THE FIFTH COLUMN

THE CANADIAN STUDENT JOURNAL OF ARCHITECHTURE

LA REVUE CANADIENNE DES ETUDIANTS EN ARCHITECTURE



ON THE ROAD

3

VOLUME 8, NUMBER



THE FIFTH COLUMN

LA REVUE CANADIENNE DES ETUDIANTS EN ARCHITEC TURE THE CANADIAN STUDENT JOURNAL OF ARCHITECTURE.

The name of the Canadian Student Journal of Architecture, THE FIFTH COLUMN, is intended to be interpreted in a number of ways. First, there is an architectonic reference, the preoccupation with the development of a contemporary order of architecture that is at once respectful of antiquity and responsive to new conceptions of architecture. Second, there is a reference to journalism and the printed column of text. Finally, there is the twentieth century political connotation, an organized body sympathizing with and working for the energy in a country at war. These three references essentially define the role of THE FIFTH COLUMN. The magazine promous the

study of architecture in Canada at the present in terms of both the past and the future. It attempts to stimulate and foster a responsible, critical sensitivity in both its readers and its contributors. Finally, THE FIFTH COLUMN provides an alternative forum to established views not for the sake of opposing them, but to make it possible to objectively evaluate them.

Objectives

To promote the study and the appreciation of a sensitive architecture within the architectural community and general population, thereby positively influencing the development of architecture in Canada; To promote a forum for and to encourage the dialogue between students, academics, professional architects

and interested members of the general public;

To provide a critical alternative to the commercial trade magazines by publishing a journal that originates from the schools, traditionally the vanguard of architectural thought.

Editorial Policies

1. To publish articles by students, academics and professionals and by other interested parties that would otherwise find little opportunity for expression and publication. 2. To publish a series of articles in each issue exploring a specific and relevant theme which contributes to

an understanding and a greater awareness of current architecture.

To publish arcicles on the diversity of Canadian architecture as a means of promoting an understanding of these local traditions and their influence on current architectural thought.
To publish articles discussing historical influences on the development of architecture.

5. To publish student projects from the various schools in order to stimulate architectural deba

6. To publish critical reviews of current works of architecture in Canada, as well as outside the country, in order to reflect on and positively influence the development of architecture in Canada. 7. To publish critical reviews of activities, publications, lectures and exhibitions of interest to our readership.

THE FIFTH COLUMN (Canadian Student Journal of Architecture)

published June 1993

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Le titre de la revue canadienne des étudiants en architecture, "The Fifth Column", a pour but d'inviter le lecœur à l'interpréter à plusieurs niveaux. Le premier niveau suggère une référence architectonique, celle consistant à l'élaboration d'un ordre architectural contemporain à la fois respectueux d'un passe anuque et répondant aux nouvelles conceptions de l'architecture. Sur un autre plan, "The Fifth Column" rappelle son oriantation journalistique par sa connotation avec la "colonne" imprimée d'un texte. Enfin, "la cinquièrre colonne", c'est ausa, depuis Franco, le nom donné aux partisans clandestins sur lesquels chacun des deux adversaires peut compter dans les rangs de l'autre.

Ces trois références définissent dans son ensemble le rôle de "The Fifth Column". La revue a pour but de erroreau de la contracta de la non dans le seul but de les confronter mais plutôt de rendre possible leur évaluation objective

Objectifs

Promouvoir l'étude et l'appréciation d'une architecture sensible à l'intérieur de la communauté architecturale ainsi qu'à de plus larges groupes, et par conséquent influencer le développement de l'architecture au Canada:

"romouvoir la constitution d'un forum dans le but d'encourager le diaglogue et les échanges d'idées entre les étudiants, les architectes et les individus intéressés de toute autre provence;

Offrir une alternative critique aux revues de type commercial, en publiant un périodique ayant ses racines a l'intérieur des Ficoles universitaires, traditionnellement pionnières dans l'évolution de la pensée architecminute

Politiques editoriales

1. Publier les articles d'étudiants, de membres du corps académique, de professionnels ainsi que d'autres groupes intéresses, qui autrement ne trouveraient que peu d'opportantiés d'expression et de publication. 2. Publier une série d'articles dans chaque numéro explorant un thême spécifique qui contribuera à une comprehension approfondie et à une plus grande conscientisation de l'architecture contemporaire.

1 Publier des articles sur les diverses facettes de l'architecture canadienne dans le but de promouvoir la compréhension de ces différentes traditions locales et de leur influence sur la pensée architecturale contemporaire

Publier des aracies tratant des influences historiques sur le développement de l'architecture.

Publier les projets d'étudiants des différentes Ecoles dans le but de stimuler le débat architectural 6. Publier des comptes rendus critiques de différentes œuvres architecturales au Canada anni qu'al 'ciranger

afin de s'arrêter sur et d'influencer le développement de l'architecture au Canada 7 Publier des comples rendus critiques des différents événements, publications, conférences et expositions

ayatt quelque mieres pour nos lecteurs.

THE FIFTH COLUMN (La revue canadienne des étudiants en architecture) publice à juin 1993

THE FIFTH COLUMN, la revue canadicine des étudiants en architecture, est un organistre sans but lucratif, dont le bat est de promouvoir l'étude de l'architecture. Les articles et opinions qui apparaissent dans la revue aont publiés sous la responsabilité de leur auteurs. Le but de reproduire dessins, photographies et extraits de d'autres sources est de faciliter la critique. The Fifth Column n'est responsable ni des domages subis par le matériel envoyé, ni de sa perte.

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The Fifth Column is indebted to Marlene, Heather, Sam, Rennie and Luke whose untiring support sustained the production of this magazine.

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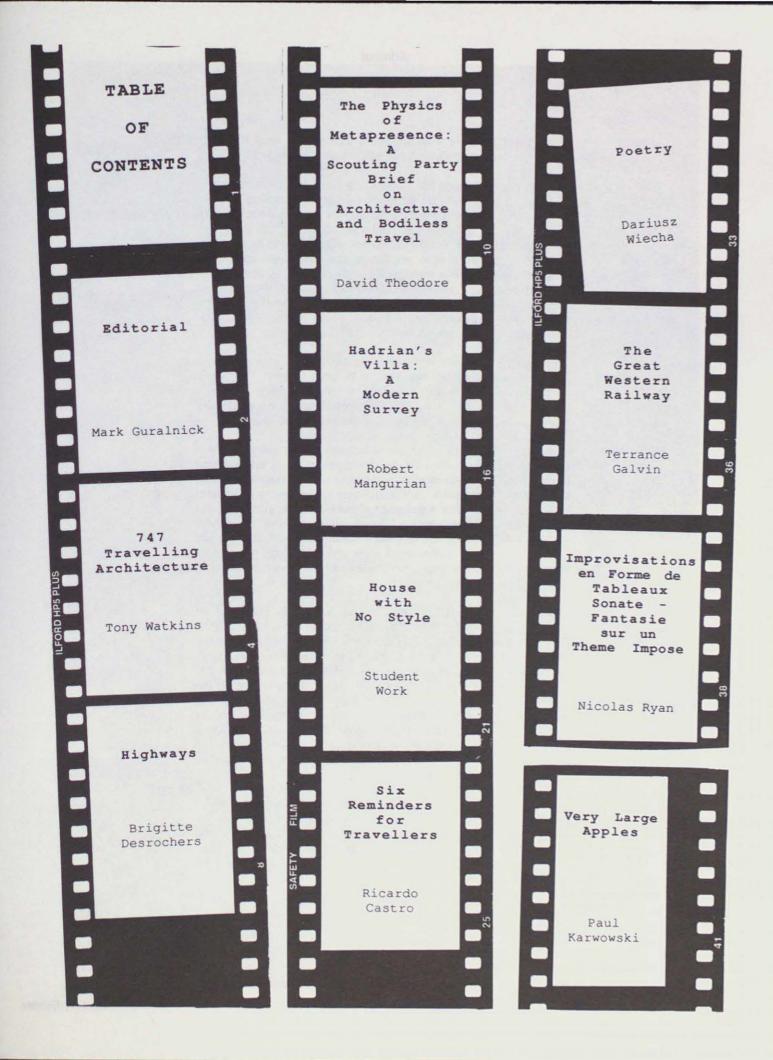
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Throughout time the passage and exchange of ideas has been fundamental to the development of architecture worldwide.

Consumerist civilization has recently witnessed the transformation of travel into a commodity for the masses. Once an exceptional journey for the privileged few, overseas trips are now a reality for millions of people. Modern inventions in communications such as the radio, telephone, television, fax and electronic mail all serve to bring the entirety of the world into our homes and within our spheres of influence. As one flips through the daily newspaper, watches the daily allowance of television or browses through their favorite magazine (perhaps the Fifth Column?) we are bombarded with images, tales and news flashes from as close as our own physical community to as far away as satellites orbiting the moon.

These media of modern communications are all impetus to the evolution of Marshall McLuhan's prophecy about the world becoming an electronically linked global village. Subsequently, as a result of the media our larger community has become physically boundless and the notion of travel has taken on new meanings.

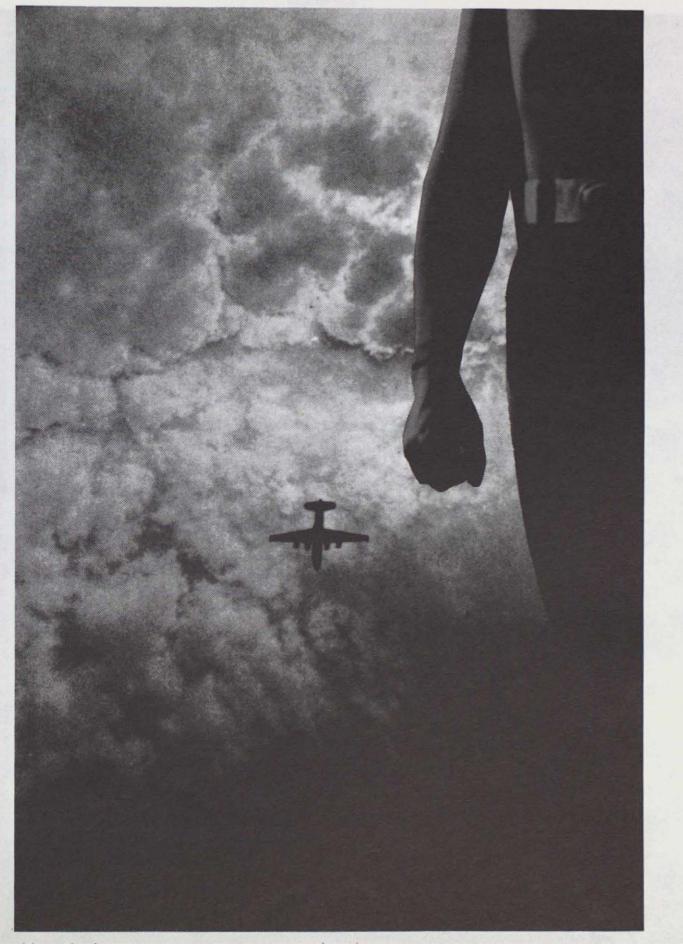
With the world drawing closer it becomes more integrated and uniform. We have witnessed the development of an international governing body and the incredible growth of world economic markets. At the basis of global village realization is the export of modern technology to the lesser developed nations around the globe. For this reason, the relations within a global village are not, by nature, symbiotic. With the advent of modern means of communication the rate of exchange of architectural ideas and technology has rapidly increased, to such an extent that it has become a dominant factor in the evolution of architecture today.

During the first part of this century architects proposed an *International Style* that they advocated could be applied in a generic fashion around the globe. This seemed a logical progression in the evolution of architecture under the terms of reference discussed. Consequently, with the popularity of modern architecture, we find today the same buildings in Damascus as we do in Dallas. In too many places traditional building styles and methods have had to move from the street into the museum. This phenomena promised an attitude in which western architects imposed their lifestyles and ideals on others in distant places. However, to truly understand and appreciate the different ways of the village and its inhabitants we must 'experience' travel first hand.

Modern media and communications constitute a reality that helps to make us both more aware and critical of the environments that we share in the global village. The architect has an important role in the new global society as an enlightened trader of ideas and technologies. How do we approach this position with a respect and appreciation of foreign culture and lifestyle?

Bon Voyage !!

Mark Guralnick



From : MARITIME & URBAN DESIGN INTERNATIONAL 64(9)5758091 Oct. 26. 1992 09:08 PM

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from TONY WATKINS tel/fax Int+ 64 9 575 8091

Karaka Bay, Glendowie, Auckland 5, New Zealand.

26 October 1992

On the Road, volume 9 Number 1, Architecture and Travel.

Thank you for your fax.

The topic is excellent and very important. By airmail I have sent a bundle of travel articles, which are intended to make complex ideas accessible rather than push the intellectual edge of the debate. Let me know if you want to use any of it, or need any photographs etc. They should be with you in a couple of days.

For your more immediate consideration...... the following 2 page article

747 TRAVELLING ARCHITECTURE

by Tony Watkins

The new 747 nomadic architecture is very different from the ancient vernacular nomadic architecture.

The new 747 travelling architecture is architecture which is no longer territorial. It belongs in an intellectual space rather than a physical place. It is on the move because it has been freed from any perception of "home", just as a true multi-national company has no "home" country. Architecture which itself travels changes every cherished notion of urban design because it does not relate to the building next door.

There was a time when architects knew their local materials, their local builders, and the local people of their own area. Architect's sketch books were filled with acute observations of the architect's own environment. Travel was less concerned with coming to know the unfamiliar and more concerned with seeing the architect's own place more acutely. Other From : MARITIME & URBAN DESIGN INTERNATIONAL 64(9)5758091 Oct. 26.1992 09:08 PM P02

people and other cultures provided new eyes with which to see more clearly.

Today, through both contemporary architectural education and the architectural magazines, architects know more about the international architecture of other places than they know about the vernacular architecture of their own place.

Architectural perspectives show buildings located in a utopian context, free of signs, power poles and other visual junk. Non-architects see the whole picture and think the perspectives are misleading. The reality is that architects actually see their finished buildings looking exactly like the perspectives. Selective vision is essential for survival in contemporary society and it has made it possible to free buildings, seen as artifacts, from their context.

The new 747 travelling architecture is now perfectly integrated into the astonishing political and social changes which have been brought about by travel.

Once it was reasonable to assume that the populace related to the government and that governments maintained international links. Today there is less vertical communication within countries than there is horizontal communication between countries.

Politicians and businessmen read the same books, enjoy the same art, eat similar food, enjoy the same architecture, and very possibly employ the same architects. They know very little about their own vernacular traditions. The 747 is just one of the clubs where they meet, and they all feel quite at home in London, Paris or New York.

Fruit farmers in the Okanagen, on the other hand, have more in common with the fruit farmers of Oratia, New Zealand, than either group have with the company directors of their own countries. The fruit farmers are neither ignorant nor insensitive. They may know very little about Post-Modernism, or the exciting possibilities of the denial of logical form, but the ignorance of company directors about the delicate ecological balance of the world or the rhythms of the natural order is of much greater concern. The fruit farmers may well meet at a convention where everyone else is a fruit farmer, in Montreal.

People who live and work in buildings themselves often belong in another place or another context, because their city is not the city of the person next door. People have become nomads once again. The communication revolution and the transportation revolution have resulted in a new world order. The

on the road ...

Tony Watkins

From : MARITIME & URBAN DESIGN INTERNATIONAL 64(9)5758091 Oct. 26. 1992 09:08 PM

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concept of context has been transformed. Context is now often unrelated to place.

Architects and urban designers have been slow to recognise the new world order, although they live very happily within it. Most of the work to be seen in design schools throughout the world is the new 747 travelling architecture. This is not entirely illogical because the graduates will service the needs of clients who are part of 747 culture. The elite employ the architects and the universities service the needs of the elite.

Tourism in its turn has destroyed even its own reason for existing. A Sheraton Hotel is both anywhere and nowhere. The Lebanese restaurants in Sydney, Soho, or Vancouver are much more convenient, and probably a good deal safer, than those in Lebanon. On a Greek beach people listen to familiar music on familiar transistors.

The traditional spatial world of architecture and urban design no longer exists. Planners who live in the new world cannot even comprehend what the architects are talking about.

The new world order opens up exciting design possibilities. On the one hand context can be nonterritorial. On the other hand the energy and resource conservation demanded by the global environmental crisis requires a much closer integration between architecture, place and climate.

The ancient vernacular nomadic architecture was as closely related to place as any architecture we have known. There is no reason why the new 747 nomadic architecture should not be the same.

The art of design is the art of ensuring that each part of the design network is enriched by differences. It is the art of knowing how to both belong and be free.

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7



1. the fear of losing comprol is ever present in the challenge of travel, and our culture has given an architectural expression to this fear. 2. Cars are bubbles we can lock ourselves into. they afford minimal friction with the elements. 3. Exceptectors provide an overall Visual control of one's surp roundings, which are essentially made of other people in the act of going some other places. 4. Restricted_access highways channel us to destinations. They hap their way over the unrequited portions of the trip.

13.

Highway strips are thres-

10, under the highway, the naturally multifarious world of urban life is disturbed by the highway's abrasive connotations of control. meeting reality is all in the harsher. []. Pedestrians display body language to show no harm is meant. In h this uncertain realm, senses busy themselves sesing reality. [2. Entering into in the "zone", seeing afar where "the city" starts anew triggers our perceptions of space, attracts our attention to the different qualities of place. [3. Above



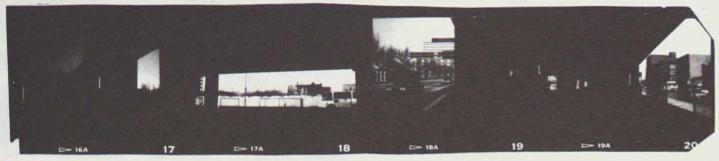
The Fifth Column



6. traffic-moving machines called "interchanges" simplify the idea of "crossi ing" the engineered curves designed for moving bodies. 7. Limited-access highways limited access equations address but the strict means of "getting there". Slick highway architecture tells you about their slickness, in contradistinction with the very complexities and unpredictability of reality. 8, control over the act of travelling is echoed through the architecture surrounding highways. Passive, ch clean, shiny, slick, self-enclosed worlds. 9. W orlds made to be seen. Has involve ment from the other Senses been stripped away? yet it takes a leap of the imagination to realize that something is missing, that an escape from reality has accu^rred.

holds in the urban fabric.

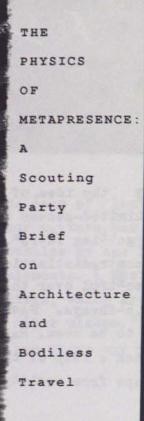
17. In Mentreal they roughy run along what used to be the outer limits of the industrial city.' Like a horizon of the city, this belt could hide everything in th at was difficult to fit into the conception of "the city".'/8. Outer limits of a city receive what is not wanted in a city.' Asylums, army training camps, hosp itals, cemetaries, warehouses, bilk materials, transportation termini.' /9. Highways may not be solely "scars" to redeem. They are also seams in the patchwork of communities. Crossing such seams necessarily involves encountering otherness. Moving perpendicular to highways, going under and through the succession of places, physically embodies the essentials of travelling. It potentially engages one with reality.



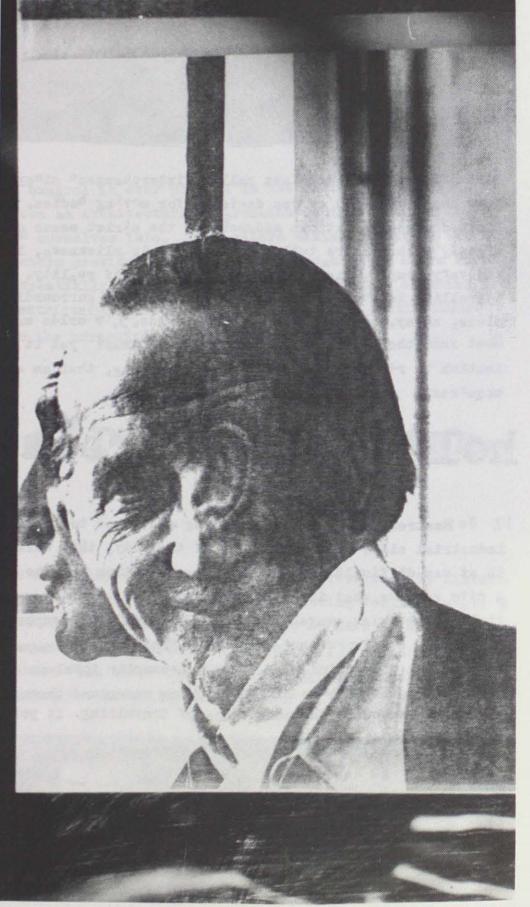
volume eight, number three

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David Theodore



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The Fifth Column

Disembodiment is the sign, the very sine qua non of the existence of another realm that penetrates and transcends the world of everyday life. Spirits, ghosts, voices and visions are all convincing indirect evidence of a more permanent Reality on which our corpulent corporeal world sits like an oil painting on the watery substrate of a capitalism. Intrepid disembodied travellers daring to boldly go (or, if of the Next Generation, to baldly go) into this other world inevitably return, and, having slipped back into the thickness of the corpus, speak of a realm of the metapresence which they document with copious descriptions and images. In fact nowadays it is not just with our highly developed transportation networks and cheap airline fares that anybody can travel, it is that once again we have found a way for no body to be necessary to travel. If the riders of the bus named Further were able to prove that there was no frontier left to explore (boldly or baldly), it was because they had discovered that on the best trips you never leave the farm. You can follow the television adventures of any number of heroes to the reaches of outer space;1 you can ingest hallucinogens or narcotics and journey through inner space; or you can use the techniques of the mystics (meditation, prayer, oxygen deprivation, sex) in order to go anywhere your spirit guide (the light) will take you. Technologists have recently created another disembodied trip, namely a journey through the immaterial world of cyberspace. How do architects and architecture confront this intractable phenomenon of bodiless travel?

Well, historically, architecture has always had a body. That corporeality makes it part of our everyday realm of Rabelaisian reality in which things that go in and out of the body (food, faeces, phalluses) are felt and known to be in every way prior to things that go in and out of the mind.² On the other hand, achitecture's body is really only a set of symbols: architectural objects are merely the sensible manifestations of orders both wholly human (sociohistoricoecopolitical systems) and holy superhuman. It is the same old paradox then: an insistence on the reality of the body leads to realms where the body is not easily understood while an insistence on disembodiment only comes back to the evidence of a really-real, reality-bound body. If bodiless travel is a way of moving between the poles of this paradox, can the paradox be resolved by understanding the physics of bodiless travel?

In order to answer this question for yourself, take a look at some of the forms of bodiless travel. As noted some architectural objects have historically had the power to induce mystic states in which one can travel without the body. But although the tremendous beauty of architecture might serve today as a vehicle for certain sensitive individuals, research into the mystical experiences of our populations reveals that post-prandial lethargy and extreme boredom rank above beauty as a common cause of trance states. Moreover, because architecture is no longer an occult practice (or rarely), architectural objects no longer function in the rituals of mystics.

Mystic rituals themselves, however, are very much with use. Philosophers, psychologists, physical scientists, artists, plus an assortment of charlatans, witches, salesmen and spiritualists associated with the New Age Revival are busily engaged in mystic practices. Most of this stuff has little to do with architecture and the bodiless traveller. But note two things. First, many of these disciplines involve bodywork, an effort to open up the possibility of a change in mental state by pushing the body past everyday thresholds of hunger, sensation (hyper-stimulation or sensory deprivation) and pain. There is a scope here for architecture since these practices have already been adapted into two of architecture's old friends, namely art (Hermann Nitch, Fakir Musafar) and fashion (the New Primitives). Second, nowadays one can receive instruction in some mystic techniques of bodiless travel. Eckists, followers of the cult of Eckankar promulgated by the late Paul Twichell, practice seven different types of soul travel as part of their regular meetings.

Similarly instruction in astral travel is available as an extra at Transcendental Meditation schools. Thus according to these groups, the ability to move one's consciousness without moving one's body is a skill, acquirable by anyone with faith, patience, a guide and money.

A search for a form of mass populist mysticism to that promised by these cult groups led Aldous Huxley to drugs. Huxley believed that at root any change in mental state was the direct result of a biochemical change in the body. According to Huxley fasting, self-flagellation or lying on a bed of nails can induce a mystic trance because these gross physiological activities cause fine physiological changes which in turn trigger precise, discrete biochemical reactions in the brain. Hence Huxley argued that with drugs everyone could enter a mystic state, since drugs trigger the appropriate receptors directly and efficiently.

In practice drugs are not so completely wonderful and in many ways make architecture irrelevant. Huxley and others report that during drug trips space and time become flat and insignificant--not good news for architecture which, of course, exists in space and time. They also report that drug trips (as compared to mystic trips) often leave the traveller depressed and pessimistic, not a useful state from which to contribute to architecture's civic tradition. Finally, although drug-enhanced performance is part of the love of art and literature (Caedmon, Cocteau, Coleridge), drug-enhanced architects are not a visible part of this tradition.³

That leads us to the new technology of cyberspace. Conceptually, cyberspace is itself a metapresence, a mapping of the world of everyday life by a realm exactly parallel to the world but with virtually no three-dimensional effect on it (except for some hardware). If, however, travellers to the world of reality talk about a world more real than everyday life, cyberspace proposes a world less real than everyday life. The realm of metapresence is limitless, whereas the dimensions of cyberspace are known - really twice known: once as a set of coordinates and a second time as a piece of hardware. Cyberspace works as a kind of hyperdrug, as if Huxley's belief in a connection between the coarseness of the whole body and the intricacies of the interior of the body can be made through electronic and mechanical connectors rather than chemical ones. Cyberspace pioneers thus claim to be in control of the ultimate Huxley drug-machine; they understand the physics of metapresence. But in reality what they understand is the same old understanding of reality that, as Huxley knew, only precedes bodiless travel. Cyberspace is only a sterile bodywork without the body, leading to architectural manipulations without architecture.

Consider one last form of bodiless travel, one that is quite well-known in our culture, and one that, albeit meagerly, shows that architecture and bodiless travel have a future: the Transporter from Star Trek. The Transporter is a dream technology whose operation is so murky that it gives the fictional world of Star Trek the logical consistency of lumpy oatmeal. But that murkiness, that lack of governing physical laws allow the Transporter itself to function. That is, it works for James T. Kirk because the continuity of his body is assured by the narrative; it works for William Shatner because the continuity of his body is assured outside of the narrative. It works in fact precisely because the physics that connect it to the Rabelaisian world are unknown. It works in the gap in which architecture has traditionally worked, in the space of mysticism and metapresence colonized by the rag-tag crew of bodiless travellers, poets, mystics, visionaries and drug fiends.

In other words, architecture works now only because we do not know how it works and continues to work because of a desire to conceptualize how it might work. Probably the physics of bodiless travel are unknowable; if they become known then presumably architecture will no longer work. As long as there is the possibility of disembodied travel, architecture can maintain its body. Maybe drugs would help.

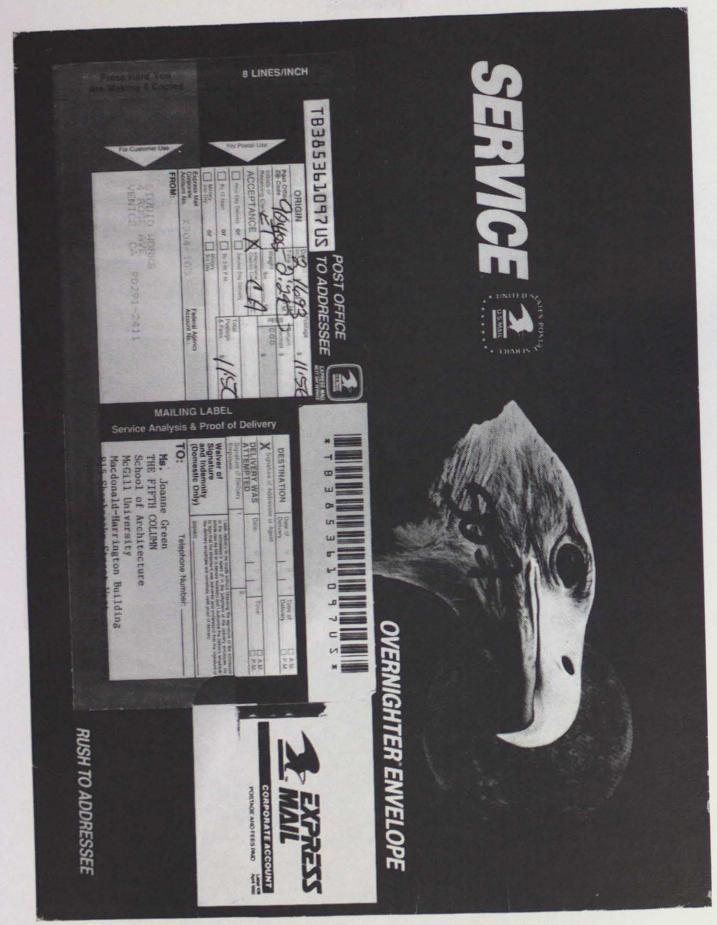
NOTES

- 1. This is more properly an issue of representation which will not be dealt with here. See Derrida, Virillio, Baudrillard, Kittler u.s.w.
- 2. A very pragmatic vision of architecture derives from the beliefs that architectural objects exist in this Rabelaisian reality. Neo-pragmatists may understand the work of more literary of philosophical architects, yet they still insist that problematic issues of the body, say pain avoidance or the determination of acceptable light levels, are the only issues that architectural design can hope to engage.
- 3. We have a general cultural fear of drug-enhancement that causes some strange and incoherent events most visible in sports. On the one hand we strip steroid-user Ben Johnson of his world record, and on the other hand steroid-user Arnold Schwarzenegger becomes head of the President's council on Sports and Fitness.

David Theodore is a graduate of McGill University and is currently in his second year of studies in architecture. He enjoys water-skiing and oboe music.



Robert Mangurian



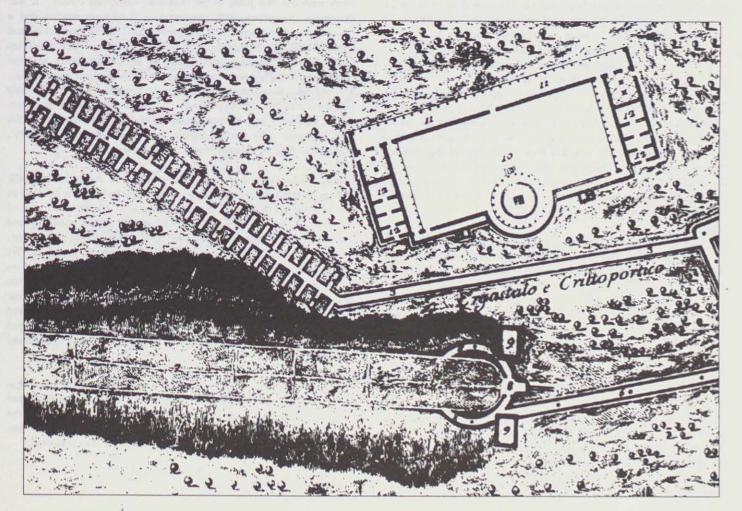
HADRIAN'S VILLA : A MODERN SURVEY

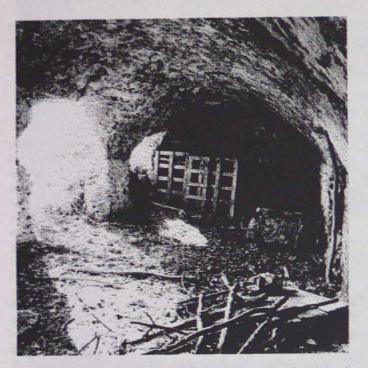
We began measuring Hadrian's Villa in the summer of 1985. Mary-Ann Ray and I, along with 12 graduate students of architecture were engaged in a summer program of study, studio, and travel known as Atelier Italia. For a visit to Hadrian's Villa, we were unable to secure thorough documentation of the Villa (especially plan information). We naively decided to begin measuring and producing measured drawings. Four or five visits that summer resulted in several of the simple buildings being measured and drawn, and our discovery of the use of the golden section and root two proportioning of the spaces. In addition, we acquired an intimate knowledge of these buildings through the measuring and drawing process. That fall, through discussions with the architectural historian Bill MacDonald, we became 'hooked', and resolved to continue our work. Bill pointed out that the last thorough overall plan of the complete Villa was measured and drawn by Piranesi and published by his son Francesco in 1781. During the ensuing year we acquired the existing documentation of the Villa (texts and drawings), and began the serious 'assault' on the Villa in the summer of 1986. That summer's group of graduate students included George Newburn, who has become the third collaborator in the survey. We have returned each summer since with a group of 15 graduate students of architecture to conduct the continuing work on the survey. This work proved more

exacting and time consuming than first anticipated, but we are finally 'closing in' and plan to complete the field work with the work of the summer of 1993. What follows is an account of the work on one of about 50 projects at Hadrian's Villa.

TEMPIO DETTO DI PLUTONE E PROSPERPINA Temple of Pluto

The Temple of Pluto, as we have come to call it, is located to the east of the Academia, and just east of the grotto earthwork that we call Hadrian's Comet. We first saw the Temple of Pluto, or rather the enormous growth of trees, blackberry bushes, and assorted other nasty growth, in mid-summer of 1987. We were measuring in the Academia and needed a diversion. We had seen the 'Comet' on Piranesi's drawings and were intrigued. We wandered off in the general direction, climbing several of Bulgarini's fences, traipsing through tall grain, and finally arrived at the Comet site. We moved down into the growth, and found that the grotto was there, but filled with thousands of flies. After exploring this site we moved further cast to what looked to be a building, but very overgrown. We climbed up a small embankment, through bushes and trees to discover the remains of walls. We realized that we were on the roof of part of the building after having almost fallen through. We left realizing that the building was quite extensive, and would be worth measuring.





Later that week we examined Piranesi's drawings, and found that he had also examined the building, and had speculated as to its shape. Contini, who produced the first plan known of the Villa, had shown only nondescript walls. Piranesi described the building as:

- 10. Temple of Sarapide with a surrounding
- Portico, and an Atrium with lateral Wings.
- 11. Portico in front of the Atrium.
- 12. Lodging for those who went to the Oracles.

Penna (1836) also saw the building and described it in more detail. ". . . these ruins in the last century were in better condition, as attested by S. Cabral who also saw columns in the ground, and capitals of marble." Apparently, no one has done measuring of this building since Piranesi, and he may have only redrawn Contini. Thus, we were quite excited about the prospect of looking at and measuring a building that has not been seriously excavated. We did not return to the Temple of Pluto until the following year.

On Thursday, July 14, 1988 we set out to 'rediscover' the Temple of Pluto. George, Mary-Ann, and I along with two teams - Minerva and Juno¹ - first arrived at the Comet site. We cleared a path down to the grotto (the flies were still there), and unable to contain ourselves, cleared a large part of the grotto moving north in a wild frenzy. David, Maria, Mario, Tina, Martin, and John were in slight shock (we were 'quite active' as it was our first clearing of the summer, and what with fresh sickles. . .). After examining the site, we decided that it was too difficult to measure since we were still training the groups, and we would put this site off for a later time.²

We moved over to the Temple of Pluto, and spent the rest of the day clearing the site. The building, or rather the growth of trees, bushes, and vines was a free standing mound of earth within a field of waist high grain. The clearing was quite difficult - mostly small trees, and not so many of the thorny blackberry bushes except along the east wall. We soon made our way around to what appeared to be a large raised square-like area. What we were seeing was only half of what Piranesi drew. It soon became evident that either Piranesi had misrepresented the building, or that farmers over time had plowed away half of the building. The second hypothesis seemed unlikely as there is no evidence of the building extending to the south as Piranesi shows, and we found a corner (although an odd one) along the east wall at the south corner. The south wall did not seem to extend too far heading west, but we never really dug along it far enough to trace its course.³

After inspecting the perimeter of the building, and some of the upper part (3 to 4 meters above the farmer's land), we set out to do the serious clearing. Along the west end of the north side we found three underground rooms. Piranesi shows four, but we later determined that there were definitely only three. Along the east end of the north side we found the vaulted room with two interior piers. Penna describes this room as "... two doors at No. 1 enter into a room with 2 pilasters which hold up a vault. ..." The vaulted room had some restoration work on the two piers in recent years (perhaps at the same time as the not too careful work done at the Academia). Thus we were not the first to see the building since Piranesi.

We located the long wall along the east side which turned out to be in good shape and about 3 1/2 meters high. This wall extended from the room with the two piers to the 'famous' south/east corner. It was extremely overgrown with very mature blackberry bushes and a strange very thin thorny vine that proved difficult for our sickles and clippers. We also located the long wall along the west side which ran from the three underground rooms to an inside corner and the beginning of the curved wall shown by both Piranesi and Contini. The wall was also overgrown, and mostly covered by earth. We only found parts of the wall at its north and south ends, and in the center where we found an odd rectangular appendage protruding from the wall fragment. We started calling this appendage the 'fountain', although at first we thought it was a small stair.

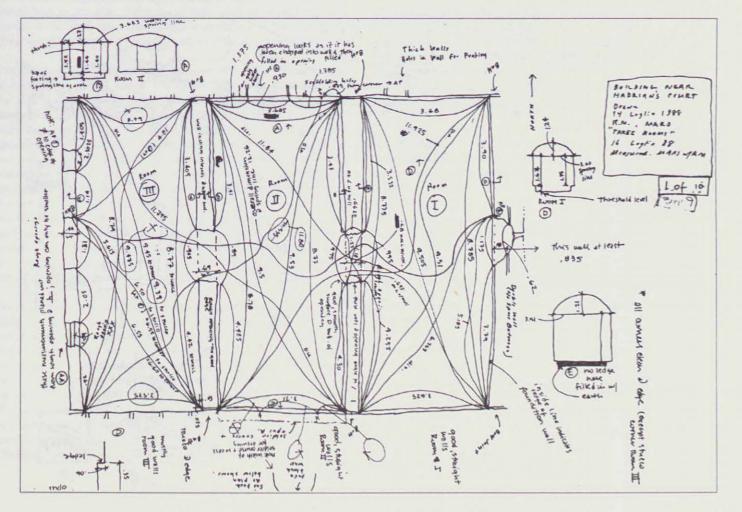
Finally we located a wall within the confines of the perimeter walls and up on the earth mound a terrace-like interior that was parallel to and near the north wall. This wall appeared to be the inside wall of the row of rooms along the north side. When clearing and excavating along this wall we came upon the mortared (not paved) flat roof still remaining over part of the room with the two piers. We cleared the section of the roof and stepped from the earth, where we had been working all day, to the constructed 'floor'. For the first time we were able to understand the profound significance of the floor - a surface invented to accommodate the placement and movement of the human body. We drew everything we found, toured the Academia, Odeon, and Inferi, and licked our wounds over Peroni at Bar Belli.

Saturday, July 16, we returned with Mars and Jupiter⁴, and began measuring. Mars with Robert started on the three underground rooms, and Jupiter with Mary-Ann and George started with the 'tountain' along the west wall. Additional clearing and modest digging was required to properly prepare the areas for measuring.

Mars measured the three underground rooms by flashlight, a first for us. These rooms had been used by shepherds, and a portion of the 1st room was gated off with chicken wire. Each room was approximately 3.5 meters by 8.8 meters and had a vaulted ceiling. There were doorways at the center of each room's long east wall, but these appeared to be broken through and not original. There was also the typical beginning of breaking through the east wall of the innermost room - they were always looking for treasure. This wall had another wall against it without a cavity (thus ending the treasure hunt, and an indication of not another room as Piranesi had shown). Because these rooms had no original doors or windows, we determined that these rooms were not rooms to be occupied, but rather the typical Roman construction designed to produce a terrace raised from the land and a plinth to construct a structure on. The cross walls forming the individual vaulted spaces were determined to be abutting the long north and south walls. The vaults were poured in place board form concrete typical for vaulted construction at the Villa.

The north wall of these rooms confused us for the longest time. The north wall turned out to be two walls built against each other. The outer wall was built later to buttress the structure when it probably began to show signs of failure. But because of the butt condition of the cross walls (including the 'entrance' wall), this north/west corner looked like three parallel walls. This kind of mistaken thinking on our part has characterized our work at the Villa. We learn by direct observation and by making many mistakes. The three rooms had dirt floors. We did not dig down to find the base of the wall and a possible finished floor. The rooms also had rough tufa⁵ block walls, but at some point near the top of the south wall opus reticulatum⁶ appears. This led us to think that this wall existed before the three vaulted rooms were built and thus was the original north wall of the structure. The rooms also have evidence of being plastered (south/east corner of the first room). While measuring and excavating along the outside of the north double wall we noticed there was evidence of a floor at the terrace level at the north/west corner. Thus, we lost Jim for the rest of the day as he carefully uncovered and measured what turned out to be an interesting 12 sided overlapping scalloped design for a marble floor. Only bits of marble were found, but the pattern within the mortar base was perfectly intact.

Locating these underground rooms to the outside proved to be difficult. This was our first building that did not have an easy overall structure to attach all our measurements to, and that was so overgrown. We made the fatal mistake of picking one of our arbitrary points outside on a fallen tree branch. When people moved around this corner later that day, and on subsequent days, the arbitrary point became more 'arbitrary'. We moved east along this double north wall and found a corner turning the wall south. This was the corner of the second wall of the innermost underground room. Further along to the east we found another outside corner, this being the corner of the room with the two piers. Thus, there appeared to be



a space between the three underground rooms and the room with the two piers. Was this a space for a broad stair up to the terrace, or merely part of the configuration of the structure?

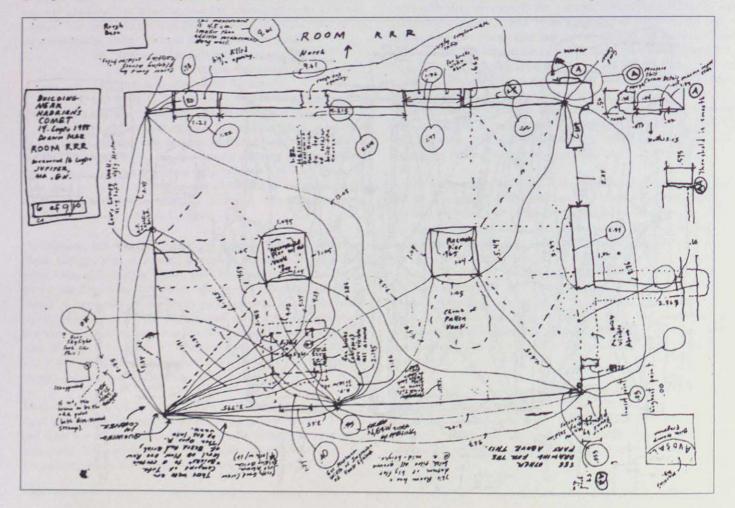
The so called 'fountain' appendage to the west wall turned out to be an 'E' shaped figure attached to the west wall, and built as part of the west wall. It was about 3 meters by 3 meters but lower than the decayed top of the wall. The small south space in this shape had evidence of paving (rectangular paving blocks measuring 0.185 x 0.39 meters). We found drainage evidence within the wall (fired tiles in the shape of an upside down V), which lead to the fountain theory. Further inspection and photography has dispelled the 'fountain' theory, and left us without an explanation for this construction.

Jupiter moved to the odd corner where the three underground rooms meet the internal south running west wall. Later that summer when photographing this construction and doing additional excavation we found vague evidence of some kind of stair-like structure.

After lunch, Jupiter moved to the room with the two square piers. Some additional clearing was required, and the room was measured. The room had the remains of a vault on the south/west corner, and a filled in skylight. We never found the floor to this vaulted room, although our digging was not substantial. The two openings in the east wall were probably doors (they had vaults), and the two high openings in the north wall were probably windows. Both of the windows had been filled in at some point, leading to the speculation that this building with its filled in skylights and windows had existed as a usable room originally (perhaps a kind of cryptoportico), later to be abandoned when the upper structures were added. The construction is completely different from the three substructure rooms. This construction was quality opus reticulatum with the ceiling divided into six cross vaulted spaces. The inside of the room had been plastered as we found evidence of remaining plaster in the south/east corner. Adjacent to this corner along the east wall running to the south we found quite a good brick stamp.⁷ Farther south along this wall we found another brick stamp.

Mars spent the rest of the day clearing along the east wall with its extremely thick blackberry growth and a new kind of bush with thin but very strong stems and devastating prickles.

We again returned to the Temple of Pluto on Monday, July 18, with members of all five teams (5 of us were leaving for a trip to Mantova late in the day). We worked in the morning making corrections and clearing and measuring some new areas. The famous arbitrary point proved difficult when drawing up and locating the three rooms. These rooms were partially remeasured, relocated with more stable arbitrary points, and other corrections and additional long dimensions were made. The long east wall was carefully drawn and measured, again noting the brick stamps. An extensive excavation was made outside the room with the two piers to try to find the arcade



that Piranesi draws, and perhaps column bases. A bit of subfloor and wall were located just outside the southern opening to the room - no evidence of columns. In addition, what had appeared as a door, was now a window with a niche below.

The east/west running interior wall was cleared, partially excavated, and measured. This wall turned out to be quite intact and interesting. The wall was a series of square piers, or brick bases for columns, equally spaced. This wall coupled with Jim's marble floor led to the prospect of a large rectangular room at the north/west corner of the complex (good for summer sunsets).

We also set up a large triangulated measuring structure along the west wall and undertook the excavation of the mysterious curved wall. Piranesi showed this wall as completing itself as a half circle. Our excavation indicated that this wall had a much shallower arc and seemed to wander off to the south/west. The wall, found beneath the earth, was in bad shape having been beaten over the years by farmers' plows. The wall was also an odd construction with evidence in one spot of a large flat file similar to those found on Roman stairs. We never found the end to this wall.

Just to the south of this wall we found two very large travertine subbases for columns. Martin got quite excited about these (perhaps to avoid having to do the hard digging in the sun). These turned out not to be in their original position, and appear to have been moved from somewhere on the site. They could have been associated with the curved walls (as Piranesi shows), and were moved by a farmer to get them out of the way of plowing the adjacent fields.

Robert along with Mars returned again on July 23 to do corrections and additional poking around. The final work in 1988 occurred on the 13th of August. We had spent the morning inspecting the ceiling restoration at the Sistine Chapel (within inches of the two fingers touching), and met a group at the Temple in the afternoon. The group, under the guidance of Laura, who had taken the building on as her own by this time (doing all the drawing), performed a serious excavation at the center of the east/west running interior wall with the equally spaced piers. They dug down looking for a floor. When we arrived, they hit the mortar base for what would have been a marble floor. This floor was measured in relationship to Jim's floor and found to be within 2" (thus, probably at the same level). That afternoon we photographed all of the Temple of Pluto that we had cleared and measured, and all of our excavation holes. At the end of the day, we covered up all the mini-excavations.

We did not return to work at the Temple of Pluto until the summer of 1991. In the two previous years we would visit the site to see if our clearing efforts had been overtaken by nature, but a combination of Italy's drought and the horses being given access to some tasty leaves by our clearing efforts had left the site in a state of still being semi-cleared. We were interested in returning to the Temple to work on the south wall, which was still a mystery, and to see if we could find additional rooms to the south of the east/west running interior wall where we had found a floor late in the summer of 1988. Our technique had improved from 1988, and we were interested in 'finishing' the Temple of Pluto.



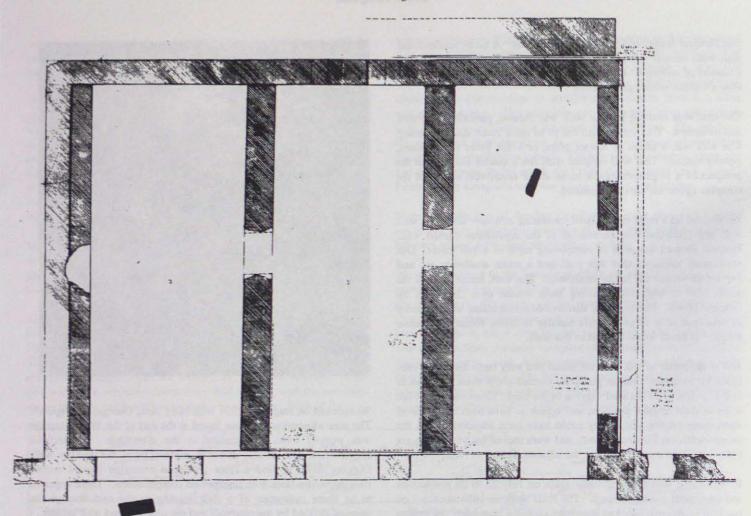
We returned on August 8, 1991 with Mary-Ann, George, and Jupiter⁸. The area adjacent to the floor found at the end of the 1988 campaign was worked over in a frenzy in the afternoon. A pier/wall construction was found about 3 meters from the known wall. Digging down to find a floor produced extensive bits of marble flooring, and a floor with unexpected complications. There appeared to be some indication of a stair leading to the east through the opening defined by the pier/wall and the newly found wall section.

The new wall clearly extended to both the east and the west. There was no evidence of extension to the south. George dug a large hole in this direction with no evidence of a floor or wall. We also located another intact wall section along the west wall towards the corner with the curved wall. We tried to find hard evidence of the mysterious south wall. Difficult digging produced an edge of this wall about 8 meters from the odd south/west corner. All work was measured and located to our previous references.

We returned to the site in the afternoon of August 15 (Robert and Jupiter, with Mary-Ann, George and others joining late in the day) to do some more work on the west wall and the south wall. No progress was made on the south wall. Another wall section was found near the corner where the curved wall extends. We were looking for the south/west corner, but ran out of time.

We photographed our work (holes in the ground) on August 27, and filled in the holes.

Robert Mangurian



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Notes:

1. Minerva: David Gastau, Maria Segal, and Mario Violich. Juno: Tina Gruen, Martin Mervel, and John Ravitch.

2. We did not measure the 'Comet' until 1990, but we did clear it again in 1989.

3. We returned to this corner in 1991.

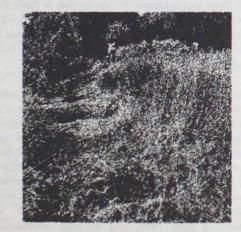
4. Mars: Tomaso Bradshaw, Jim Jackson, Laura Miller. Jupiter: Shelley Anixter, Ted Sharps, Caroline Otto.

5. Tufa is the natural soft volcanic rock that forms the bedrock at Hadrian's Villa and is the basis for most of the construction of the walls at the Villa.

6. Opus reticulatum is the brick and tufa wall construction involving the diagonal placement of the square tufa bricks.

7. Brick stamps are found rarely on fired Roman bricks, and the markings have been deciphered in the 20th century to allow the accurate dating of Roman construction.

8. Jupiter: Jody Alpert, Dara Schaefer, Larry Tighe.



house (hous) n., pl. houses (hou'ziz, -siz). 1. e. A building used as a dwelling by one or more families. b. A household 3. Something that serves as a shelter or habitation for as a for entertainment: a movie house. b. The audience or pa-trons of such an establishment: a full house. 4. A dwelling for a religious community or for students. 5. House. A fam-ily line, including ancestors and descendants, esp. a noble family the House of Orange. 8. A commercial firm: a bro-fore the second students of the low of the second such an essembly. 8. A new of the 12 parts into which the heavens are divided in a prology. b. The sign of the zo-dia indicating the seat or stathen of a planet in the heavens modifier house call, house pet. — v. (houz) housed, house in house call, house pet. — v. (houz) housed, house in a house call, house pet. — v. (houz) housed, house in a house call, house pet. — v. (houz) housed, house in a house call nouse pet. — v. (houz) housed, house in a house call nouse pet. — v. (houz) housed, house in a house call house pet. — v. (houz) housed, house in a house call nouse pet. — v. (houz) housed, house in a house call nouse pet. — v. (houz) housed, house in a house call nouse pet. — v. (houz) housed, house in a house call nouse pet. — v. (houz) housed, house in a house call nouse pet. — v. (houz) housed, house is a house call nouse pet. — v. (houz) housed, house is a house call nouse pet. — v. (houz) housed, house is a house call nouse pet. — v. (houz) housed, house is a house call nouse pet. — v. (houz) housed, house is a house call nouse pet. — v. (houz) housed, house is a house call nouse pet. — v. (houz) housed house is a house call nouse pet. — v. (houz) housed house is a house call nouse pet. — v. (houz) housed house is a house call nouse is a not call of and the manage is a house thouse house a domicile rather than the house is a house is a house house house house house house ho

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(bound') adj. Restricted or confined to be invalid: (but for dng) n. The act of unlawfully for the purpose of committing

adj. 1. Trained in habits of pet. 2. Trained to be doc-3

n. A number of the bodyguard or Danish early English king or huskart house + karl, man.] A won brobe, usually with a

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name.

house-hus-band (hous'hüz'band) n. A husband who man-ages the household while his wife earns the family income. house-keep-er (hous'kë'par) n. One hired to perform the domestic tasks in a household. —house'keep'ing n. hou-sel (hou'zel) Archaic. —n. The Eucharist. —(r.v. -seled, -seling, -sels. To administer the Eucharist to. [ME < OE huse!]

hilsel.]

huse-leek (hous'lek') n. Any of various plants of the genus Sempervivum, native to the Old World, esp. S. tectorum, having a basal rosette of fleshy leaves and a branching clus-ter of pinkish or purplish flowers. house-lighta (hous'flus') pl.n. The lights that illuminate the audience section of a concert hall, theater, or auditorium.

style (stll) n. 1. The way in which something is said, done, expressed, or performed: a syle of speech and writing 2. The combination of distinctive features of literary or article expression, execution, or performance characterizing a particular person, group, school, or era 3. Sort: type: a syle of furniture 4. A quality of imagination and individuality expressed in one's actions and tastes. 5. a. A comfortable and elegant mode of existence: living in style b. A particular mode of living: the style of a gentleman. 6. a. The fashion of the moment, esp. of dress; vogue: our of style b. A particular fashion: the style of the 1920. 7. A customary manner of presenting printed material, including usage, punctuation, spelling, typography, and arrangement. 8. Form of address; tube, 9. A slender, pointed writing instrument used by the ancients on wax tables. 10. An implement used for etching or on of a sundial. 13. Bo. The usually slender part of a pistil, fixing from the overy and tipped by the signa. A pen. 16. A surgical probing instrument; style: *I*. *I* wayted, styles, 9. To call or name, designate: Groups' thyle, dust by the generate the Duke of Windsor. 2. To make conserver the that (ME < 077, \$1.41, stills.] — styles manners.

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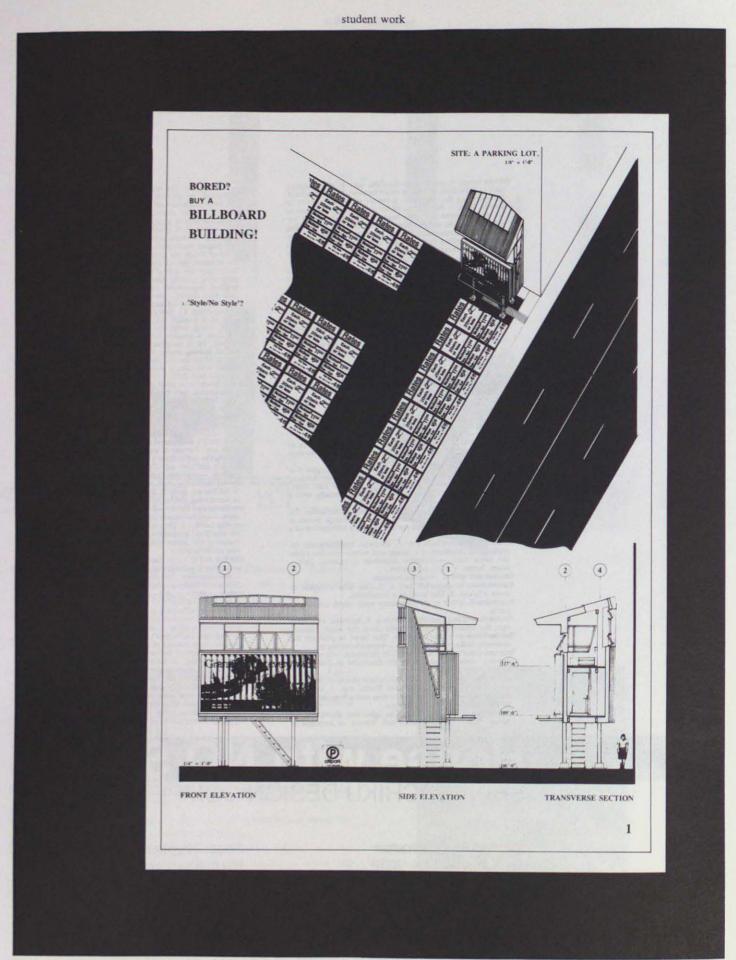
small, Ital. stifetto, styll (stifft) newplural of stylus. styll-pref. Variant of stylus. styll-pref. Variant of stylus. styl-life(rm) (sttl-life(rm)) adj. Having the shape of a style. styl-life(rm) (sttl-life(rm)) adj. Conforming to the current fashion: modish. -stylistiy adj. Conforming to the current fashion: modish. -stylistiy adj. Of or speaker who cultivates an artful literary style. 2. A designer of or consultant on styles in decorating, dress, or beauty. stylistic (stiflist) adj. Of or relating to style, esp. literary style. -stylistically adj. stylistic (stiflist) adj. Of or relating to style, esp. literary style. -stylistically adj. stylistic (stiflist) adj. Of or for a number of early Christian ascet-ies who lived unshellered on the tops of high pillars. [LGk. studites < Gk. stulos, pillar.] -stylistic (stiflik) adj. -stylistically adj. -stylist

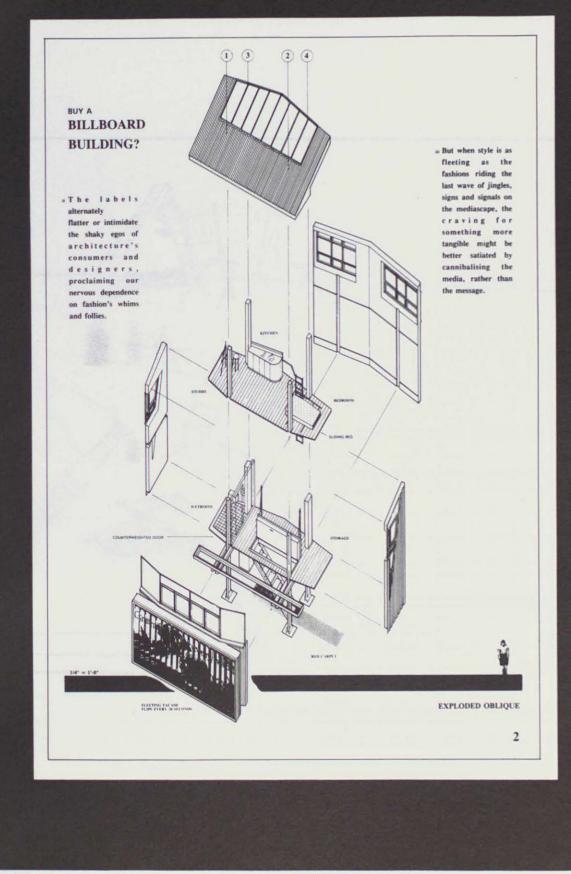
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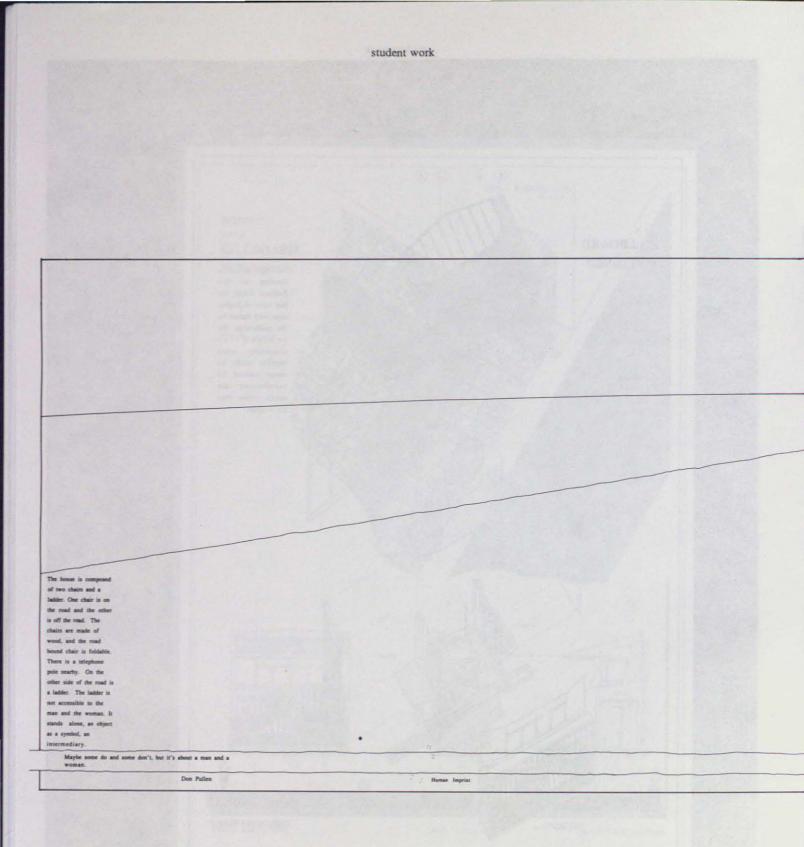


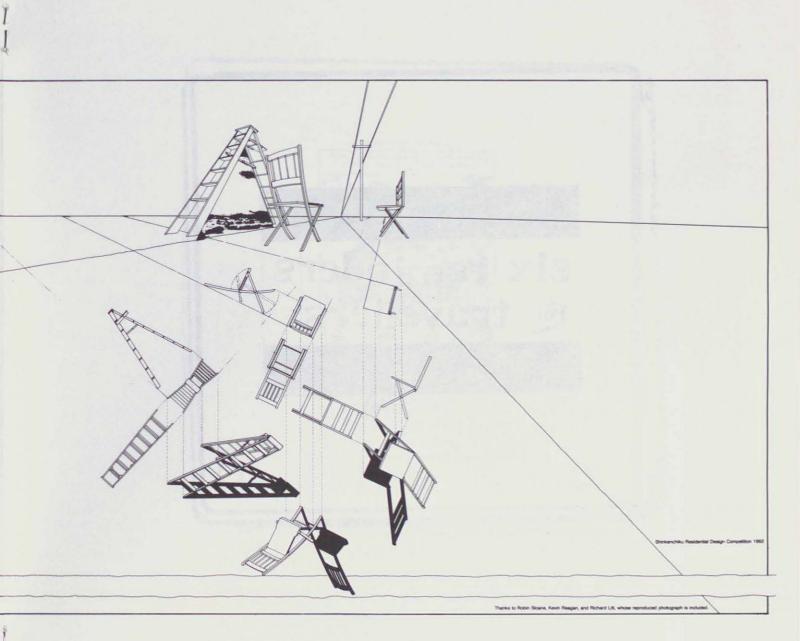
Thomas Pushpathadam graduated from the McGill School of Architecture in 1992

Roger Shepherd is a graduate of the McGill School of Architecture, 1993





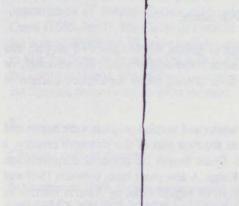




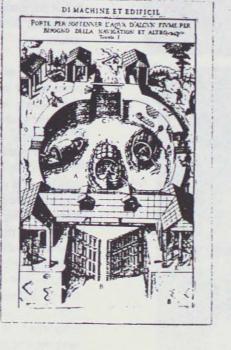
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volume eight, number three







SIX REMINDERS FOR TRAVELLERS.

I

Canals, Spanish canals, particularly the Canal de Castilla.

Spain is engraved with canals.

Transport, (exchange of goods, displacement of people) and irrigation, (movement or dispersion of water) are, separately or combined, the two main driving forces for the construction of canals.

A variety of minor works and utopian projects were begun and promoted as early as the first part of the sixteenth century, a time during which Spain began its political consolidation under the Catholic Kings. A few years later, between 1548 and 1550, during the reign of Maximillian of Austria interest in fluvial navigation in Spain became a renewed imperative. It is from this time, for instance, that the first Spanish extant drawing of a revolving lock which closed with the aid of the current, comes to us1. But it is only in the mid- eighteenth century, during the reign of Ferdinand VI, that the first major navigable-irrigation waterworks, the Canal de Castilla and the Imperial Canal of Aragón, were built. Both canals, among the most extraordinary hydraulic monuments of Spain, form part of the extensive series of public works including roads, dams, docks, bridges, silos, hospitals, schools and even bullfight rings, initiated and promoted during the Spanish Enlightenment (La Ilustración Española). They would play a more significant role during the nineteenth century.

The Canal de Castilla is a powerful piece of landscape engineering, architecture and hydraulics. Running South to North and covering 207 kilometres, the canal includes 49 locks, mills, numerous bridges, several aqueducts, four basins and a series of storage and milling facilities.² The course of the canal comprises three sections. The first begins at the town of Medina de Rioseco on the southwest, the second, on the southeast, at Valladolid, ancient capital of Spain. Both cities are located in the province of Valladolid. Roughly 60 kilometres to the north the two branches come together at a fork called El Serron in the province of Palencia. From here

¹ Nicols García Tapia, "Ingeniería Hidraulica del Canal de Castilla" in Juan Helguera Quijada, et al., <u>El Canal de Castilla</u> (Valladolid: Junta de Castilla y León, 1988), pp. 163-195.

² José A. Fernandez Ordoñez, <u>Catlogo de treinta Canales</u> <u>Españoles anteriores a 1900</u> (Madrid: CEHOPU, 1986), pp. 182-83.

the Canal reaches North to Alar del Rey in the province of Burgos. The Canal travels the heart of the Old Castile, a fertile flat region which is considered the breadbasket of Spain. Today the waterworks is relegated to irrigating this vast zone. It could theoretically, if deemed necessary, be refitted for navigation which was suppressed in the early 1950's. An interesting feature of the Canal de Castilla is the series of locks designed and built according to the illustrations of sixteenth and seventeenth century hydraulic treatises such as those of Belidor' and Zonca.4 These treatises played a decisive role in the construction of French Canals, particularly the Languedoc Canal (1665-1692). The Canal de Castilla, as conceived during the time of Ferdinand VI, represented a utopian project directed to link the Spanish breadbasket with the port of Santander on the Cantabric coast, one of the main centres of commerce with the Spanish colonies overseas at the time.

Π

Castile, old and new.

In October of 1989, always accompanied by the perennial burnt dust and the soft mid-autumn Castilian light, I had the chance to travel along the entire length of the Canal de Castilla. This was part of a sabbatical project in which a long standing preoccupation with the relation of water and architecture had finally become a reality. The terrain was familiar. I had criss-crossed its width and length on various occasions, as a teenager during my high-school days which I had spent partially in Spain and later, years later, on Quixotic visits, closer to pilgrimages, to this land of my first infatuation where I discovered water transformed into snow and had my first photographic epiphany.

I was 11 when I was given my first camera. It was a 126 Agfa with bellows, two prism viewfinders, set aperture at f:11 and a built-in yellow filter (I found this out many years later). It was a versatile camera which gave me many years of candid visual rewards, the belief that I was a great photographer and a myriad of under and over exposed negatives. The first photographs that I ever took were of the Monasterio de Piedra, a marvelous monastic complex in southeast Spain where water has played with architecture since medieval times. Unfortunately these images remained in my mind since they never made it back from the corner drugstore. I believe that I first discovered photography at the Monasterio de Piedra. I eventually discovered architecture and became fascinated with the uses of water as a symbolic element in architecture. I spent days photographing the Canal in its various moods under the changing Castilian light. But the Canal was more than this apparent stream of water. I came to consider it as a continuous building etched into the landscape along hundreds of endless panoramas where water, earth and sky converged, there... very far, ahead of me. Travelling along the Canal, many dormant things awoke to acquire new presence and meaning.

I distinctly remember finding the Pantheon in the cylindrical mud-forms of the Valladolid dove-cotes which dot this landscape, a sort of territorial reminder to the traveller. They appeared to me as Pigeon-Pantheons. They always reminded me that I was in Castilla La Vieja, the Old Castile and more specifically in the province of Valladolid.

Always within sight of the Canal, whose presence I felt marked by the green lines of trees emerging from this brown earth, after days of roaming the land, intoxicated by the openness of this landscape, I believed I was able to grasp better the full meaning of serendipity.

Ш

La Fuente Grande, a photograph.

One day I drove my rented SEAT—automated version of a modern Rocinante⁵ and the Spanish equivalent of a FIAT—beyond the southern border of Old Castile. I left the Canal behind because I wanted to see and record other examples of civic hydraulic architecture. New Castile, to the South, the region—theatre of Don Quixote's most exciting adventures—think of his mythical battle with the windmill at Campo de Criptana—presented itself as the ideal place to investigate. I had decided to change the geographical context, choosing to go from the basin of the Duero River in which the Canal de Castilla lies to that of the Tajo River which embraces such memorable places as Aranjuez and Toledo.

I had seen a photograph of a place which intrigued me. It was supposed to be a fountain but it looked much more like a neo-classical plaza. The caption read: J. de Herrera. Fuente Grande de Ocaña.⁶ Plazas, hydraulic works and the oeuvre of the renown renaissance Spanish architect Juan de Herrera were part of my thematic research preoccupations. So I drove to Ocaña, an ancient headquarters of the "comendador" or great master of the medieval militant order of Saint James.

³ M. Belidor, Architecture Hydraulique, 3 vols. (Paris, 1737).

⁴ Cited by Nicols García Tapia, "Ingeniería Hidraulica del Canal de Castilla" in Juan Helguera Quijada, et al., <u>El Canal de Castilla</u> (Valladolid: Junta de Castilla y León, 1988), p. 175.

⁵ Rocinante was Don Quixote de la Mancha's horse.

⁶ The photograph appeared in Jose Ignacio Linazasoro, <u>El</u> <u>proyecto clasico en arquitectura</u> (Barcelona: Editorial Gustavo Gili, S.A., 1981.), p. 145.

IV

Epiphany

James Joyce, through Stephen Daedalus, tells us:

"--now for the third quality. For a long time I couldn't make out what Aquinas meant. He uses a figurative word (a very unusual thing for him) but I have solved it. Claritas is Quidditas. After the analysis which discovers the second quality the mind makes the only logically possible synthesis and discovers the third quality. This is the moment which I call epiphany. First we recognize that the object is one integral thing, then we recognize that it is an organized composite, a thing in fact: finally, when the relation of the parts is exquisite, when the parts are adjusted to the special point, we recognize that it is that thing which it is. Its soul, its whatness, leaps to us from the vestment of its appearance. The soul of the commonest object, the structure of which is so adjusted. seems to us radiant. The object achieves its epiphany.

Having finished his argument Stephen walked in silence..."⁷







Fountains and displacements

Fuente Grande or Fuente Nueva (new and big fountain) to differentiate it from the older and smaller fountain located some 500 meters down the road was the name given to Ocaña's monumental complex which used to welcome the visitor coming from Aranjuez and Toledo, to the East. Here for the first time in the second half of the sixteenth-century the monumental displaced the modest.

⁷ James Joyce <u>Stephen Hero</u> (London: Grafton Books, 1977), p. 190.

La Fuente Grande de Ocaña is a magic place. It is also an ingenious piece of hydraulic engineering and landscape architecture. La Fuente Grande is more than a fountain. It was a gathering place, a sort of rural Plaza Mayor antedating the elegant and formal one which was carved in the middle of Ocaña two centuries later. The fountain is composed of water spouts, canals, two drinking reservoirs for the animals and a monumental "lavadero" (laundry basin) which could accommodate 300 people at a time. The design of this hydraulic complex has been attributed to Juan Herrera, the official "aposentador"—the room maker— of Philip II, and the architect of El Escorial.

A third displacement is very recent and ubiquitous in the Spanish landscape as the network of modern freeways has replaced the ancient Rutas Nacionales, all converging at the Plaza del Sol in Madrid-a fact that speaks eloquently of the centralism which characterized the history of the country for long periods. From the highway, driving at 120 km/hr Ocaña seems like an urban accident that had to be displaced by progress. Maybe this has been a blessing to the old city of religious-militant Orders. The town and its public monumental complexes have been spared the spade of developers and the devastation by carloads of tourists. In Ocaña it is still possible to eat a wonderful picnic of Manchego cheese "emparedados" (sandwiches) washed down with Valdepeñas wine without being bothered by a soul. At the Fuente Grande one can still be the ruler of one's epiphanic solitude.

VI

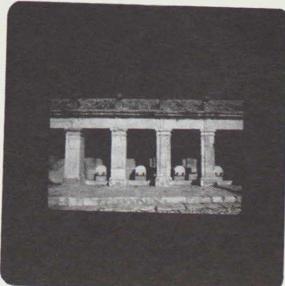
Centering

The last time 1 sat on the steps leading to the great open quadrangle of the fountain I could hear Lawrence Durrell's thoughts on Greece, and particularly on Delphi, gently roaming through my mind and speaking of a new reality to me.

> "...Most travellers hurry too much. But try just for a moment sitting on the great stone omphalos, the navel of the ancient Greek world. at Delphi. Don't ask mental questions, but just relax and empty your mind. It lies, this strange amphora–shaped object, in an overgrown field above the temple. Everything is blue and smells of sage. The marbles dazzle down below you. There are two eagles moving softly on the sky,







like distant boats rowing across an immense violet lake.

Ten minutes of this quiet inner identification will give you the notion of the Greek landscape which you could not get in twenty years of studying Greek texts...."

Although the omphalos tone was not at Ocaña I smelled the sage, saw the blue sky and the dazzling stones around me. There were also birds in the sky. I was able to leave silently...longing to return to this magical place once again.

NOTES

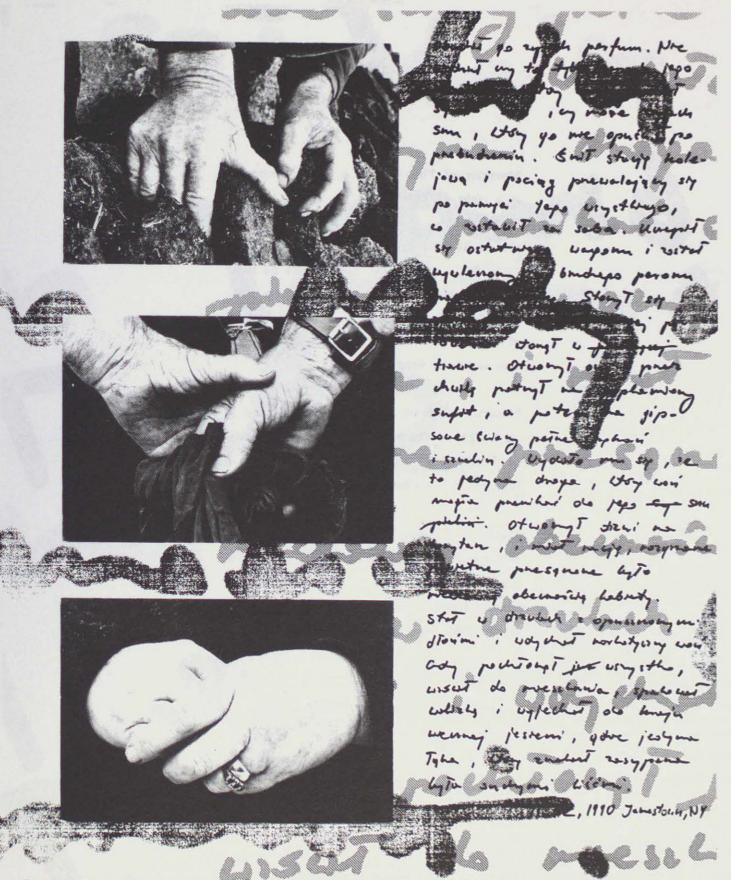
I would like to recognize here Mohamed Talaat and Anna Mainella's critical comments and editorial suggestions.

Ricardo L. Castro is an associate professor of architecture at McGill University.





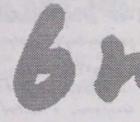




Dariusz Wiecha has studied architecture at the Technical University of Silesia, Gliwice, Poland and is presently completing the B. Arch program at McGill. He has been published in the "Litania Wiatru I Czasu" Polish book of poetry.

Dariusz Wiecha

ELEANOR'S LAST JOURNEY



Maturity of Time is a right of Thinking of the Past that is like a fragile leaf

Maturity of Thoughts is a right of Choice of Destiny that is like a Song of nuns

Maturity of Hands is a right of Touch of Feelings that are like a Chestnut in a pocket

Maturity of words is a right of Meanings that are like Thoughts against Hands at the same Time

Jamestown, NY, January 1990.



The Fifth Column

Dariusz Wiecha

PASSING BY

I came to build a temple doesn't matter I never heard of religion it should serve that all I remember is a smell of a wooden building I used to go to on Sundays and pray to be away

I'll start with the glass I have fived through then the belfry - my words of Babel at the end I'll make the door to wonder about the gods behind

I'll build it so they should believe me I'll name it so they would trust me I'll forget it so I could move on

Montreal, October 1992.

terrance galvin



THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY BOMBAY 4:30 p.m. ...

Imagine a large, dimly lit room replete with heavy darkwood desks, the kind that high school teachers used in the nineteenfifties. The desks are touching end to end, occasionally interrupted by aisles. They are loosely arranged in several rows, marching into the distance. Upon each desk are piles of different sized ledgers, yellow with age and covered with dust. Some of the desks are so top-heavy that it appears everything will topple as a precarious pile of ledgers teeters and leans on an adjoining pile. Each hardcover ledger is neatly bound with twine. A low turbulence is sustained by the presence of hundreds of fans, slowly swooping the air with broad blade strokes. While the tied ledgers remain stably closed, loose papers struggle to fight free of their paper weights, their corners fluttering in the still air making droning helicopter sounds. A dirty yellow light filters through large window panes along one side of the room, giving people the appearance of silhouettes lit from behind.

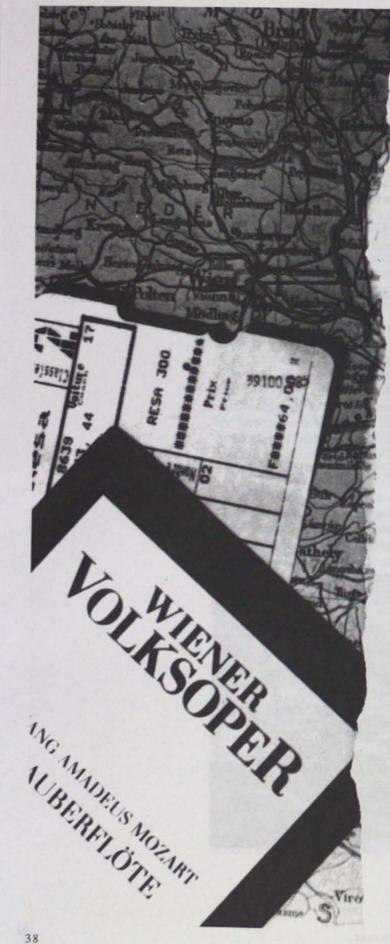
Along the other side of the room is an infinite series of identical wooden doors. Upon each door is fastened a small brass coloured name plate. The closed doors, forming a single loaded corridor, generate a rhythm along the eastern wall of the room, disappearing into the diffused light. After waiting for more than an hour outside the door of the Indian station-master we were sent to see, in order to validate our train passes from Bombay to Delhi, my eyes begin to focus on the details of this dream-like landscape of desks and volumes. Dusty shelves laden with files fill every corner of occupiable space, adding to the musty, humid smell of the Indian summer. It becomes difficult to breathe the entrapped air.

From behind each desk, littered with discarded cigarette butts and tea cups, peers a clerk; some male, others female. A veritable sea of Indian eyes slowly pans across the room as the clerks fan themselves in a slow gradual sweeping motion, not unlike the hovering blades of the electric fans overhead. This collective motion gives the enormous room an air of action taking place in arrested motion. When detected being watched, in order to avoid looking idle, each clerk performs some nervous jerky action, such as moving a file or opening a drawer, although these very actions betray their bureaucratic fate. Precisely at this point, the presence of a camera sends the entire room into a state of undulating panic. Beginning as whispers rippling along each aisle, the panic crescendos with one of the more nervously confident employees asking in an aggressive tone whether we have a permit to take photographs within the head adminstrative offices of 'the western railway'. I respond in a muffled tone that we have the authorization of the gentleman on the second floor whom we have been waiting to see, (but who in fact we never managed to meet, *if indeed he exists at all*). Due to the spokesman's insistence and to the fact that by then the room had been documented; at least in my mind; we apologized and hurriedly departed.

The image of this room continues to embody the very essence of Indian administration. As the fans continued rotating ever so slowly over the dusty landscape of ledgers below, we left this place with indelible Kafkaesque impressions: one's name and train reservation certainly exists, waiting to be validated, somewhere within the multitude of forms and ledgers, filed within some pile upon some shelf. But in what sector, on what date, under what letter or cross reference, only K. could begin to come to terms with. The secrets held within the enormous room will remain undiscovered long after the dust-bound ledgers are replaced by computers and the steam locomotives of the great western railway cease to exist.

terrance galvin is an adjunct professor of architecture at McGill University. This impression was recorded in the summer of 1992 while conducting CIDA research en route from Bombay to Calcutta.





IMPROVISATIONS EN FORME DE TABLEAUX SONATE-FANTASIE SUR UN THEME IMPOSE

Vienne -Ou le malaise d'une liberté

A mesure que le cortège avançait sur la ville, le vent du soir s'animait; il semblait fuir les montagnes et la lumière glacée des neiges éternelles. En rasant la campagne, il se heurtait souvent au train de nuit qui poursuivait, sans lumières, sa course inlassable vers la ville ... Centre emprisonné, encerclé -Pôle magnétique qui attire son contraire pour mieux le repousser dès qu'il s'approche de trop près. Un étranger qu'une musique souterraine avait guidé vers la ville, s'est vu refoulé sur un ring lointain qui devint sa prison pour longtemps, contraint qu'il était de graviter autour du centre sans pouvoir s'en approcher.

La forêt délaissée par la bise semblait vide et découvrait ses arcades étranges...

Au milieu d'une place, la statue d'un homme à cheval. Deux autres statues, sur le toit d'un bâtiment en hémicycle, lui font face. Mise en scène!

Une autre réalité se trame à travers les ombres et les regards des pierres, comme autant de clins d'oeil et d'ironiques correspondances. Réalité ou magnifique artifice que l'homme a taillé de toutes pièces, et qui semble avoir échappé au contrôle de son créateur, comme si la pierre était soudain devenue chair et la réalité humaine était devenue tributaire d'une réalité plus forte, plus lourde, plus vraie - celle de l'Architecture.

Mais la vie est aussi faite d'anecdotes, de milles anecdotes même. Avec elles on se construit une vie, et très souvent des correspondances, des échos, des ressemblances s'y installent.

Nous sommes un soir d'été en banlieue de Vienne, à l'Opéra du Peuple. Quartier plutôt mal fâmé - on joue Ein Nacht in Venedig!

Nicolas Ryan

Venise -Un an auparavant

Onze heures du matin sur la place de l'Accademia di musica. Dans le cortile du palazzo, une musique en état de devenir triste et sublime conflit. Au travers des résonances confuses d'un hautbois, d'une trompette, de violons, les graves profondes du second concerto pour piano de Brahms s'échappent par une fenêtre grande ouverte du troisième étage. Regards - Autre drame...

Campo Pisani - devant la magnifique façade au rythme binaire de l'Accademia, une dizaine d'enfants jouent au foot. Visages, liberté - Autre vie...

A Vienne, l'eau cache sa présence dans la ville, souterraine presque, barricadée derrière deux voies rapides, deux murs de chaleurs, deux vagues de poussières. Ici l'eau est partout, verte, moite, jusque dans les veines des pierres de Travertin qui ornent encore des structures en débacle, glaçée comme un mal qui depuis longtemps s'est infiltré dans notre corps et ronge peu à peu nos os.

Danube -

Fleuve frontière

Nous sommes partis de Vienne, un matin, alors que le Danube s'était couvert d'un épais manteau de brume. Situation exceptionnelle, la descente vers Budapest en aéroglisseur s'immobilise plusieurs fois au milieu des eaux tristes du Danube. Dans le brouillard, on distingue à peine quelques ombres lointaines qui se déplacent très lentement.

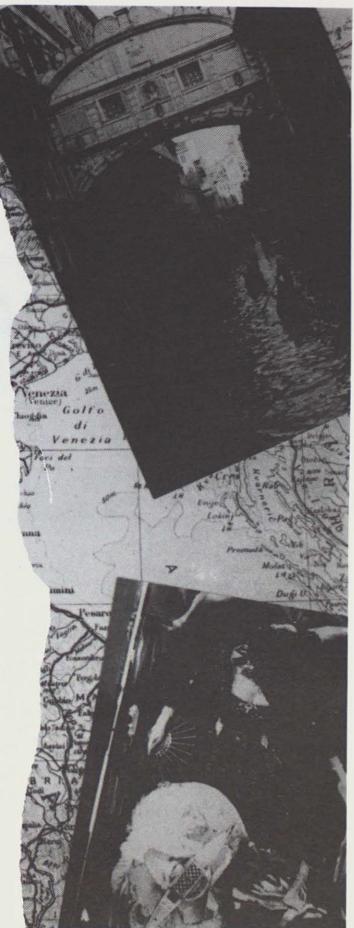
A mi-chemin, l'atmosphère se dégage - région frontière midésertique, entre l'ancient "rideau de fer" et Budapest, entre l'Autriche, la Hongrie et la Tchécoslovaquie. Une nature aérienne se découvre, au vert très pâle, où se pourchassent les oiseaux des marais. Et puis il y a ces étranges maisonnettes le long du fleuve, si petites qu'on jurerait qu'elles sont des maisons de poupées.

Ironie d'un Pouvoir - Malaise d'un monde.

Les signes un peu terrifiants du communisme apparaissent soudain, avec une violence inouïe: sur les rives tchécoslovaques, la banlieue de Bratislava - des milliers de tours d'habitation pour la plupart identiques - triste monde!

Intermezzo

"Le miroir menait à l'Hotel des Fantaisies Dramatiques..." Jean Cocteau



Mer en ménage coule les sots En marge des flots, on en plie les citrouilles En barge d'écrin, ses frondes sur les digues Une perle d'Océan qu'emprisonne un empire...

Rome -

Ville ouverte

Isola Tiberina - Au pied de l'unique pont qui mène à l'île, le Tibre s'agite en quelques remous, laissant derrière lui de grandes trainées d'écume un peu douteuse. Cela interdit aux bateaux-bus, ces rares embarcations qui circulent encore sur le fleuve, de poursuivre leur chemin en aval de l'île. Là, l'unique arche d'un vieux pont romain est devenue le refuge de quelques cigognes et, bien qu'apparemment inaccessible, de plantes sauvages qui y ont trouvé une terre fertile.

La petite histoire raconte qu'à l'époque, l'eau du Tevere était beaucoup plus haute parce qu'il était plein de bateaux. Depuis, le manque d'eau a découvert des berges rocailleuses où pousse une maigre végétation sauvage.

L'Isola Tiberina est un de ces lieux à Rome où rien ne semble avoir changé depuis des siècles. Chaque jour, le soleil s'y lève lorsque je traverse le Tibre pour rejoindre le quartier de Trastevere ("de l'autre côté du Tibre"). Chaque soir, je vois le soleil descendre derrière le dôme de Saint-Pierre et la colline du Gianicolo. C'est à ce moment que Rome est sans doute la plus belle - lorsque la chaude lumière de fin d'après-midi illumine les stucs ocres, délavés ou effrités, des palais du Centre Historique.

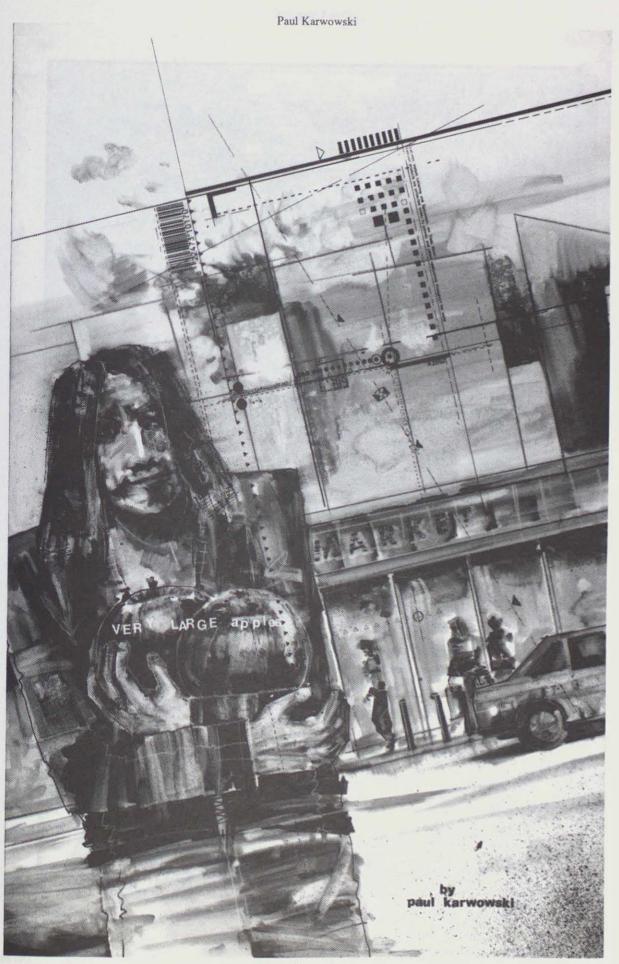
J'éprouve une fascination grandissante pour la lumière et les illusions des églises baroques. Il m'arrive souvent de retourner à Saint-Pierre, sans cesser de m'en émerveiller.

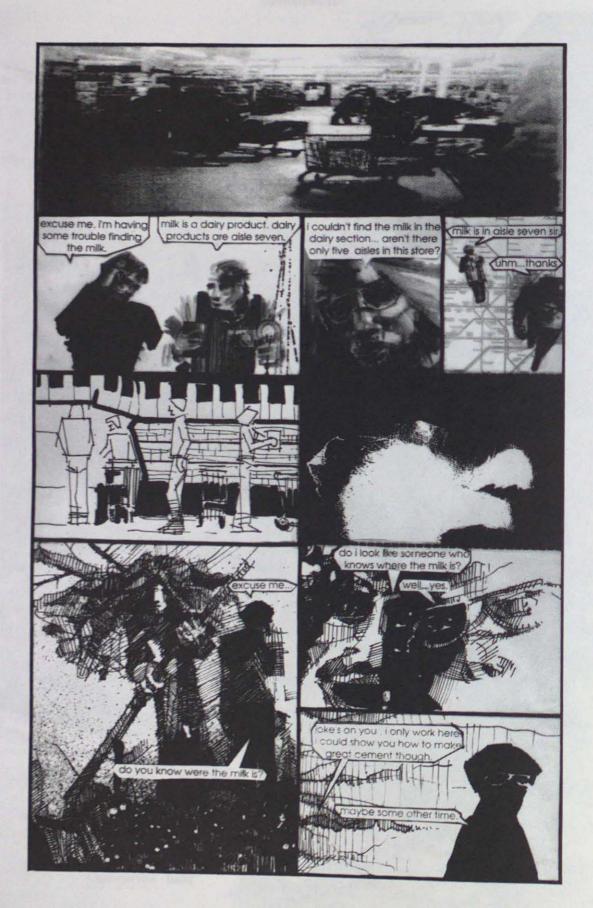
J'aime entrer dans les églises aux environs de six heures, lorsque, fuyant les dernières lumières du soir, les voûtes s'enferment dans la pénombre et les statues se détachent en ombres chinoises sur les filtres des vitraux.

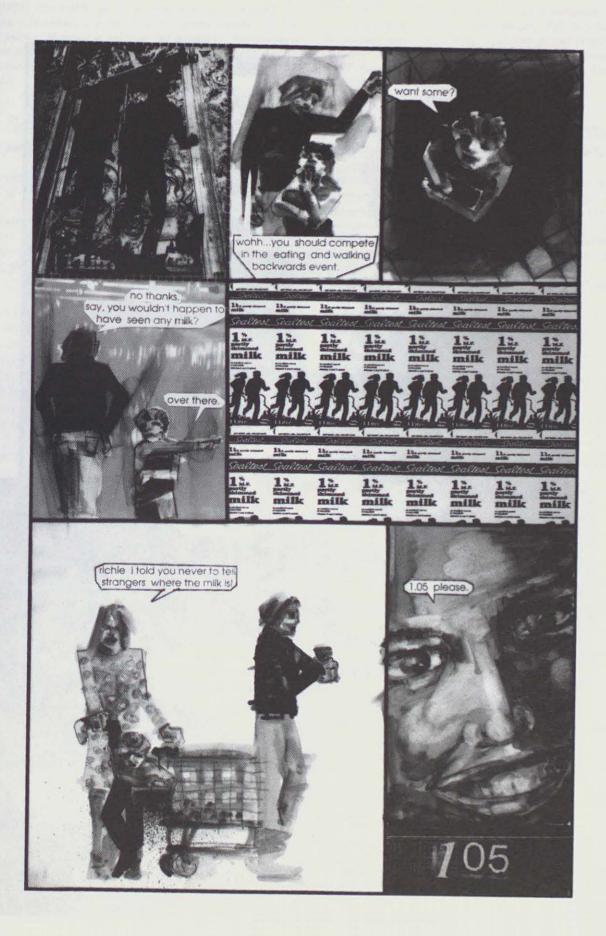
C'est à cette heure que les esprits, lampes à alcool et autres cierges, s'éveillent et envahissent de leur lumière mouvante et chaude les voûtes assombries. Dès lors, taisant les murmures incessants, la voix du prêtre s'élève et annonce la prière...

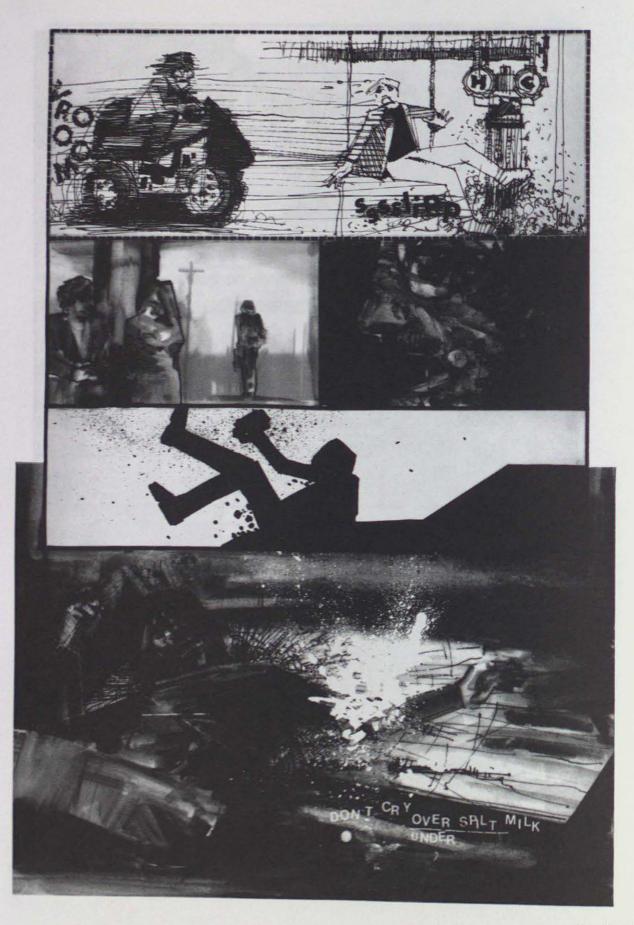
Nicolas Ryan is a graduate of McGill University School of Architecture and is currently completing graduate studies in architectural science at Columbia University.











THE FIFTH COLUMN, as a national journal, is calling for increased participation from students, professionals and the general public. Material is welcome and needed to raise the level of debate and broaden the appeal of the magazine. For further information, contact your Regional editor of THE FIFTH COLUMN.

The Secret life of Buildings

volume nine, number one:

The Construction of Memory

We experience the most unforgettable movements when certain aspects of the world, whose existence we completely ignore, suddenly confront us with the revelation of mysteries lying all the time within our reach and which we cannot see because we are too short sighted, and cannot feel because our senses are inadequately developed. Their dead voices speak to us from nearby, but they sound like voices from another planet. - Giorgio De Chirico, 1928

Behind a curtain, there is a play unfolding in which buildings act on the stage of feeling and memory. To experience architecture profoundly we enter this secret life of buildings. To be human we need more than containers and supports for our bodies. Buildings are vessels filling with time, holding it and making it visible to man. The making of architecture is part of the search to figure and communicate meaning in life, to mirror an ideal of (im)permanence and (im)mortality.

Deadline for submissions is January 1, 1994

I Read The Fountainhead...

volume nine, number two:

The Image of The Architect

I don't intend to build in order to have clients. I intend to have clients in order to build.

Howard Roarke in THE FOUNTAINHEAD, 1943

Fifty years ago Ayn Rand introduced Howard Roarke in her bestselling novel *The Fountainhead* and since then architects have been trying to live up to - or live down - the mystique of the profession which Roarke personified. Throughout history the aura surrounding "the architect" implied genius, creativity and integrity. Since *The Fountainhead*, other images ranging from the 1949 movie adaptation of the novel to recent popular movies and television sit-coms, have added to the collective consciousness. What are the effects of these media representations upon the public's views of architects and upon architects? How do architects counter or reinforce stereotypes to present themselves to the public, in a world where image overpowers substance?

Deadlines for submissions is September 1, 1994 Please submit articles on Mac disk to: THE FIFTH COLUMN, en tant que revue nationale, cherche à accroître le nombre de ses contributeurs. Par la présente, nous lançons une invitation tant aux étudiants qu'aux professionnels à participer au contenu de la revue. Pour plus de renseignements, communiquer avec votre rédacteur régional de THE FIFTH COLUMN.

La Vie Secrète des Bâtiments

volume neuf, numéro un:

La Construction de la Mémoire

Parfois un mur, en cachant derrière lui un train qui bruyamment s'éloigne, définit ce qu'est l'horizon. La nostalgie de l'infini nous apparaît alors derrière la précision géométrique du carré. Nous sommes à jamais émus quand certains aspects du monde, jusque là ignorés, tout-à-coup nous révèlent des mystères depuis toujours sous nos yeux, mais semblant parvenir dune autre planète.

- Giorgio De Chirico, 1928

Sur la scène de notre mémoire, le rideau baisse les bâtiments jouent leurs roles secrets. Ils ne sont pas que ces contenants, passifs et familiers, de nos corps et de nos gestes. Ils retiennent en euz le flux du temps, lui donnent forme, le rendent palpable. Construire nous aide à conprendre ce lieu où nous sommes et les itinéraires qui le traversent. Nous vous invitions à nous faire parvenir les texts qui se lieraient, directement ou indirectement, à ce thème.

Envoyer vos projets d'articles avant le 1 Janvier 1994

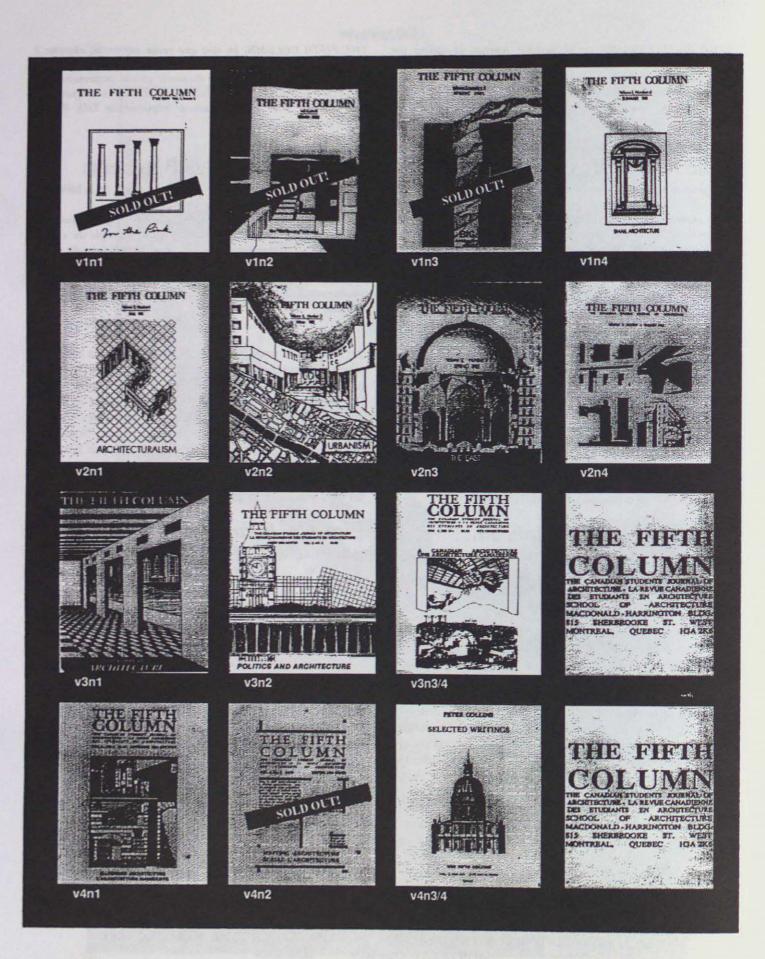
Lire The Fountainhead...

volume neuf, numéro deux: Les Architectes et Leur Image

Il y a aujourd'hui cinquante ans, Ayn Rand créait dans son roman *The Fountainhead* le personnage de Howard Roarke qui a, depuis, incarné l'idéal qu'on tenté d'émuler de nombreux architectes. Bien avant Ayn Rand et son surhomme-architecte, la profession était déjà associée à l'idéal humaniste du créateur génial, intègre, élitiste. Plus récemment, les médias ont offert au public d'autres images de ce que sont et font les architectes. Ces images correspondent-elles bien à la réalité de la profession architecturale? Comment les architectes se perçoivent-ils eux-mêmes? Peuvent-ils changer la perception de leur profession de façon à mieux correspondre à leur réalité – ou leur idéal?

Envoyer vos projets d'articles enregistrés sur une disquette utilisant le programme Macintosh avant le 1 Septembre 1994 à:

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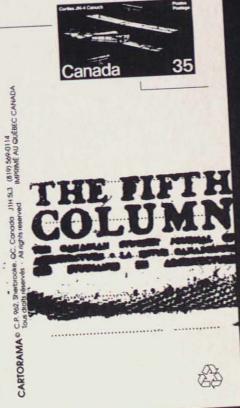
Prêt à encadrer For framing

Dearest reader,

The Fifth Column is the Canadian Student's Journal of Architecture and is published at McGill University. With the student body in constant flux we have experienced difficulty maintaining a constant schedule of production. The past year, however, has helped us to re-establish the Fifth Column from a quarterly to a biannual journal.

It is our objective to provide a forum for and to encourage the dialogue between students, academics, professional architects and interested members of the general public. Our call for articles on travel and architecture was so well received that our next issue, On the Road...volume two, will continue this theme.

We appreciate your interest, support and opinion and hope that you have enjoyed your travels through the issue.



Promenade sur la rue Hutchison Walking on Hutchison Street

Photo: Carole Melançon

