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Bathtubs historically, these signifiers are always extremely vague, dubious and unmanageable.

We reconstruct, we make every city a little in the image of the ship, Argo, whose every piece was no longer the original piece but which still remained the ship, Argo, that is, a set of significations easily readable and recognizable. In this attempt at a semantic approach to the city we should try to understand the play of signs, to understand that any city is a structure, but that we must never try and we must never want to fill in this structure.

For the city is a poem, as has often been said and as Hugo said better than anyone else, but it is not a classical poem, a poem tidily centred on a subject. It is a poem which unburdens the signifier and it is this unblocking that ultimately the semiology of the city should try to grasp and make sing.

NOTES
1 Lecture given on 16 May 1967, under the sponsorship of the Institut Français, the Institute of the History of Architecture at the University of Naples, published in Op Cit., 10 (1967).
2 Document the word used by certain geographers to designate the inhabited world or as inhabited region. The Greek word means all the inhabited world.

THE EIFFEL TOWER

Maupassant often lunched at the restaurant in the tower, though he didn’t care much for the food: ’it’s the only place in Paris’, he used to say, ’where I don’t have to see it.’ And it’s true that you must take endless precautions, in Paris, not to see the Eiffel Tower; whatever the season, through mist and cloud, on overcast days or in sunshine, in rain - wherever you are, whatever the landscape of roofs, domes, or branches separating you from it, the Tower is there, incorporated into daily life until you can no longer grant it any specific attribute, determined merely to persist, like a rock or the river, it is as literal as a phenomenon of nature whose meaning can be questioned to infinity but whose existence is incontestable. There is virtually no Parisian grace it fails to touch at some time of day; at the moment I begin writing these lines about it, the Tower is there, in front of me, framed by my window; and at the very moment the January night blues it, apparently trying to make it invisible, to deny its presence, two little lights come on, Winking gently as they revolve as if very tiny: all this night, too, it will be there, connecting me above Paris to each of my friends that I know are seeing it, wish we all comprise a shifting figure of which it is the steady centre: the Tower is friendly.

The Tower is also present to the entire world. First of all as a universal symbol of Paris, it is everywhere on the globe where Paris is to be stated as the image; from the Midwest to Australia, there is no journey to France which is made, somehow, in the Tower’s name, no schoolbook, postcard, film about France which fails to propose it as the major sign of a people and of a place it belongs to the universal language of travel. Further: beyond its strictly Parisian statement, it touches the most general human image-expertise: its simple primary shape confers upon according to the appeals of communication, of science, phallic, lighting in dreams, it is the invisible it compelled to encounter in its acknowledge its form and is hand, in other words your: will appeal, reduced to that: the poet says, base and sum.

This pure - virtually empty - thing. In order to negate the chase, for this symbol offends on it and, so to speak, ident only one not to know his one total optical system of which this movement which seems object when we look at it, it now constitutes as an object, that Paris which just now was a glance which is seen, it is a no function, no voice (as we defective. This dialectic of not: monument; for the world eye, camera or eye) intends sight, what see being mythical theme of the viewer), or else is, in the pure passivity of the eye) transgresses this epa seen, it achieves a sovereign complete object which has, if position in the order of perception, the Tower extrasensory meaning in all lower degrees of significations, it is a form in which men unconsc from their knowledge, their thereby ever being finite and change humanity tomorrow? But that and something of humanity its circuit of functions which pertains much more than the Eiffel Tower.

In order to satisfy this great triumphal flight that the Town insignity has always been obscure, fictitious and inadmissible. Even, which, it was believed a lot in the spirit of a period of: optimism of great bourgeois...
primary shape confers upon it the vocation of an infinite cipher: in turn and according to the appeal of our imagination, the symbol of Paris, of modernity, of communication, of science or of the nineteenth century, rocket, stem, derrick, phallus, lightning rod or insect, confronting the great itineraries of our dreams, it is the inevitable sign; just as there is no Parisian glance which is not compelled to encounter it, there is no fantasy which fails, sooner or later, to acknowledge its form and to be nourished by it; pick up a pebble and let your hand, in other words your thoughts, wander, and it is often the Tower which will appear, reduced to that simple line whose sole mythic function is to join, as the poet says, "bas et sommets, or again, earth and heaven."

This pure — virtually empty — sign is indestructible, because it means everything. In order to negate the Eiffel Tower (though the temptation to do so is rare, for this symbol offends nothing in us), you must, like Maupassant, get up on it and so, to speak, identify yourself with it. Like man himself, who is the only one not to know his own glance, the Tower is the only blind point of the total optical system of which it is the centre and Paris the circumference. But in this movement which seems to limit it, the Tower acquires a new power: an object when we look at it, it becomes a lookout in its turn when we visit it, and now constitutes as an object, simultaneously extended and collected beneath it, that Paris which just now was looking at it. The Tower is an object which sees, a glance which is seen; it is a complete verb, both active and passive, in which no function, no noise (as we say in grammar, with a piquant ambiguity) is defective. This diachronic is not in the least banal, it makes the Tower a singular monument; for the world ordinarily produces either purely functional organisms (camera or eye) intended to see things but which afford nothing to sight, what sees being mythically linked to what remains hidden (this is the theme of the voyeur), or else spectacles which themselves are blind and are left in the pure passivity of the visible. The Tower (and this is one of its mythic powers) transgresses this separation, this habitual divorce of seeing and being seen, it achieves a sovereign circulation between the two functions; it is a composite object which has, if one may say so, both sexes of sight. This radiant position in the order of perception gives it a prodigious propensity to meaning: the Tower attracts meaning the way a lightning rod attracts thunderbolts; for all lovers of signification, it plays a glamorous part, that of a pure signifier, i.e. of a form in which men unceasingly yet meaningfully (which they extract as will from their knowledge, their dreams, their history), without this meaning thereby ever being finite and fixed: who can say what the Tower will be for humanity tomorrow? But there can be no doubt it will always be something, and something of humanity itself. Glance, object, symbol, such is the infinite circuit of functions which permits it always to be something other and something much more than the Eiffel Tower.

In order to satisfy this great onetic function, which makes it into a kind of total monument, the Tower must escape reason. The first condition of this victorious flight is that the Tower be an utterly useless monument. The Tower's insubility has always been obscurely felt to be a scandal, i.e. a truth, one that is precious and inadmissible. Even when it is built, it will always have been useless, which, it was believed at the time, was sufficient to condemn it; it was not in the spirit of a period commonly dedicated to rationality and to the empiricism of great bourgeois enterprises to endure the notion of a useless
Barthes object (unless it was declaratively un objet d'art, which was also unthinkable in relation to the Tower); hence Guiseppe Eiffel, in his own defence of his project in reply to the Artists' Petition, scrupulously lists all the future uses of the Tower: they are all, as we might expect of an engineer, scientific: uses aerodynamic measurements, studies of the resistance of substances, physiology of the climber, radio-electric research, problems of telecommunication, meteorological observations, etc. These uses are doubtless incontestable, but they seem quite ridiculous alongside the overwhelming myth of the Tower, of the human meaning which it has acquired throughout the world. This is because here the utilitarian excuses, however embodied they may be by the myth of Science, are nothing in comparison to the great imaginary function which enables men to be strictly human. Yet, as always, the gratuitous meaning of the work is never avoided directly; it is rationalized under the rubric of use: Eiffel saw his Tower in the form of a serious object, rational, useful; now return to it in the form of a great 'aeroupe dream which quite naturally touches on the borders of the irrational'.

This double movement is a profound one: architecture is always dream and function, expression of a unique and instrument of a convenience. Even before the Tower's birth, the nineteenth century (especially in America and in England) had often dreamed of structures whose height would be astonishing, for the century was given to technologioal feats, and the conquest of the sky once again preyed upon humanity. In 1851, shortly before the Tower, a French architect had elaborated the project of a sun tower; now this project, quite real technologically, since it relied on mehanauty and not on steel, also put itself under the warrant of a thoroughly empirical utility; on the other hand, a benefic paced on top of the structure was to illuminate the darkness of every nook and cranny in Paris by a system of mirrors (a system that was undoubtedly a complex one). and on the other, the last story of this sun tower (about 3,000 feet, like the Eiffel Tower) was to be reserved for a kind of sunroom, in which invalids would benefit from an air 'as pure as in the mountains'. And yet, here as in the case of the Tower, the naive utilitarianism of the enterprise is not separate from the cosmic, infinitely powerful function which, actually, inspires an creation; use never does anything but shelter meaning. Hence we might speak, among men, of a true Babel complex: Babel was supposed to serve to communicate with God, and yet Babel is a dream which touches much greater depths than that of the theological project; and just as this great ascensional dream, released from its utilitarian prop, is finally what remains in the countless Babels represented by the painters, at if the function of art were to reveal the profound uselessness of objects, just so the Tower, almost immediately disembogged from the scientific considerations which had authorized its birth (it matters very little here that the Tower should be in fact useful), has arisen from a great human dream in which movable and infinite meanings are mingled: it has reconquered the basic uselessness which makes it live in men's imagination. At first, it was sought - so paradoxical is the notion of an empty monument - to make it into a 'repository of Science', but this is only a metaphor; as a matter of fact, the Tower is nothing, it achieves a kind of zero degree of the monument; it participates in no cult, even in Art, you cannot visit the Tower as a museum: there is nothing to see inside the Tower. This empty monument nevertheless receives each year twice as many visitors as the Louvre and considerably more than the largest movie house in Paris.

THE EIFFEL TOW

Then why do we visit the dream of which it is (and is the true object. The Tower is so run around its course profound, to accede to a true openwork one), to trans of the intelligence. It is the before passing in conceit which is its final meaning. The Tower looks at Paris balcony in order to perceive. And here again, the Tower outlooks upon nature, whose beneath them, so that the metaphor. Whereas the Tower very position of a visioned, nature, it constitutes the frequently grim urban myl is, starting from it, the city, offered to the curiosity of; the rivers. To visit the Tower Sacred, is as the case for the nature, that of human sweep culture, but rather an intent that glance which transforms: One might say that for which has had its first exp the great books to achieve execution). The nineteenth instead two works in which received the guarantee of a book, the chapter of Nono devoted to a birds-eye vs chronologie. Now, what one of Paris, the other of It that to the marvellous mis incomparable power of Art the Tower can assume as is not only to perceive; this is the past, to travel (we may of Rousseau) was to be the kind of tidal wave of things our romantic writers as if Tower and the birth of art things in their structure. It intellectualist mode, which mark out (even in the same and France become under the Tower intelligible obj
Then why do we visit the Eiffel Tower? No doubt in order to participate in a rite of which it is (and this is its originality) much more the crystallizer than the true object. The Tower is not a usual spectacle; to enter the Tower, to scale it, to run around its courses, is, in a manner both more elementary and more profound, to accede to a view and to explore the immensity of an object (through an openwork one), to transform the touristic rite into an adventure of sight and of the intelligence. It is this double function I should like to speak of briefly, before passing in conclusion to the major symbolic function of the Tower, which is its final meaning.

The Tower looks at Paris. To visit the Tower is to get oneself up onto the balcony in order to perceive, comprehend and savour a certain essence of Paris. And here again, the Tower is an original monument. Habitually, believers are overturns upon nature, whose elements - waters, valleys, forests - they assemble beneath them, so that the tourism of the "line view" infallibly implies a naturalist mythology. Whereas the Tower overlooks not nature but the city; and yet, by its very position of a visited overlook, the Tower makes the city into a kind of nature; it constitutes the swarming of men into a landscape, it adds to the frequently grim urban myth a romantic dimension, a harmony, a mitigation; by it, starting from it, the city joins up with the great natural themes which are offered to the curiosity of men: the ocean, the storm, the mountains, the snow, the rivers. To visit the Tower, then, is to enter into contact not with a historical sacred, as is the case for the majority of monuments, but rather with a new nature, that of human space: the Tower is not a trace, a souvenir, in short's culture, but rather an immediate consumption of a humanity made natural by that glance which transforms it into space.

One might say that for this reason the Tower materializes an imagination which has had its first expression in literature (it is frequently the function of the great books to achieve in advance what technology will merely put into execution). The nineteenth century, fifty years before the Tower, produced indeed two works in which the (perhaps very old) fantasy of a panoramic vision received the guarantee of a major poetic writing (Decadence). These are, on the one hand, the chapter of Notre-Dame de Paris (The Hunchback of Notre Dame) devoted to a bird's-eye view of Paris, and on the other, Michèle's Tableau chronologique. Now, what is admirable in these two great inclusive visions, one of Paris, the other of France, is that Hugo and Michèle clearly understood that to the marvelous mitigation of altitude the panoramic vision added an incomparable power of inattention. The bird's-eye view, which each visitor to the Tower can assume in an instant for his own, gives us the world to read and not only to perceive; this is why it corresponds to a new sensibility of vision; in the past, to travel (we may recall certain admirable, moreover - promenades of Rousseau) was to be thrust into the midst of sensation, to perceive only a kind of tidal wave of things; the bird's-eye view, on the contrary, represented by our romantic writers as it they had anticipated both the construction of the Tower and the birth of aviation, permits us to transcend sensation and to see things in their structure. Hence it is the advent of a new perception, of an intellectualist mode, which these literatures and these architectures of vision mark out (born in the same century and probably from the same history): Paris and France become under Hugo's pen and Michèle's (and under the glance of the Tower) intelligible objects, yet without - and this is what is new - losing
great moments immediately). The first is that of panoramic view which barely emerged in a visitor would have had his: some scattered slits, the Eiffel Tower and two blue then to his left, bordering conversely, the traveller who eminent, is foggy weather. The Eiffel Tower from a liquid base. It has been, so to speak, a symbolic Tower is partly built on it: the cathedral of Pa
e so his position is: the present, of stone, old as the moment that can be read experienced by French school of every schoolboy memory, UNESCO, the radio-Télé of Paris, in its duration abstract canvas in which the white: Once these points of view, the top of the Tower, the imagi

parisian topography: struggles with your perception, and in a sense, that is what intelligence is to reconstruct, to make memory and sensation co-exist and produce in your mind a simulacrum of Paris, of which the elements are in front of you, real, ancestral, but nonetheless disoriented by the total space in which they are given to you, for this space was unknown to you. Hence we approach the complex, diaphanous nature of all panoramic vision: on the one hand, it is a euphoric vision, for it can slide slowly, lightly the entire length of a continuous image of Paris, and initially no accident manages to jostle this great layer of mineral and vegetal strata, perceived in the distance in the bliss of altitude; but, on the other hand, this very continuity engenders the mind in a constant struggle, it seeks to decipher, we must find signs within it, a familiarity proceeding from history and from myth. This is why a panorama can never be consumed as a work of art, the aesthetic interest of a painting ceasing once we try to recognize it in particular points derived from our knowledge, to say that there is a beauty to Paris stretched out at the feet of the Tower is doubtless to acknowledge this euphoria of aerial vision which recognizes nothing other than a nicely connected space; but it is also to mask the quite intellectual effort of the eye before an object which requires to be divided up, identified, reassembled to memory, for the bliss of sensation (noting happier than a lofty outlook) does not suffice to elude the questioning nature of the mind before any image.

This generally intellectual character of the panoramic view is further attested by the following phenomenon, which Hugo and Stéphane had more over made into the masterpiece of their bird-eye views: to perceive Paris from above is infallibly to imagine a history; from the top of the Tower, the mind finds itself dreaming of the majestic movement of the landscape which it has before its eyes, through the amorphousness of space, it plunges into the mystery of time, less itself be affected by a kind of spontaneous anesthesia: it is duration itself which becomes panoramic. Let us put ourselves back (not difficult task) at the level of an average knowledge, an ordinary question put to the panorama of Paris; from
great moments immediately leap out to our vision, i.e. to our consciousness. The first is that of prehistory; Paris was then covered by a layer of water, out of which barely emerged a few solid points; set on the Tower's first floor, the visitor would have had his nose level with the waves and would have seen only some scattered islets, the Île de la Cité, the Panthéon, a wooded island which was Montmartre and two blue stakes in the distance, the towers of Notre-Dame, then to his left, bordering this huge lake, the slopes of Mont Valérien; and conversely, the traveller who chooses to put himself today on the heights of this eminence, in foggy weather, would see emerging the two upper stories of the Tower from a liquid base. This prehistoric relation of the Tower and the water has been, so to speak, symbolically maintained down to our own days, for the Tower is partly built on a thin arm of the Seine filled in (up to the Rue de l'Université) and it still seems to rise from a gesture of the river whose bridges it guards. The second history which lies before the Tower's gaze is the Middle Ages; Cocteau once said that the Tower was the Notre-Dame of the Left Bank; though the cathedral of Paris is not the highest of the city's monuments (the Invalides, the Panthéon, Sacré-Cœur are higher), it forms with the tower a pair, a symbolic couple, recognized, so to speak, by tourist folklores, which readily reduces Paris to its Tower and its Cathedral: a symbol articulated on the opposition of the past (the Middle Ages always represent a dense time) and the present, of stone, old as the world, and metal, sign of modernity. The third moments that can be read from the Tower is that of a broad history, unfossilized since it proceeds from the Monarchy to the Empire, from the Invalides to the Arc de Triomphe; this is strictly the History of France, as it is experienced by French schoolchildren, and of which many episodes, present in every schoolboy memory, touch Paris. Finally, the Tower surveys a fourth history of Paris, the one which is being made now; certain modern monuments (UNESCO, the Radio-Télévision building) are beginning to set signs of the future within its space; the Tower permits harmonizing these unaccommodated substances (glass, metal), these new forms, with the stones and domes of the past; Paris, in its duration, under the Tower's gaze, composes itself like an abstract canvas in which dark oblongs (derived from a very old past) are contiguous with the white rectangles of modern architecture.

Once these points of history and of space are established by the eye, from the top of the Tower, the imagination continues filling out the Parisian panorama, giving it a structure; but what then intervenes are certain human functions. Like the devil Amonodes, by rising above Paris, the visitor to the Tower has the illusion of rating the enormous lid which covers the private life of millions of human beings; the city then becomes an intimacy whose functions, i.e. whose connections, he deciphers. On the great polar axis, perpendicular to the horizontal curve of the river, three zones are stacked one after the other, as though along a prose body, three functions of human life at the top, at the foot of Montmartre, pleasure; at the centre, around the Opéra, materiality, business, commerce; toward the bottom, at the foot of the Panthéon, knowledge, study; then, to the right and left, enveloping this vital axis like two protective mufts, two large zones of habitation, one residential, the other blue-collar; still farther, two wooded strips, Boulogne and Vincennes. It has been observed that a kind of very old law incites cities to develop toward the west, in the direction of the setting sun; it is on this side that the wealth of the fine neighbourhoods
Barthes proceeds, the eas remaining the site of poverty, the Tower, by its very implantation, seems to forbid this movement discreetly; one might say that it accompanies Paris in this westward shift, which our capital does not escape, and that it even invites the city toward its pole of development, to the south and to the west, where the sun is warmer, thereby participating in that great mythic function which makes every city into a living being: neither brain nor organ, situated a little apart from its vital zones, the Tower is merely the witness, the gaze which discreetly fixes, with its slender signal, the whole structure — geographical, historical, and social — of Paris space. This deciphering of Paris, performed by the Tower’s gaze, is not only an act of the mind, it is also an initiation. To climb the Tower is order to contemplate Paris from it is the equivalent of that first journey, by which the young man from the provinces went up to Paris, in order to conquer the city. At the age of twelve, young Eiffel himself took the diligence from Dijon with his mother and discovered the ‘magic of Paris. The city, a kind of superlative capital, summons up that movement of accession to a superior order of pleasures, of values, of arts and luxuries; it is a kind of precious world of which knowledge makes the man, marks an entrance into a true life of passions and responsibilities; it is this myth — no doubt a very old one — which the trip to the Tower still allows us to suggest; for the tourist who climbs the Tower, however mild he may be, Paris laid out before his eyes by an individual and deliberate act of contemplation is still something of the Paris confronted, defied, possessed by Rastignac. Hence, of all the sites visited by the foreigner or the provincial, the Tower is the first obligatory monument; it is a Gateway, it marks the transition to a knowledge: one must sacrifice to the Tower by a rite of inclusion from which, precisely, the Parisian alone can excuse himself, the Tower is indeed the site which allows one to be incorporated into a race, and when regards Paris, it is the very essence of the capital it gathers up and professes to the foreigner who has paid to it its initiatioal tribute.

From Paris contemplated, we must now work our way back toward the Tower itself, the Tower which will live its life as an object (before being mobilized as a symbol). Ordinarily, for the tourist, every object is full of all an inside, for there is no visit without the exploration of an enclosed space. To visit a church, a museum, a palace is first of all to shut oneself up, to ‘make the rounds’ of an interior, a little in the manner of an owner: every exploration is an appropriation. This tour of the inside corresponds, moreover, to the question raised by the outside: the monument is a riddle, to enter it is to solve, to possess it. Here we recognize in the tourist visit that initial function we have just invoked apropos of the trip to the Tower; the cohort of visitors which is enclosed by a monument and processionaly follows its internal meanders before coming back outside is quite like the craptihy who, in order to accede to the initiate’s status, is obliged to traverse a dark and unfamiliar route within the initiatory edifice. In the religious protocol as in the tourist enterprise, being enclosed is therefore a function of the rite. Here, too, the Tower is a paradoxical object: one cannot be shut up within it since what defines the Tower it its longitudinal form and its open structure. How can you be enclosed within emptiness, how can you visit a line? Yet incontestably the Tower is visited: we linger within it, before using it as an observatory. What is happening? What becomes of the great exploratory function of the inside when it is applied to this empty and depthless non-exterior substance?

In order to understand, doctrinal monument which it what the Tower gives him lookout. On this point, the technical order, the Tower performances, or, if one prefers, the engineer by proxy. These enormity does not astonish pillars in the mineral mass; upright form, whose very and here there is a kind of elevators, quite surprisingly requires that what this me who takes the stairs, the beams, bolts, which makes form, which is consumed by countless segments, interior appearance (the straight I substances), a kind of den level of perception, as in an enlargement, appears to be instead. Thus the Tower as himself into it, a whole appearance of its cost.

The Tower’s second singularly, it constitutes a humble commerce embrace knock-knocks, balconies, rediscover thoroughfares interior space-taking functions, so that its true level of perception, in the myth of the not ambiguous one, for such as with regard to a monument a Christian sentiment (that exalts the familiar, in theatrical representation, a revelation of the most ex pleasures proceeded simulcules because the ceremonial wa to the quotidians. The Tower a commonplace life to deive of a trivial phenomenon he instance (food being the phenomenon corresponds disposed — no constant counterpoint in his pleasure
The Eiffel Tower, by its very implantation, one might say that is a caprice that does not escape, elopement, to the south and setting in that great mystic scene it neither brain nor organ, it is merely the witness, the
 

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Barthes

Tower and depthless monument which might be said to consist entirely of an

exterior substance?

In order to understand how the modern visitor adapts himself to the para-
doxical monument which is offered to his imagination, we need merely observe

what the Tower gives him, insofar as one sees in it an object and no longer a

locus. On this point, the Tower's provisions are of two kinds. The first is of a

technical order; the Tower offers for consmption a certain number of

performances, or, if one prefers, of paradoxes, and the visitor then becomes an

engineer by proxy. These are, first of all, the four bases, and especially (the

exonormy does not astonish) the exaggeeratedly oblique insertion of the metal

pillars in the mineral mass; this obliquity is curious insofar as it gives birth to an

upright form, whose very verticality absorbs its departure in slanting forms, and

here there is a kind of aesthetic challenge for the visitor. Then come the

elevators, quite surprising by their obliquity, for the ordinary imagination

requires that what rises mechanically slide along a vertical axis; and for anyone

who takes the stairs, there is the exhilarating spectacle of all the details, plates,

beams, bolts, which make the Tower, the surprise of seeing how this rectilinear

form, which is crowned in every corner of Paris as a pure line, is composed of

countless segments, interlinked, crossed, divergent: an operation of reducing an

appearance (the straight line) to its contrary reality (a scorpio of broken

substances), a kind of demystification provided by simple enlargement of the

level of perception, as in those photograph which the curve of a lace, by

enlargement, appears to be formed of a thousand tiny squares variously illu-

minated. Thus the Tower-as-object furnishes its observer, provided he insinuates

himself into it, a whole series of paradoxes, the intangible contraction of an

appearance and of its contrary reality.

The Tower's second provision, as an object, is that, despite its technical

singularity, it constitutes a familiar, 'little world'; from the ground level, a whole

humble commerce accompanies its departure: vendors of postcards, souvenirs,

knick-knacks, balloons, toys, sunglasses, herald a commercial life which we

rediscover thoroughly installed on the first platform. Now any commerce has a

space-taming function; selling, buying, exchanging - it is by these simple

gestures that men truly dominate the wildest sites, the most sacred construc-

tions. The myth of the moneylenders driven out of the Temple is actually an

ambiguous one, for such commerce testifies to a kind of affective familiarity

with regard to a monument whose singularity no longer intimidates, and it is by

a Christian sentiment (hence to a certain degree a special cost) that the spiritual

excludes the familiar; in Antiquity, a great religious festival as well as a

theatrical representation, a veritable sacred ceremony, in no way prevented the

revelation of the most everyday gestures, such as eating or drinking; all

pleasures proceeded simultaneously, not by some heedless permissiveness but

because the ceremonial was never savage and certainly offered no contradiction
to the quotidain. The Tower is not a sacred monument, and no taboo can forbid

a commonplace life to develop there, but there can be no question, nonetheless,

of a trivial phenomenon here. The installation of a restaurant on the Tower, for

instance (food being the object of the most symbolic of trades), is a

phenomenon corresponding to a whole meaning of leisure; man always seems

disposed - if no constraints appear to stand in his way - to seek out a kind of

counterpoint in his pleasures: this is what is called comfort. The Eiffel Tower is
Barthes: a comfortable object, and moreover, it is in this that it is an object either very old (analogous, for instance, to the ancient Circus) or very modern (analogous to certain American institutions such as the drive-in movie, in which one can simultaneously enjoy the film, the car, the food and the freshness of the night air). Further, by affording its visitor a whole polyphony of pleasures, from technological wonder to haute cuisine, including the panorama, the Tower ultimately signifies with the essential function of all major human sites: autonomy. The Tower can live on itself: one can dream there, eat there, observe there, understand there, marvel there, shop there, as on an ocean liner (another mystic object that sets children dreaming), one can feel oneself cut off from the world and yet the owner of a world.

Italian semiotician Umberto Eco's interests span the debates about semiology, aesthetics, and Thomas Aquinas. His fictional writing which is

As a semiotician Eco avoids an understanding of meaning. He therefore devalued language, if not then the entire theory on codes. He defied where specific codes refer to the general codes refer to the stress that codes must be of a certain flexibility and a universal understanding of language.

In his article "Functionality," general semiotic theory to the architecture, Eco notes, primarily functional and as does function as a form of the denotative and the connotative - architecture as structure as symbolic object. "Fosses, recovering and substructures for "variable prime."

In the extract "how an E context of the 1967 Expo," extreme examples, in that of their secondary function in buildings than as symbols o