

A THEMATIC FOR THE FOURTH VOLUME: "AUTUMN".

This fourth volume, "Autumn", of the "44 LECTURES" will have two main themes to unite into its main ambition. The one that stems directly from the first three volumes is that the instrumentality of what Descartes called "machines" disqualifies them from the task of representing reality. "Machines" are, to the eye of appearances, and the media of representation, inevitably fakes. They are iconic frauds by virtue of the fact that their appearance is merely contingent upon their physical, that is to say instrumental imperatives. The ambition of Modernism, especially in its techno-utopia versions, which was to invent a metaphysic of Machines, falls to the level of an ontic triviality.

More profoundly for the ambitions of Modernism, is the second thematic of "Autumn". This is the indecipherability of the 'a-priori'. It was hoped, especially after Kant, that the reduction of the iconic discourse of machines, or man-made forms, to the pure geometric 'quanta', would ensure their ontological authenticity. This reduction, while unleashing a syntax with more power than any other failed, of itself, to provide a lexicon. The marvels of abstract composition reduced in communicative power the more their lovely energies augmented. The more abstracted, the more emptied of meaning the pseudo-a-priori of Abstraction became.

Then, in the late 20C, the delinquescence of Deconstruction confirmed the final intellectual failure of Modernism. Gehry, Hadid and the others are merely silly. Their consequence has been the erasure of anything one could denote an intellectually cogent and ontically replete Architecture from the contemporary State of Being. Today my sad profession 'gets-off' in a necrophilia of sperm-bank ova without the slightest chance of a properly-contracted Architectural "event".

To progress the Modernist project it is necessary to accept that abstract composition is here to stay. Its admirable energies can not be exceeded. Its lexicon, however must be accepted as those of the primal human cognisances in their absolutely sense-given immediacy: the wind, the sea, the sun, leaves flicking from light to shade, the touch of tongue on flesh and so on. These two thematically distant means of mediation have to be put to a condition of energetic seminal intercourse and them married to the rational medium of textual discourse so that, in the end, the chef of culture is able to serve a menu both lascivious, lovely, refreshing and consummately cognate. This is the food we now need. This is the finally coherent theme of my fictional 'istoria' of 'Autumn'.

Yet any indication that the Modernist project has the slightest idea of this culinary imperative is so howlingly absent as to bring to mind the infinite vastness of some cosmic kitchen rubbish tip (containing the whole of human history since (at least), the dropping of the Gadget and the invention of hormonal contraception) - with its principal dustbins the highest elevations of thought - I instance Britain's Cambridge University.