



# NORWICH

BY L·N·E·R  
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FRED  
 TAYLOR.

these visions in stone so that, stable as they are and with all their hoariness upon them, they have something of the quality of a dream. Consider the heroic pageant of Ely—the sombre midnight vision of Edinburgh—the drowsy noontide romance of Cambridge—so different, yet each so perfect. But the strength of "Erasmus" and the brilliance of "Bridlington" reveal the "figure man" whom certain telling figure groups enlivening the architectural posters have already led us to suspect. By the way, Fred Taylor initiated the "modern manner" we find in his figure treatment as long as thirty-five years ago!

Fred Taylor believes in solid work; with a foundation of perfect drawing, the colour matters less, says this master of effective colouring. Naturally he has little sympathy with ultra-modern splashers. Futurists, he considers, have no past and no present.

"The old masters had no chance to mess about," he says. "They had their piece of wet fresco and it had to be painted before it dried. They came with their exact plan and did their day's work. They did their experimenting beforehand. They thought things out." We see that Mr. Taylor also thinks things out.

Fred Taylor lives in a house he had built according to his own ideas six years ago. A huge studio, like a sculptor's, with two great windows where the trees look in and the spring song of multitudinous rejoicing pours in from the bird sanctuary outside. A beautiful study of York Minster with the Five Sisters window stood half-finished on his easel. He sighed over the beauties that inevitably go