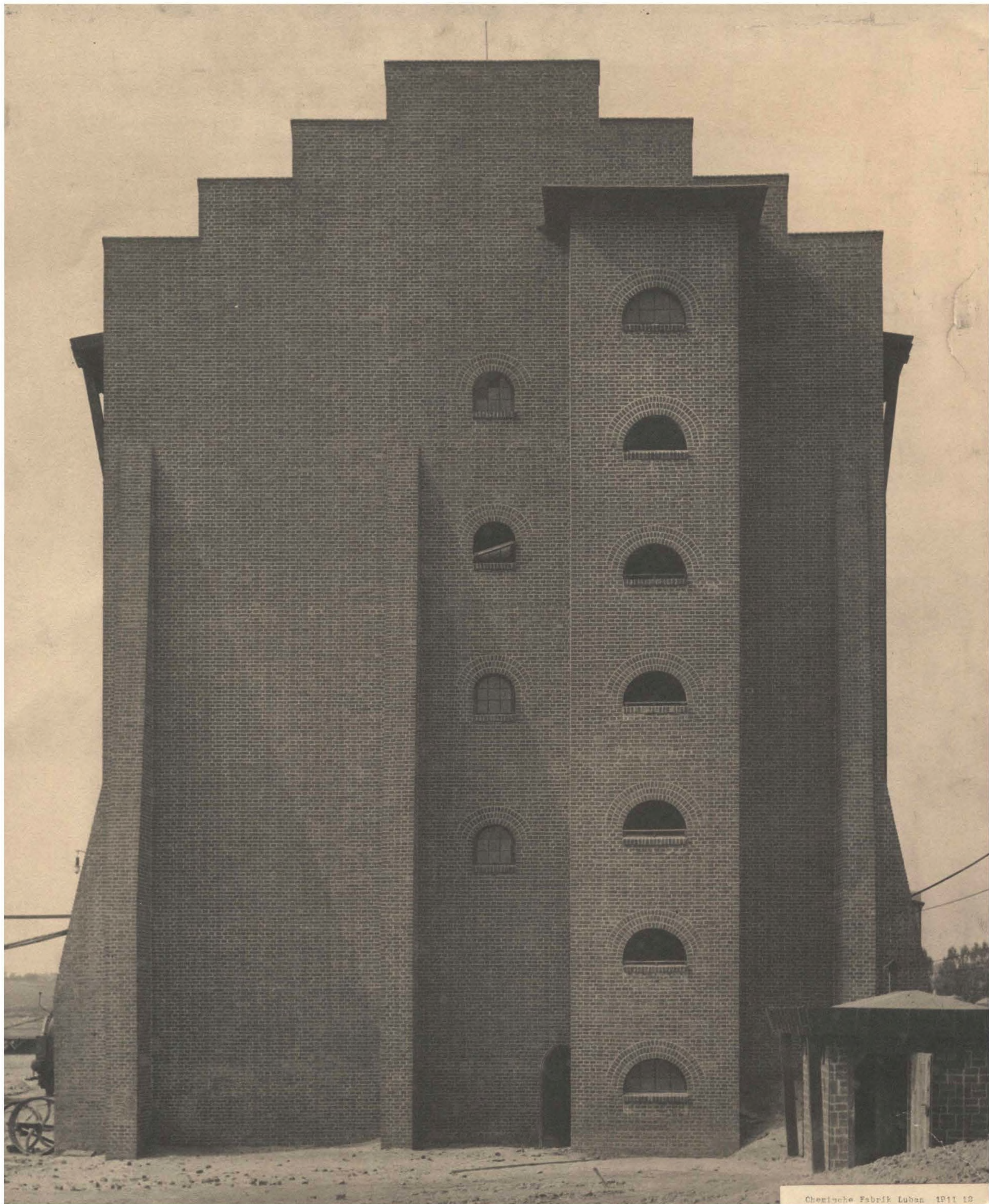




Late Roman

*The functional buildings that date from the great periods of architecture are representative of their very function, which is why they are so often overwhelming. No one who has looked at the powerful arches of Roman aqueducts with their unique rhythm will ever forget them.*¹

If Peter Behrens' AEG Turbine Factory (1908) is, as has often been said, the Greek temple of modern manufacturing, then Hans Poelzig's Moritz Milch & Co chemical and phosphate fertiliser plant in Luban (1911–12) embodies a late Roman imperial aspect – or as the great Austrian scholar Alois Riegl would define it, *Spätromische Kunstindustrie*.² Indeed, the configuration of the factory's space – closed, impenetrable, cubic and measurable – is distinctly late Roman; as is the composition of its volumes, designed quite deliberately to be viewed from a distance that, in Riegl's words, 'makes the shadowed recesses in their serial symmetry, with the clear wall divisions in the middle of a storey, look a coherent optical unit'; and as are its windows, which just like late Roman architecture 'lead the gaze from closed slit out into free space'.

And yet, at the same time, this is clearly not an architecture of decline. Nor is there any schematic use of traditional, stereotypical or symbolic classical forms. In fact, this is a building with no historicism whatsoever – something its architect was quite clear about. As Poelzig stated in 1931 in a lecture to the Bund Deutscher Architekten in Berlin:

*We older architects, when we threw ourselves into industrial architecture an age ago, were all positively craving a field as yet untilled, where there were no preconceived ideas. People had become accustomed at the time to seeing churches in the gothic style, synagogues looking oriental, post offices in the German Renaissance style and museums and civil service buildings in a kind of Italian Renaissance style. For court buildings, the baroque normally used in monasteries was adopted. Every attempt to make a stand against this has failed, and industrial architecture alone represented the line of least resistance, a field that was all the more readily left to us as it seemed to be of no importance for official architecture.*³

For Poelzig, form has meaning beyond the merely aesthetic or functional. With the Moritz Milch & Co building, like Behrens with the AEG, he was seeking a break with Weimar eclecticism, proposing instead a 'timeless' order that emerged, especially, through the insistent rhythm of arched window and brick. The effect, however, is not so much a-temporal as it is projective: the Luban factory looks to the future much more than it addresses an absent past. Its archaic, if not 'barbaric', appearance aims at prophecy, not nostalgic memory. After chemistry comes alchemy. In Luban in 1911, then, Poelzig foreshadows the looming Middle Ages.

One fails, however, to properly locate Poelzig's contribution to the history of twentieth-century architecture unless one sets it within an intimate discussion of themes that go way beyond architecture. Or as the architect himself said, 'Architecture [is rooted] in the arts, in religion and in philosophy',⁴ and it is only through these fields that one arrives at an understanding of

Poelzig and the Golem

Marco Biraghi

It seems that one day Poelzig claimed he wanted to fashion buildings out of cow dung

Julius Posener,
Hans Poelzig, 1970

Rather, 'working for eternity' means projecting an imagined 'end' of building to the maximum possible distance, consigning one's works to an infinity far, far away, or more precisely to that transcendental point from which they had actually come. Indeed, for Poelzig 'the artistic form is eternal', provided one takes 'artistic in the true sense of the word, that is, *divine*'.⁵ The chemical factory, in this, theological, sense, is as Poelzig unabashedly announced, 'born of love', and 'its roots reach into the spiritual world'.⁶ But love here is not synonymous with the transcendental (in German, the *Übersinnlich*), nor does it simply allow itself to be translated as *Liebe* or love. For Poelzig, rather, love is equivalent to Eros, the great mediator.¹⁰ And so love 'harmonises' form with an originary premise that predates any particular tradition. And only by knowing this love is it possible to give form that 'musicality' in which its source echoes: 'We build for the dear Lord and he sees everything!'¹¹ Building for the good God is to 'serve art with awe',¹² to feel the sacredness of the act of construction, not of its product. Or, finally, 'something that was created with eternity in mind will give the impression of being eternal'.¹³

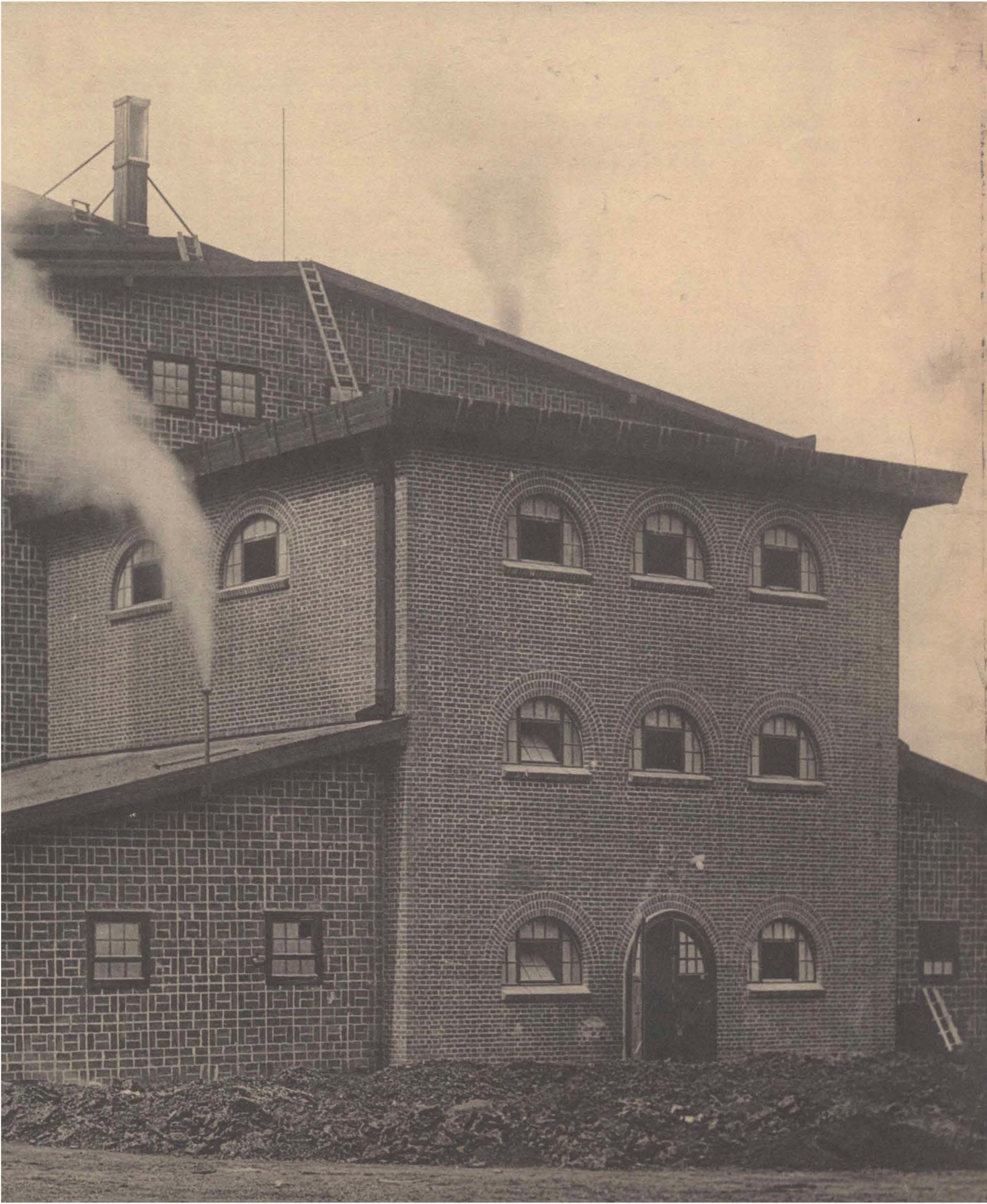
Der Golem

Very few architects proselytise quite like Poelzig. And during the twentieth century, even fewer professed themselves architects or builders simply through the creative fervour of their hands. However, the spiritual conviction suggested by Poelzig's raptures is aligned less with Christianity and more with Judaism, as his faith in the creative power of his hands shows him as architecture's true mediator of the Golem.

The legend of the Golem turns on the central question of creation; creation which, while deriving from the teachings of the sacred texts of the Kabbalah (in particular from the *Sefer Yetzirah*, or *Book of Creation*) mimics, and therefore in some way challenges, the divine work. Golem in Hebrew means 'amorphous', 'formless', and in most cases a Golem is presented as a being kneaded out of soil and water, animated by a spell (*emèth*, or truth).¹⁴ According to Jewish folklore, what the creation of a Golem replicates – albeit in an obviously crude and degraded fashion compared to God's creation – is the act by which God breathes life into Adam, the first man (indeed, in some Talmudic versions, the Golem is a stage in the creation of Adam). Through the mysterious power of the combination of letters of the alphabet – or of the name of God, or of

Opposite and overleaf: Hans Poelzig,
Moritz Milch & Co chemical and phosphate
fertiliser plant, Luban, 1911–12
© TU Architekturmuseum, Berlin





the Torah – the initiate then confers life on the inanimate matter to which he has given human shape. And it is this ritualistic act that evinces his being as an initiate.

Emulator of artifice, evoker of the magical and of Kabbalistic ritual, Poelzig saw himself as both actor and author of the Golem, its promoter and procreator. In architectural terms, such a spirit seems manifest in a certain number of his buildings. In others, you can see it in their form and shape. But there is an even more immediate connection between the architect and this anthropomorphic being, not least the fact that in 1920, eight years after the completion of the factory in Luban, Poelzig was hired to design the sets for the film *Der Golem*, directed by Paul Wegener. As early as 1914 the same Wegener – then an actor in the entourage of the director Max Reinhardt – had filmed, with the designer Henrik Galeen, a *Golem* set against the backdrop of old Prague. In it a barely credible giant, dusty and statuesque – almost a caricature of the Commendatore in Mozart's *Don Giovanni* – wanders through what was left of the 'dark corners, the secret alleys, shuttered windows, squalid courtyards, rowdy pubs and sinister inns' of the city's Jewish quarter.¹⁵

Immediately after the First World War, this and other examples of the new German cinema were marked by their rejection of naturalistic solutions. The fantastic – the diametric opposite of the realistic – was to dominate unchallenged. 'Film must become living drawings', said Hermann Warm, creator – with the expressionist painters of the *Sturm* group, Walter Röhrig and Walter Reimann – of the hallucinatory set design of another of this genre's more memorable works, *Dr Caligari*. Here, their play of light and *papier maché* bestowed both a certain dignity and mystery on the resulting image. Moreover, the pyrotechnic dance of signs – dark, reiterated, slanting on the white canvas of the backdrops – subordinated everything, both action and human figure, dislocating perspective and the architecture of the set.

Wherever it touched, this expressionistic *Weltbild* continued to leave behind other unnatural landscapes, all of them warped, twisted. Among them – and in many ways exemplary in its degree of unreality, yet effective in its rendering of the idea – is the description of Prague given by Gustav Meyrink in the opening pages of his 1914 novel *The Golem*:

I started to run my eyes over the faded houses, which seemed to crouch side by side in the rain like old sullen animals. What a squalid and dilapidated air they all had. They stood huddled haphazardly, sprung up like weeds from the soil. They had been botched up two or three centuries before, no matter how, entirely heedless one of another, abutting a low yellow stone wall, sole survival of the long stretch of an ancient building. Here half a crooked house with sunken brow; there beside it another, which instead jutted out like a tusk. Beneath the lowering sky they seemed to lie in sleep, and one felt nothing of that malign and hostile life they sometimes seem to emanate, when the mist thickens in the streets of autumn evenings and half veils their grimacing. I have lived here for a generation, and in that time the impression has grown ever stronger in me – and I cannot shake it off – that there are certain times of the night and early dawn reserved to them, hours that they spend in agitated, silent, secret cabals. And sometimes a slight shiver passes through their walls, inexplicable, mysterious noises roll down the tiles and slip into the gutters, and we with our dull senses pay no heed, do not ask what the cause is of these phenomena. I have often dreamed of keeping hidden watch on these houses in their ghostly activities and of learning with awe and fear that they are the true, occult lords of the street, able to shrug off their lives

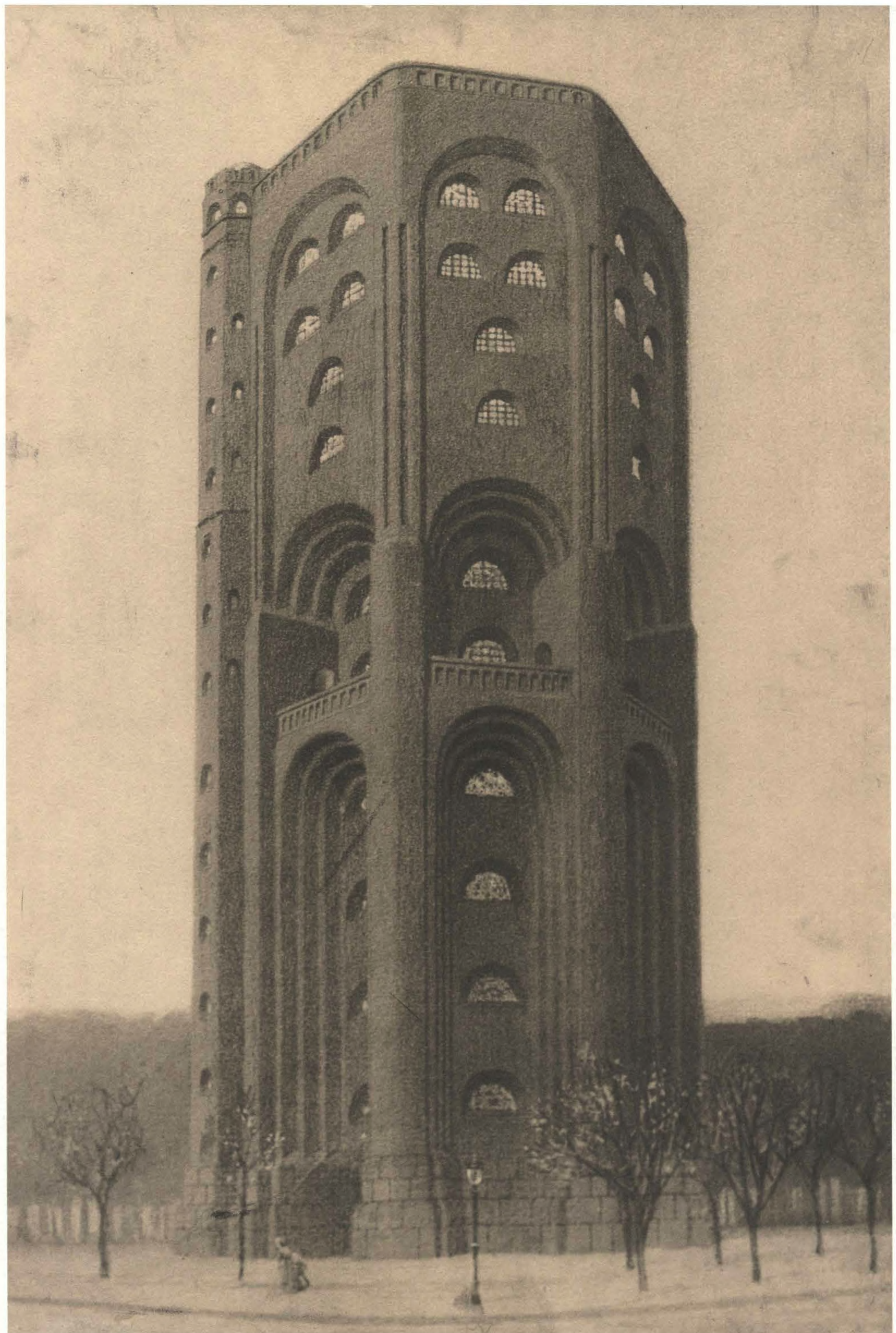
*and feelings but then snatching them back, lending them during the day to the inmates only to wrench them back at night at usurious interest.*¹⁶

The Prague of Poelzig's own *Golem*, physically manifested through the set he designed for Wegener and constructed in Berlin's Tempelhof Studios, was very much in the same spirit. It also offered an implicit criticism not just of more conventional 'painted' movie sets – the stuff of interior decorators, rather than of architects – but also of historical reconstructions – pedantry cloaked in bad taste. Wegener explicitly asked for the scenography not to reproduce reality but to render the atmosphere the Golem breathes. In response, Poelzig's Prague gives off an eerie charm, but its scale still made it absolutely real. Fifty-four houses – a stretch of the city walls and a synagogue, complete in every external detail – rise to form an entire citadel, and in the process announce their fundamental difference to stage flats. Indeed, by projecting into the third dimension, the surfaces come alive in a tectonic realm. Even its reduction onto celluloid does not fail to relieve these surfaces of their corporeality and depth. The result is a fantastic, volumetric medievalism, in which everything is expressed in an arcane and archaic style, located midway between east and west, between 'Egyptian gothic or gothic Egyptian', according to the art historian Paul Westheim.¹⁷ Walls, stairs, windows and doors all seem centuries-old, and all shaped in the tremulous expectation of the miracle – the 'breath' that is one day to animate them. Wegener summed up the whole: '*Es ist nicht Prag ... es ist eine Stadt-Dichtung, ein Traum*'. A city-poem, a dream.

The interiors are also dream-like, and of extraordinary quality: the great, flamboyant gothic hall of the imperial palace, all wildwood and arborescent explosion, a flowery *Rosenfest* where, as Chateaubriand wrote of gothic cathedrals, 'those vaults carved in foliage, those pilasters that support the walls and end abruptly like broken trunks, the cool of the vaults ... the secret passages, the stooped doorways, everything ... recreates the mazes of the woods, everything makes one feel their sacred terror'.¹⁸ A second interior suggests an alchemical laboratory, a tremendous cave dug into rock, while another reveals itself as the briny living-room in the belly of a whale, a ribbed and mucilaginous chasm from which rises, larynx-like, an imaginative spiral staircase (an almost literal citation of the cavernous space of the philosopher in meditation, as in the Rembrandt painting of the same name).

As offspring of the unconscious and of the imagination, Poelzig's set was in this sense golemic in both name and spirit, just like the architecture he represents – towers, bridges and pointy buildings, all top-heavy rather than lopsided, and therefore embodiments of not just the Golem's bulk, but his hesitancy, the perpetual sense that he is on the verge of toppling over. What this architecture instils, then, is pure anguish. Poelzig's Prague is a magical city, spellbound, but also a frightening city, where there always reigns that sense of oppression to which the Jewish spirit is prey.¹⁹ H Leivick, a Russian Jew, poet and playwright, gave grim voice to exactly this collective anxiety in the ghetto of his own stage version of the Golem legend: 'Angst! But us, we're kneaded out of angst, angst-soaked, enfolded, melded into it! Aflame, fiery, blazing with anguish, we're its torch!'²⁰ Or, again, as Paul Westheim writes of Poelzig and Wegener's *Golem*, it 'projects the "longing for the homunculus" of humanity onto the milieu of the old Prague ghetto of the dead Rabbi Löw', where the 'atmosphere of necromancy and astrology of Rudolf II' prevails, 'into which a historical and mystical substrate is epically and legendarily woven ... such a fertile cinematic





possibility, because it transfers utopian dreams and messianic beliefs into a world of mysterious-seeming reality'.²¹

In his seminal essay on the *Representation of the Golem*, Gershom Scholem observes that one of the distinctive features of modern interpretations of the Golem is the tendency to make it the quintessential materialisation of the soul of the ghetto, of its hopes as much as its collective fears. Saving the ghetto from the horrors of the *pogrom* thus becomes the task of the Golem, which will thereby require supernatural powers, or perhaps just superhuman strength. The growth beyond measure of this strength, and its turn in the end into a terrible destructive force, becomes the cause of the Golem's degeneration and an extraordinary source of danger.²²

The anguish that permeates the city of the Golem, like some kind of indelible stigma, does not arise, however, out of any objective danger: rather, the jeopardy which Poelzig exposes is not static but symbolic. The risk is only ornamental. But ornament in Poelzig goes beyond the sphere of the decorative, and can be better understood as an inner expression of the urge to create. 'It springs entirely from the spatial form, not from the need to decorate.' 'The true ornament', Poelzig continues, 'is symbolic, the classical column is pure music, it is totally unnatural, has no relation to nature; even the acanthus on the Corinthian column was not the result of conscious stylisation of natural forms; it was a new creation on a different plane'.²³ For Poelzig, then – counter to the disciples of Gottfried Semper – ornament is a form of inner technics; an etheric body which reveals itself in its clairvoyance, just as Callimachus, the sculptor of Corinth, had a vision of the solar motif wrestling with the terrestrial motif on the tomb of a virgin maid, and deduced the Corinthian capital.²⁴

Working in very much the same way, Poelzig's operational mode was to first identify for each construction the absolute tectonic nucleus, and then to reconcile it through the relativity of its changeable ornament. By going down into the depths of the solid constructive core, the ornament then secretly instils a kind of fear of yielding as much as a desire to precipitate. Like the magic word written on a cartouche, or an engraved sign, or even like the symbol of David, the ornament therefore represents a prodigious *shem*, which animates and terrifies at the same time. The star above the synagogue is thus law and grace, *Erlösung* and *Verdammnis*, redemption and damnation: signal of home and safety, as well as a weak point in the structure from which precarious cracks spring. Like images of the mythological battle between the Luciferian and the Ahrimanic – that which upholds, tending aloft, and that which weighs, pressing down, according to the hazy terminology of Rudolf Steiner – Poelzig's golemic buildings live in a state of miraculous equipoise, a faith not governed by a trustworthy 'I foresee', but by a dizzying maxim held by those who disclaim any consequence ahead of time, 'let what must happen, happen'.

Indeed, trusting in *praesagia* or omens, investing them with expectation, is a prior and necessary condition of their actual fulfilment. Theodor Heuss, known for being the first author of a monograph on Hans Poelzig as early as 1936, writes that what attracted the architect irresistibly to the Golem was the 'mystery of the occult', a fascination with the arcane. He adds, 'astrology not only stimulated his imagination, but interested him deeply: for a time he devoured all the literature on the occult sciences'.²⁵ It was no accident, then, that Paul Wegener, in his funeral eulogy, called Poelzig a 'gothic mystic'.²⁶

Golemic Architecture

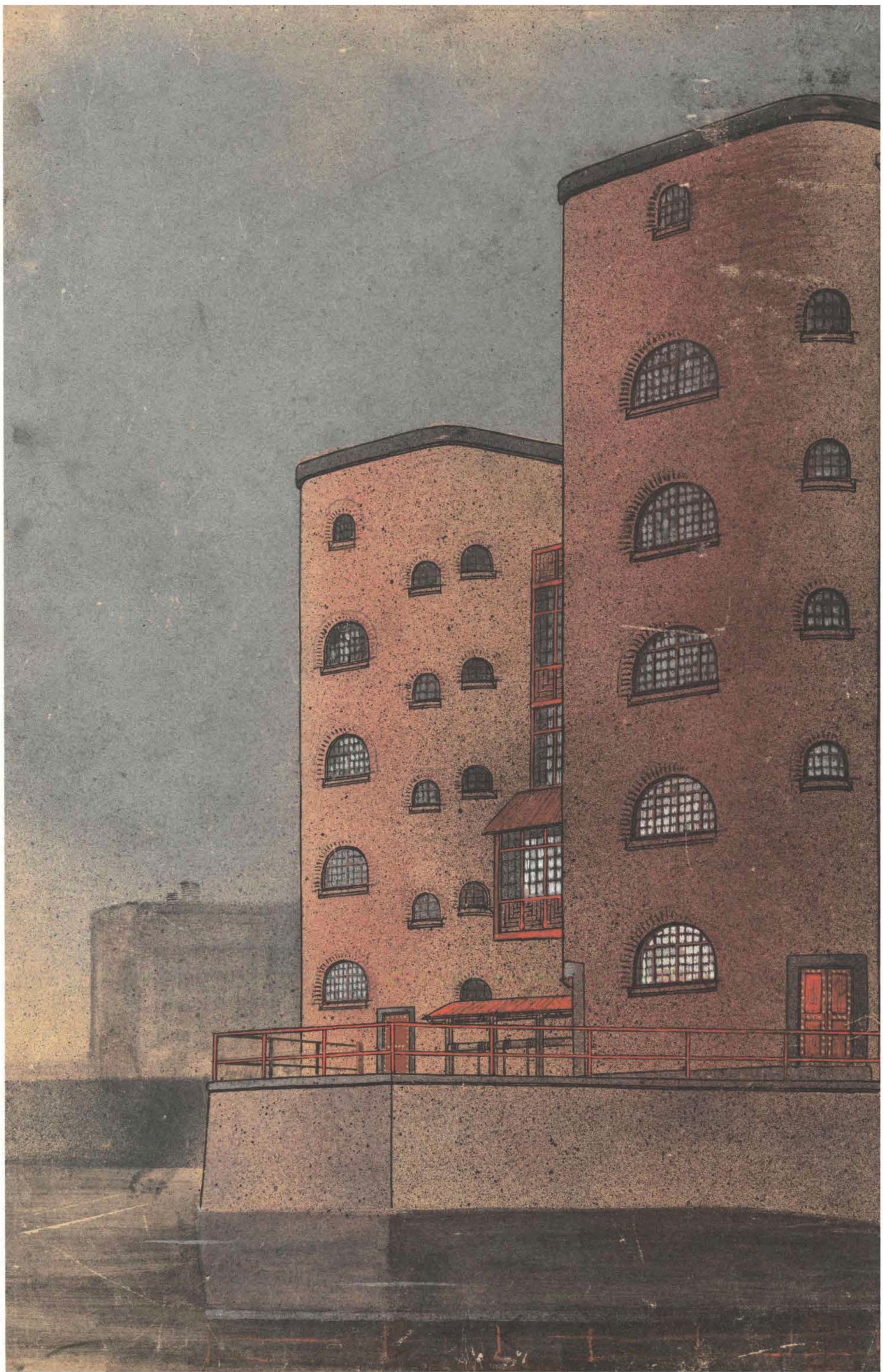
The theme of the Golem continues to resonate in Poelzig with remarkable regularity, perspicuous example of meaningful coincidence or, in Jungian terminology, synchronicity. Indeed it also anticipates – a rare but certainly not unique case of temporal reversal – the set design for *Der Golem*: as Jung wrote, quoting Prosper of Aquitaine, 'Unchanging thought contains the disposition of things changing, thought within which things that do not stand together over time stand together timelessly'.²⁷ An example, in point, would be the three water towers Poelzig designed for Hamburg in 1907, impressive architectural embodiments of the Golem. Subtly differentiated in their various degrees of grandeur, but also in their plan (some circular, others hexagonal), the *Wassertürme* alternate huge pilasters (reinforced at the bottom, and grooved at the top) with superimposed rounded arches that become less splayed as they rise. The semi-circular windows, arranged in vertical rows or groups, have more the guise of grave-markers than of eyes. The colour, fitting as one would expect, is that of red clay or terracotta, while the masonry flaunts the Roman *firmitas* of basilicas, bridges and aqueducts. The style of the towers, however, is not Roman, nor even medieval, but represents a style anterior to any style, an expression of the pure aggregation of material in building.

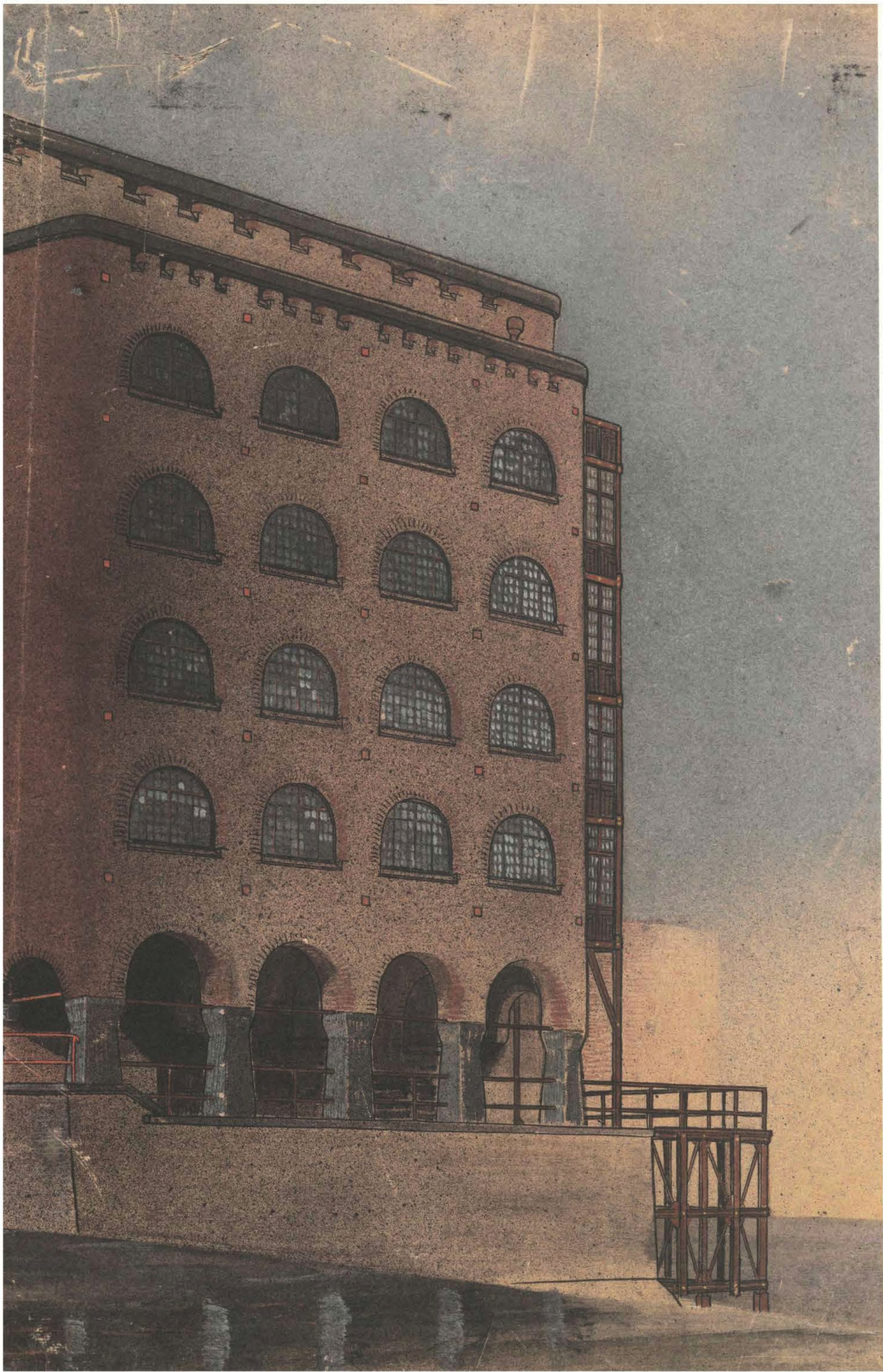
It seems interesting, in this regard, to compare Poelzig's towers to the similar ones by Joseph Maria Olbrich. In these, an attempt to redeem the graceless theme of the water tower takes on a different face or mask: Moorish style, Hapsburg military style, geometrical style *à la* Hoffmann. Olbrich's towers also testify, incontrovertibly, to the idea that for the architect-aesthete (as distinct from the builder-creator) it was imperative to act as purveyor of order and conciliation, and that this always came under the aegis of style. Poelzig's towers, in contrast, operate to a whole other set of registers – potent generators of the dark feeling of having always been presaged, and maybe even feared, they show instead the complete absence of style, and a diversity in intention. In Hamburg, city of docks, wharves and warehouses, and the Hanseatic capital of the anti-pretty, the simply useful must necessarily show themselves without form. Faced with the bulk or *Unförmigkeit* of the metropolis, the true builder must know how to retain himself and forego all ambition.

In Hamburg, therefore, Poelzig builds the formless. Or rather, he builds the Golem. Scholem also remarks that medieval Jewish philosophy used the word Golem to indicate formless matter, the *hyle*, amorphous and primordial. It is no accident, then, that soil and water – primary matter and chaotic element, respectively – are essential ingredients for the amalgam of the Golem. Similarly, Poelzig's water towers offer an indissoluble marriage of the telluric and the aquatic, a rare hybridisation of the masculine and the feminine, and a liaison of container and contents. The *Wassertürme* in this sense are simply large-scale extrusions of the type of the pitcher or jug – a container that also offers. As Martin Heidegger writes of the jug in *What is a Thing?*: 'In the water that is offered, the spring is present. In the spring, the rock is present, and in that the heavy slumber of the earth, which receives the rain and the dew from heaven... In the water of the spring the marriage of heaven and earth is present'.²⁸

Dur-an-ki, or 'bond between Heaven and Earth', was the name of numerous towers in ancient Babylon. The tower is the symbolic linkage of nether world and upper world, of chaos and cosmos, of brute matter and subtle body.

Opposite: Hans Poelzig, water tower for Hamburg am Waisenhaus, c 1907
Overleaf: Hans Poelzig, Werdermühle factory, Breslau, 1906–08
© TU Architekturmuseum, Berlin





As point of convergence and contradiction, Poelzig's *Wassertürme* therefore resonate as fearful columns of deep water, monoliths that are both hair-raising and earthborn, *Axes coelestes* that point to the zenith. And just like Golems they stand erect, immense with a 'cosmic mass'. According to the novelist Elias Canetti, the upright position – an expression of survival – is the central stance of power.²⁹ Similarly, in the tower, power – exercise of domination and mastery – translates action into constructive truth, and therefore becomes the *emèth*. The tower-Golem stands solidly, hence it is living. But not only does it live; it moves, it walks. In a colourful preparatory sketch for the set design of Wegener's film, Poelzig shows a series of towers, their shadows heaving over slightly to the left – an immense and indefinable group of beings about to set forth. Movement towards the left – says Wassily Kandinsky – is movement towards the distance.³⁰ In that direction, things distance themselves from their usual environment, they rid themselves of the constraints that immobilise their movements in an almost petrified atmosphere and breathe more freely; they go in search of adventure.

Poelzig's design for a factory mill on the river Oder, in Breslau, from 1906, is another Golem, again completely free in its movement. One of a pair, it contains a servomechanism worthy of Hero of Alexandria, powering the building simply by the flow of water. A cubic and many-eyed mass, Poelzig draws it as if it were kneaded out of dark brick. It also appears to proudly advertise its will to dominate, to incorporate the river and use it as a kind of 'fund' (to borrow another term from Heidegger). Living islet, whale or Leviathan, this *Werdermühle* not only resists the river's spate, but subjects it, yokes it, and almost goes upstream against it, propelled by its mighty paddles.

Forerunners by about 30 years of Paul Klee's *Revolution des Viaduktes*, Poelzig's watery Golems move towards adventure, towards the absence of homeland, towards uprooting. But venturing also means exposure to the unexpected, even to danger. 'Movement is the means through which destruction is achieved', wrote the philosopher Giorgio de Santillana in *Hamlet's Mill*.³¹ *Leben* is *Lebensgefahr*: life is a continuous tending towards death, towards the perpetual endangerment of itself. All it takes is the simple deletion of a letter, a slight semantic shift, for the *emèth* – the truth which is imprinted in the features of the Golem – to turn into the inexorable *mèth*: the dead. This chilling vision of the greatest danger – reflected in the Golem just as easily as in the waters of the Oder – nevertheless stirs

Hans Poelzig, set design, *Der Golem*, directed by Paul Wegener, 1920

new energy in those subject to it. 'The living man never thinks himself taller than when he is faced with the dead man, who has fallen

forever', to again quote Canetti, 'There is no moment in which he feels more upright'.³² As forms of life in a formless state, Poelzig's *Wassertürme* for Hamburg, or the twin *Werdermühle* giants – just like the moveable mountain of his *Golem* stage set – stand only higher in the face of the spectral prospect of their fall, their own death.

As in life, the death of the Golem is antinomian. The moment in which it reverts to clay, receding back from its almost human state to that of inanimate matter, is crucial. In an intense drawing in Indian ink, shadowy and premonitory, the illustrator and expressionist Alfred Kubin grasped this fateful moment: a very tall building, a tower – a Golem! – is yielding to the call of death, to the subtle disintegration of form, and drags into ruin a number of surrounding houses along with it. Image of a slow agony, or the prophetic memory of a day, as Kafka writes, 'when the city will be destroyed by five successive blows from a gigantic fist',³³ Kubin's *Dying City* heralds, with grim warning, a more serious threat. 'The threat to man', Heidegger asserts in *The Question Concerning Technology*, 'is not primarily from machines and technical equipment, which can also have deadly effects. The real threat has already reached man in his essence'.³⁴

Of course, the will to dominate draws down a ferocious destiny on those who practise it: those who create to dominate will in turn be dominated. *Amor fati* is thus demanded of the creator who would escape this *anàanke*, for the real creator must be able to replicate – to be able to be, and to appear; to be able to reflect and to reflect himself, and to almost imprint his fate on the form of his products. To love the truth, which creates and gives life, which builds and sanctions, and love it at the risk of the tremendous 'destruction of the world', as Scholem would put it³⁵ – this alone keeps us from being crushed, and bestows truth on the artificer.

Three years before the completion of the chemical plant in Luban, Poelzig designed a dam over the river Main in Klingenberg, horizontal, raw, static, and prophetic of an ultimate end that was still to come. For in being both watch and ward of his own and others' safety, Poelzig was forever aware of the thunderous crash that signalled the end. But only by designing for the inevitable, for fatality, was he able to harness ruin and hold back disaster. Here, then, astride the Main, the dead body of the Golem slowly stiffens its clay into stone, and in its demise *Baumeister* Hans Poelzig ensures our survival.

Translated from the Italian
by Michael Sullivan

1. Hans Poelzig, 'The Modern Factory', 1911, in Julius Posener, *Hans Poelzig: Reflection on his Life and Work* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1992), p 49.
2. On the chemical plant itself, see *Die Chemische Fabrik A-G vorm Moritz Milch & Co in Luban bei Posen* (Zurich: ETH, 1995). Riegl's *Spätromische Kunstindustrie* comes from his *Late Roman Art Industry*, 1923 (Rome: Giorgio Bretschneider, 1985).
3. Hans Poelzig, 'The Architect', 1931, in Julius Posener, *op cit*, p 188.
4. *Ibid*, p 191.
5. Hans Poelzig, 'Vom Bauen unserer Zeit', in *Die Form*, 1, 1922, p 25.
6. Hans Poelzig, 'The Architect', *op cit*, p 189.
7. Hans Poelzig, 'Address to the Werkbund', 1919, in Julius Posener, *op cit*, p 133.

8. Hans Poelzig, 'On Architecture of Our Time', 1922, *ibid*, p 181.
9. *Ibid*.
10. See Hans Poelzig, 'The Architect', *ibid*, p 195.
11. Hans Poelzig's words, quoted in Heinrich Lauterbach, 'Hans Poelzig', 1951, *ibid*, p 46.
12. *Ibid*, p 133.
13. *Ibid*, p 181.
14. See Gershom Scholem, *On the Kabbalah and its Symbolism*, 1960 (New York, NY: Schocken Books, 1996).
15. Gustav Janouch, *Conversations with Kafka* (New York, NY: New Directions, 2002).
16. Gustav Meyrink, *The Golem*, 1915 (New York, NY: Dover, 2003).
17. Paul Westheim, 'Una città cinematografica di Poelzig', 1920, in Hans Poelzig, *Scritti e opere* (Milan: Franco Angeli, 1978), p 212.

18. François-René de Chateaubriand, *Génie du Christianisme*, 1802, in Jurgis Baltrusaitis, *Aberrations: An Essay on the Legend of Forms* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1989).
19. See Angelo Maria Ripellino, *Magic Prague* (London: Palgrave Macmillan, 1994).
20. H Leivick, *Il Golem*, 1921 (Venice: Marsilio, 2016), p 194.
21. Paul Westheim, *op cit*, p 210.
22. See Gershom Scholem, *op cit*.
23. Hans Poelzig, 'The Architect', *op cit*, p 192.
24. See Rudolf Steiner, 'The Acanthus Leaf', 1914, in Rudolf Steiner, *Ways to a New Style in Architecture* (London: Anthroposophical Publishing Company, 1927).
25. Theodor Heuss, *Hans Poelzig*, 1936 in Hans Poelzig, *Scritti e opere*, *op cit*, p 53.
26. *Ibid*.

27. Carl Gustav Jung, *Synchronicity: An Acausal Connecting Principle* (London: Routledge, 1985).
28. Martin Heidegger, *What is a Thing?* (Washington, DC: Gateway, 1967).
29. See Elias Canetti, *Crowds and Power* (London: Continuum, 1981).
30. See Wassily Kandinsky, *Point and Line to Plane*, 1926 (New York, NY: Dover, 1980).
31. Giorgio de Santillana-Herta von Dechend, *Hamlet's Mill* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1969).
32. Elias Canetti, *op cit*.
33. Franz Kafka, *The City Coat of Arms*, in Franz Kafka, *The Great Wall of China* (New York, NY: Schocken Books, 1946).
34. Martin Heidegger, *The Question Concerning Technology*, 1954 (New York, NY: Garland Science Publishing, 1977).
35. Gershom Scholem, *op cit*.

