

This revival of interest in space was of the greatest significance. The art of architecture, the heart of architecture, the thing that quickens the pulse of architects - or, I should say, of architects whose pulses are quickenable - the disturbing, glorious, transforming element of architecture, in space. Space is the medium in which the architect plays and composes. Space is what an architect means when he talks with lowered voice of real architecture. Space is what carried architecture soaring out of the company of other useful arts and crafts - its blood brothers in all other respects. To enclose a great volume of it is the crude basic activity of architecture, but enclosure is not the whole story. To send a needle up into the limitless arc of the sky and thus to punctuate open space is equally exciting, for external massing is the reverse version of the composition of space. Yet the real orgasmic thrill comes with the complete mastery over a parcel of space that one has created. To stand in an interior in which every important element is directed towards a premeditated spatial concept is at least as great an experience as to surrender oneself to the emotional delivery of a performer in any other art: music, and painting included. It should not be necessary to have to argue about that in this enlightened age, and yet I fear that numerous worthy people, leaders of intellect and art, are not aware of what the serious architect is trying to do, let alone whether or not he is doing it well. But let them explore the shafts of a mine or try walking a tightrope across Niagra Falls; then explain to them that the architect is trying to compose with the dormant senses that are alerted in experiences of that kind. Architecture plays with heights and depths, with enclosure and release, and when the sense of these things is related to the use of the building the unique expression of architecture is experienced. It was this timeless expression that the third phase revived.