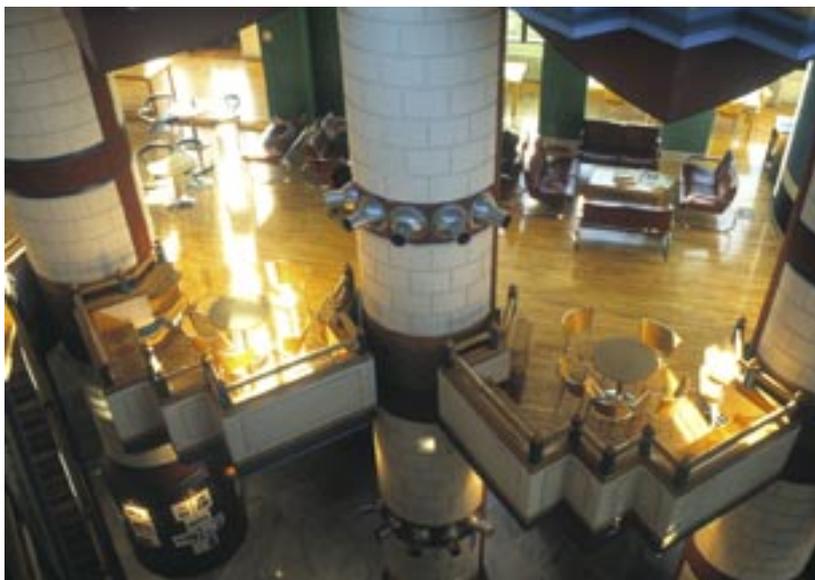


the Thirsieth -
lecture

'Camera Lucida'



The Committee announced that it would be forming a sub-committee to visit England, to talk with JOA's previous clients and to see some more of JOA's buildings, along with their interiors. Flying over in the Grumman Gulfstream of the Jamail Family, the Interiors Sub-Committee rested-up in Claridges before setting out in two black limos of suitably English historicity. One had, it was said, conveyed the Queen Mother. The Cambridge tour of inspection ended with a lunch hosted by Professor Sandra Dawson, the new Director of the Judge Institute. At its end only her rustic Fenland habit of sandals and wooden beads restrained the blue-suited and dressy Houstoniennes, for they had come to Claridges 'a deux', from breaking into a rousing Texan song. I was afraid that the Houstonians would be over-impressed that every balustrade and every level of the six Judge floors was finished in solid hardwood. I did my best to explain that it would cost a million dollars extra to provide this for their building and that, in any case, it would be more to their University's credit to surface their building, at one tenth the cost, with iconographies of a conceptual dimension. A culture that knows itself can represent itself in graphic texts. Those who do not must hide behind puerile 'objectivities' of History or Nature. We held the climacteric meeting in a room off the Gallery of the Judge, from whence the eye could directly compare the polychrome iconologies of JOA's cheaply-made model, with the sliced wood veneers and infantile chromatology of that English ruin of all of JOA's labours.



I could see that my Texan Clients wanted to be seduced by all the lovely wood veneers that coated the Judge. Happily, and much to their credit financially as well as intellectually, they preferred to 'veneer' their own building with latex paint reinforced by a far more courageous conceptual project than the tender psyche of 'bruised Britain' could contemplate.

The Seminar Balconies were planned to have heavy, thief-proof, easy-chairs like those of Duncan Hall. The Client Body, consumed by that Masochistic Mediaevalism in which the English Establishment delights to cloak its power, paid for (inlaid!) built-in hardwood banquettes as impossibly hard as they were ludicrously costly. The Committee of Ladies who took over the soft and moveable furnishing, then went out and bought dinky little cafe chairs of only marginally lesser discomfort. The result is that the useful space of the seminar balconies is halved and few people remain in them for longer than necessary. Public space is once again 'despoiled and ruined' by the bloody-minded, privacy-obsessed, English sensibility.

We talked around it and, at the end, Kent Andersen, the Chair, said "John, its only paint. We will go ahead. If we don't like it, we'll paint it out". We laughed. This was fine, even if, who knows, he was (almost certainly) serious. It was one of the happiest moments of my life. I knew that the very industrialised trashiness of the materials of the Texan interior would throw all of the load onto their iconic structure. This interior would stand or fall on the conceptual and aesthetic quality of the design alone. There would be no craven safety-net of marbled wood and sliced rock. There would be no colour-scheme for iconic cravens that denoted wood as bierkeller-brown and stone as cottage-cream.

Anthony Charnley, of JOA, took my A1 painting to a graphics house in the City of London and photographed it onto a 10"x8" colour negative. This was put onto a Crosfield drum scanner and read-out as a 700Mb file - huge for 1995, but nothing much today - which was transmitted back to the office, in a portable hard drive, by 'sneaker-net'. Anthony worked out how to cut the whole ceiling up into strips of the right size to be wrapped around 2'0" x 8'0" x 1" compressed fibreglass ceiling tiles that would then be butt-jointed and fixed up into a LaFarge metal ceiling grid in such a way that the joints would be invisible. Each strip of fire-proofed, acoustically-transparent fabric was manufactured in Ohio so as to be certified usable in the USA. The canvas had to be over-painted with enough pattern to to be wrapped around the tile in such a way that the whole 50'0" x 70'0" ceiling read as a seamless unity.



Scanachrome's computer-controlled machine that spray-painted acrylic paint onto the acoustically-transparent, fire-resistant, fabric we brought over from Ohio. The four colours can be manually-regulated on the computer. I could precisely balance the final print-out colours by eye.



My A1 watercolour board was photographed as a 10'x8" transparency and put onto a Crosfield drum scanner. We took its 700 Mb back to our office on a portable disc drive . JOA had no computer, at that time, which could handle a file of this size in Photoshop. So we did not try to colour-correct it. Anthony Charnley used Live Picture and DeBabeliser software to 'cut' the huge scan into 234 No. 2'0"x8'0" strips. Each of these had to be 'oversized', so as to butt join back into the pattern after being wrapped, glued, and stapled around 1" thick fibreglass ceiling tiles. Around this slightly oversized print Anthony added a grey selvedge on which was printed the block number of the tile.. The 'fabrics' were packed into a box the size of a flat coffin, flown to Decoustics Inc. of Etobicoke City, Toronto, Canada, specialist ceiling tile manufacturers, and then trucked to Houston, where Marek Ltd, plaster and sheetrock contractors, using a moveable scaffold tower, in two days, slotted the pieces into a vault of Lafarge secret fix lath.

Anthony also added a grey selvedge over-printed with a grid-reference number, keying each of the 234 pieces of this mosaic, so that the fixers would know its proper place.

The whole thing was scribed into a shiny gold 600 Mb disc which we took up to Scanchrome, who had recently moved to a new factory in Skelmersdale, close to Wigan Pier. Enlarging my A1 painting to the size of the real ceiling multiplied its dimensions by 34 times and reduced the pixels available to 18dpi. This seemed far too coarse. But after Scanchrome printed out some tests we judged that, 50'0" (15.25M) off the floor, such a low resolution would not matter. To increase this resolution would mean processing the file in Photoshop. JOA did not have, in 1995, a computer powerful enough to finesse the colour changes attendant upon interpolating extra pixels into a 700 Mb file! So we refrained from messing, in any way, with the digitisation of the original Crosfield scan.



The samples coming out of the printer. The enlargement of the crystal - patterns made by Prussian Blue, when it dried, was especially delightful. My shaky hand, as it left gaps between a black Rapidograph pen outline and water-colour fill, also enlivened the design with a fortuitous 'irregularity'. The fat red lines on an ochre ground are made with one of my eleven 'Recife' fountain pens from Paris. Their ink-reservoir is drilled out of a solid acrylic rod. One can fill them with any colour and see the ink-level. They could write and draw for the whole 9 hours of a trans-Atlantic flight.



It is not often one gets to walk on the ceiling. Wandering over this print-out in my socks, making a video of its mazy meanderings, was intoxicating. I suppose it was one of the happiest moments of my time as an Architect. Here, at last, was a proof that the compositional inventions of the early 20C, that underlie the whole of 20C imagistic culture, could be brought into very marrow of Architecture. My giant beams and columns would 'steady' these iconic texts within the homeostatic 'cube of calm' so that the mind could reach out far beyond the bounds of quotidian space to reify the exotic dimensions of Time.



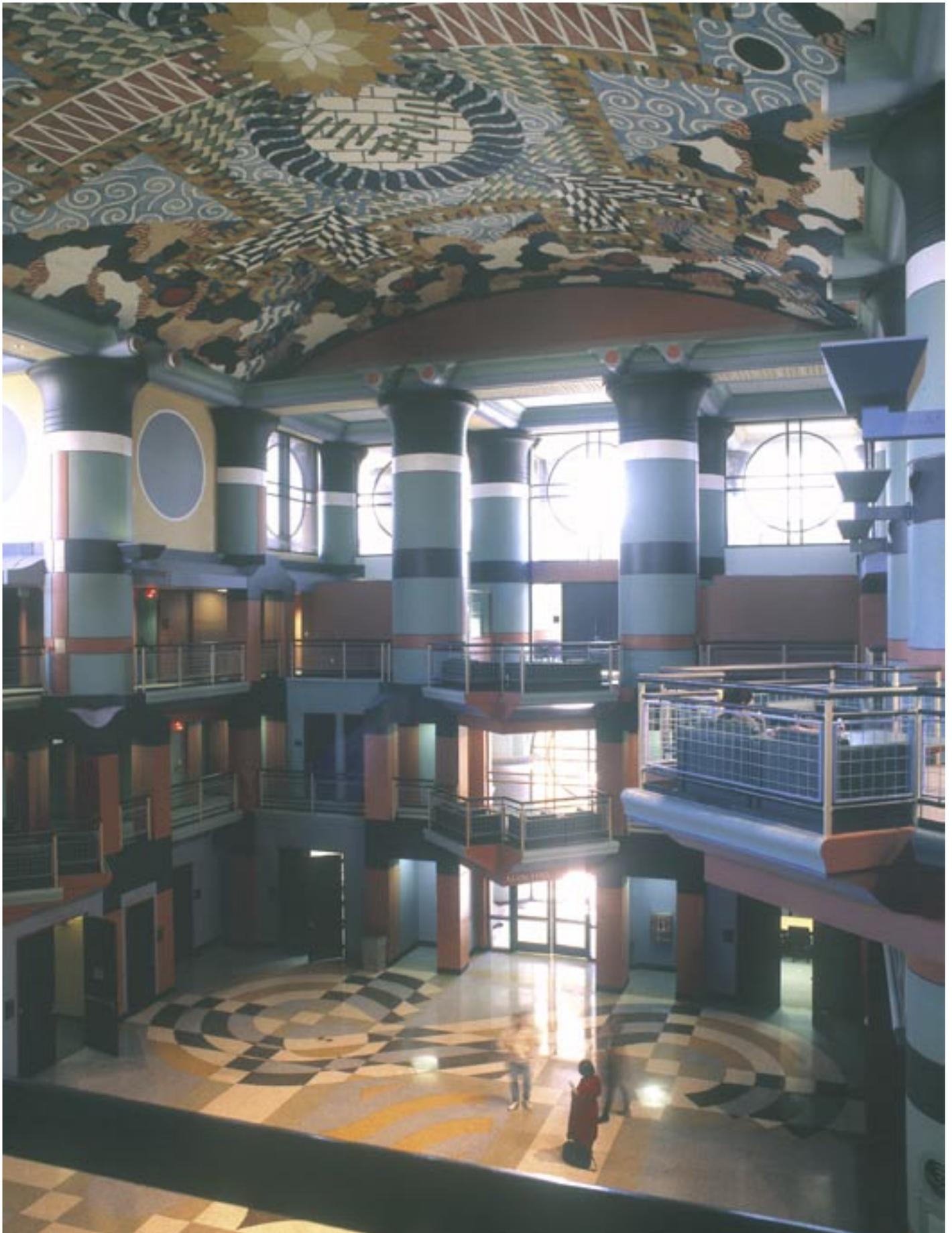
Its not buon-fresco. But then it only took two days to clip it all together onto its Lafarge ceiling framework. Nothing lies above it except sprinklers. The services are all in JOA's Sixth-Order Servant-Columns. No one knows the physical life of this technology. the paint is acrylic so it will not fade, especially on a relatively unlit surface like a ceiling. For an on-cost of around £25/sq.M a flat beige ceiling was transformed into a surface that makes the visitor gasp and remains of interest to the mind of the users for ever - such is the semantic generosity of symbols.

As it was, it proved easy to adjust the colour balance of the final spray painting of the canvas strips. Being a computer-controlled 'painter' the density of the paint could be modulated by changing the slope of the chromatic graph displayed on the printer's Crt screen.

As many as possible of the 234 strips were laid-out on the cement floor of the factory and I walked around over them like a fly, filming their chromatic rhythms as they passed under my shoeless feet. They were packed into a wooden 'coffin' and despatched to Toronto, Canada. There, the firm of 'Decoustics' wrapped them around the ceiling tiles before being trucked down to Houston where the firm of 'Marek' erected them into their curved ceiling grid in only two days. It had been only six months between the commissioning of the ceiling, and its final erection.

Meanwhile I had created the floor design that traversed the whole extent of the lowest floor. The ceiling scaffolding was taken down and the five-colour terrazzo was laid to inscribe the figures of the Hypostylar Forest of Infinity, the whirling, Dionysiac, dance-floor of the Confluence, the long, lazy, River, the tridentine Delta and finally, the infinity-sign of the Ocean.

Once this also was launched, I turned to the patterns needed to monoprint the columns. The size of the plaster tiles was chosen to be that of the US paper size of 'Legal'. The curved tiles were made by Cooks of Cambridge, England, packed and containered to Houston, where they would be monoprinted. I had a first meeting at which I sat down with Professors Keith Cooper and Linda Torczon to begin the task of inventing an iconic discourse between their territory of computational mathematics and the vertical narratives that I knew. Sadly, it was to be our last. Time rather than money had finally caught up with us. The plaster tiles arrived and a column was clad with them. The foundation of curved plasterboard was not very true and the effect was rough.



The 'Spiro and Mary Martel Hall' as it stands today. The infinity-sign can be seen on the floor in front of the main, honorific, entrance that is aligned to the cloister of Lovett Hall and the main fluvial axis of the Campus. There are no slices of rock or trees to persuade the user that this culture relies on 'Nature' to write its script. There are none of the vapid silences of Minimalism, or the empty rhetoric of Deconstruction. There is only an architecture, cool, rigorous, and cubic, supporting and steadying a surface whose textuality is rendered in synthetic line and colour with no more ambition than the discourse which is thought.



A water-colour, painted by Tanya Hunter, with only the technique that a Russian-trained Beaux-Arts method architect can, today, achieve. I had sat down for my first meeting with Professors Linda Torczon and Keith Cooper, to begin the attempt on a graphics for their columns when, alas, not money, but time ran out. So this painting used the iconic structures invented for the Judge, but never used there. They describe my usual vertical phenomenology of ontogeny. Many readers, seeing this, may think that this omission was just as well! But the fact is that decoration is never as obtrusive in real space and time as it is in a book-illustration. I am not overly sorry that we never 'did' the columns. The room is light-years ahead of anything else. But it would have been 'interesting' to see how it would have worked. I think it would have been successful. We will never know!

The plasterboard had been applied on the understanding that it would be covered by a second sheet, on which the irregularities could be, and later were, erased. I thought at this point that it was wise to draw a line under the unprecedented progress made at Rice. We were installing a richly iconic ceiling which narrated the Time of Inception and a huge floor that narrated almost all of the event-horizons of the Valley of the Republic and the Somatic Time of Living. I had already told the story, of the Ontogenetic and Phylogenetic coming-into-being of Humanity - albeit simplified down to four colours, one for each floor Blue, Green, Pink and Yellow. Here was a whole, huge, magnificent public room whose mundane components served to inscribe ideas. And it was all just paint, so someone could change them whenever it pleased them.

Anyone who learned the iconographies that I had used, all of them founded on diversely received iconic literacies, could walk around Duncan Hall, ending in its Martel Hall, and apprehend the presence of temporalities which were, as was the ambition of Husserl, enfolded. Duncan Hall is, itself, situated in the larger lifespace of a campus that is inscribed by the same iconic narratives of Hypostyle, River, Column and Entablature - albeit mediated by less 'original' and more 'historic' forms. Such a scale of rhetoric creates, within this place, a discourse whose metaphoric mechanisms bring forth that uncanny reality - a landscape of ideas. The material presence of the place, which is strong, dialogues with the ideas now inseminated into it. This terrain becomes capable, after the investment of so much 'work', and their enfleshment in 'works', of reifying a locus that places its citizens upon that ultimate stage: a reality 'sub specie aeternatis'. There can be no more ambitious project for a human medium than this. It is ironic to the point of being risible, that it is Architecture, intersecting with that most mundane of media, the practical, everyday, natural space of living, which is, alone, capable of such powerful, and totalising, reifications.







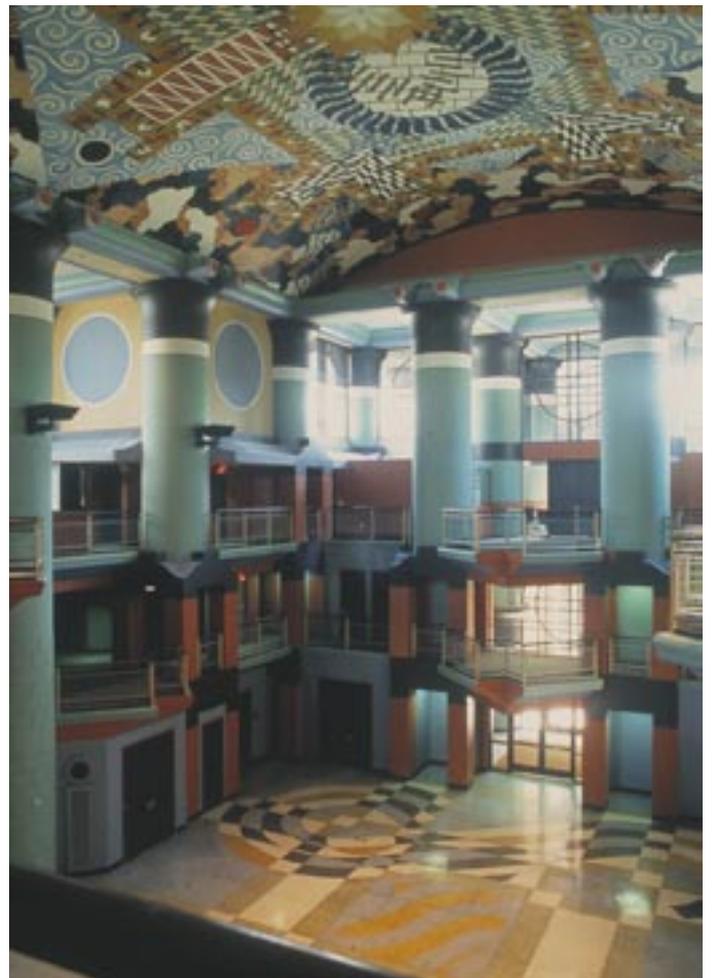
My abandonment of the 'video-secco' column-monoprinting left me with a problem.

My choice to **inscribe** the **ceiling** rather than the **columns** left me void of any means to **narrate** the **vertical version** of the **temporal histories** set off, at the **Time of Inception** by the **Raft of the Advent** and the **Heap of History**.

There were no 'natural materials' at all in the interior of Duncan Hall - no pretence that any of the images descended directly from either Nature or God as a slice of stone or wood whose pattern was unmediated by the iconics of a human culture. Computer-painted canvas formed the ceiling (erected in two days), sheetrock clad the walls and terrazzo-concrete formed the floor. The iconicity, if there was to be one, was mediated by artificially-applied outline and colour. This final 'coating of ideas' is built down from the top. This enables the scaffold of the ceiling erectors to be cleared away and free the floor to the terrazzo-layers. No fixed scaffolding was used after this point. Everything was done from towers and mobile scissor-Lifts. A half-painted capital, and the metal stud behind the curved upper column sheetrock, can also be seen

My first recourse was to colour each floor-level to suit the five horizons of the Onto-Phylo-genetic history. But this was so reticent as to be almost useless as a 'script'. Who does not paint walls a colour - even a different one for each floor? The theory of communication necessitates that any coherent message must stand out from its background of incoherent, which means conventional, 'noise.'

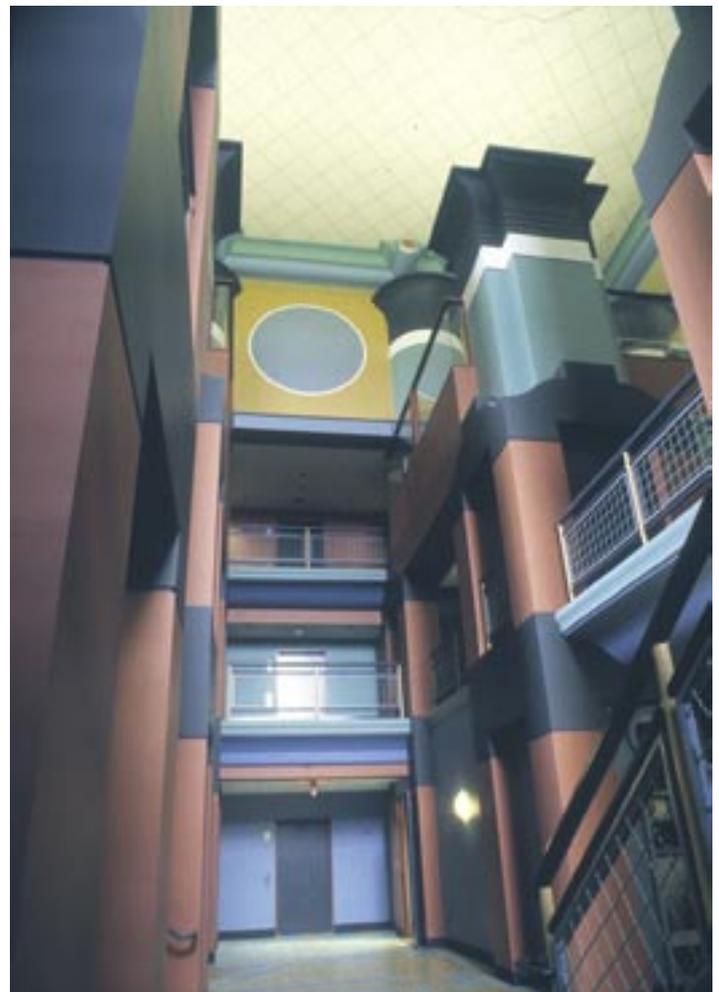
Painting the columns green, as was done for the formal opening of Duncan Hall, merely rendered them into giant celery-stalks.



The abandonment of the monoprint tiling to the columns of the 'can-do' hall meant that they could not narrate any of the phylogenic/ontogenic event-horizons. So I just painted them green, like giant celery-stalks, for the official opening of the building in November 1996. The colour mirrored the idea that they were 'trees' in the 'Forest of Infinity'. Green was also the colour of the 6'0" (1.8M) terrazzo floor-discs which telegraphed the buried bodies of their hypostylar 'sleeper-cousins'. The final inscription of the columns was not completed until after the summer vacation of 1997. During this time a second layer of sheet-rock was added, with dividing grooves made from special aluminium channels which are no longer manufactured in Britain.

The best that could be done, under the circumstances, was to **divide the surfaces** of the columns into another of their identities under the 6th Order, that of the '**Serving Order**'. Here it is necessary to be able to **transmit physical entities through the skin** of the columns and beams. This is most conveniently effected if there are panels within which the **diverse penetrations are localised** - each within their own '**private plot**'.

The only time I ever met **Mies van der Rohe** a student asked him: "**why do you not paint your steels white?** **Mies**, laconic as ever, replied "**I paint them black because steel is heavy**".



The palette offered by a few, large, plasterboard panels could not carry the same iconic cargo as a tiled 'Video-Secco' cylinder. I had to rely on the simple colour-changes of the floor-levels:- from blue, for Ocean-liquid, through green, for Earth-solid, pink for Airy (the colour one goes at one's first breath!), yellow for Fire-Light-Sight and, finally black capitals for the fifth state of Thought. It was the complete Phylogenetic Narrative but its scripting erred on the side of being somewhat too laconic!

In this I agreed with Mies. This is why, where the floors intersect with these columns, I painted a black band of 'New Earth'. Two vertical red bands ran up their sides. Where these intersected, I 'lifted-off' a plate to open a window into their interior. I showed, by a patch of yellow, that these columns were never grey stone. They were cored with the energy of their genesis in the 'columna lucis'.

In the Judge Institute, these vertical red 'trouser-stripes' had been the real concrete pillars. Here in the less positivistically-paranoid USA, I could merely signify that there was a quality of loadbearing to these ample forms. 'Anti-gravity' was merely one amongst the many engineering services contained by the '**Serving Order**'. Orthogonality has no static imperative after Buckminster Fuller. Its uses are subjective, in that it served our need for a kinaesthetic referent that related to the six axes of human being. Its objective referent is the framing and monumental stabilising of the proscenia for iconic engineering.

At each floor level I introduced a wide black belt. These were split to show a yellow window' into the fiery interior of the columnar 'trabes'. The vertical red 'trouser-stripes' of the Judge columns had been real concrete pillars. Here in the less positivistically-paranoid USA, the physical pillars were engineering technicalities lost inside the darkened body of the 6th Order. 'Structure' here, at last, was no longer the statically illiterate 'objective' tectonics of Kenneth Frampton. It became, in Duncan Hall, a kinaesthetic appetite which, the more it was discoursed conceptually, the less it was needed literally. Iconic literacy saved dollars!



Everything 'Anglo' is missing from this interior. It exists as a purely material entity, gluing its molecular force-fields into useful patterns. It exists as a social engine of stairs, balconies and so on, and it exists as a conceptual discourse. The hypostylar members of the Forest of Infinity are as analogously green as trees sprung from an ocean. They also 'frame' the proscenia through which we acquire, via iconically-engineered 'texts', the velocity to escape the quotidian mundanity of the simple sheds within which we humans must spend most of our time on earth.

The sense of 'weight' is commonly thought necessary for this 'framing' of proscenia by columns and beams. The epiphanic must be 'steadied' by the patently carnal. It has been ordinary to understand this 'physicality' of structure as akin to the weight of our own bodies. But, even though kinaesthetically desirable, 'weight', as an objective truth can no longer be considered persuasive. After 20C Physics and even the 20C building-industry-example of Buckminster Fuller it is surely time for 'gravity' to fall from grace.

My solution has been the canonisation of 'photolithic' materials. These have mass but no weight. They are, at the same time, penetrated by light as colour. They are assembled without 'resting' on each other. At Blackfriars JOA projected that these 'blocks of solid, heavy, colour would be separated by mirrored strips. Here, in Duncan Hall, the 'blocks' of painted sheetrock, neatly edged in aluminium, are separated by 25mm grooves painted a dusty mauve, the colour of shadow. These 'building-blocks' have levitated. They float - epiphanically. They do not heap-up materially.



The floors were edged in a green cyma-reversa moulding supported by a blue cyma-recta one. The land was borne aloft by the sea - both carrying ducted services. Below these billowing blue mouldings were the red painted 'timber-frames' of the notionally physical structure. The grooves between all of these coloured 'building-blocks' were always the dusty purple of shadow. This separated them, hanging them in the air as if weightless. It was my defence against the puerile questions of the technophilic illiterates from, as one might expect, the Humanities.



A Seminar-Balcony and two floors of circulation-balcony over the doors to the Main auditorium. The green wall to the right is used as a screen occasional projections.



'Openworking' in a break-out space by the bridge between two 'Walk-in Order' columns over the 'Fluvial Confluence' next to the 'Campus End' Entrance.



Substantiality is admitted, but not gravity.

Deconstruction promises "thinking outside the box" to arrive at an 'iconic' architecture. What is achieved is an optically and visually active object that is 'notable' only in the sense of being neither iconically legible nor Architecture.

An Architecture designed to be iconically useful needs the box for its scripted, iconically literate, picture planes. These being, firstly, the ceiling and, secondly, the floor.

Picturesque without being irrational. The quadrated grid of Servant-Order columns fractures into a kaleidoscope of shapes and colours when viewed from one level above the floor of Martell Hall.

This leaves everything contingent, from pipes to people, to be ordered by the walls. The play of architectural order and human contingency provides an engaging puzzle to the designer and as picturesque a plastic and visual confusion, as these views show, as any Romantic could require.

There is no need for any 'contra-formal' agitation of a building's parts when the architectural syntax of the Sixth Order is used.



Walls, with the windows and doors through them were, for the 18C Abbé Laugier, the merely physical instruments needed by cultures without the laws, morals and taboos needed to inhabit a freely 'civil' lifespaces ordered only by columns. This is why I dematerialise doors them by painting them purple - the colour of shadow.

One of the more gratifying aspects of Duncan Hall was not only that it cost two thirds, per square metre, that of the Judge Institute, but that most of this was due to the 'political economy' of their 'social-space' interiors. Duncan's conceptual elitism balanced its proletarian economy. Iconic engineering 'lifted' latex paint. One may example the internal balustrades. Those of the Judge were determined by its Client body to be made of hardwood. But Rice's Railings were of steel.

It is calculated by the writers of Building Regulations that large numbers of unheeding humans, gripped by a suicidal intent, will hurl themselves upon the outer railings of a public place. The exquisitely fretted marble balustrades of Mogul India that were my inspiration in the Judge would matchstick before the lemming-charge of the Modern Masses. So there is, under the Aristo hardwood of the Judge, a frame of proletarian steel. True also to the to the aniconic 'mauvais foi' of the Euro Establishment, the Judge Client Body prescribed the usual vacuity of a glass tympanum. I gave them their precious hardwoods but managed to obtain, from my amiable Conoiseurocrats, instead of a panorama of human knees, a woven-wire 'Cancelli' - a Diagonal of Denial - most proper to the framed 'proscenia' of a balustrade.



Compared to the resources available to a vast ceiling my reader might wonder what could be scripted-into a mere balustrade, or even why? As to the latter, the why is because otherwise it would be a railing of steel pipe and crinkly wire. While an Architect might thrill to such modest informations, the normal person thinks of such a thing as a piece of industrial junk. Painting its rails to signify horizontality at night, and its baluster yellow to be standing upright during the day, sets the 'limits' of diurnal time. Then painting the frame blue and the infill green signs the quadrated earth of humanity limited by the surrounding oceans. A welded steel corral for wandering Bodies is humanised by addressing the Heads that they carry. But is it not rather the Heads of Architects that should be addressed to rectify their emptiness?

My clients in Duncan Hall were unabashed in their insistence that my internal balustrades, which were as extensive as those in the giant interior of the Judge, were made of the cheapest, raw, steel. But 'declassée' materials cause an iconically sophisticated Architecture no apprehensions. Nor is it necessary to wallow in that Arte Povera, of cinderblock and cement paving, so beloved of Champagne Communists. I merely painted the horizontal rail a smoky grey verging to black. This would confuse greasy hand-marks and represent the horizontality of sleep that is native to the human position on our planet when its face leaves the light of the sun. The vertical balusters, mere tubes of steel, I painted a comfortable, buttery, yellow. When the sun shines, it is natural to stand erect. It is almost as if we have being by casting a shadow. Having thus defined the 'limits' of our human response to the place where we find ourselves, I then painted the steel sub-frame a liquid blue and its reticulated infill a greying leaf-green. These were the quadrations of our humane lifespace surrounded by that larger global surface of the ocean. With this simple application of four colours of housepaint the postivistically-conceived legality of a fortified steel barrier was transformed into an iconically-engineered discourse on the limits of human physical extension. Only by iconic scripting can a lifespace be designed that is fit not only for human beings as sacks of errant meat, incapable of recognising the edges of elevated floors, but creatures capable of discoursing ideas that constitute truths.

The ancient Roman 'cancelli' was a mere sign, a signal denying spatial prolongation. It was a "here and no further". The balustrades of Duncan Hall were iconic discourses which, though formally simple, became semantically enriched by the situation of their utterance. Not so much passively 'contextualist', as actively 'conceptualist', the painted mild steel balustrades of Duncan Hall spoke of 'limits' that could engage an active mind. They were suitable to persons who wished their lifespace to be more than a pool-table bouncing bodies around to the empty-headed trajectory of Bill Hillier's 'Space Syntax'.

The final balustrade was external. It closed the axis of Somatic Time at its originary point. I chose to withdraw this 'source-event' to a balcony in the open air. By this symmetry the horizontal narrative of the Time of Living flowed through the interior from high to low and from outside to inside. The river of space thus achieved both a physical connection to the Campus at both of its ends while passing through, and being both conceptually rehearsed and optically reinforced by the event-horizons of the architectural interior. This external limit was iconically configured to symbolise the Raft of the Advent. In this way the four open-air 'source-balconies' are signed as having received their originary 'springs' from places removed from the striated, laid-down, contingently buried, Mountain' of the Genius Loci.



The final balustrade of the four tributaries to the main fluvial narrative of Somatic Time, the 'time of living'. All of the four are 'sourced' outside of the interior - in Houston's moist tropical air. These balustrades are configured according to the iconography of the 'Raft of the Advent'. The yellow 'trellis' is the Raft rotated vertically, as the 20C was taught (all of nearly 100 years ago!) by Cubist 'conceptualising' distortions. It is carried by the wavy blue process that, here, forms the balustrade hand-rail. The 'cone of ashes' that is the hearth fire that contains the 'embered fire of enlightenment' is figured as the red cone with its tip of black ash that form the two balusters supporting the hand-rail. In this way the Horizontal narrative of Duncan Hall owes its inspiration, in fact its four, separate, inspirations, to a 'sourcing' distant to the (Texan) Mountain of the Genius Loci. This particular source-balcony is marked by the signs of Ancient Greece.

These four 'extraneous sources' were chosen so as to be **distanced** in every way, **spatial, temporal and cultural**, yet **connected to the business of Duncan Hall**. I saw this as an **Engineer's interest in materiality**, a **mathematicians interest in number**, and the **specific techniques of computational engineering in visualising the computation of their physical problems**. The **four 'source-balconies'** happened to **face the cardinal points**. The choice of the four distant cultures was **limited by my own knowledge**. I would have wished to include that of **Arabic mathematics**, but, sadly, **lacked enough information**.

The four were **Ancient Greece**, to face West, the spatially proximate **Pre-Columbian Maya**, to face South, **Vedic India**, to face East, and **Italy of the Renaissance**, to face North. These were chosen because I knew something of their **iconics**, a **necessary limitation in an iconographer!** But it has to be admitted that my study of them was **motivated** more by **architectural** than **computational interest**. A **fifth** balcony would have added **Arabia** and then **China**. The list was not easy to restrict!

At this point I could not help but reflect on how well things had gone in the USA.

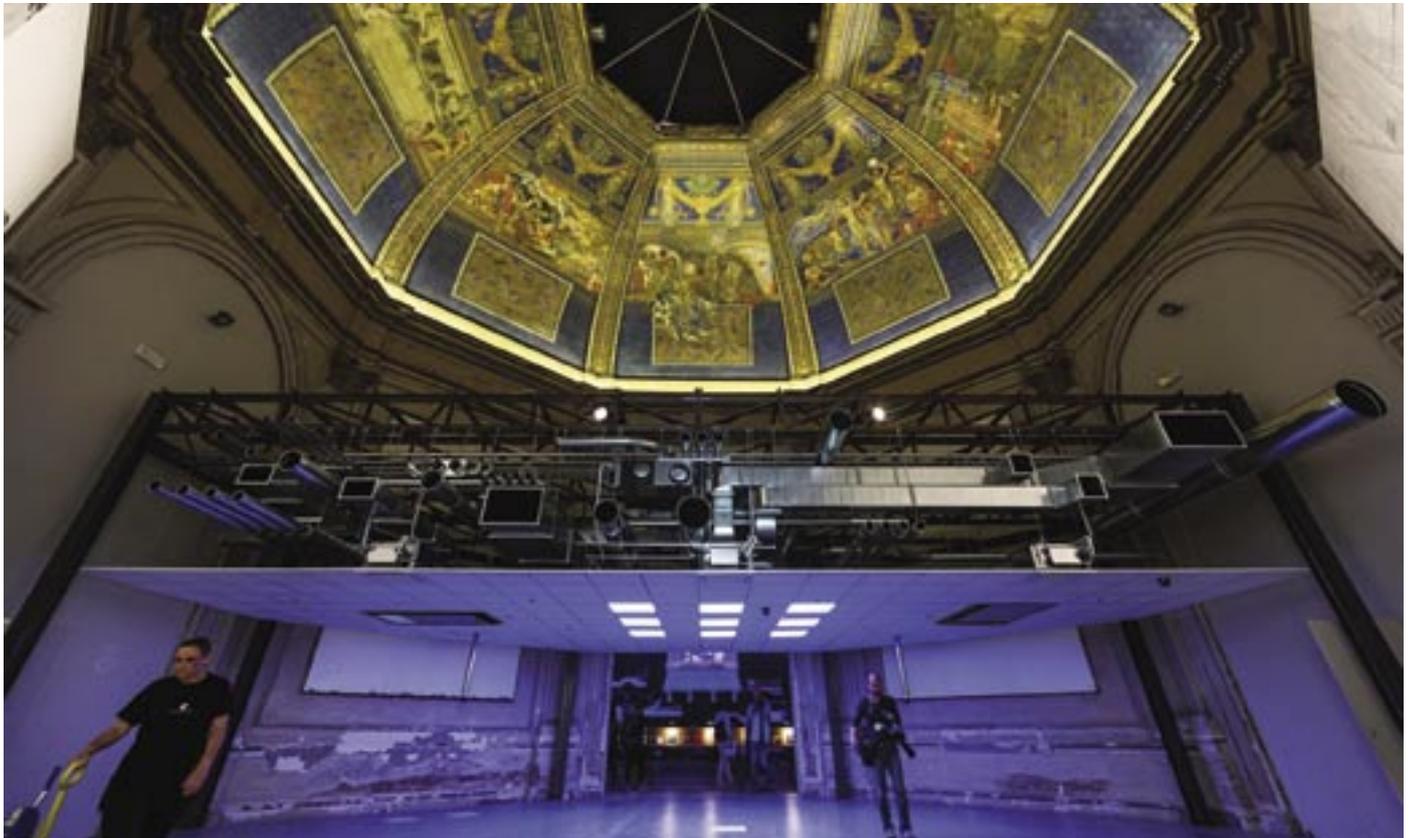
Everything substantial that I believed could be done to bring the **ancient culture**, even the 9,000-year old 'cult', of **Architecture** 'up to date' **had been achieved** in the 'good ol US of A'. Whereas in my own country, at its top University, Cambridge, JOA's reputation, **built up from nothing from our birth in 1974** to the point of being **one of the six British representatives at the Venice Biennale of 1991**, had been **destroyed** to the point of never again receiving a big commission. **Stirling**, the only real **Genius amongst us**, was **sadly dead**, Foster and Rogers were **Lords**, Hopkins and Grimshaw had **illustrious careers ahead**. JOA's only job of substance was in **far-away Houston** where the **Architecture Faculty already hated us** so much that Lars Lerup, their Swedish-American Dean, a specialist in Edge City and the modish butchery of plywood bungalows, **published attacks on JOA's designs for Duncan Hall** in their professional journal 'Site'. Lars was later elevated to **Swedish-American Citizen of the Year**.

What did it all mean?

In *Duncan Hall* we had, after 40 years of patient labour 'broken all the taboos' on Composition with an Entablatured Ordine with huge capitals (albeit inky black), Scripted Surface (including a vaulted ceiling), Symmetry (even bi-axial symmetry), Colonnades, Arches, Enfilades ad infinitum, and all carried out with (as J.B. Alberti advised), that "levity proper to serious matters". For this JOA earned the bitter hostility of the Faculty of Architecture. Fortunately, as they neither governed us, briefed us nor paid us it had no positive effect. Indeed it seemed to recommend our design to the Building and Grounds Committee and to seemingly large parts of the 'Town and Gown'.

I was reminded of a survey of the late 20C, by the Royal Institution of British Architects in which my colleagues answered, on a scale of one to ten (declining from unity), what they considered important. Number One was "Repeat Business". The last, Number Ten, was "Public Opinion".

Then, coming forward thirty years to the point when these scriptings were finally completed, and ready for the printers, I discovered the main entrance to the 2014 Venice Biennale. This reiterated the hoary canard of the 'Platonic Carpentry' argument for the genesis of the Parthenon's Hellenic Doric and after 2500 years, an equally unpersuasive genesis for Modernity from elevators, escalators, doors, windows baths and water-closets. Yet this too was strange because Professor Rem Koolhaas, whose curatorship this Biennale was, had been invited, in 2012 for a Centenary Lecture at Rice University, by Professor Sarah Whiting, who once worked in OMA, Koolhaas's firm.



This, the Main Entrance to the 2014 Venice Biennale, the premier Public Architectural Exhibition of the Globe was intended to make the point that 'Architecture' as it is commonly understood, is no longer possible because of the advent of all the wonderfully complex tubing and piping that only Architects (bless them) know how to handle. Corbusier himself canonised this pathetic level of incompetence by quipping: "Pour Ledoux, c'etat facile - 'pas des tubes". When Visitors penetrate this building, the central one for the whole Biennale they find huge rooms filled with a builder's catalogue of Doors, Windows, Elevators, Escalators, Baths and even Water Closets. The purpose of the whole Biennale, which is, this year, especially extended in time, and to which all the exhibiting countries were forced to conform, was to persuade the Public that the Architecture of the 20C, and the foreseeable future, was descended from no other source than these everyday mechanisms. The proposed 'ethos' was that this was a somewhat tragic business. The 'painted ceiling' that was being obscured, well really 'wiped-out', by the encroaching tsunami of tinny 'trash' was wonderful, arcane, "intensely iconic" but now, sadly beyond the reach of the 'Modernity' which the whole Exhibition was also at some pains to establish as the final and only way to build the Human Lifespace. The corollary to this 'sad business' was that the best hope for Mankind was to cultivate the few, the very few Genius Architects who could, as my late Tutor Peter Smithson put it back in the 1960's: "Drag a Rough Poetry out of Reality". Yet JOA had proved, years back, that this was not 'reality' at all. It was a fiction imposed upon the Public to advantage the Architectural Profession while denying the Public the use of the powers of Architecture itself.



One of the most important schools at the Polytechnic is for Architecture, Surveying and Building. The Headmaster, John S Walkden (FRIBA, Dist.TP, MTP, FRAS) interviews all students before acceptance, and here he is talking to 19-year-old Peter Adams, whose father is President of the Town-Planning Institute in Britain. His uncle holds a corresponding position in the United States of America, and his grandfather was Founder-Member of the Institute. The model in front of the desk is a proposed concert hall for the Regent's Park site, built by Walter Gropius, an ex-student of the school.

Nothing seems to have changed since my entry into Architectural Studies in 1955. Lecture Four: "The Great Escape", reports how 'Headmaster' Walkden, of the Central London Polytechnic would inform his mid-1950's tyros that Architecture was now a fit subject for illiterates who had "lost their charisma when the Profession abandoned the Orders". We were required to read no book-list (not that the other English schools prepared their tyros for anything but the L'Architecture Autre manuals of Giedion, Pevsner and a the mistranslated books of the perverse genius of Corbusier. Our only 'literature' was manufacturer's catalogues. What can a design culture produce that begins with the cheapo workarounds of mass housing except what Professor Koolhaas' so aptly describes as our "Age of Trash"?

Was it credible to believe that Dean Whiting had so inherited the antipathy of Dean Lars Lerup to JOA's horrible resurrection of the corpse of the longed-for death of Architecture that she had omitted to show Duncan Hall to Professor Rem Koolhaas?

I did not know what to believe.

I KNEW ONLY THAT THE WHOLE PROPOSAL OF THE 2014 VENICE BIENNALE WAS NOT MERELY TECHNICAL AND INTELLECTUAL NONSENSE BUT THAT IT DENIED THE PUBLIC THE POWER THAT ARCHITECTURE COULD GIVE THEM OVER THE DESIGN OF THE URBAN LIFESPACE TO WHICH, NOW, IN THE EARLY 21C, OVER HALF OF THE GLOBE'S HUMAN POPULATION HAD COME TO BELONG.

I could no longer resist the conclusion that what might have begun as a desperate 'turn to technicity' at the *fin de (19C) siecle* demise of the West's Iconography had now become a merely political ideology whose main purpose was to keep the design of the human livespace within the control of building technicians, the titular chief of whom was (albeit shakily) still the Architect. Further to this conclusion had to be the thought that this smokescreen of 'technicity' had the advantage of obscuring the manipulation of the livespace by Agents whose ambition did not include the edification of the Public, or their introduction to any nobler purpose, function or power than the getting and spending of salaries - in short the be-and-end-all of Consumerism.

WHO COULD DOUBT, AFTER SUCH EVIDENCES, THAT THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE ARCHITECTURE FROM ITS PRESENT-DAY EXTINCTION, WAS TO TAKE IT OUT OF THE CONTROL IT PRESENTLY SUFFERS AT THE HANDS OF THE PROFESSION, AND BEHIND THEM, THE "REPEAT BUSINESS" FROM THE 'PROFESSIONS OF THE LAND'.

The Degree in Iconic Engineering/Architecture/Urbanity should be taught as an 'Arts' subject so that it could educate a growing number of intelligent and active people who would then know how to take control of their own livespace - the essentially 'Urbane' livespace of the 21C.

If one of these 'Architecture B.A.s' wished to go on to become an Architect, then a final three years would be spent on actually learning how to effect the Architectural culture in which they had already become proficient. First one teaches the Theory, then one teaches the Tricks of the Trade. That is the Tragic Way, the Right Way. The Dog wags the Tail, not the other way round. The majority of the Professors currently inhabiting the notionally Vocational Academies of Architecture would be useless to both of these phases of learning.

WE KNEW, THOUGH, THAT WHAT THE ARCHITECTURE FACULTY REALLY HATED, AND THE PUBLIC ESPECIALLY LIKED, WAS THE ADVENT OF A RICH DECORATION.

Here again, I could not help reflecting on the genuinely absolute taboo under which decoration, for Architecture of the 'highest class', suffered in Europe (including Britain). Although present amongst the Public in Houston (I could not speak for the whole USA), such a taboo was considerably reduced.

My old reason for this difference is that the taboo was reinforced by the totalitarian control of the Arts before, and in Russia, after WWII. Both Communist and Fascist regimes took control of as much of their 'Arts Culture' as possible. Fascism even tried to establish Nazi Science - an enterprise that was abandoned during the crisis of war. Clement Greenberg responded to this political impoverishment with his 'scorched earth' policy of denying any of the Arts the right to any lexicon at all that referred to something outside the bare bones of the 'medium' itself. So Jackson Pollock splashed paint under bicycle wheels and De Kooning daubed his compositional genius (which was considerable), with so little of his drug-fried brain that he no longer knew who was pouring out the drinks. But then it seemed strange that the taboo should be stronger in Britain than in the USA. For Britain, shorn of Empire, was no longer politically important and had what at least the British thought was a stable and ancient culture, whereas the USA were the reverse.

THESE MYSTERIES CONTINUE TO EXERCISE, BUT WE MUST MOVE-ON.

For what I realised was true was that, while at Rice we had built what it was that my beloved tutor, Bob Maxwell had so kindly warned "many would say impossible because it requires us to go back to a fictitious past that depended on illusions which have since lost their power", JOA had proved that the "power of the illusions" actually remained.

I began to understand that this 'power' was, in fact, no illusion. It was, in fact, "this power" to which Greenberg objected. For like all power, it can be put to both good as well as evil purposes. Nor did the "power", as Maxwell advised, derive from "illusions that have since lost their power". For the power is as eternal as the human imagination when it is mediated by metaphor, image, fictive discourse and their ability, as Ricoeur argues in Volume Three of Time and Narrative, to "Interweave History and Fiction". History may be defined as what really was. Nor should we ignore what really will come to be. Banham called himself "an Historian of the immediate Future". In fact he was promoting a Theory - no harm in that. But History is most usefully defined as first of all 'true to the facts'. The interesting relation to Fiction is that these facts may be known but not understood.

For that we need the devices provided by an imaginative narrative and the other means that Ricoeur discourses. A battle that is distant needs the rumble of its cannons and their flashes up against low cloud to at least make it 'real'. A proximate struggle needs the smell of powder, the cries of the combatants and the drift of smoke. The figure of Metonymy, where a palpable detail makes real the totalising abstraction of a verbalised, or even visual concept is where Being begins to be Thought - or rather a Thought epiphanises so as to 'Be'. The 'iconocrypt, although mainly visual, partakes of this process. It enables a large abstraction to attach to the epiphanic 'concreteness' of a symbol. I have found that this attachment is hard to effect directly. We do not have an hieroglyphically scripted speech. The attachment must be developed through being 'written out and then drawn. It is the combination of writings and drawings, cycling through each other, that produces this 'power of congruence'. The verbal meaning has to be brought into relation to a 'given' natural phenomenon, like snake, water, river, eye, sun, tree, forest and so on. Then...if it can be Built!

If this is done then the 'meaning', however abstract, is epiphanically 'reified' through the 'natural presence' of the iconocrypt.

The distant word becomes flesh.

But this reification is not aided by iconising the symbol in a naturalistic way.

A river painted realistically as rushing water is not as effective as a serpentine line that is a patterned blue. This is because, to the iconically literate, the serpentine form is polysemantic. A Serpent can be cthonic. A Serpent can be the figure of Infinity. A Serpent can therefore be the 'Abyss'. These far more powerful ideas can be epiphanically reified (that is become palpably 'present', real and concrete), via the polysemantic abstraction of a mere ribbon of water.

Situated contextually the river can become the 'River of Somatic time'. It can axialise a Valley of the Republic with its Event-Horizons of 'Sociation'.

Syntactically, it is the 'abstraction' of the icon away from a one-on-one copy of its 'natural' phenomenality which is needed to encrypt a semantic power.

By hiding ('kryptein'), its natural meaning one evokes a polysemantic cloud of more pregnant ideas.

But by foregrounding the natural with Naturalism, or Natural Materials, one chokes off the semantic power of the icon and prohibits the attainment of the epiphanic reification of some powerful idea. Edgar Wind wrote that "It is fallacious, as Franz Cumont observed, to trust probability in a region of ideas where the improbable is often the attested fact." Wind further writes, in "Pagan Mysteries of the Renaissance: "A myth, it may be well to remember, was defined as 'a mendacious discourse figuring the truth' (quoted by Franz Cumont in 'Symbolisme funeraire' from Theon's Progymnasmata III)"... In short, a Myth is a polysemous Iconocrypt.

This is how the Camera Lucida actually works.

Each of its six Axes of Being can, because it is a room, be represented by a picture plane.

My own sense is that these 'planes' must, themselves, be presented by being framed within and by an Architectural Ordine. The reason for this is that the Ordine itself bears a narrative which situates each plane within certain varieties of Time. These temporal contexts add power to the significances arrayed on the plane itself. They also serve to connect, by temporal sequences, the ideas inside any particular room to the larger 'istorias' needed to script a building, a campus and even up to the scale of a whole city-quarter.

If all this is accepted, and I see no reason why it should not be (in spite of the peculiar antipathy of the Architectural Profession), then the Camera Lucida is the ultimate tool as Maxwell argued "to return meaning to Architecture". For the 'iconocrypted' Hexaxial Camera Lucida is able to reify, in each of the six axes of being, a symbolic array that should bear out the dictum of Paul Ricoeur that "the symbol leads to thought". If this is the case can not we bring to testify both Rene Descartes, who proposed the "Cogito ergo Sum", as well as Heidegger, as quoted by Arendt, that "the essence of man consists in thinking the truth of Being". The Camera Lucida, in all of its material artificiality, but epiphanic reality, can become a Locus of Being in a world in which as Baudrillard proposed: "All that is solid melts into air"?

Why should not this wonderful power, the power of Architecture 'tout court', be used for good?

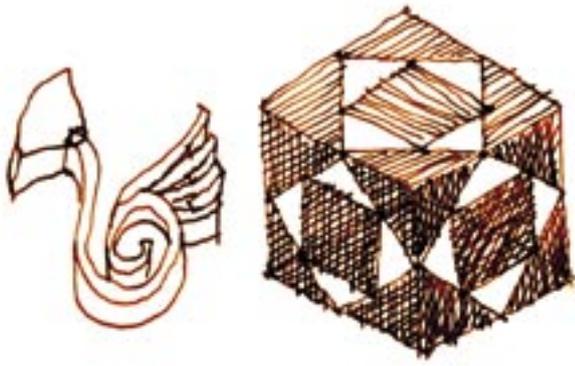


I was left wondering if some of this could be 'encrypted' into an Iconocrypt, an iconocrypt, perhaps of this "Sixth Order" that Maxwell had so kindly given its name.

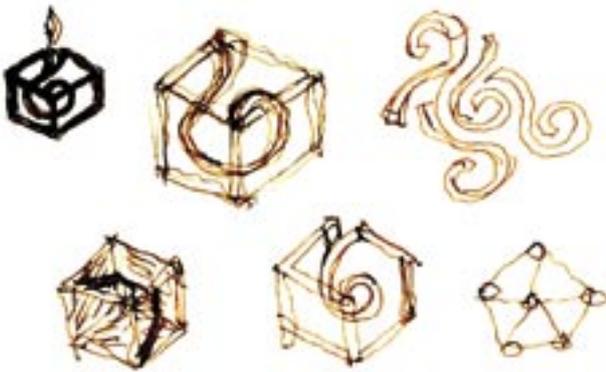
So I began by inscribing the curling shape of the literal integer Six. I then followed with inscribing the cubic volume of the 'Camera Lucida that the Order frames-out and steadies so that each one of its 'six' picture planes may do their 'iconically-engineered' Work.



icon of the Sixth order shining in the Darkness.
30 VIII 09



The integer 6 appears to have sprouted a Lotus head and roots like wings, while the Cube has developed and interestingly Mandelbrot-ian regression of type exhibited by 'Russian Dolls'.



The spiral reminded me that it had an identity as a Spiral of Janus which regressed to the remotest past and progressed to a future that never 'returned'. 'Six' could also be pentagonal in the Hellenic denotation.

*inertia becomes progress
but of both order*



The Phylogenetic and Ontogenic Histories whose phenomenologies were explored, inter alia, in Lectures 16 & 17, showed the 'Coil of Inertia' becoming the 'Arrow of (straight-line, non-return), Progress. The barb at the end of the 'Future' shoots 'forward'.

It is compositionally seminal if there is a discourse between forms. The Cube and the spiralling Six shared only a number, which could also be represented by a hexagon. But what else?

I TRIED INSERTING THE SPIRAL INTO THE CUBE AS IF IT WERE SOMETHING INSIDE A ROOM.

The form of the number six, as imported via Arabia from India, provokes an interpretation as a 'Spiral of Janus'. This is a mainly formal, syntactic, relation, that I will work to make conceptual, or lexical. For that is how an iconocrypt begins, through its formal structure. It ends, if successful as a lexical epiphany.

The 'regressive' tail of the Spiral is curled up on the floor. The 'head' of the Spiral goes forward as the 'Arrow' of a time that is a future which is NOT that of the cycling of the Eternal Return of the Ancients. This end of the spiral latches on to the upper edge of the Cubic Room and splits it open as if seeking an exit. This 'breaking out' wanders from the central edge of the room's ceiling, to its corner- a position I seemed to have preferred.

The other formal development, which is encouraged by a more lexical initiative, is the issuance of a streamlined 'body', like a seed or a bullet. It emerges from the split-open end of the Future-oriented extremity of the Spiral.

A brief, but sterile detour was made through the Hellenic version of arithmetical denotation as a pattern of spots, or points, A pentagon can have six nodes if one counts its centre. But the hexagon was preferable. It has not only six nodes but corresponds to the outline of the cubic Camera Lucida when seen in the 'Russian Doll' view at the top of this page.



CUBIC CITY 6TH ORDER

The spiral of the number 6 curled-up inside in the cube as if it was a room. But its top wanted to break out.



The chiffre Six when it became the Spiral of Janus developed barbs. The Future-oriented end, directed towards the 'Eschaton', 'spat out' a body.



The hexagonal 'frame' has six nodes. It is the cubic profile of the Camera Lucida as seen in perspective.



The purpose of any Architectural Order is to set in motion the Quotidian Epiphanic which reifies ideas in Natural Space. So I issued-forth the sensual Elements of Water, Air and Fire via the icons of their representation. 'Water' looked 'back' and 'Fire' shot 'forward'.

Then, to the immediate left, I introduce the icons of the 'Elements' as they appear to the senses. The point of the temporal 'regression' of the Spiral issues as Water, the fluid from which we all, both Phylogenetically and Ontogenetically, issue. The point of the Eschaton, becomes a flame. Is it the blast of a gun?

On this, and the next, page the Iconocrypt of the Sixth Order achieves a more complete, and complex form. The perimeter becomes hexagonal and the fire of the future becomes a distinct flame which encloses a silver centre enclosed in darkness. The golden casing of the main body of the flame enters a halo of silvery light that, is, in its turn enclosed in the dark blue of ignorance. This is the colour that I found, in the fatal year of 1994 (when JOA was ruined by the Fiat Nihil), being painted into the 'cassones' of Rome's Palazzo Massimo.

The passion for the direction of the Future contains oblivion at its core. For that is the fate of all Individuals as it is for all Worlds. The light this fiery passion sheds lights only a very short distance into the dark horizon of obscurity which must always surround it - for the Future can, of its nature, never be known.



The Future can be figured by a flame (burning on a column banded as Time), and the Past by Water. What of the Present? No organ seizes the moment like the "twinkling of an eye". The design to the left shows an eye. All are borne aloft, in the traditional manner of Thoughts and Ideas, by a wing.



The final resolution of many sketches. The composition is, as many desire, both symmetrical and asymmetrical. A central line rises from a black disc to a halo-ed flame through the eye inside the regression-curl of the Janus-spiral. Abstracted waves of water issue to the left while a wing beats to the right. The ground inside the hexagonal frame is banded to the right and somewhat 'ovulated', perhaps like the Wadhurst columns, to the left. Now to the next level of invention - that of colour!

Obscured, also, as Science has proved, is also our ultimate view of the Heap of History - all the way back to the 'Event-Horizon' - here signed by a great black disc from which a vertical narrative can be said to rise. The Past is also, eventually lost to view, that is to say Clarity. Which is not to say that the Past can not be known, and even known with confidence. But to so is, as Ricoeur argues, to en flesh it with the vitality of Fiction. The epiphanic process is no stranger to either History or Futurology.

Only the Present lends itself readily to that clarity of Understanding which the mind seeks to achieve. Yet what is the Present when it so immediately passes from what is To Be to that which Has Been?

This is the meaning of the Eye, which nestles in the protective embrace of the final regression of the Spiral. The Eye, with its too-quick apprehension, so easily fooled into false understandings, is the way that the Present is caught and fixed. But the way to 'fix it' is not within the individual consciousness. The individual, living, mind is never 'fixed'. The Mind is never entirely 'present'. The mind is always coming and going - as the Spiral of Janus attests.



The 'hollow' Ordine of the Wadhurst Millenium Pavilion fixes a patent discourse upon its 'solid' framework of ineffable power.

The way to 'Fix the Present' is to **inscribe** the **Six Planes of the Camera Lucida** with a **superfluity of thoughts sufficient** for the **Eye**, and the **Mind** behind it, to achieve that **epiphany sought by Heidegger** when he proposed that "...if the **essence of man** is the **thinking of being...**". A **fabric of thought**, externalised into the fabric of a **Room**, a **Building**, and most ambitious and brilliant of all, a **City**, is the way to "**think being**".

The **medium of a great city** is the most effective **instrument for folding the Vita Contemplativa** into the **Vita Activa** in such a way that one may **enjoy both sorts of life simultaneously**. For how else is one to **Think Being** than by **being both sensually**, that is **physically, active** whilst enjoying an **active cogitation**.

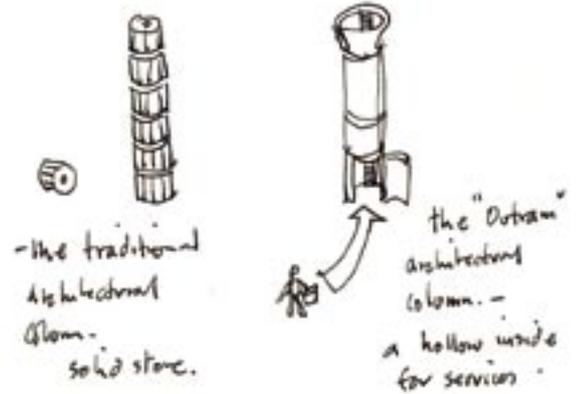
The Iconolect of the Sixth Order represents the matrix of the Architectural Ordine by a silver frame in the hexagonal shape of its cubic body seen in perspective. It is silver so as to reify the origin of the Ordine in the ineffable power of the Columna Lucis that joined the Future, brought by the Raft, to the Past of the Heap of History.

The **Iconolect** shows, **inside** the **Silver frame** of the Ordine a **banded ground of Red and white**. **Banding** is always readable as

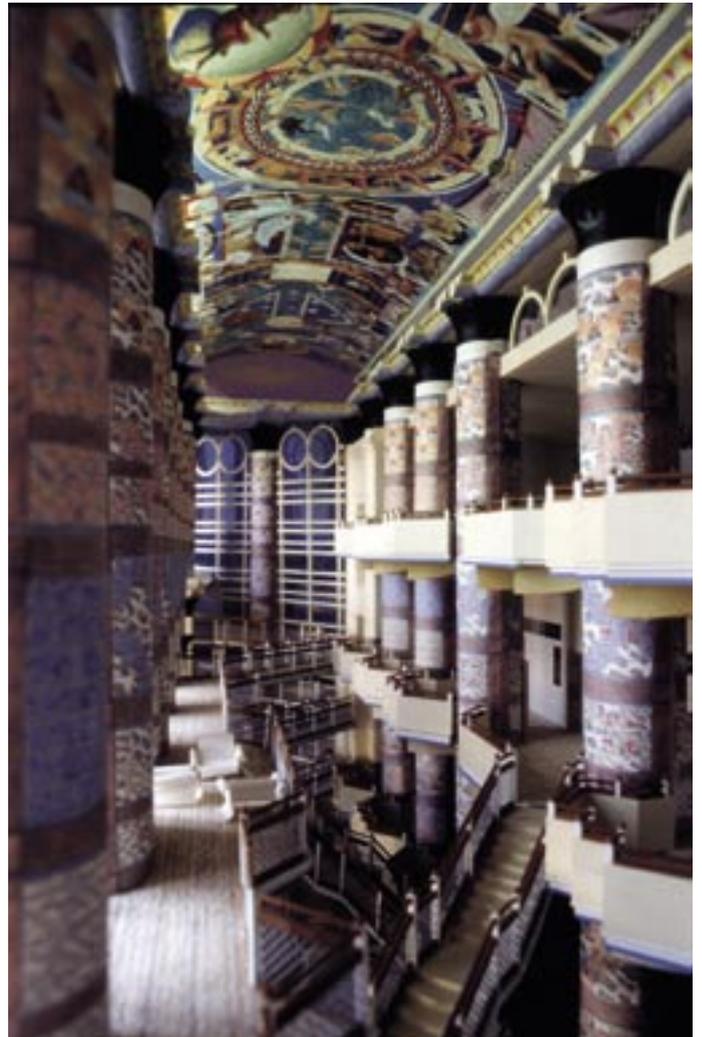
that **cut through the geology of sedimentation** which I have used, for example in **brickwork**, to signify **Historical Time**. In this case, as in the **phenomenologies of Ontogeny and Phylogeny**, it **reifies the Heap of History**. This **'mountainous'** concept is also pursued by the **step-like indentations** in the **silver frame**. The **black cubes** imposed upon the **red flag**, on the other hand, represent the **advent of the Hypostylar Array** of the **Infinite Present**. It is the **imposition of this latter figure** upon the **former** that is described in Lectures 16 & 17. Their result was the **invention of the Individual**, and their becoming conjoined into **'Mass Movements'**.

To the top right and centre-left of the silver Ordine-frame I show the signs of sensory elements whose icons are needed to complete the epiphanic reification of ideas that is the 'Thinking of Being'. For it is only when an idea can be manifested in some palpability that its 'enfleshment' can be said to have taken place. The three watery effusions to the left may be too abstracted. Perhaps they might acquire snakes' heads (even though, as Universal Pictures said of my father's 1930's documentary film of a Burmese mountain covered in snakes "they will frighten the women and children").

The size of an **iconolect** is equally germane. **Abstraction** accompanies **compression**, as we can see from **Architecture engraved onto coins**. Thus the **five small discs** hanging from the lower right **sign the five stages of the Ontogeny**, from the **Liquid**, through the **Solid, Airy and Fiery** up to **Thought itself**.



A merely solid 'prop', today, of steel or concrete, betrays a metaphysical illiteracy. A fat 'column', filled with stone as did the Ancients, betrays a physical illiteracy. Only the hollow column of the Sixth Order show a proper respect for both the Vita Activa and the Vita Contemplativa.



The Gallery of the Judge Institute, which will be 'inscribed' when the Wars of the Arts of Peace are finally understood and joined, fixes thoughts, many complex and diverse thoughts, into over 3,000 aleatory column panels and the more easily 'read' 'cargo' of its 30-metre long Entablature.



The Iconocrypt, or Iconoclect, of the Sixth Order is a 'scripting' of the ideas explored in the preceding three pages. Its level of abstraction is designed for the size of its representation on the verso of this Volume No. 2. It is not the Sixth Order itself. It is only superstitious cultures, like those of Northern Europe, that can not pass from the physical to the metaphysical without becoming confused. The Sixth Order is an Architectural Order. But this is not an object of the cognitively vacant sort desired by L'Art pour L'art. Any 'Order's' purpose is the Camera Lucida, whose purpose in turn is the reification of ideas. The whole is a 'Russian Doll' of instruments and effects. The ambition of this 'iconoclect', as that of the whole 'City', is to 'fix' ideas so that they 'exist' (have Being), in an 'unending present'.

So, to return to Houston and Rice...one of the accusations levelled at the 'white' modernism of the Heroic Period was its arid lack of sensuality. This was usually compensated by a recourse to a situation 'al fresco' whether a view of Corbusier's counter-urbane jungle parklands or the equally savage views projected by Mies van der Rohe and his infinity of followers. But Duncan Hall was already situated in "one of America's finest urban parks" - as the BBC Morning Programme once announced at breakfast in London. So this 'escapist', contra-urbane, setting was an already-given! Yet such was the iconic power of the Cram Campus Plan (which no-one in the Architecture Faculty understood), that the whole Campus was both verdant and perfectly 'urbane'.

Nonetheless, there was something that needed to be done. Life in Houston has become, over the past 50 years, entirely air-conditioned. One could never smell, through permanently fixed windows, the verdure of this beautiful Campus! I needed to use my 'Source-Balconies' for physical as well as conceptual 'break-out'.

AFTERWORD for the THIRTIETH LECTURE: 'CAMERA LUCIDA'.

I would not have had the nerve to script any of these Lectures, and certainly not with the confidence they project, were it not for the contents of these last two Lectures. My feelings of respect for the Building and Grounds Committee of Rice University know no bounds. So far as I am concerned, they fulfilled my life's work. They are the only one of my many Clients who were personally prepared, not only to travel thousands of miles, flying across the Atlantic, to meet my other Clients, and look at my other buildings, but to take the unprecedented step of allowing me to "break taboos" (in the words of Bob Maxwell) that no other Client had had the nerve to allow (and JOA have had amongst the best that there are to offer in the 'Old World').

For I could see that when, especially, the Academic Texans came to Cambridge that they were irked - irked by its effortless sense of supremacy and irked by its Ivy-League, 19C 'Gothick', faked-up Antiquity. When they saw, in 1995, in the Judge itself, the huge gulf between the slides of the Judge interior that I had showed Josephine Abercrombie in my first presentation back in 1992, and the beige and brown interior of the finished building, they knew they could knock Cambridge back into the second league, at least in Architecture. It was not an opportunity that Texas was going to refuse!

The Cambridge building is floored in Italian marble slabs and veneered in polished hardwood skins. Rice's floor is of the pulverised (and natively Texan) marble that is terrazzo. Its vertical surfaces are either latex-painted steel or latex-painted sheetrock. Yet the Judge is a conceptual corpse and Duncan Hall is a conceptual athlete. And all, such is the power of mind over matter, for half the cost per sq. metre of surface!

Michael Graves, after he took over the Rice masterplan from Cesar Pelli, was heard to remark: "One must watch Outram. He does not know when to stop". I was surprised by this. My cutaway view into the cargo of the Duncan's rafted entablature does not discourse on when to stop, but on how it all began. One cannot talk about 'endings' in Texas. Not while the incorruptible beauty of the last, unlit, Apollo Rocket lies in the long grass of the trashy 'Space Centre'. Graves, who should know better, subscribes to that enfeebled 'good taste' which is the nemesis of American Fine Art, hemmed-in as it is between Old Yurup and the mindless blatancies of Vegas.

Jefferson 'quadrated' a continent, readying it for the 'Architecture' of an Enlightenment which he knew at first hand. Yet stopped, completely stopped, is where American Architecture is today... betrayed by her Architects into the ontological timidities of Academically-approved, Contra-Formal and Counter-Functional Starchitect 'Decon'. Jefferson must be spinning in his grave.