

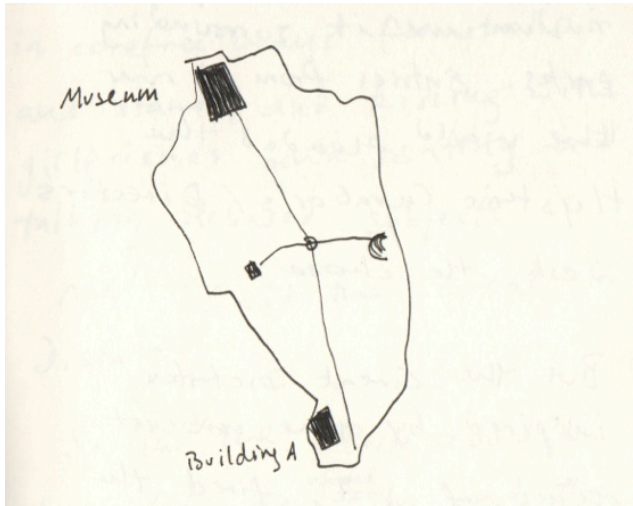
THE GREAT  
CLASSICIZING  
DICTATOR

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AND THE  
PALACE OF BEAUTY

*Armen d'Alger*





It was the Second Year of the Great Revolution when the Great Dictator thought about Palaces. At the same time: a Competition was under way to design the extension to the Great Capital's foremost Art Museum and its surrounding Park. Entries from all over the World flooded the Hysteric Curator's desk. The Hysteric Curator deliberated. He chose. But the Great Dictator, inspired by the noblest aims of Art, fired the Hysteric Dictator and led, himself, the way of Architecture like divine leaders do.

So far, the park was open to the public who used it in carefree ways for strolls and stands, and kissing with girlfriends and eating and talking debased subjects.

No! Said the Great Dictator.

So far, the park could be seen from the infected City and the City from the Park because its gates were low perforated enough.

No! Said the Great Dictator.

No!

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The City is not Worthy of Art!  
Said the Great Dictator. Let it have no Art until it betters. But no betterment will issue if the Palace Grounds are equated to the mediocrity of the population's lowest denominators.

No!

No! No! No!

Art does not trickle up, said the Great Dictator. It trickles down!

What does public have to do with the feeling of public-ness?

Close it all!

From now on the Palace of Beauty will be completely walled. A Fortress will surround it, like a forbidden city of beauty.

You may still go *in*, but you must not be your same self.

Whom is it forbidden to, then? To your dumb thoughts!

“Art for the Public” is ludicrous. Weak policies.

Populist policies!

Only Great Dictators can produce Art.  
These people know nothing of Art! Nothing of Beauty!

Death to those who lowered the level of culture to accommodate to the populace. Art must be preserved even if it means locking it in quarantine in a Forbidden City.

Every city needs an Acropolis.

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The City is not Worthy of beauty, of the Palace of Beauty, said the Great Dictator. Let it be shut down to it.

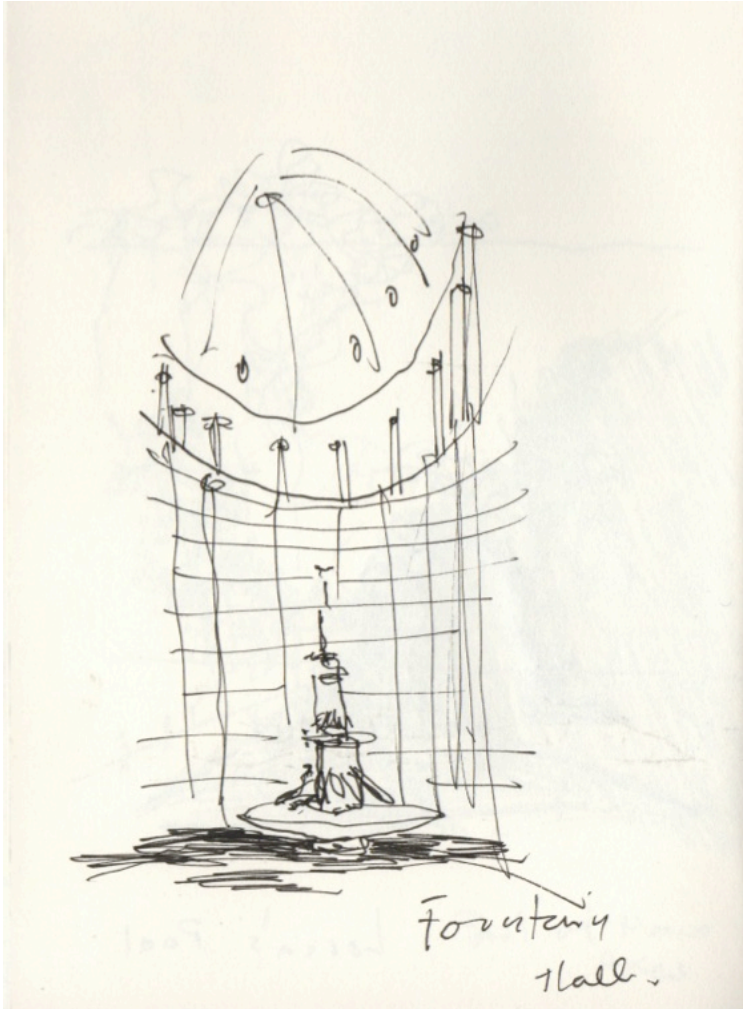
From here, truly high thoughts will be thought and will be exported to the outside city.

But the brain cannot govern if it is allowed to be infected by the rest of the body it is trying to save (nothing will be *imported*).

So the Great Dictator Devised a Plan.



The Great Classicizing dictator built tall thick walls around the park so that it could not be seen from the city and the city could not be seen from the park.



He built a big room with a dome around the fountain.



Once you walked in you felt you had been teletransported to a perfected reality.



And spaces for the meditation of vegetable beauty – especially the Water Lilly and its many meanings.



And here homage to Lorca.



The Great Dictator Delivers a Speech:

PUBLIC DOES NOT MEAN POPULIST!

The city is Sick, we cannot cure it within its own sickness.

The city is Sick: The rest of the members cannot be lowered to the same level, and be allowed to get infected.

Beauty must be safeguarded.

The prohibition is the prohibition of banality and mediocrity.

The Publicity of the palace is not the same as the rhetoric of publicity. The rhetoric of publicity is not Art. It is the reduction of the possibility of Art to the reception-willingness and capabilities of its common denominator.

The Great Dictator prepares a story:

In the Garden of Iran you enter through the desert of the landscape. You enter into paradise. Here you enter through the desert of the City. It is OK. Let it remain a desert. Grow the paradise inside. Some paradise is better than no paradise at all. Imagine if paradise were constantly updated with the impoverishment of its surrounding desert so

as to not *make the desert feel its condition*.  
*Protect the desert, not the garden*. Weakness of  
soul. Cowardice.

Can't you see this is a Noah's Ark?

When the deluge of the city's infection has  
spread throughout, only the brave are called to  
take action: Paradise **MUST** be preserved at all  
cost for the generations to come.

The unwillingness to turn ones back to the sick  
city is only a symptom of Weakness.

The BRAVE are called to take action.

Those brave enough to fight the communism of  
beauty, by which what aesthetical wealth there is  
is distributed among the whole population so that  
the average beauty per citizen averages almost  
zero. "But it is a fair distribution" says the Weak.

Instead, we chose to safeguard a world for our  
future generations.

What is so wrong about this?

What is so wrong about cleansing the thoughts  
that are housed within a space?

And no human being is in fact being kept out! It  
just doesn't *look* public. It is only the mediocrity  
within each human that will be barren from entry.  
Only poetry, contemplative states of mind will be  
allowed inside.

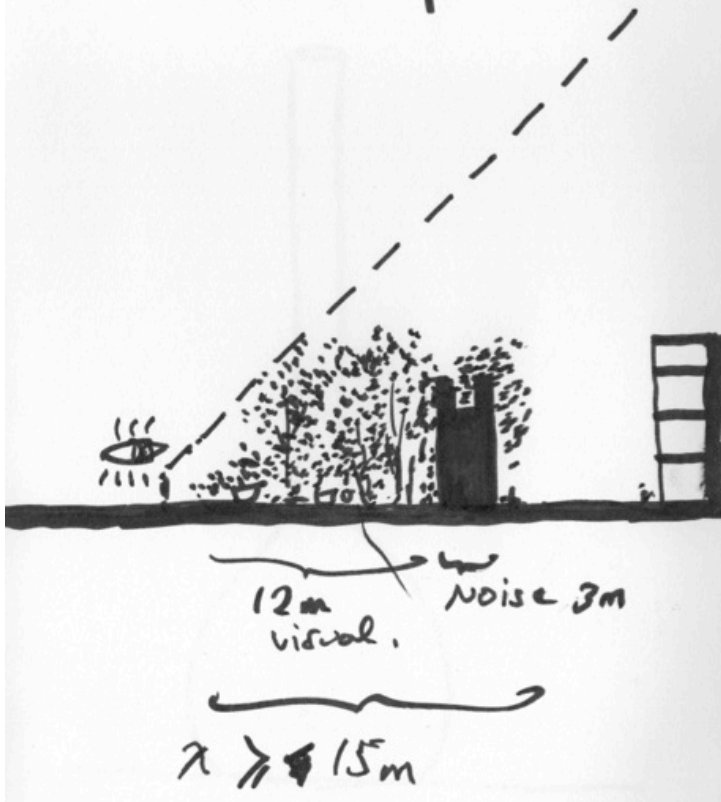
Yes, the CITY will not be allowed to see it from  
its filth.

This price is NOT high.

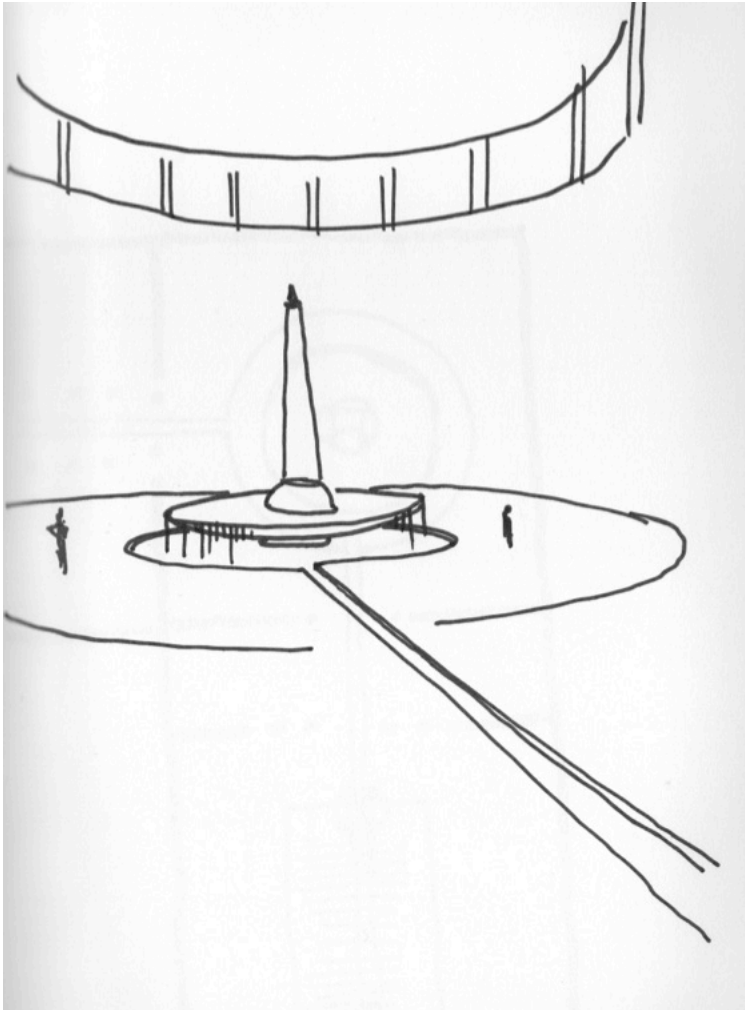
The idea of Perfect Beauty must always be  
safeguarded. We already have parks, there are  
stadiums where apes kill apes, and yellowish fields  
for you to toss with your girlfriend.

But there is no space for contemplation of nature  
and this will be it.

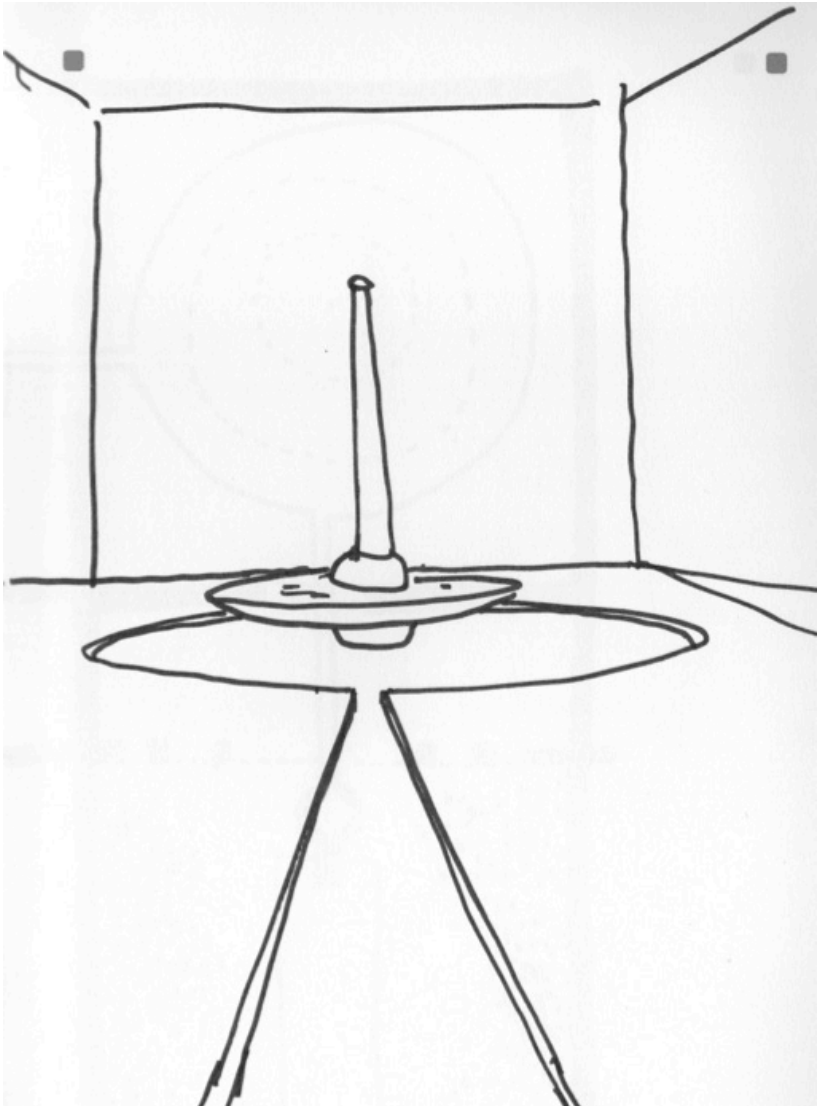
# The Laws of Teletransportation.



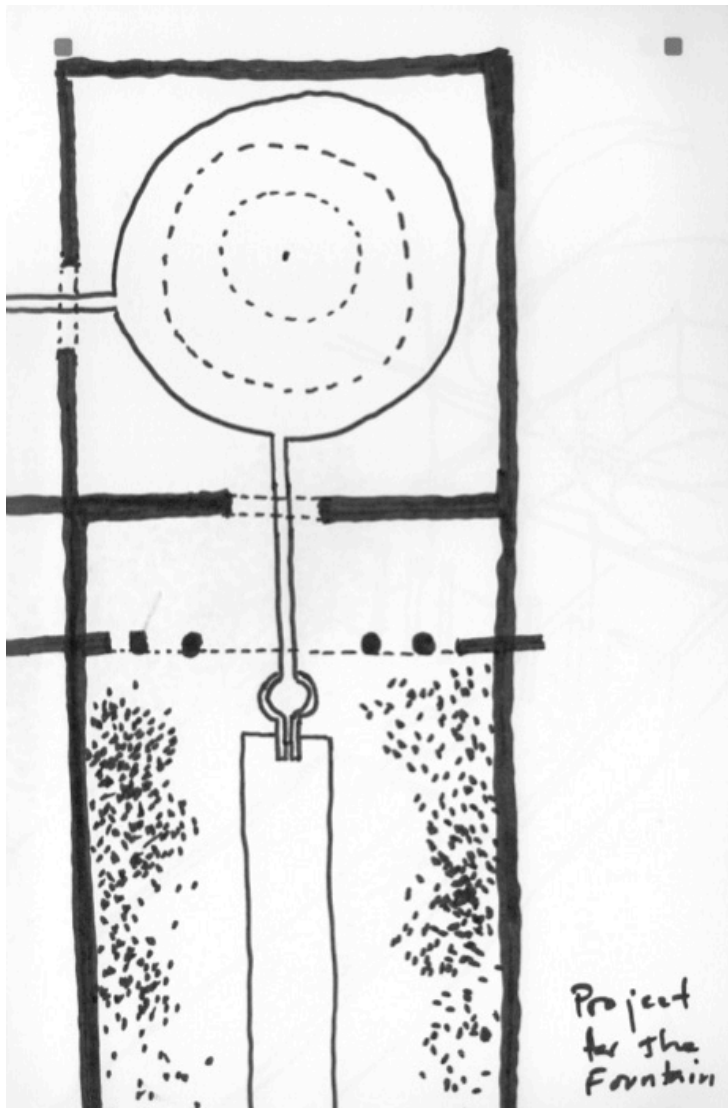
The Laws of Teletransportation



A slightly different version of the Hall of the Great Fountain

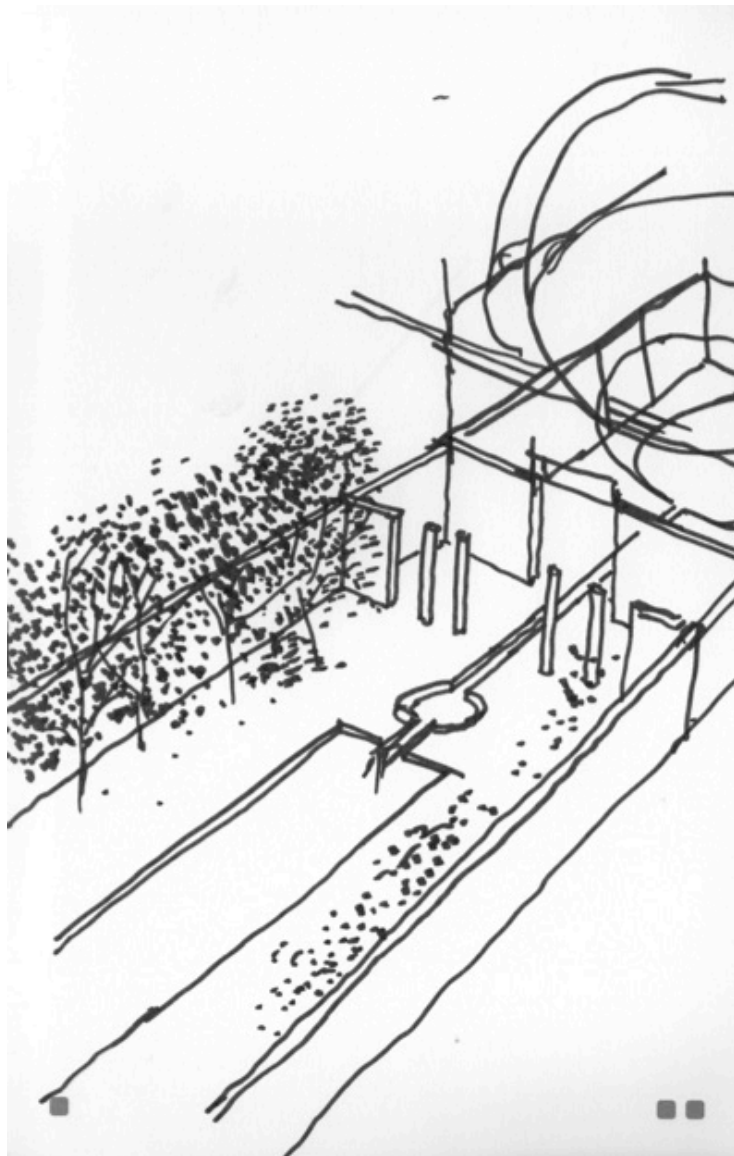


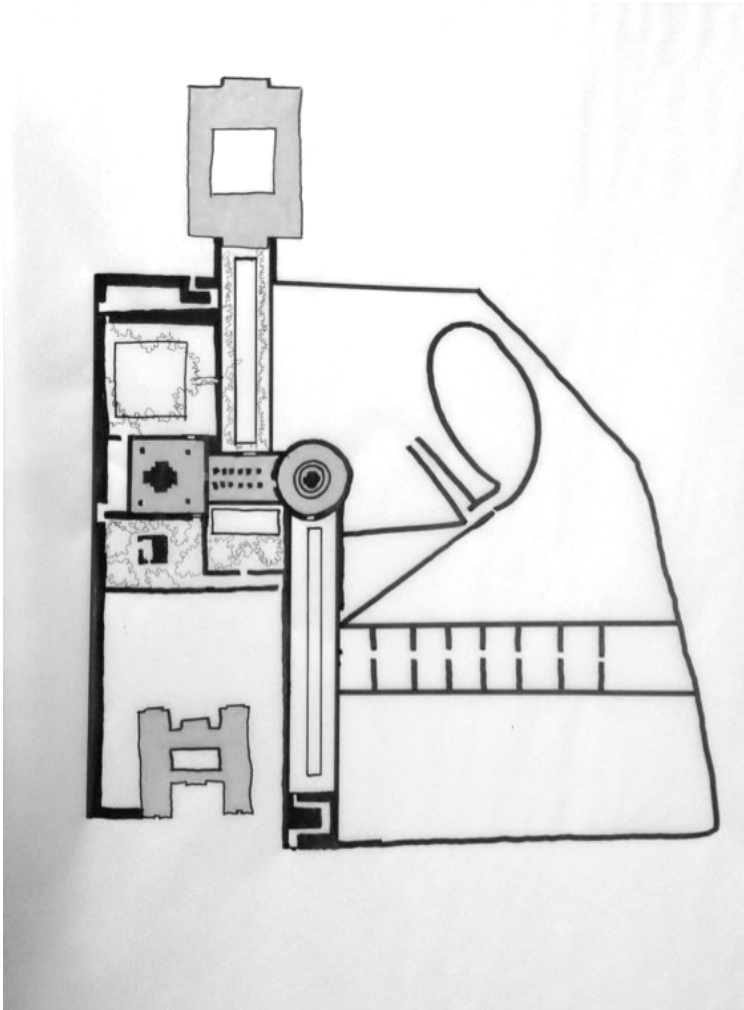
What about this one?

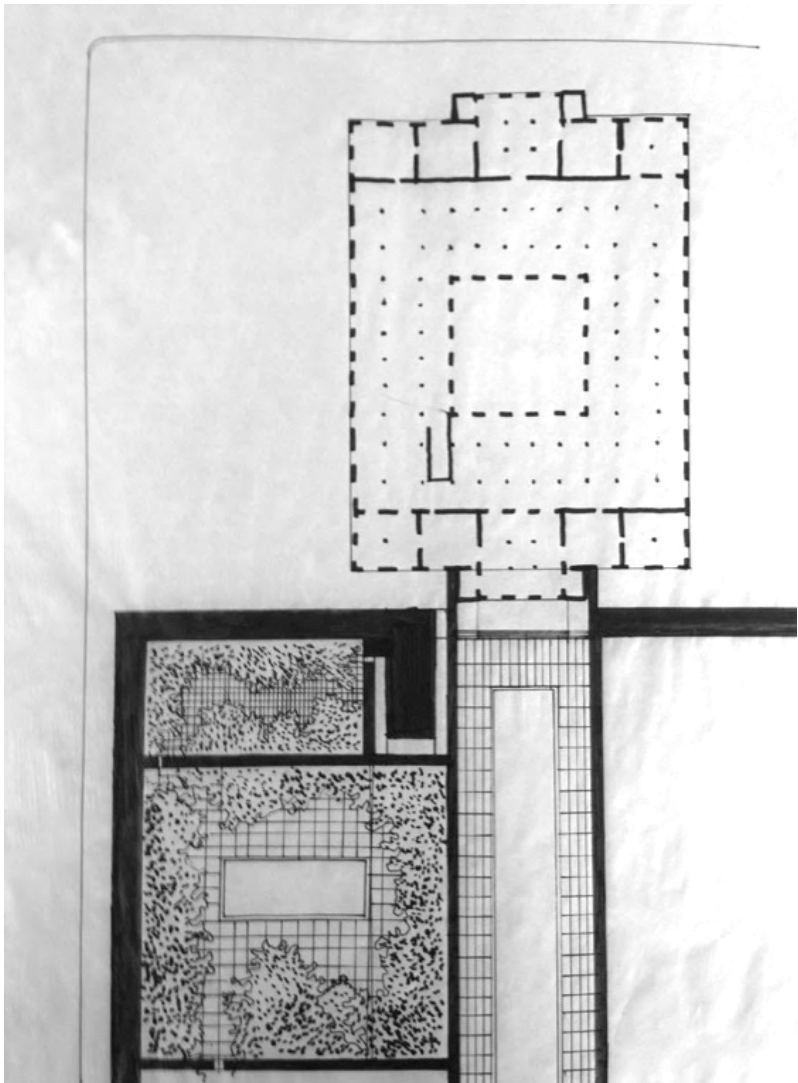


Project  
for the  
Fountain











*The End*