bank at Londonderry was Liverpool's, Martin's Bank, a distinguished architectural patron. When the Smithson's Economist Building opened, it housed a branch of Martin's. But in 1911 Martine's merged with was nationalised (up by Barclays).

Maxwell Fry, who grew up amid Liverpool's patronising Victorian shipping culture, described its decline after 1929. "Once - everyone lived in the towns they worked in..." but this was an illusion. In what the motor-car dispersed the vital essence, leaving the great houses around the park to be converted into flats, it was but one of many that reversed the links that had joined so for so long... This city community was of consequence for the greater unity that enclosed it because it was representative of an attitude to life that, if not observed, none quite slept better since it, ever, will be found.

And Martin Fry in Liverpool about 1930, advising the 'black and green' of Speke Hall and then the waning Georgian streets, came the same medley. "Even today, perhaps, it will be possible to walk through these streets as at the walls of another Pompeii; and here a pillar, there an ornamental arch, there a façade of Greek design, will recall the history of a great seraphit of the North, which never and prospered beneath the thousand small Vesuvii of its factories, and then decayed when the forces of traffic moved away to the west."

Ten years later, the 'fair and stately' of Percy's 'provincial Benslowbury' was shorn by the Blitz. Typically of aerial bombs, their main victim was not their target, the port, but the Georgian quarter. The great dock-gates remained intact but South Castle Street and the Canning Houseopped it. Its dome was blown off and its rent's opened to the sky until, in 1947, it was, as Romilly put it, 'seriously and expensively demolished', for its grave stone-built structures, sand碌 could have been restored. Indeed, worse than the Blitz, the route of civic self-sabotage and flight of leadership harnessed by Fry, were the 'decadence' after 1965. South Castle Street and Causering Place were not just flattened, they were eroded from the map. Salimakhan's Row, the Sailor's Home, and the Piranesian Dock's Warehouse went to be replaced by car parks, while an act of civic vandalism replaced the Cunard Exchange's gilded-fronted hall and Neo-Rococo front by the exact grade of commercial black.

Yet such demolitions were trivial compared with the calamitous concept of 'overgrip', which compounded a falling population by the idiocy of 'New Towns'. Overgrip made sense for London's eight million people and 36-mile diameter. In contrast, it should have been evident that the provincial 'grip''s position was not that they were entrained or that they were too small to compete with London. Yet Liverpool got three New Towns: Winsted, Skelpendreiche, and Ibarion - whose offices, if any in its capacity, was likely to be that same answer to many more by bleeding. "Change and Challenge" - the city's slogan of that time - would have been more aptly "Drain and Damage". For Liverpool, the 50s were a debasement decade, whose two great symbols ought now to be acknowledged disappointments. First was the Catholic Cathedral. Liverpool's original vision, abandoned in the 50s by a spirits hierarchy, was obviously greater than its substitute wiper - cheap, crude, and common - which looked better as building site than finished. Second was the Beatles. Had they emerged in Hamburg, they could have recorded locally with Polack. But in Britain, despite Brian Epstein's brilliant enterprise, they had to go to London to get a contract. The consequence was that, for all the famed economics, the economic benefits to Liverpool of 'Merseyway' were nearly nil.

James Stirling, or Liverpool dispered

There was something strange in Stirling's engagement: ultimately ruined - at Racoon.® If for New Towns desired investment that the city never got, then Stirling was doubly the best architect that Liverpool never had. Son of a marine engineer, and cornered, it seemed, aboard a ship in New York, and born in Glasgow, Stirling grew up in Liverpool.®

C橱柜 River was perceived when, introducing a book on his student and friend, he devoted 300 words to, "an absorbing and lavish mise of the Liverpool... that he and Stirling inhabited?" 5 Rivey fired the local tennis which, until with those of wider prominence, would remain transformed, throughout Stirling's work. They included, as such a local deity as Cockerell, the presence there, 'absolutely different', of the royal Photographic Society, of their embankment... Hall, Curtis, half, Braden-Arden. But also Roger, himself, relating Cockerell to the Villa Capra and Modernism to mannerism; about whom gathered a guild circle of students such as Thomas Swinnerton and Robert Maclure, whose work, when shown at the Architectural Association was dubbed Maclure Linslollings.

"Northern" references were evident in Stirling's earlier work - Pyramus housing, Oriole Chambers at Leicester; but for those knowing Liverpool and alert to his ways of adapting and repurposing forms, displaced trees of the city across through. So, while the stance in the yard of the Flurry Building is the kind of marine toy easily found in Stirling, the building itself is both ship and growing dock: a ship from outside, propped up by means of a ship's walk in a glassy propping system, while within, the bordered courtyard walls are like those of the growing dock. Likewise the Venice Bonnass Bookshop, which Stirling described as a lunge, while its entrance end is a crate-gable like a part warehouse. Indeed, Stirling's long U-plan for housing on a Rotterdam pier was illustrated by Rowe and Avril beside one of Harter's Albert Dock warehouses which Stirling has adapted for the Liverpool Times.

More mercy adults might be drawn, from those Stirling made himself to unreason parallel which only a local might spot, as in his dressing of the Columbus U. Chemistry Building, where a ghost tree, swerving into Chanceller, summons an apparition of the Dingle true where the Overhead Railway soared into a sandstone cliff to suddenly become a system. Moreover, when you are later looking at it as a week, unconcerned like the Overhead's ruined viaduct in the Blight, you sense a working-through of some interior darkness.

This diatonic drove the pervasive captives of his own works while, for Roma Intervista in 1973, it scattered across the Tiber on Noth's Map, 'to achieve a density... similar to that evolved by history'. Calling it a "Piranese" work of an MFA - "Megalomaniacal Facade Architecture", he ridiculed against New Towns which "have a debilitating effect upon old towns which were intended to enhance by relieving pressure... At another level is the destruction by planners of magnificent nineteenth-century cities, eg Liverpool, Glasgow, Newcastle, all in the name of "progress", which means demolition of so-called "out of date" buildings and replacement with a lethal combination of urban monoculture and commercial architecture, here termed "block modern" (of blockhouse, blockhead, blockbust, blockhead, blocked) ... Thus cities lose their identity, and townspeople are trapped with problems of poverty." The MFA is also a displaced and dispersed architect. The dense ceiling which Stirling wanted would not be realised in his home city, but only by analogy elsewhere. At the St Paul's Cathedral, Stirling built, into an abstract analogy of Liverpool. There is a local sanatorium (which he used also in Berlin) like that of Woolton Quarry; the rooms like St James quarry greenery and 'Spindrift Terrace' advocated by Rowe in College Gil, references to Schinkel, and Neo-Classical status amid neo-modern architectural ambitions. For Kenneth Adesaueres, route the Dock Road. Most of all, there is the path across and through the tiny-exposed circular courtyards, like that across wartime Canning Place and through the sky-exposed cracks of Rosen's Lifeboat-Grounded Ghost House.

Like the Customs House, the Stichten museum had been bombed, as Anthony Vidler remarks on in curatory: "This rotunda, without dome and open to the sky... is no more than the "voll" of the Pantheon, blasted open and left to stand as an almost precise, a space returned to the city by an act of violence to a monument." The message seems