

# MY LITTLE MYTHOLOGY OF ARCHITECTURE

A THEORY OF SPATIAL DESIGN,  
WITH A CREATIVE IMAGING-IN THE BACKGROUND  
/ AN ANTI-TREATISE / *Tadeusz Pietrzkiwicz*

## From the Author

What I have written comes from a feeling of helplessness.

First, I felt such a declaration was called for to begin this text. Immediately afterward, I felt the urge to make an excuse for this intention.

I realise my helplessness because the written word is not the everyday tool of the creator and designer of architecture. I should also add that we live in a culture dominated by the image. This makes it more difficult for us to understand that architecture need not be perceived as a purely visual art. This failure to grasp a wider vista of architecture – beyond the visual – disassociates one even further from making an effort to visually verbalise thought through the written word, because the written word seems to favour the invisible.

I first felt forced to write primarily out of my academic responsibility. And soon afterwards – this responsibility was somewhat reinforced by the awareness that the non-visual aspect was dominant.

I admit that this awareness was an inconvenience to me. It justified the writing and I couldn't quite feel "anguished" by it. And so I came to a dilemma. I didn't want to admit to myself that I was facing it¾ I remained in the field of writing after all, as a willing "sufferer," however badly this may sound. At least I can complain about this difficult necessity this way.

There is another problem with writing academically about creative subjects. On the one hand, I feel obliged to write texts which even aspire to deserve to be called scientific studies, while on the other—it is difficult for me to find a common point to connect art and science. For all these reasons I have so meticulously listed, this text has no scientific or literary aspirations. These are just an artist's observations running towards a theory of creative design.

The difficulty in writing about artistic creativity also has a logical aspect to it. Indeed, surely most people who deal with it will claim that, in the fields of design, creativity is subject to analytical thought. One could confirm this notion almost involuntarily if, while being formed, it did not contradict logic equally as often, to give in to illogical premises in the process. Dreams, convictions, even delusions will appear, all important to the creation of the work. And it is emotion that creativity is subject to in an especially justified way.

Therefore, the source of my helplessness comes from a feeling of being suspended between worlds – In fact, the essence of a creative act, and therefore the premises which determine its course, are found "in between" the values and areas which we can name and subject to criticism. Since these values reside "in between", they cannot be described or defined. They cannot be harnessed into science or rules of law, either. How may we then express these virtues and values in words, in order to be able to expound the subject without lying?

The answer is in the language of metaphor.

I have made "My Little Mythology of Architecture" into something that I call imagining-in. It is a view which is purposefully tangled up in subjectivity. I deliberately treat it as personal, because I feel that our contemporary art, and more generally speaking – creativity, is primarily about **INDIVIDUALISM**.

To "imagine-in" is to share the artist's individual viewpoint of the reality that surrounds us. I daresay that this personal manner of sensing all that's around us, meaning space, does not depend solely on vision, sight or the optical perspective.

It is – primarily – a continuous experience.

Tadeusz Pietrzkiwicz  
2 August 2013

# Why an Anti-Treatise?

In writing these words,  
am I opening a non-existent book...?

By writing down the thoughts contained here, I would doubtlessly touch something that is unreal for everybody except myself, if there were a commonality of experience or if it were inaccessible only to me. In spite of any efforts to reconcile a common reception of human experiences, I cannot find within me any conviction as to the universal nature of our feelings about things and occurrences. It seems that, full of news and reports delivered to us by the media, every day and almost every hour are a testament to this fact. The "non-existent" world of individual imaginings is, therefore, the only reality that actually exists. The trouble with determining the uniformity of feelings is a good thing. A good thing even when it concerns what is real. For I do not want to convert anyone to my ideas, nor do I want to be converted to anyone else's.

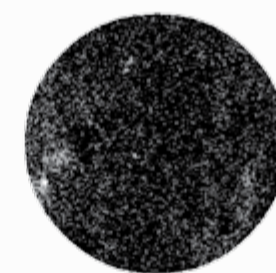
I often feel "reverted" by the obligation to convert. Especially when it is enforced as binding to some "everyone." As part of the universalising of experiences to this "everyone," there is a temptation to indicate the only right way to perceive the world. We often feel the pressure to profess this perception.

The urge to over-define is the curse of our time. It is justified with scientific premises and pragmatism. (In our profession, this is usually called methodology, for instance: the methodology of design.) Decisions concerning a common perception are made for a day, only to change the day after. The newly found decisions will become equally important, as they will be supported by the majority, and just as before – justified by a scientific attitude towards reality. What will become of them in the time which we call "today?" What will become of those decisions tomorrow? After all, we live in a time of continuous re-evaluation.

The majority of those in favour of such definitions usually comes from the minority. The minority which is interested in asking themselves any question about existential problems. As a result, neither the majority nor the minority is of any importance. It is people and their personalities that matter. Fortunately, we make up a multi-coloured structure. So it seems that the human worldview is governed by transcendent values. They certainly influence me.

So welcome, all you Confused People! Confused – because this is how we are and this is where our beauty lies. Without it, we become ugly. Repulsive because untrue, or maybe even false.

The Tower of Babel exists!



\* \* \*

**I LIVE IN A SPACE, A CITY, A HOUSE, WHICH IS MAINLY MYSELF. PERHAPS THAT IS WHY IT IS VERY DIFFICULT TO PHYSICALLY BUILD A HOUSE FOR ONESELF. IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THIS AWARENESS IS WHY I SOMETIMES DON'T WANT TO BUILD IT, EVEN THOUGH I'M AN ARCHITECT. IT EXISTS BECAUSE I EXIST.**

\* \* \*

I am sitting at a round table at a meeting of the Senate of the Academy of Fine Arts. We find ourselves stuck in a room at the top of a medieval tower. Once this tower was part of the city's defensive walls, which were usually enveloped in fog, immersed in it. Above them towered the massive body of an otherworldly large brick church suspended above the fog. The church's size must have been amazing back then, more than it is today...

Our tower used to store gunpowder. It is built like a cannon aimed at the sky. At its foot, it was treated to massively bulky walls. They taper towards the top to be capped with a light rafter framing. It is light compared to the bulk of the building as a whole. Enough to succumb to the potential impact of a gunpowder explosion it might take and at the same time stately enough to meet the challenge of the city walls. (I look up and see the massive rafter beams.)

Today, we sit in a room which levitates like a bullet at the muzzle of a gun barrel. We are spinning around in history. We don't know whether we are in the present, beyond or behind it. Are we an insect hovering above a long-gone swampy meadow? The result of a gunpowder explosion...? Or are we rather a bullet flying to eternity?

Still, the Senate is in session. With my right eye I monitor the assembled company. With my left I see myself in a crowd of angry people who shout: "We want Chuck! Death to Joe!" (Horrified, I notice that I am shouting together with them.) The crowd undulates to the rhythm of the excitement. I open my third eye, the one for an eye... And yet, it also sees that Christ seizes the hand of the one who stood up for him, to hold back his sword.

Saving Christ means our death. If we save Him (especially if it happened through violence), we shall become Christs. We shall bear responsibility for salvation. Are we ready to do so? After all, we are only human. Or perhaps we should build a "tower" so we don't get confused. Perhaps it would be better to save Joe...?

Suddenly I hear a voice calling: "Tadeusz, stop daydreaming! Look at the time. You've got to go to school... It's always the same with you, dear! Come on, hurry up! Who will you grow up to be? Have you taken your lunch?" (My mum's voice.)

I open my fourth eye. I see myself hurrying – panicking because it's late – running to school. And suddenly it turns out that the fall of communism was just a dream and I am still a young man lost in that world of powerlessness. By growing up, I unwittingly sign a statement of "getting nowhere". I sign it through my very existence.

The reality of that time forced one to run so that the feet would never touch the ground because there was no ground, there was no Earth! There was no point of support...

"I'll sneak in quietly and take my place in line so that no one ever sees me", I thought when I neared the school. "Maybe I could run away from here, run away abroad with Marcin... But where to?"

And so, I ask myself: "What do I need school for, what college shall I go to?" I'd rather remain only within my imagination. So I look for something, an excuse to allow me to get involved in this mixed-up world.

"What is all this feverish search for" I keep thinking, "if all I do is sit as if marinated in a jar, like a pickle or something, only to hear the sound of a lid opening? And then I'll be devoured by a dragon dressed in hopelessness. Hopelessness means no hope of hope. This void will be made complete by self-imprisonment."

The dragon has holes in its shoes. It stirs up pity with its deprivation, with its being lost between good and evil. It seems ungainly, but its mind and schemes are terrifyingly spiteful and vile. It is repulsive to itself and its nest, where son would betray father.

When I open my fifth eye, it turns out to be "today" after all, although I don't know what the word "today" means anymore...

How does one express freedom and the beauty of the world (space), being aware of how it was before? How does one express that it is still the same world which, as ever, wants only love. A world where good has mixed with evil. Because, just like poetry singer Grzegorz Turnau put it: "Nothing's really happening and nothing will happen until the end."

\* \* \*

I'm writing down the notes to what will become an anti-treatise, but I'm still not conscious of this fact. I look at my colleagues assembled at the College Senate table. (Is it seemly for me to write in session?) I look around worried whether everyone has already noticed that I'm doing something else than what I'm supposed to? But – all in all – I'm doing something to the point. The deans are loudly insistent that we should obtain credits for publishing, that we should write textbooks! "Our students should use the textbooks we write!"

At that moment I understood that I was definitely writing an anti-treatise. Anti-treatises which would aspire to explain what love and friendship is about, what it means to understand the essence of creation and creativity; what is that is. What is and what should be – should take place – between us artists and the material; and especially between us and the students of our College, that "something," what should it be? How to describe it and not lie? Is this a methodology, form or a material, geometry or a function?

Do I have a  
sixth eye?

MY LITTLE  
MYTHOLOGY OF  
ARCHITECTURE

## CONFUSED THOUGHTS

### An image before there were images

#### An anamnestic image as a memory of the ur-beginning

In a river gorge, in a ground fracture – one can feel a life-giving humidity. It causes the process of softening. There is a testament to departure and simultaneous readiness for resurrection in the air. The process begins ruthlessly, automatically and is irreversible.

Rotting – is a stench, but also a fragrance of life reviving. Behold beauty, stinking at its birth, to become the reason for the works by masters.

### An image – Where am I from?

#### The identity of a place

Lithuania, my homeland\*... Are you there?

You exist within me like a Platonic Idea. The Distant Ones – my kin in blood and in spirit – walk across your wide horizon. Distant because I never met them; nor their places, not even their faces – their portraits. Tales about you were not spun to children lest they turn against them. You were guilty because of your very existence, yet you weren't guilty of it.

Lithuania, you bid us farewell with the graves of women!

\* \* \*

Can one design and create without knowing where one comes from? Can one do it without knowing who one is? Perhaps this ignorance takes away an unnecessary ballast to make action easier?

Why have I got a problem with that?

### An image – Mother's portrait

#### Striving for the ideal portrait of the ideal

Mum means love. Mum means the dawn which is always good and bright, regardless of the weather or mood. Perhaps that is why mum was helpless before the portrait of her own mother.

Mum would always paint the same painting. She could never finish it. Perhaps discovering the reason for things – therefore, also the reason for painting – somehow invalidates what we paint? It doesn't matter which canvas in line it may be. It's only the act of painting that matters. The idea is, therefore, to experience the striving for the ideal and in this way to meet your remote mother. This striving remains there even when the impossibility to finish the painting comes from lack of time or temporary ineptitude. This is the experience of distance that separates the artist from the ideal.

The painting became better, then worse, but did occasionally progress. Only its painter needed it. It wasn't made for publication. It was a portrait of the Mother of my Mum. It was a portrait of the ideal.

### An image – Father's portrait

#### An unexpected similarity of fingers

My fingers are similar to my father's. I noticed that in the bathtub. I admit that my feelings were mixed. On the one hand, it moved me... (My Father is long gone from me.) On the other hand, it worried me. I'd fooled myself that "I" was a new deal. I had hoped for autonomy. And suddenly – this similarity of fingers. And if it was just about the fingers...

\* The first line of *Pan Tadeusz (Sir Thaddeus, or the Last Lithuanian Foray)*, an epic poem by Adam Mickiewicz, recognised as the national epic of Poland.

Fatherhood is coarser than maternity. I remember moments of coarseness as counterpoints to love inside its melody.

Even the best father has bad traits. (I never noticed any in my mother.) To find that one has inherited them is a real curse. I had been so sure that I wouldn't be like that, and suddenly: "a similarity of fingers."

A new deal is never  
"completely new."

Neither one who is born is  
"completely new," nor is what  
we make.



# IMAGES

## Image one

An apprentice came to a master.

Asked about the reason for his visit, he replied that he was creating a work of art and that he wanted to amaze people with his achievements. He claimed that he would practically bring the world to its knees. His words were awkward.

In haste – he searched for better ones.

Changing his tone, he spoke of his efforts to make the work magnificent. However, his mind was on making it worthy of the master. When he expressed this thought, he wanted the work to be worthy of his master; worthy of the man he considered his master. But his words sounded as if he claimed mastery for himself... The longer he spoke, the more he noticed how nonsensical his words were. Finally – he fell silent...

The master said: "Apprentice! I have chosen you, and you misunderstand so heavily!..." A silence fell after the master's words. What was there to say?

The apprentice has grown old. The silence is still there. With it returns the stench of rot – embarrassment and rebirth all over again. It is the Passover of the artist. This is my next breakthrough.

How I love you, my rot!

## Image two

The hoisted light hung suspended between the ceiling and the floor. The interior was spacious and tall. The light brought out its ceiling with difficulty. It didn't dazzle, or highlight, or decorate, but made things clear.

That's how I saw the light suspended as a window on the townhouse. It was at the early dusk of a summer's day. I was sitting in the car awaiting the next move in the heavy traffic. I don't know why that pale light of the light bulb got to me just then.

The interior of the Pale Light of the Light Bulb certainly wasn't designed. It was arranged over a number of days by a number of people. It just was there. Its entire structure contradicted the possibility of its existence versus the modern design method. Here the environment is changed over successive days brought by people. It is those days that snowball and transform reality... Who has the strength or the nerve to change this world with one decision?

Who will need a design here? Who will need this record of change? Can a monk – placed (through my design) in a standard living room with a sofa, plasma display on the wall and a lab-like kitchen – stand any chance by me? Or will I make him thoroughly unhappy? Who said we should live a certain way? Who has the right to demand we live "some way" if we don't want to? Does anyone have the right to expect us to live "some way" if this "some way" undermines the meaning of our existence?

From that day on, the dweller of that room has often visited me and asked difficult questions. He takes on different forms when he visits.

"When will you come to me?" he asks.

I feel a burning desire to design hearing these words. And he just laughs at me...

"When will you grow up?" he asks me again. "I'm waiting for you to declare your stupidity and it's the only thing I'll accept. I want to experience something unattainable. I too want to be someone else— 'Somebody' civilised... A 'somebody' from high society and not just from my townhouse. I want to be somebody who people design for."

But he was from the townhouse.



I said "Yes" to the townhouse dweller. He dragged me into this design thing. I don't know why I agreed. Was it ambition or greed? Perhaps it was rapacity – a hunger for designing? I'm still too young!

Now, he, the Dweller, or perhaps my ambition, will take over my time spent for the better betterment, the tastier tastefulness – for fashions. Generally speaking – for nothing. For nothing because the interior is already "there." It is as it is.

And he – the dweller of the interior of the Pale Light of the Light Bulb – is again sitting next to me today. He's taken on the form of my high school friend. He probably only did it because he wanted to hold me accountable for my ideals.

"Where is your Arche, friend?" he asked me. "Where is it?"

## Image three

My little daughter! You are the mirror of creation. Creation happens in you spontaneously, making me afraid to even think aloud... For I might spoil something. This is how creation works.

We carry on together so there is no way of doing "nothing." Concerned, I learn how to touch upon individual matters and not spoil the natural course of how things happen.

Automatically, the same thought comes to my mind when I open the door to my studio...

It is you who makes me want to better myself.

## Image four

Looking from the street I see the windows as if they were lamps hanging. They are signs of human beings. The windows look out into the air. They mock the efforts of the street lamps which keep laboriously looking for something on the ground.

That is how we can understand them, when we look at them from the outside. When we look at them from the inside, we inevitably see how pragmatic they are. Then, suddenly, these outdoor lights appear to be bright grains thrown up into the air.

Things are things and ideas can uplift them. They must uplift them without de-objectifying. Things that reconcile themselves up front, never to be uplifted, are like a cross without God.

\* \* \*

The walls of the townhouses squat like a shadow. The massive bulk of the church pushes out from between them. (Trees aim upward, to the light – in spite of the night they are not fooled by the street lamps. They keep shooting in that direction, just like everyone and everything else.)

A door, girded with a bolt and a padlock, puffed up its cheeks with a draught. He was more and more curious about the interior's condition versus the silence, the padlock and the shocking draughtiness of the windows – versus draughtiness in general. Where is the liturgy? Only birds live in there.

Monks used to make sure that the Liturgy of Holy Mass went on without stopping round the clock. What did they wish for? What did they expect of that event that we don't expect anymore?

The illuminated towers penetrate the clouds like peacocks with tails unfurled. Without this light, they are not images but they exist. They exist within their own meaning. Perhaps they even seem surprised because no one asked them to agree to this luminous masquerade. I wonder if it's human deeds or my own thoughts that are going astray.

Inside, a crucifix hangs above the chancel. Christ is shot with a beam of light. It hits him straight in the forehead and he remains on the cross. (Sometimes we see him triumphant. Other times we are filled with fear for he seems defeated. What will then become of salvation?) This one is Christ-like in a special way. He is shot – with light.

And so we know, for instance (ladies and gentlemen), the images of Christ: Pensive, Resurrected, Crucified... And also our contemporary one – Shot by Light.

I immediately regret my spite...

A child is playing with a flashlight and it turns the light directly into its father's eyes. The dad's unnaturally (from the bottom) lit face changes into a series of grotesque grimaces when he admonishes the child not to shine the flashlight into anyone's eyes.

"Please stop blinding dad!"

"Please stop blinding Father!"

Please. But it's my, not His request.

Again comes the doubt, whether it's human deeds or my own thoughts that are going astray.

What if Christ is a performance? All of reality can be a performance. The whole world can be the subject of fantastical visions, a world within a world.

Today, on TV, The Flashlight Boys scour the graves in Jerusalem. Christ, the husband of Mary Magdalene, his son and she – his "wife" – are the subject of this search. Christ has a physical body, inseparable from the metaphysical. The Flashlight Boys examine the physical body – inside a fantastical performance of life... At the same time they slaughter and maim the body of the metaphysical Christ. The Flashlight Boys don't know the body of the metaphysical Christ. And so they spontaneously split the atom without realising the reaction they had triggered. It's only a trifling game, a para-scientific A-bomb. Aching, I turn away from the TV with a child's mangled "Our Father..." although I rediscovered it only recently and with difficulty. Again I ask myself: "Is it human deeds or my own thoughts that are going astray?"

How does one separate the spirit from the flesh? How does one separate senses and feelings from knowledge? Do rationalism and so-called professionalism have to be schizophrenic?

## Image five

The light bulb's pale glow builds foregrounds and backgrounds. In the distance, I can see the figure of my grandfather. He is long gone, but I can clearly see his figure hunched over the desk. How very human this figure was, built of flesh and blood. But to me it was also somehow objectified. My grandfather was not unlike a piece of furniture resting by a small lamp. Regardless of whether I saw my grandfather in the distant beyond of the desk, or only his silhouette behind the wavy door glazing, he really was distant. Distant through the awareness of his achievements.

Grandfather is writing. (So he knows what to write.) His is a point of light running ahead from the dark in this enormous and awe-inspiring interior. At the same time, he remains distant. But he only seems to imply his location between the floor, the distant ceiling and myself. He doesn't have to shine with an image – he just is.

The abyss of the old architecture interiors was mysterious and scary with the vast eye sockets of windows, thick walls and untamed immensity of the air. These interiors were as vast as the exteriors. After dusk, they let in untamed extent with their volume. Unattainable edges formed an infinity. Only those who mollified and then tamed it were able to master it. Grandfather knew what to do with it. One had to obtain and master this knowledge. Not everyone had it and so they were afraid. Some would exist here and walk about, others would only sneak through like intruders. All of them lived in Cracow's socialist housing project – known as the "Kolkhoz."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The flats in old 19<sup>th</sup> century townhouses were very large. They would often take up entire storeys. Usually the rooms were aligned with each other. Such enfilade (connected) rooms were intended for the townhouse owners or the tenants. The rooms had windows facing the street and were accessed from a large elegant staircase. The enfilade was accompanied by a parallel corridor with rooms for the servants, a kitchen and kitchen stairs. The servants' rooms and the kitchen had windows facing the courtyard. After World War II, these impressive apartments (and entire townhouses) were taken away from their owners and nationalised by force. Next, the flats in the townhouses were divided with partition walls into small independent parts in order to accommodate as many people as possible. Accommodation was awarded at the authorities' discretion. Assignments were purposefully made to mix people of different social status. In Cracow, such apartments divided into smaller parts were called "Kolkhozes."

The intruders may have been tormented by the awareness of theft. Theirs was the original sin of moving in. They came to move in because of a sin... Not only the "sneaking" tenants moved in this way. Some tenants who "walked about" also ended up in other people's apartments by appropriation, through investiture. The latter were not here because of social advance, but in return for something. Their houses, their universe, was confused, swapped and divided with hardboard. Those places screamed with pain. They screamed because their meaning failed to be understood. They bitterly spoke of the mistake brought about by the coming of a new world image.

Upon political orders of desensitisation, this sin was to become justice. A space of unequal equality was being formed.

Beyond the door of my grandfather's room, a world was dying. Space was turning into a labyrinth of pauperism divided with hardboard. This hell was frightening at night and didn't let one sleep. The worst thing, though, was that morning changed nothing. Behind the door was eternal fear and darkness. (Invisible figures would move across creaky parquet floors in the darkness of the narrow corridors.) Not all of them were happy about it. And not all of them were hostile to those whose universe they had taken over.

In the labyrinth one could hear the giggles of those who had been sneaking before. The labyrinth only served blind ideology.

\* \* \*

The new modernist apartments I knew from my childhood asked me nothing. They seemed to be exceptionally "fathomable," adaptable and obvious in their assumptions. If they were made to be good, the record of this goodness was contained mostly in the invisible. I was raised in such a place.

When my grandfather moved in permanently to a modernist apartment, he remained – to my surprise – just the same as before. He remained, in a way, inaccessible. He outgrew the architecture. Perhaps it was that the environment around him had shrunk? ("How can we put a big grandpa into such a small flat?" was the question that bothered me at the time.)

Architecture shrunk after World War II. (The way grandma used to talk about clothes that had shrunk in the laundry.) In my understanding, the notion of "shrinking" perfectly expressed the spirit of the post-war housing architecture. Especially our architecture.

The surroundings became laughably small. My grandfather seemed not to notice. He still created meanings, not images. It was he who made architecture. He made his surroundings.

\* \* \*

Modernist architecture was shot in World War II and before that it was mortally wounded by the Bolshevik revolution, its stepmother. Not only architecture; it seems that almost "everything" got shot. Whatever survived became incomprehensible and unknown to us, and finally, in essence, abandoned. This process is being completed even now, every day. Perhaps one cannot have feelings in the post-war world anymore? We cannot erase the traces of suffering anymore. Planned, controlled amnesia is supposed to be the remedy. And so our life is to be like a controlled skid.

Perhaps it would indeed be better to imagine that we create our surroundings "from scratch?"

\* \* \*

The world around us unfolds as in the Bible. It's not about Christ doing things. He bore testimony and was crucified two thousand years ago. It follows from the words of the Bible that this is going on continuously, incessantly and will never stop happening. It is somehow permanent in its results. Just like anything else around us.

And so, before I hear the grinding of the T-square rollers brought to a halt for the night, perhaps I will have enough time to put the world together again? Will I notice it before I turn on the computer?



## Image six

### Or, Just so images

#### Just so image – 1

Two people meet. They extend a handshake, take out their computers and begin to "talk" via the Internet.

End of image.

#### Just so image – 2

(With learning outcome numbers in the background.)<sup>2</sup>

Two people meet. They stand before each other, then begin to exchange opinions using numbers to specify centrally unified notions and emotional states.

End of image.

End of "everything."

#### Just so image – 3

A current vision of the apocalypse is a vision of a complete, global and cosmic misunderstanding.

Our world won't end with an atomic explosion; it will end because we will no longer be able to see the World from under utter chaos. Even though it will continue to exist, to us it will become completely invisible. It will fall apart into as many existences as there are sentient human beings and each one of them will become an autonomous and utterly lonely universe. For want of even a single notion to share, we won't be able to communicate anymore. All of space will be filled with a hellish Tower of Babel, which will not only climb up but also fill in all of space like a virus. It will be a vertical and horizontal tower.

The sun will go out. Not because it will actually cease to shine. We just won't notice its light anymore.

## Image seven

### Home

Home – to me it's an experience. An experience of love. In my experience goodness, like home, also directly touches the other extreme of ethical space. The experience of a home of love and safety is also permeated by the neighbourhood of evil. It seems an unexpected and very painful blow because it comes from the centre of the very core of good. However, one should resign oneself to the fact that the neighbourhood of opposites is largely natural. Perhaps even inevitable?

On the one hand, love lived at home, on the other, good was relative. Every now and then "something" happened to change good or someone would define a new dimension of goodness. Every time, this was supported by a new, crushing and, repeatedly and always, one and only correct logic. I tried to learn it like a primer. And then – when I had almost mastered it – it suddenly turned out that the logic of good changed again, even though love was unchanging. It also seemed that it must be that way! In spite of the love's relatively stable nature, an unbearable wedge of some external ideology forced its way between us. I couldn't understand the changeability or the relativism of the logic of good. (Only later did I realise that good may be understood in many different ways.) I reflectively assumed good to be transcendent. However, the space surrounding me was a space of mortal good. A good dependent on someone's measure of acknowledgement. There can be no home in such a space. There were only capsules suspended above some completely unknown point in the space of relativism.

.....  
2 The idea of learning outcome numbers is so illogical and ahumanist that it is difficult to explain. However, I feel obliged to make such an attempt. So:

According to the current interpretation of EU regulations in Poland, university lecturers are required to use a number code to define the relationship between them and their students. This relationship is to lead to the defining of a learning outcome. Designated officials with experts in tow established a list of notions and definitions which determine this relationship. Every one of them has a designated number. From then on these numbers have become mandatory for everyone taking part in the educational process.

It wasn't us, the household members, who had wanted such a home.

My home is within me.  
I carry it as an image  
of the ideal.

In search of a point of departure for a material image of home, I travelled around Lithuania. It is where my family comes from; a family I never had the chance to meet. It seemed to me that I would find an image of my lost home in these places. This image could be a beginning.

In a landscape of fields, under a torso of groves furtively beat the hearts of tiny cemeteries. Travelling by car along metalled roads, I approached one after another, moving away from the previous ones. In many of them I found my family name. These stones are the centres of the "world" and space. They give one an idea of the estates and manors that used to be there. Only the farm buildings, made for the livestock, remain. They had to be made of stone to resist organic chemistry. They were no political threat either. That was their ticket to timelessness.

The manors were wooden and got swallowed up by the earth. Just like the people...

**IMAGINING-**

**IIN**

**MY LITTLE MYTHOLOGY OF ARCHITECTURE**

**A DIALOGUE-SUPPORTED NARRATIVE**

DIALOGIS PERSONAE:

A Runner in three figures:

**The Running Boy**

**The Running Youth**

**The Running Man**

**The Figure with a Leg Beyond Space**

**The Orderly Guy**

**The Disorderly Guy**

**The Professor**

**Herb**

**Joseph**

**Jordi Faulí**

**Artistry**

**André Malraux**

**Mircea Eliade**

**Antonio Gaudí**

**Joseph Heller**

**Peter Zumthor**

## Image – The Running Boy

First draught. Work at the source and the reasons for it

A boy is running through the forest. Nimbly dodging the trees, he bursts into a glade. He struggles through the high grass and it, tangling with the weeds, forms stirrups which clutch his feet. This way his saddled steed wants to run in the opposite direction. The scampering boy breaks free from the fetters of the glade. The ripped out roots tear the earth's lining. The scent of herbs, heightened by the moisture of the ploughed sands, permeates the air around him. Neither the fetters, nor the fragrance can stop the Boy, or fool him. It doesn't matter which way the road goes, only where to. (The air is ringing in his ears. He can see the trees and the grass, but they are visible only from behind the images coming from his imagination.) The landscapes and scents do not matter. Nor does the hot sand, the fragrant humidity of the earth, the herbs or the wild flowers... The Running Boy is overtaken by an imagining and chased by fear.

He passes the remains of leaning wooden fences. They once closed off the gardens behind someone's house from behind, at the back where the orchards were. The house and fence are gone now (only the leaning remains of the fence are still there). The garden and the household are gone. There are only mysterious gates leading to the glades and the forest or from the glade and the forest... Leading nowhere? These signs are the dormant borders between other boys' worlds which do not exist anymore.

Now he is running along a metalled road. He jumps over a green mesh fence encased in angle iron, which is not there yet but will be here soon. He is close to home by now. Now he runs down a steep short hill – quickly – till he trips and is even closer to his destination. There... All he has to do is push the door and... suddenly, the cool of the staircase spilled over. Two more, one more floor... The locks of the white door grated. It's safe now.

"Wash your hands!" a voice rang out.

In the bathroom – as usual – the boy meets shapes made by the now hardened, once unevenly mixed terrazzo. Creatures chase each other inside this texture, opening their wide jaws. Mouths are there to devour. But there is no blood or casualties. They get absorbed like clouds in the sky or just change their shapes. No. It's not their shapes but their meanings that change. A menacing eye looks out from behind a grey spot. The spot is a heart, to become a menacing fish. A figure with one leg stretching out beyond space and reaching infinity, where parallel lines meet; the figure holds out his hand in greeting. The boy also extends his hand and suddenly finds himself between the grains, the crystals, he finds himself inside the texture of the floor he has been looking at. It has opened up...

"Here you can be at the same time at your Grandmother's in Cracow and at your grandfather Tadeusz's—the one you never met because he was killed in the war," says the Figure with a Leg Beyond Space.

"The one who smiles in the photograph you can only see from under the parchment separating the album's next page?"

"Yes, him. You will also be able to," continues the Figure with a Leg Beyond Space, "be an Apache trekking along the hill with one leg, and with the other..."

"I just need to see if the dishcloth is hanging out the window to get back home on time..." the Boy cut in.

"Think so?" asked the Figure with a Leg Beyond Space. "The important thing is that with the other leg..."

"Aren't you talking too much about legs?" asked the Boy.

"Forget about my legs and mind your own because they're the ones that will or won't carry you into your own world... But you must understand how important it is that at one and the same moment you can find yourself in a mysterious temple from a book illustration and hear the spectators cheering on a football stadium grandstand from this very city of mysterious and unfinished towers... Pay attention, that cheering is for your spectacular play. You probably scored a goal. But the most important thing is that you can notice what you have never seen before and will only be able to imagine. And all the while, simultaneously (at the same time) you can be an Apache!"

"Will you finish your washing, my little darling... How long can you wash your hands!"

"I'm coming, I'm coming, mom!" called the Boy.

It is unsettling in the narrow bowels of the dark hallway because the bathroom is very close to the door. The one with the locks. A few quick steps and the boy arrives at the kitchen. On the hallway wall, across

from the kitchen, one can clearly see sand which was worked in unevenly by the plasterer. The boy is especially fond of this sight. That roughness is a picture. A real picture because it's alive. One can always see something new in it. It can be better than TV. It's like a book... A few words, sentences and the imagination starts up on its own, flashing new stories and scenes. The boy had problems with reading because of his imagination. The moment he began reading, his imagination went to work, which made it hard to finish the reading. The boy looked with anxiety in the direction of the white door fitted with locks.

"Don't be chicken!" He heard the calm voice of the Figure with a Leg Beyond Space.

"When I was running through the forest today, I suddenly ran into the graves," said the Boy.

"Big deal! You know there's a cemetery there."

"I know, but I can't see it... I mean – I've finally learnt not to see it... Or... What is it like when you die? What happens then? Because my brother says that there's nothing there (after death). He also says that, at best, it's like when you're asleep. And Jarek said that he'd been playing at the cemetery by the graves. He went there with his parents. I wouldn't dare. Jarek also said something about God and angels but I don't know what that's all about. He goes to church... I'd rather not go there."

"I don't know what it is like," replied the Figure with a Leg Beyond Space, "because I was never dying or dead, but I think it's never like there's nothing."

"All right, but I'm afraid to fall asleep because of it..." said the Boy.

"Everybody's afraid of something."

"But there's mom," the boy reminded himself with relief.

"That's love," whispered the Figure into the Boy's ear.

"I'm here thanks to her and the spooks are merely next to me, just like the non-spooks. Truth to tell, I like them the best."

"But you can improve something here," said the Figure with a Leg Beyond Space.

"Where? What do you mean?"

"Let's begin with the door with the locks. It's white and screams from the far side of the corridor. Maybe we can paint it some other colour. I suggest navy blue. A dark colour will make it hide in the dark and it won't scare you anymore."

"Let's hide it behind a curtain with patterns like the ones on dad's dressing gown. They're so pretty and – how should I put it – so serious. I won't see the door then and there'll be less of those strange noises from behind them, less of that echo. But how shall we do it?"

"Use your imagination!"

"Now then... it's much better now and my parents won't scold me for painting the door..."

"They won't see a thing," said the Figure with a Leg Beyond Space. "Oh, and when you get the hang of making these changes, remember not to change those rough bits next to the kitchen," warned the Figure with a Leg Beyond Space. "It would just be no good without them. I often walk by there..."

"It wouldn't have even crossed my mind," interrupted the Boy, "because I walk by there, too. It's the best picture in our flat. When I come to it, it turns into a sculpture and then into space."

From then on the Boy – as he put it – began to imagine-in. His flat would change many times every day.

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The Sistine Chapel has frescoes on its vault and the altar wall. The Boy's flat began to change with the frescoes on the floor. Most of them were in the bathroom on the terrazzo and the panelling, in the kitchen on the floor tiles and only then did they cover the other walls.

The Boy had to believe and learn that the Sistine frescoes were beautiful; because his were prettier as they never materialised and, therefore, could always fulfil the idea of the ideal... At first glance, the Boy felt let down by Michelangelo's frescoes. Only later, when he came across the substance of real artistry, was he forced to acknowledge them as a work of genius.

Even though Michelangelo did not have to go to confession about the nudity of the figures on the Sistine Chapel's vault (according to André Malraux) because they were a reminiscence of God's Creation – according to the Boy – he did "have to" confess the sin of materialising them. This, regardless of the artist's genius, forever takes away the possibility of attaining the ideal.

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"Not everything I see exists for everyone the way I see it. Not everything I've seen can really be how I've seen it. So much of what I saw and what delighted me can turn out to be something else that I'd actually seen," thought the Boy.

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## Thoughts of the Running Boy

A chest of drawers stood by the child's bed. It was like a rock, it couldn't be moved. Into the gap between the wall and the chest of drawers one could throw candy wrappers, an uneaten bread crust and other unseemly things. Fear lived there. The chest of drawers stood in the city and grew together with me, and with it grew shame and fear.

Between the chest of drawers and the wall lived the image of the Gothic Crucified Christ from the rainbow arch of St Nicholas' Church in Gdańsk that scared me. When I saw it for the first time, I could hardly speak while it roared inside me. I couldn't even hear what my mom said to me.

There was a coffin placed on a cannon carriage and the sashes and banners from the funeral ceremony of Marshal Charles de Gaulle.

The graves that loomed into view from behind the trees of the moraine hill forest, only to burst without warning into carefree child's play, also lived behind the chest of drawers. All the cemeteries and churches I knew were there together with the question of eternity and about what is first and what comes last written into the essence of their being...

With time it became apparent that someone someday will manage to move the chest of drawers. One day my father did. However, all he saw was a pile of rubbish, which he told me to clean up. He pretended he did not see the fear, even though it made its declaration of independence and omnipresence.

Maturity was coming, in spite of my aversion to it.

Maturity was coming, in spite of my aversion to it.



## Image. The Running Youth

### First Draught. Creative Anamnesis

The Youth is running through the forest. He knows now how to keep his fear at bay, so he skilfully avoids the graves and churches... He avoids whatever means: "first," "last," and whatever means "here – and – now." Actually, it only seems to the Youth that he can control his fear and his world. In fact, this ability is only about avoiding problems, not solving them. And so fear lurks in the shoes of a stranger and even in the shoes of a friend. Not because the friendship was a sham but because it was actually real.

"When you visit me, my darling and you, my friend, please, don't take off your shoes!" he cried.

When the world depends on one's own discretion, there is no protection against evil. But, illusions let you live. They also consolidate a conviction about the absence of anxieties, at the same time forcing one to suffer the consequences of no possibility of truly experiencing things.

Sometimes, the Youth would ask, himself only, about the point of a world built on avoiding what is real. However, under the rule of the regime, all reality was fit only for avoiding or imagining-in. The world was too small an island to stand upon. One had to run all the time because then one would always have one foot in the air. There was no room to plant both. It was a world of eternal flight. The faster one ran, the closer one got to their own back and anyone who touched it, lost and disappeared, like a pawn in a game, except that this was life, not a game, after all.

The Youth was surrounded by a beautiful world because it was a world he imagined. A threatening world because it was only imagined. During the communist regime there were multiple "truths." One was at home, as in a physical place, and at home as in personal mentality, another was outside the home. The interior of the home was built on identity and also on what officially was "whitewashed" in its history. The idea of freedom of thought and its verbalisation lived there. When he stepped outside his home, when he left it, a caricature of these values applied. It was better to keep silent. The paradox of multiple "truths" forced the Youth to create an imagined world for himself. This was his personal – totally imagined – "reality." He decided to create it in order not to go mad on account of the ensuing paradox of the actual reality. For determining the truth, even at home, often became unbearable because of the awareness of its then-hybrid nature.

The Youth was terrified of death and cemeteries. He wouldn't admit it. In his idea of space they ceased to exist because he eliminated them. It began with turning away at their sight, until finally he learnt not to notice them at all. Straight afterwards came a moment when he couldn't see them even if they were within his field of vision. Only later could he try to see something completely different – in their place, in their stead.

Because of his emerging imagining-in, the Youth experienced a peculiar feeling of time-space unity. The figures and scenes formed by cracks in the plaster on the wall by the bed or forms spotted in the texture of the terrazzo were more real than any plans to act "for today." He could freely combine the images he created and their meanings which would appear at different times, uniting the past, present and future. In this space, Don Quixote would meet at the same instant with Cezary Baryka\*\*, with Cybulski dying on the rubbish heap in Wajda's *Ashes and Diamonds*\*\*\* and with the biology teacher "who would open her mouth wide to put her lipstick on," making the figures from the paintings of Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec real again...

It seems that the reality of those strange times really had some special meaning for the imagining-in performed by the Youth. Surely, this imagining-in even then allowed him to create an entirely new space.

Ideas would mix freely with reality. The more he imagined-in, the closer he seemed to get to an area which, at the time, was called internal emigration.

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\*\* The main character in Stefan Żeromski's novel *The Spring to Come* about the disillusionment with post-World War I independent Poland.

\*\*\* Zbigniew Cybulski played the hero in Wajda's film tragedy about a Polish Home Army underground soldier in the immediate aftermath of World War II.

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The Running Youth was born in a town by a river at the foot of the mountains. As the result of further developments, when he was still a small boy, he found himself in Marshland, a river port in the delta of the same river, where he came to live and lives more and more. His taking root in his place of abode happened in spite of the Youth's reluctance. He knew more about his favourite Mediterranean town than about his "home port." He also missed his birthplace but it did not need him anymore.

Destruction and long-standing lies almost bled the town of Marshland dry. It was liberated from the oppression of World War II by another future invader who raped and burnt it and then held it under its dictatorship. Taking the town, not only did the invader completely destroy it, but depopulated it as well. Overnight, the invader led almost the entire population out of the city to plant a new one, which it had exiled from somewhere else. Then the invader decided to pride itself in the city's architectural reconstruction done with the efforts of the nation which was simultaneously repressed by this invading "liberator."

It's a story not unlike one from Ancient Greece. Homer would gladly compose a song about these events if only there was some way to determine the heroes. No one knows who would play the roles of Odysseus, or Paris, or Achilles in the history of Marshland.

In Marshland they still celebrate the time of this post-war "liberating" rape as City Day, when it gets decorated with flags. It still happens. Even when one does not have to fly the flags of the "bloody liberator" anymore because it theoretically ceased to exist. But it still seems to exist because the anniversaries of its "liberating" invasion are still celebrated.

The transparent body of Marshland became almost invisible to the Running Youth. People live here as if in a dimension other than the urban one. It is only foreshortening that, by overlapping foregrounds and backgrounds, creates an illusion of the urban area being populated. So if someone looks at Marshland from a certain direction, they can see people overlapping the image of the city. It seems to be populated then. But, if one changes position (the vantage point), it becomes apparent that the people and the city do not meet. Then we can see that it is in fact deserted. Today, the city and its people (in spite of the change in the political system) still remain two completely autonomous beings which function in separate spaces. The Running Youth is entirely sure of this.

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The Running Youth saw the emerging Freedom from up close. Later, it was fitted with a name meaning co-accountability. This Freedom was born in the shipyard dust rising above the city like soot. It was about human fatigue, dirt and involvement in the existing evil. In spite of everything and in a wonderfully real way, the bits of soot, rubbing against the air and each other, released hope, known as good. The solidarity between people was mainly about a certain heroism in fighting one's own weakness – to win elementary dignity. This heroism gave the nature of catharsis to what one did. It cleansed one of dirt and evil. It was a mutual solidarity.

There came a time when the channel of solidarity opened. Everyone was convinced at the time that it, as if by turning inside-out, would automatically cover what had been outside, which had been completely contaminated by the filths of the regime. Hope was supposed to heal reality. No such thing happened. Good mixed with evil. No one managed to make sure that these worlds stay separate. No one knows whether it was possible to do so.

Solidarity was and is more our idea of it, rather than its very self. That's the way it was and that's the way it is. In today's prevailing image, it is construed by a kind of propaganda. The Youth fears that the emergent freedom was marked with empathy only in his imagination.

## C o m e b a c k , U t o p i a !

Again something – something very important – remains in the realm of the imagination. Perhaps utopia is a necessary condition for us to comprehend space?

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Given the sum total of such items of experience, it was difficult to come to terms with the vision of events as a catalogue of facts locked up by scholars in archives. It was difficult for the Running Youth to see the world as a row of lined up domains. Everything is a multi-coloured dust of things happening that freely floats in the air. A mixture of time and space.

Over the short span of the Youth's lifetime, Christ had been degraded and not so much crucified as surgically cut out of people's minds time and again. He was destroyed (they called it progress), to rise from the dead again. (A second resurrection was not considered progress.) I don't know if after this surgical procedure another resurrection is still possible for us. Does one still have a mind after such surgeries – a Christlike mind? Someone wanted to explain to the Youth that it was especially on such occasions one didn't have this kind of a mind but there was such a tumult in those days that the Youth couldn't hear anything.

On sunny days, when one looks into the light from the depths of shadow, one can sometimes see a swarm of countless specks floating in the air. Noticing how dense the air is can sometimes make one breathless. To the Running Youth, this sight seemed an image, a symbol of truth to express the space around him. It was light and dust. The sort of dust that can get on one's shoes when one walks along the streets of an enthralling city to experience it, but not necessarily to get to know it. To get enraptured with it. This dust is a coating on the borderline between excitement and weariness, and also – simply – city dust. All it took was for the chiaroscuro contrast to disappear for a while and nothing was visible anymore. Then – only seemingly, of course – one is left with a transparent, "favourite" and so very safe "nothing."

The Running Youth always wanted to declare that that "nothing" sickened or even disgusted him. Even when he succumbed to its temptation, he wanted to oppose it.

When his parents were on their way to eternity, the Running Youth completely despaired of what the past was. Was it a frozen, arrested and permanently preserved substance, or did we constantly create it by adding the everyday? Does anything ever pass? Or does this passing depend on our turning away – our failure to notice something? That "something" we find discomforting because it spreads our horizon too wide for us to manage.

"If I see the similarity of my fingers to my father's, when I notice my mother's look in my eyes, when I also notice that I have taken on my parents' inclinations – especially those I disliked – can I then pronounce that they're gone?" thought the Youth.

And so we can see history as a kind of story that combines the past with the present and the future. Those who passed away – are gone physically. At the same time – in particular when it comes to parents – one feels especially clearly how much they are constantly here!

The face of the clock whirled, turning into a Möbius curve.

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When during his run the Youth neared the once-metalled road that he had passed as such, the world began to change. The house was completely different. The road was paved with asphalt, but gravel still crunched under the Youth's feet. The Youth was now living in a modernist apartment – spacious and full of light. (He made it so by imagining.) The asphalt had already begun to crack at the edges of the reinforced concrete slabs which were its subsurface when these transformations ceased to be necessary because it became apparent that the apartment block would never become home. Imagining was becoming home. Was it his time and not his twilight? Only imagining-in could turn an apartment block into home.

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The Youth saw the similarity of his fingers to those of his father's and noticed a look similar in temperature and shade to that of his mother's. This similarity became difficult, in fact because the Running Youth felt less good than she was and less perfect. And so a record coming from beyond his will is running in him...

It exists even when he would want to deny it. Its beginning stretches back to infinity.

Regardless of whether we are religious or live without faith, there remains the issue of Biblical time being active as a beginning, as a dawn of the ideal? Holidays are a memento, a form of commemoration or an experience of a real meeting with the absolute, with that (or rather this) situation which is taking place – right now? This question is a turn to what we call the mysterious "here-and-now." Does it exist? Is there anything that can order the time of the memory of an existing ideal to be bonded with an ideal we look for in our space – the ideal we seek especially when we design?

Architecture seems in a way to represent the non-homogenous nature of space the Youth perceived. Having understood it, I do not perceive architecture and its interiors separately. I do not look at it in isolation from the place, either. Interiors merge with architecture, just like it merges with the essence of a place's existence and its time. Looking at a place, it is difficult to separate the present from the past and future, let alone its interior from its outside. The problem whether something was internal or external seemed artificial to the Running Youth because this threshold practically did not exist. What is architecture? What is interior design?

Noticing and experiencing questions is constructive and most of all very interesting. The sudden need to get yes-no answers is not so much unnecessary as it is obtrusive and always so cruelly premature.

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Broad glazing opened the interior of the house to a terrace drenched in the sun, rain, clement and inclement weather. Near the entrance were stairs set into a rather tight circle. One could get vertigo when running up or down them with youthful vigour. This sent the Youth to another dimension. The stairs led to a music studio with guitars, a stereo tape recorder and two microphones. The studio's windows did not see the cemetery. Here the walls were covered in lyric sheets and in the rest of the house – with frescoes. These paintings were made of the textures of aggregates, plasters and letters. No cracks or textures were to be seen from behind these paintings. The interiors were spacious, bright and almost devoid of objects. It could seem as if the furnishings spilled out of the walls. All that was around them was a tangle of shapes and their colours. Things got lost in them. They were almost imperceptible. This polyphony contradicted the modernist order, even though it originated from it. The shapes and forms were as if rubbed into the surfaces of the walls. They grew out of them or faded away, or changed – to fit the moment and the need.

This way imagining-in transformed an apartment block flat into a new reality. The place's new image existed only in the Youth's imagination. A new space was truly created.

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No one knows where from, something permeated this space of imagining-in, something that had one and the same name but many meanings. It trickled very slowly, drop by drop. First it was the experience of love. Mom's love – her paintings... Love, in spite of the Youth's young hot blood, promised something more than a hollering Eros. This experience was broader and grew into "something" that the Youth could neither describe nor name. It made one ask oneself questions which were broader than the ones that had accompanied the Youth's designs before.

Because when the pencil's lead slowly drops to the paper to write the first creative concept (sketch, drawing), then at the point where they meet the whole power of one's life experience comes true. A sum of sensations from the mother's first cuddle and caress to the moment when one almost denies her. To the moment when one impatiently spurns the mother to go off into a presumed but also already existing adult world. That's when an area presents itself: from "I don't know," through "I know," to finally take one to "I doubt it" – which is where one seeks and loses one's way. This is the place where the world and time open, while time manifests its unity. The past, present and future are a single instant. (There are the fences, once avoided by the Boy, now by the Youth, fences that were and those that will be, and all of them present in the same spatial dimension.) There's mom, for her not to be there at the same time. There's her portrait. There is memory here, or rather the awareness of an ideal written in the ur-beginning. There is "here – and – now." It is anamnesis. This is anamnestic architecture!

And so we come across an event that seems to be derived from Plato's Cave. We may discover "the truth" (in inverted commas as it is only an image of truth), but the only one that is present here on Earth. From beyond the shadow that this truth is, we may experience God. This shadow was cast by a light never perceived. Here, God ceases to be an old man with a grey beard.

Here was the Pagan Courtyard noticed by the Youth. A courtyard like the one in the pre-Christian Jewish Temple. Here was the view of it and the view from it. The announcement of a search commenced, a turn towards the truth, beginning amidst the tumult of the profane. The Pagan Courtyard is a beginning. First and foremost a dawning of the road of creation, but also a dawning of the understanding of an unpredictable world for someone who had only learnt homogenous space before. The Pagan Courtyard was about creative anxiety and frenzied search. It was about space collapsing... It was the experience of space's irregularity and delight in its newly gained status. To the designing Youth that was the best moment because everything was still possible at the time. An ideal that was still possible and achievable. The Pagan Courtyard was a true gateway to paradise. Today, it has ceased to exist in our places of worship. Including the metaphorical ones.

The cross the Youth saw suddenly outgrew the cemeteries. Its arms set the intersection of vitality and death, beginning and end. The end that becomes a beginning in the recurring cycle. It is a point of infinity, in which things impossible here on Earth come true. It is a resurrection, a Passover. To the Youth, the world was becoming infinite, surprisingly unpredictable and finally at least somewhat in line with intuition.

The manner of seeing the world progresses like a creative design – it is architecture. The imagined images spill out of the Pagan Courtyard in an ever broader current, through the narthex, to the nave. They pass some bowl of water, strange furniture with windows through which one whispers. But... this furniture and these signs are already lost in space. No one knows whether the fact that they are lost is a curse or a blessing. It's just a fact. The images (experiences and imaginings) pass the furniture by, probably without understanding it. Where can we take our imaginings? Where do we assemble our doubts and questions so that we don't lose them? These questions foretell chaos which leads to decisions. Therefore, they are important. Now they are vital.

The Youth may refer to intuition and experience, but also to memory – the ur-beginning. He can refer to anamnesis.

Eastern Orthodox churches have got a very special place inside them. It is a membrane between the earthly and the Godly domain... It is a never built wall consisting of literally only all those images which had not been tamed before. They burst in from the Pagan Courtyard through the narthex to the nave and turned up here. (If you want to create something, you must try to bring chaos under control at some point.) Here is the iconostasis. Here is your gateway to express the world in an earthly way. A gateway to the ideal design.

The Youth's experience led along a somewhat different path. A western church, although also Christian, has its own distinct mystery. Its mystery is marked out by a cross which has outgrown cemeteries... Outgrown death. In church it hangs in the place which can be called the "here – and – now." This place has order and chaos written at once in its form of search and aspiration. The vertical crosses the horizontal. Life crosses death. It becomes apparent what death is, and what life is. It is also here that the naves meet with the transept and the chancel. Here is hope and doubt. ("Lord, why have you forsaken me?") This point in chaos towards the truth to which we aspire through catharsis is the rainbow's arc. It is a kind of iconostasis containing all the images of the world and from the world. All of them because it contains even those which have not materialised—those most of all in fact—and those which cannot be materialised – the ideal ones. Our iconostasis fills up space. It never materialises. It expresses the mystery and is its earthly form of fulfilment. It is space that is not expressed materially. It is an infinite search. It is marked by only one thing – the crucifix placed in the passageway...

What did the Youth gain by this experience? It made him aware that anything was possible until the last moment because there was hope that even what seemed to be impracticable and impossible could come true. This hope is invisible and impalpable. However, it exists. It is there even though the facts seem to deny it. It is not a single plane, or a space that can be delimited. Through its defined indeterminability it is a priori, it is transcendent. It allows one to reach for the impossible. It allows one to exceed oneself, exceed one's capabilities, and demands it at the same time. It is a space to freely put chaos in order.

It is marked by the presence of the ideal, which remains beyond any measure of its own acknowledgement. It is given. It is there to discover. It is transcendent. Therefore, surely, it is there.

In experiencing a Passover and the passover of architecture, almost everything around the Youth changed.

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Whenever the Youth had a chance to run to the place and time to sit in the choir stalls of St Nicholas' Church, he felt a breathing spell (which surprised him). This must have been a reason for the Youth's amazement because this breather came from a place where his childhood fears were born. Then he asked himself: "Will this breath of fresh air win out or will the spooks force it to leave?"

The passing time made the space behind the chest of drawers so compelling that no fear could ever close it anymore. Soon this space could perhaps even be reason for emotion, brought about by childhood memories?

Every time he sat in the choir stalls, he felt something special. Walking along the seats, he found that he was not moving – as usual – along a smooth but wavy floor surface. It wasn't the intention of the craftsman for the wooden floor of the choir stall to have oval depressions. Each depression matched one seat.

Entering the narrow passage between the prie-dieu, which made for a barrier, and the consecutive seats of the choir stall, the Youth could not see the unevenness of the floor. It was hidden in the shadow. He found out about it only when he moved forward to take his chosen seat.

The depressions worn out in the floor were a testament to how often the monks came to this place. It seems then that they prayed also with their bodies. Indeed these people wanted to pray with their entire being. They did this against their fears.

At that moment, the Running Youth realised that he could use the experience from the choir stall in the future. Straight afterwards, he saw with his mind's eye a mature man (it was the Disorderly Guy) who indeed would gladly use the Youth's experience. Meanwhile, the Youth did not know whether this image, concerning the future, applied to the area of his imagining-in, or was just subject to some kind of intuition? Perhaps it was a vision? Later he thought that psychology would surely have a name for this conviction.

The Youth had once read about a certain condition which Socrates sometimes experienced. It is said that Socrates would fall into a trance and stand motionless for long hours. Curious people who saw him would say that if he came across a problem to ponder, he could freeze in thought for an entire night or even longer, only to suddenly spring back to life. Socrates' contemporaries used to say that he would freeze or stand still in thought. They watched him hoping to understand his behaviour. Today, we call this condition catalepsy. Today, we would call the supernatural voices Socrates heard auditory hallucinations. Is there any point anymore to watch and listen to people whose behaviour differs from the mean, given all these achievements in defining various conditions and afflictions? In our time, would we immediately institutionalise Socrates and "kill him alive" by trying to help him? Therefore, in consequence, would we destroy him even sooner than the Greeks did?

The Youth didn't use to fall into a trance, but would fall into a kind of reverie or pensiveness. He liked such moments of reflection. To an outsider, it must have looked as if he was being idle. Then, people around him would expect him to perform some task, to do this or that because his idleness annoyed people who watched him. The Running Boy would suffer the tasks he was assigned meekly. He would try to continue his reflections while carrying out the work. But in such situations, the Youth sometimes completely lost his temper, feeling helpless that his needs failed so completely to be understood. He would remind the annoying people, who in such moments of reflection would absolutely want him to do something because of his alleged idleness, about an event from the times of Martial Law. At the time, the commissars who represented the military regime would inspect the college and write reports where they would alarm their superiors of their suspicions that no one did any work there whatsoever. All everybody did all day was read and read.

Adding to the surfeit of confusion in the Youth's head was the Running Boy. He annoyingly demanded attention. He would constantly tug his sleeve and repeat:

"Let's get out of here, I'm scared!" he wanted to leave the choir stall and the church.

However, it turned out that the Disorderly Guy really needed to use the experience of the choir stall. He began to explain why. The most important reason was, supposedly, that because he had been commissioned to design the interior of St John's Church, he must refer to a more recent experience concerning the worn-out floor of a choir stall in a certain church.

"This experience keeps coming back to me," said the Disorderly Guy, "and it makes me wonder. What is of essence and of more significance: hell on Earth or the awareness of hell for all eternity? What scares us more: a burning building, a church, city and people turned into a living torch or the awareness, repeatedly multiplied at prayer, of a humanly shared and timeless wait above the abyss of eternity, in which – as we are all roaming astray – there may be nothing more than that fire which consumed (literally and figuratively) the church and our entire city? Can this prayer come to our rescue at this point? The awareness of this quandary seems to be written down by the monks' feet in the wooden floor of the choir stall..."

"What sort of questions are these?" wondered the surprised Youth.

"I have no idea how prayer can help because I really don't know what prayer is. What is eternity? Can we really influence it? It must be just some flight of fancy," mumbled the Youth and thought that maybe he had better listen to the Boy and leave.

A monk sat next to the Youth.

"My name is Herb," he introduced himself, "but you can call me Michael."

After a short pause, seeing the Youth's confusion, he added:

"Your dilemmas of searching, your yearning for love and struggles with your fears already are prayer. Your meeting with the Running Boy, the Disorderly Guy, Gaudí, the Professor (there are and will be more of them) is nothing but a threshold of eternity. In the same way you can meet Christ, the Person, and not just a sculpture which represents an effigy. You will find that you will meet him just like the others. You are the chosen one... All this is happening, as you very well know, for you to become a better person. You want to better yourself for a reason..."

"I just want to be a good designer," the Youth felt somewhat embarrassed that some of the reasons for his search might be a bit more egocentric than the monk thought. "There is a certain difficulty to my pursuit," he added.

"What do you mean?" asked the monk.

"I've begun to suspect that in order to design sensibly, like Gaudí for instance (regardless of the aesthetics and with reference to his level of self-awareness) one must sort oneself out somehow... Sort oneself out inside. It seems to me that a mindful mastery of space is not just about design but also about expressing one's attitude towards space. Creating, designing is a record of how we comprehend the reality of the world around us. One needs to know something about it in order to seize from within oneself and articulate first a sensible thought and then a sensible thing. I think it's not enough just to talk about whatever catches your fancy. How should I know where to search for the essence of the things going on around me?"

"Indeed, as you say, we should begin by sorting out what we can see and comprehend here and now, from the point of view of our everyday lives. Our deeds will bear testimony to that," said Michael, "and prayer will help us in it. Look, that's Joseph coming. He's got a rosary hanging from his belt. It's a symbol of prayer. In fact, it is even part of our apparel."

"How does one use it?... does one pray that?" asked the Youth.

The rosary is a contemplative prayer," replied Joseph. He smiled and added: "Don't be offended but it's not a prayer for whippersnappers. Whippersnappers from the religious point of view, that is."

The Youth grew quiet because he was a little surprised. For some reason it seemed to him that there were no contemplative prayers in our religion. Why did it seem so to him... He did not know.

At that moment all three noticed that the Disorderly Guy was still spinning his story about designing a church.

"So, when still before the work began, I stood on the sand in the burnt-out interior of St John's Church, I was sure that an unusual and on-of-a-kind aesthetic experience had taken place. My impressions were dominated by the aesthetics of the destruction of this place and the testimony to the past recorded in it. I also had an almost metaphysical experience. The burnt-out, hole-ridden walls with twisted rods sticking out of them, the remains of steel and timber structures were there as the physical presence of the true and suffering body and, at the same time, an echo of the words spoken: "Corpus Christi." It was a typical city sight from the mad time that was almost the middle of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. It was a place where life mixed with eternity, which would seem normal as a frequent occurrence in a church. But here, it was an especially compelling testimony: of suffering shared with His Body, symbolised by the church that was mutilated much the way Christ was."

Once, the Running Youth sneaked into this sorrowful interior, when the church still remained an unused ruin. Then, unexpectedly, he thought of a story told by a nurse from the Warsaw Uprising.

"She spoke of a time when the insurgents were forced to surrender to the Nazis," began the Youth. "The situation was extreme, her battalion buddies were being killed by firing squads; she was standing next to them and focused on what the chaplain looked like. She must have noticed him in between salvos and, in a way, in spite of them. Perhaps she thought it would be better to look in his direction...? He stood on a spot – not chosen by him, one might imagine – at the foot of a partially bombed-out wall, on a small mound of rubble. He spoke to his buddies dying next to him: "Only the chosen die so young..." In a moment, he was dead. A German tried to tear a cross off the nurse's neck. But for some reason he failed. So the SS-man dug around the rubble with his boot and began to hum a melody. Then the nurse said how, at that point, she started to walk very slowly away from the soldier – step by step – she turned around and began to walk... She said that, time and again, a single thought would cross her mind: "Just let it be in the head, just let it be in the head..."

"That's right," the Disorderly Guy took up the subject, "The Passover expressed by the space of the church, this burnt-out witness to suffering, is not only Christ-like but in some special way, also human, ours. Perhaps it was the Passover that connected the scene from the Uprising with the image of the walls of the pillaged church in the Running Youth's mind? Here, in a multi-ethnic city, the scenes from that time surely didn't even have a trace of the Warsaw heroism. (Provided that we may speak of heroism in such cases at all.) In this city, even the barbaric invader didn't pretend to be a liberator. Isn't this the inexplicable moment when the subconscious can connect different images?" continued the Disorderly Guy after a pause. "One can connect images from the present, the past and perhaps even from the future that is supposed or imagined. Surely conceived on the basis of bygone experiences. Sometimes this combination of images can take us completely by surprise. The scene from the Warsaw Uprising, which was mentally easier to grasp, helped the Running Youth to imagine the tragedy of the city and St John's Church. However then, at the beginning of my designing for St John's Church," continued the Disorderly Guy, "I was thinking mainly of the Passover and what I had learnt from my encounter with Antonio Gaudí's Sagrada Familia."

The construction of Gaudí's church was interrupted like an unfinished prayer. This interruption wasn't as dramatic as the scene from the Uprising or from St John's Church. "But that scene from the Uprising," interrupted the Youth, "as told by the woman who lived through it, didn't have a bit of pathos or a manifestation of heroics. It was as if she was talking about the commonplace daily bread shortages of the time. "But do tell me more, why the association with the Sagrada Familia?" asked the Youth. "La Sagrada Familia is a very personal expression of Gaudí's, but also deeply expressive in its social dimension. However, I feel Gaudí's multidimensional individualism does not allow us to finish its architecture according to his intentions," explained the Disorderly Guy. "Gaudí himself, in spite of his determination and the awareness of his goal, was not completely sure of the result of his efforts. He would sometimes demand that an already standing fragment of the building be torn down in order to improve it, correct it. In the end, the construction of the Sagrada was ultimately interrupted by political events and Gaudí's death. It is similar to St John's insofar as the unusual and dramatic termination of its functions seems to have opened up a new chapter in its history. From the time it was destroyed, the church began to function in quite some different dimension. In a dimension of a special testament."

"My dear sir," interrupted Gaudí. "First of all it does not matter how I would want to finish the church. It matters how you would finish it, or any other designer who would take up the task. Besides, I don't know whether anyone can really complete a church building at all. I assumed from the start that the task will be continued by architects to come. As an excuse for their manifesto, I should think. A statement on what a church should be. An expression of a view of what architecture should be like. Please don't think me naïve enough to imagine that I could finish this building in my lifetime. I just uttered a sentence and someone else will finish it. So it would be hard to imagine me trying to limit the modus operandi for its future creators. In fact, I'm quite curious what they will do with the work I began."

"It seems to me," continued the Disorderly Guy, "that the Sagrada is a kind of open entity, just like St John's Church. (Surely, in our times such openness is a feature of good architecture as such.) For various reasons, neither of these buildings should ever be finished, for their assumptions cannot be fulfilled. This goal, the imperative to have some kind of closure, will never be fulfilled. They should remain as open as possible, for no one can ever say: 'It's finished.' Sure, one can close off these buildings physically, but they will never be fully closed into a logical whole. That could only lead to



average correctness. They can, and should, be continued, but in some special way, reserved for them only because they deserve it. This intent to 'leave things unfinished' should connect the two: La Sagrada Familia in Barcelona and St John's Church."

To that Jordi Faulí replied:

"My dear gentlemen! We are still convinced that Gaudí's art is so valuable and one-of-a-kind that we have the responsibility to finish the church according to his assumptions. We cannot conceive how someone else could just take this construction over. To select such an authority seems an impossible task. The church is now too important for the entire city, for Catalonia. This is not an ordinary building, an ordinary church, like many others, anymore."

"But Gaudí himself didn't know how he was going to do it. He would often change his buildings as they were being built. So is what you assume realistic?" asked the Youth.

"Yes," said Jordi with utter conviction.

After which, with his usual charm and encouragement, he took everyone on a tour of the truly impressive research laboratory that the construction site of La Sagrada Familia has become. The Youth found all this admirable but it didn't dispel his doubts. Because he was sure that no architectural or historical research, no efforts whatsoever could get the builders any closer to Gaudí's ideas... Perhaps this confidence in the correct reading of the original intent of the Sagrada's creator would even push them further away from their stated goal than allow them to achieve it. Because at the end of the day, it is perhaps less important what Gaudí thought than what is happening now. The important thing is the viewpoint that is now being constructed by the architects. If it exists.

Regardless of what course of reasoning the Disorderly Guy took for the design of St John's, it was cemented and enhanced by various kinds of associations and experiences. The Disorderly Guy came to the conclusion that St John's Church required what the Disorderly Guy called imagining-in. It required being contemplated rather than filled in with some contrived formula of how it should be finished. This should be a complement that would be open to reaffirmation, to subsequent complementation. (Which is why he wanted to visit the Running Youth to borrow a certain experience from him.)

"Listen," he told everyone, "I imagined a platform on a steel structure suspended on the pillars of the church, with only some raked sand below—a subsurface that has remained as the only trace of the original floor, and against the backdrop of the extant burnt-out and mutilated walls. They wouldn't require any conservation, just preservation. The platforms could accommodate worshippers as well as an audience. The same principle would be used with the two-storey western gallery. The plans called for a scenario which would make it possible to dismantle to the steel structures, so that, in the future, the interior could be restored, almost unchanged, to what it was before the redesign. This continuous Passover, contained in the spatial expression of the burnt-out interior, should definitely not be interrupted, for this is the very way it should rise from the dead. This particular church, in this particular place with its extraordinary history. I'm sure of it."

Having listened to this reasoning, the Running Youth decided to ease the Boy's fears. He took him by the hand and they went towards home. He thought that they looked a bit like Christopher Robin with Winnie the Pooh from an illustration in the book, in which they walked against the background of a setting sun...

"The chest of drawers stood in the house near the cemetery," thought the Youth, "and I found respite in a space which conjures up as acute a type of fear as the cemetery. It's all so strange..."

"No one knows where it's safe, so it's best to always be on one's way," he told the Running Boy.

\* \* \*

The Running Youth awoke to find that he was still in the choir stall of St Nicholas' Church. He stood amidst the depressions worn out in the floor. The material worn out of the choir stall floor went from wood to space and remains in its invisible realm, bearing testimony to a kind of resurrection. The physical movement of people in prayer became a sign of the presence of the absolute, permanently recorded in material, space and in this place.

The Youth would want to decipher what the choir stall means today. Today, what it expresses is surely completely different from its creator's original intention. This proposition about today's transformed meaning of the choir stall is confirmed by the fact that it was the depressions in the floor that inspired his deliberation and the choir stall itself turned out to be a book in which he found the record he needed.

Therefore, is the testimony of this work contained in the technical skill and sculptural talent of the artist who made the stall, or rather in the sign, the testimony of time, left on it by the monks?

"If it turns out that the latter is more powerful," thought the Youth aloud, "then how fickle is art compared to what is written in the very material by its use. That is when the artist's message falls silent in its meaning, even though it is very loquacious from the formal point of view. Such tumult ceases to serve the work and can even seem to make it naïve."

Here art stands somewhat aside deferring to the power of the record of time. It seems to shyly pause... The act of an artist's search for the ideal creation appropriate for this place seems to be losing out to 'the monks' feet.'

"How come?" exclaimed Artistry (the maker of the stall), somewhat amazed, as if he had heard the Youth's thought. "The church stalls were supposed to be beautiful. This is what I had in mind making them. They were to tell the entire story of Christ. Please note the carvings. They are not unlike those on the door to the baptistry in Florence. The figures emerge out of the flat surfaces, to come alive and testify in this way to the importance and reality of the events they depict."

"The Modernists would do anything to predict the user's trace (a kind of architectural interactivity) I described, and perhaps even come to allow for it through decisions that were obvious to them: by giving up decoration, by applying economy of form and content and an organic structure expressed by the cohesion of function with visual simplicity – whereas you, the creator of the stall didn't care about it at all," remarked the Youth.

"Why should I care? You talk of architecture... what do I care about architecture? I was just a stall maker. I don't understand. What do you mean? I just wanted to render how momentous Christ's entire being is. Isn't that what's the most important? Did you see the sculpted images and ornamental finish of the seats? All this is beautifully done, just as it should be in such a place. How else would you do it?... Rob it of ornaments? I beg your pardon, do you expect me to make a bench for an inn or a choir stall?!"

"Exactly, you were definitely gazing in a completely different direction. You created a theatre production, a kind of fiction expressed in a vision of utopia, as a search for truth, but in a theatrical display nonetheless. What you expressed was piety rather than immersion in faith."

"What's wrong with piety?" asked Artistry.

"Piety makes sense when there is no faith or when there's a crisis of faith."

"I think I express my faith through piety..." argued Artistry.

"And this is where we differ," interrupted the Youth. "I try to understand something and follow this understanding; then faith can go almost without piety. Maybe sometimes even being at odds with it. It's important to me (and to you too, I think), insofar as it will tell me how to work, how to design. That is probably how you knew how to make the choir stall."

"What is there to understand in faith? One needs to convert and then there is only piety. What has that got to do with—how did you call it – 'designing?'" asked Artistry.

"No, no, I disagree completely," cried the Youth. "It is important to discover the meaning of things and occurrences! This can be done in the mind, maybe in the heart or in the intuition, but what's important is to discover the meaning. Then we will know why we must create (make) things in a certain way, not another. The idea is to combine impressions and experiences with creativity. One cannot perceive the world separately, one cannot believe what one feels important and treat one's art as a completely different thing. I don't 'go to work for the working hours,' this is what I live and breathe... I create, therefore I find things out. It's a kind of discovery," added the Youth.

"One does things the way they should be done, one doesn't dream them up... You say: 'I discover.' I learnt how to do it from my master. For pity's sake, don't tell me you want to improve on the masters."

"Maybe I do?" argued the Youth.

"You're still too young," muttered Artistry.

"Why should one preach to the converted and come up with things that have already been invented," Artistry was still confused because he could not understand why he should wonder how to do things (perform tasks) differently each time he did something new.

"Be careful," said the Disorderly Guy to Artistry. "The example where the preservation of the choir stalls' aesthetic expression is consciously accepted in the form it has today becomes a specific act of manifestation also because the depth of their semantic and symbolic expression (resulting also from the wear and tear—I'm thinking about the depressions) is sensed. It is more affirmation than interference. However, it remains and becomes a conscious act. It is a kind of explosion of awareness toward a new spatial dimension."

"Sounds very clever, but I'd rather do it intuitively," the Youth threw in.

"But it does happen that one eventually has to say something about a piece and that's when words come in," protested the Disorderly Guy, "so the gesture to consciously preserve the stall as it is today can even be called a new spatial supplement by means of imagining, or some form of minimally necessary materialisation of the idea. This act will become the acceptance of the experience, will become the acceptance of the record of this place's values."

"You mean that to do nothing means to do 'something?'" asked the surprised Youth.

"That's right. Declining to act expresses action, too. However – since you ask – afterwards this act of affirmation will perhaps be preserved by being interpreted. This interpretation will result in some gesture recorded in space that will physically complement it in some selected fashion. Perhaps this will take place only by leaving some sign to affirm the status quo. The sign would complement the space that surrounds us without appropriating it at the same time, so as to become an architectural design by the same token. Regardless of the scale of this interference (or perhaps just because of it – if assumed to be minimal), the sign that is left and the whole event that has inspired it will become a work of art again. It emerges as a work of art already in the event's very interpretation. That's what imagining-in is all about," explained the Disorderly Guy.

Upon hearing these words, an elegant man sitting alongside with an air of a diplomat spoke with a clearly French accent. It was André Malraux.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, but I've been listening to this exchange and I've got something to say to you. So: 'Though Caesar's bust and the equestrian Charles V remain for us Caesar and Charles V, Duke Olivares has become pure Velasquez. What do we care about the identity of the man with the helmet, the man with the glove? Their names are: Rembrandt and Titian. The portrait, especially, has ceased to be someone's portrait (...) Only in the painter's eyes was painting painting; often, it was even poetry as well. And the museum deprived almost all the portraits (...) , of almost all their models at the same time that it stripped works of art of their function. It no longer knew palladium, saint, or Christ, or object of veneration, likeness, imagination, décor, possession: but rather images of things, different from the things themselves, which from this specific difference derived their *raison d'être*.'"<sup>3</sup>

Listening to these words, the Running Youth looked into the nave. Where it began, in the shadow of the choir's gallery, stood a young woman with a small child. She was tidying the pram with one hand and saying something to her son who said nothing, his eyes big and round; his gaze fixed upon the wound cut into Christ's side. The Youth was sure the boy was looking in that direction. He was convinced that nothing else could have seized the boy's attention so much. The boy kept on looking at a single point on the crucifix hanging in the rainbow arch. He kept on looking even when his mother took his sweatshirt off over his head and tugged at him somewhat to smooth out the undershirt that had curled up on the boy's back when the sweatshirt was coming off.

The Running Youth wondered whether to take this image and put back it behind the chest of drawers, wherever it was now, or whether to stay in the choir stall awhile longer. Perhaps he will find this sensation again and take it to the "iconostasis." (However, he wanted to hold the boy by the hand.) But Christ was still shocking in his suffering and peace. It was his feet, torso and hands that were important... He couldn't see Christ's face at all.

He drew Him for over a week without giving him any face at all. Over the next few days, the Christ on the Youth's drawings ceased to be the sculpture from the rainbow arch in St Nicholas' Church; he became Christ, only and exclusively. He moved further and further away from St Nicholas' Church and Marshland; just as the choir stall moved away from the church. Both the crucifix and the stall were becoming events of independent existence. They were sensations that existed outside of beings that had made them.

"It seems that it was these very sensations that I was only just talking about," said André Malraux, "provided that I would want to pin down my thoughts at all... I would rather develop them," he added. "To pin thoughts down is to kill their meaning."

"Why do you speak of developing thoughts, as opposed to specifying or even defining them?" asked the Youth.

"Can one specify a thought to a degree in which it would be clearly defined?" asked André Malraux, addressing this question more to himself than to anyone else. "I don't know," he answered himself. "Most of all, the possibility to interpret a thought, by gradually getting to know it, is about a continuous interaction with the idea, the way we experience a work of art. At the end of the day, we remain alone versus the artwork anyway. Without teleprompters, we must decipher its meaning ourselves.

3 André Malraux, *The Imaginary Museum of World Sculpture V. XV*, Warsaw 1978, p. 127.

Gradually, it builds within us, to come into being in its own particular way."

Holding the Boy by the hand, the Youth would explain to him that it didn't matter what sort of face Christ had. The Boy would reply that he had no problem with that, but that he knew from Michael that the Youth's confused thoughts and wanderings were, in fact, prayer. The Youth seemed not to hear what the Boy was saying. He told the Boy that Christ should be drawn the way Grünewald drew him, for the threshold of pain and fear to be found.

The Boy knew well that when the Youth drew, he was really designing, rather than drawing. Maybe he was also saying a prayer, somehow. He did not know where these diverse efforts met but he knew they had a common ground. Many people who don't know, what prayer is, act this way. They get so scared that they don't want to call it by its name. Maybe some things should indeed not be called the same way all the time so that future generations can give them their own names and use them to the full, unencumbered? One can see both prayer and design this way.

The Youth was convinced that when Antonio Gaudí designed his church, he had envisaged every crease on Christ's cheek. At the same time, he made not only Christ's face invisible, but also his entire figure, his body. But all the persons and all the signs were written into that building. The entire Holy Family, the Apostles and angels were there. All was done in an order and manner appropriate to the artist's intentions. The saints were inscribed among abstract textures composed of realistic sculptures. They were so small compared to the whole scene that one could claim they weren't even there. (But they were there – for sure.) They were in between the parabolas that revolved in almost every possible direction and around every possible axis. They cut out the deep traceries of the windows which filtered the light and diffused it inside. The revolving parabolas arched over galleries and naves, to finally thrust the spires high into the sky. This is where the entire Holy Family was inscribed, along with the essence of what surrounds us—the cosmos. Somehow, Gaudí knew how to portray it. How?

"Human beings cannot create anything and in fact do not create at all, only discover things from the reality that surrounds them," spoke Gaudí. "Humans make discoveries from nature, only then do they turn them into art..."

"My Professor always told me the same thing. He said that, when one designs, one shouldn't try to invent anything, only to decipher the meaning coming from the place. Only then would one know how to design. He also claimed that, probably, creativity did not exist. There was, however, an understanding of place and human needs. But what shall I do with this knowledge? It seems to me that everything is clear but this knowledge doesn't help me at all. What should I do?" worried the Youth.

"Be patient and work. Awareness will come by itself. You know full well that this independent arrival of awareness is a kind of metaphor. It will be caused by experience gained with each new project, each new place that is comprehended and interpreted. (After all, it's about constant analysis and synthesis.) That requires time," replied the Professor.

Gaudí merely nodded to confirm the Professor's words. After a while, he decided to add something, though:

"It seems that the individual interpretation of what we see and feel is important. The creative person should voice their opinion on architecture through their work. Therefore, in this view of the problem, I don't know whether this act (the creative act) is as analytical as you claim, Professor. It is entitled to be subject (perhaps) to intuition as well."

"I feel that individual interpretation is part of the act I've described," explained the Professor.

"I don't know, but it seems to me that I would never have achieved what I had if I were to give in mainly to analytical thinking," replied Gaudí. "But then again I may be wrong..."

The Youth, in spite of this lesson, was just furious at his helplessness because he still couldn't accept the idea that he should create in this particular way that was right for him. Much like the way that allowed Gaudí to create such an abundant narrative of forms and meanings that he used to apply. But that's not all! He achieved his goals with crushing effectiveness. Even though the Youth was aware that one should look for the message of the place and that nature was the source of discovery, he could not achieve the results he had expected and was very impatient with this fact.

"Space is not homogenous, it has interruptions, breaks in it, some parts of space are qualitatively different from others. If the world is to be lived in, it must be founded – and no world can come to birth in the 'chaos' of homogeneity and relativity of profane space," said Mircea Eliade.<sup>4</sup>

"I like my unanchored and disorderly world and I won't let myself get drawn into talking about it," said the Youth.

4 Mircea Eliade, *The Sacred and The Profane: The Nature of Religion*. Trans. Willard R. Trask. Harvest Books. Harcourt, Brace & World Inc. New York pp. 20, 22.

"What must be founded?" asked the Running Boy.

"Well, you know, values, priorities, what's more important and has precedence over other important things. You need to know what love is, what is good and what is evil..." explained Eliade.

"How should one know?" asked the Boy.

"Indeed: that is the question..." said Eliade.

"But I'm free and I like it. Are you suggesting that I should now make the centre of the world inside my fear? That would probably be masochistic. Don't you think so, my dear master?" protested the Youth.

"You're beginning to understand something, after all," remarked Eliade. "I'm sure that your homogenous view of the world isn't as good as you suggest..."

"What do you mean my view? Homogenous?" exclaimed the Youth indignantly. "It isn't mine at all. If it was able to be, I would probably be better off. But it's impossible. It just can't be done. You have to believe me!" "Of course, I believe you. You seem to have experience in this matter, after all?" asked, or rather affirmed, Eliade.

"Looks that way," replied the Youth.

"Since you have asked yourself about the point in maintaining a uniform image of the world around you, you've already made a big step forwards..."

"Forwards or backwards?" asked the Youth.

"Totally wrong question," said Eliade, "because the important thing is to take a step towards the truth. Towards understanding the gist of things. The direction you give it is immaterial. I can see that you are a real child of modernity. You feel obliged to ask yourself what's ahead and what's already behind you. Imagine that such a qualification doesn't exist. Only the existing things and phenomena are there. What does their sequence matter? All of them are within the space you use, the space you're in.

"But that still doesn't make the homogeneity mine!" protested the Youth.

"It's yours enough for me to have had to teach us to turn away from various places and things," interrupted the Running Boy.

"Let me remind you," said Eliade, "of what you wrote in your letter:

**"Letter One. From a Runner to a Runner."**

*Dear Running Boy,*

*It's hard for me to write about experiences that – I feel – are too personal, but since you're asking, then considering the consequences of your efforts to get answers on this matter and all that we have in common, I cannot refuse you this explanation. In spite of my sense of duty, I have become somewhat suspicious of you. It seems to me that your inquisitiveness is somehow deliberate. I am worried about the goal you are pursuing and the consequences that may result from your achieving it, but on the other hand...*

*Anyway, I will just set about answering the issues you have enquired about.*

*This penchant for imagining-in appeared much earlier than you might have thought. It was awakened by a childish and youthful tendency to create an imagined world around oneself. It was also certainly helped by the odium of the dominating Soviet totalitarianism that surrounded me from the beginning of my imagining-in. All I wanted at the time was to imagine a separate "whole world" of my own so that I wouldn't have to see the real one.*

*I would learn the uniform space I grew up in by heart. I wasn't good at this because I intuitively didn't perceive space as linear. Every day, it would collapse to unexpectedly reveal changes in its nature.*

*Therefore, I first began to use my imagination to obliterate all that I was afraid of. These would mainly be cemeteries and churches which I associated with inexplicable death.*

*Near my home was a cemetery which became a big problem for me. First, I learnt not to see it. Just like I stopped noticing (taking in) the ghastliness of some of what the communist system would do. For instance, I would "travel" without travelling or I would try to notice the "non-informer" side in informers... And shortly, the cemetery ceased to exist for me.*

*I learned – in my imagination – to put together structures, things, materials, colours to create new values, new combinations and images of them, while still in my imagination all the while. Time preserved these decisions, tying a material with its image and symbolism.*

*I would transform cracks in the walls and textures in materials into pictures and architectural details. They were special because I never grew bored of them, as they would change every now and then to express something different. They unfailingly enriched the place where I lived.*

*That is all I wanted to write to you about today.*

Yours,  
The Runner."

"That's right, you never answered my other doubts in any convincing way," complained the Running Boy.

"What doubts?"

"I've always wanted to know what sort of changes you used to make, since no one could see them. What did you change and into what? Was it some kind of conceptualism?"

"In the beginning, imagining-in concerned only the area where art began to consciously contradict reality..."

"You know what, my dear Boy?" the Youth suddenly changed his tone of voice. "You're beginning to irritate me with these questions. After all, it was I who took it all (these images) from you, not you from me. Tell me what you mean? What do you want?" said the Youth already annoyed.

"Is that so?" said the Running Boy, "Keep talking, it's helping me fall asleep..."

"Helping you fall asleep..." the Youth was bewildered by this answer and added immediately: "Your ignorance is a bit irritating, but I will continue what I have to say regardless. So then, my imagining was mainly about an externally provoked form of helplessness against the existing condition of both place and space. I first conceived imagining-in as an assumed but fully conscious transformation of a place, made only in my imagination. It could not be materialised but it completely changed my reception as well as my experience of place and space. These experiences were exclusively my own. But the transformation of a place was fully conscious and important to me and largely permanent. Performed in such a way, the transformation of a place was not about creating some imagined luxury, but only about adjusting an existing place to accommodate my minimum visual and functional requirements. Given the situation at the time (I am referring to the decline of the pro-Soviet dictatorship), to expect luxury seemed unethical."

"What are you saying? Honestly, don't you know what your problem was? You just lived in such confinement (such a backwater) that you couldn't even imagine anything better. Your imaginings were only as big as your reality allowed them to be," protested the Boy.

"Now you've gone too far! You have no idea about the scale of my imaginings—" said the Youth in outrage.

"Admit what you know and what you don't remember. Are you suffering from some kind of amnesia or are you putting me on?" the Youth asked the Boy.

"Maybe I want to help you..." said the Boy and added, "but I want to help myself, too. So, go on.

A moment of silence fell, after which the Youth decided to make an effort to meet the Boy's expectations. "I've got to admit that a trace of this feeling remains with me today. I'm still at odds with luxury to a certain degree or perhaps it's more about not seeing any value that could come with it. Therefore, to maintain a detachment from standards and socially-conceived norms of meeting some average expectations was an interesting value worth looking after.

As I understood it, the problem of the quality of space came down mainly to aesthetics. Being in places over whose shape I had no control, I discovered that an aesthetic discomfort was possible and able to completely devoid a place of its functional value. It is relatively easy to adapt to a purely functional error by learning how the place is configured. Being at odds with the aesthetic dimension can, by contrast, make it impossible for us, certainly for me, to stay in a particular place. So I had to change something. If it was impossible to reverse the undesired actions and objects, I would do it by imagining. This was a conscious consent to ignore certain elements, to the degree of not noticing them. Then I acted through a conscious and premeditated imagining, or imagining-in.

The idea was to get my imagination going. Once inside it, I would freely subtract or add something to the place. This would happen on many levels. Much like what happens in design: it can be compared to evoking the memory of a new object, which is worn out today, but the sheen of its newness still exists in me through memory. Only that, in the case of imagining-in, one uses the imagination rather than memory, which means that I used my imagination to change individual fragments of a place, an interior, until it came to look and feel different in my imagination than in reality."

After another short spell of silence, the Youth decided he must add something to what he had said.

"Textures played a big role in the imagining. Plaster, with its natural roughness, and the textures of other materials would unravel, play out before me. I was raised surrounded by modernist architecture so textural detail had accompanied me since childhood. I travelled across its, only seemingly inaccessible, internal space like the Little Prince. Any cracks in the plaster, any unevenness, holes, textures on the terrazzo floors, were the reason why I noticed images that inspired me to create, or rather imagine, details.

Textures led to shapes and in these shapes a dramatic tension of forms appeared to include the relationships between them. They would become the content of the imagining. That was the first

theatre of space I had discovered and did so completely on my own. Based on these sensations, I was able to redesign various fragments of places and details. So I felt the desire to fill these places in with the images that appeared to me. These designs changed over time. They were able to transform, be corrected and develop within my imagination. This way, I actually changed my way of perceiving both the place and space.

Later, I observed so much of this world in the Barcelona district of Eixample. Even though Antonio Gaudí used aesthetics different from my own and one which I found, in fact, initially repulsive, I was always able to keep up with him. I kept up with the logic of his course of design. That all this (Gaudí's work) took place against the backdrop of a super-modern layout also seemed completely obvious and natural to me. I was sure we were actors in the same theatre. I later comprehended that there was no acting in these relationships. Gaudí was truly honest. Perhaps even painfully so.

It was he who, together with André Malraux and Mircea Eliade, taught me to be honest. They pointed out that I should remain on the outside of theories, methods and formulas and taught me not to fear subjectivity. Objectivity is worth the effort and the wait but it really is merely, and as much as, an idea. The Professor, my master, strongly recommended a similar attitude towards reality and architecture. My Professor told me not to act, not to dazzle, not to have ideas. I should only discover and identify the essence of a place. He also turned me on to André Malraux, when he heard that I was developing a notion of imagining-in inside me.

Here is a Non-praise of modernism. Because it was modernism that made it possible for me to experience the sensation of the structures of imagining-in I have described. This non-praise is for the "invisible beauty." With time, modernist architecture grew more and more silent. The beauty of form and proportion and an intricately built organism, understood as an organically structured work – such features became secondary, until they faded out completely. What remained were the ever fading harmony and the beauty of the materials, until vacuum set in. Here is a Non-praise of modernism! Here was the now disappearing "invisible beauty!" Nature abhors a vacuum so the void was filled in, unfortunately, by modernism's most durable but least valuable feature: a penchant for diktat – the total design. Without its original finesse, proportion of form and organic structure, it became insufferable."

By the time the Youth had finished, the Boy was already asleep.

"We return to the conclusion that one has to ask the question, why act, why create something in this very way?" spoke the Running Man.

"Of course!" exclaimed the Youth, only to ask: "But how?"

"Space is invisible. Visible images may enthral, disgust or even offend us. However, they cannot tell us much about space but – they can generally lead us astray" said the Disorderly Guy.

"But who wouldn't want to be lead astray, at least once?" asked the Youth.

"It is because of this tendency to succumb to mirages that the images we see and make become so very important to us. Perhaps too important?" the Running Man asked the Youth.

"Excuse me, does this mean I should have my eyes closed all the time? Please spare me such absurdities."

"The deceptive nature of the images that surround us doesn't mean that we are to live with our eyes closed. For its sake – to notice space – we must experience. Which means one should see images, but looking at them, one has to look for the essence that's beyond or in between them... One can do this the way it is done at the theatre or the cinema, when we see a show," said the Runner.

"Yes, but this way every one of us will see something else."

"One cannot or should not expect that the perceived image of space should be different from what it is, but one cannot expect either that it will always be unchanging and permanent for everyone, as well as an always objective image – or realisation – to boot. That just doesn't happen," explained the Running Man.

"Excuse me... What are you talking about?" asked the Youth.

"When we look at our hands, it's difficult for us to imagine any other fingers than the ones we've got. Because we are used to them but also because of the logic behind their form and operation, it's hard for us to even begin to imagine them in another form.

"I disagree. It would be possible for me to correct what a hand looks like, in fact, it would be hard for me not to..." cut in the Running Boy.

"Well, I don't know," interrupted the Youth. "You'd want to mess around with the hands, but it might not make sense to do so. You know, it might not work out... What could you do with them? Improve their form? You can do that, but what for?"

"Allow me to add something," said the Professor. "At the connections, you can see round protrusions which tell us of the joint's flexibility. From them run straight lines which disappear under the bulge of the muscle. They tell us that we're dealing with a straight, stiff rod that won't bend no matter what.

Next – you can feel rather than see – how the muscles work under the skin, along with the arteries that run there. Their internal structure is also more palpable than visible. Noticing this world is the way to art, to planning space, to architecture."

"True experience of space begins at the very moment that one envisages and imagines the whole which clasps together the observed images with what's been imagined and experienced. The space which also includes the area beyond the one true image. The space which contains the visible and the invisible. Then experience will accept what is both imagined and imagined-in. It is likely that such a view encapsulates the essence of what is to be deciphered beyond or in between images. That is where the essence of the world around us is," said the Running Man.

"I would be careful with this imagining," warned the Professor. "One should rely on what one sees. That image provides enough information. What do you need this imagining for?"

"The experience which triggered the possibility of recording the image of the hand required motion in real and visible space, as well as in imagined and correlated, space. Imagining-in will enable an individual perception of reality to be triggered, liberated. The question is: how does one record the essence of this act?" the Running Man was thinking aloud.

"Individualism – sure, but I would strive for knowledge rather than invest experience with such importance," the Professor completed his train of thought.

"It seems to me that there is no such thing as cognition. We acquaint ourselves with something, but only in an imperfective form. Perfective, accomplished cognition is only a form of utopia. It's got a name. We strive to acquaint ourselves with something but we never arrive at that state. For this reason, I assume that experience is decisive," the Running Man explained his view.

"I'm a bit lost," said the Youth.

"You will find yourself when you eliminate the word 'I' from your vocabulary," said the Professor.

"You speak of individualism and yet you blame me for the pronoun 'I.' How can there be any individualism without it?"

"You use your own eyes to see the world around you. You are but a pane of glass through which you see the world. There is nothing more important in 'I.' This attitude, manifested in the limited meaning of 'I,' is mandatory in design – and probably in general as well," explained the Professor.

"It seems to me that if your creative plans are convincing and consistent then your 'I' may, so to speak, transcend the external world, without dominating it," added the Running Man.

"Oh, dear!" groaned the Professor and whispered right away to the Running Man. "Don't tell that to the kids," (he gestured his head towards the youngsters). "They might take it the wrong way..."

"I'd rather take the risk. I've had enough of this safe correctness. It bores me..." whispered the Running Man.

"Be careful!" warned the Professor. "You can get into real trouble."

"Risk. Without it there can be no result. Safe correctness is something like a multiplication table. There is no point in getting excited that you've achieved it. One has to go further," objected the Running Man.

"All right then, what do you think about methodology?" asked the Professor.

"I'm afraid of methodology. I don't think it exists. Everyone must work out their own method of work. That's the idea behind studying and doing in general. I mean designing."

"All right, but what's the point in your story about the hands?" asked the Youth. "I still feel unsatisfied with the matter."

"What you see is in fact tied to your imagining. From this connection flows experience. A kind of memory, anamnesis – images that have been with you forever (joys and fears, beauty and ugliness, everything you've got) complete the meaning of this experience. When you put it all together, you can imagine-in," explained the Running Man.

"Don't try to answer every question!" protested the Professor firmly. "It's enough to say that the hand is a pattern, a blueprint for design."

"At the end of the day, can different fingers be imagined at all?" asked the Running Boy.

"One can imagine that they can but they will just be more or less suitable surrogates, hybrids. However, why shouldn't one try to imagine the world 'anew.' I think every artist would be excited at this kind of speculation.

I'm fascinated by the cosmos as an unlimited area of discovery contained in between the skin, the muscles, the arteries and infinity? That is the world! It is mine!" replied the Running Man.

"Perhaps you are to find your own?" he asked after a little while.

\* \* \*

The Runner was in the room he knew, at the top of the tower, among the gathered people. He had gone a little grey now and was wearing glasses... (It was a good thing he couldn't see himself in a mirror.) At the sight of the assembled people, the Professor smiled with compassion, yawned discreetly and began to leave.

"I would like the postdoctoral candidate to say, whether he has tried to use his method of imagining-in in teaching. Did he test its premises in his work with his students?" asked someone from the auditorium.

"Sure, sure he could," remarked the Professor ironically, disappearing behind the door and waving his hand as if he was chasing flies away.

The Runner replied:

"In a sense I tried. But, if you were to put the question that way, I would have to say no... In fact I would have to firmly deny it!" A pause fell...

"Everyone has their own baggage of experience," the Runner continued. "It's just like when we go on a trip. Every one of us has something different in their suitcase and packs it a different way. Imagining-in begins when the suitcase is unexpectedly dropped. Its lock breaks open and suddenly everything falls out. Usually this occurrence surprises the luggage owner. It often even makes them angry. Suddenly, our experiences, our "innards" become apparent to us. Often including those we don't want to remember. These are images, important or less important, from our childhood until today. They have opened up because an event – a project – is taking place. Every subject we take up, every creative task, opens the suitcase anew – but this opening concerns only my own baggage. Even though the suitcase is always mine, it's difficult to foresee what's in it at any given moment. So how does one foresee and interpret its content?"

## Image. The Running Man

### Imagining-in

Imagine two people who do not know each other. Both are going on a long trip. One of them is efficient and acts according to a previously planned itinerary. It seems that nothing can surprise him. The other is constantly brooding and busy. Many things and occurrences he meets force him to constantly ponder them. His constant musings seem to make him absent-minded. At least that is the feeling one gets when seeing him. Every now and then he remembers something and freezes for a while, wondering about what he should do next. Sometimes he loses his patience because every decision seems wrong. As a result, he often turns back from the road he's chosen to correct himself. However, the closer the time of his departure or of another important date, the greater the effort he makes to control his quivering. Then he can be more trusted in his efforts.

The first traveller is spiritually organised as well. He is also financially well-off because it seems that he peacefully and seamlessly fits into the status quo around him. This does not mean that he is reconciled with the reality. He doesn't fight it, but manages to influence it in his own way. He has a clearly defined worldview. Useless doubts or fears do not haunt him. He seems to have been taught everything there is and believed in the lessons.

The other one has a problem with practically everything. And yet, it would seem that he shouldn't have any dilemmas. His world is modern, free of religious problems and apparently open. It's supposed to be homogeneous and simple, but something's not right, as if he himself expected it because his human nature turned out to be completely different than the image which stuck to him. Indeed, his world is not uniform at all. The reality he sees is prone to fluctuation. When he tried to look into the reasons behind his modern upbringing, he heard about his parents' different worldviews. He decided that his modern style of living, above worldviews, rightfully led him to a peculiar conclusion which could be expressed by asking whether liberalism was an uber-worldview, or just one of many equal worldviews? He did not know whether he wanted to be considered a liberal, either. Everything seemed to indicate that he was a liberal but he didn't want to be pigeon-holed, even though life began to expect this of him. He just knew that he was at a certain stage... But a stage of what? Actually... it didn't matter. Today his life's map had certain co-ordinates that might change completely by tomorrow.

In the middle of his way, the first of our heroes encountered inclement weather. One of his many flights was getting seriously delayed, in spite of how perfectly his trip had been planned. The other counted his blessings that because of the inclement weather, he managed to catch his flight in spite of his own tardiness. He promised himself that this would be the last time something like that happened to him. (I don't think this was the first time he had made that promise.) And so, both of them were surprised by this unexpected situation. At that moment, completely by chance, they sit down next to each other, trapped in an airport waiting area. And here they are, waiting for the same plane.

For some trivial reason, a conversation ensued between them. First, it ran in unimportant directions prompted by observations of the goings on in the waiting lounge. However, as time went by, it turned to other, rather unexpected paths. For a while, the Disorderly Guy even suspected that his interlocutor was quite deliberately leading the conversation in the direction of his own choice. He even grew afraid that the converser would discreetly, but very decidedly try to convert him to the other's point of view. He stiffened somewhat because he disliked such conversations very much. The Orderly Guy soon became aware of the problem. He correctly interpreted the situation and modified the tone of the conversation accordingly. His travelling companion noticed the efforts. The Orderly Guy's gesture made a good impression on him. So he made an effort to meet him halfway. The conversation continued.

The Disorderly Guy will remember it for a long time. Its memory will always remain a pleasant one for him. Although just as often, he will have his doubts whether that dialogue ever happened at all.

In their conversation, they addressed practically all the problems, especially the most urgent ones: the reasons for the Disorderly Guy's anxieties. But they didn't address any of them directly. An area opened up before the Disorderly Guy where he could meet the Running Man, the Youth and the Boy, but also – to a much greater extent – allowed him to combine times and events into a whole. The Disorderly Guy felt something akin to becoming aware of space-time unity. He liked the feeling because earlier he had already made a similar discovery on the unity of the categories describing the world around him.

For a while, reality seemed as clear and simple as when he was in the mountains. (Yes, there was indeed a breath of the mountains in what the Orderly Guy brought with him. The mountains, which are especially beautiful in the winter because of how genuine they are. The truth the mountains bring is not mawkish. Inasmuch as it is beautiful and charming, it will ruthlessly demand anything that follows from it. It will enforce the consequences. And so it is, in its own way, fatherly in how it expresses truth and the love it seems to radiate.) It turned out that the order of the world which the Orderly Guy laid out before the Disorderly Guy was not achieved by limiting freedom at all. It opened a completely new, unlimited space. Unlimited in its possible creative and interpretative combinations. Space ceased to be expressed in lines and planes. It broke free from figures, solids and forms. It ceased to be just geometrical.

When the heat of the discussion between the travellers reached its peak, the Orderly Guy paused... After a bit he decided that it made no sense for him to wait for the plane any longer. Which is when they both got up. The Orderly Guy gave his interlocutor a firm handshake, somehow attaching some great significance to this moment. (The Disorderly Guy got the impression that this was something more than just a handshake. That thought made his mind wander for a while.) When he had come to, the Orderly Guy was gone.

Before the Disorderly Guy managed to sort out his thoughts, he came to the conclusion that perhaps this entire conversation was just the result of his reverie or an internal dialogue which he would often have. "It was an illusion or maybe the result of exhaustion," he thought.

\* \* \*

The Disorderly Running Man left the airport waiting area. He was tired of the long wait. The just-finished conversation still held him in thrall. It was a euphoria of sorts. The dialogue had brought him closer to the real world than anything that had happened to him in the past, even though its content largely contradicted a purely rational treatment of reality.

Slowly, he walked out of the airport terminal. He passed by rows of chairs in the waiting lounge to finally turn to the airbridge, the bottleneck leading to the plane. With every other step he took, something scraped along the hard floor. He stopped to pull out a bit of gravel stuck in the sole of his shoe. The pebble wouldn't come out. Irritated, the traveller began to struggle with his own shoe sole and the piece of aggregate. ("Why do I always have to have some kind of problem?" he asked himself.) They were waiting for him at the gate. The airport staff looked at the passenger's strange behaviour with alarm. At an airport everything that isn't regular and average is definitely alarming and unwanted. The Runner realised what was happening. (He smiled rather coyly at the officers watching him in order to ease the ambiguity of the situation.) So he left the pebble in the shoe and went in the direction of the gate. He scraped the floor with every move. "I hate places where you have to act in a stereotypical way," he thought.

But before he got to the gate, he stopped worrying because he suddenly found himself on the gravel road he often crossed as a boy. Surely that was the reason why the annoying pebble stuck to his shoe. The rises and hills he used to run across have long been cut through by so-called residential blocks. ("What in the world does 'residential block' mean, anyway?" he wondered. The Orderly Guy, who he was talking to just a moment ago, sitting in the airport waiting room, didn't have such doubts. He would have just said: "A block is a block.") The Disorderly Guy, and the Runner as well, found such a simplified commonness of feeling difficult to accept. The Orderly Guy would say that his interlocutor could not tell which problems were important. "You're wasting your time!" he'd say. "Focus on what's important."

Indeed, the Runner would run into questions and problems time and again. They would overlap to heap up like a pyramid. He didn't mind. His tendency to stack problems into pyramids made the world intriguing and far more interesting than it had been a moment ago... (That observation reminded him of a conversation he had with a college friend: "You know," he said, "the thing with Kazik is that all you have to do is give him a problem and he'll fall for it hook, line and sinker. Then you've got him out of the way. He'll take up anything you throw at him, regardless of whether it's important or not. Try it and he won't be bothering you for a while... At least until he solves it." The Disorderly Guy thought: "Am I not like Kazik? I need to be careful or else they'll start to give me problems to solve as well.") The world of the Runner and the world of the Disorderly Guy have had no place for definitions. Defining a notion seemed like murdering it. There have always been transcendent things, it's true. They have existed, but have not been defined. They have been speculative in their meaning. They have been subject to all the freedom of speculation, in spite of their transcendent existence.

The sudden transferral into the Boy's world was caused by the conversation in the waiting lounge. It brought old fears back to the Disorderly Guy's mind. Fears which had remained in him since childhood. They had lain dormant for some time, but that was just due to the barrier of adulthood. It doesn't become a grown-up to be afraid "out loud." But the fear was there no matter how much the Runner or the Disorderly Guy wanted to hide it.

The man he had met had many features which could have made a big impression on the Disorderly Guy. Most of all these were: certainty of his own convictions and goals, and consistency in their implementation. Along with an awareness that the world was an orderly place. It seemed that this did not limit the broadness of his horizon of perceiving reality. Admittedly, the Disorderly Guy felt that sometimes boredom seemed to drift from his interlocutor's world, in spite of all the logic which it absolutely maintained. Perhaps it was this logic that created the impression of boredom.

He was intrigued most deeply by the fact that that the Orderly Guy had no anxieties. This bright and clear image of the consequences of an orderly world which in fact, due to its harmony, enjoyed a special kind of space of freedom, made a deep impression on the listener. This world had its order, but at the same time lost its pretence to uniformity. It wasn't homogenous because it gave spirituality an active role. It was free in a completely different sense than that to which the Disorderly Guy was used to. In the Orderly Guy's view, freedom extinguished anxieties. It didn't multiply them. It turned out that certain premises for an ordered world might open the door to infinity. This was a space that – in its scope – had been completely inaccessible to both the Runner and the Disorderly Guy before. It (the space) turned out to have many more dimensions (levels) than the three obvious ones.

Suddenly, the Disorderly Guy became aware that he now wanted to interpret this discussion in a far more rational way than before. He did this as if he was running away from his feelings of just a moment ago. He wondered why he wanted to flee?

The conversation he had and the figure he had met reminded the Disorderly Guy of Don Quixote. Cervantes' hero also believed in some unreal world. There was, however, a clear difference between Don Quixote and what the Orderly Guy stood for. Perhaps the Runner was mistaken, perhaps this difference wasn't so important? (The Runner himself doubted what he had heard and thought that day.) After all, in spite of his rational argumentation, the Orderly Guy showed the Runner a completely irrational world. Such a world could have been created by Cervantes' protagonist. However, this world – seemingly devoid of rationality – effectively brought the Disorderly Running Man closer to the real world by taking away the anxieties that had tormented him.

Don Quixote was probably more like the Runner than the Orderly Guy. However, it was the Orderly Guy that endorsed (in the Runner's eyes) the figure of Don Quixote, by transporting it right into the centre of modern times. Again, the Runner felt admiration for Cervantes (for the umpteenth time).

And so, in the sensation coming from the meeting with the Orderly Guy there was something more than a madness of imaginings to throw one outside the real world. Because inasmuch as it moved away from plausibility, it brought the Disorderly Guy closer to reality. ("Why didn't anyone ask me insistently enough about the reasons why Don Quixote ran away from reality. Hard enough for me to have been forced to clearly articulate them?" he asked himself.) The Runner had already lived through some strange, shall we say, turbulences. They (here one should use a verb) changed something inside him... However, it's hard to find the right word to describe this state.) The sensation from the meeting with the Orderly Guy was so personal that it was difficult to write about in a "direct" statement.

\* \* \*

I'm chopping firewood. In one of the logs lived a red beetle. When I split the log, it fell out, but immediately started to go back. I brush it aside, but it comes back again. It comes back because it's its home. I brush it away again and there it comes... Back again. Pushed away time and again, time and again it returns. Its stubbornness discourages me from helping it any longer. "Tough. Be with it as it may," I think to myself and go on chopping the firewood. However, in a moment I try to save it again. I can see that the beetle isn't in very good shape. I don't know why I don't throw it away somewhere farther. But I think, it's from this place, after all. It lived in that piece of wood. But its home is gone now. And yet, I am subconsciously sanctioning this place, as if it still existed. So why should I be surprised at the beetle? In spite of its determination, the beetle shows is visibly terrified. When I lean over him, it freezes. I suppose it's playing dead.

The world begins to spin. Something's happening that I just can't go on. Fear pushes me forward, but at the same time it restrains me. "What should I do?" I'm thinking, "I'm a little beetle among beetles." Suddenly I realise that there are two, maybe three million of us. Someone's giving a speech because he was chosen from among the chosen. He can move the world. He calls upon me not to be afraid, to let go my fears. Behind him stands the cosmos, all our existence. It's something more than someone who can pick up an axe and make it move. For a while, I can't hear him call because the axe has fallen once again. I go deaf.

Suddenly, my hearing returns. I've understood. It is not Don Quixote that's calling. Someone is holding out his hand to him. He is holding out his hand to me as well. Not as if I were an idiot. He reaches out his hand as if to someone who is searching. Perhaps it is those who see Don Quixote as a misfit that are the weird ones, not he. Are we all so "different?" Who has the right to feel any better than the rest? What lets me think about myself any different than about Don Quixote – the loony?

I felt "something" extraordinary from the person that was calling me. "Something" even better than what mom could do with the world when it gave me a hard time when I was a child. That "something" really happened. Even though it doesn't seem possible, I think I am Don Quixote after all. And now, I don't mind in the slightest. For a moment, I'm even proud of it. "Yes, I'm definitely him," I say to myself.

Then, I get a call from a friend from far away. He had emigrated a long time ago. He defected by fleeing abroad. He says to me on the phone: "How good it is to feel like Don Quixote these days!"

I didn't reply. "The Caller is interested in me? But he doesn't know me," was the only thought that kept running through my head.

When I woke up the next morning, I had little of this good left in me. Only the memory remained... I couldn't even keep believing in it anymore.

I didn't remember what this event had been about...

\* \* \*

Even such a real and pragmatic field as descriptive geometry defines an imaginary space. Which is something that eludes the really palpable world. It wasn't foreign to the Runner, but what the Orderly Guy had shown him was totally extraordinary because it reached out to a value which the Runner intuitively felt was the most important. It was love. He couldn't find it in geometry.

He discovered love once when writing songs. At the time, his brother would complain, "Aren't you overdoing this love thing...? Love and love!" Whereas Jarek, a more patient listener to the Runner's songs, seemed to understand a little more. Jarek too wrote and wrote. Maybe that was the reason for his deeper sensitivity. At least the Runner construed it as deeper. It is also possible that both of them, the Runner and Jarek, stuck to a shared error. Jarek easily discovered – or so the Runner thought – that there was definitely something more to the feeling of love expressed by the Runner. Something like a way of survival, or maybe more a way of life. It was – a goal?

Regardless of how it was accomplished, it was definitely a goal.

"How can it differ from the goal of designing, if it was the most important thing at the time?" the Runner asked the Youth.

\* \* \*

It followed from the conversation in the waiting lounge that there was a world and an understanding thereof through a peculiar epidemic of love.

That was that very “something” which the Runner could only dream of. He probably hadn't realised before that he had no power over it. He also did not know how it could impact design.

A human being cannot invent, or create, or induce love. And the Runner had probably hoped that it could be induced.

There is a rising love. A love that rises, runs up to embrace the ideal. It concerns spaces, places and people, when one desires something good for places and people alike.

Some philosophers, unlabelled ones, claim that it has a mainly, or even exclusively, an ethical aspect to it. As a result they find it hard to accept this condition as love. Others do not necessarily agree. These, however, are labelled and pigeonholed. There is also the other kind of love – which heads to a point, to its only object. This love has a decidedly erotic tint. No one – for some reason – associates it with ethics.

What would this knowledge offer the Runner, he could not say.

\* \* \*

The changes that took place in the Disorderly Guy's way of thinking were indeed comparable to flying.

The Disorderly Guy's Jet landed in the Pagan Courtyard. The engines' fireballs heated up the stone floor, reactivating it. They blew the dust around, into the colonnades. They must have surprised the old stones and the people that were gathering there. Or rather would have amazed them had they been able to see them.

Most of all, the Runner's Jet opened levels of space by linking the place where he was—not only with its needs and direct environment, but also with the ideal of imagination. With what was visible, but also with what was there, but remained invisible. Architecture ceased to be a visual art. The Disorderly Guy was sure that it had never been.

\* \* \*

## Letter Two. Runner to Runner.

My Dear Runner,

*I'm writing because of the pestering nature of your repeated requests for further explanations which refer to previous explanations referring to previous explanations... Therefore, I hasten to expand the notion of the imagining-in of place and space with a new and important innovation. After all, everything changes with time... Or perhaps it is we that change?*

*Today, I relate “imagining-in” to a broader sphere which enables one to work on design that is materialising physically.*

*Through the design and its realisation, “imagining-in” is to complement a place and space. So I assume that the “imagining-in” and the place it concerns will be complemented with further “imaginings-in” by other artists. Therefore, I can see a difference between “complementing” a space and “filling it up.” The latter would entail the space being dominated by some kind of design diktat.*

*For this reason, I see place and space as a sum of complementary acts performed by a series of people. Therefore, “imagining-in” must allow spatial development to continue. My design is but a stage in the life of a place. It should be a surprise in terms of the spatial solution and the way the place is understood, through creative individualism. It should also receive some kind of acceptance. This acceptance means that it will*

*be further complemented by another designer who might or might not take my idea into consideration. A complementation often takes the form of a conspicuous physical intervention and sometimes it is but a reinterpretation or consolidation of earlier decisions.*

*Perhaps this will dispel your doubts which run in the direction of how imagining-in can be put to practical use.*

*Personally, I am less pleased with this variation as a symptom of practicality that has gone too far, of something that is still mainly an impression. Imagining-in is a kind of baggage which provides us with something that may, however, not be feasible in practice.*

*Yours forever (although sometimes I'm beginning to regret it),  
The Runner*

**PS**

I also have my doubts as to how clear the separation between the imagined and the real is. To a degree, reality is also my projection of my idea of it.

The PS caused the Professor, the Youth and the Boy to appear at once in the doorway. The Boy immediately sat on the Runner's lap with a very content expression. His face seemed to silently call out: “I'm proud of you!” The Youth seemed to be totally surprised. He most likely was envious of the Runner, that it was the Runner who came up with that idea. What is more, he had the courage to say this out loud.

“Explain to me briefly what you had in mind when you wrote: ‘... doubts as to how clear the separation between the imagined and the real is,’” asked the Professor.

“I see rationality as a kind of individual imagining-in of space. I can consider its relativity at the same level as that of other conscious imaginings,” said the Running Man.

“In a sense, one might say that you've put forward an interesting theory... But please, tell me, once we undermine the rational, what can we rely on?” worried the Professor.

“At the end of the day, rationality assumes the name that each one of us wants to give it,” explained the Runner, and added at once: “The second stage of “imagining-in” differs from its previous phase in that it concerns mainly adding to or complementing a place, and space as well, with imagining-in.

Let's begin by saying that doubts whether sensing is rational come from the very nature of sensation. Even if this concerns an actual change to a place and not just its image.”

“Someone had already mentioned my view on works of art and now, gentlemen, we are arriving at a time when the Runner, I think, wants to get me caught up in the discussion...” spoke André Malraux.

A moment of silence fell because the other discussants were caught by surprise, so André Malraux continued:

“In a word, the language of the forms by Fidas or of the pediment of the temple at Olympus, was as specific as that of the masters of Sumer or Chartres because it was a language of discovery. In its history, just as in the history of Italian sculpture and painting, the history of how the technique of illusion was mastered intertwines with a march towards the unknown.”<sup>5</sup>

“That's right. Art is based on discoveries made in the reality that surrounds us, in other words discoveries made by – let's call them – ‘live’ sensations. The important thing for me is that it should be an image of reality deciphered from space rather than from books or theoretical studies. From theoretical studies I rather expect manifestations of perceptual sensitivity than recipes and definitions to say: ‘The world is such and such so you should design the way I showed and prescribed to you!’ In fact, in my opinion, this should take a completely different trajectory: ‘Discover the world and realise that you need to find your own way in it. Then you'll become an artist.’ This direction seems to be the road to important and creative discoveries. Only that road will take you to your own style and your own method. The times of imposed styles are over. Today's art is about individualism, first and foremost,” added the Running Man.

“I find it difficult to fully agree. It is true that individualism has a decisive role in contemporary art. But, at the end of the day, the legitimacy of any proposed thesis will depend on how favourably the accents are placed within its assumptions,” said the Professor.

“It would be rather inconsistent of me to decline my support for the risk of searching and for the way of discovery in art. The way of discovery should get the better of conservatism and rote-learned responses. Most of all, you shouldn't pretend anything. Art, in fact, cannot stand pretence, even

5 André Malraux, *The Imaginary Museum of World Sculpture*, V. XV, Warsaw 1978, p. 132.



though it often succumbed to it and surely will in the future. That is why I think that the suggestion to deepen individualism seems legitimate," added André Malraux and continued: "It (art) demanded the painting of not so much beautiful objects, as imagined ones. Once they became real, they turned out to be beautiful. That is where ideal beauty comes from. Should we call it rational beauty?"<sup>6</sup>

"Regardless of whether contemporary art understands and can tell beauty apart from ugliness, I can see that we are getting closer to the essence of the issue we have recently raised," interrupted the Runner. "This is the real question: 'Can one expect art to be motivated in a fully rational way if it is largely based on completely irrational premises?'"

"Whyever not?" asked the Youth. "Art has rational premises and irrational ones, too. How do you know the irrational ones will get the upper hand?"

"Since the irrational ones have appeared, can we speak of any rationality at all?" asked the Boy.

"No! I think it's simple. The rational is subject to the mind and, consequently, to discussion. The irrational remains only and exclusively a personal sensation," said the Youth.

"That's a very convenient statement," noted the Running Man and went on to ask: "But what about love, which you are aware of and consider a determining factor in your life? Can what you feel decisive and meaningful to life be put on the sidelines of matters to be discussed and not treated as a universally active part of the reality that surrounds us?"

"Love was important in songs, in music..." remarked the Youth.

"Isn't music art?"

"However you would want to argue this, love is a very personal experience. Usually it concerns two people and who else?" contended the Youth.

"First of all, this emotion concerns many potential couples similar to the one you've imagined. Perhaps it would be easier if people would form couples straight away, but it would certainly be a lot more boring. Therefore, isn't love a more universal and a more structurally complex 'plague' than you think, my dear Youth?"

"Nevertheless, I still can't imagine talking about something that's just an emotion... Besides, it is always subject to very individual reception," thought the Youth aloud.

"Besides, there is something about love that we haven't mentioned here yet," said the Runner. "It is not only related to Eros. It has a deeper dimension. At least we should treat it as such. It is *caritas*, *agape*. Then it also covers an area that's – say – ethical... Can these dimensions of love exist without each other?"

"Since the times of Ancient Greece, *agape* has been ascribed to the gods. Therefore, it is a divine, not a human attribute," said the Professor.

"All right, but who tasted the Forbidden Fruit and built the Tower of Babel? Is the need for the common good and the good of an individual, which transcends eroticism, something foreign to us people? Should we consider all those who strive for the common good to be crazy eccentrics? Don't you think they experience something really important?" asked the Runner stubbornly. "After all, even the love between two people, which may be considered erotic, triggers a different attitude to the world around them."

"Here we are, reaching for domains which the mind cannot fathom," said the Youth.

"But they exist and fill up most of the world around us, so either we accept their dominant importance or we will turn our lives into a materialist fiction," said the Runner. "Without the content to fill it with, reason, the mind (the brain) is but a machine. Where do you get this content?"

"What does it matter," asked the Youth.

"It is crucial. Imagine that a brain has been developed. Today, scientists can grow individual human organs. They experiment with kidneys, the heart, the lungs. Some of these experiments are successful. They are also working on generating brain cells. I heard a question asked by bioethicists. It went: 'What content will fill up the brain scientists have grown and where will this content come from?' ...

Do you think that this content is and will be rational? It is, most of all, about a great mystery of the origin, the rise – the dawn and the genesis of thought. What has been taught may have traces of rationality. We can see it only from the perspective of all the rest – which is an unfathomable mystery."

"Allow me to say something..."

"Who's that?" asked the Boy.

"It's Peter Zumthor," answered the Youth.

"All of us in some way deal with art (directly or indirectly)," said Peter Zumthor, "so I will remark on creativity. Have you ever got to like the place which you were designing so much that you felt an emotional connection with it that caused you to love it and the people living there? Can you share such a feeling with me or imagine it? Perhaps you already know it well?"<sup>7</sup>

6 Ibid., p. 132.

7 Idea sourced from: Peter Zumthor, *Thinking Architecture*, Karakter, Cracow 2010.

The Youth still wasn't convinced by the arguments he'd heard. Only one thing puzzled him. How was it that people older than him had more energy, rebellion and need to experiment than he – a person still young. That made him very upset.

"Gentlemen, picture, if you will, Aristotle," Joseph Heller joined in the conversation, "announcing that he has a beetle with an oval shell and eight legs in one hand and in his other hand another beetle, with a somewhat lighter tone of colour, with twelve legs and a much longer shell, divided into segments. Finally, Aristotle asks a question, demanding an explanation why they are different in these ways. To this Plato replies with pithy conviction that he can explain it. What does Plato reply to Aristotle?" asks Heller, to immediately answer: "He claims that there is no such thing as a beetle in any of Aristotle's hands. What is more, he adds that there is no such thing as a hand. He claims that there are only ideas which existed before these specimens came into being. 'How could they have come into being otherwise?' argued Plato through his question."<sup>8</sup>

"That's right! What is rationality in the age of notional relativism? It might turn out to be the purest form of subjectivity," remarked the Running Man.

"Sometimes, art would change into a kind of opera which could be perceived as a quintessence of consciously assumed falsehood," remarked André Malraux. "Giotto painted for the faithful folk as he had painted for Saint Francis of Assisi; the new (18<sup>th</sup> century) painting did not address the saints and was more concerned with charm than bearing testimony. This is the reason for the radically pagan nature of the art which considered itself pious. Its saints were not fully saints, nor were they fully women. They became actresses. If the Late Gothic was the personification of great mystery, then this painting became a grand opera which aspired to elevated theatre (...) Besides, the aesthetics of 18<sup>th</sup> century beauty went hand in hand with the aesthetics of reason; it was the intellect one should appeal to..."<sup>9</sup>

"That's right! What I mean is that, today, architecture also seems to favour a desire to take part in parades with banners – which is easy to rationalise – over a quest for discovery. Discoveries should give us, architects, the ability to imbue architecture with thought... With a coherent statement about what we expect from our attitude to our environment – a kind of manifestation of our spatial vision. Do we have a contemporary version of it?" ranted the Runner with machine gun-like speed.

"Perhaps it would be better if we didn't..." asked the Professor.

"Then someone else will in our stead! Life abhors a vacuum."

"But if it weren't for Aristotle's rationality and flair for science, then perhaps we wouldn't have science as we know it? Perhaps there would be no universities?" said the Youth.

"No universities... Maybe that wouldn't be such a big deal?" said the Professor and smiled to himself at the thought.

"What is more important in our life, what is its goal: live longer (go further) and learn more or—first and foremost – better yourself?" asked the Runner. "Perhaps be happy?"

"What are you driving at?" asked the Professor.

"In the end we become hostage to the sellers of sofas and façade systems or wonder drugs..." said the Runner and added: "Socrates chose to better himself. He chose the very essence of happiness. He made that choice instead of lengthening his road. Whose hostage would we rather be?"

"A hostage to our imagining-in," replied the Youth. "An attempt to experience reality which leads to an ideal hidden in this very reality may be an antidote for chaos in aesthetics. This ideal may then remain universally comprehensible, as opposed to an act understood only by a single artist."

The Boy sat on the side together with the Youth and the Running Man to look out of the window. They wanted to see something more important than just a reinterpretation of words that had already been written or said.

The Runner noticed groups of trees growing along the field borders. He noticed the architecture in their rows spread out along the horizons.

They kept looking, in order to experience...

8 Idea sourced from: Joseph Heller, *Picture This: A Novel*, Warsaw 2002.

9 André Malraux, op. cit., p. 133.

\* \* \*

I am watching you, as you undress to wash. Nothing is prepared or ready to watch in here. Perhaps this image is somehow unseemly, ill-considered and maybe even surprising because it hasn't been intended to be recorded or watched. It may seem to openly strip one naked, in a way. That said, this image contains a peculiar charm of everyday occurrence. When it, this beauty, begins to spill out on the existing situation through its meaning – the softness of the morning light and the act of readiness for another day and through the readiness for an act of courage to deal with the matters of everyday life – then the event described here becomes beautiful. It is real. And then not everything has to necessarily be so immediately systemic and thought-out... It is just an act.

In this event, the Boy saw his mom. The Youth saw a lover... and something more, but he did not yet know what it was, and the Runner saw a bit of all of these figures. Only that he had already touched that "something more."

\* \* \*

### Letter Three. Runner to Runner

My Dear Runner,

I shall entitle my thought for today: *The Axis of Imagining-in*. This is what I would call the problem I wish to bring up in order to bring it to your attention.

The axis of an imagining's mobility, i.e. its functioning in space – also as a commonly noticeable "imagining-in" – is a reference to the absolute, not to rationality as a value in itself. The point of reference remains transcendent. It is love, truth and good. Therefore, these values have an absolute existence (beyond our measure of acknowledgement) and they, not rationality, are the axis of functioning. As one of the imaginings-in, rationality may only supplement the place and space in some way.

Today, rationalism has an individual name. Therefore, if we live in an age which attempts to prove that the transcendent is a purely individual sensation, then we should acknowledge that rationalism, especially in its creative variety, is totally dependent on individual reception. Therefore, it has nothing to do with objectivity. It has the name that each of us gives to it. Does it have a common ground for us all? Is this area more important than other notions?

It is extraordinary that today we are arriving again at a level where the intellectual grounds for art take on exceptional importance. Especially when concerning space. While this seems obvious because it refers to an experience-established care for quality and safety, it is lethal to aesthetics and the resultant humanist complementation of space. This is an alarming trend, insofar as being the manifestation of our lack of trust in ourselves. Because this "lack of mutual trust" restricts us with dictate after dictate to maintain "something," for instance a specific form of a work, so that it is justifiable through rational evidence. Contrary to our intentions, these dictates build insurmountable artistic and intellectual barriers. The lack of trust sends us into a spiral of making clichés and the regulations that consolidate them. Imagine if Antonio Gaudí or the Modernists (who revolutionised aesthetics and the way the world was construed) had to work under the public procurement law, as set forth and construed today. Their ideas would have been completely unfeasible.

It is surprising that the belief in objective rationality seems to lead to a certain kind of neoacademic thinking, whereby a utopia is built for the logic of the art of creation.

Yours,  
The Runner

### Letter Four. Runner to Runner

Dear Runner,  
(Whichever Runner you happen to be right now!)

In reply to your most recent letter I would like to say that, in spite of your suspicions that I can see only what my sight can notice, I hasten to complement your reflections.

I now extend "imagining-in" mostly to what is there but remains invisible. I draw, but derive less satisfaction from the form than from the meaning of what I do. I'm especially happy when, what comes out of my efforts, starts to exist as something good (the way I see good), not only because it is compatible with me, with my body and my experience and with that of other people, but also with my ideas about that particular place.

When I talked with young people about this, they didn't fully understand, even though they very much wanted to. They got their notions mixed up. They would ask me whether the aesthetics of architecture shouldn't be clearly and chiefly tied to its purpose. On the other hand, a colleague of mine suggested that I was following the Modernists in maintaining that beauty follows function. Perhaps this discrepancy of what people expect of me means that I am on the right track, somewhere in between some rather radical views?

Perhaps having distinctive and clearly defined opinions is about agreeing with some clear and more distinctive opinion than "middle of the road?"

So I explain to my colleague that he is mistaken because I am concerned with the good of the place and the people and with my remaining true to my idea of architecture. To which he replied that I didn't know I was "speaking in prose." Finally, I thought that facing the need to pigeonhole people into contrived notions, I couldn't help it. It just has to be that way, I suppose.

For me the important thing is that beauty can (can, but doesn't have to) also be invisible. For someone, this may mean invisible textures, for someone else, this may be the acoustics. Someone else might look at the material, only to immediately notice the acoustics in its very structure, just like another still may set their sight on the texture, which seems more obvious than the intuition of the acoustics. Someone else may deem function to be architecture's visual realm, even though that person will never survey it fully... In the same way one may notice feelings, images related to the place and space, in order to record them in architecture. You may ask me: "How should one achieve this?" My answer is that one should be bold and able to answer in an individual manner. You must be bold enough to write your ideas about space, into space. Today, we are afraid to be bold when we design places and spaces. It is frowned upon because then we go beyond what is intellectually justifiable, beyond what is rational and therefore clear, lucid and good...

Yours,  
The Runner

"The most powerful enemy of the new museum and new art is not some theory or school; it is the fiction which all admired works belong to,"<sup>10</sup> said André Malraux. He was answered with silence. "Can anybody hear me? Is anyone listening to me at all?!— It is the fiction which all admired works belong to!"

**T H E E N D ?**

10 Ibid., p. 135.



## Postscript

To fully create is to search for and experience the essence of creation. To arrange your perception of reality in such a way as not to structure it too much. The only thing that matters is to get closer to the answer to the question: "Why?" Why do I work (design) in such a way?

That "something," that ability to arrange without excess, probably belongs to the Running Boy. Although no one knows where he got that skill from. Therefore, there can be no certainty as to his mastery of the art necessary to imagine-in because there has never been any opportunity to verify it... He alone could know about it because his imagining-in remains unrealised. The Running Youth is desperately looking for that "something." However, he does it too impatiently. It seems to me that this impatience would sometimes get almost hysterical.

In a way, the Youth's reaction is no wonder because, in a sense, the older one gets, the harder it is to imagine-in. Perhaps it is harder to put your trust in imagining-in. On the other hand, one would have to say that with age imagining-in has a better chance of getting realised, if one knows how to maintain it. Besides, it seems to inspire thought to what is artistically convincing. Therefore, we should understand the Youth who is afraid of the imminent loss of the skill that gives him wings. It is, at the same time, frivolous, childish and vital to creating art. And so we don't know what to do with this imagining-in. To remain naïve like a child or to become a boring stiff? There also remains the doubt whether this truly is the only alternative? At last, this elusive "something" gets probably found by the Running Man, to be later somewhat lost by the Disorderly Guy. However, all of this might be just an illusion...

Much like what I'm looking at, gazing outside my window right now might be just an illusion.

"Hi!" the Running Boy calls to me from down there. "Will you come out to run with me home down the hills?"

"How did you get here?" I ask him. "These aren't your hills, are they?"

"Come on! Let's run!" he calls.

"Why should I run with you?" I ask.

"You'll experience something you didn't know or you'll confirm what you do know... Maybe you won't even have the time to hear the wind blowing because it is drowned out by the things happening around you? (But you'll surely hear up close when Jarek shouts so loud that his voice echoes back off the blocks of Zaspá. You will see the cabin of the Indians of Wrzeszcz, of Partyzantów Street. Do you know them? You built it together with Jarek and your brother. Do you know, do you remember the meaning of that cabin: to protect pride, honour and righteousness? That is why it was so inaccessible that even the Indians had trouble finding it. Do you have the eye to see that meaning of architecture?) Maybe you'll just be moved by the sights you'll see? Maybe you'll be amazed or disgusted...

'It's the questions that are important, after all. Let's not rush with every answer. This haste can sometimes be obscenely intrusive, nagging and overzealous, and maybe even stupid.' Isn't that what you told me?"

"Yes, but what I said concerned – how shall I put it – more difficult questions..."

"You think you've asked an easy one!" said the outraged Running Boy. "'Why should I run?' Is that supposed to be an easy question? Maybe – everyone's got another reason?"

"Do you often answer questions with a question?" I ask.

"Not more often than you do. Actually, ever since I began to listen to your advice!" replied the Boy and added: "Fear is chasing me, and imaginings are running ahead of me. Guess what's more important."

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