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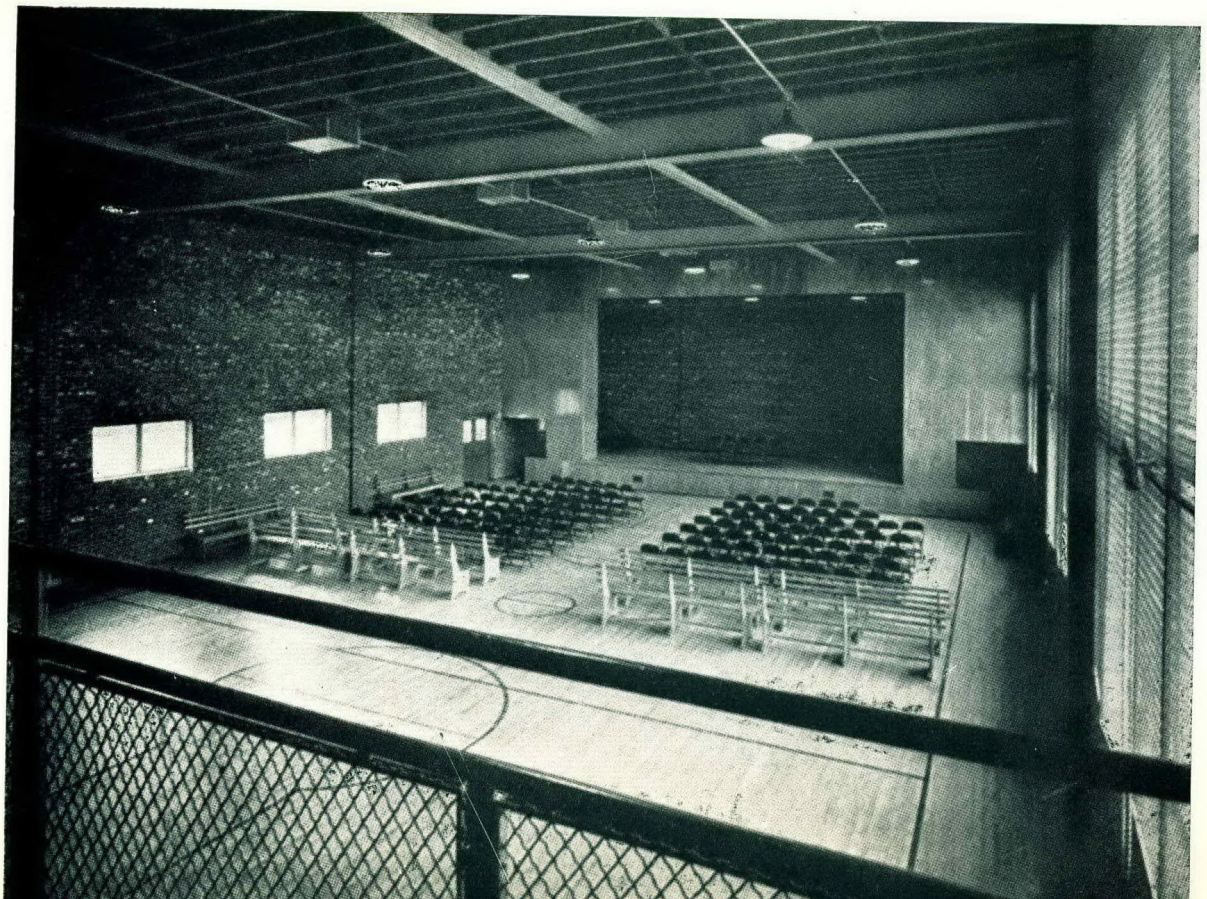
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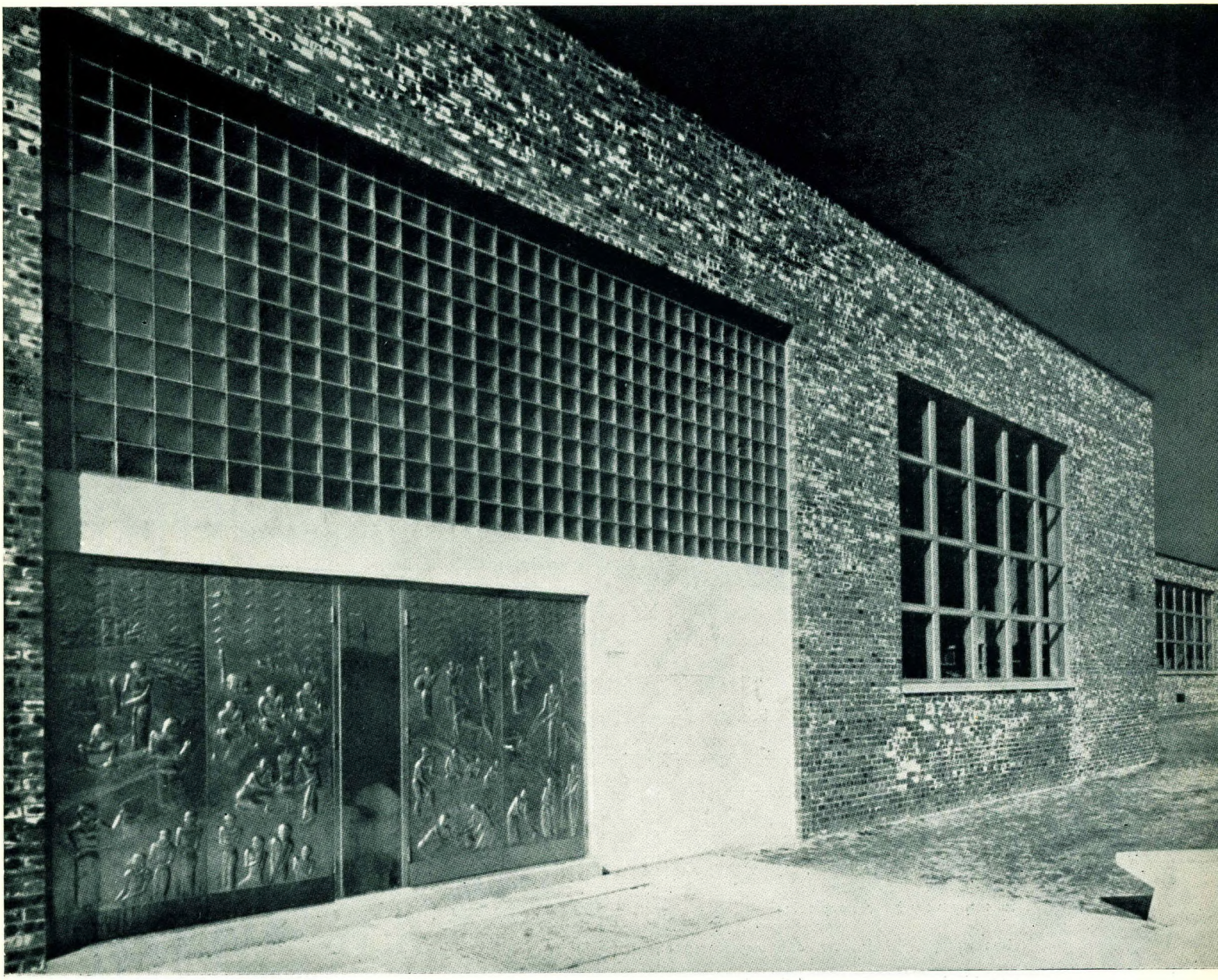
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The trend in small communities toward incorporation of adult recreational facilities with those for elementary education has a distinguished exemplar in the new Community Building at Hightstown. Obviously built with an extremely restricted budget, the building reflects the limitation in its materials and in the almost temporary character of some of the interiors. The vigorous handling of the design, however, and particularly the interiors, indicate that lack of funds is by no means synonymous with lack of distinction.

FROM THE ARCHITECTURAL FORUM

AUDITORIUM





MAIN ENTRANCE, COMMUNITY BUILDING
ALFRED KASTNER, ARCHITECT

(DOORS OF HAMMERED SHEET ALUMINIUM

LADY ANNE BARNARD AT THE CAPE

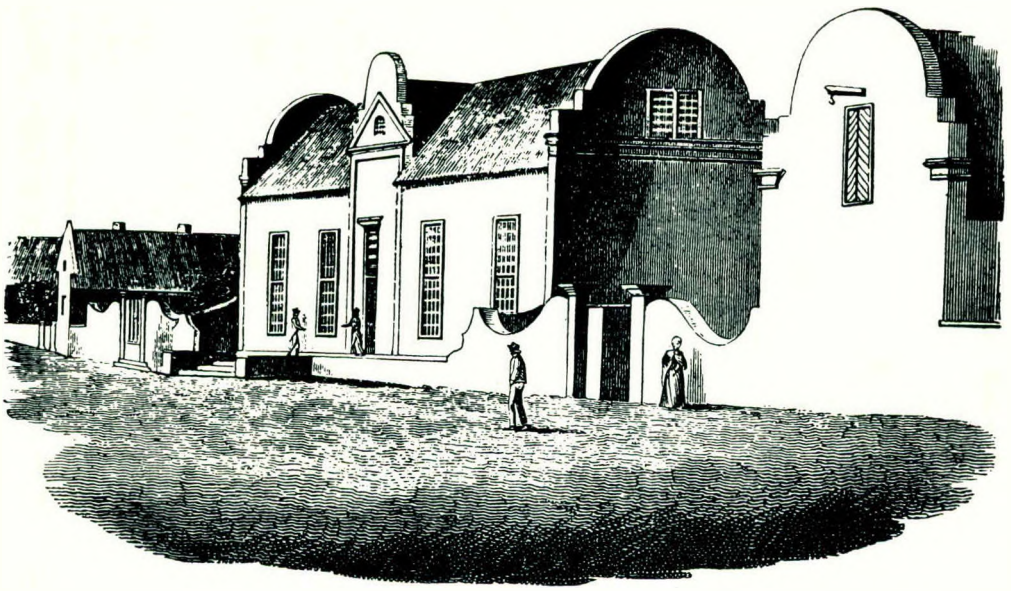
NOVEMBER, 1797.

Our road from Cape Town to Stellenbosch was not distinguished by much variety. We went by the Koyle, a long sandy hill, having first passed the Salt Riviere, and that long tract of sandy common (if I may call it so) that bears many traces of having one or two hundred years ago been covered by the sea, but which is now only covered scantily by heaths, and such plants and brushwood as partake a little of both sea and land. But as every plant, bush and tree in this country has its flower and fruit at some season of the year, even in the barrenest soils there are novelty and entertainment to the eye which has never seen the thing before. We passed a considerable number of waggons loaded with wine, as is the case at this time of the year; each of them had sixteen oxen to draw it, but were just then without any, as the cattle had been turned out to graze amidst the bushes, where it was lucky if they could pick up anything, as these poor animals never taste food or drink from the time they enter Cape Town till they leave it, which is often two days, if the wine they have brought happens not to be immediately disposed of. Certainly there must be something rich in the dry herbs of the soil here, for the oxen are now as fat as they can be, and yet I have nowhere seen the appearance of verdure, except the verdure of green barley or other corn, for there is no grass anywhere. . . . . .

We arrived in time for dinner, and had a plentiful one. . . The Landdrost's house we found more airy and spacious than any other I have been in here, having a sort of second row of rooms behind the first; but the division of every Dutch house in the Colony is the same—namely, a hall, a square room on either hand, and another family eating-room behind, with two bedchambers. Before the Landdrost's door there are the only two fine oaks I have seen, except the others in the village. They each measure eighteen feet round. But the perfection of this place consists in its extreme coolness in the midst of the most sultry weather; it is built in long streets, perfectly regular, each street having on each side a row of large oaks, which shadow the tops of the houses, keeping them cool, and forming a shady avenue between, through which the sun cannot pierce. Whatever way one walks one finds an avenue, right or left, and each house has a good garden. Stellenbosch, therefore, though there may not be above a hundred families in it, covers a good deal of ground, and is so perfectly clean and well built that it appears to be inhabited only by people of small fortune. But I am told there are many very poor people in it, without the means of ever becoming richer, as during the Dutch Government no manufacture was permitted there, and any person endeavouring to gain a livelihood by such means would have been severely punished. From this cause the place has few young people. It seems rather an asylum for old age than anything else, and I am told people live longer in it than in any other part of the Colony.

I amused myself this day by taking a view of the country and the village from one of the hills. The valley, though not extensive, is rich and fertile were it well cultivated, but the farmers are bad ones. I cannot help thinking that wherever a soil is stony, as it often is here, dibbling, as they do in Norfolk, would be a good plan. Wine is the chief produce of the land hereabouts, and a small piece of ground only being necessary to make a great deal of wine, the rest of Mother

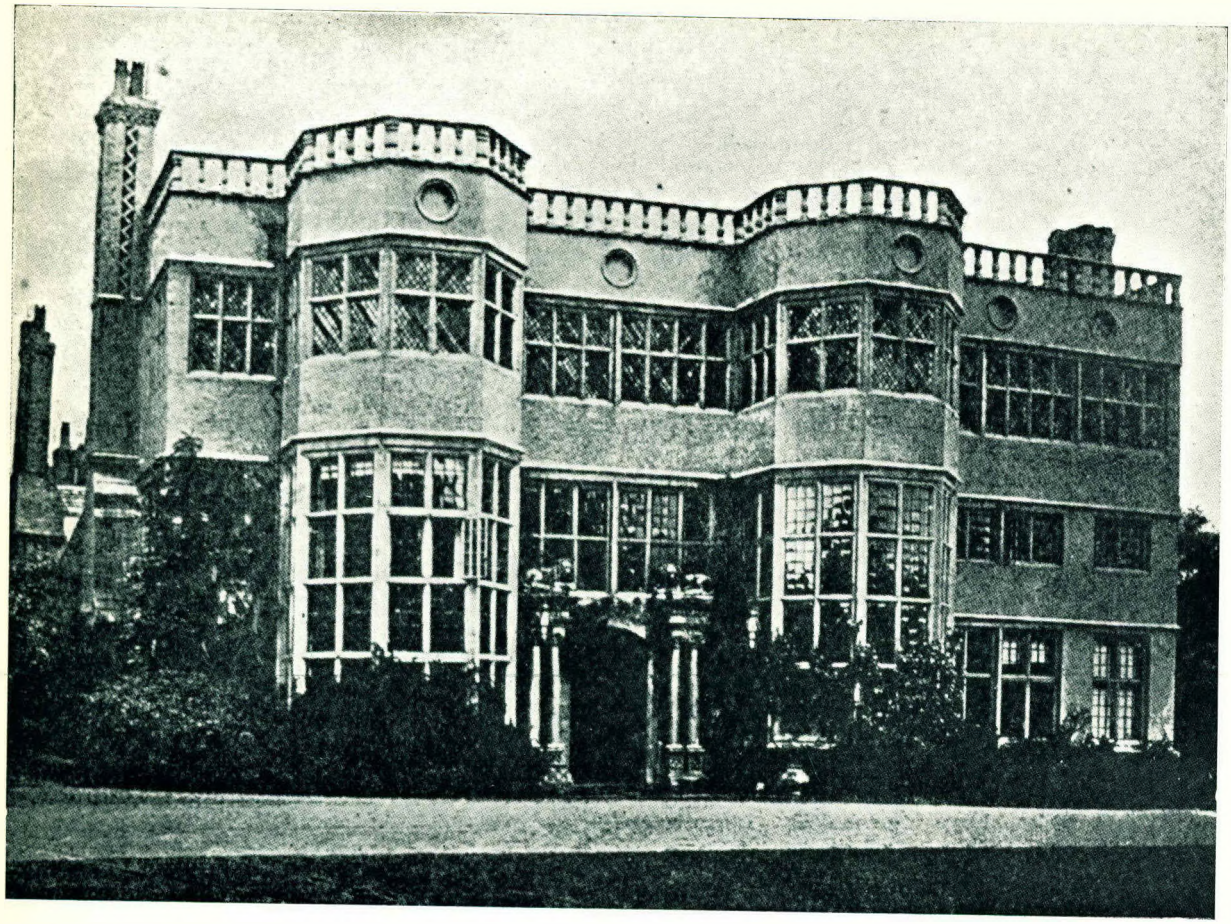
Earth lies barren and neglected. One thousand vines make a barrel of wine, and it contains eight times eighty gallons. The vines are planted in rows, and there seem to be about four feet between vine and vine. To what an extent the cultivation of the vine might be brought here, if the farmers were sure of a good market! At present there is one thing greatly against the improvement of the vine by any better modes than what are used—namely, that wine from the country is bought by the merchant in town at the market price without any reference to superiority or inferiority of quality. They don't give themselves the trouble to taste it, and sell it off in the same careless way as they buy it. I never saw the force of prejudice more apparent than in the way Englishmen here turn up their foolish noses at the Cape wines because they are Cape wines. They will drink nothing but port, claret, or madeira, pretending that the wines of the country give them bowel-ache! It may be so, if they drink two or three bottles at a time, and that very



GOVERNMENT BUILDING (DE DROSTDY), GRAAFF-REINET
From a Drawing by W. J. Burchell

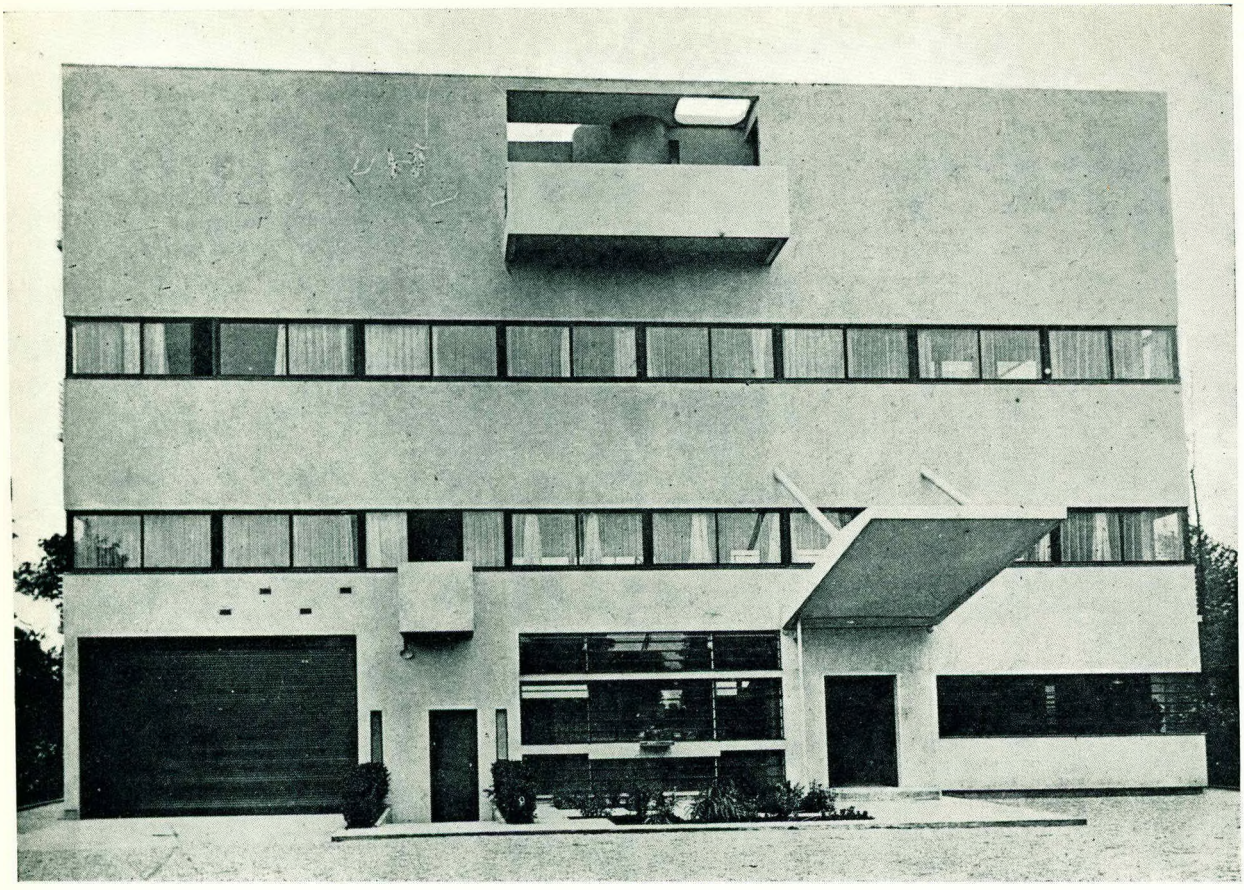
frequently, but Cape wine will not do so if used in moderation. Mr. Barnard drinks nothing else himself, though we have every other good wine at table, champagne and burgundy excepted. I must tell you, as an illustration, of what happened one day with us after dinner. We had a little hock on board ship, two bottles of which remained over, and we keep them for Lord Macartney when he is ill and wishes for a bonne bouche, as they happen to be very fine. After dinner I thought myself drinking up one of the bottles of this hock, and said to Mr. Barnard, "O fie! why do you give us this to-day—it is some of our fine hock." A certain lieutenant-colonel who shall be nameless, on this filled his glass. "Lord bless me, what fine wine this is!" said he; "I have not tasted a glass such as this since I came here." I then found, on asking, that it was Stein wine, a cheap Cape wine, which Mr. Barnard had not liked, and had ordered for common use in the household. In a moment the colonel found fifty faults in it.

(From "South Africa a Century Ago," published by Maskew Miller, Cape Town, and Basil Blackwell, Oxford.)



ASTLEY HALL, LANCASHIRE
16th cent

Believe it or not, the building above is an example of sixteenth century English architecture. "Traditional" work does not always fulfil the rules imposed on it, and here is a house with a flat roof, continuous first floor window and enormous areas of glass at ground floor. Mr. J. A. Gotch, who illustrates this example in his "Early Renaissance Architecture in England" (published in 1901), says of it: "The long range of windows which reaches continuously from one end of the building to the other, forms a striking feature, but must be a matter of much concern to the housewife who has to drape them on the inside, and to consider the claims of her carpet on sunny days." We are so used to hearing this form of criticism against the contemporary house that it is amusing to find that this startlingly prophetic design over three hundred years old could draw such comment.



V I L L A A T G A R C H E S
N E A R P A R I S 1 9 2 7
A R C H I T E C T L E C O R B U S I E R

The Villa at Garches (probably the best-hated essay in modern domestic architecture), though recognised and praised by Mr. Howard Robertson, of the A.A. School, in 1929, still evokes the wrath of reactionaries on the grounds of its wicked break with established tradition.

True, the windows of Astley Hall are not freed from supporting function by a separate structural system such as that employed (and developed with brilliant virtuosity) by Le Corbusier, but in spirit there is an astonishing degree of sympathy between these widely separated manifestations of architectural experiment.

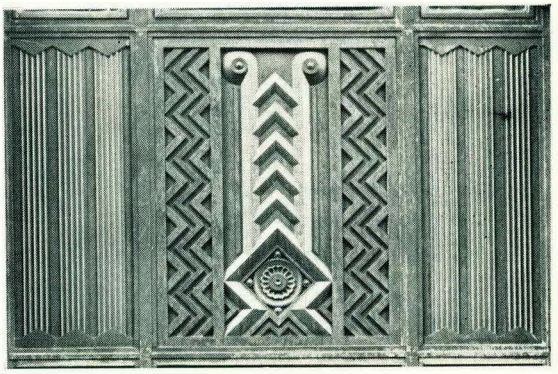
Astley Hall, in its time, is no less epoch making than the Villa at Garches (except that in its isolation it did not conform to a sustained and universal thesis) and is much more significant than the immediate post-war English reflections of the continental movement in architecture. R.M



The lantern for the SOUTH AFRICAN MUTUAL BUILDINGS is shown during the process of sand-blasting and also when completed and erected.



An excellent example of a Bronze Panel with a sandblasted finish at the SOUTH AFRICAN MUTUAL BUILDINGS.



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