This one leaf disruption cut-in between Book 1 and Book 2 is no less than an outline of the illustrations and drawings which conceive of A Clinic for the Exhausted. The course of this PhD has been defined by three projects: the thesis, The Swimming Pool Library and The Landscape Room. This course might in the orthodoxy of a PhD by project call for the division between text and project work, which would then understand Book 1 and Book 2 as the thesis whilst the rest conceive of the architectural projects. But, this PhD has always proceeded in spite of this division. Every chance has been taken whereby the text and the project have been unable to be fixed in their entirety to either abode that names them as such.

Now, the audience may note the near absence of illustrations thus far. A few have been situated at the beginning of the chapters that make up Book 2, and in the introductory sections as a courtesy for those who are unfamiliar with some of the more specific contexts of some elements of this study. But there is a passing indifference to the use of images to confirm every movement an audience will come across in the text. There is no image that would ascertain Roussel’s glory, Molière’s illness or, as you will find in Book 2, no coat or hat that could promise everything that is promised by the image of a hat and coat. (Though there is ample evidence in protest such as the Halket Boat, a rubberised boat that also operated as a cloak and whose oar transformed into a walking stick, and sail into an umbrella). In the case of the undertaking of the project thus far, it is evident that an enormous quantity of images have been used to piece together the narrative, but this has required that every single image be collected only in passing through as many images as possible, so that any allusion to a single image is fraught with an identity that is neither just one or in fact another, but is always a rhizomatic field of possibilities extending beyond the sort of kinetic and visual exhaustion that could fathom it. A clinic is an image that exhausts all possibility of illustrating the PhD. The way that images have operated in this PhD – given that the enormous effort made to not illustrate the text profusely is a conscious use of images – confirms the constant forgetting of images as an argument for the power of the newly found to work beyond this text, and for the audiences delight and surprise of finding in the midst of the possibility of an onslaught of images, a clinic as an image that might enable them to go on, further still, into the night on unsteady legs.

The following narrative is offered neither for the purpose of uncovering every small or large something that has informed the projects nor to verify the extents by which any thing can be claimed with any certainty. There is to be found a certain liberty in the operation of images in this PhD by project, perhaps even a triumphing of an overly casual use. Images are not instructions to follow or pursue. Every image provides the necessary means to always claim otherwise to whom asks after it. Every image is fraught with the possibility of knowing otherwise. No single image could muster enough speed to grasp a ship forever approaching.

The relation between architecture and boats is epitomised by the zeitgeist of the nineteen-twenties and thirties, and made pressing by the then attendant French architect Le Corbusier. His belief, that ocean cabins were pertinent examples for an intelligent and innovative use of space, is illustrated in his early reproductions of the technical spaces and details of ships, from which was derived the rationality of his own architecture: the Maison Citrohan, the City of Refuge or ‘floating asylum’ for the Salvation Army, in the many proposals he made for housing complexes and finally in his personal Cabanon in 1952, all of which were conceived and built like a ships cabin, or in the case of the City of Refuge as a barge on the Seine River in Paris. We could adeptly identify every one of Le Corbusier’s fixations that acquired or recalled some imaginative metaphor for living in a boat. However, it is the title of his article in the May 1921 edition of The New Spirit, “Eyes that do not see...liners”, illustrated on the front cover with the elevation of an ocean going luxury liner that warrants our introduction to turn about, and provide a different hypothesis.

Le Corbusier’s use of the crow (corbeau is French for crow) as a personal pseudonym, the crow long held to be a bad omen, prefigured his own unfortunate leg injury, a large scar on his right leg the result of a motor boat striking him as he swam off the coast of France in 1938, and revealed by an alarmingly frank photo of him painting nude, (of course one may not always consider the particularity of a nude architect ‘ alarming’, though any history on the ‘nude architect’ must surely encompass this and of course the images of and by Lequeu we have already been confronted with). But, with Le Corbusier’s death from a heart attack whilst swimming in 1965, (neither advice to the contrary from his Doctor, or an ocean fraught with boats appears to have dissuaded Le Corbusier from swimming) all we can really conclude is that Le Corbusier the crow had the aptitude of Icarus for swimming, and that he should have selected an emblem not from his fathers name but from his schoolyard nickname, which he asserted in a letter to William Ritter in 1922 was ‘Liner’.

It is Pieter Bruegel’s landscape that breaks Icarus’ flight and his sudden disappearance into the Atlantic, his one leg engendering the passage of many movements, a vision of excess, a drunken excess a leg that is never one but always one too many. A leg found between the pages from Percy Fitzgerald’s love struck Russian poet who covered an addition of his poems in the skin of his amputated leg. Bound to keep its many pages from touching
each other, are false legs, idle legs, and the legs of my idol—He can’t take his eyes of my legs Oh! Howard, Byron couldn’t have said it better. A multitude of legs, a circular passage of legs, through legs, under legs jutting from the surface of the water, all waiting at port, in the hope of a perfect liaison. Let us drink to the leg taken thus far, because it isn’t a case of this one or that one, though surely Marilyn’s are the best.

Again an image is left ajar, that of Marilyn Monroe in How to Marry a Millionaire, cut and framed by a boat, heads and legs disembodied by a fold of the ocean; tartan has edges, like the pages of an open book, it cuts legs and heads off. One Port, the other Starboard, designations with such severe brevity that they render a name short; P.C, Peter Corrigan, Lord admirals hat on and still in the bath, his signature to be found everywhere by everyone. The improbable cutting of his initials to a single I, but an eye with plurality, with pseudonyms, The Story of the Eye, not by Lord Auch as George Bataille would have it, but by his other name, the Loch Ard.

Once again the prospect of Raggatt’s drunken excess is too much, the tragedy of the Loch Ard, a ship thrown against the coast of Victoria, Australia in 1878, three months into its voyage from England. Only three survives, Eva Carmichael and her rescuer Tom Pearce, along with a Minton porcelain peacock destined for the Melbourne International Exhibition. There was great disappointment when they went their separate ways; the Melbourne public hoped for a wedding brought under the folding of the ocean, in the nave of a ship. Nevertheless an invitation was to be found in the razzle dazzle iridescent surface of a peacock feather, whose depth remains incomprehensible from the horizon line, a line that once again separates a head from its legs. A head encircled by thorns, the trickle of blood from beneath Salome’s peacock bunker vertically traversing a lighthouse for a pink elephant, the point of exhaustion salvaged from an open boat’s demise, the tower topped by a lantern illuminating the shores of a City of Hope. Contrary to opinion, A Clinic for the Exhausted is not a self indulgent excess, but true expenditure. Exhaustion is but a vessel without beginning or end, a legless body that runs around headless.

Beneath the ocean of Atlantis housed in Michel de Klerk’s Het Schip’, Raggatt, shipwrecked and landlocked in Alan Hollinghurst’s Swimming Pool Library navigates Corrigan’s Pink palm trees in Étienne-Jules Marey’s velvet Ned Kelly zoot suit, which affords no protection to his legs, not the only things visible as he goes about his salvaging.

Federico Fellini’s love sick Rhino from And a Ship Sails On climbs the heights of Gunnar Asplund’s Stockholm Library, up rose tinted glass, to its perfect mate an elephant. The elephant inhabits a chance encounter between Konstantine Melnikov’s house, and the Elephant Pavilion by the Tecton Group, a circle drawing the straightest line through an elephant, a boat and a point of exhaustion. But, you will find that Raggatt’s glass stilts should protect him from any charges of theft. The elephant’s weight has been taken by an elegant mitre, in the hope that the beast may find strength enough to kick high and entertain the few who visit its enclosure.

While the skin of a Rhinoceros was always a Deleuzian diagram, the elephant’s grey with ten percent white affords only the burden of Paul Scheerbart’s grey cloth, his death the result of a leg infection and an accompanying musical organ. The elephant’s coloured glass envelope accompanies Scheerbart’s musical concerts—the Loch Ard bellows camouflaged in Mountbatton Pink (an instance perhaps of Lord Mountbatton’s encounter with the IRA aboard his boat The Shadow), the many peacock organ pipes and the building’s musicality driven from Corrigan’s bath time movements. The Loch Ard finds itself centre stage, bound between Corrigan’s constructivist elephant and Peter Behrens’ Peacock cathedral fly tower, the Loch Ard’s anatomy unfolding along the diagonal lines of the John Andrews Building, a paper theatre lost to the ocean.

But our movements thus far have been cumbersome and slow, for the building is weighed down by its many riches, its Burley-Griffin and Mahoney tortoise shell resonating with the noise from the Kaisers Manorama wheel which forces the landscape to move around a ship. The Manorama adopts the movement of the periplus to great effect: a ship that discerns a landscape in the continual registering of the ocean beneath.

The presence of Raymond Roussel’s land yacht is precedent enough and permits us to found on the horizon a sepulchre that contains the object of so much of our devotion, the misplaced legs of the architect Howard Raggatt. Roussel’s ship held forth as a room of pastoral scenes, the same room from which Argan’s illness spills out from, and that measures the life of a dynasty in Thomas Mann’s Buddenbrooks. A landscape that slips out from the nothing that separates Hanno’s virtuosity and a description of an illness.

We arrive at gates framed by upturned urinals that were once overcame by the froth of a lover’s embrace. In the midst of a middling of legs stands a monument to him, astride his glass stilts and riding his tortoise chariot for all eternity. Raggatt offers a series of cells for the society of murders, thieves and pickpockets, not least the forger, Joseph Lycett. An entire landscape comes under scrutiny when forged by his hand, his death from a self inflicted wound populating the landscape with Sturt’s Desert Pea, a tabernacle for the absent proprietor of an inland sea.

A mirage, emblematic of a reliquary on the horizon is aligned to an escaped convict’s desire for the legs of Dietrich, Davis and of course Marilyn. The result of a dwindling sun, the reliquary confers a curtain dropped over an ambulatory. This path is hedged in Yew, an English cabinet transplanted to the desert and cultivated in Ned Kelly’s hallowed death mask that inturn sit a top fountains, their water drawn from the sea in the middle of the desert. It is a retreat that straddles the ebbing tides of the ascending time movements. The Loch Ard finds itself centre stage, bound between Corrigan’s bath time movements. The Manorama adopts the movement of the periplus to great effect: a ship that discerns a landscape in the continual registering of the ocean beneath.

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I have never felt impelled to provide assurances to all who would ask after the edges of this project. It must be remembered that a thief when asked to disclose his trickery can only ever perform another theft. A simple act of throwing a twig for a drowning sailor may only render a tree stripped of its branches.
The

SWIMMING POOL

LIBRARY
The

LANDSCAPE

ROOM
THE LANDSCAPE ROOM

I
THE LANDSCAPE ROOM

ELEVATION

THE LANDSCAPE ROOM

XVIII
1. Tortoise Shell Plinth
2. Side Chapel
3. Aisle
4. Garden
5. Stairwell
6. Forecourt Entrance Stair
1. Monument to Him
2. Baggett Leg Reliquary
3. Radiating Cells
4. Garden
5. Stairwell
6. Ambulatory