

The Thirty-
Ninth Lecture

The 'Tall Order'



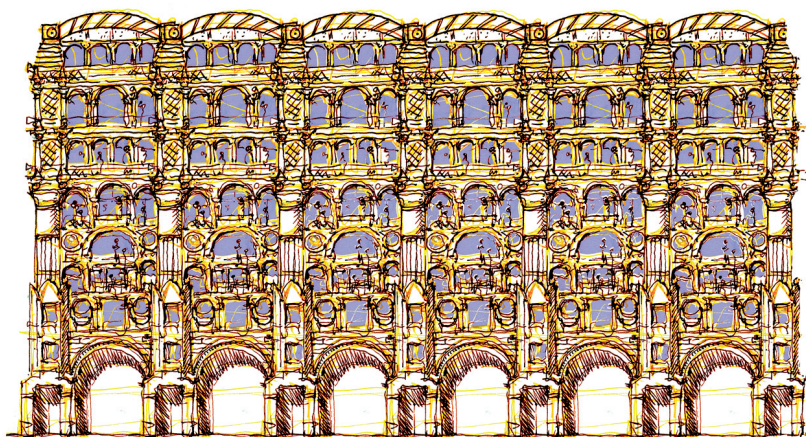
It was **both** necessary as well as possible to build something which was massively monumental and, at the same time, futuristic. It was an extraordinary opportunity. Nor was this opportunity tucked away in some 'safely' remote industrial estate or country house. It was, if one removed the river, hard against the most exclusive parts of London. Certainly it would be visible - and even from the Member's Terrace of the House. I understood why so many Developers and Architects had lost their shirts trying for this prize. JOA now had our chance. Even so, I determined, above all other considerations, to be one of the few that emerged from Battersea 'in the black'. At least I had not lost that aspect of Britishness.

JOA's design for Battersea was quadrated. It followed that it was hypostylar. Mies "divined the Module" when he began a design. But Architecture was more concrete than a merely numeromantic grid-dimension. I needed to 'Invent the Order' for this project'.

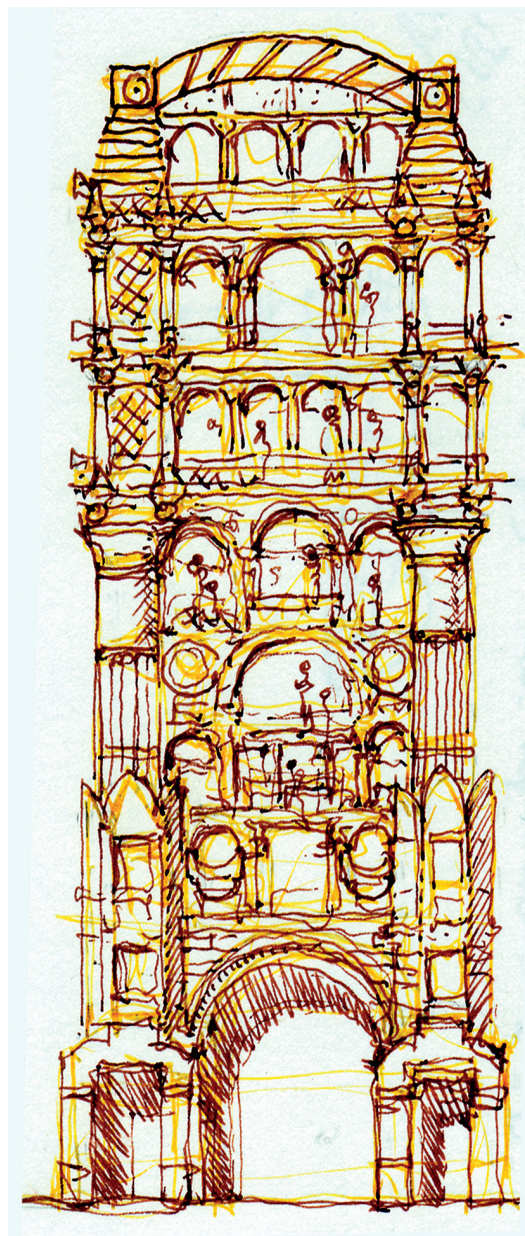
I remembered the invention of the Walkin(g) Order, in 1938, for the Petershill Project. I recalled its development into a more persuasive design for JOA's unsuccessful entry for a competition to build a rustic opera-house at Compton Verney. I recalled its first realisation, in Duncan Hall, in 1996. I needed now, in 1997, to reach up to maybe ten storeys, and on the outside.

So I took the Walking Order version of the Sixth Order and pulled it out like a telescope to stretch for six floors. Then I extended it for three more with the 'Attic' superstructure that I had invented for Stuart Lipton's 200 Queen Victoria St. at Blackfriars, and published in JOA's room (between that of Foster and Hopkins), at the 1992 Venice Biennale. Each bay, finally, was crowned with the segmental arch that JOA had built, in 1982, for the Rausing Villa.

JOA's 'Ordine' had, by now, a long history of research, development and realisation. It was time to turn, now, to a less perfected aspect, the composition of a tall, or relatively tall, facade. Here, it seems fair to say, that there had been little progress, if any at all, over the last 100 years, from the early 20C history of experiment, and final failure, at the birth of the 'skyscraper' itself, in Chicago.

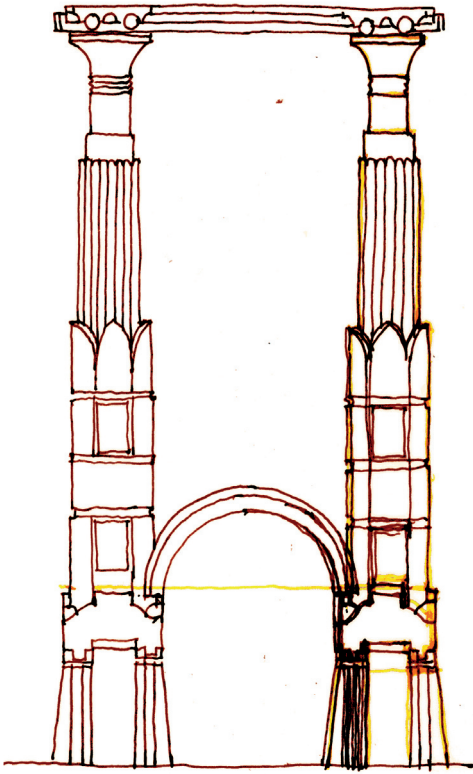


The single bay repeated. The function of repetition in Architectural, as it is in all compositional forms, is to bring to mind the idea of the unit as the generic icon which spawns a larger whole. The next stage is to inflect this infantile babble with an adult grammaticity. But this recourse to a syntax also requires a lexicon that transcends the narrow compass of tectonic technicity.



My first sketch for the 30M (100'0") high banks of hotel rooms which would flank the un-windowed brick walls of the Funstation. Behind it there would have to be the usual, late 20C, repetition of nine floors of en-suite rooms, each with a 13'0" (4M) frontage. Was such a 'masking' technically practicable?

I recalled, as a student in the 1950's, finding a book in the RIBA Library, published by a Chicago construction company. It documented, in fine-grained monochrome plates, the repeated attempts of her early 20C architects to invent a way of stretching the classical tripartite facade to ornament a building of twenty floors. The base could be elaborated to include around four storeys. The entablature could be extended by attics and even windowed cornices to obtain a decorum for another four.



A sketch of the five-stage '6th Order' in its Walk-in(g) Column version. The stages telescope into each other allowing this column to be used as a giant order at larger scales than can be assimilated by the three-stage traditions of Rome and Greece. This is the 'frame' that steadies the picture plane. Yet an Order can perform the role of 'picture', if, and only if, the elements of the framing Order, themselves, 'read into' its iconic narratives.

No one, before the age of elevators, wanted to live in towers. But why had none of the 20C theorists 'divined' this idea when, historically, even the Romans knew that the facade was a 'civic' narrative, of horizontal extension, that had been 'elevated' into an 'upright' medium. I have argued that it may have taken the graphic inventions of Cubism to allow the Post-Enlightenment eye to see the Roman tablet from the lake of Nemi as the 'uprighted picture' of a city. But why did no 20C theorist understand Alberti's invention, in the Palazzo Rucellai, as a 'Modern' version of the same? This failure can appear as just one more proof of the deliberately aniconic project of the 20C.

The first step has to be the 'ordering' of the Order. Here the 'telescopic' form of the 6th Order proves useful in overcoming the meaningless cult of numerical proportions that the Early Moderns, such as Corbusier, 'salvaged' from the ruins of rote-Classicism. The five 'event-horizons' of the ontological narrative can be slid up and down to suit the number of storeys that must be accommodated. Here I explored an hotel of both nine and ten floors, settling for nine to suit the sightlines imposed by English Heritage. It was necessary, in the long views, to see the cheerfully articulate 'Deco' tops of the side walls of the Power Station.

The columns are joined, at the top, by the Entablature of the Raft, and at their bases, by the large Arch of the Bridge supporting the Balcony of Appearances that is the Gateway to the Interior (of the Valley).

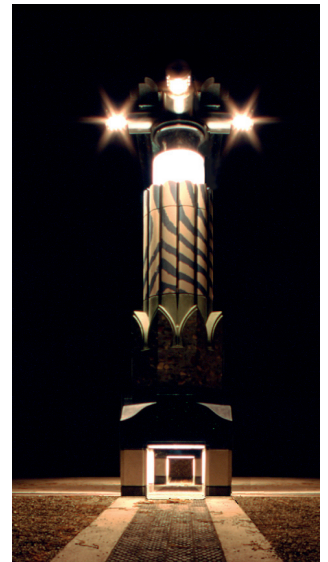
But the piano nobile, when repeated ten times and more, became ridiculous and collapsed into desuetude. The principal rooms of the building became a mere shaft peppered with wind-holes. It became a stuttering, and then a muteness, as that of a story-teller lost for plot in an endless history. A story with only three chapters could not articulate the epic of the skyscraper.

The failure of Western Architecture when faced by the machine of Captain Otis, was just one more nail in what would become its late-20C coffin. But what failed was not Architecture herself. It was merely that long night of Nordic technicity - a talent for power, and a blindness to cult that could not see the architectural facade as a narrative, tipped on end like a vertical scroll written the way the Chinese and Japanese roll their letters - vertically.

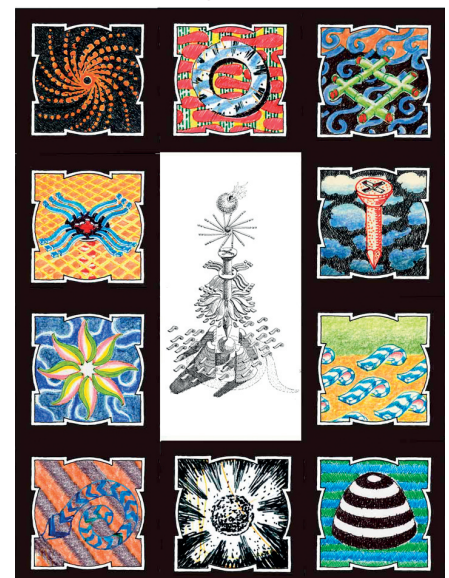
The solution to the high facade is to treat it as an 'istoria', to divide it into event-horizons and to drop it like a scroll, unwinding to the ground. It is read from top to bottom and from bottom to top. It is easy to understand why this was not understood by the Architectural theorists of the Renaissance.



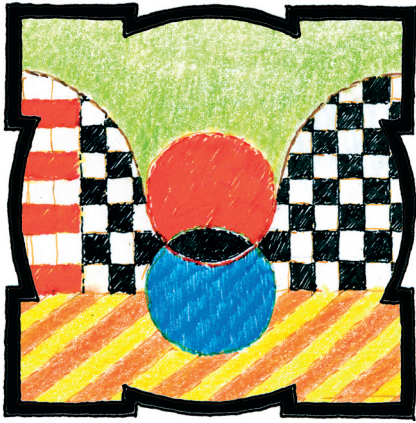
The 5-stage Order built for Wadhurst Park. See Lect 17 pp 21-22.



The Column of Ontogenetic Time

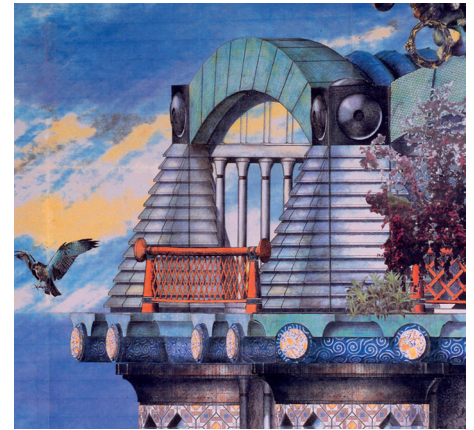


The event-horizons of Ontogenetic and Phylogenetic Time rendered as icons. This renders them capable of being scripted into an Architecture.



In this way the scene was set for this facade to be inscribed with the temporal narratives native to Architecture,

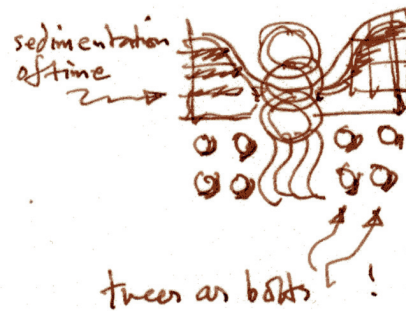
That of **Phylogenetic Time** would run on the 'frame' of the **Ordine**. That of **Somatic Time** would course up and down the windows, that is to say the 'picture' which is framed by the **Ordine**. The **phenomenologies** of the **Time of Inception**, with its **rafts and cargoes**, and its moments of **cataclysmic convulsion**, would be **potentially present at every Event-Horizon** of these **istorias**.



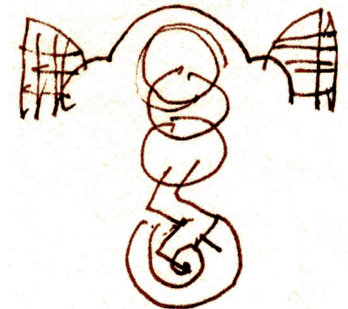
The iconography of the 'Source' as reified for Lipton's Blackfriars project that JOA presented to the Venice Biennale in 1992. It was an 'Attic' floor of primal occupation, carried by the rafted entablature. The 'cancellus' balustrade allows the windows to become doors, or French Windows. This conforms to Laugier's intuition that the Architectures of the highest cultures, those of the golden Age of Antiquity, dispensed with walls.

The icon figuring the event-horizon of the 'Source' in the Architectural narrative of Somatic Time. The river of living time springs from the sun couched in a cave between two mountains, that of the red of fire and the black and white of days and nights. It flows out over the desert sand under a dawn sky.

Event-Horizon One of Somatic Time 'sources' in the Cave between two Mountains. Its icon is to the left, above. An early reification is on the right, above. It was for Blackfriars. We copied it into JOA's design for Battersea.



all the decoration - events to the smaller item is iconic!

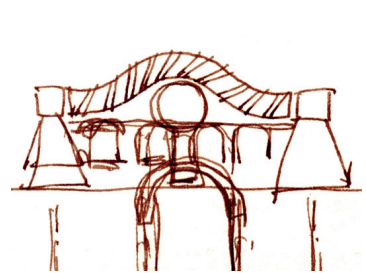
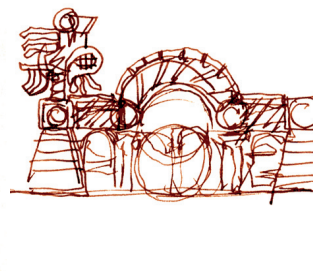
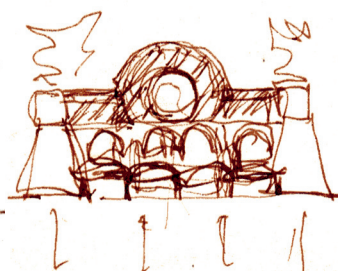
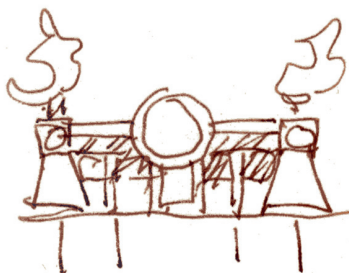


My first sketch placed the villa at Wadhurst atop of some storeys.

Then I rehearsed the iconography of the Source. I recalled an eminent 'High-Tech' Architect, who confessed that he painted his nuts and bolts yellow to forestall any tendency his Clients might have to introduce an Interior Decorator.

The 'Wadhurst Arch' here becomes tripartite and mountainous with winged Acroteria.

But, as in Blackfriars, its undulating roofline was too rhetorical for what was a mere street-terrace of repeated units rather than the smaller, more singular composition, of a country villa. I needed a level cornice to assimilate the range of terraced units into the side of a single isola-block. So I pushed the arc of the cave down a storey. But I kept the pyramidically stepped pyramidal terminals. They could still reify the idea of the mountains bracketing the spring.

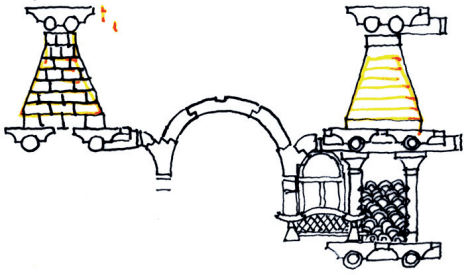


I was fast realising that the 'camera lucida' at the base of the Walk-in(g) variant of the 6th Order implied an epiphanic apparition at its top.

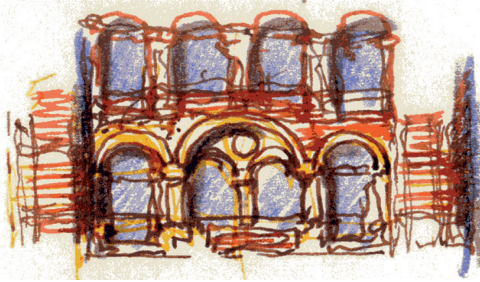
I had begun to explore, in Thessaloniki and Maastricht, what these sculptural manifestations might be. Note the steady metrication of the hotel rooms behind this 'play'.

Meanwhile, the orifice of the source began to sink between its mountains, as if over-awed by their epiphanic vulcanicity.

Until a large arch formed in the floor below to adopt the role of the icon of the 'Springing' from the flattening-out pedimental tympanum.



This was the first drawing of what became the solution to the level cornice. The window of the middle room of the range of three became enlarged to the point of stretching upwards into the spandrel of the floor above.



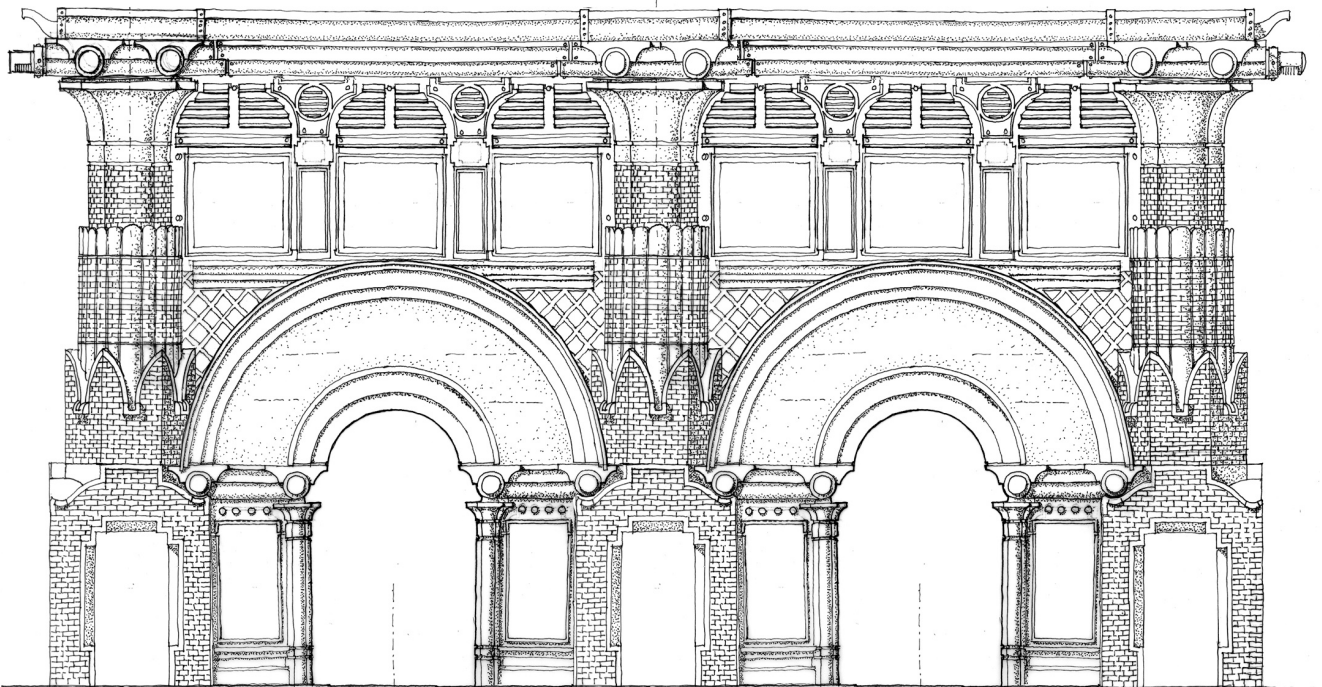
The tympanum of the arch over the central windows reaches up into the spandrel of the topmost floor. The topmost floor becomes an attic loggia. Each bay lights three hotel rooms. The two side ones have a window each. The central room has two.



The pyramidal 'pyra' of the column acquired a split in its cubic capital so as to continue to support the coupled beams of a rafted entablatura.

This was the moment of the emergence of the architectural device that I was, ten years later during the design of a small project for Liverpool, to name (not very originally), the "Proscenial Arch".

Owing to the depth of modern floors, with their needs for service spaces or other functions, such as cold beam ceiling cooling, there could be as much as two metres between the head of a window and the sill of a window in the floor above. The head of an arched window, which could either be singular, double, or Palladian, could be mimicked by the curve of a much larger arch which, though its crown touched the sill of the window above, sprang from the same centre. The space between the two arcs was quite enough to contain a substantial graphic whose inscription, if it was composed boldly enough, could be recognised iconically from 100 metres away.



A study for a retail building which explored the practicality of facing the 5-stage Order in glazed and stock brick. Brick facing becomes possible as the scale of the composition increases. The tympanum of the Arch is also enlarged, by covering the balustrade of the first floor, so that it is worth inscribing with a composition in either coloured render, in the form of sgraffito, or digitally-composed glass mosaic. It was during this project that I named this architectural device a 'Proscenium Arch'. The design, which extended for six such bays, was requested for the Paradise St. Development in Liverpool where the Grosvenor Estate had expended £B1.00 over some 30 simultaneous projects. The brief was only for the facade, which was fine, but the build time was nine months. Worse still was the tendency, evident at the first commissioning meeting, to remove the decorated tympanum of the 'proscenium arch' while at the same time protesting the need for 'legacy'. The impulse on the part of Grosvenor, just as it had been for MAB in den Haag, was to etch away what was described as "the Architectural Frame", so as to reveal more of the dull, boring clothes racks of the retail unit. It was in vain that I tried to transpose the idea of "active frontage" used by the 'retailed urban regeneration' advocates, to the idea that there could be an active-frontage civic legacy powered by iconic engineering. When the shop had died and gone, the legacy of its brief fiscal flowering would be an architecture that framed ideas. But then what idea could survive the inconceivable aeon of an economic cycle?

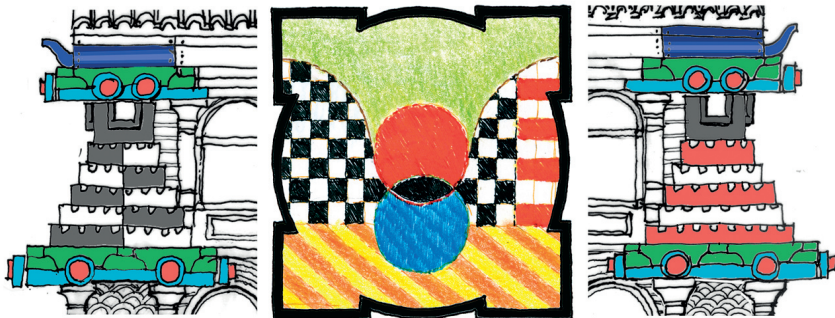


the icon of the Source, or the Beginning, was my choice for a first attempt to inscribe a Proscenial tympanum.

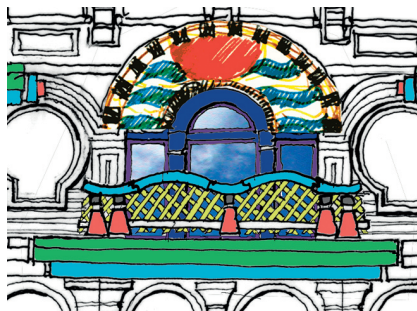
building composed of a base, a piano nobile, and an attic of its own. The upper range of four windows was the 'bel-vedere' (or 'attic'), to the Attica itself, while the lower range of four could be read as the arcaded collonnade that is the typical form of the podium in any open-access urbane culture. It was a small palace of aboriginality in the sky, riding-in on its rafted entablature.

This coloured tympanum stands out hectically from the black-and-white engravers burin architecture that the 18C preferred. It marks it, instead, as typical of the advancements in chromatic technology that JOA had promoted in the late 20C.

Yet an iconically-literate lifespace-design culture has no need to make every item of its architecture as optically active as this little tympanum. When the Narratives of Architecture are widely known, it is also known that the first of a sequence of event-horizon proscenia is likely to mean the 'Springing-out of the dark sun from between the split-into-two mountains'.



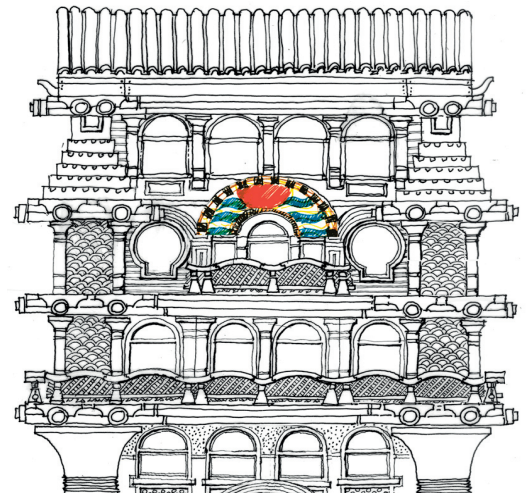
The left-hand pyramid-finial to the column of the Sixth Order carries the idea of the accumulation of nights and days that is the temporal dimension of the mountain of inertia split by the coming-forth of the dark sun at the source of time. The right-hand pyramid-finial carries the idea of the successions of fire and ice that is another, more physical, analogy of the mountain of accumulated history.



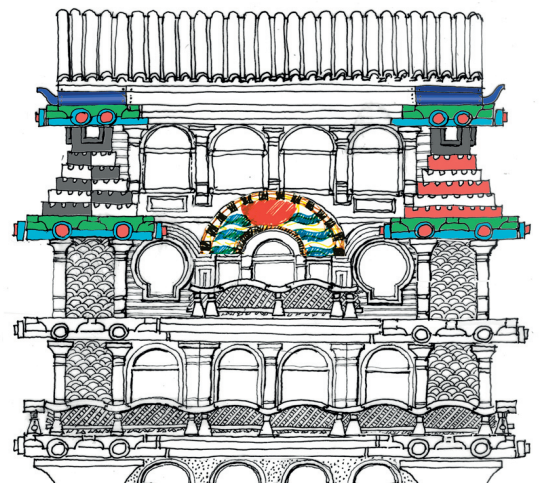
I had drawn a balustrade because the composition seemed to need it. It was only as I coloured-in the icons of 'Springing' that I saw it made of it all a human 'Stage'.

The sinking-down, for a floor, of the Cave of the Springing, enabled me to compose the three-room bay of the Battersea Hotel into an Attica of three storeys. Two of these were straightforward 'loggias' composed by a straight run of four identical windows.

Thus the Attica became, in a spirit of self-similarity, a little 'classical'



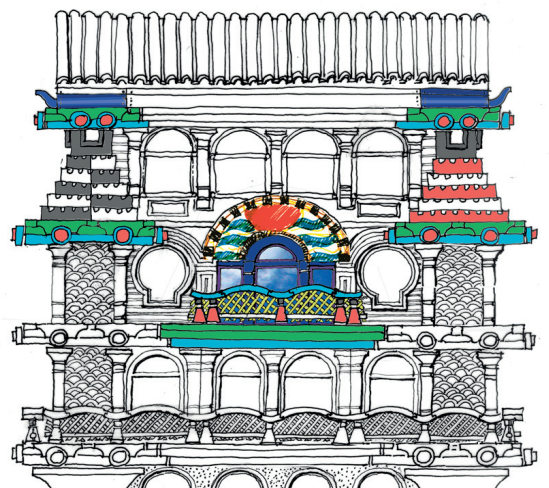
The proscenial tympanum of the 'Source' transferred onto a plack and white drawing of the three-storey Attica.



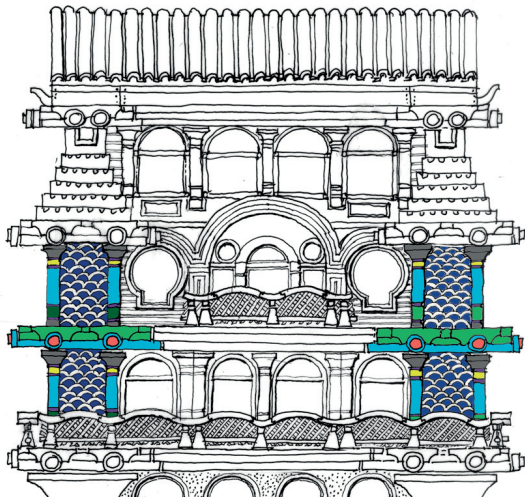
By colouring the two 'pyra-finials' I make their role in the icon of the Source more graphic.

I explored making the Icon of the Source even more legible by colouring the two 'mountain-pyr' finials to imitate the ideas contained in my most abstracted icon of the Time of Inception.

A strange thing happened at this moment in the composition. I realised that the little balcony, and its familiar balustrade, had the effect of allowing a human protagonist to appear, and to inhabit this 'facade', thus turning it back into that idea projected by the Roman bas-relief from the Lake of Nemi. It could be read as an up-ended manifestation of an horizontal space. It became a 'performable' epiphany of the first event-horizon of the fluvial narrative of Somatic Time.



The Balcony makes of this scattered iconography a 'stage', and therefore an instantiable 'Event-Horizon'.



I coloured the framing quadrilateral of collonnettes in an approximation to the five stage Ontogenic orthodoxy. In this way the gross bulk of the framing Order became itself an exercise in 'frame and picture'. The collonnettes assumed the genitive role of the ontic phenomenology. They 'framed' the bulk of the column which was then used to denote this particular 'above the raft' state of flying and sailing-in from afar.



The only bright colour in the surrounding windows were the yellow bands for "fire/sight" below the black capitals. Their iconic status was no more than 'noise' which had to be 'tuned-out'.

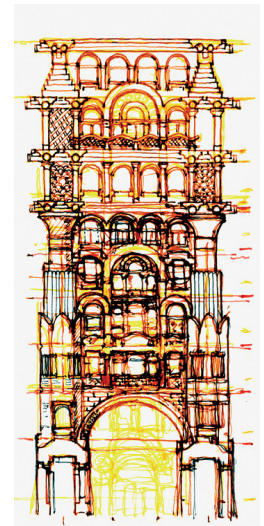
It now remained to colour the elements between the triad of main 'Source' icons and their two 'framing', major-order, columns. These colours must not detract from either this main framing or the event-horizon it framed. It was necessary to keep them muted.

I chose dark and not light blue for the main shaft (denoting 'air') of the Attic columns above, and the 'collonnade' columns of the Balcony of the Source below. The window frames were that 'colour of shadow' that I liked to use so as to under-emphasize such an iconically trivial element. All were set into a wall coloured a middling-muddy-muted brown.

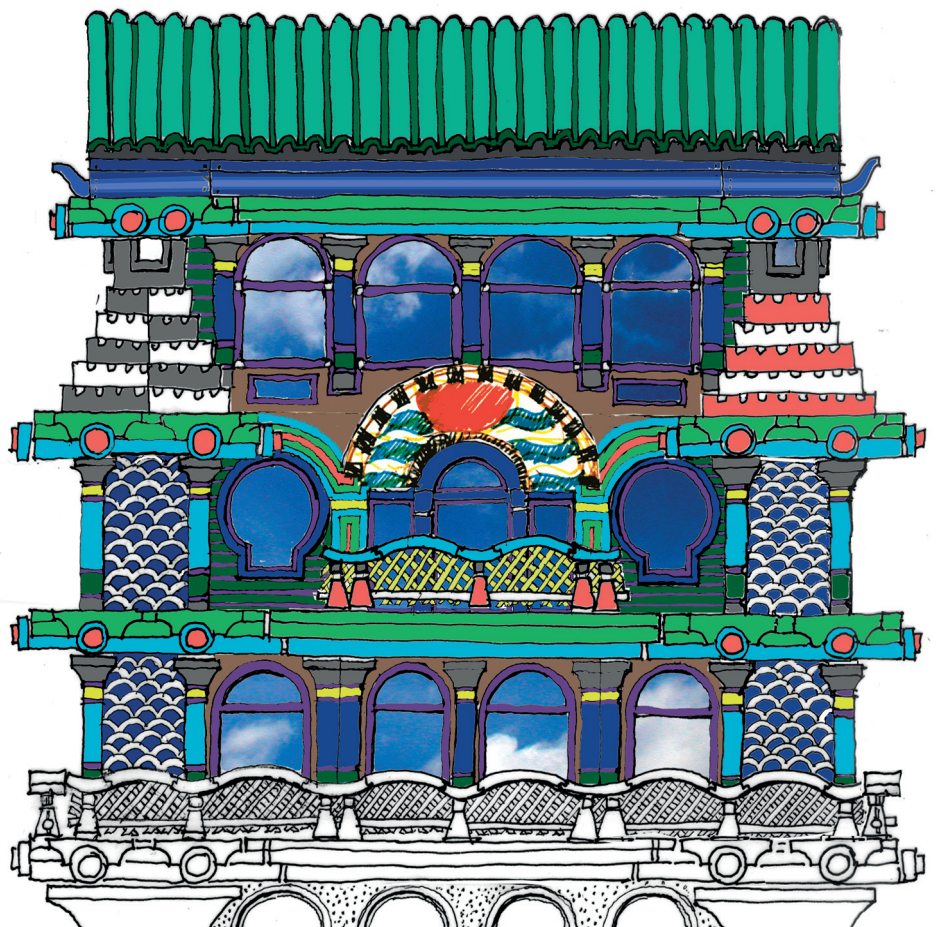
I had determined the three components of the 'Source', an event-horizon in the larger iconography of the whole facade. I turned next to the components which framed them - the vertical entities of the Major Order. I had carried these strangely perforated verticals over from their first invention on the Bracken House competition, back in 1987, ten years before. Could they find a role in the meta-narrative of phylogenetic time that I had reserved for the Giant Order? Why did they look like snake's scales, or feathers, or even some bubbling fluid?

This was a section of the column that was already 'above' its final horizon, as articulated by the big black capitals of the Ontogenic narrative. These sections were already beyond the horizon of the 'black space of thought'. They were detached from the main narrative. They had become part of this self-contained historia of the 'flying Attica', that was being borne in above-and-by the equally mobile Entablature-raft. I therefore made the bubbly-feathers white and their infill a dark blue.

I elided them into the history of the peri-pteral colonnades of Classicism, whose meaning was argued as such by Indra Kagis McEwen after she translated 'ptera' as Greek for wings.



I had tried to rationalise these 'bubbings' into a 'diagonal of denial' lattice, and rejected it. The 'feathers' were right. They were the 'Ptera' of Indra McEwen - 'flying' the Raft.

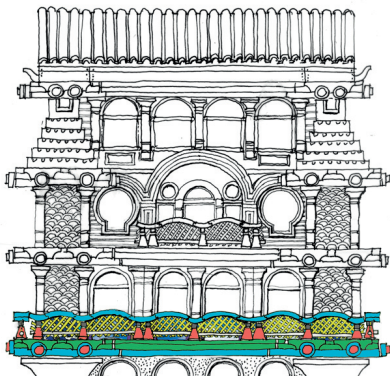


A facade is 'coloured' by the light of the sun, reflected back off its surfaces. I show this graphically by filling-in the windows with sky. It has a certain effect of verisimilitude even when the large effort of projecting shadows upon the surface of a wall has not yet been made. The ink and paper drawing that looks at home in an architectural book, looks unreal when built outside - as they now have been for 600 years. How much longer before we admit the Chromaticity of Classicism?

What is a window when it is merely a wind-(h)ole? My colours registered the architectural futility of the narrowly physical functionalism, invented by the 18C, that triumphed in my own century. A window, seen by late 20C information theory, is little more than non-registering 'background noise'. Information is communicated by the aberrant - by the mark and not the paper. Windows and walls were the lined paper in the exercise-books of facade-scripting. But the iconically incompetent ideologues of 20C Architecture had locked-up the pencils and pens, and the paints and brushes. Their pupils, denied the means of writing came, rather soon, to merely cutting and folding their papery facades until, in the 21C they screwed it all up and threw it all away in Deconstructive fury.



The Icon of the Confluence. I interpreted this as the coming-together of the primordial origins into the dance of Dionysus. Thessaloniki, in the optimism of the early 20C, made this 'horizon' into the 'Chora' of City-Politics.



For this facade I chose to render the 'stage' of Politics as a balcony flown by the 'Raft'.

My problems were simpler. I merely had to reinvent writing!

Having scripted the Attica, I now turned to the lower six floors of the facade that were framed by the columns of the Giant Order. I found, here, that I had only projected three 'proscenial arches'. So how else was I to signal the icon of one of the ten or twelve event horizons of Somatic time whose story I had begun to tell? How could I render the next major event - that of the 'Confluence'!

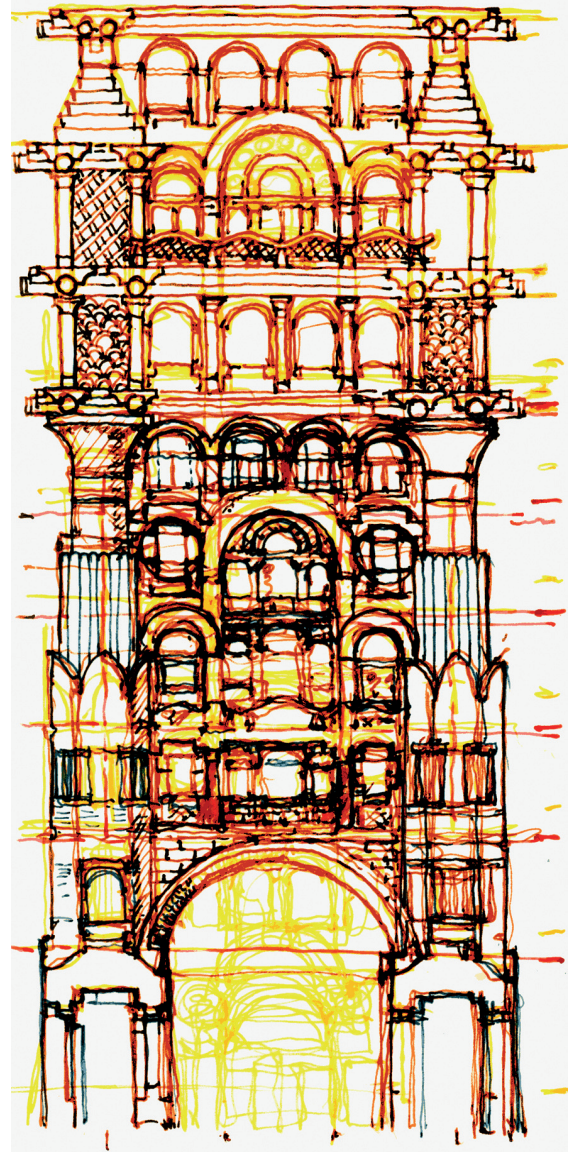
Two event-horizons compete for the title of the centre of the Fluvial Narrative. It depends on whether one is centreing on the Confluence, the 'dancing floor' or choros, or the City, upstream of the Portus and overlooking, via the Balcony of Appearances, that Delta of Reeds, the hypostylar appearances and disappearances.

I described, in my analysis of early 20C Thessaloniki, how the Confluence was inscribed, during a period which gave more weight to the wilful and intuitive character of politics, as the Plaza of the Powers, The plaza and its Palaces of Power were never built. The site is presently a pit the size of a city block. It is a long-arrested excavation of the huge Roman Forum. Archaeology has

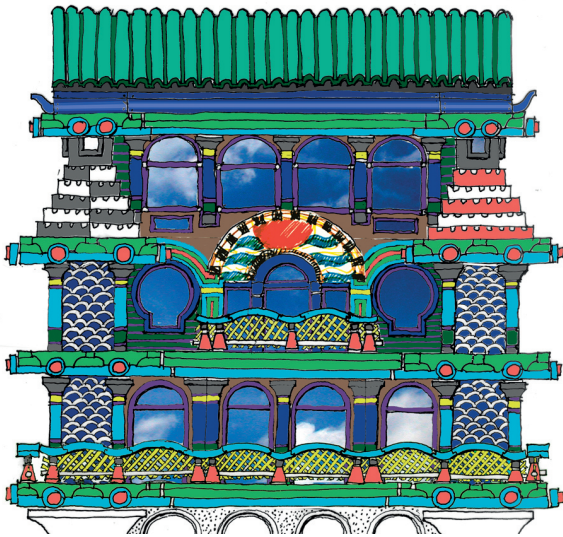
replaced Politics! It stands as a vocal testament to the disastrous failure of the 20C Will to Power, and a physical revelation of its increasingly distant, Graeco-Roman, roots.

Early 21C Consumerist culture would tend to focus on the 'City' understood as the secular event-horizon of commerce, with its model of the market harvesting its diversely aleatory cash-crops. My solution to the event of the 'dance of the community' was to put a balustrade around the top of the Entablature. I would, by this device, make this whole floor into a 'stage' on which humans could 'appear'. I would denote that sacred field, upon which humans stamp their communal identity, a flying carpet, bearing the little temple of the Attica down onto the sturdy trunks of the hypostylar order of infinity. This seems a 'hopeful' inscription.

One must always allow for hope in the 'adventus' of the Flying Raft.



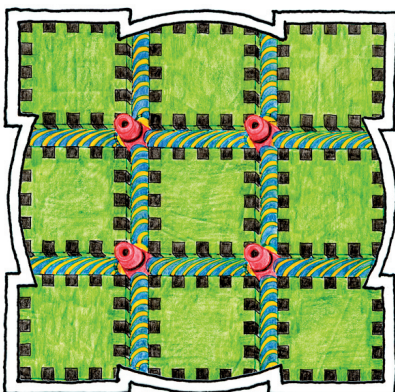
Four 'proscenial arches' appeared during my sketching of the facade. One on the ground, here only dimly visible, one, constituting the major sculptural form street-arcade itself, one in the centre of the facade, and one, that I had already scripted, in the centre of the Attica. The proportions of the width and height of the hotel rooms behind this 'mask of urbanity' were, by now correctly dimensioned. as can be seen by the surrounding metrications.



The Entablature can serve as the event-horizon of the Confluence which is the knitting-together of the 'tumbling streams'. The energies of youth and adolescence become the dance of Politics. In Claude's iconography, this Chora of the Choros is out in the open. In the Cathedral it is the Crossing, under the dome of the Kosmos. It is for this reason that I place a balustrade along the Entablature and turn it into a Terrace - open to the sky.

The result was something of an iconic puzzle. It was a third, but this time submarine, loggia!

Could I inscribe this with the iconography of the River, that long 'hollow trunk' harbouring the little enterprises the city, as it 'flowed' slowly along between mountains, caves and forests? It seemed too heavy an iconic load for such a minor figure. Perhaps it would be 'truer' to conceive of the whole nine-storey facade as the 'hollow trunk' and its little windows as the housings of the little enterprises. Were they not bracketed by the giant forest-trunks of the Major Order? Were there not, at their summit, the curious 'pillow-lava' foundations to the 'pyra-pyramids' of the topmost storey? And what were the sequence of 'event-horizons' if not a river - a river of time?



The City was a nine-fold square particularised into field-plots edged with metrical successions of night and day irrigated by the serpentine spirals of time. Its 'rafted' hypostylarity 'carried' a quadration of 'cones of Hestia'. The City is both fixed and mobile.

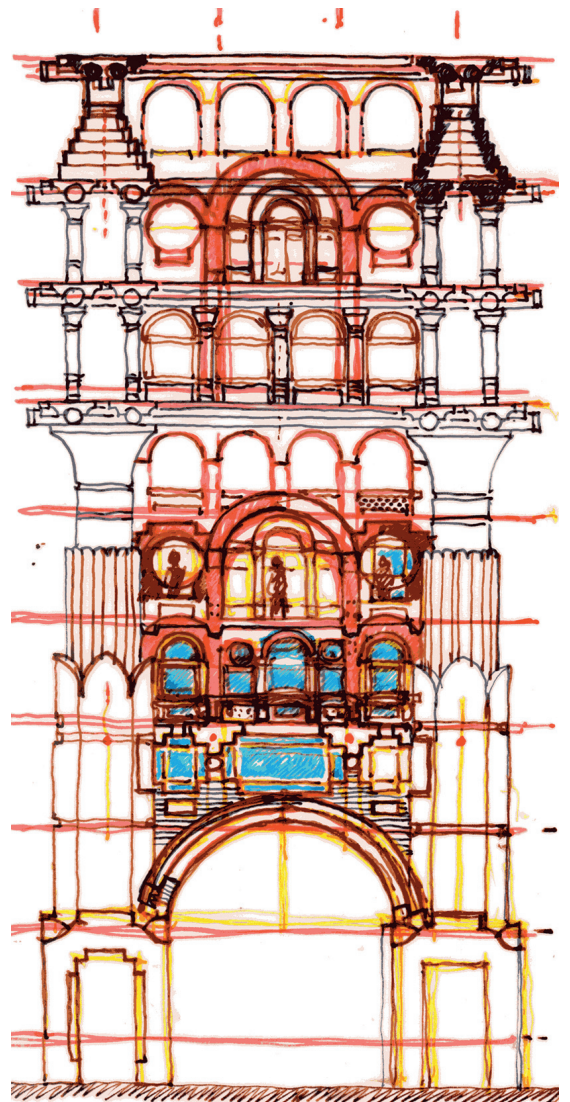
So I chose 'The City' for my third event-horizon. It is inscribed, as was the Source, onto a 'proscenial arch'. Its position, on the fourth of nine floors, places it centrally. This seemed appropriate to our consumerist time, and to an hotel attached to the Palace of Fun whose improbable identity I must, after the maximum number of detours, ultimately address.

It is the essence of the City that it can grow any 'crop' on its aleatory grid of 'plots'. In Lecture 27 Page 19, I showed, mainly to make this point - how the extended Emplotment of the Valley of Somatic Time could be compressed into this mere nine-fold quadration.

Event-Horizon 1, the Source, now stands upon Event-Horizon 2, the Confluence. Whereas 1 is rather patent, 2 would be deciphered only by someone sufficiently literate in these iconographies to intuit that an open balcony riding on 'a raft of adventus' might be connected to the critical points of narrative action in the paintings of Claude Lorraine, and, through them to the chora of the Christian Cathedral, under the 'dome of the sky/cosmos.'

But then with iconography, as with etymology, it is useful to know the answer before asking the question. That is to say, it is necessary to be literate.

The floor under the Entablature is obliged to adopt round-arched windows by the curve of the gloss-black, storey-height,, capitals. Neither can any central arch rise to enlarge itself over the spandrels of the floor above it.



This sketch, one of the many made during the period of the plastic composition of the facade, shows the little round-arched loggia under the big capitals of the giant order and immediately below them, the proscenial arch I wanted to denote as figuring the City. I had, at this stage, seemingly no impulse to provide any of these event-horizons with the balconies that would serve to 'ground' them in the manner of the tablet of Nemi - so making them into more effective 'uprights' of the horizontal theatre of the 'Valley'. The 'Cubistic' meaning of the balconies only became clear after the triadic composition of the Source.



A quick sketch out of which some icon of the 'city' could be developed. It brings-up the possibility of an inscribed tympanum to the balustrade.

I began to sketch some version of the proscenial arch, developed from this 'ten-fold' narration of the Republic of the Valley (the tenth being the icon of the City itself), when the time I could allot to this fine-tuning of the Hotel-facade ran out.

This was a pity. For it was at this point in the composition of this facade that it became clear to me that each one of the Event-horizons of a narrative, when inscribed onto a tall facade, could be expanded like a telescopic sequence pulled out of the larger sequence of the whole building. If this was possible it offered a solution to the 'Chicago problem' set by the invention of Captain Otis.



A sketch for a proscenial inscription on the theme of the 'lazy trunk' of the River.

The iconic lexica of the narratives proper to Architecture, and any others for that matter, can be used to sign the proscenia, as they progress either up-and-down and/or side-to-side over a facade.

The version of the generic narrative of Somatic time that is proposed in these lectures has up to twelve horizons. If each of these were 'expanded' into twelve-act iconic dramas of their own then a building of over 100 'floors (or 'frames') could be 'raised' from a mere stump into a legible inscription.

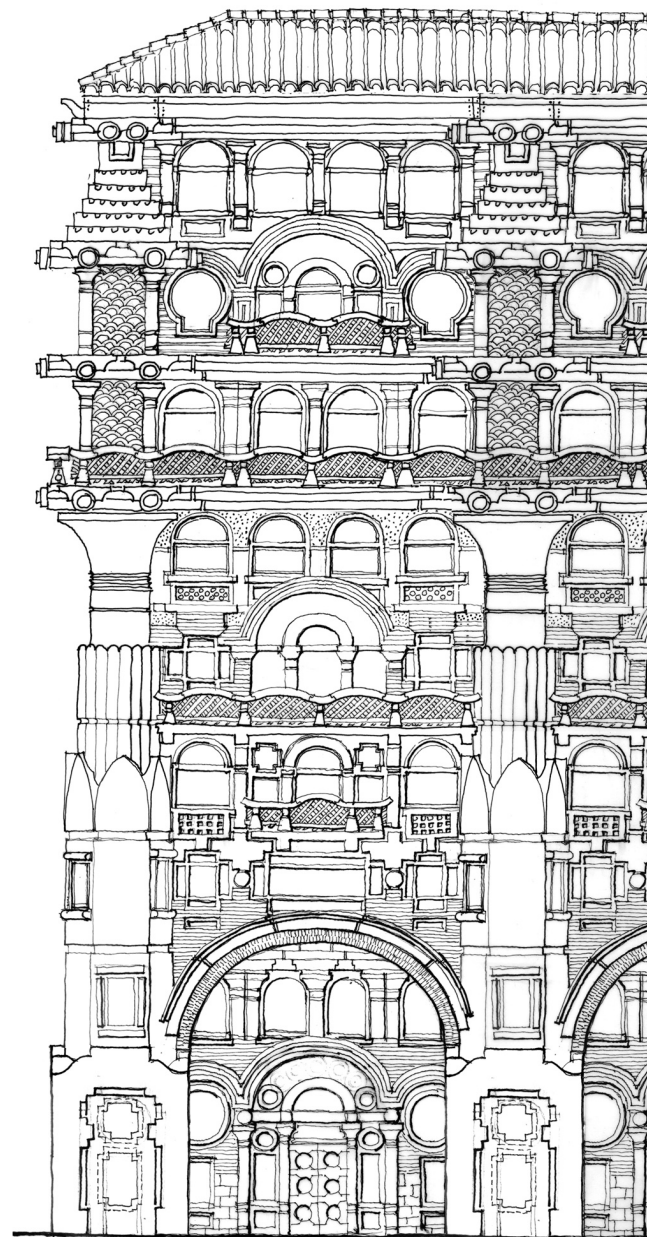
WHETHER ANY CIVIL URBANITY NEEDED SUCH A TALL BUILDING WAS A SEPARATE QUESTION. MOST CITIES THAT TRIED TO BUILD THE TALLEST BUILDING ON EARTH ONLY PROVED THEIR RULERS TO BE TECHNOPHILIAC HAPTICS WITH AN AVERSION TO URBANITY.

I had to turn aside from these encouraging proofs to a more familiar, but no less incompetently-handled problem on a grosser scale - that of the detailed architecture of the non-orthogonal plan.

At the present time, in the early 21C, the contemporary architect has only two compositional geometries. One he calls "the box", the other: "out of the box". 'Out of the Box' carries the connotation of having escaped from an oppressive restraint. Some like to argue that their escape has, like an Architectural Theseus, been guided by a mysterious thread of aleatory algorithms paid out by a mathematical Ariadne. A favourite of these has been Cecil Balmond. He kindly allowed me to review his little book - The Number Nine. I advised him that his alchemy of algorithms was an opiate that would allow the 'beauties' of the profession to slumber on in passive autoeroticism while their medium (and mine) passed into the hands of others.

Whereas the solution to the problem of the a-quadratic footprint was simple. JOA had proved it in my Judge Institute of 1992-6.

It was to use the JOA Sixth Order as a giant hinge.



How could such a sculpturally complex, and disciplined, Architecture be loosely, and 'informally', 'bent' around a corner that was not a right angle? How could the beams of its roof-'crown' easily meet at any angle but 90°?

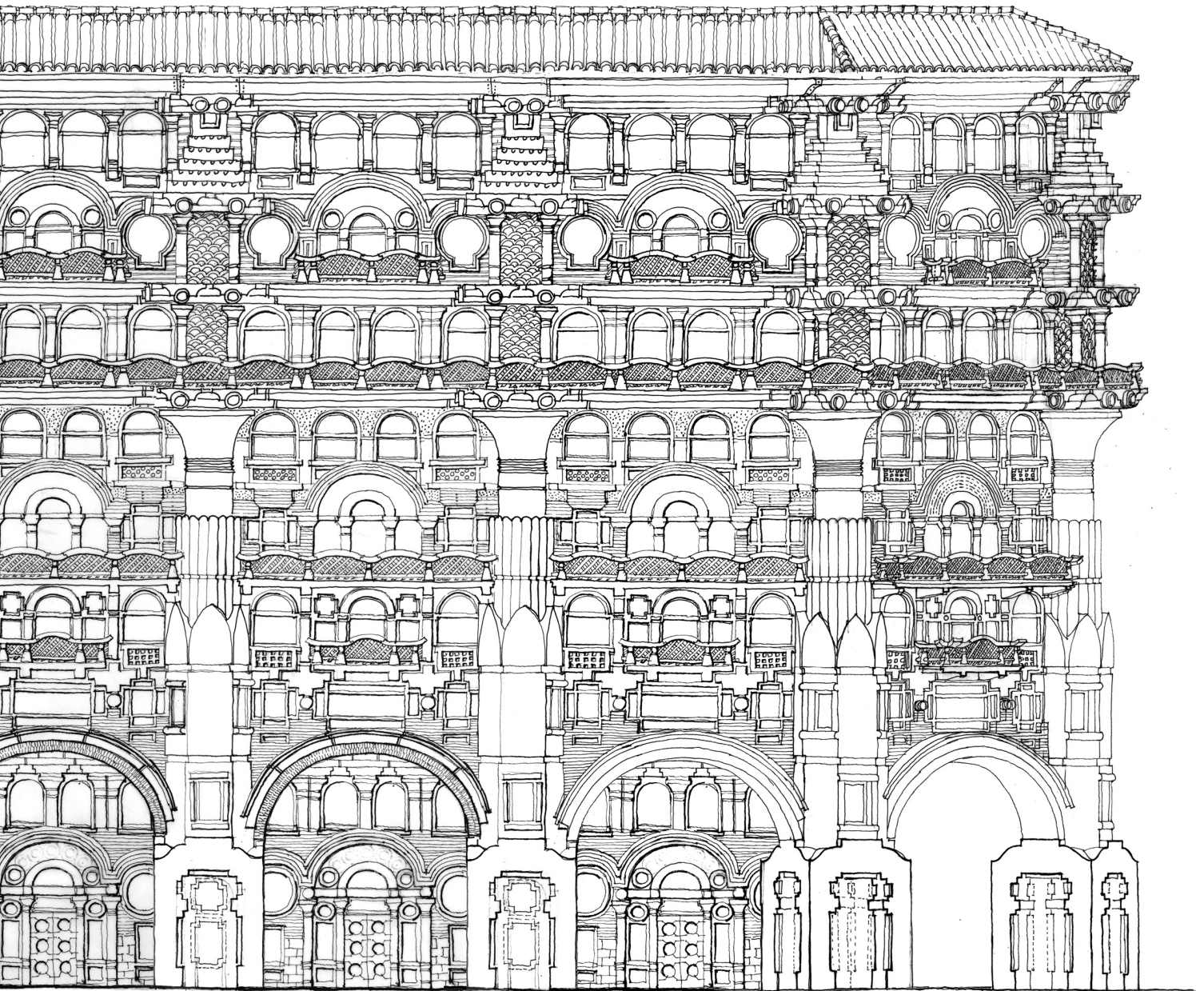
A facade of plastic complexity need have no fears of irrational plan footprints. The 135° , and 45° , corners on the Judge Gallery, and the 144° corners of the decagonal Groenmarkt Rotunda, showed how the 6th Order Entablature, seemingly wedded to the vilified right angle of 'the box' could be easily fractured and rotated. The facades, between the giant column hinges, remained unscathed by any 'picturesque' twists and turns.

The disciplines of Rome had finally, after 2000 years, conquered Saxon paranoias.

Architecture could step out of 'the box' and take quadration along in its knapsack as it wandered the Saxon geomancies. Having to be 'boxed-in' or 'spaced-out' was just another late-20C formal incompetence.



The Entablatures of Orders have imposed a rigid orthogonality upon their plan footprints. It was one reason for the 20C trashing of the Orders. With the 6th Order any angle is possible.



This was a question that I had first answered, after many hours of study, on the meandering alleyways of Cambridge. Here, at Battersea, I merely turned the columns through 22.5° on each end of a wall turned at 45° . The columns remained standing, proud and perfect, while the wall, quite unaltered from the standard facade-bay, merely 'hinged' around them. It was yet another Lacanian 'cure' for the ills of Modernity. The hated Architectural Ordine, universally condemned as the prime symptom of the formal illness of Architecture, became the universal cure.



The hotels are entered at each corner of the main body of the Palace of Fun. For our project, the 500-room Hotel, the entrance passes under the Ballroom, a little building (1) to the far right, between the two towers. Its iconic role was to introduce the visitor to the rituals, narratives and ideas that powered the interior of the Palace of Fun.

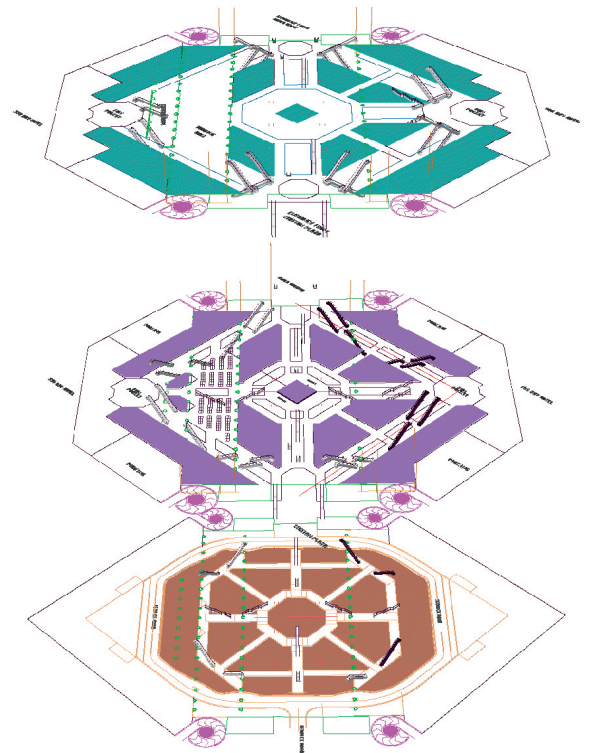
Having established a 'domestic cataclysm' of sufficient monumentality to 'bury' the giant power station. I had now to enter its giant body.

The Architecture of the entrance to any building, must both detach the user from external contingency as well as inscribe the 'Reason' of its interior.

But there was no street-space here to 'elevate' a facade of Roman scale, or even one of the scale of Rice, or the Pumping Station, upon which the narratives of this interior could be pre-scripted. The huge interior of the power station would be hard to see as a whole. So it would be hard to build an image of it that would be easy to grasp and understand. My response was to rehearse its 'reasonings' at the Hotel entrance, and throughout the Hotel, so that the Visitor, when reaching the vast, un-daylit, Palace of Fun, would already possess the ideas with which he could de-code the Labyrinths of Shopatainment.

I would rehearse the Advent of the Camera Lucida and its continued 'up-framing' by Man in the form of the columnar Bearers of the Phylo-Onto-genic narrative. I would rehearse the Incision of Somatic Time into the Hypostylar Forest of Infinitude so as to en flesh the Republic of the Valley. These would enable the Visitor to extend his imagination over the Palace of Fun and subordinate 'shopping' to the splendo(u)r of truth'.

But it was here, after my physical inspection of the city of Las Vegas, from which Parkview's inspiration came, that I became conscious of a conflict of methods. My technique, as always, was to use the human capacity to simulate in order to narrate a 'reasoning', which could 'tunnel through' Time and Space in all directions to the point at which a 'whole picture' lay before the inner eye of Reason. At this point, which can be legitimately understood as a point of dominance, and even of Negation, the human spirit becomes free to 'play itself forward to truth'. For truth is always terrible, and is best approached lightly.



Superimposed plans of the retail space inside the Palace of Fun shows the labyrinthine quality of the 'tridentine' symmetry of the escalators as they rise up from the car park..

The technique of Las Vegas, and of Parkview's 'shopertainment' designers, was the exact opposite.

The casinos were dark and labyrinthine. Enfiladed vistas were banished along with clocks and sunlight. One was not encouraged to leave by either a view of the Exit, or any sense of their being anything to exit into. Signs of the passing of time, or the existence of an 'outside' other places and spaces, were carefully absented. The world of the punter was shrunken to the compass of his bets.

Extra oxygen was added to his air to keep him awake in his little cocoon of risk. His mind was not encouraged, by the architecture of his lifespace, to place his current being into anything one might mistake for 'reality'. He gambled, if he gambled at all, on a stage deliberately rendered trivial, as are those of Liebeskind, Hadid and Gehry, trivialised by an inconsequential geometry.



A photograph of the back-lit ground-plan of the 'Oasis' Casino-hotel. The casino proper is in Burnt Orange. Its turquoise centre is the eponymous 'Oasis' of tropical plants, not all of them living. Arriving with my wheeled luggage, I dragged it with difficulty over the thick shag carpet-path which wandered aimlessly amongst the tinkling and buzzing slot-machines. It was not until I had almost traversed the casino-floor, that, on looking back towards the Reception, I saw a sign pointing to the Elevators. It was entirely invisible from the Reception. Such a device obliged every guest to immerse themselves in the Casino before they could mount up to their room. Financially, one could not really complain. The rooms were inexpensive, the service prompt and attentive, and the food excellent. It was all subsidised by the gaming..



The 'deconstructed' geometry of Gehry's IIT Stata Centre is the same as the labyrinthine obscurity of the Mirage's Casino. Can they then be said to share the same squalid ethic? Both cultivate an artless stupidity. What are they afraid of?

In the case of Gehry at the Stata centre, and his other work, the triviality of his category of 'Commodity' shelters behind the aniconic screen of 20C 'Functionalism' - which it coincidentally, as well as cheerfully, subverts by the patent inconsequentiality of the Decon aesthetic. The 'spiritually bruised' late-20C Critic is thus able to have his aniconic cake and his ideological fill of a 'politique du pire'.

VEGAS SHELTERS BEHIND NO SUCH DISSIMULATION. FOR VEGAS HAS 'STYLE'.

Indeed, nothing in Vegas can exist if it has not a definite style. Whenever I admired a fragment that seemed 'original' I was told that it was "wrong". My informant had, in his studio, Design-Manuals in Egyptian, Roman, Monte Carlo, Venetian, Camelot, High Tech, and so on. Decon, was, in 1992, being compiled. To be 'right' was to conform to a plagiarism that had been 'canonised' by the Art-Historians.

The wavy tresses, surfing down the back of my guide to Vegas, had first seen the day in Hitchin, England. His was the felt-tipped pen that was renovating (in reverse by 200 years) the Walter Gropius-style slab block of the Caesar's Palace Hotel into a polystyrene cliff of Roman columns, entablatures and rearing horses. Everything above head-height was polystyrene in Vegas. Below that, where Vegas could press the flesh, was chased brass and bevelled glass. The same ethos powered Stuart Lipton's Stanhope. But JOA refused to follow it. Such buildings melt, like ageing face-lifts, if a neighbour catches fire.

It was my Pictographically-proficient Guide who explained that one could not build, in three years, a 4,000-bed casino-hotel, sourced from all over the globe, unless the entire project was mediated by a definite, worked-out, and understood 'style'.

I found this 'cyberneticicism' reassuring.

For how can any ensemble be a sum greater than its parts if there is no formal discourse between them?

All that remained was to arrive at a 'style' that was neither the tired old mumbling of meaningless mantras that were the 'received styles' whether in Vegas or Quinlan Terry's Richmond Riverside, the necrophiliac silences of Minimalist Modernism, or the de-lexicalised aniconics of Decon. The laboured 'originalities' of the Bricoleurs of Modernism, the Corbusiers and the 'Big Jims', had a charm that was impossible to resist. But, as Vegas taught me, "c'est n'est pas la guerre". The cult of a ceaseless, Critic-suborning, originality is not the way to breathe life into a dying Medium..

The charm of Vegas, of course, is that 'anyone can play'. It needs neither intelligence, talent, wit or beauty to be a Star in Vegas. All that is required, to make heads turn, is the mechanical force to lift a thousand dollar chip above waist level and smile as it is taken away.

I found it a Middle-America sort of place. Moms and Dads pushed baby-buggies through the tinkling, twinkling, sussurating jungles of slot-machines. Other Moms sat, spread-legged, before drums on which rotated the suits of cards. They pushed in their pennies and hauled on a stick that rolled the drums. High over their labours a sign twinkled advertising the tsunami of dimes and quarters which would, like the coins of Zeus that impregnated Danae, carry them across the room in a tidal wave of fiscal joy. Vegas was the only city I found in the USA where one could walk down Main Street with an open bucket of slots-money without any fear of mugging. Black-coated, Boston, home of America's Puritan intellect, was far more threatening.

Middle-America goes to Vegas for fiscal therapy when they have earned a threateningly large amount of money. For they know that if they have been financially fortunate their happiness is not thereby secured. Indeed it is threatened. They are obliged, because all loyal Americans know that they should support their economy, to upgrade their lifestyle. They must upgrade their auto, their kitchen, their house, and even, if seriously enriched, the faithful Spouse whose support, over the years, has enabled their business to prosper. Losing some of this threatening financial supercharge, at the honourable sport of risk-taking, is like getting leached. One loses blood, but is the better for it. For not only is the threat to one's perfectly decent lifestyle removed, but one is enjoined to do what one knows how to do best, to go out and sow and then to harvest more dollars.

The higher games are therefore quite suitably agricultural. One sows ones chips upon the green fields of Roulette. The solar wheel turns. But only some fields bear fruit. In Craps, the men ejaculate their own seed, with similarly erratic harvests. The motto of Vegas could be: 'Life is a green baize field and we but farmers on it'. The Croupiers, dressed like Priests, officiate these grave rituals, giving and taking away according to the will of the Hidden Hand that guides our fates. It is not so much the 'game' that fascinates, as the prevailing sense of 'doom'. There is a magic to it like the rites of a religion.



This was a re-clad 1980's slab of hotel rooms. My Guide to Vegas had got out his 'Roman' style-book and morphed a cliff of polystyrene Neo-Classicism. When 'Dryv-it' is finished with a tough, leathery endoskeleton of silicon its sanded, unjointed, skin had an ethereal air - as if made of the finest sort of Nothing.

Much is made of numerology. But it would mean nothing for the Punters without the money.

VEGAS IS AN ARK BORNE ALOFT ON AN OCEAN OF DIMES AND QUARTERS.

Everything is subsidised by the revenues from gambling. The Punters are Citizens who loyally pay their taxes to subsidise the things that attract them to what was, in the 1990's, the fastest-growing city in the USA. Their contributions support the inexpensive accommodation and food. The Casinos pay for the free entertainment. In 1997 there were the huge (\$M12) robots who played the rising and falling of Atlantis, on the hour, every hour. There was a sea-battle between two fully-rigged ships in which the human crew of one sank beneath the waves and then, some minutes later, rose again quite un-drowned for a repeat performance to a replacement crowd.

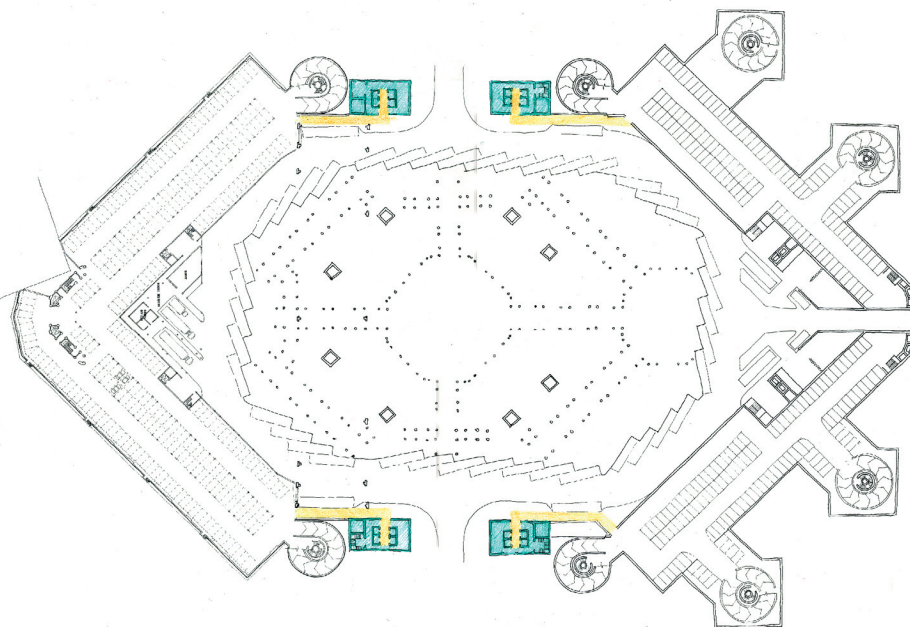
The owners of the Battersea Project hoped to reach these levels of entertainment. they believed that this would attract the enormous numbers of shoppers needed to fill the vast cavern of the old Power Station. Yet there was never the slightest chance of achieving such lavish spectacles without them being subsidised by the millions made from gambling. The shops in Vegas pay high rents because their shoppers are fiscal 'captives' who have come to Vegas with pockets filled with disposable cash to find themselves 'marooned', if not on a 'desert island', then certainly islanded in a desert. But why would anyone shop in Battersea when the whole centre of London, in all of its attractive diversity, lay just across the river? Not only was this so, but the Planning authority, Wandsworth, had prohibited food shops. Wandsworth did not want to kill their existing city and town centres by making Battersea a 'one-stop' destination.

I found that this agonising had been going-on for five years before JOA were briefed.

This was, as I discovered, why JOA were being asked to plan the whole £500 of construction.

But if People were NOT going to come to this 'destination' As the Owner called Battersea, for the shopping, then why would they come at all? JOA's response had been straightforward. We had no experience of shopping-centres. We merely offered what we offered to all of our Clients - an Architecture that was the most powerful available at the time, in that it rationalised the 'traditional' medium as it had existed for several millenia. JOA knew how to rehearse the Birth of the Future out of the Past in such a way that whatever Institution strutted our stage would do so 'sub specie aeternatis' - all the way from the Beginning to the End. It is neither the capability, nor the task of Architecture to prescribe either the End or the Journey to it. All that Architecture can do is to give this 'istoria' the dignity of being 'real'.

For my part, I still thought that there was mileage in the idea of a Museum of the British Empire. If Parkview were proposing that JOA's 500-bed hotel was to be 'themed' Polynesian then why not make it into a living reconstruction of a 'Raj' hostelry - some of which still existed. One might sub-let it to an operator from the subcontinent itself. It all remained to be created.



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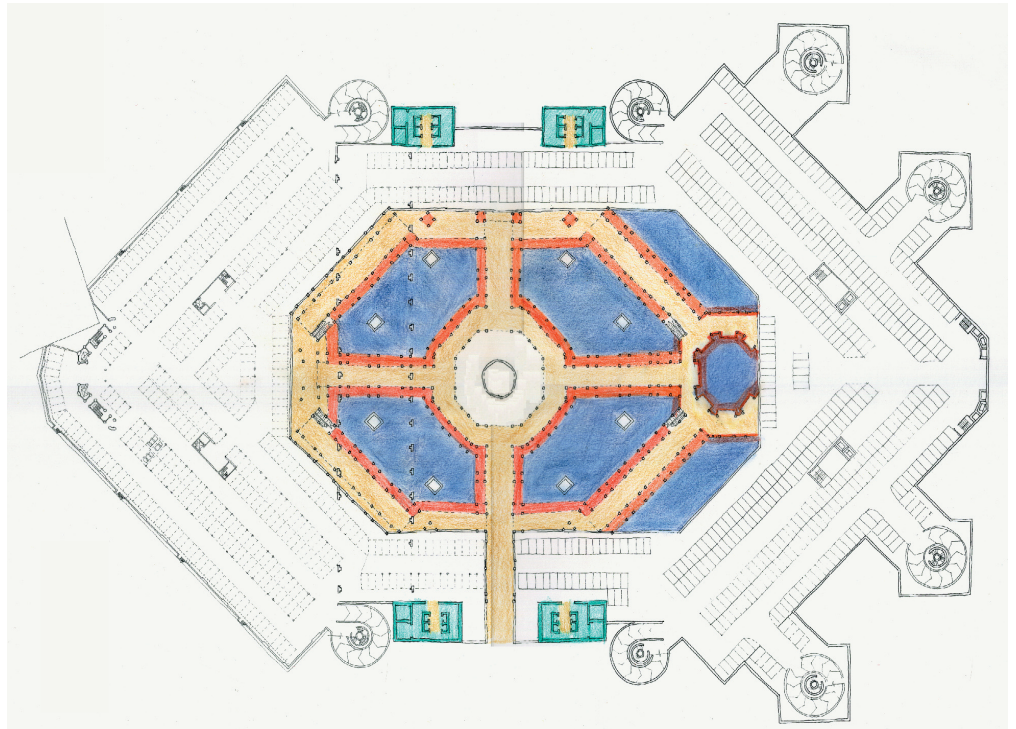
BASEMENT & LOWER GROUND FLOOR PLANS

Trucks delivered into the Basement and Lower Ground Floor of the Palace of Fun. It was bracketed by two floors of parking under each of the 500 and 700 bed room Hotels. Lifts delivered people and merchandise upwards.

If an institution is incapacitated by the incapacity of its staff, then it is time to trade upwards. Parkview's in-house stalwarts were Australians used to throwing-up real estate in Hong Kong. The cultural politics of London's Planning was, happily, beyond their brutalised Asian experience. I had worked for Stuart Lipton. He had competent in-house people. But very few of them. Lipton, like all successful developers, assembled teams of the best in their field, from Valuation to Planning to Architecture, Engineering, Law and Construction Management. The fees were high, but then so were the rewards. Parkview had not yet done this. I could not blame them, for they had not yet solved the problem of what to build. Victor Hwang still hankered-after his Palace of Fun. I felt great sympathy towards him.

He was a man with an ideal.

I could see no great problem. The Hwang family proposed to build the two hotels and the Palace out of their own capital resources. JOA had found a splendidly competent and wonderfully imaginative company of machine-makers called 'Mechanical Cabaret'. They had a perfectly British humour that would suit London admirably and had already designed a complete installation for a Northern Theme Park. One of their installations featured a crazed kitchen, another a disintegrating triumphal arch and another a hand that rose out of a toilet dragging its occupant down into it.



Scale 1:1000

GROUND FLOOR PLAN

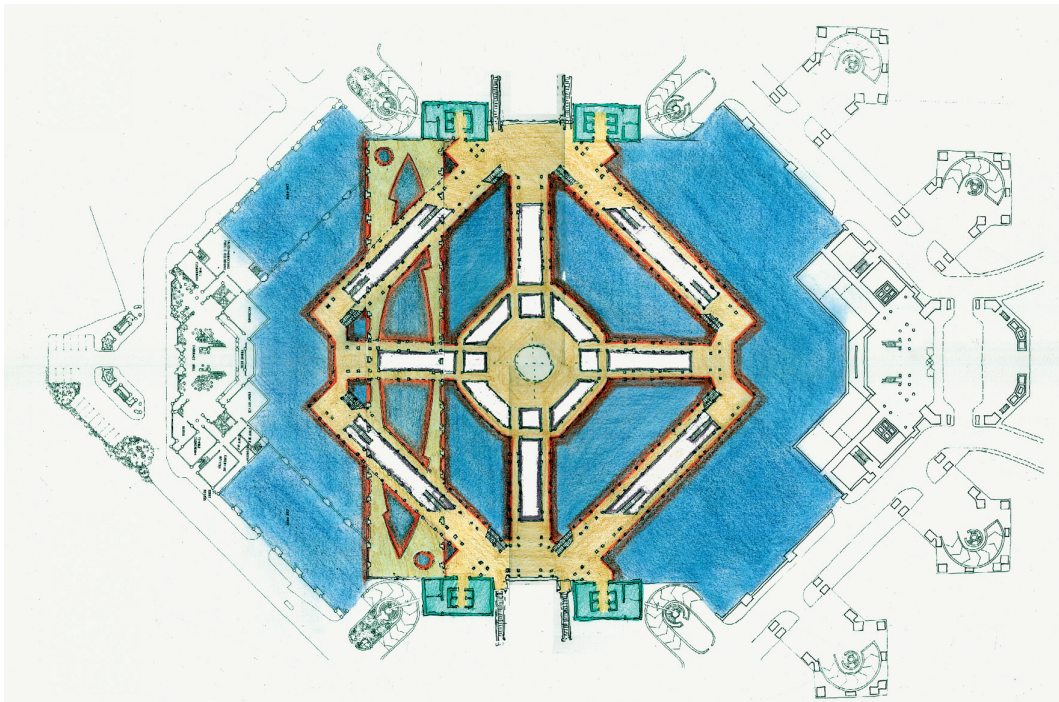
The only parts of Vegas that I found less than tawdry were the peripatetic jazz quartets. They played in the older casinos - that is to say when not interrupted by 'brown-outs' caused by electrical overloads in the intoxicating neon frenzy which is endemic to Vegas.

Ground Level in the Battersea complex took its cue from London's Georgian squares. They had elevated their street pavements and roadways one level above the as-found, 'natural', ground level. Corbusier was not original in this. It was common practice centuries before his 'sol artificiel'. However, instead of dancing around semi-naked, playing football and dreaming of 'Nature', the Londoners warren'd under this 'artificial earth' inside masonry arches, like the 'horrea' of Ancient Rome, to inhabit them with coal and wine cellars, not to mention kitchens and even, in the 19C, railways. The lowest floor of the Fun Palace was therefore, although 'at ground level', effectively a basement surrounded by the floor of parking under the entrance roadway that served the two Hotels.

Many of these entertainments were of modest physical size. JOA planned to accommodate them in the bases of our hypostylar forest of giant, 3.7M (12'0") diameter, quatrefoil, column bases - twice the size of those in Duncan hall.



The entrance to the 500-room Hotel (1) is under the floor of the Ballroom (2). Escalators lead up through an atrium to the central space of the Hotel (3) around which are the principal public rooms. Diocletian windows give on to a planted roof (4), over which some bedrooms look. The spaces of the Fun Palace (5) flow under this part of the Hotel. The section shows a cut through the preserved Art Deco 'Control Room' (6) and the conceit of the Ark (7) that fills the Turbine Hall. The train from Victoria would enter this Ark and the Palace be entered from it.



Scale 1:1000

PODIUM (FIRST) FLOOR PLAN

WHILE QUIESCENT, THE COLUMN WOULD PRESENT A SOLID FACE. THEN ITS SIDES WOULD ROLL BACK, LIKE A WW1 Q-SHIP, TO PRESENT THEIR INTERIOR, EITHER LIVE OR MECHANICAL.

JOA planned to these to occur clockwise around the plan of the giant interior, as if swept by the shadow of the banished sun. I took a cue, also, from the buskers and entertainers licensed to perform by London's City Hall at the preserved Covent Garden Market.

JOA's suggestion was that the entertainments aid the general understanding of the whole Palace of Fun as a Micro-Cosmos.

The First Floor is the entrance floor to the Fun Palace as well as the two Hotels.. The 500-bed Hotel is entered at (1) and the 700 at (2). Both are entered under a Porte Cochere whose sheltering roof is their main Functions Room or Ballroom. That of the 700-room, to the West, is topped by a gymnasium, whose roof is an open-air swimming pool which can be seen on the section on this page. The Fun Palace floor plan has escalators to the left and right of each of its two entrances - one to the South and the Northern one to the River. These escalators are angled at 45° to the main North-South axis. This main axis, the 'cardo' of the Palace, has no escalators. The walkways to all three axes are cut-away to allow a view into the Ground Floor.

It would be a place where the arcane would be revealed, and the world make sense. For what higher ambition could a building have than for it to be a machinery of symbols whose interpretation would lead to thought and reflection? Shoppers would understand this simple solar sequence and, as in Vegas, follow the 'free' entertainments. Then, at some regular interval, the gigantic column of space in the centre would fountain up and down with a spectacle on the scale of the 'Fremont Street Ceiling' in downtown Vegas. In this way the whole interior, with all of its streets and arcades, would be traversed by the followers of the 'shopatainment'.

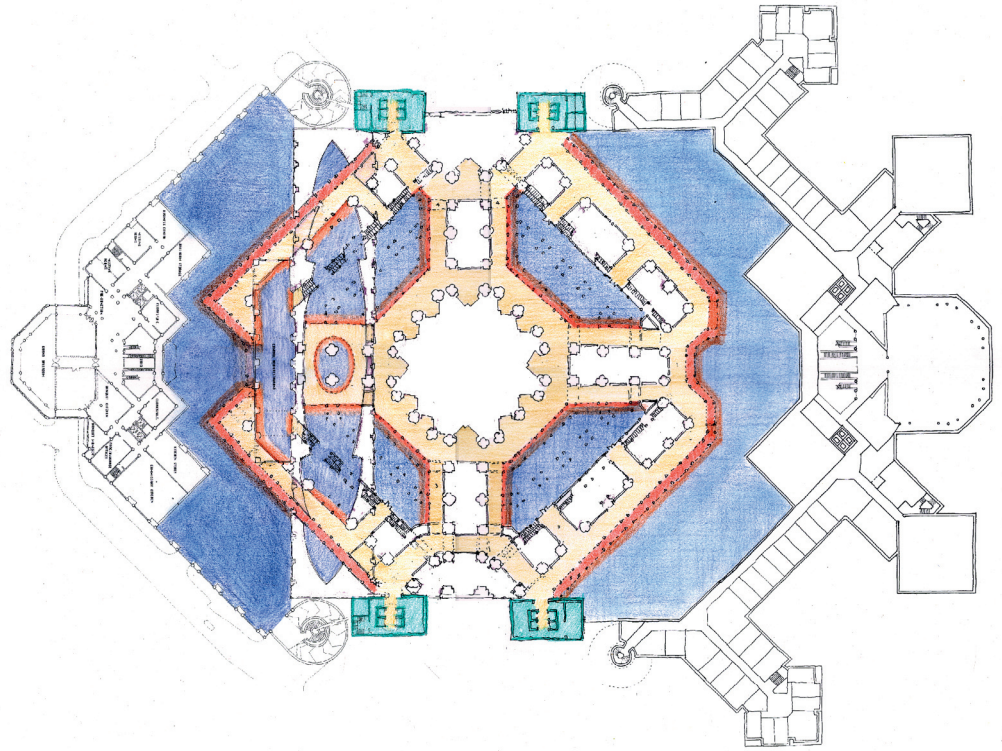


The entrance to the 700-room Hotel (8) is also under its larger cluster of Function Rooms (9). These are topped by a Gymnasium (10) and that by an 'horizon-edge' open-air swimming pool (11) with a view of the Palace of Westminster. The main public space (12) of the Hotel has a clearer view over the Fun Palace. The joint in the pages shows the place of the vertical theatre (13) where displays are overlooked by the cut-back floorplates of the Palace. This space led upwards, by escalators and lifts, into the two floors of the Raft of Cinemas (14).

People do not only come to London to shop. There are fee-charging 'destinations', with big shops attached, from Museums to Madame Tussauds, which attract visitors in their thousands.

Another Consultant had proposed hologram 'races' around the ceilings that could be viewed after one stood on the roof of the shops and looked through the forest of the hypostylar columns that supported the double-decker sandwich' roof of cinemas.

Finally, the figures showed that, in 1997, when JOA were designing Battersea, the destination with the most visitors per sq. metre was a converted department store, Whiteleys, whose chief attraction was its interior conversion into a series of dramatically-linked, multi-storey, interior spaces.



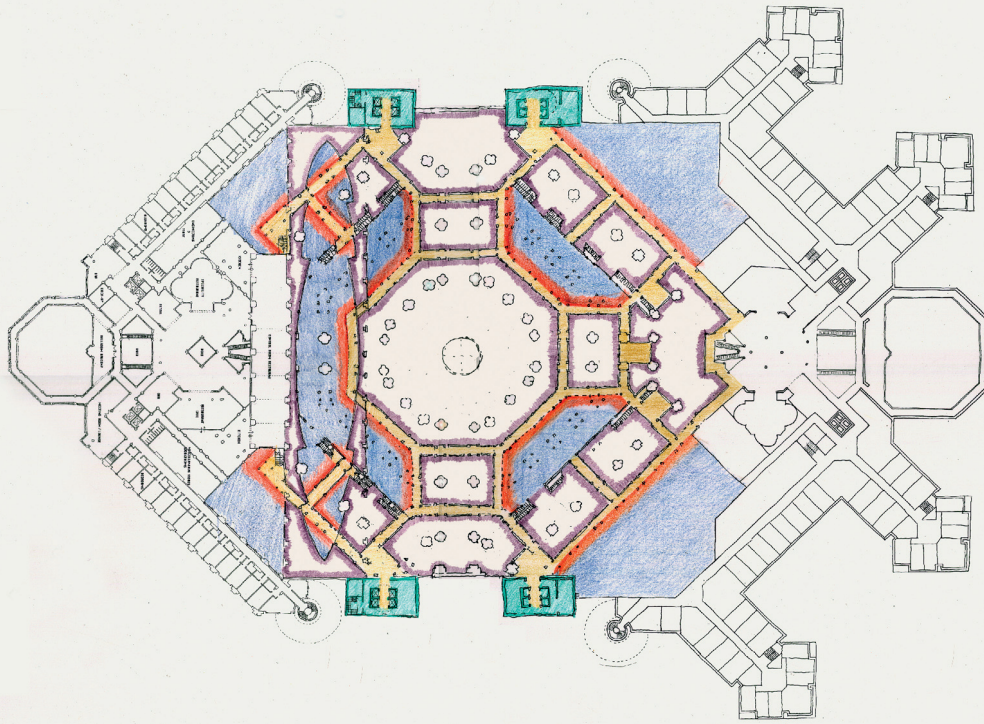
Scale 1:1000

THIRD FLOOR PLAN

The floorplates of the Palace is gradually cut-away as they accumulate, one over the other, to allow views up and down through the whole 'layer-cake'. Only then can the whole huge machine of symbols come together 'on the quadration of the solar day, or other cosmic interval, to energise a giant, total-palace display whose absolutely essential feature is that it can never viewed, as by a dumbly passive spectator, from one spot, as a whole, but can only be conceived, in the 'punters' imagination. Nothing is more mentally enervating than being able to see everything in a singular coup d'oeuil. Note the 'ship in a bottle', or 'buried ark', filling the Turbine Hall, to the East of the central core.



The North-South Section shows the land-side entrance (1) to the left, southern side, with a porte-cochere of its own, and the Riverside entrance (2) to the right. This section shows that half of the enormous bulk of the old power station would have been filled with goods servicing basements and the two floors of 'attic' cinemas. This left a huge in-between space to be filled by the Palace of Fun, but not such a large one as to prove incapable of being conceptually organised, even through denied all daylight.



Scale 1:1000

FOURTH FLOOR PLAN

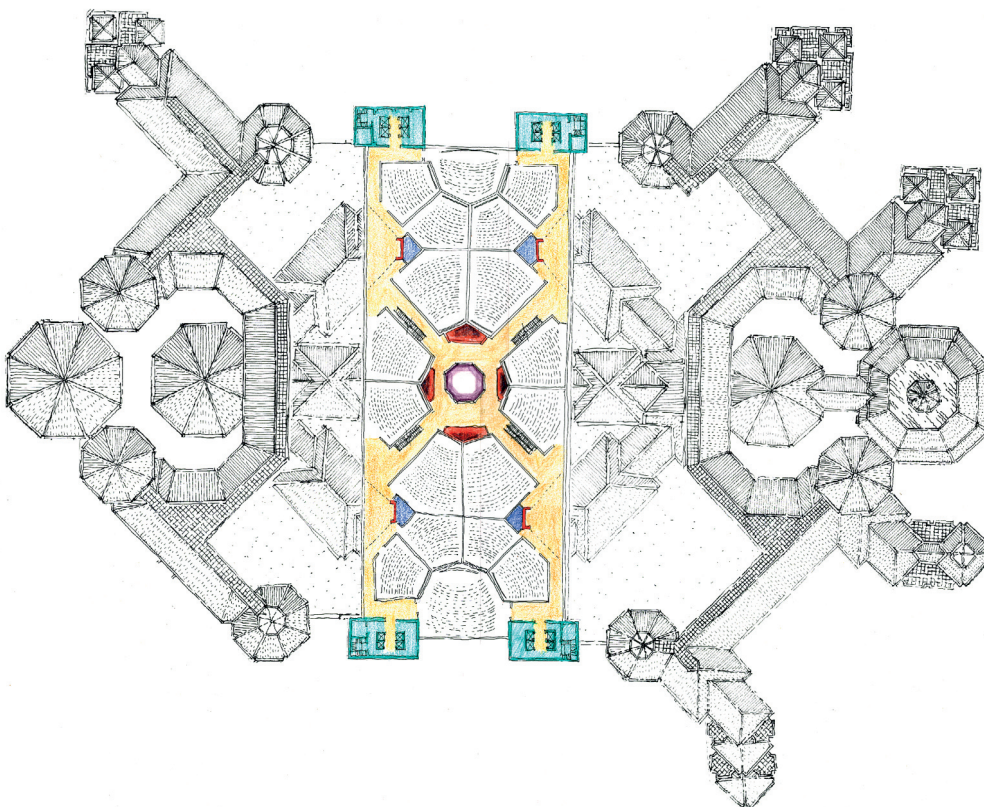
The hotel uses take-up more of the floorplate of the combined Hotel/Museum/Fun Palace floorplate. This 'interlocking' was occasionally described as a defect of planning strategy. Separate land-uses should be on separate plots. Yet, in Vegas, the Casinos are all hotels as well. It is a synergy which assists them both. Why would it not energise the Palace of Fun? Nothing is duller than a building dedicated entirely to pleasure.

So what was the Palace of Fun if it was not a complex of huge and beautiful spaces which would be of an Architectural class unique to London - even counting her cathedrals. Any sort of iconic strategy, or symbolic 'play', could be explicated by the medium of this composition.

It is a truism to remark that the current culture is one of technical brilliance and conceptual poverty. It is hard to imagine quite what a building like this could mean to its users. Gambling is only one of the many 'mathematisations' of 'real life'. The financial system of commerce, for better or worse, has always depended on taking chances which financiers like to think are not merely arbitrary. Life is lived on bets, hunches, or 'informed guesses' - and spent working-out their consequences. History is a tale of their successes and failures.

I was never persuaded that London's vanished Empire was not the best basis for the culture of the Palace of Fun. JOA proposed the 'buried Ark', or 'ship in a bottle' as one of its icons. From the Mary Rose of Henry VIII to the HMS Vanguard of Elizabeth II, the ship had mediated the spread of London's trading capital and everything that had followed from the island's precise place off the coast of Eurasia.

The subject was so large and so perfectly 'architectural' with its history of the 'advent' of a craft which energised (for good or ill) a 'genius loci', that it would have developed, given energy and imagination, into a phenomenon of promise.



Scale 1:1000

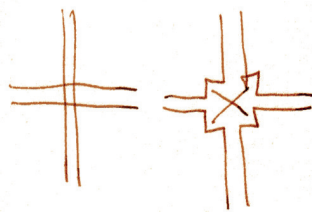
CINEMA (SIXTH & SEVENTH) FLOOR PLANS

Two floors of 18 cinemas each (for which the contract was already signed) would have provided London's most catholic menu of films in one destination. The way up to them by escalator passed every floor of the Palace. Pre-booked ticket-holders could go directly up by the lift/escape towers at each end of the long 'raft'.

I could carry the design of the interior of the Fun Palace **no further**. Their designers from Las Vegas had consistently failed, over, it seemed, **several years**, to persuade Parkview that they had invented a level of 'shopatainment' which would draw the devotees of retail therapy to the **Battersea temple of shopping**. Yet Parkview still clung to Vegas as the model to which one should aspire.

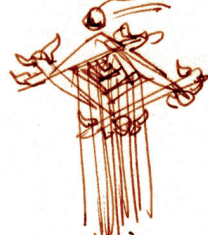
I wrote them my assessment of the desert city as a **fiscally therapeutic blood-letting** and trashing of High Culture (the **Maryinsky Ballet** were advised to dance naked if they wanted an audience).

My little essay had **no discernible effect**. So I returned to the design of how to enter this as yet **unsolved mystery** through the **under-the-Ballroom-porte-cochere** of the **500-bed hotel** that **JOA** were actually commissioned to invent.



What is quadration?
it's an ecrasement - an obliteration that is also an opening to a germination - an inner-news

that then needs a walking-off and an entrance door through the wall that telegraphs the whole process of -the arrival of the force:



the chimney?

the quadration of the mountain
the creation of the space of being
the immuration of the space

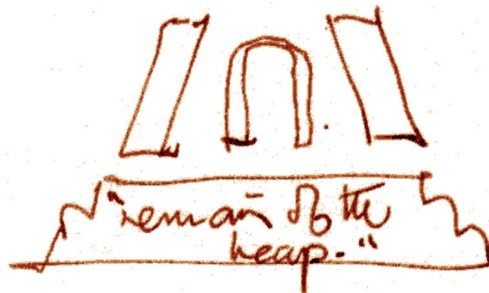


-the roof?

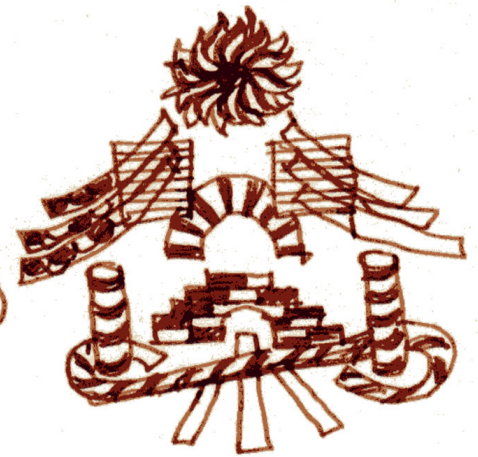
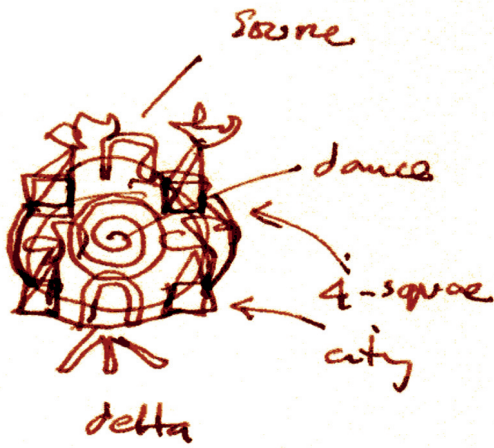


A page, raising as many questions as its answered, which began the exploration of the iconography of the functions/ball-room with its porte-cochere.

I began, as I always do, with an iconography.



In frame one, the trabeated pyra, craft of the adventus, beams a 'colonna lucis' with the Mountain. The mountain is sedimented. It harbours the black sun, the unborn germ of time and space, in its shadowed cavity. In frame two the detritus drops away, forming a plinth, revealing the naked cavity bracketed by the corners of the Mountain. Frame three reveals the lifespace of the New Foundation. The Raft of the Advent is held over the Room of the New by some columns drafted from the Hypostylar Infinity. The harbouring cavity has become the door into the room of the New State of Being. The fractured mountain testifies to this History of Foundation.

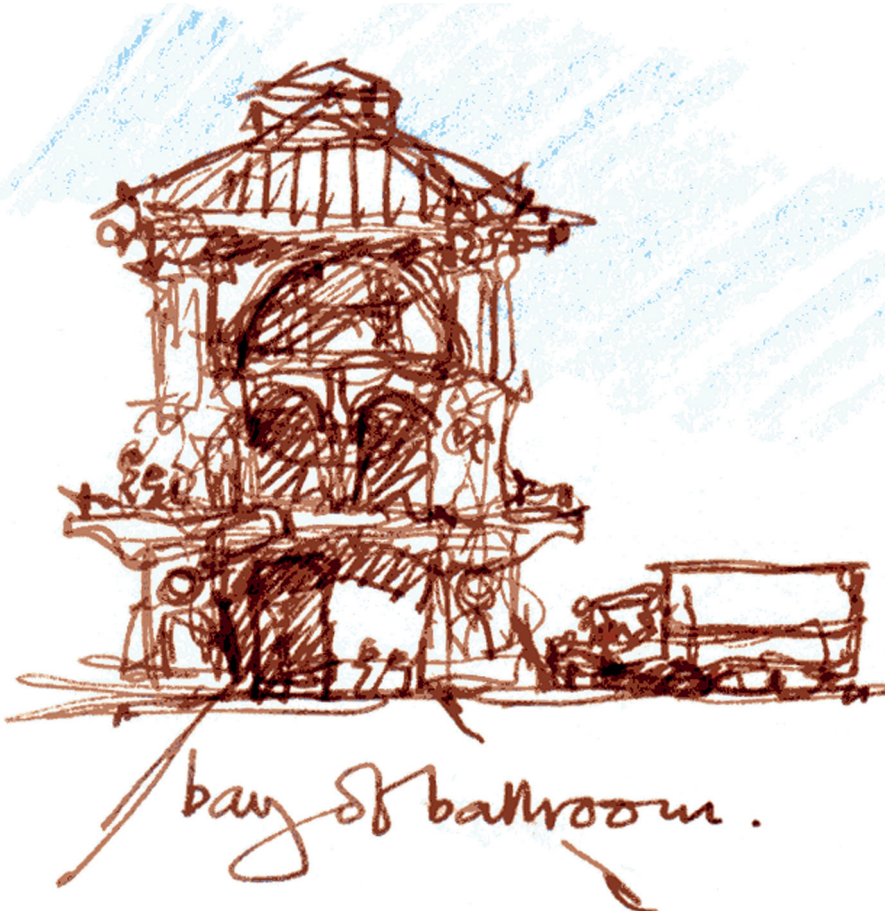


The plan of the porte cochere must compress into its iconics a foretaste of the extended narratives of the Foundation, the Valley and the Phylogenies. Here I sketched, as a preliminary, the four corners of the blasted mountain, around the arch of the doorway, with its deltaic tripartition. This was a figure that could face either into or out of the Interior. The spiral of the Dionysical Dance seemed appropriate to the turning circles of machines!

The fiery eye of the Pyra hovers on the wings of its 'aetos'. These imitate the outer form of the ashy cone of Hestia while its inner sedimentations, of the History of the Mother of Civility, is rendered by the two blocks of the sundered Mountain seen on plan. The Serpent of Infinite resistance is elided with the arch of the cavity/door to flow out under the Balcony of Appearances as the tridentine partition. It enters the Ocean of Infinity to be elided with the hypostylar Field of Reeds as the Two Towers.

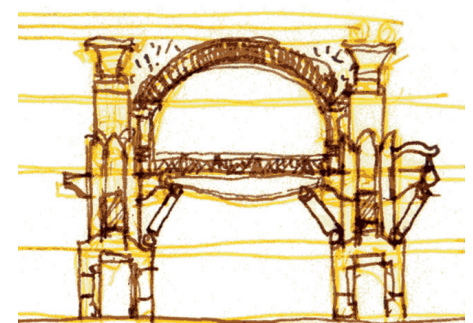
I needed to translate, or rather 'elevate', the spatial theatre of Architecture into a facade. But I continued to carry, in my memory, the fact that this 'theatre' was going to also occur in the undercroft space of the porte-cochere under the Ballroom. My first sketch was looking down from above, in plan, so that I could imagine the pattern of the paving over which the automobiles would turn and stop.

This soon 'rotated' upwards into an array of icons held one over the other, as on a wall.

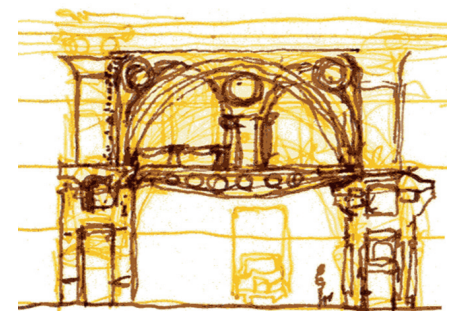


My first sketch of an elevation for the Ballroom with porte-cochere below. It bridged the main circulation around the 'Palace/Hotel' island-block. So it had to be high enough to accommodate heavy goods vehicles.

Making the supporting columns 6th Order made the facade tripartite. But organising the infill to the ballroom arch resulted in columns landing in mid-span of the ballroom floor. This had to be avoided.



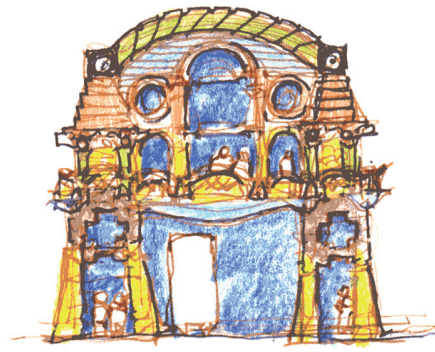
6th Order columns carry the ballroom



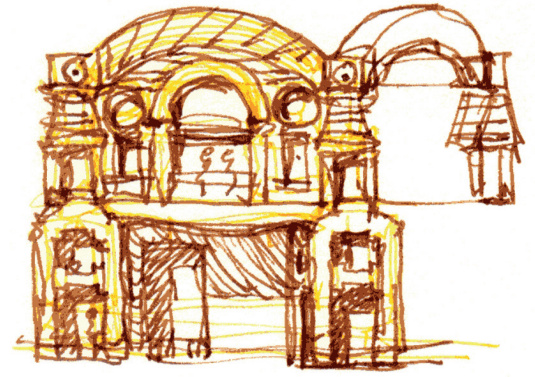
Twin windows to the Ballroom arch placed a point load onto the beam..



The solution was to spread the mullions by tripartiting the Ballroom wall.



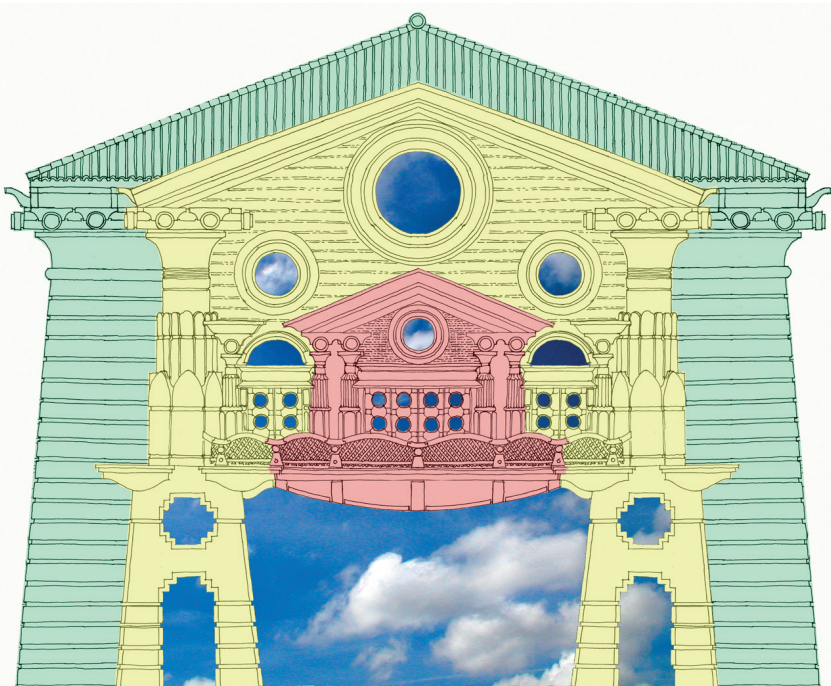
This became a 'Serlian Window'. I then finished this with the 'serpentine voussour' fascia first built on the House at Wadhurst..



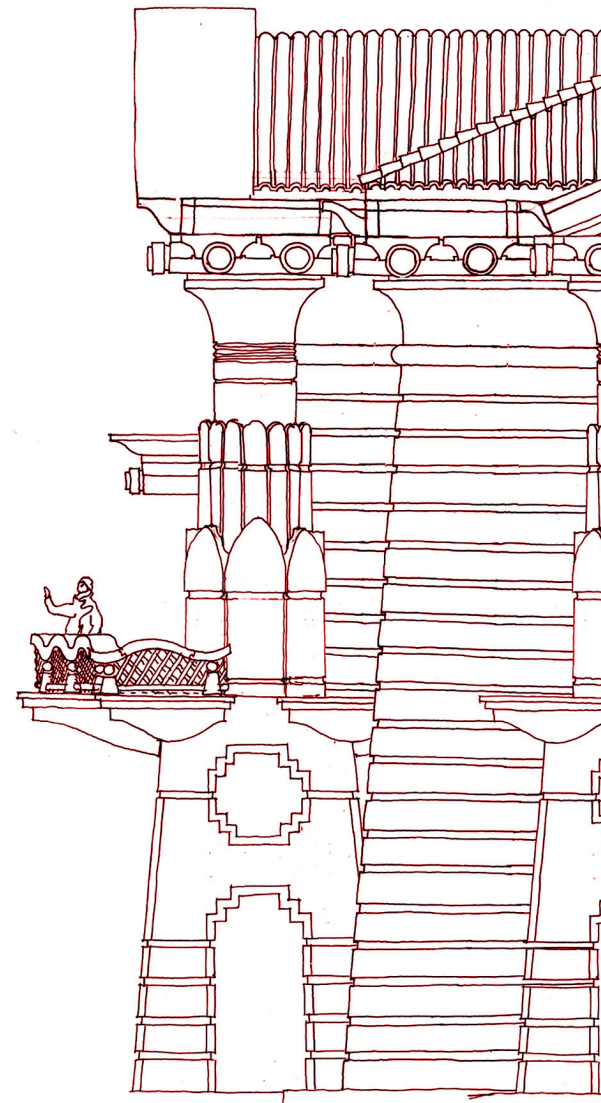
Dividing the window in this way allowed me to splay the next bay at 45° in order to turn the corner in a way suited to the octagonal footprint of the Battersea Plan.

The arriving autos would traverse a colourful floor inlaid with one of my 'over-printed' arrays of icons. Each 'printing' would bear one of the event-horizons' of a temporal narrative. The ceiling, that was the floor of the Ballroom above, would also bear such an inscription. The two would be 'kept apart' by the bases of huge 'Bearers of Genetic Time' that were also the mountainous corners of the 'germinated' Heap of History.

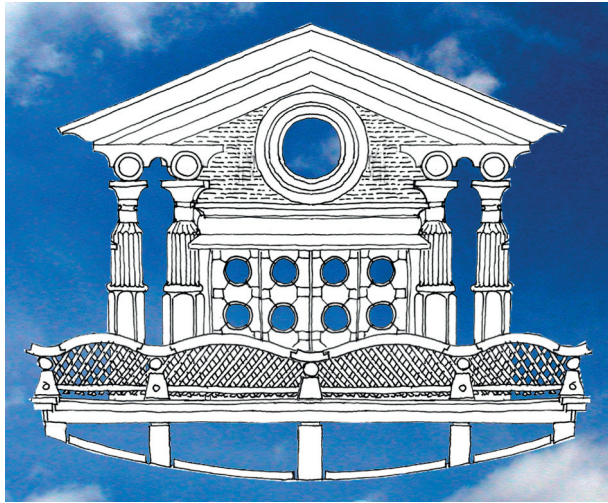
But chamfering an arched fascia was producing a roof that was both domed and creased like a melon. So I regressed to the original pyramid, but indented the corners by making a facade that was 'layered'. The main block of the Ballroom had solid, unwindowed, corners that could be chamfered, curved or indented. Then the facade projected forward as a temple-front 'in antis' between two 'giant' sixth-order columns. Finally a balcony telescoped even further out of this solid and muscular body.



The little 'sailing-boat balcony' becomes the model of the larger architectural narrative into which it appears to be both set, supported-by, pre-figured and even birthed-by. Iconic narratives can usually be 'read' in at least two directions. The effect of the small balcony-craft is to promote the space below it, which is the automobile and coach arrival and departure, into a 'camera lucida'. This allows the porte-cochere to be inscribed with that full set of 'architectural narratives' which are needed to adumbrate the supra-optical scale of a building such as the Palace of Fun itself - a scale that can only be understood sequentially.



The 'yoked' base of the Sixth Order, allows pedestrian complete Micro-cosm of the Palace of Fun. Its giant

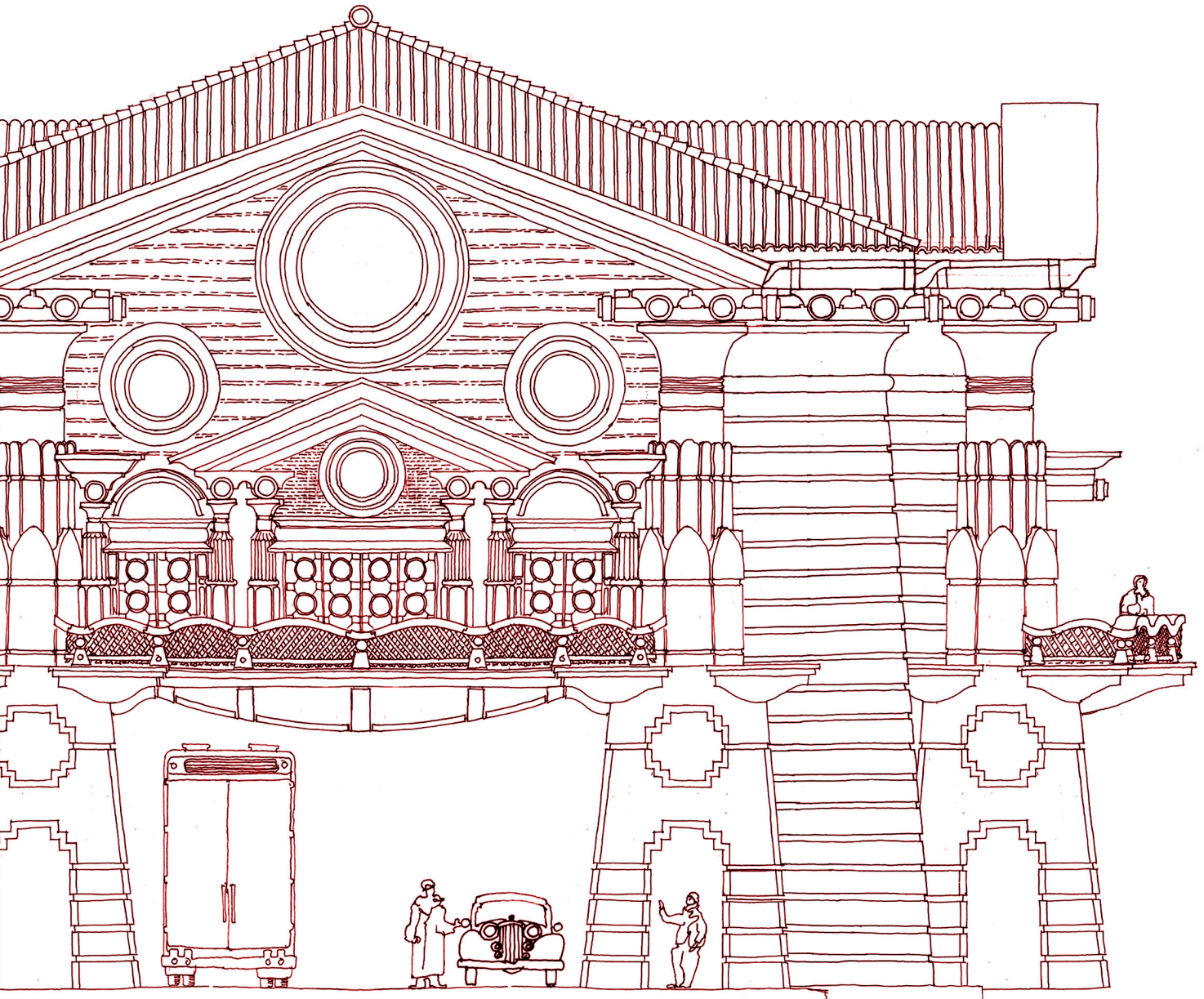


The craft of the Advent is incised architecturally as a central balcony with a single oculus figuring the fire of the Advent inside the Cone of ashes that is the Pyra brought from afar. The icon of the craft, vessel, boat, or raft is given by developing the bellying-down beam over the roadway as a 'bowstring truss'.

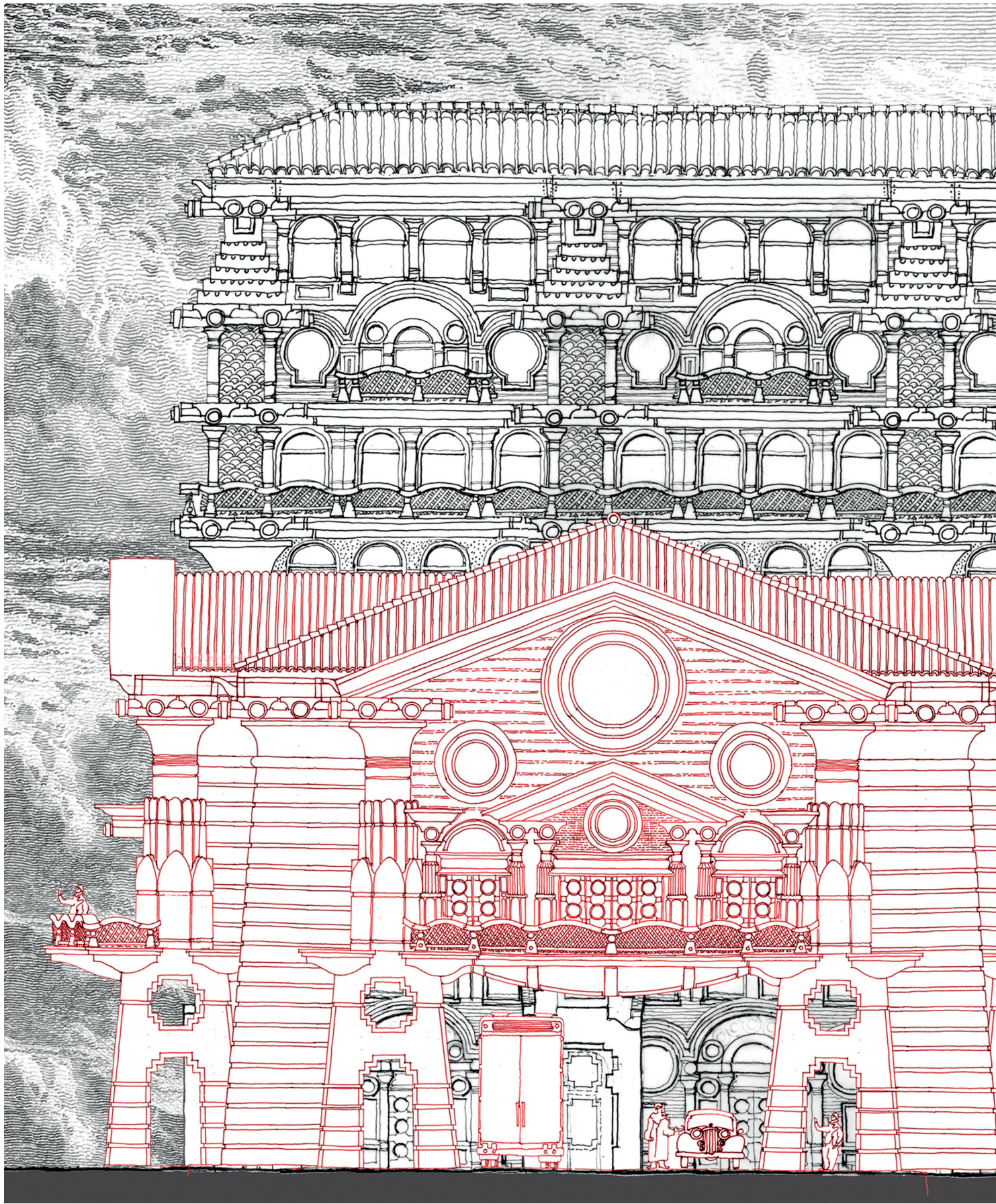
But this balcony was more than the outjutting floor of the Ballroom. It was also the ceiling of the Porte Cochere, This 'Theatre of Architecture' prepared the Visitor for the iconographies of the Palace of Fun. It is for this reason that the balcony is made into a boat, along with the downward-curving statics of a beam known, technically, as a 'bowstring truss'. The boat is made to carry a small temple of its own, whose pediment is a 'pyra' harbouring the solar 'eye of reason' upheld by telescoping ontogenetic columns of its own - all rising and/or floating on the waves of the balcony handrail.

The Ark of Reason (tinted rose) appeared as the 'entabled raft', generatrix of the 'camera lucida' of the brilliantly scripted porte cochere (shown as a sky), and as the proskineisis of the theatre of the Ballroom (tinted yellow), which was a camera lucida of its own, protuded from the as-yet-unmoved, pyramidal mass of the body of the Ballroom,/Porte itself (tinted green).

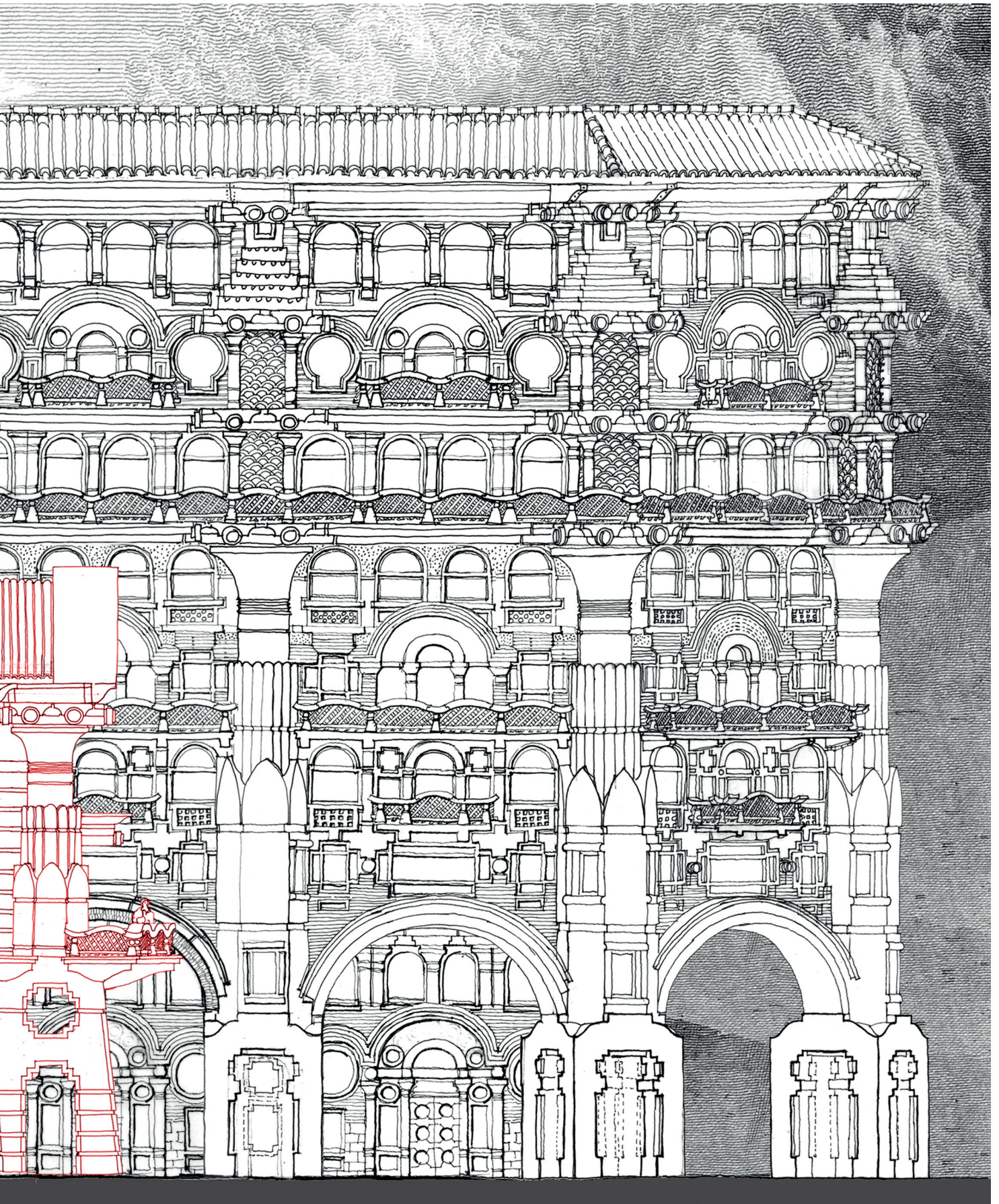
The 'yoked' base of the Sixth Order allows Walkers to enter the Porte Cochere while protected, in its close space, by piers of massive (Blitzcrete) masonry.



rians to enter the Porte Cochere while protected, in its close spaces, by piers of Blitzcrete masonry. Architecturally, it was a at hypostylar columns, carrying the pyra-entabled raft of cinemas, also had passages through their bases.



I placed my design for the Ballroom/Porte-Cochere in front of the wall of Hotel Rooms. The levels of difference and continuity pleased me. They faced over the clattering railway lines leading into the Victoria Main-line Terminus. This pleased me even more as the passengers would see these polychromatic facades quite close up and be able to wonder what they betokened. My desire was that they advertised an interior which would manifest a culture that was able to look inwards at what it had made and find it so pleasing that it felt no desire to leave it and seek 'somewhere else'. What can it sign' if the best floor, under the soaring, daylight, roof, of Norman Foster's new Beijing airport is the Arrivals, whereas in London's new Terminal Five the space, beauty, and daylight are for Departures?



The Battersea Project was the largest in London, at the time, with the exception of the Millenium Dome. JOA were prepared to risk our reputation (especially with our U.S. Clients), by working with Vegas. But we could not work 'under' Vegas. It was proposed that JOA's designs were sent over to Vegas, to be 'souped-up' by the felt-tipped pen people. One drawing came back with a neutron-bomb pink afterglow. London herself was more than capable of inventing a Palace of Fun. America was happy to learn from 'abroad' when they felt superior to the 'Old World'. Now that they are no longer so sure, they trash everything in the History of Architecture and call it Post-Modern Contra-Formal Deconstruction. I refused to allow our ideas to be bowdlerised by people for whom I had no intellectual respect. JOA resigned from half-a-billion pounds sterling of project value - not a thing one does every day.

AFTERWORD for the THIRTY-NINTH LECTURE: THE 'TALL ORDER'.

None of the larger urbanistic strategies, described in the two preceding Lectures on the Battersea project, could have been brought to a successful conclusion without the inventions that JOA had slowly been accumulating under the rubric of our Sixth Order.

A huge, symmetrical composition, of sort that would be Battersea seen from Pimlico, would be brutal if in the 20C 'Plattenbau' slab-style. But, when elevated by the Sixth Order in its multi-storey version, immediately qualified for that much misunderstood 'splendor' required to unite 'pulchritudo' and 'veritatis'.

The first part of this Lecture explores what was needed to stretch the Sixth Order 'telescopically' so that it could 'swallow' the side of a building of regular and repetitive rooms, like an hotel, that was the same height, 30 Metres, as the London which had been so beautiful before the 1950's when its 70-year-old height restrictions were so foolishly abolished. The Lecture then goes on to analyse how polychromy and surface-scripting can add to the tools that the 'Order' adds to the Urbanist's ability to make an urbane home for the Citizen.

The Lecture then analyses the interior of the Funstation and shows how the Walk-in(g) version of the Order accommodates corridors, escalators and vehicle ramps inside the ample quadrapedics of its 'yoked' Chamber of Gestation. It is proposed that quatrefoil versions of the columnar shaft could rotate open to reveal installations that would lead the crowds on an hourly circumnavigation of the whole vast interior - a technique learned from Las Vegas.

Finally, while awaiting a decision on the design of the Interior, the Lecture illustrates the ability of the Sixth Order to script a 'mountainous base' to the whole Funstation. The ability is illustrated by the design of the entrance of the 500-room Hotel, with its main function rooms above. None of the Canonic Five Orders could represent the essential icon of the Heap of History without congesting the ground, or street level, with layers of the rusticated masonry and deeply arched doors typical of Classical Architecture. The Sixth Order Column, by assimilating the whole Ontogenetic phenomenology into it-self, is able to script the Submarine Mountain/Heap of History into the street level while, at the same time, allowing most of the material walling (that was always considered necessary to the iconic functioning of the 'Antique' Orders), to be swept away by the paths of the huge vehicles that besiege our contemporary lifespace. The Abbé Laugier would have approved!

For all of these reasons we propose that the JOA design for the £M500 Battersea Funstation, huge, symmetrical and monumental though it was, could have been successfully brought to an humane 'Urbanity' by our telescopically 'Tall Order'.