NEW DELHI
ROBERT BYRON

IN VIEW OF THE INDIAN ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE NOW CONVENED IN LONDON, THIS ISSUE OF THE REVIEW IS DEVOTED TO A STUDY OF THE NEW CAPITAL OF INDIA, WHICH IS TO BE OFFICIALLY OPENED IN FEBRUARY

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The Editor disclaims responsibility for statements made or opinions expressed in any article to which the author's name is attached, the responsibility for such statements or opinions resting with the author. All communications on Editorial matters should be addressed to the Editor, The Architectural Review, 9 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W.1.
New Delhi: Sir Edwin Lutyens and Sir Herbert Baker, Associated Architects. This view of the general lay-out of the city is taken from the dome of the Vicerey's House. In the foreground is the Vicerey's Court, containing the Jaipur column, which will be completed by a bronze extension and glass star, adding in all another forty feet to its height. Beyond are the two Secretariats, each with dome and tower. In the distance can be seen the King's Way and waterways, and the Memorial Arch on the horizon.
New Delhi.

By Robert Byron.

I.—The First Impression.

I.—Preconceptions.

THAT New Delhi exists, and that, twenty years ago, it did not exist, are facts known to anyone who is at all aware of the British connection with India. It is expected, and assumed, that the representatives of British sovereignty beyond the seas shall move in a setting of proper magnificence; and that in India, particularly, the temporal power shall be hedged with the divinity of earthly splendour. To satisfy this expectation, New Delhi was designed and created. But that the city's existence marks, besides an advance in the political unification of India, a notable artistic event, has scarcely been realized. Nor is this surprising in a generation which has been taught by painful experience to believe architectural splendour and gaiety inseparable from vulgarity. Of the city's permanent value as an aesthetic monument, posterity must be the final judge. But to contemporaries, and in the darkness of contemporary standards, the event shines with a Pekinese importance. The surprise which awaits the traveller on his first view of the imperial capital will be proportionate to the fixity of his previous ideas about it. Primarily, his conception has been political. The very words "New Delhi" suggest a Canberra in Asia, a hiving of black-coated officials in a maze of offices. True, there have been photographs; but these have been either of the worse buildings, which were finished first, or, if of the better, of structures in disarray, confused with scaffolding, and offset by no proper lay-out. Nor can, nor ever will, any photograph convey the colour of the scheme and the part played by colour in the unity and proportion of the architecture. Again, the traveller may already have assessed the worth of the architects from their buildings in London. He may have recalled Britannic House at Finsbury Circus, the little bank abutting on St. James's, Piccadilly, and the cenotaph in Whitehall, from the hand of Sir Edwin Lutyens; together with the Ninth Church of Christ Scientist, India House, and the new Bank of England, from that of Sir Herbert Baker. And he must confess that, whatever the merits of these buildings compared with those around them, judged by universal standards they display little distinction and no genius. Finally, before he reaches Delhi, the traveller must necessarily have observed the scale and variety already employed by English enterprise to embellish the chief towns of India; and he must have found himself, in the process, not merely depressed, but tempted to regret our nation's very existence. For it has been our misfortune to have impressed on the length and breadth of the country an architectural taste whose origin coincided with the sudden and complete enslavement of European aesthetics to the whims of literary and romantic symbolism. The nineteenth century devised nothing lower than the municipal buildings of British India. Their ugliness is positive, demonic. The traveller feels that the English have set the mark of the beast on a land full of artistry and good example. Here and there, in the large commercial towns, a new dawn is breaking. But the traveller remembers anxiously that the greater part of New Delhi was designed before the War. Only in the unremitting abuse lavished on the new city by resident Englishmen and occidentalized Indians does a perverse hope seem to linger.

2.—The Reality.

With sad expectations, therefore, the traveller hires a motor, and drives out of Old Delhi, past the Pearl Mosque and the Fort. Dipping beneath a pleasant Neo-Georgian railway bridge, he debouches on an arterial vista of asphalt and lamp-posts. A flat country—brown, scrubby, and broken, over which the cold winds of the central Indian winter sweep their arctic rigours—lies on either side. This country has been compared with the Roman Campagna: at every hand, tombs and mosques from Mogul times and earlier, weathered to the colour of the earth, bear witness to former empires. The road describes a curve—the curve of a solar railway; and embarks imperceptibly on a gradient. Suddenly, on the right, a scope of towers and domes is lifted from the horizon, sunlit pink and cream against the dancing blue sky, fresh as a cup of milk, grand as Rome. Close at hand, the foreground discloses a white arch, a fabric replete
with stone, whose height exceeds that of the new Underground Building in London by three feet. This is the threshold of the city. The motor turns off the arterial avenue, and, skirting the low red base of this gigantic monument, comes to a stop. The traveller heaves a breath. Before his eyes, sloping gently upward, runs a gravel way of such infinite perspective as to suggest the intervention of a diminishing-glass; at whose end, reared above the green tree-tops, glitters the seat of government, the seventh Delhi, four-square upon an eminence—dome, tower, dome, tower, dome, red, pink, cream, and white, washed gold and flashing in the morning sun. The traveller loosens a breath, and with it his apprehensions and preconceptions. Here is something not merely worthy, but whose like has never been. With a shiver of impatience he shakes off contemporary standards, and makes ready to evoke those of Greece, the Renaissance, and the Moghul.

The motor moves forward again. Beside the arch lie circular basins of water. In front, on either side of the gravelled way, run strips of park, grass, and trees, to the width of 169 yards each. The trees disclose gleams of other waters. These are water-ways, connecting with the basins by the arch, and continuing parallel with the central drive as far as the Great Place, a distance of a mile and a quarter. This central drive is known as the King's Way. Up it the tall black lamp-posts still persist. Half way is a crossing road, off which, to the right, stand the façade and half a side of the Record Office. But there is no time to turn the head. The central group at the end begins to reveal itself; and with every detail its enigma and grandeur increase.

The eminence on which it stands, once known as the Raina Hill, has been invested, from in front, with an artificial character by foundation walls of rich rhubarb stone; so that, from having been a gentle rise in the ground, it now pretends to the illusion of a portentous feat of building, as though its entire area, half a mile across, had been raised above the surrounding country by human effort. From this massive undercarriage rise the end façades of the two Secretariats, red to the first storey, white above. At either corner of each façade project pilastered extensions, throwing heavy triangular shadows on the intervening walls (Fig. 3 and Plate II). These shadows give depth and solidity to the buildings, and increase their character of entrance-lodges, on a huge scale, to the steeply rising roadway in between them. Over the centre of each façade stands a slender white tower; while from the central point of each whole building, a considerable way back, rise two companion domes of cream stone, set on tall bases of the same material picked out in red. These domes, surmounted each by a cupola, are shaped like those of St. Peter's and St. Paul's, after the fashion of the High Renaissance. From the cross-roads on the King's Way they stand up outside, though lower than, the towers in front. Then, as the motor draws on, they gradually move inward, till the towers cut across them, and at length they reappear, diminished in height, on the inside.

The Secretariats, however, are but the ancillaries of a
Fig. 3.—A general view looking up the King's Way towards THE SECRETARIATES and the VICEROY'S HOUSE, the dome of which can be seen in the centre. In this view the towers of the Secretariats cut across the domes. Fig. 4.—The PLAN shows the lay-out of the central buildings and their surroundings.
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Plate II. January 1931.
The entrance front of the North Secretariat, showing the dome and two of the four pillared extensions with their shadows. In front the central way rises from its trough.

Fig. 5.—THE COUNCIL CHAMBER from the tower of the South Secretariat. The shopping quarter of New Delhi, and also old Delhi, are seen in the distance.

Fig. 6.—Another view of THE COUNCIL CHAMBER with a fountain in the foreground.

Fig. 7.—The first-floor plan of THE COUNCIL CHAMBER. Sir Herbert Baker, Architect.
Fig. 8.—The back of the SOUTH SECRETARIAT showing the south block which looks toward the Q'arab. Fig. 9.—Plan of the SECRETARIATS.
NEW DELHI.

pivotal and more distinguished monument. For nearly 400 yards along the same, though now uplifted, axis as the King's Way, their main bulia face one another, 117 yards apart, and separated by invisible platforms, through which runs a broad gradient of asphalt in a red stone trough. At the top of this gradient, though evidently very distant, stands a column of white marble, suggesting the intervening level. And beyond this again appears another central dome, upheld, right and left, by a stupendous white colonnade, a furlong and a half in length, whose total extent is cut short by the converging perspective of the Secretariats.

This dome, a flat hemisphere of glittering metal supported on a great red and white plinth three times its depth and half again as deep as its own diameter, seems impervious to the laws of distance. From the middle of the King's Way it appears to be neither behind the Secretariats nor in front of them (Fig. 3). Enough that, in a symmetrical plan, it lies between them. For its character is so arresting, so unprecedented, so uninviting of comparison with known architecture, that, like a sovereign crowned and throned, it subordinates everything within view to increase its own state, and stands not to be judged by, but to judge its attendants. The Secretariats, remarkable buildings in themselves, exist only in relation to it, and inasmuch as they minister to its success. Its individuality, its difference from every dome since the Pantheon and particularly from the domes adjoining, lies in its intrinsic solidity. It has the character of a pure monument. Encircled with a narrow gallery, whose function is only to provide, by its blind shadow, a black and further solidifying variant to the red and white, it seems not to have been built, but to have been poured compact from a mould, impermeable to age, destined to stand for ever, to watch the rise of an eighth Delhi and a hundredth Delhi. Let the breath of destruction threaten all around; this it cannot penetrate. Such an expression of irrefrangible permanence, of the monumental function transcending all considerations of adornment or utility, recalls the architectural intentions of Antiquity, of Egypt, Babylon, and Persia, and alone makes the first drive up the King's Way an experience of instant and increasing pleasure.

As the motor approaches the Great Place, the colonnade beneath the dome gradually sinks below the level of the Secretariats' platforms; so that the monument stands by itself, appearing to rise off the top of the asphalt gradient between them. It has receded now. Its top has sunk below the roof-line of the Secretariats. But the marble column stands out in front, to indicate the extent, half a mile in length, of the intermediate distance. The pure whiteness of this column contrasts with the sandstone cream of the Secretariats and of the dome behind it, and still more with the burnt rosy red of their foundations and the dome's gallery. These two sandstones, employed in all the chief buildings of New Delhi, have come from the same quarry. The contrast between them is intense; in fact the degree of this intensity has played an important part in determining the proportion of foundation to sandstone storey, and in reducing the weapons of architectural definition and emphasis to a minimum, throughout the city. But at the same time there is none of that glaring duality displayed by Mogul buildings, where white marble of an entirely separate patina and luminosity is employed with the same red stone. For in New Delhi, the red and cream, being of the same texture, and each containing the tints of the other, seem to grow into one another, as they did in the earth. In Mogul buildings in marble becomes simply an electric decoration, an exquisite appliance. Here, the light is absorbed and refracted equally by both stones, and every building shares to some extent the quality of the central dome—as though it had been poured liquid from a mould and as though the red, being heavier, had sunk to the bottom. In both colours the stone has an exquisite freshness, bathing in light like the petals of a flower in dew. At the same time, the essential affinity of the two colours produces an air of strength and maturity, which attains, on a sufficient scale, to grandeur.

A mile and a quarter from the Arch, two low triangular flights of steps on either side of the King's Way mark the rise to the Great Place, a rectangle with elliptical ends (Fig. 4), 264 acres in extent, and lying across the axis of the main design. The middle is empty, save for the necessary traffic islands, so that nothing interrupts the view of the gradient between the Secretariats and the central dome above it. But at either end of the Place are set three fountains, each 240 feet in length and consisting of two circular sheets of water joined by an oblong on a slightly lower level (Fig. 2). In each of these triple groups, the fountains are set at right-angles to one another, the centre one laterally, pointing outwards along the length of the Great Place, the other two parallel with the King's Way and exactly in line with the flanking waterways, with which one of them actually connects, while its opposite number lies across the Place immediately beneath the end-facades of the Secretariats. The circular sheets at either end of the fountains are of different sizes: the larger placed outmost in each case, and sprouting a stone obelisk, altogether 30 feet high, from a double basin on a pedestal; the smaller and inner decorated only with a tiny curling jet. All six fountains are executed in the red stone, which their blown spray turns a rich rust colour. Finally, the elliptical spaces of the Place are rounded off with curving rush-plaited railings of the same stone, 15 feet high, and finished, where radiating thoroughfares cut through them, with stone posts bearing stone lanterns (A, page 17). As an urban space conceived in dressed stone, only the plazas of St. Peter's can compare with the Great Place of New Delhi for spaciousness and economy of design.

I must here interpose a personal experience. I had reached this point in my observations when a company of Scottish soldiers, heralded by bagpipes, marched through the stone railings on to one end of the Great Place, and threading past the three fountains reached a point between the Secretariats. Here they wheeled sharply to the left and went at a smart pace up the asphalt gradient in the direction of the central dome. The dramatic value of Scottish kilts and Scottish music for foreign countries can be simply realized by the authorities, who always use it to give point to "forceful demonstrations"; nor is that value lessened by the presence of a Kashki cool-scotter on each man's head. But in this setting, beneath this range of towering buildings multicoloured in the blue sky, amidst all this decorated space, the apparition of these troops defiling up that mysterious thorough the Secretariats towards the glowing dome beyond, their accoutrements flashing in the Indian sun, and only a crawling ox-cart to deflect the attention, was more than merely theatrical. The emotion of time and

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Plate 111. January 1931
The Vicerey's House and the Vice-roy's Court. Sir Edwin Lutyens. Architect. In the foreground are the unfinished screen and the gateposts.
Plate IV. January 1934.
The dome of the Viceroy's House. The flag is now flying on the top of the dome. Observe the union of the copper with the two stones at the base of the actual hemisphere.
Fig. 10.—Elevation of the dome on the garden (west) front of THE VICEROY'S HOUSE. Compare with Plate IV. Fig. 11.—Plan of the Upper Basement and Main Floors of THE VICEROY'S HOUSE.
circumstance, third dimension of true splendour, was evoked. The whole history of civilized
man, of all his politics, empires, thrones, and
wars, of all his effort to govern and be governed,
followed in the soldiers' wake. That the entire
spectacle, men and buildings, was the sym-
bol of English dominion, seemed merely in-
cidental. But that the evolution of government
could demand, and create, in its everyday
course, such a spectacle, seemed to postulate an apotheosis of
human order. Indian nationalists, should they see them,
will detect a propagandist ring in these words, and will
point my attention from gaudy display to the rights of man.
To which it must be answered that beauty is inaffordable, and
confers a measure of right on its creators, whatever their sins.

To the right of the Great Place lies a circular building,
approximately 125 yards in diameter, and a fifth of that
distance, or 75 feet, high. This amphitheatre is the Council
Chamber (Figs. 5, 6 and 7, and page 29). Its outer casing
falls into three divisions: a red foundation, whence project
various carriage-arches; a middle storey enclosed within a
columnade of heavy white stone pillars; and above the cornice
which they support, a small attic storey of white plaster,
which is divided in two by the heavy shadow of another
cornice. Finally, above the centre, protrude three quarters of
an irrelevant wart-like cupola. The idea underlying this
building is worthy and remarkable. But its execution has
not been successful. The pillars, though in themselves well
proportioned, are so placed, and are so numerous, as to
appear unpleasantly thin, like the iron struts of a ladder.

A building so squat in proportion to its area needs to satisfy
the eye with an illusion of massive solidity, as though it
were an outcrop of the rock beneath. Unfortunately, the
columnade produces precisely the opposite effect; while
the attic storey, robbed of meaning by its cornice, appears
to be merely a screen. In addition, the red foundation
looks more like a red veneer than a heavy plinth such as
the building demands, the red being carried neither high
enough up nor far enough out.

It is perhaps unfair to stress the poverty of the Council
Chamber in a preliminary survey, as it stands apart from the
main design; and, considered as a companion to the whole
rather than as a separate entity, it possesses certain merits.
Its rotundity, while striking a note of pleasant unexpected-
ness, nevertheless prevents it from impinging on the
symmetry of the general lay-out, as a square building, with
its inevitably triangular shadows, must have done. It must
be admitted that, in view of its position, its unobtrusiveness
is a major virtue.

It remains now to ascend the gradient between the
Secretariats, and to resolve the mystery of the white pillar,
of the central dome, and of the colonnade that was visible beneath it from the gravelled way.

As the asphalt leads up between the walls of red stone, the enormous length of the opponent Secretariats is revealed (Plate II). On either side, a great expanse of red and white wall is broken by four pillared extensions similar to those of the end- façades, and throwing similar triangular shadows. These extensions are placed in couples. Between each couple the main wall is thrust back into a broad recess broken by a tall Mogul doorway. Above the doorway, the big egg-top domes are now revealed in their entirety (D, page 22). In front of the buildings, on the platforms through which the road has been curved, are gardens, squares of turf, and orange trees, which are broken, beneath the domes, by cruciform sheets of water. Their chief harvest is a crop of red stone lamp- posts in hexagonal hats. The roadway reaches the level of the platforms just before the middle of each Secretariat. Immediately in front, though still half a mile away, stands the Viceroy’s House and the Viceroy’s dome.

Where the Secretariats end, a forecourt intervenes, a quarter of a mile long, revealing views of the surrounding country on either side. This is enclosed by a screen of tall iron railings, closely set on a red stone foundation and divided at intervals by solid square columns of the same material (E, page 22). The central gateway is flanked by stone horse-guard boxes (B, page 22 and A, page 24), in which lancers mounted on black horses stand as motionless as their prototypes in Whitehall. On a broad space in the middle of the courtyard appears the white pillar, 100 feet high, known as the Jupur column, and standing on a double base of red and white. On top of this column another 45 feet of ornament will cleave the sky—a floreated bronze pinnacle bearing a six-pointed star of glass, 15 feet in diameter.

On either side of the court run sunk drives, sloping down to a central point, then up from it, so as to show the foundation line of the guard-house at the end. Along their parapets stand red stone posts bearing twisted basket lanterns. The drives are flanked by strips of grass and water shaded by small trees. The gravel in the centre is of the same red as the stone. The whole court is raised above the surrounding country, and is supported by massive sunk walls of red stone, which run almost flush from the sides of the guard-house at the end. These are interrupted to allow the passage of lateral drives, which meet the others at their lowest point. The points of interruption are denoted by square gazebos of red stone capped with white hemispherical roofs (D, page 22).

The Viceroy’s House, whose chief ornament is the central dome of the city already described, presents a colonnaded façade 500 feet in length. This is flanked by
two projecting wings, whose facades, standing 140 feet in advance of the main body, are each 64 feet wide (Plates III, IV, Figs. 10-18 and pages 23-29). The total length of the house is therefore 630 feet or 210 yards. The dome rises 170 feet from the columned, and 180 feet from the level of the surrounding plain.

Beneath the dome, a portico of twelve pillars, each 30 feet high, is approached by a stupendous pyramid of steps which play out to meet the ground, thus increasing their perspective by an optical trick. This portico is slightly recessed. On either side of it, supported on the massive red foundation that runs all around the house, stand pyramidal blocks of mosaic in couples, embellished with flat niches at the bottom and small windows, black and square, immediately beneath the cornice above. Between each of these couples is a black space, wider at the top than the bottom, and relieved at the side of by single columns, between which are placed diminutive statues of the King and Queen in white marble. This marble contrasts brightly with the black shadow behind, and also with the cream sandstone on either side. Below each of these statues, which are 25 feet off the ground, lie circular pools framed in white marble; and on either side of these, tall pedestals, again of white marble, which are intended to receive four prancing horses.1

Beyond the pyramidal couples, in either direction, run colonnaded galleries, of somewhat less depth than the portico, till received by other pylons to meet the corners, whence the wings project from pylons at right-angles to the last. The insides of the wings, similarly colonnaded, end in columns similar pylons similar to those which contain statues of the King and Queen; as also do their end-panades (page 26). The red base throughout is broken by a series of magnificently proportioned archways, black shapes, whose forms play out from the black shadow above to the narrow base faces of the colonnaded galleries. But the red stone reaches only as high as the point, 14 feet up, whence springs the curve of the arch. Thus the base of the colonnades is white; 30, too, is all above. By this means the arches, unlike those of similar position in the Secretariats, bring the foundations into unity with the upper part and increase the value of the ratio between the two colours.

Above the colonnades and the portico runs a blind parapet, delicately finished with an imperceptible red inlay so as to meet the sky with decision, and at the corners continuing the convergent lines of the pyramidal blocks. Beneath this parapet projects, to a distance of 8 feet, a chajja, a thin blade of stone shaped like a tin cooking-dish, and sloping downwards from a line of black and white dots at the base of the parapet. This chajja, whose undergrowth is decorated with a bold pattern of red, runs the whole way round the house, binding wings, pylons, colonnades, and blank walls, into a composite whole. That the building is a composite whole is its strongest feature. And the importance of the chajja cannot therefore be exaggerated (Figs. 10, 13, 14, 17 and 18; and B, page 24). Without it the building would disintegrate into groups, would become a kind of stone encampment rather than a piece of architecture. But the chajja performs its work not only of itself, but by the agency of its black shadow, or, when the sun has changed position, by the light its topcatches when all above and below it is in darkness. Without the most profound understanding of the manipulation of light and shade, no building in India can ever be successful. This understanding is very deep, and is increased their perspective by an optical trick. This portico is slightly recessed. On either side of it, supported on the massive red foundation that runs all around the house, stand pyramidal blocks of mosaic in couples, embellished with flat niches at the bottom and small windows, black and square, immediately beneath the cornice above. Between each of these couples is a black space, wider at the top than the bottom, and relieved at the sides by single columns, between which are placed diminutive statues of the King and Queen in white marble. This marble contrasts brightly with the black shadow behind, and also with the cream sandstone on either side. Below each of these statues, which are 25 feet off the ground, lie circular pools framed in white marble; and on either side of these, tall pedestals, again of white marble, which are intended to receive four prancing horses.1

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1 A hint of the couple's story is added (page 18), see the object of a Bungalow book. The present a highly celebrated event. If the animals meet a cophon, the Owls were Kasural the obvious prototype, being not only Indian, but known extensively to those of Lyceum. See THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, November 1930.
Such are the salient motives of the Viceroy’s House, as they resolve themselves after the first drunken sensation of pleasure that has given place to rational thought. The building is remarkable for its gigantic size, its perfect proportion of mass and detail, its colour, and its ponderous adhesion to the earth. But it is essential genius, its novelty, lies in the way these qualities have been brought to serve a taste in architectural form which pertains specifically to the twentieth century. For the whole house is constructed on a feintly pyramidal principle (A, page 26). The red foundation has actually a definite “batter.” Above this, the convergence of the perpendiculars, though seemingly continuous, is in reality obtained by a system of delicate steps and mouldings. Viewed from a distance, the convergent outsides indulge a curious and delightful opposition to the directly vertical pillars of the colonnades. But this effect, at close quarters, when it might become inharmonious, is mitigated by the sides of the pyramidal blocks being actually, though imperceptibly, at successive right-angles to successive horizontal levels. The feeling of movement in mass thus produced has found particular favour and widespread expression in the modern industrial age. It is an admirable quality, dynamic, expressive of growth and at the same time of solid union with the earth. But hitherto, except in Tibet, its interpretation has been so strictly industrial, so ruthless in its disregard of the graces of architecture, that even the best modern buildings, whatever their virtues of line and mass, invariably present a raw and stark appearance and spell, truthfully enough as a rule, of imprisoned clerks and the eternal pregnancy of machines. But in the Viceroy’s House we behold this dynamic quality, while enlivened with sufficient severity and on a sufficient scale to make it effective, combined with a scenic employ of colour, a profound knowledge of shadow-play, and the most sensitive delicacy of moulding, pattern, and ornament. Moulding, pattern, and ornament are rare; but where they exist, they do so only in relation to the whole; they help complete the dynamic quality; they never amuse, are never simply ornamental or reminiscent. At the same time the fountains are playing on the roof, and a metal hemisphere flares in the sun. These tell us that our age, despite its physical enslavement by the machine and the mass, has again discovered that joy in the sensuous beauty of the world perpetuated by the works of the Italian Renaissance. The Viceroy’s House at New Delhi is the first real justification of a new architecture which has already produced much that is worthy, but, till now, nothing of the greatest. It is remarkable, indeed astonishing, to remember that its design was completed nearly twenty years ago.

Since first turning up the King’s Way, the traveller has come two miles. Returning to the iron screen across the front of the courtyard, and afterwards perhaps ascending one of the Secretariats’ towers, he can now look back across the park and waterways to the great white Arch in the distance. On all sides radiate the avenues of the new city, lined with bungalows in spacious woody gardens, and carved into merry-go-rounds at points of intersection. Every thoroughfare conducts the eye to some more ancient monument, looming in grey silhouette from the horizons of the imperial plain. Even the great Pearl Mosque, four miles off in the heart of the old city, has its approach, set at an angle of sixty degrees to the axis of the central design. Beyond the Arch, a hump of walls proclaims the Old Fort. A side avenue discloses the clustered domes of the tomb of
NEW DELHI.

Seddar Jang. Far away the Q’tab is visible, an extravagant chimney on the south horizon.

Dusk approaches, falling like a curtain. The lights come out, furlongs of gold dots, suffusing the sky with an electric blue that deepens to black. Stars complete the night, a powder of silver. Below, the dark earth seems as though its crust had been punctured with a million pricks to reveal an ocean of light within. The plan of the new city lies open as a page of print: a map of quivering gold points. An artist has planned it, the artist of the fountains on the Great Place and the Viceroy’s House.

“Will it ever be finished?” I asked him. Five minutes later, whereas by a glass of milk punch, “You may have observed,” he replied, “that London is not finished yet.”

II.—A Short History of the City.

1.—The Main Buildings.

AFTER a cursory view of the city as it is, it will not be out of place to inquire how it came to be. On December 12, 1911, George V, King and Emperor, presided at the Durbar, proclaimed his decision that the capital of India should return to its ancient site. He expressed a desire that “the planning and designing of the public buildings to be erected be considered with the greatest deliberation and care,” in order that the new city should be worthy of its predecessors. As an earnest of the official intention he and the Queen-Empress laid two foundation stones, hardly sliced out of one, on a spot some ten miles distant from the present site. These, after various vicissitudes, have been respectfully incorporated in the present buildings.

No sooner was the decision made public than an angry controversy broke loose. Calcutta, founded amidst the vilest climate, the remotest marishes, and the most intemperate people in India, embellished and aggrandized by successive Viceroys with monstrous buildings and preposterous statues, and breathing a preponderantly commercial opinion upon the fate of 300,000,000 people, clamoured to retain the eminence for which it was so paltry unfitted. In England, a chorus of informed rage found vent in the columns of The Times. Undeterred, the India Office and the Government of India took the first and vital step in the creation of a new capital. They appointed an architect to build it.

It was fully realized that if the city were ever to materialize on the scale suggested, its building would offer a field for architectural invention such as had not been vouchsafed to the talent of Europe since Pope Leo X began the demolition of old St. Peter’s. This field, this opportunity, was to be placed in the hands of one man. When we recall the irreconcilable hatred of the builders erected in London at the beginning of this century—of the Victoria Memorial, Kingsway, Oxford Circus, the Piccadilly Hotel, and Westminster Cathedral—and when we recall the distinction that attached to their authors—the official choice of a true artist in the person of Edwin Lutyens—must seems a God-sent accident. Nothing happier had graced the public life of England since George IV hit upon Nash.

To be an artist in England is to arouse suspicion. Toentrust an artist with a great imperial enterprise was to arouse the most profound apprehension. It was felt, rightly, that a man such as Lutyens would hesitate to rear a poem by Kipling in stone. A second controversy arose, which cannot, for tact’s sake, be altogether ignored. For there resulted from it an attitude of prejudice against Lutyens as Lutyens which persists to this day, and which partially explains the xenial hatred of the new capital expressed by all who are, or once were, British residents in India.

In every opposition, the architect, in committee with two others, proceeded to report on the available sites; and in 1913, that of the Rashmi Hill was approved. Meanwhile the buildings had been taking shape in the architect’s mind and on paper. Following the taste of Mogul builders, the materials were to be stones of red and white. It was hoped that the whole economy of the matter was to be allowed of this. The Viceroy’s House was designed in two sandstones, as it now stands, but surmounted by a larger, more expansive dome. The latter had to be decreased for the same reason as the marble was abandoned.

In 1912, Lord Hardinge, the then Viceroy, had the misfortune to announce that the buildings must be completed in four years. Sir Edwin Lutyens, faced with the necessity not only of designing in so short a time the complicated interiors of the Viceroy’s House, the Secretariat, and the Council Chamber, but of planning and supervising the lay-out of a city calculated to hold 70,000 persons and to allow for unlimited expansion in the future, was obliged to ask for assistance. His choice of a coadjutor fell on Sir Herbert Baker, already noted for his Government buildings at Pretoria. It is believed that while Lutyens should retain the Viceroy’s House, with its garden, court, stables, and bodyguard lines, the Great Place with its fountains, the waterways and the King’s Way, the Record Office, and the general lay-out of the city streets, as his province, Baker should undertake the Secretariat and the Council Chamber. With the addition of the All-India War Memorial, the Arch at the foot of the King’s Way, which was later assigned to Lutyens, this arrangement was adhered to. The main buildings of New Delhi, as they stand today, are the work of two men, united by a single scheme of material and by a single, though since modified, conception of their lay-out. These unifying factors were the work of the original architect.

No artist ever gave the best service of his life and genius to a project more wholly than Sir Edwin Lutyens to New Delhi. The Viceroy’s House was the centre of his scheme, the favourite on which he lavished the resources of his thought; not only designing or overseeing the whole of the furniture down to the bedroom crockery, but even placing the very panes in the garden. Since he was called upon to provide it, the Viceroy of India should inhabit the most superb dwelling on earth—a dwelling that might serve a film-producer as Babylon, yet please the visitor with its soft-palates. On Boxing Day 1929, when I paid my first visit to New Delhi, the Viceroy had been in residence for sixty hours. I found Sir Edwin slightly bewildered.

“I feel,” he said, “as if the Viceroy’s House were a newly married daughter. It seems extraordinary not to be able to wander about it whenever I want to any more.” I was reminded of Gibbon’s solitude in the garden at Lavant.

I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon jilted, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the thought that I had taken everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion and that whatsoever must be the future fate of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.” Sir Edwin goes out to Delhi again in February to attend the official opening of the new capital, twenty years after the King’s proclamation. Let us hope that while the life of the historian did prove short and precarious, that of the architect may be seen emplaced the last stone of the Liverpool Roman Catholic Cathedral.

The whole work of actual construction was undertaken by the Government of India’s Public Works Department. Between such a body, shivering in the blast of public economy, and an artist, concentrated on the realization of an aesthetic idea, occasional disagreement was inevitable. How far the Public Works Department adopted tactics of deliberate obstruction—finding, as was natural, little relevance in fountains on a road; or how wantonly extravagant was the determination of the architects;
Fig. 19.  

Fig. 20.  

Fig. 21.  

2. The Residential City.

It was mistaken to imagine New Delhi as consisting of nothing more than a beating heart, while the surrounding network of arteries and veins, umbilical, polished, and lit at night, remains lifeless and empty. A whole new body of architecture has sprung up to meet the needs of the arriving residents, designed partly by the Public Works Department, partly by a colony of independent architects. Throughout the residential city, a uniform standard of taste and design prevails; and the standard is a high one. Some buildings have a negative aspect; others may even be pronounced unsuccessful. But I recall no single structure which can justly be called offensive in a positive sense. A modern city can hardly ask a greater tribute. The potency of Lutyens’s influence is everywhere visible. And it seems probable that New Delhi is already nurturing a specifically Indo-British school of architecture.

"Lord Hardinge, whether from Christian or Mohammedan convictions, originally stipulated for the use of the painted arch throughout."

Lord Edwin Lutyens, Architect. The buildings are carried out in slightly tinted plaster. The balls on the tops of the domes are brass.

any city; and even when it has sunk out of sight, the very mystery of the asphalt gradient leading into the sky still rivets the eyes to the axis of the design. But that the artist’s conception, and the greatest architectural effort since Versailles, have been deliberately spoiled, hardly admits of question. Those responsible will find it difficult to absolve themselves from the charge of selfishness. So far they have attempted no justification of their action. But it is a curious and consoling fact that whatever the callowness of contemporaries, the judgment of posterity on vandals is generally vindictive beyond all reason.

and many other things.

There is one might-have-been, however, that can scarcely be dismissed without something more than a passing regret. Sir Edwin Lutyens originally planned the Viceroy’s House to stand on the brow of the Rushing Hill, in the place now occupied by the Secretariats, whence its tremendous length would have dominated the plain for miles around. It is, in fact, accurate to say that the whole choice of site, and the main lines of the city’s design, were originally determined by this consideration. The Secretariats were to stand below, on what is now the Great Place. But on Sir Herbert Baker’s arrival in 1919, it was urged upon Sir Edwin that they also should stand up on the height, and that the Viceroy’s House should be placed further back. To this arrangement he consented, on the understanding that the entire area between the Secretariats should be so excavated as to reveal the foundation line of the Viceroy’s House to the plain below. Preparations were begun. And it was not until 1924-26 that Sir Edwin, to his inexpressible mortification, learned that his condition, indispensable to the success of his design, would not be carried out. The flights of steps which it would have entailed were considered inconvenient for clerks wishing to proceed from one Secretariat to the other. Instead, it was decided to retain the ground at its natural level, with the exception of a small trench just sufficiently long to admit a gradient suitable for normal traffic. Thus, as has already been shown, from no point on the King’s Way is it possible to see the foundation line of the great central mass of architecture; half way up, at the cross-roads, the colonnade begins to disappear; from the edge of the Great Place only the dome is visible; and from half way across the Great Place even this is gone. The effect is still magnificent: the dome of the Viceroy’s House alone is sufficient to dominate.
NEW DELHI

The designer of the Maharajah of Bikar's new house, for example, has ignored its roof-line with the fountain motif of the Viceroy's House, using the stepped plinth and flat basin as a pleasant means of patron proof. And it was still more surprising to remark this same device, further flattened and rounded off, to ornament places in the new city, as the Boyars in St. Petersburg. The approach to the Memorial Arch at the foot of the King's Way has therefore been called the Prince's Place. To the north of the Arch stands the grey and white residence of H.E.H. the Nizam, whose design, though lumpy, has the elements of goodness, and his garden, the place of the palace of the Jam Sahib and the Maharajah Gobindar of Bareilly. He also designed the house of the Commander-in-Chief.

The English quarter of an Indian town, built to make life tolerable in the hot, dust-laden climate, presents the aspect of a forest turned into something solid and spacious, leading itself to the most diverse shapes, its wings hinging on arable angles, and its ends being finished with neoclassical pediments, pillared loggias making play with parallel, or sometimes opposite, pillars, in the manner of the Roman houses of old, and its houses are of one storey, and are therefore mainly hidden by the vegetation around them. In England, the word "bungalow" is the complete expression of architectural grace. In India it has been used to express the transition from one form to another, and its inhabitants have used it to fulfill the practical purpose for which it was built.

The question is this: the haunted by the English climate, the English character, the English habit, the English temperament, the English education, the English manners, the English clothes; the English climate, the English character, the English habit, the English temperament, the English education, the English manners, the English clothes; the English climate, the English character, the English habit, the English temperament, the English education, the English manners, the English clothes; the English climate, the English character, the English habit, the English temperament, the English education, the English manners, the English clothes; the English climate, the English character, the English habit, the English temperament, the English education, the English manners, the English clothes; the English climate, the English character, the English habit, the English temperament, the English education, the English manners, the English clothes; the English climate, the English character, the English habit, the English temperament, the English education, the English manners, the English clothes; 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Plate V.

The east view of the South Secretariat from the Great Place. The line of the heavy foundation beneath the end façade is continued by a wall. The pillared extension in front, and the resulting shadow, give form to the mass. In the foreground is one of the six fountains of the Great Place.
A detail of the foundations of the South Secretariat, abutting on the Great Place. See Plate V for its general position. The simplicity of the stone mouldings displays the texture of the dressed sandstone to the best advantage.
Plate VII.  January 1931.
The massive flights of steps leading from the Great Place to the North Secretariat. The reality of this picture can only be imagined by recalling the colours of the two stones used, a deep burnt rhubarb and a rosy cream.
Plate VIII

A pool with flowers in the Viceroy’s garden. The surrounds to the pool are of red stone, and the flowers are purple violas.
Plate IX. January 1937.
A detail of the south front of the Viceroy's House, showing the pattern beneath the chujja (cornice), the lower chujja and gallery, and the extra foundation necessitated by the ground level.
Plate X.

The south courtyard of the Viceroy's House with its Scottish sentry. The stone round the windows is to be carved and the pillar in the pool will support a bronze cobra.
The facing page.
Plate XI. January 1931.
Fountains on the roof of the Viceroy's House.
A detail of the dome of the Viceroy’s House, showing the turrets, gallery, and Buddhist railing motive above.
COMPARISONS TO ILLUSTRATE THE DERIVATION OF NEW DELHI FROM THE CLASSIC BUILDINGS OF INDIA

A. Laiyana's chatri on the FICHEROY'S HOUSE, showing a small chajjar. B. A similar instance in the fort at Agra, built by the Emperor Akbar between 1599 and 1605. C. A Lajpatra gate at the FICHEROY'S GARDEN.

E. Reiter's porch to the COUNCIL CHAMBER using a Hindu bracket and arch. F. Mogul use of Hindu Arches at FATEHPUR SIKHRI (1570-1585). G. Lajpatra's use of chajjar on the north front of the FICHEROY'S HOUSE.

H. Private chajjar at FATEHPUR SIKHRI.
III.—THE INDIVIDUAL BUILDINGS.

A DETAILED CRITICISM.

IN approaching the main buildings of the city from the standpoint, not of their whole general effect, but of their character as separate entities, the architects' official statement of their aims is worth considering. These aims have been: "to express, within the limits of the medium and the powers of its users, the ideal and face of British rule in India, of which New Delhi must ever be the monument."

It is a sound canon of aesthetics that architecture, above the other arts, should express ideals and facts of this kind. It can do so by two methods; either by wording the ideals and facts in ornament, in courts, statues, symbolic figures, and their like; or by translating the human spirit, which makes them possible, into architectural form.

In the respective works of Sir Herbert Baker and Sir Edwin Lutyens these methods are clearly differentiated. And the city, regarded in the light of objective criticism, is divided between the works of a lesser and a greater architect. That this fact does not obtrude itself on the visitor's first impression is due to the fundamental conditions of material and lay-out laid down by the great architect. I have tried in Part I to give some idea of this first impression. For only while holding in mind its essential beauty can the virtues and faults of the separate buildings be justly assessed.

THE MEMORIAL ARCH.

The monumental Roman arch can be a futile object, particularly when it happens to be Roman. Here, Sir Edwin Lutyens's adaptation of it supplies a definite need. An axis so spacious as the King’s Way, leading to an architectural complex of such size and splendour as the Viceroy’s House and the Secretariat, demands an orientation beginning. The height of the arch is 135 ft.; but this is increased optically by the system of steps on the roof and the outer flatness of the surrounding plain. Its chief character derives from the fact that the arch of the main opening, although 75 ft. high, springs from a point less than half way up the whole building; so that the arch, as an arch, has something to support, and is therefore invested with a kind of life, a quality which the Arc de Triomphe, for example, lacks. Close above the key-stone of the archway runs a decorative band of rayed rays, carved flat, but with sufficient emphasis to break the hard line of shadow from the cornice above. The cornice is thin and prominent—usually so for a monument of this kind. But it is precisely this shell-like quality which brings it into harmonious relation with the mass of masonry, 40 ft. high, above it. This mass takes the form of three irregular steps, the topmost and deepest of which has its narrow ends interrupted by heavy, concave recesses. On top of this rests a small flat dome, finished with a convex eye, slightly muddled. This dome pays a compliment of gentle imitation to that of the Viceroy’s House, two miles off.

On either side of the topmost step will be inscribed the words—

MCM INDIA MCM
XIV XIX

The whole arch stands on a low red base. The sides are pierced by two lesser openings, each 34 ft. high, and decorated with stone pineapples above the doorways at the bottom.
THE GREAT PLACE.

Excepting the Vicerey's dome, the six fountains by Sir Edwin Lutyens are the most beautiful features of the city. Apart from their clean-dressed rhubbab stone, their character is purely and almost surprisingly European. The perfection of their general proportions, and the superbly acted function of each smallest moulding, can only be rivalled in the Renaissance buildings of Italy. A part of their genius lies in the placing of the water exactly flush with the parapets of the basins, so that the basins appear, not as basins, but as frames to a mirror (Fig. 2, page 2). Seen from the road level, their red ramparts, the height of a man, decorate the Great Place on every side, and their obelisks complete every view. But they were primarily designed to be looked down upon. And it is from the Secretariat that their beauty of shape, given definition by two heavy pieces of masonry where the conjugating basins begin to decrease their width, can best be appreciated. At present the jets of water from the upper saucers are only strong enough to wet half the obelisks above them; from which results a sharp and rather ugly division of colour. But it is hoped that this will be remedied.

Sir Edwin Lutyens has also been responsible for the curving "Buddhist railings," again of red stone, which frame the ends of the Great Place (A). This use of stone, the placing, between flat balusters, of thin convex blocks in length equal to the balusters' width, and permitting horizontal glimpses of daylight, produces the effect of a strawberry basket, and strikes the newcomer as rather eccentric. But it was nevertheless one of the outstanding features of Buddhist building during the early part of the first Christian millennium, and is found at Sambodica, Sanchi, and Anuradhapura in Ceylon. Sir Edwin has lifted the railings upon a heavy base, furnished on the inside with a circular stone seat, and has flanked them, where intersected by roads, with square, lantern-bearing pillars. But the motive is an ugly one in the original, and whether its present adjunction succeed in making it palatable is hard to decide. On the other hand, it provides precisely what the situation demands: the effect, not of a wall, but of a screen. Perhaps its chief merit is that it has made it possible to avoid the inevitable alternative, an adaptation of Mogul piercing on a large scale. The horrors of this device have been developed by Sir Herbert Baker in his low wall bordering the east approach to the Council Chamber.
The Council Chamber.

Thus far, the "ideal and fact of British rule in India," have been the situation of either in purely Western motives such as the Arch, park, and fountain in the purely Indian motive of the Buddhist railings; though it must be said that the extensive use of water both in landscape and fountain, was always a feature of Mogul taste as well as European. But the stated intention of the architects seems to imply the achievement of a definite fusion, or an attempt at such, between Indian and European motives. On first consideration this implication may seem fraught with unconsidered changes. But that it is not necessarily so (despite a balance of probability on the wrong side), may be seen by forgetting the nineteenth century and remembering the charming effect of Chinese themes on European furniture in the eighteenth. Furthermore, it must be obvious, on second thought, that the inhabitants of a country will have solved many problems of comfort, light-value, and the best usage of the available material, peculiar to that country, solutions from which the foreign architect will be foolish not to take hints, even though he wish, at the same time, to retain his own and his nation's cultural individuality. But there is all the difference in the world between "Fusion" and "Alliance." The first is the use of diverse architectural inventions and ornamental themes, whatever their dates or racial origins, simply for their practical value in creating an artistic unity and in giving effect "to the values of mass, space, line and coherence in the whole design." The second is the use of some inventions and themes in a mood of reminiscence—the mood of the nineteenth century—regardless of their source, to mass, space, line and coherence. The inventions and themes may be virtual in detachment, but become ineffective and even absurd in conjunction with one another and with the building to which they are attached.

Thethrowback to Gothic and India and Nepal has been practised in all the larger buildings in New Delhi, in the Council Chamber, the Secretariats, and the Victoria. Under the direction of Sir Edwin Lutyens a fusion has resulted; for he has divided the human grapevines bels, the "ideal and fact," behind the co-existence of English and Indian motives, and this Adam has raised up an Eve whose fig-leaves are applied only to increase the beauty of her natural form. Under that of Sir Herbert Baker, the elements have remained separate and allusive; body embryonic; ornament a writing in symbols. The Council Chamber has been Sir Herbert's unhappiest venture. Under the direction of a distance has been described. It resembles a Spanish building, lying like a mill-wheel dropped accidentally on its side (Figs. 5, 6, and 7, page 4).

From an intermediate distance, however, when the visible area is increased in length, the building gains in solidity and personality (Fig. 10). The red foundation, with its upper band of white, becomes more substantial, and its in-steping grinning face is at last made apparent. Similarly, the pillars of the colonnade above begin to show their true size; though the larger they grow, the more visible is the tinselled irregularity of the windows and entrances in the plaster wall behind them. Final palliation, the bowler-hatted war on top disappears.

The various carriage-porches, supported on heavy, whitewashed arches of red stone in the Hindu fashion, are not without merit (E, page 15). B and E, page 10). From the brackets depend stone balls, significant of the Indian legend that as long as the bells are silent, so long will the dynasty reign. Above the arches run sloping Mogul chajjas, like those of the Viceroy's House, while at the right of the porch, they follow the main building with a slight curve. These curves are a superior thing, and the effect is the same from the side as from the front of the building. The arches are surmounted by octagonal chhatris, white, red-brimmed sun-baths fit them well. Their bodies are white, inset with pierced screens of red stone. Similar screens of white stone break the attic storey at the top of the building.

Once inside the colonnade (D, page 7), the eye is averted from the curve of a gallery, whose massive pillars, divided into black and white and by the outward sun, portent that at some remote spot the curve will meet itself and form a circle, and that the severe inner wall of creamy plaster will do likewise, produces an impression of size and novelty. But—there is but a few feet of this feature of this building—the broad sweep of the gallery is here and there deliberately interrupted by doorless entrances, entirely purposeless, which consist of two small pillars supporting a lintel, on top of which rests a semi-circle of fretted stone (E, page 10). At points where it is desired to denote a break with a recess, the pillars in the colonnade are joined together by equally absurd screens of masonry which are formed with panels of fretwork. The shadow and silhouette effects of the columns resemble the openwork stockings of Edwardian actresses.

The exigencies of the programme have obliged Sir Herbert Baker to divide the interior of the Council Chamber into three courtyards of peculiar, though of which are not in the tradition of any of them, the central building, the form which produces an amusing effect due to the way the glass is set in it, the windows are set in it, and the central building is a machine-like uniformity, has he been at pains to point this out to the edges of the tragedy (E, page 10), thus destroying any illusion of depth that might have remained. And when, in addition, his firth's is converted from a props to a frame, the effect is to make a series of interlocking curves, the general effect is connecting the extreme. And why, because the Mogul builders used pierced stone as a means of giving at once light and shade to their rooms, must he attack string-pipes with a theory as sheerly wrong? It is necessary to insist on those decorative peculiarities of his at some length, since they really appear in the Secretariats, but those who are for the decoration of the edges of a given circle is not easy, and that the interior courtyards must be kept up the clean and dry, and that the architect could have contended with effects purely structural and geometric, instead of lavishing the small harvest in vain on a permanent imitation of Drury Lane harem scenes.
THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, by Sir Herbert Baker. A. Small entrance in the foundation. B. Porch. C. The colonnade and one of the small porches. D. The interior of the colonnade, whose fine shadow effect is spoiled by such incidents as in Figure F. E. A detail of fretwork in Figure E. F. An incident in the colonnade. G. The circular building in the centre of the interior courtyard. H. A screen in one of the courtyards. I. A doorway in the above building, exhibiting a concatenation of motives culminating in pierced urns.
THE SECRETAIRS.

The manner in which, as the visitor comes up the King’s Way, the front towers first appear on the inside of, then cut across, and finally enclose, the central doris, has been described. That this effect is not entirely satisfactory cannot in fairness be laid at Sir Herbert Baker’s door. In his original design, the towers were to have been twice their present height. By lowering the towers to such an extent, their tops have been brought into relation with those of the domes, so that the sky-line of the group at first describes a curve, and, afterwards, from closer to a, concave. Had the towers risen as was intended, they would have divorced from the sky-line of the group altogether, simply cutting through it and assuming the character of isolated sentinels. It has been suggested that when the demands for economy were presented, the domes, rather than the towers, should have been reduced. The domes might have been abolished; though this would have been a tragedy, since they add greatly to the general effect of the group and the city. But to have reduced their size would have made them ridiculous. As it is they barely escape being too small for the enormous piles of buildings beneath them.

Apart from these domes (considered without their detail), Sir Herbert Baker’s most effective contribution to New Delhi has been the east foundations of the Secretariats, those, in other words, which support the end-facades and face down the King’s Way. They dominate the Great Place and the central approach; and, by their absence of irritating ornament, they display to the utmost the ripe and massive beauty of the dressed red sandstones of which they are built. It is impossible to insist too frequently or too strongly on the intense depth of colour with which this stone enchants the eye—a mixture of blood, crimson, and burnt orange.

The circular temple above the Great Place, in front of the SECRETARIATS.

Set back from the end-facades, at a distance nearly equal to the letter’s width, run long wings, north and south, outward from the main axis of the city’s design. The line of the east foundations is carried outward in front to an equal distance by a solid red wall, which eventually turns a right-angle corner to meet the back wings, forming an invisible courtyard. So solidly devised is this wall that it seems as if it does support a platform—an illusion which, optically, still further increases the dimensions and artificial character of the facade. The pinnacled extensions of the end-facades leave the foundation, they do so flush with it, their upper foundations, which carry on the red foundation line of the higher side of the front, being relieved only by plain arched entrances. The wall between the extensions is recessed. Below this, in each main foundation, are cut three more arched entrances, approached by a semicircular flight of steps (Plate VI). The line of the main foundations, moving inward, then centralizes the corner of the building above it, to descend in a gigantic zig-zag balustrade behind which a broad flight of steps gives approach to the platform above (Plate VII).

Behind the steps, another wall of equal height and character continues to support the platform of the hill, till it turns inwards, at right-angles, to form the trough up which runs the central gradient leading to the Viceregal House. Throughout these foundations and walls, the ribs and mouldings are sparse and sane, and are well calculated to increase the effect of ponderous, almost fortified, solidity and stupendous labour. Along the sides of the trough, immediately beneath the parapets of the sunk walls, have been inset a series of excellent wall-lights, providing hexagons ingeniously framed in stout stone baskets.

This building fills the would-be admirer with regrets. No sooner has he begun to enjoy the massive severity of the east foundations than he is pulled up short by the concentration, in one spot, of all the reminiscence, allusion, and evocation from which the architect has been so rigorously refraining. At the corners of the platoform through which the gradient in its trough ascends, stand two structures to which the names fumelies, chaflies, bandstand, or municipal fountains, may equally well be applied (see above). As structures they are needed; and from a distance, at least, their existence is better than their absence. But on coming up to them, one recoils from a welter of unrelated motifs such as form those "composite" roofs played by military bands. As may be seen from Figs. A and B on page 15, the beauty of the original Mogul character, and of those borrowed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, lies in the unity, the sense of growth with which the mouldings and angles of bi-coloured stone invest their slender suggestions of shade. To provide this suggestion, whose comfort to the eye can only be imagined by those who know India, a thin sloping zaga must be used; and to bring such a slope into unity with the little roof above it, and the slender legs below it, requires a nicely cultivated architectural sanity. This virtue, admirably expressed in the massive foundations, now recedes before the exigencies of imperial symbolism. Instead of carefully building up his roof and cornices from below, Sir Herbert Baker plunges down a hat from above. The Council Chamber’s jutti bogey has been remanned on. Here this theme is repeated. Again, a white crown of England, supported on a red stack of Greek acanthus leaves, sits the head-covering of an Italian priest. For ribbon has been substituted a kind of red châlet-bréard—passamenterie is the milliner’s term. Thus comes the flat brim. This rises from eight couples of octagonal pillars placed on a circular pyramid of steps, moulded in Hindu fashion, and crowned with chains of flat balls. From the pillars, which stand behind one another, rise inverted coffins, pointing inwards towards the centre, upon each of which rests a heavily caparisoned elephant whose trunk uplifts a classical wreath. From
in between these animals spring small arches, which, assisted by further coffins on top of the elephants, uphold the hat.

The eastern ends of the Secretariats and their foundations have been analysed at some length, in view of the predominant part played by them in a first impression of the city. A few final details must be added. The pillars of the facades, though their cornices are over-rich, form pleasant and imposing clusters. A red escuchoon and a mascleolated balcony, both irritating, disturb the severity of the recessed walls between the extensions where the pillars stand. In line with these details rise the white towers. These, owing to the demands of public economy, have been robbed, of their proper character, save at the top, where yet other bowler hats, each with its enornated finial, sit uneasily on modillions of pilasters.

The inner sides of the Secretariats, 30 feet in length, and broken each by four pillared extensions similar to those end-facades (Plate II), are for the most part blessedly plain. The extensions stand in couples. In between the couples, the body of the building is set back so as to allow a better view of the dome above. Above the parapets of the two extensions which flank this giant stand small octagonal chattris finished with balconies of red crocket.

In the centre of the inset walls, below the domes, Sir Herbert Baker has made the great mistake of introducing Mogul doorways (D). Mogul architecture is entirely vertical and two-dimensional; and to interpurate upon a building of square blocks and heavy shadows a great flat mosque entrance, a tall arch framed in a rectangular slab of red, whose corners, between those of the jalousy and the curves of the arch, are decorated with red rosettes, may be a bold, but is scarcely a successful, venture.

Above these entrances rise the domes, excellent, though not original, in shape, but repellant in detail. Again the British crown calls heaven to witness it from stalk and cupola; though here Sir Herbert has substituted a Spanish toreador's hat for that of the humble clerk previously favoured. Each dome sits well on its round drum. But the grandeur of the effect is interrupted by a gaggle of elephants' heads encircling the parapet of each base. Below these properties descend coupled pillars, between which round arches are hung with a further selection of underwear; this time upside down and red.

A. A chattri on the Taj Mahal (1630-1652), showing the decadence of Mogul building. B. A Baker chattri on the Secretariats.

C. The front of the North Secretariat, showing the detail of the dome and the central recess with its Mogul doorway.

D. The supporting wall of the garden platform in front of the North Secretariat viewed from the Great Place. In front is the approach to the steps.

The four attendant chattris, ill squeezed in at the bottom, are similarly graced; though their garments hang from a natural clothes line as in the Council Chamber courtyards.

From the outside, the backs of the Secretariats, here descending to the lower level of the surrounding plain, are successful where there is no ornament, and the colonades that occupy the third and fourth storeys of the projecting wings make a pleasant break in the severe red and white walls. But the main entrances beneath the domes exhibit a piled confusion. Corresponding with those on the inside appear two more flat Mogul archways. But owing to the extra height, these contain, not entrances, but nichelocated Romeo balconies and large basins, underneath which small black apertures threaten access to Etruscan tombs. As on the inside, the walls containing these archways are heavily recessed.

A. Until we happen to walk up Akbari. These, in India House, all the familiar motives reappear. Underwear screens, curved by Batavian workmen from Dacian stone, conceal Georgian windows. Elephants and bulls vie with the ridiculous devices of British Indian heraldry. A huge part of the interior is excised in a pale red stone. Colour of dilated greywack powder, which, the jargon insists, has been exactly matched with that of the Taj Mahal. In support of this contention he points to one of the treetop panels in this colour, which was quarried in Akbar. Actually, the red stone of the Taj is of a crimson bloodstone even deeper than that of New Delhi. And the visitor to India House should pay no credit to the implied statement that stone of the imperial capital in any way resembles its pallid travesty here.
THE VICEROY’S COURT.

To turn from the Secretariats to the Vicereyl House is to be transported from a concert of popular classics to a performance of a new and original symphony by an orchestra such as the Vienna Philharmonic. The metaphor is a just one. For, in the last analysis, Sir Edwin Lutyens’s distinction as an architect is found in the absolute precision with which his every external ornament is made to contribute to the general harmony and to accentuate, or modify, the form of the general mass.

The iron screen across the front of the courtyard, when I saw it, was unfinished. Its larger pier is to bear lamp-holding elephants, whose advent, after the recent experiences of their animals on the Secretariats, must necessarily be regarded with some apprehension. The most ingenious feature of the screen is the horse-guard box, deep shady arches of almost cardboard thinness, but bound, buttressed, and surmounted by heavy blocks of stone; so that each whole appears to have been carved from a lump of living rock (A and B).

The features of the courtyard—Jaipur column, sunk drives, and basket lanterns—have been enumerated. On either side of it the ground falls to a lower level; and its platform is there upheld by sunk walls, 16 ft. high, and built with a convergent “batter” to take the weight of the massive outlet moulding along the top. These walls are broken by a lateral drive. The points of intersection are marked by pairs of superb gazebos—each consisting of a white hemispheres, on a red octagon, on a red square, on a red square Mopul chhajja, on four squat red piers, between which, so far hidden by shadow as to be almost invisible, are placed square pierced screens (D, E, and F). Where the walls turn inwards, towards the Jaipur column, they are transformed into squat cloisters, supported on fat round pillars, from whose tops springing brackets give each archway a Hindu character (D). The angles of the walls are diversified with a play of crude blocks whose pattern of light and shadow might have been designed by Picasso. Night; for the blocks are now being carved into elephants. Beyond the pairs of gazebos the walls continue again till they celebrate the approach to the house with similar gazebos, only here single (F). Beneath each of these, low doorways are embraced by the base mould of the wall, which rises in rectangular shape to accomplish this. The walls are then set back so as to meet the extra foundation of the house necessitated by the lower level. Above these set-locks, before the house is actually reached, are further set back other and smaller walls, elided by chhajja similar to, and grown out of, the cornices of the gazebos (Plate IX). These cornices, and the galleries thus formed, are continued right across the north and the south sides of the house, save where interrupted by the north entrance and the south courtyard. But for its necessary doorways and windows, the extra foundation of the house on these sides repeats exactly the character of the sunk walls below the courtyard; so that, viewed from below, the house and court are one thing—as though the house, secluding its body and erecting its head, had stretched out its legs to enclose the court; at the same time placing its arms behind it, with the hands closed, to envelop a garden of whose existence the reader is not yet aware.

A. A drawing of part of the screen and railing to the VICEROY’S COURT. B. A horse-guard box on the screen to the VICEROY’S COURT. These have since been enlarged, to give more shade, by the addition of square pillars in front, and a corresponding extension of the vaulted roofs. The stone blocks are to be disfigured by carving. C. A stone post in the screen to the VICEROY’S COURT. This and its fellows will bear lamp-holding elephants by Jagger. D. A guard-house in the VICEROY’S COURT, with a gazebo and “Norman-Hindu” arches. E. A detail of the gazebo. F. A gazebo on the supporting wall of the VICEROY’S COURT at the point where it begins to be recessed to its to join the house. Notice the doorway contained in the apsaras base mould.
A. Detail from the screen between the GOVERNMENT COURT and VICE-ROY'S COURT, showing the front and side elevations of the horse-guard boxes.

B. The chhajja to the main cornice of the VICEROY'S HOUSE, showing how the red and white pattern turns a corner. C. Detail of a gazebo on the wall of the VICEROY'S COURT; Jaffer's elephants are being carved. D. The south elevation of the north wing of the garden (or west) front of the VICEROY'S HOUSE.
THE VICEROY'S HOUSE: OUTSIDE.

The various excellences of the front of the Viceroy's House, and of the dome above it, have been discussed in Part I. Once again, the tremendous size of the whole must be emphasized. Fortunately, human natures are always pretty, beneath the central portion of the turrets, the drum of stone that supports the statues of the King and Queen, to furnish the bewildered eye with a scale of measurement.

The detail, where it exists, should be studied at length. In particular the roofs of the small chaibris along the parapet provide a striking example of the complicated system of mouldings employed by the architect to obtain the simultaneous effects of height and simplicity (B, page 25; and B, page 26). The plinths of the turrets exhibit an opposite principle: that of great steps of stone, thrust apparently at random on top of one another, but so arranged as to produce a carefully calculated dullering of light and shadow (C, page 25). Another interesting feature is the capital employed on the pillars of the main portico. In shape, this resembles the head-piece of a carvayda, swollen round the middle, by a corrugated band, and supporting, after a slight interval, a flat morter-board from whose corners depend the stone balls that will preserve the dynasty. This theme, though excellently proportioned, is endowed with a negative quality out of keeping with the essentially positive character of the turrets (see drawing, page 29).

The detail of the dome has already been examined. The hemisphere (without its base mural), and the patterned white drum beneath, derive their shape from the Bhuddist chhajja of Sanchi. The turrets, in essence, derive from the European Middle Ages. Their caps derive from the Moghuls; and likewise the form, though not the course, of the all-round chaibris. The remaining elements seem to lack historic precedent; but in reality, as they stand here, none of them has any precedent whatever. Amidst the cacophony of standardized allusion and whining reminiscence which the present age calls art, Lucknow's dome strikes a clean note of true aesthetic invention. To have seen it is to carry for ever a new enjoyment and to add one more to those little separate flames of pleasure whose treasured aggregate alone gives purpose to existence.

From me, feeling thus, criticism would come amiss. I will only append a comment of the architect himself. It strikes him, he says, that the diameter of the upper half of the white drum beneath the dome is too large; he would like to take a foot off the circumference all round, thus modifying the step between it and the dome.

And it also seems to him that the whole base of the dome rises too sharply from the immensely long parapet beneath it. He believes this can be rectified by a low wall between the turrets on either side of the portico, together with corresponding walls on the opposite side of the house and across it. The first of these suggested improvements is naturally out of the question. Whether the second will be carried out is not yet decided.

The south side of the house consists of two great wings, each of which projects eastwards and westwards, into the Viceroy's Court or Garden, from the main axis of the building (D, and Plate IX). These wings have the same character as the front, being flanked each by a couple of pyramidal blocks, between which (couplets) runs a colonnade. The addition to the foundation, with its delicious gallery beneath a second chajja, has been described. In between the two wings, immediately beneath the dome, and so as to show it, is a deep recess whose architecture is of a different character. This differentiation satisfies the eye—as if the skin of an orange had been peeled off to reveal the pig beneath. A Hindu cloister, similar to those in the sunk walls of the courtyard, gives entrance to the bowels of the house. Above, the windows are framed in an elaborate system of pilasters and plagues (A, page 25). These, at present coarse and ugly, will be carved into more delicate forms by Indian workmen. A similar system of ornament, similarly placed and awaiting similar improvement, graces the courtyard within (Plate X).

The north front presents a design after the same plan as that of the south with its two side wings, save that, in place of the recess just described, there is set out a huge pyramidal entrance-block, blind but for a tall central niche which contains a small doorway at the bottom (C). On either side of the niche, in the red foundations, the Bhuddist railing motive re-appears. A splayed flight of steps leads to the entrance, flanked by two pairs of red masonry similar to the supporting walls of the Viceroy's court, and bearing similar red and white gargoula.

There remains only the garden front, facing west, a façade of perfect severity, a background for flowers and trees (D). From either side proceeds a wing such as those of the main front, but shorter; for the garden front stands farther from the dome than its opposite. From the parapets of the ends of these wings two more fountains. But on the parapet of the front itself, there is no ornament, no break whatsoever, with the exception of two small chaibris and two extra feet of heightening directly beneath the dome. The sweep of the chajja underneath, with its dotted line of contact above and its heavy black shadow below, stretching the whole length of the house without interruption, is an almost forbidding in its ruthless pursuit of distance.

The red foundations, of wings and body alike, are broken by heavy archways, nearly similar to those in front (B, page 25). Along the central façade they number nineteen, each of which is finished at the top with a lancet panel of red stone; otherwise, there is the view from without, which it is not; but charmingly frivolous when viewed from within as setting to a garden prospect.
A. Elevation of the north wall of the North Fountain Court of the VICEROY'S HOUSE. The shields above the windows are to be carved with the arms of successive Viceroys. B. Part of the west elevation of the main block. C. East elevation of the fountain on the south wing of the east front.
A. Part of the east elevation of the VICEROY'S HOUSE. B. A chattri by the south portico fountain of the VICEROY'S HOUSE. Note the take-off of the chaukis below. C. Elevation of the north front, showing the north entrance, of the VICEROY'S HOUSE. D. The east elevation of the Vicereuly's original House. Actually the chattris are not surmounted by sphakes, and the dome is smaller.
A. The shaft of the Cobra Fountain in the South Fountain Court. B. Section through a turret of the dome to the Durbar Hall in the Viceroy's House.
THE VICEROY'S GARDEN.

Of the garden itself, some 12 acres in extent—of its maze of grass squares, flower beds, and bridged waters at different levels, all framed in the red stone; of its fountains like heaps of pennies; of its exquisite red and white gazebos, whose pierced panels are repeated in the water beside them; of the terraced battlements of flowers that rise like bastions on either side; of the stone Eiffel towers at the ends, bound in flashing brass and awaiting the growth of trees inside them; of the stone hoops along the further boundary; of the stone pergola in the corridor beyond; and of the final circular enclosure attached to the corridor as a racquet to its handle—many pages could be written, and will be elsewhere. The general effect, at present, is bare; but in ten years the existing trees will have become a forest. The design, like the elaborate and formal water-systems of the Moguls and the Italians, is strictly architectural, and is thus made the instrument of a logical transition between the great house behind and the rough landscape overlooked. But this process is not accomplished by that alone.

For out in the landscape itself lie, on one side, the Vicerecy's stables, and on the other, the Vicerecy's bodyguard lines: complicated and symmetrical groups of buildings, having towers at their ends, and so planned, diamond-wise, as to accentuate their diagonal relation to the central axis—the axis which persists from the Memorial Arch at the foot of the King's Way to the centre of the garden's final pond in the circular enclosure beyond the corridor. Thus, if the Vicerecy steps out to pick a rose, he can look up to find the very horizon in differential alignment with himself. Such is a proper setting for a ruler. But the architect has given his heart to the pansies as well. Throughout every detail of the garden is visible the same consummate manipulation of stone as distinguishes the whole city. And even the flowers have responded to their environment of perfection.

THE VICEROY'S GARDEN—A. Overlooking the Delhi plain with the stables in the distance planned on a radial from the main axis of the city. B. A gazebo in red stone with a white roof. C. Stone hoops for creepers.

On page 29.
D. A stone pergola. The pergolas take the weight of the middle beam, as it was impossible to get stone beams long enough to support the whole structure. E. A waterfall. F. A bouquet to contain a tree.

The facing page.
Plate XIII.
January 1914.
A fountain in the Vicerecy's Garden viewed from above.
THE VICE ROY'S HOUSE: INSIDE.

Of the inside of the Vicerey's House, I can give only the bewildered impression of a single afternoon. The Vicerey's staff, eager at being where they did not use to be, complained of its size and intricacy. But those who have made a technical study of comparable houses, the great palaces of France and Italy, built to receive a vast concourse of servants, functionaries, and ceremonial observances, assert that, for ingenuity of planning, this residence has no rival, ancient or modern. The Vicerey's living-rooms are on the ground floor, giving directly on to the garden; panelled in teak and adorned with tall, flat overmantels of white, grey, and black marble inlaid in chevron pattern. On the first floor are the State-rooms, still, when I saw them, almost empty of furniture. Even had they been totally devoid of all decoration whatsoever, the magnificent and perfection of their proportions must have given unbounded pleasure. But when these proportions, worthy of the double-cube at Wilton or the gallery at Hardwick, are clothed with crusted and ornament of Byzantine splendour, the beholder may well believe that the world of President Wilson and Mr. Ford is safe for aristocracy after all.

In the centre of the house, beneath the dome, is the Durbar Hall, also round, supported on columns of Jasper black, cased with a flood-lit dome, and floored with an immense pattern of porphyry and white marble, whose glass polish reflects the Jasper. This floor, typical of those of all the State-rooms, gives meaning to its name. It is the foundation of the room, not a mere texture for the feet. Actually, the red stone is not porphyry. Nor is the green stone in the other floors verd antique. But the architect's meaning is plain, and his pattern so devout, that he has changed the water into wine. Unfortunately, the workmanship is course in places. Indian masons have not been able to imitate that of Antiquity and the Renaissance in the same province.

Other rooms have left impressions on the mind; the State dining-room, scarcely smaller (so it seemed) than the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor, panelled in teak, and resounding, at the end, into a tall teak niche for the reception of the Goldsmiths' plate; the square ballroom, of white marble inlaid with immense panels of dark, wine-coloured glass, sufficient for a thousand guests; the apartment whose window discloses the portentous marble posterior of the Queen's cofur; and the long drawing-room, again marble, diversified with panels of dull gold brocade and lit from silver sconces. All the details, such as the gilt keys and the doors locks in the form of the royal arms, have the perfection of their French counterparts at the end of the eighteenth century. And almost the entire furniture has been, or is being, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens himself. Few artists can have written so complete an epitaph of themselves on one spot.

One last glory of the house must be described. Its foundations are pierced, on the east and south, by five vaulted carriage-drives, one beside the other, which deposit the arriving guests at the foot of a palatial staircase running round three sides of a well. Above the cornice of the well, the casual eye thinks to discern a coved plaster ceiling. It does and does not. For the cove is there, while the ceiling is absent. Instead of a central plaster panel, there appears the sky, which is interrupted on one side by the looming red, cream, and copper mass of the dome. At night the cove is defined by a dull flood-light. While above the ascending guests, English and Indian, uniformed and starred, white-shouldered or shrouded in stuffs of liquid gold; above the most renowned jewels, the highest lineage, and the most exigent bureaucracy in Asia, the stars twinkle from a black void and the breeze blows in and out.

Detail of the baldachino in the Durbar Hall of the VICE ROY'S HOUSE. Notice the stone balls on the pillar capitals.
IV.—The Significance of Lutyens's City.

GEoffrey Scott, referring to the early part of the nineteenth century, writes in his Architecture of Humanism: “A romantic classicism of sentiment and reflection has over-told and stifled the creative classicism which sprang up in the eighteenth and is now held control. In imparting to the Renaissance tradition this literary flavour, in adopting this unprecedentedly imitative manner, the vigour of the Renaissance style was finally and fatally injured.” The exactitudes of taste, the trained and organized discrimination which, in the collapse of the old order (at the beginning of the nineteenth century), men had indubitably lost, were declared to be of less service in framing a rigid judgment of architecture than the moral delicacy they conceived themselves to have acquired. From the fact that the sculptures of the village church have, or once had, an intelligible interest for the peasant, it is argued that all architecture should address itself to the level of his understanding.”

The significance of Lutyens's New Delhi, for those of the human race who concern themselves with the arts, is that it marks the end, and is the first cycle of buildings to do so, of the phrase described by Geoffrey Scott. American skyscrapers and Viennese workingmen's dwellings have already claimed to do this. But their industrial force, if considered impartially, are really no less allusive, though certainly more refreshing, than the formal detail of nineteenth-century Gothic. New Delhi, in its province, has revived the permanent verity of humanism. Humanism is aristocratic; the cult of the best. In former times, this cult received universal homage. Today, when the vulgar must have not only a finger in every pie, but an opinion on every savoury, the ideal of quantity has replaced that of quality. The best is thought impossible. But since, comparatively speaking, it was attained in the past, the past is now believed, in the realm of art, to hold a monopoly of everything that is best. Hence the vulgar taste for allusion, reminiscence, and sentiment in art, the craving for moral reminders of past excellence and present devotion to unoriginal past ideals. The present has lost confidence in its own aesthetic capacity. And with that confidence, it has lost also the joy of search for the best and pursuit of the beauty of the world, which is humanism. A few of the attenuated muses, hidden from the democracy that hates them, are beginning to find sustenance again. But architecture cannot be hidden. And her spirit, clothed in togue and feathers of moral romance, remains a grinning skull.

In 1911, Sir Edwin Lutyens, at once architect and humanist, but fettered (so it seems to many) by the powerful and admirable tradition of eighteenth-century building in his own country, was commissioned to design a city in Asia. Before him lay an arid plain; above, a fierce sun and a blue sky; near by, the ghost of an ancient imperial capital; and on every side a people who, from prince to coolie woman, possess an innate and living desire for what is proper and best. Behind him stood an imposing political organization, a superb product of the European genius. The mainspring of this organization must be housed. Its housing must be both convenient and magnificent.

Like all humanists, Sir Edwin Lutyens had drunk of the European past, and he now drank of the Indian. He borrowed themes and inventions from both. But he used them as Beethoven used snatches of popular songs in his symphonies, or Shakespeare old legends in his plays.

In so doing, he has accomplished a fusion between East and West, and created a novel work of art. But the fusion between East and West is only incidentally one of architectural motives. It is a fusion also of tastes, comforts, and conceptions of beauty, in different climates. The Mogul Emperors, behind their gorgeous façades, lived in rooms like housemaids' closets—though set with pearls and rubies. Lutyens has combined the gorgeous façade, coloured and dramatic, of Asia, with the solid habit, cubic and intellectual, of European building. Taking the best of East and West, he has woven the two together, so that what is complementary, he has made of them a unity, and invested it with a double magnificence. That this scheme will ever be haunted by the ghosts of lost possibilities, is a tragedy which he shares with all the great architects of history.

But above all, in every rib and moulding, in every block of stone, he has revealed and given life that perfectly balanced sanity and proportion which is the distilled essence of beauty, and which Europe calls the humanist ideal. Sometimes, even, he has shouted for joy in his heart, conjuring rays from a dome, fountains from a roof, a glass star from a column, and smoke from an arch.

Geoffrey Scott, addressing those who term the baroque style of architecture ostentatious, asks if they find ostentation in the shout of an army. "Other architectures," he says, "by other men, have conveyed strength in repose. . . . But the laughter of strength is expressed in one style only: the Italian baroque architecture of the seventeenth century." New Delhi has caught the echo of that laughter. It peals over the land, mitigating for those who hear it, the steel fury of the sun and the tragedy of conflicting effort. But those who hear it are few. The majority are deaf to all but the "rights of man"—whether to give or to withhold them. They forget that one of those rights is beauty. This at least the English have given. And for this at least the English will be remembered.