

Since writing this September 2015 essay on “Listing Postmodern Buildings” for the interest of Historic England (as English Heritage is now titled), a friend mailed me to say that Rowan Moore had penned a critique in the Observer of Sunday 20th December 2015 on this very subject. In it Mr. Moore was kind enough to advise that “all of John Outram’s surviving buildings should be listed”. It is true that there are not very many of this species. So it is perhaps as well that, late in the career of JOA, they fell under such an anathema that they largely ceased to be born.

< <http://www.theguardian.com/artanddesign/2015/dec/20/postmodernism-historic-england-listing-no1-poultry-mi6-building>. >

**LISTING POST-MODERN BUILDINGS, or FINDING AND PRESERVING BUILDINGS OF “CULTURAL SIGNIFICANCE”\* IN THE “AGE OF TRASH”\*\*.**

*“Architecture is no longer a literary medium, Architects lost their charisma when they stopped using the Orders and my son is likely to be chosen for the Olympic swimming Team”. John S. Walkden, Headmaster to the Central London Polytechnic (Regent street, W1) Department of Architecture, when introducing the September 1955 cohort, to the mysteries of their Profession-to-be.*

We the neophytes of 1955 had no idea, no idea at all, what Mr. Walkden was talking about. No one had mislaid their charisma or even knew what an ‘Order’ was. As for literacy; it was true that the Polytechnic was unusual in offering no Reading List to the new entrant. I understand Walkden now, six decades later, as a disaffected Classicist (the naked body of the athlete) who retired upwards into administration. He gave neither Lectures nor Seminars. One never saw him again unless fallen into some sort of academic misfortune. One remains astonished however, at both his prescience and his inability to do anything but “go with the flow”.

\* A term from Mark Jarzombek.

\*\* A term from Rem Koolhaas.

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After Jeremy Musson sent out pictures from the August 12th 2015 Country Life magazine of “the admirable Agnes Stamp donning armour and learning the Art of Jousting”, I began to wonder if England has a ‘culture’ that is much more than the re-enactment, as a periodic charade, of her glorious history. I wondered if Agnes, who looks fantastic in polished steel with her golden tresses floating over a tapestry of heraldic

banners, was the daughter of Gavin, with whom I once stayed when he illuminated Glasgow.

Which brings me to the impending project of 'Historic England' as 'English Heritage' is now signed, to catalogue and 'list' post-modern buildings. No one much uses the term Architecture in these post-Blairite days. They seem to believe that "Of that concerning which nothing can be said it is best to say nothing". Sad rubbish - but what can one expect from a professional philosopher who was a total failure as an Architect? If one cannot characterise "Nothing" one can not, indeed, characterise Anything!

I am soon to meet Geraint Franklin of H.E. The occasion is his impending history of the late firm of H.K.P.Associates. I knew Bill Howell. He was kind and generous to me as a penniless student at the Regent St. Polytechnic of the late 1950's. He obtained for me, I believe, the £50/p.a. Crittall Window scholarship with which I transferred for my last two (which became three) years to the AA. Howell was due to succeed Leslie Martin as the Professor of the Cambridge School when he died in a road accident. Franklin has put one of Howell's last essays, before he died in 1974, on the web:-

< <https://howellkillickpartridgeamis.wordpress.com/tag/geraint-franklin/> > .

One can tell that Howell was a man whose assumed intellectual modesty was employed to dissimulate an attraction to the forbidden fruits of 'Architecture'. These 'treats' are permitted to the Savants, whom Howell places far above the lowly (Welfare State) Practitioner. The Savant is allowed this licence because he moves in a world of mere words and pictures. The Practitioner, in the vignette Howell so clearly delineates, can only enter the territory of Architecture if he can establish that the *Styli*, and even the *Epistyli*, of the 'tabooed' Architectural '*Ordine*' can be legitimised by being properly 'functional'. that is to say the actual, as Howell calls it "vertebrate" (load-bearing), structure of the building.

It reveals an heroically Samuel Smiles ingenuity devoted to a hopelessly desperate ambition. And, even after the achievement of some of their best and cleverest buildings, like the University Commons in Cambridge, there is not even the slightest whiff of 'functionality' that can be found to be directed towards the main intellectual purpose of the *Ordine* - namely the Picture Planes it supports, steadies and projects! But then, in the Post WWII, Welfare State building ethos, if the *Ordine* was so taboo it could only be approached through a charade of "dressing-up in load-bearing reinforced concrete" it is easy to imagine the utter infamy that would be earned by any Architect proposing the large scale iconic inscription of every symboliferating painted-picture-plane thus 'framed-out'!

Was it not this which was in the mind of Bob Maxwell when he proposed, in his 1996 review of my (JOA's), Cambridge University School of Management, that "Outram has broken the taboos of Modernism"?

I am reminded of the excellent Structural Concrete Engineers who formed the Jury that kindly awarded one of their prizes to the 1985 Hans and Marit Rausing Villa at Wadhurst Park. I met them as they arrived and showed them through the double front doors, both painted a deep indigo gloss - the colour of shadow. They looked in at the richly-inscribed interior, every part of which told a story whose meaning existed at many levels. "OOOh - Roman Orgy! one exclaimed!

The effect of the Tudor whitewashing of the churches and the iconic brainwashing necessary to detach a British State freed from Continental attachments has left a seemingly indelible mark. Will any sort of iconic sophistication ever be recovered by the natives of these islands? I doubt it. For if Winston's Churchill's epithet: "that first we make our buildings and then they make us" is true, the last half century of deliberately subliterate construction has done-in the Brits for good, and most of the rest of 'Anglosphere' as well. I except London where I happily live. London was too big to be "villaged" by the squalid *Mauvais Foi* of the Revolution to Welfare. This I understood, during my six years working for City Hall, both as to London's 19C vastness as well as the suicidal compulsion to *L'Architecture Autre* of the 1200-strong GLC Architect's Department.

My recent and impending conversation with Geraint led me to understand that the holy grail for contemporary Art-Historical research in the field of Architecture is, and no doubt has been now for several decades, the discovery of 'what went wrong'. There appears to be a nostalgia, amongst those not yet born at the time, for the Post WWII 'revolution' of the Welfare State. Further-on than this the same search will be directed, but probably with even more angst, towards the 'failure of Post-Modernism'. I mention 'angst' because those not intimate with recent Architectural History will not know the high tone taken by those, who were once renowned for PoMo work, came later to deny any knowledge of, or even slight contact with, its awful perversions. Judas Iscariot could learn nothing from their guilty dissimulating. Within Architectural Theory, and certainly its pedagogy, a high moral tone has become a professional necessity, if not in some notable cases, a Profession in itself.

I have personal knowledge of the refusal of the Venturis to design the major, central, building on the civil and not to say erudite, campus of Rice University. These famous Architects accepted an Appointment to

this project and then tried, for some years, to persuade the Building and Grounds Committee to accept a building of steel and glass when all others on this amiable field are of New Orleans brick with, almost always, a pink ceramic, terra-cotta tiled, roof. Finally, after spending a week-end with the whole commissioning team, in Kentucky, at the Pin Oak Stud of Josephine Abercrombie, once billed by the Sunday Times as “the most dangerous woman in the world”, the Venturis let the University down by precipitately resigning. Such was their identification with Postmodernism that, in the ferociously Minimalist, Neo-Modern, ethos of the Noughties, they must appear cleaner than the cleanest from the pollutions of PoMo.

One does not have to be a Freudian professional to suspect that such unreasonable behaviour, driven by a patently vicious ethological taboo, can only be repressing fears of some power and violence.

My proposal is that this fear is precisely the one which Bill Howell holds at bay by insisting that what are the basic component of an *Ordine*, its ‘columns’ and ‘beams’, are justified, to the Positivist, Materialist and iconically impotent 20C, by being passed-off as “vertebrate (ie. ‘necessary by being load-bearing’), structure”.

Mark Jarzombek, Acting Dean of MIT’s School of architecture and Planning, in the Spring to Summer issue of LOG 31, gives an exposé of these fears on 15-16 of “Shanghai Expo and the Rise of Pop-Arch”.

When I first travelled to Boston in 1953. I found a sooty 19C city like London being blasted apart by Robert Moses’ Fitzgerald Expressway. I stayed with Thomas Gardiner, a cousin. I put family before education. For I forewent New York, which I now wish very much I had seen before its Moderne splendour was compromised by my iconically-challenged professional colleagues. This time, in 1997, it was to re-visit the city and visit Harvard where I would meet Jarzombek. Then I went to Yale to stay with Professor and Mrs George Hershey - the late Dean of Art History.

Jarzombek and I had already corresponded over my admiration for his 1989 book on L.B. Alberti, the first, to my small knowledge, treatment, to reveal Alberti’s opinion of Literature as the primary medium of a civil society, followed by Painting and after that Architecture. Yet, such is the brilliance of Jarzombek’s treatment that more is contributed to Architectural Theory than anything I read in either Rykwert or Tavernor.

Jarzombek’s indefatigable energy has resulted in a stream of books, amongst which is a gigantic survey of global Architecture from the year dot. This he has ‘taught’, via the internet, to a pupillage of some 10,000. He remains one of the Savants whom, at 81 years old, I read with interest.

So it was that I found him writing, in his 2014 essay for LOG 31...*“I am not interested in returning to the error made in the 1970s, when theorists wanted semiotics to uncover the secret “code” of Architecture. I am not interested in semiotics as a tool of sociological analysis and formal control. I am concerned with an Architect’s right to use and abuse cultural signifiers. I am talking about cultural signifiers as bullet holes in the hermetically sealed institutionalities of architectural abstraction”.*

I must begin here at his end. The heavy frames of the Architectural *Ordine*, which I ‘lower’ from the Entablature in Lectures 16: “Raft of Advent”, and 17: “Jaws of Death”, are designed to oppress the ‘citizen’ as if under an hermetic seal. Jarzombek’s “bullet holes” are a psychologically exact metaphor for the action of the “picture plane” that is “framed” by the *Ordine*. The effect is to so ‘pressure’ the Citizen that he or she desires to escape and travel outwards through the bullet-hole/picture-planes in order to survey cognitive horizons that can never be seen by the naked eye through a picture-window aka. the wretched Corbusian *pan de verre*.

One advantage of descending the Architectural ‘Emplotment’ from the sky/ceiling is that the *raumplan* inconveniences with columns over which Howell laboured so heroically become superfluous. All the capabilities of an *Ordine* become empowered without disturbing doors, windows, cupboards and the other practicalities of walls. The “Sixth Order” (or *Ordine*), as named by Bob Maxwell, in any case encourages the ‘enfleshment’ of the column in its primordial state, as the *Columna Lucis* - a reification whose physical convenience equals its cognitive enlightenment (See Lecture 02 pp. 15-18 and Lecture 36, p. 17). The ceiling is the great unexploited resource of acoustic-tile *L’Architecture Autre*. Why should not the ceiling be its both its nemesis and our deliverance from it - both the Lacanian symptom and its cure?

Jarzombek’s “bullet holes” very adequately characterise the violent frustration he feels at not being able to deploy the “signifiers” of a culture,. Jarzombek reports that that Alberti knew, in his time of the 15C, such ‘signifiers’ could more easily be inscribed by Painters inspired by a Literate ‘briefing’. So why not now? Are we so entirely devoid of iconic culture in our mediated age? The only iconic subliterates alive today are the Literati. The bullets blow a hole in the prison of supinely uninventive passivity advised by Clement Greenberg and such other literati as the fantastically dull (as an Architect) Ludwig Wittgenstein.

The beginning of Jarzombek’s paragraph projects a less hopeful idea. He reads a requiem upon semiotics. My comment is that the seventies were already too late. The project to decipher the ‘universal grammar’ began

with Corbusier, Louis Kahn, Saussure, Chomsky et. al. back in the 1950's. As I show in Lecture Four: "The Great Escape", I had already, by 1960, arrived at the congruence between most Global Architectures, Semper and Corbusier which I denoted "the Four Figures". By separating a semiotic which was 'intrinsic' to the phenomenon Architecture from the lexical formalisations which were extrinsic to the Medium's generic phenomenology I was able to distinguish that which was, as Jarzombek properly describes, "a cultural signifier".

It also enabled me to establish that these "culturally significant" formalisations were reified in such a way as to constitute an enormous waste of money and, rather more importantly, destructive of 'Urbanity' - the ability of buildings to add-up to a whole greater than some laboriously exaggerated parts. A culture with a functioning iconic lexicon can inscribe all of its "cultural significances" (especially after the marvellous iconic inventions of the early 20C), into an Architecture which uses an *Ordine*.

The 1994-5 70'0"x50'0" 'painted' (I call it "iconically engineered"), vault of the Shaper ceiling over the Martell Hall in Rice University's Faculty of Computational Engineering qualifies as a "Cultural Signifier". Yet it is, physically, a mere ceiling. The comprehensive "breaking of 'Modernist' taboos" achieved in Duncan Hall so offended the Architecture Faculty that they instructed their Freshmen not to enter it for fear of being corrupted by its licentious and abandoned Collonades, Entablatures and Polychromy - all on-time and on-budget. My crimes encouraged the Dean, Lars Lerup to prohibit the customary Valedictory Address by an Architect completing a building on their Campus. So the President, Malcolm Gillis, set me up to address the whole University and City of Houston - who, being more appreciative of Architectural invention and erudition than my own wretched Faculty, were more entertained by the results of JOA's 'crimes against Modernism'.

The "cultural signifiers" loaded into a British High Tech building like Lloyds have attained the ludicrous physical status of being facades of pre-fabricated toilet pods and hang-it-outside elevator cabs costing £250,000 (in 1986), each because they needed their own individual de-icing and air conditioning plant. Even more contra-functional were the £M10 of damages levied on the insurers of the design team for the corrosion caused by condensate forming inside the shiny 'High Tech' cladding.

Following all this fun and games was the ludicrous decision of Lloyds to sell their building because it could not be altered! Yet the prime argument of Rogers' inside-out: 'let it all hang out style' of design was that the services could be changed and renewed by the large cranes that the Client

paid to be installed from day one! Lloyds qualifies whole-heartedly for what Bob Maxwell ascribed even to James Stirling's brilliant Braun A.G. Factory at Melsungen where "the whole building becomes a symbol". Such a hugely cumbersome lifespace culture can really only exist in the very dispersed suburbs - or 'city-region' as they were optimistically proposed by the early-20C Avant Garde.

Which came first? The building as a road-sign or the building-in-a-car park? Certainly they go together. Certainly they sign, together, the death of the 'Body Politic'. But what do the Anglosphere know of that entity?

The key to this deliberate political malfunctioning is found, once more, in the taboo laid upon the *Ordine*. Without the Ordine's provision of Jarzombek's 'bullet holes' punched through the 'pure planes' of institutionalised abstraction there would be no framed-out and 'steadied' 'picture planes' onto which to inscribe the 'signs' peculiar to the Culture that is being reified in the manner advised by Heidegger when he said "The purpose of human life is to Think the Truth of Being".

In fact I had already cracked the "secret code of Architecture", both generically as well as locally and even personally - in terms of the particular Architect, by 1960. I did not 'publish' these ideas. I merely built them and drew them in the way that is normal to the Practitioner. These manifestations were published: every one of them. They had, so far as I know, no effect on Architectural Theory at all. It took me another fifty years to 'Theorise' what I had discovered and sew it all together into my 44 Lectures. I bitterly regret the fact that it was I who had to do this.

But so determined is my Profession to launch *L'Architecture Autre*, and so incompetent has it been in deciphering the semiotic code of its Medium, and so saturated is it with the *Mauvais Foi* of welfare state politics that it has fallen to me, a 'mere' Practitioner, to translate ideas and techniques that are perfectly comprehensible and practical to the Practitioner into the medium of Theory so as to, one hopes finally, disabuse the Savants of their cognitively barren project and also to persuade them of their profound, and very ancient, iconic incompetence.

For what has been, from anthropomorphic Egypt onwards, the marvellous iconography of the West forwarded by the *De Pictura* of Alberti but some freeze frames from the Cine-Citta that eventually took over the job? One would imagine that the fin-de(19C)-collapse of these millennial techniques and the advent, 100 years ago, in Paris, of an entirely novel graphic culture inspired by the newly GLOBAL advent of iconographical knowledge, would have had some benign effect upon our life-space culture. Not a bit of it. The 'Heroic' Moderns of the 1930's turned against

the embryonic Moderne to espouse 'Engineering'. This was at the very moment that the *Physis* was leaving Physics and "all that was solid was turning into air" - to quote Baudrillard.

While all the other arts drew inspiration from the West's 'discovery' of Japan, Meso-America, Africa and all the many other forms of Art, both graphical, dramatic and musical, only Architecture, despite the proposals of Aby Warburg in 1912, held back. Not that the Exposition des Arts Decoratifs did not essay those novelties which constituted the Moderne, or Art Deco as its denigrators, such as Corbusier termed it. But the Moderne seemed merely a practice, unaware of the intellectual problems posed by the advent of science to religion, mechanisation to the social order, and all of the other huge changes and pressures of the day. The second world war saw the end of the Moderne (aka Deco), and the advent of what came to be termed Modernism in Architecture. It was such a complete collapse of its semantic (or decorative), functions that even its syntax was abandoned and the entire rhetoric of the Orders with it. All that remained was an mindlessly haptic syntactic empathetic reduced to a Montessori-esque infantility of smooth and rough, light and shade, space and solid. This was the thin gruel that Headmaster Walkden was obliged to serve in his 1955 Polytechnic. We were told that it was the "Bauhaus Method".

No one has yet had the courage, or the skill, to determine whether this collapse of the West's lifespace semantic was due to its admittedly feeble grasp of its own iconographical foundations or the rather more unscrupulous idea that a human lifespace *without any indigenous or native ideas* inscribed into it would better suit the new 20C culture that had developed universal literacy, mass printing, radio, film and telegraphy? The new tools for the government of a state's subjects kept on multiplying with the addition, after WWII, of television and automobiles. Finally, towards the third quarter of the 20C, the advent of the digital age added even more channels to a state's tools of government and information. What possible need could there be for a permanently and locally informative physical lifespace when a culture had obtained such flexible and universalising, as well as centrally-governable media as these?

So what then, was the significance of the irruption of so-called Post-Modernism from the 1970's until its virtual end in the 1990's with the advent of 'Deconstructed' Architecture? What was the purpose of its 'revival' of the sorts of ornament and colour typical of the many Ancient sorts of architecture, both Western, Eastern and everywhere in between?

In 1998 the completion of JOA's project for Rice University In Houston Texas. It proved that 45 years of work, contrary to expectations, had 'Modernised' Architecture itself. My personal reward, which I should have

expected, but did not, was to be banned from the customary valedictory lecture at the Faculty of Architecture. Duncan Hall itself was placed under an Architectural Faculty anathema. Its Architectural novices, Freshmen and Sophomores were advised not to enter its corrupting interior. I began to accept as valid the opinion (that seemed at the time entirely hyperbolic), of Cornell's Dean Emeritus Bob Maxwell when he described, in 1986, *"the invention of a 'Sixth Order', the Robotic"*, for JOA's Judge Institute Cambridge University Business School, as... *"having broken the taboos of Modernism"*.

Malcolm Gillis, the President of the whole university, hearing of JOA's excommunication, organised a lecture to which he invited the whole town and gown of Houston. The audience received Duncan Hall and my improvised theories with polite approval and pleasure. They were, after all, nothing they had seen before but, at the same time, more or less what they expected 'Architecture' to be. This approval, set against the furious rebuff from my Faculty, revealed to me that it was not enough to win, during forty years of struggle, all of the myriad technical, formal, financial and legal battles needed to build a design like Duncan Hall.

These mundane achievements of a mere 'Practitioner' were not enough for Academia, self-appointed guardians of the sacred flame of Modernity. I must re-present my victory in their own medium, that of Theory. I had foolishly trusted that some verbally-gifted academic might do this for me. One might as well expect a Hierophant to pen the rebuttal of his Credo. Yet only if presented in this way would these 'Theoreticians' of my Medium grasp the magnitude of the illiteracy and unimaginativeness that underlay their ghastly advocacy of a *wholly subliterate human lifespaces*.

Indeed one may ask why should Theory not be written by a Practitioner? At least we can actually 'produce' Architecture at all of its three levels of Decoration, Building and Urbanity and do this even in this 20C desert of *L'Architecture Autre*. All that the 'Practitioner' had to do was to overcome yet another Modernist taboo - that against (as personally advised by no less than Big Jim Stirling himself), the Practitioner actually writing anything at all. This I did, in my 44 Lectures by not 'Writing' at all, but "Scripting", and establishing the instruments of iconocrypts, iconolects and pragmalects, all created by the use of the Tricorso, as described in my eponymous Lecture Six.

And so it was that in 1998, I began, after the 45 years of practical work leading to JOA's successful proof of a Modernised Architecture, a further 17-year struggle to script the three volumes, 1000 pages and 3000 graphics of my "44 Lectures", aka. "the War of the Arts of Peace". In June of 2012, just after I had concluded this 'scripting' my heart developed its current,

as yet relatively minor, problems. Three more years of typographical work and technical adjustments to the graphics were needed, until April 2015, for the final hardcover proofs to arrive in London.

But what then? My ideas now existed in the textual and graphical forms that were more readily assimilated by Academia. But it became clear that the Guardians of our degraded Architectural culture had no more ambition to escape their morbid state than when my ideas existed in their most proper form, as completed buildings. It dawned upon me, with an increasing sense of doom, that a 'campaign' of some sort was necessary to bring the 44 Lectures to their narcissistic notice.

I recoiled from this idea in disgust. It was bad enough that the Architectural scribes proved both unable and unwilling to do their proper work of creating a plausible theory of a Modernised Architecture. It was my loss to have had to descend from the practice of my Medium to the comparative ontic triviality of words and images. I categorically refused to descend to the level of wooing these Professorial heirs to a century of theoretical impotence with appeals to attend to my scripts. They and their pusillanilous post-WW II culture could go unceremoniously to Hell.

It was then that my wife and I travelled, as was our regular practice, to spend some time in Cyprus to swim in its marvellous sea and keep-up with our joint relations. We landed in a terrible smog. It was a cloud of dust that stretched across Syria almost until Kuwait. Breathing-in this fine yellow filth induced in me a bout of tracheitis for which a course of antibiotics had to be prescribed. I read of no plausible explanation for this 'weather'. So I imagined that it was the mere dessicated remains of what was once the Fertile Crescent, the very birthplace of civilisation, after its cindering by Anglo-America and the wars 'Iraqi Freedom' had spawned. From this, and further research, I developed the idea that the extraordinary failings of the process of pacification that succeeded the brilliant blitzkreig of 'Iraqi Freedom', were the best current illustration of the abject uselessness of early 21C architectural theory to any such process of 'reconstruction'. After all what was the point of losing the Peace after winning a War with such brilliant virtuosity? Were they not each side of the same coin of culture? Was it not possible also to 'Win the Peace'.

Was this not the original ambition of my Architectural Project, and those others who shared it before it was bowdlerised by the inane Sophistry of the Venturis and the Jencks and the others who diverted it into what came to be called Post Modernism? The project which Mark Jarzombek describes as "discovering the 'secret language of Architecture'" was precisely suited to such a project as the pacification of a conquered

culture. The power that Architecture has always had is the power to project ideas, mediated by signs and symbols, into the quotidian human lifespace. This is the power needed to mediate a culture, especially a culture intended to both appeal to the unwilling members of a conquered culture and to lead them in a direction appealing to their conquerors.

One cannot hope to achieve a lifespace that looks in such *opposing* directions as towards *both* of the warring parties without using signs and symbols that have been most ingeniously crafted to achieve such oxymoronic ends. Such iconographical skills exist in our own culture. But the architectural culture which can deploy them has been consciously tabooed since WWII and subject to intellectual misuse and decay for the half-century before that. It is, for this reason, best treated as an entirely novel practice, accompanied by an entirely novel theory.

And so it became my ambition to ignore the intellectual centres of our architectural culture, its decaying academies and shrinkingly 'unlearned' journals and focus upon the Anglo-American Departments of Defence. In these, as was clear from their own publications, there was some appetite for redemption from massive and catastrophic failure.

Here, at least, it should be possible to find an audience who were interested both in why Asia rejected the American version of the same British Imperial Ethos and why this rejection was even more peculiarly violent than that which ended our own empire. It should be possible to find persons who could understand that if they wished the ideas of the 'Anglosphere' to be assimilated (or even respected), by Asia it would be necessary to mediate them in ways that Asia valued, even if these seemed, at first, alien, if not to the wider West, then to the conquering Anglosphere.

For the solution to the catastrophe imposed by the Anglosphere upon the Middle East will only become possible when the Anglosphere itself has redeemed its own culture. The Anglosphere conquered in the global wars, both hot and cold, fought in the 20C. But one might not think so by the extraordinary poverty of the Public culture which was the consequence of this huge victory. The abject illiteracy of the victorious lifespace at the end of the 20C will appear to history as akin to an act of atonement for some crime. What other explanation suits the entire abandonment of every aspect of lifespace culture? What else explains the curious insistence that the lifespace can no longer serve the duty that it always did, to be the public theatre for the performance of rites and rituals anchoring a culture at the most fundamental levels of Time, Space and Vitality - that is of Being? Why was there this taboo on this cultic performance, this cult of culture, which was so natural and normal to

every culture in history? Why did the Anglospheric lifespace have to be reduced, by the end of the 20C, to a mere system of plumbing that carried the solitary, legless, citizen from some lonely bungalow hutlet to the dull sheds and silos that served the so-called rites of work, shop or school?

Nowhere, in any of this furious 'life', driven hard, as it was, by compulsions to earn and spend, was there ever the mere thought, let alone the actual possibility, of that epiphany of Being that is the capability of any metaphysically-equipped culture.

Can one wonder if one or other of the cultures of Asia, whatever their other virtues and defects, come to regard the shattered ontic ennui of the Anglospheric 'way of life' with an aversion that is visceral? We may be sure that their metaphysic may be founded on beliefs that have no persuasive foundation. We may be able to reduce them and their lifespace to a smoking rubble. But we must not be surprised if this still does not persuade them to abandon their peculiar habits. For it is within the Anglosphere that the deficiency lies. A culture like ours, in which all metaphysical ambition has been proscribed, prohibited and literally so 'built out of mind' as to be dead, and to be dead for thousands of kilometres around us and decades stretching into generations of past lives, is a culture of the living dead. It is the culture of what the popular media term Zombies.

It is within us that must lie the cure to this living death. Only when we have achieved a metaphysical capability, and one that is capable of a public epiphany such as can leaven the moronic positivism of our quotidian lives, will we have peace with the rest of that humanity whom we fear, and who fear us, and with whom the Anglosphere seem, now, to be at permanent war.

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So, to wrap-up this crisis within a crisis: a storm in a teacup with not enough tea in it - the "Listing of PoMo Buildings" - what can one say to those about to engage with the polluting realm of PoMo?

They could begin by engaging with Corbusier's 1954-56 houses at Jaoul. These are a 'poetic' (note the word), re-invention of the Vernacular. Corbusier would have no truck with the pathetic cult of 'correctness'. These were buildings knocked-up by Algerian labour and made of concrete, brick, tile and raw timber. No stainless steel, glass or white enamel here - as later bowdlerised by Richard Meier with his tinpot rip-offs of the 'Heroic' Corb. A glance at Corbusier's 1954 chapel at Ronchamps would do no harm here either.

Then over to the USA and the Louis Kahn of the 1950's after he had experienced the Ruins of Rome and given up his earlier 'pure-planes' Neo-Dutch trash. One must always remember that it was Rem Koolhaas, a Dutchman, who characterised 'our' (in fact his), epoch as the "Age of Trash". There was never anything Neo-Modern about Louis Kahn, the most admired architect of his time.

These were not buildings that popped-out of nothing. It was generally received, at this Post-WWII time, that Modernism, as the gung-ho cult of a deracinated 'technology' (so energetically promoted by the anti-historian Reyner Banham), was dead, killed off by the highly efficient technologies of Belsen and Hiroshima. There had to be a more solid, humane, even humanist foundation to the coercive power of the artificially-constructed human lifespace than mere technical efficiency.

The tragedy of Modernism, when one looks back on it as I do over a working life of six decades, is the extraordinary disregard of the cultural power of this 'built world'. As an ex-pilot and fan of the flying machine, I know very well the millions wasted on the huge plethora of amusing aircraft invented in the British 1950's. I suppose that as erstwhile masters of the watery oceans we islanders dreamed, quite futilely, of mastering the oceans of the air. My Lecture Three: "The End of Urbanity" records what Britain achieved at this very same time. The "Redevelopment of Central Areas", H.M.S.O. "Summer 1947", gives HMG's blueprint for the destruction of Britain's civic culture (such as it was), and a precipitate and immediate suburbanisation. There was nothing here to divide Right from Left. Both agreed on this deliberate destruction of Urbanity.

Perhaps they saw the power of a city as entirely adverse, as encouraging the 'generality' to acquire that sense of themselves as a 'body politic' which would only "lead to trouble". Certainly the Island Establishment were ignorant, and always have been, of the power of a well engineered (and I include the psyche), city to achieve a benign political effect.

In fact, if one looks at Britain with an historian's eye, what has she to teach our furiously urbanising 21C planet? Nothing! Absolutely nothing. The continuing city-planning fiasco of the Stratford site of the 2012 Olympics, described in Lecture 42: "Westfield Park", does not encourage me to reverse this opinion. The island's Architectures, gloriously plentiful as they are due to our huge wealth during the 18th and 19th centuries, were, none of them, home grown. They were all imported. Our cities are generally no more than a painful shambles. No one could accuse them of entertaining the ambition to "Think the Truth of Being".

The only time that Britain genuinely sported an Architect, James Stirling, who was generally held to be the best in the whole world, was during the late 20C, when, as I explore in Lecture Nine: “What Taboo”, it was Architecture itself that was tabooed. Post-Modernism, as christened by its indefatigable historian, theorist, promotor and would-be executor: Charlie Jencks, was never meant to be anything of the sort. It became this sorry spectacle when Modernism itself failed to reform itself after the catastrophes of WWII and just carried-on regardless until it imploded into Deconstruction. The contemporary ‘style’ of Minimalism is, to my eye, rather encouraging. I see their dull, tired, worn out, iconically exhausted boxes as merely waiting for the advent of an *Ordine* (lowered, of course, from an Entablature) - and, of course, a good ‘Cargo’ of ‘cultural signifiers’.

Post WWII Modernism was in the process of inventing its universalisation and the recovery of ALL of the powers of Architecture, including decoration and urbanity, when it was subverted and became PoMo. Volume One of my 44 Lectures is the partial story of this betrayal. Volume Two is the story of JOA’s buildings (all of which should now be ‘listed’ if Mr. Moore of the Observer be heeded). Volume Three is the story of JOA’s work at the scale of Urbanity, or the design of cities. Modernism remains. All that is lacking is an Architectural Culture aka. Theory.

**John Outram, Larnaca, Cyprus (on the “concrete balcony”),  
During the *Hamsin* (this time the dust is from the war-torn ruins of the  
‘Fertile Crescent’ or Iraq as it is known today), September 2015.**