

The 4 Lectures.

SPRING





***Volume Two (SPRING)
of the Study Materials for
the Course of 44 Lectures offered
by John Outram's (virtual) Academy.
(JOA).***

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the 44 lectures

Volume TWO: 15-31.

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN

scripted for



in three volumes by
John Outram

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44 LECTURES ON THE 'WAR OF THE ARTS OF PEACE':

Introduction to 'THE SPRING CAMPAIGN'.

The WINTER CAMPAIGN' took 35 years. So when the golden sun of Fortune shone upon JOA's well-ploughed Fields of Architecture their pent-up energy grew the gigantic hypostylar crop, in Cambridge University, of the Judge Institute's 'Working Order' and 'Talking Order'. Volumetrically, these could be the biggest columns in Britain. Filled with machines and plated, polychromatically, with over 3000 monoprinted inscriptions, all derived rationally from the iconic culture of Architecture, the Judge's 'Ordine' was described by the Italian critic Fulvio Irace as "both archaic and hyper-modern". It proved too disturbing to the sumptuary laws of the ancient university. Mere Faculties could not be allowed to outshine eight hundred years of Collegiate heritage - however Pseudo-Gothic, or 'Polite Modern'. As for the interior of the Judge: it was taller than King's College Chapel. A mere "Academic building", as one Eminenti described it, could not be allowed to outshine Britain's precious 'Heritage'.

Decoration, as we explored in Volume One, is the most intellectual dimension of the "breaking of the Taboos (of Modernism)". It would seem suited to an institution like Cambridge. But the chill shadows still cast by the disastrous 20C history of Europe extinguished the fires needed to project a Surface Scripting capable of humanising the 'Modern'. It was left to Houston, Texas (where the last, unfired, Apollo Rocket lies in long grass like the imperishable bronze limb of Ozymandias), to complete the Vitruvian Triad. Here the etiolated grids of Mies van der Rohe finally recovered (at the same latitude as the Biblical Eden), their primordial incarnation as the hypostylar Orchard of Edinnu in which Man and Woman walked in the time before Time began.

The 'Sixth Order', named hyperbolically by Bob Maxwell as "an act of Architectural Terrorism", was completed, at Rice University, by building *Commoditas*, in the shape of the Walk-in(g) Order.

Duncan Hall, Rice's Faculty of Computational Engineering, proved the role of the Entablature. An essential member of any Order, the Entablature was largely ignored by the Savants of the 20C. Those who puzzled over History focussed upon the Column. At least it could be 'disguised' as a 'prop', a 'structural' necessity. It was a sadly fruitless quest. None of the intellectual brilliance of 20C historiography saved Architecture from its steady theoretical decline. 44 SPRING proposes that the Entablature, far from being merely borne-up by the column, is the 'ground' from which the Column 'descends'! The Entablature is the prime agent of the entire Architectural drama as narrated by its 'as found' evidences. I like to imagine that Indra Kagis McEwen, author of 'Socrates' Ancestor' with her undestandings of the Peripteral Hellenic temple, would find such an idea interesting.

Any human lifespace, which aspires to be a whole that is greater than its parts, must learn the skills of Iconic Engineering. Decoration is, for Urbanity, the only legitimate means to individuation. Decoration allows the eye to look inwards to what it can imagine rather than merely see. The city, at whatever scale, is always an 'interior'. Rice Campus is such an 'interior'. Duncan Hall is the only project in which JOA inscribed both ceiling and floor - the dimensions of the inhuman, the extra-human and the super-human. These are dimensions that we today reject, or it would be more correct to

say repress. Duncan hall is the only one of our buildings in which it is possible to live openly and amiably with a patently-manifested version of the 'inhuman'.

This is rendered possible because the passion and monstrous meaning of the gigantic and polychrome graphics are held within an 'Architectural Order'. This is why I denote this Volume of SPRING the equivalent of the Vitruvian quality of *FIRMITAS*. *Firmitas* is commonly understood to mean structural stability - yet another puerile positivism from the 18C Enlightenment that aided the denaturation of Architecture and its ultimate collapse. An understanding more in accord with Architecture's huge power is the ability, finally manifested in Duncan Hall, to domesticate the superhuman by holding it, gripping it and fixing it within the lenses and prisms of an *Ordine*. *FIRMITAS* is the domestication of the Cosmos. *Firmitas* is making a secure home, a dwelling, in the clear light of the monstrous realities revealed first by Myth and then by Science. For what is *monstrare* but 'to show'.

The 20C Abandonment of 'the Orders' meant that the 20C's *Architecture Autre* could no longer perform this 'work' - so necessary to any life lived with the nobility of being '*sub specie aeternatis*' - 'Within the Mirror of Eternity'. The pathetic attempts to achieve the effect of the '*unheimlich*' without the medium of Decoration lie behind the elephantine cavortings of Deconstruction. All that was required was the re-invention of the *Ordine*. This is what JOA did, back in the 1970's, and with every project since then until finally, the completed system was realised in Texas - and only in Texas. Only in Texas, it seems, can one live the ordinary, quotidian life in the sight, and light, of Eternity! This is a pity because even Texan legs are made for walking.

If the FIRST VOLUME is about DECORATION, then this SECOND VOLUME is about building in the sense that one builds to make a HOME. Architecture today avoids decoration and pretends to be nothing but what Mies van der Rohe called *Baukunst* - the 'Art of Building'. This restriction is merely evidence of the decay of the Medium. Architecture has always spanned seamlessly from *DECORUM* to *URBANITAS*. The only term that accurately describes the SCALE of the *domus*, of domesticity, of the ordinary quotidian life of the Family and so on, is the *Ordine* of Entablature and Columns and Doors and Windows and Ceilings and Floors. It is the *ORDINE* which is the material meaning of *FIRMITAS*. Nor is the only *Ordine* that has been proved to work at this moment in time the 'SIXTH'. There are five different 'Orders' in the Rausing Villa alone. It is Open Season on the 'Modern' *Ordine*. One should be afraid to invent an *Ordine* only if one cannot script and then depict its 'Cargo'.

So even though the Sixth Order may be JOA's most useful invention, and Volume Two: 'SPRING CAMPAIGN' stands for the *ORDINE* as the meaning of *FIRMITAS*, the item I most prize in Volume Two is the Steve and Sue Shaper ceiling. I prize it because it is singular. No other Client had the courage to take the final step of 'Depicting the Cargo'. It 'authenticates' JOA's entire, half-century, project. None of the 1000 pages of these Lectures could have been scripted without its existence. Nothing can justify the formal extravagance of the *Ordine* except its 'Cargo'. The *Ordine* is Passion. The Cargo is Meaning. Passion without Meaning is like Sex without Procreation - a sad business.

Architects do not 'prove' their theories by argument or "by calculation" - as I jokingly replied to the President of Institute Civil Engineers when he asked, while viewing the polychrome capitals of the Isle of Dogs Pumping Station, "how do Architects prove their designs?" We can only prove 'by building'. Corbusier promised to restore to his



Villes Radiuses "the rolling fields and rushing rivers". It was a fraud. Building is war. It destroys the old and creates the new. Building substitutes Culture for Nature. If the Culture is not better than Nature then the Culture is dead, or certainly dying. The 'Modern', as *L'Architecture Autre*, was dead after WWII. It has been a corpse ever since, with more or less evidence of the agitations that the occasional Spark of Genius can bring to any cadaver.

The 'SPRING' of these 44 LECTURES took only five years - from 1991 to 1996. At this point the Sixth Order was 'proven' by being 'built' - along with its 'Cargo'. JOA had established the blindingly obvious - that with 20C Technology, 20C Scholarship and the early-20C revolution in the Visual Arts, ARCHITECTURE itself could be 'modernised' - that is to say made ready to 'carry its cargo' this day and in the future. For these small adjustments to the medium, established painstakingly over forty years, JOA earned the undying hatred of the Lifespace-Design Establishment. For why go on pursuing an *Autre* which has been dumb for 100 years when the cargo-carrying real thing has been proved to work?

Unless. that is, one needs an Arts Mafia passport to shovel-in the Jane Jacobs Cataclysmic Money that can dumb-down to extinction even what remains today of the 'Body Politic'.

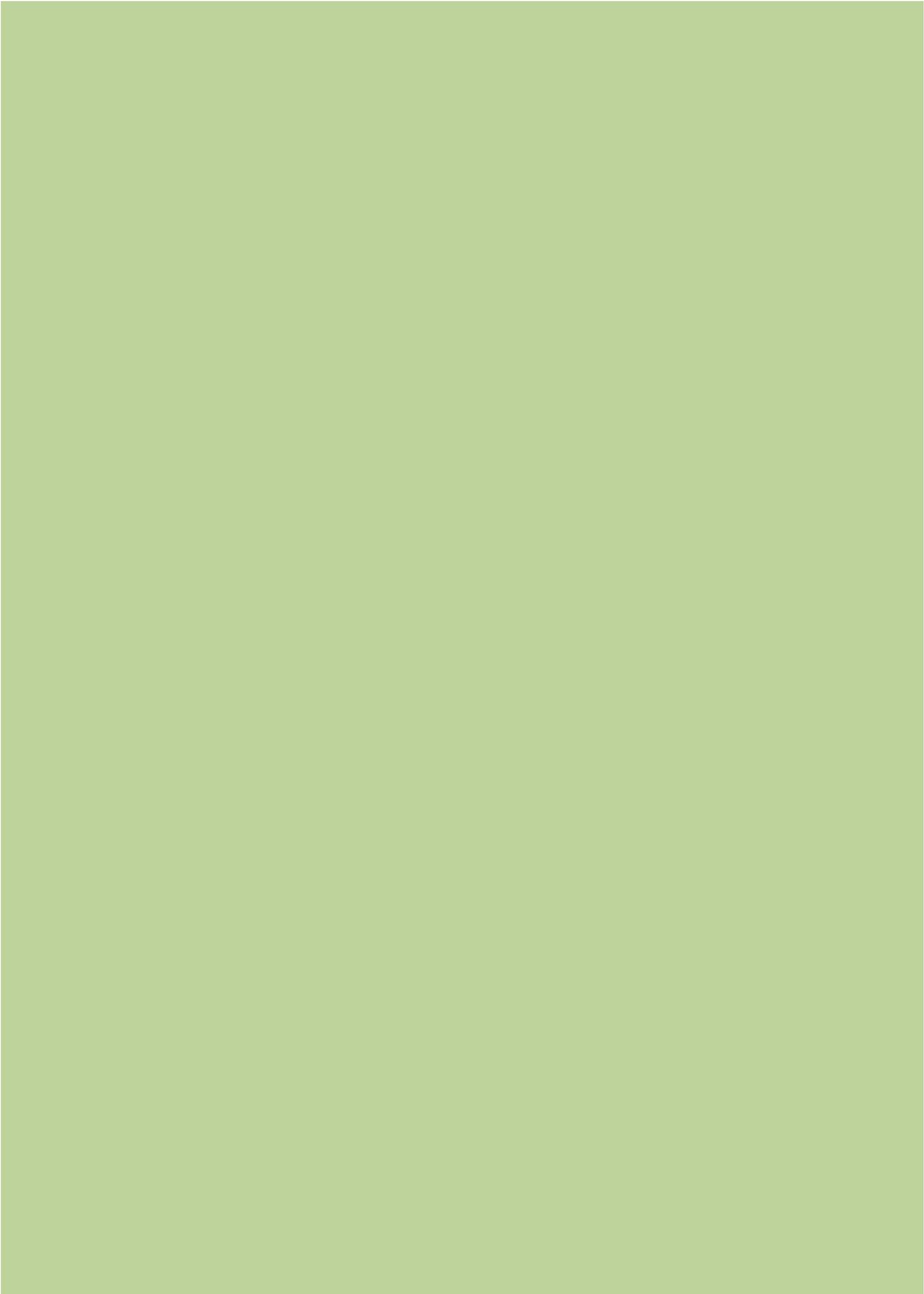
So it was, in Texas, that I could begin to script these 1000 pages.



The Fifteenth
Lection.

The Photolithie.





AFTERWORD for the FIFTEENTH LECTURE: 'THE PHOTOLITHIC'.

Arriving late for a major debate at the Art Worker's Guild I was astonished to enter in the midst of that hoary old quarrel as to "whether lintels (over windows) should be exposed in brick walls". One tires of the intellectually fruitless quarrels which beset the Positivist Functionalistas of 20C Modernism, whether in Track-suits or Three-piece Tweed. JOA divested ourselves of the grounds for this endlessly futile 'difference' between Appearance and Reality. By inventing the 'Photolithic' JOA made them THE SAME!

The metaphysical fruits of this little advance was a licence to print, not so much money as its cognitive equivalent - Decoration. One could become iconically rich! But to what end?

The 15C could make whole cities dissapear 'in the mind', even though they were, in their physical state, a 'Cataclysm of Domesticity'. The compositional system employed by Alberti and the Architects of the Quattrocento Renaissance was unlike any other that I have ever understood. Indeed, I know of only one other 20C writer who has understood it - namely Mark Jarzombek. But this ingenious technique is only partially available to us today. We cannot bury the houses of Gods and Giants, from the Age of Gold, in entire cities that read as the muddled, chaotic mudslides intimated by Christian Elling. Yet we 'Moderns' needed some way of making the 'prisons' of our comfortable cities as equally evanescent - as equally soluble to the imagination.

What JOA needed for this was a state of Built Being that was simultaneously immanent, as physically 'present' as one's own body, and transcendent - that is to say ethereal, imaginary and conceptual. The 'Photolithic' was JOA's response. This was a substance which was both Mass and Light combined within the same compass. Through-coloured concrete proved its reification. It can be both chromatically an intense blue, like the sky itself, as well as solid, hard, durable and strong enough to hold up a building. It can adopt the pattern of an explosion, as it does in JOA's 'Blitzcrete' and our mirror-laced 'Masonry Tile'. It can even receive an inscriptive tattoo with 'Doodlecrete'. Adolf Loos, turn in your grave. In spite of Aby Warburg, your contemporary, you still did not know either how, or what to 'write'." The Savants of the Modern Movement go on adoring these 'heroic' failures so as to prolong their status as Worthy Guides through the suburban deserts of iconic illiteracy that their own intellectual incompetence has helped the 20C to create.

Corbusier, in his famous 'Crack' sequence in Rio, said that "Nature is written into the Lease." With a Photolithic construction one may say:-

"The Mind is written into the Body."



The Sixteenth Lecture

The Raft of Advent





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'.



The Seventeenth Lecture.

Jaws of Death





AFTERWORD for the SEVENTEENTH LECTURE: 'JAWS OF DEATH'

The Sixteenth Lecture: 'Raft of Advent' addressed the Architectural 'Ordine' from above. This Lecture looked at it from below. Our ancestors did not live in the 'lunar' landscape uncovered by Neolithic Archaeology. They retired to the neatly thatched mud cylinders which they raised upon it. I used Khirokitia iconically to say that the 'History' (by which we set such store in Britain) is much like the shell-pitted wastes left behind by a heavy bombardment. 'History' is a superabundant layering of contingent events that has left what is described, in these Lectures, as 'The Heap (of History)'. The more that the last two centuries have examined this 'heap' the more it fascinates, and yet, as often as not, the less it illuminates. Architectural attitudes to 'The Heap' have waxed amiable and waned dismissive. Some advise learning from it, others want it entirely swept aside. A few advise repeating some aspect of it as if History had been, or at least should have been, the endless repetition of an ideal (final) apocalypse. The strategy advised by this Lecture is developed in the second part of this Lecture - and summarised by its Title: 'Jaws of Death'.

One of its earliest advocates was Shu, the Egyptian god of the Atmosphere. He found his two children, Geb, of the Earth, and Nut, of the sky, in a permanently incestuous embrace. I leave it to Egyptologists to explain why he found this behaviour unacceptable but he prised them apart and inserted himself between them. This was the way the Ancient Egyptians liked to describe the advent of that meagre sphere, a thin crust of breathable gas, which supports the Zoosphere of our planet, and, which is probably of more consequence to these Lectures, allows both speech and hearing. Continuing their peculiar story, the Ancient Egyptians then, perhaps suspecting that Father Shu might have other ambitions to pursue, allowed him to substitute an 'Architectural Column' to perform this task. Aware of the needs of such instruments, they then proposed the sky as an iron slab that required such a 'column' at each corner, and then to control 'deflections', one in its centre.

I use this history to illustrate the utility of the 'Column' if we use it in what might be described as an Hegelian manner - that is to act as the matchstick holding open the jaws of the crocodile while its prey survives. We allow ourselves Room to Live without needing to kill the Great Beast. The Column separates the 'heavens' of the Entablature and its Cargo from the 'deeps' of the Heap of History. This allows us the 'nobility' of living within sight of them, but of being subject to neither of them. So we are not compelled to combat our fear of them by destroying them. We have the delight of living 'sub specie aeternitatis' - in the Mirror of Eternity - but still as mortal Human creatures.

Lecture Sixteen saw the Column as a lightning-strike which invoked the Time (and thus the Space) of Advent. This Lecture sees the Column as a symbol to recall that Man is now, increasingly, the maker of his Planetary home.



The Fifteenth
Leafure.

Machine Politics.





AFTERWORD for the EIGHTEENTH LECTURE: 'MACHINE POLITICS'.

It has to be regarded as telling that the final collapse of the Western Traditions in painting and sculpture coincided with the inability of the Architects of the 20C to 'live with' the mechanical advances of the 19C. How was it that the brilliant inventions of early 20C 'abstracted' graphics coincided with the movement in Architecture to abandon every urbane sophistication and pursue the absolute fraud of a Sub-urbia that enjoyed every mechanical facility (as 'discovered by the plumber Tuttle) while pretending that one lived 'the Simple (rustic) Life'?

Lecture Eighteen illustrates how this ontic fraud slowly consumed the Architectural Ethics of the 20C. Beginning with Corbusier's cult of the open-air machinery of biplanes and sports cars, not to mention the breezy decks of passenger liners, it soon transformed, at least in the mind of Reyner Banham, into a sub-suburbia of plastic bubbles and naked clones of bearded Sages. High-Tech, ambitious of an even more radical Rusticity, pretended that it could fly-into and jet-out of sites carpeted with unmown hay. None of this could survive the ontic pain of the real landscape of the 'Garden of Ballistics' with its tacky tin and glass boxes plonked into shrubberised car parks.

So the next stage was to propose the radical destruction of this collapsed and fraudulent Faux-Rustique in the name of De-Construction. The trick was to design a building that could not be 'denominated'. In this way the Architect could deny his Architecture the status of being recognised, or even being 'cognised' at all. The pointless difficulty of this exercise made its successes instantly recognisable, and its Authors, like Libeskind and Hadid with, in the City of London, Jean Nouvel, into household names.

Here we remain, on the threshold of the 21C - with an increasingly artificial and mechanically-mediated urbanity and absolutely no received design for its assimilation into an humane lifespace. For the 'radically-honest' the injunction is to 'let it all hang out'. For the less iconically-subliterate there remains, unmediated by my intellectually-useless and historically-unread Profession, a rather complete disjunction, closely recalling the problems so entertainingly illustrated in Terry Gilliam's film 'Brazil', between 'Man' and his 'Machines'.

As a practising Architect my ambition is to solve problems, not examine failures. So I ask the question but choose not to spend time answering it. I leave that to the PhDs of the Meritocracy. The drive of JOA was to invent what should have been invented a century ago, the iconic culture to suit a 'Talking Order'.

But before that one must invent an Ordine itself. This we now do in Lecture 19.

The Nineteenth lecture

'Ordine Robotico'.





AFTERWORD for the NINETEENTH LECTURE: 'ORDINE ROBOTICO'.

The Judge Institute was the first large building that JOA had, in the fifteen years since its reluctant foundation, been given to design and build. But these years of modest achievements proved a useful apprenticeship. The assimilation of Victorian Monumentality to late-20C Welfare Squalor had foxed, in the case of this huge hospital, every other Architect who had essayed it - even indeed of the quality of my friends the wily and ingenious Hugh Casson and Neville Conder. JOA's decades of steady progress 'inwards' from the "armpits of the Industrial Estate" found us possessed of everything we needed for an alchemy which the Journal of the Society of Architectural Conservation judged: "rare it was for an unashamedly Modern addition to fit so well with an old structure". What better proof of my Profession's proudly brutal 'Modernist' incompetence!

The Business School project represented the complete 'flowering' of the Sixth Order. Indeed it was in Professor Bob Maxwell's critique of this project that its name was coined, along with his judgment that its invention constituted the "breaking of the taboos of Modernism" and "an Act of Architectural Terrorism". Yet who could possibly be so beset, upon meeting my Business School, by such awful terrors except a clever and sophisticated Critic who had given his entire credulity to all the failures of 20C lifespace-design revealed in these Lectures under the rubric of a 'breakthrough' to a New World of L'Architecture Autre?

And so it was that these modest and ingenious adaptations of the ancient devices of the Architectural 'Order' to a contemporary utility were all fiercely rejected by my own Profession. Every jury of Architects who considered the Cambridge Business School, by far the most prominent 1990's project in that city of radical Modernist constructions, refused to award it any worthy prize - even denying it one for its merely material brick and concrete innovations! It was left to the City of Cambridge itself, and the Brick Industry themselves, to mark the appreciation of those outside the blinkered horizon of 'Architecture'. JOA had transgressed a Modernist Morality taboo - but what was this imperative? That one should live in the squalor of exurbia's parking-lots?

We, in JOA, were unconcerned. We had never depended upon our own Profession for those recommendations which lead to commissions. Our ambitions remained intact. We had, at last, a wonderfully flexible 'Ordine' that could solve whatever entirely novel 'problem' we asked it to address - like providing crawlways, both vertical and horizontal, from which to service all the excellent machines that could be secreted within its robotically ample limbs. I even posted an Allen Key to the Duke of Edinburgh in case his technical curiosity (which one hears is considerable), overcame him during the people-power tedium of the opening of the building by HRH the Queen. I thought he might like to pop-open a duct door and look inside. Only later was I told that "Such things are not done"... Sad really.



the Twentieth
Century.

Learning to Write.





AFTERWORD for the TWENTIETH LECTURE: 'LEARNING TO WRITE'.

It was bad enough to raise an 'Ordine' (and one with the biggest columns in Britain), from that charnel house into which the Modernists believed they had consigned 'History'. But then to go on and 'write' on its giant members, and to do so with 'meaningful' ambitions was to compound the "breaking of taboos" into a crime against everything that 'progress' had achieved and electric light and white paint and smooth featureless surfaces like innocently taut (and tattoo-free(!) young (Burkean) skin etc etc. Modernists foamed at the mouth and ran around witless at the absolute criminality of what JOA were attempting.

It is genuinely strange to me that the basic intellectual project of the 1950's should have become so entirely obscured during the latter half of the 20C. Belsen and Hiroshima had ended the belief that technology alone was the Ariadne's thread towards Progress. It was not sufficient to merely burn and destroy every tradition, every superstition, so that the field be cleared for 'Science and Technology' to provide for every human need and desire. If there was to be 'progress' than it was necessary to turn around and look back at the 'history' that Modernism anathematised. It was going to be necessary to analyse these ancient 'madnesses' and draw from them the means to situate humanity within its ancient practices in such a way that the progress promised by science and technology was aided, rather than hindered, by what Reyner Banham anathematised as the 'Cultural Load'. Yet what else has been the load of all this 'History', even up into the 21C, when, in 2010, the bookshop of the A.A. School has only one shelf for Architectures prior to 1900!

JOA had reified, over the sixteen years since our foundation in 1974, the capable New Ordine described in Lecture 19. This had established a concrete, physical, genealogy extending the 9,000-year span of our Medium. It was now time to put to work the marvellous triumphs of the 20C, both syntactic and semantic in the field of iconic surface-scripting. Here, however, there were even fewer markers to the channel JOA should steer. This Lecture is a description of the clues, back in 1990, that JOA followed, the detours JOA took and the processes of thought that eventually crystallised our scripting lexicon.

We began by adopting the cost-effective surface-scripting technology that we had learned while designing 'Gothic Passion' for the V&A Museum, the 1990-94 Summer Exhibition on the life of A.W.Pugin. That would do for the ceiling, as it did for a later project in Houston, Texas. No such ready-made technique existed, at that time, for the curved A3 column-panels. Monoprinting, a manual technique well-known to Art Colleges, was adopted.

After that, as we report in the Lecture, the only problems were cognitive - and fascinating they were - even if marked by a mere beginner's capability!

The Twenty First
Lecture.

The 'Talking' Order.





AFTERWORD for the TWENTY-FIRST LECTURE: 'THE 'TALKING' ORDER'.

The columns were far less important than the ceiling. But I could find no painter for the ceiling. I looked through various catalogues and lists held by the Arts Council, the RA etc. I asked Hockney, in California. He sent a decorated fax explaining that he did not do 'commissioned work. It was his call, of course. Hockney did opera flats for Glyndebourne. They were big. But they disappeared at the end of the seasons. One did not live with them for a hundred years, being seen every day by some of the cleverest people on Earth. Maybe it was too 'serious' for him. I would have preferred Lichtenstein. But he was dead.

So there was nothing for it but to get out my pens and crayons and do the three-horse race through text, building and graphic that I called a 'Tricorso'. The text was my sense that what I wanted to represent was what we knew, 'scientifically' of the human ontogeny - the emergence of the individual, and our phylogeny, the emergence of our species, from the sea, onto the land, breathing, becoming sighted and finally evolving the speech that led to thought itself. If this 'Sixth Ordine' was to 'support' anything its 'meaning' could not be allowed to moulder in the repository of 'the historic styles' in which it was the strength of the Gods that informed the column, or during the 20C, the merely 'objective', mechanical strength of steel, concrete, or, more fashionably today, wood, mud or even straw. Neither Gods nor Machines would do for my new Ordine.

Nothing would do for my Sixth Order but the phenomenology of Humanity's ontogeny and phylogeny.

The Sixth Order had not merely been 'allowed' to come into existence. Its birth had been applauded and welcomed with prizes from unexpected quarters. But this was when it was 'authenticated' by being recognised as a duct for mechanical services. What would be its 'authenticity' as a totemic advertisement speaking in support of the idea that the Adventitious Cargo, zeroing-in on the site of the New Foundation to cataclysmically animate the 'Genius Loci' could, ultimately, only be supported in the form of its final 'Space of Appearances' by columns in the form of us Humans ourselves, as we have really come to be, divested of all supernatural aids?

It became clear to me that one of the reasons that we lack a 'modern' Ordine is that although the Orders of the past did, in some cultures more than others, intuit the confirmations of Science, they also carried layers of meaning which could no longer 'bear weight'. For the Sixth Order to 'carry' it must not only bear the weight of my ancient medium, and its eternally fascinating history, but that of Science as well.

And why not? For, as J.B. Alberti said: "The serious must be treated lightly".

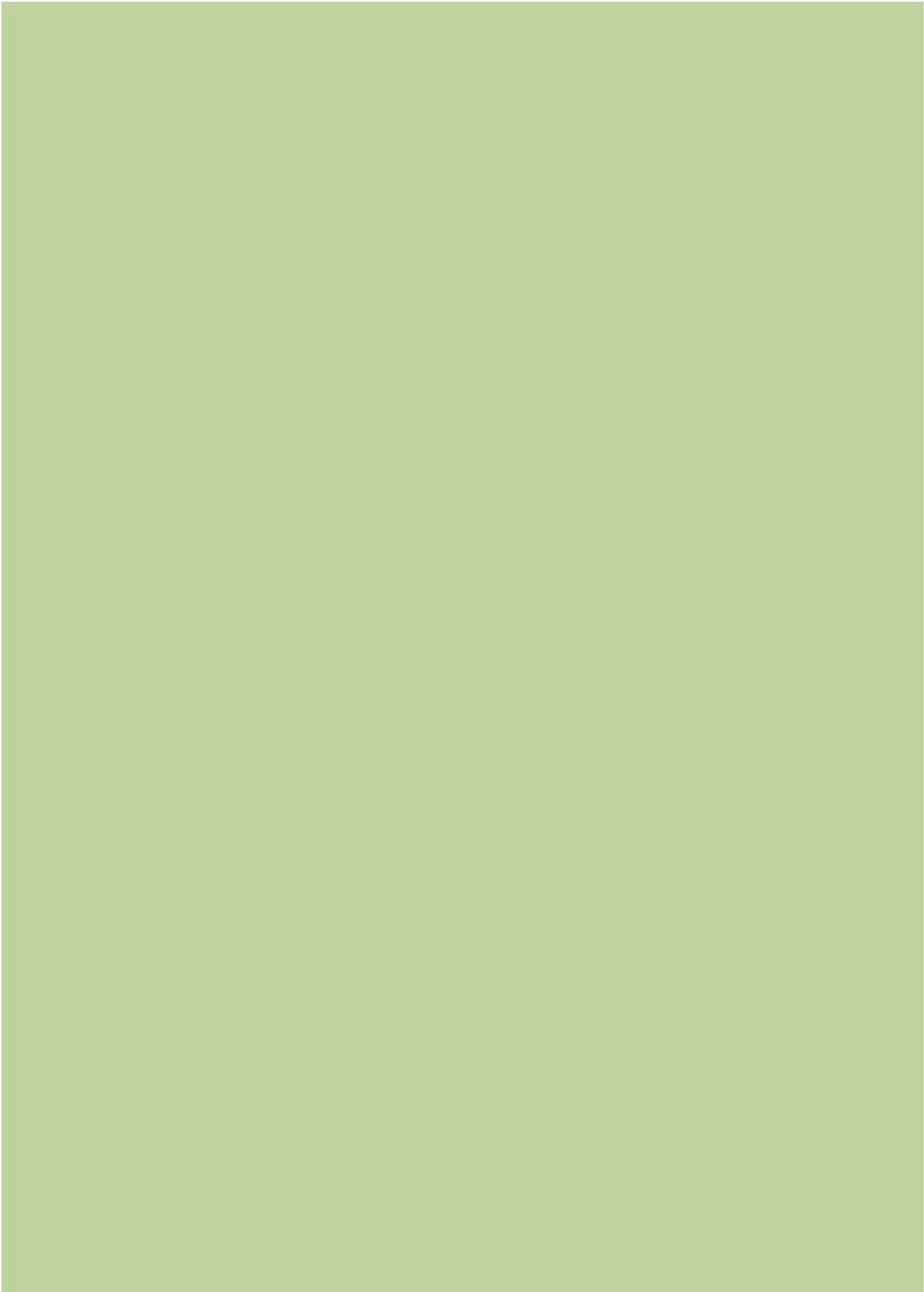


The Twenty-
Second Lecture.

The Cargo Unveiled







**AFTERWORD for the TWENTY-SECOND LECTURE:
'THE CARGO UNVEILED'.**

By a happy chance, Inigo Rose, an experienced painter of 'buon fresco', made contact. We worked on creating a ceiling "that used no modern techniques". The text that I used was that of the Fluvial Narrative/Valley of the Republic. Inigo translated this, using his fluency with Hellenic Myth into something which had, because of its figuration, every chance of pleasing a wide audience as much as that of Classicists more capable of reading the rarer references.

*At this time I was still 'conjuring' with quite what the 'cargo' was that the 'raft' carried into the developing 'rite' of Architecture. As with speech itself, and contrary to some popular theories of invention, one needs a medium for an idea to come into Being. Indra McEwen suggested that the 'tanned masculine skin-colour' of the shafts to a Doric temple figured them as Ephebes. Designing the column inscriptions of the Judge Institute as a phylogeny of our species, and then the ceiling as a phenomenology of what Paul Ricoeur, in *Time and Narrative*, called "Somatic time, the time of living", was bringing into focus the idea that the cataclysmic arrival of the Raft, with its Cargo, represented the advent of a spatial narrative which, although 'recognised' during my researches into Architectural History, and cognisable as a 'river', was beginning to make sense as a 'phenomenology of association' from privacy, in the cave of origin, to a final universality in the infinite horizon of the Ocean.*

If this was the case, and the well-established 'event-horizons' of the Republic of the Valley could be configured as a phenomenology of Association then I felt I was on the way to discovering an Urbanity which could serve to make Association as cognisable as an 'object'. What would be the consequence of this? Would it mean that the politico-economic constitution of a society could be 'learnt' as one learns to make one's way around a town - by walking on it? Instead of having to learn one's Constitution as an abstract system mediated by arcane ideas, the citizen would literally 'live' it into his and her understanding. It would be mediated by the symbolic distribution of the lifespace itself. What was this but a Constitutional Topology reified as a Constitutional Topography and then assimilated as a 'streetwise' Constitutional Geography? Was this a Utopian (No-Place) or the Real Place for (Modern) Man?

As an aside, I report our entry for the rebuilding of the fire-damaged St. George's Hall in Windsor Palace. Our design for the Victoria and Albert Museum's 1994 summer exhibition, on the life of Augustus Welby Pugin, had created the mistaken impression that I liked the Gothic style. A good designer can use any style - even without affection. 'Gothick' remains the 'State Style' two hundred years after Benjamin Disraeli's 'New Britain' pressure group established it as an iconic bulwark against Continental Rationalism. 'Modernism', under Blair, now served 'Cool Britannia' - "Plus ca change".

The Twenty-
Third Lecture.

Spaces of Appearance





AFTERWORD for the TWENTY-THIRD LECTURE: 'SPACES OF APPEARANCE'.

The first series of columnar inscriptions were developed to tell a story whose narrative sequence, in eight sections, was vertical. Our Client Body objected that this interrupted the column's verticality. We did not find this criticism entirely persuasive, but we responded by developing a set of inscriptions that could be used to divide space horizontally. These could be used to mark an entrance - apotropaically, or by marking the corners of a space, bounding it, like the 'Egyptian' columniation named by Palladio, into a 'room without walls'. The columns could also be used to mark the cardinal points so that the 'microcosm' of an interior could be mapped-onto the 'macrocosm' outside.

Over-printing these designs onto the original eight vertical patterns created a palette of forty distinct patterns. I used them all, and still had several un-overprinted columns to use as spatial 'fillers'. These illustrated the eight under-patterns. The results exceeded all my hopes for patterns that would be almost entirely inscrutable on their individual A3-sized tiles. These could be enjoyed as a wonderful superfluity of aleatory graphic abstractions. There were, at one calculation, some 3,000 A3 'abstractions'. One could entertain the hope that so much 'Public Art' might be enough to exhaust the silly habit of buying it, at silly prices, off 'Artists' with talent and nothing on which to use it.

JOA used our experience from Wadhurst Park to design and price the Gallery floor. At this point the interior of this 'Social Space', so positively requested by the Business School Client Body, was completed. The floor was in-budget and the column-tilings were funded by a donation of £100,000, given specifically for "Decorative Art", by one of JOA's previous Clients.

Only the 'painted' ceiling remained unfunded. But it had been specifically requested, by the Client Body as to be "not of any modern process". The two main Benefactors were wealthy individuals and, in this early-1990's Thatcherite ethos, Cambridge, as one of Britain's two top universities, was being pressed with huge donations, from all the quarters of the Globe, without even having to ask. Moreover if the ceiling came to be judged as 'Art' (which was not as I saw it), then surely someone would want to donate it in such a public place.

Inigo was a genuine buon-fresco painter whose family was known to Brian Sewell, the Art Critic of London's Evening Standard. Inigo brought Sewell to view his modello on the ceiling of our offices in Devonshire Place.

We were asked to provide graphical material to help with further general fundraising - especially in the USA and the Far East. JOA did this just as we were being asked, by Josephine Abercrombie, of Rice University, to begin our first building in the USA. We all seemed to be pulling in the same direction.

The Twenty Fourth Lecture

Demolition Derby





AFTERWORD for the TWENTY-FOURTH LECTURE: 'DEMOLITION DERBY'.

I had become aware, at the first International Venice Biennale of Architecture, back in 1991, that the length of time it had taken JOA to develop both our ideas as well as our designs, had rendered them unfashionable. I had never wanted to run a design bureau of my own. I enjoyed my work too much to become a mother-hen for others. But circumstances had both given me the opportunity to start a bureau of my own, as well as a peculiar set of familial catastrophes (being driven out of Cyprus by the Turkish Invasion of 1974) that saw both relations as well as old family friends giving my fledgling practice some domestic projects in Bayswater and Belgravia as well as the simple commercial (warehouse-workshop) projects of Poyle and Kensal Road.

I had not enjoyed working for other Architects. It was not merely egoism. I found them dull. My private clients were almost always more interesting. So, apart from a few friendships with Critics, in their capacity as writers, I, and my small bureau, worked in isolation. Now, however, I was on a 'public' stage. Perhaps I should not have been surprised that, having done without my professional peers for so long, and with such seeming success, that they should not be pleased with me. I failed, for example, to understand, at the lunch given by Phyllis Lambert, the Seagram Heiress and founder of the Canadian Centre for Architecture, that one did not 'talk shop'. Wristwatches, on the other hand, were permissible. Talking about 'Architecture' was best left to journalists, whom one (of course), never read. To understand oneself was (to James Stirling) to emasculate the wellsprings of creativity. I have seldom felt so overpowered by a sense of the miasmatic dullness of contemporary Architectural discourse as I did at the Lambert Lunch, social high-point of the round of 1991 Biennale parties.

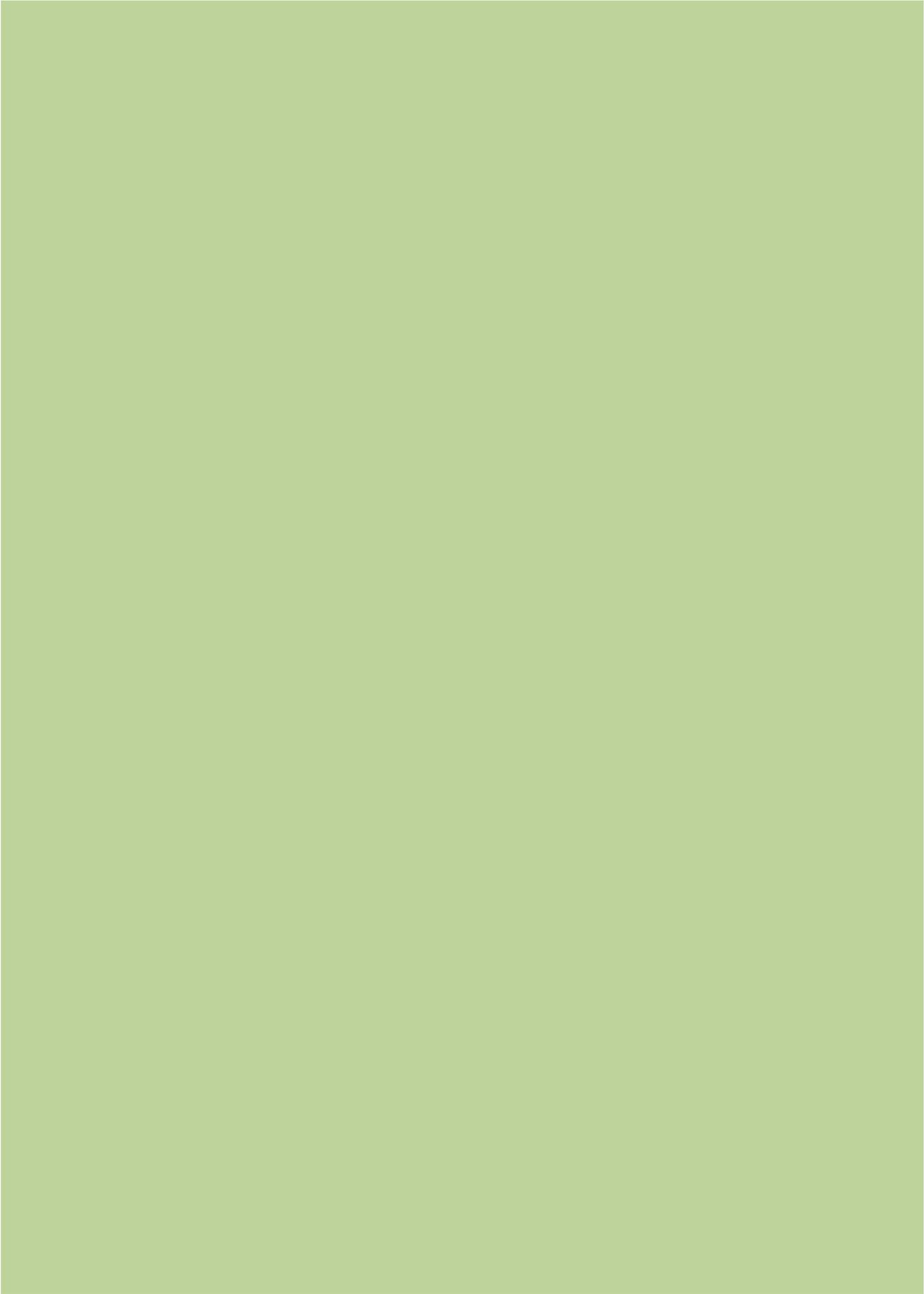
What I had not foreseen was that this mood-swing in the Professional hothouse would affect my supposedly hard-headed patrons of 'Business'. I could see from Venice that the struggle, by my Profession, since the 1960's, to create an ur-Architecture capable of carrying ideas, had been summarily abandoned. Deconstruction was mistaken as a licence to trash the very medium itself - let alone any 'conceptual cargo' it might 'carry'. My colleagues became mute on anything pertaining to their proper professional culture. I gave up going to the Biennale parties after this and Rima and I merely walked about Venice-talking to literate people, like Tudy Sammartini, about such as Athanasius Kircher. I also bought books, some so extremely heavy that they had to be shipped home via freight. We revisited the 'Casa Frollo' on the Giudecca where we had spent our first night together after being married in S. Giorgio de Greci. We found a splendid 'occiali', whose succession of products I have worn every year since. One cannot be depressed for long in Venice!

The shock came later, when JOA's hitherto amiable Patrons trashed the interior of the Judge.

the Twenty- fifth lecture

"Fiat Nihil!"





AFTERWORD for the TWENTY-FIFTH LECTURE: 'FIAT NIHIL!'

I did not know it at the time, but JOA's (long-delayed, and only just begun) career as a major Architect in our own country was finished. We were never given a project by an institutional Client, that is a non-commercial Client, ever again. More than one British Architect has made the greater part of his career abroad. Rogers's most famous project was in Paris, Foster's in his early days, in Hong Kong. Stirling's last and most highly-regarded projects all in Germany. All of them had survived major claims against technical defects on important British buildings, sometimes running into millions of pounds. These were due to the failures of parts of the external surface whose invention was clearly essential to the 'look' of the 'Architecture'. Not that the Architect's part was, necessarily, the major fault. But mud always sticks. JOA, in the thirty-five years of its existence has never even had to fight a claim for defects, let alone lose one and cause our insurers any expense. It has all been pure profit for our professional liability insurer!

My 'crime' was of a different nature. It was one that could not be allowed to go unpunished. Bob Maxwell had not registered the half of the "taboo" that the Judge Gallery Interior had "broken". By trying to fold the Future and the Past into an heroic and brilliant Present (and almost succeeding) I had devalued both the mostly rather minor ruins of "our island heritage" as well as the glorious Future that British Technology, led by High-Tech, would soon usher-in.

The British lifespace had always been characterised by variety, difference, and the 'picturesque'. The 80'0"-high 5'0"-diameter columns of the Judge, with their glossy black capitals as curvaceously shiny as outer space and as opaque as thought itself, carried a dense cargo of 'Classicism' ordered into a map which superimposed the phenomenology of Sociation onto that of the topography of the ancient City-State - something of a 'lost' ideal. It was all too heroic, grand and, worst of all, artificial. Where was the allowance for local history, and where for what the Continental cultures called muddles, errors and mistakes but that we called serendipity? At this rate one could easily plan a great city with boulevards flanked by giant arcades, etc, etc. The Judge was Architecture for the great empire into which I had been born.

Britain now much preferred to fantasise about her 'great past'. There was also, so as to preserve its rather meagre evidences, a parallel licence to fantasise about a future that would, by preference, remain safely in the very far distance. This was High-Tech, shiny and rounded according to Edmund Burke's nympho-philiac diagnosis.

What was not to be tolerated was to breed the Future into the Past so as to birth a Present that gave a good 'view' into both dimensions. Were that to happen, the Present would acquire 'dignity'. Who knows what might happen then?

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the Twenty- Sixth lecture

Back to the Beginning.





**AFTERWORD for the TWENTY-SIXTH LECTURE:
"BACK TO THE BEGINNING".**

North America was where I had finally decided back in 1954, to become an Architect. Now I was back there some forty years later. Fate plays a strange game. But, looking back, it made a certain sense. My Architectural inventions had been proved to be more than Britain had need for. Britain had a great past, but by the admission of her own Establishment, nothing so brilliant as a future. This was what Thatcher hated in the Civil Service and her own High-Tory Establishment. Texas had almost no past at all. Even my house, new by English standards at 1822, was older than the 'Alamo'. Perhaps there would be a use for my inventions here.

So it was that after my English architectural career was effectively brought to its 'public' closure it rose again on that greatest of anathemas to the English lifespace, a rigorously disciplined Greco-Gothic Beaux-Arts plan that appeared to ignore anything which pre-dated its coming into being. I found my spirit enormously at home on the campus designed by Ralph Adams Cram for the William Marsh Rice University. I loved the clever formal footwork engendered by its rigorous artificiality. I loved its gently inventive Byzantine-Moresque style. I loved the plethora of figurative ornament - all beautifully carved by a German sculptor who made sure his wife always gave birth in the Teutonic Homeland. His sons could never have been U.S. Presidents. I loved the sun, the heat, the Mesopotamian Latitudes and the live-oak evergreens. Maybe it was being brought-up in Lutyens' New Delhi.

Houston itself, outside the hedges (as the local epithet described the City itself), was an alien planet where automobiles could pass by the tenth floor window (which would be sealed shut to suit the air-conditioning). Yet this city, which had no more use for 'shanks pony', was filled with extraordinarily gracious, polite and amiable (south-ern) natives. To speak the local English it was only necessary to say as many words in half as possible and then hyphenate. "Cerm-in y-all", etc. But this alienation from the normally human mode of locomotion was a very recent catastrophe. Houston before WWII had had street-facdes, sidewalks and even (Ou)trams.

I was made warmly welcome. But as they said to me: "John, no one fouls-up in Texas". Contrary to this estimate, or perhaps because there were no 'legal accidents' in this litigious country, was the extreme difficulty I found in extending my unblemished Professional Indemnity Insurance. It seemed to me that my Texan Clients liked the idea that JOA had "been in trouble somewhere else." JOA had learned at someone else's expense. Little did we know then, in 1992, that, at the Judge Institute, Cambridge, England, it was to be, when summed-up in 1995, at £250,000 of JOA's own.

The Twenty- Seventh lecture

The Beaux-Arts Weave.





**AFTERWORD for the TWENTY-SEVENTH LECTURE:
'THE BEAUX-ARTS WEAVE'.**

The design of Duncan Hall was far from easy. It took the better part of eighteen months. I had to 'teach myself' (usually the best way) about the Beaux Arts. About as much Theory on it exists in English as 19C Beaux Arts Planning exists in the British Isles - which is to say very little. What I named its 'weave' was a revelation. It enabled me to take a newly-critical view of Corbuser - his Ville Radiuse, his Plan for Paris and his city-planning techniques in general.

My 'understandings' were confirmed when I found that I could 'decipher' the Rice University Campus Plan to which I was about to contribute a building. I was able to use Ricoeur's phenomenology of Somatic Time to map the Event-Horizons of the Republic of the Valley into this almost-100-year-old campus. Some of the congruences were uncannily exact. Not that these 'homologies' actually 'prove' anything except the existence, in certain 'developed' cultures, of these archetypal narratives. The point of the exercise, as I understood Levi-Strauss to say, is what one learns from the use of such 'theories', and more than this, what can be made of this 'knowledge'. For, as Descartes said, "An idea is no good if it cannot be built as a machine".

I had to ask Paul Ridout and Andrew Pollard, of Gardiner and Theobald, my trusty cost-consultants in London, to come over and banish the Americans fear of counting bricks, and other such arcana, so afraid were they of 'getting it wrong' (and getting sued). The tolerance, skill and good nature of the University's officers, their Professional Consultants, and indeed their Professors was sorely tried by JOA's dogged refusal to compromise. A point was reached when we were threatened by replacement if we could not bring the 'net to gross' down to an acceptable ratio. The day was saved by Adrian James' exhumation, from its long-forgotten invention as part of our competition-entry, illustrated on page 11 of Lecture Two, for the Petershill Site next to St. Paul's Cathedral. After that, everything fell wonderfully into place - as this Lecture shows

It struck me that the Sixth Order was now complete. It had the three Vitruvian components. Its 'Working' aspect was Firmitas, its 'Talking' - which I called 'iconic engineering', was Venustas and its new addition, the 'Walk-in(g)' Order was Commoditas. One did not have to be an Architect to rough-out a 'Classical' building with all of the built-in Architectural culture that 'Classicism' brings. This had always been one of my ambitions. We will never have Urbanity unless everyone involved, both Public and Politicians, can play the Architectural and City-Planning game. This is not to say that one expects the Amateur to be as good as the Professional. But it is to say that it is only when everyone knows the rules, and can play a game, that the Professional's skill is appreciated.

When this happens the superstructure of my Profession will entirely change.



The Twenty-
Eighth Lecture

Writing Outside





AFTERWORD for the TWENTY-EIGHTH LECTURE: 'WRITING OUTSIDE'.

JOA began this project in 1992 with a staff of 22 qualified Architects. The process ended in 1995 with the opening of Rice's Duncan Hall. By this time JOA was, after the deliberate destruction wrought by the 'Fiat Nihil', down to five qualified Architects. But, at Rice, in far-away Texas, we had proved what our British Clients were not prepared to allow - that a 'New Order' was possible that was better than the five Canonic Orders so destructively defended by the Neo-Classical necrophiliacs of Britain.

Most big 'classical' buildings are a posh portico behind which one finds the usual squalid shambles of space-plumbing. The 6th Order penetrates the whole building like a magic solution. It raises everything up to the cognitive status of Architecture. It was how Duncan Hall delivered, on budget, 43% of its footprint as covered arcades - something that should be commonplace, but is not, in such a hot, wet, climate. It was why they were vaulted in curved plaster, ready to receive surface-scripting. It was why every 'sourcing' of the River of Somatic Time, and its tributaries, occurred in an external terrace flanked by fragrant plants in gigantic 'capital-planters'. These were twice the size of the ones that filled with coca-cola tins on the Judge. The Sixth Order is why every one of the hollow 'Service-Column' variants of the 6th Order bore small air-con units serving the individual rooms of the Faculty with an individually-controlled climate. The actual steel and concrete that served to hold-up the building, and steady it against all the other physical shocks to which it will be subject, was hidden. The Public take these things for granted. Yet it needed the best efforts of the best Houstonian Engineering Consultants Rice University could appoint to make all of this 'work'. Yet this 'working' is, after all, the Engineer's 'work'!

Engineering is not Architecture, in spite of the weak-minded theorists of the centuries since the 18th. Only a Profession that refused to understand its own Medium, as did the Architects of the West after WWII, would forward the Carnal in preference to the Cognitive (as did High Tech), for their Public Philosophy. Lecture 27 showed how to solve ALL of the mechanical problems, both novel and usual AND still enable the Sixth Order to 'talk'. It showed how it could be inscribed with ideas from, amongst others, Italy, Greece, Meso-America and India that were germane to Duncan Hall's identity. Ed Burris, Engineering Dean in 1996, idly murmured to me one day "John, what is a University?" Such questions are never asked in the Old World. What could they be but the places where EVERYTHING is brought together so as to flow out again to fertilise the World anew?

In 1995, though battered by the transition in our home market from the "Makers of silk purses out of sow's ears", to, like Byron, "Mad, bad and dangerous to know", we had, in Texas, finally completed JOA's 'Architectural Project'. It was, though we did not know it then, 'our finest hour'.



The Twenty- Ninth Lecture

A Rite of Founding.





AFTERWORD for the TWENTY-NINTH LECTURE: 'A RITE OF FOUNDING'.

JOA had, by now, in 1994, for Rice, an even more capable 'Architecture' than at Cambridge, back in 1991, when we had essayed the iconic inscription of the Judge Institute. Its ultimate purpose then, as now, was to serve to 'hold' some ideas in focus within the hubbub of the quotidian chaos - in short to 'fold' the 'vita contemplativa' into the 'vita activa'. Back then, I entertained some faith that I would be able to rely on others to help me. I now held, after the ruin of my English career, no such illusions. If I was to "foul up in Texas", as my amiable Houstonians put it, it would be on my account - ALONE.

In Cambridge JOA had offered, as the Advetitous Cargo of the Entabled Raft, the phenomenologies of Somatic Time and Sociation, all mediated by the Hellenic iconography professed by the Neo-Neo-Classical fraction of the Judge Client Body. It had proved indigestible. In the congested chaos that is Britain, one no longer theorises the 'ideal city' or the 'ideal' human lifespace. Here I determined to do the iconic engineering entirely myself. Cambridge had taught me that I was on my own. Neither Critics nor Painters knew more than I about these iconographies. The Architects of the Renaissance were given their iconographies by the Writers, the 'Savants', but at least the Practitioners 'painted' their own Iconics. It was time for my Profession to do the same.

The so-called Post-Modern Classical fashion had failed to create any inscriptive technique beyond the usual naked bodies floating in the aether. The Western iconic technique had been, ever since Egypt, always too 'humanistic'. The abstractions of Science had undone an iconics that had always been underqualified to mediate a Metaphysic. It was surely time for 'Modern Architecture', after a half century of iconic illiteracy, to take advantage of the abstracted symbolics invented, in the early 20C, during the crisis of 'Modernity' itself. One needed the 'Modernist authentication' of these techniques to help break the taboo upon vocalising anything other than the mutely physiocratic body of 20C lifespace-engineering. I had also 'proved', in the Victoria and Albert Museum's Summer Exhibition of 1990-94, all of the technologies needed for these huge, and necesssarily inexpensive, graphical inscriptions.

As to my choice of subject, especially for the 'uppermost', President Kennedy had first announced the moon-shot project when standing on the dais of a Rice University Graduation Ceremony. At the Houston Space Centre, an un-fired Apollo Rocket lies in a field of long grass. Its pipes and tubes follow a zoomorphic curve and swell (such were the gigantic pressures it was built to bear), like the entrails of some animal or the ruined limbs of Ozymandias, King of Kings. Being of bronze and other incorrodible metals, it will never decay.

One may easily rehearse the 'Time of Advent', or (the Big Bang'), in such a place. In Texas one thinks of beginnings, not of endings. It is not 'Yurrap'!

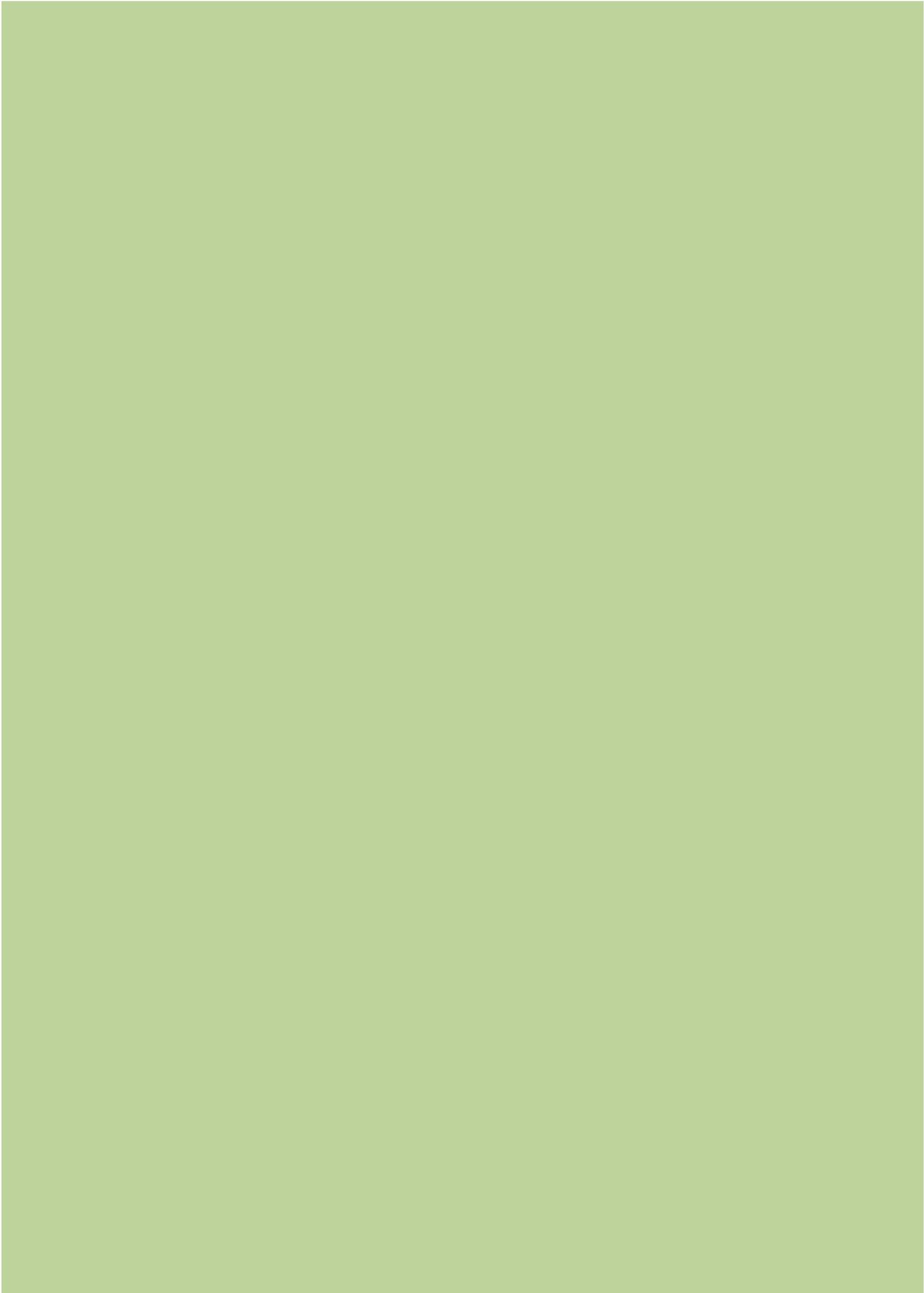


the Thirsieth -
lecture

'Camera Lucida'







AFTERWORD for the THIRTIETH LECTURE: 'CAMERA LUCIDA'.

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

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

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

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

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

-Me Thirty-
first lecture

A "Flowering"





AFTERWORD for the THIRTY-FIRST LECTURE: 'A FLOWERING'.

I had 'proved' all of the ambitions that my old tutor, Bob Maxwell, had called "an impossible dream". Duncan Hall had giant, decorated, columns supporting a ceiling that was cut away to reveal its conceptual 'cargo'. The interior, the most important part of any building to its buyers and users, introduced them to 'chromatic deprivation'. Not only did they feel this novel sensation, but by it, that their lifespace could 'mean something'. While, at first, naturally unsure as to the ethical status of these novelties, both Professors, Undergraduates, and the Public of the city of Houston eventually took Duncan Hall to their hearts, and even, as I learned through the 'Test of Gluteus Maximus', to their minds.

The only group to exhibit a firm and unyielding disapproval, measured by banning their Freshmen from entering this 'dangerous' interior, were the Professors of Architecture. Not to say that they were not found, by the Security Guard, creeping about the interior very late at night. Like all Censors, they must suffer corruption to protect the innocent. Wishing to learn more of this curious antipathy, I attended one the Faculty's Thursday evening 'outsider' lectures. This was given by Dave Hickey, a self-styled Renegade Art Critic who'd HQ'd himself, as part of his 'up yours' Populism, in Las Vegas. I heard him laud Vegas and Hong Kong. I do not remember his reasons but, looking back on it his main and certain reason would have been to 'epater les sophomores'. A special strangeness was, for me, attached to the occasion because he looked uncannily like Peter Smithson, Britain's best known Renegade Young Architect of the '1950's and '1960's. Peter was my nominal Fifth-year tutor. I do not recall if Peter had a full-length black leather Gestapo-style trench coat. Vegas-Gestapo was Hickey's, rather than Smithson's style. Peter was less 'eager'. But that is the English for you.

Hickey's advice to the 'innocents' who had to be protected from my interior, was to "forget about", and I quote, "long-term planning, or any 'planning' at all". "Go with the flow" was his message. The equally black-clad Architectural Professors fawned upon this oracular genius, fresh from the architectural trash-can of Vegas. I asked him if he knew Peter Smithson and got a defensively provincial basilisk stare. Another curiosity for me was that I had only just got off the plane from Hong Kong, Los Angeles and Las Vegas where I had been 'on the inside' with the Developers and Designers of the £M500 Battersea Fun-Palace project. Hickey was lecturing on Ralph Adam Cram's Rice Campus, a brilliant piece of long-term planning mediated by a Building and Grounds Committee that, very deliberately, contained no Architectural Academics. Vegas itself was planned down to the last detail - even removing clocks and adding extra oxygen to the air-con to keep the punters 'punting'. Such mendacious 'teaching' disgusted me. Adolescents like to revolt. It is not for their Professors to feed them predigested vomit. I walked back to the Marriott Medical Hotel that night, across the dry 'St. Augustine' grass, feeling physically sick.



