The Ruin and The Mall
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Tutors:
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Explore Lab, TU DELFT 2015
P5 Presentation
Ruin

Antoine Careme, 1785
Jan Breughel
Allegory of War 1640
The ruin
Weak Architecture: Between the Pyramid and the shed
Ruinlust
Conflict
Openness
Disorder
Useless
Fragment:
Monumentality

The Mall
Weak City
Sink Estate
Useless
Simultaneity
Disorder
Fragment
Research part

The Ruin
Gianni Vattimo
*The Weak Thought, 1988, 2012*

Ignasi de Sola Morales
*Weak Architecture, 1988*

Juhani Pallasmaa
*Fragile architecture, 2000*

The Pyramid and the shed
*1780 Andre Brogniar*
Pyramid at mauperthuis
1780 Andre Brogniar
View from Ruinenberg to Postdam
Albert Ludwig Trippel, 1745

German Pavilion, International Exposition, Barcelona, Spain,
Interior perspective. 1928-1929. MoMA Mies van der Rohe

St. Marry Le Port
John Piper, 1940
RUINLUST
Exhibition Tate London, Curated by Brian Dillon
Lessons in the Ruins

Openness
Disorder
Design part

The Mall
23 blocks of various sizes, 1260 flats, 3000 people 1107 Units complex composed of five slabs enclosing a world on its own. More than three thousand people used to live here.
Lend Lease, Southwark
Regeneration Proposal

Lend Lease
Artit's Impression
“There are failed estates, but this is not one of them.”
The Useless: Drawings of a ruin
Simutaneity: Utopia and Dystopia
Demolished Heygate Estate Floor Area

Site Area: Build up: 12 670m2
Floor Area Residential: 103 150m2
Floor Area Retail: 1100m2
Community and Culture: 1710m2
Sui Generis: 366m2

Social Housing Units: 1107

Lend Lease Developer’s Program:

Residential: 160 000m2
Retail: 16750m2
Business: 5000m2
Community and Culture: 5000m2
Leisure 5000m2
Sui Generis: 925m2

Social Housing Units: 71
With 80% of London Market price not even these are in fact affordable

In total 102000 m2 extra
Retail + Leisure + Business + Culture + Services = 39200m2
Area Enclosed by Slabs: 52000m2

If Land Leas non residential program applied in Single Storey, it would cover 75% of the site now enclosed by the Housing slabs
The Slab
Shopping mall
Brutalism: How unpopular buildings came back in fashion

Post-war concrete architecture was deemed by many as ugly — but now Brutalist buildings are back in fashion, writes Jonathan Glancey.

Could there ever be a more bizarre choice of name for an architectural movement than Brutalism? How odd that some of the very architects charged with creating working-class housing and public buildings from the mid-1950s to the early-1970s should have been happy to be called Brutalists. It was hardly likely to make them popular. Who, especially among those hit hardest by the brutality of World War II, wanted to live in brutal buildings?
Grid of Walls
Axonometry
now physical drawings
bezfratova mys
nature OF THE WALL
NOT PASSIVE SOLID BUT ACTIVE
HOLLOW
Steel manifested for a glimpse
The immensity of the slab behind me is opposed by a casual row of man sized doors. I open one of them and find myself entering a strangely familiar space. It is a lobby, lobby of a hotel, of an office tower, lobby of a library. It’s just a lobby. Strangely low suspended ceiling hovers above armchairs, reception desks, playrooms, and advertisement stands. An ornate lightning system is almost touching the heads of the relaxed crowd waiting for someone or something while frantically scrolling on their smartphones. The Wi-Fi password is lobby123.
The rather static nature of the previous room is in striking contrast to the stream of people suddenly flowing perpendicular to my path. I can barely look around. Still I manage to push my head above the crowd and see a flashing SALE sign: hunting equipment is half price today. Yes, I am in a shopping mall. Familiar mix of ceramic tiles, bubble tea stands and, strangely enough, houses. I can clearly see the big shining apple right next to a housing block almost identical to the one my mother lives in. Only it is constrained by white walls and a ceiling. I feel tempted to let the crowd carry me away somewhere to the accessories yet I stubbornly keep my direction. I walk straight into one of the old houses.
I am passing through narrow rooms where the wallpapered partitions carry pictures of dogs and grandchildren. I exit into another very similar interior, the wallpaper is the same only the grandchildren seem to be different now. I start to think that these indigo walls and plastic floors covered the entire world. Other people seem less disturbed by this domestic labyrinth. Somebody is eating his lunch on a Vitra table, while two men are measuring a leather sofa. Finally this infinite labyrinth of living rooms - showrooms is behind me.
Marketing nostalgia
What is in front of me is not any less mysterious. Room within a room. Inside there is a unique place where you can buy Guggenheim notebooks, Taschen paperbacks and original Heygate Fabric bags. It's a souvenir shop. You can walk around it, but it will be considered rude by some or most. Its smooth tables are covered by a plywood canopy. I stop here to buy a design pencil sharpener and spend 6 hours here.
The next room is very serious. It’s the sort of space that makes you whisper. I’m in a museum, a parliament or a parliament museum. The orthogonal grid of walls that has been my silent guide until now disappears completely. I am standing in a high octagon with daylight coming from above. It is clad with pink stone, and apart from its seriousness there is nothing but a staircase. It is that sort of emptiness that speaks of a distinguished crowd, which was here just a minute ago and could come back any minute. I leave hastily so nobody asks me to make a toast.

THE HALL
This room is the most comfortable of all. Nobody would ever sit on the stairs in the hall but here it seems the most obvious thing to do. There are also toilets here, finally. There are no eccentric materials or shapes anymore, no mystery, no symmetry, no drama. That seems only appropriate, because the multiple doors on the right all lead to a theatre.