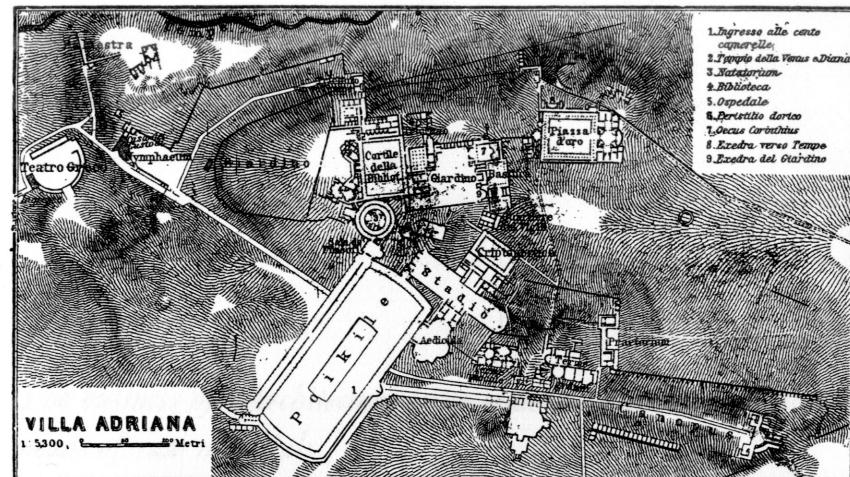


on a problem which has been well stated. Architecture means plastic invention, intellectual speculation, higher mathematics. Architecture is a very noble art.

Standardization is imposed by the law of selection and is an economic and social necessity. Harmony is a state of agreement with the norms of our universe. Beauty governs all; she is of purely human creation; she is the overplus necessary only to men of the highest type.

But we must first of all aim at the setting up of standards in order to face the problem of perfection.



HADRIAN'S VILLA NEAR TIVOLI, A.D. 130

*Architecture is a plastic thing,
The spirit of order, a unity of invention,
The sense of relationship, a connection always with nature and man.
Purified, it creates beauty out of itself.*

ARCHITECTURE

I

THE LESSON OF ROME

ARCHITECTURE
IS A PLASTIC
ART.
THERE IS NO
MORALITY IN IT.

The business of Architecture is to establish emotional relationships by means of raw materials.

Architecture goes beyond utilitarian needs.

Architecture is a plastic thing.

The spirit of order, a unity of intention.

The sense of relationships ; architecture deals with quantities.

Passion can create drama out of inert stone.

Rome dominates everything. Rome is a city where everything is sold. All the symbols of civilization have remained there—the child's toy, the soldier's weapons, the sumptuous food, clothes, the books of the Borgias and the adventurer's plumes. In Rome, the high reaches are begun.

If one remembers the Greeks one realises the Roman had bad taste, the publican, John II and Victoria Eugenie.

Ancient Rome was packed within walls always too narrow. A city is not beautiful which is built all together. A masterpiece Rome had its portuguese cathedrals, spread about in all the corners of the city. The Rome of Victor Emmanuel's reign is legacy, when God preserves in, and results in, according in the legend of the "Christian and proletarian" "Roman" by

You employ stone, wood and concrete, and with these materials you build houses and palaces. That is construction. Ingenuity is at work.

But suddenly you touch my heart, you do me good, I am happy and I say : " This is beautiful." That is Architecture. Art enters in.

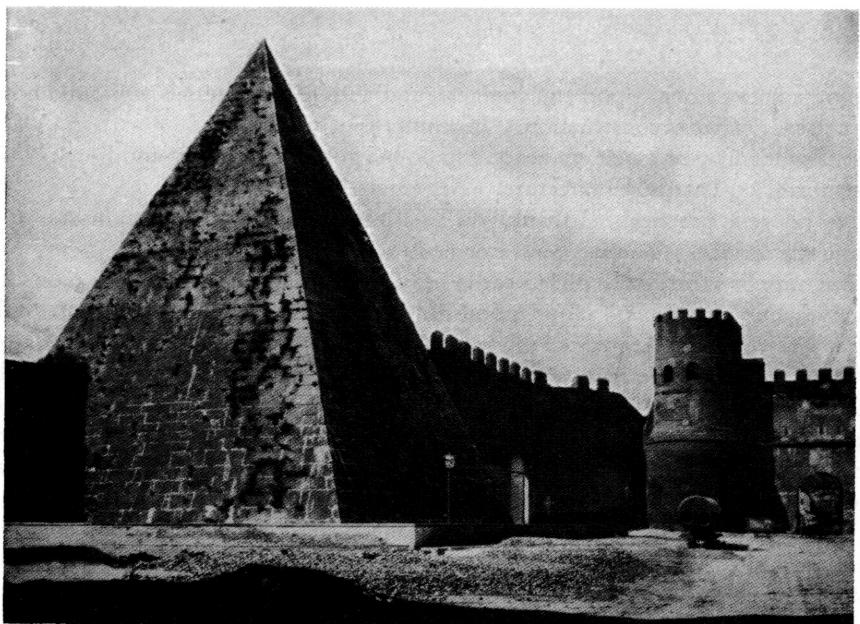
My house is practical. I thank you, as I might thank Railway engineers, or the Telephone service. You have not touched my heart.

But suppose that walls rise towards heaven in such a way that I am moved. I perceive your intentions. Your mood has been gentle, brutal, charming or noble. The stones you have erected tell me so. You fix me to the place and my eyes regard it. They behold something which expresses a thought. A thought which reveals itself without word or sound, but solely by means of shapes which stand in a certain relationship to one another. These shapes are such that they are clearly revealed in light. The relationships between them have not necessarily any reference to what is practical or descriptive. They are a mathematical creation of your mind. They are the language of Architecture. By the use of raw materials and *starting from* conditions more or less utilitarian, you have established certain relationships which have aroused my emotions. This is Architecture.

ROME is a picturesque spot. The sunlight there is so lovely that it excuses everything. Rome is a bazaar where everything is sold. All the utensils of the life of a race have remained there—the child's toy, the soldier's weapons, the ecclesiastical old clothes, the bidets of the Borgias and the adventurer's plumes. In Rome the uglinesses are legion.

If one remembers the Greeks one feels that the Roman had bad taste, the pukka Roman, Julius II and Victor-Emmanuel.

Ancient Rome was packed within walls always too narrow ; a city is not beautiful which is huddled together. Renaissance Rome had its pompous outbursts, spread about in all the corners of the city. The Rome of Victor-Emmanuel garners its legacy, tickets and preserves it, and installs its modern life in the corridors of this museum, and proclaims itself " Roman " by



THE PYRAMID OF CESTIUS, 12 B.C.

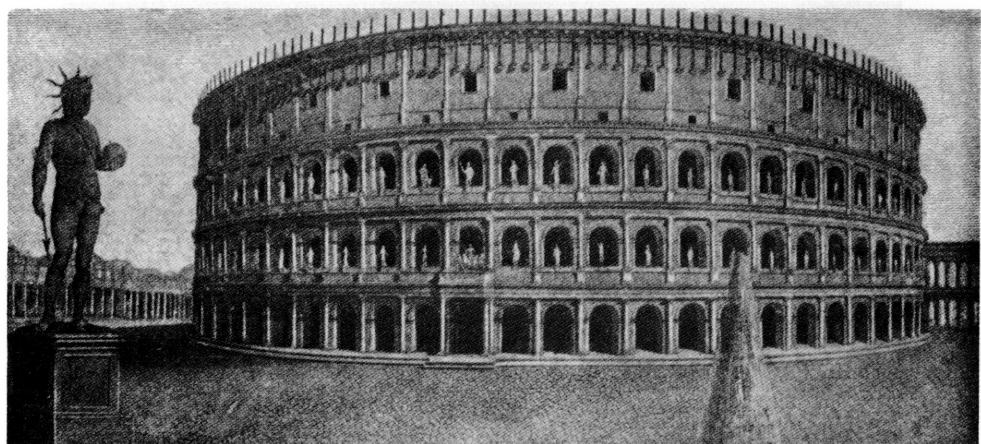
the Memorial to Victor-Emmanuel I in the centre of the city between the Capitol and the Forum . . . a work of forty years, something bigger than anything else, and in white marble !

Without doubt everything is too huddled together in Rome.

I

ANCIENT ROME

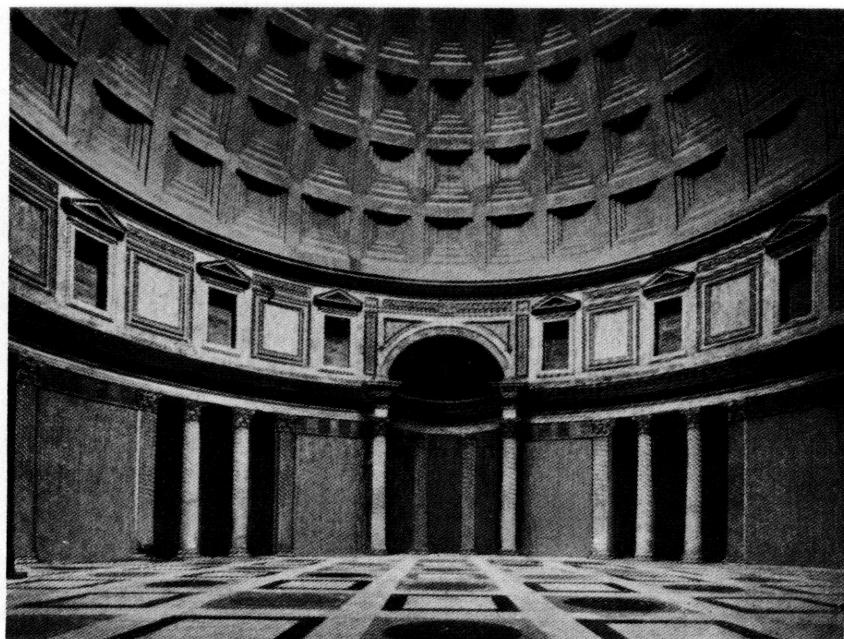
Rome's business was to conquer the world and govern it. Strategy, recruiting, legislation : the spirit of order. In order to manage a large business house, it is essential to adopt some fundamental, simple and unexceptionable principles. The



THE COLOSSEUM, A.D. 80



THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, A.D. 12

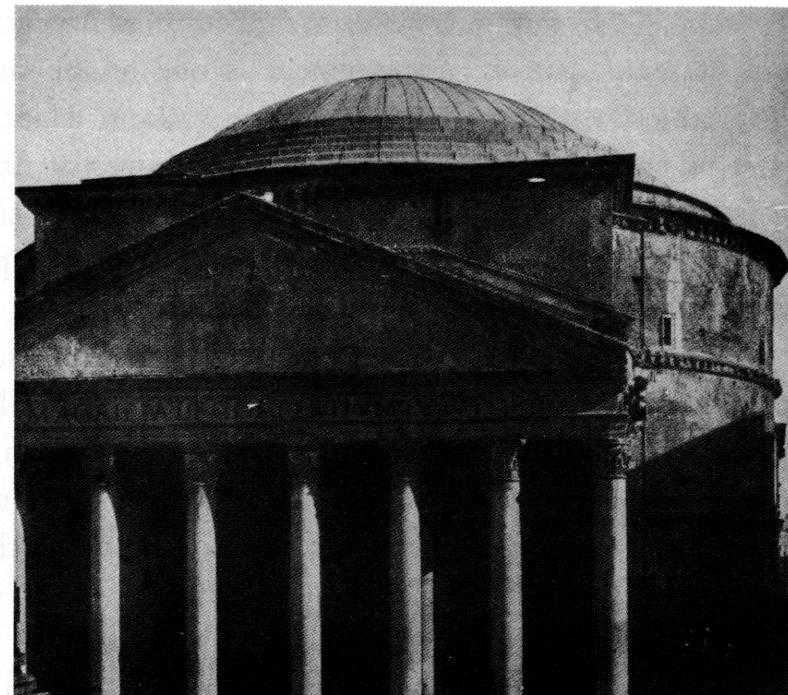


INTERIOR OF THE PANTHEON, A.D. 120

Roman order was simple and direct. If it was brutal, so much the worse—or so much the better.

They had enormous desires for domination and organization. Old Rome as regards architecture had nothing to show, the city walls were too crowded, the houses were piled up ten storeys high—the sky-scraper of the ancients. The Forum must have been ugly, a little like the bric-à-brac of the sacred city of Delphi. Town planning, a large lay-out! There was none of this.

Pompeii must be seen, appealing in its rectangular plan. They had conquered Greece and, like good barbarians, they found the Corinthian order more beautiful than the Doric,



THE PANTHEON, A.D. 120

because it was more ornate. On then with the acanthus capitals, and entablatures decorated with little discretion or taste! But underneath this there was something Roman, as we shall see. Briefly, they constructed superb chassis, but they designed deplorable coachwork rather like the landaus of Louis XIV. Outside Rome, where there was space, they built Hadrian's Villa. One can meditate there on the greatness of Rome. There, they really planned. It is the first example of Western planning on the grand scale. If we cite Greece on this score we may say that “the Greek was a sculptor and

nothing more." But wait a little, architecture is not only a question of arrangement. Arrangement is one of the fundamental prerogatives of architecture. To walk in Hadrian's Villa and to have to admit that the modern power of organization (which after all is "Roman") has done nothing so far —what a torment this is to a man who feels that he is a party to this ingenuous failure!

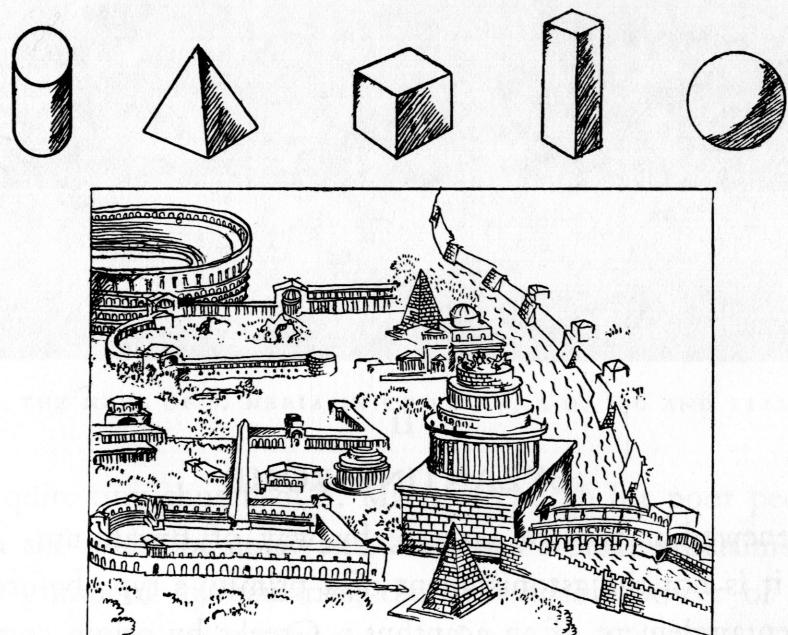
They did not have before them the problem of devastated regions, but that of equipping conquered regions; it is all one and the same. So they invented methods of construction and with these they did impressive things—"Roman." The word has a meaning. Unity of operation, a clear aim in view, classification of the various parts. Immense cupolas, with their supporting drums, imposing vaulting, all held together with Roman cement; these still remain an object of admiration. They were great constructors.

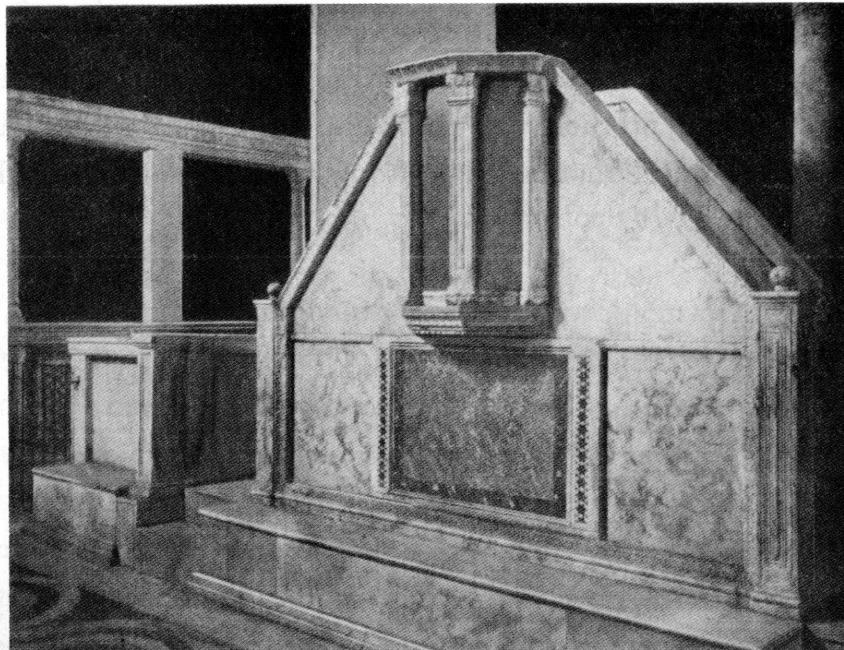
A clear aim, the classification of parts, these are a proof of a special turn of mind: strategy, legislation. Architecture is susceptible to these aims, and repays them with interest. The light plays on pure forms, and repays them with interest. Simple masses develop immense surfaces which display themselves with a characteristic variety according as it is a question of cupolas, vaulting, cylinders, rectangular prisms or pyramids. The adornment of the surfaces is of the same geometrical order. The Pantheon, the Colosseum, the Aqueducts, the Pyramid of Cestius, the Triumphal Arches, the Basilica of Constantine, the Baths of Caracalla.

Absence of verbosity, good arrangement, a single idea,

daring and unity in construction, the use of elementary shapes. A sane morality.

Let us retain, from these Romans, their bricks and their Roman cement and their Travertine and we will sell the Roman marble to the millionaires. The Romans knew nothing of the use of marble.



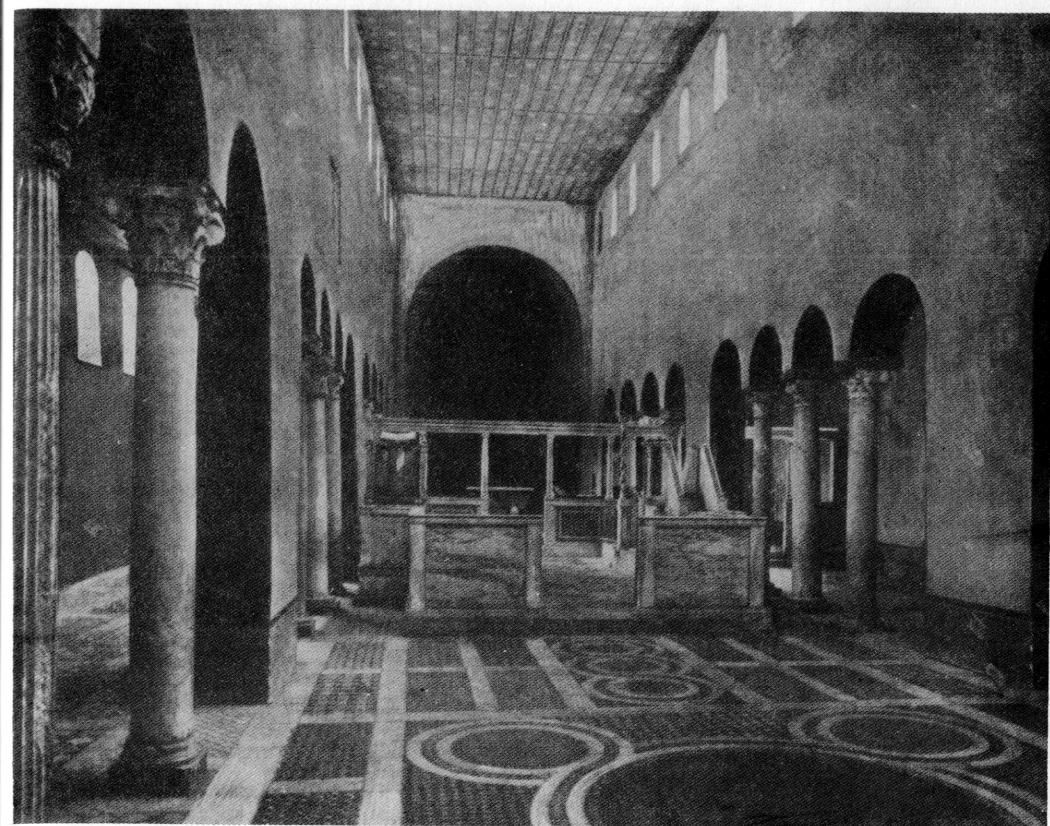


INTERIOR OF S. MARIA IN COSMEDIN

II

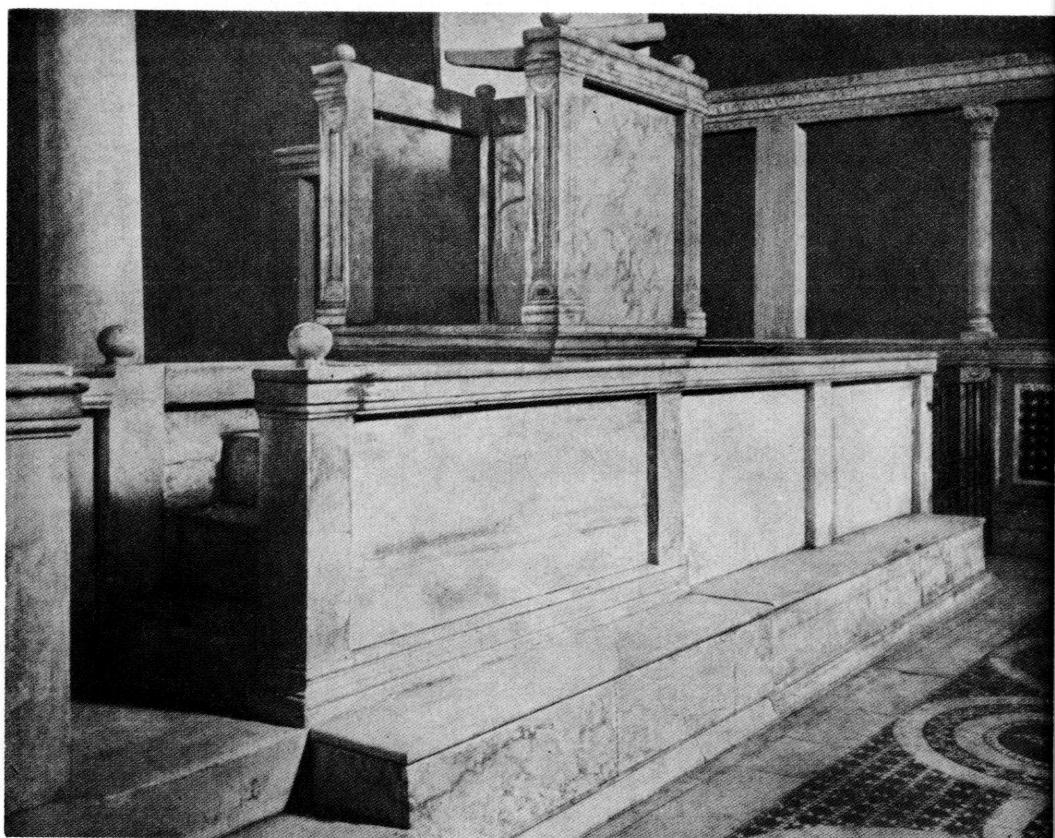
BYZANTINE ROME

Renewed impact of Greece, by way of Byzantium. This time it is not the astonishment of a primitive type before the rich entanglement of an acanthus : Greeks by origin come to Rome to build S. Maria in Cosmedin. A Greece very far from Phidias but one which has kept the root of the matter, that is to say the sense of relationships and the mathematical precision thanks to which perfection becomes approachable.



THE NAVE OF S. MARIA IN COSMEDIN, A.D. 790 AND 1120

This quite tiny church of S. Maria, a church for poor people, set in the midst of noisy and luxurious Rome, proclaims the noble pomp of mathematics, the unassailable power of proportion, the sovereign eloquence of relationship. The design is merely that of the ordinary basilica, that is to say the form of architecture in which barns and hangars are built. The walls are of rough lime plaster. There is only one colour, white ; always powerful since it is positive. This tiny church commands



THE PULPIT IN S. MARIA IN COSMEDIN

your respect. "Oh!" you exclaim, coming from St. Peter's or the Palatine or the Colosseum. The sensualists in art, the animalists in art would be annoyed by S. Maria in Cosmedin. To think that this church was in existence in Rome when the great Renaissance was in full swing with its gilded palaces and its horrors!

Greece by way of Byzantium, a pure creation of the spirit. Architecture is nothing but ordered arrangement, noble prisms,

seen in light. There exists one thing which can ravish us, and this is measure or scale. To achieve scale! To map out in rhythmical quantities, animated by an even impulse, to bring life into the whole by means of a unifying and subtle relationship, to balance, to *resolve the equation*. For, if this expression may be a paradox in talking of painting, it fits well with architecture; with architecture which does not concern itself with representation or with any element that relates to the human countenance, with architecture which works by *quantities*.

These quantities provide a mass of material as a basis for work; brought into measure, introduced into the equation, they result in rhythms, they speak to us of numbers, of relationships, of mind.

In the balanced silence of S. Maria in Cosmedin there stand out the sloping handrail of a pulpit and the inclined stone book-rest of an ambo in a conjunction as silent as a gesture of assent. These two quiet oblique lines which are fused in the perfect movement of a spiritual mechanics—this is the pure and simple beauty that architecture can give.

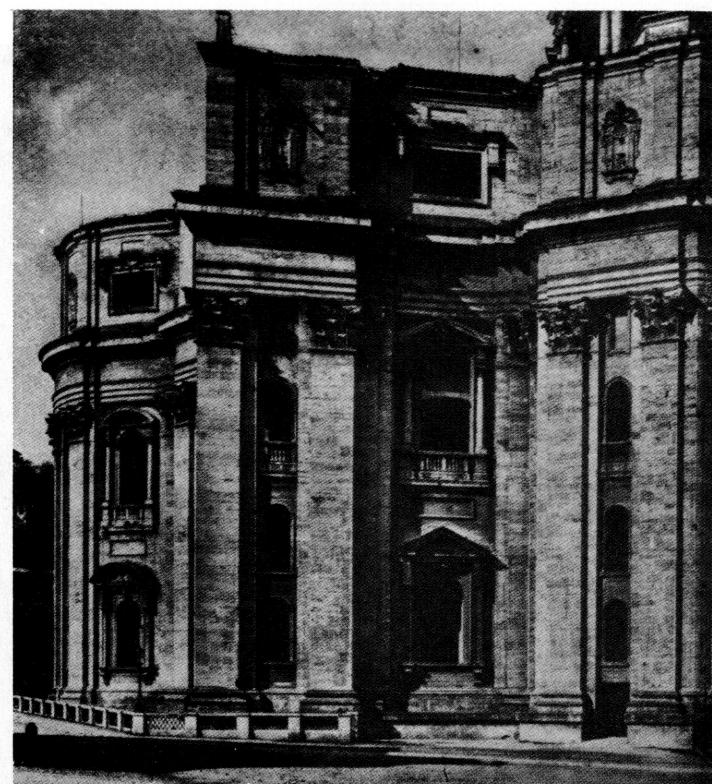


THE APSES OF ST. PETER'S AT ROME

III

MICHAEL ANGELO

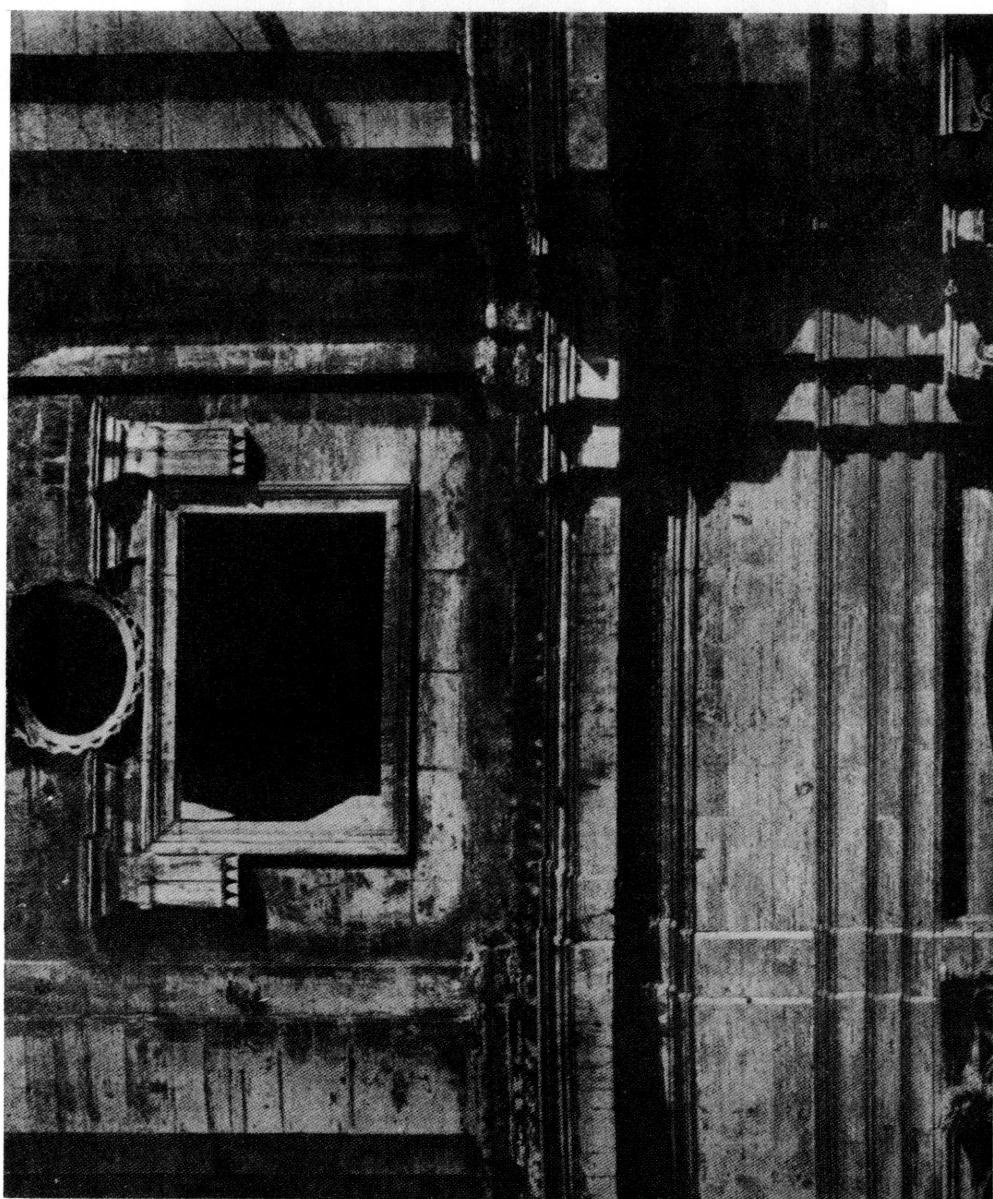
Intelligence and passion ; there is no art without emotion, no emotion without passion. Stones are dead things sleeping in the quarries but the apses of St. Peter's are a drama. Drama lies all round the key achievements of humanity. The drama of Architecture is the same as that of the man who lives by and through the universe. The Parthenon is moving ; the Egyptian Pyramids, of granite once polished and shining like



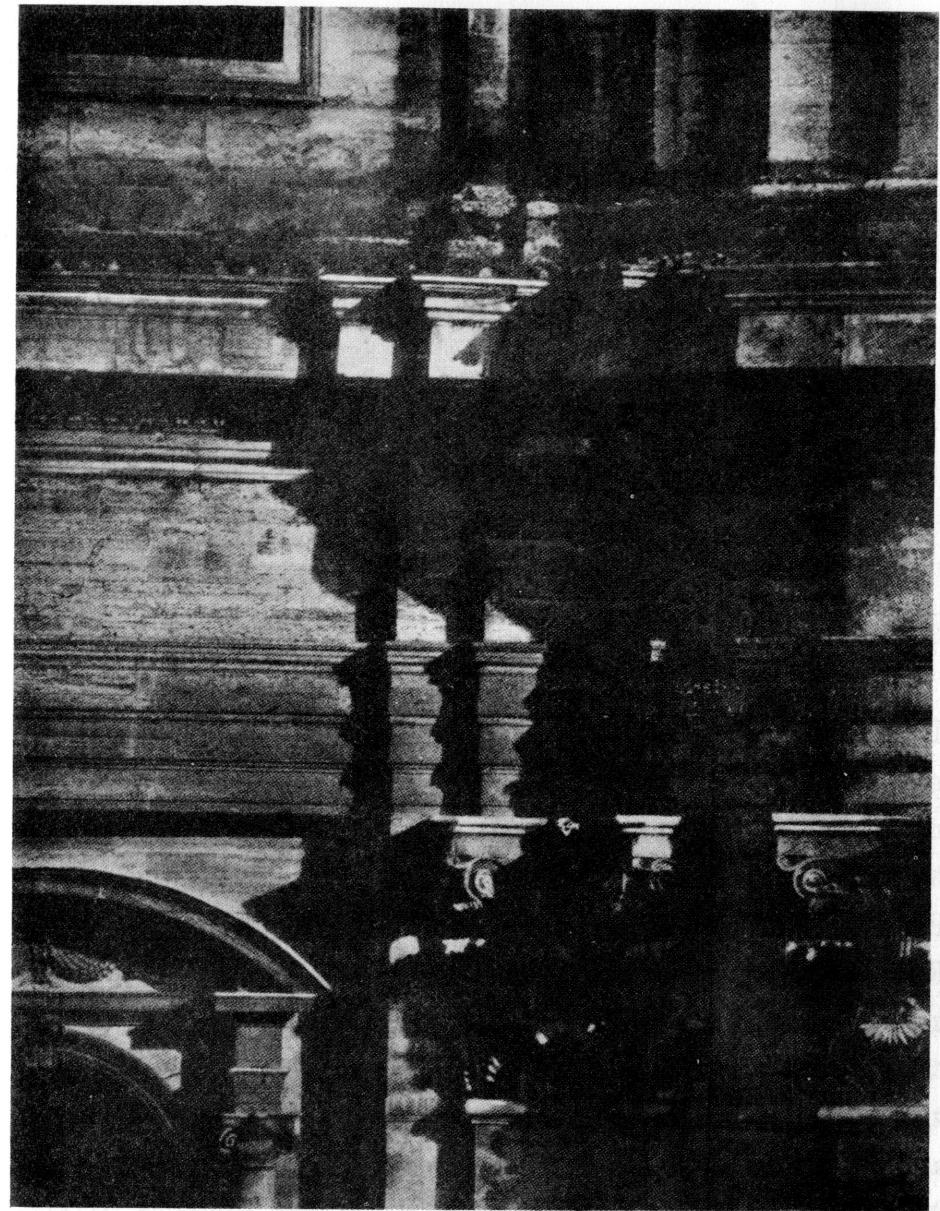
THE APSES OF ST. PETER'S

steel, were moving. To give forth emanations, storm, gentle breezes on plain and sea, to raise mighty Alps with the pebbles that go to form the walls of men's houses, this is to succeed in a symphony of relationships.

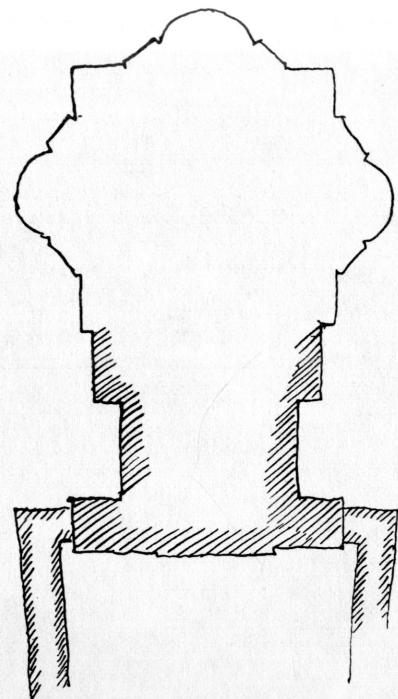
As the man, so the drama, so the architecture. We must not assert with too much conviction that the masses give rise to their man. A *man* is an exceptional phenomenon occurring at long intervals, perhaps by chance, perhaps in accordance with the pulsation of a cosmography not yet understood.



THE ATTIC STOREY OF ST. PETER'S



ENTABLATURE OF THE APSES OF ST. PETER'S (MICHAEL ANGELO)

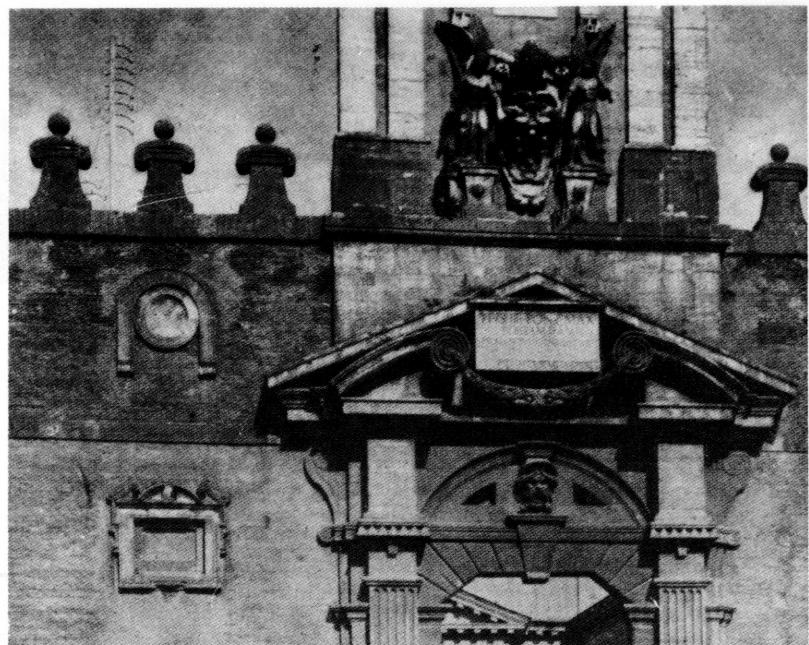


PLAN OF ST. PETER'S AS IT EXISTS

The Nave has been extended as shown by the shading ; Michael Angelo had something to say ; it has all been destroyed.

Michael Angelo is the man of the last thousand years as Phidias was the man of the thousand years before. The Renaissance did not produce Michael Angelo, it only produced a crowd of talented fellows.

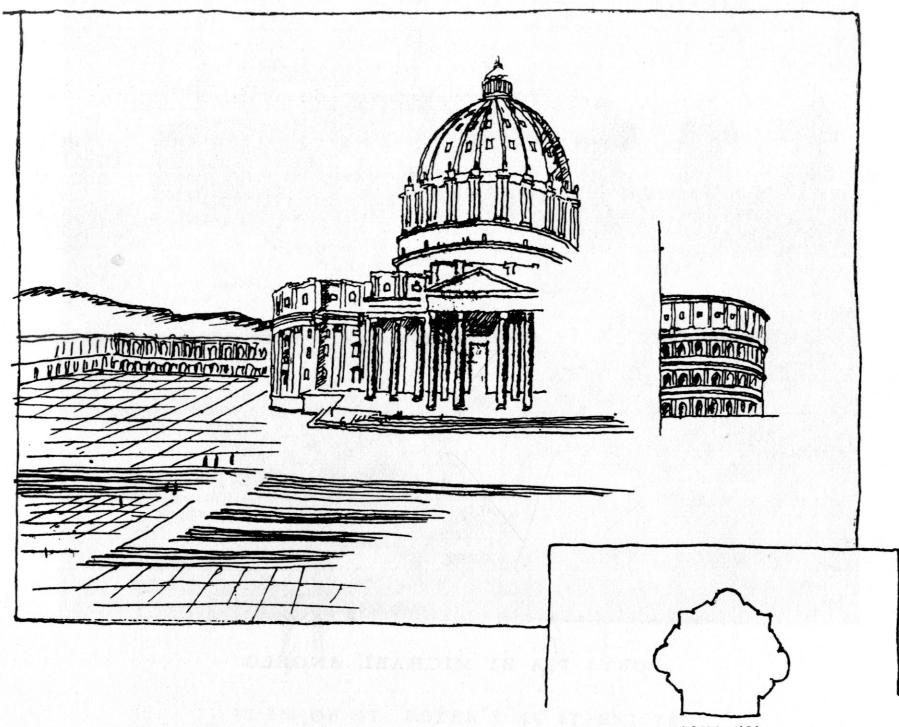
The work of Michael Angelo is a *creation*, not a Renaissance, and overshadows the classical epochs. The apses of St. Peter's are Corinthian. Imagine it ! Look at them and think of the Madeleine. He had seen the Colosseum and retained its rare proportions ; the Thermæ of Caracalla and the Basilica of Con-



PORTA PIA BY MICHAEL ANGELO

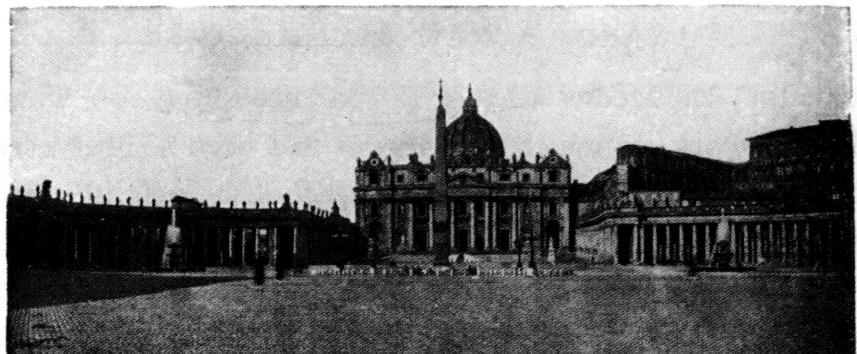
stantine showed him the limits which he could expediently exceed in his high aims. And so we have the rotundas, the set-backs, the intersecting walls, the drum of the dome, the hypostyle porch, a gigantic geometry of harmonious relationships. Then we have renewed rhythms in the stylobates, pilasters, and entablatures of entirely new sections. Then the windows and niches which begin the rhythm yet once again. The total mass provides an arresting novelty in the dictionary of architecture ; it is salutary to stop and reflect for a moment on this thunderbolt, after the Quintocento.

Finally, St. Peter's should have had an interior which would have been the monumental climax of a S. Maria in



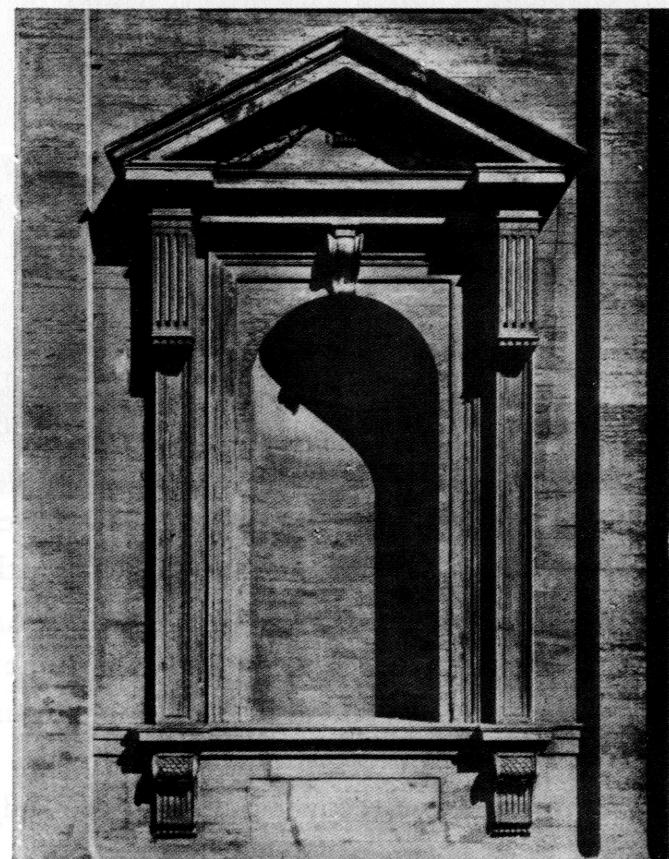
ST. PETER'S. SCHEME BY MICHAEL ANGELO (1547-1564)

The dimensions are considerable. To construct such a dome in stone was a tour de force that few men would have dared. St. Peter's covers an area of about 18,000 square yards as against Notre Dame, about 7,000 square yards, and Sta. Sophia at Constantinople about 8,000. The dome is 404 feet in height; the width across the transepts is 150 yards. The general arrangement of the apses and of the Attic storey is allied to that of the Colosseum; the heights are the same. The whole scheme was a complete unity; it grouped together elements of the noblest and richest kind: the Portico, the cylinders, the square shapes, the drum, the dome. The mouldings are of an intensely passionate character, harsh and pathetic. The whole design would have risen as a single mass, unique and entire. The eye would have taken it in as one thing. Michael Angelo completed the apses and the drum of the dome. The rest fell into barbarian hands; all was spoilt. Mankind lost one of the highest works of human intelligence. If one can imagine Michael Angelo as cognizant of the disaster, we have a terrifying drama.



THE PIAZZA OF ST. PETER'S AS IT IS

Verbose and awkward. Bernini's Colonnade is beautiful in itself. The facade is beautiful in itself, but bears no relation to the Dome. The real aim of the building was the Dome; it has been hidden! The Dome was in a proper relation to the apses: they have been hidden. The Portico was a solid mass: it has become merely a front



A WINDOW IN THE APSES OF ST. PETER'S

Cosmedin ; the Medici Chapel at Florence shows on what a scale this work, of which the pattern had been so well established, would have been realized. But foolish and thoughtless Popes dismissed Michael Angelo ; miserable men have murdered St. Peter's within and without. It has become stupidly enough the St. Peter's of to-day, like a very rich and pushing cardinal, lacking . . . *everything*. Immense loss ! A passion, an intelligence beyond normal—this was the Everlasting Yea ; it has become sadly enough a “ perhaps,” an “ apparently,” an “ it may be,” an “ I am not sure.” Wretched failure !

Since this chapter is entitled *Architecture*, it may be thought excusable to speak therein of the passion of a man.

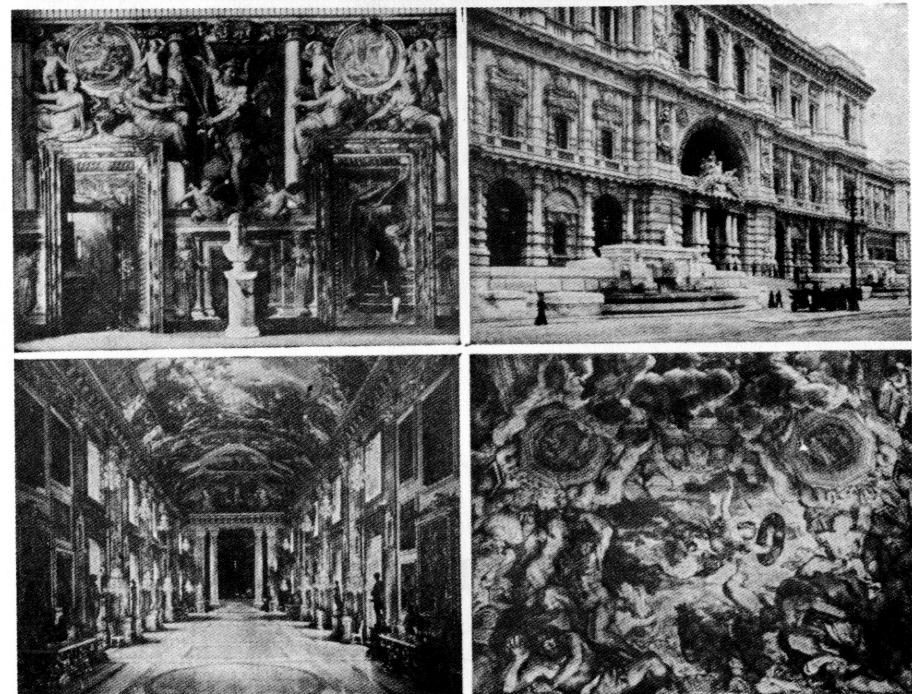
IV

ROME AND OURSELVES

Rome is a bazaar in full swing, and a picturesque one. There you find every sort of horror (see the four reproductions here given) and the bad taste of the Roman Renaissance. We have to judge this Renaissance by our modern taste, which separates us from it by four great centuries of effort, the 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th.

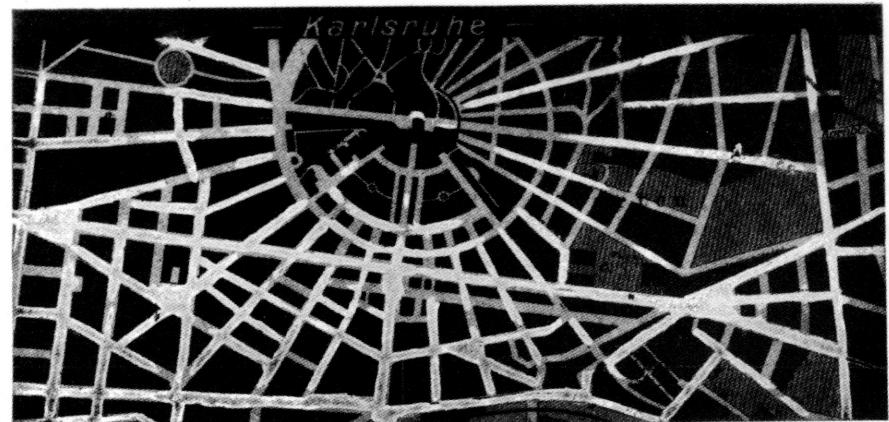
We reap the benefit of this endeavour ; we judge hardly, but with a warrantable severity. These four centuries are lacking at Rome, which fell asleep after Michael Angelo. Setting foot once again in Paris, we recover our ability to judge.

The lesson of Rome is for wise men, for those who know and can appreciate, who can resist and can verify. Rome is the damnation of the half-educated. To send architectural students to Rome is to cripple them for life. The Grand Prix de Rome and the Villa Medici are the cancer of French architecture.



THE ROME OF HORRORS

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Renaissance Rome. <i>The Castel Saint Angelo.</i>
2. Renaissance Rome. <i>The Galleria Colonna</i> | 1. Modern Rome. <i>The Palazzo di Giustizia.</i>
2. Renaissance Rome. <i>The Palazzo Barberini.</i> |
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PLAN OF THE CITY OF CARLSRUHE

arrangement, the gradation of areas, the classification of regions, the grouping of objects.

One looks at the creation of architecture with his eyes, which are a far sight from the ground. One can only consider what which the man can apprehend with intention, which takes into account a structural identity of the object, which can be measured by the grouping of objects.

ARCHITECTURE
of plans, just
as the grouping of objects, is a means of creating a plan, through a longing towards unity.

II

THE ILLUSION OF PLANS