

The Sixteenth Lecture

The Raft of Advent



Lecture Ten: 'The Return of the Symptom as the Cure', was about Harp Heating (1983-5). We explored the device of the Pediment. In Lecture Eleven: 'WHICH? Cargo?', we examined the stillborn beauty of the Consumer's Union Headquarters (1989-1991). WHICH? saw the emergence of the full Sixth Order, including the device of the Entablature. This design was never built. Nor did its Entablature carry any 'Cargo'. Then, in Lecture Twelve: 'Something in the City' the Blackfriars project (1988-1990), revealed the full iconic power of this 'Sixth Order'. Blackfriars was taken to the JOA room in the '92 Venice Biennale. But Blackfriars, also, was never built. It was not until the Judge Building (1991-1995), That the Sixth Order was not only fully realised, but received its ultimate accolade, a final and proper Name.



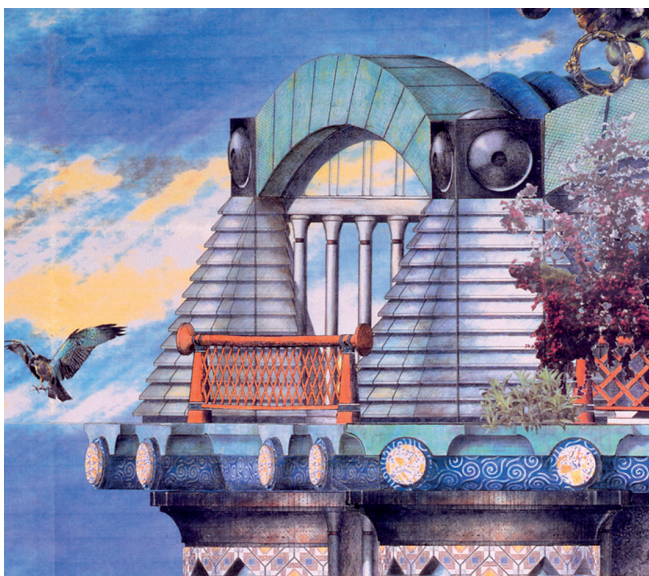
The Capitals of what we termed our 'Working Order', were polychrome from their beginnings in the Harp Heating Building in 1982-'85.



The capital to the project for Which? Headquarters in Milton Keynes was the first to be designed (in 1989) to support the 'Trabeated Raft' of a full 6th Order Entablature.

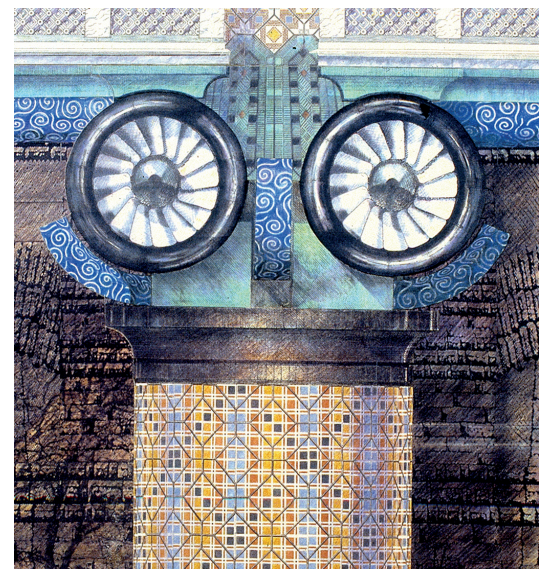
The reason for this history of 'unbuildings' was that the Sixth Order came into existence on the back of the ideas that it was ambitious to supplant. It was welcomed, especially in its columnar guise, as a straight-line development of the technophilic project of 20C Modernism that had, under the epithet High Tech, brought Britain to the front rank of Architectural cultures. The 6th Order's ample columns were 'recognised' as mechanical service-ducts. They were external to the building envelope, so they saved rentable floorspace. Unlike those of Lloyds, they were protected from the weather by durable brick. They were accessible from every floor. Most appealing of all, they were cheaper, at Harp Heating, than the cheapest British curtain wall - let alone the more technically-sophisticated German ones.

It was only when our big columns began to be 'decorated', which was not until 1992, in the designs for the Judge Institute, that they came to be 'recognised' as problematic. From that point they were understood as "Breaking the Taboos of Modernism". Not only were they too big to be explained as 'merely structural'. They were 'inscribed' as well. They refused to contribute to the project to evacuate Man's public realm of any vestige of 'meaning' save that of a narrowly defined Technicity.



The Attic of Blackfriars. Never built, but seen by thousands at the 1992 Venice Biennale and readers of the Architectural Trade Press.

This disturbance was even more manifest upon the emergence of the Sixth Order Entablature.



The cylindrical beam-ends to the Entablature on the Blackfriars columns doubled as ventilation fans, after the model of our Isle of Dogs Pumping Stn.

Columns, though shrunk to almost nothing, were 'known' to 20C Modernism.

Entablatures, in anything like the polychrome muscularity of the Hellenic original, had been entirely tabooed and banished out of 20C existence.

Corbusier might lift an entire building (his Unite d'Habitation) onto columns (his 'piloti'). But this was mytho-poeticised as raising the Ocean Liner of the enfranchised masses above an Earth newly-relieved, by this miraculous levitation, of the encumbrances of Habitation. Sadly for him, and his time, it both failed as myth, failed as a politics, and failed as Urbanity.

What, then, in our age of Technicity, could an Entablature be that merely raised great masses of carved stone to support nothing except stone statues? Yet it was not until I addressed this apparently superfluous question that I began to make real-life progress in my project to inscribe ideas into the human lifespaces that would be of more interest than the dull technoburlings of my dulled-down Profession.



The Narrative sequence of the Sixth Order Entablature, in its final form. from 1. its Tiled Roof, through 2: its Gutter and 3. its Winged Saddle to 4: its Rafted Logs are translated into text. The text will be held, by Aesthetes, to be secondary to the invention of such forms. Yet it cannot be if Man is ever to invent a lifespaces for more than idiots.

Not that, as the previous Lecture Fifteen, "The Photolithic", concluded, things had ever been enormously better in England, so far away from Egypt, Greece, Italy, Mesopotamia, India, China and Meso-America - the cultures from which the Globe's authentic Architectures had originally sourced. But This was not Then, and Britain, being free of their overpowering inheritance, and indeed much inheritance at all, now that the Empire was dead and gone, was a good place to think inventively.

So it was, therefore, that the proto-entablature of Which?, having acquired a full decorative panoply during the Blackfriars project, and a graphical 'trailer' in '92 Venice, came to be built in Cambridge for the Judge Institute. It was the final form of the Entablature of the Sixth Order.

1. The roof, of glossy blue-green 'wave'-tiles combines the form, if not the colour, of the Hestian 'cone of ashes' which is brought by the adventitious Raft, with the form and the colour, of both the grassy tumulus which covers the 'body' of the New Foundation, and the Mountain of the Sea whose rainfall leaves it glistening and primal, fresh every morning as-if risen up from the shadowed 'deeps'.



The daylight through the right-hand window shows the cobalt-blue photolithic Raft of the Judge Entablature floating freely above the bulk of the old hospital. The 'logs' of the raft are inlaid with the spiral 'Eyes of Janus' that trace the plot of its wanderings over the accidents of circumstance before 'landing' on the place of the Project.

2. The 'cyma-recta' gutter is the edge of the world of the building. It is dark blue to inscribe the ideas of 1) the wavy horizon of the sea (kymata being wave in Greek), and 2) the dark blue of extra-terrestiality. Martianus Capella, writing in the 3rd century, described the planetary spheres as "kymata", and "made of metal". The stainless-steel gutter-bolts allow the gutters to be loosed, sent back to the factory, and re-coated with plastic paint guaranteed for the next 40 years. Their shiny heads inscribe the stars in space.

3. The green wings are the harvest carried by the 'trabica-raft'. They support, as a sacrifice is bedded in leaves, the New World of the Project as it carries the fiery Cargo of the 'Ark' over the Ocean of Chaos.



The inner plywood and outer, fibreglass, shuttering for the curved, glossy, black capitals, which en flesh the horizon of the ontogenic region of invisible ideas, standing in the factory of Techcrete in Dublin, Ireland.



One of the dark grey castings from the shuttering on the left. Water sprayed onto it shows how a clear lacquer turns it to a black that still telegraphs its material body. This is the lightless shine of Thought, the 'Fifth Stage'.

4. The blue logs are inscribed with the coiling and uncoiling of the new **Time of Modernity**. This is not the cyclic time of the Ancients, with their 'Eternal Return'. Modern Time either **regresses to a Point of Origin** or '**progresses**' to become the **Eschatological arrow of Progress**. This why I title this the **Spiral of Janus**. It faces both ways. The polychrome '**plugs**' in the ends of the blue '**logs**' inscribe the **fiery beams of being**, a **cypheric energy** that **cores the Trabica**. They **guided** as well as **fuelled** its wanderings, and remain luminous in the centres of its resting body.



The first stage in the manufacture of 'Doodlecrete' (as we christened it), was for J.O. to draw, on some durable plastic film, a full-size strip of spiral 'eyes'. This was then routed, using our template, into a wooden 'log' with an undercut bit so that the base of the groove was wider than the 'mouth' on the surface of the wood. This was to hold-in the white mortar grout used as the eventual inlay.



The second stage was to cover the log in a layer of clay and lay-up a stiff fibreglass cover to this domical tube of stiff mud. The clay was then removed and silicone rubber poured into the gap between the wooden log and the fibreglass cover. Then the rubber was pulled out of the spiral grooves and reversed to lie in the fibreglass cover, ready to be filled with blue concrete.

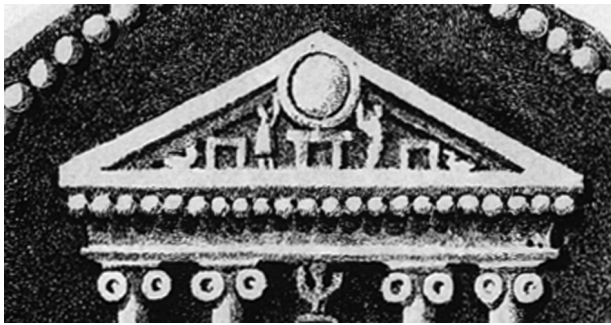


When the concrete was set, it was lifted out of the fibreglass outer mould and reversed. The inside rubber mould was pulled out of the undercut spirals, which were then back filled with white mortar.



The casting yard of 'Techcrete' in Dublin after the blue and green 'logs and saddles' had been washed with dilute hydrochloric acid so as to lightly etch away the thin, milky-white, films of cement 'laitance' so as to reveal the colour underneath..

The spiral is one of the oldest glyphs. I use it on the '**logs**' of the raft to sign that they have been on a journey which is not that of a direct line from A to B. The path of the raft has wandered over the **Sea of Chaotic Circumstances** in a fashion that is well represented by the way that a spiral joins two points in a line that covers a wide area. The path is not random. It has a simple geometry. But it is **asymmetric** in that one end of it closes towards a single definite centre while the other **expands** towards some **indeterminate destination**. The modern sensibility no longer expects events to repeat in an **Eternal Return**. This '**Janus**' sensibility '**progresses**' towards an **abstract 'eschaton'**. Then, afraid of losing contact with the Past recoils to seek the **certainty of the Primitive** and to '**begin again**'. **Janus**, the Roman God of Doorways, **faces both ways**. **Both the Archaic and the Futuristic must be allowed to live within the Modern Spirit**. This is necessary for both **energy and guidance**. The spirals are composed **irrationally**, There are no repeat patterns on even the longest '**logs**'. This was to inscribe the idea that the waves and the air of the Oceans of Chaos and Circumstance bore the raft in no particular direction. **Urbanity in the 20C was long dead**. It had, from now on and evermore, to be **found and re-founded - as an act of building**.



The Hellenistic numismatist provides a miniaturised iconography of the Entablature which carries the Solar Aetos-Pediment. It consists of a planked surface whose unwrought log-shapes recall the etymology of Trabeated Architecture in the 'trabica', Latin for raft. Rafts have the property of moving, but, being hard to steer, may have to depend on divine navigation.



From Tell Halaf comes a proto-Entablature in the form of a stool-cum-table upon which the 'iconic object' is supported not only by the central protagonist, but by two proto-columns with horned proto-Ionic(?) cap(itals).



Noah's altar has four columns and an entablature of planks, on which he supports his pyre, as in the Greek Pyr, meaning fire. This is the Biblical version of the Cone of Hestia, hearth fire of the New Foundation.

The Hellenistic coin-maker, to the left, cut the sun resting upon an altar-table within the Pediment/Winged Aetos of the Ephesian temple for Artemis, later the Roman Diana.

This triangular 'pyra' is, in its turn, also 'entabled' upon a raft-like structure of rounded logs before being propped-up by columns whose crypto-Ionic capitals have also been reduced, by the numismatist, to (hollowed-out) cylinders.

Here my clue is the semantics of 'Trabeated Architecture'. 'Trabica' is, in Latin, a raft. A table is, again in Latin, a 'tablatum', meaning a 'planked surface'. This Epheisian Entablature can be understood as an assembly of planks which is formed as a raft.

But why go 'rafting-about'?

The civic temple of the Hellenes were designed to attract the civic deity to take-up a prolonged residence. The colossal statue was intended to encourage the inhuman powers of the Deity to accustom themselves to a human form. This would allow Deity to become more attuned to our human predicaments. It was imagined that this would provide the sorts of aid and assistance useful to those humans who showed respect towards Divinity.



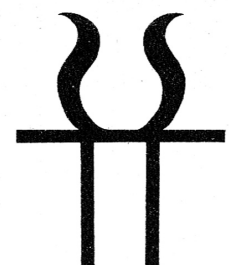
12. The Olympian Jupiter

The entablature as a planked surface - the tablatum' that carries the image (of a deity) - supported on sturdy peripteral columns that fly. *Ptera' is Greek for wing.

The winged sun had been, from the earliest times, a sign of power and authority. Placing it on the fronton of the deity's house used it as a simple 'cap-badge'. To this was added the role of the Pyr as the 'hearth' of the deity where sacrifices, in the form of 'food', were given to keep it amenable to the needs of the City.

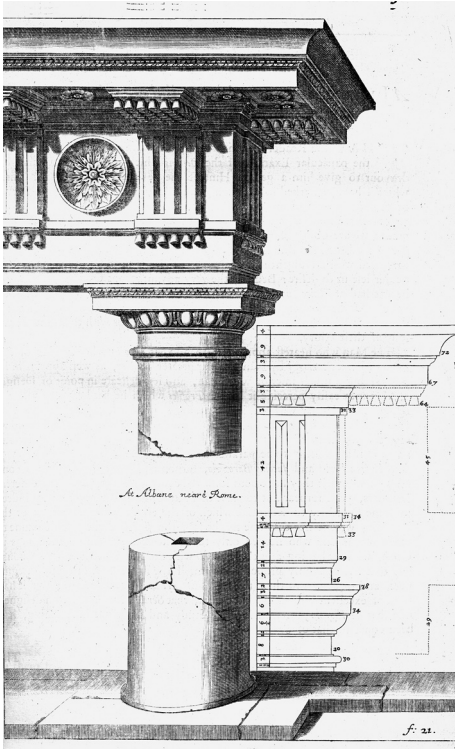
Lifting this assemblage into the air on columns was, it is clear from the Architectural evidence, more than its translation into the mere roof to the Naos, the sanctuary of the deity's colossal statue. The depth of the Entablature is excessive to its role, so hopefully adduced by the 18C Rigorists, as a mere lintel spanning between closely-spaced stone 'props'. Not content with this abundant mass, found from Egypt onwards, the Hellenes and Romans cut into almost every surface of the 'simple beam' of the Entablature to provide the most richly 'semanticised' device of the so-called Five Canonic Orders.

VESTA-HESTIA

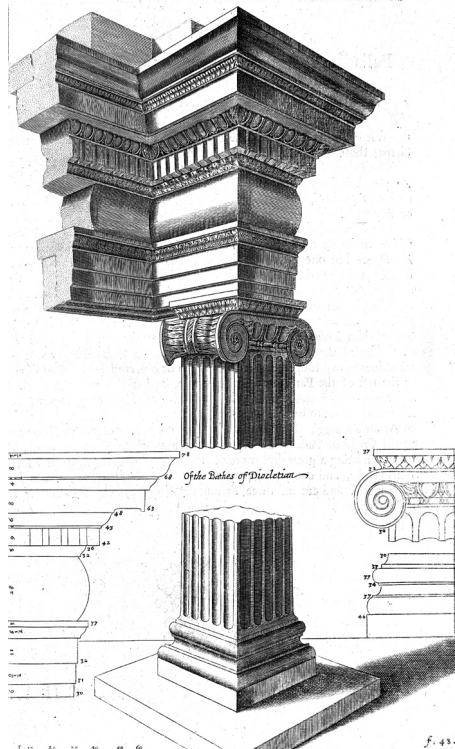


The sigil of Vesta/Hestia can be interpreted as (eternal) flames on an altar, a columned entablature or a doorway. - all of which can also be seen on the pediment of the Temple of Diana.

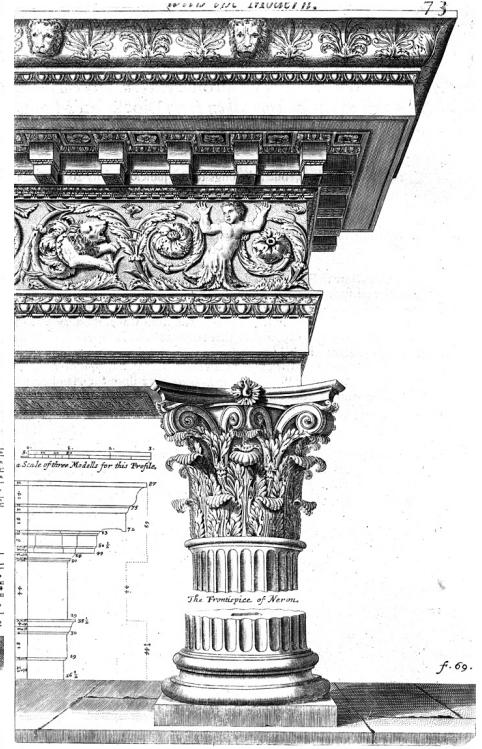
What, though, was this semantics?



A Doric entablature from Albano. The raft is enflashed by the 'tri-glyphs' - rafter ends painted a celestial, watery, blue - and by the 'guttae' (Latin) or 'gouphi'/'stegones' (Greek), called 'drops in English, - also painted blue. The gaps (met-opis) in between pictured objects on a fire-red ground.

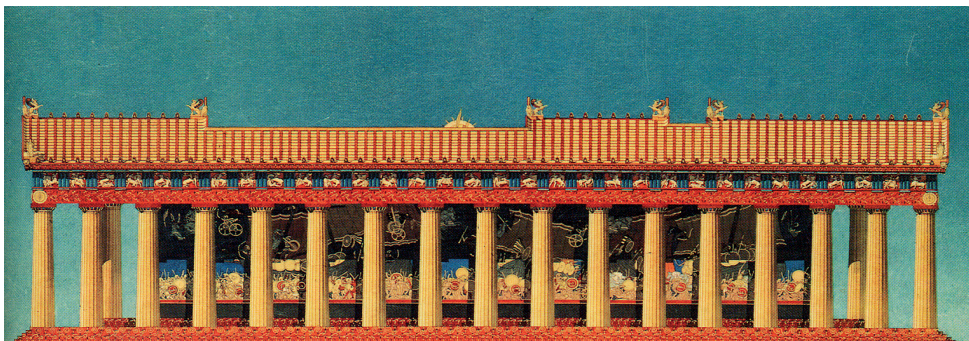


An Ionic entablature from the Baths of Diocletian. The 'rafters' are supported on a 'pulvinated frieze' The 'frieze, (Italian 'fregio'), was a term invented by the Italian Renaissance. The Greek terms were 'zone', as in 'horizon' and 'zoophoros', meaning 'life-bearing'.

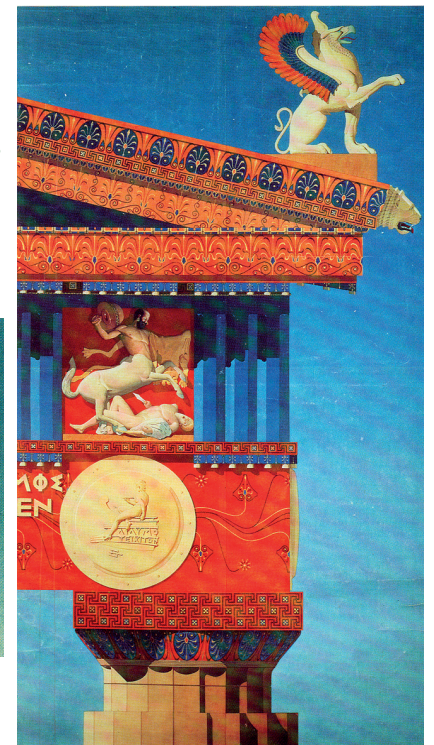


This Corinthian entablature from the Torre Nerone combines both of the Greek meanings of the 'edge of the sea' as a 'horizon of waves' (kyma) in which are entwined 'forms of life'. The 'trabica' of woven rafters houses the vegetative and mammalian life of the entablature.

For not only was the Entablature carved almost to death, it was, in its original, Hellenic state, waxed, stained, and polished with a ferocious polychromy. While this comes as a relief, to the 20C, from all that dead white Winkelmannian marble, it was a fact that the Physiocrats of the 18C, and their Neo-Classical descendants (to this day), could not stomach it all. For it meant, with no contradiction whatever, that all that chipped and distressed Parian marble so dear to the Enlightenment poets was merely a good surface into which the Iconic Engineers of Pericles could cut a clear form and wax it to carry a massive semantic load. The primary cargo of this stone was not the 'gravity' of Newton, but the gravitas of a Stately metaphysics of meaning. It matters less that we may never know the precise colours or the precise meanings. Such symbols are not mere coded glyphs. What is essential is that we accept that there were meanings sufficiently cogent to not only pay for this (very expensive) ornament, but to maintain its fragile, polychrome, surface!



The Doric Entablature is clearly 'trabeated' by beams into a 'trabica', or raft. The 'stegones', or drops, being painted blue, clues me to read them as water dripping from the raft of beam-ends of the blue 'tri-glyphi'. The metopes show the cargo of this raft against a background of fire. I read this colour as that of the interior of the pedimental 'pyra', the mobile hearth of the powerful agent whose 'ship', or 'Ark', this is.



Benoit Loviot's 1880 version of the Parthenon in more detail.

An exegesis of the Ancient Entablature provides material for a course of Lectures in itself. However my purpose here is sufficiently discharged if I have been able to establish that it was a vehicle of some sort, which carries a 'cargo', and then turn this device to my present account.

For my purpose is to reify (in splendor) the truth that no project is likely to be successful if it is merely imposed, by conquest, from above, or rises by a spontaneously-generated impulse, from below. Every successful project is both the clash and the consummation of that which comes from afar and that which was there already. It is not only this to-be-expected clash which makes for success but, even more importantly, its resolution in such a way that the result, which is the New Foundation, is a novelty which contains, within its 'splendor', the two components from whose contested union it descended.



The ceiling of the principal chamber of one of the three Palazzi Massimi in Rome after being authentically restored by the team from the Sistine chapel. The central 'cargo' is the stemma, the bloodline trunk of the Clan Massimi family tree.



The 'golden germ' on a night-blue background represents the 'light in darkness' which was brought as the cargo of the Raft of Advent, otherwise the Entablature. It is revealed, even though closed within the strong-box of the 'coffre', to the citizens of the New Foundation. This revelation is exposed by incantatory 'rings of time' - for that is the main meaning of the snaky meanders which surround the 'light'. The figure also descends from the idea, common to many ancient metaphysics, that history repeats itself through cycles. Thus Genesis, or Being, or Space, is bounded by these 'rings of time'. Our own Metaphysics, being 'modern', does not agree. We strive towards an ideal. It may be provisional, and clouded by ecological concerns. But we do not entertain fatalistic cycles of doom and rebirth.

In this, 'modern', case the Entablature is both the agent for the carriage of the Invading Advent(urers) as well as a final part of the New Foundation which their 'arrival' initiated.

We will proceed, now with this latter duty, performed for the finished building by the device of the Coffe.

Entirely covered in gold and weighing several tons, this coffered roof is not what it seems. Firstly it is not the roof. It is a mere 'suspended ceiling' hung from the heavy, triangulated, wood-beam roof trusses above it. Secondly it is not even a ceiling, in the sense of a plane, such as those of plaster-board that typically seal the upper surface of a room from sound, mouse-droppings and any other disturbances.

This is a view of the under-surface of something that rather than being generated (as is a ceiling), by the room below it, is an agent of the 'creation' of the room. This is the view of the under-surface of the Entablature in its guise as the Trabica of a trabecated Architecture. This is the 'raft' which carried the Cargo of 'that which came from afar'. Its gilding shows that it 'burns' with the fiery power of the 'ember' covered, and preserved, by the 'Hestian' cone of ashes.

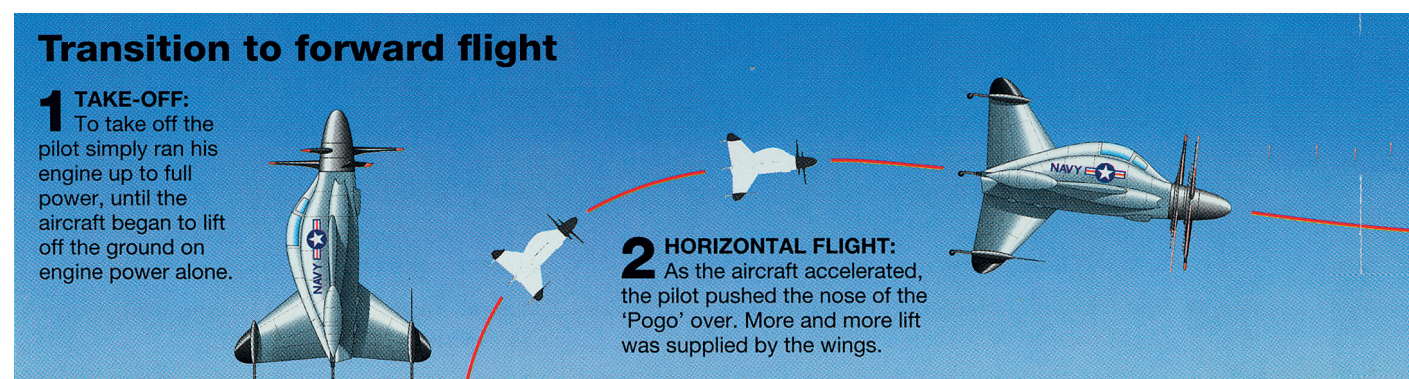
The quadrations of its surface reveal, very exactly their meaning. Called 'coffres' (French: 'coffre', Italian: "cassone"), to mean chests which preserve their valuable contents, they nevertheless 'reveal' these by stripping-away their lower surface. These 'chests' become the opposite of a fortified box. They show, instead, a view upwards akin to that of the reducing figures of a Russian Doll. Concentric rings of gilded waves focus the eye towards the centre of the 'strong-box'.

This ceiling, in one of the three local palazzi built by the Massimi family, was being completed by the same team that had recently finished working on Michaelangelo's Sistine Chapel. I quizzed them about the very dark blue, but not black, background to the gilded 'flore' in its centre. They confirmed that this was the 'correct' hue.

The new Owner, a physician from the Adriatic City of Pescara, overheard our discussion and quizzed me about it. He requested that should I have any **observations**, he would be **most obliged to receive them**. I was at the time, very busy with the problems which I had set myself in my design for the Judge Institute at Cambridge and was, as is the Inventor's way, merely pursuing my intuitions and **quite incapable of 'observing' them in the fashion reported by this Lecture**, some twenty years later. Now, at last, if it is not too late, I can forward something to him. **Ars longa vita brevis**.

The "correct hue" is the colour of 'ignorance', not black but infinitely dark, like a starless night, within which the **golden germ**, brought by the **Advent**, will **shine its powerful light**. This **downward-pointing source of illumination** has been powerful enough, by the evidence of the Architecture of the New Foundation, to penetrate the submarine mountain that is the **Heap of History**, splitting it open to conjoin the 'dark sun' that it hid within the infinitude of obscurity until, consummated at last, the two 'lights' like two 'suns', energised the authentic and true **Ontogenetic Istorica** which **'built' the New Foundation**.

The unfortunate **Christopher Dresser**, intellectual decorator and researcher of the late 19C, busied himself in trying to **recognise the species of the golden flower**. It was no more than one might expect of that physiocratic era. With my aviator's background I prefer to imagine them as the contra-rotating blades of some VTOL aircraft, such as the Convair FX-1 'Pogo'. The **golden floret**, when **powered-up** could achieve **lift-off** for the 'Trabica'.

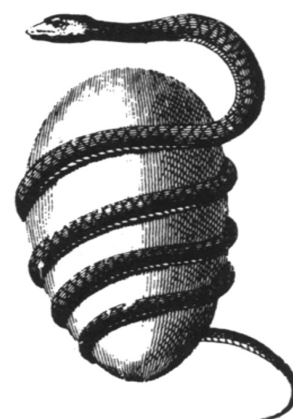


The Convair XF-1 'Pogo' flew for the US Navy in 1954. It was powered by the only engine rated as powerful enough to lift its weight straight upwards. Landing it was less pleasant. The pilot had to look over his shoulder at the deck of the ship, heaving up and down in the sea, to bring it back to 'earth'. The project flew, but was almost immediately stopped. The Navy realised it did not have enough pilots capable of flying the machine off ships that were not even aircraft carriers. Its contra-rotating propellers made their point, however, in cancelling-out the gyroscopically-powered torque that can throw a prop-driven craft away from the pilot's chosen path!

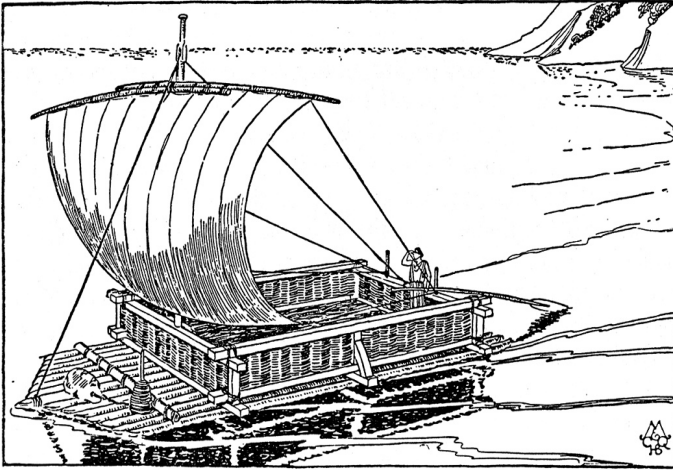
The reality, however, was that these **cut-open Coiffers** offered a **view upwards** of the 'light' brought by the **Adventitious Raft**. I now turn to the figures that surround the floriated 'suns'. These are called a Meander. They are named after a river, whose course was sinuous and snaky, near what was then Miletus.

If we refer to two Hellenic images, that of the Orphic Egg, signifying the Earth itself, we find **Space** bounded by a **watery, serpentine** device whose meaning was **Time**. The figure represents the **Space of Being** bounded by Time conceived as a **element that flows**. To the Hellene Time was not a linear progress towards a final consummation, as it became with the fall of the Bastille. Time was circular. The **Future devours the tail of the Past** to secure (and condemn) History to an 'eternal return'.

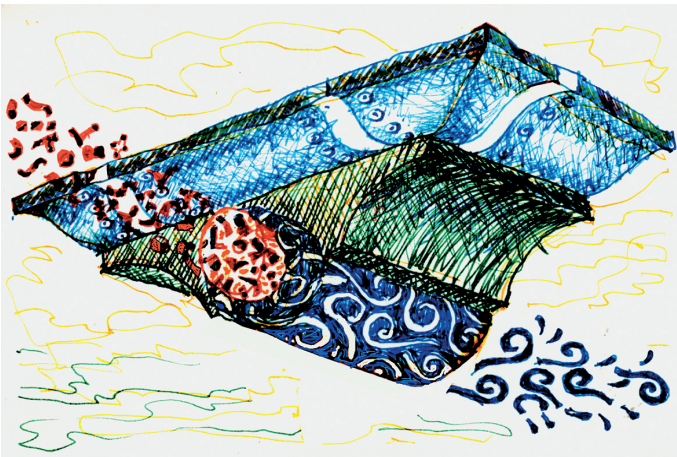
I conclude from these figures that the **sinuous incantations** bordering the **Coffer** represented **Time** framing an 'opening' (in its 'floor') which revealed the 'Light' carried by the **moving Raft**. Science, according to Karl Popper, is always provisional. The ambitions of young scientists will always promote new fashions in theory. Space, and indeed Time itself, is commonly held today to be bounded, at least in their genesis, by the Big Bang. Scientists from the cultures who still hold to a metaphysics of **eternal recurrence**, such as that of India, feel at home with the figure of the Ourobouros. Those of the West, at least for the present, do not. The belief in a 'progress' towards some **final consummation** has largely decayed. Nor has it been replaced by anything so easily conceived. As a result, the 'West' is beset by confusions and uncertainties concerning the right course to pursue towards 'the Future' - or even a future that can be contemplated with anything except apprehension. I take heart from the philosophy of **Hegel**. His concept of Negation implies that all development is a **conflict between oppositions** that can only progress when they have **included both of their properties within their solution**. There is no need for despair. **Futures** are, sui generis, 'conflicted'. To 'birth' them is to **include their conflict** within their 'new entity'. **Authentic novelty** is 'historicised'.



A figure, published by Bryant in 1774, of "the Orphic Mystery". The Cosmic Egg of Space is bounded by the Serpent of Time. The Hellenes also figured the (flat) Earth as encircled by a river.



The Promoter of every Project is an Odysseus who has to endure the buffeting of fate as he drifts, taken here and there by the winds and tides of circumstance, while all the time keeping his ultimate ambition alive in the hearts and minds of his band. The icon of this history is the raft of survivors/adventurers/exiles/colonists. The raft is not the most obvious vehicle. Why should they not be on a fast boat whose sharp keel allows both speed as well as more positive navigation? The answer is that it is the very uncontrollability of the raft that provides Odysseus with the assurance that his fate is the concern of the gods who oversee the histories of mortals. Who else could assure the final landing of his ungainly vehicle in Ithaca?



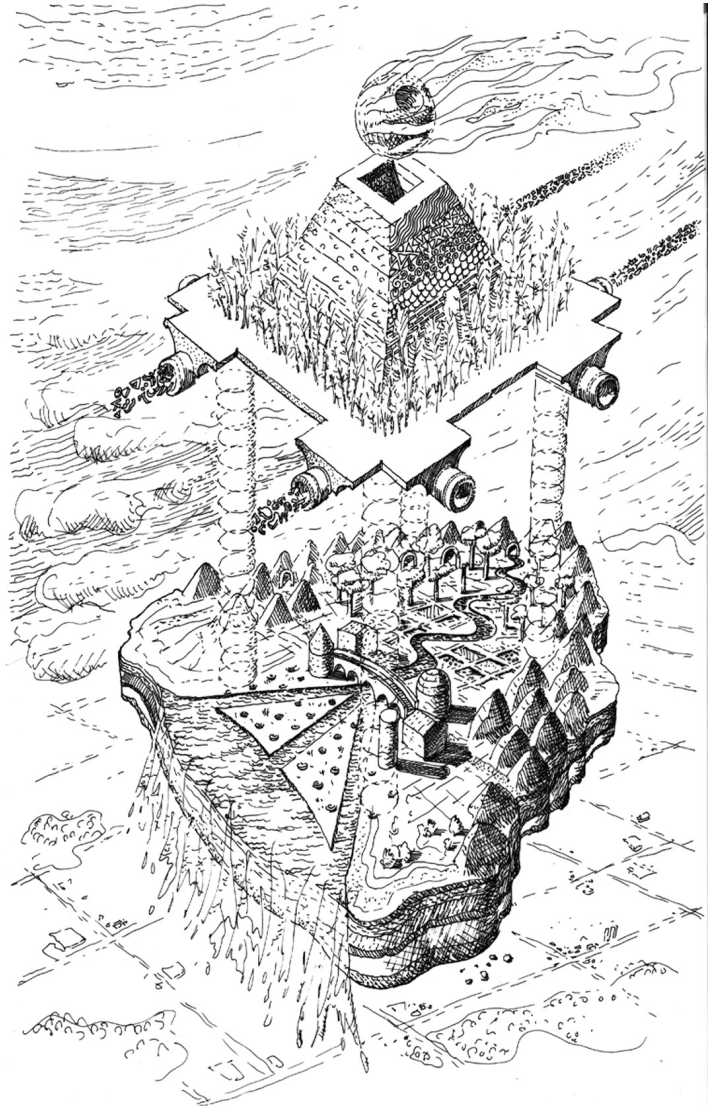
The Trabica-Raft of the 6th Order Entablature is guided by the fiery, glowing Cypheric matrices of human thought. It is impelled forward by the serpentine (blue) waves of a Time that has sprung open the Ancient, Ouroboric Time of the 'Eternal Return' This 'Modern Time' is linear. It coils, Janus-like, between the Archaeological and the Eschatological.

To this end, therefore, the Promoters of any project will look for the best site on which to build. If history is any guide, this will, in the most confident, be a beautiful valley between mountains that frame the waters of a clear river. We will consider this ideal in more detail in Lecture Twenty-Six "Back To The Beginning". Suffice to say, for the present, that we conceive the 'story' of our Entablature as the search for this 'Ideal site'.

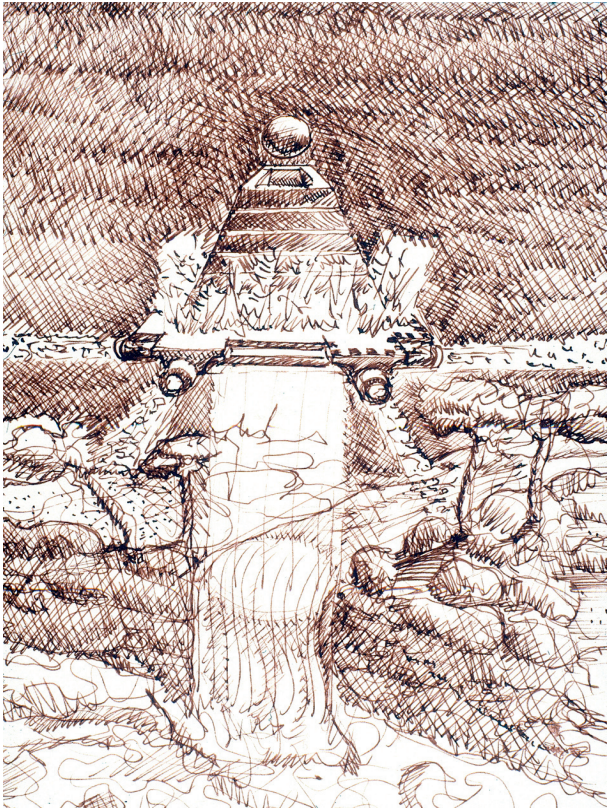
The coloured icon of the Raft, above, shows it propelled by the Janus-Spiral' of the 'discursive time' of the Psyche. Its fiery core, genitive of the Columna Lucis, navigates along beams of mediating cyphers.

Over half of the Globe's human population are now 'urbanised' (suburbanised might be more accurate). Many policy-makers find this trend disturbing and distasteful. So, instead of pressing on towards the 'urbane', they do their best to return the disorganised squalor of the 20C suburb back to a mythically-stable 'Politics of Rusticity'.

A better strategy would be to recognise the appeal that rural peace and quiet has held for many over centuries of civilisation. It is to deduce from this that the most successful policy is to use only 'natural' analogies in the building of what I prefer to name the 'urbane' lifestspace.



I draw the Entablature of the Sixth Order, with its Cone of Hestia/Vesta representing the ambitions of the Promoters to inscribe a New Foundation. The so called 'Golden Germ' is drawn in the form of a fiery eye which looks down from the apex of the pyramidal coffer. The 'Ideal Valley' is the model which the 'eye' of the Entablature seeks to recognise as it wanders over the Earth. The Raft (Trabica) of the Entablature wanders by navigating along beams of cyphers. This aspect of the Story tells that such navigations are mediated by being pursued, hither and thither, through institutionalised complexes of ownership, favour and power, not to mention the intersection of the 'Two Cultures' of the Arts and the Sciences.



The Rafted Trabica-Entablature, when it finds this well-watered and sheltered valley, discovers its impracticability. It is far from the centres of population that it needs in order to function. Arcadia, As Claude showed, is an idea whose proper place is in the imagination, not in any literal translation to the corporal, quotidian reality of urbanity. That way lies the dystopia of Suburban Kitsch.

The Sixth Order mediates a new interpretation of the device whose purpose, as was the old, is to 'shine' the truth about what we do when we build in order to bring into being the state of being in which we want to Be.

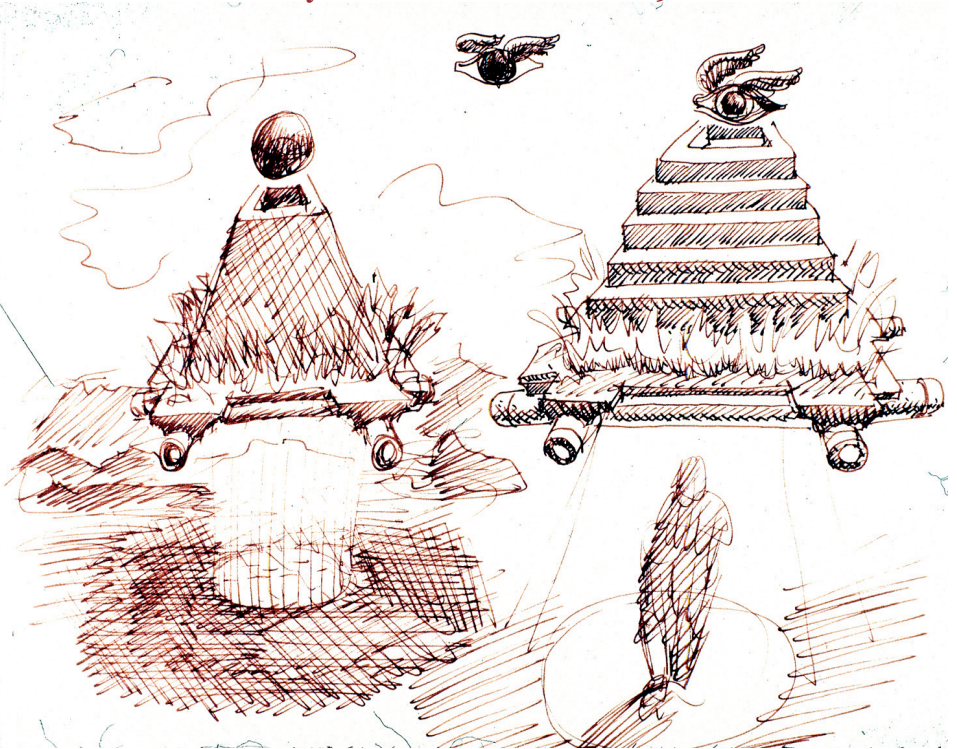


The Landfall of Aeneas in Latium, painted in 1675 by Claude Lorraine. The Founder of Rome offers an olive branch to Pallas, son of Evander, King of Pallanteum. He becomes his ally against the hostile locals and aids the foundation of Rome. Vergil invented these 'histories' in order to elevate Rome to the status of the mythic Cities of the Hellenic Orient. The Craft has 'landed'.

The iconic narrative of the Architectural Entablature was lost so long ago that even Vitruvius could make no good sense of it. Octavius Caesar, his putative Patron, had already decreed that the Architectural 'style' of the Empire would be 450 BC "Periclean Athenian". The 15C Italian Renaissance attempted to put some conceptual backbone into these Hellenic 'Antiquities' - an attempt that finally failed at the end of the 19C.



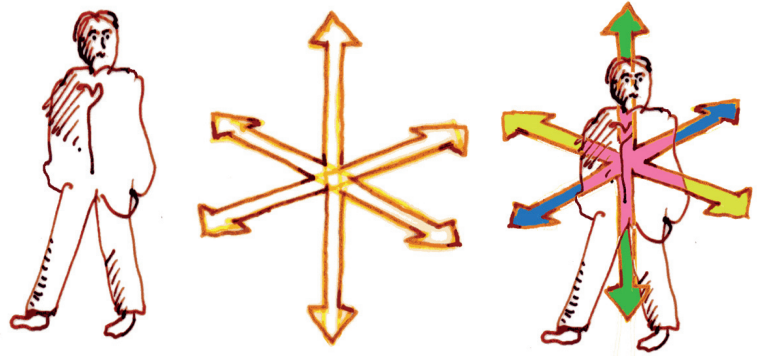
A better icon of the Agent of the Advent of the New Foundation is the hurrying Trabica, impelled by the tempestuous vortices of Eschatological Time, as its fiery 'eye' scans for a landing-place.



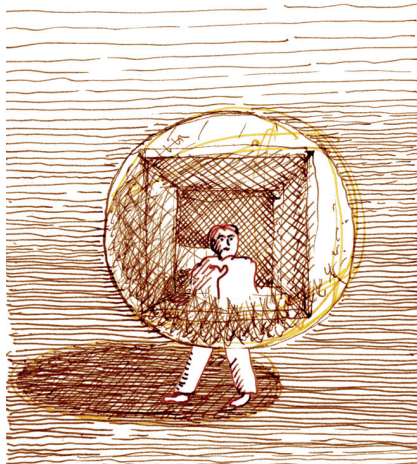
'Real' sites for new buildings tend to be big-city building plots on flat and featureless alluvial tracts. So, instead of getting 'Nature' to provide the ideal site, otherwise a 'Republic of the Valley', it must be 'mediated' through to Man by something else. This something is the long-lost Architecture of Urbanity.

Man's Utopian imagination may carry him to the 'ideal valley'. But when reality intervenes, The civil portion of Mankind has, over the centuries, responded by building Arcadia upon a sea of mud. Their Architects 'reified the 'valley' by inscribing its Event-Horizons as a 'Sociation' of Somatic Time,

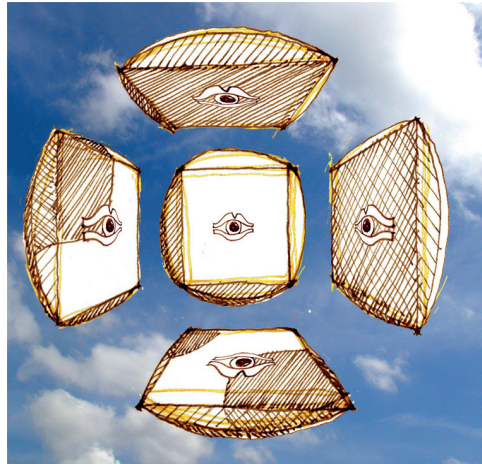
Humanity could do this because after 2,000,000 years of talking about it Man, only 9,000 years ago finally succeeded in creating the total fiction we call an urbane culture. We could build an 'interior' and 'live' inside it at the conceptual level of a Text that was dense with meanings.



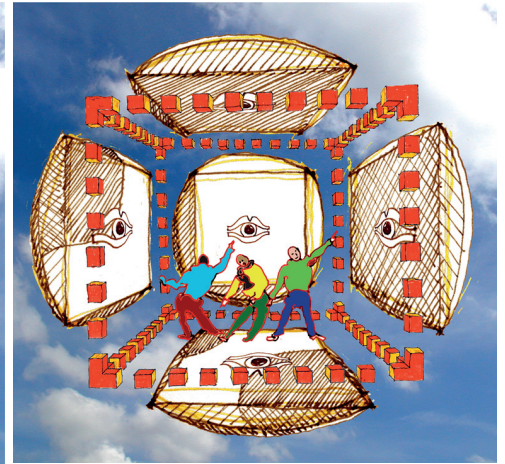
Man, as constituted for some millions of years, is presented with Verticality by terrestrial gravity, with Frontality by his 'figura' (or face) and Laterality by his two hands. ie, six axes.



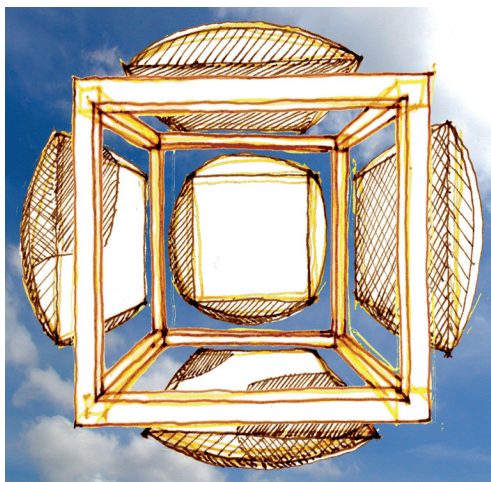
Every human being is trapped, at birth, by two million years of mediating his world through a speech which, after a naming of parts, creates a fictional reality to replace the given one. All humans already live inside their own little astro-casque of 'story'.



One way to escape from this inbred compulsion to "lie to oneself" is to **inscribe** the lifespace (especially that part of it which is shared with others) with an environment mediated to 'be splendid' with 'Truths'. The traditional way to do this, a way that has many advantages, is Architecture.



Given that we can inscribe a view of what we consider 'reality', then how do we 'hold' these 'picture-planes' in place? Do we build a frame and fix them as if they were paintings on walls? Corbusier, famously, played seriously with murals, though never on the ceiling or floor. Nor did he ever use an 'Ordine'.



The 20C thought that no pictures could describe their reality. So they abolished them. The 20C ditched the Frame as well. They did not know, because Architecture, in all its 9,000 years had never received an effective decryption, that the Frame was almost more important than the pictures though they might have guessed it by the Medium's cult of the 'Orders'.

THE 'INSCRIBED' FIELDS (KEYED IN THESE ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE 'EYE-IN THE MOUTH' SIGN) NEED A SCAFFOLDING TO HOLD THEM STEADY, IN THE WAY THAT A HOME-STEAD OR A BED-STEAD IS SECURE.

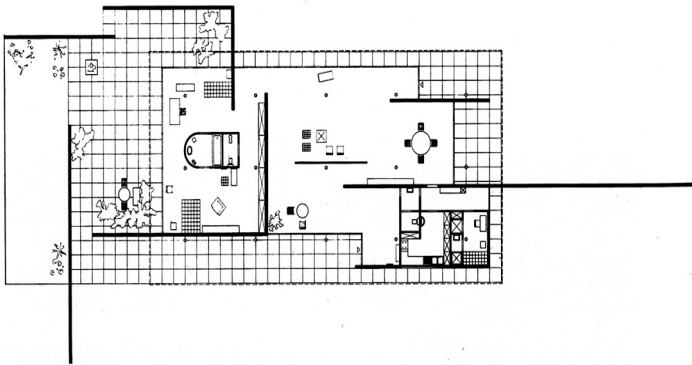
Corbusier's work demonstrates that it is **not enough** to scatter signs and symbols around in the name of 'Art' or even Advertising - Propaganda. Something more is needed if the hurly-burly of the quotidian life is not to overwhelm the metaphysical iconics needed to reify a 'reality' of Science, Economics and Politics, **let alone anything more interesting.**

A 'scaffolding', or 'framing' is needed that can focus a 'deep-space' **view out from the dark interior.** For it must conduct the intelligence beyond the everyday 'appearances' of the rooms and the street, into that intellectually fertile narrative terrain, watered by the three media of the 'Tricorso', to which the **iconically-literate imagination is the only effective passport.** The 'Order' is the way that this was always done, **and the only way it can be done.** Yet what, in the 21 C is an 'ORDER'?

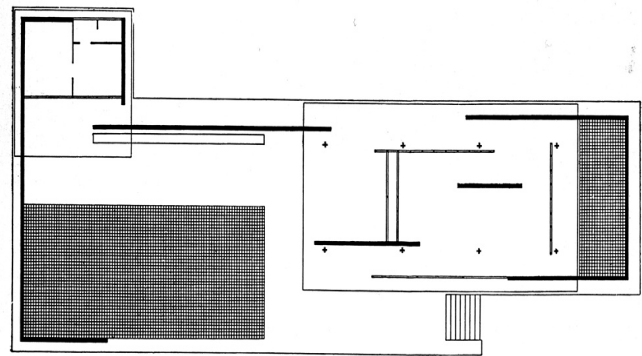


The 20C failed in its attempt to rejuvenate the exhausted iconography of the received architectural styles. It preferred, instead to eschew all representation except the 'Arte Povera' semantic of 'Baukunst'. Mies van der Rohe, understanding the dullness of this iconic desert, fractured his buildings into walls that enclosed nothing and roofs that offered no 'superstructural iconics'. Entrances became mere places where there was no wall. Space leaked out everywhere, following neither an external nor an internal narrative. Only 'Matter' mattered.

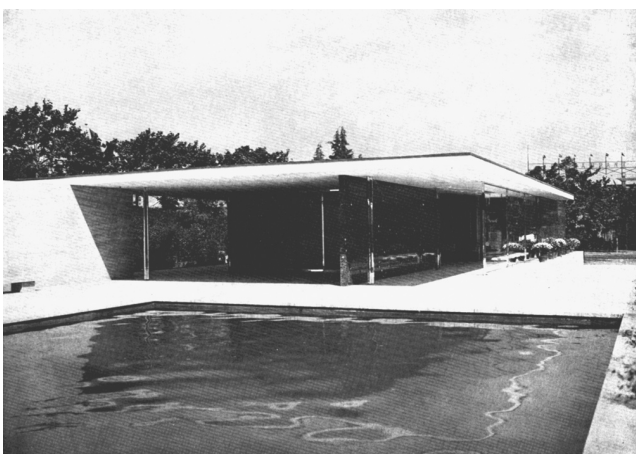
What is the 'storyline' here? Are 'actors' trying to move the scenery or just stop it from falling over? The early 20C, in its determination to escape from the collapsed culture of Stile-Pompier 'Classicism' abandoned the narrative devices used by the various Architectural traditions. After WWII this became the compulsion to reduce Architecture to its narrowly material embodiments. Truth to Materials, Construction and Physical Uses expressly excluded the narrating of any ideas which might illuminate the human ambitions that the structure reified. It had lost the knack of story-telling.



The Plan of Mies van der Rohe's house for the 1931 Berlin Exhibition. There are no independent rooms. Columns come and go like aimless ghosts. Yet all is dully material!



The plan of Mies' German National Pavilion for the 1929 Barcelona Exhibition. The spaces are even 'freer'. What use is a plan that refuses to enclose space?



An external view of Mies' 1929 Barcelona pavilion. It is either all door or no door at all. This is, as the following slides will show, merely one floor of a tightly-repetitive and immensely boring skyscraper of the sort he came to build in the USA, and that spawned innumerable, equally illiterate clones from one end of the Earth to its other. Admired by all Architects. It signed the death of their Medium.



The interior of Mies' Barcelona Pavilion shows the wall of Turkish Onyx that cost 20% of the entire pavilion. Mere chemical patterns replaced ornament in this incompetent and useless Architecture. For what use is an aesthetic that cannot even enclose space, making secure and solid rooms, while requiring only millionaires to be able to enjoy decoration? Far from being 'Modern', in the sense of futuristic, Barcelona signed the fragmentation and death of Architecture.

When success came to Mies van der Rohe in the USA he built part of the campus for the Illinois Institute of Technology with the most climatically incompetent Architecture ever erected in the extreme weather of the Northern Midwest. Bitterly cold in winter, he erected a mere sheet of structural steel plate between the steam-heated interior and an icy exterior. The engineering brick and rolled steel ran with condensate like a waterfall to corrode the structure. Devoid of external sunshading, he relied on air-conditioning run by the cheap energy of the 1950's. These physical facts were well-known. Mies ignored them because he, and those who supported him, wished to invent an Architecture that no longer appealed to the 'Public'. With such an Architecture, the post-WWII USA hoped to manipulate its Citizens into patterns of living that would turn the free-walking, free-talking Urbane Citizen into the auto-driving, bungalow-ranching, TV-watching Suburban Mall-Rat.



A column stands, apologetically, in the middle of the 'space' (futile to call it a Room). It is clad in chrome as if it might be descended from the aboriginal Columna Lucis. Reduced to a mere furnishing, etiolated, and evacuated of all narrative consequence, this column beholds a wall that has been denatured into a mere 'plane'. A frameless, de-perspectivised, 'picture-plane' the onyx slab proclaims the infinite contingencies of Geological Time that the advent of the Column was designed to 'part' and 'open'. Upon this New Ground the Hypostylar Forest of Infinitude would provide the place, and the space, in which to write, in shining 'splendor', our own true story: the story of Man. This sad place is its opposite. A mere dustbin of Architecture, the End of History and the Doom of Humanity.

I saw its beginnings in 1953 and rebelled.

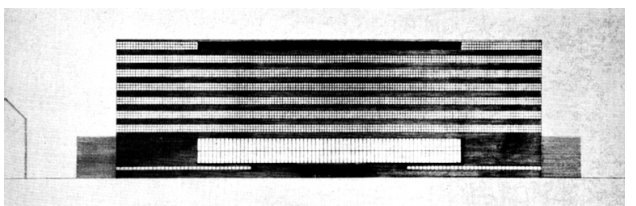
I SAW THE FUTURE AND HATED IT.



The best decoration that the iconically-bankrupt 20C could offer were veneers of the more picturesque chemistries available in the forest or quarry. Something 'written' by a human being, that discoursed iconologically to another human being, or beings in general, upon a subject of consequence, was so far beyond their puny powers that, by the time the 20C had ended, no one even knew how incapable Architects had become.

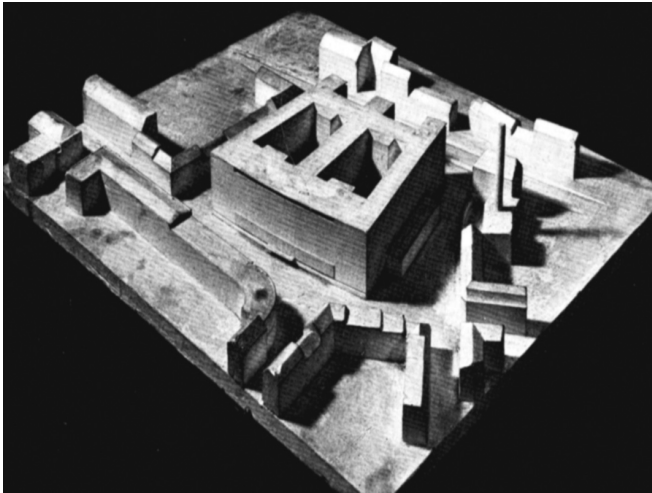
It would not be my fate to be locked-into a concrete rat run. And Mies was the best of it. All the other 20C 'greats', from Lloyd Wright to Stirling, failed to invent an urbane Architecture out of which one could build a plausible City.

THEY WERE ALL, WITHOUT EXCEPTION, SUB-URBANE.

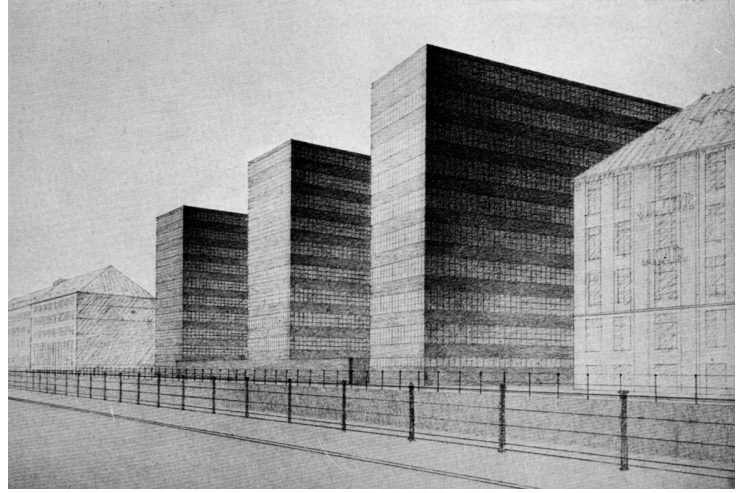


The street-facade of Mies van der Rohe's 1933 project for the Reichsbank reflects his admiration for Schinkel's Neo-Classical symmetry. But of 'Classical' Architectural culture nothing remained.

The 20th was the Suburban Century.



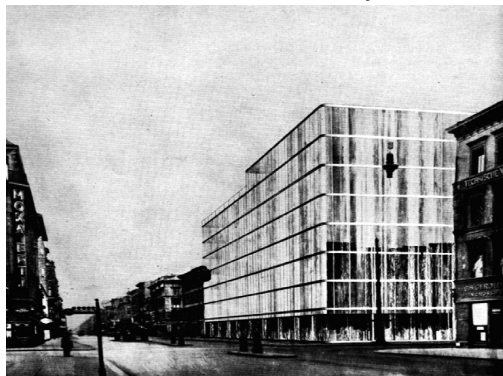
The 'block model' for the Reichsbank. How many examples of this 'bird's eye' woodwork has one seen delude a politician? No human sees like this. It is the sighting UPWARDS from the footway, that matters.



It has to be said that this view of the Reichsbank, with its bald grey blocks behind two rows of wire fencing reminds one of nothing more than the camps that would soon spring up all over a Europe dedicated to self-destruction.

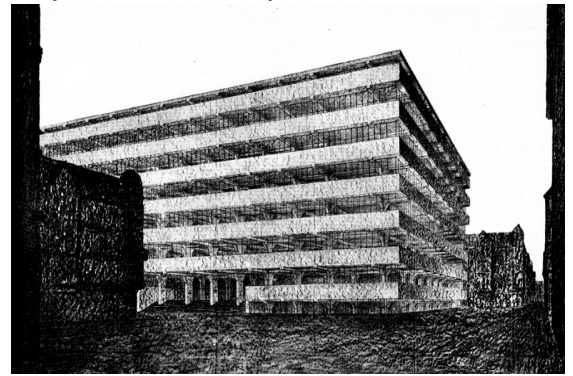


Mies' 'experimental glass skyscraper' of 1929 was just one glass bungalow upon another. He cared nothing for the USA.



What has the 'Adam' building project, in Leipziger Strasse, to do with Urbanity? Its street facade is iconically illiterate.

Mies was good for a bungalow in a forest. After that he just stacked one bungalow on another. Nothing on this page speaks to me of a lifestace that is anything more than a silo set in a car park. Look bottom Right and one sees, in 1955, the miserable lifestace into which "The great American cities" of the 1930's had already declined. How could anyone from an urbane culture accept this 'Baukunst'?



A concrete shelving system for iconic sub-literates with no interest in their lifestace. Stand up who said Architects!

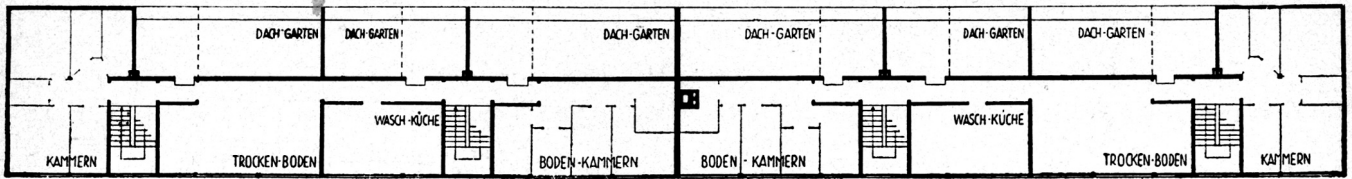


What Mies was best at: glass boxes and bubbles in primordial, dehumanised space. Somewhere to 'get away' from the Architecturally illiterate lifestace-design culture of 'stack 'em high and sell 'em cheap' - like over to the Right...

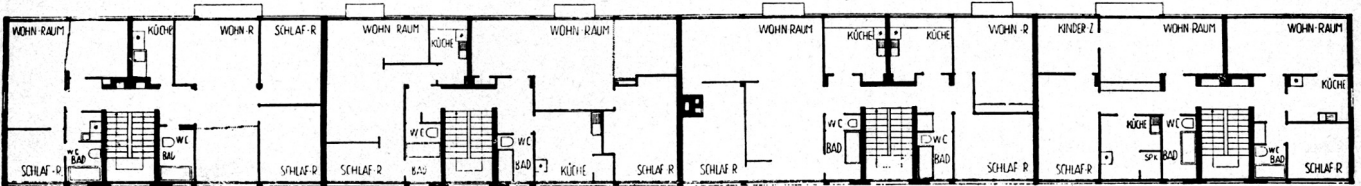


Domestic silo-stacks. The view down is of the Garden of Ballistics: Corbusian Espace, Verdure, Soleil et automobile parking, freeways and bits and bobs of inaccessible 'Parkland' vegetation.

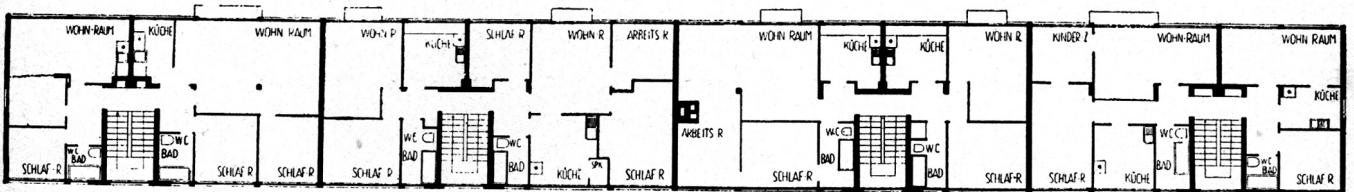
IN LONDON ALL THE HOUSES WERE THE SAME. AS LECTURE 22 WILL SHOW ALL HAD A CARGO OF MEANINGS. THE PLANS OF MIES' APARTMENT BUILDING FOR 1927 STUTTGART CARRIED NO MEANINGS AT ALL. BUT EVERY PLAN WAS DIFFERENT. SO WHAT?



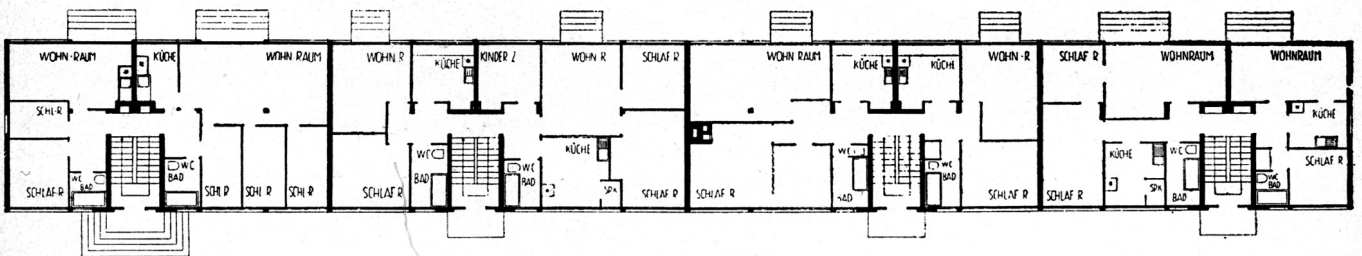
Fourth floor



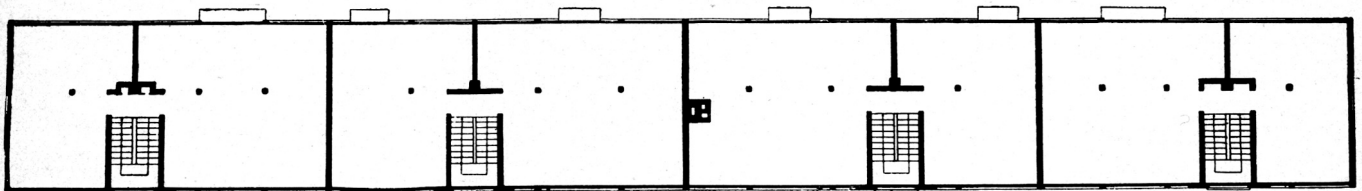
Third floor



Second floor



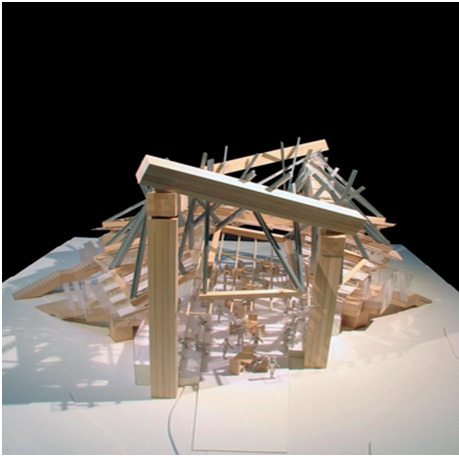
Ground floor



Construction system

Apartment house, Weissenhofsiedlung

Mies was put in charge of the Weissenhofseidling Werkbund Exhibition in 1927 Stuttgart. He built the largest block. Philip Johnson praises Mies for his cleverness in making all his apartment plans different. I have had the same request from a Dutch Client. But what was the point? None of these plans 'mean' anything. Whereas, from 1500 to the present day, the terrace houses of London (USA 'row' houses) were all the same plan because they all carried a rich cargo of narrative symbolisms. These cargoes, as I show in Lecture 26-13, could be 'thought', interrogated and relished by those sufficiently educated to 'read' them - such as Corbusier. Why was it decided to throw away all of this Architectural culture? Surely not because critics like Banham found it all too 'heavy'. Did he, the self-styled "Failed Technologist", even know what they were? Did Mies, the self-educated Stonemason's son, know what they were? Mies made much of his Thomist Education in Aachen. He liked his silk shirts and Havana cigars, but who can bother with Mies' apartment plan(e)s, even if they had a thousand pointless permutations?



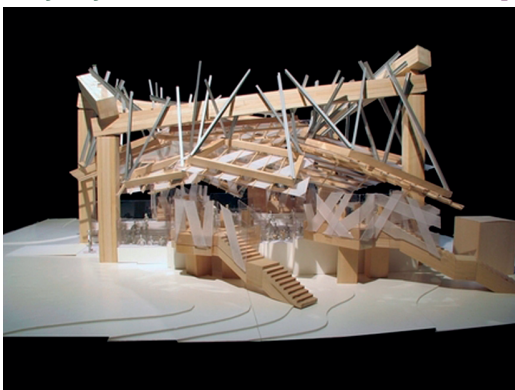
Every year, during early 21C Blairism, a Starchitect built a summer pavilion in Hyde Park. This was Gehry's in 2008. The composition was unusually monumental. Four huge columns supported four huge beams. This made their dislocation, and the descent of the roof-rafters, more dramatic.



Its entrances were framed by two Apotropaic Columns which elevated the Naos on a step-up Stylobate. The internal room was banked on bleachers to encourage viewing of the central floor-space. This was an Arendtian 'Space of Appearances'. The syntax was powerfully 'centred', even in 'collapse-mode'. It was a popular pavilion. People waited for the 'happening'.

THE PATH FROM 'BAUKUNST' TO 'BEBENBAU' IS AS DULL AS IT IS DIRECT:

Everyone soon became tired of Mid-20C Miesian stick and panel curtain walls. The problem was solved, in the late 1950's, by Kasbah Krumble. Orthogonality was given a good 'quaking'. It is heartening to see the technique going strong in 2008 with Frank Gehry's first UK project. But surely this is not just the dried-up body of Pop-Mies that is being De-Conned. Is this not a 'Temple'? With a big column in each corner and weighty beams tying their heads together, do we not see 'Rafted Roofs' flying around as if either trying to land, or take off from a no-longer-secured, and amusingly primitive, 'Architectural Order'. It was even built (albeit with ironwork inside all the timbers) with that original, 18C 'Platonic' carpentry. 'Classicism' was so long dead it no longer "needed killun", as they say in Texas. Was this was an attempt to raise it from the grave?



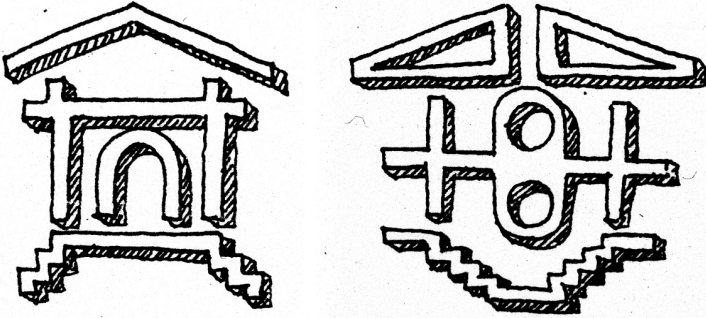
Who needs an earthquake to bring down the Temple? Curiously, structural engineers like this kind of thing. It removes any uncertainty as to which way it might collapse. Half way down already, all it needs is some emergency propping.

Gehry argues that he wanted to do "something primitive". Then that he wanted it to "move like a piece of Classical Music". But being a "committed Modernist" had to do this "movement" with the "body of the building, and not with ornament". Could there be a clearer demonstration of the taboo placed upon an iconically sophisticated lifespace by the 'Architecure Autre' paranoias of the 20C ?



I could not help recollecting my 'Four Figures' that we explored in Lectures Four and Five. Surely, in these pitched and rafted roofs, we had 'Shelteredness'. Then in the big columns and their equally gigantic (for Modernists) beams we had 'Constructedness'. Gehry's Crypto-Temple was approached by enough steps to signify 'Establishedness'. Were the enclosing theatrical stepped-up bleachers enough to signify 'Enclosedness'? Surely, for all his heroically aggressive 'Deconstructing' Gehry was here manifesting the most atavistic of all Architectural narratives - that of 'Domesticity'. Gehry was projecting the tabooed 'Heimlich'! Was the Grand Old Man of Decon becoming Homely?

Contrary to 'Decon', the **physical** aspect of the human lifespace, especially in the **artificial, synthetic** form of 'The Built' is, like the **physical** aspect of our own being, **not something that should be transgressed**. We all know that Deconstructed Architecture is 'wrong'. It would not be so 'naughty' as Peter Cook has described it for the last forty years if we did not know, almost instinctively, **what a 'building' was**. These properties of 'What it is to have been Built' were articulated in Lectures four: 'The Great Escape', pp13-15 and Lecture Five: 'Happy in Limbo', page 21. I named its qualities "The Four Figures". and iconised them, for the project at Kensal Road (now demolished) as below:



Shelteredness, Constructedness, Enclosedness and Establishedness were the The 'Four Figures' that qualify an object as having ben built for human occupants. But the level of Architectural 'thinkability' is not enough to satisfy the Modern sensibility if, by that, we mean a mind capable of what St. Augustine termed the "distentio animi" - a mind hungry for extension into Times and Spaces beyond the cosily domestic!

BUT DOMESTICITY IS NOT ENOUGH

The solution is neither to ignore it (Mies) nor to merely knock it around a bit (Gehry). The solution to the mind's hunger for a profounder lifescape than the homely, though by no means despicable, quality of Domesticity, is to take advantage of our uniquely human capacity to entertain fictions, ideas, names, icons and if one likes Picasso's Paradox: "lies that show us the truth".

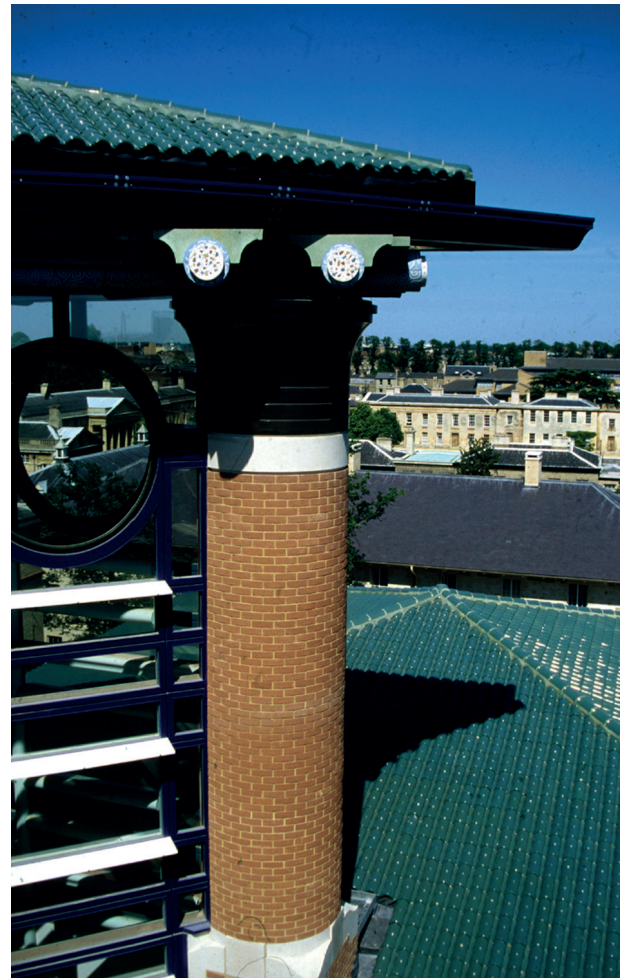
These descend from the 2,000,000-years of evolving speech. Buildings themselves cannot 'speak' as was the hope of 'Architecture Parlante' theorised by the 18C Revolutionary Lequeue. But, more importantly, they can reify ideas.

Even more engagingly buildings can extend a long way in space. As we move through them, and consider them, we find that they also extend in time in just the way that Augustine describes the **distentio animi** as reifying the past, future and present, even though the first two did not stand before us. We conceive that the building that we have just passed through exists, as it will come to do in the 'future' as well - even though we can not confirm, directly, that they are 'present' before us. A building therefore, as opposed to a single object like a painting or a sculpture, has the seldom-used capacity to 'carry a narrative'. One may inscribe into its body, and cause it to carry upon its body, concepts of diverse sorts, preferably **iconic** rather than **textual**, which enable the user, after a brief study, to entertain in his or her mind (as well as body) a reified landscape of ideas. A building of reasonably large extent can, in this way (as was Husserl's ambition), 'reify Time' - that is to say make of Time a concrete experience.

There is no easier way to 'think' something than to follow some notions through a storyline.

THAT IS TO SAY THE NARRATIVE MEDIUM COMES TO US NATURALLY, IF NOT THE UNDERSTANDING OF IT!

Much use has been made of this 'story-telling' capacity over the many centuries of the Architectural medium's employment. In our case, we believe that some small improvement in Architecture's potential for narrative is effected by the inventions that we explored in Lecture Fifteen under the name of the 'Photolithic'.



The pyramidical 'pyrae' of the Judge's new blocks are roofed with 'Roman tiles' that have been glazed 'ocean blue'. Back in 1986 I gave them the name of 'pyramids of the sea'. I like to see them slippery after rain, and imagine them emerging from the Flood. Yet their form is that of the fiery cones of Hestia that engendered the cataclysm of the New Foundation. read-on to solve this puzzle!



The freshly-cut stone of Quinlan Terry's new Downing College Library lies to the right of this picture. He continues the Neo-Classical architecture of William Wilkins' early-19C designs. 'Neo' is a misnomer. This 'Classicism' has been bleached dead for the centuries since it was known that the 'Triglyphs', along with the 'Drops' along their lower edge, should be waxed a sea-sky blue. The Metopes they frame should be a 'fiery' crimson. From this I conjecture that the icons they carry (one of them a Nobel-prize-winning 'Bucky-Ball' carbon atom) are this Entablature's 'cargo'.

The Gallery of the Judge closes the far prospect, across Cambridge's only Neo-Classical college campus. The sky may be seen under much of the Judge's long eaves. This is because my intention was both to allow a cross-ventilation to exhaust the upper Gallery as well as to show that this was a 'Rafted Entablature' whose only 'supports' were columns. I apostrophise 'support' because the full aetiology of the column must narrate its 'invention' out of the 'entered', divided and 'instructed' 'Heap of History'. This is even though its final iconic persona is to hold up and display (that is allow to 'shine' in 'splendor') the mainly Eschatological Ambitions, but also necessarily Archaeological origins, of the New Foundation which should be displayed on its various, ceiling-vaulted, 'Afflati of Ambition' over its 'Camera Lucida'. For who can understand a project's Ambitions if they do not know its Origins?

The 'Photolithic' combines, in the one body, the semantic potential of a castable three-dimensionality as well as the graphic richness of a scriptable polychromy (doodlecrete, blitzcrete, etc.), along with the dense material opacity of the crushed and pulped, matter that are the 'bodies' of its cast concretes and fired bricks. No refuge is offered to that so-universal delusion of believing the body of a building is Natural because its surfaces offer the vulgar veneers (As A.W.Puglin acidly observed), of sliced hardwoods, marbles and granites.

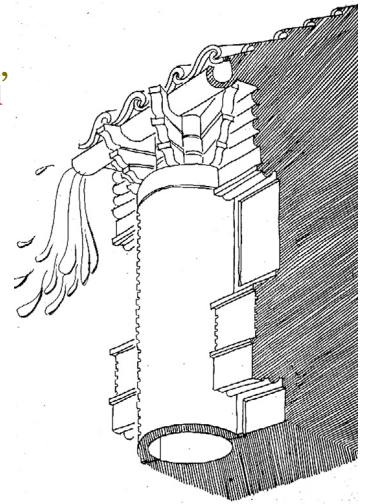
The Photolithic, in its brilliant and flexible polychromy, is sufficiently 'artificial' to be conducive to the "lies that reveal the truth" of Fiction. Yet it is also, because of the cold, hard density of cast concrete, 'real' in the sense we mean when we consider our own physical bodies. It is 'incorporeal'. For the first time in building technique we have a medium that so confuses the illusory and the real that it is, all by itself, capable of epiphanic transitions. When to this is added the radical economies of a 'painted' or as I prefer, 'scriptable' surface made possible by large scale, computerised paint transferences, we can say that Architecture, in the 1990's, found itself in the possession of the most cost-effective narratological technology in all of its nine millennia of existence.

Standing at Downing's campus gate, as did the photographer, above, watching the dying sun shine its watery beams UNDER the 50-metre-long Entablature of the Judge makes it easy to imagine how it flew-in, carrying the Hearth of the Promoters, to engendered the entirely architectural cycle of the Sixth Order's Myth of Foundation..

Yet how, if it flew-in guided by the Eye of the Germ of the Idea, is one to guess this by looking at its 'pyra' as it is now, covered in sea-green glazed tiles in the form of waves? Surely we should be looking at the Cone of Hestia, with its covering of ashes represented Architecturally by the steep slate-clad roofs of the iconically erudite Architects at the turn of the 19C into the 20C? And where is the Fire of the Golden Germ? At least the 19C Architect could install a great red chimney stack, cored with a real coal fire, to inscribe a reverie upon the **columna lucis**.

My explanation is that there is, in this Myth of Founding, a hot cycle and a cold cycle. The hot part of the Myth is, as one might expect, the earlier part that I call the Downward cycle. Not that the Upward that succeeds it is any less furious. But the Upward is more disciplined. For it is that part which is 'building' what will remain. Whereas the downward is upsetting what already exists..

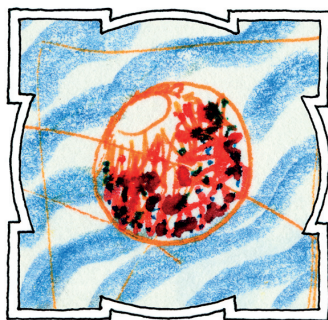
I called such a sea green roof 'The Pyramid of the Sea', back in 1986, when writing about the Isle of Dogs Pumping Station. I left my office in Upper Welbeck Street early one morning in 1990, after working all night upon the competition for a big new private hospital for the City of Milan, Italy. It had been raining and some steep slate roofs were running with water. I could imagine them glittering in the first dawn as they arose from the Flood. All rain sources in the Ocean and returns to it. Pyramidal roofs, when slippery with rain are not so far from the birth of the first isolae as the inundation recedes.



This was a drawing done while designing Harp Heating. It shows the roof covered in 'waves' that look like pantiles.

There is a more interesting interpretation of this 'oceanic' roof. However let me delay proposing this until we are further into this 'istoria'.

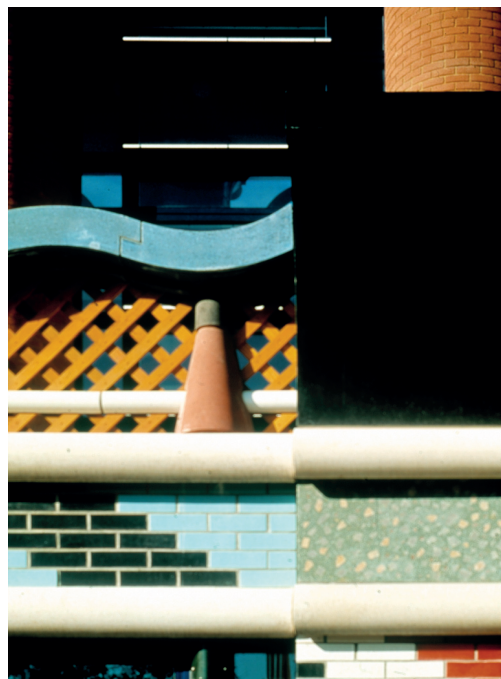
Few projects (except the 'Creation' itself), start from the absolute nothing that 'preceded' the Big Bang. Augustine resolved this by proposing that "Before God made anything he made Nothing". So my merely Architecturally-mediated istoria ignores this level of non-being (although we will return to it later) and proposes to commence with the '(Golden) Germ of an Idea'.



Downwards Cycle Stage 1: This is the Germ of the idea of the Project. I draw it as mainly red - meaning the passion that precedes thought. Some specks of luminous clarity and umbrous obscurity surround an 'eye' turned upwards to a source of light.



Downward Cycle Stage 2: The Germ is the never-to-be-extinguished Hearth-Focus of the Band of Adventurers which I denote as the Cone of Hestia/Vesta. The Fire floated out, driven hither and thither on the ocean. The Vedic cosmogony of Kuiper describes its carriage as a disordered "nest of twigs".



The 'Myth of the New Foundation' is here told in both words, and more importantly for Architecture, pictures. Each picture, or icon as I prefer, is termed an 'event-horizon'. Each 'event' is plucked from what could be a continuous series of 'frames', as in a film that describes the 'shape-change' from one to the next. Film can actually describe this metamorphic process. Although diverting, this 'action' is rather less important than understanding the 'meaning' of each 'event'. Thus I prefer the 'freeze-frame' of a static icon. It gives time for the mind to conjure words. Even more to the point, it enables the Architect to inscribe these 'MEANINGS' either physically, via our new Photolithic medium, or graphically, through other techniques that we will explore in the next few Lectures.

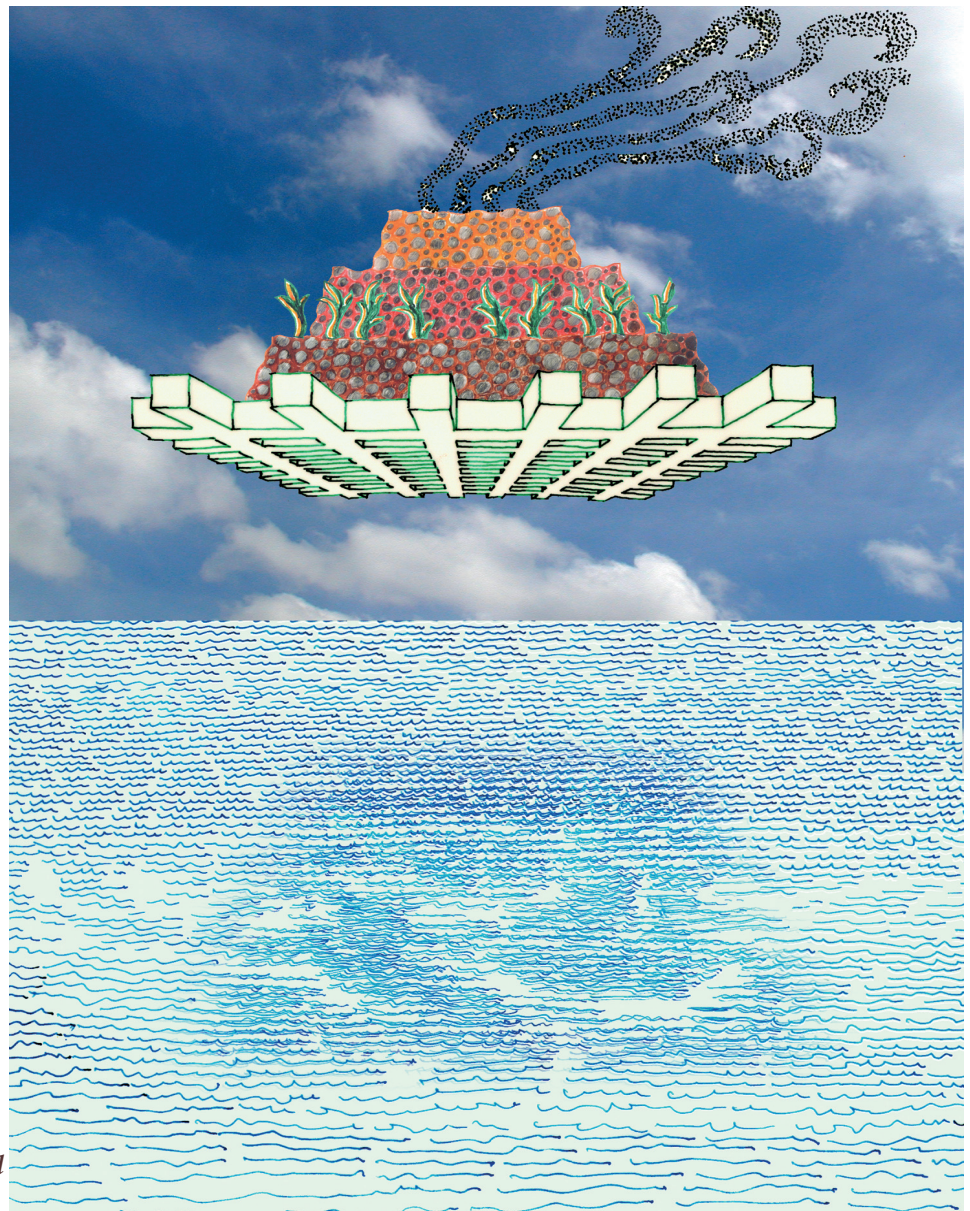
The iconography of the balustrade, to the left, around the edge of the 'Aboriginal' Roof Garden on top of the appropriately-named Ark Block of the Judge exhibits the icon of the Hearth of Hestia/Vesta as a conical red baluster with an ashy black top. The waves of the Ocean are reified by the cobalt blue photolithic concrete railing as well as the undulating form of the black Hydra/Vrta in its pale blue ground below. The yellow lattice infill between the 'cone-balusters' represent the 'nest of twigs' that supports the first voyagings of the Promoter-Adventurers.



Downwards Cycle Stage 3: The Waters of Contingency covered everything. The Golden Germ could not discern the landing place .



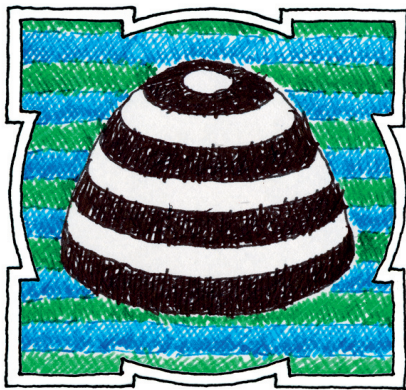
Downwards Cycle Stage 4: So the Adventurers built their 'Ark'. Mark Jarzombek reports Alberti as describing those who crossed the River of Life without difficulty used rafts (!) made from the planks of the Tablatum (the planked surface of the Entablature), that had been inscribed with the scripts of the Liberal Arts. The 'Raft of Reason' is now guided by Cyphers and powered by the Eschatalogical and Cyclic Time of the 'Janus'-Spiral.



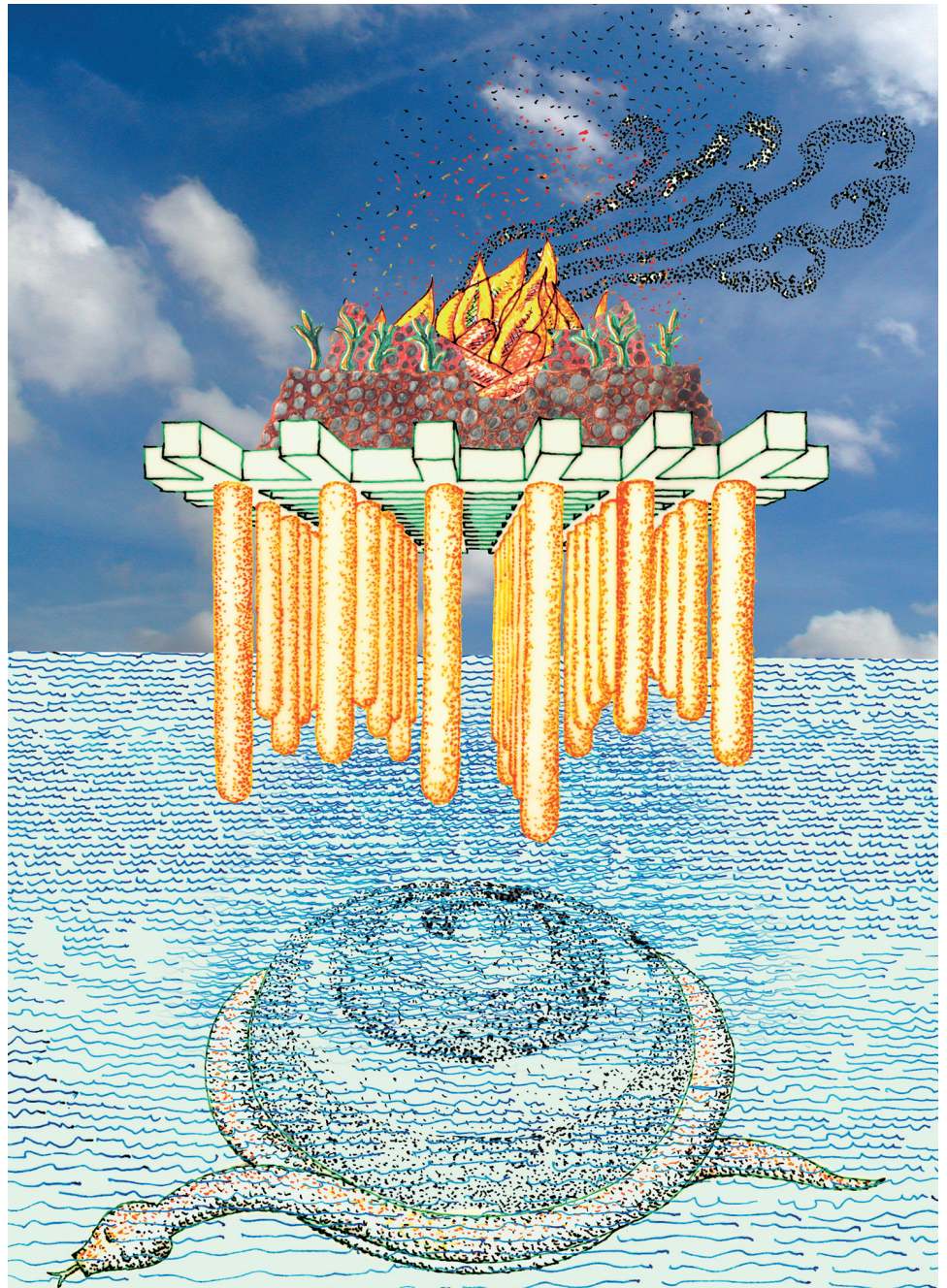
The Raft of Reason is the 'Humanised', or Albertian, version of the Golden Germ of the Vedic Cosmogonesis of Kuiper. I show the Cargo of the Raft as a hearth, Hestia's 'cone of ashes' that keeps the 'golden germ' bright and burning under its protective 'earth'. - a 'soil' from which sprout the green 'flames' that will be the seeds of the New Foundation. It is also shown 'flying', as befits a craft that is now under human control and no longer a mere accident subject entirely to the 'whim of the gods'. It searches the trackless sea for its landing.

I must here and now argue, at this point in these Lectures, that for JOA's work to reconstitute the City, and in our time, the second half of the 20C, **the Entablature was the critical Architectural device**. I can argue for it negatively, in that it had disappeared even more completely than the column. Kahn invented his Servant-Space columns during the 1950's. But where are Kahn's Entablatures? Mies sports a vestigial terminal cyma-recta, which could be graced by the title of Geison. But what do his roof-slabs support? They can be classed as 'Sheltering' - but not as 'rafts' with a **Cargo**. Corbusier, with his customary semantic richness, was the only Architect to show, both before and after WWII, an extensive 'cargo' upon his roofs. Some of his roofs, such as at Ronchamp and Chandigarh's Palais de Justice, were even giant wings (although these became coincidentally divested of 'cargo'). But he is the only exception to this rule. Going further into this analysis, I believe that one may confidently assert that no-one, no one at all, went to the final conclusion of the Entablature-Myth, which is to **look up from the interior, and reveal the nature of the Cargo to the Citizens of the New Foundation**. Corbusier frequently inscribes the memory of some Architectural device and deliberately traduces it, so as to open the way for his radically modernised version. But making holes in a mere slab, as he does with his 'light cannons' in the la Tourette Monastery is not enough to qualify as cargo. Rather, Corbusier describes, as Claude Lorrain painted in the 17C, the 'Nordic' myth of Culture as Nature.

The Vedic myth describes how the 'spear of Indra' shatters the fragile Nest of twigs and pins it to a submarine mountain. The 'Humanised' version, derived from 15C Italy, generates the spear-columns of light from the Raft of Reason. They locate the Heap of History and, as in the genetic history of Sebastiano Serlio, spring (but downwards!), from every crossing of the 'trabica's' orthogonal 'trabes'. They lower, like bars of flaming gold, into the 'enmuralled' Sea of Chaos.



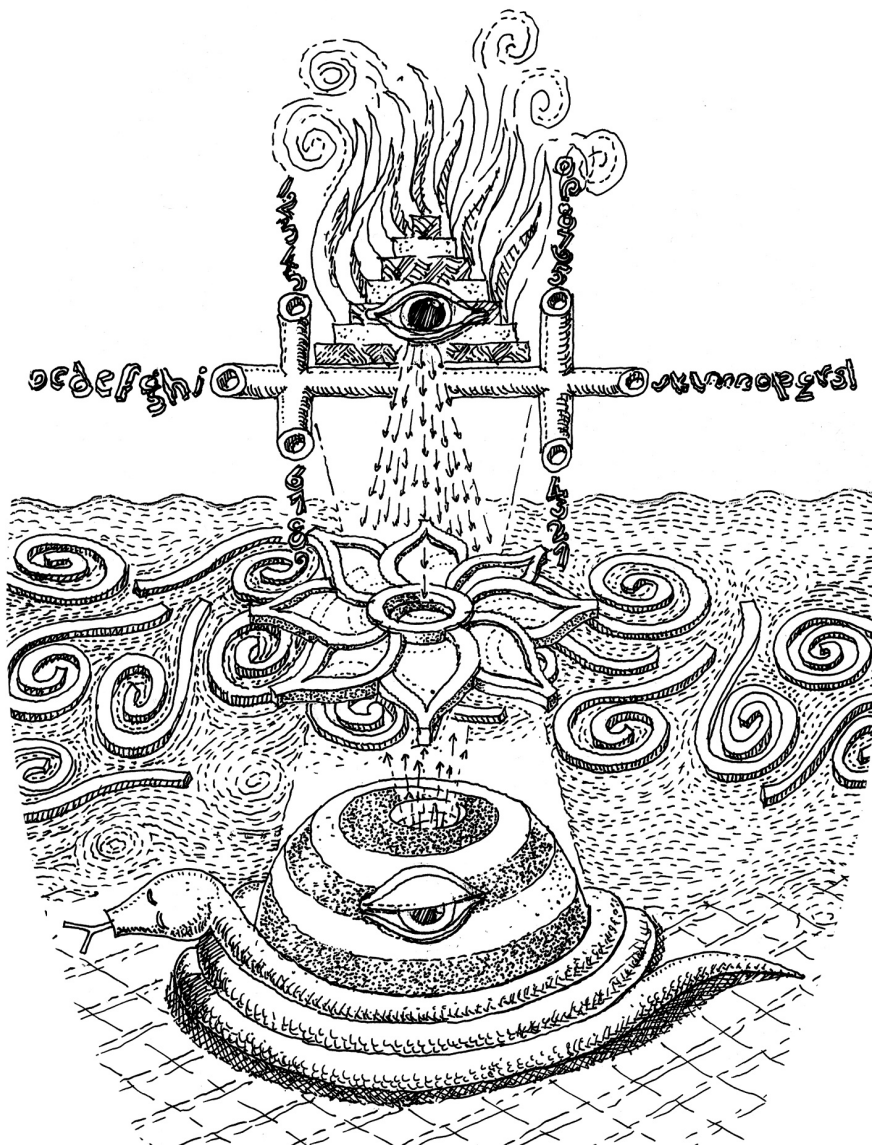
'Downwards Cycle Stage 7: The Heap of History', aka the 13.5 billion-year-old human 'Body'. Nights and Days layer into the confused and tangled pile that contains the 'Black Sun' of the Body, of the Past, of History and of the Power of Life itself. I have drawn it as a 'Heap' because the reality of History is inscrutable. All that we know of it is the Myth we have invented of it, scripted in the black and white of signs.



My Listeners may remember that Lectures One and Two effected a radicalisation of the Column, the 'Ordine' of the Western Tradition, and ended with the richly-decorated 'gallery' of the Judge Institute, in Cambridge - a project to be more fully described in the forthcoming Lectures 20-24. These two inventions inspired, along with others of our 'transgressions', the twin judgements of Professor Bob Maxwell that JOA had "broken the taboos of Modernism" as well as "Invented a Sixth Order". Lectures One and Two did not mention the Entablature. Yet the sharp critical nose of Maxwell had recognised it, proposing, "Outram sees the roof as a kind of raft borne-up by space which flows around it like water - a conceit which does not help me but undoubtedly helped him".

Perhaps if the ceiling had been fully inscribed, as later occurred in Texas, Maxwell would have recognised that my Raft was neither a merely "personal conceit" (however necessarily tolerable for the sake of an artist's inscrutable motivation), nor some easily-digested Post-Enlightenment hapticity. He must have had to discern this 'raft' as the bearer of a Cargo whose Cryptoscape would ceiling the New Foundation which, if added to other inscribed ceilings of this sort (such as they do in the City of Rome), would project a vast and fabulous (in the sense of 'fabled-narrated') ethosphere above any city fortunate and clever enough to institute such an Entablature-Led Reconstruction!

The Entablature is the Raft of Advent. Its 'Cargo' are the Ideas that mean to found the Institution. After much searching it finds its proper place. Its 'arrival' signals the beginning of the Rite of Foundation. It approaches the protective coil of inertia and the dense, inscrutable, 'Gordian' complexities of the Heap of History.



This version of Kuiper's cosmogony shows the moment at which the Raft of the Advent (urers) and the Heap of History come into vertical register, one above the other. The serpentine sign of cyclic time has not yet been disturbed. Yet, anachronistically, I show the Lotus through which the Ontogenic Column will rise. Kuiper discourses upon the possibility of a prenatal memory as the origin of this 'History'. I welcome this interpretation, and propose it as appropriate to a phenomenology of the restricted Humanist sort needed to build a home for our species on a Globe we must now learn to share with others. Francis Bacon asserted that "In England we do not subdivide poverty, we manufacture Wealth". One does not have to accept poverty to allow other species a lifiespace. One has only to manufacture a lifiespace fit for humans.

I saw its early promise, under the guidance of professor Adam Hardy, to be a 'thorn in the flesh' of the, by then, wholly 'academic' 20C Modernism.

Then I witnessed the **Classicists Putsch** organised by Demetrios Porphyrios and Professor David Watkin. When the school finally applied, after four years of undiluted **Neo-Classical practice**, to be certified as capable of training Architects up to a **vocationally Professional standard**, it was **easily rejected by an already-hostile Profession**. Its graduates **weakest subject was History!** Neo-Georgian Classicism had become a mere panacea, a polite 'manner' to be applied by eligible girls of marriageable age **like a nocturnal face-cream**. POWI had become an intellectually bathetic self-admiration society.

Looking at it from the 20C, most Historians argue that the collapse of **Architecture**, as conventionally understood, was gathering speed during the 19C. **Revitalising** resources were explored, from exotic cultures, to **Positivism**, to 'Retro' revivals and inspirations 'ex-utero' the Medium. All seemed to be recognised as wanting until, after the **senseless carnage of WWII**, every 'Architectural' culture, everywhere, was **wholly rejected** by the self-styled Avant Garde of Modernism.

Only physical engineering and a deracinated method of composition remained legitimate.

Now, in the 21C, after late 20C **High-Tech**, and the so-called Post-Modernist recall of **Tradition**, even **these barren paths** to an Architectural culture have been abandoned. Nothing remains except the **Cult of the wayward** and (intentionally) **inscrutable Genius** along with some ad-hoc workarounds, or practices, whereby the 'spark of genius' may be fitfully fanned into some sort of illumination, however **lacking** in either clarity or legibility. JOA's own way to a revitalised Architecture has **cast its net over as much of the globe** as we can muster. We have looked for examples of 'Architecture' which seem fruitful but, more importantly, for **explanations of why this is the case**.

I saw, and still see, no alternative, especially was this so when I saw the ambitious project for a 'universal' Architectural semantic, begun in the early 1950's, closed down by the pink-faced English Neo-Classacists of the 1970's.

I happened, by chance, to be one of the four External Examiners appointed by the University of Wales to the Academy founded on the initiative of HRH Prince Charles.

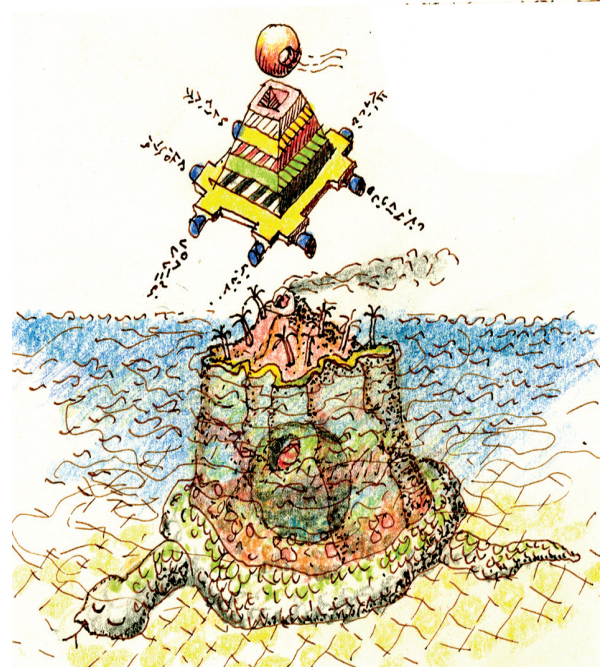
Greece and Rome were 'finished' by 1900. They were **doubly decayed** by 2000. However hard the West tried, their **iconic logic** remained impenetrable. Deflecting the semantic researches of the 1950's into the auto-critical Classicising project of **Complexity and Contradiction** merely postponed their much-repeated funeral.

If Architecture, the essential medium of Urbanity, is to be revitalised, the whole of Architectural culture has to be examined. Nothing can be considered 'out of bounds'. No taboos can be allowed. How can one even entertain such niceties after twenty years of the laboriously-constructed Architectural trash of 'Deconstruction'? My own 'fertilising discoveries' (if one will excuse the pun) were some 'Architectures' inscribed within the cosmogonic myths of the ancient Egyptians, and more interestingly still, the ancient inhabitants of the Indian subcontinent. I felt no personal alienation from these histories as, due to the Raj, I was the second generation to be born 'East of Suez'. For me, as for Warhol, "its all the same".

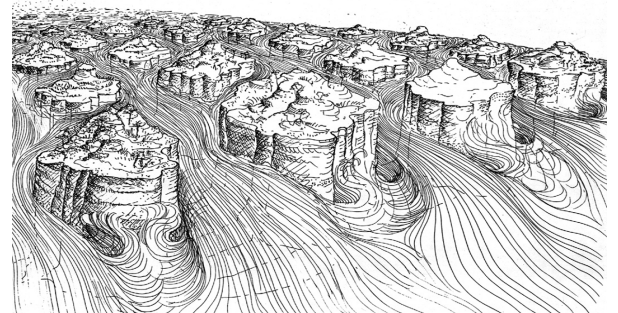
Living, also, as I have for sixty years, within walking distance of the Marble Arch, has shown me an history of how London, first because of the Empire, and later the U.S. hegemony, has become the capital city of Global English. Not being the USA, and possessed of its millenary 'manifest destiny', Londoners feel no compulsion to 'become English'. While being capable of English speech, they feel no compulsion to speak it to each other, but converse unashamedly in their native tongues. Oxford Street, its principal shopping street, rings every day with an hundred dictions. Few will be English. It may be the most globalised pavement on the globe. Nothing but a universalised 'ur-lifspace' can ever suit it. To pretend that it is 'English' anymore is as pointless as arguing that the muscular 'Imperial Classicism' of Regent Street was ever anything but an earlier version of a universalised lifspace built all over the pink-hued imperial cartograph "on which the sun never set".

I feel no sense of loss in travelling beyond either the Romano-Hellenic Tradition, the Dear Old Gothick, or Mittel-Europa's 'White' Modern. None will do for my home turf of London. They are all too 'provincial'. Not that a syncretic 'globality' was ever my ambition. I merely, as I wrote to my father at the age of sixteen, wished to exercise "something that worked". That something turned out not to be Engineering, as I believed it would be in those early years, but the decidedly more elusive medium of Architecture. Although why it should be so much more elusive when Architecture's subject is ourselves, most directly and exclusively, can only be explained as due to our own ability to dissimulate and deceive ourselves about ourselves, let alone others.

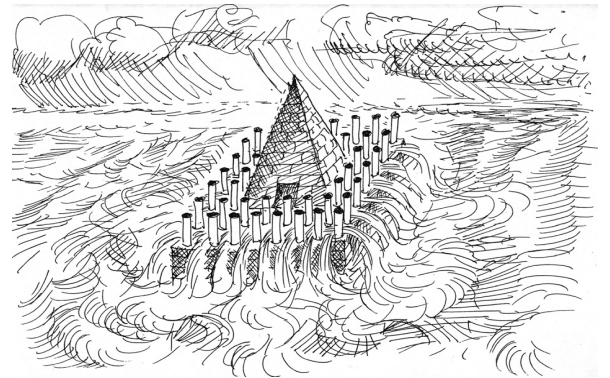
To begin an Humanistic Rite of Foundation with a memory of pre-natal insemination places the mythographer on firm ground. In the case of this medium of Architecture, I have adjusted the singularity of the Vedic history with a plurality of 'light-beams'. My inspiration here was Serlio. But my main purpose was to seed the Hypostylar Forest of Infinitude, that most architectural figure of the time before Time began to 'flow'. The means to this was the socio-plastic constitution of the Heap of History as a myriad of primordial settlements, all of whom needed to become 'columns' supporting a greater entity - the City.



In this more pictorialised version the 'mountain' appears, volcanically, like the earliest temples of the Olmecs, on the surface of the Sea of Contingency. The Raft of Advent carrying the germ of the Future Project hovers over it, ready to make the connection. The 'dark sun', like a cave, resides below its surface.



The 'connection' between the Future and the Past is the end of the 'downward cycle' and the beginning of the 'upward cycle'. At that moment the Sea of Chaos/Contingency begins to depart.



The multiplication of the 'rods of light' responds to a socio-plastic dimension of the Heap of History, its division into a myriad of small, village-like entities. I represent them, opposite, as black marble eggs under the blue-shouldered yoke of the Ocean. Each one, if 'invaded', grows into a 'tree-column' in the Forest of Infinitude.

Quadrations was the geometry of the Trabica, as it roved the Ocean looking for the site of the New Foundation. Quadrations was the geometry advised by Serlio so as to propagate the hecaton of columns constiuting his 'primordial building'. Quadrations was the geometry imposed upon the Heap of History so as to transform it into the Hypostylar Forest of Infinitude, the time before Time began. The 'swords of light' fell from each, equidistant, 'crossing' of the Rafts of Reason carrying, in its Cone of Hestia, the fire-germ of the New Foundation. The swords spread-out the village-eggs of the Heap of History so that they would germinate, one after the other, as the quadrated hypostyle of the Forest of Infinitude. In that way Villages could become a City.



The 'submarine' base of the Millenium Balcony columns at Wadhurst Park. The waves of the Ocean are the blue 'shoulders'. The contents of the Heap of History are the pile, like fish-roe, of small eggs of black marble. They represent, socio-plastically, that the heap of history has no more structure than that of an agglomeration of small entities, like villages, with no larger, socio-plastically 'higher', ordering principle. The cavity below the Heap of History is the chamber that once housed the larger entity of the 'black sun', the Germ of the Past, which when stirred into action, uncoiled into the Phylo-Onto-genetic Column. Its novel vitality also issued forth horizontally in the form of the four Rivers of Speech (here figured as the 'watery' flow (of blue paviers) that both quadrated the land, as well as made it amenable to human habitation.

**The quadrated trabica/
Raft of Reason, carrying
the Germ of the Project,
splits open the Submarine
Mountain/Heap of History.**

I draw this as a plural event so that the Raft of Reason/Trabica has multiple 'crossings'. The reason for this is that 'Reason' must entertain a potentially infinite extension. However, a nice aspect of this optimistic logic is that it offers co-ordinates for the descent of sufficient 'columnae luciae' to impregnate, and so germinate, the 'Hypostylar Forest' of the time before Time that was the Infinite Present of Infinitude.



Downwards Cycle Stage 5: The Columna Lucis 'strikes' when the Germ of the Project, aka the Idea of the Future carried by the Entablature, finds the Idea of the Past, hidden under the Heap of History - engendering 'Time'.



Downwards Cycle Stage 6: The Coil of Cyclical Time, sign of the infinite resistance of Custom and Tradition that guards the Heap of History. Its grip is loosed by the Strike of the Arrows of Light that descend from the Raft of Reason. Whereupon it un-coils to become the Arrow of Eschatological Time.



The Rite of Foundation rehearses the real history of the medium of lifespace engineering. Settlements began as cellular entities, both at the Domestic level and the larger Village level. In the Millenium column at Wadhurst, these are represented by the ovoid black eggs. When 'lit-up' by the 'Nails' of Indra/Arrows of Apollo they, like seeds, sprout into versions of the Onto/Phylo-genetic Column. Their array can then constitute the Hypostylar Forest of Infinitude. This is the Architectural 'ground', required for the 'figures' of Urbanity.

Before we reach this grounding for Architecture in a synthetic Temporality of Infinitude I will explore an historically primordial genesis which invokes the 'Heap of History'. It recalls the 'Cataclysm of Domesticity' which I used in Lecture Seven: 'Babuino' to decipher the design of the Mediaevo-Humanistic city of J.B.Alberti. The tool of the 'buried temple' was used by Alberti to abolish the detritus of 'historical domestication' and reify the city as an Arcadia housing only the temple-homes of gods and giants from the Renaissance's mythical Age of Gold "in illo tempore". It was one way of "inscribing philosophy by stealth".

It was the earliest strategy used by J.B.Alberti and the other inventors of the Rational State in their ambition to escape from the double chaos of Feudalism-with-Christianity.



IT WAS PROPOSED THAT THERE HAD BEEN, IN THE PAST, A GREAT AND EFFECTIVE CULTURE. THIS WAS NOT SO HARD TO BELIEVE, IN ITALY, AS ITS RUINED STRUCTURES, BLEACHED BY TIME, LAY READILY TO HAND.

All that was needed was to clear-away the debris of the last 1000 years and it could be found, ready to rise again.

Building upon this seemingly plausible truth, Alberti made it into a reality. But (he must have thought) what if firstly, people do not want to be 'cleared away'? Secondly, what if these ruins are truly dead and gone? What if they, therefore, cannot 'rise'? And so he invented, as we showed in Lecture No. 7; 'Babuino', his peculiar strategy of 'Philosophy by Stealth'. He built the Roman Resurrection himself, and then put back the (rent-bearing) 'Cataclysm of Domesticity' so that it seemed to have buried his New Temple deep in the glorious Past of the Golden Age. Then, and this was the best part (did he foresee it or did it just happen?), the golden temples seemed to simply 'blow away' the Cataclysm of Domesticity, at least in his imagination.



HE (AND EVEN WE TODAY) COULD WALK AROUND THESE MAGICAL CITIES WITH, AT LEAST IN OUR MINDS, ONLY THE BEAUTIES OF THE AGE OF GOLD AROUND US.

It took five centuries for this strategy to finally die. There is no 'glorious ancient culture for us to merely dis-inter and restore. Nor do people want to live in a shambles (or even a pseudo-Mediaeval shambles) just so that a golden temple (dedicted to what?) can make muddle and chaos vanish from the mind.

These Lectures show another way.

The Raft of Advent, porting the cataclysmic Time of Inception, is a tool that has the same effect - but with alternate means. It avoids having to rely upon the need to build the main body of urban accommodation as a fraudulently picturesque essay in Eisenmannian Deconstruction.



The Renaissance hoped to find the Rational State upon the Authority of the Antique. This was to be found In the Past. If it was physically lacking, then it had to be built. Hence the 'Old' or 'Antique' look cultivated by its Architecture. Now we have only Reason to Govern us- and mediated by Computers at that...

AFTERWORD for the SIXTEENTH LECTURE: 'THE RAFT OF ADVENT'

I remember sitting on the top deck of a bus, going around the Wellington Arch at Hyde Park Corner and just noticing, as it were almost for the first time (though I had seen it over and over for at least 30 years), how very, very much stone there was being carried by its slender Corinthian columns. "What", I thought, "was it all about"? It looked like a piece of geology layered up over the ages like a 'New Earth' with the upright statue of NIKE, or Victory, holding out her laurel wreath as her Quadriga galloped the bronze chariot towards Westminster Hospital - as it was then before turning into the Texan watering-hole of the Bunker-Hunt-owned Lanesborough Hotel.

The 20C Art Historian Herbert Read described the fall of Democracy before the twin totalitarianisms of Fascism and Communism as a "statue stabbed in the back by a Doric column". By this he meant to characterise Hellenic Architecture as either instrumental to murderous tyranny, or less apocalyptically, as merely its blazon. All such associations (which continue unabated within the a-historical deserts of the contemporary Architectural Academy) ignore the fact of this particular Architecture's Hellenic origin, or the other fact of its ready use, over the millenia, by regimes of every possible persuasion.

More unread still was the peculiar inability of the 20C to escape from the positivisms advertised by the 18C Rigorists and Purists. These succeeded, for some 200 years, in reducing the Column to an anti-gravity prop and the Entablature to its mysteriously over-prescribed stone lintel. Both of these were displaced, in the 20C, by an Architecture of 'planes' that was so deracinated that it could only be vitalised by being energetically ravaged, raped and tortured, at the century's end, under the necrophiliac rubric of 'Deconstruction'.

It was not until the anthropological scholarship of the 20C that the West, itself, was able to escape from its own ideology of physical violence and discover that the Entablature (beam) far from being 'held-up' by the Column (prop) was rather the reverse. The beginnings of it all were in the 'Cargo' brought by the 'Raft'-Entablature to the 'Heap' accumulated by the nights and days of History. When these two 'coincided', as certainly as gender induces reproduction, the column came into existence as the 'columna lucis' that instituted the cataclysmic 'Time of Inception'.

This was the Column of the Architectural Order at its beginning. It was nothing like a Prop at all - more like a lighting-strike!

But this is not how the 'Ordine' ended up 'in the end'. We will examine this ultimate condition in the next Lecture, No 17: 'The Jaws of Death'. Not that this 'end' can avoid including its 'beginning' in the scripting of 'Architecture's endless rehearsals. For nothing should avoid 'being known'.