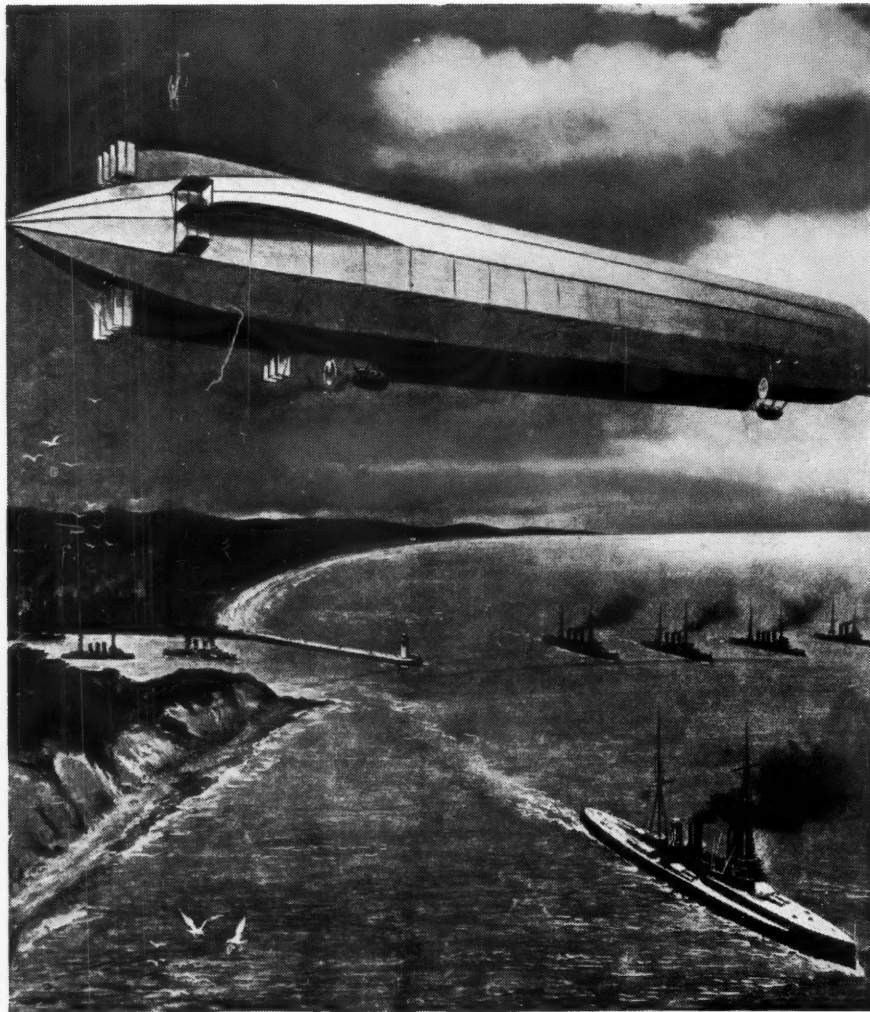






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WHEN WE WERE YOUNG

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The Architectural Review

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THIS MONTH'S COVER

is one of the colour plates appearing in J. H. Forshaw and Patrick Abercrombie's *County of London plan* which Macmillan have just published. It is reproduced here by special permission of the London County Council. Work on the plan was started two years ago at the request of Lord Reith, the then Minister of Works. A preliminary introduction into various aspects of the plan is on pages xxxix and xl.

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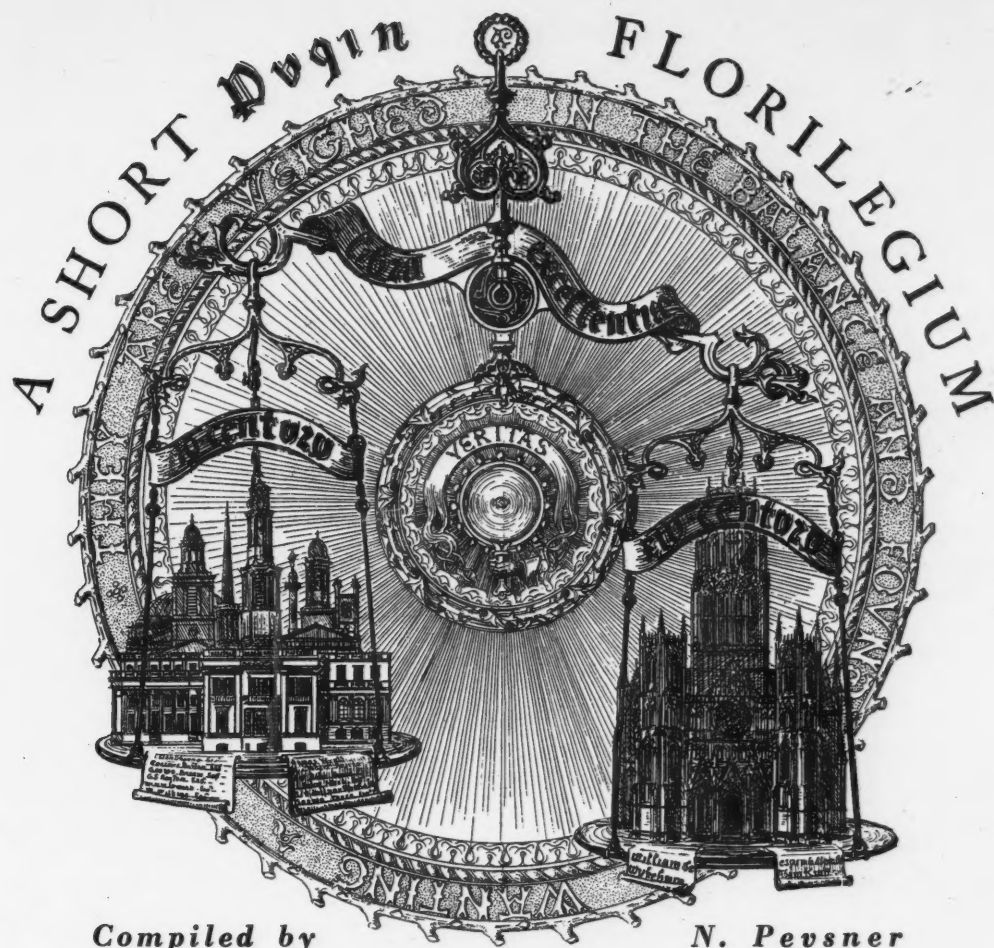
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MURALS IN BRITISH RESTAURANTS



Most modern painting can be interpreted as the struggle of the artist to get out of the isolation of the easel-picture for exhibition, that is an open market, back into the community existence of decorative art. Hence the revival of the mural. It started with Prince Albert's competition for the Houses of Parliament and the work of the young Pre-Raphaelites at the Oxford Union. Morris's pupil Brangwyn carried on. Roger Fry's team-work at the Borough Polytechnic was the first solitary post-impressionist manifestation. The popularity of the mural however was started by the spectacular success of Eric Ravilious's and Edward Bawden's splendid Morley College murals, now alas destroyed. Their humanity and light-heartedness has inspired directly or indirectly most of the work that a number of go-ahead art schools have done in the decoration of British Restaurants. An article by Eric Newton, which appears on pages 41-48, discusses the significance and the shortcomings of what has so far been achieved. As a social achievement most of the murals illustrated must be heartily welcomed. Aesthetic achievements are still rare. The wall paintings of the Guildford School of Art are amongst the happiest and most successful. The large picture above shows Sir Robert Parkhurst, of Guildford, Lord Mayor of London. The figure is taken from his monument in Holy Trinity, Guildford. The other compositions, groups of Guildford buildings and other sights are illustrated in more detail on page 47. They were designed by Joy Thomas and executed by students of the school.



Compiled by

N. Pevsner

PUGIN'S picturesque life-story need not be re-told; his early enthusiasm for stage decoration and the sea, his first marriage at the age of nineteen and his second at the age of twenty-one, his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith, his fanatic absorption in his work, and his mental collapse, before he died, forty years old, in 1852. Since he died eight years before Sir Charles Barry and fifteen years before Sir Robert Smirke, Pugin is usually considered as one of their generation. This has often prevented a just assessment of his historical significance. He was thirty-two years younger than Smirke, and seventeen younger than Barry. The generation to which he belongs is Scott's and Ruskin's. Directly that has been realized, his work and his teachings fall into their proper place. Christopher Wood, born in 1901, belongs to Piper, Ravillious and Bawden, born in 1903, and not to Sickert and Steer who died more than ten years after him.

Pugin's importance in the history of English architecture lies in the fact that he was the first to take the Gothic Revival seriously, to think of Gothic in terms of the one and only style of architecture, the English style *par excellence*, and for ever. This has of course been pointed out before, best perhaps in Sir Kenneth Clark's *Gothic Revival*. Sir Kenneth substantiates his interpretation of Pugin by a dozen or so quotations from Pugin's own writings. More he could hardly do in one chapter. But there is so much in them of interest for us in our present position, so much worth reprinting, regrouping, and reconsidering that a special Florilegium may be permissible.

The quotations which make up this Florilegium come from Pugin's four most important books:

Contrasts, or a parallel between the architecture of the fifteenth and nineteenth centuries, 1836 (hereinafter abbreviated C), a brilliant, somewhat irresponsible book, which Pugin wrote, when he was twenty-four years old.

The True Principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture, 1841 (TP), the most thoughtful and concise of Pugin's writings.

An Apology for the Revival of Christian Architecture in England, 1843 (A), the book in which

Pugin applies his True Principles to the present day and attacks all those architects who believed in others.

The Present State of Ecclesiastical Architecture in England, 1843 (PS), chiefly dealing with ritualistic considerations, Pugin's own buildings and those of a few other recent architects.

The most potent source of Pugin's architectural theory is the militant Roman Catholic zeal of the recent convert. It has much in common with Friedrich Schlegel's, who was converted and wrote thirty years earlier, that is at a moment similarly crucial in the evolution of the Romantic movement in Germany as was Pugin's in England. Both derived strength and weakness of their positions from powerful religious feelings. And both had a love for everything mediæval which was less the outcome of æsthetic delight than of a longing for unbroken, universal catholicism. Pugin detested his own age and nearly all its buildings. But when he wants to show how abominable St. Pancras Church is, he is less concerned with its pediment and "telescopic steeple" (A 26) than with the fact that it is "a wretched compound of pagan and protestant architecture" (A 23). And when he contends that "on comparing the Architectural Works of the present Century with those of the Middle Ages, the wonderful superiority of the latter must strike every attentive observer" (C 1) and that, "were it not for the remains of the edifices produced during the Middle Ages, the architectural monuments of this country would be contemptible in the extreme" (C 33), he is again more incensed against his century's "blind admiration . . . for everything Pagan" (A 3) than against the Greek style as such.

This contrast between a bad and pagan nineteenth and a good and Christian fifteenth century forms, as is well enough known, the theme of the *Contrasts*, with its brilliant and blatantly propagandist plates. The same shrewd unfairness of comparisons can be found in his other books. "How violent," he says, for instance, in the *Present State*, "is the contrast between the choir of a cathedral and the drawing-room of an Anglo-Protestant Prebendary, with its piano, knick-

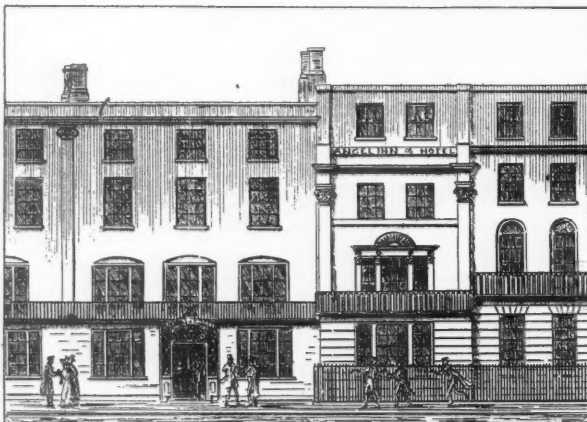
knacks, mirrors and ottomans" (PS 105). Even more eloquent, and certainly more convincing, is the following passage:

"Every good old inn is turned into an ugly hotel with a stuccoed portico, and a vulgar coffee-room lined with staring paper, with imitation scagliola columns, composition glass frames . . . and twenty per cent. added to the bill. . . . Our good old St. Martin's, St. John's, St. Peter's and St. Mary's streets are becoming Belle-Vue Places, Adelaide Rows, Apollo Terraces, Regent Squares and Royal Circuses. . . . Government preaching houses, called churches, start up at a cost of a few hundreds each, by the side of Zion Chapels, Bethel Meetings, New Connexions, and Socialist Halls. Timbered fronts of curious and ingenious design are swept away before the resistless torrent of Roman-cement men. . . . Every linen-draper's shop apes to be something after the palace of the Cæsars, the arch stone columns are fixed over a front of plate-glass to exhibit the astounding bargains" (TP 56-57).

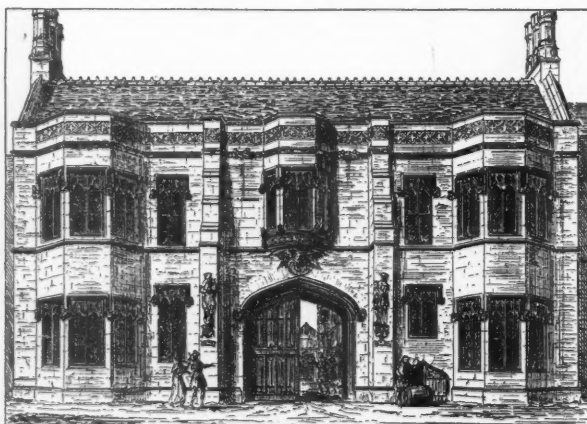
Pugin is no less scathing against the individual more spectacular public buildings that he saw go up around him. The only one which he accepts is the Houses of Parliament (A 9), and that was at least partly his. With nearly every other building that he discusses in *Contrasts* and *Apology* he finds fault. "No one can look on Buckingham Palace, the National Gallery, Board of Trade, the new buildings of the British Museum, or any of the principal buildings lately erected, but must feel the very existence of such public monuments as a disgrace" (C 31). Regent Street and the Regents Park are "nests of monstrosities" (C 30), the terraces of Regency houses at Brighton and other watering places nothing but examples of "vile taste" (C 31).

Education of the young in the pagan manner enrages him particularly. "It is a perfect disgrace to the Royal Academy that its Professor of Architecture should be permitted to poison the minds of the students . . . by propagating his erroneous opinions of Christian architecture" (A 3). That refers to Cockerell who had been appointed in 1839. Cockerell's Exchange appears

Pugin disliked the showiness and shoddiness of nineteenth century design in its more commercial forms, because he was a functionalist and a moralist. But he also disliked what seems to us the honesty and soberly designed terraces of 1800-1835, because his ardent Roman Catholic faith blinded him to the qualities of any but the Gothic style. Classical forms are Pagan and must therefore be bad—no less objectionable indeed than the bargains behind the plate-glass shop-window. The top picture is from *True Principles*, the other two (and also the head-piece on the preceding page) from *Contrasts*.



ANGEL INN OXFORD


ANGEL INN GARTHAM
CONTRASTED PUBLIC INNS

in the *Apology* (18) as "a stale dish of ill-adapted classicisms—heavy, dull and uninteresting." Now Cockerell's predecessor in the academic chair had been Wilkins, the architect of Downing College, Cambridge, and the non-denominational University College, London. At him Pugin's warning must be aimed that "any departure from Catholic antiquity in a college is unpardonable" (A 31), and his outcry: "A man who paganizes in the Universities deserves no quarter," (A 3). Wilkins's predecessor, Sir John Soane, then eighty-four years old, was attacked mercilessly in the *Contrasts*. More than one page is devoted to caricaturing his work and style. "The Soanean eccentricities" come up again after his death in the *Apology* (17).

To Pugin there is no difference between Soane and Nash. He was blind to the personal, independent genius of the one, and the elegant versatility of the other. What he blamed them for was not really that they were bad architects, but architects in the wrong style. However, Nash, Wilkins, Wyatt, if not Soane, had designed Gothic buildings as well as classical. So Gothic as such is not sufficient to satisfy Pugin. He qualifies what he is pleading for in such a way as to exclude Wyatt and Nash. Wyatt, because of his cathedral restorations, appears in Pugin's books only as "Wyatt of execrable memory" (C 19), and "Wyatt, the destructive" (TP 53). However, he has better arguments than strong language when it comes to contrasting his own style from that of the light-hearted earlier Gothicists. He recognizes in their work—rightly, we would say—the application of "details and minor features of the pointed style to classic masses and arrangements," and—equally rightly—a conscious endeavour "to be picturesque" (TP 62).

Did Pugin not see that the river-front of the Houses of Parliament is entirely a classic composition covered over with Gothic detail? Perhaps he did, and wished Barry who was responsible for the design in general, to feel the censure. In his own buildings, he was much too conscientious and earnest to allow himself any such inconsistency, or anything like the jolly or melodramatic picturesqueness of Nash's Blaise Castle, or Wyatt's Fonthill. There must be no licence, no phantasy. What he preached instead—and these passages lay the foundation of Victorian antiquarianism—is this: "We can never successfully deviate one tittle from the spirit and principles of pointed architecture. We must rest content, to follow, not to lead" (TP 9). But may not Pugin here, like some few progressive late-Victorian writers, Morris especially, advocate a revival of the spirit as against an imitation of the forms of the middle-ages? No, Pugin says explicitly in his last book (he refers to church decoration) "that the only hope of reviving the perfect style is by strictly adhering to ancient authorities; illuminated MSS, stained glass, and especially brasses . . . which furnish excellent examples, and many of them easy of imitation" (PS 88). And he goes further than that. He proudly introduces himself as an imitator in the anonymously published *Present State* (113): "Mr. Pugin, we believe, never claimed the least merit on the score of originality; nor does he profess to invent new combinations, but simply to revive, as far as circumstances and means will admit, the glorious but till lately despised work of the Middle Ages." So Pugin—this must always be remembered—does not blame the classicists (as critics of the early twentieth century did) for imitating, but for imitating the wrong thing. He believed just as firmly as they in historicism as such—in fact more firmly.

But now: what exactly would he have us imitate? As a rule he only says: pointed architecture, or the Gothic style. But Gothic extends over more than three hundred years. Are we to build Early English? Decorated? Perpendicular? Pugin's answer changed from 1836 to 1840. He begins with that enthusiasm for fifteenth century forms that the earlier Gothicists had kindled, and that had made him choose the fifteenth as the model century for his *Contrasts*. In the *Contrasts* he praises the vault of Henry VII's Chapel in Westminster Abbey as "a complete masterpiece of bold and elegant construction" (4), whereas, five years later, in the *True Principles* he

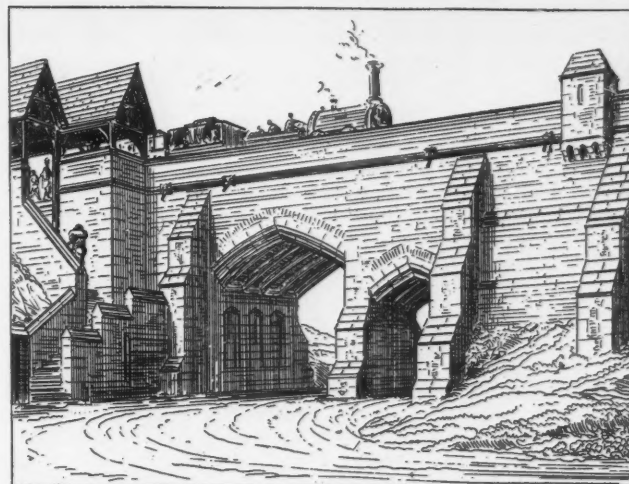
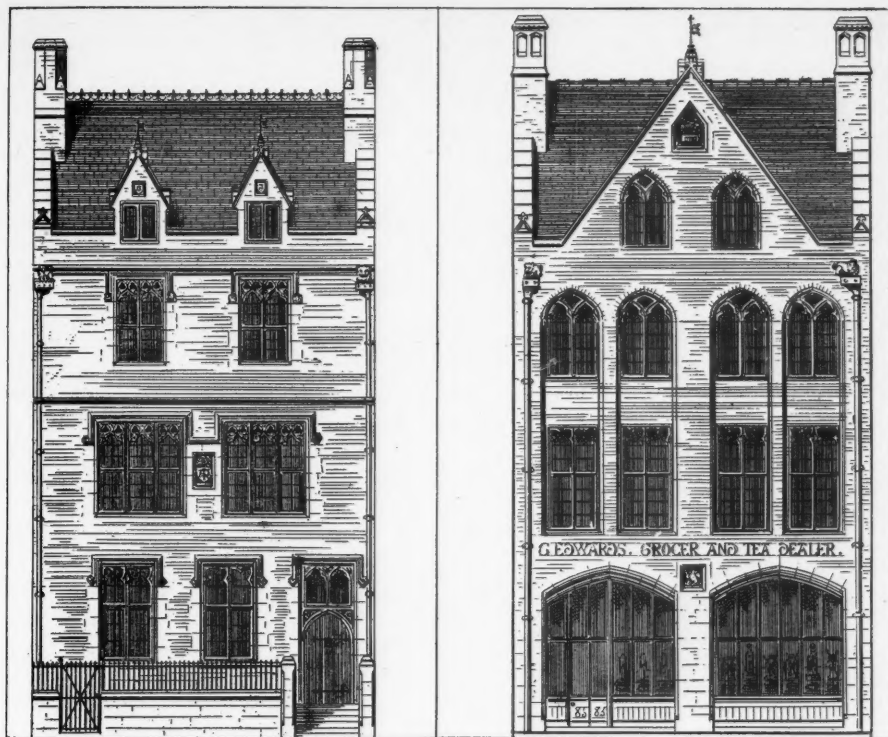
finds in the stalactite pendants the "commencement of bad taste" (7). "The moment," he says, "the flat or four-centred arch was introduced, the spirit of Christian architecture was on the wane" (ib.). He now calls Perpendicular decoration "quite unworthy of the severity of Pointed . . . architecture" (ib.).

Severity then appears the hallmark of the right Gothic style. The cathedrals he quotes are "Amiens, Cologne, Chartres, Beauvais or Westminster" (TP 4), although he does not recommend Continental buildings for actual imitation by English architects (TP 67). Perpendicular in this new historical conceit has become, what it is to us, a final phase that could only lead up to revolution or reaction: "I feel convinced," Pugin writes (TP 9), "that Christian architecture had gone its length, and it must necessarily have destroyed itself by departing from its own principles in the pursuit of novelty, or it must have fallen back on its pure and ancient models." So Pugin at this stage pleads for Early English or Decorated, that is the style which just then Scott, Ferrey and Poynter reintroduced. The curious fact is, however, that Pugin himself never succeeded in his own church buildings to overcome the thinness and paperiness of early Gothicism. The new scholarly and pedestrian solidity of Scott remained beyond his reach. This contrast of theory and performance is of fundamental importance, and more about it will be said presently. For the time being we have to analyse what reasons Pugin gives for the superiority of pure pointed architecture.

There are principally two: one ethical and one utilitarian. The ethical argument may come first: Buildings such as the cathedrals of the middle-ages can "only be produced . . . by men . . . thoroughly imbued with devotion for, and faith in, the religion for whose worship they are erected" (C 2). The architects of the Gothic cathedrals, by virtue of their being true Christians, achieved "a merit and perfection, which it was impossible to attain . . . in the errors of polytheism" (A 5). Hence an art of such consummate perfection must remain inaccessible to the unbelieving of to-day; for "only by similar glorious feelings . . . similar glorious results can be obtained" (C III). So Ruskin was not the first to put forward the dangerous contention that only good men can produce good art. Nor was he the first to light the lamp of truth: "The severity of Christian architecture is opposed to all deception" (TP 44). By deception Pugin means all such modern inventions and devices as "compo" and Roman cement (TP 45, etc.), the painting of iron to look like wood or marble (TP 30), the introduction of sham windows for symmetry's sake (A 8), and so on.

What he opposes to such impositions, seems at first to be downright D.I.A. functionalism, and it is the passages conveying this impression that have, within the last twenty years, been chiefly quoted and emphasized. "The severity of Christian architecture requires a reasonable purpose for the introduction of the smallest detail." There are several absorbingly interesting pages in the *True Principles* to analyse Gothic motifs from the functional point of view. Flying buttresses convert "an essential support into a light and elegant construction." The groined vault with its ribs has the advantage of lightness too. Pinnacles also "fulfil a useful end." Base mouldings throw off water and avoid feather-edged joints (TP 4-15). All these arguments are familiar to us now, but Pugin, as far as I can see, was the first to put them forward. His intention is to explain everything in the Gothic style in a utilitarian way. In this he does not quite succeed. Once or twice æsthetical argumentation slips in. He admits, for instance, that mouldings, string-courses, etc., were introduced, because, without some lines of shadow across, a wall would be "monotonous and unsightly" (TP 3, 12).

But on the whole Pugin maintains that "the great test of architectural beauty is the fitness of the design to the purpose for which it is intended" (C 1). The pendants of Henry VII Chapel in Westminster Abbey are objectionable, because they are "four or five feet of unnecessary stone" (TP 7). However, could not exactly the same be said against the elaborate mouldings, say, of the



RAILWAY BRIDGES ON THE ANCIENT PRINCIPLES



The Gothic style once accepted as the only possible style for any age—first for religious and then for functional reasons—Pugin designs house fronts, some of which are as restrained and crisp as any of Lethaby's day. (From *An Apology*.) But he also insists on functional railway architecture to be Gothic as against Hardwick's Doric. (From *True Principles*.)

voussoirs of a cathedral porch, or indeed the tower of any church?

Pugin answers this criticism by introducing two new conceptions: accordance with nature, and propriety. Both impose decisive limitations, lately too little taken into account, on his functionalism.

As for the voussoirs, he says that their decoration can be justified by the existence of "the same principle . . . in vegetation, where the solid trunk spreads and divides, as it rises upwards" (TP 14). That is a feeble argument indeed. What it amounts to, is that everything in harmony with nature must be right. It is a stock argument of architectural theory, though not one of Pugin's stock arguments. He has it only in some two or three places. In the *Apology* he exclaims (9): Had buildings, instead of being clothed in a Greek costume "been allowed . . . to appear in their natural garb, were it rich or simple, what variety and interest would our architectural monuments present." Later in the same book (39) he arrives at a far more general conclusion about nature and architecture: "Every building that is treated naturally, without disguise or concealment, cannot fail to look well."

It will hardly be necessary to say where Pugin had such ideas from. You can find accordance with nature in Sir Joshua's *Discourses* and earlier still in the classic French architectural theory of the *siècle de Louis XIV*. Its root is the equation of reasonable and *secundum naturam* in the philosophy of the seventeenth century rationalists.

So much for the voussoirs. To justify towers Pugin uses a different argument. He contends that "a tower . . . forms an essential part of the building" (PS 21), although he has no case for immediate functional necessity. But if we look back at the very first of his *True Principles*, we find that "there should be no features about a building which are not necessary for convenience, construction, or propriety" (TP 1). So architectural necessities are not only practical. Convenience may cover serviceability only, but propriety clearly leads away from principles of functionalism pure and simple. In point of fact, propriety as well as convenience are categories taken over by Pugin, knowingly or unknowingly, from the French theory of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which preached *la belle nature*. They figure in the French books as *bienséance* and *convenance*.

However, Pugin added construction to them, and of construction he appears to treat in a decidedly modern way. He wishes it "subdivided . . . under three distinct heads: stone,

timber, and metal," and insists that ornament should only be an "enrichment of the essential construction of a building" (TP 1-2), that is: he sees that materials call for a specific construction, and that decoration should not conceal it.

There is a third even more surprisingly modern set of statements in the *True Principles*. It is the immediate outcome of Pugin's belief in fitness for purpose. If it is true that "the external and internal appearance of an edifice should be illustrative of, and in accordance with, the purpose for which it is destined" (TP 42), that the elevation of a building should be "subservient to the plan" (TP 62), and that even "the smallest detail should have a meaning or serve a purpose" (TP 1), then it can be well understood that Pugin just like our functionalists of the twenties and thirties, arrived in the end at this generalization: "All really beautiful forms in architecture are based on the soundest principles of utility" (TP 11).

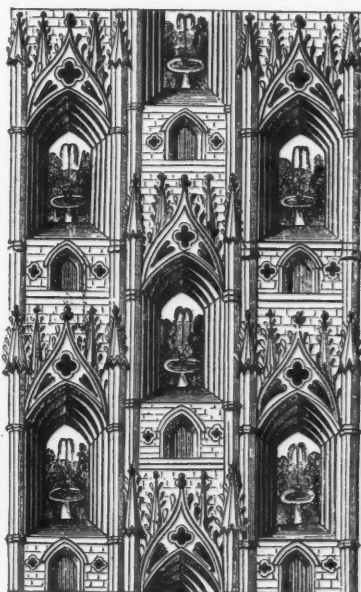
This doctrine made him fight tooth and nail against the conventions of decoration and ornament of his own time, the conventions most atrociously represented by the "sprawling Rococo" patterns of what he called "Sheffield eternal" (TP 32), and by that un-doctrinaire and commercialized Gothicism for which his name is "Brum-

magem Gothic" (TP 24). His fight was directed against all ornamental features "tacked on buildings with which they have no connexion, merely for the sake of what is termed effect" (TP 1). It was directed against the endeavour to "conceal the real purpose" for which "articles of utility" are made (TP 23), against carpets with "highly relieved foliage," and wallpapers "with perspective views" (TP 25-26)—in fact against exactly the same things that infuriated William Morris forty years later.

In one respect Pugin's functionalism went even beyond Morris's. Pugin was able to visualize a railway architecture of sound æsthetic standards. He blamed the Great Western Railway for the "architectural display . . . attempted" by many of its stations. He called them "caricatures of pointed design . . . with castellated work, huge tracery, shields without bearings, ugly mouldings, no-meaning projections, and all sorts of unaccountable breaks, to make up a design at once costly and offensive, and full of pretension" (A 11). Nor was he, needless to say, ever in favour of Neo-Greek stations of the Euston type. What he recommended instead was to build "exactly what was wanted in the simplest and most substantial manner" (TP 10).

However, the outcome of this recommendation would in the end not have looked quite as Bauhaus as one might imagine. For Pugin excludes iron from architecture. He does not even mention it in connexion with railway architecture, where it had such a proud future. This he did not foresee, although he is otherwise astonishingly progressive in his views on iron and modern inventions in general. "Had the old builders," he writes, "possessed our means of obtaining and working iron, they would have availed themselves of it to a great extent" (A 40). The steam engine also he calls "a most valuable power," though only "for sawing, raising, and cleansing stone, timber and other materials" (A 39). For machinery should be applied exclusively to "matters purely mechanical." "When mechanical invention intrudes on the confines of art, and tends to subvert the principles which it should advance . . . it becomes objectionable" (A 40).

In the case of iron he keeps to the same limitation. It is constructionally valuable, even as "iron shafts in the centre of great piers" and iron chains "in the thickness of the triforium and clerestory" (A 41), but it should not be "applied to ornamental purposes." He gives three reasons. The first is that iron, by its manufacturing properties, must be "a source of continual repetition



Pugin's persiflage of Gothic wallpapers with perspective views. (From *True Principles*.)

subversive of the variety and imagination exhibited in pointed design. A mould for casting is an expensive thing; once got, it must be worked out. Hence we see the same window in green-house, gate-house, church and room." Secondly, he describes iron as "a deception; it is seldom or never left as iron, but made to look like stone, wood or marble." The third drawback is that iron, being stronger than stone, requires less thickness. Therefore "to be consistent, mullions of cast iron tracery must be so reduced as to look painfully thin" (TP 29-30).

Now this is a tangle of fallacies, unique in Pugin's work. We must try to dishevel it. Evidently to Pugin repetition as such is bad, and variety essential. Hence his dislike of Regency terraces. Moreover, the use of the same window for green-house and church goes against propriety. One may deny that; but it is a straightforward argument. But why should iron be a fraud, because people conceal it under coats of deceptive paint? That is not the fault of the iron. What Pugin should have done is to follow his principles and appeal to architects to use iron without hiding it.

This, however, did not occur to him once, and it could not, because his extra-aesthetic faith in the Gothic style was stronger than his power of reasoning. That comes out in the pathetic argument of the iron tracery. Iron tracery, indeed, looks as a rule inappropriate. But who insists on it? Pugin should have been the last to do it. It is as unfunctional as any Neo-Greek portico or Roman cement front.

Now to return to railway architecture, what Pugin recommends as the simple and substantial forms to be used is something "with buttresses, weathering, and segmented arches to resist lateral and perpendicular pressure" (TP 13)—again the incurable gothicist's prescription.

His attitude towards London street architecture is exactly the same. He advocates "brick fronts . . . consistently treated" and "adapted perfectly to internal convenience" (A 39)—he stresses drainage and gas—but he hastens to add that houses must be "terminated by the natural form of the gable." So we are back at accordance with nature and propriety. And propriety in the case of churches can even serve as an excuse for the richest decoration. "Architectural propriety requires that they should be as good, as spacious,

as rich and beautiful, as means and numbers of those who are erecting them will permit" and certainly "more vast and beautiful" than dwelling houses (TP 43-44).

But dwellings too, as the plates to Pugin's *Contrasts* and *Apology* show, are in need of Gothic embellishment. For his belief in the necessity of decoration was not confined to ecclesiastical architecture. His general principle demanded accordance with convenience, construction and propriety. Now he specifies that the designer should seek the most convenient form, and then decorate it (TP 23), and praises pointed architecture, because it "does not conceal . . . construction, but beautifies it" (TP 3). This, it is Pugin's conviction, holds good only of the Gothic style. In fact he follows the first statement of his *True Principles* immediately by the statement: "It is in pointed architecture alone that these great principles have been carried out" (TP 1).

While such a statement is in full harmony with most of what has so far been presented of Pugin's thought, it curiously conflicts with his clear vision of *Zeitgeist*. He was not the first to evolve such a vision. But in the form he gave it, it is highly characteristic of Romantic philosophy. "The belief and manners of all peoples are embodied in the edifices they raised" (A 4). "Different nations have given birth to so many styles of Architecture, each suited to their climate, customs, and religion" (C 1). Thus houses in England should not be Italianate; for "we are not Italians—we are Englishmen" (TP 55).

It seems astonishing that the man who saw this did not also say: We are not of the thirteenth century—we are of the nineteenth. The manners of our time must be embodied in our buildings. He must in fact sometimes have realised that it was the unavoidable consequence of his views. But as pointed architecture had to remain supreme at all costs, the flimsiest excuse satisfied him. Here it is: "The great objection raised against the revival of our ancient architecture by the advocates of paganism is the great difference between the present habits and necessities and those which existed at the period when pointed architecture was most flourishing. But, in reply to this difficulty . . . it will not be difficult to prove* that while we have nothing in

*The argument evidently confuses him; even his language, usually so resounding, goes wrong here.

common with Pompeian villas and Greek temples, the ancient churches and mansions furnish us with perfect types for our present purposes" (A 22). Catholic churches, it may be true, are still what they were in the middle-ages, but "the wants . . . of Civil Buildings" also, Pugin contends, "are almost identical with those of our English forefathers. In the first place, climate, which necessarily regulates the pitch of roofs, light, warmth, and internal arrangement, remains . . . precisely the same as formerly." And, over and above that, "we are governed nearly by the same laws and same system of political economy."

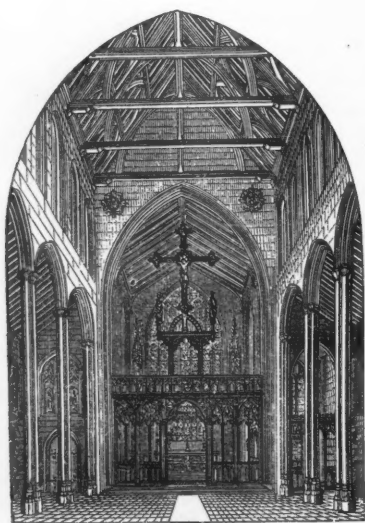
The contradiction between this and his *Contrasts* with their eloquent indictment of the economic system of growing industrialism is blatant. Pugin was never able to reconcile these two trends of his mind. It was his tragedy, perhaps even connected in some way with his final collapse, although it was also in a way the tragedy of the Romantic movement, and its outcome, the Victorian style. It could not but lead to that cleavage between theory and performance which strikes us in Carlyle, in Ruskin, in Semper, in Morris, and many minor theorists, for instance, as Mr. Donner pointed out in *THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW* a few months ago, in Thomas Harris.

But Pugin was the boldest thinker of them all. His strength lay in his newly revealed faith which forced his eyes back all the time into the middle-ages. His weakness was that this very faith led him to acquiesce in a compromise between Catholic dogma and his great discovery, the theory of functionalism. In its visual outcome this compromise was bound to look timid and lacking in self-confidence. When at last Pugin's buildings will be adequately photographed and published, this will be obvious enough.

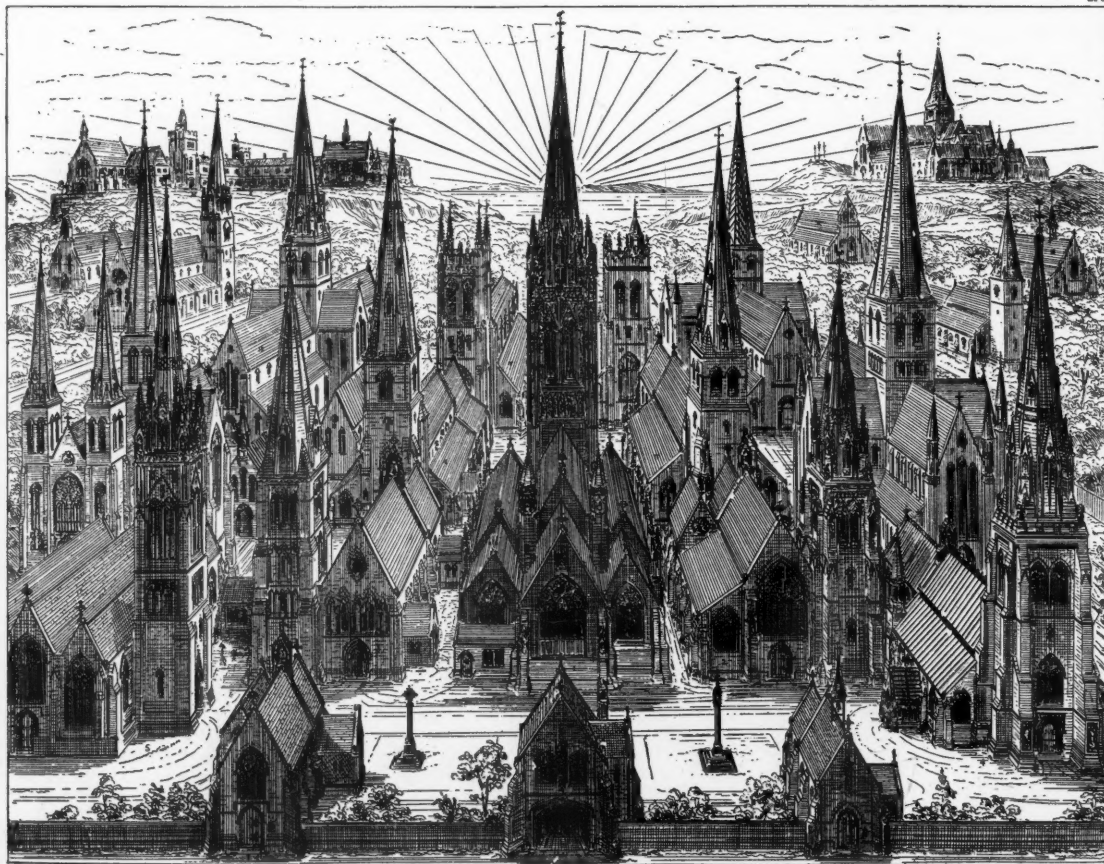
Vigorous architecture can only exist where there is a unity of thought and action. The break between the two is perhaps more glaring in Pugin's work than in that of any other Victorian architect. It would, in my opinion, be equally wrong to analyse his buildings without remembering his theory, as to analyse his theory without looking at his buildings. Only the contrast of the two can yield a true picture of his historical significance.



Laus Deo!

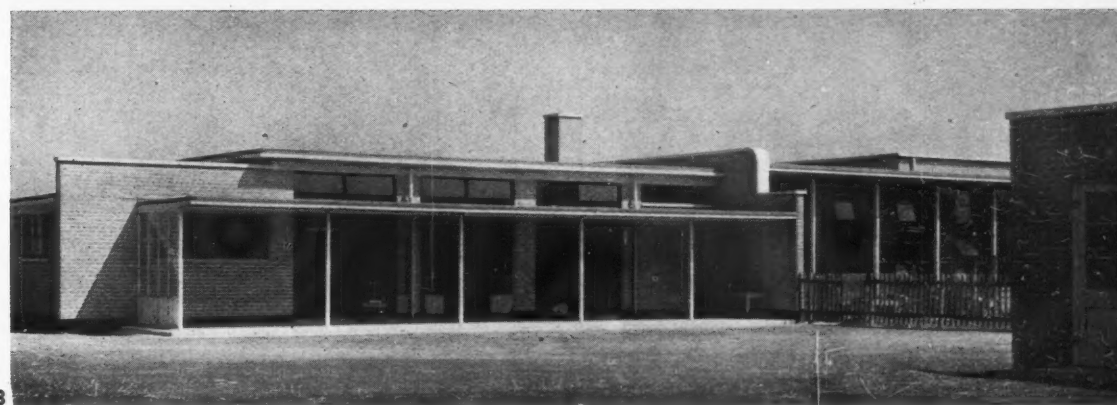
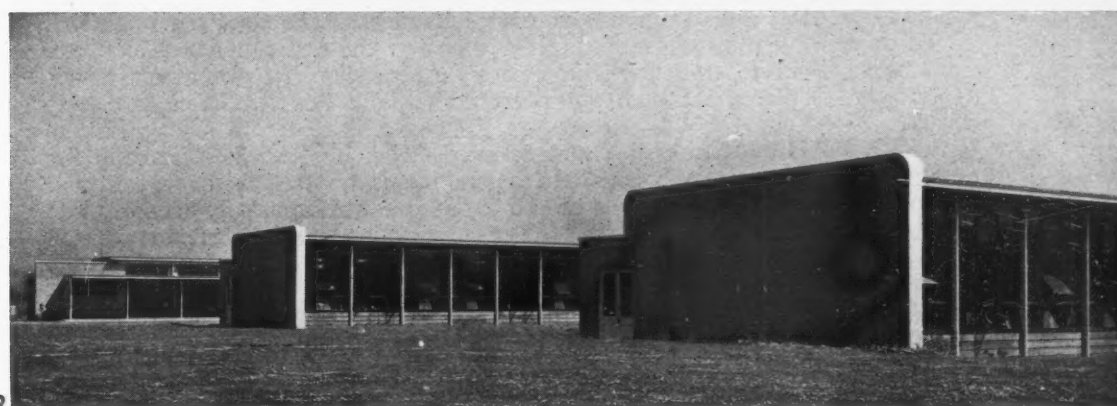


Vigorous architecture can only exist where there is a unity of thought and action. Pugin's thought was strong, and bold, but warped by his religious zeal. Hence his action, that is his buildings, never came up to his vision. Note the melancholy contrast between the ideal picture which forms the frontispiece to *An Apology* and the timid thinness of Pugin's churches, such as St. Alban's, Macclesfield.



THE PRESENT REVIVAL OF CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE

SCHOOLS



I SCHOOLS AT LITTLEHAMPTON, SUSSEX

GENERAL—The terms of reference of this school building were unusually complex. One group had to comprise a senior girls' school for 360 children, a junior girls' school and a junior boys' school for altogether 430 children, an infants' school for 240, and a clinic. The architect has united the five functions under one roof, while keeping them strictly separate.

SITE—The site covers over thirteen acres. The main access road is over the south side. It is here that the building presents its main frontage. To the north lie first the playgrounds and then the large rectangular playing fields.

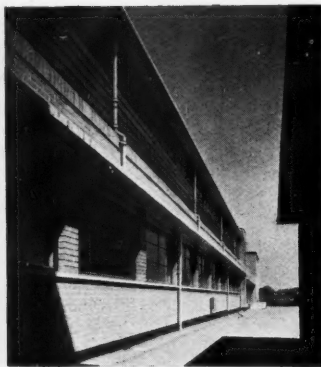
PLANNING—The chief problem facing the architect was to give each department its own separate entrance, offices, halls and cloak, and yet to preserve a composition for the whole group which would react as one whole, with an easy flow from each wing to the next. The south front, 7, is symmetrical, except for the outer wings branching off, one—the senior girls' department—on the east side towards north, the other—with the junior boys' classrooms on the west slightly towards south. This angle is taken up further north by two more wings running parallel with the first and housing the junior girls' classrooms and further north still the infants'

C. G. Stillman

1, the Senior Girls' Domestic Science rooms in the east wing. 2, the three classroom spurs, running east form a spine with offices and cloaks. The classrooms face south and have glass walls and projecting roofs. The verandah of the wing farthest in the background (see also 3) belongs to the babies' part of the infants' wing.



4



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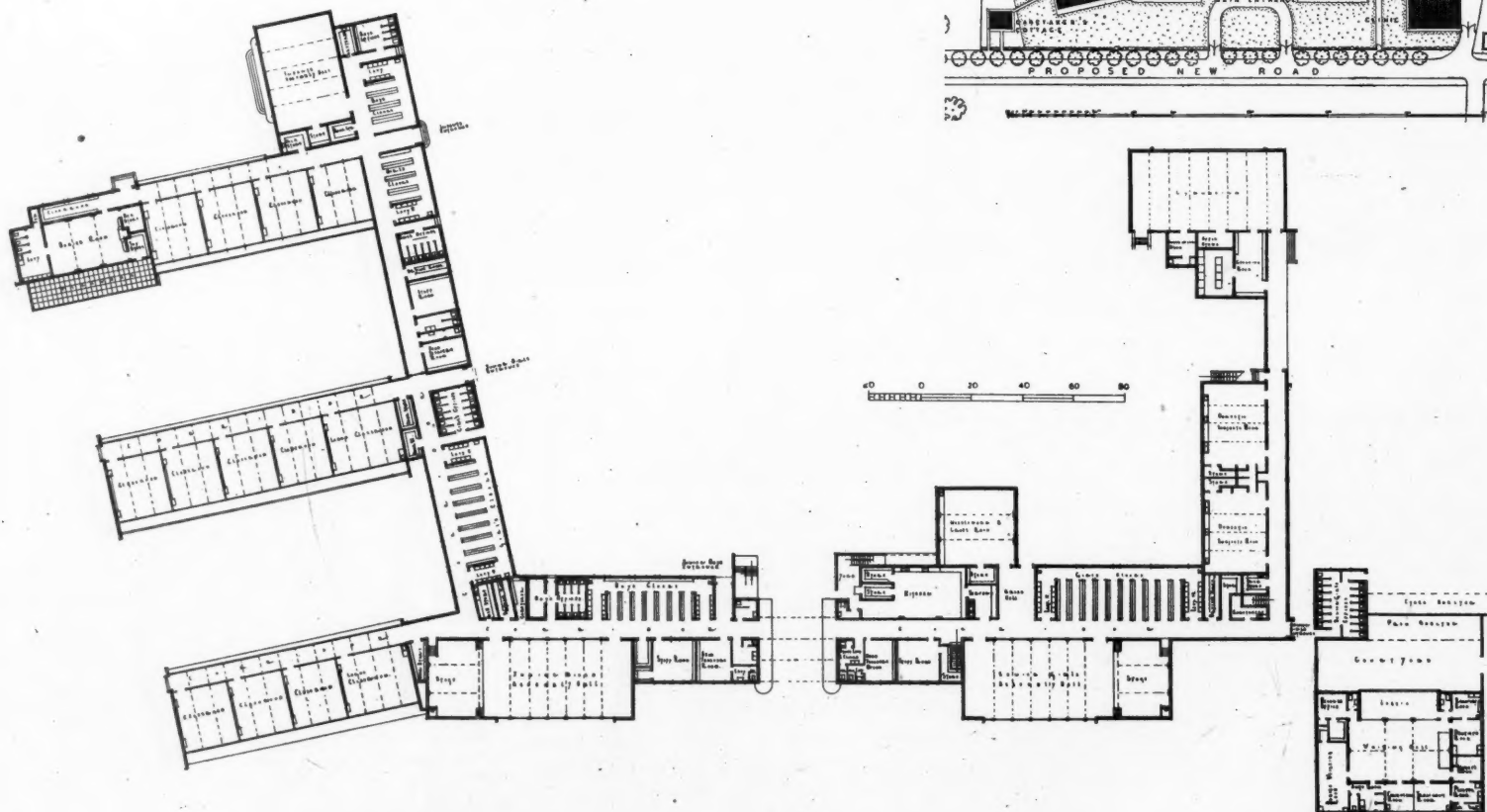


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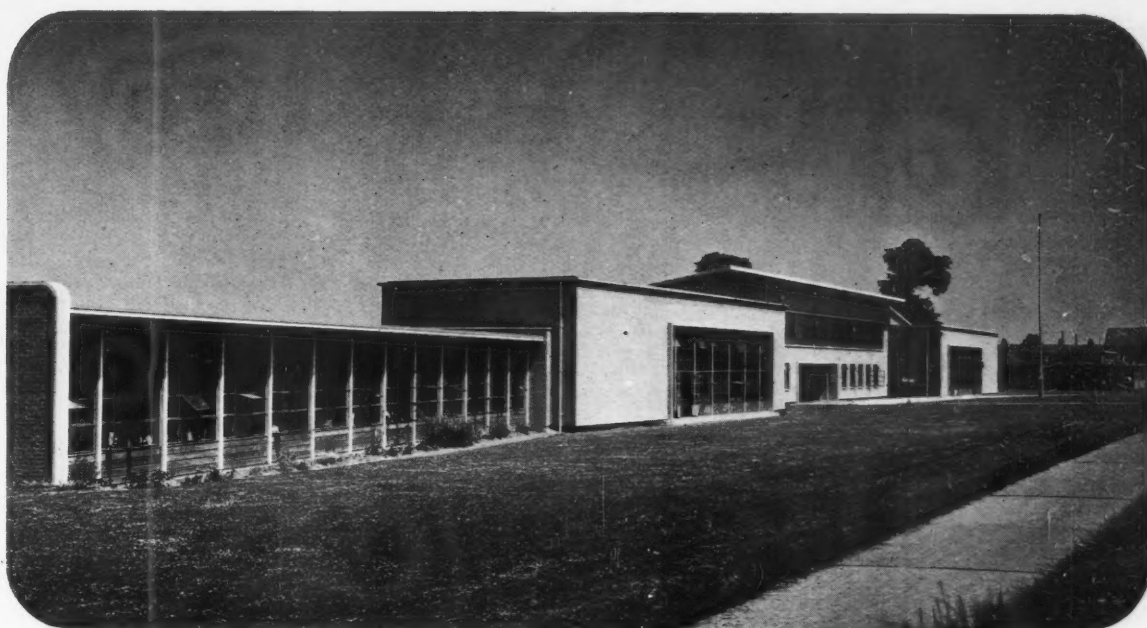
classrooms. All these classrooms thus face south. Their south walls are of glass down to a cill level 1 ft. 10 ins. above the floor. Projecting roofs protect the classrooms behind these glass walls from the hottest midday sun. The corridors run north of the classes. The spine connecting the wings on the east contains offices, etc. and cloaks. Each department has its own assembly hall. The gymnasium for all departments is placed into the north-east corner, the clinic into the south-east corner.

CONSTRUCTION—Brick with buff-coloured facing bricks. Steel framing for classroom wings and assembly halls. In the classrooms the steel trusses are exposed. Any partitions between classrooms can be removed and re-erected in another place to increase or reduce sizes of rooms. The construction and the plan were worked out with a view to possible future alterations in the programme and requirements of the schools.

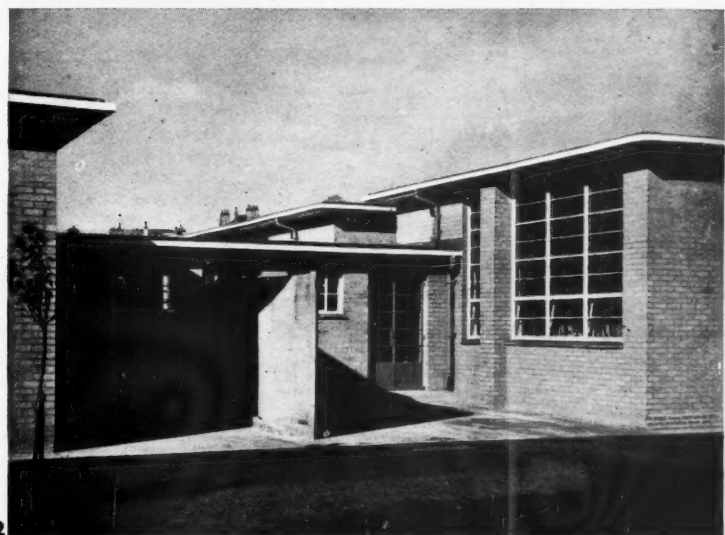
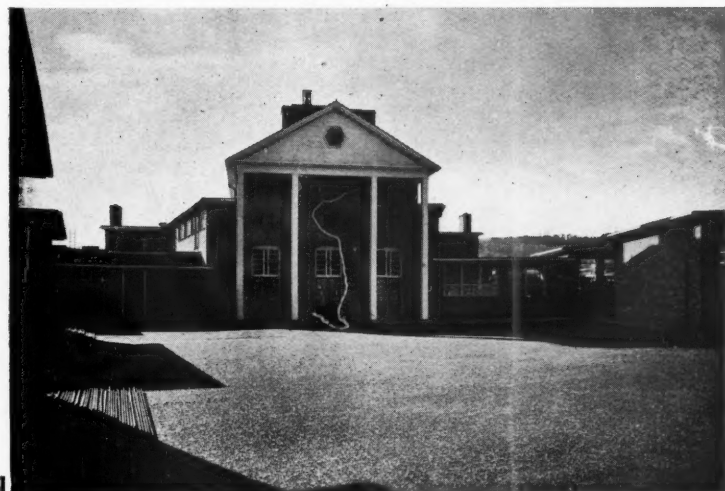
INTERIOR AND EQUIPMENT.—Granolithic paving to all rooms except classrooms, offices and assembly halls, which have pine paving. Partitions between classrooms and corridors are glazed above asbestos panelled dados; between classrooms and classrooms they are of light steel sections with wood panelled fillings. Classrooms windows are vertically pivoted, ceilings for reasons of acoustics, lined with fibre-board.



The main front of the group faces south, 7. It has the central entrance, the two symmetrically placed assembly halls for junior boys and girls on the left, and for senior girls on the right. The school clinic lies farther east and is just visible in 7. In the front of the picture is the classroom wing for the junior boys. The end wall to the west appears in 6. 5 is a view along the senior girls' wing from under the covered passage between entrance and lavatories towards north.

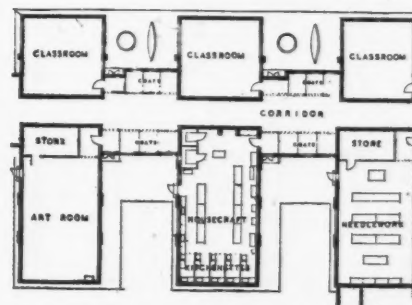


2 SENIOR SCHOOL AT BINGLEY, YORKSHIRE

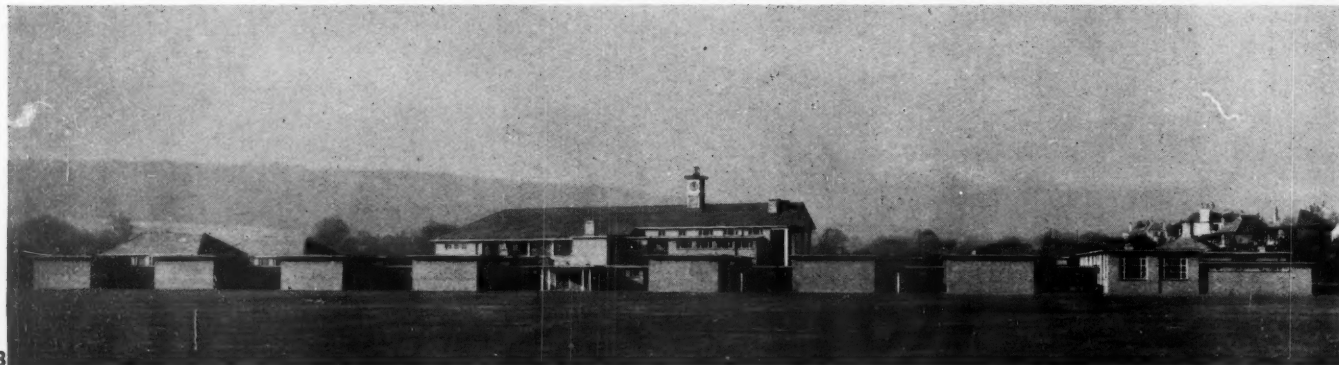


William G. Newton and Partners

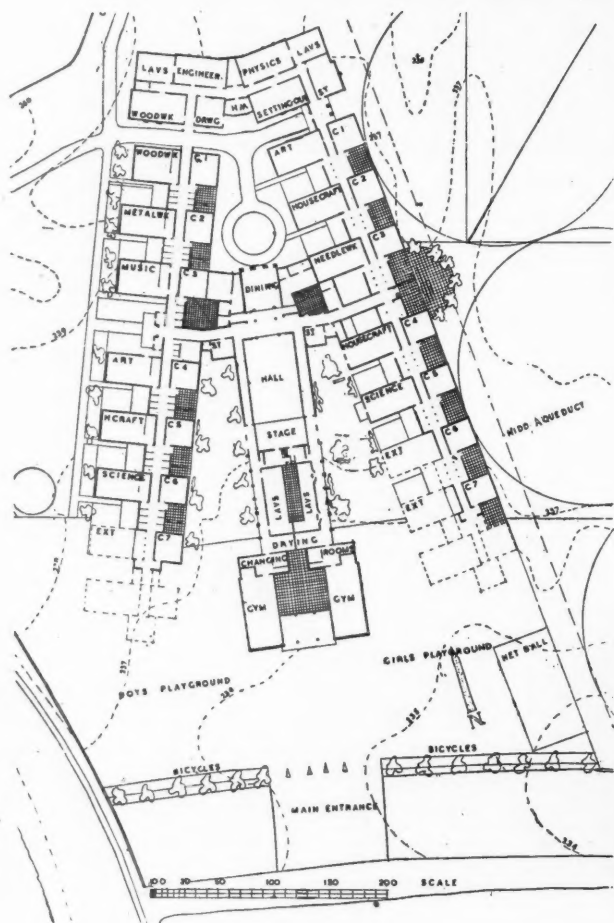
GENERAL AND PLANNING—This is a senior modern school erected for the West Riding education authorities. As at Littlehampton the site faces south, but not with a wide frontage. Its chief dimension is south-north. Into the centre of this axis those rooms in which all children or at any rate especially large groups of them come together, have been placed behind each other. The low entrance porch and entrance hall, with two gymnasias on left and right, still further back the assembly hall, and behind this the dining hall with its pedimented portico towards north. The lavatories are placed between entrance hall and hall. Between hall and dining hall, the chief traffic stream of incoming children divides. Two short corridors branching off at right angles lead into the classroom wings. These are planned on a system not very different from that shown at Littlehampton. The principle is again the spine with classrooms as spurs. The chief advantages of this system are evident. It provides quiet, ample light and plenty of connections with the grounds for all classrooms, and makes future additions easy. But while Mr. Stillman's spurs contain four or five classrooms each, Mr. Newton prefers a central spine for each of the two wings, and short spurs either



The school at Bingley consists of three wings running from south to north and arranged in a splayed form as three stretched-out fingers. The central wing has got the chief common rooms and opens out in the north in the pedimented portico, 1. The other two wings have central corridors with classrooms projecting as short spurs (see plan). 2 is the space between two classrooms.



3



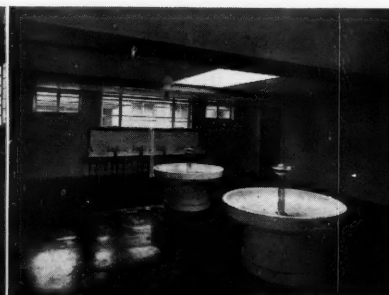
side. These are of different size, smaller classrooms and larger rooms for special subjects. Cloaks are not arranged in large special rooms, but divided up into small groups between the classrooms and between the special rooms along the spinal corridors. The two wings are not parallel, but splaying towards south. The reason for this was an underground aqueduct parallel with the east wing which was not to be built over, and sewer parallel with the west wing which also had to be touched as little as possible.

CONSTRUCTION AND FINISHES—The chief building material is brick. Roofs are white spar, the pitched roof of the central wing has Westmorland slates. Partition walls are of white lime bricks with coloured and glazed cement dados. The paintwork also is brightly coloured, mostly light greens, blues and yellows, with a certain amount of lavender and black currant. The assembly hall has English oak-lined walls.

3, a general view of Bingley school towards the hills in the east. In the foreground the west wing with its eight projecting spurs containing eight of the large rooms for special subjects. All these rooms have through ventilation, with large south and north windows. 4, the oak-lined assembly hall in the centre of the central wing. 5, one of the well-equipped washing rooms.

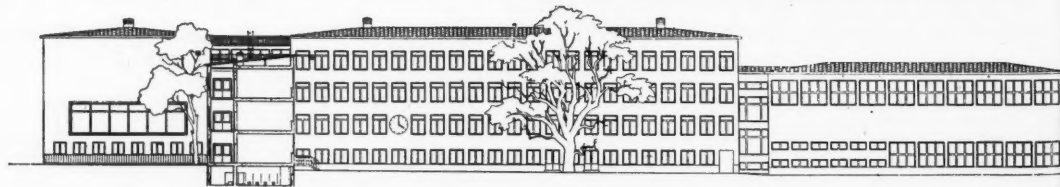


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3 BROMMA HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, STOCKHOLM



The Swedes call the principle on which both the schools at Littlehampton and at Bingley are laid out the pavilion principle. Paul Hedqvist, the architect of the Bromma school, did not adopt it—not because he does not believe in its advantages, but because the site at his disposal did not allow any extensive horizontal spreading. He did, however, succeed in separating the four functionally different parts of the school, the classroom wing with all classrooms facing south-west and a north-east corridor behind them, the wing of the special rooms (physics, biology, geography, workshops, staff rooms, libraries, etc.) running

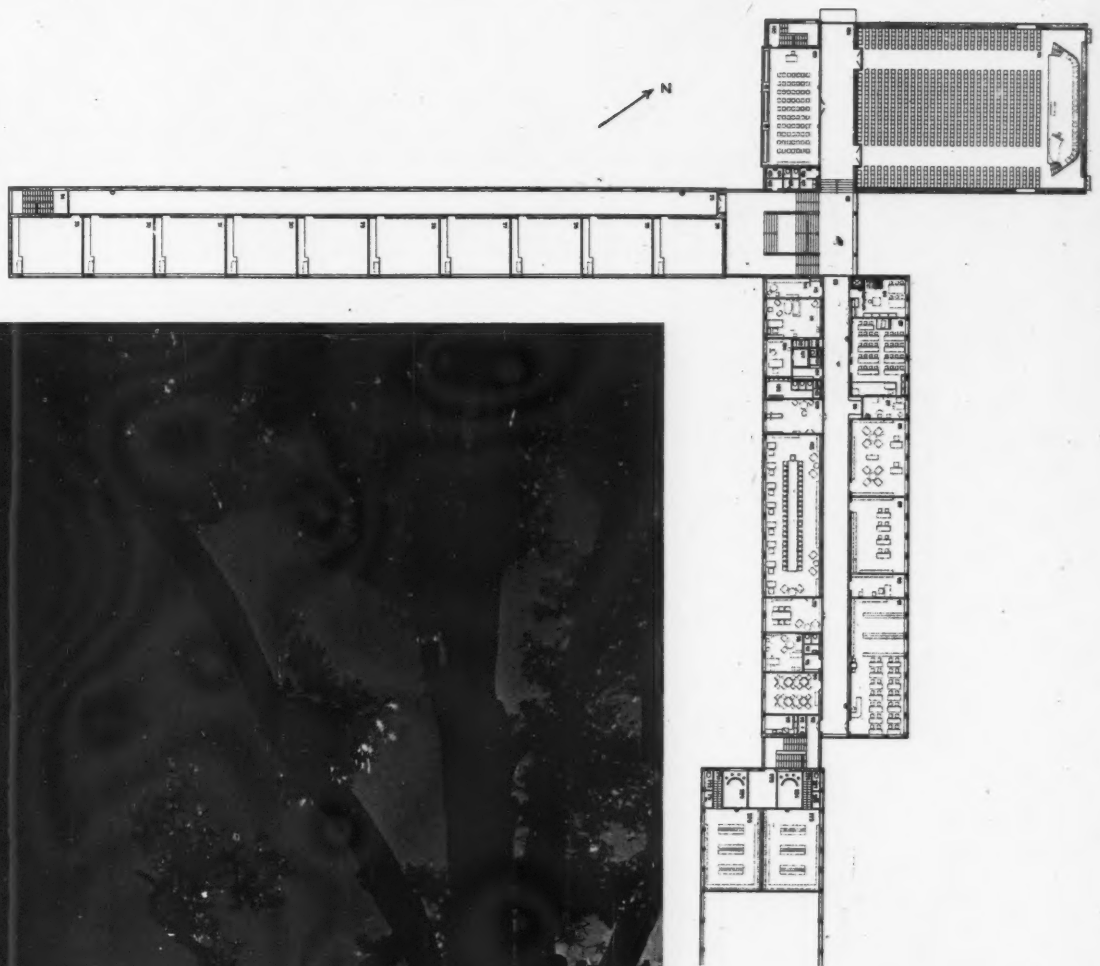
towards south-west, with rooms on both sides of a corridor, the assembly hall and music room block in the north-east corner, and the gymnasia in the south-west corner.

The building is surrounded on all sides by a strip of garden approximately eighty foot wide. What there existed of old trees, has, as far as possible, been preserved and related to the new building in that sensitive manner which is so characteristically Swedish. Mr. Kidder Smith's photograph, 1, along the special subjects wing towards the gymnasia with the vista past the oak tree, and the piece of sculpture called *Folk Song* by Erik Grate

Paul Hedqvist

is an excellent illustration of this live sense of siting.

The school is built of brick, the exterior plastered. The roofs of assembly hall and gymnasium are of timber construction. The only luxury in the use of materials is the Swedish marble of the central staircase at the meeting point of the classroom, special subjects, and assembly hall blocks. The same marble is used for corridor dados.



1, view along the south-west wall of the wing with the staff rooms, library, rooms for special subjects, etc. The large tree on the right forms (as the elevation on the facing page proves) part of the composition. The bronze statue against the wall of the gymnasium block is by Erik Grate. The plan above is of the first floor. All classrooms are in the south-west wing. In the north-east wing on this floor are, on the left, headmaster's and secretary's rooms, etc., and then the staff common rooms and meeting rooms; on the right, map room and geography room, and then reading room and libraries. In the north-east corner are assembly hall and music room, in the south-east corner showers, changing rooms and the girls' gymnasium.



2



3



4



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2 and 3, exterior and interior of the music room. The care for indoor plants is characteristic of Swedish interior architecture. 4, one of the staff meeting rooms, 5, a science room; the classroom block can be seen through the windows.

SCHOOLS

Meals and Murals

By Eric Newton

There are over two thousand British Restaurants in existence, and they increase at the rate of about ten a week. The following article is illustrated by pictures from some twenty in all. Many more have been provided with murals, but the total number improved by artists or architects in whatever material way does hardly exceed a hundred or a hundred and fifty—that is, amounts to less than ten per cent. Of these again, only ten or twenty per cent. can be regarded as worth-while attempts at a synthesis between the easily and widely appealing and the aesthetically acceptable. That means that these pages are dealing with only one or two per cent. It seems very little, but as a symptom it is of great importance. It marks the acceptance by the municipal authorities in many parts of England of the artist as one who can help in the fulfilling of social duties. Until recently the artist, at least the modern-minded artist, had been disregarded if not despised by most city and town councils. Now, under the auspices of that enlightened body, the Ministry of Food, with its special art adviser, Clive Gardiner, he returned into a position which, until a few hundred years ago, had been his without anybody contesting it. This process of social re-integration by means of murals is not confined to England. The fascist States, especially Italy, have seen a revival of officially provided wall-painting, and so have the United States, in connection with their democratic Federal Art Projects. However, so much of that government-fostered work has appeared in buildings which the man-in-the-street is only too glad never to enter, or to leave quickly if he has to enter them: municipal offices, law courts, ministries and so on. British Restaurants are quite a different proposition. People sit down in a receptive mood, once they have wormed their way along with the queue and secured a seat. They look forward to a half-hour of relative enjoyment. When they look up from their plates, they are ready to take in pleasant decoration—decoration that must not look too serious or too stately. It was thus an excellent idea to commission artists or art schools to paint on the walls what they liked. Nothing of the solemnity of work for a town hall, say, Madox Brown's for Manchester, was demanded. The work had to be cheerful, engaging, perhaps amusing, and certainly not looking as though it were done for posterity. In this the best artists and art schools have succeeded. A stricter aesthetic might be applied by the exacting critic, and Mr. Newton in the following article has a good right to be exacting, but as a basis for future better understanding between modern painters and general public, the British Restaurant adventure is most heartily to be welcomed.



BOTH the historian and the critic are faced with this problem, that although they are primarily concerned with the event or the achievement as a thing to be recorded or assessed on its own merits, there are occasions when the event or achievement has less significance in itself than as a pointer. Often an art critic, faced with A's work of art, and attempting to weigh it carefully in the balance of his judgment, ought rather to be asking himself "Whither is A tending?" than "What exactly has A created?"

This is particularly true of formative periods—periods when new demands are being met and new traditions are in the making. Critics, noting the softenings of contour that marked Giovanni Bellini's first attempts to free himself from the steely domination of Mantegna, may have regretted the sentimentalizing of so fine an austerity. But could those same critics have foreseen that Bellini was preparing the way to a "Bacchus and Ariadne" or a "Fête Champêtre," they might have changed their tune.

Ours, surely, is one of those formative periods when the critic or the historian must be on the look-out for slight shifts of direction. We are on the lower slopes, looking upwards. Climaxes are not yet our concern. They will come later. What matters now is that we should take the right track from the starting point.

This article deals with one spur of these lower slopes. The illustrations show clearly that the ascent proper has not yet begun. The reader who exclaims "Is *this* the best that twentieth-century Britain can produce in the way of mural decoration?" has my sympathy: but if he adds "Give me back my plain walls," he alienates it at once.

Let me state the fundamental case for mural decorations in British Restaurants. The war is in full tide. Manpower and womanpower are in desperate demand. Hours of work are lengthening, leisure is dwindling, "housewife" is an obsolescent term, cooks are unobtainable, midday meals must be prepared in mass, instead of in a million separate ovens, and eaten in mass, instead of at a million private dining-tables. A new situation has suddenly arisen and the Ministry of Food has created machinery to cope with it. Buildings have been hastily commandeered or erected to provide the nation with its midday meal. Chairs and tables, cups and plates, knives and forks have been assembled. The unadorned necessities of life, food and shelter, have been provided.

Obviously that is not enough. Even the dreariest disciple of functionalism would agree that seemliness cannot be divorced from efficiency without impairing efficiency. Not that seemliness implies mural decorations. But at least it implies something of which mural decorations can conceivably be a part.

The Ministry of Food, faced with the problem of providing seemliness as well as meals, and also wedded to the policy of making local authorities largely responsible for the conduct of their own British Restaurants, was unwilling to dictate more than minimum standards of decency. It could, and did, appoint an adviser, Mr. Clive Gardiner, to cope with the visual (as opposed to the gastronomic) aspect of the problem: it could not invest him with the powers of a dictator. It would have been fatal to do so.

Even in aesthetics there is a hierarchy. To make an interior visually



tolerable must be the first objective: to make it visually pleasing the second: to think in terms of a richer beauty and turn the merely pleasing into the positively adorable the last. Not that these three objectives are to be thought of as separate stages in the adornment of an interior. Rather do they imply three different levels of imaginative thinking; and if the local authorities and the Ministry of Food, with Mr. Gardiner as their adviser, are willing to think imaginatively at all, they may as well think on the highest level, so as to be sure, at least, of including the two lower ones.

For instance, the first level—the level of “tolerability”—demands two things, cleanliness and good lighting; the second—the level of

“pleasantness”—demands well-designed furniture, cutlery and crockery, fine lettering where lettering is needed, and colour schemes that are at least interesting and, at most, enlivening; these things are essential to the seemliness of any restaurant, and if pleasantness were all, one could leave it at that. Moreover, a good deal of thought had already been directed into these channels during the pre-war years. We have begun to evolve a tradition of good lighting: furniture and cutlery designers have worked hard enough in the immediate past to create a certain consciousness in the average man as to what is a pleasant table to sit at or a pleasant cup to drink from.

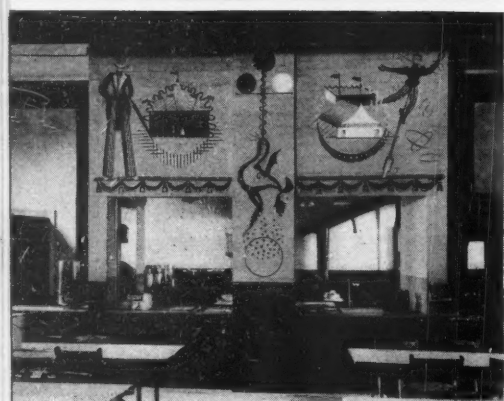
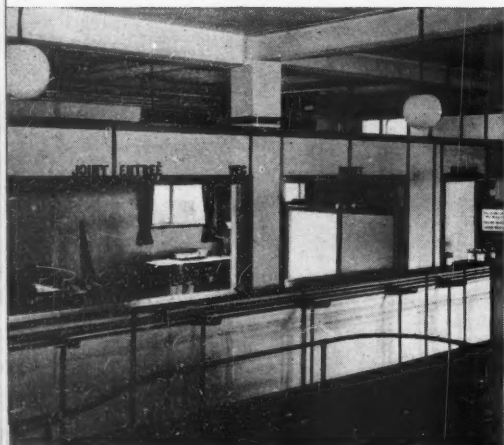
But on the third level where the more complex and significant forms of beauty reside—the level on which genius has at last an opportunity to manifest itself—we are without any modern tradition. In order to build up such a tradition, we must start at the very bottom of those lower slopes whose summit is the vault of the Sistine Chapel or the apse of San Vitale in Ravenna. And, of course, there are arguments against risking the journey. There are the arguments of the Purists who believe that the ascent is bound to end in failure: and there are the arguments of the Philistines who assert that the ascent isn't worth the trouble. Luckily neither the local authorities nor the Ministry of Food took either view. And the idea that British Restaurants might as well add seemliness to efficiency by the introduction of pictures or mural decorations has proved surprisingly popular all over the country. Pictures have the advantage of being portable and the disadvantage of being, on the whole, too small to be effective in a big public room. Mural decorations have the advantage of being designed for their surroundings and the disadvantage of being permanent and therefore increasingly irritating if they are not really good of their kind. But the instinct that demands one of the two is sound. The fine arts have for too long been

relegated to art galleries where they have no more connection with everyday life than mannequins at a dress parade have with everyday women. In a restaurant they become part of the texture of everyday life, and of precisely that moment in everyday life when work is put aside and the mind is receptive. Art, at last, can fulfil its normal function of heightening our visual consciousness without demanding that we should make a special pilgrimage to the temple where it is displayed.

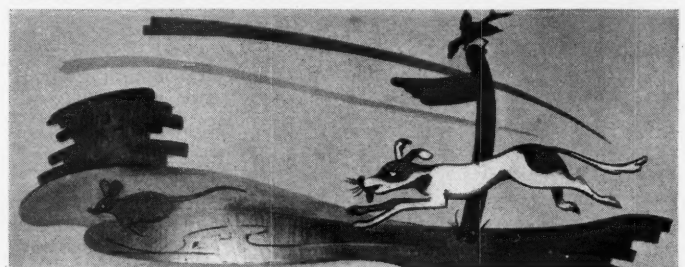
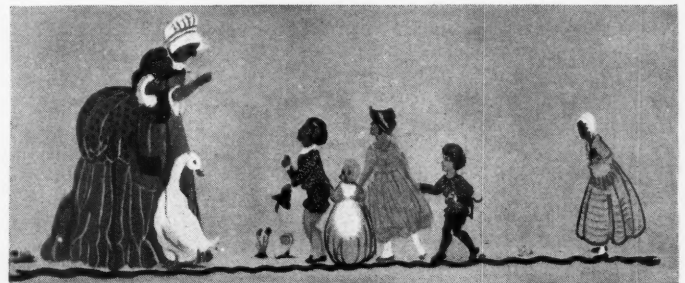
This sudden demand for mural decorations has led to a system of

supply admirable in intention but sometimes rather hasty and slapdash in method. No one is to blame. Our best artists, with one or two exceptions, do not think in terms of wall spaces. The instinct for distributing good design over the walls of a room is not the same as the instinct for filling a rectangular canvas. Problems of scale and of spacing, arise. A mural decoration must form an integral part of an interior, whereas an easel picture lives, to some extent, an independent life of its own. Problems like these, solved easily and triumphantly in fifteenth-century Italy, with her long tradition of mural painting, are new to twentieth-century Britain. Added to this aesthetic difficulty is the economic difficulty of an acute shortage of funds and the practical difficulty of a relative shortage of artists' spare time. The solution, in most cases, has been to rely on the students of the local school of art, working under the guidance of the principal, and naturally the result has been uneven. The tradition we lack can only be built up by a long series of trials and errors. Sometimes the trials have been successful and often the errors have provided valuable warnings. In one or two cases, notably in outer London, where Lady Clark, under the auspices of the British Institute of Adult Education, invited well-known artists to work in return for the cost of their travelling expenses and materials, a fairly high (though still uneven) standard has been maintained. In others, the local art schools, usually sadly depleted of students (and those mostly younger than in peace time), have tackled the job with enthusiasm, sometimes backed by imagination but rarely by experience.

The accompanying illustrations give a fair notion of how the job has



THREE STAGES OF BRITISH RESTAURANTS: Top, before the need for visual seemliness was recognized; centre (Sutton, Surrey), tidied up by the architect, but still puritanically bare; bottom (Justice Street, Leicester, by Miss J. Millen, of the Leicester College of Art), after murals have introduced that fantasy and cheer for which the function of the British Restaurant calls.



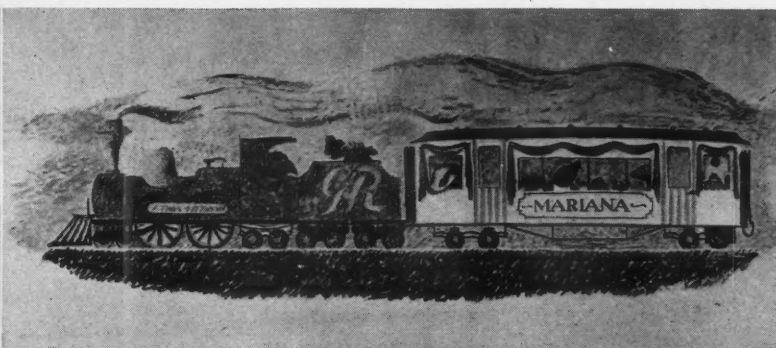
MURALS ILL-ADVISED. The Ministry of Food has no intention to crush local initiative, nor any power to veto even the most glaring failures. So the picture post-card type of Mickey-Mouse derivation can be found in one British Restaurant, the conventional fairy story illustration in another, and jazzy and racy advertising smartness in yet others. However, for the time being the social soundness of the restaurant murals is more important than aesthetic results.

been done in fifteen or so restaurants in various parts of the country. Not many of them can be held up as models of the perfect wall decoration, and some of them are little better than warnings against the pitfalls that await inexperience, but one has only to glance back at the depressing photograph of a typical restaurant before the artist has been called upon, in order to realize how much better is even misdirected ambition than aesthetic apathy. If the Purists who doubt the artistic ability, and the Philistines who ignore it, still need confounding, here is the final argument to confound them.



"The Good Companions" British Restaurant at Bradford is decorated by the Bradford College of Art with scenes from J. B. Priestley's novel.

Among the illustrations, one or two immediately leap to the eye as really satisfying solutions of the main problem—the problem of making the walls look as though they had, by their very shape and proportion, collaborated with the artist in the conception and genesis of the mural decorations. In the restaurant at Guildford (pages 80 and 47) this has certainly been done. The long wall, broken up into five panels, has acquired a rhythm of its own by the carefully considered placing of each decorative motive in its panel. The broken, heraldic treatment of the centre panel is useful in marking the centre of the wall, while in the side panels the third dimension is suggested,



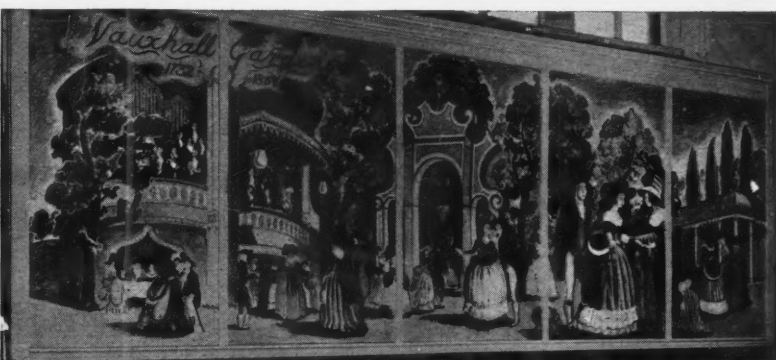
Beckenham

"The Green" British Restaurant, Elmers End, for unaccompanied children. Scenes from *The Wind* and the *Willows*, painted by the local art school.



Stoke-on-Trent

Rotary Forces canteen at Hanley. The mural called 1851 and all that is by Arthur Berry of the Burslem School of Art.



Vauxhall

St. Anne's Cash-and-Carry Kitchen, Miles Street. The mural of the Vauxhall Gardens is by E. K. Edney, Goldsmiths' College School of Art.



Stockwell

Stockwell Orphanage British Restaurant. The mural showing Stockwell scenes and Stockwell figures is by Derek Crowe, a student of the Brixton School of Building, done under the supervision of Mr. Horseman of the school.

with all its attendant hints at shadow, perspective and space. But the third dimension is never allowed to dominate the design. Heraldic motives recur in each panel, giving unity to the whole. One of the most admirable features in this scheme is the amount of detail introduced into it without destroying its breadth. Surely this is essential in a room whose walls are under close inspection and where the occupants have usually half an hour at least to examine them. This is true mural decoration, in contrast to the Bradford scheme (foot of facing page) which suggests enlarged book-jackets, or the Stoke-on-Trent restaurant, above, which not only misunderstands scale and spacing but also laboriously mishandles the eighteen-fifties. The mid-Victorians were elaborate and romantic but they shunned vulgarity.

At Merton (page 45) John Piper, frankly pictorial and rather sombrely romantic for so large a spread of wall, has produced something that looks like stage scenery—the most spirited kind of stage scenery—because of its refusal to countenance the presence of human figures. At the opposite extreme is the wall at Beckenham, above, where a series of charming book illustrations, unrelated to each other except in subject matter, fails to "furnish" the wall or to belong to it.

Kenneth Rowntree at Acton (page 46) has relied on a carefully thought out scheme of varied colour on the lower walls and a big

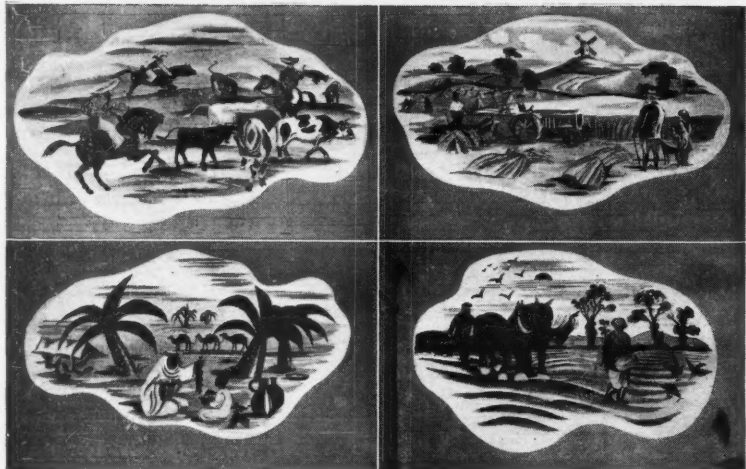
triangle of decoration filling the gable. The centre of interest has thus been carried surprisingly high. Its treatment has all the flatness which his first rule prescribes to the mural decorator. It is a rule made to be broken. Great mural artists have invariably broken it, and Kenneth Rowntree should be big enough to break it too.

The Byrom Restaurant at Liverpool (pages 47 and 48) is tasteful and charming rather than stimulating, as though the square-cut orderliness of the architecture had affected the artist's vision. Stockwell, above, has produced a rather tightly packed slab of local history, imposed on the room rather than growing naturally out of it. In many cases a system of framed panels with an air space behind them has been necessitated by condensation that would soon destroy paint directly applied to the walls. A pleasant, if a little timid, example of this kind of treatment has been used in the British Restaurant at Ealing (page 47).

One could continue indefinitely in this vein of rather carping criticism. But what matters more than this artist's success or that artist's failure to solve an admittedly difficult problem, is the fact that all over England the problem is being tackled and that there is a common agreement that it is a problem that *must* be tackled. Stone walls, despite Lovelace, *do* make a prison if the human imagination

Birmingham

Granville Street British Restaurant, by Mary Adshead, one of the comparatively rare cases in which the architectural impedimenta have been put to good use by the artist and converted into organic parts of the composition.



fails to enliven them and give them a meaning.

The Ministry of Food has given its blessing to the whole movement and offered guidance to such local authorities as care to ask for it. But blessings and guidance are not enough. Money too is necessary: little enough compared with the astronomical sums that are being spent on less creative ends, but *some* money is necessary before prisons can be turned into palaces, or even into moderately pleasant places. Wherever local authorities have raised the necessary funds the result has been well worth the expenditure. Wherever they have not, either the prisons have remained prisons or some artist has been quixotically self-sacrificing. The equivalent of one farthing on every meal served would probably provide all that is needed.

Finally, one word of warning. An interior is not just a set of vertical wall surfaces. It is a space carved out of space: a piece of abstract sculpture seen from the inside, its surfaces facing inwards. Also it is a piece of *living* sculpture. Chairs and tables, men and women form an integral part of it. This complex sum of space and furniture and human beings has to be vitalized and welded into a whole by the artist. It is not enough for him to take home a set of small-scale architect's elevations and impose a set of designs on them, instead of sitting in the room to be decorated and absorbing its character. The problem is more akin to the designing of a decor for a play than to the painting of a picture, and the method of approach must be the same. The stage-designer reads the play and absorbs its flavour into his system. Then he shuts his eyes and *re-creates* it, visually. In his mind's eye the actors begin to clothe themselves in colours and shapes that belong to their characters; they begin to move against a background that has the same emotional texture as themselves. In the same way, the mural decorator must 'read' the room he is to deal with, shut his eyes and wait till it re-creates itself in visual terms, with all its whimsies, its windows and ventilators and awkward corners, its distances, its chairs and tables and lunchers, even its smells and its clatter. The success or failure of the mural painter depends on his ability to work in this spirit. Among the illustrations to this article one senses at once the cases in which he has done so. A new and a sound tradition is certainly in the making. Only lack of enterprise on the part of the authorities can arrest its development.

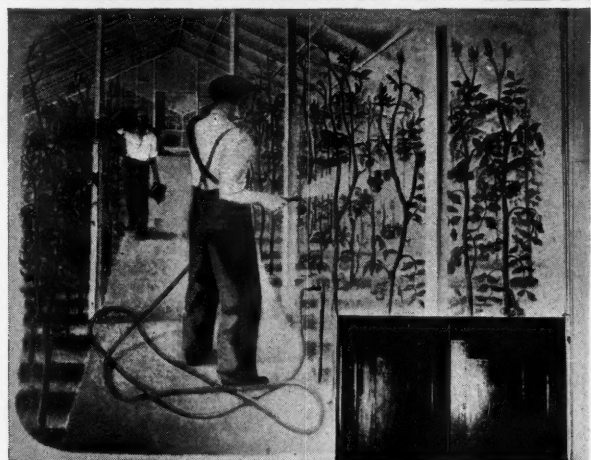
Westminster

This is not a British Restaurant, but a job of a kindred type: a Y.M.C.A. canteen in the old Westminster Hospital. Murals by Mary Kessel. The story of Judith—an unusually serious subject, treated seriously without any of the flippancy of most of the British Restaurant decorations.



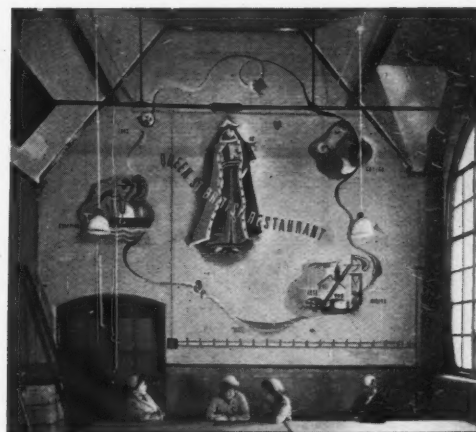
Leamington

Top: Home Guard Exercises by E.L. Hall. Below: Sights of Leamington (Pump Room, Town Hall, Queen Victoria monument) by Dorothy Annan. Both artists are members of the Leamington Group, a group of artists and designers who happened to be stationed at Leamington for camouflage work. The way in which the awkward thick pipe ends in the trunk of an even thicker tree, should be noted.



Harrow

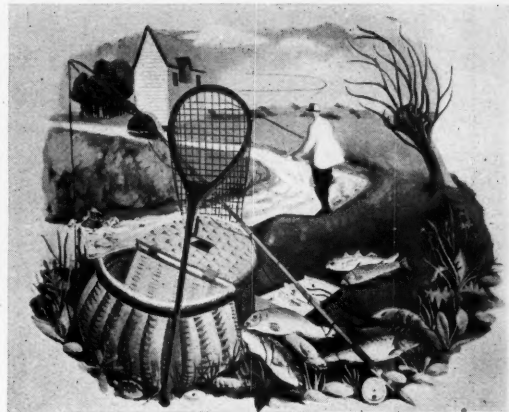
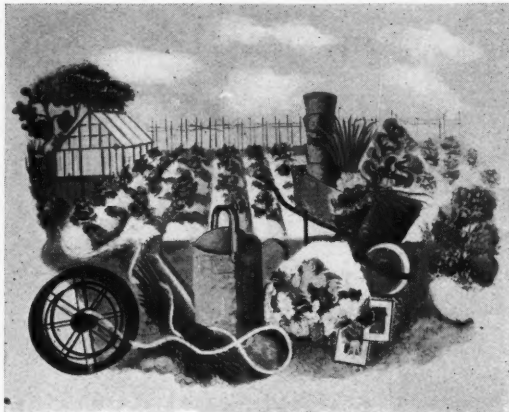
Victoria Hall British Restaurant. Gardening scenes done by students of the local art school, under the supervision of the Principal, Mr. Clatt.



Manchester Queen Street British Restaurant. Back wall painted by students of the Manchester Municipal School of Art.

Merton Top and left: this picturesque stage scenery shows the only remaining chapel of Merton Abbey. A water tank on the right has been cased in and made part of the decoration which thus juts out from the wall into real space. The other pictures, left, are also of sights round Morden. The large seals above help to make them part of the walls. Needless to say that all this is the work of John Piper. It was carried out by students of the Slade School working under the direction of Vladimir Polunin.



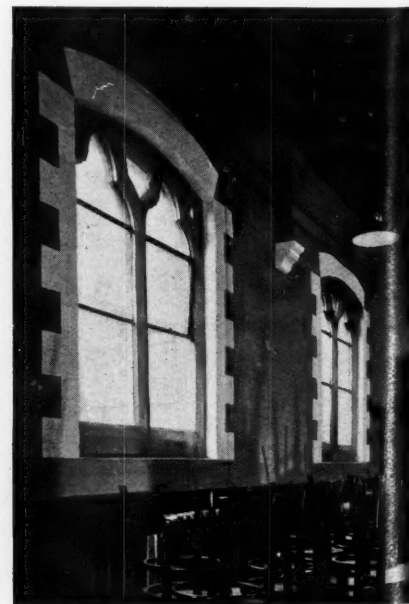


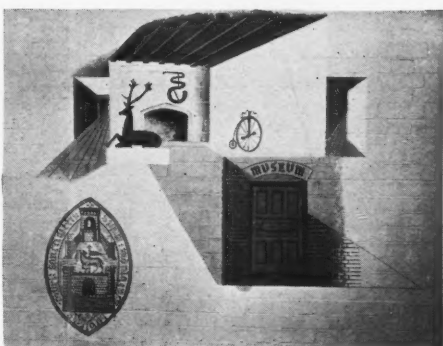
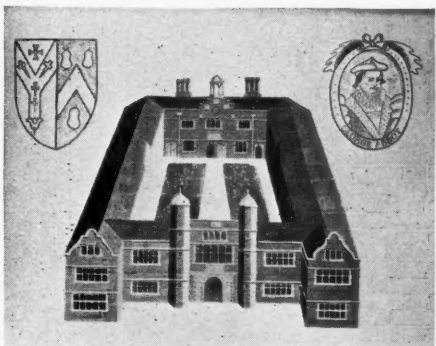
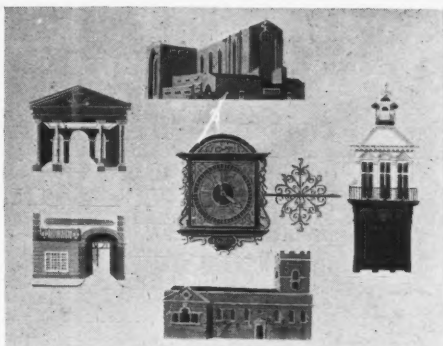
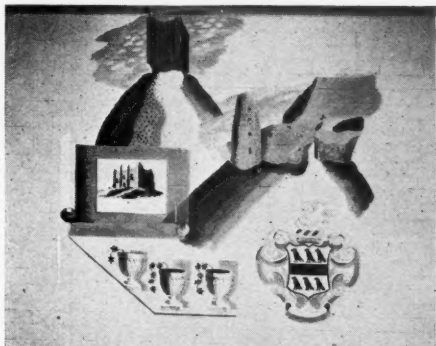
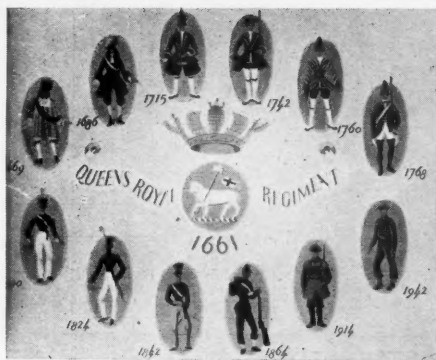
Cardiff

Done by students of the
Cardiff Technical College
School of Art.



Acton By Kenneth Rowntree.
There is only one wall
with a picture. The others are painted in
three different colour schemes: grey; pink
with white key patterns to set off the windows;
and grey with white above.



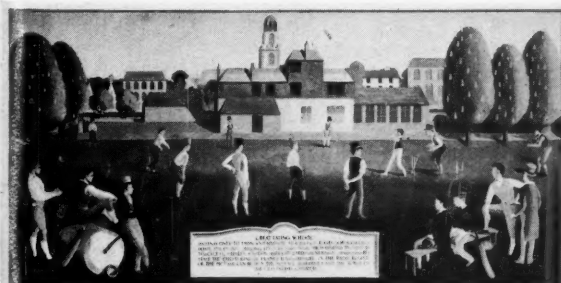


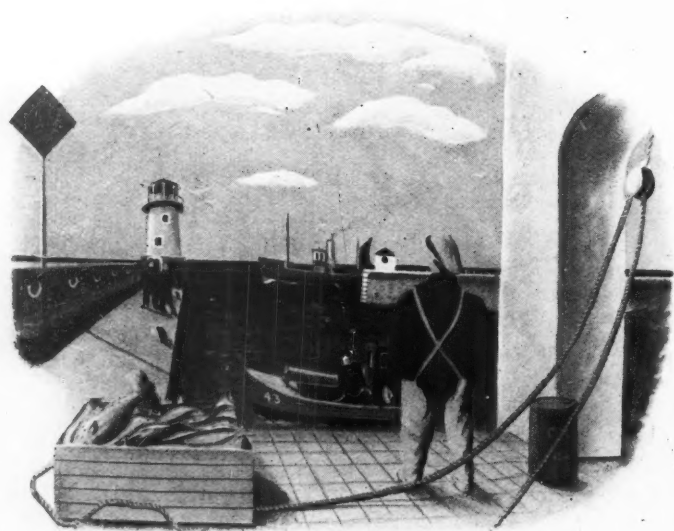
Guildford Six of the wall paintings designed by Joy Thomas and executed by students of the Guildford School of Art. Top left: The Queen's Regiment 1669-1942. Top right: Inn signs. Centre left: ruins. Centre right: landmarks of Guildford (the new cathedral at the top, St. Mary's at the bottom). Bottom left: Abbot's Hospital. Bottom right: the museum with the seal of the Hospital of St. Peter. Other paintings show the grammar school, Stoke Park, the river, brasses from local churches. Local views have proved the most popular and successful theme for British Restaurants.

Ealing Great Ealing School, top, and Charles Blondin practising for his tight-rope feat across the Niagara. Painted by The Ealing Art School. As the Acton and Merton murals, they were done under an Institute of Adult Education scheme, directed by Lady Clark. It provided murals for British Restaurants in the Greater London area outside the L.C.C.

Liverpool Top: Byrom Restaurant. A market scene in a country town. By Tom Mellor. The painting also appears in the top photograph, next page.

Leicester St. Margaret's British Restaurant, by A. E. Christopherson. Another Leicester British Restaurant mural appears on page 42. Leicester and Liverpool were amongst the first cities to have British Restaurants decorated by painters. Byrom Restaurant, Liverpool, was in fact the very first opened by the Minister of Food.





Liverpool, Byrom Restaurant

The Liverpool British Restaurants are amongst the very few in which architecture and wall painting combine to create an atmosphere of orderliness, lightness and cheer. L. H. Keay, the City Architect, was responsible for the colour scheme and the furnishings, Tom Mellor for the paintings. These show the strong Eric Ravilious and Christopher Wood influences which are so typical of to-day's younger school of British painting. The restaurant consists of a number of separate rooms because it was an adaptation of some untenanted shops on a Corporation estate. The painting accepts this architectural disadvantage and, by creating the effect of side screens or scenic wings, has turned the disadvantage into an advantage.

The potter

By Thomas Hennell

SO much of the manufacture of china and pottery is in the hands of the great Staffordshire firms that country potteries have grown rare, and few worthy English traditions have been preserved. In East Anglia they make land-drains and pantiles, but not much finer work. At Burgess Hill and Chailey in Sussex, and lately at Dicker, are traditional potteries where flower-pots are made, and a few other vessels of common utility. There is a good pottery at Verwood, on the New Forest border of Dorset, but these are exceptions. As a rule the sterling and simple virtues of traditional country earthenware have been discarded in favour of cheap imitations of more expensive wares; or, still worse, some terrible local concoction has been devised, to catch the tourists and landladies.

However, during the past twenty years individual potters have to some extent succeeded in re-establishing the native integrity of their craft. The best known names are perhaps those of Leach and Staite Murray, associated with stoneware and with the study of Oriental practice, and of Michael Cardew in slip ware, reviving a tradition which flourished in England from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth. Since the pottery at Winchcombe, which represents an unbroken though greatly extended succession, must soon be closed, and Mr. Cardew is to carry out work with the African potters of the Gold Coast, an account of the work here may not seem invidious of other excellent workshops which are able still to carry on.

The local "Old Master" is Mr. Elisha Comfort, who has been a potter at Winchcombe for near half a century, and whose native wisdom gives a certain breadth and character to what he touches. But without Mr. Cardew's imagination, organising power and skill as a potter, he would long ago have given up making even flower-pots at Winchcombe. There was at Mr. Cardew's native place, Branton, North Devon, a very good potter named Edwin Fishley (c. 1860-1910) who made brown and white slip and also slipware with a dark green glaze: "the last English peasant potter" Bernard Leach calls him in his *Potter's Book*. He was almost alone in maintaining the generous fancy of the old English potters and a sense of style, through the most difficult period of transition and innovation. His son was Cardew's actual instructor in the potter's craft, but by no means his only master. From the Sussex potters he learned to use clay in a very soft condition: for success this requires to be done very swiftly and directly. Such work has a really plastic character, whereas the potter who works with stiff clay is rather approaching the wood-turner's technique.

But the workable consistency of clay with which pots may be "thrown" is conditioned within narrow limits. The clay must be soft enough to take a clear imprint of the potter's thumb, but if it is too soft it will stick. The native clay or "body" varies somewhat in quality, and for some purposes is blended with clay from Cornwall. There is the common

grey clay which burns to red and the ball clay from Dorset which burns white. In slipware the pot is "thrown" in local clay and coated with the white; or with a black slip, that is to say, with white or black clay mixed with water to a creamy consistency.

After being dug from the pit, the clay is washed in the bed of a stream, with large quantities of water through screens to remove floating leaves and twigs, and over small pits to remove fine gravel, limestone or coarse sand into settling pits where the water drains away. This process takes some weeks, and meanwhile the clay is protected from accidental impurities by a covering of galvanised iron. The clay is then taken to the pug-mill and kneaded in an upright iron barrel by means of rotating blades or forks, which are driven by an old horse walking in a circle. When pugged it is stored in a cool damp place for six months, or more if possible, to "sour." The plastic qualities of clay prepared and stored in this way improve by keeping.

In throwing the pots the clay is first "wedged" or kneaded by hand to mix it perfectly and to drive out all air pockets from the lump. Then a piece of clay is weighed on the scales according to the size and shape of the object intended to be made; again it is moulded to a compact conical form and set on the wheel—a flat round board which rotates horizontally by means of a suspended treadle cranked to a heavy wooden fly-wheel, with a vertical axis. This primitive form is called a "kick-wheel." There is also at Winchcombe a power-driven wheel, upon which the large pots may be thrown with less effort. The advantage of a power-wheel is that it enables the potter to make larger pots—not more uniform ones. The limiting factor with a kick-wheel is the strength of his leg and the length of his arm when seated. First the potter, moving the wheel rapidly with his foot, grasps the spinning lump of clay with wet hands, compelling it to spin true on the centre of the wheelhead. Then he thrusts his thumb down into the lump to within a quarter of an inch of the wheelhead and, by thrusting sideways, hollows it out, making at the same time a flat even base to the pot. Next, between the even pressure of his one hand inside and the other hand outside, he raises the spinning clay into a cylindrical vessel; then by greater pressure either within or without he forms the cylinder into whatever shape he has in mind. If he is making jugs he forms the lip of each while it is soft and plastic, carefully detaches the vessel from the wheel and sets it to harden. The handles are put on to the batch later, the surfaces of the jug being wetted with slip at the points where the handle is to adhere. It must be done deftly and directly, or the clay will be strained and the jug spoiled. The pots must stand to harden between handling, slipping and glazing, and for this purpose there are, all round the walls of the pottery, wooden standards like those of blackboard easels with holes into which are set round pegs which carry the plank shelves.



A great variety of vessels is needed of many forms and sizes; almost every one presents its own problem of seamliness and utility. A teapot which shall make good tea and pour it out cleanly; a pint mug, jug or pitcher to hold a standard quantity; indeed any useful thing calls for alert intelligence in the making, forethought and awareness of life's practical needs. It seems that the potter must live in a simple, realistic yet generous way, for his vessels have that kind of influence in a house. Of Winchcombe pottery it may be said that nothing which comes out of it is merely an ornament. This kind of unity, which should exist in all life's amenities, is strangely rare and elusive: it cannot be simulated, it must be through-and-through. Whoever has watched these potters has seen civilisation.

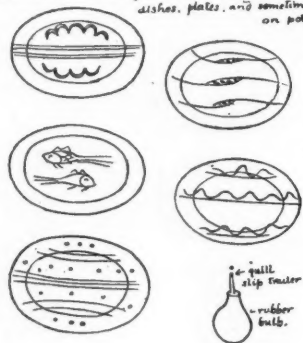
The decoration is part of the making of the pot, not an addition by another hand. The pot having been formed and hardened, is dipped in white slip, which after burning remains white and under different transparent coloured glazes is either yellow or cream or green; or in black slip which, when glazed and fired, is brown black. These coatings of slip do not cover the whole vessel, but sometimes only the inner surface or the rim. While the slip is wet, it may be drawn through by spinning the pot on the wheel and tracing a wavy line with a stick; or in a shallow vessel combing a pattern with points of wood set close together, or by squeezing white slip from a quill on to a dark ground, or dark upon a light ground, much as the cook decorates a cake with icing-sugar.

After dipping in the slip, the vessel must stand to dry partially, and then be dipped in glaze. This glaze mostly consists of galena (the common lead ore), ground and mixed with water to form a thick muddy fluid. Whatever part of the pot is to be glazed, so as to be impervious to water, must be completely dipped. With a pitcher or bread-crock, which needs a glaze only on the inside, it suffices to ladle in some of the glaze, swirl it round, and pour out again into the bowl containing the mixture. But a mug or dish must be dipped completely. There are shallow moulded dishes, shaped in a fireclay mould and not on the



The Winchcombe Pottery

Slip trailing through quills: one slip is trailed on to another as background while wet, and on dishes, plates, and sometimes on pots.



Types of pottery decoration

wheel, which need a glaze only on the inside.

The firing of the kiln is an expensive business and one of crucial importance. It takes place normally once in two or three months, or when enough ware has been made to justify it. As many as three thousand pieces can be fired at once. But the ware must not be left too long unbaked, for in a year or so it becomes "shop-rotten"—the glaze flakes off and the clay becomes brittle. The kiln of the English "bottle-neck" up-draught type consists of three parts—the furnaces, kiln proper and the "hovel" or upper chamber in the base of the bottle-neck chimney. There are four furnaces, the floor of their ash-pits being almost eighteen inches below the ground level. The central substructure of the kiln is a solid cylinder of bricks, about four feet across. The furnaces spread out on either side of the circumference of this core, but do not actually communicate. The floor of the kiln is covered with tiles so that the smoke and fire can percolate, but there are no direct flues.

The lower chamber (or kiln proper) is about nine feet across and nine high in the centre, the roof being slightly domed. This dome has flues in it at intervals and is covered with spaced bricks above, which form the floor of the hovel. When the kiln was first used for making slipware this upper part was not used, but it is now used to "soft fire" pots from which glaze is peeling; these pots are then reglazed and refired in the lower chamber. It is found in practice that a well-filled kiln is all the better in the firing.

The ware is packed in "saggars," which are cylindrical containers of several sizes, with some round holes in their sides. For tall objects such as jugs, two saggars are "coupled over," so as to contain and protect them. The saggars are made at the pottery, of fireclay which is brought from Stourbridge. This fireclay is

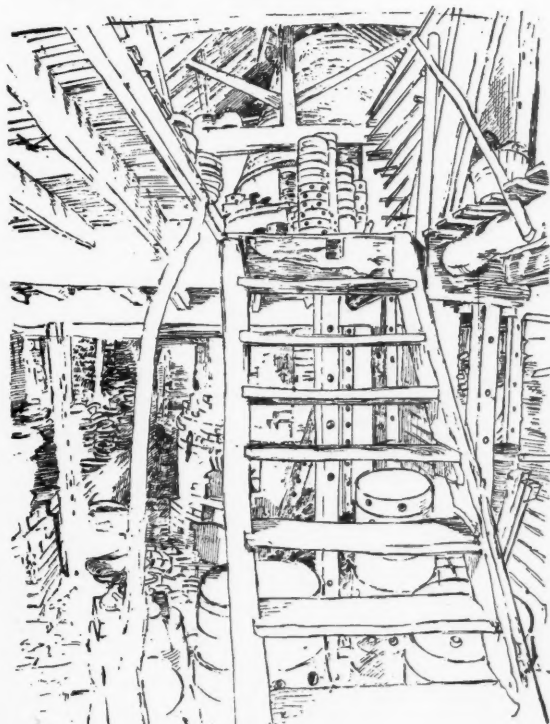
found in coal measures, being the remains of soil on which the coal forest originally grew. Making saggars is the first job in a pottery after firing, in order to replace those which have been damaged in firing and unpacking.

To minimise such damage, the saggars are built up with small rolls of soft clay which have been sanded to prevent sticking; these rolls are called "snakes." The ware is "placed" in the saggars and the saggars "set" in the kiln. Each pile of saggars is called a "bung." This packing is done as carefully as though a permanent structure were being built, for the great changes of temperature could cause movement inside the kiln which might prove very destructive. The placing of ware in each sagger is carefully considered so as at once to save space and to minimise risk. The whole packing takes two men at least a fortnight, with part of an assistant's time in rolling and fetching snakes. It is done by lamplight, for the kiln is necessarily dark inside. Before closing the kiln, some means are provided for making tests during the firing. Seger "cones," which are three small points of a hard white material set in a lump of clay, and melting successively at 980, 1,000 and 1,020 degrees centigrade, are inserted, and also clay "rings." These rings, which are about as large as napkin-rings, consist simply of flattened lengths of clay with the same glazes and colours applied, as those used in the ware. They are so arranged that they can be withdrawn, by means of a long iron rod, after a test brick has been removed from the opening. This opening, called the "wicket," both of the kiln and of the hovel, is bricked up and sealed with clay containing "grog," which is ground-up fragments of broken saggars. A brick is fitted so that it can be withdrawn, but it is not sealed into position until the kiln has been well warmed through.

This is the purpose of the slow firing, which is done with coal. The coal is placed on the fire-bars of the furnaces, whose mouths are for the present partially bricked over. Thus the kiln is gradually warmed through and the contents slowly dried so that there shall be no bursting nor cracking of the ware; meanwhile, cordwood is brought in abundant quantities from the fuel house and stored conveniently near the furnaces. The round walls of the kiln are spanned at several heights by girths of iron, which can be somewhat slackened if necessary as the brickwork expands, or tightened as necessary to hold the fabric compact.

The fires are kept steady during the first day and night and increased gradually all next day; in the evening they are greatly increased with the cordwood. The increase of heat is progressive but not quite continuous during the three days and two nights of firing. From time to time the ashes are raked out and carried in a large iron bath to be emptied outside. When the kiln is really hot, the glazing temperature (about 1,020 degrees) is attained by stoking with faggots of larch or osier, which seem to be consumed almost entirely in heat, with little solid residue. The turpentine of the larch is vaporised and scents the whole building. The test brick is removed and, when the rings have been tried by dropping them into water and examining them, if the glaze is found to have fused satisfactorily, a steady "annealing heat" is kept in the furnaces for a few hours longer. This completes the chemical formation of the glaze and unites it well with the earthenware, so that it will not "craze" (or crackle) and chip off. Then, finally, the firemouths are "clammed up" and the "damper" or lid is let down on the chimney. So it cools down very slowly, and three days later it is ready to be opened.

But the time for vigilance is not yet passed. As the heat no longer circulates through the kiln, it must find an outlet through the walls, and nearly always it is at this stage that fires in potteries occur. And well it is for the potter if he can extinguish the outbreak before the local fire brigade arrives; for the kiln's precious contents are in less danger in the burning than in the quenching.



Storing the saggars

NEW SHAPES ON WARTIME ROADS



"MOTOR-CARS... hold a central place in public interest. Changes in their appearance are discussed everywhere and seem to concern everybody—while new types of electric fires or leather handbags steal on to the market without much notice being taken."* Whatever the cause of this widespread public interest, the motor industry is far more design-conscious than most British industries. In no other branch of engineering is the stylist-designer so important in relation to the engineer-designer. Appearance is a major consideration in the design of private cars and even of buses and motor-lorries.

Before the war, owing to keen competition between manufacturers, and to production far in excess of natural demand, the main job of the stylist was supposed to be a flair for coming "fashions." He earned his salary by designing new cars every year to make last year's models look out-of-date while they were still mechanically up-to-date; so long as he did that, his boss was satisfied, even if his artistic conscience was not.

War has changed this state of affairs: to-day supply lags far behind demand and there is no longer such fierce competition among the various motor manufacturers. Hence there is no place for catchpenny design. The need to concentrate on essentials is felt more than ever before. Neither materials nor time must be wasted in production, and it is the designer's job to plan for efficiency.

Already, in the new circumstances of war-time, designers of commercial and military motors have given a lead that may be followed in private-car design when private cars are again designed. Moreover, they have—consciously or unconsciously—

*N. Pevsner: *An Enquiry into Industrial Art in England*, C.U.P., 1937.

followed the principles which protagonists of sound industrial design have been advocating for years, namely: rationalisation, that is the elimination of superfluous types; and simplification, by discarding the merely fashionable in favour of the functional.

The most striking war-time example of rationalisation is found in what may be called the "People's Bus," I, a design standardised by Government specification, which constitutes the only type of double-deck bus that any coachbuilder is now allowed to build on any make of chassis. In pre-war days (as is well known), almost every municipality or bus operating company used buses different in details from every other. Most of the differences were unessential. The new rationalised type is as practical and as pleasing to the eye as any of the pre-war varieties.

Until we know more about the country's post-war economic set-up than we dare guess at present, we cannot say what is the likelihood of such drastic rationalisation as this being continued or extended in peace-time. But there is food for thought in it.

The People's Bus is a good example, also, of simplification. By omitting non-essentials and simplifying essentials, its design saves about 550 man-hours in the construction of a single bus, and enables some of the work to be done by less highly-skilled labour than was formerly needed.

Another notable instance of war-time simplicity ousting ballyhoo, flummery, hypocrisy and snootiness is provided by the American automobile industry. What contrast could be more striking than the U.S. Army Jeep, 3, alongside a typical showy American car designed for the private owner, 2? It is not suggested that the Jeep would make an ideal family car (though it has a certain resemblance to

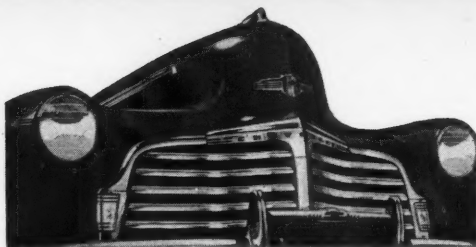
some typically English sporting cars), but there are points in its simplicity of design that are worthy of attention now and post-war.

Nowhere was hypocrisy in car design more rampant than in the long, high bonnets and bulbous wings of most pre-war models. Yet their disadvantages are evident after a moment's reflection. They waste material, the bonnet being much larger than necessary for the engine it houses, they disturb airflow at the front and make it difficult to achieve a good streamlined shape for the car as a whole; and they seriously limit the driver's field of vision—preventing him from seeing the road immediately in front of his front wheels.

In pre-war years, neither the logic of Sir Dennistoun Burney nor the high-pressure salesmanship of Walter P. Chrysler could popularise a car designed to avoid these faults through the adoption of a shorter nose sloping downward to the front. Admittedly Burney's pioneer streamlined car of 1930 was too costly to be popular, whatever its merits; but when, in 1934, Chrysler marketed a similar looking car at mass-production prices, though praised by such experts as Norman Bel Geddes, it met with a poor reception from the public—so poor that Chrysler modified the design later and soon went back to the traditional "snooty" nose.

But now, owing to the war, the most popular commercial vehicle, the Bedford truck, 4, has a sloping bonnet. It is not beautiful in itself, but it may well be a starting point for future developments.

ALEC EDWARD DAVIS



2, a 1942 Chevrolet car (by the courtesy of General Motors Ltd.).



3, efficiency for the American army and nothing of the glamour of the luxury car, 2. Faced by military demands, the American motor industry is shaken from its rut of slickness in design. The Jeep is no family car, but it has points that private-car designers might well study. Will the American cars to come still be showy, or will the contrast of the Jeep shame their designers into something like honesty of design?



4, more sturdy-looking than stylish, this war-time Bedford truck, with its broad bonnet sloping up to meet the one-piece cab of pressed steel, breaks away from the traditional nose-shape. Vehicles of this kind may well help to accustom the public to the short down-curving radiators which neither Chrysler nor Fiat succeeded in popularizing before the war.

time, trees and architecture

Always contemptuous of the familiar, we take trees, like many other things, as a matter of course, and hence fail to make full use of one of the most effective means at our disposal of architectural embellishment. The natural beauty of trees is unquestioned. This fact presents the architect with possibilities of an aesthetic that is acceptable to most. Trees can be used as a kind of mediator in the contemporary 'battle of the styles' or ideologies. For the 'de facto' acceptance of the beauty of trees by functionalist and romantic alike, and by eclectic as well as by purist, provides common ground for many schools of thought and cuts across such doctrinaire disputes as to whether decoration should be applied or should arise naturally out of the structure.

So much for trees in themselves; but of their effect on architecture, of the innumerable subtleties of light and shade and shadow upon wall, of the tracery of their branches outlined against the plain surface of concrete or stone or brick, of the patina and colour of their trunks and the pattern of leaves, seen through glass or reflected in it; of all these things and a thousand others, what can one say to the architect, how explain with the inadequacy of illustration, what he should know by training if not by instinct? What can one say to him but: "Look round"? For the relationships between trees and buildings are to be seen everywhere: some arranged with a fine judgment, some haphazard, and many more just happening in spite of the blunderings of jerrybuilder and speculator. Indeed good buildings have been improved, mediocre ones enlivened, and bad ones concealed by the timely planting or fortunate proximity of trees.

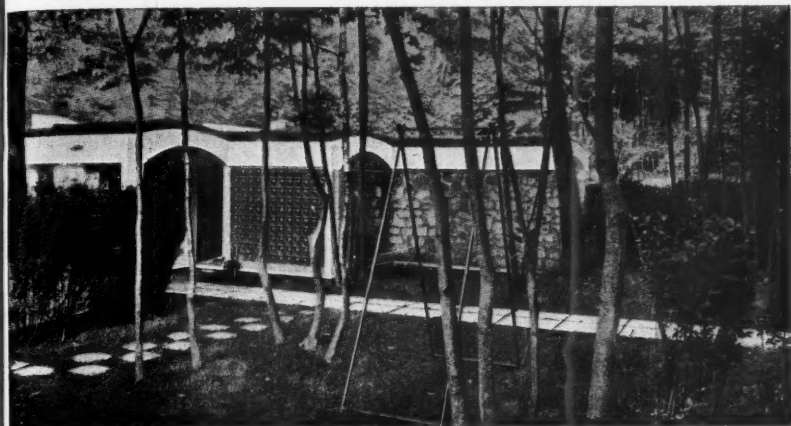
Trees—then architecture—and finally time,—the essence of the relationship between the two. Painting and sculpture, however vital and expressive, are timeless, whereas a tree is a physical expression of time. It grows and changes from day to day and every year, the deciduous tree altering radically in form and colour with the seasons. Thus the time factor produces not a constant relationship but a never-ceasing variety of relationships between tree and building.

It is only by a process of conscious simplification and by a deliberate disregard for subtler gradations of interplay that the following four categories may be set down, and grouped in two pairs. On the one hand, trees may be seen in front of a building which acts as a screen or foil behind them, or in front of a building whose character they emphasize. On the other hand, trees may be seen behind a building which dominates them, or behind a building which they dominate. Nobody with his eyes open can walk about for an hour in town or country without meeting examples of these four categories in their manifold nuances. The pictures here chosen have the advantage that they express the essentials of the four categories with unusual purity and completeness.



1 Care has been taken in this project for a hostel in Berkshire, to relate the building with two existing trees; a fine flowery elm and the carved, grotesque, almost sculptured trunk of a dead one. The rococo foliage of the live elm and the richly textured body of the dead tree are enhanced by the smooth severity of the building behind, and by the reflections and shadows upon the glass facade.

2 The case of Le Corbusier's sophisticated little Maison de Week-end on the outskirts of Paris, is distinctly different. The horizontal lines of the house, interrupted by the shallow curved vaults, are emphasized by the thin, hesitant, upward-reaching lines of the trunks. The artificial elegance of the building gains by being seen through the graceful screen of trees. The geometric precision of the concrete work and the glass lenses is contrasted against the slender irregular growth of the young trees, while the rubble wall affords a subtle transition between the natural and the artificial sphere.



3 The Austrian Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition of 1937 was a brilliant example of the possible blend of both the principles stated in 1 and 2. The architect Professor Haerdel had the wit and genius to use the smallness of the wall of his building for emphasizing the almost Japanese delicacy of the young acacia tree, and at the same time the tree for emphasizing the two-dimensional composition of the wall with its sensitively outlined diagrams of monuments of Austrian architecture. Note how the slender trunk and the filigree of the leaves are brought out by the plain wall, and how the linear pattern on the wall is translated into a graceful three-dimensionality in the branches and foliage. The firm rotundity of the vase in the foreground is another stage on the scale from two-dimensional to three-dimensional effect.



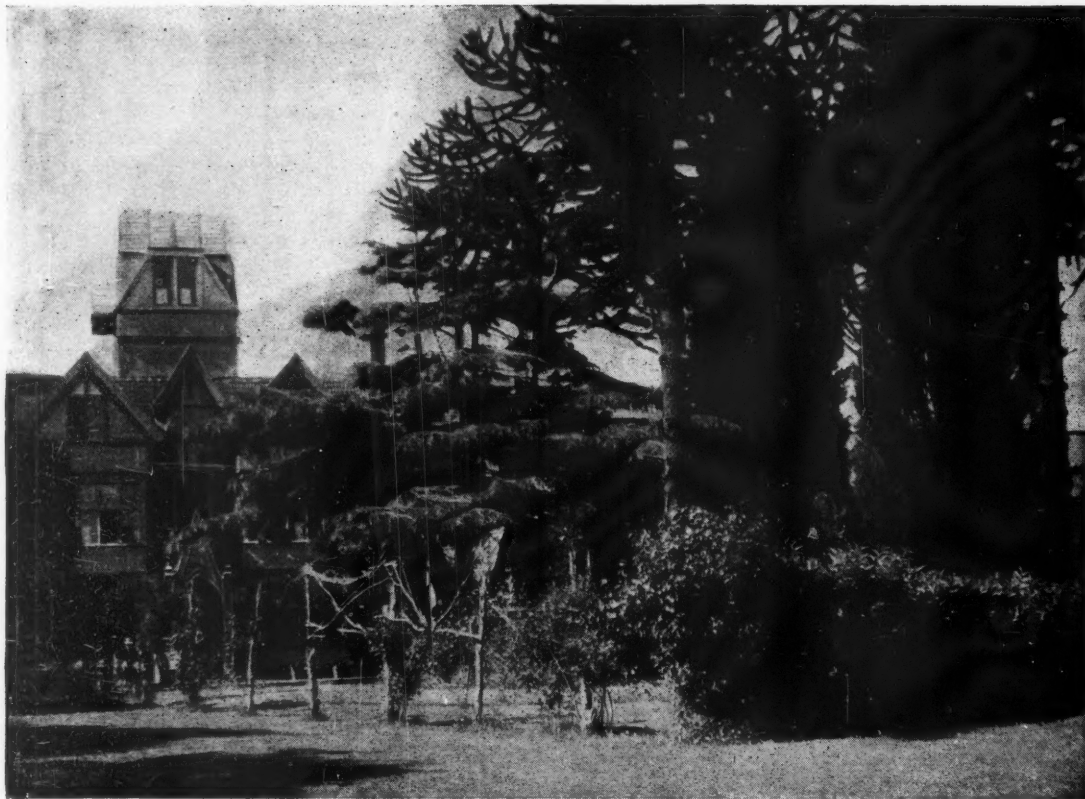
4 While 1 to 3 illustrate trees in front of buildings, 4 to 6 are examples of buildings in front of trees. The sombre woods are like a backcloth behind Shirburn Castle, and the trees, indefinable singly, are a dark mass against which the house stands out in bold relief as if spotlight. Everything is on a large scale, as is indispensable where such broad effects are aimed at.

5 At Shirburn it was the castle which dominated. Here at Edgehill there is no doubt that it is the trees which dominate. The wild, flaring trees are re-echoed by the thatch and give the cottage an atmosphere it could never have possessed alone: Tossing branches, a furious wind, scudding clouds, a watery moon, a Fonthill-looking Gothic window, and you have all the accessories for a haunted house.

6 The seasons change, and with them not only the trees but also the buildings in their neighbourhood. The same cottage as 5, but as the trees are softened and heavy with greenery, and the sinister twisty boughs are hidden away, the cottage now seems squat and friendly and even its Gothic window has a sleepy, good-natured look.



LEONARD MANASSEH AND STEFAN BUZÁS



A summer interlude

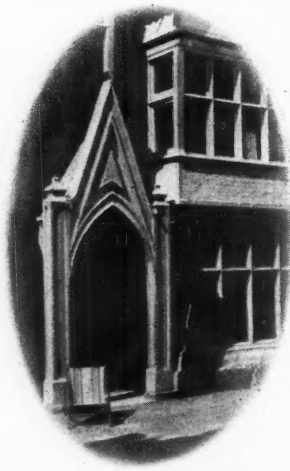
By J. M. Richards
Photographs by John Piper

IN this village, one of those West-country villages that might be in Norfolk because of their extent of tidal flats, fringed with reeds, and their low-pitched roofs of red pan-tiles, but are actually on the flat coast of Somerset, the pub was too humble. But on the cast-iron gate of the last house of all, where the road terminated in a grassy common above high-water shingle, beside the muddy estuary of the river, a notice offered TEAS AND ACCOMMODATION.

Little of the house itself could be seen from the road. Only a curious iron cresting to a high-pitched roof rising above a belt of trees suggested the Victorian paradise within. The gate was not rusty, but pale green with a chalky patina, and creaked. Beyond, a miniature gravel drive curled through the shrubbery, in the centre of which rose a monkey-puzzle tree. The drive led to a gravel space: in front, the house; on the right, the conservatory and cedar of Lebanon; on the left, the entrance to the extensive stables. The house was of brick and timber, complicated and ingeniously romantic, but faded like old scenery. The bricks were washed a buff colour and the woodwork painted a deep ochre—all of it: the beams in the gables, the bay windows with their heavy mullions and the pointed Gothic porch—a hot colour. The roof, of local tiles, was crowned with a remarkable observatory tower with an iron cresting such as might have been bought ready-made from a manufacturer's catalogue of the 'seventies.

In the heat the house appeared deserted—although the hall door was open—until a young woman looked out of an upper window. On a request for tea the window shut,

and almost at once, as though automatically, mother—a plumper but unmistakable equivalent of the figure at the window—appeared at the hall door. Tea was promised affably, with apologies for an un-



avoidable delay. Permission was given, while waiting, to take a photograph of the conservatory.

Also to walk in the garden; but with a particular warning not to disturb her husband, who was in the summer-house.

Back from the gravel drive stretched a lawn: geraniums in geometrical beds; a circular bed with pampas grass; in a secluded corner a pergola and rose garden; the whole cared for carefully but feebly, as by an old man. At the end of the lawn a wooden summer-house, striped green and white. Inside its window a panama hat. When the hat turned a face in the shadow appeared momentarily black (could a negro husband be the odd

explanation of the secretive household?).

Stealthy manœuvring to take a photograph without disturbing her husband only brought him tottering into the sunlight—not black but white, and not exactly white, but pale waxy yellow, with bright eyes like a robin's. Panama hat; breeches and brown leggings; a stoop; and faltering progress with the aid of a stick.

"What's going on?" (not aggressively, but inquisitively, as at a street accident).

"We wanted to take a photograph of your conservatory."

"Aye, it's falling to pieces now—the whole place. Not kept up like it used to be. Needs a coat of paint pretty well everywhere." (Pause.)

"See the carriage and pair go past? Fine turn-out. You don't see many of them these days." (Longer pause.) "I'm as weak as a robin."

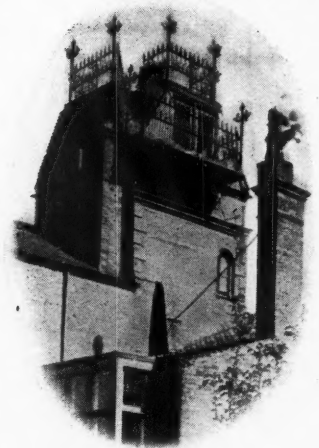
All gazed at the house, the garden, the conservatory and the cedar and monkey-puzzle trees steeped in the hot afternoon sun. Polite conversational remarks on the one hand "... beautiful garden. ... Most interesting house." On the other, quiet deprecation and regret that circumstances did not allow it to be cared for as it deserved.

"Then there's the cats," said the old man, "are a terrible trouble in the garden." ... Would the gentlemen care to see the shark that was washed up last week?

The shark's tail—it might have been a dolphin's or a porpoise's—was nailed to the stable door. The old man led the way, tottering over his stick, to the stable-yard. ... Yes, it was most remarkable. How large was the shark? ... "Pretty large." ... What had become of the rest of it? ... "Manure." ... Were

they common in these parts? ... He couldn't say. It was washed right up the river mouth. It was a bigger river than it looked, the swiftest river in the country. It was a very old house; they didn't build like that these days. And, rambling on, his voice weak and husky, he unlocked his store of desultory and rather disinterested gossip about the house's builder, a prosperous coal merchant of the 'seventies.

There was nothing out of the way in the story when it was pieced together from its inconsequent telling. Shipping coal from the little village wharf was apparently a profitable business. There was a large warehouse at the end of the garden where coal was still stored and handled. The merchant had built this mansion out of the fortune he had accumulated from his trade, after his own fancy (and after the fashion of the times) to celebrate his success and suitably accommodate his family. There was a wonderful view from the roof. He was dead long since, but it was a fine house though nobody cared for it properly—all solid timber.



How long had he been there? ... Only two years. He had to give up farming on account of ill-health. ... That was too bad—what was the trouble? ... Oh, it had begun with bronchitis—and finished with a seizure. And he was weak as a robin. Some days he was better, some days worse.

This in the stable-yard in the strong sunshine: cobbled paving, Gothic woodwork ochre coloured, and a view through the gate across the front of the house to the cedar tree and glittering conservatory beyond.

That conservatory was a splendid specimen. Though small in scale it was rich in detail, and care and money had been lavished on it. Its ground-plan was cruciform. It had a semi-circular roof running at right angles to the house, and the transepts were formed by porches on either side, with their own semi-circular roofs at a lower level. A similar porch completed the outstanding end. The top was crowned by a secondary roof, making almost an extra storey, also semi-circular, and the ridge of this

by an elaborate cresting. Richness was provided by the multiplication of carved fretwork along eaves and ridges and around the porches—this was all originally, it appeared, in the house's heyday, gilded—by the glitter of small panes and by the insertion of ruby glass in prominent places. Inside, it was partially dismantled, but pots of fern still inhabited it, and from it still came that dry musty smell that belongs to ancient conservatories. It still contained a plaster statue of Apollo, once the embellishment of a fountain, perched below the crossing.

Tea was ready. . . . "Thank you very much. *Your husband has been showing us the shark's tail.* . . ."

The cool, dark entrance hall—worn red carpet; gloomy wall-paper; light only from a stained-glass window depicting the Seasons in a series of circular panels of pale yellow-browns and greens—led to a handsome dining-room. Furniture, mahogany; ball-fringed table-cloth a faded green; a player piano; stuffed birds in cases; family photographs—some tinted—in padded frames. Through the high bay window, Tudor mullioned, the unreal glare of the garden and the fantastic conservatory from a different angle.

The tea was excellent. . . . In deck

chairs outside the porch the family sat patiently—frail old man, buxom wife and daughter, temporarily excluded from their own dining-room. The frail old man's pet robin, which had already been introduced along with the shark's tail and the rambler roses ("Wonderfully tame; eats out of my hand. . . . Won't last long though; cats will have him") hopped about the lawn.

After tea, more polite conversation, this time with the good lady: Did she get many visitors? . . . "Not many. The place is rather out of the way." . . . But there was a lot to be said for a quiet place? . . . "Yes, that is the great thing. Most of my visitors come from British Guiana, and they like it to be quiet." . . .

Would the gentlemen like her card? The terms for accommodation were reasonable and would be reduced for quite small children. . . . And would they like to go on the roof?

It was the daughter's task to show the way up to the roof and explain the merits of the view. The roof chamber, glass on all sides, was rather decayed. The view was a near one of unkempt orchards and a far one of tidal flats and the Bristol Channel. They did not use the roof chamber, the daughter explained, for sitting in: it was too hot in the



summer, as none of the windows opened, and uncomfortable in winter as the rain leaked in. To-day it was dusty and stifling. The horse-hair stuffing protruded from the upholstered seats. It was painted the same ochre colour inside as out. The daughter (false teeth already at her age) pointed out where her pony grazed and where the tennis-court was meant to be.

The descent, the daughter leading, was down dark stairs: linoleum first, then red carpeting; stained glass, floral wall-paper, small bamboo tables on the landings.

In the fresh air again, would the gentlemen like to see the coal house (at the end of the garden, where the first owner had accumulated his wealth)? Mother, grateful for the call, and daughter left the old man

Colonial East and Colonial West

What do the two pictures below represent? The answer will come without hesitation: examples of American Colonial of the late eighteenth or early nineteenth centuries. In point of fact the building with the hexastyle portico is Gorki, the country-house in Russia in which Lenin died. Only the other one is from the United States: part of the buildings erected for the University of Virginia in 1808. The similarity is striking and puzzling. Nor is Gorki an exception. Architecture of this kind is by no means rare in Russia. Why this same choice of style in Russia and Virginia? The same white Ionic orders, and the same verandahs illogically cutting into the orders? Why, in other words, the choice of Palladianism, and why its heretical treatment? In America Palladian forms became popular as the forms used by the landed gentry of Britain. They stood for wealth, power and comfort. In Russia the imitation of European fashion was equally de rigueur. Both countries were in a similar peripheral position to Western civilization. Moreover, the social and economic role of patrons was very much the same in Russia and the American provinces. Now, when Russia began to look for inspiration to the West, and chiefly to England and Holland, the Palladian fashion was at its height. Northern Germany and France were passing through a phase of anglophily too. So wherever Russian noblemen or architects travelled and looked round they were bound to come across these white and dignified temple forms. Maybe, a few even went to the source, and saw Palladio's own villas and those of his followers, in that flat and fertile Venetian plain so reminiscent sometimes of the plains of Russia. That Palladio's style is regarded as eminently suitable to express rulership and gentility, we know as well to-day as they did about 1800. So the Russian and the American landowners, completely independent of each other of course, chose it, and were, in the light of their social ambitions, well advised to choose it. As to the long verandahs, they are an international tradition in timber-using countries, and timber was the staple building material, both in Russia and America. The running of the balusters or the railings into the shafts of the columns may be aesthetically objectionable, but the planters of the West and the East were not as squeamish as all that.



B O O K S

A Classic of Aesthetics

THE LIFE OF FORMS IN ART. By Henri Focillon.
Translated by C. B. Hogan and G. Kubler. Oxford University Press. 15s. 6d.

HENRI FOCILLON, who died recently in America, was Professor of the History of Art at the Collège de France, and latterly held a similar chair at Yale University. He was a personality of great force and a scholar of distinction. This book, *La Vie des Formes*, originally published in Paris in 1934, and now presented in an admirable translation in the History of Art Series of the Yale Historical Publications, is a masterpiece, and will certainly rank as one of the classics of art criticism. It is not a long book—about 45,000 words—but it is a very severe and logical exercise of reason, in the best French tradition, and has the virtue of provoking thought long after it has been read.

Its argument is too concentrated to allow any further summary—a general description, which must be risked, will leave out many essential features. The argument, like all worth-while arguments, rests on a metaphysical assumption. It is admitted that everything which exists has form—"form is the modality of life." "The relationships that bind forms together in nature cannot be pure chance, and what we call 'natural life' is in effect a relationship between forms, so inexorable that without it this natural life could not exist." The forms which organic life assumes have often been studied (notably by Sir D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson in his great work *On Growth and Form*) and we do not hesitate to concede beauty to these forms. But what Professor Focillon is anxious to affirm is that "the instant these shapes invade the space and the materials specific to art, they acquire an entirely new value and give rise to entirely new systems." The assumption underlying his thesis is that plastic forms constitute an order of existence, and that this order has "the motion and breath of life." "Plastic forms are subject to the principle of metamorphoses, by which they are perpetually renewed, as well as to the principle of styles, by which their relationship is, although by no means with any regularity of recurrence, first tested, then made fast, and finally disrupted."

Form itself, that is to say, has a life of its own, and we would not be doing justice to Professor Focillon's thesis if we took this in a merely metaphorical sense. In art forms do actually marry and multiply, as, for example, in Romanesque sculpture. "Here abstract form is both stem and support for a strange, chimerical image of animal and human life; here monstrosities that are shackled permanently to an architectural and ornamental definition, are yet endlessly reborn in so many different ways that their captivity mocks both us and itself. Form becomes a *rinceau*, a double-headed eagle, a mermaid, a duel of warriors. It duplicates, coils back upon, and devours its own shape. Without once trespassing its limits or falsifying its principles, this protean monster rouses up, and unrolls its demented existence—an existence that is merely the turmoil and the undulation of a single, simple form."

Form may, of course, become fixed, or frozen. That is its academic death. Primarily "form is a mobile life in a changing world." To control this unceasing vitality and endless metamorphosis, man has evolved a certain principle of *style*, and style is defined by Professor Focillon as "a special and superior quality in a work of art: the quality, the peculiarly eternal value, that allows it to escape the bondage of time." But how define such an absolute? It is obviously a much more difficult, and more dangerous, task than any purely objective analysis of forms. A judgment of value is involved: there is not one style, but an hierarchy of styles, and though style may be defined as "a series of planned harmonies," we must still seek the absolute harmony. It can, of course, be defined as *classicism*, "the greatest propriety of the parts one to the other. It is stability, security, following upon experimental

unrest." "But classicism is not the result of a conformist attitude. On the contrary, it has been created out of one final, ultimate experiment, the audacity and vitality of which it has never lost." Professor Focillon admits that the word has now lost all meaning through so much careless and indeed illegitimate usage, but he redefines the term in a passage which is an excellent example of his own fine and nervous style:

"Classicism: a brief, perfectly balanced instant of complete possession of forms; not a slow and monotonous application of 'rules,' but a pure, quick delight, like the *ἀκμή* of the Greeks, so delicate that the pointer of the scale scarcely trembles. I look at this scale not to see whether the pointer will presently dip down again, or even come to a moment of absolute rest. I look at it instead to see, within the miracle of that hesitant immobility, the slight, inappreciable tremor that indicates life. It is for this reason that the classic state differs radically from the academic state, which is merely a lifeless reflection, a kind of inert image. . . . The classic state of a style is not attained from without. The dogma of slavish imitation of the ancients can serve the objectives of any romanticism."

Professor Focillon's book may best be described as an extended illustration, from the deep fund of his knowledge of the history of art, no less than from his sympathetic understanding of the psychology of the artist, of the historical truth of this definition. Human consciousness is seen as in perpetual pursuit of a language and a style. "To assume consciousness is at once to assume form." The artist is the man who, on behalf of humanity, can snatch these forms from the ceaseless flux of life, and can translate them into the concrete measure of a material, a space. It goes without saying that in his demonstration of these truths Professor Focillon has frequent recourse to the art of architecture, a subject to which he devotes some of his most stimulating pages.

HERBERT READ

SHORTER NOTICES

DOCUMENT PHOTOGRAPHY. By H. W. Greenwood. Focal Press. 7s. 6d.

This book deals with the technique of photographing documents, the equipment necessary to do the job, and the right use of the equipment for any particular type of document. The preservation of records by means of photography is by no means a new technique. It has, however, gained enormously in importance owing to the war and the blitz. People wanted to be certain that, if originals were destroyed, copies existed. Others needed records for purposes of research which could not be released from their hiding places for longer than the photographer needed to take photos. Others again wished to dispose of masses of papers and knew that by microfilm reproduction the material to be kept as records could be reduced to a fraction of its original weight and bulk. An example from America is quoted: The United States Census Bureau is busy on a complete film record of the U.S. Census of 1880. It required 1,024 volumes, each weighing some 24 lbs. The film of one such volume is an affair of 4 inches in diameter. The value of document photography for recording drawings, and especially architectural drawings, has only very recently been recognized. The Library of the R.I.B.A. plays the most prominent part in the furtherance of the new medium.

A PARALLEL OF THE ORDERS OF ARCHITECTURE. By Charles Normand. Re-edited by R. H. Cordingley. John Tiranti. 10s. 6d.

Charles Normand's *Parallel* was first published in 1819. It is the last of the classic presentations of the five orders, the successor to Serlio, Palladio, Vignola, Shute, and so many others. Its chief advantage over the other books, from the student's point of view, is that it not only contains a selection of orders taken from Italian and French Renaissance buildings, but also measured drawings taken from surviving Greek and Roman monuments. As long as knowledge of the orders forms part of the curriculum of architectural schools, there will, no doubt, be a steady demand for Normand. The new edition is handy and comparatively inexpensive.



to escort their visitors through the shrubbery and beneath the monkey-puzzle tree to a wicket gate in the far boundary hedge. The coal warehouse was beyond. The old man led the way, stooping, one hand clasping his back, the other quivering on his stick.

The coal warehouse, so different from the mansion, was a vernacular building of ordinary red brick, one storey high, lighted beneath the eaves, on one side through the unglazed intervals between rectangular piers and on the other through curious inverted arches. But inside it was very dark. A man, visible only as a whitish face and arms, shifted coal into baskets and addressed his visitors indiscriminately as "Captain."

Beneath the arches a door gave directly into strong sunlight again and down some steps into the public road. The old man, weak as a robin and as fearfully friendly, intent on his rambling gossip, reluctantly let his visitors depart. He pointed out where the road led back towards the village, between the coal shed and a derelict barge left to decay on the mud of the river bank.



The Potteries

This district consists of six towns : Burslem, Fenton, Hanley, Longton, Stoke and Tunstall, which have now been merged into one city, called Stoke-on-Trent. This city has a population of nearly three hundred thousand, but it has no real existence as a city of that size. There is no city. There are still these six little towns. After federation into one city had been suggested, the inhabitants of these towns argued and quarrelled most bitterly for years. Finally, the obvious advantages of federation carried the day, and there appeared, on paper, the mythical city of Stoke-on-Trent. But when you go there, you still see the six towns, looking like six separate towns. Unless you are wiser than I was, you will never be quite sure which of the six you are in at any given time ; but at least you will be ready to swear that you are nowhere near a city that contains three hundred thousand people. For what distinguishes the district, to my eye and mind, is its universal littleness. Everything there is diminutive. Even the landscape fits in, for though there are hills, they are all little ones. I seemed to be paying a visit to Lilliput. The region is a clutter of small towns, but inside everything is small too. Not a single thing sends you staring upward. You see no huge warehouses, no high public buildings. The houses, which stretch out in a ribbon development for miles and miles, are nearly all workmen's cottages, and if they are not actually small of their kind, they contrive to suggest they are. And unless I am sadly wrong, the very people are small ; sturdy enough, of course, and ready to give a good account of themselves ; but nearly all stunted in height. Even the smoke—and there is plenty of it in the Potteries—does not hang well above the towns like a dark cloud, as it does in other industrial districts, but seems to drift heavily just above the roofs. Never before have I seen such a Lilliputian region. There were no tall chimneys, no factory buildings frowning above the streets ; but only a fantastic collection of narrow-necked jars or bottles peeping above the house-tops on every side ; looking as if giant biblical characters, after a search for oil or wine, had popped them there, among the dwarf streets. These, of course, are the pottery kilns and ovens, which are usually tall enough to be seen above the rows of cottage houses. I never got used to their odd appearance, never quite recovered from my first wild impression of them as some monstrous Oriental intrusion upon an English industrial area. But without these great bottles of heat, there would be no Potteries. They represent the very heart and soul of the district, as you very soon learn ; and unless you are prepared to take a deep and lasting interest in what happens inside these ovens, it would be better for you to take the first train anywhere. As a district to do anything but work in, it has nothing to recommend it. To begin with, it is extremely ugly. You can see open spaces everywhere—"fields" the local people call them proudly—but these are no Arcadian pastures, to be idle and poetical in. You can, if you are young, kick a ball about on them, but they cannot be fit for much else. I have seen few regions from which Nature has been banished more ruthlessly, and banished only in favour of a sort of troglodyte mankind. Civilised man, except in his capacity as a working potter, has not arrived here yet, just as the real city of Stoke-on-Trent, which will no doubt be a monument of civic dignity, has not yet arrived. I do not mean to suggest that there are not schools and museums and shops and cinemas. These amenities exist, and may be as plentiful per head of the population as they are in any other place. But the general impression is of an exceptionally mean, dingy provinciality, of Victorian industrialism in its dirtiest and most cynical aspect. The look of these places bears no proper relation to the work that goes on in them. It seems to me monstrous that good craftsmen, whose families have been working for generations perhaps with Wedgwoods or Adams or Spodes, should be condemned to live in such miserable holes as these. That anything even vaguely decorative should come from these places seems a miracle. It is as if nobody had any eyes to see outside the workrooms.

J. B. PRIESTLEY (*English Journey*, 1934)

THE POTTERIES. Mr. Hennell in his article on *The Potter* on pages 49-51, mentions the contrast between the atmosphere of the potter's workshop and the Five Towns. Above Mr. Priestley describes the Five Towns. The water colour on the right shows Julian Trevelyan's interpretation of the same gloomy and messy neighbourhood. It was recently shown at the Reid and Lefèvre Galleries.



The Forshaw-Abercrombie Plan

On July 13, the London County Council was introduced to the plan for a London of the future which had, from 1941 to 1943, been prepared by Mr. J. H. Forshaw, the Council's architect, in co-operation with Professor Abercrombie. The request to draw up the plan had come from the Council, but it was Lord Reith, the then Minister of Works (and Planning) who had asked the Council to prepare a plan for the post-war development of the L.C.C. region. He had—very much a Reith touch—stipulated that the plan should be "evolved on bold lines, assuming that new legislation would make such planning a practical proposition."

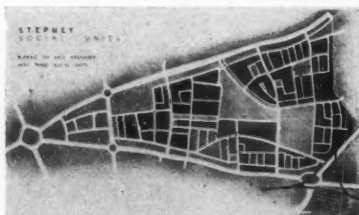
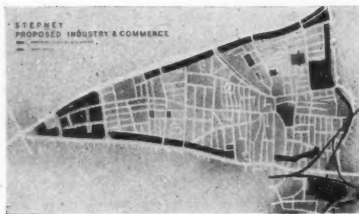
As it is, boldness is not the word which will be used in describing the Forshaw-Abercrombie plan by those who have seen the M.A.R.S. or even the L.R.R.C. Regional plan. It is rather words like sound, sensible, realistic, businesslike, that come to one's mind in looking at it, as it is exhibited at the moment in the County Hall. The exhibition has the same character. The material is arranged in a circular hall with eleven niches. The presentation of the problems is clear and matter-of-fact: existing state, deficiencies of the existing state, and then proposed amendments. A folder is handed out to visitors which explains the plan in a simple form and in no more than some fifteen hundred words.

A lavishly produced and very intelligently illustrated book at 12s. 6d. (Macmillan & Co.) has at the same time been published. This month's cover of *THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW* shows one of the colour plates from the book, the one representing the general results of a social and functional analysis which preceded the drawing up of the actual plan. As for the plan itself, to single out a few of its most significant features, it deals only with the L.C.C. area, that is, compared with Greater London, an area housing less than half the real population of London. In this it is more restricted than the L.R.R.C. Regional plan. On the other hand the Regional plan which Professor Abercrombie is preparing for the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, and which, he hopes, will be completed by the end of the year, takes in a larger region still, in fact most of the Home Counties. Only after publication of this plan will it be possible to understand in full what aims Professor Abercrombie is pursuing.

Another limitation of the L.C.C. plan and one less justifiable is the absence of schemes for the City. The City, as is known, prepares in an alarmingly secret way plans of her own, and on July 8 their publication was again vetoed by the Court of Common Council.

The Forshaw-Abercrombie plan, as the L.R.R.C. Regional plan, is a plan for long-term reconstruction. It is supposed to cover rebuilding over ten or twenty, or rather fifty or sixty years. It is worked out in such a way that a phase of priority has been drawn up giving a coherent picture even if the later phase should by then be revised and modified.

The plan is based on a very



Three of the detail plans for the rebuilding of Stepney within the frame-work of the Forshaw-Abercrombie plan discussed on this and the previous page. Top: "Stepney Blight," the areas of deterioration and overcrowding marked black. Centre: proposed location of industry. Bottom: grouping of residential areas into three self-contained neighbourhood units.

credible amount of survey and statistics, though not as much as was got together for the Amsterdam plan. This, however, was a regional and not a strictly urban plan. Systematic collection of data should certainly go on to the very moment of the beginning of work.

The style of the buildings shown in perspective view is not dogmatic, neither in the Royal Academy nor in the M.A.R.S. sense. There is, except in one case, nothing conspicuously reactionary in public buildings, and there is a fair balance between flats and terraces of small houses, and between contemporary and mildly Georgian looking housing schemes.

Residential districts are replanned with a view to re-forming them into communities, the size of a neighbourhood unit being taken as 6,000-10,000 people. The Shoreditch-Bethnal Green area is singled out as the only one shown replanned in detail (see the illustrations on this page). The centre of the south bank of the Thames is reserved for large blocks of Government or private offices and public buildings. The Westminster Abbey and Bloomsbury districts are remodelled as precincts, in Mr. Alker Tripp's sense.

Road traffic is considered in more detail than can here be even as much as summed up. No special area is set aside for a central airport, because the technique of landing and taking off is in such rapid development that

size and character of an ideal airport cannot at the moment be defined. The removal and rebuilding of markets also is left open. All that is said is that it is necessary, and on what principles it should be effected. Dock development does not really come into the terms of reference of the Forshaw-Abercrombie plan. Most of it is bound to take place outside the L.C.C. area.

A curious timidity appears in the proposals for the railway system. Such stations as Charing Cross, Blackfriars, Cannon Street, and Euston (separate from St. Pancras) are retained, though suggested for low-level traffic exclusively.

In introducing the plan to the press, Lord Latham, leader of the L.C.C., emphasized some points of importance. The cost of the plan would by no means be prohibitive. Rebuilding would be going on anyway, and all that the plan would provide would be a system of reconstruction instead of haphazard and wasteful expenditure. While thus economies will hardly endanger the plan, a rash abandoning of controls after the war may. The public should "in the interests of public health and happiness" be prepared "to accept a continuance of some part of that restriction of purely personal expenditure which they have cheerfully borne for the defence of their country."

But the plan is far from accepted

yet. It is now going to all interested authorities, more than eighty in all, and a long time must elapse ere we shall hear of it again. Meanwhile, if those with a bolder and perhaps less realistic outlook go on clarifying their visions, that will be all to the good. The authors of the L.C.C. plan appear quite open to further suggestions from outside.

The equipment of a division

This is the most ambitious and successful of all exhibitions so far staged by the Ministry of Information. It is as up-to-date as the M.A.R.S. Exhibition of 1938 and yet in no way high-brow. It is the ultimate proof of the acceptance by at least one Government department of the most intelligent and progressive style of display and architecture. The man-in-the-street, always supposed to be reactionary, has reacted most enthusiastically to this contemporary appeal. The exhibition was visited by 40,000 people in the first two days and is overcrowded at all times. No wonder, as for example an R.E. bridge (not the most up-to-date one) is on show, and children can play freely with such things as a Bofors gun.

The exhibition fills the basement of the bombed-out John Lewis's in Oxford Street. The architects and decorators have made a magnificent job of the difficult site. Structural

[continued on page xlii]



DERBYSHIRE RAM Sculptured in Hopton-Wood Stone by H. WILSON PARKER

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IN the churchyard there is a well, fed by a spring that is said to have sprung miraculously from the grave of Withburga, daughter of a king of East Anglia, after her body had been stolen by the Abbot and monks of Ely in the tenth Century. There are many wells, still used for human needs, that are liable to contamination from nearby graveyards, and even when there are no such obvious sources of pollution it is a good thing to make sure that only water which is purified by deep earth filtration can enter a well. This is done by rendering the porous brick or stone "steining" with cement mortar made completely impervious by the addition of 'PUDLO' Brand cement waterproofer. The smooth surface of such a lining is sanitary, unlike brick or stonework which afford harbourage for fungoid growths and other sources of infection.

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It is tantalising, but inevitable, that so many of the interesting jobs in which 'PUDLO' Brand waterproofer is now being used must remain "unheralded and unsung" until after the war. In place of the illustrations that cannot be used, we are pleased to publish a series of drawings of East Anglian monuments; these drawings, in pen and wash, are the work of Leonard Squirrell, R.W.S., R.E., who, by the verdict of his fellow artists, is placed in the ranks of the foremost British landscape draughtsmen.

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continued from page xli]
work is white and graceful, of delicate lightness. Colourings are bright and clear. The incorporation of the ruined walls and piers is as sensitive as any in the heyday of landscape gardening. Yet it is modern in its translation of the English picturesque tradition into the urban landscape. It is highly gratifying to see that John Piper has not painted in vain.

New R.I.B.A. President

Mr. Percy E. Thomas, whose style of building is best known by his Swansea Civic Centre, has been elected President of the R.I.B.A., in succession to Mr. Ansell who had held the office for three years.

Controller of Experimental Building Development

The Ministry of Works has appointed Mr. F. E. Towndrow to this newly created position. His task will be to co-ordinate all new ideas and methods of building or the manufacturing of building materials put forward by firms or individuals. In this he will have the advice of the M.O.W. Burt Committee on House Construction.

The Pilgrim Trust

The twelfth annual report of the Pilgrim Trust contains a summing-up of the Trust's expenditure since its formation in 1930. Nearly half a million pounds have been spent on the preservation of national monu-

ments and the countryside. C.E.M.A. has received £55,700 out of the Trust's funds. On the Recording

Britain scheme £7,000 were expended. They have gone to 85 artists to purchase 1,254 drawings. Two exhi-

bitions have already been held. A third will take place shortly and bring the work to a close.

The Buildings Illustrated

SENIOR SCHOOL AT BINGLEY, YORKSHIRE

Architects: William G. Newton and Partners

Quantity Surveyors: Drower & Son

The general contractors were E. and T. Bower. Principal sub-contractors were as follows: Trussed Concrete Co., reinforced concrete; Dorman Long & Co., Ltd., structural steelwork; Yeates & Co., woodblock flooring; Limmer Trinidad Co., Semtex and mastic asphalt; Burn Brothers, drains; M. McCarthy & Sons, Ltd., lime bricks; Modern Surfaces, Ltd., Muroglaze dados; D. Anderson & Son, roofing; Pickles Bros. (Slaters), Ltd., slating work; J. H. Naylor & Son, woodwork; Yorkshire Copper Co., pipes for plumbing and water supply; Leeds Fireclay Co., sanitary fittings; John Wilkinson, electrical installations; Lipscombe Co., heating and ventilation; John Gibbs, and Crittall Manufacturing Co., Ltd., metal windows; J. Hargreaves & Son, paint; Simp-

son & Sons, curtains; John Wright, kitchen equipment; Chas. H. Potts, clock.

SCHOOLS AT LITTLE-HAMPTON, SUSSEX

Architect: C. G. Stillman

Clerk of Works: J. Pears

The general contractors were R. Cook & Sons, Ltd. Principal sub-contractors were as follows: G. Asserati, asphalt; Haywards, Ltd., concrete lanterns, etc., cast concrete roof; Johnson's Reinforced Concrete Engineering Co., Ltd., reinforced concrete; Dunbrik, Ltd., bricks; Blokerete Co., Ltd., artificial stone; Matt. T. Shaw & Co., Ltd., and Light Steel Sectional Constructions, Ltd., structural steel; John Stones, Ltd., partitions and folding partition; Granwood Flooring Co., Ltd., patent flooring; G. N. Haden & Sons, Ltd., central heating and boilers; Brighton, Hove and Worthing Gas Co., gas fixtures and gasfitting; Cosh & Hammond, electric wiring, electric light fixtures and

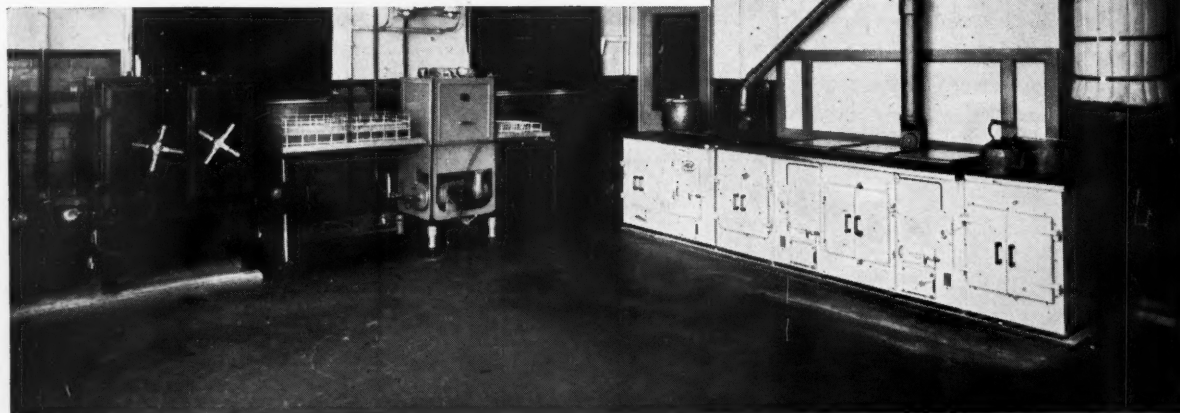
electric heating; Bunce & Co., door furniture; James Couper & Sons, Ltd., casements and window furniture; W. Dibbens & Sons and Haywards, Ltd., iron staircases; Hill, Aldam & Co., Ltd., sliding doors; Accordo Blinds, Ltd., sun-blinds; Granitese (Great Britain), Ltd., glazed tiling; North of England School Furnishing Co., Ltd. and Wilson & Garden, Ltd., school fittings; J. Parkes, Ltd. and General Contractor, cloakroom fittings; Parker, Winder and Achurch, Ltd., cycle racks.

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