

THE WORD MADE FLESH:  
IN THE NAME OF THE SURVEYOR, THE NOMAD, & THE LUNATIC

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David, Jacques Louis, *Death of Marat*, 1793

Peter Waldman is an architect and educator; born in New York City in 1943; studied architecture at Princeton from 1961-69; served as a Peace Corps Architect in Arequipa, Peru from 1967-69; returned to Princeton to work and teach with Michael Graves from 1969-80, where he established his own practice in 1973. He then practiced and taught at Rice University, the GSD, SCI-Arc and since 1992 at the University of Virginia. His work is focused on the beginning and the end, narrating *Spatial Tales of Origin* through strategic *Specifications for Construction* and found it *useful* to be a Fellow at the American Academy in Rome 1999-2000. Christopher Genik was Waldman's student at Rice and collaborator on urban scale competitions contained herein from 1983-86.

**The Word Made Flesh: In the Name of the Surveyor, the Nomad, and the Lunatic**



Serlio, Sebastiano, Composite *Satyrical Stage Set / Nativity Scene*, Bologna, 1540

***To break the ground is the first architectural act.***

Semper, *Der Stil in den Technischen und Tektonischen Künsten Praktische Aesthetik*

In the camp of the Surveyor, the Nomad, and the Lunatic under a New Moon are recounted the Measures of the Unfinished City. These enduring texts recount a Temporal Geography growing from the collaboration of a Gardener and an Engineer to project Landscapes of Aggression in the hope of grounding their Territorial Origins.

In *Il Secondo Libro di Prospettiva* (1540), Sebastiano Serlio projected three stage sets for yet another urban theater: the Tragic (Rational), the Comic (Circumstantial) and the Satyrical (Bestial). The first two are *familiar* models, but in the latter is revealed the instrumental not objective pre-condition for the Construction of the City. Here Satyrs camp out beneath a canopy of trees; *first* to clear the forest and to level the ground, and *second* to stockpile timber and to quarry building stone. Sabine Frommel (*Serlio*, Electra, 1998) attributes to Serlio the *Nativita* painting of the same era revealing a similar didactic setting and cast of characters. Serlio posits *similar* covenants of source materials for the construction of *the profane city* as well as *the sacred space* of a New World occupied by both man and beast.

The Nomadic Condition of the late 20<sup>th</sup> Century and the Satyric Dimension of the New World have been the concerns of my work, my *practice as pedagogy* for almost four decades now. Surveyors are enlisted in the preparation of the ground, and with the Magic of Lunatics, all three prepare a sequence of inaugural events. This chorus of the Heroes of Humanism is the most fundamental pre-condition for the Construction of the City and touches on the collaborative efforts of those who build as well as teach the foundations of our discipline.

My work today is clearly focused on the coincidence of the enduring Humanist agenda of *The Word Made Flesh* with Semperian *Specifications for Construction* as both poetic friction and transformative act for *here and now*. Texts from the Humanities are my models of context and strategy: *Genesis* and *The Aeneid* still seem *useful* starts. New World explorations of *Robinson Crusoe* and *Walden* prove to be common-sense primers reading Architecture as a Covenant with the World, Again. My practice and pedagogy have been founded on the invention of *Spatial Tales of Origin* beginning with *Genesis/Exodus* onto *Numbers*, certainly *Acts* returning to another beginning: *Approximating Stonehenge* in recent years.

### **Genesis**

*at the scale of the Garden before the Dwelling:*

The Parasol House revisits the pre-condition of Eden before traveling onto Jerusalem (1981);

### **Exodus**

*at the scale of the collaboration of the Limbourg Brothers for the Duc du Berry:*

Sewers, Sibyls, and Stylobates provide Specifications for Construction for Times Square (1984);

### **Numbers & Acts**

*at the scale of Radical Displacement; Noah's Ark and the World Re-cited:*

Parcel X, North Garden, Virginia

(1995);

and

### **Approximating Stonehenge**

*at the scale of Citizens & Strangers Approximating North in the Public Realm:*

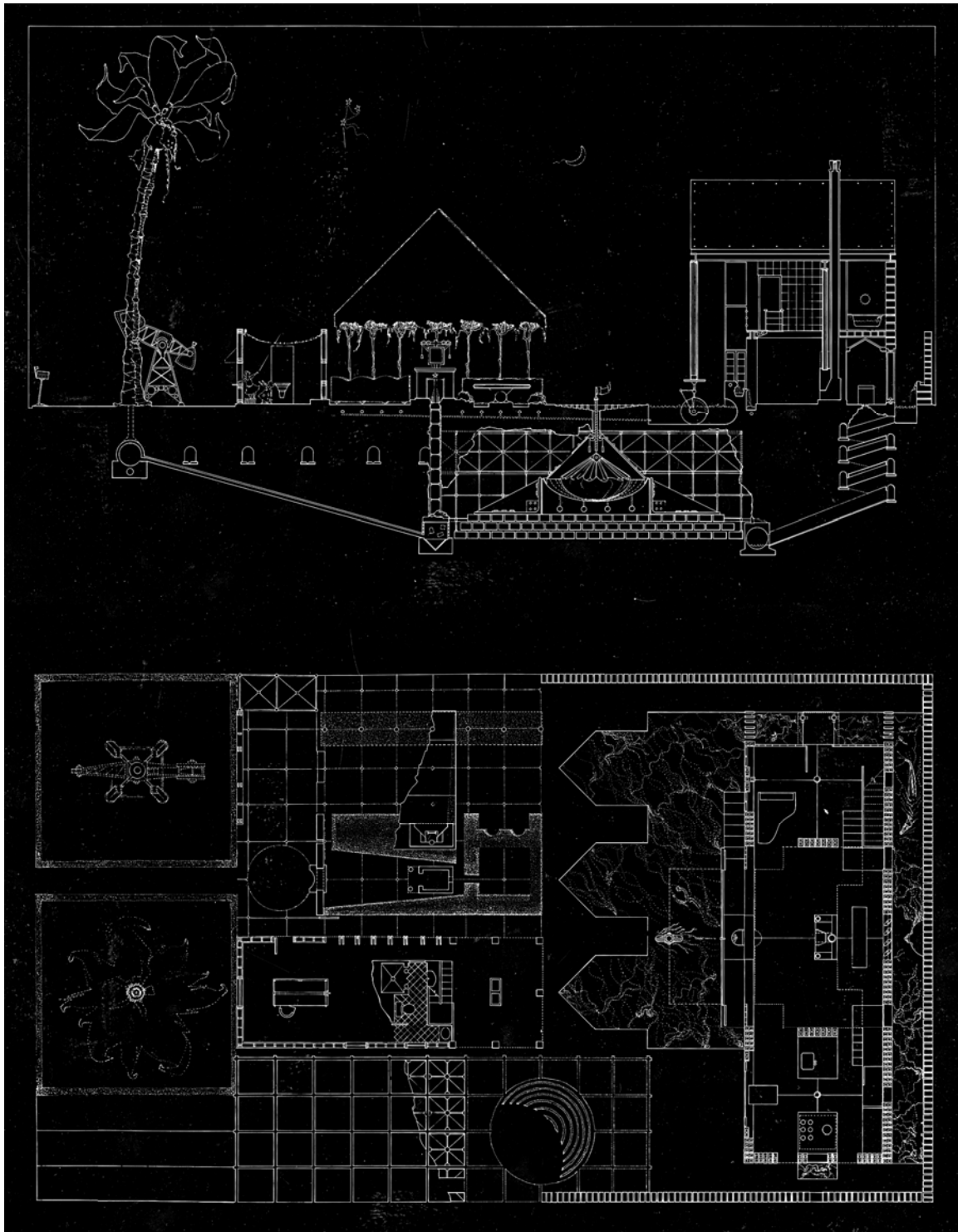
Eric Goodwin Memorial Passage, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia (2004)

These four projects all *witness* distinct generations assessing strategies for the *construction of site* as incremental and ongoing. The notion of *architecture as a covenant with the world, again* is an explicit ethical commitment to the Humanities as *resonant culture to be sung aloud* for every new generation echoing equally in Ise's Shinto Shrine as well as the smoldering ashes of the Vestal Virgins in Eternal Rome.

## **GENESIS**

*at the scale of the Garden before the Dwelling:*

The Parasol House revisits the pre-condition of Eden before traveling onto Jerusalem.



Waldman, Peter & Chris Genik, Plan/Section *Parasol House*, Houston Texas 1983

**The Parasol House**

**Houston, Texas 1981/1983**

A Tale of Two Gardens and the challenge of Serlio's Satyric setting

*Alice in Wonderland* (Carroll, Lewis, 1865) provides us with a narrative of seeing both fantasy and familiarity in a world without scale or gravity. The story is both liberating for a summer's slumbering imagination and terrifying when one awakens to find oneself still on the ground beneath the cooling shade of a tree. Within our landscapes, time never seems to stop, but history is made anew ever so frequently with the invention of pedagogic looking glasses. *The Parasol House* is a speculation on the necessity of shade in the prismatic light of late 20<sup>th</sup> century urbanism in Arcadian America. The project recalls Boccaccio's *Decameron* where flight from urban chaos to a villa's emancipation transforms nature from wilderness into generative landscapes and accessible gardens.

*Professor Seymour Hinge, his Peruvian wife, and their two Izod-tattooed daughters have recently moved from a large Prairie Style home in Cincinnati to a small Cape Cod in the heart of Houston. The Hinges have asked their architect to develop a strategy for the transformation of their New England house type into a reconsidered encampment that is responsive to the climate, flora and fauna of hot, humid Houston. The genesis of the proposition corresponds to the progressive stages of an implementation schedule: the back yard turns into a dwelling; while the front house turns into an oasis for the dog who is the only resident alien, full-time on site, rain or shine. For these Nomads, one from the North and the other from the South, together with their hybrid children, Houston shimmers as a mirage of a sub-tropical paradise with terrains gushing black gold beneath a majestic date palm within easy reach out front, and a vacated gumbo clay pit out back in need of shade.*

Eleven years later, when they leave for Virginia, endlessly in search of Arcadia-in-America, their relationship to Nature through the lens of this Curious City would be haunted by a resonant space between Genesis and Exodus, between Troy and Rome, between Crusoe's isle and Thoreau's cabin.

The first project (1981) was a *plan strategy* of inverted subtractions as *Specifications* articulating the character of the figures without specifying the spatial pre-conditions of the field.

1. *Remove the derelict servant quarters and storm struck remnant of a live oak at the rear of the lot.*
2. *Excavate a lap pool as the prismatic reflection of the former front dwelling to hyphenate the site.*
3. *Erect three temporary parasols south of the pool to provide shade from the high Noon sun.*
4. *Beneath this shade assemble three pavilions for a day house below and a night house above.*

5. *Demolish redundant spaces in the original house leaving one portion as a studio or gatehouse.*

6. *Water this Lawn with morning mist, unpack household gods and walk to work.*

The Hinges wanted one spacious place in which to dwell on the ground; and one bedroom each for the rising and the setting of the sun with two baths and a bridge between them on the second. Library, guest quarters and studio in the fragmented section of the former house will provide day-to-day relief oriented perpendicular to the south-facing pool and new north facing parasol house. No mention was made at that time to the *character of the dog run*.

In the second project (1983), a course change, or revision, became evident when *the section* of the thin topsoil was mined to yield *Mirrors for the Moon*.

***Postscript: A Tale of Two Gardens***

Two years have now passed since this project was conceived and a reconsideration of the landscape has taken place. The previous conception projected two abstract voids between buildings: a lawn in the sun, and a pool in the shade both connected by a metered yet scale-less sea of concrete. The new landscapes are now particular not generic, intimate and monumental rather than scale-less and are the *stuff* of fairy tales rather than diagrams. The following *Tale of Two Gardens* is related to family friends by the Hinge children to explain the efforts of their architect, now turned *miner of mica*, and the influence of his young student on all of them.

*Once upon a time, a puppy came to stay with the Hinge family. With family members away at school and work all day, the poor puppy had no alternative but to wander in concentric circles at various staked places in the garden. The intense heat of this concrete ground and of the ever so neatly trimmed lawn was enough to cause extreme dehydration in late spring, followed by debilitating drenching during the summer monsoons. The surrogate day dweller, a dog, would whimper under the hot unrelenting sun.*

*Hearing anxious cries one day, a concerned architectural student insisted that the absent-minded professor provide an alternative strategy for the landscape void that had been projected. Chris insisted: "Trees must be planted not abstractly to make a wall in plan, but generously to provide a roof in section. Beneath this roof and in a clearing a doghouse must be built to guard the former vestibule with an eye kept on fortuitous scraps left on the dining patio to its rear. The former plan of the house must be recalled in the anchoring hearth which will with time become the solemn portal to the subterranean pet mausoleum."*

*Praising shadows, a landscape was projected for the life cycle of the surrogate day dweller, a dog, in place of the empty void made to satisfy the measures of men. The dog has been given not a tethered stake but "free run" of the former plan. Gathering on*

*occasion by the former hearth or in the shade of the old kitchen porch, dog and family alike settle down to share a meal within the hedges.*

*While one landscape for the daytime has been cultivated above ground for the dog, family and friends, another more turbulent one has been constructed in a grotto fashioned by the Izod alligator below grade. A cistern is constructed to catch the acid rain produced from nearby refineries: this water is neutralized by a constant addition of calcium carbonate as base from infertile alligator eggs. This neutralized ground water is then pumped up during the cool of the early morning to refresh the dog's house, which is indeed the Garden.*

With a grin and a giggle, the Hinge children turn full circle and point to the palm tree and oil pump proudly displayed on their front lawn to complete this vision of paradise and plenty in a land without pretense and a garden without guilt.

## **EXODUS**

*at the scale of the collaboration of the Limbourg Brothers for the Duc du Berry*



Waldman, Peter & Chris Genik, *Times Square Competition*, New York City, 1984

**Times Square Competition**

**New York City, 1984**



*Scheherazade's Specifications for Construction on Time Squared: On Sewers, Sibyls, and Stylobates:*

A sewer purification system is proposed to transform Times Square incrementally into a new landscape for the Ritual of the most Routine: *the Passage of Time*.

The depths of the City are mined to construct a New Mountain from which Time will rise every New Year as purified waters are released to cleanse the City.

*Take a toss at stolen chances.*

*Place your bets and dream of dances.*

*To enter the crossroads, one may first walk into a garden along 42<sup>nd</sup> street. It has been said that in the garden, there is a man who opens gates, and indeed I recall a distant relative on my mother's side telling me of such a man.*

*I expect that this relative was accurate, when in confidence; she told me that in the garden there are never more than two gates. Indeed, she led me to believe that if you told the old gentleman which of the two gates was to take your fancy, that he would obligingly open it for you. But, I understand it is first customary to praise him on his flowers, even in winter, for he takes great pride in them.*

*It is my impression from this relative's account that in the garden nothing was to be taken for granted. If you have misbehaved, you will never get to meet the gatekeeper and you will certainly never encounter any of the Gates. There is a good chance you might remain in a lamentable place.*

*All of this my relative told me with great satisfaction in her voice. She concluded that Time Squared should logically become a quiet place, a place to engage the circle of time.*

*If you like I can take you through this garden. I cannot promise a meeting with its genteel keeper; sometimes he is not home. In his absence, you will find other tales to be told. That is the nice thing about Time Squared.*

*One of the gates is closed and is very large. The other is always left slightly ajar and appears at first glance to be substantially smaller; you might peek in, if you can.*

*The Keeper opens the gates by operating a spring-release mechanism, of his own invention, too complicated to describe here. Suffice it to say that it is no small undertaking to operate those great doors. One must be very patient as their hinges and bolts grind slowly into gear.*

*No matter which of the gates you have chosen, tread softly as you walk through. If you are very attentive you may hear coming from beneath your feet the trickling of water and the ringing of bells. If you are clever, you might guess that there could well be subterranean chambers. Perhaps, some could be large enough to swallow trains.*

*Go through the gate. When you have crossed its threshold, say thank you to its keeper. As you are now in his realm, tipping is no longer necessary.*

*All in all, the promises we make have much to do with the chances we take, and the difference between the places each of the gates may lead you can be no less than the difference between a mountain and a valley. This I tell you in strictest confidence and would advise you to choose carefully to which place you would rather go. But I digress...*

*In the mountain, you will follow many chambers, each leading to the next. Please use the railing, as the floors are sometimes slippery and there is never much light. Walking up through the chambers will, perhaps, take you a minute, perhaps, 365 days, so make sure you have plenty of time on your hands. Perhaps, you should come during the weekend.*

*This is what the inside of the mountain looks like. Follow this map and you will not get lost. There may be sudden corners. These only occur along Broadway. Don't be put off; some people like them. Anyway, you should know by now that the illusion of the mountain is nothing more than a modest wall.*

*Periodically, you will be flushed from the chambers by smelly stuffs, and will be required to start your journey again from 42<sup>nd</sup> Street. Next time, you will inquire as to when these floodings take place before you start. Ask anyone; everyone in New York senses when these wet surges might arise.*

*Perseverance and moderate tolerance will lead you to discover the constructed beginnings of the last chamber. Here you will be relieved to find the gatekeeper still at work polishing the stone of a newly finished house. Stay and visit for a while; you might meet one of the new tenants.*

*Don't worry. You will be back in time for dinner. Just follow the marbled winding path. Be careful on the last step as it's very old and tends to crumble.  
Don't forget to close the door on the way out.*

*Pay your toll: once inside the second gate, you will walk down a simple step. Don't let its modesty deceive you; it is very cunning and before you know it, you will have stepped down a great wide abyss. Here, for each step you take, the previous one will be erased, so go forward cautiously; there is no turning back.*

*Incalculable vaulted passages mined from the fiery depths of the night form the edges of the ghastly vortex. Beware of the machines; they tear great granite boulders from the depths of the earth that could easily crush you.*

*All of Merlin's incantations will be of no use to you now. Name-dropping carries no privilege.*

*And still you haven't reached the ends. You may well pray; you may well cry, stone domes will tremble and the earth will fall.*

*How can such furies lead to so much calm...*

*Move along now; don't delay. In Paradise the stars are twinkling...*

*Almost a year has come and gone since last New Year's Day, and the clock will soon rise up in it's moon.*

*Pause now, rest for a while from your journey; you have undoubtedly come from afar. Friends are here to greet you as you watch the expectant walls swell up and grow impatient. You know their secrets.*

*Time after Time, official Time cannot be trusted; it has been known to be inaccurate. So follow the rising steps along Seventh Avenue. Make sure you have change before you go up; looking at Midnight between the Stars and the Moon will cost you a dime.*

*And rejoice, for it is the New Year! Write on walls, if you like. Their surfaces are now clean and await your mark. Carve a secret of your own invention, your own incantation. I'll not tell what they mean. There will always be enough room, even if, at times, you will have to use shorthand.*

*The gates are open now and a silent flush rises through the ageless walls with the tide of the moon.*

*New virgin water sparkles and joyfully glistens in its marble channels. Look, the Clock has risen in the Universe.*

*In Paradise, a blanket of warm water soothes your tired winter feet. Take a seat and chat with a new friend. It's been a long night.*

*Not far remains to go in this garden. It is best you come and see for yourself the pool rising to your ankles, and people joyfully wading.*

*It is best we part now as the gentle vapors overflow onto the morning streets. Don't be alarmed; Manhattan will welcome the infinite purity of Time's waters.*

*Yes, you can go home, if you like. There has been plenty of water for all on this special night. Sibyls will give you a flask on your way out. Treasure it for it must last you one year.*

*Dawn has quietly come.*

*The streets have been cleansed by purifying Time flows.*

*Your pace is lighter; your heart beats faster.*

*The final gate opens. In front of you you'll see Words Made Flesh.*

*Indeed, Time squared is a Circle.*

**NUMBERS & ACTS**

1/2/4/16/256

*Numbers* recounts spatial encampments in *the Wilderness*. Old Testament  
*Acts* constructs the labors of Peter as a *foundation builder*. New Testament



Waldman, Peter, *Parcel X*, North Garden, Virginia, 1995

## **Parcel X** **North Garden, Virginia 1994**

### ***On Landscapes Within and Without***

Architecture as a Covenant with the World, Again is a particularly North American pre-occupation regarding the cultivation of Barren Ground without a viable root system upon which to graft new life. Noah's Ark is a spatial and temporal metaphor for starting out afresh with a myriad of collaborators making sure to have two of each kind. The role of the Humanities is such an indispensable library for my work and teaching. These are the pre-conditions of the site offered by the Surveyor to Professor Seymour Hinge en route to Virginia after eleven years in Texas:

*A parcel is a modest but actual fragment of a much larger, if not pretentious, fiction. Parcel X, a 3.84-acre remnant, sits at the margin of a still vast pastoral landscape. Parcel X is an abandoned site. Too steep for agricultural use, dominated by an ancient poplar forest of little commercial value, only the granite fissures have proffered a crystalline cistern for the Long Arm Valley.*

*Parcel X was already marked long-before mapmakers, surveyors, or soil-samplers ever came to project their scars upon this surface. Geological origins were substantially recorded in massive oblique granite ridges rhythmically cracked by palisades of virgin poplar shafts. A second slender dimension of under-story dogwoods blurs the zone where tall trunks emerge from granite ravines. These ravines are the source of one of the most generous wells in Albemarle County, fed by a constellation of cisterns slowly being revealed within and without.*

This is the *Spatial Tale of Origin* inspired by the Incan settlement of Arequipa signifying: *a remarkable place to pause in the midst of a journey from the Mountains to the Sea:*

***On the First Move and the Last***

To this parcel have journeyed two elderly nomads, now estranged from other vagrant generations, yet faithfully accompanied by their now blind and arthritic dog. Keenly aware of a temporal agenda, they seek to prepare the ground, to tend a garden and eventually to engage the earth.

This project is part of a generational study of *Climatic Dwellings* commenced with the *Parasol House* for the same clients in Houston more than a decade previously. These two campers arrive, one with *a ruler*, the other with *a compass*.

***On the first day***, a tent is pitched not far from the pre-existing well. A campfire establishes the ash traces of man's first nightmare.

***On the second morning***, the process of clearing the site provides a staging area for construction. The eastern boundary is the first to be surveyed; a prism pole is left to frame the sun, and the first partial palisade is built braced against the cold north wind. At noon a plinth is extended the full southern edge of the site with a cut and fill operation. That evening, at the western boundary X-bracing records the setting of the sun in the brittle surface of this first parterre.

*Between the palisade and the plinth the now weary nomads rest under a full moon.*

***On the third morning***, a steel framework is erected based on a meter of 26 feet to give an enigmatic measure to this now cleared and level site. A fireplace is erected to the south, and a totem appears somewhere beyond the precinct to the North.

***On the fourth day***, a shield is applied step by step to challenge the southern exposure. Steel studs with standing seam copper siding, modulated by Hope's doors all combine as an incessant template. There upon, armatures of eyehooks and guide wires with minds of their own collaborate with Virginia-creeper vines to mask this pretentious straightedge.

***On the fifth day***, a trailer arrives with kitchen stuff and household gods. An Ark is set upon the ground beneath this masque of urban decorum to serve temporarily as a cookhouse/canteen. Similar pairs of packing crates get located more discretely on the uphill side as out-houses framing a washroom in between. Under the hot noon sun, a Sombrero serves as a Mirror for the Moon hovering above the previous parterre. From this new terrace one can recover the Horizon previously denied by this undulating topography. Late in the day, glass curtain walls seal off the east and the west with the unsentimental anonymity of a two-meter grid. A glass block panel of equal composite size makes prismatic the northern exposure with the hill bouncing off light from the south.

*On the sixth day, a manhole reveals the secrets of a cistern; in the bowels of the excavated parterre; beneath a labyrinth of packing crates, a study is perched above with a volcanic lens pointing south, and the ground begins to heave.*

*That evening, the elderly collaborators find rest in a hammock suspended within this armature of the first campsite, and dream now how similar the first move was to the last.*

*On the seventh day, it is rumored a wall rises to the North where the totemic stake once distinguished within from without. Its iridescent face now contains an extended aperture, some say, barbecue, while others whisper, funeral pyre. Only the blind arthritic dog knows for sure the destination of this portal.*

In the nomadic North American condition, one can never tell if your next move is to be your last. Precautions should be taken to secure daydreams and nightmares; ancient flues must guard deep cisterns; household goods should be kept at a distance while the pre-conditions of the site punctuate this campsite from within. This Genesis of Revelation is the ancient rite of all Nomads who know that the City and the Garden have origins in the Oasis.

#### **APPROXIMATING STONEHENGE**

*On Specifications for Construction: North Porch, Campbell Hall*

*On the Collaboration of Allied Concrete and A Swarm of Spiders*

*On the Utility and Transformative Qualities of Tilt Slab Construction*

*On Sequential Markings of the Memorable Horizon and the Totemic Vertex*

*On the Strategic Responsibilities of Surveyors, Nomads, and Occasional Lunatics*



Waldman, Peter, *Eric Goodwin Memorial Passage*, University of Virginia, 2004

**Eric Goodwin Memorial Passage at The University of Virginia 2004**

A remarkable architecture student passed away suddenly before graduation; his peers rose up to erect a memorial at *the thickened edge* between architecture and landscape. These outdoor classrooms were a student/faculty design build operation to be used routinely to mark time for seminars and studios and to celebrate the annual Ritual of Commencement.

*Our Site, the North Face of Carr's Hill, might not be easily described as Level Ground. A review of the archive of maps of Carr's Hill since Jefferson's inception reveals numerous fictions as to the location of True North. Thus with Eric's passing and his peers scattering to the winds shortly thereafter, we Citizens of Campbell Hall who remained were not certain where North might be precisely located.*

*We needed to use the strategies of construction to orient ourselves. That summer, we proposed to construct one by one with each New Moon concrete slabs determined by the meter of the structure of Campbell Hall. The first slab became the formwork for the next as one proceeds from east to west. With each sequential pour the previous one was tilted to the sky; then each totem braced. Shadows danced, implying a village of tee-pees.*

***First***, we used both enduring concrete markers as well as ephemeral strings to give measure to this difficult topographic condition.

***Second***, we used the same fixed points as concrete benchmarks, tables in the broadest sense, together with a system of dynamic approximations to help Citizens and Strangers alike to find true North as the one requirement of Anticipated Graduation.

The ethical responsibility of Architecture as Orientation is the first and only *lesson* of this North Porch.

***Third***, Nomads were to project experimental theaters and landscapes for a Tent, a Table or two, and a myriad of commemorative and transformative Tablets at the scales of both bricks as well as civic mirages.

The spatial setting of the North Porch was to be nothing less than the construction site of the intersecting *lessons of civic literacy* commencing with the ABC's of the Acropolis, onto Bilbao, then the Campidoglio, ...with the Ise Shrine as pivotal, ...and ending, no doubt, in Zurich at the threshold of a tent perched between the Mountain and the Zee.

***Fourth***, Surveyors constructed concrete Markers to measure the Horizon first from Ground to Mountain Ridge.

***Fifth***, Lunatics provide upon these foundation plinths additional pours of progressive dimensions now to give measure to the Hill as they are then tilted Vertically to Frame a Window to the Sky.

*Sixth*, with time, the tilt slab panels will be incised with the names of departed students and faculty, generous donors and legendary caretakers alike as a pre-requisite of citizenship.

*Seventh*, upon these Window plinths a swarm of spiders insert telescoping poles and cables as stanchions for the eventful tent reliably erected by a band of meandering Nomads in the midst of May.

*Eighth*, it is rumored that another Lunatic in the ruins of an ancient fraternity site has supervised a Deep Casting Pit that is quarried as formwork for incubating Groundhogs to sustain the stress of tent-induced wind loads.

*Ninth*, a Forest of Pylons and Correspondent Water Runnels syncopate the Hill.

*Tenth*, Fires burn.

*Eleventh*, Columns begin to Dance.

## CONNECTIVE TISSUE: LANDSCAPES OF AGGRESSION

All these projects are ancient and familiar tales, which have served as an architectural primer for students/speculators, all recounting the enduring codes and components of our discipline. They share a connective tissue demonstrating *a syntax of structure* all too often forgotten by many, in the current amnesia where nothing endures for the contemporary. The pre-conditions record sites already full, not empty: of geological fissures and resistive soils, where ancient forests are metered by pastoral fences and punctuated by camping sites of nomadic origins.

*Building as a verb*, as an on-going phenomenal process, is in crisis if one also accepts the notion of *substantial completion*, with the assemblage of a checklist, with the assumption that structures are invariant and thus should not creak or leak. These texts are alternatives to an impoverished and pretentious architecture that conventionally values more the resolution, as the stabilization of structure, over the vitality of stress scars and watermarks. Herein, is an argument for an architecture that celebrates the instrumentality of *the word made flesh* in landscapes of progressive aggressions. *The Spatial Tales of Origin* recounted in *Specifications for Construction* should begin and end with yet another eschatological beginning, always found in water and watermarks, soil and stain, in darkness and encrusted patina, in fire and in ash, in secret springs as well as manholes and finally, lightening rods. These projects serve as an *apology* for the temporary encampment of those in search for a New World Arcadia where steel frames audibly creak in the wind; concrete displays stress cracks seasonally, and rain shields do not leak (too much).



I have come full circle now, from the child who hit the ground to see the sunlight in dust so long ago in suspended space in New York City, to one now delighting in haunted sites not quite, not totally out of mind. *The Parasol House* fleshes out a familiar garden in a strange city; *Times Square* envisions a public domain revealed on an annual basis by a ritual of citizenship; *Parcel X* reveals a Nomadic encampment in North Garden metered by the routines of daily life, and *The Goodwin Passage* is the secret oasis of the next generation, yet another collaboration with young fresh faced students, lunatics all, perhaps, as we strive to polish *Mirrors for the Moon*.

*Here and Now* another site looms close at hand for me teaching at Mr. Jefferson's university in the shadows of the *Academical Village*. The projects presented herein are now also imprinted by *The Lessons of the Lawn* as ethical strategies for the collaboration of distinct generations to envision common ground within the spatial field. A statue of the blind Homer faces North to Jefferson's Enlightenment Library; at night under a New Moon the Rotunda illuminates Homer and both see through one another. Grounded in the Enlightenment and *out-in* the wilderness, Jefferson gave *flesh* and *marrow* to the Humanities as *useful knowledge* in his last architectural project.