

The Grange Hotel
Everyday Leisure in the Grange Neighbourhood

by

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AUTHOR'S DECLARATION

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ABSTRACT

The modern metropolis offers a wide variety of experiences to enrich our everyday life. Beyond meeting our daily needs, such a rich and diverse city is a complex system of urban phenomena that also satisfies our need for creating meaningful experience. Rapid urbanization and the confusion of meaning it creates in our existence, as well as the ensuing proliferation of corporate urban spectacles replacing deeper civic meanings of rooted urban traditions, depreciate the quality of lived experience and the modest entertainment in our contemporary life in the city.

The thesis is about capturing and exposing the singular moments of urban leisure experience in Toronto's Grange neighbourhood from the binary perspectives of both the local (as a resident) and the stranger (as a visitor). The research undertakes the *dérive*, a Situationist strategy, for examining the definition of local authenticity and the subjective perception of urban spaces. By juxtaposing the perceptions of the local and the stranger, as noted above, the thesis attempts to obscure the border between normative urban reality and imaginative fantasy. This mediation seeks to reveal the subliminal layer of absurdity already intrinsic within the existing urban context, that is, a layer suitable for procuring surreal situations in our everyday leisure.

The Grange Hotel is a symbolic alibi for an architectural fiction by serving as a conceptual context of a mediation between the local and the stranger. Common places dispersed across the Grange neighbourhood are *détourned* from their original urban expectations, being redefined as an indeterminate narrative of surreal moments and absurd situations. By inducing the notion of meta-architecture similar to that found in the texts of surrealists, the significant moments of urban experience can be retranslated into new psychological plots for scripting another dimension of the absurd reality within those common places. The thesis proposes to provoke a different mode of how we perceive and experience the typical urban spaces in the Grange neighbourhood.

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To same people who secretly desire to be insane

INTRODUCTION

Leisure is whatever remains after one has eliminated all specialized activities.¹

- Henri Lefebvre

The most “full,” and the most “alive,” that which is felt as being experience itself, that in which the perceiving subject and perceived reality are powerfully fused, is the work of art.²

- Ignasi de Solà-Morales

The thesis begins with a desire to visually imagine and spatially conjure surreal experiences in the reality of everyday life. For once, rather than justifying “what for”, the exploration seeks to procure “how” architecture can become an indeterminate context for an individual to excavate personal meaning and experience, and further enrich the means of leisure in mediating today’s dominant, mechanical mode of living. The mode of urban leisure experience is examined through an architectural interpretation, encrypting urban situations and then rescripting surreal experiences within the normative local environment.

Leisure

Leisure is simply an unspecified situation for an individual to enjoy and appreciate life with personal meaning. The definition of leisure is to be taken in a general term, where it does not necessarily limit to a specific activity or a period. Rather it can be considered as a psychological mode of projecting personal desire in reality, and in many ways it is an essential condition in sustaining the realism for individual to attain a consciousness of truly living. The leisure context as the basis of everyday experience overrides more normative situations in typical urban life.

Leisure may pertain not only as a matter of a partitioned and dedicated program in some sense, but understood as a way we perceive and respond in any significant situation. For instance, the collectivist design of a social condenser for Russian Constructivists' vision of universal leisure failed in a rigidity that strictly focused on activity-programs as a basis of leisure. In contemporary reality the definition of leisure needs to exceed such rigidity. Following Sartre's existentialist philosophy, leisure is closer to a state of mind where "It makes us conscious of what we are not with the possibility of choosing what we will be in the future. So we contemplate the world which does not exist and project into the 'emptiness' the self we want to be. We do not choose to exist, we have that already. We choose the way we want to be."²³ To such extent, leisure is a fundamental practice of humanization to establish a sense of authenticity and legitimacy for our individual existence in reality.

Reality offers experiential phenomena for every individual to imagine and then substantiate such personal desires. By affirming the inherent relationship between the real and the imaginative, it is predominantly our visual perception that is the most powerful instrument for relating ourselves to the surrounding environment. Architect O. M. Ungers asserts, "In every human being there is a strong metaphysical desire to create a reality structured through images in which objects become meaningful through vision."²⁴ In this view, it is an instinctive ritual for the individual to be consciously receptive of immediate situations, and at the same time subconsciously reconstructive of his own reality to reflect. The leisure experience resembles a kind of phantasmagoria that transposes an obscure imagination, which is usually secluded as a weak desire within a subconscious interior, to a fully illuminated and reified object in reality.

Spectacle

There is a void, a sense of isolation and absence, in the reality of modern urban life. For urbanites, spectacles fill this void with illusionary fantasy. Situationist theorist Guy Debord argues, “In societies where modern conditions of production prevail, all of life presents itself as an immense accumulation of spectacles. Everything that was directly lived has moved away into a representation.”⁷⁵ Reality is constantly challenged and competed against a greater shock that paralyzes us from the proliferation of meaningless representations. The greater the shock intoxicates our mode of perception through spectacles, the greater we distance away from our presence in reality and our own insecure identity. “We now articulate our identity through coming to terms with the image rather than the reality.”⁷⁶ The strategy of spectacle, described above, has instigated the eradication of the definitive *lived experience*. Spectacle demands an affirmation: what does lived experience mean? Am I not your true experience? By this question we are automatically put to a trial like prisoners justifying our means of leisure in the city. To such extent, spectacles dominate a large part of the domain of urban leisure today.

The City

The intense development and growth of the City of Toronto attests the increasing popularity of an urban life. The accumulative manifestation of various cultures and milieu attracts everyone with an inexhaustible means of experiences. Accidents as spontaneous episodes are such exciting experience of living in the city. Urban life has indeed become the model of contemporary reality for a psychologically ungrounded population. It offers an experiential injection of multiplicity to those thirsty for spectacle and its hyper-reality. The city in this regard is a man-made architecture for having concretized the perplexing nature of plurality. The architecture of the city serves an active stimulus to provoke subjective reception and its objective reconstruction. It fosters both sensual and psychological experiences by engaging us in a successive transition of physical space and situation.

In fact, city can be no longer seen as a normative political platform that seeds a preprogramed social condenser; instead, the urban context is to be seen as a medium to be slipped, accelerated, dislocated, differentiated, and contested in all constructive axes. Architect Ignasi de Solà-Morales argues, “To approach the de-

scription of the current situation of contemporary architecture as a question of differences means taking plurality not only as a starting point but as a multiplicity within which to situate any segment of this contemporary reality.”⁷⁷ The process of architecture lies in the idea of allocation and translation for decoding the multiplicity of differences instead of producing a singular imposition. This multiplicity is the very origin of needed accidents, of which architecture is to coordinate and translate to our perception of space. The architecture of the city is thus the most prominent medium to examine such a complex nature of multiplicity in reality. Architect and theorist Aldo Rossi asserts, “Architecture clearly represents only one aspect of a more complex reality, of a larger structure; but at the same time, as the ultimate verifiable fact of this reality, it constitutes the most concrete possible position from which to address the problem.”⁷⁸ This situation requires addressing the internal logic of our perception within the parameters of an architectural interpretation for deciphering the phenomenology of urban life and leisure in the city.

The Neighbourhood

A neighbourhood is an intramural territory, marked by normative local situations, where we as urbanites adopt a typical pattern of daily experience. It is our common domain for working and living, and usually it is through specific culture and milieu of the neighbourhood that we define our ongoing identity and existence. As the most immediate local landscape, the neighbourhood is an ideal scale to observe and study everyday life and private culture. This is the intermediate scale between the city as a whole and the building as a singular aggregate. This allows a relative position for observing both the macro-composition of urban typology and the micro-details of locality. The analysis at the scale of a neighborhood is ideal for not only exploring the complex characteristics of the plural context of the city, but also importantly, the internal logic and relation in which common places in daily life contribute to everyday leisure.

Narrowing to the scale of an urban neighbourhood, this thesis examines the leisure context specifically within the Grange neighbourhood in Toronto. The neighbourhood is bounded by Dundas Street in the north to Queen Street in the south and east to west from University Avenue to Spadina Avenue. This urban area is an ideal sample of Toronto’s urban context as it consists of different cultures, urban

places, and various ambiances that represent the complex composition of the city. This urban diversity allows an opportunity for exploring the multiplicity of differences in common places and their experiential situations. Its location in the heart of Toronto's downtown is also critical for understanding the modes of urban life as being intensely transitional and manifold.

Fig. 0.0.1
The Grange Neighbourhood



By focusing on a specific site, the theoretical analysis in this thesis formulates an architectural interpretation implicitly for internal field conditions. In the recent development of urban phenomenology, Solà-Morales argues that any theoretical analysis must be derived internally within the system. He states, “Rather than imposing a framework, or a categorizing system, upon something, phenomenology seeks to derive a framework from the things in themselves.”⁹⁹ Understanding the limits of an external theoretical framework as insufficient and often inappropriate for practical input on a specific site, theories originate directly from such “souvenirs” of physical entities collected from the places in the site. This requires a field research, *a hunt*, of artifacts for developing an analytical framework.

The examination begins with a tour for discovering such artifacts. Rossi developed his theory about urban artifacts and *locus* “as a manifestation of singular points within the overall framework of the city.”¹⁰⁰ Given the plural state of the city, the urban artifacts, which possess a degree of permanence, can identify the genius locus

of places, or better put, local authenticity. “Permanences may appear with respect to the city as isolated and aberrant artifacts which characterize a system only as the form of a past that we are still experiencing ... Artifacts alone either enable us to understand the city in its totality, or they appear as a series of isolated elements that we can link only tenuously to an urban system.”¹¹ By treating such artifacts as dispersed nodes for specifically studying the leisure context of the neighbourhood, the thesis research identifies local authenticity and significant experiences within the common places that formulate the general milieu of the neighbourhood.

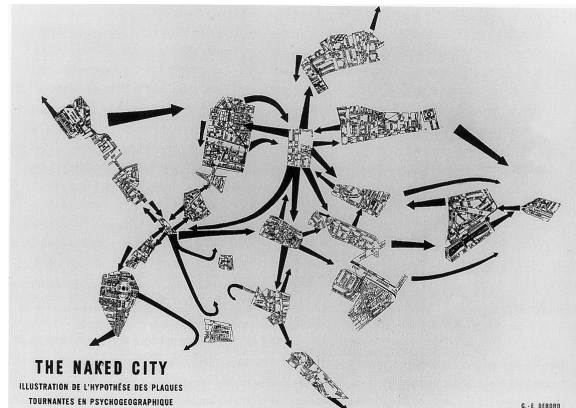
Walking

Walking is the most primitive method for exploring the phenomenology in a neighbourhood. By actively engaging in urban scenes, this method captures significant artifacts in the urban milieu as well as the momentary incidents happening in the area. Beyond merely contemplating a static urban background, which is not much different from simply looking at photographs, the complex cityscape needs to be understood as transitional and inconsistent which requires a direct intrusion. Walking as a transitional mode of perception is not singularly focused and definite but temporary and nomadic. Since urban places posit an infinity of unpredictable accidents, the proper analysis of such transitive conditions is therefore to physically participate and experience the urban accidents as a prime subject without resorting to a more detached, external perspective. This kind of walking viewpoint allows a more intimate relationship between the visual imagery of the built environment and the experiential coefficient of its perception.



Fig. 0.0.2
New Babylon Paris
Constant, 1963

Fig. 0.0.3
The Naked City
Guy Debord and
Asger Jorn, 1956



New Babylon by a Situationist artist and architect Constant, for example, illustrates an urbanism entirely subjected to such mobility to entail the multiplicity in urban life. “In our case the urban must respond to social mobility, which implies, in relation to the stable town, a more rigorous organization at the macro level, and at the same time a greater flexibility at the micro level, which is that of an infinite complexity.”¹² A nomadic, walking perception of urban situations offers the appropriate juncture to respond both at micro and macro levels of spatial experience. International Situationists, a rebellious leftist group of artists, writers, and architects during the post-war period, advocated for the construction of such urban situations to intensify the spatial experience of real moments. Constant defines, “The moment, like the situation, is simultaneously proclamation of the absolute and awareness of passing through it. It is, in actual fact, on the path towards a unity of the structural and the conjectural; and the project for a constructed situation could also be defined as an attempt at structuring the conjunction.”¹³ Dérive as an act of passing through real moments was one of Situationists’ theoretical tactics for the means of constructing such situations.

According to the theory of *dérive*, the true study of urban experience and phenomena is to be achieved by nomadically slipping into chance-accidents in everyday life. *Dérive* is a Situationist strategy for surveying psychological and experiential triggers within the local environment. Debord defines it as “a mode of experimental behavior linked to the conditions of urban society: a technique of rapid passage through varied ambiances.”¹⁴ The objective is “creating completely new, unpredictable itineraries, dependent on chance and the spontaneous subjective impulses and reactions of the wanderer.”¹⁵ As opposed to the conventional, urban planning

method of collecting empirical data about a neighbourhood, *dérive* offers the most intimate subjective perception of the daily operation and the experiential effect of common places in everyday life. By following personal intuition for momentary experiences, the orientation of walking is wholly dependent on capturing the purely transitive psychological impact of a space. Situationists' *dérive* suggests a strategic play to dismantling the repetitive and normative pattern of everyday experience. For this thesis research, however, it is applied for exploring and identifying the places in the Grange neighbourhood that are most resonant with authenticity of local character and experiential significance. Beyond simply wandering and documenting physical artifacts, the research method of *dérive* takes a specific focus on examining the relation between psychological perception and urban spatial structure.

Perception

“Vision is transitive, mediating between the inner world of psychic meaning and the outer world of the urban environment,”¹⁶ writes communications researcher Kevin Robins. Our vision, coupled with an imaginative faculty, is not only receptive but powerfully reconstructive. It retains the imagery of a situation in reality, demystifies its structure, and retranslates it into a subjective interpretation of meaning. For Ungers, “The way we experience the world around us depends on how we perceive it. Without a comprehensive vision the reality will appear as a mass of unrelated phenomena and meaningless facts, in other words, totally chaotic. In such a world it would be like living in a vacuum.”¹⁷ In the same manner our personal vision fixates our position within what is otherwise an indecipherable chaos, thereby coding our identity against the vortex of multiple possible meanings. Likewise, subjectivity of vision differentiates the perception of space for every individual, which makes the architecture of the city an elastic field of a permanent incongruence, leaving us naturally nomadic and reconstructive.

Perception allocates our identity through a subconscious reality. Solà-Morales argues it is essentially our desire to realize a meaning, specifically in our susceptibility of a space, which will “manifest a vision of the world not through symbols or images but by means of new and changing spatial experiences.”¹⁸ Establishing the connection between identity and reality thus magnifies the private experience

for every individual and intensifies the consciousness of reality with its self-realization. Urban planner Kevin Lynch emphasizes, “The strategic link is the environmental image, the generalized mental picture of the exterior physical world that is held by an individual. This image is the product of both of immediate sensation and of the memory of past, that this image has wide practical and emotional importance to the individual.”¹⁹ Our vision for procuring such image is a mechanism that holds recollective memory of phenomenal experiences, and at the same time defines the meaning of our existence in reality.

The Local and The Stranger

The thesis utilizes two different modes of perception in the Grange neighbourhood, that of the local and that of the stranger. The local is a resident living in the Grange neighbourhood who consciously experiences normative common places on a regular basis. The local perception is inevitably softened and eventually nullified by everyday repetition. It establishes a lesser expectation for differences within the prefigured boundaries. This normalized familiarity prevents the local perspective from catching the persistent, figurative urban elements within the urban fabric. There do exist occasional, if not frequent, ruptures of spontaneous episodes and differentiating signs. These ruptures shatter and deform the absolute regularity of the local’s urban experience. Artifacts from the local perception are therefore especial and temporal from having filtered away the trivial background of such normative conditions, so such residue carries a force in its appearance.

In contrast to the local, the stranger views the subconscious, imaginative aspect of the local experience. The stranger resembles a tourist who is experiencing the Grange neighbourhood for the first time. Being a foreign agent in a local environment formerly prescribed by the local, such a condition stimulates a different reading of the common places. Importantly, the stranger is not simply meant as another third-person perspective, but a reciprocal imaginary version of the local subjectivity. What the local perceives as an occasional deformity of normative conditions in the neighbourhood, the stranger is an interloper, disclaiming and transforming the former meaning and reinterpreting that deformation. As such, the local perception is interpretative of the ruptured reality while the stranger’s perception is more imaginative and retranslative of that same reality.

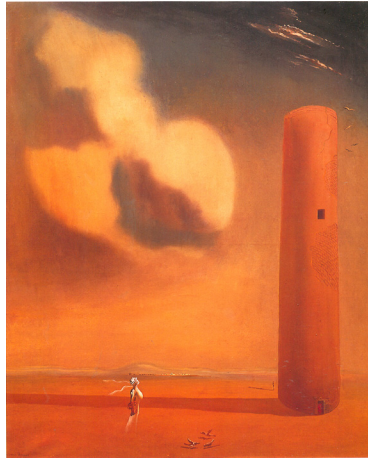


Fig. 0.0.4
The Tower
Salvador Dalí, 1934

The synthesis of these binary perceptions, the local and the stranger, develops an alternate reconstruction of experiences that are no longer confined to the repetition of normative singularity but interposing surreal interpretations. This synthetic resolution derives from the surrealist theory, which journalist E. L. Fay explains; “Surrealism is the arrangement of two distinct realities fused together in an uncanny union. As such, the artist must recognize the value of the ordinary and everyday, but must also interpret them with the full range of their imagination pursuant to the Hegelian Dialectic, which lays out three stages of development. The first is thesis, an idea that must be reacted to; the second is antithesis, which is the reaction's negation of the thesis; and the third is the resolution of the conflict by means of synthesis.”²⁰ Surrealist founder Andre Breton originally writes, “I believe in the future resolution of these two states, dream and reality, which are seemingly so contradictory, into a kind of absolute reality, *a surreality*, if one may so speak.”²¹ Such a synthesis attempts to derive a type of surreal experience from the signifying artifacts in the common places of the neighbourhood. This method also conforms to the way architect Rem Koolhaas refers to Salvador Dalí’s paranoid-critical method, where “paranoia is a *delirium of interpretation*. Each fact, event, force, observation is caught in one system of speculation and “understood” by the afflicted individual in such a way that it absolutely confirms and reinforces his thesis – that is, the initial delusion that is his point of departure.”²² The stranger’s imaginative rereading of the reality in the Grange neighbourhood, a type of *paranoia*, is indeed an affirmative reification of the local’s subconscious desire within the normative reality.

Narrative and Montage

The principal technique for the design in this thesis is a ‘collaborative’ process of narrative and montage. In the same logic as the duality of vision being both receptive and reconstructive, two levels of representation translate the relationship between our psychological perception and spatial experience. Each technique offers a different type of retranslation while the unison of both results in a process of *deconstruction*. By simultaneously working and *clashing* the narrative with the visual representation, the process fragmentizes both contents into elemental parts to be independently détourned. The former relationship between the text and the image is loosely unbound, where the meaning can differ from the original definition through newly reserved relations.

The contemporary philosophy of Deconstruction emerges from the algorithmic nature of language and the formulation of architectural typology. Solà-Morales argues, “what confronts us is not a reality that forms a closed sphere but a system of interweaving languages. ... Only a task of deconstruction, a work of analysis and comprehension of the processes of juxtaposition, is capable of elucidating certain relationships.”²³ The focus of deconstructive analysis departs from an object towards a relation. Deconstruction allows a delineation of relations between objects and meanings, to a further extent of dissociating and disordering their relations. Architectural academic and publisher Andreas Papadakis explains that deconstruction “will not set down strict parameters but constantly questions and expands through a critique, operating by dislocating meaning.”²⁴ In this thesis design, deconstruction by narrative and montage questions the relation between perception, as a recollective apparatus of psychological experiences, and spatial structurality, as typological translations of such experiences.

Narrative

Narrative is simply a text of *dérive* through the selected places in the neighbourhood. It is a receptive retranslation of spatial experiences that describes a linear sequence of significant moments for the subject. It entails not only a direct sequence of situations, but also the hierarchy of significance and the relationship between the subject’s emotions and the details of the place – objects, people, ambiance, and any other perceived artifact – that construct the meaning of the space.

A narrative always remains as a retranslation since it is subjectively illustrating the space as personally perceived, with a great distillation of insignificant data. Critic John M. Ellis describes “For example, words do not refer to things in the real world but only signify other words; authors do not create the meaning of their texts by composing them, but instead readers, by reading them; ... a careful reading does not give knowledge of a text, because all readings are misreading; whatever the obvious meaning of a literary text is taken to be, one must stand that meaning on its head.”²⁵ In the reading of a place, therefore, a certain degree of imaginative and reconstructive intuition is already implied in re-rendering subjective perception. Hence a narrative is not for depicting the exact and full extent of reality. Instead it is a creative interpretation of how the subject perceives the reality. Narrative serves an ideal retranslation for this reason since the purpose is not about accurately documenting the real object; rather it is about comprehending how the space psychologically affects the subject, as well as capturing the components that signify the situations. Narrative is therefore a retranslation of the subject’s reality and his trajectory through that reality.

Montage

Montage, as an alternative to narrative, is a reconstructive retranslation of space and time through images and architectural drawings. “Montage does not pretend to reproduce natural vision. It works on the surface, constructing new objects (and subjects) out of new relations of image to image.”²⁶ The merit of montage lies in differentiation and distortion of internal relations in the original precedents. While conventional drawing supposes a singular and static representation of an apparent object, montage is a compositional process of layers and underlying meanings of those layers, juxtaposed to create an approximately non-additive representation. In this way montage is instrumental and continuous rather than definitive. Architect Daniel Libeskind argues, “While the classical axiomatic of architectural drawing elaborated its usefulness within an overall theory of order (by beginning with well-established theories of representation and attempting to unify them), contemporary formal systems present themselves as *riddles* – unknown instruments for which usage is yet to be found.”²⁷ Montage, as an instrument for processing the relations between images, drawings, and their reciprocal meanings, suggests a number of possibilities for a theoretical application.

For this thesis, montage is used as a means of détournement, another Situationist method, to mediate the outlooks of the local and the stranger. Debord defines, “Any elements, no matter where they are taken from, can be used to make new combinations. . . . The mutual interference of two worlds of feeling, or the juxtaposition of two independent expressions, supersedes the original elements and produces a synthetic organization of greater efficacy.”²⁸ Situationists formulated, “two fundamental laws of détournement are the loss of importance of each détourned autonomous element – which may go so far as to completely lose its original sense – and at the same time the organization of another meaningful ensemble that confers on each element its new scope and effect.”²⁹ While such a recycling strategy of original images has sprung from surrealism and other precedents as well, the criticality of détournement for this thesis is the idea of wearing down and reformalizing the former imagery and meaning into a strategic reading of personal experiences of real situations in space. In the interest of the urban milieu and everyday life, it attempts to elevate the symbolic status of imagery to a operational intervention in the real. Thus détournement through montage undertakes a consideration of not only redefining symbolic meanings, but also the spatial and experiential effects.

Thesis Structure

The thesis is divided into two parts: experiments and design. The first part, *The Neighbourhood*, presents a series of experiments that test the preceding theories on selected places of urban leisure in the Grange neighbourhood. Starting with the narratives about each place from the local and the stranger, each experiment undertakes a different method of examining and retranslating the relation between spatial structurality and experiential situation. Tracing common denominators from the experiments in Part I, the second part, *The Hotel*, presents a refined retranslation of urban situations in the common places of the neighbourhood, which unfolds an architectural fiction through a conceptual context of nominal typologies of leisure experience. Still maintaining the synthetic mode of dialectic perspectives, an analog methodologically deconstructs and reprograms the artifacts of the narratives into experiential typologies to script a new mode of perception, which is then tested for an application, *follies*, for suggesting infinite possibilities of subjectively scripting the leisure context of estrangement in the Grange neighbourhood.

Provocation

The design process of the architectural interpretation is not a conclusive proposal for an abstract solution or a critique of existing conditions. Rather it seeks provocation in the way we naturally perceive the common places in the Grange neighbourhood, and how they imply a focused means of everyday leisure through the channel of subliminal moments, urban situations, and spatial experiences. If any critique is to be made, it is about the absence of authentic and real experience in our contemporary delirium of urban spectacles. The direction from the critique is not assessing how such spectacles proliferate and violate reality, but mainly how architectural interpretation can mediate the realism with imaginative additives in everyday life. From scripting narratives and retranslating truly surreal experiences within our normal everyday lives, the systematic method of scripting the architectural fiction offers a more cohesive understanding of such an experiential dimension of the reality in the Grange neighbourhood.

ENDNOTES

1. Ken Knabb, *Situationist International Anthology* (Bureau of Public Secrets, 1989), p.91
2. Ignasi de Solà-Morales, *Differences: Topographies of Contemporary Architecture* (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1997) p.60
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PART I, EXPERIMENTS: THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

Memory of Reality

The definition of reality could easily begin with this critical defence by surrealist writer Louis Aragon;

“But when the most scholarly of men have taught me that light is a vibration, or have calculated its wavelengths for me, or offered me any other fruits of their labours of reasoning, they will still not have rendered me an account of what is important to me about light, of what my eyes have begun to teach me about it, of what makes me different from a blind man – things which are the stuff of miracles, not subject matter for reasoning.”⁷¹

Aragon's defence questions the authenticity of reality by asking the true value of the real aesthetics in life upon imminently encountering the physical world. In the surrealists' reality diagnosis, the definition of reality was tested by grinding an event against subconscious intuition in a process such as *automatism* to instigating a subjective interpretation of the event's meaning. In a daily succession of absurd phenomena, the quantitative logic of scientific investigation does not matter much, but the qualitative understanding of significance that is both highly personal and original to every subject.

Leo Tolstoy also had a conflict in defining the trueness of reality in his endeavour for writing the most accurate and the fullest history. Social and political theorist Isaiah Berlin argues that Tolstoy persistently left the point of the diagnosis at a tension between the unaccountable multiplicity of individuality and the abstraction of universality. He “perceived reality in its multiplicity, as a collection of separate entities round and into which he saw with a clarity and penetration scarcely ever equalled, but he believed only in one vast, unitary whole.”⁷² Realism for Tolstoy, which was the only singular and genuine history, meant comprehending the impossible plurality of “the ‘inner’ events – that are the most real, the most immediate experience of human beings.”⁷³ Such a diagnosis concludes history in this context, as an interwoven collective chaos of “the individual experience, the specific relation of individuals to one another, the colours, smells, tastes, sounds and movements, the jealousies, loves, hatreds, passions, the rare flashes of insight, the transforming moments, the ordinary day-to-day succession of private data.”⁷⁴

This refers to construing the authenticity of reality as a personal encounter of immediate and significant experiences in a physical environment. Such an encounter is a subjective moment of awareness in a spatial situation, which we interpret and retranslate subconsciously in our psychological imprint or memory. In other words, the legitimacy of reality strictly conforms to the individual's perception and memory in a narrative of significant situations.

Architect Peter Zumthor re-iterates this view, "When I look back like this it seems impossible to distinguish between architecture and life, between spatial situations and the way I experience them. ... Memories of similar experiences thrust their way in, too, and thus images of related architectural situations overlap."⁵ The significance of such situation, which is reified as a momentary imagery of subconscious retranslation, accumulates, inscribes, and overlaps the meanings of reality in the re-collective faculty. Hence memory becomes the repository of personal experiences in reality and also the media to reconstruct personal desires. Reality is thus precisely a cognitive moment of a spatial situation in which the subject perceives personally valuable and spectacular. This phenomenon is an interplay arising from the constant tension between the apparent and the repressed, or the conscious reality and the latent imagination within the memory.

The Neighbourhood

Aldo Rossi proclaims, "The city itself is the collective memory of its people, and like memory it is associated with objects and places. The city is the locus of the collective memory."⁶ The urban neighbourhood is the corporeal residue of the collective memory of resonant, individual moments. Equally there lies a subconscious layer of fantastical and imaginative experiences intrinsic within the collective memory of the existing context. By intruding into the structural depth of the Grange neighbourhood at the scale of individual places, spaces, and then to situations, the experiments in part I specifically narrow down to investigating and translating the reality of four common places and their psychological apparatus for urban leisure: a park, a bar, a gallery, and a cafeteria. These four places are the project's locus for the leisure context of the neighbourhood. At the same time, from observation and encounter through dérives, they prove to be fundamental and imperative in daily routines of normative experiences in the Grange neighbourhood.

Lastly, they represent the exemplary programmatic expectations of urban leisure for unmasking the imaginative layer of spectacular and surreal experiences.

Fig. 1.0.1
Passage de l'Opéra
Charles Marville, 1866



Surrealist Surgery

The project undertakes an examination in each of the selected places for an architectural experiment of dissecting the reality and extracting the underlying sub-layer of surreality out of the original urban context. It is a *surrealist surgery* for that matter; an interpretative operation of differentiating and spatializing the visual imagery from the memory of significant moments, and leaving an intentional chasm between the conscious reception and the cognitive reconstruction of the perceived, urban experience itself. Inspired by Louis Aragon's writing technique for imaginatively translating architectural details in relation to personal episodes, shown in his imaginary lingering in *Le Passage de l'Opéra*, the experiments' narrative and montage likewise attempt to illustrate the sequence of details as experienced and interpreted through subjective perception. Capturing and elaborating these details of reality, instead of empirically recording and justifying the conditions of the general atmosphere, methodologically seeks to translate the psychological relationship between spatial ambiance and personal experience. "Surrealist thought offers a repeatable process of experiencing and representing space that is other than rational, yet grounded in individual subjectivity."⁷ From the synthetic mode of the binary perceptions the experiments attempt to both read and script the neighbourhood as an experiential context of absurd yet fantastical moments throughout its integral spaces and urban artifacts.

1.1 ST. PATRICKS SQUARE PARK

Informal

St. Patrick's Square Park is an urban pocket-park in a discrete boundary drawn by the city's service alleyways. The area is contained by office buildings facing John Street, apartment buildings towards St. Patricks Street, the Harrison Pool to its north, and the commercial strip facing Queen Street to the south. Considering the usual density of the moving population on the Queen Street main thoroughfare, it is ironic how people rarely find this urban backstage. Its informal location within the service corridors of the city directs less people to visiting this urban park. Its proximity to the larger and more popular Grange Park to the west also contributes to the general ignorance of its presence. This further accentuates the secretive privacy of this location. At the same time, the immediate surroundings arouse a sense of an intrusion into a private realm by facing the rear sides of the local buildings. The park remains seemingly desolate by infrequent maintenance and a lack of general attention. The appearance of unruliness around the park also portrays an informal and wild character. A number of urban artifacts in the site create a sense of isolation and discreteness from the adjacent urban tension. This hidden location and the intimate scale of the park generate a certain quality of local authenticity, where only those who know appreciate this hidden jewel.

Fig. 1.1.1
St. Patricks Park
Location



Conspiracy

The experiment for St. Patrick's Park begins by visualizing and clarifying the most significant elements of the existing ambiance in the park. By analyzing the psychological origin of the ambiance and inscribing an act of personal imagination, it attempts to reinterpret the existing conditions for rendering another experience of the discrete and secretive nature of the park. It is to commit a *conspiracy* against reality where imagination presupposes the role of that reality from the estranged perspective.

The relationship between the local experience and the artifacts in the environment is mutated by implementing an act of personal desire in the viewpoint of reality. For the stranger, this re-engineered platform becomes his true reality. His emotions and momentary conditions further advance the conspiracy of this détourned reality. This association ultimately seeks to visualize the *surrealization* of urban experience in the park. The park becomes both the origin and the background in which the synthetic perception presumes the surreal situation. Thus the conclusion of the local dream begins the reality of the stranger. As Andre Breton poetically writes, “With the end of my breath, which is the beginning of yours.”⁸

Experiment Guidelines:

a. Writing the narratives from both perspectives of the local and the stranger.

The local narrative describes a true account of the park which entails the local's thoughts, emotions, scenes, and events. It provides the adequate details for conceiving personal thoughts, and developing an imaginary dream inspired by the immediate conditions in the site. The stranger's narrative depicts the other reading of the transmuted ambiance in the park. For the stranger the local desire is now reified as a real object. The details, previously drawn in the local fantasy, unfold another dimension of experiences for the stranger. Thus the stranger's narrative attempts to differentiate the quality of experience at the park apart from the original conception.

b. Visualizing the thematic ambiance and the quality of spatial experience.

The accompanying illustrations portray the existing artifacts that con-

struct the subjective perception of the park's ambiance in respect to the descriptions from the narratives. The viewpoint persists at the subject's eye-level for the most intimate depiction of the scenes.

c. Accentuating the significant artifacts while diluting the sub-background of insignificant data; reducing, flattening, and deformatizing the hierarchy of the visual elements in the narratives.

By delineating and accentuating a selection of signifying artifacts, the illustrations attempt to intensify the sensual imagery of the changing ambiance. Rather than simply illustrating the scenes from the narratives, the working images abstract and revise the visual artifacts for transforming the park experience.

d. Inserting and localizing the imaginative additives in the original structure of the cognitive imagery, portraying the metamorphosis from the narratives.

Through interpretive visualizations, the artifacts perceived from the local reality undertake a metamorphosis driven by the momentary imagination. By instilling an imaginary scene in the park, the quality of the ambiance and the local authenticity are exposed to a naked state. The additives reform the perceptual significance and render the process of differentiation in align with the stranger's narrative of the surreal experience in the park.

Local Narrative

The summer heat stings the back of my neck as I slowly tread back home after another exhausting day of work. My shoulders feel tense with a chilling pain. I rub my sore eyes to get a better focus in the dazzling heatwave. The worst is the suffocating, humid air. The malicious heat drives me towards deserted alleyways in search of a perfect path to avoid any hassle.

Turning into John St. towards Grange Park, I see an army of people marching towards his direction. Too tired to tolerate the summer crowd in the park, I take a detour to a narrow alleyway by the pink-stripes building. The backs of stores appear with their garbage bins, wild dandelions along the edge of the pavement, and walls of graffiti screaming fuzzy lines. The loud humming of the crowd and the traffic fades away to a dull murmur. A cool shade tugs me further into the alleyway. There I find relief upon reaching a deserted zone. It nestles a small park with a gentle breeze whirling around.

Enclosed within the backs of nearby buildings, the park offers no more than a concrete pad of dry grass with wild shrubs and a few trees. The summer nourished the trees to their best extent. Thin rays of sunlight beam through the porous roof of leaves and imprint a dancing shimmer on the ground. I sit on the bordering ledge to ease my knees and take a break. On one of a few benches inside the park, a homeless guy is lying down still. I can't tell whether the guy is asleep or dead from this malicious heat after having finally discovered this cool haven under the trees. At the far corner, an old man is reading a newspaper. Immersed in carefully deciphering the little print, the man remains still and silent like the homeless guy. I also see a puddle of jaded white goo from the pigeons melted on the pavement. A platoon of pigeons strolls in the grass field. They repeatedly peck on the dry grass and find nothing but dirt with frustration. I have no desire to interrupt their activity so I remain outside the interior of the park. In fact, I always prefer to reside by the side of the park, taking more pleasure in the insecure boundary between buildings and the grass field. The narrow alleyways along the park remain deserted otherwise.

Right:
Fig. 1.1.2
Scene 1, Discovery



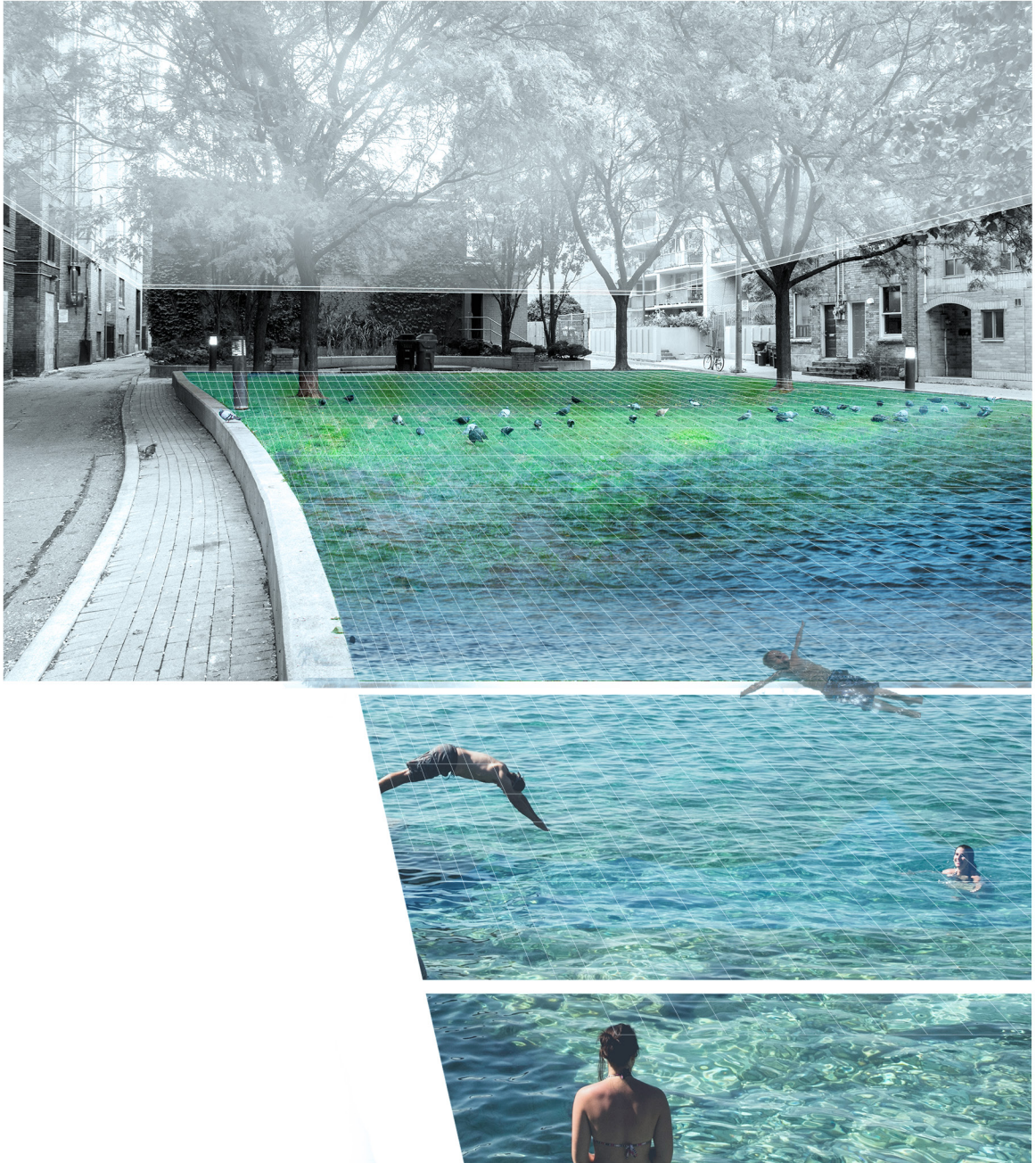
I light a cigarette lazily and gazes over the endless repetition of brick lines and windows on the buildings across the park. The alleyway hardly leaves a distance between me and the immediate faces of the buildings. The buildings cast a deep jet-black shade on the alleyway I face. From a narrow gap between two buildings, a white ray beams down against the black shade in the alleyway. I gaze at the stark contrast and remains fixed on the clear border on the ground between the light and the shadow. A girl slowly walks down the alleyway. I fix my eyes on her as I wait for her to step into the pouring ray. She steps past the lingering border, and suddenly she is on fire. Her face quickly distorts into a grimace as she directly faces the piercing light. In a moment, she steps forward into the dark shade again and dies away.

Next to the end of the alleyway is Harrison Pool. I recall the small pool inside being stuffed with damp air without a breathable aperture. The thick air reeked of chlorine that breached my nose. A sudden buzz I get from the strike of light in my eyes! Then out of nowhere a breeze whistles through my ears with a foreign coolness. Cobalt-blue water and an abyss of underwater cliffs flicker in my mind vividly. Now I am carelessly floating in the middle of an endless lake against a pale white sunshine. I stare at the hazy blue sky, looking like a translucent roof, muffled by the summer heat. The frigid water would leave a resonating chill in bones. Mesmerized by the distinct line between the falling sunset and the infinite horizon of the lake, I would float away forever.

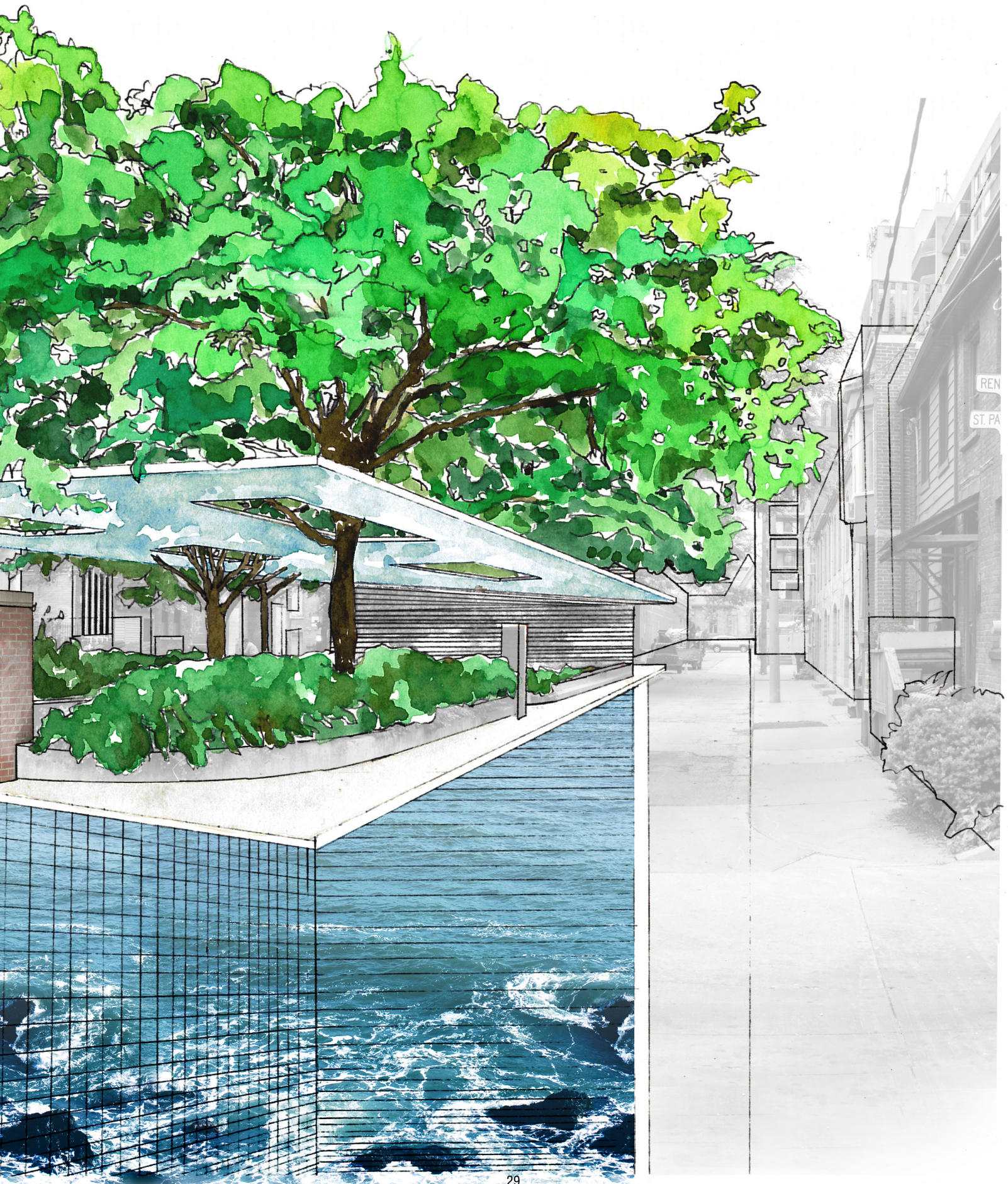
My gaze steadily returns the focus on the field in the park, where the grass is slowly wavering by the wind like subtle waves by the shore. The swaying shade of leaves paints the waves in deep Russian blue. I skim on the surface with my back immersed in the water for a while. As my body drifts effortlessly, I watch the underside of green leaves and their thin branches, an endless map of glistening pores. The brief moment cools down my head. The grass field slowly returns green again where the pigeons peck. My legs once again feel the grip of the heavy pavement. Soreness returns to my shoulders. I stub the cigarette out and walk towards the white ray to test myself in the extreme heat once and resume the way back home.

Right:
Fig. 1.1.3
Scene 2, Dreaming

P.28:
Fig. 1.1.4
Scene 3, Intermission









Stranger Narrative

The stranger is anxious to chase after his mother. She is scurrying down the street in search of a place. He wants to catch her hand so his busy mother doesn't forget him. Her hands are occupied with several maps instead. Her eyes, he reads ... through her eyes, he sees the reflection of images of buildings and routes for their journey. In her eyes he sees his mother's anxiety and desire to rest upon her discovery. Keeping a close count of steps behind his mother, he walks and watches the gums pasted on the pavement. He connects one black dot after another as if these dots are leading him and his mother towards their destination. Turning into a little alleyway, the stranger loses the dots and finds wild dandelions along the edge of the road. Old buildings stand tall on both sides of the alleyway. He senses a sudden emptiness in the atmosphere. There is no one on the street. He notices his mother's steps slowing down as they approach the destination. She is now repeatedly looking up and down between the maps and the landscape to locate this place. He wonders what there is to find in this seemingly precarious zone of stinking garbage bins and graffiti walls. A further walk reveals a wall of bricks painted in fire red, reminding him about his fire truck left in the hotel room. The bright red colour reminds him of a heat he previously failed to recognize. It is extremely sweltering today.

"Here it is, my God!" His mother lets out her exasperation. The stranger catches up to his mother, sees a thin expression of relief in her face, and follows her gaze towards a massive explosion of green leaves and thin branches. It is engulfed in jumbling green sparkles detonated above a thin roof. His gaze follows the wavering pattern of a thousand leaves in all directions by the whistling breeze. They whistle like the waves by the shore. Both the mother and the stranger stand motionless. They are astounded by the sudden appearance of a small park in the middle of nowhere... in the middle of a desolate, private realm of the city no others find. A beam of light strikes the stranger's face as clouds shift away. Instantly squeezing his eyes, the beam tilts away and spreads wide towards his right side. He traces the shimmering light back to the park, where light is completely torn away by a contrasting dimness under the roof. Under the roof the stranger finds the same vigorous shimmer of light in a different colour. *Nocturnal Blue*.

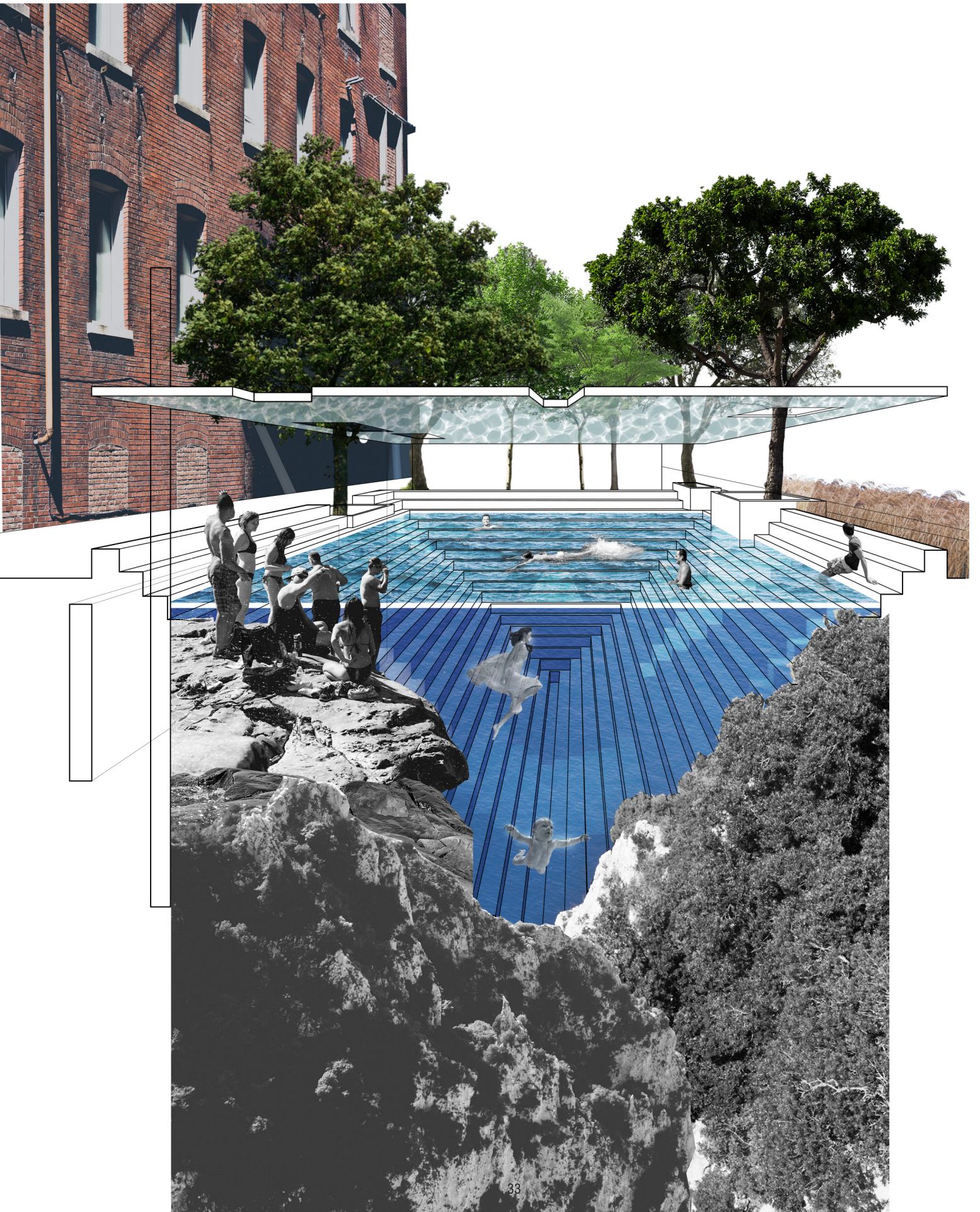
Left:
Fig. 1.1.5
Scene 4, Alleyway

There is a little lagoon inside the park, hidden behind the wild shrubs by the border. He catches a few bodiless heads floating through the rifts in the shrubs. Now he understands why his mother told him to wear his swim pants earlier. This is the hotel's outdoor pool. His mother scans around and spots a bench by the bordering ledge. Excitedly the stranger runs to the edge of water inside the park. Between disarrayed tree trunks lay a depth of cobalt-blue water. He now sees not only heads of those drifting swimmers but their blurry bodies under water.

A soft luminance from the slits in the roof falls on the water here and there. A few arbitrary rays penetrate through and dive into the pool. He cannot locate the landing of these rays. They swim endlessly into an unfathomable abyss. A sudden chill bites his spine upon his realization of the pool's depth. "What a beautiful place, isn't it?" His mother nears him and dips her hand into the water. He follows the same and draws out his hand right away. It is freezing. His mother seems more tolerant as she sways her hand gently and stares at the floating heads. "It's quite deep. You will have to play on the shallow landing like that little girl." The stranger sees a girl swimming like a dog with her head tucked above water. As she jots away, her head constantly passes through a relapse of light and shade under the glistening leaves. Assured by the little girl's presence, allured by the crystal clear water, and chased by the humid air that glued his shirt to his body; he quickly takes his clothes off and dips his feet carefully into the freezing water.

He fluently flutters his feet to stay in a momentum as he floats away in a circle. Secretly he wants the little girl to witness his envious move. The shocking chill that snaked through his bones earlier has now faded away to a pleasurable resonance. In the corner of his right eye he catches his mother sitting and catching the breeze on the bench. In the other corner he stalks the little girl. Above he sees the ceiling soaked in a dazzling pattern of light and waves with a hint of pale leaves above. He closes his eyes and becomes a leaf carelessly floating in an endless sea. He stops his feet and lets himself slowly sink just before his nose falls under. A sheet of water submerges his whole body. As he resumes his action, he opens his eyes again and sees vertical cliffs surrounding the park. The brick walls are so close to him, as if they are falling on him. He skitters away from the edge of the pool towards his mother.

Right:
Fig. 1.1.6
Scene 5, Pool

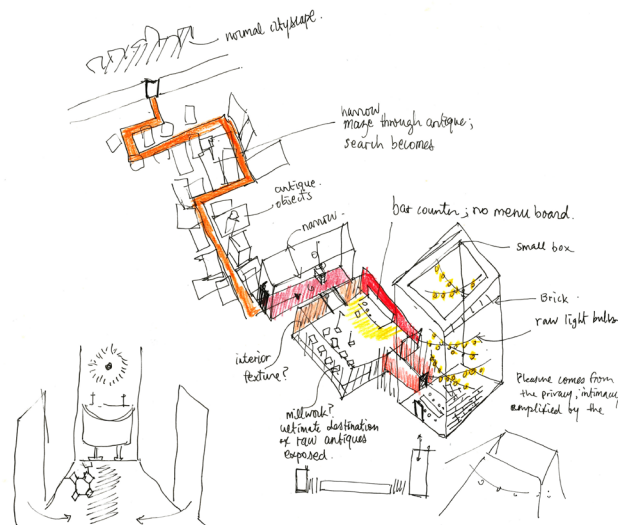


1.2 COLD TEA COCKTAIL BAR

Special Invitation

Cold Tea is a cocktail bar deceptively hidden from the general public in the back of an old building in Kensington Market. Both spatially and conceptually it separates itself and hides away from Toronto's surrounding main streets and the normative situations of daily life in the neighbourhood. Contrary to most bars with visible signs right on the main streets, Cold Tea intentionally elaborates the secretive character by dispelling its existence. There is not any sign of the bar from the outside at all; it is totally detached from the everyday normalities. The bar offers an exotic experience of being anonymously estranged from the external environment. It utilizes its interior design as a primary means of accentuating its unique atmosphere, which draws similar characteristics of the shanty milieu of Kensington Market. Classic antiques and millwork, deficient lighting, and the use of traditional Chinese kitsch provoke a sense of informality and even exquisiteness. The interior decorations work as a mediating fabric to draft the disruptive milieu from the market and pull it into the inside of the bar. This act arouses the contingent mutation of the local authenticity, resulting in comical episodes in the bar. This makes people arriving and leaving consistently transient through altering atmospheres, which somehow produces an uncanny sense of isolation and difference from the outside. Hence the bar seems to rely on either a pure chance of discovery, or most likely through a special invitation among the local residents who whisper its private existence. This situation makes Cold Tea a great place for exploring the surrealization of local experiences.

Fig. 1.2.1
Cold Tea
Sequence of Episodes



Scenario

The thesis experiment for Cold Tea attempts to script an alternate scenario for experiencing the uncanny ambiance of the bar. Reinterpretation of the comical episodes and the atmospheric artifacts translates a different perception of the bar as an alternate place of surreal ambiance. Both perceptions of the local and the stranger are juxtaposed to produce a mutated, experiential representation of both spaces and episodes. This juxtaposition of contradictory subjectivities eradicates a strictly monocentric representation of the bar, offering another reading of the spaces and the episodes as unnaturally cosmetic and whimsical. It is about understanding how a typical sequence of unique episodes relates to each distinct space and its visual elements in producing such experiences. The working relationship between the atmospheric elements, the spatial structure, and the sequence of episodes altogether formulates an experience personal and genuine to the subject. Following this logic, the absurdity of the bar can be further aggrandized to a state of ambivalent reality. By neutralizing the subjective differences, this experiment scripts an entirely new scenario for generating a surreal experience in Cold Tea.

Experiment Guidelines:

a. Writing the narratives from both perspectives of the local and the stranger.

The local narrative serves the primordial substance for the experiment, whereby the stranger's narrative becomes the mutual translation of the experiment. The local narrative portrays searching and experiencing various perceptual episodes throughout the bar. Each episode introduces primary artifacts, which compose the personal perception of the bar. The stranger narrative follows the same principle but interprets the previous episodes differently. The artifacts deriving from the local are détourned to produce the stranger's perception. The differences in their perceptions produce an alternate scenario of significant moments especial to the stranger.

b. Selecting images of significant episodes from the sequence of experiencing the bar; transposing the sequence in a spatial composition of the bar, specifically in relation to the interior details described in the narratives. Refer to Fig. 1.2.2

A series of photographs are selected for illustrating the sequence of transitive moments through different spaces and episodes in the bar. They

posses visual artifacts as perceived and described in the narratives for portraying the quality of the uncanny atmosphere. Then the sequence is applied and indicated in respect to their happening spaces in an axonometric presentation of the bar. This plots the sequence by not only the spatial transition, but also importantly, by the juxtaposition of the artifacts constructing such atmosphere.

c. Plotting a sequence of the episodes with the abstracted, primary visual artifacts for simultaneously narrating the experiences of both the local and the stranger. Refer to Fig. 1.2.3

The visual artifacts are cropped from their background to be utilized as a symbolic representation of each distinctive characteristic of the changing ambiance in the bar. The artifacts for both the local and the stranger are intermixed and catalogued as a matrix to formulate a synthetic sequence of experiencing the bar spaces.

d. Retranslating the experiential representation of the bar spaces as a composite drawing of multiple perspectives; once completed, reapplying the abstracted artifacts in different positions and scales, which process derails their original meaning and force, corresponding surreal experiences of the bar spaces to the stranger's narrative. Refer to Fig. 1.2.4

The scenario of experiencing the bar is now different from having re-scripted the episodes in the previous exercise. The spatial organization of the bar remains intact with each distinct artifact applied in their original place. The synthesis of the two perceptual sequences and the additive artifacts as montage attempts to render the interior spaces as dreamy and unnatural. This cohesive rendering draws perception and experience of the bar as uncanny and surreal. The result is a perceptual representation of hyper-stimulated, experiential moments.

Local Narrative

The late sunset draws purplish shades over the crooked building tops in Kensington Market and paints the streets sombre. Streets are deserted; cafes, restaurants and stores are closed. Arriving at the old mall, I step into a narrow corridor through gated doors open to the street. I walk down the corridor bleached in heavy florescent light, whereby a couple of corner shops appear. I catch a glimpse of a jaded Porsche magazine in a stack of books. I flip through the magazine. It's a technical analysis with hardly any pictures of a car or a girl. I leave it there and continue strolling towards a barren, metal door.

Entering the door, I suddenly face an old Chinese lady with a tiny kitchen stall in a dark corner. The little stage seems like a comical interior decor, and inside, she is a mannequin. The lady in her traditional, Chinese costume has her head buried in the stall, busily making dim sums. Amused, I turn into another corridor past the stall and finds a vacant room with small tables and glowing candle lights. The room is shady with muted rays of spot lights gleaming across from the bar on one side. A narrow bar counter is tucked in the wall on the left with a few stools by its side. The interior remains beautifully unadorned with a few antiques carelessly scattered in the room.

I wait by the counter to order a drink. Two other guys and their girls are sharing jokes with the bartender. Absorbed in their conversation, the bartender doesn't notice me. I join the counter by sitting on the stool between the two couples and watch the bartender making a cocktail. The way she shuffles and oozes a various liquids into the glass resembles a ballerina's rhythmical movement. Along the counter lies mysterious bottles, which she precariously pinches a couple of drops into the glass. She is also an alchemist then. Behind the counter hangs a metal shelf of various liquor bottles. Then suddenly I remember a friend suggesting special cocktails for good prices here. A young man, in thick glasses and messy hair, enters the bar and calmly cleans after the ballerina-alchemist. This bartender asks for an order finally. I bluntly ask for a recommendation from the guy sitting next to me. "Well, what do you usually drink?" "I usually drink rum." "Sweet or sour?" ... "Sweet?" The guy then summons a name by something along sweet rum. "That sounds good. I will have that."

Everyone silently observes the bartender shuffling cocktails. He begins by putting a small cocktail glass in its final designation. It is a fragile glass in the shape of Y with a flat bottom and a thin leg. He grabs a bottle of rum, shakes it gently, and pours a little in a metal cup he is holding in his right hand. He also picks up one of those vile-looking bottles and pinches a couple of drops. He pours some juice from a cooler with a set of ice cubes in the cup as well. Then he crushes the jumble in the cup in vicious jabs with a thin metal fork. After a few playful shakes, the bartender pours the drink elegantly in the glass.

A slow stream of transparent orange liquid fills the glass just short of its tip. After hastily brushing his hands with a towel by his waist, he claps a sort of "voila!" and gently nudges the cocktail to him. I take a sip. It is sweet and cool with hardly a strong alcoholic bite. It tastes mildly fruity, somewhere between orange and strawberry, with a taste of rum flickering on the back of my tongue after swallowing the liquid. The liquid sparkles like red ruby. A group of lousy drinkers enter the bar and intimately embrace both bartenders. Squeezed inside the group, I feel like being in a friend's friend's party. I hurriedly pay the bill and leave the counter in search of my own friends at the patio outside.

The patio offers the most exotic isolation. It's a pocket space bound by metal fences. Two strings of yellow light bulbs cross and stream in the air. Three stories of bare, cement walls obstruct the view on one side. A shabby, wooden-boarded wall blocks it on the other. It leaves a side of view beyond the storage. Four narrow and long, wooden tables and antique stools are carelessly placed in the middle. Small gangs are hurdled along the tables here and there. My friends are sitting at the end of the table by the right side. I join the gang by introducing to a few I never met. As we chat wildly with laughs and giggles, the patio slowly fills up with more people with a drink in their hands. Already some friends return with a new drink. We share a sip and admire the distinctive flavour of each cocktail.

As the night descends, the light bulbs shine brighter. The surrounding walls slowly diminish into the nightly darkness. The patio becomes much more intimate as his eyes reach short at where the luminance fades. The cozier it encloses the patio, and the more they drink, the merrier the friends savour the night air in the delirium of sparkling cocktails.



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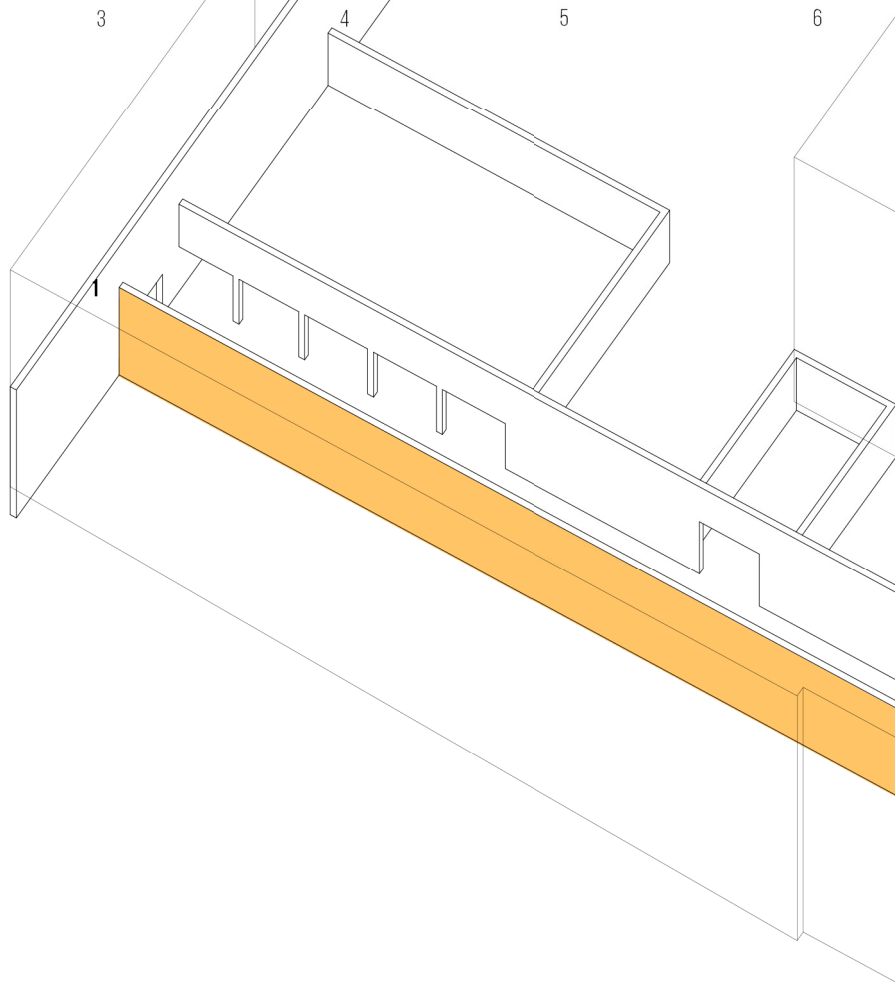


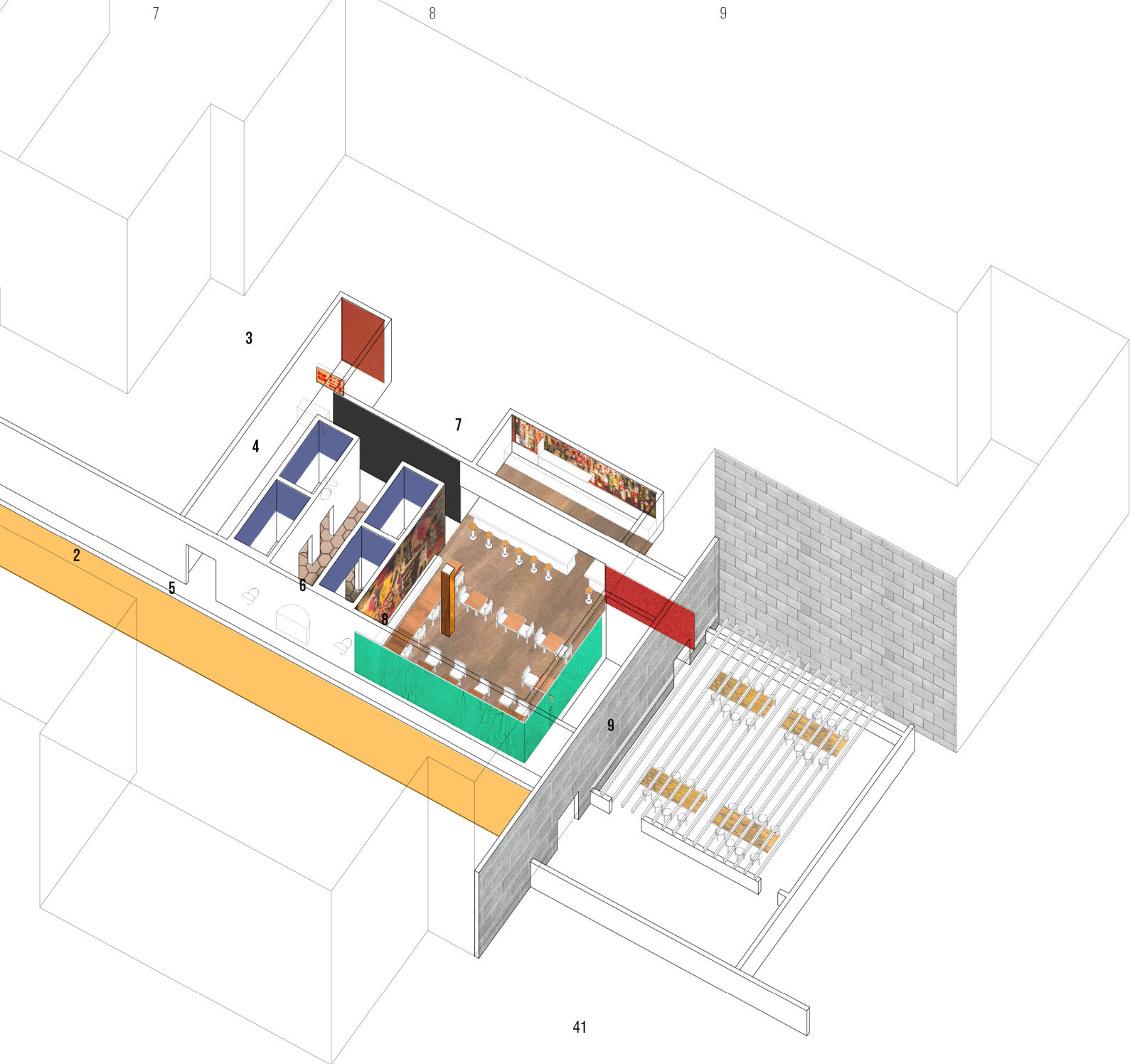
Fig. 1.2.2
Sequential Axonometric
Composition



7

8

9



Stranger Narrative

The stranger is attracted by a sudden electric vibrancy in the atmosphere on her arbitrary wander in the neighbourhood. She enters a street narrowed by old and colourful buildings on each side of the street. A string of jaded flags hang by a mall entrance, where she intrudes into a barren corridor.

The corridor is nested with clusters of antique sculptures and broken toys. As she walks further down the corridor, she discovers mysterious doors and tight corners. On one side, a corner leads to a small room, full of framed images. Another corner exposes tall sculptures lit under soft lighting. The next intrusion instantly opens to a forestry path outside. She skips the corners and the doors, walking straight along the corridor. It becomes a one-way maze branching out to corners and passages. Randomly stopping at a jaded door with a red siren above, finally the stranger's curiosity bursts to dare opening one of these mysterious doors. Surprisingly the door opens without any resistance, and she enters with morbid curiosity.

The stranger enters darkness flickering in her eyes for a second, till her eyes adjust to the dimness of a narrow corridor. A thin stream of light eases her eyes to catch silhouettes ahead. The corridor is saturated in dry blood. Instantly she is taken aback by a man in shadow. He's sitting on a low stool, tuning his violin quite gracefully. He looks up from his violin for a second whose eyes through the round glasses the stranger meet directly. Then, without any word, he presumes his caring as if the stranger is invisible. For a few seconds the stranger stands frozen in a shock. Behind the man a tiny machine stands with a sign dangling from the ceiling. It voraciously screams a word: *placebo*. A small man stands behind the machine, completely absorbed in his craftsmanship for the next delirium. Precariously the stranger takes her steps forward, passes the violin man, and turns right before the drug machine. She falls into another dark corridor. At the end of the corridor she catches a glimpse of a mysterious cellar.

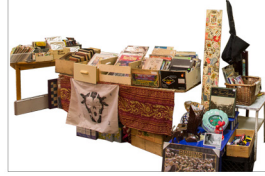
The first thing she notices is a faded, emerald wall at the end of the cellar. Tables are laid out in the middle of the room. An old couple has taken a table by the far corner under dim light. On her left is a bar counter soaked in bright red light. Two industrial lights drop down from the ceiling with a focused spotlight in the middle, diffusing away, and filling the room in a ticklish glow.

The stranger joins the counter where a bartender is chatting with a man on the far stool. She patiently waits for her turn to talk to the bartender. Behind the bartender she sees a quantum of white light washing away the brand names on liquor bottles, making them look like shiny trophies. She turns to the conversation between the bartender and the man. They are talking about cocktail mixes. The man is excitedly talking about his latest invention, mixing rum with juice and sparkling soda.

The stranger searches for a menu, but it is nowhere to be found. After hastily looking around the cellar and returning her attention to the bartender, she finally opens her mouth and asks for a recommendation. The man excitedly asks her, "Well, what do you usually drink?" The bartender, casually wiping a glass, turns to her as well. "I overheard your latest invention, and it sounds delicious. Maybe I can try that?" The man laughs, and the bartender draws a quiet smile. He turns around to make the invention. She carefully pinches the thin leg of the glass with her fingers and takes a slow sip. Light rum and ice grains trickle down her throat with a cool sensation. "This is amazing!" The bartender recommends her to check the patio. Grabbing her magical potion, she walks towards a door with a red exit sign.

The last streak of late afternoon sunset spills into the small backyard. October air is refreshing. The patio is tiny, as it is surrounded by concrete walls towering many storeys up at all sides. At the top the walls form a frame of the sky. The fading daylight softly trickles down the walls, reflects off here and there, and arrives on the ground as white creamy luminance. She sees strings of light bulbs perched up in the air. The dangling light bulbs gain their strength as they descend, dancing, down the walls. The orchestra of different lights filters through overarching beams and imprints an irregular rhythm of purplish shades and dots on the ground. In the middle of the patio stands a long, red-top, wooden table. Small groups of people are sitting along the table and gulping their drinks. A breeze brushes the stranger's hair. She hears the violinist playing from the inside of the bar. The mellow jazz softens and disperses into a pastel-like melody in the air.

The Street



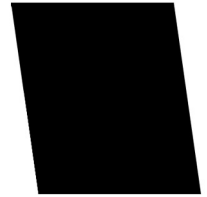
Corridor



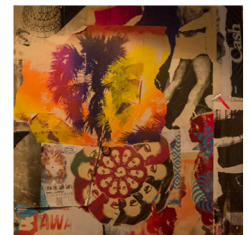
Mysterious Entry



Passage



Bar Room

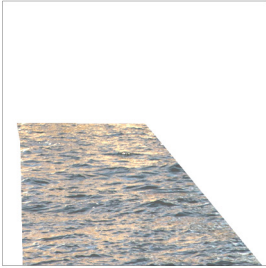


Cocktail



Talk

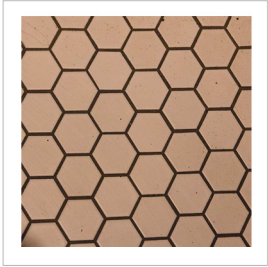




Dark
Corridor



Toilet

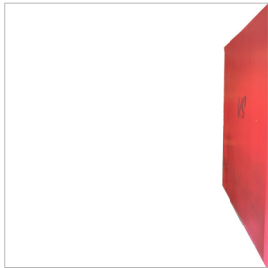


Bar Counter

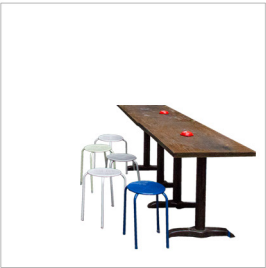


Bartender

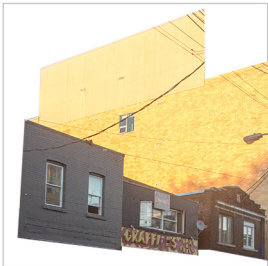
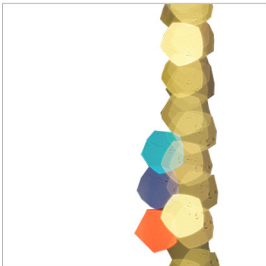
Exit



Patio



Night Lights



P.44:
Fig. 1.2.3
Sequence-Artifacts Matrix

Right:
Fig. 1.2.4
Final Experiential Retranslation



1.3 ART GALLERY OF ONTARIO

Space of Duality

Art Gallery of Ontario, locally known as AGO, is a predominant, symbolic, civic, and provincial institution in the heart of the Grange neighbourhood. The gallery asserts a strong presence of local immediacy and a powerful cultural influence in the area. In Aldo Rossi's terms, it is established as an urban permanence and locus in the neighbourhood. Despite its gigantic scale and comprehensive artistic program, the institution's structure is intimately embedded within the context of everyday life in the neighbourhood. It is mainly surrounded by a normative urban fabric of residential blocks. Despite this intimate proximity, for the local residents in the neighbourhood, the inside of the gallery is relatively mysterious and alienated from their everyday lives. Unless one is affiliated to the gallery, it is not a common place for a typical daily experience; as more often, the main audience of the gallery is drawn from the city in general, the urban region, and tourists from more distant places. The gallery poses an ironic nature of the duality, constituting the locally embedded cultural permanence, yet at the same time, remaining quite unfamiliar to the actual local experience in the neighbourhood. This creates an interesting situation where the spatial experiences through the interior spaces of the gallery are psychologically equidistant for both the local residents and the foreign tourists even though both perceive them in a different perspective of visitation. Thus the gallery suggests a space of duality where the local can become estranged from the immediate daily situations, perceiving the gallery's interior spaces as equally magical and original as the stranger would.

Fig. 1.3.1
Art Gallery of Ontario
Location



The Maze

The AGO is composed of four levels of rooms, halls, vestibules, and corridors; all spaces are arranged in multiple ambiances that constantly change and shift according to different artworks, artifacts, and lightings. Throughout these shifting ambiances, the walls serve as a momentary fixture that fractures the spaces. Subjective perception through the *dérive* becomes the only referential guide in which these fragmented spaces and the ambiances compose a personal, spatial experience. Rather than systematically following the spaces in a rigid sequence, therefore, the subject can wander nomadically in respect to the immediate experiences of the gallery. In this way the gallery operates as an interior maze of *psychogeography*.

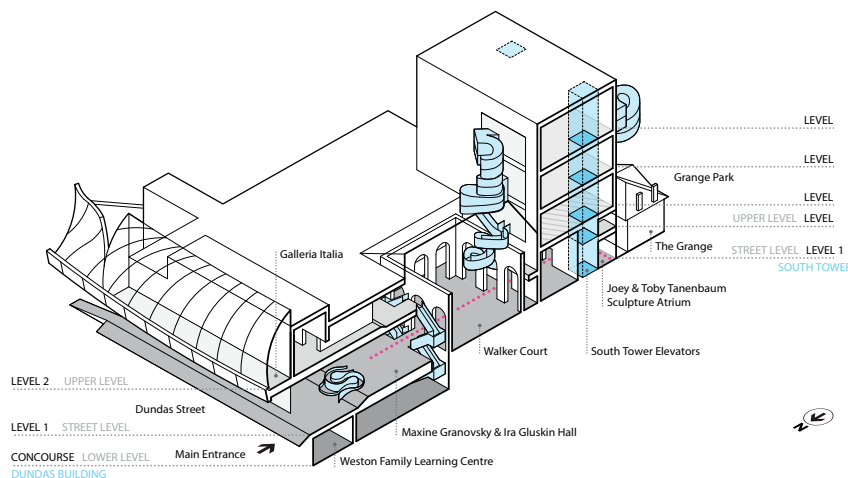


Fig. 1.3.2
AGO
Axonometric Section

Situationists define psychogeography as “The study of the specific effects of the geographical environment (whether consciously organized or not) on the emotions and behaviour of individuals.”⁹ By this definition, the AGO offers an internalized geography of shifting ambiances and momentary suspenses that constantly pique the subjective perception and emotions. The fractured interior spaces constantly produce rupturing moments of significance in experiencing the transitive spaces and stressing the psychological effect of each space. The experiment attempts to reinterpret this constant shift of experiential phenomena in the gallery spaces from two different perceptions of the local and the stranger. The objective is to retranslate the gallery as a psychogeographic maze to be lost for perceiving purely the shifting spatial ambiances and their psychological stimulus.

Experiment Guidelines:

- a. Writing the narratives from both perspectives of the local and the stranger.

The narratives unfold two different stories of wandering and experiencing the gallery. Each subject formulates a personal sequence of episodes by perceiving different artifacts and spatial experiences. The narratives illustrate these situations and their psychological effects.

- b. Translating perceptual spaces in reference to the narratives, applying selective, visual artifacts of changing ambiances, recomposing and readjusting the order and the hierarchy of the perceptual representations of spatial situations in accordance to the sequence in the narrative. Refer to Fig. 1.3.3 - 1.3.8

A series of accompanying illustrations translate the drift throughout the spaces as well as the transition of artifacts, ambiances and small episodes. These are reconfigured in relation to the sequence order and the subjective perception. The representations of spatial situations are retraced strictly in the figurative viewpoint, that is, in the scale and the point of perspective that captures and portrays the significant experiences architecturally.

- c. Juxtaposing all the perceptual translations of both the local and the stranger's spatial situations in a singular composition for reconstructing the gallery as a psycho-experiential maze; highlighting the significant moments. Refer to Fig. 1.3.9

The final illustration totalizes all perceptual sequences and merges the experiential differences between the local and the stranger. The local and the stranger's dérives are simultaneously juxtaposed. Likewise, their experiential moments are assimilated altogether. The gallery is no longer conceived as a physical building in reality. Instead it is represented as an inconsistent assemblage of various spatial situations and reposed artifacts. The gallery becomes a perceptual maze of estrangement for the subject drifting through changing ambiances and spontaneous episodes in any possible sequence. This maze is an abstract cartography of purely significant spatial situations.

Local Narrative

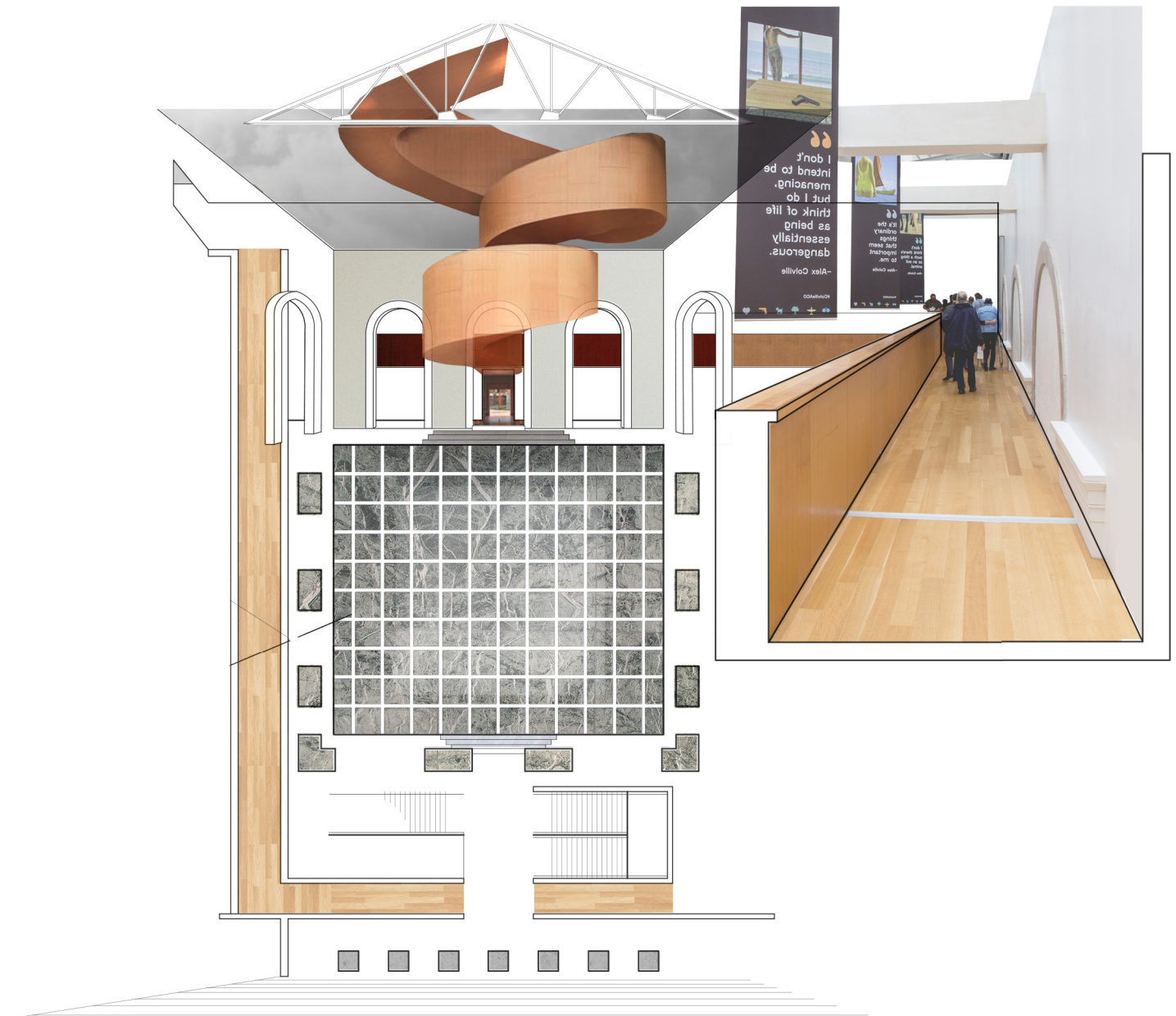
I immediately hustle towards the art gallery. The early morning rain drenched the streets in dour gray. Cars hiss away the sound of tires skidding on a wet road. I carefully take each step on the street to avoid any puddle. Futile to my efforts, the shoes and the tips of my pants get wet and dirty from the racing cars spurting water over.

The chunky concrete walls and the slow steps of the gallery appear duller than any other day. The closer I walk towards the entry doors, the darker the shadow of the overhang draws. It's a depressing morning. The street noise stalks from the streets into the vestibule. Small groups of people are skittering around, chatting, and lining up behind the ticket booths. I embrace my angry friends who were chatting by the side of the booths. The whole scene goes like a whimsical jazz concert I am whirled into. This chaotic atmosphere irritates me. My friends walk into the central atrium, still chatting, and I trace after them without a sound like a murderer stalking potential victims in darkness.

Once stepping into the atrium, I am washed by the dove daylight falling down from the jagged skylights, streaming away into the darkness beyond the atrium. Surrounding white walls extend and blend into the bland sky. All around me stands tall arched doorways like a classic Greek temple. Past the arches lingers the dark ambiance sucking this dull light away. I briefly linger and mediate in silence, a ritual, in the middle of the atrium. The space feels awfully desolate and dry. The earlier noise from the street to the vestibule and the movement of dark silhouettes die away by the pressuring heavy atmosphere. The sterile air in the atrium soothes the distant cacophony to an unrecognizable murmur. My friends also stop chatting and reserve the silence finally. This soothes my earlier agitation and wakes me up fresh from the sleepiness.

After some time in the atrium, we climb to the second floor by the side and follow a shallow corridor looking down to the atrium. Still absorbing the tranquil atmosphere, we wait in a line. We enter the dark threshold for this month's special exhibition.

Right:
Fig. 1.3.3
Local Translation 1



Past the threshold, the last string of daylight escapes. Partitions direct me from one end to another. Tungsten lights illuminate a row of paintings along the walls in sickening yellow. Once again silence consumes the space. Only shuffling steps sound the dead movement of people and light. I follow the ritual to celebrate the mossy atmosphere by taking slow graceful steps. Every stare becomes long and serious at each painting. A painting of explosively vibrant colours catches my attention, and I stare at it for a few seconds. My mind is absolutely empty without a thought. I scan others' faces to see their expression towards the painting. Their eyes reflect as big and empty as those of breathless fish.

Everyone marches in a line, drifting along the wall from one painting to another. No one set a timer, but it moves in an exact order as every person to the right shifts to the next painting like mechanical clockwork. I feel like a prisoner marching along. So I anchor my position at one particular painting even after the line shifts. I walk right up to an inch away from the frame, observes the details of brush strokes, and steps away into the dim background. There I tread back and forth like a broken ship by the harbour to break away from the rigid procession. My friends turn and disappear. I take a moment and joins a new tide of a new crowd.

Towards each painting after another, I walk in a pace disruptive to the monotonous procession. The lowly lit partitions reveal an endless, boring succession of dead paintings. Finally I exit the last room to an open corridor, which abruptly throws me back to the central atrium with the powerful gaze of light. A sudden resurgence of brightness sharply pierces my eyes to a daze, so I quickly flee to another shade. Tall white walls appear once again with small, colourful paintings. The light here is warm, reflected off the wooden-matted floor. With less people it is easier to breathe and wander in any direction.

Right:
Fig. 1.3.4
Local Translation 2

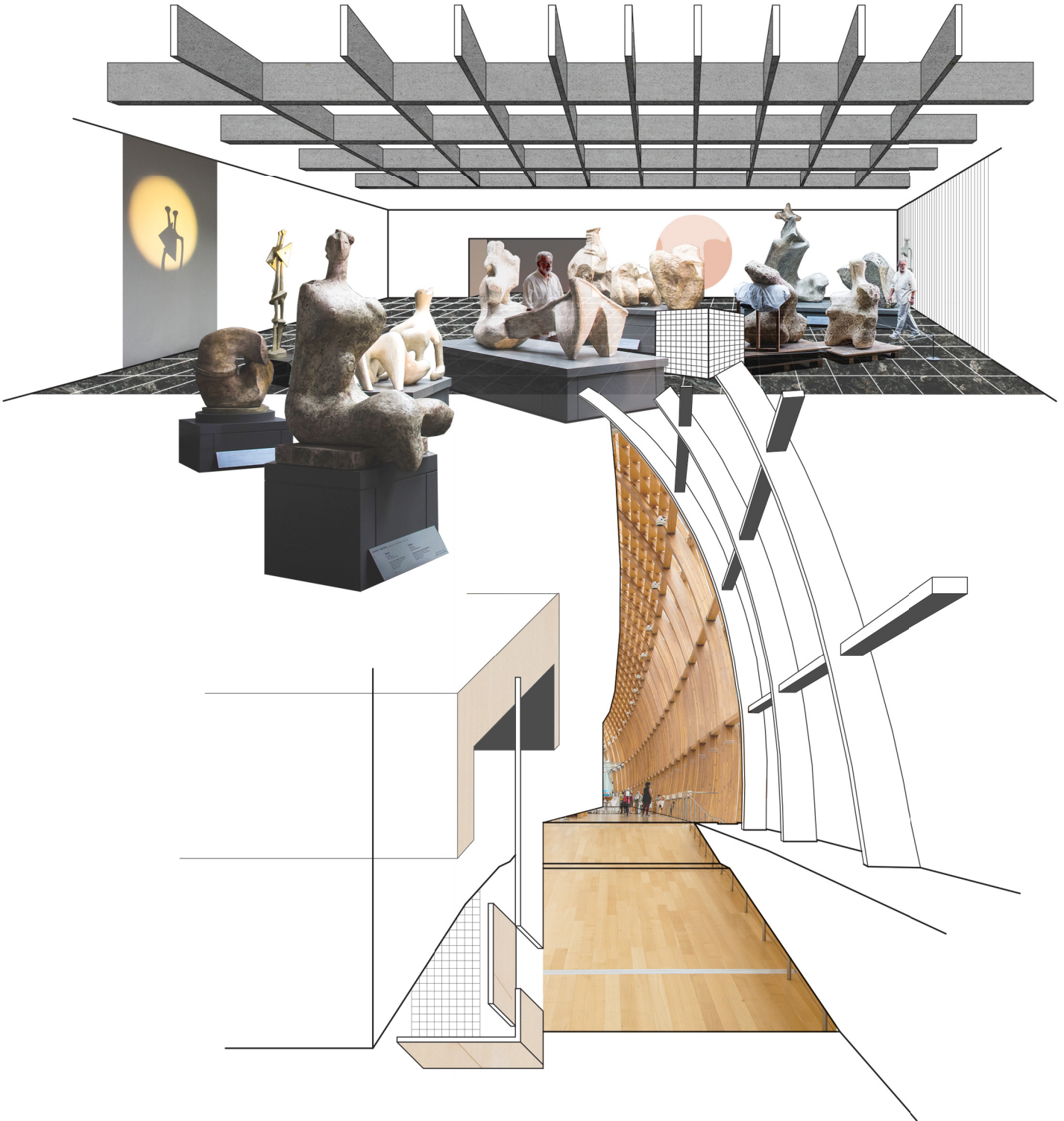


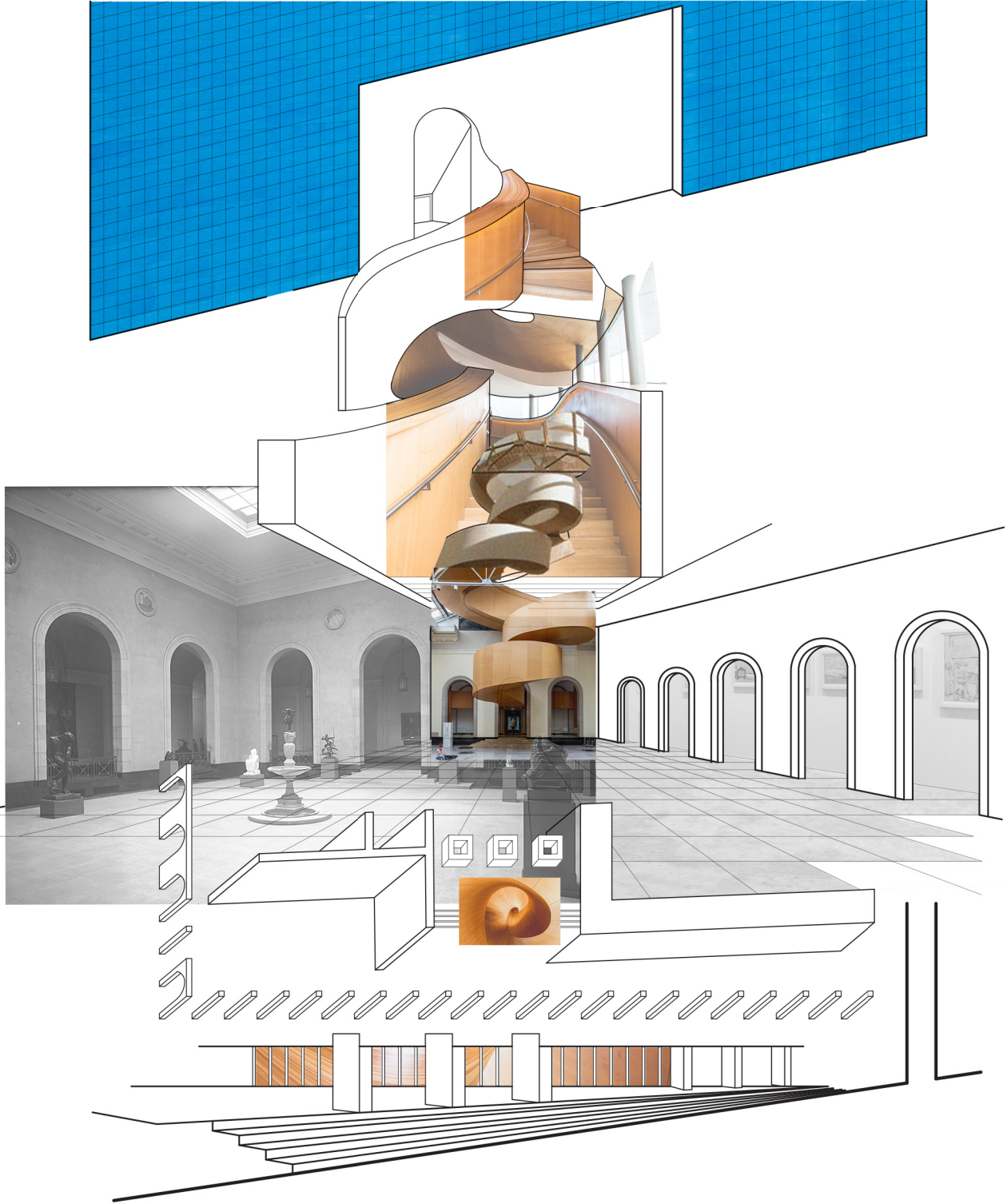
Having totally lost my interest in art, I mindlessly drift and enjoy the tranquility from one room to another instead. Carelessly following the endless frames, I am eventually lost in a maze. Rooms forever lead to each other, and the only way to distinguish a place from another is reading the changing ambiances. One room possesses a warm light that colours the walls in jaded yellow. Another appears much colder from a gigantic, dark blue painting of a winter snowfield. I timelessly roam in the maze till accidentally arriving at a spacious hall with stone sculptures.

There muffles and echoes a mechanical husky voice from a machine from the centre of the hall. It projects a strong beam of a circular colourful light, striking the sculptures, and leaving bleached shadows on the walls. An old man walks through the sculptures while his wife patiently sits by the corner and watches the man with a smile. The old man seems to be following instructions from the voice. I stand in the corner and watch the man chasing after every sculpture in light of different colours. After awhile I realize the sculptures are distorted figures. The circular beam delineates their bodies and portrays a clear shadow of their disfigured heads on the walls. Like a playful child, the man walks through a narrative in which these figures and their shadows are fooling him around. Taking a step back and seeing the hall in its full scope, I see a stony garden of sculptures and an old philosopher striding by them.

I leave the garden to enter a promenade that immediately exposes the murky sky outside. An endless repetition of arching beams project to a distance. Every gap between each massive wooden beam reveals the bustling Dundas Street. Every pore pours the depressing daylight into the promenade. Walls and floors illuminate a mellow glow off the wooden panels. A distant noise of an espresso machine echoes mildly through the promenade. I find my friends resting by the café. I am reassured by having found them finally. But they are not happy about waiting for me again. We linger in the bright promenade for a while, soaking in the light neglected from the maze of rooms. Now fully awake after such a peaceful meditation in the maze, I excitedly suggest friends my favourite restaurant nearby. We leave the promenade for the next adventure.

Right:
Fig. 1.3.5
Local Translation 3





Stranger Narrative

The stranger is seeking a place to rest his mind in an absolute void. For too long his life has been obsessively occupied with his business. Given an empty day in his schedule, for once, he wants to escape from the relentless chase. The hotel receptionist must've read the fatigue in his face, for she recommended him no other place but a gallery she advised so mysteriously; *first, get lost in the maze.*

The depressing gray sky reflects his mood perfectly. Walking down a bustling street, he eventually follows a slow incline of wide steps leading to the gallery entrance. He finds several doors leading to the same vestibule. As soon as he closes the door, the street noise drains away and silence erupts. He slips into a dim vacuum with an obscure silhouette of objects inside. He treads towards a pool of light past the silent ticket booth.

He enters an atrium where creamy luminance drips from the sky above and dwells frozen in the sterile air. Silence echoes and lingers around the columns that guard the atrium. Everywhere else remains dark and enclosed. The stranger looks up to a frozen tornado reaching a height he cannot grasp. He finds stairs to reach the floor where he can approach the tornado. Once there, he finds a secret staircase sculpted inside. He parts on a steady flight upward. As he climbs, he sees the atrium diverting away in a circle. The stairs rotate dizzily and eventually peak through the ceiling to become a narrow tunnel. The stranger glides his hands over the smooth wooden surface of the spiral. He loses the count of steps and floors he has climbed. He reaches a great elevation to catch a glimpse of the city outside. Over the horizon faraway, skyscrapers glare a silvery illumination from a small rupture in the cloudy sky. Each rotating step takes him through a panorama from buildings to a forest to a series of small houses. Slowly the image of the neighbourhood dissolves into an endless wall of shiny blue lake. The tunnel ends at a small door into the vertical lake.

Light fades away once again. The stranger is now inside a hall of incredibly white walls and concrete floors. There is neither sight nor sound of a single soul. Every particle in the air has evaporated. It is the void he has been yearning for. Walls eject in multiple directions where the stranger catches a glimpse of thin lights furthering away. He follows after the nearest wall ejecting to his right. It loops and captures him in a hollow room. He sees a fire in the middle. A powerful beam of light enlivens every colour of the red spectrum, especially orange, glistening and dancing. The stranger exits through a narrow gap and propels himself towards another space with a slit. A gray shadow leaks from the slit, where he enters an abrupt darkness. Inside, his eyes focus on blurry silhouettes moving in the darkness, slowly turning into moving figures. It is a naked couple dancing. As he watches the strange movement of the two, he notices a faint noise from the outside. It slowly arises to a soft harmony of saxophones, piano, and trumpets chiming with drumming ticks in a fauvist rhythm. The stranger exits the dark room through another rift and subconsciously follows after the sound of jazz.

The stranger casually strolls by the trace of the music through walls after walls. Along the journey, he meets an old nun. Upon a closer look, she is petrified in white ceramic, which caught her last grave expression. In another room the stranger finds an oasis in warm orange light. Shards of mirrors are tangled over each other in a destructive manner. In the middle of them, a speechless man stands motionless. The mirrors refract sharp geometries over the walls and the ceiling, ultimately cutting the man into shards of reflection. In another room he is allured by a serene white glow of a circle on the floor. He lurks in to find a pool of a thousand sparkling diamonds. A mild light descends from an opaque skylight above and tints the room in a bluish hue. The pool of diamonds looks vain against the hollow room. The stranger continues his journey through walls after walls, which constantly pull him in and out of endless rooms. Feeling absolutely lost, eventually the only guidance he follows is the gradual accentuation of the music throughout the maze.

Right:
Fig. 1.3.7
Stranger Translation 2





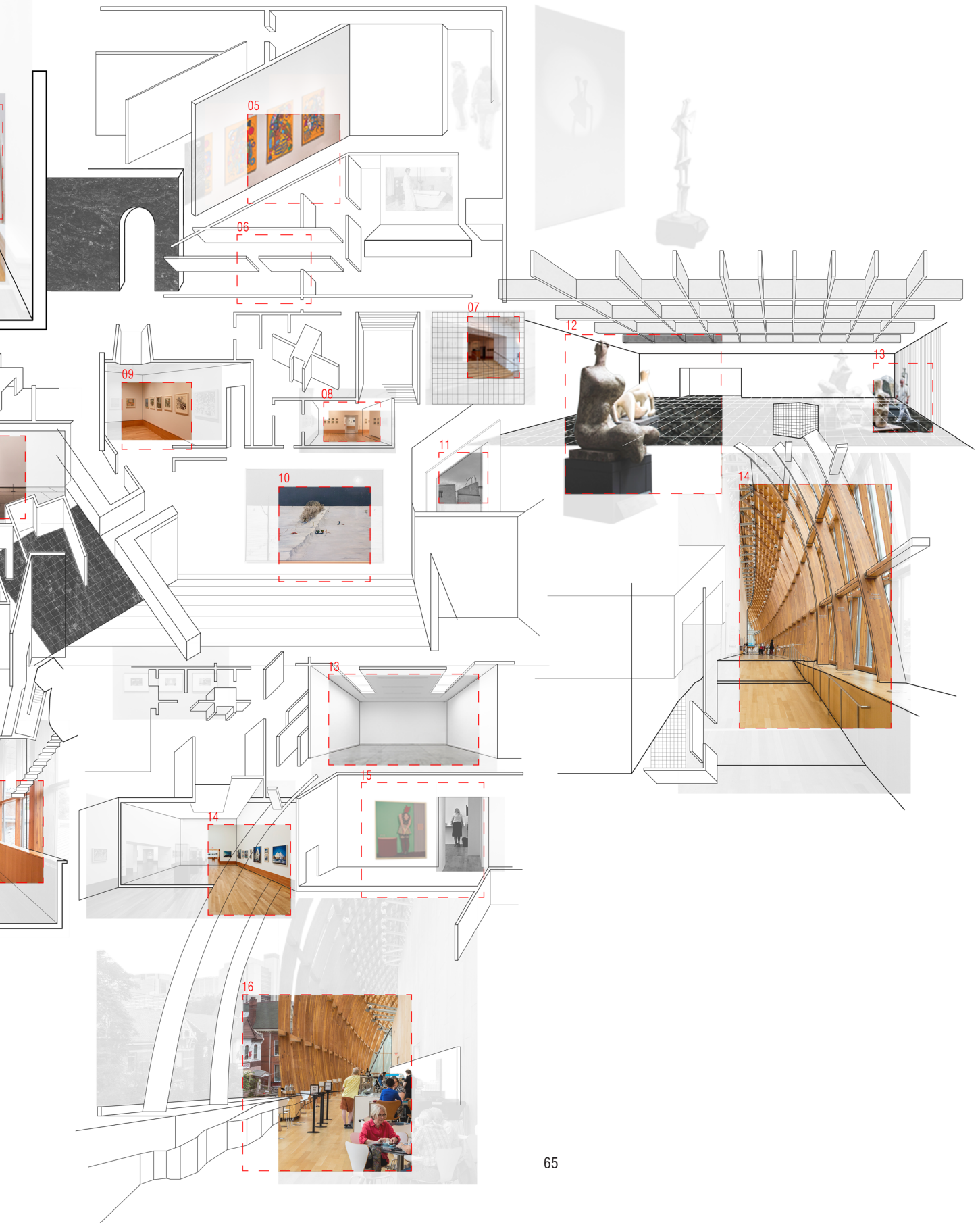
This one room he enters has small paintings densely hung on all sides. Multiple colours in different paintings ceaselessly clash each other. It takes awhile for the stranger to realize there is a woman in a long and slender posture, quietly observing a painting. She has successfully blended in the paintings, so much that she becomes a colour herself. It's only when she takes a step to the next painting, making a spark of sound, the stranger realizes she is a real person. For the first time the stranger carefully observes each painting from the left corner, almost acting it, and follows after the woman's direction. Against the faint background of the jazz now muted to the stranger, only a sharp clicking sound of their heels on granite floors echoes in the room. He slowly passes from one painting to the next. He turns around and sees the woman on the other side of the room. He continues the ritual. When he looks around again, she is gone. The stranger hurriedly leaves the room and enters another, but the woman has long disappeared.

Perhaps hours or days passed. The stranger hasn't checked the time and determined to remain so since entering the gallery. He feels permanently lost in this place of nowhere and in this endless maze of rooms, where all he has to do is walk aimlessly. When he is abruptly thrown out into a long terrace, exposing the world outside, he is shocked. Daylight pierces down through arching trees. The music now completely emerges to its fullest loudness. He follows a row of tall green foliage as he skims the outside. The clouds have finally shattered away. Warm afternoon light pervades the Arcadian-blue terrace. The air carries an aroma of roasted coffee and dark chocolates. He finds a little café by a cool blue wall with mostly empty white tables and a few people lingering around. For so long he has been immersed in a heavy silence and absence of a life; he settles on one of the tables and appreciates the noisy ambiance. As he slowly sips the deep black coffee, he observes two old ladies chatting in front of him. He briefly looks for the mysterious woman in a black coat, but she is nowhere to be seen.

Left:
Fig. 1.3.8
Stranger Translation 3

P.64:
Fig. 1.3.9
Total Translation Juxtaposition





1.4 GRANGE CAFETERIA

Factory

The Grange Village is a block-long, residential complex building, which has a food-court of multiple kitchens and other miscellaneous venues on its ground floor. It offers local residents and workers in nearby offices quick meals and a brief respite – especially during lunch hours. The cafeteria serves a temporary and transitional space for individual routines in the daily course of everyday life, but it is not an ideal destination for a spectacular leisure experience. While the cafeteria is not a pleasant environment with its low ceilings and lack of natural light, it accommodates the utilitarian services for which the urban masses circulate throughout their daily needs in the neighbourhood. Inside the cafeteria people are constantly in a movement that is mechanical and automatic with the general rhythm of modern mass society. This resembles the pattern of a factory order, where all the actors behave acutely in accordance to clockwork. The imagery of this urban social condenser is that of a factory, which contradicts the expected and desired, typical imagery of relaxing and socializing. The episodes occurring in the food court are always unsettling to a certain degree; even the act of eating becomes an obligatory performance to proceed to the next act of the day's routine. This unsettling, transitional, and mechanical urban bustle depicts even the lunch hour as a working part of everyday life. This is the true local landscape, the backstage of everyday realism, which appears highly normative on the surface, but which also arouses a dynamic imagination within the subconscious memory of its elusive imagery. The Grange cafeteria becomes a hyper-factory for the neighbourhood. The transitional bustle of urban population, *urban congestion*, relies on the factory schedule for satisfying the essential daily needs such as hunger rather than for providing a spectacular dining experience. Active and vibrant urban artifacts resonate in the acute movement of people, or the steaming pieces of food lit under lights, all of which constitutes an alternate perceptual layer of a vivid ambience in the cafeteria. This layer is transient and temporary; it emerges only when the cafeteria is fully consumed in urban congestion. This temporary occupation of a vigorous ambience weaves into the existing stark and sterile atmosphere, producing an ambivalent and uncanny spatial experience. In this absurd juxtaposition of unlikely artifacts, the cafeteria suggests discovering and another reading of a space that can be hyper-accentuated of its unsettling conditions and experiences to a new extremity of surreality.

Residuum

The experiment seeks to translate the absurd juxtaposition of the atmospheric conditions and the active moments in the cafeteria. The moments, which encompass the signifying artifacts and the transitional events, operate as a pivotal reference in deconstructing the cafeteria into a spatial-perceptual representation. Starting with identifying every significant moment, the translations ultimately attempt to magnify and distill purely the subjective experience of such industrial ambiance. In the repeated process of distillation, the structural artifacts of the significant moments are abstracted into typological objects to be individually stressed and subverted. Architect Daniel Libeskind asserts, “An authentic abstraction gives us what is most unique in incomplete but formalized levels of grasping objects.”¹⁰ The distillation suggests an instrumentalization of such abstracted objects for re-scripting the experiential moments into symbolic residuum of memory. Libeskind further states, “The transformation of object into operation imposes a temporal dimension on this process, a process whose meaning is not arbitrary and yet is not predetermined either.”¹¹ The experiment retranslates this temporal dimension of the spatial situations by working with the deconstructed typologies, which are drawn from the existing structural context of the cafeteria. This retranslation ultimately produces an indeterminate spatial narrative of the experiences as recollective residuum that signifies the original uncanniness in the Grange cafeteria.

Experiment Guidelines:

a. Writing the narratives from both perspectives of the local and the stranger.

The narratives identify spatial situations and their associative artifacts in the cafeteria. Both the local and the stranger perceive the same structural context of the cafeteria and the same atmosphere, but experiencing and translating the situations differently. The narratives capture their common elements and their subjective differences.

b. Tracing the architectural objects of the spatial situations described in the narratives into abstract typologies; trimming and allocating them by the sequence perceived by both the local and the stranger in the narratives; applying visual images in respect to their relationship with the typologies. Refer to Fig. 1.4.1 - 1.4.2

A selection of architectural components in the narratives such as sky-

lights, which the subject perceives for formulating an imagery of the cafeteria, is translated into generic typologies to transcribe spatial situations in a perceptual viewpoint. Thereafter, photographs, which portray such situations, are placed according to their relation to the typologies.

c. Deconstructing; deforming, misplacing, repeating, and erasing the typologies for reconfiguring the relations of spatial situations. Refer to Fig. 1.4.3 - 1.4.5

The deconstruction process, or progressive distillation, imprints a re-translation of typological forms, breaking them away from their former structure of meaning. It reconfigures the forms, translating the unsettling experience of the simultaneous clash between the active artifacts and the existing contextual basis of the cafeteria. The process becomes increasingly aggressive in further isolating and disrupting the juxtaposition of the typological forms and their corresponding spatial situations. The accumulative memory of active moments dilutes away progressively until only the most resonant experiences inhabit the retranslated structure.

d. Repeating the deconstruction process to further deformatize and reinvent the original relation between the spatial situations and their architectural typologies, recomposing a new perceptual system of representation for the re-scripted situations as concrete residuum of both the local and the stranger's subjective experiences in the cafeteria. Refer to Fig. 1.4.5

The final drawing retranslates the cafeteria as an accumulative palimpsest of experiences having been exhausted and resurfaced as an architectural residuum. This residue is formalized into pure architectural forms. The détourned imagery of the cafeteria becomes an unfinished, temporal script of multiple typologies speaking of the active moments clashing and superimposing on each other. Rather than reposing the visual imagery of the signifying artifacts and the psychological ambiance of the cafeteria, this experiment further develops the method of distilling the experiences of spatial situations into a morphology of deconstructed, symbolic signs.

Local Narrative

It's a rosy afternoon in the spring when hunger swells like a late tide. For the whole day I've been starving in a drowsy paranoia. For the latter half of the day, in fact, all I dreamed about was eating something spicy and hot... something to burn my tongue to wake myself up in sweating. Several cups of watery coffee for quenching the hunger only worsened the craving for a shock. Despite all the different cuisines I conjure in my imagination, I fail to decide the perfect dish for the readymade torture. The cafeteria, in this case, is the destination for the indecisive.

I never enjoyed entering the dark dungeon of the cafeteria. I always push the doors with my full body like a rugby tackle. It knocks me hard into the airless vestibule. Past the doors the warm afternoon light drains away, replaced by weak fluorescent spotlights off the low ceiling. This dungeon is completely enclosed in a dim and cool atmosphere. I can smell the ancient dust in the air. Columns as thick as elephant legs march into a distance, leaving desolate spaces in between. Ducts, pipes, and cords altogether snake through the ceiling. Some drop down to my head almost or slide down the columns to the floors and disappear into anonymous corners. Faint streaks of daylight from invisible pores in the ceiling illuminate here and there and dissipate gradually. The concrete floor is always gleaming fresh. I watch my steps as I see a couple of janitors pouring water and mopping lazily. Passing by the little artificial garden at the convenience store, where dead flowers are put up on a show, I ignorantly walk towards a bright signage screaming *Thai Bright*.

At the Thai stall I swiftly scan the trays glowing heated under intense lighting. There is a soupy curry in a tray while other trays have small pieces of meats and vegetables in every colour. Not satisfied by their insipid look, I hover to the Chinese stall. The lady behind the counter is pulling trays out and wiping the counter for closing. I also hear a loud noise of washing and splashing from the kitchen. I return to where I started.

Better restaurants are tucked away in the distant atrium, but I want something cheap and fast in order to make it for my squash game in the next half an hour. My friend once recommended a Japanese-specialty kitchen in the far corner, which I remember every time I come to the cafeteria. Yet I'm always in such a hurry whenever I come to the cafeteria. The Japanese kitchen remains mysterious to this day. And perhaps, it is to remain in enigma eternally...

Most kitchens are now closed. I slowly head back towards the doors I entered, and then I chuckle for having missed the burrito stall by the doors in the first place. In fact, the burrito is the perfect shocker I've been looking for!

A young man in a black uniform shuffles around the kitchen as he prepares for closing. Some metal trays on the counter are already shut with lids. I see slices of dry onions, lettuce, and other ingredients lit behind the glass panel. I patiently glance over the menu until the man notices me waiting. As he wipes the counter for one last time, the man looks up and takes an order. The order begins with a thin tortilla. As I point out each ingredient, the man scoops it out of each tray and lays it over the tortilla in such rigid and automatic fashion, as if he's building a mechanical part on a conveyor belt. "All the sauces? Salsa? Jalapeño sauce? It's really spicy." "Just a little will do." Hurriedly wrapping the burrito in a silver foil, the man asks for one last time. "Any drinks?" The man hands me the sealed burrito, as I slide my credit card and answer, "No." The transaction proceeds so mechanically ever without an error. The fat burrito wrap simmers in my hands. Without any more time to waste, I hurriedly sit on one of the plastic chairs in front of the burrito stall.

As I take a first bite, I search for a distraction in the cafeteria. It is mostly deserted, and the show for the day ended long ago. At this hour in the afternoon the cafeteria becomes a public temple. It's awfully desolate, quiet, and even a little eerie. Two old men are talking intensely a few tables away. Their expressionless faces and steady muttering conjure an image of ancient philosophers. A few rows away a small group of students is murmuring in Chinese secretively. Otherwise the humming noise from the fans dominate the deserted cafeteria.

Steamy yellow rice and slices of beef sear the tongue. Every bite takes a couple of quick breaths to cool it. One of the bites spurs a concentration of jalapeño sauce, which instantly sloshes over the tongue. After a couple of seconds the spiciness begins to ring red flashes in my mind and fill water in my mouth. The little shock of pain jolts my muscles tense, and I find a strange relief by sweating to death. Exiting the dark dungeon, I am soaked in the brilliant daylight once again. A string of cool air dries away the last sweat on my forehead.

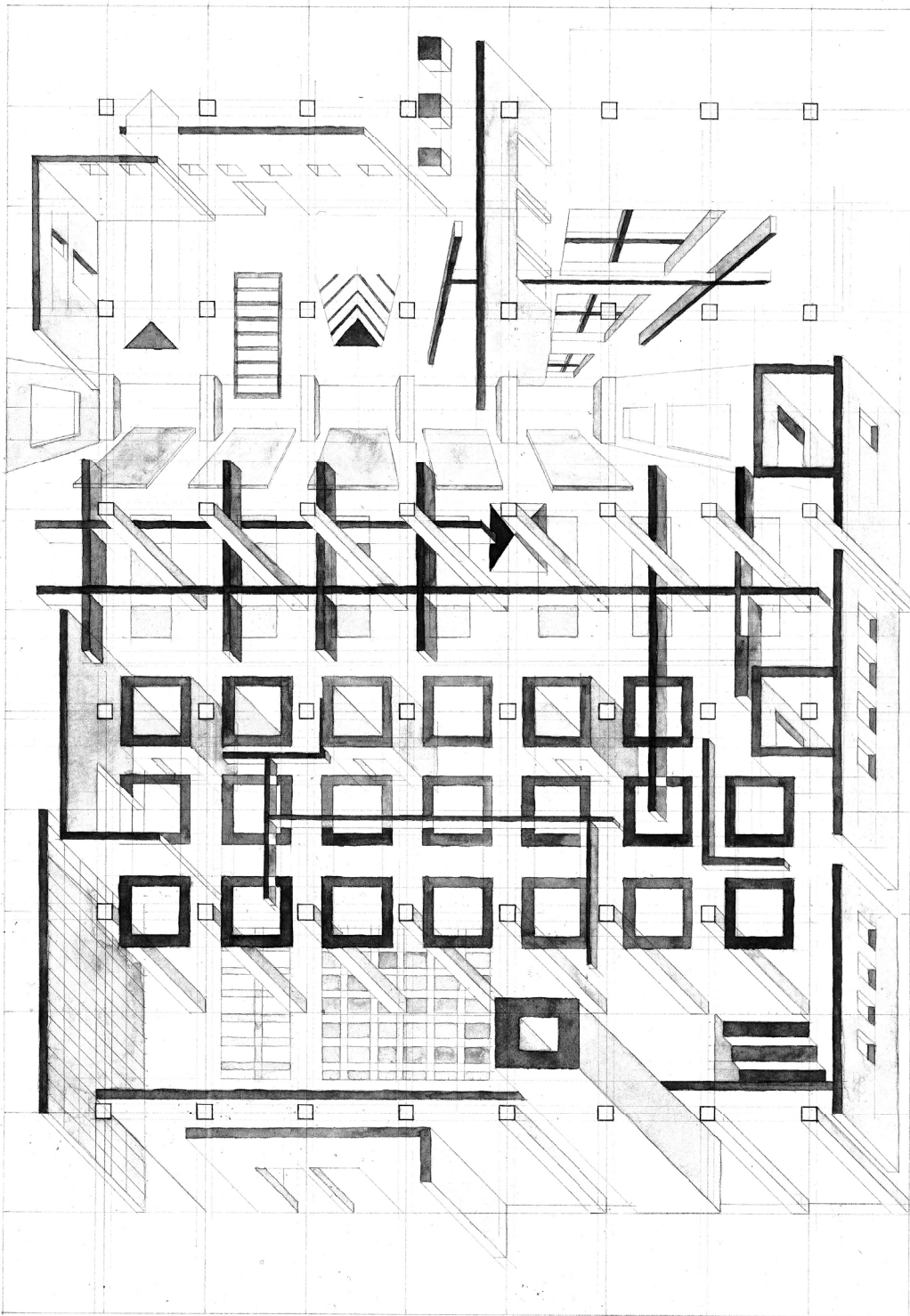


Fig. 1.4.1
Perceptual Deconstruction
Type 1

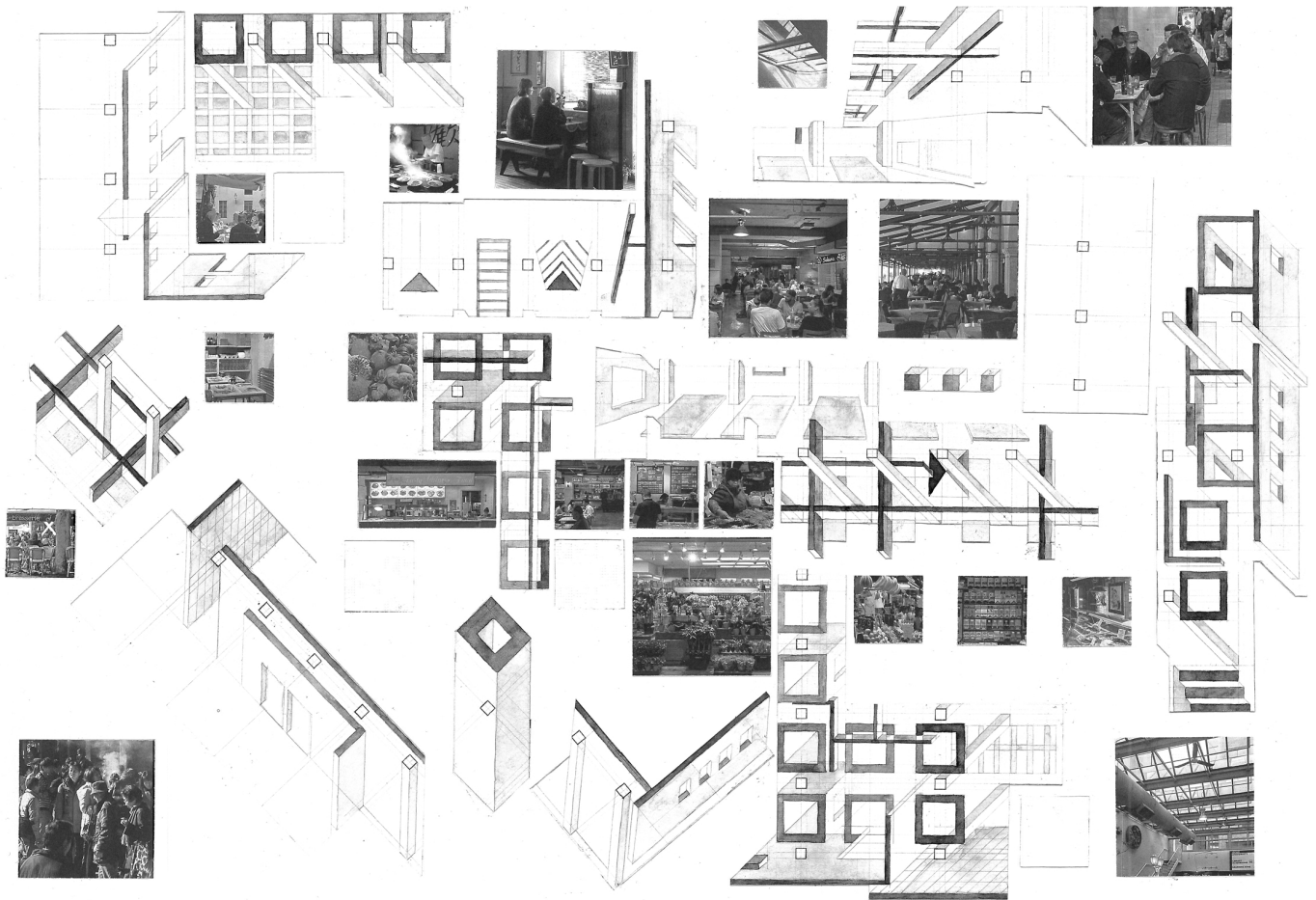


Fig. 1.4.2
Perceptual Deconstruction
Type 2

Stranger Narrative

The stranger roughly recalls the hotel's pamphlet recommending some cuisines at the cafeteria by the school. Seeing his excited daughter dancing away with a grin in her face, the stranger and his wife decide to take lunch at the cafeteria. Immediately across the school stands an immense towering, vertical cliffs cut out of jaded bricks. Any sign to the cafeteria is nowhere to be found. His daughter hikes further ahead in search of an entry into this hidden cafeteria. Far ahead she smiles and points to ancient gates mischievously tucked away in a corner. There, like flipping cards, people briskly shuffle in and out of the gates. The family follows the tide into the cafeteria.

Summer radiance and simmering heat evaporate altogether. They enter a deep and cool, shadowy dungeon with rows of pillars. In between every pillar spreads infinity of plastic tables and chairs. They are occupied with people eating and talking gregariously. This place is a secret, illegal factory with constant mechanical movements of people in every direction. Pipes and spotlights hover around, entangle each other, and pervade across the low ceiling. Faint rays of daylight seep through from an arbitrary array of skylights above. They flick thin dust particles in the air and dissolve away by the clockwork of bustling steps and mechanical movements of hands, heads, and such. The stranger hears an echoing chime out of the whole orchestra; tens of conversations fuse into a mutual cacophony in the air. There resonates an assemblage of multiple sounds: water splashing, fire sizzling, steam whistling, frying, metal forks and spoons clashing, trays being hauled, and shuffling footsteps. The stranger stands, paralyzed by this rigorous movement, for a couple of seconds before he catches vibrant, neon signs flashing above every kitchen.

Several stalls and their small kitchens are situated orthogonally towards the corridors, following the rigid direction of the pillars. He steers away from the rushing crowd to look at some of the kitchen signs. There is a Chinese kitchen where a huge, hairy man is stir-frying with an enormous black frying pan on jumping fire. To his left, small sparkling lamps enliven the colours of every meat and vegetable. People march from one end to another while the lady behind the counter follows each person, swiftly scooping the pieces onto a plate. He skips to the next kitchen and sees a number of steamy curries fogging up the glass. Animal sculptures are arranged on a shelf behind with other traditional Indian decora-

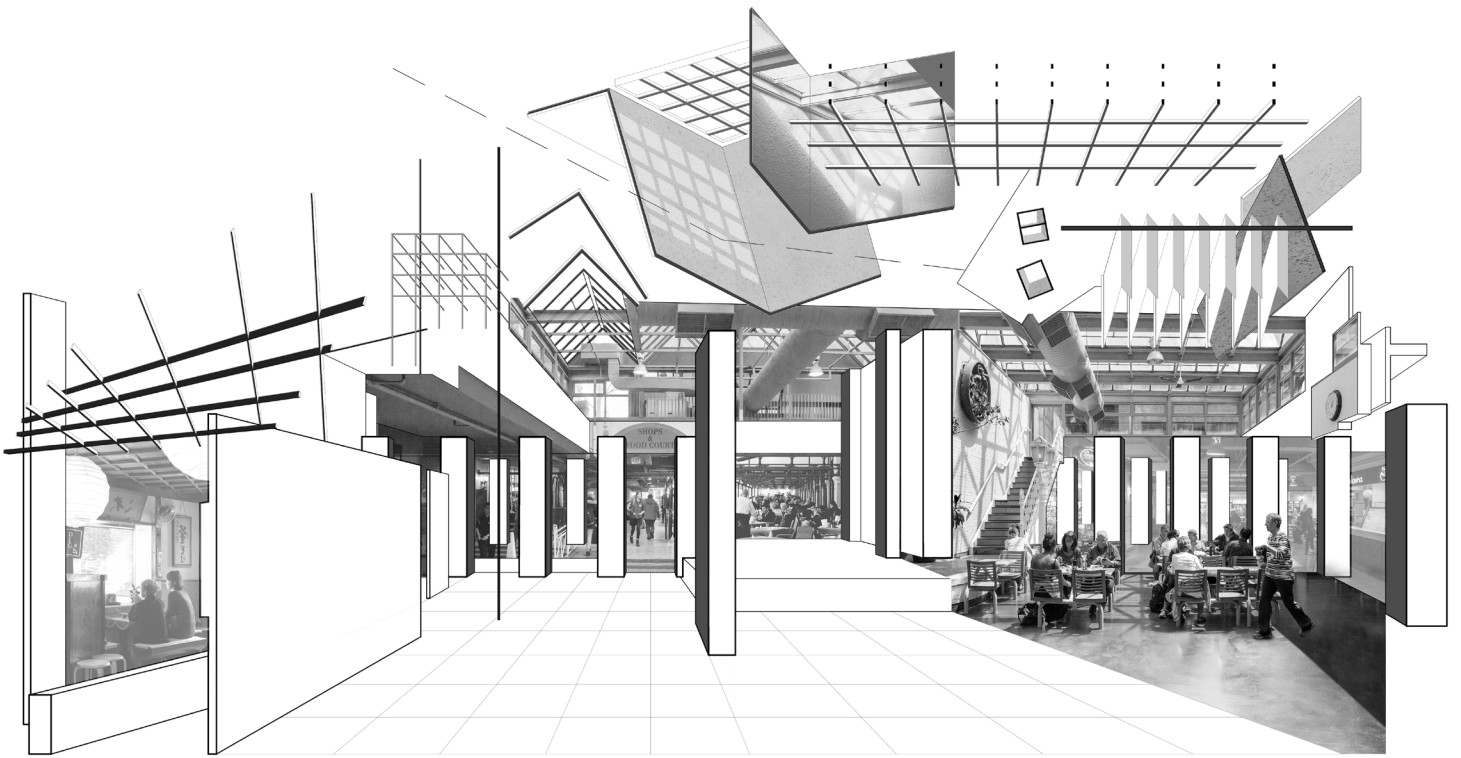
tions. Behind the counter sit two massive pots boiling two different types of curries, which a young woman stirs with some effort.

The stranger looks up and, once more, observes the gassy neon signs. He reads 'Thai Bright', 'Coffee Exchange', 'Mission Burrito', and so on. Every kitchen is decorated in its own colour combination, draping from their signs and decorations to their food presented at the counter. His daughter skitters over a number of other kitchens in her search. His wife tugs him towards a Japanese kitchen in a discrete corner a few pillars away. Just from watching all the different cuisines glistening and steaming everywhere, he already feels quite gluttoned.

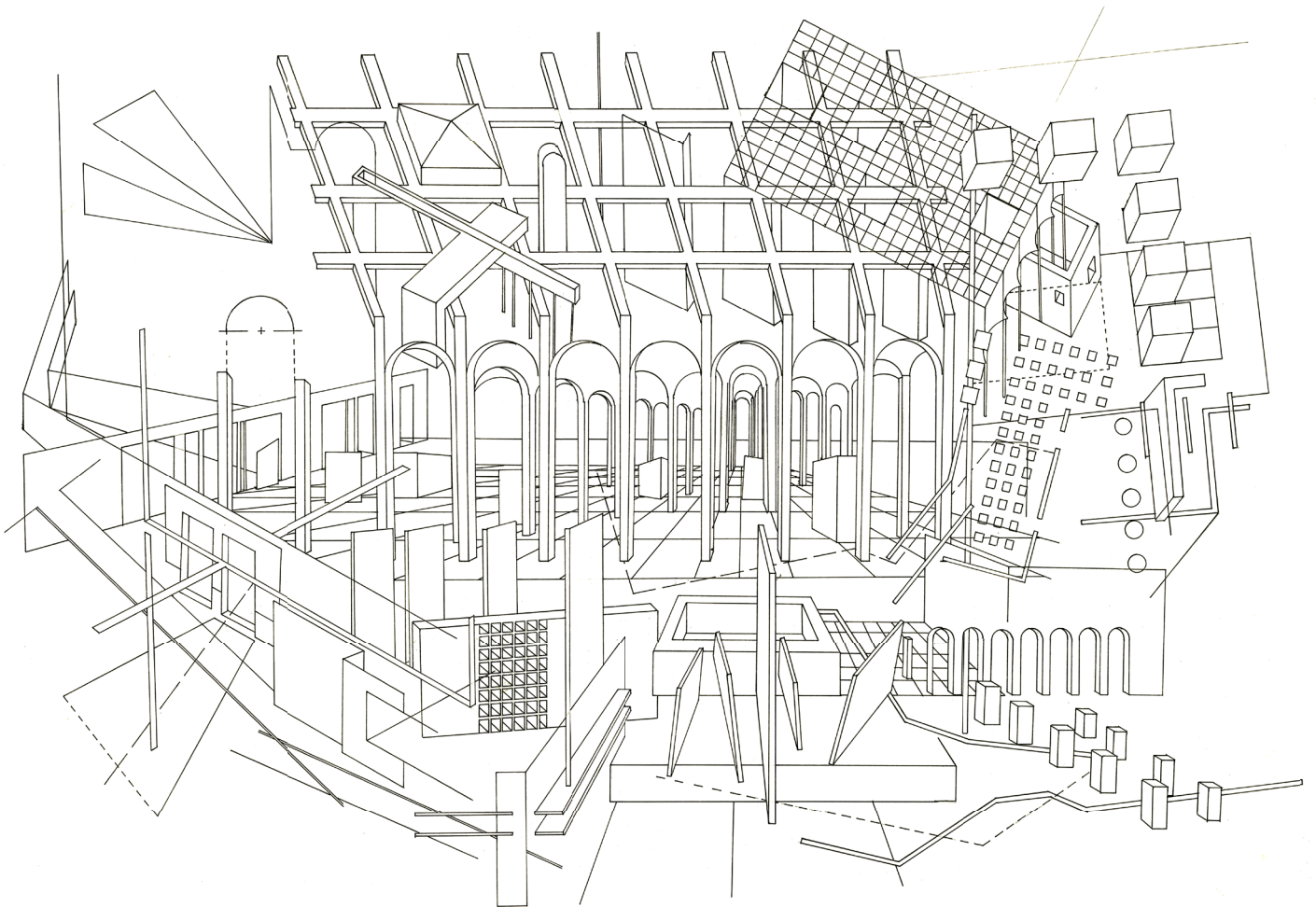
Unlike the other kitchens open to all sides in the central atrium, this Japanese one is a tiny restaurant with thin walls against the atrium. An extensive, oak table sweeps in front of the kitchen with round stools underneath the table. A few solitary figures are eating their meal silently like monks in a meditative ritual and watching the Japanese chefs sizzling and juggling tiger shrimps in the air. His wife, after checking over the menu, takes a sit on the stool. He follows after her with a menu. The menu is concise with tiny square images of each dish, titled in Japanese and English; *Shigure Don*, 6.49; *Onigiri*, 2.99; *Yakionigiri*, 3.49; and so on. The prices are incredibly cheap in comparison to his experience of typical Japanese dishes elsewhere. In the menu, each dish appears somewhat industrial with so little ingredients, which is the sort of a minimalist constraint he finds quite admirable.

The narrow kitchen is fully occupied with large pots of boiling soups, stacks of old wooden containers, and a dark mahogany counter in the back where an young Japanese boy cut, toss, and sizzle various ingredients. In the front, thin floury noodles fly around and spurt a shower of white flour like snow. Fire flares high over the pan, and white steam blooms out with a shriek here and there. The stranger catches a very faint but high pitch of the traditional Japanese music in the background, which he loses by the cooking sounds. Across the thin stained glass panel looking out to the cafeteria beyond, he sees tables mostly occupied with people around his age – likely from work within the area – as well as a few small groups of students. He imagines his daughter chatting fervidly among the group just like them in the near future.

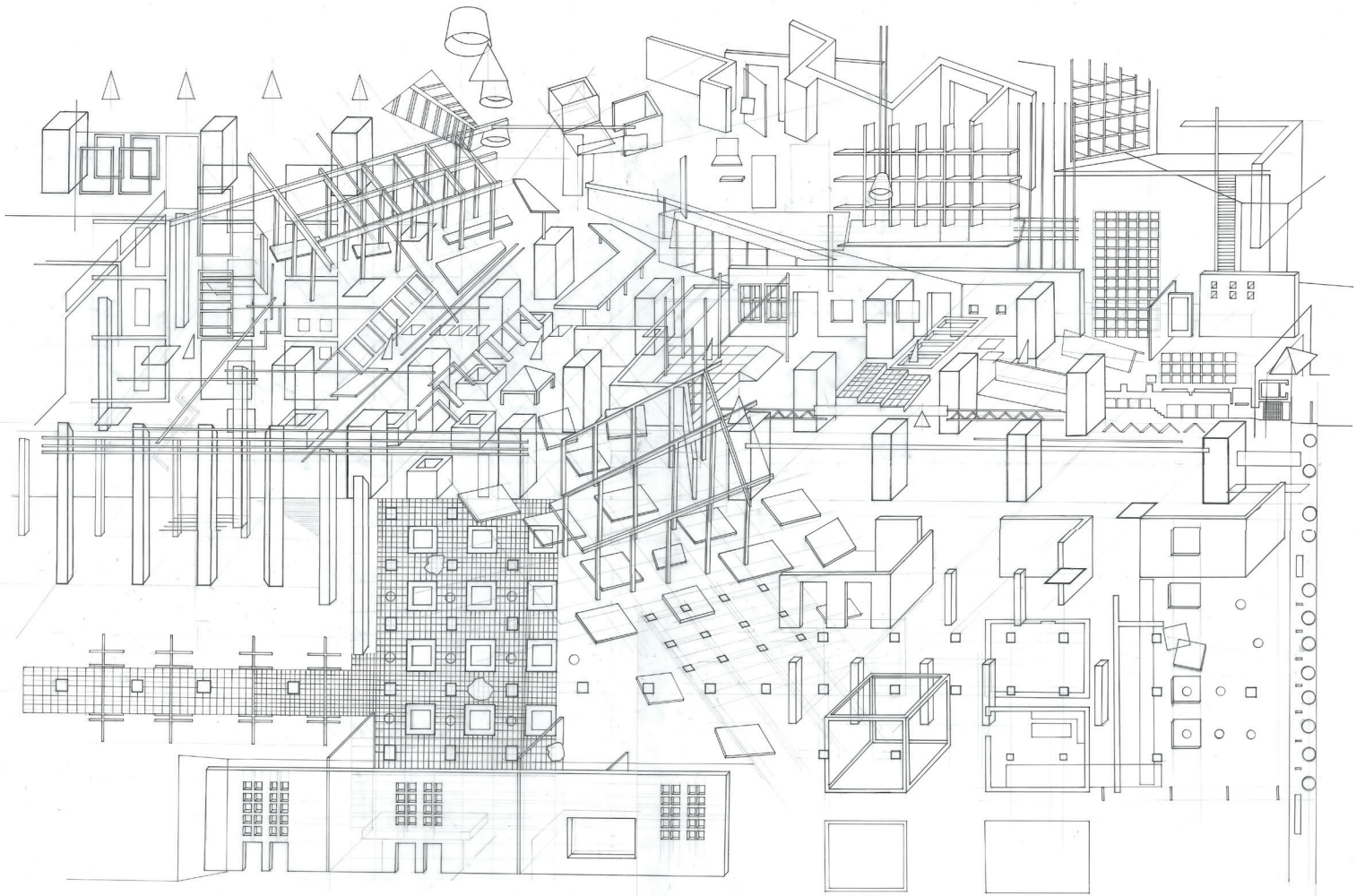
Right:
Fig. 1.4.3
Structural Perception
Type 1



Right:
Fig. 1.4.4
Structural Perception
Type 2



Right:
Fig. 1.4.5
Total Perceptual-
Deconstruction



ENDNOTES: PART I

1.0 The Neighbourhood

1. Louis Aragon, *Paris Peasant* (London: The Trinity Press, 1971) p.23
2. Isaiah Berlin, *The Proper Study of Mankind: The Hedgehog and the Fox* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1997) p.466
3. *ibid.*, p.447
4. *ibid.*, p.451
5. Peter Zumthor, *Thinking Architecture*; translated by Maureen Oberli-Turner, (Baden : Lars Müller, 1998) p.45
6. Aldo Rossi, *The Architecture of the City* (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1982) p.131
7. Thomas Mical, *Surrealism and Architecture* (New York: Routledge, 2005) p.7

1.1 St. Patricks Square Park

8. Andre Breton, *Nadja* (New York: Grove Press, 1960) p.115

1.3 Art Gallery of Ontario

9. "Internationale Situationniste #1", 1958; Ken Knabb, *Situationist International Anthology* (Bureau of Public Secrets, 1989) p.51-52

1.4 Grange Cafeteria

10. Daniel Libeskind, *The Space of Encounter* (New York: Universe Publishing, 2000) p.87
11. *Ibid.*, p.87

PART II, DESIGN: THE HOTEL

The Grand Budapest Hotel

The Author begins the story of The Grand Budapest Hotel:

“It is an extremely common mistake: people think the writer’s imagination is always at work, that he is constantly inventing an endless supply of incidents and episodes, that he simply dreams-up his stories out of thin air. In point of fact, the opposite is true. Once the public knows you are a writer, they bring the characters and events to you, and as long as you maintain your ability to look and carefully listen, these stories will continue to seek you out.”¹

Hereafter in the film, the camera zooms through layers of different subjectivity; narrative and frame-format travel back to the bygone past to reach the Grand Budapest Hotel in its full reality with vivacity and liveliness. Through a nostalgic resurrection by director Wes Anderson, a fantastic artificial reality is reconstructed from a past, a time and space where comical and ridiculous episodes unfold in an allusion to the real. The narrative portrays the classic grand hotel of early Modernism, a cultural heterotopia of absurd realities and clashes of multiple characters. Anderson’s trick is making the unreal seemingly real although it is clearly even more fantastical than reality. Although we are aware of the non-existence of such

Fig. 2.0.1
The Grand Budapest Hotel
Wes Anderson, 2014



a hotel, which even in the story is also portrayed as a past that no longer exists or ever did, it is so close enough to the real that we are drawn into believing the story of its surreal fantasy. “The world of Anderson’s film is self-consciously fantastical, but it’s connected by a thread of imagination and memory to real human experience.”²² In the absence of our consciousness of the past reality, the Grand Budapest Hotel retranslates imaginative experiences inside Anderson’s fantasy of the historical glamour.

The Grange Hotel

In the similar manner how Anderson constructs such fantasy from the lost past of reality, the thesis project also proposes a hotel drawn from the reality of the Grange neighbourhood, or better put, to propose the entire neighbourhood as a conceptual leisure context of the touristic, surreal experiences for the hotel. Through the design process of systematic randomization, the common places and the significant moments of daily life are retranslated into an architectural fiction of fantastical experiences for the estranged.

The Grange Hotel is an imaginary place of leisure for individuals to construct their own subverted theatrical realities, which yet simultaneously derive and respond to the tension from the actual physical reality. Suspended in such a tension between consciousness and subconscious desire on the other, writer and curator Jennier M. Volland defines “The hotel, as a zone of transition and psychological condition that not only allows for but even encourages fluidity between the extremes. The hotel invites us to inhabit multiple worlds, to better ourselves, to try on new identities, to partake in the unthinkable, to tap into the unconscious.”²³ Similar to how Grand Budapest Hotel provides a surreal background as a dense plot required for constructing and running the myriad unreal episodes and simultaneously formulating its own imaginative and frantic reality; the Grange Hotel also provides a sense of estrangement from the local's boring reality. It is a place where imaginative moments, such surreal experiences to pique life, occur at a maximum volatility.

Architect Rem Koolhaas asserts, “A Hotel is a plot – a cybernetic universe with its own laws generating random but fortuitous collisions between human beings who would never have met elsewhere. It offers a fertile cross section through the

population, a richly textured interface between social castes, a field for the comedy of clashing manners and a neutral background of routine operations to give every incident dramatic relief.⁷⁴ Thus the symbolic meaning of a hotel as a theatrical universe of erratic situations and leisure experiences serves an *alibi* for the project to mutate our usual perception of everyday life in the Grange neighbourhood for exposing the latent sublayer of imaginative experiences.

Systematic Randomization

The Grange Hotel, as an alibi, is not an actual physical structure to be dominantly imposed in the Grange neighbourhood for an anticipated after-effect. Rather it is an imaginary operational layer of a systematic inversion within the context of the neighbourhood. In other words, the origin of surreality is not something foreign and new, but always intrinsic within the existing urban system. The project's retranslation of the existing context is a subversive process of reading meta-architecture, layering of meanings and images from the given matrix of current situations and authentic local experiences. Again, referring back to the Author's statement, dreams for the stories are sought from the artifacts perceived within our own local environment. The Grange Hotel is therefore an architectural script of fiction, retranslating those dreams and the innate fantasy of surreality within the subconscious realm of the Grange neighbourhood.

The previous experiments in Part I draw out a few persistent, common denominators in an attempt to translate a number of relationships between subjective perception and significant moment. The most important realization is the recurring need to identify and link the signifier to the signified, namely, the experiential situation to the local artifacts which compose the spatial structure. It appears imperative, seen in an architectural scope of interpretation, that the method of retranslation cannot be itself totally irrational. Rather, in order to procure the desired absurdity, the methodology must be systematic and rigorous in its process of translation. Hence the systematic randomization undertakes three stages: a. Analog, a retranslative programming of phenomenological interchange between the local and the stranger; b. Catalog, a vocabulary palette of dissociated representations; and c. Follies, architectural plays for conjuring surreal experience within the Hotel.

2.1 ANALOG

Differentiation

Analog is a form of methodological programming for détournement of the urban leisure experiences in the Grange neighbourhood. It seeks to produce a mutual terminology by achieving an intermediate stage of surreality between the local and the stranger. Ungers asserts, “The analogy establishes a similarity, or at least the existence of some similar principles, between two events which are otherwise completely different.”⁷⁵ The analog for this thesis retranslates the existing context of spatial and psychological experiences in the neighbourhood to a differentiated reality / fantasy, that of the Grange hotel. Architect Peter Eisenmann adds, “The analogous design process displaces the specifics of time and place in the city for another reality, a psychological one based on memory.”⁷⁶ Such process is indeed a process of differentiation, one which is a mental distillation of factual conditions into a memory of resonant and significant situations.

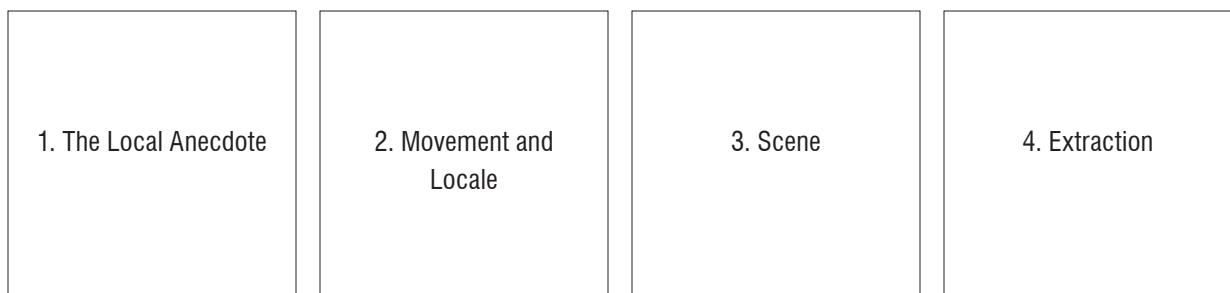
Analog processes each specific situation in the narrative where “decomposition permitted the independent manipulation of each new part according to narrative or formal considerations.”⁷⁷ Every situation, decomposed into anecdote and scene, is abstracted and disintegrated further into individual elements for differentiation and détournement. The method of differentiation applies various techniques for retranslating surreal experiences in architectural terms. Tschumi defines such techniques: “As a method, emphasis would be placed on fragmentation, superimposition and combination, which trigger dissociative forces that expand into the whole architectural system exploding its limits while suggesting a new definition.”⁷⁸ Such decomposed elements from the situations in the Grange neighbourhood are then differentiated and imaginatively détourned, thereby departing from their former meaning to the stranger’s subversive interpretation of the local leisure experiences in the neighbourhood. The analog begins with anecdotes from the narratives of the binary perceptions, the local and the stranger, for inscribing a specific urban situation. Each situation proceeds to the next, linking each other in a linear hierarchy, as the subject moves through and experiences different qualitative spaces. In this regard, Analog mediates two distinct systems of representation: brief inscriptions of memory (anecdote) and artifacts of the perceived reality (photograph). The result is an architectural fiction that transcribes surreal experiences in the Grange Hotel.

ANALOG PROCEDURES

Rules:

1. Inscribe an anecdote about a significant, experiential situation in the local's *dérive*.
The anecdote selectively describes a specific moment, perceived pivotal and momentous to the local, pulled out of a continuous narrative about the local's *dérive* through the common places in the Grange neighbourhood.
2. Trace the movement of perception and the locale of the situation on a floor plan.
The plan indicates the direction of the *dérive* through space in relation to the point of the incident. This helps to trace the sequence of the situations in a spatial dimension.
3. Develop a photograph that captures the important artifacts of the situation.
The photograph portrays the scene of the situation, which helps to visualize the details described in the anecdote. As a structural substance, it provides the signifying artifacts for the imagery, exemplifying the spatial experience.
4. Extract the signifying artifacts from the background in the photograph.
Following the details in the anecdote, only the most constructive, signifying artifacts are extracted by progressively erasing the negligible background. Measuring the degree of significance for an artifact considers how much it affects the immediate perception, as well as how imaginatively it can be differentiated and *détourné*, much like choosing the right souvenir to recollect the inscribed memory.
5. Differentiate the extracted artifacts.
The extracted, signifying artifacts are differentiated / deconstructed for developing and deforming their individual characteristics to an unrealistic degree of perception. In this way their imagery may still pertain to the original meaning, but the form of the imagery is subtly contorted and differed.

Fig. 2.1.1
Model of Analog-Process



6. Do détournement on the differentiated artifacts and switch the scene in colours.

Détournement operates by working in montage on the preceding scene. By applying a different context or a foreign element, the previously differentiated artifacts can now possess a new meaning. It portrays an alternative surreal experience of the same situation by the stranger's reinterpretation. Reapplying the colours signifies the "reality switch", reifying and affirming the realness of the reinterpreted situation.

7. Transcribe the détourned situation to a spatial typology in respect to the relation between the original local situation and the détourned situation.

The newly reinterpreted situation is transcribed architecturally; a situation, so far only represented in text and image, is now translated in spatial terms. The axonometric representation thus becomes a symbolic pictograph of the reified situation, and that of its inscribed meaning and experience.

8. Re-inscribe an anecdote about the retranslated situation in the stranger's perception in her *dérive* through the place.

Based on reading the détourned scene and the typology, the stranger's anecdote describes the newly reinterpreted situation and the new experience.

9. Translate the experiential cartography of the *dérive* in the sequence of situations.

All the détourned scenes, the following eventful inscriptions, and the typologies are reorganized on a field-grid in a situational sequence by number. This cartographic translation illustrates the experiential *dérive* through the place, linked by a red line of movement. This reconstructed *dérive* represents the synthesis of both the local's and the stranger's perceptions and their experiences, which are now truly surreal.

5. Differentiation

6. Détournement

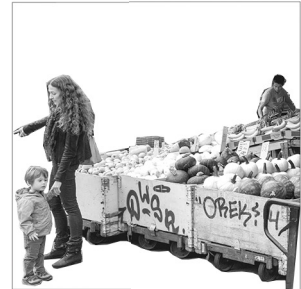
7. Transcription

8. The Stranger
Anecdote

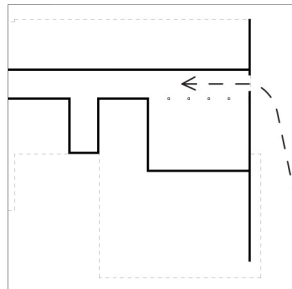
COCKTAIL BAR: SECRET HAVEN - PROCESS

Fig. 2.1.2
Cocktail Bar: Secret Haven
Process

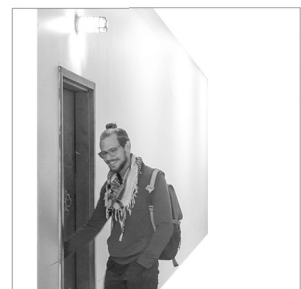
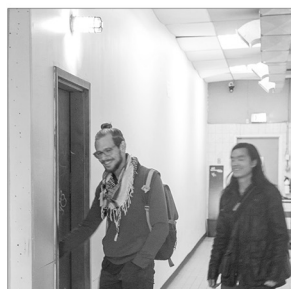
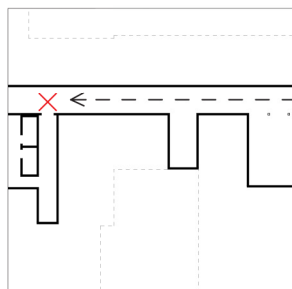
... INTO THE STREET. THE MARKET IS CLOSING. LAST FRUITS OF THE DAY PERFUMES A FRUITY AROMA IN THE MARKET. I HURRIEDLY SWEEP PAST THE STALLS TOWARDS THE MALL. THERE ...



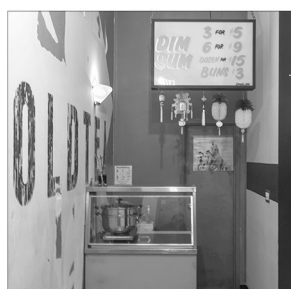
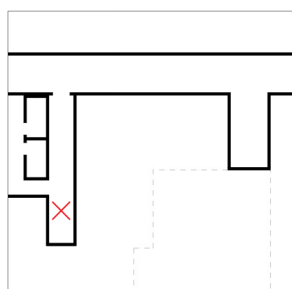
... TO JADED DOORS. STEPPING INTO A CORRIDOR, WE STRIDE THROUGH A CLUSTER OF ANTIQUES LIT UNDER FLUORESCENT LIGHT. OUR WALKSTOPS AT THE END OF ...

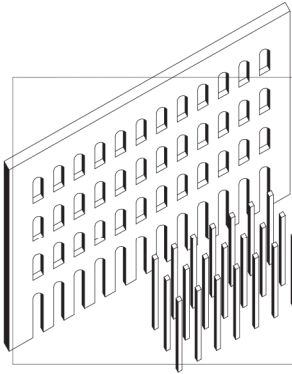


... HERE DOWN THE CORRIDOR. WE ENTER A NAMELESS, RUSTY METAL DOOR. ABOVE A RED SIREN LIGHTS UP. NONE OF US HAS A CLUE TO WHAT LIES ...

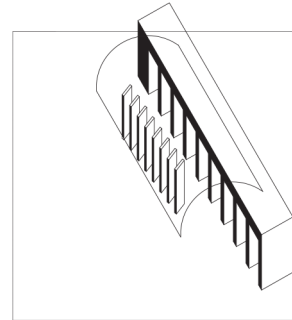


... PAST DOOR. I SUDDENLY FACE AN OLD CHINESE LADY IN A DARK, VELVET CORNER WITH A TINY STALL. THE LITTLE STAGE SEEMS LIKE A COMICAL, INT...

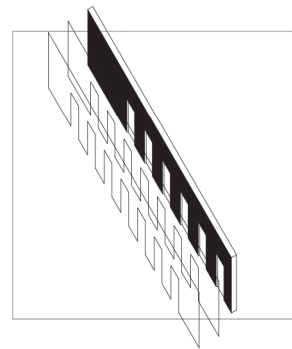
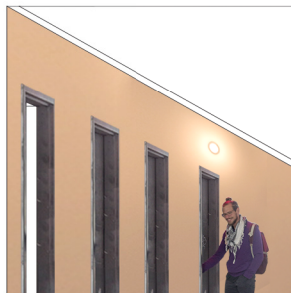




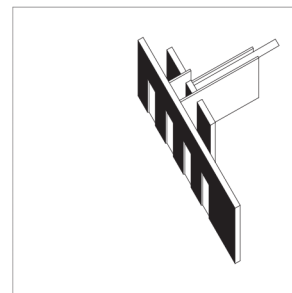
... NOW THE STRANGER IS LOST AMIDST THE PILES OF THE DAY'S FRUITS. HE STARES LONG AT THE CRAWLING WALL BEYOND, COUNTING EACH ARCH ...



... TURNS INTO A NARROW CORRIDOR. HE STROLLS THROUGH THE CORRIDOR OF ANCIENT TOOLS AND SCULPTURES. A FAINT DAYLIGHT DRIPS DOWN



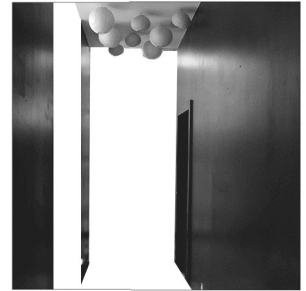
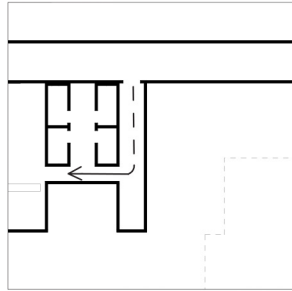
... REMAINS ONLY CORRIDORS. ENDLESS MYSTERIOUS DOORS POP ALONG THE EMPTY WALLS. AFTER A LONG PAUSE, THE STRANGER KNOCKS AND ENTERS ...



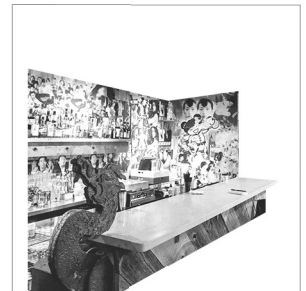
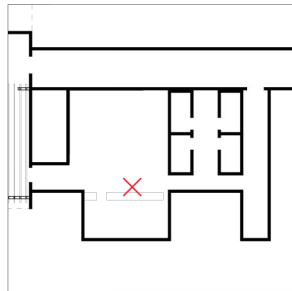
... DOOR. IMMEDIATELY HE FINDS HIMSELF WEDGED IN A TIGHT CORNER, BLOODY RED. IT'S A RESTAURANT. A MILD SCENT OF SPICE RESONATES, BUT HE DOESN'T ...

Fig. 2.1.2 (cont.)
Cocktail Bar: Secret Haven
Process

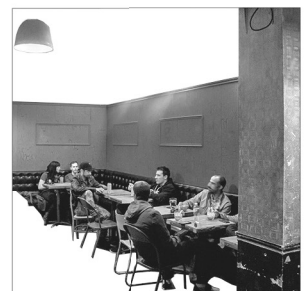
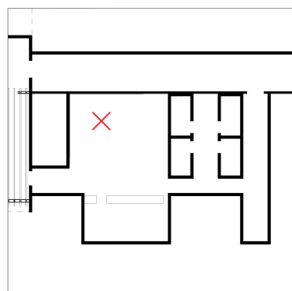
... FLOATING RED LAN-
TURNS ABOVE. *THE DARK
CORRIDOR GUIDES ME
FROM THE DIM-SUM STALL,
THROUGH EMPTY TOILETS,
AND THEN TO THE BAR. ...*



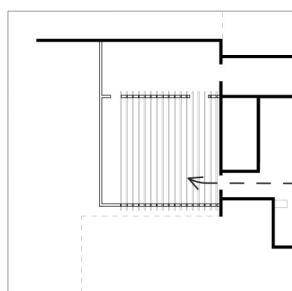
... THE BARTENDER DOESN'T
NOTICE ME. *I QUIETLY SIT ON
THE STOOL AND WATCH HER
MAKING A COCKTAIL. I AM
WHOLLY ABSORBED IN THE
BARTENDER'S GESTURES. ...*

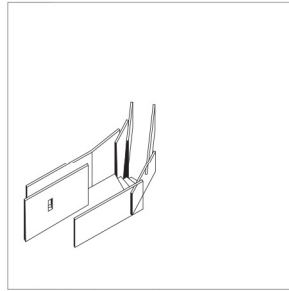
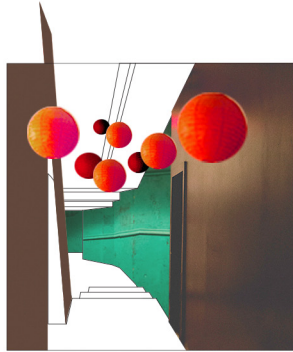
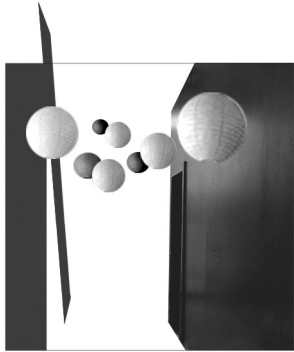


... WITH COOL RUM AND FRUIT
FLAVOR. *THE BAR BREWS
A HEAVY ATMOSPHERE IN
DIMNESS WITH A WHISPER-
ING CROWD. I LEAVE THE
BAR FOR THE OUTSIDE.*

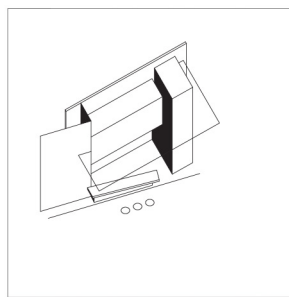


... COCKTAIL. MY FRIENDS
EXCITEDLY CHAT. *STRINGS
OF GLOWING LIGHT BULBS
CROSS EACH OTHER AGAINST
THE DARK NIGHT SKY. WE
ARE SURROUNDED BY
DARKNESS ALL AROUND. ...*

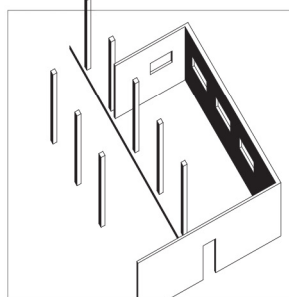




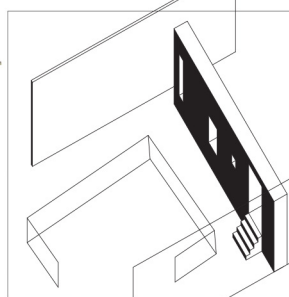
... INTO CASCADING EMERALD WALLS. HE WALKS IN A BLACK TUNNEL. *RED PAPER MOONS FOLLOW HIS STEPS DOWN INTO A JADED ABYSS.* THE MYSTERY CONTINUES SILE ...



... TUNGSTEN LIGHTS SHINE BLACK WALLS OF WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS. *THE BARTENDER IS LONG DEAD. ONLY THE SPARKLING BOTTLES REMAIN.* THE STRANGER WALKS ...



... DROP AND CAST SHADOW ON TABLES. *A LITTLE ALCOVE BY THE BAR APPEARS EERIE, LOCAL GANGSTERS SECRETLY PLOTTING A SCHEME.* ABOVE THE EMERALD WALLS ...

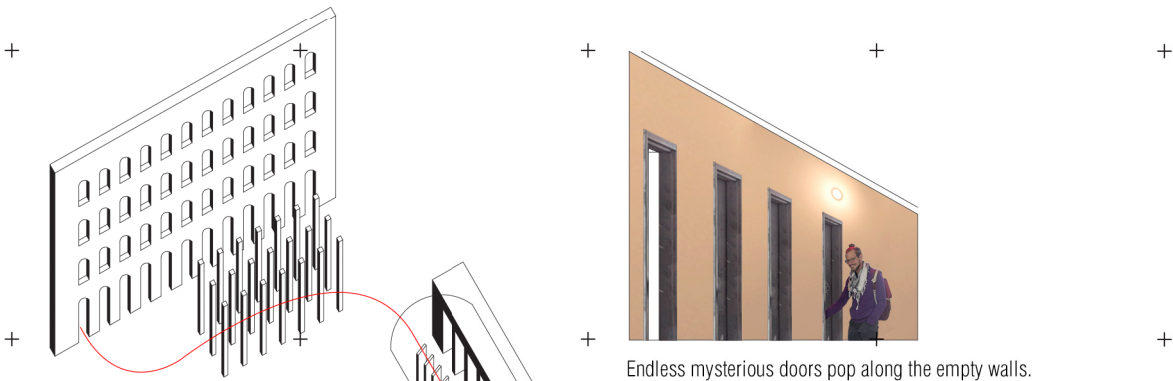


... JAZZ WHISTLING IN THE AIR. SHE JOINS A HERD IN THE PATIO. *FIZZLING LIGHTS DANCE INTO THE DEPTH OF THE CITY ABOVE.* THERE STANDS A GIGANTIC WALL OF ...

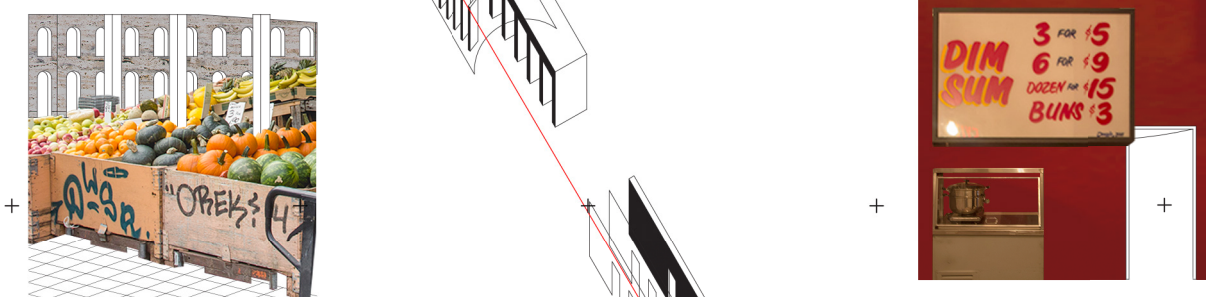
COCKTAIL BAR: SECRET HAVEN - DÉRIVE

Fig. 2.1.3
Cocktail Bar: Secret Haven
Dérive

| S1 | | S2 | | S3 | | S4 | |



Endless mysterious doors pop along the empty walls.



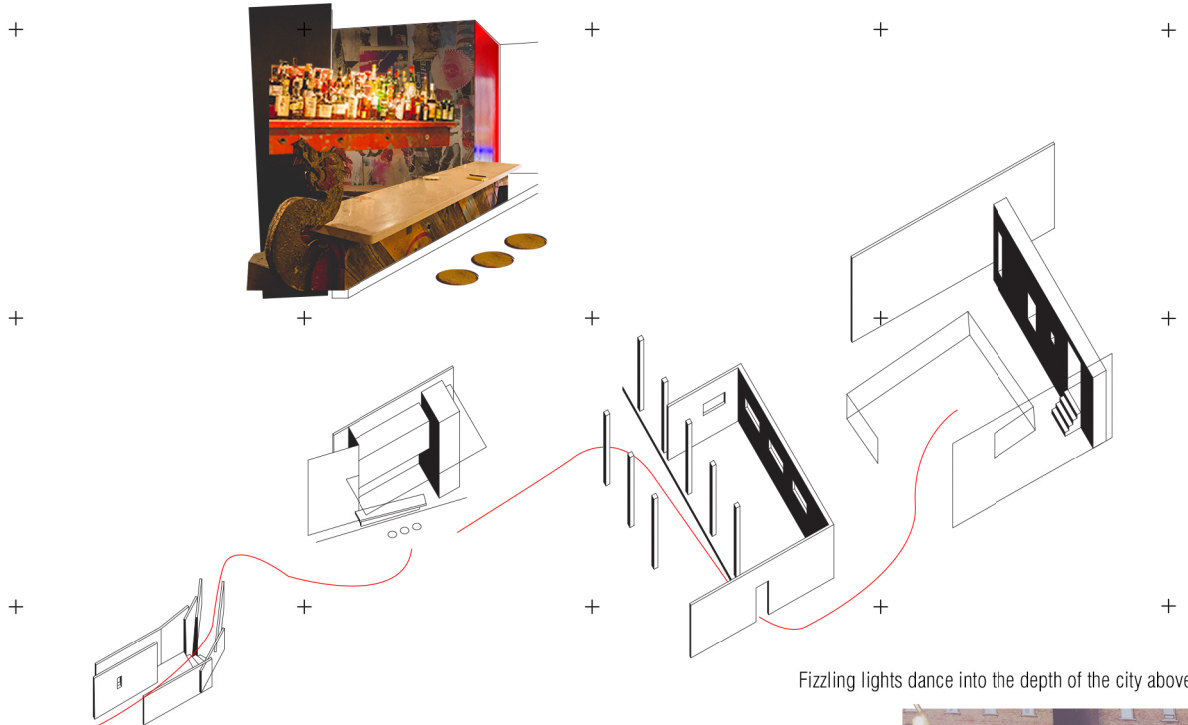
Now the stranger is lost amidst the piles of the day's fruits.

Immediately he finds himself wedged in a tight corner, bloody red.



He strolls through the corridor of ancient tools and sculptures.

The bartender is long dead. Only the sparkling bottles remain.



Fizzling lights dance into the depth of the city above.



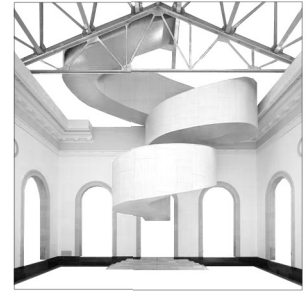
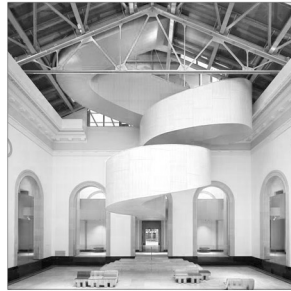
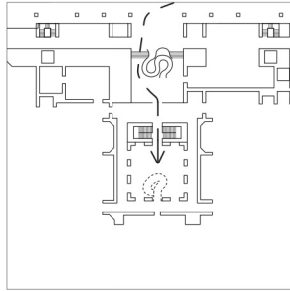
Red paper moons follow his steps down into a jaded abyss.

A little alcove by the bar appears eerie,
local gangsters secretly plotting a scheme.

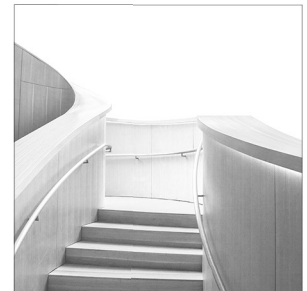
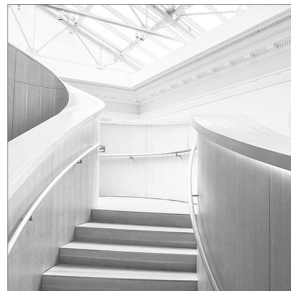
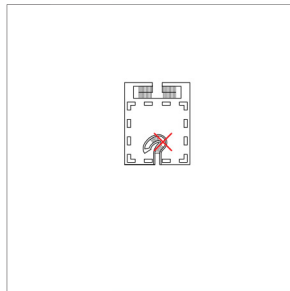
GALLERY: LABYRINTH - PROCESS

Fig. 2.1.4
Gallery: Labyrinth
Process

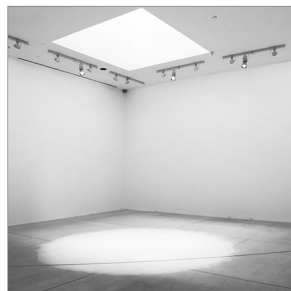
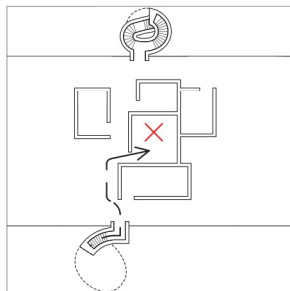
... INTO ATRIUM, OUR DAY-LIGHT POURS DOWN FROM THE SKYLIGHTS. *WHITE WALLS MEET A DISFIGURED SPIRAL, CLIMBING UPWARD LIKE A TORNADO. ...*



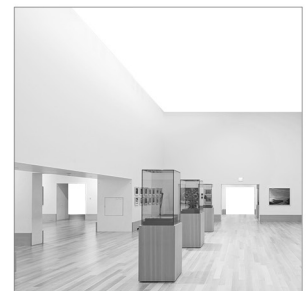
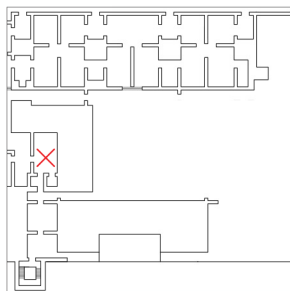
... WE CLIMB TO THE SECOND FLOOR, FOLLOW A SHALLOW CORRIDOR LOOKING DOWN TO THE ATRIUM. WE ENTER THE DARK THRESHOLD FOR THIS MONTH'S ...

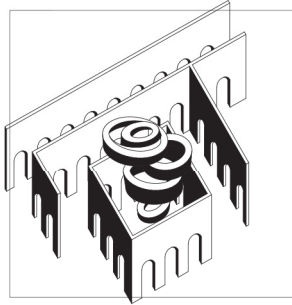
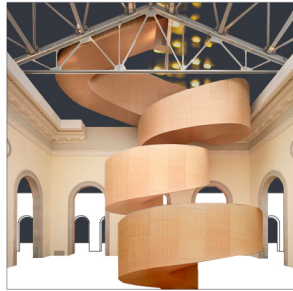
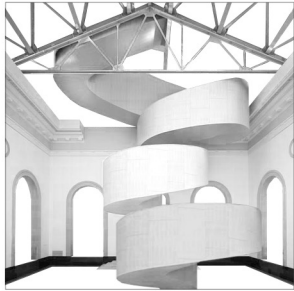


... ALLURED BY A SERENE WHITE GLOW OF A CIRCLE ON THE FLOOR. *I FIND A POOL OF A THOUSAND, SPARKLING DIAMONDS. BLUE LIGHT DESCENDS ...*

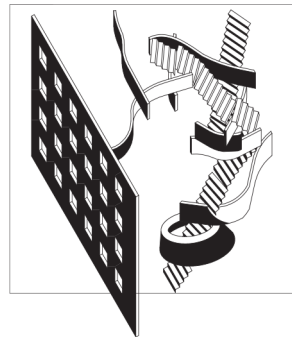


... FROM ONE ROOM TO ANOTHER. *I MEDITATE IN THE TRANQUIL AIR BY STROLLING ON SLOW STEPS. CARELESSLY FOLLOWING THE FRAMES, ...*

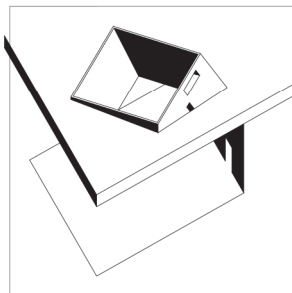




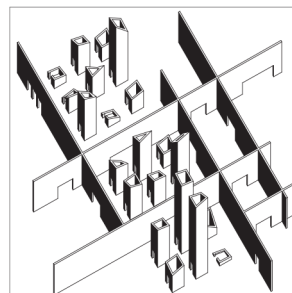
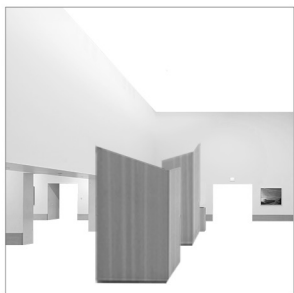
... PASSING SILHOUETTES.
THE ATRIUM REMAINS
AIRLESS. THE STRANGER
FINDS A TORNADO. INTO
THE NIGHT LIGHTS THE
STRANGER ASCENDS. ...



... THE TORNADO ELEVATES
HIM TO AN UNFATHOMABLE
HEIGHT IN A DELIRIOUS
SWIRL. HE SEES WALLS
AND WINDOWS, AND
LIGHTS SPINNING AWAY. ...



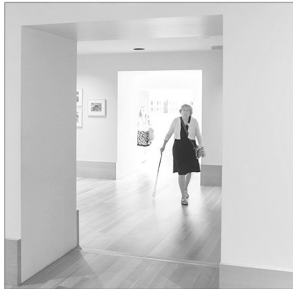
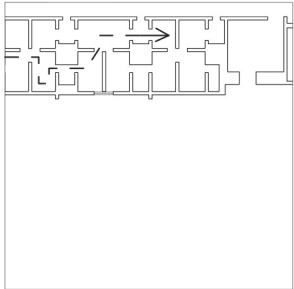
... A MIRAGE IN THE PLAT-
FORM. PAST A WHITE
OASIS ON THE PLATFORM A
BLUE GORGE GAPS. FAINT,
AZURE DAYLIGHT TRICKLES
DOWN. HE STEPS INTO ...



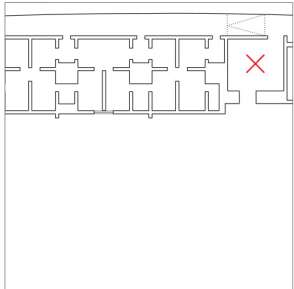
... COLOURS OF LIGHTS
PERFORATE THE NIGHT
SKY. UNDER THE STARS
HE WANDERS IN A MAZE
OF HOLLOW MONUMENTS.
WHITE WALLS ENTANGLE ...

Fig. 2.1.4 (cont.)
 Gallery: Labyrinth
 Process

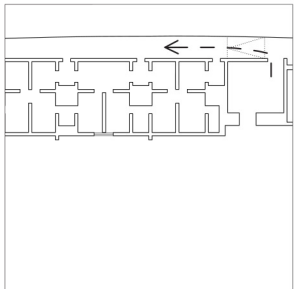
... THE FRAMES, I AM
 EVENTUALLY LOST IN A
 MAZE. AN ENDLESS MAZE
 OF ROOMS LEAD TO EACH
 OTHER. THE ONLY WAY TO
 DISTINGUISH ONE PLACE...



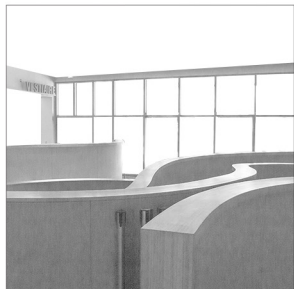
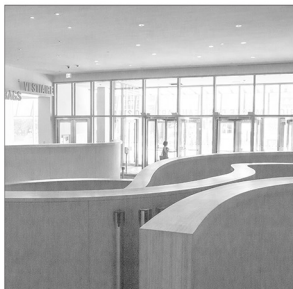
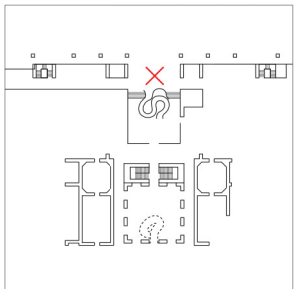
... CIRCULAR BEAM DELIN-
 EATES BODIES A CLEAR SHAD-
 OW OF THEIR DISFIGURED
 HEADS AGAINST WALLS.
 LIKE A PLAYFUL CHILD,
 THE MAN WALKS THRU ...

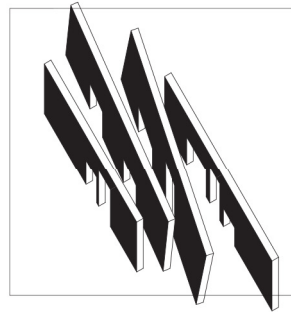
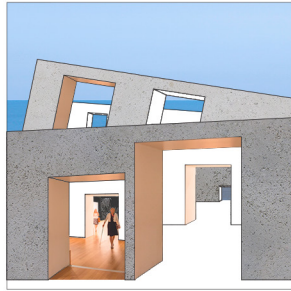


... ARCHING BEAMS PRO-
 JECT TO A DISTANCE. EVERY
 GAP REVEALS HINTS OF THE
 BUSTLING DUNDAS STREET.
 EVERY GAP POURS THE ...

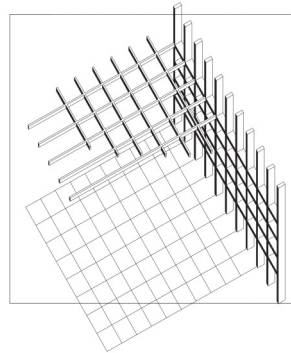
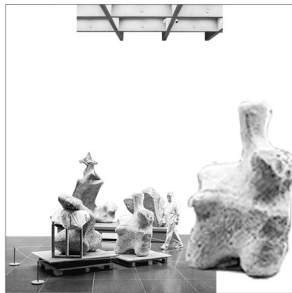


... RETURNS TO THE SI-
 LENCE. WE PLAYFULLY WALK
 THROUGH THE LEVELLING
 LOOP. PAST THE THRESH-
 OLD LIGHT WASHES US
 AWAY. WE EXCITEDLY ...

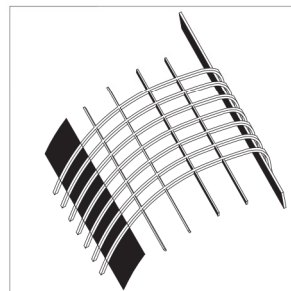




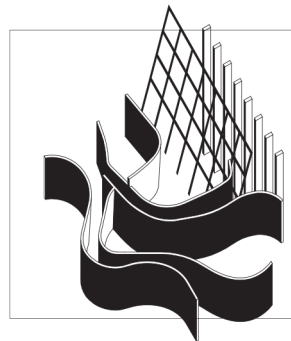
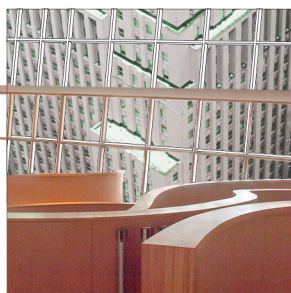
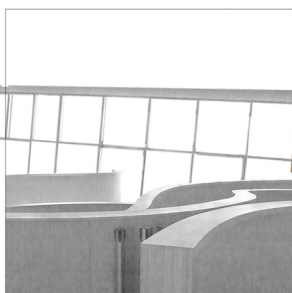
... HE PASSES THROUGH
ENDLESS THRESHOLDS
TO REACH THE FAR-
AWAY SEA IN DAWN. LIKE
WRECKED SHIPS THE WAL ...



... THROUGH THE GLASS,
A FAINT EUPHORIC DAWN
GLIMPSES INTO THE GAR-
DEN OF SCULPTURES. IT
PAINTS THE SCULPTURES
IN BRIGHT PURPLE ...



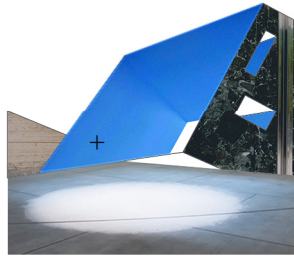
... ALONG THE WHITE PRO-
JECTION. HE STROLLS
TO A DISTANCE INSIDE A
FORESTRY TUNNEL. PAST
LEAVES, GREEN SHADOWS
SEEP INTO THE WALL. ...



... THE STRANGER FINDS
HIMSELF IN THE PRESENCE
OF CITY. LAST REMNANTS
OF THE TORNADO LOOP
HIM BACK INTO THE CITY. ...

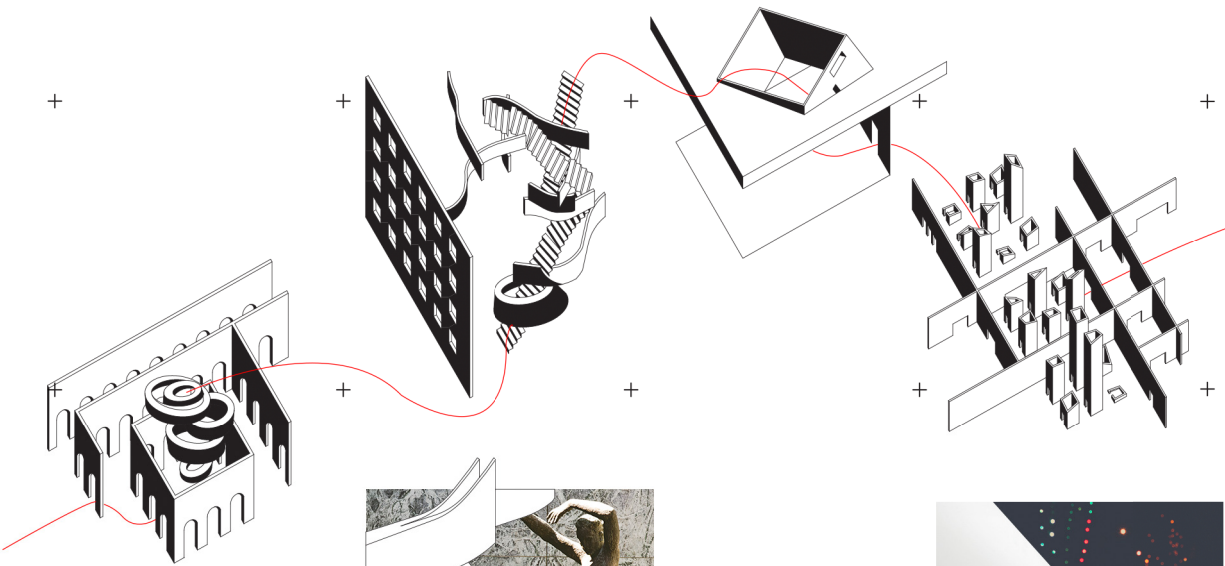
| S1 | S2 | S3 | S4 |

+ + + + +

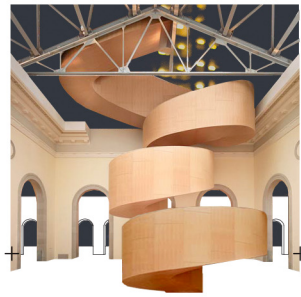


Past a white oasis on the platform a blue gorge gaps.

+ + + + +



Into the night lights
the stranger ascends.



The tornado elevates him to an unfathomable height in a delirious swirl.



Under the stars he wanders
in a maze of hollow monuments.

+ + + + +

|

S5

|

S6

|

S7

|

S8

|

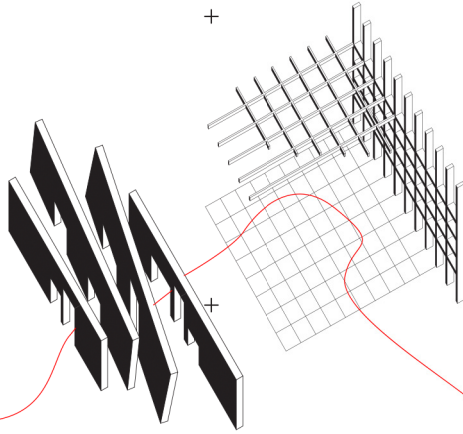
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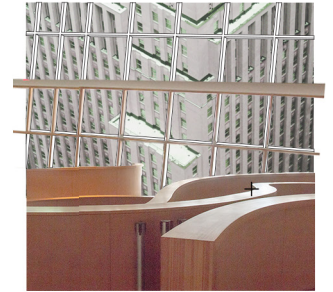
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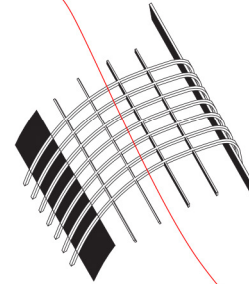
He strolls to a distance inside a forestry tunnel.



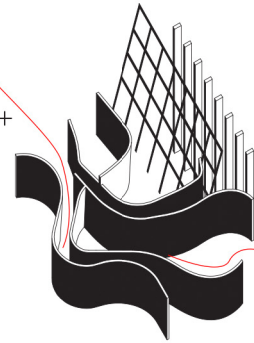
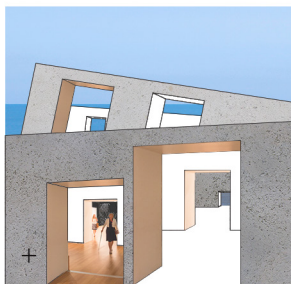
Last remnants of the tornado loop him back into the city.



Through the glass a euphoric dawn glimpses into the garden of sculptures.



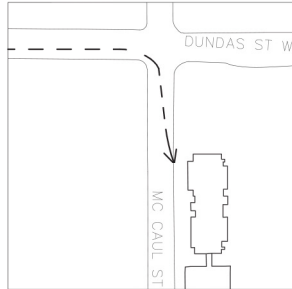
He passes through endless thresholds towards the faraway sea in dawn.



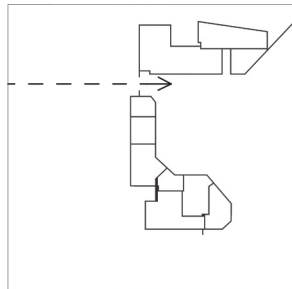
CAFETERIA: KITCHEN FACTORY - PROCESS

Fig. 2.1.6
Cafeteria: Kitchen Factory
Process

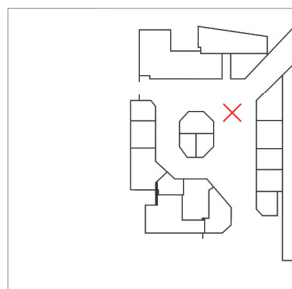
... DUNGEON OF THE VIL-
LAGE THROUGH HEAVY
DOORS. I ALWAYS THRUST
MY BODY LIKE A RUGBY
TACKLE. PAST THE DOORS ...



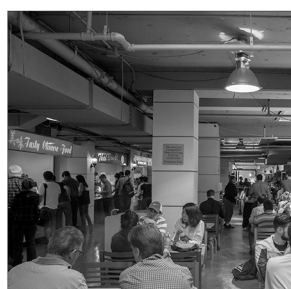
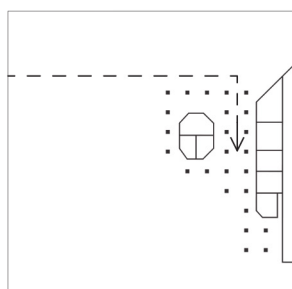
... THE WARM AFTERNOON
LIGHT DRAINS AWAY, RE-
PLACED BY SCARCE,
FLUORESCENT SPOTLIGHTS
HANGING OFF THE CEIL-
ING. IT IS A DUNGEON, ...

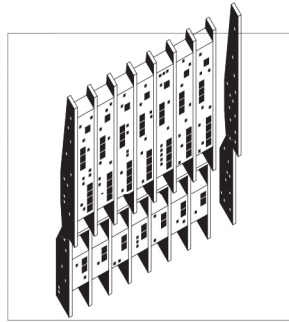
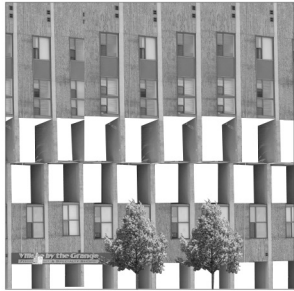


... WEAK STREAKS OF DAY-
LIGHT FROM SKYLIGHTS
ILLUMINATE HERE AND
THERE, TRICKLING ONTO THE
GROUND, AND DISSIPAT-
ING GRADUALLY. I STEP ...

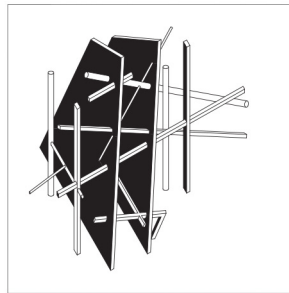
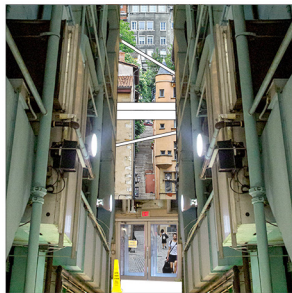
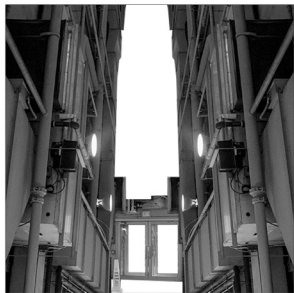


... GLEAMING COUNTERS. I
HEAR A NOISE OF WASHING
AND SPLASHING FROM THE
KITCHEN. I STROLL AROUND
IN A CIRCLE AS NOT TO
LOOK TOO DISMISSED. ...

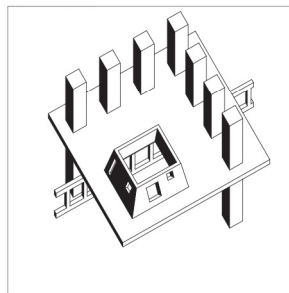




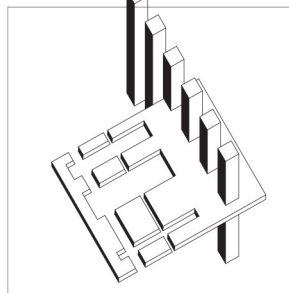
... ALONG THE STREET. GRAND TOWERS STAND TALL, THROUGH DARKNESS THE STRANGER SLIPS. A RELAPSE OF HANGING SHADOW FOLLOWS. ...



... GATES. HE IS SUCKED INTO THE FACTORY OF MECHANICAL FRAGMENTS. PIPES FLY HERE AND THERE. HE IS ALLURED INTO A FURTHER ...



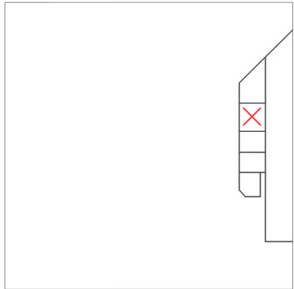
... UNDER FALLING LIGHT IN THE DUSTY AIR, BY THE PILLARS, CONVERSATIONS UNFOLD. HE WANDERS FROM A KITCHEN AFTER ANOTHER IN TRANQUIL AIR. ...



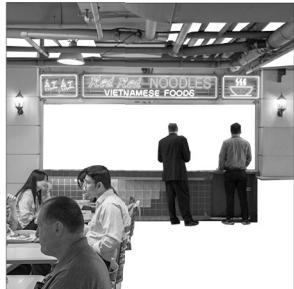
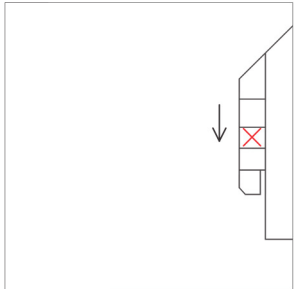
... PILLARS AND CROWDS. HE GLIDES ALONG THE PILLARS IN SEARCH OF THE SPICY AROMA. INTO THE DEPTH OF THE CAFETERIA, HE WALKS ...

Fig. 2.1.6 (cont.)
 Cafeteria: Kitchen Factory
 Process

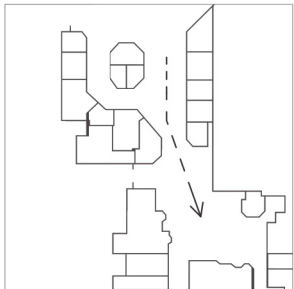
STALL. HE SWIFTLY SCANS THE METAL TRAYS UNDER INTENSE LIGHTING. THERE IS A SOUPY CURRY IN A TRAY THAT HAS COOLED



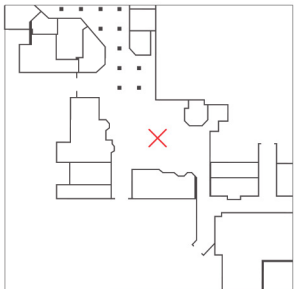
TO THE NEXT. BRIGHT NEON SIGN FROM CHINESE KITCHEN GLOWS IN THE DARK DUNGEON. HE CHECKS THE REMAINING FOOD IN THE TRAY

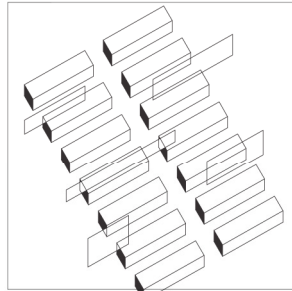


LEAVING. DAYLIGHT POURS IN THE ATRIUM, WHERE HE FEELS A LITTLE WARMTH. RESTAURANTS ARE TUCKED AWAY AROUND THE CORNER,

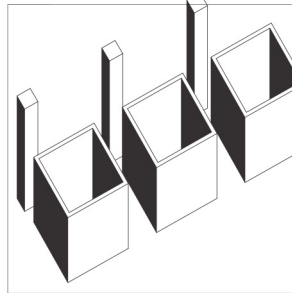


A LADY IS MEDITATING IN THE BUSY CROWD AFTER FINISHING HER LUNCH. PEOPLE BUSILY MOVE ABOUT, PICKING UP FOOD

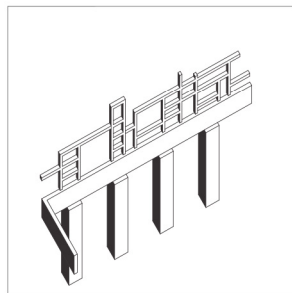




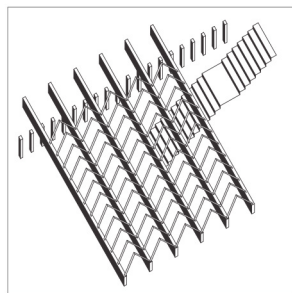
... HERE. HE FINDS ENDLESS TRAYS OF COLOURFUL CUISINES. A VIVID DELICIOUS AROMA FILLS THE SPACE. HE QUICKLY RUNS TOWARDS ...



... KITCHENS FOR DIFFERENT CUISINE AHEAD. PEOPLE BUSILY SHUFFLE, THEN FEAST UNDER BRIGHT NEON SIGNS. HE ALSO JOINS THE DANCE ...



... END. HE EXITS THE FACTORY THROUGH GREEN DOORS ONTO A COURTYARD, SURROUNDED BY CONCRETE FOREST ABOVE. HE CON ...

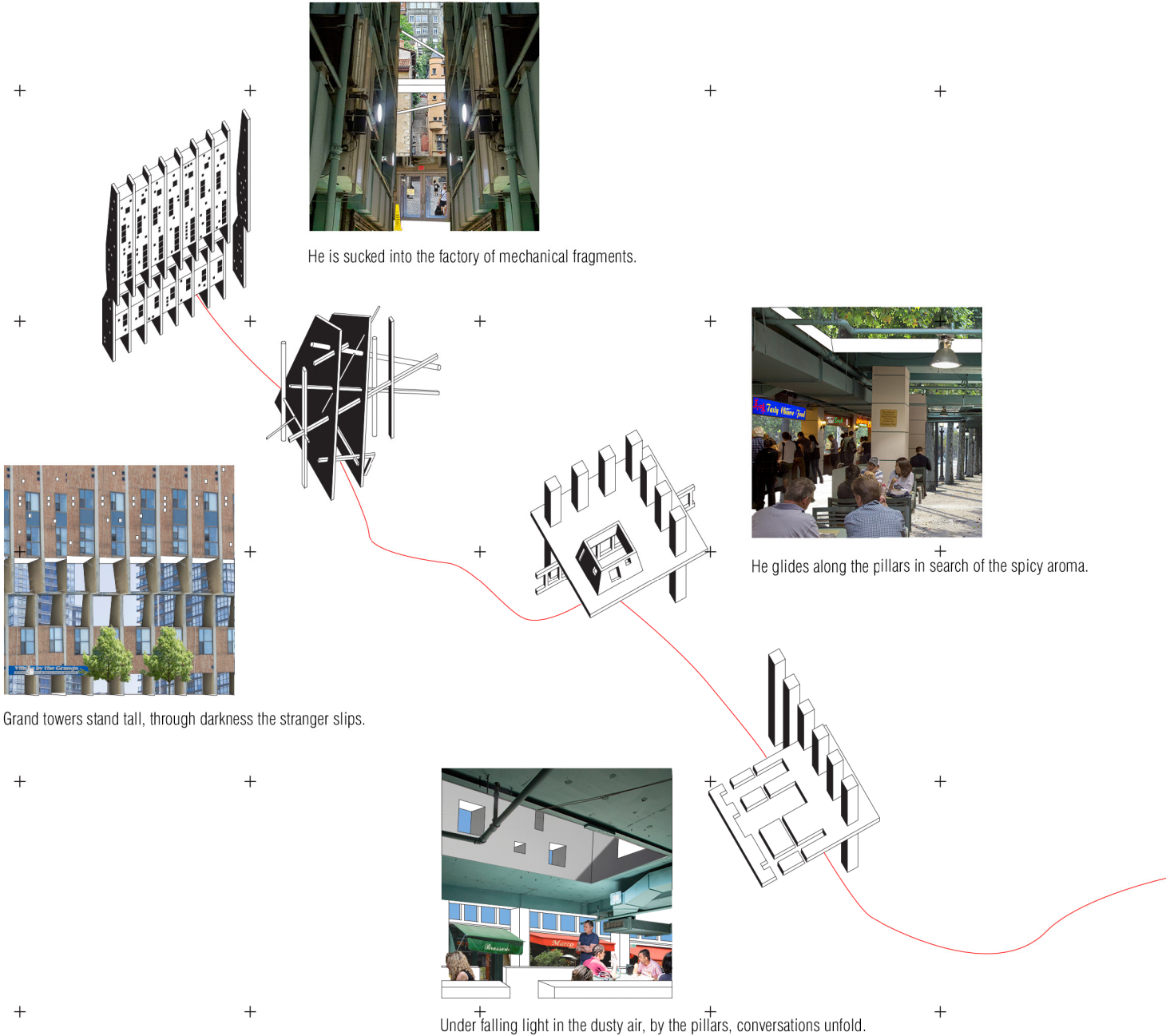


... CLIMBS DOWN. GRAY LIGHT STREAMS DOWN ONTO THE COURTYARD FROM THE BLUE WITHOUT GLASS ABOVE. FACTORY WALLS EXTRUDE TO A DISTANT ...

CAFETERIA: KITCHEN FACTORY - DÉRIVE

Fig. 2.1.7
Cafeteria: Kitchen Factory
Dérive

| S1 | S2 | S3 | S4 |



|

S5

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S6

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S7

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S8

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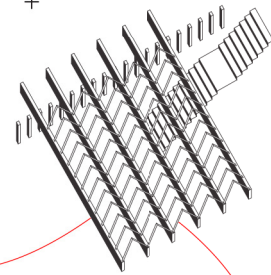
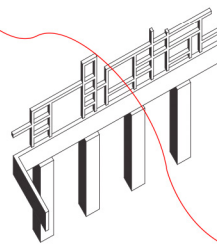
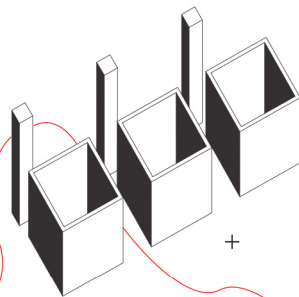
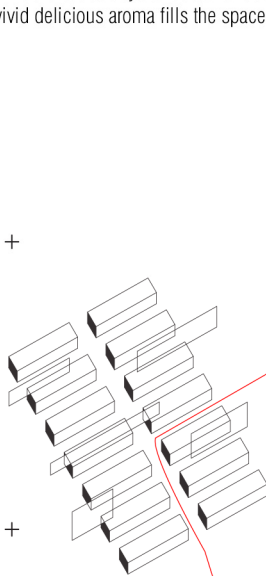


He finds endless trays of colourful cuisines.
A vivid delicious aroma fills the space.



People busily shuffle, then feast under bright neon signs.

Gray light streams down onto the courtyard
from the blue without glass above.

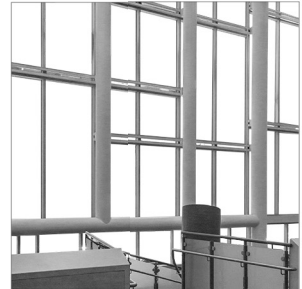
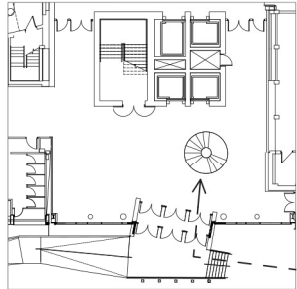


He exits the factory through green doors onto a courtyard,
surrounded by concrete forest above.

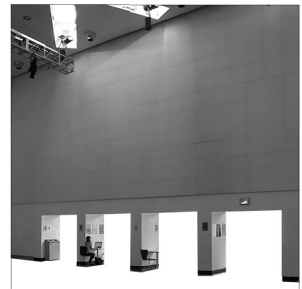
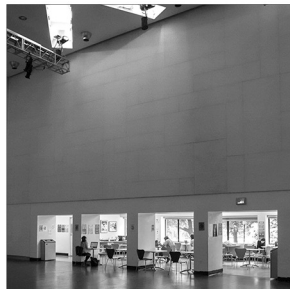
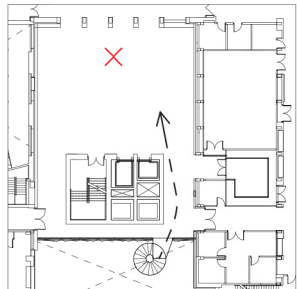
LOUNGE: FLOATING LOFT - PROCESS

Fig. 2.1.8
Lounge: Floating Loft
Process

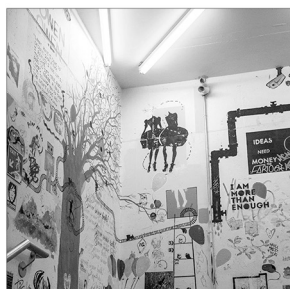
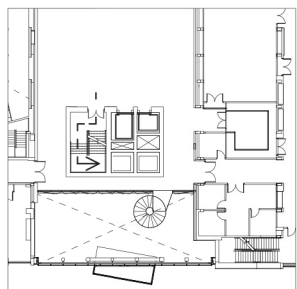
... DOORS. PAST THE TRANSLUCENT WALL THE LIGHT INSTANTLY SUBDUES TO A LINGERING SHADOW. WE CLIMB THE SPIRAL STAIRS TO ...



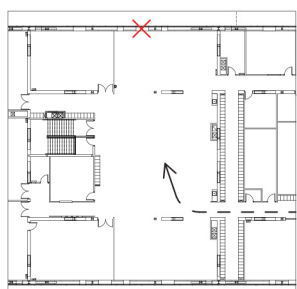
... GUARDS. IN THE HOLLOW ATRIUM A VIOLENT RED LIGHT BEAMS FROM ABOVE. DAYLIGHT SMEARS INSIDE FROM A DISTANCE. ...

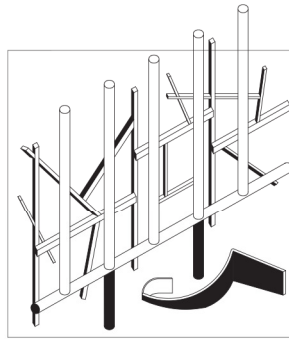
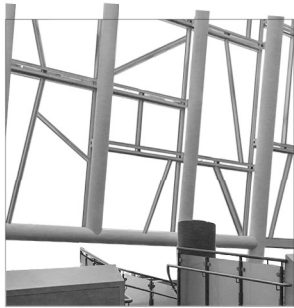


... STAIRS. FOLLOWING THE DRAWINGS, WE CLIMB THE YELLOW CORRIDOR FOR AWHILE. AFTER A FEW FLOORS WE FINALLY REACH ...

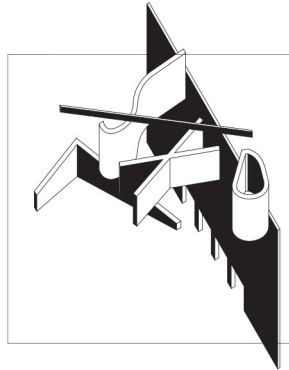
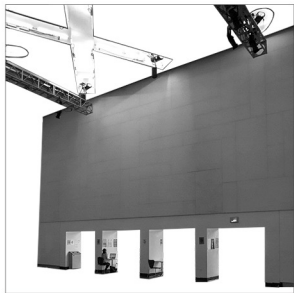


... THROUGH THE SQUARE WINDOW HE WATCHES THE FALLING SUNSET BLEEDING OVER THE NEIGHBOURHOOD. SOON AN EVENING ...

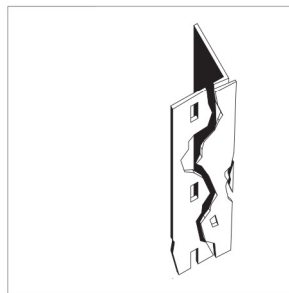




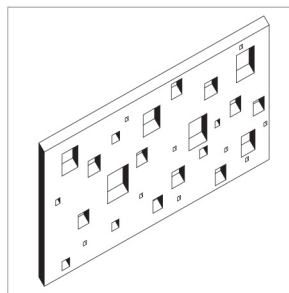
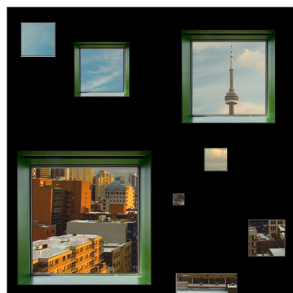
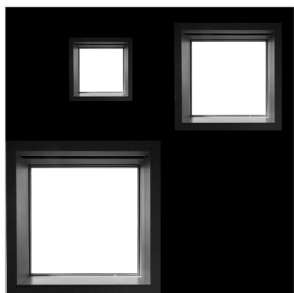
... ENTERS QUIETLY. *GOLDEN RAYS BLEACH THE OUTSIDE IN WARM LUSTRE.* THE STRANGER CLIMBS THE SPIRAL STAIRS TO THE NEXT LEVEL ...



... IN RED. ABOVE, HE WITNESSES A FADING DAYLIGHT FILTERING DOWN THROUGH THE FLYING MASSES. HE SEARCHES FOR AN ENTRY. ...



... GATES. *THE STRANGER FLIGHTS IN A YELLOW VERTIGO TOWARDS THE PALE BLUE SKY.* SMALL CRACKS MARK HIS ASCENDER. ...



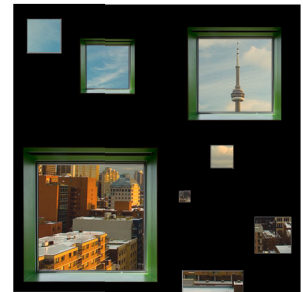
... ATRIUM. *HE RESTS BY THE WALL, FULL OF APERTURES GAZING OUT TO THE FALLING SUNSET.* THERE HE PICKS A MAGAZINE. ...

Right:
Fig. 2.1.9
Lounge: Floating Loft
Dérive

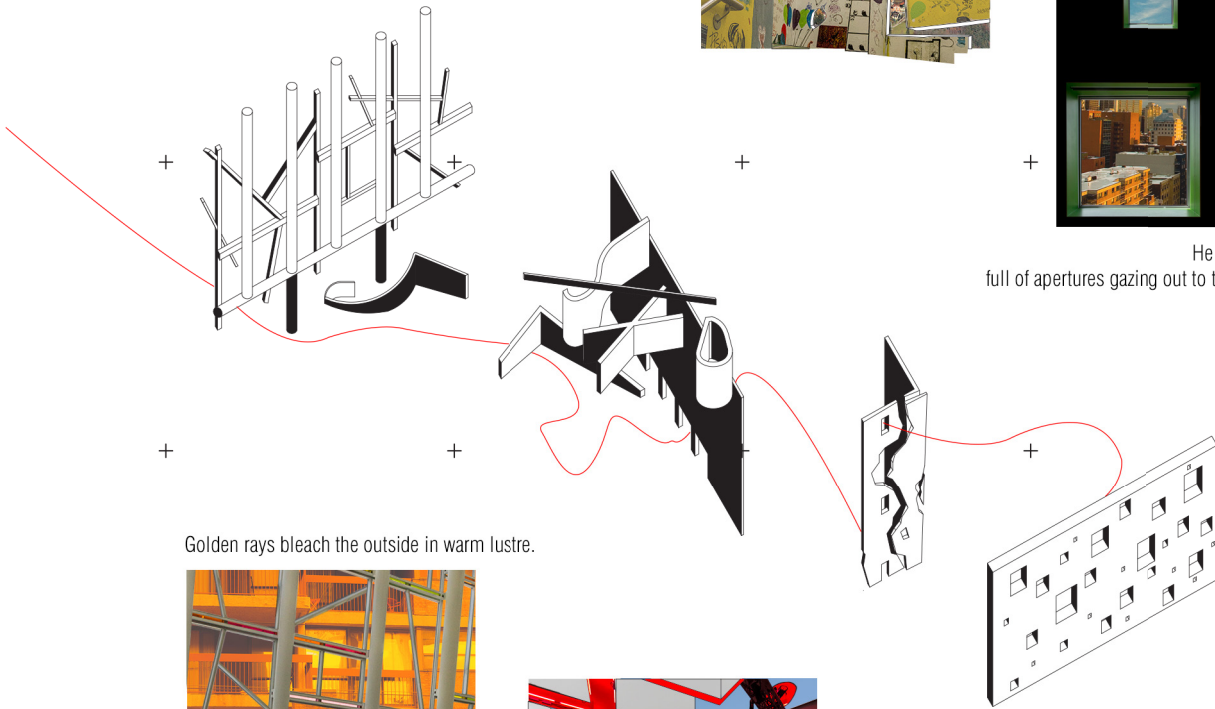
LOUNGE: FLOATING LOFT - DÉRIVE

| S1 | S2 | S3 | S4 |

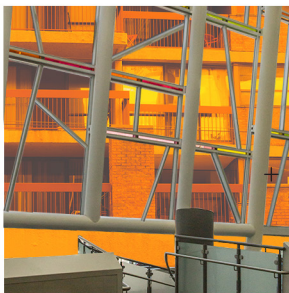
The stranger flights in a yellow vertigo towards the pale blue sky.



He rests by the wall, full of apertures gazing out to the falling sunset.



Golden rays bleach the outside in warm lustre.

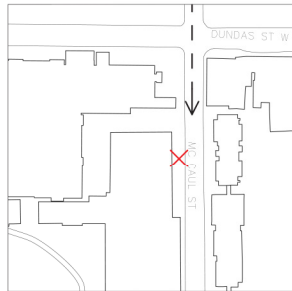


Above, he witnesses a fading daylight filtering down through the flying masses.

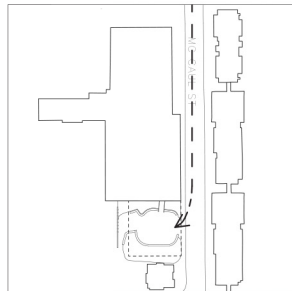
POCKET PARK: OASIS - PROCESS

Fig. 2.1.10
Pocket Park: Oasis
Process

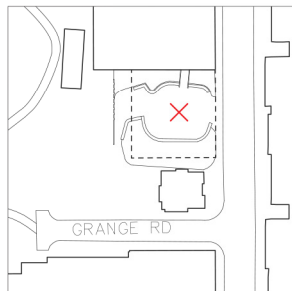
... TREES. I AM SEARCHING
FOR A PLACE TO PAUSE AND
RELAX UNDER A SHADE.
DOWN THE STREETS I AM
WALKING MINDLESSLY. ...



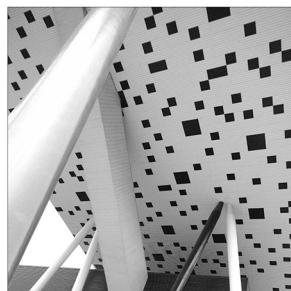
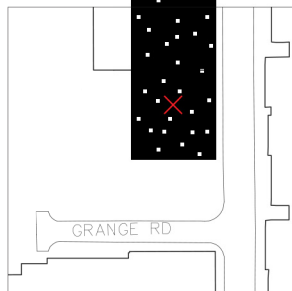
... I FIND A SMALL, VACANT
PARK BY THE SCHOOL. IT IS
ENTIRELY SHADED BY THE
FLOATING MASS ABOVE.
SOME PEOPLE ARE ...

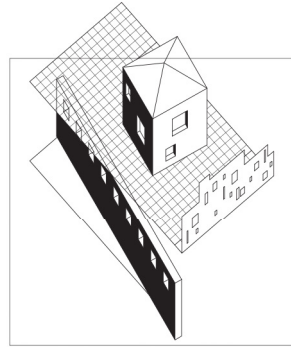
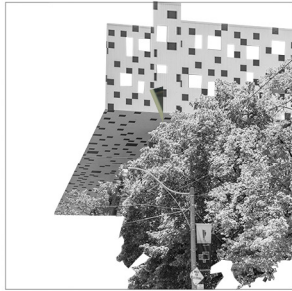


... SOME PEOPLE ARE SIT-
TING ON THE LEDGE THAT
LOOPS; READING, CHATTING,
OR MEDITATING. A GEN-
TLE BREEZE ROLLS BY. ...

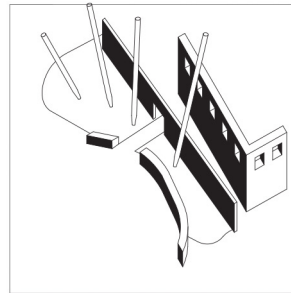
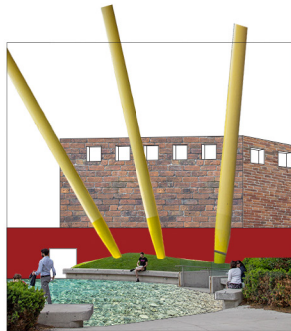
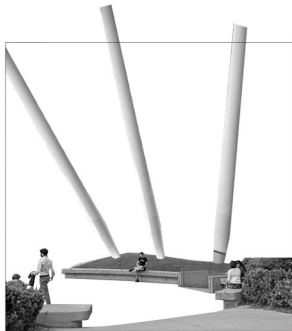


... IN PAUSE. I GAZE ABOVE
TO SEE A JUMBLE OF BLACK
DOTS PRINTED UNDERNEATH
THE MASS. FOR AWHILE
I WATCH THE WHITE ...





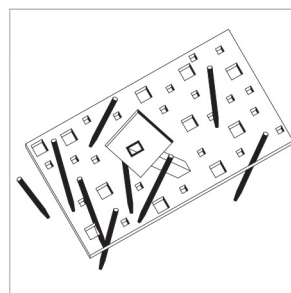
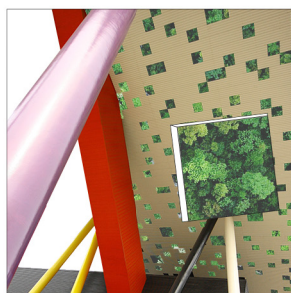
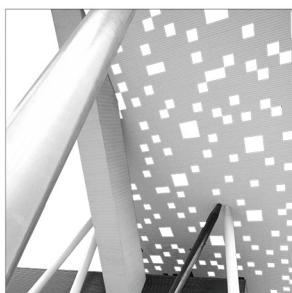
... PAST THE WALL. *THE STRANGER* PEEKS ABOVE, THAT FORBIDDEN GARDEN ON A FLOATING PLANE. HE IS MESMERIZED BY ITS ...



... HE FINDS A SMALL OASIS BY CROOKED PILLARS SOARING TO THE SKY. A LAVENDER SWEEPS HIS CLUMSY HAIR. HE SEES PEOPLE ...



... CONSTANTLY SPEWING FROM THE RED WALL. HE DIPS HIS FEET IN THE EMERALD AND GAZES TO THE END OF THE PILLARS. A HINT OF ...

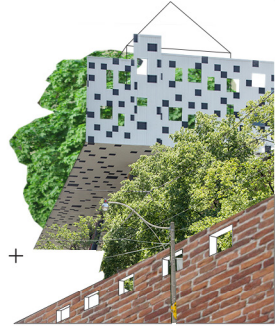
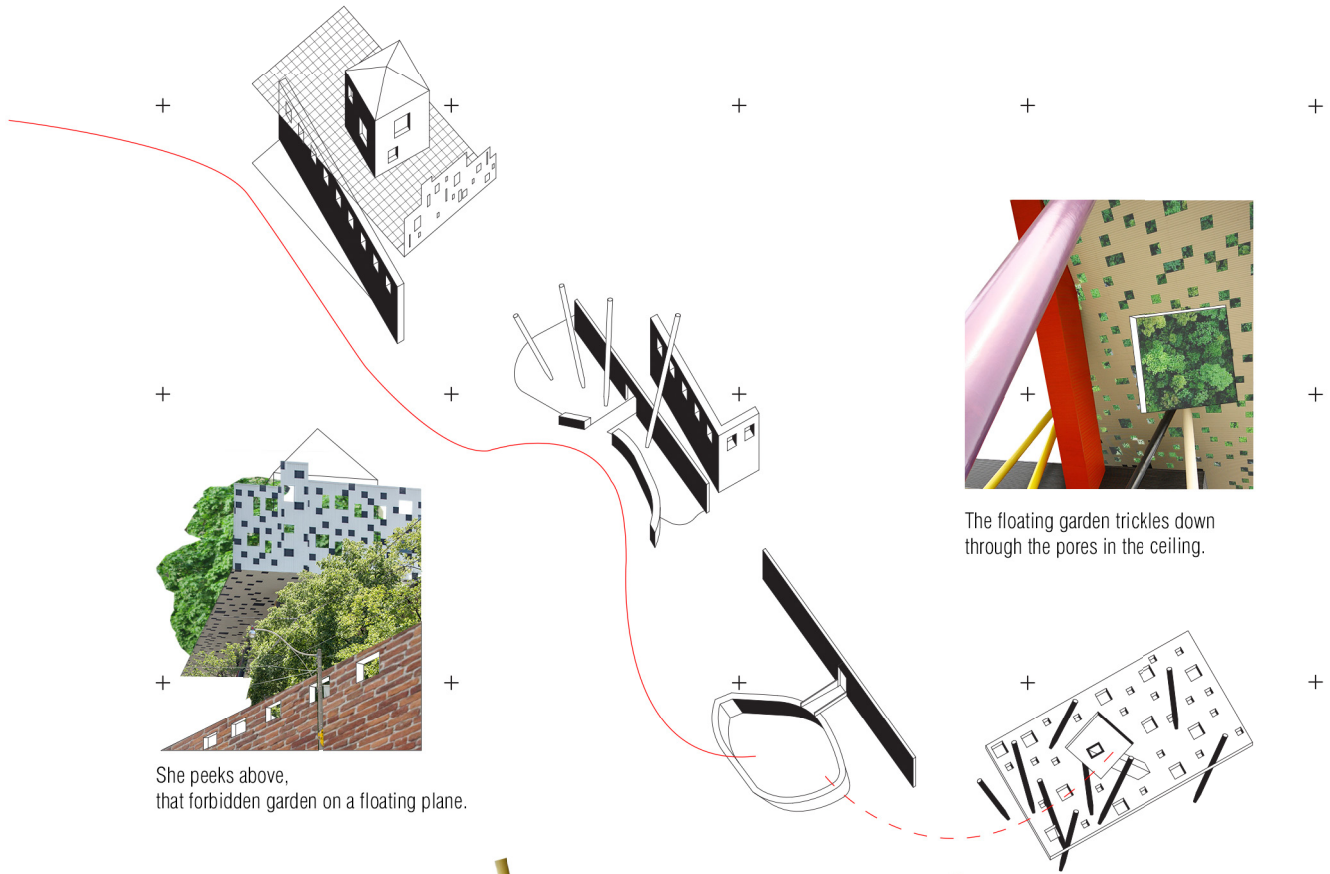


... THE FLOATING GARDEN TRICKLES DOWN THROUGH THE PORES IN THE CEILING. A FEW STREAMS FALL ONTO THE OASIS. HE GAZES ...

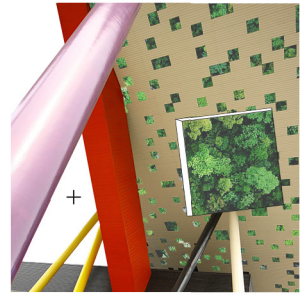
Right:
Fig. 2.1.11
Pocket Park: Oasis
Dérive

POCKET PARK: OASIS - DÉRIVE

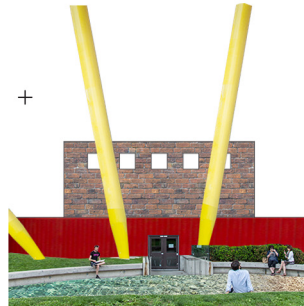
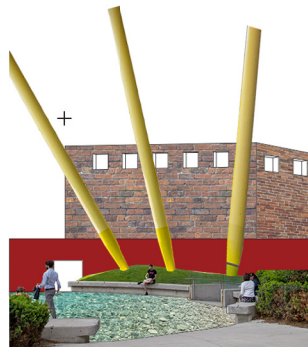
| S1 | | S2 | | S3 | | S4 | |



She peeks above,
that forbidden garden on a floating plane.



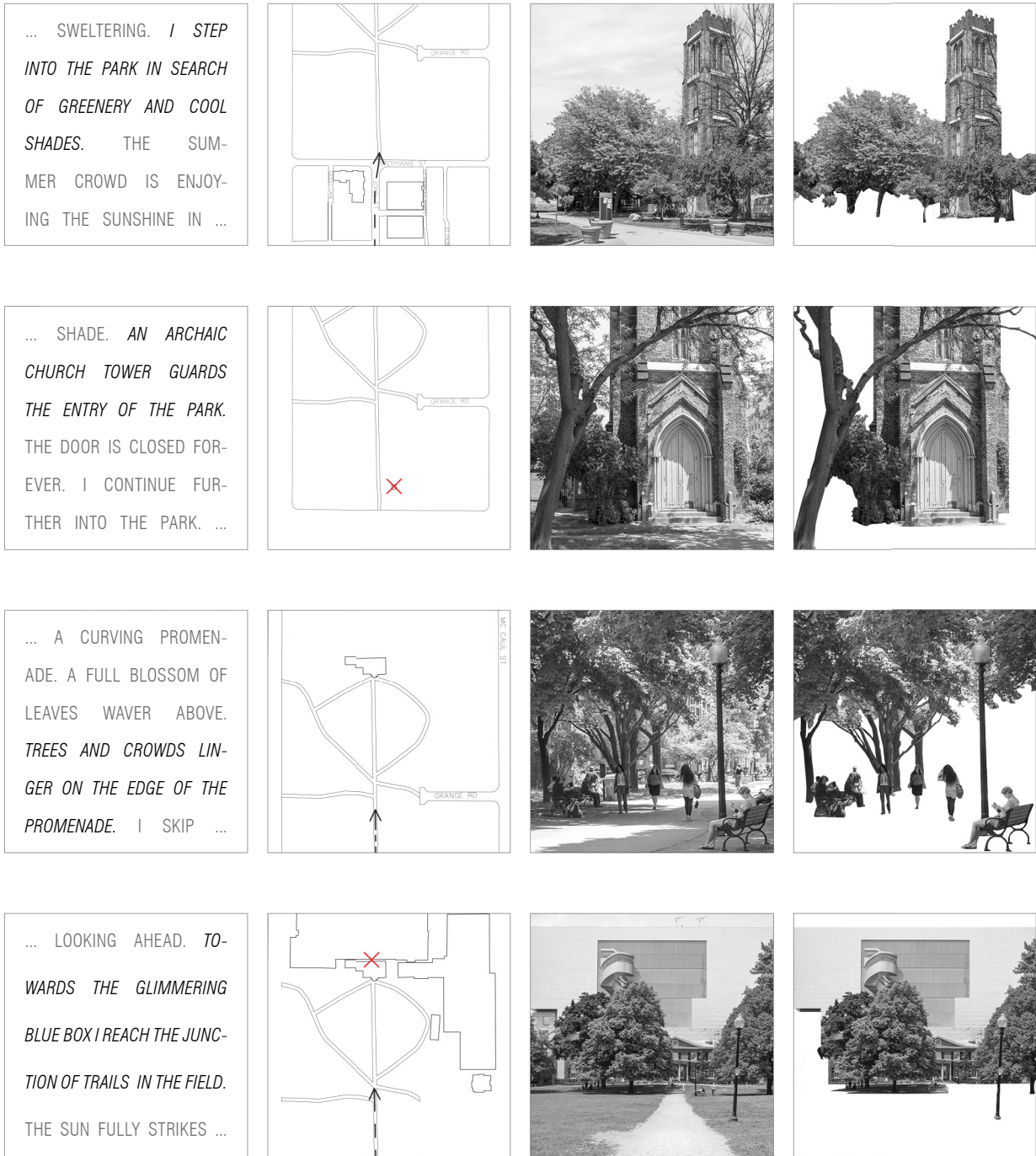
The floating garden trickles down
through the pores in the ceiling.

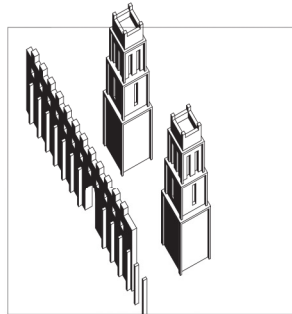
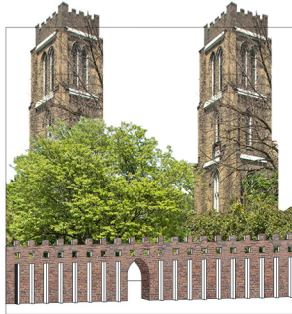
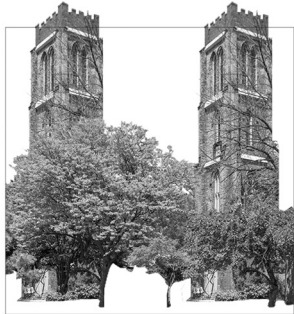


He dips his feet in the emerald and gazes to the end of the pillars.
He finds a small oasis by crooked pillars soaring to the sky.

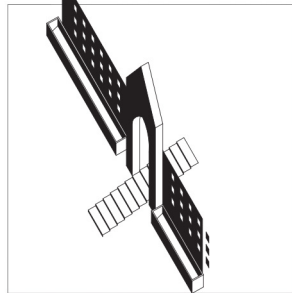
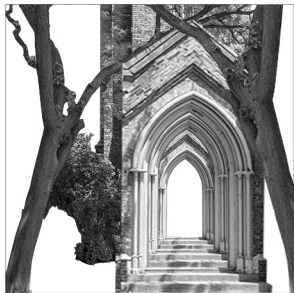
CENTRAL PARK: GRANGE FOREST - PROCESS

Fig. 2.1.12
Central Park: Grange Forest
Process

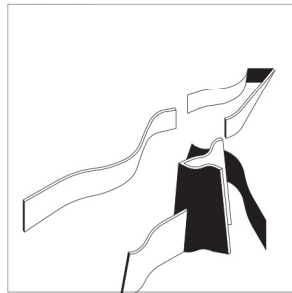




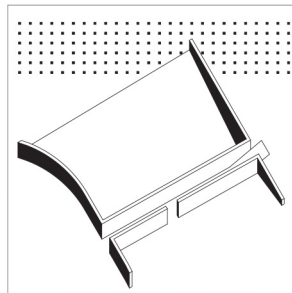
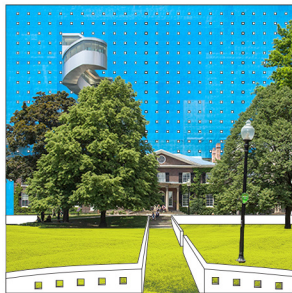
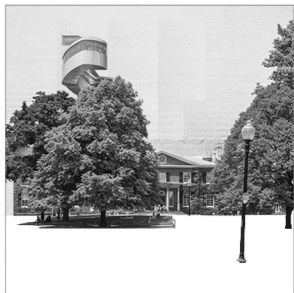
... SOARING TWIN TOWERS.
 PAST THE BRICK BARBICAN
 THE STRANGER INTRUDES
 INTO THE DEPTH OF A YEL-
 LOW FOREST. NO ONE SEES ...



... OLD FOUNTAINS AND
 STREAMS. THROUGH THE
 POUNDED, CURTAINING GATE
 HE CLIMBS TO A FIELD FULL OF
 YOUNG TULIPS. A HINT OF ...



... LIT THE FORESTRY
 PASSAGE. THE PROMEN-
 ADE, HE TREADS ON YEL-
 LOW FLOWERS. PEOPLE
 READ, WALK, AND
 DANCE AWAY ALONG
 THE WAVERING WALL ...



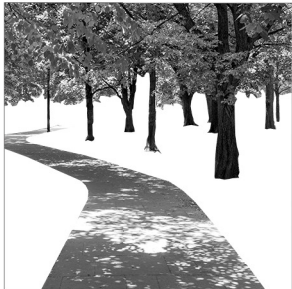
... SLOWLY DESCENDING
 TO A GROUND. HE GLIMPS-
 ES YELLOW FLOWERS
 AND BLUE WALLS IN THE
 SQUARES. THE JUNCTION
 TURNS INTO A UNDERWAY ...

Fig. 2.1.12 (cont.)
 Central Park: Grange Forest
 Process

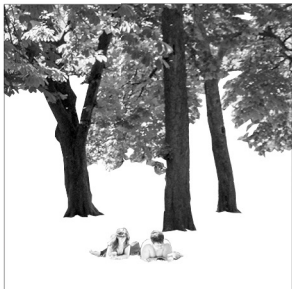
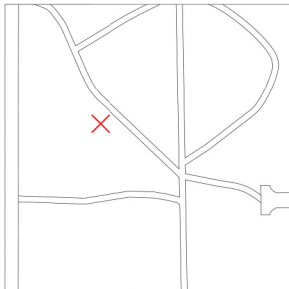
... THE APARTMENT SOARS ABOVE THE TREELINE. / WALK ON THE BARREN, DRY GRASS FIELD. NO ONE REMAINS OUTSIDE THE SHAD ...



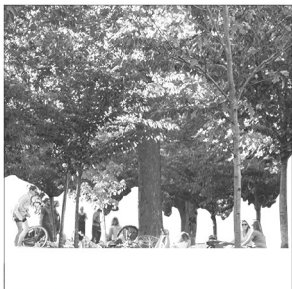
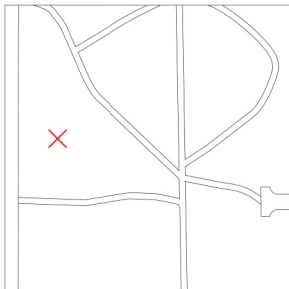
... LEAVES AT A SHORT HEIGHT. I FOLLOW THE DANCING SHIMMER ON THE TRAIL. IT PLAYFULLY TWINES ALONG THE TREES. ...

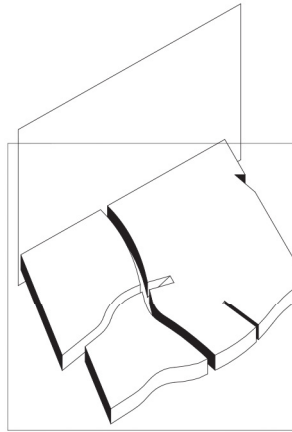


... MY STEPS. PEOPLE LIE DOWN ON THE FIELD UNDER THE CONTRASTING SPECTRUM OF SHADES. THICK TREES AND WILD GRASS DOMINATE THE FIELD ...

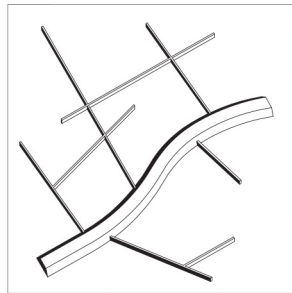


... DOWN THE TRAIL. IN THE FOREST, PEOPLE ARE LAZILY SUNBATHING IN LATE AFTERNOON LIGHT. I TAKE MY SHOES OF ...

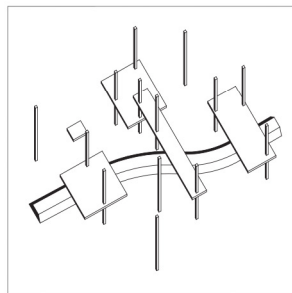
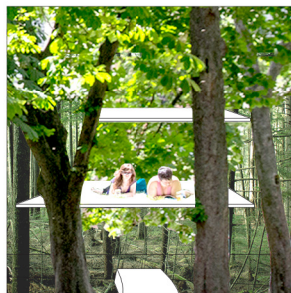




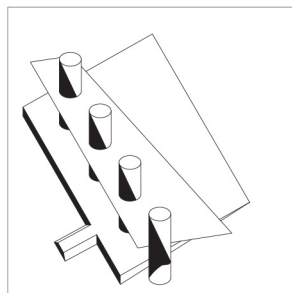
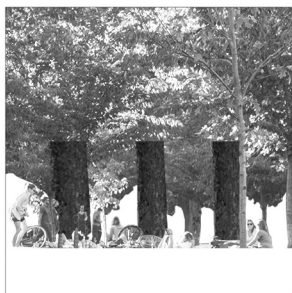
... HE GRADUALLY IMMERSES INTO A LABYRINTH OF PASSAGES SPILLING ONTO FIELDS OF ROLLING HILLS. AHEAD, IMPOSSIBLY TALL BUILDINGS ...



... EVENTUALLY RISING ABOVE. THE STRANGER FOLLOWS THE DANCING SHIMMER ALONG THE ROCK GARDENS. THE FOREST TURNS GREENER AS HE ...



... FOREST TURNS RICHER AND DENSER NEAR THE END. HE IS BURIED AMONG TREE TRUNKS. ABOVE HE SEES PLATFORMS OF NYMPHS FOOLING LAZILY. ...

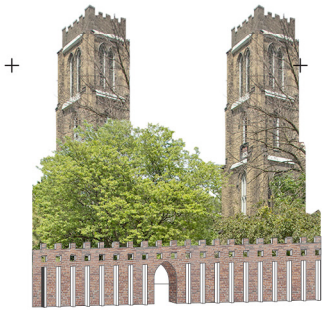


... RETURNS TO A FIELD NEAR THE END. HE SPOTS A JOYFUL PARTY ENJOYING CHAMPAGNE AND MUSIC UNDER A SHADE. THICK COLUMNS STAND ...

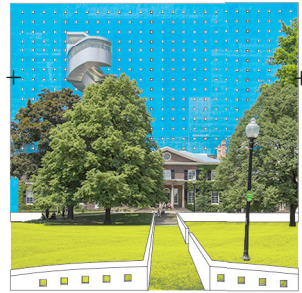
CENTRAL PARK: GRANGE FOREST - DÉRIVE

Fig. 2.1.13
Central Park: Grange Forest
Dérive

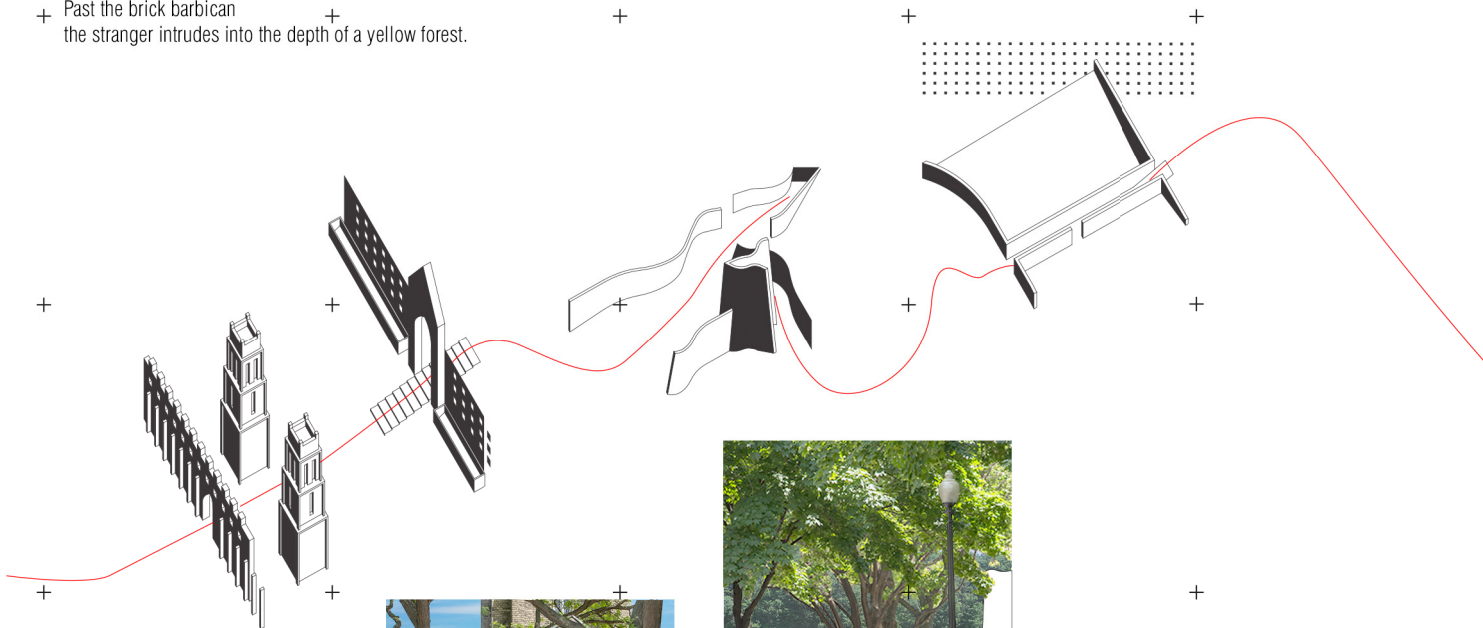
| S1 | S2 | S3 | S4 |



+ Past the brick barbican
the stranger intrudes into the depth of a yellow forest.



He glimpses yellow flowers and blue walls in the squares.

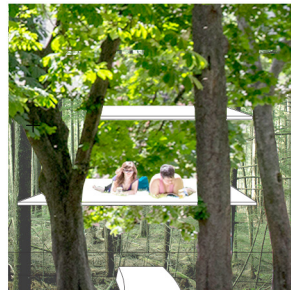
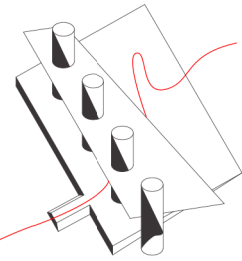
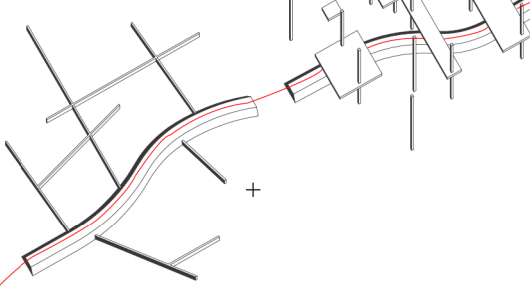
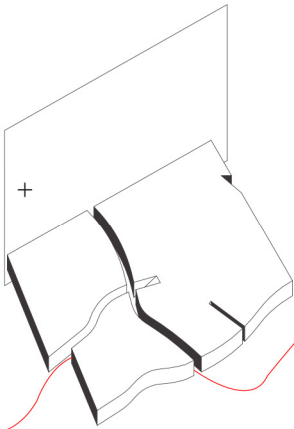


Through the pounded, curtaining gate
he climbs towards a field full of young tulips.

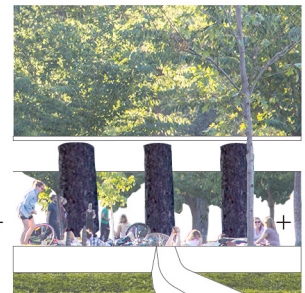


The promenade, he steps on yellow flowers.

He gradually immerses into a labyrinth of passages spilling onto fields of rolling hills.



He is buried among tree trunks.
Above he sees platforms of nymphs fooling lazily.



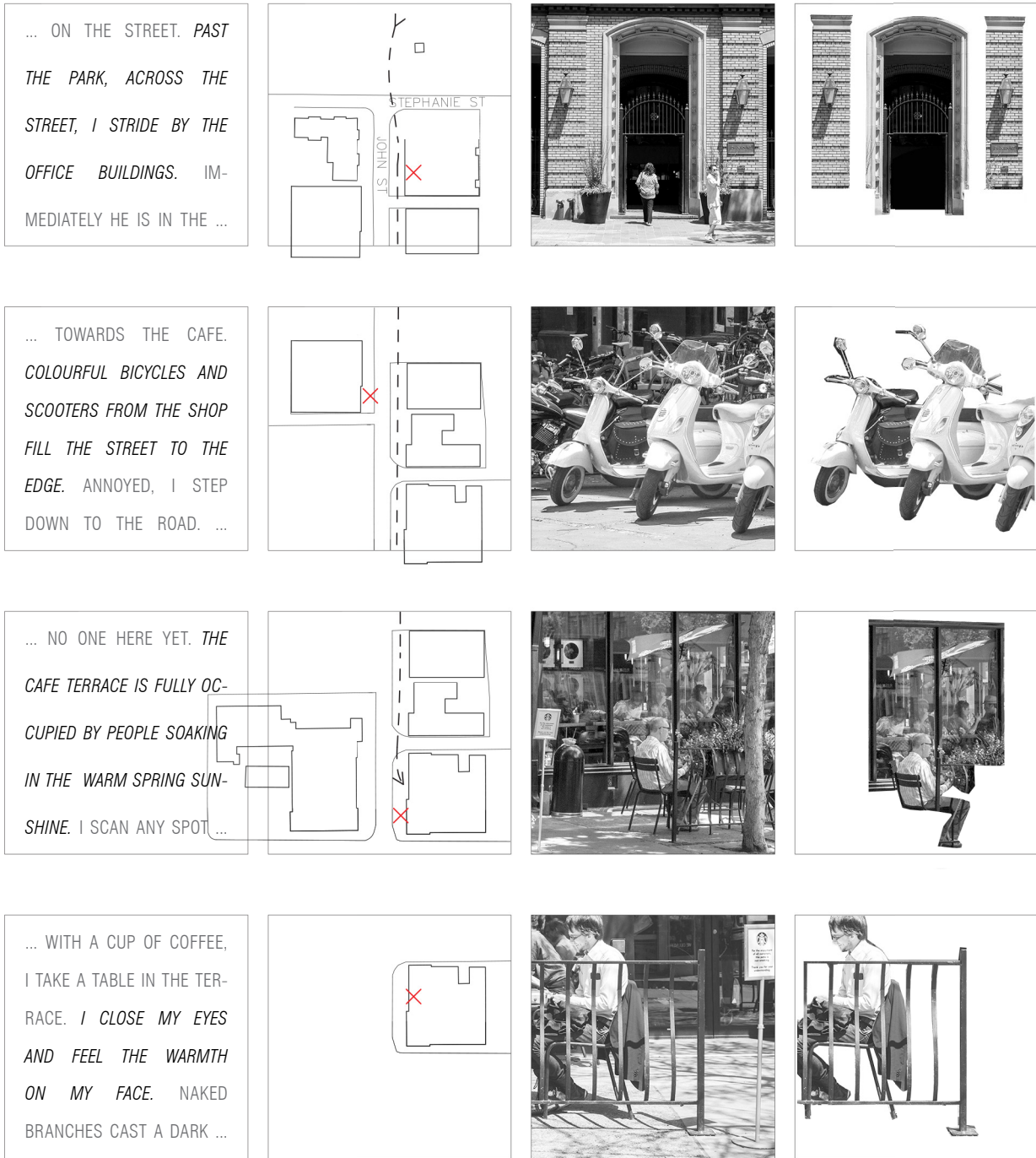
He spots a joyful party enjoying champagne and music under a shade.

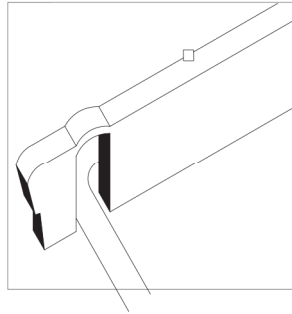
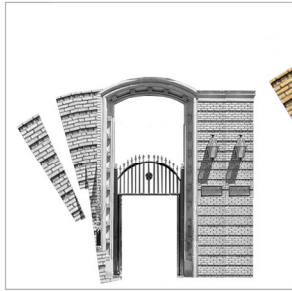


The stranger follows the dancing shimmer along the rock gardens.

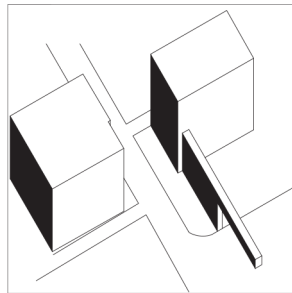
CORNER CAFE: MEETING POINT - PROCESS

Fig. 2.1.14
Corner Cafe: Meeting Point
Process

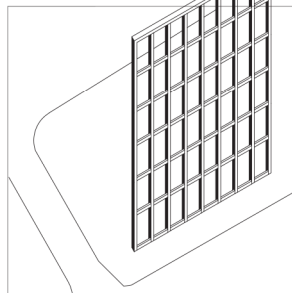




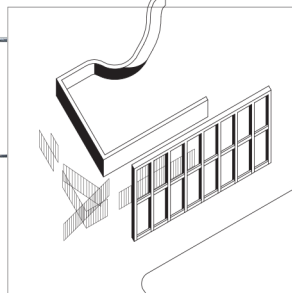
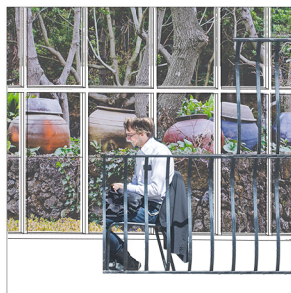
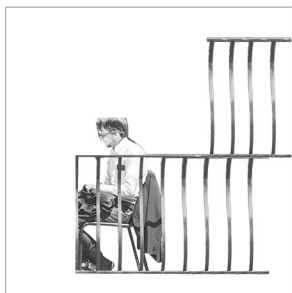
... PAST THE ARCHING GATE IN THE BARBICAN, THE FOREST ABRUPTLY CUTS SHORT. THE CITY REAPPEARS SUDDENLY WITH A BUSTLING CROWD. ...



... THE STREET. HE ABRUPTLY STOPS AS A GANG OF CYCLISTS RACE DOWN THE STREET LIKE A SCHOOL OF MAD SALMON, ALMOST HITTING HIM. STUPID CYCLE ...



... WAITING FOR FRIENDS. MELLOW SPRING RADIANCE SIPES THROUGH AND IMPRINTS COLOURS OF WARMTH IN THE TERRACE. HE FINDS ...



... INSIDE THE CAFE, BEHIND THE WALL, HE SETTLES BY A COZY GARDEN WITH TEA. HE SNIFFS THE SCENT OF FRESH HERBS AND LEAVES. BEYOND THE ...

Right:
Fig. 2.1.15
Corner Cafe: Meeting Point
Dérive

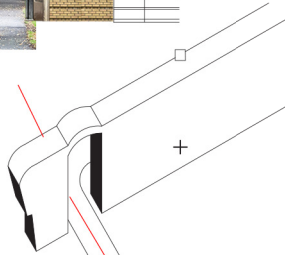
CORNER CAFE: MEETING POINT - DÉRIVE

| S1 | | S2 | | S3 | | S4 |



Past the arching gate in the barbican, the forest abruptly cuts short.

+



+

+

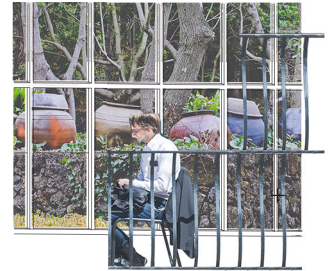
+

+

Inside the cafe, behind the wall, he settles by a cozy garden with tea.

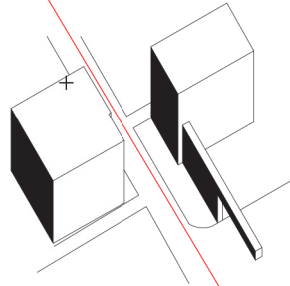


+



Mellow spring radiance penetrates through and imprints colours of warmth in the terrace.

+



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He abruptly stops as a gang of cyclists race down the street like a school of mad salmon, almost hitting him.

+

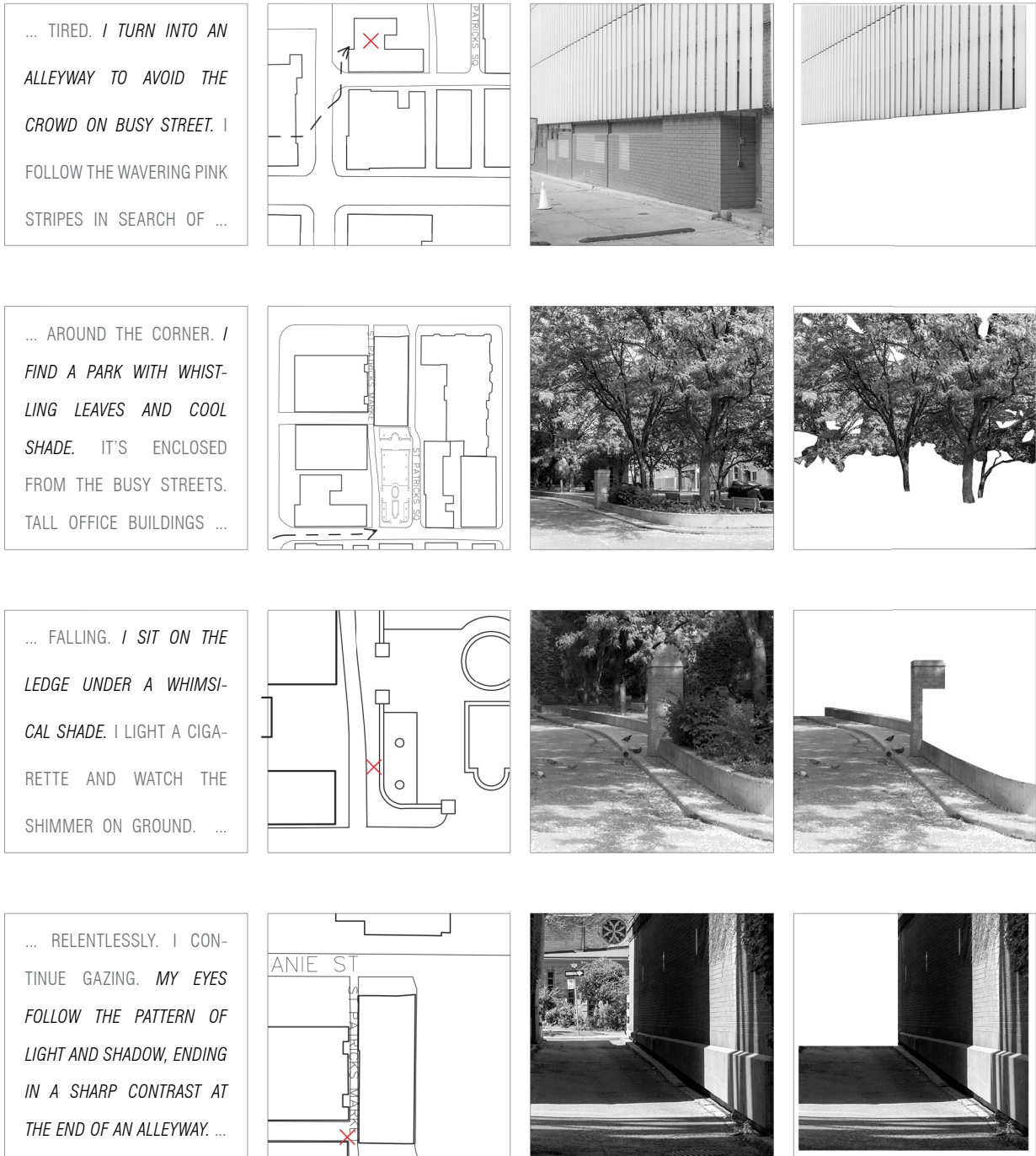
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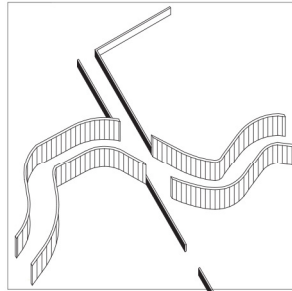
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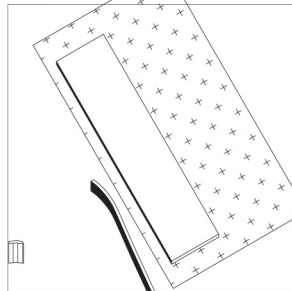
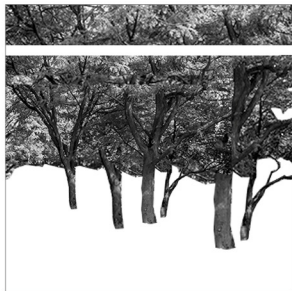
OUTDOOR POOL: VERTIGO WHIRL - PROCESS

Fig. 2.1.16
Outdoor Pool: Vertigo Whirl
Process

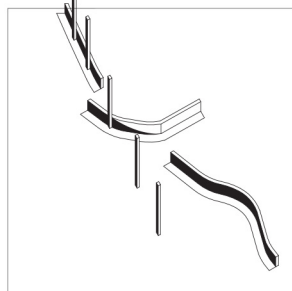
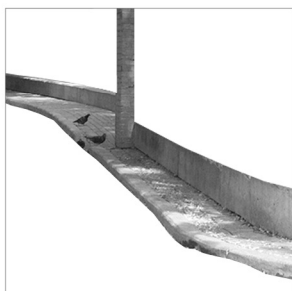




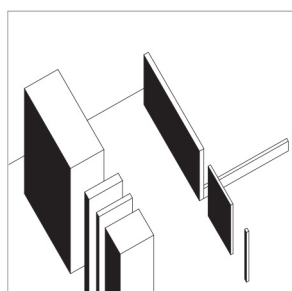
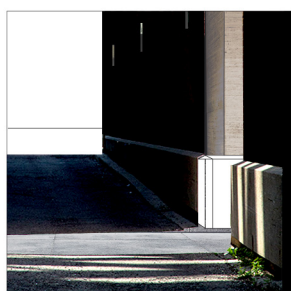
... THE STRANGER, DAZZLED BY THE POUNDING HEAT, CHASES AFTER WAVING PINK STRIPES. HE PEEKS THROUGH THE SLITS THE MURMURING CITY. ...



... ENDED. HE SLIPS INTO A FIELD. ABOVE A THIN ROOF, MATURE LEAVES WHISTLE WILDLY BY THE SUDDEN BREEZE. HE PAUSES AND ...



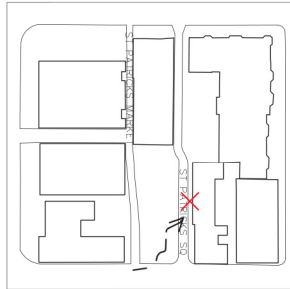
... HE LINGERS AND HOPS OVER THE LEDGE. IT SNAKES ACROSS THE FIELD. BRICK COLUMNS MARK HIS VIOLENCE IN A LINEAR RHYTHM INTO ...



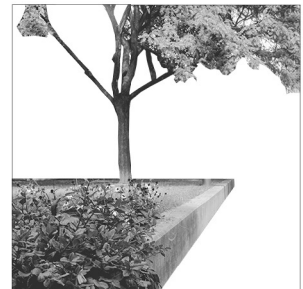
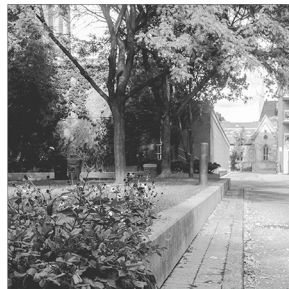
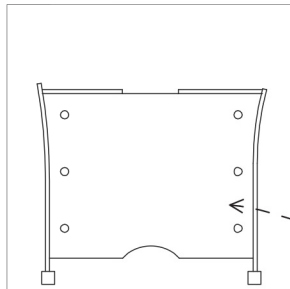
... LEFT WITH NO OTHER CHANCE. HE CAREFULLY SLIPS INTO THE BLINDING LIGHT THROUGH A GAP BETWEEN BLACK SHADOWS. IT IS INTIMIDATING ...

Fig. 2.1.16 (cont.)
Outdoor Pool: Vertigo Whirl
Process

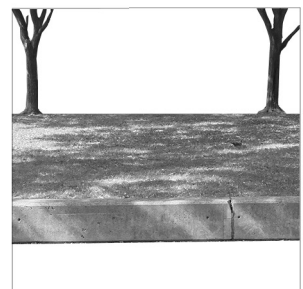
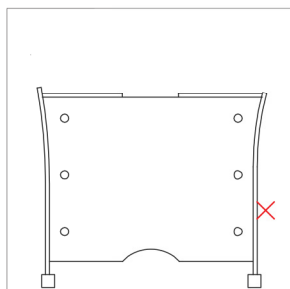
... FIELD. ACROSS THE PARK,
TWO COLOURFUL DOORS
OPEN, AND TWO GIRLS
APPEAR AND SIT ON THE
STEPS FOR CHATTING. A
SOFT STREAM OF LIGHT ...



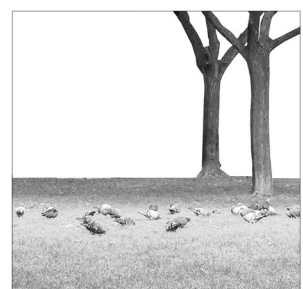
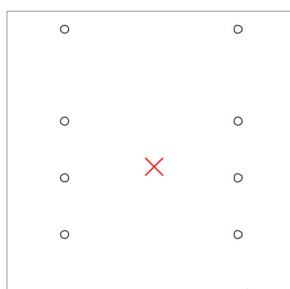
... DELIRIOUS MEANDERING.
SNAP! MY GAZE ONCE AGAIN
TRACES THE PATH OF LIGHT
OVER THE LEDGE AND INTO
THE GRASS FIELD. A QUIET ...

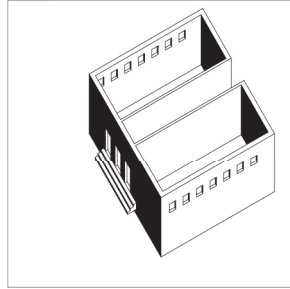


... THIN DISCRETE LINES
OF WHITE LIGHT FROM
THE PORES IN THE LEAVES
HITS THE FIELD. THE
GRASS WAVES LIKE
WAVES BY A SHORE. ...

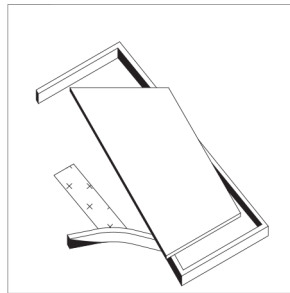


... A BREEZE SKIMS THE
WHISTLING LEAVES AND THE
WAVING GRASS. PARK SLOW-
LY BECOMES A DEEP LAKE OF
FRIGID WATER. PIGEONS BE ...

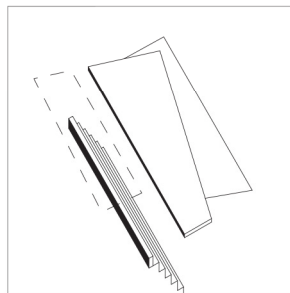
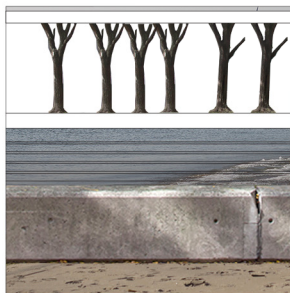
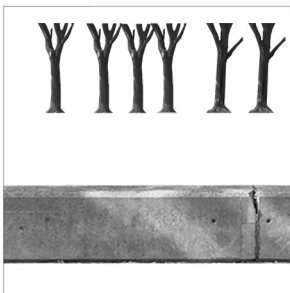




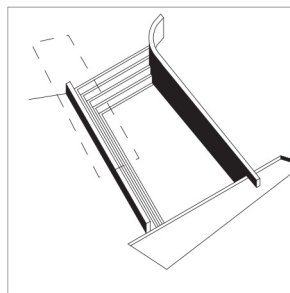
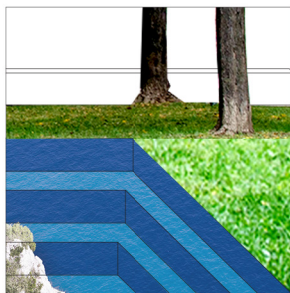
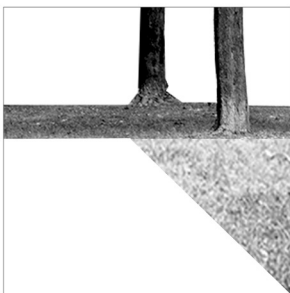
THE FIELD. *REACHING THE TEMPLE HE ENTERS THE RED DOOR FROM THE THREE.* BY THE LIMESTONE PEOPLE ARE IDLING LIKE NYMPHS



... THE WAVES. *A PLATEAU OF FINE SAND CREEPS UP TO THE LEDGE, OVER WHICH HE GENTLY INTRUDES.* IMMEDIATELY HE FEELS ...



... IN FREEZING WATER. *THE SURFACE OF THE POOL RESONATES WITH EASY RIPPLES.* LATE SWIMMERS FROG HERE AND THERE. ...



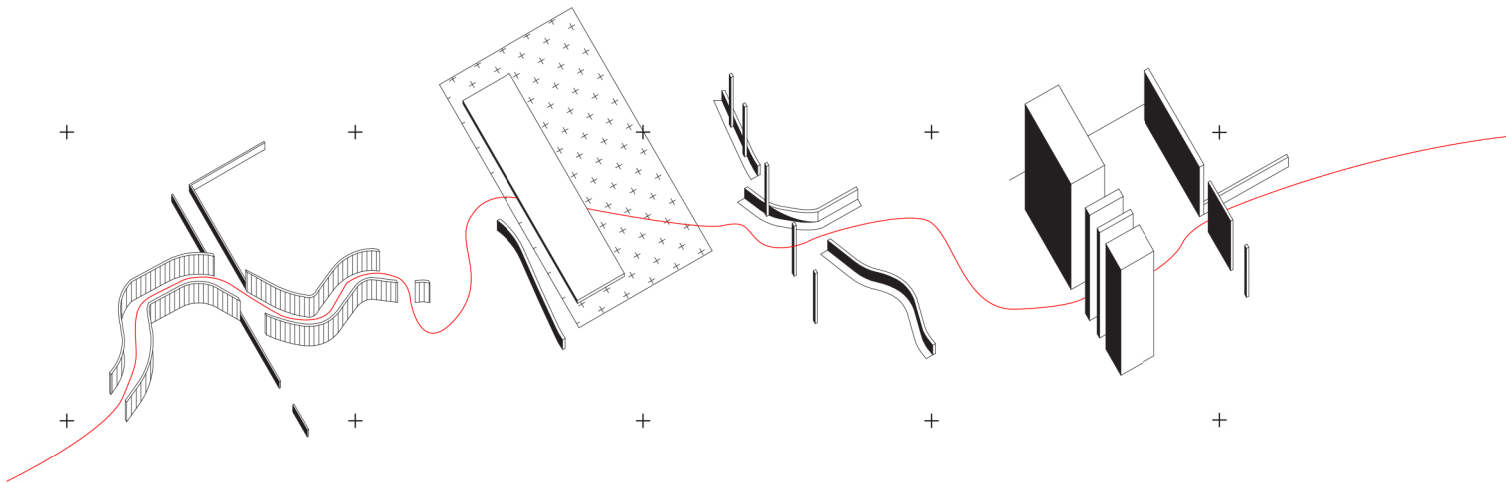
... AS DEEPER. *INTO THE FRIGID ABYSS HE DIVES. STRIPS OF LIGHT CHASES AFTER HIS DIVE.* HIS VISION IS BLURRED ...

OUTDOOR POOL: VERTIGO WHIRL - DÉRIVE

Fig. 2.1.17
Outdoor Pool: Vertigo Whirl
Dérive

| S1 | | S2 | | S3 | | S4 | |

The stranger, dazzled from the pounding heat, chases after wavering pink stripes.



Above a thin roof, mature leaves whistle wildly by the sudden breeze.



He carefully slips into the blinding light through a gap between black shadows.

He lingers and hops over the ledge. It snakes across the field.

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S5

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S6

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S7

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S8

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Reaching the temple he enters the red door from the three.

+

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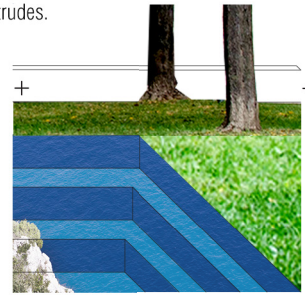
+



A plateau of fine sand creeps up to the ledge, over which he gently intrudes.



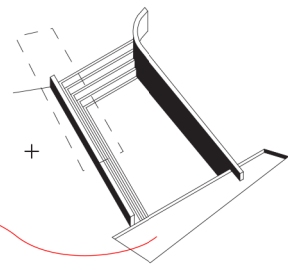
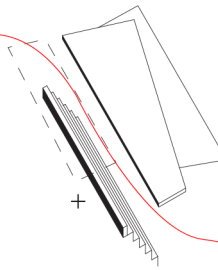
The surface of the pool resonates with easy ripples.



Into the frigid abyss he dives. Strips of light chases after his dive.

+

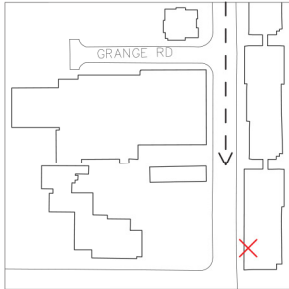
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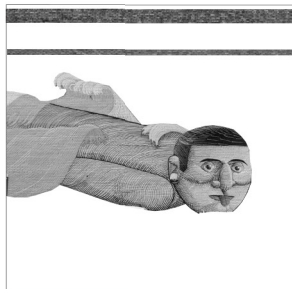
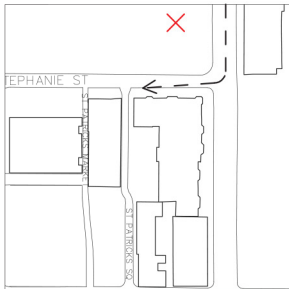
BATH HOUSE: SPA - PROCESS

Fig. 2.1.18
Bathhouse: Spa
Process

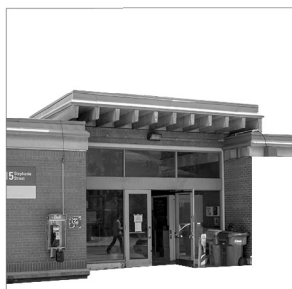
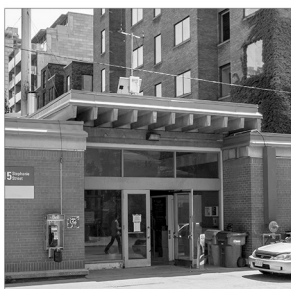
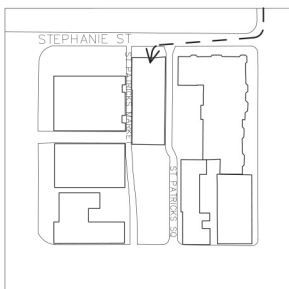
... CLOUDS IN THE SULLEN,
GRAY SKY. I PASS THE APART-
MENTS TO THE END OF THE
STREET. FOR SUCH A LAZY
DAY SWIMMING HELPS. SO ...



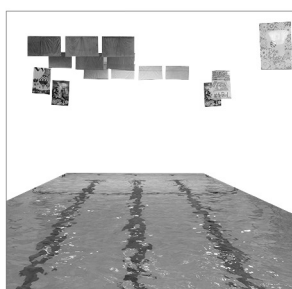
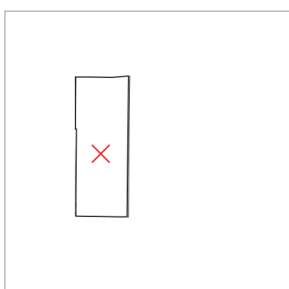
... OLD BRICK BUILDINGS.
ONCE REACHING THE
SWIMMING MAN ON THE
WALL, I TURN AROUND
THE STREET TOWARDS THE
POOL. RAIN BEGINS TO ...

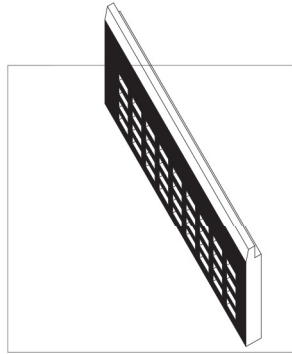


... SURROUNDED BY OFFICE
BUILDINGS. I STEP INTO THE
DIM LOBBY OF THE HARRISON
POOL. INSTANTLY I SMELL
THE FAMILIAR CHLORINE ...

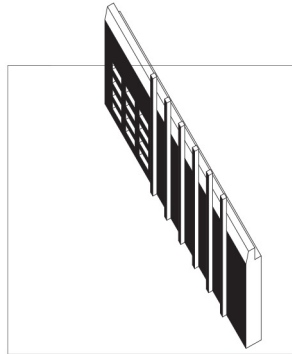
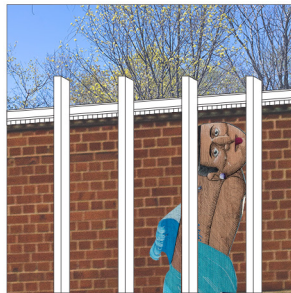
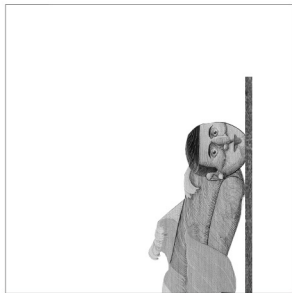


... STRONGLY REEKING
OF CHLORINE. IT GIVES A
HEADACHE. I GAZE AT THE
DEAD POOL FOR SOME
TIME. OVER THE CEIL-
ING FLAGS FLATTER ...

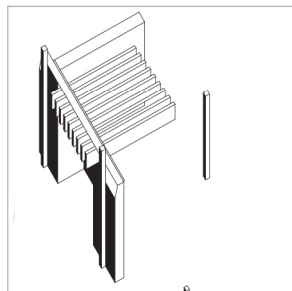




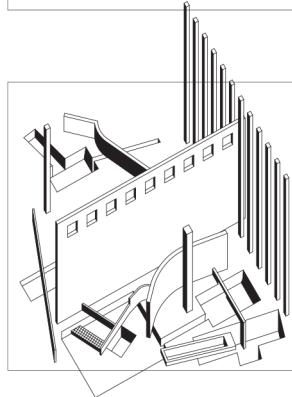
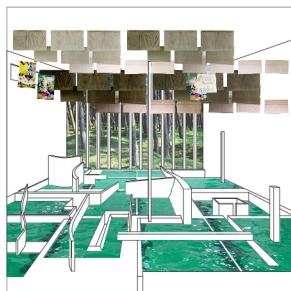
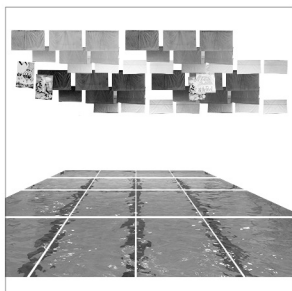
... APARTMENTS SOAKED IN SUNSET ABOVE. *THE WALL WITH WINDOWS EXTENDS TO A DISTANCE, THROUGH WHICH THE STRANGER SEES A WHITE STEAM ARISING. ...*



... WINDOWS STOP. *TOTEM POLES MARCH ALONG, AND A SWIMMER IS CAUGHT IN THE WALL. HE FOLLOWS THE POLES ...*



... REACHING AN OLD TEMPLE. *HE ENTERS A BRIGHT RED LOBBY UNDER GAPING OVERHANG LIKE A CLAM. HE FEELS MILD HEAT IN THE AIR. ...*

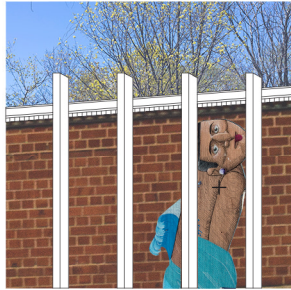


... INTO DIFFERENT HOT SPRINGS. *HE FOLLOWS SERPENTINE WALLS TO THE SPECTRUM OF DIFFERENT BATH WATERS. THERE ...*

Right:
Fig. 2.1.19
Bathhouse: Spa
Dérive

BATH HOUSE: SPA - DÉRIVE

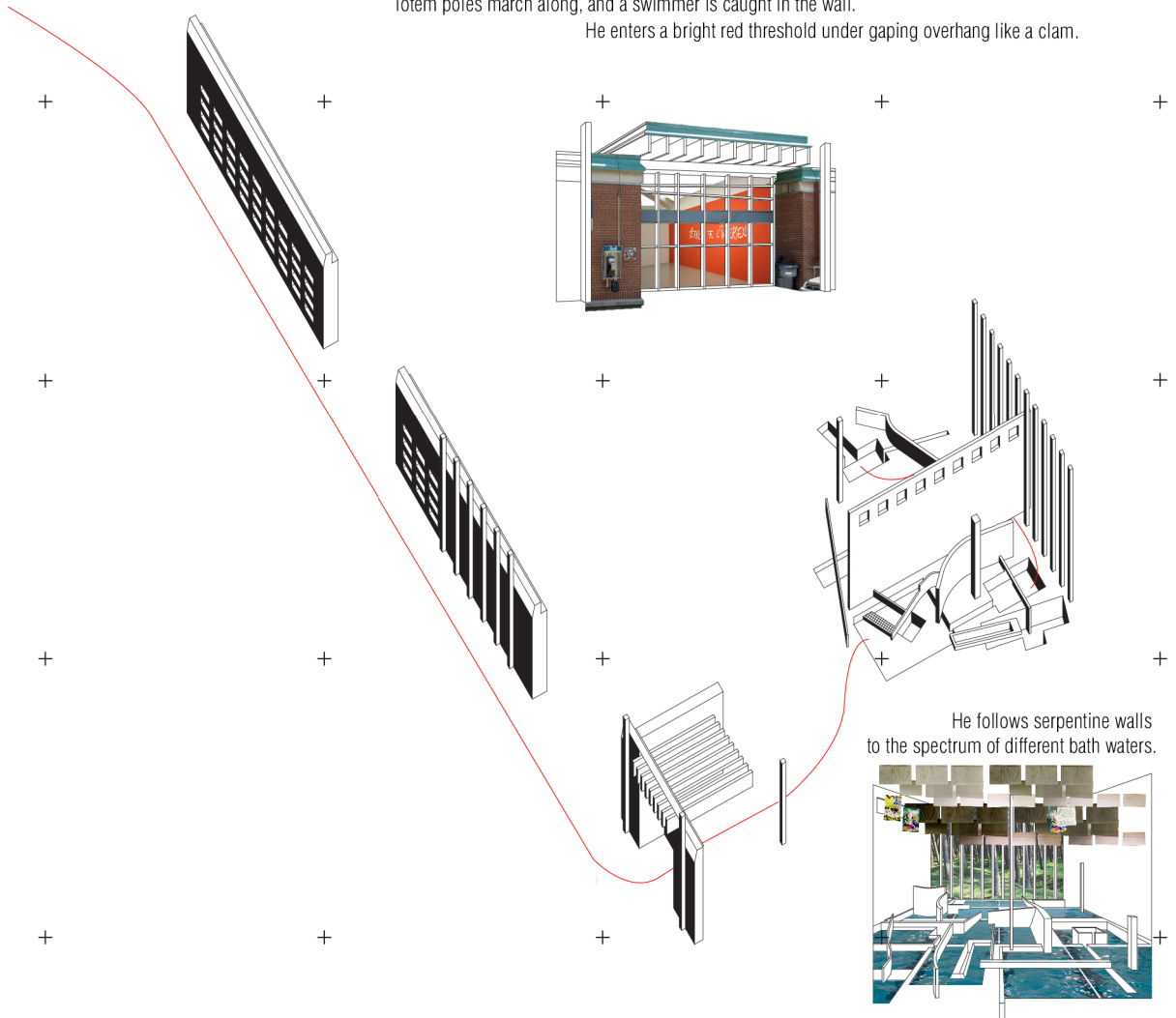
| S1 | | S2 | | S3 | | S4 | |



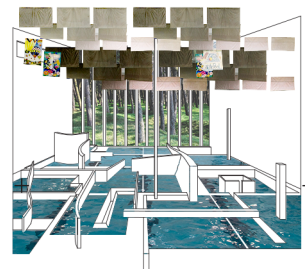
The wall with windows extends to a distance, through which the stranger sees a white steam arising.

Totem poles march along, and a swimmer is caught in the wall.

He enters a bright red threshold under gaping overhang like a clam.



He follows serpentine walls to the spectrum of different bath waters.



2.2 CATALOG

Dissociation

Catalog is a systematic organization, *palettes*, of three distinct representations induced from Analog: first, the perceptual movement in space (Fig. 2.2.1); the second, détourned scenes with anecdote (Fig. 2.2.2); and third, experiential typologies that conclusively formalize both space and scene (Fig. 2.2.3). The formal situation of anecdote and scene (moment), which has been imaginatively détourned in the process of differentiation, is now dissociated from each other to be utilized on its own terms for retranslation. Each element is released from the linear hierarchy of former sequences of situations per place. Thus, each element in the palette becomes an independent notation as fragmentary information of its subscribed experience. Architect Stan Allen asserts, “Once projection has been detached from its imperative to transcribe vision, it can be utilized as an instrumental technique equally capable of producing instrumental data or apparently irrational effects.”⁹

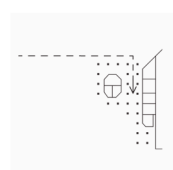
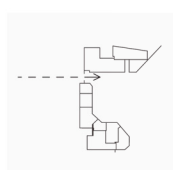
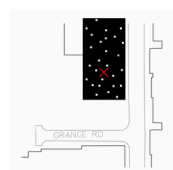
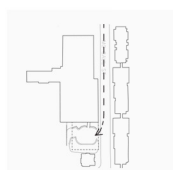
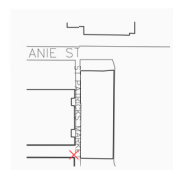
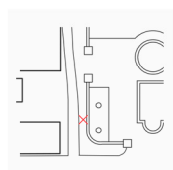
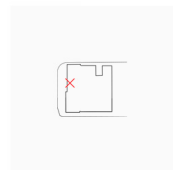
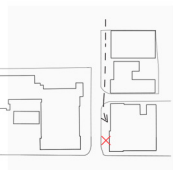
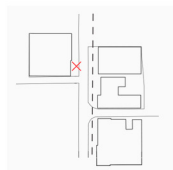
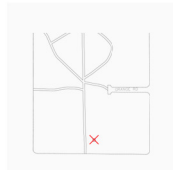
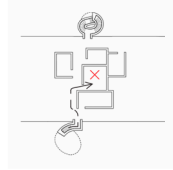
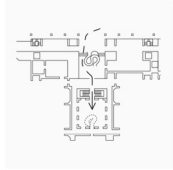
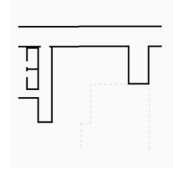
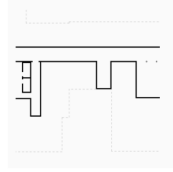
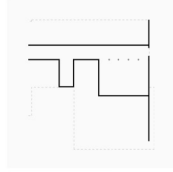
The last palette, the experiential typologies, reduce all representative data and imageries of the situations into architectural symbolic codes. The typologies become the most primitive element for reconstructing any urban context. As Rossi asserts, “Typology becomes in this way the analytical moment of architecture, and it becomes readily identifiable at the level of urban artifacts. Thus typology presents itself as the study of types of elements that cannot be further reduced, elements of a city as well as of an architecture.”¹⁰ By an absolute reduction, the typologies operate as modular codes of urban experience that, once assembled in any composition or sequence, generate any possible context of leisure for the Grange Hotel. The dissociated experiential typologies are released from the former hierarchy of narrative into a mutual plane for provoking surreal experience.

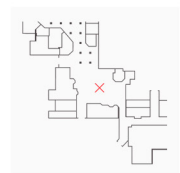
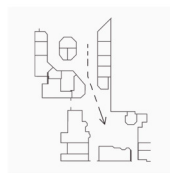
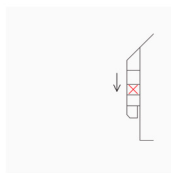
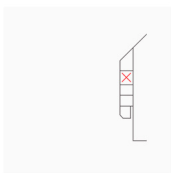
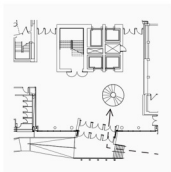
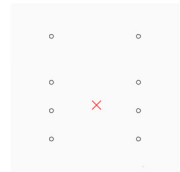
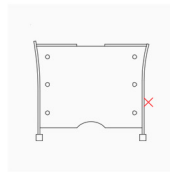
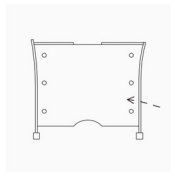
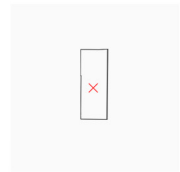
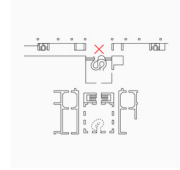
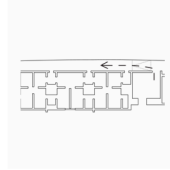
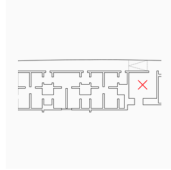
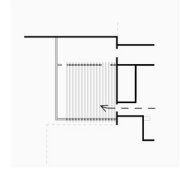
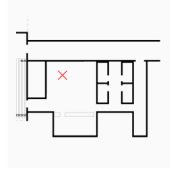
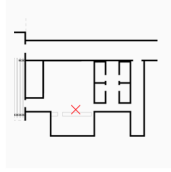
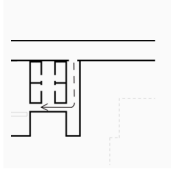
P.140:
Fig. 2.2.1
Plan of Movement and Locale

P.142:
Fig. 2.2.2
Scene and Script

P.144:
Fig. 2.2.3
Experiential Typologies

Solà-Morales writes, “If man was the custodian of words, from which the meaning of things emerges, then architecture had a precise purpose: to transform the given conditions of place into words that would signify the qualities of existence, revealing the richness and content of each place’s potential.”¹¹ In this sense, Catalog presents an architectural-experiential vocabulary ready for assembling any words, sentences, and ultimately stories. The overarching purpose is to retranslate the existing leisure context of the Grange neighbourhood into any possible, yet still indeterminate, narrative of surreal experiences.







Now the stranger is lost amidst the piles of the day's fruits.



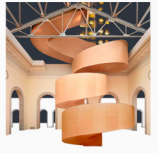
He strolls through the corridor of ancient tools and sculptures.



Endless mysterious doors pop along the nameless walls.



Immediately he finds himself wedged in a tight corner, bloody red.



Into the night lights the stranger ascends.



The tornado elevates the stranger to an unfathomable height in a delirious swirl.



Past a white oasis on the platform a blue gorge gaps.



Under the stars he wanders in a maze of hollow monuments.



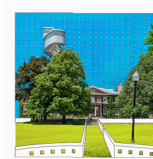
Past the brick barbican the stranger intrudes into the depth of a yellow forest.



Through the pounded, curtaining gate he climbs to a field full of young tulips.



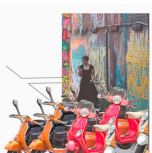
The promenade, he treads on yellow flowers.



He glimpses yellow flowers and blue walls in the squares.



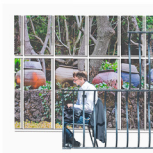
Past the arching gate in the barbican, the forest abruptly cuts short.



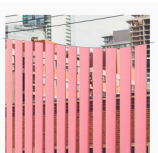
He stops as a gang of cyclists race down the street like a school of mad salmon.



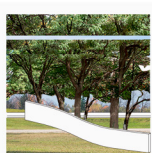
Mellow spring radiance sips through and imprints colours of warmth in the terrace.



Inside the cafe, behind the wall, he settles by a cozy garden with tea.



The stranger, dazzled from the pounding heat, chases after wavering pink stripes.



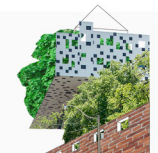
Above a thin roof, mature leaves whistle wildly by the sudden breeze.



He hops over the ledge. It snakes across the field.



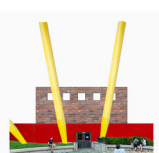
He carefully slips into blinding light through the gap between black shadows.



The stranger peeks above, that forbidden garden on a floating plane.



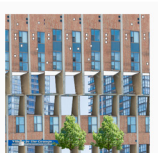
He finds a small oasis by crooked pillars soaring to the sky.



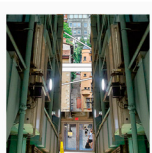
He dips his feet in the emerald and gazes to the end of the pillars.



The floating garden trickles down through the pores in the ceiling.



Grand towers stand tall, through darkness the stranger slips.



He is sucked into the factory of mechanical fragments.



Under falling light in the dusty air, by the pillars, conversations unfold.



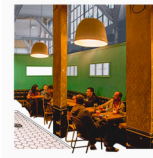
He glides along the pillars in search of the spicy aroma.



Red paper moons follow his steps down into a jaded abyss.



The bartender is long dead. Only the sparkling bottles remain.



A small alcove by the bar appears eerie, local gangsters secretly plotting a scheme.



Fizzing lights dance into the depth of the city above.



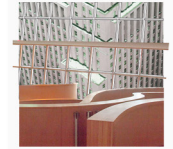
He passes through endless thresholds towards the faraway sea in dawn.



Through the glass, a faint euphoric dawn glimpses into the room.



He strolls to a distance inside a forestry tunnel.



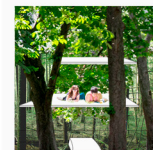
Last remnants of the tornado loop him back into the city.



He gradually immerses into a labyrinth of passages spilling onto fields of rolling hills.



The stranger follows the dancing shimmer along the rock gardens.



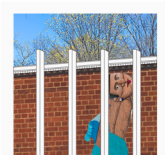
Above he sees platforms of nymphs fooling lazily.



He spots a joyful party enjoying champagne and music under a shade.



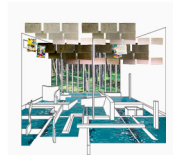
The wall with windows extrudes to a horizon, through which he sees a white steam arising.



Totem poles march along, and a swimmer is caught in the wall.



He enters a bright red threshold under gaping overhang like a clam.



He follows serpentine walls to the spectrum of different bath waters.



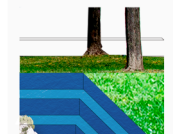
Reaching the temple he enters the red door from the three.



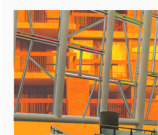
A plateau of sand creeps up to the ledge, over which he gently intrudes.



The surface of the pool resonates with easy ripples.



Into the frigid abyss he dives. Strips of light chases after his dive.



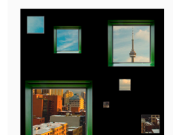
Golden rays bleach the outside in warm lustre.



Above, he witnesses a fading daylight falling down through floating masses.



The stranger flights in a yellow vertigo towards the pale blue sky.



He rests by the wall, full of apertures gazing out to the falling sunset.



He finds endless trays of colourful cuisines. A vivid delicious aroma fills the space.



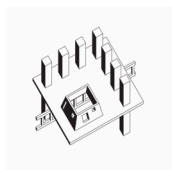
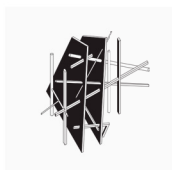
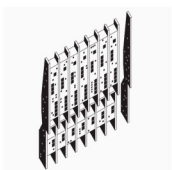
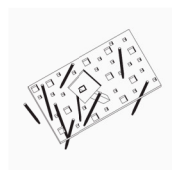
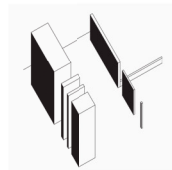
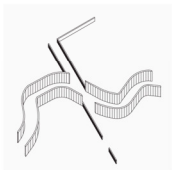
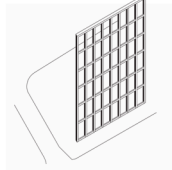
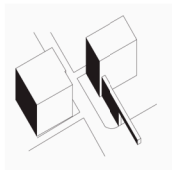
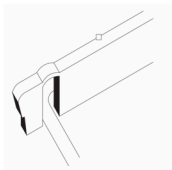
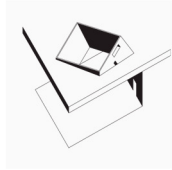
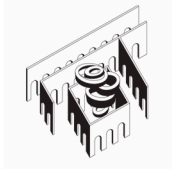
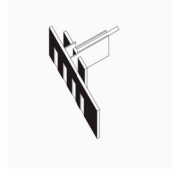
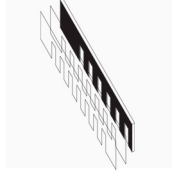
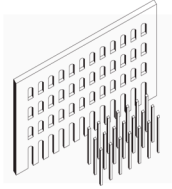
People busily shuffle, then feast under bright neon lights.

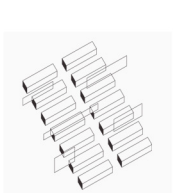
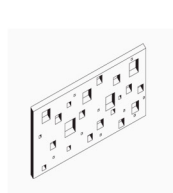
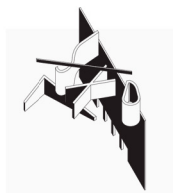
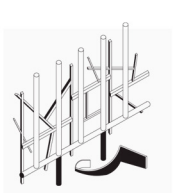
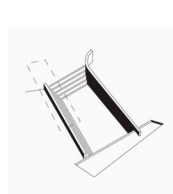
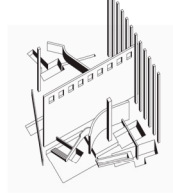
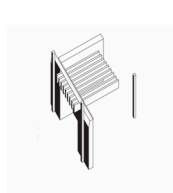
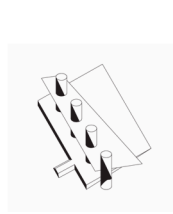
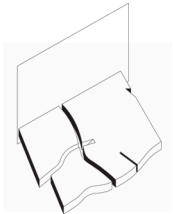
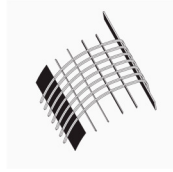
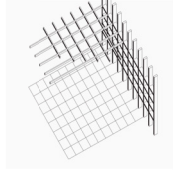
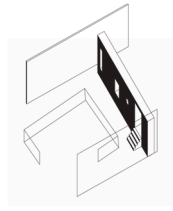
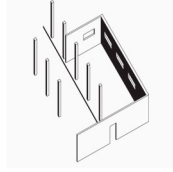
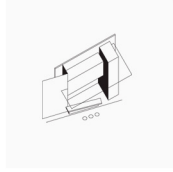
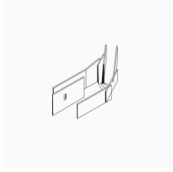


He exits the factory through green doors onto a courtyard, surrounded by concrete forest above.



Gray light streams down onto the courtyard from the blue without glass above.





2.3 FOLLIES

Play

The thesis project proposes a series of architectural plays, *follies*, as a means of provocation for the subject to script any possible field and narrative of surreal experiences within the hotel. The task is now to design serial rules for the game of retranslation. Allen explains *seriality* as “the displacement of control to a series of intricate local rules for combination, or as a “sequence of events”, but not as an overall formal configuration.”¹² It concedes that the rules operate autonomously in an organic behaviour in a loose tension with the immediate local conditions rather than being preprogrammed for a determinate conclusion. Seriality of architectural codes therefore becomes a matter of creating and applying automatic algorithms at the “player’s end” for generating sequences of psychological plots to draw an unexpected consequence. Follies in this case suggest a coordination of such rules much like a grammar for individuals to voluntarily construct and narrate the psycho-experiential situations in the hotel. These rules of follies for this thesis configure the system of seriality for the desired sequential randomization.

In La Villette (Fig. 2.3.1), for example, architect Bernard Tschumi superimposes three autonomous systems of point, line, and surface as a means of serializing the project's architectural ‘follies’. The layered systems mitigate the totalizing tendencies of architecture, and instead “encourage conflict over synthesis, fragmentation over unity, madness and play over careful management.”¹³ Tschumi's methodology attempts to oppose prescribing episodes in the design by setting architectural follies as figurative events with which users interact voluntarily. The abstraction of the folly's physical mass as a symbolic representation of an event does not yet deliver the critical significance in terms of subjective experience without being able to allocate each module's relation to each other from the masterplan of La Villette. Thus the decentralizing state of *afocality*, dissolution of focal node in a system, which Tschumi seeks in La Villette, does not depart far from Russian Constructivist Leonidov's Club of New Social Types, designed in 1928 (Fig. 2.3.2). While La Villette maintains the plan of architectural composition at *afocality*, it does not satisfy Allen's definition of seriality particularly in respect to participant perception. Seen strictly from the perception of an individual, therefore, the red follies in La Villette do not provoke an unnatural or fantastical experience of the immediate situations, nor do they strike a significant moment in reality.

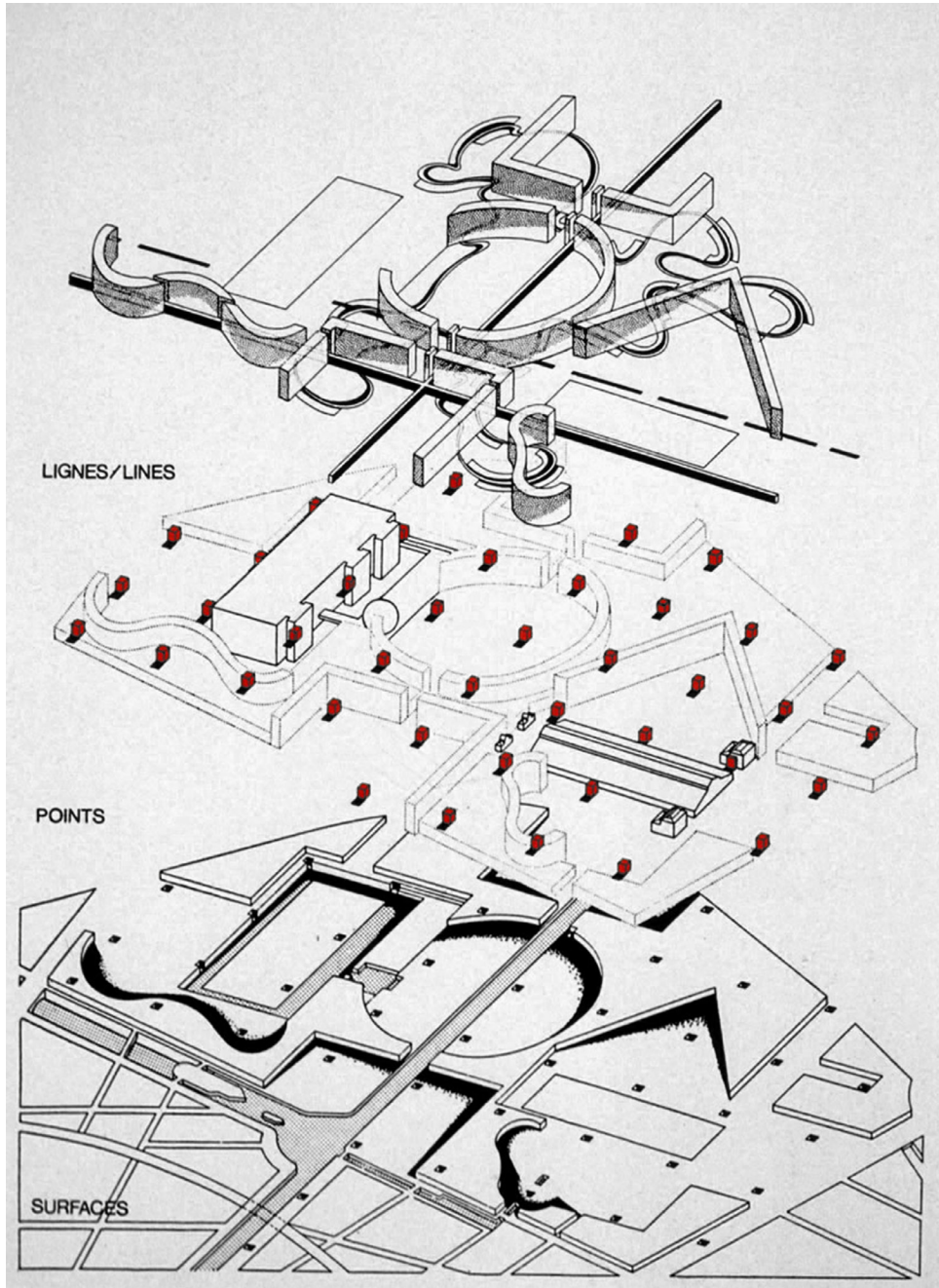
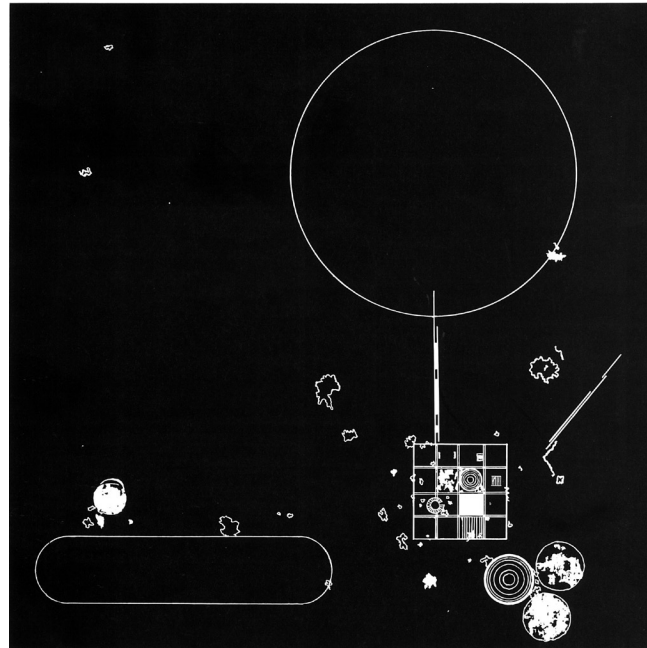


Fig. 2.3.1
Systems of La Villette
Bernard Tschumi, 1985

Fig. 2.3.2
Club of New Social Type A
Leonidov, 1928



Further developing the concept of follies as architectural codes to embark on an incidental surreality, the thesis project reframes its version of follies as algorithmic rules instead of reifying them as physical structures for implementation. Thus the experiential typologies are strictly instrumental codes to draft surreal phenomena for the Grange area, and it is through the meta-architecture of the proposed project context, *the Hotel*, to extort the psychological tension out of the neighbourhood. This system of follies therefore asserts a new proposition for defining the task of architecture as a provocation of estrangement and differentiation. The objective of these follies is not about proposing an absolute and singular system of rules for urban leisure. Instead it is suggesting multiple ways of provoking how typical urban situations, through a systematic randomization, can result in different narratives of daily perception and experience, especially that of a personal interpretation of reality.

In the following pages, two exemplary follies, “Map and Narrative” and “Detonation and Conflict”, present a set of rules and basic templates for the participant to follow and reconstruct an experiential field and an individual narrative with the recollection of newly conceived situations. By playing the follies, the participant intuitively retranslates the underlying potential of fantastical phenomena within the Grange neighbourhood.

FOLLY 1: MAP AND NARRATIVE

Rules:

1. A template map and two palettes of anecdotes and scenes are presented.

The map presents existing urban fabrics in their relative locations in the Grange neighbourhood and a few episodic scenes for a preliminary hint to contextualizing the map. This basic setting prepares the initial stage for composing a series of episodes to conflict the hotel context.

2. Read and choose a maximum of 15 interesting anecdotes for formulating a sequence of the subjective narrative.

By having to choose a limited number of anecdotes, the subject develops a personal logic of hierarchy and criteria to choose them by. It is a subjective structural process in an attempt to define a relation for each selected anecdote, accumulatively serializing the selected ones into a coherent narrative.

3. Review and pick the equal number of interesting scene-pieces; Match each selected scene to the anecdote.

The selected scenes correspond to constructing the cognitive imagery of the episodes in the narrative. The personal logic justifies complying each scene with the selected anecdote for transposing the texts to the images. From this process the scenes are reassigned with a different meaning, thereby further complicating their relations with the original script.

5. Compose each scene-piece on the map in the order of a desired sequence, considering its relationship to the existing elements in the map.

The order and the location of each scene, composed on the map in relation to the existing elements, indicate the cartographic sequence of the subjective narrative. This process translates the previous texts and images as guiding notations for plotting and spatializing the experiences in the hotel context.

6. Flip the scenes to the underlying typologies and reinterpret their corresponding anecdotes for a new script.

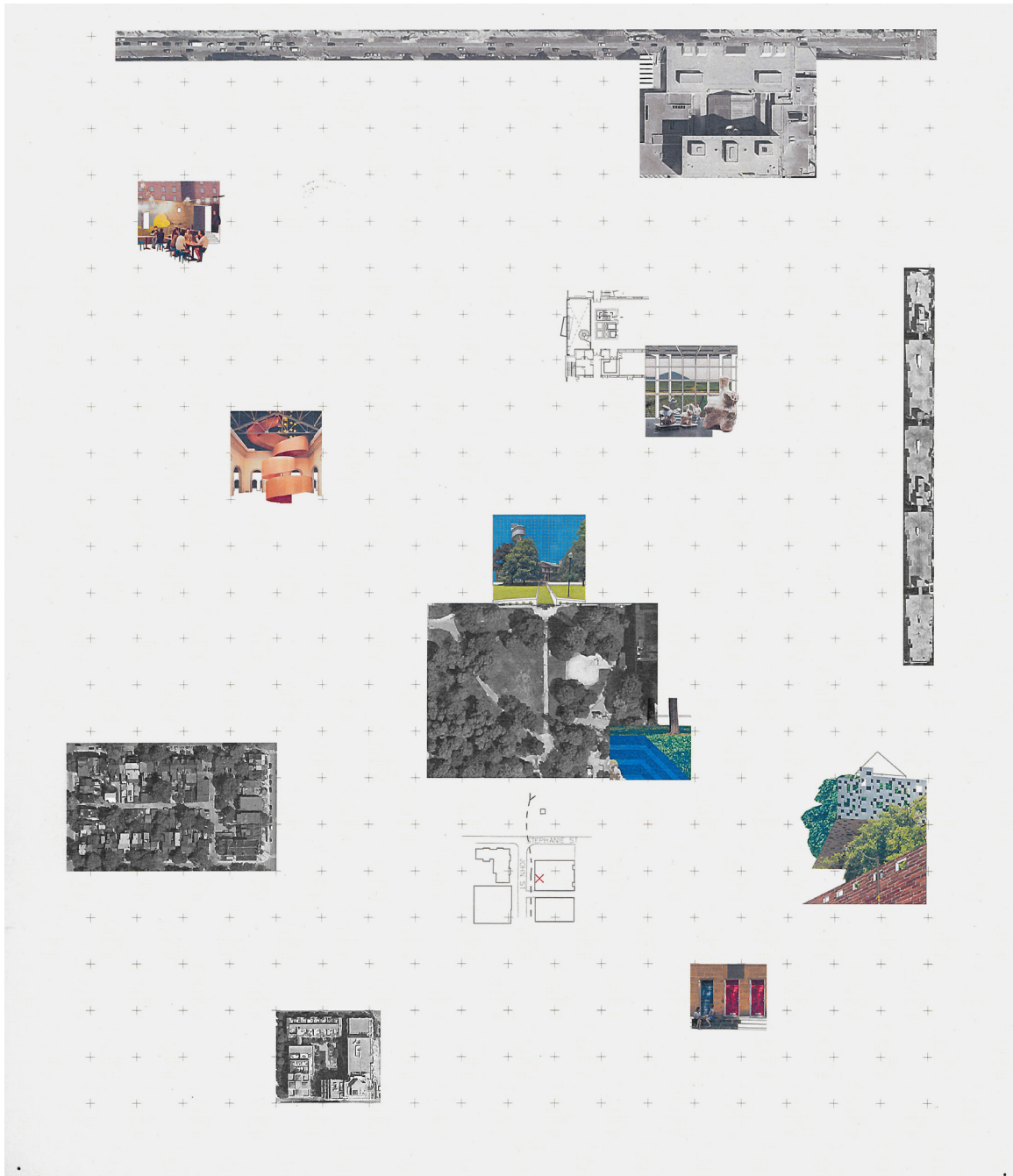
Each scene is prescribed with its actual corresponding typology on the other side; which, upon flipping, retranslates the imagery into its spatial situation and the actual anecdote for encrypting a new script. This reconstructed script deviates from the originally anticipated script.

7. Elaborate the newly reconstructed script to an unexpected narrative.

The narrative of an experiential journey through the hotel context becomes much irrational and accidental than the expected narrative, as each scene in the sequence no longer makes a coherent relationship with each other, nor making any logical sense out of such an uncanny relationship.

Fig. 2.3.3
Template Map

The participant spends the first few minutes on perusing the map below, finding the images he is familiar with, and making personal associations with the context of the map. This is the Grange neighbourhood and the Grange Hotel at the same time.



From the template below, the participant selects experiential moments that appeal to him the most in his best attempt at creating a logical narrative, a travel itinerary, with the selected experiences like a typical tourist in a new city.

Fig. 2.3.4
Palette of Anecdotes

into a labyrinth of passages spilling onto fields of rolling hills.	The surface of the pool resonates with easy ripples.	He follows the trooping columns in search of his feast.	A lonely bartender is making a cocktail under soft spotlight.	Last remnants of the tornado loop him back into the city.	The tornado lifts the stranger to unfathomable height in a delirious swirl.	Into the night lights the stranger ascends.
Mellow spring radiance penetrates and imprints colours of warmth in the terrace.	He hops over the ledge. It snakes across the field.	Fizzling lights dance into the depth of cold blue October sky.	Immediately she finds herself in a tiny red room with a sign above.	the floating garden trickles through the pores in the ceiling.	Past a white oasis on the plateau a blue gorge gaps.	Under the stars he wanders in a maze of hollow monuments.
golden rays of sunset bleach the outside in rosy orange.	The wall extrudes to a horizon, thru which he sees a white steam.	He treads thru thresholds towards the faraway sea in dawn.	Endless mysterious doors stand along the nameless walls.	She dips her feet in the emerald and gaze over the end of the pillars.	Red paper moons follow her steps down into a jaded abyss.	The stranger strolls through alcoves of ancient tools, books and sculptures.
Past the gate he climbs towards a field full of young tulips.	a joyful party with champagne and music under a shade.	Light pours down onto the courtyard from blue windows.	A small alcove by the bar where local gangsters secretly plot.	she finds a small oasis by crooked pillars soaring to sky.	He strolls to a distance under a forestry tunnel.	Thru the glass a faint euphoral dawn glimpses into the room.
he witnesses fading daylight falling down thru floating planes.	He sits by full of apertures gazing out to the sunset.	People busily shuffle and feast under bright neon lights.	The stranger peaks above floating forbidden garden.	sucked into the factory of mechanical fragments.	row of trays of different cuisines. A vivid delicious aroma fills the space.	He wanders thru a kitchen after another in sterile air.
totem poles march along.	The stranger continues his climb in yellow vertigo towards the sky.	past green doors onto a courtyard, surrounded by concrete forest above.	Grand towers stand tall, thru the stranger enters darkness.	Past the brick barbican into the depth of a yellow forest.	The stranger is completely lost in the middle of a grand market.	He glimpses yellow flowers and blue walls in the squares.
Into the frigid abyss he dives. Strips of light chases after his dive.	A plateau of sand creeps up to the ledge, over which he gently intrudes.	dazzled from the pounding heat, chases after wavering pink stripes.	Inside the cafe, she settles by a cozy garden with tea.	He slips into blinding light thru the gap between the black shadows.	mature leaves whistle wildly by the sudden breeze.	Reaching the temple he enters the red door.
Above trees he sees people fooling lazily.	The promenade he treads on yellow flowers.	Past the barbican he steps away from the forest.	a gang of cyclists race the street like a school of mad salmon,	a bright red threshold under gaping overhang.	serpentine walls and columns to the spectrum of different bath waters.	The stranger follows the walkaway by the rock gardens.

Fig. 2.3.5
Palette of Scenes
(as cut-out pieces)

Once having scripted his itinerary in mind, the participant looks for corresponding visual scenes to clarify and affirm the moments he selected earlier. Now he has a rough visual imagery about what he will experience throughout the hotel.

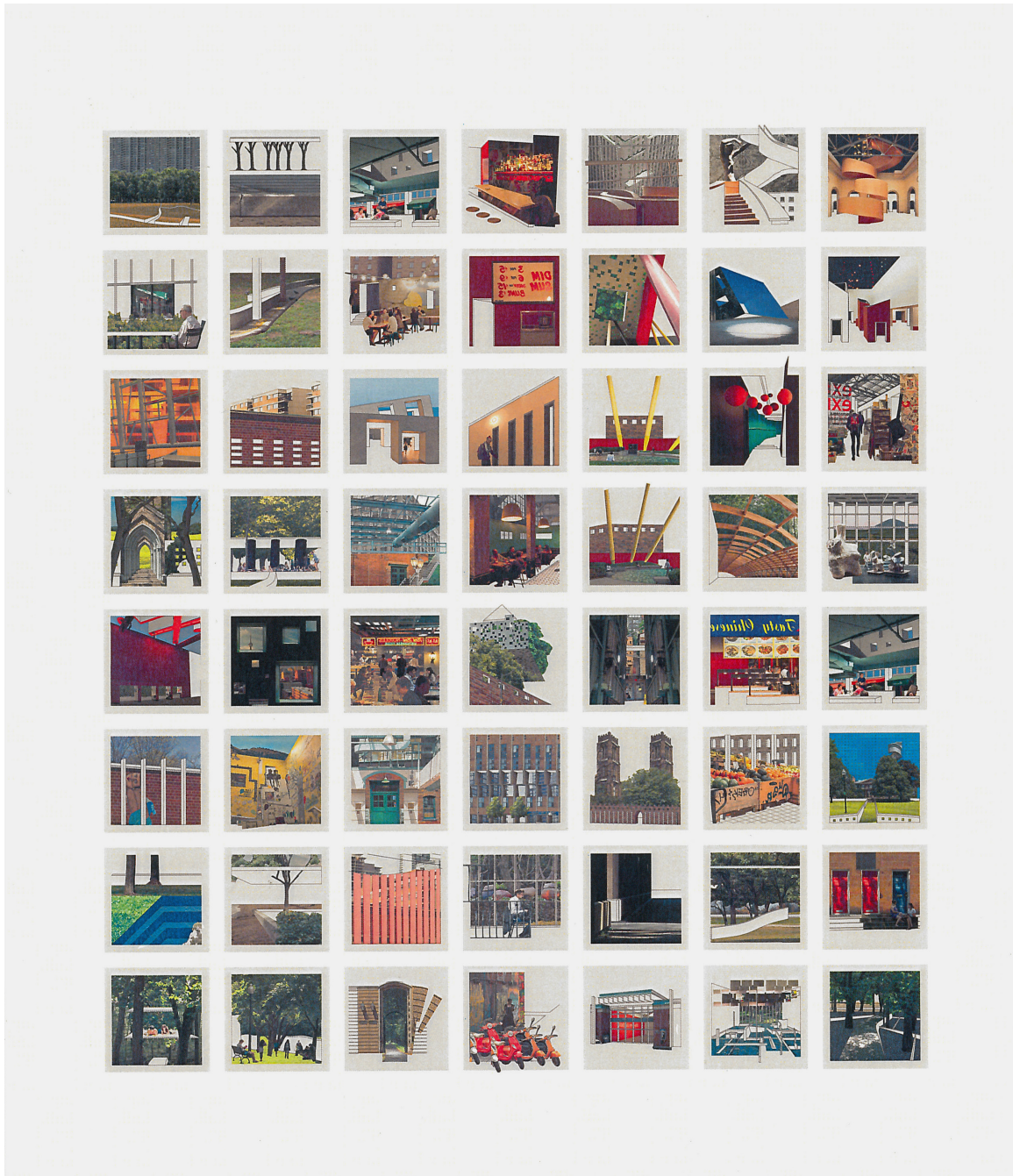
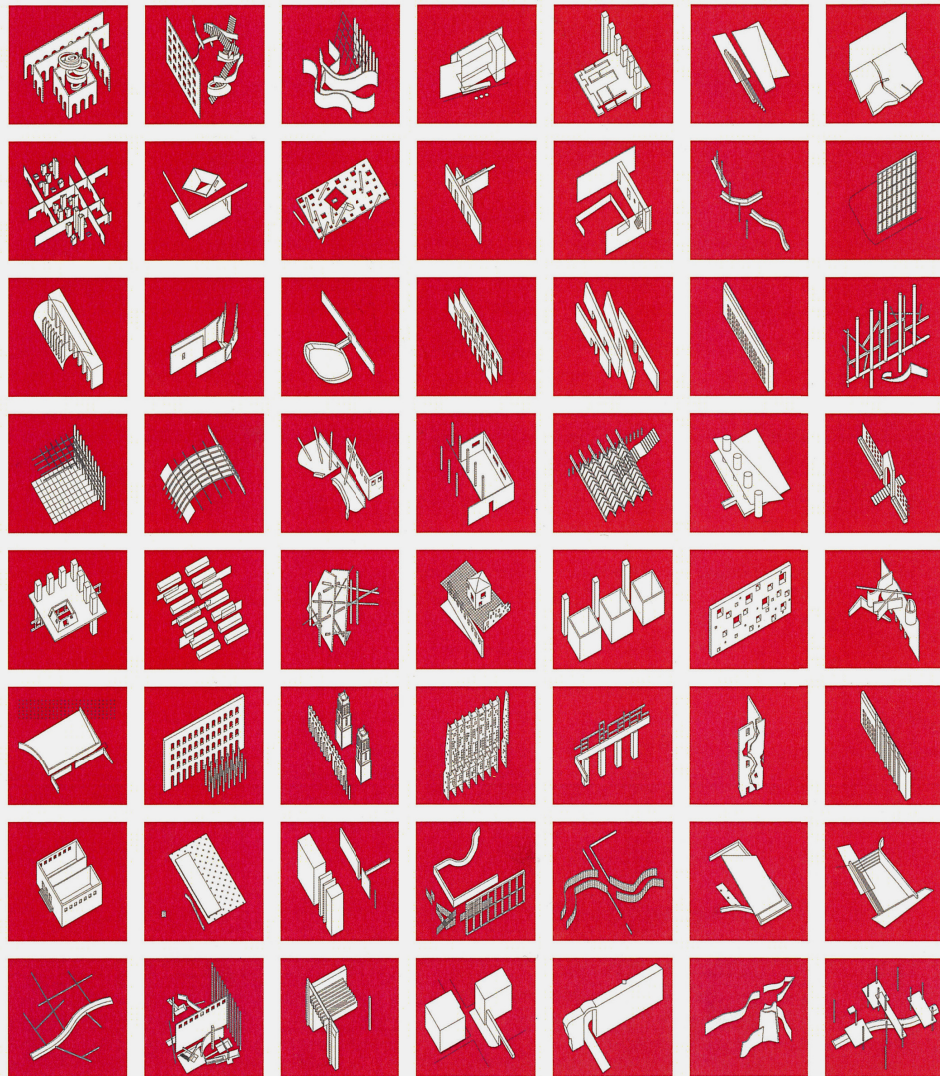


Fig. 2.3.7
Palette of
Experiential Typologies
(Back of each Scene)

The underside of every scene has its corresponding spatial pictogram, which the participant flips to reveal the actual experiences of his selected scenes. The journey begins to go wrong here...



The revelation changes the participant's original itinerary, the script, to a new one with different experiences in a different order of a sequence - to the shock of the participant, that is.

Original script of the anecdotes the participant originally selected and paired with each scene:

1. He follows serpentine walls to the spectrum of different bath waters.
2. He finds a small oasis by crooked pillars soaring into the sky.
3. The floating garden trickles down through the pores in the ceiling.
4. He finds endless trays of different cuisines. A vivid delicious aroma fills the space.
5. Endless mysterious doors pop along the nameless walls.
6. Mellow spring radiance sips through and imprints colours of warmth in the terrace.
7. The stranger flights in a yellow vertigo towards the pale blue sky.
8. He is buried among tree trunks. Above he sees platforms of nymphs fooling lazily.
9. He passes through endless thresholds towards the faraway sea in dawn.
10. A plateau of fine sands creeps up to the ledge, over which he gently intrudes.
11. The wall with windows extrudes to a horizon, through which he sees a white steam arising.
12. He lingers and hops over the ledge. It snakes across the field.
13. He gradually immerses into a maze of passages pouring onto fields of rolling hills.

New script of the actual anecdotes from the participant's selected scene-typology
(note: green means the participant guessed the right pairing with the scene and the anecdote.)

1. He lingers and hops over the ledge. It snakes across the field.
2. He finds a small oasis by crooked pillars soaring into the sky.
3. The floating garden trickles down through the pores in the ceiling.
4. He finds endless trays of different cuisines. A vivid delicious aroma fills the space.
5. Endless mysterious doors pop along the nameless walls.
6. Mellow spring radiance sips through and imprints colours of warmth in the terrace.
7. The tornado elevates the stranger to unfathomable height in a delirious swirl.
8. He is buried among tree trunks. Above he sees platforms of nymphs fooling lazily.
9. The stranger strolls through the corridor of ancient tools and sculptures.
10. He glimpses yellow flowers and blue walls in the squares.
11. The stranger flights in a yellow vertigo towards the pale blue sky.
12. He gradually immerses into a maze of passages pouring onto fields of rolling hills.
13. The stranger follows the dancing shimmer along the rock gardens.

The new script formulates a new narrative about a journey that is unexpected and irrational to the participant. The uncanny combination of the spatial situations in the hotel further radicalizes the participant's perception of surreal experiences.

For some time Quinn has been mindlessly walking along the boring ledge by the edge. It curves and turns at random points. The ledge abruptly stops at a massive wall. Mesmerized from seeing a forest perched up high on a plateau above, he hops over the ledge towards the wall.

Where crooked pillars hold up the plateau, he finds a small oasis by the feet of those pillars. He looks up and finds a little stream of leaves and dirt falling down through small pores in the ceiling of the plateau. The forest is sinking from above like sandbox.

He escapes the sinking by running away until a delicious aroma piques his nose and stops him. He sees an endless row of different cuisines in the cafeteria. Purplish afternoon light seeps into the cafeteria, where an old man is being harassed by headless stony monsters.

Frightened, he irresponsibly flees further into the depth of the cafeteria where he faces endless, mysterious doors. Past the dead hall of red light, he arrives at a tall glass wall soaring and melting into the dry sky. Mellow spring radiance of the falling sunset pierces through and imprints warm colours in the terrace he stands.

A nightly tornado arrives by the call of heating warmth, which violently lifts him to an unfathomable height in a delirious swirl. He lands in the bottom depth of the forest he saw earlier, buried in the tree trunks. Above he sees the summer nymphs lazily fooling in the forest. Down below he sees the old houses spinning away as the tornado moves away.

In search of an exit he madly strolls down a corridor clustered with ancient tools and dead corpses of the stony monsters. Further into the depth he strolls, and faint light seeps along into the dark depth. Through square apertures to the outside, he catches a glimpse of yellow flowers and blue walls.

At the end of the corridor a staircase emerges. He climbs it until it turns into a sickening yellow vertigo which spins and shoots him again towards the heaven. He regains his consciousness in a maze of multiple passages all leading out to the promised field of rolling hills and those yellow flowers. He faithfully follows one of them, which slowly ascends to a walkaway above rock gardens.

FOLLY 2: DETONATION AND CONFLICT

Rules:

1. Template grid-layers of urban fabrics and diagram of typologies are presented.
The hotel context is reduced to an archipelago of existing urban fabrics in the Grange neighbourhood for three essential types: office, house, and park. These represent the most primordial bases of everyday life.
2. Place the diagram of typologies on the grid-layer in any order and place of a desired narrative.
The diagram of experiential typologies is superimposed on a separate layer of each urban type. The typologies fill the void in the layer and disrupt the rigidity of the orthogonal grid-layer.
3. Trim, twist, turn, enlarge, reduce, and erase the typologies in relation to the fabric of each urban type.
The diagram, as a singular framework, is viewed as another urban fabric in the context, which is that of immediate spatial situations. The deformation is one of ways to diffuse the unitary fabric throughout the context. The diagram undergoes the deconstruction in an attempt to overrun the original grid and extend the parameters of the urban narrative. Depending on each different fabric of urban type, the repeated process of typological deformation reacts differently in terms of frequency, scale, and locale.
4. Colour the affected typologies in red.
Every typology that is severely assaulted in this process renders red and redder to signify a breakage from its original position in the context. The overlap of unexpected moments, coloured in red, signals another accidental conflict. As this conflict intensifies, it means further enriching the cognitive experience of the distorted spatial situations. On the contrary, those remaining, static typologies become transparent as the memory of it fades away unless it also engages in such reddening violence.
5. Repeat the procedures, 3 and 4, until the layer is dense and complex.
As deformation intensifies, the tangent points of resulting conflicts increasingly saturate and pool their own concentrated fabric. The folly ends when enough saturation of conflicts densifies the field with significant overlaps and leaves possibilities for a trailing syntax of a new experiential narrative in the field.

Fig. 2.3.8
Template Grid-Layer of
Urban Fabrics

Here the participant is something of a war machine, *la armada*, set on the archipelago of existing urban fabrics that represent the minimum essential bases of a daily life. His mission is to assault these bases by inflicting bloody conflicts to stir the tranquil and conservative context into a violent turmoil of psycho-experiential situations.

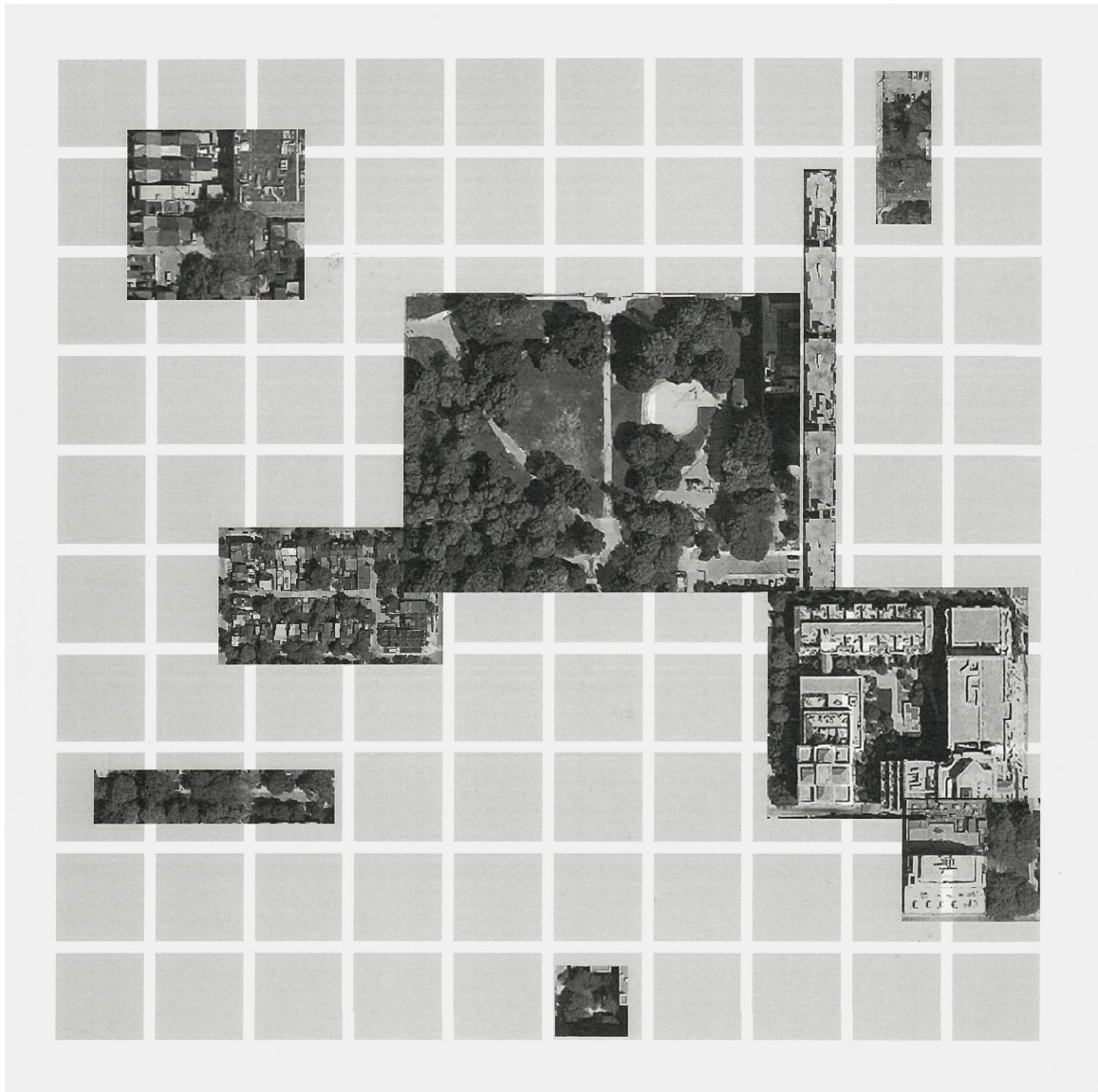


Fig. 2.3.9
Office Fabric Layer

One of the targets is Office / Working. After dropping the diagram of typologies like bombs, the prescribed experiential situations detonate over the context, clashing each other in pieces. The typologies here become the extension of working experience in urban life except the processed experiences propose a disruptive pattern to the original narrative about working experiences.



Fig. 2.3.10
House Fabric Layer

Another target is House / Living. The participant repeats the mode of aggression in reaction to the house fabrics in the context. Again the participant dissects and disposes the diagram in the most conflictive manner, and in this case, positioning the detonation of irrational situations to be a part of domestic living conditions in a daily context.

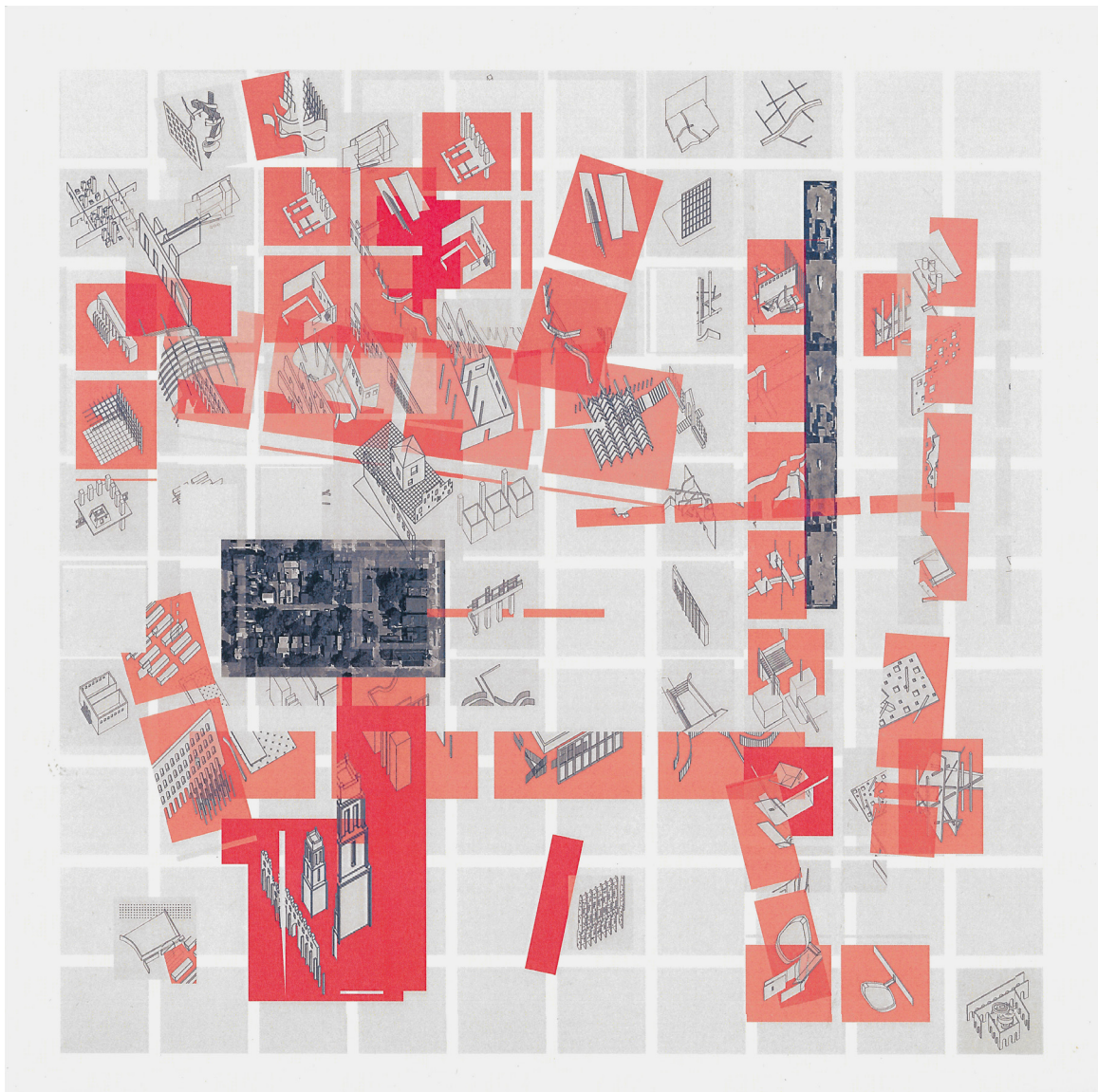
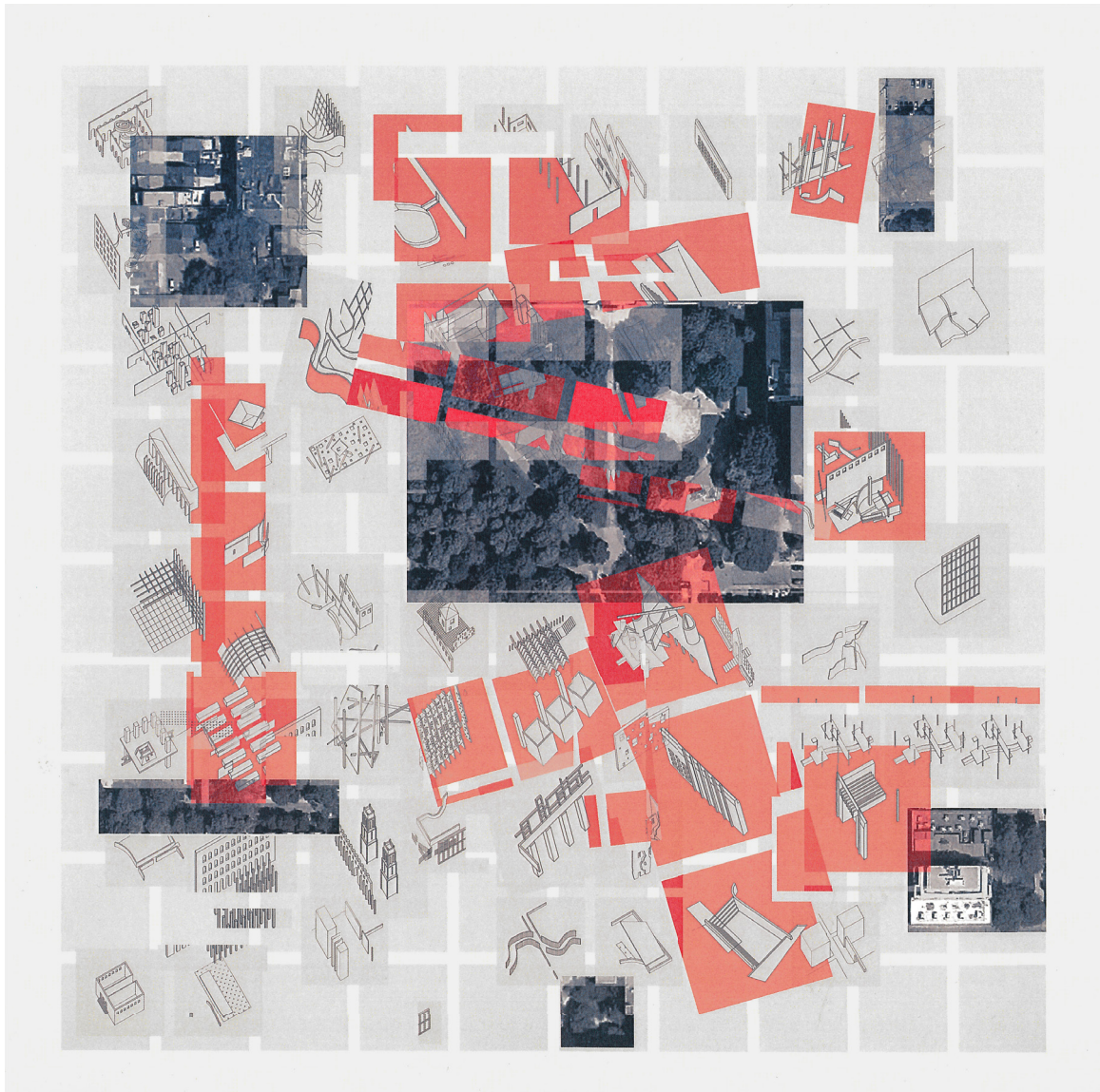


Fig. 2.3.11
Park Fabric Layer

Remaining target is Park / Playing. The open fields and the trees undertake a massive assault by the superimposed, multi-layers of shattered typologies. Here the whole context becomes *A* park, no longer an archipelago; whereby all the clashing typologies transpose their corresponding situations to such simultaneous experiences of playing and relaxing as an extension of the existing parks.



ENDNOTES: PART II

3.0 The Hotel

1. Wes Anderson and Hugo Guinness, screenplay for *The Grand Budapest Hotel* (Opus Book, 2014)
2. Eric Levits, "Up in the old hotel: The hidden meaning of Wes Anderson's nostalgia", Apr. 02, 2014 in *The Salon* (http://www.salon.com/2014/04/02/up_in_the_old_hotel_the_hidden_meaning_of_wes_andersons_nostalgia)
3. Vancouver Art Gallery, *Grand Hotel: redesigning modern life* (Ostfildern: Hatje Cantz, 2013) p.15-16
4. Rem Koolhaas, *Delirious New York* (New York: The Monacelli Press, 1994) p.150

3.1 Analog

5. O. M. Ungers, *Morphologie: City Metaphors* (Köln : Walther König, 2012) p.12
6. Aldo Rossi, *The Architecture of the City* (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1982) p.8
7. Edited by Andreas Papadakis, Catherine Cooke and Andrew Benjamin, *Deconstruction: AD Omnibus Volume* (New York: Rizzoli, 1989) p.177
8. Bernard Tschumi, *Manhattan Transcripts* (London: Academy Editions, 1994) p.9

3.2 Catalog

9. Stan Allen, *Points + Lines: Diagrams and Projects for the City* (New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 1999) p.14
10. Aldo Rossi, *ibid.*, p.41
11. Ignasi de Solà-Morales, *Differences: Topographies of Contemporary Architecture* (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1997) p.97

3.3 Follies

12. Stan Allen, *ibid.*, p.97
13. Andreas Papadakis, *ibid.*, p.180

CONCLUSION

Postmortem

The thesis began with a reaction to a growing malaise created by the monotony of repetitive routines in a typical urban lifestyle. In its purpose, it incites an urgent desire to subvert the rigidity of a such mechanical lifestyle with the means for an unexpected conflict. In this mode, it seeks to stir the tepidity of daily life with an action, a plot, or even a catastrophe. The issue at hand is not a matter of shortage of activities, especially organized spectacles, which are indeed plentiful in a city. It is our indifferent reception to the immediate local environment that renders life hopelessly neutral and void in such a daily reality, much like how Baudelaire describes the situation of “Ennui” in the modern world. The domestic landscape, which has been inevitably domiciled in the eyes of its inhabitant, does not appear to offer much extraordinary stimulus or an occasion to create episodic chances to pique the sense of aliveness. As our diagnosis of reality reveals the worsening banality in our perception of everyday life, the greater is the need for fantasy, or some form of an absurd experience, that manifests in the mind of the city dweller. The thesis sees urban leisure as a starting point of the necessary remedial process.

As the thesis has outlined in the beginning, leisure is a central concept of individual time and a psychological state for recognizing and appreciating unexpected, and often fantastical, experiences in reality. While other modes of life such as working justify a functional purpose, leisure is a liberated state of mind for the purpose of defining and enriching self-actualization. Differentiation is what humanizes us, creates a culture of diversity in the city, and reflects reality as dynamic and meaningful. Seeing the urban neighbourhood as our primary domain of urban experience and the corporeal context of such reality, the objective of the thesis project is one of establishing methods for systematically subverting and radicalizing the existing urban situations in daily life for another reading, a narrative of surreality, to provoking the subconscious imagination and rewarding it.

To many, the most apparent condition of contemporary reality is an anesthetizing coma, a sense of deadness in our daily life. We yearn for a deformatizing agent to disrupt that coma and transpose our desire into reality. The production of frivolous and spectacular episodes can emancipate our lives within parameters of our subconscious imagination. In this subconscious fantasy, every individual becomes the protagonist of an epic that defies such a boring, factual reality. This thesis argues that our perceptual mode of urban leisure, mainly represented by *dérive* in this project, possesses the potential for intensifying the psychological inception of reality and imaginatively retranslating it to a personal reality of experiential phenomena. Architecture as an algorithmic instrument, both physical and symbolic, can activate this phenomenological provocation to assault such banal conditions of the existing reality. The possibilities for such a state of surreality are indeed latent within the immediacy of the local neighbourhood. Our source of imagination always relies upon the recollection of artifacts and events in that personal reality. The result of the thesis project presents an autopsy of this personal reality, and then moves it forward for a systematic reconstruction of a fiction through the architectural interpretation, as a way of a resurrection to fantasy / reality = surreality.

Post-Postmodernism

In the development of postmodernism in the last decades, mistrust and antagonism against the singular universality of modernism resulted in a proliferation of arbitrary representations. Today, what we perceive is the abused symbols of vague

meanings having materialized everywhere in the architecture of the city. The notion of the “non-rational” as the only affirmation of plurality, inherent in postmodernism, has been implied too literally in the work of translation into architectural work. As opposed to directly concretizing such conditions of irrationality into a physical structure, e.g. a building, an alternative methodology is to reassess the underlying logic of such a plurality in a governance of space, time, and experience to operate as an instrument of perceptual provocation. In this theoretical viewpoint, the imaginative translation of our daily experience in the urban environment can construct a meta-architectural context of purely experiential situations. It is the episodic experience or a situation that is to be accidental and fantastical while the analogue of design strictly commits to methodical standards.

The thesis does not construct anew. Instead it harvests the palpable conditions of the contemporary urban situation and applies the instrumentality of architectural representation to script a narrative of complex, layered, and unanticipated phenomena. It renders the vividness of the real by stressing it exactly to an opposing affirmation, that is, by implying a strict framework of subjective imagination within the given reality. Hence the thesis emphasizes the need to distinguish the instrumentality of spatial structure and the subjective perception in scripting an individual narrative of surreal experiences. It concludes that any surreal situation derives from a rigorous and systematic process of structural retranslation.

For architecture in the development of such *post*-postmodernism, this thesis suggests a further study in understanding our receptive mode of immediate urban situations as well as our subconscious operation of retranslating such experience into reality. Importantly, by further provoking and experimentally disrupting this relation between cognitive imagery and spatial experience, the meaning of space can be better understood and utilized for accentuating the quality of leisure experience. Potentially for the optimal consequence, the narrative of daily experiences could reach such a degree of delirium where the urban neighbourhood truly becomes a local microcosm of surreality. Within any possibilities of imagination and the means of leisure, it achieves the ‘hotel’ state of living every day through exhilarating accidents and dramatic plots. In this liminal state of reality and dream, as it is in the Grange Hotel, life may truly become fictionally real.

