"The way we define the poor is a reflection of the kind of society we live in."
  - Zygmunt Bauman

I want to start and end this essay with stories. The first goes like this:

I am on a visit to the McLaren headquarters designed by Norman Foster to house the production facilities, offices and associated spin-off companies of the Formula One racing group (Fig. 1.) Many people are saying that this is Foster's ideal project. A heady mix of technology transfer, undisclosed (i.e. huge) budget, speed, minimal tolerances, vorsprung durch technik, male hormones and a client (Ron Dennis) who is famously perfectionist and famously demanding. There was a danger that he and Norman (who is thought to share these qualities) might clash, but they are now firm friends (the building is a success). The two even share the same birthday. How spooky is that? They make cars here, but do not think grease monkeys and porn calendars. Think white gloves and sterile laboratories. I joke that the specification for the cleaning contract must be longer than that for the building contract, but am met with stony faces. Neither do I get many laughs when a group of silhouetted muscles in black uniforms approach us and I ask if they have come off the production line as well. I was beginning to lose patience by then, a decline hastened by a remote control soap dispenser that had gone berserk and sprayed liquid soap over my expensive new shirt. It was not just my suppressed anger at the senseless waste of the whole operation, boys with toys in a sport that effectively sanctioned global warming. It was not just that the exhibited cars had a better view than the workers. It was more that there was something deeply disturbing about the silence, the absolute control and the regime of power that the architecture asserted. "Don't the engineers mind being seen and watched?" I ask of the huge windows that put the whole process on display. "They get used to it," comes the terse reply that for once eschews the techno-corporate spin used to justify the rest of the building ('Ronspeak' as petrolheads affectionately call it).

On emerging from the building, a debate starts. I was left gasping at the vision of a dystopian future of spatial authority through suppression, as they marvelled at

the transfer of carbon fibre technology from car body to staircase detail. My reaction was visceral and when I tried to explain my views on the building, it came out as pure emotion. This was a problem. They came back with a reasoned argument as to why the building was a near perfect marriage of form and technique. They won, as reason always wins over emotion. Stands to reason, dunnit?

Fig. 1

I start with Norman Foster as an image of the will to order that has pervaded architecture since its very beginnings. The normal route for architectural theory sets out from a fairly obscure Roman author, Vitruvius, and his *Ten Books of Architecture.* "I decided," Vitruvius writes with a certain immodesty, "that it would be a worthy and most useful thing to bring the whole body of this great discipline to complete order." The ambitious task of calling the discipline to complete order applies not just to the body of professionals – Vitruvius gives precise instructions as to what should be included in an architect's education – but extends to the products of that discipline. "Architecture," he writes, "depends on *ordinatio,* the proper relation of parts of a work taken separately and the provision of proportions for overall symmetry."[1] Here we have the first conflation of the values of profession, practice and product that is to be repeated throughout architectural history: a prescription of order that applies

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1   The Vitruvius quotes are from the translations in Indra Kagis McEwen, Vitruvius: Writing the Body of Architecture (Cambridge, Mass: MIT, 2003), 17, 65.

equally to the knowledge of the profession, the structure of practice and the appearance of buildings. Right from the beginning we get the identification of the architecture as an act of imposing order, of taking the unruly and making it coherent. However, this is not an aesthetic act alone in terms of *ratio* and symmetry. Vitruvius had greater ambitions than simply defining taste. "I realised," he writes in the preface directed to the Emperor Augustus, "that you had care not only for the common life of all men and the regulation of the commonwealth, but also for the fitness of public buildings – that even as, through you, the city was increased with provinces, so public buildings were to provide eminent guarantees for the majesty of empire." What is happening here is that under the more-or-less benign cloak of aesthetic codes, Vitruvius is slipping in a distinctly non-benign association with social reform and imperial power. The term 'ordering' all too easily conflates the visual with the political. Just because he was first does not necessarily make him right but it certainly makes Vitruvius influential, because the mistaken (and dangerous) conflation of visual order with social order continues to this day.

In *Civilization and its Discontents,* Sigmund Freud famously identifies beauty, cleanliness and order as occupying "a special position among the requirements of civilization."[2] We have just identified the combination of beauty and order in the Vitruvian legacy. Cleanliness adds another dimension: it denotes purity, the removal of waste, whiteness. It is not for nothing, therefore, that modernist architectural beauty is so often associated with pure forms, elimination of decoration, and white walls.[3] And it is not for nothing that this cleanliness is so often associated with some kind of moral order made possible by the actions of the architect/artist. This is a theme from Plato - "The first thing that our artists must do…is to wipe the slate of human society and human habits clean…after that the first step will be to sketch in the outline of the social system"[4] - to Le Corbusier: "A COAT OF WHITEWASH. We would perform

a moral act: *to love purity*!…whitewash is extremely moral."[5] In the rush of words, we overlook the offensiveness of the association of visual purity with social morality.

The three terms, beauty, cleanliness and order form a triangle, in fact a Bermuda triangle that eliminates anything that might threaten its formal (and social) perfection. Thus alien objects, dirt, the low, the supposed immoral are cast aside in the pursuit of the purity. Le Corbusier often describes the pre-modern city as having an illness, normally cancer, which must be cut out if the principles of purity and order are to effected. If the "city has a biological life"[6] which has been infected by illness, then order can only be effected through radical surgery; the primary care of medicine will not suffice: "*in city planning 'medical' solutions are a delusion; they resolve nothing, they are very expensive. Surgical solutions resolve.*"[7] Corbusier's metaphor is telling. The stigma of sickness must be eradicated, cancerous elements cut out, if a fresh start is to be made. Only then can the quest for ordered perfection be initiated. The Bermuda triangle again: purity, cleanliness and order eliminating and excluding the rogue objects. "Orderly space is rule-governed space," Zygmunt Bauman writes, and "the rule is a rule in as far as it forbids and excludes."[8]

When Bauman refers to the "surgical stance that throughout the modern age characterised the attitudes and policies of institutionalised powers,"[9] we can begin to understand that Le Corbusier's excising proclamations are not just the rantings of a self-promoting polemicist but part of more general attitude. Le Corbusier is seen in the wider picture not as the inventor of modernism, but as an inevitable consequence

2 Sigmund Freud, Civilization and Its Discontents (London: Penguin, 2002), 40.

3 See Mark Wigley's exhaustive survey of whiteness, fashion and cleanliness in modern architecture: Mark Wigley, White Walls, Designer Dresses (Cambridge, Mass: MIT Press, 1995).

4 Section 501a of The Republic. Plato, The Republic, trans. Desmond Lee (London: Penguin, 1974), 237.

5 Le Corbusier, The Decorative Art of Today, trans. James Dunnett (London: Architectural Press, 1987), 188,92.

6 Le Corbusier, When the Cathedrals Were White: A Journey to the Country of the Timid People, trans. Francis Hyslop (London: Routledge, 1947), 50.

7 Le Corbusier, Précisions, trans. Edith Schreiber Aujame (Cambridge, Mass: MIT Press, 1991), 172.

8 Zygmunt Bauman, Wasted Lives (Cambridge: Polity Press, 2004), 31.

9 Zygmunt Bauman, Modernity and Ambivalence (Cambridge: Polity Press, 1991), 99.

of modernity.[10] He is a symptom not a cause (whereas in most conventional architectural histories he is seen as a harbinger of the change that modernism will bring about). Bauman and other social theorists allow us to see that the principles of architectural modernism fit the more general pattern of the will to order that Bauman identifies as a central feature of modernity. Of all the "impossible tasks that modernity set itself…the task of order (more precisely and most importantly, of order as task) stands out."[11] Thus Bauman's argument that "the typically modern practice…is the effort to exterminate ambivalence,"[12] puts into context Le Corbusier's Law of Ripolin with its "elimination of the equivocal."[13] Bauman describes the modern age as one that has a "vision of an orderly universe…the vision was of a hierarchical harmony reflected, as in a mirror, in the uncontested and incontestable pronouncements of reason."[14] The ordering of space can thus be seen as part of a much wider ordering of society. Depending on whose argument you follow, architects are mere pawns in an overwhelming regime of power and control, or else architects are active agents in the execution of this power and control.

There are two key, and interrelated, aspects of Bauman's analysis of the modernity and its ordering tendencies. On the one hand he argues that the will to order arose out of a fear of disorder. "The kind of society that, retrospectively, came to be called modern," he writes, "emerged out of the discovery that human order is vulnerable, contingent and devoid of reliable foundations. That discovery was shocking. The response to the shock was a dream and an effort to make order solid, obligatory and reliably founded."[15] The important word here is 'dream'. The possibility of establishing order over and above the flux of modernity is an illusion. It is an illusion because of the second aspect of his argument, namely that to achieve order one has to eliminate the other of order, but the other of order can never be fully erased. "The struggle for order … is a fight of determination against ambiguity, of semantic precision against ambivalence, of transparency against obscurity, clarity against fuzziness. The other of order is not another order: chaos is its only alternative. The other of order is the miasma of the indeterminate and unpredictable. The other is the uncertainty, that source and archetype of all fear."[16] The gardener gets rids of weeds as part of the controlling of nature. As we shall see with architecture, as with any project of the modern age, the more one attempts to eliminate the other of the order, the more it comes back to haunt one. Weeds always come back. The whiter the wall, the quicker it succumbs to dirt. In their pursuit of an idea (and an ideal) of order, architects have to operate in a state of permanent denial of the residual power of the other of order.

So, it is clear that the ordering tendencies of architectural modernism elide seamlessly with the ordering tendencies of modernity. There are two main sites where this happens. First is through the international style of corporate modernism and secondly through the architecture of the welfare state. In the case of the latter there is a symbiotic relationship; both the welfare state and architectural modernism are reliant on their need for order. Within the welfare state, the poor need to be reclassified as non-poor if progress is to be announced. They need to be reordered into another system, lifting them from poverty in an attempt to throw off the Victorian associations with dirt and immorality. Importantly, it needs to be *seen* that the poor have been reordered, and it is here that architectural modernism comes in as a signifier of order, cleanliness and progress. And architecture is all too willing to

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10   Hilde Heynen's explanation of the difference between modernity (as a societal condition) and modernism (as an artistic and intellectual expression) is useful here: "Modernity here is used in reference to a condition of living imposed upon individuals by the socio-economic process of modernisation. The experience of modernity involves a rupture with tradition and has a profound impact on ways of life and daily habits. The effects of this rupture are manifold. They are reflected in modernism, the body of artistic and intellectual ideas and movements that deal with the process of modernisation and with the experience of modernity." Hilde Heynen, Architecture and Modernity : A Critique (Cambridge, Mass: MIT Press, 1999), 1. The terms are also explored in Marshall Berman, All That Is Solid Melts into Air: The Experience of Modernity (New York: Viking Penguin, 1988), 16.

11   Bauman, Modernity and Ambivalence, 4.

12   Ibid., 7.

13   Corbusier, The Decorative Art of Today, 192.

14   Zygmunt Bauman, Intimations of Postmodernity (London: Routledge, 1992), xiii.

15   Ibid., xi.

16   Bauman, Modernity and Ambivalence, 7.

collaborate, not just because the welfare agenda fits so well with architecture's own agenda of ordering, cleanliness (with 'beauty' in there as an associated given), but also because architects can *feel good about it.*

Architecture's relation with the social and political world has always been ambivalent. This is not to say that architecture is not inherently social and political, but architecture as a discipline has always been uncertain to the point of retreat, about its role. Hence the tension between seeing architecture as an autonomous discipline where it can assume a false strength on its own terms, or seeing architecture as an act of engagement with wider forces, with all the associated danger of losing that internal strength. The retreat to autonomy is the more attractive option, which is why architectural attempts at social ordering so often end up in naïve attempts at redemption through beauty or else wholesale failure in the form of all-or-nothing utopias. The architecture of the welfare state provides a perfect vehicle for architectural notions of social progress being effected by architectural input. The rhetoric of the welfare state is always hopeful, even if the reality is somewhat different.

The architecture of the welfare state is a perfect opportunity for architects to work through their social conscience whilst getting on with what they really want to do. It provides a cover of goodness under which they can sneak in all the old arguments about progress and order. This is most clear in the strand of modernism known as 'humane modernism' that is particularly associated with the architecture of the welfare state in 1930s and 1950s Scandinavia. The use of the word 'humane' in front of another word should always raise suspicion: humane methods of killing, humane farming, humane systems of asylum management and (for a contemporary twist on torture), humane methods of interrogation. In all of these the word 'humane' is an attempt to soften the guilt of the term it is attached too, and so it is with humane modernism. The humaneness is a skin of softness and 'beauty' that serves to cover the hardness of the underlying modernist sensibility.

Of all the ordering traits that are most clearly brought to bear in the architecture of the welfare state, it is functionalism that is the most telling. Functionalism, and it's even more determinist partner behaviourism, turns the users of buildings into abstractions. This is all too convenient for the architects and sociologists of the welfare state, because it removes them from the reality of their social condition and allows them to be *operated* on (recalling the previous medical metaphor.) I am not suggesting that we are talking Dr. Death here. Architects are, or at least like to think of themselves as, liberal optimists set with the belief of making the world a better place. The trouble is that notions of redemptive beauty and determinist functionalism mean that those aspirations are misplaced. The functionalism of the welfare state is a mechanism for reordering behaviour: in the white, light-filled, spaces of 'humane' modernism you will behave properly. The paternalism of the welfare state is spatialised in the frozen spaces of our social housing, hospitals and schools.

But there is a problem, a big problem. People are not abstractions. They do not submit to the reason of functionalism; they have emotions, lives, accidents, and politics. The space of abstraction cannot accommodate the spatiality of being – by which I mean (following Henri Lefebvre) the sociality of being. And so the architecture of the welfare state begins to show the strain as the contingency of life begins to undermine the order of the frame that holds it, and this in turn becomes the spatialisation of the failure of the welfare state: those sad housing projects, crumbling hospitals and incompetent schools that only forty years on are now being replaced, failed dreams of an impossible order. Bauman, as we have seen, is quite clear about this: the other of order can never be ridded. Waste, dirt, contingency all come back to haunt the unattainable illusions of the modern project, be it architectural modernism or the welfare state. Bauman's famous statement that postmodernity is "modernity without illusions"[17] is a summary of his argument that the age of postmodernity is not a break, not something that is *after* modernity, but something that is the *reality* of modernity, in which contingency, uncertainty and lack of control are inevitable conditions which we have to face.

I want to illustrate the impossibility of the modern project through the example of Park Hill flats in Sheffield, one of the shining and iconic symbols of the 1960s

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17 Zygmunt Bauman, Postmodern Ethics (Oxford: Blackwell, 1993), 32.

welfare state and of the architecture of the welfare state. This building, now the largest listed building in Europe, is best explained through two parallel histories; the 'official' architectural story, in all its autonomy and aspirations of perfection and another other (full of anecdote, gossip and populism) which is the unofficial story that upsets and subverts the first story:

Fig. 2

When Park Hill was finished, the Architectural Review devoted a whole issue to the architecture of Sheffield. It was a shining beacon of architectural optimism. Architects would come from across Europe to see this herald of a brave new world in which the modernism had finally achieved its social potential. Years later, the building is listed for its social and architectural significance. It must now stay. (Fig. 2).

For years the local paper, The Sheffield Star, has waged a campaign against Park Hill, a campaign that reached fever pitch when the building was listed. For the Star, Park Hill conflated concrete, ugliness, tower blocks (though it is by no means vertical), architects with penis complexes, social decay, more concrete, drug abuse, family breakdown, broken lifts into a single vision of horror. The fact that the horror is so central and visible in Sheffield further adds indignity. Park Hill is effectively, for the Star, staining the city. It must go.

The father of Park Hill was the

I once met the former Labour

City Architect of the time, Lewis Wormersly, who had the vision (and guts) to delegate the job to two young architects fresh out of University, Jack Lynn and Ivor Smith. There is a famous picture of Wormersly photographed from below, framed by the two block of Park Hill. He elides with the building. It is his. (Fig. 3).
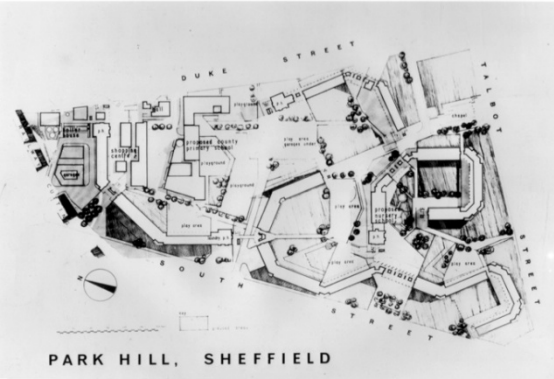
Minister Roy Hattersley at a party. He explained at some length how he was the Chair of the Housing Committee of Sheffield City Council when Park Hill was being planned. It was very much his baby.

Fig. 3

Park Hill replaced the notorious slums of the Manor; smoke stained back to back terraces with little sanitation. The

The architectural history of Park Hill, tends to gloss over the contribution of the social worker Mrs Demmers, who

architecture of Park Hill effected the change from a place of social and physical despair to a place of social and physical hope.

In the introverted world of architectural history, the streets-in-the-air of Park Hill are deemed to be direct descendents of the Smithson's Golden Lane competition entry (unbuilt but highly influential at the time). One endlessly reproduced image by the Smithson's suggests that streets-in-the-air can be places of social interaction, recreating the dynamic of the original street but with none of the intrusions of traffic or rain.

The elevations of Park Hill are made up of a concrete frame infilled with brickwork. Originally the bricks lightened in colour from bottom to top, giving a variation and levity to the whole. One critic (OK, it was me on a poetic

worked tirelessly with the people who were being moved from the old slums to the new flats. She ensured that neighbours from the old streets were relocated next door to each other in the new 'streets in the air'. The resulting sense of social continuity was seen be a major contribution to the initial success of the project.

Following a zero-tolerance sweep-up of Burngreave, one of the toughest areas of Sheffield, the drug gangs moved down to Park Hill. They found the streets-in-the-air perfect for dealing – being able to survey from above when police were coming and scarpering alone the streets to disappear down one of the many staircases. The proximity to the station made it all the more convenient.

Park Hill has all the attributes of failure that Alice Coleman lays at the door of modernist architects in her disgraceful book *Utopia on Trial.* Disgraceful, because the argument shifts the responsibility of social deprivation

day) describes it as having the quality of cliffness. The effect of the frame versus the infill is to hold multiple visions of everyday life together in coherent manner, allowing traces of the domestic to come to the surface.

When Park Hill was built, the housing wrapped around an infrastructure of public facilities: a school, three pubs, and a shopping centre. It was conceived of as a small town. (Fig. 4).

from society to the built form in a semi-determinist manner. It is not the politician's fault it is the architect and planner's fault. Small wonder that Coleman was one of Margaret Thatcher's favourite academics.

Over the years, as the spending power of the tenants of Park Hill declined, the facilities closed down. There is now one pub, a small supermarket with bars on the windows, a few marginal shops and a take-away that specialises in curried sausages.

Fig. 4

The clustering of the flats in Park Hill is often seen as one of its most

I used to live in Park Hill. Florence lived three doors down from

innovative design features. A single walkway serves three storeys of flats, most of which are duplexes. One drawback of the concentration of staircases and entrance doors off the street is that there are no windows overlooking the street. This is the major flaw in the design, because the traditional street depends a relationship between house and street, with the windows acting as a visual link so that the boundary of street and house is blurred. With no such blurring, the street at Park Hill is not visually 'owned' by anyone, and therefore loses the aspects of security and community that are found in the traditional street.

A combination of housing policy, general decay, stigma and (according to some bigots) the influx of asylum seekers, meant that by 2003 the future of Park Hill was looking bleak. There was a campaign to have it pulled down, but its heritage status made that impossible. So the Council entered into a deal with the developers Urban Splash to regenerate the whole complex. They plan a mixture of social housing and private sector housing, a whole array of shops and a

me. She had lived in Park Hill right from the beginning, and her forty years of residence had made her ferociously loyal to the place. Every day she came out and mopped the street outside her front door, sticking precisely to the width of flat. As one walked the grubby street with its stained asphalt surface, one crossed this shining width. In this way Florence claimed that bit of street as her own, an extension of her realm.

I am at a party in Manchester. One of the key members of the Urban Splash team comes up to me. "Jeremy," he says, waving his arms in excitement, "Jeremy, our aim is to make Park Hill SEXY! Then we will have succeeded."

hotel. To launch the project they made a compelling video and printed T-shirts "J'aime Park Hill."

This last story is indicative of where we have come to with the welfare state, or to be more precise with the demise of the welfare state. No one would have ever tried to defend the architecture of the welfare state in terms of its sexiness. We have effectively moved from an era of welfare to an era of consumption, and the architecture of Park Hill must follow suit. As Bauman notes:

> …the recently popular 'welfare to workfare' schemes meant to make the welfare state redundant are not measures aimed at improving the lot of the poor and unprivileged, but a statistical exercise meant to wipe them off the register of social, and indeed ethical, problems through the simple trick of reclassification.[18]

The poor are redesignated as working consumers, albeit with little money to spend but at least no longer in official need for welfare. Those who do not make it over this line are left behind as the so-called underclass who exist outside the rules of the consumer society and are thus ostracised and demonised: the asylum seekers, ASBO[19] holders, foreign and illegal workers on less than the minimum wage, prisoners, the pensionless old (thrown a yearly bait of winter heat allowance to keep them quiet). They need to be placed out of sight, out of mind, and in this state fall beyond the remit of the previous welfare state. "In a world populated by consumers," argues Bauman, "there is no room for a welfare state that venerable legacy of

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18   Zygmunt Bauman, The Individualised Society (Cambridge: Polity Press, 2001), 75.
19   ASBO stands for "Anti-Social Behaviour Order", a system of control introduced by the Labour government to deal with the perception that certain areas of UK had descended into a form of social anarchy.

industrial society looks suddenly much like a "nanny state", pampering the slothful, coddling the wicked, abetting the corrupt."[20]

Fig. 5

What is revealing is quite how quickly the architecture has readjusted to this new state of affairs. On the one hand patients and school children are now no longer the recipients of welfare but the consumers of services. This is manifested in the delivery of our new hospitals and schools through the private sector to create service spaces dictated by the demands of the marketplace. The architecture of this new welfare state of consumption is of course that of corporate capitalism, with hospitals indistinguishable from office blocks and schools – now designated as city academies - the same as business parks (Fig. 5). Modernism rears its ugly head of beauty again. And then there is the architecture of the underclass. Prisons, asylum seeker centres, old people's homes and housing for the new poor all housed in ghettos with the strictly functionalist aspect of modernism rearing its head again. To illustrate this, I want to end with another story:

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20 Zygmunt Bauman, Work, Consumerism and the New Poor (Buckingham: Open University Press, 1998), 91. See also Peter Abrahamson, "Liquid Modernity: Bauman on the Welfare State," Acta Sociologica 47, no. 2 (2004), from whom my argument in this section is taken.

In the backyard of the London Borough of Islington in an area of existing housing, the local Council have seen to fit to erect a huge rubbish dump. Well, that is what I will call it as long as it smells and casts stigma. Rubbish is indeed dumped there, and then taken away later. The Council are, of course, aware of the stigma of rubbish and therefore officially designate the building a 'waste transfer station', as if the word transfer will signify a transient state of waste always on the move, and in this transience make it more acceptable. If you go round to the local agents trying to flog the new apartments up the road from the 'station', they have another spin on it. Ask them, pretending to be a prospective purchaser, 'what about the rubbish dump?' and they throw their hands up in horror: 'No, no, no, it is a recycling facility', as if, as if you will be buying into some sustainable lifestyle with associated feelgood factor.

But these agents are not selling the apartments that actually wrap around the station. Initially the developers tried the argument that "the new facilities can take their place in the city in a way which reflects pride in the provision of public services."[21] The subsequent outcry of the local community suggested that the developer's faith in public pride was misplaced when it came to rubbish dumps. So the scheme was redesigned and the dump hidden away behind a wall of housing which wrapped around all its most visible sides. The out of sight, out of mind argument appeared to sway the Council who then gave the go ahead (over the still vociferous complaints of the locals who knew that out of sight was not out of stigma, let alone out of nostril.) (Fig.6).

One result is a block of flats, one side of which overlooks the rubbish tipping yard, the next is against the main East Coast Railway line, the next hard up against the Caledonian Road, and the last overlooking the access road up which 400 rubbish

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21 This is, almost unbelievably, a quote from the 'urban design statement' submitted by the developers, Arsenal Football Club, in support of their application for planning permission. The authors of this quote are not precisely identified, but guilty by association are the named urban designers, East, and the architects for the rubbish tip and associated housing, Sheppard Robson.

truck a day pass. This housing is not for sale because it is designated for
'keyworkers': nurses, teachers, firemen, and maybe even rubbish collectors. This new
underclass will live their lives quite literally with their backs up against a wall of
waste. This is the spatialisation of the new welfare state. Rubbish tip, rubbish people,
all rubbish, always will be. Call it a waste transfer station, call it a recycling facility,
but words don't rub out rubbish. Rubbish is immortal.

Fig. 6

This is a somewhat despairing vision to end on, the more so because it is happening not just in my backyard but in all of our backyards. As an architect I feel helpless in the face of this reality. The solution, clearly, is not architectural. The notion of redemption through order, beauty and cleanliness is hopeless, but still a notion that architects cling to: as they become increasingly marginalised they go back to their Vitruvian roots, citing 'commodity, firmness and delight' as a mantra and becoming little than in Tafuri's phrase, "gymnasts in the prison yard." My partial response, very partial, as an educator of architects is to repoliticise architecture and to accept its fragility in the face of contingent forces. To act modestly and partially and politically, making small moves towards a slightly better place rather than large moves towards a reinvented world. This demands a move away from the strictures of order, so that architecture far from being a straightjacket for social control becomes a crucible for social exchange, in which contingency is not seen as a derided threat but as an opportunity.[22]

22 These arguments are developed in Jeremy Till, Architecture Depends (Cambridge: MIT Press, 2009).

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