mirth and pleasure. However, perhaps it may only have this effect upon such a novice as myself."

Samuel Johnson

Boswell: "I doubt, Sir, whether there are many happy people here."

Johnson: "Yes, Sir, there are many happy people here. There are many people here who are watching hundreds, and who think hundreds are watching them."

Dr. Burney

"...the most elegant and superb building, which could have done honour to Greece at its most splendid period of taste and magnificence."

Edward Gibbon

"The Pantheon in point of ennu and magnificence is the wonder of the eighteenth century and the British Empire."

Thomas Campbell

"I went to the Pantheon in the evening, it is a beautiful room and highly

finished with colours of the past resembling porphyry, or Armagh marble rather; but after all the orchestra seemed by no means of a piece and awkwardly disposed: the circular are not so large as the Rotunda, but with the Piazza it holds more, besides the gallery and great tea room below equal to the whole area above, and besides the several rooms off it."

Finally, an account of the fire of 1792 by Henry Angelo

"Among other circumstances of this night, I remember going round the corner of Blenheim-street to Mr. Brookes's, the celebrated anatomist, from whence the spectacle was awfully grand. The country round was illuminated for miles.... At this time, spacious iron gates opened to Mr. Brookes's garden, through which the passengers could see his collection of living birds and beasts, chained to the artificial rocks, which, until lately, ornamented his plot of ground. The heat was so violent here, that his doors and sash frames were blistered, and the eagle, hawks, racoons, foxes, and other animals, terrified by the scene, and incommode by the heat, were panting and endeavouring to break their chains. The mob assembled, and fancying that the poor animals were roasting alive, kept up an alarming yell, and threatened to pull the house about his ears."

THE COUNTRY LIFE EXHIBITION

To organise an exhibition tracing country life in England through the ages was a most admirable idea. The actual result, although in many ways delightful, was perhaps a little less praiseworthy. Not that the selection of pictures and other exhibits was open to criticism, except perhaps in the modern art section; it was

their arrangement which leaves one with a vague feeling of dissatisfaction. Surely it might have been possible to introduce some sort of progression embodying a sense of continuity. As it was one was constantly being surprised to discover that whereas such-and-such a number in the catalogue referred to a Victorian hunting scene the next number was either a seventeenth century man-trap, or worse still, another picture by the same artist situated in a totally different part of the room or even another part of the exhibition altogether. However, perhaps it is churlish to grumble at an exhibition even if ill-arranged, that provided so many lovely things, among which the more notable were a splendid view of Castle Howard by Marlow which would bear comparison with many Bellottos, a quantity of charming Rowlandsons and a fine dramatic picture of Pontefract by Mompner. And moreover one must be grateful for any exhibition which provides one with the opportunity of convincing oneself once more that Gainsborough's Mr. and Mrs. Andrews is the finest picture ever painted by an Englishman.

THE COUNTRYSIDE

"Does your heart leap up," Mr. E. M. Forster asks, "at the thought of a National Park? Mine doesn't." Nor does mine; and, like Milton, I think with Professor Abercrombie that the best treatment for one who has been long in populous city pent is a walk among the pleasant villages and farms. But they must be real villages and real farms, and he must know why they are there, and something, at least, of what they are doing. Only when the town population understands that the country is as much a place of business as Harrods or Vickers will it begin to see what rural values are, and what part they play in the national economy. When that day comes, when the functional distinction of town and country has been learnt, and

the townsman's craving for a country habitation appeased, we shall return to the balanced social structure of a better time.

There are no Golden Ages, but I see no reason to qualify what I have said elsewhere — that a well-managed village with a resident squire about 1860 was the most successful experiment in social organisation that we have ever seen. Its material basis was prosperity, grounded, I should judge, in an equal degree, on science, security, and a sense of duty. The decimation of the old landed class was grievous, if inevitable. But in many ways its standards have survived, and perpetuate themselves, with remarkable tenacity; and if only security could be established once more, I am fairly confident that science and the sense of duty would restore our agriculture to the place it once held in the national consideration. Then there will be no need to agitate for the preservation of rural England. Given a fair field, rural England will be quite capable of preserving itself.

G. M. YOUNG in the
SUNDAY TIMES

The above extract is taken from a review of "Britain and the Beast" which contains so much that is profound and to the point on a subject, the importance of which does not, alas, seem to stimulate logical thought so frequently as noisy speculation and sentimental reverie that one regrets that Mr. Young was not among the contributors to that excellent volume.

Correction

The architect's name for the house at Locarno, illustrated in the May issue of the ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW was, we regret, printed with the wrong initial: M. Segal. This should read W. Segal.



the wolf should have known
better — for they were

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Trade News and Reviews

By BRIAN GRANT



An aerial view of the Thames and her Bridges. Bush House can be seen in the foreground.

Ripe for Development.

Tuesday June 1st—with the D.I.A. to Southampton, "Queen Mary" bound. Weather glorious, but I have, it seems, evacuated my cot from the wrong side for even on this brilliantly sunlit morning Waterloo Station and its surrounding

neighbourhood look to me most drab and dispiriting.

Present architectural activity south of the Thames is sadly lacking in plan, which is one great big whale of a pity. London on the other side of the river has already been "done"; extensive re-building has there been carried so far that it seems we must for many long years to come suffer with patience the sins and omissions that have been inflicted upon us.

Territory south of the river cries out loud for "planned development" . . . and it is not yet too late. It is at present a maze of mean streets, an incredible confusion of buildings large and small—factories, wharves, warehouses, schools, shops and slum houses, most of them quite obsolete and inadequate for the functions they are intended to perform. Cross the river by whatever bridge you choose and what do you find? Traffic signals, Belisha beacons, point duty constables harassed and embarrassed and a jumble of traffic desperately endeavouring to disentangle itself. Traffic congestion at the "peak hours" is deplorable.

Is something going to be done about it before it is too late? During the past few years large

slices of old property in the Borough of Lambeth have been demolished and replaced by massive modern structures and if the responsible authorities permit this piece-meal haphazard development to continue they must expect us to chuckle with scorn and derision at the puny efforts of our much publicised Ministry of Transport.

In the past decade we have been given three new bridges in the London area, but the building of a new bridge without adequate consideration of its relation to the rest of London is mere compromise. Let a plan be prepared for the whole of the areas served by the Thames bridges—both north and south of the river—then, and only then, will future Transport Ministers be able to forsake their tedious game of makeshift.

The "Queen Mary."

Anything that I might say of the "Queen Mary" has already been said hundreds of times over. Gazing at her from the quayside one is stimulated by her Brobdignagian massiveness but "once aboard the lugger" the sense of her really terrific size evaporates. The principal public rooms are all too "art conscious"; through excessive embellishment they lose spaciousness and scale. The Cunard Company have issued a small brochure entitled "Art in R.M.S. Queen Mary" and in their foreword they write "the pictures in this brochure illustrate the immense scope and variety of decorative art on board, which includes paintings on canvas, hide or silver, sculpture in rare woods or metals, bas reliefs, applied



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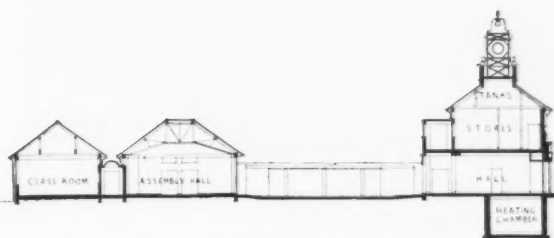
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carvings and many novel forms of decorative glass." It is this abundance of detail that dwarves her interior. We spent an intensely interesting hour in the bowels of the ship, from engine room to engine room up and down an endless succession of steel ladders and gangways. I cannot even attempt to describe the quite bewildering progression of pipe lines, equipment and massive machinery.

Craftsmanship in Blackfriars.

Wednesday, June the 9th finds us back again in the labyrinth that is South London as the guests of Messrs. James Clark & Son, who, to mark the opening of their new offices and showrooms, gave a delightfully informal "architect-party." An instructive and enjoyable evening. Architects have all too little knowledge of manufacturing processes, and opportunities for seeing their own requirements in the various stages of production are, I am sure, welcomed by them. The new Clark factory (Architect:—Norman F. Woodroffe.) is not yet entirely completed but we were able to witness most of the modern treatments in operation—silvering, etching, bevelling and brilliant cutting. I would like here to thank those craftsmen and operatives who carried on with their jobs late into the evening in order that we might be interested spectators.

The glass showroom designed by Harold Shaw incorporates every conceivable type of glass and glass decoration.



A corner of the glass showroom described in these notes.

The main feature is an all-glass semi-circular cocktail bar with a central illuminated column of sandblasted fluted plate and an illuminated canopy of decorated glass. The counter face is carried out in primrose Vitrolite the surface of which has been sandblasted and filled in with different colours to form a decorative

pattern. The back wall consists entirely of mirrors creating an illusion of spaciousness and, by reflection, making the bar appear to be a complete circular construction. Along the side walls are shown various treatments for fireplace surrounds, a bath recess in primrose and black relieved with mirrored niches and a hair-



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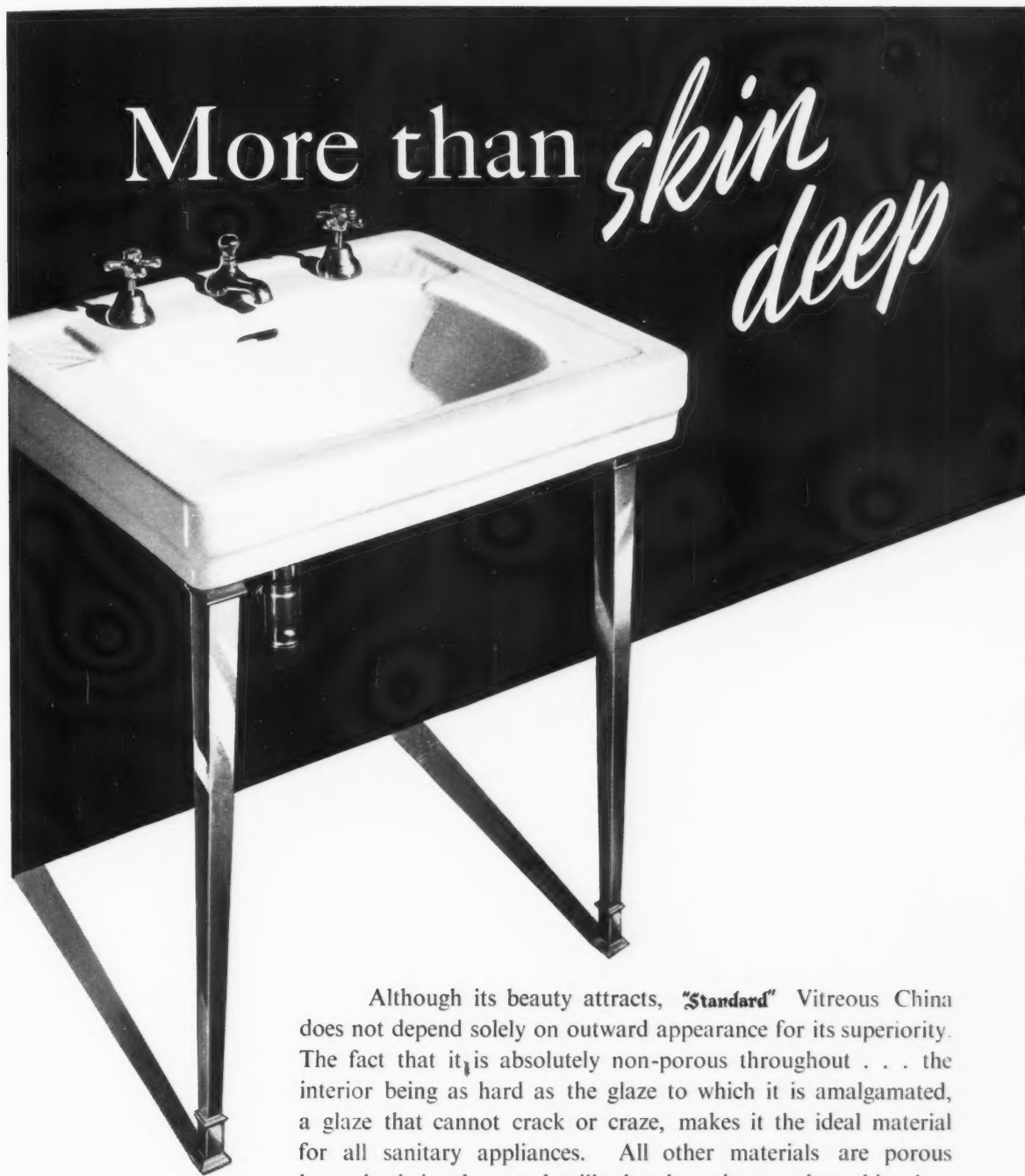
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dressing cubicle of special construction suitable for ship work. The glass joints in the cubicle are all concealed with anodized aluminium cover strips and provision has been made to allow for movement. In a very small space an exhibition range of seventeen specimen wall panels has been cleverly contrived. The panels are mounted as sliding doors on metal guides and the area of each panel is doubled by the juxtaposition of a full length mirror. The various uses of glass bricks and Thermolux are also indicated. When I tell you that the showroom dimensions are 33 ft. x 15 ft. you will appreciate that the designer's task has been no simple one, to have united so varied a display in so small an area is no mean feat.

In the glass-cutting room we were shown a sheet of $\frac{5}{16}$ in. plate glass measuring 292 ins. x 121 ins. and weighing approximately 8 to 9 cwt. lifted from the stacking partitions on to the cutting table, the whole operation occupying three men no more than three minutes. Time was when the performance of such a job would have taken 20 men twice or thrice as long. The moving of these large sheets of plate glass is now effected by an ingenious piece of equipment termed "sucker gear."

The apparatus consists of a long horizontally hung steel frame with two lines of rubber suction pads spaced at intervals of about eighteen inches. These suction pads are all served by a series of rubber pipes which all join into one large

diameter pipe which connects with an electrically driven air suction plant. The whole of this lifting gear is carried on an overhead electric travelling crane which has facilities for moving its load to any given spot in the cutting room.

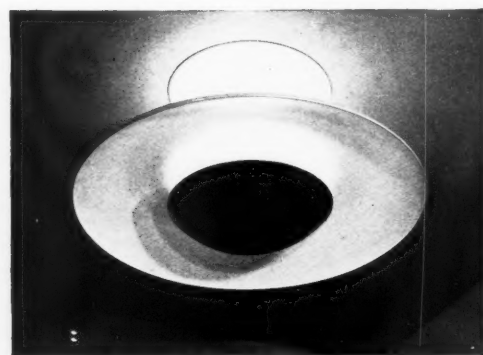
The machine has indeed usurped the

place of man-power. Bevelling is mainly machine work, but in the brilliant cutting section the highly skilled craftsman still plays the leading rôle.

I know that Clarks would like me to say that visitors to their showrooms and workshops are always most welcome.



"Sucker Gear" in operation. The plate of glass being lifted weighs approximately 8 to 9 cwt.



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Director.

Application for copies of the leaflet referred to should be addressed to 9, Hanover Street, W.1.

Corrigenda.

The Morris-Singer Company wish to state that the canopy for the Café Monico inadvertently illustrated on page 40 of their recent architectural metalwork catalogue was actually constructed by Messrs. Luxfer, Ltd., to the design and instruction of Messrs. Arthur W. Cooksey & Partners, architects, of 6, Adam Street, W.C.2.

The Buildings Illustrated

Ramsgate Municipal Airport.

Architect: D. Pleydell Bouverie. Assistant: R. D. Knott.

The general contractors were Messrs. Grumant Bros. Among the sub-contractors and craftsmen were the following: British Reinforced Concrete Engineering Co. Ltd., (concrete reinforcement), Banister Walton & Co. Ltd. (steel columns), Saunders and Taylor Ltd. (heating and domestic hot water installations), Ellis and Ward Ltd. (electrical installation), George Jennings (Lambeth) Ltd. (sanitary fittings), A. H. Hamer Ltd. (steel casements), Permanite Ltd. (asphalte roofs and tanking), A. H. Herbert & Co. Ltd. (flooring), Lensecrete Ltd. (pavement lights), Ace Laminated Products Co. Ltd. (flush doors), Sliding Door Mfg. Co. Ltd. (sliding doors and gear), Yannedis & Co. Ltd. (door furniture and window opening gear), R. Cattle Ltd. (lounge fireplace and table), Best and Lloyd Ltd. (lighting fittings), Troughton and Young Ltd. (lighting fittings), G. C. Harris (metalwork), Alfred Goslett & Co., Ltd. (mirrors), Dryad Metal Works Ltd. (hat and coat hooks), Eric Munday and Wm. Pickford Ltd. (duralumin lettering), George Wright (London) Ltd. (cat ladder), Wm. Harland & Son (paint), Joseph Avery & Co. Ltd. (blinds), Dartington Hall Ltd. (carpets and curtains), R. G. Dunn & Sons Ltd.



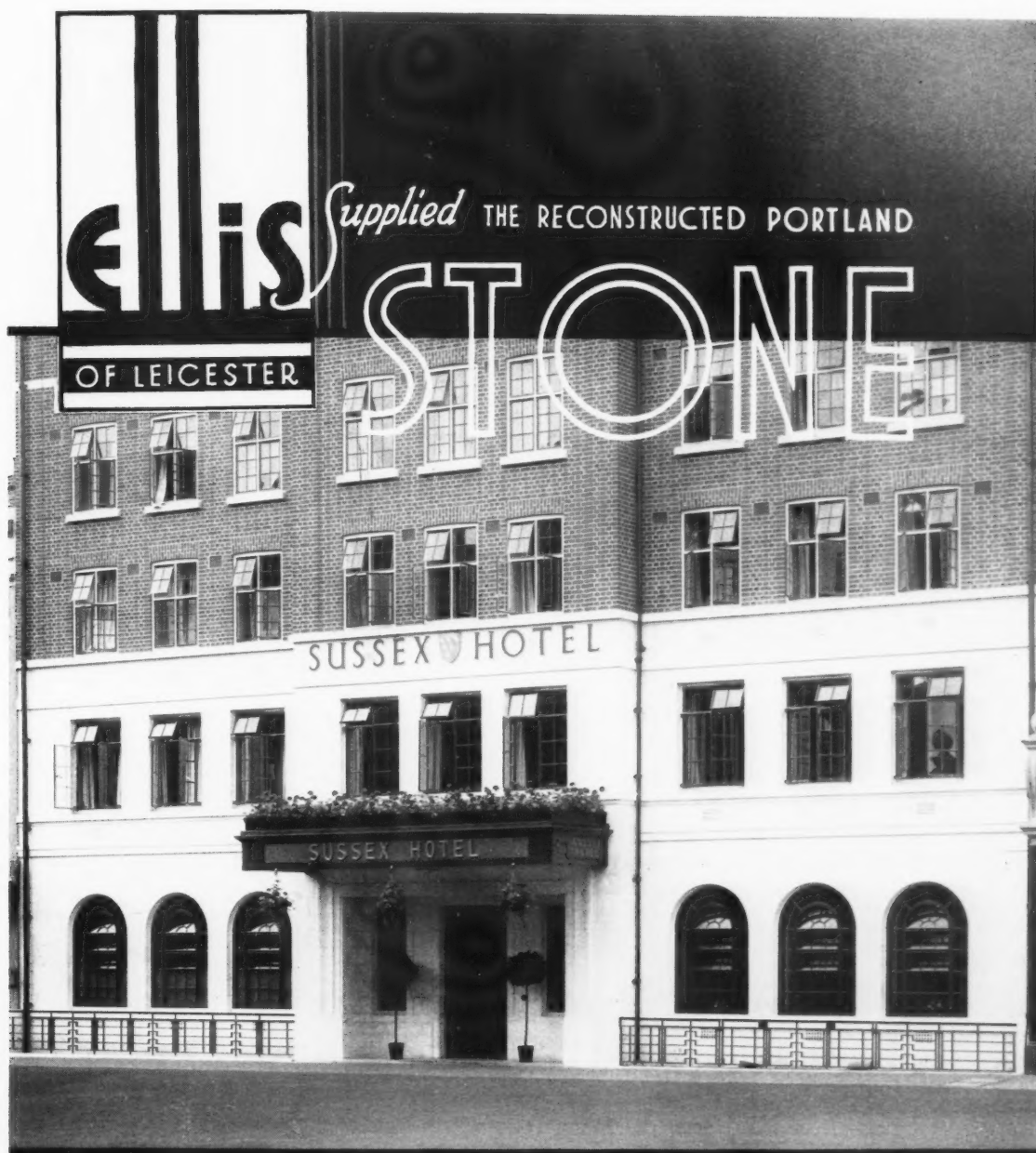
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(carpets and curtains), J. W. Gray & Son Ltd. (flagstaff), George Philip & Son Ltd. (map), Sparkes & Sons (shrubs and trees), Vitrea Drawn Sheet Glass Co. Ltd. (glass), Finmar Ltd. (furniture).

New Offices for Messrs. W. and A. Gilbey Ltd., Camden Town.

Architect: Serge Chermayeff.

The General contractors were Messrs. Holland & Hannen and Cubitts, Ltd. Among the sub-contractors and craftsmen were the following: Sabey & Co. (demolition and excavation), Mitchell and Snow (special cork for foundations), Excel Asphalte Co., Ltd. (asphalt), Carter & Co., Ltd. (internal and external tiles and terrazzo), Armstrong Cork Co., Ltd. (cork floor finishings), Sika-Francois Ltd. (waterproofing in basement), Pilkington Bros., Ltd. (special glazing; glass dome lights; fluted glass screens), Lenscrete Ltd. (pavement lights, ground floor and 1st floor level), Hall and Kay Ltd. (heating and ventilating; design and equipment), Greenwoods Ventilating Co. Ltd. (ventilating grilles), J. Starkie Gardner Ltd. (metalwork all to architect's design), J. D. Beardmore & Co. Ltd. (metalwork all to architect's design), Taylor Pearce & Co. Ltd. (metalwork all to architect's design), Helical Bar and Engineering Co. Ltd. (steel for reinforced concrete work), Crittall Mfg. Co. Ltd. (metal windows; standard sections), General Signal and Time Systems (internal

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McCutcheon (model maker), F. Parker & Sons (chairs for board room to architect's design).

Wallace Court, Marylebone Road.

Architect: Frank Scarlett.

The general contractors were Messrs. Kirk and Kirk Ltd. Among the sub-contractors and craftsmen were the following: Goodman Price Ltd. (demolition), Excel Asphalte Co. (asphalt), Trussed Concrete Steel Co. Ltd. (reinforced concrete), Finnis and Ruault Ltd. (bricks), Croft Granite Brick and Concrete Co. Ltd. (artificial stone), Ham River Co. Ltd. (sand ballast, etc.), Frazzi Ltd. (paropa special roofings), Wm. Tabor & Sons (general glass), Pilkington Bros., Ltd. (general glass), Eaton Parr and Gibson Ltd. (mirrors), Joseph Chater & Sons Ltd. (mirror and sanitary fittings), J. S. King & Co. Ltd. (roof lights), Horsley Smith & Co. Ltd. (wood block flooring), Stonart Asbestos Flooring Co. Ltd. (patent flooring), Freeman Heating Co. Ltd. (central heating, ventilation, boilers), Gas Light and Coke Co. Ltd. (gasfitting), Rashleigh Phipps & Co. Ltd. (electric wiring), bells, S. L. R. Electric Ltd. (electric light fixtures; electric heating), Matthew Hall & Co. Ltd. (plumbing), E. Hill Aldam & Co. Ltd. (sliding door gear), Comyn Ching & Co. Ltd. (door furniture), George Jennings-Hamer (Windows) Ltd. (casements and window furniture), Bostwick

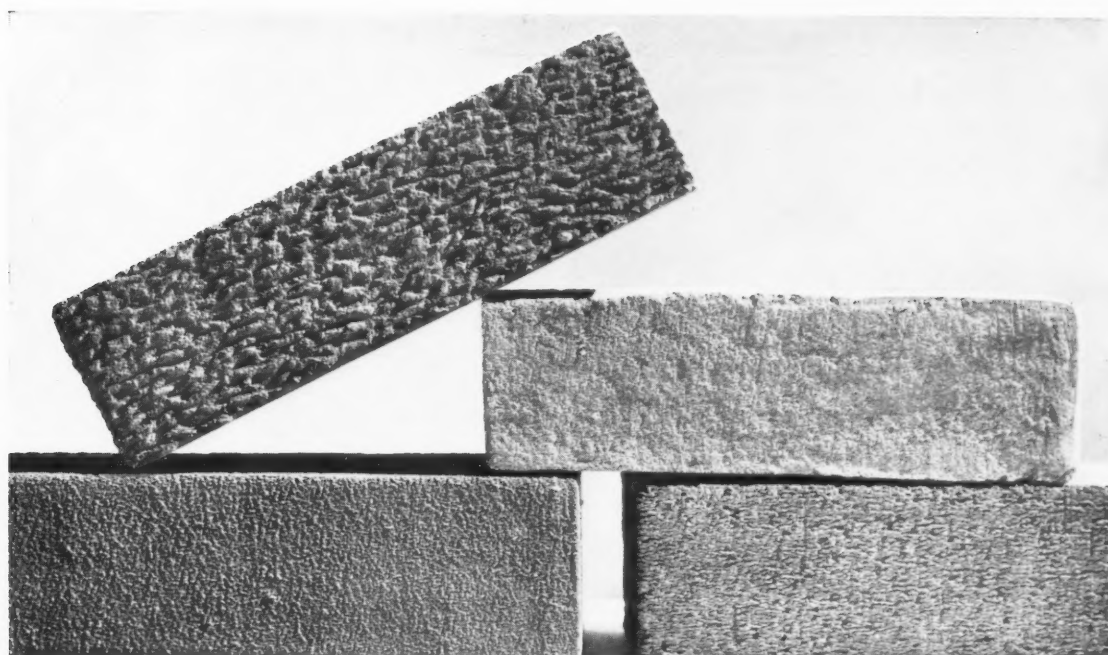


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Architects: Sir John Brown and A. E. Henson in association with David Hartley.

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Architect: Louis de Soissons.

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