

The FOA -
Third lecture.

Training Camp



The steady growth of the 'green movement', from the no-hoper passivity that I found during the 'first green period' of the late 1960's, to a contemporary dominance so complete that 'carbon footprint reduction' has now replaced every other Architectural criterion to the point that if a building 'looks' old-fashioned (that is if it looks like a building at all), then it will be suspected of environmental criminality. The movement has been a godsend to that Nordic Puritanism which delights to condemn, from a morally superior cult of hair-shirt privation, the cultivation of a metaphysically sophisticated manner of being.

Like many others, I only began to consider the Olympics with seriousness when it was awarded, in mid-2006, to my own city - London. By coincidence this was the time when I also solved the '50-year-old design problem' sketched in Lecture 40. So, in September 2006, while I was still on my 'concrete balcony in Larnaca', I wondered what might be my own response to this new challenge.

My idea, now that I was possessed of the basic idea behind the 'Constant City' was simple. I began by assuming (contrary to the usual English practice) that the whole site would be cleared of its accumulation of centuries of the useful industries which had once made Britain 'Great'. The Olympics had been won by promising the contra-urbane tactic of a 'Park'. I knew that what this meant, in England, was an entirely artificial 'natural landscape' constructed by bulldozers. Few understand the love of the English for fakes, a love buried so deep it appears 'natural'. It is the source of much of what the English call 'humour'. The English, also, have liked shifting muck since they first gave evidence, with Silbury Hill and our Stone-Age hill-forts, of our 'capabilities' (as Mr. Brown would say), in this department. We love our soft little island so much we would rather it grew flowers than industry - like a funeral mound. I felt it safe to assume that the whole 'Park-site' could become a 'tabula rasa'. As indeed it did. Extensive Japanese Knotweed meant that even the soil was incinerated.

Yet this is different to the way we English design our new cities. We seek to retain every local impediment to a regular plan. I was obliged, by the GLC in Huntingdon, to keep sundry random pieces of agricultural hedgerow. This arbitrary antiquarianising forces compositions of new buildings to abandon any other ambition than to adopt a chaotically 'picturesque' disposition. My native Establishment knows that this muddle will frustrate the achievement of that 'regular' Urbanity which might 'empower' its Tenants to the status of Citizens. It keeps them in a proper state of confused subjection.

My first act would therefore be to lay a wide 'cardo' and 'decumanus' across the dingy little canals in the same way that the Olympic Delivery Authority (ODA) planned to underground-culvert the cables of the towering high-voltage pylons. These 'boulevards' would be some 150 metres wide. They would accommodate a pair of vehicular roads with, between them, either six rows of trees or a 100 x 100 M isola-block. These tracts would be sheet-piled in the same manner as the Lea Canals and be backfilled with the debris of all the demolished factories. That done the trees would be planted - some five years before the 'opening day'. Then the Frontages would be leased to Realtors. By 2012 such groves of trees would be a magnificent 15 metres high, at least.

Facades, along the line of the 'boulevards', of between six to twelve storeys would have to be erected by these Developers. The frontage line would be determined by a masterplan that made of the longer, the Cardo, a succession of squares divided by arches. Continuous two-storey arcades would line both the intersecting routes.

Several goods would thereby be provided to, and by, the ODA.

1. A profit from the sale of frontage leases would accrue to this first stage, making it easier to fund its successors.
2. The London Plane trees would be six years old in 2012 and around 12 metres tall - big enough to be urbane.
3. Feeding and entertaining the crowds would be done under the arcades along these climate-softened streets. The Plan of the ODA, today, is to cover these asphalt deserts with little coloured plastic pod-caravanserai of feeding-hubs and toilet-pods - like some miserable pop-concert camp.



The Olympic Park was unusual in that every building on its 2.5 sq. km. site was razed to the ground. The only features to remain were the watercourses of the Lea and the numerous railways. These were built-over (ie. 'buried') when desired. It was that rarity in Britain - a huge redevelopment site that saw no need to retain those traces of 'history' which tend to define the national self-image.

4. All of the 'temporary accommodation', such as Press and Media Centre etc. for the Olympic months would be accommodated on however many concrete slab floors that the developers would like (or be obliged), to build (and collect rent from the ODA) behind the splendid facades that they were obliged to immediately erect .

5. The housing for the Athletes would also be accommodated behind these Cardo and Decumanus facades. If practical such accommodation would be extended to further blocks. Housing has become the most valuable space in London. Housing in central London is now deemed an 'asset class'. It has become radically commodified. How foolish was it for the Attlee government to banish it from the 'city'? Needless to say the density would be low enough to provide trees in every street and square, not to mention several small parks of simple and useful design. But this density of occupation had to be high enough to shelter the streets from wind and to make busses and tubes financially viable. It is a rather precise balance and can not to be left to chance.

6. There was always much talk of "Demountable Athletic Venues". These will be ugly if really ephemeral and too expensive to destroy if built more solidly. The problem is easily solved by building the arenas out of scaffold tubing and other re-usable steel stock, while placing them effectively 'out of sight' in the courtyards of as-yet-only partly-built 'isola-blocks'. Grand entrances to them will accrue to them 'automatically' via the powerful 'Boulevard Architecture' prescribed by the overall Olympic City' plan.

7. The construction of Athletic venues 'in the round' is extremely expensive as money must be spent on all sides to make them half-decent, let alone beautiful. Screening the 'cheap sides' with planting only entails the employment of gardeners at what can become, as the New Town of Telford discovered, a painfully high running cost. A building when built should need nothing externally except a window cleaner and an annual gutter-clearance. Plants need



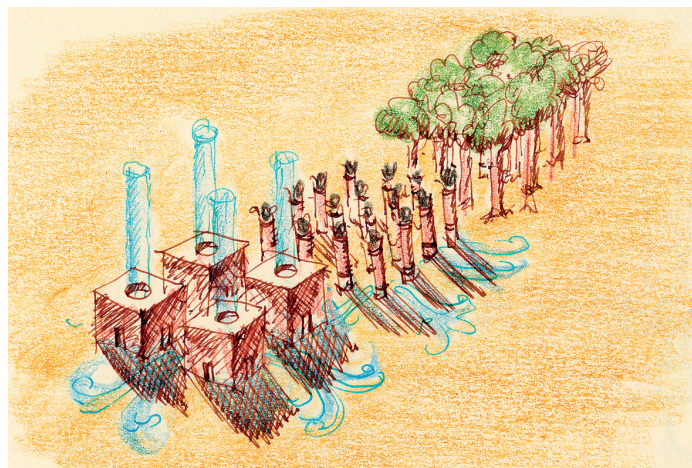
Even recently-built apartments with butterfly roofs came down to make that most 'green' of materials, recycled hardcore. One of the to-be-buried overhead electricity pylons can be seen between these blocks. This whole, ex-swampland, largely industrial, East-End-Public Housing world had the most radical makeover ever given to a part of London's under-privileged fringe. Not even Canary Wharf had razed or buried EVERYTHING.

I tried to involve myself with the Olympics I faced six years of probably fruitless struggle. I faced the triumphant Blairism which had set its ignorant face against any co-opulation (as they used to say in the 1950's King's Road Chelsea Polytechnic School of Art) with what I merely called Architecture as-found and the Blairites called 'The Past' or 'History'.

What finally decided me was the conviction that there were hardly any Architects, in Britain or even anywhere, who could design a half-decent, let alone a beautiful facade. a facade is a composition certainly. But just like the human face, it reveals much of the Architect and his culture. The facades along the boulevards would be as catastrophically jejeune as the worst of the commercial Pomo that had brought the 1950's Structuralist and Semantic project to its ultimately Frankensteinian fin-de-siecle denouement. People never learned except from their own failures. I would keep out of it and carry-on trying to 'script'. It was a wise decision. The overall Olympic design changed not all from 2004 to 2012, and it took me another six years, until indeed 2012, to finish these 44 Lectures. I have the Lectures and the ODA has the Olympics it wanted.

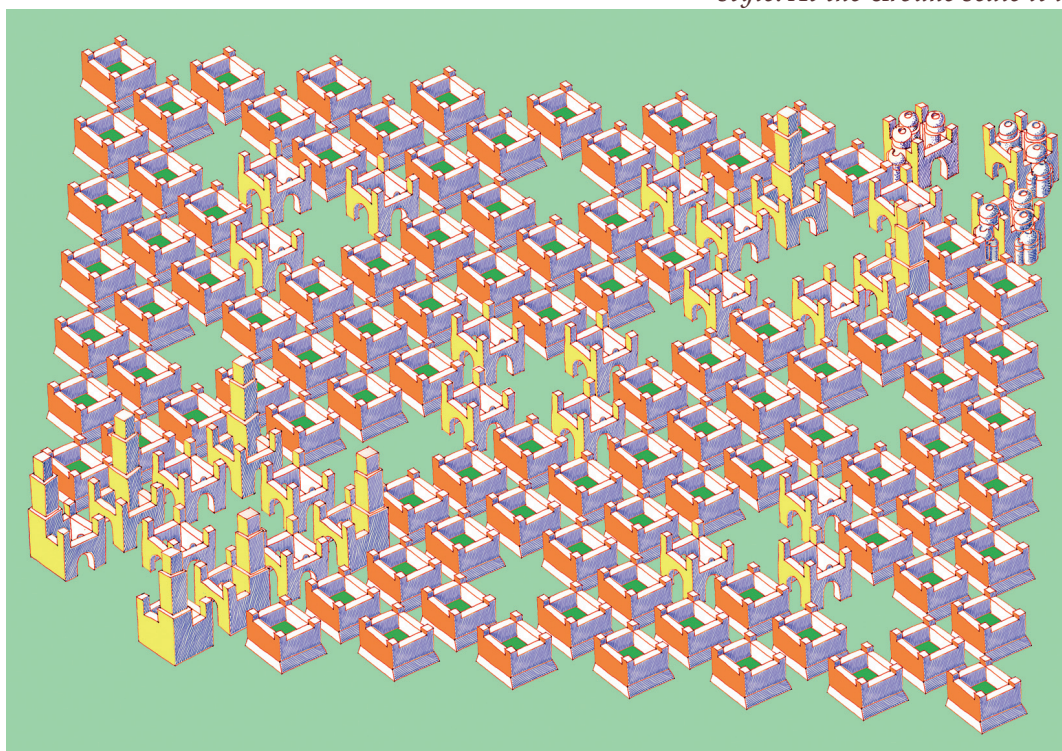
Nothing united us.

I said, at the beginning of Lecture 36, 'Digesting Battersea', that no one had yet asked JOA to design a whole city. Battersea was big enough to offer some hope. But it failed to materialise and remains, years on and many owners later, a project without any physical issue at all. I suspected that my 'Eureka Moment' on the concrete balcony in Larnaca had been partly inspired by the thought of the vacant and ruined city of Famagusta/Ammochostos that was to have become my family's home in 1974. So it must have been the aerial photographs of the entire demolition of 2.5 sq.km of Stratford, including even burning the earth to eliminate Japanese knotweed, that encouraged JOA to invent a plan for it on the scale of a whole city 'Quarter'.



The 'natural' reification is the Forest of Infinitude. Its Urbane reification, at an Architectural scale, is the Hypostyle. At the Urbane scale it is the Isola-Block.

When Mies van der Rohe visited a new site his first act was to "divine the Module". We deciphered this cryptic



A 'Quarter' of the Constant City rendered, in Lecture 41, pp 14-15, as a 'realistic diagram'. The 'Fluvial Valley-narratives' of three Quarters meet at a common 'Delta' at which the Fourth Quarter 'begins' its 'Nymphaeum'. The four Quarters combine, geometrically, make a square on the diagonal that is four times the size of a single Quarter. I choose not to call these components four 'Villages' and their combination a 'Town'. It would be more useful to give each component, and their small whole, their own 'Proper' Names.

say made physical), as a Hypostyle. It reifies the 'time' before Time, and consequently Space, existed. The Hypostyle's infinite regularity reifies the experience of an 'eternal present'. This is the 'proton chronon' before either Ending, Beginning or Motion-In-Between existed. This hypostular infinitude can be adumbrated at any scale. All that is needed is the evocation of an infinitude of regularity. For what is more 'dead' than 'the same' over and over again ad (as they say), infinitum?

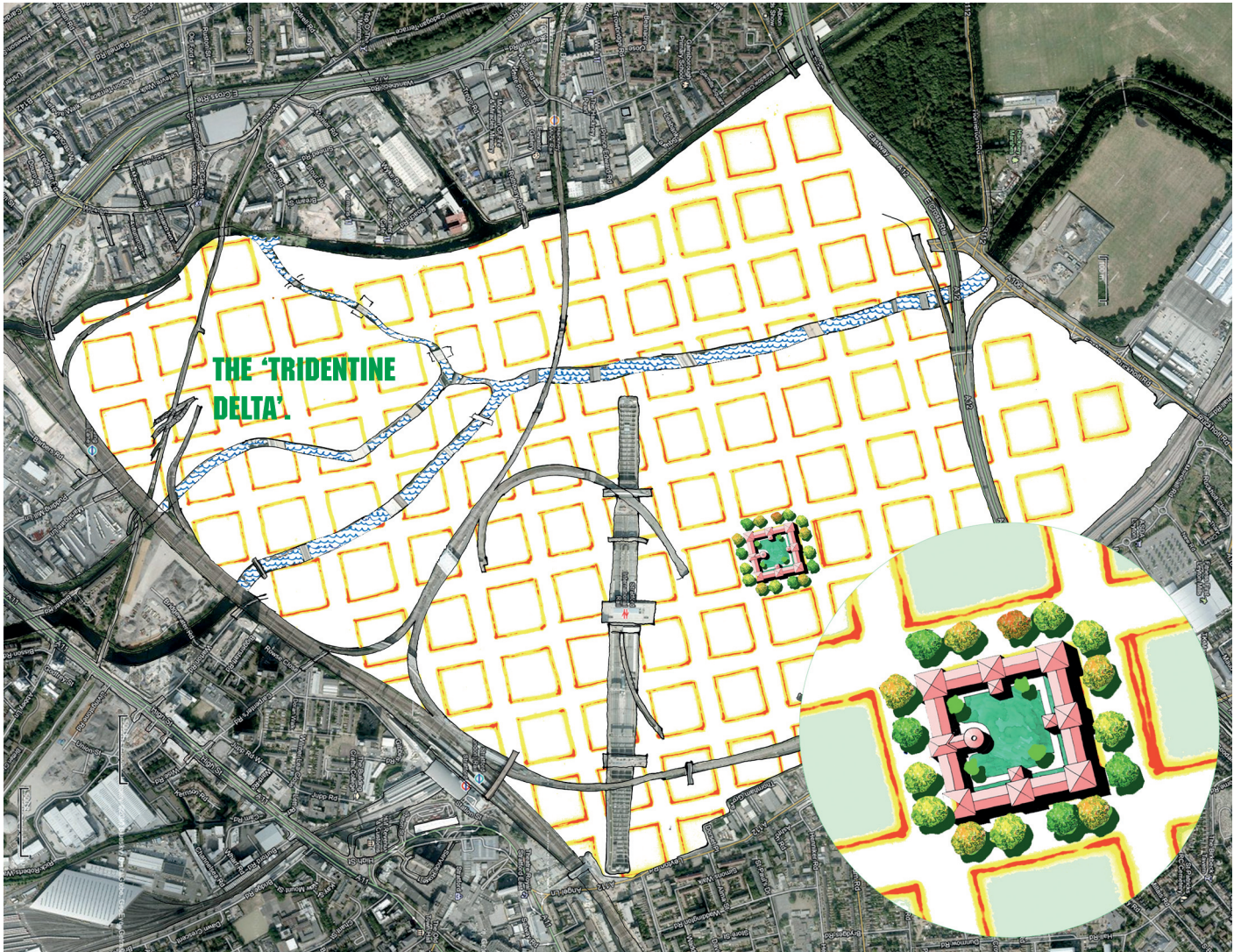
I proposed, in Lecture Forty One: 'Republic of the Valley' that the Hypostyle can be scaled-up for the design of a city, or a City-Quarter, to an array of city-blocks, or as I prefer, isola-blocks. Treated in this way they can, or rather the majority of them can, be removed out of the 'temporal flow' of History. By situating them in an 'eternal present' they can be grounded 'in illo tempore' - swimming like the 'Archipelago of Islands' in the Time of Arcadian Innocence.

statement in Forelecture One: 'Breaking the Taboos'. In Lecture Two: 'The Sixth Order', we regressed Mies' etiolated 20C rationalisation to the more concrete, if more arcane, proposals of Sebastiano Serlio some five centuries before and then beyond that to Hellenic Myth.

The purpose of this 'Architectural rite' is to establish, as the ground of any piece of the lifespace rendered proper to our species, the most secure of all foundations: that of Nothing. For nothing can be firmer and more stable than Nothing. In the physical dimension of the quotidian, which is both human reality as well as that of the medium of Architecture, Nothing can be reified (that is to



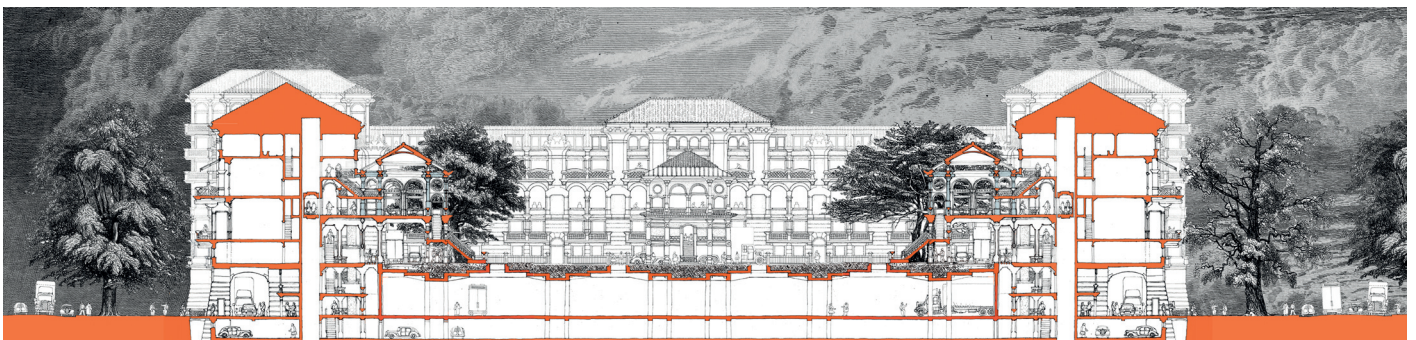
An iconography that can help 'ground' the Isola-Block in an Hypostular Negation of the Eternal Present is the Oceanic Archipelago of Arcadian Innocence.



I suggested in Lecture 41: 'Republic of the Valley' that the Isola blocks of the Handy-Square type, that combined both Work and Residence, could escape from the sordid coils of Historic Time by installing themselves within that Temporal Infinitude of an Eternal Present which is the Hypostylar Array. The size of Isola-Plot used for this Stratford design is 110M square. They are spaced apart by a distance of 45M. This allows forest trees and flowering bushes to be planted down the central reservations, effectively 'islanding' each Block within an Ocean of Verdure. The second act of this narrative, as described on Pages 10 & 11 of Lecture One: 'Breaking the Taboos', is to inscribe the 'River of Somatic Time'. The felicity here is the River Lea dividing into three at its proper, Southern, end to form a very propitious Patte d'Oie, or (Great Cackler) Goose's Foot which can help reify the Event-Horizon of 'Delta'!

The English, and other Nordics, with their cult of the 'country House' could, if they wished to 'raise their game' understand the advantage of combining being 'out of history' with iiving in a fully 'Urbane' lifestpace!

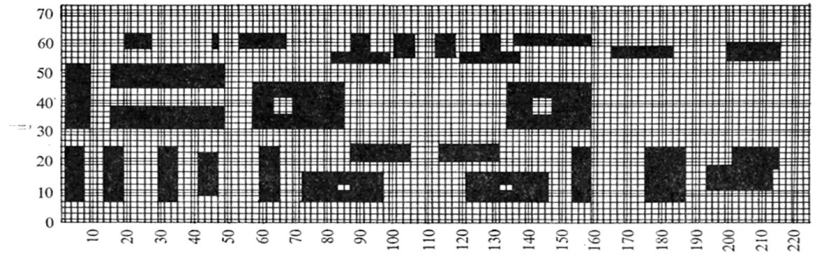
The vehicle which JOA had invented for this generic isola-block was described in Lecture 33: 'The Handy-Square'. It is shown, above, installed within an Hypostylar' array of isola blocks that have been inscribed, with extreme regularity, across the entire Site.



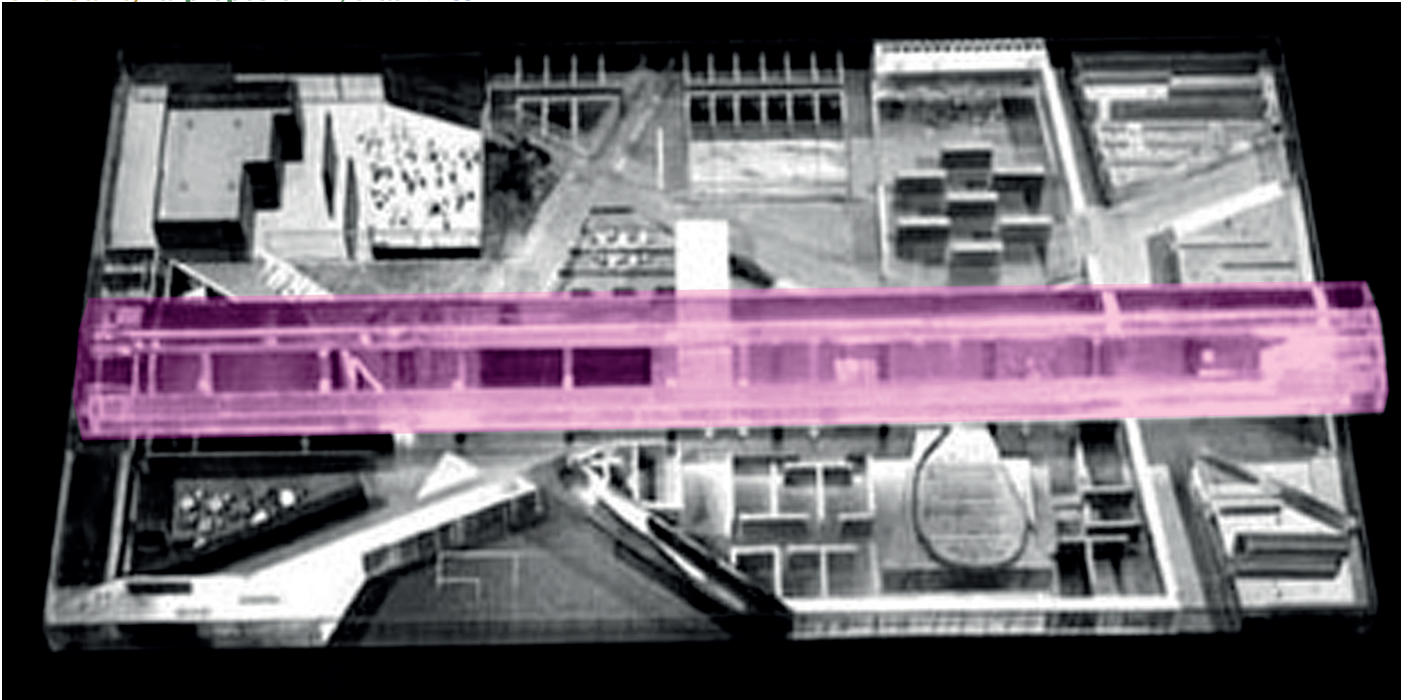
The 'Handy Square', described in Lecture 33, has, amongst its many advantages one most appropriate to the Britain of the 21C. It restores that which was banished during the islands 20C self-destruction: Urbane Living and Working.

We do not know how Mies would have met the 21C. But we can study how the 21C met Mies. I have already argued that it was not enough to merely quadrate the site (in the USA, in any case, this had already been done in the late 18C by Thomas Hutchins, Jefferson's Geographer-General - as described in Lecture 24: 'Back to the Beginning'.).

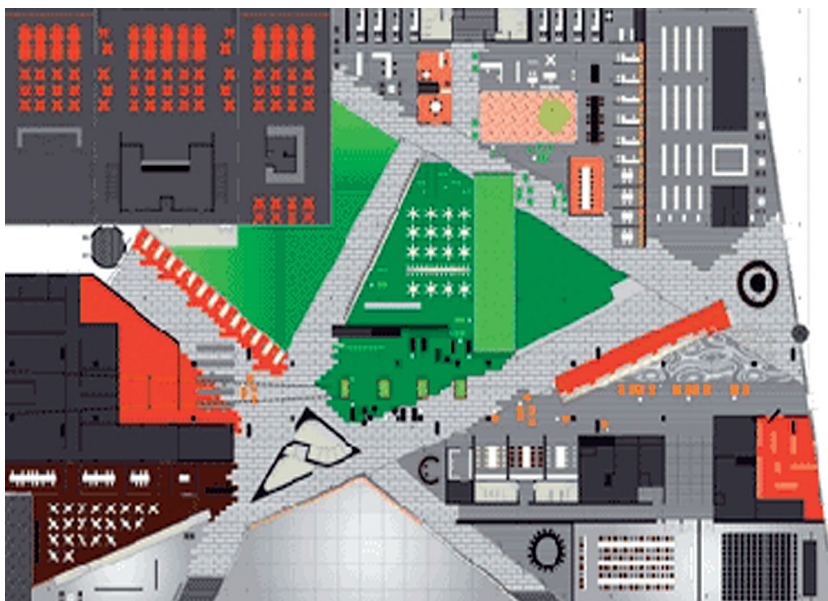
I also observed in Lecture Three: 'The End of Urbanity' a-propos of IIT, that "Mies



The famous little drawing of the buildings constructed by Mies van der Rohe, from 1945 onwards, at the Illinois Institute of Technology. They are the largest 'collection' of his works in any one place.



The McCormick Tribune Campus Centre, designed by Rem Koolhaas, went out of its way, at every turn, to contradict the Miesian ethos. Koolhaas states that its plan inscribed the existing pathways trodden between various campus destinations. No Miesian modular imprint here, and certainly no 'hypostyle'! Koolhaas is more Corbusian in that he 'builds' (which means for ever) what was there before the building arrived - another pusillanimous Archi-fraud!

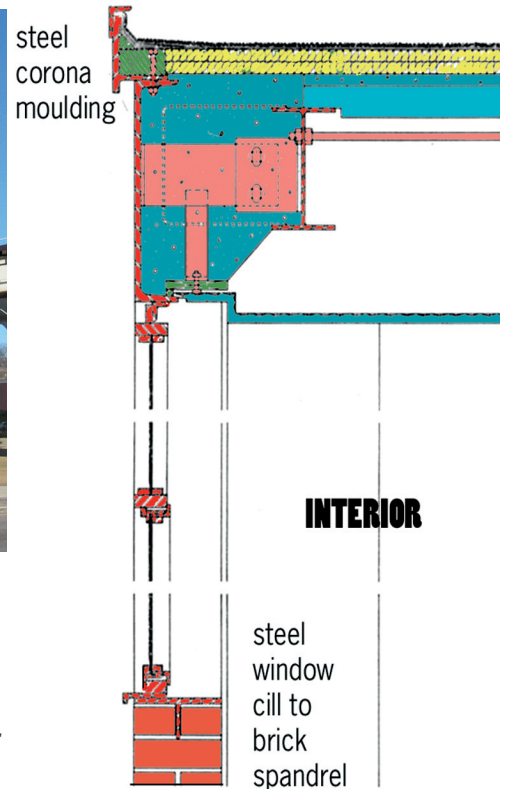
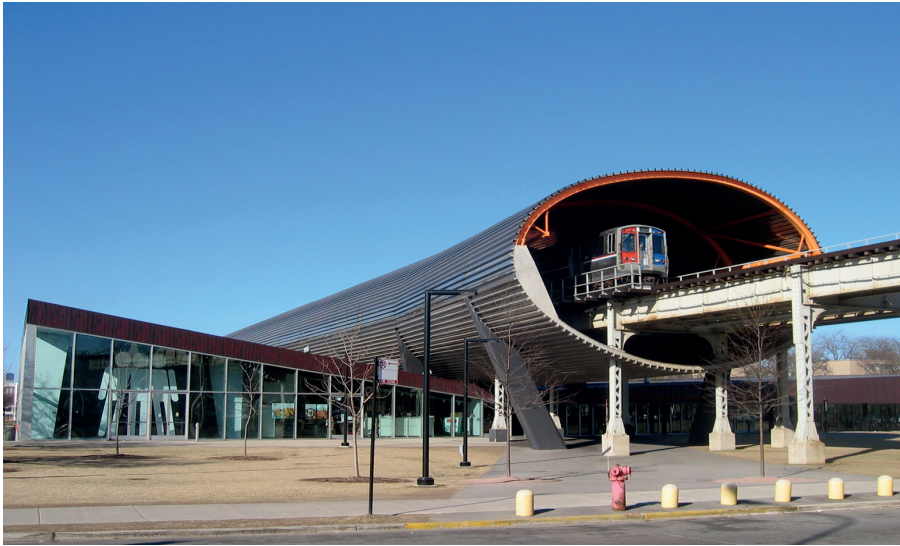


The plan of the model, above shows a garden (in green). Although enclosed by the building, it was physically inaccessible. It was just another 'image' in Koolhaas' iconography of his degraded concept of what 'city' life, or 'social' life was all about. Not for him Alberti's concept of the garden as the quiet cloister for a scholar's thoughts.

never made an urbane place". What more persuasive proof of this 'inadequacy' may be offered than the McCormick Tribune Campus Centre. For it was Rem Koolhaas, its Architect, who stated that his principal ambition was to introduce the bustle and chaos of the city into a place that he described as "scraped clean". by Mies van der Rohe's 'fac(ad)less Architecture.

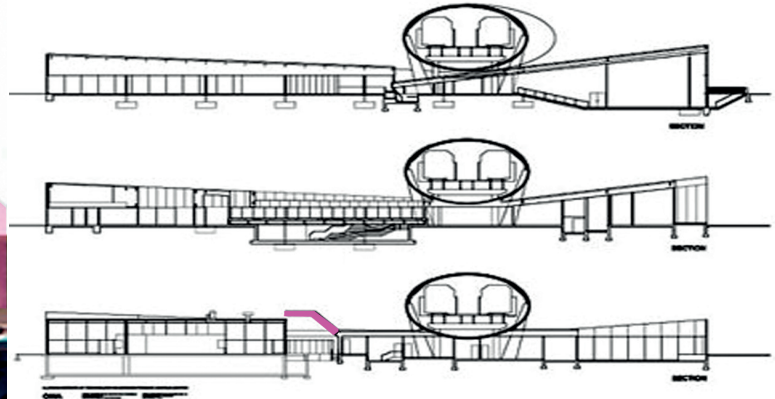
Koolhaas here evidences the typical Nordic equation of 'dirt' (physical, moral and of every other sort) with 'city' life.

So Koolhaas then does his best to 'dirty-up' his building's geometry so that it suits his understanding of what will engender "chaotic urban life". He 'authenticates' the fracturing of the normally rectangular footprint of rooms by arguing that his corridors follow the pre-existing routes taken under the railway by campus members walking from buiding to building. Memories return of the 'Mediaevalising' of the orthogonal towns of Roman Britain by their 5C barbarian invaders.



OOPS! HEAVY LANDING. THE UNDERCART'S FOLDED! *The crystal bar over the model, LEFT, is Chicago's elevated railway running through IIT at 110 decibels. Koolhaas 'tubed it' in stainless steel and then thwacked the concrete slab roof over the 'Center' so that it seemed to cave it in. The 'tubing' was 'sold' as soundproofing. But the real point was to shatter the building so that it 'proved' Koolhaas' proposal that the quadrated 'order' of Mies was inimical to social/urban culture while the splintered fracturing of Koolhaas, Liebeskind, et al. was not. Decon proposes that trashing a building increases social intercourse - especially, according to the contemporary commentaries, between the relatively unread, hormone-rich adolescents who were designed to use the 'Campus Center'.*

Not even a vestigial steel cornice could save Mies. Mies was the end of Classicism. Cindered by theoretical atrophy.



The thick concrete roof-slab is cranked upwards over Mies' 1945 'Commons' building. The purpose served is the symbolic one of mastery and threat.

Koolhaas made the railway into a truncheon with which to smash down and 'break' the roof of the 'Campus Center'. He lifts a piece of the thick, soundproofing, concrete slab to hover, like the claw of some machine about to crush the etiolated 'Classicism' of Mies.

Then Koolhaas turned to the Section through the 'Centre'. One has learned to suspect that word, for it invariably presages Suburbanisation. Instead of enclosing the railway in a simple, \$M2, sound-proof box, he makes its encasement into a gigantic \$M13.2 'rod' with which he can be seen to 'beat-in' the flat roof of the Centre so that the rooms it houses are removed from the orthogonally cubic Architecture of Mies, and, for what it is worth, the other 9,000 years of 'urbane' Architecture.

The Tribune Centre makes las Vegas look well-made and well-scripted - albeit Kitsch. Actually Koolhaas has no 'script' at all outside smashed shapes and lurid colours. The IIT Architecture Dean Donna Robertson advises that "18-year-olds really have a different way of engaging with the world than you or I. They love it. They're used to responding to multiple layers of information, and their response level is incredibly quick" To which one can only respond "what information"? Does Donna mean that a path leads to a door so that they can actually enter and leave their 'Centre'? We see the 'massage', but where is the 'message'? Or are we just testing 'response times' - like rats in maze with bells and flashing lights, or further back still, do we rate undergraduates like the photosensitive marine worms of yesteryear whose main delight was to get a jolt of photons from the sun?



Koolhaas' mistake, or more properly elaborate fraud, is the same as that of Corbusier which we analysed in Lecture 25: 'Back to the Beginning', pages 4-7. Corbusier pretended that by building on 'piloti' he could retain, or in the case of an existing city, 'restore' the *status quo ante* of "rolling fields and rushing rivers". Why was he such a coward?

Koolhaas promises to retain the pathways made across the building site before the building existed. But so what? What does this advantage? Does he propose that if people would continue to walk along them in the same way as before that this would engender the promised "chaotic culture of joyous association".

Mies boasted to my old school, the Architectural Association School in London, that "these were the cheapest faculty buildings in the USA". What else could he say to a bulwark of 1950's Neo-Modernism in the City, erstwhile global Centre of Capital that, above any other, gave birth to his newly-adopted Country?

If so then why crank up the interior of the building into such a high-octane 'chaos all of its own? No, the 'retention' of the zig-zag of 'historic' pathways is merely to 'authenticate' Koolhaas' ambition to leave nothing behind him that might remind anyone of what many people still call 'Architecture'. No one entering the building is going to 'read' its internal geometry as the inscription of any recognisable version of the 'status quo ante'! It is all too 'broken', too 'half-finished' and too oddly-coloured. No, they will judge the building as Koolhaas and IIT present it to them - quite voided of any recognisable precursors or premonitions.

What, then, will they conclude? On the one hand they have Mies and on the other Koolhaas. Perhaps they may wonder why they had to 'fight' each other so hard. Where was the 'synthesis'?

Mies is 'empty', but still retains the faint and beautiful scent, albeit overlaid by odours of steel and smoke, of Greece and Rome. Mies' Achilles heel, like all Neo-Classicalists, was to ignore the temporal sophistications of the Renaissance. Koolhaas, for all his furious inventiveness with clever new materials that will go from pristine to scuffed-out in months, offers no access to 'Time' at all.



This 'Stick and Panel cladding in aluminium and glass is what the late Peter Smithson, in a BBC broadcast after his first visit to the USA, called "Aluminium Folk Art". He meant that it was 'artily' done, but without any intellectual sophistication. In the same broadcast he admired the 'beautifully engineered solidity' of the typical US washroom. Koolhaas avoids the 'solid engineering' and, so as to increase the likelihood of "joyously chaotic socialising", completely voids his facades of even the slightest traces of Architectural sophistication. Not even the pixelated phiz of Mies can save these nut-brown facias over lurid orange 'Panelite' walls from being terminally crushed by the malevolent 'truncheon of noise' heaved onto their backs.

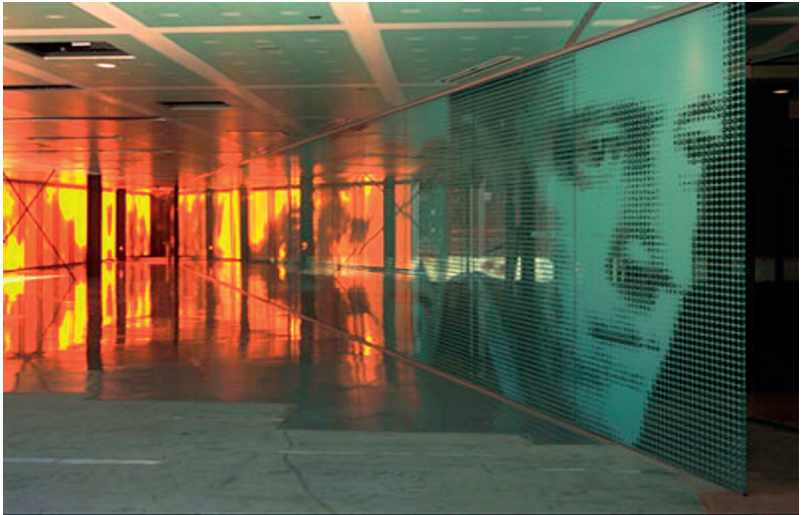
The furthest-back that Koolhaas allows his Freshmen to travel are some blow-up talking heads of Mies and sundry IIT Founding Fathers. But this could also be the fault of the USA. At Rice I met three 'founding events' That of the USA, in 1776, Rice University in 1912 and Duncan Hall itself in 1995. While researching an iconography of calculation this made slide rules and hand-held calculators iconically accessible to my semantic palette. But the abacus, although still in contemporary use after thousands of years, was shrouded in an opaque, pre-historic', mist. Being prior to 1776 it appeared semantically less than quite 'real'. So much for the U.S. 'Past'.

Then what of 'The Future'? Koolhaas presumes Mies, whereas it is more properly Hiberseimer, to project that mid-century vision (which Neal Acherson reported that he found in his Cambridge University of the 1950's), of an emotionless, colourless land of Reason and Calculation.

The ambition of this vision of the Future was to banish War and Famine by stripping-out any access to the wild emotions that War, at least, seemed to both engender and satisfy. It was at least a 'worthy' ambition, even if totally unrealistic! Koolhaas offers its reverse: a world of the wildest violence and passion mediated by buildings smashed to jagged fragments painted in lurid colours. Was this the Arts of Peace dressed-up to seem as "chaotic" as 'War'?

This is the 'massage'. But what is Koolhaas' 'message'? There isn't one. And the reason for that is that everyone is supposed to make up their own! Well, of course this is the proper University' ethos. The Freshman is now on the threshold of Adulthood. He. and she, is still mainly ignorant of what that means.

So the University, with its 'universalist' horizons is not a bad place to place the foot into the water of 'grown-up' 'life'.

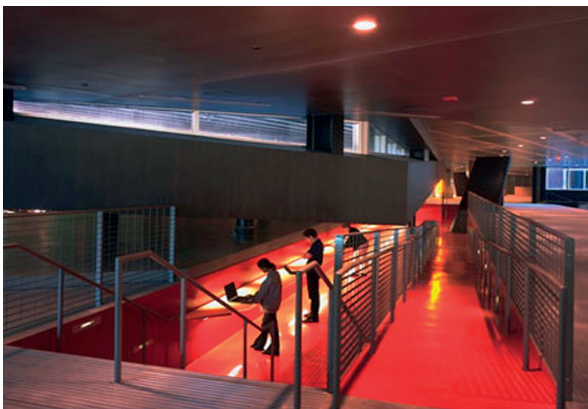


The 'Cult of Personality'. Strangely, it is only when the iconology of Architecture itself is completely trashed that the ultimate image - the human face - is rolled-out. This is the scenery of that ultimate 'experience': Death. Stretching from an insignificant flat ceiling to an even less iconic floor the 'face' replaces (and perhaps even recalls), the so-long-lost 'visionary screen' of the 'facade' - not that Koolhaas would now name it as such. Building has been reduced to the deracinated 'material planes' that Van Doesburg and his De Stijl advocates thought they could use to destroy the power of the 'Architecture' that they associated with the Spanish, French, Germans and, who knows, even the English - all Powers who had sapped the force of the once free and mighty Netherlanders. All is 'politics'. But the worst of all is the pusillanimity of the Architecturally impotent.

Then why the pulverised, slashed and pixellated buildings of Decon? When I was a student, in the late 1950's. the idea was prevalent in in the Independent Group at the Institute of Contemporary Art, that each generation would re-build its own lifespace. What could be the problem now that we all had 'Atomic Power'? Today, we know that our powers are not so infinite - even if we wished them to be so.

Yet we still do not, it seems, understand that in the case of anything as large and wonderful as a city, each generation must stand on the shoulders of the one before.

Not even Noughties Consumerism ever promised that one's credit card debt could buy a whole city!



Jeanne Gang, who studied and worked with Koolhaas and whose firm is one of the project's contractors, said, "There's an interest in creating the conditions that will bring chaotic activity - and finding that as a joyous thing instead of trying to control and separate functions."

The 'chaotic urban social life' is talking to someone off-site, all-alone on your laptop, while standing under a 'bent' roof at a shelf at the bottom of a ramp all bathed in bright red light. Maybe this is "chaotic" - though perhaps not very. But how is it "joyous"?

But where are the shoulders of Koolhaas?

Smashed, it seems by the passage of an electric train. One can not help observing that his IIT project coincided with a very public declaration of Koolhaas' disenchantment with the USA, and his 'departure' for China to design their 'iconic' State TV building. He left, as he put it, a superpower at the end of its reign, and an 'iconic' IIT 'stoved-in' by his giant pipe-cosh.

The Campus Centre design proclaims a pent-up aggression against what the generality of Architects conceive as 'Polite Modern'. The pile that Koolhaas directed at America might have justified his unhappiness after the post-9/11 Iraq Invasion. But it far easier to explain it due to the masochism and infertility of Noughties Deconstructivism. This miserable delinquescence of Modernity provided any self-respecting Architect with quite enough reasons to hate everything from himself outwards.



This high-level angle taken by Richard Barnes illustrates the ferocious 'blow' struck by Koolhaas' 'insulating tube'. The flat roof of this already trashy piece of 'Aluminium Folk Art' is stoved-in along its central axis. When this is combined with the fractured footprint we may admit that Koolhaas has created disorder, if not yet absolute Chaos. Whether this leads to a joyous level of association can only be examined in use.

One can only hope that Architectural Literacy soon returns to IIT after too long an absence and that major 'alterations' occur!

So where can the long-lost 'Shoulders of Urbanity' be found?

What was missing from the site-planning formula of Mies van der Rohe that allowed Koolhaas to not merely disregard its principles but contradict them in every way? How could IIT, so famous as the locus of Mies' first and most numerous buildings in the country whose 'downtowns' rose in his image, allow a comedian like Koolhaas (even one with good reason to act as he did), to serve them, and their great country, so very ill?

Mies Quadrated the whole site. Mies built an Architecture that was eminently 'learnable', as SOM and many lesser firms proved. Yet it all came to nothing at the very spot where Mies first broke ground in the USA. Is every 20C Architect a mere 'genius'? Can nothing be carried forward from generation to generation, genius to genius?

Here we come to the most beautiful quality of discourse: its ability find the answer in the question.

For the secret of both going forward and carrying what one has inherited is in the ignored component of:-

the Entablature.

I wrote an essay for Dr. Martin Roth, newly-appointed Director of the V&A, on his visit to Wadhurst on September Tenth 2011. The purpose of it was to acquaint him with a practitioner's version of the history of Architecture in Britain since WWII. In passing, I remarked that, during the late 20C, while the 'column' had received some persuasive attention from theorists of the calibre of Joseph Rykwert, the Entablature had not.

I proposed that the reason for this was that, in Britain at least, the function of the Entablature to 'bear a cargo' was never well understood. I brought as proof the remarks of John Harris quoted in Lecture No. 1: 'The End of Urbanity' concerning the inability of 18C Burlingtonian Neo-Classicism to 'solve the Architectural problem of the Interior. To this I added the remarks of Peter Smithson, quoted in Lecture No. 42 concerning the same subject.

When it is understood that the function of the Entablature is as described in Lecture 15: The 'Raft of Advent' and Lecture 16: The 'Jaws of Death', then the effect of the devastation wreaked by the Quadration of a building site is followed neither by a Corbusian fraud, nor by an ineffectual Miesian glass box or the even feebler consequence of the 'picturesque' inconsequentiality of the Olympic Park described in Lecture 42: 'Westfield Park'.

When possessed of the instrument of the Sixth Order, and the ambition for a Constant City, it becomes the task of the appointed leaders of a building project to 'name the parts' of the Cargo of the Raft of Advent.

The process of the appointment of such leaders is a separate matter to the task that they must perform by using the tools of the Sixth Order and the Constant City. It would be reasonable to imagine that their appointment would imply a prior understanding and/or subsequent instruction in their use. For it becomes the further task of these same leaders, in desecrating the nature of the locus of their project, to understand, and nominate its 'genius loci' or, as the Theory of these 44 Lectures denotes it, the "Black Sun inside the Heap of History".

They comprise nothing less than the divination of the Future and the Past of their Institution as it will come to be reified inside the Camera Lucida of the Present that they will now create and then institutionally inhabit.

Not that this task should overly panic the 'leaders' of each individual 'institution' from the smallest new family to the city itself.



For there is normally some time to engage in the beguiling task of self-interest.

The task can be approached calmly because all such particularities should be reserved for the dimensions of Sculpture and Graphical inscription. These, though they should be foreseen at the beginning of any building project can, for the composition of their detail, be left until after the major spatial and physical judgments, proper to the invention of a building, have been made and decisions confirmed.

Buildings themselves, and most especially a City and its 'Quarters' (or towns and villages if one wishes) are not a dimension capable of representing the ideas native to a fully literate iconic lexicon.

To attempt to use the scales of the City, the Quarter and the Building to represent ideas outside of their proper, and rather sufficient, metaphysical scope will be to destroy all hope of using the City, the Quarter and the Building, in their turn, to give each living (and dying) Institution, and I repeat, from the smallest to the largest, their own, unique, and for all that anyone should care, 'peculiar' identity. The Sixth Order, as must be patent from these Lectures, is designed to allow such an identity to be reified at the scale of sculpture and surface (both capable of more than sufficient force) without going so far as to destroy the very Urbanity which supports their proper Institutional freedom (and private licence).

Only a very stupid and arrogant Architect would imagine that he, or she, could make a building as 'wild' as this sculpture without wrecking its ability to be 'urbane'.

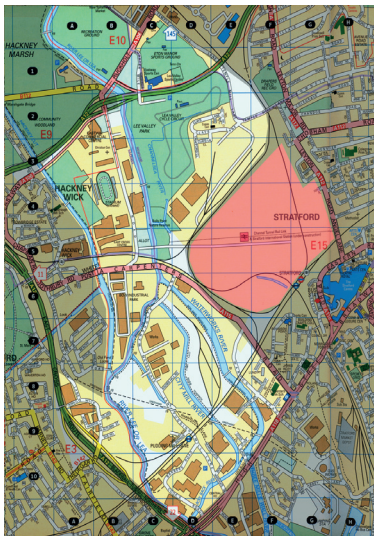


Only an iconically illiterate Architect would think that he, or she, could make a building, using its mere concrete and steel, tell as many stories as this simple ceiling-graphic. But then most Architects are iconically illiterate and wish to remain so. They would not like to be 'upstaged' by media like this, however necessary to Urbanity. The vanity of the Architectural Profession, and their iconic illiteracy, are now the main impediment to an Humane Urbanity.

The disregard of this balance between public discipline and private licence, that we find in the contemporary enthusiasm for Deconstruction, is the measure, I would argue, not of any wondrous new 'freedom of expression'. but only of the profound desuetude and intellectual pusillanimity which overtook Architectural theory, and practice, during the 20C.

WITH THIS IN MIND WE MAY NOW GO TO THE OLYMPIC SITE:

With a somewhat uncanny prescience we find that its main topographical entity is a river which exhibits a well-defined 'Delta'-figure whose streams are already divided into the tridentine figure with which Delta meets Okeanos. What can we conclude but that the 'gods' have guided the unwieldy Raft of this Odyssey to a locus exhibiting 'signs of promise'?



LET US NOT, HOWEVER, BE LED INTO AN '18C 'PURIST' INTEREST IN THE 'CONSTRUCTION' OF THE RAFT.

This leads to the foolishness of 'Doric Carpentry'.

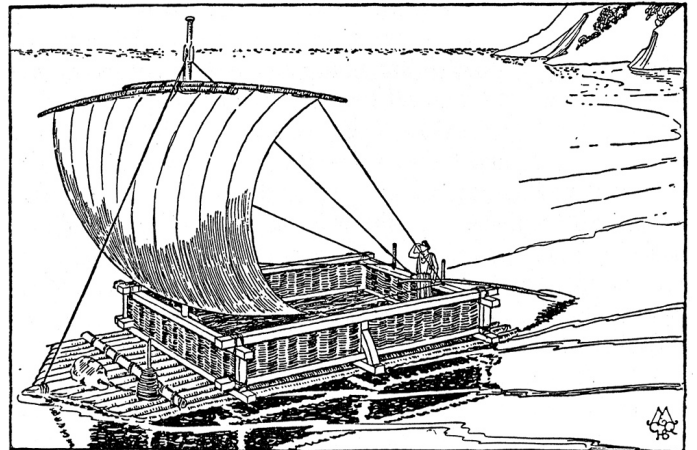
For what matters on the raft is its sail.

And what matters about the sail is that it represents the fickle wind which mediates between the 'gods' and the course of the Raft.

The Constant City is attracted to the Olympic Site because it already 'presents' a Fluvial geometry with the iconics of a 'Claude Lorraine' landscape.

This is well illustrated by the Egyptian Hieroglyph for 'breath'. It consists of a sail, and a bird. the bird is the sign used for the 'Ba' or 'spirit' of a person. When the breath departs, the spirit leaves the body in the shape of the Ba bird. Depictions of a deceased person frequently show the Sail and the Ba-bird in conjunction.

Our drawing titled 'The Voyage of the Raft', on the following page, indicates that its navigation is mediated by the 'cypheric' currents which discourse the forces of Fashion that blow to and fro upon the 'oceans' of our 'human' culture. Yet the main cargo, as described in Lecture 15: 'Raft of Advent', remains the Valley of the Republic.



An illustration from a children's book titled 'The Raft of Odysseus'. The raft is the 'tabula', the 'taxonomy', of Reason. Such things can not be steered by physical levers. In the case of the 'Homerians' the 'guidance system' was the breath of the Gods. But what was 'breath' or 'the wind' but the reification of the 'intentionality' of the Fates.



The hieroglyph for 'breath' shown in Gardiner's grammar has two parts. One is a sail, signifying 'breath'. the other is the 'Ba' bird which leaves the body on death - when breathing ceases. But the soul still uses air to rise up on wings. In fact the only interesting thing about these fancies are the hieroglyphs in which they are mediated!

Here again we must resist a typical reaction.

We must not make our 'Valley-community' around the bed of the 'Natural' Lea River. We are too successful a species to pretend that we can share watercourses with their ancient inhabitants in the way that we did before we built sewers, railways and roads. The days when, for example, London's own river was both its main thoroughfare and its main sewer are long gone into History. We may mourn them, for one reason or another, but we should not wish to revive them. The other denizens of the Thames Waters do not regret our building of Bazalgete's great sewer system, or, more recently the abolition of the London Docks and the building of the Tilbury Containerport.

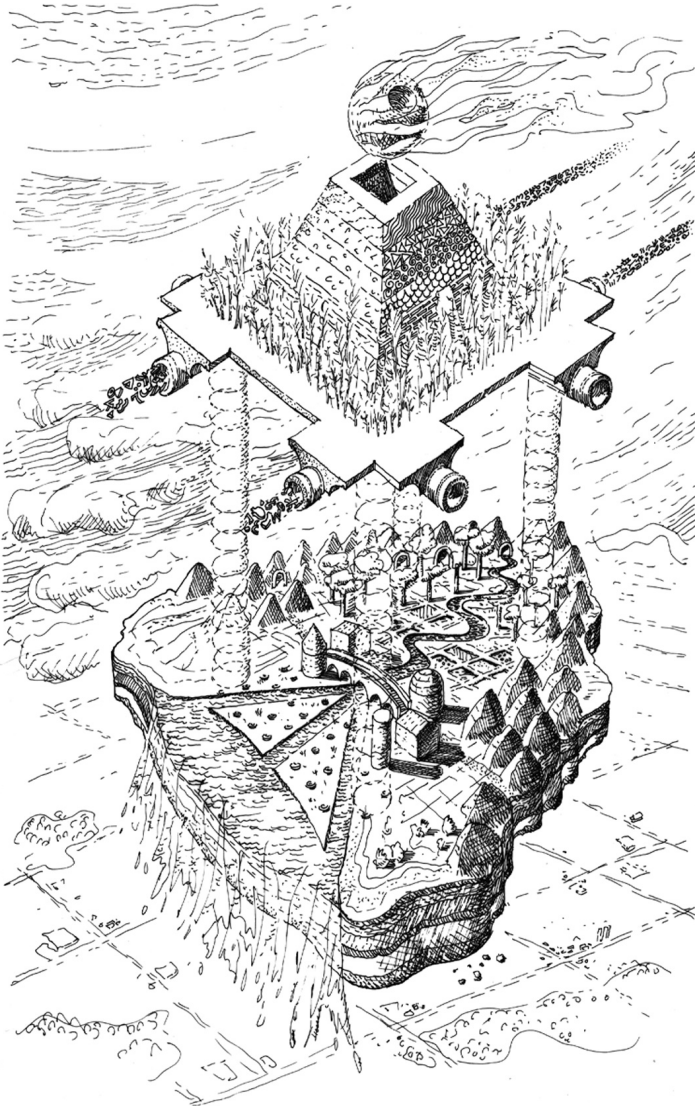
The Lea should be a 'Wildlife Corridor'. Humans should not use it except by water.

Humans have now to make their own world.

Our 'Valley' has now to run in parallel with that of Nature's own valleys.

ONLY RARELY CAN THEY COINCIDE,
and certainly not at the tiny scale of the River Lea.

THIS THEN IS THE REASON FOR THE 'HYPOSTYLAR' QUADRATION OF A BUILDING-SITE.



It is the combination of the Architectural Order, or Ordine, with the figuration of that Forest of that Eternal Present which reifies the Negation of Infinitude which allows us the power to inscribe a truly human lifespace, a lifespace founded on Nothing that yet obliges us, via its prosencial provision, to Become Something.

The Cargo of the Raft is the Burden of Freedom. But we may rely on the Shoulders of Urbanity to relieve us of some great part of this metaphysical 'weight'. For to reify an idea is not only to recall it to consciousness. It is also to find it a home and a grounding that will continue to give it a support beyond our own person. This relieves us, personally, of some of the burden of its ongoing attestation.

It may be argued that a real-life experience of a Negation of this 'positive', and ancient, sort, the sort described as a 'tabula rasa', is impossible today. I can testify that this is not so. For I experienced it once. It was in 1985, at Wadhurst, the home of Professor and Mrs Hans Rausing. The house was on the point of completion. It was a sunny evening after the workmen had left. I leant back against a 90cm-wide 'blizcrete' pilaster, recently warmed by the Western sun. I was tired after taking photographs as the sunlight moved around. So I closed my eyes.

I entertained a strange belief.

The 'Voyage of the Valley', as was explained on page 10 of Lecture 16, 'The Raft of Advent', is navigated by the artificial languages of human discourse to install the analogue of an aboriginally 'natural' home for a human community in the essentially artificial form of the River of Somatic Time through the Valley of the Republic of Sociation.



The Northern, Entrance, side of the Rausing Villa at Wadhurst Park gives an impression of extreme solidity. The casting of the corner cladding 'photolithic' pieces, in all of their diverse colours, was deliberately done so that no joint should give-away the fact that they were all merely 10cm thick. The effect is to unite all of the many wall materials into one single 'material' unity. The 'proof' was in my 'imaginary sonority'. Yet everything is entirely 'artificial'!

I thought if I struck the house with a great hammer it would ring like a bell. Yet I knew that this could never be so. A bell is homogenous. It must be cast in one piece from the same, entirely the same, metal. I knew every piece of this building for I had done all of the overall technical drawings myself. It was made of the usual ad-hoc congregation of materials, most of them industrialised and few of them even approaching the material nobility of bell-metal. Only one thing could be meant by the metaphor. But before we come to that let me describe its much more interesting 'consequence'.

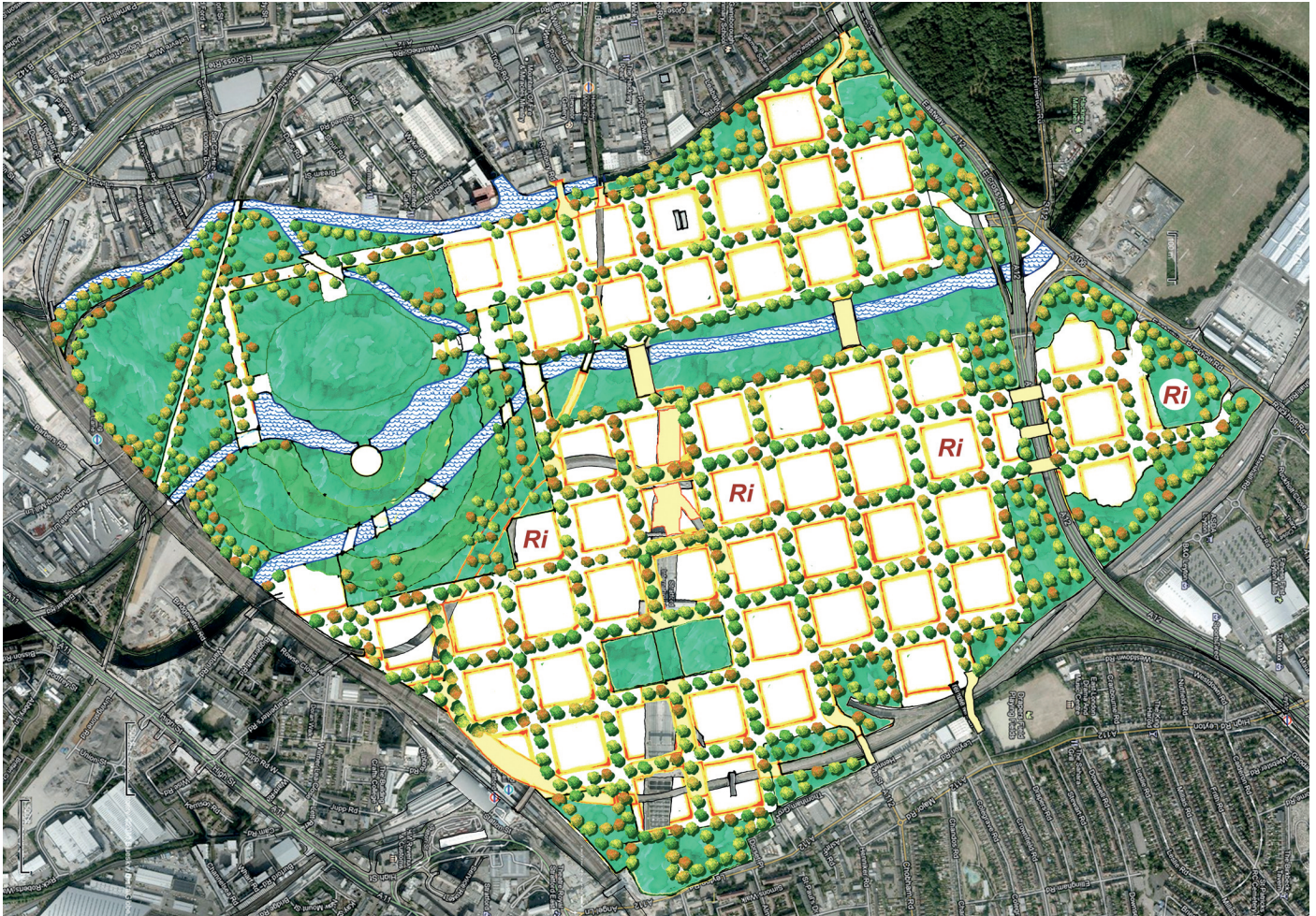
AS THE SONOROUS GONG CEASED VIBRATING I FELT THAT THE HOUSE WAS 'EMPTY'.

I conceived of all of the many 'proscenia' formed by its 'Order', its richly quadrated podium, and its animated 'serpentine' entablature. All of these are described in lecture Two: 'Sixth Order', pp. 6-10 and Lecture 16: 'Jaws of Death', pp. 12-23. I conceived of 'proscenia' as needing to be 'filled' by inscribed iconic arrays. Wadhurst, built according to the Sixth Order had become a 'stage' not only for the living, but for a population of iconically-mediated ideas.

These are the unique fruits of an 'Ordine'.

I have already indicated that the only happy outcome of the conjunction of the ancient and illustrious city of London with the Olympic Games would be a positive answer to the question "does the 'owner' of the global language and the 'originator' of so much of contemporary culture, at its many levels, have answers to the question: How should we design our 21C habitat?" The question was clearly understood by Britain's litespace-design Establishment.

For the public discourse was never lacking the term 'legacy'.



The line of the River of Somatic Time runs 'Ri-Ri'. It is parallel to the Natural river of the Lea. It uses (as Corbusier advised) the longest dimension available on this axis. This it does by 'sourcing in 'Eton Manor, across the A5. This plan shows the lines designated as streets all planted with trees. The flowering shrubs and railings, as shown on the following pages, can come later. Temperate forest trees, if transplanted when all the demolitions were done, in 2007-8, would be 4-5 years old by 2012. The blocks would be designated, and graced by trees. This would make them easier to sell to private developers. The Olympics would have made a profit without having to skimp on housing standards or sell their city-centre to a developer of shopping malls! All that was lacking was a generic idea of Urbanity! For without that understanding nothing could be projected as credible from the very beginning to the very end.

The effect of this striving for a creditable 'legacy' was, as can hardly surprise one, to bring to the surface all of the deepest imperatives which have guided this island's actions over many decades, and certainly all those during the half-century through which I have worked.

Beginning by proposing the antithesis of Urbanity, the ambition was to 'build' (as did Capability Brown), a Park. The inevitable, and somewhat 'unheroic', 'failure' of this tactic has ended with a 'community centre' in the shape of the Biggest 'Urban' shopping Centre in Europe next to some very un-English 'housing' that will need careful management to escape 'slumdom'. The Main Stadium is already a "white elephant" (in the sense of needing a permanent subsidy). The 'architecturally exciting' Aquadrome had to be visually wrecked to make it suit its Olympic presence. The other Stadia will be dismantled so as not to remain a 'burden on the rates'. So much for the promotion of Sport. The only Stadium to come through with real iconic credit (though with no 'urbanity') houses the sport of speed-cycling. The contribution of the 2012 London Olympics to the future of the global project of urbanisation is nil and serves only to confirm what many have suspected for many years - that the British lifespace-design Establishment has nothing of practical or conceptual use to contribute to this pressing project. Not that there is much to be said for the global lifespace-design culture either. But London is my city, and Britain my home, so its failure in this department, which is that of my own Profession, was of personal concern.

It was for this reason that, after having 'scripted' all Forty-Two of these Lectures, with their 3,000-odd illustrations, that I decided to postpone their conclusion (for which I was being pressed from all sides) and attempt a JOA solution to this 'Olympic' site.

I called it JOA's 'Olympiad of Urbanity'.

To design anything, especially as big as a city, is, as I wrote in 'Supermarket Forces' is to act as a General does on a field of battle. The initial dispositions are everything. So JOA's first concern was to precisely locate the line of the 'fiery arrow' of the River of Somatic Time. Our desire was to make the 'natural' River Lea into a wildlife corridor, and to have it run parallel to the 'cultural' Fluvial Narrative. This gave us the general line of the 'arrow'. Then the availability of Eton Manor, even though cut off by the motorway-sized A5, provided that dimension, recommended by the Master: Corbusier, of the longest length for the most important axis.

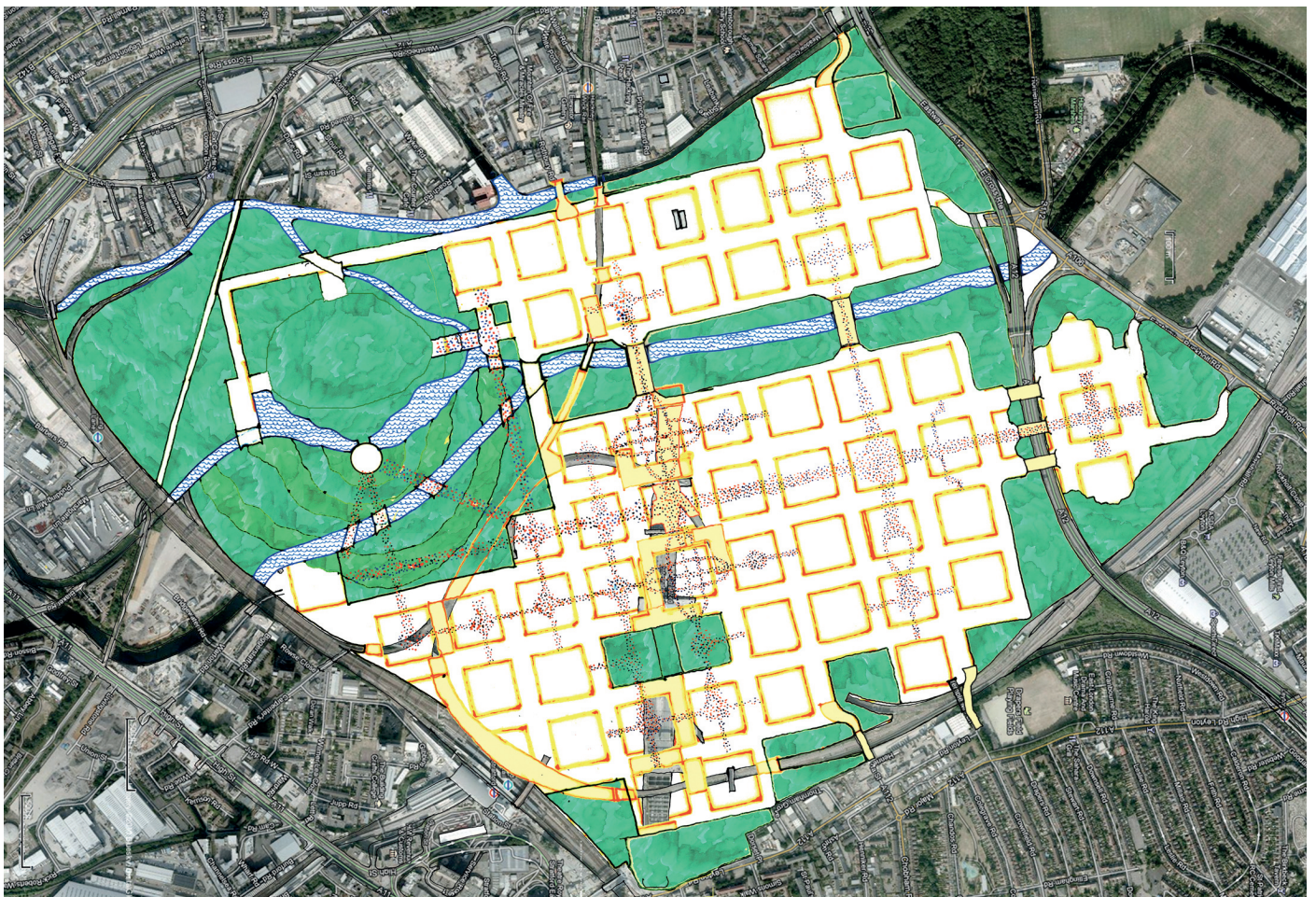
We enlarged the dimensions of the 'Handy-Square' isola-block from the Haverleij 100 to 110 m sq. This fitted the boundaries of the site. 100 or 110 is a practical decision with no numeromantic implications! After this it was a matter of practicality as to how many of these Handy-Squares could be accommodated within the disciplines of the main and secondary 'fluvial axes'. For it is better to be thorough in following through the invention of the Fluvial Block created by the Larnaca 'Eureka Moment'. Not only can the main River of Socation be reified by its Fluvial blocks, but Fluvial Blocks can mediate its lateral distribution into groups of Isola Blocks arranged in bi-axial symmetry.

For bi-axial symmetry is essential at every stage.

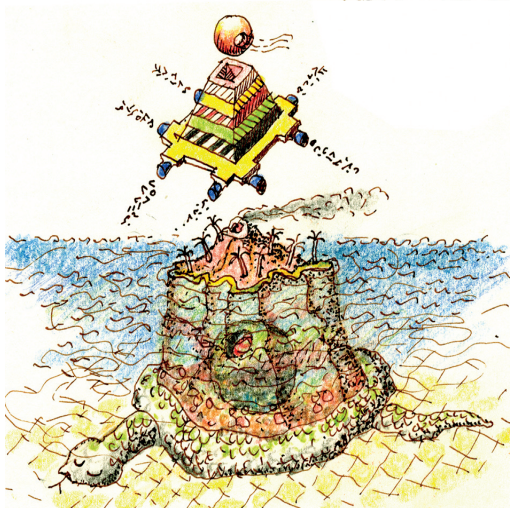
It creates a CENTRE, focus, a 'fuoco', a hearth-fire, a place where weapons are discarded and humans appear for discourse. The centre is the stage upon which the Arendtian 'Space of Appearances' is REIFIED.

Not only at every stage but at every scale.

From the room to the City.

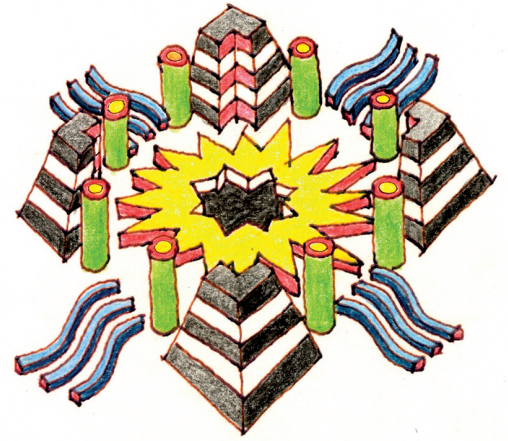


The coloured spots describe the paths of Walkers as they walk-through the 'Fluvial Blocks'. The composition of the Constant City should encourage this 'pedestrian dimension'. It does not mean that Walkers do not use the 'boulevards'. What it does mean is that if the Fluvial Blocks are not usefully traversed then their role in reifying ideas via the surfaces that they offer, within their 'cortile' interiors, can not contribute to the psycho-poetics of the human lifespaces whose augmentation is essential in order to relieve 'Natura naturans' of the recreational burden laid upon her by our ferociously multiplying species.

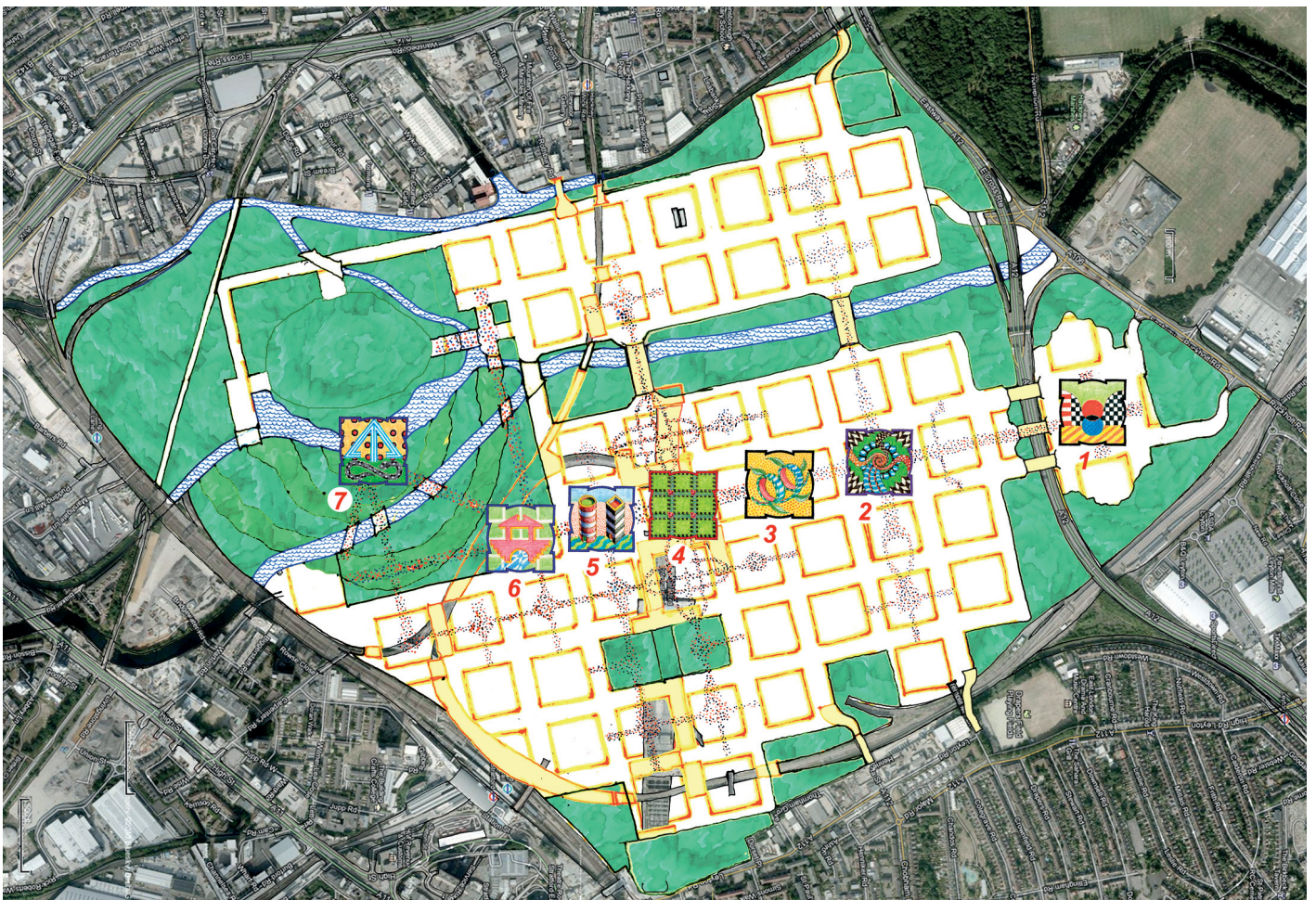


The Raft of Reason unites with the Heap of Happenstance which, though constrained by Inertia, harbours its own, dark, 'seed of germination'.

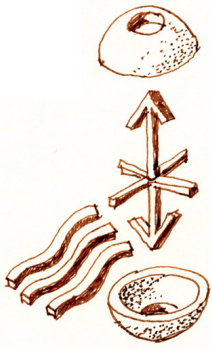
Bi-Axial symmetry is needed to reify the Fluvial Narrative as a sequence of Event-Horizons. These will be reified on and within particular 'Fluvial City-blocks'. Seven of the available twelve Event-Horizons are illustrated on the map below. They describe the 'river-bed' of the Narrative of Sociation/Somatic Time. Bi-axial symmetry allows for the persuasive enactment of the Time of Advent, leading to the building of a Camera Lucida. A Camera Lucida can 'carry' any idea. For it is its power to reify the varieties of Time that allow it such a wide variety of 'secondary' cargoes.



The yellow star is the birth of Infinitude within the Cubic Body. It must be represented on the interior of the Camera, rendering it a 'Lucida'. The dark centre is either, literally, the ash-pit of the Institutional 'focus' or the secure base of all Being in Nothing.



Showing the placing of seven of the twelve 'Event Horizons' of the River of Somatic Time that flows down the Valley of the Republic. Reading 'downstream' from Right to Left: 1: 'Source', 2: "Confluence", 3: 'Lazy River', 4: 'City', 5: 'Two Towers', 6: 'Balcony of Appearances' over the 'Arched Door', 7: 'Delta, Field of Reeds and Ocean'. From these flows a sequence of practical that 'present', both concretely as well as imagistically, the Economic and Political 'Constitution' of the Quarter, as it works as a 'community' that wants to sustain itself because it has 'understood' itself. This 'Valley of the Republic' must help to create the 'self-image' of the Quarter as its 'Virtual Body Politic'.



Bi-Axial symmetry implies no hierarchy of horizontal axes. It is movement towards the exterior that prioritises one over the other three.

Outside the 'isola', however, all the axes of the four rivers of speech are not equal. This is so even in the case of the Handy-Square, which we advised could remain within the hypostylar infinitude of an Eternal Present. There is an 'influence' upon it like the gravitational field of its own 'planet'. It is that of the Quarter of the City or Town, and their eschatological narratives of somatic and social temporality.

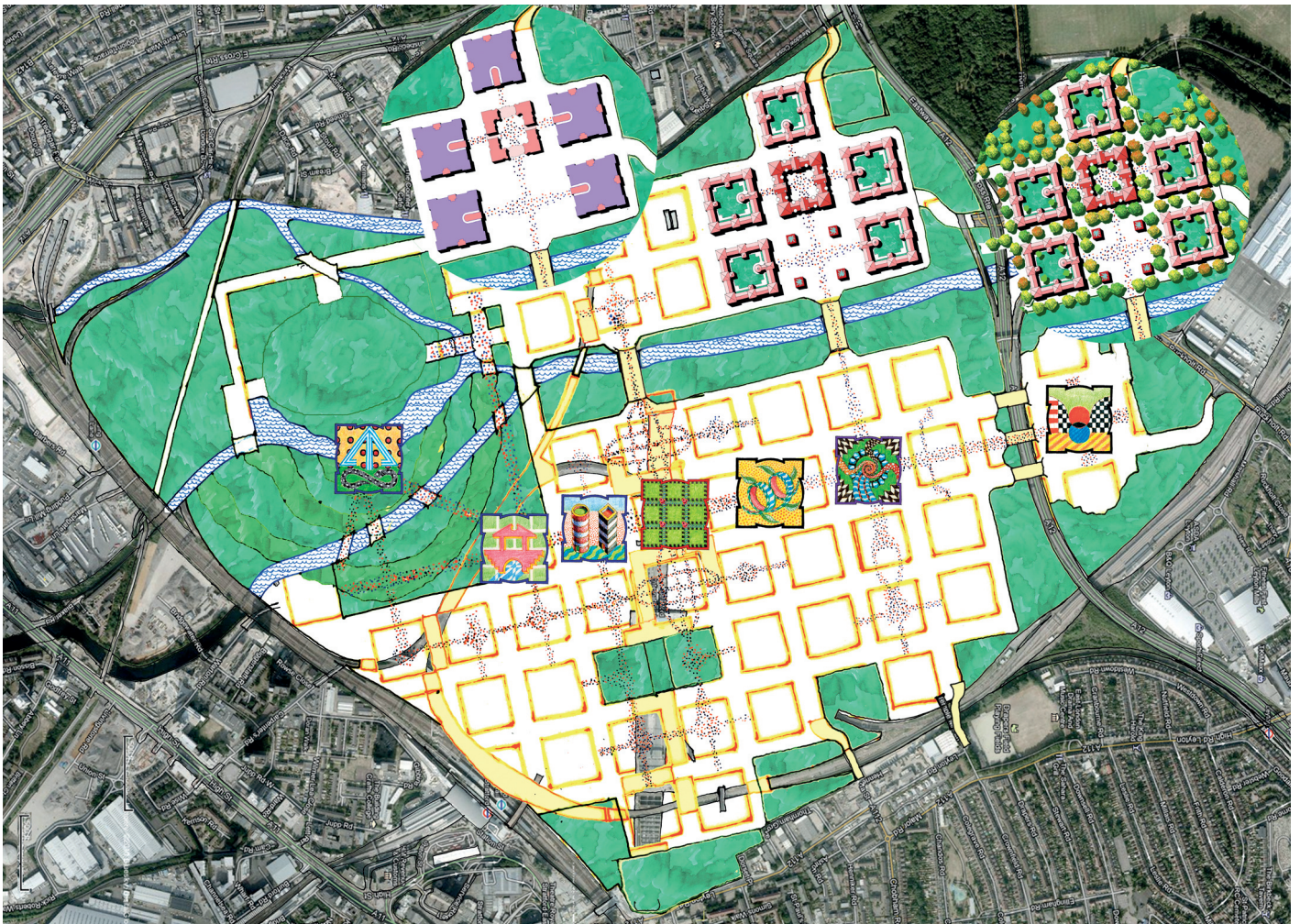
In the case of a 'Fluvial Block' itself, no licence can be granted to Escape from History - even if its citizens wished to do so. The role of the Fluvial Block is always to reify the Valley of the Republic. Every Fluvial Block must carry this iconic burden and mediate it to the benefit of the whole Quarter of its Town or City.

Every Block, either Isola or Fluvial will obtain, by its position, a primary external orientation towards the places that 'narrate' the Event-Horizons of the River of Somatic Time that runs in the bed of the Valley of the Republic. This narration proceeds both upwards from the Delta and downwards from the Source. Our ambition is to design this ontological structure to coincide with the politico-economic structure of the Quarter. Both of these, by the operation of their narrative aspect, obtain the quality of a motion in space. We may therefore propose to recognise this 'direction, as our bodies recognise ours, by 'facing' it.

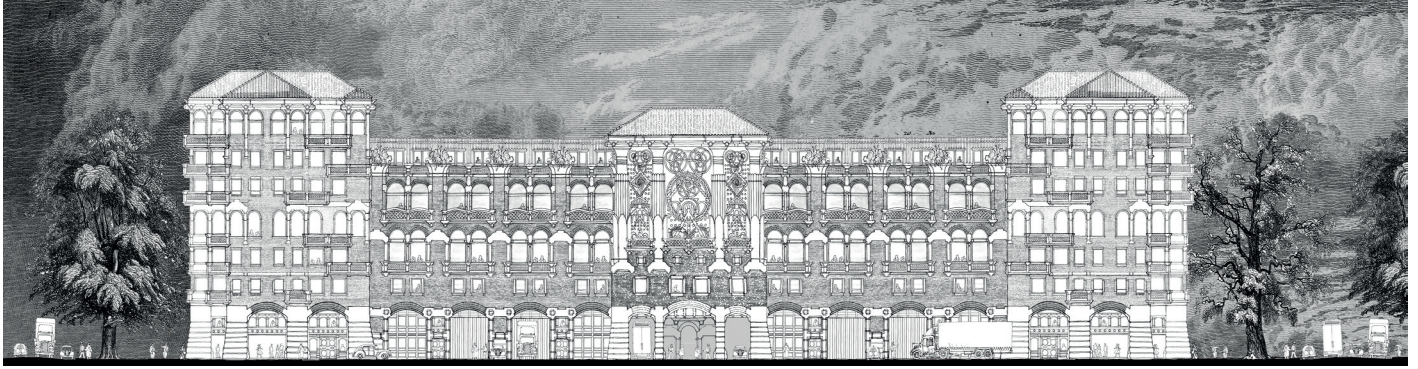


The six axes of Man's 'Cubic Body': axial, spinal and gravitational, are evolved from his 'given' phylogeny. He 'faces' his (physical) future as it moves towards him.

The BLOCKS will have a 'PRINCIPAL FACADE'.



This plan shows five Handy-Squares grouped around a Fluvial block. Their Ground Floor plan is to the left and their rooftop plan is in the centre. The view to the right shows the trees planted down the centre of each of the 45-metre-wide boulevards. The Ground Plan of the Fluvial Block shows that it has small (arched) openings to the lateral Handy-Squares and a large ones along the main direction of the 'flow' of the Fluvial Narrative. Its 'principal facade' would be as shown, with a large arch, on page 43-20. The small square buildings on the 'plaza' are kiosk-cafe's.



The 'best face' of each Handy Square (Archipelago of Arcadia) looks across its surrounding Cordon Naturel of trees and bushes to the Fluvial Block which will house its local cafe, shops, school and other communal facilities. This face is not related, therefore to its orientation to the cardinal directions. It is governed by the 'flow' of the Narratives of Somatic and Social Time. The metaphor of flowing water is critical to reify this aspect of the urbane narratology.

A PRINCIPAL FACADE HAS, APART FROM NARRATING THE PHENOMENOLOGIES OF THE TIMES OF LIVING AND THE TIMES OF BECOMING SOCIABLE, A USE IN SAVING MONEY.

It has been obvious to everyone except 20C Architects that the 'facade' of a building has its uses in denoting the status, and therefore the value, of the building and its 'citizens'. Building owners tend to spend some money to this end and attempt the best 'facade' they can afford. As proof I offer the complaint of the gentleman in charge of landscaping in the New Town of Telford. He advised that his budget was continuously increasing. JOA had won a competition to build an 'Opera House'. It turned out to be a multi-purpose structure used for pop-concerts and boxing as well - anything that would draw a crowd. The project came to nothing - as did the beautiful halls built to promote the local dances of Havana, Cuba, whence some of the Telford management would repair for inspiration.

More to the point of this Lecture, however, was the fact that there were, in this 1960's New Town, neither Streets nor the Facades that raise them into Being. The Motors ran in wide ditches which the Walkers crossed on infrequent, windy and expensive footbridges. The Town (Shopping) Centre was raised on stilts over a car park. It was locked-up at night after its main use (to extract the loose change from the Workers' pockets), had been discharged. The whole Centre' belonged to the University Lecturers' Pension Fund.

The Town, newly aware of this catastrophic 'legacy' of post WWII 'town planning', had appointed the firm of EDAW to attempt the invention of at least one real 'Street'. On this, JOA, with the aid of some munificent Telfordian, newly returned and mightily enriched from his adventures elsewhere, would raise the celebratory Opera House. For the truth was that as one drove up out of the ditch one arrived, by virtue of the distance taken up by the gradually ramping roads, round at the back of one's destination. Or was it the Front and the facade seen from the en-ditched road the Back? Then, what with the ramps and the car-parking places every substantial building ended marooned on its own plot. All of its sides were open to view. All of them tended to be covered in profiled metal sheeting - that standby of the Big Shed industry. All of them relied on Telford Town to raise trees and shrubs to cover their frightful iconic nakedness.

Hence the Landscape budget's ballooning bottom line.

Not that this worried the Architects. Had not Corbusier himself promoted the transformation of the city into the villa-suburbs then, in the early 20C, being created by the wealthy? Had not Corbusier himself advised, in 1948,

"GREAT BLOCKS OF DWELLINGS RUN THROUGH THE TOWN,"
 "WHAT DOES IT MATTER?"
 "THEY ARE BEHIND THE SCREEN OF TREES".

In so many words, "do not concern yourself with the appearance of the radically faceless heaps of glass, cement and steel that I advise. No one will worry about them once the whole city is raised-up on stilts and buried in 'verdure'".

As the perfume of flowers, one might say today, screens the smell of the corpse of the Urbanity that Corbusier, and all of his mid-20C devotees, hated and '(town)-planned' to kill.

While inspecting the Queen's Stand at Epsom Racecourse, prior to its demolition, I looked down at a carpet and exclaimed: "Ah! a design by Dubuffet". Jean Dubuffet was a 'je suis contre' French painter whose work I admired. He created abstract designs that were, like those found in Nature, repetitive without repeating themselves.



'Pese Cheveu', that Jean Dubuffet painted in 1962, had an estimated sale value in 1990 at Christie's NY of \$M3. The cigarette-burn Epsom bar carpet would have ended on a skip. Someone more alive to such possibilities might have hung it in a Gallery. It was a genuine piece of what Dubuffet called "Art Brut" - or "Outsider Art".

I put on my spectacles and saw that the pattern was made by the innumerable burns of cigarettes ground into the carpet at the cry of: "They're Off!" when the stampede to the Stands began.

"Nobody notices", I was assured. "We cover the whole building in £250,000 of flowers for the five days of the annual meeting". "Surely", I thought to myself, "this excellent Facilities manager was not a devotee of the esoteric writings of Corbusier". Then a picture came to mind of a politician addressing his audience from a dais fronted by a wall of potted plants. "No", I suddenly saw, "It is not Corbusier who is esoteric". "He is banal". "Every third-rate lifestage, the world over, tries to lift itself out of the pit of iconic subiteracy with a few cut flowers".

Architecture, Painting and Sculpture are what raises a lifestage to an Urbanity fit for thinking beings. The main distinction in this cult of scented corpses is that if you are a Realtor who wants to impress Investors, you use plastic blooms to show that Capital trumps Outgoings.

I recalled the flower market of Bruges. The living blooms are mirrored, across a road, by a market, of equal size and magnificence, whose plants are all imperishable. But the Low countries were where London learned its financial lessons to graduate as bankers to the globe.



The Constant City uses trees like any other City-Planning but with an additional function. In JOA we use them symbolically. They reify, at a directly 'Natural' level, the 'grounding' of the urbane lifestage in the 'Negation' that is mediated by the Eternal Present of the Hypostylar Forest of Infinitude. These trees must be the great forest trees native to the temperate zone. They must have room to spread. So we place them in the centre of the boulevards. Note that there are three lanes each way. The outer lane, near the trees is not for Trucks. Trucks may only use the stopping lane and the central lane. This is so that the wildlife corridor can also grow small flowering trees. Our model, which we imitate here, shown on the next page. It is the way cars 'live' under the trees in London's garden squares.



This is the edge of a London Square - unchanged since 1820 - nearly two centuries. Big forest trees are best for reifying the Forest of Infinditude. They need to spread. Plant them in the centre of the streets. Then put in a railing with flowering shrubs. This creates a 'Wildlife Corridor'. animals feel safe if they dodge from one side of a barrier (away from humans) to the other. A passage through the railing must, anyway, be opened at its ends where boulevards cross. The only other gap in these central railings should be opposite the centres of the Isola blocks and Fluvial Blocks, where the Walkers issue on their way up and down the routes of the Fluvial Narratives that constitute the Republic of the Valley. If this is done each Block will be situated inside a Cordon Naturel that 'isolates' it from its neighbour. This 'Greenbelt' is of the most efficiently economical dimensions - wide at the top, in its 'airspace' and narrow on the more valuable ground.

Flowering trees give a thicker screen, like a hedge, between the Isola blocks. The big trees reify the idea that the Isola Blocks exist free from Historical Time by virtue of their Hypostylar matrix. The smaller, flowering trees reify the idea that they remain within the Archipelagoes of Arcadia.

The screening is reinforced with a railing between each Forest Tree. Animals, like urban foxes, who use this screen as a movement corridor, mostly at night, will find the railing increases their protection from humans. For they can pass between its uprights while we can not. Gaps in this railing exist at its ends where one boulevard meets another. But one is also made half way down the side of each Isola block for the Walkers who follow the temporal flow of the 'Valley of the Republic'.

Each boulevard accommodates six lanes of traffic. The two next to the trees are prohibited to the high trucks who would break their tender branches. Trucks, and fork-lifts serving the workshops, may use only the stopping lane, next to the footway, and the central lane. Only low vehicles may use the outermost lane - in each direction.

Yet the Constant City also uses trees, bushes and flowers.

But the Constant City does not use them as Corbusier does: to merely hide "...great blocks of dwellings". The Constant City uses them as it uses many of its other resources:

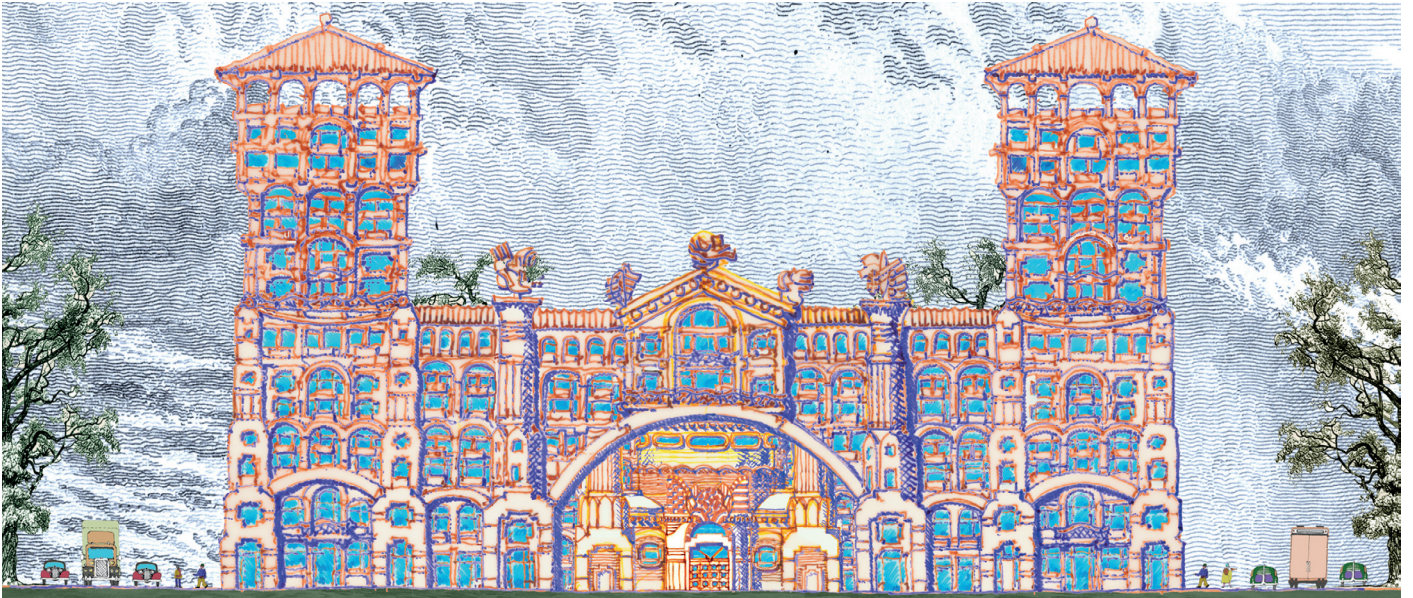
SYMBOLICALLY.

The Trees, especially in the Urbane Areas, reify the Hypostylar Forest of Infinditude. They are planted with a regularity not found in the Jardin Anglais style used in the English park-landscape. Our technique in JOA, however is not to plant them in the Walker's pavements but to place them in the centre of the street. This avoids the horrible 'pollarding' to which the temperate zone's wonderful forest trees will always be subjected when planted too close to the building-line. The great trees, for which London is justly renowned, can expand to their full height of 30M. The Boulevards of Constant City Stratford are around 45 M wide. This gives a forest tree space into which it can properly expand and find its natural and beautiful shape.

We also use smaller flowering trees. These are placed along the same central line.



The model for the central reservation planting on the boulevards of the Constant City is the way the medium-sized flowering trees hang over the parked motors around London's Garden Squares. If the outer lane, of the three lanes on each side of the central reservation, is banned to trucks then not only can the Forest trees spread out freely, and without any ugly pollarding, into the boulevard airspace, but a lower belt of flowering trees and bushes can be interposed between the Isola-Blocks. These will serve to screen each side of the street from the other. It will reify the idea that the Isola Block, marooned outside Historical Time by the Hypostylar geometries of Infinditude, exists in the Archipelagoes of Arcadia.

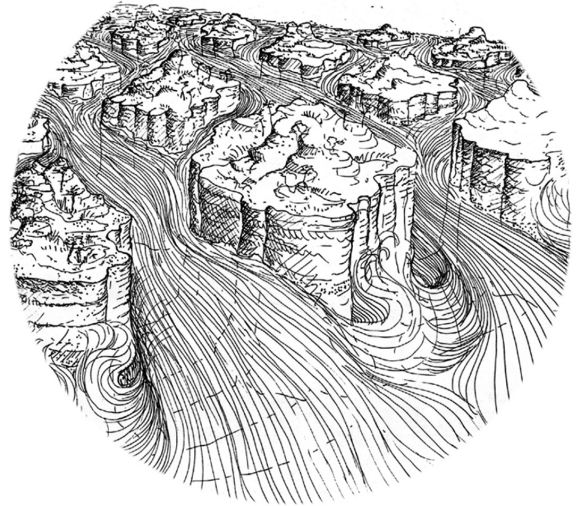


A Fluvial Block can have a 'principal facade'. But, if it collects 'Fluvial Flow' from adjoining Blocks then it must present a decent face to them. This is because its adjoining Handy Squares will be presenting their 'principal facades' to their nearest openings into the Fluvial Block.

Two phenomenologies coincide the Sixth Order with the Constant City -

Those of Water.

The phenomenology of the phylogenetics and the ontogenetics of Evolution situate the Sixth Order column in the amniotic 'sea'. The phenomenology of the congruence of Somatic Time with a narrative of Association uses the metaphor of the River in its Valley. Both are brought into intimate conjunction by the narrative of a cataclysmic Advent that joins the Cargo of the (floating) Raft with the Genius Loci of the (submarine) Heap of History.



The base of the Sixth Order pilasters use Ketley Blue Engineering bricks because of they look both 'wet' because of their high-temperature semi-glaze and because they are blue. The slope on the blue walls adds to their role as reifying the 'mountainous heap of history'. The lack of windows, which were not needed for the storage of refuse from the Wellcome Laboratories, adds to this icon of a submarine 'pile'.

The 'loss' of the warm (amniotic) sea from around the Archipelagoes of Arcadia reveals the privileged inhabitants of infantile innocence marooned in their 'Attica' roof-gardens. the 'fallen' mourn this lost innocence within the 'Camera Lucidae' that they make in the Isolae interiors.

It is **ESSENTIAL** to inscribe the lower registers of the Constant City with **LIQUID iconographies!**

It would be pointless to deny that **JOA** have lived, for forty years, within a culture of total denial concerning the working of symbols in the quotidian lifespaces. At lectures I am always asked: "But what if the building user, and the Public, do not know what all your symbols mean?" To this I reply that "it has been the consistent policy of my Profession and many of those who employ us, especially since WWII, to create a subliterate lifespaces".



The Thames River-side to the Isle of Dogs Storm Water Pumping Station was paved in pale and dark grey interlocking concrete blocks. The footprint of the giant 3M-diameter columns seemed to march into the Thames. The door appeared to 'float' upwards between its giant stone jambs. The paving itself swirled with giant waves.

Some years later the LDDC built a public riverside walk. They lifted this perfectly durable paving, which they could have left going up to the River Wall, as designed and built, and replaced it with some non-descript, and technically inferior, grey paving-slabs. Then to add idiocy to injury they installed, in the form of a municipal flower-clock, a rendition in large river-pebbles, of the Pediment and its giant fan. I suppose this was classified as Public Art. No-one from the LDDC contacted JOA. I doubt if anyone even knew that their Pumping station now represented Post-Modernism, as such, in the Oxford Illustrated Dictionary. It was just one more example of the profound depths, no! the Abyss of iconic illiteracy, into which the human livespace has fallen since WWII.

The effect of this arrogant denial of any textuality to both Architecture and the man-made world in general has been to render the greatest constructive effort in human history, the 20C, entirely void of deliberate conceptuality. It was as unnecessary as it was incompetent and as destructive as it was illiterate. But it is done now. The only sensible course of action is to destroy it and rebuild it all as quickly as possible in a way that will render it a satisfactory home for the 'thinking animal'.

Until this is done we can no longer pretend to be surprised that humans raised in this (literally) mindless environment find it hard to see why anyone should cultivate their mental life - as such. Neither is it so hard to understand why, having become accustomed to a radically aniconic livespace, its habitués become disturbed when they discover it being entered by patently symbolic scripts. They suspect that these things 'mean something'. But they have no way of either knowing or discovering what it is, or even, after such a discovery, of relating this to other such narratologies in their quotidian livespace.

It is a hermetically-sealed, self-reinforcing mutely-lobotomised tautology.

JOA's work is an attempt to combat this masochistic and self-destructive anti-culture. The more useful answer would be "Learn what the symbols might mean". For all effective symbols are polysemic and incapable of total elucidation. More important even than this is: "become familiar with the diverse narratives found in the Architectural medium."

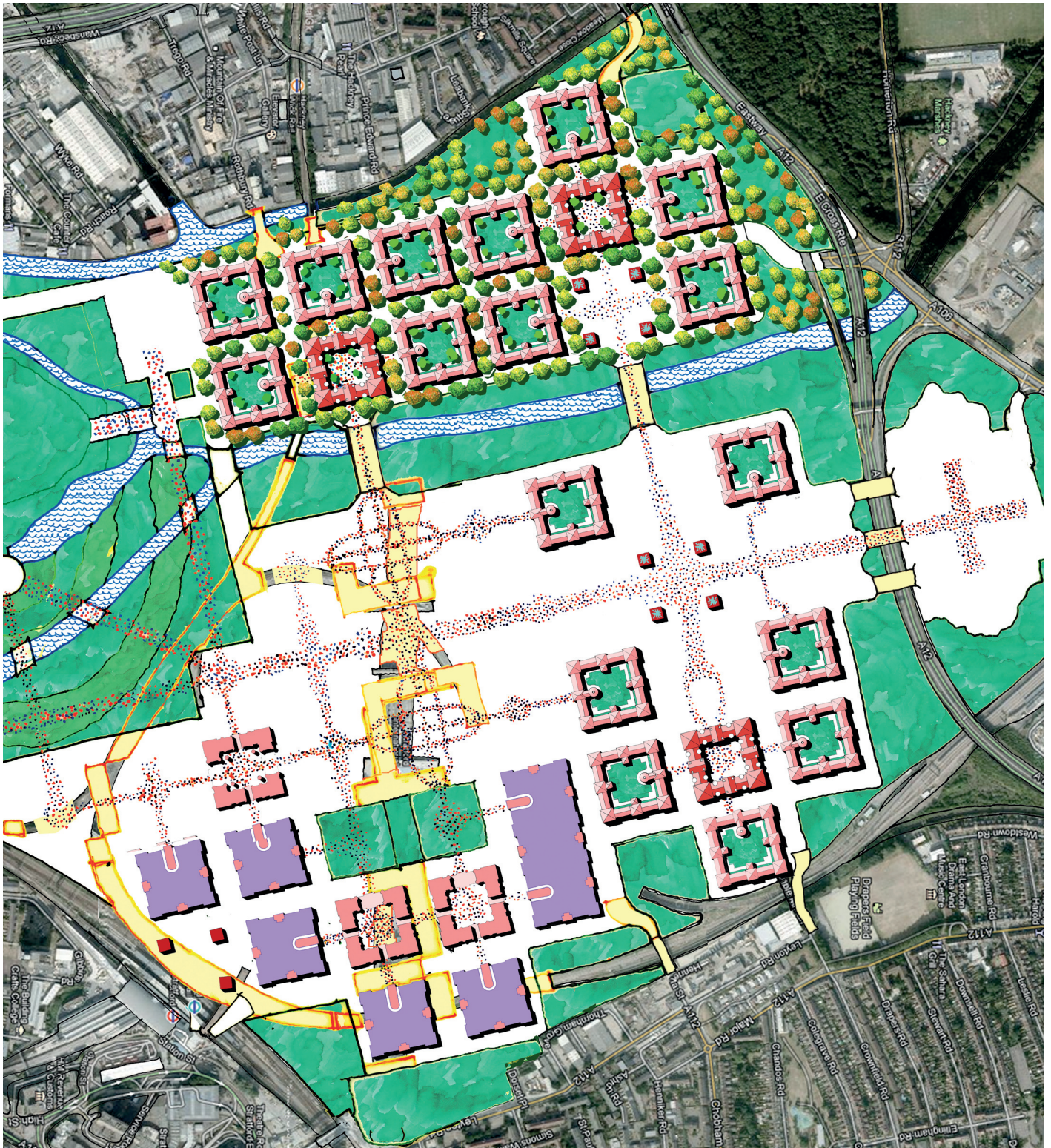
The post-revolutionary dream of 19C French Architectural theory, that there could be an 'Architecture Parlante' is an impossibility. An Architecture that could 'speak' to the unread 'sans culottes' would never be invented, however great the labours of Lequeue. It is necessary to be well-read, as well as iconically literate, before the quotidian livespace can be successfully invested with any cognitive dimension at all!

But this necessity was not merely denied by the Architectural Profession, especially at its 'highest' levels. It was positively 'tabooed'. See Bob Maxwell's review of the Judge Institute: "Outram has broken the taboos".



A full description of the dynamic iconography of these Wadhurst Park 'Millennium' columns can be found In Lecture 16: 'Jaws of Death', pp 21-23. Suffice to note, here, its reification of the Submarine Mountain filled with 'Black Suns' in the form of 'eggs' of lacquered black marble encased a wave of photolithic, cobalt-blue, concrete. the four Rivers of Speech flow outwards from the 'Camera Lucida'. All is 'square', even 'boxy', yet is 'liquid'.

OUR INHERITANCE FROM THE 20C IS AN ICONIC DESERT.



All of the *twenty-four handy-squares* have a 7M high workspace at their street level. It is pointless to separate work and residence. A pall of smog now hangs over Asia from India to China. Mexico City's 22 million citizens live under a smog that darkens the sky as one descends from 3,000 metres to land in air one can chew. The noise and noxious exhausts of all work have to be muffled and scrubbed. Placing living above the workplace shows both that the citizen rules the way of working as well as that manufacture supports culture. Technique and discipline are all that is necessary to re-constitute the 'urbane' life. The roof-top view of the *ten Handy-Squares and two Fluvial Blocks* to the West of the Lea are shown with their *boulevard trees*. Their *seven companions* to the South-East of the Lea are shown at Ground level around *three Fluvial Blocks*. It may be seen how the walker's routes to the Republic of the Valley pass through the *Fluvial blocks*. The *seven Handy Squares* to the North East are shown without their trees. The population of all 30 of these 'outer' blocks would be between 10,000 and 15,000 depending upon the type of apartment/duplex. Housing and apartments built in the blocks making-up the Valley of the Republic could add 2,500 more residents.

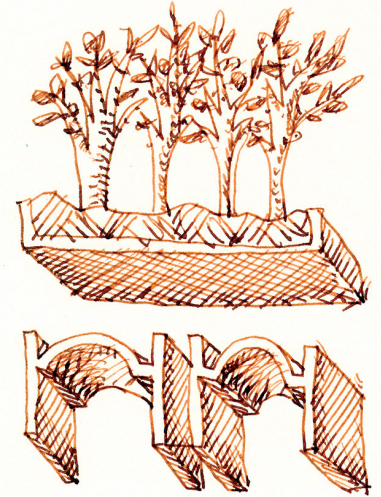


An icon from Lecture 66: 'The Handy-Square' shows how more and more of 'Nature' depends on human 'work'.

Under every residential 'Square' is a 7-metre clear height workspace.

These 110 x 110 M square 'fields of urbane work' replace the workspaces banished by the 1947 decision to export all 'physical' work from British Cities and, notwithstanding the half-century of urbanistic re-thinking, remove it from this, the high-profile Olympic Project, as well.

The mornings would hum with the comings and goings of the World of Work. Forklifts would trundle around at ground level. No young bride from the Mediterranean would write back to Cyprus of her new home in the bungalow-suburbs: "Its so quiet here. Even the dogs don't bark! The post-WWII Industrial Estate is an almost entirely male world. A child, appearing on its broken pavements, looks out of place.



To see this 'positively', as a physical project, rather than a pure icon, I drew concrete vaults like those used by Corbusier in the Post-WW II, 'post-modern' villas at Garches.

The Handy-Square would shine its benign understandings upon this suburban "peace that passeth understanding": that evidence of a world corrupted by Sartre's "mauvais foi". The Handy Square replaces it with the open, patent and honest loquacity of a lifespace unafraid to demonstrate its 'grounds of being'.

For what underlay the 'silent lifespace' of the 20C if it was not a massive and profound guilt?

And what was that guilt if it was not the result of knowing that the proper project of the 20C was failing and, at a certain moment, had been abandoned? And what else could this project have been but to put the Generality upon the lifespace stage that was once the sole prerogative of the Elites? And what lay behind this sense of impending failure, followed by its complete acceptance? What else but the sense that the best efforts of the 'lifespace-design professions, savants and industries had completely failed to come up with any persuasive 'solutions'! For where are they?

Where are the long lost Manuals of Design?

Where are the dusty 'Modern' cities, that provided the answers to the obvious questions?

They do not exist.

The early 21C is heavy with worthy organisations intent upon reviving the lost values and methods of 'Modernity'. An answer to them was given by Geoffrey Kipnis - a U.S. refugee from Physics and Musicology (rather than Architecture per se). He came to London from working in the bureau of Peter Eisenman, and told us, at his lecture at the R.I.B.A "I have read all the books on Architecture and have not been impressed. I would say that the status of Architecture, in the design of the city, is akin to that of the chrome fender ('bumper' to Brits) to the design of automobiles" His metaphors were 'native' to the USA of the 1980's - a culture that was trashing its lifespace in order to win the economic war against Communism. But the sad truth of it was that, in spite of the efforts of the West, over the better part of a century, there was no book to wave at him and say, Mr. Kipnis, "you are wrong. Read this book and you will find that Architecture, as it is universally understood, is the entire and complete and whole answer to the design of what is, equally universally (and even in the USA), understood as the instrument of Citizenship, the City of Citizens".

The sad fact is that in this 'lifespace-design industry' there is plenty to be quiet about, plenty to regret, plenty to mourn and plenty to support a sense of guilt so massive that it permeates the entire lifespace-design ethosphere. It is a dense cloud of guilt at the extraordinary stupidity, pusillanimity and general incompetence of its whole vast subculture. How else can one explain the early 21C in which a Retro-Classicism thrives next to a Deconstruction whose motto could be: "Its ugly, badly made and really tiresome to use. So what else could it be but a piece of FINE ART - the "expression of a pure soul"?"

"The expression of a 'pure soul'?" Who would impose such subliterate grotsqueries into their lifespace except 'leaders' of a culture conscious of its failure and their absolute refusal to try any more to invent a world that gives human existence back the nobility it once enjoyed.

As for the rest, flopping-down between these two self-absorbed extremes, one is offered boxes, so-called minimalist envelopes. They are the 'honest Joe's. If there is nothing so say, as Wittgenstein advised, then say nothing. Of course he was right. Though, as an Architect, which he attempted, he was incompetent!

OF COURSE ONE 'SAYS NOTHING'.

But one has to SAY it!

Karl Kraus was wrong when he said "step forward and say nothing". If nothing is said by the cultivated then the discourse of the subliterate will replace them - as the example of 20C has shown like no other.



We have shown, in these Lectures, how one may say, and not merely 'say' but reify, 'Nothing' in the quotidian world of everyday reality. For to ground oneself in this ineffable 'originality' secures the Narrator the licence to dwell upon the realities (in technical terms the ontological phenomenologies), that provide a culture with the carrier-wave (to use an analogy from cybernetics), that will bear its message through the 'noise' of contingency.

Peter Smithson, my erstwhile Fifth-Year Tutor, invited me, in the late 1980's, to a celebration at Bath University. I had heard that Alison and he had been building again. An image came into my mind of cinder-

The unfortunates of the Architecture Faculty must play-out the Smithson's myth of 'Streets in the Air'. Meanwhile they can admire the marvellous 'conversion' of their mysteriously wonky building from some obscure previous existence as, perhaps, a 16C hostelry with an equine G.Flr?

block walls decorated with exposed electrical conduit in a building with cheap aluminium windows set into a post and beam frame made of grey cement. This turned out to be their Architectural Faculty building. It was illustrated in 1988. The Smithson's described it as an Essay in 'Conglomerate Order'. They published this 'Order's' ten properties. the most extreme were:

1 CO.* 'A building of conglomerate ordering is hard to retain in mind... it is elusive except when one is actually there; then it is perfectly lucid.

5 CO. Conglomerate buildings are an inextricable part of larger fabric .It has no back, no front; it is equally engaged with all it confronts. A change within its "convention of use" enhances its sense of order.



Ah! the charm of cement! The reality of a "A street in the Air". Cement below and cement above - oh and Bath stone blocks to the side! Bereft of a single Architectural quality the Student must dissimulate for five years to outwit the Academic Drones who govern him!

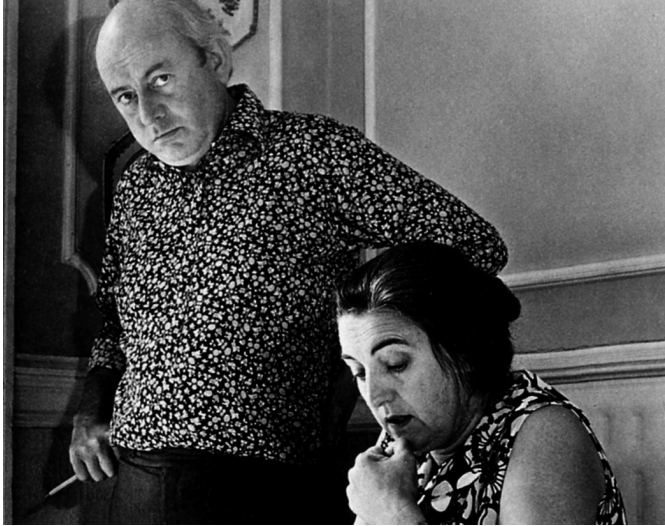
7th CO. *It is dominated by one material... the conglomerate's matrix - (the cindered ashes of cement)*

10th CO. *Its bearing walls and columns diminish in thickness as their load or need for mass diminishes; walls and column spacing is irregular, responding to use and natural placing.*

During the 1920's to '30's a large number of asylums were built around London for persons who needed shelter from the difficulties of living coherently within the giant metropolis. The buildings were low in height and spread over a wide area. But they all had a clearly geometrized plan. The Latin letter 'D' was a favourite. It was understood

that many of the inmates only found their way around by remembering a sequence of 'pictorial scenes'. The clearly conceivable plan was designed to lift their conception of their livespace to a higher level. This is the first step towards investing the human livespace with a meaning. But I was never able to establish whether this overall concept had any other cognitive quality than mere geometric clarity.

Suffice to say, in this context, that in Principle No 1 CO, the Smithsons were prescribing buildings of the reverse order. Theirs were designed to PREVENT the user from conceiving of his livespace in any other way than that available to the mentally-damaged. What is this but another example of the pernicious degrading of human nature native to the Post-War (Attlee) intellectuals who forced the Generality to invent Pop Art. The Smithsons were part of the 1950's Independent Group that 'took Pop Art seriously'. Just not seriously enough to invent a link to 'High Art'.



Alison and Peter Smithson were part of the Independent Group at the ICA. But they never invented any 'Pop-Graphics' or 'Pop-Sculpture' of note. Their clothes were 'loud'. But the patterns were not so much 'Arte Povera' as 'Arte Polveri'. They permitted no competition, with the dull hapticity of their concrete slabs and pillars, from the more iconically rich media of graphics and sculpture. Their chief weapon was dullness.

7 CO and 10 CO prescribe a rigorous binding of their Architecture to "the turn towards le plastique pur" taken by Corbusier. This, also, constitutes a rejection of the tools re-invented by 1950's Pop Art as a vital response to the burnt-out world of positivist arrogance prescribed by the Attlee-Cambridge Axis of the 1950's.

The symmetry between Corbusier's inability to use the graphical tools offered by Art Deco and the Smithson's inability to employ the graphical tools of Pop Art is too exact to be coincidental.

It was a rare Architectural system which, up until the 20C, had not included sculpture, graphics and, more often than not, polychromy within its normal scope. I note here merely the media, not their quality. The great Architects of the early 20C also did so. Corbusier, Mies and Wright, allowed a place for these 'Fine Arts' to play a part in their compositions. The Smithsons, and the 'Brutalist' movement that Reyner Banham appointed them to 'lead', did not. Nor did their successors, such as Foster, Rogers and Grimshaw. High tech liked their materials, rounded and 'Burkeanly shiny'. But it was grey and colourless.

There is some common deficiency.

But what was it?

The history of the banishment of graphical and sculptural ornament and decoration begins in the 1910's. Adolf Loos tried his hand at decoration for several years and then gave it up. Loos is a symptom of failure. The graphical work of his Viennese contemporaries, Klimt, Munch, Schiele, etc. was equally useless to the quotidian public realm. Loos argued that decoration was for 'primitives'. Civilised cultures 'grew out of it'. It was historical nonsense that obscured the unavoidable fact that the ornamental iconology used by the West had collapsed in the face of Science and, especially, the new technologies of vehicles the size of ships that were larger than most buildings. Yet this deficiency was already being made good by the inter-war Moderne before Corbusier and Mies had even achieved their canonic works. The doomed liner Normandie, launched in 1935, was a prime example.



Corbusier in the 1925 'Deco' Exhibition as a Decorator with rugs and pictures in a room Perret refused to recognise as 'Architecture'. Of course, why not! Where was its Order - that could frame a 'view'?

Auguste Perret refused to recognise any 'Architecture' in the work of Corbusier's 1925 Pavillon de l'Esprit Nouveau. Perret used an 'Order'. It enabled him to 'frame' whatever decoration was available - not that such 'decor' was all that persuasive. But Corbusier did not. He just hung a Leger on his walls and put a Kazakh rug on the floor, like some decorator-housewife humanising her rented box-hut. Corbusier 'compensated' for this epiphanic impotence by removing 50% of the rentable floorspace of his 'immeubles-villas' and pretending they would look over a limitless forest. It was the same old suburban 'picture-window' spiel.

After WWII the 'Decorative Deficiency', that existed when I became a student of Architecture, became so total that we novices never even noticed it. In Britain during the post WWII years all that we could do was to look around for some way of representing 'something' with the bare necessities of building itself - walls, roofs, floors and windows. So we dreamed of buildings like machines, buildings like organisms, buildings like anything except the little De Stijl slab-huts and 'modular-pre-fab' stick-and-panel boxes that were for us.

The Smithson's proved their adhesion to this Architecturally illiterate ethos by building a 1954 school that looked like Miesian I-Beam Neo Classicism. Their masterstroke was to strip-out all Mies' residual Hellenism and substitute for it some as-found 'Existentialist' 'Materia Bruta'. With this 'dumbing-down' they excited both the 'High (Nothing as Art)' and the 'Low' (Art as Nothing) camps.

Their only building to achieve a comparable success, during the subsequent three decades, were those built on St. James' St. for the Economist and Boodles Club. The limit of their ornaments was a cladding of 'Roach' bed Portland stone - a variety normally rejected because filled with amusing fossilised shells and other evidences of the skeletons from which limestone forms. The idea would have appealed to Adrian Stokes, one of the few good architectural writers of the 20C. But it was not going to make any Architect from centuries past regret that he did not live today.



Note the delicate swelling of the concrete columns as they descend to the Ground Floor. This makes the building look heavier (as required by : 9CO. It is lumpish in weight and has weight.) Foul black muck stains the grey concrete spandrels as they meet the pavement - is this the Charm of the Ordinary or just dumb material-detailing?



Everything 'built' is a "fake" in the sense that its parent was Culture, not Nature. But this is not a Picasso-esque 'Lie' that reveals a 'Truth'. The Smithsons 'crippled' it to look as if it had served many Users and uses. Instead of accessing the understandings of Antiquity, they merely made their 'Architecture' look a bit 'knocked about'. There is a literal-minded Naturalism to it that makes Las Vegas shotgun pellets in oak repro look recherché!

It is in their buildings at Bath that we finally see revealed the full scope of the Smithson's life-project. They reify the idea, native to the post-'Look back in Anger' generation, that the culture to be preferred is one that has been stripped bare of all 'superstructural' ideology. The effect, for the 'public' medium of Architecture, is that there remains nothing left to 'represent' except the most trivial of purely physical circumstances.

One of the results was that, in order to make a building more than a merely BIG SHED (of the sorts that serve the consumerist machine), the Smithsons, (as well as the Venturis) designed-in a degree of that 'accidental' charm which so fascinated Camillo Sitte.

This Italian Mediaevo-Humanist/Hill-town-illness easily infects the Anglo-American Architect (e.g Peter Eisenman @ Santiago de Compostela). They are rendered susceptible to the 'picturesque' from their fear of the beautiful Order that opens the quotidian to an epiphanic imaginary. Visions of that sort must be ruled by an Architectural culture which Harris argues that the Anglosphere had not even mastered by the time of 18C Neo-Classicism.



The Smithsons like to add a 'shelter' * icon to their 'plane-flat' walls. Here there is a small sloping roof over each floor's windows. The Entablature-as-a-Gutter is a master-stroke not so much of bloody-minded Brutalism as of a limp Folksiness. This building descends from an inscrutable 'past' and looks forward to a brief future.

Shrinking and swelling a column over three storeys does make the building look 'heavier', which is ambition No.9 of 'Conglomerate Ordering'. But to thin a concrete column as it gets higher into the air is expensive. The main cost of a column is 'working' its shuttering from floor to floor. This means that you avoid changing the column's waistline! What you do is to vary the amount of its reinforcing steel. The most successful building contractor of the end of the 20C, Ray O'Rourke, made his name in the 1980's by manoeuvring concrete formwork faster, and more cheaply, from floor to floor, than anyone else. He was Stuart Lipton's favourite builder. In three decades O'Rourke's went from their foundation in 1978 to a revenue-stream of three billion sterling. So much for the Smithson's pragmatism! Bath could have afforded concrete capitals and cornices!

But the straw that broke this particular Camel's back was learning that the Smithsons had built a Cornice that sloped, or stepped down, so as to show that it was a gutter and needed to shed water. It is shown at the top (in Violet) of their 1983 Bath University Architectural Faculty, to the left.

I mean the Entablature?

The 'bearer' of the 'Cargo of the Future!' Sloping Downwards in little steps!

To form an Entablature (or as one might name it, a Cornice) as if it was a Gutter was to figure the Profound upon the Trivial. For surely he anyway knew that level gutters manufacture their own fall. They do it by filling-up with the rain-borne dust (some of it from Africa along with influenza viruses) that builds-up thickest at the end furthest from the downpipe. It means that every five years one clears one's gutter.

But tell me something new!

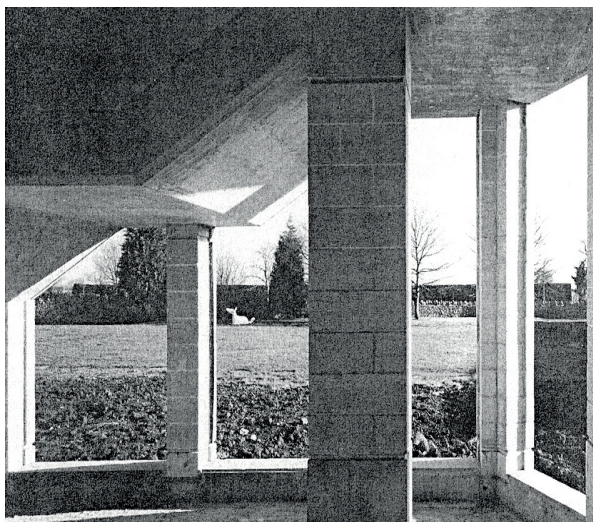
What had Smithson been doing all these years? Had he not introduced me to Louis Kahn - back in 1958? What was this but the most dogged, the most bloody-minded, cleaving to the foul, destructive, stupid, myopic, illiterate notion of the 20C - that 'Form followed (physical) Function'. Was any idea more fragrant with the corruption of the 'trahison des clercs'? For it was precisely this despicable, arrogant, post-WWII downgrading of the sensibility of the Generality - to mere haptics, mere mechanics, by the very Academic world that, in 1994, would do its best to destroy my firm. Academe had demoted the High Culture as UNFIT for mass consumption. It had FORCED the ex-utero birth of Pop-Art as FIT for mass consumption. The Smithsons were just playing-out this evil judgment in that 'softest' of all environments - the Groves of Academe populated by adolescents and 'failed' practitioners.

The trick had worked at Hunstanton. But that was because he had ridden on the back of Mies van der Rohe. Now, in Bath, a city of 'Roman' reminiscences, all that the Smithson's could offer was a picturesque 'Himalayan' shambles.

I say 'Himalayan' for two reasons. first his building reminds me of the folksy inventions of Srinagar, where I was at school in the early 1940s. secondly I quote the opinion of Iqbal Aalam the careful and assiduous photographer of the works of illustrious 20C Architects. He ends his text on the Smithsons at Bath with:

"I am beginning to develop some inferiority complexes about my own ability to appreciate some hidden qualities of these two great architects who possibly are too cerebral for me to follow as I have to admit this building leaves me bereft of any architectural emotions resembling joy or pleasure."

To which I can only rejoin: "Go to it Iqbal! Your taste is sure, and by your critical span well-exercised. There is in this work no cerebation worth celebrating, no joy and no pleasure. There is only a sad collapse of all confidence and a dismal search for security in that most fatal of all states: ignorance combined with guilt".



A picture of a corner of the Art Barn shows the very precise detailing, the concrete slab sets down into the cinder-block column in the same way that the window-sill turns its cast concrete bulk upwards to give a flat base to the sme cinder-block pillar. Yet the overall composition cleaves to that 'throw-away' insouciance of the 'objets trouvés' picturesque. Alison even pretends that this view is "over the Village green"!

they can rest secure from the 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune'. By inventing such a deeply irrational, banal and ugly compositional order the 'Brutalists' aimed to secure Architecture against losing further territory to Engineering on the one side, or Fine Art on the other.

They failed, of course.



Alison Smithson was never the public face of the pair. But I never met another woman who could wear couture and still look as naked as God made her. She was the elemental force behind their physiocratic passion. This strange little theatre, the Bath University Art Barn, was a small fragment of an unbuilt larger plan. But that suited their philosophy of 'no facades' and 'no completion'. The half-finished look was what she positively sought and the 'crud' in this photo was inevitable when there is no Front or Back. The irregular floor-heights were all made nakedly visible. It would have been cheaper and more sensible to enclose the escape stair within the whole building envelope. But what other 'interest' could one create in the windowless walls of a theatre? The Smithson's taboo on 'Architecture' meant that they had to torture the innocent physiologies of their buildinigs to justify a reputation as 'poetic' - ludicrous really - and sad. One's heart goes out to this building as to a lamed mutt struggling to walk. But what if one knew that the animal had been deliberately crippled? The building is slated to be killed anyway to make way for a new Arts Centre.

Those who make this work feel secure in the belief that if they deny and frustrate every humane ambition then



The recesses in Adolf Loos marble ceiling of the 1908 Kartner Bar in Vienna reveal nothing but that anathema of Pugin and mark of Roman iconic decay: "sliced marbles". The columns and beams have no mouldings. They are mere sticks covered in luxuriously 'chaotic' green breccia stone. It is the "luxe, volupté" and "calme" of a 19C fin-de-siecle iconic bankruptcy.



AND IT HAS GOT MUCH WORSE.

We now have Liebeskind, Gehry and Hadid eating at Architecture from the FINE ART side and spiffy Engineers like Cecil Balmond, the Alchemist of Algorithms, cooking up the maths to feed their CadCam engines.

It has been a straight-line decline.

Adolf Loos used strong colours and gold leaf at the beginning of his work. Then he lowered his ambitions to strongly-figured marbles and wood veneers. His American bar in Kartnerstrasse has an Order reduced to cubic balks. But they are made of green-tinted 'pudding-stone' conglomerate rock. These enhance the colour of the lushly-veined Siena Yellow marble ceiling which he has 'coffered' into four receding planes.

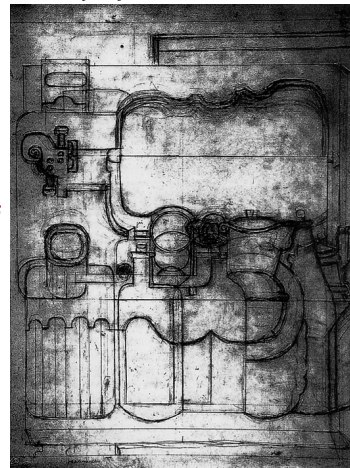
The exterior of the Villa Mueller by Adolf Loos advertised externally that its interior was a rambling sort of ruin without any particular disposition to its rooms. This was confirmed upon entry by a meandering ascent through a continuous space cut through walls that had neither columns nor doorways proclaiming one's passage through Loos's uncognisable lifespaces.

Culture only provided him with a 'Viennese Sezession' syntax and lexicon for such 'representations'. And he rejected these.

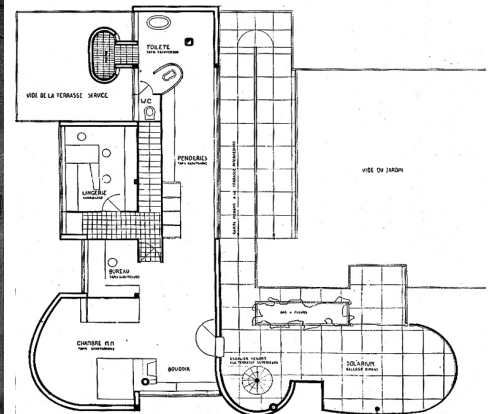
So Loos retreated to the untenable position of building the 'proscenium' with nothing to reveal when the curtains rose. What could he do but wall-up the 'opening' with the prettiest marble he could afford? Game over.

Then Corbusier took over. He was more lucky with his inscriptional armoury.

He had, as contemporaries, Cezanne, Gauguin, Picasso, Braque, Leger, Juan Gris, Modigliani, Matisse, Klee, Brancusi and the whole glorious explosion of the 1920-30s school of graphic artists in Paris - let alone the Art Deco decorators.



A pencil drawing, prior to its translation into a painting looks uncannily like the plan of an Architectural composition by Corbusier.



There can be no doubt, if compared to the 'etude' on the left, that the forms of Le Corbusier's Plans, in particular, were congruent with his early-morning 'visual researches' into the hollowed-out female forms of domesticity.

COULD CORBUSIER USE THEM TO RAISE THE INTELLECTUAL LEVEL OF THE MODERNISM HE ADVOCATED?

He could not.

All that he could manage was to transpose the methods of composition that they had invented, and that his Engineer friend Ozenfant taught him, to cook-up the 'spaces' in his whitewashed cinderblock buildings.

Peter Smithson himself, after the catastrophe of WWII, gave some of the intellectual backing to a movement that had already begun to loosen the grip of what had become the orthodox rule of the four major Pioneers, Corb, Mies, Wright and Aalto. Yet, even then, amongst the formal riot that began half way through the 1950's, the taboo on sculpture and decoration was never lifted. There continued to be the convention that only the physiology of building-construction could be used as a 'means of expression'.

There was no persuasive intellectual or cultural justification for this prohibition.

AFTERWORD: THE FORTY-THIRD LECTURE: TRAINING CAMP 2012.

In the Training Camp one begins to put together a strategy for the Big Fight. Then one invites some sparring partners. My strategy, as I suspected, would tolerate none of the 'taboos' of the 20C. But still I was unsure of the ability of the Constant City Plan, as it emerged, to solve many of the real design problems of a Metropolis like London. So I needed some sparring partners to sharpen my wits. I chose two who had examined Mies van der Rohe. For Mies, as we showed in Lecture One, on page 23 of 'The End of Urbanity', had shadowed the process of inscribing the Hypostylar Forest of Infinitude without either beginning with its adumbratory inscription, or ending with its concrete reification.

Koolhaas had actually built his own work in-amongst the largest collection of Mies' buildings ever raised. Koolhaas failed, or refused, to understand what Mies had done in the shadowy half-life of the Classical Ruins of the West. So he failed to bring these ghosts back to life, as JOA did between the First Order of Wadhurst Park, and its epiphany in the Millenium Pavilion. Instead, Koolhaas assaulted the emaciated body of Mies, slashing and beating at it with his huge 'rail-tube' in order to 'bring it back' to "chaotic urban life".

The relation to Mies of my late 5th-Year Tutor, Peter Smithson was never so close. Smithson made his name by riding Mies to a happier destination, that of Welfare State Brutalism as Reyner Banham named it. What Hunstanton lost in Classical culture it gained in 'Kitchen-Sink 'authenticity'. But the Smithsons ended their design career far from its Miesian start. Their Faculty of Architecture at Bath pursued a 'picturesque' irregularity which, when combined with the exhibition of raw, unpainted brick and concrete hoped to arrive a state of 'authentic' submission to a passive and compulsive contingency. In short the Smithsons ended their works with an entire repudiation of conceptual ambition.

Neither Architect was able, or maybe not even willing, to build on what remained, in Mies, of Western Architectural culture. Their difficulty was either their reluctance, or their inability, to break the long-standing 20C taboo on enfleshing the lifespace with a coherent narrative as well as rendering it capable of a coherently narrated decryption.

JOA never subscribed to this death-wish. In opposition to the injunction of Karl Kraus to "Step forward and say nothing" - JOA spoke - a lot. Not that we did not begin by founding our discourse upon the secure ground of 'Nothing'.

In and out of this 'sparring' JOA methodically began to apply the design theory for creating a Constant City into the Stratford Olympic Site. It seemed to be going well. So we just carried-on into the next Lecture: 'The Olympiad of Urbanity'.