

May Morn

Jane Rendell



The house is beautiful – a one-storey building, with a square plan – born at the birth of modernism in the aftermath of the First World War.



It embodies the values of early English modernism, of the Arts and Crafts movement: 'truth to materials' and honest craftsmanship.



From the road it looks a little unloved, in need of some care and attention.



Up close it is clearly derelict, almost in ruins.



We enter a room with windows at each end.



Curtains are falling away from the runners.



The fabric has been soaked overnight and is drying in the spring afternoon sunshine.



On the window cill and spilling over onto the floor are piles of old magazines.



The pages are stuck together and disintegrate if you try to pull them apart.



There are some photographs of buildings.



One is particularly damp; the corners are soft, the surface is wrinkled.



It shows a tower block, just completed, empty and pristine, a moss green utopia, the modernist dream dispersing as it soaks up spring rain.

