

***the 2016-2017
"Camera Lucida".***



"Into the Void".



Sometime in the 20C we "Lovers of Architecture" became an endangered species.

LIVING THROUGH ARCHITECTURE'S DECLINE AND FALL

Being a more or less successful British Architect during the latter half of the 20C, I never worried over-much as to the why or the when of this collapse. As long as my firm of, in 1994, 24 professionals, attracted enough Clients to keep us alive why should I worry? This was especially so as the Clients became more elevated in their cultural ambitions and even, more especially in the USA, went as far as to read my modest attempts at philosophy. In Houston, Professor Keith Cooper of Rice University even advised me in 1995 that, in his opinion (which was sadly correct), I had departed from my theoretical principles. No British or Continental client has ever offered evidence of such attention to my attempts to coin an idea. In the tired old ethos of late-20C Europe, one keeps in mind the advice of the silk-shirted, cigar-puffing Thomist, the great Mies van der Rohe when he said "Never talk to your Client about Architecture".

THE BODY POLITIC.

The reason for this strange taboo on 'Architecture' is sadly simple. It is also an even sadder evidence of simple-mindedness. Architecture, as Indra Kagis McEwen so clearly proves in her "Vitruvius: Writing the Body of Architecture", MIT 2003, was always a means to governance. Indeed her book could equally have been titled: "Vitruvius: A guide as to how to realise in stone the Body of the New Empire of Octavian".

Architecture has always been a useful and economically benign means (as recent events in the Middle East have conclusively proved to the contrary), to the pacification and governance of any state larger than a mere hamlet, village or small town. The 'writing into' the quotidian lifespace of the signs and symbols along with the institutions of governance themselves of any larger entity than the immediate neighbourhood is a phenomenon which is observed in many cultures apart from that of Ancient Rome. This is why it became proscribed in Welfare state Britain after WWII. 'High' Architectures became associated with both Nazism and Communism. Even 'Low' Architectures had been polluted by Totalitarian Socialism. Had not Hermann Goering's country retreat a thatched roof? The Architecture of the free, democratic West aimed for an iconic culture entirely stripped and voided of all such 'Architectural' flavours and perfumes.

ARCHITECTURE AND WAR.

I was born, in 1934, in one of the parts of that "British Empire on which the Sun Never Set". I completed my military service and entered the Polytechnic of Central London in 1955. The hot war of 1939-'45 had largely passed me by. My years as a young Architect were lived out during its 'cold' version. My firm were even asked, after its end and the fall of the So-

viet Union, to compete with four others to design the Cold War 'exhibit' in the Imperial War Museum. Our offer was declined with the remark "John, one should not make war beautiful". Actually, the greater truth is that Beauty, in Protestant Britain, has for many centuries been judged not to be the natural adjunct of the good and the true (as proposed by the Ancient Greeks), but the inevitable handmaiden of evil and corruption.

"L'ARCHITECTURE AUTRE"

Which brings me back to the strange proscription, especially during the last half of the 20C, laid upon 'Architecture' in the sense that it has been understood during its 9,000-year history. For while what one may title *L'Architecture Autre* had been born during the first half of the 20C, its rule only became absolute after WWII. Those who, for one reason or another, became what I choose to title "Lovers of Architecture" found themselves, whether engaged in the business of building or not, an increasingly ostracised and even 'prohibited' minority. 'Architecture' in the sense understood by 'history', 'convention' and 'tradition' became a form of cultural affliction associated with totalitarianism, dictatorship and oppressive government. Was it not the eminently respected Art Historian Herbert Read who said, "One will find, in the back of every murdered democracy, a Doric Column". Architecture's extreme age, and its employment by EVERY sort of political system, including our own, seemed to be unable to save it from its extreme and total post-WWII proscription.

REACTION AND REVOLT.

There was a 'grassroots' rebellion against this official anathema. It emerged into public view in the late 1960's after some 20 years of official post-war reconstruction/welfare building carried out under the aegis of the *L'Architecture Autre* ethos. This protest took a variety of forms. There was a simple drive to slow down the demolition of everything that was merely 'old'. This was the Historic Preservation movement. There also grew-up an equally simple-minded movement to avoid the qualities of *L'Architecture Autre* by building in one of the 'styles' (which turned out, for reasons of economy, to be mainly 'Romano-Hellenic Classical'), that preceded the 20C.

More intellectually as well as more formally ambitious was the movement that has attracted the spineless title of Post-Modernism. Its supposed originators, at least in the field of Theory, were the two Venturis. Its chronicler and most vocal advocate in the field of Architecture remains Charles Jencks.

Post-Modernism, as such, collapsed and died after a brief life of some two to three decades. The accompanying movements of Historic Preservation and Heritage-Building remain alive and thrivingly well (almost a mass-

movement), even after some 45 years. Architectural Post-Modernism's undoing was a combination of cold-war political unacceptability (it spoke of discipline, order and 'THE PAST'), along with a certain intellectual fragility. One's memory is of an eminent Post-Modernist exclaiming that "My grandmother understands it. It is not so difficult to do!" One can not persuasively argue, as some do, that it failed because its buildings were uglier or more expensive than either its 'Pre-Post-, or Post-Post-Modernist' competitors. They are all more or less illiterate. But at least PoMo had the appeal of failures who tried. They meant well.

L'Architecture Autre never entertained the idea of "joining the historical succession". Their ambition was revolutionary destruction prior to virginal rebirth. Architectural Post Modernism was merely incompetent. It misjudged the difficulty of its ambitions.

THE "NOW".

What we have today is a thriving Retro-style Architecture patronised by those wealthy enough to buy it, and a faltering so-called 'Modernism' (threatened by the "debt overhang"), divided, as reported by the eminent Critic Rowan Moore into one extreme that Hugh Pearman, writing for the Sunday Times long ago termed 'Polite', and others grace as 'Minimal' and the alternative which Mr. Moore graphically describes as "The Whooshers". Mr. Moore's essay in the Observer laments the "Void between these two Extremes".

I propose that "The Lovers of Architecture" move to occupy this charming vacuity. If, as J. P. Sartre observed: "Hell is Other People", then our small numbers may make of this VOID a Heaven. However this will depend, as will be patent to the more acute of us, on being to discover our elusive quarry. For if others can not find it, perhaps 'Architecture' is no longer there. Perhaps it really is a VOID and 'Architecture' is no more. Perhaps its absence is due to that familiar quality - so likely to something with such a very, very long history - its final decease.

VISITING THE 'VOID'.

Beginning in October 2016 I invite a few brave explorers into an exploration of this VOID.

We will begin by discovering how to en flesh that most essential of the grounds of BEING ANYTHING - which is NOTHING. After a successful demonstration and assimilation of this most unlikely trick we will all, I am confident, obtain a greater confidence of our expedition's ultimate success. Nothing can be a surer grounding for Anything than the patent manifestation of NOTHING itself.

We will demonstrate this reification, or 'enfleshment' of NOTHING in the two modes of Architecture's existence, namely image and thing, which I prefer to term *Pragma*. English is a marvellous language. Sadly, however, Architecture is an entirely foreign medium to these beautiful islands. So we will have recourse to the occasional foreign word to explicate its occasionally foreign notions. I find this highlights the fact that the least important medium for the THEORISATION of Architecture is TEXT. Text only illuminates and explicates the iconic narrative that is the sine qua non of any theory of the Architectural Medium. This simple fact explains the conceptual poverty of most attempts at Architectural theory. The arguments put forward in text lack their iconic 'doppelgangers' that the Architect needs in order to 'design' the brute matter of his (building), trade. I therefore prefer to term any such twin-hemisphere medium a "scripting" of Theory rather than a "writing" of it.

'REIFICATION'.

So as to test the existence of Nothing in the pragmatic dimension we will travel by train to Wadhurst Park, near Tunbridge Wells, and also to Cambridge University. These destinations will also allow us to experience the reification of many of those other qualities of Architecture which have, over the last half-century been both avoided and, by that means, obtained their "invisibility cloaks" and located to Mr. Moore's delineated VOID.

THE 'ORDINE'.

Perhaps the most 'disappeared' of these customary parts of the Architectures of the past 9,000 years is what is called, with its own particular meaning, "The Order". Architects prior to WWII would know what was meant by "The Five Orders". They had, after all, been canonised by Vignola in 1562 into the Doric, the Tuscan (or Roman Doric), the Ionic, the Corinthian and the Composite (which was a mixture of Ionic volutes and Corinthian floriations). To the 'Purist' (an unattainable ideal often sought by the devotees of these 'Orders'), there were really only three - all Hellenic - the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian. The education of an Architect, for some two and a half millenia, and his subsequent employment, especially on buildings of substance and quality, required an intimate knowledge of these Orders, their forms, histories and rules. Since WWII at least in the West, all of this ("cultural baggage" - as denoted by the late Reyner Banham), was summarily abandoned.

The baby, as so often, went out with the bathwater. The whole ritual was so ancient, and so little understood that it seemed that no one had the faintest idea, back in the 1950's what the Orders were FOR.

"Architecture is no longer a literary medium, Architects lost their charisma when they stopped using the Orders and my son is likely to be chosen for

the Olympic swimming Team". So advised John S. Walkden, Headmaster to the Central London Polytechnic (Regent Street, W1) Department of Architecture, when introducing the September 1955 cohort to the mysteries of their Profession-to-be.

We, the neophytes of 1955 had no idea, no idea at all, what Headmaster (who now would be titled 'Dean'), Walkden was talking about. No one had mislaid their 'charisma' or even knew what an 'Order' was. As for literacy - it was true that the Polytechnic was unusual in offering no Reading List to the new entrant. I understand Walkden now, six decades later, as a disaffected Classicist (the naked body of the athlete) who retired upwards into administration. He gave neither Lectures nor Seminars. One never saw him again unless fallen into some sort of academic misfortune.

One remains astonished however, at both Walkden's prescience and his inability to do anything but "go with the flow". Walkden could see the way the wind was blowing. But even his not inconsiderable knowledge of Architecture offered him no clue as to the whereabouts of any reefs on which the Medium that was his charge might be wrecked.

ENGLISH NEO-CLASSICISM: VOID OR INTERIOR?

Perhaps one should not really be surprised. John Harris, in "The Palladians", 1981, Trefoil Books, reports that: "*no drawings remain, which specifically describe interiors, in the collection of Colen Campbell, editor of 'Vitruvius Britannicus'*".

Yet Campbell was a literary man, a publisher and a main intellectual and technical collaborator of Lord Burlington - the aristocratic initiator of early 18C English Neo-Classicism. Harris explains that Campbell, along with the others in this movement, "*found it more difficult to achieve a Palladian manner for interiors than they did for exteriors... often bringing the elements of exterior architecture indoors*". To my more cosmopolitan 20C eye, I would judge this English version of Classicism congenitally incapable of the iconic culture required for a metaphysically sophisticated interior design.

Yet this is how these 'Orders', or as I prefer these *Ordine*, were used when perspective painting reached-out to access a territory of iconic narrative, whether 'distanced' into the Mythical Golden Age or the transcendent ambitions of Christianity.

Even as recently as 1955-56 we students of architecture spent the whole first year learning how to draw freehand using the human figure, to cast geometrically accurate shadows (called sciagraphy), to paint in many different media, and to construct both in perspective and in solid models. We learned all of these 'traditional' means to iconic culture without a single millisecond of iconographic instruction. All of our Tutors and Professors,

even after the brilliance of early 20C Parisian Graphic culture, shared the supine iconic subliteracy of the Palladians. Britain abandoned 'The Orders' without having EVER (at least since the 16C whitewashing of the churches), had a cognitively clear undesanding of their function in scripting an ontic metaphysic into Architecture - that is to say into the everyday life-space of the citizen.

So what was to be done? Clearly, if architecture was to be discovered in this VOID, it must acquire an ORDINE.

I have offered evidences from our premier Architectural Critic as to the VOID at the centre of contemporary Architecture, the Keeper (Emeritus), of the Library of the Royal Institute of British Architects as to the inability of British Neo-Classical Architecture to master the metaphysical machinery of the Architectual Interior and the Headmaster of one of Central London's three major faculties of Architecture as to the Post-WWII death of the Orders and the loss of 'charisma' consequent to their abandonment.

"AN ACT OF ARCHITECTURAL TERRORISM".

I now bring forward Professor 'Bob' Maxwell, Dean Emeritus of the Departments of Architecture of both Cornell and Princeton. He wrote, on the occasion of his 1995 critique for the publication, in 'Architecture Today', of the Judge Business School for Cambridge University: "*---Outram has broken the taboos of Modernism and invented a Sixth Order...an act of Architectural terrorism*".

Not that this was the birthplace of my new Ordine. It had, as these novelties must, a far longer gestation stretching back to 1961, the year of my graduation from London's Architectural Association - in fact under the tutelage of the said Bob Maxwell - prior to his translation to the USA. But Cambridge was the stage, not only of its most public appearance, but of its nomination as the "Sixth" of the hitherto sacrosanct, but tabooed, 'Orders' by the eminent Dean Emeritus.

Maxwell was not given to the hyperbole manufactured by other eminent Critics, notably from the hyped-up vacuum that was Architectural New York whose Princeton he had governed in recent years. What did he mean by using the "T"-word, so soon to be rendered horribly real in that city. For the only people I ever found being terrorised by large columns were the poor little 'Modern' Architects themselves. The 'Public' rather enjoyed them!

Maxwell was generous in his judgments, ascribing to the work a high degree of "Modernity" but also "English Eccentricity" in that this "terrifying" sort of Architecture entertained a wistful desire for a world of "meaning" that he argued had been irretrievably lost along with "myths that have lost their power". His tone was avuncular and sympathetic - as it should be with a

"lost innocent". I had asked Maxwell to write the critique of my only large British Project because he was one of the few critics every 'Movement' respected.

ICONIC ENGINEERING (ANOTHER MISSED OPPORTUNITY TO 'LEAD'.)

In reality the part of the Judge that would have really "terrified" my co-professionals had been already removed, or rather not built. These were the "surface-scripted" decoration of the ceiling, floor and columns of the 26M high by 32M long internal "Gallery". These had been budgeted by a donation from a previous client of JOA - who understood what we were trying to achieve, as well as all fully designed in a 1:50 scale fully-coloured model and a 1:30, four metre long, tempera ceiling 'modello'. JOA had already tested the techniques required to make the floor and ceiling. So the only reasons for the University's refusal was the purely political funk of the British architectural ethos when faced with what one can only call THE REAL THING. Needless to say the reasons given for the refusal were the usual ones of excessive cost - ludicrous in this case as the donor of the ceiling was wealthier than anyone else in the UK. He subsequently helped the new Department of Mathematics, to the tune of several millions, into its excellent new temple. Its Architect, Edward Cullinan, asked me to write its appreciation in the journal 'Architecture Today', an essay I greatly enjoyed and for which he expressed his thanks.

JOA R.I.P.

The fantasies subsequently emanating from Cambridge ensured that the Judge remained JOA's only large British building. JOA began the Judge project in 1991 as a promising firm capable of turning a sow's ear budget into a silk purse building. So much were we admired that we accompanied James Stirling, Norman Foster, Richard Rogers, Nicholas Grimshaw and Michael Hopkins to the Venice Biennale of 1991. JOA were one of the Big Six of British Architecture. We ended the Judge in 1995 as "Mad, Bad and Dangerous to Know". We were condemned to the most ghastly crime in the British Dystopia, that of fiscal seducers of Byronic dimensions.

MYOPIA IN THE CHANNEL, UK ISOLATED.

Yet, two years on, in 1994-5 we achieved everything that had been refused by Cambridge. Rice University's 'Interiors Sub-Committee' flew Joe Jamail's Grumman Gulfstream over to London to check JOA out. Jamail had been voted "Trial Lawyer of the 20C" by the Texas and the California Bar. The jet-for-life was part of his fee from Continental Oil. Rice had taken me into their confidence and voted an extra \$170,000 dollars to "fix the interior" of their giant paint-and-plasterboard Faculty of Computational Engineering. It paid for a huge scripted ceiling, with an equally scripted floor. The exteriors were all already surface-scripted in coloured concrete and glazed brick. All this was achieved on a far smaller budget, per square metre, than the one wasted by the pusillanimous iconic paranoia of Cambridge.

Looking back on the whole ghastly affair (one morning's phone bill from Houston to Cambridge was five hundred wasted dollars), I now regard the destruction of my firm in Cambridge as fortunate. It avoided any further head-banging against the ground-glass ceiling that is the British myopia concerning Architecture's metaphysical capabilities. It forced JOA both to work abroad, where the fear of the inscribed 'Architectural' image exists, but in a less visceral dimension, and to spend seventeen years running-down my firm and "scripting" the 1000 pages of my "44 Lectures on the War of the Arts of Peace".

"DROPPING-IN".

I now bring forward Jimmy Mellart, whom I happily met in the privacy of the house of Aubrey and Jenny Wolton. When this brilliant archaeologist excavated, between 1961 and '63, the hillock of Catal Huyuk in what is now southern Turkey he revealed a 9,000-year old city with no facades to its buildings. This was because the invention of the door-hinge lay in the future. Entry to the houses lay through the roof and down a ladder which was removed at night. Could this be the origin of "I'll just drop in"? Internal privacy was secured by making the doors so low that crawling-through was the conventional posture of entry. Mellart suggested, as was his cigarette-smoke-wreathed humour, that any thieving of provisions could be punished by a sharp blow to the lowered head.

BOXING CLEVER.

This was a city that pre-dated, at least in its particular place, the employment of writing. What was not, however, reserved to the future, were both painted sculpture and painted mural art. These were present in what can be reasonably described as places of ritual dedicated to "thinking outside the box". The beauty of it, as must be clear, is that it was the box itself, in the paintings on its plastered walls, ceiling and floor, that both provided the exclusion of any sight of this "outside" and provided the means to see beyond what the merely natural, or physical, eye could see. In short this 'box' was the indispensable tool by which the 'meta-physical' could be apprehended.

ARCHITECTURE BIRTHS TEXT.

Nor were these paintings a childishly 'photo-realistic' rendition of the 'beyond' that the "thinking outside the box" pursued. The vultures, leopards, bulls heads and so on that were painted and sculpted were abstracted in the way normally employed by most so-called Primitive Art - as it was 'found' by the West as they circumnavigated the globe. Not only was this 'Art' more like the Western graphics that developed in the early 20C, but the large, wall-scaled panels of these meta-physical 'views' were bordered by endless repetitions of objects rendered at similar levels of

iconic abstraction. These borders were the ritual incantations that assisted the Viewer in his or her 'conceiving' of the meta-physical reality that, it was believed, lay behind the merely natural, the merely-visible-with-the-naked-eye. It was from these incantatory borders, and other such tools, that the figures of writing-down the speech, which pre-dated them all, finally developed.

BUT CAN TEXT BIRTH ARCHITECTURE?

The metaphysical mechanics of building, that became known as Architecture, derives from these enormously ancient sources. They predate that stalwart of the Architecture Textbook which one might call the 'External Architecture' of the Facade. They even pre-date writing itself. In some historically Freudian sense the Architectural Interior, in the sense of the employment of the built enclosure to access the 'meta-physical' must be regarded as the original and most primordially powerful employment of our medium.

SO WHAT'S GONE WRONG UNDER THE BONNET OF 'MODERNITY'?

When I bring forward my next witness, Peter Smithson, the most highly-regarded, along with Alison, his wife, British Architects of the 1950's, I believe I can rest my case. Peter was the year master to the Final Year at the Bedford Square AA when I was there in 1959-'60. "Modernism, John", he confided, "is incapable of the Great Interior". He emphasized the "Great". At the time, a mere student innocent of experience, I found his address, as with his others, on which an audience would await in a stillness that was almost audible, cryptically oracular. Smithson's mournful confirmation was delivered while referring to drawings of his and Alison's entry to the Sydney Opera house competition won by Jorn Utzon in January 1957. It was Utzon's complex interior that resulted in the Dane's ejection from the project in 1966. Utzon's was composed, like the exterior, of doubly-curved planar fragments. It was entirely meaningless, hard to fabricate and enormously unpersuasive to anyone with a half-decent mind. The geometry of his soon-to-be-'iconic' white sail-shells had already compressed his interiors into shapes too long, thin and tall to suit opera and ballet, their original ambition.

Peter and Alison Smithson's interior was taken from a turtle shell, inverted to form hollows and lacquered a rich and brilliant Sino-Japanese red. The Smithsons liked to use 'natural forms'. The block-footprints of the Embassy Quarter in their Berlin Hauptstadt Competition of 1959 were inspired by the antlers of a deer. The Smithson's sought 'compulsive' forms as if 'functionally' determined without imaginative 'deformation'. Does this Protestant design-ethic aim for a 'Naturalism' untouched by the human hand because it is tight-assed or because it hopes, by that, to obtain the Hand of God - as in Adam's Smiths "benign guidance" to the Free Economy.

POWER'S OFF.

When I return to both the historical assessment made by John Harris of English Neo-Classicism, the truths excavated by Jimmy Mellart, the pessimism of the illustrious Peter Smithson, the Void delineated by Rowan Moore and JOA's excommunication at Cambridge it must be patent that this amiable Medium, even though it has trod our island's turf for two millenia, still remains to know (at least since the 16C whitewashing of the churches), what it is to be powered by Architecture's original impetus. It explains that peculiar taste for the effete which one finds from the capitals and moulding employed by Lutyens for New Delhi to the Angelica Kauffman ceiling-twirlings that are the best this island's 18C interior culture had to offer.

WHY DID THE WESTERN ICONIC DIE?

It is true that the iconic culture of the 19C revived colour and ornament. Even the pursuit of a textual iconography picked-up some more weight and power. But it was all pastiche, all derivative. Even the evangelical Gothic of Augustus Welby Pugin, though it might have been carried to the furthest corners of the Empire, soon faded into passing fashions for Japan, Africa and Meso-America derived from exactly these exotic lands opened to the Western commerce of steamship and railway. The Hellenic and Roman graphical syntax that had provided the backbone of what metaphysical iconography the West had mustered for the five centuries since its renewal in the 15C finally petered-out in the arms of painters like the truly abysmal Gustave Moreau.

RESCUED BY PARIS!

But a miraculous succour was at hand. A Europe, stuffed to death by chocolate-box art was revived by the advent of 'abstraction' to early 20C Paris - the locus of the very corpse of *Le Stile Pompiere*, itself. One remains amazed at the suddenness of this solution to the iconic infantility of all Western art, even that as ancient as that of the ancient Egyptians - when compared to some of the iconic sophistication of the so-called 'primitives' of Meso-America or Asia. Western Art has, in general consisted of little more than freeze-frames taken from the filmic medium which, when it was finally invented at much the same early-20c time, placed the final nail in its mural coffin. No one anywhere in the West enjoys a lifespace populated with ideas that are anything more than the patent portrayal of some dumb material or puerile shape. For that 'surplus' the Westerner must suspend all activity and switch on what he calls (ironically for Architecture!!), "the Box" - the TV set. So collapsed is his culture that to enter any sort of metaphysical discourse he must suspend all vital activity - in other words just die!

Is it that the West is so incompetent, so uninventive, so un-read and so dull

that it has been unable, during all of the full century since the advent of the brilliance of early-20C Parisian abstraction, to create a lifespace in which IDEAS (even profound ones), can accompanyp, in the quotidian lifespace, the *vita activa*, as they used to do for the nine millenia since Catal Huyuk? Or is it that these inventions have been deliberately suppressed?

DESTROYED BY NEW YORK.

Clement Greenberg, writing in mid-WWII New York, advised the painters he purported to lead to avoid all references to 'reality' because all such would be taken-up and exploited by the powerful political forces of Communism, Nazism and Capitalism. Taken as gospel this explains why we must live in a lifespace stripped of all iconic culture. Greenberg assumes all Public inscriptions to be politically-inspired and unavoidably evil. The sadder truth is that Greenberg, like everyone else in the West had no idea how to develop, recover or otherwise acquire an iconography that was any better than the rubbish in the Saturday Evening Post or Communist Propaganda Posters - all muscular boys doing what brainless muscular boys do best - like the ones in Mapplethorpe monochromes - that is to pump-up their muscles.

NO METAPHYSICS PLEASE, WE'RE BRITISH.

The Architectural culture imported to Britain from Italy and periodically from other foreign parts, has seldom, if ever, included its use as a means to the essentially metaphysical ambition of what Heidegger defined as "Thinking the Truth of Being". One must expect therefore that this process embodies a level of novelty which is genuinely 'foreign' to our island's Architecture and by that token to our island's cultural history. Nevertheless, I am persuaded that we can not progress Architecure, and its utility to governance, and indeed self-governance, without grasping this aspect of its functioning without a secure intellectual and operational confidence in our ability to operate this peculiarly (and perhaps deliberately), neglected "metaphysical machinery".

ARCHITECTURE'S METAPHYSICAL MACHINERY.

Not only is this so but the operations of this machinery are of the simplest sort and quite easy to understand. Their employment has been, during the long history of the Architectural medium, widespread in both time and place. Looked-at in the perspective of Time, it is the 20C, especially in its latter half, that proves the exception.

ARCHITECTURE and 'THE MEDIA'.

The same can not be said of film, television and printing - especially during the 20C when all cultures joined in their enthusiasm for what came to be called "The Media". The contrast between this brilliant

empowerment of Public, or even popular, culture only serves to heighten the exclusion of the permanently constructed human lifespace. Only this, of all the Public Media, was to be condemned to be rendered an absolute desert of representational nullity.

We will examine the possible reasons for this strange exclusion. Its existence is the context and the precondition of our whole enterprise. Its defeat is our ambition. It powers the title of the main text of our study "44 Lectures on The War of the Arts of Peace". It gives the title to their Lecture Number One: : "Breaking the Taboos".

"THINKING OUTSIDE THE BOX".

The commonplace expression "thinking outside the box" is a metaphor that well conveys the 'problem' of the lifespace that humans build. The reasons for doing so are patent at the level of the simple enclosures of those who live at the more modest levels of any society. We enjoy the safety and comfort provided by solid walls. But we regret their constriction, especially when the walls are not ours, but those of our political superiors. We wish to bring them down and allow our free movement, even into the rooms reserved for those of the highest political status - which includes the 'gods'. This is the visceral allure of the automobile; a vehicle whose weight and power seems to promise universal access but delivers us, eventually, only to large asphalt deserts strangely titled "parks".

CORBUSIER'S ALLURING FRAUD.

Le Corbusier himself, the most alluring of all the Moderns' of the 20C, exploited this universal craving when he promised that if all buildings were raised-up on pillars he entitled "Piloti" (anagram for aerially-extended foundation piles), the real-estate these tons of masonry previously 'alienated' would not only be returned to public access but returned to their original primordially as "rolling fields and rushing rivers". Corbusier's proposition was both a political as well as an ecological fraud. But, such was his compositional genius that no one seemed to care!

Architecture was the specific medium which humans invented, a very long time ago, to not merely 'escape from the box' but to obtain a hitherto unachievable advantage from its cosy constrictions. Not only could one enjoy the security and comfort of house walls, palace walls, church walls and even city walls. One could use their very constraints to, as that expression so neatly puts it, "think outside the box".

No. the truth is that even if the late 20c West had not wanted to erase all cognitive discourse from the quotidian lifespace (which it clearly did), it remains open to doubt as to whether it COULD have invented a satisfactory performance. Which brings us to the present day and our journey of

exploration.

THE "TRICORSO".

My name for the machine which I use to create what I term "surface scripting", aka "Iconic Engineering" is the "Tricorso". I employ the idea of the Charioteer driving a three-horse vehicle. This idea, as with every one in the 44 Lectures, is represented iconically. One must practice what one preaches. Its icon, or Iconolect (legible picture), is of an eye inside a mouth resting in an open, five fingered hand. In order for something to be transformed into the medium of a legible graphic, or a legible object, aka Sculpture, aka. Pragmalect (legible object), it must pass first into text, then into image and finally into objecthood.

The procedure is to identify the 'understanding' to be transformed by its 'patency'. It is its apparent manifestations, its phenomenality, which must be carefully translated into as poetical a text as can be invented. This is the opposite of a precis of other WRITER'S understandings. One must restrict one's text to the patent physical manifestations of the phenomenon itself if one is to invent a persuasive Pragmalect. The writer's 'understanding' of the phenomenon must be fully exhausted by a description, which can be as long and repetitious as required, to finally squeeze out every drop of 'cognaizance' into the vehicle of text.

The next stage is to scan this text for its mainly visualisable metaphors. These should then be sketched in very small cartoons. It is useful if these tiny cartoons - early Renaissance woodcuts from the *Hypnerotomachia Poliphilia* and sundry 'imprese' were my own models - are made into short 'film-strips' like cartoon sequences from a graphic novel.

The Third stage is to take one or more of these 'freeze-frames' and enlarge them by adding-in more circumstantial detail to the picture. One has to use one's own iconic culture for this stage. The pictorial has to be elaborated, but in ways which are 'to the point'. An iconic literacy is useful here!

The fourth stage is to take some of these expanded 'pictorial views' and write a description of what seems to be going-on. This is called inventing their 'mythos', or 'istoria'. As I live into the decade of my eighties I can see people that I knew when they were alive, like James Stirling, passing into 'mythos' and 'istoria' at the hands of the 'Researchers' of their Archive and sundry works! History must become Myth to be understood.

At this point we have come full circle. We now have a second text. But it is one which has made a full circuit of the *hippodromos*. It is possible that, by this time, one will have invented an object or objects which can represent the original complex but unexplicated 'understanding'. Or one may need to

whip one's three steeds into another circuit of the 'corso'!

At some point one must be able to reach the point at which the iconolects and pragmalects that have resulted from the exercise of the Tricorso into a relationship, or even multiple relationships, which can bear the title of a narrative, or narratives. For these icons and objects do bear the curious possibility of being 'read' both forwards and backwards. When this is achieved one will find oneself in the happy position of being able to both script these onto walls, floors and ceilings and, at the same time, entertain their narrative sequentiality in the imagination.

One is close now to the final purpose of this metaphysical dimension of our medium of Architecture. 'Understandings' that began in the human imagination (one may call them ideas even though they are in their reality both extended and complex), have been transformed into icons and objects which can be given outer form as well as being entertained in the imagination. I used, in a story I wrote in 1984, the idea of a temple whose blocks of stone could be removed and unpacked as "bales of text" that became the objects the text enumerated.

IDEAS INTO THINGS.

A pragmalect is both the text and the icon which birthed its 'objecthood'. It is the opposite to the Philosophers of Brobdignag, who offered each other the rawly natural objects in place of the mere nouns that nominated them. The pragmalect is a word or more properly a complex of words, that has become an object. As such, it has acquired the level of Being of our own corporate carnality. As such, then, it is open to that appropriation, that 'edibility', that assimilation at the level of human Being to which both Heidegger aspired when he speaks of "Thinking the Truth of Being (an apparent oxymoron), and Plato when Hannah Arendt ascribes to him the proposal that the ambition of the discourse of the text (Logos) is the Vision (Horan), of the Real.

"EATING IDEAS" (Plato).

With the Pragmalect the truth of textuality and iconicity is already packed-into it (by the working of the Tricorso), and become a state in which it can be empathetically assimilated. Needless to say, because of its patent physicality, that Architecture is the prime medium for this metaphysical epiphany.

THE "VANITY OF BEING".

It may appear to the censorious that the mechanism that I have just described exists merely for what I describe on Page Nine of Lecture One as "..the Pleasure of the Vanity of Being". But to those of a more practical turn it will soon become clear that this 'pleasure' can be turned to account. It

is partly for fear of this utility that 'decoration' became so tabooed after WWII. But it is now dangerous to subscribe to the easy suppression of these fears by continuing to proscribe the metaphysical functions of the human lifespace. War has become too destructive. Human antagonisms have always been best resolved by peaceful means. Today this is even more necessary. We have to learn how to win our wars through employing the "Arts of Peace".

THE ARCHITECTURE OF PACIFICATION (and so of Peace).

It is surely time, after pouring three trillion dollars into the sands of the Middle East, to consider the well-attested utility of Architecture, of the 'proven' idea-bearing sort, to the project of installing a 'Constitution'. Whereas the military of the West is brilliant, and almost beyond criticism, the West itself finds no need to hide its inverse competence in what I describe, in my 44 Lectures, as the "War of the Arts of Peace".

REGIME CHANGE.

A campaign of "regime change", whether invited or not will fail to achieve its object unless the destination constitution (with a small 'c'), is inscribed with the absolute permanence of building-it-into the lifespace of the targeted state. Recent events in Iraq and Afghanistan prove the futility of merely 'writing' a textual constitution. Text is, for most humans, a 'secondary reality'. Regime Change, if it is to be in any real sense 'constitutive' must be written in the stone of the human lifespace itself. Yet no such possibility exists with the tools offered by the 'Architecture Autre' invented by the 20C. Indeed the most 'Modern' of them, which is "Deconstruction" expressly excludes any such utility. It is somewhat ironic that the three-trillion dollar regime change initiated by the Neo-Conservatives of the USA coincided, almost exactly, with the absolute inutility of the essential tool of Architecture to their efforts of pacification. The Anglo-American failure in the Middle east cannot be blamed upon the 'losers' in the recent war. The war was won in the Middle East. It was lost at home by the peculiar incompetences of Anglo-America's gubernatorial culture.

REAL ESTATE TO ESTABLISH THE NEW REAL.

Architecture, of the sort promoted by this 'Invitation' has the facility of coinciding real-estate with discursive mental activity. While not fulfilling the impossible ambition of the *Architecture Parlante* of the 18C French Revolution, it can serve to cargo ideas to those who have learnt how to unpack them. The City-Quarters described in Lectures 40 to 44 are designed to be capable of being "iconically-engineered' to become a home to any and every variety of cult, cults or cultures - both singular and plural. How much better would it be if such permanently-useful real estate were to be a principal instrument of Regime Change itself, rather than left behind

as thousands of tons of dusty concrete "T-Walls" after a failed pacification? These pretty and practical "Handy-Square" military camps would transform after the change of regime into saleable real estate - thus helping to pay for the costs of the expedition!

A "WAR OF THE ARTS OF PEACE".

All that is necessary is to devote the proper resources to the research needed to inscribe what I term the "Ontic Constitution" and design the military campaign to include the delineation of the sites required for however many of the "Constant City-Quarters" are needed to inscribe these 'walk-in' constitutions. If one is going to destroy a city one might as well have an eye as to its future constitution.

THE "HANDY-SQUARE".

The idea may sound over-ambitious. In fact it is rather simple. These city-blocks begin as 110x110 metre square gold-sprayed fortresses with earth roofs planted as gardens. These shelter the invaders. The older ones change into stucco-faced inhabited blocks as further, encircling, blocks are quickly added from prefabricated concrete parts that are cast and formed inside the first-to-be-erected "bunker blocks". The complete city-quarter, when built, is lived-in only by those who have learned how to participate-in and operate its built-in and surface-scripted constitutions both political, cultural and economic. These willing and well-trained early populations would likely be refugees, both local and ex-patriate. They mediate the translation to a fully indigenous local culture.

THE 'CITY-QUARTER'.

The patent 'constitutionality' of each Quarter of a Constant-City leads it to be able to accommodate the 'spirit' of a culture. It is not difficult to imagine the Quarter for each component of the Nation of Iraq. These would be divisions with a long history, such as distinct 'Quarters' for the national sub-cultures of the Sunni, Shia and Kurd. The smaller fractions could be accommodated within a larger one in the way that, for example, the Kurdish quarter might be more sympathetic to Yazidis or Assyrian Christians.

THE 'CONSTANT CITY'.

No formula seems to exist, however, for the 'central' quarter. Moreover the particular virtue of the 'Constant City' formula is that it is a "city that is always the same", however large it grows or however reduced the size to which it shrinks. Its phenomenologies of constitutionality, whether political, conomic, social or simply poetical are both local to each separate Quarter and universal, or 'total'. For these topological phenomenologies also encompass a whole, vast Metropolis. Both Quarter and City revive, in the way that Mellart discovered the aboriginal 'internal motor' of Architecture, the original role of the city itself in each of the five original city-generating cultures. The Constant City adds-back the ritual space in which the Body

Politic can reify itself through quotidian experience and then all the way up to complete rituals and other epiphanic reifications.

The cement used to bind the larger assemblages of human institutions can no longer be conveniently used. For that cement was War. War has become both too expensive as well as too destructive. The losers, today are not bound into new entities, as they were in times gone by. The final destruction of the Nation of Iraq was not the ambition of the brief war of Iraqi Freedom. Iraq may have been ill-governed by the Baath Party as it collapsed under Saddam. But today, after every effort by the "Coalition" the ex-nation has split into three essentially autonomous regions. Iraq no longer exists as a 'governed state'. Nor does the West seem to have any way at all, to make a new Nation.

This tendency for larger political wholes to fissure can be witnessed even in Britain, once reasonably-considered to be a simple island whole that was united by an incredible history. Who could have imagined that the parts of the Union Jack would want to reduce to an even smaller, even more miserable little fragment, when viewed from the vastness of a globe which no longer has to pay them any notice at all. What do the British think they count for today, stripped of their Empire? As for the Scots, the Welsh or the English. What do they mean? Essentially very little indeed on the map of twenty-first century history.

RITUAL SPACE AND THE 'BODY POLITIC'.

The ritual space of the Constant City offers both the central quarter and, periodically' the whole metropolis to the institution of the peaceable arts of rite and symbol so that both ancient and local versions of the 'Body Politic', as well as the necessary epiphanies of the future nation, can be reified. The ambitions for the future and the nation cannot be anything but resolutely scientific and reasoned. The central quarter, in a city as torn as Baghdad would arguably do best by doing its best to carry-on its discourse speaking the international language of English. A nation newly-formed, or radically renewed after a civil war, cannot allow one its sub-cultures to violently dominate the others as in the past. The English no longer rule India. But our language remained as one of those chosen by the Indian State to mediate between its disparate parts after de-colonisation.

Our language is, in fact, no longer our own. This gives pain to some natives of this island. Everyone else has their own language, some that no one else speaks at all. Only the English have no 'secret' language. This is situation that some islanders are attempting to rectify. They seek to invent an 'English' that only they can decipher.

The dimension of the quotidian lifespace that can be designated a

settlement's 'ritual space' is, inter alia, the theatre of what Hannah Arendt calls "the Space of (political), Appearances". It was DELIBERATELY DESTROYED by the post-WWII Labour administration. The story is told in Lecture Three: "The End of Urbanity". The returning Imperial Mandarins of the Labour Party applied to THEIR OWN PEOPLE the governing principles that had served the British Empire for its long centuries. What else could they do? They knew no better methods than to disparage, insult and ignore the metaphysics of the 'subject peoples' and to attend only to the narrow spectrum of the 'positive' matters of technology, industry, war and finance.

'BRITISH' INDIA AND THE 'TABOOS' OF IMPERIAL RULE.

My father was born in India. My grandfather went there after being born in Scarborough. My mother was born in Rosario, Argentina. I was born in Malaya - as the imperial possession was then known. While 'British to the racial core' I was never imprinted with the Britain of green hedgerows and misty dampness. I came here when I was twelve. It was already too late. I was warm to the smell of cow-dung and rock-dry earth. I returned to India after 42 years. I visited it on behalf of two Clients, one British and one Indian. I could not 'return' as a mere tourist. One cannot be a 'tourist' in a country one has 'owned' for centuries. I had to be 'on business'.

We British had, during all those centuries made excellent measured drawings of the sub-continent's architecture. I have some of the Leather-bound volumes of this Archaeological Survey of India. We had composed historical works on its many varieties. The Raj had instituted schools of architectural design. We had designed and built many excellent buildings in an amiable style that was loosely known as Indo-Saracenic. Lutyens hated it, which is why his buildings, however marvellous, were a useless model for India. One of the better English manuals of Architectural composition was carried in the knapsacks of the Royal Engineers whose institution had scripted it to aid their work.

BREAKING THE TABOOS.

Yet, during all those centuries, India had to wait for the 20C before anyone from the West composed a text of which Rabindranath Tagore could finally say was a proper 'understanding' of the subcontinent's architecture. It was composed by Stella Kramrisch, a German-Jewish refugee from Hitler who married an English army officer. Kramrisch ended her days in charge of the Indian collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

Britain today is just as 'ruined' as the Middle East that we have so recently assisted in destroying. The peculiar thing is that we know this, but cannot either see why or what to do about it. This is because we, and in Britain especially, are still incapable of putting the Medium of Architecture to profitable use. This "introduction" to the 2016-2017 *'Camera Lucida'* will, .

