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URBAN HOUSE: THE ULTRASONIC BLENDER CONFUSION
OF TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY SOCIETY

by

MICHAEL ROBERT RADEKE

A THESIS SUBMITTED
IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE
REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE
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ABSTRACT

URBAN HOUSE: The Ultrasonic Blender Confusion
of Twenty-First Century Society

by

Michael Robert Radeke

We are surrounded by devices that are designed to respond to us. They have been given a language of rhythm, movement, attachment, repetition, and layering. They are both overwhelmingly present and unseen. Mutably flowing together, they lose their distinctness in an anonymous field. They are notations of a system, each a reference, a hazy outline. This dual nature is echoed by our own nature. In this world of stimulation, we have learned simultaneously to seek out this stimulation and to flee from it. Increasingly, our houses have become shelters and retreats from ever-present demands. Instead, the house must allow the inhabitant to dwell cyclically. It must allow us to have stimulation and also allow us to escape from it. It must be a device that reflects one's desires in relation to our mechanized existence.
Acknowledgments

My thesis has been a blind rush towards something that I have never truly had words to describe. Only now, after putting to bed this document, can I attempt to be introspective.

My thesis advisor Jung-Ho Chang truly allowed me to draw without demanding answers. To anyone who wanted clarity, who wanted to know the origin and destination of what I was doing, I was speechless. I could only draw and collage. Yung-Ho Chang only asked that I make. His steadfast calmness, friendship, and commitment allowed me do this work without second thoughts and doubt.

From the other direction, Sanford S. Kwinter demanded insanity and clarity. “Push it,” he would say, and shake his head, walking away. He pushed and pulled my thesis towards precipices that I would have straddled or avoided entirely.

Dan Silver is a true friend. He never pulled his punches. He continuously took time away from his thesis to understand and analyze what I was saying and doing.

I owe an unpayable debt to a handful of writers who have colored my thinking since childhood. J. G. Ballard, T. J. Bass, John Brunner, Philip K. Dick, William Gibson, Harry Harrison, Frank Herbert, Franz Kafka, David Cronenberg, W. M. Miller, Jr., Neal Stephenson, Bruce Sterling, Henry David Thoreau, and Philip Wylie directly influenced my thoughts. Raymund Abraham, Art Adams, Aubrey Beardsley, John Byrne, Geof Darrow, Jack Kirby, Francisco Jose de Goya, Milo Manara, Frank Miller, Moebius, John R. Neil, and Barry Windsor-Smith directly influenced my hands. They all made things that went beyond the surface to show something deeper.

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Preface

We are surrounded by things. They pile up around us. I find that I unconsciously learned not to see them. It was only when I began to try to see that I realized what I wasn’t seeing. I drifted around things without being touched by them.

When you are in the ocean and are being pushed and pulled, the rocks around you do not touch you. The atmosphere around the rocks, the thin layer of water that surrounds them, that is what you move against.

What do I remember? Shapes from my childhood slide against my fingertips. These remembrances drift around me. I cannot remember them as surfaces, colors, speeds... but rather as movement. A moment when your eyes are open but clarity is unimportant.

The more I tried to see, the more I was gripped by those times when I saw without focusing.

Driving along a highway, I learned not to see the highway, not to look at the road in front of me and not to read the signs. Instead, they flowed into my hands, without ever being seen.

We are inundated by hundreds of things that we move through and that revolve around us. I wanted to include the landscape we have created. Everything we see as we drive down every street, every billboard and commercial, every television set, every electronic and mechanical device, every twisted piece of our landscape, brutalized by concrete, rusting chain link, overpasses, and rubble strewn streams. These things are ever-present, whether you are in the city, the suburb, or the country. Whether it is a single asphalt road in the most virgin landscape imaginable, our culture of fast-food exists in the drain gutters beside electrical and telephone lines in a giant Cartesian grid that divides all of this country into mile square blocks. This environment of drain pipes and icons is where and what I wanted to build.
Hey, man with the big muscles!
Yes, you!
Steam-powered, gas-powered, electrically-powered,
You with the big concrete and cement footprints!
Globe-girdler, continent-tamer, putting the planet
through hoops,
You I hail!
Packer and preserver of food in incorruptible cans,
Blocker-out of winter-blast with bricks and mortar,
Wheeled, shod, tracked with rails of shining iron.
Multiplier of goods and chattels, chewer-up of forests,
Furrow-maker across the unpopulous plains,
Flier higher than eagles, swimmer swifter than sharks,
Trafficker in the world's wealth, miracle-worker,
I Salute you, I sing your praises . . .

"Song of the States Unborn," 1924

Straylight reminded Case of deserted early morning shopping centers he'd known as a
teenager, low-density places where the small hours brought a fitful silence, a kind of numb
expectancy, a tension that left you watching insects swarm around caged bulbs above the
entrance of darkened shops. Fringe places, just past the borders of the Sprawl, too far from the
all-night click and shudder of the hot core.
Text

coda \(\text{kod-}\) \(\text{a}\)  \(n\) [It., lit., tail. fr. L \textit{cauda}] (ca. 1753)  
1 a: concluding musical section that is formally distinct from the main structure  
b: a concluding part of a literary or dramatic work  
2: something that serves to round out, conclude, or summarize and that has an interest of its own

My thesis is a pile of things . . . things in a <machinie> sense of the word . . . things that are repeated endlessly. Mutably flowing together, they lose their distinctness in an anonymous field. Things that stream by and are never seen.

Driving from city to city, I stared at the highway and began to list in my head all of the things that I wasn’t seeing. The slope of the road, angles of embankments, the stutter and skip of the lines on the road (a tangible trace of how the lines were marked, then put down, how previous lines were overlaid, how the paint ran), reflectors buried into the road, reflectors canted out from the concrete dividers, steel grates at the end of long concrete run-offs, electric poles along the edge of the road, power lines snaking between the poles, each pole with its collection of tags, numbers, signs, resistors, transformers, nails, bolts, and connectors studding its surface. Individually, they are objectified. Each with a distinct meaning and memory of a larger whole. Each is graspable and manipulateable.

On a larger scale, these things become families of related objects. When they are piled together, they react and relate to each other. A continuous process of addition and adaptation.

This is a continuous process inside of cities-- building and tearing down, overlaying and overlapping. The predictability of pieces being added in a slow and coherent manner cannot be counted on in the city. Previously hidden facades are suddenly revealed as another building changes its shape radically and dynamically.

Details of how brick was laid on brick, how cement flowed, and how walls were layered upon walls can be seen in this uncovering. They are overlaid with power lines, electrical boxes, utility meters, and plumbing. Edges are revealed where the architect stopped and the builder
continued. Perhaps covered in a camouflage of paint, these things erupt from the building randomly. They burst from holes between bricks, curl fantasticaly upon themselves and then disappear back into the brick.

These collections of things, pipes, joints, flanges, meters, wire, and brackets, become the building, become the city. The pipe under the sink IS the pipe across the hall. It is a language. Even without understanding, it has a logic, a coherency. And it is in the gap, the appearance and the disappearance that these things create something larger. These objects suddenly become notations of a system. Each a reference to something. I imagine these things as a hazy outline to something that cannot be seen in any other way. Each piece openly displaying its notations, yet not comprehensible. Only the fringes can be seen.

Somehow, these pieces become the weave, solidity. Not in the pieces themselves, but in the space between the pieces.

I have always been fascinated by the nature of these things. As a child, I would wander in the woods for hours at a time. Invariably, it was the remains of our things that held so much power and mystery. To wander underneath an endless canopy of trees and then suddenly come upon an abandoned car canted down against two trees is an indescribable feeling. These things surround us everywhere. I spent a week of afternoons once brushing dirt and moss away from a tile floor that had been laid, forgotten and been covered over. Those tiny blue tiles had no inherent fascination. Like the car, they became fascinating only in relationship to things that were not made by man.

"Movement is life, and yet without it, the machine does not die." iv

Machines turn themselves on and off continuously around us, but in that forest they also died. Their nature, the way they interacted with us is crucial. The way they enfolded us yet seemed to also exist without us is critical.
I don't care about the system that these pieces are extensions of, only the vision that they create. The way they creep and crawl through broom closets. In the rhythm of their placement. In their layering and repetition. In their attachments, the way they grew over and around each other. Adapting, twisting and turning, connecting to, punching through, or running around. Ceramic spools, bristling furry wire, and thick iron pinions, overlaid by fat rubberized wires, bent nails and rusted metal twine, overlaid by kinked electrical wire and plastic staples.

I am not interested in the logical building. I am not interested in “revealing” the details of constructions. I do not want details that are integrated into walls and flawlessly hidden or exposed as essential. That would be garish, pretentious, or deprecating.

I am trying to create something that is indescribable...that is not visible...that can only be seen in the outlines of other things.

The thesis was developed and drawn only in section. There is no distance between the viewer and the thing being viewed in a section cut through an object. Your face is pressed directly against the drawing. There is no space to withdraw. You begin to see the detailing of a washer/dryer hookup in the drawing more sharply than if it actually existed. But at another level, it became absolutely immaterial. Certain lines begin to float inside of other lines. Lines begin to convey motion, or extension without actually describing the physical object. A dash became itself, without any reference or meaning. The whole nature of the drawing began to take on the quality of seeing without being circumscribed and defined. Between strict representation and meaningless confusion existed a tangible presence. Trying to grasp this quality of notation and outline, the drawings became very important in conveying a sense of reality--a larger sense of reality than the surfaces of objects.

Science fiction begins to describe what I am trying to express. It tends to deal with kinetics and movement or compression and amplification. For these sci-fi writers, these details
become a medium to describe something else. The glimpses of this in their writing generates some
of the side issues that run through the house.

Just ahead of him, two girls paused to examine a display in the window of a store. They
were both in the height of fashion, one wearing a radio-dresslet whose surface pattern formed a
printed circuit so that by shifting her buckled belt to right or left she could have her choice of
broadcasts fed into the earpiece nestling under her purple hair, the other in a skintight fabric as
harshly metallic as the case of a scientific instrument. Both had chromed nails, like the power
terminals of a machine."

The sky above the port was the color of television, tuned to a dead channel."ni

"You will soon be released into an area that has been ideologically decriminalized," the camera
said.ni

She looked around for Dan and found him on the other side of the bed. Rozar in hand,
he was feeling for a spot on the wall where the magnetized leech on the end of the flex could pick
up some power, rather like a mainliner hunting for a usable patch of skin. He located a section
where the induction wire was still uncorroded, the rozar humming into life, and he set about
good the defects of his beard."ni

These writers are interested in describing and amplifying our needs and desires. For them,
these physical objects are a point of origin that a reader can identify with. Thus anchored, the
reader can identify with and be drawn into the writer's vision. While I am interested in our needs
and desires, I am primarily interested in the relationship between us and these objects. The way
they exist with and without us and the way we exist with and without them.

The house became the most primal interaction between us and these objects. The house is
also the most primal interaction between us and non-manmade things. We are surrounded by these
two environments in our homes.

As a society, we have become accustomed to demanding interaction. We are surrounded
by devices that are made to respond to us. Our desires are instantly gratified, even anticipated.
Our machines turn on and turn off, react, and adjust - all in response to us. Levers, switches,
knobs, toggles, buttons, remote control panels, heat, sound, and motion sensors, pressure plates,
and touch plates . . . we are surrounded by a bristling array of <machinic> desire.
We are constantly effected by television, telephones, commercials, lights, and signs (billboards/highway/informative/cautionary/warning). The methods by which we are snared into seeing, recognizing, and legitimizing these things is only going to increase.

These machines simultaneously demand that we accept and recognize them. They have been given a language of signages and symbols, a language of repetition and rhythm, colors, lights, sirens, bells, whistles, massagers, and vibrators that we respond to instinctively and through conditioning.

I want to deal with the needs of the inhabitant(s). Our society increasingly demands that the house serve the role of a shelter from a hostile environment, an escape from rampant, ever-present demands. Increasingly, the individual's response to this is to cyclically dwell in two different environments.

schizo-phrenia\ skit-se-'fre-ne-e\ n [NL] (1912) 1: a psychotic disorder characterized by loss of contact with the environment, by noticeable deterioration in the level of functioning in everyday life, and by disintegration of personality expressed as disorder of feeling, thought, and conduct - called dementia praecox 2: the presence of mutually contradictory or antagonistic parts or qualities - schizo-phrenic \ 'fren-ik\ adj or n - schizo-phren-i-cal-ly\ 'fen-i-k(e)-le\ adv\]

The schizophrenia of this urban house must reveal the contradictions inherent in our desires. The nature of the house must allow the inhabitant to choose whether to embrace stimulation or flee from it.

The house is not just a house, but a path into the spirit.

The schizophrenia of this urban house must reveal the contradictions inherent in our desires. Somehow dualism in our natures and in the natures of the devices around us must be brought to the surface. I did not want to resolve these issues, only reveal their existence.

The very nature of the house should allow the inhabitant to continuously choose whether to embrace stimulation or flee from it. This duality embraces and enfold the entire house.
The retreat must not stand in direct opposition to stimulation. Both are constructed. At different moments, both desires intermingle. They both share a need for provocation. Both exist in relationship to an inside and outside.

The nature of stimulation begins at the level of gross anatomy. It is manifest though the pores, glands, and senses. It lies in the touch, the gesture, the sound, the desire made manifest. It is caught by probes, sensors, and feelers. It is answered by a hum, blink, or click. It is a sense of immediacy, demand, and desire.

The sweeping gestures of stimulation are the connections of the body’s senses to the machine and the connection of the desires of the body to the malleable nature of the machine. The light, heat, movement, shade, and sounds of the house should be controllable through the connections to the machine. To some degree, the interactions of the house and the desires of others that interact with the house should be conveyed to the inhabitant. Upon entering this stimulation, perhaps the house turns itself on like an automobile. Flickering with an unrevealed form, it must give hope of stimulation, the shock of adrenaline, the pound and beat of the body.

Our devices have a subtle, convoluted, and subversive language. It tantalizes. It has its own logic. It is the logic of a growing thing. Its change and adaptation should be used. It should grow and add to itself as the building and occupant change.

The way that an automobile can be stripped of its components may be a valid analogy. This house is divisible and adaptive. Its surfaces pockmarked by holes and lines where systems were stripped away or added to. Its nature must be that of an unfinished construction, stripped of a shell that would heal scars and camouflage its <machinic> nature.

composed of objects, the house/device should not be seen as an object. It is a space, it lies on the edges of your senses. It is revealed in edges and layers. It coats the surfaces of the house rather than imbedding the inhabitant in itself.
Desire is the pivot to whether this house is a continuous interface between the inhabitant and stimulation or whether this device shuts down.

The absence of something is felt as strongly as the presence of something.

The moment when this change occurs is not evident by bells and whistles, but rather in their lack. It becomes a lull in conversation, stillness that is more potent because of its lack of announcement. It is tranquillity, the negation of demand, the absence of stress. It allows you to breath, it suspends time.

I profoundly believe that this moment is one of illumination. It is that moment when clarity can be found, and things truly seen. It can allow you to dream or feel joy. It is awe and overpowering overwhelming illumination. To be able to see something that for that individual had not existed before.

What can be seen? Perhaps the nature of the house. Perhaps the nature of the world. Perhaps a small thing... Perhaps the feel of the icy cold floor, the windows that stopped a scant inch or two above the floor and let in a sharp sliver of light into the corridor while simultaneously imbedding the walls and ceiling with an atmosphere unrevealed and timeless, or the breeze with the odor of the climbing ivy around the court.

mon-tage \mən-taz, mə(n)ˈtaz\ n [F, fr. monter to mount] (1929) 1: the production of a rapid succession of images in a motion picture to illustrate an association of ideas 2 a: a literary, musical, or artistic composite of juxtaposed more or less heterogeneous elements b: a composite picture made by combining several separate pictures 3: a heterogeneous mixture: JUMBLE²

For the last three semesters, I have been locating and documenting things. Details that make up our urban environment. With wild abandonment, I have scooped up handfuls of things. Similar to the way I ransack magazines to make a montage (tearing spines apart to preserve an image), I have ransacked the city (Houston). Startled oriental cooks, passing pedestrians, and pigeons have looked on as I photographed street corners, back alleys, abandoned buildings, and fully occupied ones. With complete disregard to the total system of the building, I have been
slicing details free. I have sheared things from their connections to buildings. I have captured and documented pieces that reveal themselves from the fabric which makes them. These pieces laid on my table waiting to be montaged together, their connections implied.

Each piece was encapsulated from a much larger mechanism and continues to refer to that larger context. Each piece was layered upon the next. In that layering I wanted to encompass the movement I remembered.

Lars Larup described my thesis as a “device that tells the story about the world”.

I took the elements of our urban environment, the details of brick, concrete, steel, barbed and razor wire, bill-boards, graffiti, commercialism, stress, fast-food restaurants, gas stations, gas mains, sewer lines, drains, plumbing, lights, signals, electricity, etc. I montaged these elements into a house.

---

*Media Manifesto*

*We will take on the archetypal mind polluters—Philip Morris, Budweiser, Benetton, McDonald’s, Coca-Cola, Calvin Klein—and beat them at their own game.*

*We will uncool their billion-dollar images with uncommercials on TV, subvertisements in magazines and anti-ads right next to theirs in the urban landscape.*

*We will seize control of the roles that the tobacco, alcohol, fashion, cosmetics and fast food corporations play in our lives. We will hold their marketing strategies up to public scrutiny and set new agendas in their industries.*

*We will jam the pop culture marketers—Time Warner, Sony, MTV—and bring their image factories to a sudden, shuddering halt.*

*On the rubble of the old media we will bring a new one, with a non-commercial heart and soul.*

*The 70’s brought us the feminist movement. In the 80’s, environmentalism redefined our view of the world. In the 90’s, the battle is for our mental environment. It is a battle to regain custody of our minds, to reinvent the parameters that drive our culture.*

*AD BUSTERS Post Human Lawn Order Cyber Encounters Logic Freaks*
storerooms of objects piled on top of each other. Places to store things--chests, wardrobes, cupboards, drawers, cabinets, kitchen shelves, and built-in closets. Walk-in closets--now define the suburban house. Sheds for storing outdoor implements have been replaced by garages attached to the house to facilitate storage. Buildings now exist for the sole purpose of storing things. We possess and are possessed by our things.

You shall have no souls, nor spirits, nor bodies, nor shades nor magic nor bones, nor hair nor utterances nor words. You shall have no grave, nor house nor hole nor tomb. You shall have no garden, nor tree nor bush. You shall have no water, nor bread nor light nor fire. You shall have no children, nor family nor heirs nor tribe. You shall have no head, nor arms nor legs nor gait nor seed.\[7\]

In the same way that we possess things, the house begins to possess the city. It is the language of the city, bound within the house. Two things fascinate me about the things in the city. Objects inside of the city are overwhelming present because of their density, and these things have so much power in our lives. I think that we as individuals should recognize this connection. We allow these things to influence us. A stop-sign is in itself only metal and paint. Anything else is what we have allowed.

Besides the spatial and visual reasons for having a billboard attached to the house, the billboard has the potential for being controlled by the inhabitant. The power that we invest into the billboard suddenly becomes controlled by the individual. This is the reason why the billboard has no message on it. It is a blank tablet. It is undefined, potent. In the same way that I do not want to define what the inhabitant will "see" as the machine shuts down, I do not want to define what could be said through the billboard. The billboard, depending on the inhabitant, could be cries for help, demands upon others, or meaningless babble.

Initially, I was going to use red and green lights, sirens, and flashing signs as a communication, as a link between what was going on inside and outside. Unlike the billboard though, the inhabitant doesn’t control these things, but is controlled by them. I didn’t want to just
continue the present connection between people and devices. I wanted instead to make visible this relationship, and allow the inhabitant to redefine it.

Suburbia is a gigantic attempt to control things. This is the reason why we are so obsessed with possessing things. This is why our houses have become repositories. At one point, it might have been arguable that we possess things because these things help us do things. As you catalog the possessions in any suburban house, you realize that this cannot explain the endless profusion of things that we have.

This house does not trying to replace the suburbia model. It only tries to extend the desires and implications of the way we choose to live. Lars Lanup described it vividly when he said “architecture cannot be a prophylactic for society”.

This desire to possess is one of the reasons for this house of objects. By extension, we begin to possess the city. There is an empathy/sympathy between ourselves as collectors, and the city as a collection.

Organized and contained by four-story brick walls, these masonry walls define the house. Its entrances are guarded points. A steel four edged revolving turnstile within its steel cage stands at the top of a set of stairs. It is completely open, but who would enter such a threshold? It marks the first tangible edge in the passage from the street to the bedroom. At this edge, the utility lines uncoil from the walls and present their utility meters to service men. This threshold is also marked by multiple layers of chain-link fence. A suburban 6’-0” fence topped with links of barbed wire are then pressed against a 30’-0” fence that curves forward, arching over the head of anyone entering the house. The fence is enlarged to the scale of the city, using elements of barbed wire, subway turnstiles, meters, pipes, and fence.

The courtyard on the other side of this fence is also a collection of things that are connections for the inhabitant. A series of windows puncture this space. These windows are tightly controlled. They are very specific about what they reveal, and for whom they reveal
themselves. Each is a framed view—a connection between things, people, or events that has the potential to occur.

Beyond this courtyard is the television room. We are obsessed with what is going on around us. There is a paranoia of needing to know what is going on around us. The television becomes an immaterial eye that takes us everywhere. The physical edges of our sight have dissolved.

*By way of explaining his unusual occupation, Wells describes a childhood of excessive TV watching. “It was a typical American family thing. We’d eat dinner in front of the set and watch until we went to bed.*

The television allows the destruction of self. It simultaneously compresses events and extents time in which no demands are made. The television for some is no longer a device to amuse or inform, but the background hum of their (un)consciousness.

*The television screen is the retina of the mind’s eye, therefore the television screen is part of the physical structure of the brain therefore whatever appears on the television screen emerges as raw experience for those who watch it.*

The television is disembodied in this house. Rather than a specific location for the television, and for the viewing of the television, the television is smeared across the entire house. Connected by fiber optic cables, electrical lines, closed circuit cameras, and video monitors, the television begins to be broadcast across the entire house.

The kitchen is where the house coalesces [see Plate Twenty-Seven (overleaf), see also Two, Seven, Twelve, Thirteen, Twenty-Three, Twenty-Four, Twenty Five, Twenty Six, and Twenty-Nine (overleaf)]. It is in the kitchen that the objects of the house begin to rationalize into coherent and recognizable objects. The stove, sink, and refrigerator become the center of a web of electrical lines, air condition ductwork, pipes, and coaxial cable [see Plates Twenty-Five, Twenty-Six, and Twenty-Seven (overleaf)]. Until the kitchen, you move along side all of the objects that make up the house (see Plates One through Twenty-Nine). The rest of the house is made of pieces
of <machinie> parts sliding between the brick and the ivy. But in the kitchen, these layers are
wrapped in sharp thin bands. In the kitchen you become tied into the pieces, into the rhythm, into
impulses of the house. Enclosed in a glass box within a larger courtyard, it is here that you do
everything [see Plate Twenty-Seven (overleaf), Twenty-Eight (overleaf), and Twenty-Nine
(overleaf)]. It is here that the house becomes the most tenuous. It is here that you feel the machine
come alive or shut down.

Last, the bedrooms are the farthest part of the house from the street [see Plate Twenty-
Eight (overleaf), see also Twelve, Thirteen, Twenty-One, Twenty-Two, Twenty-Three Twenty-
Four, Twenty-Six, Twenty-Seven (overleaf), and Twenty-Eight (overleaf)]. These rooms are
featureless boxes of white plaster, empty of anything except the bed and the light coming from
above.

*If one does not understand silence, one will not understand words* —Sabine Prediger

You shed your possessions before you sleep. You empty your pockets and remove your clothes.
The bedroom is the opposite of the kitchen. Here you do nothing. You empty your mind and
become unconscious. You remove yourself from the world [Plate Twenty-Eight (overleaf)].
PLATE ONE
Transversal section through building showing early version of fence and turnstile.
PLATE TWO
Transversal section through building showing early
version of kitchen.

The way they creep and crawl through broom closets. In
the rhythm of their placement. In their layering and
repetition. In their attachments, the way they grow over
and around each other. Adapting, twisting and turning,
connecting to, punching through, or running around.
PLATE THREE
Transversal section through building showing the facade of the house.

The billboard has no message on it. It is a blank tablet. It is undefined, potent. The billboard, depending on the inhabitant, could be cries for help, demands upon others, or meaningless babble.
PLATE FOUR
Transversal section through building showing fence and turnstile.

Composed of objects, the house/device should not be seen as an object. It is a space, it lies on the edges of your senses. It is revealed in edges and layers. It coats the surfaces of the house rather than imbedding the inhabitant in itself.
PLATE FIVE
Transversal section through building showing early version of the courtyard.

It is a language. Even without understanding, it has a logic, a coherency. And it is in the gap, the appearance and the disappearance that these things create something larger. These objects suddenly become notations of a system. Each a reference to something. A hazy outline to something that cannot be seen in any other way. Each piece openly displaying its notations, yet not comprehensible. Only the fringes can be seen. I am trying to create something that is indescribable. That is not visible. That can only be seen in the outlines of other things.
PLATE SIX
Transversal section through building showing the courtyard.

It is a subtle, convoluted, and subversive language. It tantalizes. It has its own logic. It is the logic of a growing thing. This change and adaptation should be used. It should grow and add to itself as the building and occupant change.
PLATE SEVEN
Transversal section through building showing kitchen.

Its sweeping gestures are the connections of the body's senses to the machine and the connection of the desires of the body to the malleable nature of the machine. The light, heat, movement, shade, and sounds of the house controllable through the connections to the machine.
PLATE EIGHT
Plan, section, facade, and details of a steel door set inside of a glass wall between vertical brick walls.

The blitzkriegs will be fought out on the spinal battlefields, in terms of the posture we assume, of our traumas mimetized in the angle of a wall or balcony.
PLATE NINE
Plan through building showing path under billboard, up steps, through rotating turnstile, and through door.

Lines begin to float inside of other lines. Lines begin to convey motion, or extension without actually describing the physical object. A dash became itself, without any reference or meaning. A larger sense of reality than the surfaces of objects.
PLATE TEN
Plan through building showing the surfaces of walls, layers of the billboard, and paths of movement.

It's not because my mind is made up that I don't want you to confuse me with any more facts. It's because my mind isn't made up. I already have more facts than I can cope with. "So SHUT UP, do you hear me? SHUT UP!"
PLATE ELEVEN
Plan through building showing layers of walls, layers of
the billboard, paths of movement, and the chain-link
fence.

Rusty bales of barbed wire that thudded and clanked
down hard enough to burst their sealed wrapping. This
was not ordinary barbed wire. It had a tempered steel
core of memory wire, metal that no matter how it was
twisted or coiled would return to its original shape when
the restraints were removed. Where ordinary wire would
have laid in a heaped tangle this fought to regain its
remembered form, moving haltingly like a blind beast as
the strains and stresses were relieved, uncoiling and
stretching along the street.
PLATE TWELVE
Plan through building showing early version of kitchen and inner courtyard.

The franchise and the virus work on the same principle: what thrives in one place will thrive in another. You just have to find a sufficiently virulent business plan, condense it into a three-ring binder-its DNA-xerox it, and embed it in the lining of a well-traveled highway, preferably one with a left-turn lane. Then the growth will expand until it runs up against its property lines.
PLATE THIRTEEN
Plan through building showing kitchen and inner courtyard.

These machines simultaneously demand that we accept and recognize them. They have been given a language of signages and symbols, a language of repetition and rhythm, colors, lights, sirens, bells, whistles, massagers, and vibrators that we respond to instinctively and through conditioning.
PLATE FOURTEEN
Longitudinal section through house showing early version
of revolving barbed-wire fence, rotating billboard, and
relationship between billboard and passing cars.

The house turns itself on like an automobile.
PLATE FIFTEEN
Longitudinal section through house showing revolving
barbed-wire fence, rotating billboard, and relationship
between billboard and passing cars.

The way that an automobile can be stripped of its
components may be a valid analogy. This house is
divisible and adaptable. Its surfaces pockmarked by
holes and lines where systems were stripped away or
added on to. Its nature must be that of an unfinished
construction, stripped of a shell that would heal scars and
camouflage its <machinic> nature.
PLATE SIXTEEN
Longitudinal section through entrance into the house.

Intentional violence now ranks as one to the nation's leading causes of adult death and injuries in the workplace. "Going postal" is hardly a phenomenon confined to disgruntled mail service employees."
PLATE SEVENTEEN
Longitudinal section through the television, television
room, and television window, that focuses on the
sidewalk below.

When his TV went wrong and would show nothing but a
field of irregularly wavering gray lines interspersed with
dots which moved like dust suspended in liquid and
examined under a microscope to demonstrate Brownian
motion, accompanied by a white noise hiss from the
speaker, Bennie Noakes thought about having it repaired.
After an hour or two, however, he discovered that the
random patterns and the noise were themselves
psychedelic. What was more, reality didn't intrude those
annoying and disgusting bits about people killing people.
Digesting himself down to a unit of pure perceptivity, he
continued to watch the screen. Occasionally he said,
"Christ, what an imagination I've got."
PLATE EIGHTEEN
Longitudinal section through house showing early version of interplay of rotating billboard and rotating roof detail.

Flickering with an unrevealed form, it must give hope of stimulation, the shock of adrenaline, the pound and beat of the body.
PLATE NINETEEN
Longitudinal section through house showing early version of rotating billboard, rotating roof detail, television, and television wall.

Electric poles coat the edge of the road, its power lines snake back and forth. Each pole with its collection of tags, numbers, signs, resistors, transformers, nails, bolts, and connectors studding its surface.
PLATE TWENTY
Longitudinal section through house showing early version of television, video monitors, closed circuit cameras, coaxial lines, television wall, electric and water mains, electrical lines, and utility pole.

Its surface pockmarked by holes and lines where systems were stripped or added on to. Its nature must be that of an unfinished construction, stripped of a shell that would heal scars and camouflage its <machinic> nature.
PLATE TWENTY-ONE
Longitudinal section through house showing early version of objects and layers of movement.

The Mechanist defector, Sigmund Fetzko, had "faded". These days, those calling his residence received only ingenious delays and temporizing from his household's expert system. Fetzko's image lived; the man himself was dead, and too polite to admit it.
PLATE TWENTY-TWO
Longitudinal section through house showing early version of bathroom, rotating fire escape stair, inner courtyard and bedroom.

I want to deal with the needs of the inhabitant(s). Our society increasingly demands that the house serve the role of a shelter from a hostile environment, an escape from rampant, ever-present demands. Increasingly, the individual's response to this is to cyclically dwell in two different environments.
PLATE TWENTY-THREE
Longitudinal section through house showing early version of kitchen, rotating fire escape stair, bathroom, inner courtyard, and bedroom.

All of our conflicting desires, the underlying desires we have embodied in suburbia are both repellent and fascinating, and overpoweringly present in our lives. We are consumers, and perhaps even more important in terms of the way of we live, we are accumulators. Our houses are storerooms of objects piled on top of each other.

Places to store things; chests, wardrobes, cupboards, drawers, cabinets, kitchen shelves, and built in-closets, walk-in closets, now define the suburban house. Sheds for storing outdoor implements have been replaced by garages attached to the house to facilitate storage. Buildings now exist for the sole purpose of storing things.

We possess and are possessed by our things.
Crowded, hot, filled with a roar of many voices that
hammered at the ears and noisome with the smell of old
dirt, dust, crowded bodies, a slow shifting maelstrom of
people moving by, stopping at stalls to finger the ancient
suits, dresses, chipped crockery, worthless ornaments,
argue the price of the small tilapia dead with gaping
mouths and started round eyes.
PLATE TWENTY-FIVE
Detail of kitchen showing <machinic> nature of
interwoven kitchen appliances, electric lines, televisions,
coaxial cables, plumbing lines, lights, and ductwork.

And clad in Nydofom sneakers, MasQ-Lines,
Forlon&Morler skirtets and dresslets; strung about with
Japind Holocams with Biltin'g'eed Norisk LazeeLaser
monochrome lams, instreplay SeeyanEar recorders;
pocket-heavy with Japind Jetigums, SeKure Stunnems,
Karatands to be slipped on as easily as your grandmother
drew on her glove.
Uneasy, watching their accidental companions on this
guided tour.
Well-fed.
Shifty-eyed, slipping tranks into their chomp-chomp
jaws.
PLATE TWENTY-SIX
Longitudinal section through house showing early version of inner courtyard, bedroom, and <machinic> nature of interwoven kitchen appliances, electric lines, televisions, coaxial cables, plumbing lines, lights, and ductwork.

These collections of things, pipes, joints, flanges, meters, wire, and brackets, become the building, become the city. The pipe under the sink IS the pipe across the hall. It is a language. Even without understanding, it has a logic, a coherency.
you've figured out two directions in which you can abstract your territoriality: one is to privacy, the other is to property.

"Of the two, the former is more animal and more reliable. Your base need is to have a manor defined against a peer group, but you don't have to do as dogs, tomcats and sundry other species do—mark it out with a physical trace, then patrol it constantly to scare away intruders. You can abstract it to a small enclosed area where no one else trespasses without your permission, and on this basis you can operate fairly rationally."
gangs develop primarily in two contexts—first, in the slum or ghetto where privacy as a counterpart to the manor can’t be had and a reversion takes place to the wild state, with pack-hunting and the patrolling of an actual physical patch of ground; and second, in the armed services, where the gang is dignified by being called a ‘regiment’ or some other hifalutin dirty word but where the reversion to the wild state is deliberately fostered by deprivation of privacy (barracks accommodation) and deprivation of property...
"We are breeding so fast that we cannot provide adequate privacy for our population. That might not be fatal—after all, it wasn't until as a species we discovered affluence that the demand of it became overwhelming. But we're undermining the alternative form of abstraction of territoriality, and deprived of both we're going to wind up psychotic in the same way as a good soldier..."
We can lean on a group of objects—a clever surrogate for a patch of ground—but only if they have (a) strong personal connotations and (b) continuity. The contemporary environment denies us both. The objects we possess weren’t made by ourselves (unless we’re fortunate enough to display strong creative talents) but by an automated factory, and furthermore and infinitely worse we’re under pressure every week to replace them, change them, introduce fluidity into precisely that area of our lives where we most need stability.
PLATE TWENTY-NINE (continued)
Plan through house showing path under billboard, up steps, through rotating turnstile, and through door into <machinic> kitchen.

A wise man would never be overloaded by the plug-in life-style. He'd never need to go get mended in a mental hospital. He'd adjust to shifts in fashion, the coming-and-going of fad-type phases, the ultrasonic-blender confusion of twenty-first century society, as a dolphin rides the bow wave of a ship, out ahead but always making in the right direction. And having a hell of a good time with it.
Straylight reminded Case of deserted early morning shopping centers he'd known as a teenager, low-density places where the small hours brought a fitful silence, a kind of numb expectancy, a tension that left you watching insects swarm around caged bulbs above the entrance of darkened shops. Fringe places, just past the borders of the Sprawl, too far from the all-night click and shudder of the hot core.


5 Brunner, *The Shockwave Rider*, p.43-44.


9 Webster’s, p. 1050.

10 Webster’s, p.709.


15 Sabine Prediger, (direct quote)


22 Bruce Sterling, *Schismatrix*, p.159-160.


xxiii Harrison. *Make Room Make Room*. p.25
Transcription

(Me) The basic premise is that we desire mutually contradictory things. Things that can never fit together. (Long pause) The most banal example is that we want to work in the city and live in the countryside. It is taken to all aspects of our lives. We are renting video cassettes of violence but we are afraid to go out on the streets at night.

The house... (gesturing to the drawings) This is a house. I’m trying to incorporate those contradictory aspects of a house (a society) into each other. I’m not trying to synthesis them, but let the house have both aspects.

The other aspect of the house is that we are surrounded by devices that are made to respond to us, (pause) and made to interact with us.

We are surrounded by all kinds of stimulation. Our lives are starting to take the aspect that we seek out this stimulation and also try to retreat from it. I wanted this house to become both, simultaneously a shelter and an escape. And also a place to be stimulated, a place to interact with things. And so, the whole house is designed to allow you to interact, and then to change its nature and in a way die.

The machine shuts down, and then, other aspects of the house become qualities of light, qualities of brick or sunlight. Even the pieces of the machine, in its stillness.

The first thing you see when you approach this house is this billboard (Plate twenty-Seven, gesture to billboard’s location on drawings) that is designed to...

(interrupts) Does it matter where this house is? Sorry...

(Juror 4) No, it’s completely siteless

(Me) (overlaps) Thank you, that’s all... (pause)
The first aspect of this house is this billboard (pointing billboard in long brick section) which is designed to track cars (sliding finger across path, and then to the car in drawing, long brick section) that go by. As the car goes by, it rotates. So that the people in the car can see it. (pause) What this does is allow the inhabitant inside of the house to understand what is going on outside of his house. Every time the billboard opens (turn to Plate Twenty-Seven), every time this rotates down (illustrating with hands), this rotates up, and sunlight comes into the house (sliding hand deep into the house on Plate Twenty-Seven) (long pause)

The billboard also becomes a... (gesture of hand in front of face) In China it is called a spirit wall. (gesture to Plate Three) Basically, it becomes an object that separates the street from the inside.

It becomes the first layer here, (gesture to billboard in Plate Twenty-Nine) to this courtyard. (hand circles courtyard on Plate Twenty-Nine) The house essentially becomes a series of layers (vertical gesture on each layer at five different places on Plate Twenty-Nine) through the house (turn to face jury). And then becomes a series of places, that you do things (lay hand with fingers splayed at each moment on Plate Twenty-Nine). So it is about this transition between layers (gesturing with fingers, splayed fingers pass through each other), and then stopping, and then moving, and then stopping...

(jumps into a break of dialog) Is that courtyard, sorry to stop you, in section? Is that, is there a section cut through that courtyard? (points to Plate Twenty-Nine)

(The first courtyard is here (point to Plate Twenty-Eight, drag finger down to same place on Plate Twenty-Nine) and the section, cut this way (show imaginary section line on
Plate Twenty-Nine, with finger) is this one (move across wall to short sections). With this being the ground (pointing to Plate Four). With these objects in the background.

(Juror 4) pointing to Plate Twenty-Seven) No, I'm trying to locate it here.

(Me) (moving back to the long sections and plan) No, no, this section is actually through here (show imaginary section line on Plate Twenty-Nine of the location of Plate Twenty-Seven), where you actually can't see that (drag finger from imaginary section line to point to courtyard on Plate Twenty-Nine).

The second layer is this chain-link fence (gesture of its position on Plate Twenty-Nine) (move towards other drawings) Which is this section (point to Plate Four).

Which starts to make this more specific barrier between the inside and the outside. It has a rotating subway turnstile (point to turnstile in Plate Four) that immediately makes you aware of whether you want to go through it or not. It really becomes a very potent edge, because in a sense, you are trusting the occupant to let you back out. This edge also (hand defines shape on Plate Four) (move to long drawings) becomes these different elements of water mains and electrical mains (point to electrical and water meters on Plate Twenty-Seven). This is so that all of the people that service your house stop at that edge. And that is the edge that they stop. If you go through there, then you're in this courtyard (gesture of path and circle courtyard space on Plate Twenty-Nine). Where there are basically these two walls and a door that let you into the house.

In juxtaposition to this very street-oriented machine, and very street oriented pieces (hand gesture to each of the pieces of the plan), chain-link, billboards, and
what-not, is this half of the house which basically becomes a living room (hand circles living room of plan) and kitchen (hand slides across length of kitchen).

The kitchen is a very narrow piece (hand spans width of kitchen and moves back and forth across the length of the kitchen on Plate Twenty-Seven), with this being outside (hand circles around kitchen on Plate Twenty-Nine).

(turn to face jurors) In a way, it contrasts the way that you are very suspicious, very paranoid about what is going on outside, you want to know what is happening outside, but then on the other side, you want to have things happen on the inside. You want to have parties, or you want to sit down and relax and watch TV. The dual natures of trying to do both simultaneously is one of the aspects of the house (gesture with hand back and forth between the two halves of the house on Plate Twenty-Seven).

This is the kitchen piece here (hand spans height of kitchen and moves back and forth along its length on Plate Twenty-Seven). Each of the elements in the kitchen (point to the refrigerator, sink, and stove on Plate Twenty-Seven), the stove, the sink, and the refrigerator, become these objects (point to each on Plate Twenty-Nine). The way that you move through the kitchen is either as a linear element (pointed finger moves inside kitchen on Plate Twenty-Nine). But when you take these glass door (gesture to glass doors which make up the glass wall behind the stove, sink and refrigerator on Plate Twenty-Nine) and you open them (hand gesture of rotating the three glass doors on Plate Twenty-Nine), suddenly you are moving inside of the kitchen with all of these devices, or you are moving outside, on the outside and you can exist in the round, around these objects (circular gesture around on of the element in the kitchen on Plate Twenty-Nine).

someone behind camera cool... (overlapping)
(Me) It’s hard for me to be poetic enough for you to get a sense for what it is like...

(Juror 4) Could you tell us about the dungeon.

(Me) This... here? (gesture to far left side of Plate Twenty-Seven) This is the bedroom. It is the most private part of the house. The farthest away from the street.

In a sense, I wanted to create this building that would become either very energetic, or very dynamic in the way that things happen on the street; you get informed. The way that these televisions above your sink (point to televisions on Plate Twenty-Seven) start to connect you either to views of other part of the house through cameras or to be able to look out a window, or look out a TV camera looking out a television set.

Then, the other side of it is that the machine gets turned off and the house gets very still. Elements of ivy on a brick wall become much, much more important.

The way that the breeze blows through the kitchen... (pause)

I think that is what the schizophrenic nature is, that we are trying to have both of. That we want to have these retreats, that we want these escapes. And at the same time we want stimulation. (pause)

(sotto voice) I’m trying to think of any of sections that I’ve forgotten... (long pause)

Do you have any questions? I’m sure you do.

(Lars Larup) It reminds me somehow, I’m missing Jacque Tate.

(Jurors) (general laughter)

(Lars Larup) He must somehow live here. You know. I don’t know if you know him; I don’t know if you know who he is...

(Me) (overlapping) Mon Uncle and Playland...
(Lars Larup) (overlapping) Yeah... There is something very comical about the cars letting the light into house which I find very appealing. The sort of house of horrors or crazy houses or mad houses that... For example, if the car started to turn on your electric toothbrush in your bathroom. That every time they went by, it would go Eerr errrrrr... That kind of thing, I think, would ultimately make you hyper-aware of your environment. When you start to have this Gaia theory of the world, maybe there is a reason for this... but maybe it’s not the cars but maybe it’s the leaves, maybe it’s the pollination of flowers. You hear the trampling of termites in the forest. So the house becomes a huge spy device that tells the story about the world. There is something about that in this house, that I think is ultimately very interesting.

(Me) I was trying to be careful not to go to a too idealistic vision of seeing the world. In a sense, what drives it is the suburban notions of what those suburbanites want. They want to know what is happening around them. They look out their windows at cars headlights, as they go by. Sort of in the same way that the glow of their televisions tells people outside of their house whether they are home or not. That is the kind of connections that they want. So that is the kind of connections I was trying to make. (turn to face Plate Twenty-Seven) The utility pole/electrical lines through the house, through, into this box of air-conditioning and ducts and what not (gesturing to kitchen on Plate Twenty-Seven) (turn back to Jurors) Somehow to keep it to those desires.

(Juror 4) But... (pause) in some... strange vicious way. I mean, obviously no suburban person would ever want this. Maybe I don’t want to say that, wouldn’t want to admit to it. There obviously would be some people that would want this. So that
isn’t such an issue, but... like on the last project. I think any of these situations that tackle the house, whether it is a housing situation or a house, we just have to accept the kinds of urges, desires, and myths that the American psyche has, but it is incredibly diverse. It is the diversity of all that, that we haven’t accepted. So we have this monotonous thing which actually finally appeals to not a lot of people. Because there is that incredible diversity. So, I’d love to see a lot of these things around (gesture to drawings). But not all of them.

(Me)  
(overlapping) Right.

(Juror 4)  
I think this thing you actually draw... one. I don’t... you draw it a lot here. The moving billboard business is something that I, is something that one would really love to have more often in the house. I would love to see the house even more dangerous then you are making it out to be. I guess... I don’t know... I love this kind of surrounding wall. Everything is a little hyped up here. More of this... I would love to be able to walk, or you sort of ask someone that lives here to have to walk along the edge of it to get to some place in the house. Slightly precarious... and then you arrive at a more domestic space. The house kind of, I don’t know, reacting, moving to cars, to the air, to people, to things happening in it and changing and so on... it sounds fabulous but I really only see it happen that one time.

(Juror 3)  
May I (overlapping). I think that the most dominate part of the drawings is this pivot mark. It’s a line that’s not actually a line, it’s not actually material, it’s a moving thing. I think that if it demonstrates anything, it demonstrates this condition, you call it schizophrenia. I don’t know if that is exactly it, but I would say something where we live a life that doesn’t distinguish... that allows only the
Yes (overlapping)

When you say yes, I don’t know what that means. Are you really putting forward this idea that this is a presentation of that condition? Or, is there somewhere here... there is only one moment when you spoke of it. Of it being other, and that is when everything shuts down, stops. The doors are not moving and the machine is off and there is a stillness. But is it stillness or is it the death. Beyond death, is that the same thing. That you can’t be in it at all. In other words, it does not mark a change, that is about moving from the profane to the sacred. It doesn’t do what a closed door does, when you move it. Because when you move it...

Can I just interrupt for a moment (simultaneously)

When you move yourself from one place to another, everything is moving for you. There isn’t ever that act of consecrating it. So I don’t know if... I think yes... I feel, yes it has to do with presentation of exactly that condition or something else

I think I see that changing condition as seeing. When your eye was focused on something, and then (pause) suddenly you saw something behind it. When the machine stops, other elements come forward, and it’s not the <dramaticness> of opening a door, but in that stillness...

There are no thresholds here (overlapping).

Even though you say you can see, you see what is beyond the opening, and that marks the other, kind of the next layer, maybe the whole thing is threshold. I don’t know, but it seems like there is never...

I definitely didn’t want to do two houses. I didn’t want to do two completely separate houses that you had to run from one to the other when you felt your mood change. I wanted to tie it much more to the environment that surrounds
you. The way you see it change. Not that you have to go from extreme...

(Juror 2) (overlapping) I wish it were simpler than that. Maybe this is what you are asking as well (addressed to Juror 3), but... The challenge (words lost, someone coughing beside microphone) you are even more clever about it, that you are more economical about what you are designing. I think especially because you are dealing with mechanisms and machines, in a way there isn't that kind of economy in your <idea-ation> that both your subject and your agenda ask for. Just a proper economy of both of them. (pause) Do you know the DuChamp Doren? DuChamp did this four to three rooms, or two rooms to his apartment in Paris.

(Jurors) (Pause) Yes, yes, uh-huh.

(Juror 2) Okay, all right. That is an incredible (pause) flip-flop. It's sort of a mind riddle. A door is a very ordinary thing. You take for granted that a door is either open or closed.

(Me) Right.

(Juror 2) The way he sets up the door, it is neither open nor closed. So, in a sense you are trying to set up a kind of architecture that would pose a certain kind of riddle to us. Or reveal something about our schizophrenic condition. And I think you are using quite a lot to do that. Where as I think there are areas where it could have been much more tidy.

For instance, maybe you could have begin with a taxonomy of this ordering of the house and then operated on it. Areas where you are actually working on something, is precisely the habit of wanting to look out the window. So that is good. It is the spring-board for making this special, which goes back and forth (gesturing to the billboard on Plate Twenty-Seven). But then the bedroom is not
really the base of any... You know, you are not really mapping into anything that would give you a ground, would give you precisely that economy so that in the end the project is both a fantasy, but also a very real condition. And depending on the way you look at it, you can see the schizophrenia within it.

(Me)

The two aspects of the Machine that seem to interest me is, from way way back, is the fact that one, you never see it as a complete thing. You always see traces of it. You see piping coming out a building, making these strange shapes, and then diving back in through the brick. You don’t ever see it as a complete diagram. That aspect, and then the other aspect is that... The machinery that I think of are things like abandoned grain silos or abandoned mining equipment that by their very nature are very large. They are not easily recognizable, they are not completely containable. And so..

(Lars Larup) You know what (overlapping). There is a completely different trajectory that I think in some ways is ultimately is more interesting than the psychological. (lowered voice) I can’t help but feel that the psychological is a bit chewed by now. (normal voice) That if you think about the promotion of kitchens, in the thirties and forties in suburbia, and that women were liberated because they became Kitchen Engineers. There was a sort of status, you always saw women with pearls around their necks. And always dressed up as if going to a ball while working the kitchens. Because it was so simple.

(Me) Right.

(Lars Larup) Well, the next step of this, is the house that responds to the outside. In other words, there is a trajectory of technology solving lots of problems for you.
remember back in my graduate days back at M.I.T., those guys that hung out around artificial intelligence. They made rooms that you walked into and it turned green if you were unhappy, and it turned red if you were happy, something like that. It was all very exciting because in some way... There is something absurd about it, but there is also... it is like living out the complete... This is beginning to reach the end of that trajectory. What it ultimately is going to do for you. Well if every time the car goes by, it turns off the coffee machine so that you have to drink coffee, it becomes sort of like Chaplain’s “Modern Times”. And there is something about these things that they actually do that to you. Because THEY actually cause. It is not that they liberate you. No, it’s the opposite. It’s the other way around. They catch you. They hold you. They constrain you. So ultimately, what you want to do is live in a loft with one telephone, and that’s it. So it seems to me that there is a kind of paranoia, it’s weird, all of this stuff. And I think that you are caught in it yourself. It will take you to a place on the planet where ultimately there are too many machines to press buttons on and off for you to even breathe. And there is something about this futility of technology in here that does not help us in any way, that somehow makes it worse. And maybe that is why it is a paranoid machine. Ultimately, I think... how do you deal with technology? Where do you start with it; where do you begin with it? When is it helpful and when is it not? I mean, is the cellular phone really useful? And I would say... would argue yeah... it is at certain times (tum from Jurors and addressed to me). But not all the time. So I don’t want to get a cellular phone that will produce all of these bubbles on my face. That latest wires (term for
newspapers, specifically AP or UPI) suggest this, that it will happen to you. But I think one always has to domestica technology, one always has to stop it at certain points, and this (turn towards drawings) is the sort of excess in this thing that you have a sense that there is no real control here. And that is where it becomes interesting to me. Because it is pushing something. And therefore, I am advocating a slightly greater distance between you and a project. I mean for everyone. To not be so completely self-indulgent that this is sort of me. But that you actually take something that seems to be happening and you pursue it to its bitter end. You see ultimately there must be some kind of reflexive or reflective thing going on in a school. It can't just be self-indulgent, it can't just be pleasing myself. We have to get somewhere, somehow.

Juror 4 (nodding)

Lars Larsen So I like the thing.
BIBLIOGRAPHY


