

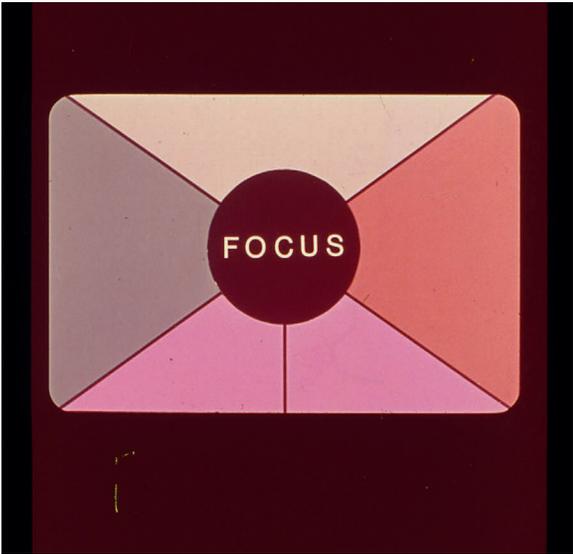
as if architecture...

Thesis Preparatory
Spring two thousand and seven
17:00

Santa Monica, California
student 18-566-697

Southern California Institute of Architecture

r laporta



START

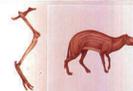
START

START

STORIES
THAT
FOSSILS
TELL



1. Fifty million years ago the little "dawn horse" lived in the swampy woodlands of North America and Europe.



2. We know about this little horse through study of its fossil remains. These fossil bones are those of a hind leg.



3. *Eohippus* had toes, not hoofs. There were four toes on each fore foot and three toes on each hind foot.

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2. Introduction
3. Statement(s) - Context
4. Precedent(s), notions, like mind scenarios-out and inside
5. Two (three) dimensional samplings and more notions
5. Closing scene
6. Credits

Flip Book- do it

above

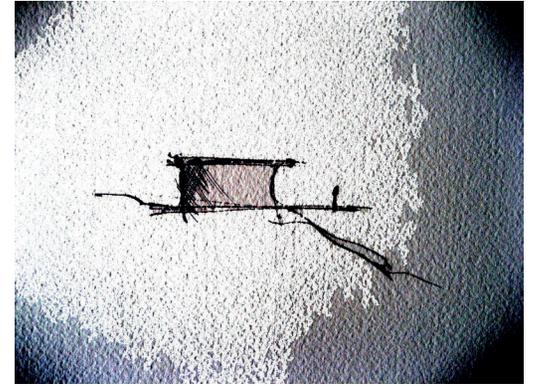
Cut Line

below

Content- read it

Poddy Training

by r.louis jr



Introduction

J would never do something crazy like that.

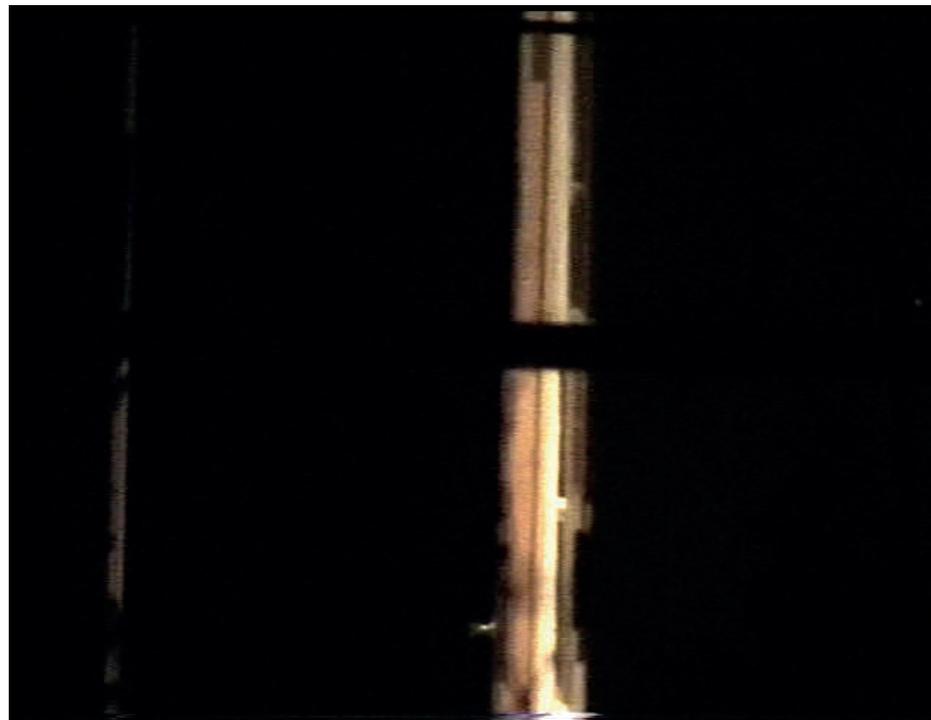
Oh really

Yeah, for sure.

Im not so sure.

Why. What do you know?

What? What? What do you know?



It's now.

Here.

Now again.

Here.

Nothing.

That's bullshit, you do know something.

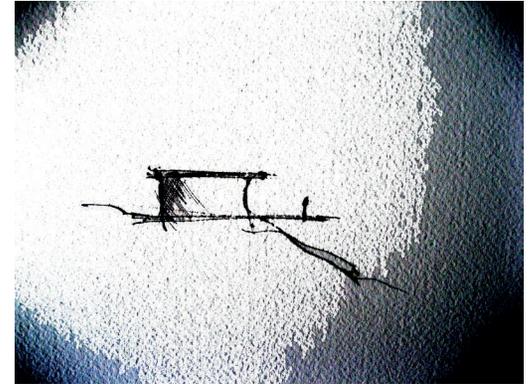
No I don't, I'm just saying that I'm just saying.

Just sayyyyyy what?

You're funny.

Why?

Because this is no good.

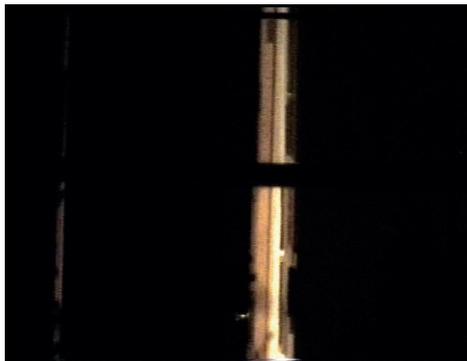


Again...

What is it?

That?

There.



What do you mean?

I mean I don't know anything.

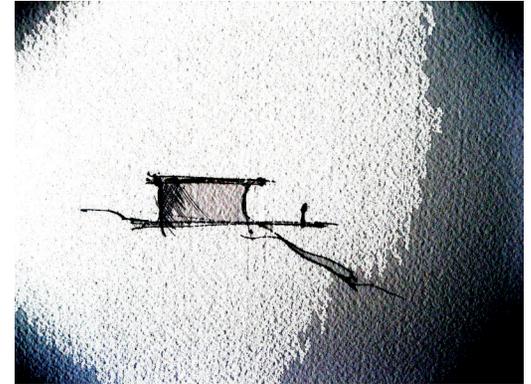
Like what?

Look just tell me.

What?

What you know?

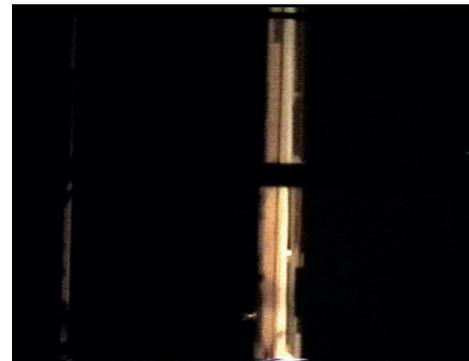
You mean nothing?



What?

Here.

Does it matter?



Yes.

Why?

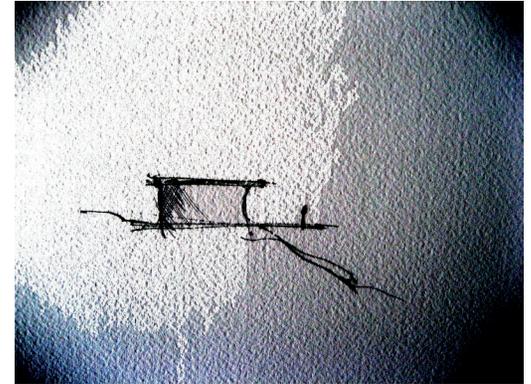
Because?

Because I need to know?

Why?

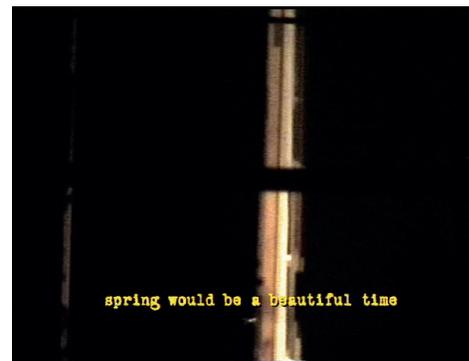
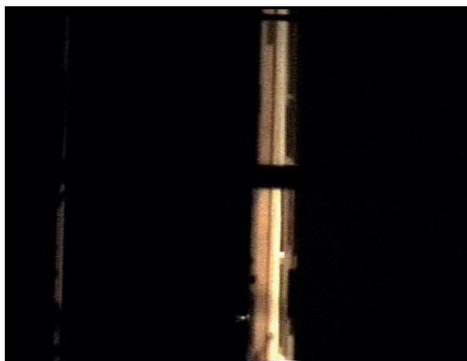
Because you do!

This is crazy.



I'll ask again.

(Does it matter?)



Ok let's review.

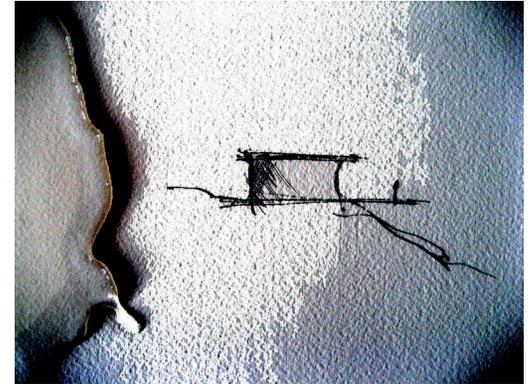
Ok

J has done something that you know about?
Maybe.

And you won't tell me.

Right.

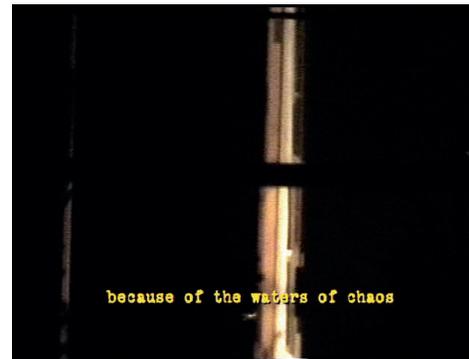
Why.



When you read the words
are you seeing or listening?

All at once,

it's too much to take.



Because exactly why you seem to want to know
so bad.

So?

So I can't tell you.

That's gay.

Why?

It's not logical.



The nervous system
is too complicated

to unravel.

I think it's very logical. I know you.
No you don't.

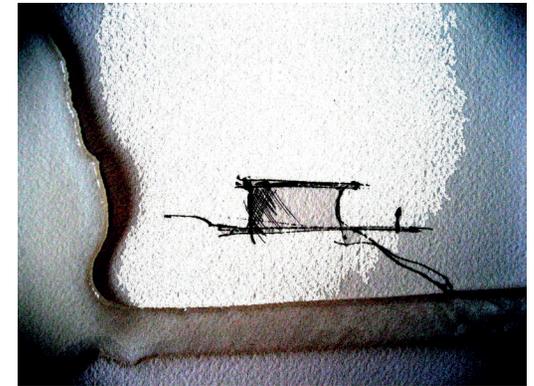
Yes I do.

I can keep a secret.

Really?

When I want to?

How do you decide?
What?



So many languages.
So many theories.

Quantum interpretations.

When to keep a secret.

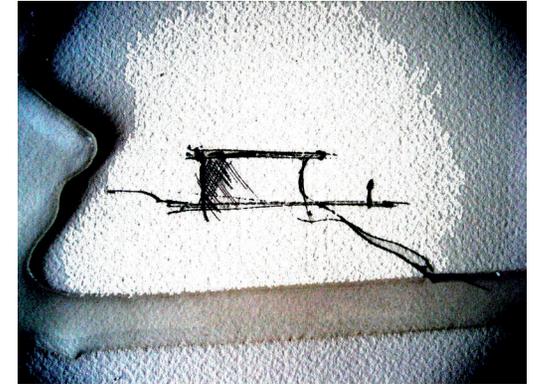
It depends.

On what?

How good it is.

Oh I see. You decide based on if you can use the information.

Something like that.



Billions of people.

A scattering of chatter.

Again too dense.

Now that's gay.

O come on.

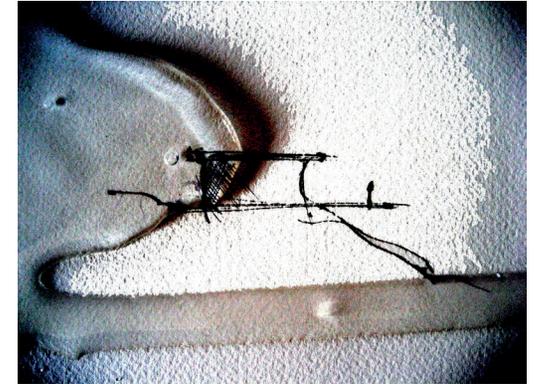
Ok I don't know anything.

Bullshit.

What are you doing tonight?

Don't change the subject.

What subject?



What if we started by unraveling the space between matter?

Try to stop and build on the silence.

Give me a hint.

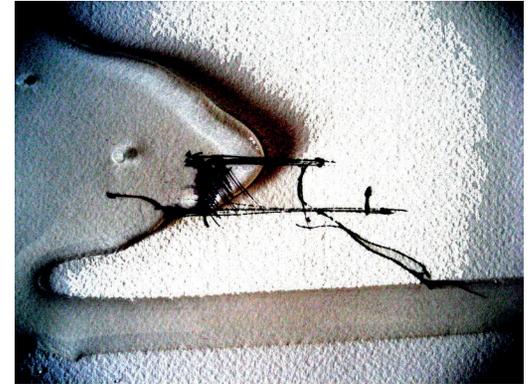
I did.

No you didn't.
Didn't I?

No.

Ummmm... You know what you know.

Fuck. That's lame.



What then?

Who now?

Why that?



No it's not.

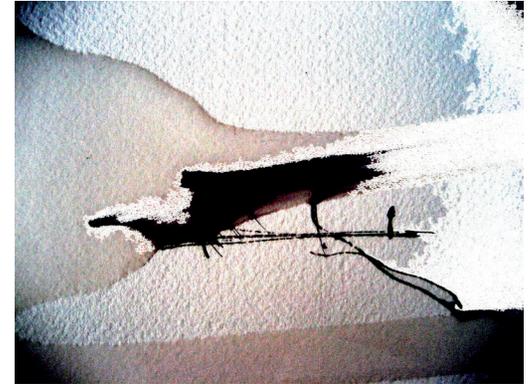
I know what I know. What the hell does that mean?

Just what it is.

Jesus. Come on. Throw me a bone.

O my god, you are a freak.

Let's review.



Is our essence tucked into the margins
of our devices?



Yeah lets review.
Go on.

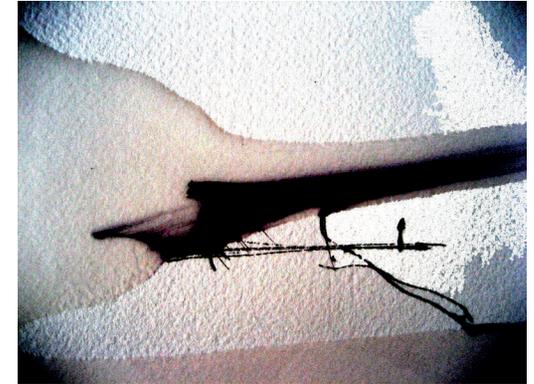
What?

Review.

No, I'm not even talking.

J did something, with someone that I know?

Someone?
Something?



What happens when we look to rebuild from the beginning?

Our first breath, step, laugh, wiggle.

Can we transubstantiate the form?

Can we predict the position our body will rest on its last breath?

Do memories shape the future?

What happens when auto correction is wrong?

The body can vessel pure knowledge but it's protected by the skin- the pliable mask, the great costume, the final mask- scars, discolored blemishes, modified partitions. The code of time.

Not a thing.

Ok a someone?

Ummmm.

Yes! I knew it.

Look, this is bad. This is not good.
Why?

Because I explicitly don't know anything.



What we see awake is death

And?

Especially not...

What?

Not to you.

Oooooooooooooo. I see...

Right.

You're a pussy.



What we see asleep is sleep.

Shit.

Since when?

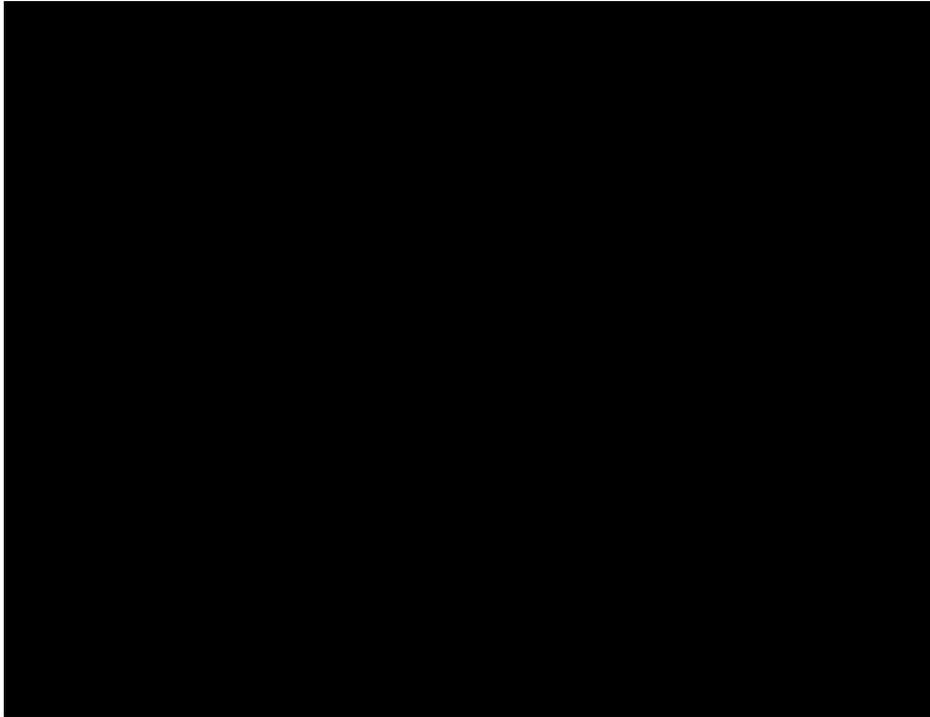
What?

Did you become a pussy.

You're the one. Look at you?

What?

You're freaking out.



Start over.

“Many years ago
I set out
on a walking tour,
high in the Alps”¹

¹ The man who planted trees, Jean Giono

No I'm not.

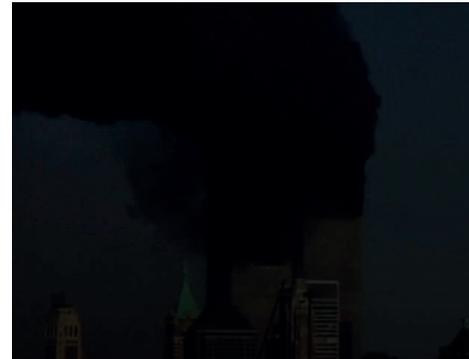
You are. And I don't like it.
Why?

Let's drop it. Really.

How about another clue?

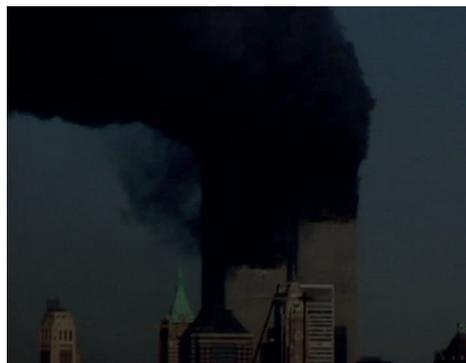
No.

Come on?



On one day,
at one place
- one time -

something happened
between two people.



No.
Fuck.

You can guess.

I don't have enough.

Bullshit.

Do I know this person?

Is it J?



What was it?

Does it matter?

Does it ever?

Sometimes it does.



M?

V?

M?

It's m isn't it. They fuckin went out to lunch the other day?

They did?

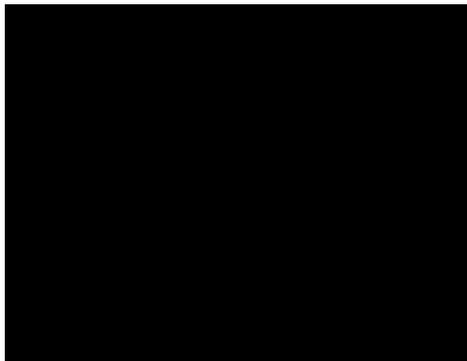
Yes.

Why?



Certainly, there are states in life when even a passing glance alters reality.

It's the whisper a dying parent lays into a child's ear.



To talk about India.

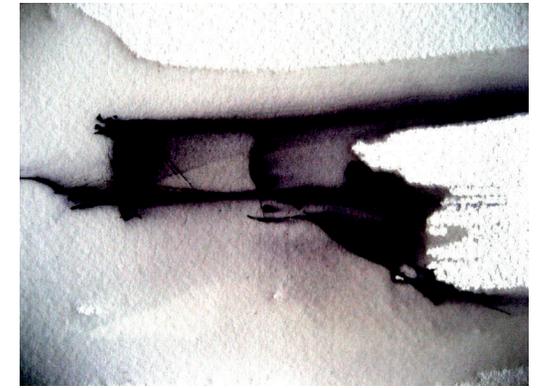
That's cool. What did she learn?

Don't change the subject.

I'm actually wondering.
It's not M. Can you imagine?

Damn. I kind of wish it was M, that'd be cool.

In fact I'd like to be there...



Was that the last great secret or
another empty pledge. It burns a path
into the viscous channels of our psyche
and starts to massage the enamel from
our souls.



You're a maniac.

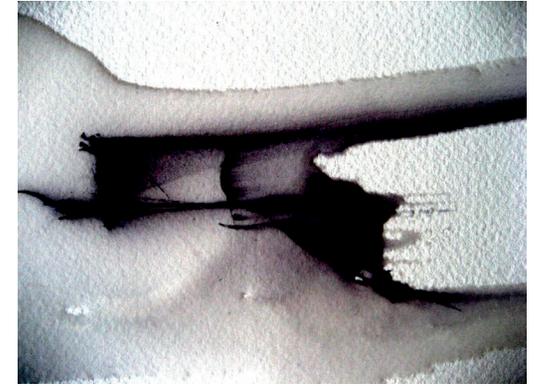
It is a girl though right?

A look
Nice! I knew it.

You don't know anything.

Not yet.

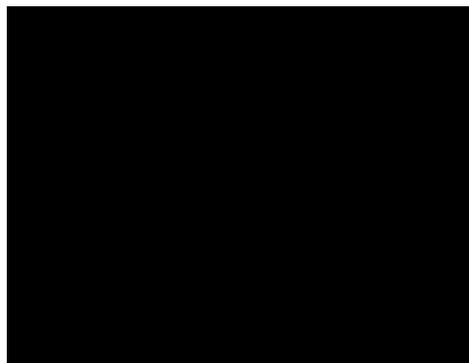
Shit. What do you want?



Sounds encouraging ,

also stifling,

the memory forms another body that
looks into our personal window.



Coffee.

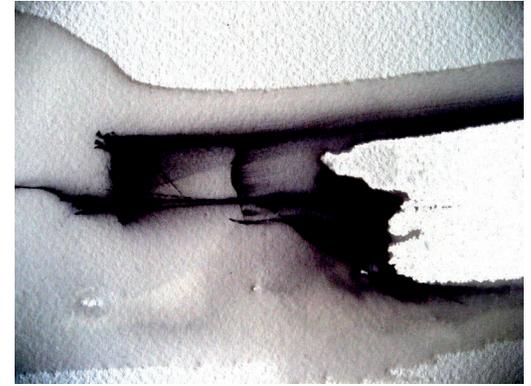
Two coffees please.
Large or small?

Large or small?

Large.

Large.

That'll be \$4.75.



And if it lingers it can completely alter
perception.

Imagine.



Thank you.
Thanks.

Check that out.

Yeah, no doubt. I like that.

Damn.

What is that, like 20?

Maybe. At least.



It's simple math. Every person has two parents, four grandparents and eight great-grandparents.



Fuck.

Ok. What do we have?

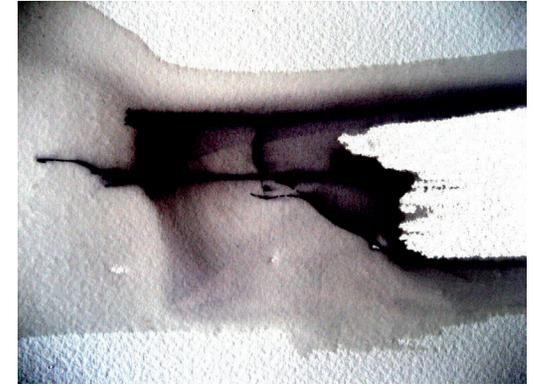
What do you mean?

What happened?

Nothing. I'm serious now. Lets drop it.

Two coffees.

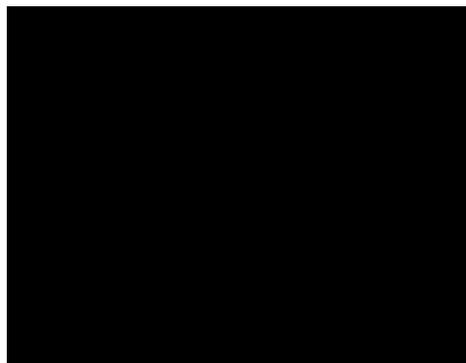
Give me another hint.



Keep doubling back through the generations

-- 16, 32, 64, 128 --

and within a few hundred years you have thousands of ancestors.



I'm serious dude.

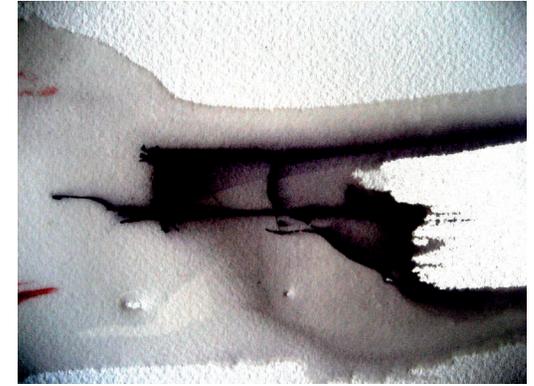
No you're not.

Kind of.

Right: kind of.

Look, just figure the shit out.
You need to give me a better clue.

One thing. I could say one thing...



It's nothing more than exponential
growth combined with the facts of life.



And?

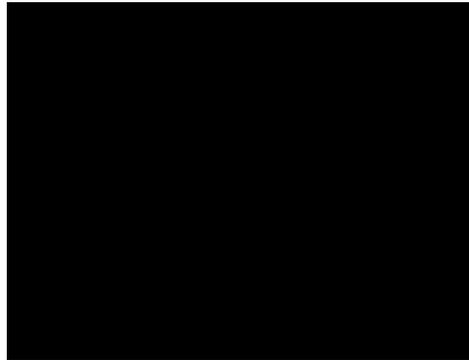
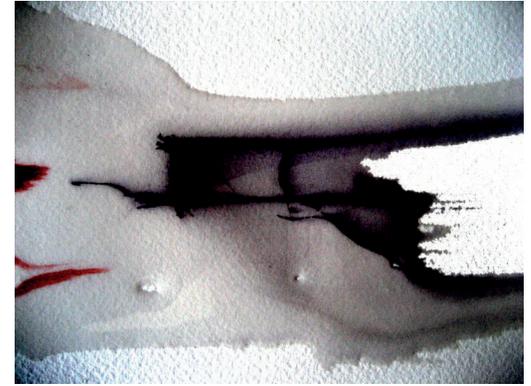
It's too easy. You should just figure it out.

I'm trying.

Not hard enough.
O really.

Really.

You haven't given me shit.



By the 15th century you've got a million ancestors. By the 13th you've got a billion. Sometime around the 9th century -- just 40 generations ago -- the number tops a trillion.



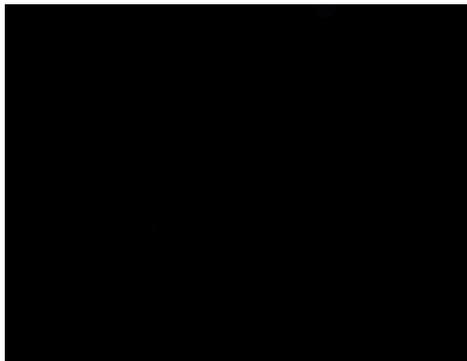
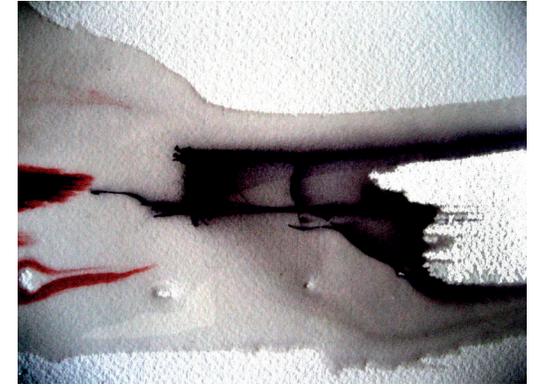
I'm going to call J and ask her.

What?

I'm going to tell her you're on to me?
Maybe I can say something like we said that blah and blah
and you were like digging and started asking ques-
tions and wont let up and you're getting close...

That's a lie.

Not really.



But don't stop there; keep going back.
As the number of potential ancestors
dwindles and the number of branches
explodes there comes a time when
every single person on Earth is an
ancestor to all of us...

Kind of.

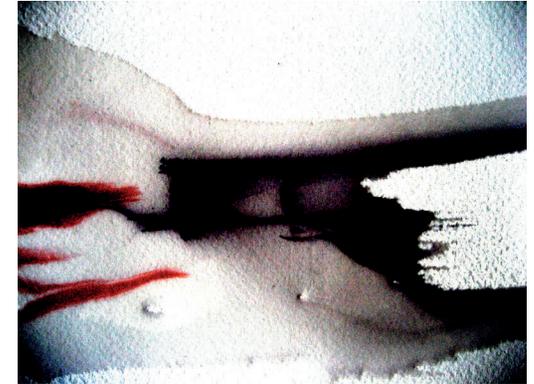
I know but that way I'll be off the hook and it'll be AG.

Just fuckin tell me.

Actually, any way you spin it I'm fucked.

Why?

She trusted me. I told her that I was 'the guy', 'you can tell me', bup bup bah, and I can keep a secret, yes, no



1900	8
1800	16
1700	128
1600	1024
1500	8192
1400	65,536
1300	524,288
1200	4,194,304
1100	33,554,432
1000	268,435,456
900	2,147,483,648 (world pop. Estimate 300 million)

That is you, me and he combined. All one. All now. All here.

problem...

Right, and so can I.

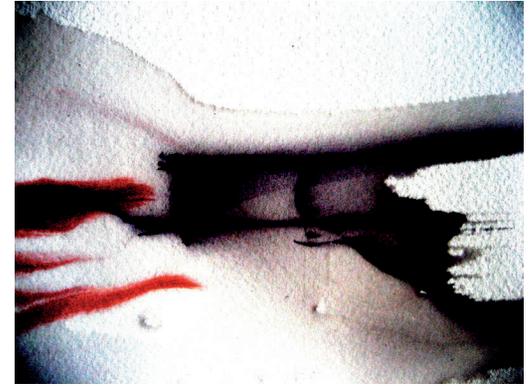
Right.

You know... sort of.

So what if I tell you?

Yeah?

What are you going to do?



Statements

Context

Probably nothing.

Probably?

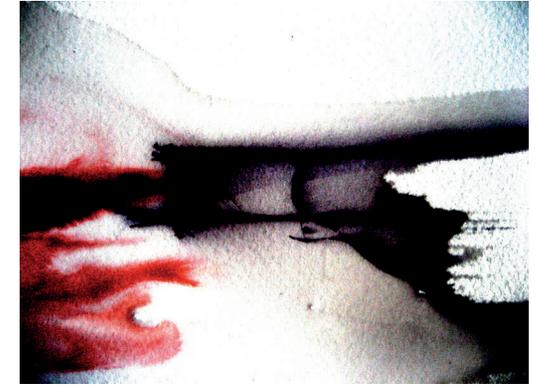
Yeah.

That's not good enough.

I don't know, it depends on who it is.

Why?

Well, if it's fuckin good then maybe I'll, you know...



When the bridge collapses it brings humanity into the ravine. And we've all seen the images. We've all been housed by the confusion of irreversible circumstance.

No what?

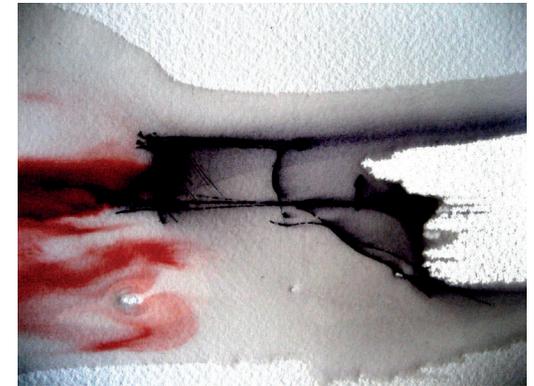
I don't know. Maybe I'll fuckin like it.

You are lame.

No you are.

Ok. Imagine. I know something. You know what I'm saying?

Yes you do.



The towers collapsed and it was still his girlfriend's birthday. \$400 is a fair amount for some 700cc 2 wheel pedal pushed freedom.

What if that got out? Imagine.

I'd be fucked. So fucked.

Exactly. Right. It's a secret and you know I wouldn't say anything. Ever.

I know.

So, there it is. Maybe I can just tell you, because if you say something...



It's as if it never really happened. It's as if while it happened it was never happening. The plume tossing ash and memories into Brooklyn as if the personal effects were saturation for the stayed soil of a lost neighborhood.

How about you cocksucker?

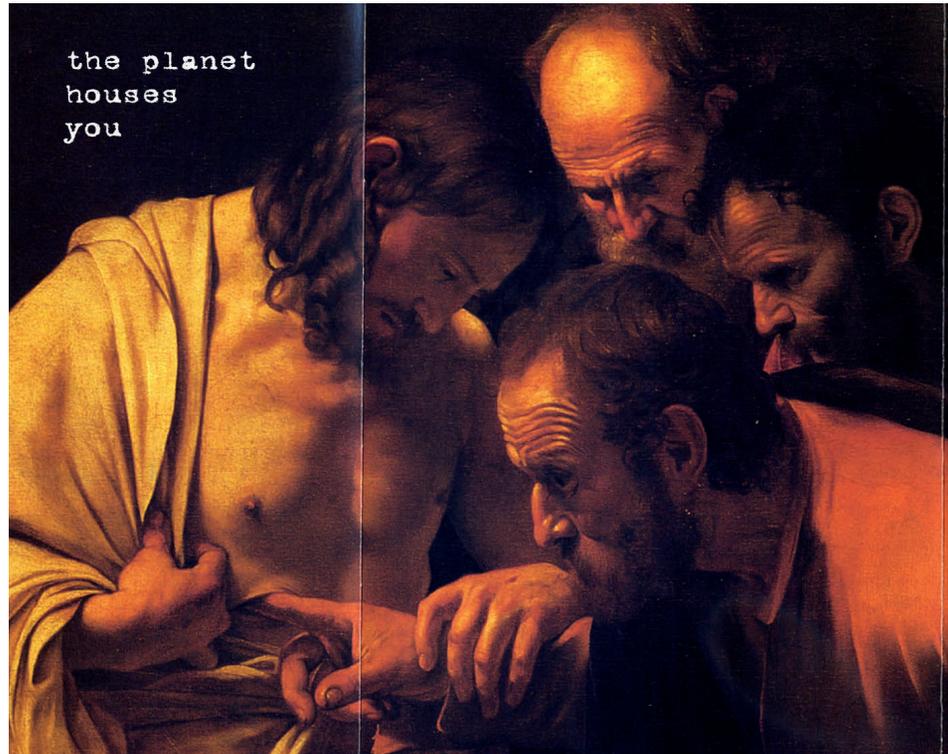
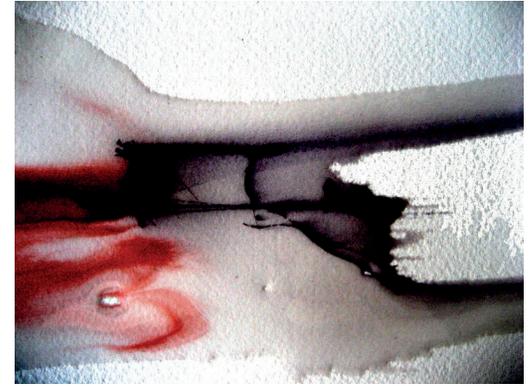
What do you mean?

I could fuckin say the same shit about you, like, O, we just stole some pills from S and you know, no problem, just driving around, drinking whisky, fucked up, no big deal...

DICK!

Right.

I get it. That's what I'm saying- Secrets are intense. They



Closed roads, those sullen patriots walked miles along roads they've seen but didn't really know.

A migraine.

As if the world had in fact turned and tomorrow was itself doubted.

can really fuck people up.
It's true.

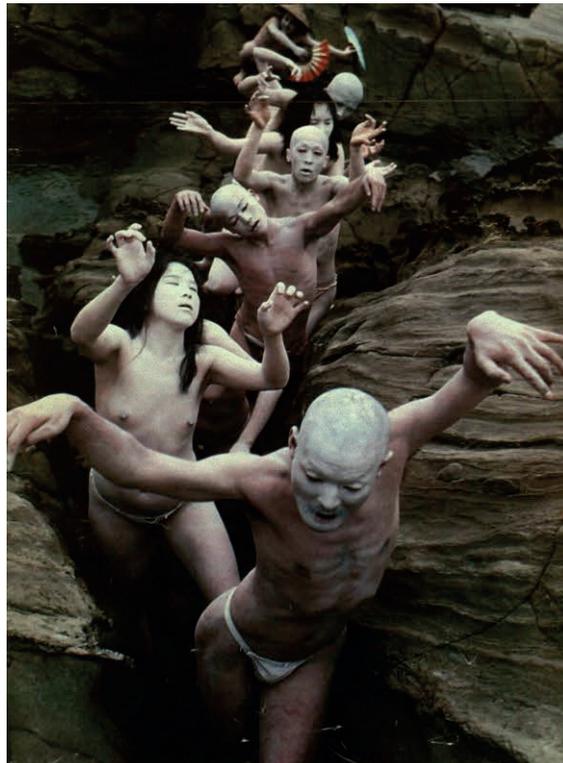
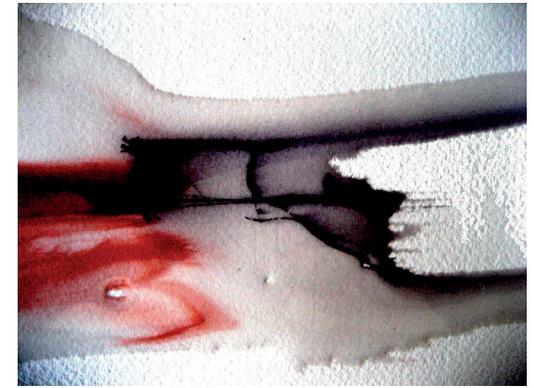
So I can't fuckin tell you.

No actually you can.

O my God!

No you can because you can.

Great.
Just another clue.



We control chaos and remain hinged by holding to the prescription that tomorrow will mostly be like today. The status will stay quo and the porch will be underfoot when the door unhinges and the foot falls forward to the outside. We have to. We have to operate as if we know what we think we know. We've seen glimpses of the chaos without what we suppose- chaos pure chaos. That plume again and the bike and the hope that it's not true that the As If isn't that this time.

Look why don't you call J.

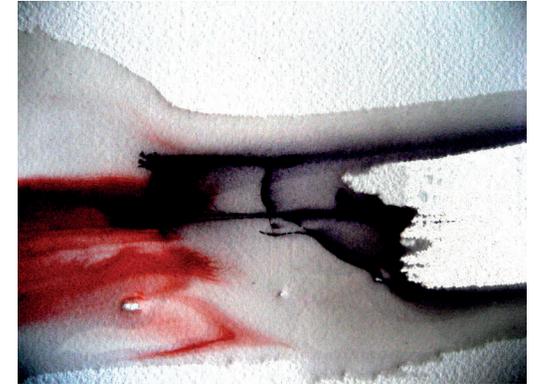
Give me the phone.

No don't.

Why not?

Because I still don't think it's good she knows you know.

I don't know.



There are tales of those who have conquered the space time continuum and break perception. They float on time and span epochs of human stasis. Are they quacks or the possessors of divine rights to an enlightened consortium? Whatever it may be it rests as the balance to the other. As black has white so does the intellect have pure experience. It's a place of the Aether or dark matter that is studied by measuring dust from the big bang. We don't necessarily feel it but we sense it and can measure it by hypothesis unfolded. It's as if we know now where we come from. It's as if Jesus was in fact married and had children. What then? Are dreams shattered as if one thing were not exactly as it was written three hundred years after the event took place?

That you're being a dick.

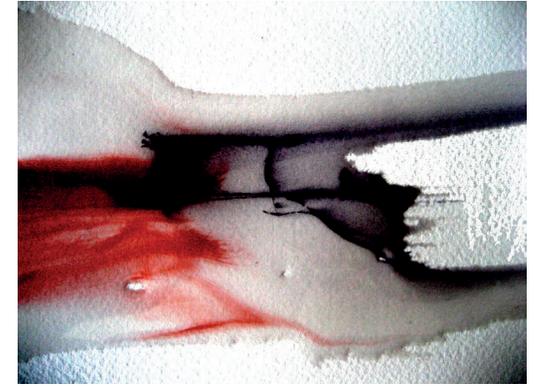
I'm not, you are.

Why?

Because you wont tell me.
Jeeze.

Ok. Ok. Recently unavailable.

Who?



I am attempting to explore architecture
as if it existed only in our perception.



Who do you think?

She was with someone recently unavailable?

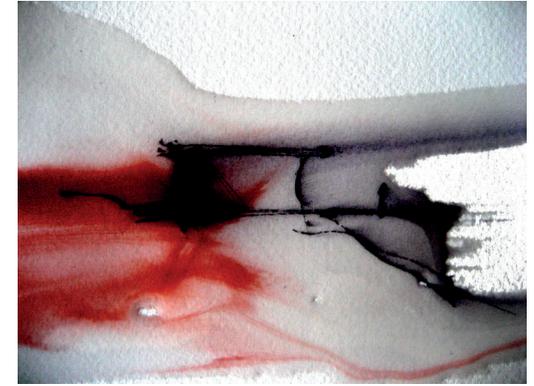
Um hum.

Ah. Ok. Good that's good. Who is recently

un...

Come on. Fuckin think about it.

T?



But which or who's perception? Can we rely on the role we play in a world that may not be here tomorrow? Is the fiction we build for our self a convenient means to house moments? Is pure experience boarded by tangibles or immeasurable and the byproduct of construed ideas?

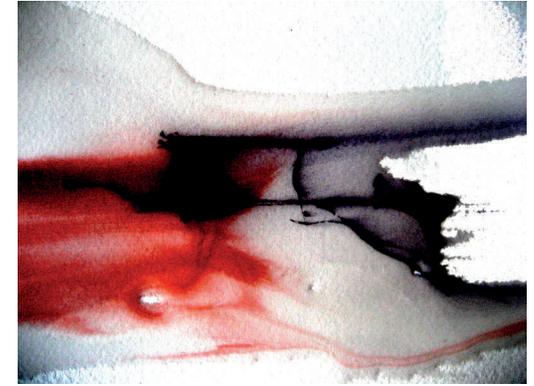
That's not recent?

You're right.
Ummmmm M?

She's fuckin engaged.

I know, but you never know. That would be
sweet though.
That would be sweet.

I'd watch that.



We operate as if we know what tomorrow will provide. Imagine when that breaks down? Who then? What happens to all that is around us? Maybe everything disappears and we exist as mere fiction in a world that never understood what it was in the first place.

Me too.
It'd be like, hey, what's up? Can I just, you know, come on
in there and...

No shit, like, knock them knees baby, I'm in...

Ok ok. Recently unavailable.

Yes.

Like recent recent?

I don't know. Actually you know more than I do.



The Hagakure Kikigaki considers this when it says:

Our bodies are given life from the midst of nothingness.
Existing where there is nothing is the meaning of the phrase,
“Form is emptiness.” That all things are provided for by
nothingness is the meaning of the phrase, “Emptiness is form.”
One should not think that these are two separate things.

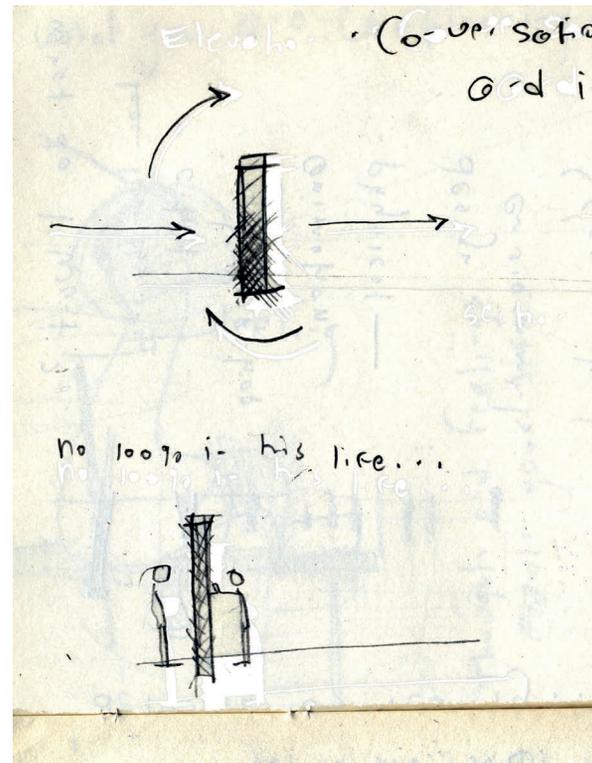
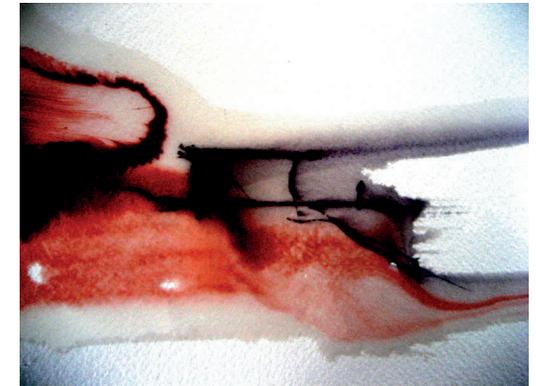
I do?

Yes.

O. is it CC?

Oh my god that's embarrassing. No way. That's like #60.
Come on. She's not desperate.
You're right.

How about...



Perhaps the place I want to build is
a space between the finite and the
infinite.

A void.

A moment in time that happens and
then passes like impetus acted and not
measured.

It's the first step and the last breath.
The breath that's forever forgotten but
driving absolutely everything.

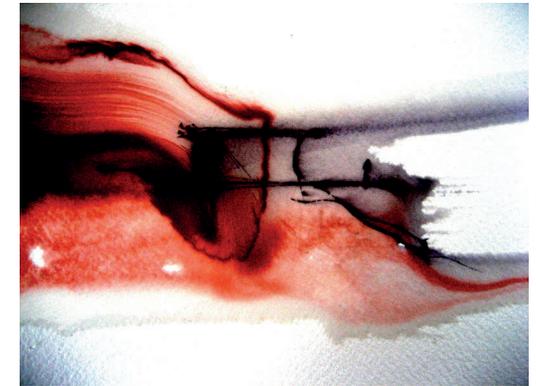
Maybe you should.

I told you I would.

Let me text her.
Do it.

Ok. Hold on.

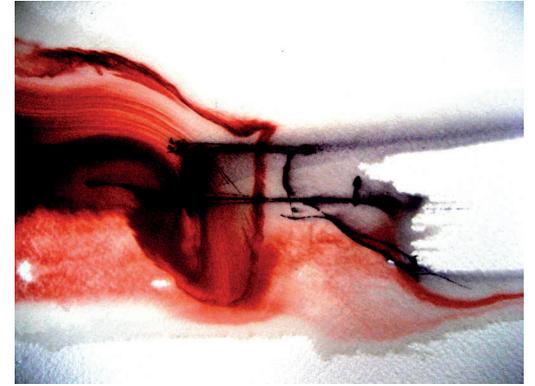
Create Message
SELECT
New Text Msg
SELECT



My potential sites are the unintended places presided over by forces outside common potential. They appear impossible, unrelenting and regulated by unpredictability. It's a small islet where a pounding river splits and drops.

Z is pressing, digging
About that thing-
Can I just say?

OK
J
ADD
DONE
SEND



It's the edge of a volcano in the dried
lava fields.

Ok. We'll see what she says. She's gonna kill me.

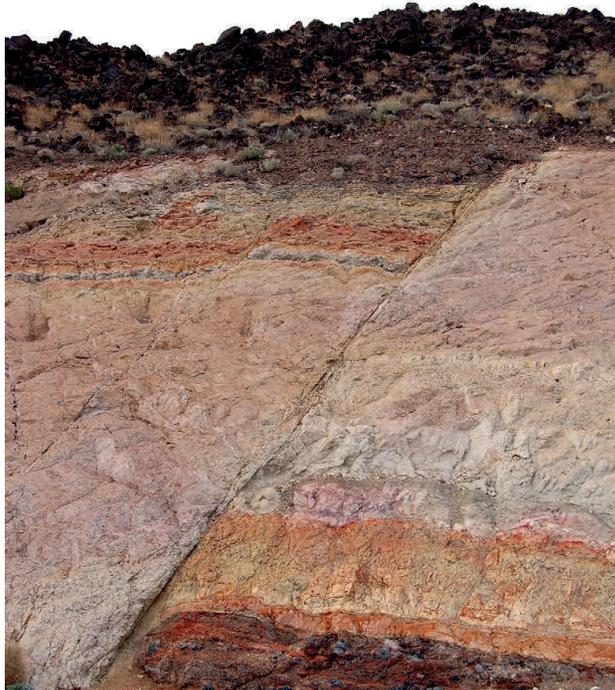
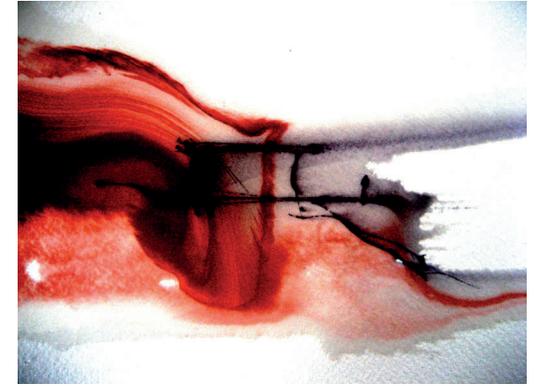
No she won't. it's J. she wants me to know.

Right.

Man, I kind of wish it was M. that would be hot.

M would never do something like that.

I know, that's the thing.



It's on the seam of an active tectonic fault.

Well, actually, it's kind of why she'll be a good wife.

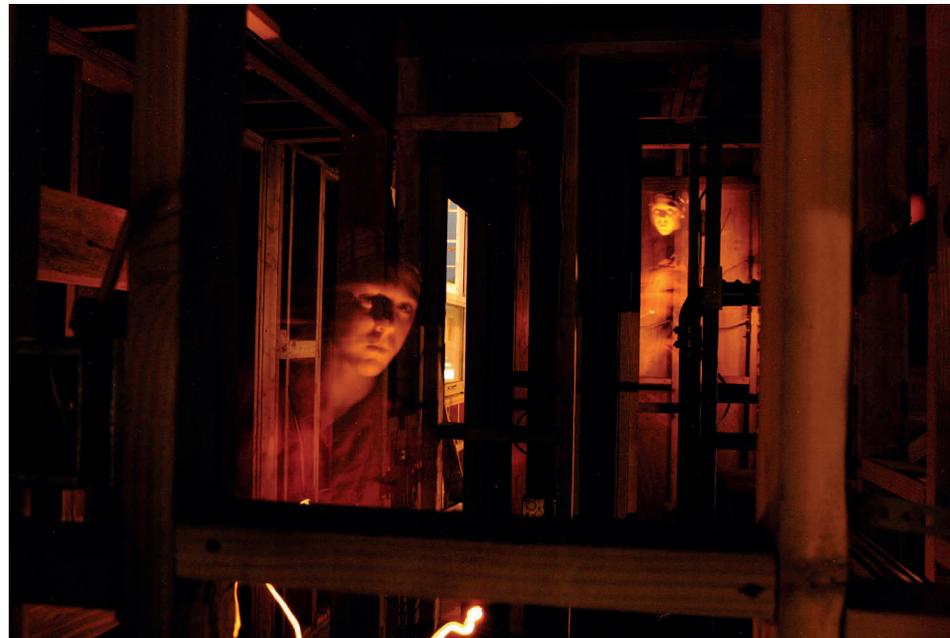
I know, you have to worry about the crazy ones.

It's true. You would never know. It'd be like, "well, so you need to..."

Exactly. Like, "oh, so you need the muff tonight..."

Shit.

Ok. So who is it?



Here the question is always beyond 'when?' and falls to a surrender of the moment. The new question is what 'now'. Every process, every decision, every material is balanced by the extreme inherent temporality of the environment. The place itself becomes a ritual of forgetting as if it may never become anything more than an immediate memory.

She still hasn't text me- now it's up to her.

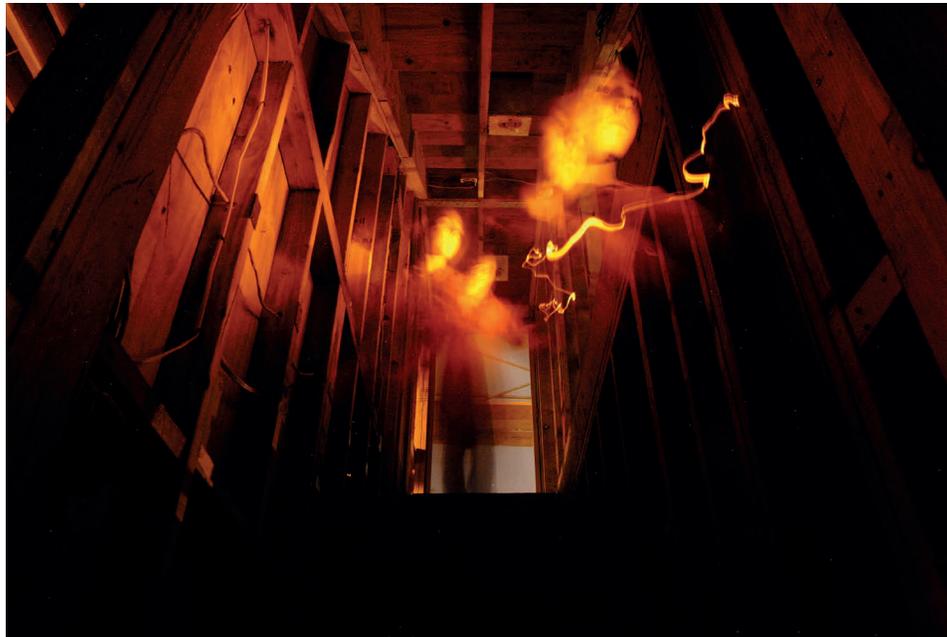
See she doesn't care.

Why?
She didn't get back to you.

That doesn't mean anything.

Yes it does. She would have told you right away.

Maybe she didn't see it.



What replaces the familiar relationship people have to their surroundings is a new paradigm. What's essential is no longer tomorrow. Time and space collapse and what's left is only a pure commitment and celebration of the process hidden in the immediate moment.

Doubt it.

This sucks.
What?

It's too fuckin tiring.

You're the one.

Me? I just fucking want to know! God...

Ok ok, I'll call her.



The desire is to break reality and embrace the knowledge that,

“most cognitive processes occur unconsciously, with only the end-products reaching awareness, and then only sometimes.”

Joe LeDoux

Scroll.: J. Press J.

J?

Z is a dick.
We were talking and
I don't know, we like
Just said something and
The next thing he is
All over me...
I don't know, like,
J is kinda crazy,
I'll bet she has...



There would be no more As If's. This, right now, would be understood as a final forever. To build here, in the now becomes a kind of performance that is linked immediately to only the infinite composite situations rising from a complete surrender to what is happening now. In this mind set, there is no end result, no finished product, no stepping back o admire that which was or will be. A column can be raised and immediately engulfed by the ego. A wall can be painted with laughter. Here,

“doors and windows are cut for a room;
yet, it is the space where there is nothing
that makes it useful.
therefore, though advantage comes from what is,
usefulness comes from what is not”

tao te ching, 11 (mc carroll)

You know...
I don't think it's such a big deal.
Look, I didn't say anything about K,
that is still tight.
I just need to get him off my fucking back.
He was hoping it was M.
I know. He's crazy.
When you went out to lunch.
Yeah.
No.
Kind of.
I'll just tell him the one part.
Yeah, not that.



“Michel Foucault, as cited in a book by John Rajchman, expanded the use of the term event in a manner that went beyond the single action or activity and spoke of “events of thought.” For Foucault, an event is not simply a logical sequence of words or actions but rather “the moment of erosion, collapse, questioning, or problematization of the very assumptions of the setting within which a drama may take place—occasioning the chance or possibility of another, different setting.” The event here is seen as a turning point—not an origin or an end—“

Bernard Tschumi, Section III: Disjunction, “Essays written between 1984-1991,” in
Architecture and Disjunction (1994), pp. 256

I don't know, it'll be funny.
He's dying.
I mean you will be legendary.
Hell, you already are, but more so.
He's like that.
Ok.
Ok.
Yes.
I don't think so.
Ok. Yeah, no.
For sure.
Yeah, bye.
You the one.



The Event.

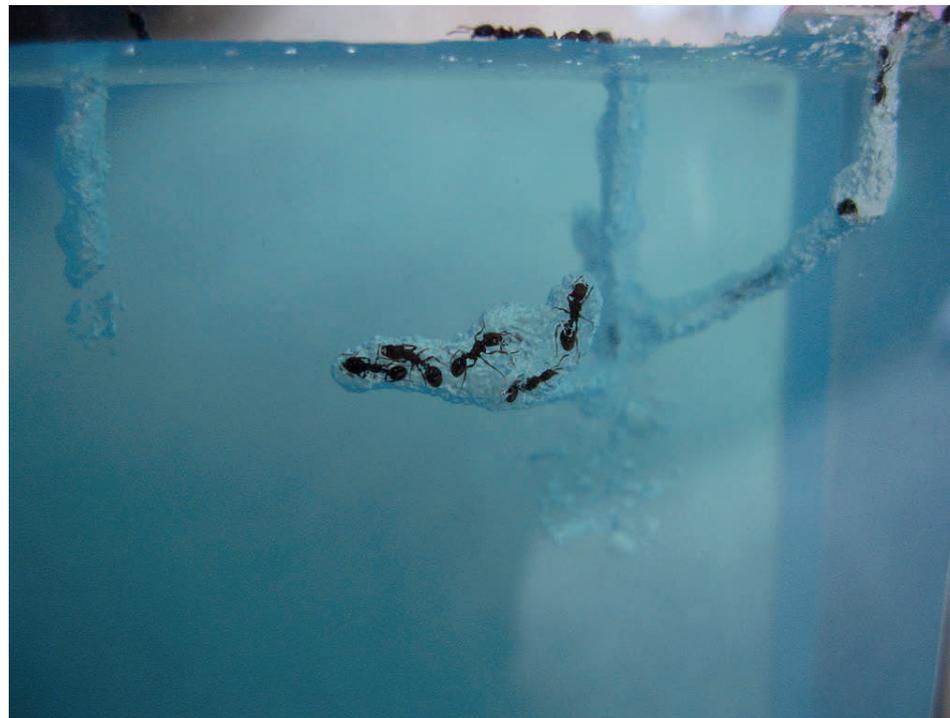
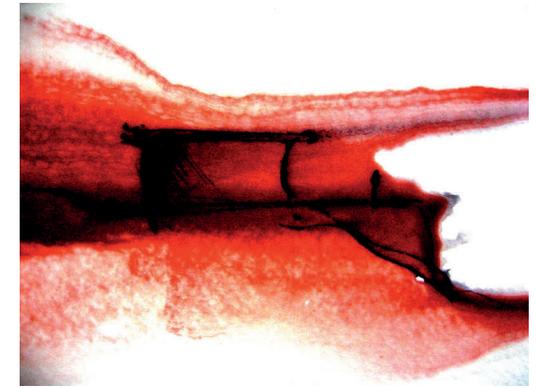
The Moment.

The Drama.

sound acts as a subconscious infusion into the sleeping child's inner awareness.

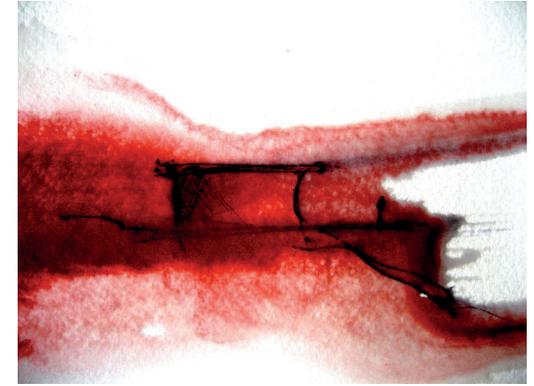
The doctor explains.

Replacing the laboriously slow tutelage of a traditional father figure, the process of gender concretization expeditiously instills within the unborn child a socio-cultural foundation, or definition if you will, of what it means to be a male in the society to which your child is soon to be born. The procedure harnesses and funnels the power of language, encoded and conveyed through tone, phraseology, word



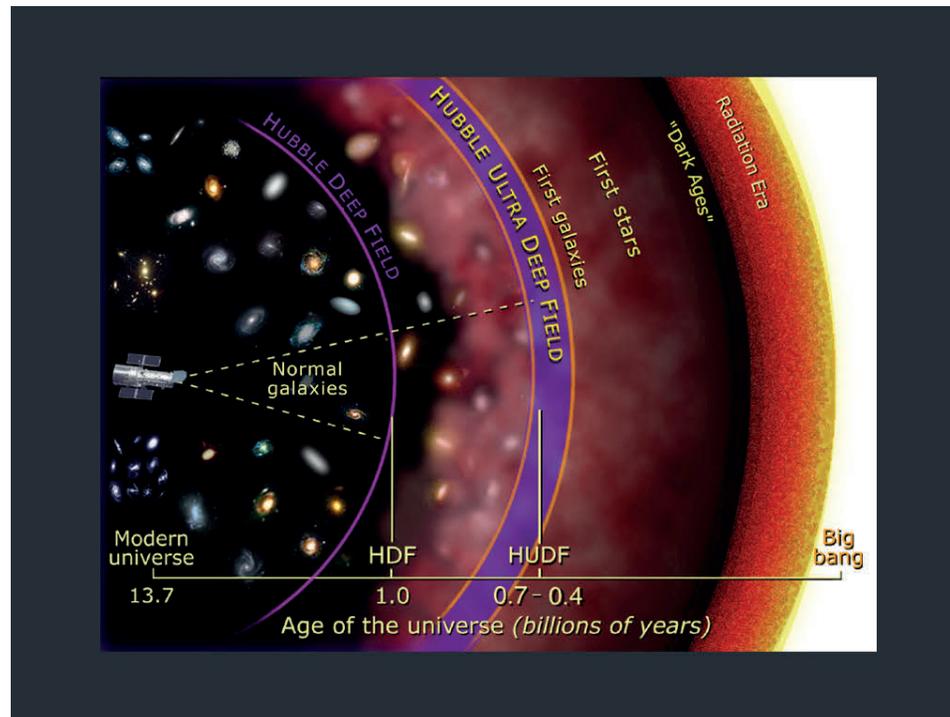
To distill this concept of the event to pure molecular level is to strip away any and all artifice from the result. There essentially is no result. And with no-thing left except a complete surrender to the emptiness of the moment anything and nothing is possible. This becomes a place of no place or something that ends up residing most completely in the mind as an imagined potential. It's a kind of living womb where a universal experience is stored in a collective sub conscious.

selection, content, process, to transmit
an identity of maleness into the infant.
The question of nature versus nurture is thus
rendered moot.
We nurture...
zee nature.



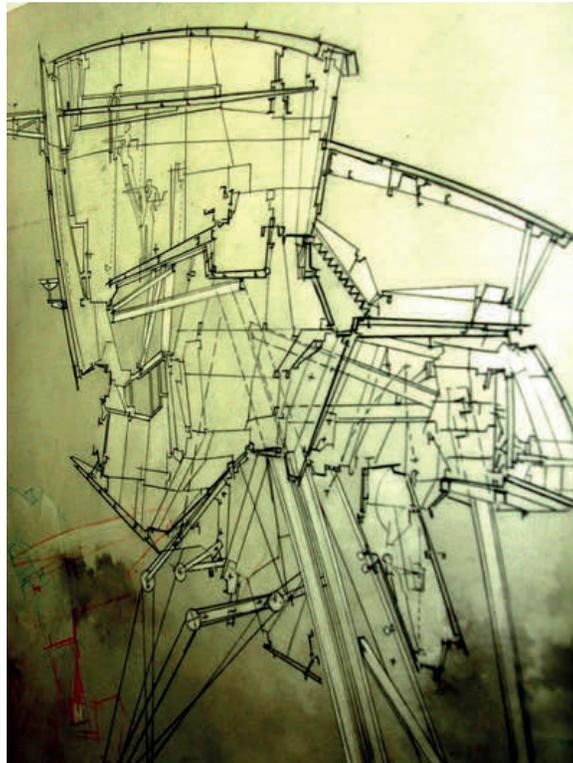
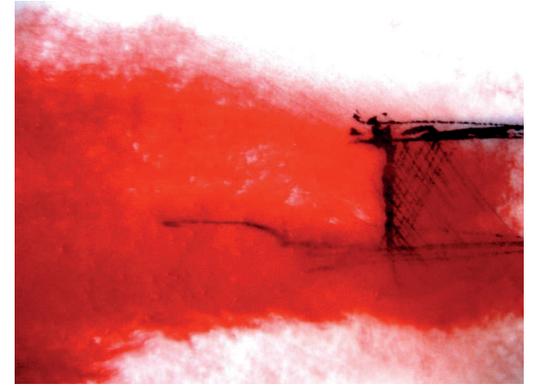
“Both death and life are complementary metaphysical functions.”
Richard Buckminster Fuller

“Everything in the universe exists at one time simultaneously. The first words ever spoken still ring through the universe, and in your terms, the last words ever spoken have already been said.”
Jane Roberts
The Nature of Personal Reality

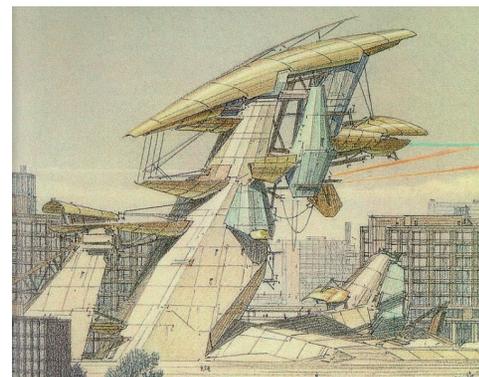
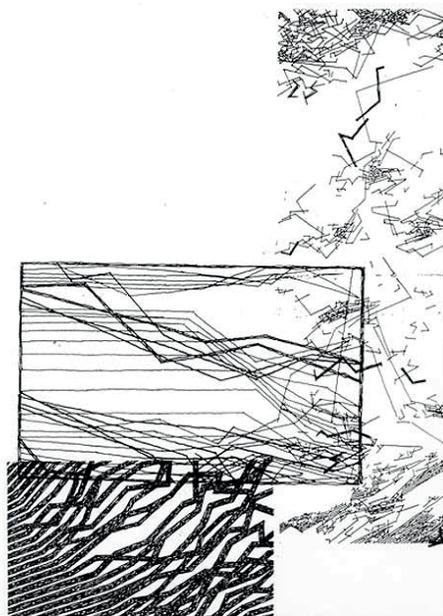
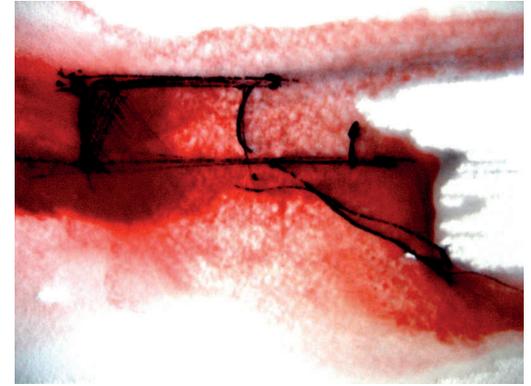


Precedent(s)

notions
like mind scenarios
out and inside



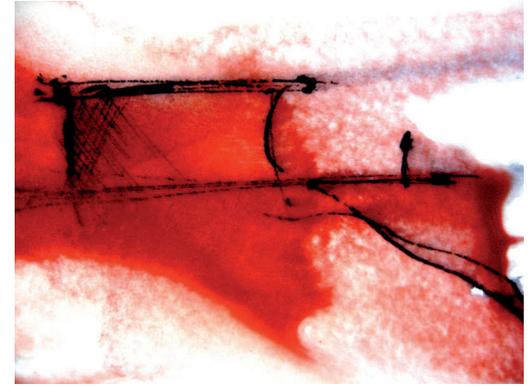
Lebbeus Woods



The fall
The installation designed for the main exhibition space of Jean Nouvel's lucid building for the Fondation Cartier is entitled The Fall. Its ambition is to expose the fall as a micro-universe that crystallizes the dimensions of a precise, if abbreviated, moment.

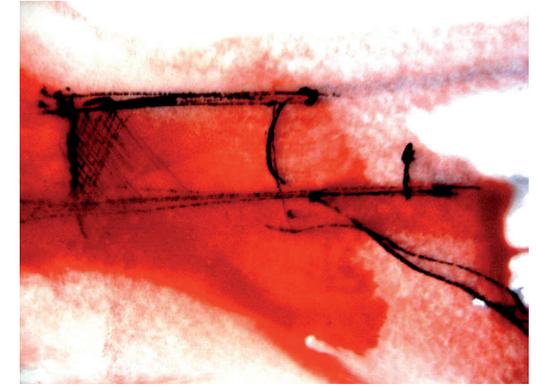
Too fast to see, no doubt, but not at all too fast to conceptualize. This is the time-space of the fall--too brief to inhabit--except in imagination.¹

¹ 14 July 2002 New York City
© 2002 by Lebbeus Woods



Sophie Calle

Infamous for her work depicting human vulnerability, she examines identity and intimacy often using real situations and real people in shaped events or manipulated reality.

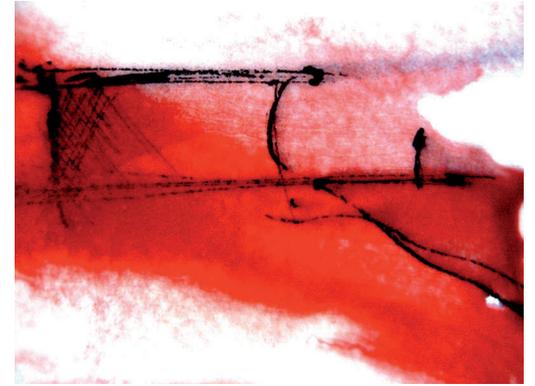


Jan Korb
garbage architecture

Utilising material once discarded he regenerates a new future from an old past.

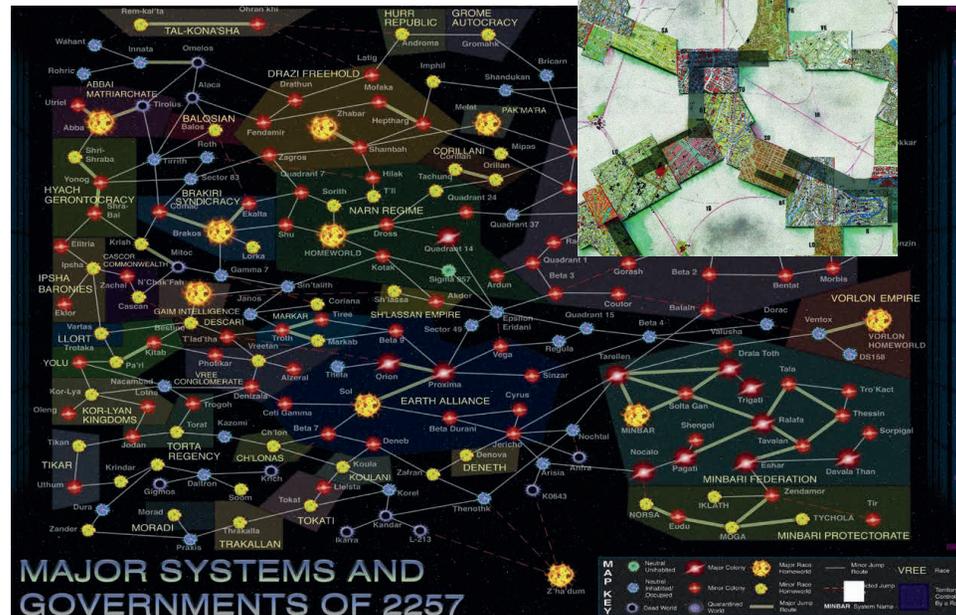
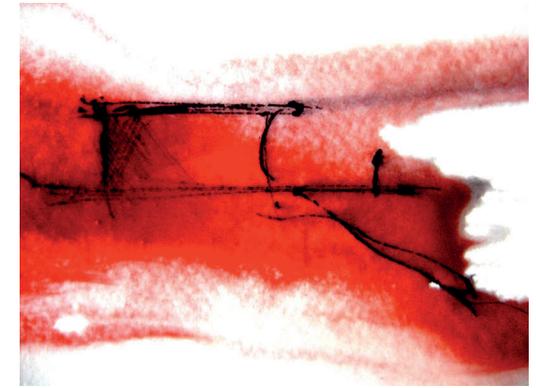
“Listen to your own surrounding and imagine the world without (a) manual.”





Constant Nieuwenhuis





The frequency of each man's movements and the distances he will cover depend on decisions he will make spontaneously, and which he will be able to renounce just as simultaneously. Under these conditions social mobility suggests the image of a kaleidoscopic whole, accentuating sudden unexpected changes -- an image that no longer bears any similarity to the structures of a community life ruled by the principle of utility, whose models of behavior are always the same.

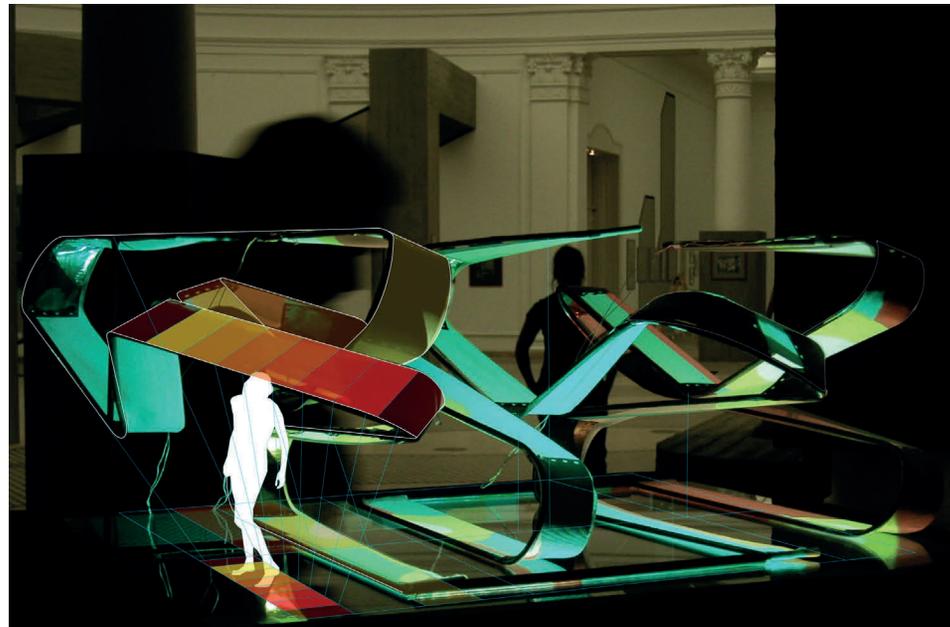
Spatiality is social.¹

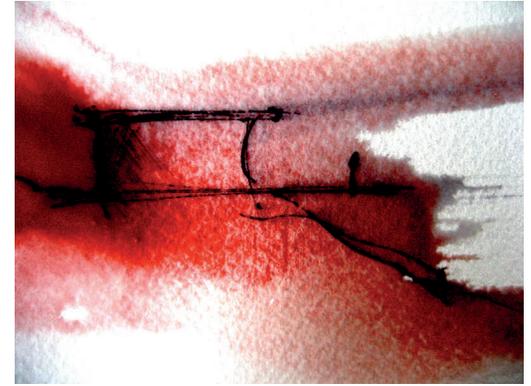
¹ New Babylon A nomadic town exhibition catalogue published by the Haags Gemeentemuseum, The Hague, 1974.



Aether architecture

Aether induction house is an architecture prototype looking into ways of treating digital media as physical matter. The surface of a computer projection is unfolded onto a translucent structure, becoming a spatial experience for the visitors. Layers of digital information, behavior and ambience are sharing projection territories, and creating a vision for a non-screen based computer environment. This enhanced physical space serves as a test bed for creating a blend between architectural and new media designs.

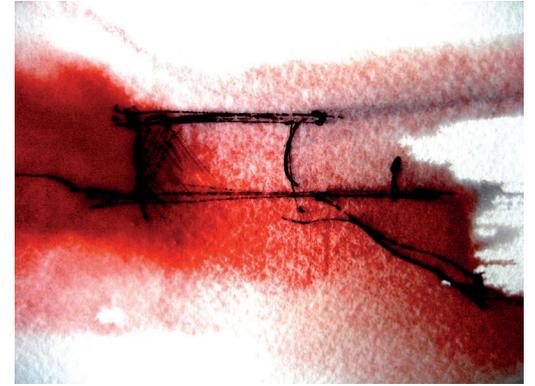




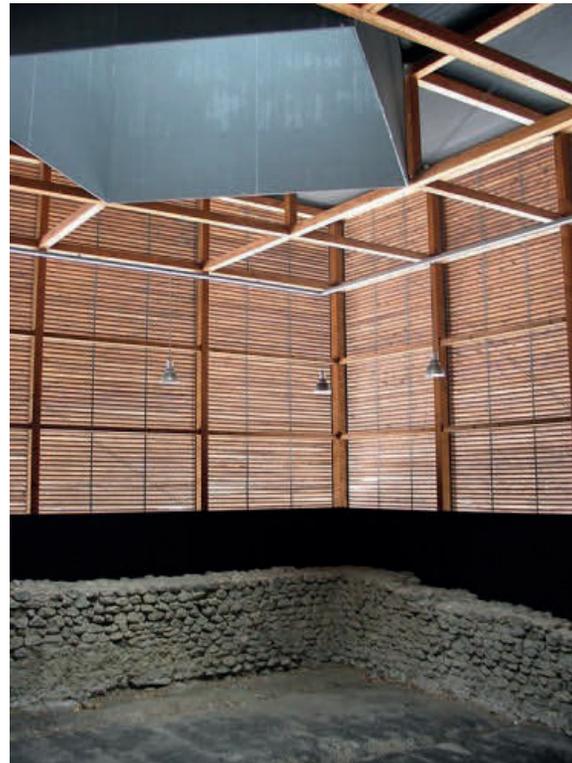
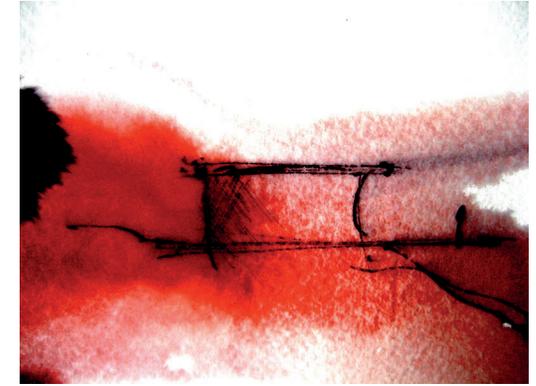
James Turrell

“Certainly when people describe near death experiences, they use a vocabulary of light. And also when we have dreams, a lucid dream that’s in this color, that really is I think quite, quite astonishing. So, in thinking of light, if we can think about what it can do, and what it is, by thinking about itself, not about what we wanted it to do for other things, because again we’ve used light as people might be used, in the sense that we use it to light paintings.”¹

1 James Turrell From pbs interview



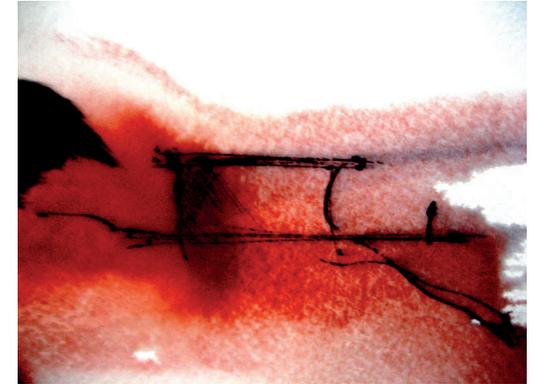
Peter Zumthor



'I don't make a big myth of drawings. A real representation of something would destroy it. The best images of something not yet built are the ones that give you a broad, open feeling, like a promise...

Peter Zumthor

NO TIME to stop
r.louis jr.



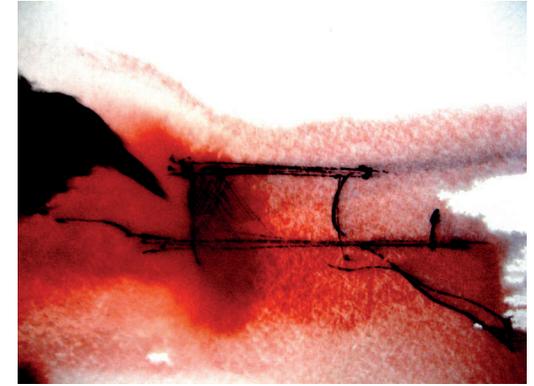
Situationist movement

“The Situationists defended the urban mix, wanted to move beyond the rational city, strove to reassert daring, imagination, and thrill in social life and urban culture.”¹

¹ Back Issue Sprawl and Spectacle
Number 12, Fall 2000 Andy Merrifield

A large urban, industrial metropolis. rush hour.
People and cars everywhere.
Smoke, dirt, dust.
A man walks alone down the sidewalk.
He is in a suit.
He has a few bags and moves with determination.
His eyes forward but shifting and in contact with the
passersby's.

What do they want?
What do they want?
Why do they care?
Why do they come?



Situationist Guy Debord

Chapter 1 “Separation Perfected”

The spectacle is not a collection of images, but a social relation among people, mediated by images.

Chapter 5 “Time and History”

Man’s appropriation of his own nature is at the same time his grasp of the unfolding of the universe.

Methods of Détournement

Outside of language, it is possible to use the same methods to detourn clothing, with all its strong emotional connotations. Here again we find the notion of disguise closely linked to play. Finally, when we have got to the stage of constructing situations, the ultimate goal of all our activity, it will be open to everyone to detourn entire situations by deliberately changing this or that determinant condition of them.¹

Situationist Guy Debord coined phrase:

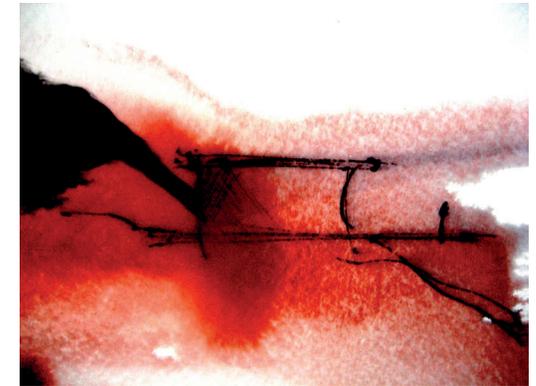
Psychogeography - It describes the specific effects of the geographical environment on the emotions and behaviour of individual

1 From The Society of the Spectacle - nothingness.org

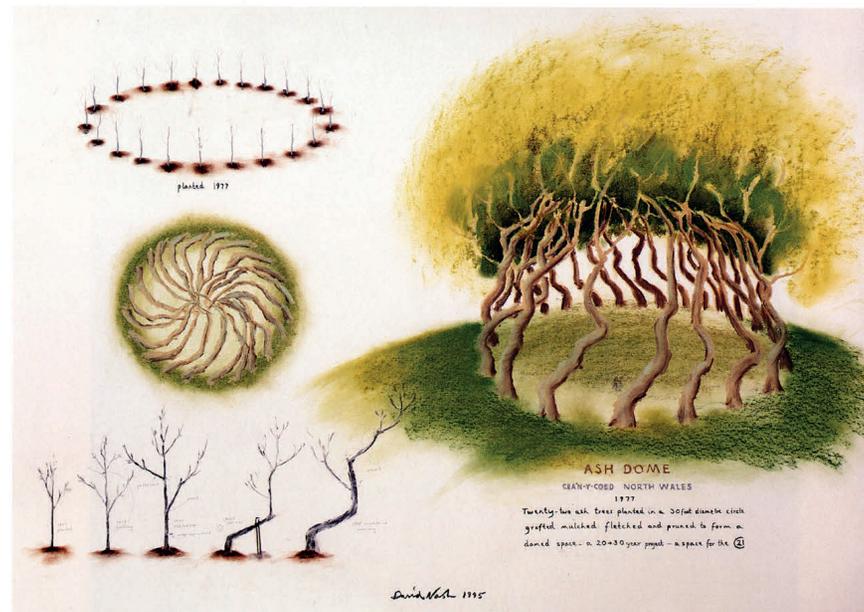
Want?
Want?
Care?
Come.

Fifty-first.
[dunch da dunch da dunch da duh da duh da dunch]

Look at her.
Those shoes are
Pathetic.
Didn't dyed blue leather
Go out in eighty-seven.



eat, sleep, repeat



David Nash

Planted in 1977, Ash Dome is an ongoing process that requires an active participation by the artist year after year. There are no temporal parameters placed on this 'event'.

Ha!
What's with the hair.

Is it in the eyes or out?
How lonely to not
Know a barber.
Giuseppe. Great cook
Good glove no stick.

Got to
Got to
Get it on.



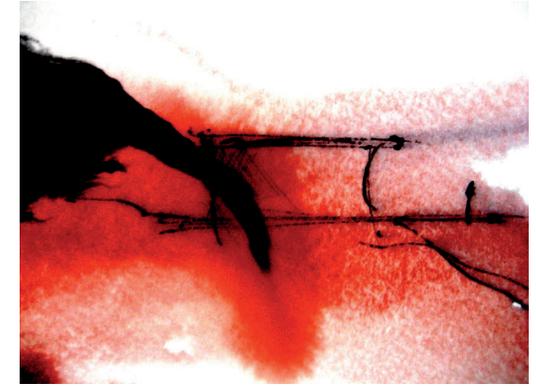
Gregor Schneider

“Since 1985, at the age of sixteen, artist Gregor Schneider has compulsively reconstructed, altered, distorted, built, and rebuilt the interior of a house owned by his family in Rheydt, Germany.”¹

¹ Paul Schimmel from MOCA exhibition book, 2003

Ooooo I'd fuck that.
Or have I?
In my dreams
In my dreams.
High school. Sixty-four toss
Power trap.

Red.
Universal stop. Go. Stop.
Go.
Fiftieth.
[dunch da dunch da dunch da duh da duh da dunch]



Gentleman documenting every object
he touches.

<http://www.albertofrigo.net/>

1_ During a life-event every object* the
dominant-hand uses is photographed
once and while used.

2_ If an object of the same type is
the next to be used, this object is not
photographed unless the life-event
changes.

3_ A life-event changes as soon as the
dominant-hand uses a different object
in a different space.

ALBERTO FRIGO, 2003/09.24

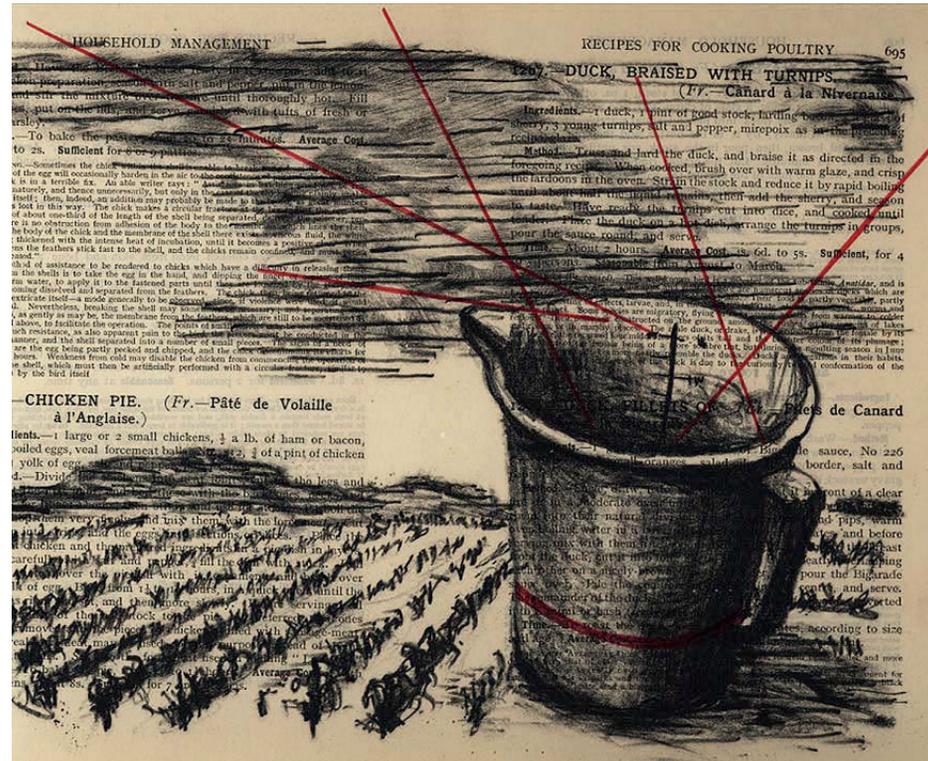
*An artifact that is graspable, indepen-
dent and consistent.



Wash that car.
Nice bricks.
With my shoulder feeling
Like it does...

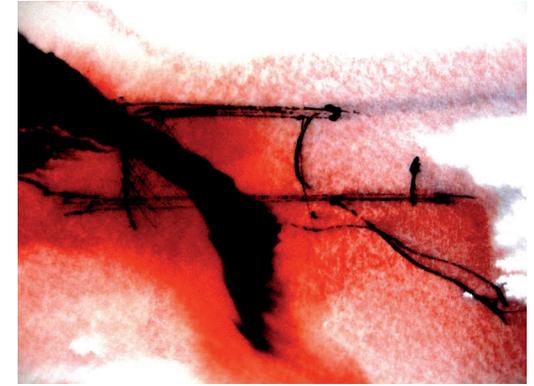
Damn.
Gotta wait.
Hurts. Gross me out.
Sit. Stop.

Girl: Do you need some help?



William Kentridge

Man: No thank you.
G: Are you sure?
M: Well, maybe.
G: Where are you going?
M: Downtown.
G: Me too. Great. Come on.
M: Here, take the light one.
G: I'm a swimmer.
M: I can tell.
G: What do you mean?
M: Your hair is wet.
G: No it's not. Hey, don't touch me!



William Kentridge

“My drawings don’t start with a ‘beautiful mark.’ It has to be a mark of something out there in the world. It doesn’t have to be an accurate drawing, but it has to stand for an observation, not something that is abstract, like an emotion.”

“Shadow Prozession” - animated film

(She kicks him in the balls)

G: You're dead.

Great. I'm going to crap
My pants, or throw up
Or both. How lovely,
Terrific. Two arms
Two arms. What a
Little wench. I'll bet it was greasy.
Just dirty.
But I would have
Done her. Back to



Parkour

“The spirit of parkour is guided in part by the notions of “escape” and “reach,” that is, the idea of using quick thinking with dexterity to get out of difficult situations, and to be able to go anywhere that one desires.”¹

My place. Bam.

Forty-ninth.

[dunch da dunch da dunch da duh da duh da dunch]

Oh nice. I'll bet you've
Never fixed a chain in
Your life. Idiot all
Day. Weet weet weet.
Fifty feet, over the hood,
Pop. Head's cracked open.

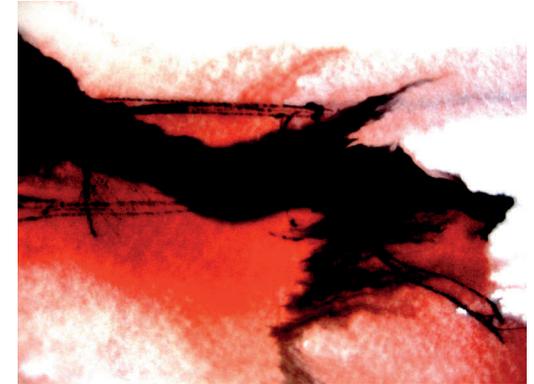


Arthur Wood

'Broken Angel' is located in Brooklyn, NY and was built and designed by Arthur Wood from completely salvaged materials.

Shit. The shoulder. The
Socket. The arm. 1, 2, 3.
Two is gone.
Grinding, grinding.
A wave good-bye.
Can't, wouldn't.
It was wet, god-dammit.

Nice perfume. That
Could wilt a flower.
Imagine the cushions.
A saturation.



Michael Heizer

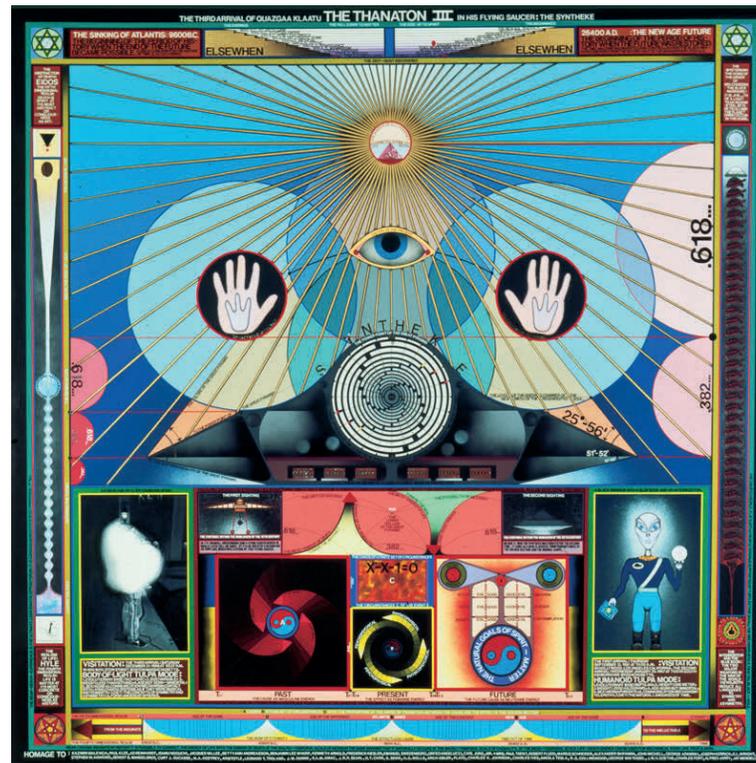
“My interest is in making this thing
internalized.”¹



¹ NY Times Magazine interview NY
Times Magazine, 2.06.2005

Forty-eighth.
Forty-eighth.
[dunch da dunch da dunch da duh da duh da dunch]

Not a chance dude.
You're just a friend,
That guy, who listens,
So sweetly.
If it weren't for
the cigarettes you'd
have nothing.
Not with that dew.



Paul Laffoley

“This history of the dimensional point, the ultimate unit of spatiality, is richer even than the instant – the unit of temporality. The point has long been associated with the Greek concept of the atom [a (not) tomas (cut)]. The concept means the primary constituent of reality. The point, therefore, is an abstraction of the atom.”¹

Green.
 Always green.
 Ache.
 Always ache.

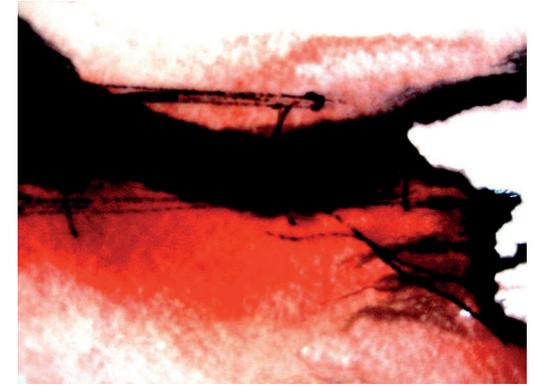
No time to stop
 Shoulders fucked.
 You too
 You to-
 One two
 For me too.

[dunch da dunch da dunch da duh da duh da dunch]

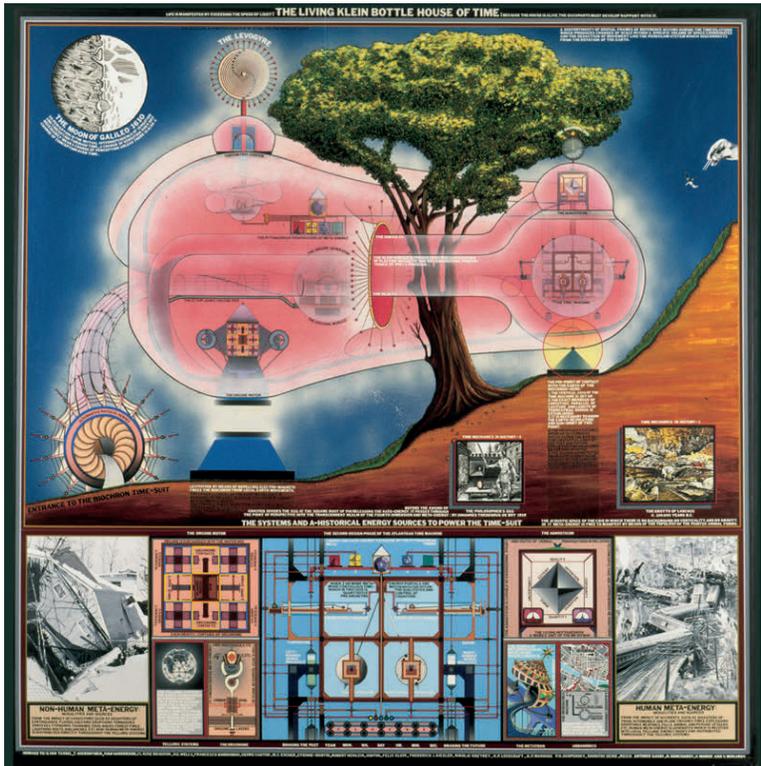


“To become one with nature means to be on the path to utopia.”¹

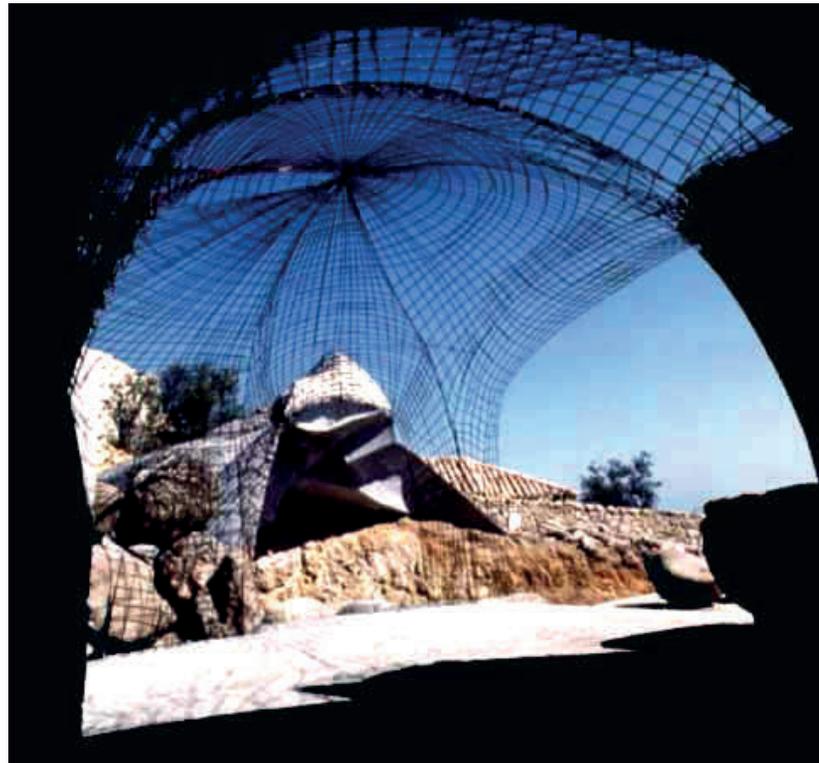
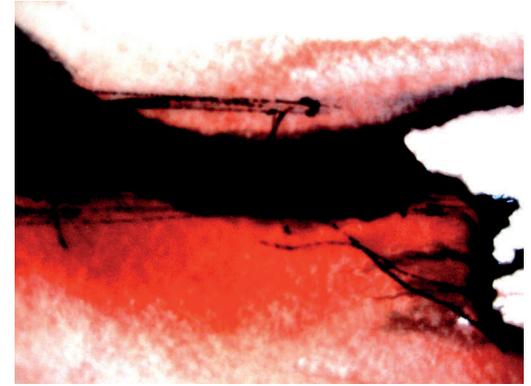
He keeps walking.



“The path to utopia is expressed as a non-oppressive environment free from all systems whether they are hierarchies, holiarchies or heteroarchies.”¹



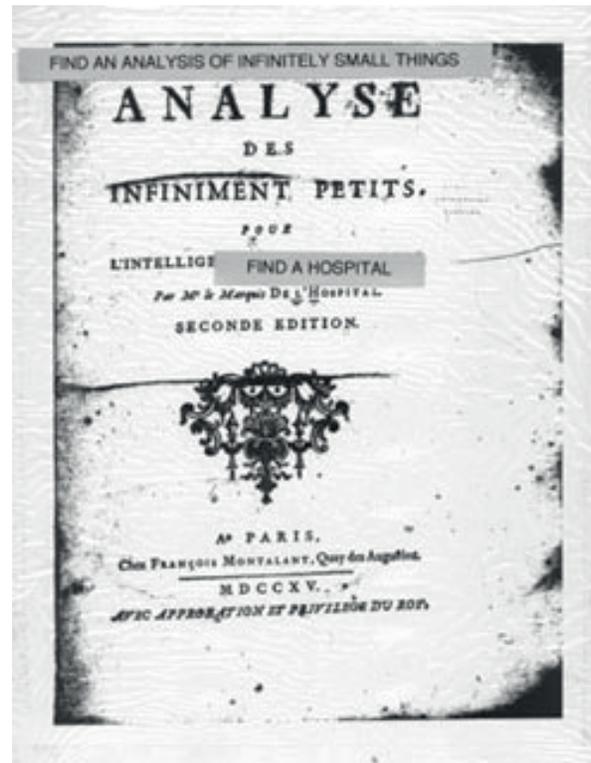
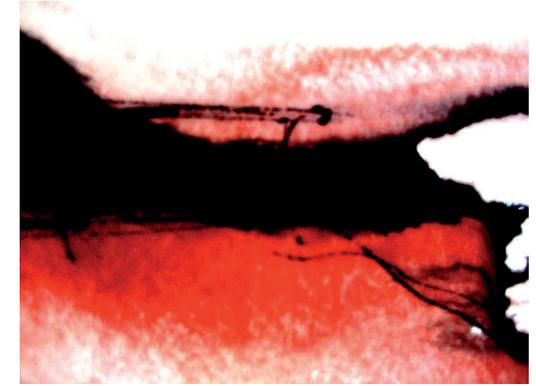
“The divergence of visions represents that bold striking out on your own onward and upward, climbing toward Utopic Space and the final realization that when the terminus is reached we will all experience the end of the future.”¹



Savin Couelle

Integrates natural materials from working environment- builds primarily on the Costa Smeralda in Sardegna, Italy.

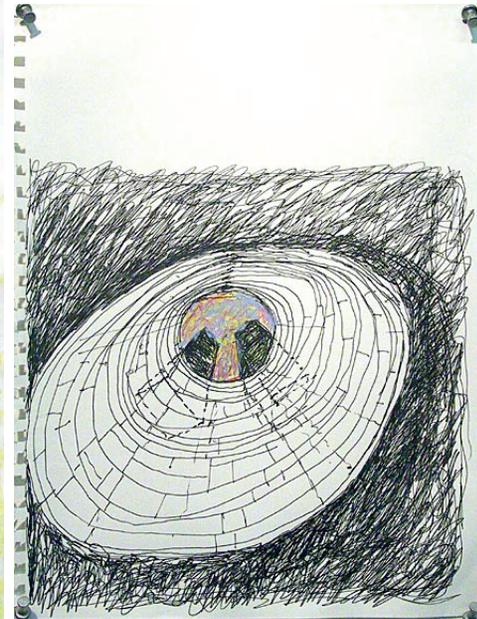
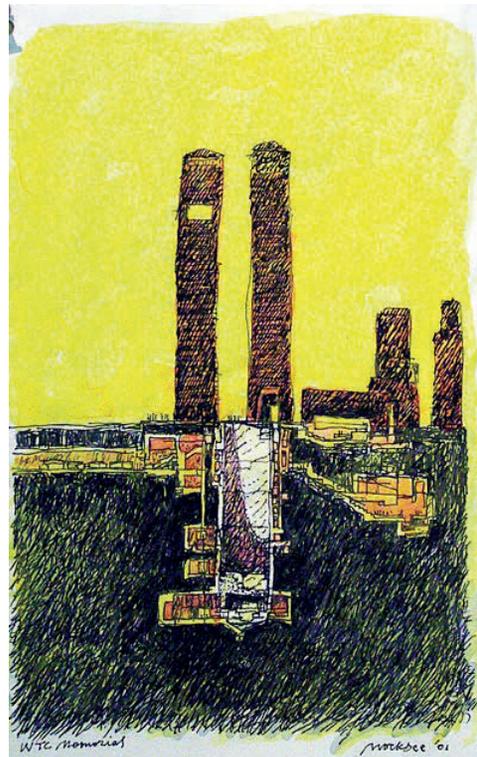
Cyborg Soul seller
r.louis jr.



“The Analysis of Infinitely Small Things” is a collaborative research project designed to examine and analyze the realm of the Infinitely Small. The seminal text in the field of the Infinitely Small is a Calculus text called “L’Analyse des Infiniment Petits” (1696) by the Marquis de l’Hôpital. In order to begin a modern investigation of the Infinitely Small, kanarinka has transformed this text into a 200-foot-long scrolling guidebook bound in saran wrap with English instructions derived from the original French text. Using kanarinka’s guidebook in addition to magnifying glasses, microscopes, and other field research tools, members of each expedition will scour the everyday environment for Infinitely Small Things. Participants will carefully document and sample each Infinitely Small Thing using specially prepared research forms. Each research sample is later carefully digitized and published to this website in the catalog of Samples.¹

¹ www.ikatun.com/institute/infinitemallthings

In the beginning was the end. Stop. In the beginning was the start. Stop. In the beginning was the word. The word the word. Word. Jesus. Do you love Jesus? Bit o Buddha? Moment with Mohammad? The word. Hari hari Krishna... Krishna Krishna Christ... Sit. In one. Out one. In two. Out two. In three. Out three... loose the thoughts. Drop the ego. Do unto others. Eightfold truth's path. Thirty spokes in the wheel make the hub. For god gave his only son. At the burning bush. The Gita will get ya has got ya Gita! To the east to the west the wheel is spun to the north to the south it's all well and done. You are powerless over _____, say it, and look to a higher power. Totality is called Brahman. One's progress towards enlight-



Samuel Mockbee

Created the Rural Studio which was devoted to an Architecture of service for the poor and needy in the southern United States.

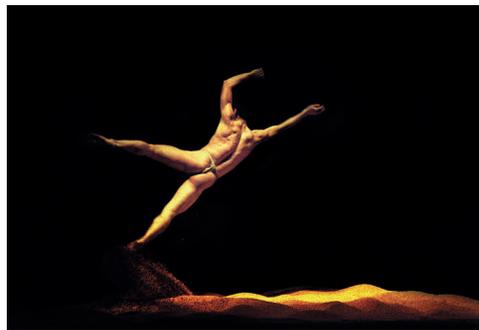
enment is measured by his karma. Moses, led his people out of captivity in Egypt and received the Law from God. One God, understanding of righteousness and cosmic order... Nature is sacred. Yes. Yes. Even an ant. Don't kill the bug. You are a bug. We are all one. Bug. You. One. Rituals at important times. You live you die you return. Water freezes, is liquid, rises as steam. All one all three, all trinity. Only eating that which will not kill the plant or animal from which it is taken. Be a nut. The hyoka. Circle sit, friends gather, say it, don't, all good, all god... step right up, what do you need. I've it. I'm it. Here. Here.



Butoh Dance

An esoteric dance/art form that uses the body as a metaphor to express deep subconscious feeling and or as response to the world.

Began in Japan as a reaction to WWII and specifically the Hiroshima atomic tragedy.



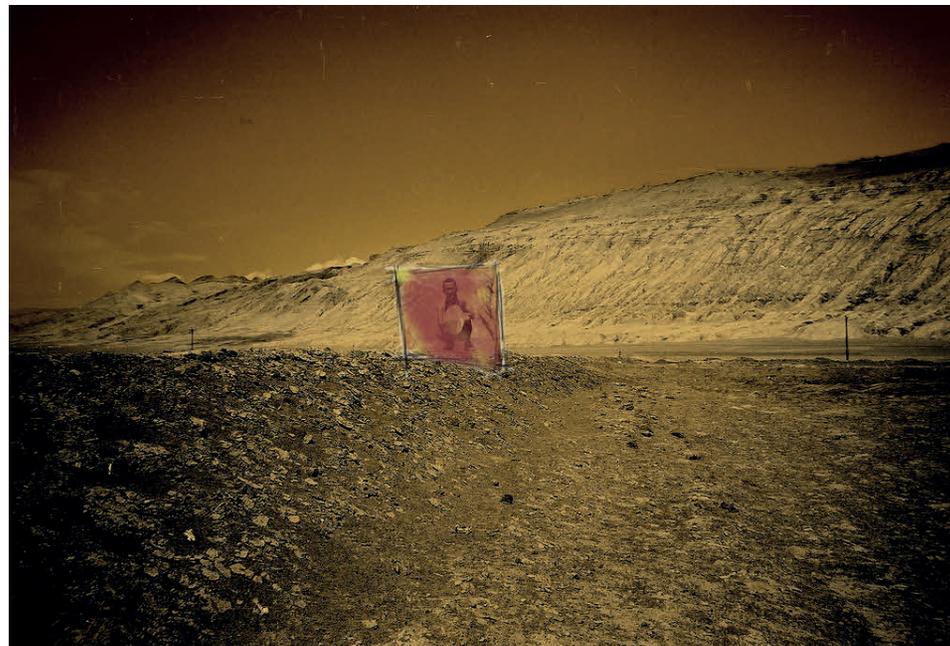


Two (three)

dimensional
samplings and more
notions



What is truth
Memory of a lost limb
The breath is the most constant.
Never lies, only dies once.
Tracking a living route- bird vs car vs
pedestrian



Do memories shape the future?
Homeless at their childhood home.
By changing our context, the context
of a space, we alter the reality and then
create new meaning.



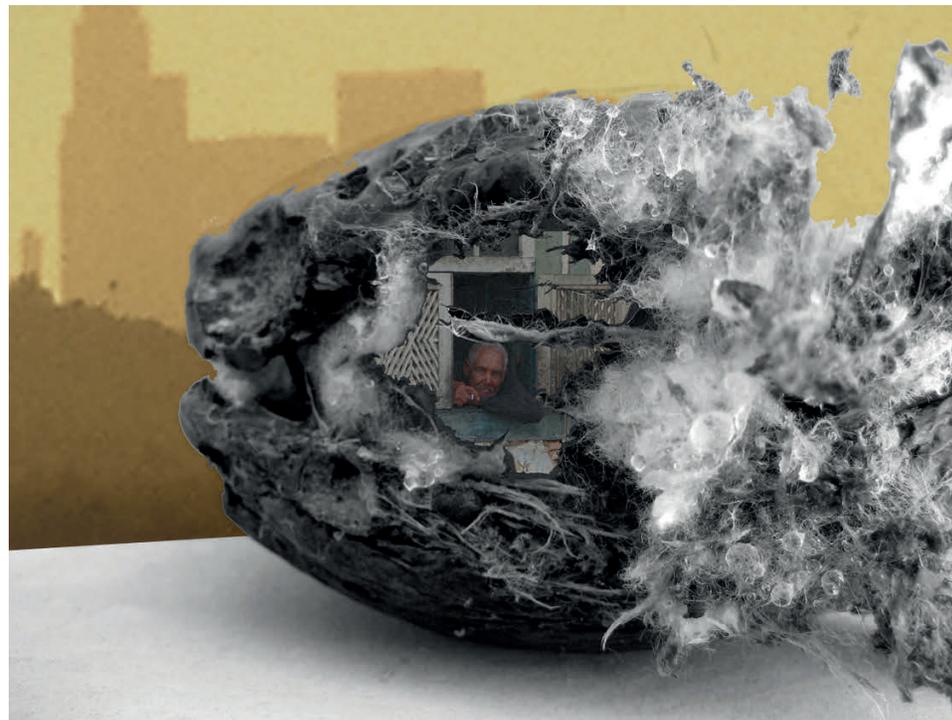
When reality and fiction collide.
Pictures of a supposed.
Theater is role playing, as buildings are
space players.
When auto correction is wrong.



When are we most silent?
Tomb of missing railway worker.
A process of creation.
Something is happening right now.
Words building a relationship from
ideas.
Some light chop.
There is no 'other'. All is within.



Jeffers Tor House death window.
Everything has it's opposite.
The no house (invisible).
Building a peace pit.



Divided fault.
As if architecture.
Is the imagined real in a prison?

“Once you build something in your
mind, you’re free.”¹

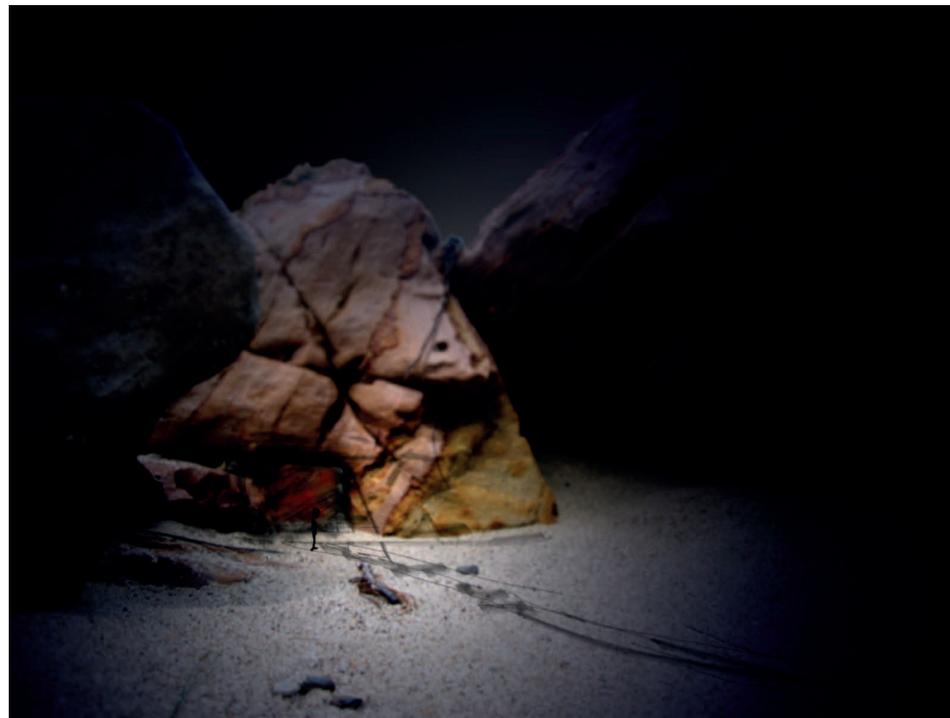
¹ Herman Wallace - Prisoner No. 76759
Louisiana State Penitentiary



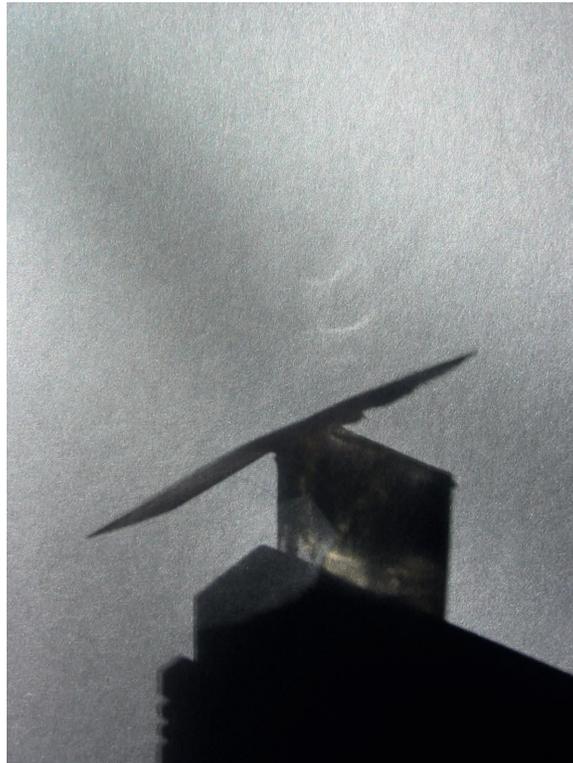
Silence is not sensational.
A shared phenomena.
Pressed into the flesh...
The space between what we know and
what we think we know. It's all air.
Seeking reality.



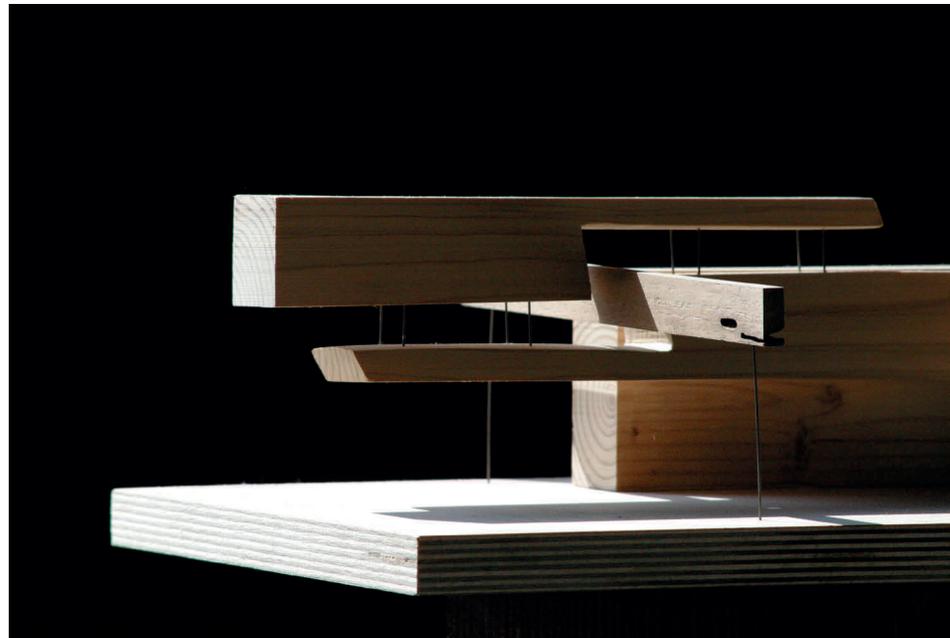
The mind is shaping the universe.
Conversation between the finite and
infinite.
Butoh. Body. Space. Time.
Does everything have a place?



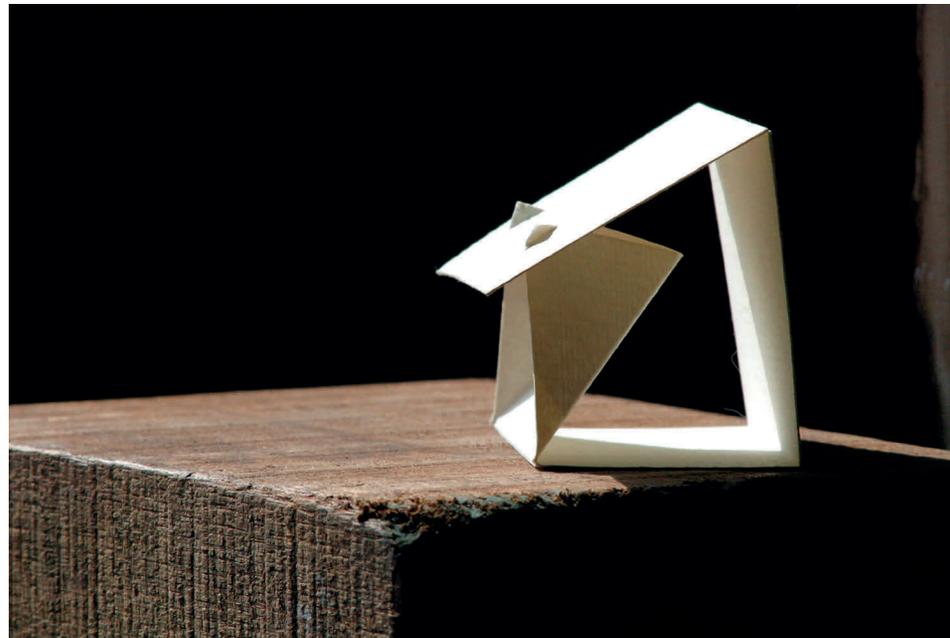
The breath: in. the breath: out
Now is always changing.
Permanence lies.
It's not always about what you see.



The merit of what is.
Only new info can change a system.
Forms of isolation.



The house in a house built in the built.
When is death comfortable?
Diagram of birth, death, dream.
What position will we die in?



I am this because of that.

I do this because I _____

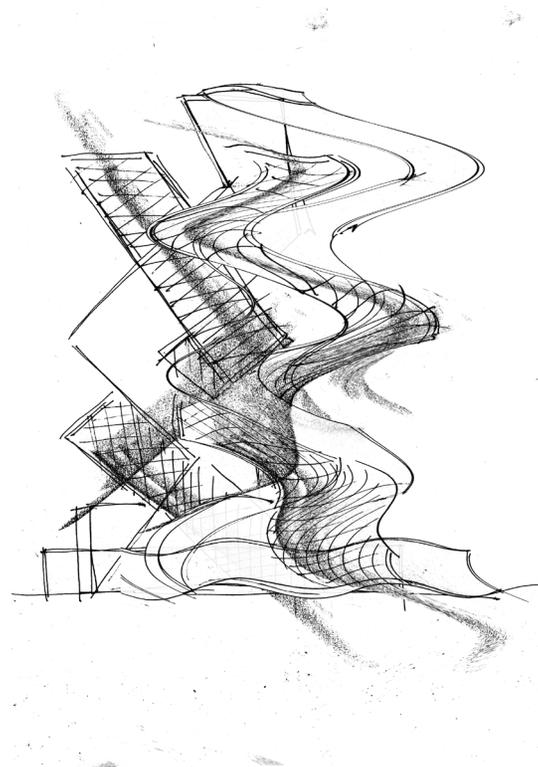
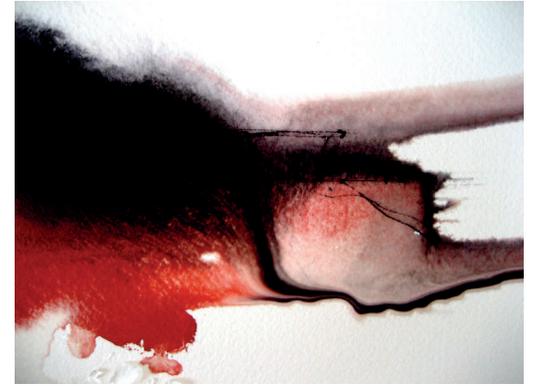
Transubstantiate the form.

Creation of a language.

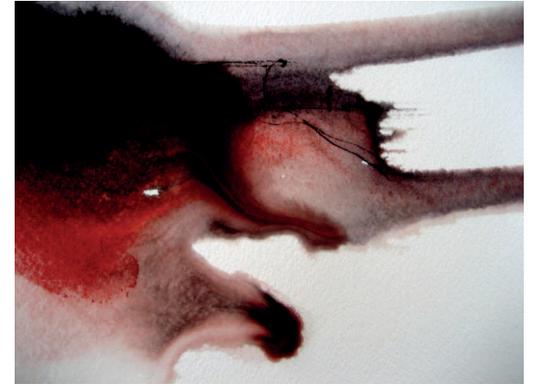
Language as abstraction.



When a computer hint isn't advised.
Architecture supports emotions.
A house of words.
Watching the watcher.



What happens (in the mind) to the
open spaces between two entities
divided by a wall?
Is what's imagined on the other side
real?



Closing
scene



The start of the truly giant eruptions were marked by appearance of stiff, viscous, 900 degrees C magma at the surface that was so highly gas-charged that it exploded out of the volcano with the force of hundreds of nuclear bombs. This explosion, known as an “Ultra Plinian” eruption (after Pliny the elder who witnessed much smaller but similar in appearance phenomena during the AD79 eruption of Vesuvius), drives pumice, ash, and gas as a jet out of the volcano, the jet rising to about 50 km into stratosphere. The speed of up-rushing gas, pumice, and ash likely exceeded the speed of sound, and the jet pushed a shock wave into the atmosphere that raced ahead of the jet at a speed of nearly twice that of sound (~ 650 m/s). The jet emplaced pumice and ash into the atmosphere at a rate of 100 to 1000 million kg per second, much of it falling from high in the sky to blanket surrounding lands under meters of pumice and ash (light blue layer in illustration below). The jet of pumice, ash, and gas was so hot that it continued to rise as a buoyant plume high into the stratosphere, where it was entrained in stratospheric winds circling the earth from west to east.¹

¹ by Ken Wohletz
Los Alamos National Laboratory
LA-UR 00-4608



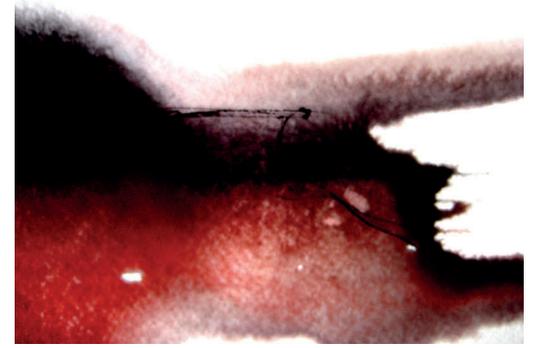
Mt. Etna



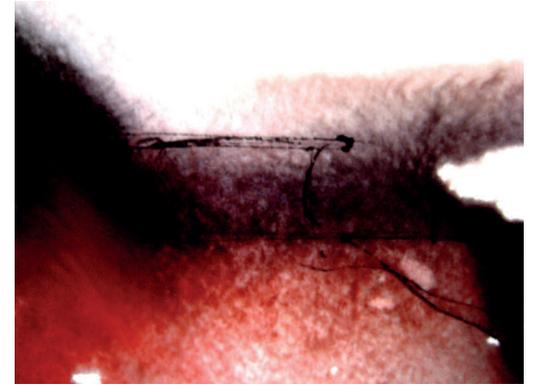


Etna ash snow





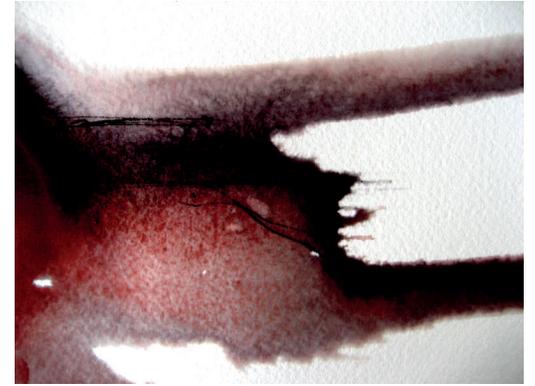
Hawaii lava plume (fountain)



Pompeii victim from Mt. Vesuvius
eruption 79AD



Credits



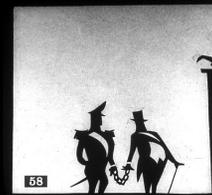
a

and

i

becoolnotafool
nlfo
sm.art
d.porter

Robinson Jeffer's Tor house was built stone by stone from the poet pulling rocks up from the Carmel California coast...



THE END

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