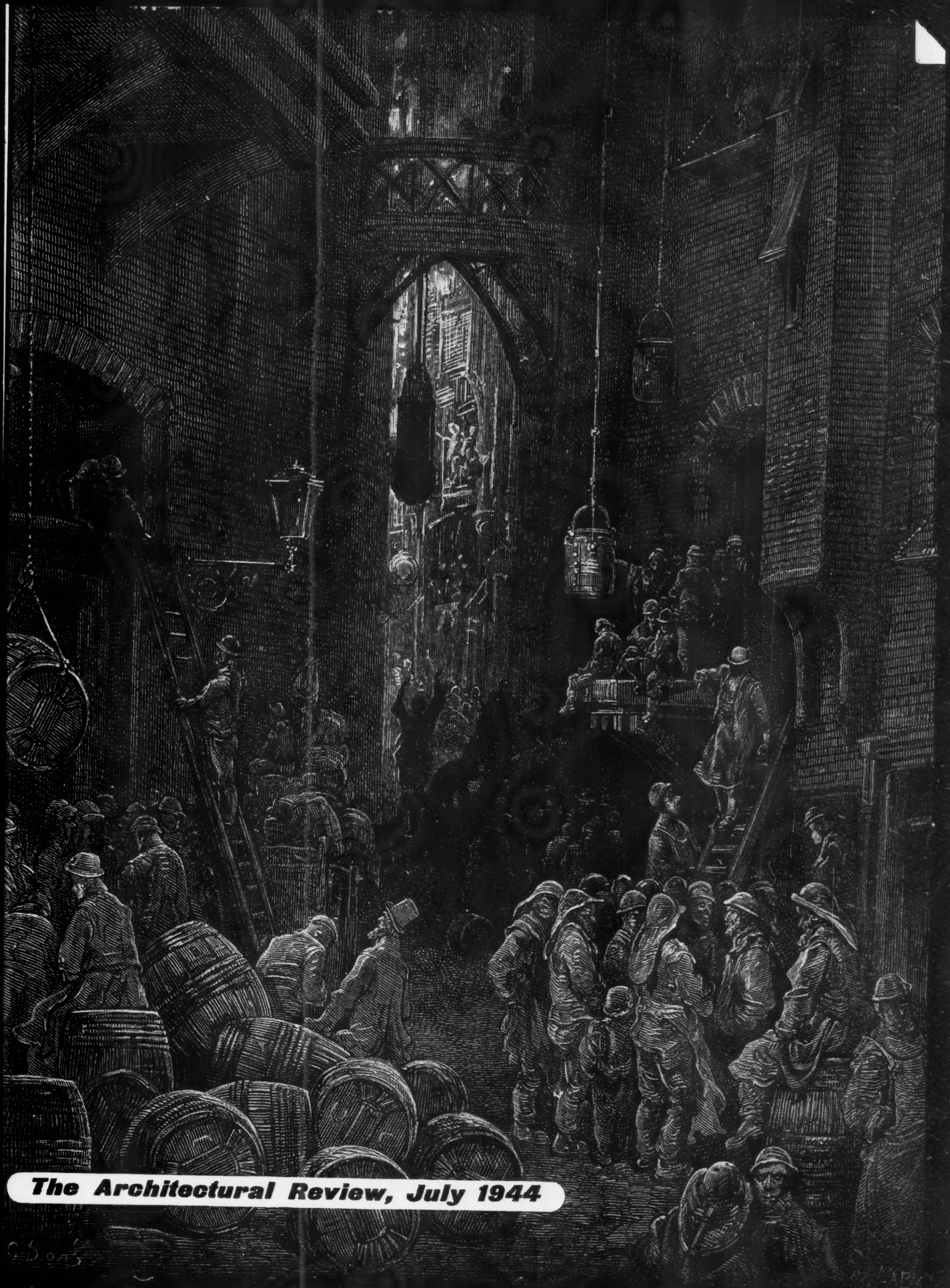




The Architectural Review, July 1944



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The Architectural Review

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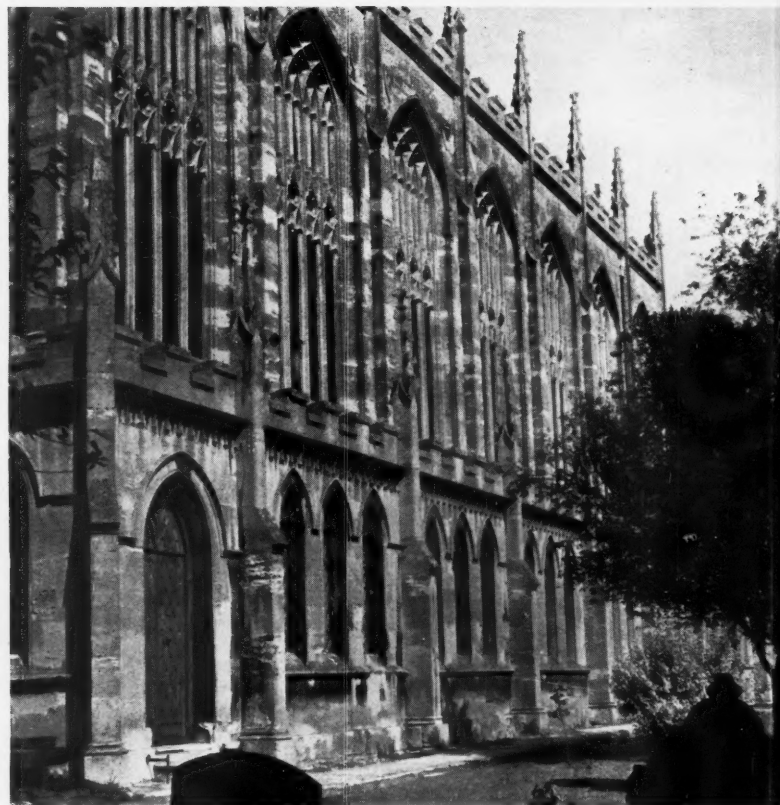
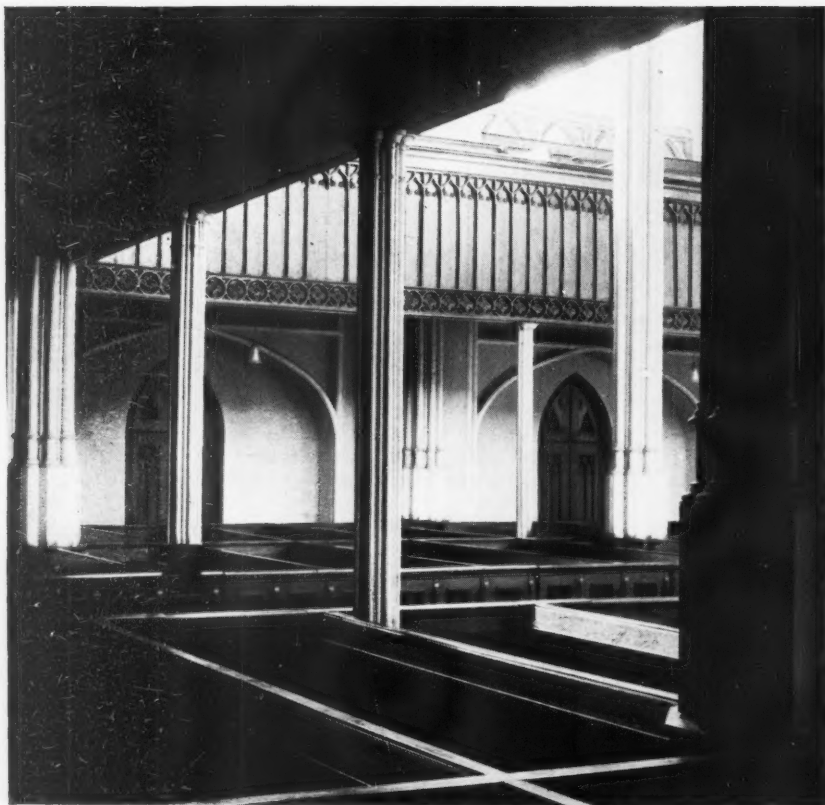
Vol. XCVI

No. 571

TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE

THE COVER. Doré's *London* is probably the most spectacular and revealing of all the illustrated works on London published between Ackermann's *Microcosm* and the County Plan. And as Rowlandson and Pugin represent the intimate, not yet too unwieldy London of the Regency, and Forshaw and Abercrombie the London of today grown so absurdly shapeless and inane that only drastic changes can knock it back into character, so Doré's is the monument to the London of 1870, unwieldy already but of an enormously powerful individuality, now jolly now ferocious, which the picturesque traveller and the romantic in search of the sensations of *Les Misérables* or of *Le Ventre de Paris* could still enjoy. Doré's London is that of a Frenchman and a shameless sensationalist, but it is a brilliant work of art all the same and in its day did much to create the late nineteenth century's idea of the modern Babylon—the river, the East End, Boat Race, Derby Day, Whitechapel, Rotten Row, Bill Smith and Vered-Vered—which is still the official Continental picture. Yet though the picture remains the book has been largely forgotten. It is rediscovered in this issue.





TETBURY CHURCH in Gloucestershire, consecrated in 1781, an exceptionally complete example of the early Gothic revival. architect was Francis Hiorn. Although John Carter, the purist and zealot, called it mean and monstrous, it has to our century acquired a delicate and chaste flavour so purely of its own period that it almost makes us forget its imitative intention. The late eighteenth century had not yet any of the nineteenth's dislike for the Perpendicular; in fact it hardly knew as yet of the differences between various phases of the Gothic style. It was only Rickman, in 1817, who established them. So the extreme thinness and transgression of the style of, say, Bath Abbey was welcome to Hiorn who, although working in terms of the medieval, really desired an effect of Robert Adam elegance. Top left, the interior looking east; top right, looking west. The slender wooden piers have iron bands. Bottom left, the west gallery "of the Fantastic order," as John Carter said; bottom right, the exterior from the south-west. vignette on the top of the facing page shows the steeple, rebuilt in 1891. In Hiorn's time the medieval steeple was left standing.

in the modern

by Marcus



Gothic manner

Whiffen

TETBURY is not a large town. Since the days when the Cotswolds were the sheep-walk of England and Tetbury was one of the chief collecting centres for wool and possessed an important yarn market, it has come down in the world.¹ The railway seems to acknowledge its existence only as a concession—a concession granted with a bad grace, as many travellers doomed to spend draughty hours at Kemble junction have decided. But it is a handsome place; its compactness and its well-ordered streets attest a sense of civic responsibility which one would like to think had survived the centuries that gave the town its present form.² And in its parish church Tetbury possesses something quite out of the ordinary. For an eighteenth century Gothic church with almost complete furnishings of the time is a rarity. Perhaps there are not more than a dozen or fifteen in England, and few indeed are so large, or have such well-documented histories, or form more perfect settings for meditation on that strange product of antiquarian enthusiasm, stylistic eclecticism and genuine architectural experiment which we call the Gothic Revival.

The New Church at Tetbury was first preached in on October 7, 1781, but the chain of events which led to that happy consummation stretched back over half a century, to the day when, in 1729, it was resolved to collect money for a partial rebuilding of the dilapidated medieval fabric.³ The funds raised were not nearly enough, and it was next proposed to sell the advowson of the living and devote the proceeds to a total rebuilding. The necessary Act of Parliament could not be obtained, however, and things went from bad to worse. Then in 1740 (to quote the historian of Tetbury) "a recognizance was . . . entered into in the Court of Chancery, in which several persons of known property, obliged themselves under considerable penalties, to put the Church in sound repair. Two architects were engaged to view the repairs when finished; Mr. Tully, of Bristol, on the one side, and Mr. Smith, of Warwick, on the other."

Bristol and Warwick differed about the efficacy or otherwise of what was done, and an architect less obscure than George Tully and less elusive than Francis Smith was called in to arbitrate; James Gibbs, accompanied by "Mr. Philipps, the King's carpenter, and Mr. John Townsend, an eminent master builder from Oxford," went down to Tetbury. Gibbs's report was unfavourable, and the parishioners who wanted an entirely new church took the matter before the Lord Chancellor. It was then discovered that Gibbs had not personally inspected the roof, "as, indeed, he could not well, being a person in years, and very corpulent," and Hardwicke sent down the Comptroller of the Works, Flitcroft (whom he was to employ a few years later in the rebuilding of Wimpole church) to make a fresh survey. Flitcroft reported that £400 would be needed to put things right; some £15 or £20 were spent, and interest in the business seems to have petered out.

The next chapter in the story of Tetbury's efforts to get a

serviceable church is more creditable to those concerned. The protagonist is the Rev. John Wight, who became vicar in 1741. Early on in his tenure of the living, Wight vowed to apply a quarter of his income to public uses. When a subscription for rebuilding the church was opened in 1754 he gave about £700, and it was reckoned that by his death, twenty-three years later, interest at 4 per cent. and subsequent additions had increased his total gift to over £1,500. Evidently a man with some drive, Wight was not content to be a mere benefactor, but took charge of things. Whether or not it was he who chose Francis Hiorn as architect and, in 1775 or earlier, received from him the design for a new church "in the Modern Gothic order," he certainly did what he could to get Hiorn's design accepted by his parishioners. Unfortunately he did not live to see the fruits of his labours, for the old church was not demolished until 1777 and the new one was completed, as mentioned, in 1781.

Francis Hiorn or Hiorne (1741–1789) came from a prominent family of Warwick builders. His father and uncle put up the classical County Hall, for which Sanderson Miller gave the design, in their native city. At Foremark, in Derbyshire, they may have been Sir Robert Burdett's architects as well as the builders of his house. The A.P.S. *Dictionary of Architecture* gives Foremark to Francis Hiorn, but it is rather early for a work of his. The account of Hiorn in the *Dictionary*, based largely on a short notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1800, is not to be trusted too far. But it seems that Stony Stratford church (1776) and a triangular tower in the park at Arundel (together with restorations at the castle) are to be attributed to him, and he also designed a gallery for Sir William Wilson's church of St. Mary, Warwick, and did some work at Althorp. At Tetbury he was both architect and builder. He received £3,658 16s. for building the church and £1,000 17s. for flooring and pewing it, in addition to the materials of the old church, which he valued at £400.

What of the result? There is no doubt as to what the eighteenth century thought about it. It was "thought to be equal, if not superior, to any Country Church in the Kingdom," we are told, and we catch a reflection of the critics' jargon of the time in an article by John Carter in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1802.⁴ "Upon what grounds, knowledge, or capability," Carter asks, "do some writers announce that the present church at Tetbury is a beautiful edifice of the first taste, and composed after the finest examples of our ancient edifices by imitations the most chaste and the most correct?" It is a rhetorical question, for, with the assistance of a couple of thumbnail sections and a supply of theological banter he had made it clear that his own opinion was very different. "Bursting from one established maxim [that the section of an aisled Gothic church should fit into the outline of a pointed arch], we must not be surprised," he wrote, "at seeing the enlightened professionalist converting the uses of his exterior chapels, by copy from King's College chapel, into long avenues or passages for the convenience of getting into the pews within



the church. Tetbury's doorways, cornices, battlements, are poor and mean in their lines, while in the buttresses and window tracery, particularly this latter enrichment, attempts are made to render them monstrous elaborate, in a redundancy of wire-drawn mouldings, without end or meaning."

Not being purists, we have several advantages over the nineteenth century. To us it seems that the unbroken vistas of the passages to which Carter took exception might have been conceived by a Gothic-minded Chirico, the effect being enhanced by lost-looking effigies from the old church. Our archaeological sense is not offended when we recognize in the slender mouldings of the interior a feeling for delicate linear pattern identical in kind with that which informs the draperies of the Grecian ladies on the tablets by T. King, of Bath, adorning the walls. Nor do we expect from Hiorn any attempt at Gothic construction; Savage's daring stone vault at St. Luke's, Chelsea, was forty years away in the future, and, since the taste of the time was for low relief in exterior details, there are no massive buttresses at Tetbury to pretend that the ceiling is of anything but plaster.

In general, we are attracted by the strong period flavour of this free rendering of a medieval theme; it seems to us infinitely preferable to the pedantic literalism of the Ecclesiologists' ideal. And something more than period charm has survived the alterations of 1901, when the chancel floor was raised, the present screen put up, the eighteenth century pulpit ejected, the font removed to the tower, and the organ taken down from the gallery. Indeed, Tetbury church is no mere "Gothic toy," nor yet a romantic scenic sham, counterfeiting "the true rust of the barons' wars," but essentially a serious building, with a boldness, a spaciousness, and even a kind of dignity, which neither "embellishment" nor "amelioration" has been able to spoil.

¹ That is, relatively. No doubt its population has increased.

² There are reasons for thinking that it has. For example, the local cinema is a model of discretion.

³ The authorities for the antecedents and history of the church followed here are the Rev. A. T. Lee, *History of the Town and Parish of Tetbury* (1857), and T. Warburton Walker and E. P. Harmer, *Some Notes on Tetbury, its Church and Court Leet* (Transactions of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archaeological Society, vol. xxxvii, p. 61 *et seq.*, 1914). Lee says that he had his information from writings left by the Rev. J. Wight (for whom, see below). Walker and Harmer print a MS. by R. C., who, they suggest, was Robert Clark, one of the subscribers towards the rebuilding of the church and probably a contributor of notes on Tetbury for Rudder's *Gloucestershire*.

⁴ Vol. 72 (2), pp. 825-827: *The Pursuit of Architectural Innovation: Tetbury Church* (signed "An Architect.") In the same series of articles Carter is equally rude about Stony Stratford Church (vol. 70 (2), p. 1052).



Left top, one of the exterior cloister passages adapted from King's College Chapel, Cambridge. The interior, as it appears in the photograph, left centre, has something of a Gothic Chirico. Bottom, the puaqe (to use the Camden Society's spelling) is of elegant proportions and crisp workmanship; the wrought-iron gates to the churchyard give away the Rococo-Robert Adam character of the time that designed it and the church.

Photos by Marcus Whiffen

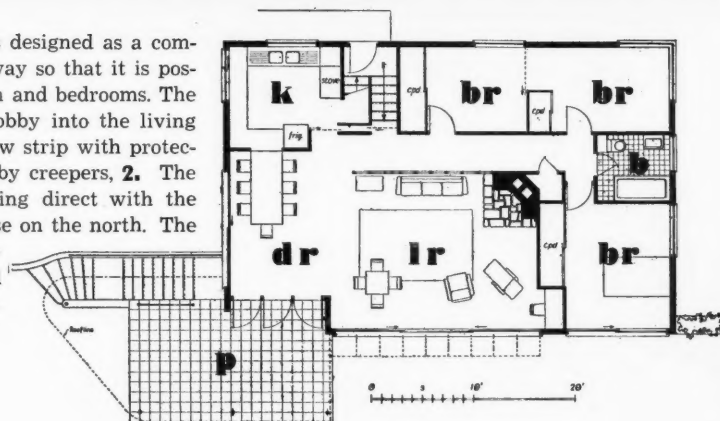


TWO HOUSES AT KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

The house which stands on a hill at Knoxville is approached from the west. It stands on sloping ground so that the garage is below the main floor. The curved staircase leads to a sunporch (on the left in 2) from which the large living room with its sweeping south window is reached. The contrast of rough stone retaining walls and rendered upper walls has become popular in the United States in the wake of Le Corbusier and Breuer.



1 This four-room house of only sixteen thousand cubic feet living area is designed as a compact rectangle with only the garage projecting. The ground slopes away so that it is possible to have a sun porch on top of the garage yet level with the living room and bedrooms. The porch is reached by a curving outer staircase, **1**, and opens without any lobby into the living room. The whole south side of the living room is given to a long window strip with protection from the midday sun by a kind of pergola roof to be covered in time by creepers, **2**. The dining area is close to the west window with the table communicating direct with the kitchen by a hatch. The kitchen can also be reached by a service staircase on the north. The three bedrooms are on the north and east side. The foundation walls are poured concrete, the retaining walls and the living-room fireplace local stone, the walls higher up asbestos board, with chestnut panelling inside. The floors are oak, the ceilings plaster, the windows steel casement.



2 **SITE**—The building lot rises from three sides to a narrow L-shaped ridge far enough back from the street to offer full privacy and unobstructed views, and high enough to catch all prevailing winds—an important point in a town of approximately the same latitude as Tangiers.

PLANNING—The client's requirements were uncommonly specific. He wanted none of the old oak trees on the ridge removed. The large living room should be large and isolated as far as possible from the other activities of the household, and overlooking the rear garden which, sloping steeply down towards a wooded creek, offered the best of the several pleasant views. The day nursery was also to be located away from the centre. It was to have east as well as west windows and a separate entrance from the outside play area. An elongated plan was therefore chosen with the triangle of three trees, **3**, marking the corner at which the living room projects towards east. The entrance to the house is reached along the north side of the living room, **6**. A sun roof on slender circular wooden supports shades the approach. To the right of the entrance is the glass brick wall of the main corridor. It leads on the right to the day nursery with its separate exit on the west and its separate west loggia. On the left the corridor ends in what might be called the hub of the place, an area which connects the three main living centres. The large living-room with its sliding door is on the one side, the dining room and bar on the other, the glazed sun porch, **4**, opposite. The kitchen is close to this centre but effectively shut off from it, the garage lies isolated at the north end, **5**, beyond the day nursery. On the upper floor the client asked for ample storage space. This is obtained in the American way by five spacious closets (marked C in the plan). Access to the roofs of sun porch and living room was not

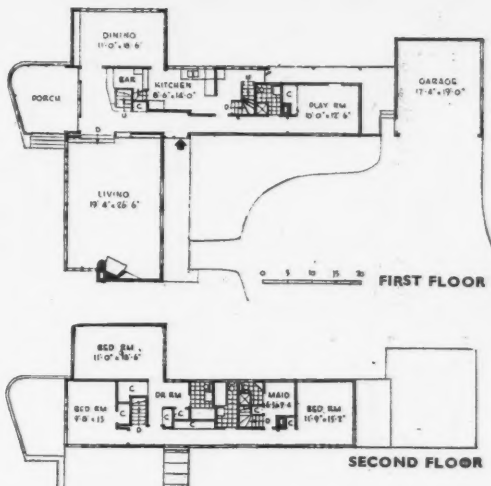
**Alfred Clauss
and Jane West Clauss**

considered necessary, but wide windows were, preferably on two opposite sides in each bedroom to benefit from through draughts. The night nursery was to be as isolated as the day nursery and is therefore placed right above it. The required position for the maid's room was close to the night nursery and not in immediate communication with the rest of the bedroom floor. The solution is to place it at the top end of the service stairs, with a door to the main corridor. The children also can use these secondary stairs to reach day nursery and outdoors play area without disturbing the rest of the house.

CONSTRUCTION—The house is timber-framed throughout on concrete foundations. For these a special construction has been employed. A continuous four-inch reinforced slab was poured on six-inch cinderfill direct over the hard dry clay ground. The whole area was coated with asphalt weatherproofing. Floor sleepers and 2 in. by 6 in. wall footings are nailed to cinder blocks imbedded in concrete. The area between the sleepers is filled with asphalt cement, the sub-floor is nailed to the sleepers and covered with building paper to receive either the wooden floor or the linoleum.

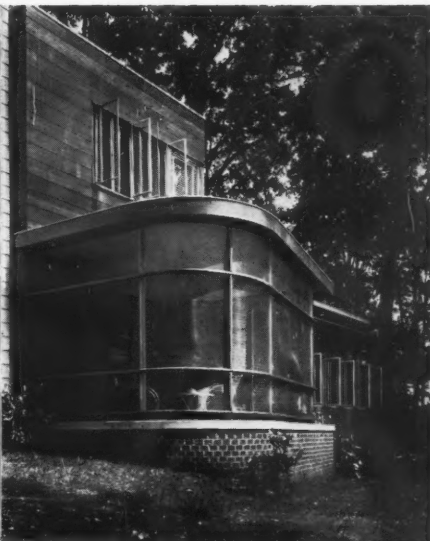
The walls are covered outside with white asbestos boarding on the ground floor, with natural-finished redwood boarding on the upper floor. The only exception is the south wall of the living room which is handmade rough-textured maroon brick. Inside the walls are plastered.

FINISHES—The exterior doors are redwood. The closets have sliding plywood doors. Window casements are steel, rotary operated. The outside walls exhibit a strong colour contrast between the natural redwood and the white asbestos, with the contrast of texture between sheet glass and glass bricks as an accompaniment. Inside the principal colour effect is also one of timber against plaster. The plasterwork on the ground floor is light ivory with mahogany panelling in the living room (and furniture upholstered deep blue), and primavera panelling in the dining room. The cabinet panels in the dining room are white birch. Upstairs the bedrooms and hall are white, blue, tan and red. Lighting in dining and living rooms is indirect. The windows have white Venetian blinds throughout.



Photographs by Billy Glenn

The house is placed on top of a ridge among old oak trees. The place takes their preservation into account, 3, and is developed along the ridge, with three projections: the living room towards east, 6, a covered verandah towards south, 4, and the dining room towards west. Bedrooms are on the upper floor, 5. A covered porch, 6, leads to the main entrance. A similar loggia extends west of the day nursery and separates this room from the garage, 3.



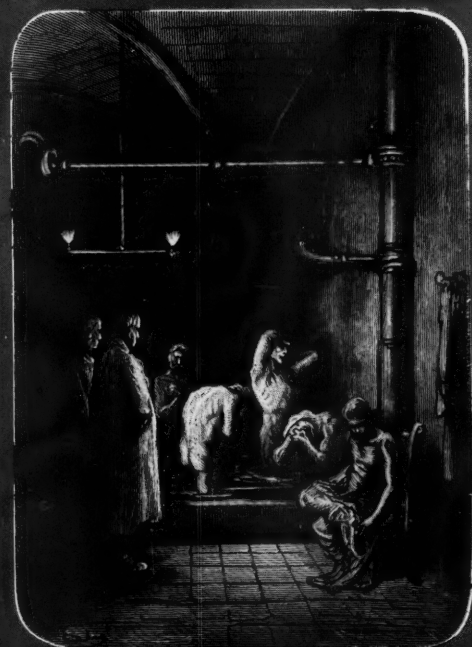
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Doré was born in 1832, two years after the *Ernani* scandal had put French romanticism on the map. When he first experienced the atmosphere of Paris, it was still the atmosphere of Victor Hugo. Dumas's *Three Musketeers* and *Count of Monte Cristo* had only just come out. Balzac was at the height of his powers. Doré possessed the same facility of creation but not the same artistic self-control. He never had a proper training; but he had a tenacious ambition, as few artists (and none of the greatest artists) ever had. He made his name in 1853 with his Rabelais illustrations. The fantastic and the extreme became his elements. In that spirit he set out to illustrate the great masterpieces of the world's literature. The result is a romantic sensationalism, vulgar enough to make Doré one of the most popular artists of his century. The Victorian age took its vision of the Bible, of Dante, of Milton, almost entirely from Doré. The richly embossed covers of his folios were on the drawing-room tables of every self-respecting house in France, Italy, Germany or England. Then in 1869 he was asked by a friend to come over to England and co-operate on a monumental tome on London. Now this was something new for Doré. Here he was faced with reality—on an immense scale it is true, and an immense scale had always been the one thing that impressed him—but a square commercial reality with solid wealth and sordid misery, the London of Mayhew and of Dickens and his illustrators. What happened? Doré disliked working from nature. The result of his London studies was a bold transformation of the city into something French and melodramatic—the narrow warehouse alleys became chasms, the factories hellish circles, the crowded main streets highways on which never ending Babylonian armies seem to jog on, and the old clothes shop a moss-covered anchorite's cell. His is not so much London as a Divine Comedy of the nineteenth century with its Inferno of wretchedness, its Purgatory of yet unrewarded virtue and its Paradise of fabulous riches. That the scheme does not completely fit so untheatrical a city as London was and is, matters little. It fits Doré. And so this article deals partly with the London of 1870, as it was, and partly with the London as Doré made it. To show up Doré's failure as a social critic and his success as a romantic artist, an artist as ready to make a Doré out of anything as Turner was to transform Venice, the Rhine and Scotland into Turneresque phantasmagories. The six pictures on the facing page are comparisons between Doré's Inferno on the left and Doré's London on the right. Top, left: Dante and Bocca degli Alberti (Canto XXXII); top, right: Reading the Holy Scriptures in a house of refuge. Centre, left: Charon's bark (Canto III); centre, right: work in Barclay Perkins' Brewery. Foot, left: Ptolemaea, the third round of the ninth or frozen circle (Canto XXXIII); foot, right: the showers in the house of refuge.

★ Two ponderous sounds enter the atmosphere along with the image. They are Bab and Lun, of the continuous Babber'ln. The tumultuous name of the first giant metropolis echoes in the brains of the lookers-on. Heavily and remotely its syllables thud in the crowd-mind, out of its arcanum—the Lon as the lumbering segment of the name of another nebulous city, and the mysterious pap of Bab that is the infant-fool of Babel. A stolid breath of magic, they are manufactured, as they are uttered, as a spell: nothing but an almost assonantal thunder and spectacle of a fabric of gigantic walls. What would Bab be without its Lon or both robbed of their copula; evocative of twin strongholds—in the separation of their powerful vocables. . . .

Wyndham Lewis: *The Childermass*
(Section I. Chatto and Windus,
1928, p. 136.)



HEN Gustave Doré's English friend, Canon Harford, presented a photograph of himself to the artist's mother, he accompanied it with these dedicatory words: "Offered in all humility to the lady who had the honour of bringing into the world the greatest genius of the nineteenth century."

Gustave Doré, second son of a Strasbourg engineer, spent a provincial childhood in Alsace and Savoy. In 1847, at the age of fifteen, he accompanied his parents on a business trip to Paris, and having once sampled the joys of the capital resolved not to leave it. So he tried his hand at some caricature drawings in the style of those he had seen hanging outside Philippon's shop, offered them to the editor of the *Journal pour rire* and *Journal amusant*, and was given a three-year contract as contributor to Philippon's various

caricature magazines.

Within a few years, the boy from Alsace had developed into one of the favourites of Second Empire Paris. His father was dead; he installed his mother in a vast old-fashioned house in the rue Saint-Dominique that had once belonged to the Duc de Saint-Simon. In the grounds of this house he built himself a studio, and here he entertained all the lions of that ornate period. It was a huge place, more drawing-room than workshop, lit by a big gas chandelier and decorated exclusively with works of art by Doré; Doré drawings, Doré paintings, and on the mantelpiece a clock in the form of a globe, supported by clusters of cupids in every attitude of which the master's virtuosity was capable and surmounted by the scything figure of Time.

In these surroundings were held entertainments of the most lavish magnificence. Madame Alexandrine Doré presided, her imposing yet sprightly maturity set off by a turban and gipsy dress. Music was a feature of these evenings: Rossini, Gounod, Nilsson, Patti would be there and sometimes the Abbé Liszt; Doré himself played the violin very sweetly and had a charming tenor voice. Theatrical displays were also much in favour; Doré would organize tableaux in which his guests, suitably draped, would group themselves in parody of his own compositions. These evening parties were preceded by dinners at which there was always champagne. The food included on one occasion a pie containing a live bird and a guinea pig; the drinks would be served from jugs which were also Swiss musical boxes. Once, when the Postmaster-General was the guest of honour, the whole room was decorated to look like a post office, the food was folded into the shapes of billets-doux and telegrams and the ices appeared in sorters' pigeonholes. Similar compliments were paid from time to time to other distinguished visitors.

Among the literary members of the circle were Théophile Gautier and the two Alexandre Dumas; the painters included such illustrious second-raters as Bourdelin, Carolus Duran and Carrière. Doré's biographer, Blanche Roosevelt, describes these evenings as "piquantly flavoured by a Bohemianism

as appetizing as it was refined," and tells us that only two subjects of conversation were "positively prohibited, viz. politics and the fine arts, especially painting."

Self-supporting at fifteen, Gustave Doré became, with his illustrations to Rabelais, famous at twenty-one. His income was astonishing; his output prodigious. He sought to monopolize the whole field of illustration, and the work he undertook varied from ephemeral journalism to the illustration of all the European classics. Bourdelin describes the quickness with which he worked: "He would have from fifteen to twenty blocks before him, and would pass from one to the other with a rapidity and sureness of touch that were amazing. He rarely finished any drawing at a single sitting, but kept up a moving continually hither and thither, backwards and forwards, between them."

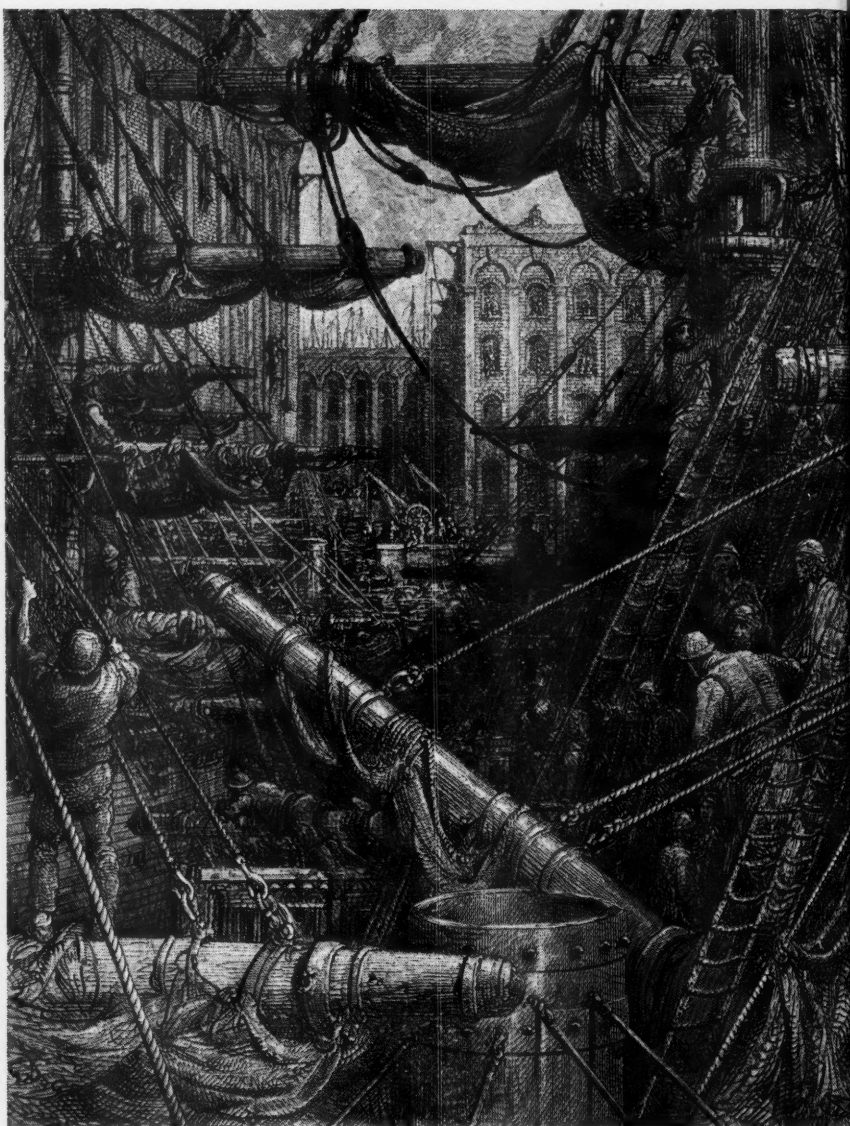
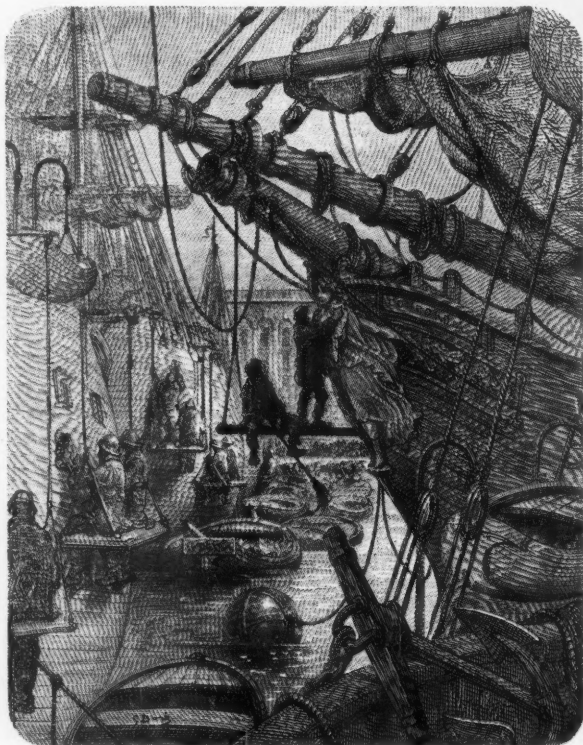
From his early childhood, Doré worked from memory and not direct from life. He had had no regular training, but passed straight from scribbling in his school books to caricature for Philippon. His visual memory was remarkable, and he made a point of learning by heart the Louvre marbles and certain engravings after Michelangelo. This was all the study of the human figure he ever undertook, which may explain why such figures as the Adam and Eve of his *Paradise Lost* are often so ill-proportioned. There is a story of how, when he was already well known, his friends persuaded him to try his hand at drawing from the life. The loveliest model in Paris was engaged to sit; she came, undressed, began to pose, but was piqued to notice that Doré, though continually busy with his pencil, did not so much as glance in her direction. After two hours or so of this neglect, she came across and looked at



WATER FRONT

PAGES 10 and 11 Doré's tour started in the right traditional way, even if by 1870 this was no longer the usual way—at Greenwich with its gay riverside views, 3—the pubs of Greenwich were famous all over the south of England—and then up the river, past the silent heavily laden hay boats, with the tired labourers asleep, 4, and the hustle of the city wharves, 1 and 2, and so to Westminster and the suburbs farther west, caught in the throes of boat-race day. The crowds trailing down from the bridge, 6, are as fantastic as the view of warehouses through the lacework of masts, ropes and sails—a pattern haunting as they sometimes appear in dreams: wildly distorted, yet harrowingly real.

		3	5
1	2	4	6



his paper. It was covered with grotesque sketches of old men.

Théophile Gautier had a nickname for Doré: "le gamin de génie." That was the trouble with Doré; he always remained a schoolboy. He never married, though it seems that several promising affairs were nipped in the bud by Madame Alexandrine, whose life kept her son at her side till he was fifty, and whose death was followed very shortly by his own. One very schoolboyish trait in Doré was an insatiable appetite for trials of skill. Friends who accompanied him on an Alpine holiday describe how, when visiting a castle perched on a precipitous rock, Gustave insisted in astonishing his party by walking round the parapet on his hands. This same desire to astonish coloured his attitude to his work. He was never content with his success as an illustrator; he longed to be acknowledged as a great painter. It was the continued refusal of the Parisians to acclaim his salon pictures that caused the discussion of "the fine arts, especially painting," to be banned in his studio.

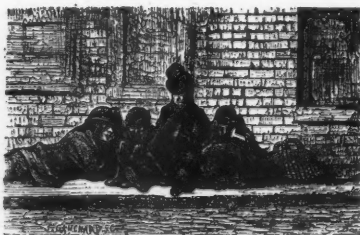


The Londoners accepted him, and flocked in thousands to the Doré Gallery in Bond Street, there to admire his landscapes, his acrobats' families and flower girls, his scenes from the Bible. But this did not soothe him; he regarded the Londoners as Philistines, and nothing would satisfy him but that his fellow-countrymen should regard him as the equal of—Meissonier! This

unrealized ambition saddened his whole life, and he spent countless hours on a vast canvas, which was to establish his merit as a painter, choosing the same subject as Benjamin Robert Haydon had taken for an earlier and equally disastrous chef-d'œuvre—Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.

It was this desire to excel, this impulse to walk acrobatically above a precipice, that conditioned Doré's choice of subject. While magazine illustration provided a stable background of affluence, he went from one grand subject to another, from Rabelais's *Gargantua* (1854) and Balzac's *Contes Drôlatiques* (1855), two youthful and sparkling achievements, to the great Dante (started in 1861), the first of the luxury volumes in the grandest romantic manner, and on to Cervantes's *Don Quixote* (1863) and the Bible (1866).

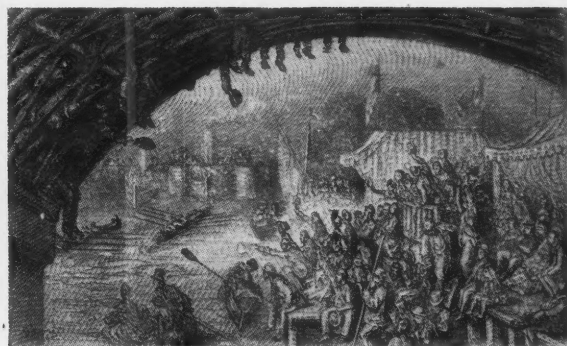
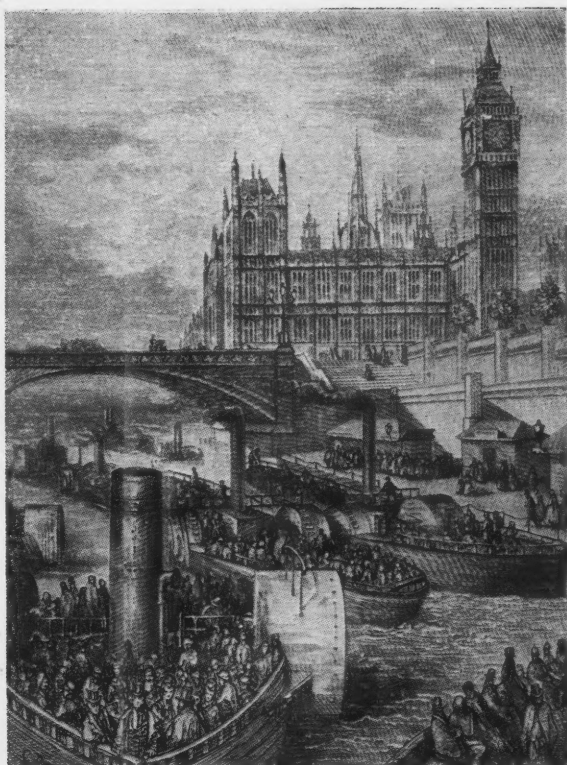
It was his intention that none of the outstanding monuments of literature should remain unillustrated. Owing to this appetite for the immense, Doré let himself be persuaded in 1869, by his English friend and biographer, Blanchard Jerrold, to turn to the illustration of a theme as vast as Milton's *Chaos* and as terrible as Dante's *Inferno*—the New Babylon, the monstrous and chaotic city of London.



N order to assess the value of Doré's portrait of London, it is useful to recall something of the reality which must have passed before him.

To travel back from the contemporary scene to the world of one of the bulky Victorian novels, *Pendennis*, for example, is to re-enter a world which has that comfortable atmosphere of stability that most of us were still brought up to feel around us in our childhood.

Marriage awaits the woman, fortune the man. If Laura be but loyal and virtuous, *Pendennis* is sure to return to her, having sown some chaste wild oats in the Temple and Mayfair. A husband of lower degree and intelligence but of quite adequate fortune will be found for the porter's daughter Fanny. It is true that misfortunes do occur, but they happen to other people, not to us—George's misalliance makes him the dearest of friends and prevents him from stealing our sweetheart, while the black-eyed Irish actress will marry a peer who is only a caricature of a person, one with whom we do not feel ourselves personally involved. Thus we who may have grown weary of the wars and revolutions of the twentieth century find ourselves lapped about with the warm certainty of marriage, fortune and happiness.



at it, 'they would, and in fact they *do* say, "why, you can't be in want." Ah, little do they know how we starved and pinched ourselves before we could get it.'

"There was a fire in the room, notwithstanding the day was very hot; but the window was wide open, and the place tolerably ventilated, though oppressive. I have been in many poor people's 'places,' but never remember one so poor in its appointments, yet so free from effluvia."

The crossing-sweeper told his story in a gentle uncomplaining style. His earnings were never more than seven or eight shillings a week, and sometimes he took as little as twopence a day. He knew that his daughter needed "the gravy of meat, or an egg beaten up," and he could not buy it for her. Yet he told the investigator: "I don't want to get on better, but I always think, if sickness or anything comes on . . ."



This insecurity poisoned the lives of all who were in work; it made the thief and beggar reckless and turned the working-class quarters into a lawless jungle. With Hogarth it is a frequent theme that a child or animal grabs the food that chance puts into its way. The London of Mayhew was as savage as the London of Hogarth; the struggle for existence quite as fierce and made worse by the fact that the healthy countryside, for many, had become unapproachably remote. Mayhew gave a banquet of steak pudding and potatoes to the young thieves and casual labourers who inhabited an East End doss-house. They seized the food in their hands, or licked it from the plates like dogs. Yet when twenty more came than had been invited, it was unanimously agreed that the food provided for thirty should be shared by fifty. And every page of Mayhew has some story of human nobility; not sentimental stories but real ones, collected by this most patient and truthful of investigators.

The contrast between the world of *Pendennis* and that of Mayhew was such that it could not be overlooked, and during their study of London, Blanchard Jerrold and Doré were haunted by this idea of "the two nations," so much that it became the unintentional theme of their book.



VER-fond as Blanchard Jerrold was of purple passages, his astute journalist's eye had made him see that the right approach to London was up the dirty, slimy river which was her spine. So their tour began at Greenwich and Doré's first full-page picture is of the fashionable men and women who

crowded the balconies of the brilliantly lit Trafalgar Hotel during the excursions of a starlit June. Then, leaving the Greenwich hotels with their remains of regency elegance, the friends moved upstream and Doré drew the hay barges lying in the river, the figurehead of a wooden ship being cleaned, her sides overhauled and painted. Thus he came to his Mayfair conscious of its contrasts in the City and the Docks; Pickle Herring Street in Bermondsey provided the economic basis for the display in Hyde Park, and the Mayfair ballroom had its echo in the children dancing in an East End street to the sound of a hurdy-gurdy.

Jerrold seems to have been frightened by this sharpness of contrast between labouring poverty and idle wealth; he tried to build up, as the two high spots of the book, Boat Race Day and Derby Day, the two festivals enjoyed yearly by people of every class. The Derby, he says, "effects a beneficial commingling of classes." Doré provides a comment in his illustration: a coachload of well-dressed men and women drink from

If the reader wishes to go further into Victorian London than the shabby-genteel apartments of "Shepherd's Inn" which are the nadir of life in *Pendennis*, let him pass from fiction to fact, and take up one of the many volumes of reportage upon working-class ways of life during the mid-nineteenth century. The fullest and most famous of these is the survey organized around 1860 by Henry Mayhew for the *Morning Chronicle*, "London Labour and the London Poor" (4 vols., 1861). Read for half an hour in Mayhew. He has gathered an overwhelming mass of life stories from the lips of "those who work, those who cannot, those who will not . . ."—dockers, sweepers, hawkers, beggars, criminals—and the nightmare of their living is so vast and so terrible that after a little time the reader becomes sick with the stench and horror of this past reality.

The worst horror of life for the nation of the poor in mid-Victorian London was not the graveyard piled with dead, the cess-pool under every second house; it was not the dirt, the low wages, the overcrowding; worse than all these was the complete lack of any social security, the constant fear, for those who somehow managed to keep just above the starvation line, that accident or ill-luck might push them below it.



To take one instance from the many hundreds contained in these volumes, let us accompany Mayhew on his visit to a one-legged crossing-sweeper who lived near Euston Square; in

one of those courts so characteristic of nineteenth century London, where a vaulted passage leads to half a dozen hovels, crammed into a space behind a comparatively wide, solid street.

"I was answered by a good-looking and intelligent young woman, with a baby, who said that her husband had not yet come home, but would I walk in and wait? I did so, and found myself in a very small, close room, with a little furniture, which the man called 'his few sticks,' and presently discovered another child, a little girl. The girl was very shy in her manner, being only two years and two months old, and as her mother said, very ailing from the difficulty of cutting her teeth, although the chief cause seemed to be want of proper nourishment and fresh air. The baby was a boy—a fine, cheerful, good-tempered little fellow, but rather pale, and with an unnaturally large forehead. The mantelpiece of the room was filled with little ornaments of various sorts, such as bead-baskets, and over them hung a series of black profiles—not portraits of either the crossing-sweeper or any of his family, but an odd lot of heads, which had lost their owners many a year, and served, in company with a little red, green and yellow scripture piece, to keep the wall from looking bare. Over the door (inside the room) was nailed a horse-shoe which, the wife told me, had been put there by her husband, for luck.

"A bed, two deal tables, a couple of boxes and three chairs formed the entire furniture of the room, and nearly filled it. On the window-frame was hung a small shaving-glass; and on the two boxes stood a wicker-work apology for a perambulator, in which I learned the poor crippled man took out his only daughter at half-past four in the morning.

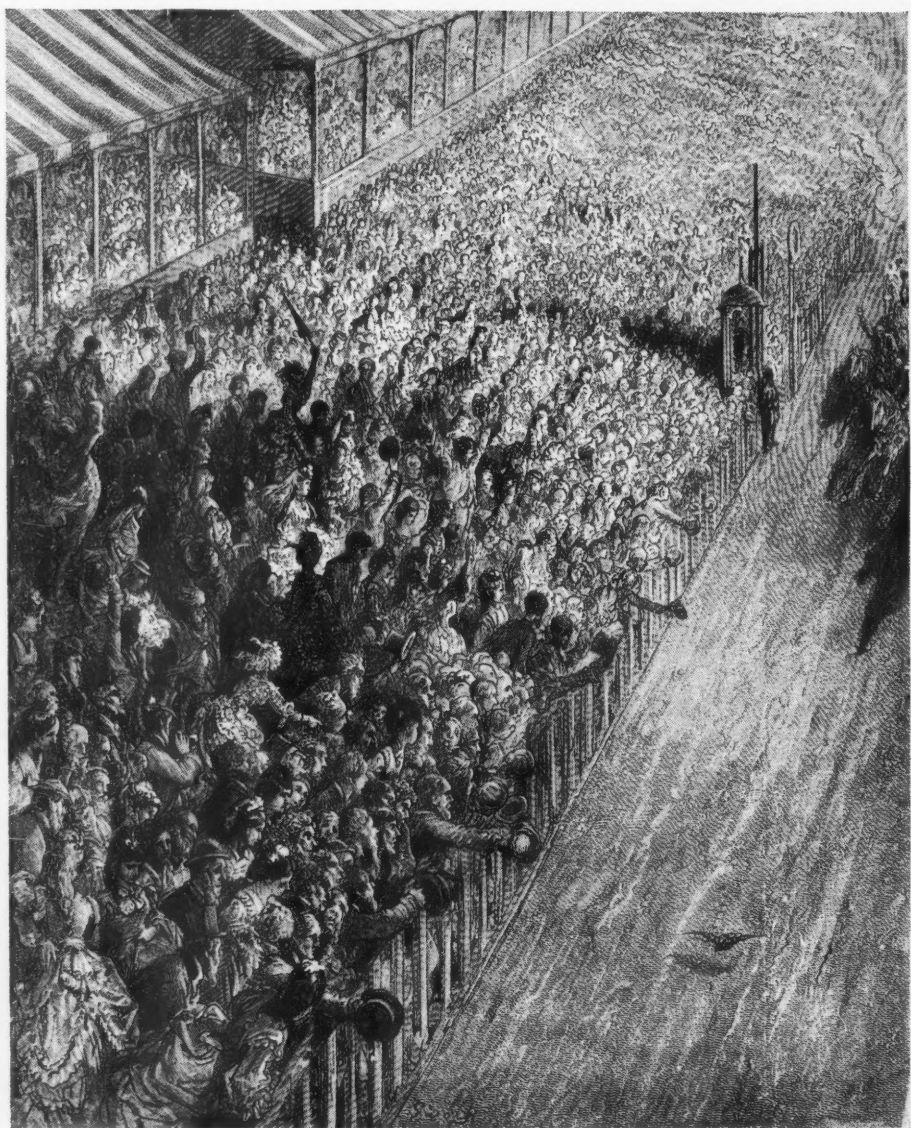
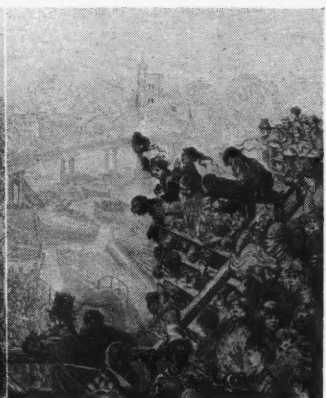
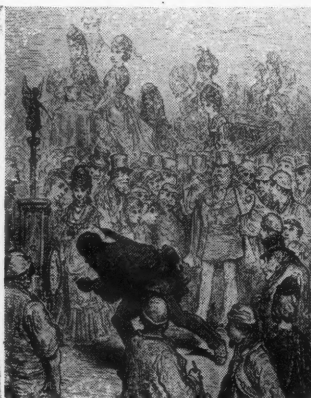
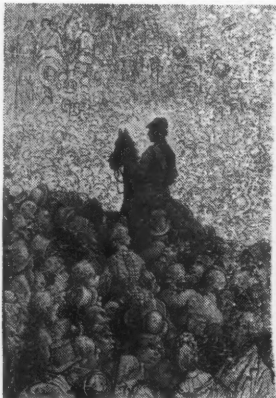
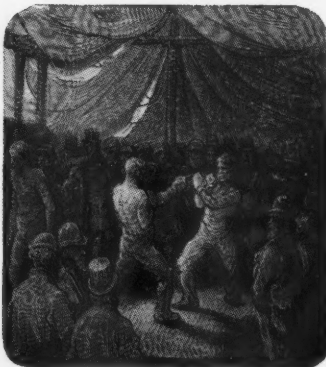
"If some people was to see that, sir," said the sweeper, when he entered and saw me looking

THE FESTIVE SPIRIT

PAGE 12 Blanchard Jerrold who wrote the verbose and sentimental text to Doré's London exclaims

"London at play! The foreigner will be inclined to maintain stoutly that the Londoner never amuses himself. What are the scores of poor urchins and men about? Are they not enjoying themselves among the keenest?" Derby Day there is a holiday for all classes. Doré draws them hailing the winner with hats on their walking-sticks, an amorphous mass of roaring delight, 2, and again shouting and waving their hats at the finish, 5. He draws them in the same excitement while watching the boat-race, 4. And he draws the side-shows of Derby Day: a boxing-match under a marquee, 1, and a trial of strength with the characteristic and rare higgledy-piggledy scramble of rich and poor, 3.

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long glasses, while the occupants of a farmcart go thirsty and a group of exhausted hawkers—man, women and girl—rest in the shadow by the roadside.

The best of Doré is always in those plates where the guilelessly uncritical vision is least tampered with by thoughts of what he ought to be thinking, for example, *Over London by Rail* (page 14) or the riverside scenes of warehouses and shipping. In *Over London by Rail* he has given the quintessence of the chaos which the development of the railways had made of Southwark, Lambeth and Bermondsey. The device of setting this scene of two-storey, channel-back houses within an arch, re-creates in a brilliant manner the cramped and sordid atmosphere of this quarter. Doré notes with telling precision the backyards, each exactly the same shape as its neighbour, yet each a dreary entity with its various items of equipment, the washing exposed to all the soot from passing engines. Though many of these streets between the railways have in the meantime been replanned and rebuilt, one can still see a view almost exactly like Doré's, framed by a square arch instead of a round one, as one passes on the Southern Railway between Charing Cross and London Bridge.

Doré brought the same visual energy and memory to the old clothes shops of Monmouth Street, Seven Dials, and Petticoat Lane, to the courts and alleys of Whitechapel and the thronging waterfronts of Limehouse and Rotherhithe. He saw the little girls with their bare feet, their hair hanging lankly over their shoulders; the coal-backers and Billingsgate porters with their characteristic hats; the ragged boys and lame beggars taking refuge at low tide on the mud banks under the bridges. He accompanied Blanchard Jerrold to the Penny Theatres which in 1869 were still so common a feature of the working-class quarters—nearly as numerous as cinemas to-day. Jerrold describes a performance of the *Starving Poor of Whitechapel*, a vintage melodrama which included a free fight on the stage between actor heroes and policemen, loudly cheered by the East End audience, and ended with the traditional triumph of virtue. This was at the Garrick Theatre in Lemon Street, where the best seats cost three-pence; at the true Penny Gaff the standard of entertainment was not so high. James Grant, an earlier chronicler of nineteenth century London, describes how, thirty years before, the stars of the Penny Theatres were recruited from among the superannuated, the untalented, the unlucky, all who failed to make the grade in the west. In 1869 these theatres were still harshly symbolic of the competitive life of the new Babylon. Worn-out performers whose talent and influence qualified them for no better stage, came on dressed in the most miserable costumes and sang indecent ballads "with a jerk at the beginning of each line, in true street style." Their rowdy audience consisted chiefly of young thieves of both sexes. Doré's little sketch gives us the whole scene vividly; the dirty unquiet spectators whose eagerness for the entertainment does not prevent some of them from swarming from pit to boxes, the three grotesque singers—there is an echo here of Daumier, but also of Doré's own brilliant illustrations to Rabelais and the *Contes Drolatiques*.

In the initials and small sketches which adorn nearly every page—for instance, in the half-figures of tramps and newspaper sellers or the troop of running boys which closes the Boat Race section—there is often a naturalness which is quite absent from the more grandiose plates. Compare the grand Neptune-like allegorical figure of the title page with the small scene of vagrants under the bridge (page 13). The basis of these two scenes is identical: the same bridge, the same glimpse of the river and shipping. In the vignette we have the scene that Doré saw and memorized. The wretched figures huddled against the damp stonework, or flung exhausted into the boats, the mother who advances with her children out of the mist, are as convincing in their way as the derelicts in a Gorky story or the Soviet film made from it. For the grand occasion, however, Doré introduces a symbolic figure of Father Thames who poses on what must be the same mud bank (its texture is left tactfully imprecise) and turns his waxen face towards us with a histrionic glance. At his feet

(continued on page 17)

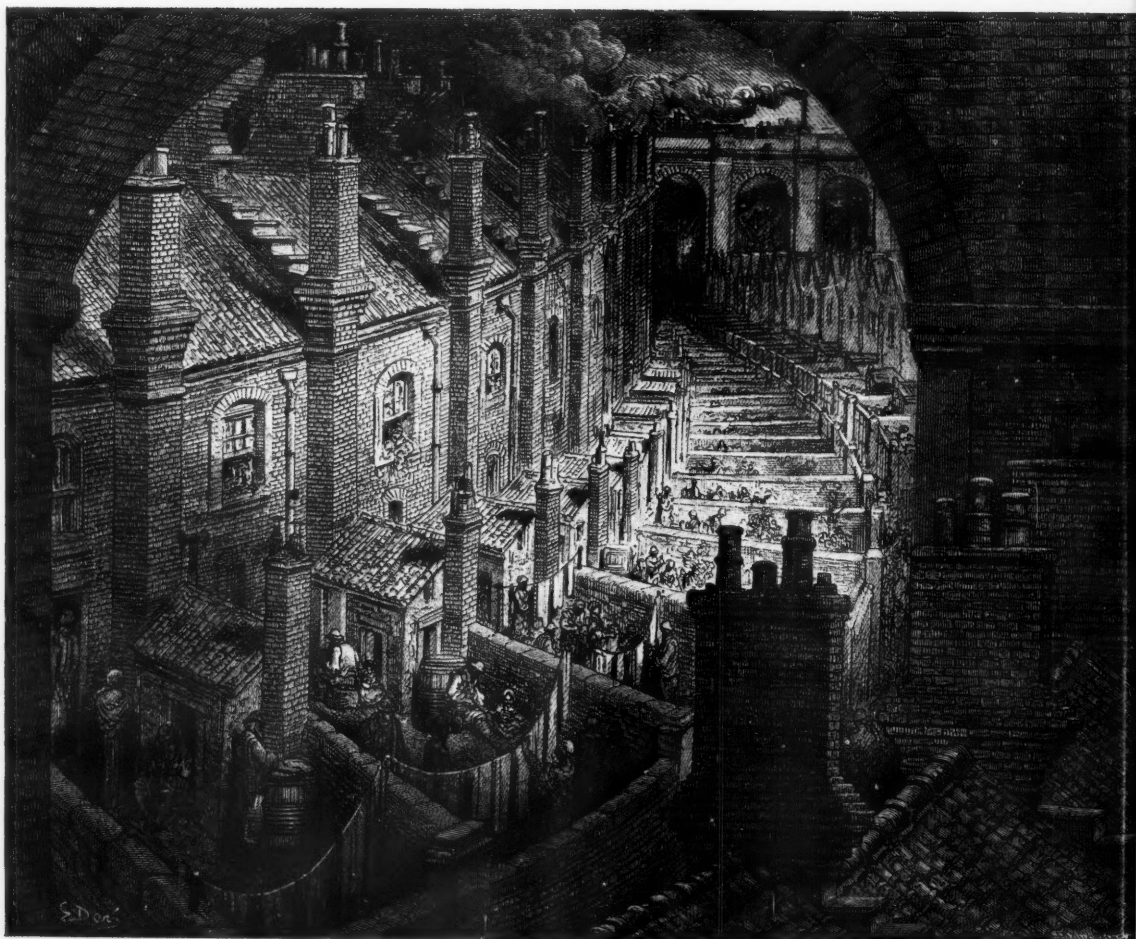
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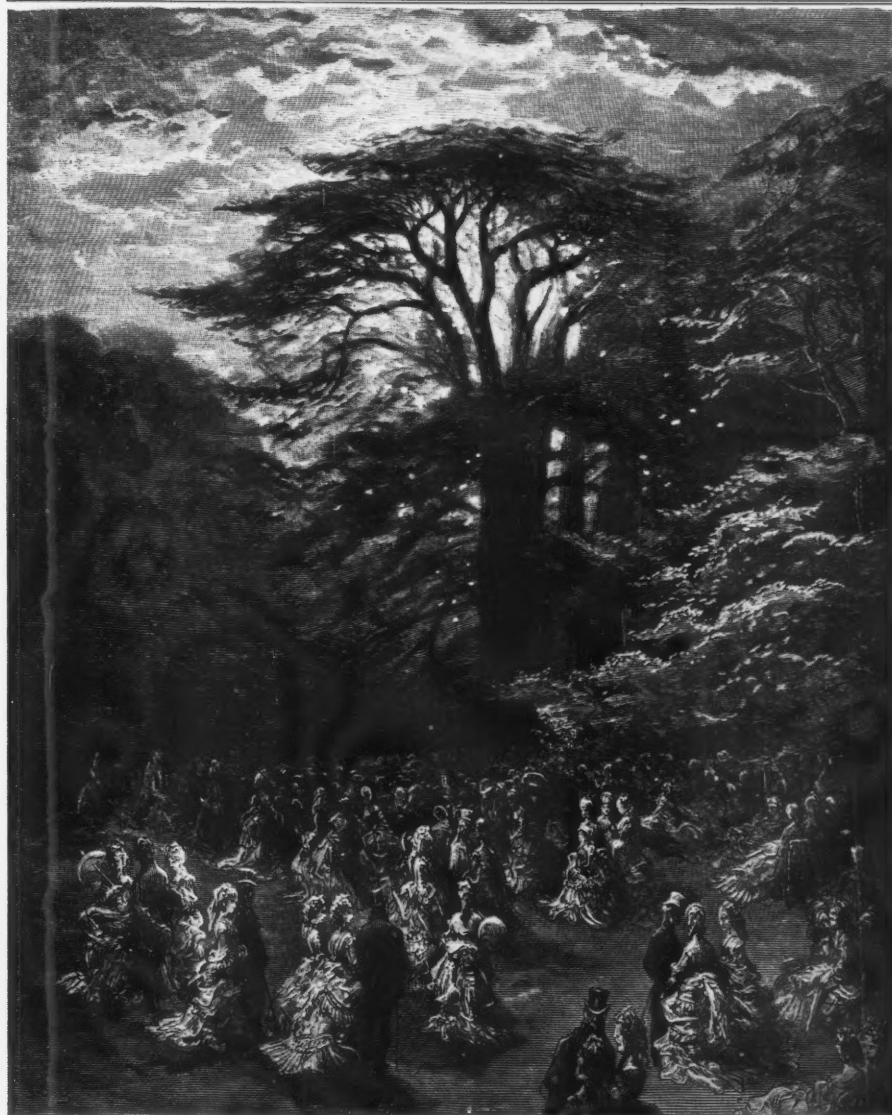
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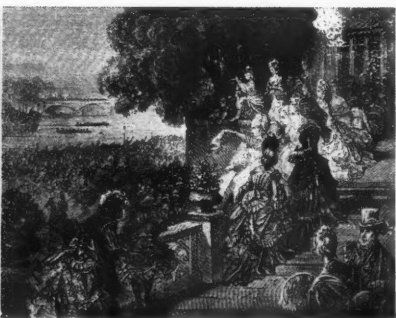
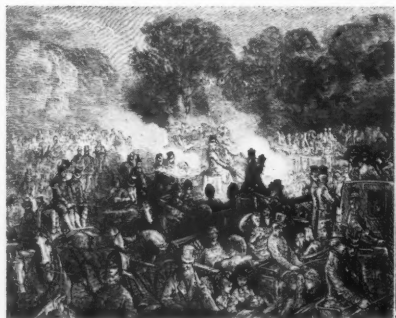
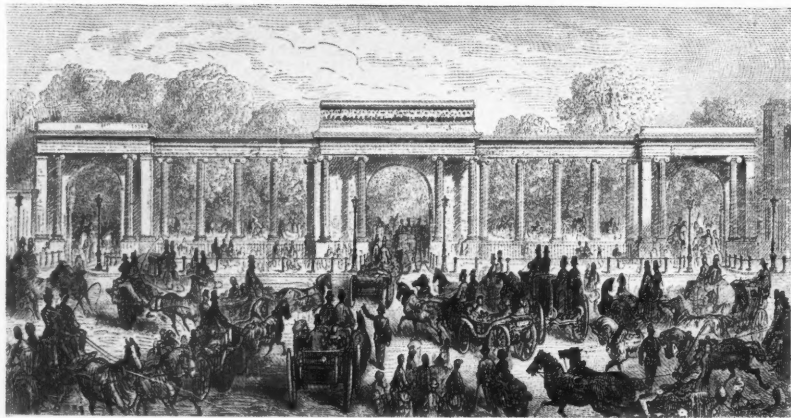


Inferno

Paradise



Paradise



PAGE 13 Doré has seen two Londons: one of might and one of misery. On the title-page of the book, 1, he has chosen conventional symbols to pay homage to the power of the metropolis; Father Thames and the British Lion, below the gigantic arch of a bridge with a galaxy of ships and St. Paul's Cathedral in the background. Was this his preconceived idea of London? or is it but a conventional salute? For when it came to watching the life of the city, and translating it into his emphatic language, this, 2, is what the dark arch of the bridge harbours—idle and desperate dwellers of a London Inferno. In 3 we are in the thick of hellish horror. A brawl in dockland is represented, but the violent contrast of dark and light and the working crowds are in a truly Dantesque mood.

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PAGES 14 and 15 On through the Hell of London, along Drury Lane with a glimpse into the unwholesome crowds of Orange Court, 2, into the East End and the dangerous alleys of Ratcliffe, 10, along Bluegate Fields in the darkest Shadwell, 4, across the bridges where the down-and-outs try to find a rest, 1 and 6. Finally along Houndsditch with its junk shops, 11, and along Gloucester Street with the old clothes market, 7—a Teniers scene friendlier than the others. Then into the rag merchants' cave in Whitechapel, 5, where old clothes hang down like lichen and children crawl about like worms. And so on into the coffee houses, 3, and the houses of refuge (see page 9, top and bottom right) and into the narrow yard of the jail, 9. Van Gogh, so easily moved by pictures of human sorrow, copied this engraving only a few months before he chose to leave the Inferno of his insanity for the unknown.

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PAGE 15 From the Inferno into the Paradise—Doré knows no gradation. Just as he draws the gigantic next to the tiny, and scenes swarming with people like maggots next to scenes deserted except for a few haunted wanderers, so London, too, split itself up in his vision into the horrors of the East End and the glamour of a garden party in Chiswick, 3. And probably without knowing himself he visualized the bliss of riding in Hyde Park, 1, in a pattern almost identical with that which he had conceived years before for the angels of Dante's Paradise, 2.

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3	

PAGE 16 Now here all his heavenly felicity. Coaches streaming towards Hyde Park Corner, 3, and into the park, 4; riding in Rotten Row, 7, garden parties at Holland House, 2, and home through shady avenues of stately trees, 1. The boat-race watched from a terrace in front of a well-to-do Mortlake villa, 5. Doré enjoyed the rustle of Victorian dresses and the graces of Victorian play, 6, but when it came to bliss *en masse*, his empyrean of Hyde Park drive and Rotten Row is as agonizingly congested as his Hell. However, was not that congestion which Doré loved so much also what the Londoners of the Victorian age loved? We, after seventy years, may see in Doré's London chiefly the transformation of England into France and of Dickens and Mayhew into Doré. The fact remains that Doré's is the most powerful Victorian interpretation of London which has ever appeared as a coherent whole. The drama of the East End and the glamour of the West End remained fixed in the minds of the late nineteenth century as Doré had seen them. They have not been replaced by anything similarly vigorous in our century either, and as long as we have not yet a John Piper London in the mid-twentieth century idiom, Doré's London should be far better known than it now is.

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6	7

lies about as taxidermical an effigy of the British Lion as has ever been made. In the background, the shipping has been marshalled into a thick unnatural grove, the silhouettes of houses are replaced by a topographically puzzling shape which must be meant to suggest the dome of Saint Paul's.

The plates which fail most sorrowfully are those in which his directness of vision is blinded by his philosophy of life. He presents the Paradise of the West End in astonishingly idealized forms. The Hyde Park Amazons and their attendants ride in a cloud on noble but disembodied horses, through a Rotten Row whose submarine foliage is as removed from the spectator as if seen through the glass side of an aquarium. They exhibit the fashions of the season with impeccable grace and accuracy. Deformity is as unknown in their world as it is omnipresent in the slums, and this perfection gives the West End figures all the unreality of caught specimens seen through artificially illuminated glass. The throng of the Mayfair drawing room is romanticized without a single saving grain of the satire and malice which make Thackeray still so readable. One can understand Doré's desire to please his patrons, but uncritical idealization is notoriously the enemy of artistic



success. And in the drawings which illustrate Jerrold's solution to the problem of London poverty—charity, especially charity matinées and balls—Doré becomes nauseatingly sentimental and his drawing goes all to pieces.

"Pity would be no more

If we did not make somebody poor—"

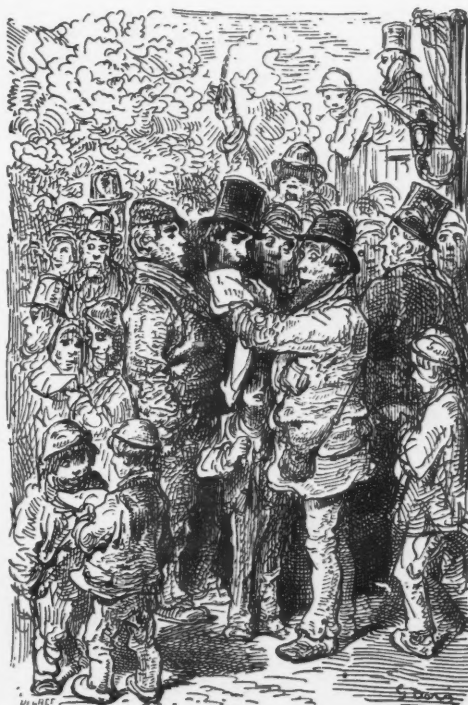
Doré is far from understanding Blake's paradox. In the scene where the Gospel is read in the night shelter (page 8), our attention goes to the lighting, the setting, the corpse-like rows of men, not to the stagey saint in whiskers who is reading. The nurse in the Ormond Street Hospital over-acts her part absurdly; she is thin as a fashion-plate and far too ethereal to fetch and carry bed-pans.

For Doré was a Romantic, and of that latest generation which flowered under Napoleon III. His work began to be published in 1847, just before the February Revolution, and by far the greater part of his output was produced under the Empire of Louis Napoleon. He is intensely expressive of his period. Géricault was a vital part of his artistic heritage, but the disquieting passion of Géricault had become impolite and impossible. Blake and John Martin had anticipated him in choosing to represent the vastness of Hell and Chaos; the revolutionary fire of their age had been smothered, and Doré in preferring not to discuss politics ranged himself with those who tried after 1852 to shut their eyes to the struggle that was shaking Europe. In the crowds and perspectives of his London, the writhing forms of cliff-like warehouses, Doré recalls his forerunners, French and English, yet the intensity of the

vision is lacking. He was a man without a conscience, public or private. Géricault painted the *Raft of the Medusa* with political conviction and intent, and this purpose gave integrity to his mastery of paint and of the human figure. Doré's virtuosity is theatrical because his purpose is as unrelated to the general good as when he stood on his hands on the battlements of the Alpine castle.

In his *Paris Sketch Book*, Thackeray quotes a passage from George Sand's *Spiridion*, which is like a description of a Doré drawing of Hell: "Then a feeble light began to pierce the darkness, and I perceived that I stood on the lowest step of a staircase, vast as the foot of a mountain. Behind me were thousands of steps of lurid iron; before me, nothing but a void—an abyss, and ether; the blue gloom of midnight beneath my feet as above my head. I became delirious, and quitting that staircase, which methought it was impossible for me to reascend, I sprung forth into the void with an execration. But immediately, when I had uttered the curse, the void began to be filled with forms and colours, and I presently perceived that I was in a vast gallery, along which I advanced, trembling. There was still darkness round me; but the hollows of the vaults gleamed with a red light, and showed me the strange and hideous forms of their building. . . . I did not distinguish the nearest objects; but those towards which I advanced assumed an appearance more and more ominous, and my terror increased with every step I took. The enormous pillars which supported the vault, and the tracery thereof, were figures of men, of supernatural stature, delivered to tortures without a name. Some hung by their feet, and, locked in the coils of monstrous serpents, clenched their teeth in the marble of the pavement; others, fastened by their waists, were dragged upwards, these by their feet, those by their heads, towards capitals, where other figures stooped towards them, eager to torment them. Other pillars, again, represented a struggling mass of figures devouring one another; each of which, only offered a trunk severed to the knees or to the shoulders, the fierce heads whereof retained life enough to seize and devour that which was near them."

George Sand, with all her muddles and absurdities, had many important things to say: things that were not much to Thackeray's taste, but that are still being fought for to-day. In *Spiridion* she took as her theme the unmasking of the hypocrisy of the Church, and though the treatment was unreasonably romantic, the social criticism had some basis in fact. In Doré we find the excess without the purpose; sensation for sensation's sake.



AD he seen London more clearly and understood the character of the city, he would not have concentrated so entirely on the heights and depths of society. We are told little of its middle strata. The city business man and his clerk, the overseer, the scripture reader, the nurse and doctor do make an appearance, though not with the emphasis that is given to the Mayfair lady and

her shawled sister in Whitechapel. The girls who watch the races, or who feed the parrots at the Zoo, are not of the same exalted rank as the ladies who attend the party at Chiswick House. But they make only a momentary appearance; and Jerrold implicitly rules out the whole middle class when he exclaims of Society walking in Hyde Park during the Season: "This is London: this, and the East End."

So we find in Doré West End gatherings and East End street scenes in abundance, but not a glimpse of those middle-class dwellings that were just then making of the countryside around London one vast desert of bricks and mortar, out to Brixton and Clapham, to Highbury and Hampstead. These depressing houses of 1860 and 1870 that still give Greater London so much of its character do not appear ever to have been noticed by Doré.

Now this aspect of London life is just the one on which the attention of most contemporary artists and writers was focused; for the new middle-class suburbs were the setting of Victorian home and family life. That intimate circle with its details of equipment and ornament, its happy or thwarted relationships, is the constant theme of Dickens: out of his observation and experience he created a mass of convincing interiors. They range, it is true, from the Mayfair homes of the Veneerings and Podsnaps to the Riderhood ménage in Limehouse Hole. But nowhere did Dickens find more to interest him than in the places ignored by Doré. He delighted in the peculiarly individual life led by the Micawber family in Windsor Terrace, Pentonville. And his illustrators, Cruikshank and Hablot Browne, shared this predilection of his for the home and its intimacies and helped his descriptions by the addition of a wealth of characteristic detail. It is the same with all Dickens's contemporaries; the home life in Coram Street of Surtees's Jorrocks delights his creator and brings out all that is most charming and inventive in John Leech, just as it is the homely detail, the perambulator, the silhouettes above the mantelpiece, that gives a vital quality to the records of Henry Mayhew.

The fact that Doré was a foreigner is no sufficient explanation of this omission; it is part of his and his English collaborator's attitude to their subject. Doré's pictures of French life are equally lacking in homeliness. If we want to understand his approach to his subject, we have to remember that Doré's was the age in which the satire-loving aristocracy, which still existed even in Thackeray's day, had given place to the parvenu English equivalent of Napoleon III. Doré worked for a public which would consider comment on the intimacies of its own life an affront, and which preferred to think of the East End masses as an unindividualized horde, because their misery, if suffered by individual human beings, would be too dreadful.

This generalized, depersonalized attitude of Doré actually led him into inaccuracies of detail.

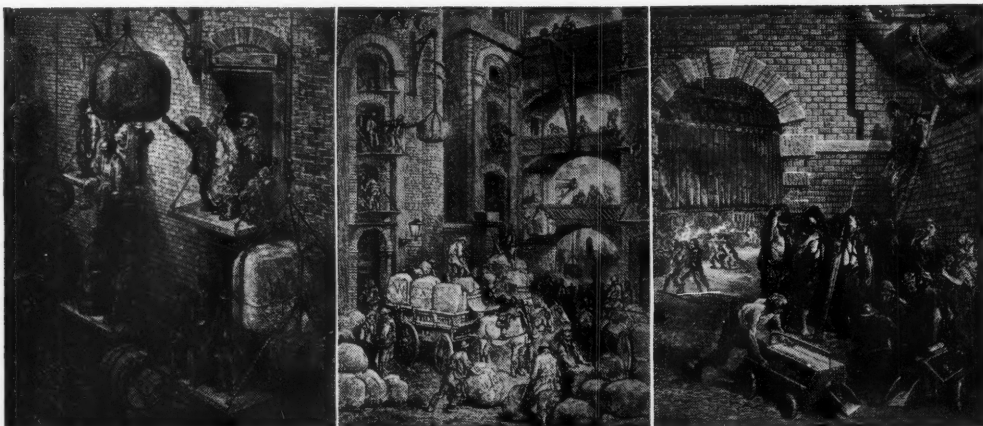
Blanchard Jerrold criticizes him for giving the London flower girls baskets of a shape more typical of Paris, and putting in a railing to protect the statue of the benevolent Mr. Peabody from the ravages of the local tenantry. His buildings have often a French flavour, especially in their windows and attics, and his memory vision of the Derby deceived him into the dreadful error of depicting a field of at least fifty horses. More serious, the faces and figures shown are not characteristically English. Apart from a few

SWEAT AND TOIL



PAGE 18 Nowhere is Doré so perverse as in his treatment of industry. Sometimes it seems an unavailing toil down in the bottomless pit, sometimes it appears nothing but an idle standing about of figures in picturesque rags. The warehouses down by the river with the bridges thrown across alleys from one to the other, 1 and 4, are well observed. The architecture of 4 especially, down to the details, you can still see round Lower Thames Street. But the way in which crowds of porters try to handle at the same moment four bales and casks hanging down from the cranes, 3, is again Doré bombast. 2, 5 and 6 are factory scenes: 2, from Barclay's brewery, a vision after the heart of Piranesi, the Piranesi of the Prisons, 6, from Dalton's pottery in Lambeth, and 5, from the Lambeth Gas Works.

			2
1	3	4	5
		6	



caricature sketches, Doré continued to use the face and figure formula to which he had become accustomed in France. Because he had only an outsider's interest in the scenes which he was drawing, the particular character of individual heads seemed to him less important than the general grouping. His method of working from memory intensified this inaccurate generalization. For the peculiar forms of warehouses or shipping, or for the equipment of a brewery, Doré sometimes made rapid sketches on the spot, hiding behind the back of his collaborator. But he hated having to take pains with detail in this way, and was, according to Blanchard Jerrold, in a state of almost continuous bad temper during his work on "London." This disdain of detail as against Hogarth's triumphant use of it is another point of contrast between the two artists.

And, indeed, it was not possible that the "gamin de génie" should see our city fully. Streets which Henry Mayhew had penetrated ten years earlier in perfect safety, Doré could only visit with careful preparation and the protection of the police. The nation of the poor trusted Mayhew; they accepted him as one who came, not to stare, but to investigate, to expose and to compel reform. Dockers' wives, boy thieves, ticket-of-leave men, all came fearlessly to meetings organized by Mayhew and explained to him frankly the difficulties of their lives; Mayhew was so far from requiring police protection that he tactfully kept the police away from these meetings of people who were mostly on terms of suspicion with the law. Blanchard Jerrold writes of one of his contacts with working-class London: "We were to

them as strange and as amusing as Chinamen; and we were something more and worse. We were spies upon them; men of better luck whom they were bound to envy, and whose mere presence roused the rebel in them. A few of them, loitering about the Whitechapel Road, flung a parting sneer or oath at us, as we hailed a returning cab, and buried ourselves in it, after hours of prospecting in an Alsatia, that numbers its inhabitants by the hundred thousand."

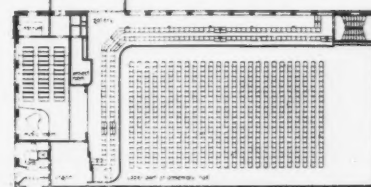
As a result of this lack of contact, Doré sees the events of the East End and dockland streets, often without in the least understanding the reason for what he sees. Take the magnificent design of the brawl outside a tavern near Dockhead (page 18). The forest of masts, the moon in a misty sky, appeal to his sense of drama, and he has perfectly caught the derelict impression which dockland makes upon the outsider. But neither he nor Jerrold could guess the meaning of this brawl, a scene which constantly repeated itself outside the public houses of Bermondsey and Wapping every Friday night. To find the reason for the brawl, it is necessary to attend Mayhew's meeting of dockers' wives.

When Mayhew called together twenty-two of the wives of ballast heavers to discuss why their poverty was so extreme compared with that of other employed workers, they explained to him that their husbands were paid their wages in public houses which belonged to the employers or their henchmen. The men were kept waiting for their money till midnight or two in the morning, and during the period of waiting they often drank away three-quarters of their week's wages. The

wives used to besiege the public houses, demanding their husbands, and this was the cause of almost weekly affrays in the riverside streets. Thus what appears to Doré as an example of the innate and inexplicable savagery of the working-class Londoner can be given an obvious explanation, far less discreditable to the dockers and their wives than it was to their employers. If one compares Doré's confused and undigested vision of the Dockland brawl with what the humane Hogarth made of similar scenes—for instance, the *March to Finchley* or the *Hanging of Tom Idle*—one sees just how superficial and childish Doré is beside this artist of maturity, integrity and genius.

In a sense, there is more of the reality of London life even in the engravings after daguerreotypes which illustrate "London Labour and the London Poor," than in all the artistry of Doré. Yet with its faults, Doré's "London" has preserved for us the Babylon he saw and sought to present. Van Gogh saw the potential force of Doré's Newgate design, and transmuted it into one of his most moving paintings. Doré's vision of London fails to be completely satisfactory because of the artist's own incompleteness. The "gamin de génie," the refined Bohemian of the rue Saint-Dominique, who banned the discussion of politics and the fine arts at his evening parties, could not fail to be superficial in his view of our terrible city. But "London" remains a document of interest and importance. It helps us to understand what mid-Victorian London was; it strengthens our resolve to root out all that remains of chaos and insecurity in the city we mean to build in the future.

SOUTHERN COMMUNAL SCHOOL, STOCKHOLM

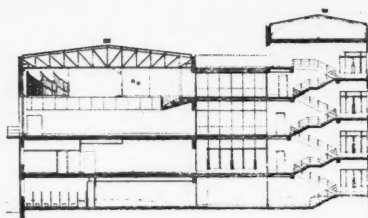


The long, narrow plan follows the ridge of a hill. It allows all classrooms, the gymnasia (left wing) and the Great Hall (right wing) to have south windows. The main approach is from the south, 1, towards the entrance in the glass passage between classroom block and hall block.

Paul Hedqvist



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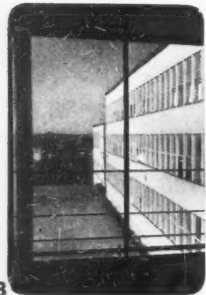


The three blocks of the school are parallel but staggered in plan in accordance with the contours of the site, 2. The tall windows in the front of 2 are those of the Great Hall, 5. It nearly fills the east block, and leaves only sufficient space for a few other rooms at its west side, 4. 4 also shows the playground, the classroom block on the left, and the glass passage which on the ground floor forms the main entrance. 3 is taken in the opposite direction, from the top floor of the passage looking west along the classrooms and gymnasium block. An elevation of the school appeared in the September, 1943, issue, page 75.

The Southern Communal School lies on the southern hills of Stockholm. The site is rather narrow and made it difficult to fit in all the required accommodation. However, to make up for that, it has all the amenities of a high and free situation with a splendid view over Tantolund and Årstvik. The buildings are designed to take full advantage of the ridge of the hill. Three parallel and connected blocks follow each other from west to east, staggered in accordance with the contours of the site, 2.

The west block houses the gymnasium, the centre block the classrooms, the east block the Great Hall. The approach drive comes in a wide curve from the south and is accompanied by a footpath with steps up the rocks, 1. It leads to the playground and the main entrance in its north-east corner, in the glass passage connecting centre block and east block, 4. The main staircase is reached from the entrance hall by turning left. It fills the east end of the classroom block and provides equally easy access to the classrooms and the Great Hall. This room, 5, has, owing to the sloping ground, two floors below, the one with the caretaker's flat, general offices, head-master's office, conference room, staff library and arts room, which is on the same level with the playground, and below this level the east block ground floor with kitchen and canteens. The hall has seats for six hundred children on two floors. On the lower of these there are to the west of the hall, towards the playground, the geography room and a room for medical examinations. Above these, with a wide sliding door towards the hall gallery is the large music room.

The centre block is slightly taller than the others. It has the classrooms on ground floor and first floor, and on the second the special rooms for physics, chemistry, biology and crafts. The west block contains—with the usual Swedish lavishness—two gymnasia on top of each other with separate changing rooms and showers. The foundations of the buildings are concrete. The walls are partly bearing brick, partly steel-framed. The classroom windows have twice as many mullions as would have been structurally necessary. The duplication was caused by a change during building from casement to sash windows. The latter could not be obtained in a sufficient size to keep to the original width of the windows. All walls are plastered, floors are linoleum-covered in most rooms, tiled in the corridors, limestone in the staircase. The roof covering is copper.



3



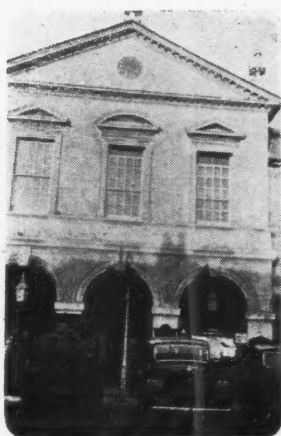
4,5



COLOUR IN BUILDING is again the theme of this one of Mr. Piper's articles. However, while in those published before, examples were chosen from all over the country to illustrate special points, Mr. Piper has this month gone to one town and recorded its subtleties of coloration. But since Blandford is from other than the colourists' points of view one of the most remarkable of country towns, some more general views appear on this page to introduce the town in a manner more suggestive of its spatial qualities. Its predominant motif is its Market Place with the market hall in the centre of the north side and the church at the east end. Royal Academicians of to-day should note carefully how a symmetrical placing of the church has been carefully avoided. The photograph below is of the arcades of the market hall.

Blandford Forum

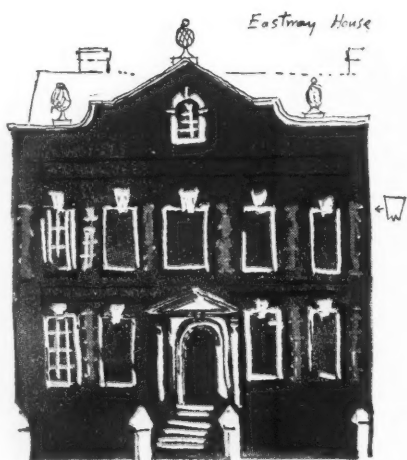
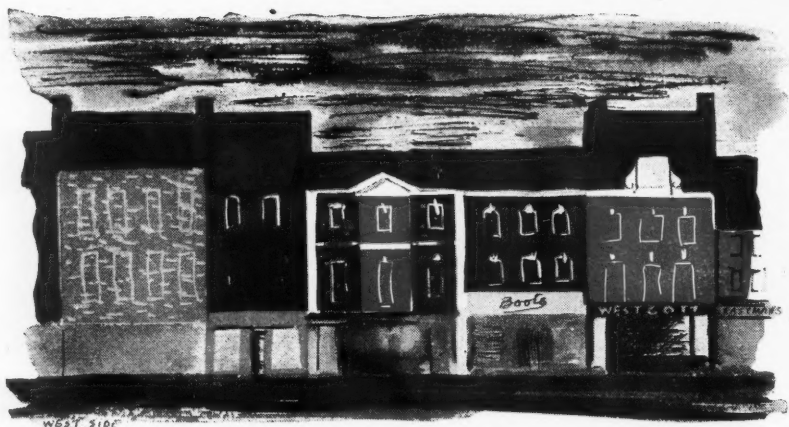
By John Piper



Fire attacked Blandford many times and demolished it finally in 1731. John and William Bastard, two of the sons of a Blandford builder who had died ten years before the final fire, were largely responsible for making this small Dorset town into what has become for us a Georgian museum. The rebuilding of the whole town at this time provided a splendid opportunity for local brick-workers. Brick had not appeared in Dorset until the seventeenth century, and its spreading use was checked by the fashionable distaste for it that developed soon after George III's accession.* But this was the in-between period, and the brick builders let themselves go.

Now, this special case of Blandford—this rebuilding at one time and in one carefully varied manner—seems to disprove the theory that the charm of colour of English towns is due to slow accretion and the pleasant cumulative effect of many different individual tastes, coupled with a local feeling for local materials, and an absence of destructive

* The irritating remark of George III himself, "Brick, Mr. Pitt, brick," was made at Kingston Maurward, in the same county. After which that house was cased in Portland stone.



"good taste." If natural taste and locally characteristic colours are important, why should this eighteenth century Roman Blandford Forum which might as well have been set down in Northumberland or Cornwall for the little respect it pays to the surrounding landscape—why should it be so pleasing in its effect? There is, of course, the slow accretion here too, the cumulative effect after many changes in painting, rebuilding, replacing of shop fronts and so on; but there is enough of the original left for us to imagine what it looked like, and when we do imagine it we are even more pleased. The answer is, of course, that the natural taste, etc., are not all-important, but something must be there to replace them when they are absent. And in Blandford we see the "something" combining originality, variety, consistency, and enough of a master plan of one period to see the "works." This "something" no Georgian revival can ever effect. Blandford is delightful as a still useful museum piece, not as a copy-book. It presents, in its main outlines, a solution of one problem of the past, but gets us nowhere in solving contemporary problems. It shows one major problem of colour—once—delightfully solved. Mr. Arthur Oswald has spoken of the "amazing virtuosity" of the brickwork.† "Whole house fronts," as he says, "are found faced with burnt headers, giving a kind of metallic sheen, and great use made of colour contrasts and panelled effects." Greyish headers, also, are set in patterns in walls mainly composed of dark red stretchers, and though this practice is not uncommon, here it is varied with unusual

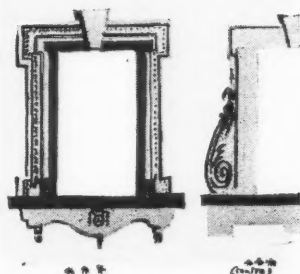


ingenuity. It is not that the uses of brick are unique, or the combinations of brick and plaster (though in delicacy and originality of detail these are so), or the accenting of openings and pediments by means of different coloured mouldings, keystones, lintels, sills, parallels to them are found in other places. It is that nowhere else are so many of the colour-details of so large a design still filled in. Stone is sparingly used, but it is used with great success, so that the church, of dark brown stone with paler dressings, the Market Hall and the fountain, both of pale stone

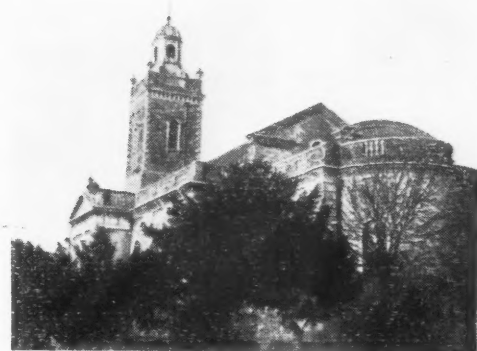
Eastway House, a particularly stately private house, stands further east than the church. Sheep Market Hill lies between the two, fairly close to the east end of the church. The Kings Arms is on the Salisbury Road, north-west of the Market Place, the pair of semi-detached Victorian houses is near the railway station. While the main colour views are intended to convey a general and implied impression of the harmonies and contrasts of coloration, the details on the facing page give closer views from which the textures as well as the subtler points of coloration can be gathered.







Above, the colour gamut of Blandford Market Place west and south; below, north. Nearly everything along the four sides is of early Georgian date—built by John and William Bastard after a fire in 1731. From the town-planner's point of view the most ingenious effect is the siting of the church and its Doric pump placed where it stands for none but visual reasons. It appears (and should be studied) twice on this page, and twice on page 21. It was given by John Bastard in 1760 "in memory of the great fire and to provide against similar disaster."



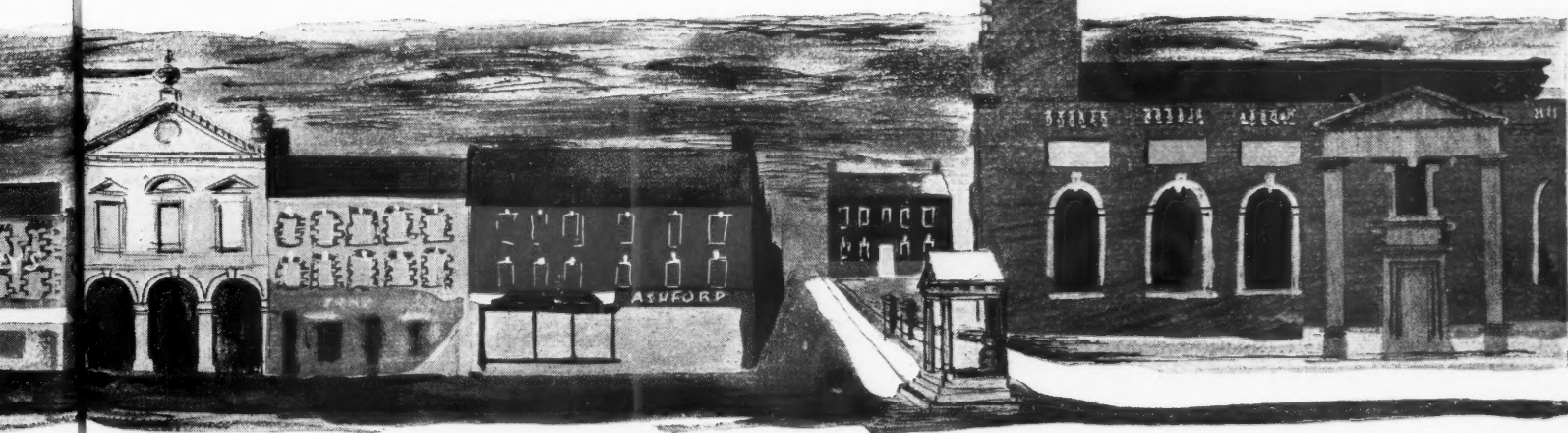
like islands of local material in a sea of brick and plaster. They are Dorset exhibits (dressed in togas) in a show-case.

It is impossible to suggest in small coloured drawings this subtle variety. The illustrations must be regarded as shorthand notes: mere symbols. And, of course, they are intended only as notes and not the colour. They do not suggest the delicate nature of the Bastards' master mouldings, involuted capitals, roofing materials with their different roof-edgings,† or other characteristic details.

There has been some nineteenth and twentieth century alteration of the Market Place: Lloyds Bank and the Midland Bank are two self-conscious replacements. But a great deal remains and probably a great deal of the original painted colour. Is the building that is now occupied by the National Provincial Bank, near the junction of the Market Place with Salisbury Road and West Street, in its original colours? Its present colours are of great beauty, including a pink and a dark mushroom.

†Country Houses of Dorset, by Arthur Oswald (1935).

†This edging in a different material (e.g. some slate roofs have stone edging, some stone and tiled roofs have slate edging) is prevalent in Blandford. A local builder tells me that it is on account of the steep pitch of the many Mansard roofs in the town, but it occurs as often on roofs not of Mansard type and not of steep pitch. It seems likely that the roofs were thatched and guttered when first built, and the edging of stone, slate or tile carried the water into the gutter when irregular or decaying thatch had not done so. It is a pleasing and important feature of the roofs here.



DESIGN REVIEW, of which the second instalment here appears, is a bulletin of industrial art, new materials and manufacturing processes. It is conducted on the lines on which we have treated of design for a good many years and enjoys in the tracing and assembling of suitable material the advice of Misha Black, Noel Carrington, Milner Gray, Peter Ray, Herbert Read, and Sadie Speight. The moment seemed propitious for replacing occasional articles and notes by a regular monthly report, chiefly for two reasons. One is that concentrated efforts are being made just now to put British design in order for the post-war offensive. A platform is therefore needed for all those who want to keep abreast of design events in the industrial field. The other is that with taste in general growing more catholic and with appreciation embracing such discrepant products as the pots of the Sumerians and the stoves of the Victorians, it is imperative to remind ourselves all the time that the enjoyment of the values of other ages can only be genuine if it is the outcome of a proper respect for our own. Respect in this context means sympathy with the scientific attitude and a determination to find solutions to contemporary design problems, technical and æsthetic, in the spirit of experiment which the scientists have made—at last—respectable.

DESIGN REVIEW

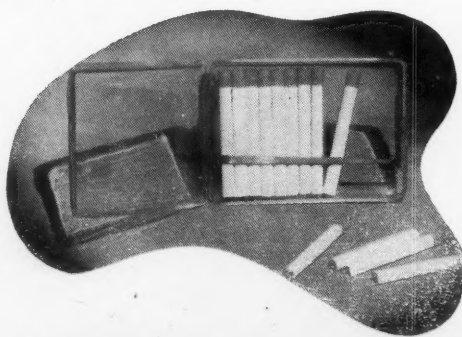
Those who followed the development of the arts between the two wars saw a gradual clarification of issues and the formulation of separate and distinct lines of advance, one of which, at least, was recognized particularly for its relationship to the development of industrial design. Mr. Herbert Read, referring to this subject in his book *Art and Industry*, suggests that wherever good forms emerge from the factories a designer with æsthetic sensibility must be responsible, whether he is known as such or not, and that as a designer of abstract forms he is the creator of greater or lesser works of art. To those who accept this view it is not surprising to see that we are to-day so frequently reminded of the work of the abstract artist in the development of everyday design.

19, 20, 21 show, for example, a work of art side by side with some typical Army flashes, that is utilitarian symbols which, like certain forms of naval and railway signalling, speak a direct and elementary language of colour and form and thus provide a solid and very useful base for the more complicated problems of information and display in industrial design.

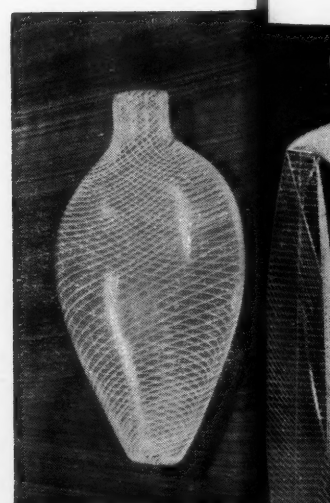
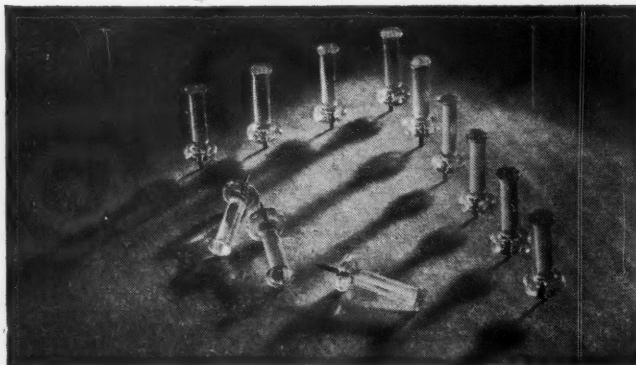
The examples selected this month may have been evolved with different aims, but they all achieve their ends by a constructive use of colour. Thus works of art and industrial design can share and develop a common language. What is perhaps most important is that the language which in the work of art has been considered remote and inaccessible by the general public is, as we now see, used by that public on an extremely wide scale.

Whilst this in itself gives new significance to the work of the artist, it is important from the point of view of industrial design that its own developments are anticipated and confirmed by the work of art. Last month particular reference was made to the re-assessment of materials and methods and the new and direct conceptions of form which have resulted. It is easy to see a similar direction in the work of such an artist as Naum Gabo. As in industrial design old materials and techniques have been revived. In both the work of art and industrial design, the range of materials may be very wide and techniques may allow a very rich effect. In this broad united front which extends throughout the whole range of design into the field of pure art, there are obviously common problems and a common outlook. The difference is one of degree—the degree in which the intuitive solution of the artist must be attuned to the technical problems which call for a wide application of scientific knowledge. But whatever the scientific data, the analysis, the calculation, or the mechanical test, the problem remains one which must be solved finally in terms of art. The more clearly we realize this the speedier will be improvement in the commonly accepted standard; and it is only as this process takes place that we can begin to speak again in terms of a common culture.

13 This picture and the following are shown to illustrate the completely new conception of commonplace objects brought about by a change from a solid to a transparent medium. While in both cases there is a practical reason for the selection of the material, its use brings about at once a new spatial effect to be controlled by the design. The material here is a transparent plastic. Glass could not have been used instead, because of its fragility. (Photo City Engraving Co., Hull).



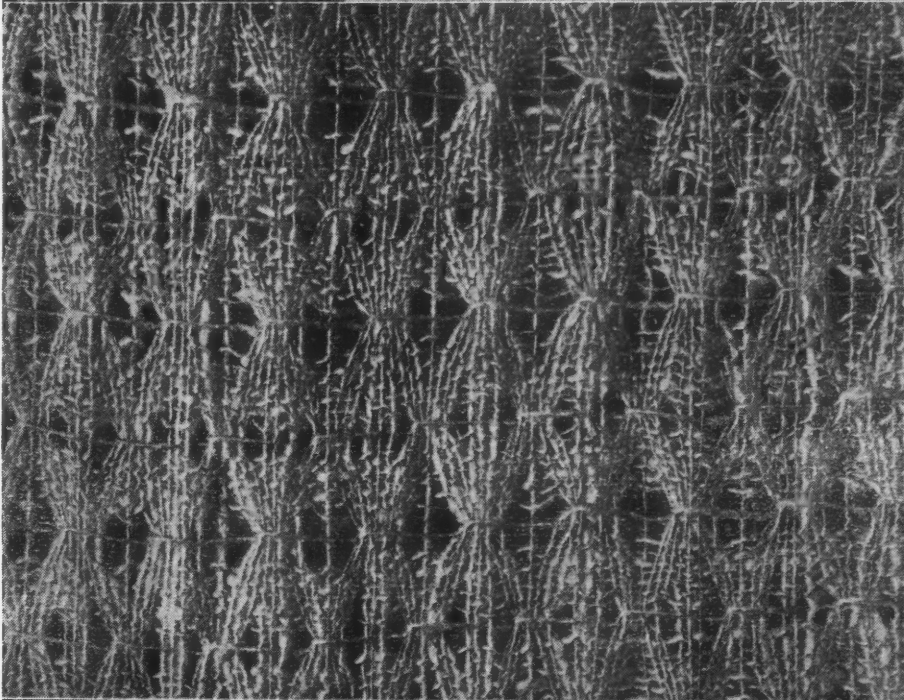
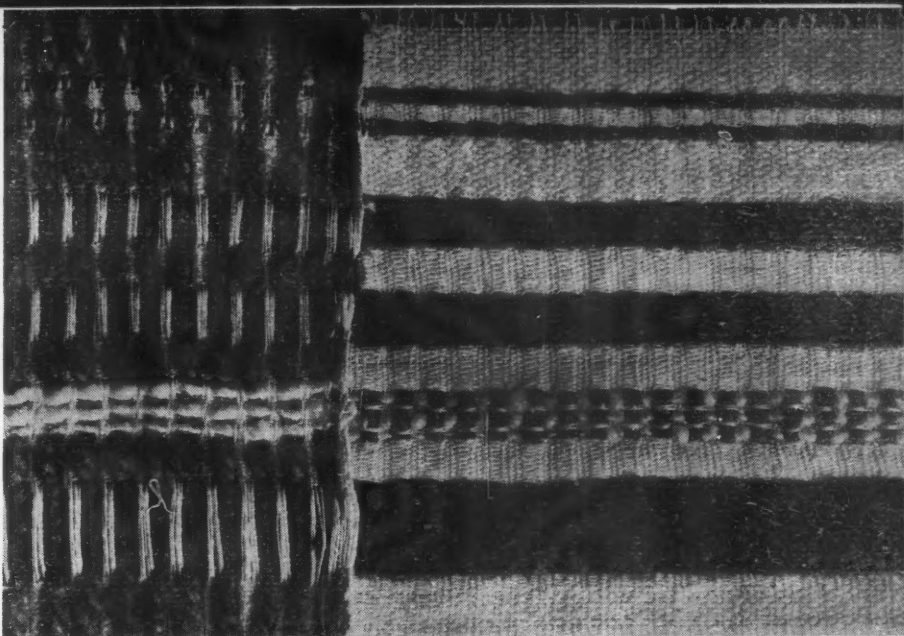
14 These push-pins are of thick glass, not of plastic. They are meant for nursery use, especially to pin up drawings.



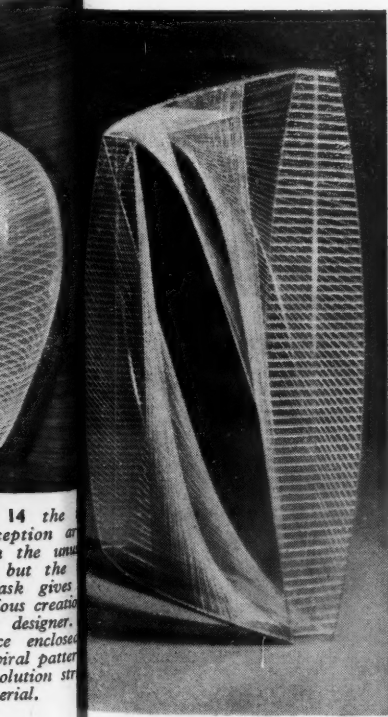
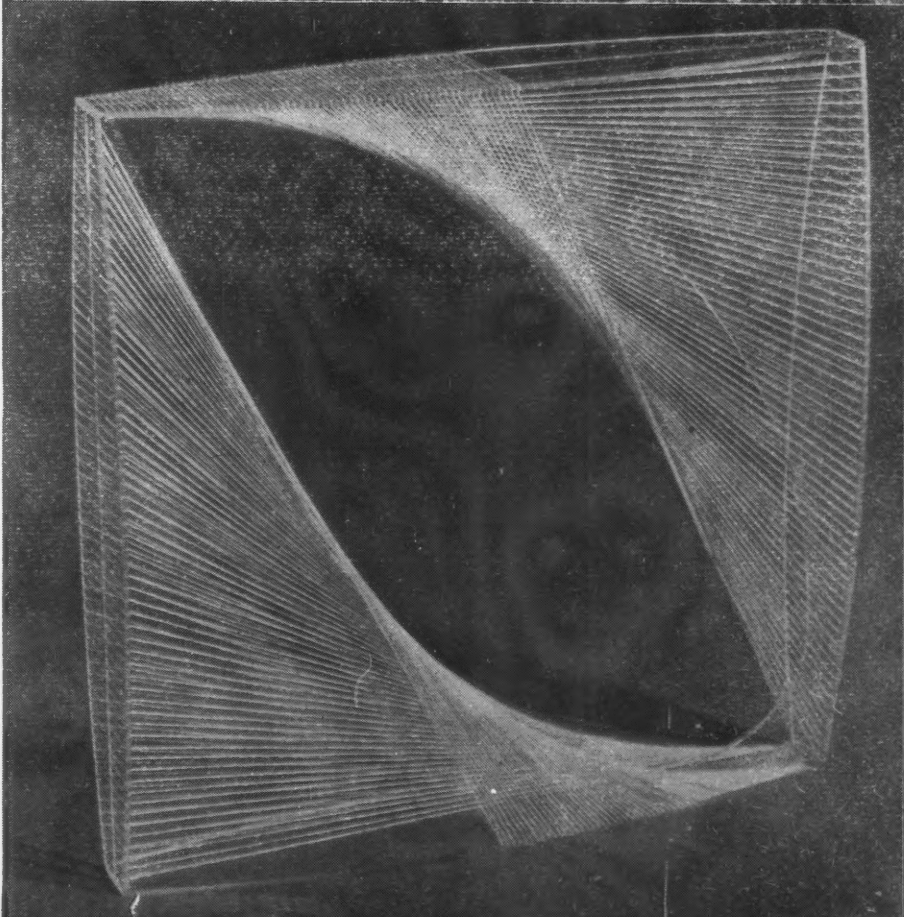
15 In 13 and 14 the spatial conception is directly from the material employed, but the additional Nailsea flask gives an example of the conscious creation of similar effects by a designer. In this case the space enclosed is emphasized by the spiral pattern of the enamel, a solution in terms of the material.

16 This reversible curtain material, handwoven from handspun yarns by Ethel Mairet, seems to set a theme completely unrelated to that of the preceding photographs. In fact it is not, and **18** below will show the point at which Mrs. Mairet's weaves and the transparent plastic utensils meet. By using a double warp in cotton and thick wool, two entirely different patterns are attained on the front and the back of the material—left and right in the photograph. (Photo Norris).

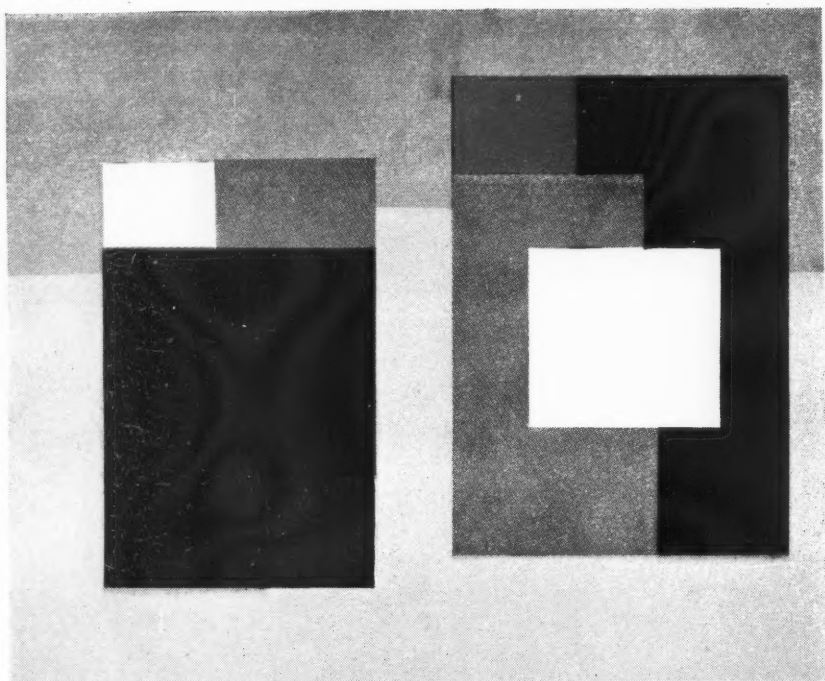
17 This silk scarf, by Ethel Mairet, illustrates how the weaver can transform the elementary criss-cross of warp and weft into an imaginative pattern of an appeal not dissimilar to that of a work of abstract art. The loom technique is essentially the same as that of the curtain above. But as a scarf may functionally be of a more frivolous and less solid character than a heavy curtain, the artist-craftsman was fully justified in elaborating this intricate (yet not arbitrary) pattern of light contracting and expanding lines.



18 Another intricate yet not arbitrary pattern of light contracting and expanding lines—a plastic construction by Naum Gabo. The material is the same as in **13**, the three-dimensional effect achieved by the parallel or nearly parallel run of the nylon thread inside the transparent plastic is similar to **15**, the subtle interaction of the lines to the handweave, **17**. The artist chose his materials with care as the only existing ones to permit of the specific spatial effect he was after. What is particularly interesting from our viewpoint is that although Mr. Gabo's problem is unrelated to any practical end, it is nevertheless worked out in a spirit so logical and coherent that it strikes us as a potential piece of industrial design—a curious sensation quite inaccessible to any age before ours. As the twentieth century has progressed, achievements of engineering have become so exciting that on the one hand they have lured the "free" artist into work for industry, and on the other stimulated just the apparently freest and most aloof painters and sculptors to conceive two-dimensional and three-dimensional forms strangely looking as though they were machinery with an unknown purpose. Mr. Gabo, whom the layman usually considers one of the most fantastical and detached artists, has in point of fact been busy lately on the designing of commodities for industrial production.



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19 Painting by Ben Nicholson, 1940, which though conceived on a canvas, logically suggests new applications of colour to architectural forms. It is interesting to note in this context the recent work of the sculptor, Barbara Hepworth, in which forms are given additional emphasis by the use of colour, a process which is also finding its use in industrial design—for example in the painting of different parts of machinery in different colours as a means of simplifying machine operation.



20 Army directional sign—devised for none but utilitarian reasons, and yet, if seen so close to a work of the abstract painter, curiously akin to his world.

21 Army flashes—painted on the khaki-coloured vehicles—which gives added prominence to the colours. The background to the symbol is often subdivided or given an additional colour to represent different units, thus building up a form and colour language basically the same as Ben Nicholson's.



22 Direct application of colour as an aid to display. The angles of the screen are dictated by the easiest lines of vision and the objects and lettering are then set off against backgrounds in various colours. Ministry of Supply Economy Exhibition, designed by B. Katz.

G. Meikle Kemp, from the painting by William Bonnar, R.S.A.



The Scott Monument and its Architect

IT is not for nothing that the central and supreme object of the architecture of our present Edinburgh," wrote Professor Masson long ago, "is the monument of Sir Walter Scott—the first monument, I think, that has yet been raised anywhere on the earth to the memory of a man of letters." This pronouncement, in so far as it implies architectural merit, has been challenged in more than one authoritative quarter. Can it be said that the Scott Monument is a work of first-class excellence architecturally? Ruskin, for one, answered negatively. In *Fors Clavigera* he dismisses the monument contemptuously as a "small, vulgar, Gothic steeple," but this may be only an example of Ruskinian perversity. Ruskin apart, it is undeniable that many whose opinions cannot be hastily set aside have been critical of the Scott Monument as a work of art. On the other hand, it remains equally true, that a large and influential body of instructed opinion are convinced that the structure, if not conspicuously a work of genius, is in all events a very remarkable production for one whose architectural training was almost wholly self-acquired.

George Meikle Kemp, the architect of the Scott Monument, was born in 1795. He had a strange career, for he was not till near the close that he revealed himself as a competent designer in the Gothic style, and a strange death, for he was accidentally drowned in the Union Canal, on March 6, 1844. The son of a shepherd, Kemp spent his boyhood among the Pentland Hills which guard Edinburgh on the south. From 1809 to 1813 he was apprenticed to a carpenter at Redscourhead, near Peebles. He then went to Galashiels where he was employed as a millwright. While trudging to the Border town he was curiously enough, overtaken by Sir Walter Scott, who was in his carriage. He gave Kemp a lift, but Kemp remained unaware of Sir Walter's identity. Subsequently, when Kemp was making drawings of Melrose Abbey (which were utilized in the design for the Scott Monument), Sir Walter chanced to pass. Looking over the young artist's shoulder, he made some remark, to Kemp, by this time probably known who he was, seems to have been shy to enter into conversation.

Kemp at an early age displayed interest in architecture. He undertook long journeys for the purpose of inspecting notable buildings of the Middle Ages. In 1825 he set out on travel through Europe in pursuit of his favourite study but got no farther than Paris, being recalled by his mother's death. He now settled in Edinburgh as a draughtsman. Progress, however, was slow and unremunerative. But Kemp was fortunate enough to find a patron in William Burn, who divided with Playfair the best architectural practice of the time in Scotland. Burn was struck by the young man's ability and engaged him to construct a la-

del in wood of a proposed new
place at Dalkeith for the Duke of
Leuch. He also prepared drawings
of a projected volume of Scottish
ecclesiastical remains, which afforded
genial employment for several
years; but the plan failed. Kemp, too,
made drawings for a proposed restora-
tion of Glasgow Cathedral, which were
photographed for a volume privately
issued in 1836.
But by this time Kemp's thoughts
were turned to the work on which his
rests. Immediately after the death
of Sir Walter Scott, the feeling was
expressed that a monument to his
memory should be erected in Edinburgh.
Numerous public meetings were held,
the records of which, says Lockhart,
were adorned by many of the noblest
and most distinguished names both of
England and of Scotland." When
1800 had been collected a differ-
ence of opinion arose regarding the
form of the memorial, and at a
general meeting of the subscribers, held
on December 11, 1835, it was resolved
that "no architectural monument
should be adopted of which a statue
could not form a part." Thereafter the
committee advertised for designs that
should combine a statue with architec-
ture, the cost of which was not to
exceed £5,000. Fifty guineas were
awarded to each of three plans which,
in the judgment of the committee,
should possess the greatest merit. No
more than fifty-four designs were
received, comprising twenty-two Gothic
structures, eleven statues (accompanied
by one or less with architecture), fourteen
classical temples, five pillars, one
obelisk and one fountain. The competi-
tion resulted in the first premium being
awarded to Thomas Rickman, the
celebrated Gothic authority; the second
to Mr. W. Sievier, the London sculptor;
the third to Kemp, under the
assumed name of "John Morvo,"
which was taken from an ancient
inscription in Melrose Abbey. Kemp's
design, said to have been completed
in five days, was in the form of a
tower with elaborate and carefully
worked details.
In answer to the committee, though they had
awarded prizes for what they con-
sidered the most meritorious designs,
they by no means agreed as to whether
the order in which they had placed them
was justified. Indeed the disagreement
was such that the committee eventually
set them aside, and solicited designs
from artists of repute who had not
participated. In response a number of

drawings were submitted, perhaps the
most outstanding being that of David
Roberts, R.A. Roberts was born in
Edinburgh and spent the early part of
his career there. He must, therefore,
often have seen Scott, though he does
not appear to have been personally
known to him. Unfortunately Roberts
was not allowed a wholly free hand,
the committee having expressed a
preference for a Gothic structure and
suggested Waltham Cross as a model.
Lockhart, it is interesting to note, was
under the impression that a design of
this character would be adopted. "I
believe," he writes in the *Life of Scott*,
"a rich Gothic cross, with a statue in
the interior, will soon be completed."
In compliance with the wishes of the
committee, Roberts produced a draw-
ing of a Gothic cross but, apparently
doubtful as to whether it would be
approved, he also submitted a design
for an Egyptian obelisk, which had
been prepared for another scheme.
The Gothic cross was much admired,
but ultimately was rejected on the
ground that it could not be erected for
the stipulated sum, and was not con-
formable with the committee's resolu-
tion for the introduction of a statue.
On learning the result, Roberts wrote
to a friend: "I am not at all surprised
at the decision come to with regard to
the Scott Monument. Those of the
committee who stick to the good old
fashion, and think that a monument
cannot be a monument unless it contains
some dumb imitation of the person it
is intended to commemorate, should
look at the figure of Lord Melville on
the top of his column.* . . As to my
own designs, I thought they might give
a lead to others, and that was the
reason I made them. I knew there
would be a prejudice against employing
a person like me, who had never been
directly engaged in such work." But,
after all, Roberts was associated with
the Scott Monument as completed, the

*In St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.

*Kemp's Scott Monu-
ment as designed in
1838 and unveiled a
hundred years ago last
March: "An impos-
ing structure . . . in
strict conformity with
the purity of taste and
style of Melrose
Abbey."*

four stained-glass windows in the
apartment above the statue being from
his designs.

With the rejection of Roberts's
drawings, which seem to have been
the only ones considered, the committee
were faced with a deadlock which was
relieved by once more opening up the
matter to competition. Kemp again
came forward, this time with a greatly
improved design, but embodying the
main features of the original one. In
March, 1838, it was adopted by the
committee with only three dissentients,
who took umbrage at Kemp because
he had no professional standing. They
even alleged that his design was a
plagiarism. The former objection Kemp
treated with contempt; the latter he
refuted triumphantly. The minutes of
the committee described his design as
"an imposing structure, 135 ft. in
height (finally raised to 200 ft.), in
beautiful proportions, and in strict
conformity with the purity of taste
and style of Melrose Abbey, from
which, the author states, it is in all its
details derived." Burn, who probably
influenced the committee's decision
most, spoke in laudatory terms of
Kemp's design, especially "the con-
structive skill exhibited throughout in
the combination of graceful features"
of the Gothic style so as "to satisfy
any professional man in the correctness
of principle," as well as in "the perfect
solidity" which the structure would
possess when built. Kemp's later design,
it should be further pointed out,
embodied features suggested by Roberts
and, in addition, provided for a statue,
double life-size and of Carrara marble,
which was executed by John Steell
(afterwards knighted), Her Majesty's
Sculptor for Scotland.

The site for the Scott Monument was
almost as perplexing as the design.
At first, there was a movement in favour
of Charlotte Square, the north side of
which was the work of Robert Adam.
In conformity with this proposal, Kemp

made a plan of the Square and the
adjoining streets, "so that the statue
ranged with the centre of the pavement
on the west side of Charlotte Street."
Burn, however, suggested that it be
placed sixty or seventy feet nearer the
centre of Charlotte Square, where it
would have the dome of St. George's
Church for background. But this
scheme was turned down, as also were
proposals for erecting the Scott Monu-
ment either in Melville Crescent or
Coates Crescent. Eventually, on
December 26, 1838, the committee
decided on the site in East Princes
Street Gardens.

While the battle of the sites was
proceeding, Ruskin intervened with a
scheme of his own. Under the pen-
name of Kata Phusin, he contended in
one of his articles to the *Architectural
Magazine*, that "Scott's Monument
must be amid natural scenery yet within
sight of the works and life of man."
In his view the ideal site was "where
the range of Salisbury Crags gets low
and broken, towards the north, at
about the point of equal elevation with
St. Anthony's Chapel." And for a
design Ruskin suggested "a bold and
solid mass of mason-work built out
from the cliff, in grey stone, and broken
like natural rock, rising some four or
five feet above the brow of the crag, and
sloping down, not too steeply, into
the bank below. At the foot of this,
let a group of figures, not more than
five in number, be carved in the solid
rock in the dress of Border shepherds,
with a plaid and bonnet . . . in easy
attitudes, sleeping perhaps. On the
brow of this pedestal let a colossal
figure of Scott be placed, with the arms
folded, looking towards the Castle."

But the committee was not to be
invigiled into supporting what seemed
to some a fantastic scheme, and so at
long last, on August 18, 1846, Kemp's
Scott Monument was inaugurated in
Princes Street.

W. FORBES GRAY

B O O K S

No Man's Land

THE PENGUIN MODERN PAINTERS. Duncan Grant by
Raymond Mortimer, Paul Nash by Herbert Read, Henry Moore
by Geoffrey Grigson, Graham Sutherland by Edward Sackville
West. Penguin Books. 2s. 6d. each.

WHAT a cultural force Mr. Allen Lane is
becoming. The first of Penguin Books is
not yet ten years old. Yet the amount of
enlightenment which Penguins and Pelicans must
have brought about is quite incalculable. The
very fact that fifty thousand or a hundred thousand
read E. M. Forster or Olive Schreiner or Roger
Fry or Archbishop Temple or Sir James Jeans is
eloquent enough. And—a piece of special good luck
to those of us concerned about a visual revival in
England—Mr. Lane evidently has a strong feeling
himself for visual values. He started the King
Penguin series in which not only roses and fishes
appear in alluring (and, strangely enough, correct)
colour reproduction, but also Mr. Summerson's
Microcosm of London and Sir Eric Maclagan's
Bayeux Tapestry to be followed shortly—it is
announced—by, for instance, John Piper's *Windsor*
and a volume on *Children as Artists*. Moreover,
he broke his sacred format to publish Ralph
Tubbs's *Living in Cities* and is going to add to
this Mr. Tubbs on *The Englishman Builds* and
Messrs. E. Carter and E. Goldfinger on the L.C.C.
plan for London.

And now—again a completely fresh and un-
expected venture—he comes out with the first
four volumes of a series on modern painters, each
with sixteen colour plates (in half-tone) and
sixteen plates in black and white. Sir Kenneth
Clark is the editor. The covers—*café au lait* and
white—are undistinguished, the typography is
indifferent, the reproductions are first-rate. The
price, half-a-crown each, is amazingly low.

The illustrations are preceded by twelve pages
of introductory text. These, as the work of the
artists introduced, go in pairs: Duncan Grant-

Paul Nash, Henry Moore-Graham Sutherland.
Duncan Grant was born in 1885, Paul Nash in
1889, Henry Moore in 1898, Graham Sutherland
in that miraculously fortunate year for English
art, 1903—the year that also gave us Christopher
Wood, John Piper, Eric Ravilious and Edward
Bawden. Thus Duncan Grant and Paul Nash
went to art schools before Post-Impressionism
had invaded Britain and before the war of 1914-18,
Henry Moore and Graham Sutherland after. Post-
Impressionism in England means of course Roger
Fry. His was the great formative influence on
the older pair. His Grafton Gallery exhibitions of
1910 and 1911 figure large on the first pages of
Mr. Mortimer's introduction to Duncan Grant
and Mr. Read's to Paul Nash. Both artists were
for a time drawn into Roger Fry's Omega experi-
ment, both got from him their views on decoration
and design, and both therefore worked for textiles,
theatre and ballet. But Henry Moore also, Mr.
Grigson tells us, first learned about the art that
could inspire a young sculptor about 1920, from
Roger Fry's *Vision and Design*. However, deeper
than this influence must have been on at
least three of the four painters the effect of the
most English of English romantics: of Blake and
Samuel Palmer. The Samuel Palmer revival
(when incidentally did it begin?) is patent in a
Paul Nash of 1912 illustrated Plate 2, and a
Graham Sutherland of 1930 illustrated also
Plate 2.

The four texts all make good reading. They all
contain enlightening biographical bits such as
Duncan Grant's ancestral background amongst
the lairds of Inverness-shire and his ambition as
a prep school boy one day to paint like Burne
Jones, or Henry Moore's fervent admiration for
Masaccio's Brancacci Chapel, or Graham Suther-
land's "aptitude for Latin and Greek," and
apprenticeship at a Midland Railway engineering
works.

Mr. Mortimer's introduction is straightforward
narrative, Mr. Read's, in accordance with the
development of Paul Nash, grows from narrative
into poetical paraphrase of that "phantasmagoric





Graham Sutherland: *Blasted Oak*, 1943, one of the thirty-two plates of the new Sutherland book published as one of the first of the Penguin Modern Painters series.

atmosphere of No Man's Land," to which the painter found access in the blasted woods of Flanders in 1918. Now this land is Henry Moore's and Graham Sutherland's too. Mr. Grigson describes it as "the mess and muddle and fecundity of life," "life below the conscious level," and life with "only the virtue of not being dead," and Mr. Sackville West as "an expression of doom and foreboding," the "sinister mystery of wordless plotting" and of the "double image" of nature and primitive deity. Wordless and below the conscious level—that is in truth No Man's Land, the land of those who do not believe in human dignity and achievement.

So Paul Nash, Henry Moore and Graham Sutherland are war artists in a new sense, the sense which was first revealed by Picasso in his *Guernica*. Never was Picasso so moving as here where he painted destruction and desolation. But there is an alarming likeness in many passages of *Guernica* to other Picassos, still-lives and figure pieces which had perhaps never consciously been designed to express catastrophe. *Guernica*, I submit, is the clue to Henry Moore's tube shelters, this race of "cavernous, pin-headed monsters" (as Mr. Sackville West describes them) live a life "below the edge of will," "a life less than vertebrate, active and thinking" (Mr. Grigson). They are the artist's glory, massive, stony and sombre, but they are in no sympathy with Somers Town or Bermondsey. You may answer that once an artist is admitted to the sacred circle where such majesty as that of Henry Moore's *Two Women Seated* resides, he can no longer stop at the pleasures and fears of Somers Town and Bermondsey. But *War and Peace* proves that he can. And as for Mr. Sutherland, the vision is darker still. His masterly *Green Tree Form* or *Blasted Oak* (illustrated on this page) are nature as rank growth, luxuriant but oppressive, haunting and untamed by man's ordering powers. Again you may say that once a painter has penetrated so close to the prime essence of nature he cannot stop at an oak tree or a chestnut tree. But Constable and Samuel Palmer could.

Here then we are faced with the limitations of our age, sad limitations if they must be accepted as binding for all serious artists. However, it is not true that they are. More volumes are promised, on Matthew Smith, David Jones, Victor Pasmore and John Piper. But where are Christopher Wood, Eric Ravilious and Edward Bawden? Without them we cannot form a true picture of contemporary English painting at its best. With them it will be a picture, lighter, more positive, perhaps more compromising, but certainly no less English.

CHARLES DOUBLEDAY

The Real Health Centre

THE PECKHAM EXPERIMENT: A STUDY OF THE LIVING STRUCTURE OF SOCIETY. Innes H. Pearce and Lucy H. Crocker. 1943. George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 12s. 6d.

THE actions of Lord Woolton (up to last November) and of Mr. Bevin have almost certainly been the subject of more wartime conversations than all other wartime events put together, but the outstanding result of their actions—their levelling effect on our society—is not often referred to in print, and then usually obliquely with reference to some specific hardship. We can all see the reason why this levelling was not discussed squarely and publicly when Mr. Bevin first began his man-power search. But we are all much less mealy-mouthed these days and the outpouring of a few surviving upper middle-class pools of gall and bitterness would surely relieve their owner's feelings, hearten the majority as they wash their way towards the bottom step and enable the problems of post-war readjustment in a very important field to be the better examined.

The social change in the last three years has been enforced with such skilful gradualness that one does not realize how big it has been for all save the really rich until the individual items are totted up. It is perhaps most easily summarized by saying that all families with a gross income between the limits of £1,500 and £200 per annum have been placed on much the same level as regards housework, child rearing, radius of action

for recreation and, in many cases, as regards food. Large numbers of women and men have understood fully and for the first time the amount of labour which must be expended on child rearing and maintenance of a home, the consequent narrowing of social contacts, the lack of the energy needed to seek mental and physical recreation and the feeling that they dare not be ill. Larger numbers than ever before of intelligent men and women are therefore able to understand fully what the Pioneer Health Centre set out to combat and to do among the working-class families of Peckham.

If it was only to hit off this time of enhanced social sensitiveness it was worth producing a third book* on the Centre. There is also another good reason. We are promised, when the Government, B.M.A. and other protagonists emerge from their complicated wrappings, a comprehensive national health service, in which an important part will be played by what are called Health Centres. These centres will be specially designed consulting rooms with facilities for simple laboratory work and minor surgery. They should free the group of doctors working in them and from them from much drudgery and enable them to be better doctors. Health Centres are a good name for these new units, but they will not be Peckham Health Centres. The Pioneer Centre's aims and practice went much further; they went all the way. The Centre set out to catch the basic social units—families† and to provide all members with the means of rising to and thereafter maintaining their maximum capacity for living in all senses.

How they did it is probably familiar to most readers, but it is worth retelling in brief. They provided a club in which members taking part in one recreation were visible to a good many of those who were not—the centre of the club was a swimming bath overlooked from many rooms—and thus continually tempted onlookers to try their hand. Membership was limited to families; and almost the sole condition of joining was submission by all the family, father first, to a medical overhaul. Thereafter continuous but behind-the-scenes medical help was available at each stage of the family cycle of pregnancy, birth, infancy, childhood, courtship.

The statistics of the first medical overhauls should be hung on the wall of Mr. Willink's room. In 500 member-families chosen at random, the chief wage earner was, in 204 cases, in permanent employment (minor civil servants, busmen, etc.), and in 242 cases in regular employment—sometimes intermittent but also involving overtime pay. Member-families therefore held a high economic position among the industrial population. Yet from a total of 3,911 individuals of all ages, 3,553 (90.85 per cent.) were found at the first medical overhaul to have some medical defect or deficiency. These defects or disorders were in some cases trivial and in many more the individual concerned was unaware of them. In two batches of 500 families the percentages were:—1st 500: Disorder accompanied by *disease*, 31.6; disorder masked by a sense of well-being, 59.0; without disorder, 9.4. 2nd 500: 21.3; 68.5; and 10.2 respectively. The complete picture, and its implications concerning the probable state of health of less fortunate families, was certainly, as the authors put it, no gay-coloured rainbow.

The Peckham Experiment, using as a basis the material obtained at the Centre, "describes a technique for the practice of health as something different and distinct from the practice of medicine."

It is not a very easy book to read. Technical terms and a widely-collected imagery do not take well to double harness. But one feels at the end that the authors have fully proved their case. The Centre, which closed at the outbreak of war when its family units were broken up, will, one hopes, continue its experiment as soon as it possibly can.

H. MYLES WRIGHT

* The previous two are: *The Case for Action*, by Pearce and Williamson, 1931, Faber & Faber; and *Biologists in Search of Material*, Staff Report of the Pioneer Health Centre, 1938, Faber & Faber.

† Defined as "a mated pair with or as yet without children."

ANTHOLOGY

Shack-Dwellers of Vienna

The Land Settlements was a movement to which the Friends gave considerable help. They contributed nearly £12,000 and many gifts in the way of pigs, poultry, goats and sheep, besides the advice of a full-time worker. The movement grew out of the need for food. On every scrap of available soil, the Viennese had their allotment gardens, and so acute was the housing shortage after the war, that people built on them out of packing cases, petrol tins and old iron, little shacks where they lived in the winter as well as the summer. These shack-dwellers were the forerunners of the Land Settlement movement.

This garden city movement differed from ours in that it grew up from below. In many of the settlements round Vienna the amount of voluntary, unpaid work far exceeded the paid. Municipal loans were often only granted on condition that would-be settlers would give at least 1,000 hours of unpaid labour to the settlement as a whole. A great deal of work could be done by unskilled men and even by women and children. Officials and professional men used to go out after their city work to take part in the hard toil of excavating, while the hollow bricks made out of sand, cinders and cement, gave occupation to women and children. The bricks themselves were made by machine, but they had to stand in the open for six weeks and be watered daily to make them weather-proof, and this, along with the sifting of the sand, was comparatively light work.

The Austrians are a good-natured, light-hearted people. I used to go out sometimes in a 1d. tram to the outskirts of the Vienna forest and watch them building their houses. The Germans would have made heavy weather of it, the English would not have been allowed to do it by their trade unions, the French would have considered it ridiculous, but the Viennese made of it a picnic.

The Pip-house was one popular type used in these Austrian garden cities. This consisted of a kitchen-dining-room, scullery-bathroom, a study and an attic bedroom. Land was left free on both sides of the house so that further wings could be added later on, when the addition could be afforded.

Owing to the fact that the Vienna Municipality constructed the roads, sewers, water and light services at its own cost, and that they were built on their land and with so much free labour, pip-houses only cost £115 in our money. This, with the help of the housing loans, put them within reach of the poor.

Austrians are an artistic people, and many of the houses in these settlements were aesthetically pleasing. A woman architect, Grete Lihotsky, designed their interiors. Vienna had a bad legacy from the nineteenth century of heavy furniture, bric-à-brac and tasteless decorations, and I had been shocked by the stuffy atmosphere of many of the middle-class flats which I visited. They recalled old-fashioned London boarding houses. In the Baroque period, cupboards, shelves and benches had been built into niches in the walls, and Grete Lihotsky was reviving this tradition.

FRANCESCA M. WILSON (*In the Margins of Chaos*, John Murray, 1944.)

MARGINALIA

This Month's Anthology

Miss Francesca M. Wilson, author of a study on the Baroness Burdett-Coutts which will appear in the ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW in the near future, must be one of Europe's most proficient relief workers. Her book deals with the UNRRA kind of activities "in and between three wars," as the sub-title puts it, that is the Great War, the Spanish War and this war. One after another scenes of misery and charity, of adventures, escapes and cool-headed organisation appear in a setting of Holland in 1914 (Belgian refugee relief), of Corsica, Bizerta and Serbia (Serbian relief), of Vienna (after St. Germain), of Russia during the famine of 1922, of Spain and the Spanish camps in France, and finally of Roumania and Hungary (Polish relief).

Protection of Historic Buildings on the Continent

Out of two private committees convened in the spring and summer of 1943 by the American Council of Learned Societies and Harvard University, the State Department created last August the American Commission for Protection and Salvage of Artistic and Historic Monuments in Europe. Its membership has been published, and is confidence-inspiring indeed. Britain also possesses its organisation for the same purposes. It comes under the War Office, and its membership, excellently selected, must, it seems, not be made known. Why, one wonders, should so judicious a choice be kept secret? What danger could possibly arise out of the enemy's knowing that some of the most distinguished and active British experts are ready to

administer first-aid to the artistic casualties of Europe? The names have, in fact, been published of those who will "supervise the restitution of works of art and archives seized by the Axis powers." It is a good list, except that the average age of the members is perhaps a little perturbing, as the work of the committee may entail a good deal of travelling about. The names are Sir John Clapham, Sir Kenneth Clark (the baby of the committee, aged forty), Sir Frederic Kenyon, Sir Eric Maclagan, Lord Macmillan, Mr. J. G. Mann (of the Wallace Collection), Mr. Vincent Massey, Mr. R. C. Norman, Sir John Rorsdyke, Professor G. M. Trevelyan, and the Duke of Wellington.

Bomb Damage in Germany

As a supplement to last month's report which was entirely based on

German newspaper accounts, here is a list coming from *The New Pallas*, a mimeographed weekly which circulates international news regarding art and archaeology. Its reports on the destruction of historic buildings can probably be regarded as more reliable than the usual travellers' tales in newspapers.

AACHEN: The cathedral is "reported to have been reduced to almost complete ruin" (15.1.44).

BERLIN: Opera House and Zeughaus "entirely destroyed" (6.12.43).
Royal Palace; Throne Room, Knights' Room, Chapel and three other rooms "completely destroyed" (29.5.44).

CASSEL: "Amongst the most seriously damaged buildings," State Theatre, Picture Gallery, Murhard Library and Bellevue Palace of 1709-20 (10.11.43).

COLOGNE: Roman mosaic pavements in the Wallraf Richartz Museum destroyed (28.7.43).
"Further injury to the Cathedral" (30.11.43).

ELBERFELD: Von der Heydt collection of modern paintings "entirely destroyed" (28.7.43).

HANOVER: Herrenhausen Palace "destroyed" (10.11.43).
Leibniz House "a victim of the bombardment" (30.11.43).

KIEL: Former Castle "gravely damaged" (11.1.44).

LEIPZIG: University Church, Old Town Hall and Museum "destroyed" (21.1.44).

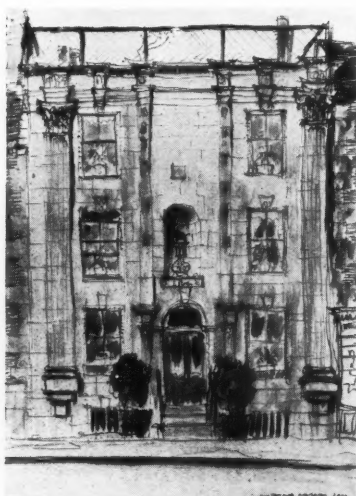
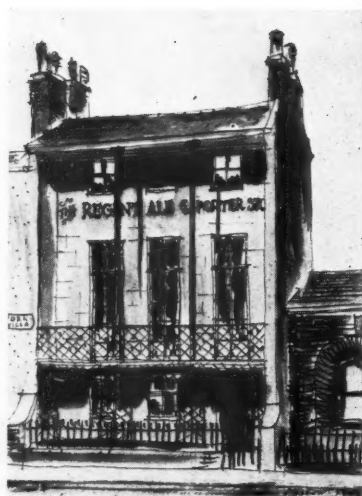
MÜNCHEN-GLADBACH: Minster "gravely damaged," Town Hall "fallen in" (2.10.43).

American-Soviet Friendship

A committee was formed last winter in New York to develop the interchange of data and ideas between the architects of the United States and the U.S.S.R. Problems of housing, town planning, factory building, building materials and technique, and also architectural history came within the orbit of the committee. It will also prepare travelling exhibitions of Russian material for America, and vice versa. Amongst the members we note such names as Serge Chermayeff, Philip L. Goodwin, Talbot Hamlin, Joseph Hudnut, Antonin Raymond, Henry R. Shepley. There are corresponding committees of artists, musicians, scientists and others. It has in Britain been oddly difficult in the past to obtain documented information on building questions in Russia. Somehow the necessary active support of Russian authorities did not appear to be forthcoming. The greater interest of Russians in American as against British planning and building may possibly yield better results. The Western democracies should certainly know more of architectural education and organisation and of town planning in the U.S.S.R. than they do.

Proud Record

From June 2 to July 15 an exhibition is being held at the National Gallery to introduce a wider public to the activities and the achievements of the National Buildings Record. It was founded in the autumn of 1940—apparently to record bombed buildings and such buildings as might be bombed. The latter clause gave away to the knowing the fact that ingenious use had been made of the war to create an institution that should have existed for many years and had in fact for generations



HUGH CASSON is not unknown to readers of *THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW*. An illustrated article of his was published last month. Of his exceptional talent and versatility as a draughtsman an exhibition gave evidence which was recently held at the Architectural Association in Bedford Square. Drawings showed aircraft, constructional works, barracks and the like, and a good many sensitively interpreted buildings of the past—Georgian, Regency, Gothick and Victorian. The two sketches illustrated above are of an early nineteenth century house at Cheltenham with an especially graceful ironwork verandah, and of one of those typical late seventeenth century or early eighteenth century town houses of the Cotswolds in which the giant orders of Chatsworth or Blenheim look curiously sham and *nouveau riche* between their honest, sturdy neighbours. The example drawn is at Stow-on-the-Wold. It now serves as a private hotel.

existed in some Continental countries, an institution to collect photographic and drawn records of all English buildings of architectural value. The collection contains now 215,000 items. It will after the war, when it returns from All Souls to London quarters, prove of immense value to the development of research into the history of English architecture. The names of the Chairman, the Master of the Rolls, of the Director, Mr. Walter Godfrey, and the Deputy Director, Mr. John Summerson, vouch for the intelligent and broadminded selection of material. No such limitation as that nefarious 1713 line to which the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments is tied, has been accepted. The collection comprises material from all ages, including a superb Victorian section that would make the mouth of any American Giedionite water, and a contemporary section arranged with the help of the architectural press. The Record enjoys a Government grant and has also had the benefit of special donations from the Rockefeller, Pilgrim and Leverhulme trusts. The Record also acts as a pool for existing photographic collections such as those of the Courtauld Institute (Lord Conway's collection of 100,000 photos), of Country Life, the Victoria County

History, the London Survey Commission and the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments for England. It co-operates with the Central Council for the Care of Churches, keeps a number of first-rate private and commercial photographers busy, and makes a point of collecting complete series of prints of such outstanding photographic *œuvres* as those of Mr. Crossley for the Middle Ages and Messrs. Bedford Lemere for the nineteenth century. The exhibition is very intelligently arranged, instructive for the expert and entertaining for the layman. Photos of Lichfield Cathedral, the Athenæum Club and the Victorian wallpapers of Marlborough House, Falmouth, of EE, Dec and Perp, of gaol and of folly, of Gothick, Camden Gothic and Pearson Gothic live happily together under the wise guardianship of Messrs. Godfrey and Summerson.

Academic London Plans

On the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition as a display of English powers in the creation of art the less said the better. It always reminds one of the trade shows one went to before the war where British tweed manufacturers showed their new ranges of cloths. Quality

[continued on page 1]

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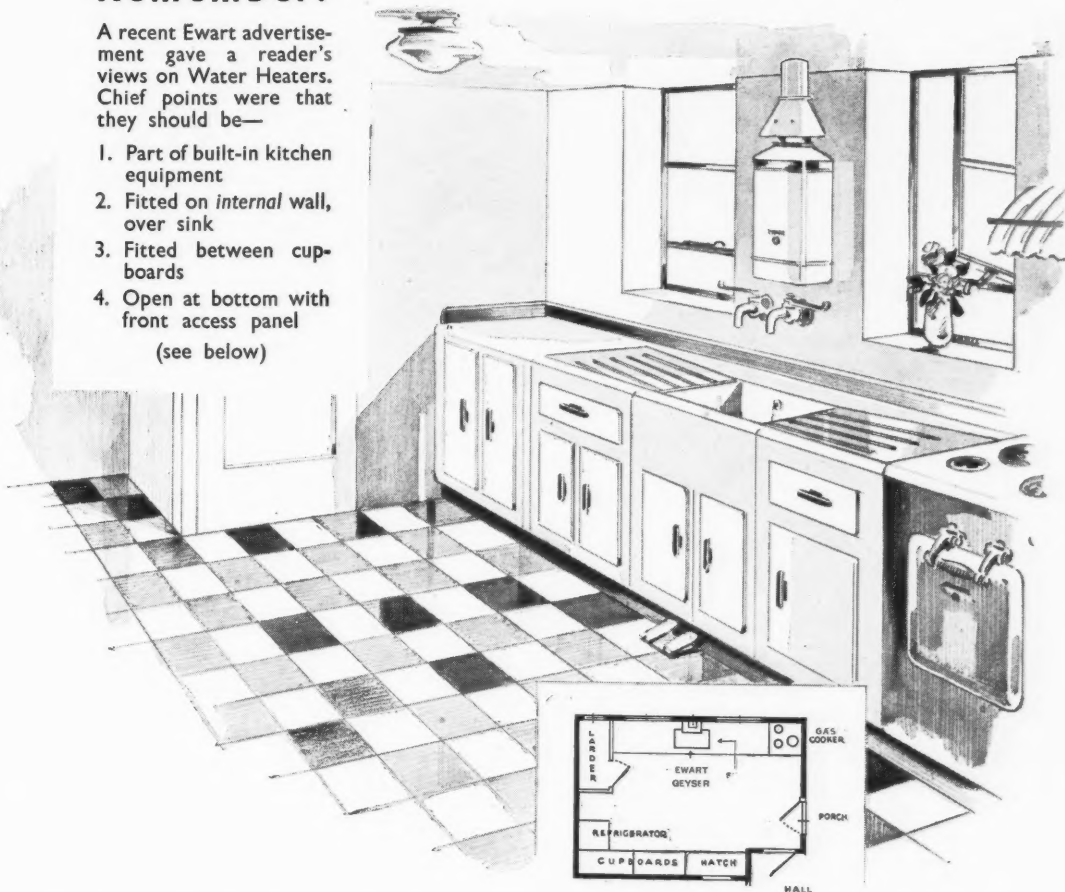
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WHAT ARE *your* VIEWS?

Remember?

A recent Ewart advertisement gave a reader's views on Water Heaters. Chief points were that they should be—

1. Part of built-in kitchen equipment
2. Fitted on *internal* wall, over sink
3. Fitted between cupboards
4. Open at bottom with front access panel (see below)

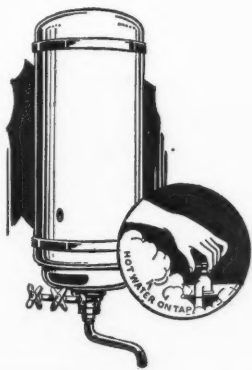


ANOTHER READER SUGGESTS!

Mr. K. Onions sends the following suggestions (which our artist has endeavoured to portray) which he prefers to those outlined above

1. Most of housewife's time is spent at sink—let her look through window.
2. Drains and vent for heater—outside wall as a brick pier—pipes can still be concealed.
3. High taps—and foot controls?
4. Run windows to ceiling height to prevent steamy ceilings—unopening glass pane at bottom of window to safeguard articles placed on sill.

Meanwhile, Ewart research continues, and the range of Ewart post-war geysers will meet every demand of architect, builder and public



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continued from page xlviii]
of material and workmanship were excellent, but nearly all the designs lacked any consciousness of changes in taste that had occurred for thirty years or so. It is the same with the Royal Academy. There is a good deal of competence, but hardly any vitality at all. Why then these crowds, why these long illustrated newspaper accounts, why these generous purchases? Is it still Sir Joshua's tradition dying so hard? Outliving the fact that for nearly a century now progress in British art has carefully kept outside the Academy? Progress as represented by Rossetti, Whistler, Sickert, Roger Fry, etc., etc.? If nowadays a few seemingly up-to-date paintings (such as Mr. Wadsworth's) appear in Burlington House, they look weirdly out of place.

Coming from the glossy prosperity which the Academicians shed over man and beast, the new revised London plans of the Academy assume a character somewhat different from that of the first exhibition. The elevations and perspectives look more Royal Academic than before, just as bogus-picturesque as Mr. Russell Flint's costumes, just as dressed up as the successful society portraits, just as dated (thirty years back) as the etchings and most of the wood

engravings. On the other hand what there is of a business-like approach to such problems as traffic and shopping strikes one all the more forcibly because of the surrounding atmosphere. There is more practical matter on show this time than there was two years ago, and careful notice has been taken of the L.C.C. plan. As against this the Academy proposes to make the A-Ring Road arterial, not sub-arterial and with traffic on different levels. This strata principle is also applied to shopping centres suggested to be placed in the middle of roundabouts. The new Academy scheme for Piccadilly Circus is also a two-strata scheme of great boldness.

P.W.B.D.

In last month's Book Reviews attention was drawn to the first of the long-expected Post-War Building Studies of the Post-War Building Directorate. It was the volume on house construction. This promising document has now been followed by four shorter pamphlets of between 8 and 48 pages each. The shortest is No. 7 on *Steel Structures*, no more than a list of recommendations. The longest is No. 3 on *Plastics*; No. 2 is called *Standard Construction for Schools*; No. 6, treats of *Gas Installations*.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor,

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

SIR,—The pictures and letter-press concerning the Henry Moore Madonna and Child were, to me, exciting and impressive; but I feel that Mr. Grigson's article may give a misleading impression of the attitude of Henry Moore and of us at St. Matthew's, Northampton; though perhaps more by inference than by direct statement. In his opening lines, Mr. Grigson's suggestion seems to be that as he himself is a pagan, so is Henry Moore. Then at the end Mr. Grigson says that Henry Moore cannot "fully believe" in his subject; and the whole article seems to carry the same suggestion. Various articles and statements, written or approved by Henry Moore, and copies of which you have, confirm quite another view. Right at the beginning of the discussion of the possibility of the work, I pointed out that we should not wish Henry Moore to undertake it unless he really *wanted* to do it and believed in it. I am certain he would never have considered doing it under any other conditions. Deliberately no attempt was made to tie him down to detailed theological definitions—he himself said that perhaps through his art was the only way he could reach for himself what theology is trying to say in words—but I am sure he would

agree that the position was perfectly clear. Things said on many occasions support this view.

This seems to me an important point on the subject of Church Art. Anything in the nature of a conventional heresy hunt among conscientious artists working for the Church would be most unfortunate and would defeat its own object; but suggestions of paganism and unbelief are another thing. I am—and I believe you are too—convinced that a closer link between the Church and the best and most vital in modern Art would be greatly to the benefit of both and of the community also.

Yours faithfully,

WALTER HUSSEY.

(Vicar of St. Matthew's Church, Northampton).

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