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HISTORY OF COSMETICS AND ADORNMENT
(In preparation)

TRIAD OF GENIUS

Funerary vase. (Chinese porcelain) Incised decoration under olive celadon glaze. Sung period. A.D. 960—1127. *(Sydney L. Moss, Esq.).*

MAX WYKES-JOYCE

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INTRODUCTION

What are ceramics? The word itself stems from the Greek *keramos,* meaning both 'something made of clay' and 'the clay from which things are made.' There is still a good deal of argument among experts as to whether the first C is soft or hard. This does not matter to most of us, to whom ceramics are merely everyday things like cups, saucers, plates, dishes, jugs and so on. Things, in fact, made from earthenware, pottery or porcelain—for all these have a common beginning in clay.

Think back over the last twenty-four hours. You have presumably, eaten several meals—your plates and dishes were pottery or porcelain, the jars and casseroles in which your food was stored and cooked, earthenware. You have drunk a quantity of tea or coffee—the cups, saucers, milk-jugs, tea-pots, coffee-pots are all ceramic objects. So are many other objects in daily use about the house.

In the bathroom the bath itself, the tiles surrounding it, and the pipes which bring water from the reservoir are all of baked clay. In the lavatory, the lavatory bowl and the wash-basin; in the kitchen, the sink; these are fashioned of the same material. In the bedroom, few dressing-tables are without some piece of pottery, a powder-bowl perhaps, if not the complete equipage. In the day-rooms flower-vases, tobacco jars, ash-trays, chimney-piece ornaments, those small pots or jars into which are cast ticket stubs, odd matches, stray buttons, safety pins, the detritus of everyday living—the list is endless. If your room is powered or lighted by electricity, you are certain to have as many pieces of porcelain as you have switches; for every switch contains a porcelain insulator. Your room is heated by gas? The fittings are made of specially fired, heat-resistant clay. You burn coal and wood—the firebricks lining the grate are a sort of primitive pottery.

Votive images and telephone wire carriers; roof-tiles and dolls; flower pots and inn signs; house bricks, lucky charms and fish bowls; tortilla grills and distaff cups; vest-pocket seals, spindle

weights and artificial flowers; needle-cases, egg-boilers, cages for fighting crickets, pagodas, tear-bottles and Buddhas, all have been fashioned of potter's clay. So familiar have we become with things made of clay, that not satisfied to treat them with contempt, we do not even notice their existence. And this is folly—for the working of clay is Man's oldest and most enduring industry. Methods vary, and improve. New techniques replace old; but the basic materials remain unchanged. The history of pottery and porcelain, the people who made and make them, and the people who used and use them, is, virtually, the history of Man. Read then, here, your story and mine—summarised in the quatrain inscribed by an unknown English country potter upon one of his common domestic products, to whit, a chamber pot—

EARTH I AM
ET TES MOST TRU
DISDAIN ME NOT
FOR SO ARE YOU.

CHAPTER I

Mud Pies, King Mena, and the Mother-of-us-All

Most children at one time or another make mud pies. All children who make mud pies at one time or another tire of them, and leave them out in the sun. When they remember, and return to them a day or two later, they find them baked as hard as a brick. The ingenious child uses this discovery to its own advantage, making bricks, pots, bowls, dishes for its own amusement. The ingenious adult of prehistoric times did exactly the same, taking clay from the river-bank, picking out the larger pebbles, patting or stamping it into slabs, shaping it with the fingers into bowls and jars, leaving it in the sun to cook solid.

This might have been both the beginning and the end of this ware; but Man is a worrisome animal—and he quickly discovered the disadvantages of these primitive vessels. For one thing the sun had to be very hot to make them solid. For a second, they needed only the lightest tap to smash them. For a third, as soon as they were filled with water they began to crack, and if this tendency was countered by making the sides of the pot thicker, the pot still remained porous. Lastly, they looked horrible—dirty, mud-coloured, saggy pots. You might think this last to be of little consequence to primitive man; oddly enough, his sense of pleasant appearance must have developed very early; for the fragments of pot (*sherds*) recently dug up on the site of the oldest known human settlement, dating from around 5000 years before Christ, are found to be decorated with black paint on the clay surface in imitation of wicker-work.

This settlement, which is without a name, and located in the centre of the Persian plateau, gives us our starting point. Prior to this place, and the time of its existence, we can refer only to Man, an animal more crafty than others, but still, an animal at heart and in behaviour. Here, with the first recorded Persians, we can begin to distinguish between one human and the next.

By 4000 B.C., some potters had discovered how to cover the ugly clay with a red paint, and on this red ground paint in black those other creatures with which they were familiar, the bird, the boar, the mountain goat. Others had invented the *tournette*, a flat tray fastened to the top of a rounded handle. The clay to be worked was placed on the tray, the handle grasped in the left hand and slowly rotated, the right hand did the shaping—the pot revolved in front of the potter instead of the previous arrangement by which the potter had to revolve around the pot in the making. Still others had found that by roasting the pot with a wood fire, they could make it much stronger than by merely drying it in the sun—and, too, that some sorts of clay when fired changed colour—to a pleasant buff, a rich leaf-brown, a bright red. At least, that was so long as the wood was reasonably dry and not smoky. Too much smoke, and the pot emerged as hard, but an ashy gray, or a black-mottled colour.

Somewhere in the next thousand years—it is thus we have to consider Time in prehistory—the kiln with grate, the potter's wheel, and the art of glazing were all discovered.

Each of these discoveries was of the greatest importance in the development of pottery manufacture. Until the perfection of the kiln with its separate heat-source, ware had been baked by the simple method of putting it open end downwards in the fire, and removing it when it seemed sufficiently hardened. Now, with an oven in which to cook one's pots, the heat could be controlled in such a manner that a wide range of colours could be achieved —for example, gray, red, rose, rust, and even, given certain sorts of clay at certain temperatures, a delicate grey-green.

The advantage of the potter's wheel is obvious; it left the potter *both* hands free to shape his wares; and as the piece turned smoothly beneath his hands, the slightest pressure of a single finger tip could alter the entire outline of the piece. With the wheel, any and every shape became possible to the factor. In truth, the potters of each city of ancient Persia adopted a shape characteristic of their city and theirs alone—the men of Siyalk (the modern Kashan, centre of the carpet industry) favoured a wide, shallow bowl mounted on a stem, with a circular foot; the

workers of Susa the tall, high, slender, thin-walled beaker; the potters of Persepolis the drinking cup like a cone with the point cut off. These fragile cups are still to be found intact. The city of Persepolis is no more: for twenty-five centuries after these cups were fashioned, the city was torn stone from stone and burned by Alexander, called the Great, to gratify the drunken whim of Thaïs, one of his favourite camp followers.

Thays wrote a Tudor chronicler *in her dronkenes affirmed to Alexander that he should wonderfully winne the favor of the Greakes, if he would commaunde the palaice of Persepoles to be set on fire, forsomuch as the same was the chief Seate of the kings of Percee, which in tymes past has distroyed so many great Cities. Alexander then, that had in him more enclination of heate then of pacience, said: "Whi do we not then revenge Greace, and set this Citie on fire?" They were all chaffed with drinking & rose immediatly upon those wordes to burne that Citie in their dronkennes which the men of warre had spared in their fury. Thus was the citie consumed and had his eand, and never rose againe in all the age that did ensue.*

The destruction of Persepolis was in about the year 300 B.C., and, so far as pottery is concerned, we are still 3000 years before Christ, and about to consider the refinement of glaze. I do not intend to be technical anywhere in this history—so I shall say no more about glaze than that it is a sort of glass which covers the surface of the clay, to make it watertight if it is porous, to give it a smooth surface, if it is rough, to make it shine, and very often, to colour it. The readers interested in chemical composition, firing temperatures and varieties of glaze can do no better than consult Chapter 10 of Dr. Ernst Rosenthal's *Pottery and Ceramics* (Pelican Book A201) where such matters are discussed in a most able manner.

The Persians did not confine themselves to household wares. They made toys, little figures of animals and birds, ritual jars, and, most exciting of all, the pottery figurines of a Goddess, or rather, the Goddess, the oldest of recorded deities, the Mother-of-us-All. No community was without her in its earliest history, though her name changes from country to country, and even

from city to city. In Persia, she began as a plump and beautiful girl, usually fashioned in clay, and painted in natural colours; there she was known under the Elamite name of Kiririsha. Later, when the number of deities multiplied, she is Nanaia, Goddess of Corn; still later, Anahid, or Venus, Goddess of Love and Fertility. In Sumeria she became one of the three equal persons of the Trinity, the other two being male, under the name Anna-Nin. In Greece Anaitis, Goddess of Plenty and patroness of prostitutes: in Ireland, Ana, Goddess of Plenty only.

Now the most curious circumstance about the ubiquitous Mother-of-us-All is this. Three thousand years after Kiririsha's appearance on the Persian plateau, another plateau-people, the Aztecs of Mexico, made clay figurines of their gods and goddesses. For fertility and corn they had two Goddesses, or as I think more likely, they emphasised two aspects of the same Woman—Cihuacoatl, Snake Woman, Goddess of Earth and Childbirth and Chicomecoatl, Seven Snakes, the Corn Goddess. The difference of name and function is of little consequence; for both were fashioned in clay as a plump and beautiful girl, exactly resembling Kiririsha, to the same statuesque proud pose, the identical, elegant turn of the wrist.

Whether the cult of the Mother Goddess spread through the Mediterranean and across the Atlantic Ocean by some means as yet unknown to us, or whether the idea and ideal of beauty and fecundity was identical in primitive Persian and not-so-primitive Aztec, must remain, for the present, unanswered. It is, however, certain, that the potter's skills spread from Persia, north to what is now Anatolia, where have quite recently been discovered urns with the horns of clay emblematic of the particular cult which they were intended to serve, attached to their sides; and south into the valley of the Indus, where the people of Mohenjo-Daro (now in Pakistan), and the people of Rangpur (now in India), in the fifteenth century before Christ were decorating their ware with birds drawn exactly in the manner illustrated by Gaudier-Brzeska to his sister Renee in a letter written to her for Christmas, 1911.

It is equally certain that the potter's craft developed inde-

pendently but simultaneously in widely separated communities between the years 2000 and 200 B.C., in for example, Egypt, China, Peru, and Greece.

The potter's wheel, and the art of glazing probably were discovered in several places at about the same time, and quite independently. Certainly this is proved in the matter of glazing, for the oldest datable piece of glazed pottery is not Persian, but Egyptian. It is a tile with the words KING MENA inlaid in violet; the glaze is, moreover, an alkaline one, peculiar to Egypt, and having no possible connection with foreign sources. By the time of the Eighteenth Dynasty (1540-1350 B.C.), Egyptian potters had at their command a score of these most brilliant glazes in exquisite colours—purple, orange, violet, apple-green, and, to my mind, most perfect of all, a blue-green quite impossible to reproduce, and which can be described only as the colour of the Mediterranean itself, under the most intense sunlight. Of the pieces made in this vivid hue, the statuette of the Goddess Isis, nursing her son, the Infant Horus, must be considered the masterpiece.

As in Persia, domestic ware was by no means the potter's sole concern. Beads were made of this bright earthenware, necklaces, lucky scarabs; and hieroglyphs in various colours written on to white limestone bricks, in exactly the fashion one writes names and greetings in coloured icing on the white sugar surface of a birthday cake. Later, by our reckoning about a thousand years, pottery miniatures were made for burial with all important persons. Everything that a lord might need in the Land of the Dead was provided for him by the potter. Flasks, bowls, his most important Gods, and slaves, many slaves, carrying hoes and baskets, cups and jars. These figurines, *ushabtiu* they are called, since they were to be buried with the dead, were fashioned in the postures of the dead, that is to say they look like miniature mummies. They were particularly common in graves of the 5th century B.C.

The Japanese were motivated by a similar principle in making their *haniwa* some six centuries later; but of the great differences between them and the Egyptian figures, we shall treat

when we reach the first and second centuries of the Christian era.

I reckon, thundered the great Bishop Burnet, *a lie in history to be as much a greater sin than a lie in common discourse, as the one is likely to be more lasting and more generally known than the other.* One of the most durable of historical lies has been that of the Chinese annalists, that pottery was a Chinese invention of the year B.C. 2698. Admittedly, old pots have been dug up in China; but since the experts are unable to date them with more accuracy than 'give or take five hundred years' and since the earliest *dated* or datable Chinese earthenware is somewhere in the region of 600 B.C., we will confine ourselves to what is known rather than allow ourselves a series of profitless conjectures based on Mandarin falsehoods. China will, in any event, come into its own with the later beauties of porcelain.

The earliest pottery of China was the usual domestic wares—mixing bowls, storage jars, dishes and so on. Some of this was glazed in a very beautiful green, which was then painted in black with leaping deer. There have also been found in China certain large, fat jars of red earthenware, too big for household use, and believed to have been made for funerary purposes. Like the Egyptians, the early Chinese made many miniature objects for the use of the dead—the most moving of these being an earthenware kitchen stove, the ladles and sauce pans painted on the sides to simulate the real thing as it must have stood in the kitchen of the faithful wife, for the comfort of whose unhappy ghost it was intended.

Independently, as we have said, the craft of the potter was practised in many widely-scattered communities. Typical of South America at this period, I have chosen Peru, because its early history has recently been particularly well-documented. It may be assumed that what I have to say about this one South American community equally well applies to the others, allowing only for variants in decoration, and local specialities, of which the most interesting Peruvian example is the whistling jar. These water-jars, of brownish-red earthenware, incorporated, as part of the decoration, the figure of a manikin holding a whistle. They

are so constructed that the whistle is connected to the interior of the jar in such a way that as the water is poured out, the air which is to take its place has to pass through the whistle, thus making it sound. Moreover, as the quantity of water varies, the note will vary also. Several of these jars used together are said to provide a most pleasing accompaniment to any feast. They were the product of one town only; Salinar, in the Chicama Valley.

In the Central Coast Valley of Chancay, the speciality was flat-backed jars, between six inches and two feet high, the front of which was shaped like a girl's breast. These enormous bosoms, made of red earthenware, were prettily decorated, as it were, tattooed, in white, with dots; broad bands, which gave them the appearance of archery targets; or patterns of dots.

I had long thought that the earthenware cottage, to be seen on so many an English cottage mantle-shelf, was a peculiarly English decoration. But in the Viru Valley, dating from 1200 B.C. was recently dug up a jar in the form of a house *a gabled building with thin walls, thicker foundations, and a thatched roof.* So much for novelty in the history of pots!

This decorative jar would be the end of a long line of plain egg-shaped jars, fashioned by hand, (that is, not on a tournette or wheel), and one-coloured in shades of brick-red ranging to black. Always the history is the same. Simple one-coloured pots. Attempts at decoration on the simple shapes in some contrasting colour. Then a complexity of decoration in more than one colour. Finally, a complication of shape—in the case of Peru, heavily built jars with a spout and neck divided part-way down into two channels, so that it has the appearance of a massive earthenware stirrup

So far as one may judge, the Peruvian and other South American cultures were entirely native and local, owing nothing to foreign influence up to the time of the Spanish Conquest. The development of pottery in Greece, was, on the contrary, much influenced by trade, by peaceful exchange, and even by the wars fought between the City States and their neighbours, by all of which means the Greeks became familiar with civilizations very

different from their own; although, in fairness to the Greek craftsmen, it should be said that the ware for which they are justly most famed, the Attic Black-Figure ware, is a wholly Greek invention.

The history of Greek pottery is usually divided into four periods; but with the proviso that all the dates are approximate, as the only exact date is the year 480 B.C., when a Persian army under Xerxes captured Athens, and ravaged and burned the Acropolis; in the following year, a further Persian army under Mardonius was completely routed by a combined army of Spartan, Lacedaemonian, and Athenian Greeks. The Athenians, now secure from invasion, began to rebuild their city, and into the foundations of the new buildings they cast all the debris of the old city, including many thousands of pottery sherds. Anything therefore dug from the foundations of the new Athens must have been potted in or before 480 B.C.

The word *vase* which is so often used to describe Greek pots—the large mixing bowls (*kraters*), wine or grain jars (*amphorai*), wine-jugs (*oinochoai*), three-handled water-pitchers (*hydriae*), and wine-coolers (*psykters*), is entirely the wrong one, with its suggestion, to our ears, of useless over-ornate ornaments. For the essence of all Greek pottery, in all four periods, was its usefulness. Virtually everything made by the Greek potter was what is termed by the trade *useful* ware. Beside those utensils already named, they made also two shapes of drinking cup—the shallow *kylix* and the deep *kotyle; the pyxis,* a powder or cosmetic box; the *kyathos,* a sort of ladle; the *alabastion*—a perfume bottle; and the *lekythos* and the *aryballos,* small oil jars carried on a wrist strap—the oil contained in these was used for cleansing purposes—was, in fact, the Attic equivalent of carrying one's own liquid soap. In the entire list, not a single ornamental item: in effect, the Greeks had no conception of interior decoration in our terms: a pot was made to be used, or, literally, not made at all.

The years between c. 1000 B.C., when the Greek civilization as such becomes distinct from the Cretan-Minoan cultures, and c. 150 B.C.—when under the name of Achaia, Greece became one

province of the enormous Roman Empire—divides into longish, medium, short, long, when compared with one another. The first of these divisions, from the years B.C. 1000 to 750, is the period of "local" pottery—each village making its own simple wares of brown or black with geometric decorations painted on. These are pleasant, but not over-exciting: the aesthetic delights of the circle, the square, and the triangle are decidedly limited.

From B.C. 750 to 600, was a period of Oriental influence in decoration: in this respect it compares very closely to Europe in the Nineteen Tens and early Twenties: on this later occasion, it was through the agency of Diaghilev's Russian Ballet that an Oriental aesthetic captured almost all the finest creative minds of the West. In Greece, it was by way of trade with India and China, Persia, Egypt and Phoenicia, that the Oriental impulse made itself felt. Each Greek pottery attached to itself that aspect of Eastern practice which it most favoured—Rhodes for example, produced ware so nearly Oriental that, by the uninstructed it could be mistaken for Eastern: the Cypriot Greeks chose to imitate Assyrian decorations: the people of Melos built up large amphorae, which they decorated in several colours; with scenes from the lives of the Ancient Heroes—on which, by convention, men were always painted in brown, women in yellow. Some of these pots were enormous, as tall as a man: and were usually decorated in bands—perhaps of geometric patterns, perhaps (under Eastern influence) of lotus flowers—alternating with people. Dr. Seltman in his *Women in Antiquity,* describes such a one found in an Athenian tomb . . . *showing the dead man on his hearse, his wealthier male friends following in chariots and other men on foot. Generally there is also shown a row or more of women, and these—like the widow of the deceased—are depicted as naked.* Except in the last particular, how reminiscent is this woeful Greek procession of English tomb sculpture—the Lord of the Manor and his lady lying side by side, his feet cradled by his favourite hound, and round the sides—their kneeling sons upon the left hand, their daughters on the right.

The all-over effect of this Eastern trend in Greek potting was to release the Greeks from their confinement to one-colour

(monochrome) wares. There is in the British Museum's collection, an oil-jar made of orange-coloured clay, shaped like a duck —and painted like a duck, in white, purple, and a blackish-brown. It also made the way clear for the greatest of Greek ceramic achievements—what is called in the text-books *Attic Black-figure* ware—which reached its perfection in the century between B.C. 600 and 500.

About the ware itself there is no mystery—it is of bright orange clay when fired, decorated in "boot-polish" black, with female flesh conventionally white, and details in a buff-yellow wash. The mystery was in how the Greeks, who knew nothing about the use of glaze (in itself surprising, in view of the trade between Greece and Egypt and Persia, both of which, as you will remember had long been glazing their earthenware) managed to get the one sort of clay to turn two different colours on firing: for the decorations in black are not painted on afterwards, but are all part of the pot. The explanations of this strange occurrence became more and more fantastic as century succeeded century. Perhaps the Greeks had invented a kind of black glaze of their own, the mystery of which had died with the Attic potters who fled to what is now Italy, to escape the Persian invaders? Perhaps they had covered the black pieces in some way; perhaps they had been treated separately. For 2000 years experiment followed experiment in the attempt to re-discover the Greek secret. All ended in failure until a German scientist, Dr. Theodore Schumann, in 1942, succeeded in firing some fragments which combined both red (which requires an oxidizing fire) and black (which requires a reducing fire)* in one piece, in the manner of the Greeks.

He found that the Greeks had made their Black-figure Ware in this way. The pot was first shaped on the wheel in the ordinary fashion. It was then covered in *slip,* that is, the same clay to which water has been added, until it is of about the same con-

* Most readers will have forgotten their chemistry lessons: an oxidising fire is one in which there is present enough oxygen to make possible complete combustion of the gases and carbon particles in the oven (in this case, the potter's kiln) : a reducing fire is one where the oxygen is insufficient completely to burn the carbon and its compounds present.

sistency as cream. To this slip had been added a colloid* which in the case of this ware Dr. Schumann believes to have been either stale wine or urine. So long as one of the components of the original clay was iron—which, in Greek clay, it always was—the following process was then adopted. The decoration—the people, the animals, and so forth, which are ultimately to appear black—is painted over the original slip, again in the same colloidal slip—but to a greater thickness. Then the pot would be put to bake, first in an oxidizing fire, from which both background and decoration would emerge bright red. Secondly, it would be put into a reducing fire, in which there would be an excess of a carbon compound—probably carbon monoxide—by which the red (chemically, ferric oxide) colour of the pot would be turned to black (ferrous oxide). So here was the Greek potter with a pot which looked as if it were made of cast-iron. Now comes the ingenious part of the process. The pot was again put into the kiln; this time once more in an oxidizing fire. This should result in the entire pot turning bright red once more, BUT—the thick, that is, decorated parts, would resist this last process—so that the pot was taken from the kiln at the moment when the thinner background blushed its brightest, and the decorative figures remained black. All that was then required was to touch up the figures in lighter slip, and the pot was complete.

I am not, I must confess, to be numbered among those Philhellenes who believe the resultant paintings to be masterpieces unsurpassed in the entire progress of Art, from pre-history to the present. Nevertheless—at their best they are extremely interesting—and indeed are the only record of Greek painting which remains to us. Some are certainly extremely accurate. There is in the Metropolitan Museum in New York an oil-jar of about B.C. 560, on which is portrayed, among other women, a slave working at a loom. This instrument's design so intrigued one Museum official that he had it blueprinted, from the blue-prints constructed a model, and on the model-loom successfully wove a piece of cloth.

* A colloid is a liquid formed of miscroscopically small particles of one substance scattered throughout another substance.

The final stages of Greek pottery were a gradual decline, or rather, a gradual disintegration. One of the vase-painters in Andokides' workshop perfected a new ware on the Black-figure principle, but one in which the main figures were in red on a black ground. This new Red-figure ware captured the fancy of foreigners. A brisk trade began in it—between Athens and other nations. Corinth, Athens' chief rival whose clay contained a much lower percentage of iron, and whose potters, therefore, were not able to produce so pure a red, attempted, unsuccessfully, to re-capture the export market by the unfair expedient of painting the figures on in slip coloured with red ochre. Corinth, by stooping to imitation in one respect, opened the way to a number of even less pleasing, but profitable, simulations. It was found that terracotta jars could be made in imitation of metal ones, but much more cheaply—and these, which began as fine vessels in their own right had, by 200 B.C., declined at Canosa, for instance, into enormous fake metal pots decorated most tastelessly with Gorgons' heads and similar monstrosities, and overpainted in unfired red and blue.

Further—the twenty years' warfare between Persia and Greece, culminating in the capture, albeit temporary, and sack of Athens, led to many potters leaving their home-land, and settling in Southern Italy—in Apulia, Campania, Lucania, and Etruria. Here they fought a long and hopeless struggle to preserve their beloved Black- and Red-figure pots in the face of alien tastes and alien methods. That their technique degenerated in such conditions is no surprise: but that it degenerated much less than was formerly supposed has only recently been proved. Emil Hannover, in his *Pottery and Porcelain* (Ernest Benn, London. 1925. 3 vols.)—which is obligatory reading for anyone deeply interested in the subject, although its 1400 closely-printed pages somewhat discourage the present-day reader—writes of the Etruscan jars made by the Greeks in exile, as poorly-shaped and decorated with geometrical scratchings. In the past three years, there has been at the site of the Etruscan city of Spina, a permanent archaeological expedition: scarcely a week passes without a fresh discovery—the best of which, the Red-figure *calyx*

discussed in *The Times* in the last days of December, 1956, for instance, are unsurpassed by any of the indigenous Greek pottery.

In Greece itself, there was one sad flourish of the potter's skill before it was swamped by the Roman domination, both political and artistic. It is still not precisely known where the Tanagra and Myrina figures were made. There are those rabid Classicists who allow no merit at all to these terracotta statuettes; many of which are what the Edwardians would have called "naughtily" posed; and many more of which are sentimentally half-bared dancing girls. From the viewpoint of the Classic disciplines and virtues I am sure they are right: but a dispassionate judgment of the Tanagra, and more especially, the Myrinian, figures must concede the best of these considerable excellence.

They were probably votive figures of some sort, made of ordinary baked unglazed clay (terracotta). They were lightly fired—that is to say, cooked at a comparatively low temperature; the fronts, hollow and moulded: backs, solid and smooth: the limbs made separately. When the separate parts had all been baked to the requisite hardness, they were assembled, as display dummies are assembled today, and the entire figure dipped in lime-water, which covered it with a sort of whitewash over which various features were painted in near-natural colours—pinkish flesh, red-brown hair, blue eyes, and white draperies. Sometimes these draperies would be of other colours—there is evidence on a few of the figures, which, of course, have lost all but the smallest traces of their painting, of a very pleasant pale violet, and a rich, dark pink. These gay colours were used also on ordinary wares in just the same way. The Boetoian children —Boetoia being the territory to the west of Attica—had a game called *kottabos,* Sink the Duck, which was played in a specially shaped shallow dish for floating the toy bird. There is in the British Museum collection one of these bowls, of buff terracotta, decorated in black and purple, with the picture of a little girl, playing *kottabos.*

I have mentioned that parts of the Tanagra figures were moulded: the discovery of pottery-moulding was the death-blow

to Greek painted decoration. To paint a picture, on the curved surface of a bowl or cup demanded great skill and much craftsmanship; given good moulds, the veriest beetle-brain could produce *gods, goddesses, gladiators, hunting-scenes, masks, lions, stags, hares, dolphins, dancing Maenads, and grape-gathering Fauns,* to be stuck to the basic pot like so much ornate pie-crust. On occasion, of course, when the moulded decoration was made by the master potter himself, the result was a work of art; by and large, however, this ware had all the demerits and none of the advantages of a mass-produced article. The Romans, who were, so far as pottery was concerned, a shade more utilitarian than the Greeks, made so much Samian ware, as this red earthenware with moulded decoration is called, that no provincial museum in any country which was at any time under the Roman domination but has several cases of it, pure, or more often, reconstructed—genuine pieces of Samian jigsawed with pieces of contemporary painted plaster. Samian ware has, in effect, come to mean Roman pottery to a great number of people, some at least of whom should know better.

The Roman Empire existed for the best part of 800 years; and at its peak under the Emperor Trajan extended from the Atlantic coast of Portugal in the West to the Persian Gulf in the East; North and South from Hadrian's Wall in England to the upper waters of the Nile in Africa. It would therefore be extremely odd if within such wide bounds of time and territory potters were so lacking in invention that they produced but one indifferent type of earthenware. In effect, Roman ware is full of interest; and if some selective termite should rise up tomorrow and destroy every last fragment of Samian, there would still exist enough other types of Roman pottery, and of such high quality, for the reputation of the potters to remain unchanged, if not, as I would think, enhanced, by the new esteem in which we should then have to hold their other products.

There is an earthenware flagon, the present whereabouts of which I am uncertain, dug up in Crete which could pass for modern Japanese, in elegance, in decoration, and in shape. There are jars lead-glazed in iridescent turquoise, and others of

a most brilliant leaf-green, the leaf-green of the young spring larches. There is a bowl made at the Graufesenque factory near Toulouse marbled rust and yellow. This in itself is a technical innovation—for the marbled effect is achieved not in the ordinary manner, by mixing two tinted clays together as one would mix coloured doughs, but by making the bowl of rust-coloured clay, firing it, dipping it in yellow glaze, and then stroking the wet glaze with a feather so that the rust body shows through like the irregular veins in marble.

Among the treasures in the French Bibliothèque Nationale is a blue miniature portrait bust of the Emperor Tiberius, in whose reign, wrote the historian Tacitus, *one Christus was punished with death by the procurator Pontius Pilatus.* Of this Jewish rebel opinions differed; of the might of the Roman Emperor there could be no two opinions. Now, historians fall out over the mighty Tiberius—*a gloomy man, trained to be suspicious, and full of a perhaps natural antipathy to people whom he suspected of a desire to murder him,* opines Dr. Glover, basing his belief upon the judgment of Tacitus. *An excellent soldier and administrator whose reign did much to consolidate the Imperial system* says Dr. Fisher.* The shiny blue miniature in the Parisian library shows a Tiberius different from both of these; more the hedonistic Roman gentleman who decided, much to the despair of his elder statesmen, that the Mediterranean isle of Capri was to be preferred to the city of Rome as a place to live; that the Empire could be as efficiently governed from the one as from the other; and that as companions on the island, beautiful young women and witty young men were to be exalted above the aged and burbling sycophants which the Imperial Court of his time chiefly comprised. Briefly, the potter's portrait, in accuracy, in realism, and in humanity, surpasses those of the historians.

We have now reached the point where the Ancient World topples over into the barbarian dooms which precede the West with which we are familiar. The East we have not yet con-

* In, respectively, *The Ancient World* (Cambridge U.P., 1935) and *A History of Europe* (Arnold, 1936).

sidered. Between East and West, in time and in space, stands the Parthian Empire; The Parthians were a nation of horsemen, from whom the Roman generals themselves were not superior to learning the use of mounted archers. Everywhere that the Parthians went in Central and Western Asia their progress is exemplified in their terracotta horses and riders. There appears, not only in their pottery decoration but in every aspect of their lives, the great twin symbols—the Sun and the Horse.

The Sun at Noon glorious,

as Thomas Otway has it in DON CARLOS

To the admiring eyes of gazing Mortals
When he bestrides the lazy puffing Clouds
And sails upon the Bosom of the Air . . .

was the emblem of two of the three chief deities whom the Parthians, who possessed no Gods of their own, adopted from the parthenons of those adjacent territories which they conquered: namely, Ahuramazda, the Principle of Light, and Mithras, God of the Sun. The Horse, too, had its place among the Mithraic emblems; but it is unlikely that we have to delve for a religious explanation of the many thousands of equestrian terracottas; it was by the horse that the Parthians prevailed. The third member of the Parthian trinity was female: you will have guessed her names—Nanaia, Athene, Artemis, the Lady of Bactria, the Mother-of-us-All. Her image, influenced a little by Greece, a little by India, in style and in portrayal, as one would expect of so cosmopolitan a religion, was fashioned many thousands of times for her devotees. Typical is a terracotta *emblema* now in the Louvre, which was unearthed in a potter's workshop in the ancient city of Susa. The Goddess is moulded in relief, framed in a laurelled roundel of the same clay, itself mounted in a decorated square of the same material.

Both the Horsemen and the Mother-of-us-All were unglazed: the Parthian workers of clay understood the use of glaze however, for in the same workshops where these votive offerings were discovered, were found also many cups tin-glazed in green and blue. All that needs to be known about tin glazing, as it differs from other kinds, to those of us who are not potters, is

that it is *not* transparent, and that therefore no decoration could be painted on to the dish or pot or cup under the glaze. Not that this was a matter of consequence to the Parthians, for they were no painters in any event; but it greatly affects later development in pottery decoration, after the invention of lead glazes, which *are* transparent, and which could therefore, usefully be applied over a painting or drawing.

The Parthian Empire continued from B.C. 249 to 226 A.D., a period which corresponds almost exactly with that of the Han Dynasty in China, B.C. 206 to 220 A.D. While the Horse symbolises Parthia, for the Westerner at least, the Dragon symbolises China. The Chinese are a people in love with emblems, with symbols, with correspondences between Man and Nature, everything meaning not only itself but many other things besides. The Eight Immortals; the Celestial Principle of *yan* and *ying*, Heaven and Earth, Sun and Moon, Darkness and Light, Male and Female; the lotus; the twin carps of conjugal felicity; the Dogs of Fo; the noble *kylin;* the extraordinary series of combinations of full and broken lines—the eight Trigrams—signifying Earth, Air, Fire, Water, Heaven, Vapours, Mountains and Thunder; no Chinese poet has ever been at a loss for an apposite device.

The Dragon, then, for the ancient Chinese, is but one of a great number of mythical creatures; and an equal partner in the quartet which represent the Four Corners of the Earth and the Seasons, the other three being the Phoenix, the Tiger, and the Tortoise.

The Phoenix, creature of Summer and the South, of which there is only one, lives for a thousand years, and when his old age comes upon him, builds for himself a pyre of spices, on which, like a rainbow-coloured Khan, he burns himself to ashes. As the pinch of dry dust settles, miraculously a new bird, indistinguishable from the old, rises up. He was, being a creature of the Sun, a prime influence upon fecundity, and so, the personal symbol of the Empress.

The warlike Tiger is the creature of the West, the Autumn, and the white of Mourning, emblem of wordly riches. *Animal*

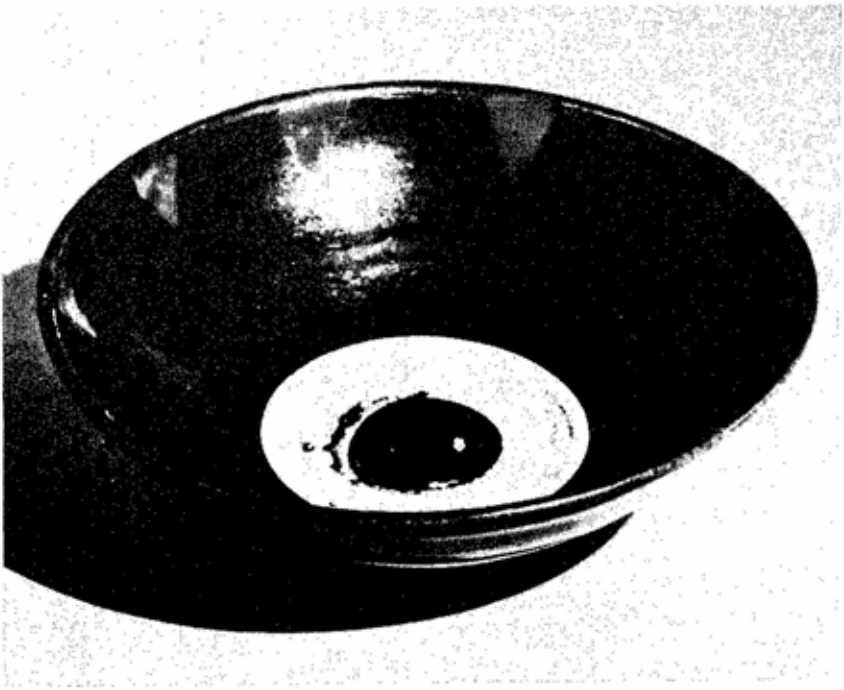
tremendae velocitatis writes Pliny *a beast of tremendous swiftness;* not, unhappily for him, so swift that he could avoid the speedier spears of the Ch'ing Emperor K'ang Hsi, whose chief pastime was *Hunt The Tiger.* His hide was used by the Mandarins of the Highest Orders to cushion the Judgment Seats, and for hibernal pillow-slips and cushion-covers.

The Winter Tortoise, presiding over the Northern Quadrant of Heaven, emblem of the Universe—for is not the tortoise, home and being indivisible, in himself everything to himself?—slow and sure, and a charm for long life.

The Celestial Dragon has very little connection other than the name, with those with which we in the West are familiar; the kind said to have been slain, by my ancestor, whom, incidentally, I have on occasion been incensed to find described as legendary. The dragon may well have been legendary; but Guy, Earl of Warwick was no mythical personage; of that I am one of the living proofs. His exploits are all chronicled by Michael Drayton in the twelfth and thirteenth books of *Polyolbion;* monsters both human and animal would seem to have been a speciality with Sir Guy. Elmago, King of Tyre he destroyed, and the Grand Soldan of the Saracens. The Giant Amerant was swiftly despatched; soon after to be followed by the Danish Champion, the Giant Colebrand. Having made England, at least temporarily, safe for the Angles and the Saxons, he turned to four-legged, winged, and scaly prodigies. He butchered a *monstrous high boar* at Windsor, a cruel Dun Cow on Dunsmore Heath, and finally, in Northumberland, met the Winged Dragon, with lion's paws, and sword-proof scales, *as black as any cole.*

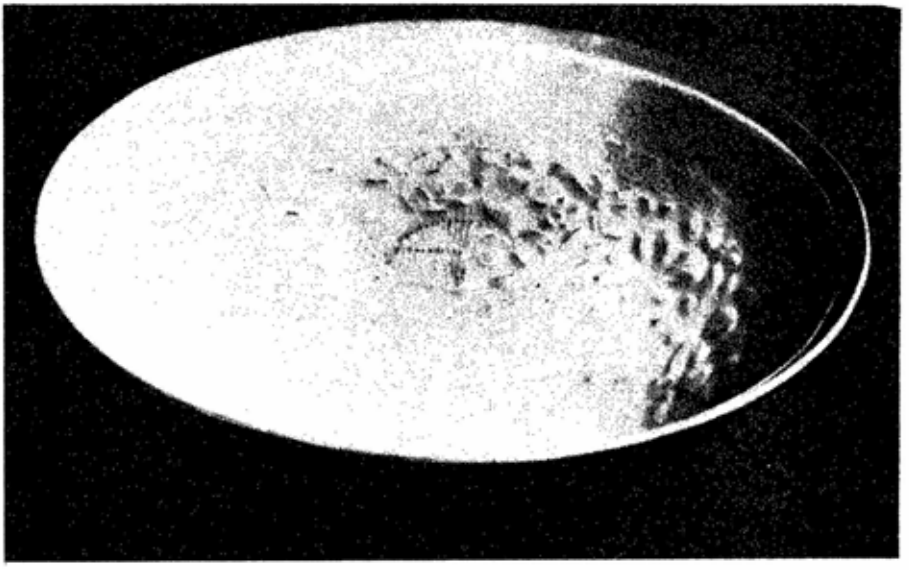
The Chinese Dragon is beneficent, wingless, symbol of Spring, emblem of the colour Blue, device of the Emperor and of the Kingdom of the East. Customarily only the five-clawed Dragon is the Emperor's and his family's. Four-claws are for Princes, three-claws for princelings and mandarins. The appearance of a dragon was considered by the Chinese singularly auspicious—the most famous occasion in Chinese history was at the moment of Confucius' birth, when a host of Immortals momentarily assumed mortality to do the child homage; a celestial music

1. Horse. (Chinese Pottery) Unglazed, originally painted in colours. T'ang A.D. 618—906. (*Sydney L. Moss, Esq.*).



2. Bowl. (Chinese stoneware Ch'ian Yao) Pale Brown splashes on brown-black glaze. Centre unglazed. Sung dynasty. A.D. 960—1280. (*Sydney L. Moss, Esq.*).

3. Teabowl. (Chinese stoneware) Black glaze flecked khaki. Honan. Sung dynasty. (*Sydney L. Moss, Esq.*).



4. Bowl. (Chinese porcelain) Pressed decoration under aquamarine crackle glaze. Sung dynasty. A.D. 960—1280. (*Sydney L. Moss, Esq.*).

5. Bowl. (Chinese porcelain) Outside petal-moulded ; sea green celadon glaze. Sung dynasty. A.D. 960—1280. *(Sydney L. Moss, Esq.)*.

was heard; and *two* particularly well-favoured dragons appeared simultaneously.

I have dwelt at some length on the four beasts, because from the earliest times they make a major contribution to the arts of pottery decoration, and not in China alone. For as porcelain was perfected, and as it was admired and then imitated in the eighteenth century all over Europe, the Phoenix, the Tiger, the Tortoise and the Dragon became a part of our heritage as much as they were part of the East's. The Han potters also, had a further contribution to make to the history of clay-working itself. The simplest form of pottery, as we have explained, is earthenware, which is merely clay baked until it is hard. If the clay is baked at a higher temperature, the clay, instead of remaining porous, melts into a kind of solid mass, quite impervious to liquids. This is stoneware. The Chinese potters of about B.C. 100 made some very excellent stoneware—which they glazed with a rich yellow and a leaf-green, producing when put on to red clay, various autumn browns of a most pleasing nature. Some authorities insist that the thinnest and finest of this stoneware is the first porcelain; but this thesis cannot be sustained with any degree of conviction. The most that can be said of it is that it is proto-porcelain, the step between earthenware and true china. Before we come to that, however, we must return to Europe, to see how the potter's craft is faring in the decline of the Roman Empire, and the subsequent very extensive migrations of peoples all over Europe, and the Western part of Asia.

CHAPTER II

Sir Tristram, Prince Suinin, and the Dream of the Emperor Ming-Ti

The four hundred years between 200 and 600 A.D. are usually accounted by historians among The Dark Ages. Indeed they were exactly that. In 226 the Parthian Empire virtually came to an end with the defeat and death of Artabanus, last King of Parthia, at the hands of Artaxerxes, first of the Sassanian dynasty of Persia. Feeling their newly-found strength, the Persians began whittling away the Eastern portions of their Empire from the Romans, while in the West the Goths descended in an undisciplined but numerous rabble, which conquered by having manpower enough to saturate the Imperial defences. All through the third century the attacks continued; in 328, the Emperor Constantine, whose father, incidentally, died at York, removed the centre of Empire from Rome to Byzantium (Constantinople —Istanbul) but it little availed to stay the decline of the Empire, for though he defeated the Goths, and temporarily held the Persians at bay, in less than fifty years the most part of Europe was being sacked by the Hun; and Rome itself, less than eighty years after Constantine's death, was captured by Alaric the Goth.

In 449 the piratical Saxons, with their uncouth tongue and barnyard manners, accepted the invitation of some sections of the British community to come over and settle here. Two years later Attila the Hun invaded France. Rome was again sacked in 476, this time by a tribe under the leadership of a barbarian with the curious name of Odoacer. Yet again Italy was in general invaded, this time by the Ostrogoths. All over Europe, in effect, men considered themselves fortunate if they were at peace and unharmed long enough to make simple, useful, undecorated wares. Refinements of style or design were out of the question, at a time when one's ware was liable, if ordinary, to sudden destruction, and if extraordinary, and in some way attractive, likely to find its ultimate use as a spittoon for some Hunnish overlordling.

In England, there had been at least three major Roman potteries: at Salopia, close to the modern Shrewsbury, in Shropshire, at Upchurch in Kent, and at Durobrivia, in Northamptonshire. The last Roman garrisons, however, left England at the beginning of the fifth century; and the Anglo-Saxons made little but quite artless ware, mostly funerary urns. The only attractive wares found in England at this period were imported. They were of four different types—very coarse grey ware, baked brown; soft blue-gray, decorated with a black slip; pale pinky-brown pottery, with a combed decoration; and a very excellent large red ware. These have been, and are still being, found in many widely-separated places in Britain. At Tintagel in Cornwall and at Garranes in County Cork, the two places most productive of red wares in recent excavations; at Gwithian, Padstow, Porthmeor and Castle Dore in Cornwall; at Dinas Emrys in Caernarvonshire; Dinas Powis in Glamorgan; Elie in Fifeshire; Dunadd in Argyllshire; Catterick in York; South Cadbury, Somerset; and Bantham, Devon. Almost all of the pots discovered are *amphorae;* judging by their all-over distribution —for similar pieces have been found in Constantinople, Carthage in North Africa, Nanacor in Mallorca, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Tunis, Athens, Toulouse, and Nantes—they were the jars in which wines and oils were carried from the warm fruitful South. The romance of the Tintagel amphorae is in their age. They have been dated with fair accuracy to the sixth and seventh centuries A.D. Now the historical Arthur, King of England, Founder of the Knights of the Round Table, son of Uther Pendragon, was born at the Castle of Tintagel; and King Mark, his rival, *fair speaker, and false thereunder,* held court there. And this was in the sixth century. The wines that came from France and Spain in those jars could well have been the wines drunk by Sir Gaheris, King Arthur's nephew, when he came to Tintagel, *where he was well received, and sat at King Mark's own table, and ate of his own mess.* The oils borne over the seas from Greece and North Africa could have suppled and smoothed the beauty of King Mark's wife, Ysolde, that was *the fairest maid and lady of the world;* whose beauty brought sorrow

to her lover, Sir Tristram of Lyonesse, and to her husband, King Mark, *who slew the noble knight as he sat harping before her . . . with a sharp-ground glaive, which he thrust into him from behind his back.* The triangle is Eternal: and the *crime passionel* is as it always was; only the weapon is different.

In England, then, knights-at-arms rode hither and thither, serenading the doom-ridden beauties of their choice, who seemed always to be some other warrior's fancy; alternating noble deeds with challenges to mortal combat. In Europe, armed tribes made war one upon the other, their cruelty and blood-lust unchecked by any code of chivalry. Clay was for women—the kitchen and the boudoir. For proud man—the joust-feasts and the tourneys—it was an Age of Iron.

In the Near and Middle East the same kind of living prevailed. The only sign of hope, though of course not to be recognised as such at the time of the event, was the birth in 570 in the Arabian City of Mecca, of Mahomet, Prophet of the Faith the spread of which was instrumental in bringing about world-wide changes in methods of clay-working and pottery decoration.

In the Far East alone was there a sign of greater humanity than had formerly been known. Up to about the year 100, in Japan, it was the custom that when an important personage died, his or her servants, retainers, and household were put to death, in order that they might continue their ministrations and companionage in the other world. Prince Suinin, on the death of his wife, forbore the custom; ordaining that in the place of human sacrifice persons of clay should be buried with his consort. This habit swiftly became general throughout Japan. No important burial mound was without hundreds of these *haniwa;* the most important burials containing thousands.

As the *haniwa* were made of clay, in order for them to be durable they had to be fired. The Japanese potters had not sufficient control of their kilns to be able successfully to fire solid figures without a great many breaking up in the process. They therefore fashioned hollow figures, building them up by coiling ropes of the moist clay. This led to considerable simpli-

fication in design. Figures of men and women are basically long, tapering cylinders—usually between 2 and 3½ feet high—surmounted by a head, itself with eyes and mouths formed by cutting holes in the clay surface, like so many Hallowe'en pumpkins. They differ very much in finished appearance however; for the rough, weather-scored pumpkin skin lends a rusticity to the Hallowe'en masks which is very far from the smooth finished appearance of the *haniwa,* obviously the product of a high order of artistic intelligence. Animals, too, are produced in this strange, simple way. The four legs of a horse or a dog are four elongated flower-pots; the body is a straight drain-pipe fastened to the top of the flower-pots; the head another not-so-long flower-pot fixed to the drain-pipe at the appropriate angle. The likeness of animal legs to flower-pots was heightened by the soft-firing of the *haniwa,* which rendered the clay a light reddish-brown colour. The making of *haniwa* came to an end with the ending of burial of the dead, itself terminated in the sixth century by the introduction into Japan of Buddhism, with its attendant cremation of the dead.

Buddhism came to Japan from China: to China from India, as some say; as others, the result of the dream of the Emperor Ming Ti. Into the room in the Emperor's dream came a Golden Man. The sooth-sayers being consulted, told the Emperor that this being whose serenity had so impressed him was an Indian Prince and Holy Man, the Buddha. The Emperor was instantly converted; and before long, all official China was Buddhist: especially when, c. 300, native-born Chinese were allowed to enter the full membership of the Buddhist priesthood.

The impact of Buddhism upon Chinese art was at its greatest in the matter of sculpture—a complex but extremely interesting study upon which, regrettably, there is not the space even to touch here. One of the incidentals, as it were, of the coming of Buddhism to China, was to bring a further eight emblems, the *pa chi hsiang,* to appear singly or in combination as decoration on Chinese pottery and porcelain. There are first the two major Buddhist symbols—the Lotus, and the flame-girt Wheel of the Law. Then, the Conch-Shell for the fortunate journey, the

Buddhist equivalent of a St. Christopher medal, and the Urn—the repository of the ashes of those recently dead in this particular incarnation. Three specifically Chinese emblems follow; the pair of Golden Carps, fertile and conjugal; the many-plied silken Canopy of the Imperial Throne; and the Umbrella of State, presented by a satisfied province at the end of his term of office to the Vice-Imperial Mandarin. Finally, the symbol which unites the other seven and incorporates itself—the Knot of Eight— a skein of eight loops, eight components, knotted in interlocking figures of eight. These all appear many thousands of times in Chinese porcelain, and in Europe on the early imitations wares.

Apart from the incoming of Buddhism in the latter part of the period (and that in itself by no means an unmixed benefit, for it led later to much strife between its adherents, and those of the less mystic, and earlier faiths, Taoism and Confucianism, more suited to the Chinese temperament), the years between 220 and 618 were, in China, as in Europe, a time of much misery and unrest. The Han emperors, who had unified China, were overthrown, and their strong central government replaced in the South by a multiplicity of tiny kingdoms, and petty district governors at war with their neighbours, and among themselves; in the North by the T'opa Tartars, the Huns of the East, who are more commonly known to us under their Chinese name of Wei. Their one merit was their passionate admiration for everything Chinese; so that paradoxically, though they, in the short run, conquered China, ultimately China, by her superior culture, conquered the Tartars.

This division of the land into two parts, North and South, emphasised a difference which had long existed, even before this, between the artistic products of North and South, a difference which was to remain evident in one form or another up to our own times. The Northerners were always of a more Romantic disposition, addicted to the untamed, wilder, more "natural" shapes and decorations; the South urbane, fastidious, careful in its tastes; and the home of the finest stonewares and porcelains.

The only influence the Tartars had upon the development of pottery in China was an indirect one, incidental to their political policy. It was their habit, as it was that of the Mongols many centuries later, to move their subject peoples great distances from their original homes, on the theory that the redistributed populations. having neither language nor interest common to their new neighbours, would be less likely to unite in revolt against their conquerors. In these wholesale and compulsory migrations, many potters of the western parts of their realms, who had learned the secret of lead-glaze from the potters of the Middle and Near East, were transferred to China, where their knowledge was gradually disseminated among Chinese potters in general. Before we examine what use the T'ang potters made of this knowledge, and of the discovery of feldspathic glazes, and the manufacture of pure porcelain, both specifically Chinese inventions, we must look at the Near and Middle East—Persia, Syria, Arabia, Turkey—which, for the coming five or six centuries was to be the home of many ceramic innovations and refinements, and the clearing-house between East and West of many more.

CHAPTER III

The Legions of the Faithful

Ah! but the Faithful, how happy shall the Faithful be! Soft beds shall there in Paradise be made for them, beneath thornless sidrah trees, in the shade of soft trees, heavy with sweet fruit, beside cool, ever-flowing waters. There shall be cushions and carpets laid for them, and goblets ready for sweet wine, spiced with musk, and flavoured with ginger. For the Believers also have We created fair women with great, dark eyes, hidden like pearls within their shells; with swelling breasts; perpetual virgins, never-ageing, and faithful to their lovers to Eternity. So, in a moment of divine afflatus, revealed the Prophet Mahomet. His earlier life was not without its difficulties; and, as is the way of prophets, he was not only unhonoured in Mecca, but driven out of the city. However, this, and similar promises to the Faithful naturally stimulated their ardour to *jehad*—the Holy War—and its attendant compulsory conversion of the Infidel; so much that within a decade of Mahomet's death, Syria, Egypt, and Persia were Moslem, and the way was opened for the Arab conquest of a large part of Europe.

By the mid Seven Hundreds, the Arabs were established in Spain; and only the strength of Charles Martel, King of France, who defeated the Moorish army at Tours, prevented their spread even further to the North. Everywhere the Moslems went, they bore with them the Arab pottery techniques; and spread round the Mediterranean, the Near and Middle East, their own extremely important contribution to the history of pottery, a development which was a direct result of their religious beliefs —the production of lustre ware.

Wine-drinking, and the use of precious metals for his drinking vessels, was forbidden the orthodox Moslem. From this prohibition rose a challenge to the Mohammedan potter, to make pottery vessels so rich in appearance that vanity might be satisfied without affront to religious scruples. This, ultimately, was

achieved by making the piece in the ordinary way, and firing it at a fairly high temperature. The piece was then coated with a very thin layer of metallic oxide, and refired in smoke; so that the coating of powder became a film of metal on the surface of the glaze. The metal commonly used by the Mohammedan potters was, of course, the only one they could readily procure, namely copper—which results in a variety of reddish sheens; gold was occasionally used also, which gives a pink colour. And in more modern times other metals combine to give other lustres —bismuth giving the appearance of mother-of-pearl, and platinum making the ware seem to be made of silver.

The earliest of these lustre wares still to exist have been found at two places in Mesopotamia—Ctesiphon and Samarra; and two cities in Persia—Susa and Rayy. The problem once more arises, as in the case of Greek pottery, of accurate dating; and again, as in the Greek instance, there is only one sure date—that of the destruction of the city of Rayy by the Mongols in 1221. Of necessity, anything found there must have been made before that year. The parallel is almost exact with the Athenian troubles which date Greek pottery. For as in Athens almost all types of known Greek ware had already been perfected, so at Rayy are to be found almost all the types which the Persian Mohammedan potters had evolved.

The products of Persian potteries between 600 and 1221 can roughly be divided into four types—*sgraffiato* or incised ware, that is pottery with a decoration scratched on; ware with a kind of spotted decoration under the glaze; buff earthenware with an over-glaze painted decoration; and a slip-covered ware, painted *under* the glaze.

The difference, in appearance, between incised and *sgraffiato* or "scratched" ware, is that the incised decoration will normally be the same colour as the ware in which it is cut, whereas *sgraffiato* will be of a different colour, which is made by coating, let us say, a red pot with yellow slip, and then scratching away the slip with a sharp stylus so that the decoration is left, revealed beneath, in the colour of the original pot. The earlier Persian *sgraffiato* (600—800 A.D.) is made in red earthenware, coated with

white slip—so that to look at, the pot is creamy-white, decorated with red stylised animals and birds. It is the glaze which gives the cream colour to the pot—the slip being pure white, the glaze being a yellowish one, but lead—and therefore, you will remember, transparent.

In this same category was a later sub-species, the designs more clumsily scratched, and filled in with a green colouring under the yellow glaze—so that the appearance of the ware is creamy yellow, with yellow-green birds and beasts. Also in the same group are yellow or green glazed wares, very deeply scratched with beasts among curling stems; a rough kind of earthenware with scratched decoration, spotted in purple, yellow, and green, found mainly at Samarkand; and, almost exclusively a product of Rayy, a fine, near-porcellanous ware of white clay, the decoration incised in it, the whole coloured by a transparent glaze—so that it takes on the colour of the glaze.

The spotted wares were splashed green or purple in imitation of the pots produced in China under the T'ang dynasty, which were greatly admired by the Persian nobility for a short period: the imitations were good—but there is nothing usefully to be written about them in addition to what we shall have to say of the Chinese prototypes.

The two earthenwares with painted decoration were basically of the same body, that is reddish-buff clay: but after the first firing, their respective treatments differed considerably. The Samarkandian ware was completely covered with slip, sometimes white, sometimes red, on which the decoration was painted in olive-green, brown, and red, or white, the latter obviously depending on the colour of the slip. When the decoration was dry, the pots were then given a transparent glaze. The other ware was first glazed, and then decorated *over* the glaze in blue or green, or a combination of those two.

As from here onwards we shall be continually referring to coloured decorations, either under- or over-glaze, and coloured glazes themselves, it may be as well to say a little about them, how they are made and how they are used. Glazes, as we have said, are almost all exactly like a layer of glass on the surface

of a pot. The only exception to this is the Chinese feldspathic glaze, which is made of the same material as the actual body of the pot, and therefore, in a high temperature, does not melt to become a layer *on* the surface of the ware, but melts into the ware, as in pure porcelain, to become an indivisible part of it. All the glazes of the Mohammedan potters, however, were lead or alkaline glazes, which lie upon the surface. Tin-glaze, much used on Persian tiles, for instance, is essentially a lead-glaze to which has been added tin-ash, which turns it from transparent to opaque. The metals, which under the great heat are to turn into the glaze, are applied to the ware in the form of very small particles, stirred up in water (*frit*). The colouring agents for glazes depend upon varying temperatures. This sounds complex, but in fact is quite simple of explanation if one considers for a moment. True porcelain is fired at a very high temperature, for example. If, therefore, the potter uses some powdered metal for colouring, which will melt before the porcelain is properly baked, instead of a charming decoration, the pot will emerge from the kiln covered with dirty, amorphous splurges festooned around its sides. Consequently, porcelain makers, until modern times, were limited to three metals as colouring agents—iron, copper, and cobalt.

Cobalt gives blue in all its tones, from squid ink to harebell. It is the famous *Mohammedan Blue,* on which depended the entire production of the Far Eastern ware probably best known by sight to Westerners in general, that is Oriental Blue and White. From about the year 800, Persian potters painted their wares with powdered cobalt suspended in water; but not for another four centuries did they attempt underglaze painting; and when around 1200 A.D. the potters of Kashan did so, they found themselves unable to control it as closely as they wished, so that they used it only for filling incisions, or filling in spaces outlined with a mixture of manganese and iron, which fires black, and served also to confine the runny cobalt. The perfection of underglaze blue painting was left to the Chinese, who throughout the fourteen hundreds made what is still known to connoisseurs as Classical Blue and White.

Copper, in a reducing fire gives a peculiar red, named always in the text books *sang-de-boeuf*, though why this colour, so typical of much Oriental ware, should be known by a French name; and why this colour, which little resembles blood of any sort, should be particularised as Ox-blood, are matters beyond rational explanation. In an oxidizing fire, the same copper turns into cuprous oxide, giving an Indian red, a sort of light mahogany or dark tan.

Iron also varies, according to whether it is exposed to an oxidizing or a reducing fire. In the case of the former, the resultant ferrous oxide gives an immense variety of greens and greys —the famous Celadon ware which is discussed in the next chapter is glazed in this way: the ferric oxide of the latter yields black, yellow, and all shades in between, depending on what other elements are present at the time of the glazing firing (*glost* firing is the proper term for this). Here is the place to mention an important difference between Eastern and Western practice. European potters first cook the pot, allow it to cool, decorate it under the glaze, if such is their intention, and glaze it, then fire it for a second time, to cook the glaze, in non-technical language. The Chinese fire their wares once only. There are arguments for and against each method; both methods have resulted in magnificent work; that, surely, should be our main concern.

Variation in colour is a result, not only of the type of fire, but also which sort of glaze is used in conjunction with the colouring agent—as examples, manganese with an alkaline glaze results in pinkish and purple colours, with a lead glaze, in brown: copper, with an alkaline glaze, gives blue-green, with a lead-glaze, emerald and spring-leaf green. As all the Persian wares were earthenware, and therefore fired at a low temperature, these colours were all available to the Persian potters. Over-glaze decoration adds yet more colours to the decorator's palette, for many metals which would melt in the glost-firing (carried on at a temperature of 1100° Centigrade) can be painted on over the glaze, and lightly baked in a much more moderate oven. Gold and antimony were the two chief ancient over-glaze pigments—which give respectively a dull yellow and a pink-purple when

fired; though, of course, all those that could be used for decoration under the glaze could also be painted over it. The advantage of the increased range of colour afforded by over-glaze decoration, is offset by its comparative instability. To wear away an underglaze decoration, one has first to wear away the protective coating of glass; whereas even regular washing with warm water, as many of my readers must have discovered, will in time remove overglaze painting.

One final word about colouring agents, and we can return to the Persian potters. Contemporary science has immensely increased colour ranges, by the discovery of new elements stable in great heats, and which afford the most extraordinary shades when fired. Chief among these are chromium, which fires a dark cyclamen; iridium, which gives a much finer black than the ancient mixture of manganese and iron before-mentioned; titanium, which fires pigeon-grey; and uranium, which yields a sodium-lamp orange.

The two great pottery centres of Persia in this entire period were Rayy and Sultanabad. That ware which cannot be ascribed to either of these places is very largely of two kinds, blue and white, and lustred wares, of which the Persians made a great deal, but the best of which dates, surprisingly enough, from the late thirteenth century, when Persia was overlorded by the Mongols, and which will be considered in that context.

The other ceramic invention for which the Persian potters are justly famous is the wall-tile. These were commonly made in two shapes—the eight-pointed star, and the cross—and were fixed to the walls so that the crosses filled in the space between four stars.

They were decorated with stylised leaves, flowers, plants, birds, and animals, both over and under the glaze, and in a great variety of colours. The animal decorations led to some considerable strife among the Faithful; rather as the votive images in English churches became the subject of bitter controversy between Papists and Puritans. Very soon after the Prophet's death, the faith which he founded split into two rival persuasions, the Shi'ites and the Sunnis, both claiming total recti-

tude and infallibility in all matters pertaining to Mahomet, just as Roman Catholics and Puritans claimed total rectitude and infallibility in all matters pertaining to Christ. As is so often the case, argument centred less on essentials of belief than on what, to the impartial observer, is the most meaningless of trifles. The Sunnis found somewhere in the Koran an injunction against the representation of brute creation; consequently the Shi'ite addiction to animal decoration on their tiles was a heresy of cosmic hugeness. Where, therefore, a mosque was built by the Shi'ites, and later appropriated by the triumphant Sunnis, many of the wall tiles are found to have been mutilated by these silly persons, all traces of the offending creatures having been chipped from the wall-tiles, reducing once-beautiful buildings to powder-strewn shells, in just the same way as the Puritans changed many a rich shrine into a white-washed barn.

Fortunately, they were not universally successful in the Moslem world, any more than the Puritans were universally triumphant over the Catholics. Further, there were many tiles which were outside the scope of the Sunni strictures, especially those made in moulds, which frequently were "decorated" with calligraphic inscriptions from the Koran in relief, over-painted in blue or purple; and plain tiles, decorated with geometric patterns, or tiles of varying colours, set in mosaic passerns upon the walls. Most beautiful of these is the shrine and tomb of one of the Mongol rulers—Khudabanda Khan at Sultanieh, which was finished around the year 1316.

Moslem pottery spread in every direction from its Persian centre; first to Syria and Mesopotamia, where the majority of the ware was domestic pots and cups of ordinary earthenware; but where some other superior vessels were potted—especially at two cities, Rakka and Rusapha. Characteristic Rakka ware is of three distinctive decorations; usually arabesques, leaf patterns, and Arabic inscriptions painted in black under a turquoise glaze; blue, green, and black under a cream glaze; or painted on to a background of spirals of brown lustre, speckled with blue. In many parts of Mesopotamia, also, have been found very large wine jars, glazed a brilliant *crème-de-menthe* green.

Arabian medicine in these times was in many respects far in advance of that originating in Greece; many hospitals were endowed in the Moslem countries; these endowments frequently took the form of fine wares, as well as immense quantities of useful wares—the principal among these being the *albarello* or drug-jar. These pots are tall and narrow-waisted, to permit the easy removal of any one from among a row. The shape of the *albarrelli* was adapted from the Moors by Italian and French potters; so that in any engraving of a mediaeval apothecary's workshop, each shelf is seen to be lined with these pots, differing from the Arab ones only in their decoration.

The Moors arrived in Spain in the year 712. Their domination over that country ended only in 1492, with the capture from them of Granada by Ferdinand of Castile. In the intervening 780 years, Spanish pottery was synonymous with Moslem pottery. There were, however, certain modifications of the general trend, due to differences in clay, and differences of taste. Both Spaniards and Spanish Moors had a preference for lustre ware, so that it flourished there exceedingly, and remained, long after the last Moslem had been expelled, a part of Spanish ceramic history, to be carried, by the Spanish colonists, to South America. Most famous of Spanish lustres is the enormous tile over a yard high, inscribed, *VICTORY to our Lord and Master Abu Yusuf Hajjaj who conquers in the name of Allah!* There were two Sultans of the same name in Spain, and there is no means of telling to which this injunction was intended to apply, but it is likely to have been the first Yusuf, who flourished between 1335 and 1355, and is chiefly remembered for having been responsible for the extremely florid decoration of the Alhambra, in Granada.

Wall tiles of normal size is the other pottery product of the Moslems which we have come particularly to identify with Iberia; for the tile became an integral part of architecture in Moorish Spain. As we have already noted about Persian tiles, they were of two different sorts—plain single-coloured ones used for making mosaic patterns upon the wall; and decorated tiles, each with a pattern painted upon it. The Arabs have one word for both—*almafassas;* the Spaniards, more subtle, distinguish

between *aliceres* which may be defined as *tiles for making patterns with,* and *azulejos,* patterned tiles. It is evident which were the more common in Castile, for in the rural parts of that province the equivalent for our colloquialism—*He's a poor devil!* is still *Non ava casa azulejos! He hasn't a tile to his name!*

The same year as Ferdinand in the name of Christ captured Granada from the Infidel, he and his Queen, Isabella, fitted out three small ships for a Genoese adventurer, by name, Columbus. These three ships and their crews, it was confidently predicted, were speedily bound for the saucer-rim of the world, whence they would fall, willy-nilly, to perdition. Columbus had other notions, theorizing that by sailing to the West, one might, by circumnavigation finally reach the Spice Lands, distant India, and remote Cathay; and, in the reaching, circumvent the still-powerful Moors, who stood as a barrier between Spain and the Orient. As we all know, instead he reached America, which he claimed in the name of Christ, for Their Catholic Majesties of Aragon and Castile. The way lay open to the diamond mines of Hy-Brasil, and the silver mines of Peru. With the hidalgos and the adventurers, the missionaries and the younger sons seeking a fortune, came potters, from Talavera in especial, to displace with their Old World knowledge the native wares—the bright, natural-coloured vase representing a wrinkled peasant woman; the large pots shaped and painted like llamas, the Peruvian beasts of burden.

CHAPTER IV

The High Ridge and the Eye of Heaven

At the same time as the Moslem potters were giving to the ceramic world the benefits of lustre manufacture, researching into the use and perfection of glazes, experimenting in painted decoration on pottery, the T'ang potters of China were accomplishing the manufacture of pure porcelain. We left China at the point where it had been over-run by the T'opa Tartars, whose overlordship, however, soon faded away before the superior strength and wisdom of T'ai Tsung, founder of the dynasty, whose family were to rule a united China from 627 to 906. A strong central government of this nature left the people free and at peace to cultivate the arts and sciences. Not only was it the potters who thrived in these three hundred years. It was as much an age of poetry and painting, the time of Li Po and Tu Fu, of the landscape painter still esteemed the greatest in all Chinese art, Wang Wei.

To the Westerner, T'ang means little but the figurines, which are esteemed far in excess of their value, either artistic or monetary. The Occidental mania for these objects is of advantage to every pottery-faker in the business, of which, the reader should be warned, there are thousands. The figures are made of stoneware, which, for the untutored eye, can be counterfeited by a variety of earthenwares, cheap to obtain, and easy to work. They are old, and therefore valuable even if imperfect; so the forger need not take too much trouble with them—indeed until the fakers learned wisdom one of the easiest means of distinguishing forgery from genuine ware was that the forgery was in too good a condition. To counteract this, the modern manufacturer of T'ang horses and camels went to the opposite extreme. Some years ago, I called upon an acquaintance who was just then fitting out the flat into which he had moved only the week before. He met me at the door with a bellow of joy, dragged me in, and reverently indicated a shapeless thing highlighted upon

a corner bracket, made up of fragments of clay so rivetted together that the object glittered. I was speechless—but not, as he assumed with admiration. "A T'ang horse!" he shouted, pronouncing T'ang in the manner of the cognoscenti, that is with a half-choked sob between the T and the *ang*. "Got it from my little decorator round the corner. Only charged me sixty-five for it." I never ascertained whether the sixty-five was pounds or guineas. At the most charitable, the little decorator round the corner was an ignorant dupe, who should have known better than to buy what was labelled a T'ang horse so cheaply that he could profit by selling it at sixty-five pounds. And my acquaintance should have had more sense, in any event, than to pay so much for a heap of clay and metal which, at most, was worth but a few shillings.

Virtually, no genuine T'ang figurine comes upon the market except at a specialist gallery, and with full authentication, even in the advertisements. I quote from a recent notice of such a figurine, offered for sale by the Chait Galleries in New York . . .

POTTERY FIGURE

Modelled in the full round from buff-coloured clay, retaining vestiges of its original polychromy.
Of the T'ang dynasty. (A.D. 618—907).
Height: 15¾ inches.
Cf. Eumorfopoulos Catalogue, Vol 1, No. 194, Plate XXVIII.
Cf. Ausstellung Chinesische Kunst, Berlin, 1928, illustrated in the catalogue under No. 346.

In addition to all this comparative information, there is an excellent photograph of the figure itself. The originals were made as tomb figures, and the earlier ones much resembled Tanagras, both in style and in the modelling. They are generally of people, horses, or camels, and are made in grey, pink, or white semi-stoneware, coated with white slip. The later T'ang figurines are glazed; in addition many larger than life-size earthenware models, were made of the Buddhist *Lohan*, or Holy Ones.

Much more interesting than any of these, from every point of view, is the first true porcelain, some of which can be accurately dated, at least, into a few years. In the last chapter, we saw the

city of Samarra as a pottery centre for the Moslems; but it was more than this—for the city was the creation of one of the Caliphs, Mutasim, who built it as a sort of playground in the year 836. In 883 it was abandoned; but between those two dates, either as tribute from one of the Caliph's vassals, or as presents from a distant trader, there was brought from China to the city some bowls of dappled green and yellow ware, and some of a greeny-white translucent ware, which, on modern analysis, has shown itself to be porcelain.

Just as stoneware is a more highly-fired earthenware, so porcelain is a very high fired stoneware, but of a particular kind. To make it, the T'ang potters took a kind of clay, called *kaolin* (from the Chinese word *Kao-ling* meaning *high ridge,* which probably refers to the nature of the place from which it was at first obtained). This *kaolin* is a refractory clay, that is, one not easily melted, in a chemical sense. So, the Chinese potters mixed with it another very similar, but easily fusible, clay, called *petuntse*—the nearest we can get in spoken European to the Chinese *pai-tun-tzu, little cubes,* which was the shape into which the china-stone, chemically almost exactly identical with what we dig out for the same purpose in Cornwall, was cut into for weathering. The mixture was then cooked at a very high temperature; or, as the text-books have it, exposed to the *grand feu.* What happens then is best described in W. B. Honey's words—the *petuntse* melts *to form a kind of glassy cement holding together the particles of relatively unfusible kaolin.*

To the eye, this porcelain looks like milky, translucent glass; is very hard to the touch; is so like glass that when flicked with the finger-nail, it rings as did the little bells which used to be a major item of Christmas tree decoration; and when broken, shows a shell-like fracture. The Chinese themselves do not, of course, call this vitrified stoneware *porcelain,* a word deriving from the Italian *porcellana,* a little shell, by which Marco Polo was the first to describe it. Since, however, he uses the same word to describe ornaments which he saw on his travels through the realms of Kublai Khan, and which were made of carved shell, it is doubtful whether he realised the shell-like nature of the

ware which he described, if unwittingly, with so much accuracy.

If little of this porcelain was exported, other T'ang wares, of which there was a great variety, were; pieces being found in Central Asia, in India, and in Egypt, where they arrived by the sea routes. Also, the admiration for the T'ang dappled wares which expressed itself in the imitation of them by Persian potters, indicates that the Persian nobility for whom they were made, must have been familiar with some original Chinese pieces. To my mind, these beautiful stonewares, with the many-coloured glazes liberally besprinkled over them, are the finest Chinese product of this time; indeed, it is difficult to find their superior in any other period of Oriental ceramic history. The lead-glazes used by the T'ang potters include a dark blue clouded white; leaf-green; amber-yellow, used by itself a great deal on small boxes; a green-black; a straw-colour; a fat, rich brown; and a purple. As it was a period of experiment and innovation potters neglected no combination of colours which they thought might yield pleasing ware. Naturally, the experiments did not always give the expected results; but the best—those with the same colours used on the more famous Ming three-colour ware, that is, a combination of any three from among leaf-green, amber, blue-black, purple, and turquoise—are superb.

Beside all these, there was a group of T'ang wares, mostly small boxes and bowls, of marbled earthenware of an extremely hard, stone-like nature. Marbling was effected by mixing together various-coloured clays, the most frequent mixture being buff, black, and red or brown, the whole covered with a pale transparent cream glaze.

With the end of the T'ang dynasty, foreigners again held power in China, but only for a comparatively few years, until the Sung Emperors took charge. In this time of the Five Foreign Dynasties, 907—960, the skill of the Chinese potter continued to develop along the lines which it had followed in the preceding three centuries, and which it was to pursue for the following three. The craftsmen having invented porcelain, and discovered the many uses of lead-glaze on stoneware, paused before trying out the combination of the two; so that the Five Dynasties is

known ceramically for a single innovation only, but that an extremely interesting one. Unfortunately, it is not possible to say to the reader that if you live in such a city you can go to the such-and-so Gallery, where you can see a dish of this lovely ware; nor can we reproduce a photograph of a piece; for not one has so far come to light. Even in its own time, this *Ch'ai yao* was a rarity. Poet-scholars were enraptured with it. They described it as *thin as paper; polished as a mirror; sparkling as a jewel; sweet as any bell; blue as the vault of Heaven after a summer shower.* It is evident from their descriptions that it was some sort of crackle-ware, that is to say that when fired, the glaze had expanded more than the body, so that it cracked into tiny fragments, but without detaching from the body. At first, crazing of the glaze was an accident; but it was an accident which the Sung potters soon learned to control to their own advantage. It is probable that *Ch'ai yao* is so rare because it was accidental, and therefore, inimitable.

Under the Sung Emperors, life was extremely intellectual and contemplative. Zen Buddhism, a branch of that faith which asserts the inter-relationship between the tiniest blade of grass and the vastest planet, was much favoured officially; and men looked to a remote past, in which, they believed, had been a Golden Age. This looking back to a Classical Age, in ceramics, resulted in imitation of the shapes and textures of ancient bronzes, and a prolonged search after a porcelain as much like carved jade as possible. Both these things were accomplished; and by their accomplishment, the whole evolution of the potter's art greatly advanced.

A glaze new to China was the first to appear, the product, one suspects, of the search for a jade-like ware. This was lavender in many tones, and is usually described as being opalescent. The main factory for it was at Chün Chou in Honan, which produced also fine ware with monochrome glazes of olive, powder blue, and plum-juice red among others, all of which are known generically as *Chün yao,* that is *ware made at Chün.*

The glazes to make a pot look like jade did develop—they are referred to as *oily, fatty, like congealed lard, slightly milky*

clouded jelly, unctuous, rich. Very smooth and rich to look at, they are as pleasing to handle—a quality recognised by the later Chinese, and by one of the Ch'ing Emperors in particular, Ch'ien Lung, in whose collection were pieces on the bases of which was inscribed *Made for the Emperor Ch'ien Lung to fondle.* Most celebrated of all the jade-like wares are the *celadons.*

In the East, once more, these wares are known under many names—*Lung-chüan,* for instance, which is the name of one of the places where they were manufactured; *Yüeh-yao,* a special type of celadon made privately for the use of the Princes of Yüeh; to the Moslems they were *Martabani,* after the Gulf of Mataban, in Burma, whence they were shipped to Persia and the Middle East. There they were cherished, not alone, not even primarily, for their ceramic qualities; but for the supposition that they changed colour in the presence of poison. Unhappily for a multitude of caliphs and viziers, the supposition is erroneous; celadon remains its characteristic greeny-grey, even if the *cuouftah* or *kishkishat** it holds is seasoned with seven sorts of venom; though it was probably this commendable property which prompted Salah-ed-Din, in 1170, to send forty pieces of *celadon* to his friend, Nur-ed-Din, Sultan of Damascus. Salah-ed-Din, is, of course, he whom in our lazy European manner we call Saladin. One of the reasons why we call this particular ware *celadon,* so the theory is advanced, is that the French Crusaders, who came to hear of this gift, first, transferred the name of the giver to the gift, and then Frenchified it. Saladin. Céladon. I concede this is a rather remote explanation; it is, however, more acceptable to me than the other, often advanced in learned works, that the wares are called *celadon* after the shepherd-hero of a seventeenth-century French pastoral comedy, *L'Astrée,* whose name was Celadon, and whose costume was grey-green in colour.

However they received the name, many of these celadons have

* *Cuouftah* is a delicious fried meat dish, of which the chief components, apart from lean beef, are eggs, onions, parsley, and tomatoes. *Kishkishat* is a pastry, made of equal quantities of butter and flour, garnished with thick cream, chopped nuts, and orange syrup. Both, like most Arab dishes, are such a commingling of flavours that a poison or two could readily pass in them undetected.

found their way into modern European and American collections. The Victoria and Albert Museum in London has some pleasing specimens—a bowl, carved inside with a decoration of lotus flowers and buds; the carving, it is to be understood, done directly in the clay before firing and glazing. Another of a like nature, carved on the outside with chrysanthemums. The Metropolitan Museum, in New York, is equally strong in this ware, as also are a good number of the major European collections.

In the raptures induced by celadon, the many other Sung wares tend to be overlooked. For twenty years, at the beginning of the twelfth century, bowls and cups were made for the Emperor in a yellowish porcelain, which was often crackle-glazed duck-egg blue. As in the T'ang period, there were stonewares magnificently painted, sometimes stencilled, in brown or black; painted decorations in white slip on brown earthenware bodies, and paintings of flowers and leaves, in much the same style as the black and brown underglaze, but on the glaze, in green and red. In the Victoria and Albert Collection there is a charming white stoneware head-rest, painted in pale brown with scrolls of leaves, and a large asymmetrical rock flanked on each side by a pair of Siberian reindeer.

Tea was introduced into China from India towards the end of the T'ang period; by the Sung times, it was a noted drink among scholars, as was coffee in eighteenth-century England. The whole of the T'ang and Sung civilizations may be captured in a poem by Wang Tsi, which he sent with some tea to a friend who had introduced him to some fine poetry. *Cher ami, in return for reading Tsu-Chia-Liang's poems to me, here are some of the rarest tea-leaves, grown in the terrace-garden of the monastery close under Heaven's Eye Mountain. Take a blue-crackled jar, and fill it with the spring water from the melting snow on the Eastern side of Souchan, heat it over a maple-twig fire until the water chuckles with delight, put the tea into one of your best cups, and cover it with a square of old silk, until the whole room is perfumed with it, as the peonies perfume your garden in summer. Close your eyes, and sip your tea. You will fancy yourself to be already among the Immortals.*

The likelihood is that the best cup from which Wang Tsi's friend would drink this elixir would be *Chien yao,* most frequently known by its Japanese name *temmoku,* that is, *the Eye of Heaven,* although disputes still rage as to whether the word, which is the equivalent of the Chinese T'ien-mu shan, a place famous for its pottery, refers to that town, or to a place of a similar name where the best tea was grown. Whichever it was, the *temmoku* ware remains the same; a grey or dark brown stoneware, glazed a rich blue-black, streaked with silver and brown, termed by the Chinese themselves, in their poetical fashion *partridge plumage* or *hare's fur* ware. These black cups and bowls were most highly cherished among the Tea-Masters of Japan. Before we may witness the hierarchical Tea Ceremony, however, we have to live both in Near and Far East through another Mongol conquest, heralded in China as early as 1127 by the confinement of the Emperor Hui Tsung to the South of the River Yangtse, and culminating in the triumphant foundation of the Yüan Dynasty in China, in 1279, by Kublai Khan, brother to Hulagu Khan, who, twenty-one years before, had sacked Baghdad, and secured the Mongol rule of Persia and Mesopotamia.

CHAPTER V

Variations on a Theme of Blue

Hulagu and Kublai, conquerors of Western and Eastern Asia, were both grandsons of Genghiz Khan, greatest of Mongols, and true founder, though not the first of his line, of the Mongol Empire, which, at its most expansive, extended from the Mediterranean to the China Seas. When reading of these times, it should be remembered that the Yüan Dynasty of China, the Il-Khan Dynasty of the Near East, and the Pathan Dynasty of India, are in fact, one and the same group.

The immediate effect of an authority common to China, India, Persia, and Syria, was that trade between the extremes of the Mongol Empire increased greatly, and speeded up. From the potter's angle, the demand for export ware, to be made in the Egyptian, Persian, Indian, and Singhalese tastes multiplied tremendously; while the Chinese potters were themselves thus exposed to a variety of ceramic forms unfamiliar to them, and, at the same time, readily enabled to import for their use materials unobtainable in their own land. Chief among these was cobalt blue, which, you may remember, the Persians had already used, but to little effect, as they could not control it. Chinese porcelain seems to be the ideal material for underglaze painting in cobalt blue—a fact which the Chinese would doubtless have discovered for themselves, had not their native cobalt been adulterated, usually with manganese, so that when fired it turned a speckled greyish colour. The cobalt which they imported from Persia was pure, and, on the porcelain body, easy to control.

Mohammedan blue, as the Chinese called the raw cobalt, had a long and perilous journey by camel and mule, along the overland route, through Bokhara and Samarkand, Kirghizia and the Mongolian plains, finally to reach the workshops of the Chinese potters. Bandits might steal it, who finding it useless to eat or to wear, would throw it away. Storms and winds might

despoil it; thieves take it to resell clandestinely to unscrupulous potters; rascally merchants might fill the bags with earth, topping it only with pure cobalt. Small wonder the material became so precious to the Chinese potters, and this intelligence we have on the authority of the *T'ao shuo,* a Chinese treatise on pottery and porcelain making—that when a factory-director decided that a batch of underglaze blue ware should be made, two of the most trusted of the factory's decorators were chosen, the one given the small number of large pieces, the other the greater number of small pieces, which together would fill one kiln, and each of the two allowed as much cobalt as he needed. Before the prototypes were fired, the amount of cobalt used by the two men was calculated almost to the nearest grain. The other decorators were then given the fired articles as examples, an equivalent amount of cobalt to that used by one of the master-decorators, and, with the same amount of Mohammedan blue, were expected to accomplish similar decorations of as deep a blue as the originals.

The pieces, which are painted on a white ground, are the blue and white wares in which the Chinese have a tradition from the early Yüan days to the present. It may fairly be claimed for the Mongols, that so far as ceramics are concerned, without them, Blue and White ware, particularly the classic Blue and White of the following Ming Dynasty would have remained a dream unrealised. Because there are so many very fine copies of Yüan Blue and White ware, it is extremely difficult to date the early products of this sort. There are two absolutely certain vases, dated 1351, in the David Collection, the history of which is fully documented from the day they were taken from the kiln to the present; they are, however, the only two pieces for the entire fourteenth century. Exact dating becomes easier as the import of the ware to the Near East and thence to Europe, increased in volume, in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, especially in two great Near Eastern collections; that which was made by successive Turkish rulers, and is now in the Serai in Istanbul; and that which Shah Abbas the Great of Persia in 1611 presented to the Mosque at the Shrine of the Sheik Safi at

Ardebil, which in recent years has been removed to Tehran.

Blue and White ware was the Yüan potters' chief claim to notice. They produced many others besides, most in imitation of the earlier Sung wares, except for some under-glaze decorated brown pieces. These are much like the under glaze blue in general character, but the use of the brown, comparatively common, pigment, seems to have conferred upon the decorators a freedom of brush stroke that they could not permit themselves, at least in these earlier times, with the rare and expensive blue. I have in mind particularly a cream stoneware vase, in the Boston, U.S.A., Museum of Fine Arts, some seven or eight inches high, painted with the greatest *panache* in two tones of autumn-leaf. This vase, I should say, has sometimes been ascribed to the early Ming period rather than the Yüan. While it is impossible to be categorical in such matters, the appearance of the vase, a trifle barbaric, would seem to argue in favour of a late Yüan, rather than a more refined, less carefree, Ming, origin.

Much that we know of Chinese potters under the Mongols we know because a Venetian patriot and ship's commander was captured by the Genoese in the naval war of 1293 between the two Italian city-states. The Venetian, Marco Polo, thought to while away his imprisonment, as do so many prisoners, by writing a book about those affairs which most interested him. Polo's narrative was *Travels—through kingdoms, provinces, and regions of all parts of the East, with the most marvellous characteristics of the peoples, especially of Armenia, Persia, India and Tartary.* For many years he had been guest, favoured traveller, and ambassador to the great Kublai Khan. He had roved over a large part of Cathay, watching the people at their customary diurnal chores. Of the porcelain centre of Ting-chen, in the West of Fukien Province, he writes: *Cups, bowls and dishes of porcelain are fashioned there. A certain clay is collected, and laid in a great mound, exposed to wind, rain, and sun for thirty or more years, for all of which time it is left undisturbed. At the end of the time it is seasoned, and ready to be worked into the shapes of vessels. Afterwards such colours as they think fit are painted upon them; then they are baked in a furnace. So much*

porcelain is sold in the city, that for a groat you can buy eight cups of the best quality porcelain.

In another place, he describes the roofs of a city glistening with gold in the distance. Earlier commentators have taken this literally, and argued from it the great riches of Kublai's Cathay, where even if the streets were not paved, the roofs were tiled, with gold. It seems much more likely that what Marco Polo was describing were the glazed roof-tiles, often of warriors or benevolent symbols, set on the gables to fend off evil spirits.

The transcontinental traffic which brought cobalt to Cathay was not one-way only. Although the Far East had no corresponding material with which to favour the Western Empire, it could, and did, influence actual decorative themes. Under strict Moslem rule, Near Eastern potters had been limited to geometric patterns for tile and bowl decoration, with a few animals and birds, and, very rarely, a human being frequently painted to look as much like a plant as possible, to get past the ecclesiastical censors. The Mongols, however, who cared little for the nature of religious beliefs so long as a scrupulous respect was shown towards their political rule, permitted the potters every natural form among their decorations. It was only reasonable that the Moslem potters should take as their example the wares imported from China. So, towards the end of the Twelve Hundreds, there appears, especially on Persian wares, the leaves and flowers with which the Yüan potters familiarised their Near Eastern counterparts.

The thirteenth century witnessed the zenith of Persian ceramic production. Designs included people and animals, and a happy combination of these on bowls and tiles of hunters and the hunted, sporting pictures featured on the Minai ware made at Rayy, in combinations of black, white, blue, green, purple, pink and brown over-glaze colours, much resembling the Syrian miniatures painted on ivory of the same period. Although potters continued to work in Persia in the subsequent centuries, nothing new nor finer was produced by them than this Minai ware, though they adapted to their own use certain foreign techniques, particularly in relation to the architectural uses of ceramics.

Where, earlier, large areas of a wall were decorated with *almafassas,* now the entire building inside and out was covered with tiles, chiefly of turquoise and periwinkle blue, but also in black, brown, leaf-green, and honey-yellow. For all this colouring, it is blue that predominates; the three masterpieces of Persian tiled building, that is, the Tomb of Khudabanda Khan at Sultanieh (c. 1316), the Blue Mosque of Tabriz (c. 1450), and the Great Mosque of Isfahan (c. 1585), all being tiled chiefly in blue.

The Isfahan mosque was built by direction of Shah Abbas, he who made the presentation of his immense collection of Chinese Blue and White to the Safi Shrine at Ardebil. It was in his reign that another subsidiary to the tile industry came to perfection. This was wall-pictures, made by making a panel of many plain tiles, and then painting a picture upon it. One of the most beautiful of these is to be seen in the Victoria and Albert Collection, portraying a garden of cypresses, in the shade of which sits a Princess, attended by ten serving-women, proffering cups of sherbet and trays of sweetmeats.

Our chronology has been somewhat stretched by these references to Shah Abbas, who ruled Persia from 1587 to 1628. It must remain that way a little longer, while we examine briefly the products of the Turkish factories. The Turks are adepts in the arts of metal-working; pottery is truly not their métier. Yet, under the tutorship of the Persians, whose almost every ware they imitated, they made some quite fine pieces. In the fourteen hundreds, factories were opened at Isnik and Kutahia. The chief distinction between Turkish and Persian wares is that much of the Persian blue decoration is replaced in Turkish wares by red. Blue or red, the decorations on Turkish pottery are of three main kinds: leaves with stems and scrolls; arabesques, abstract in nature, made under the influence of strictly orthodox Mohammedanism; and flowers—used in two different ways—first on a backing of green or blue scales, or more often, drawn from life, pinks, tulips, roses, hyacinths, on a plain ground. The tulip was known in Jacobean England, as the *Turk's Cap;* and the hyacinth, of which, an English gardener of that age wrote *there are about halfe an hundred sorts, some like little bells or starres,*

others like unto little bottles or pearles, both white and blew, sky-coloured and blush, and some starlike of many pretty formes, and all to give delight to them that will be curious to observe them, is a native of Turkish gardens.

Tiles were as much used in Turkey as in other parts of the Near East; particularly renowned for their decorations are the Mosque at Scutari, the Mosque of Sinan, at Adrianople, and the Turbe of the Muradiya at Brusa. In the sixteen hundreds dishes large and fine, were made with the characteristic Turkish red replaced by a very bright purple. Formerly, these dishes were attributed to a Damascus factory, but evidence points to their having been made at Isnik, rather than in Syria.* There was also, at this time, a vogue in Anatolia for earthenwares decorated in panels of white stencilled in the blue, and ordinary Blue and White ware.

We have taken these Near Eastern potteries to the end of their significant development; in Europe, new forms and new tastes preponderated; in the Far East, the Ming potters manifested those skills by the exercise of which they were to dominate ceramic history for the three centuries of that prosperous Empire; Turkish and Persian pottery stagnated, and was eclipsed by the twin ascendancies of East and West. The Far Eastern states less directly under Mongol rule, however, succeeded in perfecting earthenwares, stonewares, and even some rather rough types of porcelain, peculiar to themselves.

Siamese pottery owed its origin to Chinese craftsmen, five hundred of whom were commanded to Sawankalok, his capital city, by the mid-fourteenth century King, Phra Roang. He brought them to Siam primarily to fashion celadons, theorising that it was cheaper to import potters than to import wares from China. It was unfortunate that the Siamese materials were much inferior to those to which the Chinese potters were accustomed, so that their watery, bile-green glazes, applied over a grey stoneware, were not the unqualified success for which His Siamese Majesty had hoped. This influx of Yüan talent however brought

* Since this chapter was written, Mr. Arthur Lane has supported this theory with much incontrovertible evidence, in *Later Islamic Pottery* (Faber).

with it other compensations. The Chinese instructed the Sawankalok potters in the use of underglaze pigments; and they went on, in despite of a total lack of cobalt, to make some excellent Black and White wares. They also fashioned boxes, the lids of which were often carved with flowers like Sung bowls, but glazed a deep brown, this lid decoration frequently being combined with underglaze painting on the boxes themselves.

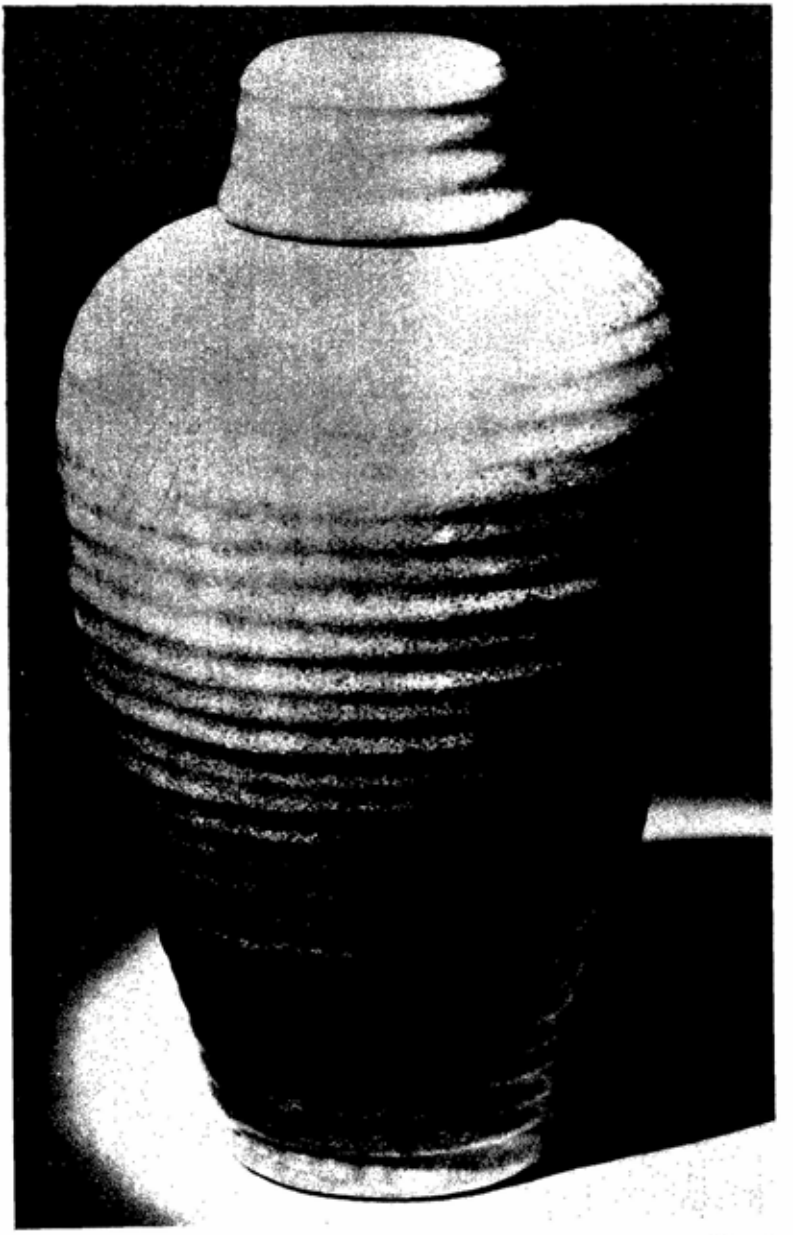
Celadons were attempted also in Indo-China, with as little success as in Siam, except that in the seventeenth century the Indo-Chinese potters prinked out the watery glaze with a painted decoration in bright blue. Korea too, under the Dynasty from which its name is derived, the Korai (924—1392), made its own celadons, in body and glaze more like the Chinese, but in shape entirely different. The glazes too, though rich, have a tendency towards blue-grey rather than grey-green. And very frequently, Korean celadons are decorated in a way in which no others are—namely, the decoration is incised in the body before glazing, and these incisions filled with white and black clay. The whole piece was then celadon-glazed. These inlaid wares are usually known by the Japanese name of *Mishima,* which has now come to apply to all Korean black and white pottery, but originally designated one sort only, a columned alternating black and white inlay, in which the Japanese saw a likeness to the black and white columns of characters of which the almanacks published at Mishima were composed.

There is a brand of *Mishima,* always inlaid *only* in white, which is specially prized in Japan, as much for its glaze, an exquisite pearl-grey, as for its decoration. Similarly prized was another ware potted in Korea during the early years of the Yi Dynasty—the ruling house in Korea from 1392 up till 1910—roughly shaped gritty grey-yellow bowls with a crackle-glaze, introduced into his homeland by Emperor Hideyoshi. The Koreans, finally, in the sixteen hundreds, did attempt a porcelain of their own; but this is not of much other than historical interest, being comparatively coarse, and dirty-white glaze being often grossly bubble-crackled, a peculiarity said by some to add charm to the ware, but which I, frankly, find repellent.

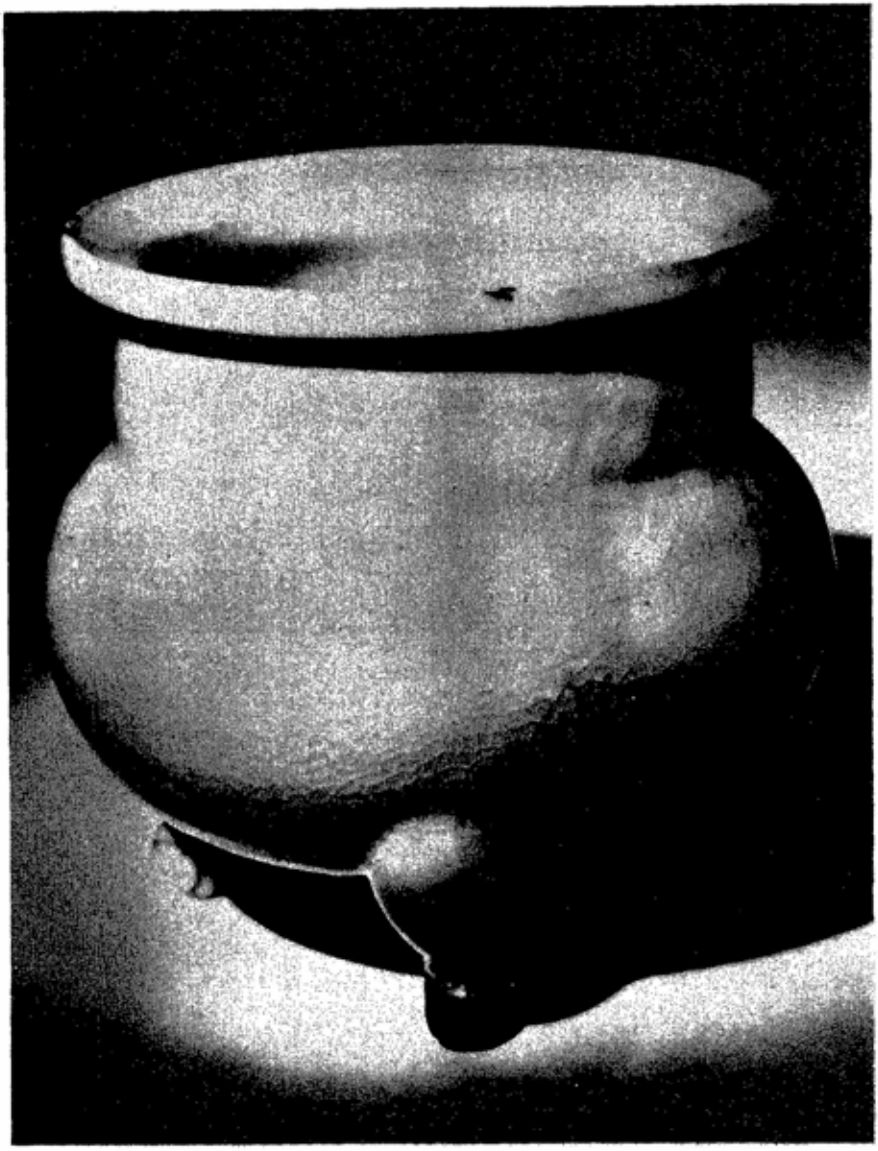
Korea, both from its physical position, attached to the Mongolian mainland, jutting out towards the many islands which make up the Kingdom of Japan, and culturally, was the connecting link between China and Japan. From China via Korea came the equipage for the Tea Ceremony (*chanoyu*) which was the most marked single influence on the entire history of Japanese ceramics. It was because the Tea-Masters considered porcelain too artificial a material for their purposes that Japanese porcelain was so late in developing—the earliest being the Hizen ware made by Gorodayū Go Shonzui in 1500—while their demand for imported stonewares became so great that in 1223 a potter, who afterwards assumed the work-name Tōshirō, together with Dōyen, a Zen Buddhist priest, went to China to learn stoneware manufacture as there practised. On his return to Japan, with a supply of Chinese clays, Tōshirō began to make the first Japanese art-ware, as distinct from the domestic wares which had, of course, been potted there for many centuries before this time.

In the West, it is too often assumed that the Japanese Tea Ceremony is a mid-afternoon get-together, a trifle prolonged and more formal perhaps, but essentially akin to the English habit of pausing from work, gossiping with one's friends, and refreshing oneself. Nothing could be less true. The mediaeval Japanese, like the modern Englishman, if he wanted a few friends in to tea, would invite them, and serve tea as we would, in cups, though the Japanese ones would be without handles. The *chanoyu*, on the contrary, is a ritual not lightly to be entered upon. It was a formal savouring of tea as a symbol of Heaven's bounty, a sort of Zen Buddhist and Taoist Harvest-Home celebration, with an overtone of a Mass of Thanksgiving.

The ceremony took place in a room big enough at most for only five persons; and constructed in a way different not only from any building we in the West know, but also different from the commonplace domestic architecture of Japan. The tiny room was the nucleus of a unit, consisting of an anteroom, where the tea equipage was kept until needed, a distant porch (*machiai*) in which the guests waited their summons to the *sukiya* or tea-



6. Urn and cover. (Chinese stoneware) Horizontal ribbed decoration under ivory glaze. Sung dynasty. A.D. 960—1280. *(Sydney L. Moss, Esq.).*



7. Tripod Koro. (Chinese porcelain) Blue-green crackle-glaze. Sung dynasty. A.D. 960—1280. (*Sydney L. Moss, Esq.*).

8. French faience. Figuline rustique. Bernard Palissy. c. 1560. (*Trustees. V. & A. Museum*).

9. Dish. (Chinese porcelain) Decorated in five colours (wu t'sai) with the Eight Immortals. Ming: Wan Li period. A.D. 1573—1619. (*Sydney L. Moss, Esq.*).

10. Dish. (English Slipware) The Lion and the Unicorn. Thomas Toft. c. 1660. (*Trustees. V. & A. Museum*).

11. Pair of triple gourd vases. (Chinese porcelain) Incised decoration under blue-green celadon glaze. The gilt ormolu mounts are European, in Louis XV style. K'ang Hsi period. A.D. 1662—1722. (*Sydney L. Moss, Esq.*).

12. English faience. Lambeth "Blue-Dash" Chargers. Adam and Eve. c. 1660. (*Arnold T. Page, Esq.*).

13. English faience. Lambeth "Blue-Dash" Chargers. King William III. c. 1690. (*Arnold T. Page, Esq.*).

14. Female dog of Foh, with cub. (Chinese porcelain) She has a Shou character upon her forehead, and is mounted on a plinth with leaf-shaped reserves. All enamelled in many colours (Famille Verte). K'ang Hsi period. A.D. 1662—1722. *(Sydney L. Moss, Esq.).*

room proper, and a path which led from the porch to the tea-room. This path, often only a few feet in length, was symbolic of the first stage of meditation, the removal of one's mind from the everyday and the mundane. If a *samurai,* the guest would leave his sword outside the *sukiya,* for no suggestion of violence must mar the ceremony. The entrance to the tea-room was never more than a few feet high, so that each entrant must learn humility and equality, unable as he is to come in more grandly than the other.

The host entered last, having already set the iron kettle to boil, and arranged in it small pieces of metal which rang with a sound suggestive of a storm among bamboos, the sea breaking upon a distant shore, or the autumn wind in the forest. There were no seats, only a mat for each guest, and no ornaments, save for one object, a bowl, a jar, a piece of jade, an ancient bronze, brought in for the handling and admiration of the guests. Since it was considered that no two objects should be of the same colour, vari-coloured stonewares were preferred to more uniform porcelain for the *chawan,* the tea-bowls from which the guests would drink; the *chatsubo* or jar for keeping tea-leaves; the *chaire,* or pot for tea-powder, which was often the choice of Japanese Tea-Masters; the *kogo,* or incense box; and the *koro* or censer. Before drinking, each piece, and particularly the *chawan,* were passed round for silent admiration. They were chosen for their age, the beauty of their body and glaze, their comfortable touch, and, in later centuries, for their history—much as a bibliophile collects association copies, a Tea Master would be proud to possess a bowl once used by a great Master of the past.

By the Japanese, it was not considered polite to drink more than two bowls of tea; unlike the earlier Chinese whose rather voracious habits were summarised by a T'ang poet—*With the first bowl I moisten my lips; the second is my boon companion; the third plumbs my heart to discover there a million poems; with the sweat induced by the fourth cup, all my life's miseries flow out of me; with the fifth, I am made sinless, and with the sixth I become immortal. With the seventh! ah! a seventh I*

can not take . . . This smacks rather of the grossness of Dr. Johnson's Occidental eighteenth-century taste—*I am a hardened and shameless tea drinker, who for twenty years diluted his meals with only the infusion of the fascinating plant; who with tea amused the evening, with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning.*

In Japan, the bowls were as much to be admired as the tea they contained. Tōshirō, with whom we had just returned from China, made four different types of *chawan*—light-spotted upon dark glazes; dark-spotted on pale glazes; a twice-glazed—once brown, once black—coarse yellow earthenware; and purple incense burners and bowls. As the tea-cult spread in Japan, the calls upon potteries for these "wild" wares, with the glaze seeming to grow on them like moss upon a rock, rough bark upon a tree, feathers on a partridge, fur upon a hare, assumed gigantic proportions. About 1400, a kiln was built at Imbe, fifteen feet wide and one hundred and twenty feet long. When it was filled with the wares which usually fired red, though once occasionally it was the custom to make blue ware instead, the firing began. For sixty days and nights the fires of this colossal oven had to be kept at an even temperature; a further two months had to pass to allow for cooling before the kiln was opened, on a day which was observed by all in the district as the year's chief holiday.

The Tea Masters themselves took a hand in stoneware manufacture, commissioning wares of their own design. Shino, a celebrated *chajin* of the late fifteenth century, had made a set of chunky, coarse, hand-thrown bowls, with a bubbled, treacly glaze. A century later Raku—given this name, which means *Contentment,* by the Emperor Hideyoshi, who imported the Korean wares for his Imperial use—made by hand pots famous to this day, which had a scraped surface and were glazed in several tones of a single colour, now white, now black, sometimes red, sometimes green, sometimes sandy yellow. These were fired for two hours at most, and then removed from the kiln with a pair of long-armed pincers. The pincers frequently marked a piece on removal. For even this extraneous decoration a public

grew, who compared sizes and shapes of tong-marks, and happily collected *hasami-yaki*, pincer-ware, as they rather obviously styled it. Contemporary with Raku was the Tea Master Furuta Shigeyoshi, who had made at Narumi sixty-six tea-leaf jars for himself and his pupils. Each differed from all the others, being shaped asymetrically, and glazed and painted almost brutishly in mixed colours.

Most celebrated of all *chawan* were the work, in the second quarter of the seventeenth century, of three potters; two Koreans, Hachizo and his son, and a Japanese, by name Igarashi Jizaemon. These three turned their bowls upon wheels, and glazed the wonderful shapes so produced every shade of autumnal russet and brown. Their wares they called *Enshu-Takatori-yaki*, Enshu being a Prince and celebrated Tea Master, Takatori in Chikuzen being the town where their kilns were situated. *Enshu-Takatori-yaki* is a phrase which still will bring a pleasured smile to the lips of any connoisseur of stoneware.

Four hundred years separate Tōshirō from Hachizo, four centuries of uninterrupted stoneware tradition in Japan. In Europe too, for the same period, and, more or less, at the same period, a stoneware and earthenware continuum was being maintained. It is, in fact, upon Marco Polo's Europe we must now turn our gaze.

CHAPTER VI

Owl Jugs, Maiolica, The Medici, and Stout Cortés

Marco Polo we had left in a Genoese prison, dictating his *Souvenirs du temps perdu* to a fellow-captive. The condition of his corner of Italy, each state alternately warring upon and uneasily allying with its neighbours, was, in miniature, the condition of all Europe. Crusaders marched and countermarched. When Christian wearied of falling upon Saracen, Christian butchered Christian with a treble fervour—Orthodox Frenchmen against the Albigenses; Englishman murdered Englishman, seeking thus to determine, in theory, who should rule England; in practice, who should be privileged to extort the most from the long-suffering English folk—King Henry III and his sycophantic Poitevin relatives, or Simon de Montfort and his fellow Barons. The issue was decided by the defeat and death of Montfort in 1265, a defeat for which the gross disobedience of orders by Montfort's son was chiefly responsible . . . *Here, my friends, is an end should teach humility. We are lost, England is lost, because my son would not obey my rule, who thought to rule wiser than England's king!*

Less than twenty years after that massacre, the French in Sicily, were to a man, wiped out; this in revenge for their brutality towards the peasantry. Fourteen years more, and England is at war with Scotland. A decade passes, and Swiss and Austrian make war upon one another—the Swiss insurrectionists being led by William Tell. And soon, the greed of the English Kings for the Crown of France, would spark off the war which is written into history as that of the Hundred Years. Only in what we know as Germany, did the phlegmatic Northerners decide to profit by this strife, and become traders to all the known world of their time. Their routes, transcending all frontiers, are curious to the modern eye, curious and enviable, for trade was its own passport; and merchants and their agents moved freely, by sea from Riga, Danzig, Stralsund, Lübeck and

Hamburg, to Amsterdam, London, and King's Lynn—for Lynn was then the chief of England's harbours. From Alexandria, Antioch, Trebizond and Constantinople came ships to Venice, Genoa, and Marseilles. These in their turn were webbed together, and joined, by the over-land routes—to Antioch came Arabs, Mongols and Russians from Tashkent, Samarkand, Merv, and Baghdad: to Riga from Azov and Nijni-Novgorod. Venice was joined to Lübeck by way of Innsbruck, Augsburg, and Nuremburg; Marseilles to Lyons, Troyes, and Bruges; Genoa and Lyons, via Milan to Venice; and Marseilles also, by the rivers Rhone and Rhine, to all the Northern German and Baltic ports, by way of Lyons, Basle, Mainz, and Cologne. With so much trade at their command, the German merchants grew greatly prosperous; and where man prospers, pottery takes on something of the riches of those for whom it is made.

As Germany, centuries later, was to take the lead in the production of porcelain in Europe, so in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries it was Germany which took the lead in the making of stonewares. Ordinary earthenware pots, were, of course, made all over Europe; monasteries would produce the costrels—pilgrim jars—for itinerant religious—sometimes these were pleasing in appearance more than is usual in such wares, being marbled light russet and green; and tiles were made in quantity for many purposes—decorated in relief, impressed, incised, inlaid, and, most often with a picture painted on them in contrasting slip, or, less frequently, a coat of arms. But only in Germany was there a consistent and uninterrupted development of one sort of ware. German stoneware was peculiar to the country, being made of pipeclay found chiefly in the lands bordering the Rhine, so that the centres of the industry were naturally enough the large mediaeval towns built upon that beautiful river — Mainz, Cologne, Coblenz. The clay was given only a single firing, and salt-glazed.

The beauty of this process is its simplicity. When the kiln is at its greatest heat, handfuls of salt are thrown into the fire. The rising vapours include soda, which joins together with the clay surface of the pots, to produce a very hard glaze

similar to sodium silicate; a substance indeed, often called soda-glass in the older texts.

Historically, the oldest and most highly organised of German stoneware (*steinzeug*) factories was located at Siegburg. It was certainly working before the beginning of the fourteenth century, although it did not reach its greatest importance for about a hundred years. In 1400 the Guild of Master-Potters was one of the most influential in the city. In addition to the usual rules for apprentices and journeymen, there were several special provisions. No youth might become an apprentice-potter unless he was the legitimate son of a full member of the Guild. No potter might operate more than sixteen kilns, no matter how many assistants he had; for it was acknowledged that supervision of more than that number by one master was certain to be inadequate, and therefore, that the quality of his wares would suffer. For the same reason, the master working on his own was restricted to nine kilns only. Further, and again for the same reason—the preservation of quality—no work was to be done other than in daylight; and then, only between the first day of Lent, and St. Martin's Day, that is late March or early April to November 11th. Under such a regime the stoneware industry of Siegburg flourished for more than two hundred years, until, in 1632, the city was pillaged by a Swedish army. To avoid the invaders, the potters removed their kilns to Altenrath; but even after the threat of Swedish domination had passed, and they had returned home, the Guild never completely regained its discipline over its members; in any event the initiative had passed, by this late date, to other countries.

Other places had early shown signs of attempting to keep up with German developments—one of our chief evidences for this is a most romantic tale of mediaeval France. Louis, Duke of Orleans, and brother of King Charles VI of France, *being given exceedingly unto women* as the chronicler has it, had, in the absence of his cousin, John, Duke of Burgoyne, on the King's business in Hungary, *used his cousin of Bourgonges wife too familiarly*. The young lady seems not to have been over-troubled by these attentions, and gave the Duke of Orleans her picture

as a keepsake, which the braggart Orleans left on display when entertaining her husband. He, who was already Orleans' political and courtly rival, now had more immediate grounds for despatching the fellow. A Webster-like drama followed but with real persons as hero and villains. Duke John persuaded eighteen disaffected persons in his entourage, each of whom had some grudge against Orleans, to band together against him. The brother of one of the conspirators, a Groom of the Queen's Bedchamber, told Orleans, visiting his sister-in-law, who was in child-bed, that the King wished to see him on urgent business. Attended only by two Esquires and the usual pages with torches, suspecting nothing, Orleans went out into the Paris night—and his death; for the conspirators were hidden in a courtyard by which he must pass. *Hee cries out: I am the Duke of Orleans. And they answer: It is you we seeke for. They double their blowes with such violence, as they beate him down, and cleave his head, so as the braines lay scattered upon the pavement . . . Such was the violent death of Louis, Duke of Orleans, traitorously* adds the Royalist chronicler, for Orleans was the King's brother and heir-apparent, *traitorously slaine at Paris by John, Duke of Bourgongne, the twenty daie of November in the yeere of our Lord 1407*. With the macabre humour to be found among mediaeval nobility, his widow, Valentia, perhaps to symbolise the brains spilled from the cloven skull, chose as her emblem from that day forward an earthenware pot, cracked and lying upon the ground, all the water run from it, and the motto *Plus ne m'est rien*—All is lost.

The lead in the manufacture of stonewares, for all this symbology, was still with Germany. Cologne, from a very early date, had three separate stoneware factories, all of which were at their best in the middle 1500's. The Eigelstein factory at Cologne did not make very exciting stoneware—but the glaze which its potters perfected make its later wares noteworthy—a fine chestnut brown. The best of all Cologne's pottery was made at the factory in the Komödienstrasse—which specialised in Greybeard jugs, the bodies of which were almost spherical in shape. They derived their nickname from the moulded decoration of a man's

long-bearded face which was applied to the spout or handle of the jug. The Greybeards, in fact, emphasise the real importance of German stonewares in ceramic history. The decorations being like those on Roman pottery, moulded, were of very little significance, as to make them all that was required was a good mould. But the shapes, wheel-thrown, and immediately in control of the potter, were genuinely original, and unimitated.

In the late 1500's, the town of Raeren took the lead, having at work there, simultaneously, two potters of genius, Baldem Mennickem and Jan Emens. Mennickem excelled as a creator of new shapes—particularly he favoured tall, oval jars and jugs. Emens, however, was probably superior: for not only did he create new shapes, on which he at first concentrated his great talents; but, under the stimulus of Mennickem's rivalry,' he began creating new moulds for the applied decoration—moulds which were used and copied by the Rhineland potters for half a century and more after his death around the year 1600. Having pressed decorative problems to the absolute limits of ceramic ingenuity, and solved every one in the process, the restless Emens decided to change the whole character of Raeren stoneware by substituting for the customary brown or grey glazes, a blue glaze on a grey body. Of German mediaeval wares these are, to my view, the happiest.

Others favour one of the two remaining mediaeval German products—Hafner ware, a sort of earthenware: or the tin-glazed wares, chief among which are the Owl Jugs. Hafner ware was mainly made at those places where earthenware stoves were made, and were compounded of exactly the same material. This, as can be imagined, was heavy, dark, and Gothick to a degree. The chief manufactory of Hafner ware in North Germany was centred on the vast Hanseatic League port of Lübeck. In the 1939-45 war, this city was the headquarters of the Axis submarine fleet; much of it was destroyed in consequence of the attendant Anglo-American bombings. However, other mediaeval North German cities remain; and the best description that one may give of Hafner ware is that given by Hannover, who, as a Dane was very familiar with Gothic architecture, that in Lübeck, stove

decoration matched architecture more or less exactly. Because Lübeck was the chief Hanseatic port, its architectural influence spread wherever the League's depots were to be found, which means almost all the North German Atlantic and the Baltic Coasts, not only of Germany, but of Poland, and what were once Lithuania and Estonia. No distinction was made between churches, castles, and baronial halls, and mostly they were built of brick. If the reader can imagine the front of Rouen Cathedral, or the Palace of the Popes at Avignon, or the Barbican at Cracow, but fashioned in miniature, and glazed in earthenware instead of stone or brick, he will have a fair idea of what a Lübeck stove looked like. If, by a further effort of the imagination, he can transfer the general quality, texture, and decoration from a large stove to smaller domestic ware, then he will have a notion of Hafner ware jugs, ewers, and tankards.

At the same time as Lübeck was the North German centre of this pottery, further South its manufacture was centred on Nuremburg. Lest it be thought that the architectural comparison is exaggerated, it should be said that what are considered the best of Nuremburg's Hafner ware jugs are divided into separate compartments by moulded earthenware ridges, just as the façade of a Gothic cathedral is divided by columns; and, to pursue the architectural analogy, niches were hollowed out in the body of the jug, pillared arches fashioned round the edges, and fat, Rhenish-swilling peasants, modelled in earthenware, placed in these niches, like saints in shrines. A pewter lid frequently completes these monuments to abysmally gross taste.

In the same playful vein, are the Nuremburg Owl Jugs, though these have at least a certain charm about them, a rugged grandeur which is totally foreign to the *Hafnerkeramic*. They have also, the merit of scarcity; being tin-glazed, a process little used in late Gothic and early Renaissance Germany, as the essential tin-enamel had to be imported from France or Italy, and was, therefore, rather costly. They are not so pleasing as the Staffordshire Owl Jugs and Teapots of two centuries later; but some have a cheerful owlish appearance; though even in this respect the Rhineland potters had often insufficient taste

to prevent their pluming the bird, or whatever is the ceramic equivalent of gilding the lily. For there is, or was until recently, in the *Schlossmuseum* in Berlin a jug in the shape of an owl with a portrait of William Tell painted upon the unfortunate creature's back.

These tin-glazed wares were, in composition, very similar to the *maiolica* of Italy. Maiolica is a term which requires some explanation. Maiorca, the largest of the Balearic Islands, in the Mediterranean off the coast of Spain, was the shipping point for tin-glazed wares from Moorish Valencia, en route for Pisa, by which city they were imported into Italy. In time, as the Chinese celadons had taken their Middle Eastern name from the port whence they were despatched, so the Italians called this Moorish tin-glaze after the island—Maiorca ware, or *maiolica*. In France, the same ware is known as *faïence*, which came about in this manner. From the early 1300's, Italian potters made their own maiolica, instead of importing it from Spain, and, in their turn, exported their ware to France. The chief Italian city to produce these export wares, was Faenza, which in its turn gave its name, Frenchified, both to its own wares, and the French tin-glazed ware made in imitation of it. The French faïence industry we shall consider in a later chapter. Now we must look at the early part of Italy's output of this extremely interesting form of pottery.

The earliest *maiolica* was almost exclusively domestic ware, and not very exciting. Often, the taller pieces such as jugs were only tin-glazed for rather more than half their height, the remainder of the piece being lead-glazed; and these, it must be said, are the most pleasing, with the opaque tin-glaze, on which is sometimes painted a decoration in purple and green, and the red clay body showing through the transparent lead-glaze on the neck and shoulder of a jar or jug. Once the Italian potters had mastered the new skill, however, the maiolica industry divided into two very distinct branches—a manufacture of great quantities of plates, dishes, bowls, all the usual tablewares; and simultaneously, a smaller output of what can only be termed collectors' pieces—fashioned for rich patrons, and made to hang

on the walls. These latter were commissioned by the Renaissance nobles, in much the same way as a tycoon would now commission an artist to paint a number of canvasses to decorate his home. Although this feature of maiolica working was not fully developed until the High Renaissance, nevertheless, as early as 1400, the division was evident in the Florentine factories, where two different types of maiolica were to be found, one predominantly green, the other predominantly blue. In the Musée Céramique at Rouen is a dish which links both styles—it portrays Adam and Eve, dressed in the mode of a Florentine lady and gentleman of 1400, surrounded by brute Creation; Man, Woman, and Beasts being painted on a red ground in bright green; the circumambient air being sprigged with blue motifs.

By the beginning of the 1500's, Faenza was established as chief distribution centre, although it had already passed its peak as a maiolica factory city. In its heyday, however, it had produced some very excellent pieces. The English are very fortunate in their larger public collections of pottery; in particular, the V. & A. has, in the Salting bequest, one of the finest assemblies of Faenza pieces known—many dishes with satyrs, figures, and masks, painted upon them, and some superb examples of the decoration known as *bianca sopra bianca* that is, *white on white*, the cold, brilliant, white enamel painted on the creamy-white surface of the glaze.

Of the maiolica potter's methods we know much, thanks to a Renaissance commentator named Cipriano Piccolpasso, who describes all the processes vividly in his *Three Books of the Potter's Art*. He tells first where are the best places to obtain clay, and how it must be treated before it can be worked. Then he gives the names for the different shapes and wares—these are most picturesque—there are the *salieri a fongo* or fungus salts, which is to say, mushroom-shaped salt-cellars: *scudelle da donna di parte*, jars for women in childbirth, which were made up of many parts, with a lid, and the purpose of which, I fear, still remains obscure to me: *piatti con fondo*, dishes with depth, deep-bottomed confection dishes: and *bronzi*, which, as their name implies, were wares made in the pattern of metal ones.

The method of producing the ware is set out stage by stage. First the piece is shaped and fired. The burned clay—biscuit—is then covered with tin-enamel, which forms a ground for the coloured decorations, blue, yellow, green, and white, which are painted on as soon as the tin-enamel is dry. When they too, are dry, the piece is fired for a second time. Then the whole was lead-glazed, and put into the kiln for the final glost-firing. Besides the colours mentioned, there is a rare but brilliant red. There is a potter known to Piccolpasso, Maestro Cencio of Ugobio, who tints his maiolica with a ruby lustre.

The collectors' pieces are of many kinds, he says, and are often to be found with holes bored in the base to facilitate hanging. He includes, in what we may term useless wares, a particular kind of *piatto con fondo,* the *tondino,* which would be sent by a gallant to his current inamorata, filled with candied flower petals, or some similar delicacy. At the bottom of the dish would be found some love emblem. A flirtatious signorina would have some dozen or score of the *tondini* on display, to stimulate rivalry, and *encourager les autres.*

The decoration of maiolica is usually by brush—the majority of brushes are made of donkey-hair; but for detail and very fine work, he avers, nothing is superior to a mouse-whisker brush. The actual decoration could be of many sorts—amatory, perhaps, with some love-motto, and a portrait of the beloved; military, with drums and trumpets, cannons and halberds, pikes and swords—a favourite theme of the decorators of Urbino; foliated, like those of Genoa, Urbino, and Venice; landscaped, as those of Genoa and Castel Durante; historical—that is, figures in a landscape, as almost every maiolica factory in Italy.

The individual decorations applied by each city to its maiolica provide one of the surest means by which we are able to distinguish the wares of one factory from another. The Medici family, whose patronage of the earliest porcelain factory in Europe we shall shortly consider, possessed a large maiolica factory at Caffaggiolo, the ware from which was readily recognisable from the fact that the decoration, again only in the centre, is always a very thickly laid-on electric blue, which has itself been decora-

tively scratched to reveal the white beneath, with some blunt object, most probably the handle of the painter's brush. One of the most curious of Caffaggiolo dishes is in the V. & A., and portrays a maiolica decorator at work, observed by two people, probably his patrons, believed to be Pierfrancesco de' Medici and his betrothed Maria Soderini.

Characteristic of Siena ware were, primarily, it colours. These include a blue so deep that it appeared black; Sienese brown, a shade or two browner than straw; and a bronze-green. The collectors' dishes and plates have exceptionally wide rims, darkly decorated borders, and very small centre pieces, in which the portrait or figure is almost always edged with blue shadow. A further peculiarity of Sienese ware is the star, spot, and stylised flower patterns painted in orange and blue on the backs of these pieces. The flowers and stars have a cross-hatching very reminiscent in style of the pen-and ink drawings of the contemporary British "primitive," Scottie Wilson, whose work caused a considerable commotion in London in the late 1940s.

Castel Durante, on the other hand, where there was a maiolica factory for the best part of two centuries, only very occasionally decorated the back of a piece. The speciality of the Castel Durante potters was trophies, painted on the ware in a grey-olive which no other Italian factory ever succeeded in producing. Sometimes they did use figure subjects; but invariably a distinction was made—those pieces with ornament only being given a pale grey border, those with figures bordered in yellow.

The wares of both Deruta and Rimini were in the common maiolica colours, green, blue, and yellow, though Deruta's chief claim to attention is its lustre ware, especially a sheened mother-of-pearl, which was that city's speciality. The rulers themselves of some of the city states were not satisfied alone to patronise the potters; Piccolpasso tells of Alfonso I of Ferrara that he both protected the pottery and worked there himself, perfecting an exceedingly fine white enamel, known as *bianco di Ferrara*. Of all these states, Florence, under the benevolent autocracy of the Medici is the most famous. Its maiolica in the early period is relatively undistinguished, being painted in purple and green,

colours fashionable also at Orvieto; but that pottery was part of cultured Florentine life may be argued from a passage in the *Dialogo delle Bellezze delle Donne* of Agnolo Firenzuola the Florentine, a wholly worldly and improper treatise to have been composed by a cleric, as Firenzuola was. It must have been written around the year 1520, although it did not appear in print until 1548, a year or two after its author's death. In expounding the Renaissance theory of Beauty, he uses many homely examples; and when he comes to the torso, and how the perfect torso should be proportioned between neck and waist, and waist and hips, he takes and illustrates four shapes of jar. The first long and slender-necked, wide-shouldered slowly tapering to a very narrow base. The second jar is like the first, but with not so long and tapering a body. The third is all shapes, having a neck which starts with a series of narrowing concentric circles, is square shouldered and bulging beneath. The fourth has a long narrow neck, meeting an equally long, meagre body at square shoulders. The first represents the woman with a long slender neck, rising from plump shoulders, the torso tapering to a slender waist. The second represents the slender lower torso rising from wide hips, *the prime beauty of those women who have slender bellies, and look their best naked.* The third and fourth represent *shapeless, graceless harridans;* and *those hacked from too little material into some semblance of shape.*

Most celebrated of the patron-potters was the Grand Duke Francesco de' Medici, who perfected the first European porcelain. It has been stated, many times that porcelain in Europe originated in Venice, the work of an alchemist, Master Antonio; but as none of this Venetian ware is known to be still in existence; as Venice was then, in 1470, as now, a centre of glass-manufacture, and as it is altogether too easy to mistake some sorts of milk-glass for some sorts of early porcelain—I have myself, in an unguarded moment, if only for a moment, taken a small Bristol glass jar for a piece of very early Worcester porcelain—I believe that what Master Antonio made was a glass closely resembling porcelain, and not the ware itself.

Medici porcelain, however, made by the Grand Duke Francesco

at his factory in Florence, does without doubt, exist. In the 1580's he seems to have made quite a number of bowls, jars, and pilgrim bottles, in porcelain composed of two sorts of Italian clay, both white, and something closely resembling glass-maker's frit. The decoration was painted in cobalt blue under a lead-glaze. Briefly, the earliest European porcelain was Blue and White. Although the potter-prince died in 1587, his factory continued to work during at least the following two reigns; but, in any event, this porcelain was a ceramic "sport," and no more is heard of European porcelain for a century, while maiolica-like wares spread from Italy in every direction.

Maiolica, we have said, was Spanish in origin. The different way in which the Spanish influence developed elsewhere is exemplified in the history of Mexican maiolica. The biggest and most renowned of Spanish maiolica factories was near Toledo, a town by the hidalgic name of Talavera de la Reyna. So good were even the early pieces of Mexican maiolica, that they were believed to have been brought from Spain by the colonists, and were called Talavera ware. However, around the turn of this century, documents were discovered in Mexico which proved that these very beautiful pieces of maiolica were native wares, potted under the direction of Spaniards.

The Mexican centre of the maiolica industry has a name almost as grandiose as that of the parent pottery in Spain—La Puebla de los Angeles. Cortés landed his small Spanish army in Mexico in 1519; and by one of the most amazing decisions in military history, to burn his own fleet behind him, ensured that his army had to stay to fight the Aztecs, or die in the attempt at conquest. They succeeded. La Puebla was one of the earliest of their foundations (1532). Closely following upon Cortés, came Spanish priests eager for converts to the Faith. So impressed were the Dominican Fathers of La Puebla with the Mexican skills at pottery making, that they sent to the parent monastery at Talavera, asking that among the Brothers to be sent to Puebla in the future, should be included some skilled in working clay.

These were duly sent. Under their tuition, all the early Mexican maiolica is very Spanish in appearance, first Hispano—

Moresque, later pure Spanish. But by 1650, the native potters had organised their own industry so skilfully that they were able, with Spanish consent, and under Spanish advisory surveillance, to form their own Guild. The names of the first three examiners are recorded—Andres de Haro, Diego Carreto, and Damian Hernandez. It was at about this time that by way of Acapulco, Chinese Blue and White wares began to appear in Mexico; and this greatly influenced Mexican maiolica decoration for the following century, so that the wares made in Puebla and other Mexican potteries suffered from a plethora of pseudo-Oriental motifs. The difference in the laying-on of the blue is what most readily distinguishes Mexican from Spanish maiolica. The Spaniards always put on their blues sparingly, thin and flat: the Mexicans applied their blue thickly, like Van Gogh, rather than El Greco, so that it stood out on the ware in solid ridges and heaps.

Although the Pueblan potters also worked in colours, the major, and best part of Mexican maiolica was blue decoration on white. Some of these pieces are very skilfully worked, and most entertaining, as the white jug in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, which bears the legend in blue *El que no ba enbia con su gavito a la pulqueria* which may be roughly translated as *When a chap can't go 'isself, he sends 'is jug to the pub.*

The jug in question is a much later piece: for the maiolica industry flourished from its foundations in the middle 1500's until around 1850. And again, at the beginning of this century, it received new stimulus in the work of Enrique Ventosa, born in Spain, educated in Paris, who, by combining the best features of modern European and ancient Mexican, that is pre-Cortés, potting, evolved a new style and direction for Mexican potters to follow. In that period in which they followed the Spanish tradition, however, they made every sort of article—jugs, dishes, table wares, tortilla grills, house tiles, grave ornaments, wall decorations, even wash-stands, entirely of maiolica. This comprehensiveness has led some authorities astray: *we took them to be ear ornaments,* writes one historian on whom I think it best to

confer the benefit of anonymity, *but it is the opinion of Mr.* ——— *that they are weights used to sink fishnets.* And with that demonstration before our wary eyes of the dangers of too much knowledge, we will proceed to the Far East, where we shall find the potter's art reaching its Oriental climax, in the splendours of Ming porcelain.

CHAPTER VII

The Kingdoms of the East

With Hung Wu, first of the Ming Emperors, who reigned from 1368 to 1398, a native-born Chinese, the expulsion of the Mongols from his land meant also the end of Yüan cosmopolitanism. China firmly, and exclusively, was, for the coming three centuries to be for the Chinese. The pottery industry was concentrated in one city in Kiangsi province, Ching-te Chen. There, the earliest Ming porcelain, made almost in protest against the florid Mongol taste, was plain, fine, white porcelain, with incised decoration, a fashion which continued to the reign's end (1424) of Hung Wu's successor, Yung Lo.

The body of these early white wares is of very good white clay, and the glaze also, very white and fatty, in texture akin to the best celadons. Later in the dynasty, white ware was made also at the Te-hua potteries in Fukien province. This is the *blanc-de-Chine* which provided so celebrated a model to early European porcelain makers. It is not a pure white, but glows faintly, sometimes creamy, sometimes pinkish, and has a thick glaze so united with the body that the ware has the appearance of being made all through of oily glass. One species of this white porcelain is known as *an hua yao,* which is to say, *secret decoration ware.* When standing upon a table or shelf, a piece looks smooth white: but when held up to the light, it is seen to have a decoration incised in the body to such a depth that it is almost cut right through. The deep incise-decorated ware is then glazed carefully, and not too thickly.

The pleasures of pure white ware, even with secret decoration soon palled with the Chinese Emperors and Mandarins, devoted as they were to colour and ornament. In porcelain, the reintroduction of colour took two forms. One was the perfection of a number of one-colour glazes of a celadon nature, but different in hue. The best of these were fashioned during the reign of Chia Ching (1522—1566), and were of an exceptionally beautiful

blue, quite different from ordinary underglaze blue, the colour of viola flowers. Not long after that were perfected some deep greyish-greens, and *café-au-lait*.

The other form of colour and ornament on Ming ware resulted in the most significant and widely influential of all the wares ever perfected in China, that is the Classical Blue and White, and its subsidiary, the Dead-Leaf Red and White. Both these wares came into their own in the reign of the Emperor Hsüan Te (1426—1435), and continued to be made in China in great quantity, both for home use, and for export, from then until the 1912 Rebellion ended Imperial rule in China and opened the way for every sort of unbridled lunacy, from that of Sun Yatsen to that of Mao Tse Tung.

The early Classic Blue and Whites were mainly dishes, painted in a deep and sometimes black-speckled blue, with fish or water-birds, plants, and most often, lotus flowers. The bases of these dishes are usually unglazed; the rims horizontal, with a formal wave border in blue; the decoration in an enclosed panel in the centre. Besides these were often made stem-cups, bowls, and vases with people and landscapes—an ornament never found on the dishes. A shape for vases and jars introduced into Chinese porcelain at this time is the two near-globes one on top of the other, known as the double-gourd; but to my mind, unfamiliar with gourds, and allowing for the difference of component material, more like the small Victorian table-lamps that one so often sees in nineteenth century domestic prints. On the same shapes and wares a vivid underglaze red was used in the time of Hsüan Te. This red, which was apparently very difficult for the potters of that age to master, was much treasured by the Chinese, who used many adjectives in the attempt to categorize it exactly in words—*chi hung*—sacrificial red; *hsien hung*—blood red; *pao-shih hung*—jewel red. Sometimes, it was used as a colour for monochrome glaze ware also. It is very beautiful, varying between ruby and blood—and deserves the praise the Celestials showered upon it.

There was temporary cessation of ceramic development in China in the thirty year interim between the end of Hsüan Te's

monarchy and his successor, Ch'eng Hua (1465—1487), in which China was internally disorganised, ruled by eunuchs, and externally threatened, once more by the Mongols. However, with the stability brought by Ch'eng Hua and the subsequent Emperors, there followed more than a century of the finest Blue and White production. There were large, heavy bowls painted with flowers or fruit, usually melons; miniature bottles decorated in a silvery-blue with flowers and scrolls; thin, smooth-glazed bowls made for the Imperial household; royal wares each painted with the Imperial Dragon; ware roughly painted with trees and people. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, under the stimulus of the export trade, decoration took a new style—the chrysanthemums, lotuses, and peonies of China being exchanged for Middle Eastern arabesques and scrolls. At this time an immense variety of ware was made—but chiefly what may be summarised as everything for the scholar—that is ink-blocks for mixing his colours; brush pots; small tablets on which to hold the silk on which he would paint his picture or inscribe his poem, or both—for this was the era of the poet-painter-calligrapher. With the reign of the Taoist Chia Ching (1522—1566), the decoration again took a new turn—the emblems of Taoism predominating —the deer, the crane, the pine tree, and the peach tree, the main stem of which was often represented as growing twisted and gnarled into the shape of the Chinese character *shou*—that is, *long life*. Also the Eight Taoist Immortals make many an appearance, as on the late Ming brush-pot in the Victoria and Albert Museum painted in that purple-blue known as *violets-in-milk*.

The Eight, all very clearly to be seen on this excellent pot, are first, the only woman amongst them, naturally the Taoist patron saint of women, Ho Hsien ku, the Lady of the Lotus. Then there is Chang kuo-lao, who carries a drum; Han Hsiang-tzu, patron of musicians, who brings his flute to the Elysian party; Ts'ao Kuo-chin, with his castanets, patron of actors; Lan Ts'ai-ho, whose flower basket indicates that he cares for the interests of gardeners; Chun-li ch'üan, a fat bare-bellied smiling fellow, who carries an fan with which he fans the grave of a first husband, from which it will be deduced that he is the comforter

of widows; Lu tung-pin, bearing sword in one hand and fly-swat in the other: with the sword he fends off evil spirits, with the whisk he presumably fends off flies, thus at one stroke comforting body and soul. Finally, most pathetic of the Eight, the lame Li T'ieh-kuai, carrying the beggar's collecting gourd, leaning on a crutch. He had once been a fine, strong, man, but exceedingly holy. One day his spirit left his body in order to converse in Elysium with Lao Tzu, founder of the Taoist faith. So long and interesting was the conversation, that his friends believed him dead, and buried him. On his return to earth, the only body available for his spirit was that of an old lame mendicant; which is why Li T'ieh-kuai is the only beggar among the saints.

Most collections in Europe are very rich in Chinese Blue and White wares. Besides the London collections, and several large private collections which are opened by their owners to seriously interested people, there is a good representative collection in the Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge, and in the Oxford Museum of Eastern Art. Pieces do occasionally come on the market, even now, but the prices are beyond all but the richest of private collectors. In 1957, Sotheby's, the London fine art auctioneers, sold several pieces of this sort—a fine mid-1400 saucer-dish, painted with flowers, a companion to one in the Ardebil shrine in Persia, fetched £2400 (rather more than $6700); a small Hsuan Te bowl, nine inches across, decorated outside with peach, pomegranate and vine stems, and inside with lotuses and peonies, £870 ($2400); and a Chia Ching jug, painted with fish and flowers, and mounted by its first English owner in silver in the sixteenth century, £3500 ($9800).

This jug was one of a vast number of pieces which began about this time to be exported directly to Europe, instead of by the indirect way of the Middle East. In 1554 the Portuguese officially set up a trading settlement at Macao, in Canton: fifty years later the Dutch traders also began through Batavia to bring much Chinese ware, almost all Blue and White, to the Low Countries, where the potters, particularly of Delft, sought to imitate it, and in the imitating, founded a special type of European ceramic,

the famous Delft ware. The earliest import of Chinese porcelain into Holland, was not by these legitimate means, however. In 1603, a Dutch privateer captured the Portuguese carrack *Caterina*, which was taken to Amsterdam. From the name of the sort of ship, the Dutch called the ware with which she was loaded, and which was totally unfamiliar to them, *Kraak porselein*. It was by this name that the earliest Delft ware was also known. A propos the Dutch names for these export wares—many of the earliest were painted in blue with tall, slender, Oriental girls; the Dutch gave them the nickname *lange Lijzen*, long Lizzies, a name which has gone quite seriously into dealers' and collectors' jargon.

Export trade to the Near East was, of course, much greater than that to Europe, especially in the latter part of the Ming dynasty rule. The *Chini hane* or Chinese room at Ardebil alone has more than five hundred pieces almost exclusively of Blue and White; and Dr. Cyril Elgood, in his *Medical History of Persia* (Cambridge U.P. 1951) writes of a Dr. Rashid of Tabriz, who rejoiced in the name of Fazl Ulláh bin abi il-Khayr bin 'Alí on official occasions, who was personal physician to the Il-Khan Ghazan at about this time, that he kept all his medicines in Chinese lacquer or porcelain boxes, and that he had more than a thousand Chinese syrup jars *of great artistic merit.*

Though most of these jars would have been either Blue or Red and White, yet these were by no means the total extent of Ming pottery production. There were the roof-tiles of many monochrome-glazed earthenwares and the special tiles with guardian warriors, horsemen, tigers, dogs and lions to ward off the evil spirits, and the Chinese equivalent of the Cornish pisky, the manikin astride a cockerel. Whole buildings were fashioned of porcelain. Between 1412 and 1424 the Emperor Yung Lo caused to be built at Nanking, as a memorial to his mother, the Porcelain Pagoda. The fame of this reached Europe, and caused Louis XIV to build, for Madame de Montespan, *Le Trianon de Porcelaine* in the grounds of Versailles, a building which to be strictly accurate, was *Le Trianon de Faïence*, and which, regularly each winter, for the short time this costly *jeu-d'esprit* was

allowed to exist, was fragmented by the frosts, and as regularly, each ensuing spring, reconstructed by a part of the vast army of workmen which formed a small fraction of the Sun King's retinue.

So far as the climate was involved, the original Porcelain Pagoda weathered admirably. It was destroyed by the Chinese themselves during the T'ai p'ing Rebellion of 1863. For four centuries it stood as a source of wonder to the rare foreigner allowed to penetrate so far into the Flowery Kingdom. The ground level was of white porcelain, the other eight of glazed stoneware. At each level was a balcony with a low wall of green porcelain. The dome was gilded; and from its edge hung one hundred and fifty bells, which mourned continually in the wind for Yung Lo's mother.

The greens, reds, and other colours we have earlier mentioned are united in two famous groups of Ming wares, the three-colours (*san ts'ai*) and the five-colours (*wu ts'ai*). As I have already explained, the three-colour wares could be in various combinations of three hues from among yellow, green, blue-black, purple, and turquoise. The commonest combination was yellow, turquoise, and purple. For the five-colour wares, underglaze blue was almost always used, together with four overglaze colours from among iron-red, green, purple, black, turquoise, and yellow. The five most frequent colours of *wu ts'ai* are categorized by a Ming commentator—*Five-colour ware should have the yellow, purple, and black of the ripening aubergine; the red of cinnabar; and the green-blue of a kingfisher.*

Beside these specific named groups, are many other coloured Ming wares—many single-colour glazed stoneware bowls, for instance; and the very famous chicken cups—tiny wine cups of fine, thick-glazed, white porcelain, with chickens painted on them in bright colours. From among the five-colour wares should be singled out the great fish bowls made to the order of the Emperor Wan Li (1573—1619). These were almost always decorated in the five colours with watery themes: there is a magnificent one to which I always pay an admiring visit when in the vicinity of South Kensington, in the Victoria and Albert Collection. It is

almost a yard across, plain inside, but the entire outside, except for a scroll-patterend border at the top, is decorated with a profusion of flowers, formal wavelets, and water weeds, among which swim the most lovingly painted Mandarin Ducks. All this in varying shades of blue, green, yellow, and rust. The Emperor Wan Li, even among Celestials, was one renowned for his devotion to the arts of the potter. In one year he ordered seven hundred of these fish-bowls; six thousand jars and vases; and twenty-seven thousand saucer-dishes and wine-cups.

Saucer-dishes and wine-cups are only a beginning of the uses to which stoneware and porcelain were put in Ming China. Flower vases were made of celadon-like materials; teapots were made, hideously shaped like elephants and camels. Lanterns for garden decoration, and garden seats of stoneware or porcelain, were to be found in the potters' workshops alongside ginger, sweetmeat, and tea jars, and the tiny, delicate oval porcelain cages for carrying fighting crickets to the scene of the championship bouts between these fierce little cousins to the grasshopper. Finally, there must have been fashioned many million ritual vessels for temple-altars, the *wu kung*. The five pieces which composed each set were two candle-holders, two vases, and an incense burner. These were frequently coloured according to the dedication of the temple, for example, red for the Temple of the Sun, blue for the Shrine of Heaven, and white for the Pagoda of the Star that Shines at the Year's Beginning.

A very untypical ware was made in Ming times for export to Japan, at the Yi-Hsing factory near Shanghai. The Japanese Tea Masters had a curious notion that the "Chinese" tea ceremony required a separate tea pot for each guest. Accordingly, Yi-Hsing made thousands of small red-brown unglazed stoneware teapots; which continued to be made well on into the eighteenth century, when they were exported directly to Europe, where they were known as *buccaro* ware; and where they served as an example to such potters as the brothers Elers, who in imitation of them made some of the first English teapots, in hard red stoneware. The Japanese potters also imitated them; but their chief concern at this time was to manufacture their own porcelain.

At the outset it should be said that we in the West know little about Japanese porcelain; and that the Japanese themselves know little more than we do. It is a matter of craftsmanly pride for the skilled potter in Japan to imitate, to the imperfections of decoration or glaze, and the mark, the wares of other times and places. Added to this is the fact that pottery is still considered to a great extent an hereditary occupation; and that Kakiemon the twelfth of that distinguished family, who was said still to be living a year or two ago, in his 110th year or thereabouts, would consider it his duty as well as his privilege to honour the founder of his family's fortune, Kakiemon I, who flourished in the early 1600's, by imitating his wares, and *signing* them on the base with the mark of the first Kakiemon. It can be seen, therefore, that the only way to consider Japanese porcelain is as an entity, from its foundation to the present.

The earliest significant Japanese porcelain was made by this first Kakiemon (c. 1595—c. 1666). In colour it was very similar to the Chinese *wu ts'ai,* but the porcelain body was by no means so fine. At Imari, this Kakiemon, together with Toshima Tokozaemon, decorated the ware which was to be treasured in Europe, though little appreciated by the Japanese, and took the name of the place where it was made. *Imari* ware is brocaded in black, red, blue, and gold; many must be the English households which possess a "best" service of this ware, or, more frequently, the rather poor imitations of it which flooded the nineteenth century markets, and which they quite mistakenly treasure; for these things are mostly worth less than was originally paid for them, and apart from their having once been Grandma's, are of no value at all.

In 1660, at a place called Okochi, Prince Nabeshima founded a porcelain factory; in his honour, the wares it produced are called after him, Nabeshima ware. Of this, the pleasantest is a series of round, smoothly-glazed plates, decorated with natural subjects—flower sprays, tree branches—in outline, at first in underglaze blue; later in overglaze yellow, red, and green. The Prince must have had a singularly high regard for porcelain, and its makers, for he raised the best potters to the rank of

samurai which was more or less the equivalent of conferring a knighthood upon them.

A few years later, to be precise, in 1664, another porcelain factory was founded at Kutanimura, in Kaga province. Its decorations were executed in yellow, blue-green, and purple, on a very deep green glaze, a speciality of the factory—the celebrated *ao-Kutani*. It is probable that the whole impulse of this factory stemmed from the energies of a single potter, Kusumi Morikage; for although many attempts were made in the seventeen hundreds to revive Kutanimura's past prosperity, all were equally unsuccessful, and it faded quietly out of existence.

Early in the eighteenth century, porcellanous clay was discovered at Mikochi, where there had been a pottery for many years. The utilisation of the fine clay was deferred until the factory, about 1750, came under the patronage of Prince Matsura of Hirado, for whose exclusive use Hirado porcelain was made. The body of this was of a very fine clear grain; and its decoration, often reliefs on a cerulean blue ground, was of equally high quality. A similar porcelain factory at a place where there had been a pottery for many hundreds of years was founded at Seto in 1807 by Kato Tamikichi. So widely famed within Japan are its wares, that all porcelain has come to be known there as *Seto-mono,* Seto ware, just in the manner in which we refer to any fine porcelain as Dresden China, though it may well have been made in England or France or Denmark or Norway, and not at Meissen, which is the locale of the original Dresden porcelain factory.

In my view the collection of Chinese or Japanese porcelain is a pursuit only for the expert; for to know these wares intimately, and to be able to distinguish the genuine from the skilful and honestly-intended imitations, not to say the even more skilful forgeries, it is necessary to be able to call upon the knowledge of a lifetime. Nevertheless, there will be those to whom these porcelains will appeal, even though they can never hope to afford a representative collection. To such people, there are two suggestions to be made. One is to gain the confidence of a specialist dealer in Oriental ceramics. He will always be willing

to talk about, and frequently permit you to handle those pieces which price puts far out of your reach. The other is to take out a subscription to the Oriental Ceramic Society. I cannot be held to be showing favouritism towards this Society by mentioning it here; I am not myself a Member, nor do I intend to become one; for I am not sufficiently attracted by Chinese and Japanese porcelains ever to want to collect them. But for those who are, and do, some expert guidance is indispensible—and this the O.C.S. provides in its authoritative bulletins, and by its frequent, very excellent exhibitions, discussions, and lectures.

By these means the novice may be preserved from the wiles of such people as those the French missionary Père Huc saw at Ching-te-Chen on his travels through China in the 1840's. *The makers of sham ware generally use a kind of reddish earth. After the first baking of the vessels they are thrown into a kind of greasy broth, where they undergo a second cooking, and after this they are buried in a sewer, where they lie for forty or fifty days and are then dug up again. In this way is prepared most of the fine old china of the Yüan dynasty.* Certainly, the collector and the admirer of European pottery has not this particular stumbling block in his way. In the ensuing two chapters we shall consider the earlier objects of his admiration, many resulting from the Western potters' imitations of Oriental wares and decorations.

CHAPTER VIII

The Protégés of St. Anthony and The Palace of Versailles

While so many fine porcelains were being perfected in Ming China, in the West, and particularly in Italy, France, and Holland—the tin-glazed wares variously known as maiolica, faience, and delft, were developing into very great industries. Delft, because of its connection with English blue and white stoneware, and because of its comparatively late significance in ceramic history, we shall hold over until the end of the next chapter. Meanwhile we shall consider later Italian maiolica, and its spread thence to France.

As we have said, some maiolica factories in Italy were renowned chiefly for their princely patrons or for a single princely potter. That at Verona, which was founded c. 1500, is noted on the strength of no more than two pieces of an extremely high order of potting and decoration—the one a plate in a private English collection portraying *Alexander and the Family of Darius;* the other, the *Aeneas in Italy* bowl in the Kunstindustriemuseum in Copenhagen.

In Venice, alongside the glass industry, was a large maiolica pottery: the most distinctive feature of its ware is its invariable blue-gray glaze. Dishes are often decorated with Piranesi-like architectural drawings in a greyish-white overglaze: and the backs are frequently painted with four or five concentric yellow rings, in just such a way as the Sienese dishes were backed with stylised flowers and stars. Others were decorated in a blue overglaze pigment with large leaves—*foglie da duzena*—which are also often found on the enormous Venetian drug jars surrounding a central cartouche, but painted in green, blue, and yellow together, not blue alone.

With Gubbio, we have another pottery famous only for the work of one man—Giorgio Andreoli, particularly renowned for his lustres, which are uncommonly beautiful—especially a fine blood-red. On the very rare occasions when one of his pieces is

to be found in the sale room, it fetches a comparatively high price: in the summer of 1957, for example, a small lustred cup by Andreoli was sold in London for £325 (rather more than $900). At the same sale, the finest piece of maiolica was a large plate designed and fashioned by Nicolo Pellipario at Urbino. This has a delightful design, spreading across the entire plate from right to left, of Venus drawn by swans in a triumphal chariot, accompanied by a rout of *amoretti*, those little naked boys so beloved of Renaissance designers. Urbino had a long tradition of first-class potters: two others at least, beside Pellipario, are of an historical importance sufficient for their names still to be known—Xanto Avelli and Orazio Fontana. Fontana, who flourished in the 1560's and 1570's, evolved a style of grotesque maiolica decoration which can best be described as very close in appearance to Aubrey Beardsley's book illustrations. If you like the Yellow Nineties, the slightly decadent, somewhat asexual personages that tumble all over Beardsley's pages, then Fontana's maiolica is for you. For more robust tastes his successors made salt cellars in the shape of the Sphinx, and jugs with smiling bearded satyrs at the bases of the handles, themselves fashioned in the form of snakes, and most realistically coloured.

In the eighteenth century porcelain became the fashion, and in most places tended to drive out the larger, heavier maiolica. In Northern Italy, however, a few factories continued to produce maiolica—Pavia, Genoa, Savona, and Milan. Savona, like a great many potteries in Europe which were not permitted to make porcelain, sought to gain a market for its wares by imitating porcelain in faience as closely as it was able: indeed, its imitation Oriental Blue and White is remarkably good. Milan improved on this, by making imitations of coloured Ming and Ch'ing wares. The Milan shapes were as rococo as the contemporary porcelain; the body thin and near porcellanous; the colours pure and bright; the decoration so closely resembling the Chinese originals that the layman may well be deceived by them.

We have already told how the maiolica of France acquired the name of *faïence*: now we must see why the manufacture of faience so quickly took a hold in France, spreading very swiftly

to all parts of the country; by what means faience design was brought from Italy to France, and in what respects it had its influence. Potting before the 1500's, in the Southern part of Europe, tended, like play-acting or troubadouring, to be an itinerant profession; with the difference that while a strolling player was a rogue and a vagabond only to be suffered so long as he amused, and a troubadour only one degree happier in his social status, the potter was welcomed, the local populace contriving by all means to persuade him to stay and set up a permanent kiln wherever he found himself. Some did this, although many preferred the wandering life, where they could be their own masters—and continued to move from place to place, accepting such commissions as they felt disposed to, and moving on whenever the place or the people wearied them.

From Northern Italy potters came to Southern France—a movement indirectly initiated early in the fourteenth century by Philip le Bel, King of France, who put term to his quarrel with the Papacy by engineering the appointment of Bertrand d'Agoust, Archbishop of Bordeaux, as Pope, in 1305. The new Pope, taking the pontifical name of Clement V, stayed in France and set up Papal headquarters in the city of Avignon, where it remained for the best part of the century. The resultant traffic between Rome and Avignon stimulated all kinds of commercial and cultural exchanges for a very long time after.

It was therefore no new thing that the Italian *maiolicares* should settle in Southern and Central France, travelling northwards as far as St. Omer and Rouen—and that they should bring with them the latest in fashionable faience design. The earliest native French ware of which we have knowledge is Saint-Porchaire, a ware which has been described by one expert as *more curious than beautiful.* This I believe to be less than just to the potters who created these large ornamental dishes, which. one must concede, are very curious indeed. They are made of very thinly-potted watery-green clay, in which were engraved or stamped arabesques, which were then filled with pastes of other colours—very commonly brown; often black, green, and violet; rarely, a dark red. The dish so decorated was

then scraped smooth of the excess of coloured clays, and the piece clear-glazed. Additional ornaments were sometimes stuck on to the piece in a natural-coloured clay, and when dry, over-painted. The best of them, even if not beautiful, and some would consider them that, are certainly extremely elegant.

Rouen is the town next in time which still has its faience products existing in quantity. About 1530, a Frenchman, Masseot Abaquesne, made decorative floor tiles for several châteaux then being built in the vicinity. He was the first of a whole family of *faienciers,* and combined what may be called architectural with medicinal ceramics; for the other major product of his factory is many drug jars, some of which he considered good enough to initial on the base: there are also to be found Rouen drug jars of a decade or two later, initialled L.A. by his son Laurens Abaquesne. High quality faience continued to be produced at Rouen for at least two centuries more—at the Musée Céramique in Rouen is a delightful eight-sided dish, dating from the mid 1700's, decorated in a very rococo manner with multi-coloured foliage and finches. There was also here, for a short period at the end of the seventeenth century, a soft-paste porcelain factory, under the direction of Louis Poterat—but, this, in common with many early *porcelaineries,* was extremely short-lived. Poterat and his father were in 1647, given the faience monopoly for all Normandy. Though the monopoly was inoperative, the Poterats produced some of the most beautiful of polychrome faience, and in very many unusual forms—mirror-frames, chess-boards, vast wall-cisterns, and faience maps of France, in addition to the usual wares.

To write an account of the factory at Saintes-sur-Charente is to write the biography of one man, and that one devoted to pottery to a degree unparalleled in all recorded history. Bernard Palissy was born at Saintes about 1510, and first took up the profession of glass-painter. He did not long remain in this trade, and soon afterwards became a surveyor in the Royal employ. In this vocation he maintained himself for a longer period, until the fatal day, with Palissy a staid, middle-ageing man, when he was given a maiolica bowl. This colourful object in some manner

affected him as a revelation affects an irreligious man, so that the whole of his subsequent life is centred upon the single moment of truth. Palissy himself is quoted in much these terms —*From that instant, although I knew nothing of the working of clay, I abandoned myself to the attempt to discover these rare treasures for myself, as a man in total darkness searches after light.*

Palissy carried on this search, with a devotion greater than that he showed his family, and as great as that he bore towards his faith. He was a Huguenot, and died at the age of eighty a prisoner in the Bastille, having survived the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, shock and grief succeeding where brute force failed. This, however, was many decades ahead. During the years of his experiments failure succeeded failure with monotonous and melancholy regularity, but there came at last the moment to begin the firing which he was certain in his own mind would give the results he had so long sought. He had only an open kiln with which to work. For six days and nights the firing continued, and still the glazes would not fuse. What more could be done to increase the heat? In a frenzy of despair Palissy began to break up his furniture; stick by stick it, too, was fed to the flames until he had nothing left to burn: and at that very instant, the enamels fused—Palissy ware had come into being.

It was yet again several years before he achieved the wares for which he is more renowned. These are large oval plates backed in blue and brown and sometimes a mixture of the two, that is, purple marbling. On the surface of the plates, which were obviously fashioned for ornament rather than for use, are creatures in relief, in as near natural colours as possible. One suspects they were frequently cast from life, although I am not so inclined as some to conclude that all his decorative creatures were cast, rather than modelled. He had a predisposition towards water-animals, insects and the smaller reptiles—frogs, lizards, cockles, whelks, water-snails, lobsters, crayfish and crabs. He was also quite partial to salamanders, centipedes, and tortoises, which wriggle and squirm and drag their slow shells over his great dishes. He was imprisoned as a Protestant in the 1560's but escaped, and returned to Paris, where he came under the protec-

15. Lambeth "Chinese" jug. (English Pottery) c. 1680—90. (*A. F. Allbrook, Esq.*).

16. Dish with Heron. (English faience) Liverpool Fazackerley Polychrome ware c. 1690—1700. (*Arnold T. Page, Esq.*).

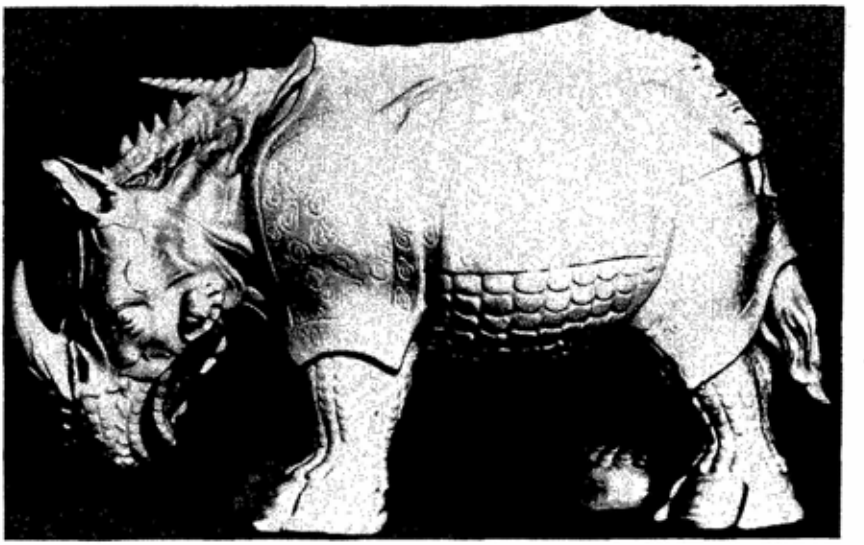
17. Flowered bowl. (English faience) Liverpool Fazackerley Polychrome ware. c. 1690—1700. (*A. F. Allbrook, Esq.*).

18. Tiled panel. (Dutch earthenware) Painted in colours with bird and flower composition. Over 5 feet high. c. 1720 (*Trustees. V. & A. Museum*).

19. Meissen vase. (German porcelain) c. 1725—30. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).

20. Pieta. (German porcelain) J. G. Kirchner. Meissen 1732. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).

21. St. Peter. J. G. Kirchner and J. J. Kändler c. 1733. Made at Meissen for the Chapel of the Japanese Palace of Augustus the Strong of Saxony. Almost life-size. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).



22. Rhinoceros. (German porcelain) J. G. Kirchner 1732. Made at Meissen for the Japanese palace. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).

23. Goat. (German porcelain) J. J. Kändler 1734—5. Made at Meissen for the Japanese palace. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).

24. Paduan Cock. (German porcelain) J. J. Kändler. Meissen 1732. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).

tion of Henri II. The King greatly admired his work, and gave him the use of a workshop and kilns in the Jardin des Tuileries. Here, he produced many circular dishes, some cast from metal; the decorations however, remained much the same—shells, many shells of different shapes, leaves in great variety, butterflies and other gay flying insects.

It was in the Tuileries that Palissy built one of the earliest of the ceramic follies which seemed so much to delight French monarchs. Palissy's was an earthenware grotto: it succumbed, however, all too quickly, to the rigorous Parisian winters, like Louis XIV's *Trianon de Porcelaine.* Independent of Palissy—many were the *faienceries* which were founded in France in the sixteenth century. At Nîmes, for example, a Huguenot by name Antoine Sigalon began to fashion faience in 1548; and carried his factory on for more than forty years. His products were coloured in the usual faience enamels: orange, yellow and blue of various tones, but the peculiarity that distinguishes Sigalon's plates from all others is a green colouring which he imperfectly understood—and which, in consequence fired in bubbles on the surface of the piece, rather like sun-blistered green paint.

One of the greatest of French faience factories was at Nevers. Its early wares are very similar to those of Urbino—which is in no way surprising, when one knows that from 1566 the Dukedom of Nevers was in the possession of Ludovico Gonzaga—and that his favourite potters were three Italian brothers, the Conrades. The colours of this early ware were the usual ones, but of a very soft, powdery appearance which lends a certain delicacy to even the thickest of the dishes. It was the Nevers factory which made great use of the invention of Pierre Custode, called *bleu persan,* which is a very special form of blue and white maiolica. It was made in three different ways—the dish could be dipped in blue glaze, fired, and decorated over the glaze in white: dipped in white tin-glaze, fired, and painted over the glaze in blue: or yellow glazed—the parts to be decorated all painted over the glaze in white, and the blue then applied over the white, so that it will not show green, as it otherwise would, painted directly on the yellow. There is a good example of the first types of *bleu*

persan in the Victoria and Albert Museum, a plate more than seventeen inches across, the ground being a fine powder blue, and the white painting upon it, a snipe in branches of delicately-drawn foliage.

Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Nevers factory continued to flourish. The seventeenth century saw much faience in imitation of the Chinese porcelains; and much more, in the latter part of that century, in rather heavy baroque designs, not, in my opinion, much suited to ceramic materials. The eighteenth century witnessed the parallel streams in French thought: the growth of rationalism and the *Philosophes,* and as a counter to it and them a growing appreciation of the Catholic faith. This latter brought much work to the *faienciers,* less in the form of what the French scathingly term *St. Sulpice* art—art objects and paintings more to be esteemed for their piety than for their taste—than work of a high ceramic order. Nevers specialised in making rather fine holy-water stoups, presided over by the figure of a saint—usually the patron of the trade whose members presented it to their patronal church—for example, votive vessels exist with St. Nicholas, patron saint of sailors: St. Honoré, the protector of bakers: and St. Anthony—who intercedes and cares for the lives and works of potters.

With the French Revolution, the Nevers factory took yet another and totally contrary direction; it made great quantities of what the French happily term *faience parlante et patriotique* —which may be translated as *oratorical and patriotic faience.* The name, I regret, is much grander than the ware—for these were simply dishes or plates painted with the Cap of Liberty, or the Tricolore, or both, and inscribed with some such phrase as *La Liberté ou la Mort!*

With so many cities of France building each its own pottery—each had its own especial tradition; and stories of the uses of their wares are preserved in each city's archives. At Lyons, the early wares were again much like Italian maiolica: and again for the same reason—for in the single year 1574, at least two Italian *maiolicares* were permitted to open workshops there. Other, more typically French, wares must have been made there,

however, since, on the two occasions, 1582 and 1584, when the King—Henri II—passed through the city, and was entertained by the authorities—rather than spending much money on gold and silver plate, they hired complete services of *faience blanche* from the local potteries. This *faience blanche* was, substantially, the middle stage of the second sort of *bleu persan*—that is, after it had been white tin glazed, but without the decoration.

All those *faienceries* we have so far mentioned are sixteenth century foundations. They continued to operate throughout the following centuries—indeed, up to the upheaval of the French Revolution, which brought to an end many of the better factories. Others were later in beginning, but compensated for their tardiness by a swift rise to predominance in certain fields of faience making, often directed by one person, or a family, to a sudden glory. Typical of family factories was that at Moustiers in the Basses-Alpes. From 1679 the fortunes of the pottery were in the hands of the Clérissy family, one of whom was created Seigneur de Trévans in the 1740's. Moustiers, probably from its advantageous geographical position, survived the Revolution, and the Napoleonic Wars, being directed by a Clérissy until it closed in 1850. The body of Moustiers faience, was, from the beginning, very thin and clear—in appearance quite close to porcelain, but with a creamy or pinkish glaze, rather than the more pure white of true porcelain. At the end of the seventeenth, and for the first decade of the eighteenth, centuries, decoration of Moustiers was also the monopoly of a single family—François Viry, and his two sons. Their major interest seems to have been hunting—for they all specialised in many hunting scenes—almost invariably in blue and white. In 1739, a second factory was founded, in opposition to the Clérissys, by Joseph Olerys and Joseph Laugier. They, naturally enough, concluded that they must improve upon the Viry inheritance of decoration; so, from the outset, they specialised in many-coloured faience, with a tiny scene in a roundel or medallion, surrounded with a florid border in green, blue and violet. And strange hippogriffic and basiliskic creatures, painted in green, outlined in violet; or multi-coloured, surrounded by fantastic and nightmare vegetations.

The King—and by the King we intend Louis XIV—a monarch *par excellence,* made much use of faience in the furnishing of his palaces; Versailles alone had the best part of three hundred chairs-of-convenience dotted about the corridors and anterooms. These commodious forerunners of the contemporary water-closet were known to the French as *chaise d'affaires*—since it was the custom of that less inhibited age for men to receive their friends and acquaintances while making use of them; equally the ladies of the Sun King's entourage were wont to receive their friends, confidantes and lovers while utilising the *bidet,* of which there must have been many hundreds around the court. Hence the beautiful decorations on some of them, since they were to be viewed by the public, as it were; and, from their contraceptive function, well understood in so complicated and promiscuous a society, the cruel humour of an inscription on one such—*Laissez les petits enfants venir à moi*—Suffer the little children to come unto me.

The ladies of the Court had a further reason to be grateful to the potter. Each year the King appointed a Preacher-Royal, who in Advent and Lent delivered a series of sermons to the assembled Court. The celebrated Bossuet was chosen only four times in his entire career for this office: but in 1670 began the tedious pastorate of Bourdaloue—for six Advents and five Lents, between the years 1670 and 1693, he preached his long, long, rational discourses. Says one commentator, *it is difficult to know whether his sermons are compounded of eloquence or geometry.* Whether eloquent or geometric, and no matter how absorbing to the philosophical men of the court, to the ladies Bourdaloue's rhetoric was boring: and of a discomforting duration. In mid-sermon to make one's way out in order to relieve the calls of nature was bordering on *lése-majesté*: so an ingenious designer fashioned a lidded chamber-pot in faience, small enough to be concealed about a lady's person, but sufficiently capacious for the length of the good Father's sermon. These most useful little objects were known after the man who was the indirect cause of their existence—*les bourdaloues*: small wonder he is alleged to have preached with his eyes fast closed.

The faience industry in France received a further stimulus early in the eighteenth century, by laws which compelled the King and his nobles to send the most part of their gold and silver to the Mint for coining. A substitute tableware had to be found, and quickly. European porcelain was still in its infancy, and the importation of Oriental porcelains in quantity was still prohibitively costly. First of what may be called the second group of factories was that of the Fauquez family at St.-Amand-les-Eaux, established by them in 1718. They were later to found a porcelain factory at Valenciennes: but that was in the time of the founder's grand-children. Its faience at first tended to imitate the wares of Rouen, and those of the Strasbourg *faiencerie,* which had come into being at almost the same time. Later, however, it produced a distinctive decoration—over the grey-blue glaze was painted lacy patterns and flowers in a thick, opaque, white.

The Strasbourg factory was equally a family concern: being founded in 1721 by Charles-François Hannong, continued by his son, Paul-Antoine, and in his turn, by his grandson, Joseph, who in 1780 had to close the factory, which he bankrupted in the attempt to make porcelain in despite of the royal monopoly of Sèvres. Being so close to Germany, it naturally was much influenced in its designs by the German porcelain factories: in particular was this so when, between the years 1754 and 1762, when Paul-Antoine Hannong was simultaneously director of the Strasbourg faience factory, and his parallel German foundation, the Frankenthal porcelain factory. Soon after his death, his son Joseph sold the German factory as a going concern to the Elector Palatine Karl Theodor, and returned to France to lead his Strasbourg pottery to ruin. As all but Charles-François's decorations—which were principally blue on white, outlined in black—were so like those of Höchst and Frankenthal, that but for the material they are well-nigh indistinguishable, we shall not consider them in detail until we come to some appraisal of the German porcelain works.

Next in time after Strasbourg, was the short-lived and comparatively insignificant factory founded by Jacques Chambrette at Lunéville. Of more importance was that opened by the Baron

d'Aprey at his home near Dijon in 1744. It made some quite charming ware of a rather heavy sort—the yellow colouring a characteristic dark mustard shade: and rococo scroll decorations in blue and dark carnation red, interspersed, or sometimes emphasised, with rows of dots.

Although there had been from 1679 a faience factory in Marseilles—one founded, incidentally by Joseph Clérissy, son of Antoine of the Moustiers pottery, it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that Marseilles became the celebrated faience centre which it remained for the rest of the 1700's. Most famous was one unique in the history of pottery, in that it was directed by a woman, Pierrette Perrin, from the death of her husband, the original owner, in 1749, until her own death in 1793. Her factory, in common with others in Marseilles, was more concerned with decoration, than with the invention of new shapes and sorts of body. Flower paintings were the *specialité de la maison,* for there was in the city an art-school which provided most of the decorators, and which insisted on the closest observation of natural forms. Fish also were a major decorative theme, as was only proper in the home of *bouillabaisse.* And despite the emphasis on decoration, the Marseilles potters were responsible for adding two fine ground colours to the ceramist's palette—a peculiar shade of yellow, called *jaune Montpellier*: and a transparent blue-green, which was the invention of one of the Widow Perrin's collaborators, Honoré Savy—who later left her to start a faiencerie of his own in the city.

To set up any sort of pottery in the environs of Paris after the foundation of the Royal factory at Sèvres, or, more strictly speaking, the parent-factory at Vincennes (Madame de Pompadour sold the Sèvres buildings to the King in 1756) was an extremely precarious undertaking, for the royal prerogative of making porcelain was jealously guarded: potteries of any sort came under the suspicion of attempting to break the royal monopoly. So it was in the nature of a small miracle that a factory was re-established as Sceaux-sur-Seine in 1750, and a major triumph that, despite its attempts to make porcelain, which were immediately and more firmly discouraged, it was

permitted to remain to make some of the finest faience ever to be fashioned—*as beautiful as porcelain,* says expert after expert. It may be that its continuance is due, in part, to powerful protection—first the Duchesse de Maine, and later the High Admiral of France, Marie de Bourbon, Duc de Penthièvre. Its period of splendour is divided into three parts, under three different directorships—in 1750, Jacques Chapelle virtually took charge, though not until 1759 did he become nominal head of the factory. Four years later he retired, though retaining ownership of the *faiencerie,* which was hired by modeller Charles-Symphorien Jacques, and decorator Joseph Jullien, both of the Ménnecy porcelain works. They relinquished their lease-hold in 1772, when the factory was bought by Richard Glot, who managed it until 1793, when he, in turn, sold it to some inferior potters who made nothing of importance there.

The physical situation of the factory, too, could have had a beneficial influence upon the decorators, and thus upon the beauty of their creations. Two hundred years later, Sceaux had changed little—and was powerful in its effect upon a sensitive person. An extremely intelligent and perceptive painter went from England to live in Sceaux in 1951. From there she wrote to me a series of letters describing her enchantment: *There is behind the house a park with an eighteenth century château, laid out like Versailles, it is very beautiful—I think I shall paint it many times . . . I have also nearly finished writing and illustrating a fairy tale which I have enjoyed immensely—most of the spadework was done sitting at the top of a grotesque flight of waterfalls leading to a still lake surrounded by gilded horses—just like a Cocteau set—in the park I told you of . . .*

While Marseilles excelled in decoration, and Sceaux in the form of its wares, Bordeaux, though not exceptional in either of these respects, had mastery of the firing processes, so that it could produce such enormous pieces as the faience clock face made for the City Exchange in 1750. Niderviller, in Lorraine, managed by Jean-Louis, Baron de Beyerlé, Treasurer to the King, specialised in the making of faience figures—the usual shepherds and children, and a series, after the prints of the 1770's and 1780's,

of the street cries of Paris. The factory also made porcelain, so that many of the decorations on Niderviller faience is similar to that on Meissen porcelain, whence the Baron hired several painters. Their skill brought to Niderviller, however, one form of decoration which, in my opinion, it would have been no great loss to have left in Germany, where it would speedily have been lost among its many superiors. This was probably the invention of a single decorator, whose facility in representing natural forms and textures much exceeded his good taste. He covered many plates with a painted grain to simulate wood, in the middle of which he drew the representation of a sheet of paper or parchment—painted even with corners curled or dog-eared, and on the painted sheet a miniature landscape. Despite the central landscapes, which are often well-designed and proportioned, it is difficult to conceive of any decoration less appropriate to any form of pottery or porcelain.

In 1758, Jacques Chambrette, whom we have already introduced as founder of the short-lived factory at Lunéville, began another and more successful production of faience at St. Clément, which consisted almost exclusively of a white glazed ware gilt-decorated. Lille, which had a good soft-paste porcelain factory from 1711 onwards, had several passable potteries: the main interest of the Lille potteries for an Englishman is that one of his compatriots, William Clarke, set up a pottery there in 1773, which made wares like those at Sceaux, wellnigh as beautiful as porcelain. Near Avignon was a factory in the late eighteenth century at La Tour d'Aigues: and about the same time, two Catholic refugees from England, Jacob and Charles Leigh, resident at Douai, set up a pottery to produce *faience fine* or *faience à l'anglaise*. This was an imitation of the more durable and better potted Staffordshire table-ware—the Wedgwood cream-coloured earthenware which, by a commercial treaty of 1786 between France and England, was allowed into France upon the payment of very small duty. By agreeing to the cut in import duty on English wares, Minister de Vergennes virtually signed the death-warrant of French faience manufacture.

It is true that faienceries continued to open and to flourish

well on into the nineteenth century, but these produced either ceramic freaks and monsters—like that of the Ollivier family in Paris's Rue de la Roquette, which fashioned colossal stoves, and a faience Bastille, over a yard high, which was proudly presented to the Revolutionary National Convention in 1790; or that at Les Islettes, near Verdun. which capitalised on the Napoleonic Wars by making celebratory popular pieces in garish vermilions and purples. Two Englishmen, Francis Warburton and Michael Willis, took advantage of the temporary Peace of Amiens of 1802 to start a factory to make *faience à l'anglaise,* but the war between France and England broke out soon after and their attempts came to nothing. As late as 1859, Théodore Deck made faience in his Rue Halévy workshops in Paris—these again were hybrids—pieces decorated in Oriental designs but with inlays of coloured clay, after the manner of St. Porchaire ware. The manufacture of faience in France had revolved through the entire circle—and had now returned to its starting point of three hundred and fifty years before.

CHAPTER IX

Men in Search of a Métier

We have written of the two greatest faience/maiolica producing countries—Italy and France: but there are to be found in every country in Europe such factories, each with its own characteristics. The faience of Spain and Portugal was directly the invention of the Moorish potters in the Iberian Peninsula—so that the wares made earliest were naturally Arab in impulse and decoration. Faience tiles made in Valencia in the 1400's are the first evidence of an independent European tradition in Spain—and these even, are exactly like the Italian ones—painted in blue only with Gothic motifs; so powerful was the skill of the Italian *maiolicare* that his methods and his decorations had by 1550 penetrated all Spanish potteries, so that Italian and Spanish maiolica of the latter half of the sixteenth century are usually indistinguishable from one another. About 1600, the city of Talavera de la Reyna became the headquarters of Spanish faience, although it was closely rivalled by the town of Puente del Arzobispo. Around 1720, the headquarters again moved, this time to Alcora in Valencia, where the Conte d'Aranda built a pottery which produced both faience and porcelain, chiefly wall plaques, decorated on a white ground with Spanish costume pieces. At the Royal factory at Lisbon also, a certain amount of faience was made—but nothing of great significance: though many local potteries made faience tiles for decoration—just as in Spain—but these called in Portugal—*azorechos*.

The Swiss faience industry was in every way except politically, part of the German stoneware tradition. They specialised in stoves, as one would expect, and in house-tiles. These Montaigne found very attractive. Over the winter of 1580—1581 he travelled through Southern France and Switzerland to Italy. In general, he makes very few particular comments on the towns through which he passes—but on reaching Basle, the pretty effect of the tiled roofs and floors moves him to write in his diary: *Their*

work in tiles is excellent, and because of this their house-roofs are decorated with a motley of tiles, glazed in many different colours, and the floors of their rooms in the same way. And to find more delicate work than their stoves, which are of earthenware would be impossible.

German faience in design is a continuation of the stoneware shapes. As with most Central European factories, its earliest products were principally blue and white. Hamburg in the 1600's manufactured thousands of faience jugs, wide at the foot, short in the neck, but thin and pear-shaped, decorated always in a very brilliant blue, sometimes decked out with a little yellow. Stoves also were made there in quantity, the tiles of which they were composed being distinctively bordered in an ornate baroque style. Nuremburg also produced very similar wares—but as time passed, both Nuremburg and Augsburg specialised less in actual manufacture and more in the decoration of other cities' white faience. At Bayreuth, where brown earthenware as well as faience was potted—and in all the usual shapes, the chief colour of the decorations was again blue—but a very pale blue sprinkled with the tiniest of white specks. The most frequent decoration of Bayreuth faience was a shield of arms, or a personal monogram in a central roundel on the dish or plate, surrounded with complex scrollwork.

At Stockelsdörff near Lübeck, from 1771 onwards, faience stoves and large faience trays were made under the direction of an Herr Buchwald, ably assisted by two painter-decorators, Leihamer and Kreutzfeldt. That Stockelsdörff made perhaps the best faience stoves in all Germany is not so remarkable, since it had been for some centuries the main stoneware stove factory also.

The most pathetic of German relics of the faience industry—which, it is evident, was not of anything like the importance in German ceramics that it was in French—is the last piece made at the Ansbach factory. It is dated, so that we know the exact day of this pottery's demise. It is a tiny brightly-coloured jug, on which is inscribed *Abshiidt der Porzelain mahllery in der Feijange-Faberick in Ansbach den der 13 Febr. 1804. Der He ist gesterben drum sind wir all verderben.*—The potters' farewell in the

faience factory at Ansbach 13 February 1804. The Boss is dead, so we're all done for.

In the North, the first exclusively faience factory opened in Copenhagen in 1722. As its geographical position made it subject both to Dutch and German influences— its first decorations were a peculiar amalgam of these two, almost opposed, styles, and with an added element of native Danish artistry. However, it soon successfully combined the three elements to form a style of its own, specialising in plates and dishes with coats of arms emblazoned, mostly in blue, upon them, and including a large number of square plates and dishes, peculiar to this one pottery. A second *faiencerie* was opened in 1763 in a part of Copenhagen called Sortedamsø by the Norwegian Peter Hofnagel, whom we shall shortly be meeting againg in his native Norway. Next in succession after the earlier Copenhagen factory was the foundation of the Danish Court Architect, Jacob Fortling, around the middle of the eighteenth century, at Kastrup. This had the liberty to make all sorts of stonewares, and even porcelains, with the exception of Danish blue and white faience, which was the monopoly of a potter by the name of Gierløf. The only other Danish faience factory of importance was the one set up by James Davenport, an Englishman, on the island of Bornholm, where he already had a pipe-clay factory and brick kilns. This was quite unsuccessful—but a decade later, about 1800, under the direction of an able potter named Johan Spiete, some very pleasant pieces were made, especially some cream-ground inkstands, with blue and green decorations.

At Stockholm in Sweden were two important faienceries—one at Rörstrand, the other, and later, on the island of Kungsholmon, called the Marieberg. The Rörstrand factory was founded by a German, Johann Wolff, in 1725, in collaboration with a Swede, Anders Ferdinand. With what would seem the grossest injustice, as soon as the proper permit was drawn up and a deed of privilege presented to the factory, Wolff was dismissed: and Ferdinand, together with a German, Christoffer Hunger, who had previously designed porcelain at Meissen and Vienna, put in his place. It is gratifying to learn that their schemes were not of

much advantage, for the factory produced nothing notable until its reorganisation in 1753. In the mid-1760's, Anders Stenman, one of the Rörstrand potters, perfected his own system of printing on faience, which added to the variety and charm of factory decoration. This particular pottery was unintentionally very kind to the archivist and the historian—for between 1750 and 1773 each piece was marked on the base with the name, and the complete date—year, month, and day: and, also, quite frequently, the decorator's initials or mark, and the price. This is specially helpful since its best faience is very similar to that of Strasbourg.

The Marieberg was the brain-child of a strange itinerant German chemist and physician, Johann Eberhard Ludwig Ehrenreich. Born in 1722 at Frankfurt-am-Main, he had travelled in France, England, and Germany before going to Sweden in his early twenties, to become Physician-in-Ordinary to the King. When his royal employer died in 1751, he decided to remain in Stockholm, and in 1758 founded the Marieberg factory. His first intention had been to fashion porcelain there; but for various reasons, this essay was a dismal failure. The faience table-ware produced there at the same time. however, was of good quality, with a thin, bright, white glaze. In 1766, he resigned the Directorship, going thence to Stralsund, where he founded another faience factory. This did not prosper, perhaps because the smallest of his kilns there was designed to bake three thousand three hundred and ninety-two plates at a time, and after only three or four years Ehrenreich was declared bankrupt. Bankrupt he may have been, but he was an indefatigable potter and 1766 found him still in Sweden, this time at Konigsberg, where he set up yet another faiencerie. His perseverance was this time rewarded, the Konigsberg factory remaining in business until after his death, which took place in 1803. The Marieberg, meanwhile, after his departure for Stralsund, was directed for three years by a French potter, Pierre Berthevin. Under Swedish direction, it struggled on for a further twenty years—but since its mainstay was tableware, the import of the more perfect Staffordshire and Leeds cream-glazed earthenware led to its redundancy and closure well before the end of the century.

In Norway there was only one faiencerie of any size—at Herrebøe, where was also a porcelain manufactory. In the eighteenth century, many of the directors or managers of factories seemed to have drifted and wandered in a very peculiar manner through several unrelated professions, until they came upon potting as a kind of haven for themselves. The Herrebøe founder was typical. Peter Hofnagel was born at Frederikshald in 1721, where at first he studied law. It is evident that advocacy was not his métier, for in 1748 we find him in the guise of Assistant Postmaster of Frederikshald. Postman was not his forte, either: and five years later he was licensed to trade in groceries, instead of government permits; but after only a few weeks of this he set up as a farmer at Herrebøe. In 1757, he founded a tile works on his otherwise not overly productive land: a year later, this was augmented by a stove department, and soon after this, by a faiencerie also. In general appearance, Herrebøe faience is very similar to German porcelain; as Hofnagel's decorator and designer in chief was a German, who had long worked in his homeland—Heinrich Hosenfeller.

The Austro-Hungarian Empire was rich in porcelain works, and local peasant potteries, but possessed ony one faience factory of importance. This was at Holitsch—sometimes spelled Holics—on the Moravian border of Hungary. It made very beautiful faience, much in the French manner, since it was founded in 1743 by François de Lorraine, the French consort, of the Empress Maria Theresa; given the title of the Imperial Austro-Hungarian Maiolica-Making Factory, it continued to produce very fine ware until it closed in 1827.

In Russia, towards the end of the eighteenth century, were at least two faience factories—for this we have the word of a Frenchman who published a very heavy tome on the political constitution of Russia and Scandinavia in 1773. He intersperses his lengthily-expressed political opinions with bright observations on all manner of uncorrelated subjects—and so we read *Among the St. Petersburg porcelain factories there is, on the other bank of the Neva, a faiencerie, where very well-designed table wares are made in quantity, and displayed at their showroom in the city,*

where a complete service can be bought for 24 roubles, or even less. At Reval also there is a private factory, the director of which imports potters, and painters, from Germany.

Belgium and Luxembourg, too, had their faience works. Belgian ware is very easily distinguishable from all others, since the white glaze and the colours of its decoration tended always to run together—which make much of it look as though carved from enormous pieces of agate. The chief factory was in Brussels: but there were also a minor one, founded in 1753 by Henri Pulinckx at Bruges; and another at Tervueren. The Luxembourg factory was at Septfontaines, and from 1767 to 1800 made a crisp white tableware, almost as fine as porcelain.

Finally, in this Grand Tour, we arrive at the country which, after Italy and France, was the greatest of the faience makers—and in one direction, that of blue and white faience, unparalleled. This is Holland, with its very famous faience centre at Delft. Faience was being made there comparatively early in the 1500's by an Italian of the Castel Durante factory, Guido di Savino—he is mentioned by name in Piccolpasso's treatise—who came to Antwerp and settled there. Faience was not predominant in Delft, however, until the mid-1600's, when the brewing industry began to diminish, and the townsfolk decided that some stable occupation must take its place. The decorative tiles were the first major ware, and sometimes there was a departure from the more usual blue and white—there is in the Victoria and Albert Museum a tiled panel over five feet high with a composition of birds and flowers painted upon it in many colours. In addition to Delft, tile factories sprang up in many other Dutch towns—Utrecht, Dordrecht, Gouda, The Hague, Schiedam, Rotterdam.

At Delft itself the potters were not long content to make only tiles. Plates, cups, jugs, platters, tablewares of every shape and size were made—the early ones decorated in blue and white, the later in many colours. The greatest of the Delft landscape artists on Delft-ware, Frederik van Frijtom worked there from 1658 onwards. After him the style deteriorated for a long period into less decorative, not very well-modelled and shaped pieces—like

the black-glazed wall plaque in the Victoria and Albert Museum, painted over the glaze, with a garish gold, green, and blue parrot. The parrot was a favourite theme of the Delft decorators and modellers at this time—in the Clainpanain Collection in Lille there is a modelled Delft parrot—in my view, a repulsively ugly bird, perched in a faience ring—the ensemble coloured blue, purple, yellow, and an acid green.

There was no limit to the absolute uselessness of the objects fashioned at Delft in this period. As a monument to human futility there are still to be seen in the Musées du Cinquantenaire in Brussels, the Musée Céramique at Rouen, the Musée of the Paris Conservatoire, and the Nederlansch Museum in Amsterdam; white faience violins, naturally stringless—on which are painted, in blue, pictures of a musicians' gallery and people dancing, presumably to their music.

The Delft factories had a second good period—a sort of St. Martin's Summer in the 1750's and 1760's—with three blue and white decorators of genius. Zacharias and Jan Dextra painted imitations of Meissen many-coloured porcelain in minute detail, especially, for some reason best known to themselves—perhaps the shape lent itself to their particular skill—on butter-dishes; while Justus Brouwer painted many plates with pictures of the herring fleet. Throughout the entire period music plates were being made—a set having drawn upon it the music and words of various songs—the practice being first to lick the platter clean, and then indulge in post-prandial chanting. All these wares were blue and white: with the advent of English cream-coloured earthenware and bright, multi-coloured faience, the old art of making Delft ware ceased—by 1806 all was over with the faience industry of Holland—even Daniel Behaghel's faiencerie at Hanau, which he founded in 1661, closed its doors in this year.

Had the Delft blue and white faience not had the rivalry of cream-coloured earthenware from England, and polychrome faience from all over Europe, it still would have had small chance of survival. As early as 1688, Dancourt produced a play in Paris in which one of the characters, a lady of Fashion, goes to her friend's house and proceeds to break every piece of Delft in

the entire room—for, she says *Nothing but the best is good enough for a friend of mine.* The best, of course, was real porcelain, either imported from China, or made at home, in Europe. Before, however, we are able to consider this best of wares, we must look at a typically English product, and see how the English potters adapted the technique of Delft to their own advantage.

CHAPTER X

Merry Men, Mistris Puss, and Admiral Vernon

We can now consider the first great ceramic development of England—that is to say English slipware. This is ordinary earthenware, potted in the normal shapes. When it has dried to the consistency of leather or thereabouts, it is decorated with slip—a mixture of clay and water—in exactly the way one applies icing to a cake. Sometimes, to give a dark surface before decoration, the whole piece would be dipped in a coloured slip, and then the picture or whatever was to be the main theme would be spotted or trailed upon it in pale cream, or buff, slip. Other varieties of brown, yellow, and red, were used—so that some extremely pleasing themes in these shades are to be found. When the decorations were complete, the pieces were lead-glazed.

It is true that the English are not the only potters to use slip decoration; but they *are* alone in the beauty of their slip-wares, and the almost incredible skill with which the more experienced of them applied this very difficult decoration. Earliest of the slipware centres was Wrotham in Kent. Here they specialised in very brightly glazed chestnut coloured pottery, with yellow decorations. It should be said that most of the great pieces still in existence were manifestly not fashioned primarily for use; these were the special wares on which the potters lavished all their attention, and all their love. They are, therefore, comparatively rare—for the potter would from day to day have to make ordinary earthenware of very little interest to himself or his customers—for their daily use: but on these, fashioned for the special occasion, he could spend as long as he liked. Tygs—many-handled jugs—were a speciality of one Wrotham potter, Thomas Ifield. Only four of his Tygs are known to exist—when one came up for sale at Sotheby's this summer, it realised £260 ($720), a sum which would have astonished this simple man.

While Wrotham was producing its slipwares, potteries making very similar pieces were springing up in various parts of London.

It is too difficult to distinguish between the pots made at each London factory, so they are known under the generic term of London ware. During the time of the Great Rebellion, or rather during the Protectorate of the regicide, Oliver Cromwell (1649 to 1658), the inscriptions on drinking vessels underwent an unhappy change. The Puritans, with their barebone philosophy, replaced the texts which had before appeared, and were again to appear for a century after their misrule, as on a Dublin delft punch-bowl of 1786—*Drink Drink whilst ye have breath For there is no drinking after Death*—such admirable advice, I say, was replaced in London, on jugs, presumably made to hold water, or thin gruel, by the inscription *Fast and Pray,* or sometimes, in a more expansive moment, *Pray and Pitty the Poor Amend Thy Life and Sinne no More*: so many of these jugs were potted—quite well potted, be it said—that they have been written into the text-books as *Fast-and-Pray Jugs.*

The finest of English slipwares were made in Staffordshire. For an explanation of the prime importance of Staffordshire in the development of the English pottery industry, it is necessary for a few lines to digress into economic history. First there is the interesting fact that of all English potteries, only those of Staffordshire enlarged and increasingly flourished: the others remained much as they had been, unless they dwindled away and died out of existence. Up until the reign of James I, that is, the beginning of the sixteenth century—fuel for firing had been always wood. The supplies of wood naturally diminished more quickly than they could be replaced; so an alternative fuel for heating the pottery kilns had to be found. That alternative was coal. Only in Staffordshire was there to be found clay in quantity, and of the sorts which make good earthenware, and coal in quantity. Further, Staffordshire is conveniently close to the mouth of the Mersey—with its port of Liverpool, so that the wares could be sent to every part of the world by water, one of the cheapest and easiest forms of transport. At the same time, if new and better materials were discovered, they could readily be imported by the same means. With all this, however, to build a great industry is impossible without great potters—but Stafford-

shire had these, also, as even the earliest slipwares of that county demonstrate.

There are three families of Staffordshire slipware potters, all of the first order—these are the Taylors, the Simpsons, and the Tofts. Confusion is worse confounded by there being a Ralph in each of the families; John Taylor and James Toft, who both added to the chaos on occasion by signing their work with initials only; two Williams—William Taylor and William Simpson; George Taylor and Thomas Toft. Since, quite as often, they did not sign a piece at all, it is, in effect, extremely difficult to decide who made what, and therefore best to accept the notion that all those potters worked brilliantly, and that their wares are generally excellent. Considered the greatest of all the slipware potters is Thomas Toft—his signed productions include the exquisite plate in the Bodenham Collection which shows a cavalier holding a rose in each hand; a Mermaid dish in the Victoria and Albert Museum; and the famous British Museum piece—*The Pelican in her Piety*. This shows the pelican's young feeding on her blood—it was the opinion of the wise men of Christendom that the pelican, a bird which they had had little opportunity of seeing, was so virtuously maternal, that having no other food for her chicks, she pecked at her own breast to let blood to nurture them. Toft's dish has them, a nest of scrubby little creatures, all eagerly plucking the drops as they ooze from the self-mutilated fowl. A particular bucolic amusement of the Staffordshire slipware makers is their invention—the fuddling-cup. This is a series of small cups—never less than three, and often nine or ten, all made to appear separate—but in fact joined together by small passages in the sides—so that the only way of emptying one is to empty all. If the brew is sufficiently strong, the victim ends up beneath the table, totally fuddled.

In Derbyshire were three comparatively well-known slipware potteries—at Tickenhall, Bolsover, and Cockpit Hill. The Derbyshire practice differed from all others in manufacture. The basic piece was pressed into moulds, then slips of several colours were poured into the grooves, instead of being spotted upon the surface. At Donyat in Somerset also was a slipware pottery, chiefly

renowned for a single piece. At a village called Il-Bromers, Siamese twins were born on the 19th of May, 1680, and a dish commemorated the occasion, showing the unfortunate pair. This was not entirely slip-decorated, but *sgraffiato*—the decoration scratched through the light slip covering to the dark ware beneath.

From Delft—there came to England the practice of making blue and white tin-enamelled wares. These have since been called English Delft, which I do not consider a good name for them—first because it is a contradiction in terms, and therefore confusing; and second, because they are so very English in spirit that it is absurd to give them a Dutch name. The only details they have in common is that they are decorated in blue, on a white tin-enamelled surface. Even that is not always so, for many pieces of the English ware were many-coloured, though still made on exactly the same principle: and to call these, as some do, English maiolica, is to make yet another artificial and entirely misleading distinction. If, however, we call it English tin-glazed ware, we can then specify whether blue and white, monochrome, or multi-coloured.

Four English districts specialised in these tin-glazed wares—Lambeth, Liverpool, Bristol and Staffordshire. Slightly the earliest in these activities were the potteries at Lambeth, in London. There were, manifestly, other London potteries; for example at Southwark, but the wares of all the London factories are so similar, and the distinction between the unmarked pieces so difficult to make, that, at least until we know very much more about the history of each separate pottery, it is easier to consider them all as Lambeth. More than the other three, the Lambeth wares show evidence of the influence of the Italian *maiolicares*—not so much in the designs, but in the general use of colours. There is in the Garner collection a very bright, gay vase, painted in green, yellow, red, and blue, with a crested duck and flowers. Drug pots were a common product of Lambeth—fat, plump, full-bellied jars, inscribed in Latin with the names of the tinctures and essences they are to contain—*Syrup of Lemon, Oil of Elder Flower,* and so on. Inn signs composed of a panel of tiles

were not beyond the capabilities of Lambeth: there is still in London's Guildhall Museum such a sign—for *The Cock and Bottle Tavern*—over two feet wide, and almost three feet high.

The speciality of Lambeth was its dishes. These are more often than not blue and white only, and decorated in the most ingenious fashion. There are sets of six, on each of which is inscribed a line of the following verse: these *Merry Man* sets are quite obviously fashioned for "stag" parties of a half-dozen happy fellows . . .

1. What is a merey man?
2. Let him doe what he kan
3. To entertain his gests
4. With wine and mery jests
5. But if his wife doth frowne
6. All meryment goos downe.

Since these were made for use rather than ornament, it is difficult to find a complete set in good condition—however, a few do exist, one of the best being in the Burn collection at Rous Lench Court. English potters excelled in inscribing social commentary upon their wares; there is in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge a very large blue and white dish, touched with yellow here and there to highlight its more dramatic features, portraying an Owl, a Cat, and an Ape, all curlicued and gewgawed, bedecked with lace mantillas and shoulder capes. This is dated 1688—and round the top arc of the dish is inscribed the title of the whole creation—*The Alomode or ye Maidens Mode Admir'd & Continu'd By ye Ape, Owl & Mistris Puss.* Underneath the picture is a series of verses too long fully to quote here. Their general import may be gathered from what the Owl has to say—that in the day, she used to be afraid of all the other birds, because they recognised and chased her—but now, gowned *à la mode,* she may go abroad as she wants—and no-one recognises her at all . . .

. . . Top knots and night vailes I declare
For evermore I mean to ware
This dress ther's non yt can excell
I see it doth be Com Me well . . .

The Bristol ware tin-enamel was much thicker than that of other places; peculiar to the Bristol potteries was the practice of covering the plate with a blue ground, and painting on it in a thick, sticky-looking, tooth-paste white. The special themes of the Bristol decorators were Oriental ones, these are very pretty, rather late (1760), coloured plates made by Joseph Flower, decorated with lakeside panoramas and diving birds, in which even the balustrade at the lake's edge, and indeed, the birds themselves, take on an Oriental aspect. They are in fact very like the *Silent Traveller* illustrations of London and Paris parks—made by Mr. Chiang Yee in his delightful books. Western themes were not, however, wholly neglected at Bristol. One of the most interesting of Bristol blue and white plates is that commemorating Lunardi's balloon ascent in 1784, which shows the aviator floating above the houses in a very convincing hawk-like manner.

At Liverpool there were three factories, those of Zachariah Barnes, a man named Shaw, and Seth Pennington, which at the beginning of the eighteenth century were producing what was virtually the major trading commodity of the entire city. Centred in a sea-port, the Liverpool painters specially favoured ships as a decorative theme: and punch bowls, for ship captains and board room tables, were their speciality. These frequently were inscribed with the proposition *Success To* —— followed by the name of a ship, a business project, or a new organisation of a commercial nature. The factory owned by John Sadler and Guy Green mastered the technique of printing on tiles—their most celebrated series was that of English stage characters, taken after the engravings illustrating Bell's British Theatre. Liverpool was also renowned for its very brilliant multi-coloured faience—known generically as *Fazackerley Polychrome*. The colours of the exotic birds, insects, and flowers on this ware are vivid and extremely beautiful — yellow, green, plum-purple, sky-blue, purple-black, and fox-fur red.

A particular sub-species of English tin-glazed ware was the Blue-Dash Charger. These were circular dishes, around the edge of which were painted blue dashes. These have, in my opinion, been overrated by collectors, more on account of their rarity

value than for their beauty—though it should be said that a few are very fine, as was one recently sold in London. This is more than six inches across, dated 1668, and shows, painted in brown, blue, yellow and green, a small yacht, flying the Royal colours. The ship *The Mary* was the one presented to King Charles II by the Dutch Government to celebrate his return to his kingdom after the Commonwealth episode. The ubiquitous Samuel Pepys noted the King's pleasure in the gift in his diary for August 15th, 1660. *To the office, and after dinner by water to White Hall, where I found the King gone this morning by five of the clock to see a Dutch pleasure-boat below bridge, where he dines . . .* This yacht seems also to have pleased Mr. Pepys himself, Secretary to the Navy, for on November 8th, 1660, we read: *On board the yacht, which indeed is one of the finest things that ever I saw, for neatness and room, in so small a vessel.*

In England, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in addition to these many slipwares and faiences, two other classes of peculiarly English wares were made—glazed earthenwares and salt-glazed stonewares. We have said before how the salt-glaze was achieved; by the casting of a handful of salt into the kiln at the appropriate moment. As the majority of salt-glazed pieces, and also the noteworthy glazed earthenwares, were made in Staffordshire; and as our chronicle is now reaching the time when we know of individual potters and their products, in detail, it will be best to discuss them in turn, rather than to generalise about types of ware.

Having said that the major potteries were centred in Staffordshire, the first potter we select for especial notice is John Dwight of Fulham, in South-West London. It was he, who, in 1671, introduced the manufacture of stoneware into England, by taking out a patent *for the mistery of transparent earthenware commonly knowne by the names of porcelaine or China and Persian ware, as alsoe the misterie of the stoneware vulgarly called Cologne ware.* With the *mistery of transparent earthenware* we are little concerned—because on examination Dwight's "porcelain" has proven not porcelain at all, but a good, thin, well-potted stoneware. It is the stoneware patent which is of interest

—first, because it *is* the introduction of this sort of pottery into England; and second because the patent involved him later in a lawsuit with the Elers brothers, who had learned how to make stoneware in Cologne itself—before coming to England. That, however, lies twenty years ahead. Dwight left a *Journal* from which we learn much of his everyday affairs: and from which, incidentally, we are able to see how closely the idiom that we accept as Modern American, is, in fact, the colonial English of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as when he records the storing away of some money in the attic as *In the garret in a hole under the fireplace 240 G in a wooden box*. What we cannot learn from his Journal is the name of the modeller of the very lovely salt-glazed figure of his daughter—touchingly inscribed *Lydia Dwight dyed March 3rd 1673*. It is the general opinion that the figure was the work of the then unknown young wood-carver—Grinling Gibbons. For the sake of Romantic and Poetic Truth, one hopes that it is so. Certainly, it is the work of a master; and it is extremely unlikely that there should be another modeller of his calibre producing masterpieces at the same time and in the same style.

The Elers brothers, David and John Philip, were half-Dutch, half-German by birth, German by training, and English by adoption. They had begun their careers as silversmiths: but had observed, with the introduction of tea-drinking in quantity into Europe, with its attendant import of red stoneware teapots made in Nanking specially to be shipped to the foreign barbarians, that here was probably a profitable market. In Cologne, they learned the art of making very hard, red stoneware, unglazed—so hard that it could be ground on a lathe, as would be a piece of silver, to give it finish. They then went into production, very successfully: but then again, observing the colossal consumption of tea in England, and observing also that no English potter knew their secret—they removed themselves first to London, and then to Staffordshire. To Staffordshire, they introduced the salt-glazing methods they had learned in Cologne: it was at this time that Dwight took legal action against them for the infringement of his patent: but his attempt to monopo-

lise the entire superior stoneware production in England failed, as it was obviously bound to; and other means had to be resorted to before the secret of these two foreign potters could be broken.

In order to discover the Elers formula for hard stoneware, and any other useful *arcana,* John Astbury, a Staffordshire potter, cunning, one would think, beyond his age and profession, simulated an idiocy which was evidently far from natural to him, and so was taken into the Elers factory at Bradwell as a rather lumpish,' but very hard and willing worker, poor fellow. There he bumbled about in a wholly innocent, zany fashion until he had learned all he wanted to know. He then removed himself, and started what was to become one of the most notable of Staffordshire potteries. He was by no means contented only to imitate Elers wares. In his anxiety always to approximate more nearly to Oriental porcelain, he began to search for a whitening substance—for the natural colour of stoneware is buffish brown. First he coated the brown dishes and plates and cups with a slip made of very white Devonshire clays. This was an improvement, but it was not of the body of clay itself, and this was Astbury's aim. He decided, therefore, to add calcined flint to the clay itself—this novel idea had the desired effect—and white stoneware was, by 1730, truly in existence. His red Elers-like wares are very varied in shade, the light-fired being very much the colour of our modern red house-bricks; the more highly fired, a dark brownish black. The single peculiarity, among his many products, was a series of profile portraits of Anglo-Saxon kings: to what possible purpose these could have been fashioned one does not know, since they seem to have been neither useful nor ornamental. Astbury did commemorate less *recherché* persons, however. In 1739, a war broke out between England and Spain, in the course of which the strategic city of Porto Bello was captured by Admiral Vernon. Astbury made a bowl of specially pleasing proportions and design to commemorate the event, which seems much to have impressed itself on the public mind, for many mugs were made in honour of the English admiral. In London, "Strongman" Topham, landlord of *The Duke's Head*

Hostelry in Islington, mounted a platform in Coldbath Fields, an open space close to Sadler's Wells, at that time the resort of a large part of London's criminal and *demi-mondaine* populace, as well as ladies and gentlemen of fashion, and before an enormous crowd, said to include the Admiral himself, lifted into the air three huge barrels filled with water, which together weighed rather more than sixteen hundredweight!

After the invention of pure white bodies, the logical development in Staffordshire pottery was colours. At the same time as Thomas Whieldon was making his very fine agate and tortoiseshell earthenwares by blending different coloured clays, the French invention of dry-moulding wares was introduced. The principle was the very simple one of casting the clay in porous moulds, through which the excess moisture naturally evaporated. Such a process meant that with one master potter or designer making the prototypes, it was possible to fashion hundreds of any piece as required, and much more thinly and delicately than when they had had to be shaped by hand. When business-man master-potter Josiah Wedgwood appeared, he had to hand all the elements of the mass-productive industry which he made of pottery and fine stonewares. We shall, however, leave him for future consideration, and return to Thomas Whieldon, who beside making masterpieces of blended clay, coloured the white stonewares splendidly: a green and purple parrot; a pair of Cock and Hen—Whieldon was particularly fond of pairs of birds—glazed in a mottled purple and deep blue; a teapot shaped like an Owl, decorated in white slip and with coloured clay-filled incisions on the wings.

Teapots, not necessarily Whieldon's, were shaped in many peculiar ways; as hearts—presumably for lovers' tea-parties—as cottages, squirrels, camels and elephants. Whieldon himself was certainly responsible for the initiation of the murder souvenir trade, at least in pottery. In the Willett Collection, in Brighton, is what is most inappositely called a Whieldon Toy—a plaque after Hogarth's portrait of Sarah Malcolm, a laundress, who in 1733 was executed for the murder of her employer and two other maids. It is recorded that such was her amour-propre, that she

would not permit Hogarth to begin his painting until she had made herself up to her own satisfaction.

Toby Jugs were made by Whieldon, but in this respect he must yield the palm to Ralph Wood—or rather, to Wood in conjunction with his modeller, John Voyez. These were jugs in the shape of a mid-eighteenth century gentleman, jug in one hand, pipe in the other. Their model in real life is said to have been a character by the name of Henry Elwes, renowned even in his own drunk-for-a-penny, dead-drunk-for-twopence world as a beer-swiller. He had drunk more than two thousand gallons of ale, and by this exploit earned for himself the name of Toby Fillpot. Fillpot—soon metamorphosed to the more elegant but less descriptive, Philpot—grew into an entire family—beside the ale-drinking gentleman, was the Drunken Parson, pouring strong liquor, with uncertain aim, into a glass; the red-faced Drunken Toby; Convict Toby; Night-watchman Toby, holding a lantern, and sitting in a high-backed chair; Falstaff Toby—a magnificent amalgam of the two rascally fellows; Sailor Toby, sitting astride a box marked *Dollars;* Squire Toby, sitting in an armchair, smoking a long churchwarden clay pipe; a standing snuff-taking Toby—said to have been modelled after Benjamin Franklin; and finally, the great mother, as it were, of them all, Mrs. Toby. The colourings of these are very fine—particularly Ralph Wood's own best pieces, which are painted distinctive greens, yellows, blues and purples.

The Woods, of which there was an entire family of potters, of course made other things beside Toby Jugs. Ralph Wood (1716—1772) made many figures, both people and animals, including deer, foxes, and most lovely multicoloured birds. His son, another Ralph, (1748—1797), is best known for having introduced a magnificent over-glaze pigment which necessitated a third firing of any piece to which it was applied. A cousin, Aaron Wood, was almost certainly the chief potter of those quaint, primitive, salt-glaze figures grouped in church pews, and known, logically enough, as Pew Groups. In addition, many salt-glaze figures, jugs in the shape of bears, bears being baited by dogs, and a thousand other equally charming facets of eighteenth century life, appear

on or in the Staffordshire and Nottinghamshire salt-glazes and earthenwares. It was left to Wedgwood to refine these rather rural tastes and practices to the extent of making a Queen's Ware, and being appointed Queen's Potter by the Lady Caroline. This however, must wait, until after we have made a pleasant interlude in Mexico, a long visit to China, and a tour of eighteenth century Germany, with its Principalities, Duchies, Counties Palatine, and Margraviates.

CHAPTER XI

Mexican Interlude

In an entirely capricious manner, we are now about to look at Mexican native pottery, between 1500 and 1800. It has no relation to any other ceramic history, and is included for the sole reason that it pleases me to look at, and to write about it. I hope the reader will agree with me, that it is worth spending a little time on, when he has heard how delightful it is.

North Mexico, and what is now the State of Arizona, were for a long time part of the Spanish colonial empire: but before this, there had been peasant settlements along the Rio Grande for centuries, each making its own wares of decorated earthenware for itself. There were about seventy of these small villages, but even before the arrival of the Spaniards, the native population was steadily decreasing—being plucked off by many epidemics, by the ravages of Apaches from the outside, and the sniping of one village against the next. The Spaniards merely hastened the total dissolution of these people, first, by killing off many of the remainder, and then by the system of *encomienda*, which was basically that of the Mongols in their Asian empire; that is, removing people from one side of the country to the other, which took away all semblance of originality and individuality from the survivors. This enforced movement, however, had one good effect, it meant an exchange of ceramic notions, out of which grew a fine new Mexican style: more accurately, three new styles, the general production being broadly divided into three geographical districts—the Upper and Middle Rio Grande, the little Colorado, and the Hopi District. The potters of the Hopi area have remained true to their own tradition, despite native and Spanish pressure, to this very day—still making bright orange, and brilliant yellow, tall, round-bottomed jars (for standing in sand or earth), called *ollas*. These are distinct from any other Mexican ware, and certainly quite different from any jars anywhere else in the world. They can be seen

and bought anywhere in Hopi Province—and very enlivening they are in our dour Northern rooms!

In the Rio Grande, the pre-Spanish styles had been either red wares, painted with a white-lead paint, and coloured with other shades of white and red slips; or pale buff wares painted black with vegetable dyes. The most usual of the jars, which were the predominant product, were what is termed a *depressed olla,* that is, a round-bottomed jar widening very quickly from a quite small base, and then narrowing rather quickly from this widest point to a straight rim. The post-Spanish styles are very different—six different decorations and groups being known—the earliest of these is the Sankawi black and cream ware. The jars now have much longer necks and concave bases, this latter feature was probably to facilitate porterage—the old *ollas* being carried in rings braided from yucca foliage. With longer necks, there was naturally more room for decoration and on the cream-coloured clays were painted fine black abstract decorations. About 1670, the people of Sankawi went from the Rio Grande plateau and settled in the valley, in a number of communities, near Tewa. There the jars were covered in red slip—and painted in black and yellow slips. Very few good pieces of this remain, since the Mexican Indians of Tewa revolted in 1694 against the Spaniards, and were very cruelly oppressed when their seven-months' rebellion came to an end. A cache of the ware was found recently in the hills, where the last remnants of the Tewan people held out against their masters.

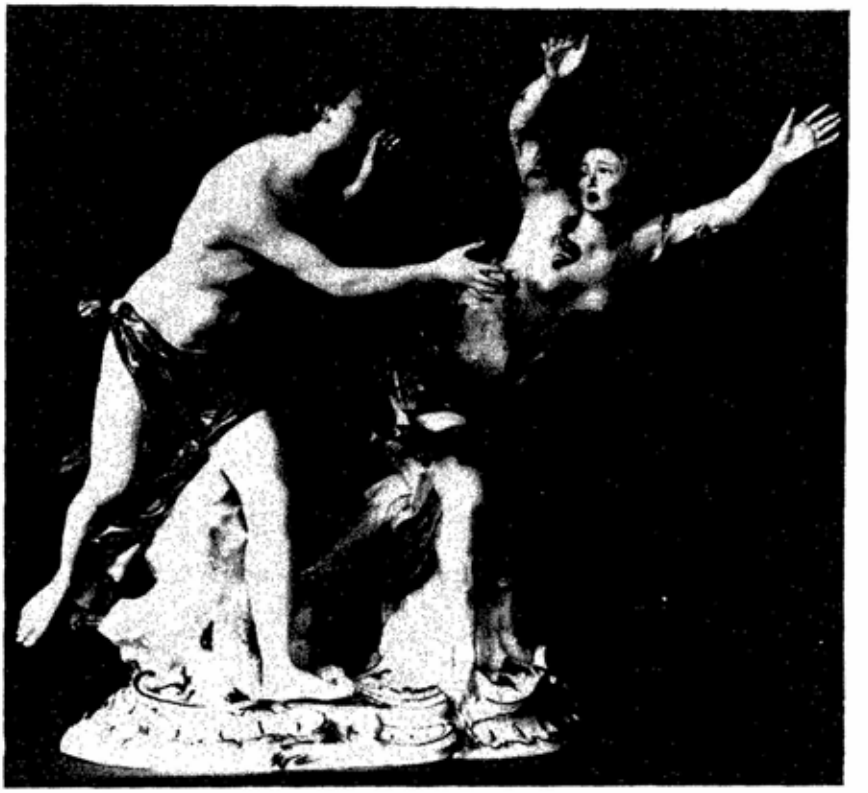
While these two wares were being perfected in the Upper Rio Grande, in the Middle Rio Grande, at Kotyiti, the new long-necked jars and bowls were being decorated on the bright red surfaces with two bands of geometric or stylised birds or animals in black, yellow, or brown. In the territory nearest Colorado were others in the same colours, but their shapes dictated by those of Colorado; these are very local and are found only in two village sites—Santa Ana and Tsia.

In the Upper Rio Grande, the development was more or less continuous. After the Sankawi and Tewa wares came a red slip-covered ware, the slip very highly polished and the jars distin-

guished by rims flaring very sharply outwards. These are known, after the village where they have been chiefly found, as Posuge red slipwares. Ogapoge is a Tewan word describing a district; a district, one may say, on the site of which is now built the capital city of the State of New Mexico, Santa Fé. Ogapoge ware is a mixture of Sankawi black and cream and Tewa red, black, and yellow wares. These are extremely gay—as can be imagined—the fresh black and dark red forming a most pleasing background to the cream and yellow designs. In the same way, Pojoaque ware is a mixture of Sankawi black and yellow, and Posuge red slipware. The necks of the jars, and the bowls are shaped and coloured exactly like Posuge slipwares: but the bowls are banded, and the entire bodies below the necks of the jars, covered with cream slip, on which are painted black designs of the sort on Sankawi black and yellow. These, being painted with rather more refinement, in my opinion make Pojoaque wares superior to Ogapoge.

There is one other Rio Grande ware to be noticed before we pass to the Easterly territories of the Little Colorado—this is Kapo black ware. The jars and bowls are of the same simple shapes as all other Mexican wares, but the colour is an unrelieved black—from dark grey to pitch. This strange colouration was achieved by a smear technique, which deposited carbon in quantity upon the ordinary clay-coloured ware; a technique which had been invented in the 1100's, but which was not, as one might say, systematically applied to pot decoration until around 1700.

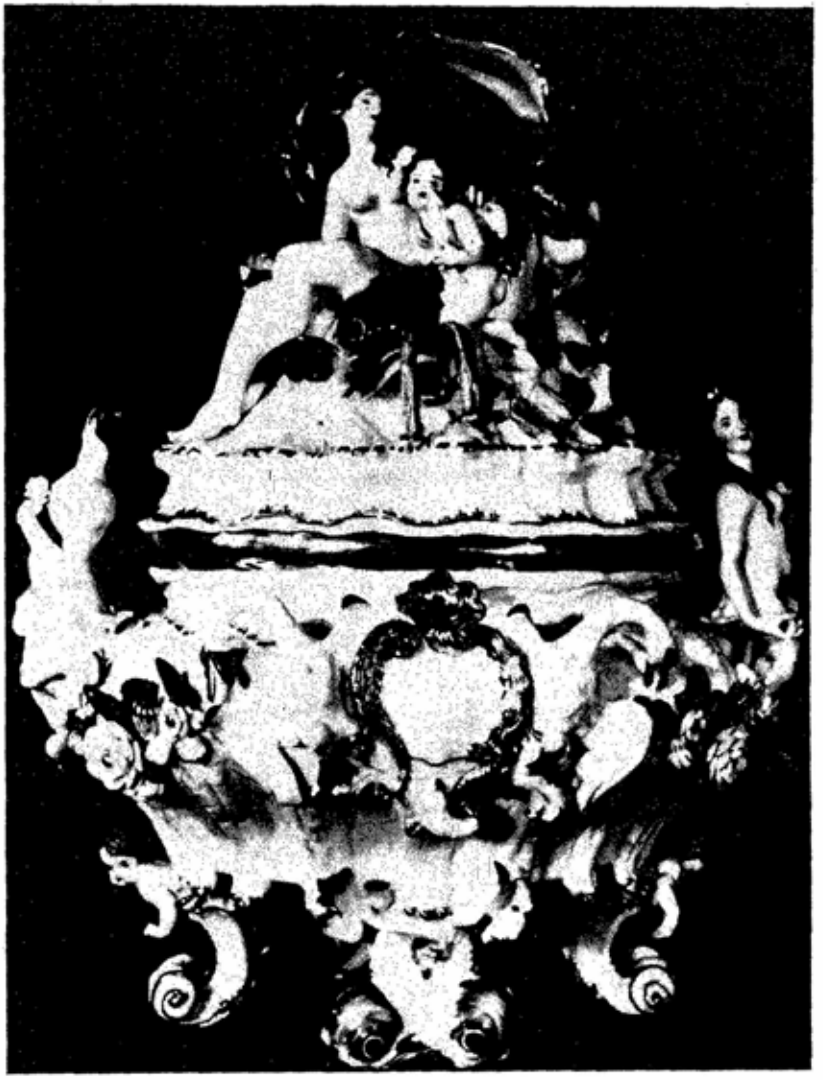
The best potters in the Little Colorado area were a small group of people, with a language and culture very much their own—the Zuñis: and the village where the best Zuñi pottery has been found is Hawikuh. Now, it is known that all wares found there must date from before 1680, for in that year the Great Pueblo Rebellion against the Spanish began, in which the Zuñis were particularly involved—and whose homes were therefore, entirely ravaged. The village of Hawikuh, for instance, was entirely desolated. This was the greatest pity, for of all Mexican Pueblo pottery, Hawikuh many-coloured wares are some of the



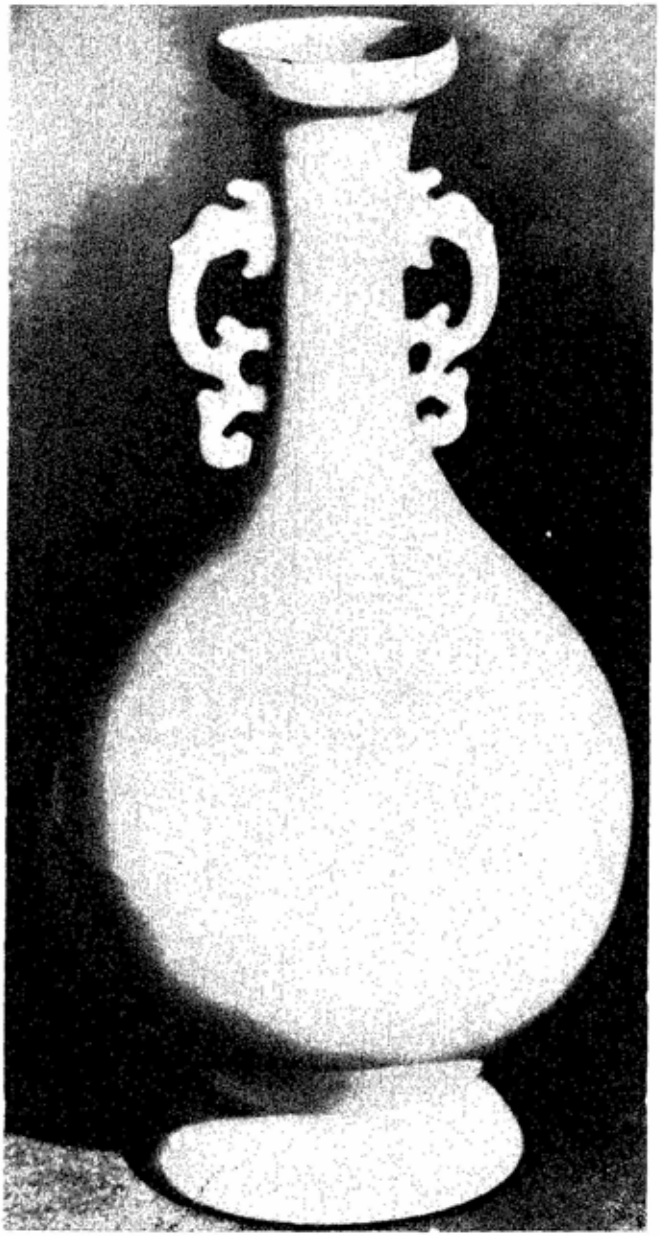
25. Apollo and Daphne. (German porcelain) J. J. Kändler. Meissen c. 1750. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).

26. Harlequins. J. J. Kändler. Kändler began modelling Harlequins for Meissen in 1735. These are later, dating between 1740 and 1765. *(Meissen P.M. Archives)*.

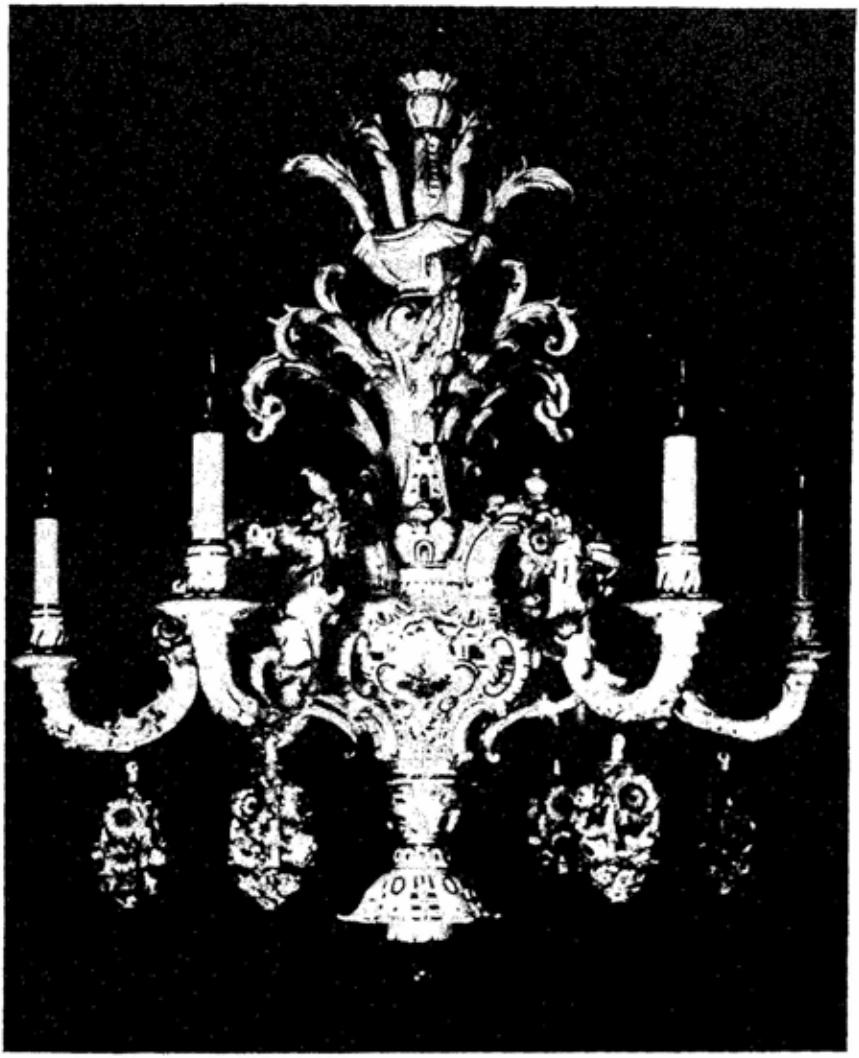
27. Harlequins. J. J. Kändler. *(Meissen P.M. Archives)*.



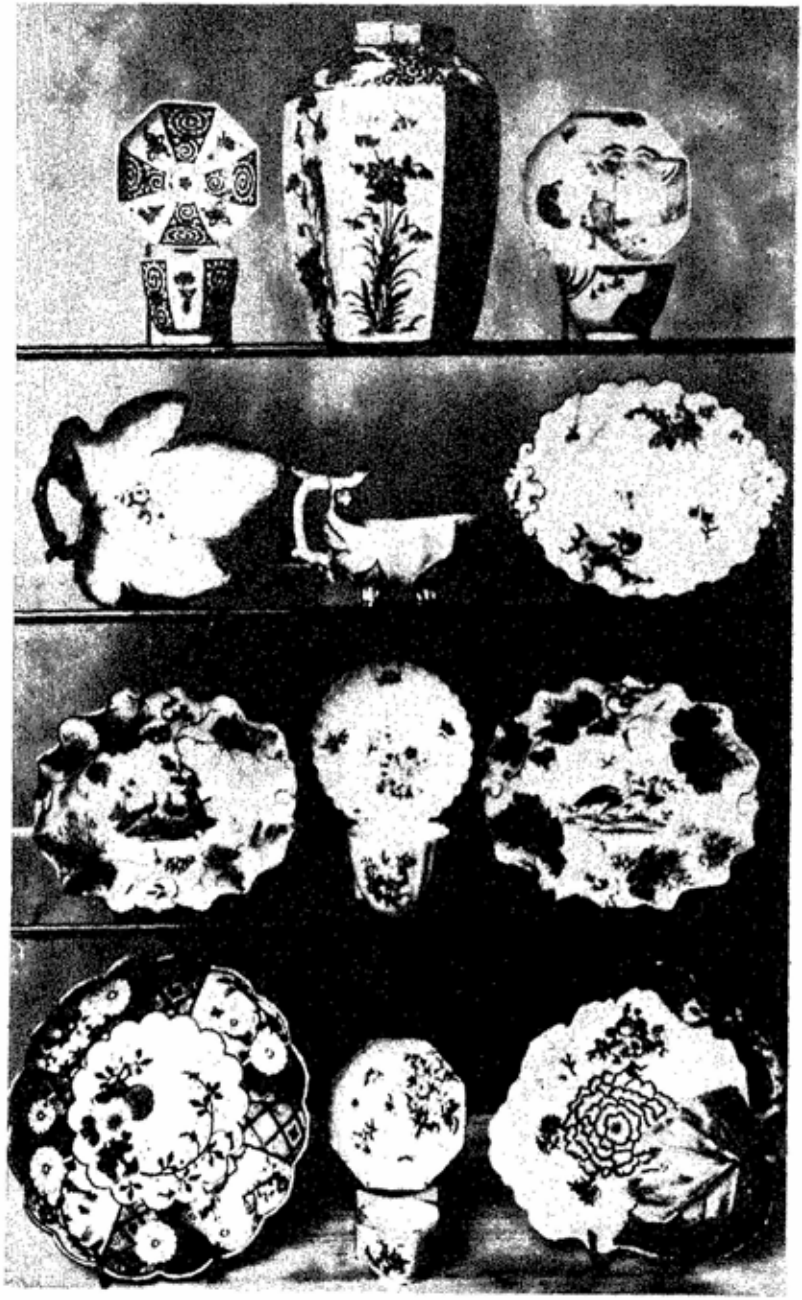
28. Tureen from the Swan service made for Count Brühl. (German porcelain) Meissen 1737—1741. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).



29. Vase. (Chinese porcelain) Pale lavender *clair de lune* glaze. Ch'ien Lung period. A.D. 1736—95. (*Sydney L. Moss, Esq.*).



30. Candelabrum. (German porcelain) Meissen c. 1750. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).



31. A case of Chelsea tableware. (English porcelain) c. 1750—c. 1765. (*Trustees V. & A. Museum*).

32. Tea set painted in the Chinese manner. (German porcelain) J. G. Herold. Meissen c. 1750. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).

33. Tea set. (German porcelain) J. G. Herold. Meissen c. 1750. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).

34. Columbine, Ragonde, and the Captain from the Italian comedy series by Simon Feilner. (German porcelain) Fürstenberg 1754. (*Fürstenberger Porzellanfabrik*).

most attractive. The colours, glaze painted on to the piece, were the usual ones, yellow, brown, and black: but the shapes were unique to this area—very squat, concave ollas, with the rims turned in to make a peculiarly stubby neck. After the suppression of the Rebellion, the Zuñi pottery centre removed itself to Ashiwi. The wares made here were quite pleasant, the squat ollas being elongated, under the influence of natives even further east, and the thick rim made thinner. Bases of all wares of this sort were dipped in brown or red slip, and the upper parts decorated by painting on the body. These Ashiwi wares, even at their best however, are not comparable to the glorious brightness of the Hawikuh pieces.

From this strange phenomenon—unique in ceramic history—of a whole group of potters, with apparently no forbears, and what is much more disquieting, certainly no successors, we return to the Far East, where we shall find being made porcelains of which the significance as examplars has not yet been exhausted: and the ancestry of which we have already catalogued.

CHAPTER XII

White of Moonbeams, Tiger Skin, and the way the Foreigners like it

In China, we had reached the end of the Ming dynasty—with its great Imperial pottery at Ching-te Chen. With the following Ch'ing, or Manchu rulers, as they were known in the West, who occupied the Dragon Throne from 1644 to 1912, the prospects for Chinese porcelain did not seem good. The Imperial factory was closed, and the Emperor occupied himself with fancies quite other than jars, vases, and bowls. In the second of the Ch'ing Emperors, however, K'ang Hsi, China came upon a man absolutely devoted to porcelain. In 1681—he reigned from 1662 to 1722—he rebuilt the potteries of Ching-te Chen—three thousand and more kilns, which worked continously, so that at night, said those who saw it, it looked as though the entire city was ablaze. Here were made the thousands and thousands of exquisite porcelains, to supply the wellnigh inexhaustible demands of this porcellomane.

New colours were perfected for this connoisseur—that known variously as bull's blood red, cherry, or K'ang Hsi red was the first. It is a rich and gorgeous colour: one may quite readily see why the Emperor appropriated it for himself. Then there was the especially beautiful green, which gives its name to the green group, or *famille verte*. The colours other than the blue were those of the Ming *wu ts'ai*, five-coloured wares—although the blue was usually violet over-glaze, and not the *wu ts'ai* under-glaze cobalt. This combination of hues, in a strange way accentuates the green—so that it seems to burn and glow on the ware—especially beautiful *famille verte* wares are the small pieces for the Oriental scholar—the brush jar and brush stand—which are often to be found made in this lovely colour. Figures and other wares were decorated also in this predominantly green way—there is a particularly fine bowl, ten inches across, decorated with birds and lotus-blossoms, in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The single-colour pieces were not only K'ang Hsi red—among the reds there is one found only on K'ang Hsi period wares—and usually then only on small pieces, though I have seen a very large jar with the most glorious touches of this shade—called in Chinese *p'in kuo hung,* apple-skin red, and in Europe, peach-bloom red. Amongst the greens, apart from the *famille verte* shade, was a cucumber green, known to the Chinese as camellia-leaf green: a greenish turquoise—peacock green; and an apple-green, made by painting a sharp, translucent green enamel over a white crackled glaze. There was an unusual beetle-black glaze, in Europe often named mirror-black, in Chinese, *wu-chin,* black gold. Of the yellows were two notable shades, an olive-yellow, eel-colour, and Imperial Yellow, which was a kind of burnt Siena; and of the browns, two also—*tzu chin,* brown like gold, and a dead-leaf brown. The number of blues K'ang Hsi's potters achieved is incredible—the best known are *ch'ui ch'ing,* powder blue—which was exactly that, the dry pigment being blown from a bamboo pipe on to the pot or jar, through gauze: *t'ien lan,* the colour of the heavens, a glaze much given to crackling: *ta ch'ing*—strong blue: *chi ch'ing,* the blue of the sky after rain: and a magnificent, pale, ice-blue, in Europe called moonlight blue, by the Chinese themselves, *yueh pai,* white of moonbeams.

Nor did the Chinese potters consider these single glazes sufficient in themselves. Very seldom did they leave the single-coloured ware undecorated; the most common adornment was an incised pattern, like those on the celadon wares, under the glaze. Or they mixed two or three glazes, or spotted one with another—they achieved a very lovely effect by splashing *t'ien lan,* the colour of the heavens' blue, with a purplish-red, the colour of the misty bloom on a ripening plum, the most glorious combination imaginable. And another almost as fine, is called *hu p'i,* tiger-skin with speckles of purple, green, and tawny, united on a single piece.

There were, also, the beauties of what we call flame-glazes—that is, a burnished copper colour is the basis, streaked with the many colours of the fire—opaline blue, autumn mist blue, grape-purple, and Franciscan grey. Then, the K'ang Hsi potters made

another family like the *verte* pieces—these were the *famille noire;* the black produced by firing a green transparent glaze over a black matt colour painted on to the surface of the piece.

Blue and White wares continued to be made in great quantities during the reign of K'ang Hsi—but afterwards, for the remainder of the Ch'ing dynasty, scarcely at all. The blue was very good and deep. The favourite pattern, at least of Europeans, who doted upon it in a silly fashion out of all proportion to its real beauty, was that which the Chinese called *mei-hua yao,* plum blossom ware. For a reason also best known to themselves, the Europeans called them, and for that matter, still do, hawthorn jars—though it would be difficult to imagine anything less like hawthorn blossom than these rather lumpish flowers. The overwhelming mass of K'ang Hsi wares in European collections are Blue and White—but this should not be allowed to upset our sense of the value of these in relation to all the other, in my view, superior, K'ang Hsi pieces.

K'ang Hsi's long reign was followed by the comparatively short one of Yung Chêng, 1722—1735, who was as great an enthusiast for porcelain as his forerunner had been, and as his successor, Ch'ien Lung, was to be. It is evident that most "contemporary" styles had been exhausted by K'ang Hsi potters —so that there is, in Yung Chêng pottery, somewhat of a movement back to the old styles and shapes. Yung Chêng was fortunate in having as manager of the Imperial Factory one of the greatest among even Chinese potters, T'ang Ying. His invention par excellence was tea-powder green ware, which consisted of a green-speckled glaze dusted over a brownish porcelain. This so pleased the Emperor that he issued an Imperial edict, commanding all such pieces to his own personal use. This greedy appropriation maddened other Chinese connoisseurs, to the extent that they sought a means whereby they might keep a piece, yet not offend Yung Chêng. Their solution was a triumph of close thinking, though it might be construed as theologically culpable. It was a well-known fact that evil spirits were always to be found lurking in cracks; manifestly a cracked piece could not belong to the Emperor, who would not wish to harbour evil

spirits about his Palace. Then they bethought themselves of a refinement—why should they harbour such ill-favoured things, either? So they painted a crack upon the vase or jar or bowl, large enough to mis-lead the Emperor, but too small for a wicked sprite to inhabit.

The Yung Chêng potters added the last great colour family to Chinese porcelain—the *famille* rose. Pieces were very distinctly made either for Chinese use, or for export: the export wares being, on the whole, more garishly, and carelessly painted—indeed, these were called by the Chinese, derisively, *yang ts'ai*, foreign colour, or *hsi yang*—the way the foreigners like it. The wares the Chinese made for themselves were very beautiful, the pink being a thick, opaque, rose-colour. There is, for example, in the Martin Hurst collection an especially fine egg-shell cup and saucer, painted in rose, purple, white, green, black, and orange. There is also in the same collection, painted for the foreign market, a pair similar in shape and size, but this time decorated in near-natural colours, of Leda and the Swan, in *flagrante delecto*. The Oriental concept of this lovely Greek tale has to be seen to be believed—the swan? Well, yes, it is a swan, though a badly-deformed bird: and the beautiful Leda—she is half middle-aged Bavarian peasant, and half Chinese concubine.

Yung Chêng's comparatively short reign was followed by yet another very long one—that of Ch'ien Lung (1736—1795), last of the Imperial connoisseurs, he, for whose Imperial stroking, pieces of porcelain were specially fabricated. Having exhausted new glazes and new shapes, the Ch'ien Lung potters had nothing left but to exercise those talents for encompassing all possible decoration in a small space: talents akin to those needed for engraving a philosophical treatise on a pin's' head. As one would therefore expect, every square millimetre of Ch'ien Lung decorated ware is covered with colour, like a fairy picture by Augustus Egg. Typical decorations are the Hundred Beasts and the Thousand Flowers. Tureens and their stands were made in every beast-shape. A pair of elephant tureens recently were sold for £660 ($1850), a high price which can only have been warranted by their rarity, for they are positively ugly.

The *famille rose* colours lent themselves to the decoration of bird figures, in which skill Ch'ien Lung's potters excelled. In the Hon. Mrs. Greville's collection, for example, are a lovely pair of cockerels, their plumage tinted green, creamy-white, blue, and rose-pink. In Lord Granard's collection are two mythical Ho-Ho birds, each eighteen inches high—with yellow claws, rust-coloured head crests, and rose-pink breast feathers. Among the decorators were Europeans—earlier, in K'ang Hsi's reign, there had been two Jesuit priests at the Emperor's court, a Frenchman, Père Belleville, and an Italian, Padre Gherardini. So acclimatised to the Imperial mode of life did the Jesuit mission become, that by Ch'ien Lung's time, two of the Jesuits, Père Attiret and Padre Castiglione, were appointed court painters to the Emperor, and elected to the rank of Mandarin. Attiret continued to paint in the western idiom: Castiglione, the better painter, assumed an Oriental style, signing his work with his Chinese title Lang Shih-ning. The effect they had on the Ch'ien Lung export wares was indirect, but quite important—they were able to advise the Chinese painters on the finer points of European practice, and demonstrate European methods. Even so, disaster used sometimes to overtake them, as on the armorial pieces ordered from China through the Dutch Traders. The custom was for the coat-of-arms to be painted on paper or parchment in Europe, and the colours indicated by arrows and a word or two. The horror with which some lordly persons in Europe received their dinner services, complete with armorial bearing, black indicatory arrows, and words such as "dark green" inscribed on them, may readily be understood.

There were two really beautiful export wares of the Ch'ien Lung period—the best of the armorial wares, and what was known as India ware in most of Europe. It received this name from the trading company which was its importer—each country having its own company, and therefore its own term for the same sort of ware. In France it is known as the *Porcelain of the Indies*: in Denmark as *East Indian ware*: in Sweden, *Company Porcelain*: in England, *India China*. Most often these were commemorative table sets—the Danes, indeed, commemorated

some very peculiar events by services of East Indian ware—the unveiling of the statue of Juliane Marie at the Amalienberg in Copenhagen, for instance; and most ironically of all, the extremely Oriental Indfødsret Service, which was made at the Danish Royal Command to celebrate the exclusion of all but native Danes from public office.

In 1795 Ch'ien Lung abdicated, in favour of his fifteenth son. The stock, so far as connoisseurship is concerned, must have been very weak by this time. It is certain that Chinese porcelain in the nineteenth century deteriorated into imitation, over-ornamentation, and the vulgarization of the ancient styles. For China herself this was a pity: but the initiative in porcelain production and design had long since left the East, moving first to Germany, then to France and to England, under the stimulus of royal patronage, such as that of Queen Mary, with her husband William III, joint ruler of England: and Augustus, Elector of Saxony, whose adoration for porcelain was such that in 1717, he exchanged with the King of Prussia, Frederick I, an impassioned militarist, a troop of tall dragoons for a hundred Chinese vases. To Germany, and its native porcelain, we shall next turn our attention.

CHAPTER XIII

An Indispensable Accompaniment . . . . .

The eighteenth century in Europe is usually considered a period of the greatest enlightenment and intelligence. In many respects, it was so. Any period which could produce, as did the first half of the eighteenth century, in the field of letters alone, and in one country, France—Crébillon, Boileau, Voltaire, Marivaux, Saint-Simon, Vauvenargues, Diderot, Le Sage, L'Abbé Prévost, Madame de Sévigné, Boussuet, Fénelon, Madame de Maintenon, Montesquieu, and Racine must be adjudged worthy of considerable notice. When it is considered that every country in Europe, and every art and science in each country, could offer a similar procession of brilliance in proportion to its size and population, it is not surprising that great developments should take place. Yet, for all that—there remained in the eighteenth century some extraordinary remnants of mediaeval thought and ideas. The one that is our concern, for from it sprang the whole of European porcelain, was the search for the Philosopher's Stone. It was supposed that this solid substance was discoverable by alchemical researches, and that when found, would transmute all other metals into gold—or at least silver, as some less ambitious alchemists claimed.

In common with all European kings, princes and princelings, dukes, margraves and hospodars at the turn of the century, King Frederick I of Prussia, only granted his title in 1701, employed in that year his own alchemist, a German physician and surgeon named Johann Friedrich Böttger. One is never certain just how far people like Böttger believed in the possibility of the transmutation of metals. Certainly he was no fool—he gives the impression of knowing a good thing when he saw it, fully intending to live in style and comfort at the Prussian court for as long as he could, and if the King had implicit faith that one day all the iron in his kingdom would turn to gold at Böttger's touch, what harm was there in that? The King, like a

patient creditor, at last became restive, however; and one day Böttger, having announced the imminent discovery of the *lapis philosophorum*, thought it more discreet swiftly to remove himself from King Frederick's presence. He was half-way across the Electorate of Saxony before the Elector Augustus realised that he might have a prize within his grasp. Augustus plummeted upon Böttger like a hawk upon a heron, appointed him Court Alchemist, and immediately imprisoned him, with orders to continue his researches.

With that goodwill which characterises men who anticipate a large and sudden accession of wealth, and are willing to wait for it, Augustus smiled benevolently upon his new protégé. When, however, four years later, there was still no sign of gold, except that which he was expending on materials for Böttger's experiments, Augustus in his turn grew restive and closely imprisoned him in the Schloss Albrechtsburg at Meissen. It was at about this time that Böttger, who was still allowed visitors, especially scientists, encountered Ehrenfried Walter von Tschirnhausen. Von Tschirnhausen was by no means interested in alchemy: but he was extremely preoccupied with the fusion of minerals. He had been born in the early 1650's, trained at Leyden University in physics and mathematics, and travelled all round Europe. In Paris he met the great philosopher Leibnitz with whom he afterwards carried on a detailed correspondence about certain facets of his researches. In the very year that Böttger had arrived in Saxony, von Tschirnhausen had suggested a porcelain factory to the Elector, who was however, in his other role as King of Poland, too busy warring against Sweden, with the purpose of recovering two territories annexed by Sweden, Livonia and Esthonia, to pay attention to his advice. Accordingly, von Tschirnhausen had continued his experiments privately, and in August 1704, wrote to Leibnitz' secretary that he had succeeded in making a porcelain cup from Saxon clays. When he met Böttger, he discussed his ceramic problems with him—found him to be both sympathetic and knowledgeable (in his medical student days in Berlin, he had been a close friend of a glass-chemist), and persuaded the Elector to release Böttger into his

charge, that they might experiment together on the Saxon production of porcelain on a large scale. The release was effected to the despairing cry from Augustus *Gott unser Schöpfer hat aus einem Goldmacher einen Töpfer gemacht* which may be loosely translated as God the Maker has made a potter from a goldmaker.

Together Böttger and von Tschirnhausen worked to discover a white refractory clay, and some medium which would enable it to fuse. The first von Tschirnhausen had already come upon when he made a survey of all the mineral wealth of Saxony for the Elector; near Colditz he had found a good clay which fired very cleanly white. Böttger suggested alabaster for the medium. Just when it seemed that their researches were to be successful, a disaster befell which could have delayed the discovery of porcelain in Europe for many years. Von Tschirnhausen died. The Elector, however, decided that as so much energy and money had already been spent, the project should be carried to its conclusion. Böttger was to continue alone. Von Tschirnhausen died in October 1708. The following March Böttger handed a triumphant report to Augustus, who, however, had no intention of announcing the successful European manufacture of a true porcelain on the basis of the alchemist's unconfirmed word. A piece of Böttger's porcelain, together with his formulae and notes, were submitted to a Royal Commission, which confirmed his success.

On January 23rd, 1710, Augustus signed the Letters-Patent which authorised the establishment of the Royal Saxon Porcelain Factory, at Albrechtsburg. The secret of the formula was divided between two men only, Dr. Bartelmei who was told how the body was composed, Dr. Nehmitz the methods of glazing, the firing temperatures and processes. The Meissen factory was in production. However, in its first years, it produced more stoneware than porcelain—of a very hard nature, red, and designed mostly by silversmiths. The designs, being made for silver, are naturally not well-suited to stoneware, and in my opinion the material is not a very beautiful one, although some people hold exactly the opposite view. The red stoneware is interesting as an invention, and no more. The Böttger porcelain is something else—very

swiftly he found that Schneeberg clay was superior to Colditz—and he fabricated sufficient porcelain for it to be on show and on sale at the Leipzig Fair of 1713—although some pieces suffered rather in the firing, and were not of so good a shape as they should have been. However, around 1715 and onwards, the Meissen factory was producing quite a lot of pleasant tall goblets, said to be designed specifically for the drinking of chocolate (the tea habit had not yet afflicted fashionable Europe, and coffee was taken from very small cups). From an Englishman's viewpoint, probably the most interesting piece of Böttger's porcelain is a cup and saucer in the British Museum, which has painted upon it the arms of Electress Sophia of Hanover, sister of the King of Bohemia, who by the Parliamentary Act of Settlement of 1701 was declared heiress to the English throne. In the late spring of 1714, walking in the gardens on the Herrenhausen with her daughter-in-law, she on a sudden dropped dead, only a few weeks before England's Queen Anne. So that instead of her becoming England's Queen, it was her completely Hanoverian son, George, who assumed the English throne—and gave thereby a quite different character to the English monarchy as an institution.

Evidently Elector and King Augustus had found a treasure: not, perhaps, the treasure he had originally sought when he imprisoned Böttger, but a treasure nevertheless. He had no intention of allowing other European rulers to discover his secret too easily. Apart from dividing the *arcana*—the mysteries—between the two doctors, he had the most part of the staff sworn to secrecy: and even the materials were specially guarded—a military escort being given to each cart-load of Saxon clay as it rumbled its way towards the Albrechtsburg. He made the elementary error, however, of not paying the workmen promptly, in particular an extremely able and intelligent master-potter, Samuel Stölzel, who was entrusted both with the preparation of the porcelain mixture—or paste—and with the heating of the kilns to the correct temperature. It did not take Stölzel long to discover the complete method for himself, and when in 1719 his wages were so far in arrears there seemed no hope of ever re-

covering them, he took himself off to Vienna, where he sold the secret of making porcelain to a Frenchman, Claude du Paquier. Its products, which were comparable to those of Meissen, we shall consider later.

From the Meissen standpoint, the important factor was not Stözel's departure, but his request, in 1720, to be reinstated. As an inducement, he offered to bring with him a twenty-four-year-old decorator from Vienna, Johann Gregor Höroldt—or Herold, as this name is sometimes written. The request came at an opportune moment, for Böttger had recently died, and Augustus was at a loss to replace him. He met Herold, was impressed by him, and sent him to the porcelain factory for a trial period. This was a success and in 1723 Herold was appointed both Court Painter to Augustus, and manager of the Royal Saxon Porcelain Factory. Under his aegis, Meissen acquired its first mark, the letters K.P.M.—standing for *Königliche Porzellan Manufactur*—and began to make most delicate and beautiful decorated wares.

It has been said that the Meissen factory found the means successfully to apply a greater variety of colours to its wares than any other in the entire world. When one looks at the products of 1720 to 1730 one can readily believe this. Already the colours in which wares were being decorated included red, orange, several tones of purple, lavender, ice-blue, primrose, egg-yellow, eau-de-Nile, turquoise, emerald, pale stone, buff, leaf-green, beech-leaf brown, lilac, dead gold, powder-blue, crimson, and apple-green.

The earliest decorations were usually in imitation of those on Oriental porcelain—people in very simple landscapes, beasts, flowers, fantastic birds, scrolls, and so on. But even at this early stage the scrolls were already taking on a baroque appearance quite uncharacteristic of the Orient, except on certain pieces made especially for King Augustus. As an ardent collector of genuine Oriental ware, he could never have enough and therefore commissioned copies—of Japanese braided Imari cups, saucers, and dishes in blue, red, and gold, for example. These extremely competent copies are however very rarely found out-

side Germany, and even there, only in what may be termed public collections.

Already, in 1717 Augustus had bought a building from Count von Flemming, which he named the Japanese Palace, and began immediately to furnish with his Oriental porcelain collection. In 1729 he decided to enlarge this building, to include on the lower floor a porcelain chapel, equipped in every respect, including the organ-pipes, in porcelain and with images of the Twelve Apostles. Above should be a gallery of Meissen ware *greater in variety, in beauty, in value, than the Indian; in enormous pieces, such as statues and columns, great dishes and colossal animal figures.* To carry out this grandiose project, the King hired once more Gottlieb Kirchner, whom he had in 1727 appointed and then dismissed, as modeller to the Meissen factory. At the same time as Kirchner was reinstated, the King also appointed an assistant, another young German in his mid-twenties, Johann Joachim Kändler. Of Kändler's work we shall speak in a moment —for he was one of the world's two most brilliant porcelain modellers—but at this time, and for some few years afterwards he was to be occupied mainly in modelling vast pieces. The animals and the apostles were the joint responsibility of Kirchner and Kändler, the enormous pseudo-Chinese vases were Kirchner's alone; I am unable to attribute any proportion of responsibility for the vast porcelain *glockenspiel,* planned certainly by the King himself, and actually fired and finished after his death, in 1737. The large animals, as one would imagine, made of delicate porcelain, are truly monsters: but, if this is not a contradiction in terms, they are monsters of great beauty, being uncoloured, but cast in glazed porcelain of a sharp, sparkling, hard white. The majority of those that were successfully made are still in Germany: but in London, at the Victoria and Albert Museum one may see the Kändler goat from the Japanese Palace, a yard long and several feet high. He is not beautiful in himself, but has the grandeur that is to be found in some Aztec stone-carvings.

Whilst the colossi were being fabricated and erected for the King's personal pleasure, an administrative change was taking place in the factory itself. In 1731, Herold was given the official

title of Hofkommisar—which is to say that he became managing director, and chief arcanist: at the same time the King himself became Director-in-Chief and Controller, immediately introducing Kändler as chief decorator. Unhappily the King did not live long to enjoy his newly-acquired directorial appointment, dying as he did in 1733. His son who succeeded him, under the Electoral title of Augustus III; simultaneously under the royal Polish title of Frederick Augustus II (hence the odd references to him in some history books as Augustus III/II), was still keenly interested in the Meissen factory, but not to the extent his father had been, whose place as director, guiding spirit, and patron was taken by the immensely rich Count Heinrich von Brühl. During the twenty-odd years in which he administered the factory, Meissen porcelain became the admiration and the envy of all Europe.

In large part this was because his own table was such an excellent advertisement for Meissen. Two vast equipages were made to his order, the first between 1737 and 1741; the second in 1754. The first was the Swan Service, most of which is still preserved at the Schloss Pförten—a colossal table service of hundreds of pieces, each fashioned and decorated with a swan motif; the whole set having been designed by a decorator named Eberlein. The other was a Temple for the centre of the banqueting table, consisting of one hundred and fifteen separate columns, seventy-five other pieces, and seventy-four decorative figures. On another occasion, the Count had as centre-piece to his table a porcelain reproduction of the Fontana di Trevi in Rome, that one into which it is the custom to cast coins and make wishes, which so thunderstruck Sir Charles Hanbury-Williams with its beauty that he consistently describes it as quite a different one in his Journal. *I was once at a Dinner where we sat down at one table two hundred and six people ('twas at Count Brühl's). When the Desart was set on, I thought it was the most wonderful thing I ever beheld . . . In the middle of the Table was the Fountain of the Piazza Navona at Rome, at least eight feet high, which ran all the while with Rose-water . . . 'tis said that Piece alone cost six thousand Dollars.*

In range and in skill, the output of Meissen in these years was truly formidable. A series of the most brilliant decorators and designers came upon the scene, each making his especial contribution to the beauty of Meissen porcelain. First in time was Adam von Löwenfinck, who painted groups of fantastic animals on some table services, and Meissen Orientals, as one might call them, on others. One of the latter pieces, a tureen, came up for sale in London in the spring of 1957 (highlighting, incidentally, the fact that London is once more the international art trade capital, for it was sent to Sotheby's by one American collector, and bought by another). The tureen is covered with trees, buildings, and people painted *à la chinois*: the lid has a Chinese beauty mounted on a mythical beast. The handles are porcelain figurines, which jut from the sides of the tureen rather like ships' figureheads—but are delicate, richly coloured, and exquisitely modelled.

For about a decade, roughly from 1730 to 1740, it became fashionable to decorate pieces after the French masters of the period—Boucher, Lamoret, Watteau, Gillot. The delicacy of their pretty (in the best sense of that grossly overworked word) canvasses transfers very readily to the centre medallion of a dish, the side of cup, surrounded by baroque scrolls in many brilliant colours. Particularly were decorations after Watteau favoured from 1738 onwards, when a service was painted in this way to celebrate the marriage of King Augustus' daughter, Maria Amalia, to Charles, King of Naples, patron of the Capo di Monte porcelain factory there, and later, when he ruled Spain as Charles III, founder also of the Buen Retiro factory in Madrid.

From the late 1730's, too, figures which up to then had been made in small quantities, seemed suddenly to attract very many people. It became fashionable to have these very beautiful figures all around one's rooms—in consequence, the production of what we know as Dresden shepherdesses increased to a colossal number. Why the shepherdess should have been singled out in popular imagination to represent all the fresh beauty of the Meissen figurines it is difficult to tell, for the subjects must run into hundreds. There are the silver miners of Saxony and their

wives, a whole rabble of beggars and vagabonds, all the itinerant tradesmen of that time, troupes of strolling players, the Four Seasons, in the persons of young girl to raddled crone, or handsome youth to bent greybeard. There are also harlequins by the dozen; card-playing. terrified, amused, smiling, weeping, tumbling, leaping, laughing, cavorting, caressing, tender, tempestuous, costumed in the browns of autumn and the greens of Spring, purple-dominoed, and yellow-pantalooned. All the personages besides of the Italian Comedy; courtiers and their lovely ladies, the gallant on bended knee kissing the hand of the disdainful fair, who takes a cup of chocolate from a negro page boy, the while a pug dog huddles in her lap, peering in an aggressinve. and proprietary way at the unhappy lover, the beautiful lady in the crinoline, accompanied by noble cavalier—these are, in truth, Acis and Galatea, as played by the Prince de Rohan and the exquisite Madame de Pompadour—caught at their courtly amusement by Cochin the engraver, the engraving pleasuring the Meissen modeller, the modeller exulting in his skill, and forming a lasting portrait of she whose patronage was lavished on Meissen's greatest rival, Sèvres.

The most of these are the work of one man, Johann Kändler. In 1740 he had already been appointed *Modelmeister;* in 1749 he was appointed *Hofkomissar.* He was trusted absolutely by the King, being sent to Paris with the King's wedding present to his daughter, Maria Josepha, when she married the Dauphin of France in 1749. Kändler stayed with the factory until his death in 1775—but even taking into account his forty-four years at the Meissen works, his output is fantastically prolific. A group of the death of St. Francis Xavier: the models of Augustus' jesters: his figure of the King in Roman armour: his unfinished, because probably unfinishable, project to make a porcelain figure of the King on horseback. For this he made a number of small models, and a plaster model over thirty feet high, of which he cast fragments, including the head, which is still in the Dresden collection. Birds—including a pair of Orioles, and a pair of Eagles (the Orioles are in the Untermeyer Collection): beasts of many sorts: table-wares, including a fantastic mustard-pot *à la Chinois* also

in the Untermeyer Collection, of which the actual container is borne aloft by a Chinese, sitting astride a rooster.

Nor was Kändler above a joke at the expense of pompous persons. It it told that Count von Brühl's tailor harried the Count for permission to be shown over the Meissen factory, then still an establishment on the secret list. So importunate did he become, that the Count allowed him in the end to do so—appointing a day when he should be received by Kändler. Kändler welcomed this bumptious fellow with every mark of dignity and respect, saying that before their tour should begin, he would be pleased to present the tailor with the latest Meissen products. With this he produced the wickedly accurate caricatures of the tailor and his wife, the tailor carrying his cutters and his chalk, mounted upon a billy-goat; his wife upon a nanny-goat. So overwhelmed was the tailor by these gifts that he took himself off at double speed, and never again broached the subject of inspecting the factory.

Kändler was, of course, only the greatest among several very excellent modellers and decorators. During his artistic direction of the factory, he was assisted by such men as Gottlieb Riedel, later modeller in his own right for Höchst and other porcelain factories; Peter Reinicke, who shared the design and modelling of the Italian Comedy figurines with Kändler; Friedrich Meyer, a colourist who favoured the lighter rococo decoration in preference to Kändler's heavy baroque, and who introduced a palette of paler tones—especially pale mauves and yellows, and elongated his figures into long, slender, fragile beings; and K. J. Klipfel, who worked with Frederick the Great of Prussia when he occupied Meissen during the Seven Years' War. Finally, there was an exceedingly talented amateur, who has left some of the most distinctive of Meissen ware—a dignitary of the Church at Hildesheim, Canon August Ernst Otto von dem Busch. The undecorated Meissen porcelain is very hard indeed, so hard that it cannot be marked, once it has been fired, by anything less durable than a diamond. Accordingly, he bought undecorated plates and dishes and engraved landscapes of much charm upon them with a diamond point, then coloured the tiny incisions of

the engraving. These are most fine—there are specimens both in the Fitzwillian Museum, Cambridge, and the Victoria and Albert Museum. Unfortunately, it was not a decoration which claimed the public's attention as it might have: in consequence, the technique lived and died with von dem Busch, except for a very few pieces engraved by his pupil—another churchman, Canon Kratzberg.

Under Meyer's influence, apart from colour and figure changes, there came a period of making tiny objects of gallantry—*étuis*—for the ladies to carry their embroidery needles, decorated with pastoral *amours*: snuff-boxes, made for both sexes: patch-boxes, for those minute velvet Venus-spots with which the beauties of the eighteenth century drew attention to a specially smooth white shoulder, a dimpled cheek, a straight, proud neck, or an elegantly-rounded breast: all the accoutrements of, and accessories to, the sweet-bitter battle of Love. In another direction, the factory by its Monkey Orchestra—twenty or more apes in Court Livery, playing upon instruments of music, made critical social comment. It is variously believed that the orchestra so travestied was either the King's Dresden Court orchestra, or that of Count von Brühl. Others have said that they are mere variations on Gillot's monkey-drawings, but it seems more likely, even if this is so, that there was specific reason for choosing these particular drawings—of all the thousands which could be taken as examples —and that the Monkey Orchestra was fashioned by way of paying off some courtly score. It is certain that the street-sellers of London, a whole group of whom were fashioned at this time, are copied from the extraordinary luminous street-scenes of the soldier-painter, Captain Marcellus Laroon, a personage whose work and career in themselves demand a full-length study.

In 1756, the fortunes of Meissen changed. Frederick the Great of Prussia, infuriated by the ostensibly secret treaties between Austria and France, and Austria and Russia—both of which were designed to tear Prussia apart whenever the opportunity arose—decided to take the offensive. This he did by the somewhat illogical step of occupying Saxony, and forcing large numbers of able-bodied Saxons to join his army. At the same time,

keen porcellomane that he was, he began plundering the Meissen warehouse of all its best pieces, and ordering many sets. For the considerable export trade to other countries, in particular Turkey, he cared not at all; so that the initiative in this matter was assumed jointly by the Nymphenburg factory, fortunate in possessing Kändler's equal as a modeller (some have said superior, but the point is very fine) in the person of Bustelli; and by the "enemy" factory in Vienna. The single significant innovation in the years of Frederick's occupation of Dresden was the production of scale-grounds by Kändler. Services were made on which the basic pattern was a kind of fish-scale, usually of pale yellow, leaf-green, or crimson lake. These scale patterns were to be adapted and copied by every factory in Europe—so that, even now, there must remain thousand upon thousand of scaly cups, saucers, dishes and plates, some very beautiful and delicate; some frankly monstrous, like the technicoloured hide of a gryphon or a pterodactyl.

With the aid of Klipfel, King Frederick united his four preponderant interests—the army, music, astronomy, and porcelain, in a series of designs carved in relief in paste, of telescopes, pipes, drums, astrolabes, sextants, pibrochs, shawms, the entire equipments of these arts and sciences. These are usually known in catalogues and text-books by the singularly unbeautiful name of *preussisch-musikalische Dessin.* Kings, however in this world are given but little time to amuse themselves. In 1761, England, which had been subsidising Prussia, changed premiers. Lord Bute, who succeeded Pitt, announced the end of these subsidies. Frederick thought himself to be saved, when the Empress Elizabeth of Russia died, and was succeeded by Czar Peter III, who broke with the Austrians, and made an alliance with Frederick. Their unity was short-lived. Two months after the treaty, six months after his accession, Peter was deposed and almost immediately murdered, while his wife, Catherine, assumed the rulership of Russia—that Catherine whom an admiring Europe has since termed, the Great. It was evident from the moment of her assumption of the throne, that the two Greats would not be able to co-exist; certainly not as allies and comrades-in-arms. Frederick

was sufficient of a realist to know when he was beaten. On the 20th November, 1762, he writes sadly, from Dresden, *Il ne nous reste que l'honneur, la cape, l'épée, et de la porcelaine*—Nothing remains to us but Our honour, Our cloak, Our sword, and Our porcelain. Catherine the Great once more enters the Meissen story, but directly this time, in 1772 commissioning a vast number of figures for the ornamentation of her palaces. At her death, these were gathered into the Oranienbaum, in St. Petersburg, where they were preserved until the Bolshevik rising of 1917, when they were shattered by the revolutionaries, who reasoned, presumably, that in breaking the beautiful images of an age which they had no hope of understanding, they would break also the power of an institution which they were equally far from comprehending.

By the Austro-Prussian agreement of 1763, everything was to be as it was before 1756, as nearly as possible. No sooner had this been settled, and Augustus reinstated as Elector of Saxony, than he died: to be followed to the grave only a few days later by Count von Brühl. Augustus' successor was a minor, the factory therefore suffered for some years—in one respect from a lack of direction, in another from too many directions at once. In 1764, Michel Acier, a Frenchman, was appointed *Modellmeister*, a position he occupied until his retirement in 1799. He was, again, much lighter in his touch than Kändler—so that his figures are principally cupids, shepherds, and rather romantic Paris street-vendors. In the following year Herold was at last retired on a pension: Kändler, who had hoped for similar treatment, did not receive it—and was left to work out his remaining ten years at the factory, a bitter and unhappy man.

In 1774, the Elector Frederick Augustus III attained his majority. Almost his first action as a ruler was to appoint Count Camillo Marcolini to the Directorship of Meissen. He was to be Director for forty years, until his dismissal in 1814 by the occupying Russians, Meissen having previously been pillaged by the French (Saxony rashly changed sides at the Battle of Leipzig). In his period of office, the entire style of decoration and modelling changed to that of Louis XVI's France—neo-Classic, sparse,

bare, unexciting, and wholly unsuited to a sparkling, brilliant medium like porcelain. Even after 1814, other wares continued to be made, but these were but poor imitations of the old wares, the old models, the old decorations. It continued throughout the nineteenth century, revived in the 1920's, and again recently, since the last war—but the products of this century properly belong to a later chapter.

The mark of Meissen should be noticed—first because it is the most famous of all pottery marks; secondly, because it is the most imitated, which is the polite euphuism for the most forged mark in the world; thirdly because it is absolutely no guide to the Meissen product; fourthly, and perhaps the best reason, that it is of historical interest. It is well known that the Meissen mark is a pair of crossed swords: these were chosen because the Electors of Saxony were by hereditary right Sword-Bearers to the Holy Roman Emperor. Nothing, therefore, could be more truly symbolic of their splendour and magnificence. Said Prince Carl Eugen, Duke of Württemburg, founding his own porcelain factory as Ludwigsburg; *a porcelain factory is an indispensable accompaniment of splendour and magnificence.* The other German indispensables we shall now consider, beginning with the renegade Stölzel's Vienna, created for the Empress Maria Theresa; ending with the five-year-long factory of the Prince-Bishop of Würzburg.

CHAPTER XIV

Splendour and Magnificence

The founders of the factory at Vienna we have seen to be a renegade potter from Meissen and a French jack-of-all-trades, Samuel Stölzel and Claude Du Paquier. We have seen also that the repentant Stölzel returned to Meissen in the following year, 1720, leaving du Paquier to work as best he could. The lack of the arcanist, combined with the difference in Viennese clays from those of Saxony, resulted in slight imperfections in the Viennese porcelain of the first decade of the works' existence: instead of the brilliant white of Meissen, one finds a greenish-tinged and smoky ware, with a somewhat opaque glaze. Probably in order to conceal these imperfections, early Viennese porcelain is more often than not completely covered with decoration. Baroque designs in gold or silver, flowers in a very bright red peculiar to the factory, immensely complex formal scrolls in many colours, including a distinctive salmon-pink, weave and writhe all over the surface of the ware.

With Jacob Helchis, and better porcelain, this over-elaborate decoration came to an end. Helchis' speciality was simple black paintings on the white ground—of cupids, of landscapes, of birds —I have seen a tureen most realistically painted by Helchis with a pair of Wire-Tailed Birds of Paradise in an arboreal background. Though the ceramic and decorative problems were happily solved by 1730, du Paquier's financial arrangements for the factory remained unstable, until, in 1744, rather than close the factory, he sold the secret to the Empress Maria Theresa, who constituted it a state institution, retaining du Paquier as Director.

Maria Theresa was always an auspicious influence—at various times she was interested in the *porcelaineries* of Tournai, Doccia, and Vienna: under her patronage they all flourished. New modellers and decorators were hired; each a specialist in some direction new to Vienna. For example, the figures that had been

made there until 1744 were few and poor: soon after that date, Leopold Dannhauser began his series of charmingly modelled figures, quite often without the scrolled rococo bases which it is customary to find on porcelain figurines, and quite often uncoloured These are of the people whom he would everyday meet in the fashionable Court society of Vienna—a girl in a crinoline, holding a basket of flowers: a beautiful girl taking her ease upon a *chaise-longue,* while her lover plays to her upon his flute. Dannhauser was joined, in 1760, by Johann Niedermeyer, who also made models of those he saw about him; but in colour, particularly in a sombre feather-brown, and a mist-mauve. He also, added ornate gilded scrollwork to the bases of his later figures. In 1778, Anton Grassi joined the group. He was ultra-fashionable in interest, by choice a Classicist in the arts, so his figurines are fashionable people, but with neo-Classic poses and backgrounds. His most charming creations are the porcelain equivalent of conversation pieces. I recollect especially a family group of his which I once saw in a private collection in Germany. To the left stands the fourteen-year-old daughter of the family, upon her head a tall powdered wig, dressed in a sprigged muslin gown with side panniers, over a long-bordered petticoat. She has restraining arms round her nine or ten-year-old sister. To their right sits mother, a slightly harrassed but well-groomed lady, dandling upon her knee the youngest of the brood, who is being teased by her six-year-old sister, while mother's attention is diverted to the older girls, at whom she is looking somewhat reproachfully. Upon a grassy eminence to the right, his arm leaning poetically upon the base of a Greek pillar, his feet carefully disposed upon a roll of silk which some thoughtful bystander has thrown out upon the ground, supposedly to prevent the cold and damp striking up into his virile bones, stands father, gazing upon his family; pride, severity, and nonchalance commingled upon his face. These Grassi families are the most enchanting social documents.

In 1784, the factory once more faced financial calamity—this time being saved by the appointment of Konrad von Sorgenthal, an extremely efficient businessman, as director. From this time

until about 1815, Vienna became famous for its very heavy gilding of all sorts of tablewares; and for its thick, black, very detailed paintings of Classical and Pastoral scenes—the latter especially after such masters as Boucher—for example, a cup on which is painted two young girls resting under a tree. They discuss the man of the moment, a mask of whom is being toyed with by an attendant Cupid. All very pretty: and all rather pointless by the beginning of the nineteenth century, when this particular cup was made. Tablewares, over-gilded, ornate and excruciatingly ugly, continued to be made at Vienna till 1864, when the factory disbanded; though even then its tradition continued for many years, to be maintained by some of the potters and decorators who set up their own kilns and workshops in the city. The greatness of the Vienna factory had, by that time, been over for a century, however—a greatness quite unrecoverable in the superficial Vienna of the 1860's.

After Meissen and Vienna, no new porcelain factory was founded in Germany until almost the middle of the eighteenth century, when Adam Löwenfinck, one of the Meissen decorators, together with Jacob Ringler of Vienna, an extremely skilful potter who is to be found at the beginning of every new porcelain kiln in Germany for a period of ten or fifteen years after, established one at Höchst, under the protection of the Elector Joseph of Mainz. Its wares were at first very thickly made, and the glaze also thick and opaque, but soon it became refined, a milk-white, brittle body with a clear shining glaze. By 1752 or 1753, Höchst ware had entered upon what might well be called its Chinese Rococo phase—that is to say, Chinese motifs, particularly in lilac colour, with a border and frames of most intricate rococo scrolls, often in gold. A modeller, Samuel Feilner, made many figurines of the characters of the Italian Comedy; of the local peasantry; personifications of the Five Senses, and so on. Another modeller, unknown, but believed to be Riedel of Ludwigsburg, made groups of similar figures, the distinctive feature of which is the scrolled bases, which are prettily patterned with sprigs of leaves and flowers.

From 1758, for about a decade, the *Modellmeister* at Höchst

was Lorentz Russinger, a man unable to decide exactly which stream he intended to follow, the Classical, the French, or the Oriental. In consequence, his figures are a peculiar, but not wholly unpleasing amalgam of all three. Children he made in the French manner, but in Classical surroundings, his shepherds and shepherdesses are contemporary but Classical in pose, and sometimes in attire. His Chinese figures are always decked out in clothes taken directly from a Boucher print. In 1767, he was succeeded by Peter Melchior, a sentimental modeller, much addicted to the making of Brunhildic Venuses, lush, plump, their ripe curves highlighted with touches of pale pink. He is credited with the invention of a very strange red-violet colour, of which he alone knew the secret, and which none has ever succeeded in recapturing. He also gave his figures the characteristic base shaped like a mound of grass, which makes the Höchst figurines of his time readily distinct from all others. Apart from complete table-services, small intimate coffee and tea-equipages were designed there, decorated often in the style of Watteau, upon a dotted or barred background, predominantly of pale blue. In 1779 Melchior left Höchst for the porcelainerie at Frankenthal: before he went, he modelled in biscuit (the unglazed porcelain) the new Elector of Mainz, Friedrich Karl, and his family. The last *modellmeister,* a man named Reis, gave his figures peculiarly large heads, which makes them look top-heavy and quite unprepossessing. The factory was already in a decline without Reis's quiddities: the French invasion put final term to Höchst's activities, for the French closed it in 1798, and it was never to reopen.

Ringler's chief associate at Höchst, beside Löwenfinck, was a wily character, one Benckgraff, who weaves in and out of German ceramic history in a sinister manner. He stayed with Ringler long enough to learn his secret, and then went to Berlin, where he contacted a wool-merchant, Gaspar Wegely, who realising that Benckgraff had profitable intelligence, paid him well for the secret, and then secured from Frederick the Great, in 1751, a porcelain monopoly for the city. He hired a number of modellers and decorators and went into production, making wares of

so hard a body and glaze that many of the unpainted pieces even now survive—a rarity among early white porcelains. Peasants, local people, street vendors, hunters, working men were modelled by Ernst Reichard, whose figures may often be detected by their roughly heaped porcelain bases, the edges of which are marked with a number of vertical scratches. From Meissen came a painter, Johann Clauce—but he was alone in his skill—Wegely's Berlin factory was not renowned for its colour wares.

Wegely found himself steadily losing money: so, in 1757 he abandoned the porcelain factory and returned to the merchandising of wool. Four years later a banker, Johann Gotzkowsky bought the secret of porcelain-making from Reichard—and founded the second Berlin factory. As chief modeller, he appointed Friedrich Meyer, who had been Kändler's pupil at Meissen. He, in turn, brought his brother Wilhelm Christian Meyer, as good a modeller as himself. These two had for some time the monopoly of the figure-design at Gotzkowsky's Berlin factory. Their figurines were always slender bodied, with small heads. Most of the early figures are on bases with three feet, with high curved decorated arches separating them. One of Friedrich Meyer's most beautiful creations is a figurine of Venus with the Apple of Love, floating upon the clouds, accompanied by Cupid, and a brace of votive ringdoves. Wilhelm Meyer's best work, in my opinion, is a series of the Continents personified, a subject much favoured by porcelain potters.

Gotzkowsky soon discovered, like his predecessor, that something more than business acumen was needed to organise a porcelain factory successfully. In 1763, when Frederick the Great returned from Saxony, he readily agreed, having had the Meissen factory at his disposal for the past seven years, to buy the *Porcelainerie* lock, stock and barrel, renaming it the Royal Porcelain Manufactory, and giving it its mark, the long sceptre. This was his staff of office as Elector of Brandenburg—for by virtue of that rank he was Grand Chamberlain of the Holy Roman Empire.

Much material and many of the workmen he was able to bring from Meissen. Also, not long after his purchase, it was discovered

that the Silesian clay fired a hard ice-white which was preferable to the Passau clay, which fired creamish, and which had been used by Gotzkowsky. All was now set fair. Frederick began to place large orders with his own factory for table-sets, made to his own specifications. In particular he had a number of scale-pattern services made for his own use, different in colour, but otherwise very similar in design, to those he had already ordered from Meissen. The best of these, the plates and saucers bordered in relief, the one-colour grounds, including a very distinctive pink cyclamen, are known as Potsdam Rococo wares. A little later, in the 1770's and 1780's, a quite distinctive method of flower painting was essayed at Berlin—always the flowers being painted on wares in two contrasting colours—crimson and grey, or orange and black. Other, perhaps not so attractive, sets were made for sale to the general public—or certain sections of it—Frederick insisting that lottery-promoters should buy so many sets as prizes in each sweepstake which they organised; and that before a wedding license should be granted to any Jewish couple in his domains, they too must buy a Berlin table-service. Hence the German term for this ware—*Juden porcellan.*

Although Catherine and Frederick were not politically friendly when Berlin took the lead from Meissen, it did not prevent the Empress ordering certain pieces from Frederick's factory; the King, with an eye to business, did nothing to dissuade, and everything to encourage her. Therefore Berlin was extremely busy for the three years 1770 to 1772 providing Catherine the Great with a banqueting-table centre piece which, in allegory, lauded Catherine as Mother of all the Russias.

As so many factories at the turn of the century, Berlin underwent a classical phase, when figurines were made of biscuit, which lends itself more readily to classical themes than the wild, hard, shining, baroque, glazed porcelain. Berlin was fortunate in having as modeller at this time a man named Schadow, whose spirit responded admirably both to the material and to the Classical forms. In consequence, his models, some of them quite large, are serenely attractive, especially his portraits in Greek costume, of Princess Frederika of Prussia and Princess Luisa of

Mecklenberg, who were later to become Queens of Hanover and of Prussia, respectively.

From 1800 to about 1825, these classical figurines and table wares in the same style continued to be made. The growth of Romanticism in Europe, and especially in Germany, altered conditions and demands very greatly—the Berlin factory tried to accommodate itself to the new fashions—by the most unpotterlike expedients; making for example, a cross between a moulded porcelain wall-plaque and an oil-painting, known by the vile name of a lithophany: and by scaling down large oil-paintings on to tiny plaques of flat porcelain—in effect, painting miniatures on porcelain instead of ivory. Nothing could truly save the porcelain works from commercialisation and vulgarisation. The age of the splendid patron was past. The new patrons had neither a tradition of beauty, like the aristocrats, nor an inborn good taste, like the peasants. Small wonder then, that artistically, Berlin, after Schadow's retirement, and until this century, is of no interest whatever.

Having sold the secret of porcelain making to Wegely, Benckgraff waited what he evidently considered a decent period of time before reselling it to Baron von Langen, Court arcanist to Duke Carl of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel. The Baron had in 1746 created a factory at Fürstenburg at the Duke's order—but since he had no knowledge of the components and the actual manufacture of porcelain, this, until Benckgraff's advent in 1753, had been a colossal waste of money and materials. Benckgraff this time considered that he would secure not only a lump-sum for such arcana as he had knowledge of, but create a position for himself in the Brunswick entourage: he accordingly sold his services as factory manager to the Baron, generally supervising the setting up of the kilns, and the selection of potters and decorators. What he could not choose was the clay—this was a pity, for that which was available was sometimes inferior to Meissen or Höchst or Berlin, and sometimes imperfect, so that the wares made in it are often creamy and ivoryish instead of white, and often flawed into the bargain.

The natural defects of the Fürstenburg materials were over-

come to a large degree by the superiority of the decorations and modellers. First of the factory's *modellmeisters* was Simon Feilner of Höchst, who continued from the former factory his scores of Italian Comedy characters. Again, perhaps in order to hide the imperfections in the wares, early Fürstenburg plates, cups and saucers are decorated with rococo scrolls in relief. These rococo filigrees, together with coloured flowers, are to be found also in the factory's later speciality, *pot-pourri* jars, quite often painted in distinctive colours—grape blue, a very pure yellow, and bay-leaf green. Its other major commercial product was plates with prettily executed landscapes upon them.

After Feilner, the modelling was not of a high level, although a few pieces by André Luplau and a French modeller named Desoches, are comparable with at least the minor work of Kändler. Luplau specialised in courtiers and their women. Desoches, in 1773, made a passionately Romantic and coldly naked Andromeda chained to a rock—yet her way too, has passed the considerate stranger who lavishly casts bales of silk about in the open air, on this occasion providing Andromeda with both a comforting cushion against the hardness of the rock, and a modest covering in addition. As an historical curiosity, Fürstenburg provided a group of figurines of the professors of Helmstedt University: but for the difference in costume, they are neither more nor less odd than their High Table counterparts today.

Imitation Wedgwoods were being fashioned at Fürstenburg from 1775 onwards—both table wares and blue-ground medallions—even to the actual copying of some people of interest both in England and Germany: the porcelain medallion of the Duke of York, Frederick, who was also Bishop of Osnabrück, for instance, which exists both as a Wedgwood and as a Fürstenburg piece. Wedgwood imitations and adaptations increased after 1795 when Gerverot, a Frenchman who had been Wedgwood's pupil, assumed the directorship of the factory. In common with other factories, however, it was working against the taste of its new patrons. It continued, and continues so far as I am aware, to this day, to make pleasant porcelain table wares—its swan-song as a factory of the first artistic rank, however, is in a pretty

cup, which repeated the triumphs of its first years. The cup, made in 1820, decorated with low-relief scrolls, and a finely-painted landscape, shows the *porcelainerie* of Fürstenburg, beautifully remote in its own grounds. But the time for such magnificent isolation was past.

The secret of porcelain-manufacture was now becoming too open. The Viennese Ringler had from Höchst gone into Strasbourg, a factory we shall consider when we pass into France. Thence in 1753, he made his way to Bavaria, and in Munich began a porcelain works there—the Nymphenburg factory. Niedermeyer had already attempted without success to make porcelain in Munich: but he had, apart from a plentiful lack of knowledge about the material, not gone the right way about securing patronage. In this, Ringler was by now an expert: he acquired double security by double patronage—that of the Count Sigismund von Haimhausen, and of the ruling Prince of Bavaria, Max Joseph.

In its first decade, the Nymphenburg wares were superior in quality to all others in Germany. The body of the porcelain was very fine-grained, superbly white, with a clear, sweet glaze which makes it delightful to touch or to handle. And the factory had as its *modellmeister* an Italian with the touch of an angel, Franz Bustelli—whose figures are marvels of creation. I recently had the pleasure of guiding a Spanish friend, a much-travelled and knowledgeable person, who has seen most of Europe's masterpieces, through a large public collection of porcelain. The older pottery he quite liked for its decorative qualities: the Toft and Taylor slipwares he thought absolutely English, and delighted in: for the European porcelains his enthusiasm grew with every case. At last we came to a German group of figures— most of them brilliantly coloured, shining like great jewels in the gloom of the museum. And in the midst, a pure white, glazed but uncoloured Bustelli cavalier. He stood speechless before it, gazing and gazing. At last he turned: "That I shall never forget! It is the most beautiful creation I have seen in all my life!" To speak in such terms of Bustelli's figures, is, indeed, in no way to exaggerate. They are terrifyingly beautiful; what more may be said

of them? They are so perfect that one cannot believe a fallible and ordinary human being capable of fashioning them. Italian Comedy figures; Nymphenburg Orientals; groups of the Crucifixion; cavaliers; gloriously slender women; Venuses; Cupids;—very often glazed but left uncoloured. When colour is applied, it is usually in pale washes of black, vivid crimson, a blue violent enough to set the teeth on edge, or small sprinklings of of these same tones, and great applications of gold. The bases of these figures are customarily just flat slabs of porcelain; but growing out of these, and forming an integral part of the composition, rise rococo porcelain scrolls, twisting and billowing like clouds, shimmering like mountain mists before a slight wind, bellying out like the sails of a schooner as she gets under way. The Bustelli scroll has been described by one Englishman, W. A. Thorpe, in a way which I think cannot be improved upon: it is, he says, *the simplest, and most exciting motive in the whole of Rococo ornament.* So typical are Bustelli's figures of Rococo Bavaria that recently, Dr. Carl Lamb, a German film-maker, has shot a complete film, using as protagonists the people of Bustelli—the courtiers and their servants, the beautiful women and their equally lovely waiting women, the players and comedians, the musians, the King and his folk. *Bustelli—Ein Spiel in Porzellan* is a triumph—for Dr. Lamb who had the idea of using the figurines as his *dramatis personae*: and for Bustelli, who has created people so living that one waits for them to move, to start speaking, to draw the next breath.

Although it is for his work that the factory is chiefly renowned, yet its dinner services are also of considerable interest. They are decorated with the most fantastic of people, set in extraordinary out-of-this-world landscapes (Nymphenburg was a rococo universe sufficient unto itself): or with flowers, fruits, and creatures, in a spindly, tempestuous style. These may often be distinguished from other German wares by their border decorations, sometimes a relief moulding of stylised ferns, sometimes a laced pattern of soft powder-blue, gold and rose-pink. This same soft blue, and the lavish gilding were probably Bustelli's personal preferences, for they are used, the gold very

frequently in conjunction with a sort of plum-juice, pink-purple, on the objects he designed for everyday use; watchstands, for instance for hanging a watch upon in the room when one did not wish to be carrying it, but still wanted to know the time; which were constructed with a circular hole into which the watch fitted—and from which it shone forth like a clock in a rococo porcelain case.

For three years Dominus Auliczek, an animal modeller, worked at Nymphenburg, but with Bustelli the factory's real glory began and ended. In 1799, when the Frankenthal factory closed, it received an injection of new ideas and fresh skills—but, as others had done, it began around 1830, to imitate itself. In 1862, it was bought back from the Bavarian State, and operated thereafter as a private concern, by a merchant, Ferdinand Scotzniovsky. Commercial porcelain of quite good quality is still produced at Nymphenburg: but it is in no way exceptional.

The taste for porcelain, by the late 1750's, has filtered down from the rich princes and their affluent courtiers to the *nouveau-riche* merchants. In consequence, there began to appear in Germany commercial porcelain factories, making not the very rare and costly pieces of the court potteries—but cheap simulations of the extravagant table sets. The main locale of these commercial factories was in the Thuringian Mountains where there was an adequate supply of both clay and labour. The first of these was founded in 1757 by Wilhelm von Rotberg at Gotha, and made the best of the commercial porcelains, as to constitution—Gotha ware being of a finely-grained body and creamish glaze, unlike most of the Thuringian pieces which are dirty-white and coarse. It is obvious that such a factory could not afford to hire the best decorators—recognising this, Rotberg encouraged his workmen to develop their own styles, painting on plates, cups, and saucers, landscapes in black. One enterprising, but anonymous, painter made his own contribution to the history of porcelain decoration—he extended the black monochrome principle, and perfected landscapes in brick-red which match charmingly with the cream of the glaze and the hard white of the body.

Whilst Benckgraff was in Strasbourg, he had revealed his

35. Dottore from the Italian comedy series by Franz Bustelli. (German porcelain) Nymphenburg c. 1760. (*Nymphenburg S.P.M.*).

36. Donna Martina from the Italian comedy series by Franz Bustelli. (German porcelain) Nymphenburg c. 1760. *(Nymphenburg S.P.M.).*

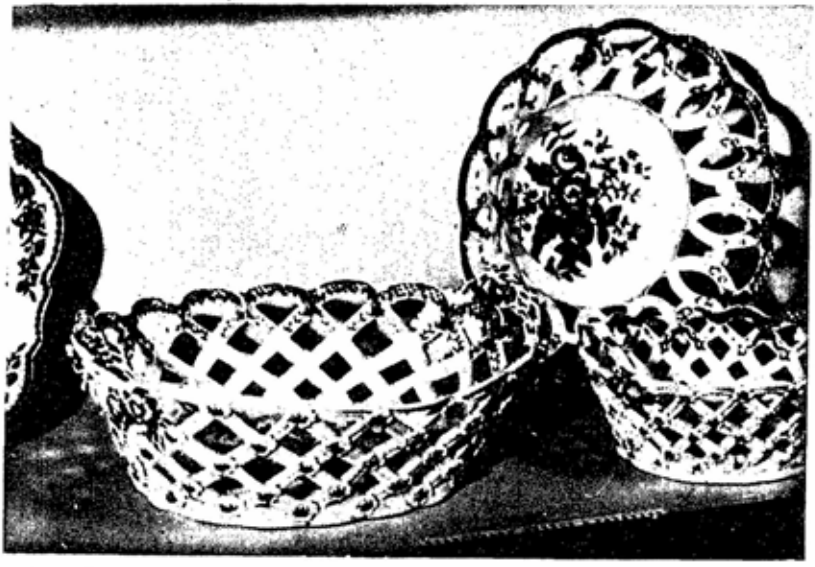
37. Dr. Balvarel from the Italian comedy series by Simon Feilner. (German porcelain) Fürstenberg 1754. (*Fürstenberger Porzellanfabrik*)

38. Portrait bust in biscuit porcelain of Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick by P. Hendler. (German porcelain) Fürstenberg c. 1775. (*Fürstenberger Porzellanfabrik*)

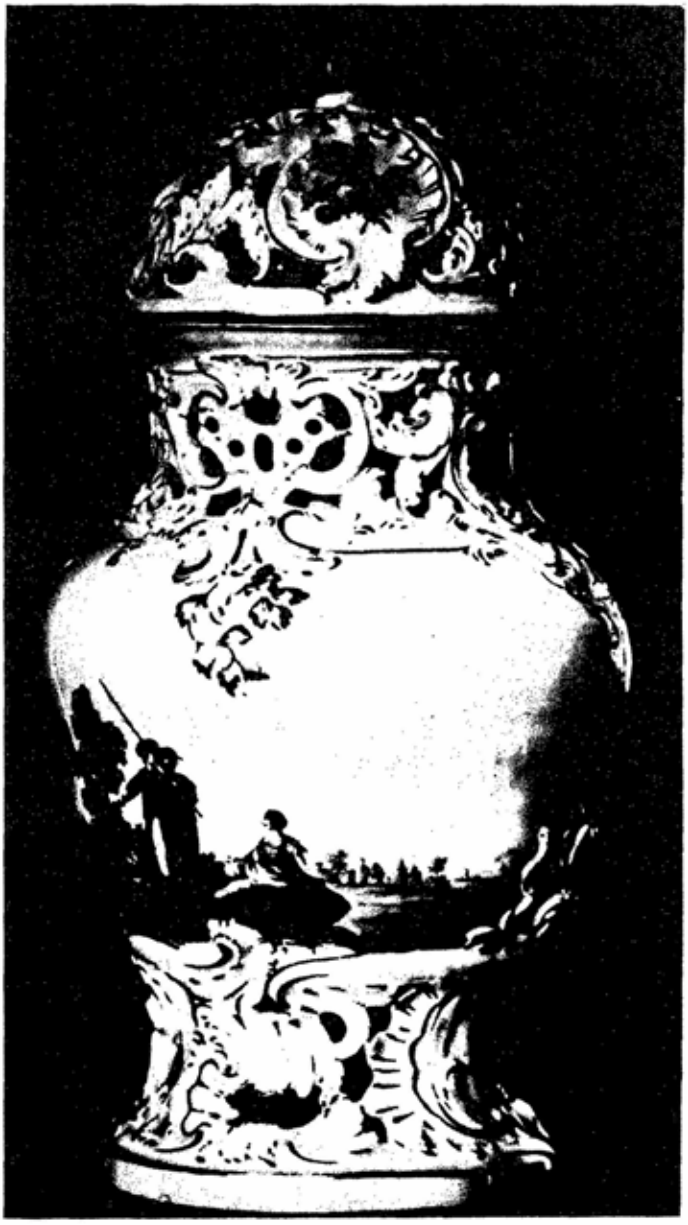
39. Group by Simon Feilner, "Zweimannbohrer". (German porcelain) Fürstenberg 1758. (*Fürstenberger Porzellanfabrik*).

40. Duke Carl I of Brunswick on horseback by Johann C. Rombrich. (German porcelain) Fürstenberg 1758. Duke Carl was the founder of the Fürstenberg factory. (*Fürstenberger Porzellanfabrik*).

41. Case of printed wares principally by Robert Hancock. (English porcelain) Worcester c. 1760—1770. *(Worcester Royal P.C.).*



42. Decorated basketware. (English porcelain) Worcester 19th century. *(Worcester Royal P.C.).*



43. Pot-pourri jar. Modelled by J. A. Nagel, decorated by G. H. Holtzmann. (German porcelain) Fürstenberg 1765. (*Fürstenberger Porzellanfabrik*).

44. Huntsman and Hounds by Karl Gottlieb Lück. (German porcelain) Frankenthal, c. 1770. (*Nymphenburg S.P.M.*).

extremely profitable secret to the owner of the faience factory there, Paul-Anton Hannong. Within a few years of its change-over from faience to porcelain, it was forced to close, as it was violating the monopoly which had been already granted to Vincennes. Hannong, however, could see no good cause why he should not manufacture porcelain elsewhere, if not in France. He crossed the Rhine to Frankenthal, a small town near Mannheim, and craved the protection and patronage of the Elector Palatine of the Rhine, Carl Theodor. This was granted and immediately the Frankenthal factory went into production, the body of its early wares being moderately fine and crisp, the glaze creamy. The decoration of the table wares, however, was very much influenced by Hannong's French training—so that the Frankenthal plates and dishes and jugs have not the brilliance and originality of those of other German factories.

In the making of figures, on the other hand, Frankenthal excelled for many years. While it did not possess one modeller of the genius of Kändler or Bustelli, it had a forty-year succession of extremely able and intelligent men, who produced a pleasing selection of figurines, beginning in the first year of the factory, with J. W. Lanz. His most beautiful piece, in my view, is the group of Meleager and Atalanta in Calydon. Arms round one another's shoulders, the pair gaze lovingly at each other—Atalanta seated upon a rock, Meleager standing at her right, his foot upon the fierce, tusked, black severed head of the Calydonian boar, which had been sent by the goddess Artemis in revenge for King Aeneus' neglect to sacrifice to her. It is evident that Meleager has but that moment returned from the chase—Atalanta is pointing at the boar and manifestly reproving her lover for having risked his life. At her feet sits a Cupid, imitating her attitude, and playing with a basket. The whole group is marvellously expressive of delight, and of fear, and of barbaric pride.

The bases of Lanz's figures are usually decorated with no more than a single scroll or two. Those of Johann Friedrich Lück, the next *modellmeister* are much more fully rococo. The bases of his figures are usually flat, but the sides rise in purple

tinted scrolls, which in turn grow into extravagant natural forms, like tree branches such as no country but that of dreams has ever seen. Quite his loveliest group is called *The Music Lesson*. Safe in an arbour of these scrolls and hallucinatory trees, sits a pretty shepherdess, wearing a flowered frock with ruffed-lace sleeves, one of which has been allowed to slip coquettishly from her right shoulder. She leans her head against her goat boy's chest. He, in his turn, has his arms round her neck, and holds his flute to her lips, while resting his cheek lightly against hers. At her feet is the pet of her flock, seemingly engrossed in observing the new pastime. At the goat-herd's feet is his pet goat, scornful of his master's new pet. All that we imagine best of the pastoral eighteenth century is in this porcelain group.

There was one feature of the Frankenthal plates peculiar to the factory—they were decorated not with the commoner birds, flowers, and *chinoiseries*, but with very fine figure compositions. Two of the painters of this last group signed their work—Bernhard Magnus, who designed enormous battle pieces, and Jakob Osterspey, who specialised in scenes from the lives of the Greek Heroes and Gods.

In 1762, Hannong found himself, despite patronage, running short of funds: the Elector, however, did not wish to lose the factory. So he bought it completely from Hannong, appointing to its first managership as a state *porcelainerie*, Adam Bergdoll, who requested, and was granted, the services of the Court Sculptor, Konrad Linck, as *modellmeister*. An experiment of this nature might have been disastrous—Linck, fortunately, took to the new medium as if it were marble, and proceeded to fashion the loveliest groups of persons from the ancient myths: the Nine Muses, for instance; the Parcae; a marvellous, essentially liquid, turbulent Oceanus, with his attendant water-nymphs.

Linck was joined in 1766 by a relative of Friedrich Lück, Karl Gottlieb Lück, whose groups are somewhat over-sentimental, both in spirit, and in colouring. There are scenes from a devoted marriage; a swooningly loving Venus with Cupid; *The Good Mother*, suckling her youngest, rocking her second to sleep in its high chair, smiling proudly upon the eldest, a boy of some

seven or eight summers, all perched on a scrolled, late Rococo base, and with the household furniture grouped about them—the carved cradle, with its embroidered counterpane, the porringers, empty upon the floor beside her. Lück must have delved rather deep for his sentimentalisms, for this Good Mother is no concept of his own, though it obviously accorded perfectly with his temperament, but is an adaptation of an engraving by Jardinier of an oil painting by the sickly-sweet Greuze.

In 1770, Samuel Feilner, formerly of Höchst and Fürstenberg, became Bergdoll's assistant, and five years later, on his retirement, assumed directorship of the factory. The principal modellers of his regime were Adam Bauer, who remained at the factory only two years; and Peter Melchior, who in 1779 came from Höchst, to continue at Frankenthal the fat Goddesses of love, and the biscuit figurines in the Classic mode, which had been his speciality at the former works. The factory suffered a severe indirect setback with the appointment of Carl Theodor as Elector of Bavaria, and his consequent preoccupation with political administration. Without his immediate patronage and interest the factory went into a decline, from which it did not recover. It was bought in 1794 by the brothers Johann and Peter von Recum, who maintained as a private concern until five years were passed, when they closed it, never to re-open.

From Nymphenburg, in 1758, Ringler, another of the German peripatetic arcanists, came to Ludwigsburg, a town near Stuttgart, and here founded a porcelain manufactory, of which he became first director. The porcelain was never so white as most of the German pastes—Nymphenburg being readily distinguishable by its brownish tinge—a kind of mildly-burned cornflour shade. The early *modellmeister* is a figure of mystery, but both style and general history lend point to the view that it was G. F. Riedel, who made rather pleasing groups of merchants, stall-holders and peasants at the fair, and classical personages, often with a very flamboyant network of scrolls behind them.

In 1764, the Duke Carl Eugen, he who gave this and the last chapter their titles, with his talk of porcelain manufactories being "indispensable accompaniments of splendour and magni-

ficence," took up his residence in Ludwigsburg—bringing with him the entire Würtemburgian Court. To have so many fashionable people congregated there naturally improved the general tone of the factory: the Duke's Court Sculptors became modellers, his painters decorators of porcelain, and the ballet company which the great Noverre gathered around him at Carl Eugen's court the subjects of a series of most delectable figures. Many of these were designed by Wilhelm Beyer, who in addition to the dancers modelled in the palest but pleasantest of colours, mythological groups—a Satyr and a Bacchante taking their ease together, for example; and the people whom he would see about him—these without class distinction—for he models a sweetly pretty fisher-girl, her skirts bound up round her thighs, about to cast her net—with as much love, and skill, and care as he fashions the girl about Court (one of the dancers, perhaps) so obviously fresh out of her bed, gowned in a near transparent flowered silk gown, which is slipping far down from the shoulder which she is leaning in a tempting way towards her obviously welcome visitor, the while she pours a cup of coffee from, of course, a Ludwigsburg coffee-pot into a Ludwigsburg cup. The young lady's equipage would be readily recognisable as Ludwigsburg by its general similarity in shape to Meissen wares, and by its distinctive blue and gold scroll decoration.

Pierre Lejeune, another Court Sculptor, was for a short period *modellmeister* and Director after Beyer: and after him, an Italian, who had originally come to Ludwigsburg as a sculptor, Domenico Ferretti. Little is known about which figures were his work and which those of others—but I would lay myself open to contradiction to the extent of attributing to Ferretti a series of Ludwigsburg figurines of amateur musicians, including a Romantic 'cellist who looks exactly like Byron's contemporary Ugo Foscolo, or, at least, exactly as *his* contemporaries portrayed him; and a young woman with head averted—perhaps wisely, judging from her fingering—playing a spinet.

In 1775, Carl Eugen left Ludwigsburg: and as the factory had flourished in his and the Court's presence, so it waned after his departure. It had a second brief flowering early in the nine-

teenth century, when the newly created King Frederick of Würtemburg established his capital at Ludwigsburg. He brought a painter from Sèvres, and a modeller from Paris, who together produced some neo-Classic wares and figures in an entirely French mode. The experiment was not successful. The King left Ludwigsburg in 1816. The factory closed in 1824.

In imitation of the greater German princes, each Prince-Bishop, Margrave, and little Lord had to possess his own porcelain works. Some of these produced very fine ware for a short period of time. At Ansbach, for example, the Margrave Alexander of Brandenburg first protected an independent factory set up in the city, and then removed it to his castle. The table services are very like those of Berlin; the figurines like Höchst, except that the eyes of most of them, which are frequently only half-open, as though looking into a strong light, are characteristically outlined in red. The factory remained open, first as a State concern, then under private management, for just over a century, until 1860: but its significance in effect ended with the death of the Margrave in 1791.

Prince Wilhelm-Eugen of Saxe-Hildburghausen fitted up his *porcelainerie* in the Monastery of Veilsdorf in Thuringia. It was chiefly famed for one modeller, Franz Kotta, who among the many personifications of the Seasons, classical figures, and so on, all in the taste of his time, has left us a white glazed portrait bust of the Prince, designed after an original by the sculptor Doell-Gotha. The actual body of Kloster-Veilsdorf ware is extremely fine—white and warm-looking. The arcanist for a few years at the beginning was Nikolaus Paul, who was himself probably responsible for the characteristic red flower-sprays upon the costumes of the early Veilsdorf figures.

At Volkstedt, the monopoly of porcelain making was in the gift of the Prince Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, where the paste was of a bitter grey colour, so that the decoration should have been much superior to compensate. Except for one or two pieces this was not so. On the other hand, the factory continued to make commercial tablewares right up to the present day. As a princely establishment, however, Volkstedt must be written off as a

failure. Another which must equally, be estimated a failure is the Kelsterbach factory, founded in 1761 by Christian Daniel Busch, who four years later became arcanist at Meissen, for the Landgrave Ludwig of Hesse-Darmstadt. The only really good pieces of this factory as a few gaily-enscrolled snuff boxes. It closed in 1768.

In chronological order from this time, the other German factories were Wallendorf, in Saxe-Coburg (1762): Ottweiler in Saarbrücken (1763) created for the Prince Wilhelm Heinrich of Nassau-Saarbrücken, which made rather pretty jugs, decorated with fine figure compositions: Kassel (1766) created by Nikolaus Paul, arcanist of Fulda for Landgrave Friedrich of Hesse-Kassel: the eight-year factory of Duke Christian of Pfalz-Zweibrücken, established at his castle of Gutenbrunn (1767) fabricating wares for the Duke's personal use only, totally undistinguished in decoration, material or shape. Gotthelf Greiner made a factory at Limbach (1772) in Thuringia—first for the Duke Ulrich of Saxe-Meiningen, later as one of the series of commercial potteries owned by the Greiner family in Thuringia: and finally, Caspar Geyger's two-year factory at Würzburg (1775), making tablewares for the Prince-Bishop of that city.

The only post-1760 porcelain works of artistic significance in Germany was that founded under the auspices of Heinrich von Bibra, Prince-Bishop of Fulda, in 1765 by Nikolaus Paul of Wegely's factory in Berlin. The porcelain was in style very late Rococo—but of a magnificent quality—pure in body and glaze, and wonderfully potted. The table-services were decorated with birds, with eighteenth century people, with landscapes—either in many colours, predominant among which was an autumn-leaf brown; or in the single tone of a very brilliant, translucent rust colour. The figures, modelled by an unknown, are equally beautiful—of country folk, of dancers, of the personages of the Italian Comedy: and, perhaps most appropriate as the last brave gesture of the true German porcelain, the delightful group of a Court Lady and her daughter, who are being entertained with a little music by their host and hostess. The lady wears her outdoor clothes, which she has loosened but not taken off. At

her feet sits her child, fondling a puppy. Her hostess, seated, is accompanying her husband, who plays upon a lute. Before them is a table on which stands their music-rest. Behind them joining two pillars, is the most Rococo *chinoiserie* archway imaginable. All are brilliantly coloured. It is the picture of an age which the Industrial monsters of the nineteenth century were to destroy, in Germany, and political absurdities reduce to terms of the grossest commercialism in France, where porcelain had comparatively few years to come into being, to flower, and to die.

CHAPTER XV

La Pompadour and Some Others

In the streets of Paris were the first porcelain works in France, tiny, short-lived peculiar workshops, fashioning wares, which, I am sure, now pass for those of the well-known vast potteries, St. Cloud, Ménnecy, Sèvres, Limoges, when they are, in rare moments, encountered. Of these I cannot write; for no one knows with accuracy where they were, or what they made: but it is certain their plates and cups and dishes would be charming and exquisite.

The first porcelain factory in France, a few of the products of which still exist, was at Strasbourg, where there was a faience factory, which under Charles Hannong's direction, turned to the manufacture of porcelain. This he bequeathed to his sons, the eldest of whom, Paul-Anton, we have already met at Frankenthal, whither he removed when the Vincennes monopoly was flourished in his face. The Strasbourg factory made pure hard-paste porcelain, unlike that earlier attempted by Louis Poterat at his faience factory in Rouen, which was akin to soft-paste. This is, I think, the point at which the difference between these two sorts of porcelain should be defined—since a large part of French porcelain is of the soft-paste (*pâte-tendre*) variety.

True porcelain—hard-paste—is made, as we have already discovered, from two sorts of clay—one refractory, *kaolin,* and one fusible, *petuntse*. Soft-paste is not in this way pure—but a mixture of clay, lime, and calcined bone, to which is added finely powdered glass (frit) to give it a translucence which it would otherwise not possess. While hard paste is fired at exceedingly high temperatures, soft-paste is baked in a comparatively low oven: where the broken surface of hard-paste porcelain is exposed, it looks like a broken sea-shell, while the surface of fractured soft-paste is grained, like the surface of a lump of damp caster-sugar.

The early Strasbourg wares are very rare, I cannot myself

recall ever having seen an actual piece. The earliest French factory of which pieces are still to be met with in reasonable quantity, at least in the great public collections, is Lille, where a soft-paste *porcelainerie* was founded by Pierre Pélissier, and his uncle, Barthélemy Dorez, in 1711. Their wares were so similar to those of the early St. Cloud that they might be the same, and are often mistaken for those of the latter factory. They are decorated, in imitation of the K'ang Hsi blue and white pots, with underglaze blue hawthorn blossoms on a white ground. The pottery worked only for a comparatively few years, closing before 1730. Lille was without a porcelain factory thereafter until, in 1783, a hard-paste factory opened, which has the distinction of being the first French *porcelainerie* to fire with coal, instead of wood. This, too, existed but briefly—closing in 1791.

At St. Cloud there had been a faience factory for very many years: in what year it began also to make porcelain is debatable—but supposedly early in the 1700's. Its paste is a very yellowish shade—the colour of an incipient pea-soup fog—which I find singularly distasteful. The glaze too, is given to black imperfections—which very probably, once again, accounts for the particular table-ware decoration of this factory, namely an all-over scale pattern, quilted on to the pieces very thickly, and most often in blue only. In my opinion the nicest feature of St. Cloud porcelain is its earliest mark—the personal sign of a potter name Chicanneau—which was the Sun in his glory, arrayed on every side. It existed for many years: in fact, until 1773, when it was burned down by a maniac—and never rebuilt.

At Chantilly, the porcelain factory had a princely founder—Louis, Prince de Condé, Duc de Bourbon. At first, from 1725, it was managed for him by Ciquaine Cirou—who put a thick and largely tin-glaze upon his wares. As the skills of the factory improved, however, a better body was perfected, and a much higher proportion of lead-glaze was used. The factory was much influenced by Oriental ware, especially—of all strange influences—Korean, so that there is much ware covered by the French concept of the Korean notions of Chinese blue and white decora-

tion. Later, however, more orthodox porcelain was made there —in particular very beautiful cutlery handles, and many Parisian and Chantilly figurines. The Revolution closed Chantilly, never to re-open.

What is commonly known as the Ménnecy factory moved about the Paris area. Founded in the city of Paris, in 1734, by François Barbin, for the Duc de Villeroy, it was removed to his estate at Ménnecy in 1748. From 1766 onwards it was managed by two potters from the Sceaux-sur-Seine factory, Symphonien Jacques and Joseph Jullien, who, eight years later removed the kilns once more, this time to Bourg la Reine, where they remained until they ceased production in 1806. The porcelain of Ménnecy is not common, but it is some of the more beautiful of soft pastes. The factory had a preference for rose-pink, as a colour—much of its ware is therefore to be distinguished in this way. Another feature of Ménnecy tablewares is that they were never gilded, but bordered also in the same distinctive pink, or sometimes in yellow or blue. As for figures, it would be much more accurate to speak of Ménnecy Shepherdesses—for these were a factory speciality to a much greater degree than at Dresden/Meissen.

The most important *porcelainerie* in all France is the other mobile one—that of Vincennes-Sèvres. About the year 1740 Orry de Fulvi set up soft-paste kilns in the Bois de Vincennes, which made a greyish-tinted ware, rather solidly moulded. The porcelain it produced was neither better nor worse than other soft-pastes of the time: certinaly there was no indication of the greatness to come. In 1745, the royal assent was given to a group of potters, under the leadership of Charles Adam, to produce porcelain *de même qualité que celles qui se font en Saxe.* By 1749, Vincennes was making good this claim: for the Dauphine of France—who was one of the three daughters of Augustus of Saxony, patron of Meissen—in that year bought a brilliant piece in glazed white soft-paste, a tree growing from a large porcelain rock, smothered with flowers, in the shade of which sit three women, presumably the Graces, Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia: or the three Fates, Atrapos, Clotho, and Lachesis. At about this

time, also, was modelled the piece now in the Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge, of the most delectable nymph, lying asleep against the trunk of the tree of which she is the presiding spirit, one arm loosely embracing a great bunch of flowers, the other hand resting protectively against the tree's bark. This too is completely white—decorated only with a very fine sparkling glaze, as though, if such a thing were possible, tree, nymph and flowers made of warm ice.

From 1751 onwards, Vincennes had the privilege of Mme la Marquise de Pompadour's patronage—which was no idle granting of an occasional *pour-boire* to the director, or ordering of an odd table-centre to encourage the French potters. It has been said that Pompadour was ugly, or that she was plain—but manifestly the painters of her own time did not find her so, for they painted always a beautiful woman, even those who were not given to flattery. Voltaire, the friend of kings and the confidant of princes liked her well enough to act as her messenger—she sent her respects by him to the King of Prussia, who accepted her message with less grace than either she or Voltaire had hoped. Said Voltaire, softening the unkind Prussian reply—*"I have not the honour of knowing this woman—I have told her que Mars a reçu, comme il le devait, les compliments de Vénus"* (that Mars, in his own fashion, has received Venus's greeting). La Pompadour was beautiful, extremely intelligent, and passionately fond of every sort of art—porcelain was, therefore something very especially appropriate to her. She had been born Mlle. Poisson—that is, Miss Fish. Her royal lover and master, Louis XV, was quite unable to resist pleasantries of various sorts connected with this unfortunate name. If ever he came upon a porcelain fish, or a dish or some piece decorated with fish, he would immediately buy it—have it mounted in silver, and give it to her. It says much for her, and her brother, that they both entered into the spirit of the game—la Pompadour sometimes signing her letters, and her engravings—she was a skilled draughtswoman—with the drawing of a fish: while her brother, created by her agency Marquis de Marigny, made fish the main heraldic beast in his blazon. Originally, he had taken the title

Marquis d'Avandière, which was the name of an estate he owned. The jealous courtiers immediately nicknamed him Le Milord d'Avant Hier. (Little Lord Day before Yesterday). He changed his title to Marigny: but to no avail. He lamented to his sister, *Born a fish, always a fish. Now they call me Monsieur le Marinier,* (Sailor Boy).

However, porcelain games were one thing: the serious business of maintaining and encouraging the Vincennes *porcelainerie* another. Although there were moments when the two overlapped, as the instance when la Pompadour had hundreds of porcelain flowers made, in colour, perfumed with the natural scents, and then filled her garden at Bellevue with them—to the utter astonishment of the King, who she asked to pick a posy for her. Under her guidance, the King, in 1753 transferred the royal permission from Adam and his group to Eloy Brichard, and bought a third interest in the works itself. It was at this time (1753) that the figurine called *Le Chasseur d'Oiseaux*—The Bird Catcher—was made. Only three copies of this white-glazed figure are known now to exist—when one of the trio was sold in London in Spring 1957—it fetched £710 (almost $2000). The King further eased the general problem of finding a sufficient labour force at Vincennes by exempting all workers at the factory from military service. After this, there was of course, no difficulty in persuading labourers into the industry, the problem was to prevent them worming their way in clandestinely.

The Vincennes wares were, by the early 1750's, mostly coloured; especially were those colours being perfected for which the factory became celebrated—daffodil yellow, royal blue, and the famous turquoise of Vincennes, an over-glaze colour applied rather in the manner of the oriental powder blue, the blue being blown on through gauze, the turquoise dusted through a silk mesh on to a fixative already painted on the ware. The uses of these colours were often of enormous complexity, as we shall even more readily see when we come to the Sèvres wares from 1756 to about 1780.

It was in 1756 that the *porcelainerie* outgrew its buildings at Vincennes. By the greatest possible good chance, Mme. de Pom-

padour had some larger premises at Sèvres, which she was quite anxious to sell. These were sold to the Brichard company, and the transfer of kilns made. From now on, its wares are known as Sèvres. Only a year or so after its removal to its new *locale* the Sèvres factory produced one of its strangest pieces—still to be seen in the Wallace Collection, in London. This is a highly-coloured, and ornately decorated porcelain egg-boiler, the predominant colour of which is *green,* and which is surmounted by a large model, in natural colours, of a sitting hen—indeed, one hopes, a laying hen.

In 1759, the King bought the factory outright, appointed a French modeller named Boileau director, and granted Sèvres the style of *Manufacture Royale de Porcelaine.* At the same time he ordained annual sales of the best Sèvres commercial products. Already the factory was becoming famous for its ground colours, especially the rich, mellow, *rose Pompadour.* With the King's support and interest, it was virtually without bounds. Its wares were astonishingly varied. In the Wallace Collection, and of about the same date as the egg-boiler, is a table-top of porcelain, a single piece thirteen inches long, ten and a half inches wide, covered with a magnificent polychrome decoration of a rural scene, including foxes (Sèvres was proud of its fox-fur red) and an inconsequential pair of scarlet tropical birds, the male perched on a branch, the female in flight.

The year 1761 witnessed the revelation to the Sèvres factory, by one of the Hannong family of Frankenthal, of the secret of hard-paste manufacture. This was, however, but useless knowledge to the men of Sèvres at this time, since they were without supplies of the kaolin essential to the operation. Merrily, therefore, Sèvres continued to make the admittedly fine soft pastes, for example, the special kind of cup and saucer known as a *trembleuse,* that is, the saucer was very deep, and with a socket into which the cup base exactly fitted—this for invalids, and those who wished to drink in bed. I have seen a very lovely specimen, decorated in 1765 by the youngest of the Bateux family (the father, and two of his sons all worked for Sèvres), in blue, purple, pink, green, yellow, and gold.

By a most fortunate accident, kaolin was discovered in abundance at Limoges in 1768, reputedly by the wife of a poor surgeon, who came upon a deposit of this exceedingly wet white clay, and gathered some of it in the mistaken belief that she had found a cheap substitute for soap. From that year onwards, Sèvres manufactured true porcelain. In the following year, was another startling event, this time of an astronomical nature. A fine comet made its way through the Heavens: the management, ever eager to associate themselves with any such phenomenon, marked many of their pieces with a comet, complete with fiery tail, in place of the letter Q, which was the preordained mark for the year 1769. (It had started with A in 1753).

Boileau died in 1773, to be succeeded as Director first by Parent, then by Regnier, who introduced a feature which I dislike. but which finds an appreciative audience among some collectors—the "jewelling" of Sèvres wares. In order to simulate jewels, blobs of coloured enamel were applied over the glaze, which blobs were then outlined in gold. Anything less like jewellery, and less suited to a medium such as porcelain, it is difficult to imagine. Pompadour would never have permitted it —but Pompadour, and King Louis also, were dead: though the new King, Louis XVI and his consort Marie Antoinette, were both patrons of Sèvres—yet they had neither the same interest nor the good taste of their forerunners. Marie Antoinette, playing at milkmaid in her courtly estate Le Petit Trianon, commissioned, and used, with her princely companions, a complete set of milk-pails cream jugs, ladles, and all the paraphernalia of the dairy farm: a pretty game, and one which one would imagine harmless. Yet it, perhaps, was, in its way, a small additional factor leading to that other game, to be played in the not-so-distant future, by the mob—the game of catchball, with the head of Madame la Princesse de Lamballe, most faithful of Marie Antoinettes's attendants, who was thus served for having remained loyal to the Queen.

The factory continued during the Revolution: but the general uncertainty was reflected in the wares of the time, which took on various shades, and various shapes, but in no logical manner.

Not until Napoleon became first Emperor of France, in 1804, was the factory restored to normality. As befitted an Emperor, Bonaparte was greatly interested in his porcelain works—and appointed the excellent Alexandre Brogniart to the Directorship, which he held from 1804 to 1847. He founded the *Musée Ceramique* at Sèvres: and himself directed the research which resulted in new over-glaze colours—a jewel-red from chromate of lead: a black from iridium: yellow from uranium: and a vivid green from chromium.

Sèvres continued from Brogniart's directorship onwards, and to the present, to be a flourishing factory. Many are the table-sets, the trophies, the cups, the figurines, possessed by proud persons all over Europe, the provenance of which was the famous French factory. The Sultan of Mysore, the notoriously anti-British Tipu Sahib (1753—1799) owned a complete banqueting service of Sèvres ware. David Garrick, the English tragedian had a Sèvres tea-service (which was recently auctioned in London, for £360) King Louis Phillipe of France had a thirty-piece dessert service. And so through every reigning house, every aristocratic palace, every *nouveau-riche* mansion in Europe. An oddity of the Sèvres soft-paste is something only to be found in England, called Baldock's Sèvres. Baldock was an English decorator who bought up quantities of the simply decorated wares, usually with tiny sprays of flowers, sparingly painted on the white ground. These he then treated with acid, which took out all the overglaze decoration, and then re-embellished them with ground colours, reserved panels in which other objects were painted, and the whole grossly over-gilded. Baldock's Sèvres is utterly horrible—but it served to deceive the blunt unrefined tastes of many a Victorian gentleman.

Before we leave Sèvres, a few words should be said about the marks—of which there are a bewildering variety. The earliest (Vincennes) marks were highly stylised L's—(for Louis), one right way, and one reversed to make a kind of small arched frame. From 1753 onwards, one letter of the alphabet was added, within the frame, to indicate the year. W was excluded, so that the end of the alphabet was reached in 1777. Thereafter, twin letters

were used, AA for 1778 and so on up to RR (1795) when the French Directorate decided against it. In 1801 the Consulate decided that T9 should be used, to indicate the 9th year of the revolution: the two following years were consistently labelled X and 11 (inconsistently, however, in so far as the ten was Roman and the eleven Arabic). 1804 had something resembling the Greek letter π between dashes. 1805 an arrow; 1806, two irregular parallel squiggles. 1807 to 1810—simply the last numeral in plain French 7, 8, and so on. 1811 (dix-huit cents onze) had o.z. for *onze,* and so the two letters abbreviating the word for the year d.z. for *douze* (1812), up to d.s., *dix-sept* (1817). From 1818 to the end of the nineteenth century the last two figures of the year were used 18, and on to 99. To complicate affairs still further, each painter, decorator, or modeller, had his own personal mark, which he insisted upon adding to the already well-covered base of a piece. Some of these marks evidence a highly-developed sense of humour, a typically English characteristic for the description of which, I am assured, there is no French equivalent. Bouchet, for example, who specialised in landscapes with figures, pronounced his name bush-ay and thereupon signed his pieces with a very bushy, small tree. Dieu, a painter of *Chinoiseries,* marked his pieces always with a simple triangle, the symbol of the Trinity, the three persons of the one God. Vincent, a gilder whose name would be the same sound when spoken as *vingt cents,* that is twenty hundreds, signed his vases with the numeral 2000. There are many similar pleasantries, to be found in other potters beside those of Sèvres. The working of clay is a peaceful occupation, and one conducive to mild, harmless jokes of this nature.

After Sèvres came Tournay, where soft-paste kilns were set up in 1750 by François-Joseph Pétérinck. It has been said that the paste was coarse and yellowish, but this I think not to be true, at least in part, first because much Tournay ware has on occasion been bought plain or very little decorated, and embellished in the style of Sèvres; and secondly, because I have myself seen a table service indisputably made at Tournay, of a beautiful white body, bordered with gold on a blue ground, and in the centre

of each piece, in lilac-purple, on the white body, a series of landscapes—on a large plate, for example, *Le Port de la Rochelle* in all its busyness and hurry.

In 1753, a soft-paste factory directed first by Gérault Daraubert, later by the City Architect, Benoit le Brun, was set up in Orleans under the protection of the Duc de Penthièvre. In 1770, kilns were transferred to hard-paste firing. Throughout both periods, the main ware was chiefly white, with a few isolated rosebud or similar decorations. The Orleans factory flourished for thirty or more years: that at Crépy-en-Valois was in production for eight years only, from 1762 to 1770, but in that time it made many attractive wares, so like those of Ménnecy that they are virtually indistinguishable—small bird figures, quite a number of snuff-boxes, and porcelain flowers in quantity.

We have already mentioned the Niderviller faience factory, which began work in 1754—under the patronage and supervision of the King's Treasurer, the Baron de Beyerlé. As soon as the Limoges kaolin was discovered, the Niderviller kilns went immediately into hard-paste production. With some renegade workmen from Meissen, and Paul-Louis Cyfflé of Lunéville as chief modeller. many beautiful pieces were fashioned here. In 1774, it was taken over by Général le Comte de Custine, who was guillotined during the subsequent change of government. By 1802 it was without a master, and without an owner; in which year it was bought by its one-time manager, François Lanfrey, who continued to make decorative and table-wares in the traditional patterns until his death in 1827, when the factory petered out, from both lack of funds and interest.

From about the middle of the century onward, as in Germany, there were many small factories created, most of which imitated as closely as possible Sèvres or Meissen. Etiolles (1766) established by Jean-Baptiste Monier: near Melun, Vaux (1769) founded by one of the King's servants, La Borde by name. At Arras Boussemaert began a factory in 1770, to be joined a year later by four sisters. Whether because of the plethora of *directrices*, or whether because of an excess of rivals, or, more likely, a combination of

both, Arras remained in business but a few years. In the same year a soft-paste pottery was opened at Sarreguemines—this also endured for a few years only.

In 1771, both Clignancourt and Limoges became the sites of porcelain kilns, Clignancourt specialising in hard-paste, being the foundation of Pierre Deruelle, and under the patronage of Louis, Comte de Provence, that is, *Monsieur,* King Louis XVI's brother, afterwards King Louis XVIII of France. The Limoges factory belonged to the Masset brothers, who later sold it to the King as an offshoot of Sèvres. Sèvres maintained it for only four years—its chief work was not overly interesting tablewares—after which it was resold into private hands, and swiftly closed down from lack of custom. Limoges had a new lease of ceramic life, but in this instance in the making of earthenware in the 1840's, when an American potter, David Haviland, bought a few kilns there, and began to make rough pottery dishes, decorated in a harsh, primitive, but rather pleasing manner, either with Spanish costume pieces, or with Romantic nudes. These he exported in quantity to his native New York, numbering each piece individually, as a guarantee that it was unique.

Marseilles, long renowned for its faience, had a small *porcelainerie* from 1776 to 1793, in the management of Joseph Gaspard Robert. Its hard-paste was not beautiful, being too coarse and greyish to be pleasant. On the other hand it did produce some attractive decorations on some of its tablewares—especially in sea-green and rose, extensions of its faience colours to porcelain. Boissette (1778) under the guidance of Jacques Vermonet, made rather poor imitations of flowered Meissen for the factory's patron, the Duc d'Orléans, and his friends. Nantes (1780) had hard-paste kilns for a few years: the next year, in the Rue de Bondi in Paris, saw the foundation of what was called the Angoulême hard-paste factory, after its patron and principal customer, the Comte d'Artois, Duc d'Angoulême, for whose mansion and table most Angoulême porcelain was fashioned. At Bordeaux (1781) a small, short-lived hard-paste factory appeared, specialising in *Louis Seize* decoration. A more important factory of late foundation in France was that at Valenciennes,

which commenced production, with the Royal assent, in 1785. It is probable that the superiority of its wares—some good biscuit groups, and well-glazed, very white hard-paste table services—was the result of Fauquez's managership, who had formerly been at the *faiencerie* of St.-Amand-les-Eaux.

Only two factories of any importance were post-Revolutionary foundations—the Fontainebleau *porcelainerie* of Jacob Petit (c. 1793) whose earlier wares imitated Meissen so well that many were bought by sharp dealers, who added the Meissen crossed-sword mark before displaying them in their shops; and Joachim Langlois' hard-paste kilns at Bayeux (1810). It is very evident that without the patronage of the great, and the custom also of the great, the *porcelaineries* of France could not flourish. The wares of the ancient factories, the product of a collaboration between the designer, the modeller, the arcanist, several potters and a host of workmen, were costly, and made for cultivated tastes: throughout the nineteenth century, the *bourgeoisie* was so occupied in asserting its superiority it had not time for the development of so refined a medium as porcelain. In any event, its money was being expended in quantity upon those objects which best exemplified what Thorsten Veblen called, the Canon of Pecuniary Taste. Nineteenth century France, so far as porcelain is concerned, is a universal blank.

CHAPTER XVI

A Star in Dust; A Vein of Gold; A China Dish . . . .

Here lies a piece of Christ; a star in dust;
A vein of gold; a china dish that must
Be used in Heaven, when God shall feed the just.

Epitaph for a Godly Man's Tomb—
Robert Wilde (fl. 1650—1679)

The English—and this I write as a pure-blooded Englishman of at least ten generations' descent—are a strange and inconsequential people. They are mundane, practical, phlegmatic—not, one would think, the most promising breeding-ground for fantasy and imagination. Yet Poetry, which is all fantasy and imagination, is the art in which the English excel. In their design and manufacture of porcelain, the English equally combine these two apparently contradictory facets of their nature, so that at the moment when one most expects utility—as for example in a Chelsea soup tureen, or a Longton Hall fruit dish, one finds the practical united with the liveliest vein of fantasy; the fruit dish shaped and coloured like a lettuce-leaf, the tureen taking the shape and appearance of a partridge, a chicken, or a cauliflower, with a tomtit perched on top of it, pecking mischievously, in the manner of tomtits, at the vegetable, and serving at the same time as a handle.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, the English nobility and the *bon-ton,* as much as those of Germany and France, were beginning to take an interest in the imports from China of K'ang Hsi Blue and White in particular—we have already mentioned that Queen Mary of the William and Mary joint monarchy was a connoisseur of Oriental porcelain. By the turn of the century, all who wished to be considered *à la mode* must collect *China-ware.* Said Matthew Prior, in one of his elegant pseudo-pastorals, *Daphnis and Chloe,* written about 1700, that the fashionable must have:

Some little rarity, some bird or beast
And now and then a Jewel from the East,
A lacquer'd cabinet, some China-ware,
You have them mighty cheap at Pekin-fair.

Sixteen years later, John Gay in his poem *The Toilette: A Town Eclogue,* has poor, bored, Lydia, now thirty-five, having lost her lover, who has returned to his wife, Chloe—*I own her taper shape is made to please; yet when you see her unconfined by stays, she doubly to fifteen may claim pretence*—wondering how she may pass the unaccompanied hours:

Straight then I'll dress, and take my wonted range
To Indian shops, Motteux's, or the Change;
Where the tall jar erects his costly pride,
With antic shapes in China's azure dyed . . .

After the poets and the demi-monde had begun to collect the Oriental wares, but a short time elapsed before the English potters decided to make these for themselves; the earliest English wares being more slavishly imitative of the Chinese in shape and decoration than their counterparts in Germany or France.

As one would expect, the first porcelain kilns in England were set up in London as it was the obvious centre for selling the product, when there was a product to sell. The English potters had no real notion of the exact ingredients of porcelain, so that the question of centring the industry where the best clays and fuels were to be found—that is, in Staffordshire, did not at this time arise. It is believed that there were porcelain kilns at Limehouse, Stepney, and Greenwich, but little is known of their wares. Lambeth, where there had been for several hundred years pottery factories, certainly added porcelain to its manufactures. The earliest porcelain works, however, comparable to the fine continental ones, was that at Bow.

Before we examine Bow porcelain in detail, however—a basic difference between the European and the English porcelain factories should be clearly indicated. Almost all the French and German kilns, as we have seen in the last three chapters, were

the outcome of patrician pride and princely rivalries: the English ones, with the single exception of Rockingham, were all commercial factories, founded by groups of business-men and potters, with the intentions of outclassing the European factories in the production of tablewares and household ornaments, and of creating porcelain toys and ornaments to the taste of the upper middle classes, and the merchant class, the English *nouveaux-riches* of the eighteenth century.

The porcelain factory at Bow was the enterprise of Thomas Frye, a mezzotint engraver, and Edward Heylyn, a merchant in metals. Frye was an Irishman, born in 1710, who beside engraving and porcelain design, numbered portrait painting among his skills. He was not for long intimately associated with the Bow factory, as he seems to have been of a consumptive disposition, a state of health which working among the dust and dry heat of the pottery did little to improve; but he remained in nominal managership until 1759. He died in 1762. Of Heylyn little is known, apart from his financial interest in Bow. Their works was at first called New Canton; but it soon exchanged this artificial name for an honest English one—the Bow Porcelain Manufactory.

Its earliest pieces were tablewares, many of the decorations being imitative of the Oriental patterns, especially powder-blue pieces, with white fan-shaped reserves, in which were painted *chinoiseries* in underglaze blue; and the famous Bow partridge services—though, in truth, the bird is in most cases the misunderstood Chinese quail, and not a partridge at all. Other English potteries equally produced both these kinds of ware. While it is often difficult to distinguish between Bow and Liverpool blue pieces, the partridge sets can usually be identified by a quirk of the painting—which was much freer and closer to the Chinese in spirit than the more formal birds on Worcester and Chelsea sets. On the English sets, there is a most beautiful flower decoration peculiar to Bow, which, curiously, can be recognised because it is very similar in appearance to the flower decoration on Ménnecy porcelain—the probable explanation for this is that some French decorators were employed at Bow, and

there is no good reason why one or two should not have worked at Ménnecy before coming to England.

Bow's speciality was figures, the best of which are magnificent, and comparable to Meissen in every respect save that the body is soft-paste, and therefore lacks the absolute crispness of the German hard-paste. For all that, they are very fine—and often distinguished from all other English figures by the two touches of dark red on the cheeks, and also, by a hole, square in shape, cut in the back to form a socket for ormolu additions—either decorative sprays or a small candleholder. Among the subjects portrayed by the Bow modellers were many players of the period —Henry Woodward as The Gentleman, Catherine Clive as The Lady, in Garrick's *Lethe*, for example. Woodward, born within sound of Bow Bells, and therefore himself a Cockney, was one of the finest of comic actors. He began his career as a Harlequin in pantomime, at that time considered undignified, and fitting only for vagabonds. Soon, however, he graduated to Sheridan's company in Dublin; and, on his return to England, joined Garrick at Drury Lane. It would presumably be at this time, between 1747 and 1758, that he was modelled for Bow, together with his partner, Kitty Clive. She also was born in Ireland, and while still in her early 'teens, married a barrister-at-law, Richard Clive. The marriage was neither successful nor happy: and in order to support herself, she took to the stage. There is a delightful story told of Kitty Clive, acting the part in which the Bow figure portrays her. The Lady is an old, absurd, coquettish figure, cruel as only English eighteenth-century theatrical caricature can be. Playing her one evening, Kitty Clive looked toward the stage-box, where sat the political leader and man-about-Town, Charles Townshend. As Townshend's eyes met Kitty's, he nodded to a ridiculous figure on his left, the prototype of Garrick's creation. This was too much for Kitty, who forgot her part, and roared with delighted laughter. The audience joined in the joke. Garrick, furious, was waiting for her offstage. "Madam" he raged, "your smiles are always despotic. It was those of Mrs. Clive which called down the burst of merriment just now. Tomorrow night I hope it will be exercised by those

of the character she personates." Gay, Irish Kitty, not at all put out, closed her eyes, and tapped them lightly with her fan. "I whip the truants that brought me into this scrape; they never again shall so betray their mistress."

Another extremely popular figure subject of this period (Derby and Chelsea, as well as Bow, made figures of him in the part of Falstaff), was James Quin. The English stage seems principally to have been peopled by the Irish in the mid-1700's—for Quin also, although born in London, was an Irishman by descent, and a hard-drinking, boisterous, but eminently lovable one. Volpone, Cato, and Coriolanus were among his best parts, but the one in which he excelled was Falstaff, which he chose for his farewell performance, when the newly-risen star of Garrick proved too much for his popularity, and made foolishness of his earlier opinion, that *Garrick, like Whitfield, is a new religion; but all will come to church again.* Resigned to the superiority of his young rival, and no longer in a position where stage jealousies provoked him into uncharitable quips, he became extremely friendly with Garrick, who wrote the epitaph for the older man's memorial in Bath cathedral. It is probable that the Bow figure, which portrays a middle-aged Falstaff, was modelled as a commemoration of his final stage appearance, characteristically at a benefit for his fellow-actor, Ryan.

In 1750, the Bow works were bought by two business men, Crowther and Wetherby. The artistic direction of the works remained unchanged, however—more colours being added to the Bow palette, especially three characteristic hues—a bright blue, a pink-tinted red, and a cyclamen mauve. A particular product of the period (1750—1760 approximately) was a large number of sweetmeat bowls, shaped like scallop shells—this obvious shape was common to almost all English porcelain works, but the Bow shell-dishes are distinguished from all others by a series of strengthening ribs which run across the undersurface of the shell. In this decade also were made a number of bird figures imitative of Kändler, but the English modeller had not the skill of the German, nor were his colourings so good: nevertheless, some are quite charming. In the winter of 1755—

1756, it is believed that the famous decorator Robert Hancock worked here for some months, before going on to Worcester. Alongside coloured pieces, blue and white wares continued to be made—a very good, and documentary example of this later Bow blue and white was recently acquired by, and is now on show at, the British Museum. This is a punchbowl, made for John Bowcock, who was chief clerk at the Bow works at this period. The outside of the bowl has three underglaze blue Chinese scenes on white Rococo panels reserved in the blue ground. The inside has a painting of Bowcock himself, having just disembarked from a small boat—a Thames ferry?—holding his punchbowl carefully. The base is inscribed *John & Ann Bowcock 1759.*

Figures, Bow's chief claim to attention, continued to be made in these years. The early figures had been mounted on ordinary, lumpish bases; the later ones received more attention—being given footed and purple-scrolled stands; and still later, underglaze-blue scrolled and moulded ones. Heads—long, narrow, and stylised, became the distinguishing feature of the later Bow figures. The most astonishing of these images was the Sphinx, to whom the modeller lightheartedly gave the face of Peg Woffington, Covent Garden's most beautiful actress. To ensure recognition beyond doubt, he gave the Sphinx Peg's incomparable breasts also—which, in that happily libidinous age, were as familiar to theatre-goers and the *beau monde* in general, as were Maggy Woffington's smiling Irish eyes. With such frivolities, Bow seemed set fair for a successful century or more of existence. However, when, in 1776 the owners received a good offer for the stock, the moulds, the pattern-books, everything, in effect, which gave Bow its distinction, they accepted. The offer was made by William Duesbury founder of the Derby porcelain works, and six years before, purchaser of the Chelsea factory. Thereafter, it was with Derby that Bow was merged; and it was in Derby, which had a very different tradition of its own, that the distinctive Bow *panache* and Cockney bravado was ultimately lost.

While Bow was a factory of robust, violent, up-to-the-minute porcelain, Chelsea, founded at about the same time was much

more closely similar in its products to the aristocratic Meissen and Sèvres. This is less surprising when we learn that its founders were two Frenchmen, Nicholas Sprimont and Charles Gouyn. Gouyn is of not great interest to us; for after a few years he disappears entirely from the factory's history. Sprimont, on the other hand, by training and profession a silversmith, is of the greatest importance—for he was sole manager in the period from 1750 onwards, when Chelsea's most notable pieces were made.

In general, Chelsea conformed to the European factory pattern —first plain white pieces; blue and white; *chinoiseries;* full-coloured pieces peculiar to the one factory alone. In one respect, Chelsea eased the task of modern historians by having four different and distinctive marks, one appropriate to each stage of the factory's development. Equally, of course, the very clear marking of much of Chelsea's output also eased the task of forgers—so that now there are circulating in the antiquarian world almost as many fakes with incised triangles, or one form or another of the anchor, as there are pieces marked with the crossed swords of Meissen. The warning, therefore, must be repeated. The mark in itself is no guarantee that a piece is genuine: it is only a final confirmation when all other tests point to the authenticity of a piece.

From 1744, or thereabouts, when the factory was founded, until 1750, when Sprimont assumed sole responsibility, the mark was a small triangle cut into the base of a figure, or the bottom of a dish or plate. The earliest Chelsea paste was of soft, fine texture, very white, with sheened glaze, much in appearance like stage satin. White figures, mostly pseudo-Oriental, were made at this time. Some idea of the tremendous leap in porcelain values may be judged from a study of the sale prices of one of these figures, a Chinese fisherman, made about 1745. Exactly two hundred years after its manufacture, that is in 1945, it was sent to a London sale-room, where it was bought by a collector for £72 ($200). This Spring (1957), he sent it to the same firm for resale: its price on this occasion was £460 ($1290).

The most celebrated of early white wares, made of a body closely resembling milky glass, were the goat-and-bee jugs, so

called because of their decoration. These are the first dated Chelsea pieces: concurrently with them were also made plates with a raised pattern of strawberry leaves—both jugs and plates were shaped in silver-patterns, a custom which betrays the considerable influence of Sprimont, even at this early stage in the factory's history. Chelsea did make a very few pieces of fine blue and white porcelain—all decorated in Oriental fashion: but this was a style which found little favour among Chelsea's clients who clamoured for more coloured pieces. Their demands were to a greater extent satisfied after 1750, when Sprimont took over the entire administration of the factory; the mark was changed to an anchor, modelled in relief, usually on the edge of a piece, as the Chelsea specialities in these years were figures and portrait busts.

The improved paste of 1750 and subsequent years lent itself to beautiful porcelain: the body was thicker and stonier than formerly, and the glaze rich and fatty. The most famous of the raised-anchor figurines was (or is) *The Nurse*—a wet-nurse seated and in the act of feeding a baby—which is to be found both white, and fully coloured, each individual varying in colour from all the others. There are comparatively numerous specimens of this model in existence—many of the larger public collections, both European and American, can claim a genuine Chelsea *Nurse* among their assembled treasures. In addition to the coloured figures of people, birds, in imitation of Kändler's, were modelled in fair quantity at Chelsea—very fine they are too—but not quite of the standard of the German specimens. Very large, uncoloured portrait busts were made—one of King George II—over two feet in height, being especially note-worthy.

The tablewares of the raised-anchor period were mainly in the Oriental tradition—the two favourite decorations being imitations of Japanese *kakiemon* ware, and rather heavily flowered Chinese chrysanthemeums. For native decoration, the bird theme was again appropriated—a dish, for example, which I have seen in a private collection, being painted in natural colours with a Game Cock and a series of Java Sparrows, most probably copied, as were the bird-figures modelled, from some such volume as

George Edwards' *Natural History of Uncommon Birds (London 1743)*—the full title of which is extremely instructive *A Natural History of Uncommon Birds, and of Some Other Rare and Undescribed Animals, Quadrupeds, Reptiles, Fishes, Insects, etc. exhibited in Two Hundred and ten Copper-Plates, from Designs Copied Immediately from Nature, and Curiously Coloured after Life. With a Full and Accurate Description of Each Figure. To Which is Added, a Brief and General Idea of Drawing and Painting in Water-Colours; with Instructions for Etching on Copper with Aqua Fortis; Likewise Some Thought on the Passage of Birds; and Additions to many of the Subjects Described in this Work.* Armed with Edwards' two folio volumes, any Chelsea modeller or decorator was established for some years without once repeating a decoration or a figure: and Edwards' was but one of many busy natural historians working in England at this period.

Towards the end of 1753—the mark and the style of Chelsea wares once more changed. From this time until the middle of 1758 is what is known as the red-anchor period—the anchor being enamelled in red on the wares; the body in general being thinner, and more in texture like the incised triangle than the raised-anchor pieces. Red-anchor pieces, marked or unmarked, almost invariably have a distinguishing feature which betrays their origin. and dates them to within a few years—this is the spur-mark on the base of a piece—three or four small round marks where the piece stood upon the fireclay supports in the kiln during the glost-firing. Perhaps more than at other times, the years between 1753 and 1758 were those in which the Meissen influence was greatest at Chelsea—figures, shapes, the decorations of table-wares; all were founded on Meissen patterns.

The one unimitative Chelsea product of this period is what are known as the Chelsea Toys—which indeed are peculiar to this one factory alone in all Europe. Sprimont recognised their unique value. A notice announcing a sale at *Ford's great Room in St. James' Haymarket,* commencing December 16th, 1754 (no doubt in time for the Christmas trade—which although it had not assumed the lunatic proportions of today, was, none-

the-less, brisk even in the 1750's). The goods for sale were to be *All the entire stock of Porcelain Toys . . . consisting of Snuff-boxes, Smelling-Bottles, Etwees, and Trinkets for Watches (mounted in Gold, and unmounted) in various beautiful Shapes, of an elegant Design, and curiously painted in Enamel.*

This final eulogy was no idle sales-talk: Chelsea Toys are truly beautiful and elegant. Snuff-boxes, and even more, *bon-bonnières (anglicé,* sweetmeat pots), were exquisite, miniature porcelain pieces, modelled with as much care, coloured with as much delicacy as if they had been full-sized dishes and figurines. There is in a private collection one of these, two inches long, two inches wide, the lid of which is formed of two turtle-doves, bound together by a porcelain ribbon formed in a lovers' knot, and bearing the motto *Plaisirs Reciproques.* These bonbonnières were most often sent by gallants to their mistresses: often was incorporated some true-love inscription at the bottom of them, just as those *mementi amores* which the Rennaissance Italians sent to their mistresses. In the British Museum, however, is a Chelsea bonbonnière of exactly the opposite intention, a paean of hate against the French. No lovebirds this time: but a British lion, no less than two inches and a half in height, swallowing piecemeal the Cock of France. This is inscribed *Malgré ta Fierté tu peris*—You die, despite your pride. It is hard to imagine who can have been the recipient of this ignominious piece; still harder to conceive what manner of man the sender.

Smelling-bottles, miniature scent-flasks, were even more varied in pattern than sweetmeat jars. These tiny bottles, rarely more than three inches high, and very frequently less, are most ingeniously designed. Both the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the British Museum, collections contain scents shaped like a cockerel, the base of which is fitted with a hinged lid, which opens to reveal a miniature mirror. In the London Museum is the lovers' emblem of the twin turtle-doves, whose bodies are joined internally to form the body of the flask, whose heads and necks provide two separate stoppers and necks to the piece. Beside the birds—peacocks, hoopoes, swans, Cochin China cocks, parrots, hen and chicken groups, doves, goldfinches, ravens,

woodpeckers, and double scent-flasks illustrative of Aesop's fables —the Fox and the Stork, for instance, many were the shapes assumed by those tiny bottles. A squirrel on a tree-trunk; a cauliflower; a cabbage; a nun in the robes of her order; priests in theirs; a pair of boys bird-nesting; Cupid in all respectable, and some libertine, postures; an Oriental with a bird in his hand; a mouse caught by a cat; two mischievous monkeys (a double-necked flask, this), clambering out of a highly decorated miniature vase—a replica of one of the large decorative pieces being made simultaneously at Chelsea; and the people of the Italian Comedy, especially the most famous of European lovers, sometimes as a pair, sometimes singly, Harlequin and Columbine.

Etwees, to give them their more usual spelling—*étuis* or needle-cases, we have already seen in Germany and France. Like the *bonbonnières,* these were largely lovers' gifts—for the eighteenth century beauty was no real adept with the needle—but liked to be thought so. Some of these needle-holders are very beautiful indeed—the one sprigged all over with brilliant blue forget-me-nots in relief; and the one, opening in the centre, of the tree-trunk, covered with foliage, with a pheasant perched in one of the branches, and the motto *Gage d'Amour*—a Token of Love, of which there is a specimen in the British Museum.

Finally, and most exciting of the Chelsea Toys—were the miniature seals, rarely more than an inch in height. The seals were themselves, of course, cut as ordinarily they would be, in stone or metal—very often they were intaglioed cornelian—there is one in the Victoria and Albert Collection, of this material, comprising a sunflower, the Sun, and the motto AVOVS SEVLE—To You Alone. Their purpose was for marking the wax on letters and documents. The porcelain part was the handle or top on which the seal was mounted: the Sunflower and Sun, for example, is topped by a green parrot bearing around its body, the motto—*Discret en Amour.* Once again, the majority of the seals were objects of gallantry, so that for the most part they carry some amatory observation—*L'Air est l'Amour*—this the sentiment presumably attributed to the ring-dove just over half an inch in height; *Aimons nos Petits*—Let us care for our

little ones, on a Hen and three Chicks, presumably given by a doting parent to his or her less responsible partner; *Imitons les*—Let us be like them, on two doves with necks entwined. Birds were one of Chelsea's most frequent figure subjects.

Other subjects were, of course, used on seals—especially the universal Cupid who appears in as many forms in Chelsea wares, as there are forms of love in a great city. Among the toys is a *bonbonnière* in the form of a most rascally Cupid, garbed in semi-military fashion, beating a tattoo upon a brace of side-drums, which on closer inspection are seen to be a pair of plump breasts. The edge of the sweetmeat box is mottoed *Pour les Cavaliers de Cithère*—For Venus' Yeomanry. Cupid appears also many times as a full-sized figure, including, and manifestly modelled by one whose passion was unrequited, Cupid frying hearts.

Among more serious figures of the red-anchor period is one of Garrick in the role of Tancred, the hero of James Thomson's melodrama *Tancred and Sigismunda* (1745). This drama of suspicion, intrigue, and violent death in mediaeval Sicily is based on Lesage's novel, *Gil Blas*. It was a part absolutely designed for the actor, who excelled in passionate, stormy roles: the Chelsea figure succeeds in capturing very closely the spirit of the play and the player. Apart from living persons, and under Meissen's influence, very many beautiful figures, comparable in design, colouring, and modelling with the German ones, were made at Chelsea. Children, personifying the Continents; Turks and Chinese; the Seasons—girl to crone, or boy to greybeard; Greek deities; the persons of the Italian Comedy; personifications of the Five Senses—said to have been modelled by Louis François Roubilliac, of whom Lord Chesterfield once remarked *He is our only statuary; other artists are mere stone-cutters;* an ape taking a pinch of snuff; even *Monkies playing on Music,* an obvious imitation of Dresden's Monkey Orchestra. It is interesting to discover that a contemporary found these red-anchor figures of great beauty: and no ordinary contemporary—but a man of the greatest culture and achievements, Benjamin Franklin. Writing to his wife from London, he instructed her to look carefully at

the figures (presumably Chelsea or Bow, since they were English, and bought in London) which he was sending, even *with your spectacles on; they will bear examination.* Since he had himself prescribed the spectacles, with variable lenses for different occasions; and since he was a meticulous craftsman, with an enormous care for every last detail, this admonition may be construed as very considerable praise for the English modellers.

Other, and more ordinary wares were not neglected by Chelsea at this time. Many table-sets were fashioned there, the chief ground colours being either mazarine blue or a very pale lemon. The decorations upon these plates, dishes, cups and saucers had by this time, lost the orientalism they had once affected. The decoration was now predominantly natural—birds, animals, and insects in natural colours, copied from the illustrations to books such as Edwards'; the plants from a similar compilation, produced by Phillip Miller, Gardener to the Society of Apothecaries —the pieces so decorated being known as *Sloane's Plants* ware, after the garden's founder and first owner, Sir Hans Sloane (name and garden are still commemorated in Chelsea—the name in Sloane Square and Sloane Street; the garden is still where it was in Sloane's lifetime, but fuller now than ever before with new varieties of plants); and the table wares, mostly the work of one decorator, a wild Irish, by name Jeffreyes Hamett O'Neale. These were illustrative of Aesop's Fables—illustrations with a difference, in the sense that they were not O'Neale's original designs, but his variations on Francis Barlow's engravings made to illustrate Mrs. Aphra Behn's personal and peculiar versions of Aesop; as they were published in London a century before, in 1665. Considering their garbled origin, these table dishes and plates are very charming—especially the Hawk and The Nightingale dish in the superb American collection of Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Katz.

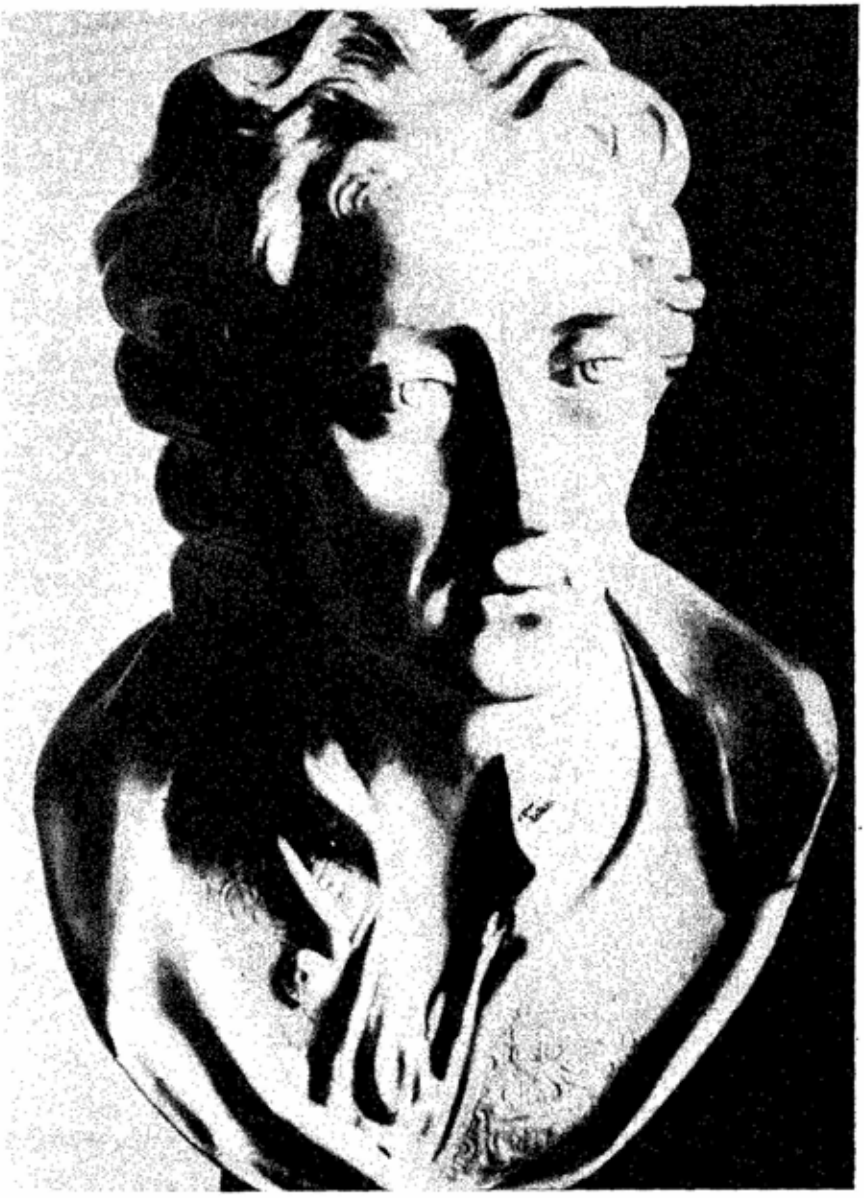
A further, and very interesting Chelsea product of the red-anchor period, and of which, unhappily, too few specimens remain now, for they were fashioned for use, is the tureens, which I have seen particularised by one expert as Zoomorphic and Phytomorphic. The same purpose would be served, and much

45. Lovers by Desoches. (German porcelain) Fürstenberg 1771. (*Fürstenberger Porzellanfabrik*).

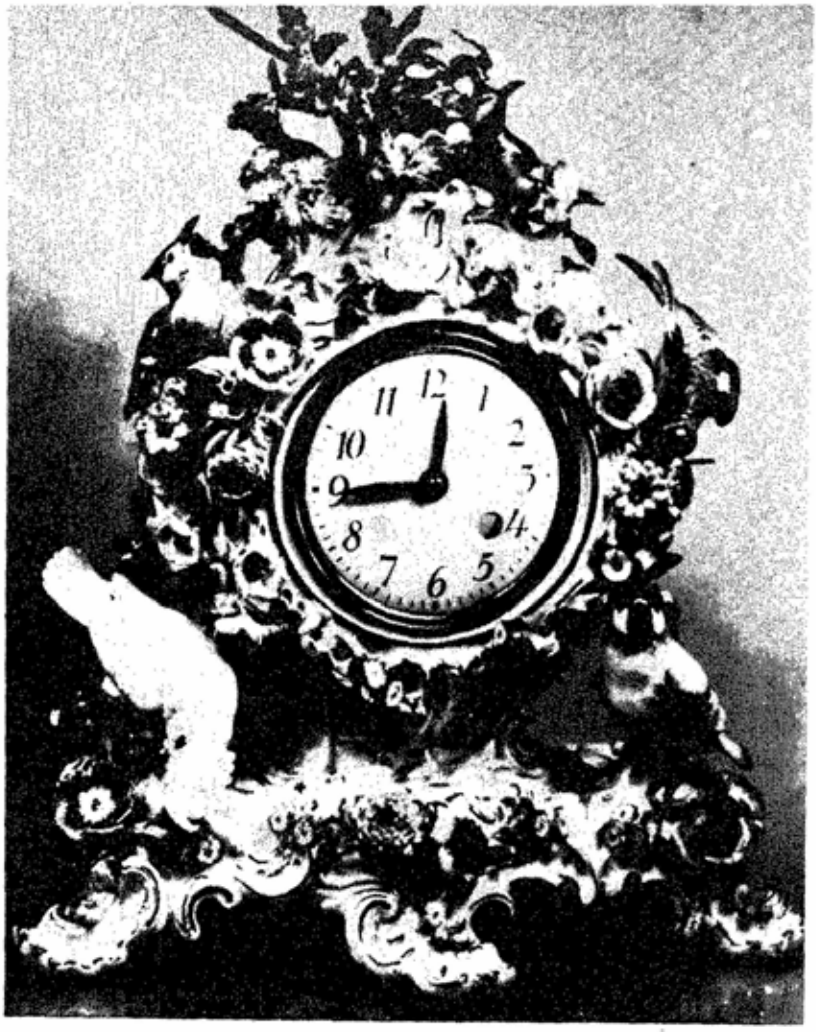
46. "Blue-fluted" tableware. (Danish porcelain) Produced continuously from 1774 to the present day. Copenhagen. (*Den Kongelige Porcelainsfabrik*).

47. Two young ladies by Michel-Victor Acier. (German porcelain) Meissen 1774. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).

48. Four dishes from the Empress Catherine of Russia service. (English China) Wedgwood 1774. (*Josiah Wedgwood & Sons Ltd.*).



49. Portrait bust in biscuit porcelain of Sir Isaac Newton. (German porcelain) Modeller unknown. Fürstenberg 1783. (*Fürstenberger Porzellanfabrik*).



50. Clock case with birds, flowers and scrolls. (German porcelain) Meissen N.D. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).

51. The Portland Vase by Josiah Wedgwood. (English Jasperware) 1786—1790. (*Josiah Wedgwood & Sons Ltd.*).

52. Mother and child. (German porcelain) Meissen N.D. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).

trouble be saved the majority of readers, by calling them Animal and Vegetable tureens—shaped like rabbits, cauliflowers, bunches of asparagus, grouse, pheasants. chickens, cabbages, fish, and one specified in a 1755 sale catalogue, now in the Cecil Higgins Museum, Bedford, *a beautiful Tureen in the form of a swan large as life in a fine dish.*

Towards the end of 1757, and for the most part of 1758, Chelsea underwent a temporary eclipse, due to Sprimont's illness, and consequent looseness of management: the workmen became restive, and many removed to the rival porcelain works at Bow. At the end of 1758, however, Sprimont and his wares were once more in circulation—complete with a new mark for the occasion, the anchor in gold, the mark which was to prevail from then until the sale of the factory in 1769. The body was somewhat reconstituted—calcined bone-ash being added to the mixture—and three new ground colours being added to the tableware palette—a rather sickly green—a sort of processed pea shade, much in fashion for a short period; a beautiful claret; and a warm turquoise. The gold of the mark, however, is the clue to the chief decoration of Chelsea's final phase. Hitherto, there had been comparatively little gilding on Chelsea wares: in this decade gold decoration was applied in quantity, a gold differing very greatly from the European, which had a matt, clinging appearance, while Chelsea was glossed and highly polished.

Figures and many of the older patterned tablewares continued to be made; but Sprimont finally decided that the administration of this large factory was too great a responsibility; accordingly, in 1769, he sold Chelsea Porcelain Manufactory to James Cox, who in his turn, sold it to William Duesbury of Derby, in the following year. Although Duesbury left the factory on its original site for another fourteen years (unlike Bow, which he closed immediately—sending moulds, kilns, and such workers as wished to stay with him, to Derby), yet the exclusively Chelsea spirit had gone from the ware with the passing of Sprimont from the scene. The products of the years 1770 to 1784, usually called Chelsea-Derby wares, more properly belong to Derby than to Chelsea. It is as part of the former factory's output that they will be considered.

Next in time, although its most interesting porcelains were not to be seen until eighty years after its foundation, was the only English factory opened exclusively under private patronage, that at Swinton in Yorkshire, on the estate, and for the benefit, of the Marquis of Rockingham. It is significant, however, that its best wares were fashioned after it had come into the possession of a commercial company, Brameld's.

It went into operation about 1745, and continued for many years to make coffee and tea equipages, mainly glazed dark brown. In 1807 the kilns were sold to Brameld's who, from 1820 to the early 1840's, mades many rather fine white tea services, prettily painted with sprigs of flowers. In shape and decoration the Rockingham sets express absolutely the essence of Regency England; and the immediate pre-Victorian era of King William IV, who himself, in 1830, commissioned a two hundred piece dessert service, at a cost of £5000.

Longton Hall, in Staffordshire, is notable in the history of English porcelain on two counts: it was the first of Staffordshire's porcelain works; and it was the earliest English factory to have its kiln fired by coal—all the rest, during the few years of Longton's existence (1749—1760) were still using wood. The factory was established by three Williams—Jenkinson, Nicklin, and Littler. William Jenkinson was part-owner of coal and metal mines, an inventor and an engineer, who seemingly had discovered the secret of porcelain manufacture, but who was prevented by ill-health from taking the maximum advantage of his discovery by himself. He enlisted the aid of two partners, William Nicklin, a lawyer, who had no other than financial interest in Longton, and William Littler who was appointed manager; a potter already skilled in the making of salt-glaze wares, and in the improving of potting methods, though apparently without previous knowledge of working porcelains.

As in most factories the usual progressions were maintained—white; blue and white; coloured: copied Oriental; *chinoiseries;* native English decorations. The early white table wares are not, to my mind, very attractive. The moulded decoration, frequently strawberry leaves, is not very clear; and the thick glaze only

adds to the impression of indefiniteness. A quirk of Longton's early tableware is that almost without exception it is not hand-thrown, but moulded. The earliest figures, made of precisely the same kind of material, are attractive in a manner all their own. They have been called *Snowmen* figures: this is a fair description, if one visualises a snowman beginning to melt, and glistening in bright yellow sunlight. They are customarily hollow; and set on unglazed bases. The glaze appears more like glass than vitrified clay. The runny nature of the material makes for very imperfect modelling: so that they seem much more closely akin to the Staffordshire salt-glaze groups than to the fine white porcelain figures of Bustelli. Probably Littler's training as a salt-glaze potter had something to do with this. Most curious of the snowmen group because of its subject, which is to be found in all stages of Longton's development, is the figure of Ceres, goddess of husbandry. She appears first, accompanied by a most repulsively fat, naked child, whom some say is Cupid, clinging to her left knee. A little later, but now more skilfully modelled, and prettily coloured, she presides as centre-piece over a group of three flowered salt-dishes, shaped like scallop-shells. The child, still with her, and making a nuisance of itself by attempting, this time, to climb, like a small ape, up her sprigged and bordered wrap, has, one is happy to say, lost much of its excess fat. A year or two later, wearing an ever more beautiful gown, to which she has added a halter strap to secure it from the ravages of the still-present and importunate infant, she forms the charming foreground decoration to a Rococo candle-holder. At the same time as the white figures, some blue and white wares with a very blotchy, grey-speckled blue were being made; and in imitation of Oriental originals, quite a few pieces being orange-banded, like Japanese wares, and bird-covered, with likenesses of the Chinese quail.

In 1753 William Jenkinson sold his shares in the factory to Nathaniel Firmin—a master button-moulder, who died but a few months after, leaving his portion to his son, Samuel. At about this time, Littler's wife Jane, whom he had recently married, also joined the factory, presumably in some sort of

managerial capacity. At this period the Longton Hall porcelains suddenly flower in all their colours: at their best comparable with Chelsea and Bow at *their* best. The figures of this time included a fine set of English rural trades, fruit and flower sellers—the flower-seller later being used as a model by the Plymouth factory; the vegetable seller, a typical red-haired, buxom countrywoman, wearing a pink flowered frock, yellow stole, blue overskirt, in her right hand a carrot, in her left a fat, firm cabbage, at her feet a large wicker basket, loaded with garden produce.

The tablewares continued in the main to be moulded—but were now coloured brilliantly—the blue of this time being a powder-blue, and also a colour of the manager's own invention, a greyish inky colour, called *Littler's blue* after its inventor. The green was mainly the distinctive Longton yellow-green, a colour which I have never yet seen successfully produced in any illustrated work on English porcelain in which it is included. The moulded decoration on the tableware continued to include a large proportion of strawberry leaves, now tinted in their natural colours, but often combined with other, and sometimes peculiar features, such as the jug in the Katz collection, which has a moulded strawberry leaf at the spout, a twisted vine-stem handle, trailed green plant stems round the neck, and moulded auricula flowers and leaves, growing as from the base. Not contented with all this embellishment, the few remaining clear patches on the jug's surface have been heavily painted with flower-sprays, executed, it would seem, by the unnamed decorator who is known, after the style of his work, as the *Trembly Rose Painter*, who decorated quite a few Longton pieces between 1753 and 1756, including a pair of small basins and their stands, now in the Rous Lench collection, which are noteworthy as much for their shape, which in plan is that of some leaf unspecified, but with markedly irregular serrated edges, as much as for their decoration.

At the same period, the *Castle Painter* was busily engaged in decorating Longton wares, whose speciality is obvious from his nickname. It was once believed that he, and John Hayfield, the

only named Longton Hall decorator, were two different people. There is now a considerable body of evidence for attributing the castles to Hayfield himself. Another decorator who is believed to have painted some Longton pieces is the ubiquitous William Duesbury, the Janus villain-hero of English porcelain. He lived at Longton for two years; it is unlikely that a person so busy in ceramic affairs could exist for so long within a stone's throw of porcelain kilns, and not take part in the factory's activities.

In 1755 came the temporary saviour, but ultimate destroyer, of the Longton Hall factory, in the person of the Rev. Robert Charlesworth, a wealthy Church of England priest and owner of a number of Derbyshire lead mines. Dr. Bernard Watney, in his recent excellent monograph on Longton, to which I am indebted for much of my information about that factory, suggests that it was Charlesworth's supplying of soapstone and china clay, the incidental products of his lead mines, to Longton, which first stimulated his interest in porcelain. Whatever the reason for his interest, it was his money which saved the factory from sudden closure; and in the Octobers of 1756 and 1757, he loaned further large sums to the factory, at the persuasion of his fellow directors, chief of whom was Littler, whose main interest Longton was.

From this time, until the closing down of the factory, Littler made every endeavour to make the factory commercially, as well as artistically, solvent. He concentrated on tablewares, particullarly blue-decorated, as being cheaper than the fully and finely enamelled ones. The brilliant colours he reserved for the figures, the special leaf-moulded dishes, and large ornamental plates. Quite the finest of these later figures, and certainly some of the loveliest porcelain models ever made, are the Continents, personified as beautiful women. All, like the snow-woman Ceres, are bare-breasted; each wrapped around the loins with the materials appropriate to her Continent, and is surrounded by the creatures native to her quarter of the world. Europe carries a large tome of Learning; Asia a vast jar of oils or perfumes; the negress Africa carries in her right hand an elephant-mask—at her feet lies the proud African lion; America, a very beautiful

and almost nude Red Indian, leans upon a great bank of exotic flowers. Plymouth afterwards imitated these models, but there are ways in which one factory's *Continents* may be distinguished from the other's. Plymouth was one of the three English factories to make pure hard porcelain—on analysis of a chipping, therefore, no doubt remains, as Longton's are soft-paste. But aside from these advanced distinctions—there are some rough-and-ready indications. Plymouth's Africa has no elephant mask in her hand; Plymouth's America has less flowers upon the base; Europe and Asia were less delicately modelled at Plymouth, details were neglected or botched: and while all the Longton bases are flat and solid underneath, the Plymouth are hollow, and flat, therefore, only at the edges.

Another presumably profitable, because patriotic, figure is that of Britannia, her gown covered with English roses, in her right hand the British shield emblazoned with the red, white, and blue of the Union's colours, in her left an oval portrait in relief of King George II, at her feet military trophies captured from the defeated French.

Every sort of moulded leaf was used as decoration of tablewares in Longton's final years. Oak leaves on jars and dishes; six violet leaves, their points faced inwards from the edge of a dish to leave an irregular star-shaped space which the *Castle* Painter filled with one of his landscapes; geranium leaves on a soup ladle handle; a cos lettuce dish; a cabbage tureen; a pumpkin tureen; a box in the form of a lemon and its leaves; a rhubarb leaf tray; a cabbage-leaf teapot; a strawberry-leaf cream jug—the catalogue could be many times extended. As a variant on this leafy theme, were the large ornamental dishes, trays, and plates, with relief leaves uncoloured, centre polychrome decorations, and rims complexly openworked, and enscrolled in colours. There is a very fine large dish of this sort, the centre decoration being a group of pheasants in a ragged bosque, now to be seen in Stoke-on-Trent City Museum.

In order to make an all-out attempt upon the fashionable market, a London store was opened in September, 1758, in the Watling Street corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, where were to

be sold *Cups and Saucers, Coffee Cups, Cream Jugs, Tea Pots, Bowls, Basons, Mugs, Decanters, Sauce Boats, compleat Tea and Coffee Sets, Chocolate Cups and Saucers ribbed, fluted, panelled and plain, with fine enamelled China Dishes and Plates, oval and round Leaf and fancy Patterns, curious Perfume Pots, Vauses, Figures and Flowers* . . . All these efforts, however, were insufficient to save the factory. Charlesworth was both unable and unwilling to support any further loss at the Longton Hall factory. He first privately gave notice of this to Littler, and then publicly announced the dissolution of the partnership in the *Birmingham Gazette* of June 9th, 1760. Three weeks later, in the same paper, Littler denied the legality of Charlesworth's action; a few weeks after that, Charlesworth's agents sequestered the factory and all it contained. The factory's entire stock of porcelain was made over to a London broker, Samuel Clarke, to be sold for Charlesworth's benefit.

Clarke, for some obscure personal reason, chose Salisbury, in Wiltshire, to be the city, where on 16th September, 1760, and the four days following, should be sold *without reserve or the least addition . . . upwards of ninety thousand Pieces . . . as Figures and Flowers, mounted in Chandeliers, Essence Jars, Beakers, Vases, and Perfume Pots, magnificent Dessert Services, sets of Bowls, Mugs, Dishes and Plates, ornamented with Columbines and Central Groups, Tea Coffee and Toilet Equipages . . . with a profusion of useful and ornamental articles* . . . Large numbers of Longton pieces were sold to the trade for comparatively small sums. An ironical footnote may be added to this miserable tale. Much of the Longton ware remained in the Salisbury area. In the first decade of the present century, a collector bought about 40 pieces of leaf-moulded ware, at a private house sale in Salisbury, for £46. These were kept in the collection intact; when, in October, 1956—they were offered, as a group, for resale, their sale price was well over £9000. So much for the posthumous fame of William Littler, who is said to have managed a small commercial pottery in the 1770's, and who died, a poor man, in 1784.

With the middle of the eighteenth century, we reach the first

of Bristol's two porcelain factories, founded by William Lowdin. It maintained a separate existence for less than two years, until 1752 when it was completely swallowed up by the Worcester Porcelain Company. A problem is therefore presented, because much early Worcester and Lowdin's Bristol porcelains are indistinguishable; but some pieces at least can definitely be ascribed to Bristol, and a few figures (mostly of Chinamen, and almost invariably uncoloured) are actually marked BRISTOLL, with the date of their manufacture. As with the early Chelsea table sets, the Bristol tableware was more often than not moulded from silver: and then decorated with the Bristolian notion of Oriental splendour. There are two decorative features distinctive of, and peculiar to, this silver-shaped Lowdin ware—the inside rims of cups, bowls, and tureens are usually painted with a border of flowers; and, in the lip of sauce-boats, one more often than not discovers a sea-shell, painted in colours. From 1752 onwards, the Bristol output can more properly be considered Worcester's; and apart from earthenwares, Bristol remains a dead-letter in the matter of ceramics until the year 1770, which saw the foundation, in the city, of the second of England's three hard-paste factories. Its founder, William Cookworthy, had previously been making true porcelain in Plymouth. In this year, however, he removed to Bristol, to join forces with a local potter of some standing, Richard Champion. Champion also, although he had not been successful, as had Cookworthy, in perfecting a paste, was not a stranger to the idea of porcelain manufacture; for as early as 1765 he had received from his brother-in-law, Caleb Lloyd of Charleston, South Carolina, a quantity of *unaker*, a clay which they both believed, wrongly as it transpired, to be a sort of china clay. Three years after Cookworthy's arrival, Champion bought the exclusive rights to Cookworthy's formula for hard-paste, and continued, for the following eight years, to make many good pieces there. The Bristol paste is extremely hard, almost as hard as quartz, very white, and so like white Bristol glass in appearance that it is difficult to tell them apart by eye alone—especially as some decorators worked both for the porcelain and the glass factories at Bristol. The Bristol wares can

often be distinguished from the others by a brownish tint (smoke-staining) to the white pieces; by spiral ribbing on the body of thrown pieces; and by very tiny black specks, though rarely found in the body. This black specking is also a feature of some of the early underglaze blue of Bristol hard-paste decoration.

Of the figurines, Bristol's most interesting are the small ones believed to have been modelled by Thibaud, who had previously modelled for Bow, and was, simultaneously with his Bristol modelling working for Worcester. There are also a number of child figures, with very large heads, which are certainly, though valuable on account of their rarity, of little attraction—Dr. Severne Mackenna describes them as *smirking hydrocephalic children*. Very small, white, portrait plaques of biscuit, were Champion's own particular pleasure.

The tablewares are probably the most pleasing of later Bristol porcelain. Of excellent shapes, and patterned in a variety of attractive ways, they were most often flower-painted; decorated with thin but colourful wreaths, and festoons of ribbons; or mignonetted with laurel sprays. Some of the colours used were peculiar to Bristol: these include a very brilliant leaf-green, and a red, wet in appearance like the juice of crushed berries. The most interesting of the commemorative sets potted at Bristol was that of 1774, made for presentation to Edmund Burke on his election to parliament as Member for Bristol. It would seem that Champion was more than Burke's potter, and one of his chief constituents, for after 1781, the year in which he sold his porcelain formulae to the Staffordshire potters of New Hall and closed the Bristol factory, he took office under Burke, as Deputy Paymaster-General to the Forces. When, in 1784, the leader of the government, the Marquis of Rockingham, died, and was succeeded by Lord Shelburn, leader of the Tories, Burke and most of his colleagues, including Champion, resigned. Champion then emigrated to South Carolina, where he successfully farmed until his death in 1791.

In the same year that Lowdin was establishing the Bristol soft-paste factory, William Duesbury and some others, whose

exact connection with the factory, and business inter-relationships, remain obscure, were setting up the Derby porcelain kilns, which were to continue production for a century all but two years. In the first decade of its existence, Duesbury, never a modest man where his own profit was involved, was advertising Derby as *the second Dresden*. This was untrue on a number of counts, the chief being that Derby's was soft-paste, not at all comparable to the Meissen hard-paste; and that, in any event, even for English soft-paste, it was very light in texture. The glaze, too, on early Derby pieces, was not clear, and had a distinctly bluish tint.

The figures made of this light soft-paste are not very good—they seem doll-like and stilted after the expansiveness and liveliness of the other English factories; furthermore, until the incorporation of the Chelsea factory, with its superior and detailed knowledge of decoration, the colours of Derby figures were very thin and watery, and tended to run. The only really satisfactory colour to be seen in pre-1770 Derby ware is a fine strong leaf-brown, which is in evidence as much on the early tablewares as on the figures. There is a peculiarity of decoration in these table-pieces. When flowers are painted upon them, they are always portrayed with long, spindly stalks, like thick green thread.

The amalgamation, in 1770, with Chelsea, improved Derby products to a tremendous degree, although it was the Derby tradition of design which was pursued, rather than that of the London factory, In the matter of tableware, new and strong ground colours were introduced by the Chelsea potters—a deep crimson, dark blue, leaf-green, lilac-purple, and rich yellow. One colour did not make its way from Chelsea to Derby—the well-known Chelsea claret, which after 1770, appears quite suddenly in Worcester tablewares, thus demonstrating, in the absence of other proofs, where the Chelsea colourist responsible for it found fresh employment. Decorators included the landscape painter, Zachariah Boreman; flower painter, William Corden; a painter named Hill nicknamed *Jockey*, also a landscapist; and from 1775, William Billingsley. who was apprenticed in his 17th year to the Derby works as a flower painter, where he worked

brilliantly until 1796, when he left for the porcelain factory at Pinxton.

Figures of the Chelsea-Derby era include Shepherds and Shepherdesses, groups of Seasons, and a number of dryads and nymphs. Many of these were undistinguished, although the colouring of most was an improvement on the earlier Derby figurines. Moreover, the factory was fortunate in one of its modellers at this time, a Royal Academician, John Bacon. He was a Londoner, who started his career as an apprentice modeller in *Mr. Crispe's porcelain manufactory at Lambeth.* By the time he was 23, he had graduated from porcelain to marble design, perfecting a machine for roughing out the general shape of the piece of marble to be carved. The Royal Academy granted him its first gold medal in 1769, and he was elected Associate in the following year. Among his large marble pieces are the memorial statues to the elder Pitt in Westminster Abbey and to Dr. Johnson in St. Paul's Cathedral; and the marble bust of King George III in Christchurch, Oxford, and at Gottingen University. He did not, however, wholly abandon porcelain for stone—as some of the best Derby portrait figures testify.

In 1786, Duesbury died; to be succeeded in the management by his son, the second William Duesbury. From this date, until 1811, the products of the factory as known as *Crown Derby.* From 1790, the chief modeller was John Spangler, whose figures and portrait busts are not, to my mind at least, of great beauty or significance. In 1795, the miniature painter, Michael Kean bought a partnership in the factory, and on the younger Duesbury's death, which happened only a few months after, he assumed the office of managing director. The Derby wares of this period are totally undistinguished; the factory had, in effect, played itself out under Duesbury *père.* Kean kept it in production until 1811, however, when he leased it to Robert Bloor—after whom the porcelain of the final Derby period is named. *Bloor Derby* is tasteless, even by Victorian standards. The administration of the factory was further disorganised, in 1826, by Robert Bloor's suddenly taking entire leave of his senses, and having to be confined, henceforward, in a madhouse, while the

factory was managed for his commissioners by Thomas Clarke and James Thomason. Not even the popularity of Moses Webster's paintings—and his Derby tableware decorations, consisting of flowers which Mr. Bernard Rackham has most accurately described as *crushed hat-roses,* were immensely popular—could save the factory. In 1846, commercially and artistically exhausted, it closed. The very successful present-day Royal Crown Derby Porcelain factory, it should be noted, is an entirely independent concern, having been founded in the city in 1876.

The only major English porcelain factory with a history of uninterrupted production from the middle of the eighteenth century to the present day is that at Worcester, which began in 1751, as the Worcester Tonquin Manufacture. Prime mover in this enterprise was Dr. John Wall, a remarkable man for whom porcelain was only one of a great number of interests. He had been educated at Worcester Grammar School, and at Merton College, Oxford. Where he read for his degrees of Master of Arts, and Bachelor of Physick, and of which he was elected Fellow, afterwards going into practice in his native Worcestershire. Among his hobbies was a study of geology, in the course of researches into which he discovered the medicinal value of the mineral waters of Malvern, and was instrumental, by pamphleteering, and by personal prescription for all his more influential patients, in making the town the fashionable spa it afterwards became, and indeed, still remains. He made a valuable marriage into a well-known Worcestershire family, that of the Sandys; and devoted himself to the composition of a series of medical papers, some of the greatest interest, even to present-day readers. Dr. Wall was one of the earliest to advocate better drainage as a precautionary measure against epidemic fevers; and successfully improved the chances of small-pox victims by dosing them with an infusion of Peruvian bark. He became also an expert historical painter and engraver, experimenting in new pigments, such as currant-juice; and was sufficiently skilled a draughtsman to execute the decorative title-page and frontispiece to Hervey's *Meditations.* It is not therefore surprising to learn that he was not only chief of the factory founders, but was also appointed,

with William Davis, a master-potter, joint first arcanist of the Worcester Porcelain Works. Oxford granted him a full Doctorate in Physick in 1759: he presided over the fortunes of the Worcester factory until his death in 1776.

Worcester's avowed aim was to produce large quantities of commercial porcelain as cheaply as possible; Davis and Wall, however, saw no good reason why easily saleable wares should not be well-designed and decorated; so that, as with Rolls-Royce at a later date, nothing second-rate was allowed to leave the factory bearing the Worcester mark. The body, though soft-paste, was harder than the other English pastes, and very cleanly white. The earliest wares were small tea and coffee sets, decorated in imitation of Kang Hsi blue and white wares. The blue is dark and rich, the white clear and rarely crackled (unlike the early white of many other English factories); even for the expert, the best of them are indistinguishable by eyes alone, from the Chinese pieces they imitated.

Underglaze blue decorations had, of course, to be painted on to the wares by individual decorators. When, therefore, Robert Hancock approached Worcester with his system of transfer printing the decoration on to porcelain, he found a ready patron for his economical invention. Hancock's earliest transfer-printing had been done at the enamel works at Battersea, in London, from 1753 to 1755. He is believed to have experimented for a short time with transfer printing at Bow, over the winter of 1755—1756. After this, his main work was, for the next twenty years, at Worcester. The principle of transferring a design from an engraving is like that of embroidery transfers, but in the case of porcelain it is slightly more complicated, especially Hancock's Worcester methods, which give the best results. The original design to be reproduced is engraved (the wrong way round, of course, so that it shall print correctly) on to a copper plate. To print an engraving on paper, the plate is first smeared with ink, then the surface is wiped off carefully, leaving ink in the lines cut in the plate. Plate and paper are then run through heavy rollers—the surface of the paper is forced into the ink-filled engraving—and there is the print. With printing on porcelain,

the same process was followed for making the engraving—but the copper-plate, instead of being smeared with ink, was smeared with sticky oil, which was then wiped off, leaving it in the engraved lines. A flat slice of gelatine was pressed on the copper plate, leaving a sticky oil print upon the gelatine: the gelatine slice—called a bat, was then pressed on to the piece of porcelain, in its biscuit stage. This gave a sticky oil design upon the ware: the whole piece was dusted with a powered pigment of the desired colour, the powder being blown off all parts of the ware except the oily lines, where it clung. The piece was then fired—complete with its coloured decoration.

The commonest colours for transfer-printing at Worcester were blue, the same as the blue of the pseudo-Chinese wares, and red-brown, but they are also to be found in purple, black, rich brown, and mauve. Hancock provided Worcester with at least a hundred different subjects for transfers. Few were original—for the most part they were engravings of work by Watteau, Gravelot, Le Bas, Boucher, Boitard, Cochin *fils,* and such French artists. Not all were copies however—there exists a Worcester tankard which bears the Hancock transfer of the coat-of-arms of the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks, a theatre club founded in 1735 by John Rich, manager of Covent Garden, which included among its limited membership of twenty-five the Prince of Wales —later George IV. Moreover, Hancock's skill as a portraitist, his pastels of Lamb and Coleridge are in the National Portrait Gallery—is shown in a piece among the most popular with his contemporaries, a mug dated 1757, with an engraved portrait of Frederick the Great of Prussia. Of this portrait, which Carlyle dismissed as *a diligent potter's apotheosis . . . hastily got up to meet the general enthusiasm of English mankind,* Hancock was sufficiently proud to sign it with his rebus—a gamecock perched upon a hand, that is, Han-cock.

Hancock's transfers did not, of course, entirely supersede hand-painted decorations: around 1758 and 1759 Worcester wares had a period of Oriental landscapes in black, in wine-red, or in mauve; concurrently there appeared the brushwork of an anonymous decorator known as the *Owl Painter,* from his pre-

occupation with and continual representation of, an owl being harried by a flock of smaller birds. At this period too, began to be printed porcelain tokens of a shilling and two shillings, marked with the initials W P C— Worcester Porcelain Company, and signed on the reverse by W. Davis, William Davis, Wall's fellow arcanist, and nominal manager of the factory. Pseudo-Oriental, but abstract designs, were also painted on wares. In Lady Sempill's collection is a beautiful teapot which displays all the characteristics of Worcester ware of these years—white body, crisp, uncrackled glaze, globular shape with a low white foot; the handle of the lid in the shape of a half-opened bud, decorated in alternating spiralled stripes, white reserves on brown stripes, and rich red-brown on white.

The Owl Painter was the first of a number of bird painters—birds forming an appropriately rural decoration for this Midland country factory. The birds they painted, however, except for the copies of illustrations to ornithological volumes, were such as had never been seen by any human eye. Vast rainbow-plumed fowl, more dazzling than pheasants or phoenixes, exotic as dragons, Oriental as fairy-tale Princesses, move through enchanted landscapes, now clear and close, the countries of high summer, with trees woollen and fat as summer clouds; now dim and misty, the autumnal places with spiked, harsh-leaved red shrubs as perches. These birds in paradise are often painted on white panels reserved upon a vase of some single, rich, ground colour—blue, claret, yellow, lavender, turquoise and leaf green, especially the latter three. A refinement, or at least, a later development of these single ground colours was the famous Worcester scale-patterns; the ground colour being applied to resemble fish-scales in blue, most frequently; but sometimes in pink, yellow, or brick-red. The prices paid for good pieces of the rarer scale wares is enormous, as for the plain monochromes in yellow and claret. Last year (1956) a yellow monochrome dish made £280 ($780), a vase of the same period and colour, £700 ($1960), while a single yellow-scale cup and saucer was sold for £310 ($850).

Some of the scale wares, especially the pink and blue ones, were later further embellished with gold edging to the scales.

To my mind these wares are more curious than handsome; but Worcester's method of applying gold is significant, showing how the factory was ever ready to experiment with the unorthodox in the cause of better porcelain. Instead of oil-gilding, the more usual but less durable method, the Worcester gilders used powdered gold, mixed with honey into a paste, which gives Worcester gold an appearance quite distinctive from all others.

In addition to all the home decorators and decorations, from 1767 onwards, white Worcester porcelain was sent in quantity to Kentish Town in London, to the ateliers of James Giles. It has always seemed to me that Giles has received more credit for his Worcester pieces than he in truth deserves—first because some pieces at least, said to have been Giles decorated were not so; and secondly because a Giles decoration was by no means of necessity his own work but that of one of his several skilled but anonymous employees.

In 1772 the factory's directorship was changed—it was sold by Dr. Wall to the Rev. Thomas Vernon, who in his turn sold it to Wall's son, also John Wall—he then sold shares in it to six people, two of whom were, oddly enough, Dr. John Wall and the Rev. Thomas Vernon; the other four being Richard Cook, Robert Hancock, William Davis, and his son, Will Davis Jr. In 1776 Dr. Wall died and in 1783 William Davis Sr. The factory was then sold to Thomas Flight for his sons, John and Joseph: and from then until 1800 ensued a period of poor taste and pretentious decoration unequalled in European porcelain. It was less that the Flights were in themselves tasteless than that they weakly gave the public what it wanted; and what it wanted at this time was large, ugly vases, every inch of which were covered with gilt, encrusted with decorations, and frequently over-painted into the bargain. Even the hiring of well-known artists such as Thomas Baxter could not substantially effect any great improvement in decoration, if his not wholly unpleasant figure paintings had to be executed on tiny reserve panels surrounded by an agglomeration of thick multi-coloured enamels.

If, however, we believe that with Flight Worcester porcelain,

this fine material had sunk as low as it was possible, aesthetically, to sink, we suffer the chastening proof that taste could become more depraved, when we look at Chamberlain's Worcester porcelain. Humphrey Chamberlain had founded a separate factory about 1796—where was made a greyish brittle porcelain which had all the appearances of stoneware. One concedes that such ware needed embellishment; but there could have been no need for imitation of Japanese brocade decorations, particularly the salmon-pinks and the orange of Imari ware, which at Chamberlain's were transmuted respectively into flayed rock-salmon and pulped blood-orange. Chamberlain Worcester may still be bought in the London auction rooms at £2 ($6.00) a piece; and that, in my opinion, is too high a price to pay.

In 1801 another porcelain factory was founded in Worcester, this by Chamberlain's nephew Thomas Grainger. In its first years, and in its latter years, (it closed in 1846), its porcelain was rough and imperfect; but there was a short period, from 1808, when the Worcester New China factory made wares as beautiful as the original kilns at their best. It was not, however, a large enough factory to compete with the other two, the more so as in 1840, Flight's factory, now known as Flight and Barr's, and Chamberlain's amalgamated. Its final period was devoted to producing wares of predominantly local interest, as the mug in the Victoria and Albert Museum which portrays the Worcester Regatta of 1846, and serves to remind us that Worcester has long been a traditional haven of wet-bobs.

Under a variety of managers and directors the amalgamated Flight, Barr, Chamberlain organisations continued until 1862, when the whole company was reorganised, to emerge as the Royal Porcelain Company—it had been entitled to this designation since King George the Third's visit in 1788. The Worcester Royal Porcelain Company still exists, and produces wares of the highest quality. The contemporary products we shall touch upon in our survey of twentieth century ceramics.

By mid-century, porcelain was the fashionable decoration everywhere in Europe. The English factories we have so far mentioned were each contributing to the general sum. Wrote

Horace Walpole, in a review of 1753 banquet-tables: *jellies, biscuits, sugar-plumbs and creams, have long since given way to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chinese and Shepherdesses of Saxon China. But these . . . seeming to wander among groves of curled paper, were soon discovered to be too insipid. By degrees, whole meadows of cattle of the same brittle materials, spread themselves over the whole table . . .*

After mid-century no great English porcelain factory was founded: but several which had some amusing or interesting speciality came into being in the second half of the eighteenth century, and one or two early in the nineteenth. Liverpool, long renowned for its stonewares, had, in the person of Richard Chaffers, a potter who made porcelain from 1756 until his death nine years later, having been shown a method which included steatite (soapstone) by Robert Podmore, an arcanist who had run away from Worcester. Chaffers went to the trouble of hiring himself a Cornish steatite mine, to ensure a plentiful supply of this ingredient. It must be said that Liverpool porcelain is very uneven in body, some being brittle, cold, and white; some harsh grey-tinged; some coarse, bluish, with a bubbled glaze. The best of the grey pieces are those mugs decorated in a swiftly-brushed underglaze blue, probably by one of the punchbowl painters. The best white porcelains are jugs and punchbowls, underglaze decorated in shocking pink with Chinese figures. The coarse blue wares are too like bad stoneware to be worth comment. Some transfer-printing was done at Liverpool, especially on to tiles at John Sadler's pottery. And a further set of kilns, the Herculaneum Pottery, made some domestic porcelain, of no more than local interest, from 1801 until it ceased production in 1840.

1756 also saw the first attempt at Lowestoft to make porcelain, a few kilns said to have been operated by a potter named Hewlin Luson. His rivals, among whom, presumably, are to be numbered the four other potters who, the following year, established a small but successful porcelain works in the same East coast port, reputedly bribed Luson's workmen to botch his wares, so that his porcelain factory failed. The successful rival concern continued until 1803, trading the most part of its output across

the North Sea, through the Dutch port of Rotterdam. Napoleon's capture of Holland, and his enforcement of the blockade against English ships, deprived Lowestoft of its export trade, and therefore of its main source of finance. Its blue and white wares were of poor quality: but some of its bowls and mugs are very pleasant, especially those decorated in colours with flowers, and diapered at the edges or rims in a mauve-pink shade peculiar to the factory (almost as good an indication of a Lowestoft provenance, as is the lettuce green an indication that a piece originated from Longton Hall). Apart from the usual domestic wares, including cutlery handles, the factory had two specialities. It was among the first to cater for summer visitors' souvenir trade, making lightly-decorated tea-caddies, ink-pots, and mugs, inscribed with the legend *A Trifle from Lowestoft,* the forerunners of those cabinets of useless clay potlets, grotesquely shaped, with the town or city coat-of-arms garishly enamelled upon them, which so pleased our grandparents. The other Lowestoft speciality, also commemorative, is unique to that factory—birthday medals, small porcelain tokens, with a flower painted on one side, on the other, the name and the date of the person and the birthday concerned.

As we have already said, William Cookworthy took out his patent for hard-paste porcelain in 1768, and opened a works at Plymouth. Here he made some few fine pieces of a rich ivory in texture, but white glaze. Birds and flowers were painted on these wares, mainly tankards; but in 1770, as we saw, he moved to Bristol, joining Champion's factory—and soon after selling his rights to Champion. At about the time Champion's Bristol works were going into full production, Thomas Turner of Worcester went to the earthenware pottery of Caughley, in Shropshire, and began making porcelain on a large commercial scale, at the factory later bought and transferred to Coalport, where it still functions. A detailed discussion of the Caughley/Coalport wares I intend to reserve for a later chapter, as the factory's history fits more readily into an account of the commercial potteries than into the more secluded and select establishments of eighteenth century England.

At Pinxton in Derbyshire, in the last decade of the century, John Coke founded a pottery. It was not until 1796, however, when he was joined by William Billingsley, hitherto a decorator at the Derby factory, that porcelain was made at Pinxton. On first sight, it is very similar to Derby ware, but closer inspection reveals certain characteristics, which serve to distinguish the one from the other. The paste is somewhat coarser, greyish, and the glaze is thicker, imparting a slightly waved surface to Pinxton ware. The decorations on the tablewares and vases made there are most often in medallions reserved in coloured grounds, especially two hues peculiar to Pinxton—yellowish-green and salmon-pink. The good quality porcelains were made only for the few years that Billingsley was in attendance—he left about 1800; thereafter the decline was swift: in 1804, Coke sold the factory to John Cutts, who for some years produced there poor semblances of Staffordshire tablewares, unti he closed it in 1813.

Billingsley was the prime mover in the twin factories of Nantgarw and Swansea, distinguished alike by being the only porcelain factories of any great artistic significance founded in the nineteenth century, and certainly the only Welsh porcelain works. William Billingsley was a throw-back to the wandering German arcanists of the early 1700's. Apprenticed, as we have seen, to a decorator at Derby; he learned much other than porcelain painting in the years of his apprenticeship, and perfected the most beautiful of English soft-pastes, white, pure, and translucent. His misfortune was that he was without sufficient funds properly to exploit his discovery. From Derby, as we know, he went to Pinxton, which he left after a few years. He seems to have been a born nomad, for the next eight years were passed wandering about England, decorating wares, porcelain, earthenware, stoneware, whenever there was a call for decoration; moving on when the need for a decorator was exhausted, and founding two other short-lived porcelain works, at Mansfield in Nottinghamshire, and at Torksey, near Gainsborough. 1808 found him, with his son-in-law, a fellow potter and wanderer by name Samuel Walker, at Worcester, where both signed long-term contracts. Three years was as long as the pair could endure

in one place. In 1811 they broke their contracts and wandered away into Wales, where, with the financial assistance of Weston Young, a flower painter, they set up kilns at Nantgarw in Glamorganshire.

In nearby Swansea, there had been a pottery for some half a century. At this time, it was owned by Lewis Dillwyn, who was eager to extend his business to the manufacture of porcelain. This intention accorded well with Billingsley and his partners' designs: all three accordingly removed to the Cambrian Pottery in 1814, where Dillwyn gathered a team of decorators worthy of Billingsley's beautiful porcelain. These designers were: Baxter as landscapist, Billingsley as painter of flower pieces, mainly roses; Weston Young, botanist, who must not be confused with Thomas Pardoe, the painter of botanical decorations on Swansea earthenware. Lastly, Coclough, most famous of all bird painters—my personal preference among all Coclough's bird pieces is a Nantgarw plate, dated 1816, on which he figured a crested sky lark. Swansea and Nantgarw wares are in general much like Derby and Pinxton, but Swansea has a colour—a dark bottle-green, found in no other English factory.

This pleasing state of affairs for Billingsley and Walker did not continue long. News of their broken contracts with Worcester reached Dillwyn, who dismissed them immediately. This was foolish, for by this action he virtually brought to an end the fame of the Cambrian Pottery and Swansea porcelain, for no more porcelain was made after their departure, and though the pottery remained open until 1870, it made nothing of more than local interest or use. Billingsley and Walker went back to their old kilns at Nantgarw—and for two years more, from 1817 to the end of 1819, they struggled to maintain themselves and their standards with insufficient capital. In the latter year, Billingsley made the journey to Coalport where the owner, John Rose, agreed to buy the stock, the moulds, and the kilns, and to employ them at Coalport, to make porcelain of the same quality as that they were already manufacturing. This contract both scrupulously observed, Billingsley working for Rose until he died, in 1828, when Walker was released, and went to America.

Two other small English porcelain works deserve at least a mention; a small semi-private one in Derbyshire, at Church Gresley, which was active for a very few years, under the patronage of Sir Nigel Gresley; and a five-year soft-paste factory at Madeley, in Shropshire, which flourished between 1825 and 1830, the foundation of a Staffordshire potter-decorator, Thomas Randall. Randall had begun his ceramic career at Caughley as a decorator, had transferred thence in turn to Derby and to Pinxton, then, with another Pinxton decorator opened an enamelling shop in London (at Spa Fields, Islington), their chief white ware for decoration being sent to them from Nantgarw, their principal decorations being imitative of Sèvres. The example of the two factories he combined in his Madeley ware, the body being closely akin to both Nantgarw and Sèvres, and extremely expensive.

By this time, however, the commercial factories were producing cheap bone china domestic wares, while the collectors were once more preoccupied with true Oriental porcelains. William Beckford, the incorrigible connoisseur and fashionable picker-up of bric-à-brac, writing to one of his confidants and unofficial agents, the Chevalier Gregorio Franchi, on Sunday, 27th September, 1807, says: *Here I am at the door of a China shop. Twenty-four plates at twenty-one a piece is some price, and we haven't much money, as you know: What the devil are the plates anyway? Chinese or Japanese? God knows, Why not send one, or put them aside until I can see them? How can I judge without seeing them? What are the other trifles? And the two cups with covers so different from any I have in my power? . . .* Had the Chevalier Franchi replied that those were English, Beckford would have lost all interest. For the disparaging attitude of the connoisseur and the collector towards English porcelain at the beginning of the nineteenth century, Wedgwood and some others are the most culpable. However, before we consider why and in what way Wedgwood and his fellow Staffordshiremen can be blamed for this contempt, we must swiftly look at porcelains in places other than Germany, France and England.

CHAPTER XVII

Grand Tour

With every territory of a few square miles in Germany boasting a porcelain works; with Sèvres as the chief, and twenty more porcelaineries producing at full capacity in France; with the English commercial enterprises maintaining a further dozen factories of importance—the rest of eighteenth century Europe was encouraged to develop porcelain industries of its own. No country, with the possible exception of Norway (and it had Herrebøe, where the distinction between faience and porcelain was a very fine one), but had at least one porcelain works, and many had several, of some note.

As Italy had been in the forefront of maiolica manufacture, it was only to be expected that Italian potters would attempt the new medium: unhappily, the Italian clays are not in general suitable for the making of high quality porcelain, although some factories which attempted porcelain produced a few excellent pieces. Presumably as an auxiliary to the glass industry, Venice boasted three porcelain works in the eighteenth century. No—that is a dull way to dismiss a people of artists. Venice at this time was a city of pleasure, of gaiety, of music, of gallantry. For painters, Venice was what Paris now is. Among the Venetian School were Tiepolo; Antonio Pellegrini; La Rosalba, lace-maker and miniaturist; Bellotto; Longhi; Guardi, with his portraits of bejewelled, elegant, Venetian beauties and his famous canvas of the Piazza, San Marco; Canaletto, who painted his beloved city, and especially its waterways, many hundreds of times, as Utrillo his Montmartre. The city maintained seven theatres, and one of the greatest writers of comedies of manners—Goldoni. Everywhere was music. Domenico Scarlatti came here to study the harpsichord. Marcello, Bertoni, Galuppi, Vivaldi were all Venetians. Tartini, perhaps the greatest violinist the world has yet known, and certainly the greatest composer for that instrument, was a Venetian.

Among so much beauty it was natural that porcelain should have its place. Francesco and Giuseppe Vezzi founded the first factory, both hard- and soft-pastes, in 1718. The brothers were active until about 1740, and in this time made beautiful tablewares, especially coffee sets, similar to the finest Meissen. The decorations were most often monochrome, *red of Pompeii,* rococo birds in flowering shrubs, on a white ground, though naturally there were other formal decorations, and Venetian Chinese landscapes, those most often on dower sets—complete tea or coffee equipages, fitted in a specially designed leather carrying box, to form part of a Venetian girl's dowry. In addition to the *chinoiseries,* these pieces usually bore the arms of the family for whom they were designed.

A second, and very short lived, hard-paste kiln was opened in the late 1750's by a German named Holwelcke; and a third, more important, in 1764, by Geminiano Cozzi, which continued to produce until the Napoleonic invasion of Italy brought to an end its export trade to the Levant, one of its mainstays; for the Venetians themselves, Cozzi fashioned many undecorated but finely designed white pieces, both figures and tablewares of all kinds.

About 1737, the Marchese Ginori set up his own private factory at his estate, the Villa Doccia in Florence. In a sense, his porcelains form an artistic bridge between the Vezzi and the Cozzi wares of Venice; for his tablewares are very like the Vezzis' in body and in shape, although the decorations are different, consisting mainly of peasant figures, Italian town scenes, or landscapes in rococo medallions in the white ground, while his figurines of brilliantly glazed, very white hard-paste, much resemble those made by Cozzi. One of the most curious of the Doccia figure-groups is to be seen in the British Museum. It is in the biscuit stage, and deliberately left so. It consists of a rocky, plant-like base, on which is seated a Cupid of extremely intelligent appearance, who with his right hand and arm supports an irregular scrolled plaque, inscribed in Latin, which translated, reads: *So that by Nature's law, sea plants might be born here, Carlo, Marchese Ginori sank this, the year*

of Salvation 1754. Fishermen! for the increase of knowledge return it. (Presumably, put it back in the sea). The Marquess had this piece lowered into the Mediterranean, off the Tuscan coast, and from time to time, had it brought to the surface, to see what had rooted upon it. The experiment must be considered successful; because even now there are traces of coral formations upon the base of the figure.

There were two freak Italian factories, the first at Le Nove, Bassano, where, for a short time the maiolica factory made some rather faience-like porcelain, the other at Vinovo, near Turin, were one of the famous Hannong family, Peter Anton, with another German or Austrian set up a factory in 1765, which in 1780 was sold to Dr. Gidanetti. Its paste is totally unlike any other porcelain anywhere, for it contains a high proportion of silicate of magnesia, a factor which, at least to my eye, does not in any respect improve its appearance.

The most important factory in quality, in quantity, and in influence, was that at Capo di Monte, in Naples, the Palace of the Kings of the Two Sicilies, founded by the King, Don Carlos, about 1749. For ten years, this factory made a very fine, creamy, smooth-textured soft-paste. When, in 1759 Don Carlos succeeded to the Spanish throne, as Charles III, instead of closing the factory he took it, its equipment, and its workmen, to Madrid, where he re-established it as Buen Retiro. Buen Retiro, the chief Spanish porcelain factory, continued the fine, translucent, soft-paste tradition of Capo di Monte. Table wares were made, mostly for Spanish Imperial use, or as gifts from the King—these decorated with fruits, delicately painted, or Spanish landscapes, or, more rarely with relief decorations often gilded. For the decoration of the royal palaces at La Granja, at Aranjuez, at the Escorial, enormous vases were made, often filled, like Pompadour's garden, with great sprays of coloured porcelain flowers. For the same purpose a few very well-modelled figure groups were made. For King Charles, the Buen Retiro works continued its very beautiful wares, right up to the time of his death in 1788. The subsequent Spanish rulers preserved it until 1812, when, in the Peninsular War, the Spaniards garrisoned the factory, which

occupied a strategic eminence; it was reduced to rubble by the Napoleonic armies.

In 1771, Ferdinand IV of Naples opened a new factory at Capo di Monte, making both hard and soft paste porcelains. Among the soft pastes were some excellent tablewares, decorated with peasant groups in colour: among the hard-paste pieces, some fine white figures and models, including an Eagle, sixteen inches high, which, three autumns ago was in the stock of the Museum Silver Shop, New York; and now doubtless is one of the treasures of some American collection. Ferdinand died in 1805. After his death, soft-pastes ceased to be fired at Capo di Monte, though hard-pastes were manufactured until 1821, when the factory closed, the patterns, moulds, and kilns being sold to Doccia.

Apart from the Buen Retiro works, the only considerable Spanish porcelain factory was at Alcora, near Valencia, under the patronage of the Conde d'Aranda. Its speciality was plaques, both of faience and of porcelain, decorated with Spanish peasant costume figures in colour, on a white ground. Some of the finest of Alcora pieces the Count sent in homage to the greatest figure of eighteenth century Europe—Voltaire, then in exile, at Ferney.

Portugal had two, neither very considerable works—the royal factory at Lisbon, which chiefly made good stonewares and faience; but manufactured also some porcelain table sets, and ornamental jars, as well as imitating Wedgwood's jasper portrait medallions. The other, outside Oporto, as Vista Alegre, was founded by Pinto Basto in 1790. This made some good domestic wares, renowned for their simple floral decorations, and for a rather good turquoise ground colour.

Switzerland is represented by one porcelain works only, at Zurich, the creation in 1763, of Adam Spengler. Here both soft and hard paste were made—both rather poor in quality, and dirty greyish in colour. In compensation, however, the decorations and colour grounds were good, especially the landscapes in medallions, which quite frequently were painted on white panels reserved in a single colour piece, perhaps yellow, perhaps a rich coral.

Holland had two *porcelaineries* of some significance. The first of these gives rise to confusion, as it was centred, at different times, on three different suburbs of Amsterdam, and is known variously, by one of these, or plainly, as the Amsterdam factory. Founded in 1764, by Count Gronsfeld Diepenbroick, at Weesp, it made a fine, white-bodied, crisp hard-paste, specialising in table wares. In 1771, it was sold to a Calvinist pastor, who removed it to Loosdrecht, where it remained until 1784, when his executors (the owner had died two years before) sold it to another group of potters, who removed it to Amstel. At Amstel some especially beautiful tea-sets were made, often decorated with diapers of coloured flowers among green leaves.

From the middle 1770's, a small hard-paste factory, manufacturing very heavily decorated wares, was active for a few years at The Hague. There is, in the Victoria and Albert Museum, among the pieces of the Joicey Bequest, part of a The Hague set, decorated with well-figured birds—one cup decorated with a quail; its companion saucer with a willow warbler; the teapot with a thrush on one side and a chaffinch on the other. Another piece in the Victoria and Albert Museum serves as a reminder that The Hague, at this time, was also famous for its decoration of foreign wares—this particular piece is a plate made at Tournay, highly coloured at The Hague with a stork among branches.

Denmark's Royal Copenhagen factory was another which specialised in bird decorations—but this not until the late 1800's. Like Worcester, the Copenhagen works are an old foundation, which have continued to the present to fashion fine porcelain. The first kilns were owned by Louis Fournier, who commenced operations with a small soft-paste factory about 1759. The pieces of Fournier Copenhagen ware that still exist are very beautiful; but as the factory only worked for a few years, they are unfortunately very rare. The still-existent factory began in 1772, with the discovery by Frantz Muller, a Danish chemist, of hard-paste. He interested the Queen Mother, Juliane Marie, in his process, and a factory was set up in 1775. The parallel between Copenhagen and Worcester is very close in their respective general

developments: both set out to be, and have remained, essentially commercial factories; although Copenhagen was singular in having the grant of a Royal monopoly of fifty years' duration, from 1779 onwards, and Royal in its title from that date. It made many tablesets, decorated in the usual ways with flowers and landscapes. It differed from Worcester in making a large number of groups and figures, both white and coloured. It followed the usual downward path of tastelessness during the nineteenth century: until, at the close of that period, the decorators Theodor Fischer and Arnold Krog, did something towards re-establishing a standard, with their realistic bird decorations, on vases, on tablesets, and on wall-plaques, of which there is a large collection in Copenhagen's Kunstindustriemuseum. These designers, and many others, were recruited by the owner—an engineer and potter, Philip Schon, who bought the factory in 1882, and whose enthusiasms (he did not himself die until 1922, at the age of 84) are clearly manifested, even now, in the fine contemporary wares of the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory, of which we shall write in the twentieth century chapter.

In 1766, Pierre Berthevin was appointed manager of the Marieberg faience factory in Stockholm. He was a potter skilled in porcelains equally with stonewares, and immediately introduced the new material. From then, until it ceased to operate, in 1788, Sèvres style porcelain was made there, including a number of figured candelabra, as well as many table sets. In Poland, too, was one fine hard-paste factory, at its best under the management of a Frenchman. At Korzec, the works were established in 1780: but not until 1803 did it achieve its most beautiful Sèvres-style wares, under the guidance of a potter, Merault by name, from that best of French factories.

Finally, in this swift survey of the porcelain factories of Europe, are those of Hungary and Russia. At Herend in Hungary were two hard-paste factories, the earlier established late in the eighteenth century, the later, and more important, founded about 1830 by Moritz Fischer. The Herend factory had three distinctive colours to its wares—black, green, and red-gold, sometimes used singly, sometimes used in combination. Its speciality

was very small cups, decorated in these particularly bright colours, which were sent, by way of the Danube, to the Near East, where they were eagerly in demand, especially in Turkey, Egypt, and Syria, for coffee and sherbet drinking.

With Samuel Stölzel, when he left Meissen for Vienna in 1719, went a decorator, Christoph Hunger, who, though knowing little of the actual formulae for porcelain making, was yet a useful right-hand man. In the next year, as we know, Stölzel returned to Meissen, taking Herold with him. Hunger elected for fresh travels, making his way to Venice, to the Vezzi factory. Presumably he stayed there until its close in the early 1740's. At least little is known about him at this time, for he disappears suddenly from Vienna, to reappear in 1744, in, of all places, St. Petersburg. There would seem to have been much travel between Italy and Russia, certainly Casanova was there only a few years after this: and Tsarskoye Selo was transformed from a sixteen-roomed house to the Russian Versailles by an Italian, Rastrelli; so perhaps Hunger's advent in the Russian capital is not so surprising. By whatever route his arrival, he was one of the principals in the foundation of the first Russian porcelain factory. As he was no arcanist, he was not greatly useful to the Russian potters; but it is likely that he was responsible for the very Meissen-like decorations on the earliest Petersburg tablewares. Workmen from Meissen continued to be employed there, especially was there an influx of Meissen employees at the time of the Prussian invasion of Saxony. A French direction was given to the figures and the decoration of the St. Petersburg wares for some twenty years from 1779, with the arrival as chief modeller, of Raoul Rachette. It continued well into the nineteenth century, under the patronage of the Tsar Alexander I, assuming a style of ware closely imitative of the French Directoire and Empire. Moscow, too, or that district of it known as Tver, had two small hard-paste factories, the first opened by an Englishman named Gardner in 1787; the second in 1830 by Popov. Little is known of the wares of either of these.

Popov's was certainly a late venture; by the beginning of the nineteenth century all European ceramics had been revolution-

ised by the commercial enterprises of Wedgwood, Spode, and the other great names of Staffordshire, whose comparatively cheap and durable bone chinas and cream-coloured wares had completely supplanted the more fragile, and much dearer porcelains everywhere in Europe. It is Wedgwood and those who followed him we shall next consider.

CHAPTER XVIII

Willow Pattern, Wedgwood, and the other Josiahs: followed by a Vision of the Redcrosse Knight

In Mediaeval Europe we have seen the strolling potters, wanderers like the poets and the players, vagabonding from place to place, setting up small kilns wherever the spirit moved them. High Renaissance Europe produced magnificent individual craftsmen—Palissy, Andreoli of Gubbio, Pellipario of Urbino. Baroque and Rococo Europe was the Age of Porcelain. With the end of the eighteenth century, the English potters of Staffordshire introduced a commercialism into ceramics from which the art of potting has not yet recovered.

To be fair to Thomas Turner, John Rose, Josiah Wedgwood, Josiah Spode Sr., Josiah Spode Jr., Thomas Minton, Miles Mason, William Mason and the other, less familiar, craftsmen—their intentions, and, in the main, their practices conformed to the canons of good taste. Each was a master-potter in his own right, understanding the limitations and the full capacities of the materials in which he worked. Decay set in when these men died, to be followed by administrators who were only business men, and designers skilled in fretwork, wrought-iron, and *papier-maché*. There were, however, a few factories which preserved some continuity of artistic good manners from their beginnings, through the dark mid-Victorian age, to emerge into a pleasing contemporary existence. Earliest of these is the Caughley, Shropshire, porcelain works, later to be bought and transferred to Coalport, still later to be bought by a Hanley, Staffordshire, Company, where it still makes very excellent wares of all kinds, stone and earthen wares equally with porcelains.

The Caughley factory came into existence about 1749, the foundation of a potter, Edward Browne. He died soon after, leaving it to his wife, who appointed her nephew, Ambrose Gallimore, to the management of it. This management continued after her death, until the arrival in the early 1770's, of Thomas

Turner, lately apprentice and journeyman to Robert Hancock at Worcester. In the best tradition, he married the boss's daughter, Dorothy Gallimore—and soon we find him in charge, and ultimately owner of Caughley. He was a fine colourist, inventing a distinctive blue in which not only Caughley wares were often painted, but also Worcester wares, sent by Hancock for decoration to his one-time pupil. In Turner's blue, also, was printed the famous Willow Pattern, which in the form in which we know it, made its first appearance at Caughley. The story portrayed in the Willow Pattern decoration, the lovers crossing the bridge, followed by the girl's irate Mandarin father, the willows closing sympathetically about the fugitives, the birds of love and of desolation soaring and swooping overhead, these are all the elements of what should be a touching Oriental tale. In effect, they are nothing of the sort. The whole story of the Willow Pattern is an invention of the reputedly unimaginative English, in explanation of the quaint design which Thomas Turner based on one he saw in France, where he went to study porcelain manufacture. The French prototype was, in all probability, based in its turn on an Oriental original; but the Willow Pattern is English in origin and inspiration. From Caughley it has proceeded in many mediums through many countries: it has suffered many changes—there exist dishes with the birds transmogrified into flying fish, rising from the fiercely wind-driven sea which has been made of the original placid lake. It has penetrated to the most unlikely places: Cardinal Newman thought it worthy to mention in his memoirs that once, walking on the edge of Vesuvius' crater, he had picked up part of a Willow Pattern dish.

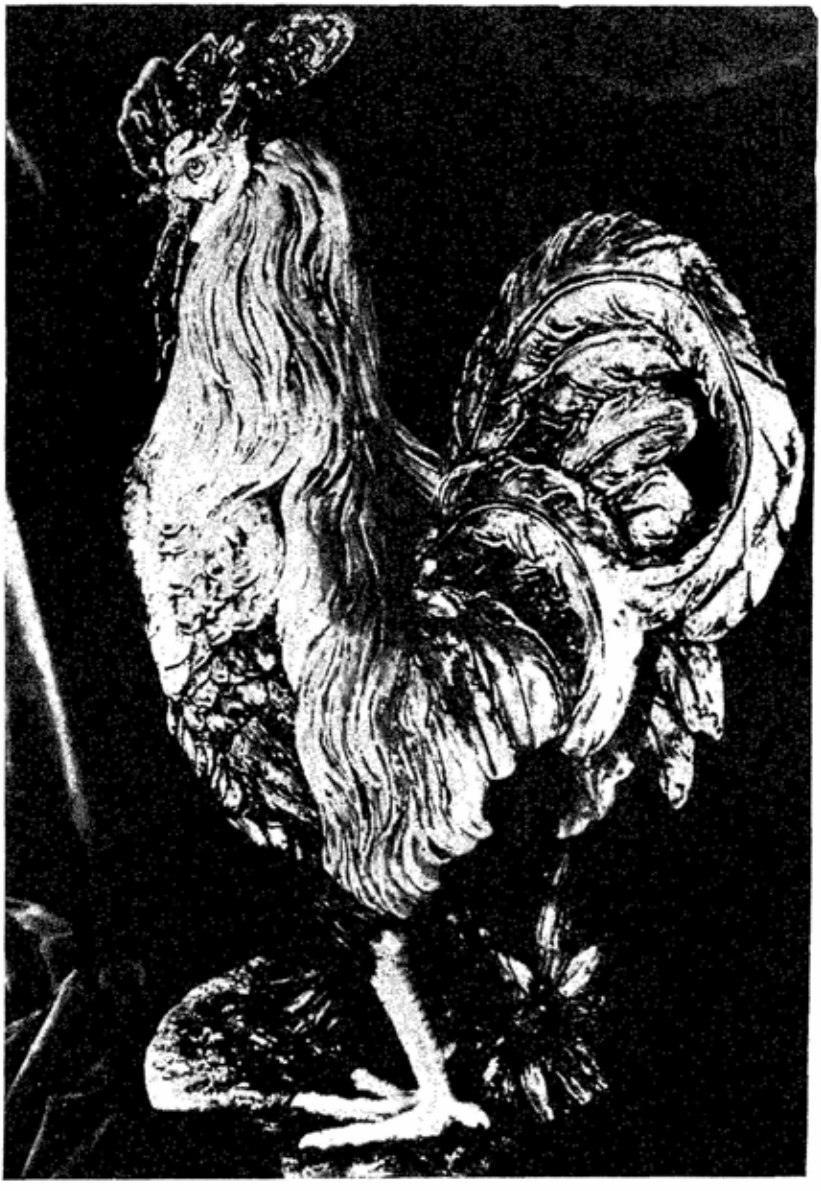
Turner was not, of course, wholly occupied with this cheap, popular ware, and pieces similar to it. The Caughley paste was of such good quality that it was supplied to other porcelain works. Its chief product, even in its finest porcelain, was table wares—which has been a Caughley-Coalport speciality from its foundation. In 1798, Turner, ageing, and finding the responsibilities of a large, and continually growing pottery too wearisome to be borne, sold Caughley to one of his own former apprentices, John Rose, who already potted at Coalport. When Rose had

53. Table set. (German porcelain) Meissen c. 1800. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).

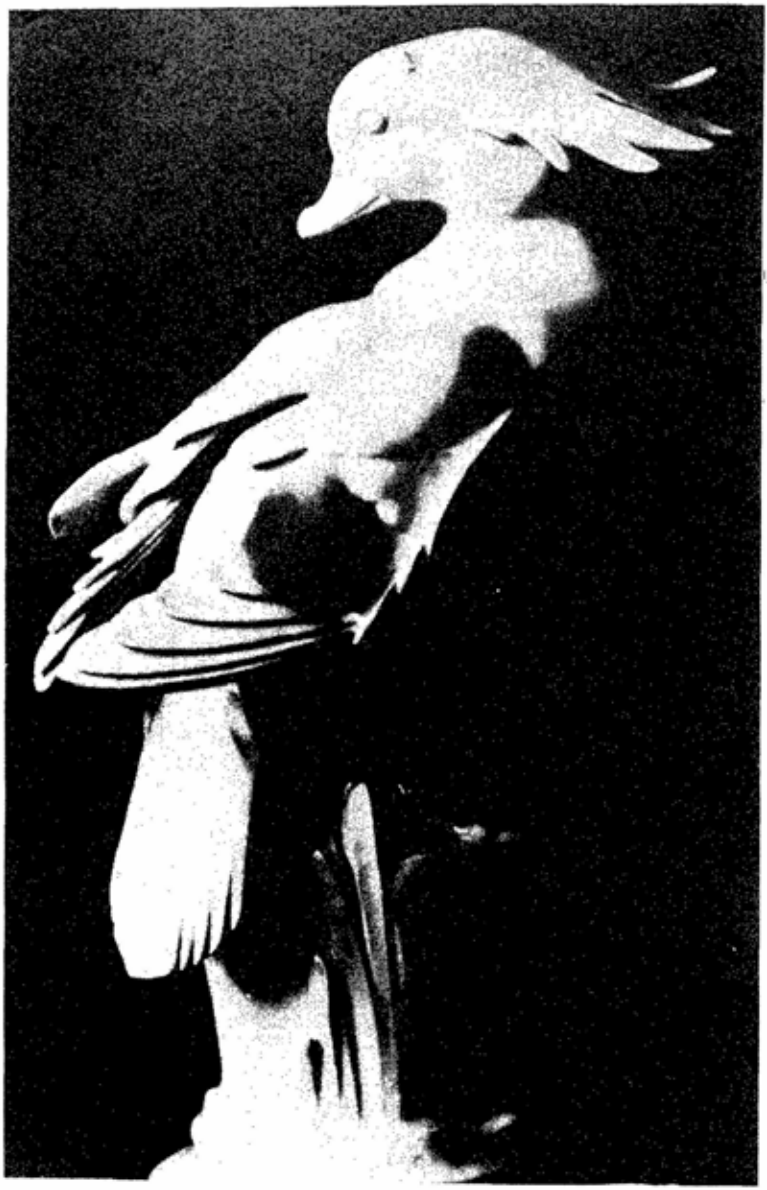
54. Table set. (German porcelain) Meissen c. 1800. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).

55. The thrower. (*Josiah Wedgwood & Sons Ltd.*).

56. The decorator. (*Royal Copenhagen P.M.*).



57. Cockerel. Provenance unknown. (*Associated British-Pathe Ltd.*).



58. Mallard by Max Esser. (German porcelain) Meissen 1932. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).

59. Diana the Huntress. (German porcelain) by Dominikus Auliczek. Nymphenburg c. 1764. (*Nymphenburg S.P.M.*).

60. Diana the Huntress. (German porcelain) by Paul Scheurich. Meissen 1922. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).

61. Coffee set. (German porcelain) Meissen 1738. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).

62. Virgin and Deer by Paul Scheurich. (German porcelain) Meissen 1931. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).

63. Mounted Turk and concubine by Paul Scheurich. (German porcelain) Meissen N.D. *(Meissen P.M. Archives)*.

64. Petrushka by Paul Scheurich. (German porcelain) Meissen N.D. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).

left Turner, at the end of his novitiate, he had gone to a pottery in Jackfield, the master-potter and owner of which was one Maurice Thursfield, son of the factory's founder. Thursfield was himself an innovator. In his father's day, Jackfield's principal product was ordinary stoneware; Maurice perfected a black semi-porcelain which, to the unsuspecting or unknowledgeable eye, looks exactly like black glass. He traded much with America, at this time still an English colony. On one of his trade visits there he died and Rose and his colleague Blakeway, took over the management of the factory, which they almost at once transferred across the River Severn to Coalport.

When Rose bought the Caughley organisation, and for the following fifteen years, he allowed it to stay open, making there much biscuit ware which was then transported to Coalport for glazing and decoration. In 1799, Coalport, or rather the river between Coalport and Jackfield was the scene of a disaster of which there is yet a relic in the factory's museum. Many of the workers had stayed in Jackfield, and each day crossed the river by ferry: on the evening of October 23rd, 1799, the boat taking the Jackfield potters back to their homes, capsized in mid-river. Twenty-eight workmen and women died, including the decorator Charles Walker, who had, that day, been painting a vase which he had left for completion on the morrow. There was no morrow for Charles Walker. The partly-decorated vase was fired in its unfinished state; and is preserved as a memorial to the drowned folk of that long-ago autumn.

Apart from this unfortunate occurrence, all went well with Rose and his enterprises. In the early years of the nineteenth century, the Society of Arts, to give it its full, and explanatory title, the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce, offered a Gold Medal, for *the cheapest, safest, most durable, and most easily fusible composition fit for the purpose of glazing earthenware, without any preparation of lead, arsenic, or other pernicious ingredients.* The reason for this was that arsenic and lead, in the quantity in which they were used by commercial potteries, were poisoning the workmen. It was a measure, therefore, as much of economy as of humanity, to find

some substitute for these noxious materials. John Rose, in 1820, was successful in perfecting a glaze, the chief constituents of which were felspar and borax, with small quantities of sand, china-clay, soda, nitre, and calcined borax. For this formula, in May 1820, the Society presented him with the Isis Gold Medal. This glaze, a very good one, was applied to an equally fine body, translucent and white, which Rose developed along with the new glaze. It must be confessed that the Coalport wares of this time are not exciting or curious or beautiful as were the porcelains of the century before; on the other hand they are serviceable, and pleasant, and colourful—typical is the plate in the Victoria and Albert Collection painted with a spoonbill in a shrubbery.

1820, it will be remembered, was the year in which Walker and Billingsley sold Nantgarw to Rose, and removed themselves, with all their equipment, to Coalport. Until Billingsley's death, therefore, in 1828, Coalport porcelain was of very high quality. The Billingsley-Rose tradition continued long after both men had died; so that in 1850, when Queen Victoria required a dessert service to give to Czar Nicholas of Russia, she was advised to buy a Coalport one. At this period Coalport was becoming famous for its ground-colours: especially a brilliant, sharp green, and the famous Sèvres rose, the secret of which Sèvres had lost, and which it was left to a Coalport colourist, George Hancock, to recreate.

In 1862, the last of the Rose family to be associated with the factory, John's nephew, retired; leaving as sole owner William Pugh. By this time Coalport was too large an organisation for one man, however skilled, to administer; the general management of the factory deteriorated, until the mid-1880's, when it was bought by a father and son, Peter and Charles Bruff. Neither of the Bruffs were potters; both were engineers by profession; but both were excellent administrators—and capable of recognising first-rate craftsmanship. Under the Bruff régime, Coalport once more entered the first rank of commercial potteries. In 1924, it was sold to Cauldon Potteries, founded about 1780 by Job Ridgeway, a potter who had been an apprentice of Josiah Wedgwood. Since 1924, it has several times changed ownership,

but the management, the potters, and the decorators have remained the same; and as in many other factories, a tradition of family employment it maintained. The present kilns of the Coalport China Company are in Stoke-on-Trent itself, producing each year thousands of excellent pieces, chiefly domestic wares, for tables in every part of the world.

Easily the most universally celebrated of English potters is Josiah Wedgwood; in some respects perhaps, too celebrated for matters of little moment, in others too little esteemed for fine work. He was born in 1730, the son of one potter, and brother of another, Thomas, to whom he was apprenticed at the age of fourteen. For the following seven years he remained at his brother's factory, a brother who, rashly, as it transpired, refused Josiah a partnership at the end of his apprenticeship. His first partner was John Harrison, a tradesman who had no more interest in a pottery than the financing of it. After a year their agreement was cancelled: a few minor partnerships, and Wedgwood and Whieldon joined forces, a collaboration maintained for five years. At the time when his independent career began, the main problem for the commercial potter was to find a cheap, but durable, substitute for the white salt-glazed stoneware, of which most tablewares consisted. The disadvantages of the stoneware, were, oddly enough, its very hardness, which wore away the silver cutlery at an alarming speed; and, at the same time, its brittle nature, which resulted in a very high percentage of breakages. Wedgwood's acute and highly-skilled brain was no long time in cogitating upon this matter before he came up with a fine new earthenware, of the texture of cream, with a beautiful shining glaze. Of this new material he made a breakfast set, which in 1762, he presented to Queen Charlotte. She was so delighted with the gift that she immediately ordered a dinner service of the same material, at the same time appointing Wedgwood Queen's Potter.

This Queen's Ware was the making of the Wedgwood fortunes: it had all the advantages of being fashionable, and looking expensive, combined with ease of manufacture, durability, and comparative cheapness. Within thirty years of its initial

appearance, it had chased the salt-glazed stonewares completely from the English markets, and all but put term to the faience industry of Europe. With so desirable a commodity at his command, Wedgwood decided on a scheme of expansion. At the same time, he was very considerate towards his employees. The two aims, good working conditions and expansion of the factory, he united by building the village of Etruria, which comprised housing for his labourers, siting for the kilns, workshops for the decorators and modellers, all close to hand. Nor did he neglect the new sources of power and modes of transport. He was prime mover, and chief shareholder in the company which built the Grand Union Canal, linking the Rivers Trent and Mersey, and thereby reducing by four-fifths the cost of bringing Cornish china-clays to Staffordshire. Within his factories, too, modern methods were adopted. He followed, presumably through the Royal Society, of which he was elected a Fellow in 1783, James Watt's steam-engine experiments, and in 1793 ordered an engine, which incidentally continued in use at Etruria until 1912, for powering clay mixers, and pigment and flint grinders.

Beside the Queen's Ware, and similar tablewares, Wedgwood made many more expensive pieces for the luxury market—these in new pastes and bodies which he discovered for himself. There was, for example, his black basalt—a very finely-grained, extremely hard stoneware, unglazed, but stained black. In this he made decorative jars, jugs, and mugs, as well as small boxes. Best known of all are his jasper-wares, particularly the powder-blue ones which, for many people, are the whole meaning of Wedgwood ware. Jasper was basically a white, clear, extremely fine stoneware, or rather, semi-porcelain, composed in proportion of $4\frac{3}{4}$ parts of sulphite of barytes, to $1\frac{1}{2}$ of china clay, $2\frac{1}{2}$ of ordinary clay, 1 of flint, and $\frac{1}{4}$ of a part of gypsum. This formula is, of course, a modern one, and common knowledge. Wedgwood's original was a closely guarded secret said to have been broken by one of his workmen, who found it written down in a notebook, which one day fell from Wedgwood's pocket as he was touring the workshops. The body was as hard as jasper, and like Böttger's red stoneware, could be polished and turned like metal;

it could also be stained evenly in quite a large range of colours with metallic oxides. The commonest, with which endless pieces, imitations, and reproductions in tin and cardboard have made us familiar, was the bright powder blue. In this, with white relief decorations, were fashioned vases, ear-studs, finger-rings, snuff-boxes, and the ubiquitous portrait medallions. Ten years ago, these medallions were so little in favour with collectors that they could be bought for fifteen or twenty shillings. In 1956 a large group sold in London fetched nothing less than fifteen guineas each, the better specimens making three times that price.

On the larger pieces of jasper ware the relief decorations were most frequently designed by painters of importance. Most English of Wedgwood Jaspers are those with village or rural scenes, by George Stubbs. Stubbs, the finest horse-painter in the history of European art, had for some time, under the guidance of his friend, Cosway, experimented with enamel colours for painting. Of a scientific bent, (his *The Anatomy of the Horse,* designed for painters, was widely praised by contemporary surgeons and anatomists, including Petrus Camper, Professor of Surgery at Groningen University), Stubbs invented nineteen new shades of enamel, which he used, to little effect, on copper. He then approached Wedgwood: and on earthenware plaques used his enamels to the greatest advantage. Together they made and fired an enormous pictorial plaque, three and a half by two and a half feet. In 1780 Stubbs was elected as Associate of the Royal Academy; in the following year a full Academician. He sent four earthenware plaques to the annual exhibition, an innovation which greatly displeased the more stolid members of that body, who, while they could not prohibit the showing of them, hung them so high that they were virtually invisible. Stubbs promptly resigned from the Academy. Beside his Wedgwood designs, most raised hunting-scene decorations on Staffordshire imitations of Wedgwood jaspers are Stubbs, as are many of the rural scenes on Liverpool transfer-printed wares of his time. Equally, Wedgwood used Stubbs' engravings—besides being scientist and painter, Stubbs was an expert engraver—for *his* transfer-prints, the technique of which he learned from John Sadler and Guy

Green at Liverpool, to whom he also sent wares to be decorated.

Wedgwood insisted always upon the value of "prestige" pieces, on which no profit was made. The 950-piece service he produced for Catherine the Great is an example of this. Each piece was decorated with a different landscape or country house of rural England; and although the bill which Wedgwood presented to the Empress was for £3000 sterling—today's equivalent would be about ten times that sum (around $85,000)—he himself is on record as saying that the price barely covered the cost. On the other hand, he exhibited pieces of the service at his London showrooms for eight weeks before sending them to Russia; and, in consequence, took many thousands of pounds' worth of orders from English people of fashion. The famous Portland Vase, a jasper ware copy of a glass tomb-vase made in the third century A.D., was a triumph of the potter's technique. The original had been the property first of the Barberinis, then of Sir William Hamilton, who had sold it to the Dowager Duchess of Portland, whose son loaned it to Wedgwood. After four years' research, Wedgwood produced a perfect jasper-ware copy, and made about twenty-five specimens, each of which sold for between 25 and 30 guineas. The original Portland Vase was later given to the British Museum. In 1848, one of Wedgwood's jasper copies was used as a model for its reconstruction, after a lunatic had smashed it into fragments.

In 1795, Josiah Wedgwood died, leaving Etruria to the care of his sons. In the useful wares they had, perforce, to follow the tasteless but fashionable trends of design in the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, Wedgwood Ware was always a little superior to other commercial products of the time; and alongside the horrors that were demanded of them, the Etrurian designers continued to make very beautiful, cheap wares to Wedgwood's original patterns. At the Great Exhibition of 1851, the Portland Vase in jasper was once more put on show, and a set of porcelain chess pieces, designed by Flaxman, who was for some time Wedgwood's modeller-in-chief. In the 1870's, the French realist, in-the-manner-of-Millet, decorator, Emile Lessore painted a large number of bone china plaques to the simple tastes of the time—a

revolting small boy chasing a flock of hens, is one of his creations which, unhappily, remains in my memory. Of the Wedgwood factory in the present century, I shall write in the following chapter.

The other Josiahs of my title are the Spodes, father and son, like the Wedgwoods, potters for many generations. In 1749, at the age of sixteen, the first Josiah Spode was apprenticed to Thomas Whieldon, in whose pottery he received an excellent training. Subsequently, like Wedgwood, he worked in partnership with other young potters until, in 1766, he bought his own kilns at Stoke-on-Trent. His early wares, much like Wedgwood's, were white salt-glazes, and relief-decorated imitations of jaspers, but Spode was more than a facile imitator. He invented an ivory earthenware almost as good as the Queen's Ware, which presented a near-perfect surface for the decorative process of which he was the Staffordshire pioneer—transfer pictures. Transfer printing we have encountered earlier—but this was an extension, allowing coloured pictures to be applied to tablewares by comparatively unskilled workpeople. It is the method still used for the adornment of all cheap tablewares: still chiefly in blue—the colour which the elder Spode found easiest to obtain and to manage in transfer form.

Like Wedgwood yet again, Spode produced other, and more expensive wares, both decorative and for the table. Perhaps the best-known of his more expensive designs is that known as the Spode Peacock ware, although the birds and the spots are not, in fact, peacocks and their eyed-plumage, but pheasants, and stylised peonies, manifestly a faint echo of some Oriental original. Birds seem to have been a pre-occupatory subject with the Spode decorators. Set after set bears fowl of every character, beautifully drawn and painted, it should be said. In the Cannon collection of Spode ware there was a plate, illustrated in Cannon's book on the subject (III. 32), made in the style of Sèvres, decorated in the reserve panels and the centre with, respectively, a golden plover, a yellow wagtail, a garganey (a small species of wild duck), and a long-tailed tit. The dinner service made by the younger Spode for the annual whitebait dinners was also bird-

decorated. Up until the late 1800's, the heads of the political party in power at Westminster, used, once a year, to travel by coach to the Ship Inn at Greenwich, London's then naval port, and dine off freshly-caught whitebait. The set—marked *Spode 2102*—used to be preserved at the Inn. I should be interested to hear of its present whereabouts—decorated as it is with such exotic fowl as wild turkeys, wire-tailed Birds of Paradise, and hoopoes.

There is some argument among experts about which of the two Spodes introduced the manufacture of bone china to Staffordshire. Which of the two it was is a small matter, when the immense value of the invention is considered. Bone china is an entirely English innovation. It is made nowhere else in the world, if we except the Gustavsberg company of Sweden. Yet it is the mainstay of the English export ware trade. The body of bone china is porcellanous although it develops from fine stoneware. The process of firing is rather that for earthenware than for porcelain. The chief ingredients are china clay, china stone, and calcined ox-bones—hence the name. The bone ash and china stone combined produce a clear, translucent body, very white, and better than hard porcelain for brilliant underglaze decoration. It has, in effect, all the advantages of soft paste porcelain, while costing only a fraction of the price of porcelain to produce.

Under Josiah Spode Jr. the factory continued to produce stone chinas, bone chinas, and beautifully coloured services, including the exotic birds for the whitebait dinners. In 1798, it was put about England that wicked Napoleon Bonaparte—old Boney—was likely to invade the land with his frog-eating hordes, who would shortly put all males to the sword, and reserve all females for a continental fate worse than life. As we know, this supposed intention was far removed from Napoleon's real plans; but the honest potters of Staffordshire could hardly be expected to know this. They believed the London government's propaganda, and banded together in defence of their homes and property, under the title of The Royal Pottery Volunteer Cavalry, in which force, in May 1798, Josiah Spode Jr. was gazetted, Captain. The troop, which remained mustered until the Autumn of 1805, had no

intention, however, of guarding other people's homes and properties, even English. *And we engage* said they in their articles *and pledge ourselves to bear true allegiance to the King and to act on all occasions in aid of the Civil power, and when called out to be under Military discipline, but will not be liable in any case to go out of the Limit of the Potteries and Newcastle, within which district only we agree to act, the express object of this Association being local defence.*

With the examples of Rose, Wedgwood, and Spode before them, other potteries began to develop along commercial lines. The small pottery, founded in the 1750's, in the Yorkshire village of Hunslet, was celebrated, twenty years later, as the Leeds Pottery, as though it were the only one in the city, for its imitations of Queen's Ware, especially for the openwork decorated pieces. These, to speak inaccurately but descriptively, are full of holes—or rather the decoration takes the form of pierced lace-like designs on the rims of plates, and in the lids of bowls and tureens. The ordinary, solid, Leeds cream ware was often painted in underglaze enamels, particularly a combination of red and black which is felicitous in the extreme. Swansea Pot Works, under the high sounding name of the Cambrian Pottery, made some good imitations of cream-ware, long before Dillwyn and Billingsley together produced the Swansea porcelain. The best pottery period of the Welsh factory was from 1786, when master-potter George Haynes assumed management, and assembled a number of master-modellers and -decorators, including Thomas Pardoe. Pardoe, in common with other painters, copied from the illustrated natural histories of his time; but, in addition, the wilder jungle beasts seem to have captivated his eye, and his brush—for there are a quantity of Swansea jugs and mugs, decorated by him, on which lions and tigers pad inconsequentially through the foothills of the Welsh Mountains. The fine-pottery period of Swansea culminated in 1802, with a visit from Admiral Viscount Nelson, freshly victorious from the battle of Copenhagen, and his companion, Emma, Lady Hamilton. Both were delighted with the wares there displayed—Nelson bought some, which most probably found their way to the banqueting

table of Lady Hamilton's house in Grosvenor Square.

While commercial pottery was flourishing, commercial porcelain was not being wholly neglected in the smaller factories. In 1781, for instance, the local potters of New Hall, Shelton, in Staffordshire, bought Richard Champion's formula for hard-paste; and in the following year began to make tea services in this material, which was hard, very translucent, clearly glazed, and milk-white in colour. The increasing popularity of bone china finally made redundant this "working-class" porcelain, so that the factory closed in 1825. A curiosity of working-man conservatism is that, until the end, New Hall cups were made without handles. in imitation of the earliest porcelains fashioned for the "nobs," despite the fact that the nobility had had handles to their cups ever since the 1770's. At Longport, the site of many small, private kilns, a soft-paste porcelain was made from 1793, the year in which the Davenport family bought the factory. They owned it until 1882. Lane End, too, another township in The Potteries with many kilns, had several small porcelain works at the end of the eighteenth, and beginning of the following, centuries. Turner of Lane End made jaspers, basalts, and creamwares as good as Wedgwood's. Mayor and Newbold, for one company, and Hilditch's for another, specialised in cheap, good, porcelain.

Lane End, also, was celebrated for a number of potters skilled in the making of lustre wares. By no means was Staffordshire the only place in England which produced lustres between about 1780 and 1830; but it was probably the most prolific of English sources. There is little direct connection between the Hispano-Moresque lustre wares which we earlier discussed, and these products. English lustres were a secondary result of experimentation with high quality faiences. The earliest are believed to have been the copper lustres made at Brislington Pottery, near Bristol, in 1770. There followed, soon after, silver and gold lustres. Silver lustre on English wares was not, in fact, made of silver, but of platinum, a metal discovered at about this time. Even with the use of a baser metal, "silver"-lustres were too expensive for a large number of people; the silver lustre industry

was, therefore, brought to a sudden stop by the perfection, in the 1840's, of the electro-plating of base metals, after which no man needed to be without his "silver"plate for best occasions. Gold lustres, though made of genuine gold—that is, of powdered gold dissolved in *aqua regia* (hydrochloric and nitric acids mixed), more usually appeared purple or pink. Even figurines were made with lustre decorations. More often than not, the film of metal was not considered by itself sufficient embellishment of a piece. The largest class of lustres was, therefore, that commonly called Resist Wares. Simply, the pattern or decoration desired was painted on to the piece in glycerine. The piece was then immersed in the lustre solution, and the solution deposited on all parts save those covered by the glycerine, which resisted the *aqua regia*. The pattern, after the piece was fixed, would then appear as a matt surface amidst the shining, metallic, background. There was formerly in the American Harry Hall White collection a fine Staffordshire silver lustre water-pitcher, decorated with the coat-of-arms of the United States of America. It is seldom, throughout this book, that I have been able specifically to address readers outside capital or University cities; but for this once I can report that one of the most complete commercial pottery collections, including many representative lustre pieces, is to be seen in the Burnap Collection of English Pottery, which is housed in the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art in Kansas City.

By the beginning of the nineteenth century, almost every sort of body, and form of decoration, was possible to the moderately competent potter. Moulding took care of the shapes and transfers of the decorations. To a few craftsmen, this latter intelligence was untowardly depressing. The unhappy James Doe, Bristol's best underglaze blue painter, was so distressed at the introduction of transfer printing into his factory in 1797, that he killed himself. The commercialization of the ceramic industry could not, however, be halted by the over-sensitivity of a few craftsmen: indeed, there were others, as skilled as Doe, James Cutts of the Wedgwood factory, for example, who realised that the good decorator would still be needed—to design the transfers.

The best of these are almost as attractive as hand-painted decorations—a permanent record of a sporting engagement could reach many thousands of people—by way, perhaps of a Lane End mug. A specimen can be seen in the Victoria and Albert Collection, of the great heavyweights, Humphreys and Mendoza, engaged in their prize-fight of January 9th, 1788 at Odiham, in Hampshire: or the Staffordshire mug showing *A View of the Grand Cricket Match played in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-Bone, June 20; 1790 and following day between Earls of Winchelsea and Darnley for 1000 guineas.* Much printed pottery, especially underglaze blue, was made for export from Staffordshire to America: and landscapes and pleasances equally agreeable to English and American tastes are to be found on the table wares of the period—an earthenware plate with the Court House, Boston, Massachusetts: an earthenware dish, with Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, London: a stoneware plate, black-printed with a view of the countryside near Fish Kill, Hudson River.

The two large Staffordshire foundations, growing to fame throughout the nineteenth century, are Mintons' and Masons'. The first of these was founded at Stoke-on-Trent by Thomas Minton, an engraver previously employed by the elder Spode, and before this, a pupil of Turner, as was John Rose. The factory was producing stonewares for about twenty-five years before pure porcelain was attempted, for the first time, in 1821. On Minton stone china there appears one of the famous pseudo-Oriental patterns, each piece of which is printed on the base, usually in purple, with the words *Amherst Japan,* Amherst being the celebrated English ambassador to the Emperor of Cathay. Nineteenth century Minton was much influenced by Sèvres, not always with the happiest of consequences—jewelled Sèvres being one of the prototypes which Minton could well have left alone. Later in the century, however, the close affinity between the French and English factories was of more value. French designers and modellers were encouraged to work at Mintons'—a pupil of Ingres, Emile Lessore, whom we mentioned in relation to the Wedgwood factory, was a Minton decorator, as was Louis Solon,

one of the most skilled potters in Europe. He entered the Sèvres factory in 1862, remaining there until the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. In that year he came to Mintons' where he remained until his retirement in 1904. He was the inventor of an extraordinary decorative process, known as *pâte-sur-pâte*—which consisted in trailing white slip on to fine, celadon-like grounds of green-grey, or a similar ground of chocolate, the appearance of which, when fired, has been very accurately described as *a cloud of cream in a cup of tea.* At the same time as Solon was chief of Minton potters, the modeller-in-chief was also a Frenchman, Carrier-Belleuse, more famous as a sculptor than a potter, and best-known as Rodin's tutor.

The fame of the Masons of Lane Delph depended entirely upon the patent granted in 1813 to Charles James Mason for Ironstone China. The patentee was the third son in the second generation of a potting family, with its origins in Yorkshire. The founder of the Mason organisation, Miles, had, at the age of thirty, assumed the management of Richard Farrar's wholesale china and glass warehouse, in Fenchurch Street, London. He doubly assured his succession to the business by diligent care of Farrar's concerns, and the assiduous cultivation of Farrar's only, and beautiful daughter, Ruth, who united charms of person with expectation of a £30,000 inheritance. Miles Mason's friends were unanimous in their congratulations when, in 1782, very soon after her sixteenth birthday, Miles Mason married Ruth Farrar. Between 1785 and 1791 three sons were born of the marriage: while Miles, ever-provident for the family's future, entered into two partnerships—the one, with George Wolfe, to set up earthenware kilns at Lane Delph; the other, with John Lucock and Thomas Wolfe, to make all sorts of ceramics at the Islington China Manufactory, in Liverpool itself. These agreements were soon after mutually ended: and from 1800 to 1806, he ran a small bone-china factory for himself at Lane Delph, mainly, it would seem, with the object of supplying his own London Warehouses. In 1806, Miles removed to the large Minerva Works at Lane Delph, taking in his son William, as partner. William, however, set out on his own course in pottery

a few years later. The second son, George Miles Mason, was the intellectual among the brothers, graduating from Brasenose College, Oxford. Though he was not primarily a potter, he was one of the directors of the Minerva Works, and took part, in 1832, in what might be termed The Potters' Election at Stoke-on-Trent. This rapidly growing industrial town was one of those given two Parliamentary seats by the 1832 Reform Act. The four candidates for the first election were John Davenport, potter, of Leek: Richard Heathcote, man of property, of Longton Hall: George Miles Mason, pottery director, of Lane Delph: and Josiah Wedgwood Jr., potter, of Etruria. For the record, the returning officer on this ceramic occasion was Thomas Minton: the two successful candidates, Wedgwood and Davenport.

Charles James Mason, inventor and patentee of Mason's Patent Ironstone China, was the third of Miles' sons. He took out his patent in 1813—the substance a sort of paste between stoneware and porcelain, being substantially the same as Turners' previously patented stone China, which made ordinary stoneware more durable by the addition of ground-up Tabberner's Mine Rock to the paste. Mason merely added a different rock, and called it Ironstone—a name which indeed highlights its single virtue, if it can be considered a virtue—indestructability. Cheap pseudo-Oriental wares, of colossal size, could be, and were, fashioned of Ironstone China—chimney pieces, flowered in pink, orange and vermilion; vases and jardiniers large enough to conceal an Oriental thief; garden seats, and four-poster beds. Equally garish and inappropriate tablewares were made in the same material. In 1815, Charles James married Sarah Spode—his business running merrily through the 1820's and 1830's. The fashion of, and therefore the demand for, Ironstone wares petered out in the 1840's, however, with the consequence that to avoid bankruptcy, Mason had in 1848 to sell his business to Francis Morley. Though the English taste for Ironstone wares was at an end, Morley still found a market in France, showing a variety of pieces of Mason provenance for which he won a medal, at the Paris Exhibition of 1855. Two years later he was joined by Taylor Ashworth, a young potter whose father, in the next year, bought out Morley, changing the

firm's name to George L. Ashworth and Brothers, under which designation it has successfully carried on its business from then until now.

It was to the Spode factory that the Turners sold their stone-china formula. The younger Spodes were fortunate in being joined by another master-potter and businessman, Alderman Copeland, later, in 1835, Lord Mayor of London. In the early 1830's, the Spode-Copeland factory followed the Wedgwood lead in black basalt portrait busts—or at least in the head and shoulders of the first Duke of Wellington—a photograph and a page-long eulogy of which appeared in *The Connoisseur* for April 1904. In 1833, the firm became *Copeland and Garrett,* and then *Copeland* alone, both marks bearing the addition, *Late Spode,* until 1867 when the Copeland brand was considered sufficient in itself. In 1845, a Copeland workman, researching for a paste similar to Derby biscuit, discovered the body of Parian ware, a stoneware the chief components of which were china clay and felspar. As Ironstone was the Mason speciality, Parian became Copeland's most celebrated product. Many portraits and figurines were made in the ware, including a rather beautiful piece of Fanny Elssler, one of the two famous Romantic ballerinas of the 1840's, the other being Fanny Cerrito. There was little to choose between the pair, each of whom had her own following in every capital in Europe. Consequently, Queen Victoria's command to Benjamin Lumley, manager of *Her Majesty's Theatre,* that the next time she was present at a balletic performance she would be pleased to see the two united in a *pas-de-deux* was somewhat hard of fulfilment. Elssler claimed precedence of age, while Cerrito claimed precedence of engagemant, since she was the Company's *prima ballerina.* Both, in the end, deferred to Lumley's judgment: and they danced together, an arrangement marred by the physique of the pair—Elssler being a tall, slender, pallid girl, while Cerrito was short, Latin, and tempestuous. Indeed, the difference between the two can be seen in every contemporary account of the Command Performance. Elssler *appeared as though winged and she glided across the stage with the grace of an antelope.* Cerrito on the

other hand, *animated with a fire which we have never seen in her, sprang along the stage with the most enchanting buoyancy.* From these descriptions it is obvious why Elssler, rather than her equally renowned rival, was chosen for the immortality of cold Parian Ware.

The Great Exhibition of 1851 brought out the worst in English designers and craftsmen. The potters did not escape the blight. Among the most revolting of Parian pieces was the creation of Joseph Pitts, entitled *Vision of the Redcrosse Knight.* The man-at-arms has a monstrously unctuous smile of self-righteousness upon his somewhat obese features: his vision, as one would expect of such a person, is a robust, over-developed, and coldly chaste female—undraped as befits a vision. The entire group is a monument to Victorian prurience, complacency, and total lack of cerebration, in Art, as in life.

A large number of small potteries were at work throughout the century, making domestic wares for local use, and frequently decorating them with subjects of local interest. Cadborough, near Rye, in Sussex, made pretty slipwares, the whole piece being studded with cream and yellow stars. This pottery, also, made Sussex Pigs in earthenware for cottage mantlepieces. At Sunderland, where there was a famous iron bridge with a single arch 236 feet long, spanning the River Wear, thousands of plates and dishes were transfer-printed with a picture of it. At Hedingham, in Essex, Edward Bingham made beautiful earthenware mugs and jugs, with green, blue, and grey glazes; and cuckoo whistles for children. Bideford, in rich prosperous Devon had its own named potter, who did not die until 1894, Henry Phillips; whose speciality was great harvest jugs. In Scotland, at Portobello in Midlothian, a group of potteries made wares very like Staffordshire, but with Scottish decorations. In Staffordshire itself, the minor potters evolved *mocha* ware, in which were fashioned, chiefly, chamber pots and beer mugs. The leathery clay was covered with a ground colour—blue, grey, or yellow most often—then a brown pigment, mixed with hop water and chewing tobacco, was brushed on to the ground, giving it a feathered type of decoration. The Donyatt pottery in Somerset, as is proper

among honest drinking men, specialised in bronze-coloured fuddling cups; while David McBirney of Belleek, in Ireland, made nautical pieces in mother-of-pearl lustres, including the most attractive Tritons and Naiads.

The Staffordshire potters specialised in rough, naive, brightly enamelled earthenware figures—for cottage shelves again—the poor man's equivalent of Kändler and Bustelli. These figurines, very delightful if accepted for what they are—statuettes made by simple craftsmen for naive patrons, feature the famous—Edward, Prince of Wales, looking very out of character, dressed in full Highland costume, perched on a roan stallion; the aged Duke of Wellington, seated in a so-very-Victorian pink wicker-work armchair; The Emperor Napoleon III and Prince Albert shaking hands—this evidently at the time of the Crimean War, for both are in full military uniform, and girt about with cutlasses; Miss Nightingale; and Robert Burns, a book of poems in one hand, leaning against a thistle-encrusted tree-trunk, a caterpillar-striped silk stole carelessly draped round his shoulders. The infamous are represented by J. Bellingham, the madman who killed the only English prime minister ever to be assassinated, Spencer Perceval; Corder, the murderer of Maria Marten, the unhappy victim, and the Red Barn at Polestead wherein the deed was done (a curious sense of the decorative our great-grandfathers possessed!); Janus Rush, a mass-murderer of the 1840's; and the gross fellow who claimed to be the heir to the Tichborne fortunes—protagonist of one of the *causes célèbres* of late-Victorian London.

The anonymous makers of these toys and figures were the direct forerunners of the studio potters of this century. The large commercial traditions were preserved from 1870 to the end of the century by individual artists employed by the greater potteries as designers, modellers, and decorators. Alfred Stevens, the well-known Victorian academe, and Walter Crane, illustrator of children's books, worked for Mintons'. From the mid-1850's, Lambeth Art School, under the direction of Charles Sparkes, encouraged students of design to apply their skills to ceramics. T. J. Bott, in imitation of Limoges enamels, white-slip-decorated

ink-blue porcelain wares with young women of ample proportions. In Chelsea, William de Morgan made pottery and lustre-wares styled after the Spanish and the Persian originals. These were, perhaps, the most attractive products of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. De Morgan's pottery continued to function until 1907, and his wares, therefore, form an excellent introduction to our consideration of the pottery and porcelain of the twentieth century.

CHAPTER XIX

Pottery, Porcelain and People in the Twentieth Century

Throughout this book we have had to be selective; nowhere is selection to prove more difficult, or more stringent than in this chapter. English pottery and porcelain annual *exports* alone are to the extent of about £25 million worth. It is evident that each country, indeed, almost every factory demands and deserves a book to itself. The only principle, therefore, that I intend to apply is that of personal preference, in choosing those factories and individuals I shall write about here. I know that there are many other potters, equally good; many other factories, equally enterprising; many other wares, equally attractive—but these are my choice. May I hope that the reader will be stimulated into finding his reasons for agreement or disagreement with my selection?

English pottery we had left, at the end of the nineteenth century, in the care of William de Morgan. His factory potted wares in a number of styles: pre-Raphaelite, for de Morgan was among those inspired by Rossetti, and a familiar of William Morris; Persian and Turkish—he appreciated and imitated Near Eastern wares; English lustres, entirely de Morgan's own. Whistler, apostle of Japanese simplicity, and the minute, clean, decisive, engraved line, shown a de Morgan lustre-piece asked simply—*Can one forgive a plate for a peculiar shine?* indicating, presumably, his disapproval. For all that, the most florid of de Morgan's lustres is greatly to be preferred to any other ware of his time—it reveals at least some sense of form and perception of what is appropriate or otherwise, in clay. William de Morgan, was, in effect, the first artist-potter of modern England.

The trend in the past half-century, among the commercial factories, has been amalgamation of the small ones, and expansion of the larger, a movement delayed only by the wars of 1914—18 and 1939—45. Some of the smaller factories have closed under union pressure. It was reported in *The Times* for Decem-

ber 22nd, 1956, that the Bovey Pottery Company, in existence for at least 200 years at the Devonshire village of Bovey Tracey, had decided to go into voluntary liquidation, after some three-fifths of its staff had struck against a wage decrease, which, by secret ballot the workers had accepted a few weeks before. Pressure was brought to bear upon these potters by their Union: they struck work, with the consequence that the factory had no alternative but to close altogether.

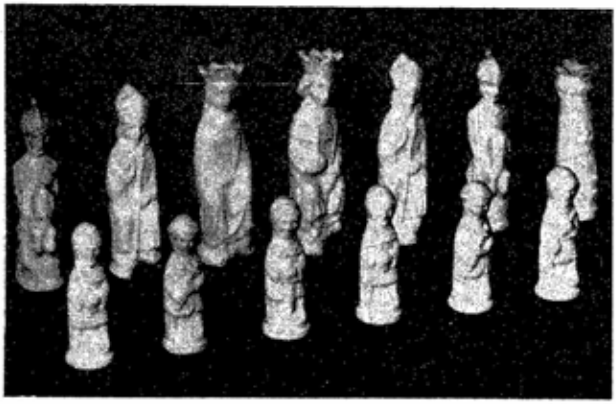
The great factories on the other hand, have no labour problems of this sort—theirs are chiefly technological or artistic. The Royal Doulton Potteries, in Lambeth, for example, while specialising in chemical and industrial stonewares, makes every sort of ceramic from unglazed earthenware to the most ornate porcelains. The Doulton products include figurines, bone china services, drain and sewer pipes made of glazed stoneware, porcelain insulators, wash basins and laboratory equipment, as well as chemical stoneware, that is, ceramics to be put to a variety of chemical uses—as acid-containers, therefore acid-resistant; variable-temperature apparatus in the production of drugs, therefore of a durability much in excess of that expected in tablewares; an integral part of a powdering apparatus, therefore resistant to abrasives; and so on. Quite often, pieces of chemical stoneware are very large; these are pressed by hand, or moulded; small circular pieces are thrown; pipes and such objects are shaped by vertical press; small components often made by slip casting, when the liquid clay is poured into plaster of Paris moulds, which extract the moisture, leaving the clay object moulded within.

The Royal Crown Derby Porcelain Company has to make a dinner service fit for a King—quite literally, for King Hussein of Jordan has commissioned a 187-piece dinner service, together with porcelain cutlery handles, for the galley of his private aircraft. These are all embellished in gold, upon the white ware, with the stylised Hashemite Crown. Worcester Royal Porcelain Company, for its part, was honoured by the Queen's choice of a gift for President Eisenhower. Her Majesty selected a pair of bird figures—two Parula Warblers in the flowering branches of

65. Ballerina by Holger Christensen. (Danish porcelain) Contemporary Copenhagen. (*Royal Copenhagen P.M.*).

66. Group of figures. (Danish porcelain) (*Royal Copenhagen P.M.*).

67. Ant Eater by Paul Walther. (German stoneware) Meissen N.D. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).



68. Chessmen by Arnold Machin. (English) Wedgwood 1938. (*Josiah Wedgwood & Sons Ltd.*).

69. Owl by Wilhelm Neuhäuser. (German) Nymphenburg c. 1930. (*Nymphenburg S.P.M.*).

70 and 71. Patrician and Lady of Augsburg by Resi Lechner. (German porcelain) Nymphenburg c. 1946. (*Nymphenburg S.P.M.*).

a Sweet Bay tree. It was in 1935 that Worcester began to make American bird figures, for sale exclusively in the United States. Each is moulded from a model made by Miss Doughty of Falmouth: each issue is very limited, the limitation secured by breaking the moulds. To date, Worcester has issued twenty-five different species of American bird in this way—it is difficult to decide which is most beautiful among them: collectively they may be likened to Audubon colour-prints in three dimensions.

My personal preference among the English tableware factories is still Wedgwood. No inferior ware is allowed to leave the Wedgwood factory: indeed, well over twenty thousand substandard pieces are smashed every week. The Wedgwood mark is, therefore, in itself a guarantee of high quality. Since 1900, the expansion of the Wedgwood organisation has been considerable. In 1906, the first American office was opened in New York: soon after, a 1200-piece table set was supplied to the White House—this during the presidency of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. The most important decision of the Wedgwood company in this century was that made in 1936, that Etruria had outlasted its usefulness. The coal mines on which it stood had been so thoroughly worked that subsidence was already taking place, and likely to increase. The workshops, though modernised and made pleasant for the potters, were inadequate for the volume of trade. Applying the same principle as the first Josiah, that better work would be achieved in pleasant surroundings, Wedgwood's chose Barlaston Park, a wooded country estate. Louis de Soissons, one of the foremost of English architects was chosen to design the village, while Keith Murray, an architect equally well-known as a pottery designer, for Wedgwood among other firms, together with his partner C. S. White, designed the factory, which incorporated such features as a cafeteria, a dance floor, club rooms, and electric ovens, to obviate the dirt of the coal firing of wares.

The war delayed the completion of the factory, but in 1950, on June 13th, 181 years to the day from the opening of Etruria, the last commemorative pieces were fired there. These were black basalt vases, exactly like those thrown by Josiah in 1769. The first series he inscribed *Artes Etruriae Renascuntur*—The arts of

Etruria are reborn: his descendants, on the last pieces, gave forth *Artes Etruriae Florescunt*—The arts of Etruria flourish. Indeed they do. In addition to Keith Murray, John Skeaping, Edward Bawden and Eric Ravilious are among Wedgwood's regular designers; the chief resident designer is an industrial designer with a Royal College of Art training, Victor Skellern. Any State occasion will find Wedgwood tablewares much in evidence. In 1937, for the Coronation of King George VI, Star Wedgwood made a most pleasing pattern, based upon the stylised three Royal feathers, reserved in white, on a wine-red ground, and outlined in platinum, which gives a richer effect, in this instance, than would real gold. For the Coronation Banquet of Queen Elizabeth II, Wedgwood supplied the banqueting service, of fine white china, left plain but for the Royal Arms in the centre of each piece, and a simple scroll decoration on the rims.

Victor Skellern and his designers are not, of course, always engaged on these exalted wares: their major task is the evolution of new styles of table pieces for ordinary use. In general, they favour simple, few-coloured, patterns and decorations. In the matter of natural exemplars, almost all insects are out, including butterflies—which is surprising, since many eighteenth century porcelain painters used these beautiful creatures to good effect. Contemporary susceptibilities, however, totally banish them. Sometimes, an animal or bird is impossible only in one place: a Wedgwood table-service with an owl motif was recently issued. It sold tolerably well everywhere but in Switzerland, where, it was discovered after the pottery's puzzled enquiries, the owl is still considered a bird of evil omen. Flowers, on the other hand, are welcomed in every form: one of the pleasantest of contemporary sets is the Wildflower ware, designed by Skellern himself, each piece printed in colour with a wild flower, the rims brown-printed on a sea-green ground.

Apart from the enormous exporting factories Wedgwood, Minton, Spode, Coalport, Worcester, Derby, Doulton, and so on —the main reputation for fine English ceramics, is in the hands of individual artist-potters or studio potters, as they are variously known. The implied distinction between these and commercial

potters, is, in these days, wholly false—for all the large factories in effect employ artist-potters. A better way of distinguishing those who work on their own (usually firing their wares in small kilns operated by themselves, attending in person to every process from throwing the clay to the final packaging and despatch of the finished wares) from the designers or potters pure and simple, might be to call the former, free-lance potters. Certainly the most famous of these in England is Bernard Leach of St. Ives.

Leach quotes with approval the aphorism of his Japanese teacher and friend Shoji Hamada: *The pot is the man: his virtues and his vices are shown therein—no disguise is possible.* His own work is greatly influenced by those of Hamada and the contemporary Japanese, and also by the cut forms of Korean pottery. He has studied in Japan, as Hamada has studied in Europe. Together they form the most significant single influence on contemporary earthenware and stoneware design. Hamada, after achieving a European reputation by his exhibitions, returned to one of the centuries-old traditional pottery towns of Japan, Mashiko, where he hired himself out as a simple labourer to one of the potters in that town, an artisan who made kitchenware for the Tokyo housewife. At the same time, he gave up signing his work on the ground that every piece should be sufficient to proclaim its potter; and that if a piece did not proclaim its maker to a bystander, this could be only because of one of two causes—either the potter had botched the piece, or the bystander was blind.

This is perhaps taking a little far the whole concept of personal style—on the other hand, every one of the major English artist-potters is recognisable in each of his or her works. Staite Murray, for instance, may be detected in rust-brown, blue-grey, and sepia brush decorations on misty, pearly, streaked or mottled stoneware bowls and tall pots: his pupil the late Sam Haile in stronger, darker versions of Murray's work; Michael Cardew in rich bright yellow slips applied to dark chocolate or bear-brown surfaces—the large slipware bowl decorated with a bird, in the Victoria and Albert Collection, is a fine example; delicate grey-

blue grounds and narrow grassy brush strokes indicate Norah Braden's flower vases; white, grey, and black salt-glazed stonewares, tablewares, and figures, betoken the hand and eye of William Gordon.

In the late Thirties and early Forties there was an influx of foreign potters into Britain, who have assimilated English potting practice without losing the traditions of their country of origin: equally, they have affected English pottery design by their example. Distinguished among these are Hans Coper and Lucie Rie, who for a time operated a kiln in partnership, and Tibor Reich. Coper and Lucie Rie now work separately. Coper's recent work I have not seen; but Miss Rie's I find extremely attractive. Tibor Reich has, at least for the time being, deserted the potter's wheel for the textile loom, being mainly occupied in the design and manufacture of the most excellent textiles. However, pottery's loss is fabric's gain; and many wares are still being fashioned after his designs.

The United States is the twentieth century headquarters of the artist-potter. In 1950 there were more than 70,000 full-time studio potters in America, who were throwing a large proportion of the domestic wares sold to the public there. It is evident that not even an outline can be given of the products of so many earnest and talented people; before I touch upon the two or three American potters whose work I find of special interest, a development in the commercial ceramics of the United States should be mentioned. The American practice of "eating-out" has created a huge demand for durable but pleasing tablewares, especially for such institutions as drug-store counters, and self-service cubicles. Accordingly, American ceramists have evolved a special type of ware, known generically as Hotel china, which has a hard-paste porcelain body, but a medium-fired bone-china glaze. This combination gives the advantage of easy shaping which porcelain has over the comparatively intractable bone china paste; and the advantage of a much wider range of colours, because of the lower glost-firing temperature, than is possible in the decoration of true porcelain. The same principle of manufacture is applied by the large commercial factories to ordinary

domestic table and kitchen wares. Until 1940, the major part of these domestic pieces were imported from England and Germany in particular; with the war between these two countries, imports decreased, and had to be supplemented by home production. With an assured demand for an enormous quantity of tablewares, mass-production methods were applied by the commercial potters; who, since 1945, have reversed the trend, and export their wares to every part of the world. Beautiful table-sets are now being made there at absurdly low costs; as new technological skills are applied to this infant industry, even greater reductions in costs can be expected.

For all that, no machine can replace the creative hand and eye of the artist-potter. The three Americans whose work I find most interesting have in common that they are not potters alone—Sargent Johnson is a sculptor; Martinelli a painter; Walter Kring is a Unitarian minister. Each brings Hamada's *undisguised virtues* to his or her pottery. Johnson is a Negro, and as we have said, a sculptor. His ceramics, and especially his figures, have a sculptural quality about them, their subject is usually the Negro. His most impressive piece, to my mind, is that entitled *Forever Free* in the Harmon Foundation Collection. La Martinelli, Italo-American, brings to painting a sense of hieratic splendour lost since Byzantium. The *Testa Invocatrice,* the terra-cotta head of a Madonna, no higher than a man's thumb, is a manifestation of religious art in the direct tradition of Giotto and Crivelli. Kring, too, is a religious ceramist. His beliefs he has himself summed up in these words *We are all children of One God, no matter by what name we may address our God.* This belief he has given ceramic expression in the tiled altarpiece which he designed for the First Unitarian Church, at Worcester, Massachusetts. The predominant colours are rust-red and rich purple: the subject is the world religions, each represented by its popular symbol—the Cross, the Star and Crescent of Mahomet, the Judaic Star of David; the Buddhist Lotus, the Zoroastrian Flame, the Taoist character signifying The Universal Spirit, the Hindu Wheel of life, the Chinese male and female principles, Yang and Yin, surrounded by the Eight Trigrams, (both of which

symbols are already familiar to us from Chinese porcelain), the Shinto *Torii,* and the Chinese characters Kung-fu-tse, that is, Confucius, the name of that most benevolent and wise of Oriental teachers. To the votive uses of pottery and porcelain we shall return when we consider contemporary French ceramics.

In Denmark, since 1900, developments in pottery design and production have principally been the work of individual potters, but within the general framework of the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Factory, which the Queen visited in the Spring of 1957, during her State Visit. In the matter of glazes, China has always been Copenhagen's teacher. Working along Oriental lines, but with chemical methods at their disposal, the Danish potters have discovered many exciting new glazes, in particular the crackled wares of Nikolai Tidemand and Thorkild Olsen, and, more to my own liking, the fine blacks of Olaf Mathiesen. In the matter of materials, new forms of stoneware have been the major Danish innovation. The main discoveries were made by a Swedish workman, Patrick Nördstrom, who worked at the factory from 1912 to 1922. It says much for the perception of the art director of that period, Christian Joachim, and the manager, Harald Slott-Møller, that Nördstrom was left to his own devices. He was, as it were, a born clay-worker, as some men are born gardeners or sailors. In the bodies of his invention, Jais Nielsen, for example, fashioned large figure groups, while his stonewares and glazes have been used in many tablesets, in particular the very beautiful fish set, decorated with sea-plants on a fine dark celadon ground.

The Copenhagen decorators have been, by and large, less enterprising than their more technical fellows. The main decorative theme has been the natural beauty of Denmark, and the architectural glamour of Copenhagen. There is a very excellent nursery set still in production, with scenes from Hans Andersen's tales printed on in black: and there are some good modern editions of the traditional Copenhagen decorations—the famous *Blue Fluted* decoration, continuously in production since 1774, the *Saxon Flowers* service, and the *Flora Danica,* natural flower pieces also eighteenth century in origin. The modellers, on the

other hand, are many and most enterprising. Children, costume figures, peasants, animals, birds, Oriental lovers, tradesfolk, and the most charming small ballerinas are made at Copenhagen, from originals by artists of the calibre of Gerhard Henning, whose figures are a trifle over-imitative of the great Germans for my taste; Axel Salto, established as an artist before turning to ceramics; and Arno Malinowski, for whose *Susannah,* a figure almost a foot high, my enthusiasm equals that of the late W. B. Honey, who described her *this impudent Susannah . . . fanciful suave, and exquisite, and fully worthy of its delicious substance.* Outside the Royal factory may be mentioned the Rafa Pottery, which has recently produced a children's tea-service with printed decorations fantasticated from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by painter Bjorn Wiinblad, which was in the Spring of 1957, one of the exhibits at the Scandinavian Tableware exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Finland was represented in the same exhibition by ovenware made by the Kupittaan Saviosakeyhtio factory: Sweden, in her turn, showed among other excellent pieces a white table-set, with banded blue and incised decorations, designed for Rörstrand factory by Hertha Bengtsen; and a white porcelain coffee set potted by Stig Lindberg, chief modeller at the Gustavsberg factory. There have been two major influences on modern Swedish ceramic design and decoration—Matisse and glass manufacture. Many of Sweden's best designers work equally in glass and pottery—Edward Hald, first at Gustavsberg, later at the Orrefors glassworks; Vicke Lindstrand, who has moved in the opposite direction, from glass to porcelain. Matisse's influence was manifested through the *Svenska slojdforeningen,* the Swedish Society of Arts and Crafts, the chief members of which— Hald, Wilhelm Kagè, and Arthur Percy—were all pupils of the French painter. Kage was Stig Lindberg's predecessor as *modellmeister* at Gustavsberg; Berndt Friberg, after Lindberg and Kage, the factory's most important potter, was also Kage's pupil, and influenced, therefore, by Matisse at only one remove.

Percy is independent, but has designed both for Gustavsberg and Rörstrand. The Rörstrand factory is comparatively free of

Matisse's influence, because of the imposing personality of Gunnar Nylund, son of a sculptor, and undoubtedly the most important of contemporary Swedish potters, as well as principal designer at Rörstrand for the best part of twenty years. It is difficult to decide what is best among his many works—my preference, after long consideration, is for the enormous stoneware relief in the Grand Central Hotel at Gävle, entitled *The Jungle Awakes,* a noble piece in the finest ceramic tradition. In Sweden there are also a number of artist-potters: my favourite among these is Tyra Lundgren, whose stoneware beasts and birds, and delicate, wood-shaving-thin, leaf-shaped jars, are wholly admirable.

In the 1920's and 1930's, Meissen had a group of first-class modellers—Adolf Pfeiffer, appointed Director in 1919; Paul Börner, Max Esser, and Paul Scheurich. Scheurich was, without doubt, the greatest porcelain modeller of this century—his *Reclining Nymph,* his Venuses, his magnificent figurines, though on a larger scale, echo Bustelli and Kändler at their finest. After Scheurich, there is little worth noticing in Germany. The Meissen factory, in the Soviet Zone, or rather, in the East German Republic, has changed not at all, except for its director, a Communist party member named Würstmann. He, as well as being politically acceptable, is a practising potter. Berlin has recently produced a new designer, in the person of Elsa Fischer-Treyden, whose *Fortuna* table-wares are attractive both for their comparative cheapness, and their elegance and durability combined.

In Italy, the two most lively of modern phenomena, Signors Ponti of Rome and Fornasetti of Milan are both designers in a general sense, and painters in their own right, as well as specially pottery decorators and modellers. Ponti, an architect who has specialised in furniture design, has a *penchant* for extraordinary mid-century beasts, like the mottled pottery cat, simple in shape as a *Haniwa* figure, immensely long and essentially prowling feline. Fornasetti is a *trompe l'oeiliste,* devoted to all aspects of the human visage. Certainly, he has other subjects with which he decorates his ash-trays, table sets, decorative plaques, dishes—his fish-platter with a horrifying realistic creature of the coelo-

canth family is typical—yet details of the human face preoccupy him. Nests of ashtrays, each with part of a model, ranged together upon a table make a portrait, a sort of ceramic jigsaw. A set of thirty-six dinner-plates explore the theme of the Face in greater detail in black on white porcelain, the weeping eyes of the lost; the gay up-tipped-at-the-corners mouth of the found; the crow-footed eye of the aged; the accusing eye through the sinister black keyhole; the pensive lips and chin of a young girl; the plump Diana-face of the Moon; the noble head of the Sun, maned in his spiky rays.

France—twentieth century home of all that is finest in plastic arts—naturally has its ceramic contribution. Sèvres flourishes as ever—for the banquet given by the President of France to the Queen and Prince Philip in the Palace of Versailles in April 1957, a new banqueting service of ivory-coloured porcelain, decorated with golden birds, was made there, splendid as anything in that factory's royal past. But the future of French ceramics is, in truth, with the painters. It is in the tradition; for was not Renoir's first employment that of decorator in a Paris pottery? (which may well account for the curious colours of his subsequent painter's palette). For the Paris firm of Marin, van Dongen paints stylised flowers in natural colours, on a rayed and fluted gold ground; the Greek deities in black on white; bronze, and golden, and pheasant; and phoenix-coloured birds on ivory porcelain.

In Henri Matisse, France has found the ultimate in the ecclesiastical uses of modern art, in the Dominican Chapel at Vence, a creation in which ceramics play an important part. Making the formal gift of the chapel to the Bishop of Nice, in whose See the chapel is situated, Matisse wrote, *I have worked at the chapel carefully and exclusively for four years, but it is the product of my whole life as an artist. Despite its imperfections, I consider it my greatest achievement.* The only adornment in this austere and magnificent work, Matisse's *chef d'oeuvre,* is three tiled panels, painted with an Oriental economy of line, in black, with the Virgin, St. Dominic, and the Stations of the Cross.

Finally, there is in French ceramics the greatest force in

contemporary painting—Picasso. It was in 1946, while on holiday at Vallauris, on the Mediterranean coast of France, that Picasso first met Georges and Suzanne Ramié of the *Poterie Madoura*. He saw how pots were thrown, baked, decorated, glazed, baked again: he essayed a simple throwing himself: he went away. The next summer he returned, full of ceramic ideas. In general, he does not shape the plate, the dish, the pitcher, the bowl, himself; but, having in mind a certain decoration, he arranges shape, size, and material with the Ramiés, who make the piece to his requirements, who then decorates it according to his preconceived intentions. Equally often, he works in the other way; the potters arranging the shapes, Picasso decorating according to what the shapes suggest.

Picasso's ceramic decorations have developed along lines parallel to his painting. Never contented with mastery of a single technique or a single style, as soon as he has at his command one form of decoration he abandons it for the next. In 1947, the tin-glazed dinner-plate, bronze-black in colour, is decorated with a pigeon, finger-painted in buff-cream slip—unmistakably a Picasso—but not especially ceramic in feeling: merely the master painting in slip on tin-glaze rather than oil on canvas. The next year sees more complex pieces—a plaque comprising four rectangular panels of fireclay, together making a square over a yard each way (one square metre, to be exact) painted in slip and glazes with a still life, *Nature Morte à la Cafetière*. The painter is still predominant, though it is a Picasso innovation to mingle slip and metal oxide glazes on a body as unlikely as fireclay. 1951 saw the white tin-glazed bowl, a masterpiece of ceramic decoration, painted in perspective with a representation of the picadors in action at a *corrida*. The spectator sits in a comfortable seat on the shady side—in the foreground are the heads (on the lower rim of the bowl) of those seated in front of him. Half in shade and half in sunlight, bull and picador are straining the one against the other, pivoting upon the point of steel and the beast's huge shoulder muscles. The remainder of the enthusiastic crowd is ranged in the biting, hot, breathless, sun, on the nether rim of the bowl.

Subsequent years have shown that Picasso's versatility as draughtsman, painter, theatre designer, and book illustrator are equalled by his versatility as a ceramist. In April 1957, the Arts Council of Great Britain mounted, at its London Gallery, an exhibition of Picasso ceramics chosen by the artist himself. Of the seventy-two pieces there displayed, no two were remotely similar. The variety of techniques, colours, materials and decorations would have been astonishing had they been the work of a whole *atelier* of potters. As the work of one man, they are a *tour de force* unsurpassed in the entire history of ceramics. A pitcher, shaped like a mallard-duck, held between two hands, entitled *Deux Mains Soutenant un Oiseau,* the pitcher white tin-glazed, bird features incised and painted in the natural colours of a mallard, the hands left white, but outlined, and with the fingernails outlined also, in black. The large, two-handled tureen and cover, *Taches et Pois,* the spots and the peas in blue on white tin-glaze—a Picasso blue and white piece, in effect. The jug, *Soleils et Taches,* and the two-handled urn, *Quatre Visages*—both dated the 4th of June, 1953, both made in unglazed earthenware, both decorated with the objects which give them their title, drawn on in portrait artist's pastels—there are a pair uniquely Picasso's—who else would dream of crayon-drawing on unglazed pottery? The *Pigeon sur son Nid,* a figure piece, is as typical of the artist's sense of improvisation. Pigeon and nest are formed of clay crumpled in the hand, fired, and then painted with blue and black pigments. In the two jugs, resist decorated with painters and their models, Picasso does, by introducing blobs of colour and outlines, for ceramics what he did, by similar methods, for book illustration, in his etchings for Buffon's *Natural History.*

Perhaps the most extraordinary demonstration of Picasso's genius, was the five plates, each made of stoneware, all coming from the same batch, most probably all fired at the same time. The human face is the subject of the decoration in each case. In the first the ground colour is a cream slip, the face incised in it, the design glazed within the incisions blue and purple, and touched here and there with grey. The second is painted on a

cream ground in blue, emerald, black, and sea-green. The third on a ground of cream-grey, is a refinement or rather, a complication of the second, in emerald, brown, sea-green, and blue-black. The fourth, like the first, is incised in the cream ground, the outlines being coloured, purple-brown for the forehead, blue for the eyes, red-purple for the nose and lips. The fifth is the most complex of the series. The ground, speckled blue and black, luminous, like a Tchelitchew ballet décor, has cheeks of *pointilliste* light and dark blue. Above these stand out the all-comprehending eyes, one royal-electric blue, the other emerald-viridian. The nose and lips are a blend of cyclamen, purple, and pink. It is, I believe, the most accomplished ceramic decoration I have yet seen.

There are those who believe that the finest of ceramics were created in the eighteenth century. I cannot subscribe to that view. Any art which can attract and hold the interest of a man of Picasso's calibre is a very lively art indeed, and one whose future, based on the traditions of seven thousand years, is as assured as its past is glorious.

A NOTE: ON COLLECTING FOR ONESELF

We have looked at pottery and porcelain from Persia to Picasso. Some, I hope, have by this survey been inspired to begin a collection of their own, but are deterred by considerations either of cost, or of space. There is no need to be. For these notes on how to form a collection, I am drawing on the experiences and knowledge of five people beside myself, whose incomes range between something like £5,000 ($15,000) to perhaps an equal number of shillings, in a year.

Richest of these connoisseurs is a man who inherited a large collection of furniture and porcelain, and the mansion in which it was housed. He, however, in the very wide scope his income permits, practises the same virtues as a collector who has only a few shillings to spare each month. He specialises. This is of the greatest importance. To range over the entire field of ceramics

is merely depressing: equally, for any but a wealthy person to specialise in ancient porcelains is folly. This particular connoisseur is sufficiently monied to collect English porcelains from their beginnings to about 1785—but nevertheless he has had several bargains possible to any person with the requisite knowledge, who buys for himself. (Many collectors buy only from dealers, or worse, through dealers, thus losing all the pleasure of the chase, and most of the pleasure of buying a fine piece cheaply).

Having decided what ware was his chief interest, he sold those parts of his inheritance not directly connected (several Oriental vases, for example) and invested the money so raised in adding to his English porcelains. As far as possible, he buys for himself at auctions, particularly in the country, the further from the dealers the better—for they, whose livelihood it is, quite reasonably buy at prices which are prohibitive even to comparatively affluent persons. Auctioneers, usually well-versed in the products of their own county and adjoining territories (useless to try to buy Worcester porcelain cheaply anywhere in Worcestershire, or Swansea and Nantgarw in Swansea) are often vague in describing less familiar wares. By seeing for himself, and ignoring the catalogue description, my friend has made several good "buys." He once, at a country house, bought six assorted pottery pickle-dishes for thirty shillings. At least, that is how the auctioneer described them. They were, in effect, leaf-shaped dishes from Chelsea, Bow and Derby, as our collector had discerned the moment he set eyes upon them. Knowledge of his speciality brought him a similar bargain in the form of a Longton Hall bowl, painted in Littler's blue with an Oriental scene, which featured on another auction list as a *Japanese Pot.* Another profitable source of pieces for this magnificent collection is junk and cheap second-hand furniture shops. So—you get dirty, turning over boxes of chipped dinner-plates: you often, at first, suffer the scorn of the shop-keeper and the biting satire of his regular customers; if, however, hard words and a little grime deter, you are not of the stuff of which collectors are made. If you persevere, you can make the greatest ally of your junkman, who will save

anything in your line for your inspection. By this means my connoisseur friend added a rare Chelsea white figure to his collection, the junkman in question stubbornly refusing more than "half-a-quid" for a "bit of old China what looks as if it could use a wash."

The novice-collector cannot, however, expect bargains like those every day. The three I have here recounted have taken place at rare intervals in twenty-five years of collecting. Some there are, like a linguist and lecturer I know, to whom a collection of porcelain would be out of the question. A collection of modern pottery, however, is not—representing the ways of living in the countries where he has travelled and taught. Large fish-dishes from Portugal, fruit bowls from Spain, jugs and dessert plates from Provence, stoneware tankards from Germany, chocolate cups from Vienna, dishes and tureens from Rumania, water-jars from Greece, wine-pitchers from Bulgaria.

Even if you are not a traveller and a cosmopolitan that is no bar to collecting pottery and porcelain. My next two exemplars both had the subject of their collections, and indeed, the very idea of making a collection, foisted upon them almost by accident. The most ardent acquirer of English blue and white wares that I know—Lambeth, Liverpool, Bristol and the rest—is a scientist. In his student days he lived in a bachelor flat where was always a lack of crockery. A friend, seeking one day to remedy this, gave him, among other oddments, two dinner-plates, which, it later transpired, were early Liverpool. Not many days passed before they removed from table to wall. "They are too good to eat from," said the scientist. Passing a local antique shop, he saw a small bowl of the same ware, and probably from the same factory, for sale for a few shillings. Ginger-jars, punch-bowls, mugs, dishes, decorative tiles began to appear in the apartment. The lack of crockery remained acute; but an English Delft collector was born.

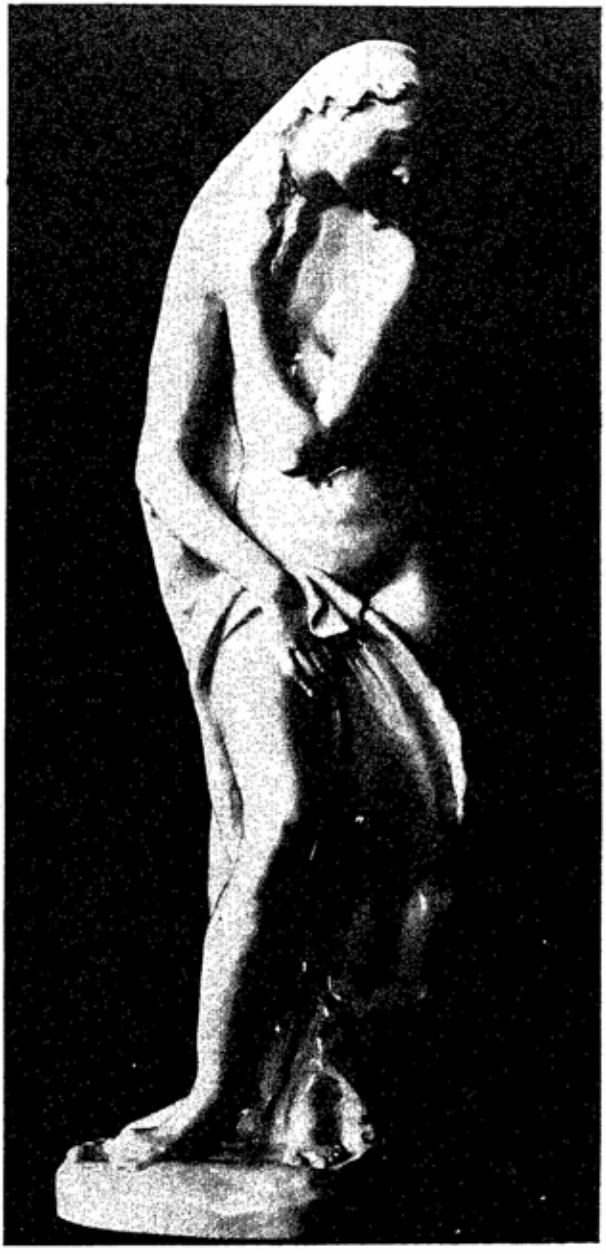
A wedding present was the origin of the other modest assembly. "What on earth," said the bride's mother, "are those?" indicating six small bowls, resting in a heap. "Ashtrays," said the bridegroom. Ashtrays they had been intended for: they were, in fact,

six finger-bowls from an early nineteenth century banqueting service, each hand-painted with a landscape. *Much too good for ashtrays,* said the bride, *I shall start collecting small plates and bowls with scenes: so everybody knows what to give me for my next birthday.* The original half-dozen are still the centre of her collection: which comprises now a hundred or more of these delicate and beautiful pieces.

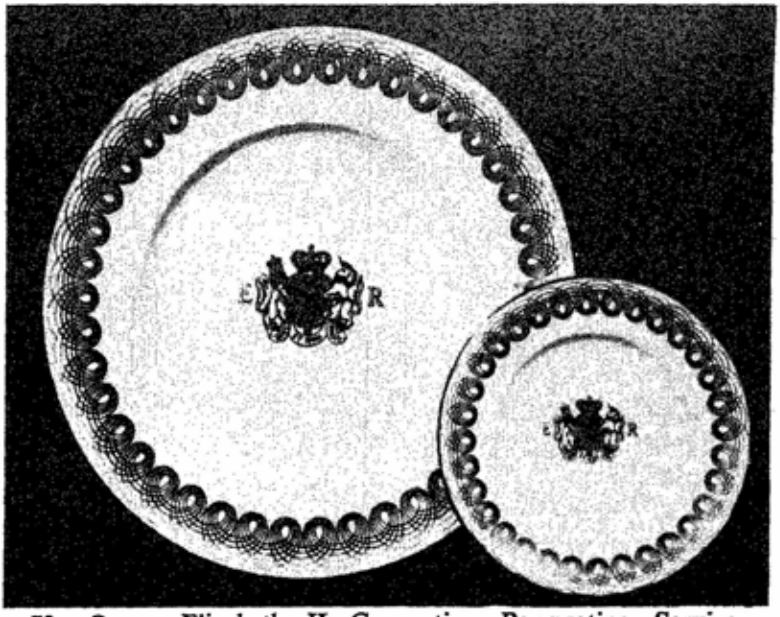
My final friend, a painter, began her assembly of beautiful tablewares from the necessity of economy in her art school years, when she was living on a very small allowance. Her first purchase was a large *maiolica* dish to serve as a fruit bowl: it cost four and sixpence. She bought it because the colours and the shape pleased her, and because that was the most she could spend. It is perhaps a hundred, perhaps a hundred and fifty years old, and a very good example of Italian *maiolica.* Then began the acquisition, piece by piece, of the most extraordinary tea and dinner services I know. Each component is the product of one of the great factories—but no two pieces are from the same set, and very seldom is more than one from the same factory. Tea or dinner at her studio is, therefore, a remarkable experience for a porcellomane. The soup bowl is Derby, perhaps, white porcelain sprigged with flowers; the side plate Sèvres, damasked and gilded; the dinner-plate Viennese, edged with butterflies in reserved panels; the pudding-dish Wedgwood; the coffee-cup Fulda, its saucer Bristol. And if, in the washing-up afterwards, a piece gets broken, as sometimes it does, no tears and vapours about the spoiled service. A swift tour of the antique dealers and the junk shops of the area, and a replacement is found for a few shillings.

I am equally a collector of useful wares. I cannot afford to amass cabinets of German or French porcelain, and among my books is insufficient space to house bulky Staffordshire chimney ornaments or peasant bowls. So—my collection is limited by both space and finance to what can be made use of. The decorative tiles from Majorca do treble duty—their gaiety enlivens my room; they remind me of the good friend who gave them to me; and make admirable paper weights for the work-table. The Lucie Rie bowl, strawberry-salmon-cream circled within, the

outside black-painted, with incised slip line-decoration, empty is beautiful to look upon; and makes a perfect container for the salted nuts which, being a non-smoker I so often munch whilst working. Fondants or chocolates are kept in a chestnut brown two-handled earthenware bowl, clear-glazed, the outside slip-brushed and with an incised decoration of stylised oak-leaves. Both these pieces are modern; both are extremely attractive; both, it so happens, were given to me; and neither cost more than a few shillings—yet are a daily reminder of long friendships. The cream for mid-morning coffee comes in a Devonshire slip-decorated jug; the coffee itself has, for the past five years, been brewed and served from a Rhenish stoneware jug, bought in a London store. Judging by the admiration it receives from visitors, it looks to be a good deal rarer and richer than it really is. If I am alone, I take coffee in a cup-and-saucer of unknown provenance, heavily decorated and gilded, dating from the late 1700's or very early 1800's. The accompanying biscuits are on a Worcester plate of good quality, white china, with a border decoration of flowers. This I have treasured since, a small boy, I won it at a country fête, for skill at tombola or skittles or some such. It may be protested that slip-ware, stoneware, porcelain and bone china do not go well together: but such is not the case. Like flowers of all kinds gathered in one vase, a group of well-potted wares assembled in the space of one tray harmonise with one another, no matter what their colours and shapes. For tea, I find the most pleasurable wares a set of Japanese eggshell porcelain, made for the Javanese market. For the evening pint, a Staffordshire salt-glazed tankard, with a relief decoration after George Stubbs. None of these things break with ordinary care: all can be cleaned in warm, soapy water—warm, NOT hot, which will crackle a clear glaze in the ugliest manner possible. And one has the continual delight of using, as well as looking at, one's collection. A final summary of our experiences: — Specialise. Learn all you can about the wares you decide to collect. Never buy an imperfect piece, no matter how much of a bargain it seems—it never is. Trust your own judgment—if the catalogue says *Korean incense bowl* and you're certain by the touch, by the look, by



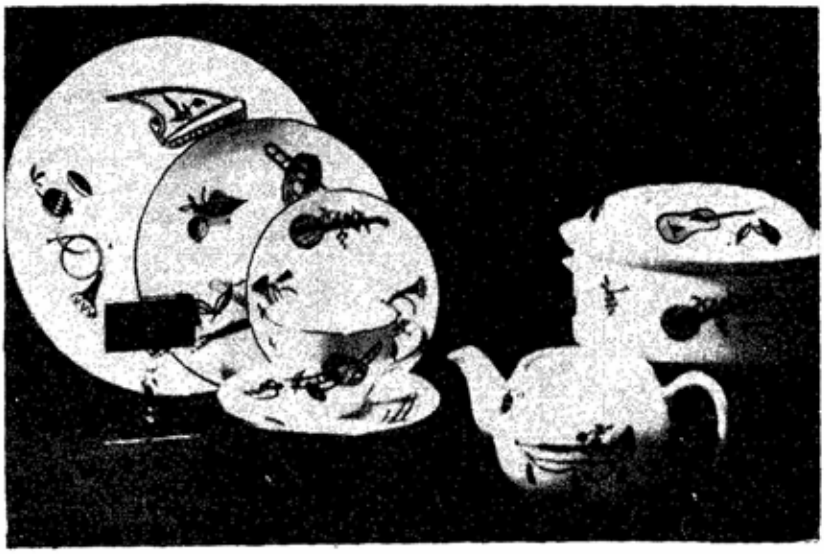
72. Standing woman by Paul Scheurich. (German porcelain) Meissen 1929. (*Meissen P.M. Archives*).



73. Queen Elizabeth II Coronation Banqueting Service. (English) Contemporary. Wedgwood. (*Josiah Wedgwood & Sons Ltd.*).

74. Contemporary ware. (English) Barlaston Green Two-Coloured Queen's Ware. 1957. Wedgwood. (*Josiah Wedgwood & Sons Ltd.*).

75. Strawberry Hill pattern on Bone China by Millicent Taplin. (English tableware) Wedgwood 1956. (*Josiah Wedgwood & Sons Ltd.*).



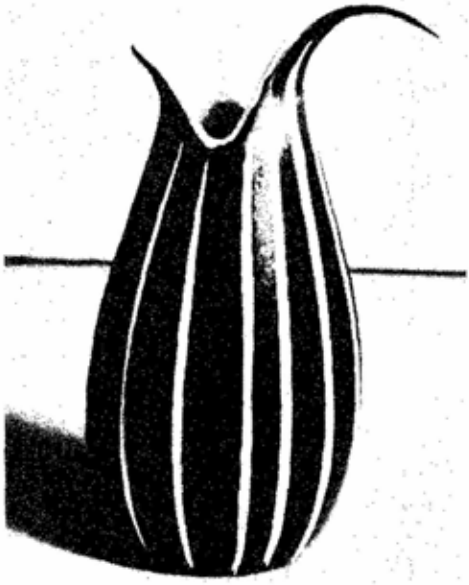
76. Fiesta printed pattern on Bone China. (English tableware) Worcester 1957. (*Royal Worcester P.C.*).

77. Orion pattern of purple flowers and butterflies on porcelain by Wolfgang von Wersin. (German tableware) Nymphenburg 1958. (*Nymphenburg S.P.M.*).

78. Plain black pourer.
(*Tibor Reich, Esq.*).

79. Black pourer,
decorated with white lines.
(*Tibor Reich, Esq.*).

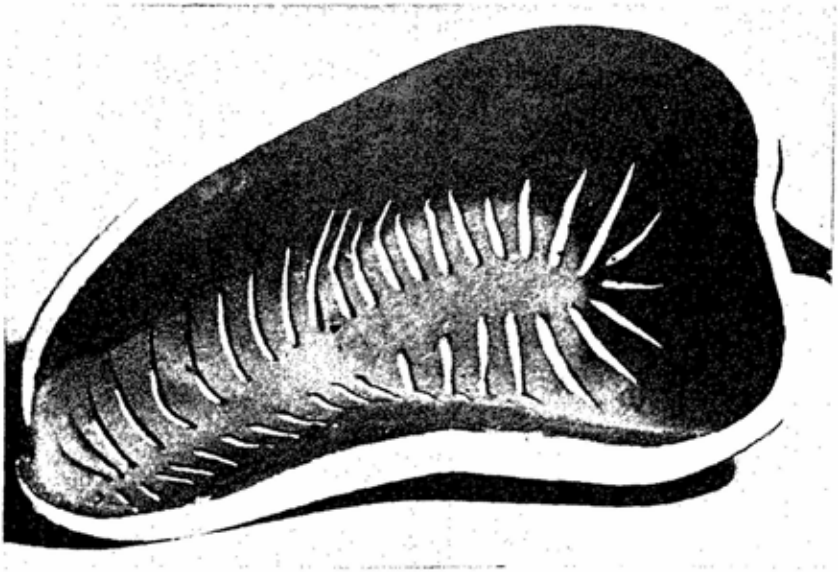
80. Coffee pot.
(*Tibor Reich, Esq.*).



81. Syrup Jug.
(*Tibor Reich, Esq.*).

82. Coffee Mug.
(*Tibor Reich, Esq.*).

83. Flower vase. The face and hair of the figure is painted on the rear lip of the vase: the bosom, hands and frock on the front surface.
(*Tibor Reich, Esq.*).



84. Pimiento sweet dish. (English pottery) Tigo-ware designed by Tibor Reich for Joseph Bourne & Co. Denby Pottery. (*Tibor Reich, Esq.*).

85. Rendezvous-plate. (English pottery) Tigo-ware designed by Tibor Reich for Joseph Bourne & Co. Denby Pottery. (*Tibor Reich, Esq.*).

the shape, that it is the bottom half of a Derby tureen, then bid for it—you may get it for a few shillings. Never fear to ask intelligent questions: there are very few dealers, shopkeepers, museum curators, or private collectors who will refuse a reasonable answer to a reasonable question. Don't be deterred by initial mistakes—the greatest living expert was once as ignorant as you are now; and he learned in exactly the same way, by *not* making the same mistake twice. Good hunting! The best possible wish I can make for the new collector is that you shall get as much pleasure from your pottery and porcelain as I do from mine.

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