



CZECH & SPEAKE  
*Jermyn Street London*

LUXURIOUS BATHING  
EDWARDIAN AND CUBIST

## CZECH & SPEAKE *story*



Push back your chair, and as you lick the strawberry taste off your lips, gently brush your fingers over the gold of the wall. The door of the Brasserie revolves slowly in the apricot coloured light of a London summer evening. Step outside and leave behind the interior splendour of the last golden age and let yourself be sucked into a whirl of crowds and din, tirelessly streaming around Eros as he proudly stands above it all. The flickering commercial information glitter, high above Piccadilly Circus, bounces off his aluminium skin and melts into the blue sky. Drift through the multitude of faces, many having been called from faraway towns and the bustle of traffic, people, noise, and voices speaking in myriad languages until you turn into the quietness of Jermyn Street. Walking down the street, you will find yourself immersed in a serene and luxurious culture of tranquil historic trade, an era away from the world outside. When you reach No. 39c, stop – because you have arrived. As you step inside Czech&Speake, draw a deep breath to satisfy your senses.

## CZECH & SPEAKE *story*

The sensual indulgence of Edwardian England, referred to by J. B. Priestley as the Lost Golden Age, is becoming more and more apparent in the lifestyle of an international, upwardly mobile, style conscious crowd. New Edwardianism is very ubiquitous in the work of a new generation of British designers, actors, musicians, writers, etc and is being carried out into the world. The British attitude and creativity is coveted and emulated as a desirable way of living. Leading the way is Czech&Speake, a global brand renowned for its bathroom equipment as well as a range of fragrances that incorporate the essence of new Englishness. This unique and unexpected combination results from the mission of the company's founder, Frank Sawkins, to lift the role of the bathroom from the necessary and utilitarian to a pleasure dome for the body, the senses and the soul. The brand's entire range celebrates the English legacy of inventiveness, highest quality products and the artistic inspiration of design – much of it inspired by the Edwardian era, reinterpreting the look so that items fit seamlessly into a variety of architectural style settings. Czech&Speake has always been a leader, not a follower, within luxury bathing culture and is at ease within the traditions of contemporary living.

In 1979, a Czech&Speake showroom opened in Jermyn Street in St James's, London, immediately placing the brand amongst the luxurious historic trade prevalent in Jermyn Street since the first shop selling merchandise of the highest quality opened in 1701. A subtle tribute to Jermyn Street is evident in the name of one of Czech&Speake's fragrances: No. 88, which was the address of the first showroom before the new store opened at 39c Jermyn Street. Despite the relatively short period, Czech&Speake has contributed to the sense of luxurious living, the brand has acquired a strong reputation among seekers of an upmarket haven of indulgence, escapism and rarity, built upon its association with tradition, craftsmanship and unique functionality in tune with the heartbeat of style and elegance.

Czech&Speake has always stood for the English characteristics of good manners, tradition, reliability, understated elegance and humour and is as quintessentially British as Bentley, Oxford and Punk!

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EDWARDIAN  
*country-rose*



## EDWARDIAN

*country-rose*

As a 6-year old boy, I am walking down the wide steps of my grandparents' country home where I spent my holidays from school. It is early in the morning and I am still dressed in my dressing gown and pyjamas wearing much too big Wellington boots. I rub the sleep out of my eyes as a soft summer breeze, still cool from the dawn, blows through my tousled hair. I stop to watch Jason, the chauffeur, close the rear door of the car behind my grandfather before climbing behind the wheel. My grandfather looks up, nods in my direction and focuses back onto the paper he is holding. With a deep purr, the big polished black car crunches across the gravel.

My grandmother with her delicate frame wrapped in an ancient kimono waves the car goodbye. She turns around and smiles as I descend down the last steps. If it weren't for the big boots that I am wearing I would run down the steps to fly into her arms and tell her how happy I am to be back. She holds out her hands and as I take them she bends down and kisses me on the forehead. A tingle goes through me as she starts walking around the fishpond towards her Rose Gardens.

We walk across the still dew damp lawn and her kimono brushes over the moisture, drying a path for me. The cool air carries the slightest hint of the woods behind the park. As we walk, she softly sings me a song of a nightingale that pierces its heart on the thorn of a white rose bush to colour the blossoms red. She sings of the song the nightingale sang throughout the night as its blood slowly flowed from its body into the heart of the bush and how the last drop of blood fell out of the thorn before reaching the heart of the bush; of how it sang a final song knowing that it would create something beautiful. She sings about the missing drop of blood and how the roses were pink instead of red. She turns and says, "The nightingale sacrificed itself to create something of beauty for others to hold dear. That is true courage. Always remember that no matter what you do, it has to be more precious to others than to yourself!" She looks into my puzzled face and then into the sky as if trying to find something that might be there to make me understand. We walk on in silence until we reach a hedge, so high and dense that a grown man could hide behind it. We enter the Rose Gardens through the narrow entrance cut into the hedge and walk along the path where beautiful bushes grow in neat rows. The gardener is pruning a tall bush and cutting the yellow roses for the afternoon tea decoration. As we walk, he turns around and winks at me. I smile and give him a small wave back.

At the end of the garden, under the tall hedge there is a bush with faint pink blossoms. My grandmother lets go of my hand and I stand mesmerised on the path, half expecting to see the nightingale's body lying in the moist earth. As if to calm myself I whisper, "God must have asked his angels to bring him something precious from this garden and they must have brought him the body of the nightingale."

Smiling at my words my grandmother gently takes a half opened flower in her hand, leans forward to smell it and with her long elegant fingers plucks two petals from the inside. After thanking the rose she gently releases it. The branch swings back to sway softly. I slowly open my mouth and she places the fragile dew kissed petal onto my tongue. "Only in the morning do the petals on the inside still have all their potency. Once the dew has dried and the rose opens their power is lost." I nod and slowly bite on the fragile petal and feel the intoxicating fragrance flood my mouth. I smile and we start walking back towards the house for breakfast. I look at the sky and blink into the sun.



**EDWARDIAN**  
*two pillar taps with waste, plug and chain*

One good turn, they say, deserves another. Time after time, year after year, these elegant fittings will do you a very good turn. Edwardian style – Edwardian practicality – is apparent in the traditionally English cross-handles with their porcelain inserts. Everything looks and feels just right whether the finish is in luxurious chrome, platinum, platinum matt or durabronze. The solid chain and plug make a similarly historical statement.









**EDWARDIAN**  
*wall-mounted bath/shower mixer*

Function combined with beauty, metal softened by porcelain, this fitting is ageless and timeless. It whispers solid workmanship and dependability. The cross-handled taps are a joy to use, no matter how soapy your hands and the no-nonsense bath/shower lever looks and acts the part.



EDWARDIAN  
*classic-cake*



## EDWARDIAN

*classic-cake*

Smiling faces I can see as I run to a place  
A place I recall from long ago  
A place I long to be and where there are delicious things to eat  
Where row upon row of fancy delights wait patiently  
Like baked petals of colourful sweetness they call out to me

I will be there and wait  
Like an angel to take you to a different heaven  
I will wait for you there to show you all that I have seen  
Under that spell I shall put you  
Under that spell I too long to be  
Just a single taste, they say is enough  
I hope that you will always keep this memory

I have lost all sense of being  
Someone please pass the cake  
Oh, sweet dreams are just as they used to be  
I am not done yet  
I have made a list of all the things I still need to taste  
Come and help me tempt all the angels  
Temptation lies on the tip of my tongue  
Oh, this sweet soul to keep

Let me fall into the creamy darkness of cocoa  
I know that you have always dreamt of diving into the scrumptious stickiness  
Of warm caramel  
I cannot pretend that it doesn't tempt me  
I let myself be caught in powdery softness  
I try to laugh as I hide behind the liquid tears of delight

Lay bare your desires and do so shall I  
I want to taste that little thing there  
As the plate becomes empty a new one arrives to ease our desire  
I will remain by your side as we follow waves of sugary temptations  
Will you stay if I order more?  
I will order anything to have you back by my side  
Once I thought I heard you say: "Enough"  
Is that true? I thought I saw you eying the display  
Come on sweetheart let us get carried away

**EDWARDIAN**  
*three-hole basin mixer*

Continental influences informed English style throughout the 20<sup>th</sup> century as travel broadened the mind and the senses. Inevitably, those intriguing pop-up wastes you might have first encountered on a Paris honeymoon have gained wider approval. Here the concept is effortlessly absorbed into the Edwardian theme, the set affording control of flow and temperature and an uncluttered basin.











**EDWARDIAN**  
*bath/shower mixer*

Duchamp's Urinal, in a poll of 500 art experts, was recently acclaimed the most influential modern art work of all time. This fine example of bathroom sculpture is no less a masterpiece. Standing proud, in every sense, at the end of a Czech & Speake bath, it is a joy to behold. Admire the subtle curves, the sheen of the metal, the matt contrast of the porcelain, the encircling shower hose. The solidity and weight of the shower head is all the reassurance you need at the start of the day.

EDWARDIAN  
*bathrack*

Everything is at hand – your natural sponge, your Czech & Speake soap, your bath brush. This is bathing, old style: this is luxury. The heavy-duty yet elegant rack enhances the appearance of the bath while offering convenience. Convenience which can be increased by fitting a bookrest or a reversible normal/magnifying shaving mirror. Just the thing, you might think, for a gentleman in a hurry, though a gentleman in a hurry has no place in a Czech & Speake bath. Just the thing, then, for a gentleman delaying, for as long as possible, that sad moment when his feet must meet the bathmat.





CUBIST  
*classic-Ascot*



“I am now a pantomime horse and have lived with the Olsens for many years. Mr & Mrs Olsen are a very glamorous couple with all the free time that comes with immense wealth. For want of something better to do they built a circus for their private joy. It is housed on the grounds of their vast estate and the beautiful red leather & fur-lined circus tent is a haven of indulgence and escapism. They sit among the cushions and fur blankets scattered around on the exquisite silk Persian carpets and let themselves be entertained by acrobats, clowns, trapeze artists, magicians and dancers. I am often lead in by Mr Olsen and become part of the sensual atmosphere that they have conjured up. I was not always part of their very elusive private world and it is my love for hats that elicited the life I now lead.

I come from a long and successful lineage of thoroughbred racehorses that can be traced back to the courts of George III. After he was declared insane, Queen Charlotte, his wife and custodian, ordered racehorses to be bred solely to compete in the prestigious race of Royal Ascot. My ancestors and I had only one reason to exist – to win this race. Another thing I should mention for you to understand what a rarity I am: in every generation there is only one horse that fulfils all the requirements necessary to be trained as a champion. I was a true blue blood pedigree in the Royal Stables.

From the age of two, a trainer worked with me to build me up for my destiny as a champion racehorse. I took to the training regime extremely well. I had it all: explosive power, stamina beyond anything seen before and speed that amazed even the most seasoned jockeys. I was beautiful and the best. After being told about my amazing talent and promise, my owner the Queen used to make it a habit of coming to watch my training regularly. After a successful run she would visit me in my box to stroke my nose and look at me with a glow of satisfactory pride.

Finally in my fourth year it was announced that I was ready to be raced at Royal Ascot. My destiny was calling me and I opened my eager heart to show the world what makes a true champion. The June race day dawned with the cool sunshine creeping over the meadows. After very careful pre-race preparations my ankles were taped, my tail braided and tied and I was loaded into an air-conditioned truck that took me the few miles to the Ascot racecourse. Arriving in the paddock, I was led into an enclosure screened off from the public. I cannot explain the giddiness I felt and the rush that ran through my body, and closed my eyes to let the excitement intoxicate me. The air around me was buzzing with the vibrations of all the people moving around the tents, grandstands, the viewing paddocks and the Royal Enclosure. I was sure that something great was going to happen to me but I could never have imagined just how much that day was going to change my destiny. A noticeable silence was followed by rapturous applause as I was led out into the paddock swarmed by an ocean of people. What a sight!

Never before had I felt this exhilarated. It was like the most amazingly beautiful vision that I had ever seen until then. No perfect green racetrack could have pleased my eyes; no ever so perfect run could have made me feel higher than the multitude of fancy hats that were before me. I could hardly walk in a straight line as I was being led around the paddock. I wanted to stop and admire each new hat that I discovered in all its details. I stood on the shore of a sea of hats. Big hats, small hats with green ribbons, hats wrapped around the head, hats on the head shaped like a ship, hats behind the head. Hats with feathers, hats with fruit, hats with both. Hats tilted to the left, hats tilted to the right, hats that fit, hats that were too big, hats that were too small. Hats that were like rainbows with their pot of gold, hats that were simple, big hats with black & white stripes, hats that were red decorated with birds. Hats with beautiful women in beautiful dresses, hats with ugly women in beautiful dresses, hats with beautiful women in too short dresses. Hats that were like a kiss, hats that were like a lullaby, hats that were just an alibi. Hats with rims reaching for the sky, hats with veils of pink gauze, hats so sweet that they were like woven French fancies...

Oh, I just didn't know where to look because a never-ending stream of new hats was paraded in front of my eyes. I loved it and could not get enough. I was drunk on the beauty of the sheer magnitude of the presence of all the hats around me just as their owners were drunk on the champagne they were sipping. Oh, I didn't want to leave! As they tried to lead me away I refused, my nostrils flaring with the urgency not to miss another hat. I fought against all the labour of love that had been put into grooming me for this very day. I fought against the weight of my lineage. I fought against the blinkered exaltation of my existence when I could be living like this.

The next day I made the front page of almost every newspaper in the world because the Queen had come to stand next to me and I, blinded by my newfound passion for the hats, had made a spectacle of myself and knocked my Monarch over. She was very sweet about it and put it down to my youthful inexperience. She was wrong.

I did not race that day nor any other day. Every time I arrived at a racetrack the urge to watch all the hats was far too strong for me to even consider concentrating on the race. This went on for a year and finally my owner, the Queen, ordered me to be sold to make place for a successor. Even though I had failed to fulfil my destiny, I was still a thoroughbred of royal descent and couldn't be allowed to fall into the wrong hands. So an auction with carefully vetted bidders was organised to find me a new home.

That is how I met Mr & Mrs Olsen. They outbid everybody and I came to live with them. I am a pantomime horse after all!”





**CUBIST**  
*three-hole basin mixer*

Dependability meets taste in this restrained art deco treatment. Nevertheless the range retains the timeless attributes characteristic of the brand. Clean lines and understated geometry ensure it will be at home in any setting. The retention of cross-handled taps proves that an ergonomic solution cannot be bettered.



**CUBIST**  
*three-hole basin mixer*

These Cubist fittings bear the hallmark of exceptional craftsmanship. A truly authentic art deco artefact. The elegant lines and geometric forms, innovative in their day and designed for a discerning luxury market, have stood the test of time and are the testament to the owner's style and taste.







PROGRAMME

**EDWARDIAN**  
programme  
*fittings*



17 510 581 / 17 510 582  
PILLAR TAP, COLD/HOT  
*130 mm projection*



10 250 581  
POP-UP WASTE 1 1/4"  
*with plug and chain waste*



13 900 581 + 20 000 581 + 20 000 582 + 2x 04 23 30 040 00-00  
THREE-HOLE BIDET MIXER  
*115 mm projection*



20 700 581  
THREE-HOLE BASIN MIXER  
*120 mm projection*



20 702 581  
THREE-HOLE BASIN MIXER  
*120 mm projection, with plug and chain waste*



20 000 581 / 20 000 582  
1/2" DECK VALVE, COLD/HOT

**EDWARDIAN**  
programme  
*fittings*



25 000 581 + 28 608 581 + 28 532 581  
BATH MIXER WITH SHOWER  
WITH FIXED RISER

EDWARDIAN  
programme  
*fittings*



25 033 581 + 27 830 581  
TWO-HOLE BATH MIXER WITH STAND FEET



27 830 581  
COMPLETE HAND SHOWER SET  
*with metal hand shower*



26 110 581 + 28 605 581 + 28 532 581  
SHOWER MIXER  
WITH SHOWER WITH FIXED RISER

EDWARDIAN  
programme  
*fittings*



29 505 581  
3/4" CONCEALED SHOWER THERMOSTAT



36 310 581  
WALL VALVE



34 435 581 + 28 605 581 + 28 532 581  
SHOWER THERMOSTAT  
WITH SHOWER WITH FIXED RISER

EDWARDIAN  
programme  
*fittings*



36 104 581  
CONCEALED TWO- AND THREE-WAY DIVERTER

EDWARDIAN  
programme  
*fittings*



28 610 581 + 28 532 581  
RAIN SHOWER WITH WALL CONNECTION



28 531 581  
SHOWER ROSE  
*130 mm*



28 605 581 + 28 532 581  
RISER AND SHOWER ARM WITH SHOWER ROSE



28 532 581  
SHOWER ROSE  
*200 mm*



28 533 581  
SHOWER ROSE  
*300 mm*

EDWARDIAN  
programme  
*fittings*



26 403 581  
COMPLETE SHOWER SET  
*with metal hand shower*



27 803 581  
COMPLETE HAND SHOWER SET  
*with metal hand shower*



83 030 581  
BATH GRIP  
450 mm



83 200 581  
TOWEL RING



83 045 581 / 83 060 581 / 83 075 581  
TOWEL BAR  
450 mm / 600 mm / 750 mm



83 046 581 / 83 061 581 / 83 076 581  
DOUBLE TOWEL BAR  
450 mm / 600 mm / 750 mm

EDWARDIAN  
programme  
*accessories*

EDWARDIAN  
programme  
*accessories*



83 250 581  
HOOKS



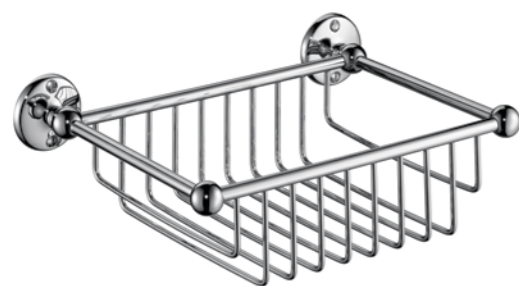
83 256 581  
TWIN HOOKS



83 402 581  
DOUBLE TUMBLER HOLDER  
*wall model*



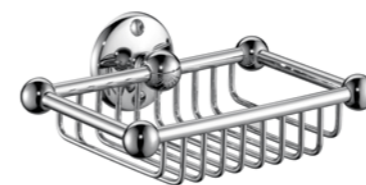
83 410 581  
SOAP DISH  
*wall model*



83 290 581  
SPONGE BASKET  
*wall model*



83 400 581  
TUMBLER HOLDER  
*wall model*



83 280 581  
SOAP BASKET  
*wall model*



84 812 581  
TOOTHBRUSH HOLDER  
*freestanding*

EDWARDIAN  
programme  
*accessories*

EDWARDIAN  
programme  
*accessories*



83 281 581  
CORNER SOAP BASKET



83 445 581 / 83 460 581 / 83 475 581  
SHELF  
460 mm / 610 mm / 760 mm



83 814 581  
EXTENDIBLE SHAVING/MAKE-UP MIRROR  
*wall model*



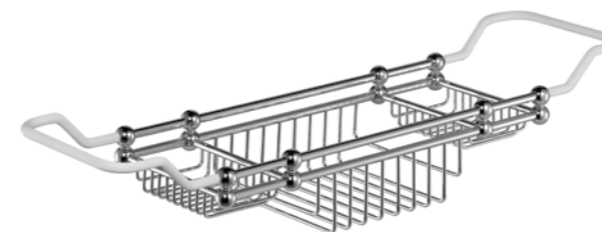
84 814 581  
SHAVING/MAKE-UP MIRROR  
*freestanding*



83 500 581  
TISSUE HOLDER  
*quick release*



83 910 581  
TOILET BRUSH SET  
*wall model*



84 840 581  
BATHRACK



84 845 581  
BATHRACK WITH DOUBLE-SIDED MIRROR

EDWARDIAN  
programme  
*accessories*

EDWARDIAN KITCHEN  
programme  
*fittings*



19 126 581  
TWO-HOLE SINK BRIDGE MIXER  
*260 mm projection*



19 125 581  
TWO-HOLE SINK BRIDGE MIXER  
*215 mm projection*



19 136 581  
TWO-HOLE SINK BRIDGE MIXER  
*260 mm projection*

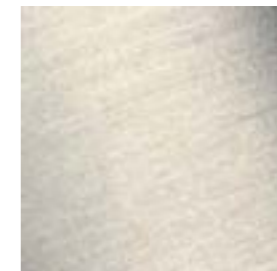


19 135 581  
TWO-HOLE SINK BRIDGE MIXER  
*215 mm projection*

EDWARDIAN  
finishes  
*fittings & accessories*



*-00 polished chrome*



*-06 platinum matt*



*-08 platinum*



*-09 Durabronz™*

*Due to the printing technique used here, the colours shown above may vary from the true colours of the actual finish.*

EDWARDIAN  
programme  
*bathtubs*



62 000 581  
FREESTANDING BATH  
*with claw feet and waste system*



BATH WASTE\*

*\*Detail of freestanding bath*

EDWARDIAN  
programme & finishes  
*bathtubs*



62 200 581 + 62 500 581 + 62 600 581  
INSET BATH  
*with panels*



*-22 white alpine*



*-70 mahogany*



*-00 polished chrome\*\**



*-08 platinum\*\**



*-09 Durabronz™\*\**

*\*\* claw feet*

*Due to the printing technique used here, the colours shown above may vary from the true colours of the actual finish.*

EDWARDIAN  
programme  
*furniture*



64 000 581 + 83 151 581  
VANITY UNIT  
*with mirror*

EDWARDIAN  
programme & finishes  
*furniture*



64 500 581  
STOOL



64 300 581  
WHATNOT



*-70 mahogany*

*Due to the printing technique used here, the colours shown above may vary from the true colours of the actual finish.*

CUBIST  
programme  
*fittings*



20 700 583  
THREE-HOLE BASIN MIXER  
*120 mm projection*



27 612 583  
DECK-MOUNTED BATH MIXER  
*195 mm projection*



27 703 583  
DECK-MOUNTED SHOWER ASSEMBLY



36 790 583  
WALL-MOUNTED BATH MIXER  
*200 mm projection*



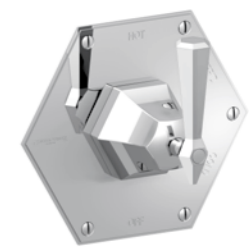
27 512 583  
DECK-MOUNTED BATH MIXER AND HAND SHOWER  
*195 mm projection*



20 000 583 / 20 000 584  
1/2" DECK VALVE, COLD/HOT



13 801 583  
WALL-MOUNTED BATH SPOUT  
*200 mm projection*



29 505 583  
3/4" CONCEALED SHOWER THERMOSTAT

CUBIST  
programme  
*fittings*

CUBIST  
programme  
*fittings*

CUBIST  
finishes  
*fittings*



36 310 583  
WALL VALVE



36 104 583  
CONCEALED TWO- AND THREE-WAY DIVERTER



*-00 polished chrome*



*-08 platinum*



27 803 583  
COMPLETE HAND SHOWER SET  
*with metal hand shower*



28 506 583  
SHOWER HEAD

*Due to the printing technique used here, the colours shown above may vary from the true colours of the actual finish.*

CUBIST  
programme  
*furniture*



64 000 583 + 83 110 583  
VANITY UNIT  
*with mirror*

CUBIST  
programme & finishes  
*furniture*



64 700 583  
BENCH



*-75 black high-gloss varnish*



*-00 polished chrome\**



*-08 platinum\**

*\* feet and handles*

*Due to the printing technique used here, the colours shown above may vary from the true colours of the actual finish.*

FS  
programme  
*ceramics*



60 070 599 + 61 000 599  
WASHBASIN WITH PEDESTAL

FS  
programme  
*ceramics*



60 450 599  
HANDWASHBASIN



60 350 599  
UNDERCOUNTER WASHBASIN



60 740 599  
BIDET

FS  
programme  
*ceramics*



60 815 599  
WASHDOWN WC FOR CLOSE-COUPLED WC-SUITE  
*with lever*



60 810 599  
WASHDOWN WC FOR CLOSE-COUPLED WC-SUITE  
*with dual push button*

FS  
finishes  
*ceramics*



*-22 white alpine*



*-70 mahogany*



*-00 polished chrome\**



*-08 platinum\**



*-09 Durabronz™\**

*\*metal elements*

*Due to the printing technique used here, the colours shown above may vary from the true colours of the actual finish.*

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CZECH & SPEAKE  
Am Großen Teich 29, D-58640 Iserlohn  
Phone +49 (0) 23 71/4 33-465, Fax +49 (0) 23 71/4 33-59 09  
[WWW.CZECHANDSPEAKE.COM](http://WWW.CZECHANDSPEAKE.COM)