

**Some 'reading' for the 'Post Modernism' Expedition from the V & A's Director's Circle to the New House at Wadhurst Park. 10th October 2011.**

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INTRODUCTION

This essay was written so as to establish some sort of dialogue with Professor Martin Roth, the newly-appointed Director of the V&A Museum. As Marit Rausing said, herself: " It is surprising to have a German Director for the V&A. The V&A is such as 'British' Institution". Yet, if one thinks about it, its origin, indeed the whole Kensington Museum Quarter could be titled (indeed has been occasionally so called): 'Albertopolis' For it was he, a German bred in the cameralist tradition of the Rational State, rather than little Victoria, who promoted the Great Exhibition of 1851, and its institutional consequences.

The essay lacks two dimensions. Firstly there is nothing radially original in it. This is so for two reasons. The more important is that every original that I have invented is reserved for my 'book'. The second is to keep such intellectual provender out of the mouths of the tribe of scribblers on these subjects whose failure to invent useful theory have put me to the pains of doing this job myself. It was only when I understood, back in the mid-1990's, that their principal skill has been to pick-over the novelties invented by those whom they openly deprecate as mere 'Practitioners' only to bowdlerise such ideas (rare as they always are), into the sort of nonsense found in the Catalogue of the PostModernist Exhibition itself.

But then one has come, at my advanced age, to witness the invention of 'History' as a fiction penned by those who were never 'there'. I respected ideas too much to ever subscribe to the old saw: "Those who can, do. Those who can't, write". But now, like so much of life as one experiences its 'reality', I have come to agree to this bloody-minded opinion! We live today in a Britain where almost all 'doing' has departed this little island. Left only with the global language, we now suffer a 'trahison des clerics". A tribe of litterateurs, frequently of global origin, have taken over institutions, such as the the great ex-imperial Museums, so as to subscribe to a political imperative dedicated to a nexus of Consumerism, Capital, and Clifton-Blair Populism that reached its all-conquering victory via the Cold-War Anarchism consummated by Reagan and Thatcher. It continues to rage anachronistically, three decades beyond its Cold-War utility, in our powerless little ex-imperial island-state!

The only remark of interest to emerge from Roth was that Britain was far in advance of all other countries in her 'popularisation' of Museums. We remain, as

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we always have been, aggressive towards the culture of ruling elites. Only now, bereft of Empire, we no longer subvert and upset the culture of other states - so that we can enter them and satisfy the cultural imbalances that we, ourselves, created. Our best trick was always to manufacture cheap imitations of local artefacts and thereby destroy the craftmanly culture their making reified. Glass beads for Africans was one of the more profitable examples. Continuing our tendencies well past their useful life we now turn upon ourselves to destroy our own 'high culture' such as it has been bequeathed to us by our extraordinary (and imperial) history. We turn our great museums from fields of authenticity to which the whole world comes to study, into fun-fairs to titillate the snotty-nosed little illiterates bred for the administrative services of a non-existent Empire by Britain's feeble-minded politicians.

The V&A was not really a 'Museum' in the sense

"Dear Visitors to the New House,

I was surprised to learn that there was to be a visit, in connection with the Postmodernism Exhibition, to the New House at Wadhurst Park. Marit Rausing immediately remarked: "But this house is not Postmodern". I agreed with her that, to us, it was Modern. That is to say its ambitions were Modern - at least as we understood it.

I will try to explain - first from the viewpoint of Modernism vs Postmodernism (pages 2 to 16) , and second from the viewpoint of the New House (pages 17 to 36).

**A small etymological point:**

Marit Rausing came to me, while the House was a-building and said, with concern in her voice: "John, they are saying, in the village that we are building a Bungalow. It's not really a bungalow is it?" Technically-speaking, I suppose one must admit that it is. Not only is it one but whereas it began its design-life, and even received its Planning Permission, as a two-storey house (by a young Planner who happened to admire Louis Kahn), it became single-storeyed after a telegram sent to me from Dallas after Marit and Hans Rausing had visited Kahn's Kimball Art Museum. Besides which most of the island's population dream of one-day occupying a bungalow. My father, who was British Army born in India, once offered me an etymology for this inoffensive descendant of the thatched houses of Bangla-Desh, or

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Bengal as he knew it. "In India", he advised the young Architect. "when we build a house we raise four walls and bung-a-low-roof-on". He loved puns and practical jokes. The verb 'to bung', meaning throw, has come to mean 'to bribe' in London's criminal slang. Etymology apart, my solution to Marit's alarm was to suggest that, when the charming brick and half-timbered Mediaeval houses were being demolished to rise again in the white stone of Wren's Baroque and, later, Burlington's Neo-Classicism, the Patrons of that time often referred to them as simply: 'The New House'.

**FROM THE VIEWPOINT OF POSTMODERNISM.**

Postmodernism in Architecture, as it has entered 'history', claims to be a mainly US phenomenon. While arguably not the case in Fact it can be argued to be so in Theory. I would descend this ideological dimension from such as the New York Critic Clement Greenberg. For it was he that proposed, during the 1940's, that painting should eschew all figuration because any departure from a rigorous abstraction would be pressed to the political aid of either Fascism, Communism, or while in the USA, Capitalism. Art would be polluted by Politics and Commerce in the endless human struggle for security, power and dominance. If Art meant nothing except its own pure aestheticism then no-one could use it.

This attitude became more acute after WWII when the USA became a superpower. In Architecture this was rendered even more tricky because both Fascism and Communism had thrown pretty much the whole of Art History, and certainly that prior to the 20C, to the aid of their diverse ideologies. Mussolini's Fascism was unusual here as it gave, at one time, much employment to 20C 'Modernist' designers of the highest quality. Most of their Architecture and Art used ornament and decoration, some of which was even scripted to carry what 'stories' were available to the decayed iconicity of the 20C.

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In Britain this situation was easily resolved. Architects trained immediately after WWII were raised within an ethos of rigorous illiteracy. Not only were ornament, decoration and colour regarded as 'politically incorrect' but what remained of the housing and workplaces of the blitzed towns and cities were summarily demolished and rebuilt in the suburbs. The little-known publication "The Redevelopment of Central Areas" published (as it optimistically declared), in "Summer 1947" graphically depicted this policy of removing both the work of the manual workers, as well as their politically-suspect persons, from anything that might resemble a civic community.

It is a process that has continued, relentlessly, for a half century until now, in Britain if there is either craft-work, craft-workers or civic community, it is either some overlooked archaism, or a counter-cultural reversal. My own academy, the Central London Polytechnic, was to the vanguard of this effort. They were academically unique in publishing, for 1955, no book-list for the undergraduate to read. My First Year Master regarded anyone even slightly acquainted with the popular literature of 'Modernism' (such as the innocently cheerful Siegfried Giedion), as a 'fallen' person irretrievably polluted by 'the past'. The Polytechnic wanted a New Architecture, fit for the impoverished, but egalitarian, Welfare State that would be created by Architects literate only in the ways of the very cheapest building techniques. Perhaps it was a brave ambition - if suicide can be so described. Its progeny was, as it turned out, British High Tech. Brilliantly sub-literate, it took the 1960's, '70' and even '80's, by storm.

Reyner Banham was High-Tech's critical prophet and advocate. Buckminster Fuller later became its Patron Saint. But it never needed either of them, back in the 1950's, to begin to develop and to thrive. Boys like to look under the bonnet. High-tech needed neither Critics nor Saints. More HighTech buildings entered cities and paid rent than Bucky's useless domes. *Mechanix Illustrated* was our bedtime reading, and the B-50 nose-cone our iconic model. As a boy in India, during WWII, I dreamed of designing aeroplanes. My military training was in the RAF. But I found that flying an aircraft, like most extreme sports, was inimical to thought. And thought was becoming my preferred activity. On the ground, the main subjects of conversation were machines and the weather. Thomas Jefferson, the man who quadrated the Continental USA, the greatest work of Architecture in the history of Man, preferred the French to the English. He proposed that we did only two things extremely well: "Fine machines and Gardening". Like him, I needed more than this, and raised my game to city-designing.

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In the USA the political incorrectness of 'History', that is the whole 9,000 years of Architecture before the 20C, could not be so easily dismissed as it was in blitzed and bankrupt Britain. Britain's foundational 'architecture' has always been that providential 'Nature' who made us into an Island (and gave us perfect gardening weather). Our towns soon spread-out beyond the compact squares, circles and stars imposed on city-walled Eurasia by her constant wars. The Tudor navies made it possible to sing: "wooden walls were our ships". The form of the island life-space ran out into the country, as a visiting Frenchman commented, "like pipes".

Also much of the Continental USA gets both very hot and very cold. The glass and steel and fabric tents beloved by HighTech would just roast one in Summer and freeze one in Winter.

Then there was the tradition of the Frontiersman (currently rendered extinct by the unhandy generations of kids whose main manual skill is X-Box gaming). The Frontiersman created the New World with his hands. His culture was practical. Every proper 1950's suburban ranch-house, with its new-fangled TV and double-car garage, had to have a well-appointed workshop where the suit and tie could be discarded, and the Heroic Handyman keep in touch with the Frontier-culture that made America great. His library-shelves might be filled with books. But literacy, and knowledge of the World outside Anglo-America was not the critical attribute of the Heroic Handyman who built America. It was the home made, and perfectly-engineered shelves that were A1-USA.

It became difficult for the American Intellectual, hungry for 'culture', to steer a safe course between these dangerous rocks. If he became too 'intellectual' he would not be sufficiently haptic. If he became too cultured he might be suspected of 'foreign' sympathies - maybe even totalitarian ones. These were the years of McCarthy. One can see this 'Frontiersman' criterion in the work of Frank Gehry. When he became tired of the boxy reductivism of Rationalist (aka commercial) Architecture, as everyone did around the early 1960's, he did not go over to Yurup, as Venturi did. Gehry knocked up his own house out of particle board, sheetrock and chicken-wire. This was the myth of the Heroic Handyman that he then took around the world. No other culture understands it. It is pure USA.

I well remember the 1949 advent of Wittkower's 'Architectural Principles in the Age of Humanism'. It was acceptable to read this small book because it talked a lot about the maths used by Andrea Palladio to proportion his designs. Maths was o.k. because it was iconically neutral. Maths is always o.k. in Architecture because it eases a

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Client's very reasonable fear that his Architect, if he is innumerate, as many of the best are, will ruin him by overspending.

But the real attraction of 'Principles' was that it gave us students a licence to gaze upon the marvellous (colonnaded, domed and apsed) bodies of Italian Renaissance Architecture. Were Wittkower's intentions so very different from our own? Was he, perhaps, trying to find a way around the 'iconic curtain' that had dropped after WWII? Was he not from the Institute founded by Aby Warburg? Was not Warburg's main message, given to theorists of Art BEFORE WWI, that they abandon a narrowly formal analysis to concentrate upon iconography, symbolism and narrative? For Wittkower says, on page --, that the mathematics of Palladio's proportions were puerile and would be of no interest to a mathematician!

There was a different tactic for the 'unblitzed' Architects of the USA.

The fruits of culture could be acquired by the 'Michaelangelo Lampshade' route. There was the popular culture produced by the huge fertility of US commerce that led, if one's footwork was sure, through the heat-hazed mirrors of Las Vegas and out the other side to the broken body of 'Europe' - eager to welcome the virginal spirits of the victorious USA. Every US Architect tried to follow the Venturi's down this magical path. For it offered no hurts to the Commerce or the Mass Culture whose revenues powered the USA to global dominance while, at the same time, being able to sport the mastery of History and Taste proper to that paragon of US Kultur: the European Connoisseur-Intellectual.

None of this 'American Method' was of the slightest interest to Britain, and, I suspect, to much of Europe. We had no need to 'pile on the irony' in order to navigate the treacherous waters of US iconic politics.

I have already described that our first Post WWII Architectural Strategy was to radically avoid Architecture - even of the 'Modernist' sort. I was heavily criticised, in my 1955 First Year 'garden pavilion' (a building with no very discernible 'physical' function), for invoking (in its wooden-baulk columns), a very slight aroma of Mies van der Rohe. All the government publications of the 1950's studiously avoided illustrating any existent examples of either Architecture or City-design. I tell no untruth when I report that the ONLY pre-existing city illustrated in the VERY influential diagrams of the (1947) 'Redevelopment of Central Areas' was a plan of Los Angeles showing a scattering of city-blocks in the Central Business District

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(CBD) that had been demolished and made into car parking. The blocks were shown in red, as if bleeding from the wound that would soon be delivered by the automobile to the beautifully quadrated urbanity of Jane Jacobs' 'Great American City'. The nearest these publications came to a building was to generate it from the geometrical parameters of sunlight, daylight, privacy, insulation and so on.

Nothing much here has changed in rational architectural theory except that today the Architect can marshal a far larger panorama of digitisable 'information'. This massive outpouring of 'facts' is today named the 'Datascape'. What has changed, however, is the capacity of the digitised construction industry to build almost any shape one can conceive.

The public reaction to the post-WWII official imposition of a loss of Architectural 'memory' came to become the enormously powerful 'Conservation Movement'. One of its more successful institutions was SAVE (Britain's Heritage), founded in 1975 and frequently fronted by Marcus Binney. Its motives included a dislike of the radical abstraction practiced by Welfare Modernism (WM). This 'abstraction' was usually argued on the grounds of cost. In fact WM's real motive was iconic. Its soft-Socialist promoters acted as if they believed in a 'politique du pire' that made everything worse before it all got better. Perhaps they believed that a life-space erased of all meaning would prepare the ground for the coming Revolution - at which time the empty pages would receive their script.

When, however the only 'radically modernist' scripts appearing were those of a merely technophile HighTech, which was almost always too expensive to write with authority (each of the twelve external elevators cost £250,000 per air-conditioned, ice-proofed cab on Richard Rogers' 1974-86 Lloyds Building), the 'scriptwriting' needed to 'humanise' the crude forms of contemporary buildings began to be supplied, *faute de mieux*, by the tabooed 'History'. This was the 'lazy' origin of what came to be called PostModernism in Britain.

The widespread, intellectually 'innocent', and relatively gentle, collapse of the nay-saying 'Welfare Spirit' made it unnecessary to torture 'historical quotations' to the limits taken by the Venturis. The previously all-powerful British Neo-Classical party revived from its lonely post-WWII vigil in the person of the sophisticated yet unbending Raymond Erith. The Neo-Classicists, seemingly quite divested of their pre-WWII imperial Baroque aura, found a high-level Patron in the person of HRH The Prince of Wales and became an autonomous practice that thrives quite independently of any other island 'tendency'.

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Even James Stirling 'quoted', in a relatively undamaged way, his formal models of a Greek Stoa, a Roman Theatre, a Christian Basilica with Campanile (or 'Lighthouse') and a Mediaeval Castle. He built a Wissenschaftszentrum or 'Science Centre' as a one-stop typological reverie on this newly-permitted access to 'History'. His sketches conjure with a Renaissance Palazzo. But the existing, 19C, building on the site could 'double' for that. Not that he allowed anything so banal as an actual Museum of History to actually reify. For, while every window was an 'aedicule' of red sandstone resting on a manifest 'ground-plane', its successive floors were coated in baby blue and teenie pink stucco - not so much the banded white and Senatorial purple of light and dark as the softer dawn and dusk of a merely diurnal time. The Berliners christened it the Wedding Cake. Perhaps it was the longed-for espousal of Snow's 'Two Cultures'. Stirling was never as patently pusillanimous as Venturi. There was always the threat of Architecture.

There was, however, a more intellectually engaging origin for the entry of Architectures that lay outside the 20C and its 'officially canonised' search for what the French christened 'L'Architecture Autre'. Louis Kahn can be placed as its exemplary reification. But he left no theory to guide the less inspired (and less erudite).

The end of WWII left Europe in ruins. But ruins can be re-built. It proved more difficult to 're-build' Architecture itself. For the medium, as commonly understood, had already fissured into a stylistic battle of iconically deracinated 'genres' during the 19C. France and America led an attempt to re-invent an Architecture, after WWI, of novelty and abstraction that historians of those countries prefer to denote as 'The Moderne'. Art Deco, like most stylistic categories, began as a pejorative. I try not to use it. The great V&A Exhibition on the subject failed to make much sense of it - as most of the broadsheet and trade reviews pointed-out. There was no interpretation of its brave politics or even of its very patent (global) iconography. As for Architecture, there was no reference to Lloyd Wright's demolished Tokyo Imperial Hotel, a Moderne masterpiece. Jaques Ely Kahn's magical lobby to the Film building at 630 Ninth Ave., in New York was represented by a pathetic 'Box Brownie' snap. I must admit to writing a very vicious review of it myself - published by 'Architectural Design'. The Moderne remains to be properly understood.

The 20C Modern, as opposed to the Franco-American Moderne, descended from Holland and Germany, along with Czechoslovakia and Russia. Early-20C Modern pursued a formalism which substituted the disciplines normal to Architecture with

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those now used by the radically novel graphic medium of 20C Painting. Corbusier, who was a failed Decorative Artist until the age of forty, was taught how to paint Cubistically (by the Engineer Ozenfant) and used this medium (partly taken-over from Engineering Drawing) to invent the mysterious floor-plans of his curious designs. This became the all-powerful 'Modern'.

Yet this ontologically complex 'Modern' was never the inspiration for the doggedly empirical ambitions of Britain's post-WWII reconstruction. The proof of this was the elevation of Alison and Peter Smithson, after they built Hunstanton School, to such a high status that a pin could be heard to drop during the long pauses in his ruminative lectures. For the miracle of 1954's Hunstanton was that it provided the first proof that the foreign (mainly German and American), High Modernism could be married to the anarchic empiricism of English Welfare Modern. Sadly, however, the stripped-down glass and steel homage to Mies van der Rohe resulted in sound and heat insulation so poor that, although Hunstanton School made both of the Smithsons famous, it confirmed Whitehall's suspicion of 'Architecture' and provided the adventurous pair with no publicly-funded work for decades.

As to myself, little of this was of direct influence. I was twelve years old, in 1946, when I came to Britain from a father born in India and a mother born in Argentina from grandparents who had gone out to those respective countries. I was a part of that British diaspora swept overseas by the tsunami of global capital that powered our huge commercial empire. I had experienced nothing, in my youth, of the physical realities of either Europe or WWII.

My interest was taken by the post-WWII project of assimilating the whole of the Architectural phenomenon, as it had occurred throughout time and space, to a universalising, totalising scriptology. There was much discussion, during the 1950's, of the need to discover/invent the syntax and semantics of 'Architecture'. All Architects use an abstracted 'shorthand' when they manipulate the essential forms of their compositions. It is a main reason that an Architect must be able to draw with fluency - a skill that is atrophying with computerisation. It is also true that the twin brain phenomenon means that some of the most capable of this formal manipulation can tend towards dyslexia. Whereas the project of a 'grammatology of Architecture' entails that not only must all of the components of composition be named, but that these names will be meaningless unless composed within sentences that form part of a comprehensive text. In short not only was the project to 'globalise' Architecture, but to so arrive at its lexicalised syntax such that it be

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capable of being reverse-engineered into a semantics suited to any particular cultural location.

One may complain that this is an enterprise of hubristical excess. But there could be no better place to essay it than London. My city is the least parochial city on Earth. It is the best place for such an enterprise. Letters now occur in newspapers like the Daily Express and Daily Mail complaining that London is no longer an English City". What else could it be but 'globalised' after The British Empire caused Bismark to reply to the question "what will be important in the next century (the 20th)?" by saying: "The Americans speak English". If we had not wanted this power we should have done as the Emperor Hong-Li did when he burnt the most advanced 15C fleet in the world (capable of the prior colonisation of both the Americas and Australia): saying : "China is enough".

I have watched my Profession, over the 55 years of my engagement with it, slowly losing its utility, public respect and power. The reason is that it, and especially its savants, have failed to re-invent Architecture in a way that can be understood by reasoning persons. This failure has now reached a point of crisis. It is not the fact that construction has taken the brunt of the recession, throwing many Architects out of work. Booms and busts come and go but building always revives. Our own history, in JOA, is that we do better in busts than booms. Clients make better products when the market gets picky.

No, this crisis is particular for Architects because this Coalition Administration has decreed that all public projects are now to be communicated in Building Information Modelling, or BIM. The advantage of this medium is that a building, and all of its components, are rendered as a three-dimensional digital model whose parts have attached to them, in layers of 'data', everything that anyone in the building team, the developer/owner, the lessee/user and the public authorities,, of every sort, need to know about them. BIM is, it is easy to see, a fully 'theorised' virtual lifespace. So how is my profession to survive this 'stripping naked' when it is wholly incapable of 'theorising' what it does? What is it to write on a 'Deconstructed' window? Is it to be: "problematic absence of membrane" or "wonky window"? Today, in our highly bureaucratised culture, what cannot be 'reported' to a Committee ceases to either remain, or come into, existence.

Evidence of this is the history of the Faculty of Architecture at Cambridge University. I was unable, in the 1950's, to enter it. I failed my Latin Exam. Perhaps if my Father had taken me to Rome... My imagination, as is that of the Military, was

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trained to be concrete and practical. Cambridge taught Architecture as a three-year study to, in my father's words, "such persons who needed to go to University because they were either so rich or well-connected that they needed to be educated, or too clever to be happy anywhere else". In other words that elite class of persons who would be commissioning Architecture rather than merely designing and building it.

Then, in the 1960's, Leslie Martin, inter alia Architect Emeritus to London's County Council, co-designer of the Festival Hall and general power in the post-WWII landscape (he engineered the commission for the Leicester Engineering Building that made Stirling and Gowan into luminaries), persuaded the University Senate to change to the five-year vocational study taught by Polytechnics and Art Schools. The Senate has always been suspicious of such merely haptic enterprises. Cambridge likes to imagine that it only teaches courses of study that are founded on a sound 'theoretical' base. Martin's coup was to persuade the Senate that Architecture could be re-founded on Cambridge's most admired theorisation - that of Mathematics.

The eponymous Martin Centre was separately founded to aid the project. A book, 'The Geometry of the Environment', by Lionel March and Philip Steadman, was eventually published in 1971. It took the plans and sections of some illustrious buildings and showed how they could be 'understood' by being rotated, mirrored and otherwise manipulated by some of the cleverest and most modern mathematical strategies. I seem to recall that it was less forthcoming on external elevations - the part that interests the general public. Its underlying ethic was that Oxbridge, Welfare-Planning, Spartanism of: "this hurts me more than it hurts you" which led directly to the ex-utero birth of Pop Art.

This mathematical project failed around 1982, when I was invited, by Dalibor Vesely, to tutor at the Faculty. I was interested to discover, while listening (in 1990) to a lecture on the history of Management Studies at the Judge Institute (whose new building I was designing), that this was also the date at which Business Management Studies also abandoned its 'Rand Megadeath' mathematical paradigm and 'went cultural'. The cause was the emergence of Japan, during the 1970's, as a commercial superpower which shared little of the cultural genes of the 'West'. One had to dig a little deeper into the 'cultural phenomenon' than could be revealed by its merely positive mensuration.

Cambridge was the only Architectural School, at which I have tutored, where the undergraduates actually asked "what do you want me to do now". Oxbridge has short terms. One must work fast and to the point. It goes without saying that all of their

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undergraduates have good brains. More Cambridge graduates entered JOA than from any other School. *Cambridge Students Actually Expect to be Taught!* The tragedy of Cambridge was that there was no 'theory' to teach! Most other Schools accept this lacuna and just muddle along hoping that sheer graphical volume and brass-faced inconsequentiality will win the day. After all, as Deconstruction seems to argue - "If its ugly, impractical and badly-made what could it be but 'Art'?"

This 'cultural' project ran, as did the prior mathematisation, for some two decades. Then it also failed. In the continuing absence of any credible and comprehensible theorisation of the medium the Senate, in October 2004, proposed that the Architectural Faculty be shut down closed, eliminated and destroyed. It was only saved by a widespread Professional protest, its acceptance of shrunken Faculty real-estate and that no fees be paid to anyone teaching Architectural Design, or Formal Composition, as such. Architectural History and the necessary Engineerings would be taught by paid Professors in those disciplines, but, incredibly, the subject previously considered central to Architectural pedagogy, namely the formal design of the human life-space, would only be instructed by those not in the pay of the University!

The Senate, with a sad accuracy proper to the ambitious intellectual standards of that University, concluded that this central activity of the Architect had become a matter of 'fashion and taste' that was best left to the exemplary instruction of the ephemeral 'personalities' who led opinion in these matters. Instruction upon these matters were either carried-out surreptitiously during ostensibly 'positive' lectures, or openly by ARCSOC, the student's own, ad-hoc body. The expenses of those who cared to carry their intelligences up from the Metropolis to the Fens would be met by ARCSOC through private monies donated by the Industry and Profession - not the Senate of Cambridge University!

For want of any better, Architectural 'design theory' lapsed back into the arms of the mathematically-oriented Martin Centre. This institution returned from its exile, during the 'literary' 1980's and '90's, enlivened by the new ecologically 'green' lifespace calculations which currently multiply in the form of official rules and regulations that are believed will, when properly combined, solve the problems of resource depletion, pollution, global warming, economic depression and overpopulation. What is lacking here, as it was during the First Green Movement of the late 1960's to early 1970's (before being swept away by the Reagan-Thatcher years), is any idea of the shape or form that the human lifespace should have. In fact there was considerable pessimism then, as there is today, whether humans, in that

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they cause these problems, ought not to begin by decently and quietly dying in large numbers.

One is put in mind of 'The Rule and the Model', a book by Françoise Choay, whose English version was published by MIT in 1997. She compares, amongst other texts on urbanism, More's Utopia, as a 'Model', to Alberti's De Re Aedificatoria, as a set of 'Rules'. Choay, as one must expect from a writer, prefers Rules. This is because they are in words - the writer's medium. Architects, it goes without saying, prefer a Model. One can not build a rule-book. But one can build a model. In fact the Architect's technique is to build the model, whether on paper or in 'digital space', in the form of a 'design' before the Contractor builds it for-real.

The earliest record of Architectural rules that has remained, in the West, dates from the Early Augustan Empire and the hand of Vitruvius. Yet they never existed in a formal vacuum, as environmental and other rules do today. Everyone at the time had a 'model' of what a building should be, and even what a city should be, in their head already. The parts of these models were named and imaged. The arithmetical guides that Vitruvius published were like building bye-laws that merely sought to guide, correct and discipline the ad-hoc tendencies of any building project towards a 'best-practice' conclusion. Even the complex set of rules that governed London up to the early 1950's, when they were repealed, existed only to regulate a preconceived model of what a city was. My father took me down to the City of London early one Sunday in the 1940's. The Portland stone Banks rode like treasure ships whose fossilised hulls, like Classical galleons wreathed in fog, floated in a sea of sable asphalt that shone with wetness. Today their 'hulls' are preserved - restored to life as restaurants. But the banal iconics of their tin and glass successors evoke no such magic.

The post-WWII repeal of the LCC regulations, and the abolition of the LCC itself in 1967, set Architects free to build 'the Future'. However the 'model' that generated the state-sponsored schools and colleges, not to mention the housing, of the first post-WWII (Attlee) administration, was a prefabricated box that owed more to steel-window manufacturer's catalogues than Mies van der Rohe. The whole 19C 'battle of the styles', from Gothic and Classical to Moderne Mayan and Minoan, was lost - or perhaps it would be more correct to say 'misplaced'. Labour fell and Churchill's administration burnt the Ration Books that had lingered on during Post-WWII austerity. The private capital which had held back from Socialist 'planning' leapt into the fray happy to copy the physically trashy building design standards promoted for 'the good of the poor'. The accumulated design culture of the British

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Profession (such as it was) was cheerfully lost in a couple of decades. None of it survived in the Faculties of Architecture - one of whose longest serving Classicists was Hector Othon Corfiato who taught at London University from 1922 until 1960.

The first building to authenticate a model that rose above the iconic wastelands of Welfare Pragmatism was the 1954 Hunstanton School. But its patent origin in Mies van der Rohe, as well as its technical deficiencies, left the field open for James Gowan and James Stirling to astonish their peers with their 1963 Leicester University Engineering Building. Stirling went on to design other buildings in the same red-tiled (Russian)-Constructivist manner for 'Oxbridge' Clients. But they suffered such functional deficiencies that his firm found it difficult, for many decades, to obtain further public work in Britain.

The Seventies brought-on the advent of the Conservation movement with a 1974 V&A Exhibition on threatened country houses. The thirty years of 'Futurist' supremacy had failed to invent a plausible model of any part of the hierarchy City-Building-Ornament-Decoration. Totalising attempts like the 1951 Festival of Britain (which was enormously more attractive than its putative New Labour successor the 1999 Millenium Dome) created a model of sorts that registered in both the public mind as well as with the Architects of the public authorities. But little of it provided a model that eventually came to either rival or succeed the abandoned model of the so-called Tradition.

Margaret Thatcher's 1975 election as leader of the Conservative Party, and subsequent first Administration, in 1979, coincided with a widespread abandonment of what models were available from the work of the pre-WWII 'Moderns' and even that of those, such as the 'beton brut' Corbusier, who were still working after it. The previously anthematised 'History' became, for want of better, a quarry to be plundered, with varying degrees of laziness and ignorance, to provide the lifespace-design models that Futurusim had failed to canonise.

This, in its turn collapsed, over the next two decades, into a final fissuring of the lifespace-design models employed in Britain. By the end of the 20C the Neo-Classical, and affiliated historic tendencies were firmly established with their niche markets. A fear and loathing of everything 'Modern' provides a unifying ideology. Contrary to them are the varieties of Deconstruction. These began in the early 1990's.

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By 2010, as I have experienced in my Alma Mater the Architectural Association, a pedagogic technique had become established that deliberately avoided any preconceived 'design model'. Data (both relevant and irrelevant, to the design problem), are fed randomly into computers to produce digitised maps which have the 'high-falutin' title of Datascares. In the case of the project I was asked to critique the 'datascares' were a double-spread of a cutting pattern for kimonos from the German fashion magazine Burda and a portion of a hydrographic map of the coast of Spain. These complex and polychrome graphics were scanned and superimposed so as to create 'interference patterns. Then these were re-scanned and passed from one computer software to the other. These could produce results, that were always mere patterns with no other quality than their aesthetics, which were sometimes two and sometimes apparently three-dimensional. These were then transposed onto 8'0" x 4'0" slabs of 2"-thick plywood routed-out by a huge and ancient machine inherited by the AA's purchase of the woodland estates of the bankrupt furniture designer John Makepeace. The datascares could then be photographed as landscapes of eroded bluffs, sand dunes or whatever else appealed to the desperate imagination of the student, gagging on such patent cognitive hysteria. The four-metre-long print-outs and other graphical manifestations of these labours were of the latest technical sort and hugely costly to the undergraduate's purse.

My experience of 'examining' this process is that some students had a talent for creating attractive digitised patterns out of the random data issued to them. The pattern-making occupied some two and half of the three terms of the academic year. The resulting buildings, knocked out in the last weeks of the final term were universally ugly, illiterate and unfit for use. Even though the building-function itself was pathetically simple - a mere public fresh food and produce market!

A main ambition is that the consequent (or to be more accurate 'inconsequent') building should present an iconicity that strikes no spark of 'recognition'. This marvelous inscrutability should refer especially to any tendency to look like either a 'building' or, even more to be avoided, evoke the slightest hint of 'Architecture'.

This pedagogy associates the increasing deluge of official and other 'factual data', to which legal and quasi-legal 'best practice' rules must be applied, with the final decay of any 'model' of what either a building or a city ought to be. It proves, I would argue conclusively, that whatever argument is advanced in its defence, that the one is meaningless and unusable without the other.

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One of the students came up to me during one of these sessions to ask me "What do you think of the education I am getting". He was not from Britain. Few English students can afford the \$150,000 needed for the six year course at my old School - inclusive of board and lodging in London. What could I say to him - that he was not learning anything about 'Architecture' at all (if that was his ambition)? So I said that "the course would fit him for a future that had no canonic rules and no models. There would be nothing to rely upon except his own genius." After all, it had been true for me. So why not for him? Prepared, by this nonsense, for the worst; he might find the future better. For, after surviving the useless rigmarole of this 'Picturesque Pedagogy', he would, more likely than not, find a Client who also needed Architecture. I could only hope that his necessarily private studies would enable him to satisfy such a Client's demands. If there is no place to learn Architecture one must teach it to oneself! We are not so much all Post-Modernists as all Autodidacts in this futile maelstrom of 'puffisme' - as the French call the 'critical media'.

In the Venice Biennale of 1991, JOA were in the room between James Stirling and Norman Foster. Neither of them would talk to me. Stirling was offended that the Critics bracketed JO with him. The other four, Foster, Rogers, Grimshaw and Hopkins, were all High-Tech and Foster does not talk much 'Architecture' anyway. But Stirling's cold-shoulder hurt. The Italians, for whom one learned that the main and complete purpose of every Art Event of this sort is their personal and national glorification, called Aldo Rossi "The Peasant". Stirling was the undoubted Star, His reputation and work towered over all others. A year later he was dead. What would have made of the Deconstructed degradations which were already manifested in the US Pavilion of Gehry and Eisenman? We will never know. His genius died with him and left no 'school' or even trace. That same year, in 1992, the Biennale Six were flown down to Ledoux's Salpetriere for a conference. Foster, of course, flew himself. I served as co-pilot, at rather less expense, on the British Council hired plane. It was fun to be fashionable!

The French wanted to be Sorbonne-brilliant. Sadly no-one succeeded. They did not talk to each other. They addressed, as my old maths master used to say, that point where parallel lines meet in infinity. When the French are good they are brilliant - when not they are dull. I repaired to the bookshop and got a hand-coloured reprint of Champollion's Egyptian Deities - fascinating! Colour is so informative. When doing hieroglyphs I go to the BM's coffin lids because they are in colour. Museums are for study, not a kid's day out.

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I was the last to speak. After I had finished Michel Verne confided that the French were asking "why did not we have these ideas"? The answer is that the French are serious about the 'collectivity' of their culture. We English, at least in Architecture, are not. Everyone 'does their own thing'. The French all have to read a massive book-list to be even considered cultured let alone original. Paul Ricoeur, who took his politics seriously, volunteered to be Rector at Nantes, then found himself in the epicentre of the storms of 1968. When asked by the rebellious students why he considered himself to be any better than they, he replied "I have read more books". Perhaps this quietened them. But the experience may have disenchanted him with Paris. He took a Professorship in the University of Chicago which allowed him to perform the more valuable function of my preferred philosopher.

In England we are hardly serious about anything. If an individual becomes 'serious' he becomes the biggest joke of them all. My own theory as to why this is so has three explanations. The deeper one derives from a remark heard in Houston, Texas. "No One, John", they said to me, "gets into trouble in Texas". "Why", asked I? "because the next stop is Mexico", came the answer. So this is why, I reflected, the British are so keen on privacy. Working from East to West, specially before Columbus, those who 'got into trouble (probably by being 'serious')' and had to keep moving would have eventually landed-up on this island. And where could one go from here - Ireland? Perhaps this is far fetched. The DNA of the British is rather stable. The invaders from the East came over in relatively small numbers.

But the other reason why we laugh at everything is more plausible. English is not an etymologically transparent language. Our grammar, having been eroded for centuries between the occupying kingdoms of Danes and Saxons, is not formally explicit. The genetic diversity of our lexicon makes it harder to divine its etymology. To speak and write English very well requires a knowledge of both its Romance and Germanic roots, not to mention the Greek words shoveled into it during the Enlightenment. How can one speak without really knowing what one is saying - the idea is laughable!

The island empire was similarly opaque. When trading with a culture of which one is largely ignorant the French, after conquering them, studied their customs and religion. We, in contrast, after fighting off any other European competitors, studied the alien 'market' for items that we could copy, back on our factory-filled little island, before exporting them back to our new colony at prices low enough to destroy their indigenous craft industry (oh, and at the same time their culture!). The Slavers sailed for the Gold Coast ballasted with glass beads to exchange for Africans

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bound for the sugar mills of the Caribbean. The 1851 Exhibition itself, from which the V&A descends, was the biggest demonstration of artefactual fakery the globe had ever seen! What did all this fakery do but make Britain rich. The dividend was fantastic! London laughed all the way to its banks.

Today all of this is over. None of this is 'working' any more. Is 'Seriousness' to become (can it ever become - here) the order of the day?

Those who were neither Neo-Classicists nor the various diverse 'stars' in the Deconstructivist firmament constituted the great majority of the Architectural Profession. There was a flowering of individual formal models, loosely derived from abstracted traditional forms, which gave a certain coherence to the well-regarded firms of Professional Architects working in the last quarter of the 20C. But these, when assailed from the two extremes of Reproductive Historicism and aniconic, counter-formal and contra-functional Deconstruction gradually declined into a formulaic recourse to plain cubic prisms which were, if pressed, critically elevated to the category of 'Minimalist'.

But the true inspiration behind the plain or not-so-plain (twisted and/or shiny) boxes that came to pass for the majority of New Labour 'newness' was the final sad failure, after a whole century of effort, of the Architectural Profession, including its Academies and Apologists, to invent a theory which could persuade both the Practitioner and the Public that an entity called 'Architecture' not only existed, but served a useful purpose, as such, now and in the future. For it was this failure that allowed components of the lifespace-design industry to displace the Architect and take-over the role of 'Lead Designer'.

Project Managers, Engineers and Contractors had previously relied upon the Architect's leadership to 'mythify' the human life-space through the diverse iconicities of what came, especially during the 19C, to be called the 'Styles'. If there was to be no credible and communicable 'Architectural' narrative of consequence - mediated by specific and definite forms that only the cultivated Architect was trained to order - then anyone with a purely technical and practical capacity could design a mechanical box of a building.

This sad history of the last half-century of British Architectural practice has passed from its 1940's post-WWII re-birthing in a deliberate refusal of all Architectural culture, to the 1960's ex-utero birth of an Architectural version of Pop-Art in the

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form of the hyperbolically-titled High-Tech (for there was never anything remotely 'high' in the technology of building construction when compared to the other 20C media of communication, warfare, medicine and aeronautics! Buildings are the cheapest objects made today when priced as they are sold - by their cubic volume.

Then the desperate efforts of the conservation lobby, awoken by the profound illiteracy of post-WWII construction, led to the re-use of sundry 'historical' forms. The shallowness of this fell away when the Profession divided, in the 1990's, on the one hand, into the 'exciting' formal destructiveness of Deconstruction and, on the other, by the wholesale reproduction of formally sophisticated 'styles' from History. Nothing remained of the 'Centre' as it began to collapse into the arms of a Project Management Profession that was as voided of Architectural culture as the Architectural Profession itself.

The advent of 'Green Architecture' changed little in the above situation. It continues to the present day because 'green-ness' is expressed, for the most part, in changes in the 'rules' rather than the overall 'model'.

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**FROM THE VIEWPOINT OF THE NEW HOUSE.**

Wadhurst, and the work of JOA, have played little part in any of this history. Wadhurst was designed between 1978 and 1982 when it began to be built - completing in 1986. The ideas behind its design derive from the project (during the 1950's) to respond to the abandonment, after WWII, of the Radically Utopian pre-WWII 'Architecture Autre' project that has come to be repeatedly 'revived' under the title of 'Modern Architecture'. Our ambition was to invent, as previously described, a totalising universal 'scriptology' that, while establishing what Architecture 'was' would, like any effective language, carry any idea in the way that Architecture does - that is by making it 'real' in the sense that we are 'real'. i.e. by being able, epiphanically, to 'walk into it'!

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Q. "How does one walk into 'Nothing'? - Prove!

Moreover, the ambition of this project was, from the very beginning of its first 'scripts' back in 1959, to re-invent the 'city' as a scriptable lifespace. It focussed on the hierarchic 'bracketings' of Architecture-as-building. That is to say upwards to the scale of the City and downwards to the scale of Ornament, and then later to the anti-scale of a merely optical Decoration. For it was obvious, even then, that the rejection of these 'scales' of the built lifespace, and an exclusive concentration on the form of single buildings, was bound to be entirely ineffective to my urbanistic purpose.

After spending five years designing buildings in every 'modern style' known to history my first Final Thesis proposed a huge grid of roads snaking around buildings of impressive dullness that had, like American skyscrapers, every window the same. After being failed twice I was finally allowed to join my Profession after redesigning Churchill College in the manner of Kenzo Tange a Japanese stylistic icon of the time. My Examiners wanted me to pursue the only route they knew - that of giving every building the suburban quality of a distinctively peculiar form. Every 'Business Park', on which JOA later found employment, used to like to sport, like an itinerant pedlar unsure of his clientele: 'one of everything'. These 'villa-culture' alternatives would be marooned in a sea of parked cars - destinations in the ludicrous shambles of a lifespace my Profession has been eager to invent for the hapless generations of the late 20C.

Everything designed by JOA, from its founding in 1974, has had an 'Architectural Order' of some sort within its repertoire. The so-called 'Orders' were both the core of what Architectural theory the 20C inherited as well as the epitome of that 'Tradition' which was most firmly rejected by the 20C project for an 'Architecture Autre'. None of the 'Orders' used by JOA ever resembled any of the Five Canonic Orders of the 'Tradition'. They were, however, capable of being described as such, at least with respect to their columns, by being set out on a mathematical 'module' and by having a foot and a head.

Mies van der Rohe wrote that his first action upon arriving at the place of a new project was to "Divine the Module". Theorists of the 1940's argued that this was to arrive at the arithmetical spacing between the footprints of his exiguous steel columns (which, as befitted his Beaux-Arts training, had an equally exiguous

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Entablature topped by a metal angle 'geison' moulding). This was, however, to take the mere Rule of Vitruvius', Palladio's and every other metricator's 'uninteresting' arithmetics, and transfer them, in the manner of Corbusier's equally 'magical' Regulating Lines to some Architecturally deracinated box. Not that this arithmetical ratio meant anything particular to Mies either for he elsewhere remarked, as the towers of his 860-880 Lake Shore Drive rose up, that they "looked good" (proportionally) at various times in their climb to their modest (for Chicago) 26-storey height.

It is rather well-known, today, that the phenomena of 'Nature' can be formally replicated by a mathematics whose rules are simple, but whose results are bemusingly complex. To gaze upon any 'naturally-governed' phenomenon is to see a panorama of such complexity as to entirely fill the eye, and even the mind, with 'realities' of such number and variety as to entirely defy understanding. This has also become the ambition of the avant-garde of the Lifespace-Design Industry.

My friend of very long standing, Charles Jencks, has argued, for some decades, that lifespace-design should replicate these most recent geometries of Natural Philosophy. While this might have amused the rarer spirits of the Enlightenment, like Étienne Louis Boullée's Cosmic Cenotaph for Newton, it seems trivial after recent history. It is the species Man and his phenomenology that now controls, threatens and dominates the planet. Only a small proportion of this species inhabits Europe and entertains, for better or worse, the rarer notions of quantum physics. The problem of the City, aka Urbanisation, now faces cultures almost entirely bereft of any Urbane culture (much like our own at this time!). To propose to build this lifespace on the model of Heisenberg's uncertainty principle, or some other highly hypothesised behaviour of conjectured micro-particles far removed from the peculiarities of the human spirit, indicates an attitude which Oscar Wilde's Lady Bracken might have declared "showed no respect for the common decencies". We are only saved from such nonsense by her equally sound observation that "Fortunately, in England (read now the Globe), Education produces no discernible effect".

This 'ecstatic plenitude' style also chimes with the Post-High-Tech style that one might term Bio-Tech. 'Green' Architecture, when it is not covering everything in freshly sawn wooden planking, also has a weakness for 'Natural Forms'. And then, of course, there is Deconstruction - which cares for no-one and nothing.

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What Mies van der Rohe called "The Module" is, of course, much older than all of this. One way of explaining it is to compare it to the autonomous nervous system. Breathing, circulation, digestion, the retention of balance, and so on, are all bodily functions we achieve unconsciously. There is no need to 'will' these things. They, and most other vital functions can be 'put out of mind'. Occupying a 'modulated' lifespan does this for the human spirit.

Vitruvius called this Architectural function 'Commoditas' (bracketed, as it was, between Firmitas and Venustas). Like some of the other Latin 'naming of parts' Commoditas has been poorly translated. When I first met it in my early readings, back in the 1950's, it was rendered as 'Convenience'. This, in the positivist whingings of Welfare Modernism, became 'conveniently planned'. To my knowledge it has never escaped, in recent years, from this descent into the mere space-plumbing practiced by any builder scribbling on the back of an envelope.

Indeed, one of the greatest masters of ingenious space-plumbing (aka circulation) was the great Jim Stirling himself. One may observe it in the lower floors of his Neue Staatsgalerie in Stuttgart. 'Convenient space-plumbing', featuring convoluted ramps and irregular spaces, is here transformed into a 'Purist' composition of great formal accomplishment. What makes it especially powerful, however, is that this recollection of the radical compositions of Corbusier, the prophet of a 'New Architecture', is buried under a very well understood 'Classical Ruin' of landscape proportions. The normal geology of 'History' is reversed, with the Past (albeit in ruin) succeeding the Future. But then nothing was simple with Stirling - or that period of time.

A useful decipherment of Mies' Module, and Vitruvius' Commoditas, is to observe their shared etymology of 'Modus'. It means the imposition of a regular 'mode' (as in poetic metre) upon the human lifespan. This 'measure' has been argued to evoke dullness. This will not be so if it is both rhetorical and implacable. Yet as we may observe at Wadhurst, it is capable, if the Order is conceived in a clever manner, of being adaptable to contingency. The Venturis raised this contingent adaptation, in their 'Complexity and Contradiction', to a (Postmodern) principle of design. It can be argued to be so: but not in the flaccid manner of the Venturis who see nothing more to it than opportunities for 'picturesqueness'. Convenience can never be a generative principle - although adaptation to Circumstances is always entertaining to observe in the hands of a clever Architect.

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The purpose of the 'implacability' of 'Commoditas' has been largely forgotten in the 21C 20C. I can describe this by an experience actually at Wadhurst. The construction was newly-finished, with all of its details fresh in my memory. I had been photographing the Southern terrace and was leaning back onto one of the crushed brick columns, enjoying a rest in the weak sunshine. I closed my eyes for a moment and the image came into my mind of the house being struck by a giant hammer. Whereupon it rang like a bell.

I reflected on this and considered it to be a confirmation of its 'unity'. For the reality of it was that the house's diverse materials, many of them of such modest qualities as cinderblock and polystyrene, could never be described as 'sonorous' or 'musical'. Nor was this 'sonority' the result of its simple arithmetical disciplines. The unity, as with any 'text', had two origins, one syntactic, the other lexical. These I will sketch shortly.

At this moment I prefer to describe the consequence of this uncalled-for (and unique in my experience) event. It was to leave in its place, after the 'ringing of the bell' had faded into silence, a sense of an order that was empty, so empty that it needed to be filled, to be 'plenished' and to be 'inscribed'. This was the 'tabula rasa' created not by the dimensional discipline, but by the Ordine itself, as a proscenium, a framing and an invitation to 'see' what the eye cannot see 'en plein air'. I felt the need to fill the many 'picture-planes' created by the 'Order' (whose members we will shortly describe) with 'pictures' (but in 1986 of I-knew-not-what!).

We can observe a phenomenon here similar to that exhibited by the blind who compensate for their disability by developing alternative media, such as an improved spatial imagination mediated by acute hearing. The denial of one medium of determination enlarges the reliance on others. The implacable 'modulation' of the New House had compressed the whole of its multiple technicity into a single unity which, even more curiously, had mediated it into a single telluric echo - that of a great gong. This had then cleared my mind of it all and readied it for a magical transcendence, so common to the Architectural Tradition, to the far more intellectualised sphere of a graphical iconics.

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For the fact is that the conceptual function of the Ordine is to both 'steady' the lifespace and to 'ready' it for views into the 'truths' that may not be 'given' to the quotidian eye. This the reason why the 'interiors' of the Architectures of the past were relatively dark. Any one can see something under the sun. I takes an iconically literate culture to 'see' what lies beyond everyday vision. This has seldom been achieved, with any sophistication, North of the English Channel.

John Harris, Emeritus 'Keeper of the Drawings' at the RIBA, in "The Palladians", 1981, Trefoil Books, reports that: "no drawings remain, which specifically describe interiors, in the collection of Colen Cambell, editor of 'Vitruvius Britannicus'." Yet Campbell was a literary man, a publisher and a main intellectual and technical collaborator of Lord Burlington - the aristocratic initiator of early-18C English Neo-Classicism. Harris explains that Campbell, along with the others in this movement, "found it more difficult to achieve a Palladian manner for interiors than they did for exteriors... often bringing the elements of exterior architecture indoors".

In fact the English Palladians hardly ever (and still do not) understood that the function of the Palladian villas of the Veneto, that they admired, was to project, like an iconic artillery, both internally, as well as externally, a classicising culture over everything within the conceptual range of their internal paintings and external sculptures. Ironically - it was the Architecture that cost the money, but the painting and statuary that made its ideas 'work' (in the Heideggerian sense).

To complete this explanation I must move from the module and its 'effects' to the actual means used by an Architectural Order.

My interest, in the 1950's, was to discover the concrete actuality of the Architectural element for which the 'Module' was merely the Clerkly Rule. I then, in accordance with the forensic spirit of those happily optimistic times made of the column a Lacanian "Symptom that returned as the Cure". I made the column much bigger, and filled it with the machines that merely amused the Hellenes but with which the West conquered the planet. Kallicrates bulged and sloped the columns of the Parthenon before staining and waxing them the ochreous tan of an ephebe's skin so as to make the temple 'come alive'. We can make temples that are machines. Would Mnesikles and Kallicrates have filled their huge columns with Pentelic Marble (one

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of whose attractive qualities was that it could be both finely carved as well as securely 'painted') if they could have animated them with buried machines?

In the Rausing Villa all of the columns are hollow. Their footprint is a square of side 3'0" or 90 cm. This number is taken from the width of a doorway designed to admit an upright human. It has no numeromantic capabilities. For the whole of knowledge is now analytical. Everything descends from us and depends on us. This Architecture, as must the cities of the future be, is anthropocentric in origin. The 3'0"x3'0" (90x90cm) column footprint is divided into four squares of 1'6" (45cm) side. These are further subdivided into four squares of 9" (22.5cm) side. This is the length of an English brick. The walls of the columns are one brick thick - or 9" (22.5cm). This leaves a hollow interior of 1'6" (45x45 cm). This can be reached-into from the inside via a simple plywood cover that is held-on by that most inexpensive of forces - gravity. Into this hollow is placed everything mechanical - all the pipes, tubes and wires needed for our technophilic existence. This sort of object first appeared as soon as JOA was established, back in 1974, as the hollow wooden architraves of doors.

By 1982, when the design of Wadhurst was fixed, JOA had already used machine-filled hollow brick-built 'Architectural' columns in three commercial projects and been awarded a 'prize' from a Management Consultancy for the 'Robot Column' - or the Ordine Robotico' (as I preferred). I wanted to 'anthropise' the column to show that it was an embryonic 'Order' even if it was a somewhat backhanded 'humanisation' via Karel Capec's 'Russum's Universal Robots'.

But Wadhurst was the first project on which I had an owner that wanted a thoroughgoing investment of a building by that rigorous 'systemisation' which is so essential if the human imagination is to be given the absolute freedom it craves - and which the Romantically-inclined so incapably fear. The whole house is built within a cubic module that is drawn onto the surfaces of its strange materials as 10mm-wide grooves (called reglets in the USA). Every one of these surfaces 'hangs' in a space that is exactly 5mm away from the centreline of the 90cm module. The little shadow-filled grooves gently subvert the idea that the components of the walls and ceiling actually 'rest' on each other. This 'detachment' from the cohesive force of gravity allows them to become potential 'picture planes' ready to be 'dissolved' by an iconic inscription.

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Wadhurst was relatively early in JOA's work on this conceptually powerful dimension of Architecture. JOA could not effect its full demonstration until 1995, at Duncan Hall, the Faculty of Computational Engineering in Rice University, Houston, Texas. So most of the 'inscriptional' semantic at Wadhurst is close to the Architectural vocabulary itself. The exception to this is the Millenium Portico of 2000. This latter is the most complete reification of what my old Tutor Bob Maxwell (Dean Emeritus of Princeton Architectural Faculty) christened, when writing about JOA's Cambridge University Faculty of Business Studies, "Outram's Sixth Order - an act of Architectural terrorism".

The Ordine of the Judge Institute of Management are 1.5M in diameter and 26M high - possibly the largest 'Architectural' columns, by cubic capacity, in Britain. Curiously, though, no one is more terrorised by big columns than Architects! This is because they all know, those who have been well-trained in what passes for 'Modernism', that the Architectural Ordine is the source of all moral and political evil.

So, as one walks around the Rausing Villa one may examine at least eight varieties of these 'terrifying' column-things that, together, span three decades of invention. There are, externally, the up-lit columns of the gate-posts, the typical, cubic, three-to four-stage columns of the house exterior, the 'primitive' tree-filled columns around the North Forecourt, and the two columns of the Millenium Portico. Then, half-in-and-out, there are the cruciform wooden columns and T-bar capitals of the Servery to the Orangery. These were invented during my work in London's City Hall, back in 1963. But they were never reified until 1993, at Wadhurst. They exist nowhere else. The reason is that they do nothing but be 'true to structure' - that iconically etiolated Enlightenment ambition!

Internally there are the apotropaic columns of the Entrance Hall and the other half and quarter 'absent' columns of the 'modulated' interior. Nor should we forget the two smoothly-polished guardians introduced by Marit Rausing to announce the passage from the Entrance Hall to the Drawing Room. Finally there are the curious brick columns in the Orangery, along with its somewhat 'contingent' yet nevertheless polychrome Entablature. The blue 'dentils' were JOA's first use of that most difficult colour for concrete.

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My preferred time for early Architectural theory (apart from the Egyptian and the Vedic - which are the more rewarding - iconically) is the Italian 16C. The Classical periods left us little except Vitruvius, who is unrewarding to a practicing Architect. Vitruvius begins by cravenly advising his readers, of whom Octavius Augustus was the ultimately preferred lector, that he has eliminated all 'complicated' Greek words. Viewed from two millenia this was a fatal mistake. For it destroyed any etymological interrogation of his theory's semantic. Sebastiano Serlio (1475-1554) was in the forefront of the Western theorists to add illustrations to his text. He and his contemporaries began the struggle with the image-versus-text two-sides-of-the-brain phenomenon. It is a problem that by remaining mostly unsolved at the level of theory continues to render theory largely useless to Practitioners. We always begin by understanding the plans, sections and illustrations, for these are how Architecture, as such, is invented. The Architectural writer begins with the text for that is his medium.

George Hersey reported, in his 'Pythagorean Palaces' (MIT 1976), That Serlio asserted "Round things are born of cubic things as circular are born of square". These are the sorts of proposition, cryptic to the literary mind, which engage the Practitioner. Serlio also asserts that all buildings begin (implicitly in the Architect's imagination) as a matrix of rooms enclosed by walls without doors in-between. He goes on to narrate how, when the walls are removed to make space for larger chambers, a column is found at the intersection of four walls. This column, by reference to his first assertion, is a cubic pilaster. Removing this, in its turn, reveals a cylindrical column. This curious little history evidently reproduces the 'archaeological' phenomenology of the early Renaissance. For Serlio, who was instructed by the fine Architect Baldassare Peruzzi, taught himself how to design his buildings by excavating the Roman ruins that were so plentiful in Italy half a millenium ago.

Hersey reproduces a drawing from Serlio that shows the plan of a square building of one hundred columns (ten by ten each side). He calls this the "Hypostyle, or original building, the Bouleterion of Athens". The early Italian Renaissance knew little of the Antique Hellenic Architecture which was, by then, overlaid by a millenium of Byzantium and a century of its Ottoman transformation. But The Italian Theorists knew of the intellectual debt of Rome to Greece. So whenever they believed that some part of Architecture was of critical importance, they gave it a name of Hellenic derivation. They even went so far, in the case of the Bel-vedere, or topmost

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storey, as to employ the ethonym 'Attica'. From this follows a most revealing decipherment. Suffice to say that the Villa at Wadhurst can be usefully 'read' as the Attica of the hill on which it is perched - and even more of the massively cubic base whose diagonals intersect in the Rausing's Principal Room.

The meagre Hellenic terms that we have inherited for the parts of the Architectural Order are laconic to the point of absurdity. Latin is here more useful. Hellenes describe the column as a 'stylium' and its entablature as its 'epistylium' - meaning merely 'that which is above the stylium'. What then is Serlio's 'hypostylium' - meaning, presumably, 'that which is below the column'. We pragmatists of the 20C know that the most that lies below the column is its base or foundation - a temple 'stylobate' (basis) at best. So why does Serlio draw it as a 'forest' of columns.

Why, even more, does Serlio not displace the columns from their regular grid, as the Hellenic builders actually did, when they constructed their meeting-rooms, so as to allow the audience the best view of the Speaker?

I bring to my aid two myths. The first is that of Deucalion and Pyrrha, the Hellenic equivalents of the Old Testament Noah and the Deluge. They performed a similar history of ark-building and survival. Then, on landing they sacrificed to Zeus, as Noah did to Yahveh. Athanasius Kircher's 17C drawings of Noah's adventures are here of excellent hermeneutic value - especially with respect to the 'architecture' of altars. Zeus, impressed, as gods should be by both success as well as piety, sent Themis to offer the pair one wish. I like to think that, being Hellenes, and soon tiring of their blissful isolation upon a planet freed from human conversation, they asked for the restitution of their race (or at least the Greek part of it). Themis advised: "cover your heads (so that you are blind) and walk while throwing the bones of your mother behind you".

The pair interpreted this as to pick up stones and throw them as advised. Men sprang up where Deucalion's casts landed, and women accordingly for Pyrrha's. My 'Architects Version' of this has 'masculine' Doric columns sprouting for Deucalion, and 'maidenly' Ionic ones for Pyrrha.

The second myth is dual. They are the better-known ones of Kadmus, founder of Thebes and Jason, Medea, the Fleece and the Argonauts. Kadmus killed a serpent,

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child of Ares, and sowed its teeth from which sprang the warrior Sparti. Jason obtained the same 'seeds' from an intermediary and did the same.

The myths indicate that the cthonic, subterranean, domain is capable of germinating anything. Why then should the 'original building' not be already there, below the dusty surface, waiting only for some act of inception? We discern it in the 'archaologising' inventions of Serlian theory - where columns lie buried within the primordial matrix of chambers that we find, without, it is true, any orthogonalising quadrature, in the oldest Mediterranean settlements. The myth of the buried (not yet born into determinacy) Hypostyle has many readings, some of them perfectly coherent today. I reflect it in the floors of Wadhurst, both inside and outside.

A good reason, however, for tracing these invisible walls and columns must be the inconvenience to the Rausing Family of having them all fully reified! Some of the fear of 'Theory' in the unsophisticated Practitioner is the apprehension that impracticality and expense follows from the rigorous application of its 'model'. Abstraction is here the useful tool that early-20C graphics brings to Practitioner's aid. Architectural theory exists in the media of images and writing. But if a thing like a 90x90cm column 'gets in the way' (as it would in the centre of a Living-Room), and has to be chopped down (or retained imprisoned/stillborn under the floor), it can be reified in that imagistic and verbal sphere we call the understanding, by a simple disk inside a square laid flat into the floor. Not only is this practical (this figure can even receive external drainage gully-gratings) but it is, to the iconically literate mind, better than the 'real' thing. For by being conjured-up by the human spirit alone, it encourages that most exclusively human recreation of Thought.

As the late Paul Ricoeur put it: "The symbol leads to thought". The 'failure' of theory is doubly necessary, both to adjust it to contingency as well as to reify its epiphany. Just so long, of course, as this 'failure' is made to 'shine'.

On the interior of the house one will soon discover, in the floors, the traces of these 'primordial walls' that Serlio recommended were 'absented' so as to create useful and beautiful rooms. They are 'recorded' by being 'built' of small pieces of travertine tile that are the size of an English brick. One will see that these walls are usually 90 cm (3'0") wide and occasionally 180cm (6'0"). This is because a wall must

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be this thickness in order to have 'buried' a Serlian column of 90cm side. Wherever one comes upon the intersection of these 'absented walls' one will find the footprint of an 'absented column' recorded as a panel of highly figured Carrara Arabescata marble.

All of the buildings of JOA, including those in Europe and the USA, conform, dimensionally, to the size of the local brick. In England this is 9" x 4.5" x 3". A brick lasts for ever, even longer than many stones. The 'greenest' thing in any building is longevity. But who does not want to demolish almost everything built since WWII? The stuff is an affront to human intelligence. When it is all demolished, which it will be one day before it falls to bits, one must know how to replace it with buildings that no-one will want to destroy. Who knows how to do this today?

A brick can be easily lifted by hand. A brick wall shows, in the simplest way, the 'human touch'. I have written, more than once, of the peculiar cleverness of certain bricks - for example of those from which the whole of London used to be built. These are called 'stock' bricks. They are burnt very wet. The water in them turns to steam in the fire. It is driven out of the clay leaving cavities that are 1/3 of the volume of the brick. When rain falls on such a wall it is sucked into the brick as if the wall was made of sponge. If one were to play a hose on the wall of an old London house a damp patch would eventually form on its interior. But this seldom occurs because English rain is intermittent and seldom very heavy. So the drops are sucked into the wall and then, like washing on a line, dried out when the rain stops. This is why old houses, through black with soot (something that will never happen again) are evenly dirty on their brickwork but eccentrically so on their portland limestone trim. Stone, like concrete, does not allow water into it. So when it rains, the surface dirt, which still exists today, is dragged down the wall. This is why concrete, in England, almost always looks dirty.

Concrete in Switzerland, however, always looks wonderful - pristine, pale grey and silvery. I used to know why this was so, but have now forgotten. It was something to do with the chemistry of their cement.

Architects still think that hard, strong, impervious bricks are more waterproof than stock bricks. But they let water through the thousands of joints in a brick wall. Stock bricks work in a counter-intuitive way. I doubt whether some clever Engineer would

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have invented them in the 20C. We inherited them from our cunning forefathers. The new skyscrapers of New York (where rain flies horizontally) were still being covered with such bricks (built off the flying scaffolds that we seldom use in Britain), as late as the 1990's.

More exotically still, one will find an electric down lighter, sometimes alone and sometimes in pairs, fixed into the ceiling within the perimeter of the internal column-heads. The body of the column is usually divided when these down-lights occur. If on the walls of a room half of the 90x90 cm 'Ordine' will have been absented and marked by a pair of lights. When in the corner of the room a quarter of the Ordine will be replaced by a single downlight. When, as in the centre of the Living room, two 'Architectural' columns are completely 'missing' and marked on the floor by two 90x90 cm squares of veined marble, a single, larger, lamp shines down.

The meaning of this 'beam of light' is that the English word 'beam' is of Germanic origin, being 'baum' in German and 'boom' in Dutch. It occurs in the trees Whitebeam and Hornbeam. But its most pregnant aura lies in its etymological attachment to the verb 'to be'. The 'Columna Lucis' can be argued to be the primordial 'Architectural Column - a larger subject than we can treat here. But it may prove amusing to ruminate upon the order issued to those in trouble on the Starship Enterprise when they stand in the 'transmat chamber' and cry "Beam me up Scotty!". Whereupon the 'being' of the body is rendered 'scotos' (both the Greek for darkness - or non-being - and the Scots ethnos of the typical Engineer) and then re-constituted, via that beam of primordial energy/light. Sadly Wadhurst can not guarantee this effect. But one can ruminate upon it as one walks around the Living Room. More especially can one conjure with the Columna Lucis in the Entrance Hall whose only window is circular and in the ceiling.

The 'apotropaic', or guardian, pair of columns is typical of entrances. Deucalion and Pyrrha became two trees each side of the house in which they came to live and die after birthing the race of the Hellenes. the Entrance-Hall 'columns' are of light, but their scripting on the floor talks of Time with rings of intervals, cut like the volutes of an Hellenic Doric column-base (or a cog-wheel), that count 365 days (odd number with red marking the true South and North), 12 months, 52 weeks, 13 lunar months and 24 hours. The veined marble background was designed to be oriented so that each piece would 'flow' in the same direction so as to inscribe the rotating rings like

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a pair of 'turbines' powering the Arrow of Time out of the primordial Sea of Chaos. But the Italian marble-masons of Latina knew better and made the veins radiate from the centre! It is one of the very few, very unremarkable, 'errors' in this most meticulously-crafted house! The windowless cave of the Entrance Hall is where the 'River of Time' is 'churned' to flow out, via a pair of columns, introduced by Marit Rausing so as to increase the drama of its passage from dark into light, then through the Living Room, over the edge of the Southern Terrace, and out into the bright infinity of the Park.

The other 'columns of light' are to be found in those of the Millenium Portico, whose iconography I hope to treat later, and the two gateposts at the bottom of the entrance drive. These latter are three-quarter columns whose absented fourth quarter reveals a yellow cylindrical 'core'. The gates were designed to repel marauding Badgers, who were eating the 'hortus conclusus' of the kitchen garden - but who it was illegal to cull. The barriers naturally received the epithet Badgergate. The gate-leaves take the form of the 'lituus-wand' used by Roman priests and augurs. The Badgers' attitude will be more concerned by the gates 'cow-catcher' geometry. But that is no reason to ignore the human interest in the iconics of a lifespace. Augury, like gates, opens doors to to mysteries. So, when approaching the gates at night a shaft of light shines upwards to reveal, at the very beginning of the iconic istoria of the 'New House', that the cores of the materially massive gateposts are that primordial energy which is the concrete genesis and true nature of the Architectural Column.

This 'massively cubic' plastic 'excess' (that so frightened Bob Maxwell with its flouting of the 18C 'purist' ambitions of the Venetian Monk Lodoli) can also be found in the majority of the 90cm wide external columns of the House itself. These end in a cubic capital that seems to contain an equally black sphere. Equally as black as the capitals of the Millenium Portico, they nevertheless pre-date it by fifteen years. The sphere presents a round hole in its centre. These serve as either overflows from the gutters (a feature on all of our buildings) or security lighting that illuminates in an emergency. Although invented in the 'heat of the moment' - as most design should be, one can understand this composition as serving the same ends as the proscenial quadrature evoked by the 'telluric gong'. The unnatural form of the cube clears the way for the more 'natural' but nevertheless idealised plenitude of the sphere to appear. Yet what does this birth reveal - an eye! An eye, sometimes

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socketless, peering out of a black sphere is really not at all a bad icon for 'thought! It even gushes tears when the gutters block!

Below it is the curious broken-brick concrete whose name is a rather tasteless joke which may be forgiven if its history is retailed. When re-building some of the bomb-damaged houses overlooking Regent's park from Gloucester Terrace (next to where the Prince of Wales had his ill-fated, but rather promising Architectural Academy) I found this concrete in a wartime repair to a front-door portico. Asking the craftsman what was this luscious fragment of white concrete replete with broken fragments of red brick evoked the reply: "That's Dutch concrete sir".

The New House is built like a Factory and finished like a Palace. I knew how to build a cheap factory. Indeed I believe it was the view of one of these, costing, in 1976, £110/sq.M, out near Heathrow Airport, that may have contributed to my appointment to design the House. Both have arched gables like the old concrete-roofed sheds of the 1930's, or Egyptian granaries, or the Roman Horrea - and so on!.

My experience, as was typical of the English building industry in the 1970's, was not of the high-quality poured concrete used by Louis Kahn. I only knew how to build by hanging things onto a steel frame. But I had, by then, met David Knowles: a gentleman who has taught me (albeit with some encouragement by my wilder ambitions) everything I know of pre-cast concrete. David holds the title, given by the Concrete Society in 2001 (the first year of its invention), of Concrete Operative of the Year. So, together, we invented the (Dutch Concrete) idea of casting concrete holding pieces of coloured brick. These would then be ground down by some 5 mm to expose the fragments. He worked out that the dust, from the broken bricks, had to be vacuumed away so that it did not stain the white cement and white sand. What I did not know, but Dave did, was that this grinding could only be done in a small time-window. If the concrete was left too long it became too hard to cut. Sand is not the soft marble of terrazzo. It is rock-hard silica.

I thought of writing to the Building Centre, while we were experimenting to ask if they had anything on Roman Concrete. For everyone (I should hope) knows that this was made of pozzolana and fragments of brick and tile. All that I got, in return, was a small pamphlet from the 1940's, of which they said they retained several thousand, describing how to make a concrete air raid shelter whose aggregates were

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the bricks from ruined houses. From this came 'Blitzcrete' the name of this beautiful concrete whose components must be specified down to the smallest detail and fraction thereof. Needless to say that the bricks are of the highest quality and very carefully chosen - before being smashed to bits. Brick swells over age, while concrete shrinks. This ensures a nice tight fit!

I could not resist the name, both because of the history of my discovery of the prototype and because the shaft of this cubic columns coincides with the Event-Horizon of 'Air' upon which floats out the medium of 'Speech'. The dancing fragments recall motes of dust in sunlight as well as the explosive effect, upon planet Earth, of the human attribute of speech. I said it was a joke in that bad British taste from which we must, I suppose, in these PC times, learn to abstain.

In fact I have, since its invention back in 1981, adopted a more 'complete' generic name for all of JOA's preferred building materials, and especially for coloured concrete. This title is 'Photolithic'. The word is created from the Hellenic 'phos', for light, and 'lithos' for stone. It means the marriage of light, the medium of ideas, and dark, heavy, solid matter - its opposite. When the coloured dye seeps all through a heavy concrete member, intelligence penetrates carnality, and when you stub your toe on a form of brilliantly chromatic matter, an idea is made flesh.

So lets call it all 'Photolithic' and give-up fighting WWII!

To wish to know 'the beginning' has been a particularly 20C concern - perhaps it is because we no longer find it so easy to picture the 'End'. But these unformed primordial 'forces' do not become determinate by themselves. An eschatology is needed to engage them and bring them to the point of providing a humane lifespace - not to mention a culture. These 'ends' have, however waxed and waned in clarity - being seemingly very out of focus today. Yet the need for a clear 'model' of the city of the future is the one ambition that any Architecture of the present and the future should attempt. Mere rules and calculations will not serve for anything as complex as the urbanised lifespace that is both the clear trend of the present as well as that end for which the ecological imperatives call. Models are urgently needed.

A myth of the Ancient Egyptians will serve to amplify. One of the many versions entertained by the Egyptians of how the 'habitable zone' came into being told how

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Nut, the sky goddess, liked to lie in the arms of her brother Geb, the Earth until their Father Shu, the Air, decided to separate them, thus creating the 'habitable fraction' of the Cosmos. Shu, in this drawing from Wallis Budge, is hung with three 'Ankhs', the sign of '(human) life', as well as a version partaking of the more columnar 'Djed' glyph. These attributes encourage the interpretation that 'Air' created the habitable zone for Humanity and that a Column would take over the job, from the gods, of prising-apart the two incestuous lovers - so preventing the sky from once more joining the Earth and wiping out the 'middle-zone' that was man's only home. The Ancients feared this event so much that it became, for the Celts, the ultimate punishment of a broken vow. They swore on it to Alexander if they should attack Macedonia while he was away in the East. They were still swearing on it in Ireland 1400 years later. Photographs from space show the truth of the perilously slender atmosphere of the Zoosphere that confirms these ancient fears, concepts and premonitions.

So we can focus on what it is that is the 'eschaton':- the future of that which lies between that subterranean and the empyrean. It is that which is alive within the 'atmospheric cycle' and, at this time, conscious in the culture of the species Man. This is what can be usefully rendered determinate and concrete after its genesis in the cosmogenic force of the Columna Lucis.

An example can be given by the two columns of the Millenium Portico. These exhibit five stages, or Event-Horizons. The lowest is the gestation of our species and of its individuals. It is a cubic, four-square and 'submarine' chamber that lies below blue shoulders in the form of waves that a column of light reaches-into from above. These marine shoulders contain a panel of black marble 'eggs'. Above this, as in the geometric progress of the Renaissance 'fountains of eternal life', is an octagonal stage that signs an unfolding, here of the 'Lotus'. The event-horizon is that of the emergence of the species from the sea onto the land, or in the case of the individual, of the trauma of birth and the experience of gravity.

A point of technical interest are the rather rare bright blue brick-fragments. These are from Holland and are coloured with cobalt, the only blue that is atmospherically permanent. The curiously 'fragmented' material, which occurs on the shaft of the cubic columns, will be described later.

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Above this the form becomes white and assumes the form of a 'bound bundle' of twelve small tubes or cylinders. The first act of the infant is to breathe and utter a 'word' - its cry of astonishment at being admitted to the adventure of Being as well as a call for recognition and succour. This is the event-horizon of 'Air/Atmosphere/Speech'. The blue figure on the white body is a sign first developed by JOA to inscribe, in white, on the blue cylinders comprising part of the 'Sixth Order' Entablature. Its form is that of a spiral which seeks to become a line. Its meaning is that of a discourse between the past, which is the return to the point of origin, and the future, which is no longer that of the circular 'eternal recurrence', but of the straight line of 'progress'. The cylindrical bundles recalls the papyrus columns of Egypt, small rolls that later became the bound-up scrolls of antique texts. Air is both the most necessary of life's media, and the one whose absence leads most quickly to death, as well as the Ocean upon which floats speech, the most distinctly human of our attributes.

Above this lies a load-bearing hollow cylinder of lead crystal. Five of these were made. Three cracked during the two weeks needed to cool them down after being melted and cast. They glow at night from the same light that streams down into the cubic chamber of gestation. It does not need much imagination to conceive that this is the event-horizon of Light, or Sight. The eyes began as cells receptive to light on the forward end of the axially-oriented marine worm that is the ancestor of all spinal creatures. Today they are the organ that subverts all others with its tendency to jump to unwarrantedly swift conclusions! One of the neglected beauties (at least within Architecture) of the 20C graphic techniques of abstraction as well as collage is that they can postpone the act of a too-rapid recognition so as to allow the slower media of iconic and then verbal thought to work upon a subject.

The infant rehearses a repertoire of facial expressions while the eyes have not yet achieved clear focus. None of these are of the grotesque sort of which adults are later capable. Their meaning, however is not learned until later, during the babbling time that vocal grammar is rehearsed. The eye has to be held in check by a deliberate 'blinding' so as to allow profounder media to survive.

This was a technique employed by Leon Battista Alberti for his urbanistic compositions within the Quattrocento Mediaevo-Humanistic City. It is all-too-briefly outlined by Mark Jarzombek, of MIT, at the end of 'On Leon Battista Alberti - his Literary and Aesthetic Theories, MIT 1979'. Jarzombek's was, for me, the most

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interesting commentary to appear on Alberti during the years in which such a subject was fashionable. Jarzombek promised to expand this understanding in a later volume. But the fashion changed and it never transpired. As with so many useful Architectural ideas, I have been obliged to turn aside from practice, my proper employment and training, and attempt their theoretical development myself.

The glass cylinder glows even during the day when the sun strikes it. Its narrower girth gives the impression that it could form the inner marrow of the column. I gave it a surface inscription of a vertical spiral because, to the mechanically-minded Practitioner, it recalls the way that screws and augers drive up and down as they rotate. Why not? Descartes advised that any idea worth its while should be capable of being made into a 'machine'.

The final, uppermost, stage of the column, though not of the whole Order, is the glossy black bell of its 'capital'. Almost all of the 'capitals' built on JOA's diverse columns have been both black and shiny. The Capital, is, as the Latin indicates, the 'head'. One may reasonably ascribe the idea of 'thought' to this final stage. The capitals of the Antique Orders are the most iconically prolix part of their columnar assemblies. Joseph Rykwert and George Hersey have lexicalised these as the parts of Animals and Humans. The capitals of Indian and Egyptian columns are as figuratively patent with their references to Natural entities.

I have to admit that I have not found it possible to follow this lead and discover an iconic vocabulary to comprise the mystery of 'thought'. I prefer to leave it entirely aniconic save but for the concave shine of an impenetrably black, but 'light', surface. Thoughts remain inscrutable until they 'shine' forth in some mediated form. Thoughts extend infinitely, like the curve of the equally sable 'deep space'. I find them beyond any more determinate visualisation.

I said that the 'Ordine' does not end at the column, but includes the Entablature. I cannot think of any 20C theoretical treatment of this component that gives it one tenth of the attention given to the column. Perhaps the reason is that the column is like us - an upright object. The Millenium balcony has an Entablature whose form is like others that JOA have built here, in the USA and on the Continent. But at Wadhurst the materials are nobler. The cylindrical 'trabica' or 'raft' is of stainless

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steel that shines like the light that is emitted from its ends. Its green superstructure is of of a patinated copper cavetto and a cyma-recta 'geison' moulding.

The Cavetto, or Scotia (designed to throw shadow) moulding extends mechanically as an awning, doubling the shaded area of the roof. The roof itself is of mechanical louvres which open, somewhat to the consternation of the Installer, not to exclude the sun, but to admit its meagre Northern rays. Each louvre-blade therefore carries a small gutter to send clinging raindrops away to fall down the hollow columns into the gullies at their base. The sun, in this case stands for the 'illumination' which the Entablature brings. Though, in this case, that is to say, in 'Arcadia', this luminosity is properly Natural.

It is the only 'Entablature' on the House. The uppermost member of the external wall is a green 'snake' which encircles it like the figure of Time that bounds the (Orphic) Egg of Space. The New House neither carries the burden of an 'Entabled' superstructure, nor was it created by such an object's advent. The reason for this is that the house is of the type that is 'Above the Entablature'. It is, perched upon its hill-top with its stupendously Arcadian prospect, a true Bel-vedere, or 'Attica'. It is the habitation of the primordial inhabitants of Arcadia. It has no need for either 'illumination' or those views out to 'truths beyond conventional vision'. It already commands 'paradise', in the sense of that 'para-deisos' of the ideal (because protected by walls) garden.

Mouldings are seldom incorporated into what Hugh Pearman long ago christened 'Polite (that is Neo-) Modern'. They, like all the other 'parts of Architecture' have lost their 'justification'. Plastically they are tools of transition between one iconic form and the next. In this they resemble the folds of flesh in the human body. A good way to understand them is through figure-drawing from life - a neglected technique in our futile pedagogy of computing simulacra of the uncognisable. Mouldings have names which explain them. The Scotia exists to cast a shadow, the Torus to bind - more strongly than the Fillet. Prefabricated versions of them remain in plentiful supply to serve markets not yet evacuated of all hope for Urbanity. One will find only a few in the New House. Its tight planning does not allow for architraves or skirtings. So one finds them only over the windows, as small cornices.

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The doors in this house, as in most other JOA projects, are hung on hinges from Finland. They allow a door to shut on a rebate half-way inside its thickness. The traditional way to finish a door-frame was to plant an architrave to cover the crack that always opens between its woodwork and the plastered wall. The way to avoid this is the 'plaster-stop'. This little gadget holds the plaster in a small pair of tin jaws. A shrinkage crack can then open behind it. We combine this with the 1 cm-wide trace, of our 90x90 cm module. as a 1 cm deep groove between the wooden frame and the finished wall. The door-leaf is then de-racinated and sits, a mere panel like others, marked only by its handle.

Doors and windows, when compared to columns and entablatures are items of little conceptual weight. Marc-Antoine Laugier, in his 'Essai sur l' Architecture' (1753 and 1755), argued that a properly civil society needed only columns and roofs for shelter. Walls and their concomitant windows were marks of a society that was not governed by laws and customs, but one that had to rely on mere physical force to articulate its use of the lifespace. We may be unlikely ever to achieve such civil perfection. But JOA have always signified this ethical hierarchy in all of our buildings. Windows, as mere holes, are for prisoners. They should always rest upon a conceptual 'floor-plane', even, and more especially, when up in the air. In England we call such windows 'French', which, did we know it, is a compliment to Laugier's political idealism. In France, they call our technically-clever sash windows 'Fenêtres a guillotine'. With them we prevent anyone ever appearing upon balconies of the Piano Nobile of our Terrace Houses. But this 'city of useless balconies' is no more than one more of those pseudo-innocent 'fakes' with which our commerce came to rule the world!

We tried, between 1978 and 1979, to find a way of converting the ivy-covered, ruin of the 19C Orangery. The most interesting attempt derived from seeing a Russian play (whose author slips my memory) set in a large apartment along one whole side of a square. The paterfamilias, a retired General, has invested the family capital in large bronze statuary from France. This, after the Revolution was now unsaleable. So the General's family, reduced by the Commissars to living in only their main Salon, slept under rearing horses like tramps in a park. I proposed that a similar arrangement could locate kitchens and bathrooms in the plinths of large works of art while leaving the rest free as an open-plan greenhouse. The idea fortunately failed when Hans decided that the smell of so many plants might be offensive. But

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perhaps the episode at least illustrates the extremes of invention that were entertained!

And so it was decided, in 1980, to leave the Orangery as a picturesque ruin and build, next to it, an entirely new house. The proposals for the New House wandered around the top of the hill, finally coming to rest on axis with the 'ruin'. These things stood until the house-design was fixed and the structure half-built. It was then that it appeared necessary to 'do something'. This was because the old cast-iron roof, which had lost almost all of its glass, had become badly corroded during the four decades of the Orangery's disuse. This had rendered the whole structure unstable. For the fact was that, in spite of the Orangery's Victorian-Gothick cloak of Mediaeval antiquity, it was, physically, built in the same way as the New House.

The first part to be erected, in both of them, was their iron/steel frame. In the house none of this is visible. I personally designed and drew every one of its members. I placed them exactly where they were needed to support the incarnation of the House's 'Architecture'. The 'necessary calculations' were executed by the steelwork contractor. Steelwork is mere whalebone to the corsetry of the iconic landscape of a human's lifespan. Architecture has always needed brilliant Engineers. This not to build lexically puerile structural inventions for an iconically illiterate Architectural culture. It is to hold-up the inherently unstable, because cubic, world of Urbanity. Almost every piece of stone in Soufflot's St. Genevieve is held in place by bronze cramps. Soufflot was testing Laugier's 'columnar politics' to its statical ultimate. The silliness of Buckminster Fuller's famous question "how much does your building weigh" is on a par with Francis Fukuyama's revival, in reverse, of Marx's 'end of history' idea. The history of the Urban Architecture of the future has hardly begun. Nothing is more necessary than softness and mass in a building, or cheaper to engineer with gravity!

The second thing to be added, in both cases, to the spidery skeleton, were the big wooden windows. In the house these are 'Swedish' double-windows. The round vertical mullions contain a stainless steel bar to resist the powerful winds. The central strip removes, yes, to reveal a 'Sixth-Order' hollow in which run the wires to the burglar alarms to each opening door-leaf! Everything is 'wired' everything is 'technical', but none of this supporting 'mechanisation' shows - just like our own bodies.

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The final process was, again in both cases, to add the 'stonework'. So, as with both cases, an instability in the steel/iron corsetry will cause the whole thing to collapse!

The curious vertical placing of windows in the Gothic style prohibited the insertion of vertical columns except at the very ends and middle of the Orangery. I gave an 'L'-shape to the concrete beam needed to connect these stabilising new columns. Then I 'clad' the columns and beams in my favourite materials of brick and coloured concrete. The reasons I prefer these are that they can be easily formed, and coloured - photolithically. The whole is quite 'elastic'. The cornice stretches the Vitruvian orthodoxy - to put it mildly. But I like the 'pulvinus', or 'frieze' of plain roofing tiles. There were square holes in the vertical, anti-gravity' leaf of the long concrete columns. So I dressed these with tiled arches. Then these were ground back, using diamond disks, to a vertical curve to give us the 'curved-on-curved' work of what the bricklayer called his 'bread-oven' arches. Brickwork, today, is not only cast. It is also easily carved - as with the small fillet moulding above the exposed concrete soffite. This was 'milled' like a timber moulding in the diamond cutting shops.

People say "Oh one can no longer find the craftsmen for such work". This was never true until the advent of Developers like Stuart Lipton, for whom I worked fruitlessly, as it turned-out, between 1988 and 1991. He insisted that everything in a design had to originate in a catalogue. JOA's success, up to that time, had been to go 'upstream' to the individual workshops and by using old and well-tried technologies, that could be easily formed and surfaced, impregnate an iconically-illiterate lifespace-design industry with sufficient spirit to make an urbane lifespace. Lipton, and his importation of Continental procurement processes, mainly to ensure a strike-free construction site, had the side-effect of both destroying the on-site craft base of the British Building Industry and rendering its constructions terminally illiterate.

Lipton advertised his methods as 'American'. They were not. JOA has built in the USA. Lipton has not. The American construction worker is the 'Heroic Handyman' with his gunbelt of tools. His social status is equal to that of the Architect. His on-site presence is supported by a high level of on-site mechanisation. He is well paid and is fiercely Unionised. In Houston they slash the tyres of out-of town Contractors. Lipton, by pre-fabricating everything on his projects, entirely absented the British building craftsman from his sites. He was able, by this policy, to attract short term finance of sufficient volume to pursue City-of-London projects of previously unattainable size. Margaret Thatcher opened her second-term Electoral Campaign at

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Lipton's Broadgate. The pity was that there was no city design culture of sufficient quality to ensure a good result. Not that this would have pleased the 'Profession of the Land', as Surveyors style themselves. No building can be ugly enough for them. For to be ugly is to be incontrovertibly 'commercial'.

As for the green concrete cornice on its blue dentils - this turned the 'ruin' into a potential 'building'. Not that this transformation happened quickly. For many years the black and white marble floor (every one of whose pieces were individually calculated in my office, ordered directly from the small town of Latina (a place with a Tetra-Pak factory), and laid in a snowstorm by a craftsman just back from Saudi Arabia), lay open to the sky collecting the autumn leaves. It then acquired, for various reasons, a variety (I recall three in succession) of roofs.

The present one will be permanent. It hails from Augsburg. 'White van man' has now entered the Oxford Dictionary. 'German glass roof' could follow it. For in the patois of the lifespace-design industry it has come to mean "just about the most expensive thing you can buy"! Marit's instruction to me was "It must be of glass and it must not drip". The previous two were plastic which decayed rather quickly. Their poorly-insulated metal frames condensed and showered the guests of Sussex Opera and other assemblies. The present one, by the firm of Seele, has hot water pumped through its warped triangular members. The glass reflects the infra-red spectrum so well that on a hot day, it is 7°C cooler inside this 'hothouse' than it is outside! Marit objected to the small 'domestic-scaled' punkah fans under the plastic roofs. So the excellent firm of Max Fordham imported these 'Big Ass' fans from Mid-Western USA. They were designed (especially the larger ones) to cool cowsheds.

This is poetic, as well as beautiful (especially to helicophiliacs like myself - for they have fine aerofoils), because as everyone knows, the Rausing Family fortune originates in packaging sterilised milk in tetrahedrons that tumbled out of machines on the insertion of sixpence. This was also was the inspiration for the geometry of this third Orangery roof.

It may look as if JOA are finally paying homage to Buckminster Fuller. This is not the case. Fuller's inventions were urbanistically sterile. The triangle is native to Gothic numeromancy as well as Tetra-Pak's Tetrahedron. Placing a triangulated structure onto a rectangle would be anathema to Fuller. But then he, proud, as are so

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many, of their ignorance of Architecture, did not understand the prime importance of quadration to the urban lifespace. Not that 'triangling', as Fuller called it, an irregular quadrilateral was easy. Only the powerful computers of Seele could have done it. 'Space Deck', an English firm founded in the 1950's, refused the contract and subsequently, during the post-Lehman crash, closed down. Each triangular member had to be axially warped to ensure that all six spines met at a point. They were then connected to pipe hot water so that no 'dew point' could ever be reached by the underneath of the glass ceiling. The whole thing is an ad-hoc empiricism dedicated to an iconic frivolity - a triumph of craftsmanship over design - as a Critic announced of the British pavilion at the Belgian International Expo of 1958. But why not, the Orangery is a reverie àdedicated to Assemblies in Arcadia! It is provocatively beautiful!

The floor has a curious iconography. The original plan was to locate a swimming pool in the Orangery. The pool was to be in the abstracted shape of a Viking longship. Then the pool moved to the Temperate House and took the form of a circular, stepped, Jacuzzi. Such things seemed 'the thing' in the 1980's. Then the pool moved out of the Orangery, heading North again, to find itself in the current Pool House designed by James Gorst. Each time the pool moved it left behind its 'poolprint'.

The mandorla-shape of the ship turned, via the icon of a reciprocating-engine twin-sphere governor (!), into the 'barque of the sun' sailing between night and day as black and white planetary disks. The ship-shape floats in a dazzle zig-zag sea. Its 'hull' contains seven paths that quarter to run towards the four pairs of apotropaic columns. The 'founding' of the Zoosphere can be argued to be liquid. So the 'sea' is ontologically plausible to a 'green' iconography. The boat traversing day and night is a sign of that antique idea, no longer current, of a culture that 'eternally returns'. So the millenary cycad trees fit with this. The pre-agrarian landscape of herds of deer, seen through the sorts of pointed arch that came from Indian hutlets, chime with this primordiality. One sits on pink chairs with little brass 'shoes'. The Orangery is a fantasy of the timeless sort beloved of the English Landscape and its famed 'Country Houses'. Above it there floats a great Entablature of carved tiles and blue beams carrying a lawn green Cyma-Recta. This in its turn, carries the 'German glass roof' - held aloft by the four giant propellor-fans. The pedimented Entablature shows its 'cargo' on what the Hellenes called the 'Aetos' (or Eagles Wings). But this

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'pyra' holds no hidden burden. All is as open as the sky itself. This is incarnated Arcadia - and it 'flies'!

I end with what, 'historically' all buildings should, if they are truly effective, begin: the plan footprint of the House. By this I mean that the plan and distribution of the rooms should always reflect the taste, preferences and knowledge of the Owner, or Patron. Not that the Rausing's, in this case, ever wanted anything at all 'domestic' or 'cosy'. Indeed their tastes were for me mainly expressed as 'negatives'. Of course this is as it should be. No Architect wants to be told *exactly* what to do! My final impression, after working-through many different plans and 'architectures' was that my task was to supply an entirely novel design that yet had about-it the air of something very old! But then this is also as it should be for what sort of 'Present' is it that does not (as the Italian Critic Fulvio Irace wrote of JOA's Judge Institute): "combine the Futuristic with the Archaic"?

After stops and starts in the original planning, the classic country house 'E'-shape emerged. Every room has a big window from which to enjoy the views. Marit placed every item of her furniture in every room, squared-off accurately on graph-paper. Their distribution is no accident! There are two great enfilades, an architectural element very much to Marit's liking. The longest runs from the Library, through the Salon and Dining Room all the way to the Temperate House. This is the more 'public' enfilade. The slightly less 'public' one runs from the Study, through the Side Hall, and then the Main Entrance Hall, and on to the Laundry Room, the Kitchen and the Main Function Servery before entering its destination in the side of the Orangery. All of the functions of the New House are planned by Marit Rausing with the greatest care. After all, why should not the Owner know far more about these things than the poor Architect? My role was merely to make of the 'House' a conceptual landscape that, while never contradicting the imperatives of comfort and convenience, gave to the mind what it also desires.

The longest cross-enfilade runs down the bedroom wing. These 'enfilades' give access to the possibility of not only experiencing an Architectural narrative (what Corbusier called a 'Promenade Architecturale'), or even one of any sort, but then to turn back to contemplate it in its full consequentiality. JOA did something similar in the second room of 'Victorian Visions, Inventing the New Britain', (V & A Summer 2001) - along with its beautiful chromatic sequences. But that is another story!

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We look forward very much to seeing you all at Wadhurst and pray that it is not too windy. The house is on a hill not very far from the sea (maybe twenty kilometres). So a scarf to keep warm, and even an umbrella may be useful to shelter one when venturing outside (without an overcoat) if it is drizzling. The ten-minute walk around the exterior covers well-drained grass and paving. So heavy country shoes are not really required - unless exploring the Park!