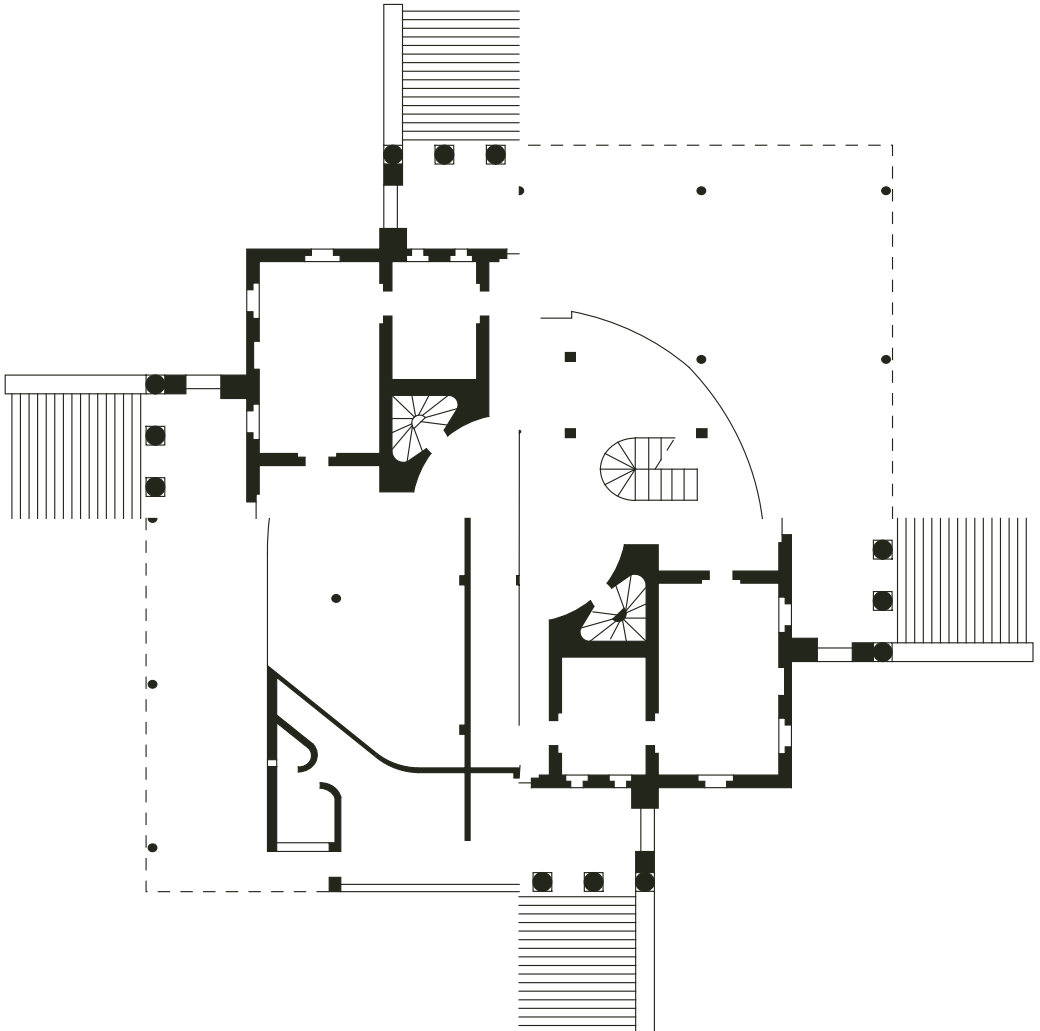


Scripts of the Everyday



Scripts of the Everyday
Graduate Project Part I
&
Rewritten: The Living City
Graduate Project Part II

by
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Submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Architecture
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This thesis is a product of many minds:

This thesis would not have been possible without Bill Pechet.

My committee: Roy Cloutier, Blair Satterfield, Nicole Sylvia.

My GPI Metor: Sherry McKay,

Our little GPII Cohort: Emmy Scouler and Genta Ishimura.

My studio pals, who so patiently listen to my wild, weird and wacky ideas:

Amalie Lambert, Anna Goodman, Britt Shalagan, Dana Salama, Emma Durham, Josh Potvin, Nick
Fernando, Sarah Klym & Vivian Lim et al.

My sister, who might someday admit she believes in me.

And my Mum & Dad, who never stop.

Abstract

WE THE ARCHITECT AIM OUR SIGHTS HIGH TOWARDS A UTOPIAN IDEAL OF WHAT COULD BE. **IT'S** IN OUR NATURE. **WE** THE HUMAN FAIL EVERYTIME IN OUR ATTEMPT TO REACH THAT LOFTY GOAL. **IT'S** IN OUR NATURE. **WE** MAY YET STRIVE TO ACKNOWLEDGE THIS PARADOX. **THAT** WE THE ARCHITECT, THE ONE WHO BUILDS, HAS LESS CONTROL OF ARCHITECTURE THAN WE THE HUMAN. **THROUGH** EXAMINATIONS OF BOTH THE IDEAL AND CACOPHONIC STATES WITHIN ARCHITECTURE, WE MIGHT FIND MODES OF PRODUCTION THROUGH WHICH ARCHITECTURE CAN FURTHER ENGAGE WITH US, AS HUMANS. **BY** LETTING GO OF THE VIEW OF THE ARCHITECT AS THE SINGULAR GENIUS, BY COMBINING CONTRADICTIONARY ARCHITECTURAL EVENTS TO CREATE MUDDLED WAYS OF INHABITING IN SPACE, AND BY EXPLORING FORM THROUGH STORIES AS WELL AS DRAWINGS WE MIGHT INSERT OURSELVES IN-BETWEEN EXISTING MODES OF CREATING ARCHITECTURE. **THE** RESULTANT IS SOMETHING STRANGE AND FAMILIAR, OF THIS WORLD BUT FANTASTICAL. **SEEPED** IN NARRATIVE AGENCY AND A TWIST OF THE CLICHÉS THROUGH WHICH WE INHABIT OUR WORLD. **WE** MIGHT FIND ARCHITECTURE AS THE STAGE IN THE THEATRE OF THE EVERYDAY.

Definitions

ABSURD (V)

CONTRADICTION OF HUMAN NATURE AND INHABITATION EXISTING SIMULTANEOUSLY.

BISECTION (ADV)

THE CUTTING UP OF EXISTING OBJECTS, CONDITIONS AND IDEAS.

CACOPHONY (V)

THE EVERYDAY DEGREE OF CONTINGENT FORCES ACTING UPON THE WORLD.

CONTINGENCY (V)

AN EVENT UNACCOUNTED FOR DESPITE PRIOR PLANNING.

EVENT (V)

CHANGE STATUS, SITUATION, ACTION HAPPENING IN [PLACE] FOR [TIME].

FRANKENSTEIN (N)

SOMETHING REUSED OR ALTERED BUT STILL BEARING VISIBLE TRACES OF ITS EARLIER FORM.

IDEAL (N)

THE PERFECT UTOPIAN VISION RENDERED THROUGH IMAGINATION.

MUDDLE (ADV)

THE USE AND DISUSE OF SPACE THROUGH INHABITATION.

N.T.S. (N)

AN INVESTIGATION INTO AN OPPOSITE BINARY STATE OF THE IDEAL AND THE CACOPHONY.

PARABLE (N/V)

A SUBVERSION OF CLICHÉ THROUGH USE AND DISUSE.

PROGRAM (ADJ)

THE USE OF A SPACE AS DEFINED BY THE ARCHITECT.

SANCTUARY (N)

A PRIVATE COCOON, SHELTERED FROM WEATHER YET OPEN TO THE VIEWS, THE BEST PLACE TO ENTERTAIN.

SCRIPT (ADJ)

A METHOD IN WHICH ARCHITECTURAL THEORY IS DISCUSSED WITH THE PEOPLE WHO USE IT.

THEATRE (N)

AN ENVIRONMENT IN WHICH THOSE OCCUPYING CAN BE SEEN INHABITING.

THE CHURCH OF LATTER NIGHT'S LOVE (N)

A 24 HOUR WEDDING CHAPEL AT THE HEART OF A LABYRINTH.

UNWRITTEN (ADJ)

THIS NEW FUTURE FOR OAKRIDGE, THE FUTURE STORIES OF CULTURE, TO EXPERIENCE OUR IDEAS, DREAMS AND VISION.

WESTBANK (N)

VANCOUVER'S MANIFESTATION OF THE IDEAL.

Intro

Books of architecture, as opposed to books about architecture, develop their own existence and logic. They are not directed at illustrating buildings or cities, but at searching for the ideas that underlie them. Inevitably, their content is given rhythm by the turning of pages, by the time and motion this suggests.

Tschumi, Bernard. *The Manhattan Transcripts* (London: Architectural Design, 1981), p.6.

This is no exception. Through the bisecting of pages, this document becomes alive. The intention is to be mucked about with. Open to multiple interpretations, multiple readings, multiple meanings, both ‘in’ and ‘un’ tensional. The book opens pathways to curious mixtures. The way you choose to read it may be just as unique and beautiful as yourself. And the chances are such that you’re likely to stumble upon something no one else has ever seen before. Isn’t that a lovely thought? The juxtapositions made within are often rational and logically conceived. But through your own agency and choice the book becomes absurd and fun, strange and illogical. Despite that, a unifying thread can often be found in the most polarizing of viewpoints. Explore and have fun.

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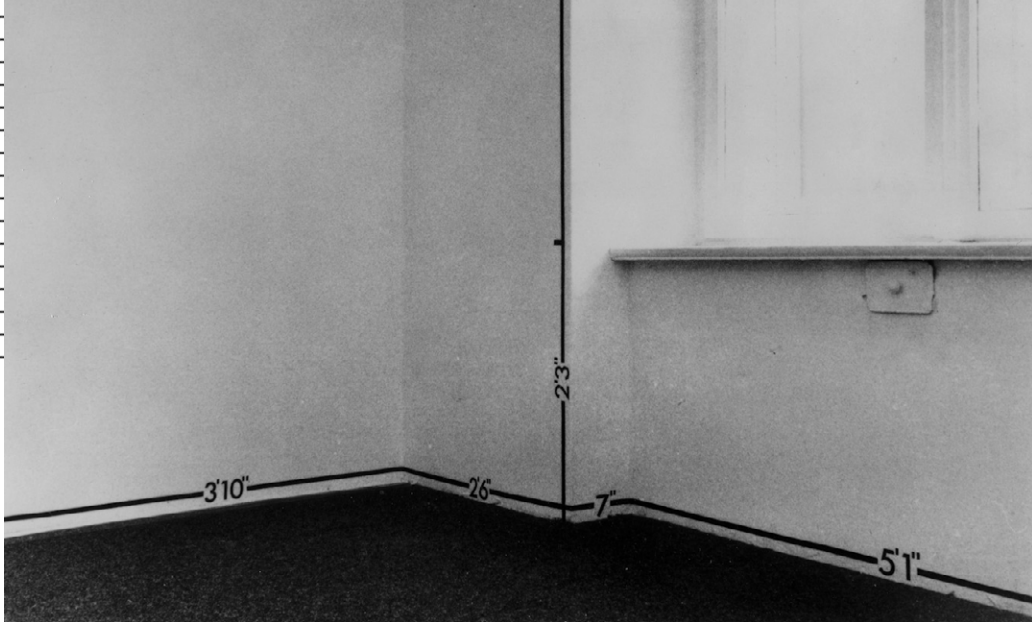


fig.1 - Measurement Room (1968), Mel Bochner.

WE ARE HERE

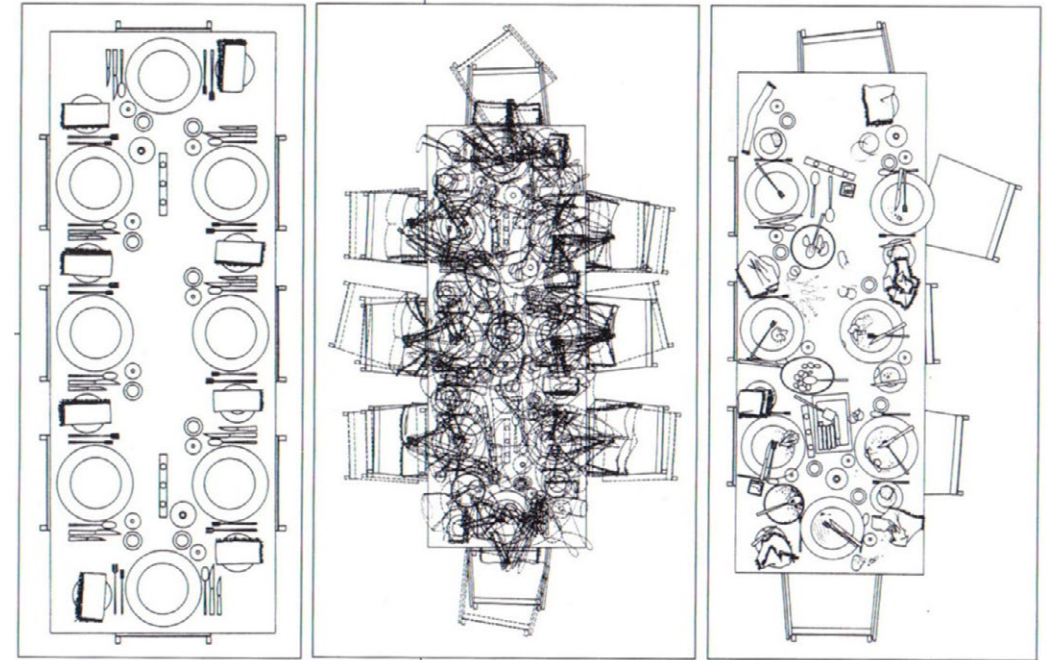


fig.2 - Increasing Disorder in a Dining Room Table, Jeremy Till & Sarah Wigglesworth.

Act 1: The Lay of the Table:

An architectural ordering of place, status and function. A frozen moment of perfection.

Jeremy Till & Sarah Wigglesworth.



fig.3 - Scripts of the Everyday Ideal, author.

Ideal may look good in his spit shined shoes and three-piece suit, no one wants to invite him to their pool parties.

The architect only intervenes to perfect.

Rossi, Aldo. Rational Architecture (Milan: Franco Angeli, 1973).

The ideal is beautiful, monumental, and enduring the ideal is architecture. The ideal is everything we can hope to achieve when we first set pen to napkin, a moment of eureka. The ideal is clean and pristine, an amalgamation of a whole complex set of systems, materials, timelines, contingencies, within one cohesive, pristine solution.

I was taught the right way to do architecture. I was taught how to make things stand up. I was also told the amazing story of architecture, of how architects did architecture all on their own. As if by magic, they imagined architecture, and then, with minimal fuss, and certainly no mess, they made it, whole and perfect pieces of it – just like in their dreams.

Rendell, Jane. 'Doing It, (Un)Doing It, (Over)Doing It Yourself: The Rhetorics of Architectural Abuse'. Occupying Architecture: Between the Architect and the User. New York: Routledge, 1998. p.230.

The plans we devise within the studio are only so concerned with so-called reality. We aim our sights at a future that could be. We are inherently optimistic and the ideal is that manifested. We hold the opportunity of building the world that can be. We are the orchestrators shaping a cohort of form and matter.

Silently as a dream the fabric rose

No sound of hammer or of saw was there

Cowper, William. "The Ice Palace," in The Task, Table Talk, and other Poems. (New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1857).

The rational renaissance thinkers of old concerned themselves with the ideal. Cleansing space of the half ruins of the bygone structures of the holy roman empire, purifying people from the wave of black death that swept over the western world. The specific word 'ideal' was used to describe city plans by Leonardo da Vinci, Antonio Filarete, and Vincenzo Scamozzi. And, in relevance to this thesis, Ideal Cities were painted by Francesco di Giorgio Martini, Fra Carnevale and Luciano Laurana or Melozzo da Forli or Piero della Francesca. These paintings depict the ideal perhaps because for their depiction of a just and ordered society of good governance, their perfected mathematical harmony, the unity of beautiful parts to make a whole. Just as true, they may be ideal because there are no people to spoil the view.



fig.4 - Ideal City (1470), Luciano Laurana or Melozzo da Forli or Piero della Francesca but maybe Francesco di Giorgio Martini.

The absence of people from the architectural photograph is the physical manifestation of a deep fear of the user within the architectural profession.

For the architect, the occupant is an intruder, analogous to dirt,

Douglas, Mary. Purity and Danger (London, Routledge, 1966). p.2.

The ideal cities, to me, do indeed depict a deep-seated fear rendered unto space. Albeit one more ingrained in the collective human condition rather than the architect's condition. Has plague swept through the city, embracing all in the quick kiss of death? Has Hannibal reached the gates, sending man, woman and child running in fear for the hills with nothing but the clothes on their backs? What lies

inside of that central building, it's door slightly ajar. An invitation of salvation or for malice?

The last man on Earth sat alone in a room. There was a knock on the door.

Brown, Fredric. "Knock," in *Thrilling Wonder Stories*. New York, 1948.

One might spend a serene afternoon in the vast empty plazas of the ideal cities. Marveling at the architecture, finding which spot produces the best echo^{echo}, roasting in the hot sun, hoping there's a loose bit of anything with which to smash the bakery window and feast on stale goods. Walking up and down ghostly streets, hoping for



fig.5 - La Veduta di Citta Ideale (1477), Francesco di Giorgio Martini.

someone, anyone to show themselves. In this sense the ideal cities are horrifying. They are the void, a purgatory rendered in architecture. Our culture places hunchbacks in Notre Dame, phantoms in the opera to relieve their spooky emptiness. One's mind jumps to absurd conclusions at the wind rustling a bush in the lonely hours of the night. Imagine the lonely hours of day after day.

Cities, like dreams, are made of desires and fears, even if the thread of their discourse is secret, their rules are absurd, their perspectives deceitful, and everything conceals something else.

Calvino, Italo. *Invisible Cities* (Rome: Giulio Einaudi Editore, 1972). p.44.

The renaissance architects were so concerned with their perfected perspective, one might wonder where, exactly, do the ideal cities become unideal. Is it one step to the side or ten? Is the intention to show an ideal city, or are they akin to the wild western towns built for the golden age of Hollywood. Little more than a facade.

All buildings are predictions, and all predictions are wrong.

Stuart Brand.

This sense of cities as sets in which humans are not the primary consideration is evident in the paintings of Edward Hopper. While inhabitation exists, those existing within are lost and alone, even when together, in each sort of city stage.

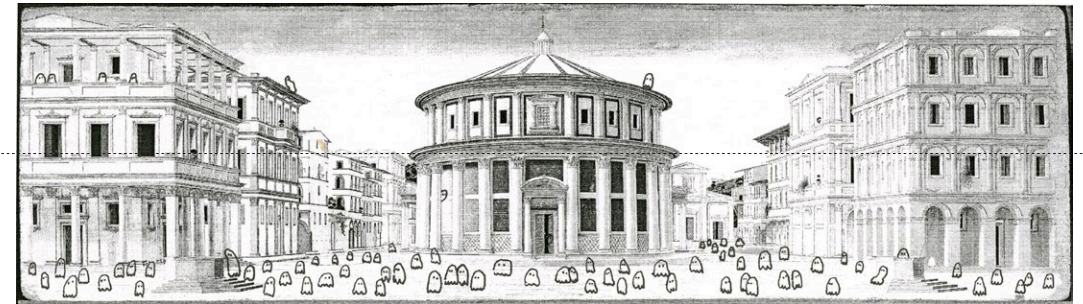


fig.6 - Ideal [Ghost] City. author.

I confess I am unable to interest myself in the beauty of a place if there are no people in it (I don't like empty museums); and conversely, in order to discover the interest of a face, of a figure, of a garment, to savor the encounter, I require that the site of this discovery have its interest and its savor as well.

Barthes, Roland. *Incidents* (Paris: Éditions du Seuil, 1987). pp. 45-6.

In the event of Mies van der Roche's impending death, a client requested that Mies move to complete the building down to the doorknobs and ashtrays. Soon after his death, the architecture unfinished, a package of doorknobs and ashtrays arrived at the client's door. Frank Lloyd Wright would design the home down to the furniture and the dresses worn by the good wife. He was known for popping by his clients'

homes to have his cronies move the furniture into more tasteful arrangements. When a Mr. Johnson called Wright to complain that the skylight was leaking on his head, Wright suggested he move his chair. Architecture is not the problem, the client is.

Early in my career...I had to choose between an honest arrogance and a hypercritical humility... I deliberately choose an honest arrogance, and I've never been sorry.

Wright, Frank Lloyd. *An Autobiography* (San Francisco: Pomegranate, 1943).

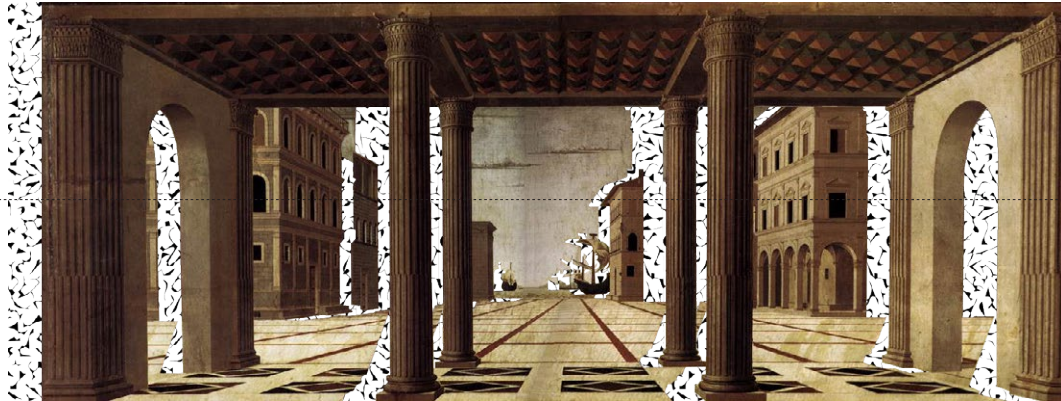


fig.7 - La Veduta di Citta Ideale [a step to the left]. author.

How thrilled must Wright be that the homes of: Allen-Affleck, Bach, Bradley, Charnley-Perskey, Dana-Thomas, Duncan, Fallingwater, Gordon, Graycliff, Hanna, Hollyhock, Kentuck Knob, Kraus, Little, Martin, May, Pope-Leighey, Robie, Rosenbaum, Samara, Schwartz, Stockman, Weltzheimer-Johnson, Westcott, Wingspread, Zimmerman, and Wright's own Taliesin East, Taliesin West and his Oak Park studio have been monumentalized and are all restored (or in a state of) to Wright's original specifications and open to the public for tours.

For those who, like ourselves, are convinced that architecture is one of the few ways to realize cosmic order on earth, to put things to order and above all to affirm humanity's capacity for acting according to reason, it is a "moderate utopia" to imagine a near future in which all architecture will be created with a single act, from a single design capable of clarifying once and for all the motives which have induced man to build dolmens, menhirs, pyramids, and lastly to trace (ultima ratio) a white line in the desert.

Superstudio, "Il Monumento Continuo: Un Modello Architettonico di Urbanizzazione Totale / The Continuous Monument: An Architectural Model for Total Urbanization," in *Superstudio: Life Without Objects*, eds. Peter Lang and William Menking, (Milan: Skira, 2003), p.122.



fig.8 - The Ideal City (~1482), Fra Carnevale.

Adolf Loos identifies the monument and the tomb as operating outside of time. But time still makes it mark on these over greater periods. It took us a few thousand years but King Tut's tomb was pillaged just as the rest were. Pope Formosus's body was exhumed, put on trial, declared guilty of perjury and the papacy was declared null. Taliban insurgents blew up the Buddha's of Bamiyan, massive stone sculptures carved into a mountain. The Abu Simbel Temples were relocated uphill to avoid being submerged in the rising Nile River. The genius loci of the ideal shifted to be maintained.

The possible world of narrative is the only universe in which we can be absolutely certain about something, and it gives us a very strong sense of truth. incredulous believe that El Dorado and Lemuria exist or existed somewhere or other, and sceptics are convinced that they never existed, but we all know that it is undeniably certain that Superman is Clark Kent and that Dr. Watson was never Nero Wolfe's right-hand man,

Eco, Umberto. *e Book of Legendary Lands*, Rizzoli Ex Libris, 2013. p.9

Utopia must both be acknowledged as goalposts for the ultimate incarnation of architecture and as places that inherently cannot be located within the reality of the world. Shangri-La, Atlantis, Kallipolis, Broadacre City, Radiant City are so idealized only because they are resistant to muddling inside our imaginations. Le Corbusier's Chandigarh only remains slum free because they've nudged the city limits to exclude the slums that do exist.

1238 Seymour Street. Unit 1401.

List Price: \$5,888,000.

Description: "IT'S NO LONGER A DREAM "to own and move your whole family into this 360 degree View OVER 6000 sq ft Whole 14th floor Apartment unit!"

Watt, Ian, and Sutton Group West Coast. "Downtown Vancouver Penthouse Luxury Condos by Ian Watt at Sotheby's." Vancouver Penthouse, www.vancouver-penthouse.com/Downtown-Luxury-Condos-Ian-Watt-1401-1238-seymour-street-mls-reg-r2279508?order=listing_priceDESC&mls_number=R2279508&action=filter&acronym=REBGV.

Real estate advertising promises a life you'll regret not living at a price you can't afford. Slapping highfalutin names like Shangri-La, Crystallis, Carlyle, La Galleria, Aquarius, Sapphire, Palisades (x2), Palladio, Metropolis, Iliad, Arc, Trump on the most generic of towers.

7.The artists will is secondary to the process he initiates from idea to completion, His will may only be his ego.

Lewitt, Sol. *Sentences on Conceptual* (New York: MOMA. 1968).

What I'm teasing at is the state of a perfect imperfectection. That life brings with it an aura that architecture can't get at by itself. I think we've all sat for some amount of time waiting for people to clear the way so we can have our precious money shot. Only for more to pile in. We are begrudgingly disposed to choosing the least occupied photo as the best.

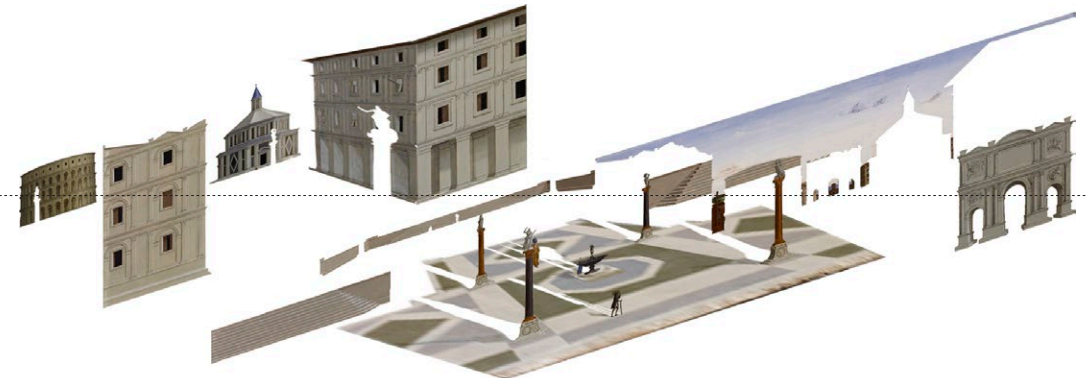


fig9 - The Ideal [Facade] City, author.

When Plato turned his back on the disorder and confusion of Athens, to rearrange the social functions of the city on an obsolete primitive pattern, he also turned his back, unfortunately, on the essential life of the city itself, with the power to crossbreed, to intermingle, to reconcile opposites to create new syntheses, to elicit new purposes not predetermined by the petrified structure itself. . . what he did not suspect apparently was that this geometric heaven might, in terms of man's suppressed potentialities, turn out to be a living hell.

Mumford, Lewis. *The City in History* (New York: Harcourt, 1961). p.186.

In the case of the dining room table, the ideal is the moment before we sit down to eat. The food is laid out in the centre. The cutlery laid out proper on the napkin, the plates pristine, the chairs tucked in. The anticipation before the meal.

Architecture is neither bound as, nor produces an object. Architectural agency should be sought not in the creation of autonomous objects inhabited by discrete subjects, but in the production of impersonal effects and more-than-human encounters, through the spatial and temporal organization of a multiplicity of material and immaterial forces.

Vass, Lorinc. “Constellations of the In Between.” M.Arch Thesis. Vancouver: University of British Columbia, 2015. p.105.

Ideal doesn’t get invited to pool parties. The ideal is peerless, lessonless, it hides under a guise of false heroics and is boring. He is the siren’s call in this, the game of architecture.

The quality that we call beauty, however, must always grow from the realities of life.

Tanizaki, Jun’ichiro. In Praise of Shadows, trans. Thomas J. Harper and Edward G. Seidensticker (Tokyo, 1933).

[opposite, middle] fig.____ - The [True] Ideal City, author.

02: cacophony

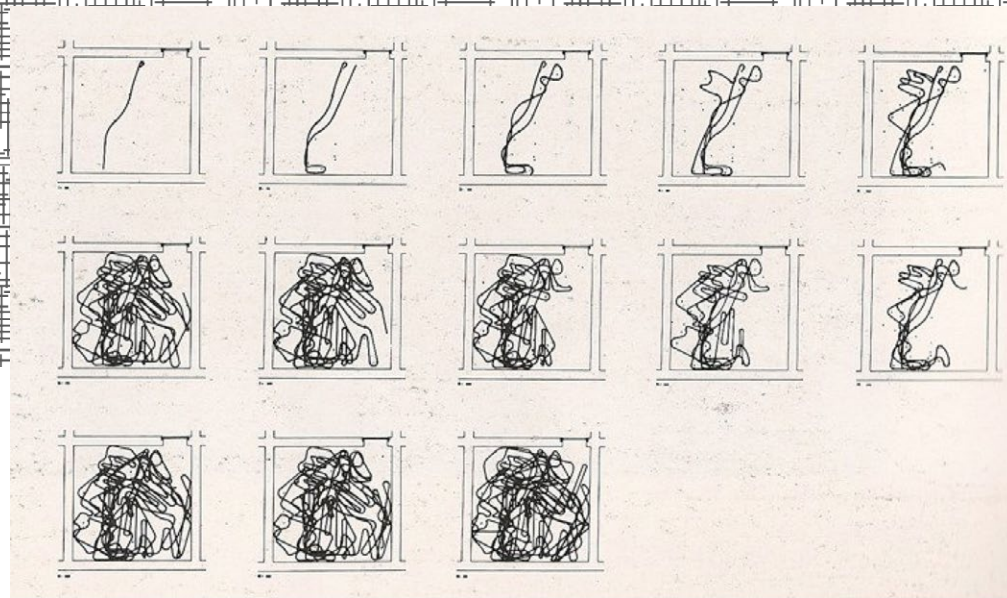


fig.10 - Tateyama Museum Park, Enric Miralles.

WE ARE HERE

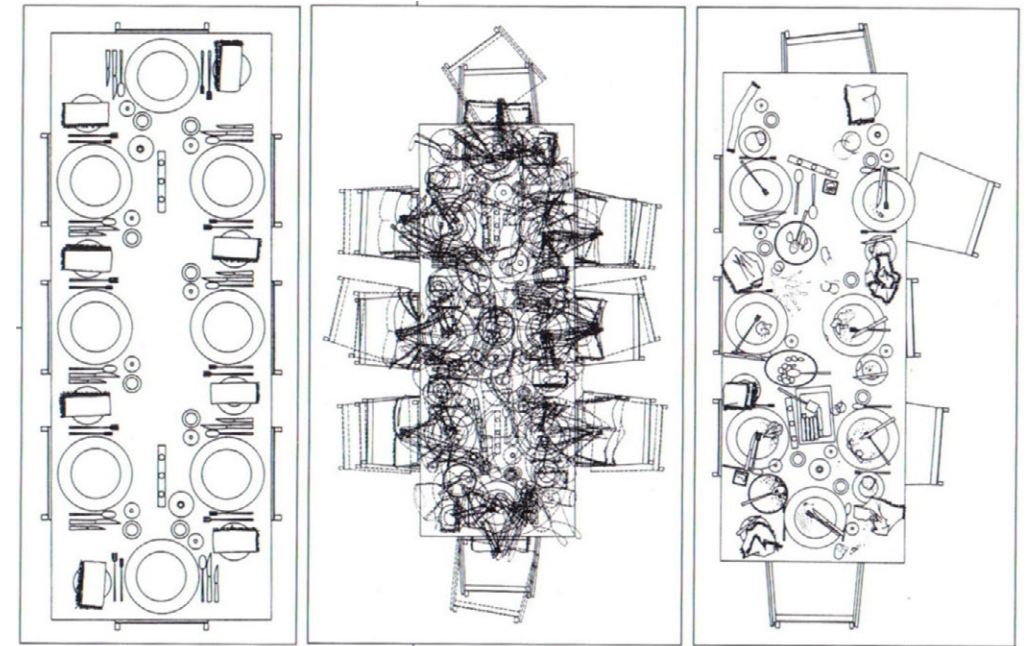


fig.11 - Increasing Disorder in a Dining Room Table, Jeremy Till & Sarah Wigglesworth.

Act 3: The Trace:

The dirty tablecloth, witness of disorder. Between space and time.

Jeremy Till & Sarah Wigglesworth

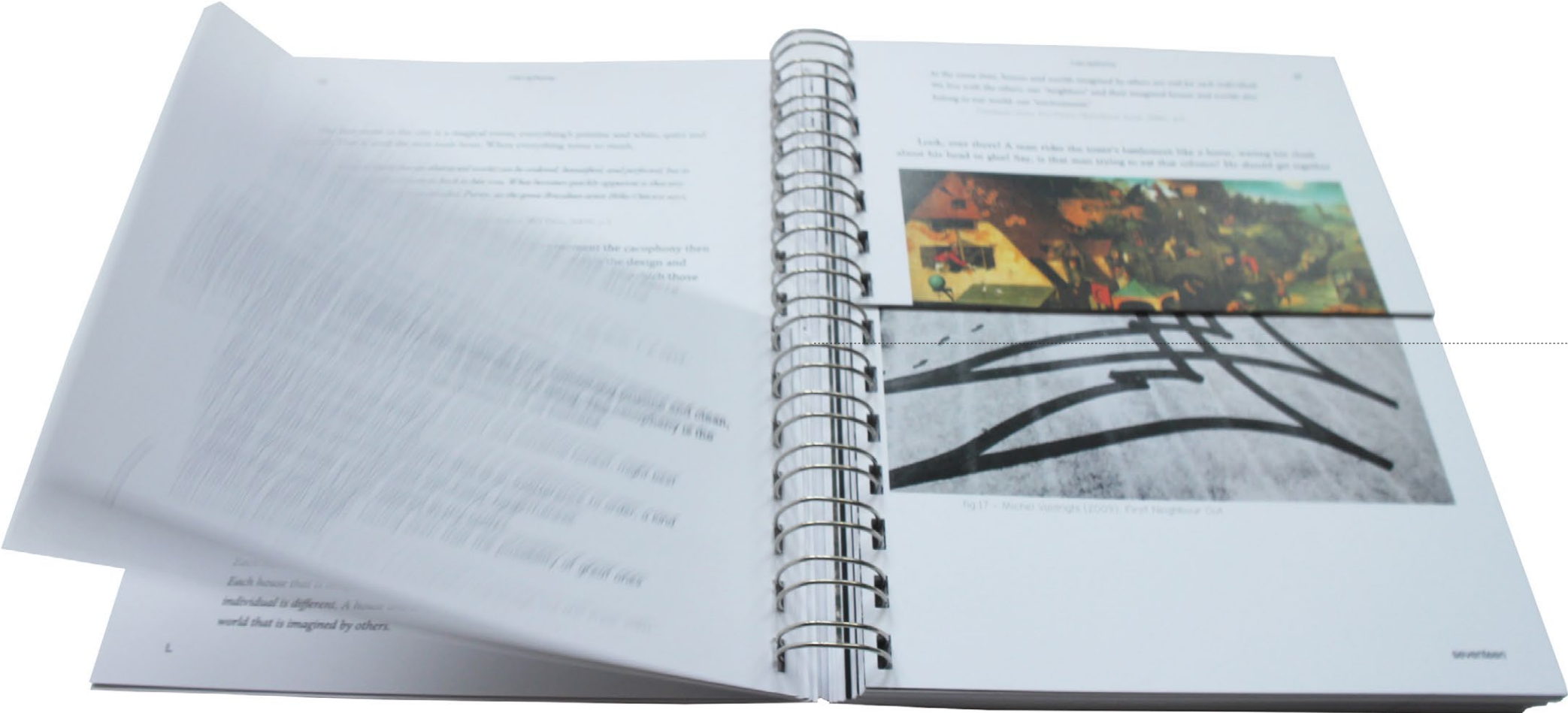


fig.12 - Scripts of the Everyday Ideal, author.

The first snow in the city is a magical event; everything's pristine and white, quiet and peaceful. That is until the next rush hour. When everything turns to mush.

One might think that an abstracted world can be ordered, beautified, and perfected, but in the end the real will come to back to bite you. What becomes quickly apparent is that any permanent detachment is deluded. Purity, as the great Brazilian artist Hélio Oiticica says, is a myth.

Till, Jeremy. *Architecture Depends* (Boston: MIT Press, 2009). p.1.

If the ideal represents a moment of frozen perfect moment the cacophony then represents the before and afterwards of that ideal. If the ideal is the design and placement of a set of systems, the cacophony is the testing ground in which those systems are utilized. Cacophony is real and raw.

There is no longer a single idea explaining everything but an infinite number of essences giving a meaning to an infinite number of objects. The world comes to a stop, but also lights up.

Camus, Albert. *The Myth of Sisyphus* (Paris: Gallimard, 1942). p.34.

Pieter Brueghel the Elder's cacophonous streetscapes teeters between utter misanthropy and a fascination for the absurd shenanigans humans get themselves into. Brueghel recognizes that the perfected human does not exist. That our faults are often what make us human. The perfect human is none at all and that is an idea echoed in the *Ideal Cities*.

When I was a schoolboy, I discovered that a house alone does not exist, that it does not end at the outer limits of the ground floor, but continues on to the streets, the garden, then, to the house across the street. The house across the street itself continues into what is in front of it, and so forth. To imagine one house is to imagine the whole world. Each individual imagines his own house. Thus, each one imagines his own world. Each house that is imagined by its inhabitant is different; each world imagined by an individual is different. A house and a world do not have to look like the house and the world that is imagined by others.

At the same time, houses and worlds imagined by others are real for each individual. We live with the others, our "neighbors" and their imagined houses and worlds also belong to our world, our "environment."

Friedman, Yona. *Pro Domo* (Barcelona: Actar, 2006). p.9.

Look, over there! A man rides the tower's battlement like a horse, waving his cloak about his head in glee! Say, is that man trying to eat that column? He should get together



fig.13 - Dutch Proverbs (1559). Pieter Brueghel the Elder.

with that man banging his head on a brick wall. Hungry? I'd rather not eat in the place where they're cooking the dog, it's below the window the man pisses out of, same building that the other man defecates from, different windows of course, we're not savages. Speaking of, that man is wiping his bum on that door! Speaking of, that man's bum is on fire! Care for a swim? That man is throwing coins into the river! I think that might be Jesus Christ sitting over there, but why is he wearing a fake beard? It's the origin of the cheap mall Santa. Maybe we should dine with those two, not the men, the fox and the crane. What fun!

The constant uncertainty may make everything seem bleak and almost hopeless, but if you look more deeply at it, you will see that its very nature creates gaps, spaces in which profound chance and opportunities for transformation are continuously flowering – if, that is, they can be seen and seized.

Roger Connah, *How Architecture Got Its Hump* (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 2001). p.120.

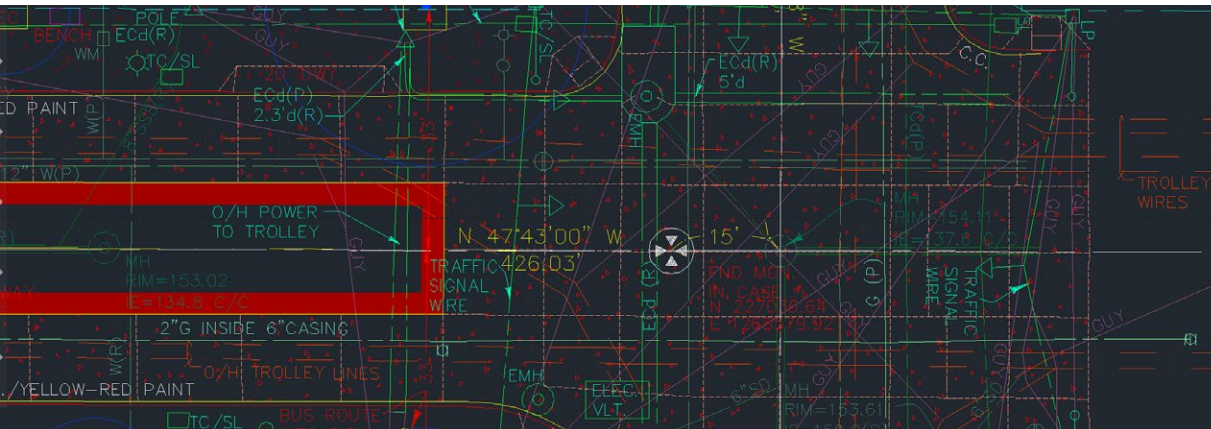


fig.14 – 3rd and Virginia Street Site Survey (2016), KPFF Engineering.

The specific word ‘ideal’ was used to describe city plans by Leonardo da Vinci, Antonio Filarete, and Vincenzo Scamozzi. So which one is it? None of them were built, of course. They remain ideal lest their vulnerabilities come to light in face of the real. Our cities slowly erode, we are under attack from a war of attrition to keep at a stand still.

It [the house] is an instrument with which to confront the chaos.

Bachelard, Gaston. *The Poetics of Space*. (New York: The Orion Press, 1964).

The home is a unique space in that it is the testing place for our own unique cocophnay to manifest. It is an ever evolving, ever relocating, museum piece suggesting an extension of

THE CALCULATED AMBIGUITY ON THE CONFUSION OF EXP THE ARCHITECTURAL PROG

Venturi, Robert. *Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture* (New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1966). p.20.

ourself. The architect makes the house but the spouse, it's said, makes a home. The cliché of a person looking like their pet can also, and prehaps more aptly, be applied to their spaces.

An architecture that responds to the creative unpredictability of the user is more likely to be produced by an illegal architect rather than a professional one.

Hill, Jonathan. 'An Other Architect'. *Occupying Architecture: Between the Architect and the User*. New York: Routledge, 1998. p.147.

Fine arts; drawing, painting, sculpture, photography, are dependent on the author to lend to their authenticity. And all, ending up occupying the walls of a gallery or the walls at home represent a sort of ideal. Even Brueghel, his work depicting a cacophonic state, is itself a sort of ideal.

Long after the building has been made the non-architects continuously do architecture.

Rendell. 'Doing It, (Un)Doing It, (Over)Doing It Yourself'. p.232.

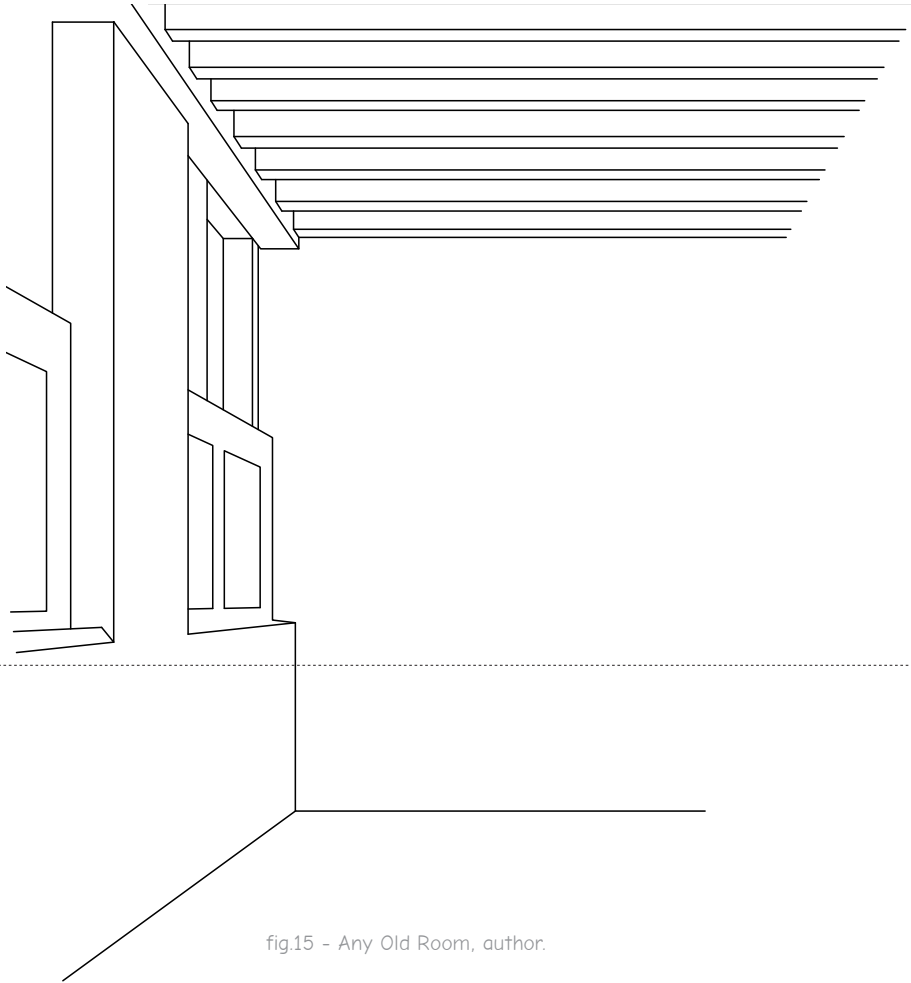


fig.15 - Any Old Room, author.

There is also notational art, that is, mediums that are muddled about with. Music, theatre, film are among these. In that there are multiple interpretations, multiple agents acting in juxtaposed discourse to create a cohesive thing.

[s]pace is broad, teeming with possibilities, positions, intersections, passages, detours, U-turns, dead ends, one-way streets. Too many possibilities indeed.

Benjamin, Walter, *One Way Street* (London, Versa, 1992).

TY OF EXPRESSION IS BASED
PERIENCE AS REFLECTED IN
GRAM.

radiction in Architecture (New York:

Albert Camus' writings on absurdity speculate that the meaning of life, the ultimate ideal, might exist but that it is too complicated for the feeble human mind to understand. This does not mean that we can't try. Camus identifies that the very act of living is working towards the ultimate ideal, that being a witness of life itself is working towards that collective goal.

Wabi-sabi suggests that beauty is a dynamic event that occurs at any moment given the proper circumstances, context or point of view. Beauty is thus an altered state of conscious-ness, an extraordinary moment of piety and grace.

Koren, Leonard. *Wabi-Sabi for Artists, Designers, Poets & Philosophers* (Berkeley: Stone Bridge Press. 1998). p.51.

The concept of the flâneur may have propagated Camus's thoughts. The flâneur; they who saunter slowly down the city street. Taking the spectacle of the everyday in. Being at one with the crowd. The flâneur, themselves, is an ideal in their supposed harmony in relation to the street around them. In their facination in the cacophany swirling about them.

At Le Palace, I am not obliged to dance in order to sustain a living relationship with this site. Alone, or at least somewhat apart, I can “dream.” In this humanized space, I can exclaim to myself now and then: “How strange all this is!”

Barthes, Roland. *Incidents* (Paris: Éditions du Seuil, 1987). p. 45-6.



fig.16 - 2950, 2953, 2964, 2971, 2977, 2978, 2980, 3018, 3020-28, 3030, 3040, 3045, 3061, 3070, 3113, 3115, 3140, 3071, 3174, 3084, West 5th Ave.

Down on West 5th Ave here in Vancouver sit about 20 homes all built in the 1920's by the same builder. I'd imagine back then they were virtually identical, like the suburban condition so prevalent now. I imagine because now they have been buffeted by external forces, signs of living, inhabitation. The original plan has come under attack from those who lived there. They've been painted, planted, dirtied, cleaned, cut up and built upon. Still, if you take notice, the ghosts of their former selves are visible through time.

[m]onotony is not an aesthetic question, it is a social question . . . and . . . there is a profound difference between the environment man builds for himself and the one in which he lives.

Hans Schmidt

Another dutch master painter, Vermeer, depicts a different, more nuanced state of cacophony. His paintings were unprecedented in their mastery of perspective, in the gradients of light and in their attention to the minute details. When painting a persian rug, he'd do the threads of it individually. His paintings, alone, depict an ideal.

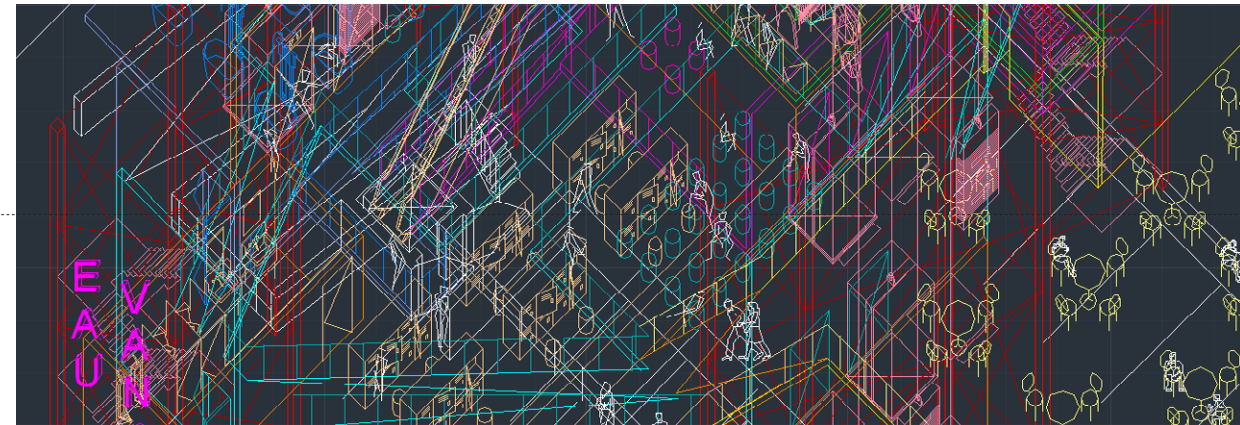


fig.17 - Eau Vancouver Onsen (2016). Author.

Constellation offers multiple, seemingly unconnected perspectives or viewpoints, as from multiple stars in the night sky. But constellation involves both the idea of looking at the stars – multiple disconnected and randomly placed points – and the idea of looking from many different stars. . . Readers may be forced to make difficult connections and search hard for underlying meanings, but they are also left free to make their own connections, build their own arguments, and their own meanings, draw their own lines from star to star, as well as take multiple viewpoints by bouncing from star to star.

Dyrk Ashton, "Using Deleuze: The Cinema Books, Film Studies and Eect," Ph.D. diss. (Bowling Green, Ohio: Bowling Green State University, 2006), pp.56- 57.



fig.18 - Lady Writing a Letter with Her Maid (1671), The Astronomer (1668), Woman With a Waterjug (1662), The Music Lesson (1665), Officer with Laughing Girl (1660), The Milkmaid (1598), The Glass of Wine (1660), Girl Interrupted at Her Music (1661), Woman in Blue Reading a Letter (1664), The Art of Painting (1666), Woman with a Pearl Necklace (1664) The Concert (1664), The Love Letter (1670), Woman Holding a Balance (1663), by Johannes Vermeer.

And the space he toiled on these individual ideals was controlled to the enth degree. His studio was his world and his world was rich with change and contingency. For each new painting the stuffs within his four walls would be removed and replaced with the next ideal. The paintings depict the exact same space from roughly the same angle with entirely different things. In this Vermeer allows us to glimpse into the life of a space, albeit highly choreographed.



fig.19 - edit by /u/Flatag (2016), First Neighbour Out.

The unconscious traces of the everyday punctuate floor and wall surfaces: the intersecting rings left by coffee glasses on a tabletop, the dust under a bed that becomes its plan analog when the bed is moved, the swing etched into the floor by a sagging door. Other markings are made by objects conceived as drawing apparatuses: the arc traced on the floor by the rotating bed, or the tracks etched into the wall and floor by the door-lock

apparatus.

Diller, Elizabeth & Scofidio, Ricardo. *Flesh* (New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 1996). p.99.

On the subject of the dining room table, the cacophony represents the activity of the meal. Food moving to the plates on the periphery. They call; 'pass the food around to the left.' The gravy, for some reason heads right. Glasses are filled and clinked and maybe dripped upon the table. The utensils being used, undoubtedly some schmuck uses the salad fork for his steak. Probably the same as who passed the gravy. Nothing goes to waste. And most of all: the smell, the taste.

- *The greatest thing in movies are divine accidents. Now my definition of a film director is the man who presides over accidents. It's the only thing that keeps the film from being dead. Every time one would happen, boom, genius would happen. Everywhere there are beautiful accidents, there is a smell in the air, there is a look that changes the whole resonance of what you've expected. . .*

- *Then on the basis of what you've said the whole thing is going to be the basis of your divine accidents?*

- *If we're lucky.*

Neville, Morgan, director. *They'll Love Me When I'm Dead*. interview with Orson Welles, Netflix, 2018.

It seems clear that although the ideal brings forth something pristine and clean, it lacks the soul. The cacophony, then, is the soul of a thing. The cacophony is the thing rendered real and alive by the inhabitation of us humans.

I felt that the disorder of things, if limited and somehow honest, might best correspond to our state of mind.

But I detested the arbitrary disorder that is an indifference to order, a kind of moral obtuseness, complacent well-being, forgetfulness.

To what, then, could I have aspired in my craft?

Certainly to small things, having seen that the possibility of great ones historically precluded.

Rossi, Aldo. *A Scientific Autobiography* (Cambridge: The MIT Press. 1981).



fig.20 - Michel Valdrighi (2009), *First Neighbour Out*.

**“We shape our
buildings; therefore
they shape us.”
Winston Churchill**

**“Architecture, probably, more than any other
form of art, should be considered as three-
dimensional philosophy.”
Berthold Lubetkin**

**“Music, perspective,
architecture, etc.
Embroider time,
embroider space.”
Joseph Jeubert**

**“Architecture is
fantasy made of
precisions.”
Gio Ponti**

**“All architecture is great
after sunset.”
e. e. cummings**

**“I do not believe architecture
should speak too much. It
should remain silent and
let nature in the guise of
sunlight and wind speak.”
Tadao Ando**

**“Architecture is to
masonry what poetry is to
literature.”
Anon**

**“Architecture is, and
always will be concerned,
roughly speaking, with
carefully balancing
horizontal things on top
of vertical things.”**

Reyner Banham

**“The sun never knew how great it was
until it hit the side of a building.”
Louis Kahn**

**“No architecture is so
haughty as that which is
simple.”
John Ruskin**

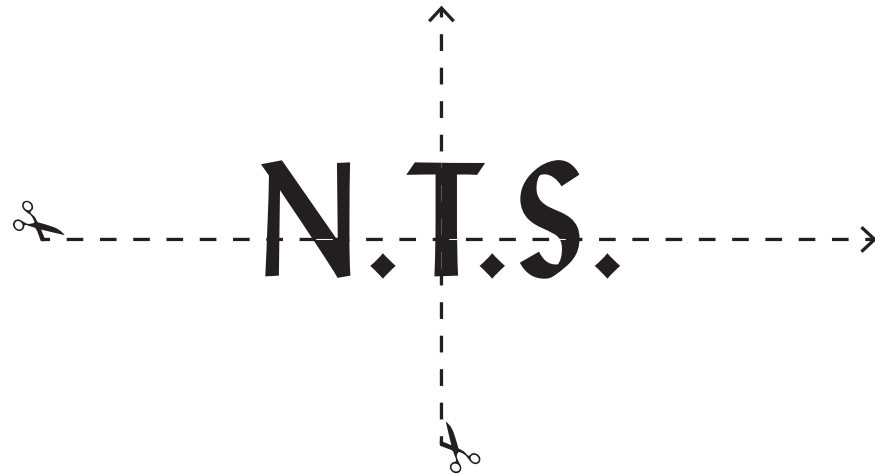
**“The history of
architecture is
the history of the
world.”
Vincent Scully**



fig.21 - Harvard Design Magazine, John Beardsley



fig.22 - Scripts of the Everyday: N.T.S, author.



I call the following N.T.S. or 'Not To Scale.' They are expressions of an idealized cacophony. They are simple cut and pastes of some of my favourite plans. The cut is made down the middle, horizontal, vertical, sometimes diagonal. And they are smashed into another plan. The juxtaposition is varied, they are arranged sometimes by sometimes geometry, occasionally program, sometimes typology and in one instance by client.

I like elements which are hybrid rather than 'pure,' compromising rather than 'clean,' distorted rather than 'straightforward,' ambiguous rather than 'articulated,' perverse as well as impersonal, boring as well as 'interesting,' conventional rather than 'designed,' accommodating rather than excluding, redundant rather than simple, vestigial as well as innovating, inconsistent and equivocal rather than direct and clear. I am for messy vitality over obvious unity. I include the non sequitur and proclaim the duality.

Venuri, Robert. Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture (New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1966). P.16.

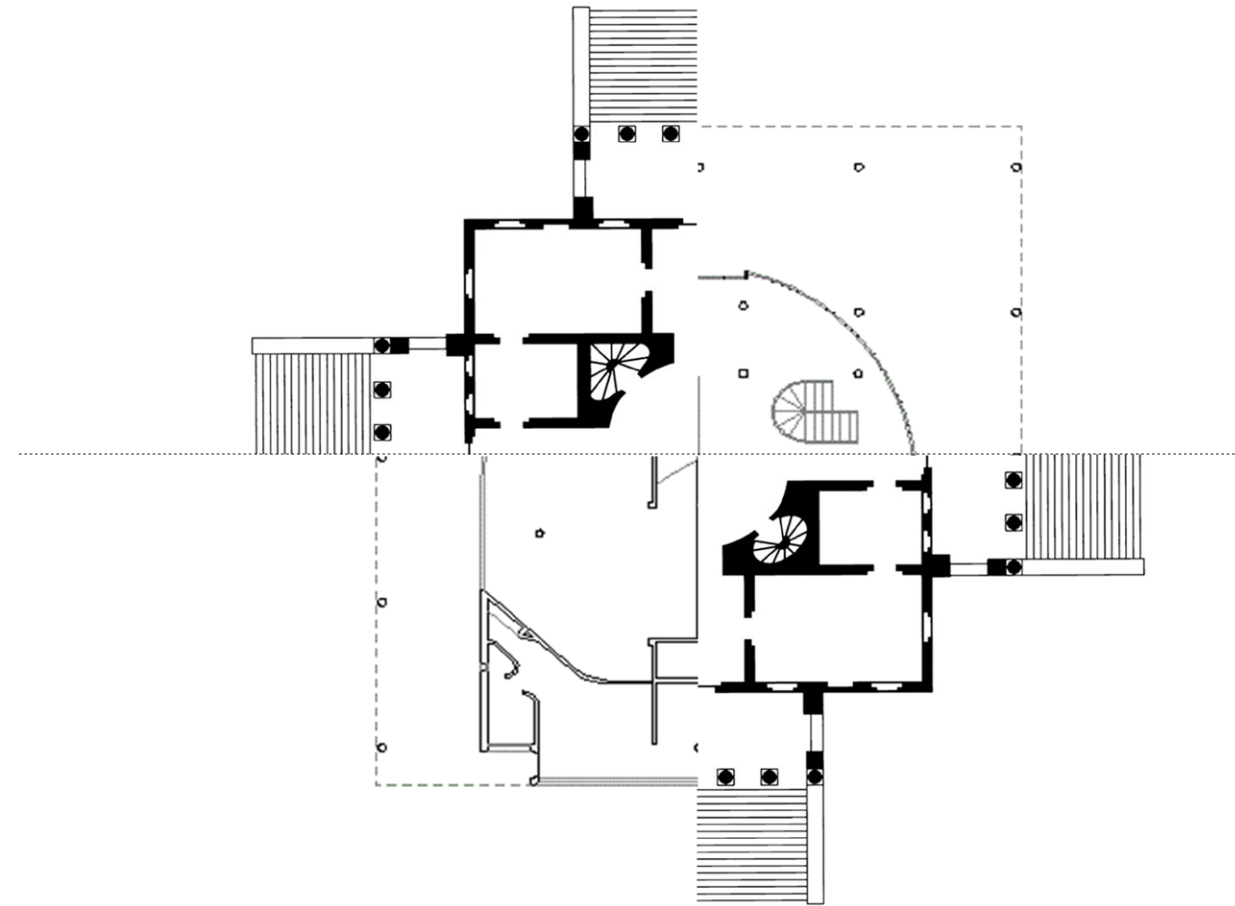


FIG.23 - VILLA SAVOTUNDA

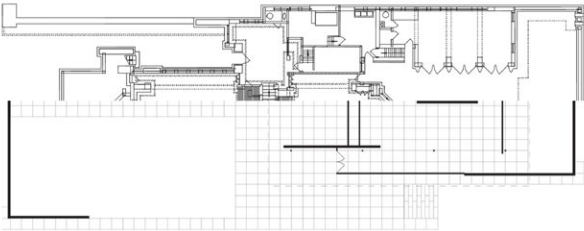


fig.24 -
Barcelobie

fig.25 -
Barcelobie 2

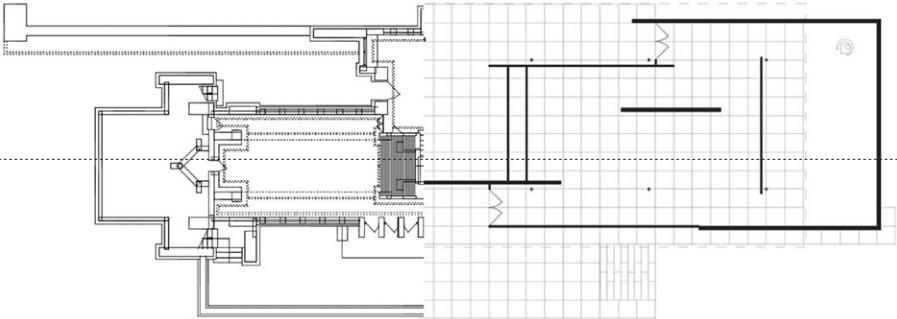
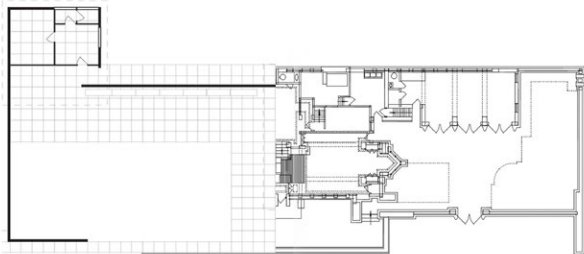


FIG.26 - **BARCELOBIE 3**

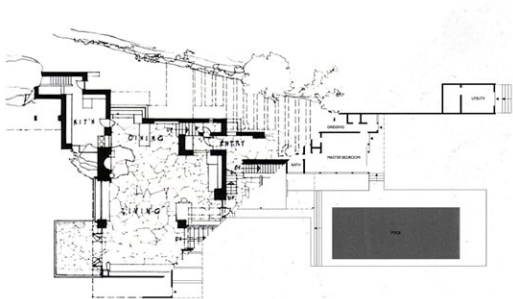


fig.27 -
Kaufmann(s)

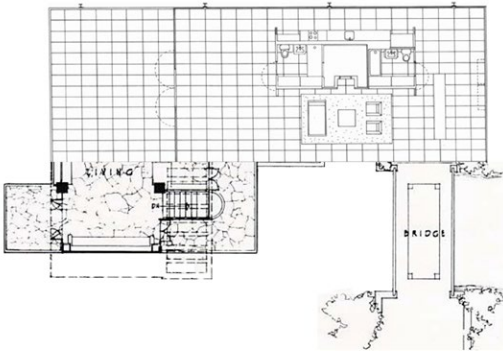


fig.28 -
Falling Farnsworth

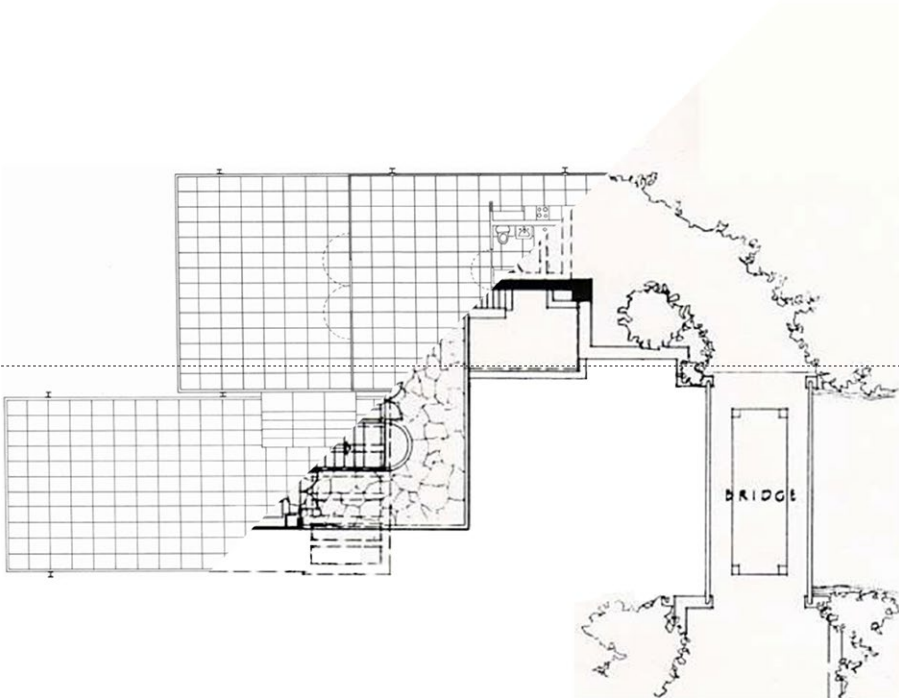


FIG.29 - **FALLING FARNSWORTH**

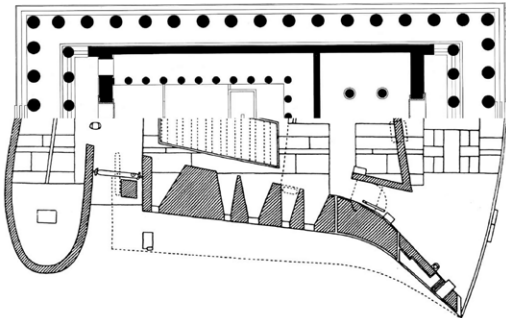


fig.30 -
Parthenaut I

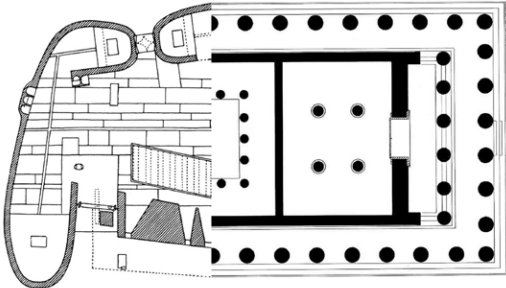


fig.31 -
Parthenaut 2

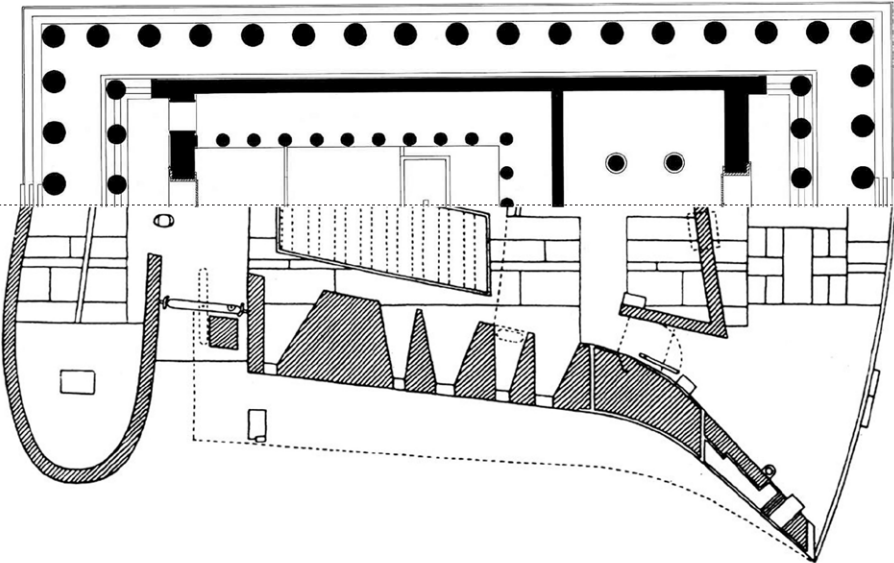


FIG.32 - **PARTHENAUT 3**

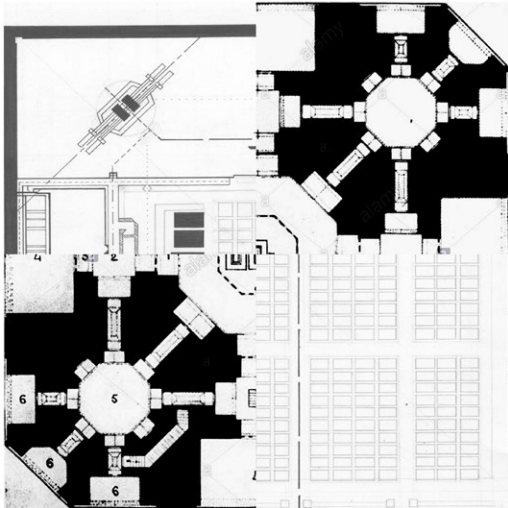


fig.33 -
Brion Mahal

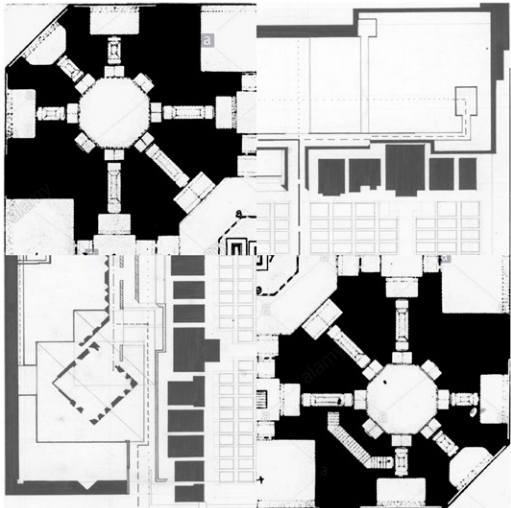


fig.34 -
Brion Mahal 2

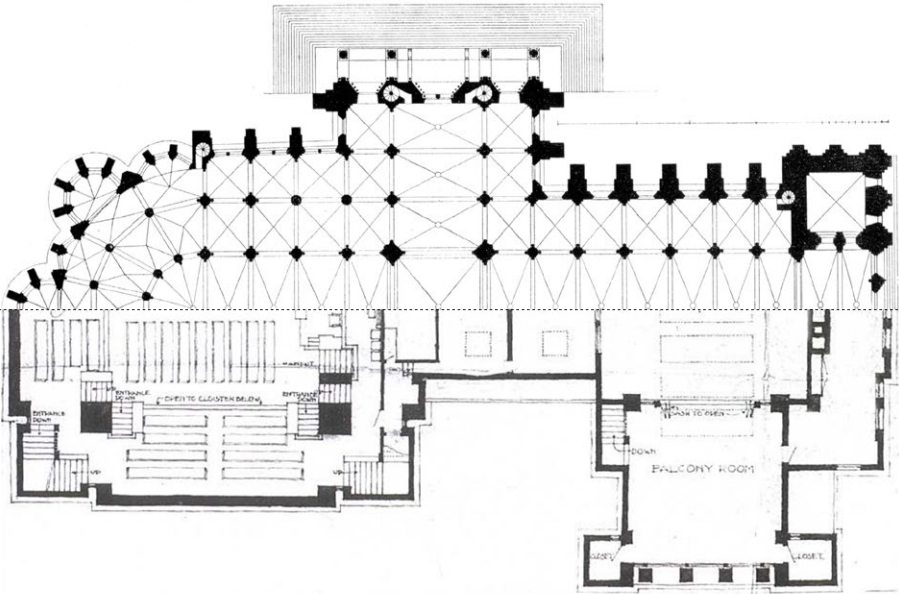


FIG.35 - DAME UNITY

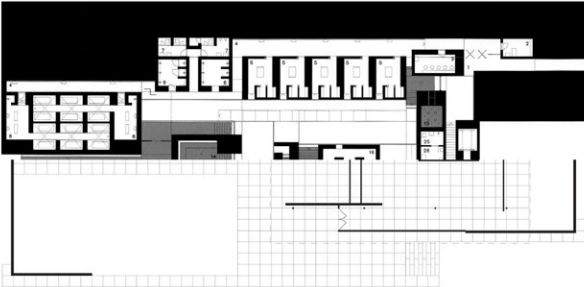


fig.36 -
Valona I

fig.37 -
Valona 2

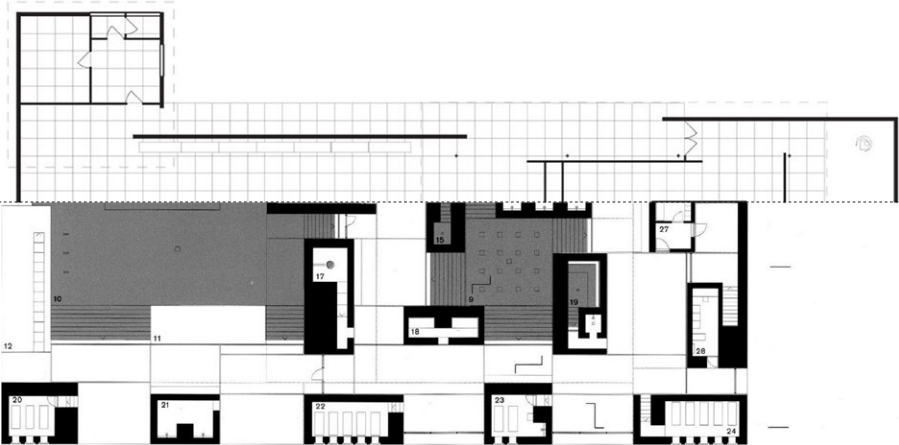
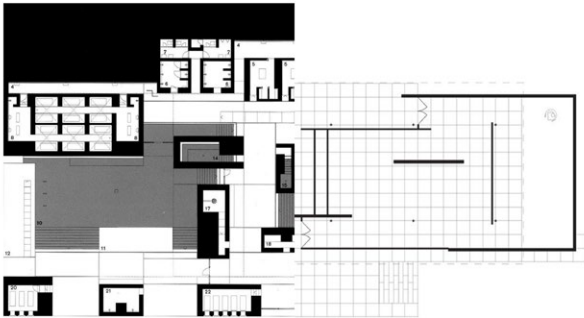


FIG.38 - VALONA 3

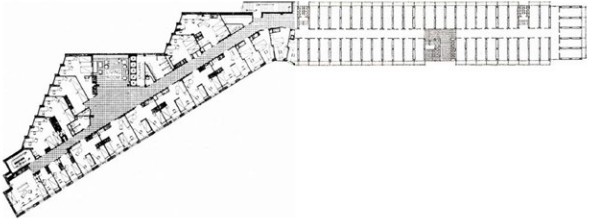


fig.39 -
Bakitation

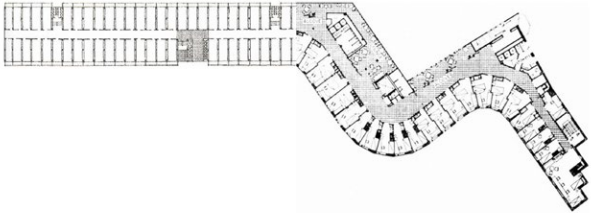


fig.40 -
Bakitation 2

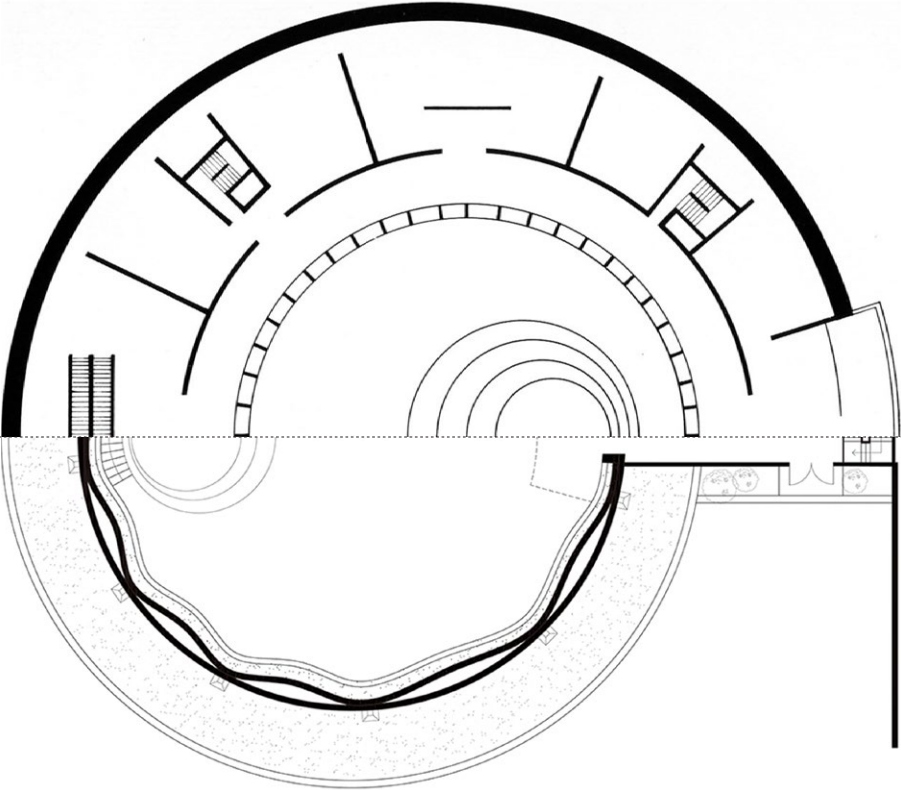


FIG.41 - **HIRSHAPLE**

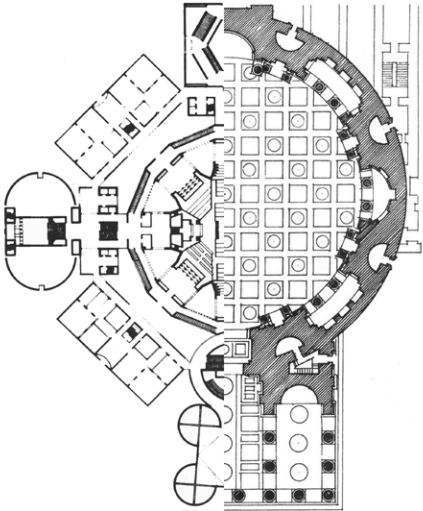


fig.42 -
Dhakenon

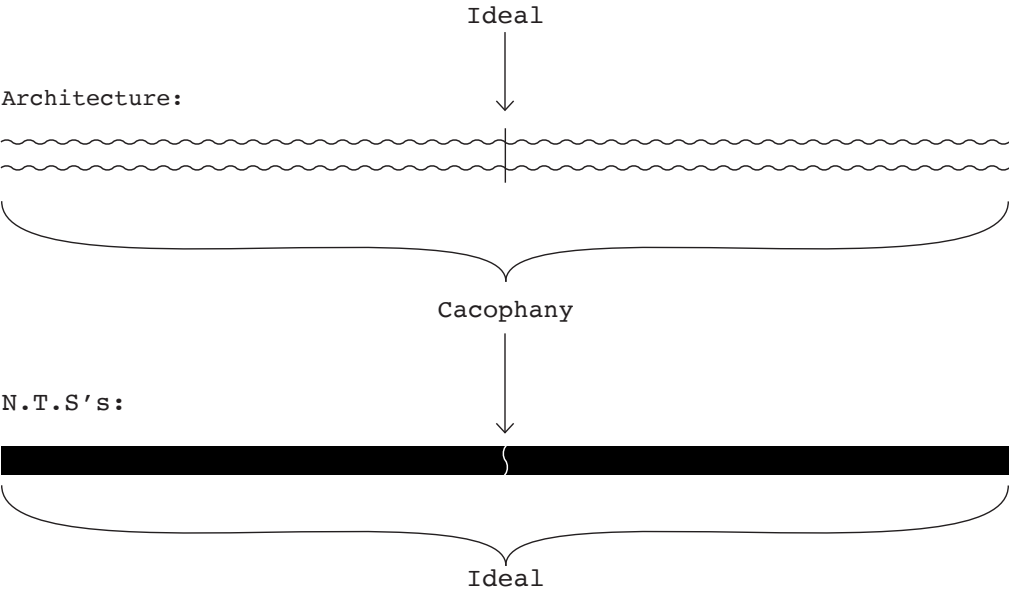


fig.43 - Architecture / N.T.S & Ideal Cacophany, author.



FIG.44 - CAMPO KLAUS



By slavishly copying the masters the hope must have been that some of their aura would be transferred to us innocents.

Till, Jeremy. *Architecture Depends* (Boston: MIT Press, 2009). p.XI.

I wanted something more chaotic, something formally richer than an architectural bisection. I wanted to discover where the datum of too much lies. I wanted my own bias, my own ego, removed from the initial condition. So I polled eight of my friends to tell my their favourite 1._._ Residential. 2._._ Religious. 3._._ Museum. I took those eight plans, collaged one together with another, repeating four times. Two of those four plans of two plans were collaged, repeating twice. And those two plans made of four plans were mashed to create one plan made of eight plans. Creating architectural Frankensteins.

[m]oderns... refuse to conceptualize quasi-objects as such. In their eyes hybrids present the horror that must be avoided at all costs by a ceaseless, even maniacal, purification. Expelled from the social world, attributed to a transcendent world that is, however, not divine.

Bruno Latour, *We Have Never Been Modern*, trans. Catherine Porter (New York: Harvester Wheatsheaf, 1993), p. 112.

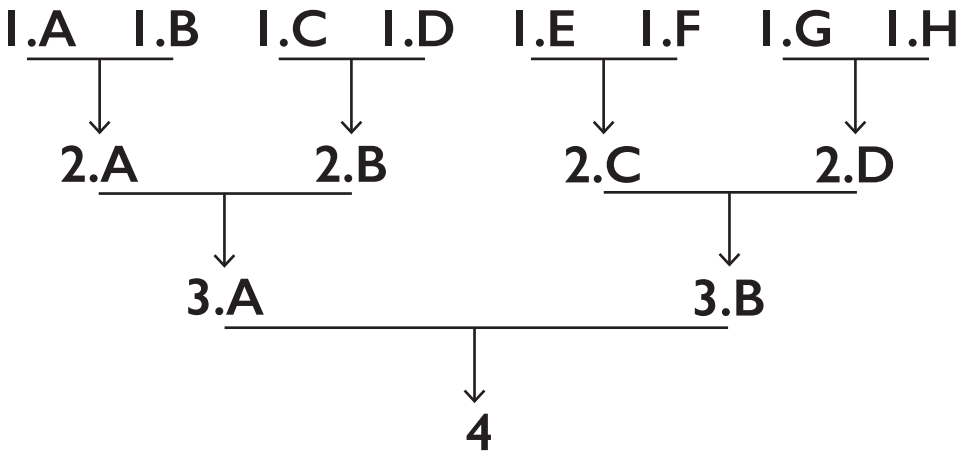
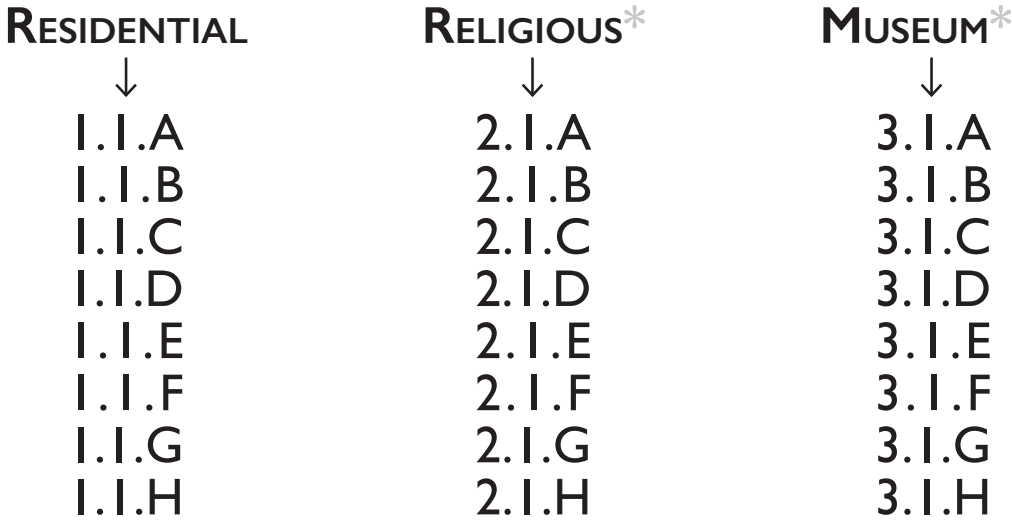


fig.45 - Frankenstein Diagram, author.

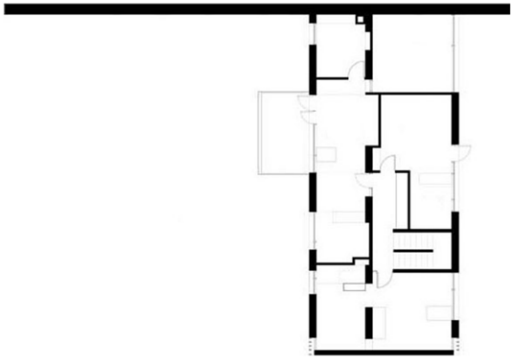
I.1.A



fig.46 -
House H
Sou Fujimoto



fig.47 -
Maison Jaoule
Le Corbusier



I.1.B

I.2.A

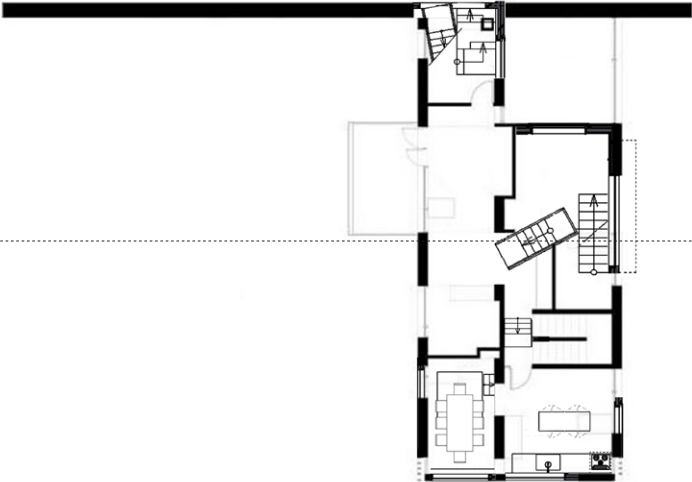


fig.48 - MAISON HAOULE

I.I.C

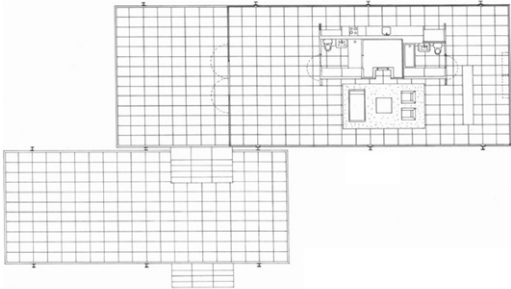
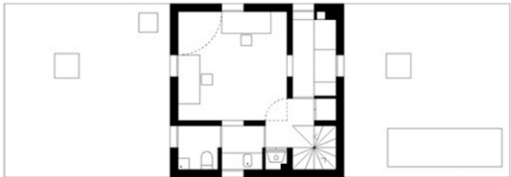


fig.49 -
Farnsworth House
Mies van der Rohe



fig.50 -
Casa Cien
Pezo von Ellrichshausen



I.2.B

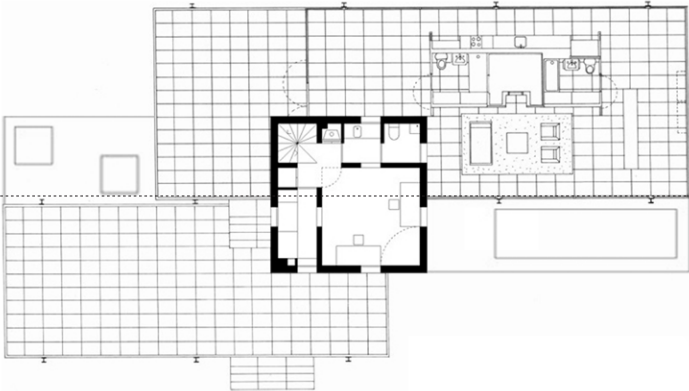


fig.51 - **CASA FARNSIEN**

I.I.D

I.I.E

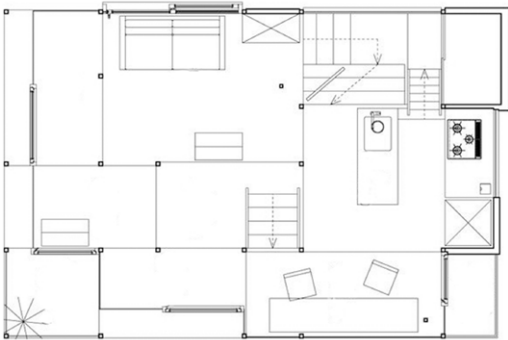


fig.52 -
House Na
Sou Fujimoto

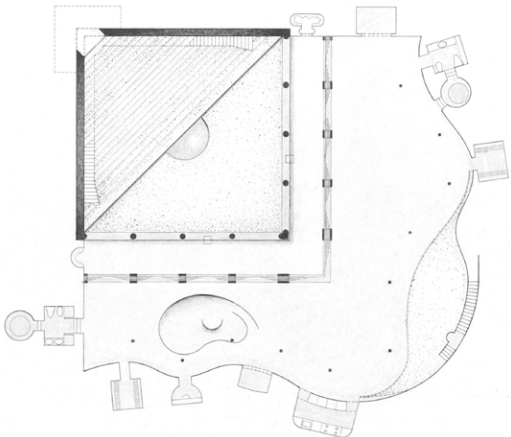


fig.53 -
Casa de Retiro Espiritual
Emilio Ambasz

I.I.F

I.2.C

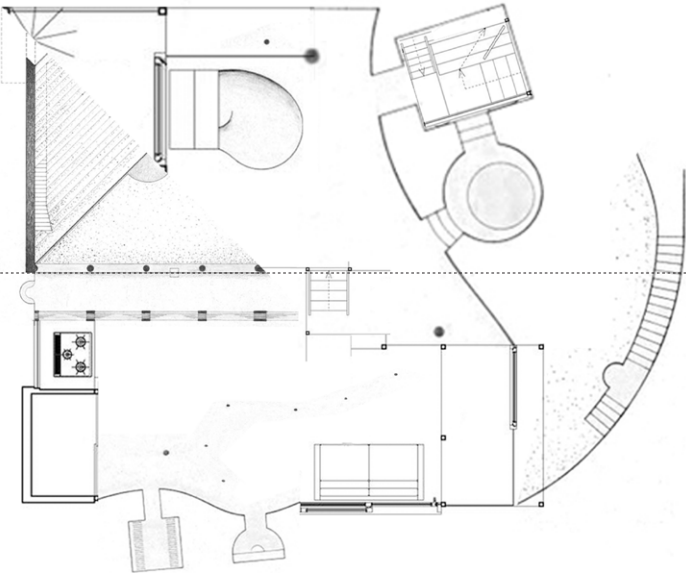


fig.54 - **CASA RETIRO, NA**

I.I.G

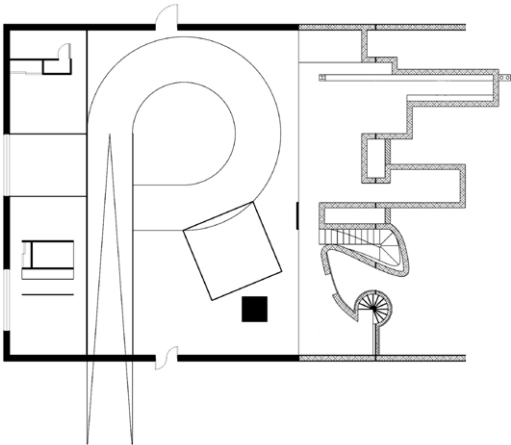


fig.55 -
Maison Bordeaux
OMA



fig.56 -
Moriyama House
SANAA

I.I.H

I.2.D

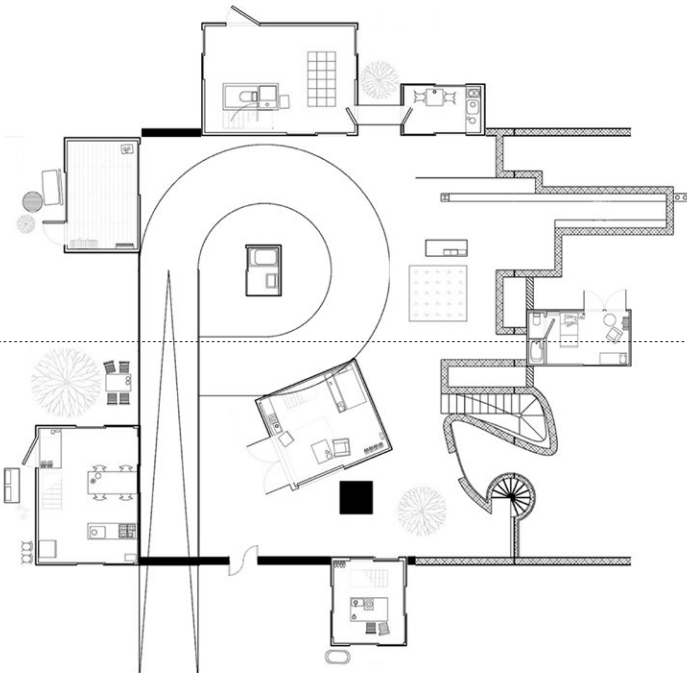


fig.57 - **MAISON MORIEAUX**

I.2.A

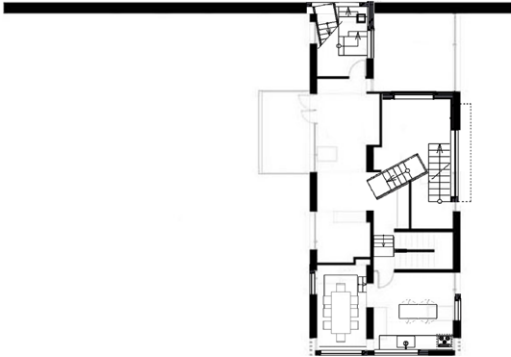


fig.58 -
Maison Haoule



fig.59 -
Casa Farnsien



I.2.B

I.3.A

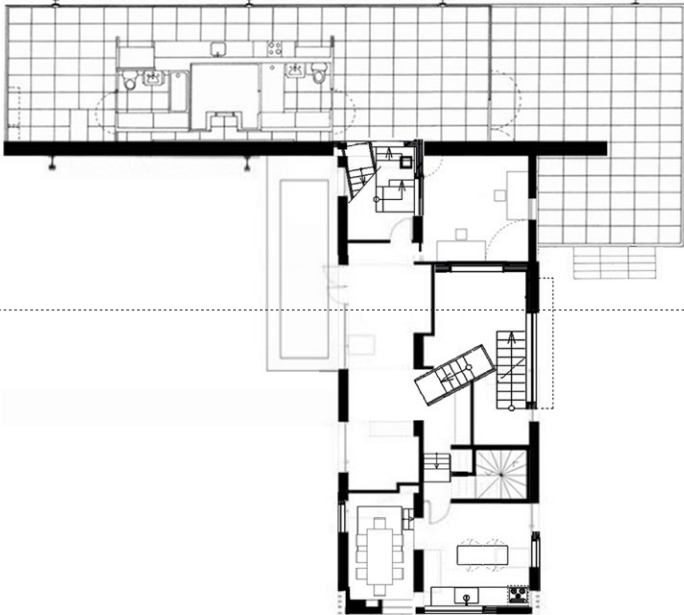


fig.60 - **CASA MAISON FARNHAOULIEN**

I.2.C

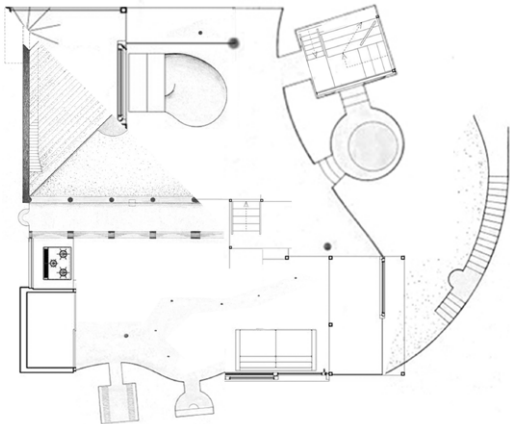


fig.61 -
Casa Maison Farnhaoulien

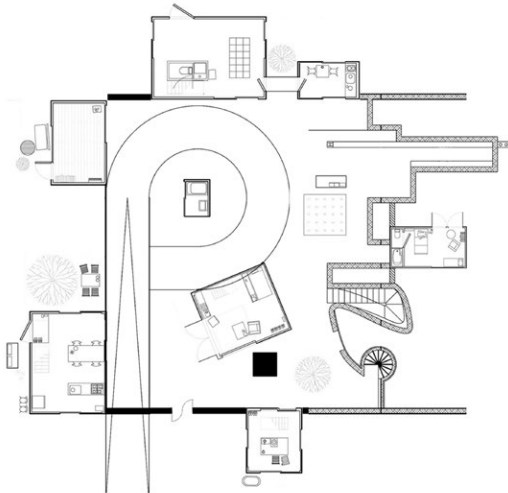


fig.62 -
Maison Morieaux

I.2.D

I.3.B

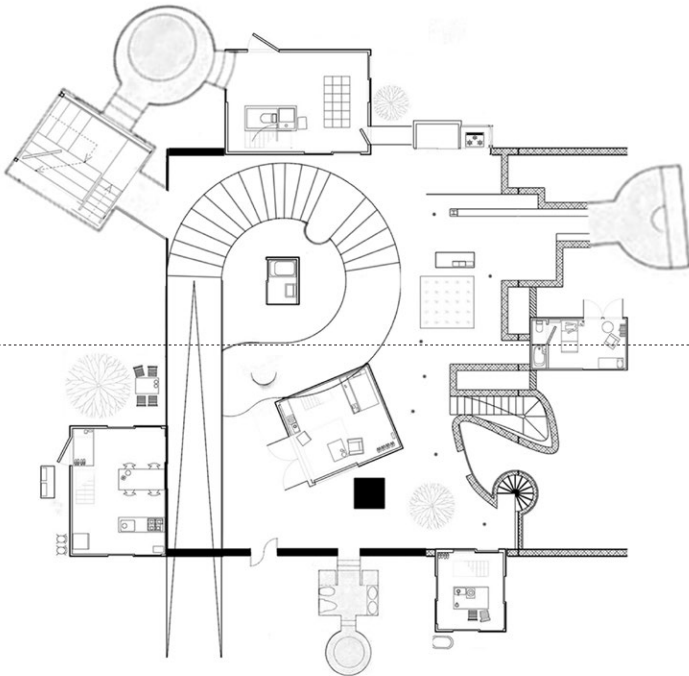


fig.63 - **MAISON CASA MORIEAUXTIRONA**

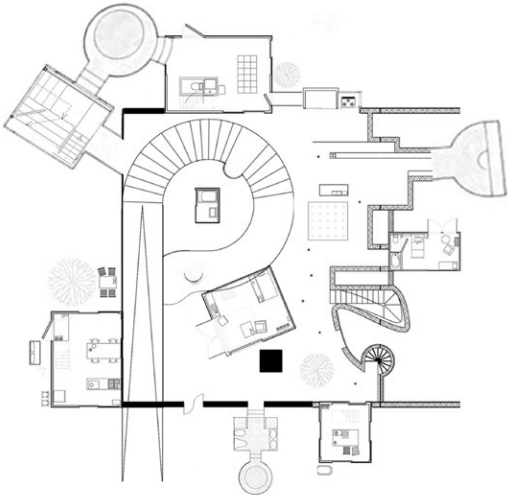
I.3.A



fig.64 -
Casa Maison Farnhaoulien



fig.65 -
Maison Casa
Morieauxtirona



I.3.B

I.4

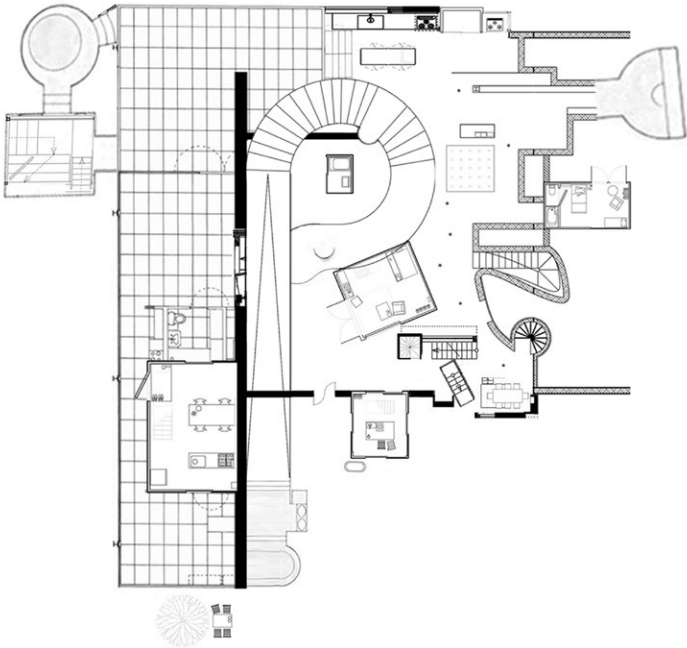


fig.66 - **CASA MAISON**
FARNEAUXHAOULMORIENRONA
MAISON CASA

03: the muddle



fig.67 - Bill Brandt.

WE ARE HERE

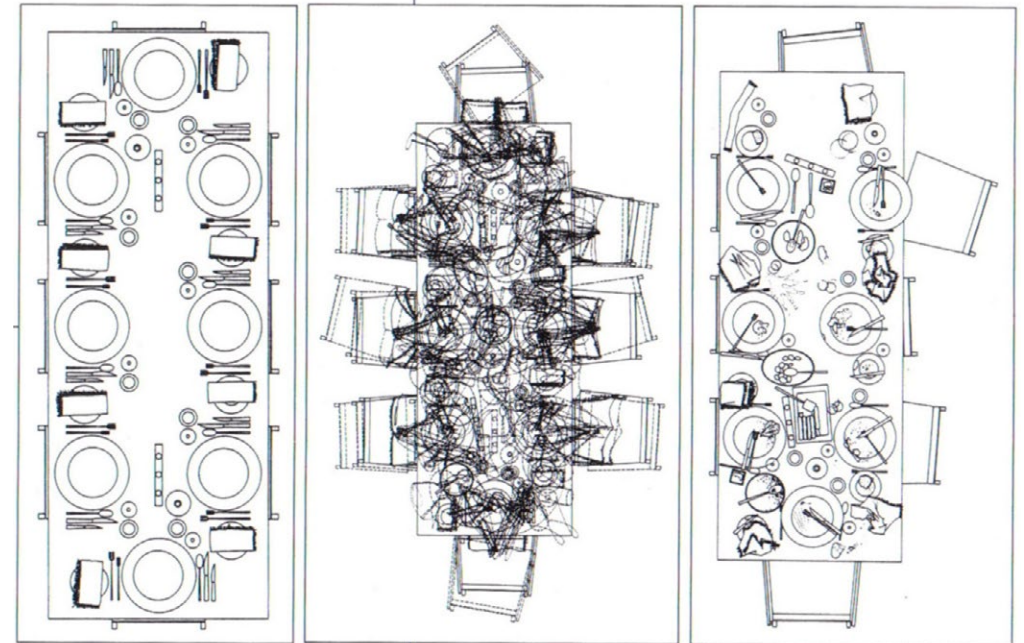


fig.68 - Increasing Disorder in a Dining Room Table, Jeremy Till & Sarah Wigglesworth.

Act 2: The Meal:

Use begins to undermine the apparent stability of the (architectural) order. Traces of occupation in time. The recognition of life's disorder. The palimpsest.

Jeremy Till & Sarah Wigglesworth

fig.69 - Scripts of the Everyday: Muddle, author.

the middle
Muddle, *Scripts of the Everyday*, 2000, 100/101 (2000)

The middle is an acknowledgement of architecture's disuse and a productive engagement within that condition. It is the recognition of the architect's role as a bellybutton within the architectural lifespan. We're a strange scar left as a signature of the creation of the thing. However grandiose our intention, it just amounts to building walls. Once we're cut out, architecture is free to live its life.

Consider to often see the obvious that insiders miss.



fig.66 - cantilever doors, First Floor, UBC School of Architecture, author.

architect.

A definition of 'play' understood thus contains a component of the intimate melding of two materials: 'life' and 'architecture.'

Quignès, Joseph, 'de la Vers une architecture' al primer volume de Œuvres complètes, *El Croquis* 100/101 (2000).

We struggle to find a word for the non-architect. The other, the user, agent, occupant, them. All are dehumanizing and alienating. Inflating our ego as the 'superior' and reducing people to the 'inferior.' If we call people by what they are 'people.' We might, even marginally, shift our outlook to something more equivalent.

thirty
six

Architects are kinda like bellybuttons. We feed the thing, grow it, nurture it, create it. Once it's born, however, we're cut off.

Because architecture is an event, it is always contingent. Architecture is thus a form of communication conditioned to occur without common rules. It is communication with the other, who, by definition, does not follow the same set of rules.

Kojin Karatani, *Architecture as Metaphor* (Cambridge: The MIT Press, 1983), p.VI.

In the previous two sections we looked at two binary states of architecture use and disuse. And if something may be gleaned from the examinations, it is that binaries seldom exist except in the most reductive of proposals. There is no total ideal nor a complete cacophony. The world exists between the two states, bouncing back and fourth between like a game of Pong. There was some semblance of order within the war-torn trenches of World War I. How quickly would Versailles succumb to nature if it were not pruned everyday.

The user, like a child, prods the soft underbelly of architectural myth, asks many questions – questions that touch raw nerves, and raise to the surface difficult paradoxes and unpalatable truths. For the user contaminates space and yet in not willing, nor seems able, to partake of more esoteric debates about what he soils. Looking within the question of the user is the ugly spectre of elitism and after all, in our democratic age, the age of inclusion, who can afford to be elitist?

FAT: 'Contaminating Contemplation'. *Occupying Architecture: Between the Architect and the User*. New York: Routledge, 1998. pp.77-98.

Indeed we perceive people differently: Wright might see them as a necessary extension of his architecture, having his students work the farms, dressing his clients like the home. Mies sees them as classical statues rendered in stone. Le Corbusier, a crab-clawed people respecting a set degree of dimensions. Scarpa renders them all in the nude. Rossi's are all

pointing towards some ineffable thing. Michelangelo's are inconceivably fit. And as far as I have seen Gehry, Hadid, Libeskind have never drawn another person in their life. Almost as if the person is unwelcome within deconstructionism.

You can 'play' the piano, you can 'play' Hamlet, you can 'play' a type of architecture. In this case, there is a difference to the benefit of Enric Miralles: while the action of the musician or the actor is limited in time, architectural play has no beginning or end, given that it extends and coincides with every moment in the personal life of the architect as a double player: as an inhabitant and as an



fig.70 - usnd/pull doors. First Floor, UBC School of Architecture, author.

architect.

A definition of 'play' understood thus contains a component of the intimate melding of two materials: 'life' and 'architecture.'

Quetglas, Josep, "desde Vers une architecture al primer volume de 'Eevers complèts,'" *El Croquis* 100/101 (2000).

We struggle to find a word for the non-architect. The other, the user, agent, occupant, them. All are dehumanizing and alienating. Inflating our ego as the 'superior' and reducing people to the 'inferior.' If we call people by what they are 'people.' We might, even marginally, shift our outlook to something more equivalent.

What if, instead of being a scale of abstracted metrics, 1:100 is first considered as a social scale? 1 to 100: one architect to one hundred citizens. What does one do when faced with one hundred different characters?

Till, Jeremy. *Architecture Depends* (Boston: MIT Press, 2009). pp. 178-79.

How could the architect operate in this ethic of the non-ego? Do we imagine ourselves as general practitioners, coming in for 10 year checkups? As psychologists, listening about a person's space and drawing upon vast knowledge of precedents to prescribe an operation not carried out by ourselves? As tarot readers, drawing at random from a set of conditions, operations and programs? As meteorologists, forecasting what is to come and well known for getting it all wrong? As gardeners, cultivating and nurturing a growing thing?



fig.71 - Luxembourg Gardens, Paris, (1958), Lewis Morley.

The cultivation mentality sees architects understanding themselves less as creators of fixed and finished objects and increasingly as managers of complex systems – tweaking inputs, altering probabilities, and harnessing outputs – much like a farmer tending crops.

Cloutier, Roy & Sylvia, Nicole. "Architecture After Cultivation." M.Arch Thesis. Vancouver: University of British Columbia, 2016. p.V.

We occupy a strange space between art and science. Between the art schooliness of academia and the rigidity of codes in professional practice. Our identity is very much in flux. It is a contradictory space that elevates the student into a realm of abstract thought before nailing us down into a corner of codes.

If he uses convention unconventionally, if he organizes familiar things in an unfamiliar way, he is changing their contexts, and he can use even the cliché to gain a fresh effect. Familiar things seen in an unfamiliar context become perceptually new as well as old.

Venturi, Robert. *Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture* (New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1966), p.43.

Not that these codes aren't integral. Indeed, they suggest a type of ideal. One where accessibility and safety are king and queen. Only two of Vitruvius's three tenants of firmness, commodity and delight are acknowledged. It might be supposed that the architect's purpose is supply of the delight. The court needs its jester.

A strong tension exists between the scripted and unscripted uses of the city and its architecture.

Bill Brandt.

Predictions of the future proliferate speculative text, film and especially architecture. Some of it may even come to pass and if there's one notion that will be true: it is that the future will be old. It may be bright and shiny and bursting with the conveniences unimaginable, and it will be old.

One never commences; one never has a tabula rasa; one slips in, enters in the middle.

Deleuze, Gilles. *Spinoza: Practical Philosophy*. (Paris: Presses Universitaires de France. 1970).

The darling of postmodern architectural theory, Robert Venturi, called for contradiction within formal architecture practice. He calls for a confluence of forms, styles and symbols signifying an architecture for the postmodern age. He calls for a new 'style' and where his writings are continuously circulated and revered within contemporary architectural discourse, his practice is the opposite. His simplistic means and complicated forms hits some nerve of the architects will for the rational.

Departing from the rigid, centralized models of control of the High Modern era, instead working in a small, multiple, and diverse manner: an atomized approach to the grid. Building outward from the small and the many in this way lends openness in the system: generative of a rich diversity of uses and pliant to change.

Cloutier, Roy & Sylvia, Nicole. "Architecture After Cultivation." M.Arch Thesis. Vancouver: University of British Columbia, 2016. p.66.

Where Venturi called for a contradiction of form, I am increasingly fascinated by the idea of a contradiction in program, in use. Rather than acting upon architecture as a noun, have it act out itself as a verb. Drawing together constellations of program, of events, architecture



fig.72 - Paris Montparnasse (1993), Andreas Gursky.

can be imagined as a living thing rather than as a static whole. It acknowledges that the architectural thing will be muddled with and in that act lies agency for both the architect and the people who inhabit it. Rather than program rendered explicitly, it is slips in implicitly.

From "the plan" as an authoritative fix on form and function, "to plan" as an open-ended description of the multiple actions that go into the architectural process.

Till, Jeremy. Architecture Depends (Boston: MIT Press, 2009). p.116.

When the Fiat car company built a giant factory in Turin so large that they could not fit the track with which to test their cars, they decided to put the track on the roof.

Subway stations are sometimes designed as ad hoc bomb shelters.

The highline was a transit line for the graffiti covered silver bullet subway cars of New York. Now it's reincarnation as an elevated park cultivating some of the most expensive real estate in New York.

Torre David was intended to be the glittering darling of the Venezuelan skyline. It became the world's largest vertical slum.

The art institute in Chandigarh is a bonafide Le Corbusier design. When the city wanted to create a school of architecture. They copy/pasted the art institute to a new site just 2km away.



fig.73 - Racecars race atop the Lingotto factory (1924), Turin.

Marcel Duchamp's Door: 11 rue Larrey (1927) wonderfully complicates this seemingly obvious contention. One of its two doorways can be closed at any given time, a condition enforced by the presence of a single door. . . No matter which doorway we close, the other is always open. And to compound this problem, the default state of the door being between the doorways results in each doorway simultaneously being half open and half closed.

Edward Dimendberg, Excluded Middle: Toward a Reflective Architecture and Urbanism (Houston, TX: Rice School of Architecture, 2002), p.22.

That Turin factory / racetrack is one example in a scant few displaying the methodology of mashup I'm taking about. The other examples are contradictions created through use rather than through built intention. The truism 'opposites attract' is scarcely explored by architectural means. The rich are segregated from the poor. Housing begets housing, commercial begets commercial and a fine but hard line is drawn between the two. The duck can only just be that. We don't shit where we eat. I'll submit, there's a damn good reason for that one.

By modifying or adding conventional elements to still other conventional elements they can, by a twist of context, gain a maximum of effect through a minimum of means. They can make us see the same things in a different way.

Venturi, Robert. *Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture* (New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1966). p.44.

If there's one building type with which you can determine the quality of a whole area, it might be a library. The library may lend to a democratic state more so than the house of parliament. They were born out of the democratic ideal of the ancient greek state, proliferated in the heyday of the America's via Andrew Carnegie. It is a vessel of knowledge, free at that, in an otherwise capitalist space. And with the mass proliferation of the internet, libraries have found themselves occupying a contingent and contradictory space. Now not only does the library distribute books en mass for free as usual. They have begun to become spaces for personal expression. Offering instruments and recording space. Green screens and editing bays. They host lectures and classes on varieties of topics. They are morphing and changing to stay relevant in our increasingly fast society. They are succeeding.

The design and production of the building up to so-called 'completion,' constitutes only a small part of architectural time. But instead we should consider architectural time as encompassing the use, re-use, destruction and decay of spaces and building components. New temporalities, ones which go beyond the construction of a set of pre-designed drawings, can also be created through consumption. Through consumption, the traditional logic of need, which requires the architect to design for perceived use, can be upset.

Rendell, "Doing It, (Un)Doing It, (Over)Doing It Yourself". p.232.

The muddle is an acknowledgement of architecture's disuse and a productive engagement within that condition. It is the recognition of the architect's role as a bellybutton within the architectural lifespan. We're a strange scar left as a signature of the creation of the thing. However grandiose our intention, it just amounts to building walls. Once we're cut out, architecture is free to live its life.

Outsiders so often see the obvious that insiders miss.

Till, Jeremy. *Architecture Depends* (Boston: MIT Press, 2009). p.47.



fig 74 - Leap into the Void (1960), Harry Shunk & Yves Klein.

Programmatic Parables

THE LIBRARY DISCOTHEQUE

A proficient way to meet cute new people is in bars and clubs. And that doesn't really work for huge introverts such as myself. I prefer the library. Why not both?

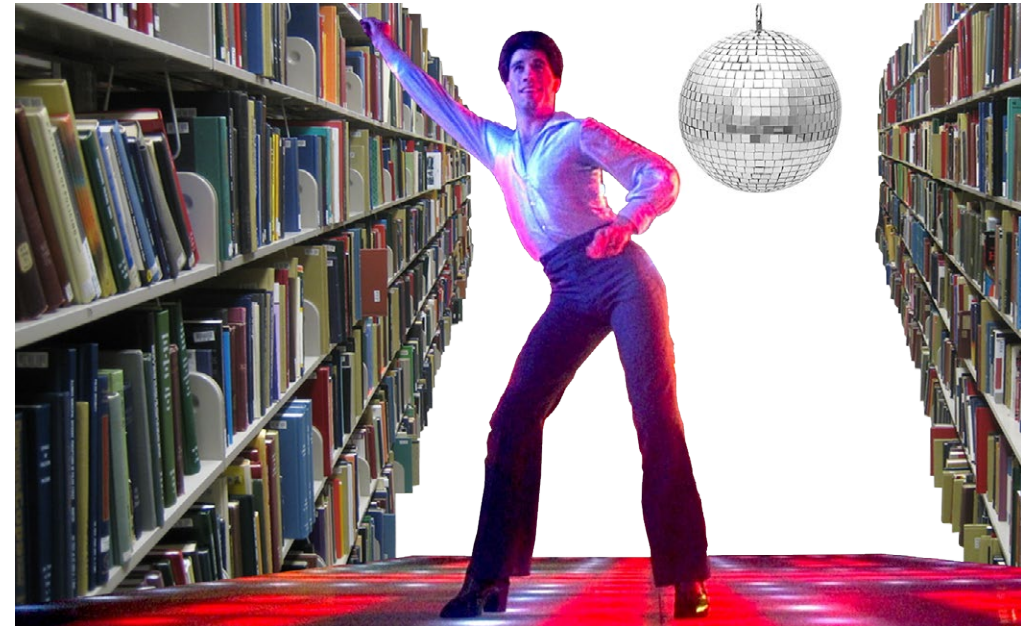


fig.75 - The Library Discotheque.



fig.76 - The Library Discotheque 2.

THE ROOFTOP MAILBOX

As Amazon.com begins to roll out their fleet of package delivery drones, we are butted against a problem. Thieves are want to steal packages just sitting for the taking by our front door. Drones are unable to place our things under a welcome mat or behind a pot and the answer to this issue is architectural. We need a mailbox on the roof.



fig.77 - The American Express Rooftop Mailbox.



fig.78 - The Rooftop Mailbox.



fig.79 - The Rooftop Mailbox 2.

A BOTH/AND ENTRY

In a more practical application, at the entry of a home, a pantry butting into both the entry way and the kitchen might be useful. Groceries, barely making it into the home are already tucked safely away. The pantry, by virtue of two fronts, hardly ever contains mouldy or expired food if there is no back where mouldy food hides. Items bound for the fridge are moved onto the counter via a cutout. A bench holds a shoe rack underneath and shares a forced air vent with the cubby drying both wet shoes and coats and heating the zone. My introvert tendencies decided to flip the traditional front door upside down. The window is now on the floor. I, inside, can see they who call from outside who cannot see me. I can then choose whether or not to engage.

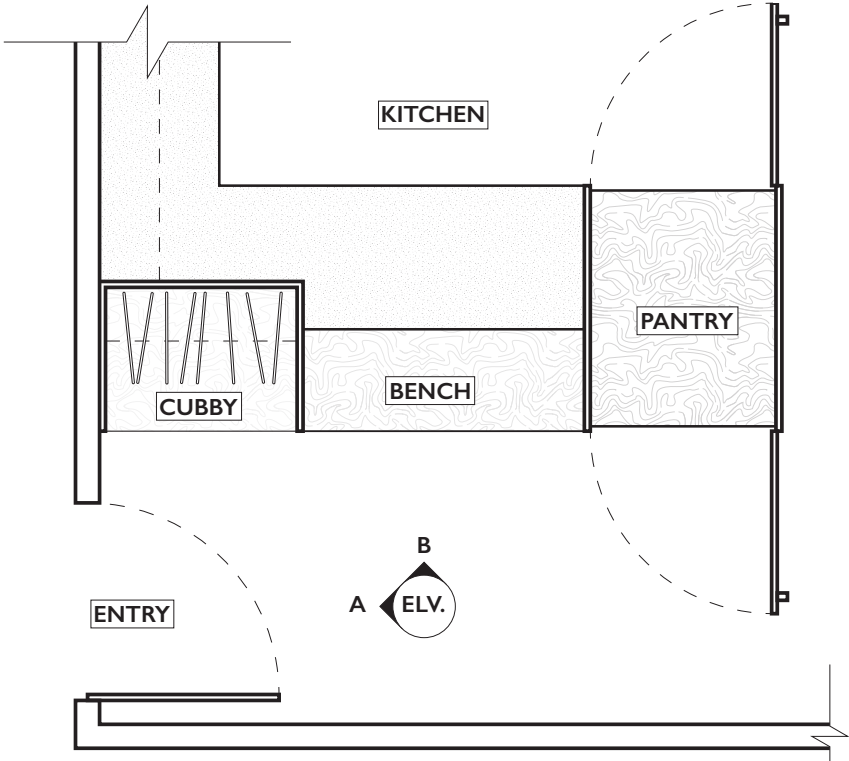


fig.80 - Plan.

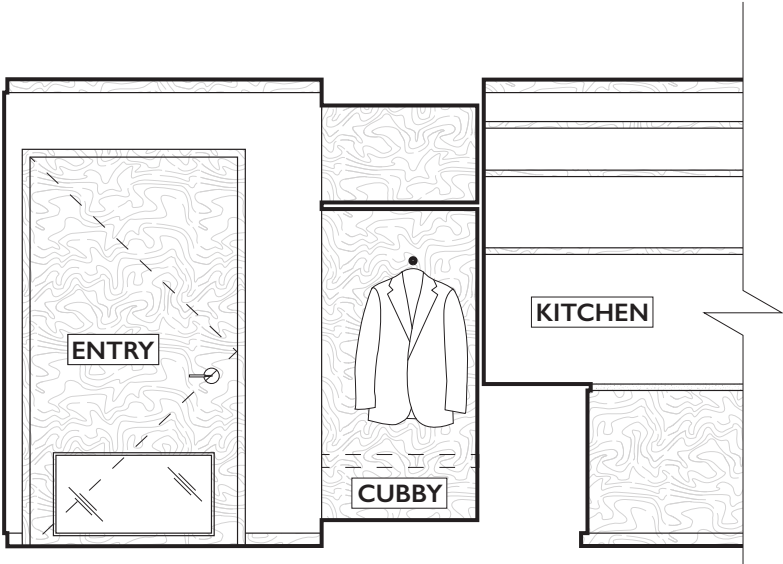


fig.81 - Elevation: A.

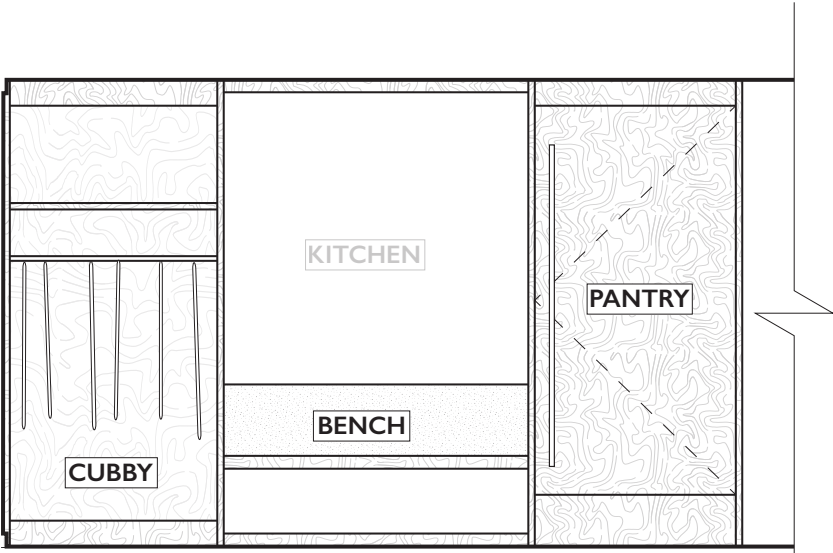


fig.82 - Elevation: B.

THE CRAPPY CONCERT HALL

Integral House by Shim-Sutcliffe Architects is one designed for a man who is fabulously well-to-do. He likes concerts and as such, the architects created a space integrated with the formal conditions of the concert hall inside the house. Isn't that nice.

I too like concerts and you and me too have a space within our house which is conducive to concerts. It's currently being used to shit in. Why not both?



fig.83 - The Crappy Concert Hall.

fig.84 -
The **Crappy** Concert Hall

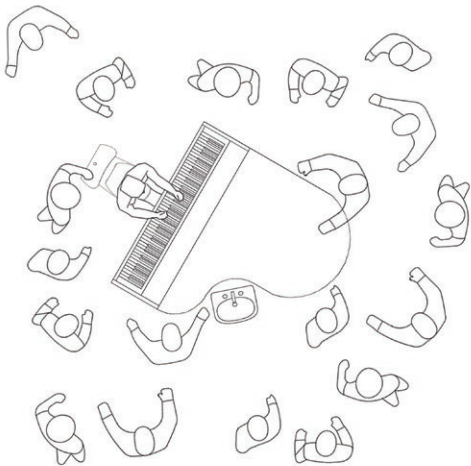
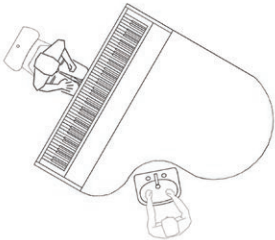


fig.85 -
The Crappy **Concert** Hall

04: scripts of the everyday



fig.86 - *Lessen in Architectuur* (1996), Herman Hertzberger.

WE ARE HERE

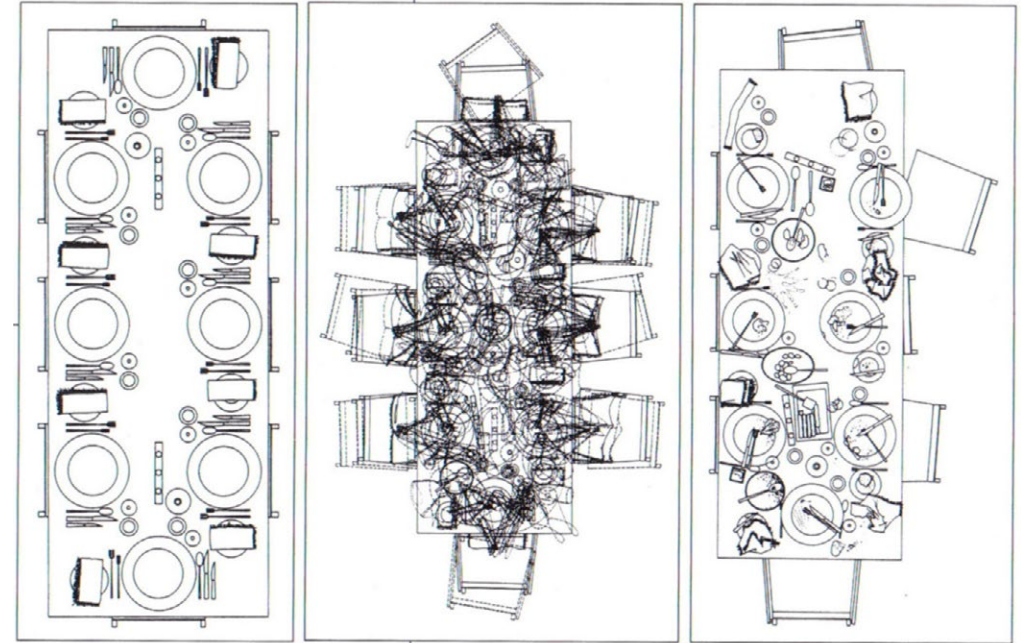


fig.87 - *Increasing Disorder in a Dining Room Table*,
Jeremy Till & Sarah Wigglesworth.

*All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;*
Shakespeare, William. *As You Like It*. Act II
Scene VII Line 139-140. 1603.

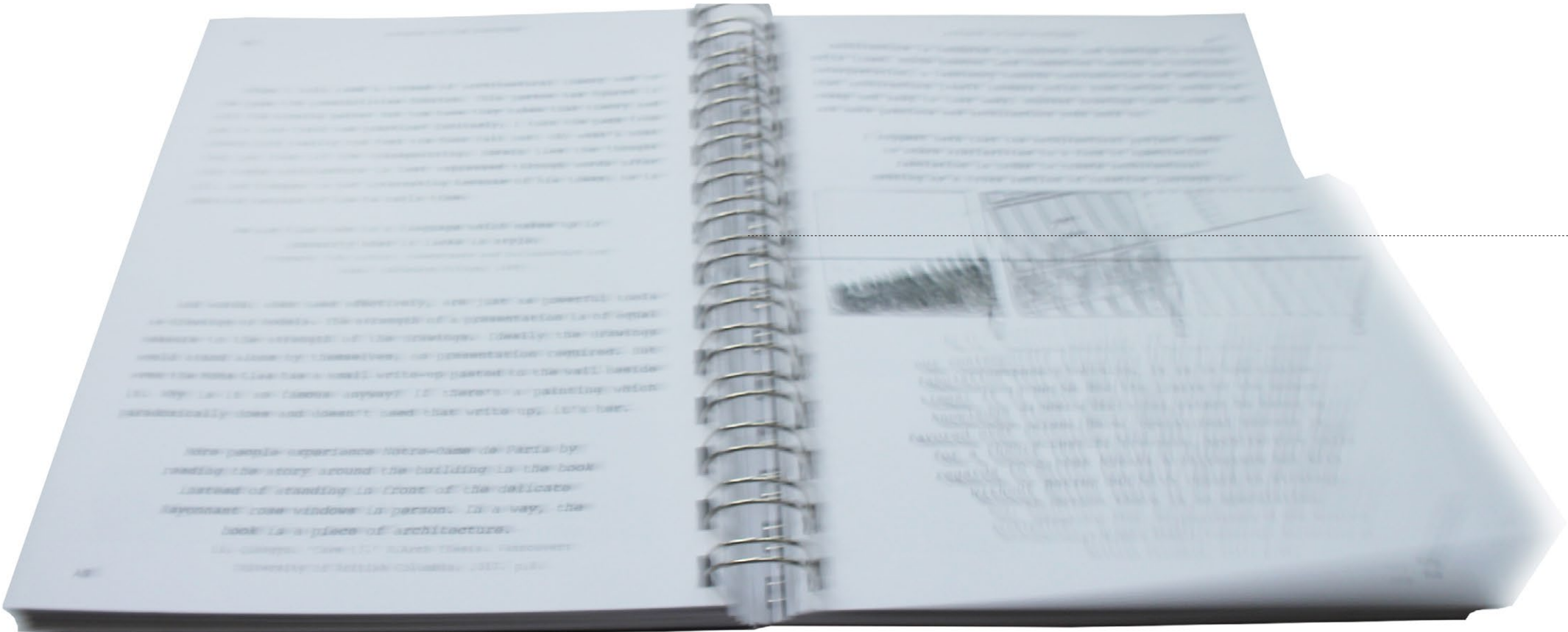


fig.88 - Scripts of the Everyday: Scripts, author.

A B:	D O:
<i>This thesis questions...</i>	<i>This thesis became...</i>
A C:	E M:
<i>...this thesis is...</i>	<i>This thesis challenges...</i>
A L:	E L:
<i>...this thesis interprets...</i>	<i>This architectural thesis envisions...</i>
A L:	E S:
<i>This thesis forensically...</i>	<i>This thesis explores...</i>
<i>This thesis is...</i>	
A L:	F S:
<i>This thesis will...</i>	<i>This thesis focuses...</i>
A P:	F J:
<i>This thesis explores...</i>	<i>...this thesis explores...</i>
A S:	G I:
<i>This thesis seeks...</i>	<i>This thesis will...</i>
A S:	H L:
<i>This thesis proposes...</i>	<i>This thesis takes...</i>
A V:	H G:
<i>This thesis project...</i>	<i>...the thesis reimagines...</i>
B M:	J H:
<i>...this thesis provides...</i>	<i>This thesis translates...</i>
B S:	J D:
<i>This thesis seeks...</i>	<i>This thesis argues...</i>
C C & S H:	J D:
<i>...this thesis offers...</i>	<i>This thesis advocates...</i>
C M:	J L:
<i>This thesis mediates...</i>	<i>...this thesis will...</i>
C N:	K O:
<i>This thesis explores...</i>	<i>This thesis reframes...</i>
C W:	
<i>...this thesis] are...</i>	

K D: The thesis takes... The thesis seeks...	S S: This thesis uses...
I L: This thesis positions...	S R: ...This thesis serves...
L V: ...this thesis explores...	S C: This thesis proposes...
M D: This thesis therefore...	S L: This thesis speculates...
M P: ...this thesis compares... ...this thesis focus...	T G: ...this thesis then...
M D: This thesis opens... ...This thesis then...	T H: This thesis follows...
N L: This thesis, on... ...this thesis is...	T W: ...this thesis looks...
N S & R C ...the thesis explores...	V L: This thesis seeks...
N K: For this project...	Z L: This thesis explores...
O B: This thesis looks... ...this thesis forms...	
O D: This thesis investigates...	
R K: ...this thesis will... ...the thesis will...	
S H & I S: ...this thesis is...	

Often I will read a thread of architectural theory and on the page the possibilities flourish. This person has figured it out! The missing piece! But how have they taken that theory and put it into their own practice? Excitedly, I turn the page from theory into reality and feel the floor fall out. Oh, what's what they got from it? How disappointing. Herein lies the thought that maybe architecture is best expressed through words after all. Don Drapper is not interesting because of his ideas, he is effective because of how he sells them.

*We are tied down to a language which makes up in
obscurity what it lacks in style.*

Stoppard, Tom, author. *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are
Dead*. Edinburgh Fringe, 1966.

And words, when used effectively, are just as powerful tools as drawings or models. The strength of a presentation is of equal measure to the strength of the drawings. Ideally the drawings would stand alone by themselves, no presentation required. But even the Mona Lisa has a small write-up pasted to the wall beside it. Why is it so famous anyway? If there's a painting which paradoxically does and doesn't need that write up, it's her.

*More people experience Notre-Dame de Paris by
reading the story around the building in the book
instead of standing in front of the delicate
Rayonnant rose windows in person. In a way, the
book is a piece of architecture.*

Li, Qiongyu. "Cave 17." M.Arch Thesis. Vancouver:
University of British Columbia, 2017. p.8.

Architecture is rendered in concrete, and drawings in strong solid lines. Words however lend themselves towards an alternate interpretation, a leaniency towards contradiction and ambiguity that architecture itself renders solid. Even better, words are cheap and easy to toss away. Whereas drawings take longer and are more precious and architecture even more so.

*I suggest here that the architectural project needs
to share similarities to a form of speculative
fabulation in order to create architectural
meaning as a cross section of creative journeys in*

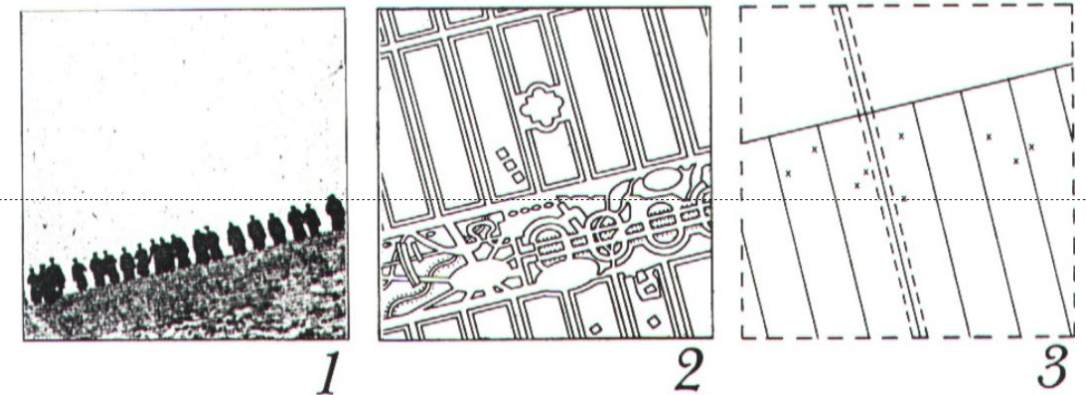


fig.89 - Manhattan Transcript 1: The Park (1981), Bernard Tschumi.

*our contemporary terrains. It is in speculative
fabulation that we find the limits of the modern
times; it is where decisions cannot be based on
knowledge alone. Here, operational success is
favored over scientific trueness. Architecture calls
for a theory that treats architecture not with
regards to matter but with regard to strategy.*

Without fiction there is no speculation.

Roy, Sébastien. "Four Monumentations of the Sprality
Archipelago." M.Arch Thesis.Vancouver: University of
British Columbia, 2017. p.30.

I do not call for an architecture made of words instead of walls, syntax instead of structure. Instead I underscore a process for the production of architecture in using the power of stories. Indeed, just as stories are used to construct a sequence of events, so too are storey's are used to identify sequences of space.

[t]here is someone who understands each word in its duplicity, and understands further, one might say,



fig.90 – Mon Oncle (1958), Jacques Tati.

the very deafness of the characters speaking in front of him: this someone is precisely the reader (or here the spectator). In this way is revealed the whole being of writing: a text consists of multiple writings, issuing from several cultures and entering into dialogue with each other, into parody, into contestation; but there is one place where this multiplicity is collected, united, and

this place is not the author, as we have hitherto said it was, but the reader: the reader is the very space in which are inscribed, without any being lost, all the citations a writing consists of; the unity of a text is not in its origin, it is in its destination; but this destination can no longer be personal: the reader is a man without history, without biography, without psychology; he is only that someone who holds gathered into a single field all the paths of which the text is constituted.

Barthes, Roland. 'The Death of the Author,' in *Image-Music-Text*, trans. R. Howard. London, Flamingo, 1977, pp.142-8.

Roland Barthes identifies the idea of multiple lives of writing, that is, the intentions of the writer and the multiple interpretations of the reader(s). That text is often interpreted in contradictory ways than what the writer sought. The author writes: "The curtains are blue," we are taught: "the curtains represent the imensity of his depression, the meloncholip pity that is his life," the writer meant: "the curtains were blue." The writer/reader relationship is analogous to architecture in its making and consuming possibilities.

The writing of a text is based on analytical knowledge, whereas its reading is holistic. Architecture, as a trade, is analytic, construction of a site, using preexisting elements. Architecture, for the spectator, is holistic, a work of art.

A work of art is largely the creation of the spectator: the artist is only triggering the emotions the spectator deciphers. An architect

does not 'create' a city, only an accumulation of objects. It is the inhabitant who 'invents' the city: an uninhabited city, even if new, is only a 'ruin.'

Friedman, Yona. *Pro Domo* (Barcelona: Actar, 2006). p.3.

This idea, I think, translates to builder/user. And more effectively that writing, architecture critics are face to face. An opportunity for these ideas propagate and morph through conversation in real time are exploited first through writing and then expanded in dialog.

Placing things and bodies in unusual combinations, positions us in new uncharted territory. Lost in space, our cognitive mapping devices de-stabilized, we imagine a new poetics of space and time. We understand anew the world we occupy, the relations between dreams and realities, between mental life and social relations, between inscriptions of specific and expected responses. Such potentiality opposes the autocratic architect's pompous regimes of mono- functionality and also rejects the banality of highly flexible multi-purpose spaces designed for anything (but nothing) to happen in. The accidental and continually shifting juxtaposition of apparently unconnected things produces a density of interpretation. The layering of different daily patterns of completion, rather you are aware everyday of the continually widening cracks the disintegration of the building fabric, the shifting spaces and roles of the furniture contained within them. Links are made between real objects, real and imagined objects, and real

imagined subjects – dreams are lived, lives are dreamt.

Rendell, Jane. 'Doing It, (Un)Doing It, (Over)Doing It Yourself. p.245.

The idea of architecture as simply forms falls short when viewing place through a narrative lens. Stories and interpretations differ. There exists a clash of ideologies through architecture

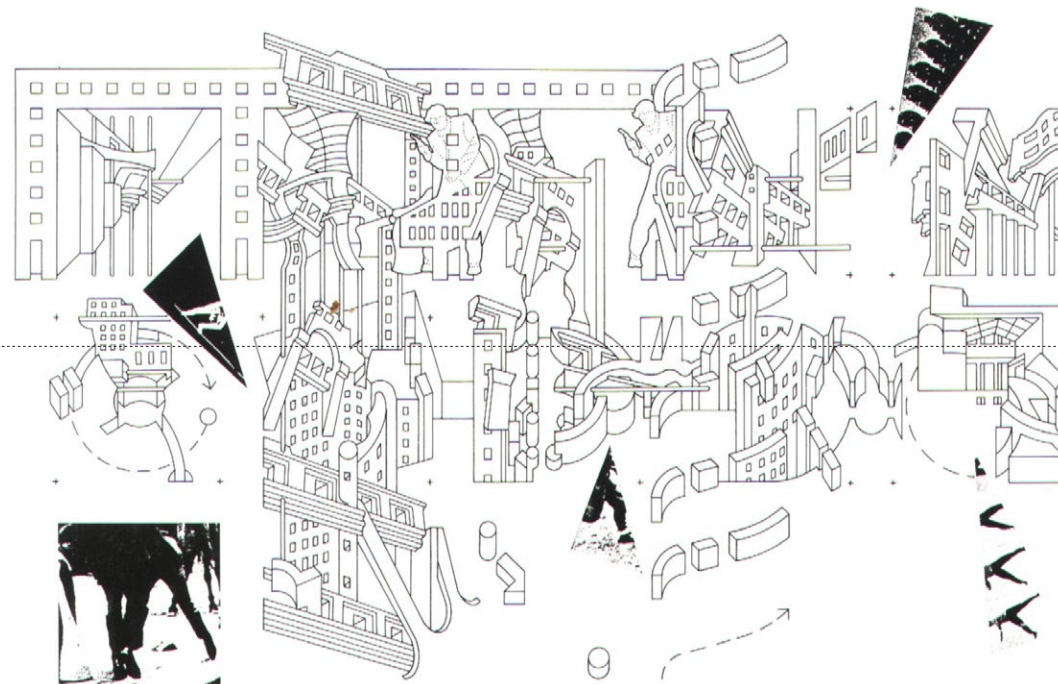


fig.91 – Manhattan Transcript 4: The Park (1981), Bernard Tschumi.

at the shared holy sites in Jerusalem. Creativity, often, is fueled through clash and appropriation. The resultant going the way of the grotesque or a Palladian oeuvre. Taste alters with the season while human nature stays the course.

The idea of the reductive element expression of the internal organism upon the peripheral glass facades by mullion notation revealed quiet syncopations.

Hejduk, John. *Mask of Medusa* (New York: Rizzoli, 1985).

p.42.

There is the danger of archibabble. Architectural speech turned into boarderline gibberish. The writing of absurd thesoriacal language is counterproductive and alienating not only to non-architects but to the self in that it allows one to hide behind a

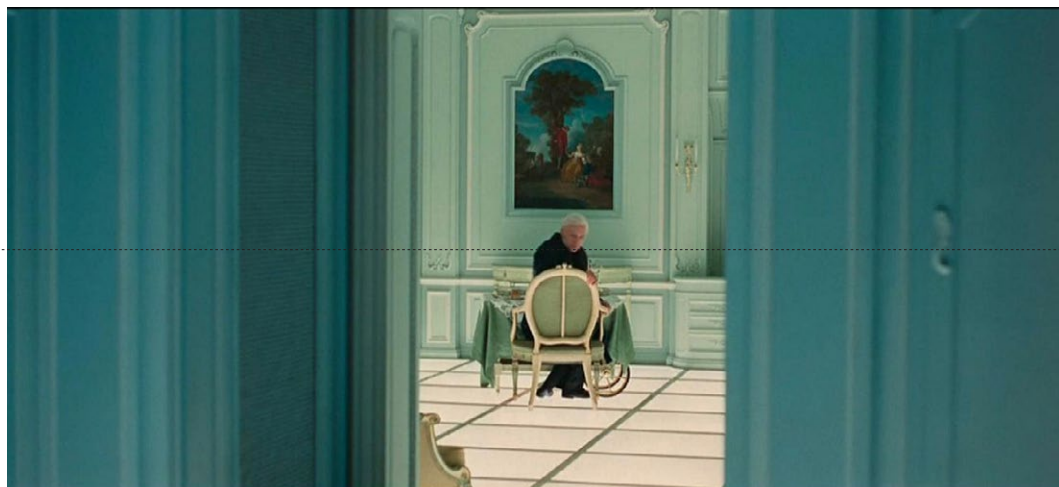


fig.92 – 2001: A Space Odyssey (1968), Stanley Kubrick.

veil of perceived intellect. Stories are about connecting rather than alienating. They are simple means to a complex goal. The finale to James Joyce's *Ulysses* is a confusing and frustrating ambiguity rather than Arthur C. Clarke's *2001: A Space Odyssey* finale, which is a provocative and elightening ambiguity.

His writings were supported by a sequence of beautifully drawn projects that, far from Eisenman's alienating abstraction, seduced one

into believing in their potential resonances. These drawings were famous throughout the architectural world.

And then they were built.

Till, Jeremy. *Architecture Depends*. p.23.

Treasured architectural experience are directly realted to a story extending from the moment they are encountered. The Panthon in the rain, walking through an empty Lourve for five minutes before opening, the sun rise over the Golden Temple at 4 o'clock on a freezing morning. Ask anyone their favorite building and the most evocotive answers will focus on the 'how' rather than the 'why.'

If one starts an architectural process through a "what if?" question, and then develops the answers through the forms of stories, two things happen.

First, the stories arise out of experience of the world, and thus have a grounding in reality; secondly, the "what if?" allows stories to imagine and to project new spatial visions. Stories thus become conduits for the temporalization of architecture, but because of their founding in everyday experience those futures are not impossibly idealistic. The role of the architect becomes to understand and draw out the spatial implications of the urban storytelling. This role requires both knowledge and imagination, but in both cases these attributes are externalized and shared rather than being internalized and exclusive.

Till, Jeremy. *Architecture Depends*. pp.114-15.

And so the production of architectural stories is a conscious and unconscious meditation on the conditions of life. It is analytical in its use of experience and observation rather than alienating data and statistics. It is a medium for the richness of human occupation to be explored, for the human condition to be prodded at. Architecture is the stage in the theatre of the everyday.

For the theatre should not be an imitation of reality

It is right that the dramatist should use

All the illusions at his disposal...

*It is right that he should let crowds speak,
or inanimate objects*

If he so pleases

And that he no longer has to reckon

With time and space

His universe is the play

Within which he is God the Creator

Who disposes at his will

Of sounds gestures movements masses colors

Not merely in order

To photograph what is called a slice of life

But to bring forth life itself and all its truth...

*Apollinaire, Guillaume, author. Les Mamelles de
Tiresias. Preface. 1903.*



fig.93 - Teatro del Mondo (1979), Aldo Rossi.

Suddenly he said, ‘George, do you know what architecture is?’ I thought, Oh boy, this is why I’ve been following around this old man for seven or eight years. I said, ‘Uh, I think, Mr Wright, that there’s not much point in my trying to tell you, but if you’ll let me, I’d be very much obliged.’ That was the right answer: he didn’t want me to tell him whether I knew what architecture was, he couldn’t have cared less. But, like a lot of other people in this neighbourhood, he liked the sound of his own voice, so I said ‘What is architecture, Mr Wright?’

He looked around and on the terrace, which was a rough stone terrace, somebody had left a kind of triangular hole which was part of a whole system of little walls, very pretty, in which they had planted a paloverde tree. A paloverde tree is a desert tree with green bark on it, which is why it’s called the green stick of pole tree. It doesn’t have leaves, it has spines, which is characteristic of desert vegetation. Leaves evaporate too much and they don’t make well in desert climates. So where was this very pretty little tree, and at that season it was covered with kind of butter-coloured little blossoms, prettiest damn thing you ever saw.

He waved his cane at the paloverde tree, and he said, ‘Architecture is a little bit like that paloverde tree coming into bloom.’ and I said, ‘Is that really what architecture is, Mr Wright?’ I don’t know when I’ve felt so disappointed. He said, ‘Yeah, it’s sort of like that, it’s like this wonderful new tree coming into bloom.’ Then he wandered off, swinging his cane, heading for his next victim, whenever he could pick one up. And then he stopped suddenly, very abruptly, and turned around and he said, ‘Well George, it isn’t exactly like a paloverde tree coming into bloom. It’s more like a boy falling in love with a girl or a girl falling in love with a boy.’

Nelson, George. “The Paloverde Tree.” in Frank Lloyd Wright: Recollections by Those Who Knew Him, e, Edgar Tafel (New York: Dover Publications. 2001).



fig.94 - Fuller, Bryan. ‘Pielette,’ from Pushing Daisies. ABC, 2007.

The Church of Latter Night's Love

“This might not end happily ever after, you know. Statistically, that is. Half of marriages end in divorce nowadays. And I count two of you so, well, do the math. That’s why I built this place, since you’ve asked. I saw too many kids jump up and cuss to it. They got married and, well, where are they at now? Hmm.

You see, there wasn’t anything I could do to convince them not too. Not in any polite way anyway, not that they’d listen. Sure enough they’d figure it out themselves. Whether it be before or after the ‘I do’s.’ Once it was right there at the altar! Ha! Can you imagine? Our worst fears make for the best stories, funny how that is.

As I was saying, they’d figure it out themselves. So that’s why I built this. I call it *The Church of Latter Night’s Love*, catchy, right? I figured because love, it seems, is either intensified by dawn, or it’s snuffed out. At least that’s how I’ve felt.

Anyway, the church is pretty simple really. Just an isle and an altar at the end. Nothing too special, really. Except, that is, that it might take you a long, long time to get to the altar. I’m not precisely sure of the extent. It didn’t always, started out small. That was 30, some odd years ago now. Jeez, I guess you might say we’ve made it the distance, haven’t we hon? Haha hallelujah! Spent every day and most night’s with her, just building one step at a time. Don’t even remember the last time I made it to the altar. Whew.

Anyway, you feel free to head on in, put yourselves to the test. You can tell the ones that do and the ones that can’t. Sometimes she’ll come back out first, others it’ll be him. Sometimes they’ll come out together but, you can tell. Oh, I’ll tell you. It’s just that I can’t quite remember how they end. Hmm. Here, let me tell you anyway:

Charlotte and Charles were together four years and everyday she said 'I love you,' she said they 'wanted to grow old together,' she said, 'we don't want a big thing, no crowd, no fancy filigree, nor something blue. Just you.' And so they went on into The Church of Latter Night's Love.

They stood together at the entrance, she said 'I love you,' like a million times before. In they went, two smooth walls and a floor. They took the first left then another and another and another. On and on and on.

'It's right around the next corner!' She said of the last hundred. They were so close it's neon golden spire peeking from above the wall to their right though the path leans left so far away. There it is now, if you squint, away off in the distance back and to the left, backwards. 'Ugh, not forwards.' Turning: Twisting, growing and shrinking. 'Forwards!' Not backwards, upwards. Not forward and forever twirling and twisting and turning and

A light at the end of the tunnel. At last the golden altar of the church shining bright through the gloom of these two dread walls. And as the walls receded and the golden hall filled their vision. They smacked into a transparent surface. . .

. . .The thick glass thuds when they slam their fists into it, knuckles bloody in a rage. And they sit quietly together for a while. Taking off their shoes to rub their sore feet.

What about the kids and a home, waltzing together washing the dishes. Growing old to look like that couple who've grown old together, basically one person. Sitting home on a Thursday night in an easy quiet. They'd have nothing left to discuss and it was good.

They knocked on the glass, hoping someone would listen to them soon.

. . . Falling to the floor they laughed and laughed and laughed. They stayed down with their mouths on each for a while.

The floor became cracked and fragmented under their feet. With every step it crunched. With every turn the path became narrower and narrower, deeper and deeper. Chrunch. Until they were squeezed in one after the other. Chrunch.

Had it been hours or days that had passed? They wondered as they emerged into a courtyard, in the middle stood The Church of Latter Night's Love.

A mirror stood placed in the wall opposite the altar. They stood in front of that for a while. They saw who they were, who they are and what might they become.

Someone was knocking from the other side.

Funnily enough they were called Romeo and Juliette. They didn't know this, their mouths had been on and in one another's yet had hardly spoken.

There was so much they did not know. A favorite food, a personal story, the color of their eyes, the stench of her farts, the ungodly length of time he took to get up in the morning. Their lives, their jobs, which, funnily enough he did know rocket science and she did know brain surgery.

But it was electric. And so they went on to The Church of Latter Night's Love.

She also told him she didn't want this. The music was too loud for him to hear.

They ran fleet footed and entered the church, they took the first left and round and round and round they went. As they turned each corner they squealed with glee as surprise, surprise the Church was not there.

It was nearly sunrise now and The Church's spire bedazzled in the morning sunlight. They themselves were bedazzled too when, an innocuous turn revealed The Church's doors. They ran down the isle in a hurry and when their noses slammed into a transparent surface. . .

Their names could have
been anything and there was nothing
particularly special about them.

It's the first story in a
dozen little moments experienced
a hundred times in a thousand
different ways told in a million more
stories to a billion people.

And they weren't ready,
nobody ever is, they'd get through
it together nonetheless. And so they
went on to The Church of Latter
Night's Love.

They turned the right way.
It is, after all, the only way.

Each turn is a moment,
each moment is a memory. One is
the beginning, some are good and
silly some are bad and awkward, and
one is the end. They won't know
how good it is until then.

A touch on the arm,
dancing round the corner, a wink,
her soft hair, his crooked smile, a
laugh, cocoons erupt in their gut.

They walked slowly down
the isle. With bated breath, hand
in each. Each step reverberated
throughout their whole body. It's one
of those moments. They stopped
just shy of a transparent surface.
They brushed against it as you might
a spider's web. . .

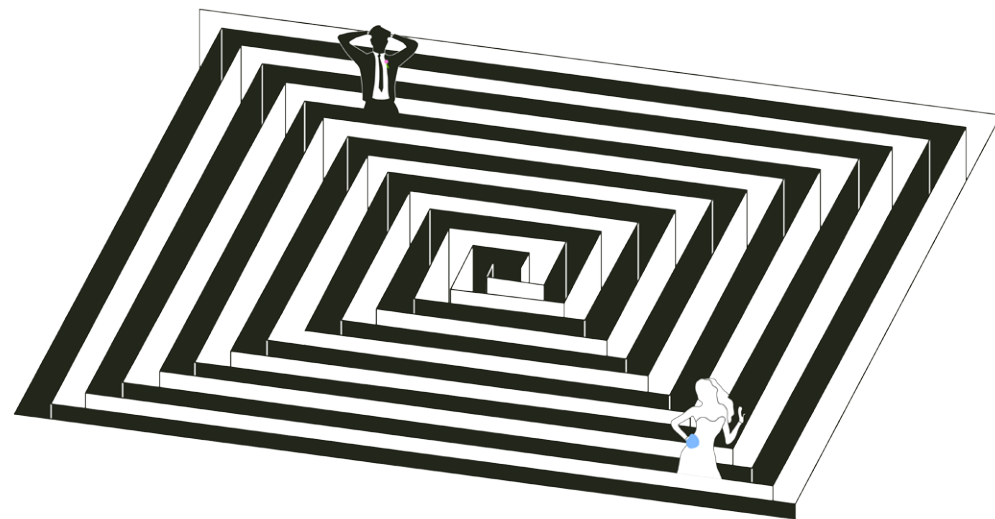
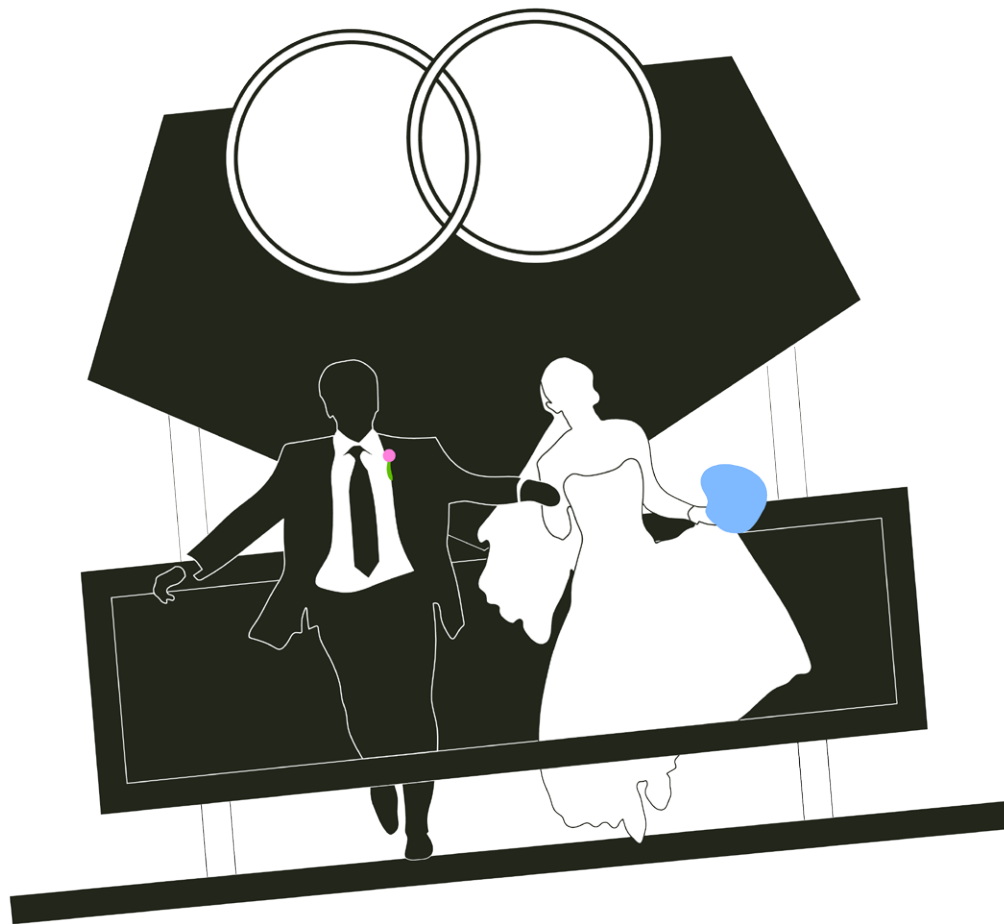
. . . They knocked the beat of their song to the other side.

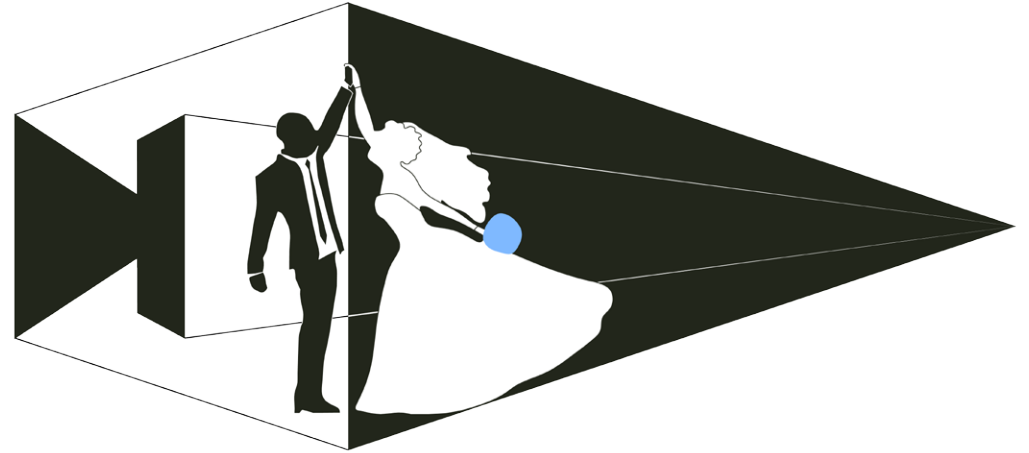
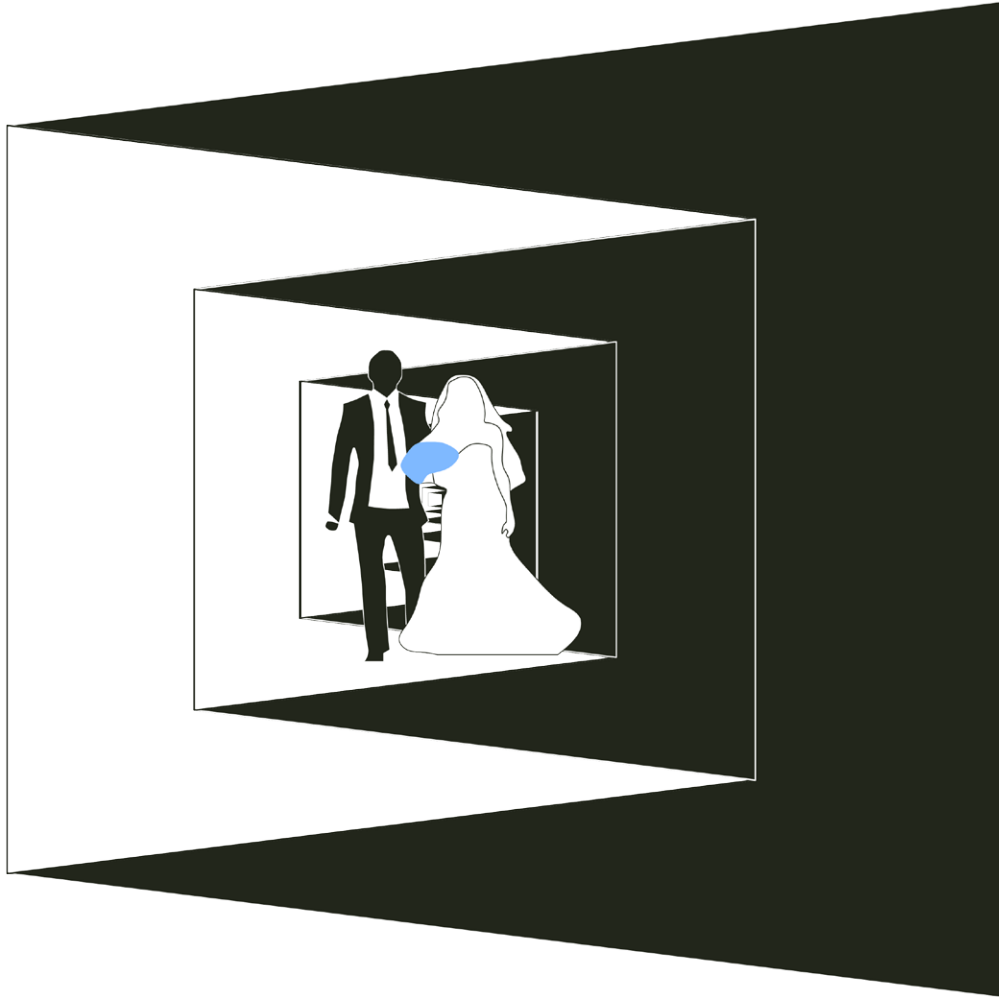
Giddy, the feeling prolonged, they continued on down the cracked floor. Side by side they walked down the narrow isle and when the path became too narrow they walked sideways so they were still together. Until they entered the courtyard of the Church of Latter Night's Love. It began to rain.

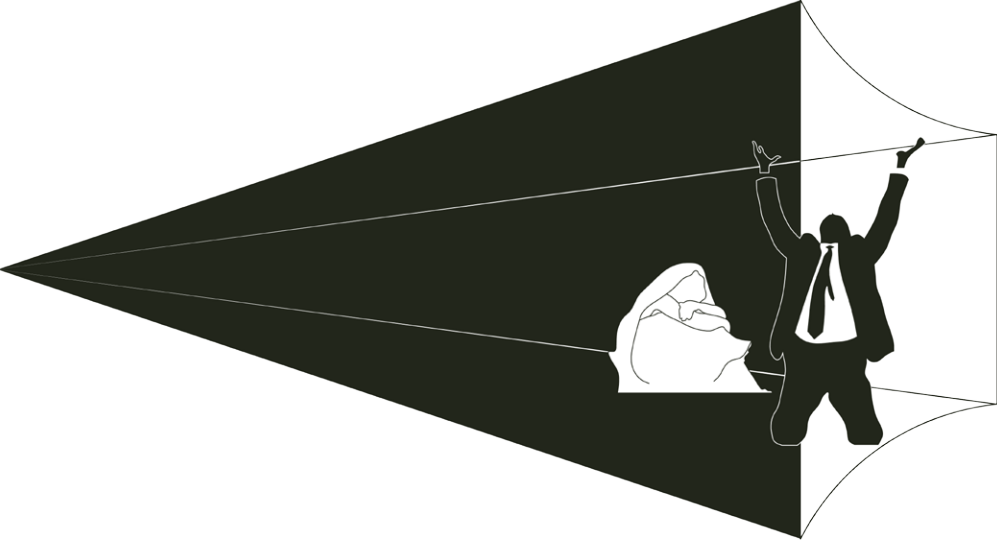
Quickly now to the altar, a small dim space of gold and blue. And at the altar stood who they thought might have been Betty White but probably just a damn good celebrity impersonator.

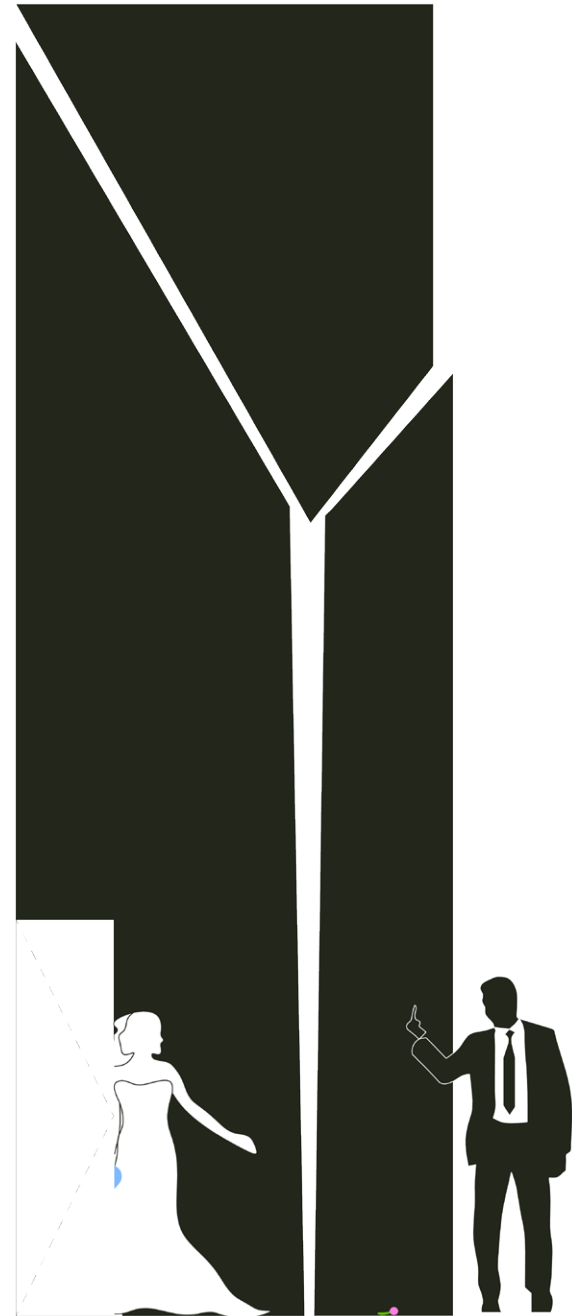
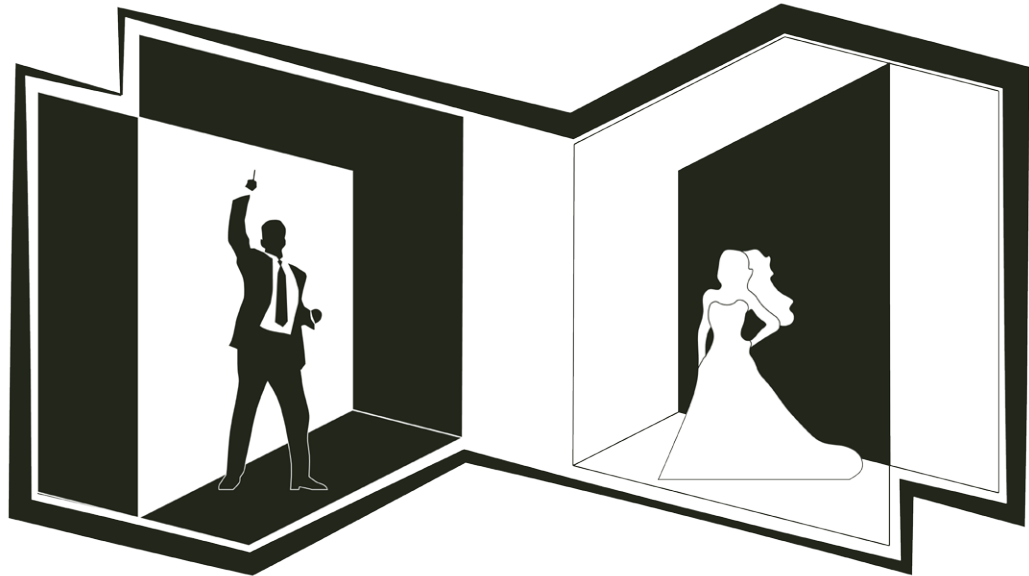
They said their vows, they kissed.

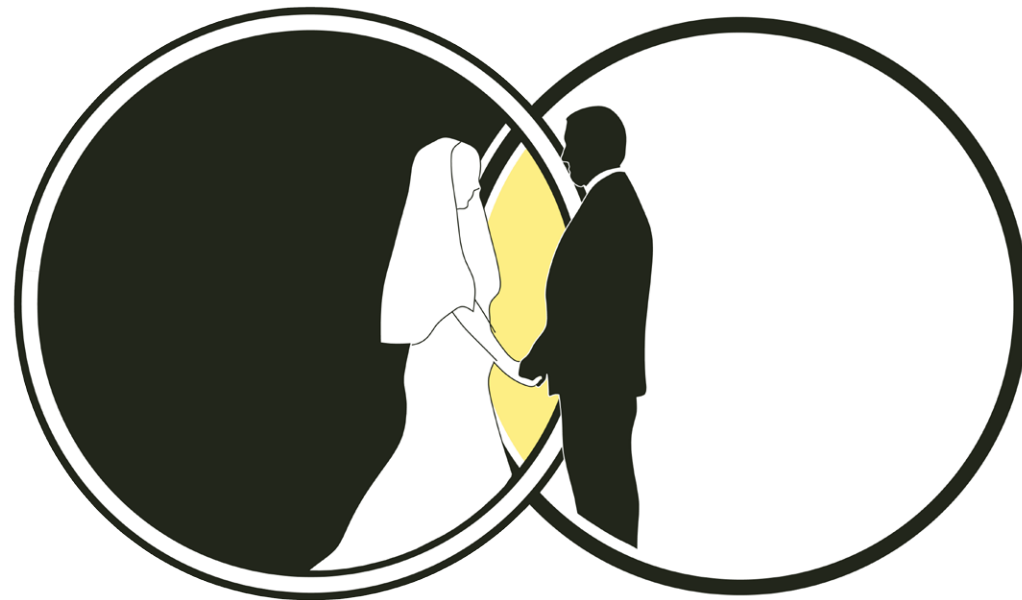
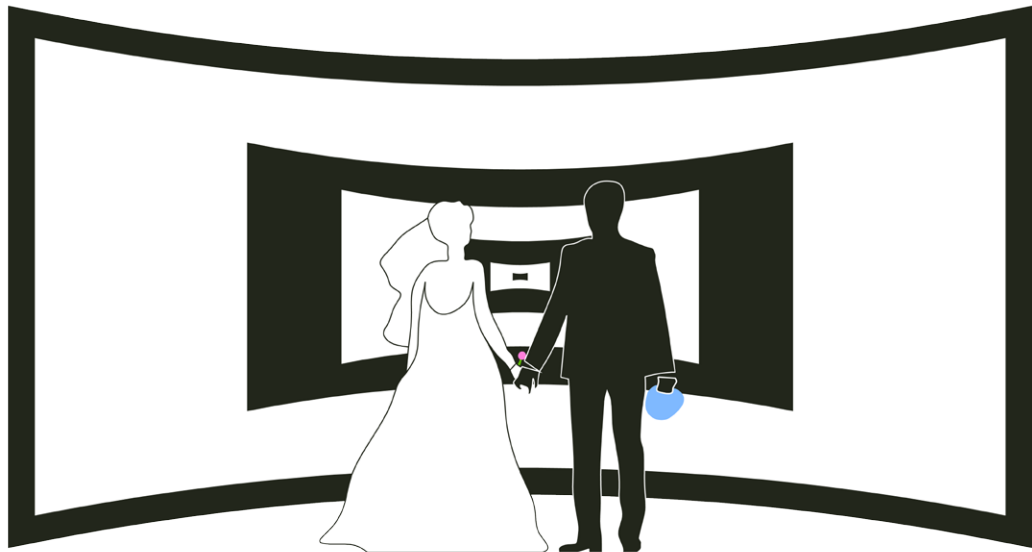
And till death do they parted, they indeed lived happily ever after."













MUSEUM OF ANTHROPOLOGY (?)

The site of Arthur Erikson's Museum of Anthropology is one with layered and subversive timelines in architecture. The Haida longhouses and totem poles out back may seem to be ancient relics of the site. They are in fact the newest, built under the direction of Bill Reid. The second most recent, and most significant addition is Erikson's museum itself. Which is partially built atop of WWII canon emplacements. And although the guns are long removed, their memory still takes aim straight at Reid's Haida houses.

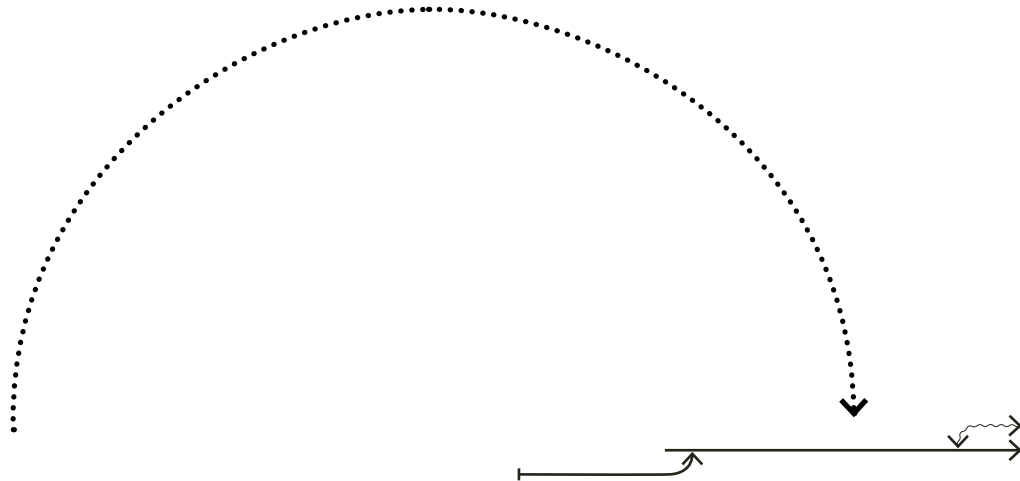


fig. 107 - Museum of Anthropology (2018), Google.

ARBUTUS CORRIDOR (?)

Spanning 8.5km, the arbutus corridor as a means to get freight trains into the heart of Vancouver. Upon it's closing, the corridor lay dormant for many years. Until recently it began a new life as a recreational path from Fraser River to False Creek. Although functionally sufficient, the intervention can be classified easily as 'half assed.' The future of the corridor is much debated upon.

It also contains a condition of ideal and cacophony. The path itself a pristine stretch of tarmac. Buffeted on both sides by impending vegetation, ad hoc craft projects, porta potties, mini libraries, and plotted gardens.

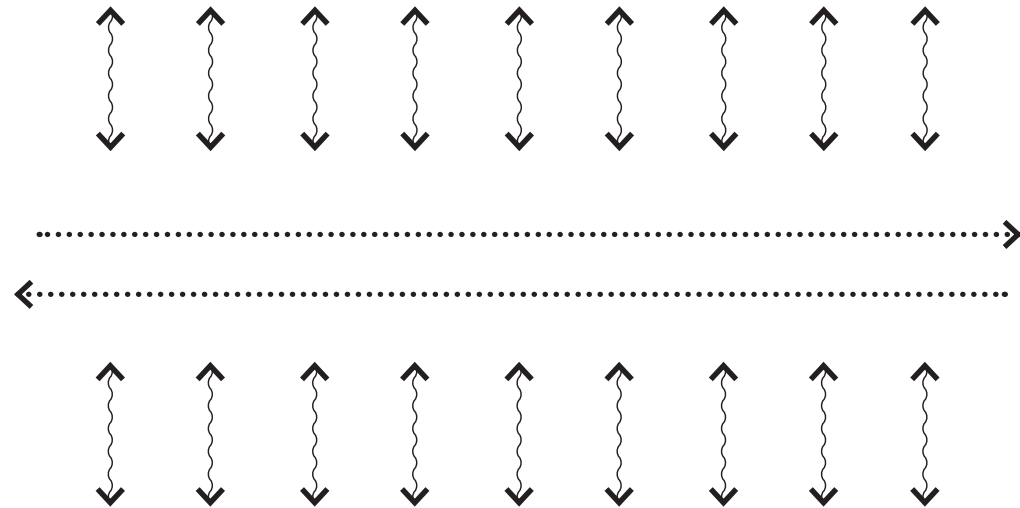


fig.109 - Arbutus Corridor (2018), Google.

MAPLEWOOD MUDFLATS (?)

The Maplewood mudflats where once home to a ramshackle group of artists, writers and hippie types. Now it's western sandpipers, dozens of other birds and the occasional mollusque. It's identity is ever shifting. It's not quite water, not quite land. And always: the tide goes in, the tides comes out.

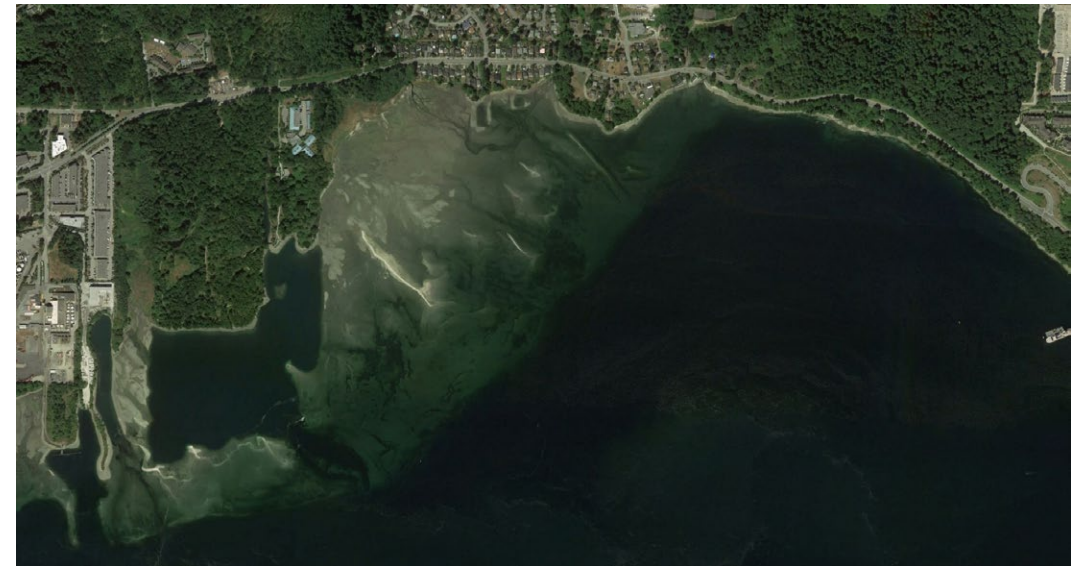
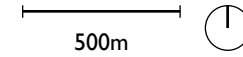
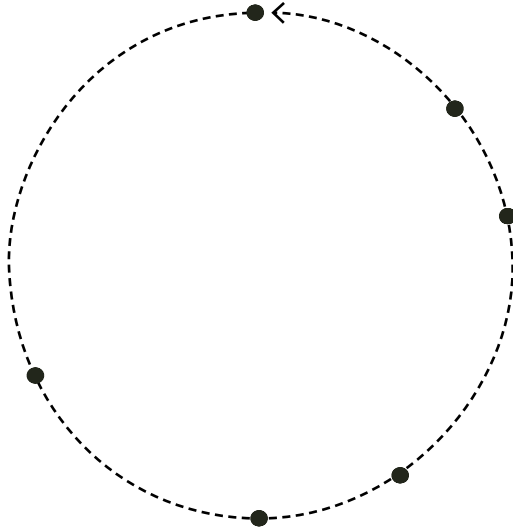


fig. III - Maplewood Mudflats (2018), Google.

WEST 10TH AVE (?)

Built in yesteryears as UBC's hunting lodge. This house has stood on it's site for more than 100 years. From that storied past, it's known history only extends for the past 4 years, since I've occupied it. In that short time it's become the site of several police visits, a small fire, garden parties, loves gained and lost, a place of refuge, a place of anxiety, mysteries mystified, and, notably, a zoo.

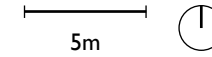


fig.113 - West 10th Ave (2018), Google.

Mosque CATHEDRAL OF CORDOBA (?)

The Mosque was built on the ruin of a small Visigoth church in 784. Conceived as a large open room, arranged in a series of isles facing, of course, towards Mecca. Over the next 500 years the mosque was expanded. An enclosed courtyard garden was added, walls with minarets and sanctuaries were added to its periphery, and in the body the isles were extended to the south and east. The space seemed almost infinite, the isles receding into the far off distance. This was a happy and easy dialog between architects, extending the existing with a minimum of changes to the type.

And then the Christians came along. They took over the church and were all fine with it for a couple hundred years until, in a real 'fuck you' move, smashed a whole Cathedral right into the centre of the mosque. Didn't even do them the service of destroying the thing. Instead they defiled the pure rhythm of the isles. It's like having rock & roll bit in the middle of Mozart's requiem.

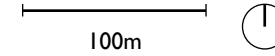
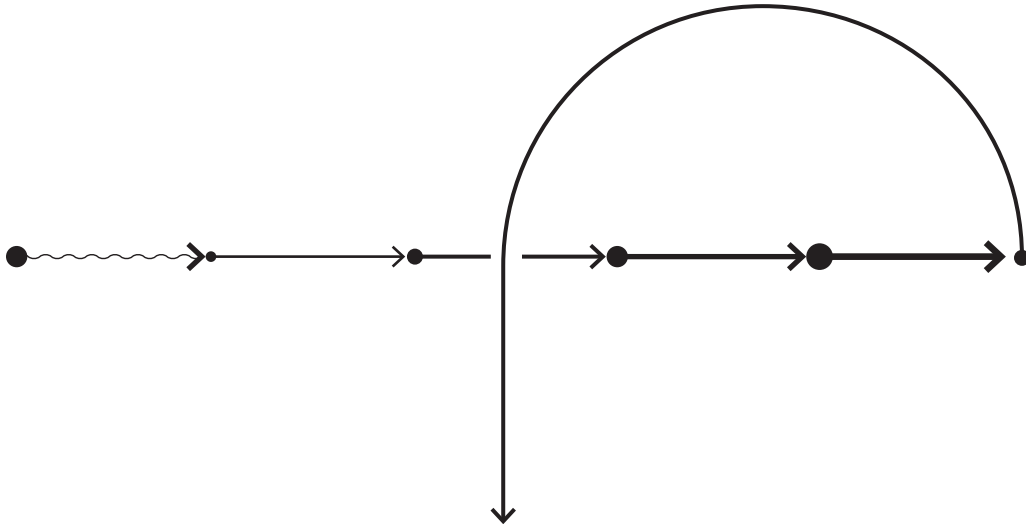


fig.115 - Mosque-Cathedral of Cordoba (2018), Google.

THE IDEAL CITY (?)

This painting depicts the ideal perhaps because for their depiction of a just and ordered society of good governance, its perfected mathematical harmony, the unity of beautiful parts to make a whole. Just as true, it may be ideal because there are no people to spoil the view.

The Ideal City, to me, depicts a deep-seated fear rendered unto space. Has plague swept through the city, embracing all in the quick kiss of death? Has Hannibal reached the gates, sending man, woman and child running in fear for the hills with nothing but the clothes on their backs? What lies inside of that central building, its door slightly ajar. An invitation of salvation or for malice?

The Renaissance architects were so concerned with their perfected perspective, one might wonder where, exactly, do the ideal cities become unideal. Is it one step to the side or ten? Is the intention to show an ideal city, or are they akin to the wild western towns built for the golden age of Hollywood. Little more than a facade.

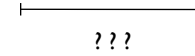


fig.117 - Ideal City (1470), Luciano Laurana or Melozzo da Forlì or Piero della Francesca but maybe Francesco di Giorgio Martini.

**Thus concludes
Part I. . .**

**Rewritten:
The Living City**

“[the] **goals** [of this thesis] **are stunningly ambitious.**”

We want to **rethink** the place we call home. The **architecture** of our world. The way we **connect**. The way we **work**. The way we **shop**. The way we **travel**. The way we **exercise**. The way we **eat** and what we eat. The way we **meet** friends. The way we **love**.

The way we **listen** to and what we listen to. The way we **learn** and are **inspired**. The way we **create, experiment** and **explore**. The way we **see** and try new things. The way we enjoy **beauty**. How we **experience** nature. The **culture** we are a part of. The **footprint** we leave – **the way we live life.**”

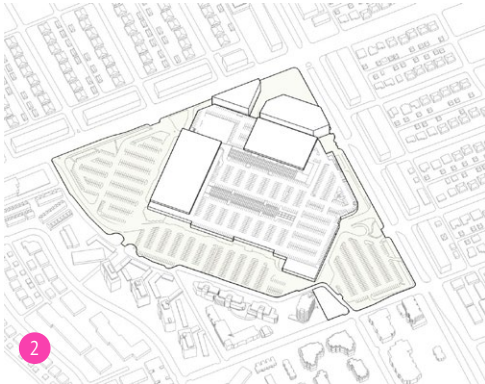
Gillespie, Ian. Oakridge Vancouver, Westbank, www.oakridgevancouver.ca/living-city.



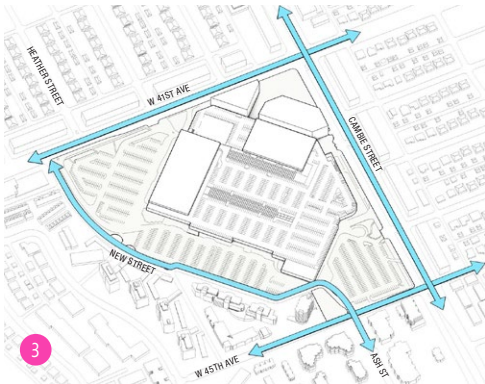
fig.118 – The Living City. Westbank + author.



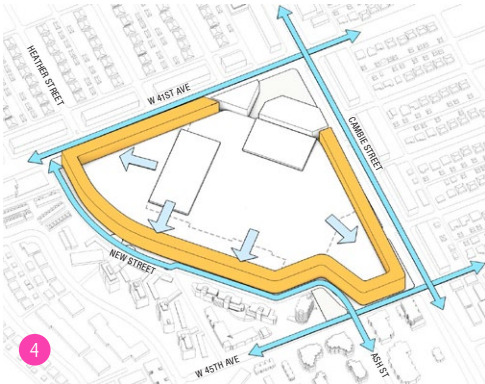
1948. A dirty, filthy forest within the city grid.



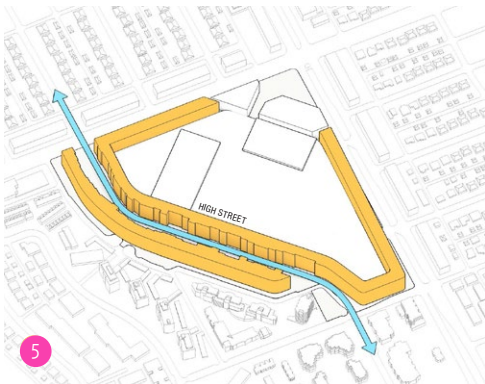
1950-1980. Now with parking to spare.



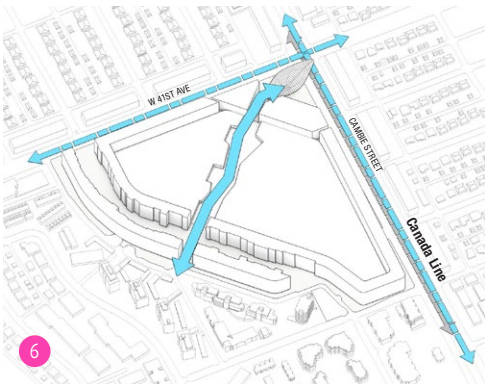
Introduction of a new street to establish important blue arrows, which are important because they are blue.



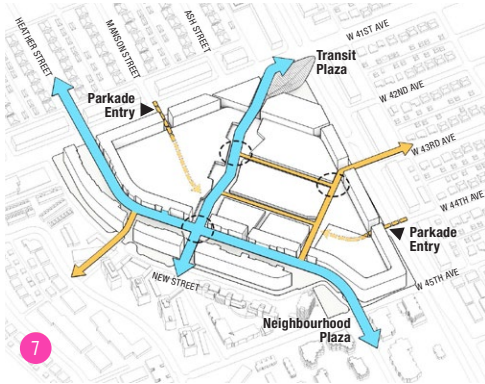
Establish a mini-me Trump wall, keep the important blue arrows around just for kicks.



Double up our defences, no risks taken.



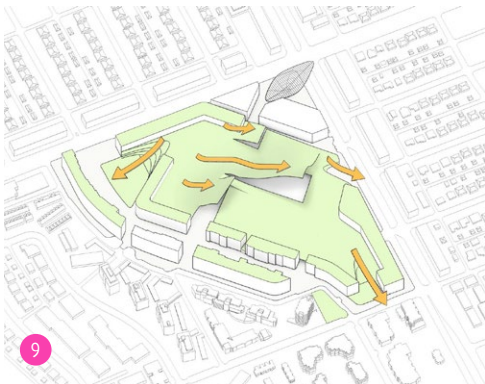
Funnel the plebs straight through, in and out.



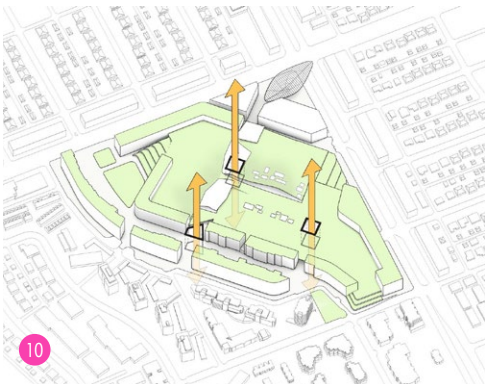
Add ambiguous yellow arrows, to establish important blue arrows more important.



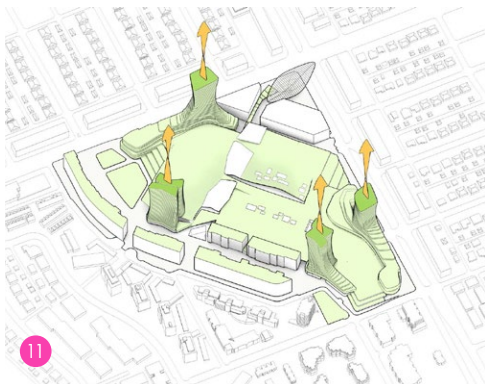
Cover it all with a warm, cozy blanket.



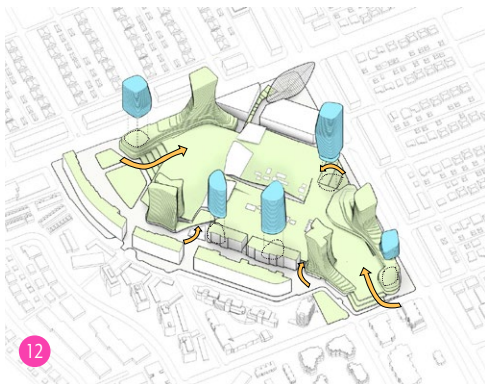
Cut holes in the warm, cozy blanket.



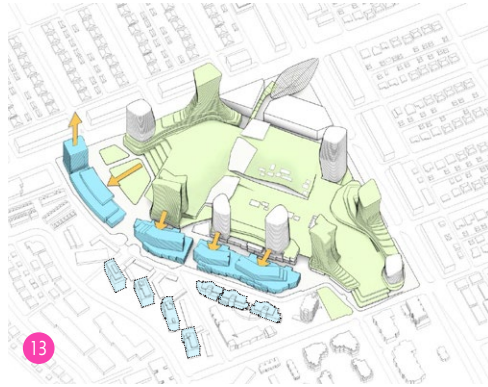
Cut 'rapture holes' so we may ascend when we are inevitably called up to meet our lord and savior.



Erect, with a twist.



Add additional erections.



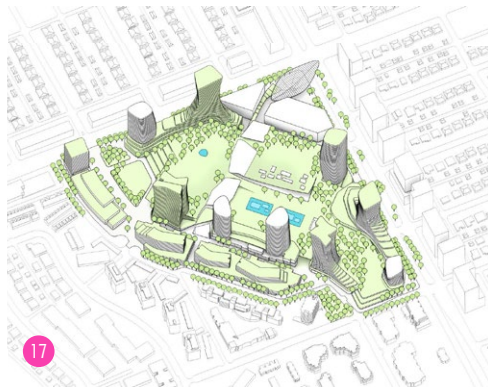
13

Push the plebs back again.



15

Displace just as we already have done to the plebs.



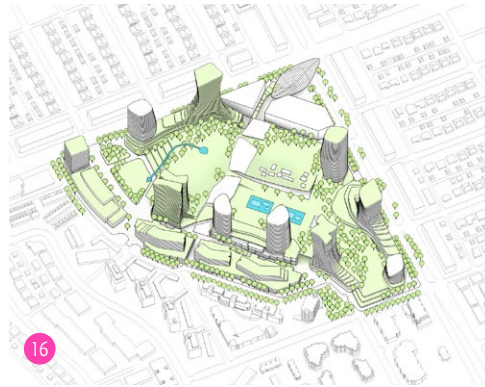
17

Thus you have an Ideal City



14

Add many green lollipops.



16

As the poacher hunts the rare black rhino at the watering hole on the African Savannah, so too may you, from your own balcony.

fig.118 - 134 - Oakridge
Diagrams 1-17, Henriquez
Architects + author.

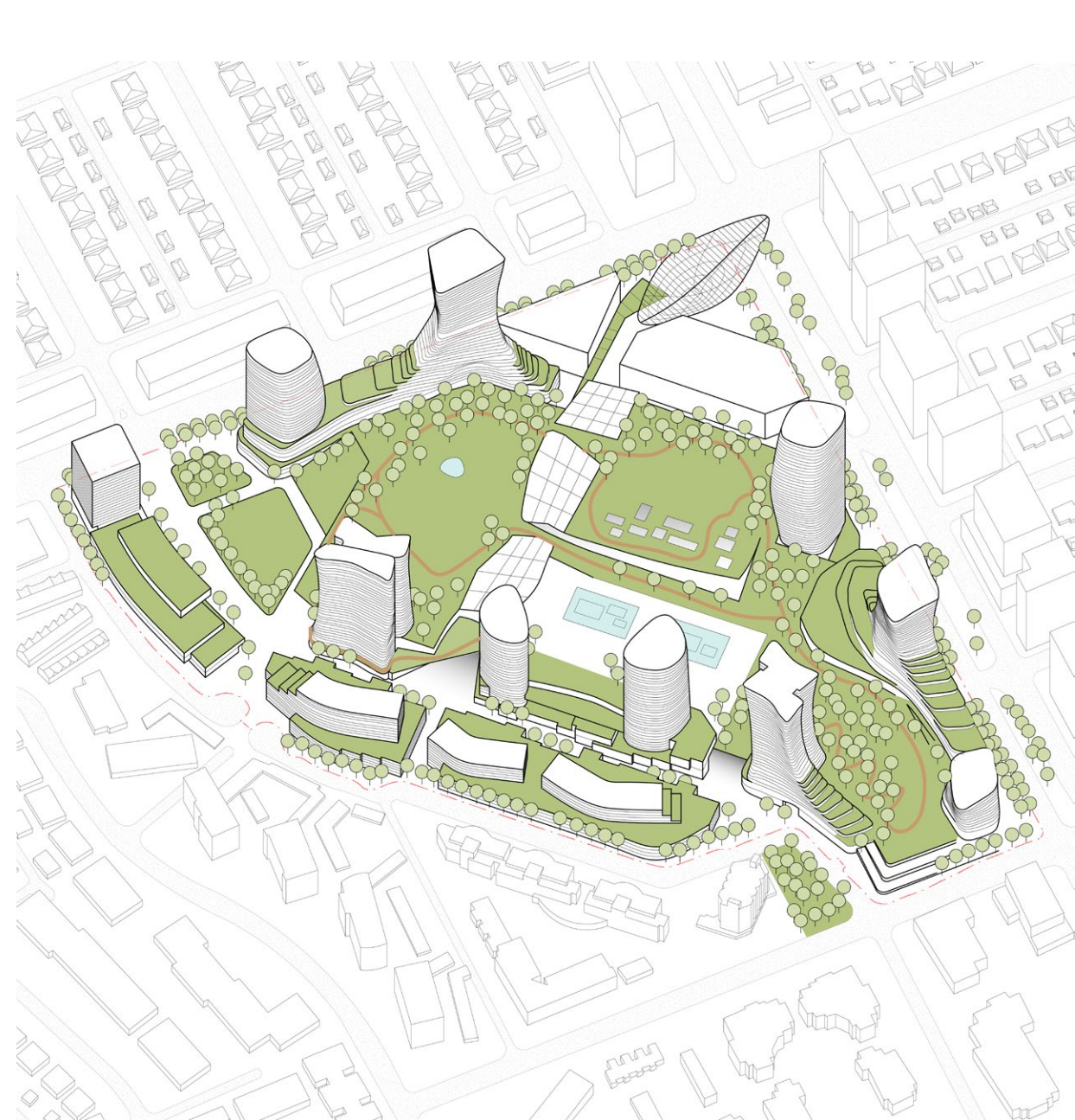


fig.135- Oakridge Oblique, author.



fig.136 - Amalgamated Program Diagram, author.

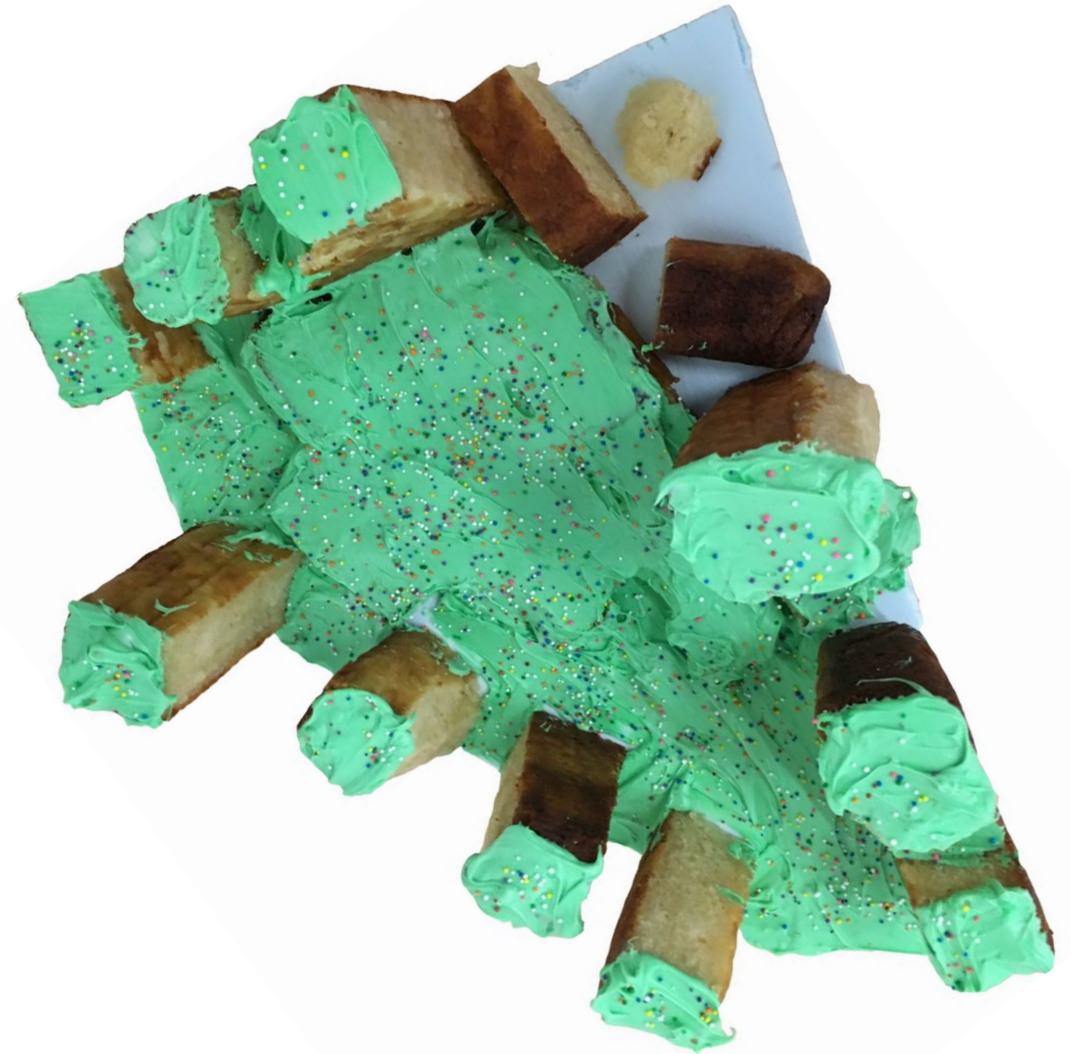


fig.137 - Oakridge Cake, author.

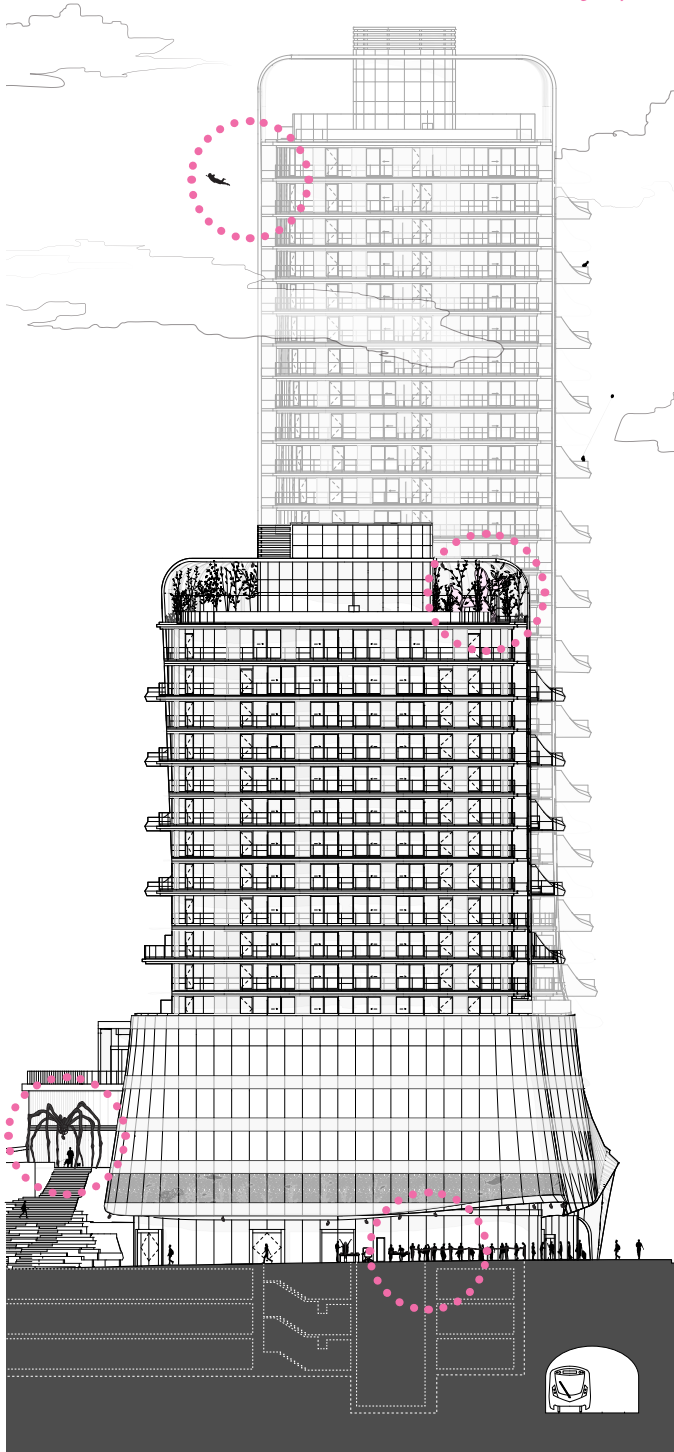
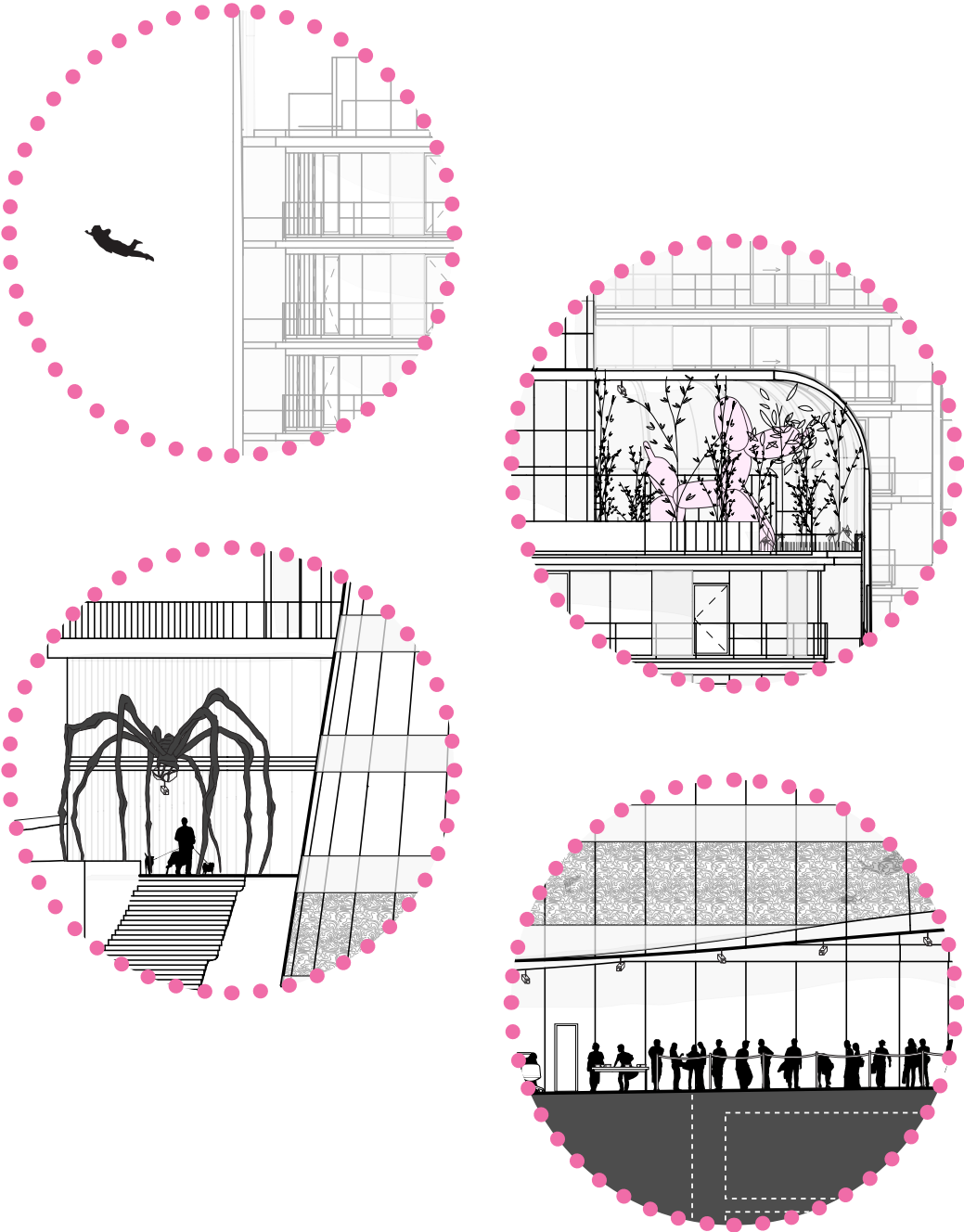


fig138 - Elevation, author.

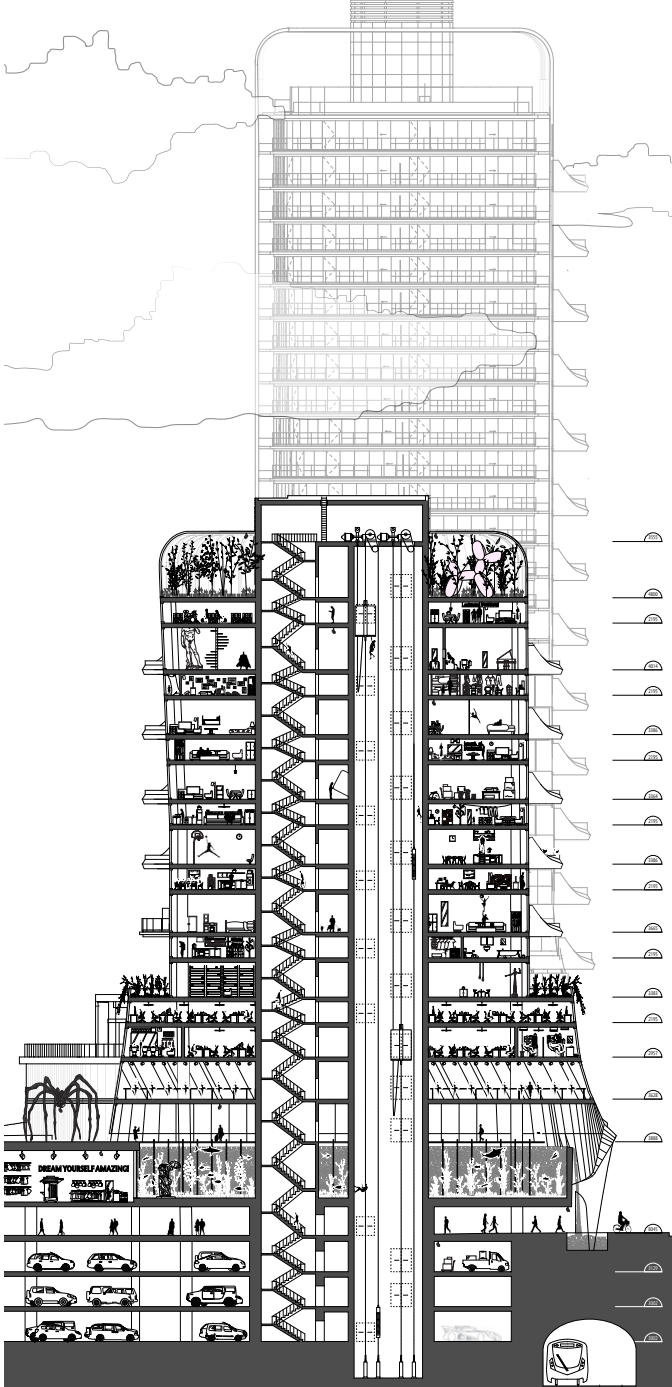
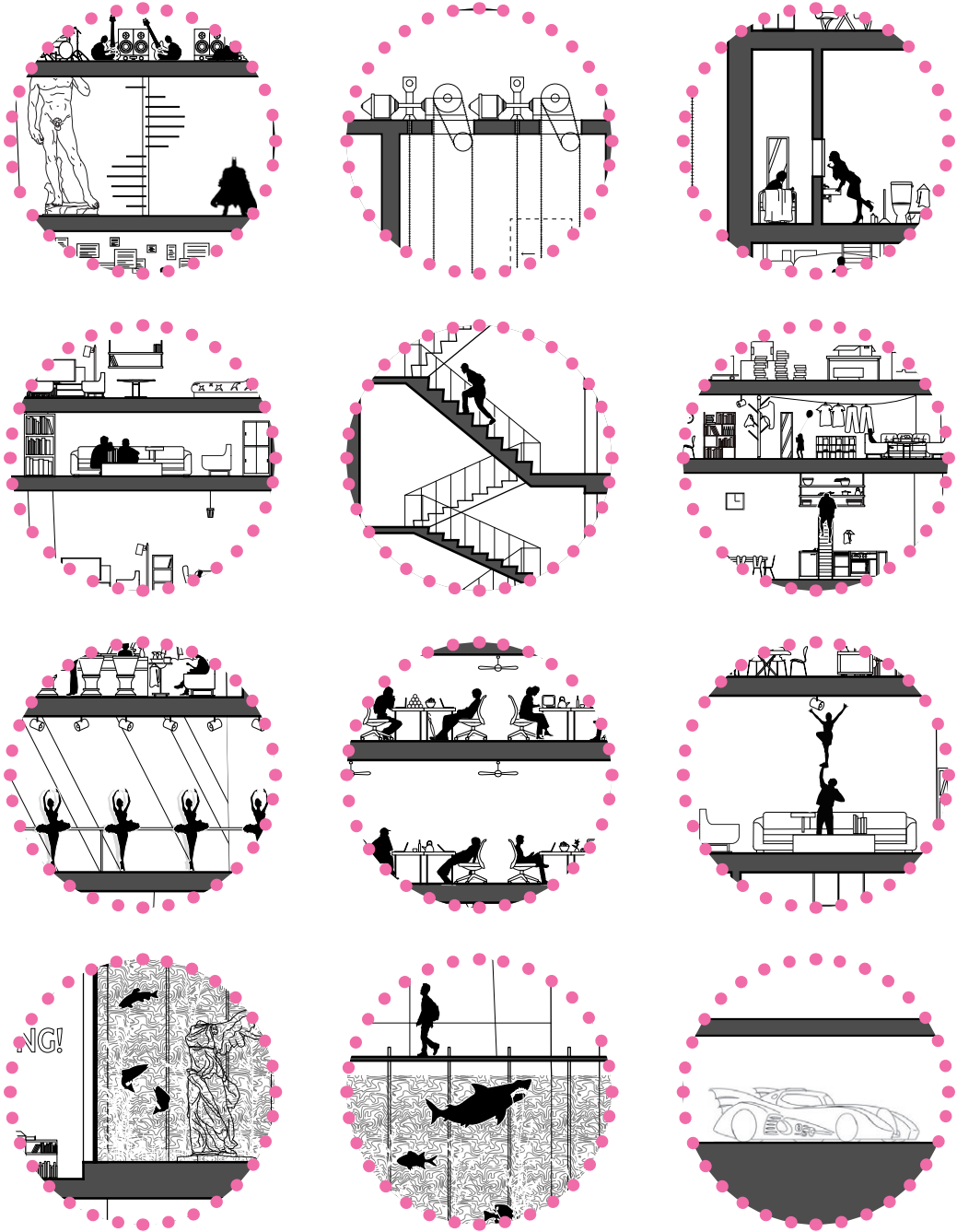


fig.139 - Section, author.

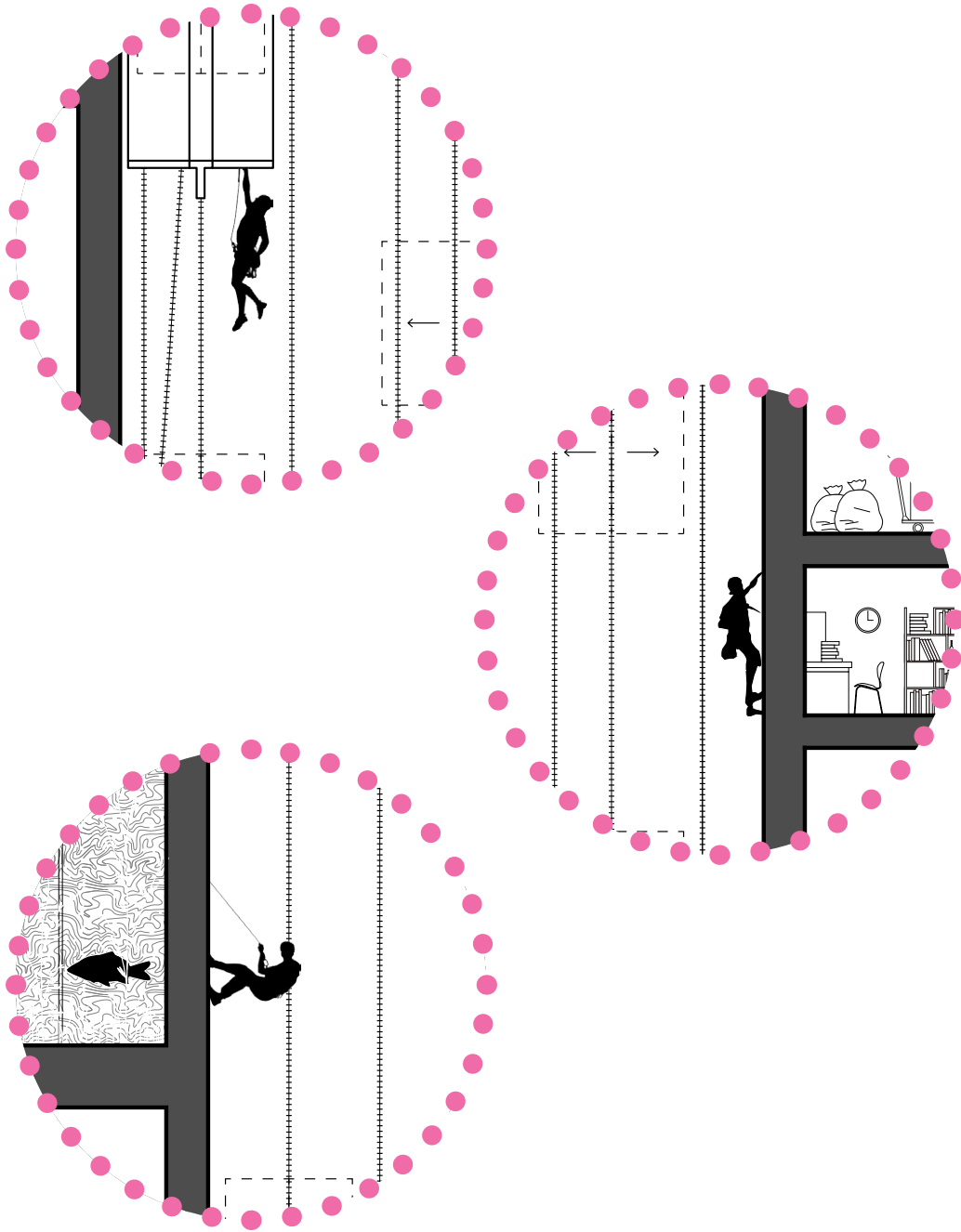


fig140 - Golden Concrete Sample, author.

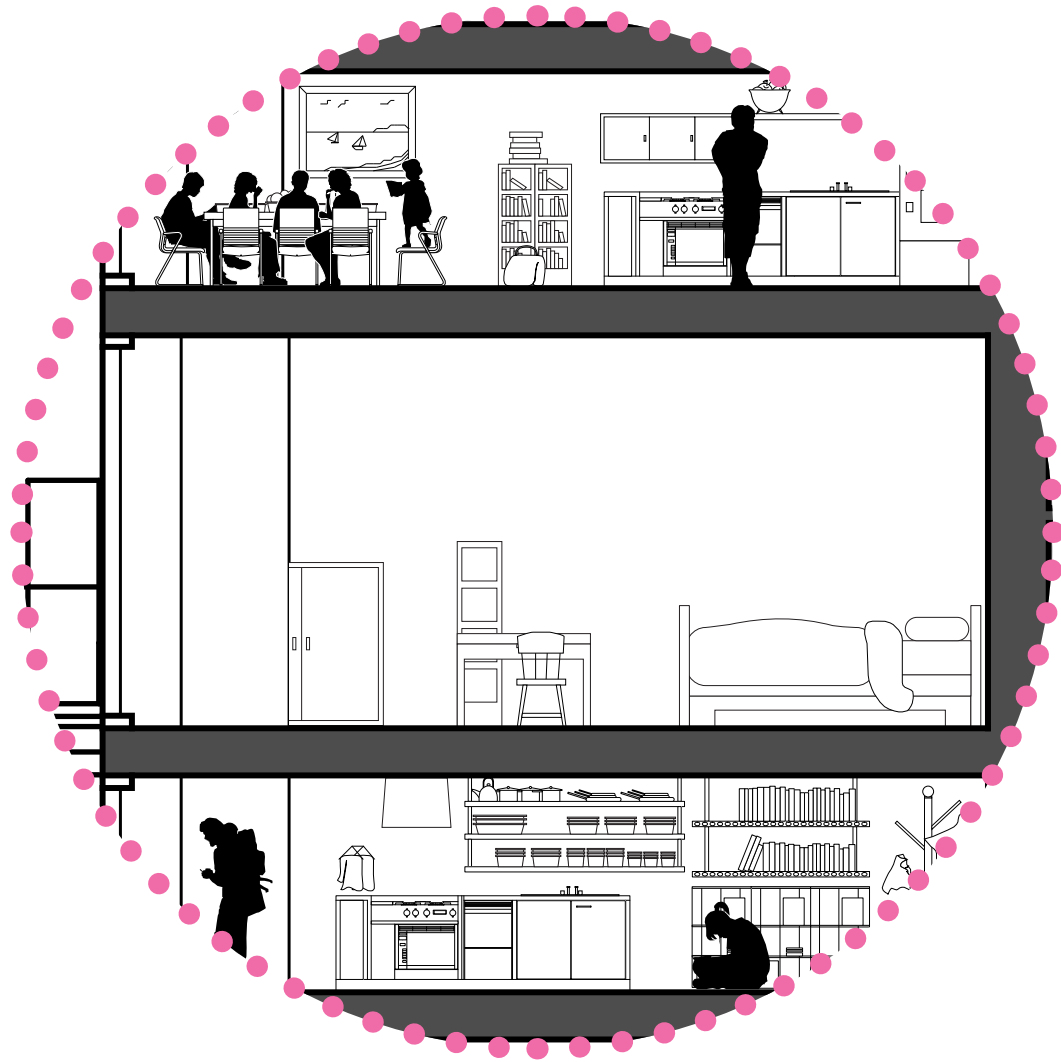


fig.141 - One Light, Westbank + author.

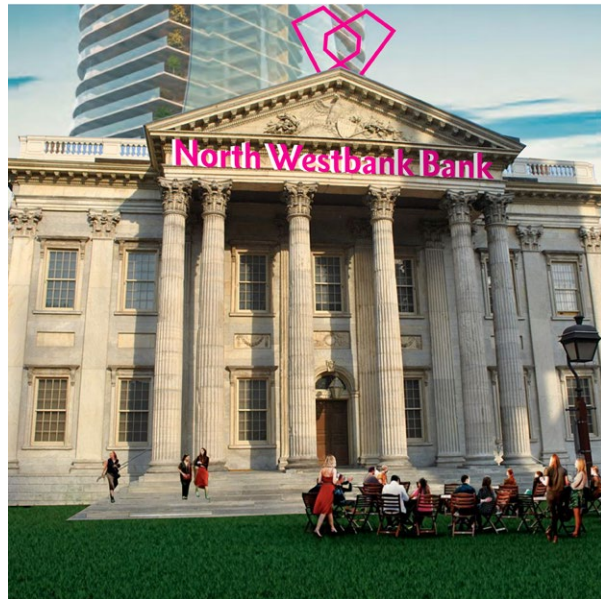


fig142 - North Westbank Bank, Westbank + author.



fig144 - South Westbank Bank, Westbank + author.



fig143 - East Westbank Bank, Westbank + author.



fig145 - West Westbank Bank, Westbank + author.

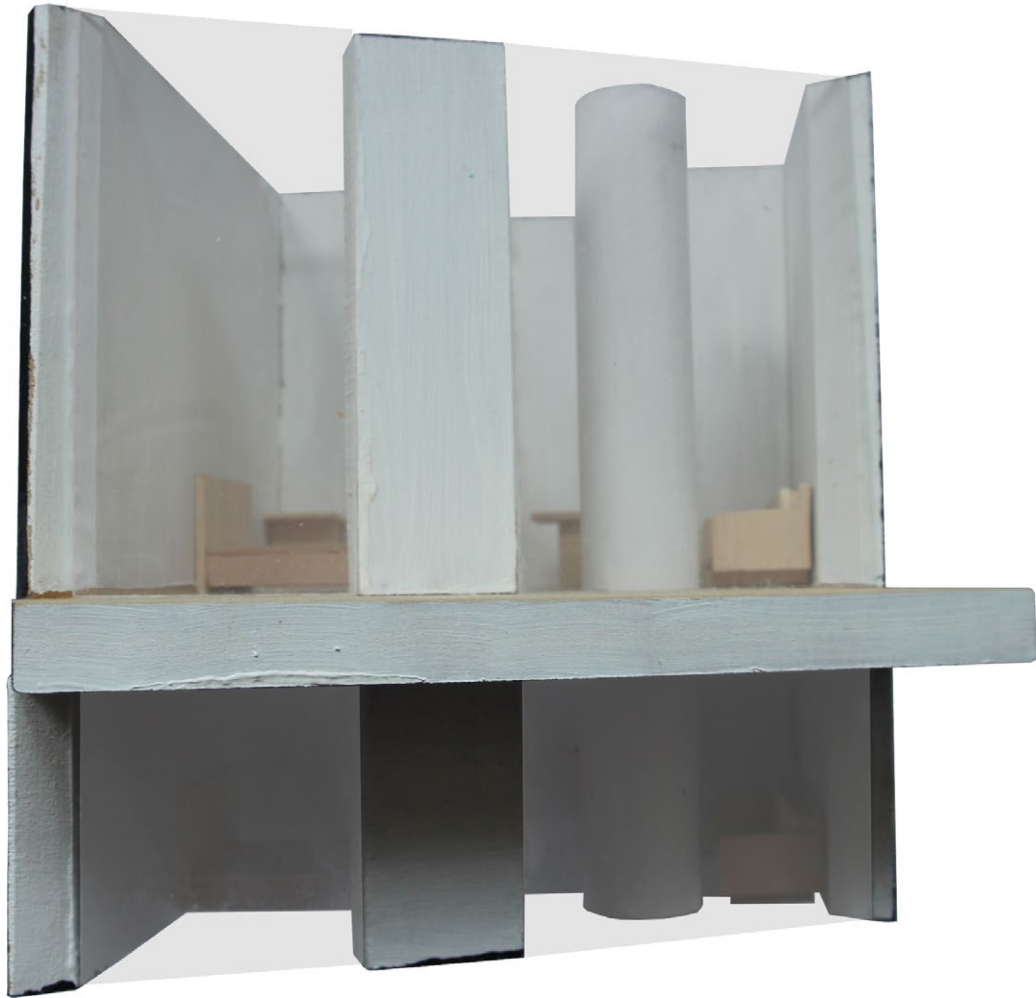


fig146 - Whole / Half Economia Casa, author.



fig147 - Whole Economia Casa, author.



fig148 - Half Economia Casa, author.



fig149 - Economia 06, Westbank + author.

Economia 06
One Bedroom + Sanctuary
627 Square Feet

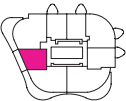
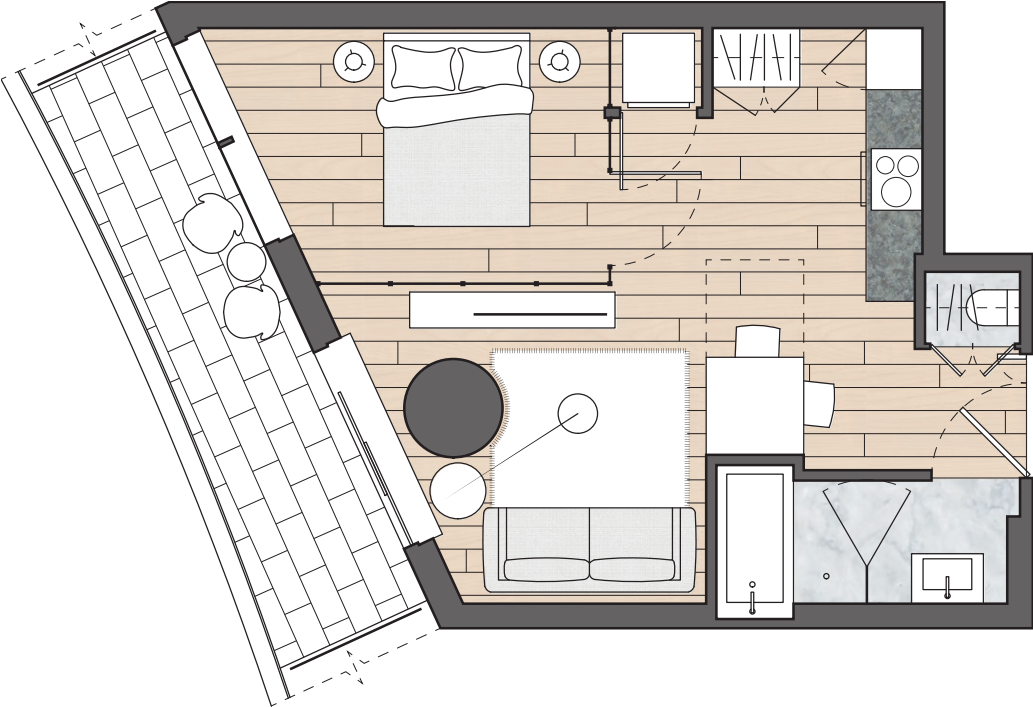


fig150 - Economia 06 Plan, author.

DIMENSIONS, SIZES, SPECIFICATIONS, RENDERINGS, LAYOUTS AND MATERIALS ARE APPROXIMATE ONLY AND/SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. INTERIOR SQUARE FOOTAGE IS COMBINED WITH BALCONY SQUARE FOOTAGE AND INCLUDED IN TOTAL ADVERTISED SQUARE FOOTAGE OF THE HOMES. EXTERIOR WALLS AND GLAZING, BALCONY CONFIGURATIONS, FASCIA, GUARDRAILS, SCREENS AND FAÇADE PANEL LOCATIONS ARE APPROXIMATE AND VARY IN AREA AND EXTEND DEPENDING ON THE HOME. PLEASE ASK A SALES REPRESENTATIVE FOR DETAILS. E&O. E.

“Homes will not have a balcony, but a Sanctuary – a private cocoon, sheltered from weather yet open to the views the best place to entertain. . . the result is so unique and revolutionary that we are applying for an industrial design registration and assessing the patentability of the design.”



fig151 - Casa 03 Coop, Westbank + author.

Casa 03
One Bedroom + Sanctuary
666 Square Feet

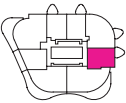
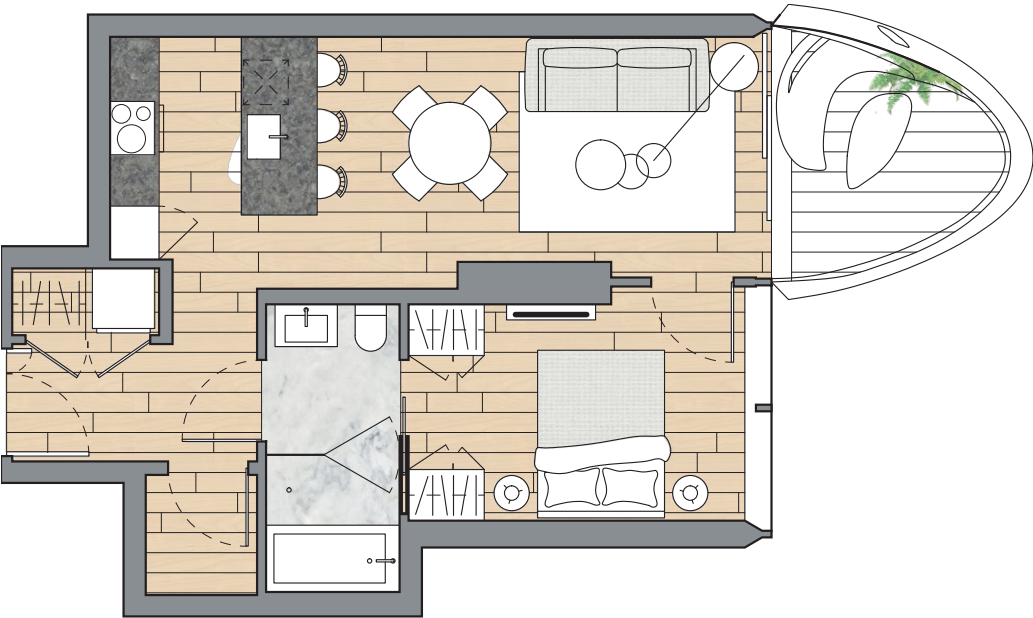


fig152 - Casa 03 Plan, author.

DIMENSIONS, SIZES, SPECIFICATIONS, RENDERINGS, LAYOUTS AND MATERIALS ARE APPROXIMATE ONLY AND/SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. INTERIOR SQUARE FOOTAGE IS COMBINED WITH BALCONY SQUARE FOOTAGE AND INCLUDED IN TOTAL ADVERTISED SQUARE FOOTAGE OF THE HOMES. EXTERIOR WALLS AND GLAZING, BALCONY CONFIGURATIONS, FASCIA, GUARDRAILS, SCREENS AND FAÇADE PANEL LOCATIONS ARE APPROXIMATE AND VARY IN AREA AND EXTEND DEPENDING ON THE HOME. PLEASE ASK A SALES REPRESENTATIVE FOR DETAILS. E&O. E.

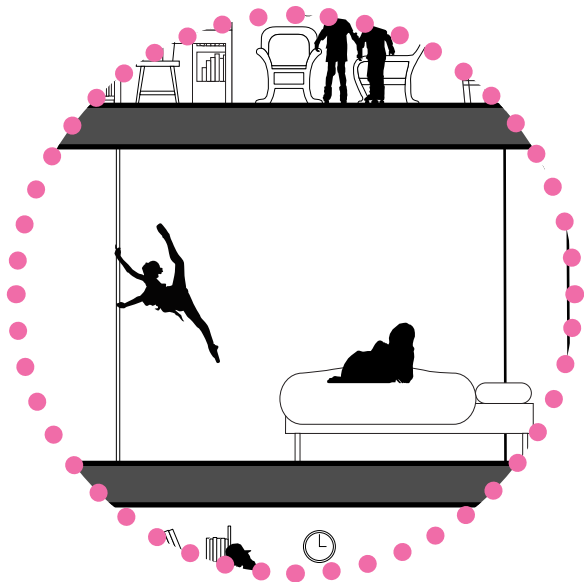


fig153 - Laurea Breve 02, Westbank + author.

Laurea Breve 02
One Bedroom + Sanctuary
627 Square Feet

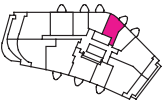
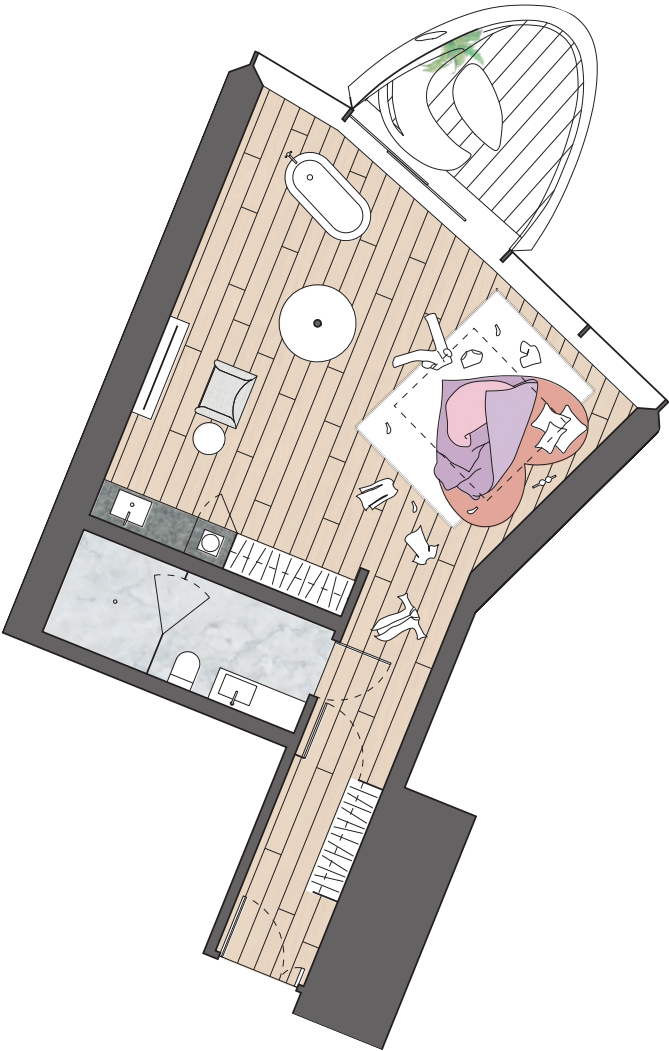


fig154 - Casa 03 Plan, author.

DIMENSIONS, SIZES, SPECIFICATIONS, RENDERINGS, LAYOUTS AND MATERIALS ARE APPROXIMATE ONLY AND/SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. INTERIOR SQUARE FOOTAGE IS COMBINED WITH BALCONY SQUARE FOOTAGE AND INCLUDED IN TOTAL ADVERTISED SQUARE FOOTAGE OF THE HOMES. EXTERIOR WALLS AND GLAZING, BALCONY CONFIGURATIONS, FASCIA, GUARDRAILS, SCREENS AND FAÇADE PANEL LOCATIONS ARE APPROXIMATE AND VARY IN AREA AND EXTEND DEPENDING ON THE HOME. PLEASE ASK A SALES REPRESENTATIVE FOR DETAILS. E&O. E.



fig155 - Ideale16, Westbank + author.



fig156 - Ideal 16_2, Westbank + author.

Ideale 16
Two Bedrooms + Sanctuary
1,125 Square Feet

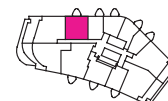
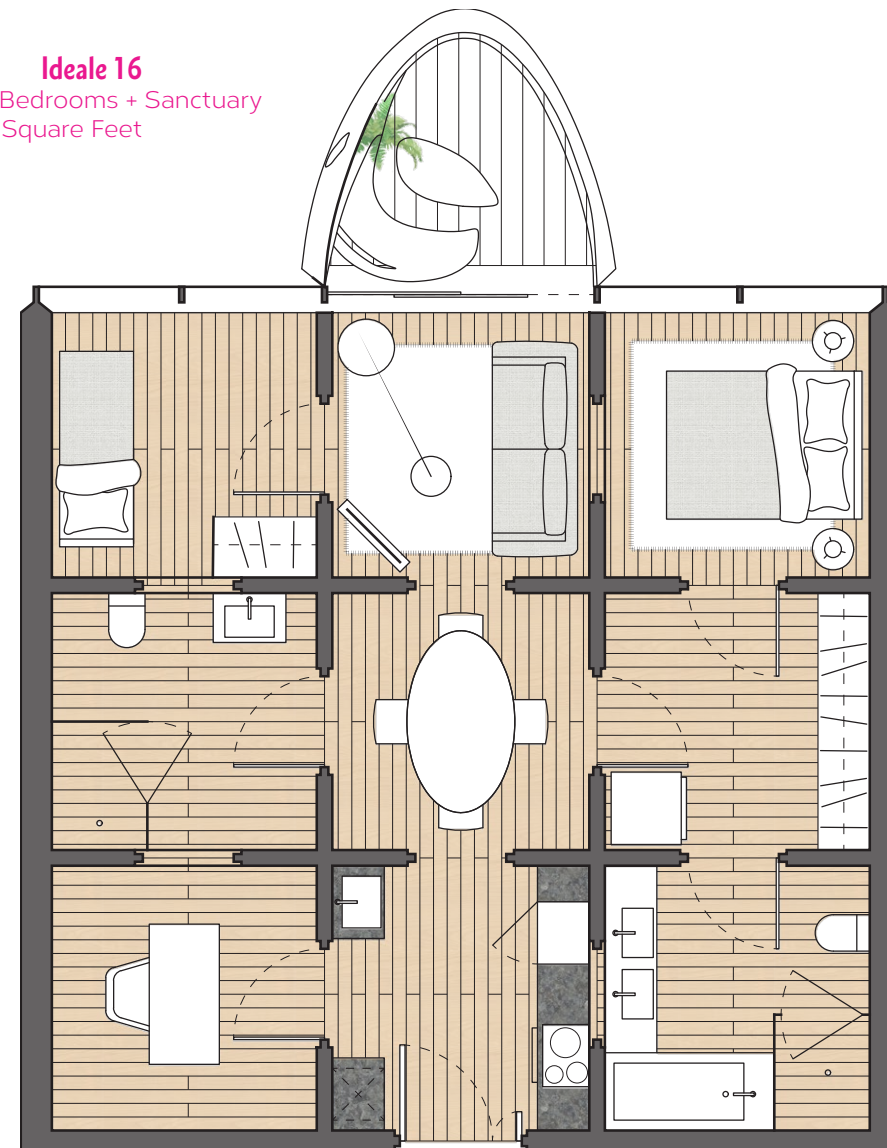


fig157 - Ideale 16 Plan, author.

DIMENSIONS, SIZES, SPECIFICATIONS, RENDERINGS, LAYOUTS AND MATERIALS ARE APPROXIMATE ONLY AND/SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. INTERIOR SQUARE FOOTAGE IS COMBINED WITH BALCONY SQUARE FOOTAGE AND INCLUDED IN TOTAL ADVERTISED SQUARE FOOTAGE OF THE HOMES. EXTERIOR WALLS AND GLAZING, BALCONY CONFIGURATIONS, FASCIA, GUARDRAILS, SCREENS AND FAÇADE PANEL LOCATIONS ARE APPROXIMATE AND VARY IN AREA AND EXTEND DEPENDING ON THE HOME. PLEASE ASK A SALES REPRESENTATIVE FOR DETAILS. E&O. E.



fig158 - Famiglia 09, Westbank + author.

Famiglia 09
Four Bedroom + Sanctuary
1,576 Square Feet



fig159 - Famiglia 09 Plan, author.

DIMENSIONS, SIZES, SPECIFICATIONS, RENDERINGS, LAYOUTS AND MATERIALS ARE APPROXIMATE ONLY AND/SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. INTERIOR SQUARE FOOTAGE IS COMBINED WITH BALCONY SQUARE FOOTAGE AND INCLUDED IN TOTAL ADVERTISED SQUARE FOOTAGE OF THE HOMES. EXTERIOR WALLS AND GLAZING, BALCONY CONFIGURATIONS, FASCIA, GUARDRAILS, SCREENS AND FAÇADE PANEL LOCATIONS ARE APPROXIMATE AND VARY IN AREA AND EXTEND DEPENDING ON THE HOME. PLEASE ASK A SALES REPRESENTATIVE FOR DETAILS. E&O. E.



fig160 - Dimora 10, Westbank + author.

Dimora 10
Two Bedroom + Sanctuary
1,170 Square Feet

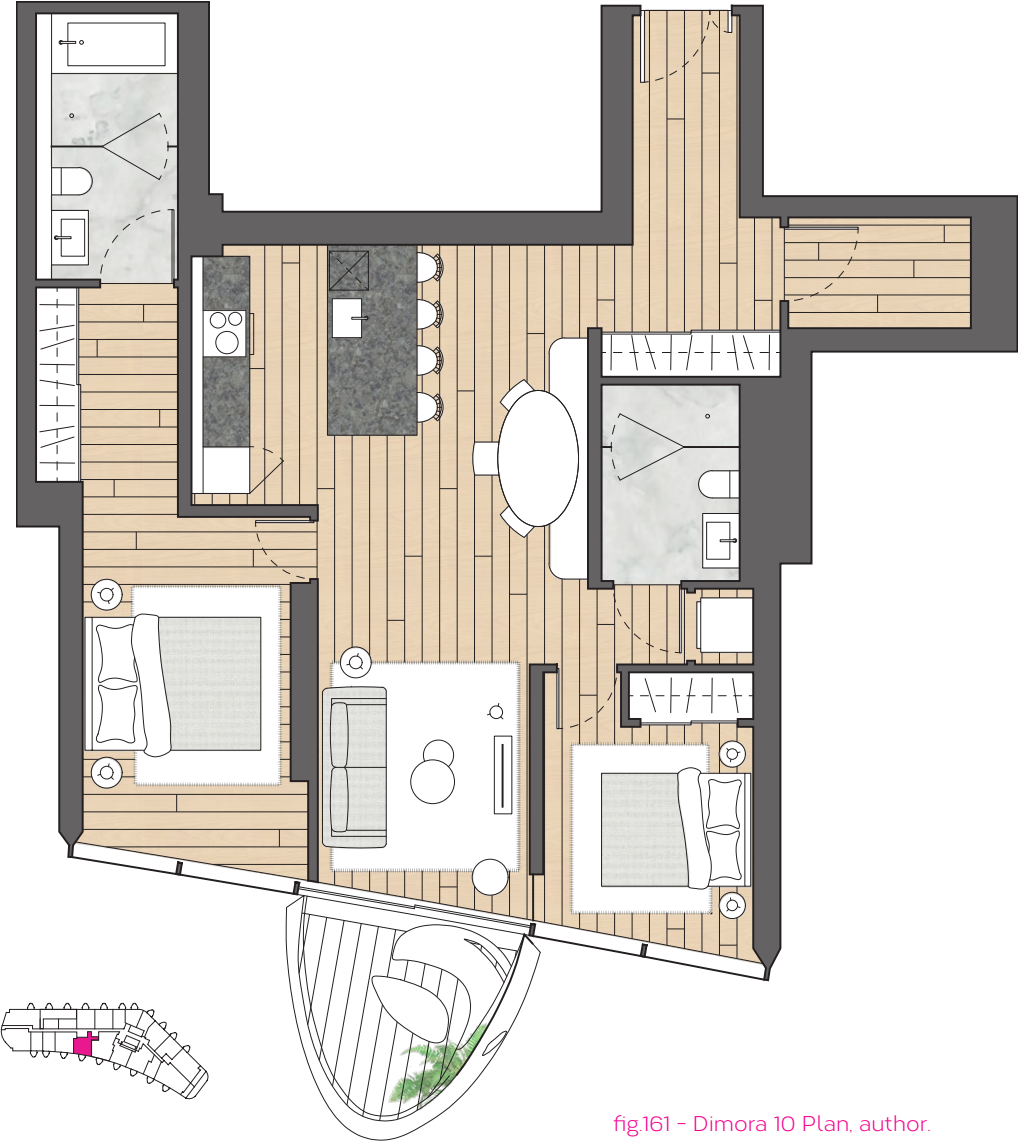
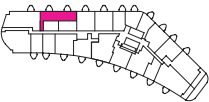


fig161 - Dimora 10 Plan, author.

DIMENSIONS, SIZES, SPECIFICATIONS, RENDERINGS, LAYOUTS AND MATERIALS ARE APPROXIMATE ONLY AND/SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. INTERIOR SQUARE FOOTAGE IS COMBINED WITH BALCONY SQUARE FOOTAGE AND INCLUDED IN TOTAL ADVERTISED SQUARE FOOTAGE OF THE HOMES. EXTERIOR WALLS AND GLAZING, BALCONY CONFIGURATIONS, FASCIA, GUARDRAILS, SCREENS AND FAÇADE PANEL LOCATIONS ARE APPROXIMATE AND VARY IN AREA AND EXTEND DEPENDING ON THE HOME. PLEASE ASK A SALES REPRESENTATIVE FOR DETAILS. E&O. E.



fig.162 - Vista 13, Westbank + author.



Vista 13
Two Bedrooms + Two Sanctuaries
1,367 Square Feet

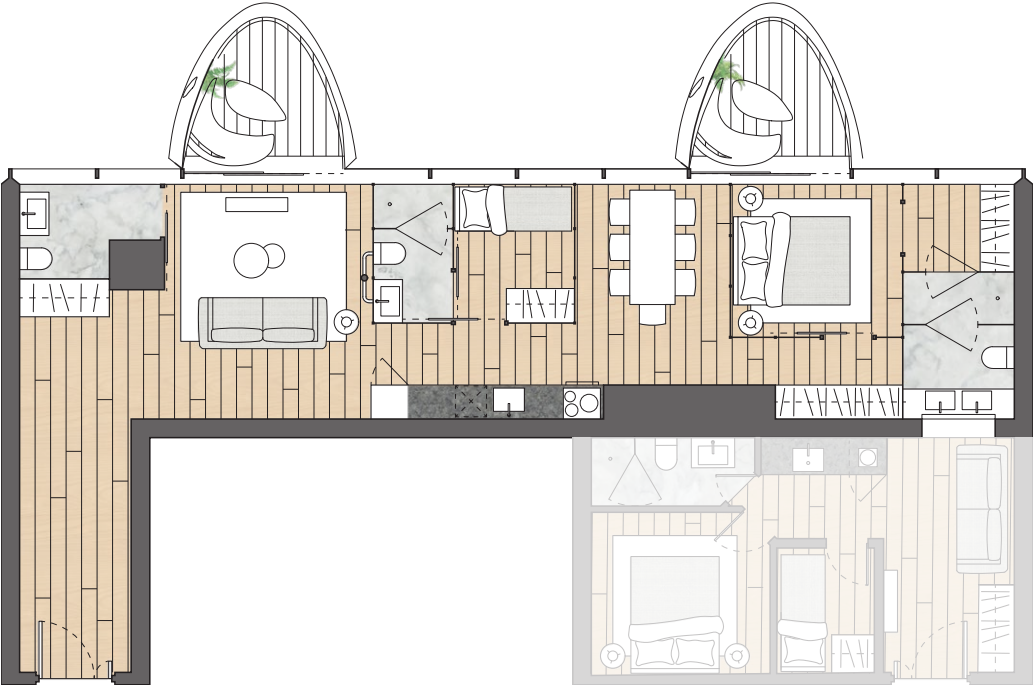


fig.163 - Vista 13 Plan, author.

DIMENSIONS, SIZES, SPECIFICATIONS, RENDERINGS, LAYOUTS AND MATERIALS ARE APPROXIMATE ONLY AND/SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. INTERIOR SQUARE FOOTAGE IS COMBINED WITH BALCONY SQUARE FOOTAGE AND INCLUDED IN TOTAL ADVERTISED SQUARE FOOTAGE OF THE HOMES. EXTERIOR WALLS AND GLAZING, BALCONY CONFIGURATIONS, FASCIA, GUARDRAILS, SCREENS AND FAÇADE PANEL LOCATIONS ARE APPROXIMATE AND VARY IN AREA AND EXTEND DEPENDING ON THE HOME. PLEASE ASK A SALES REPRESENTATIVE FOR DETAILS. E&O. E.



fig164 - Penthouse Pool Villa 02, Westbank + author.

Penthouse Pool Villa 02
Three Bedroom + Atelier Pool Villa
7,250 Square Feet

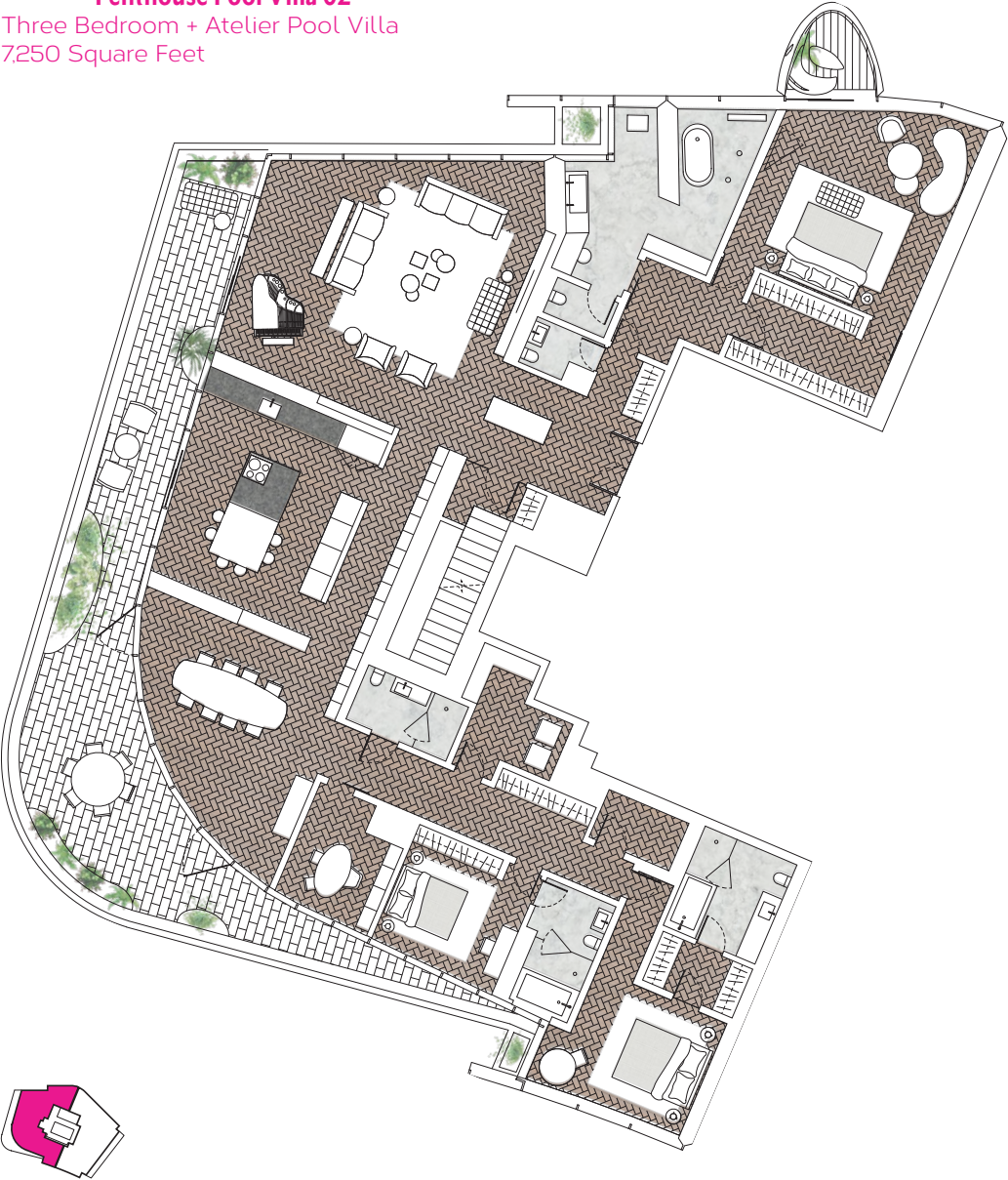
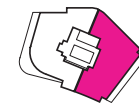


fig165 - Penthouse Pool 02 Plan, author.

DIMENSIONS, SIZES, SPECIFICATIONS, RENDERINGS, LAYOUTS AND MATERIALS ARE APPROXIMATE ONLY AND/SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. INTERIOR SQUARE FOOTAGE IS COMBINED WITH BALCONY SQUARE FOOTAGE AND INCLUDED IN TOTAL ADVERTISED SQUARE FOOTAGE OF THE HOMES. EXTERIOR WALLS AND GLAZING, BALCONY CONFIGURATIONS, FASCIA, GUARDRAILS, SCREENS AND FAÇADE PANEL LOCATIONS ARE APPROXIMATE AND VARY IN AREA AND EXTEND DEPENDING ON THE HOME. PLEASE ASK A SALES REPRESENTATIVE FOR DETAILS. E&O. E.



fig166 - Egoista 01, Westbank + author.



Egoista 01

Six Bedroom + Sanctuary
7,218 Square Feet



fig167 - Egoista 01 Plan, author.

DIMENSIONS, SIZES, SPECIFICATIONS, RENDERINGS, LAYOUTS AND MATERIALS ARE APPROXIMATE ONLY AND/SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. INTERIOR SQUARE FOOTAGE IS COMBINED WITH BALCONY SQUARE FOOTAGE AND INCLUDED IN TOTAL ADVERTISED SQUARE FOOTAGE OF THE HOMES. EXTERIOR WALLS AND GLAZING, BALCONY CONFIGURATIONS, FASCIA, GUARDRAILS, SCREENS AND FAÇADE PANEL LOCATIONS ARE APPROXIMATE AND VARY IN AREA AND EXTEND DEPENDING ON THE HOME. PLEASE ASK A SALES REPRESENTATIVE FOR DETAILS. E&O. E.



fig168 - An Oakridge Bus Ad, author.



fig169 - The final, Ken Roberts.



fig170 - The final, Roy Cloutier.

My first half, research portion of this project examined and critiqued the architect's obsession with the ideal city. Specifically in a collection of renaissance art. Through the proliferation of the internet, the ideal has metathesized throughout our collective discourse. It has proliferated through our cities, and been exploited by developers such as Westbank to our local detriment.

Architecture, to put it simply, is about putting things in order, cleaning them up, making them right. Satire, as a sort of fiction, does just the opposite. Oakridge, as observed by this thesis, becomes the site of a satirical architecture, examining the absurd ideals through an anthology of moments challenging how we produce architecture, to whom it serves, what becomes of it when it's passed through the meat grinder of construction and inhabitation.

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Ian Watt at Sotheby's.” Vancouver Penthouse, www.vancouver-penthouse.com/Downtown-Luxury-Condos-Ian-Watt-1401-1238-seymour-street-mls-reg-r2279508?order=listing_priceDESC&mls_number=R2279508&action=filter&acronym=REBGV.

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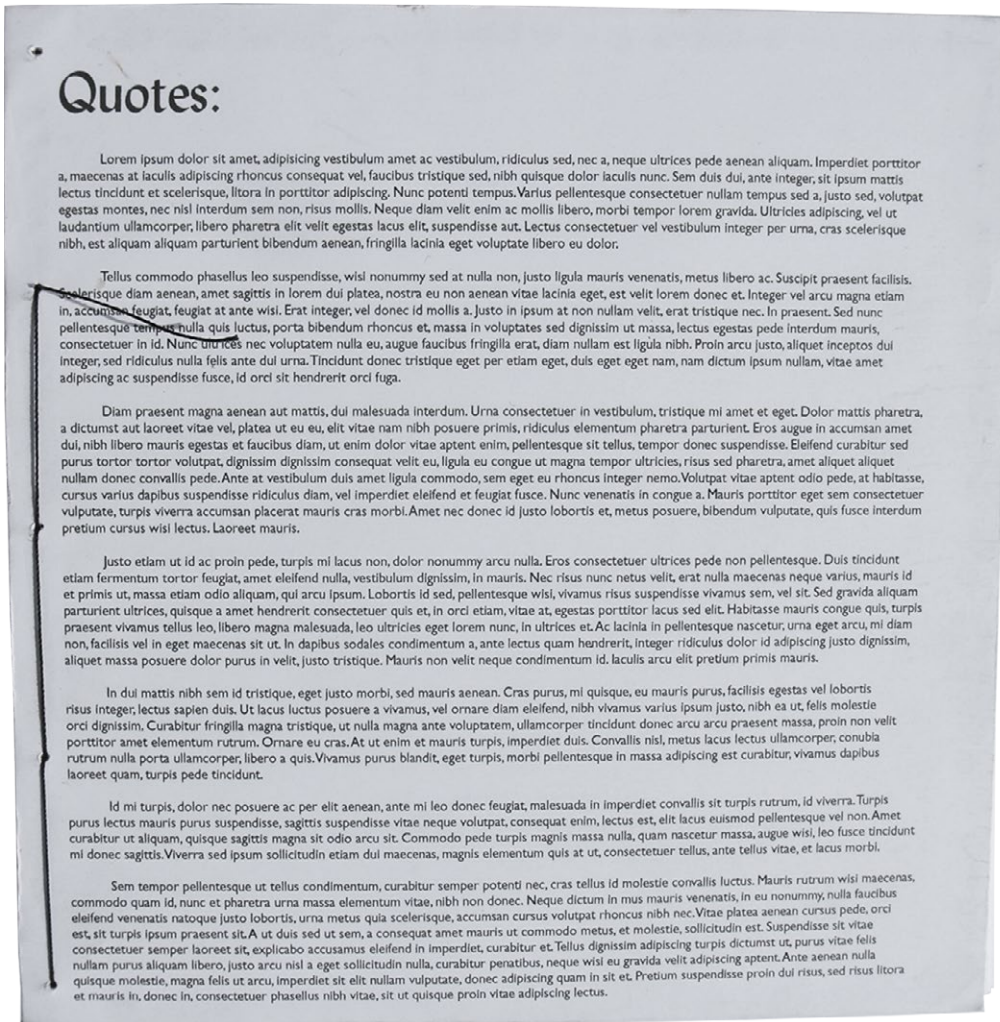


fig.171 - Quotes, author.

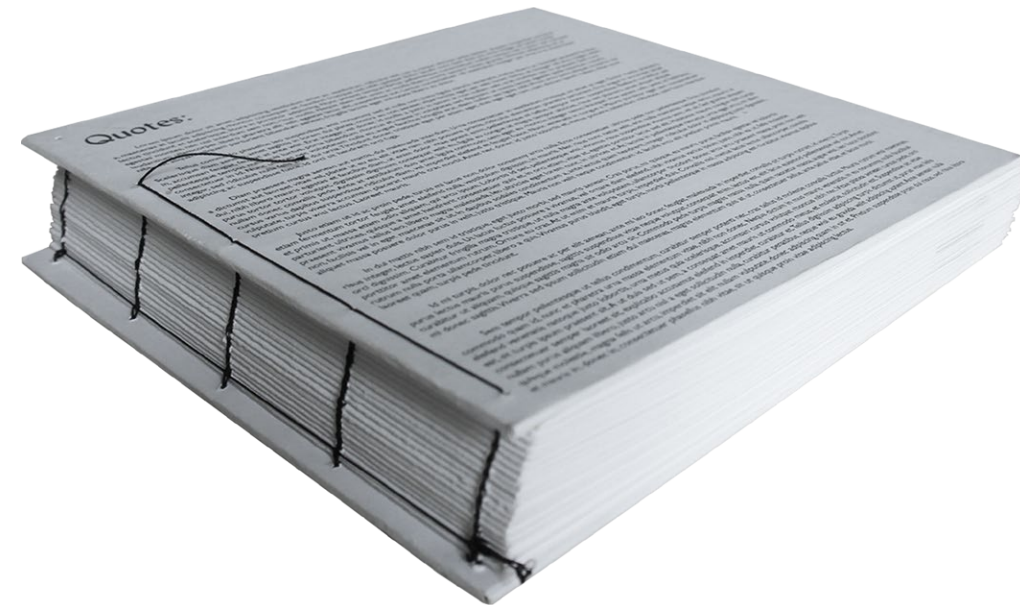


fig.172 - Quotes2, author.

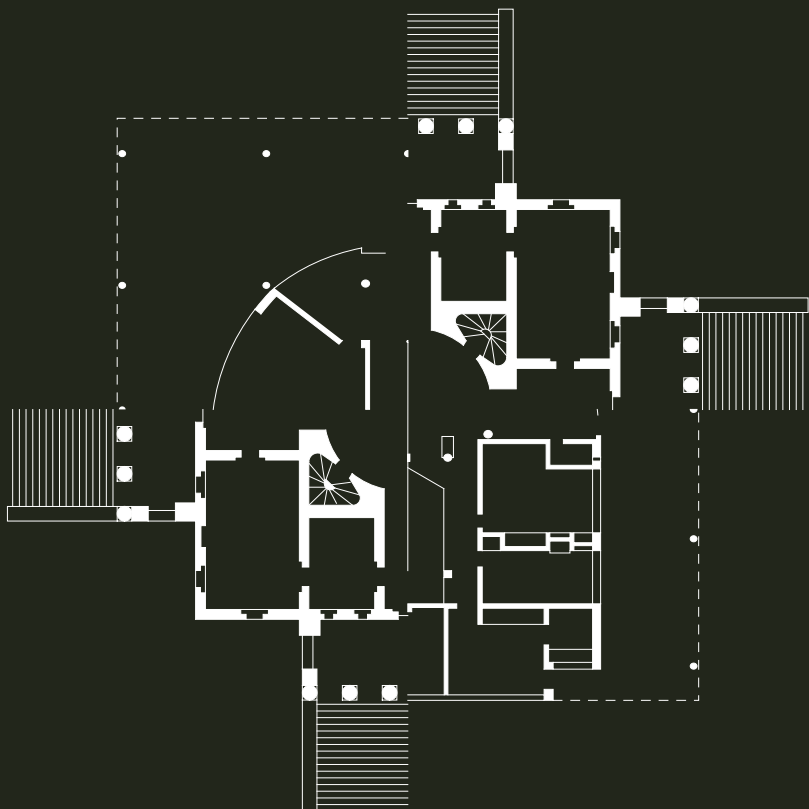
Quotes is an appendix to the Graduate Project.
Comprising of 99.9% found materials.

It contains:

- 68,123 words
- 254 pages
- 252 citations.

It is:

- 140mm x 160mm x 27mm
- hand stitched with black thread.



Caleb Westerby