the Fortieth lecture.

A 50-Year-old Problem

JOA

The 'Ideal City' is nothing more, in this lecture, than the idea of what a city ought to be.
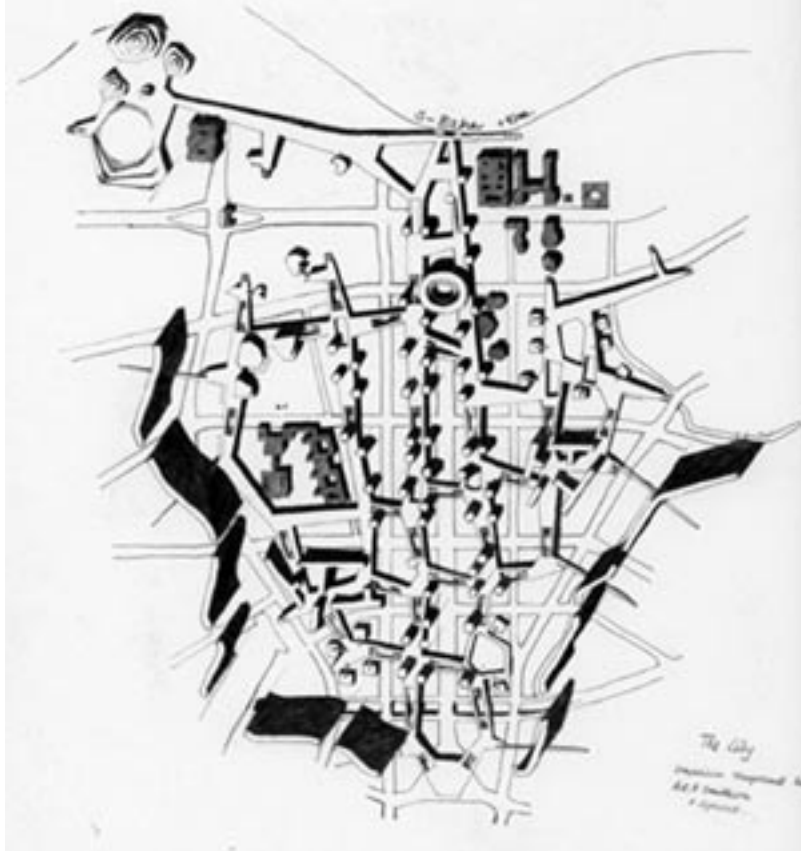
Theory is what ought to be done. Reality is what is done. Tragedy is the distance between the two. Without Theory there can be no Tragedy. Without Tragedy there can be no Poetry.

Peter Smithson, my fifth-year (1959) tutor at the Architectural Association, proposed to "draw a rough poetry out of reality". Captivated by this broken-backed idea, the Smithsons never exceeded their 1949-54, post-Miesian, school at Hunstanton. Its 'poetic' was that whereas with Mies one had bronze and marble, at Hunstanton one had an acoustically and environmentally deficient box of rusting steel where the basins drained into 'rough' cement floor-channels. It was the Attlee ideal of the Welfare State revealing that British Socialism was no more than a 20C version of the Poorhouse. It was nothing more ambitious than Charity. Reality is only tragic when it registers against a Vision of Ideality.
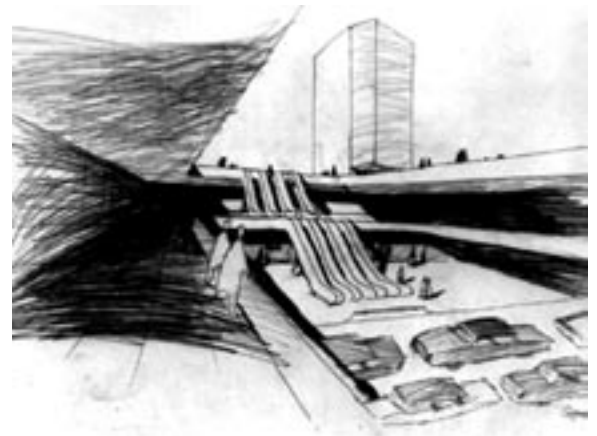
Alison Smithson irrigated her cult of the 'as found' upon every cultural root except Architecture - as it was found - in her time, or, for that matter, any other. In consequence the Smithson's idea of a city owed nothing to any known 'Architecture'. Their Haupstadt Berlin Central-Area competition entry of 1957-58 consisted of elevated concrete bridges whose compulsively passive geometry adhered, like pliable glue, to buildings of even more patently 'vitalist' footprint.


Hunstanton School was beautiful because it 'idealised' Mies, not because it brought Neo-Classicism to mind - as did Mies himself. The Smithsons showed neither capacity nor affection for 'Architecture' - whether 'Classical' or any other. They built little, and even less that was highly regarded. Stirling, who was even more of a 'Brutalist', loved Architecture in spite of himself (and critics like Reyner Banham). So Stirling built more and was admired more.

The City, stripped of 'Architecture', is surgically opened to reveal the life-blood of the coming Pop-urbanity - a pulsing flow of 'limos'.

An English passion for the what-comes-naturally-wonky-Picturesque is layered over the ghost of a ruined (discredited, Authoritarian-Classical), urban grid. A sketch for the Berlin Haupstadt competition of 1957-58 by Alison and Peter Smithson with Peter Sigmund-Wonke. It became the iconic ideal of its time.
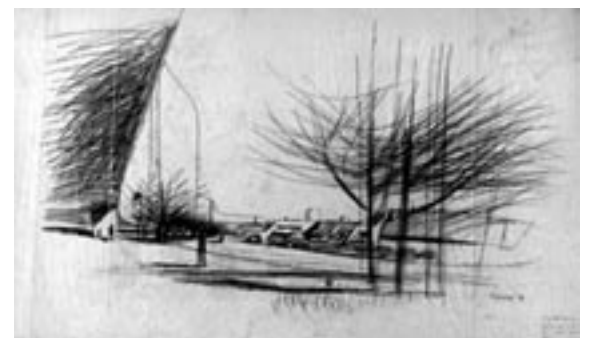
The Garden of Delights which awaits the city-planner who refuses the temptation to 'find' Architecture - an all-too-familiar paradise of endless floor-slabs voided of any hint of column, entablature or archway.

The reward for their decade of fame was, in 1966, a metropolitan dwelling-project for 321 families. It had ambulatories accessing through-aspect apartments that enclosed, in typical Steen Eiler Rasmussen fashion, a generous green 'square'. Almost everything was good about the design except the rigorous refusal to project a single form, let alone a chromatically ordered ornamental decoration, that betrayed an Architectural pedigree. Robin Hood Gardens was never even remotely 'Pop'(ular). It had nothing of Alison Smithson's House of the Future. There was no equivalent of her kooky clothing and shiny plastic chairs.

The project became everything that the Elite of the Architectural Profession liked about itself and everything that the Public totally hated. The iconic incompetence of the Smithsons, and their intellectually-dominant circle, put back city-planning for decades. By failing to invent a cure, they are to blame for prolonging the illness of Suburbia.

The tragedy of the Smithsons is the tragedy of English Architecture. Architecture is such a 'foreign' medium that the English treat it too reverentially. Thus, while English humour is well known, it finds few openings in this very 'serious', un-private and essentially 'foreign', medium. In Italy one finds whole churches in which every surface is a 'fiction'. They are either painted as 'faux marbre', sketchily-imitated wood, or an entirely fictional perspective into a notional scene. In England one is lucky to find any colour at all overlaying the grimly naked brick and stone. Robin Hood Gardens is not "drawing a rough poetry out of reality". It is an obscene demonstration of a wilful architectural and iconic illiteracy. Not that it was any worse than a hundred other such 'public' housing' projects. But it is especially condemned because persons of such talent should have known better. The Smithson's were intelligent enough to have understood Architecture. They refused to do so. They preferred to believe, like Reyner Banham and the brightest of their generation, that Architecture, 'as found', was now a dead medium that inhibited the birth of the 'New'. In the end it will be 'the new' that dies and Architecture that endures - refreshed by radicalised theory.

But the 1950's were not only Brutalist. That time also saw the beginnings of an attempt to assimilate 'the past'. Structuralism was ambitous to reduce Architecture to a flexible and formidable formality as dry as any birthed by De Stijl. Yet the Venturis, with their American colleagues, could only use 'Architecture' as a pin-on 'badge'. How could they entertain the 'belief' that any symbolic content could be inscribed into the physical body of an American industry in which, according to R. Gregory Turner , the only part of the budget left to the Architect was the external 'cladding; - comprising only 12% of the budget?

Is the 'ideal' of deconstruction a Debris-collage like Balouba No. 3? Afflicted by a St. Vitus dancing syndrome (driven by two small electric motors), Jean Tinguely's objects sometimes shake to bits.

Tiring of the pretentious historicising of the Venturis, and their failure to incorporate Architecture at a physical level, the Northern States of Europe espoused High-Tech. The works of the Post-Modernists, in their clumsy vulgarity, illustrated the failure of the Architectural theorists, from Hitchcock onwards, to crack the Vitruvian Code. High Tech proved, from its beginnings in the Pompidou and Lloyds right up to the Gherkin, that, like the machines that inspired them, the prime capability of this 'toys for boys' movement's was to destroy urbanity.

What could follow these failures but Deconstruction - an imagery that strove for 'counter-formality' and 'contra-functionality'? Decon aimed to be ugly, badly-built and dysfunctional. Only by such measures could the Architectural Profession prevent the works of its leading Architects' being bowdlerised by the real estate industry down to the nadir reached by commercial Post-Modern Classicism. Only by such irrational tactics could one be sure, in the "its all the same" culture of the USA, that a merely commercial development could not be mistaken for a 'Work of Art'.

But where is the 'tragedy' in such a tactic? Where is Decon's brave struggle to achieve the 'Ideal State' of Theory? Or is it that, needing to conform to certain minimum physical and spatial standards of habitability, Decon structures do not, like the objects made by Jean Tinguely, actually disintegrate and collapse? Could the tragic poetic of the 'Deconstructed' be, not that they are truly chaotic and confused, but that they are obliged, in spite of their arty protestations, to remain stable, fireproof and amenable to the banalities of domesticity?

It takes months to renovate a room, years to finish a new building and centuries to finish a city. It is because of this that cities tend not to be wholly new. They are 'renewed'. It is for this reason that cities must be designed so that their form is forseen and guided towards a final state.

This state, or form, is the ultimate function of the medium of Architecture.

Without this ambition, and function, Architecture remains an important medium for some, usually the wealthy and powerful, but of no importance to the majority. It has always struck me as paradoxical, within the part of the Anglophone world in which I have worked, that Architecture is unknown, as a medium, to the majority of the English. Whereas Americans are far better informed. Mark Jarzombek, writing in 'The Psychologising of Modernity', Cambridge University Press, points out that all American High School students are taught 'design' as one of the 'arts of living'.

A similar level of Architectural sophistication is found on what we English are pleased to call "the Continent". Yet few Architects would deny that England remains a more conducive lifespace to their medium. Its lifespaces remain of a scale that does not make Architecture entirely irrelevant. There are no single-storey shacks whose 'architecture' is now detached, rendered 'parlante', four storeys above them, as an illuminated sign that addresses, for few milliseconds, a million hurrying automobiles. Yet a close examination of the ideas behind the two lifespaces, and a considered examination of their more recent 'suburbs', must lead one to wonder if England would not be very much like Houston if it had all been built today, instead of during the 19C, when 'Architecture' informed all constructions - even those of the factories, bridges and railway equipment of Britain's pioneering Engineers.

To bring a 'city' into being via the architectural medium is, especially at this moment, within the Anglophone cult of Consumerism, more difficult than it has ever been. Indeed, during the last half-century, it has been the opinion of sophisticated Architects in the USA that such a birth had been confirmed into the realm of the irretrivably Historical. To birth a 'city' is no longer possible.

THE CITY OF ARCHITECTURE, IF IT IS CONSIDERED AT ALL, IS, IN THE USA, MERELY AN ARMCHAIR SUBJECT FOR 'REFERENTIAL' MOURNING.
IT WAS FOR THIS REASON THAT DUNCAN HALL WAS SO HATED BY THE ARCHITECTURAL PROFESSORS OF RICE.

For the Academics, hypostylar columniations irrigated by a strangely fluvial iconography supporting an Entablature which framed a decorated ceiling over long internal perspectives which indicated unknown 'istoriae' - called-up a monstrous ghoul. It was a spectre, a Frankenstein that the Venturis were thought to have buried under their suffocating blankets of pretentious mockery.

But this is not the case with the Public. Architects, even Architectural Professors, will have to accept the opinion of the Public. The Professors refuse to do so at the moment because they have no other Architectural culture than the one which destroyed the Urbanity of the past and failed to create one for the future, leaving only a sub-urban desert.

History shows that most of mankind's cultures have got along without cities at all, let alone a clear idea of what they might be, or ought to be. Yet, as these lectures are invented, the global population, which passed 6 billion in 1999, and is now 6.5 billion, has already passed the mark where more than half of us have come together to live in what are carelessly described as 'cities'. The multiplication of the human species, as well as the power of states, is assisted by the efficiencies brought about by urbanisation.

The cycle set up by the Anglophone cultures of the late 20C and early 21C followed an 18C and 19C migration from the country to the city with a 20C escape from the close confines of an 'industrialised' urbanism to leafy, low-density, bungalow and ranch-house suburbs. While this pattern is not being followed in all of the more recently-industrialising cultures it remains as an ambition for their political and commercial elites. As such it is inevitable that it will work its way down the social strata when, and if, these cultures can support, economically, the highly-dispersed urbanisation of the USA. Yet, today, in the 21C, even the USA is finding it difficult to support the rate at which this lifestyle consumes resources and manufactures pollution. The standard of living of the USA, as well as that of the more highly-developed parts of the EU, has, during the first decade of the 21C, ceased to rise. It can no longer rely on the rest of the globe to supply its demands.
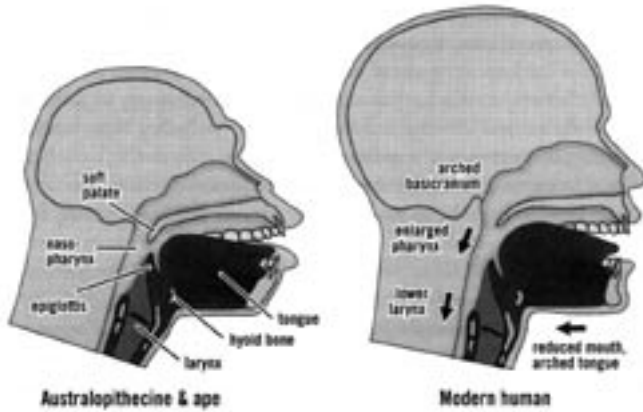
Figure 11.4 *Descent of the larynx in human evolution. Relative positions of the major structures of the vocal tract as in apes and australopithecines (left) and modern Homo sapiens (right) depicting how relative reduction of the mouth and face and relative expansion of the cranium in human evolution has resulted in a correlated descent of the larynx and epiglottis lower into the throat, enlargement of the pharynx, and increase in the role of the tongue in modulating the shape of the pharyngeal and oral cavities. This has significantly increased the range of sounds, especially vowel sounds, that can be produced and decreased the degree of nasality of speech sounds. The evolutionary time course of this shift in vocal tract anatomy is still a matter of considerable debate, but most researchers would agree that Homo erectus' anatomy was more or less intermediate between that ancestral ape state and the modern state.*

A figure from Terrence Deacon's 'The Symbolic Species', in which he illustrates his thesis that the evolution of the human brain was linked to the evolution of the human vocal anatomy. His work descends from the fact that while human physiology is clearly similar to that of our ape ancestors, our cultures are hugely different. I use his work merely to illustrate the fact, that whatever may be the similarities, the differences have taken millions and thousands of years to evolve. We are what we are and there is no 'going back to Nature' that is not a symbolically-mediated 'fiction' in itself!

The suburb is a lie that coves over this truth – that human existence is 'fictive'. But the suburb is worse than this. For it is nothing new for humans to 'live a lie'. The greater crime is that the spread outwards of the urban culture of the Anglophones both creates the all-devouring economy which gives their states such overweening wealth and power, as well as placing hectare after hectare of complex, primordial, habitat under the deathly 'monoculture', of tract housing. Corbusier described this condition, nearly a century ago. But he failed to invent its cure.

Yet the design of a city that will prove more attractive than the living death that is the commuter/tract-housing/suburb has only to solve a single problem.

The tools already lie to hand to resolve all others.

It is that of symbolisation.

The **contemporary human lifespace, and lifestyle,** is brought into being, increasingly, by science and its **application in 21C technologies.** Humans are physical beings, whose primary needs and functions are 'mechanical'. But the **lifeplace design engineering of the last century**, in its **enthusiasm to be technically effective,** overlooked a unique property of humans. We are **hardwired talkers, fictionisers, and mythmakers.** We can never escape the two million years of evolution that imposes upon each new human a uniquely formed vocal equipment attached to a uniquely-evolved brain. **The imposition of the compulsion to lie, to dissimulate, to laugh and entertain pure nonsense imposes upon us the strange fate** that we can only arrive at an undersanding of the reality of this peculiar condition via these **self-same mediated fictions.**

In the immortal dictum of Picasso: "Art is the lie that shows us the truth".

The city can be the lie that **reveals to us the truth of who and what we are. In so doing it can give us peace of mind - that 'peace' which not so much passeth understanding, as is 'understanding' itself. The city can be the place in which we celebrate both the political and economic success of our species, and the tragedy that this success can only be achieved by 'urbanity'. The city 'ought' to be both the 'truth' of what we are as well as the lived, mundane, quotidian 'epiphany', which reveals this to us - concretely.**
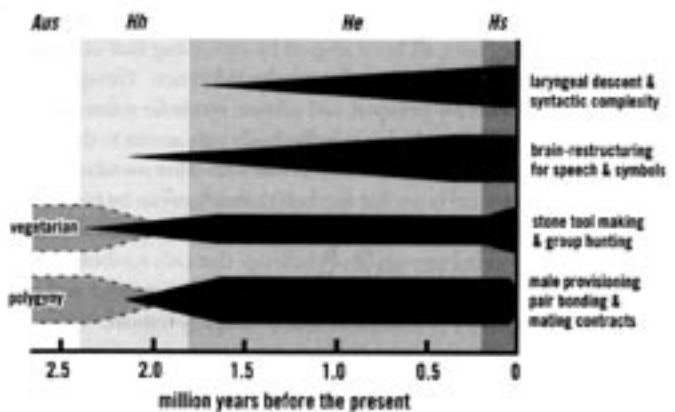

Figure 12.1 *Timelines of the correlates of brain-language co-evolution in hominid evolution from Australopithecus through Homo habilis and Homo erectus to Homo sapiens. The approximate epochs of each major recent hominid group are indicated by different gray backgrounds; the width of the bars indicates increasing importance/development of the respective features.*

Deacon describes how a diversity and precision in vowel-sounds are more easily produced by the human anatomy. This ability evolved later than consonants. Our earliest ancestors could not achieve the elaborated vocality of Homo Sapiens. Social selection favoured both vocal evolution as well as the pre-frontal brain needed to make cleverer speech.

The high-density city of the 20C, which was caricatured, in all seriousness, by Ludwig Hilberseimer, ignores the fact that human beings, with their propensity to talk, imagine, think and fantasticate need this quality to be woven into everything that they do in their lives. All things being equal, humans will choose the activity which feeds our need to 'emplot' some narratological imperative. One may call it 'morale', or ideology, or propaganda or just silliness. One may call it, as a puritan might, "unfunctional". But then, for the Puritan, 'useful work' is a down-payment to carry his immortal sould closer to God. How can he say that 'functionality' has no 'plot'? It has for him, the ultimate 'emplotment' of saving his soul from Hell-fire.

Hilberseimer was Man Friday to Mies van der Rohe in Chicago. He managed to stay true to the burnt-out Mittel-Europa, "Ornament is Crime", view of the USA. even after emigrating to it in the 1930's. This is an illustration of what it means when I say that Western Europe, even after 500 years of the artifices of the Renaissance, entirely failed to develop an intellectually plausible iconic philosophy of Hellenic, Roman, Minoan and Egyptian Architecture, let alone that of Mesopotamia, India, Japan and China, all of which were easily available to anyone by the beginning of the 20C.

At the most banal level, we all crave 'Art' in our daily rounds. Why else do we get acoustically 'plugged-in' and 'switched-on' to car radios, Walkmans and iPods? Why else do we read on trains? Our bodies are being subjected to technical marvels of physical engineering. But they know nothing of them. For this is the self-efffacing ambition of all good Engineers. Engineers only invent the ludicrous footbridges which pass for 'architecture' today because Architecture, itself, is bankrupt. No doubt the Tacoma Narrows is the ideal for a deconstructed Architecture. The homeostatic ambition of our own, human, physical engineering, is to become un-noticed so that our minds are free to 'work' at their favourite task of "fictioning".

It is clear that this semi-divine 'weakness', in humans' has to find its fulfilment also in our lifespace. It can not be satisfied by consumer-goods and pop-art alone. Nor can we, any longer, rely on the traditional medium of the Religons to which, due entirely to the failure of 'Modernity', more and more now turn, even with an increasingly fictive inventiveness.

Adolf Loos. One of the founders of the myth that the USA's industrial structures were the Architecture Autre towards which the 'higher' Western cultures should strive. The thought made him both sad as well as bloody-minded.

This is because he began work liking gold leaf and rich colours, passed through a period of richly-figured veneers from marble and woods, realised that he couldn't do Ornament, and ended-up designing an 'American' skyscraper as a Greek Doric column with sash windows.

Any state that wishes to survive into the future, and become powerful and stable, must provide this quality, or qualities, within the machinery from which it seeks to draw its wealth and power. Until recently, States relied for their survival upon the violent, ultimate and terminal arts of war. However, it was always the case, especially with long wars, that their wealth was also critical. Now, however, barring a government with suicidal tendencies, states armed with the latest weapons of massive destruction, must compete for survival only by means of the non-violent media whose efficacy is measured, for the most part, by their financial, and ultimately, cultural, force.

The lifeplace, and the way that this shapes the way that the generality of citizens live their lives, has become a critical means to the survival of states.

Democracy, conjoined to science, faces governments with the task of designing their lifespace design culture in such a way that the citizen's lifestyle makes the government wealthy enough, and potentially forceful enough, to survive in a world in which the existence of no state has ever been guaranteed. The consumerist lifespace of the USA, came, during the 20C, to be understood as the lifespace that produced the biggest volume of internal and external trade and therefore the biggest revenues to the State. However we now, in the early 21C, have evidence that the USA is bankrupt. My hardly uncommon proposal is, then, that we have to live in such a way that not only do we reduce our burden on the planet, but also reinstate the profits available to the State.

Here, however, we face the problem of both the desire to work, in post-Puritan cultures that no longer believe in either the immortal soul, heaven, or hell, and the further, even more difficult problem that revenue derives, in many cases (and certainly the British one) from trade. It was trade that needed credit, credit that developed money and money, as the early, rationalist, states of the 15C Italian Renaissance, agreed, that made taxation effective. Russian Communism failed because its economy, although autarkic over a large area, discouraged trade, double-entry book-keeping and the whole culture of finance that passed through Holland and Britain to the USA and now the Globe. Perhaps it may be possible for states to reduce their reliance on trade. But the lesson of history is that those that do, even when they have a another source of finance, such as the American gold of Spain, only makes their downfall the greater when other economies prosper and the 'backyard oil well' is exhausted.

The proper policy for states, in this sustainable/green ethos, is to focus on adding value to the entities that they create for sale. Needless to say that this value must be added by their own citizens. Here, again, the qualities inspired, and indeed inscribed, into their citizens by their lifestyle, and behind that, their lifeplaces, can no longer be left remaining at the level of the subliterate lifespace trash that we inhabit today and have been building for the past century.

What should be the form of a modern city that used the medium of Architecture to inscribe a rich and fertile iconics? This has concrned me ever since I was first directed to design at this scale, in my fourth year of architectural study, back in 1958-9. It was patent, even then, what sort of vital energies such a lifespace might obtain. The whole of my work, over the past half-century, has been to invent the components of this iconically-partnered lifespace. But this work, though carried-out in the normal light of constructional practice, could never, it seemed to me, be quite candid concerning its ultimate ambitions.

Nor was this unusual in the 20C. Mies van der Rohe advised: "Never talk to your Clients about 'Architecture". Corbusier said much the same. What terms were there, anyway, to use? None of the 20C Architectural Theorists made much headway here. Reyner Banham, mistaking Corbusian Propaganda for Architectural Philosophy, spent his whole life complaining that the heavy, cheap, immobile things that buildings really are had not yet become lightweight, mobile, machines! Corbusier himself coined many of Modernism's terminological novelties. But his "pilotis", "fenetres en longeur" and "'sol artificiel" had only the qualities of the advertising slogans that he studied after his Damascene abandonment of a career in the Decorative Arts. Corb's iconics carried upon their shoulders no 'cultural baggage', as Banham described Architectural theory!

My work, in all of its aspects, was supported financially by nothing more than the professional fees awarded for the usual Architectural Services.

There were no research grants from established Institutions.

I had no illusions concerning the interest of these academies in either the 'unreal' world of iconics or the 'real' world of mundane Architectural Practice. Architectural Professors, lacking the authority of a Practical Theory, have had to become more adolescent, more 'enfant terrible', than their undergraduate 'Clients'. The daily grind of building remains both unknown and undesired. The Professor no longer has Pupils to school, discipline, educate and lead towards a definite end. Yet my friends have often been architectural academics. I prefer their conversation. They are better read than I. But I have no illusions as to their usefulness to my medium. I even realised, at its end, upon my final Texan 'proving', when each physical, graphical and conceptual, component of this City of Architecture was perfected, and proved in action, that the Architectural Professors entertained a fear, which ultimately became patent, that my hubristic enterprise might succeed!

AND SO IT WAS THAT BY CHRISTMAS 1997, I HAD GROWN TIRED OF MY CLIENTS AT BATTERSEA.

I had achieved my ambition twelve months earlier, when I completed Duncan Hall, in Texas. I had proved, by a complete 'action', the viability of an Architecture which extended the total medium as it had been practised since the beginning of its history. Victor Hwang would fly out to Los Angeles and Las Vegas. But he never stopped-off in Houston. He never even went up from London to Cambridge to see Houston's predecesor. He allowed his in-house Australian Commercials to make an unaccompanied trip to the Judge to 'check it out". Neither did Anton Meijer, my art-collecting client from Den Haag, trouble to place his hands on, or ask anyone to to take him around, the technical and iconic breakthroughs that JOA had made. He sent his staff from Den Haag over to Cambridge while he toured an antique motor-car round the Alps. None of these commercial Clients were 'serious'. They only wanted JOA's 'perfume', JOA's 'image' and ultimately JOA's 'name' or as it might have become, if we had wasted enough time on it, our 'brand'. I was tired of them all. None of them came up to the knees of my amiable, open-hearted millionaires from Texas. The Old World was a dried-out jungle populated by the walking wounded of the wars that had stripped them of their 19C empires.

The onerous prospect of working for the Grosvenor Estate, and labouring all over again with the tunnel-vision illiteracy of a 'Commercial Client', was the final, circumstantial, jolt, that forced the 'Scripting' of Lectures One and Two. I projected its pages onto the video-screen. I highlighted parts of the text in bold colour while talking about the illustrations. How else could I declare my terms to the the newly-empowered illiterates who now 'managed' our projects? There was no time to 'educate' them!

It was this final collapse of Theory that had led to the 'political' decline of my Profession. The Architect no longer led the 21C project team. He was no longer the 'lead consultant'. If the Architect figures at all, he is only the 'lead design consultant'. It is the Construction Manager who handles the money, arbitrates the contracts and relates most closely with the final arbiter - the owner of the project. None of my innovations, that had led to my recovery of 'Architecture', as such, could have been realised under this new, 21C, regime.

The Architecture that I knew, a mysterious brew of many components, all stirred by my own Profession, was dead.

All of this has already happened, and appears irreversible. The design of a building was no longer prescribed, in every practical detail, by one hand. Today, if 'Architecture' is not found in a catalogue, it does not exist.

THE MANAGERS HAVE TAKEN OVER.
The only recourse now is the institution of a lifespace-design culture, which has the status of Theory, and is inscribed, as it once was, into the laws, customs and regulations of a City.

Rafael Vinoly's design for Battersea Power Station. A glass-roofed Atrium that sucks fetid air out of the peripheral office slabs and pumps it skywards inside a skyscraper-chimney decorated with apartments. It is always said that all the British care about is the plumbing. But that was when it went underground to Abbey Mills - not when one sprayed muck over everyone else..

It was time to leave Battersea. The huge project went on to drain the finances of several more Consultants before finally collapsing, in late 2006, and being sold-on, weeks after finally receiving a detailed planning permission, to an Irish house-building firm of some scale and even larger ambitions. These latter began as Hwang had done - by ignoring what had gone before, tearing up their planning permission, hiring an American Architect, and proposing a skyscraper so grotesquely tall that would be seen by all 15 million inhabitants of greater London. Plus ca change.

But the experience of Battersea had allowed me to work at a larger scale than hitherto.

IT MUST HAVE HELPED, BECAUSE,
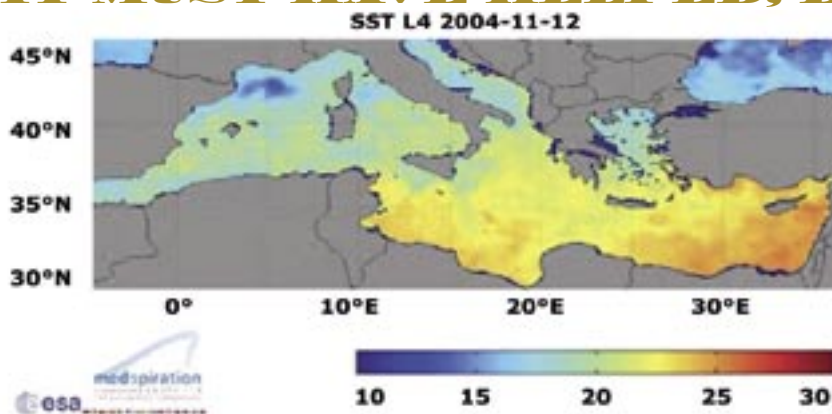
Nine years afterwards, in 2006 as it happened, while sea-bathing in Cyprus, I solved a problem which had been exercising me for fifty years.

Cyprus, along with the Lebanon, Israel and Egypt, has the warmest sea in the Mediterrenean. It is the only sea in which my wife is comfortable, Her family also hails from the island. So I find myself there some time every summer.

The warmest sea in the Mediterranean is trapped at the end furthest from the Atlantic. It is refreshed by the Nile and the rivers of Anatolia. Its salinity will also rise as the surrounding populations use desalination to augment their fresh water supply. Whatever else it does, it does make for comfortable sea-bathing.

Her maternal side hails from the town of Famagusta, Ammochostos for the Greeks. It stands in the midst of a living culture yet appears like the ruins of Western civilisation depicted in Planet of the Apes.

One of the horrors of the European Union. The skyline of Famagusta was built during the 14 years from 1960, when the island achieved independence from the second-rate bureaucrats the British Empire (the first-raters went to India), up to 1974 when the island was invaded by Turkey. The Turkish Army, after breaking every United Nations cease-fire, stopped outside the town a few days before Easter 1974. The Greeks knew that the Turks would attack on Easter Sunday. The Cypriot National Guard, left hopelessly ill-equipped by the peace-mongering government of Archbishop Makarios, were fighting with small arms against aircraft, artillery and tanks. They had already lost 35% of the island's territory. So the 60,000 Greek inhabitants fled, taking nothing with them but expecting to return after a settlement. 35 years later their town remains empty. The cemeteries have been vandalised and the buildings entirely stripped of everything moveable including windows and doors. Nothing remains to mark its rooms as having once being inhabited by people. Its buildings rust and decay. The best that can be said is that its people lived. They did so only because they knew how the Turks massacred the Armenians in 1909, the Greeks of Smyrna in 1922 and, in 1955, the last Greeks to live in Constantinople. Now, 35 years later, the Famagustians can see their city on Google Earth whilst they die of old age. A gentler extinction, but a brutal and cruel genocide none the less.

Adam Smith proposed, on page one of the 'Wealth of Nations', that the horse-borne armies of Central Asia offered the greatest danger to civilisation ever known. The Hungarian horsemen reached as far West as Rheims. Genghis Khan was the richest human to have lived - a wealth acquired by conquest. The Ottoman's descend from these mobile herds of plunderers. Famagusta is a monument to the incompatibility of the Nomad and Urbanity. The Turks descend from the cultures that, like the Flood, erase all boundaries and fixities. The Greeks, after Alexander, built Europe's first Empire. Like the Mesopotamians before them, they divided the land so as to farm and build. One is only happy building the Towers of Babel, the other delights in pulling them down, leaving only pyramids of skulls and the sighing of the wind. It why the Greeks fled. It is why the Cypriots will never sign away their land. They will have to be killed.

But that is, one day, what the Turks will do. Time means nothing to them. It took them from 1453 until September 1955, for the emptying of Anatolia to be completed. The Greeks have proved powerless to prevent their steady exclusion from the whole of the Middle East, a region that they once ruled, as conquerors and then as colonisers. The Greeks extended Classical Rome for a thousand years until the Franks destroyed the power of Byzantium by sacking Constantinople with the Fourth Crusade. Now the West has once again ruined the Hellenes, by encouraging the Turks to return to Cyprus.

The road to the Turkish Army post. The asphalt down the middle is kept clear by the wheeled patrols. Tall trees have self-seeded where none grew before while, behind them, the mud-brick buildings crumble away. What might have been a bargaining-chip. in 1974, is now a worthless ruin whose inhabitants will all die-out. It is a foretaste of what lies ahead for Hellenic Cyprus.

Odos Hermou. Many Greek towns take Hermes, the Antique deity of commerce, to personify their principal thoroughfare. This was how the paving of Main Street, Famagusta, looked, when seen through the barbed wire in 2006. Trees and cacti grew-up in the middle of streets that I, and 60,000 others once trod but where no-one except border guards had trod for half a lifetime.

On my balcony in Larnaca, overlooking the 'Phinicoudes', the sun rises out of the sea - with palms. I saw an exact congruence with a never- previously-understood sequence of images, drawn in 1983, where an "Archepelago of Arcadias emerged from the sea". It was like the stage of the Lotus in the Ontogeny.

The 'Eureka moment' came, on this balcony, in 2006.

It transformed my almost-fifty-year-old intuitions on city-planning, which had never been tested, into something both more practical and more dependent on my own 'Architectural' inventions.

The top of my sketch, seen to the right, shows quadrations of 'courtyarded squares'. They are entered on their diagonals. This was a plan-strategy that I adopted in 1959. It was semiologically demonstrative of both 'entry' and 'enclosure'. It recalled the site-planning of my erstwhile hero Louis Kahn.

Its defect appeared when one of the courtyands became a thoroughfare. The 'through route' blew the enclosing (cave-like) walls apart leaving only two miserable "immedubles á redents", as Corbusier would have called them. Even worse, their address to the street was at 45˚ - something that not even Corbusier could stomach.

After inventing the 'Handy-Square' in 2000 (Lecture 34), during the design of Haverleij, I no longer pursued this Kahnian way of 'enclosure'. Each Handy-Square was an isola that had been birthed by the departure of the flood from the primordial archepelago and re-birthed by every shower of rain, The isola-blocks became a Hypostyle of cubic mountains whose feet were enmeshed within the serpentine infinitude of scaly-backed city-streets. This poetics needs, absolutely, both the rigour of the hypostylar grid, as well as the 'scale' of a big city. The mock-village of the suburbs is the the refuge of the literal-minded. It substitutes 'Naturism' for the 'splendor' of an Urbane iconics grounded in Natural phenomena.

The ruin of Famagusta stands as a sign of the incompatibility of two cultures which are antagonised in almost every way, It is not only a city that I knew, but one that, barring the Turkish invasion of 1974, I would have found myself a citizen, So it may seem less strange to my Listener that I used, when on holiday, relaxing, shirtless, on our cantilevered concrete balcony, in the even smaller Cypriot town of Larnaca, overlooking palms, sand and sea, to re-plan Ammochostos from scratch. Perhaps, being a realistic sort of person, it was this unique, and ghastly, context that freed my mind. For the exercise never seemed as unreal in Cyprus as it might have done in England, a place so steeped in history, and the cult of 'what comes naturally', that the idea of a whole new city, thought-out from scratch', appears entirely improbable.

The 'eureka-moment' was when almost 50 years of struggle with a topology of urbanity was resolved by my more recent, 'American', understandings of the Parisian Beaux-Arts spatial 'weave'. Such understandings will be entirely foreign to British city-design culture, even prior to the 20C. New Delhi shows that not even Lutyens understood them.

The Hypostylar Time of Infinitude figured as a 'grid' of regularly spaced 'isolates' set in an Infinitely rippling 'serpentine' Sea. This is the 'primordial innocence' of the City-block, The 'Heap of History', though not entirely submarine, is none the less encicled by the everlasting warmth and permanence of the 'Ocean of Infinitudes'.

The Cataclysmic Time of the Advent is marked by the change from a permanent encirclement by a stable 'chaos', to the departure of the Ocean as rushing rivers of water that coalesce into a great flood. But this is not a flood that buries. Rather it exposes (as does the departing 'Vrta') the submarine bases of the isola-blocks.

It was properly 'urbane' that the domestic areas inhabit such an hypostylar matrix of isola-blocks. The hypostyle-forest reifies the timelessness of Infinitude. But this was exactly the temporal ambition of the 'English Country House' set in the *illo tempore* of *le Jardin Anglais*. For what is the temporal context of the 'house in the country' if it is not the a-historical, bio-geo-logical, timeless infinitude of Natural Cycles? What is the centrepiece of Every English urban 'square' if it is not a patch of this 'primordial forest' albeit conceived Naturistically, and Picturesquely?

The primordial cults of Domesticity should be detached from, and offer a relief from, the pressures of History as it flows down the Fluvial Narrative of Somatic/Sociatic Time that emplots the 'Valley of the Republic'. I could now propose that the Haverleij-style Handy-Squares fill-out the universal grid of all urbanities with a straightforward street-and-block geometry. It was a huge relief to escape from a half-century of struggling with Kahnian courtyards at 45°!

But this was only the foundation of the 'eureka moment'.

The real breakthrough was to be able to inscribe, into this hypostylar archepelago of domestic 'islands', the Fluvial narrative of Social Space. Yet how was this to be done in its 'classic' form of the Republic of the Valley? What, after all, is the civic equivalent of a valley if it is not a street, or better still, a wide boulevard? How could the 'Arrow of time' be represented without cutting a wide swathe of unremunerative open space through my newly re-established archepelago of 'blocks'?

The exposure is first of all to an airless void whose sky is black. Then the 'valleys' cut and left by the departed Ocean are filled with air, and the murmurings of sounds and voices. The 'Islanders' have lost their timeless Eden. They discover the 'floor' of the ocean from which they see a newly narrow sky that appears blankly opaque. The security of Infinitude is replaced by an History with a catastrophic Beginning and an unknown End.
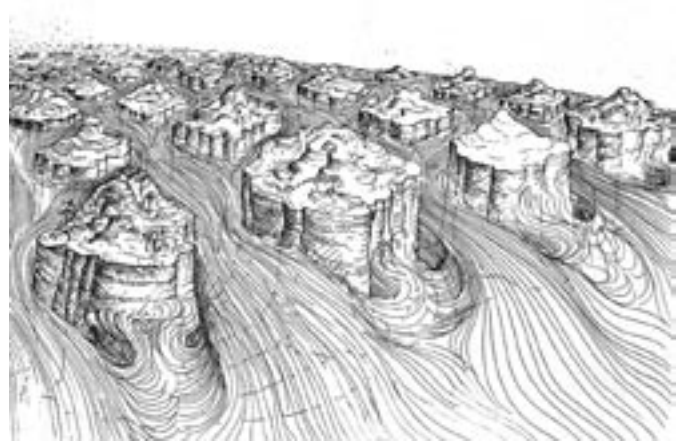
The Islanders seek the Answer to the Questions of Historic Time: Why did it Begin and how will it End? They excavate the 'islands and open views both up and down in order to fathom the mysteries which did not previously concern them but now fill them with anxiety.

In one of the **Ancient Vedic cosmogonies** that have been amongst the most fertile recourses to decrypting Architecture, the **Serpent Vrta**, or Vrtra, is seen as **signifying drought**. It is seen as 'blocking the flow of the rivers'. While **nonsensical to the Scientific mind**, even as a metaphor, for the **serpent is widely understood as a symbol for water** itself and how can water "dam" water, the **myth can be understood through the iconic narrative of the Time of Inception/Advent**. In this **Vrtra (I like the second 'r' - it repeats like the coils of a serpentine undulation) guards the submarine 'Heap of History' against intrusion. One may interpret this via the form** of the **Ourobouros**, the **serpent that eternally returns upon itself**, as the **Cyclic Time** of the **time before History began**.
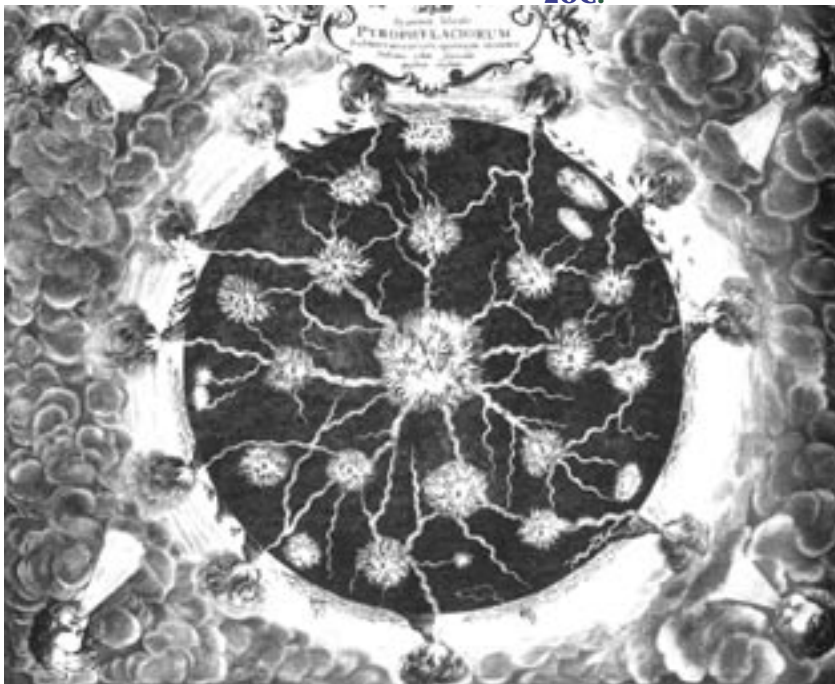

The serpentine form, as we saw in Lecture 16, 'Raft of Advent', Page 16-8, can also, especially when it 'Meanders' around a 'field' signify 'Time'. Taking both of these icons together enables the interpretation that we deal here with the iconic representation of the pre-natal state of 'oceanic' innocence before the catastrophe of birth.

Alciati's emblem, published in the 17C, suits my purposes here because it includes a 'Bather' just as I describe, in Lecture 7: 'Babuino', page 7-13, how the mythic inhabitants of the pre-natal 'isles of the blessed' lived during the "Age of Oceanic Dreaming".

Every Roman household conceived of its guardian 'domestic spirit' as a 'serpent' that was also 'bearded'. While a a snake can rid a building of rats the reasoning behind this icon was simpler. Serpents were considered the form of cthonic entities, and therefore suited to those that were considered to dwell 'under' the familial home. For them to be 'bearded' could imply a male identity. But nothing in iconics, as Edgar Wind remarked, is ever straight-forward.
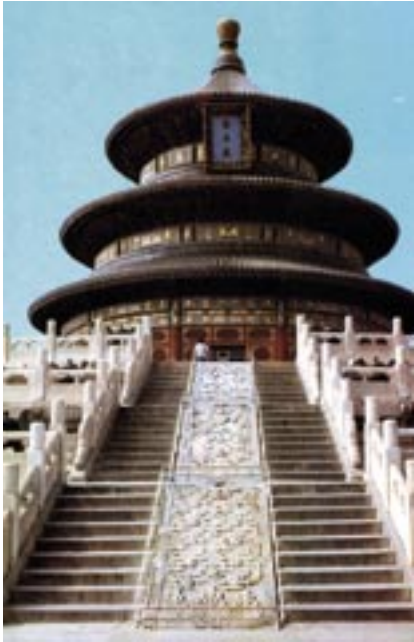
The **Greco-Roman ethos** revived by the **Rational Statecraft of Western Europe found it hard to assimilate the Judaic version of a Time that broke free of the circle of the Eternal Return to pursue, instead, the Eschatalogical Time of No Return. But this was the time which became adopted by the West during the political revolutions that birthed the present 'Modernity' of the 20C.**

Athanasius Kircher illustrated his already more physiocratically 17C version of the Subterranean Dragons. My point is only that they are intimations of terrible power which, when transferred to the Political dimension can easily stand-in for the idea of invisible forces which not only link things together but can explode.
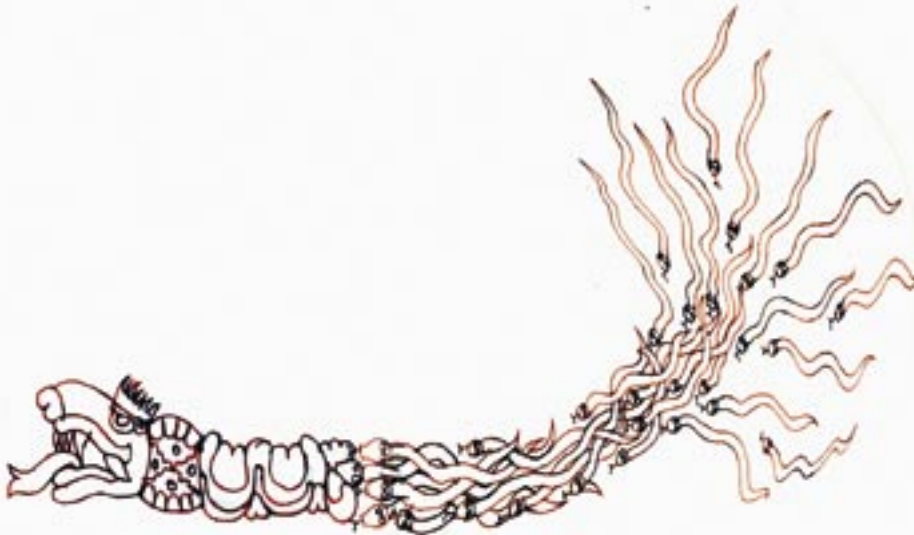
This is the Spirit Way, in Beijing's Forbidden City behind the Hall of The Preservation of Harmony (Bao He Dian). Clouds containing Dragons rise from mountains emerging from the Ocean. Only the Emperor was allowed to pass over it - carried on a 'Raft' in the form of a litter. It was a 'fissure', cut through the occluding carapace of palatial paving-stone, that permitted a view of the savage and violent powers underlying Civilisation. Only the Emperor was allowed direct access to its 'Spirit' powers. It was his task to rule them as well as the State that was their mirror.

The symbolic narratives employed by Architecture can represent the idea that this Revolutionary Modernity' of an eschatalogical temporality can be signed as the advent of the Entablature/Raft of Reason (shown Top Right), in its role as transforming the close and incestuous Heap of History into a population of Individuals.
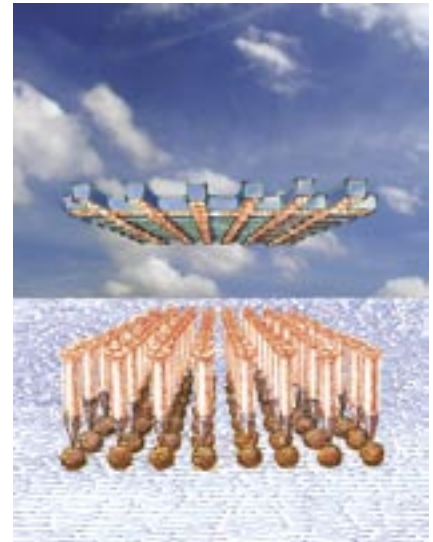
One effect of this change is described in the icon to the Middle Right. It is to transform the Serpentine River of Time from its previously endless circling and re-circling to its Eschatalogical version. Birthed in a catastrophic 'Beginning' Historic Time seeks its millennial 'End'. This it pursues with a 'line as straight as an arrow'.

The Raft of Reason Makes New Individuals - initiating each one on the journey from Cyclic Time to that of Eschatalogical 'Progress'.

The 'Spirit Ramp' on one of the four entrances to the Temple of Heaven in Beijing. The supra-human is laid open to view.

This lonely quest commonly becomes, along the way, a collective one. The New Individual, freshly minted by the cataclysmic Event-Horizon of the Time of Advent discovers that while he was a member of a tribe, or a family, he found no difficulty in living. But now that he is on his own he must find others to 'recognise' who he really is. This 'discovery' typical of adolescence, can 'snowball', or lead him, or her, to identify with a group, such as a whole generation, which can assume enormous size, quite dwarfing his/her erstwhile singularity. The image I use is on the lower right, a swarming shoal of fish whose size can reach 40 kilometres yet behave as one, seemingly beyond the will of its individual members.

The corollary of the unleashing of the idea of Progress that saw its most recent birth at the French Revolution is the need to organise,

The Birth of Eschatalogical Time. The symbol of the Encircling Serpent (Vrtra) of the time that always returns is ruptured by the advent of the 'Columna Lucis/Nail of Indra'. The serpentine figure is released to seek its 'End'. 'Progress' (the 'Arrow of Time/Serpent Soma') is born.

Individal 'Arrows of Historic Time' (which I characterise as the Serpents of Somatic Time that have been 'gifted' both Birth and its corollary Death and the full narratology of the 'Rites of Being' in between), have broken out of the endless re-cycling of the 'Time of the Eternal Return'. They head-off towards their Consummation. They find each other along the way and, because they no longer have a 'given' context, can quite easily combine into a 'Mass Movement'. This political phenomenon is the direct result of the Time of Revolutions that destroyed the ancient classes, monarchies and empires. The search is on as to how best to respond...

The individual ambitions of the New Moderns combine into a whirling mass of power under the control of an agency beyond their single wills.

An ancient icon of the struggle between the 'Above' and the 'Below'. Mosaic from the great palace at Constantinople. A.D. 400. From Allegory and the Migration of Symbols. Rudolf Wittkower Thames and Hudson 1977.

The eagle represents 'Authority', the Serpent a vital power which must be subdued. 10C Marble relief from Byzantium, British Museum. Wittkower. Th & Hud '77. 'Allegory and the Migration of Symbols'.

The JOA version of the Raft of Reason bearing the Pyre containing the Light of the Future. Cf Lecture 10-18 to 10-23: "Return of the Symptom as the Cure'"

No longer a merely subterranean spirit, this Free Individual is now the power that underlies Modernity. The deracinated Individual can combine into a great whirling River-like Dragon whose qualities I portray by references to these images from Rome, China and Europe. All tried to image superhuman powers which must be 'civilised'. Another ancient image shows a conflict between a bird and a serpent. I show ones from Christian Byzantium only for their clarity. Similars can be found as far afield as Mesopotamia, Ancient Greece and Pre-Hispanic MesoAmerica. But this image is essentially a mere combat - a scene of war. Civilisations may be consequent to war, and continue to contain conflict. But what is actually demanded as an image of Peace and Civilisation is the Hegelian Third term or Synthesis which is the lusty infant born from the copulation/war of the Two Suns - an infant more persuasive and more powerful than its Parents, yet clearly of their lineage.

This must be the final ambition of the Constant City.

The only discipline that is incorruptible is self-discipline. Here the runaway mass of rootless 'singles/Serpents of Som(atic Time)' is surprised by the very agency that created it in the first place - The Raft of Reason carrying the Pyra containing the Fire of the Future. Its Columniae Luciae beam down upon the turbulent torrent and grip its power.

The narrative of Somatic Time as a Fluvial ~Phenomenology inscribed onto the Entrance Portico of Duncan Hall in Rice University. For details of its decryption see Lecture 28-12 to 28-18: Writing (the) Outside'.

The Entrance Facade of Duncan Hall narrates the conceptual structure of its 100-metre-long interior. The 'istoria' is told in a mixture of signs and concrete forms whose physical uses reinforce the meaning of their iconic coincidentals.

When the Light of the Future zeroes-in on the Heap of History and the Columna Lucis brings the the Black Sun of the Genius Loci into contact with the White Sun of Reason the catastrophic Time of Advent bears forth the Event-Horizons of the River of Somatic Time that is both the Phenomenoloogy of the Individual Life as well as the Phenomenology of Sociation.

The preceding iconic discourse goes some way towards explaining why JOA's Architecture, and in that regard all Architecture with the ambition to render 'Urbanity', is required to obtain a definite 'weight' of iconic, and even material substance.

BOXY GLASS AND STEEL SIMPLY WILL NOT DO.

My prescription requires that not only is this Medium the child of the 'Modernity' of at least the last 200 years but that it is required to manifestly present the fearsome powers unleashed by this History of 'Modern' pain and fury. Only by both recognising them, as the Chinese revealed the turbulence above and below their Settled Realm, and then taming, ordering and harvesting these powers, can the civility of the Urbane come into Being.

This then, is the Iconic Engineering of the Socio-Political narrative which will enable us to answer the curious question posed at the end of Page 40-11: How could the 'Arrow of time' be represented without cutting a wide swathe of unremunerative open space through my newly re-established archepelago of 'blocks'?
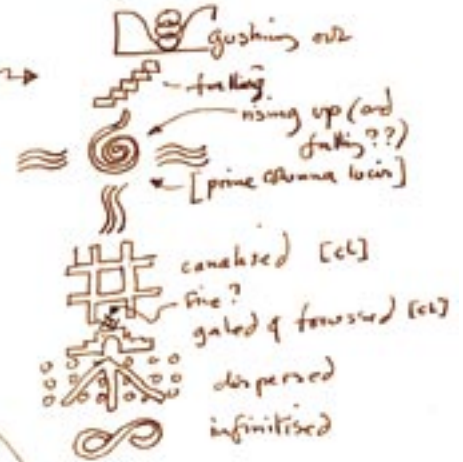

In Lecture 36-5 to 36-9, I attempted, in the manner of the 'Tricorso', to condense the horizontally-extended 'Fluvial Narrative' of City-Planning into an 'upright' or 'facade' that might serve as a polychromatic sculptural adjunct to the Music Kiosk on the Vritjhof-Plein of Maastricht.

Above the diagonal line, I rehearse a phenomenology of Water, as the substance that unites the fluvial icons of the Event-Horizons of Somatic Time. Below the line I exult that my 'eureka moment' substitution of an hypostylar archepelago of Isolae, for a mosaic of diagonalised 'immeubles a redents', has combined a field of infinitude with a crescendo of totalisation that is articulated from its smallest component of the Quarter, to the largest of the whole City. I conclude with "This then is the use of my 'clarified' icons - indicating the Event Horizons above.

One could allow, at the 'big' scale of the City-as-a-Whole, that the River of Social Space should be formed of 'undeveloped' plots such as was done in Thessaloniki's 1920's rebuilding.

But not for the rest of the City.

**The smallest 'neighbourhoods' of a city, which I term Quarters, should not have to forego the 'development' of the plots along the sole means by which they, and all the other Quarters, are knit-up into the 'splendor' of being a 'whole' City: namely their branching 'arteries' made of the beating arteries of somatic/social space. The solution of this seemingly impossible ambition of making a river-valley out of a row of building-blocks, is to be found, as always, in that most wholly neglected medium of Iconic Engineering. For it is within the capability of an iconically literate urbane culture to bring to mind the idea of the valley by reifying its component event-horizons.**

The interiors created by the 'Architecture of the Time of Inception' could provide the canvas on which the 'event-horizons' of Somatic Time, the Time of Living and of Sociation, could be inscribed.

Each Block along the 'River' could advertise the

A drawing done to 'demonstrate' Duncan Hall. Its manner is 'Western' in that it is realistic. But then maybe that is as well for a phenomenology of Somatic Time - the Time of the Body, and of Sociation.. The mythic part is the cargo-ed Raft, with its textually-navigated 'Eye of Thought'.
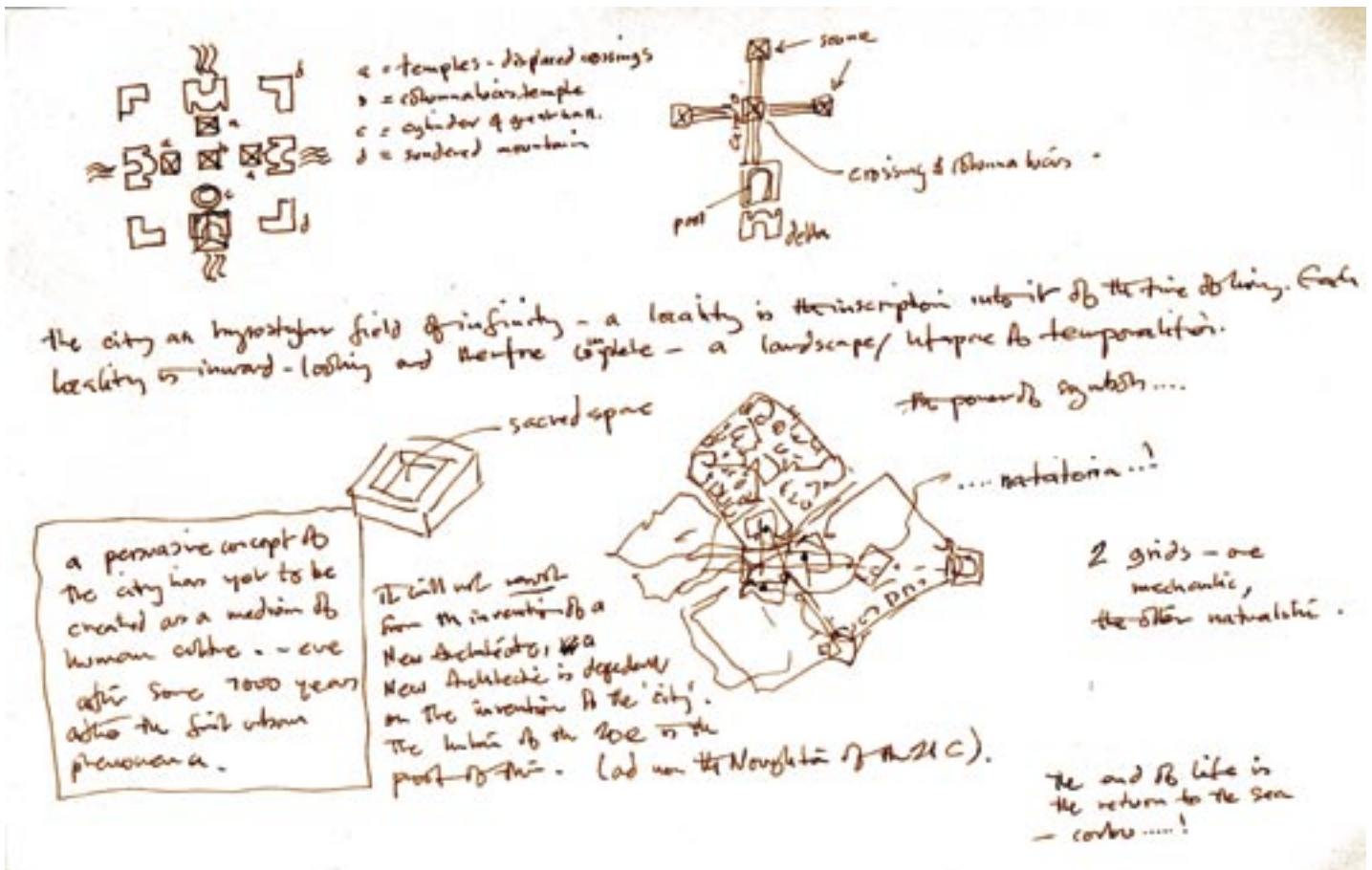
The upper part of this notebook-page explores the design of the Central Market which would be located at the Event-Horizon of 'Confluence'. The lower part celebrates the proposition, which motivAted all of my work, that Architecture, itself, would never be renewed until the idea of the City, itself, was clarified - that is to say 'Theorised'.

sequential order of the Fluvial History.

THE THREE MAIN ARE SOURCE, CONFLUENCE AND DELTA.

A drawing, done for these lectures in what might be called the 'Eastern' manner that the West assimilated as Surrealism. The central 'Lotus' can now be 'named' as the *Splendor* that is the 'shining' in *'Pulchritudo splendor Veritatus est''*.

The **Social functions** of these three are readily conceivable as **1. SOURCE=Nymphaeum-baths/ Temples/Theatre-Concerts and Exercise Complexes, 2, CONFLUENCE=the Central Food Market and 3, DELTA= the Office-Park .**

Another seven, or so, of the Fluvial Event-Horizons also lie to hand. If reified within the isola-plots that lie upon the Fluvial Axis, they will join the main three into a Republic of the Valley which while it is not as physically open as that of the City-As-A-Whole, is, by needing-to-be more iconically-charged, the opportunity for a denser, richer, more intimate, and more differentiated iconic landscape. The fertility of the human imagination, allied to an iconic expertise, will allow each Quarter to narrate its unity in its own, different, way. Each Quarter, by distinguishing itself mainly at the level of iconic inscription, will be able to subscribe both to the overall, urbane, hypostylar geometry, as well as the joining of their planform into tributaries of the final four rivers which are the arterial narration of the Whole City. By becoming unique at the level of its iconically-mediated 'istoria' we avoid the compulsive corporal gesturing that early-20C buildings endured to animate their dumbly picturesque 19C suburbs. It obviates, even more refreshingly, the suicidally-'deconstructed' posturings of the later 20C.

I will begin my demonstration of this technique by asking my Listener to remember that it depends more than any other in these lectures upon the memory itself. For it works by the triumph of memory-concept over sight- percept. All of the techniques which I use, and have described to you, work in this way, a way abandoned at the birth of 20C Modernity. But it must be obvious that to inscribe a city so that it can be 'seen' as-a-whole can not rely on sight alone, or even on 'sight' as a primary medium, in the literal sense commonplace in contemporary Architecture.

Therefore when I illustrate a city-as-a-whole, or a part thereof, it is essntial not to look at my 'picture' literally as if it was photograph of the city as it physically would be. That would be to fall into the illusion that a city can ever be understood as an object seen from above, or from the side, or even, as happened with the revival of Choisy by James Stirling, from below. All such forms of 'sight' are doomed not only to blindness, but, even worse, to inutility. Remember Camillo Sitte who tried to understand the Medievo-Humanist Italian city by climbing up onto their very tallest chruch spires. He mapped them, as best he could in the late 19C, from above. Yet he failed to decipher how Alberti intended that Cities should 'work'. For that one has to examine them by moving around the City as a literate citizen, and reviewing them as they appear to the iconically-literate imagination.

The human imagination is the only 'ground-plane' upon which to both view, understand and design anything as large and 'hard to see' as a City. An ontological phenomenology is the urbanistic tool of choice.

Thus when I say, that an image is, for example, the 'axonometric' of a 'Quarter of a City', you must not treat it as in any way, a realistic photograph. I balance realism against symbolism. Realism tends to detail and symbolism to abstraction. So the Listener should take his time and think firstly: "what does this illustration mean", and only then, what could this actually be like as a 'whole-body' experience? Here I can only recommend that he compare the first sketches of a building, such as Duncan Hall, with the final production drawings and then, the building itself. Then consider that in these last lectures especially, because of the huge scale of the artefact: 'a whole city', my drawings will only be those of the 'first sketches'.

This 'object' is both the 'river of space' that flows through all the Quarters of the 'Whole City', and a bit of rentable real estate. It is the 'vitals of the Quarter,' as it is of the City. Here it is in its 'primordial' form, filled with all of its components (the coloured spots), but not yet sure of its proper form. Margaret Thatcher famously stated: "There is no such thing as Society". Her ambition was to make Britain economically powerful once more by dismantling 'The State' and freeing the Individual. She hoped to invoke Adam Smith's Invisible Hand of the Market Force powered by Enlightened Self-Interest. My ambition is to reify all this as Hannah Arendt's 'Space of Appearances' made into a 'Thing' I call the (active) Body Politic.

But I will make my progress towards this end as slow and gradual as is reasonable. I will build this 'city' up, because it can only come into existence in my listener's imagination, with painstaking slowness. I take the maxim of Paul Ricoeur as my guide, when he wrote: "To explain more is to understand better".

Let us begin by conceiving of that which 'binds' the quarters of the city into a 'whole'. I have proposed that it must be both an axis, which I call a river, as well as rentable real estate. As is JOA's method, we originate the form of this 'object' iconically. It rests upon quadrations, which I draw in their commonplace manifestation - as rustic fields (though there is little rustic today in agribusiness). Behind this, however, as my listeners will by now understand, there lies an architecture which figures the 'time before Time', that of the Hypostyle. At the scale of building, it is convenient to figure this idea with the columnar Order. At the scale of the city, the necesary increase in size suggests that an hypostylar iconography manifest itself as the 'archipelago of isolae' that are city-blocks 'floating' in their 'serpentine net' of streets. At the level of Urbanity, then, the 'ground' within, and against which, the figure of the 'river of space' can best come into being, is that of the grid of city-blocks.
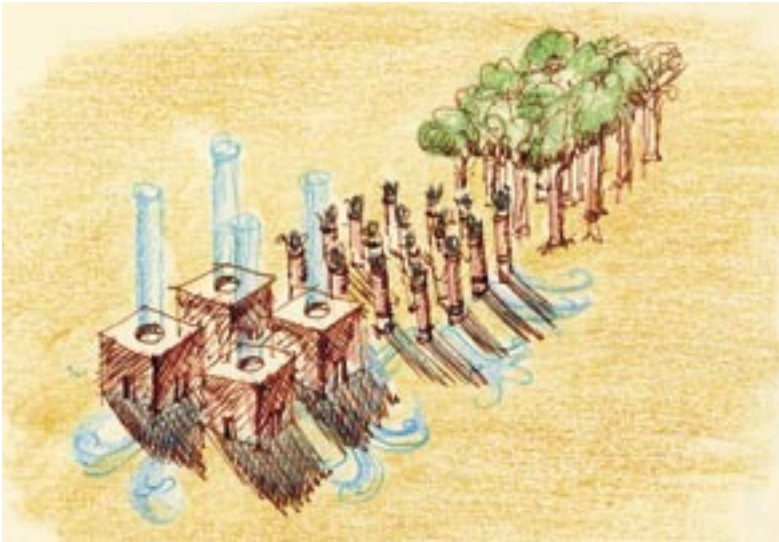
It is the 'columns of fire and light', that then turn into the outflowing 'rivers of reason' which assume the hypostylar congruence to the more conventional 'forest of columns'.

Urbanity does not result from merely building, or even building Architecture'. ONE MUST BUILD BLOCKS. The Isola is the foundation. But it would be dialectically fruitful for 'Urbanity' if the axial, city-binding, 'River of Space' that represents 'Human History' were 'mated' with its Negation: the solid city-block that represents the time before Time. The synchronicity will provide a richer reification.

There is another convenience to rendering the River of Commonspace into 'blocks'. One achieves, thereby, a River of Rent. The Commonspace may be owned by some agent of the Whole City, but it can be built-up in a block, and thereby rented, down all the usual chains of tenancy. It is thereby doubly advantageous if the design translates our slippery, spotted-all-over amorphosity into some sort of sequence of the urbane 'primordial' that is the block.

The diagram, below, begins to show how the colourful, spotty, slippery 'object' becomes the River of Space of a City-Quarter. I can admit, now, that many, if not most, of my Listeners may have found that this amorphous, spotty, 'object' was hard to conceive as as either a 'river', or as a 'space'. Translating it into a sequence of city-blocks makes it even harder. The vague intimation, below, of around a dozen city-blocks strung-out along some sort of 'axis' does not immediately bring to mind the idea of a great, wide and empty river!

But let us persevere! The less literal-minded our iconic culture, the more fictive its powers, the more it can be useful to urbanity. My diagrams are not the positivistic one's of the 'datascapes' that are the planning-constraints that Deconstruction uses to justify its aniconic demolitions. These diagrams are those of the scripted space of the iconosphere whose meanings could make a lifespace that suits the creature that talks, imagines and thinks.
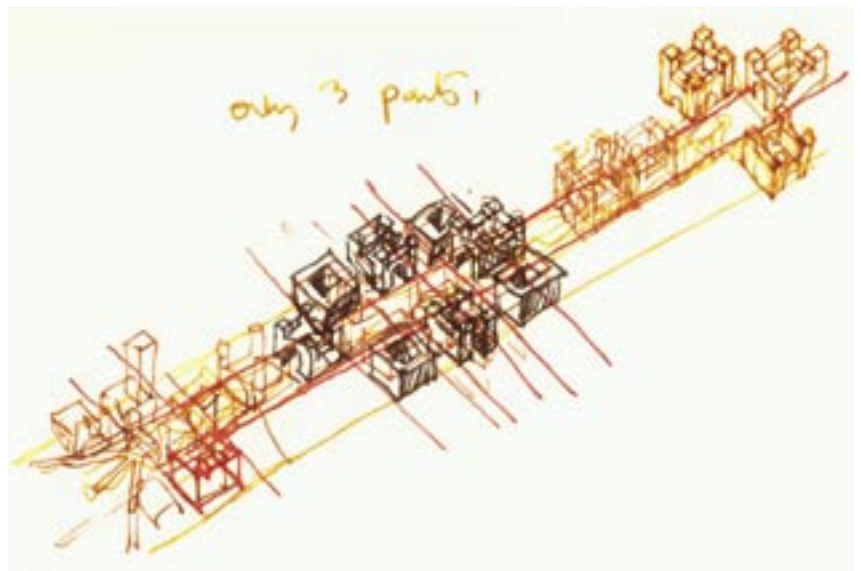
To that end, therefore, I 'script-on' some more names to this proto-fluvial object. The more literal metaphor, drawn from landscape, has been a River of Space. I will now add to this the more abstract meaning with which my listerners will already be familiar - that of a River of Time. This was the time that began to flow from the 'time before Time', via the cataclysmic Time of Inception, into the Time that characterises the 'Living Time' of both the individual and the culture, or Society, within which the individual has Being.

At this point my Listener will recognise that these city-blocks, however many or few that the individual Quarter accommodates, can be the 'proscenia', upon which the distinct stages of the Event Horizons of the Fluvial Narrative can be inscribed. In the diagram to the right I show the basic three of Delta, Confluence and Source. Shifting blocks slide up and down the 'river' between them.

Then, depending upon the size and elaboration of the particular 'Republic of the Valley', these could be inscribed as the lesser, intermediate, Event-Horizons of the Valley of Somatic Time - such as 'the tumbling stream', 'the lazy river', 'the city' and 'the field of reeds'.
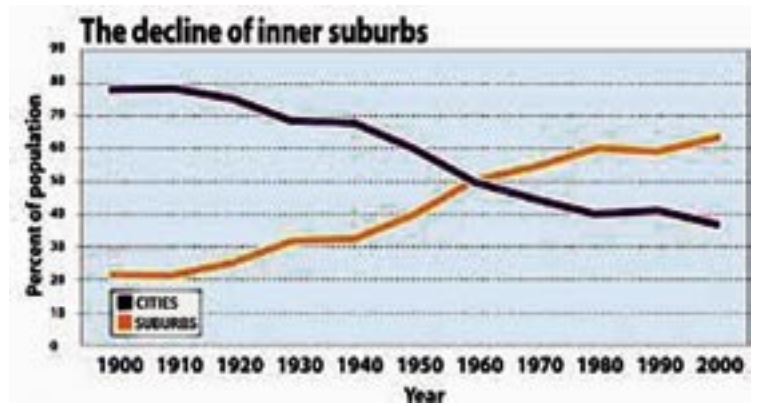

Here, less excitingly for those who prefer their forms in a pre-natal state, but more excitingly for those who like a polished, regular, potentially-scriptable, Architecture, is a version of what I will now call the Res Publica of a Quarter - and thus a Whole City. An alternative name, that would suit a more old-fashioned polity, would be the 'Royal Estate' - from which, obviously, 'real estate' took its origin. Whatever the term, the meaning is clear. It is that portion of the city whose ground is owned in common, and functions to the common purpose of aiding the creation of that 'wholeness' which adds-up into more than the mere aggregation of its parts. The embryonic blob is distinguishing into a recognisable structure.

The 'Eureka Moment' gave me the confidence to approach, in Lectures 41 to 44, the conclusion of this whole 'work'. I call this the 'Territory of the Urbane'. However, before I do this, and to conclude this Lecture 40, I wish to briefly sketch the two other 'Territories' that I see being alongside the 'Urbane'. I call them the 'Territory of Extractive Industry' and the 'Territory of Savage Sustainability'.

The main territory of extractive industry is Agriculture. It should seek, in spite of the increase in human numbers and our increasing wealth and appetite, to reduce in geographical area. The territory of Savage Sustainability should increase in area. These two territories are clearly at war with Savage Sustainability losing all the time to Extractive Industry..

The decline of inner suburbs

By 1960, the 20C sub-urbanisation of the USA had passed the tipping-point. Today, in the early 21C it is said that the commuter chaos is causing this to reverse. But there is still no model for any such re-urbanisation to follow beyond slinging up some tower-block 'condos' on the deserted inner-city plots around the CBD.

One function, with respect to these two other Zones, of the Zone of Urbanity, is to reduce the human demands on the Zone of Extractive Industry. The Zone of Urbanity should satisfy the demands of humanity within its ever-reducing borders. Its view is 'inwards'. The 'interior' is its orientation. its ambition is permanence. The Suburb' is its enemy. It is a mere 'slash and burn' camp. 90% of all humans still live on only 10% of the earth's surface. The ambition of the Future should be to reduce this and release more of the globe to develop according to its own impossibly complex laws while still offering whatever is necessary to the harvests of industrial extraction.

The 20th was the century of Suburbanisation. Jane Jacobs, in 1961, wrote the **"Death and Life of the Great American City"**. The 21st looks to be the century of Urbanity. Yet it has no coherent direction.

Spotted, at first, with Malls and Schools, the Great American Suburb will adhere to a 'Big Shed' Business Park. The airstrip replaces the 19C railway station that one is more likely to find in the older residential landscapes of Europe. It is impossible to describe this 'holding camp' as an urbanistic concept. It is a subdivision of the Virgin Continent into building plots for 'temporary structures'. 20C Anglo-American Suburbia has yet to bring into focus anything more long-term for its life-space than 'parking lots' for the here today and gone tomorrow of 'economic churn'.

Hemsby, near Great Yarmouth, suffered a winter storm in 2013 and lost a number of clifftop residences down its soft and sandy cliffs. Built of timber frame and wooden siding they slid gently down to sea level and slowly broke apart.

The hardy owners, seemingly undismayed, reclaimed the Living Room furniture and the Calor Gas cylinder in time for Afternoon Tea. Stiff upper lip and carry-on regardless. British sang-froid at its best!

SUBURBIA DOES NOT LEAVE MAGNIFICENT RUINS..

(perhaps because there was no 'whole' for the 'part' to recall...) When the wooden towns of the first English Colonists burnt down nothing remained except a gaunt forest of brick chimmney stacks - the columniae luciae of their original foundation. When these are gone nothing rests, at all, except the original quadration of their domestic 'plots' as projected by Thomas Jefferson and his Geographer General when he inscribed the 'Terra Nullius' of the newly-conquered USA into a 'Saxon Democracy'.

In 1986 this was the mining town of Centralia in Pennsylvania. The USA pretends to a nostalgia for Small Town Life. Its citizens voted with their feet as soon as they could get to a City.

Centralia's death was more dramatic than most.

In the forbidden zone where the trash ignited the subterranean coal seams.

The town's garbage dump caught fire and lit the rich coal seam under its pavements. Centralia smouldered for years, briefly bursting out with smoke and fire, until the State bought out its freeholders and demolished its modest 'false-fronts'. Only the white clapboard church, with its domed belfry remains to commemorate the abandoned cemetery of its citizens.

All that remains to record the ruin of the North American 'small town' is the Jeffersonian quadration by which he hoped to promote his idea of the USA as a 'Democracy of Gardeners'. Reading too much Vergil again. At least its ruin lies light upon the Earth.

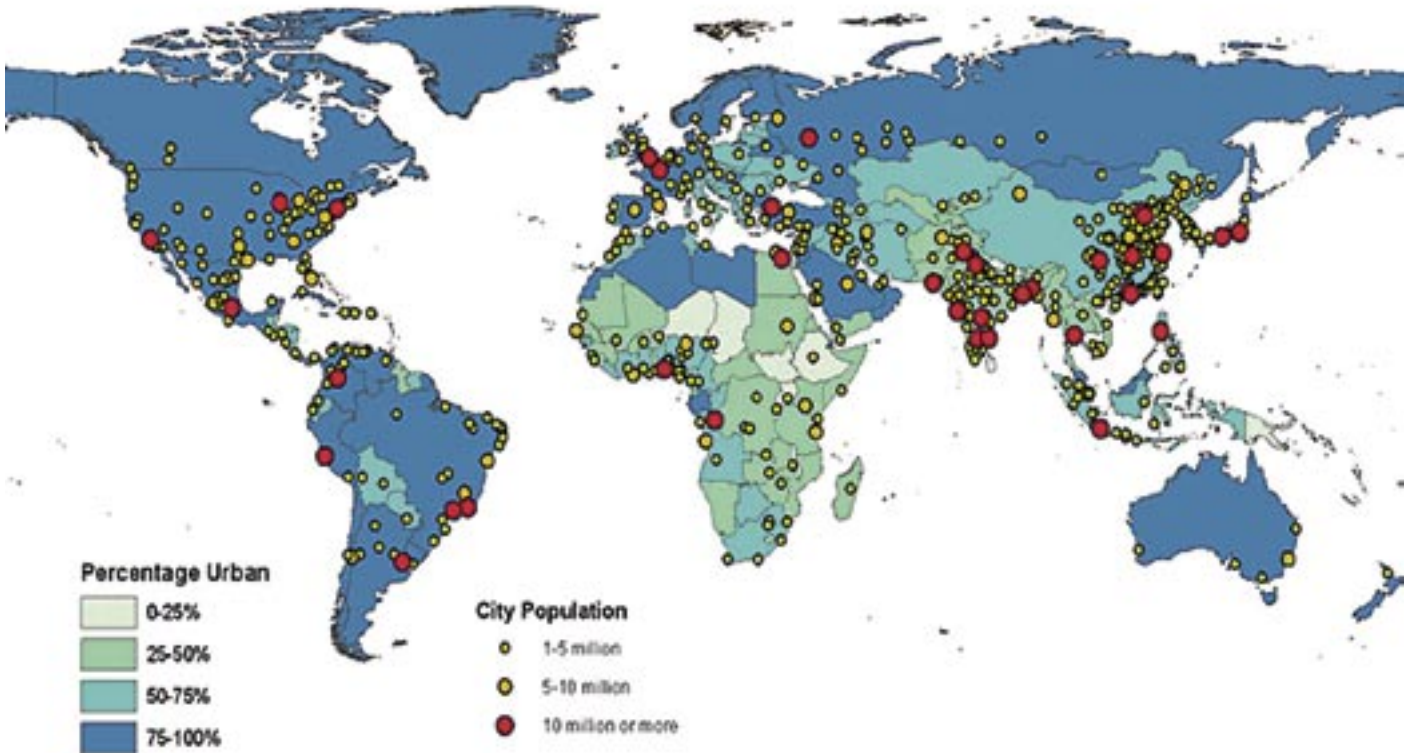**URBAN AND RURAL POPULATIONS: DEVELOPING COUNTRIES 1950-2020**
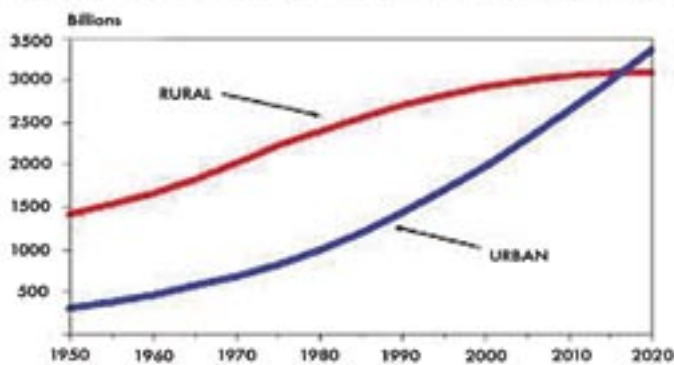
Source United Nations 1995

Mexico City, which 1950's Americans flew down to in the Winter for its sunshine and clean, high-altitude air gets dark as one descends into its atmosphere around 7,000 ft. One chews the air on the ground and visitors take a few days to aspirate its lethal atmosphere. Yet most Mexicans feel they must live here. Such is the administrative malfunctioning that nothing works 'at arms length'. Mexico outside the city has emptied and decayed. Something went very wrong with the marriage between Moctezuma and Cortes. The infant was this abominable chaos. Yet what could the 'international community' offer in its stead? The clapboard suburbs of the Gringos? The graph charts the end of 'Mankind as Peasant' - and not before time. Yet what is Man as Urbane?

Map 4: Percentage of urban population and agglomerations by size class, 2025

Percentage Urban
- 0-25%
- 25-50%
- 50-75%
- 75-100%

City Population
- 1-5 million
- 5-10 million
- 10 million or more

Nordic cultures are highly urbanised. Equatorial versions are less so. But their population density makes their predicted, and rapid, urbanisation more cataclysmic. By 2025 there are proposed to be 20 cities of M10+ in Southern Asia with only two in Western Europe. What does this mean when London was the biggest global city in 1925?

The human lifespace is becoming predominantly urban. It moves from Nordic Suburban to Equatorial Urban. Future growth in global population is Urban. Its fastest rate will be Southern Asian. What are the generic models for this new lifespace? They will not be found in the 20C lifespace-design culture of Nordic Suburbia. The Territory of the Savage-Sustainable will collapse under these demands for resources unless a new version of the territory of the Urbane is invented.

Figure 2: Largest expected changes in urban population (in mln) in developing countries, 2010-2050
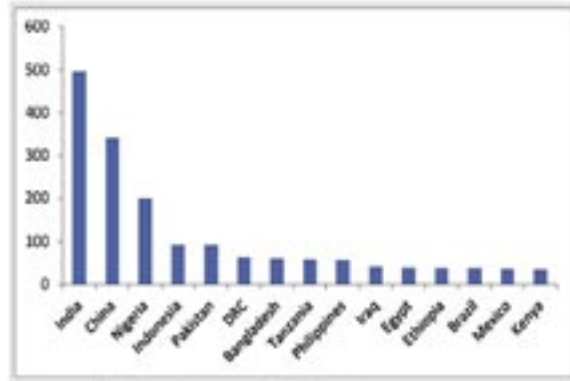
Source: World Urbanization Prospects, the 2011 Revision.
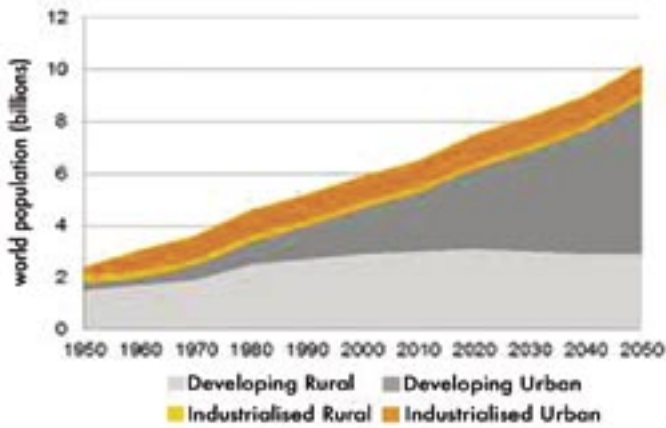
Source United Nations. World Population Prospects

Source: OECD

This graph makes it clear that all of the increase in global population will occupy an urban lifespace. The models for the construction of this lifespace, which continues furiously, offer no hope to the survival of the Territories of Savage Sustainbility. This is because none of them, at the present time, offer themselves as tools which can be used to reduce the demands upon the territories of Extractive Industry.
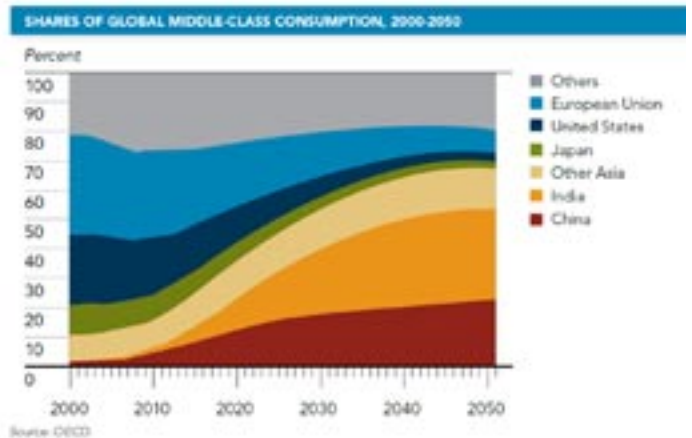
In 2050 India, an English-speaking state, will overtake China in its populousness. The enormous increase in the cosumption of its 'Middle Class' will place even larger demands on the territory of Extractive Industry than we have already seen exercised by the urbanisation of China. This will devastate what is left of the territory of Savage Sustainability. South Asia's need for a New Model of the Urbane is a global imperative.

The 'screen-shot' above is of the traffic flow computer the day that Beijing went gridlock! The Freeways in Beijing, below, are bigger than any others. But they jam-up all the same.

The urbanisation of China has been the most rapid in human history. Yet what have been its 'models'? This is the Mittel-Europa 'Existenz-Minimum' City of early-20C Utopian Materialism. Arbitrary, meaningless and disorienting - just like the Original!

This 'model' is the one prescribed by the Chinese Authorities for the 'citizens' of villages who have come to work in the cities but are denied the right of city-citizenship. Like these in Shangsha East Village in Shenzen near Hong Kong, they must live in a light-less congestion within their 'handshake-houses'.

The urbanisation of China has been the most rapid in human history. Yet what have been its 'models'? Three are on this page. The upper is 100 years old Mittel-Europa 'Marxist'. The middle is just a slum. The lower is an almost 300 years old 'revival' of the Venetian Architect Andreas Palladio. Why do such vast physical efforts accompany such slight mental investments?

Can one really believe that when a Chinaman has 'what it takes' he homes-in, like an English 'Milordi', on Andrea Palladio? The composition recalls that of an Oriental Potentate with smaller palaces, behind, for his favoured companions. But perhaps the foreground is just the Clubhouse - and why not?

But where is Capability Brown'. Where the unmown grass lapping the ruined rustications? Where the dreamy evocation of Claude Lorraine? This is like those courtyards filled with the broken busts of Lenin and Stalin after Glasnost. It Is not even a 'street'.

China has 138 cities, many less than well-known, of more than 1 million inhabitants within the urban area. Britain has two: London and Birmingham. This is Shanghai. At around 24 Million it is three times the size of London. London was the capital of the Empire on which the sun never set and, until 1925, the biggest city in the world. Much has changed in these last 100 years...Yet it is impossible to confirm any advance in City-Design, or the overall theory of human lifespace-design, over this momentous period. The urban smog resting over Southern Asia from India to China turns the aerial view quite brown. But the insert top left shows the closer neon glow of China's urban lifespace.
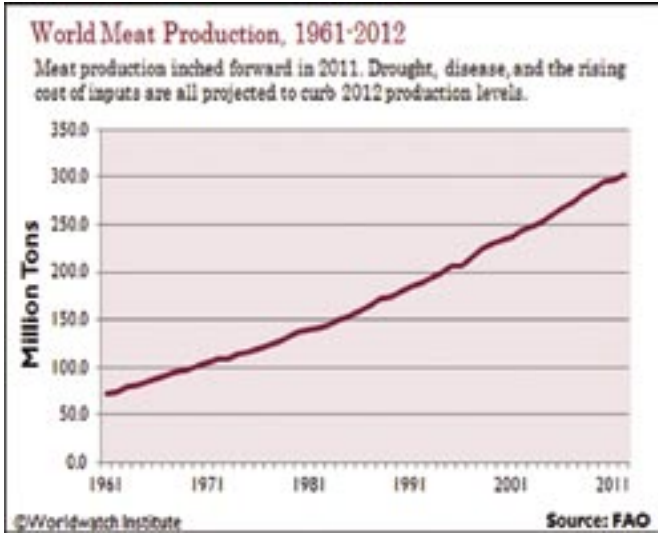
The Chinese economic miracle has taken a somewhat different path to most others - excepting perhaps that of Japan, and a long time ago, Britain. What makes it unusual is that the latter were small islands, not the most populous nation on earth! The Chinese, in 50 years, became a vast, primarily urban, manufacturing, exporting economy that now has, like Britain and Japan, to import its food and raw materials. - an insane model!

This gigantic urban transformation of the human lifespace demands more and more material resources. The Bingham mine is the largest because, in 1906, the Utah Co. was the first to process low grade porphyry ore into copper and gold. Each line of the spiral is a road wide enough to take the gigantic 91ton-payload trucks used in open-cast work. Bingham is almost 'mined-out'.

Krupp beats swords into ploughshares with the biggest bucket-excavators on the globe. This 'bagger-Garzweiler' is 600 feet long. It removes 380,000 cubic metres of the sandy overburden from the lignite (brown coal and very polluting), strip-mines of Eastern Germany. Judge scale by the man in red!

World Meat Production, 1961-2012

Meat production inched forward in 2011. Drought, disease, and the rising cost of inputs are all projected to curb 2012 production levels.

Source: FAO

©Worldwatch Institute

The pie-chart below shows that around 70% of Brazilian Deforestation is caused by clearing land to rear beef cattle.

Causes of Deforestation in the Brazilian Amazon, 2000-2005
source: mongabay.com

Cattle ranching, 65-70%

Small-scale agriculture, 20-25%

Logging, 2-3%

Other, 1-2%

Large-scale agriculture, 5-10%
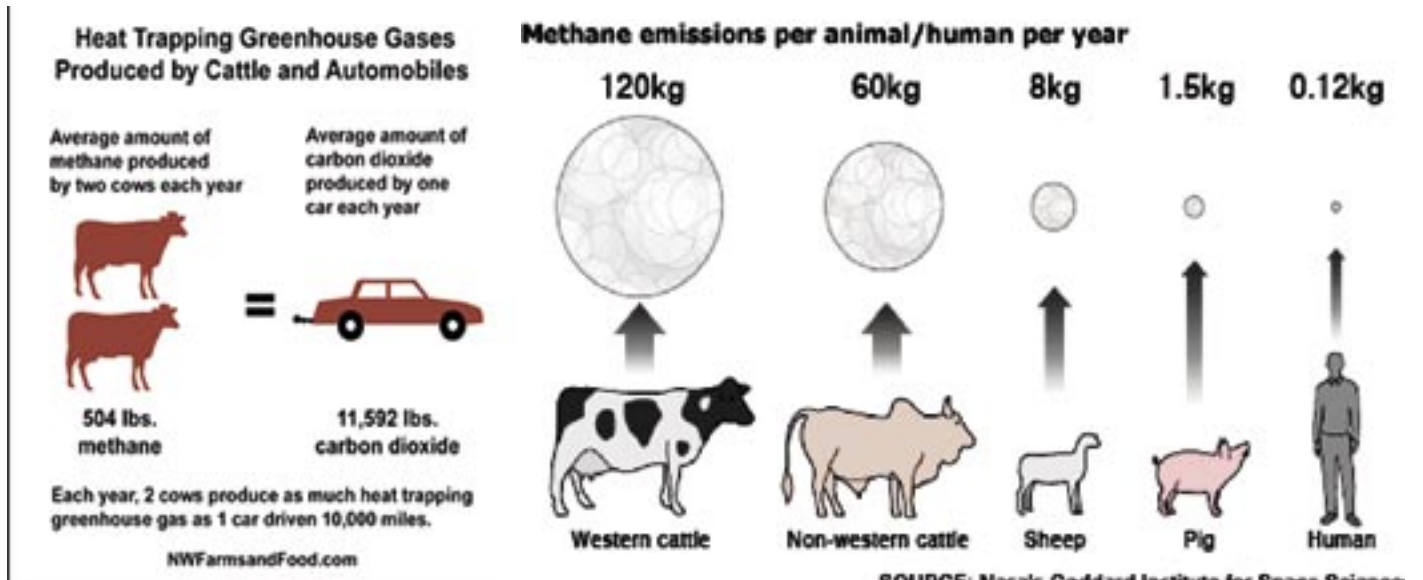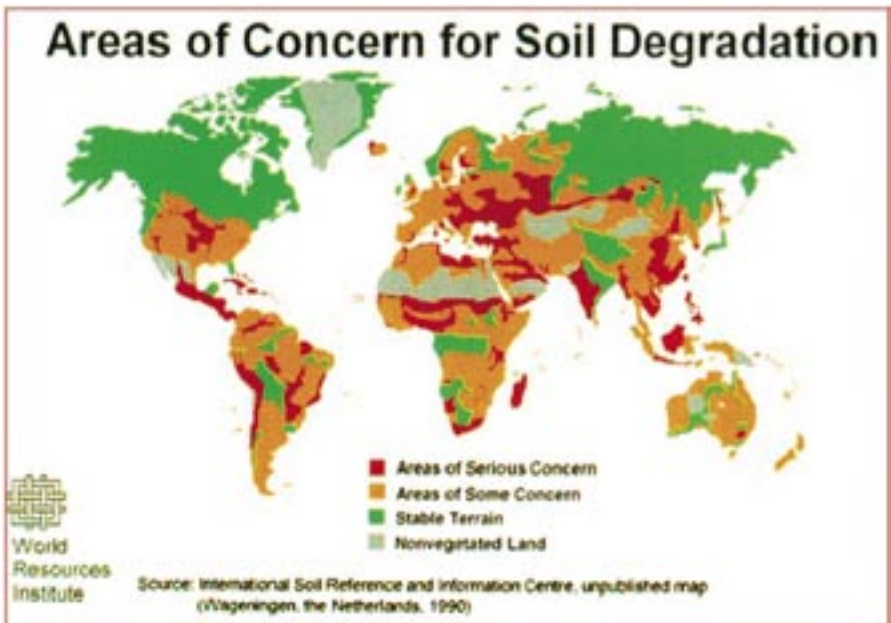
Share of deforested land ultimately converted for extensive agriculture
1980s 80%
1990s 60%

Cattle Population in Legal Amazon, 2006

> 1 million cattle

1-10 million cattle

10-20 million cattle

20 million cattle

Tender, fresh meat has always been the mark of a rich man's table. So when the French called an Englishman 'Le Rosbif' it registered his wealth at the height of his Empire. Today, as the whole world gets wealthier, more and more cattle are reared to feed this appetite. But this generates the greenhouse gas Methane, which 23 times more effective than CO_2 at trapping the heat that leads to global warming. Extractive Industry is here at war with Savage Sustainability.

Heat Trapping Greenhouse Gases Produced by Cattle and Automobiles

Average amount of methane produced by two cows each year

Average amount of carbon dioxide produced by one car each year

504 lbs. methane

11,592 lbs. carbon dioxide

Each year, 2 cows produce as much heat trapping greenhouse gas as 1 car driven 10,000 miles.

NWFarmsandFood.com

Methane emissions per animal/human per year

120kg	60kg	8kg	1.5kg	0.12kg
Western cattle	Non-western cattle	Sheep	Pig	Human

SOURCE: Nasa's Goddard Institute for Space Science

Areas of Concern for Soil Degradation

Areas of Serious Concern
Areas of Some Concern
Stable Terrain
Nonvegetated Land

World Resources Institute

Source: International Soil Reference and Information Centre, unpublished map (Wageningen, the Netherlands, 1990)

Jefferson's 'Saxon Democracy' was a futile Myth, both politically and economically. Moving people off the land increased its productivity as it could be farmed more scientifically. However it also released the 'industrial-scale' farmer to exploit his land and move on to a fresh pasture. The farmer lost the ovesight of a resident population who intended to remain upon the land for ever. This over-exploitation led to soil degradation.

Commercial farming finds it hard to balance the long against the short term. A Constant City should rule, politically, its hinterland of Extractive Industry. Its largest Territory should be an intensively-worked, multi-functional Agriculture.

The way to control both soil erosion as well as preserve its Territory of Savage Sustainbility is to give such areas to a City that intends to remain in place 'for ever'. This is the sort of City which I have chosen to name a 'Constant City'. Its design is such that it can grow and even shrink and certainly change while always remaining with an 'ontic constitution' whose basis is that of life, and specifically human life, itself. All talk of ephemerality is evil for it only encourages the 'slash and burn' mentality.

How does one 'image' the Territory of Savage Sustainability when all of its operative values must be Scientific and never as human as a mere 'icon'. Nor can any of them be 'poetic' or couched in text. Only Humans understand text and only humans register images and process them through our curious systems of symbolisation. The essence of the Zone of Savage Sustainability is that it must never be 'adjusted' so as to appear more 'picturesque'. Le Jardin Anglais is one of the typical 'frauds' promoted by the English use of Chaos to enter alien cultures and ply them with 'goods'.


If 'Artists' finally undersrtood the entire indifference of Nature to thir delicate sensibility they might stop abusing it and leave it to go its own way.

Anybody, today, can buy a car with big springs and carry human mess into the furthest depths of the Zone of Savage Sustainability. Such incursions have to be checked.

The grotesque 'faux rustique' of Birmingham's Selly Oak suburb (to the right).

British rivers are, by Continental standards, **quite puny**. Nor does Britain have summer water reservoirs in the form of Glaciers. There is enough water to operate a scientifically designed sewer and rainwater runoff system. Recently however, this easy reliance on a regular sprinkling of gentle rain has been **challenged by fierce storms.** The drainage system is **not accustomed to such deluges.** The flood defence systems are overcome by their unaccustomed force.

The Selly Oak way of doing a city **is not a way of doing a city at all.** It merely recognised that the 18C and 19C English had made such an appalling mess of their industrialised cities that all the English wanted to do was to forget all about 'intentionality' (ie. ordered planning), and pretend to a faux-naif anarchy and sublimely 'benign' contingency. But these down-to-earth 'simple-lifer' pseudo-villages are spread so thin on the ground, and determined to offer such 'faith' in the face of Nature ('God, after all, was, until rather recently, an Englishman'), that there is now insufficient capital to protect against even that Weather which we so like to discuss.
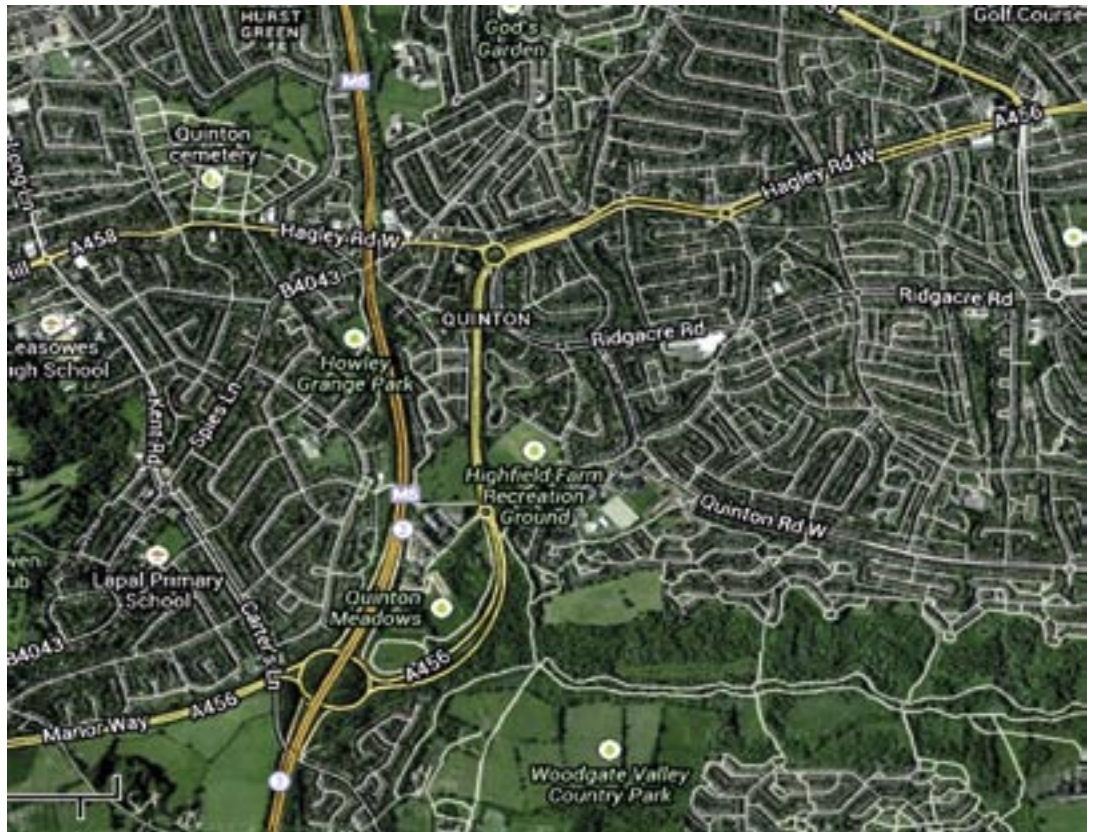
When discontented by the dis-Urbane squalor of Suburbia one just 'trailers' it along with one into 'Unspoilt Nature'.
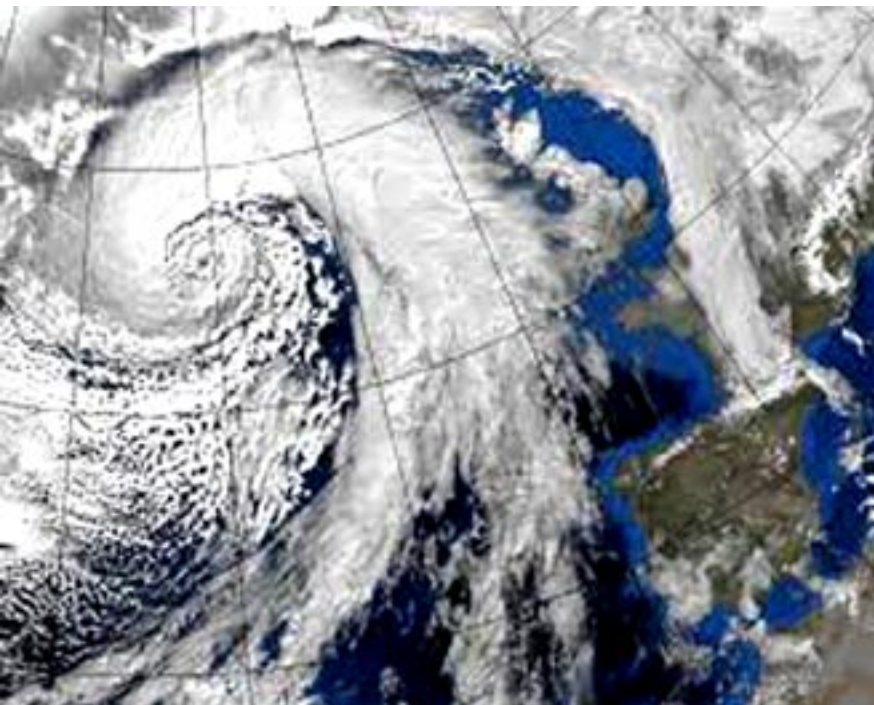
Snow-covered Britain can be seen in the sea-blue rent in front of the huge anti-cyclonic spiral of cloud. Its fraying trail approaches Africa and Spain. An endless succession of such Atlantic Depressions dropped enough rain onto Southern England during December 2013 to render it the wettest for 60 years - flooding large areas, blowing down trees and cutting road and rail with landslides for many weeks.

This Trailer-Park in Surrey lies so light on the earth that when the Thames broke its banks in December 2013 it simply floated. Not even the impoverished Mexicans live in such a vagabond fashion. Is this the 'simple life'?

This amiable scene (to the Left), is the most shocking, the most grotesque and the most infernal in the whole of these 44 Lectures. For what does it mean but that the Human Lifespace, after all the millenia of so-called civilisation, has regressed to the Neolithic landscape (shown above) of 9,000-year-old Khirokitia. What is this transatlantic suburb but the pock-marked landscape of birth-pits, larders and hearths inflated into a grotesquely Mongoloid elephantiasis of 'country cottages'. The steroid-fuelled hutlets strive to be different. Yet such is the poverty of their discourse that they achieve nothing but the jerky agitation of infant limbs and the puling and puking of helpless babes..

Is this the 'Empire on which the Sun Never Set;? All washed-up and nearly washed away? 500 years of heroic global history and very little to show for it on the island because we are just market-gardeners at heart and have no idea, no idea at all, how to found a city, cultivate its culture and last longer than 'the next big thing'. London is no longer the spring from which the virus of chaos welled-out to infect the Globe. The virus has gone global. We are now its victim as well. The "Symptom must now return as the Cure". Britain must now re-invent, from its GLOBAL history, the new science of 'Lifespace-Engineering'.

There are, in Britain, nearly 15,000 Undergraduate Architects in nearly 50 Schools of Architecture - many of them supported by Students from Asia. They come to Britain because this island sourced, through its empire and colonial offshoots, like the USA, the global language. The 'Little England' Professors of these schools worry that Britain has too many Academies of Architecture for its population of 30,000 Architects. These last ten pages prove that nothing that Britain does, on its own, will affect the 'War between the Two Territories'. Our most effective contribution would be to re-invent the Third territory, that of the Urbane, so that it performed the function of discipline and self-knowledge that other cultures have often understood, but that Britain, in particular, never has.

AFTERWORD: THE FORTIETH LECTURE: "A 50-YEAR-OLD PROBLEM".

"Constant, Consistent, Constitutional - even Insistent and Instant". No adjective can do anything more than act as a mere signpost to the infinite pregnancy of 'City'. I chose 'Constant' because it has the most polysemy and because, for 50 years, the constant impulse to fight the illiterate brutality of the 20C's urbanistic incompetence has lain behind all of my work.

My city-design 'brainstorm' occurred, in 2006, when I had finished scripting the Thirty-Ninth Lecture at the point at which I had resigned from the £M500 Battersea project described in Lectures 36-39. I was disappointed that I would not to be able to add something at the scale of an entire city. But how could I? Which Architect ever gets to design a city?

I was holidaying in Cyprus without any particular context. Unless, that is, it was the overgrown ruins of the deserted city of Ammochostos, the home of my wife's family and the place which would have become my own home from 1974 onwards. When click! - the solution to my 50-year-old problem came out of the blue. I saw how to design a city that was divided into parts which could yet grow and grow and still be both divided and a single, giant, unity - all without drastic re-building'.

Who knows how an ancient problem is solved - if it ever is at all? My ambition, during my two Final Year Theses, back in 1960-61, was to solve the design problem of a city dominated by automobiles. The first design, for a re-built Croydon, was truly monstrous. All the buildings were as dull as I could make them - not unlike the 18C prints of row-house London, where the streets of houses look like extruded sausages with every wind-hole the same. I was failed twice for my pains and advised to become a Town Planner. I accepted that my urban ambition was hopeless and designed a 'Cambridge College'. I adopted the brief of the recently-completed Churchill College and drew it up in the manner of Kenzo Tange who was himself an admirer of Corbusier. My ever-faithful tutor, Bob Maxwell, advised my Examiners that they "might as well let me through, on this third attempt, as I would never stop trying". I had shown that I was prepared to conform to their pusillanimous suburbanity. I had shown that I could make every building-project a masterpiece of 'difference'.

The Eureka-Moment allowed me to propose a tripartite territorialisation. The function of the 'City' was to adjudicate between the demands of the territories of Extractive Industry, principally Agriculture, and Savage Sustainability, or Nature'. The Constancy of the 'Constant City' is proposed to guarantee Sustainability. Nature, including Human Nature, changes only very slowly. Whereas Culture changes all the time. The Constant City, by reifying these 'Constants' sustains us humans through all the changes that constitute our turbulent and increasingly precarious History.