

the tenth
leaflet.

"Return of the Symptom"

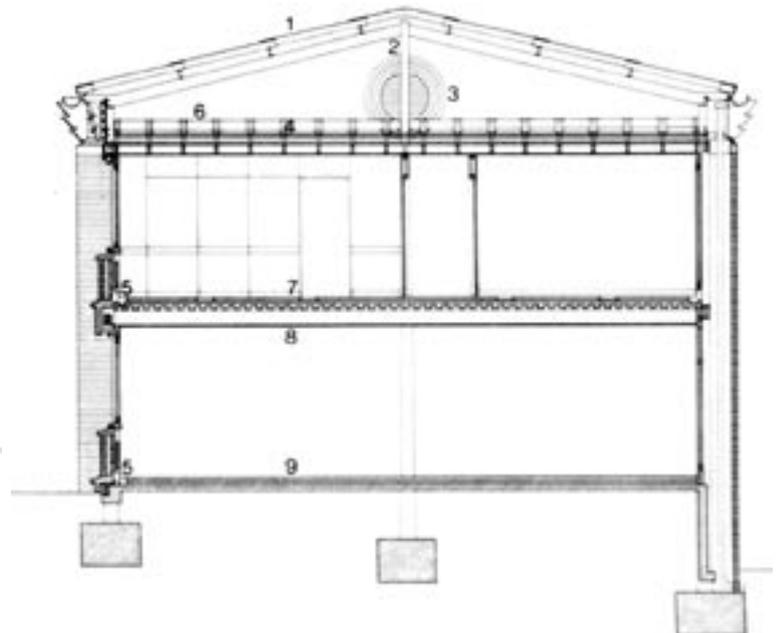
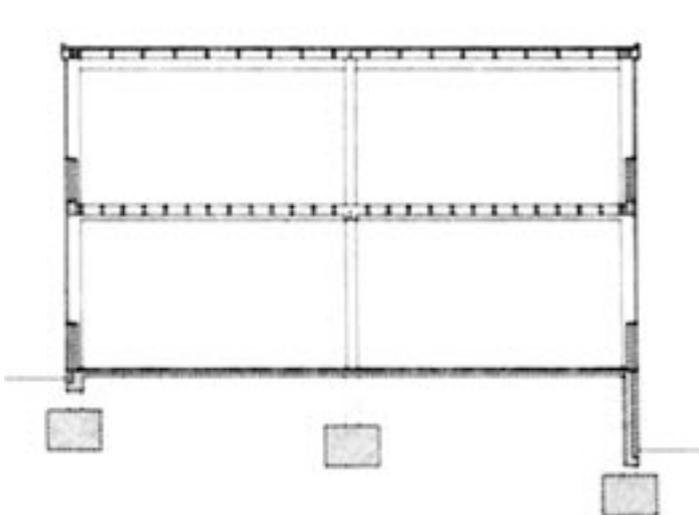




BEFORE: From its Marcel Breuer Gatehouse on the left to its Corbusian ocean liner to the right (sailing upon pilotis under its box-square water-tank 'funnel'), the 25-year-old buildings at Swanley were stylish, but as financially inconsequential (they added nothing to the site-value) as they were physically exiguous. JOA's instructions were to keep as much as we could and upgrade the buildings' physical performance. The drains worked, the roads only needed re-surfacing and the shrubs were 25 years old. The two story steel and concrete frames were under-stressed and had adequate foundations because these could not have been dug any smaller with economy. The defect of these buildings, as of their cousins everywhere, is that their desire not to 'appear built' renders them ineffective against natural and social enemies of any Culture of Inhabitation.

AFTER: The financial and technical arguments for overcladding the frame and floors with brick walls, wooden windows, external butcher's blinds and tiled roofs were as unassailable in 1982 as they are today. This overcladding was cheaper than any glass curtain wall made in Britain and one third the cost of the top-of-the market ones from Germany. Brick, timber and concrete materials carry far smaller overhead costs. Any builder could use these technologies, and use them well. Such jobs tender competitively because the builder sees low risks. But the 'progressive' members of my profession believe that designs of this sort should not be allowed to fall into the hands of the untutored Public. It may inflame their appetites for Architecture and lead to 'tastes' that the orthodoxy of the Architectural Profession remains proud to be unable to satisfy.

On the left the building we found, on the right the building we did. The old one is inside.



BEFORE: When I finished drawing the section through the 1960 building I asked myself "where is it?". I understood why the roof and walls offered no resistance to sound or heat and why the floors could not carry filing cabinets and partitions. It was not just 'economy'. There was a desire not to build anything 'material'. This was the first historical repetition of Modernism (as Tragedy). It was the Welfare Wraith of Modernity. Every element was trivialised. Columns became props. Walls became curtains. Entablatures and pedimented gables fell under an absolute taboo.

AFTER: I comfort myself that the aniconic vacuities being built during the Noughties, which might be called a second historical repetition of Modernity (this time as Farce), may come, in their turn, to be overclad, like Harp, with an an iconically literate body. The 'as-found' space of lettable floorspace remained, now, after its renovation, inside a solid, secure and well-insulated external 'overcoat'.



BEFORE: Too much glass equals overheating by the sun, no privacy at all, excessive glare and heat loss in the winter - not to mention being burgled. The radiators are 300% larger than those used after the refurbishment.



AFTER: The servicing, and the columns, are placed outside the lettable area. The brick drums were insulated internally, by foam-filled duct doors. Enough glass means small radiators. Simple and cheap.

JOA'S THIRD PROJECT DEMONSTRATED A STRANGE TRUTH.

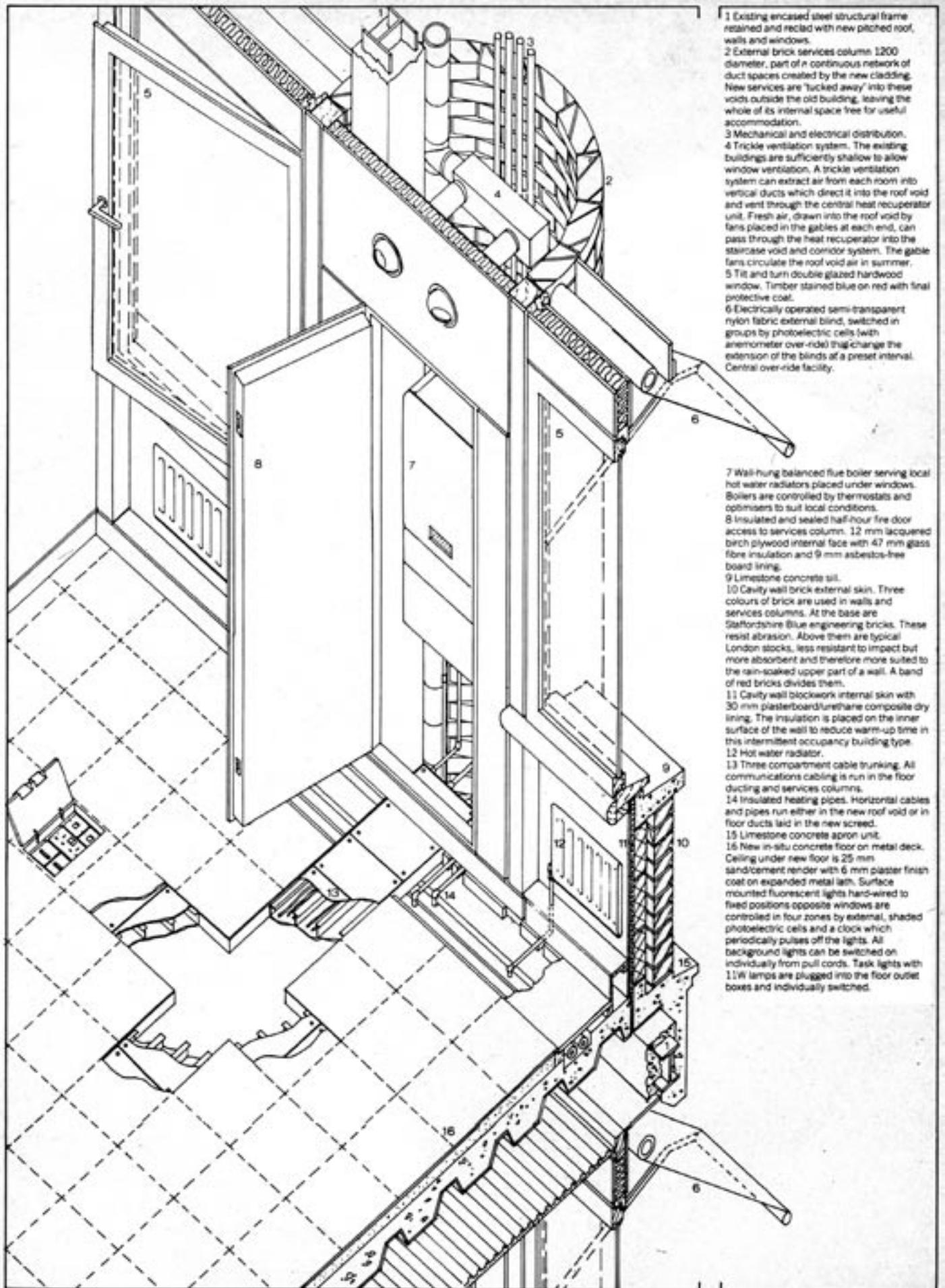
The Board of Harp Heating bought a large industrial site at Swanley. It was 1981, before land prices were raised by the arrival of London's orbital freeway, the M25. The three office buildings were only 20 years old. JOA were asked to refurbish them. I inked-in a cut section through their bodies and looked at my drawing board. There were almost no lines on my tracing paper! The existing buildings were a mirage, they appeared, but manifested no physical substance. JOA had already built Poyle and Kensal road. Wadhurst Park was a-building. So we knew the technical virtues of our novel 'Robot Order', as we called it then. Our design studies showed that the existing outer wall was worthless as a barrier to both heat, sound and even burglars. The floors of the main office building were of wooden joists on steel beams. They already sagged under the weight of lightweight partitions and filing cabinets! But the structural frames, the drains, the flat roofs (which needed re-asphalting) the roads and the planting were all serviceable. To replace the exterior with a flat glass skin, complete with motorised external sun-screening made in Britain was costed at £600/sq.M. To replace it with a factory-built one, of the highest quality, made in Germany was £1,100/sq.M. To build one on site out of bricks, tiles, wooden windows and butcher's blinds, was £400/ sq.M.



BEFORE: The 'Gatehouse Block', stripped down to its frame and floors. This almost completely useless object was published by Corbusier as the 'Essence of Architecture'. Neither he, nor Mies van der Rohe, left any instructions as to how to en flesh it with a 'mechanical' body. Where are the ducts in Corbusier and Mies? They had no idea how it could be done. Louis Kahn was the first major 20C Architect to give the 'Truth of Machines' a legitimate 'presence'.



AFTER: the concrete pillar becomes merely one amongst many pieces of physical 'kit' within the ample stomach of the column of the 'Ordine Robotico'. A plywood template uses the structural frame as a trammell to guide the bricklayer upwards.



- 1 Existing encased steel structural frame retained and reclad with new pitched roof, walls and windows.
- 2 External brick services column. 1200 diameter, part of a continuous network of duct spaces created by the new cladding. New services are 'lucked away' into these voids outside the old building, leaving the whole of its internal space free for useful accommodation.
- 3 Mechanical and electrical distribution.
- 4 Trickle ventilation system. The existing buildings are sufficiently shallow to allow window ventilation. A trickle ventilation system can extract air from each room into vertical ducts which direct it into the roof void and vent through the central heat recuperator unit. Fresh air, drawn into the roof void by fans placed in the gables at each end, can pass through the heat recuperator into the staircase void and corridor system. The gable fans circulate the roof void air in summer.
- 5 Tilt and turn double glazed hardwood window. Timber stained blue on red with final protective coat.
- 6 Electrically operated semi-transparent nylon fabric external blind, switched in groups by photoelectric cells (with anemometer over-ride) that change the extension of the blinds at a preset interval. Central over-ride facility.
- 7 Wall-hung balanced flue boiler serving local hot water radiators placed under windows. Boilers are controlled by thermostats and optimisers to suit local conditions.
- 8 Insulated and sealed half-hour fire door access to services column. 12 mm lacquered birch plywood internal face with 47 mm glass fibre insulation and 9 mm asbestos-free board lining.
- 9 Limestone concrete sill.
- 10 Cavity wall brick external skin. Three colours of brick are used in walls and services columns. At the base are Staffordshire Blue engineering bricks. These resist abrasion. Above them are typical London stocks, less resistant to impact but more absorbent and therefore more suited to the rain-soaked upper part of a wall. A band of red bricks divides them.
- 11 Cavity wall blockwork internal skin with 30 mm plasterboard/urethane composite dry lining. The insulation is placed on the inner surface of the wall to reduce warm-up time in this intermittent occupancy building type.
- 12 Hot water radiator.
- 13 Three compartment cable trunking. All communications cabling is run in the floor ducting and services columns.
- 14 Insulated heating pipes. Horizontal cables and pipes run either in the new roof void or in floor ducts laid in the new screed.
- 15 Limestone concrete apron unit.
- 16 New in-situ concrete floor on metal deck. Ceiling under new floor is 25 mm sand/cement render with 6 mm plaster finish coat on expanded metal lath. Surface mounted fluorescent lights hard-wired to fixed positions opposite windows are controlled in four zones by external, shaded photoelectric cells and a clock which periodically pulses off the lights. All background lights can be switched on individually from pull cords. Task lights with 11W lamps are plugged into the floor outlet boxes and individually switched.

ANATOMY OF THE FIRST 'WORKING ORDER' IN THE HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE.

The modern life is widely held to be 'unnatural' because we live the greater part of it supported by an increasingly mysterious technology. The high level of this technology, and its extensive distribution, is the product of 'Western' culture. This is a culture, invented by the 'West', which has now been adopted, with varying levels of 'success', by the non-western cultures. Some of these, in Asia, exhibit a higher level of this 'success' than some of the ordinary Western states.

Not that this was new to the 20C. The 19C had, towards its end, electric light, gas light, huge and fast mechanical vehicles on land and sea, long range communications by telegraph, steel-framed buildings, elevators and plate glass. The 20C reversed none of these. It added to them, especially in the air and below the sea, augmenting the other dimensions with more power, miniaturisation and wider dissemination. The 19C had been able to live with its machines by creating a world that was judged, at its end, to be ontologically false. Yet, looking back on it from a safe distance it strikes me today, with its 'Jules Verne' cocktail of peculiarly outfitted heroes steering iconically elaborate mechanicals, as both completely conflicted, yet completely 'right'. The 20C, in its determination to find a more authentic 'style', was understood, by its more respected savants, such as Reyner Banham, in London, to have drawn a line at 1900 and decided that, as he advised his 'history' classes at London University, to treat all previous Architectures as of as much use, or arguably less, than hang-gliding.

Banham's book: 'The First Machine Age', argued that the idea of a 'machine civilisation', widely boosted by the early 20C 'Moderns', could not be effected because of the inadequacies of their technology. He proposed the ludicrous Buckminster Fuller as the inventor of an authentically technophilic ontology.

My modest inventions at Swanley packed-up all the dreams of this self-styled "failed technologist" (a typically disarming self-deprecation of the British), and placed them in the permanent darkness of the magicians 'black box'. I ended, I thought hopefully for ever, the iconic puerility of the 'toys for boys aesthetic' which brought North European Architecture to late-20C prominence. All of JOA's projects, from the earliest 1974 basement apartment fit-out, had used hollow members, with removeable panels, to harbour the mechanical vitals of our time while projecting A RENOVATED ARCHITECTURE. Finally, at Swanley, in 1985, because of its peculiar circumstances, JOA were able to celebrate, in the most dramatic way, the literal 'eating' of the iconography of technicity by an ontology that Fulvio Irace was to characterise, in 1996, as "both archaic and futuristic". The cartoon below, illustrates this Doom of High-Tech.

All of the so-called 'services' of a building, including the hugely over-promoted aspect of physical stability (a status inherited from the structurally pre-scientific 18C Rigorists), have been entirely ingested into an Architecture which they now both reify and render more powerful than ever before!

During the mid-1990's, I spent four years on the jury for the Financial Times Industrial Architecture Prize. Discussing Architecture as we did, I was surprised to be asked by Lord Gibson, its long-serving Chairman, why JOA had never submitted Harp for an award. He confirmed never seeing its photographs when we sent them, in 1985. It was the practice of the Architectural jurors to cull any projects that were so bad that they had absolutely no chance of success.

We would leave around sixty schemes, whittling them down to the dozen that we would physically visit from Scotland to Cornwall. Swanley, being a half-hour train ride into the London suburbs - was hardly difficult to reach. So when he told me the names of his Architect jurors, that year, I felt no surprise that Harp had been slipped to the bottom of the pack, or, more probably slipped away altogether. Why else should it have disappeared than its premonition of doom to the prevailing orthodoxies of 20C Modernism?

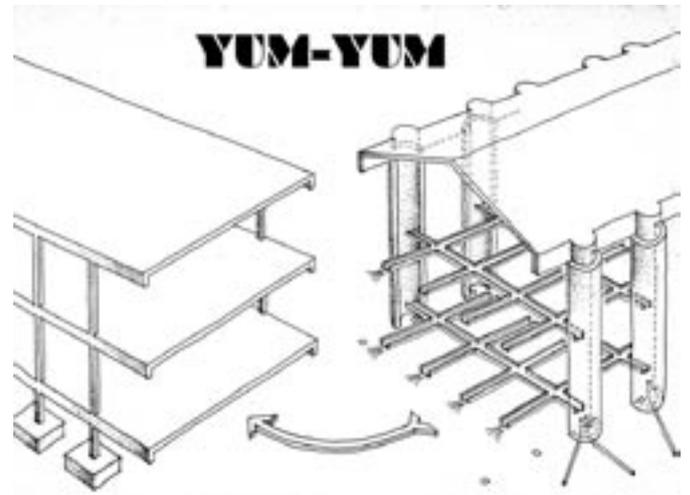
For what Swanley offered, and this was very much a part of my plan for a revived Urbanity, was that Architecture become, as it once was, a medium capable of being understood and exercised by the 'amateur'.



The Doom of High-Tech. All of the supposed inspirations to the Second Machine Age Aesthetic can because efficiency has led to their miniaturisation, be removed from the ontologically secondary sphere of 'splendor' and placed into the primary sphere of purely materialk mechanism. They consequently disappear from Architecture as a communicative medium.

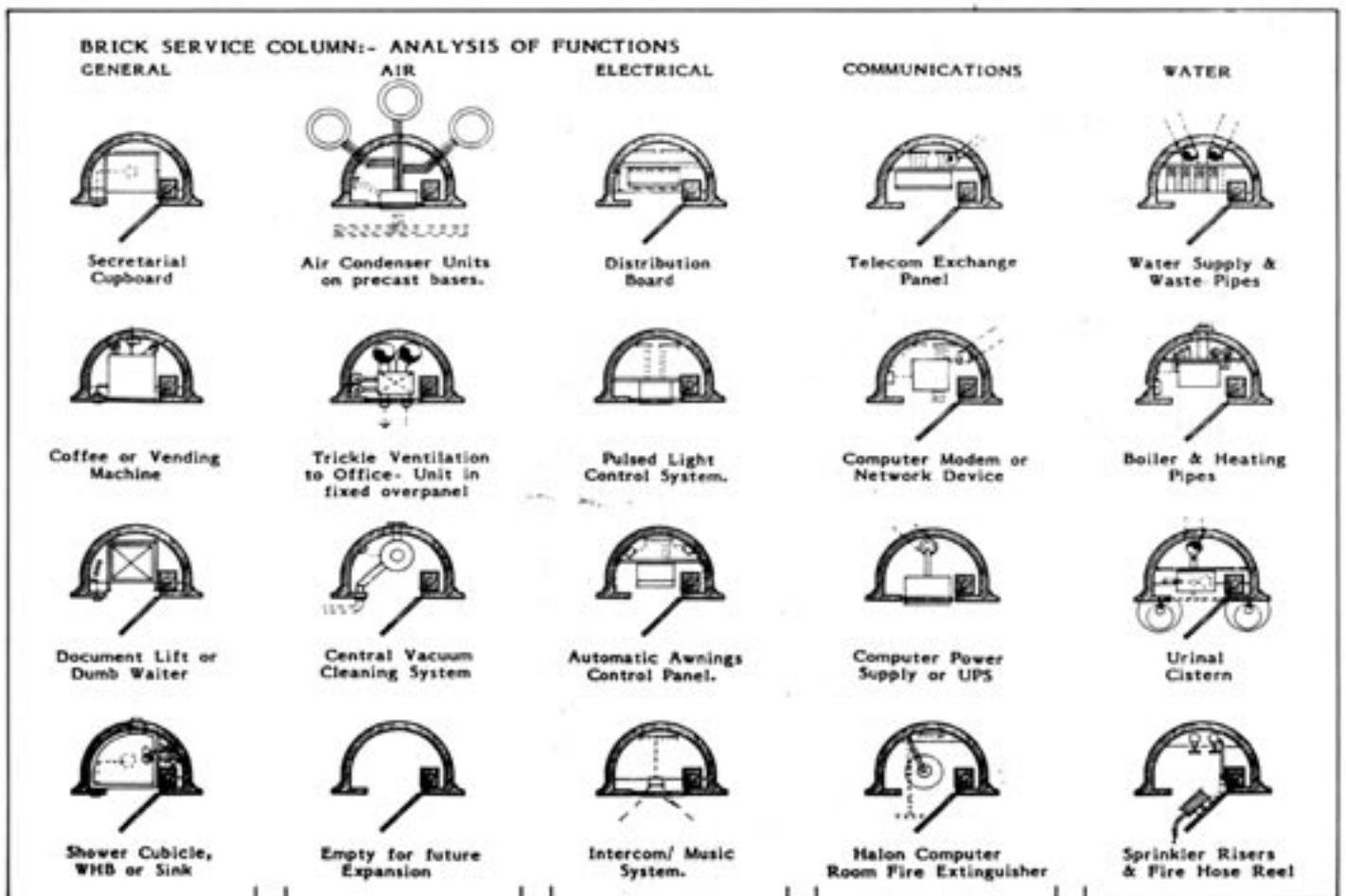
This, also, has been one of the aspects of my inventions most feared and hated by my own Profession.

My argument is that Architecture and its Ornaments are a public medium, in greater or lesser degree. Even more so is the **CITY which Architecture mediates**. No one would expect a game of football to be watched by thousands if it was not a game which **anyone** can play. The amateur respects the professional game because he appreciates the skill of the professional by comparing it to his own clumsiness and inadequacy. If the **Public**, and especially the **Bankers, Developers and Politicians** who take the final decisions on city-design, could themselves compose the media which constitute an effective city, we would easily reverse and remedy the countless urbanistic disasters of the second half of the 20C. When our Clients can doodle cities and buildings and at least write, if not actually doodle, their 'scripted' decorations then we will have a lifespaces, as the misrepresented Emperor Nero proposed "fit for a human being".

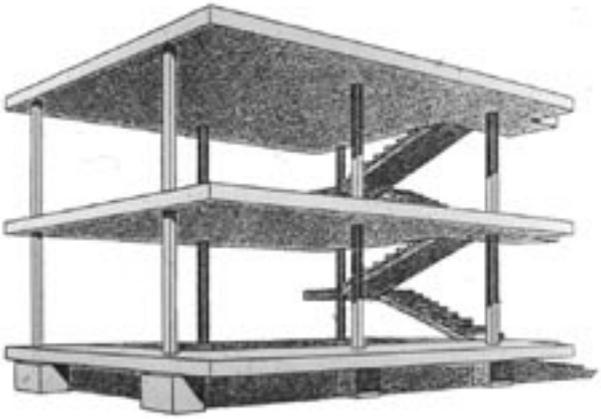


The Desicated 'Domino' proposition of Corbusier, the spectre of the Physiocratic Architecture that was also given a deathless after-life by Mies van der Rohe, is here, at Swanley, amiably swallowed into the reality of an Architecture of ontic richness supported by the actual, real, massively complex technicities of the 20C.

The Swanley Order showed, by the **omnivorous appetite of its generously girthed columns**, that there was **nothing left, nothing at all, of all the techno-trivia that the so-called Machine Age Architecture hoped would usher in the 20C**. It had all, as illustrated below, been 'Black-Boxed'. For we soon discovered that almost anything made to go into a building can be lifted by hand-machines and broken-down to go through a door - such as those on the inside wall of our new Ordine Robotico. The reason must surely be obvious!



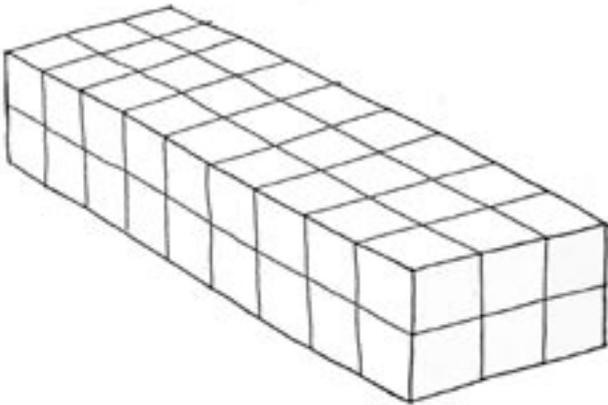
The hollow columns of the Sixth Order make no distinction between all the aids to Firmitas. Every 'techne' is swallowed up into these 'columns'. Architectural Composition can proceed quite free of the compulsions adopted by my Profession in its attempt to establish a New Mystique. Anyone can compose Architecture with this Ordine. All that remained was to understand, and modernise that 'charisma' mourned by John Walkden in Lecture 4: 'The Great Escape', page 04-02.



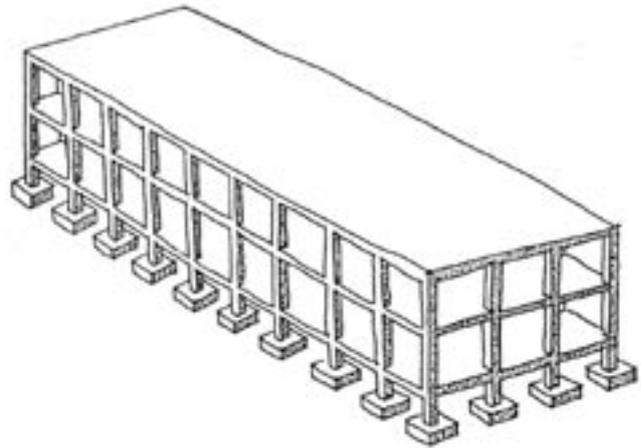
The 'Dom-ino' is one of Le-Corbusier's most famous early-20C drawings. He used it to argue that steel and concrete were so strong that walls were no longer needed to support floors. Walls could, in the 20C, be of glass.



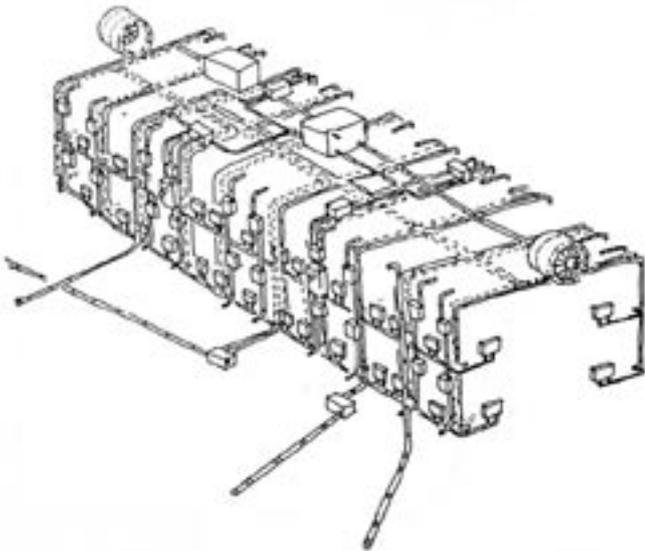
The steel and concrete anti-gravity frame posed no difficulties to my Ordine Robotico. I termed them 'props' and gathered them into the 'columns' along with all the other 'aids to Firmitas'. No exceptions were made!



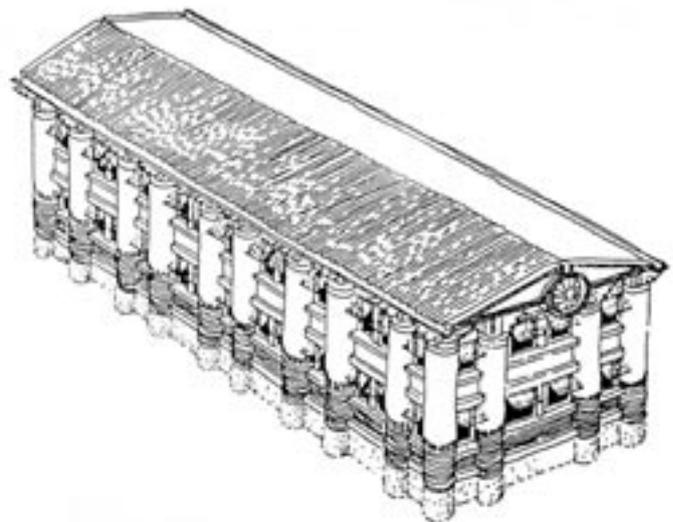
Step 1: **COMMODITAS**. The least understood of the Vitruvian Triad, it really means 'measure', in the sense of 'modus', modularity, rhythm, metre and 'order'. Its purpose is to bring harmony to its 'citizens'.



Step 2: **FIRMITAS ONE**: The only Vitruvian quality that everyone thinks they understand. In fact no-one could 'calculate' the 'Strength of Materials' until the 19C. Today we can also measure the corrosion of strength with time.



Step 3: **FIRMITAS TWO** was, as I showed in Lecture 1, PP 17, fully-developed during the 19C. 20C Modernism wanted to escape from 'technicity' into the 'simple life'. **FIRMITAS TWO** uses one third of the Project Budget.



Step 4: **VENUSTAS**: Picasso understood it as "the lie that shows us the truth". Augustine called it "Pulchritudo Splendor Veritatis Est": Beauty is the splendour of truth. Splendor, in Latin means 'shining'. The 'lie' must 'shine'.



The thin skin of a Robot Column erupts with a techno-pustule. In this case it is a balanced flue.



To the uninitiated it might appear that this was the scene of some mere expedient where speed, convenience and economy suggested the inexpensive 'domestic economy' overcladding in brick, precast concrete and fibre-cement roofing. How could the Architecturally illiterate suspect that this was the trial of a New Order?



'Electric fruit' bracket the cover of a wc pipe vent. The Harp-Flame capital absorbs them. Vents normally add Low Tech squalor to the suburban roofline.

Harp moved from the monosemantics of mechanism to the polysemy of a Sixth Order.

BUT MECHANISM DID NOT ENTIRELY DISAPPEAR.

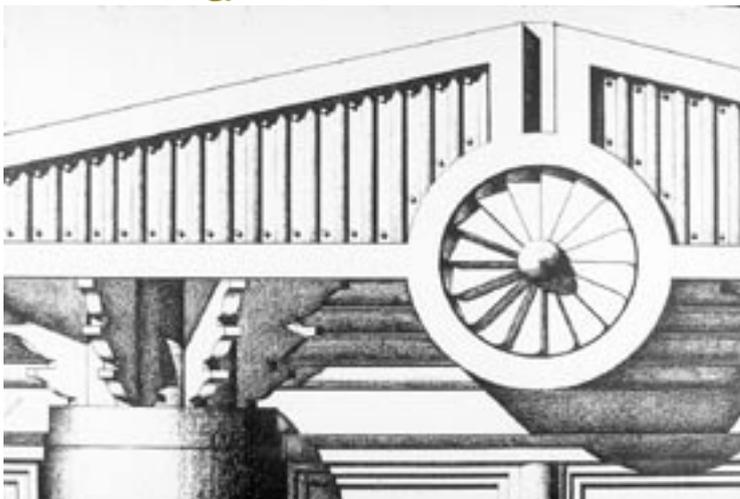
We even learnt, from the IT Director of Harp, that, after they moved in and began to accumulate more and more 'local' digital equipment, that he liked placing it 'outside' the usable floorspace, in the 'poacher's pockets of our Ordine Robotico'. It not only saved desk and floor-space, but dissipated the heat of the machines outside the building's insulated envelope. As successful, but radically low-cost, heating engineers, this appealed to their knowledge of physics.

Nor were Harp unhappy, as were some of our more pretentious Clients, to show the evidences of their trade in wall-hung boilers, main drainage and so on. JOA dismissed technicity as the main source of Architecture and the principal semantic of Urbanity. But this did not prevent us from assimilating its diverse vents and orifices to a minor-order semantic of mechanistic 'vitality'. The column has a metaphorical polysemy - as human body, machine, tree, and so on.

'Imagineering' its capital to the lesser meaning of the jets of a gas boiler, the business of Harp Heating, was a happy way of screening from minds who might be disturbed from their iconic illiteracy, the far more arcane semantic of the original and most primordial column: that of the Columna Lucis in the Phenomenology of Advent.



The electric fruit at night - working as security lamps set to a proximity sensor. The column awakes and cries Robotically: "FREEZE! LIE DOWN! DO NOT MOVE!"



A drawing of part of the Pediment with its thermostatically-controlled loft-ventilating fan doubling as the solar cave of Somatic Time. The 'pyre-cargo' of the flying-entablature-raft is both borne aloft, and received onto, columns whose heads flower with the flaming energy of the primordial 'columna lucis' - Firmitas et Venustas.



A two-storey anti-gravity prop seems ludicrously thin for these 100mm (4") thick, but 1200 mm (4'0") dia. columns. But such 'props' only grow to 300x300 (12"sq.) in my 8-storey Judge Institute. The Sales Director later installed a shower in this column and appeared from it like Aphrodite from the foam.



BEFORE: The Concrete frame of the Gatehouse was extended in steel. Steel is like the whalebone in corsetry. Why use anything so easily rusted, and melted, and so conducive of noise and heat, for anything except its enormous strength and stiffness?

AFTER: Where is the high-tech aesthetic of the HARP van? It is a windowed kiosk on wheels with a shed behind. Its main message is 'HARP HEATING'. A plumber, buying gear at the sales desk said "I like the **gas flame** columns - very Deco". No Architectural Critic was as clever, or as frankly direct!

The concrete-framed Northern building had a columnar rhythm that was, to put it mildly, unknown to Neo-Classicism. Yet the real Ancients might not have been so disturbed. After all, the very Greek town of Pompeii coloured the peripteral colonnade of their military gymnasium alternately **red, blue and yellow**.

Conversely, a 20C (or even an 18C) Functionalist would dismiss Harp's columnar groups as "entirely false and inauthentic" because only the outer pair of each three contained a concrete 'anti-gravity prop'. Even these were at opposing corners of the semicircular Robot Columns. They rattled around inside of them like shaken dice without regard for any modular regularity except that of the **iconically primary 'Ordine'**. Thus the central of the three was entirely empty of that shrivelled relic of firmitas bequeathed to the 20C by the 18C. I quietly celebrated this final liberation, by my Sixth Order, from the paranoia of superstitious iconic illiterates.

For it sets Architecture Free, in its aspect of **Venustas**, or the 'Talking Column' to discourse on '**Pulchritudo Splendor Veritatis Est!**' the splendour of truth, our truth, or truths, however we understand them.



BEFORE: The garden had been growing for 20 years. It had some decent shrubs and bushes. Behind it lurked the emaciated face of the 'Existenzminimum' -ready to kill all joy by frying and freezing it in turns.



AFTER: The land fell steeply to the East. The Gatehouse Block, in the distance, ran level with the contours. The HQ Block ran down them, rearing out of the ground. How amiably civil it looked, behind the strip of vegetation, with its blinds extended, its full, round columns and modest entablature. Is this not properly 'Rustic' in the sense of the ancient genre of 'Comedy' with its cast of 'monstrosities and grotesques? But who understands these things today?



We stripped the vacuous veil of Swanley's 'glass wall'. When it was gone the semantic poverty of Corbusier's 'Domino' was revealed. What do these silly props and slabs say of "La Condition Humaine?" Buckminster Fuller had already proved, a decade before this glass box was built, that a cubic structure was not statically stable at all, but depended entirely upon the engineering of its joints. It was the peristyle to a Temple of Iconic Doom.

This 'Talking' aspect of my Ordine had, for reasons of economy, to be of the simplest sort. Besides which, anything else would arouse the ire of that technophilic time. So I merely used the colouring of its circular bricks. The blue base represented that Phylogenetically, we began our evolutionary journey, in the sea, just as Ontogenetically, we begin, personally, in the amniotic fluid. The red band, above, is certainly too iconically exiguous. It represents the amphibious coming-up onto the Earth, and the Ontogenic birthing into gravity. The yellow shaft above represents the Opening of the Eyes, 'Sight', and therefore Image, somewhat literally by its colour of its luminous agent the sun. The black band above represents the patent inscrutability of the fifth evolutionary stage, that of Thought. The third stage, that of air and speech is absent, of which more later. Then the flaming fins, or vanes, or petals, if one's metaphor is vegetal, make a 'thought', qua idea, qua image, 'patent' - which is to say Public. It was at this point that the Client's resistance to the 'Ordine' started to begin. This where I began to earn the epithet: "Breaker of the Taboos of Modernism".

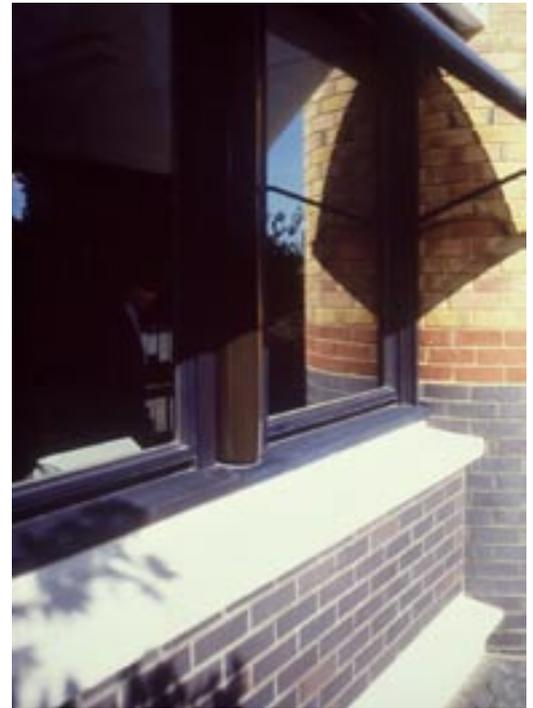


Once past the Gate one entered the VIP and Guests parking, a forecourt to the longer of the two blocks. This shows the low Western sun, the hottest of the day, blocked by the motorised 'butcher's blinds'. These blinds always allowed, whatever their extension, an unobstructed view outwards. They also performed, though rotated through 90°, the semantic role of the aedicular 'pediment'. My Profession prefers large-scale fixed metal louvres that both collect atmospheric grime and prison-bar the view. But then folded tin looks more 'High Tech'.

At the far end of the VIP parking was the Entrance, denoted by a 'flood-control' serpentine wall that was, as at Poyle, low enough to sit on. The girl 'surf-boards' the level door-stoop over the wavy paving.



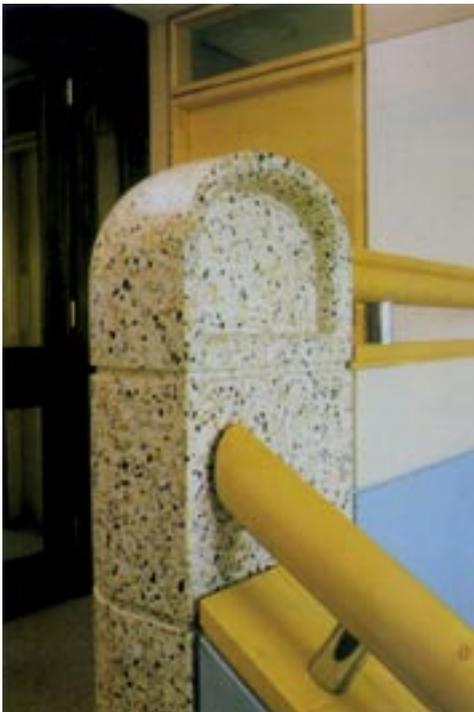
The interiors came into being between existing floors, and low ceilings. Though reduced in area the glass windows were perfectly adequate to illuminate the state of the day outside.



The simple 'butcher's blinds' were controlled with sophistication. They kept out the sun while allowing a clear view out. More than dumb Hi-Tech louvres do!

There was little room for manoeuvre once one entered the low-ceilinged buildings. But, because they were narrow, the working environment was adequately daylit. The finishes were mainly solid plywood - a cut above veneered chipboard, and much longer-lasting. The doors to the Working Columns can be seen in a slightly paler plywood.

The only part of the interiors, apart from the toilets, that were more entertaining was the main stair. Here the handrail was set above solid balusters in a beech tube scooped out to fit the hand. Newels, around which the hurrying office-worker spins, also offered a home for the hand on their otherwise monumental bulk.



The stairs had to be remade with a steel frame. So they could carry these lovely, solid terrazzo, newels. The mixture of marble chips was precisely specified for the firm of Diespeker to cast and polish smooth.



Christened the 'Elephant's Toenail'. This solid terrazzo newel allows the hand a secure grip as one spins round the half-landing.



A solid beech handrail inspired by Corbusier stands on stubby chromed columns set at 90° to the slope of the stair, a trick learned from L. Kahn's Yale Art Museum.



Three air-conditioning cooling towers can be seen to have podded-out from the second to last robot-column above the red car. They served the computer-room. We put them on black and white concrete rings, to draw the eye of drivers. A principle we use in JOA is never to hide anything that is going to be seen, like a trash-bin, but rather to adduce it to the narratological potential of the scheme. Most automobiles are trash - here today and gone tomorrow on the way to the scrapyard. Harp's architecture has the power to assimilate them also.

Urbanity is impossible without a conceptual discourse between the lifespace and its 'citizens'. The column, on its own, is anthropomorphic. Its 'discourse' is generic, synaesthetic and subliminal. It carries ideas with ease.

Almost as proof, the 'flaming fins', when they went up, disturbed the calm of Geoffrey Granter, who reported that his **Banker thought that he was overspending**. I called Colin Amery and Deydan Sudjic, Critics, respectively, writing for the Financial Times and the Sunday Times. They kindly visited my studio at Marble Arch and saw some slides of Harp. I asked them **not to show me what they wrote to our Client. Whatever it was, calm returned.**



Floored in a 'chaos' made from inexpensive crushed rock (MOT No 1 and Ballidon Gravel).



Specially pre-cast curved steps with deep anti-freezing grooves and extra-solid cantilever step-nosings.



The triple-column rhythm of the Gatehouse block. Every third Robot-column had no r-c 'prop'.



BEFORE: No building 'conversed' architecturally with either its neighbour or the plaza. Their designer never conceived of them as 'Buildings' in any denotational sense. They remained the five-finger 'Bauhausler' exercises the Student Modernist must do to perfect his abstracted compositional technique. But why did not his training teach him to go on to play some tunes?



AFTER: The Sixth Order automatically engenders both syntactic and semantic discourse between blocks not conceived, originally, as congruent. Even the mucky grey slew of asphalt starts, by being denoted as 'disarticulate', to discourse of its fluid role as a grounding chaos.

A Canteen, three Conference Rooms and a few offices lay behind the Headquarters Building in a low slab of single-storey accommodation. The bungalow box was 'urbanised' with a deep-eaved pitched roof in corrugated fibre-cement of the widest pitch. When cornered by columns like walls its main body could be collonnaded with white columns scaled as ample window-mullions. 'Kensal Road' bollards replaced the motorway crash-barrier!



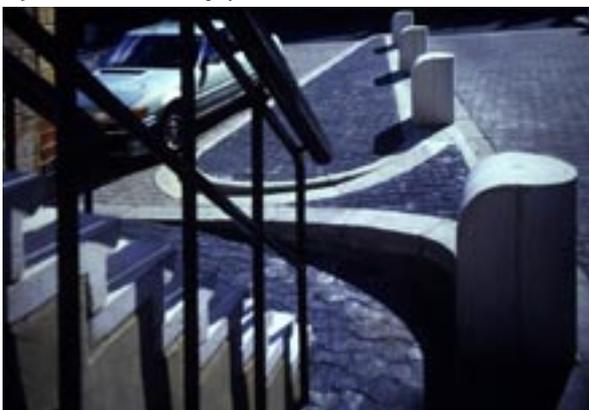
Amplly-dimensioned stained hardwood windows, the colour of 'shadow', with a microporous finish are protected from the sun by a wide eaves. Windowframes are amongst the more iconically trivial of a building's features. They should always be unobtrusively coloured. Two 'balanced-flues' are set into their black concrete castings below the windows.



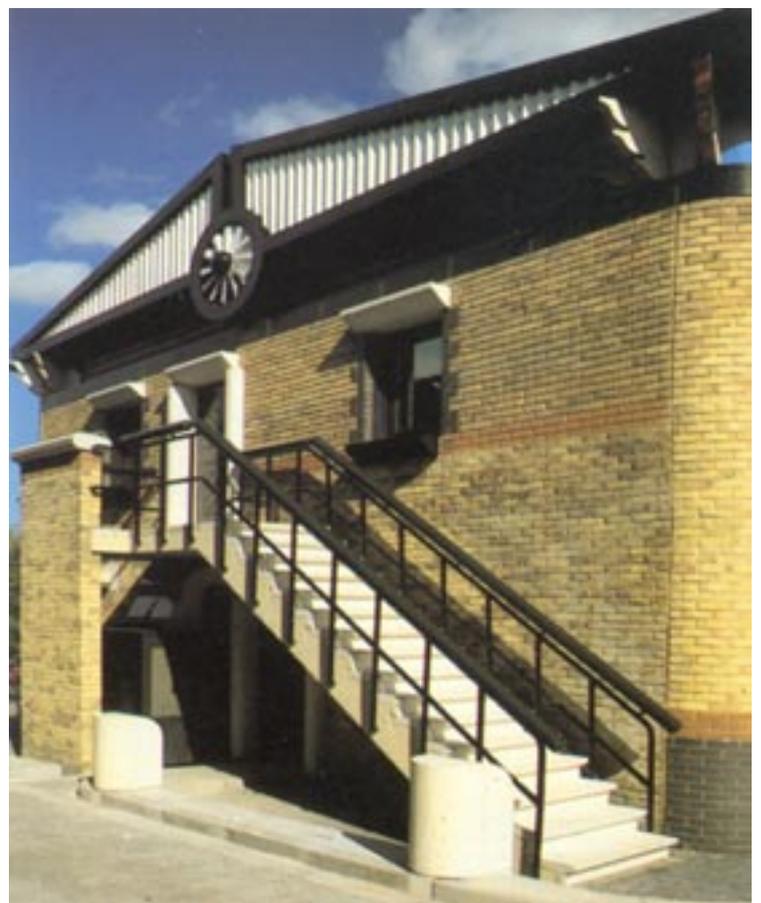
'Round the Back' gives us no concern. The Pediment can land on the Kitchens as well as anywhere! In fact its extremities land on two square piers with the same black, white and red cantilever brackets as the white 'reed-cluster columns'. A change of roof level and a random window pattern are equally easily assimilated to this 'discipline'.



BEFORE: From the timber 'fascia', to the motorway crash barrier, everything is corroding, ephemeral and dysfunctional.



AFTER: Showing the new pre-cast treads and the new handrail. The new kerbs flow as does also the interlocking block paving. Iconically they celebrate Okeanos.



AFTER: The stair is over-clad with JOA pre-cast treads having the JOA fat, strong nosing with anti-ice grooves. The handrails have more substantial tubes welded-on. The tinny crash-barrier is replaced by 'Kensal Road Bollards'.



The Abbe Laugier classed windows as unfit for a Civilised architecture. He prescribed only columns, and full-length doors. Hence 'French' windows. So I design windows as doors which sit on black (Osirian) Earth sills. This is iconic literacy.



Corbusier raised his Ocean Liner Collectives on 'pilotis', which is French for 'foundation piles'. The blue 'Khumba'-pot-oceanic-blue base of a column vanishes to the 'below'. There is thus no need to give it a tectonically Rigorist (false) foot.



Regularly-spaced anti-gravity props occur eccentrically in alternate drums. The resultant pairing of the columns aggrandises the scale of the enfiladed facade. Where would one find a Business Park with such spirit-lifting splendour? Nowhere!

Every end wall, of the three buildings, was gabled, and detailed as the **Architectural Device of the Pediment**. Yet every end wall, below this common superstructure, was very different. One was a columnar fronton. One was symmetrically windowed, two were escape stairs, one was a connecting corridor and one was the 'back-of-house wall to the Kitchens. early 20C cubistic composition allows a freedom in eliding columns into walls with an ease that was unknown to Neo-Classicism. Swanley showed that Neo-Classicism was as unnecessary to the culture of the Classicism which it claims to monopolise as High Tech or Decon was to the freedom of composition claimed exclusively by the 20C.



BEFORE: The Eastern end of the H.Q. Block rode out over the Warehouse forecourt on a battered retaining wall of stock bricks. Everything else was falling to pieces and not worth repairing.

JOA showed, at Swanley, that the beginning of a plausible synthesis was possible between: as Fulvio Irace later described it, "the archaic and the futuristic". I should not have been surprised to find it rejected by both the Neo-Classacists, who preferred to remain in the past as well as the self-styled Moderns who preferred to remain in the distant future. They created a Present that the Ordinary Person can neither name, nor 'narrate' in historical as well as eschatological terms. They cannot say where it is coming from or to what it aspires.

Their Establishment Clients prefer this 'mute dissimulation'. It disables the Public from discourse on the structures which manipulate the material reality of their lives. The last thing anyone in authority wanted was a lifespace which encouraged people to think about how, who why they were being 'governed'!



AFTER: Even though stripped to the steel frame, some old stock bricks on the 'blind' end wall were kept and patched into the new end. London stock brick was included in the the balustrade and spiral escape stair.



The stair descends, iconically, from the rounded beams of a raft whose rounded-off 'logs' descend from the way that the roofs of Egyptian tombs imitated unsquared timber beams. The spandrel 'ties' its bricks by compressing them with vertical s/steel rods between the precast hand rail and the precast stair treads.

Swanley had suffered this enormous eruption of columns.

Now, finally, riding out towards the open country beyond the M25, London's orbital freeway, one may actually stand upon Harp's ultimate column, an escape staircase, as it corkscrews in and out of the unprotesting earth, and place a hand upon the muscular bundle of rods that seem to constitute its inner core.

ITS ENGINEER, MARTIN GODFREY, BROKE OUT A CHAMPAGNE AS ITS LAST, TWISTING, STEP WAS CAST IN PLACE. IT WAS HEAVY AND ASYMMETRICAL AND HE HAD BEEN WORRYING OVER IT FOR WEEKS.

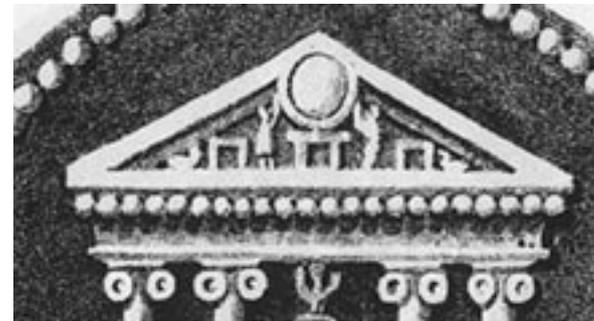
But, before I address this question of these columns I want to consider that which they seem to support - **the Pediment**. For this is the iconic **identity of the triangular gable** which I have so far argued on purely physical grounds. There is a certain symmetry here because if one consults the authoritative **Pelican History of Ancient Greek Architecture**, one will find that the 18C Rigorist theory that Lawrence, as revised by Tomlinson, continues to support, leaves him admitting that **neither it nor they can explain the existence of the Temple Fronton, Hellenic 'aetos', or Pediment. Their futile idea that Doric descends from carpentry leaves the 'Aetos' with no theoretical support!**



Looking-out over wheatfields on the very edge of London. The cluster of stone rods forming the Newel-cap recalls the reinforcing rods which tie the corkscrew stair together.



The advocate (perhaps the Donor) of this carved stone image, from Tell Halaf, seeks to support such a supersonic enormity upon his little (altar) table that he is obliged to invoke the help of two horned Bull-aircraftsmen.



This entablature of interwoven round 'logs', or 'trabes' carries a cargo in the form of a pyramid inside which is the 'sun', or 'golden germ' or 'fire in the rock', raised on a table and supported by two agents. This is the cargo of the 'raft' as the civic hearth/cone of ashes on its way to a 'landing'. The Roman Numismatist reveals, by discarding all circumstantial detail, the Locus Classicus of his iconology. Planks are 'logs'.



After being saved from certain death, the prudent give sacrifice. Noah's Altar is a building in itself, to which the 'hearth fire' is a 'pediment'. (See Laugier's 'primitive hut', right).

The Orthostat from Tell Halaf near Aleppo, to the left, adequately illustrates the oldest meaning of the pediment.

It is an agent with a solar body that can fly.

The Claudian coin showing the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, coined 1,500 years later, has transformed the exactly-named 'Eagle's Wings' into the more abstracted Pediment. The Roman iconology also includes two agents supporting a sun-disk resting on a 'table' that could be a roof on columns. One might imagine that the Roman version of the solar agent had lost its wings, were they not provided by the aptly-named Hellenic 'aetos', our pediment.

Further down this page, Athanasius Kircher, the 17C prodigy, leaves us with no doubt, in his depiction of the sacrifice of Noah, upon landing on Ararat, that the Ephesian pediment can be understood as a hearth that, because it flies (or, in his case, floats), must also 'land'.

Hestia was the Ancient Hellenic goddess of the Hearth. Her sign (to the right) is a fire resting on a table or altar. The Ancient Greek for fire is 'pyr', from which descends the etymology of pyre and pyramid. From this argument I decipher one of the meanings of the 'a-structural' Pediment is a pyramidal hearth, which I now call a 'cone of ashes', or 'Hestia's', or Vesta's cone of ashes'. It is a grey pyre that carries, as all ancient hearth's did (for fires were hard to light), a glowing ember.

At the end of the 18C the Abbe Laugier's cartoon for the aniconic, post-Rousseauian physiocracy that birthed the French Revolution reduces Architecture's infancy to a twiggie pyre. Idiologically ready for the revolutionary bonfire!



A coin of the Emperor Claudius dedicated to the Diana of the Anatolian Ephesus.



The sigil of Vesta/Hestia can be interpreted as (eternal) flames on an altar, a columned entablature or a doorway. All of these can also be seen on the pediment of the Temple of Diana.



Buried inside Laugier's twiggie conceit is the column as trabated 'beam-boom-baum' of Being supporting the pediment as a pyr-amid of logs waiting to be burnt on its altar (see Athanasius Kircher left).

Thus it was that, back in 1982, when Harp was designed, JOA's version of Swanley's cut-price gable-ends (hips are more expensive) adopted many of our understandings of the 'Pediment' as an 'Aetos'. It served as a **pyramidal Pyra** which harboured a **Solar Disk as the Luminous Germ**, the **Fire inside the Hearth** of the **New Institution** that would be born on the site of the Project. The Hellenes may have named their pediments 'eagle's wings', but as with so much of their architecture, they sacrificed so much iconic semantic to elegantly geometricised syntax that few who do not know it as an 'aetos' would guess their aerial capabilities from a merely optical interrogation!

I needed, in this architecturally-illiterate Age, for this Swanley 'pediment' to have more iconic patency. My own experiences as a pilot flying a radial engine trainer aircraft (the Harvard) offered me a convenient figure **with at least three properties**. The **physical** one was as a **ventilating fan** to the new service-void between the **old flat roofs** and the **new pitched roofs** of all three buildings at Swanley. The first **iconic** one, was to bring to mind an **aircraft propellor** as both a commonplace icon of flight, one unknown to the Ancients, and therefore definitely 'modern', even to the point of being 20C. The second **iconic** figure, with its white 'rays' of folded metal propellor-blades emanating from a black boss, was the **optical phenomenon of the sunspot**, when light seems to **shine out of darkness**.

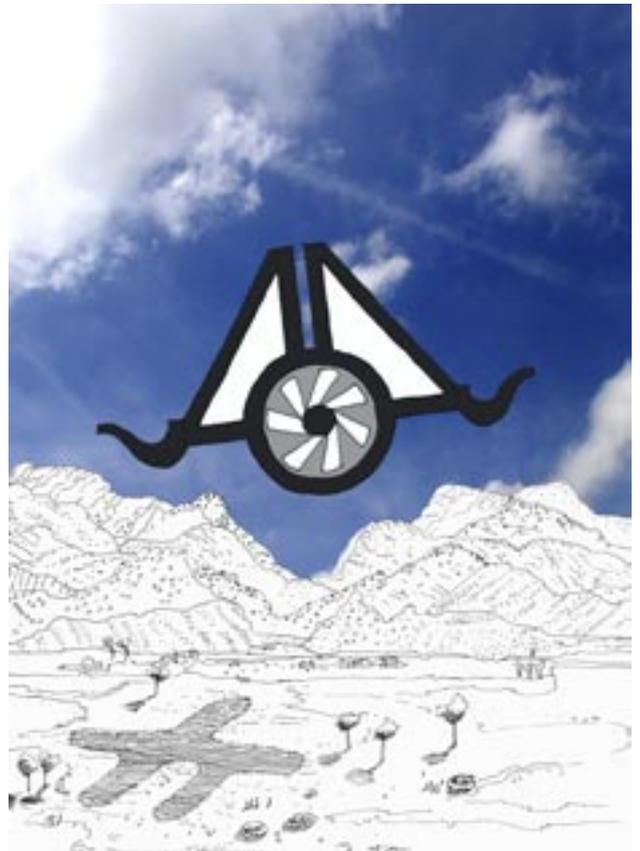
JOA oversize gutters and make them of steel or thick aluminium. One can walk down a JOA gutter to clean it out. But, on Harp, we had not yet developed the gutters into the shape of the **cyma-recta**, a form I discuss in Lecture 15. But, here, anachronistically, I draw the 'gutters' of my icon of the Swanley pediment in their later, **cyma-recta** profile, so as to make its 'flight' more plausible.

The vertical split in the pediment, made more complete in the Icon, above, has a more arcane meaning. It relates to the **Iconography of Advent** which I briefly explored on pages 2/16 and 2/17 of Lecture Two. I develop this further in Lecture 16. I showed the Agent, named the **Columna Lucis**, that connects the Adventitious (above) with the Contingent (below), as a simple Nail. The vertical slit between the two halves of the Pediment can stand for this **Column-Nail's** cleaving of the **Submarine Mountain** that is the immovable **Heap of History** guarded by the **Serpent of Infinite resistance**. The purpose of this penetration, and the sundering of the mountain into four quarters, as I illustrate in Lectures 2 and 16, is to bring the **light of the Advent** to release the hidden and dormant energy of the **Genius Loci** so as to create the **Camera Lucida**, home of the **New Foundation**.

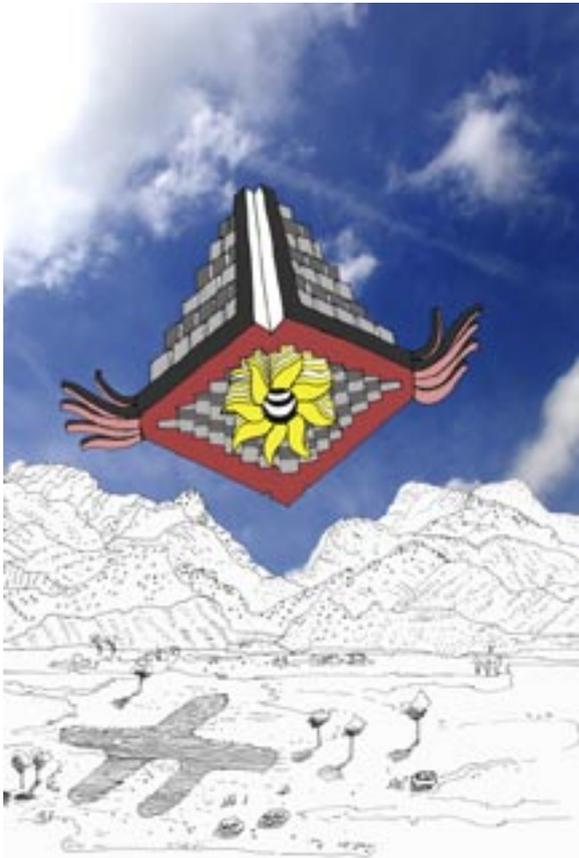
The Swanley Propellor represents the two 'Lights', the **Light in the adventitious Hearth of the Colonisers**, and the **Light that had to remain buried** under the **Heap of History** until the **Act of Inception**. I preferred to locate the circular symbol of these twin, overlapping, Lights at the **base of the pyramid**, even breaking through its 'floor' to **shine downwards** out of the aerial craft. so that its light would shine on the darkness over which it passed, **searching where to land**. The ancient versions, located at the peak of the pyre, have a different meaning. They worship and call down the aerial deity of the sun. I, on the other hand wish to **bring light** into the darkness of History, and release the **beauty that springs from the "Shining of Truth"**.

It was at this point, after finishing my iconic 'theorisation' of the Swanley Pediment, that I drew the figure on page 10/19, to the right. Here I made its iconography more naturalistic. The 'golden germ' is shown in its Architectural guise of the **Coffer, Coffre or Cassone** - all meaning 'chest' - a device I explore more fully in Lecture 16: 'Raft of Advent'. Here we may note that the 'light' is situated inside the ashy **Hearth 'flying from afar'** to the **New Foundation** as well as the **soon-to-be-sundered**, mountainous, **Heap of History**. The gutter-wings hover, iconically, between being feathers and the **fingers of hands**.

It was when I coloured the 'mouth' of the Coffer as red lips that it struck me that this whole figure resembled the figure of the Tricorso, introduced in Lecture 6, when I described the process by which JOA changed Architecture from the **obtusely mechanical medium** which I inherited at mid-century, to the **densely scripted tool** that JOA left it at its end. It confirmed that the project on which we had embarked was that of the **re-**



The Icon of the Swanley Pediment combines the ancient 'aetos', with the pyre-cone of the Hearth containing the fiery 'idea' of the Adventurers. It superimposes these on the mountainous Heap of History that hides the Genius Loci along with the vertical path of the Columna Lucis that enjoined their cataclysmic congruence in the New Foundation.



A more naturalistic, three-dimensional, rendering of the iconography of the Swanley Pediment brought to mind its congruence with the figure of the Tricorso, below, which signified my project for a re-semanticised Architecture.



I reflected on the similarity between the Tricorso's Eye (fiery germ) in the Mouth (of the mountain-coffer) that were all borne-up by the Hand (hand-wings) of the Swanley Pediment. From the Tricorso came the semanticised Ornament I sought. *Pulchritudo Splendor Veritatis Est.*

semanticisation of Architecture, and by that, via an **epiphanic colonisation**, to the transformation of the merely Urban into the Urbane.

For I had participated, from 1969 to 1972, before setting-up my own Bureau in 1974, in the Alternative Technology Group set up in those remote times by the Architectural Association, my alma mater. We knew, even then, about most of the technical devices adopted in the 21C. **We studied panemones, solar accumulators, phase-change heat stores, bio-gas generators, thermal flywheels and so on.** But it was perfectly clear that although all of these would be handy, the real problem was cultural. The greatest difficulties were the tendencies of all states to encourage consumption and trade because their taxation provided the fiscal foundation of a state's security. **Behind this lay the even more pernicious cult of 'living naturally'** an ethic that pretended that humans could live on the planet in the same way as all of its other occupants. **This licensed the penetration of human cultures into every crevice of territory**, acting to disturb, often fatally, their ecologies. For myself, I chose to address this latter cult. I saw its solution as the parallel creation of human lifespaces attractive enough to lure these deluded pseudo-rustics out of the territories that they ruined with their suburbanism in order that there would be **room for the rest of Creation to prosper in a genuinely 'natural' way.** For the sake of some continuity of thought, I called these newly humanised territories **Urbane**. To have called them urban would have been to fail, at least in my own country, from the start. From my point of view, one of the most foolish statements of the late 20C, was Francis Fukuyama's announcement of the "End of History". **The history of this new division of the planetary lifespaces has yet to begin.**

And so it was that I welcomed the opportunity to use this 'winged' semantic of the pediment to demonstrate the truth that **very few building projects except shanty-towns are genuinely generated 'from below'**. The myth that the 'market' represents some sort of 'natural' upwelling of the geometry of the human lifespaces has been, at least in Britain since 1944 (**and the passing of the nation-wide land-planning acts**), a piece of fakery designed to obscure the deliberate, political, destruction of whatever **urbanity** remained from the past. Building projects, of even the smallest house-extension, are only initiated after a process of consultation that involves the house-owner's neighbours and beyond them, a certain number of statutory agencies.

In the case of Harp it was perfectly clear that the project to entirely change the lifespaces of a piece of Swanley **'flew-in' from another place.** Harp's hardware came from Eastern Europe. The centre of gravity of their market was the metropolitan galaxy orbited by the M25. Its route had been mapped but the concrete, in 1982, not yet poured. Swanley's worthless (almost-new) buildings suited Harp's spatial needs. The search criteria of the Harp Heating Pediment had been fulfilled. So the colonising party 'landed' and the 'shape-changing', of the project, began.

It was the truth of this Project as of most others.

But what then? Given the 'Cargo' of this Radial-engined Aetos, what is the history of its relation to the flaming, tubular, columns? **Composing this lecture with the clarity of hindsight, I read a clue into the absence of the First Breath, Air and Speech, described on page 10-10, from the banded colours of these exiguously-scripted columns.** Speech is the unique property of our species. **The evolution of the pre-frontal brain and the vocal chords imposes the ability of a grammatical complexity upon every human infant.** **We are pre-programmed to 'lie our way to the truth', to paraphrase**

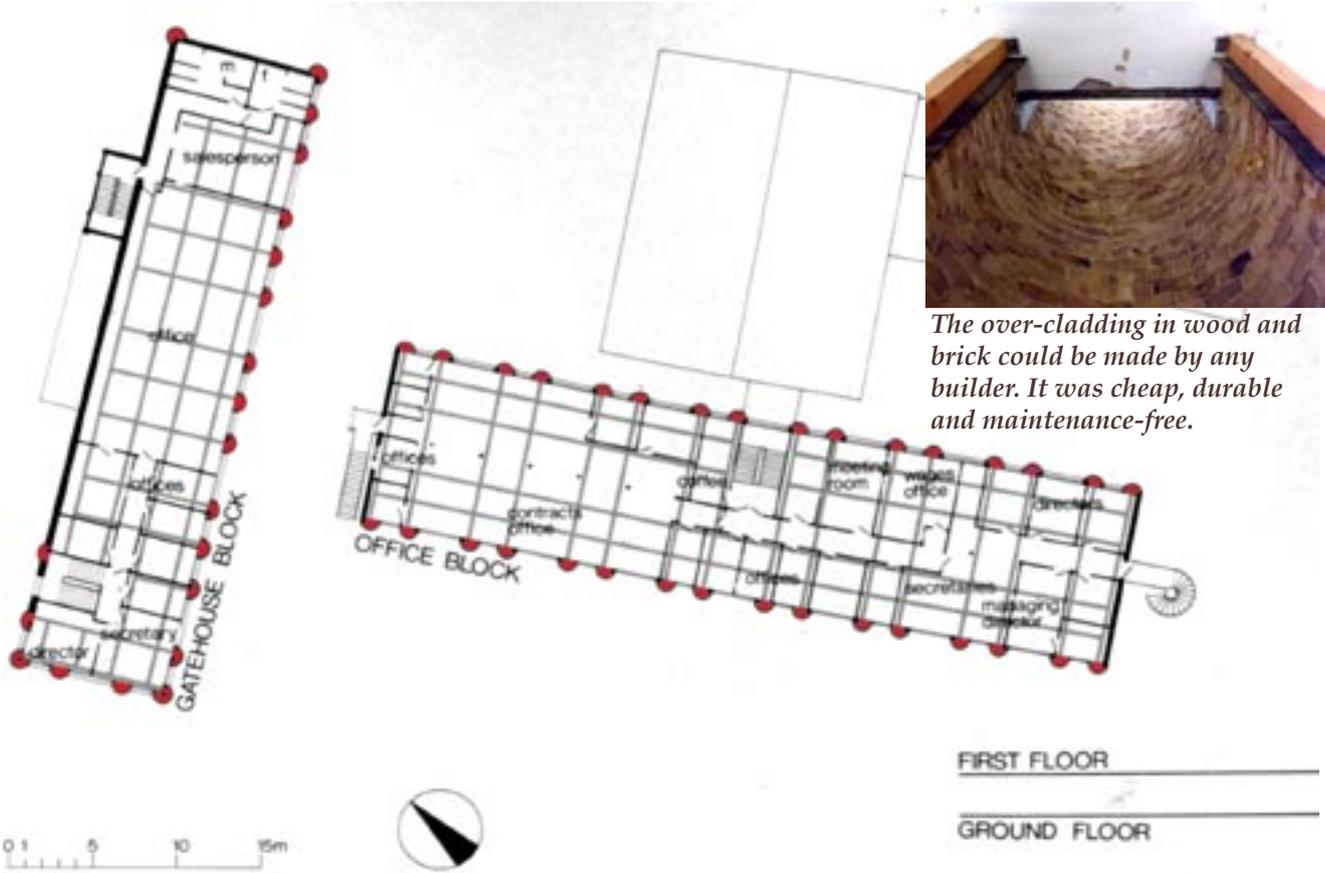
Picasso. This terrible propensity to erase reality as we find it and then reconstitute according to some curious scheme of entirely human invention is our 'truth'.

As such it must be given its due 'splendor'.

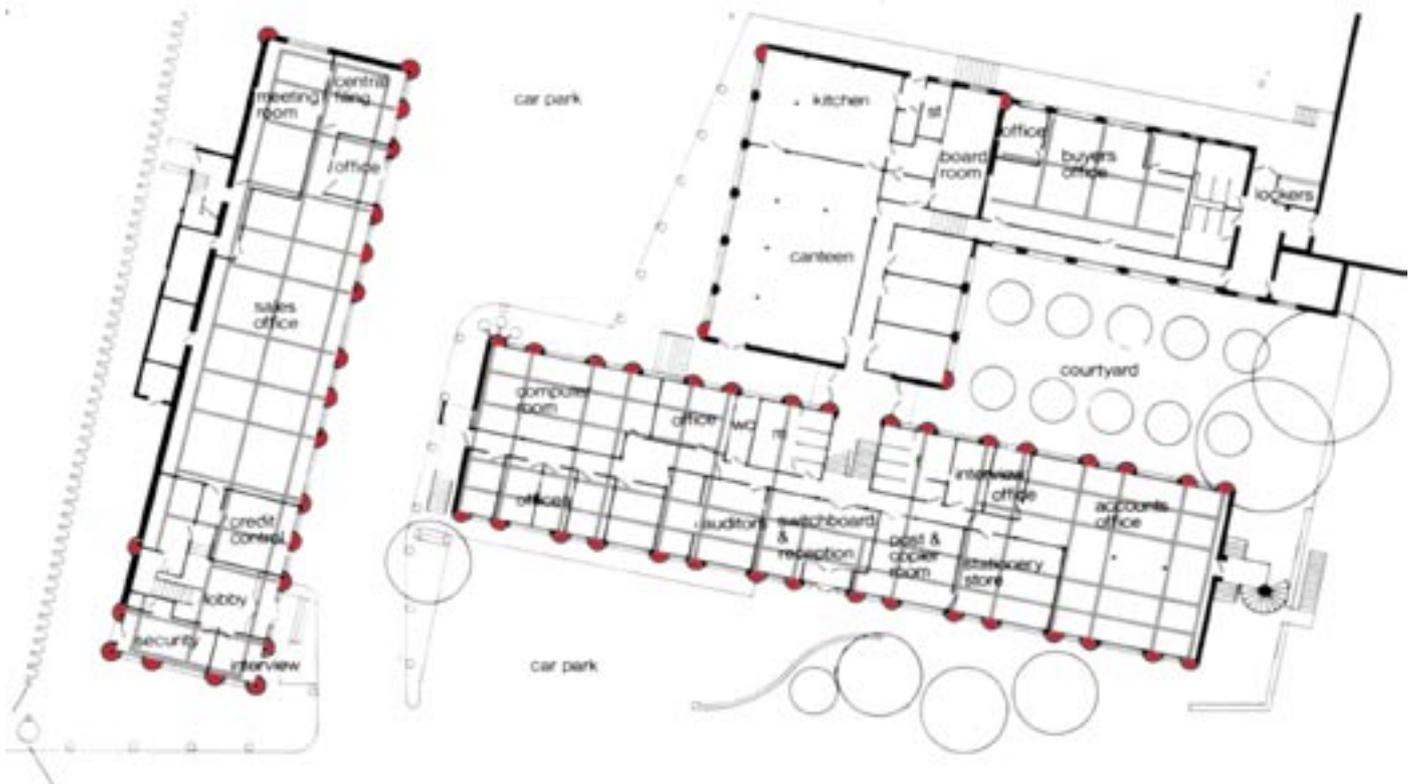
The **Camera Lucida** is the stage upon which this splendor can shine. It is founded in Negation figured by the **Hypostylar Forest of Infinitude** in which the **Arrow of Time** has not yet begun its vital flight from birth to death. Imprisoned within this awful Infitude of an **Eternal Present**, the human drama finds its ultimate salvation in the invention of a contrary Infinitude, that of a view and understanding of the Totality. **All of this elaborate and complex mediation was once practiced by my medium. It is now completely lost.** A further step towards its re-invention was **taken at Swanley.** The nature of the **Pediment** was established and the column further explored. Swanley, however could not bring forth the device of the **Entablature**, the carrier of the Vitruvian quality of **Commoditas, or 'Measure'.** The reason was the irregularities imposed by having to assimilate the existing structural frame. Swanley presages the future of a disciplined medium within a body typically beset by the ad-hoc comedies of Contingency. It charms by its curious rhythms and primitive compositions. But these mask a more



The Pediment celebrates, as it has done for 2,500 years, that every major building project requires the advent of an Agent who seems to come-from-afar. The ancient metaphor, which I 'modernised', was to 'fly-in'. But the ability to translate this 'cataclysmic advent' into a building needs the mediation of further devices. The principal one of these, (and it is absent from the Architecture of Harp), is the Entablature. Its horizontal, 'planked' surface appears clearly in my previous illustrations of the Sigil of Vesta, the fronton of the Diana-temple and even the orthostat from Aleppo. Its equivalent in the phylogenetic phenomenology sketched-into the colours of the columns was the stage of Air and Speech. This, also, I can only believe coincidentally, was also missing at Swanley. The role of the Entablature can be useful, by its celebration of 'Modality' in registering the Hypostylar field of Infinitude that is necessary to found the human lifespace upon its proper grounding in Negation. At Swanley the contingency imposed by the existing structural frame upon the central Vitruvian quality of Modus, or 'Measure', rendered it impossible to 'enflesh' the rhythm of the Proton Chronon necessary to the Time before Time began. The Landing of the Pediment, and the up-thrust of the columns from their 'as-found' terrain might have pleased Heidegger. But looked at from the distance of time and experience, they bracket an architectural lacuna whose bridging device it remained for later projects to invent. I still like Harp, however. What it lacks in Architectural maturity it more than compensates-for with its ferocious primitive energy. It was not afraid to show the way, and laugh at its limitations en-route.

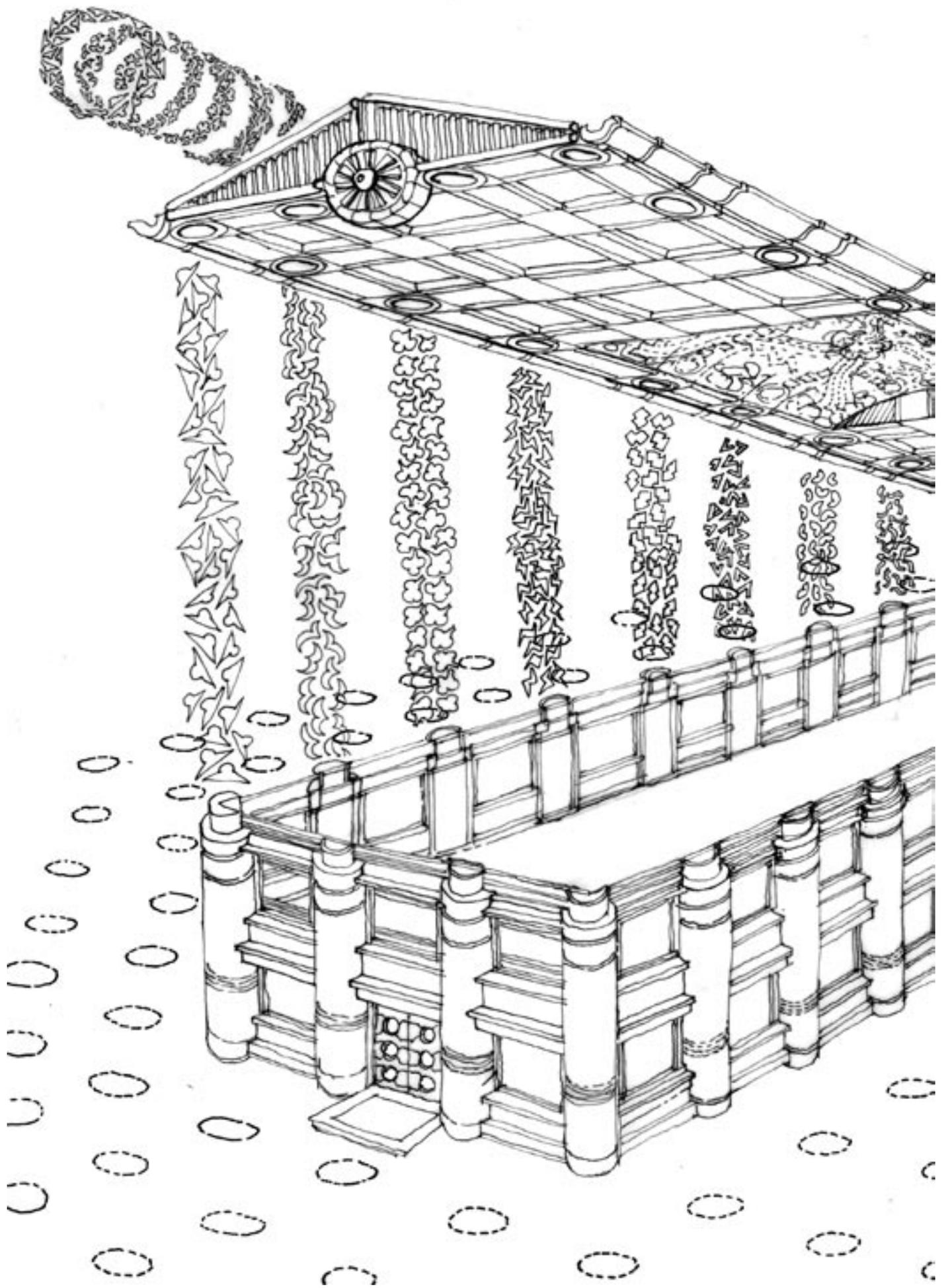


The over-cladding in wood and brick could be made by any builder. It was cheap, durable and maintenance-free.



It may not have been obvious, from the previously-illustrated site photographs, that the relations between all three existing buildings was orthogonal. The slopes of the site, the heights of the buildings and the unusual rhythms of the inter-columniations provide more than enough variety to adduce that picturesque effect which is so much desired on this island. Yet the proportion of building taken-up by these columnar novelties, which are marked in red, show how much effect can be provided by so little. The brick drums that seem like giant columns to the eye, are a tiny fraction of the whole floor-plate of these slender, well-lit, convenient and now happily-resuscitated buildings.

How could one fail to dream that this so very simple overcladding could overtake all those iconically cretinous sixties slabs. But my Profession refused the invitation. The Post WWII Profession was iconically illiterate, and determined to remain so. Welfare Socialism was 'charity' after all - not a New World!

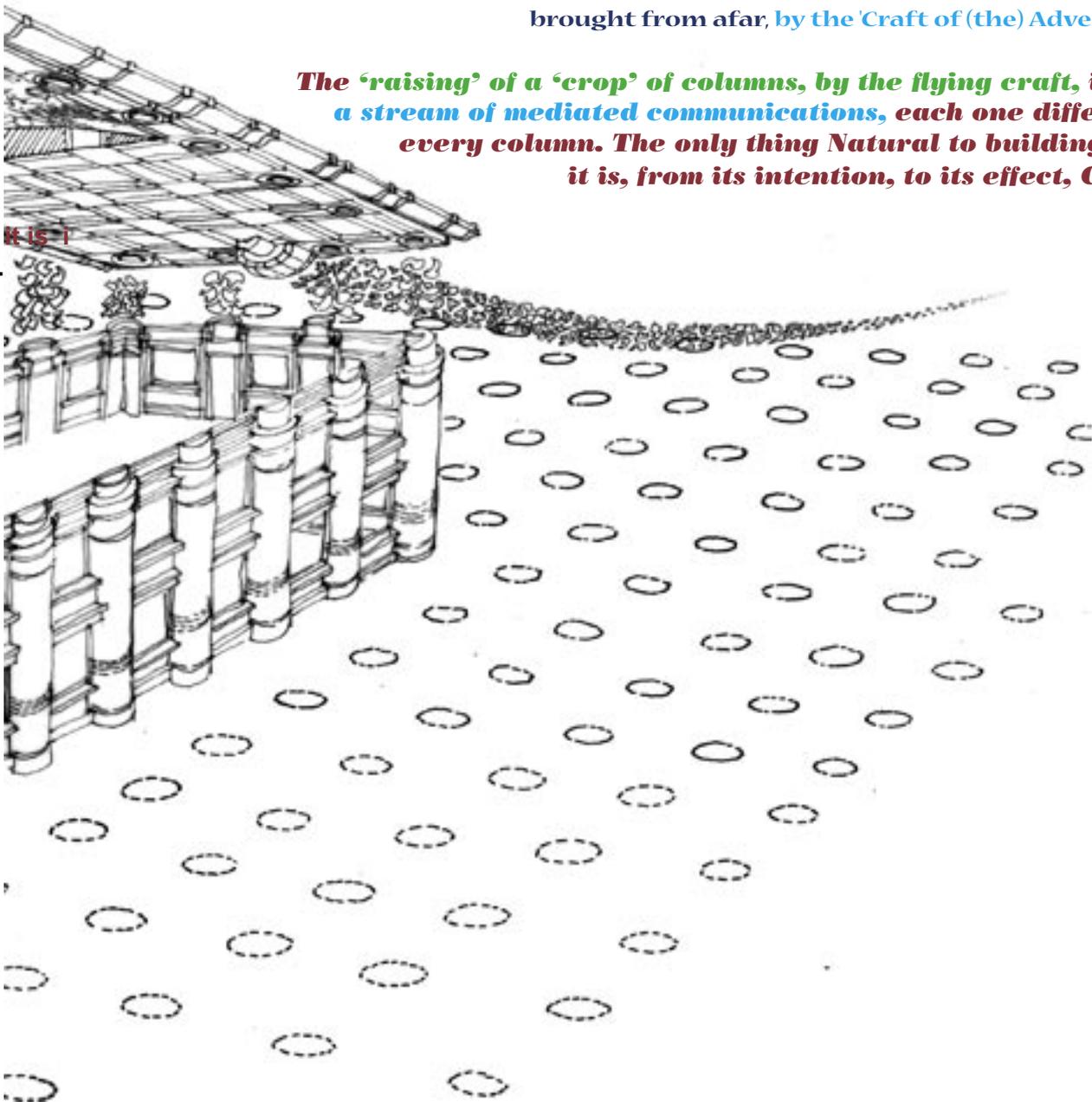


Any Project, if it chooses to employ the Architectural medium to celebrate its Being, must found its lifespace upon the state of freedom that derives from our evolution of language. In Architecture this is the Hypostylar Forest of Infinitude. No event can precede Negation. So it must be their building itself which reveals the pre-existence of Nothing, the Time before Time began.

The most direct means is for the Act of Advent itself to reveal the Field of Negation by raising the home (the Camera Lucida), of the New Foundation as a forest of columns upon the awful measure (or Module) of the 'Proton Chronon'. In Harp, I chose the Architectural Pediment as the Agent of this revelation. Its trail of cyphers shows that its course to Swanley was no accident, but was charted by human intelligences. The underside of the 'Pedimental Craft shows an embryonic 'Entablature' of which more in the next Lecture.

It is easily mistaken for a structure of beams or rafters, which it is not, or not in any sense that would appeal to an 18C Rigorist technophilic. For, when these are cut away to form a vaulted ceiling the result is to reveal, in the form of an iconically-mediated narrative, the fuller contents of the 'Cargo' brought from afar, by the 'Craft of (the) Advent(urers).'

The 'raising' of a 'crop' of columns, by the flying craft, is due to a stream of mediated communications, each one different for every column. The only thing Natural to building, is that it is, from its intention, to its effect, Cultural.



*AFTERWORD for the TENTH LECTURE:
"RETURN OF THE THE SYMPTOM AS THE CURE".*

Harp, of JOA's early projects, may strike the viewer as the most 'extreme'. Why quite so many columns, and with flaming leaves for capitals? Why the curious 'flying roofs'? Why the peculiar jumpy rhythms of the inter-columniations? Poyle took some time to design. Warehouses were new to me, as was, after eleven years in big bureaus, building anything at all, especially down to £110/sq.M. The Warehouse/Workshops at Kensal Road took six weeks from commission to the receipt of planning permission. By then I knew how to play this game. By 1981 I had begun to tutor in Cambridge University's Faculty of Architecture. I gave my first 'lecture'. The images were shown on my two huge 4.5x4.5 cm sq. glass slide projectors. I motored them up from London, arrived late, just before the audience began to leave, rambled-on for three hours and found three sleepy stalwarts when the lights finally went up. But I was beginning to put images to words, an effort that would become formalised in the mid-1980's as the Tricorso.

This 'working-through' the media of image, word and building also resulted in my fictional exercise of 'Optogarble' (described in Lecture Seven: 'Babuino'), written during the summer of 1984 during the building of Harp. 'Optogarble' helped raise the courage needed for the 'outrageousness' of swallowing the whole of Post-WWII 'Rationalism' into the body of a polychromatic 'Classicising' that was, if anything, even more offensive to the chaste sensibilities of the Neo-Neo-Classicist orthodoxies (c.f. J.Harris), that would become the Heritage Movement.

Yet of all the first four projects, Harp most clearly mapped the future of JOA's tactics. For, as foreshadowed in my iconic narrative of the history of the disappearing 'Ordine', presented on page seven of the Lecture 1: 'Breaking Taboos', there was nowhere to go for the column after its 'liquidation' by the 'pouf' of the 20C's 'stylicidal' fury. Nowhere, that is, except a position in which instead of accepting its steady decline into a mere anti-gravitational 'prop', it rebounded as Bob Matthew's "terroristic" 'Sixth Order' or what is described as "the return of the symptom as the cure", and devoured everything in sight.

Harp not only published this 'return of the symptom' in the form of an inflammably exfoliating column but carried this epiphanic resurrection of the forbidden Ordine even further. Swanley demonstrated, for the first time in JOA's work, the Pediment as the 'cargo of ideas'. Harp was a large step, albeit wobbly and gauche, towards our invention of the fully-developed Sixth Order. Our Eminent Critic rejected Swanley as any sort of 'generic solution'. JOA evoked the same reaction, but even more violently, from the Savants of our Profession, when 10 years later, and in Texas, the Sixth Order was built in its perfected form.

The Public "waved and cheered". My Profession preferred to die, sinking into Deconstruction, rather than the 'Lacanian cure' of a 'Modernised Architecture'.

