

The Twenty-  
Second Lecture.

*The Cargo Unveiled*





*On entering the Gallery one obtains a mainly fractured view of these enormous columns, the largest single cylinders, by volume, in Britain. This alternation of floors containing giant drums and a Gallery ringed by whole shafts prevents the mind from sharing the paranoia of the neo-Neo-Classicalists who think that authenticity lies on the Vitruvian numeromancy of 'correct proportion'.*

Lord Fawsley, during his long Chairmanship of the Royal Fine Arts Commission, wrote to Cambridge University commanding our ambition by recommending "the services of a reputable painter". His manner, which his own wit could not help describing as that of a "French Archbishop", was such as to lead one to suppose that Gianbattista Tiepolo might still be in the Venetian Telephone Directory. Perhaps only in Britain, in that year of 1991, could the Appointed Ombudsman of architectural taste propose 'a painted (Classical) ceiling' for the Business School of its premier scientific university. One has to admire the 'sang-froid' if not the inability to translate taste into reality.

**But I could not afford to be over-critical of a project which I held to be of supreme importance to my own project, that of creating the means to an inward-looking dimension to the modern lifespan which, it seemed to me, was necessary to facilitate that co-habitation of human beings I was pleased to call Urbane (rather than merely urban). Yet, while I, personally, felt capable of designing the inscriptions for the relatively circumscribed canvas of some column-drums, I felt incapable of composing a whole ceiling some 30 M (100'0") in length. Nothing in the late-20C training or practice of an Architect prepares one for such a dimension!**

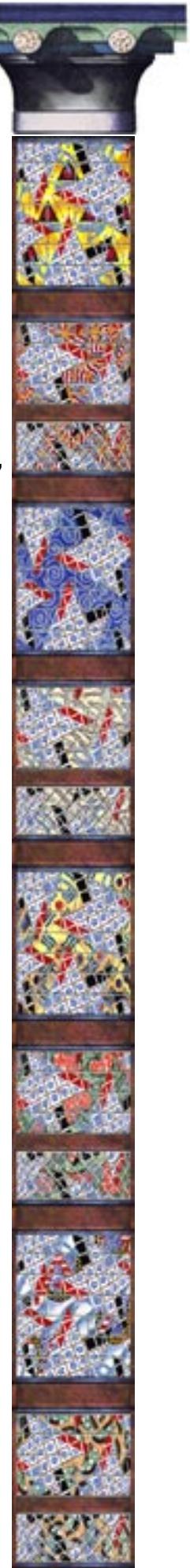
*Elizabeth Gregory was an architect in JOA with a huge talent for graphics. Her papier-maché collages remain collectors pieces. I was happy to leave the ceiling to Elisabeth while I designed the columns as well as led the building team by issuing the 1:5 hand-drawn (coloured-fountain-pen) technical 'sections' described on page 19-03 of Lecture Nineteen: "Ordine Robotico".*

The 'surface-scripting' design was going-on while the body of the building itself was in the full flood of detailed invention, with the contract documentation and procurement that this requires in every sphere, technical, financial and legal, not to mention aesthetic detail.

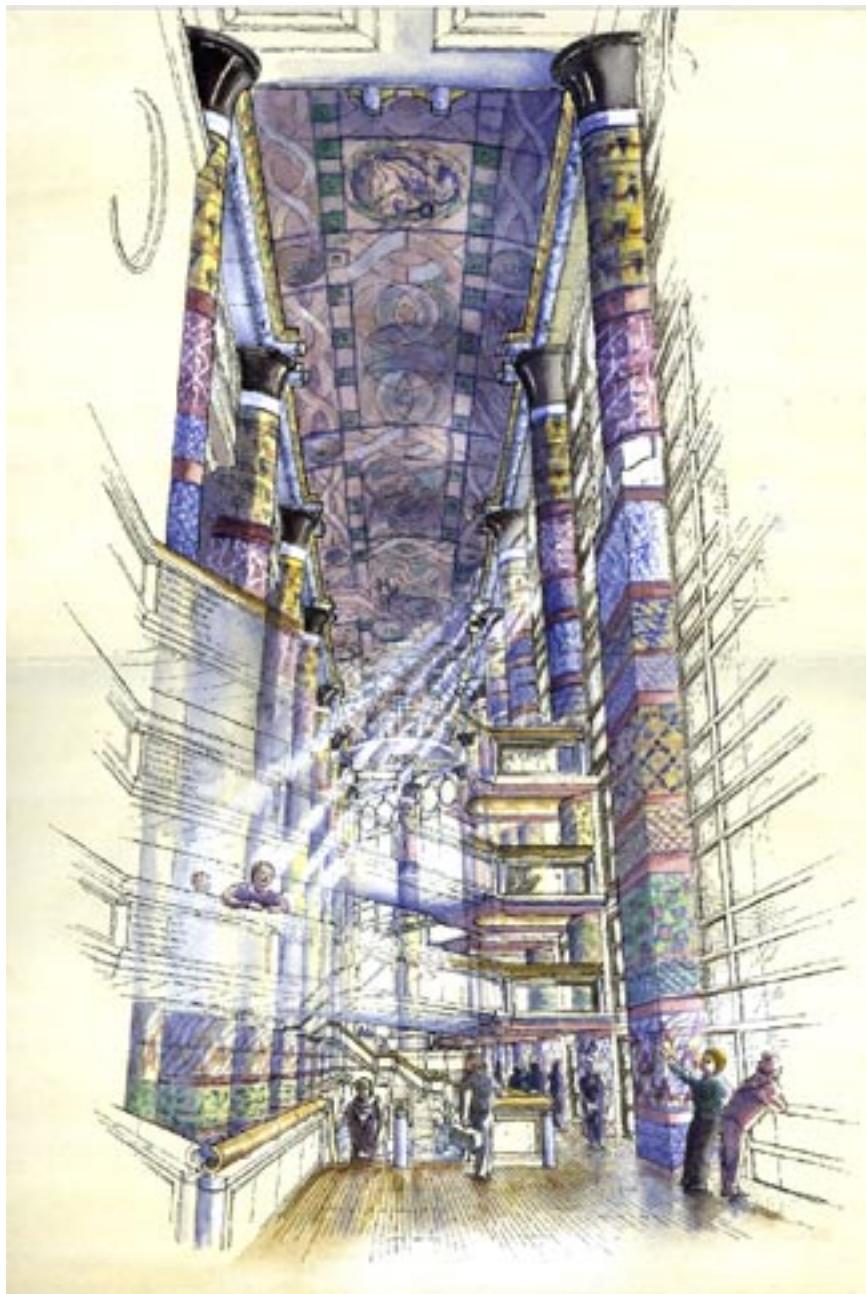
I found that iconic engineering and physical, or spatial, engineering were native to such different parts of my mentality that the switch between them was most swiftly effected by a short nap. Sleep acts like the reset button in an electronic circuit.

The 26M (82'0")-high vertical narrative of the eight registers of humanity's ontogenetic and phylogenetic history is shown, fully assembled, on the right. The four tall, 19C, hospital, floors and the four low 20C ones can be discerned.

A decision had been made by the Client Body to research the idea of a 'painted ceiling'. Glass roofs entailed air-conditioning and Scheerbart's 'Glasarchitektur' (published 1914), had been done to death by the 1990's. A 1:50 model of the Gallery-space was built so that this proposal could be studied. JOA found this useful as we could then wall-paper it with 1:50-scale print-out of our surface scripting designs. When these were photographed, the distant parts were blurred by the short focal depth of a lens opened to admit the dim light of the model interior. It gave a realistic effect of scale.



*The 'Edge' (STANDARD!) columns*



JOA has attracted more than one talented water-colourist. Jean Murphy, whose work this is, first came to me with her Thesis Project for the technical study of a building. This happened to be my Pumping Station in the Isle of Dogs. She had been failed, as an external student, by a jury appointed by my Royal Institute of British Architects. Her work seemed technically sound. But what struck one on reading it was that Jean had taught herself sufficient ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics to pen a page of them, with water-colour drawings of splendid wit and detail, recommending my building to the English Pharaoh-to-be, the young Prince of Wales. When combined with photographs of local inhabitants quipping "wicked, innit" I found her 'failure' hard to stomach.

I happened to know the chairman of her jury. Malcolm Higgs was now the Professor of Architectural History at Edinburgh and a school-mate of mine at the Architectural Association where he had achieved fame by espousing a radical primitivism in his aesthetics, his building technology and the aggressively Christian ideology of Andrew Anderson and Quinlan Terry. I was sure that it could not be he who wanted to exclude this very talented, hard-working, self-taught, but 'non-conforming' Student. It had to be some dumb 'Welfare Modernist'. I wrote to him and he saw to it that Jean was passed with a revised, second submission.

We **papered the ceiling** with her sketches and the **columns** with **mine** while Jean Murphy translated them into atmospheric water-colours showing the entry of the morning sun through the 'light shelves' that blocked-out the more vertical noon-day rays.

The Client Body of the Judge asked us to proceed but made the criticism that my scriptings divided the columns horizontally so much that it interfered with one's aesthetic appreciation of the column's verticality.

I did not share this aesthetic discomfort. None of my Committee could decipher the vertical narratives that played up and down this merely tubular form. I responded by dismembering the notebooks which narrated their genesis, some pages of which I have made into Lecture 20: "Learning to Write". I wrote a commentary to each of these 200 pages. To my surprise, instead of soothing a bruised syntax with the balm of a revealed semantic, it led to a more heightened alarm at the thought of a 'English' building being invaded by 'Indian' ideas. But so what? What was 'Classical' culture anyway but a brilliant reinvention of Sumeria, India, Egypt, Crete and all points East of Athens? Only Celts lay to the West!

JOA were designing the Exhibition "Pugin, a Gothic Passion", for the V&A Museum. I learned that our 'state style' of Gothic had been imposed on Britain by a small pressure group, led by Disraeli, called "New Britain". Gothic signed the rejection of Napoleon and the French Revolution. 19c neo-Feudalism rejected the Enlightenment and the Rule of Reason which Britain had previously led for two centuries. My V&A researches indicated that not only was this regressive politics, but that High Gothic, as a style with pointed arches, was descended from Buddhist architecture and mediated by Saracenic. High Gothic itself had been deliberately invented (in 1120) by the Abbé Suger: a French Bishop ambitious to promote Frankish political and military dominance.

## Plus ca change.

Not that I was unsympathetic to my Committee's aesthetic doubts. I merely feared their reasonings. The columns would undoubtedly be more striking if they looked more sheerly vertical.



When Inigo brought-in his huge (12'0"-long) egg-tempura 'sketch', we made an upwardly-curving foamcore chassis with the 'headprints' of the columns, and hung it from the high ceiling of No. 16 Devonshire Place, W.1., the 18C house in which worked the two floors of JOA. We met our Client Body under it, around an Italian glass and aluminium table. This was always how I had imagined my bureau to be - in a Venetian Palazzo - preferably the Barbaro, under painted ceilings around furniture like the polished metal engines of Bugattis - tools for the hands, thoughts for the mind.

We agreed to work on the ceiling. I gave Inigo the **phenomenology of Somatic Time** that I call 'The Republic of the Valley'. We agreed that, so as to please the **Neo-Classical tendency** amongst my Clients, we would use an **Hellenic Mythology**. Inigo returned with the sketch **above**. It was **4 metres (12 feet)** long and painted in the **egg tempera** used in the 16C.

**We can begin his story at the far end in the perspective view on the left, above, and the bottom end of the plan view seen on the right.**

Meanwhile, while we had glued Elizabeth's ceiling up into the 1:50 Model, no one, including Elizabeth, was certain that it had succeeded. Then, after I had appeared on a late night T.V. discussion on an Architectural Competition for a new Bus Station for Dublin. a young **fresco-painter** telephoned to introduce himself as **Inigo Rose**.



The painting that Inigo produced in six weeks. The 'Fluvial Narrative' runs **up** the page.



The 'upper-valley' runs from 'Source' to 'Confluence'. Starting on the left, the River of 'Living' Time births in the mandorla-figure derived from the shape of the vagina. This 'Tumbling Stream' section ends in 'Confluence' at Right.

Inigo showed, above, starting on the left, the **Source of the River of Somatic or 'Living'**, Time. A Gendered Pair, who would be **Deucalion and Pyrrha** in this Hellenic version, are haloed in the serpentine figures of **Cyclic Time**. Inigo shows them **pulling two circles apart** to cleverly reveal, within a 'mandorla' orifice (that originates, in remote Antiquity, from the shape of the vagina), the **birth**, in mountainous terrain, of the **River of Somatic Time**. **Hermes** springs from this union. He was the obvious choice to represent '**business**'. Two **white ribbons** fan out to each side of his 'flow'. They are the two white ribbons held by those who ask for a **truce** in the eternal **combat between men**, so as to introduce the opportunity to **resolve differences by discourse**. His **wand of power** is also is put to work as the **boom** of a **sail** - a nice conceit for it both enables him to **fly** before the North-West wind and **fill his sail** with the air upon which his speciality, the '**logos**' of **discourse**, floats out to argue differences with **Reason**. For **Hermes** was the Olympian who used **talk** and **cunning** instead of the violence, or **magic**, favoured by many of the other eleven. Hermes carries a **scroll** that he will use for drawing-up **contracts, inventories and invoices**. These were the first '**writings**'. Hermes promotes **literacy** - as would be proper in a **University**.

**Two figures bracket Hermes.** A winged **Fortuna** (who can be blindfolded), sits, **unstably**, on a **sphere**. Her left hand holds a **red phone** whose other end is a **handset with wings of thought**. Like an oracle, she 'sees' with **words**. Fortuna is within a **cubic frame** that rests upon **upright torches with blue flames**. Her right hand, as befits a name deriving **etymologically** from **Vortumna**, (the revolver of the year), turns the **wheel** of the '**Confluences**' of the **River(s) of Time**.

The second figure is a **Drummer**, also seated on the **globe**. He is set within a **cave** with **six sides**. Twenty-four **torches** project from its rim. These 'mesh' like gear-wheels with the twelve, **Zodiacal**, divisions of the '**Solar**' **Wheel of Fortune** that is the locus of the **Confluence**. The **Figure of Fortune** spins the '**wheel of Fate**' while the **Drummer** beats out the '**proton chronon**', the **metre of time** that powers it like a great **water-wheel**, **pumping** the **River of Time** on its way.

Opposite the wind, with its **pink breath**, is a **television set**. Its screen shows one of the arms of **Fortuna**, as photographed by an **African boy**. All three of these 'personae' sit in **roofless, cubic, 'rooms'** (or are they legless thrones, or small **aediculae**?). They are flanked by **upright torches with blue flames**. Between these is a **hind** on one side and, on the other, a **bronze-leaved tree** growing from a **conch shell**.



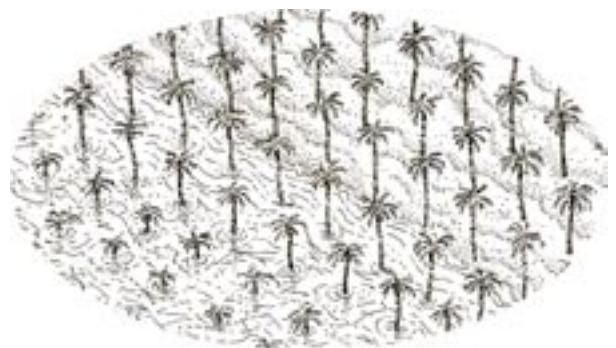
This second illustration shows the largest single element of Inigo's composition. Inigo represents the 'choros', our dancing floor, as it is often employed in Claude's pastorales as a circular wheel. The dances of the 'classical' world have come down to us as cycling figures that coil and uncoil as do the figures of cyclic and linear time that are one of my principal icons. This also called the Confluence, and the Crossing, because it coincides with the vertical axis found in the more artificially Architectural versions of the horizontal narrative of the River of Somatic Time.

The inverted, downward-pointing torch signs the end of life. The upright signs vitality. A blue flame is clearly not 'naturalistic'. Inigo thought of it as signing the idea that the objects 'enthroned' within the little cream-painted aediculae are not to be 'read' naturalistically. They are to be read as 'ideas'. They are flames that shed the light that comes from the imagination rather than the heat of the body.

The tree in its shell would be appropriate to more than one 'event-horizon' of the Narrative of the Valley. Inigo has painted two. One is down in the Delta, where its congruence is very exact, for the Delta is the locus of the Flood whose arrival erases and whose departure fertilises in the manner described in my icon relating the congruence of the Forest and the Ocean in signing 'Infinitude'. The 'deadness' of the brown leaves are again a clue that the icon is not to be read naturalistically. Deciduous trees do not grow in the waters of the seas which are the habitat of this sort of shell.

Perhaps we can conjure this tree, up near Deucalion and Pyrrha, as one of the apotropaic pair planted outside the door of their hut, that~ the 'gendered pair' became after they died. The Hind is also a sign of the wild and 'innocent' quality of this 'Tumbling Stream' section. The myth of Artemis/Diana and Actaeon comes to mind if we cross to the opposite side of the Zodiac circle and see Artemis in her moon.

The name of 'Tumbling Stream' is taken directly from the iconography of Claude Lorraine. It occupies the foreground of many of his magical canvases. Its forms are often accompanied by a plank bridge of rustic primitivism. Nothing in this part of Lorraine smacks of 'Urbanity' It is the territory of shepherds, cowherds and their subject animals who Lorraine introduces to us to point-up the contrast to his next 'Event-Horizon' - that of the 'Confluence', or Crossing.



I use the Ocean as the locus of Death in an infinity of Illumination. The Forest, contrariwise, births the River of Living Time from its infinite stasis of an Eternal Present. I show the loci of Birth and Death in a drama recreating both a 'Flood' as well as a 'Denudation.'

The circular 'Confluence' becomes the largest single formal entity of Inigo's composition. It signs the intersection of a vertical narrative with the horizontal of the River. This Inigo has done by adopting a composition most memorably employed by Mantegna for the oculus in the ceiling of the Camera degli Sposi in the Ducal Palace of Mantua. Mantegna, as one would expect, shows the sky in his 'lens'. Inigo has based his more-elaborated composition upon the analogy of the River. So he shows the swirls of water in his aperture. However, as the icon that we use to sign that the cylindrical beams of our 'rafted' entablature are 'moved' to the place in which they finally rest, swirls can mean clouds as well as water.

Inigo has invented a frieze of zodiacal figures below the putti and other beings whose formal purpose is to lead the eye upwards. One may read this as a 'classical' allusion to the vertical vector as being the one that leads the mind out into the Cosmos. This dimension had already been rendered problematic by the introduction of Hell into the spatial ethology of Latin Christianity. The 20C Postitivism that underlay the post WWII variants of Architectural Modernism, tabooed any signing of a vertical dimension to its iconologies. The sunken-down, white-painted flat ceiling, shorn of even the most vestigial of cornice-frames to its iconically flatlined picture-plane, has been the 'fools crown' worn by the the 20C.

Inigo's use of the **Zodiac** should not be taken as a licence to engage in some latterday, neo-alchemical, cult. All of the icons on this ceiling come with what Banham foolishly termed 'cultural baggage'. But it is precisely that which makes them so conceptually fertile to an iconically literate mind. We had a licence, issued by our Client Body, to invent a 'painted ceiling'. Inigo, as an experienced buon-fresco panter suited the instructions that JOA were to "use no modern techniques" to achieve this end. Inigo also, as my brief iconography shows was iconically-literate.



The oculus painted by Mantegna onto the ceiling of the Camera degli Sposi in the Ducal palace of Mantua shows merely the open blue sky. The 'crossing' of an Hellenic Cathedral, on the other hand is always covered by a gigantic depiction of the Pantokrator - Christ - the ruler of all. The Renaissance never found a persuasive iconography for the developing Natural Science which was the 'novelty' that Europe gradually introduced, and used to conquer the globe. The route from this mere 'hole' to the glassbau of the 20C is a direct one. This iconic incompetence was the cause of the collapse of Western Architecture - and therefore the City. To discover a more capable iconic lexicon for both Science, the vertical axis of the spatial narrative, and the Columnar 'Order' itself, I have had to go to the literature and Architecture of Vedic India.

**naked male protagonists who hold a pre-mobile, hard-wired, telephone up to their ear.** Dismay is evident on their faces. The winged handset, tied umblically, but otherwise independent, as thoughts must be, proves useful as a novel fig-leaf to plausibly screen their gender. Perhaps these Noble Savages, moving naked through a landscape peppered with T.V. sets, telephones and voyeuristic putti holding anciently large video-cameras, are properly concerned about their heroic and noble future in a world in which thoughts no longer need wings, but go down wires, and visions appear, like the magic reserved to Gods, inside handy little boxes the size of treasure-chests.

Nevertheless, I remember reading at the time, in 1992, that certain Pension funds who had invested in Fine Art were removing any depictions of the nude from off the walls of their iconically subliterate, suburban, spanking-new headquarters and closing their offensive 'purity' within dark bank-vaults. They were concerned less they be thought 'sexist' or cause offence to the parking-lot 'stakeholders' created by the suburbanisation of the 1960's. It was just one more confirmation of the deep iconic illiteracy of my times. For while some paintings may give a pleasure that one can call 'artistic', and others, if not most, an equal and opposite degree of pain by their muddled pursuit of 'Fine Art', the main function of surface-scripting at the scale of a building, or even a plaza, must be to satisfy the mind with a rich and complex fabric of narrative symbolism. If it can be 'Art' then so much the better. But 'Art' should never be the primary purpose of inscribing the human lifespan. That way lies merely the idiocy of Curators and the Art Establishment. The signs and symbols in a painting are nothing more than that. Moreover the key to their iconographic decipherment, and intellectual emplotment, is precisely the "cultural baggage" that the self-styled "failed technologist" Reyner Banham instructed his unlucky Architectural Undergraduates to "jettison". So much for late 20C Architecturaal education. Most to blame for the demise of the medium, and the Profession, can only be its 'theorists'.

'Downstream' of the Confluence the bed of the River is flanked by two 'sentry-boxes. They are mirrored by two more on the further edge of the Event-horizon of the 'City'. These four 'sentries' are naked male protagonists who hold a pre-mobile, hard-wired, telephone up to their ear. Dismay is evident on their faces. The winged handset, tied umblically, but otherwise independent, as thoughts must be, proves useful as a novel fig-leaf to plausibly screen their gender. Perhaps these Noble Savages, moving naked through a landscape peppered with T.V. sets, telephones and voyeuristic putti holding anciently large video-cameras, are properly concerned about their heroic and noble future in a world in which thoughts no longer need wings, but go down wires, and visions appear, like the magic reserved to Gods, inside handy little boxes the size of treasure-chests.



Reading from left to right, in this third illustration of the River of Somatic Time, we show the edge of the Confluence, the quadrated 'City' and the 'Balcony of Appearances' over its three-Arched Bridge/Portal. Downstream of this the River of Somatic Time divides into three to form the Delta and its hypostylar 'Field of Reeds'.

The four figures mark, like the immured spirits of four pyramidion-topped hollow obelisks, the four corners of the Event-Horizon of the 'City'. The City is not immediately contingent upon the Confluence in either the painterly, Claudian, as well as the more generally Architectural, models of the Republic of the Valley. They are widely-separated by the considerable extension of the 'lazy river' of Claude, and the 'nave' of the Cathedral, to take one Architectural example. This long extent is, however, deliberately reticent. I compare it, later, in Lecture 27-18, to the trunk of a hollow tree which supports a myriad of insects, fungi and other forms of life. The Lazy River section of the Republic supports the many slow and small activities which need peace and quiet to go their own way without any larger narrative than to be bracketed between the 'centres of power' that give narrative shape to the whole territory.

Inigo correctly signifies the 'City' by quadrating its 'field'. Apart from the four corner compartments that have already been described, he sections its 'site' into three. A city, of appealingly quattrocento picturesqueness, occupies the two flanking 'fields'. The centre is more provocative. A tug-of war is going on upon the watery plaza of this ingenious town. It beautifully signs the characteristic of all freely democratic cities - the politics of the polis. Four parties, allied into opposing pairs, are trying to pull each other into the 'drink'. What could be a cheerier icon of the endless struggles of 'politics'?

Then, overlaid upon one side of this is the rearing figure of the winged horse Pegasus, born of the blood of a beheaded (gynocentric) Gorgon. His hoof strikes the side of the mountain Helicon, here elegantly reduced to a pyramid, from which flows the Hippocrene stream to which the Muses come in the evening to refresh their poetic energies.

*Does Inigo mean that the Muses, who spend the day travelling to where they incline, return to the 'City' at night, to refresh themselves of its Urbanity? It seems a nice fancy!*

The other side harbours the figure of a red-haired huntress Artemis standing in the Moon. She draws her bow upstream and has her perfect profile thrown-up on TV by a handy paparazzi-putti. Artemis projects a paradoxical persona - virginal, yet far from shy, she hunts great stags with her troupe of equally chaste virgins and punishes any, especially male, beings who look upon her, speak to her or fail to sacrifice.

The Antique hunting-grounds of this Feminist so rampant that she exceeds the aggression of most men, would have been the woods and crags of the Event-Horizon above the Confluence which I call that of the Tumbling Stream. Could it be that Inigo has placed her inside the City, as he placed the wild horse Pegasus, because more than half of the world's humans now live in cities, with more following every day? Should we not be thankful for this, and be bending every effort to make this novel lifespan a satisfaction to our species, so as to leave the regions of the tumbling streams to be the lonely habitats of the hinds that Artemis previously pursued? Let her quarry now be humans, Actaeons, and city-dwellers at that!

**Her only tender spot was music - which may be carried-on under the aegis of both Her, the Muses, and the Moon that she inhabits in Inigo's conceit.**

The 'metropolitan' narrative painted by Inigo is rather exact. There are first of all, the four 'totemic' figures which define its quadrated 'field'. They are possessed by the thirst for the 'inside story' which is the anxious reason behind many an immigrant's move. How is one to know what is 'going-on' in the centre from which all 'movement' ripples-out if one is not there oneself? Yet all that these secrets bring is unhappiness - presumably because 'the news' is typically both unpleasant, cryptic and beyond one's own power to use. Then, the picture of the city itself is, while beautiful if one likes the Mediaevo-humanist cities of the Italian cinquecento, soon overlaid by Inigos impassioned protagonists of the Muses, Politics and the Virginal Huntress, sister of Apollo, who protects the ethics of the latter's gifts to a fallible Humanity. Inigo's city has a very 'contemporary' spirit! It is a place that is all too familiar!

**A last curiosity is the upturned figure whose legs support the moon of Artemis, presumably rotating it like a juggler. Who is this irreverent giant - looking, in all capabability, right up the fierce maidens billowing skirt! I omitted, in the rush of those days, to get his identity from Inigo, and he puzzles me still.**

I gave Inigo, downstream of the City, the event-horizon of the 'Balcony of Appearances' on the Three-Arched Bridge that houses the Tripartite Doors that close-off the more 'sacred' and 'innocent' upper valley from the profane world of the downstreamed Delta. This 'event' seems to have passed the painter by - at least in this, his first, six-week, sketch. The actual Balcony is painted as if with a mere 'undercoat'. For it is too bright for its context. It stands out even more strongly because it remains totally empty - an almost white void, like a square hole in the canvas.

As the 20C progressed, the invention and analysis of iconic narratives came under an increasingly paranoid taboo. For it works as well as any Freudian technique - such as the decipherment of dreams - for revealing the truth. Downstream from this empty stage a gendered pair lift a globe that is the same 'voided' cream. Is it the colour of 'light'? This 'pair' are the only such since the 'birth' of Time and Hermes at the Source-Event. Do these two pairs denote a symmetry of opening and closing, birth and death? They both emerge or 'stand upon' mountains which, in their accumulations, can represent the 'Heap of History'.

**For many years this remained a mystery to me. Finally, after I was able to study, far away from Britain, the equally tabooed medium of Beaux-Arts City-Design, I conceived that this 'emptiness derived from a definite lack in the paintings of Claude Lorraine - the key with which I had been able to unlock some of the mysteries of Architecture. The 'stage' upon the three-arched bridge that was the Balcony of Appearances was that upon which had stood the 'secular power'. But Claude would render these in very distant haze - almost swallowed into the infinity of Ocean. Claude seemed to have no rendering for what I would denote the 'seat of government', or as it is in French: 'La Place des Pouvoirs'. If this 'fluvial narrative' was to deserve the meanings which I had awarded it I must go beyond its analogies to the phenomenologies of an individual life and the process of becoming a socialised adult. I needed this Event-Horizon if it was to guide me towards my goal - a theory of city-design.**

**Every city must have a 'seat of power'. But where was its analogy to be found, if at all, within the Fluvial Narratives of Claude Lorraine?**

It was true that the state of Narcissistic self-absorption reified by the Forest of Infinitude had been 'disturbed' by the issuance of the Arrow of Time from the Sundered Mountain'. The great columns, which flanked the ceiling of the Gallery, reified the condition obtaining before the Birth of Time. Inigo had 'scripted' my skeletal 'Fluvial Narrative' into an iconic richness quite beyond my capability. But something, which I was later to denote as the 'Seat of Government' was missing. The seat of Government is, today, more often than not located in 'The City'. But was that its proper locus in the 'Polis' of the whole 'Valley-state - as it would have been denoted by the Hellenes - inventors of Democracy?



The 'seat of power' inside the church was the bishop's chair, flanked by the bench (*synthronon*) for the clergy. Sta. Maria delle Grazie, Grado, Italy. From 'The Early Christian and Byzantine World' by Jean Lassus.

Perhaps this was pushing my Claudio landscape analogy too far. But it was surely not an improper question for a 20C 'Functionalist' to ask of Architecture itself?

For example: the earliest Churches indicate two 'seats of power'. The 'seat of power' of the Sacred Authority was at the Eastern extremity that I call the Event-Horizon of 'Source'. The Bishop, flanked by his clergy, sat in the apsidial 'cave' of (spatial and temporal) origin'. As if to reinforce this 'auctoritas' this Ecclesiastical Court might have, over and above its seating, a mosaic of Christ flanked by his disciples.



The 5C church at Qualb Louzeh shows a variant of the City-Gate device proposed by C Baldwin Smith as the model for the Western Front of the Christian Temple. The 'Balcony of Appearances' signs the 'seat of power' of the Secular arm.



The 4C Apse Mosaic from Rome's Sta. Pudenziana shows 'Christ enthroned'. The celestial city above the figures flanks the mount of Golgotha which is itself topped by a cross installed by Constantine or Theodosius. From our 'iconic' perspective the cross 'reads' as a 'Columna Lucis' and the Mount as a 'Heap of History'. The curvature of the apse is a 'rotated' 'cave from which flows the River of Time that, in this case, sources from the advent of Christ.

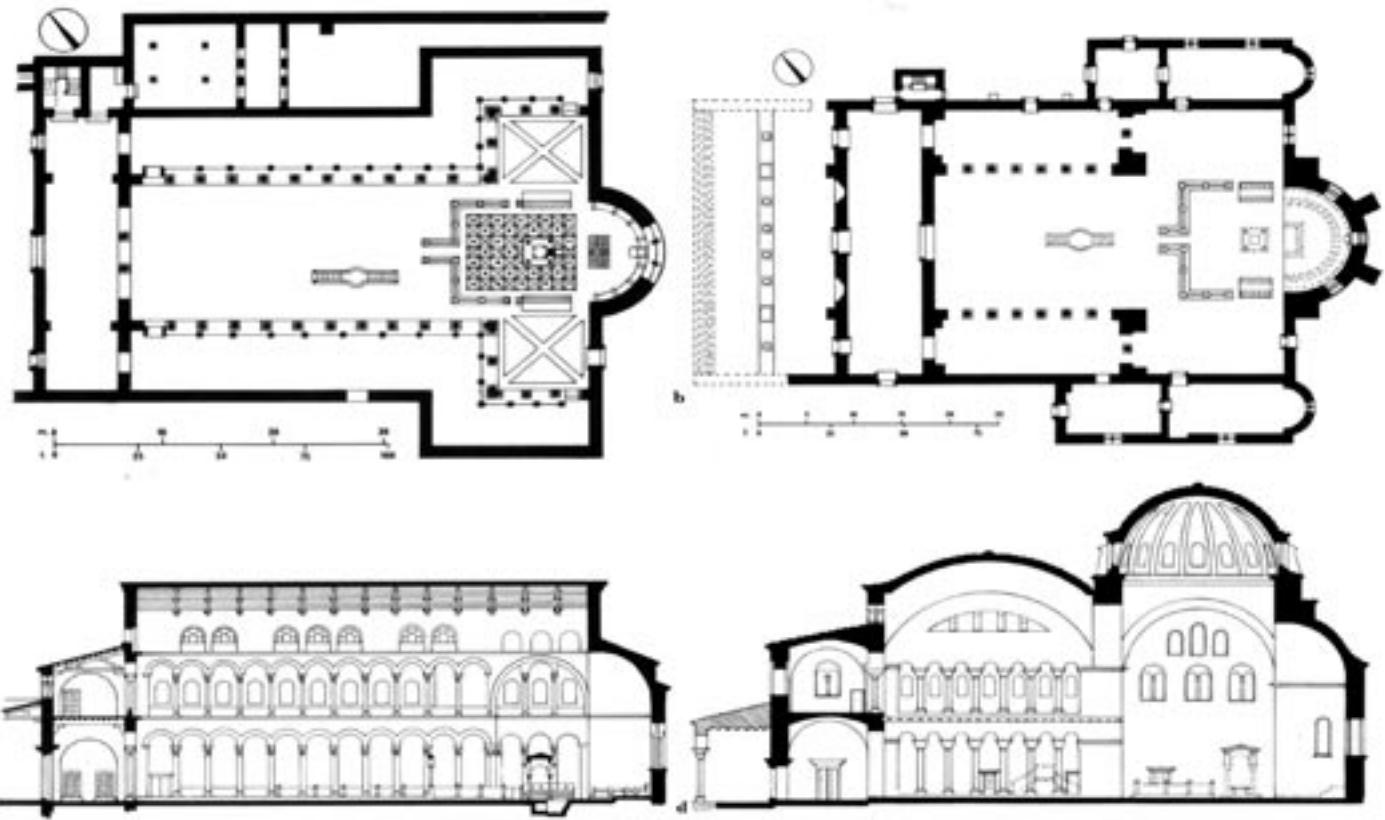


The 'seat' of the Secular Power was normally situated over the entrance that was normally on the Western Front. Here the Secular Representative could both face outwards, over the clear space before the Church, and face inwards, looking down over the Ecclesia and Clergy. From Baldwin Smith: 'Symbolism of Imperial Rome in the Middle Ages'..

The other 'seat of power' is that for the Emperor, King, Duke or other secular representative. This was above the main Western entrance. It acquired the name of the Balcony of Appearances. In some polities the Ruler was obliged to show himself every morning. By this means he assured everyone that he had survived the Terrors (mostly human) of the Night. The State could continue without the battle for succession becoming physical.

When HRH the Queen opened the Judge Institute the dais was positioned, by the organisers, on the Common Room Balcony - the biggest room-space in the building. It was not entirely obvious that HRH stood directly over the front door, for it was two floors below. The opportunity was offered. It was taken because it 'seemed right'.

These precedents stretch back into Antiquity.



46a, b, c, d. **Philippi**, Macedonia. (a) The 5th-century church is a columned basilica with projecting apse and transept. (b) An analogous plan was reinterpreted in the 6th century, where the central dome and the thrusts imposed by it did not

affect the basic basilical lay-out. (c) The colonnades of the 5th-century building carried a timber roof of limited height, while the dome of the 6th-century basilica (d) dominates the whole construction, giving it an entirely new majesty.

The two different 'seats of power' can be discerned both the 5C version and the 6C rebuilding of it in Philippi, Macedonia. The internal one to the East can be seen to have the Bishop's chair and flanking benches recorded in both the plan (above) and the section (below). The balcony over the main Western entrance door is also shown in section, though not, because it is on the upper floor, in plan. It would serve its purpose internally, as a Balcony of Appearances, looking down over the Ecclesia and Clergy. But it has not been built to serve externally.

**Neither of these two 'stages' can be judged an adequate locus for the 'seat of power' for a 'Republic' whose entire population is now enfranchised.** Both 'reinforce' their power by forceful spatial placements that sign their status. The Secular commands, from on high, the entry and exit to the 'Valley'. The Ruler addresses a formless crowd from a high balcony framed in fortifications like a city-gate that close-off the entire, forbidden, fortified body of the Valley. This latter is why the ruler of the Ottomans was termed 'The Sublime Porte'. His rule, as with all Muslim powers, was dispensed at the Gate (or Porta) of the (forbidden) palace.

The Court of the Clergy physically sit upon the locus of the dark and inscrutable birth of the 'Stream of Time'!

**They mediated what lay hidden 'behind' them. Both were, in their time, legitimate loci for their authority. But neither will serve as the proper theatre for the politics of a democracy. The 'Powers' of the Valley of Republic have to be 'seated' in a more central and accessible place.**



Claude has another major genre to that of his 'valleys'. It is his Seaports. Even these are composed to throw a protective screen between the 'outer' horizon and the 'inner' valley, or harbour. One sees again an arched door guarded by a single tower. The number, as Levi-Strauss says, is not critical to iconic narrative. Framed in columnar porticoes, one with a 'Balcony of Appearances', we decipher the seat of Secular Power. Forest-Porticoes and literal Ocean denote the Delta, dangerous field of births and deaths.



Claude normally foregrounds a small group whose actions give rise to the painting's title. A domed building, with a closed door, often stands to one side. Here, in the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, the 'foreground group' is inconsequential and the domed monument is not only open but thronged. The vertical axis of the 'Theatre of the Crossing', or 'Confluence' does not pass through Nature, into the 'sky', as is normal with Claude, but inside a great human artifice, a magnificent 'temple'. Is there hope, here, for 'Urbanity'?

I propose, therefore to adopt this painting, and (any other of this rarest of his topographical genres!) as Claude's Clue to a more suitable locus for an Event-Horizon that I will give the title of 'The Place of the Powers'. I will add, however, before returning to complete my commentary on Inigo's sketch for the Judge Ceiling, that it is important for the process of government, or management, to be distanced from the hubbub of quotidian pressures. Government is a complex process. It must be ritualised so as to give its executives time to think. But, especially in a democracy, it must remain accessible. For the lesson is that however good a government might be, those whom it governs will destroy it if it is not accessible. The Temple of Apollo surveys its 'Valley-State' remotely and from on-high. So it is important that its doors are open and thronged with crowds!

This is a subject to which I was only able to return after I had become familiar with the deliberate city-planning that used to be practised (before the Anglo-American dominance of the late 20C), in countries outside Britain. For the curious fact is that the 'model' of the Fluvial Narrative which I gave to Inigo seems to descend into a sort of theatrical chaos after the River of Time exits under the Bridge of Tripartite Doors with its Balcony of Appearances.

The River divides, as is proper for a Delta (signed by the triangular profile of the Hellenic letter  $\Delta$ ), into three separate streams. When reifying the idea that this is the locus of the 'Field of Reeds' across which the Egyptians travelled to their 'after-life' I draw this as an inundated fragment of the Hypostylar Forest of Infinitude. There is, after all, the Architectural precedent of the columnar portico, itself a mere curtain of that infinite array, through which, as one passes, one is able to 'reset the spirit' to the New World of the Architectural (Valley) Interior.

The only acceptable locus for the 'seat of power' today will be up inside the Republic of the Valley.

A clue may, nevertheless, be found amongst the paintings of Claude. For I am most reluctant to abandon a guide who has proved so useful!

If one examines the entirely (and sadly) mythical Temple of Apollo at Delphi, one can discern an (un-towered), Bridge in the far distance on the very left of the picture. It bounds the Valley at the point that its River becomes a Delta prior to dispersing into the Ocean.

If one's eye should pass beyond the few figures around the rustic 'Tumbling- Stream Bridge' in the foreground, one may discern, again painted very small, a great throng of persons upon the raised plinths of the domed building.

Here, unusually for Claude, the front door is open.

The human protagonists of Claude's landscapes are easy to overlook. The figures are not drawn to distract the eye from his depictions of his real subject - one that has bewitched many a mind before mine. But this painting brings into being a building that is not a sealed-up ruin. It is also attended by the sort of busy, rejoicing, sophisticated, crowd - one may conjecture of pilgrimaging worshippers - that is notably larger than the small bands of 'innocents' that normally populate the remote uplands of his 'views'.



The final and fourth illustration of the River of Somatic time shows its end in the 'bright ocean' - of Death. Reading, again, from left to right, we find the 'Balcony of Appearances' on top of the Arched Bridge of Three Doors. The Delta of the 'patte d'oie' is shown, where the river divides into three streams while passing amongst the hypostylar columns of the 'Field of Reeds'. The final Event Horizon is the figure of the Ocean represented by the cross-coiled Serpent of Infinity. Or at least this is how the iconography runs! Inigo's iconology offers several inventive diversions from my 'canonic' text. I have no quarrels with this except that I omitted to quiz him how his inventions might be decrypted! The result - a tripartite river flowing through an array of headless tree-trunks - was too strange for Inigo. So he invented something stranger still! The regularly-spaced hypostylar stumps have become cubic flotsam drifting down the rivers. Something rounded lies inside each box. The open chest containing a 'treasure' is an icon that interests Inigo. It has an excellent Architectural pedigree. For it was Serlio himself, as George Hersey retails, that penned the cryptic revelation "Round things are born of square things, as spherical are of cubic". The chest, or 'coffre' (Fr) or cassone (It) is the name of the sunken panel between the 'raft' of beams in the gilded ceilings of the Renaissance. They are inverted 'chests' into which one may see the Light of the Adventus brought by the (rafted) Entablature.

One of the Television People has fished a chest out of the Water. She is being videoed. But her image does not appear. Only her prize is shown. Another fisherman, on the other side, has done the same. He stands against a black wall like a blackboard. A further, larger, blackboard blocks the line of the central river. A gendered pair, elevated by a mountain, hold a globe, shining with light, against this final black wall. This, Inigo told me, is the 'Final Curtain' A winged tube, set on the blue of Okeanos, is encircled by a looping, serpentine form reminiscent of the serpentine sign for Infinity. It focusses onto an end which is also that 'shining light' reported by those who have returned from the 'near death' experience. The Protagonist, gallantly anthropomorphic to his end, as a Classically Hellenic icon must be, rides serenely 'into the light'. Inigo's final icon, as were so many of his others, was brilliantly inventive and far beyond what I had expected.

The Members of the Client Body filed-in to have our regular monthly meeting and came to rest around our glass table. We all sat under Inigo's huge, 4-metre-long, vaulted 1/12-scale painting. A stunned silence reigned. Not one word was said about it on the first occasion of its sighting. No comments were passed on its colours, or erudite remarks passed about its 'Classicism' signs and symbols. But neither was it rebuffed, or in any way condemned. It was all terribly pin-striped and British. I was happy. My Client Body had asked for "a painted ceiling", not a dreary glass one". They had asked for "No modern techniques". Inigo was an experienced painter of buon fresco, and knew others from a global community of such artist-craftspeople. His budget was around £600,000 - in 1994. But I was not concerned. We had moved fast. There was still nine months to perfect the composition. And I knew of Scanachrome's technique with which a perfect simulation, on the ceiling, could be had for £60,000.

As for myself, I preferred to approach the Gallery interior by solving, first of all, its less difficult parts, like the scripting of the Gallery columns and floor. I was a mere Architect, with no experience of fresco-painting. I felt inadequately-equipped to compose a 'major' ceiling. Yet I was sure that for my urbanistic project to be successful, a medium of intellectually-scripted surface must come into existence and that the 'ceiling' was its most critical 'field'. My engaging and enthusiastic Clients had asked for a painted ceiling that used no modern materials or methods. This JOA had, with our customary competence and resource, arranged for them. It seemed to take them aback. Perhaps they never really expected it!

## It was time to move-on while they thought about it while waiting for planning permission.

At this time, also, JOA were asked to compete, with only five other architects, for the job of designing and rebuilding the fire-damaged banqueting hall at Windsor Castle. Any student of history knows the archaic significance of the symposion, the communal meal that defined the membership of a 'political' group. Any student of history knows the significance of the hearth, second only in archaic potency to, perhaps, the nuptial bed. No Mycenean warrior could bear his arms at the hearth. This sanctity was the origin of the 'sanctuary' offered by the Altar, hearth of the Church. To dine with the Monarch was to 'break bread' with the British State. I visited the blackened ruin and noted that wood which had been gilt was better preserved from the heat - a piece of fire-proofing technology which may recommend gold leaf to the insurance industry! The ruins were not yet dry, even after months, from the tons of water poured into them. They had been almost immediately roofed in a steel -framed industrial capping. But this did not inhibit John Tiltman, the deputy Director of the Department of Works, from making it very clear that "The Palace" required a scheme with properties that, although not summed into that name, could not but be called Neo-Gothic.

Perhaps JOA had been chosen to compete because we were, at the time, designing the exhibition on the life of Augustus Welby Pugin. It was a job that the whole office was enjoying. It is a fact, however, not well understood by non-professionals, that the Professional prides himself on doing a good job, even when he has little sympathy for the subject. Our exhibition design was an acclaimed success. The Public was led to admire Pugin's decorative skill. His impact on early 19C British Architecture was understood and the drama of his short life appreciated. But to extend the imperative of Pugin's 19C fakery, even when exercised by a plagiarist of lonely genius, was the utmost intellectual shabbiness. I could hardly believe Mr. Tiltman's briefing. I advised him that JOA's policy for competitions was never to be briefed by anyone except the person who would be making the final decision. My experience had been that being recommended by Number Two meant that Number One often chose someone else, just to show who was boss. He replied that not only was this impossible during the stages of the Competition, but it was unlikely that the Architects would be talking with the Queen at any time during the whole period of the design and its building. I had a Kafkaesque vision of plans being slid under doors and coming back docketed in red and blue.

The iconography of Monarchy held a certain technical interest. I had read that the ceremony of coronation descended from Persia. Here was a chance, I thought, for an interest in iconics wider than that of the good old Renaissance. And I was attracted to the design problem. There were a few rooms, of widely different, but very clear, and absolutely fixed, shapes, each of which required to be decorated with some, or even many, levels of 'narrative'. No architect could escape, here, down the familiar chute of 'function'. Even so I felt little real enthusiasm. The idea of working for a mere functionary was not attractive. All of my best buildings had been for people with real power - not prospective pensionnaires. I decided to spend only so much as would be covered by the modest honorarium. One is not expected to profit from the Monarch. But neither was I inclined to lose. Walking around the corridors of the Palace, stuffed with ornaments that must be retained out of politeness to their givers, had not been inspiring. The place, and particularly its near-hysterical servitors, was strange.

JOA's submission explored the nature of iconic discourse within the formal realm of 'Gothic'. I was told that the Queen wanted the reinstatement of the heraldic shields that previously covered the entire ceiling of the Banqueting Hall. As Tiltman put it, "she liked to have her Knights around her". If one looks at Pugin's facade for the Palace of Westminster facing the river one sees that the roll-call of British worthies fails to fill all the spaces provided. Gothic is a stringy sort of net which Mediaeval clients cast so to bring their 'catch', whether of saints or warriors, to the notice of the People. These nets were hung between exiguous towers, topped by frilly pinnacles. The culture-heroes of the times, painted in primary colours with real white eyes, were hung out to dry like lines of washing.

But I too liked heraldics. They were strong on design, being battle-signals. They held the promise of a semantic charge in their promisingly diverse vocabulary of images. Perhaps something could be made of all of this that had some meaning, some advantage, to my project for a 'public realm'.

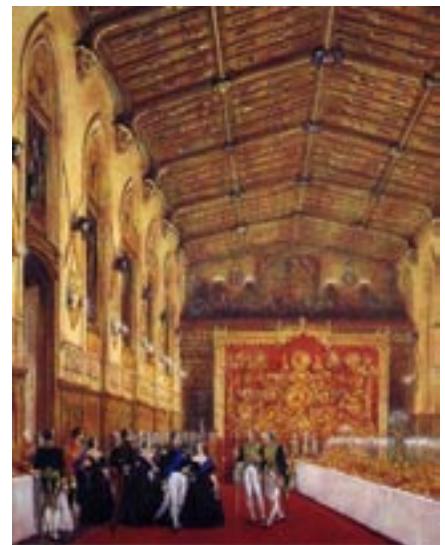
I began, then, with the big room and its main item, the ceiling.



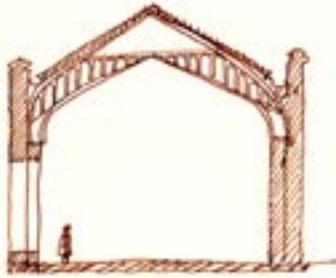
*The authentically mediaeval "bau-kunst", Hall of Edward III..*



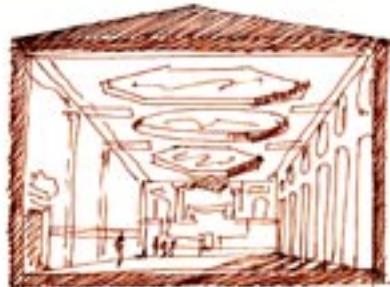
*The Neo-Classical Hall for Charles I with Verrio's inscribed surfaces.*



*The Neo-Mediaeval Hall of Queen Victoria by Wyattville. The flat ceiling was papered with the quarterings of an atavistic culture of island genealogies within which, ironically, the Monarch was a foreigner!*



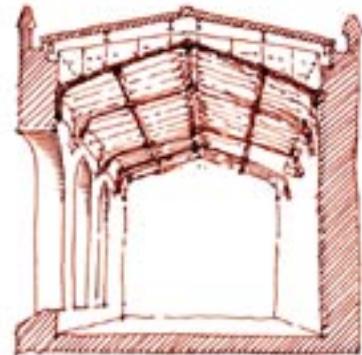
*Section through the Hall of Edward III showing the 'naked roofing' of Secular Gothic.*



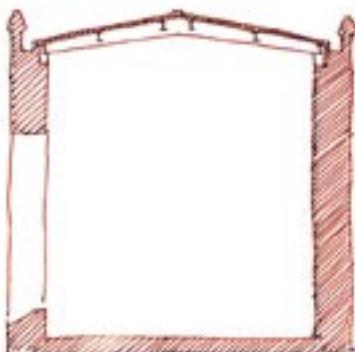
*The Neo-Classical Hall showing the persp[ectival 'windows' in a flat ceiling suspended from a truss above.*



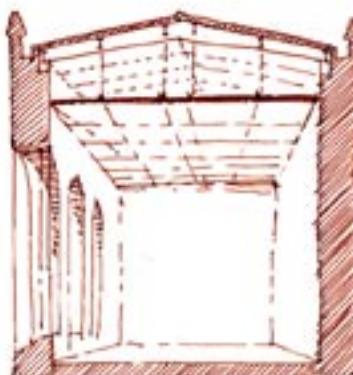
*Comparison between the Mediaeval Gothic roof of exposed construction and the hidden structure of the Neo-Classical and Neo-Gothic ceilings.*



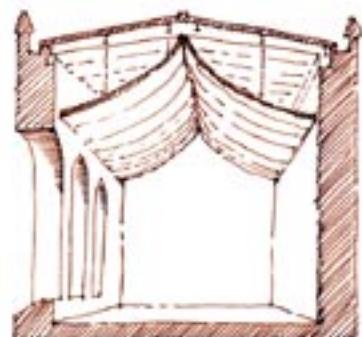
*Section through the Neo-Mediaeval Hall of Wyattville. Whatever 'structure' that there was in this 19c interior was well hidden above the ceiling.. This was not tectonics. it was iconics.*



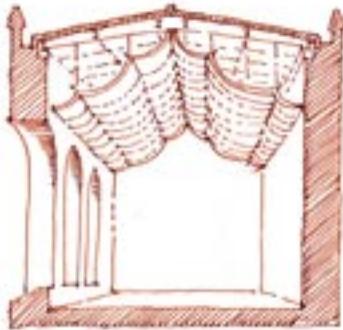
*Section through the hall after the late 20c fire showing the steel roof.*



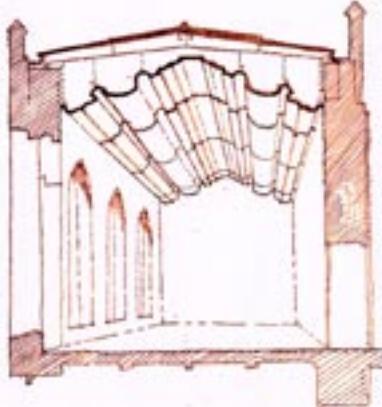
*Should one have a straight-forward flat, suspended, ceiling?*



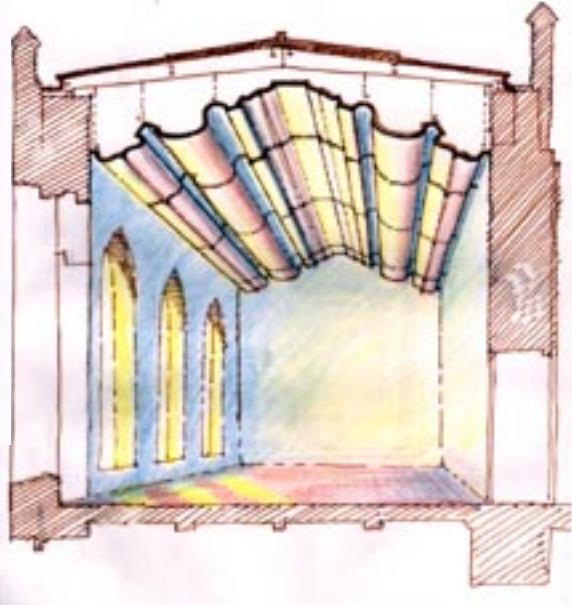
*Or could one have something less 'serious' for the 'Queens Knights' - a tent for 'social jousting'.*



A suspended ceiling in the form of a more elaborately draped tent.

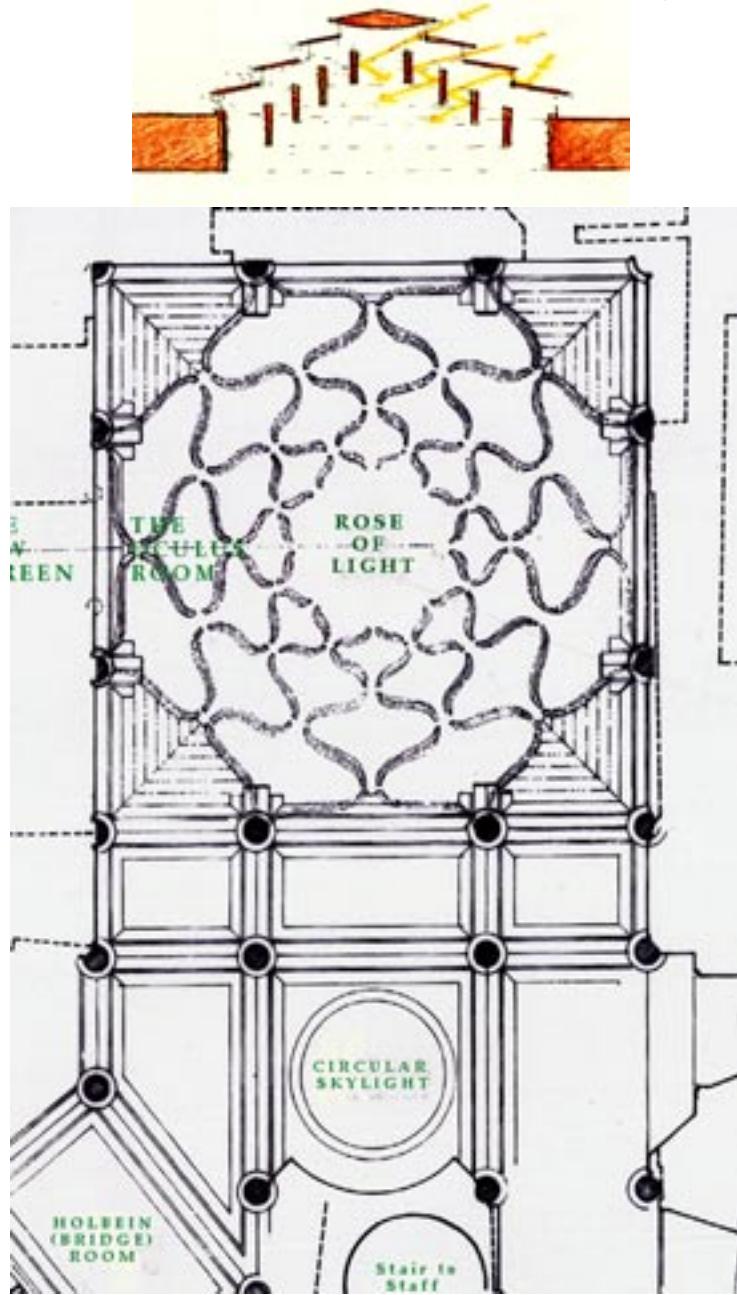


Then I went to the Chapel of Diocletian's martyr, the Levantine Saint George, and made a column-fluting into the profile of the ceiling.



I liked this idea. It was not as flabbily 'relaxed' as a chi-chi tented ceiling. It was 'Gothic' in profile - sending the shields 'all-a-flutter'. It would quake a tremor through the atavistic cult of 'blood-line'.

**The other room was octagonal. Victoria had used it as a chapel, but now it was an ante-room to the big hall. I made its ceiling into a "golden rose of light".**

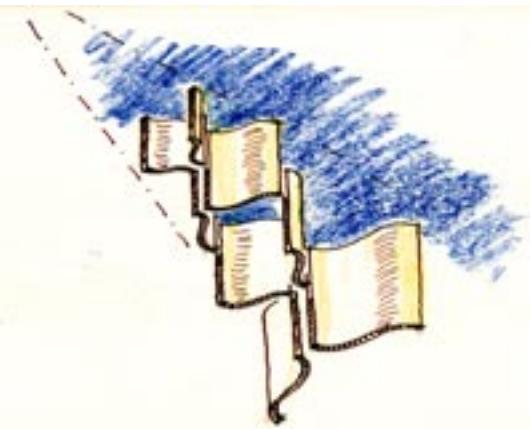


Looking up into the gilded leaves of the 'rose of light'. Octagons were either tombs or baptisteries. Their axis was that of the most powerful of dimensions: 'up and down'. The design recollected the sun and the Oriental in Gothic.



I took one of my favourite devices - the mirrored light-pipe - slit it & slid it down.

Light bounced down the 'slid' pipe-halves.

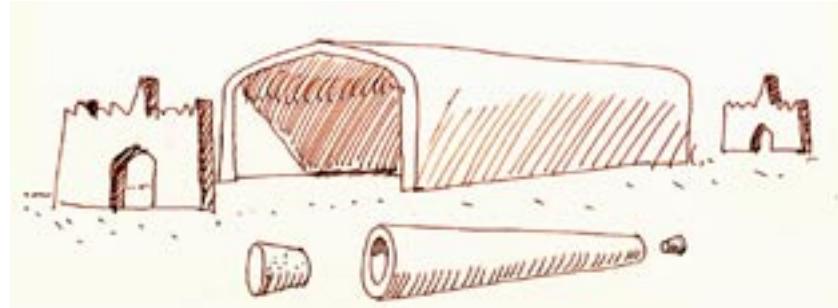


The leaves of the 'books of light' reflected daylight but blocked direct sunlight. They composed into a giant rose, symbol of the sun.

**The decline of a generally-held, Architectural culture has accompanied the rise of the 'design competition'. A Client that can not choose an architect from a presentation and interview, is a Client that can neither brief nor control him. The 'cult of genius' is its inevitable consequence.**



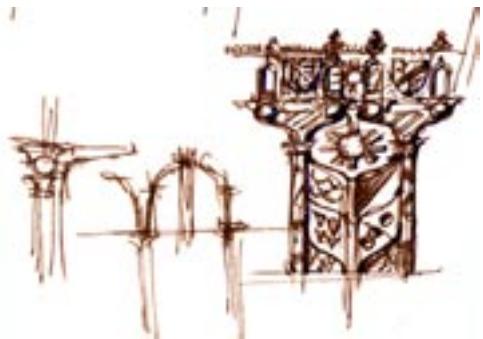
Elisabeth Gregory, the brilliant collagist, flew back from New Zealand to help with the competition. She showed how, with gilding and silverying, the shields could flutter into a decent insubstantiality.



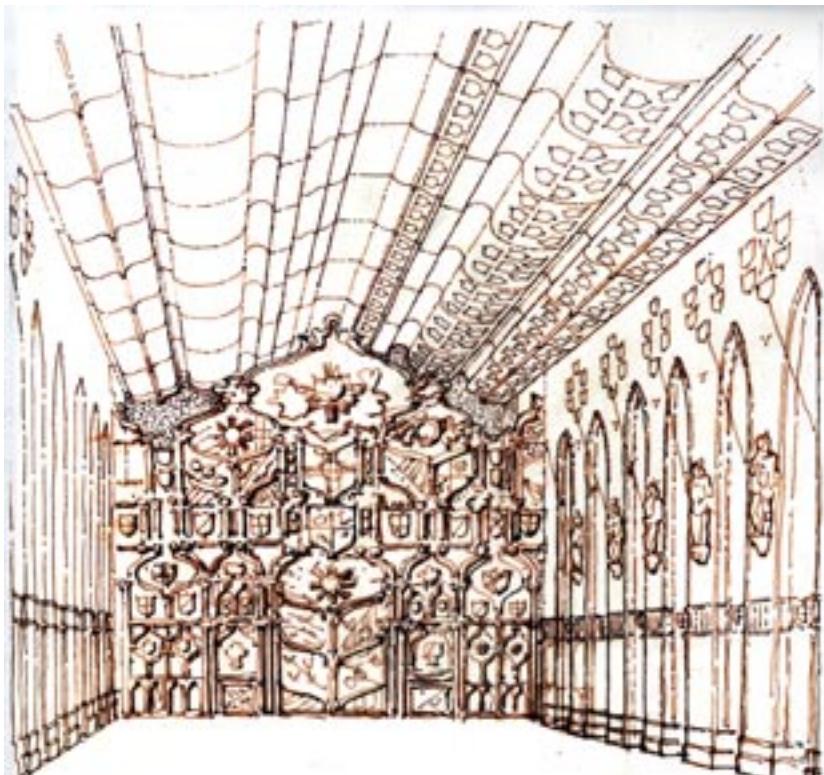
The Banqueting Room doubled in length during Queen Victoria's reign. It was an endless tube that needed corking at both ends with an heraldic 'screen' like a royal billboard that held gold plate, blazons, musicians and indeed, the monarchical throne itself.



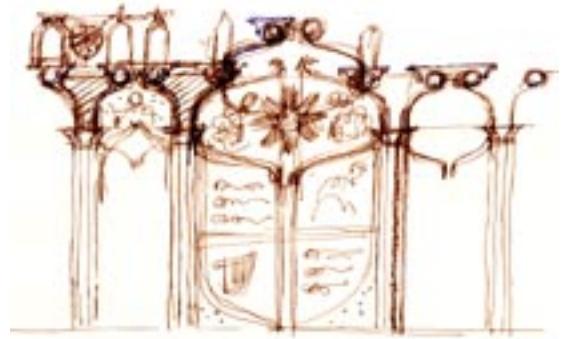
Gothic columns are like bundles of tubes. I gothicised my log and saddle by giving it an 'ogee' sine-curve.



Working these s-curves up into a 'screen' Gothic consists mainly of fields flanked by stringy ribs and column.



Of all of the drawings that I did, this - the final result - is the one that pleases me the least! Looking at it all my dislike of Gothic surfaces, with its druggy jungle of febrile forms, and its cult of warrior genealogies, it monumentalised an age of political savagery. It recalls to me the Dracula Architecture of Prague.



What the s-curve gains in flexibility it loses of the sort of beauty that I prefer, which is one in which individual members are very distinct - as they are in Greece.

**It all took three weeks.** Standing back from it I realised that it had been a negative experiment. I had slowly grown to dislike Pugin and all that he stood for. He had won, for Barry, the competition to build the Palace of Westminster. Then he was paid off. Finally, when the time came to do all of the Gothic detail, Barry realised that Pugin was the only man alive who could do the stuff with any sort of authenticity. But what sort of 'State Style' is it that can only be done well by a single antiquarian plagiarist who believed that ethical progress depended on everyone taking up a fundamentalist Catholicism and dressing-up in 13C French Gothic clothes, furniture and buildings? Metternich might have approved. But what had this to do with 1994?

## The ritual of the Competition ran its course.

Its function turned out to be, as Mr. Tiltman had implied, to find an Architect prepared to provide the Palace with the 'Castley' charade that was the preconceived prescription for H.M.'s rustic seat. A Neo-Neo-Gothic Banqueting Hall was obtained. The only colour in it came from its endless shields. Its columns and ribs were carved, with exquisitely crafted precision, from whole trees of English Oak - another native 'triumph of craftsmanship over design'. They were not painted and gilded, as they would have been in the Mediaeval original, but polished to show every God-given oaken vein. This Architecture was not 'designed' in the sense of having been conceived in the imagination of any mere man, idea, or transitory 'culture'. These sturdy wooden shafts had grown 'naturally' from that soil onto which one had merely to be born, so contagious was it, to become ineradicably English. 20C Windsor had not only been made in the image of that illiterate 18C notion of Gothic as a grove of trees.

## Windsor was now an imperishable grove of 'the' Native English Tree, the OAK.

I found such dogged illiteracy deeply repellent. There is, in such a mentality, an absolute contempt for scholarship, indeed for truth. To reduce a cultural identity to raw OAK is the same as reducing it to blood and soil. Gothic is almost 1000 years old. It was a Frankish confection designed to carry their image of power from one end of Europe (the Levantine Crusades) to the other (Norman Britain). Its revival as the State Style for Britain turned 'Gothick' (with a 'k'), previously an 18C week-end house-party Architecture for rustic retreats, into the State Style of the globe's most extensive empire. It was imposed on Britain by a party whose main aim was to arrest the spread of the Enlightenment for fear of the political infection of the French Revolution. Later this came to mean Napoleon, and his attempts to both unify and convert Europe, by conquest if necessary, to the Rule of Reason. Ironically, although invented by the Abbot Suger to promote the Franks, Gothic became an instrument to combat the Neo-Classical lifespaces of the Enlightenment and Revolutionary France. One might call this, after Marx, the Repetition of Gothic as the Tragedy of a lost recourse to Reason. What could burly oaken sprouts framing aluminium air-conditioning grilles be, reared-up in the year 1994, but Engel's "Repetition of History as Farce"?

The Windsor competition was an illuminating accompaniment to the 'Gothic Passion' exhibition that JOA were designing for the V&A museum. I had been puzzled by the refusal of the 'Victorian Gothicists' at the Museum, who revelled in Pugin's ability to fabricate an entire world out of his overcoat, to even talk about the political project behind the 'style' of the Houses of Parliament. JOA's experience at the Palace revealed that what many consider a Retro Medievalism at best and a cynical 'packaging' at worst, was, at this fin-de-vingtième-siecle Britain nothing of the sort!

## Gothic remained very much alive and kicking as the reification of the British State.

The Curators of the Victoria and Albert Museum, humble subject-suplicants at the gates to the Royal Collections, did not dare to explore the political foundations of their favoured 'style'. Firstly they aspired to the Establishment itself. Secondly they relied on the huge art collections of the Palace to fuel parts of their temporary exhibitions. This iconic taboo extended even more strongly to the second exhibition JOA designed for the V&A. "Victorian Visions", "The Making of New Britain" covered the life and times of Queen Victoria. Both of these were perfect opportunities, at the end of the 20C, to explore the iconic rationale behind the Neo-Feudal veneer applied to the post-Napoleonic British Empire. But this was no 'academic' subject gathering dust in some museum accessed merely by PhDs. IT WAS STILL IN BEING! Neither of these major V&A summer-long exhibitions dared to examine this interesting subject!

Mary Shelley's aptly named **Frankenstein** (a Frank - of Stone) was already the popular patron of Pugin's Gothic Horror. How much more apt is he to that of its grotesque extension into the late 20C? Pugin could exercise his lonely fanaticism because, firstly, he worked at a time prior to Darwin and the permeation of the popular media by the rationality of Science. Secondly, even by the 1820's, the reality of the Middle Ages was remote enough to be a sufficiently dead ethic to be politically sterile.

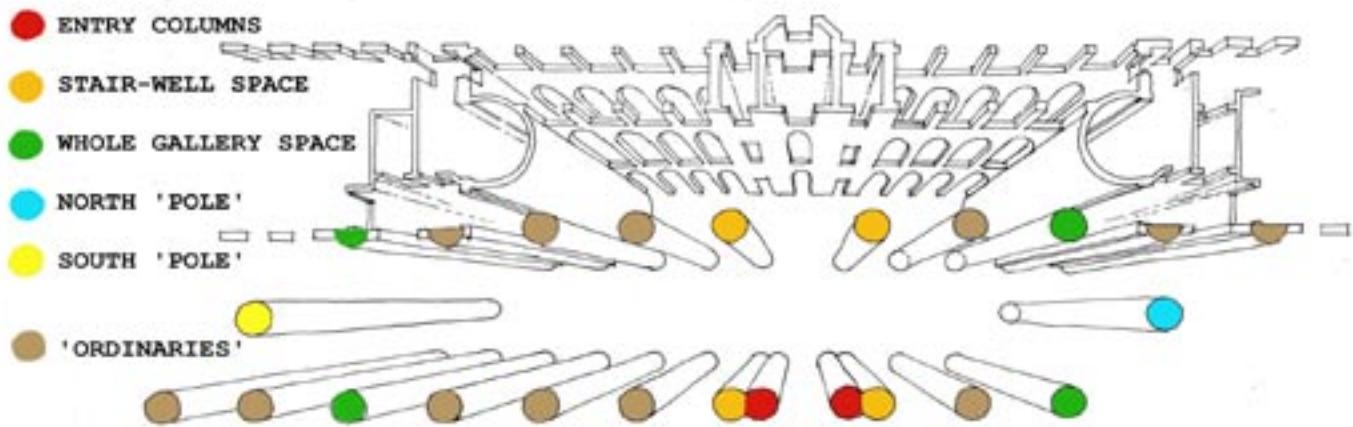
## Even when animated by the 19C fanaticism of Pugin, it could be nothing more than a talented pastiche.

Gothic, like the bleached bones of Greece paraded by Neo-classicism, had become that most docile of lifespaces - a mere 'style'. Whatever the case, the Palace had proved itself uninterested in any project to help invent the realm of 'public culture' which was the unique dimension that the West had added to the sum of human government.

**Windsor, contrary to everyone's expectations, had turned out to be just another English Country House, serving the private fancies of its Owner and quite irrelevant to the project of Urbanity.**

The Palace refused any foray into what it would denigrate as 'originality'. It preferred the security of a nameable style. Three years later, JOA were commissioned to examine another great institution with a similar aversion to originality and a similar insistence upon pre-determined, articulated and nameable Architectural styles: Las Vegas.

*I returned gladly to our task to meet the criticism, made by our Cambridge Clients (real people at least), of the column-inscriptions. How could one keep my ontogenetic and phylogenetic vertical narratives with their (almost) violently distinct 'horizons' and yet 'unify' (dangerous word) the Gallery-columns into the vast verticalities that they physically were?*



The plan of how the columns would be marked so as to explicate their ways in which they divided what was, 'physically' an undifferentiated and flowing, 'open' space, into conceptually-denoted 'rooms'. This was just one more example of the discourse that, if set up between the actual and virtual, the perceived and the conceived, is of the very essence of thought itself. To translate: 'apotropaic' means 'warding off evil'. These were the two red columns that framed the main entrance. The term 'sky-posts' derives from Egypt. Four ochre columns marked the rising shaft of the Social Stair. Four green columns marked the four corners of the space of the Gallery, if it was to be conceived-of as a cubic room instead of a space that had been skewed so as to reach the Castle, which it actually was. It goes without saying that it was this 'skewing' which appealed to late 20C Architectural tastes. I took some pleasure at introducing a virtual 'cubification', which would be illegible to my haptically fixated colleagues, as some counterweight to their illiterate enthusiasm for spatial malformity. The two blue columns were the two polar shafts. The 12 remaining columns of the 24 that made up the whole peristyle of the Gallery, had, at this time, no particular denotation and would remain as 'originals'. Although, of course, they could always be 'denoted' as something, if the idea seemed useful.

My solution to the compositional problem, that I willingly accepted from the Client Body, was to retreat to what 'I knew best', as an Architect.

## This was how to make space 'speak'.

**I DIVIDED THE ROWS OF COLUMNS INTO CATEGORIES AND NOMINATED THEM TO SEPARATE SPATIAL TASKS.**

There were the columns that framed the entrance to the Gallery itself. There were the columns that framed the rising shaft of the 'social stair'. There were the columns that, like the 'Egyptian' disposition of Palladio, marked the four corners of a room (while propping the 'above' away from the 'below'). Finally, I decided to notate the furthest two columns. These not only fell outside of all the preceding categories, but were composed in the unorthodox position of a central axiality which 'blocked' the flow of space and closed the physical volume of the Gallery. I called these 'pole-columns' whose iconography would be derived from their Northern and Southern orientation. What I now needed was a 'script' that would denote these columns as distinct and coherent shafts, while in some way, assimilating the diversity of the layering inscribed by the eight bands of Ontogenetic narrative which I had already inherited, like geological deposits, into the shafts of the 'necklace core'.

**AFTERWORD for the TWENTY-SECOND LECTURE:  
'THE CARGO UNVEILED'.**

*By a happy chance, Inigo Rose, an experienced painter of 'buon fresco', made contact. We worked on creating a ceiling "that used no modern techniques". The text that I used was that of the Fluvial Narrative/Valley of the Republic. Inigo translated this, using his fluency with Hellenic Myth into something which had, because of its figuration, every chance of pleasing a wide audience as much as that of Classicists more capable of reading the rarer references.*

*At this time I was still 'conjuring' with quite what the 'cargo' was that the 'raft' carried into the developing 'rite' of Architecture. As with speech itself, and contrary to some popular theories of invention, one needs a medium for an idea to come into Being. Indra McEwen suggested that the 'tanned masculine skin-colour' of the shafts to a Doric temple figured them as Ephebes. Designing the column inscriptions of the Judge Institute as a phylogeny of our species, and then the ceiling as a phenomenology of what Paul Ricoeur, in Time and Narrative, called "Somatic time, the time of living", was bringing into focus the idea that the cataclysmic arrival of the Raft, with its Cargo, represented the advent of a spatial narrative which, although 'recognised' during my researches into Architectural History, and cognisable as a 'river', was beginning to make sense as a 'phenomenology of association' from privacy, in the cave of origin, to a final universality in the infinite horizon of the Ocean.*

*If this was the case, and the well-established 'event-horizons' of the Republic of the Valley could be configured as a phenomenology of Association then I felt I was on the way to discovering an Urbanity which could serve to make Association as cognisable as an 'object'. What would be the consequence of this? Would it mean that the politico-economic constitution of a society could be 'learnt' as one learns to make one's way around a town - by walking on it? Instead of having to learn one's Constitution as an abstract system mediated by arcane ideas, the citizen would literally 'live' it into his and her understanding. It would be mediated by the symbolic distribution of the lifespace itself. What was this but a Constitutional Topology reified as a Constitutional Topography and then assimilated as a 'streetwise' Constitutional Geography? Was this a Utopian (No-Place) or the Real Place for (Modern) Man?*

*As an aside, I report our entry for the rebuilding of the fire-damaged St. George's Hall in Windsor Palace. Our design for the Victoria and Albert Museum's 1994 summer exhibition, on the life of Augustus Welby Pugin, had created the mistaken impression that I liked the Gothic style. A good designer can use any style - even without affection. 'Gothick' remains the 'State Style' two hundred years after Benjamin Disraeli's 'New Britain' pressure group established it as an iconic bulwark against Continental Rationalism. 'Modernism', under Blair, now served 'Cool Britannia' - "Plus ca change".*

