

The Fourteenth
League.

Zomby Army





William Wilkins' National Gallery, built from 1832 to '38 was originally a promenade only one room deep behind its facade of second hand columns obtained from the ruins of Carlton Palace. Its chaste Neo-Classicism was stretched to 'presence' the whole of what has become the 'Tribune of the People': Trafalgar Square.

The ideological force of the Thatcherite 'counter-revolution' swept away thirty years of post-war 'consensus politics' which had cast its anaesthetising fog over the murderous antagonisms of the 20C. It was permitted to be rich, cultured (and even literate) and enthusiastic about 'the past'. The Trustees of the National Gallery conceived of extending their footprint sideways onto a bomb-site that had, even after a near half-century of argument, not yet been rebuilt. This was fine, except that Whitehall, while adopting a newly permissive attitude to being rich and cultured, no longer supported these pre-proletarian modes of Being from the Public Purse. No public funds were available to house anything as 'elitist' as the best Early Renaissance paintings in Britain.

The existing National Gallery was a long low building which 'presented' Trafalgar Square, the Tribune of the People in the Constitutional topology: Parliament, Palace, People (Church was along the way). All of this triangular processional way was fronted by rock-clad buildings. It was the 'hodological' space of the British Nation. Into this the Monetarist Thatcherites proposed to insert a Museum Extension perched on top of an office building. This would signify the idea (which they seemed to shared with Marx) that the cultural superstructure was supported by the economic infrastructure. The Palace, in the shape of the Prince of Wales, destroyed this idea. It was an act that, while endearing him to the Public, earned him the undying hatred of Architects - mainly for the flamboyant way that he struck the fatal blow - calling it, at a white-tie function for my Profession, " a carbuncle on the face of a well-loved friend".

It then became clear that Millionaires were available who would regard Britain's top Art Museum as a prize 'naming opportunity'. The British of the 1980's, had, after forty years of Welfare State Socialism, lost their feel for the 19C practices of plutocratic beneficence - something that had never died-out in the USA. A second competition was held - for an extension that would perform its small part in the sacred triangle, by just sitting on its hallowed ground with lithic decorum. The Museum Trustees were offered a weak design by James Stirling - generally acknowledged, by the mid-1980's, as the best the World had to offer - and a straightforward Neo-Classical proposal by John Cobb - a competent descendant of the US Beaux Arts.

Looking back, it was

reciprocated.
Classicism.

, would appeal to the

with the most

The passion was
fathomed the deeps of Anglo-

long, excruciating and public. Then they could shed their suits and go sport in the
Mediterranean sunshine, with purged consciences,
that were their
of the gifts of Hellenism.

And so it came to pass that Londoners now enter a Museum of the birth of the modern West, in the mythic Golden Age of the Italian Renaissance, that is as dead as a tortured corpse.



Camillo Sitte advised, in "City Planning according to Artistic Principles", that 'Modern Man' as he called him in 1889, should avoid trying to directly copy, or re-produce the picturesque beauties of Italian Humanist cities.

A dull building to the untutored eye, Wilkins's stone classicism ends on the right of the picture above. A sheer wall of black glass creates the distinction, favoured by Radical Modernists, between the 'old', to the right, and the 'new', to the left. Venturi makes a crumpled drapery of his stone-cut facade. It is a remaindered strip, cut from Wilkins' already exhausted Neo-Grec pattern, and bunched-up ready to be pulled over the studied vagueness of the Venturian plan-form. Three blind windows, each different, accompany three irresolute Corinthian pilasters as they set out towards the left from the black glass wall.

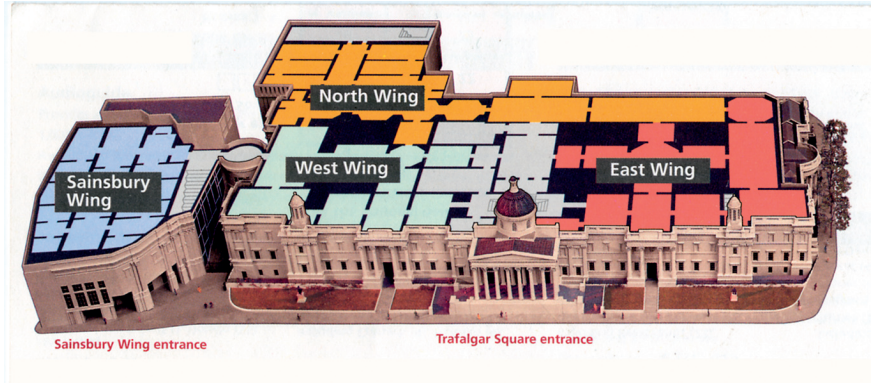
Someone with a meat-cleaver, taking advantage of these theatrically-hesitant dispositions, has hacked four huge doorways into this wandering wall. These wounds remain undressed by any framing architraves. This act, alone, confirms Venturi's denial of the 'trabeated' architecture of Classicism. For 'framing' is the essence of it.

Over to the left, the wall turns a **studiedly vague corner** to parallel the road, and guises itself as an **Odeon Cinema**. A jumble of bulky glass builder's huts presents above vacuous parapets **cunningly voided of any denotation that might configure** them as either an **Attic** or the **balustrade** to an Attic.



Meat-cleaver Classicism. Venturi hacks holes into the putrid corpse of this dead Architecture, leaving the raw stumps of the podium mouldings. Notice the limply 'radical' contra-tectonic bend in the planform of the lintel of his left-hand door-head.

The only major U.S. Architect, working since 1945, who remained unpersuaded by this retreat of the literati from 'America' was Louis Kahn. Frank Lloyd Wright had already been dismissed by Henry Russell Hitchcock as "America's greatest 19C architect". Whereas he was of the 20c well before its time and seeded the Moderne, avant la lettre. The other Architectural luminaries of the 1960's and '70's rejected the precise quality that made the USA lifespaces unique, which was her, almost inhuman, but ultimately divine, orthogonal grid. From Venturi through Eisenmann to Gehry and Liebeskind, they all desired to escape the 'illuminismo' genealogy of their lifespaces. They all worked to rebuild it as the picturesque chaos which they believed was the Magic of Old Europe. They were wrong. The reason that the late-20C US lifespaces are an inhuman disaster is because its Architects have failed to invent an Architectural culture that was capable (even if it lay unused) of rising to its challenges, huge and terrifying though they were. The reason why they failed to create this culture is that their theorists, of which the Venturis were the most notable, let them down. They aimed to miss their target, and then, incredibly, to gain the sympathy of Europe for the stylishness of their failure.



Venturi sweeps the pedestrian flow under the corner of the square as if it was a force of nature. People do move, it is true, but the 'force' in them is not their puny feet but their minds, their imagination. Humans can choose to put their feet. We are not a mere torrent to be channeled this way and that by an architecture quite barren of technique.

The old facade, to the right, modest as it is, demonstrates the cellular body that it veils. Venturi's new facade, to the left, explicates only the contemptible vanity of an architect who would unveil his own genius by publicly blunting, bending and breaking every instrument in the architect's tool-box.

Venturi's diffraction of Architectural composition into accumulations of routines voided of the power to decrypt old meanings or encrypt new ones, led on to the aleatory techniques of Eisenmann in which formal design is openly admitted to be inconsequential and arbitrary.



All such 'deconstructive' de-compositions, whatever their political or ethical ambition, have only one aesthetic goal. This is to achieve the effect of that rich palimpsest of overlapping and seemingly accidental forms that one finds in the Mediaevo-Humanist cities of Middle Europe. The inconsequentially de-constructed buildings of the American Picturesque appear, in the windswept orthogonalities of the USA, like broken Frankensteins from a giant's nursery, discarded after they failed to receive the lightning strike of genius. Was it the wrong voltage?

Mis-shapenly swollen segments of Entablature hang like deep-frozen slabs rescued from the glacier of history. They are exhibited like trophies to accompany the descent of a fumarole in the cindered excavation by which one reaches the Double-Basement of Travelling Exhibitions. Grey floor, grey ceiling and grey walls obtain a necrophiliac introduction to the dismembered parts of some, once-whole, architecture which, as this Museum proposes, will never again be conjoined to life. The 'coffers', while predictably vacant, are nevertheless painted a shockingly un-grey cream.

Why should this over-athletic Cold-War cult of American Anarchy have mated with the chaste and proper 'Connoisseur's Classicism' of Britain? Why is its flayed skin, like that of the soul in Michaelangelo's 'Last Judgment', draped in some gesture of propitiation, in Trafalgar Square? Unlike the classical facade of Wilkins's building, Venturi's manifests no body of Classical 'order'. It proposes, rather, a pulpy mass, as of an animal placed into a sack and beaten until all of its bones are broken. Nor is the proposition of its exterior mere rhetoric. To enter under its brutalised outer wall is to find oneself inside a building that, as reported by John Harris of Colen Campbell, proposes nothing except the lithic reproduction of its external devices.

Conversely, why would the Venturis, heritors of the magnificently energetic, inventive and polyglot culture of the USA, crave the 'cool' Hellenism dear to the English Art Establishment? Why would they want a Greece that was so inanimate and incapable of evoking the 'theatre of being' for which it was invented?



The pattern of slabs, with which the grey stone floor is laid, leads neither eye nor mind to any object that might reify their meaning. Certainly they avoid anything so banal as to epiphanise an hypostylar forest of infinity. The columns, so studiously ignored by the cut stone foundation-plane, are thereby excused of onerously iconic duties. They can exist, all on their purposeless own, to confuse and irritate with their oversized material presence. The coffered ceiling offers neither resistance nor excuse for being so squalidly low. Venturi's coup de grace is his refusal to allow the 'beams' of this 'trabeated' ceiling either to line with each other, or to inform the shaft of the columns. He throws the Punter off the scent of Reason by removing the beams from any sense that they might be 'real', either physically or iconically.



To raise the eyes, in the Entrance Hall, above this formal somnambulism is to note, with a spark of recognition, that the ceiling is coffered. But the Venturis provide this most pregnant of elements with no clue to link its contemporary manifestation to a reification of its original nature. The eye perceives no starry inkling of its originary twinkling. We see, instead, at the summit of this rent in the veil of the ceiling, the sorts of flickering lines typical of an untuned television tube. We all know that the screen of Architectural mural art went black around 1940. Perhaps getting it to flicker is progress of a sort. Or is this an arcanelly coded signal, in the form of a 'bar-code', that heralds the advent of the chain grocery fortune which funded the Sainsbury extension?

These two aesthetic cultures come together in The National Gallery Extension because both share the sense that they are **victims who are united in the defeat of their ideals**. American Humanists have, for many decades, been in revolt against what they see as a USA which has become altogether evacuated of that combination of **High culture and Rationality** which its 18C foundation could be said to have promised. The Humanist in the USA is now, increasingly, a wrecker who pursues the French *politique du pire* - making things worse in the hope that some radical rebellion against chaos leads to a betterment. University-led U.S. architectural culture falls securely into this **secret society of the revolted** whose activities are tolerated only because they are either misunderstood, or worse still, thought to be **typical of the anti-practical, anti-social, 'artist'** who has nothing better to do than to erect **monuments to silliness**.

If 'Hellenic Classicism' ever comes to the mind of the American Deconstructivist it is as the image of an heroic ideal whose faultless physique has been **bowdlerised by so many advertisements for so many banal ambitions that the only recourse is to torture it, very publicly, to a long and agonising death**.

The American military complained, after 1945 that their soldiery seemed to suffer more mental trauma than others. Instead of regarding this as a mark of their humanity and good sense, psychiatrists were imported from the ruins of totalitarian Europe. These were enrolled by Washington to toughen the citizenry to resist the ideological blandishments of Communism. As a side effect, they also imparted their unethical manipulative techniques to commerce. An outcome of this enterprise, was the transformation of the constitutional right to happiness from a mainly reasonable pursuit, that took some account of others, to a private enterprise to be followed without regard for either the human, social or physical environment.

This Cold-war ideology of private, personal gratification found fertile roots in a culture whose most famous industrialist, Henry Ford, could say, with perfect confidence that "History is mostly bunk". 'History', with a capital 'H', had been appropriated to the totalitarian ideologies of Europe. U.S. humanists and historians now had to contend with an American ethosphere that compounded a suspicion of Europe, ideology, high culture and history by regarding all of these as tools, or even weapons, which could be used by those who wished to unseat the Anglo-American global hegemony.

I was reminded of this while discussing the iconology of the 'scripted surfaces' of JOA's project in Rice University, Houston. It seemed that the history of computational devices could be divided into three epochs. The abacus was invented before the founding of the USA and the slide rule was invented before the founding of Rice University. This magnified the status of the computer, because that machine post-dated both of the latter foundations. It could be unequivocally American, Texan, Houstonian and Rice-ian. Computers were, it could be adduced, unpolluted by the problematic histories of mankind prior to the occurrence of two rather recent events: the USA and Rice. Such historical categories never occur to an European, even a British one. The Americans are lucky.

Many of the best Architectural historians hail from the USA. English Architectural historians frequently move to the USA to work. Yet Architectural History is a subject that was 'tabooed' by the post-'45 ethos. So, as with all dangerous substances, 'History' must be handled by experts who will not become addicted to it. Architects from Old Europe are (often wrongly) considered natively expert in 'handling historical substances'. But they must be watched-over with attention as they can easily fall victim to its intoxicants and allures. They must suffer a periodic 'history test' by trashing it in public and subscribing to those who lead this cult, such as the Deconstructivists.



One climbs the grey stone steps of the counter-orthogonal stair with a heavy spirit that is unenlightened by either the "aluminium folk art" box-section mullions set in their greyed-out glass, or the pendant 19C cast-iron archlets, hung, as in some cheap hotel, from a (grey) flat-slab ceiling. American-style "Billboard Signage", carving the names of Raphael and Michaelangelo onto the walls, only reinforces the sense of a bruised and



The kiss of these rubber lips suggests that Classicism is more than construction. The entry to the upper gallery is bracketed by columns whose encircling 'Torus' base give an Architectural slant on the 'rubber tire' of obesity. Engorged by the lithic equivalent of a silicone enhancement the inflation powers upwards to swell into the perspective-correcting Entasis which has rendered Classicism myopic for centuries. Meantime the Tuscan Plinth has withered to nothing. Bruised, swollen and grey, this is the lifeless corpse of a Classicism rendered 'safe' from any fear of Resurrection.

Venturi built his career by donning this persona of 'trusted expert'. "Complexity and Contradiction" laid out 'theories' in such a way as to prove that History was both exotic, inscrutable, yet, and this was comforting, safely ridiculous. Their designs go on to play upon this post-'45 American attitude. The Venturis exhume the forbidden past of Architecture in order to demonstrate that it is safely dead. They could be trusted to perform these dangerous resurrections without doing anything so irresponsible as to infuse the pagan corpse of Greece with life.

The Venturis ceaselessly protest, in the court of the two remaining monthly journals of the U.S. Profession, that "they have never been Post-Modernists". They then go on to complain that they get no more Museums to design and are now asked to only do academic buildings. They should be proud. For it means that their peers trust them to orchestrate the lifespan of that difficult and dangerous time, when the most intelligent young sprigs of the USA are exposed, for their four College years, to 'the Pre-American Past'. The Venturis, like the nurse of Achilles, are trusted to roast the cleverest and most vulnerable American youths in the dangerous fires of pre-American history. They are trusted to render their sophomores invulnerable to the shafts of that most un-American of cupids, the lure of 'past times'.



The view across Trafalgar square from the Scala Regia of the Museum Extension is of a slightly newer building that took its cue from the suicides of both Modernity and Classicism canonised by the Museum. The bulging bulk of Grand Buildings was rebuilt, after an international competition (which attracted 278 designs), as a brand-new imitation of the 19C original.

Entirely vacant of any novel understanding of Classicism, the new Grand Buildings continued the conceptually despicable charade of 'authoritative styles' which the 19C grafted onto a post-Napoleonic social policy that abandoned any attempt to organise the human lifespaces into anything beyond a machine for turning a specious folklore into real estate.

The Anglo-Classicists preferred their ruined corpses without any clever-clever cosmetic enhancements. If Greece was to be enjoyed without the chance of infection by any real Hellenism, then the bodies were preferred, au naturel, in a decent, solid, well-washed, grey. The Venturi's never forgave the trustees for their imposition of an achromatically lifeless, pain-free, humanely-killed, interior.

But the most criminal effect of the Museum Extension was far more damaging than anything effected by the Venturi's in the USA. It was to canonise the formal, cash-driven lifespaces-squalor of the Victorians. The Connoisseurocracy celebrated the trashing of Classicism at the hands of the Venturi's. It sent an ethical message to the Public at large and especially those that admired Renaissance painting:- it was that the use of the canons of Classical Architecture for ordering a rational lifespaces, in every department of life, was not only worthless but so wrong-headed that it must be patently and publicly defiled and degraded.

THE ENGLISH CONNOISSEUROCRACY SIGNED ITS OWN SUICIDE NOTE WITH THIS BUILDING. IT WAS AN EVENT OF LITTLE IMPORTANCE COMPARED TO ITS DEFILEMENT OF HELLENISM ITSELF.

Anglo-Classicists know nothing of these agonised transatlantic provincialities. In their comparative innocence, The English PhilHellenes trot out their elegantly spare and reserved "Georgian" details. They seldom admit to the idea that such proposals will lead to nothing except profound cultural marginalisation. When the Anglo-Classicist recognises this fate, he faces the world void of conceptual backbone, or any other corporeal portion of an intellectual anatomy that would support a combat with what they perceive as the Enemy - pop-culture, modern technology, commercialism and the like. They retreat before the forces of the 20C firing such hopeless weapons as the idea that building must revert to an exclusive technology of stone-cutting for any progress towards a civil lifespaces to occur. Can one wonder that they mistook American Post-Modern Deconstruction as the conceptual prosthesis they needed to stiffen the arm of their own intellectual amateurism. With this quick-firing, high-octane, import, high-table Anglo-Classicism would scatter and rout the plodding armies of the Welfare State.

But the Trustees jibbed when the Venturi's wanted to take their 'ironic' dismembering inside and spatter the interior with bright colours that, as with their exterior, were deliberately designed to convey no patent sense beyond the exquisite pains of the 'problematic'. Where were the signs of the 'Erudition' that the Trustees had hoped would flatter their Italian Quattrocento paintings?



With a creditably ironic stylishness, the Venturi's built a monument to the flabby and inert lifespaces created by post-Napoleonic Britain as it wrapped its plutocratic engorgings in an increasingly bizarre medley of 'builder's styles'. The Venturi's precise monumentalisation of this rigorously money-driven footprint validated, at the highest levels of the Connoisseurocracy, the retention of the 'historically authentic' footprint of Grand Buildings. What can such architectural illiteracy merit but to be masked in a gift-wrap that advertises without informing.

It is a solecism to paint window frames white in a bleached stone Classical facade. such things have been 'ruins' from their invention in the Renaissance. No window bars should show in their empty 'eye-sockets'. The most that can be done is to use the deep, rich, browns, blues, greens, ochres and best of all, blacks employed by the sophisticated Architects of the late 19C and early 20C.



To the right we have St. Boldieu, restored up to the **stone lump 'garrison' churches** that marked the furthest boundaries of the imperial pink. To the left we have 'Brown's Buildings' from the 1980's - a little gem of the **ready-made commercial version of Post-Modern Classicism**. The Architect has been assiduous in bringing together a copious rhetoric of 'traditional' components. There is a **double-volume podium** with a **bullseye window** to light the **mezzanine**, topped by a **string-course** on which rests the majestically elongated windows of the **piano nobile**. There is even a bracketing by slim **columns fitted with bell capitals**. A well-squeezed floor, marked by another string course, is compressed under a **main entablature** that includes a solidly blocked-in **balustrade**. Above this rises an **Attic storey** that is a romantically profuse assembly of **bevederes** and even a small round **tempietto**. Above it all a rather too bulky slate roof rises in the proper colour, at least, of the **'Cone of Ashes'**. Seen from the front the facade **composes symmetrically** with a **playful build of elements**.

*It is something of a tragedy, therefore, that the building is so **appallingly ugly as to be positively repulsive**. Why is this so? The window frames are black, so the facade is a genuine 'ruin'. But there is no sense of the tragic loss of the Golden Age that one finds in all post-Renaissance classicism, from Giulio Romano to Lutyens. This is a **Stockbroker Tudor version of Italy - comfortably cut-price in artificial stone, and quite free of costly mouldings**.*

The accounts of the Athenian Erectheion show that its **mouldings cost more than its more famous caryatids**. Mouldings are incantations that **garland their object with iconic texts**. They transformed the **lumpen chunks of Pentelic marble** into the conceptual landscape which architecture used to be and now no longer is. This loss of 'thinkability' is what makes this little building so ugly. It is like a face with its **tongue cut out** and even its mouth and eyes erased. It is **Classicism rendered as just flesh**, and **putty-coloured paste** at that, with orifices ringed in the **colour of fresh dung**. Classicism is best left mouldering on the shelves, collecting dust until it is understood, than paraded in this form. There can be no more effective way of engendering a real hatred of it in anyone with the slightest taste for beauty.



The 'Battle of the Styles' - 20C City of London version. Round one, to the right, in restorative scaffolding, are the pasteboard arches of the old Lloyds, in Festival of Britain, anti-modern, little-gilt-chair-and-pink-lampshade, 1950's Classicism. To the left is the new Lloyds, in let-it-all-hang-out, turbo-charged, gastro-tech. Far away, centre, is the dead little piece of Post-Modern Classicism from the previous page and, centre top, the newest thing, a vertically 'morphed' Bucky-Ball: icon of pin-headed obesity. The money-factories come and go (not speaking of Michaelangelo), all suited in the fashions of the time. Why should the architecture of these buildings matter to anyone more than the vagaries of fashion that succeed each other on the casino-hotels of Vegas? At least they have to positively attract the paying public with some sort of 'lifespace-design' proposition.

On sites 'created' by the IRA bomb that destroyed the Baltic Exchange, one of the City's most civil public interiors, chance has raised an icon that perfectly signifies the ethosphere of the City of London - and by an altogether likely linkage, the island herself. For here we have a 'front' consisting of an assemblage of traditions, Liveries, Courts, Regiments, Aldermen and Mayors that have become conceptually meaningless and decayed, even to those who practice their rites. Behind this facade there balloons a hugely bloated geometry of intricate financial mechanisms that long ago lost any significance except that of effecting the most (return) with the least (capital).

The City of London Planners discourage the building of apartments within its boundaries. The reason is that "families are harder to evict than office tenants". The territory is clearly understood as a factory estate for plant (which must be periodically re-built to remain competitive) that processes England's most precious resource - Global Capital. Seen like a realtor, the office buildings of the 'Square Mile' are just floorplates on which the mechanics of capital manufacture their 'financial products' for a market which is not only global, but was, in its origins, globalised by precisely this patch of the Globe. So one may ask **why this little place ought to be of interest** to those concerned with designing the human lifespace. It is because **real property remains a critical dimension of Capital.**

This is why the Square Mile matters to everyone - perhaps even everyone on Earth. The relation between humanity and the Globe is the foundation of Capital, and Banking is the ethical foundation of the cult of the State, from the Quattrocento onwards, which has been the chief gift to History, for good or ill, of the West. The ethics of banking telegraphs through to the ethosphere of the state, and so to the lifespace which it creates by its investments. This 'project' is faced with novel problems which first emerged half a century ago. These difficulties, even if they do not threaten the fundamental premises of the project (indeed they may even make their geometry more significant), do seem to destabilise the principles which support its most successful contemporary examples.

The last image on the previous page, in which the **haggard visage of a decayed formalism** fronts a **stocking-masked functionalism** voided of any face at all, must stand for the dire straits in which we stand at the beginning of the 21C. Yet my brief history of this **split between Science and Culture**, that has been enlarging from the 18C Enlightenment onwards, has been illustrated **only by its most illustrious protagonists**. Behind and below these architects of the past 100 pages, lies an increasingly vast domain of practitioners whose **unsung works constitute the actuality of the human lifespaces**. This 'western' reality spread first during the period of global colonisations that lasted from the fifteenth to the twentieth century. The resistance to this ethos, sourced in Western Europe, increased during the middle decades of the 20C, when Communism and then Fascism pursued a totalitarian solution. The collapse of this attempt has led to home-grown 'westernisation' projects by cultures like Russia and China which appear to be, in the latter case, **more extreme in their scope than anything in the West**.

Yet this final victory and dominance of the Western Ethic is occurring at the same time as it faces problems which confront it with a defeat not from without, for there is now less likelihood of that, **but from within**. This is a problem that has been published for 50 years. But it has been **ignored and suppressed** while the West fought for victory against its **ethical rivals**. It is the question first posed, in 1962, by the American marine biologist Rachel Carson when she published her book "**Silent Spring**". The victory of the West is founded on an ethic that prioritises the freedom of the individual human to act in any way he or she chooses, while remaining within laws which are, themselves, of human invention. The effect of this liberating, and even anarchic, ethic has been **to release human energies on an unprecedented scale**. States which succeed in organising this ethos find that their ability to **obtain revenues make them enormously capable both technically and financially**. The problem with this dominating ethos, which Carson outlined, as have all who have followed her scientific path over the last half-century, is that the active culture created by this release of human energies **is too physical**. Its physical impact on the global ecosphere is so great that it interferes with its processes in ways which, although extremely complex, **appear to be destroying the very physical resources used by the Western, Consumerist, ethos to achieve its dominance**.

The solution to the problem is extremely simple to state, if not to effect. It is to move the balance of the West's culture away from the physical towards the conceptual.

There is, in principle, nothing more than that to say about this solution. **Conceptual activity should be foregrounded before physical activity**. The project for the future is to **shift this focus** while still providing the states that promote this movement with whatever it will be, in the future, that gives them **security and power**. It is likely, for example, that the 'added value' in products will not be grossly and gargantuanly physical, but conceptual. 'Conceptual structuring' will thread, mesh and weave-together the **services and products of these re-balanced economies** so that to buy into them is to buy into their '**conceptual commerce**'. This project is radical in the sense that **it is not yet commonplace. But one may propose its principles**.

The first of these is not to rely upon large organisations. My experience of these is that they become staffed with time-serving bureaucrats whose chief interest is their pension. One must rely on projects, and the bigger here the better, that are **governed by a single person, or a very small group, or committee**, of persons who are powerful in their own right and do not have to rely, for their monthly wage-packet, upon the favour of either their inferiors or superiors. This is not an anti-democratic attitude. Democracies are governed by temporary dictators - politicians who are empowered to act as they think proper, if for only a limited time. Representative Democracy is not corrupted by venality, but by the **unreasonable desire of politicians to be re-elected**. Pursuing re-election (above all else) means that the politician shirks his duty, which is to govern by taking decisions which will, almost certainly, offend some portion of the electorate. An elected politician should take decisions which assure him of a place in history as a good governor, not in the affections of a fickle electorate who will, with the roving eye of Casanova, always reject him for a new face. Democratically-elected Politicians, **if they choose to govern and be voted from office as a matter of course, are the perfect governors of exemplary projects**.

The second principle is **not to rely over-much on Professionals, even though one must never abandon the idea of the expert**. Creating the human lifespaces has become a very (indeed over) complex affair. It takes many decades of theoretical and practical work to become a 'safe pair of hands'. But one sees that this complexity is often gratuitous and is pursued partly to aggrandise the role of the design professional.



For diversion (in a page exclusively of text!), I show a city designed for pedestrians from which wheels are not excluded. A 'centre' that, unlike a Mall, is not locked-up to exclude the citizen after 6 p.m. and at week-ends.

Leadenhall market is hard against the New Lloyds of London. Its dome cleverly admits daylight while preserving its centre for a scripted surface that the Victorians, even with all of their enthusiasm for 'decoration', were too iconically uninventive to effect. But at least this is on the way towards a lifespace for creatures with minds and the cultures that make them.

It took 40 years to bring on an Architect-Engineer-Decorator in the 18C, prior to the French Revolution. After it, in the Grands Ecoles established under Napoleon, an accelerated education created a Professional in half a decade. The problem with professions, like that of any isolated human cult, is that they become self-referential, and cease to discourse with the wider world. Professionals need Clients who are wiser than they are.

The third Principle is to foreground the general culture in which the particular human lifespace is created. It is the 'life' and not the 'space' that is the object of the lifespace. Life is by definition, conceptually extensive. Space is not, it is always local. To serve life, the provinciality of physical, natural space must be overcome by the virtual space of the conceptual landscape. The attempt to achieve this metamorphosis via a unitary plan sank out of sight with the fall of the totalitarian regimes of Fascism and Communism. What is needed now is a 'conceptual structure' to the lifespace that is not so much in control of all other lifespace-constructions, as reverberating with sufficient narrative resonance to constitute a means to a totalising harmony, social amiability and conceptual richness and diversity. This being the case, it is easy to see how this whole process both can be, and should be, seeded, led and guided by exemplary projects governed by the small teams of self-motivated, self-secure, individuals who are, alone capable of leadership.

My search has been for the means to these 'universal conceptual resonators' which can be extended, almost infinitely, in both vertical and horizontal dimensions so that they inform every aspect of the human lifespace, from the largest to the smallest and the newest to the oldest. I have already indicated a few of what these 'resonators' might be and have shown, on a fairly small scale, how they both have been, and could again be, inscribed into both the spaces, materials and surfaces of an architecture which can support conceptual resonances of both the power and the coherence, needed to succeed in altering the focus of the Western Ethos.

And now, after this detour through the history of the peculiarly unselfconscious iconography of Western Architecture, we can return to the project in which our complete ambition could, for the first time in the 25 years since the founding of my bureau, have the chance of being roundly and completely effected. But so as to come back to it gradually, in a way which will be more familiar to my technophilic profession, I will start with its body - the body of the Sixth Order. We will then go on to describe how this 'body' supports what is truly radical in the Judge. This is the ability of the material corpus of the building to en flesh ideas and reify the project for a more concept-driven (thus inherently 'green') lifespace-culture.

AFTERWORD for the FOURTEENTH LECTURE: 'ZOMBY ARMY'.

Thatcher's destruction of the consensus that ruled post-WWII welfare-state politics allowed millionaires to appear legitimate. Following from that, acts of public patronage could become the work of private families and individuals. This abandonment of the post-1945 Soft Marxism revealed unresolved differences within Public Architecture, allowing it to schism, first into Traditionals versus Moderns, and finally, later, into the reduction of Architecture Matrix (Mother) of the Arts of Peace, into a mere 'Fine Art'.

One of its first evidences was the extension to the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. Richard Rogers, who won the competition by sky-hooking the Art Gallery above an office-block, was replaced by the Venturis after the 'Carbuncle' speech by H.R.H. Prince Charles. The Venturis satisfied the Traditionalists by using 'Greek' Wilkinson's cut stone details. They pacified the Welfare-Moderns by employing the 'vernacular' plan of a London terrace house. They razored it all into a syntactic and semantic shambles. The Venturis hoped, by offering 'Classicism' as a bleeding martyr to Mass Culture, to excuse the 'elite' state of Literacy enjoyed by themselves, their Clients and the Art they adored. The Venturis were undone by the native English predilections for 'good', solid (raw) materials. Sadly for Robert and Denise their Polychrome Pop Interiors foundered in a sea of high-quality (Portuguese) grey limestone.

A similar syntax of picturesque fracture was used by Richard Rogers on the rebuilding of Lloyds of London. Rogers used the machine-age semantic native to the English revolt against Welfare Boxy. But the result was rendered 'safely' into an urbanistic zero by the combination of the syntactic infantilism of its 'rounded and shiny' parts and the semantic boredom of toilet-pods and lift-machinery. Its huge cost gave the coup-de-grace to to any hope that High Tech could rescue Urbanity.

An iconological analysis of the equally new 'Brown's Building' showed how the prevailing semantic poverty of Architectural Theory reduced the amiably urbane syntax of Post-Modern Classicism to a suffocating dullness. Many other examples exist of the semantic emasculation of Po-Mo. Who can one blame but the 20C theorists, the Architectural Savants who failed to crack the semantic code of Western (their own), Architecture - at any level? How sad is that?

None of these could champion the Army of Urbanity and lead it to victory against the forces of Capital when they were used to deny the natural human desire to raise. and inscribe, our own lifespace. Yet there, in the midst of the City, in the 19C Leadenhall Market, a sophisticated example of Urbanity already existed - both at the levels of City-Design, Architecture, and Ornament. It remained only to prove that Architecture could be rescued from its 'Walking Dead' isolation as 'Fine Art' and be just 'put to work'.