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Dear James

**TENEMOS ACADEMY PAPERS NO .3**

I found within some papers in my office recently, a copy of Kathleen Rayne's paper on William Blake's Fourfold London given at the ....

It struck me that this was a most interesting set of views by a poet of the cultural aspects of the built environment, and therefore potentially of considerable interest to those on the Cultural Commission.

We have received authority from the Tenemos Academy for this paper to be circulated to the Cultural Commissioners, but would need to seek further authority should there be a wish to publicise it more widely.

I hope this helps inform the continuing debate.

With best wishes

Yours sincerely

Sebastian Tombs FRIAS RIBA MCI Arb  
**SECRETARY/CHIEF EXECUTIVE**

cc: Gordon Smith, Gordon Murray + enc



*William Blake's Fourfold London*

KATHLEEN RAINE

5

For Ernest Hall, one of England's  
'Golden Builders',

With affection and admiration,  
Kathleen Raine.

TEMENOS ACADEMY

LONDON · 1993

This paper was given at  
The Temenos Academy  
on May 26th 1993

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YOU must be wondering in what way I am entitled to speak on the theme of the City at a School of Architecture. The answer is (other than as one of the many who are, so to say, at the receiving-end of architecture) in no way at all. But I am here to speak for my Master, William Blake, England's supreme poet of the City. Blake was born in London in the year 1757, before the Industrial Revolution, and died in 1827, having lived his whole life (apart from three years in a cottage at Felpham, on the Sussex coast), in the city to whose inhabitants he addressed his great Prophetic Books. The last of these, *Jerusalem*, bears the name of the Holy City of the Book of Revelation, the city 'coming down from heaven' which it is the human task to embody on earth. Blake's Jerusalem is the city of the Imagination, the work of the 'golden builders' who labour to create on earth a city in the likeness of the invisible world within – for 'the kingdom of heaven is within us'. The outer world, unilluminated by the imaginative vision, Blake calls Babylon, biblical symbol of the city of exile where the Jews lived far from the 'Holy Land'. Jerusalem is the kingdom of the human Imagination, which Blake (following his master Swedenborg) calls 'the Divine Humanity', who is in all. The city is our human kingdom, our human collective task, never completed, 'ever building, ever decaying desolate', in Blake's words. It is for every generation to keep that city in repair, to add to it new works for the soul to inhabit, as we inhabit the entire human past. These works embody our deepest knowledge and sublimest visions and in turn serve to awaken their inhabitants to know ourselves as participants in that invisible kingdom we ever seek to embody.

For Blake, then, the city is above all its people. Every city has a collective life of the many-in-one and one-in-many who inhabit and create it over the generations, and its own especial character. He wrote of the cities of England:

*Verulam! Canterbury! venerable parent of men,  
Generous immortal Guardian, golden clad! For Cities*

*Are Men, fathers of multitudes, and Rivers and Mountains  
Are also men! every thing is Human, mighty, sublime!*  
(K 665)

The Giant Albion – the English nation – ‘reposes among his twenty-eight cities’ and Blake names ‘Edinburgh, cloth’d with fortitude’, York, Selsea, Chichester, Oxford with its ‘healing leaves’, Bath, Durham, Lincoln, Carlisle, Ely, Norwich, Peterborough – each with its own character. But Jerusalem is not to be found in any one time or place but is universal, created wherever humankind is at work; and there are

*Cities not yet embodied in Time & Space’s womb  
To spring up for Jerusalem.*

He names America where there will be planted ‘the seeds of cities and Villages in the Human Bosom’ (K 728). It was in this sense that Blake’s desire was to see England become a ‘holy land’ embodying the heavenly archetype.

The human story begins in the garden – nature – and ends in the creation of the human kingdom – the city. The city is not only its buildings, it is a great energy of creation at work. It comprises not architecture alone but painting, music and poetry, schools and universities, works of science, all expressions, in things great and small, which embody our inner and create our outer, worlds. In antiquity, cities – Athens, Jerusalem, Florence, Spenser’s ‘London, queen of cities all’ – were loved and valued by their inhabitants, and banishment was deemed the worst of punishments. ‘Inner city areas’ had not become a name designating human problems of neglect and desolation: what disaster has befallen us that our cities have become places of alienation and exile?

Blake’s poem, ‘London’ describes not buildings but people, and already he saw London suffering from a deadly sickness. His words written at the end of the eighteenth century are no less true today.

*I wander thro’ each charter’d street  
Near where the charter’d Thames does flow  
And see in every face I meet  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.*

The poem continues with an indictment of war, child-labour, the indifference of both Church and State to human suffering, and the self-righteous respectability ‘blasted’ by ‘the youthful harlot’s curse’. The streets, and the river itself, are ‘charter’d’, they are property. Blake was bitter in his protest against those commercial values which already dominated the public domain:

Commerce is so far from being beneficial to the Arts, or to Empires, that it is destructive to both, as all their History shows . . . Empires flourish until they become Commercial, & then they are scattered abroad to the four winds.

It is the arts – works of the Imagination – that build great civilizations:

. . . let it no more be said that Empires Encourage Arts, for it is Arts that Encourage Empires. Arts and Artists are Spiritual & laugh at Mortal Contingencies. . . it is not Arts that follow and attend upon Empire but Empire that attends upon & follows the Arts.  
(K 597):

Blake lamented the absence of such enlightened patronage as the Papacy and the Medicis, who set the artists to build and adorn the cities of Italy. He would – for he was a patriot of the Imagination – have liked ‘to make England what Italy is, an Envid Storehouse of Intellectual riches’. Instead, the ‘dark Satanic mills’ of the Industrial landscape were already coming into being as the outer reflection of the materialist ideology which was to prevail during the next century and beyond.

A century after Blake, that other poet of London, T. S. Eliot, saw the city as a Waste Land and described its people as in a Dantesque Hell:

*A crowd slowed over London Bridge, so many,  
I had not thought death had undone so many.  
Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,  
And each man fixed his eyes before his feet.  
Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,  
To where St Mary Woolnoth kept the hours  
With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.*

Eliot's is not a hell of material poverty but of spiritual alienation. He saw in its outcome what Blake had seen in its causes.

Blake's London is what Henri Corbin, the great French Islamic scholar, has called an 'emblematic city'. By this he means that the outer forms – buildings, districts and regions – are correspondences of inner meanings, experiences, visions. It was Corbin who coined the term 'imaginal' – as distinct from the 'imaginary' – to designate realities of the world of the Imagination; which, far from being 'imaginary' in the popular sense of the word, unreal, non-existent, are realities of mind. The outer forms mediate, open to us in symbolic language, be they paintings, sculptures, music or architecture, regions of our inner worlds. An emblematic city, in Corbin's understanding, is a great mediating symbol, at once an embodiment of an imaginative vision, and empowered to awaken that vision, that perception of invisible values and meanings, in the minds of its inhabitants. In a paper on 'Emblematic Cities' written to accompany a collection of photographs of Isfahan by the French photographer Henri Steirlin, Corbin writes of Athens, as understood by Plato in the *Parmenides*. It is the *Panathenaia*, festival of the triumph of the Goddess of Wisdom over the giants, symbolizing chaos and ignorance, that 'brings the philosophers together in a place which no longer belongs to the topography of the world: Athens is an emblematic city'. So in the Middle Ages was the city of Compostella, famous place of pilgrimage. Nicholas Flamel, the alchemist, received enlightenment after a pilgrimage to Compostella, of which Corbin writes:

The alchemist's work consists in making apparent what is hidden . . . a bringing to light which occurs in the first place within the alchemist himself. Such is the preparation demanded for the transmutation of common mercury into philosophical mercury. And it is at Compostella that the transformation takes place, but a city of Compostella which is no longer situated in the land of Spain, but in that hidden land which is the innermost being of the alchemist-philosopher. Compostella is an emblematic city.

Corbin then goes on to cite Blake's London as a city where we discover the spirit, the hidden significance, of which a body, or a building, is only one typification:

And this is why, in the poems of William Blake, amid the jumble of unknown worlds, the turmoil of skies and heavenly beings with strange names, the reader suddenly comes upon places whose names are familiar, unexpectedly inserted into the mystic worlds. For, beneath the appearance of day-to-day London, William Blake discerns a London more real than the London visible to bodily eyes, for which it is accountable.

In the buildings – mosques and dwellings and palaces – of Isfahan Corbin sees one of the architectural wonders of the world. He sees as our task the 'deciphering of the message left us by the builders of Isfahan' – 'a rendezvous at which the mere historical tourist will never arrive', since that message is metaphysical.

Blake's London is not, like Isfahan, or like our own Gothic cathedrals, a message of wisdom left for us to decipher, but rather a work in progress:

*I behold London, a Human awful wonder of God!  
He says: 'Return, Albion, return! I grieve myself for thee.  
'My Streets are my Ideas of Imagination,*

*My Houses are Thoughts, my Inhabitants, Affections,  
The Children of my Thoughts, walking within my blood-vessels*

...  
*So spoke London, immortal Guardian!*

- and Blake leaves us in no doubt that his visions are embodied in times and places, for the passage ends,

... *I heard in Lambeth's shade,  
In Felfham I saw and heard Visions of Albion,  
I write in South Molton Street what I both see and hear  
In regions of Humanity, in London's opening streets.*  
(K 605)

The heavenly Jerusalem can never, in the nature of time and change, be fully realized; yet she has her 'secret chambers' in the houses of London's inhabitants, her 'golden builders'; and among these Blake's own home in Lambeth, where he and his young wife Catharine lived in the early years of their married life, and where a vine grew unpruned in their small garden. There Blake's earliest prophetic Books were written:

*We builded Jerusalem as a City & a Temple; from Lambeth  
We began our Foundations, lovely Lambeth, lovely bills  
Of Camberwell ...*

As Blake listened to the voices of London he heard much that was terrible - young men conscripted as cannon-fodder for the Napoleonic wars, 'the chimney-sweeper's cry', the industrial enslavement of women and children, all the sufferings and injustices of a society from which Jerusalem - the soul - is banished, 'cast forth

... upon the wilds of Poplar and Bow,  
To Malden & Canterbury in the delights of cruelty.  
The shuttles of death sing in the sky of Islington & Pancrass,  
Round Marybone to Tyburn's River ...

'Tyburn's deathful shades' where boys were hanged for minor

offences against property. In the streets of London, not Jerusalem, but Babylon, reigned supreme.

*I behold Babylon in the opening streets of London, I behold  
Jerusalem in ruins wandering about from house to house.  
This I behold: the shuttles of death attend my steps.*  
(K 74)

Would he have found it otherwise now?

But Blake was no Utopian idealist, nor political campaigner. The foundations of the city are not within the domain of politicians and institutions, but within ourselves; and it is there that the labours of building Jerusalem must begin.

*What are those golden builders doing? where was the burying-place  
Of soft Ethinthus? near Tyburn's fatal Tree? is that  
Mild Zion's hills most ancient promontary, near mournful  
Ever weeping Paddington? Is that Calvary and Golgotha  
Becoming a building of pity and compassion? Lo  
The stones are pity, and the bricks, well-wrought affections  
Enameld with love & kindness, & the tiles engraven gold,  
Labour of merciful hands: the beams & rafters are forgiveness:  
The mortar & cement of the work, tears of honesty: the nails  
And screws & iron braces are well wrought blandishments  
And well contrived words, firm fixing, never forgotten,  
Always comforting the remembrance: the floors, humility:  
The ceilings, devotion: the hearths, thanksgiving  
Prepare the furniture, O Lambeth, in thy pitying looms,  
The curtains, woven tears & sighs wrought into lovely forms  
For comfort; there the secret furniture of Jerusalem's chamber  
Is wrought. Lambeth! The Bride, the Lamb's Wife, loveth thee.  
Thou art one with her & knowest not of self in thy supreme joy.  
Go on, builders in hope, tho' Jerusalem wanders far away  
Without the gate of Los, among the dark Satanic wheels.*  
(K 632)

Blake's city of the Imagination, the city within, of which the material city is an image and expression, he called Golgonooza (from *golgos* – the skull) for it is to be found in the human brain – in the mind. Its reality is mental and living – human, not a dead world of matter but a living world of imagined forms. Blake echoes Shakespeare's lines in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' on the nature of the Imagination:

*The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance  
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.  
And as Imagination bodies forth the forms of things  
Unknowne; the Poets pen turns them into shapes,  
And gives to aire nothing, a local habitation,  
And a name.*

– and Blake writes of the builders of Golgonooza,

*Some Sons of Los surround the Passions with porches of iron and silver,  
Creating form & beauty around the dark regions of sorrow,  
Giving to airy nothing a name and a habitation  
Delightful, with bounds to the Infinite putting off the Indefinite  
Into most holy forms of Thought; such is the power of inspiration.  
They labour incessant with many tears & afflictions,  
Creating a beautiful house for the piteous sufferer.* (K 515)

Golgonooza is built continually amid the furnaces and anvils of the creative genius, realizing in London Corbin's 'emblematic city':

*Here, on the banks of Thames, Los builded Golgonooza, . . . In fears  
He builded it, in rage and fury. It is the Spiritual Fourfold  
London, continually building & continually decaying desolate.  
In eternal labours loud the furnaces & loud the Anvils.*

Blake's city of Golgonooza is fourfold: fourfold because man is fourfold – a truth that since Blake addressed his prophetic words to his uncomprehending contemporaries, C. G. Jung has made familiar to us as a psychological fact. Man's nature is fourfold, inhabiting the

four distinct regions of the senses; of feeling, of reason, and of vision. Blake's four 'living creatures' – the 'four zoas' – whose characters and worlds, conflicts and ultimate reconciliation within the 'Divine Humanity' form the dramatic themes of his Prophetic Books, correspond in all respects to Jung's perceptions of the archetypal structure of the psyche, with its four 'functions'.

In the city of the Imagination each of these must find expression and play its part, and receive its sustenance within the human city – reason and feeling, the living senses and Imaginative vision. Blake insists on this fourfold structure of Golgonooza:

*. . . and every inhabitant is fourfold,  
And every pot and vessel and garment & utensils of the houses  
And every garment fourfold . . .*

Blake devotes many pages to descriptions of the City of Golgonooza, its diagrammatic fourfold archetypal structure in the form of a 'mandala', a mental diagram Jung found to be inherent in the structure of the psyche, and compared to the similar spiritual diagrams familiar in Tibetan and Indian symbolic art.

Imagination builds the universe within the sacred enclosure – the Temenos of the City of Golgonooza; outside that city is the lifeless mechanistic world of what Blake describes as 'single vision and Newton's sleep' and the 'dark Satanic wheels' of a universe lacking the vertical dimension of humankind's inner and higher invisible worlds; a lifeless world in which only the quantifiable is deemed real. For Blake all the four regions of the Imagination are living worlds – the material world itself is alive, and 'every particle of dust breathes forth its joy'. Blake saw the scientific materialism which was to become the dominant ideology of the nineteenth century as a hell cut off from life. Plato wrote of humankind unilluminated by a vision of the real, as prisoners living in a cave where they could see only shadows cast on the wall of the cave, which they took to be reality. Blake takes up Plato's theme in describing the hells which lie outside the city of Imagination:

*Around Golgonooza lies the land of death eternal, a Land*

*Of pain and misery and despair and ever brooding melancholy.*

*There is the Cave, the Rock, the Tree, the lake of Udan Adan  
The Forest and the Marsh and the pits of bitumen deadly,  
The Rocks of Solid Fire, the valleys, the Plains  
Of burning sand, the rivers, cataracts & Lakes of Fire,  
The Islands of the fiery Lakes, the Trees of Malice, Revenge  
And black Anxiety . . .*

(K 633)

These are the hells of those cut off from the divine vision which inspires continually the labourers of Golgonooza. Repeatedly Blake returns to the theme of Albion's loss of the Divine Vision:

*Refusing to behold the Divine Image which all behold  
And live thereby, he is sunk down into a deadly sleep.*

(K 272)

The 'divine image' is Blake's 'Jesus, the Imagination'. This presence is in all, is the true humanity which, in Blake's telling of the story of the Fall, we fall short of through forgetfulness - 'sleep' is Blake's term, borrowed from Plotinus, who likewise sees that loss as sleep - or as we would say in modern terms, a fall into unconsciousness. The poet (whose type, for Blake, is Milton) is called 'the awakener', because poetry - and indeed all the arts - serve to remind and awaken the oblivious sleeper of the higher worlds, the divine archetype. Whereas in Eastern civilizations meditation and yoga of various modes are ways to reach fuller consciousness, for Blake it is the arts that serve to remind and awaken: 'Poetry, Painting & Music, the three Powers in Man of conversing with Paradise, which the flood did not sweep away'. (K 609)

The City of Golgonooza, therefore, exists in time and is the labour of men and women to realize the holy city 'on earth as it is in heaven', to build the outer city in the image of the inner city, or in the words of the Irish mystic AE, to make the 'politics of time' conform to 'the politics of eternity'. Such was Plato's theme, and St Augustine's, as with all sacred cities of whatever religious traditions.

Corbin speaks of Isfahan as a city whose message is left for us to decipher. He implies - as indeed he well knew - that Isfahan and other of the wonderful buildings of Islamic culture were communications of knowledge - of a total knowledge of our humanity, built with understanding of mathematical principles, buildings that satisfy mind and senses alike, whose adornments of ceramics decorated with patterns and flowing calligraphy satisfy the heart's desire for order and beauty; and whose subtle use of images reflected in water, light refracted from gleaming surfaces, awaken understanding of spiritual realities. As do our Gothic cathedrals, embodying as they do the whole Christian doctrine, in sculptured depictions of Christ and his disciples which communicate human nobility and dignity and the gentleness of the Virgin Mary and her child. And not in sculpture alone but in the inner spaces created by the architects who define inner regions and higher regions where our thoughts can rest in sanctuary or ascend into mystery of rising arches. The art of stained glass transforms the light of common day into the light of vision, the geometric forms of rose-window communicate knowledge at once of the visible and the invisible cosmos. Values and meanings of soul and spirit are given unaging form and language in terms of a coherent and total spiritual cosmology. So with the temples of India, the *stupas* of the Far East. It is remarkable how the *stupas* recently built by the river in Battersea Park has wordlessly imposed a kind of reverential behaviour on strollers in the park. Little offerings of flowers are always to be seen, and surely not all left there by Asiatics in exile. It speaks its message of peace, as its builders - Japanese Buddhist monks - intended.

What is communicated by our commercial cities, our high-rise buildings, our airports and motorways? Power and knowledge of a kind, certainly; material power and material knowledge, but not the fourfold knowledge which embodies the four regions of our humanity in the unity of wholeness. Not for nothing is New York City known as 'Babylon'. It is wonderful, of course, to see the sun setting at the end of those great avenues with their streaming cars with red

and green and yellow lights, or the lit-up towers at night, reflected in the East River. But those tall buildings are also trivial, meaningless, some ridiculous fancy placed on their pinnacles; our cities may proclaim a triumph of material knowledge but to the soul they tell nothing – even perhaps they proclaim not the 'divine humanity' but that we are negligible and unloved. Or tell of some abstract universe, not belonging to us at all. Or is New York City also 'a human awful wonder of God'? But what message does it convey to its inhabitants, 'modern man in search of a soul'? It is not for me to say – I love it, of course, it is one of the wonders of the world. But.

I grew up in the heyday of the 'Modern Movement' whose architects and town-planners were nothing if not idealistic. In their Utopian idealism they set out to improve social conditions, to provide 'housing' for the workers with every amenity and convenience technology could provide. No one can deny that they are responsible for many excellent things. Le Corbusier, the architectural genius of the movement, in the belief that he knew what humankind needed, built his famous workers' flats in Marseilles, and even had a plan to replace the beloved Paris we know with a new and better city designed by himself. Yet I remember Herbert Read, himself the spokesman in this country for the Modern Movement, saying that it was a strange fact that although everyone admired Corbusier's buildings, people didn't want to live in them. What was missing, of course, in the Modern Movement (essentially an atheist materialist ideology with leanings towards Marxism) was those invisible dimensions the soul inhabits: the works of that movement, though some reflect the cosmic proportions, are not fourfold. These architects and planners were aware of material needs but not those of the soul, for few believed in the soul as a universe distinct from the natural body, or in spirit as the ground of reality at all levels. In those well-planned housing estates Jerusalem – the soul – remains in exile. Maxwell Fry himself said that beauty was not a luxury but a necessity; but a materialist ideology, lacking the 'divine image all behold and live thereby' can create only an image of an image; the living inner source of beauty remains hidden.

When I was a student at Cambridge—and we were all, like every

generation, eager to scan the scene of the brave new world before us—we were supposed to admire Battersea Power Station as a monumental expression of the socialist work ideal. Well-designed as Giles Gilbert Scott's building may be to serve its function (and 'functional' was the fashionable word of the day) it is not a fourfold building. Heart and soul remain unsatisfied by these four chimneys proclaiming the might of collective man. And now it is not even 'functional', nobody knows what to do with it. Charmed as we may be by a modern railway-station or some spectacular airport, unless the meanings and values our cities embody are adequate to our humanity in its full dignity, the city will remain a place of exile to the souls of its inhabitants. Communism, in those days, seemed the epitome of social justice and would create a better world of equality, peace, and cooperation, whereas religion, 'the opium of the people', would soon be a thing of the past. I have lived to see that the outcome was far otherwise; 'for it is said that man shall not live by bread alone' and the Utopian empire collapsed from within. What will happen to our Western materialist empires remains to be seen – or perhaps we can already see. Blake's phrase 'the dark Satanic mills' seems to describe perfectly a whole epoch of industrial cities. But it is well to remember that Blake did not use that phrase to describe an industrial landscape, but to describe the Newtonian universe, conceived as a mechanism of natural causes; an ideology which was, to Blake's prophetic understanding, a false ideology in its denial of the immeasurable worlds of soul and spirit; and indeed of 'nature' itself as a living world and not a mechanism. That mechanistic ideology found its expression indeed in those industrial cities built in its likeness, and the phrase 'those dark Satanic mills' has become current as a recognizable description of a landscape built in the likeness of an ideology. Do we not always live in the cities we deserve?

'Yes', you may say, 'but surely we must consider material needs first'. Certainly the architects of the Modern Movement, and Utopian socialism, cannot be faulted in this respect. But can these needs – in all the regions of the fourfold human universe – be separated? Who does not know those anonymous building-estates where the eye looks in vain for some thing of beauty on which to rest? We

wander the streets (an image Blake often uses in writing of Jerusalem's lot in the streets of Babylon), but soul never finds its home. After a country childhood I spent my school years in Ilford, a dormitory suburb where the standard of living was more than adequate but always with the sense of inconsolable exile. I remember nothing beautiful there except for trees and little flower-gardens in front of the houses, and a grotto and wishing-well in Valentine's Park.

Can material and spiritual needs be separated? Blake wrote with passion against social injustices and cruelties; but above all he indicted the Industrial Revolution because it was soul-destroying; because Albion's 'machines are woven with his life'.

*And all the Arts of Life they chang'd into the Arts of Death in Albion.*

*The hour-glass contemn'd because its simple workmanship*

*Was like the workmanship of the plowman, & the water-wheel*

*That raises water into cisterns, broken & burn'd with fire*

*Because its workmanship was like the workmanship of the shepherd;*

*And in their stead intricate wheels invented, wheel without wheel*

*To perplex youth in their outgoings & to bind to labours in Albion*

*Of day & night the myriads of eternity: that they may grind*

*And polish brass & iron hour after hour, laborious task,*

*Kept ignorant of its use: that they might spend the days of wisdom*

*In sorrowful drudgery to obtain a scanty pittance of bread,*

*In ignorance to view a small portion & think that All*

*And call it Demonstration, blind to all the simple rules of life.*

(K 700)

But is not beauty something only the rich and privileged can afford? Here there is an all-important difference between material wealth and the treasures of the Imagination, a difference not in degree but in kind. In the material world goods and resources are limited so that if one receives more another receives less. If a sum of money or a piece of land is shared among a hundred people each will receive a hundredth part. Equal sharing is no answer for in material terms this can only mean less and less for more and more participants in a diminishing world of ever smaller parcels. No doubt this is an

over-simplification and someone will object that 'creating wealth' is precisely the object of an industrial society - more and more cars and washing-machines for more and more people. Technology is for ever running to keep up with the demand it creates.

But in the city of the Imagination it is otherwise. Blake's 'spiritual fourfold London eternal' with its 'mighty spires and domes of ivory and gold' belongs to all. How can this be? The riches of the Imagination are not diminished by the number of participants, but multiplied. Whereas if a hundred share a sum of money each receives a hundredth part, if a hundred listen to a concert of music by Schubert or Bach, each receives the whole without diminishment, like the light of the sun. The cathedrals of Chartres, and Durham, and Westminster Abbey, Botticelli's *Primavera*, Hamlet and Lear and Odysseus and Figaro inhabit the minds of multitudes without the least diminution. Nor is there envy and rivalry in a world where a shared love of some poet or painter, or a childhood within the precincts of some abbey or cathedral forms a bond of mutual delight. The inhabitants of the *sancta civitas* are without number and its treasures inexhaustible. And that, surely, is civilization, linking past and future, and every race on earth.

And do not the poor as well as the rich need beauty, and have not other ages provided it? Blake supremely admired the builders of the great cities of art - Michelangelo and the Florentine architects, who were, like the builders of our own Gothic cathedrals, working according to the true forms of the Imagination, recognized and loved by all because innate in all. The typical city of the materialist civilization may meet a certain 'standard of living', or even of 'the American way of life' with its superabundance of material goods. But what is notably lacking in cities built without the vision of the 'heavenly original' is any trace of beauty where the soul can find peace and delight. There may be stupendous works in terms of size, productivity, efficiency, but the soul is starved. In the absence of beauty the soul is always an exile. But in the *sancta civitas* there are no exiles, for no matter whether it be in Rome, Athens, or some little timber-built town in New England, we feel instantly happy and at ease there. The expressions and styles of the eternal city were various, but whether it

be in some pictured village in ancient China, in the temples of Athens or southern India, Gothic or Renaissance, the world of the Imagination is everywhere and in every age our native country.

One other thought I would add – in thinking of examples of beautiful buildings, of beautiful cities, we name as examples, almost without thinking, temples, churches, mosques, the tombs of Christian or Islamic saints, temples of ancient Egypt or Mexico; for there is, at the heart of all beauty – and of the archetype inscribed within us by whose means we measure the beautiful – a sacred essence. Those works which most fully satisfy our thirst for beauty always, surely, reflect some vision of the sacred, some spiritual aspiration; they cannot, so it seems, be created unless this be so. In the sanctuaries of all cultures we feel at home, we feel a sense of familiarity, whereas in the secular cities of the modern West we may be impressed but we feel inconsolably alien, nor will long familiarity make such cities home to our hearts.

One has but to sit for an hour in the Piazza Navona to understand that the need for beauty is alike in rich and poor, young and old. All love that generous yet sheltering space, those abundant fountains, those sculptures expressing human energy and delight, the neighbouring churches and monuments, down to the stalls where simple crafts are displayed, little pottery figures of the shepherds and the angels, toys, sweets, all kinds of useless ephemeral things to delight us. The whole world feels at home there because Rome was built to delight mind and heart as well as to 'house' the body. And is it not Italy's immemorial secret that rich and poor were never segregated, but share their cities to this day – a bronze boy and a tortoise on the brim of a fountain, a virgin and a child on a wall where all come and go, never without her tribute of little coloured lights? Even in an age that can no longer attain the vision that raised cathedrals on whose sculptures we may read the entire story of man's creation and redemption as on the portals of Chartres and Wells, we find glimpses and gleams of the *mundus imaginabilis* in Piccadilly Circus's statue of Eros, and Peter Pan, archetype of the *puer eternus*, or Rima, spirit of the wild. Do we not all need the bronze lions of Trafalgar Square (such as they are) and those deer that invite us into an imagined

forest in Hyde Park, the fountains and dolphins and the tortoises, no less than we need washing-machines?

'Poetry is the house of the soul', I. A. Richards somewhere said; and W. B. Yeats, Blake's first editor and greatest disciple, understood our need to inhabit the world of the Imagination always. He wrote of that inheritance 'of stories, and of personages, and of emotions, passed on from generation to generation'. 'I wished for a world where I could discover this tradition perpetually, he writes, 'and not in pictures and poems only, but in tiles round the chimney-piece, and in the hangings that kept out the draught'. We do not need Disneyland to distract us from distraction by distraction if the world we daily inhabit speaks to us continually of that invisible inner world. Even T. S. Eliot knew how occasional glimpses and gleams of beauty from that other world will sometimes smile in London's Waste Land:

*This music crept by me upon the waters  
And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street.*

*O City, city, I can sometimes hear*

*Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,*

*The pleasant whining of a mandoline*

*And a clatter and a chatter from within*

*Where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls*

*Of Magnus Martyr hold*

*Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.*

Is it not vital that a vision of the world of Imagination all share be reflected in every time and place if we are to survive as civilized beings? That our cities be emblematic cities of the human archetypal universe in its wholeness?