

Quotes:

1) “but building is the art we live in, it is the social art *par excellence*...It is also the one art nobody can escape” (Robert Hughes, The Shock of the New, 1980, p. 164).

2) “We cultivate refinement without extravagance, and knowledge without effeminacy...Our public men have, besides politics, their private affairs to attend to, and our ordinary citizens, though occupied with the pursuits of industry, are still fair judges of public matters...Again, in our enterprises we present the singular spectacle of daring and deliberation...” (Thucydides, “Funeral Oration of Pericles,” The Peloponnesian War).

3) “Upwards and downwards, from age to age, the cycles of the universe follow their unchanging round” (Marcus Aurelius, Meditations IX 28, 167 CE.)

4) “Survey the circling stars, as though yourself were in midcourse with them” (VII, 47).

5) “The soul attains her perfectly rounded form when she is neither straining out after something nor shrinking back into herself...but is bathed in a radiance which reveals her to the world and herself in their true colours” (XI, 12).

6) “I have a city, and I have a country; as Marcus I have Rome, and as a human being I have the universe; what is beneficial to these communities is the sole good for me” (VI, 44).

7) “Spaced around a circular tray were the twelve signs of the zodiac, and over each sign the chef had put the most appropriate food. Thus, over the sign of the Aries were chickpeas. Over Taurus a slice of beef, a pair of testicles and kidneys over Gemini, a wreath of flowers over Cancer, over Leo an African fig, virgin sowbelly over Virgo, over Libra a pair of scales with a tartlet in one pan and a cheesecake in the other, over Scorpio a crawfish, a lobster on Capricorn, on Aquarius a goose, and two mullets over the sign of the Fishes. ...the whole thing surmounted by a fat honeycomb.” (Petronius, *Satyricon* “Dinner with Trimalchio”)

8) “Time ... is never all present at once. The past is always driven on by the future, the future always follows on the heels of the past” (St. Augustine, Confessions, XI, 11).