> Épouse et n'épouse pas ta
> maison.
>
> René Char:
> *Les feuillets d'Hypnos*
>
> Dos linages sólos hay en el
> mundo... que son el tenir y el
> no tenir.
>
> Cervantes [1]

Architecture, and eternal life[2]

Per Otnes

Architecture is often fun and pleasure, but also, and as much, a serious business indeed. With a personal story as a starting point we will outline an alternative professional mythology, differing from one well-known ontological base, where *Sorge* (Lat. *Cura*, worry, care) is the basic mythical figure, with less personified entities like *Schonung* and *Zeuge* adding to it.

Das Dieses, das einmal war

Being born and raised in the town of Trondheim, Norway used to give any grammar school boy or girl a special relationship to engineering and architecture. At the time, the forties and fifties, Trondheim held the country's only academic education for said professions, the *NTH* or

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[1]   Trans. 'Marry and don't marry your house' (Char); 'The world knows only two lineages, namely to have and have not' (Cervantes).

[2] This paper was read and discussed in the European Cities group of the European sociological association (ESA)'s Helsinki conference Aug 29th – Sept 2nd 2001. Thanks for comments from profs. Mats Franzén, Anne Haila and B. Vivekanandan.

Norway's Technical College, to-day much expanded and rebaptised *NTNU*, *Norway's Technical-Scientific University*, having despite that name room for the humanities, social science and the traditional academic professions as well. The old art noveau building with the two pointed towers - lynx' ears or grounded V2 missiles? - inspired a respect bordering on awe, overlooking the town from the top of *Gløshaugen*.

Twice every day a quiet, contemplative gentleman passed by our house. He had a small roundish nose and slightly sagging cheeks, round sombre eyes topped by dark eyebrows and was always wearing his grey gabardine. That was professor Sverre Pedersen, our famous town planner. Up our quiet road where the tarmac gave way for gravel after less than ten yards, only five or six houses away was his residence, around which he had a high, brown board fence - perfect for what you'd call tagging today. We, the children, knew him mostly for the the great, ferocious white husky which he kept behind it. If the gate was open and the dog not bound no schoolchild dared pass. And if the gate was closed, a perfect excuse, even if not strictly true, for arriving too late for school: 'The White Hound stopped us'.

So for a start, town planning - a perfect excuse for being too late.

As for *Gløshaugen*, the etymology gives two different senses: to glow, shine or glisten, as would a place with a view; or the "valuable entrails of fish" (liver, roe etc.), glistening as well but in much narrower spots.

Views and awe, then, yet a certain amount of ambivalence. The children were playing in the hollow nearby, known as the College valley or *Brokoffen* (after a former owner), doing football, playing Indians, ski jumping in winter, happily incognisant of what went on in the great towered house on the hilltop - Pedersen, Korsmo, Brochmann and whatever their names were. No one ever smashed a window there.

Anyhow, every quick-witted grammar school youth of Trondheim at the time were dreaming of, and notably, were *expected* to dream about the Technical College, NTH. School irony produced a song, tune 'On the road to Mandalay':

The cathedral school, how fitting
near the centre of the see
has some fifty boys a'sitting
thinking humbly, secretly:

"If this hearing gives me top marks
I've pulled through another time
would that teacher sees and harks
for I'm striking up this rhyme:

Refr.: Oh the engineer career,
is a hard one, yes, I swear!
If today gives history top marks
I'll sing tweedle-dum, you'll hear" (rep. refr.)

Position/These

Whether it was wits quick or slow or something else, any NTH student - almost all males at the time - were dreaming about a Trondheim girlfriend. Opportunity makes thieves, and propinquity lovers. So for a boy with lots or aunts it was only logical that after a while a prospective architect moved in with the youngest aunt, with a small room of his own in the grandparents' apartment, his spacious drawing-board however in a nook of the sitting-room. When the child asked naively:

Why do you want to be an architect, uncle?
he raised his voice so that all adults in the room could hear and then proclaimed:

Well, that's because I want a job where I know *I'll have a visible, lasting impact.*

The other adults were covertly making faces, but kept mum, for none of them had much of a lasting impact to point to. The child, however, still naive, watched with enthusiasm as uncle architect made models, with little woodblocks for houses, landscapes of plaster and cardboard cut to contours, decorated with trees with matches for stems and small pieces of green-coloured sponge for tops.

Years later, the uncle, now established with his own small firm, offered the child turned young man a summer job. That implied visits to numerous building-sites plus reading fat volumes on log-building techniques - both great fun. But the bulk of the job proved to be preparing blueprints for inviting painters' tenders, with advancement to drawing window-frames

after some weeks - both horribly boring. And that year's *Students' Handbook* quoth: 'The architect must master, not only creative work but no less be patient with more routine tasks'.

The escape from the world's most boring job ended with sociology at the University of Oslo's Blindern campus. Blindern, 'the secluded meadow', instead of Gløshaugen, the viewpoint - or the fish offal dump. Bless the architect uncle, alone for applauding the decision - he at least had an inkling of what sociology was about. The other family members made efforts of understanding, half-heartedly, with limited success, and slightly worried expressions (or were they making faces once more?).

When it dawned that sociology, too, had its boring aspects it was more or less too late. Better complete it - take it, not leave it.

There was, and is, however, an intermediate road, sort of - or an intermediate object, as the early Norberg-Schulz might have said[3]: *Urban sociology* was an established subfield of sociology right from the start, not without a few Norwegian pioneers. We did not read the architects among them until rather much later, names such as Brochmann, Boysen, and said Norberg-Schulz, but other names, Ørjar Øyen and Max Petersen[4], were fairly well-known and easily found in our small local community of then. Later, the sub-discipline changed names - first 'the sociology of space' and then, since space sounds so vacuous, to 'the sociology of materiel'. The objects, the man-made environment, all that which is *situated* in space, without which space will fade away and disappear, become nothing, no-thing, an impossible placeless origo in the middle of naught. The field of what is materially situated in space has expanded, too, certainly, for now, even 'untouched nature', sea beds say, the minerals on them and the oil and gas reservoirs below them, yea, even 'outer space' - all have received their traces of human efforts.

Opposition/Antithese

Every fairly wellread person has heard about Norway's by far most world-famous architect. He is a humble man, not even wanting to call himself an

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[3] The intermediate object plays for once the leading part in his *Intentions in Architecture* (1964). Briefly, it's the structural-functionalists (Parsons, Toulmin) counter to SR or stimulus-response theory: The intermediate object is introduced as mediating between these two.

[4] Plus, bless us, their teachers such as George A. Lundberg.

architect, self-made, self-taught, and not really thoroughly enough at that. We meet him in his office, where we learn that he is having an affair with his bookkeeper, even if she's engaged to be married with another employee. He has made his way by ousting an older, professionally educated colleague, later taking him back in favour but degraded to a mere aide. He is keeping yet another, younger professionally educated colleague, his book-keeper-mistress' fiancée, down, fearing him as poison; although he is very promising his boss won't ever give him one word of praise. His firm has expanded after a very convenient fire - of which he was, if not an accomplice, then at least in a position to foresee - which laid open a fairly large site for development into detached housing sold at good advantage. And to top it, our architect falls for the first-coming charming young maid who flatters him immoderately - another affair, under the same roof as his wedded wife.

At first, he says he wants to build "homes for humans" - not 'glad, noble humans', that's a pensioned parson colleague's words. More exactly his words are:

> Now listen, you supreme power! From this day on I will be a free
> mason, I as well as you. In my field. Just like you in yours. I will
> build no more churches for you. Only homes for humans.

but then only a few hours later

> building homes for humans, - that isn't worth five pence ... (they)
> have no use for these homes of theirs. Nor for happiness either ...
> So that's my final accounts, for as long, as long as I can see back.
> Nothing built essentially. No sacrifice for having things built
> either. Nothing, nothing - all together.

And then he lets himself be talked into taking a chance which leads him directly to his death - a near-murder, or is it a slightly masked suicide?

Not exactly a sympatic character. Yet many would view Ibsen's *Master Builder*, Solness, more as a hero than as a cynical, manipulative smartass of a dirty old man. Nobody knows how frequent such a character is in fact today - not outside the profession that is. We won't moralise, following Ibsen himself, who in all equivocality would want us to remember Solness as a man who has the courage of his convictions; one who stood up for his opinions at their best, even at the price of blood, death and gore - one

dramatic final time at least. From "nothing" as mere utterance, on to the great void.

Mediation/Synthese 1

There is a striking contrast here, between the uncle's stand, and the later Solness'. Or perhaps even more of a contrast, reflexive at that, between the early and the final Solness'. In brief recap, first the certain expectation of 'a visible, lasting impact', even stronger in the form of being 'a free mason, just as you, supreme power'. Then next, the resignation, even despair, of 'nothing built essentially. Nothing, nothing - all together'.

Two sides of the same trade: Architecture as 'lasting impact' - eternal life - and as 'not worth five pence' - death with no hope of an afterlife or resurrection[5].

Is there a solution to this dilemma, this contradiction, this encounter between incompatible *Gestalten* ? And can there be more than one solution? Does architecture really suggest a way to a real, material, lasting life in the form of constructions that prevail, little changed for centuries? And whether or not true in fact, do architects hold such beliefs nonetheless? If so, is it plain vanity, self-delusion, or is there yet a base for maintaining them?

The ancient myths, according to some, claim as mentioned that *Cura, Sorge* gave form to the first human, so that we never will be rid of that, after the gods infused *Cura*'s clay figures with life[6]. *Cura*, then, worry, care and those or that that are cared for. *Zeuge* next, as in *Werkzeug* and *Spielzeug*, implements for work, play, or anything - tools and things which we understand fully only when they break down, don't do what we want them to. And to build, Germ. *bauen*, from the same etymological root as to be or

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[5] Some hold that all religions, even primeval forms, such as burial rites testify to a general belief in an afterlife. But it might as well testify to a belief in *present* life only; a monument small or great commemorating in this world a life's work now ended. And certainly, antiquity's religions, with the sole exception of Christianity, did not believe in afterlives or resurrections. Their nether words were for shades, not souls, a 'dead end', of no possible return. Even the old Germanic tribes' *Walhalla* is not a general afterlife, it's a perennial battlefield for an elite only, heroic soldiers felled in combat; for all others a *Totenreich* or *Helheim* much like pagan antiquities'. Even today, the Jewish faith promises neither paradise nor personal resurrection. Christianity would seem alone envisioning that - consoling, perhaps, but not really very credible. Cf. also Foucault on cemeteries in his paper Hétérotopie, reprinted in his *Dits et écrits*, v. 1.4.

[6] Heidegger: *Sein und Zeit*, p. 197-8, based here on Hyginius' fables, in translation by Burdach.

its Germ. equivalent, *(ich) bin*[7]. Being and building is supposed to be very nearly one and the same thing[8]. Do we really understand buildings, and Being? Or do they do too much what we want them to? Or rarely, not often or not at all? Does understanding being really help us understand building(s), or vice versa? Do we become our homes and other buildings, or do we, by designing and producing (refurbishing) new building create new beings, even as if new bodies for ourselves? - This may be seen as the Heideggerian version of the theory of objectivation - the character of the junction between the workers and their product: Is it at all recognisable? if so how durable? personal or collective?[9]

The house, the dwelling, *schont*, says Heidegger, it protects or spares. And roads, bridges etc. *sammeln* - collect or gather. As if nothing, no *Zeug*, scatters or excludes! However, if buildings essentially do indeed protect or sustain, why then do they not protect etc. more people - ultimately *all* people - even better? Housing problems are only too well known, especially in poorer countries, to be sure, but slums, sub-standard housing, even vagrancy[10] are fairly widespread as well, not least near the world's poles of wealth, its major cities or conurbations. Why doesn't Cura and her Zeuge provide housing for them, too? They're poor of course, and some speak of 'the problem of world poverty'. It's the problem of world *inequality*, rather - the scandal of its persistence after more than two centuries of proclaimed *liberté, égalité, fraternité*[11]. The problem of *exclusion and neglect*, which are exact opposites of *Cura*, or protecting, relieving, *Schonung*. Not as a choice between alternatives but as a persisting dialectic.

From within the architects' profession, this may take the form of 'why is it so much less money and prestige in mass housing projects, and so much

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[7] In Hindi, the word *bhav*, same root as be, *bin*, means indeed Being but further - price, cf. below.

[8] Heidegger's counter to Descartes' cogito may be phrased as follows: 'We don't really think - then what becomes of being?'

[9] Among Claus Offe's first published works are his *Leistungsprinzip und industrielle Arbeit* (1970) which holds that under industrialism there is no longer any link between the products and their producers as individuals. The link is there but anonymous and collective, not personal any more.

[10] The French expression *sans domicile fixe*, without fixed residence, is very apt.

[11] *Liberté, égalité, fraternité, deux cent ans de hypocrisie française*, cried out *Les negresses vertes*, visiting Oslo in 1989. When legal, legitimate inequality (estates, nobility, clergy) was abolished, the illegitimate, class soon took its place.

more in major, ostentatious prestige construction, with room for many visitors, employees etc. but being the home of nobody?' - Is Solness maybe literally right, that building homes for humans, for all of us, 'isn't worth five pence'?

Mediation/Synthese 2

We mentioned the delicate relationship between architecture and death/eternal life. If we stay with the classical myths, another relationship bears mention before that - between death and *riches*, growth, accumulation, thesaurisation, gold, money etc.

Janus, god of gates, maybe oldest among Roman deities, is also said to have invented money. The Lares watch over all crossroads, true, but also over all houses and estates, fixed or chattel. Hades, *Haides*, he whose name means literally *a-eidos*, 'no idea', absence of ideas, rules the nether world, the earth and its living or dead riches - both in the form of plants, minerals, and of hidden treasure - all of which has to be lured or tricked away from him, for example with suitable rituals each new spring. Only he's too dangerous to be named directly, hence nicknamed Pluto instead, *Pleutos*, he who is packed (e.g. with riches). *Thanatos*, death himself, is guardian of the un-satiable (*a-atos*), twin brother of Hypnos or sleep. *Kharon*, ferryman between Thanatos and Haides, means the clear- or sharp-eyed (*char-opsis*). This pre-christian St. Peter or gatekeeper is wont to crave *a coin*, one obol, as his fee, or else the empire of the dead remains closed, and the moneyless become homeless even as souls, ghosts. Uncountable legions!

We also mentioned Hypnos, whose name possibly means beneath gaze or thought (*hup-nous*), as Thanatos' twin brother. Both are sons of *Nyx*, night and *Erebos*, the shades of Haides' forecourt. It is said that Hypnos had a thousand children. Small wonder, an only too agreeable way of passing one's time, in bed before going to sleep. Best known among these children are *Morpheus*, often hailed as another deity of sleep. That is inexact, however; he's the god of *dreams* rather. As is well known, *morphé* means form, and Morpheus evokes forms in minds asleep. The mythical god of forms which are not yet there, not real - mere, but sometimes enchanting possiblities.

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Here finally we find a first approximation of a suitable patron, not saint but *patron myth* for architecture: Morpheus, ruler of forms and dreams, a relative, true but not all that close, to Death and Treasure, the riches of the (nether) Earth.

This indicates a basis - admittedly altogether mythological - for surmising a relation between architecture and death, mediated by the various personifications of Death as the Lord of all Treasure, wealth, riches, money. Or more generally, of accumulation, supplies, munitions, power - and the weapons and walls, forts and castles, banks and vaults designed for defending them. Mere building does not really become archi-tecture - real, first construction technique - until *wealth* is added.

A recent quote here from leading post- or should we now say ex post-? modernist Jean Baudrillard, in conversation with well-known architect Jean Nouvel:

> JB: I believe that in the future, sad to say, the great majority of construction needs, of buildings, will be technocratic, modelised. Further there will be a luxury architecture reserved in effect for privileged groups, with a tendency for increasingly great discrimination, the opposite of common belief, a discrimination incompatible with the objects of democracy, of modernity. I don't know whether architecture could play a role in it. But anyhow, it has wanted to have a role, if not humanist then at least of equalisation.
>
> JN: Yes, that will be a consequence now. Sad to say, it is not with architecture that one changes the world! [12]

Double surprise, the (ex-)post-modernist acknowledging (class) difference and supporting, if not humanism then democracy, equality and, yes, idealism. With the architect posing (hopefully) as abdicated, a rather cynical 'don't blame me!' worthy of a Solness at his lowest. What indeed changes the world - the the face of it at least - more than architecture? There is of course the possibility that such changes only make the world less and less 'true', more and more repetitive stereotype. Yet leaving responsibility only with clients and politicians (as Nouvel tends to do in the text immediately

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[12] *Les objets singuliers. Est-ce qu'il y a une vérité de l'architecture?* Calman-Lévy, Paris 2000, p. 84. Here trans. by PO.

following) is doubtful at best: Leaving responsiblity with groups who are masters in the art of disclaiming or dissipating that.

Terror[13], then, not Cura, for s/he who holds treasures in this, not the nether world must fear for its being upset, by loss, wear or pillage. Sinking back, sinking down as it were.

Terror ...

If there were a *prima architectura*, in analogy with the famous *prima philosophia*, if we venture back to the oldest prehistorical ages, who then were in charge of 'the art of making space'? Most likely it was not yet a specialised role, more of a trade many knew a little of. Beginning specialists might have been the troglodytes' cave-digger or -cutter. Or among nomads, the pole-cutter or the tanner, or later the carpet weavers who clad the tentpoles and 'made space' in their sense and way: shelter for not wanted cold or heat, wind, moisture or drought.

So a possible 'first architect'- a pleonasm, really, for *arche-* alone means first or in the beginning - may on reflection have been more like a collective than a person, a work-in, or voluntary communal work (Norw. *dugnad*). We can only guess whether such collectives had one or several leaders, 'oldest members' etc. Most likely, tradition was in force, but a tradition always capable of being modified, much or little. Bourdieu's concept of habitus - incorporated habits or dispositions less than conscious, directing but not determining further action, in the way e.g. of a musician improvising over a given theme or mode comes handy. It permits us to see architecture at the outset, as sort of a *collective habitus*, guidelines which are followed without much reflection, but only until a next rupture phase sets in.

And, notably, it has retained this character: A habitus, collective dispositions with individual bearers. Jean Nouvel (cf. above) may be mistaken disclaiming all responsibility for 'world change' for architects only, yet right in so far as his intention be that this responsibility is shared between many teams, groups, factions, even generations - architects, *plus*

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[13] Terror is not personified in classical mythology. The word derives from Greek *tréo* - tremble, run away, fear, dread, act the coward. – Please note that this text was written and professionally discussed well in advance of the events of 9-11-01, which took the concept to a higher potency, increasing the *scare* of Terror while maintaining its content, fear of major loss, development of contermeasures.

politicians, builders, finance, workers etc. Their sheer volume of buildings tell us that they cannot possibly be the work of one or a few select individuals. And the sheer volume of later, users' experience with buildings, cannot in sum be the direct, personal experience of a single, or few select individual(s).

Moving on now from myths to materiel, remnants or traces of old *techné* (art, skill - or cunning says the dictionary), or *techtôn*, the builders, *technema*, that which is being built or made by art, skill etc., can we outline indications of the same relationship, that between architecture and death?

The territory of *Alsaçe* (or *Elsass*) is and always was a borderland. A fertile alluvial plain between two mountainous ranges, *les Vosges* and *Schwarzwald*, also known as *die Vogesen* and *Forêt Noir*. But where is a border to be drawn, here where there are three 'natural' lines to choose between? In recent decades, the river, *le Rhin*, *der Rhein*, has been it. In the surrounding landscapes, however, there are remnants of other, older fortifications. Names such as *la ligne Maginot* and *die Siegfried-Linie* are comparatively well known. But on some hilltops of les Vosges on the (now) French side we find, partly hidden, partly celebrated an enormous, primaeval work of fortification known as *Le mur des païens*. Here an entire mountain plateu of some 3.5 km2 altogether (c. 1,3 square miles, or well over 800 acres), entirely surrounded by walls and precipices. Dating probably from Celtic or Gallic times, it bears lasting witness to the fact of massive fear instigating as massive defence works. So, albeit people may think habitually of Cura, as worry and care in full good faith, they also as habitually suspect that such care is not general. It's for Us, not for Them, the known or unknown Others within or without who may loot or trick or fight their way to what they cannot buy or barter.

A Heideggerian might counter here, quoting as he does, Hölderlin, *wo aber Gefahr ist, wächst das Rettende auch*: Where there is danger, rescue too will increase. True, but not altogether, *da wächst nicht weniger auch die Schrecken* - terror will increase no less. And with it, great walls and other defences - architecture.

...and Proles

Years ago, when the child asked his mother 'don't you think that it will be horrible to die?' she answered quietly 'I believe that to die can be a delight some distant day, yes I do'[14]. The child was terrified at first and only much later saw the profound sense, the wisdom of it: Only a person who does not leave behind anything but living humans, offspring and friends, can truly speak thus: Issue, not treasure - the first present, the other absent. For the living will go on living their lives long or short, no matter what[15]. Whereas wealth - not perhaps in its material form in the shorter run, yet in its basic, *relational* form, the bond to its owner - is forever lost when its owner is gone.

By conscious conviction she was by no means a prolet-ar, yet in fact a person not posessing anything but *proles*, issue or progeny. She was maybe 34 at the time, yet 54 years later definitely of the same opinion – indeed, she recently practiced what she preached. This is what real Grief or Mourning is, as against both *Cura* and *Terror*: Lamenting living, bodily loss, as against dead, material losses. For the lamenters always go on living - the comfort, after all, of all *proles*.

Ausgang, *conclusio*

Moving now from rich yet smallish Alsaçe to general material, history, the world history of arts and crafts. Very striking is the role given to sepulchres or mounds of various forms and epochs, such as the pyramids of Egypt. After 4-5 000 years they're still dominating their landscape with their plain and unadorned yet strikingly grand form. Almost as old, perhaps, are the megalithic and domed mounds, most famous on Crete and Pelloponese but widespread both in space and time[16]. According to some, these primeaeval domes may have given their form (*morphé*) to later, larger strucrtures such as the Pantheon, Hagia Sophia, renaissance *Duomos* etc. A standing record is, I believe , the great CNIT concrete dome at La Défence, Paris.

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[14] Or in Norw. *Jeg tror det kan bli deilig å dø en dag, jeg.*
[15] Excluding, hopefully, only nuclear, environmental, 'star war'or like harmageddons.
[16] Cf. Alexandros Lagopoulos: *Urbanisme et sémiotique dans les societes pre industrielles* Paris, Eds. Anthropos 1999.

Politics is sometimes nicknamed 'the art of the possible', amusing if not really apt. As far as architecture has a root in tomb or mausoleum construction, it could similarly be called 'the art of the vain or vanity', a monument of futility, almost as old as death, as Thanatos himself: *hic jacet* this body who didn't want to die. Behold the mighty memorial s/he had left behind him/her - only as dead, lamentably. A signifier after a lost signified - precursor of post-modernism? Similarly as far as architecture's aspiration is to erect, in effect, perpetual monuments for individual practitioners: Bound to fail in the longer term[17]; not however for the anonymous collective of constructors.

Mounds great or small almost invariably used to be treasuries as well. Back beneath the surface or daylight, for adoration and added safety. This however as invariably gives rise to the profession of treasure hunters or tomb robbers

The tombs and mausoleums have had their competitors right from the start, to be sure, yet all of them with the same root in wealth, accumulation, power. We've mentioned castles, forts, walls. With them go the gate, the moat and drawbridge[18]; the palace, church or temple - all for 'Us', the few against the 'Others', the numerous, the greater familiy of Have-Nots (cf. Cervantes). Temples and places of worship may appear exceptions, but no. The classical temples were the deities' dwellings, not for commoners' trespassing. Effigies were worshipped, not inside the temples but during outdoor processions, on streets or squares. The squares, markets, Fr. *places*, Gk. *agorá*, and the theatres are younger and more nearly real exceptions but not at all entirely: There were material as well as immaterial walls keeping not wanted visitors out - slaves, proletarians, barbarians, women etc.

Epicure is famous for the idea that

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[17] Stewart Brand: *How buildings learn. What happens after they're built* (1994) provides a rare reminder; his metaphor however, that 'buildings learn' is less than apt: rather, buildings *mock*, they regularly keep mocking the intentions of any architect, upkeeper, (re-)builder or (re-)constructor.

[18] Char writes *l'esprit même du château fort, c'est le pont levis* - a fine expression yet not entirely fitting: it covers *polis*, not *asti*, the defences, not the people they defend. If we say instead that *l'esprit même du château fort, c'est le puits d'eau* the contrast becomes clear: it's the well not the drawbridge which is the true spirit of the castle. The art of besiegeing deals with making it fail or deplete.

> …for us, death is nothing, since everything good and everything bad resides in our senses, and death is the eradication of our senses. Following that, possessing the right form of consciousness - that death is nothing for us - authorises us to delight fully in life in its character of being mortal. That is, not in conferring an infinite length to it, but in cutting away from it all desire of immortality. … (W)hen we are, death is not here, and when death is here, it is we who are no longer here! Therefore, death does not concern neither the living nor the dead, given that for the first, it is not, and for the second, they are no longer[19].

Objectivation according to Hegel, as against Marx, is in effect futile hopes. Ultimately, all objectivation will be vain, or in vain. The object, the thing constructed may endure for very long indeed but not the link to its creator, not as an individual that is. Not even to a certain located or sedentary group.

But then, if we ask: Who made the rock engravings, or the grotto paintings? it makes us realise that in another, more comprehensive sense, Marx will prevail after all: 'They who made this were certainly skilled workers, such as we'.

Returning finally to Heidegger, are not *Cura* and *Terror* really two faces of the same coin? The more you care, the more you fear; the more you build the more you shield etc. Yes exactly. But the point is that there is *no dialectics* in Heidegger. He sides, tacitly, with the thesis, with a taken for granted 'Us', passing over entirely its counterpart, the antithesis, 'Them'. A 'positive' ontology, not unlike Nietzsces *Fröhliche Wissenschaft* (cf. Deleuze), a Philosophy of Yes, of Endorsement. Most openly expressed as follows:

> Is it then really so self-evident that every Naught, every Nothing must mean a Negative in the sense of a lacking? Is its positivity exhausted in the mere fact that it constitutes "the Transition"? Why does every dialectic resort to Negation, without any dialectic underpinning of such an idea *in itself*? … Have they ever problematised the ontological source of Nothingness … ? And where else could they find it (the basis of the problem of

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[19] From his Letter on Happiness, to Ménecée, here translated from the French by PO.

Nothing, its Nothingness and their possiblity) *than in clarifying the theme of the Meaning of Being in general?*[20]

Which   amounts to saying: If you look closely at the No, Negation, Antithesis, and you're bound to find a Yes! Any dissenting voice will have to face all of *Sein*, all of Being, an 'Us' made positive, general and as if self-evident. Or, as we know, risk being expelled from that.

In the meantime, architects are freer than most to continue celebrating their patron myth, to go on forming their dreams and dreaming their forms, drawing and modelling them, and seeing some of them constructed (isn't it around 60 % of all professional blueprints that never become constructed?). Not, or not much or often, troubled by Solness' dilemma, assuming 'supreme power' versus accomplishing 'nothing at all'.

Yet it is there. For not only are great buildings never one single person's creation. Their upkeep or maintenance is also not the work of its builders or owners alone; the work of its users, dwellers, visitors, janitors, cleaners, artisans of many sorts etc. play an as great or greater role.

There are vain hopes, but in fact, no eternal life, only real and future present lives, all of them, to care for and fear for, by finding one's place in their struggles. Would that those who side with Wealth, *el tenir* or the Haves, do not forget the rest, the majority, *el no tenir*, the Have Nots; and of course vice versa.

So instead of *Cura*, *Schonung* and *Stimmtheit* we propose *Terror*, *Proles*, and *Morphé*, plus the dialectics of inclusion/exclusion. The basis of an alternative mythology for architecture and architects.

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[20] In *Sein und Zeit* p. 286. Transl. PO, original italics.