

The Eighteenth  
Century.

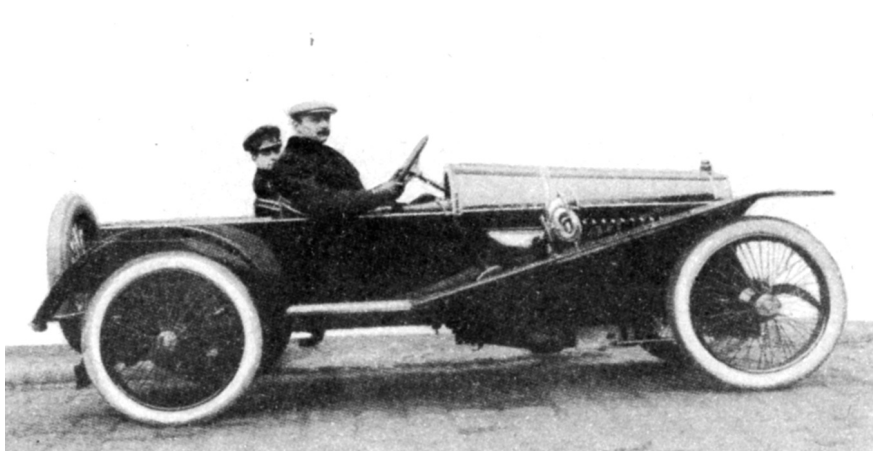
*Machine Politics.*



The far-off dawn of the **twentieth** century was much **sunnier** than that of our **twenty-first**. **City-planning** had progressed, via the **Parisian Beaux Arts**, beyond formalism to a state as **pregnant with iconic sophistication** as that of **Art Theory under Warburg**. We will explore this in **Lecture Thirty-Three 'Living with Robots'**. But **Painting and Sculpture**, in the public realm, had descended to the **catatonic Naturalism of 'Stag at Bay'** or the **Saccharine Striptease of Gustave Moreau**. The **'Stile Pompier'** could only be tolerated through soft-focus lenses. The **rotten politics** that led to **WWI** opened the way to the **political furies** that burnt-out in **WWII**.

Meanwhile, until the days of **Hiroshima and Belsen**, the relationship that was later to be canonised, by **C.P. Snow** in his 1959 **Rede Lecture**, as **"The Two Cultures"** was being **re-worked** by **building on the shoulders of the successes of the 19C**. The reconstruction was directed almost entirely at the **semantic problem of a traditional iconology whose symbolic landscape had remained essentially stable since the 14C Renaissance**. The new **Syntax of cubism** was **brilliantly successful**. But the semantics of a **Western teleology** took diverse forms.

I never had the trouble that **Reyner Banham** ascribes to all of the **Early to mid 20C Architects of note** when he quoted **Corbusier** as saying **"Pour Ledoux c'etait facile - pas des tubes"**. The **Early 20C Moderns** **rejected the complex building services** which the latter half of the 19C had already developed to a high degree. **Gaslight, electric light, water and steam heating, hydraulic and electrical elevators, escalators and travelators, artificial ventilation, telegraphs and telephones** had all made their appearance in buildings **before** the **White Modernism** of the 20C took hold in the 1930's.

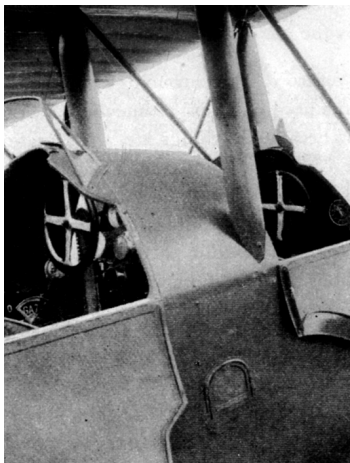


Engineer Amedee Ozenfant driving a 1912 Hispano Suiza with coachwork he designed. Flatcap, moustache, wheels and fresh air. Curious symmetry with Banham opposite - half a century later. Only Banham is now less mechanised, more disguised and mourning the lost primitivism of a the rigorously naked Proto-Modern 'Industrial Vernacular'.



Reyner Banham driving a 1960's Moulton. He would retreat, as his ideas failed, to the Mojave Desert, but with a Stetson. Cue to building with 'authentic' rotten concrete and photon-strafed timber siding.

Which is strange, as Alice might have said, because 'Vers une Architecture' is chock-full of **adulation of biplane bombers, cab-less (wind-in-your hair) automobiles, spray-in-your-face sun-decked ocean liners and sundry pieces of beautiful metal turnery**. Corbusier even eulogises the Parthenon (bleached of its **waxen polychromy** by 2,500 years of blistering photonic bombardment) as made of **"machined steel"**.



Corbusier asks us to admire the 'Farman's' little 'hutch' of wire, steel and canvas. It is **literally 'escapist'**!

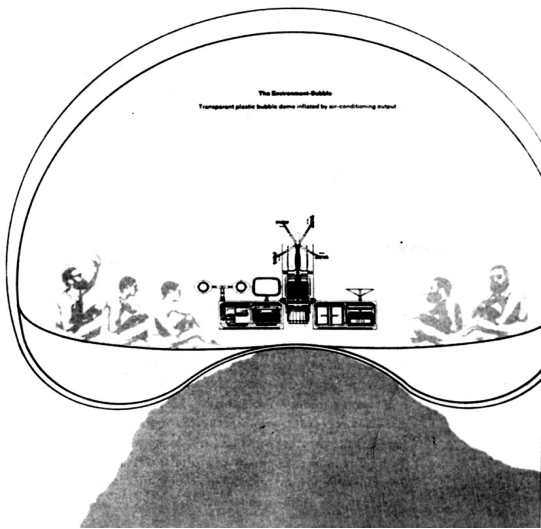
This led me to confirm, what we already discussed in Lectures 6, 7 & 8, that the early 20C **White Modernism** accepted, with the **enthusiasm of conquerors**, the final collapse of the **iconics of Western Architecture**. For this justified its project to invent **'another Architecture'**.

**- L' Architecture Autre.**

But even more 'revealing', in this context, is **White Modernism's rejection of the advances made, during the 19C, in BUILDING SERVICES.**



The Ville Radieuse was never going to be short of fresh air. But what of L'Architecture? All that Corb's 'Moderns' will get of 'Architecture' is this meagre gruel of bent pipes, steel sheet, and white gloss paint.

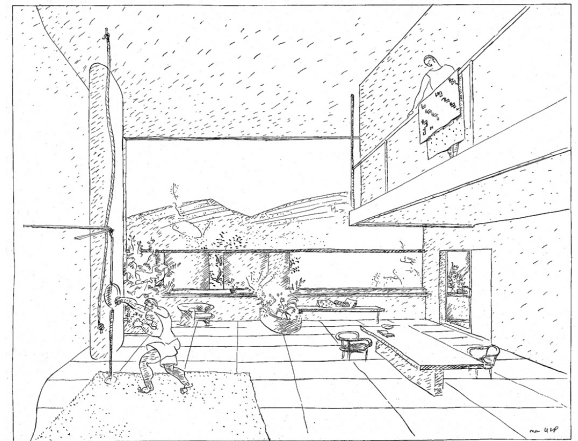


The divinely naked Reyner Banham demonstrating an 'in illo tempore' technophile's abolition of Solidity, Buildings and Politics. Cue to Archigram and B. Fuller's Floating cities "tethered to mountain-tops" (c.f. Lecture Four page 4-9).

reworkings of the Western Architectural Tradition that constituted a major proportion of all the prosperous cities of the Globe prior to World War One. Each of these major 20C tendencies (I explore Decon in Lecture 25: "Fiat Nihil") attempted to escape from the all-too-often iconically decayed corpse of Western Architecture. They wanted one of those oiled and bronzed, semi-nude bodies of the 20C Cult of the Sun.

It was this inconsistency upon which Reyner Banham seized in order to promote the mid-century North European 'High-Tech' style while, in doing so, discrediting their White Modernist parents as well as the whole 9,000 years of of 'Architectural Production' prior to the year 1900. His basic argument was that the development of 'technology' had rendered buildings themselves, as fixed, heavy objects, physically redundant. Who needed them any more, "burdened", as he put it, with their a useless "cultural load"? (whose decipherment was his real job!)

In this, however, he concurred with both the early 20C Moderns, whom he castigated for their mechanophobia, as well as the late 20C Deconstructionists who came into their own after his death. All combined in their visceral dislike of anything like one of the fully machine-serviced yet sophisticated



"You beat the punchball, I'll beat the carpet. After that we'll beat each other." Corbusier's 1928 design for Wannsee. "Espace, soleil, verdure" and boxer-shorts. Hell is concrete 'meubles' and howling gales through the 'immeuble'. This world was a dream of 'balminess without end'.

## Not for them the intricate polychromies of 19C formal dress in a gently-illuminated, well-warmed, cleverly-ventilated, 'Salon'.

All of these movements shared another tendency. It was to avoid 'paint'. They would draw the security humans always need, when they urbanise and make an 'artificial' livespace, from building this out of unplastered and unpainted, 'real' materials. From Stone to Steel, even including the totally synthetic Concrete, everything had to be 'naked'. Everything had to be solid. Not even veneers of the so-called 'natural' materials were allowed. To use these would be to disturb the rock-steady ontic foundation promised by the cult, common since the 18C, of 'Truth to Materials'.

**AND THIS, AS ALICE MIGHT ALSO HAVE SAID, WAS STRANGE.**

For it was at the very beginning of the 20C that it was established by Physics, and widely disseminated, that there was no such thing as 'solidity' at all. Matter, strictly according to progressive Physics, was hardly 'there' at all. Matter in the sense registered by Architectural Design, was a dimension of little interest to Physicists. It was answerable only to Humans. In short the cults of Natural Materials, Solidity and Nakedness, not to mention those of 'Truth to Structure' were nothing more than mainly 18C, Enlightenment, debris left behind by the Western (Stile Pompier) Iconic Collapse. The 20C has, as is plain now to see, suffered the most conceptually degraded iconic culture ever to rule the West.



Corbusier's 'beton brut' at Chandigarh was an affront to a culture replete with building craftsmen. It stands as a monument to Corbusier's, as with Lutyens', failure to assimilate any of the iconic culture AT ALL of the subcontinent. The West could assimilate machine-forms. But it could not assimilate either Vedic or Mogul iconics to the point at which they become relevant to a Modern Architecture. Another huge failure.

Perhaps it should surprise no-one that this **absolute degradation** was rather well, and rather widely, understood at the end of WWII. **The opinion of my generation of Students - 1955-1960** - was that the **eternally sunlit, White (semi-naked athletes in boxer-shorts) Modernism of the 1930's was no longer credible**. The Night of Hiroshima and Belsen had reminded us that half of every human life is spent on the sunless side of the globe.

## Darkness existed too.

*Something more, something 'deeper' something more **viscerally and intellectually reliable** was needed as a model for the human lifespan than a **cafe-balcony overlooking a motorway through a denatured 'park'**. We searched, in the Fifties and Sixties, for a city-planning technique much harder, much steelier, much more certainly effective, than the Raoul Dufy images of the **Ville Radieuse** and its **Lucio Costa, Oscar Niemeyer fallout**.*

IT WAS NEVER FOUND. LOUIS KAHN BUILT ITS FUNERARY MONUMENTS, VENTURI TURNED IT INTO A JOLLY FARCE AND LEO KRIER'S EPICENE PENMANSHIP DESCRIBED ITS NOSTALGIC PSEUDO-HISTORY.

Meanwhile, **I was delivered** from any very prominent participation in this slow collapse of the post WWII 'semantic' project. The **principal intellectual advantage of the Private Practitioner** is often overlooked. He has to explain his ideas, as such, to **no one**. Provided one performs **one's Professional duties**, and **pays one's staff**, one's **thought**, one's time and one's money (such as it is) **are one own**. **I could spend £100,000's developing inscriptional technologies, buying books and working-up ideas that would seem merely "whimsical" to the iconic illiterates of the 20C**. Nothing is more intellectually constricting than **presenting before adolescent students**, or performing for a **promotion board**, or any other such charade performed for one's **Professional Peers**. **Performing for Clients is always more 'honest'**. **Nothing induces honesty more than ownership**. So I had no need to **'move with the times'** or ever abandon, or compromise, my founding intuitions (of the early 1960's) and subsequent insights. I merely tried, time after time, over the decades, to **'prove' them in action** - what Heidegger calls **"putting ideas to work"**, or what Descartes meant when he asserted that an idea that could not be **"made into a machine"** was no good (or was it no use?). It is much the same with Science.

This is, surely, what is meant by a **'learned profession'**. It is a **caste, open to all** by study and examination, that, while being founded-on and serving a **profound human need**, such as building, has the inclination to devote this activity to a more humane end than the mere making of the sort of **containers that could ship a bulk cargo**. But the penning of essays at this **'humane' level** had **largely ceased by 2010**. Theory had collapsed into the hands of professional writers who were **untrained and unpractised in Architecture**. The Profession, still enthralled by the **tired catch-phrases of the Enlightenment**, had made **practice so complex**, in every department, whether regulatory or physical, that only a **haptic-from-birth** could tolerate the **extreme levels of intellectual boredom and aesthetic stupidity required of the contemporary Practitioner**. When Frank Gehry chose a composition **'modelled-up'** by his studio of freshly-graduated adolescents he accompanied the magic moment with the accolade: **"that looks really dumb"**.

I had been pleased to talk, and learn, from the band of 1950's London Argonauts - **Douglas Stephen, Colin Rowe, James Stirling et. al.**, who pursued the Grail of an **'Architecture Autre'**. I found that, after the early 1960's they **no longer interested me**. If all Architectures, including that of the 20C, could be understood as lying within a **common formal syntax and vocabulary** then the **more interesting problem** was to rationally decipher this peculiar and beautiful language. How was it **structured**, and, above all, what did it **mean**? Only then could one be delivered from, on the one hand, the **idiocy of 'Geniuses'**, and on the other, from the **endless conceptual dullness of the 'Modern Movement'**. Above all, it was clear to me even then, that the **'City' as defined by Jane Jacobs**, would never achieve a **new 'workingness'** with whatever it was that I had learned of this mid-20C Architectural culture.



*The 'Capital' of Leadenhall Market's 'Ordine' has garlanded Ionic horn-tresses. Lloyds of London has 'telescopic' columns (in accordance with its ethos of "shrinking and growing") - but no 'Capital. Its other vertical supports are stainless steel fire-escape stairs and, on its other sides, exposed elevators and stacks of toilet-pods. Leadenhall's columns advertise its 'support' upon the 'Classical' culture of Architecture. Lloyds, in accordance with the ethos of High-Tech, advertises that it is now Technology that mediates Man's fragile lifespan between the realms of a turbulent earth and a monstrous Cosmos.*

# End of the architect?

Change or die, says RIBA Building Futures report that looks at the profession up to 2025

David Rogers

UK architects will have to toughen up and become better businessmen if they are to have any chance of surviving the next 15 years, an RIBA report into the profession says today.

The survey – from RIBA think-tank Building Futures – claims the profession urgently needs to modernise and become more commercial, with too many firms pursuing architecture as a vocation rather than a business.

“It can sometimes seem the long shadow of the gentleman architect still hangs over the profession,” the report said. “To grasp [future] opportunities architects will need

to develop greater financial nous and commercial acumen.”

Architects are also told to brace themselves for an invasion of new foreign firms from Asia and the Far East and the demise of design-led businesses.

Building Futures chairman Dickon Robinson said the UK would be attractive to firms looking to break out of their traditional bases. “We have already US and Australian firms here. Why will the Indians and South Koreans not follow them?”

Bigger multi-disciplinary firms like Aecom will become the norm, the report predicts, while the name “architect” could disappear from firm’s names and be replaced



**“We have US firms here. Why will the Indians and South Koreans not follow them?”**  
Dickon Robinson

by “spatial agencies” and “design houses”.

Robinson added that design-led practices, employing between 50 and 120 people and mainly based in London, would be most at risk from bigger multi-disciplinary outfits because of the types of jobs they did. “They will be squeezed on fees and I’m sure some will be acquired by larger firms,” he said.

But smaller firms of less than a dozen staff are likely to fare better, the report claimed, as they increasingly specialise in offering a bespoke service to local clients.

The RIBA, the report added, would then have to redefine what an architect does “in order to fit better with the 21st century reality of the profession”.

Even star architects are apparently under threat with predictions that luxury fashion houses could design new buildings.

“If Gucci decided to get into tower blocks and hotels, clients might like the idea of a building designed by them,” Robinson said.

The findings were drawn up after a year-long survey which

involved interviewing architects along with engineers, builders and students to find out what the profession will look like by 2025.

The report also notes that since 2008 there has been a 40% reduction in demand for architects’ services in the UK, and predicts architects will branch out into other areas of the construction industry.

“A number of practices we interviewed were planning to formalise the diverse services that they offer,” said the report. It also said too many architects were carrying out pre-project work for free, claiming this would never happen in any other profession.

[READ FULL REPORT AT BDO ONLINE](#)



## Hadid's opera debuts

Zaha Hadid Architects' Guangzhou Opera House in southern China opens today.

The building's “two boulder” design, inspired by river valleys and pebbles in a stream, is intended to complement its site on the

edge of the Pearl River in the city's cultural district.

Inside is a 1,800-seat auditorium with a 300sq m stage, a 400-seat hall, 43 dressing rooms and rehearsal spaces for the ballet, opera and orchestra.

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*A canonic page from Building Design, one of London's two weekly Architectural Sheets. Dickon Robinson, a self-made 'Client-Figure' who understood how to promote himself by organising Architects to do newsworthy competitions with little hope of reward. From these heights he advised my intellectually incapable Profession to abandon the term Architect and fear learning (as if Architecture was a native island invention), from 'foreign firms'. Zaha's House leans over towards its audience of Ghuangzou Opera-Buffs in their tuppenny jeans and tee-shirts. Does the building seek to inarticulately embrace them? Or was there an unnaturally strong wind when its bolts were tightened? Of one thing we can be rather sure. The Citizens of Ghuangzou will never be able to make any 'sense' of this building. They will remain 'alienated' from it and either fear or hate its Owners - possibly both. How is this Communism?*

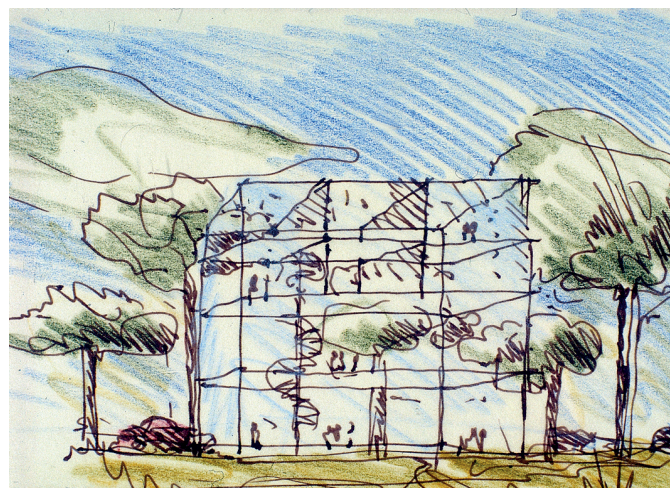
## FREUD'S ARCHAISING SUGGESTS AN 'ANSWER' BEHIND THE DOOR OF THE DARKEST TERRORS.

Pipes and wires seem to be what bugged the Neo-Primitives of 'Architecture Autre' with their Richard Neutra plate glass picture-windows looking over sunblasted cactus-fields. But it can't have been so trivial. I see them, instead, as Sam Lowry the plaintively literate hero of the film Brazil, desperate to remain faceless within an 'abstracted' bureaucracy. I see the Neo-primitive pseudo-Engineers of 'modernist poetics' living in terror lest 'Tuttle', the renegade plumber, unscrew a duct-cover and reveal, writhing in an agony of conflicted, labyrinthine fury, the accumulated capital on which they eke-out their fraudulent lives. What else does this scene reveal except the GUILT of the gutless little Clerk (with his courtly fantasies of True Love), when faced with the furious powers of the life-support machinery built by the labours of the Morlock working class that his Bureau of Information-Processing kept in the squalor of Brazil's 'Concrete Atlantis' of mass-housing megastructures.

The most pernicious style of 'Modernity' was that cloned, 'or crystallised (if the pun be forgiven), from the vitreous inventions of Mies van der Rohe.

It was vicious because it was so easy to mimic.

An early example was the 'cleaned-up' Gordon Bunshaft's Lever House that Peter Smithson christened "Aluminium Folk Art". Miesian-type Modernism was also the least conducive to iconic reverie. Miesianism entirely buries, wiping out of History, the massive complex of machinery needed to allow his buildings to exist even physically, let alone conceptually. The Masters, the 'Eloi' of Wells's 1895 Time Machine story, can sport in the sunlit glades of 'unspoilt' Nature seen through Corbusier-like "pan de verre" glass walls. Not only are these mechanical mediators of 'service' buried, but due to the total transparency, the servant class themselves have nowhere to hide themselves either below-stairs or in the attic. No more can they circulate, secure in their servitor status, down secret corridors and up corkscrewing stairs.



Beginning in the Post WWI 1920's, but not reaching mainstream aesthetics until the Post-WWII USA, Mies simply abolished (well, tabooed - if you like) every aspect of 'man-made' reality by proposing the invisible building. Pas de Tubes - pas du tout. The problems of Politics were solved at a stroke. No 'visible means of support', therefore no 'servant class'. Ergo - No Politics!

Everything that might disturb the Marie Antoinette pastorality is cauterised away by this overpowering illumination, that yet, paradoxically, supports a profoundly 'false' illusion. The Morlocks, the 'Workers' of the Time Machine and the equivalent of the underclass pictured in Lang's 1927 Metropolis, are 'crystallised' into invisibility within their polluted factory-cities.

What has never changed is the way that everything is still buried out of sight in the newly-ranchoused 'sylvan glade' suburbs. The political pusillanimity and the accompanying paranoia that still drives this universal suburbia imposes such huge burdens upon all who participate in it that they must spend a lifetime working, ironically, to pay for the magnified material costs that stem from the unethical denial of the existence of both the mechanics as well as the mechanisms which support their very own complex and brilliant technical culture!

Mies's Architecture, by imposing a total iconic desert throws a cloak of invisibility over both the worker-mechanics and the mechanisms by which they both accumulate and trade their 'work'. This changed, in the 21C, to the extent that the factories are now out on the 'Beltways' isolated by tracts of auto-parking from even their crinkly tin 'big-shed' neighbours - let alone something as unimaginably Olde Worlde as an elegantly-facaded and walkable city street. But when Crystalopolis comes to Downtown with its HighRises', the 'work' that supports the Financiers Playground is still not given any proper 'recognition'.

The film opens as if deliberately dedicated to JOA's Sixth Order!



1. The very first frame of Gilliam's film shows five tubes emerging out of the Ocean and then spreading out over the sky. There is no clue as to what the image means until it is followed by the icon and jungle of 'Central Services'.



2. A salesman says "Hi There! I want to talk to you about Ducts. Do your Ducts seem old fashioned... out of date? Central Services new duct designs are now available in hundreds of different colours." All the T.V.s in a shop-window mimic him. Then a violent explosion follows.



## IT BEGINS WITH A TELEVISION ADVERTISEMENT ENCOURAGING THE VIEWER TO UPGRADE THEIR DOMESTIC DUCTWORK.

The TV screen shows a view of a **promisingly large cylindrical steel duct** leaving the wall and entering the floor. It is accompanied by the promise that 'Central Services' now have these in stock in a range of fashionable colours. The Television then **explodes**. One of the screens, for they turn out to be in a shop window destroyed by a terrorist bomb, is still working. On it the avuncular Minister for Information Retrieval dismisses the 13-year-old terrorist bombing campaign as "**beginners luck**".

3. The only T.V. that remains functioning after the bomb shows an interview with the Minister for Information Retrieval. He is explaining that the Estate of anyone questioned by his Department under the Anti-terrorist legislation (which turns out to include torture - not infrequently to death) will be invoiced to cover the costs of the interrogation. The interviewer tries to puncture the Minister's 'sporting commentator' tone. He reminds him of its thirteen-year length of the terrorist bombing campaign. "Beginners Luck", is the unfazed reply.



The anti-hero, Sam Lowry, is a grey-suited clerk working in the Ministry of Information. Lowry, played by Anthony Price, returns to his apartment to find the air malfunctioning. He opens the refrigerator door and crouches inside, from whence he telephones Central Services. A mechanical voice, registering his call, is his only succour.

4. 'Tuttle' is the Pumber who hates paperwork so much that he only works as a 'renegade' mechanic - outside the official 'Central Services' bureaucratic system. He arrives unannounced and asks what is the matter. Lowry replies that he phoned Central Services because his Air. Con. isn't working. Tuttle explains that they can take days to arrive as they are all bogged down by paperwork. You could die of cold, he advises, if they had not brought a form 27B/6.



Then the door rings and Tuttle, the 'renegade plumber', played by Robert de Niro, who would have been arrested (but for the swatted fly) instead of the shoe-mender **Buttle**, emerges out of the polluted mist and holds a gun to Lowry's head. "This is only because", Tuttle amiably explains, pushing Lowry inside and closing the door, "There are those in Central Services who would **love to get their hands on me**. It could have been a trap". He puts his

5. While speaking he drives a spear of an automatic screwdriver into Lowry's wall. A piece of its dull surface, to Lowry's consternation, comes away. He realises that the whole wall is false, a mere screen covering the machinery that supports his ineffectual life. Lowry, whose whole life is spent inside the Bureacracy, helping Mr. Kurzmann 'fix' mistakes on the Department's computers, is becoming nervous. He asks Tuttle if his

ear to Lowry's walls to check if there is a genuine fault. He flips open a 'combat plumbers' kit of devices and picks a giant auto-screwdriver. He spears Lowry's grey wall, **unscrews four corners and pulls**. A disembowelling follows. A writhing tangle of tubes and pipes vomits out, hanging in pulsating, steaming vitality. Here, in one perfect image, hangs the terrible history of the 20C'.



6. Suddenly, like a disembowelling, a mass of tortured, writhing intestinal tubework bursts, with a flash of light, out from behind the chaste grey walls of Lowry's 'servantless' but mechanically-problematic apartment.

**BEHIND THE BLAND AESTHETIC OF THE ANICONIC LURKS THE VIOLENCE OF WORK**

Here in all of their **synthetic vitality** are the Cartesian 'Machines' that empowered the Western conquest of the globe.

THE 'MIESIAN', **CRYSTAL CITY**, **FORMULA**, THAT BECAME MAINSTREAM MODERNISM DURING THE MID-CENTURY, ENSURED THAT THE DEPENDENCY, OF 'MODERNISM UPON MECHANISM', OF 'CULTURE UPON WORK' SHOULD NEVER BE 'PUBLISHED'.

Hegel theorised Society as the relation between Masters and Slaves. The two are distinguished by the Master's acceptance of death as the price of losing



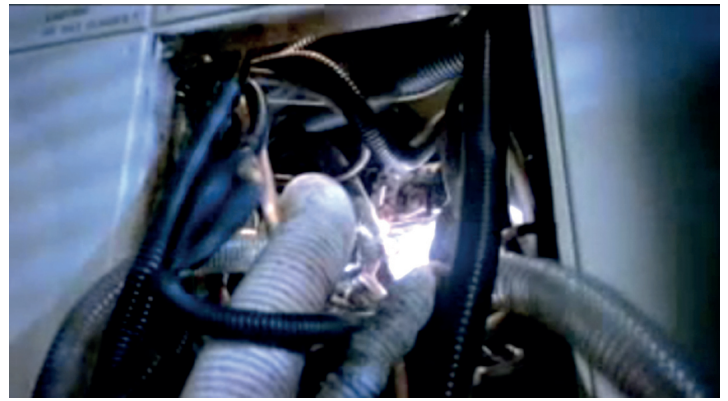
8. Tuttle, the true Master of the situation, waits for all the writhing, fizzing and flashing to die down so that he can 'fix' what is to him merely plumbing'. Lowry, for whom the disembowelling conjures all that he hates of the social war in which he has been cast as a 'masterful' Warrior Buraucrat, recoils in fear and horror.

### FROM WHICH RUNS ANOTHER MAIN PLOT-LINE.

Tuttle is cast as a slave, a plumber and a mere mechanic. But his actions are those of a **Warrior**, a **Master**. Moreover he is willing to die for this status - and does so in a wonderfully mysterious way. He **ennobled himself by rejecting the Bureau**. He becomes a 'Ronin', a **techno-Samurai**, who intercepts calls for help and **rides to the rescue** (or absails the multi-storeys) of even (and I suppose especially), the most miserable and incapable



10. Tuttle emerges tweezering a tiny metallic item. "This is the problem". "Can you fix it?" pleads the dismayed Lowry. "No", replies Tuttle, enjoying the Clerk's mechanical incompetence and unaccustomed discomfiture, "but I can by-pass it".



7. The calm grey walls that previously constituted the insignificant 'background' to Lowry's cosy little apartment are revealed to him as the ultimate nightmare of the 'sensitive literary man' - a ghastly subterraneum of powers he fears he can not, will not, understand.

the fight for mastery. The slave is not so prepared. So the Master is either dead, or victorious and living for pleasure, served by his slaves. The Slave chooses to work. So, as Hegel pointed out, it is the **Slave who changes the world**. Lowry is cast, by his well-connected birth, as a Master. But he is neither interested in mastery, nor dying.

His desire is to love and to be loved.



9. Tuttle dons protective, self-illuminating goggles, and buries his upper torso into what looks, to Lowry, like a nest of agitated, pulsating, angry serpents - or rather furiously rebellious and 'pushy' Servants! To Tuttle they are merely a hastily, cheaply-built assembly of building services, every one of which he perfectly understands.

of the Paper-Pushers. He is a wanted man, not because he bombs T.V. shops, but because he has refused his status as a servitor.

Tuttle dons a pair of menacing optics and buries his head inside the writhing mass of pipes. Emerging with something **inscrutably small** gripped by highly-visible tweezers he announces: "This is the problem".

Lowry gazes-on, entirely uncomprehending. Tuttle is quietly enjoying the Bureaucrat's discomfiture and his **Plumber-power!**

**LOWRY ASKS "CAN YOU FIX IT?"**





11. Tuttle holds up his unofficial, illegal, plumber's by-pass work-around blob-thing. Lowry is fatalistic. He has become an Accessory to an Act of Criminal Plumbing. But, amiable 'drop-out' that he is, he tamely acquiesces.

**TUTTLE RE-DRAWNS HIS PISTOL AND HIDES IN THE BACK OF THE APARTMENT.**

Lowry informs the Red Plumbers that the air conditioning has "fixed itself". Bob Hoskins, playing his 'cockney gangster' persona (now transformed into a Unionised Worker), advises Lowry that:

**"AIRCONDITIONING DOES NOT "FIX ITSELF" - SIR".**



13. Two Central Services Mechanics. The Lead Mechanic enquires: "You rang Sir"? His Union-imposed 'mate', echoes: "You rang Sir?" Sam Lowry protests apologetically: "You should not have troubled. It's quite all right. The Airconditioning is fixed". "How do you mean 'fixed'?" one of the two Red Plumbers asks, threateningly. "It fixed itself", Lowry replies, smiling benignly in his most kind and bureaucratically superior manner.

I am reminded of my days, in the late 1960's, working for David Hodges in the the Consultancy of Louis de Soissons. D.H. had been a Guards Officer. I would carry his briefcase to the Meetings which, as the Architect, he chaired. This was in the days before 'Project Managers' had taken the role of 'Lead Consultant'. I never knew him open this briefcase once. He had everything that he needed in his head. He explained that, "In the Guards an Officer is a Gentleman. He never carries a briefcase. Nor does he look under the bonnet of a vehicle".

He produces, dangling from the same giant tweezers, a sort of blue metal aubergine. Lowry realises that he is now an Accessory to the (bureaucratic) crime of an illegal intervention in the mechanic's underworld of Central Services, a world that he is supposed to control as the guarantee of Public Order and the defence against Terrorism and other irregularities.

**Weakly, Lowry says "Yes".**

At that moment another ring on the door introduces two red-boilersuits from the official Central Services. Tuttle seizes the panicking Lowry and manhandles him towards the door.



12. Suddenly the doorbell rings. Both heads swivel round in an ecstasy of alarm. Tuttle pulls his gun suddenly afraid that perhaps, after all, Central Services did set a trap for him. He retreats to the back of the apartment, covering the door with his pistol. Lowry gingerly opens the door to find that it is, as they both now feared ....

Hoskins ruminates to his Union-enforced companion, aka 'Mate', all the while grinning evilly in the direction of their discomfited 'Client", that:

**"HE'S BEEN INTERFERING WITH THE EQUIPMENT".**

All three know that this is not permitted and will be regarded as a crime.



14. The Lead Red Plumber is played by Bob Hoskins in the Cockney Gangster mode he does so well. He replies smiling evilly, "Air conditioning does not fix itself, Sir". Hoskins turns to his mate indicating the trembling Lowry, smiling even more broadly: "He's been interfering with the equipment". His mate, nods, smiling with even more evil glee. "He's been interfering with the Equipment".



15. Lowry makes to close the door but the Red Plumber's Mate slams the door wide and Hoskins marches in, drawing a bead through the jaws of his spanner on the hapless Lowry and saying "shall we have a look then, Sir?" They sense, by Lowry's perspiring and nervous face that they are onto an irregularity amounting to a crime. What makes them even more eager is that it is in the apartment of one of the hated Paper-Pushers.

## Lowry must act. HE USES THE ONLY WEAPON THAT HE HAS.

It is one that he understands and that the Mechanics most fear because, however feebly incompetent in their domain of grubby, oily pipes and tubes, he is still a Bureaucrat holding the power of life and death.



17. The Red Plumber's Mate is thrown into a paroxysm of shuddering which Hoskins has to bring to a halt with sharp blow with his wrench. "Now look what you've done" he accuses Lowry. "Well have you?" calmly enquires Lowry, pleased that at last he has recovered some control over events. "Not, as such", replies Hoskins, shaking his wrench. "But we'll be back", he hisses through clenched teeth. "We'll be back". "I'm sorry", says Lowry as the Red Plumbers barge out, "but I'm a bit of stickler for paperwork".

When Lowry returns to his apartment he finds not a mere plumbing fault but a complete ice age. Red Plumber Number One waves a clipboard at Lowry and tells him it is a Form 822/06 which means that his apartment has been Requisitioned for Maintenance. He no longer lives there. The Plumbers throw Lowry out.

## It is no longer his home.

### OFFICERS COMMAND MEN, NOT MACHINES OR WADS OF PAPER!

Being Lowly Red Mechanics and like David Hodges, the Enemies of Paper, there is a tacit understanding that things might not be as bad as all that. Paperlessness is always preferred by men of action. The Redsuit 'Mate' prevents Lowry from shutting the Front Door. The two move inside to inspect their domain, unaccountably, and almost certainly illegally, 'repaired' by a mere Paper-Pusher. Perhaps the shadow of Tuttle, whom one sees in the back of the shot, lurks unbidden in their imagination.



16. Weakly admitting them, Lowry has to think very quickly lest Tuttle turn it into a Central Services shoot-out - and all in his apartment. He turns to the only weapon in his possession, one whose use he knows well: "Have you, he quietly enquires, got your Form 27B/6?"

He asks "Do you have Form 27B/6?"

The Plumber's Mate begins a delirium tremens.

Everything in Gilliam's films reflects his earlier profession as an animator. The films have the iconic inflation of cartoons. What they lose in underplayed 'Method' acting they gain in iconic clarity. An iconically sophisticated audience, like those of the generations who watch an infinity of television, do not find this offensive.



18. As good as their word, the Red Plumbers return when Lowry is out. So when he returns, Lowry finds his key no longer turns his lock. He pushes his door to find it swings open. His apartment is an unrecognisable ice-forest. Hoskins inflated inside a plastic 'space-suit' shows him a clipboard and announces: "Do you know that this is Sir. It is a Form 822/06. Your apartment has been temporarily requisitioned for maintenance. You no longer live here". The Red Plumber's mate, similarly inflated, manhandles the hapless be-tweeded and be-hatted Bureaucrat out onto the mist-enshrouded concrete access balcony.

When it comes to hats and coats the Man of Words wears a long coat, preferably heavy, grey and tweed. His hat wears a 4"1/2" brim and reads like a halo. His clothes imply a 'hat-check girl' and a 'cloakroom attendant' whose task is to look after these upper-class externals when the Literary Man takes them off to reveal his double-breasted suit, expensive tie, and polished black shoes. The Red Mechanics, in contrast wear boiler suits that can be worn all the time. They are designed



19. Lowry hammers vainly on the door of his 'alienated' home. Then turning his head sees, appearing out of the permanently pea-souper mist, the man who got him into all of this trouble in the first place - the 'heroic' Warrior-Mechanic 'Ronin' Tuttle.

for action and contain pockets and belts for holding their mechanical aids - tools. The exaggerated peaks of the Mechanic's hats demonstrate that they also, are designed primarily as physical tools - to reduce glare. The Mechanic Class also sport a 'livery' in the shape of their overall red hue and a cap-badge. Their livery



20. Tuttle has absailed back into Lowry's disintegrating life. Unsheathing his trusty side-arm, the pump-screddriver, Tuttle unscrews another piece of the hitherto inoffensive 'Architecture'. Lowry approaches gingerly.

gives them the power of their Institution. But it it also badges them as the servants of the power they serve. Lowry, and the class of Bureaucrats are, even more the Servants of the all-powerful Bureacracy. However, it is notable that it is also the costume of the Gentleman of 'Independent Means' - the Free Man. It is curious to note that this this costume of the Gentleman was also



21. Tuttle unclasps a pipe-fixing and asks Lowry to hold into it. Lowry turns away his head and holds his nose. The pipe brims with fresh and animate s\*\*t.

adopted by the highest members of Stalin's Politburo. It establishes that only persons of genuine freedom and servitude to no-one can dress as they please. Even so, such freedom is always a double-edged sword. To accept a role in society, to submit to its mores, gives one access to its protection and powers,. To be entirely



22. Tuttle then unclasps another on the other end of the duct that he has uncovered. Its mouth is clean and clear. He swaps the two pipes over, and opens their respective valves. A gurgling and gulping follows. Tuttle reaches down into the multiple external pockets of his Plumber's Combat battledress and produces a blued steel telescopic periscope. He gives it to Lowry and gestures upward.

outside the social sphere will approach, at its ultimate, the status of the citizen who either declares himself, or is so declared, as so 'outlawed' that he becomes a being who it is legal for anyone to kill. Tuttle, on the other hand is a fully kitted-out Warrior. His balaclave looks like chain mail and he carries tools which can either penetrate human flesh or the equally-unresisting skin of the shapeless and lumpen walls that constitute the 'Brazilian' livespace.



23. Lowry stretches up and looks, with Tuttle's periscope, through a little window. It is set high up to let some sunlight into his apartment without sacrificing his privacy to passers-by on the access-balcony. Lowry giggles, chortling with glee and exclaims "Oh s\*\*t"!

Gilliam's amiable cameo continues, to its (literally) bitter end, its interest in pipes, tubes and the mysteries that lie behind the bland, aniconic, covers to service-ducts. He wraps in amiable farce the subject that ripped Western Europe to pieces, killing millions of innocents, before moving-on to China for a further 21,000,000 under Mao.



24. For that is just what Lowry sees. The two Red Plumbers are 'working' in his destroyed, ice-age apartment. The air hoses that heat and inflate their plastic 'space suits' enter them from behind. This is to avoid them tripping over the hose. But it means that the Red Mechanicists do not notice the s\*\*t, that Tuttle has substituted for air, until it reaches their waists. Lowry sees them frantically trying to unclip their suits. But it is too late and they entirely fill, obscuring their agonised faces (in faeces, can one say!) before bursting with a loud pop and splattering the s\*\*t everywhere.

The Mid-20C Crystal City solution to the problem of a 20C politics which now had, in all countries, to include the 'Mechanical Orders' was as popular as it was unethical. The spread of the Miesian iconography was as rapid as it was global. Its Achilles Heel was, rather poetically, its chief political attraction - its iconic Deserta Cartesia. Crystal City was mind-blowingly dull when designed by the Architects serving the "subdivision industry". For these were, sadly, less literate than the Architectural Classicist who was the real Mies van der Rohe with his Double-breasted Suits, Silk Shirts, Havana Cigars and Thomist apologiae. Mies, in addition,, relied on exquisite materials, like Anatolian Onyx, Roman Travertine and solid bronze that the Suburban Subdividers did not feel could be carried by their rent-strapped Tenants.

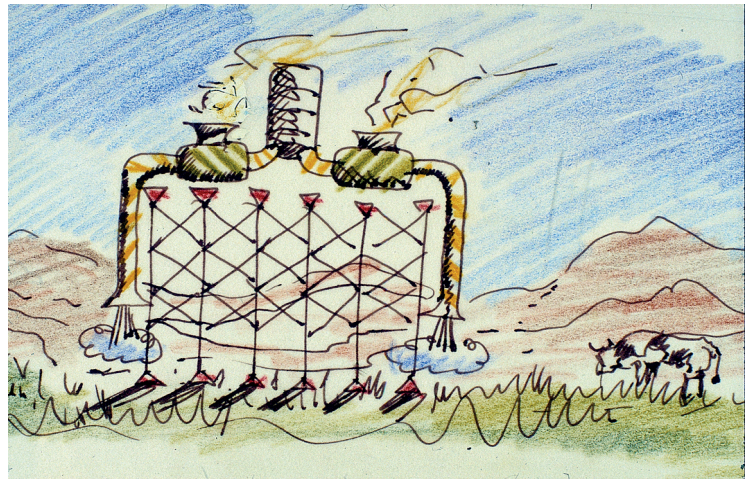
## But succour was not long in arriving.

In Britain, the aniconic dullness of Welfare-Progressive sub-Miesian 'Crystallism' was disturbed by its most prominent advocate when Peter Smithson lectured, in Spring and Summer 1958, to a loyal and small audience of AA and Polytechnic Students. A fevered 'Neo-Expressionism' (as Pevsner anathematised it) broke out that was, at least in England too 'fruity' for local taste - to use the adjective chosen by Peter Cook. What did catch-on, however, was High-Tech.

Britain, in the 1960's finally accepted the disappearance of her Empire.



25. S\*\*t splashes onto the little pane of the window. Tuttle lights his half-smoked cigar. Niro remarks with his inimitable smile: "Now we're all in it together". Lowry, overcome, shares with his Mechanic-Hero a rare moment of happiness at the comical discomfiture of the 'official' world to which he and everyone in 'Brazil' is enslaved. Tuttle absails away and Lowry goes off to fall ever deeper into the maelstrom stirred-up by his 'innocent' craving for romantic love, peace, and happiness without pain or guilt. But neither of them do, in the end, escape from the war between the Men of the Word and the Men of the Hand.



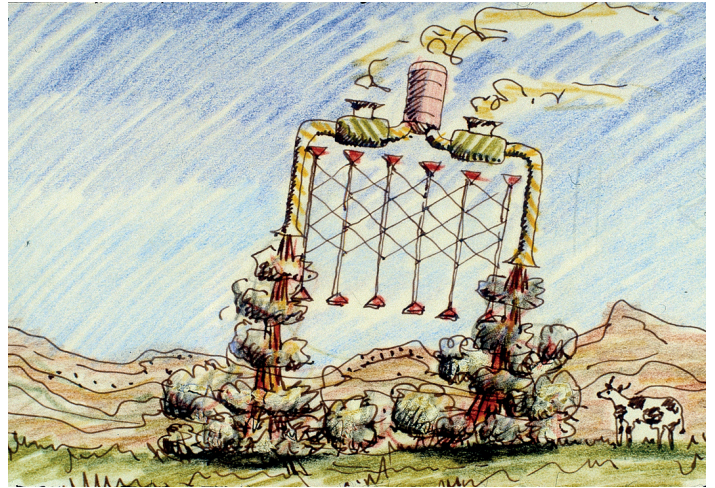
High-Tech seemed to 'tick' all the right political boxes. In Britain, especially, it drew on many deeply-revered Island Myths. Firstly it celebrated the machinery that Britain had used to build her Industrial Revolution and cement her freshly-mourned Empire. Secondly it promoted the Mechanical Class into the 'media' spotlight. The Centre Pompidou was recognised as 'classical architecture' in that it had a collonnade and a row of attractively-shaped, cylindrical, air-conditioning machines whose Entabled skyline would have been previously filled by archaising statues. Thirdly, and this particularly pleased the British, High-Tech was like the Cheshire Cat. First you saw it, then you didn't. High Tech projects liked to publish themselves photographed behind a field of freshly-mown hay. Like the Harrier Jump-jet that was such a British triumph, they seem to have just 'dropped-in'. Conversely this meant that the semi-militarised piece of brilliantly productive hardware could jet off to somewhere else. The Morlocks could have their 15 minutes of fame and then, as with everything in the New Consumerism, get trashed and 'go away'.



The 'Angry Young Men preached the abandonment of all of the long-held values that had been imposed upon the Imperial Working Class - those brave officers and men who spread 'pinkness' over the world.

Kitchen-Sink painting portrayed the servant-less, quasi-proletarian life of the New Meritocracy.

'Let it all hang out', when it became also applied to Architecture, found its most glamorous and upbeat form in High-Tech. It seemed 'politically-correct' in that the Masters were now celebrating the world of the Mechanics. Hanging lifts, ducts, pipes and escape-stairs over the outer walls was surely giving the 'Workers' prime position in the iconography of the street. This High-Tech style also suited the first cohorts of the Architects trained after WWII. For it should be recalled that we had been raised, especially in Britain, in a calculated state of illiteracy. It was thought to be the best sort of inoculation against the sort of thing that might get an innocent young Britisher, unused to the wiles of 'the 'Continent', into the hands of Commies or Neo-Nazis.



4-3-2-1 and away she goes. Our 'Hommage aux Tubes is no more. Honour has been served. The 'Workers' have had their moment in the Media sunshine. The site of all their weird that weird 'WORKER'S STUFF' could be properly rusticated back to that Peace (Piece?), That Passeth Understanding. If buildings were made impermanent, flexible and expendable then the problems of a proper, well-thought-out and permanent (that is 'built'), solution to the political project of the 20C - a City for All - could be both postponed as well as 'consumer-commodified'. High-Tech promised that whole buildings could turned into objects to be manufactured, sold and trashed. But it could not catch-on in the way that Crystal city Mies had done. It was not that its iconographies were trivial. Nobody minded that one of the City's oldest financial institutions felt the need to celebrate that, unlike the Ladies of Versailles, its Dealers needed to crap. The exterior of Lloyds of London is festooned with sheet steel lavatory cubicles. High Tech was just too ludicrously expensive. Few could pay the bill to 'flash' thir lifts and stairs, let alone their toilets.

But at least 'lift-off' made the cows abandon their interminable munchings. Oh, and the cows, as ever with the Sons of Mies (SOM) were always black-and white.

Norman Foster and Richard Rogers were the two high-flyers of High-Tech. Foster's Art Gallery for the John Sainsbury Collection at Norwich University was perfectly photographed from the low angle needed to foreground the Unspoilt Nature (unmown hay) needed to extend the euphemistic myth invented by the Corbusian 'piloti' that one could build without alienating real estate. The building is, in its technical reality, covered in a rubber skin of giant neoprene gaskets. The ribbed aluminium skin, reminiscent of the iconic Junkers trimotor, merely decorates it, hiding the rubber from the eye. The aluminium had to be specially-formulated so that it could be 'drawn' into the moulds necessary to give it the corrugated-aircraft-skin look. Unfortunately, this novel formulation was attacked chemically by the insulating foam blown into the voids inside these rectangular panels. The entire external skin, had, after some years, to be physically replaced. Both Foster, as well as Rogers, and even James Stirling also, have suffered massive technical malfunctions in their projects, costing their insurers millions of pounds. It harmed Stirling, who was judged unemployable in his home market. He was rehabilitated only when he was regarded, abroad, as the best Architect in the World. Foster and Rogers, on the contrary, could do no wrong. To certain critical parts of the British Establishment, their technical failures only added to their status as technological pioneers who went where no Architect had ever gone before.

The Foreign office was thinking on the same lines when it advised, in the 1970's, against a Channel Tunnel, writing that it might allow "Foreign ideas to leak into Britain".

Architects, secure in their subliteracy, put up little resistance to this prescription of politically-prescribed ignorance. It gave room, as well, for the many home-made cults that have traditionally taken the place, within the Anglosphere, of the more orthodox religions. Haptics, who are often the best and most natural Architects and Mechanics, can find text difficult and thinking in words somewhat trying.

High-Tech promised a glorious vision for a proletarian City of Mechanics. Pompidou had shown that its syntax could even be mapped-onto 'classical architecture'. Its problem was that it was heroically expensive. Cutting its budget exposed another weakness. Its semantic was trivial. It amused the haptic breed of Architects, Engineers and Builders to expose their metallurgical skills in fabricating and assembling, hundreds of metres in the air, shiny staircases, elevators and toilet-pods that always needed an incessant cleaning and polishing to keep them flashing in the sun. The argument was that this signed the reliance of the contemporary world on 'Technology'. But it was notable that neither of the 'real' technological superpowers of Russia or the U.S pursued the High Tech style. Could it be that they now had the Battleships whereas London, their old Master, could only dream?

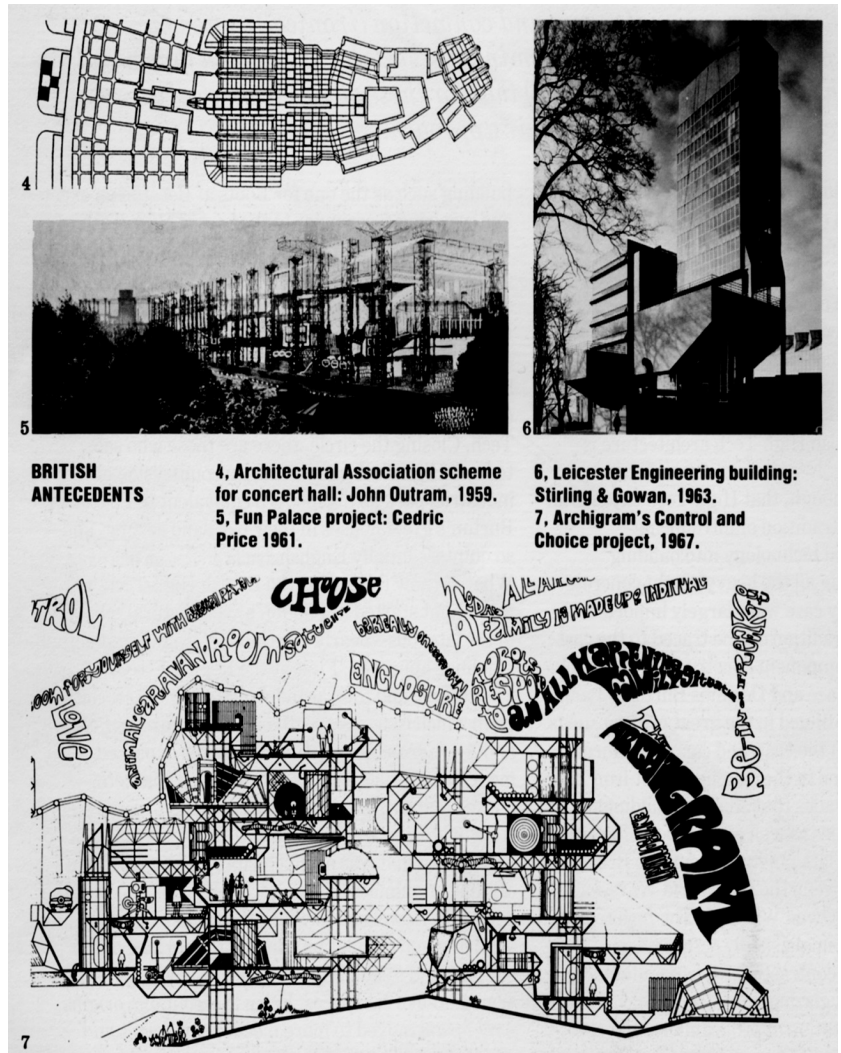
But the Profession, 'creative' as ever, rose to combat the sad myopia of the Accountants and Taxmen.

## They invented 'Deconstruction'.

This was not a native island product. Its origins, like the hardcore early 20C Modernism revealed by Smithson's 1958 lectures, were German and North American. It should not surprise, therefore, to discover that its moral attitude was the same as that of Mies van der Rohe's Crystal City. The 'work' which supported human habitation was nowhere to be seen.

It was replaced by the phenomenon of 'Art'. The epitome of Deconstruction in Architecture, paradoxically, was not any sort of 'critical' activity which, as in philosophy, was aimed at revealing something more of the 'truth'. Deconstructed 'Architecture' aimed to build a merely 'parallel' reality in which buildings were 'taken out of' quotidian, everyday 'reality'.

Everything about Decon contradicted



BRITISH ANTECEDENTS

4, Architectural Association scheme for concert hall: John Outram, 1959.  
5, Fun Palace project: Cedric Price 1961.

6, Leicester Engineering building: Stirling & Gowan, 1963.  
7, Archigram's Control and Choice project, 1967.

Peter Buchanan writing in the July 1983 A.R. charted one of the genealogies of High-Tech from my 1959 4th-year student project for a concert hall. It was inspired by Paul Drake's Expressionist work of 1958, and the aforementioned Smithson lectures. My design was 'Vitalist'. It takes a thief to know one. It is said that Cedric Price's 1961 'Fun Palace' inspired Piano and Rogers's Centre Pompidou. Whether true, the descent is less interesting than the fact that the Price, Foster and Rogers' way of High Tech slowly shed what remained of any internal, spatial 'Architectural syntax and clove to the ideal of the Realtor. This has always been to build a featureless bag of lettable space. So far as the Realtor is concerned, the Architect can put what he likes on the outside, providing he keeps within budget. The more outlandish the 'look' the better the publicity.

Stirling and Gowan's Leicester Engineering was boiler-suited 'Red' Constructivism of the early 20C Russian variety. the Establishment liked it less than Foster and Rogers', Burkean, rounded sexy-shiny. It was all very well to 'trinketise' the tools of the haptic classes, and deliver nice open-floor rent-slab, but Leicester looked aggressively Marxist-Materialist-Functional. So when the Cambridge History Faculty exhibited a serious number of malfunctions the Literati saw their chance to attack. It was saved from demolition by the narrowest of Senate votes. Iconography matters - even with 'materialist' High-Tech - especially when it turns-out to be dysfunctional!

With Archigram the politics became Consumerist, became pure image, lost all 'seriousness' and was never 'built'. Perhaps it was because there were more cost efficient ways of being "naughty but nice".

# reason.

Its most effective Architects reinforced this by **personally denying** every rational attitude to both their **Clients and Users**. Their rude, careless and stand-offish manners only reinforced the certainty that here was yet another delivery from the intractable politics of 'mass' culture. Here was the vision of a world so daft, silly, impractical, useless and poorly-made, in short so entirely and wholly irrational that if one could escape into it (for it was (underneath it all), fully-serviced with electric light, bathrooms and all mod.cons.) then a release from the insupportable reality of the 20c might be on offer.

There were also, in the iconography of Decon, and in its accompanying mythologies, moments which brought the movement of 'Vitalism' to mind.

The **Vitalist** thesis is that the human lifespan has an innate, almost 'living', geometry of its own. As with any 'natural' phenomenon the City-Planner', Architect and



Liebeskind's Student Union building for the North Campus of the London Metropolitan University makes absolutely no gesture of discourse, at any level of banality or cultivation to the older 'Tower Building' of the University. Decon goes out of its way to refuse every means for the Public to judge whether its work is clever or cretinous, witty or moronic. It is, by this measure, radically unethical. For it allows the instigator to do what he likes, the Critic to say what he likes (if he's hyped enough) and the Public to respond as they like. Decon institutionalises illiteracy and unreason as the publicly acceptable face of City-Planning.



"Its not difficult to do, y'know", as David Hodges, one of the Principals I worked for in the late 1960's, said of 'Modernism'. So too, I might say of my little cartoon of Decon, above. How is one to know when the design is 'right' or 'wrong', finished or not yet 'done'?

In the 1990's, Architecture was invaded by tribes of footloose intellectuals - some disinherited by the descent of the culture of the humanities to the level of 'product placement' marketeering. They had scented a large, and patently cultural-fiscal-political territory awash with power and money and entirely void of high-level intellectual theory. Their first act was to outlaw Architecture as it has appeared, as a phenomenon, a medium, and a practice over the previous 9,000 years. Their argument was that any Public, officially-sanctioned, practice, which affected the 'real' world of economics, health, politics and the public purse, which could not justify itself theoretically, before the jury of its intellectual peers and the Public itself, was not admissible to the ethos of the de-mythologised 'open society' of the post-WWII 'West'.

This coup, at one stroke, got rid of Architects and whatever it was that they knew, leaving the field wide open for immigrants from musicology, sociology, pugilism, film stardom, haute couture, etc. etc. - the taxonomy expands exponentially.

even Politician must therefore, in such a case, apply the maxims of Natural Science. We Architects, the haptic go-betweens of the Lifespace Engineering Business, subject to the whims of 'The Chairman's Wife', colour swatches in hand, must suffer to be raised to the status, if not the state, of 'Scientists'. We Architects, who are accustomed to the realpolitik attending the creation of cities, must discipline ourselves to the mere 'study' of the City 'as if' it had been created by some mysterious 'vital agent'.

Then, once the magical formulae are discovered, and duly mathematised, we may only intervene, like snake-charmers, to modestly, yet trickily and cynically, ameliorate (in the manner of white-garbed masseurs at a Health Farm), the inherently toxic "growth and decay" (key Smithsonian catchwords of the 1950's and '60's) of this supposedly alien and inhumanly evil urban corpus.

## A vitalist component may seem to contradict the evident 'wilfulness' of Decon.

How could a 'natural phenomenon' be, at the same time, an unreasonably wilful, and even careless, 'Human Work of Art'? Natural phenomena carry an air of Determinism, while an 'artistic' work of deliberate unreason appears to favour Free Will. In practice, however, such nice distinctions are overshadowed, and ignored, by the quality of Decon that most endears it to the beleaguered administrators of our anarchic Marketocracies.



The 'My Zeil' Shopping in 2004, by Massimiliano Fuksas. in Frankfurt, for the same Client of JOA's 'Snoeptrommel' (Lecture 39): the Netherlands Developers MAB. It serves to illustrate an unusual hybridisation. Fuksas, an unpredictable designer, gives the crystal prism of Mies a 'Deconstructed' centre. The aquiline pediment of a 'classical' block has imploded into the stellar Black Hole of Decon's profound pusillanimity. Was this 'damage' caused by some internal collapse, or was the prism struck by some external projectile that caused it to spirally infarct? The prism itself is also not quite 'finished'. There are vague warpings along the edge of each floor. Its external skin is overlaid with a lattice of 'Diagonals of Denial' - which we will come to in Lecture 24: 'Demolition Derby'. The exception, whose skin is as rectilinear as Mies, appears as a 'later addition', in the shape of the (Archigram-style 'clip-on') Attic floor. In a perimeter-hugging piece of boxy real estate for a big commercial developer, Fuksas inscribes a cast-list of devices that can be 'read', by someone like a Critic, or another Architect, who is 'in the know'.

But Fuksas is also careful to refuse any hint as to the drama that these devices will combine to enact. An infestation of red-hot 'pods' (as in the film Cocoon?) appears on the floor below the balcony-garden. Can they be 'escape capsules' from the Dystopia of Decon?



Both the properties of Decon as Inscrutable Artistry and Decon as Mysterious Nature place the human lifespace out of the reach of that Public Opinion of the 'informed' sort that is putatively required for a self-consciously reasoned Life.

Vitalism, fuelled by Bergson, was lively in the 1930's. It obtained a new lease of life in the 1940's, when it was viewed by the inventors of 'The Redevelopment of Central Areas' as the force behind the undesirable qualities of the Industrial Cities which, all unnoticed, had provided the economic and technical foundations to the now-crumbling British Empire. As I described in Lecture Three 'The end of Urbanity', the 1940's solution was to disembowel the City by forcibly (under the cover of looming atomic war) transporting its already 'blitzed' worker-citizens to suburban 'Estates'.

In the 1950's Vitalism, under the charismatic influence of Alison and Peter Smithson, acquired a more optimistic face. It flew the flag of Cold-War-promoted Free Enterprise Marketeering Anarchy. Vitalism could bring American freewheeling Consumerism to the war-battered 'European' city. The Smithsons showed, by their much-admired 1958 'Hauptstadt Berlin' re-plan how that city's Beaux Arts quadrations, now fatally associated with the excesses of Totalitarian dirigisme, could be overlaid, like a transatlantic skin graft, with the healthy tissue of Vital-istic, pseudo-organic, pop-market muddle.



# But Vitalism's greatest dominance may be judged by the Future to have been in the Literary Architectural Culture of the early 21C.



The famous photograph taken by Herbert Mason on 29 December 1940, of St. Pauls rising above the fire and smoke of the Blitz that destroyed huge areas of the old City of London over which the Cathedral had towered. My father took me, early one misty 1948 Sunday down into the City. Nothing moved on the slippery streets. The great counting-houses came and went through the thick mist as if they were ghosts themselves - pale galleons of Classical limestone floating on the oily calm of a jet-black sea. I have never forgotten it. It was the epitome of a great city - power, wealth, culture, reticence and mystery.

But the London Building Bye-laws, which had enforced this marvel, had already been repealed - with nothing more than 'the Redevelopment of Central Areas' to serve in their place.

**invented Le Jardin Anglais. I will not burden my listener with the endlessness of what can now be digitised, from the heartbeats of pigeons in Trafalgar Square to the laboriously-garnered 'first hand responses' to a psephologists survey. These objective indicators are then 'evaluated', mathematically, by some algorithmic inventions designed to rate them 'qualitatively' (typically on a scale of one to ten) before being, almost literally (judging from the results):-**

## emptied over the building-site.

**The results of this purely objective and enthusiastically 'open-minded' process is believed capable of revealing a certifiably rational, as well as morally 'good', piece of human lifespace-design.**

**There may be occasion, in this extraordinarily protracted, futilely laborious and doggedly pseudo - ethical (untouched by human hand), process for the shapeless heap of the 'Datascap' to be irradiated, at some time, or even many (if not all), times (as I have observed) by the Light of Genius.**

**Natural phenomena carry an air of Determinism, while a work of deliberate unreason appears to favour Free Will. Architectural Vitalism is always the product of ignorance and moral weakness - which may seem strange in an Academic, milieu. But the slow decay to zero of Practical Architectural Theory has lost Architectural Professors their ability to e-ducare - that is to lead youth, by example and discipline, to the necessary curriculum of the Architect.**

**THE VITALIST THESIS OF THE 21C IS THAT THE MYSTERIOUS 'TRUTH' OF THE SPRAWLING INDUSTRIAL MEGALOPOLIS CAN BE CAPTURED, AS BEFITS THE ANGLO PREFERENCE FOR INDUCTION OVER DEDUCTION, BY OBTAINING AN INFINITY OF 'URBAN DATA'.**

**This digital 'quizzing' of the City results in an entity termed 'The Datascap'. Thus its name already holds an analogy to the 'Natural' landscape of the 18C park-makers who**



The 'iconic' view of St. Paul's from the 'cleft' inside One New Change. Land Securities retained for this very large building, Jean Nouvel from Paris to work with Norman Foster from London. Nouvel's design fills up every cubic centimetre of allowable envelope. Its millimetre-thin glass skin helps to harvest the maximum yield from the City-Planner's allowance.



It would be irresponsible of the University Architectural Faculties not to rehearse the generation of this mysterious, and admittedly rare, illumination.

The recent film 'Black Swan' told the story of a young, hard-working and technically brilliant Prima Ballerina. Instead of scripting her to learn the mysteries of expressive technique from her older, more experienced and clearly capable Ballet Master, the film recommended (for the intellectual comfort of the sad illiterates film-makers assume their audiences to be - and which such films enforce), a course of masturbation and club-nights of unaccustomed drink, drugs and random sex. There is nothing more degraded in contemporary culture than mass-media programmes made by the literate for those they believe to be illiterate.

Nouvel's One New Change seen from the Dome of St. Paul's cathedral. This is a true 'Datascape' ie. the shape of merely physical data 'dumped' onto the plot. His design was presented as akin to that of a "Stealth Bomber". This is not as jokey as it might sound. For the St. Pauls' Heights do enforce a kind of 'radar' under which any building, in one of the viewing corridors, must fly. This building, with its Decon Strategy, also escapes the 'radar' of Public Opinion. Nouvel's Building has been successful in getting 'under' this as well. Even the Architectural Critics, usually so eager to please, hate this building. Its external profile is a mere 'cast' - a jelly-mould defined by the plan of the plot and the vagaries of the Architecturally illiterate sight-lines of the St. Pauls' Heights. Nouvel is not the first to discard the opportunity allowed by legislation to build even modernised versions of the small, unlettable ornamental pinnacles and turrets that made London's skyline iconically prolix. Nouvel has flayed naked the raw commercialism of Napoleon's "Nation of Shopkeepers". He has revealed the butchered torso of the 'Square Mile' where, as Albert Richardson said, after building the old F.T. building for Brendan Bracken, "They think of nothing but money"



I drew 'The Blessing of St. Paul's' when designing Bracken House for the Financial Times. The views of St. Paul's Dome are legally preserved from places as far away as Richmond Park in the West, Primrose Hill in the North, and Westminster Bridge to the South. These corridors of restricted height are unrelated to the street-plan. So they can cut across the level facades of the higher buildings permitted to front wider streets. However there is a way to bring 'balance' to a building caught by these oddly sloping and invisible height profiles. It is to rectify its roofline by building (and in a Modernised manner) the sorts of small turrets and pinnacles (which must be unlettable) that one finds on the corners of many blocks constructed before WWII. These pinnacles are allowed to penetrate the St. Pauls Heights. The Architects of the second half of the 20C seldom took up this urbanistically literate loophole. They were too iconically illiterate to know where to begin to invent an 'ornament'.

The young Architect, faced with a similar dilemma, has the benefit, while he is still in the schoolroom, of copying either the most talented designer in the class or some known Architectural 'Star'. For it is strange how, after all of this 'objective' digital processing, the shapeless mass of 'qualified data' arrives at a FORM that is clearly recognisable as one which is 'au courant' at the time. How else would the Professors of this professionally useless, epistemologically unsupportable and ethically amoral process know how to judge that the Student has 'seen' (or is perhaps even capable of emitting) the blessed light of the Designer-Genius?

**A SINGULAR ADVANTAGE ENJOYED BY DECON, WHICH SETS IT SOMEWHAT IN ADVANCE OF THE PREVIOUS FORMALITIES OF 'MODERNISM', IS THAT IT ENABLES ALMOST ANYONE TO BUILD WHATEVER COMES INTO THEIR POLITICALLY OR COMMERCIALY-MOTIVATED IMAGINATIONS.**

**For, just as it is openly refused by the Designers of Decon to judge when any of their designs are 'finished or 'right', let alone concluded, perfected and 'correct', then it follows that it is equally impossible for their designs to be judged by those who stand either inside or outside of the sacred precinct of GENIUS.**



Behind every Decon shambles there lies a rational skeleton-grid-structure of steel columns and beams supporting a concrete floor poured into permanent crinkly-tin forms. One saw this in Gehry's Bilbao and in Hadid's Olympic aquatic centre. Steel has always been corsetry, even for Mies. This is the usual City-of-London electrically-lit and airconditioned 'deep' floorspace. So it has thick floor-plates, filled with piping and tubing. This does not look elegant when it shows at its edge through the glass outer skin. Nouvel's strategy was to continue the glass (which gives max. floorspace), and preserve that Burkean-Babyface new-and-shiny look. Then he sprays it with 'frit' to make it opaque (did I say s\*\*t?). Frit is powdered glass that is then melted into the sheet. Nouvel claims that the colour of the 'frit' visible between his ribbon-windows is a combination of the red brick and creamy stone found in the neighbouring buildings. But what is 'Mud' if it is not the finely divided grains of the local 'rocks'? Part of the ugliness of One New Change is that 50% of its shiny glass wrapping has been sprayed with a 'Mud' that tapers-off indeterminately (very Decon) as it approaches the horizontal strips of clear glass (one cannot call them windows).

It would be reasonable to assume from a late instance of Decon, opened in 2010 at One New Change in the City of London, that the City-Planner, Architects and Developer welcome a form of 'design' that purposefully avoids any sense of being 'right' by any 'standard'. even an intuitive one, that could be known to the Public. For it then follows that the Public, who are not even aware of the ephemeral fashions of this deliberately a-literate 'art-form', have no chance of acquiring any confidence, by the usual methods of critical study, that could help them to support or deny, or even participate-in, the reasoned modification of any development that came down to them, as all large ones must, from above.

The Developer, whether Private, Public, or as is increasingly the case, some blurry combination of the two, is, for the first time within the British City-Planning system since 1947, set free of any arguable constraints, whether imposed by written law, or ad-hoc, but reasoned, public opinion.

For, if the argument be followed it makes no difference what anyone thinks if it is admitted by the designer that the work is deliberately conceived primarily so as to avoid any definitive judgment.

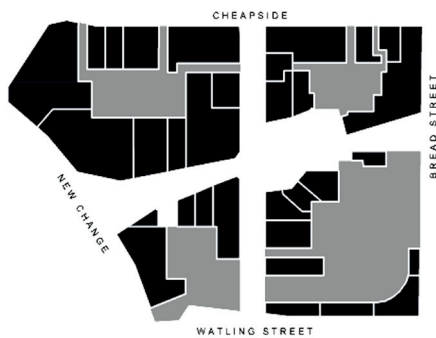
What can one say of the ethics of such a rite of cultural construction but to invoke the judgment of Rem Koolhaas: that we all live together today in his self-styled "Age of Trash"? We all live in this deep s\*\*t together. So let us all give thanks that the blessed lifespaces of Decon have, as with its Miesian and High-Tech predecessors, once again postponed any solution to the puzzle of a City for All, the product of a 'popular culture'. The terrifying prospect of a 'popular politics' are once again 'solved by being avoided', or at least by being reduced to the most abject level of self-imposed dysfunction, pusillanimity and ignorance. The tactic being that as no-one enjoys a life of even modest 'nobility' in this trashed-over City of (Sartrean) 'Mauvais Foi' then there can no longer be a 'them' and 'us' in politics - only an absolute hatred of the subliterate swine who have steadily destroyed the Public Realm and turned us all into pathetic little 'podded-out' Archigram cushicle-dwellers.



This is the reverse view of the 'cleft' shown on page 17-18. Walk down it and turn around to see St. Paul's as shown on page 17-17. There may be a reason why the walls slope and the corners are cleaved off. It is most likely physical and almost certainly trivial. One may stand in this cleft, amongst branded luxury-goods stores used to splash the cash of the Financial Instrument Handlers and gaze up at St. Paul's to wonder how long it will be before even that grand bauble might be bought-and-sold.

Decon is the most ethically corrupt version of Modernism to have yet reached 'established' status.

It renders the Public impotent to critique any of its projects.



22,000 sq. M. of retail over three floors, reading from the top, First, Ground and Basement. This is the first-ever Mall-style shopping centre in the City of London. It has reduced the 'Square Mile' to the status of a Wild-West drive-in suburb. But that is mostly how the 340,000 commuting workers of the City have been forced to live, when they go back home, by 50 years of post-WWII planning policy. When asked by the Guardian newspaper Angela Xerri protested "Not everyone in the City is a Banker. All we (clerks) ever wanted were the High Street (Brands)."

Even the Critics are powerless to affect the onward march of a technique of livespace construction that advertises itself as patently devoid of 'standards'. A well-known Critic even crippled his health, tragically to the point of death, with 'substance' after-burners so that he could elevate his prose to an altitude sufficient to reach the empurpled peaks of pretension exercised by the constellation of Architectural Artist-Stars that occupy, at any one moment, the here-today-and-gone-tomorrow Olympus of Decon.



Looking-out from the shapeless 'cortile' to the pilastered wall of the Cathedral. The 3,000 office workers above the shops will be able to refresh their 'reasons to be cheerful' as they run the gauntlet of its three floors of Retail. The development advertises its green credentials by declaring ultra-high airtightness and an 150M-deep well for their hydraulic heat pump source. One hopes their Engineers know that when the Bazalgete sewers were built, in the 19C, they conducted groundwater away from the footings of St. Paul's, which began to subside! The reality is that the block-deep floorplates ensure hardly a sight of daylight to the 3,000 toiling Mechanicals of Credit - let alone a sniff of London's nice, clean, fresh air. The dismal street-facades would destroy any city, anywhere, as a place to live - yet another act of 'disurbanisation'. What can one do in such a place except sacrifice all working-judgements to maximising personal profit and then burning it off on 'branded' baubles? The Banks and Joint Stock companies of the City of London built and ran the greatest Empire on Earth. The books had to balance, but the culture they entrained had solid values. How could one possibly trust the culture that built this trash with any decisions of importance? It is an advertisement for a politics of some other sort. This is not good news for Britain - an economy that has always been, and is now increasingly, reliant on the 'Masters of the Universe' in the City of London.

**CAN 'ARCHITECTURE' SINK ANY LOWER THAN 'DECON'?**

## BACK IN 1969, I JOINED THE ALTERNATIVE TECHNOLOGY UNIT AT THE ARCHITECTURAL ASSOCIATION.

I was earning my living working for David Hodges of Louis de Soissons and Partners. The Beaux-Arts-trained Louis had recently died and some of the partners had decided to "Go Modern" - beginning somewhere in 'pre-WWII 'white Modern'. I was the first 'university-trained' Architect they had recruited. I was to help them in this adventure. I did a nice little chauffeur's lodge in white mosaic and sliding windows. They were aluminium and ran with condensation like waterfalls. I specified black linoleum floors. The downlighter photons pumped down into its dark depths and disappeared. After that at least part of my lighting designs were wall-washers. Human beings expect light to come in through the walls. My reasons for joining de Soissons were the reverse of theirs for hiring me. The effect was like Longfellow's "Ships that pass in the Night". During my interview in the first floor salon of their Regent's Park Nash House, I noticed the library of antique Architectural Books that the late Louis had collected. I wanted to understand 'Classicism'. This was some little time (as Charles Jencks later remarked), before it became fashionable. I stayed from 1968 to 1974 using my ever extended lunch hours (in lieu of a rise in salary), to study this library. The other reason that I stayed was that I was put to a job no-one much wanted. It was dissecting and repairing the great classical houses around Regent's Park. I studied them by bicycling over and talking to the builders. These beautiful houses are more valuable today than they were when they were built almost 200 years ago. They are made of nothing but brick, wood and plaster. What point is there in the spurious calculations of the 'embodied energy' of building materials when the buildings are so perfect that they are kept for centuries while no one can wait to demolish the subliterate trash built today?

I learned, during this dissection and restitution, how each constructive operation rectified the errors of the previous one. It remained with me as the Rational Sequence of Construction - a lesson never forgotten.

I perfectly recall that the 1969 Alternative Technology Unit at the AA rehearsed many of the devices that are increasingly in use today: solar and wind power, bio-gas generation and so on. My own interest was soil degradation. There was, however, amongst all of this lively ferment, a sense of hopelessness when it came to 'Architecture' as such. Buildings could be insulated, narrowed to admit daylight, half buried, filled with phase-change heat storage, and 'Trombe walls' etc, etc. Indeed JOA were building such mechanisms (in part) a decade later.

There was the sense that 'Architecture' was critical to what we described as a 'Green Culture'.

Yet, being Architects and 'teaching' Architectural Students, we were also aware that we had no idea at all as to how to develop this intuition into a definitely and aggressively positive, even didactic, 'Green Architecture'. Beyond even that there was the sense that we had no idea at all as to how 'Green Values' could effect an artefact as large as a city - even the London in which we all lived, and for my part, loved. We had no answers to the fundamental questions of statecraft. How was a state to derive the revenue to defend itself if it had no trade? Everything invented by the Rational State, since its invention in 15C Italy, seemed to encourage the doom humanity faced. Everything that human beings did used irreplaceable 'resources' and added to the ever-increasing burden of pollution. Our studies spread an ever-deepening despair.

The ultimate conclusion was that the best thing would be to 'do nothing', or even better, just die.

This failure to come up with practical solutions bred a radical divergence. On the one hand the 'right' felt free to pursue the myth of 'Star Wars' leading, partly, to the fall of Communism. As the secretive East opened-up, the Totalitarian Reds were revealed as even worse polluters than the West. The Right believed in Monetarism and Deregulation and the 'Left' believed in 'Dropping-Out' and Anarchy. No one believed in Government, or the State, or 'Dirigisme' at all. Deregulation led to Decon, which we have already examined. The extreme opposite led 'Alternative Technology' into the total rejection of essentially the whole of existing 'Advanced', First-World, 20C culture.

The A.T. Movement became hostile to 'City Life'.

This was partly because of their pessimism with respect to human beings generally. They believed the globe to be over-populated. They also knew that soon, within a few decades, the majority of this population would be urbanised, and incapable of 'living off the land'. Partly, like all millenary movements, they could not understand why human beings would not all be happy reading the bio-gas pressure gauges and oiling the bearings of the panemones. They were, rather generally, Simple-Lifers of an authentically 'Modernist' cast.

Indeed the **Alternative Technology** message, which eventually became very widely adopted, over the next forty years, in the 'haptic' cultures of Northern Europe and the USA, was that this, finally, was the 'real' 20C Modernism shorn of all iconic frivolities. The Earth would be 'saved' by a true Engineers Culture that would set men free in just the way envisaged by Thomas Jefferson when he described his ideal of a "Saxon Democracy of Farmers". Jefferson imagined that if men were enjoined to Agriculture they would talk mainly to God, or at least to the Sky where the more masculine gods have traditionally lived, with their thunderously gruff admonitions.

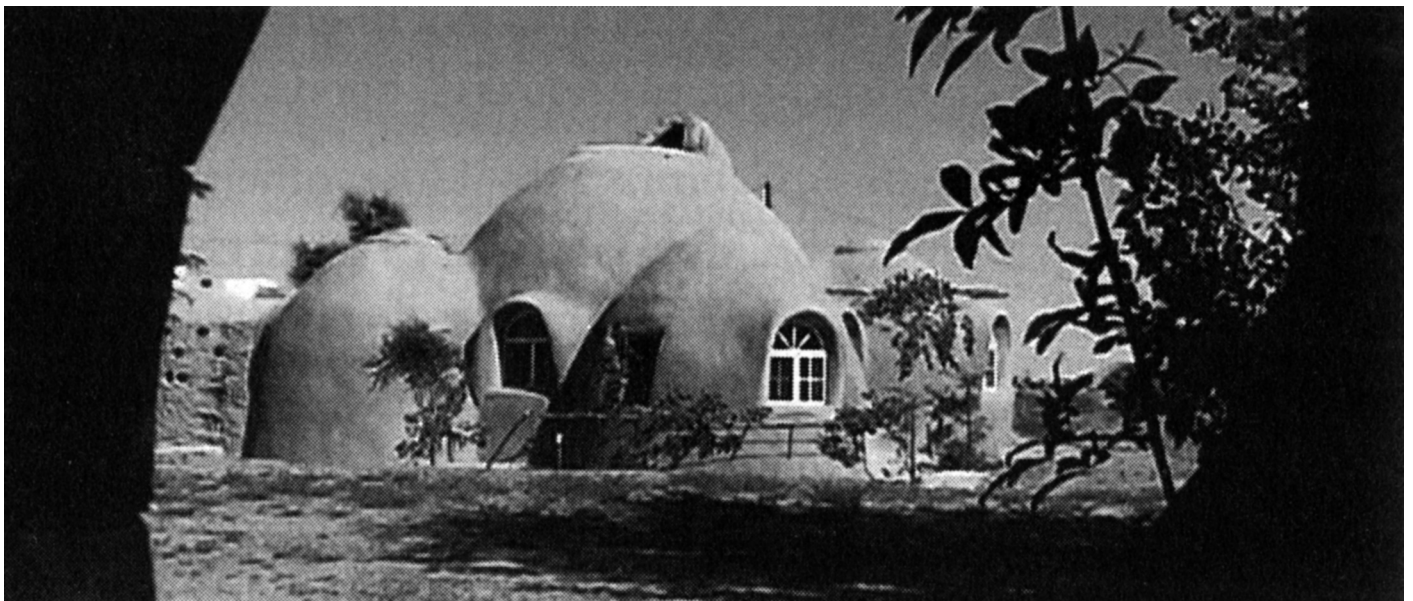
A Saxon Democracy would avoid the tendency humans exhibited of gathering together into communities, and 'becoming corrupted'.

A problem that he did not foresee was that, denied human intercourse, his Settlers, isolated within their one mile square 'Sections' of virgin (terra nullius) forest, started to address realities that did not exist - those home-brewed 'other-worlds' of the do-it-yourself cultures and cults for which the USA became so sadly notorious.

This dream of living-alone in a "garden" mediated by "fine machines", is deeply embedded in the soul of Britain, the furthest islands of Western Eurasia. Privacy is more than a luxury in these islands, it is a 'cult' which was exported to the USA and now a quality which the dominant Anglo-American culture seeks to impose on the globe. The dream that the State could transform into the Free Market, an idea that collapsed so spectacularly in 2007, is but one mechanism of Britain's 'last stop before the Atlantic' Cult of Privacy.

The problem with the AT movement began when AT became LT, or Low Technology. At that moment, what was originally an examination of a material sort begun by scientists like Rachel Carson writing 'Silent Spring', fell into the condition that had sidelined the 20C Architectural Movements described in this Lecture. AT failed to bite the bullet of the Class War. Mies had suppressed it, High Tech had 'let it all hang out', but wanted too high an Invoice. Finally Decon had reduced "Everything to Nothing". AT's 'bright idea' was to reduce Work to such a level of extreme 'dumbness' that anyone and everyone could do it. Simple Work = No (intelligent) Workers. Politics could be abolished.

## A.T. INTO L.T. BECAME THE HANDYMAN'S (DIY) REPUBLIC.



A 'Super-Adobe house on the grounds of the California Earth Architecture Institute. The carcass is built of long sandbags filled with locally-dug 'dirt'. A wind-scoop and an oculus crown the top-lit domes. In the dry climate of Hesperia California, the home of the Institute, the external finish is plastered earth. Wetter climates require wood shingles or other waterproofing. Insulation is not needed in the desert, where thermal mass is beneficial. Insulation needs to be incorporated in colder places. The tubular sandbags are guided to their place via a telescopic trammel. This regulates the plan as well as the internal 'section'. The domes and arches, being massive and held secure entirely by gravity prove extremely stable in earthquakes - for which these buildings are fully certified. The circular forms are also very resistant to flooding. In short the dwelling is inexpensive, if built with 'free labour'(ie. self-built), extremely 'green' in its constructive process and, if considered as 'refugee housing' much more durable than tents. The downside is that, even with all of these advantages, no one has yet commissioned Cal-Earth, during its 20 years of working, to build a city, town or even village of its Domes. This 'Architecture' illustrates the Achilles Heel of A.T. A building is more than a purely physical phenomenon. If it is to satisfy the cultural needs of Society, today of all times, it must be capable not only of Green-ness, but of Urbanity and everything which that long-lost phenomenon connotes.

**Urbanity**, rather than mere 'urbanisation', means that the **human lifespace** is **deliberately inscribed** with the **constitution** (both Political, Economic and, indeed, 'Ontic'), of the Society that has **built it**, **lives** in it, **understands** it and uses it to **instruct** those who 'come-into' it, either through birth or immigration. To do this needs the employment of the **9,000-year-old tool** of an **Architectural Order**.

*The Order that JOA developed has specifically novel qualities which make it appropriate to this moment in Time. Firstly it is the only Order to be exclusively emplotted with Humanity as its Agent. Its upward 'horizons' narrate the Phylogeny and Ontogeny of Man. Our 20C disasters have not been wars between Titans and Olympians, but between men. Secondly it is the first to be inscribed with the idea of Thought as its Capital. For these have been wars between Ideologies. Thirdly it has offered a 'synthesis', or resolution, of the Class War. For these have been wars, which continue to this day, between kinds and qualities of men.*

Such a 'resolution' was built-into the **Sixth Order** from its very **earliest** beginnings. But, after listening to this **Lecture Eighteen**, or, better still, **living through most of the 20C**, why should that be a surprise? For it was precisely the slight whisper of the **nobility** of the '**tabooed**' **Columnar Order**, and the **understanding** that it contained the **novel**, and threateningly vital wires and pipes, that attracted every Client to whom JOA proposed it.

**What appealed to them was its direct synthesis of C.P.Snow's "Two Cultures".**

The '**Ducted Column**', as the **1987 P.A. Management Prize** named it, conjoined the new world of the '**Morlock**' **Mechanics** to the old world of the '**Eloi**' **Literati** that this **Lecture** has rehearsed around the very item of '**Ductwork**' in the film '**Brazil**'.

The **Ordine Robotico**, as we jokingly called it then, began as **service-duct** '**architraves**' on each side of the doors of two apartments in 1974-5. These were badged to telegraph their '**Workers**' **viscera**, with **architrave-switches** and the **big brass discs** of the mirror-screws that secured the **wooden duct-covers**. Sadly, my Clients, for these first two essays, in **Year One** of JOA, did not like the beautiful **colours** (which I researched for some **200 hours**), that could have been stained and lacquered into the **white deal timbers**.



*It was while experimenting how to stain and lacquer timber for an apartment inside the house of Mr. & Mrs' George Papadopoulos in Cadogan Square, Belgravia, that I confirmed what Artists have known for centuries. A more vibrant colour is obtained by mixing colours on the canvas than ready-mixed in the tin. By laying coloured glazes over each other one can do the same in Architecture. This took me 200 hours of patient painting to discover - even while accelerating the drying over an electric fire. Even in 1974-5 I was trying to use colour iconically. But I was beaten, and not for the last time, by the rugged 'Naturalism' of this Island's Mythos. Wood is Brown stuff.*

It would not be for the **first time** that I was reminded that **wood**, for far too many people, is **coloured Brown** - and a rather disgusting '**Bierkeller Brown**', as a more sophisticated client called it.

For it is precisely when it becomes **overtly 'iconic'** that the troubles of the **Sixth Order** always begin! The **Ordine Robotico** was acceptable even though it broke (Modern-Architectural) taboos because its 'secret identity' as a **service duct** justified its authenticity within the dominant 20C myth, that Architecture is **nothing more** than the '**Art of Building**'. So let us go now to the **project** whose Client Body-mix was **50% Neo-Classicist** and **50% Iconoclastic Modern**. This, the Cambridge University home of Snow's "Two Cultures" lecture, was where the '**Working Order**' had its **most brilliant explication** - being also the occasion upon which it acquired its name.

# The Judge Business School at Cambridge.

## ***AFTERWORD for the EIGHTEENTH LECTURE: 'MACHINE POLITICS'.***

*It has to be regarded as telling that the final collapse of the Western Traditions in painting and sculpture coincided with the inability of the Architects of the 20C to 'live with' the mechanical advances of the 19C. How was it that the brilliant inventions of early 20C 'abstracted' graphics coincided with the movement in Architecture to abandon every urbane sophistication and pursue the absolute fraud of a Sub-urbia that enjoyed every mechanical facility (as 'discovered by the plumber Tuttle) while pretending that one lived 'the Simple (rustic) Life'?*

*Lecture Eighteen illustrates how this ontic fraud slowly consumed the Architectural Ethics of the 20C. Beginning with Corbusier's cult of the open-air machinery of biplanes and sports cars, not to mention the breezy decks of passenger liners, it soon transformed, at least in the mind of Reyner Banham, into a sub-suburbia of plastic bubbles and naked clones of bearded Sages. High-Tech, ambitious of an even more radical Rusticity, pretended that it could fly-into and jet-out of sites carpeted with unmown hay. None of this could survive the ontic pain of the real landscape of the 'Garden of Ballistics' with its tacky tin and glass boxes plonked into shrubberised car parks.*

*So the next stage was to propose the radical destruction of this collapsed and fraudulent Faux-Rustique in the name of De-Construction. The trick was to design a building that could not be 'denominated'. In this way the Architect could deny his Architecture the status of being recognised, or even being 'cognised' at all. The pointless difficulty of this exercise made its successes instantly recognisable, and its Authors, like Libeskind and Hadid with, in the City of London, Jean Nouvel, into household names.*

*Here we remain, on the threshold of the 21C - with an increasingly artificial and mechanically-mediated urbanity and absolutely no received design for its assimilation into an humane lifespace. For the 'radically-honest' the injunction is to 'let it all hang out'. For the less iconically-subliterate there remains, unmediated by my intellectually-useless and historically-unread Profession, a rather complete disjunction, closely recalling the problems so entertainingly illustrated in Terry Gilliam's film 'Brazil', between 'Man' and his 'Machines'.*

*As a practising Architect my ambition is to solve problems, not examine failures. So I ask the question but choose not to spend time answering it. I leave that to the PhDs of the Meritocracy. The drive of JOA was to invent what should have been invented a century ago, the iconic culture to suit a 'Talking Order'.*

*But before that one must invent an Ordine itself. This we now do in Lecture 19.*