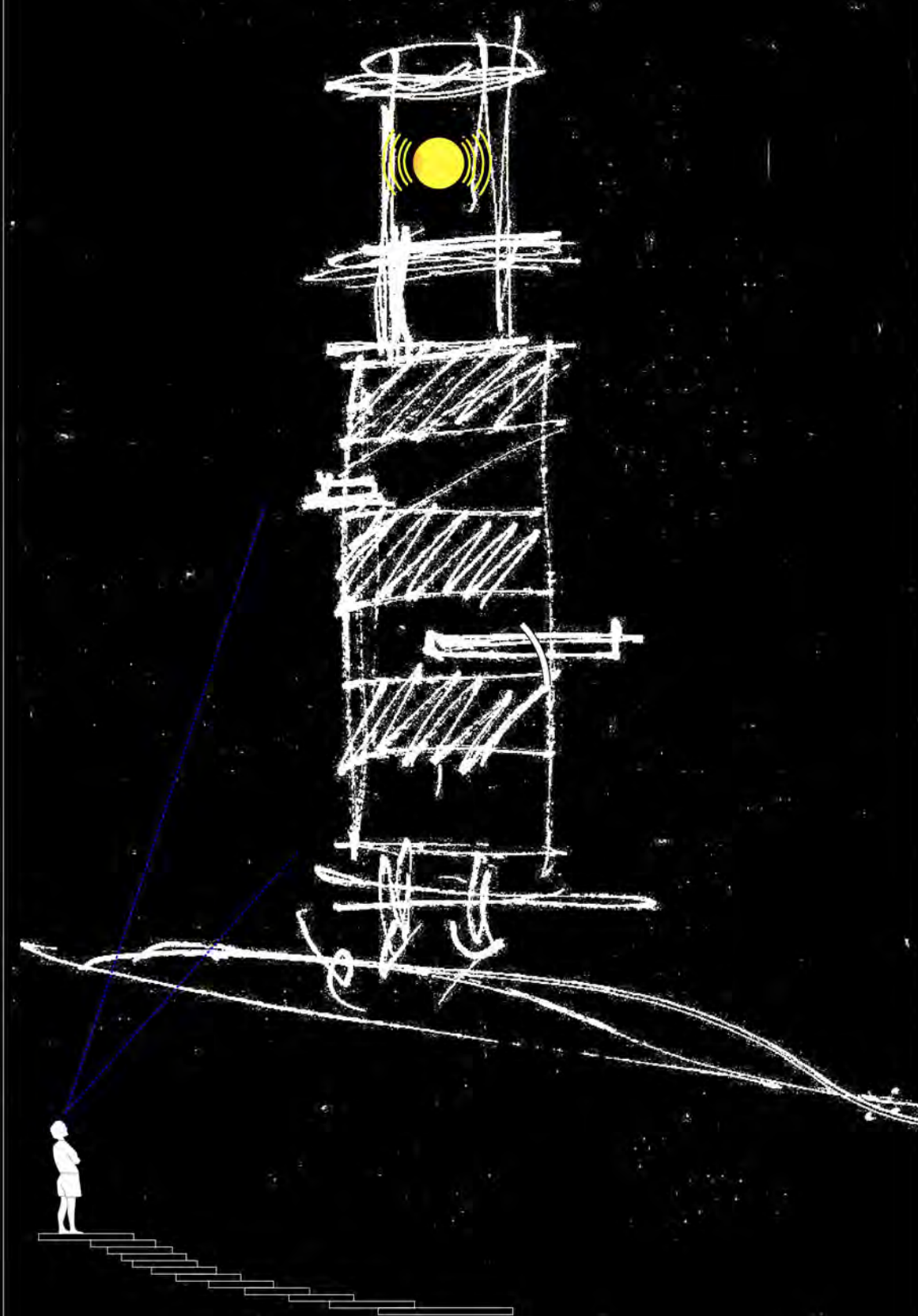
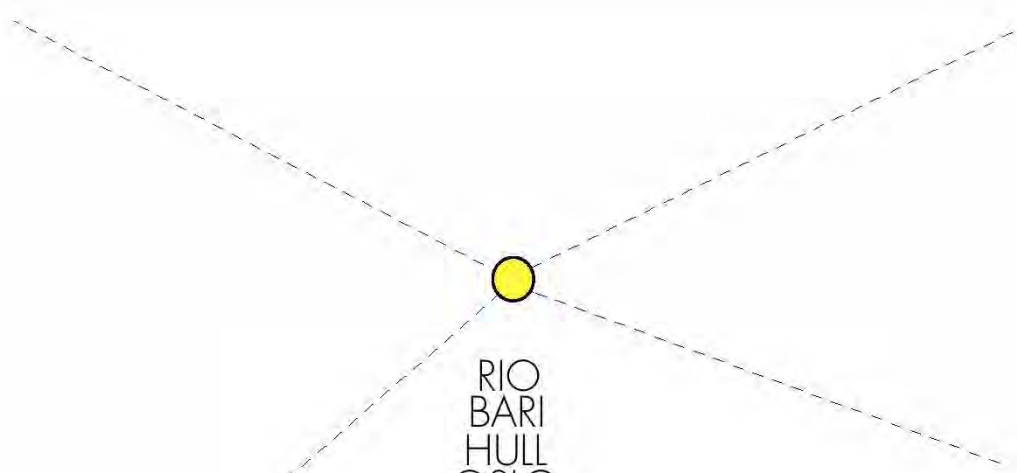


albert dock



the liverpool 'light'...

symbol of our new confident seacity of, music, poetry, art & architecture



RIO
BARI
HULL
OSLO
SIDNEY
DUBLIN
LISBON
SEATTLE
VENEZIA
BOMBAY
GENOVA
LIVERPOOL
HAMBURG
MARSEILLES
SHANGHAI
NEW YORK
ROTTERDAM
ALEXANDRIA
CAPETOWN
BARCELONA
AMSTERDAM
HONGKONG
BUENOS AIRES
COPENHAGEN
SAN FRANCISCO

liverpool is a city of the sea - a 'seacity'....

'The River..'

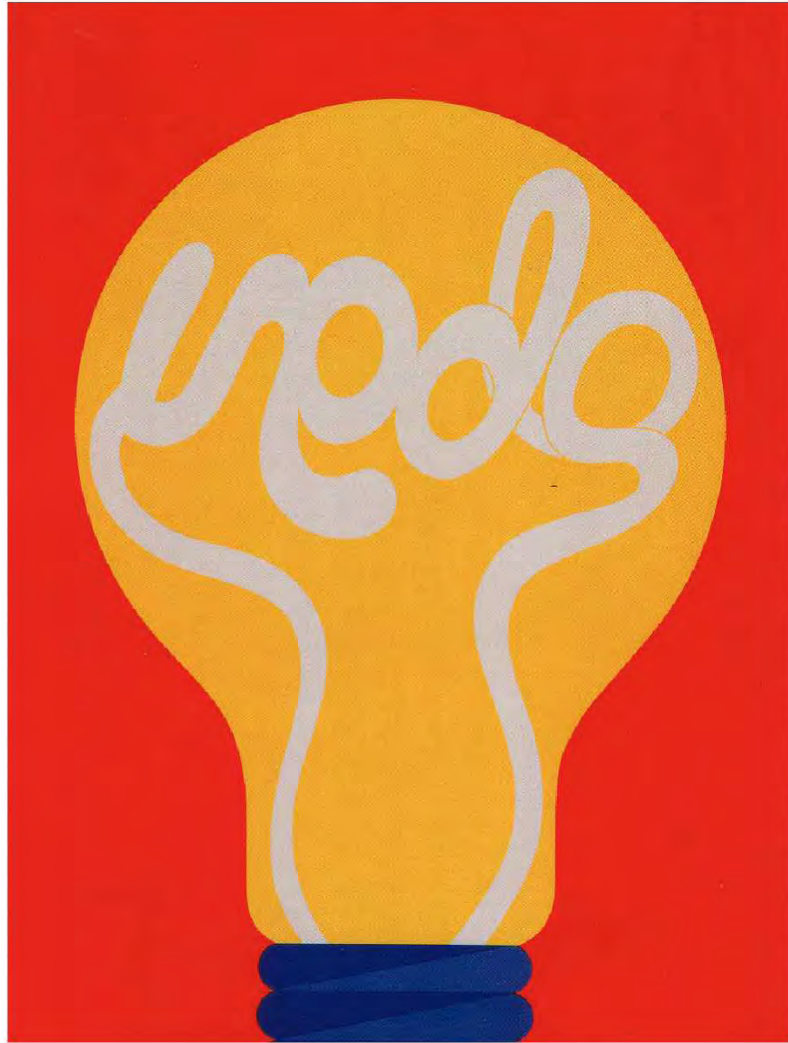
Ships run in from the Bay along an easterly channel close to the flat coastline of Crosby with its mud sand beach and battered timber groins. Perch Rock stands on the starboard bow, and piled up behind it the close sub-urbanism of New Brighton, point blocks of flats, the bulbous domes of the pleasure gardens, and the lines of terrace houses. The low massive outline of the red sandstone fortress and the graceful finger of its attendant lighthouse articulate the northern extremity of the Cheshire coastline.

To port, the skyline is broken by a web of cranes on the Gladstone Dock. They stand like weary sea birds, wings outstretched, announcing the commencement of the seven-and-a-half mile line of docks which hug the Liverpool shore - a truly exciting approach to a large city. A mile-wide stretch of muddy water, for the quality of the Mersey is not strained, mirrors the weather of the day, now deep, turgid and impenetrable like the cloak of encircling grey cloud, now sprightly dancing with tufts of white blown spray as the clear sky throws up a translucent brilliance which follows a northern wind. After many grim, smoky days Liverpool assumes a new brilliance. All the colours take on a new freshness and the reds stand out with scintillating clarity. The towers and the domes of the Pier Head buildings and the lofty silhouette of the Anglican Cathedral can be seen clear cut from the Welsh hills.

'Seaport' Quentin Hughes - Lund Humphries 1964

02

it lives by the sea - is viewed from the river....



from a poster by per arnoldi 1978 - MOMA new york

a universal symbol of the sea - is the 'lighthouse.....'

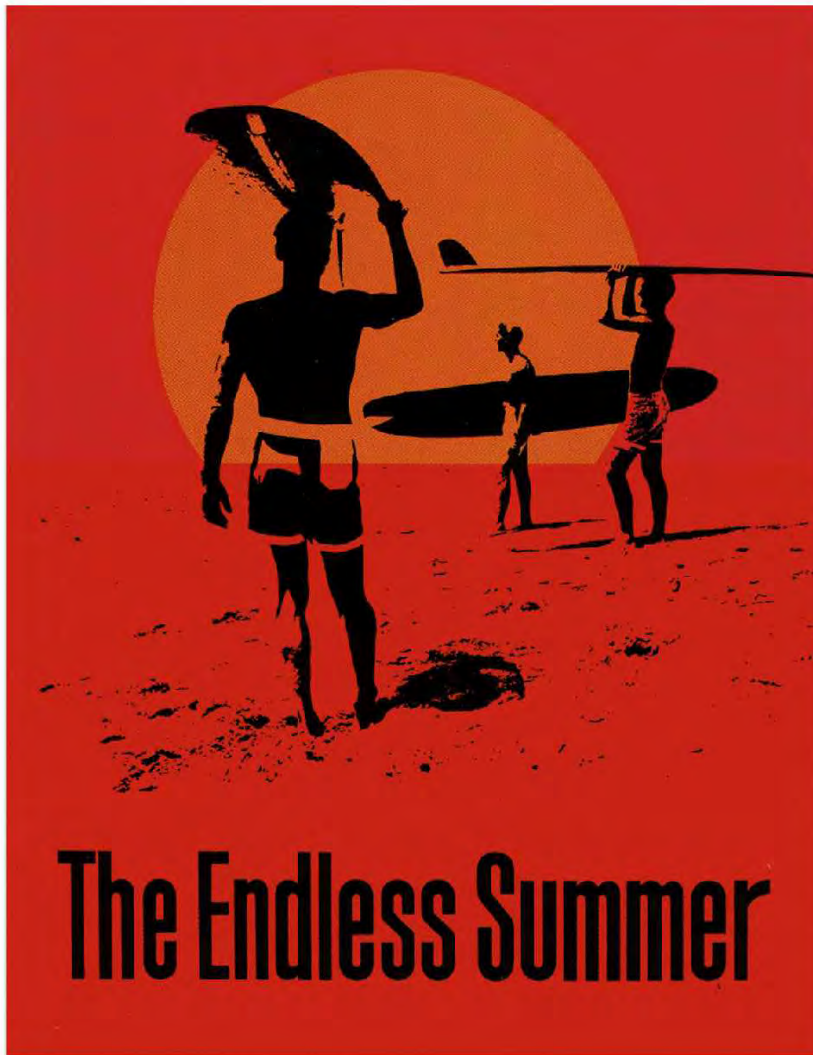
'It will rain,' he remembered his father saying. 'You won't be able to go to the Lighthouse.'

The Lighthouse was then a silvery, misty-looking tower with a yellow eye that opened suddenly and softly in the evening. Now~

James looked at the Lighthouse. He could see the white-washed rocks; the tower, stark and straight; he could see that it was barred with black and white; he could see windows in it; he could even see washing spread on the rocks to dry. So that was the lighthouse, was it?

No, the other was also the lighthouse. For nothing was simply one thing. The other was the lighthouse too. It was sometimes hardly to be seen across the bay. In the evening one looked up and saw the eye opening and shutting and the light seemed to reach them in that airy sunny garden where they sat.

from 'to the lighthouse' virginia woolf

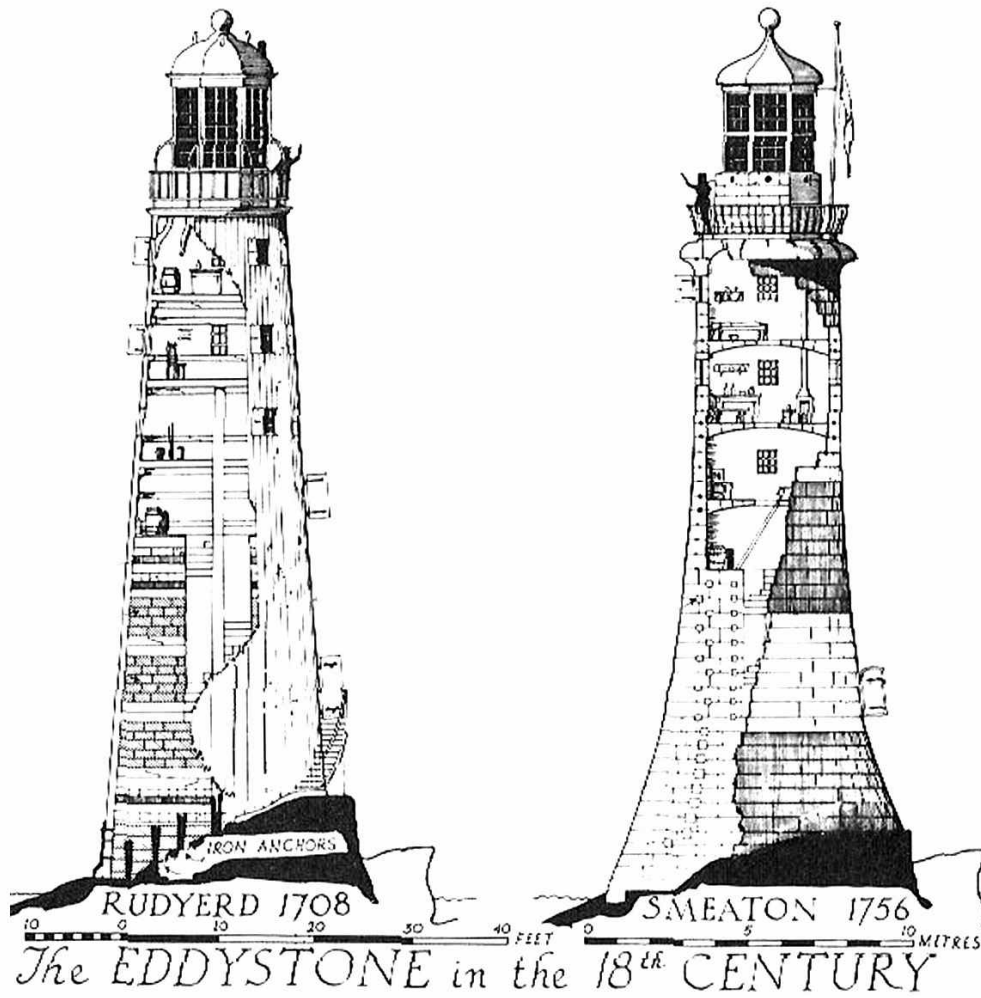


from a poster by john van hamersveld 1966 - MOMA new york

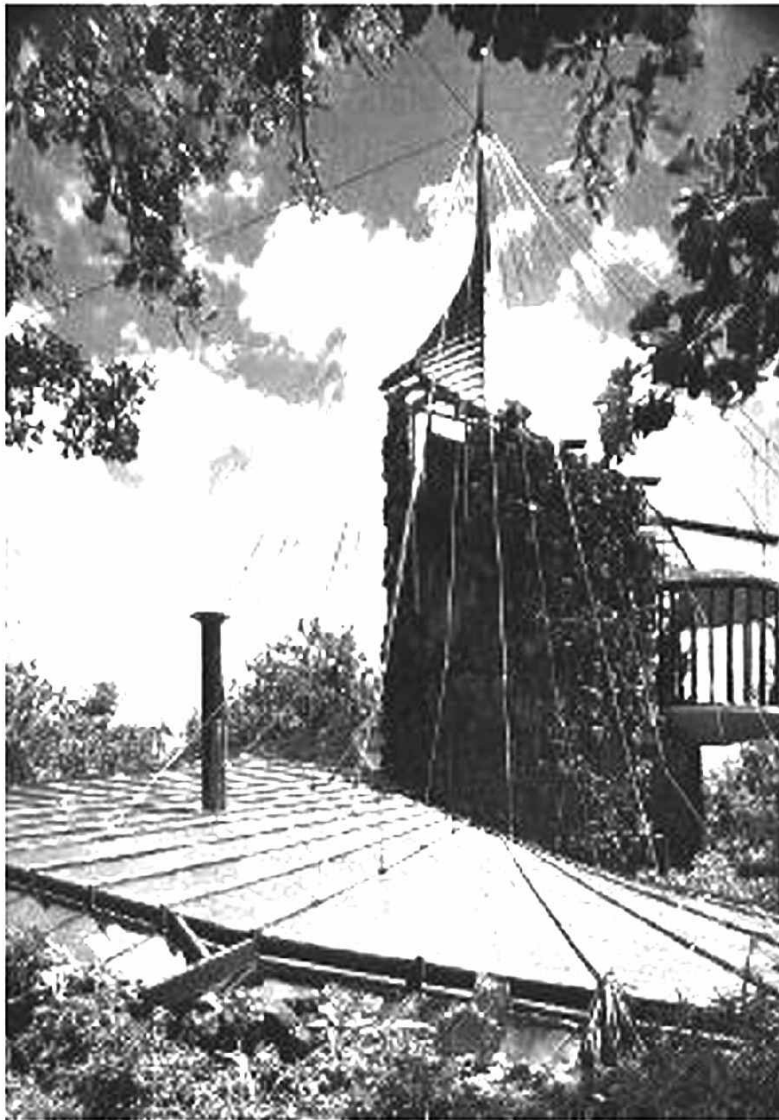
The Endless Summer

05

a welcoming symbol of safety - then home...

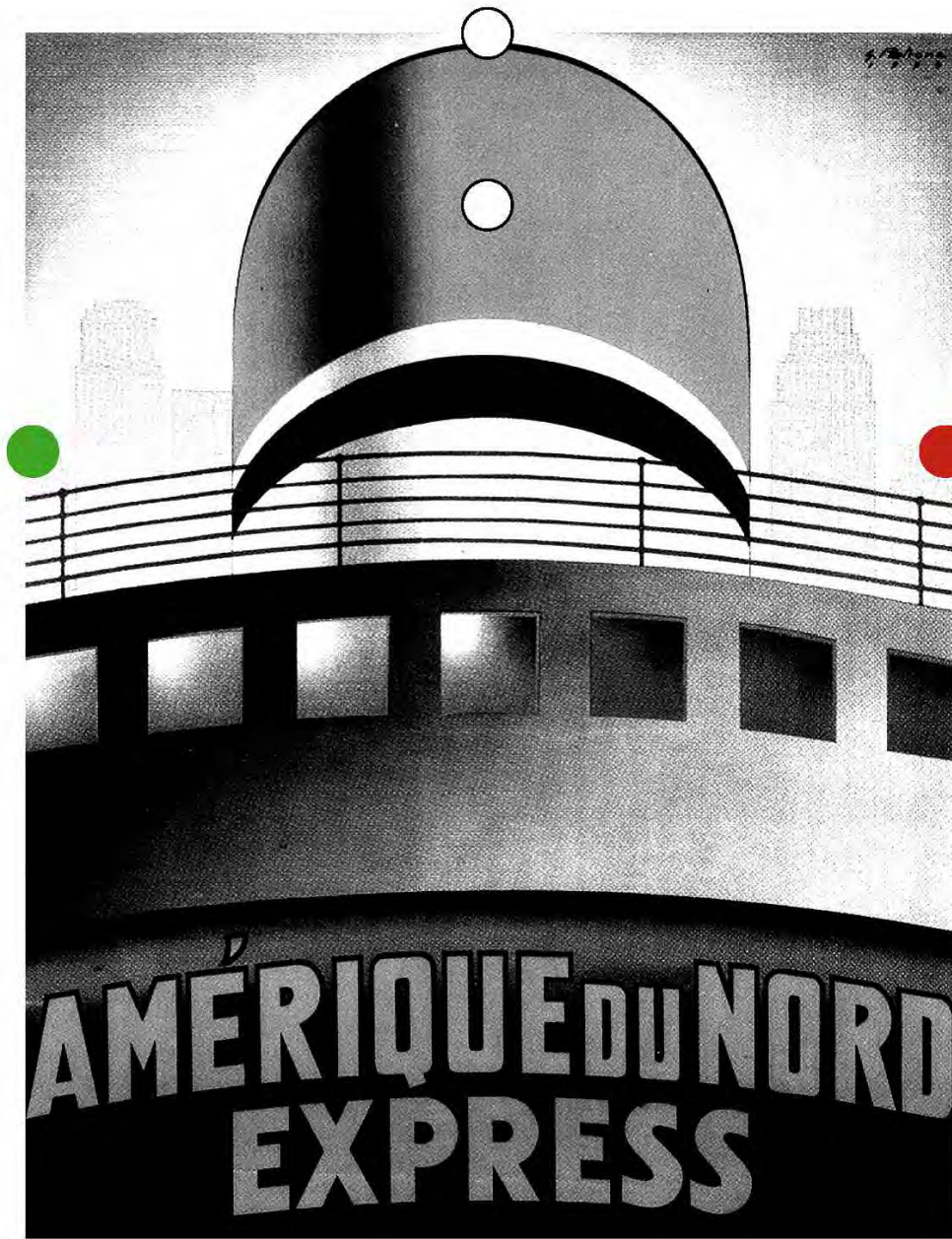


with a rich history, tales of lighthouse keepers....



the bavinger house - architect bruce goff

on land too, the lighthouse symbol often emerges...



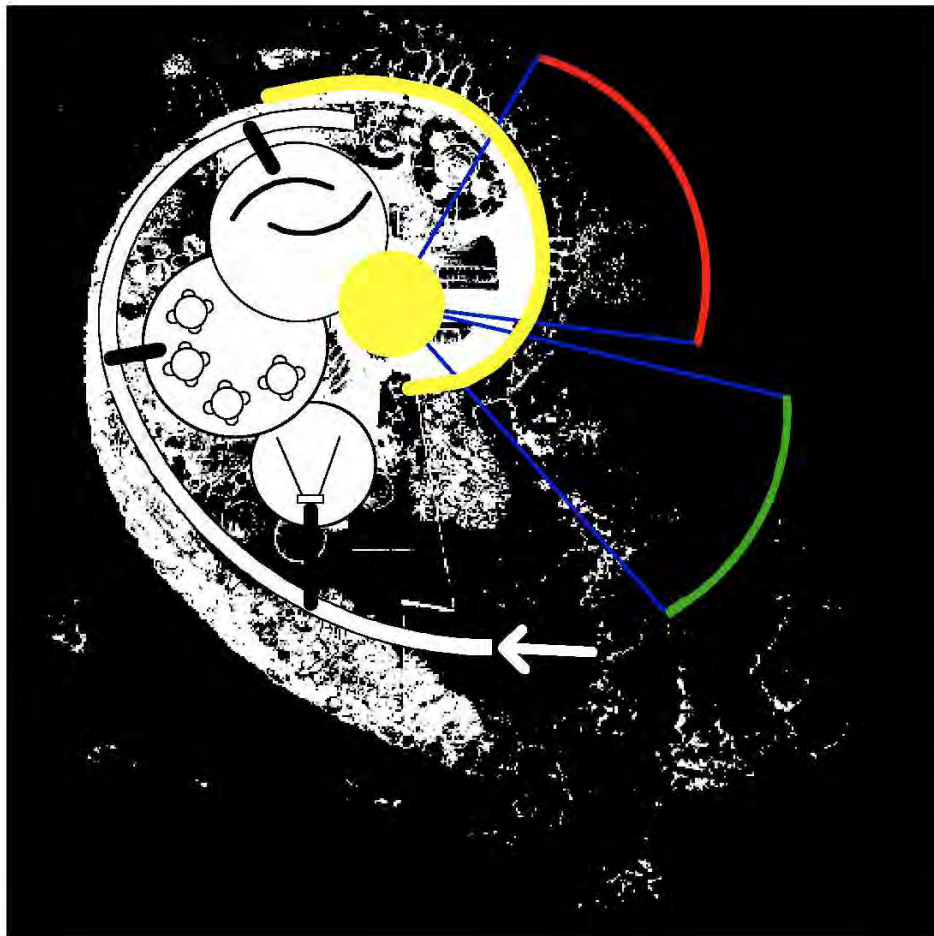
from a poster by giovanni patrone 1934 - MOMA new york

and atlantic crossings - war and peace....



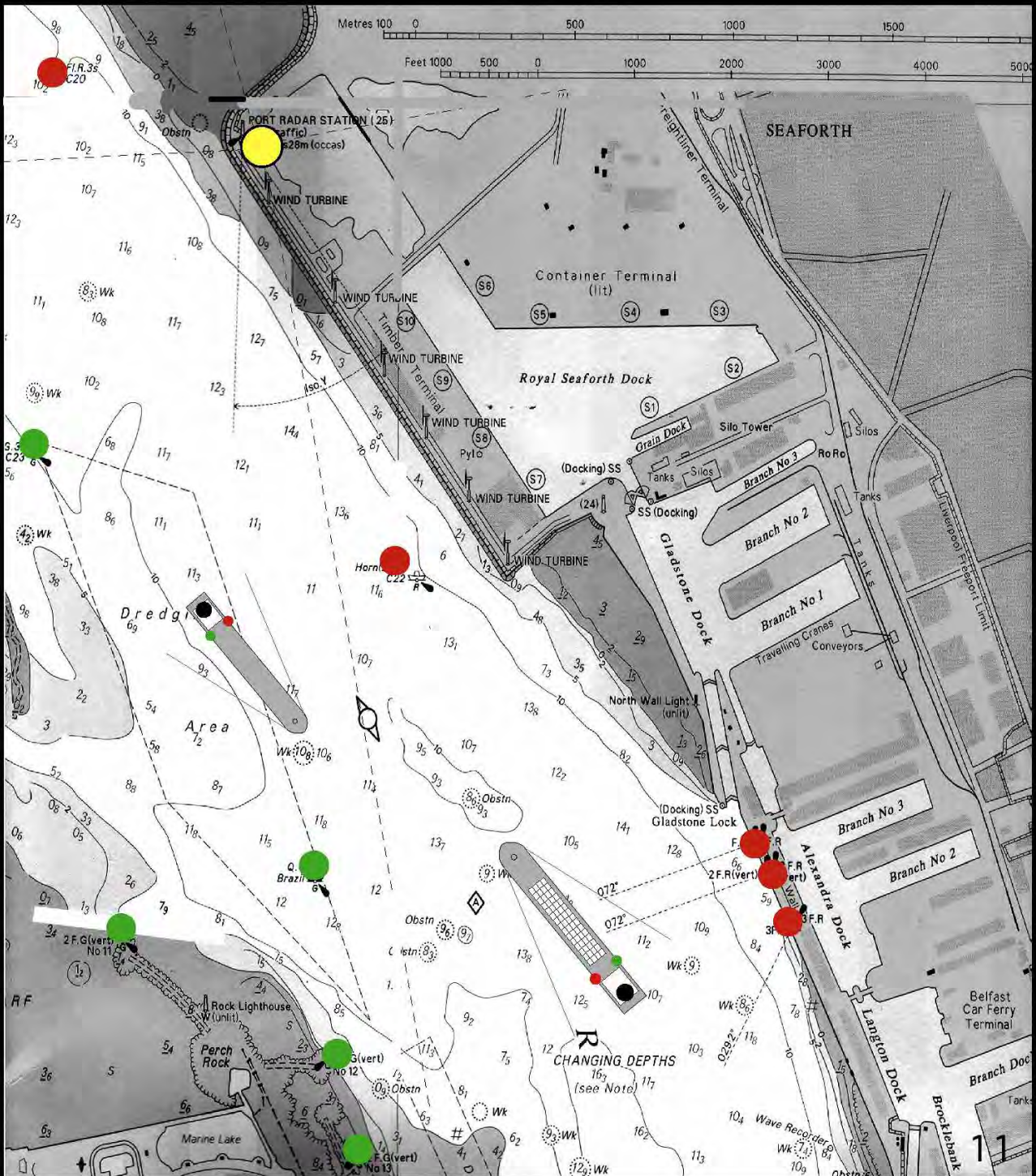
09

but whatever the form - the mystery remains...



spiraling upward from the rocks - platforms in space....

inside? - a spiral of experience and knowledge....



"...Despina can be reached in two ways: by ship or by camel. The city displays one face to the traveller arriving overland and a different one to him who arrives by sea.

When a camel driver sees, at the horizon of the tableland, the pinnacles of the skyscrapers come into view, the radar antennae, the red and white windsocks flapping, the chimneys belching smoke, he thinks of a ship; he knows it is a city, but he thinks of it as a vessel that will take him away from the desert, a windjammer about to cast off, with the breeze already swelling the sails, not yet unfurled, or a steamboat with its boiler vibrating in the iron keel; and he thinks of all the ports, the foreign merchandise the cranes unload on the docks, the taverns where crews of different flags break bottles over one another's heads, the lighted, ground floor windows, each with a woman combing her hair.

In the coastline, s haze, the sailor discerns the form of a camel, s withers, an embroidered saddle with glittering fringe between two spotted humps, advancing and swaying; he knows it is a city, but he thinks of it as a camel from whose pack hang wineskins and bags of candied fruit, date wine, tobacco leaves, and already he sees himself at the head of a long caravan taking hime away from the desert of the sea, towards oases of fresh water in the palm trees, jagged shade, towards palaces of thick, whitewashed walls, tiled courts where girls are dancing barefoot, moving their arms, half hidden by their veils, and half revealed.

Each city receives its form from the desert it opposes; and so the camel driver and the sailor see Despina, a border city between two deserts...."



To Liverpool's wharves and quays - seven miles of them, stretching from the Dingle in the south to **Seaforth** in the north - have come ships ballasted with the romance of the Seven Seas, and bearing a cargo of prosperity.

In boxes, bales and barrels, in crates, kegs and casks, came tea and tobacco, cloves and copra, cotton and coffee, rubber and jute, rum and sugar, teak, grain and nuts.

The scent of oranges out of Africa, the pungency of spices from the East, the reek of Stockholm tar hung on the breath of the place.

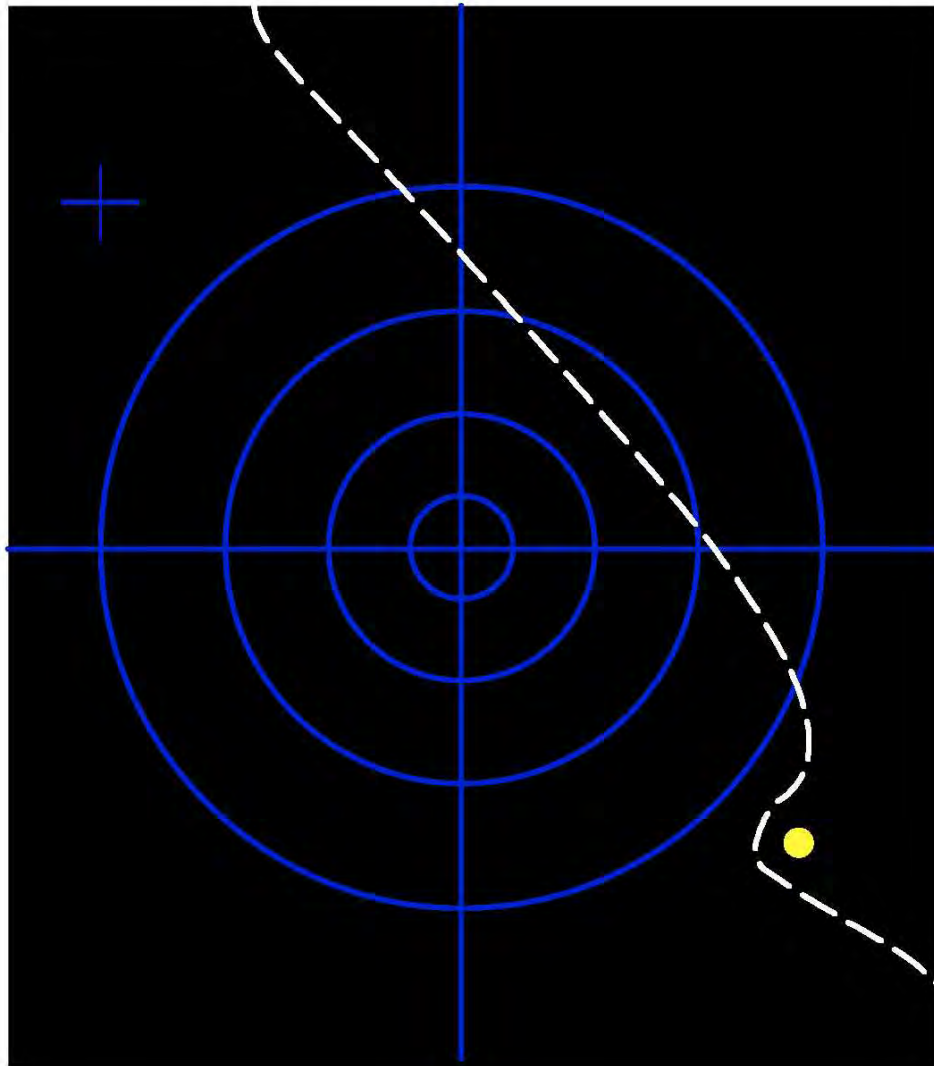
Drays lumbered along the Dock Road, the iron shoes of Goliath Clydesdales striking fire from the cobbles, carrying the harvest from the many masted forest of the tall ships.

richard whittington-egan - 'liverpool, this is my city'

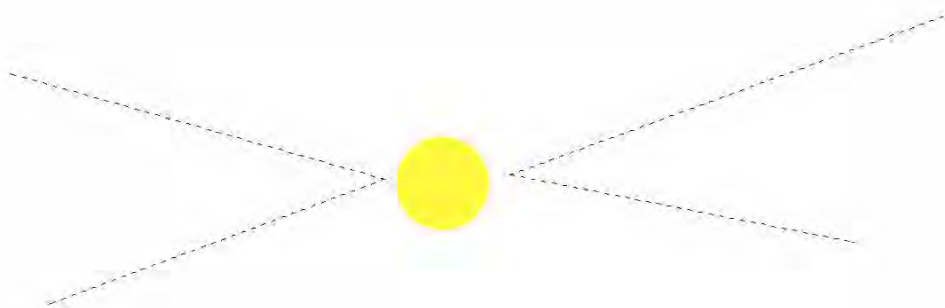


yves klein by harry shunk - 1962

a captain, careful with passengers and crew....



uses computers, DSC, radar - as well as sight...



...a dead sailor
filled with water
like a glass vessel
a widow walked
exhaling iris aromas
she reached out
and hugged the fog
to her breasts
light beam caressed
moist surfaces
night lips blow
sound nantucket horns

from the 'captain's house' vladivostok - john hejduk



photo taken from 'liverpool this is my city'

in a cold and choppy sea - a welcome view of the 'light'

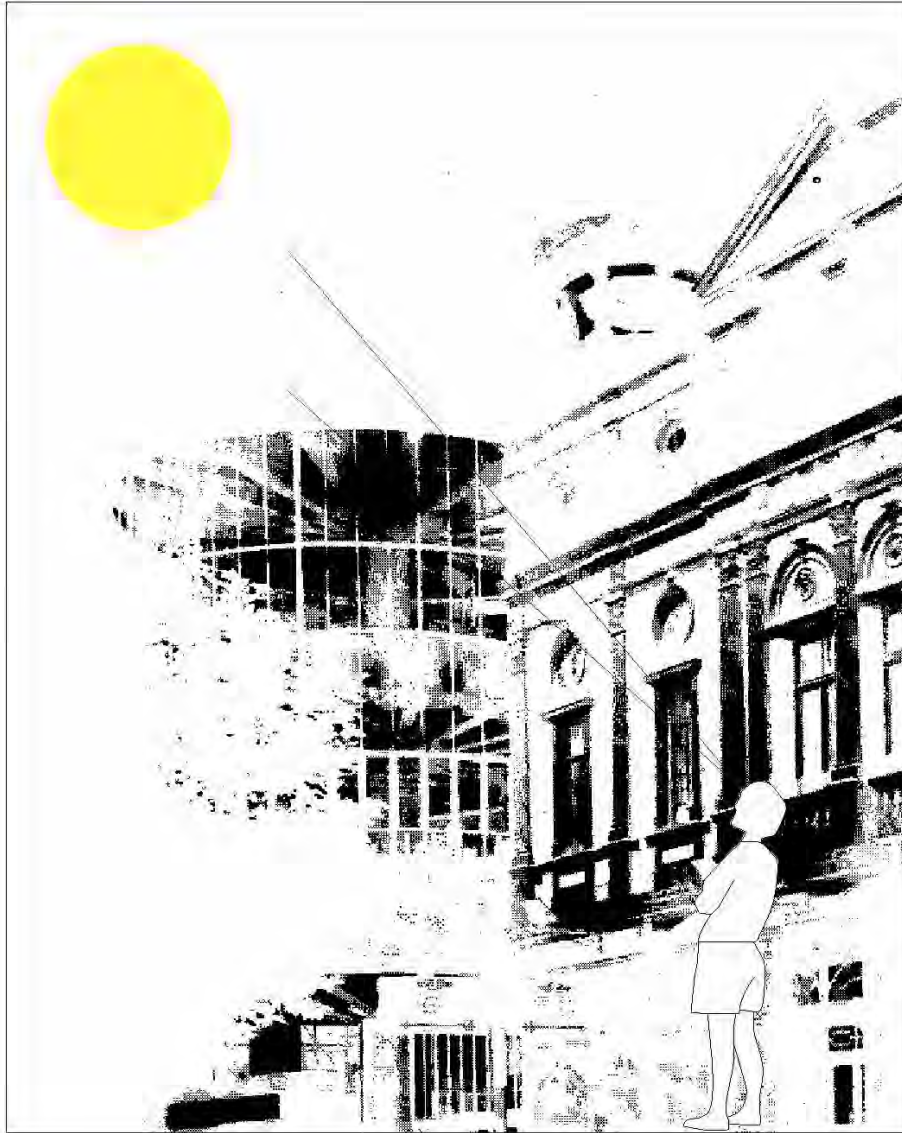
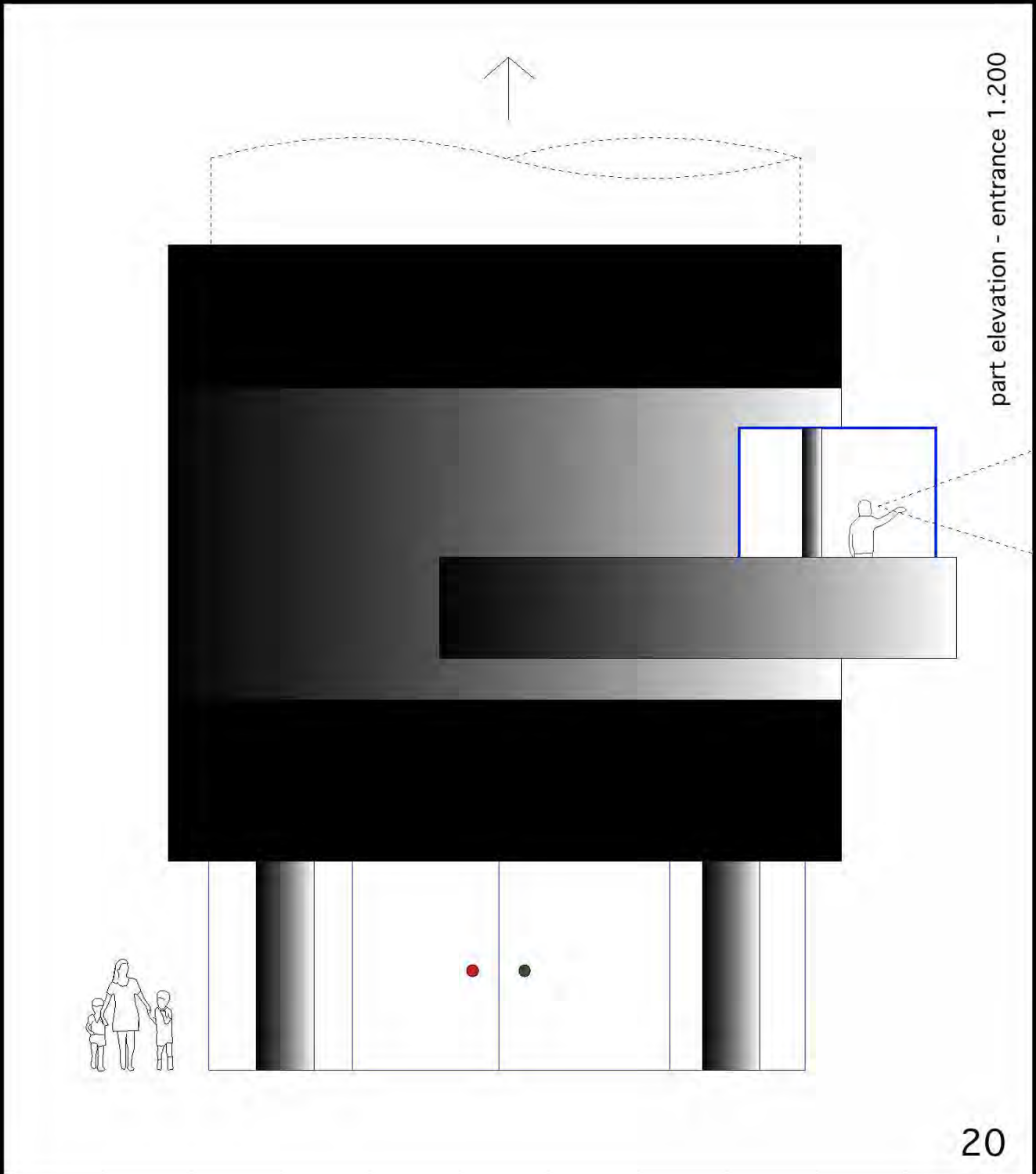
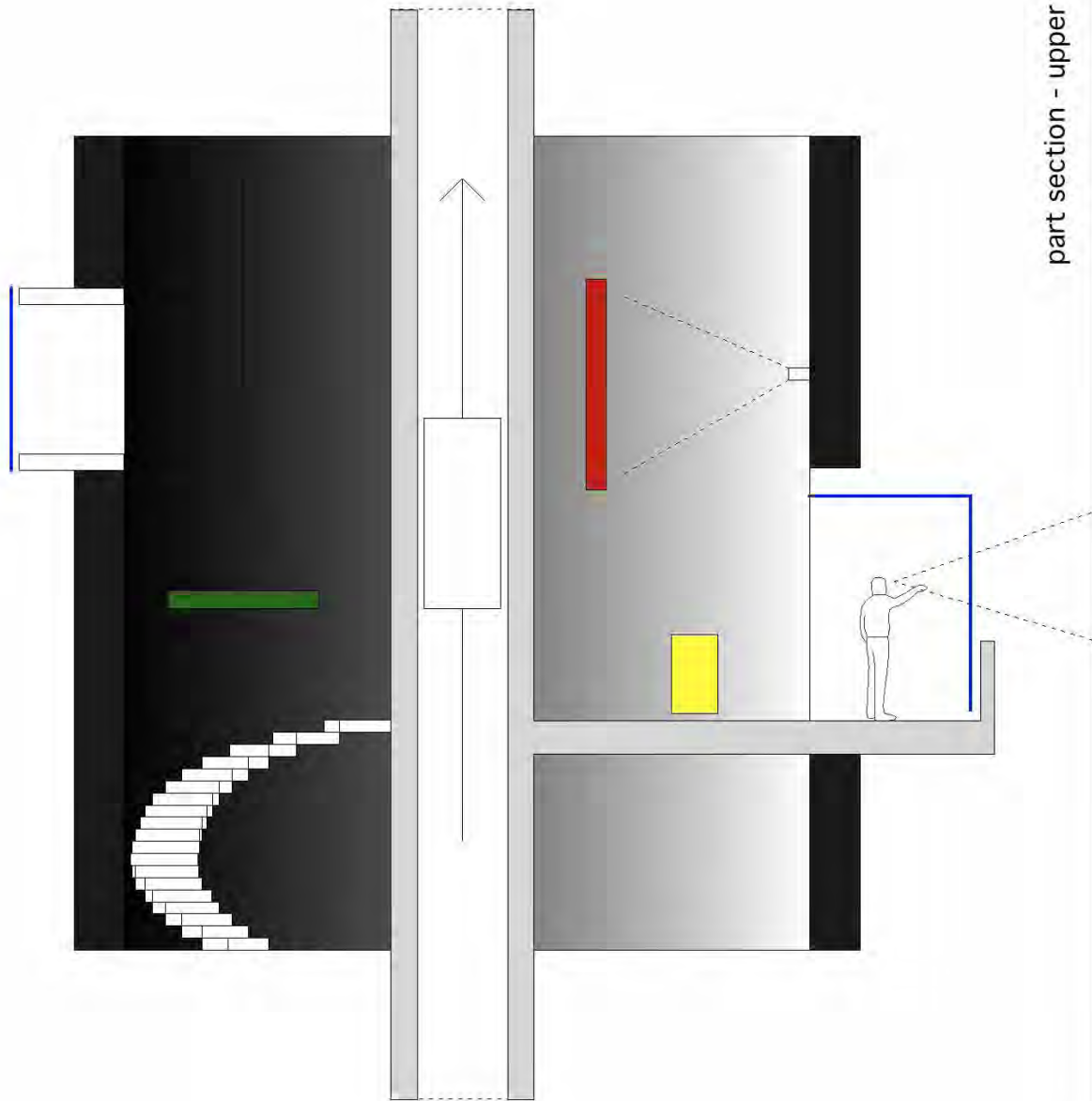


photo adapted from 'liverpool this is my city'

for 2008 a light should burn in the city centre too...

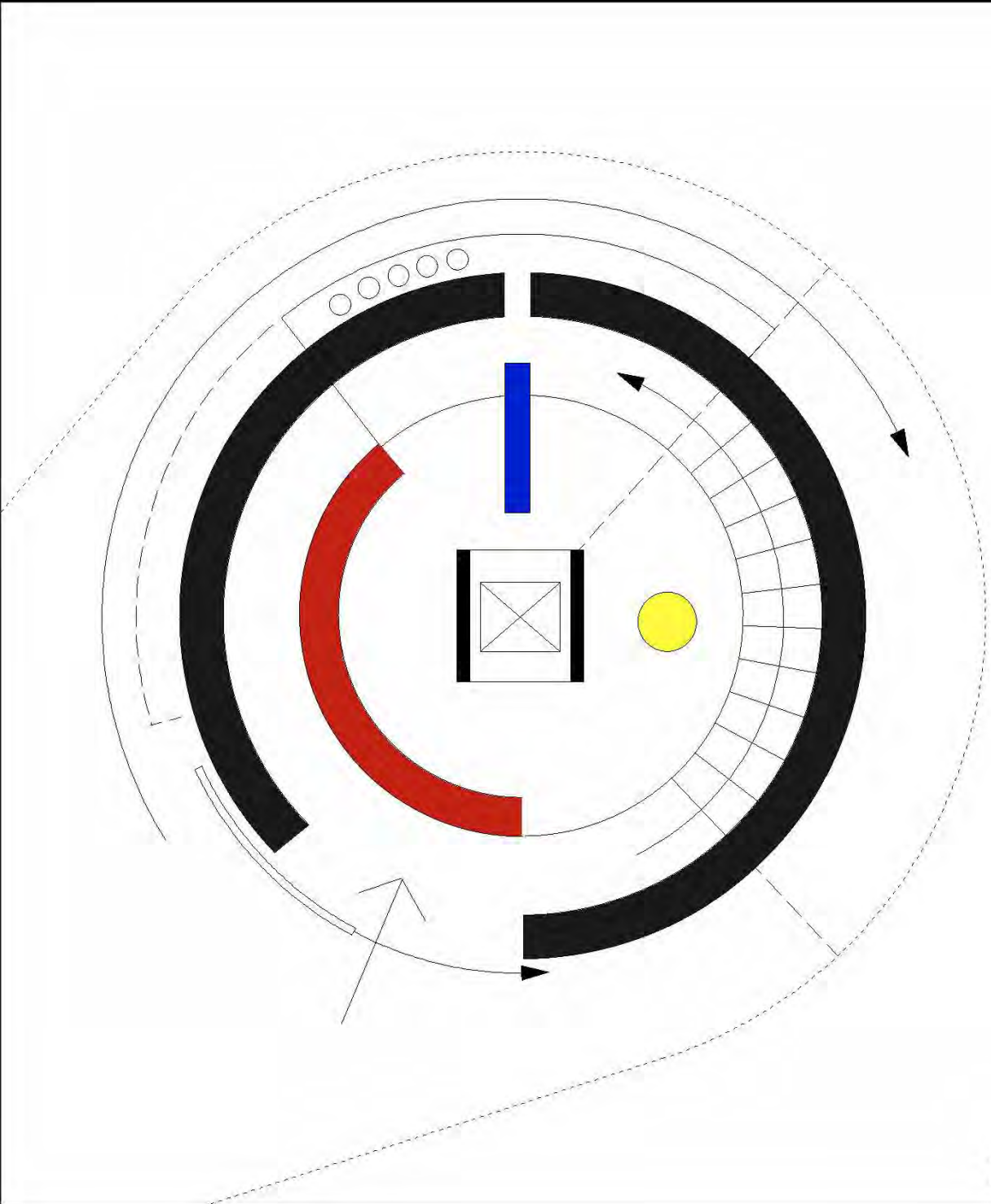


the lighthouse opens its doors to a modern world...



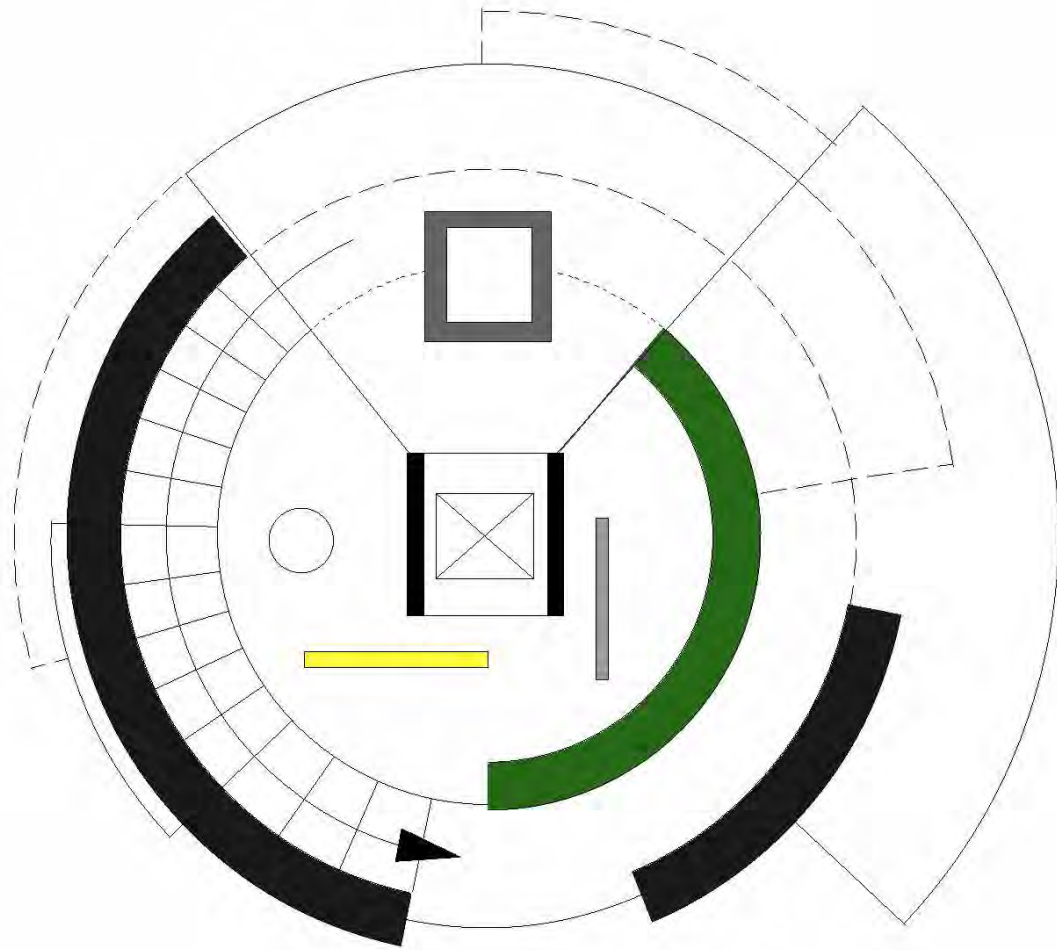
part section - upper 1.200

at every upward turn knowledge of the sea is exhibited



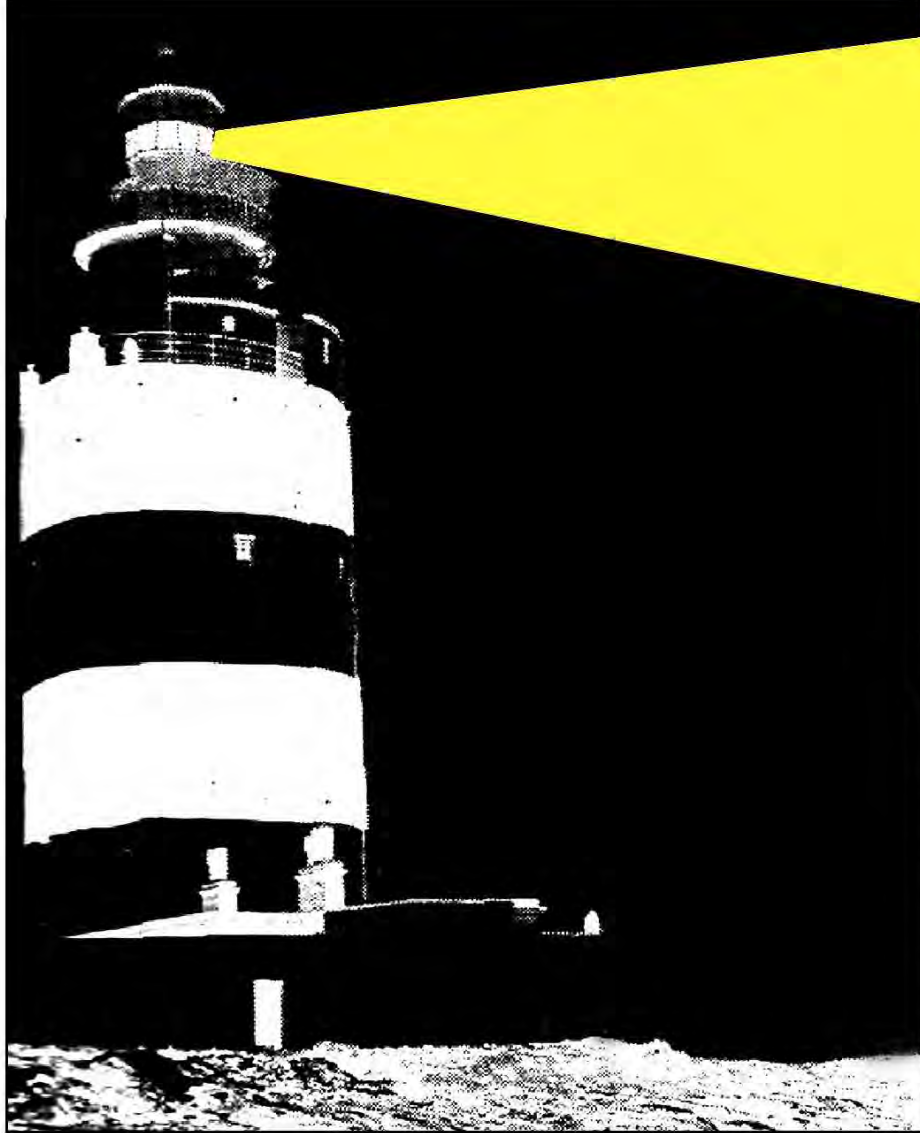
ground floor plan 1.200

on entering, mysteries of river and sea are revealed

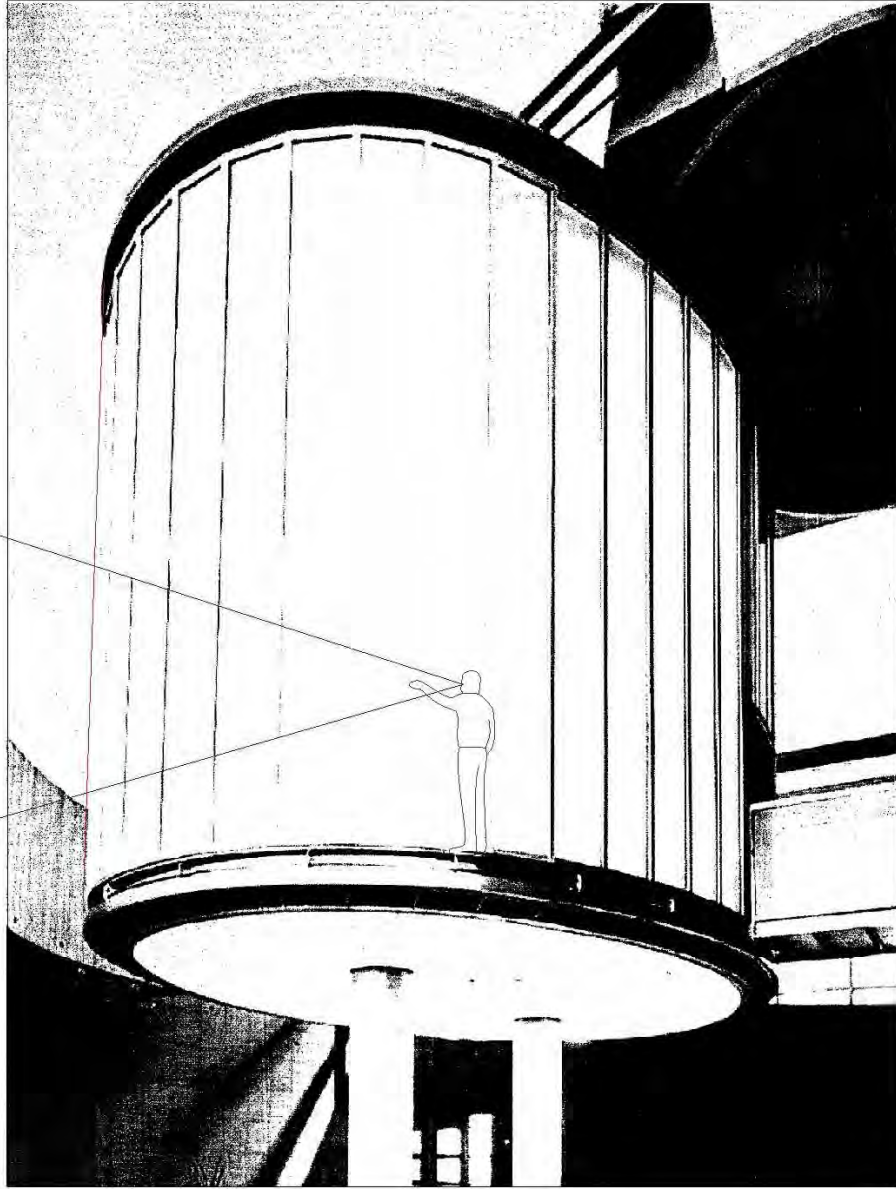


typical upper floor 1.200

around and up with exhibition terraces and levels



the hook tower - waterford



collage using 'light reign' - james turrell 2006

01 liverpool is one of the great ports of the world - but there was never a 'liverpool lighthouse...'
02 as the late quentin hughes knew well - approaching liverpool by sea is dramatic & emotional
03 a light in the dark signifies hope, safety, warmth - to a seafarer, homecoming and shelter
04 the concept of the 'lighthouse' has often been used as a metaphor in perceptive literature
05 crosby beach with its enigmatic sculptures, is an ideal backdrop for a symbolic 'liverpool' light
06 the eddystone light epitomises man's struggle to master the sea, with folklore and engineering
07 in architecture, the spiraling form of the bavinger house, suggests ways of using the space
08 great new ocean liners will be soon be approaching liverpool - the lighthouse will welcome them
09 a lighthouse can lose some of its mystery when (as in the mumbles light), structure is exposed
10 so a solid 'conch shell' plan protects, as well as allowing interesting spiral circulation patterns
11 a well lit mersey channel leads ships safely to port - seaforth is the traditional 'harbour' entrance
12 liverpool pierhead is often the voyager's destination - here there is a blaze of city centre lights
13 the sailor relaxes from the sea - but from the land ships tantalise with faraway possibilities...
13 tales of old liverpool abound - but where is a lighthouse? (the bar lightship - now just a buoy..?)
15 a sailor's eye can seen the beckoning loom of the lighthouse from 30 miles or more offshore...
16 radar can do it's job best in fog, but the light has a special meaning - familiar yet mysterious
17 that familiar light has witnessed tragedies of the sea - the mournful horn has heard voices too
18 it's said that this is the most famous ferry in the world - maybe... but where's the lighthouse?
19 like the famous mersey ferry - the liverpool light could shine in the city's memory too...
20 striped black and white to be seen from the sea - sundecks from which to see out to the sea
21 inside a spiral climb of experience, adventure and knowledge - the top, a now famous light
22 a ramp and plinth leads to a welcoming glass entrance - inside, exhibitions - then the light...
23 the stair is the slow road, the lift the fast... the deck terrace projects out (and serves tea!)
24 the impact of the lighthouse is much more than the sum of its parts - it's a new liverpool symbol
25 now across the river, the perch rock light has a friend - the ever present seabirds observe...
26 sustainable materials will be used to give a minimum of 200 years life - glass, stone etc...

the 'lighthouse' as a concept, is employed as the design basis for the seaforth radar tower site. the idea is shown drawing from literature, history, art and technology, concluding with a references to function and form - but remaining essentially a 'first phase' initiative ready to be developed into a fully blown modern conceptual visitor friendly, yet full functional - liverpool lighthouse...'

the liverpool 'light'...