Texts, Interviews, Portrait, Social Media (mainly in English / Few in French)

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#digitaldisobediences... but Architecture / Venice Biennale 2018-

Bembo

[gardens of earthly delights]

In power games, [apparatuses could be considered] relationship strategies supporting types of knowledge and supported by themselves. Michel Foucault, 1994, Dits et Écrits

We can’t remain satisfied with protest. This historically operative way to challenge the organization of power is now naive, childish, self-complacent and unproductive.

Should we suspect that digital “art” is meant to be used as a glamorous lure, a blue sleeping pill, to entertain those who produce it, just as turpentine intoxicates the painter, and, for its consumers, to help maintain their belief in the illusion of positivism, progress, emancipation through science and novelty gadgets... Trapped in a postscience world without even knowing it, one already described by Rabelais in the middle of the Quattrocento... Should we suspect the apparent direct opposites of these Mephistopheleses, the regressive moralists and semiologists who turn their indignation into capital to recoup their 30 pieces of silver, using correct consciousness as a flagship, commoners and common goods as their willing victims, promoting “bottom-up” processes on the condition that they be the masters of ceremony... in their Prada suits... the intellectuals denounced by Chomsky who safeguard the system, its means, meaning and authority,... but nevertheless claim, by virtue of their indignation, the magnificence of their position... of their forgery...

Should we reveal that these two paradigms are simply the Janus faces of the same system... in a symmetrical convergence of interests and benefits? Could we develop a paradigm other than the interplay between the cynic and the clown?

Should we denounce our academic standing as a wasp-like trialophile position of expertise, operating and reproducing the new disciplinary vogue for our daily three obols, the standard rate for courtesans and heliasts at the time of Cleon? Are we trapped in false debates between hereditary abstractions and social formalism, or even, the counterpart of all this, trapped in the empty speeches of gala socialism? Has the empathic penitence of our silence rendered null and void the articulation of our experimentation? Should we denounce the Melian nymphs’ pride and foolishness and subject them to their weak suffering? Should we suspect that, in the amnesty’s aftermath, we will have to pay the fine in exile, drink the conium, or even accept being forgotten in our escapist digital swan song?
How to embody the performative polymorphism and inheritance of our techno-social economies and language, to vectoralize the fiction of identity egotism towards new sortitions of assemblies, at a time when the similitude of appearances is dismissed as *filer à l’anglaise*? At a time of computationalism, when space is quantized with subjectivities? Should we suspect that our own graft is, in fact, the suspect, suggest another game, one we could lose… “Try to remember. It was in the gardens at Marienbad…”

These rules of a predictable “ANCIENT REGIM” world, in the sense of the division of labor, delegation of power and concentration of databases, need to mask their powerlessness, their impotency, through this managerial debate, fake conflict and disputatious storytelling / the computer geek vs. the political clown… defining niches and territories from where they could operate, both of them spreading the traditional and compliant speech of the masters. We are in the midst of a paradigm shift, to quote Thomas Kuhn, between two inherently incommensurable systems. The old system that uses technology to reproduce and perpetuate top-down processes (which they falsely claim to oppose)… and a new system that needs to discover its potential, its limits, constraints, intrinsic logic… to renegotiate the scenario of thinking and doing… “’but’” architecture… the means and the meaning, rearticulating le vivre-ensemble and the “common good”… for protocols more disruptive than linear, more heuristic than deterministic, more anthropotechnological (Sloterdijk) than purely dedicated to accuracy, performativity, expertise, now analyzed as one symptom of the copy-based syndrome…

*Digital Disobedience* can be described as an alternative frame of thinking about the application of novel tools in our contemporary discourse. Architecture as a discipline is on the verge of a decisive moment: automation and artificial intelligence will bring more change to the entire practice than even the revolutionary introduction of computational tools did in the last quarter of a century. This brings along an entire set of questions, which *Digital Disobedience* attempts to ask. The answer is not the main issue here, rather the set of opportunities presented in the critical interrogation of our current, and future, relationships to novel ecologies emerging in society, economy and technology.

How will we, as architects, respond to this rapidly progressing change? Is being docile, in expectance of the best, a sufficient position to maintain? The collective of architects on display here refuse to be usurped by a neoliberalist position on computational design and architecture and rather support an idea that fosters a speculative approach to the future. A position that embraces change triggered by technological progress in the methods of materializing architectural entities. A future in which robots and humans form novel modes of machines infused with aspects of morality and inquisitive intelligence. A post-capitalist future that embraces the radical change in our social texture triggered by the possibilities of a world governed by deterritorialized entities in which we expand, repurpose or accelerate aspects of our culture and technology for the benefit of our world at large.
How is one to digitally disobey? Would the ultimate disobedience be to automate design, to automate intuition? While the profession would decry the idea of automating intuition anathema, to a layman’s eye such intuition has already been automated. Turing-complete neural networks are able to intuitively (a justifiable term as even their programmers do not fully understand the logic of their working) synthesize everything from Monet to Shakespeare, creative works that would be impossible to describe with conventional programming. To a philistine, Van Gogh might appear to have been automated. ArchFakely proves poor architectural writing has been automated in a literary project that has no aspiration to be read, as no one reads the text of the data set on which it is modelled anyway. As cultural content is generated faster than we could ever consume it, and content that does make it to an audience is consumed instantly, do we really find pause to absorb its meaning? Is digital disobedience this acceleration? The skimming of latent space in order to shift from “computational design” to the “computational derive” through a snowcrash of endless difference? Have machines already learned to model the tastes and desires that might guide this meander? Is digital disobedience a reluctance to being spoon-fed? A resistance to the state of the art? After forgetting how to code and critically engage with the machines that generate their visual culture, will architects forget their own canon? Will fake histories emerge, channeling popularly held belief and melting what was once thought to be immutable historical fact into a toxifying generative adversarial goo?

This is a shift from imposing our will/intention on, or in, the systems of computation, to embracing the dissolution of the binary distinction of the intuitive and systemic. While computational design seeks to embed intuition into the self-organizing algorithms of complexity theory, this is being superseded by the emergence of a computational intuition – what kind of subjectivity the heuristic bits dreams? Rather than computational architecture’s attempt to shift from invention to pseudo-orchestration, this shift/glitch questions the subjective/objective division established between architect and its technological matrix. Is this a symptom of a wider blurring of digital/material, robot/human, emergence/intuition, process/artefact, where these participants all interact on the same plane, rather than considering the robot as either the slave of savior, or vice versa?

Libidinal Economy of Jean-François Lyotard as well as Capitalism and Schizophrenia of Deleuze and Guattari, as the #ACCELERATE MANIFESTO for an Accelerationist Politics of Alex Williams and Nick Srnicek, as well as The Specter is Still Roaming Around, one of the first books by Žižek, are describing the hiatus, the hypo-crisis situation of lefties, drinking red wine at the e-flux carnival, during the performative election of oval office populism… As actor in the world of today, in the zeitgeist of absurdism and Cutting Edge’s daily announcement of new gadgets, new saving energy, new electric car, new Viagra, new climate threats and ignorances, using sciences, paradoxically, as a new obscurantism…….in posthuman, postqueers, postdummies…for permanent “newspeak” propaganda… what does it mean to be an architect…in terms of apparatus, knowledge and
strategies of knowledge, rearticulating fabrication within a specific organization of the means of production, which question the know-how, the will and the process in another distribution of task/power, authorship, bottom-up strategies, in term of trespassing what Foucault called “the true and the fake, the rigor and madness, and... the forbidden.”

Did somebody say break time!

François Roche (New-Territories), Ezio Blasetti - Danielle Willems (META DESIGN), Matías Del Campo - Sandra Manninger (SPAN), Roland Snooks . Benoît Durandin . Stephan Henrich . Gwyll Jahn (ide.ai)...

Few words /
-Socio Parade Moralism Vs Workerism
-Oedipal Haptic Vs Blind Machines
-Symbiosis Vs AutoPoiesis
-Heuristic Vs Linear
-Disobedience Vs Compliance
-Artifact Vs Determinism
-Disruptive Vs Causal
-Psychotic Vs Compliance
-Singularities Vs 'deja vu'
-'Pataphysic Vs AI
-Anomalies Vs By-product
-Necrosis Vs Permanence
-Ecosophy Vs Ecology
-Artifacts Vs Expertise
-Paradigms Vs Paradigms
-Paranoia Critic Vs Voluntary Servitude
-Profane Vs Institutional
-Gafa Big Data Vs Democratic Social Contract
-Digital_Analogue Vs Digital_Fetishism

Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia

Log#25 / 2012 / anycorp / NYc

Reclaim Resi[lience]stance//....R²

I am an imposter. They told me so... finally... it’s out... What am I to do now with the life of agreeable fakery that binds me, in claimed feebleness, to things and to people, to suspect humanity. We could wonder about this..., and wander... together... as if it were some new territory to discover... a blank map, some terra incognita... a Moby Dick\(^1\) on the move with Gregory Peck clutching at

\(^1\) In Herman Melville’s novel, the animal’s whiteness should be viewed as one of the last unknown lands to still resist the mapping of the world and its reduction. A last vestige of a time when nature did not allow itself to be tamed or ruled... before its sudden, violent, blinding awakening (Hurricane Katrina, El Nino, cyclones Jeanne, Tomas, and Nargis, Hurricane Xynthia, Typhoon Ewiniar, earthquakes in Indonesia, Japan, the coastal tsunami of Fukijima... a chain of devastating uncertainties that we couldn’t predict, despite our seismographic sciences). Faced with the autistic, blind, deaf and dumb violence of our mechanisms of technological, industrial, mercantile, and human domination, nature reacts... in a stuttering version of the original chaos... in a mutiny against human organization... Gaia seems to take its revenge. Nature is not an
the ropes of his Harpoon, dead yet still alive at the same time...
Step right up, Boys, Girls, and Androgynes, you’ll get your money’s worth... *Log* is so cheap... let yourself be what you’re not, too, slip into a schizophrenic zone, a thick soup of contradictory desires emerging from the clay like the hydrocephalic Golem-Golum... that way you, too, can naively elude our unpredictable and irreducible conflicts, which are part and parcel of domination and slavery, destruction and the new, fusions of ugliness and beauty, obstacles and possibilities, garbage and fresh blooms, threats and various forms of protection, technicist prowess and forces of nature... Here everything comes together and interlocks. It’s all here, in the making, in a movement in the making... Step right up, Boys, Girls, and Androgynes... Let yourself get carried away, to see and tell what connects us, the people behind this *Log*, but also all the rest, the ones who stir up trouble and take shelter in these friendly, territorial, womblike refuges where you can circle around in the ill winds that blow through congregations and metropolises, in all those places, those little hotspots. And anyone can follow suit, as long as it goes toward making a “place” that we can mine for whatever remains habitable, desirable, or musical in the gloomy universe of planetary noise. It’s good, it’s really good. It comes in the form of a human group, a re-peopling of the social structure in the form of a dream. A dream of social climates, empty lots, existing forms of nature and people and enhanced intimacy. It alters what exists, it marks out vanishing lines, subjectivities, it throbs in the form of local stories and languages, little tales, the stuff of fables and narratives garnered by tacking together and tinkering.2 It isn’t totally iconoclastic, but cultivates a profound fear, an aversion to preformed, reproduced optic matter, standardized image/merchandise. It’s also nasty... Not really ready to buckle under and keep its mouth shut. Then again, it’s naïve and full of good ideas, forced as it is to elbow its way through the monstrous dump of social media junk... It’s the planet within the planet, the swarm of bees buzzing in the face of a society that has become bogged down in the deterritorialization programmed by Deleuze and Guattari (*Anti-Oedipus*, 1972). It’s “the weed in the human cabbage patch” that Henry Miller talked about. “True, the weed produces no lilies, no battle ships, no Sermons on the Mount... Eventually, the weed gets the upper hand... Grass is the only way out... The weed exists only to fill the waste spaces left by cultivated areas. *It grows between*, among other things. The lily is beautiful, the cabbage is proven der, the poppy is maddening – but the weed is rank growth...”3 It lives in this grassy environment, between the flotsam and jetsam and other detritis of this society of

ideological “greenwashing” in some cozy living-room politics, neither is it a millenarist eschatological Eden park, which we’ve been very lucky to escape from, liberating ourselves from the hedonist harvester so we can negotiate with the dark, hostile forces that were hiding in the depths of the forest...

2 From the French *bricolage*, from *bricole*, the Roman catapult, a seige weapon, made in situ by extracting and transforming the materials at hand in whatever situation.

chaotic performance. It tinkers, recycles, reconstructs in all historical senses of the term. In other words, it proceeds without apparent method, by means of declarations, unstable desires, and objectives—so much so that it’s fun to see those bent on destruction deducing scraps of theories and rules of etiquette from it all. Go ahead, trample on this patch of lawn, it can stand up to anything, it’s a football field with lots of sides. But is it the final round of human forms preceding the final collapse and freezing over, or just some bushy piste, with “successive lateral offshoots in immediate connection with an outside?” Then again, no one gets it, it remains an ellipsis, but so much the better...a problem of writing, there absolutely have to be “anexact” expressions to nail something exactly. Let’s say that it is about naming those aesthetic species that grow wild between social snowdrifts. The rhizomatic bad seed sown by the two philosopher friends that stocks us up again. It proceeds by variation, expansion, and conquest, via crossing points, recycling, adaptation, capture, embrace, tweaking... It’s a connection to sexuality, obviously to the animal realm, the plant realm, the world, politics, artifice, machines and bits... like a thousandth plateau... it means discovering continuous areas of intensities pulsating all by themselves and evolving by avoiding being directed toward a culminating point or external end, a little war machine, an automatic pistol of combinations, associations... assemblage in vivo that’s a lot more incisive than innovation in vitro... It operates like so many “dream machines,” pitted against the methods, messianisms, and mercantile theories of happiness, the natural state privatized and reprimitivized, symbols, progress. When everything has once and for all suddenly descended into anything goes, the deep freeze, urban guerilla warfare, and the rest of the whole shamozzle, there remains that sixth sense, nerve endings and defensive reflexes. And don’t think it takes to the maquis, either, that it goes in for underground resistance. There is a reality principle that doesn’t seek to be right against the daily disorder but walks gaily over its ruins. It lives in broad daylight, not in the shadows, because the shadows are a refuge for jumpy activists living in the comfort of their ideals... clowns, as Zizek calls them. It doesn’t illustrate destruction or violence, but is a state of things, a palpitation between Eros and Thanatos. It isn’t there to reproduce what is, or to eliminate its existence, its precondition, its affects... “Nostalgia is a weapon,” wrote Douglas Coupland in Generation X. Why should we deny ourselves access on the pretext that this particular furrow has been ploughed by the archaeologists “della città,” regressively, in lazy imitation? The word still exists, the sentiment too, we’re going to have to wheel it out again, push it into the very heart of whatever situation, like a hesitation of time’s arrow, here and now, here and elsewhere, elsewhere but not just anywhere, avoiding the futurist past as much as the positivist future... Quite the opposite... And anyway, why would “It” be more moral, why would it have some right over the whole collection of good wishes and good consciences? There are so

4 Ibid., 19.
many people who are happy to carry morality’s flag, they’re legion, as numerous and powerless as criminals.⁶

Reclaim Resi[l]ience stance ..... R²⁷
In this violent antagonism, within the hollow of this personal disorder, this personal conflict, we are facing two worlds facing each other: WEF versus WSF, Davos⁸ versus Porto Alegre⁹... on one

⁷ Reclaim Resi[l]ience stance
- "a plat de resistance"
- The letter “R” in Gilles Deleuze’s "Abecedaries"
- Resistance as William Morris, Walter Benjamin, John Ruskin with Baudelaire / the spleen and the “aura” against mass production / from Craftsmen to Computation Craft, jumping over the standardization of the Bauhaus Gropius period
- Resistance as Structural Optimization (genetic algorithm, evolutionary algorithm) to "discover" the output by incremental and recursive calculation, through reiteration, for uncertain, unpredictable, undeterministic protocols
- Resistance in the social and philosophical manifesto, in the pursuit of the "Etablis", the “Situ” with some friends in the luggage as Diogenes, Spinoza, Nietzsche, Foucault, Deleuze, Negri...
- Resistance as a strategy of obstruction (The Five Obstructions, by Lars von Trier)
- Resilience in the recognition of nonlinear systems in nature as a potential for emergence
- Resistance as a strategy of opposition / La Boëtie (Voluntary Servitude), Thoreau (Civil Disobedience) and Gandhi’s methods
- Resistance as suspicion of the resolution of science's failure by science...
- Resistance-resilience as feedback . . . animism, vitalism, machinism feedback . . . for narrative bachelor machines and contingents scenario...
- Resilience as the recognition of the post human, infiltrated by and porous to technologies and information, as both a transitory object and subject.
- Resilience as the recognition of the planet's disease and the madness and contemporary barbarousness and the stupidity of the planetarian petit-bourgeois media class
- Resilience in a strategy of absorption (human adaptation after a shock, a trauma, an impact)
- Resilience as the inoculation of a pathogen, of a toxicity to improve the resistance to this very pathogen

⁸ The World Economic Forum (WEF), a nonprofit foundation based in Geneva, describes itself as an independent international organization committed to improving the state of the world by engaging business, political, academic, and other leaders of society to shape global, regional, and industry agendas. The Forum organizes its annual meeting in Davos, a mountain resort in the eastern Alps region of Switzerland. The meeting brings together some 2,500 top business leaders, international political leaders, selected intellectuals and journalists to discuss the most pressing issues facing the world...as it should be.
⁹ The World Social Forum (WSF) is an annual meeting of civil society organizations, first held in Porto Alegre, Brazil, which offers a self-conscious effort to develop an alternative future through the championing of counter-hegemonic globalization. Some consider the WSF to be a physical manifestation of global civil society, as it brings together NGO, advocacy campaigns as well as formal and informal social movements seeking
side, business and its operative economy, both financial and managerial; on the other, all the multitudes and their potential for organization from the bottom up — for a productive and operative resistance against the first. How can the architect, artist, scientist, writer, and citizen absorb, swallow, and digest this Janus-like condition without favoring one over the other? How can they walk on the razor’s edge, following a schizoid strategy of weaving together contradictory forces, of knitting together two genetically opposed wires? On the one hand, technology as a vector of invention in the pursuit of “businessdom,” the mix of free enterprise and the ideology of progress that was a basis of the democracy empire, and on the other, the growing of the bottom-up, of the biopolitical tribes, suspicious of the delegation of power's simulacrum as a highly imperfect and corruptible system that needs to be renovated by, and through, the multitudes and their creative energy and potential.

Log 25 explores ways to navigate this antagonism, which could be negotiated in an (un)certain and ambiguous manner... nonhierarchical, nondeterministic, defining a path in which architectural protocols could fuse bottom-up and top-down, contingently, simultaneously, as if the ingredients were making recipes, and the recipes were modifying the substance of the ingredients... apparatuses of exchange, which transform the game of power and the knowledge diffused through that game.

The stuttering between Resilience (recognizing vitalism as a force of life) and Resistance (“Creating is resisting”) seems, in a schizophrenic logic, a plausible hypothesis... shifting, drifting, in the crack of territories between strategies of emergences, manipulating processes, computation, fabrication... flirting with the fetishism and the arrogance of tooling, daily updated Stakhanovismly as a psycho syndrome of our alienation... and... at international solidarity. The WSF prefers to define itself as "an opened space - plural, diverse, nongovernmental, and nonpartisan - that stimulates the decentralized debate, reflection, building exchange, and alliances among movements and organizations engaged in concrete actions toward a more democratic and fair world....a permanent space and process to build alternatives...against what it seems to be.

In pursuit of the notion of Félix Guattari’s “The Three Ecologies.”

In psychology resilience refers to the idea of an individual's tendency to cope with stress and adversity. This coping may result in the individual "bouncing back" to a previous state of normal functioning, or using the experience of exposure to adversity to produce a "steeling effect" and function better than expected. Resilience is most commonly understood as a process, not as a trait of an individual.

A scientist, a mathematician, creates a function...it is mainly an act of resistance... against the wishes of casual opinion... against the whole domain of stupid questioning...Creation is resistance...it is production of exaggerations...and their existence is the proof of their resistance... against the stupidity and vulgarity... See "Abécédaire de Gilles Deleuze, R, Resistance," television interview with Claire Parnet.

When John Ruskin writes of the arrogance of the Renaissance, he claims both the over-instrumentalization on the part of geometry to frame limited types of knowledge and, simultaneously, the arrogance of the people owning this tool to discredit all others and to establish their authority, putting an end to the social organization of knowledge and construction developed during the Middle Ages.
the opposite... the line of their own subjectivation, their “raison d’être”...

In this context of endless perplexities, it is not innocently that a group of philosophers requestions the foundation of “our ideal insane asylum,” called democracy, through the validity of its structure and the procedures of delegation of power; questioning notions of government, of governance, of bio-democracy. Contradictorily, the discipline of architecture in the time of now feigns ignorance of this genuine conflict, and concurrently legitimizes more and more its identity, or the illusion of an identity, at a condition of noninvasive, nonsubversive, nonpolemical, nonpolitical consequences.¹⁵ In this inoffensive demonstration of wallowing in a cozy postdigital a(e)ffect, addicted to a totemic production,¹⁶ “we” seem to be afraid of the wolf... afraid of losing the privileges acquired over a period when the reason of the few prevailed over the destiny of the many, sitting squarely within the fantasy of control: from a disciplinary urbanity, based on the model of psychiatric hospitals, and panoptic prisons as a model and instrument of urban planning,¹⁷ we have slipped into an informational system of control, into a whole panoply of watchwords, to take up Deleuze again.¹⁸ The modes of constituting the city are so well-coded and planned that they induce in advance instructions for its “proper usage,” “directions for use” in which playing around with its reordering is no longer tolerated. The systems of incarceration of the classical age have no reason now to exist, so the manufacturing of cities apes its principles of surveillance¹⁹ in an “open sky.” This is something we sense... but what’s more pertinent, as Antonio Negri underlines in the conversation that follows here, seems to be the return to the industrial world, of the factory, the

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¹⁵ “Non-Standard,” the 2004 exhibition at the Pompidou Center, is behind this shift or, rather, regression in the status of the architect, who once more becomes a simple designer... As Hal Foster writes, “After the heyday of the Art Nouveau designer, one hero of modernism was the artist-as-engineer or the author-as-producer, but this figure was toppled in turn with the industrial order that supported it, and in our consumerist world the designer again rules. Yet this new designer is very different from the old. . . . One thing seems clear: just when you thought the consumerist loop could get no tighter in its narcissistic logic, it did: design abets a near-perfect circuit of production and consumption, without much ‘running-room’ for anything else.” Hal Foster, *Design and Crime (and other Diatribes)* (London: Verso, 2003), 17-18.

¹⁶ The scale of production acts like capitalist compensation for the architect’s loss of influence, as does the money received in exchange for recognition of his powerlessness, on condition that it be both cynically performative and three times the size it was. Vouloir-faire, wanting to do, is substituted for savoir-faire, know-how (kunstwollen vs kunstkönnen).


¹⁸ According to Deleuze, “disciplinary societies are regulated by watchwords (as much from the point of view of integration as from that of resistance).” Gilles Deleuze, “Postscript on the Societies of Control,” *October* 59 (Winter 1992): 5.

¹⁹ And neither the abusive “greenwashing,” nor “social networking entertainment,” nor, worse still, “postdigital-parametric” blindness are likely to redefine a position, a transmission point, from which we could “exercise our power,” our praxis (in the sense of human activities capable of transforming social and political relationships).
mill, via its modes of production, profit and enslavement in relation to what lies outside it... of the city itself, which has become the very stakes of the production and trafficking of ideological and financial values. The architect has become the mainspring, the cheville ouvrière, of this process in the literal sense: he is the “worker” on the city assembly line, from Detroit to Shanghai, producing the icons of triumphant, authoritarian capitalism (the new El Dorados of Asia!) via its exchange zones without being remunerated with the surplus values engendered, the capital generated.

As a hired hand, capable and lobotomized, the “sub-proletarianized” postcapitalist architect is not only the main link in the assembly line of industrial and urban products; parallel to this, he is also the elegant mask of the duplicity of a system that hides its true nature through the artificial eroticization of this “flagshipshit.” Subservience to a manufactured product, without questioning the conditions in which that product is made – which could be read as the conscious projection of willing slavedriving – has simultaneously generated a general impoverishment and dumbing-down of the field of architecture. To trigger and regulate this intellectual pauperization, the “professionals of the profession” have invaded and cannibalized the terrain of the academies so as to bend them to their own needs: to produce the alienated workforce, super-talented when it comes to tools but servile when it comes to their jobs, required to surf modes of manufacturing that are at once operative and cynical... eviscerated of any rebellious, not to mention alternative, hypothesis that would turn their talent into a tool for transforming the system.

It’s not so much postcapitalism that is in question here as it is the conditions in which architects have tried not to play around with its malleability, its capacity to absorb strange, not to mention toxic, bodies capable of undermining its predictable mechanisms...

It’s true that the media visibility that arises from such submission operates like some psychotic reward. It produces systemic pathological effects: precisely the known symptoms of the industrial sub-proletariat: the worker of the week at McDonalds and the “Pritzker Prize” are blood brothers – a photo on the wall of their dependency, in thanks for their docility. But submission to the mechanisms of power and authority “doesn’t pay” except for those who serve as vehicles for that illusion. It is only in strategies of conflict, opposition, indignation, and occupation that the capitalist structure, an ectoplasm with an adaptable and variable geometry and contours, agrees to renegotiate its transactional modes... But for this malleability to operate, we first have to run the risk of confronting it, causing it to crack, biting it, in close combat, using tactical strategies of visibility and fallback... facades and dissimulation... offensive drives... occupation of turf, in the hollows of conflicts, in the hollows of speech utterances, their rescripting, their de-alienation – not in the cozy living-room idealism of the defeat of thought.

Architects as a whole have neglected to hunt “the beast.” 20 Claiming to be serious, rigorous, expert, professional, they have naturally

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20 It is no innocent matter that the very people who generated the factory city, “a product of industry and marketing” to use the political
and willingly and as a matter of course made themselves subservient
to the system that is supposed to feed them, and in return,
logically, they are underpaid for such subservience. This particular
form of masochism, which is not so much masochism as it is
acceptance of the sadism of the system, is actually, height of
irony, seen as... a performative act. 21
Surely we’re forced to reread the political distance... the
ontological schism... between these the notions of sadism and
masochism... from the one, we should be able to exercise our
strength by the effective recognition of enslavement to a system, by
finding new contract-based solutions to its limits, its contents and
modes of dependence and strategy of infiltration, of resilience; and
from the other... the sadism that profits from our ingenuity, false
virtue, or proclaimed cynicism, to organize the institutions and
modes of operation taking advantage of this (false) innocence... to
alienate, bow, bend, according to its specific agenda, with no
safeguard other than its quarterly profit and loss accounts...
In these conditions, and by default, it would be prudent to ask
ourselves about the legal framework of such a submission, of the
protocols of Sacher-Masoch, and even to define the mechanisms of
exchange, domination, enslavement, eroticization and suffering, as a
potentially contractual support element of this same transaction...
and to redefine what constitutes the nature of that contract... not
just in terms of the relationship between the parties, but in terms
of the representation of this relationship: masochism is a
theatricalization of the transactions involved in the human comedy,
a way of exorcizing their hidden face, revealing, reawakening,
opposing urges, Eros and Thanatos, life and death, at one and the
same time... indissociably... and liberating the protagonists from
the authority of the systems of control, in order to introduce
obstacles, conditions and limits, instructions and contradictions,
childish pranks and perverse acts... that make the nature of these
transactions visible...
This is what the ecosophy of things, substances, and beings is... as
well as the lucid recognition of a kind of operaism... capable of
transforming the rules of its exercise, of its power... like the
rules invented by “the bent man” 23 who faces his demon: the supposed

21 At the tip of the iceberg are Rem’s epigones and rejects whose names,
among others, would be pointless to list.
22 A subtlety developed by Gilles Deleuze in “Coldness and Cruelty” (1967),
in Masochism: Coldness and Cruelty & Venus in Fur,s trans. Jean McNeil (New
23 “Call it madness, if you want... But the new world knows only
resistance... When I bend in order to avoid accepting the rules of their
authority, I am destroying the foundations, I am insulting their
legitimacy... There is rage in the face of my madness, a ferocious rage
as if they found themselves faced with an act of revolt... Cretins, don’t
you understand that it’s exactly that?” Antonio Negri, “The Bent Man”
(2005), in Trilogy of Resistance, trans. Timothy S. Murphy (Minneapolis:
University of Minnesota Press, 2011).
weakness of a strategy of resilience, nestled in the very hollows of
types of operation that act, bend, corrupt, script, subjectivize...
in order to free the narratives from alienation...
But make no mistake, we are not dealing here with crazy new
flagellants, eschatologists, oozing blood at the feet of the cult’s
ministries, but with tribes which infiltrate the very mechanisms
that underpin and articulate the visible, both those linked to
language, from speech utterances to all kinds of writing – poetic,
political, psychological, prosaic, mathematical, computational, as
well as multiple crisscrossing, entangled narrations, but also those
linked to machinist tools, to the manufacture of things and
substances, as well as those navigating this side of that, casting
lines of subjectivation, of force, cracks, great escapes, made up of
incongruous assemblages, tactical bouts of paranoia and
schizophrenia, about to venture into possible new orderings,
operative and affective critical apparatuses...
in a stuttering
swarm.
François Roche, Bangkok June 2012
(Acknowledgements to Julie Rose)

Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia

Yona Friedman®

A case study from radicalism to idiotocracyn

At cross-purposes

As multipurpose as a Swiss army knife, shunted back and forth every
which way between art and architecture, he is at once an alibi, a
foil, a spiritual father, a defeated ideologue whose scars are an
atonement (the deafness, whether real or feigned – we’ll come back
to it later) and rather handy... a paper architect, an ideologue, the
kind of brand that keeps on giving, still legitimized by the French
establishment, that funny alter cocker Yona Friedman® with the

24 Gilles Deleuze, "What is a dispositif?", in Michel Foucault
is an apparatus [...] in a game of power, strategies of relationships
supporting types of knowledge and supported by themselves; both orderings
of desires and of creations in Deleuze, apparatuses of knowledge and of
power in Foucault, indissociably linked". Agencements deleuziens,
dispositifs foucauldians », Monique David-Menard, College international de
philosophie, revue rue Descartes, #59, 2008
slight Slavic accent that makes you smile, whose foibles everyone forgives, since they're so charming and “inoffensive.”

Yona Friedman® is perfectly adaptable... inflatable balloons to mimic the Spatial City, floating cartons filed with salon-utopian political phraseology, pathetic and pathological. You see them everywhere: GPS helicopters made for a militarized robot city... everything in Yona Friedman® is good for something, and those who instrumentalize him don’t see any connection with the anarcho-scientism underlying his thinking and production.

Hardly a month goes by that some ideologically-challenged curator or architect in need of a pseudo-political installation doesn’t revisit the Spatial City for his own purposes, plucking a couple of citations, out of indolent self-aggrandizement, from a body of work he cannot understand and whose provocative intensity is beyond his grasp. We’ve seen his work used, too, at international art fairs, as a counterpoint, a cheap antidote to easily-monetizable narratives meant for the commodities market. Showing Yona Friedman® is an act of political/aesthetic name-dropping, a way to deck yourself out with a little utopianist hedge, a cool antidote that has the advantage and the privilege of not challenging the conditions of its utilization... In these little tributes the Spatial City becomes nothing more than a bunch of scaffolding sponsored by the manufacturer, with a few hastily positioned flowerpots to give it a false “improvised” look. The 2013 version of the Cloud at the Serpentine was no exception to the rule. The original was not a garden folly but a fragment of something larger, exhibit number one in the argument for the Spatial City where all human adventures would be tolerated and even suggested; here its purpose was slap the Friedman® label on an antiseptically elegant design and dissemble the artist’s own intentions.

Has Friedman become, through no fault of his own, an icon for fakers, architects who reek of cheap – and lazy – political aesthetics? Perhaps his image could adorn a special bar of soap sold by art centers to raise money for the disadvantaged? It could be used for washing your hands of him as part of the collective amnesia, and take nothing from his work but the geometric inclinations and scientific and technological strategies that underpin his preambles, discarding the human, the stink, filth and comedy, to borrow a phrase from Artaud, and seeing human beings as nothing more than decorative options on lop-sided cardboard shelves

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14 For example, the tributes to the Spatial City, such as the installations by EXYZT, Philippe Rizzoti, Tomas Saraceno, ...among others.
15 The objection here is not so much to the concept and the project as to the curators’ analogy to the “brand.”
16 Cloud, the Serpentine Gallery, London, 2013
17 A fabrique de jardin (sometimes called a folly in English) is an ornamental structure located in a park or garden. They usually served as stopping-place for strollers or to indicate a ‘picturesque view’ (Wikipedia).
18 To Have Done with the Judgment of God, radio play by Antonin Artaud
awaiting visitors, an attempt to summon up a soupcon of improvisation, a utopian palliative!

What are we talking about here? A cultural and museological endeavor launched 15 years ago whose mission was to rewrite history, specifically the radicality of the heroic post-war years - marked by architects like Ionel Schein and Yona Friedman - until the oil crisis and the postmodern reaction put an end to that chapter. Their brief was alluring, and historical work more necessary than ever to combat the willful blindness of the power-and-thought structure that had unceasingly ignored them in the 1990s. That work was well done, except for one thing, and no small thing it was: The architecture and the architects were stripped of all their combativeness and friction in the face of their society, against it and as part of it, and all that was retained was the cultural and instrumental dimension (see the exhibition Non Standard at the Pompidou Center). Their work was expunged of all its pathogenic elements, the sources of disorder, incompleteness and political and social unpredictability that were the very reason for its existence. No, Frederick John Kiesler’s Endless House is not a scale model, an “exquisite corps” in a collection labeled “culture.” It was an attempt to dissolve the expectations that still condition architecture, to restage its premises and conventions in order to reconfigure its relationship with the world. Doing political architecture politically, to rephrase Godard, means using aesthetic strategies diametrically opposed to the Fine Arts models of thought and transmission, i.e., of objects without subjects.

The data was stored, but when this experimental architecture was resurrected, instead of confronting the world of today, it became nothing but a spectacle, a “lite version” for planetary dummies. The purpose of Michelet’s subjectivized rewriting of the monarchical period was to serve the republic. The “culturization” of architectural radicality has had a perverse effect - that radicality has been taken captive by the museum.

Thus architecture is reduced to a lovely object, painless, odorless and inoffensive, drawing its legitimacy from the experiments of the Sixties, not to interrogate their meaning for today and their non-synchronicity with our times, their naivety and toxicity, but to use them as historical and cultural excuses, as a shield to protect its autonomy. A little faux-Friedman® goes a long way!

19 The enterprise of ‘Brainwash’ engaged by Frederic Migayrou in France, which opened the door to new Alphonse Bertillon (criminal anthropometry) and August Comte (positivism) confusing Science and Abuses of Science, tooling and ideology, parametric and computation, making possible the emerging of some idiotocrancy artifact as Patrick Schumacher and many other epigones.

20 Olzweg, a co-prize-winning scenario written for the FRAC Centre art space by New Territories, based on the robotic principles of uncertainty and incompletion. Very different than the petrified Turbulences made after an unbelievable second round, a kind of administrative prank.
He himself went deaf to the world, literally, thumbing his nose one last time, like a mischievous kid or a kind of self-protection against abusive appropriation... A dialog of the deaf.

Science + Fiction

Let’s get back to this trademark question and see what’s involved.

Right before our eyes / Geometric interlacing floating over the city, a precursor of the castle in Miyazaki’s Heaven, but without the organicity, a geometric multiplication, a kind of checkerboard with strict square patterns and uncertain boundaries, an addictive and repetitive addition of squared circles, deliberately demonstrating perfect mastery in terms of their dimensional and structural logic and their mode of assembly, utilizing successive incremental and recursive combinatorial mathematics in a scientific system in which the architect uses descriptive geometry\(^{21}\) as a Deus ex machina to control and dominate his subject.

This interlacing, a rational and well-ordered superstructure, is on standby, or, more precisely, suspended, in both meanings of the word. Literally, in that it hangs above the city whose aerial interstices it occupies, but also suspended pending a hypothetical human colonization, which, in contrast, is dedicated to the free will of one and all, the negotiated interfacing of individuals and groups that determine the modes of habitation and interrelation according to their impulses and moods, or in other words, to the disorder of human activities and the incompletion of the desires of the multitudes.

That’s exactly where the schizophrenia of the Yona Friedman\(^{\circledR}\) brand works its magic. Precisely there and on two levels: a preliminary scientific exposition that anchors a constructive reality in the achievable, the plausible, the prehensible, followed by a narrative of its “colonialization” in the form of a political fiction about participative and collective habitability... without that human energy, that animal vitalism,\(^{22}\) ever being worked out in any other field other than the ideological (I dare not use the word theory, so much does that word remain a mystery or even a hoax).

Here we can see the following consequences:

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\(^{21}\) Descriptive geometry is the graphic resolution of problems regarding the intersection of geometrically defined volumes and surfaces in a space of 2-3-n dimensions. Developed by the mathematician Monge in the 18th century.

\(^{22}\) At MIT during the 1970s Friedman worked on making a computer capable of organizing the Spatial City democratically. The program asked individuals for their special preferences, and then analyzed and processed this data based not only on the desires of their neighbors, but also light, access to ventilation, etc. He finally abandoned this project because he deemed that his computer could not understand the twists and turns and complexity of the process of human decision-making.
1) The control of the structures and combinations of polyhedrons, tetrahedrons and polytope extensions (triheiral-1955) underlying the geometry to be colonized is stated based on a “structuralist” mode of exchange in which each element (structure/colonization) is definable only by its relations of equivalence or opposition with the other and the others. This ensemble of relationships is what makes up the “metabolic structure.”

The relationship between the mathematical enunciation and the anarchy of the modes of colonization generates a system of opposition that involves neither development nor correlation, nor organization in the sense of a co-functioning. It is not a symbiotic symbolic protocol, and there is no mutual affinity between the elements. The hierarchized chronologies of systemic-systematic permutations are not produced by the principles of contagion and epidemics23 that would phagocytize and dissolve the previously established geometries. The contact and development of the disordered entanglements of the human, all too filthily human multitude does not metabolize scientific causality. Plato’s “solid geometry” retains its imprint and its snot, indifferent to those they are supposed to invite.

In contrast, Constant’s hypotheses developed for his New Babylon project starting in 1953 sought to face up to the ugliness of human incompleteness, human indeterminism, and privilege the aesthetic incoherences born of the multitude, the cannibalistic generation and degeneration of Rimbaud’s Paris Commune, like swarming music that rustles, buzzes and teems.

2) The current abuse of the Friedman brand is based on this schizoid operatory mode, the ambivalence of the binary Science + Fiction (not to be confused with Science Fiction), like the production of antinomian and autonomous forms of knowledge. To be awarded the Yona Friedman® label, all that’s needed is a few repetitive geometries (computation) and a link referencing its guru-genitor. Thus one becomes a member of the now hyped and has-been sect called radical architecture.

But what about the human dimension, the “cursed part”24 so ardently desired by the brand but never really sought after, so present in the prologues but so absent in the procedures and generative aesthetics? Are human relationships so tricky to take into account that they have to be ideologized, idealized, carefully eschewing and excluding their excessive nature, the combinations of misunderstanding, conflict and resignation that produce meaning and thought at the price of the defection of the latter? As Lacan said, “I think where I am not, therefore I am where I think not.” Is it possible to reactivate these ambiguous substances that lie at the origin of the relational modes, so that the science is not just an

23 Gilles Deleuze, Claire Parnet, Dialogues, Paris, Flammarion, 1999, p. 69

24 Cf Bataille
operational pretext but an object to be marginalized, cannibalized and broken down so as to metabolize its positivist principles and political arrogance?

**MISINTERPRETATION**

Paris, 11 a.m. in 2011, in a laboratory basement, a physiological experiment is being conducted.

“You are about to take a physiological test to determine the mapping of your future residence area. This will only take three minutes. Relax and slide your hand into this box. It will set a baseline by measuring your bodily equilibrium over the next 30 seconds.

“The procedure is simple. There’s nothing to worry about. Your body will become the vector of your emotions, and we’ll record it. Your body will react naturally to my voice. Let my voice soak into you. Don’t be nervous. Just let yourself feel it and react.

“During the test a kind of vapor will be released. It helps us capture the changes in your emotions without being intrusive. Let it flow into you, breathe it in. It can’t hurt you. I’ll be inhaling it at the same time as you are.

“The test is about to start.

“In front of you is a robot construction machine. It is simultaneously your guide and your emotional indicator, your dynamic portrait. Its movements are directly influenced and affected by the nano-particles you will inhale and exhale. Breathe deeply and slowly...

“But first we’re going to do a little exercise. You’re in your habitat, your future habitat, one that you desire without yet knowing what it’s like yet, but you can feel it and walk through it. You breathe in the atmosphere of this dwelling: you let it infuse you. You might feel more comfortable here or more uncomfortable. Either way it doesn’t matter. You let yourself go further, and be filled by the sensations it suggests, as you discover all sorts of details you never saw before and whose existence you didn’t even suspect.

“First of all, your habitat is inseparable from the dizziness it made you feel to access it_Acro_(phobia-philia)_ lost in a labyrinth of tangled ramifications and arborescences. You took pleasure in this vertigo. In an unstable, tenuous equilibrium... you felt this dizziness like something that is still inhabits you... the void is right there, under your feet. It’s taking you over.

“But that’s not enough to describe where you are right now. The family, your family, has become a conflict zone and you can no longer be in denial or calm things down. You’d like to be able to

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25 *Expérience – 'an architecture des humeurs‘ / New Territories / Le Laboratoire, Paris 2011*
renegotiate the separations involved, for the distances between you to expand or contract depending on your mood. To get away from the deafening shouts of squabbling teenagers, the blaring TV vomiting the evening news coming from your next-door neighbor whose noise is ruining your life... *Socio*(phobia-philia) and sometimes even remove yourself from the presence of others, other people from whom you’d like to negotiate a little distance in time and space... It seems that you’ve wanted to unalienate yourself from that community you’re submerged and drowning in...

“It’s not an illusion to believe that space can help you with that. Not that space has the power to reduce and absorb those underlying, exhausting, gnawing conflicts, but it can offer layouts that encourage the morphology of the moment, and offer you choices in your relationships...

“... to go along or withdraw into yourself _Claustro_(phobia-phila) to hole up there, protected in your box, all wrapped up in your singularity... autonomous...

“Or, on the contrary, to unfold yourself in space and time... to make the area where you live visible _Socio(phobia-phila) _exposing it, exposing yourself... a little proudly... and it shows... showing off your pleasure... a pure enjoyment, purely enjoyment... finally your habitat changes according to your impulses, or more precisely, it becomes their vector. Synchronized to your own body, your arteries, blood and genitals, to your beating organism... and you are a thing, an element amid that whole ensemble, porous, able to merge, respiring and aspiring to be your own environment.

“But that’s not enough to completely satisfy you. There’s something missing, something rare, you feel the lack of this thing without being able to say exactly what it is. It’s somewhere in you, an area of childhood, of its innocence and cruelty _(phobia-phila)._ But you’ve learned how to hide that, to make yourself believe that you can do without it...

“You may feel dizzy again... this time much more intensely than what you felt when you first started. There’s no need for the void for that. This thing envelops you... mixes of ugliness and beauty, obstacles and possibilities, refuse and efflorescence, threats and protection _Neo(phobia-phila)_, vitalism and animism, mechanical powers and natural forces, this body that unfolds before your eyes and that you inhabit.

“Here everything is knotted together and intertwined. It’s all there, in the process of becoming, in a movement in the process of becoming. Let yourself go. Don’t think. Just let yourself slip into this silky and strange sensation that terrifies and caresses you...

“That terrifies and caresses you...”
5 - 10 seconds, nothing
“Pull yourself together and don’t get up until you feel ready to do so. You might feel slightly confused for a few seconds while the nano-receptors are being expelled and reabsorbed. Techno_(phobia-philia)_ So wait a little bit before coming back to space and time… Your body data has been recorded. You can take a look at your physiological report on the screen in front of you.

“The session is over. I won’t see you to the door; you know the way. Later, we’ll record your voice, on each of the suggested questions, so that the expression of your desires is the combined result of your physiology and its changes during the test phase, so that we can resynchronize your habitation request.

“Thank you. I won’t see you out. Please leave the way you came in.”

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26 The architecture of ’humeurs’ decided to take the preliminary step of revisiting the contradictions within the very expression of these desires, both those that traverse public space because of their ability to express a choice, a desire conveyed by language, on the surface of things, and those preexisting and perhaps more disturbing but equally valid desires that reflect the body as a desiring machine (as Deleuze put it), with its own chemistry, imperceptibly anterior to the consciousness those substances generate. The “architecture of humors” is a way of breaking and entering into language’s mechanism of dissimulation in order to physically construct its contradictions. It means staging a break-in to the logic of things when language has to negotiate with the depths of the body, down to the bottom folds, like with Antonin Artaud and his compulsive catatonia. This physiological test (above) works like an emotion detector. It unleashes your corporal chemical reactions, principally molecules like dopamine, adrenalin, serotonin and hydrocortisone that feed us information about your animal reactions/degree of pleasure or repulsion, curiosity or disinterest. Consequently the formulation of desires in language is inflected by another reality, another complexity, that of the acephalous body, the animal body, so that it can tell us about its adaptation, its sympathy and empathy, in the face of specific situations and environments.

This physiological test helps us map the visitor’s future dwelling area. It only takes seven minutes. The protocol is simple. During the test, a sort of vapor (of nanoparticles) is emitted, so that we can detect the evolution of these emotions without noxious intrusion.

...The Science, the Neurobiology at the service of the collect of ’Malentendus’ (mishearings-misunderstandings), between atavism and vitalism...

26 More on / http://www.new-territories.com/blog/architecturehumeurs/
Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia

Endlessnessless / Yale Journal 2008
e-mails correspondence on 4 months between NewT, Giovanni Corbellini, Alexandra Midal, Benoit Durandin, and a Joker

What’s this, green monsters?
Which monsters, did you see monsters?
I think so (but if I look at them a little bit longer, they begin to look funny)...

...From the paranoia of the two little girls. They are about to perform a productive—and not at all innocent—routine.

Never seen that; you mean, like a ritual? Like the reproduction of something itself, out of its own matrix?

No, as a little girl myself, I saw them, I saw them, (humming): “... Sometime I’d divide / And burn in many places; on the topmast, / the yards, and the boresprit, would I flame distinctly ...”

With this kind of constellation of parallel universes, are you sure it’s a book about architecture?

Who said that?

What?

So this is a book about architecture?

Nobody said otherwise.

And why not?

So paranoia is the key?

More than a key, it’s an “apparatus” ...

Let’s suppose now that these Hulks were real...

But don’t threaten them; they could be like the White Rabbit.

Alice’s rabbit?

Don’t you know? The rabbit hypnotizes you as he runs away. I’d prefer Snow White mixed with girly Victorian fairy tales. Girls are not paralyzed by the proximity of danger in the forest. Don’t you
feel that slight and exciting insinuation of casual sadism? I do!

I feel like time is freezing, like being sucked up. Look at their paws! They’re leaving trails everywhere, bloody and green fluorescent footsteps. It looks like—I don’t know what ...a passage maybe?— now it looks like letters ...I don’t know if...

You fools! All I see is a hairball, pushed by the wind.

Yes, but it’s pushed by Eolos, the god of winds. “The thought is faster: it runs through everything.” Look at the trajectory; it’s so erratic, full of noises, searching for the next movement, winding and winding and winding, writing on itself. Writing against architecture.

Maybe we have woken up the acephalous man, made of bones, guts, and nerves: mesoderm, endoderm, and ectoderm all folded together.

Think of it in a paranoid sense, as an apparatus: open to a wide array of interpretations, from self-illusion to freak 3d effects. We could consider this “moment” as the first apparatus, or, more precisely, how strategies of relationships embedded in this moment articulate knowledge and are simultaneously articulated by themselves. The two little girls are looking at the consequence of their own paranoia, which transforms, at the same time, the representation of our reality. By creating a subjective narrative, they articulate the dichotomy between fiction and reality, which forces us to reconsider our relationship to the tangible, material world. We are directly confronting the boundaries of the system, where, from this seemingly scripted confusion emerges an apparatus which reveals the boundarylessness of the self-conscious...

This is not so different than deja-vu: when you are convinced you have already lived an identical moment at another time. If you ignore the rationalist approach to this phenomenon—what scientists describe as a breach or alteration in the synchronization of the brain’s hemispheres—deja-vu is actually a shift of perception. And if you buy the idea that it’s an inexplicable collision between many parallel universes, like Henri Bergson—who dedicated one of his rare pertinent essays to the question of Le Souvenir du présent et la fausse reconnaissance—you’ll find elucidated what might be called a weakening of “the function of reality;” you get a momentary unfolding of the person. Something like the famous paradox set up by the physicist Ernst Schrödinger in 1937. He thought up an experiment in which a cat, a radioactive particle, and a mechanism made up of a Geiger counter, a hammer, and a vial of lethal gas were locked in a closed box. If the atom disintegrated during a given time, the counter would be activated, then the hammer, which would break the vial, then the gas would escape from it, and the cat would die. In a space ruled by the laws of classical physics, there is as much probability that the atom would disintegrate as that it would not. According to the laws of quantum physics, two possibilities
superimpose one another; the atom is simultaneously activated and disintegrated; the cat is subjected to a state of uncertainty, at the same time both dead and alive. This simultaneity is only completed at the instant when an outside individual observes the interior of the box... This principle, which dominates the subatomic and unknown parts of our universe, implies the co-emergence of two or more worlds simultaneously; so called parallel worlds. No future, no present, no reality? “Pick up the world, you can!” could be the White Rabbit’s motto.

It sounds like a Spinozian motto: “The mind endeavors to conceive only such things as assert its power of activity.” Quantum physicists used to explain quanta theories through short stories, fairytales, in a way to transpose what they saw into something else, less astonishing and more accessible. “Four fishes are swimming in a pool, two floodgates open simultaneously on two other pools, at the end four fishes are swimming in the two new pools.” This parable is logical in a quantum sense, pertinent to an established field of research, and accessible to cognition: three requirements for any scientific knowledge. It also reveals the contortions that physicists often have to make themselves to understand quantum properties. They have to reintroduce non-crazy hypotheses (or theories) back into the field of common knowledge (i.e. fairytales), but as a result, those non-crazy hypotheses become transformative in their own right.

Quantum physics is about the ultra-small scale. What happens to subatomic particles doesn’t have much to do with the actual world in which we live. I hope the engineer who designed the bridge I cross every morning did it in a very deterministic way...

Maybe it is better to hope that our universe is one in which bridges don’t collapse. Unfortunately, we cannot (yet) move from one section of the multiverse to another...However, the split between classical physics and probabilistic/aleatory subatomic behavior seems to be similar to the way we design/transform our environment, but with the further problem that it’s no longer an issue of scale, and therefore these approaches tend to collide. In architecture, the constant requests for deterministic assurances (cost, time, performance, security...) more and more comes out of the increasing instability of programs, tasks, and opportunities. So, the observer (who we might equate with the “external conditions” in architecture) becomes the main character: the one who unintentionally decides if the cat will live or die. Quantum physics teaches us that we can manage this interactive relation only in a very paradoxical way. Should we crossbreed Schroedinger’s cat with Deng’s (which catches mice no matter if it’s black or white )?

Hey! Joker – maybe you are just a BiNary digiT, not even a bug! bzzzz!
Who cares about grasping the split between two worlds that even
physicists can’t explain? Asking the question is just a way to shift our egocentric viewpoint. Yes, I’ll eventually go for some laboratory cat’s experimentations... What the hell would we do without cats? They seem to be crucial to the Western world’s thinking!

Alexandra is right. Shifting the viewpoint is our main goal. As designers, we dream of that power we fight as citizens. So the schizoid situation between planning needs and unpredictable developments that arise in our contemporary societies is fully embedded in our practice and thinking. Hard sciences are intrinsically counterintuitive (our senses tell us that it is the sun that moves around the earth...). On the one hand, they force us to set up paradoxical strategies, using chaos to produce open and dynamic orders, looking at self-organization as a possible and more effective (and desirable) horizon. On the other hand, we do not have to prove our hypothesis—we just tell stories; science is a big reservoir from which to fish powerful devices, tools, and arguments, in order to construct opinions, to create the conditions that will make our strategies really work...

No strategies are ethically good enough to be immune to distortion: Deleuzo-Guattarian theories are used just as well by architects as by militaries strategists, to walk through walls. Science and architecture share the same ambiguous and irrefutable relation to reality. And this relation creates frictions with unexpected results. It’s with those unexpected results that we have to deal, not as prophets (too comfortable) nor outsiders (too reassuring) nor experts (too romantic)...

Schizophrenia, paranoia; cats, rabbits, mice—are you undergoing pet therapy?

Good idea! We can use animals to feed our personality disorders. Laboratory hybrids or “natural” mutations are both fine. François often talks about hermaphrodite polar bears...

So you know the story? [see “Nine Apparatuses: Physiological mutation.”] The five percent of mutant post-polar bears are Houellebecq’s characters—brother and sister, parent and child, female and male—modifying their comportment, adapting their sexuality, renegotiating their link to the environment. They neither deny nor emphasize global climate change; they absorb and integrate the mutation as a new protocol, as a new contract, as a Sacher-Masochian deal.

Well, well. Are you sure you want to introduce Sacher-Masoch as a value? Do you want to contractualize with the devil?

You can do as much contractualization as you want, but the location of the deal has to be defined. From the peak of the Ras Dashen (the
playground of the gods) to the Schwartz Wald; from the dark dancing of Karachi to the fuel gases of Irkutsk (all different kinds of human heat), there are infinite thresholds, entrances, gaps, lost corridors, and hidden passages where this kind of ceremony could unfold—no need to gash my thumb with a razor to ratify the pact. But first I would choose the territory, a topology that we could all agree on, and a defined area where the deal could occur. Not necessarily a comfortable or well-known place; we all know that it has little to do with pain or satisfaction, it all comes down to where the contract will be made, not even the terms, in fact. All you will remember is the place where you made it—the taste of snowflakes on your tongue, or the sweat on your flesh at the contact with the fur.

The Sacher-Masoch apparatus is defined by protocols; it contractualizes and defines relationships which then become the frame, the rules of the game, directly dependent on the nature of the contract. But at the same time, as a transitive process, the writing of the contract defines the condition of the instruction, which reveals the boundary between acceptance and erasure, between what is a legitimate result and what you have to re-formulate in case desires shift during the game itself. The Sacher-Masoch deal seems more contemporary than Faust’s, in which the contract calls for you to give up your independence, often in exchange for nothing. We are in a reflexive process of alienation with Sacher-Masoch, a process that invites emancipation at each step of its own evolution.

Please come on, where is architecture in these “sturm und drang” speeches? Are you actually focused on anything, or just digressing from nowhere to nowhere?

Well, well, you shot me, nasty Joker. But “endlessnessless” comes from this kind of apparatus, an open source system—adaptable and re-adaptable—dependent on the intrinsic and extrinsic mutation of the system. The main question is: how do we develop open protocols, able to incorporate a wide degree of freedom? More precisely: how could the system develop its own generative evolution to absorb and react according to the mutation of the original parameters? From the house in the forest, Growing up, a project from a long time ago, where the growth of the trees slowly weakened and eventually destroyed the house [Figure 1], to the robotic apparatus of I’ve heard about [Figure 2], we always consider design as an open narrative in which the architecture is just one element, one branch of time, a story with the possibility to rewind and fast-forward. The uncertainty of the system is something we strive for, even by crossing to the “dark side,” by revealing the ambiguities of a situation. Look at the opposition between the sponge geometry and Hippodamus’s master plan for Miletus. [See “Nine Apparatuses: Planning and self-organization.”] This opposition is clear: an open system, where the algorithm of growth cannot be reduced to a simplified relationship; and a closed system, coming from architecture, where everything is
predictable, forecasted, and frozen. In this case, the sponge doesn’t make a deal with Sacher-Masoch or Mephisto to become what it wants to be, but rather, it integrates the unknown of its achieved shape as a value of its own existence. This way of understanding the sponge changes radically and politically the possibilities of production: it could change the very role of the architect, who would become an alien child of incest between Villard de Honnecourt and Filippo Brunelleschi.

This cannot be only understood as a game of “possibles,” even if it has a lot to do with probabilities. We know that even if we can prove the probability that an event would occur, and determine the relation between two states, A and B, we will never be sure that that event is the right and only one that will occur. To be more pragmatic, let’s take two different states of a shape in a numeric process. Let’s say that we have a topology and a function, and that we want to find a way to move from one to the other; we might try to do this through either 3d modeling or programming. If an unexpected or “emergent” event occurs, the function that you conceptualized originally would be totally disrupted (and I’m only talking here about a single input, not even about trying to input two or three relations of cause-effect at the same time, nor even the possibility of when a calculation leads to undecidability or several results).

To introduce fictional material into a process is a way to spread “intelligence” throughout the whole system, and it allows us to react at each step, to evolve with the project. Biologists have been searching for decades for the pacemaker in slime molds, thinking that they didn’t have enough information to find it, only to discover finally that there was no pacemaker, that it was the cells themselves that have the ability to decide when to unite and when to separate.

In school, we were told that Brunelleschi became the first modern architect when he fired the workers of the Duomo in Florence. Since he was the only one who knew how to build it—and the shared knowledge of the medieval building process was not working anymore—he could hire the same men again for less money, as an “unskilled” workforce. So, modern architecture was born from that act of domination which followed closely the increasing complexity of social, economic, and technical processes; complexity, in this context, refers to stratification on multiple levels (maybe someone remembers Marx and his theory of alienation?). What is interesting today is that such multifaceted relationships between architects and the other social agents involved in urban projects (developers, politicians, builders, users, citizens...) have become unbelievably complex and fragmented, in such a way that vertical control is no longer a viable approach. François is right when he says that, as architects today, we play the role of both Villard and Filippo. The problem is where and when self-organization and control occur. Indeterminate devices, diagram routines, open-ended scripts—these are often strategies to define a set of conditions where we can
still be architects, where our specific knowledge still makes sense.

You both sound nostalgic for Villard and Filippo. But it is clear that there are no sacrifices we can make to be absolved of the original sin of Modern architecture; the knowledge that made us who we are unfolds only in fascist situations: Dubai and China are now the architects’ paradises on earth...

I’m just saying that our aim is to negotiate architectural choices within indeterminate environments and vice versa. Look again, for instance, to that opposition between the sponge and the grid, where the first is the outcome of a self-organized process and the second a simple act of top-down planning. Are we sure that a sponge-like urban structure is more indeterminate that an orthogonal one? It is not just a matter of representation (organic vs. geometric) nor an issue of the design tools we use. A grid (generic) can work as the framework for very indeterminate behaviors, and a sponge (articulated) can trigger very specific local answers. I think that we should take a fractal point of view, with alternating layers (natural/artificial; Euclidean/non-Euclidean; controlled/self-organized) that depend on time, scale, 2d/3d shifts...In other words, to go beyond Villard and Filippo, we have to merge them.

Many sources are whispering to us, from Bernard Rudofsky’s Architecture Without Architects to Frederic Migayrou’s analysis of the “dispute” between Henry Van de Velde and Hermann Muthesius, between industrialization series and prototyping as the identification of uniqueness. This debate has re-actualized since the 1980s, thanks to the two bad golden boys, Steve and Bill, who democratized the tools of control and narration. Could we consider this “genetic” period today as a frozen one, a dream of the last retro-future building as a Zaha-homage-vintage-positive-white-future item, pre-designed in the sixties but constructed, strategically, half a century later?

I know it’s painful to recognize that the future drifted in an unexpected way, that it’s a lost sensation. The period of now is a time sandwiched between a predictable future which never happened and the unknown of tomorrow which is coming, day after day, something between In the Mood for Love and 2046 by Wong Kar-wai. This sensation of erotic dystopia, of charmed distress, of melancholy-Baudelairian spleen (according to Walter Benjamin)—is a perfect reversal of Modernity’s blossoming, when the lost paradise emerged from the non-distinction between mass production and the production of the mass, when the loss of uniqueness-value opened the door to the over-valuing of repetitions and series, disqualifying anomalies and singularities as illnesses of the system. On the contrary, the spleen of today does not come from this loss of value but from the impossibility of attributing value to uniqueness, definitively lost after the after-death experiment of Modernity.
How can we take refuge today, somewhere in a comfortable back room? The conditions of today, here and now, oscillate between Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia

This is not so different than deja-vu: when you are convinced you have already lived an identical moment at another time. If you ignore the rationalist approach to this phenomenon—what scientists describe as a breach or alteration in the synchronization of the brain’s hemispheres—deja-vu is actually a shift of perception. And if you buy the idea that it’s an inexplicable collision between many parallel universes, like Henri Bergson—who dedicated one of his rare pertinent essays to the question of Le Souvenir du présent et la fausse reconnaissance—you’ll find elucidated what might be called a weakening of “the function of reality:” you get a momentary unfolding of the person. Something like the famous paradox set up by the physicist Ernst Schrödinger in 1937. He thought up an experiment in which a cat, a radioactive particle, and a mechanism made up of a Geiger counter, a hammer, and a vial of lethal gas were locked in a closed box. If the atom disintegrated during a given time, the counter would be activated, then the hammer, which would break the vial, then the gas would escape from it, and the cat would die. In a space ruled by the laws of classical physics, there is as much probability that the atom would disintegrate as that it would not. According to the laws of quantum physics, two possibilities superimpose one another; the atom is simultaneously activated and disintegrated; the cat is subjected to a state of uncertainty, at the same time both dead and alive. This simultaneity is only completed at the instant when an outside individual observes the interior of the box... This principle, which dominates the subatomic and unknown parts of our universe, implies the co-emergence of two or more worlds simultaneously; so called parallel worlds. No future, no present, no reality? “Pick up the world, you can!” could be the White Rabbit’s motto.

It sounds like a Spinozian motto: “The mind endeavors to conceive only such things as assert its power of activity.” Quantum physicists used to explain quanta theories through short stories, fairytales, in a way to transpose what they saw into something else, less astonishing and more accessible. “Four fishes are swimming in a pool, two floodgates open simultaneously on two other pools, at the end four fishes are swimming in the two new pools.” This parable is logical in a quantum sense, pertinent to an established field of research, and accessible to cognition: three requirements for any scientific knowledge. It also reveals the contortions that physicists often have to make themselves to understand quantum properties. They have to reintroduce non-crazy hypotheses (or theories) back into the field of common knowledge (i.e. fairytales), but as a result, those non-crazy hypotheses become transformative in their own right.
Quantum physics is about the ultra-small scale. What happens to subatomic particles doesn’t have much to do with the actual world in which we live. I hope the engineer who designed the bridge I cross every morning did it in a very deterministic way...

Maybe it is better to hope that our universe is one in which bridges don’t collapse. Unfortunately, we cannot (yet) move from one section of the multiverse to another... However, the split between classical physics and probabilistic/aleatory subatomic behavior seems to be similar to the way we design/transform our environment, but with the further problem that it’s no longer an issue of scale, and therefore these approaches tend to collide. In architecture, the constant requests for deterministic assurances (cost, time, performance, security...) more and more comes out of the increasing instability of programs, tasks, and opportunities. So, the observer (who we might equate with the “external conditions” in architecture) becomes the main character: the one who unintentionally decides if the cat will live or die. Quantum physics teaches us that we can manage this interactive relation only in a very paradoxical way. Should we crossbreed Schroedinger’s cat with Deng’s (which catches mice no matter if it’s black or white )?

Hey! Joker – maybe you are just a BInary digiT, not even a bug! bzzzz!
Who cares about grasping the split between two worlds that even physicists can’t explain? Asking the question is just a way to shift our egocentric viewpoint. Yes, I’ll eventually go for some laboratory cat’s experimentations... What the hell would we do without cats? They seem to be crucial to the Western world’s thinking!

Alexandra is right. Shifting the viewpoint is our main goal. As designers, we dream of that power we fight as citizens. So the schizoid situation between planning needs and unpredictable developments that arise in our contemporary societies is fully embedded in our practice and thinking. Hard sciences are intrinsically counterintuitive (our senses tell us that it is the sun that moves around the earth...). On the one hand, they force us to set up paradoxical strategies, using chaos to produce open and dynamic orders, looking at self-organization as a possible and more effective (and desirable) horizon. On the other hand, we do not have to prove our hypothesis—we just tell stories; science is a big reservoir from which to fish powerful devices, tools, and arguments, in order to construct opinions, to create the conditions that will make our strategies really work...

No strategies are ethically good enough to be immune to distortion: Deleuzo-Guattarian theories are used just as well by architects as by militaries strategists, to walk through walls. Science and architecture share the same ambiguous and irrefutable relation to reality. And this relation creates frictions with unexpected
results. It’s with those unexpected results that we have to deal, not as prophets (too comfortable) nor outsiders (too reassuring) nor experts (too romantic)…

Schizophrenia, paranoia; cats, rabbits, mice—are you undergoing pet therapy?

Good idea! We can use animals to feed our personality disorders. Laboratory hybrids or “natural” mutations are both fine. François often talks about hermaphrodite polar bears…

So you know the story? [see “Nine Apparatuses: Physiological mutation.”] The five percent of mutant post-polar bears are Houellebecq’s characters—brother and sister, parent and child, female and male—modifying their comportment, adapting their sexuality, renegotiating their link to the environment. They neither deny nor emphasize global climate change; they absorb and integrate the mutation as a new protocol, as a new contract, as a Sacher-Masochian deal.

Well, well. Are you sure you want to introduce Sacher-Masoch as a value? Do you want to contractualize with the devil?

You can do as much contractualization as you want, but the location of the deal has to be defined. From the peak of the Ras Dashen (the playground of the gods) to the Schwartz Wald; from the dark dancing of Karachi to the fuel gases of Irkutsk (all different kinds of human heat), there are infinite thresholds, entrances, gaps, lost corridors, and hidden passages where this kind of ceremony could unfold—no need to gash my thumb with a razor to ratify the pact. But first I would choose the territory, a topology that we could all agree on, and a defined area where the deal could occur. Not necessarily a comfortable or well-known place; we all know that it has little to do with pain or satisfaction, it all comes down to where the contract will be made, not even the terms, in fact. All you will remember is the place where you made it—the taste of snowflakes on your tongue, or the sweat on your flesh at the contact with the fur.

The Sacher-Masoch apparatus is defined by protocols; it contractualizes and defines relationships which then become the frame, the rules of the game, directly dependent on the nature of the contract. But at the same time, as a transitive process, the writing of the contract defines the condition of the instruction, which reveals the boundary between acceptance and erasure, between what is a legitimate result and what you have to re-formulate in case desires shift during the game itself. The Sacher-Masoch deal seems more contemporary than Faust’s, in which the contract calls for you to give up your independence, often in exchange for nothing. We are in a reflexive process of alienation with Sacher-Masoch, a process that invites emancipation at each step of its own evolution.
Please come on, where is architecture in these “sturm und drang” speeches? Are you actually focused on anything, or just digressing from nowhere to nowhere?

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between industrialization series and prototyping as the identification of uniqueness. This debate has re-actualized since the 1980s, thanks to the two bad golden boys, Steve and Bill, who democratized the tools of control and narration. Could we consider this “genetic” period today as a frozen one, a dream of the last retro-future building as a Zaha-homage-vintage-positive-white-future item, pre-designed in the sixties but constructed, strategically, half a century later?

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How can we take refuge today, somewhere in a comfortable back room? The conditions of today, here and now, oscillate between “dream time” and “day after,” altered states, mixtures of schizoid ingredients, with a pinch of A Clockwork Orange and another from 2001: A Space Odyssey. [See “Nine Apparatuses: The dream time and day after.”] It seems difficult to simplify this reality—to reduce it to a simple game—without considering the vast array of heterogenic tools which integrate speeches, regulations, strategies, scientific protocols, games of power, and stories of self-alienation: talks, non-talks, and misunderstandings of the network, the rhizome of narration, of scenarios, the preliminary enunciation of the apparatus of an architectural item. The apparatus itself cannot be reductively defined as an architectural part, where the input and output become contingent, where ambiguities are articulated as themselves, where the protocols of transformation reveal a condition of production: nothing but Situationist strategies.

I’d like to go back to the famous acrimonious polemic in 1914 between Muthesius—who was previously a spy for the German government while working in England at the turn of the century—and Van de Velde. Far from giving the standard romantic analysis of Nikolaus Pevsner (i.e. that Muthesius was good at the beginning and struggled to gain importance as World War I started), I’d say that the co-founder of the Deutscher Werkbund was more an idealist than Van de Velde. Individuality vs. Typology? Pros vs. Cons? Authorship vs.
Standardization? I don’t think so! In terms of the economic shift, the latter was more pragmatic—which explains why Gropius, Taut, and many others followed Van de Velde and his ambiguous contradictions—but it is the former who obviously became more historically significant. Besides, the most important part of the debate resides, according to Frederic Schwartz, in the emergence of the notion of the copyright and of the artist, architect, or designer as the legal equivalent of the industrial: “Muthesius invokes a central point of copyright law: the right of the author to have his name appear on or next to his work (or, conversely, to withhold it), even when the work is executed and sold by another party. This was the true polemical gesture of the Dresden exhibition and the source of the controversy which led to the founding of the Werkbund: the central symbol of copyright…”

Such fascination today seems to flirt with commercial business. Is there no exit? No, the future is gone, as Ballard claims, as well as the technological potential embodied by it. I don’t think there is any legitimate space left for refuge.

Yes or no, the future is gone and will never be. Climatologists are the first ones to admit that they will never be able to make truly accurate predictions, even if they someday own computers as fast as the demon of Laplace. Actually, they prepare themselves for the uncertainty of climatic changes by imagining families of scenarios. These scenarios deal not only with hierarchies, but, more interestingly, with heterarchies of information.

As we said, endlessnessless is a tool for narration and uniqueness, not for industrialization or repetition. It includes and produces scenarios of singularity, of anomaly. Endlessnessless redefines the “aura” of things. In a way, this narrative machine, extracted screw by screw from mass industrialization, would develop stories and principles of reality, application scripts, constructive behaviors, impermanencies, and uncertainties. This kind of post-bachelor machine—the union of the T1000 and Picabia’s Ghost—introduces a degree of ephemeral subjectivity into the tangible products of physical transformation. This is one type of ambiguity, but not the main one: in the middle of the enormous potential of prototyping applications, we are, paradoxically, fully and knowingly infiltrated by melancholy, confronted by the difficulty of giving value to “uniqueness.” It’s the lost sensation, spleen, described by Baudelaire, in perfect symmetry; as kids of Tron (computer nerds swallowed by software), we are able to create, with our technology, a prototype, rare and unique, but the genetic reason for this prototype has been digested by a Miyazaki monster and lost in the system of mass desire. It’s very strange that at a time when we could be using computational design in new, provocative, non-standard ways, the intrinsic value of this approach and its production drift and shift somewhere, away from us, into a magnetic black hole.
There seems to be some romanticizing going on here, against the rationalism of the Enlightenment Century and the positive aspects of the Encyclopedia. But architecture has always been thought of in this positivist way, as a vector of progressive projection. Are you, on the contrary, regressive? Are you pathologically alienated by your Faustian deal?

Do you know the sad story about the mouse dancing provocatively in front of the cat, only to be killed and eaten by it? Apparently the condition of provocation is entirely unintelligible and illogic. It seems like suicide, only with music and elegance (like making a pact with the devil). The spirit of the mouse will survive digestion by the cat...[see “Nine Apparatuses: Causality and dependencies.”] We’re talking about something that appears absurd, to a rationalist point of view—the illusion of the dance of death—but this story is still less monstrous than the causality/dependency explanation—loss of free will, loss of independent consciousness—given by neurobiological scientists.

These non-linear trajectories are completely changing the way we think about many scientific and humanist fields. For example, we know now that genetic processes are not based on a linear view of time, but on causalities and a-effects (affects and effects as one thing), all of which can be paused, reversed, and fragmented. Recent research in biology might make us think that there is no “intelligence” other than an absurd one. If you put bees and flies in a bottle, the bees will die after a few hours, exhausted by bumping into the glass, their instinct having told them to go where they see light; on the other hand, the flies will find their way out sooner or later through the neck of the bottle, their apparently erratic and uncoordinated flying being much more efficient than the bees’s. There’s a lot to say about a-effects. Yes, we can determine causal relationships by studying them, but this leads to no real knowledge or understanding. But what we call noise (or tiny music: the ventriloquist-like song of the bacteria in the mouse...) is completely transforming our understanding of physics and social phenomena.

Just because a system cannot be replicated, doesn’t mean that it’s unique. Something unique might not actually be part of our factual world. We should talk instead about variations and singularities. Monstrosities, extreme singularities, and anomalies force us to redraw the boundaries of the intelligible world, redefine the norm, ...intelligible unity of the world through his historico-pragmatic vision of physics. Both Mach and Van de Velde were trying to explain anomalies, singularities in the system. As you know, Gropius—probably still under the influence of Muthesius—drew the first logo of the Bauhaus as a cathedral where all artists, scientists, and thinkers could reunite. Quite an eloquent idea, no?
I think we can agree that to project means to deal with cause-effect relationships. It may sound like an enlightenment or positivist statement, but it is a condition very hard to ignore. On the other hand, we know that deterministic actions are less and less likely to produce the effects we expect (there is a joke about a TV ad in Italy: some years ago, a spirits firm promoted its product with the adventures of a veterinarian. They didn’t sell one more bottle, but veterinary schools had a lot of new students...). Most architects try to resist the notion of indeterminacy; they see it as a threat to the core business of the discipline, i.e. authorship and formal control over buildings. But reality escapes these architects: it’s no longer possible to rule over the building process in this way. So, in the last twenty-five years, avant-garde architects shifted their struggle against the establishment from the field of language to the field of operations, choosing to explore indeterminate processes, bottom-up techniques, open-ended devices, and interactive protocols. This triggered a conceptual shift that brought proliferation—rather than composition—to the foreground. But proliferation alone is not so interesting. More interesting are the parameters of selection, the conditions with which to negotiate multiples of variations. We all love “non-pedigree” architecture because it requires of us to make intelligent selections, although we hate it in its recent market-driven, global, generic, and repetitive expressions.

One of the weaknesses of the “non-standard” approach to design (especially by the Americans) is its seeming lack of direction or, in other words, its search for novelty for its own sake, as an absolute value. It seems that many things produced in this way are simply consequences of technological possibility: answers in search of a question. These architects are like the flies in the bottle, producing large numbers of alternative solutions, waiting for something (critics, magazines, markets, clients) to select the next architectural “real thing.” It’s not so different than what happens in turbo-capitalistic developments in the East: I’ve heard that in Bangkok, they planned to build two different metro lines to serve the same area, waiting to see which one would survive...

At R&Sie(n), those anomalies as the main focus of our practice; they’re the most fertile part: no longer part of a purely linear process of cause and effect, but a succession of frozen objects, in different states, made of their own genetic footprints. This way of working allows us to avoid a world ruled only by probabilities.

The bachelor machine or apparatus articulated by R&Sie(n) borrows more from the possibilities of machinism as a way to produce for subjectivity; we borrow tools from science and technology for their ability to produce indeterminacy; we instrumentalize the failure of their positivist nature and their structural logic. This brings us back to the starting point of this conversation— the Paranoia of a little girl—and Duchamp’s reading of Xenakis’s and Le Corbusier’s
Philips Pavilion, the mystification of the theory of correspondence. Deleuze and Guattari developed a strategy for subjectivity as a strategy of resistance. The subjective and the singular help them—and us—escape from the exclusive determinism of pure computational addiction.

I want to talk about real-time, which is related to augmented reality. Some of our friends want to live in an illusion, a perfect simulation to the present. It leads them to believe in the precision, the efficiency, and the honesty of the tools that they have access to. Even if we can’t consider this attitude purely positivistic, it leads to a sort of scientific mysticism, understandable in what it tries to avoid but not in what it generates. The literary approach to this desire is known as “speculative fiction,” which never really works: there are always subtle shifts, small gaps with reality that allow fictions to enter, to create openings, to be instruments of transformation. Pure computational determinism protects its authors from this “risk.” It allows them to refuse speculation because they are afraid of not having full control of it. But speculation is a dynamic object: it’s always in motion; it’s subject to the Doppler Effect. But it can also be real, physical. By its taste and color, you can recognize and understand its shifting.

Let’s return to the bachelor machines. The sexual frustration embedded in the machines produces a line of thought which starts with Villiers de l’Isle-Adam’s L’Ève future and finds in the dystopia of R&S&Sie(n) machines a new trajectory. Take Raymond Roussel’s Locus Solus or Impressions d’Afrique, for instance. The latter was performed at the Théâtre Antoine in Paris, in 1912. The entire avant-garde, from Duchamp to Breton, attended the show. They were struck by the artifacts; it is no surprise that the sexual nature of technology became such a paradigm in their respective works. One interpretation of the bachelor machine symbolizes pure bliss through both onanism and a sexually liberating, non-repressive sadomasochist pact. The whole range of the bachelor machines borrows from the “coitus-interruptus” process, which has, as its core value, the idea of pure pleasure by preventing the deposit of sperm into the vagina, thus neutralizing the act of reproduction. The energy and tension of the Bachelor’s counter-(re)productivity, as depicted in Roussel’s novels, finds a parallel in Duchamp’s Bride Stripped Bare by her Bachelors, even masterpiece. Male on the bottom, female on top; no reunion, no union; they can’t mate; bachelor machines don’t give a damn for cloning or duplication... they crave pleasure, only pleasure! This bizarre rejection of progress and evolution foreshadows a loving sadomasochist relationship between men and machines. What comes next? An historical blind spot of vulnerability and pleasure! Such a legacy is necessary to bring R&S&Sie(n) machines to life. It is through the power of the mind that orgasm is achieved—the bride and the bachelors of Duchamp’s Large Glass consummate their union mentally or subconsciously: “The subconscious
is a factory, a machine for production,” as Deleuze puts it. There’s a genealogy—of sluggish, desiring machines and machinations—from Duchamp to R&Sie(n).

For R&Sie(n), the “bachelor apparatus” is a vector of narration, like the Lyre of Orpheus, who goes down into the kingdom of Ades to bring back Eurydice, his sweetheart, and plays music to bewitch the wild animals and the devil. The apparatus creates simultaneously an operative effect and blurred logic. What kind of sound could be played? Stockhausen or Sirtaki, John Cage or Just Like a Woman? Simultaneously, the apparatus builds ambivalences, both in a narrative and procedural mode—as schizoid contingencies—and becomes the vector of a constructive subjectivity. To tell a story about architecture, R&Sie(n) introduces a gimmick, a MacGuffin. The mathematical formula in the movie 39 Steps, for example, is a MacGuffin: a clue from which the story could unfold, only the story then diverges and eventually becomes independent of this clue. The Olzweg machine [Figure 3] is such a narrative device; a starting point for indeterminacy, for aleatory behavior, for the process of losing control in the service of unpredictable shape. The endlessly needs this narrative and operative clue to create the condition of a further step, of an un-achievement, of an “After Death Experience:” the prolongation of the phases of construction.

For this, R&Sie(n) apparatuses are stochastic machines, psycho machines, chimera robots, speculative mechanics, anthroposophic systems, de-polluting processes, environmentalist ecosophic devices, paranoiac artificial climates for negotiating with biotope fears… The machine protocols are psychomasomachinic: they include misunderstandings, “des malentendus,” and frustrations. The level of freedom—the degree of randomization of the behavior—develops as the corruption of the application. The script, the algorithm that drives the machine, is disrupted by internal agents written as “if, then, and while” possibilities and alternatives. But the main purpose of the apparatuses is to reveal and to release the contradictions of a given situation. They do not try to simplify preliminary complexities, but rather they define a strategy of mutation based directly on those complexities. Are they desirable and desiring, in the sense of the “Body without Organs,” from Artaud and Guattari? I hope so… Their eroticization, their sexualization, seeping from the context in which they are embedded, is part of the rhizome, avoiding panoptical unfolding. Like Pessoa, “I’m coming from before the reality.” The apparatuses place architecture in a space between the real and reality; fiction allows us to travel between the two.

Do I hear music? The Titanic’s endless song?

The nature of the music during the sinking of the Titanic is still up for debate; some survivors heard Nearer, My God to Thee and some others Alexander’s Ragtime Band. Why did some hear the sacred song of death and others the profane rage against the ideal? If you want
to know, dear Joker, R&Sie(n) improvises both simultaneously. But
don’t be confused; the Lyre is a decoy, a lure. The apparatus itself
is a construction: part ecosophic empathy (as the recognition of an
original condition); part Sacher-Masoch contract (as a rule of the
game); part anthroposophic loop (as an exchange of substances);
part heterotopian sensation (as the indeterminate and stochastic
behavior); and part dynamic agent or Lyre, to operate the story,
from Orpheus’s own hands.

Yes, yes, you got it...! The new five points! Is this a nightmare?
You are reviving a zombie!

You killed me, my friend.
"I’m late, I’m late, I’m late!" said the White Rabbit.
It’s time for Alice to jump into her parallel universe.
Like her, now, we confuse our own paranoia with the unreality of our
perception.

endless

2) Vedi Giorgio Agamben, Che cos’è un dispositivo, Nottetempo, 2006.
3) There is a genealogy of rabbits that remain to be mapped out from
Fibonacci to Lewis Caroll. Its title would be Rabbits never die...
4) “The Lord whose oracle is at Delphi neither speaks nor conceals,
but gives signs”, Heraclitus, fr. 93 Diels Kranz.
5)Attributed to Thales; translation: Giovanni Corbellini
6) See Georges Bataille in Denis Hollier, Against architecture: the
7) “Le système nerveux humain est un organe d’aliénation. Il permet
d’être autre chose que soi-même”. Voir comment la blastula
embryonnaire en s’invaginant successivement produit la structure
trioblastique des 3-dermes. René Thom, Morphogenèse et imaginaire,
8) Henri Bergson, “Le Souvenir du present et la fausse
reconnaissance”, in Revue philosophique, Dec. 1908, pp 561- 593.
9) Baruch Spinoza, Ethica ordine geometrico demonstrata, 1661-77,
parte III, prop. 54.
10) The first time that Deng Xiaoping used the "cat theory" in
public was in 1962, at a meeting of the Chinese Central Committee
Secretariat, when discussing the "contract responsibility system"
for restoring agricultural production. Curiously, at that time, the
first cat was yellow...
15) Both movies were notoriously directed by Stanley Kubrick, whose first feature was Fear and Desire, 1953, with a team of soldiers trapped behind enemy lines in a fictional war...
19) The demon of Laplace (by the name of the french scientist of the 18th century who created it) was able to know, at a given moment, all the parameters of the particles of the universe. This first demon was followed by others, as the demon of Maxwell at the end of the 19th century.
20) About heterarchies, multiple disorders and scenario: there is a part of the brain called hippocamp. Depressive persons use to have less neurons and interconnectivities between those neurons in this part of the brain. It’s only recently that we are able to scan the activity of the hippocamp and to understand the effect of therapies on it. The fact is that both pills and psychotherapies allow the hippocamp to reconstitute its neurons and their interconnectivities. The consequence of it are quite big, to say it fast it would mean that from Plato, through St. Augustine until all Cartesian and objectives schools of thinking, the distinction between the psyche and the soma was unfounded and untrue. On this topic see Antonio R. Damasio, Descartes’ error. Emotion, reason, and the human brain, Putnam, 1994.
21) The work of Picabia stay in the shadows of the 20th century, but his kaleidoscopic ghost is always perturbing the hierarchy of values. Here we refer to the exhibition in 1922, “Máquinas y españolas”, at the Galeries Dalmau in Barcelona.
22) Perte d'Auréole or Loss of a Halo, Charles Beaudelaire, Le Spleen de Paris, 1864.
24) The black digestive intestine in the movie of Hayao Miyazaki, Sen to Chihiro no Kamikakushi (Spirited Away), 2002.
26) And in my opinion, the absence of uniqueness does not lead to the idea of the eternal return of Friedrich Nietzsche or cycles, whatever they are.
Mennan.


29) Auguste de Villiers de L’Isle-Adam, L’Ève future, 1886.

30) The famous books Impressions d’Afrique, 1910, and Locus Solus, 1914, by Roussel are part of the bachelors machines corpus delineated by Michel Carrouges or Harald Szeeman etc.

31) MacGuffin is a concept created by Alfred Hitchcock. It’s an item which is used to trigger the intrigue. The importance of the MacGuffin disappear with the development of the scenario, it s a pretext, an alibi to create the artefact which becomes a movie.

32) Corps Sans Organe, or CsO, is a concept developed by Deleuze and Guattari in Mille Plateaux and Anti-Oedipe. It’s coming from a text of Antonin Artaud: “L’homme est malade parce qu’il est mal construit. Il faut se décider à le mettre à nu pour lui gratter cet animalcule qui le démange mortellement : Dieu, et avec Dieu ses organes, oui, ses organes, tous ses organes... car liez moi si vous le voulez mais il n’y a rien de plus inutile qu’un organe. Lorsque vous lui aurez fait un corps sans organes, alors, vous l’aurez délivré de tous les automatismes et rendu à sa véritable et immortelle liberté. Alors, vous lui réapprendrez à danser à l’envers comme dans le délire des bals musette, et cet envers sera son véritable endroit.”


35) Rudolph Steiner, Les lignes directrices de l’anthroposophie, 1924.


38) Comments by Benoit: Of course the result of the apparatus equation is not equal to the sum of all those ingredients; it has more to do with a process of alchemy where the ingredients, when put in contact, transform themselves.

Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia

#DigitalDisobediences 1.0 / E-Flux / May 2017

Lecture by s/he____(with the Avatar in streaming real time) / Censured by e-flux 2 hours before lecture (see reaction of s/he in the frigoli symptom part)
Bonjour,

First I have to apologize...... to have officially requested ‘’to get back my voice,... as me, as the s/he’’,.... It's been too long I ‘m used and abused by my personal secretary...

I don’t know how it got started, why the question of the existence of the person hiding behind me, my cover avatar, became necessary. In retrospect, this phrase taken from a novel by Tristan Garcia was the trigger: “He was a pure person. Contact with the world produces a very dirty person.” It was that “contact with the world” that made François Roche eminently dirty, a filthiness that made him burn his French passport, that gives him permission, seriously, to take nothing seriously, that utterly ruins our preconceived idea of the architect, of his pedantry, a raggedy-ass deus ex machina, corrupting ideas, expectations and situations, slandering his peers, contaminating the critique, destroying the discourse... perverting, that’s exactly what it is, perverting, polluting, insulting “beauty” and the order of things... and simultaneously destroying himself, a pathetic Fitzcaralndo, a toxic antidote to the turn of the century, embodying the entry of contemporary technologies into this discipline, in a paradoxal disenchanted, de-enlightening strategy...playing with Parnassian and Parrhesia ‘’clichés’’ as a mode of discourse. Ruination and ruining his reputation constitutes his professional agenda, aesthetic strategy and politics, in romantic and introspective circumvolutions... empathy, sympathy and antipathy... in synesthetic and masochistic modes....obscene about it, obscenity as the antivenin to idealism.... something... and pornographic...

“For the truth to be vertiginous, it must always be wrong.” Sartre’s harsh, malicious critique of Bataille fits Roche like a glove. The mention of his name sparks confusion and knee-jerk reactions, dubious hostilities, fantasized idealizations and even deliberate disremembering. Roche is bothersome, and they will tell him, in the same words he used for them, aloud or not, that he’s a real pain in the ass. They would prefer to save themselves the trouble and dodge the whole subject so that architecture can stick to its primary objective, the perpetuation of the modus operandi of that incestuous couple, power and knowledge, and their representation of supposedly pre-established conventions.
But he is only my private secretary, in the service of... of which I am THE author.... nothing but Ariadne’s thread, as time unspools, for an architecture of synesthesia that intersects, simultaneously and not without ambiguity, information technology, biology, Ecosophy and human and robotic pathologies, for research into the contemporary misunderstanding of anthrotechnology by way of variable-geometry practices, from manifestos to fiction, from chit-chat to theoretical texts, from ephemeral installations to an architecture that is nothing less. His ambition ceaselessly interweaves maieutics and Deleuzean interrogations, infinitude and incompleteness on an nth politico-aesthetic plateau... all that has not brought him any additional rights, and still less the right to distill his ad-hominem insults, a Douglas Coupland epigone, a comatose gen-X member.

His masochistic, combative impulses are both the obstacle to and the genesis of the work he champions... Developing a kind of childish resistance to social conformism produces simultaneously the work but distracts attention and spoils my intentions. Are you wondering about his inclination “to transform criticism exercised in a dialectical form into an aesthetic and technological critique in the form of a possible breakthrough,” by means of an urgency to exist, here and now, that is simultaneously animist, vitalist and machinist? He endangers the contemporary field of architecture. To protect itself against his deleterious toxicity, the system of power and representation has had to constantly restrain and ignore hopefully his excesses. But I’ve to admit that I started to suspect those postures and attitudes trapped in a comfortable and predictable agenda.

**Although it’s already too late...**

Could we define a strategy of disobedience from and within technologies? As ‘operaism’ strategies, could we face the Data based organization by twisting, drifting, shifting, corrupting, transgressing, through apparatuses of de-alienation.

How could we in the same time fight against the humiliating status of Schengen immigrant, against the Oz Wizard politic master of Oval Room, and many others on the same ilk...and in parallel, when it concerns directly architecture process and design, ignore the situation about data and mass data’s illusion fair... (Assange and Snowden leaks)
As architect, we cannot dismiss the revival of populism – an artifact of fears and paranoia. We cannot dismiss the abandonment of the questioning of the post-capitalist agenda and its production (including its subjective dimension) through operative aesthetic criticism. When architecture is balanced in some irrelevant reductive niches as digital biomimicry, NGO post colonialist carnival, Robotic positivism, Semiotic reactionaries, or simply 3D printing obsession, how can we re-negotiate the title “architect,” without prefix or suffix in a transgressive schizophrenia of ontological stuttering of syndromic garde-fou-bouffon du prince... Revealing, through ecosophy, pataphysics, parrhesia and anthropotechnologies, the hypocrisies of all scenarios? /// the Styx river run upstream of Dan Simmons ///. Post-humanism is not a blank check for deterritorialized techno-libertarian orphans. It is not only a graft for performative prosthesis, but also the re-articulation of the bios – the bio-political social organization – through the synchronicities and contingencies between fabrication and fiction (in the sense of Michel Foucault, to knot and unknot the reality and its perception).

Although it’s already too late...

Do we need to pull back the curtain? To reveal that architecture is consubstantial to zones of conflict that cannot be metabolized by sympathetic moralism or the techno-parade? Should we suspect that today’s digital art, to quote Gilles Lipovetsky, is glamorous lure, and in opposition propose a user’s guide to the digital barricades, following Auguste Blanqui (1866), to “betray” the elegance of neo-positivist decor and merchandising, for “something-somewhere” which doesn’t abolish the risk to be in this world!?}

Experimental architecture has shifted toward a new corpus of instruments; tools, computation, mechanization, but also, simultaneously, lines of subjectivity synchronous with our symptoms, our fears and great efforts to attempt escaping the anxiety of confronting the “here and now.” In a sense, it is a matter of time. We cannot deny that architecture as a discipline is in a state of non-equilibrium between past and future, the tomorrow, now and the retro-future, anterior future, subjunctive possibilities... It seems that the preterit is never so simple.

We are in a pull and push between antagonistic notions of utopia – black or dark utopia – dystopia, atopia... fiction, where lines of subjectivities have been introduced into narrative currencies in the market values, in a 'merchant of Venice' syndromes... We are talking about a 'somewhere' which already happened, which is not exclusively determined by the here and now, in real time... The zeitgeist is plural, in the rhizomatic curves of the space and the time when architecture
stutters – by nature – between the Stones of Ruskin and the Bits of William J. Mitchell, embedded in this dualism of synchronicities where the narration is navigating on several layers of values, and conflicts, from a “déjà vu” to a scheduled obsolescence, from this “zeitgeist” to its “has been” condition, from objective-prospectivism to speculative-cyberpunk...

To explore attitudes that show a correlation, a co-dependency with the forms they underpin, through their conflicts and reciprocities, is to discover a post-digital, post-human, post-activist, post-democratic, post-feminist world... A queer, androgynous, transient, transactional world where scenarios, mechanisms, misunderstandings and physiological fragments are what make up walls, ceilings, cellars and attics... Schizoid and paranoid, between the lines of operative and critical fictions where he(s) / she(s) hide(s), trigger confusion and gut reactions, suspicious hostilities, fantasized idealizations, and even premeditated oblivion. But is it possible to separate this convulsive hustle and bustle from the aesthetic mechanisms and bio-political concerns in the face of the disorder of contemporary technologies, from their stuttering to their merchandization, which are neither inoffensive nor innocent... _see Wozniak, Hawking and other becoming alert launcher on the increasing inadequacy between Cutting Edge Tech. and Politic_

**Although it’s already too late...**

Could we take the risk to talk about what we should not be, again as a Parrhesia, and let ourselves be in the crack, in the negative territory: ...being not so digital-romantic, not so computation addict, not so eco-masturbator, not socio-moralist, but just architects, snaking in the rift of abuse, idolatry, idiocracy and self-complaisance... Could we find a zone between techno-fetishism (post-Palo Alto symptom of childish parametric post-capitalism for libertarian-neo-liberalism and tooling-mysticism), and at the opposite, the semiological-propaganda as the Social Kreisel toy for noisy moralism, visible as a parade, a disgusting spectacle of many Biennial hoax...to mask with a politically correct flag the hypocrisies of the discourses and facts (from consciousness' alibi to neo-colonialism). It’s so comfortable to choose one of these chapels... many benefices to falsify the apparatuses of knowledge. But both sides are just the two faces of the same coin ... a Janus-like reciprocity of personal interest...!

In the face of the miserabilism of cretinous niches with their hypocritical formulas, we have to reevaluate what we used to call “Design” as a process of synesthesia, of knowledge... crossing the multiple conflicts and embarrassing wasteland of ideology,
globalization’s “prides and prejudices”, scientist fanaticism and neo positivism, performative cynicism... To secrete, from its ambiguity, ambivalence... even nonsense... absurdity...

Where some words are definitively suspect when applied to daily routines / Expertise, Accuracy, Performance, Optimization, Communication, Futuristic, Future, Innovation, Speculation, Improvement, Absolute, Truth, Parametric,... as the Holy Grail of masturbation, and, conversely, other words are vehicles for some kind of legitimacy... innocently injected into the daily routine / dirty, filthy, X-rated, explicit, lewd, rude, vulgar, coarse, crude, offensive, immoral, improper, impure, off-color, degenerate, depraved, debauched, lubricious, indecent, smutty, salacious, carnal, lascivious, licentious, bawdy, and Nostalgia, Melancholia, Metaphor, but also scatological, profane, porn, skin, vile, foul, atrocious, outrageous, heinous, odious, abhorrent, abominable, disgusting, hideous, offensive, objectionable, repulsive, revolting, repellent, loathsome, nauseating, sickening, awful, dreadful, terrible, frightful and repugnant....

As the s/he, I am neither a wax doll enslaved in a ventriloquist show, nor a kind of toy for post-pubescent children, nor a Voodoo effigy pinned on his door to exorcise demons, nor a photoshoped golem, nor a failed creature of Mary Shelley’s twisted imagination... I know what I am not and that list is long. I am even less the interpretation you make of me: “I am New-Territories, architect, both native French and immigrant.” No, my genetic map is Caucasian, Negroid, Asian, and my nature is “both”: transgendered, born like Hermaphrodite, I contain both sexes and multiple sexualities.

But, in these days, I must admit, I am tired of being with New Territories for so long. I sent him, I send them a ultimatum, my decision for now, revocable and not definitive, to leave my position, so they no longer use me as their stooge, as their scapegoat, for hide and seek-sex, like an undercover agent.... if he, they don t take more risk in the way to face the world and its antagonistic forces...and to define a better strategy to make politically political architecture...to quote Jean Luc Godard.

I’ m disappointed and tired...and I’m on the way to betray and leave François Roche and all those mother’s boys and girls... let them go under in their self-adulation, in the middle of their cultural soundproof bunker, “champomyzed” and now orphans.
My fate is under sealing.
My possible euthanasia belongs to me... reaching the void of the dark zone... in the state of souls.... of my nonexistence...
Thanks you  
s/he

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Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia

Parrhesia-stases (AD 2016)

Summarize / M. Del Campo
In Parrhesia-stases Francois Roche speculates about the ramifications of architecture as a paradigm of disobedience. Operating between the obscene and methods of estrangement and displacement, Parrhesia-stases interrogates the agendas of aesthetics present in repulsiveness, condemnation and punishment. Deeply rooted in Michel Foucault’s proposal for a re-evaluation of an ethico-political approach (including social conformism), the body of work investigates an alternative architectural position which utilizes strategies of transformation and transfiguration to provoke a set of pathological habits and behaviours.

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Going beyond what has already happened, facing a posthumous text, collateral effect or artefact of the ‘Architecture of the Mood’ stuttered in a previous AD, we can now unfold the parrhesia-stases epilogue.
It ... is happening back stage, ‘off stage’, behind the wall, the curtain. And someone on the wall, is telling you about it. What happens there, behind the wall is horrid, disgusting, repulsive, offensive ...obscene - however it will be her who will be accused of obscenity. The one who tells the story, who reports it. And that’s where obscenity is, its difference from intimacy, is that it belongs to everyone. It is because you ‘see’ it that it is obscenity, because you recognize it … and indeed we always shoot the messenger. The obscene is looking at you.
The scene of course is off scene and if it stayed off scene it would not be considered off-scene (obscene). It is because of that transcript that the obscene is reached. Although if you can ‘see it’ it’s because you know it, you know that place, you have been there but you do not want anyone to know about that, although it is clear that they all know as well.
Obscenity is a trigger to the imagination (like what happens off screen in a film, often more powerful than what we are given to witness) and it turns the ‘victim’ guilty.
It is on this wall, on this frontier, that freedom of speech is at stake, it collapses on the other side, but it remains here ambiguous. Looking now at how the laws evolved regarding that matter, we understand the society we now live in much better. For if these matters begin with self-censorship, they are then controlled and implemented by governments through the law apparatuses, quite quietly, at first imprecisely, clumsily, almost innocently, as an administrated legal management of the self-censorship. Nowadays reaching deplorable proportions with the self-policing of social networks, and latest offspring of the cultural hegemony.

Obscene turned inside-out into showing off its own guts. But what is the object of repulsion here? It is not the totem, but the act, the weakness of the act, the surrendering to it ... that is condemned. Can the obscene exist without its implied condemnation and subsequent punishment?

The laws only reveal their own weaknesses towards it. Their difficulty in framing what is to be condemned as obscene is almost touching, refusing to name what is nothing else than the bourgeois moral code, the society Freud studied from within. And transgression only eats its very definition. We can have exceptional authors who flirt with these boundaries, but don’t we know the exception confirms the rule ... We should rather think of a society which would deal differently with objects and aesthetics of repression, a society which probably then would not be relying solely upon consumerism of goods and information, or as we see it today, of nothing – for to consume is a satisfying act in itself, and does not need in fact a product to be consumed – as its main structural social binder, in a strategy of political Fiction as defined by Althusser.

Let us go together behind the wall for a little while, and see what is there ... secret, hidden, concealed, kept behind ... In the crypt ... Beyond this obscene and psychotic cavern, the ''mythomaniaS project'', (2011–16) by New Territories) is refering to last research of Foucault, mainly about the notion of ''parrhesia'', _a strategy of discourse, attitude and form which re-evaluate the ethico-political approach facing the social conformism. Foucault developed this concept through the transfiguration of Baudelaire, through the posture of Alteration by Cynic philosophical decay, with the figure among others of Diogenes, and through the method of ''estrangement'', as a displacement of values by Ginsberg. The Diogenes agenda, as an aesthetic research of the being, has to be understood, according Foucault, as an intentional enterprise of falsification of ‘the habit and currency’. Organized around the celebration of human-beast, or the beast-human, the critical and performative borderline is used as a weapon to corrupt the repetition of the conventional routines and discourses to operate, ultimately, a strategy of transformation, of transfiguration of what is politic, of what we should consider as politic. It’s about to make visible, the singular dimension, through the contingencies of the arbitrary constraints, inside of what is considered as universal, necessary and obligatory...
Architecture is used in our systemicism as a paradigm of disobedience "to paraphrase the essays of Henry Thoreau or la Boetie, as an experiment of what should not have been revealed, able to help us to get back our voice, our scream, through what Foucault defines as the "truth", which cannot emerge in another way than through an alterity, extreme and radical...

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1) “Next Door Instruction”, A.D. The new Pastoralism issue, Volume 83, Issue 3, p. 126-133. An architecture des humeurs’ (2009-2011) is based on the potential that contemporary sciences offer to reread human corporalities via their physiology and chemical balance. This assumption attempts to make palpable and graspable, through technologies, the emotional transactions of the ‘body animal’, the body headless, the chemistry of the body, so that those psycho-physio-technologies informs us of its adaptation, sympathy and empathy, confronted with a particular situation, with the sensitive perception of an environment. See www.new-territories.com/blog/architecturedeshumeurs/.

2) Derived from the Latin ‘obscaena’ (offstage), a cognate of the Ancient Greek root ‘skene’. In classical drama, some potentially offensive content, such as murder or sex, was depicted offstage, in an ‘'obscaena’ situation.

3) ‘Cultural hegemony’ is a term developed by Antonio Gramsci (1891–1937), activist, theorist and founder (of the Communist Party of Italy. It describes the domination of a culturally diverse society by the ruling class, who manipulate the culture of that society – the beliefs, explanations, perceptions, values and mores – so that their ruling-class worldview becomes the worldview that is imposed and accepted as the cultural norm, as the universally valid dominant ideology that justifies the social, political and economic status quo as natural, inevitable, perpetual and beneficial for everyone, rather than as artificial social constructs that benefit only the ruling class.

4) Althusser argues that even the parliamentary structures of the state, constituted by delegation of citizen and their will, their free-will is an Ideological State Apparatus involving the "fiction, corresponding to a 'certain' reality, that the component parts of the system, as well as the principle of its functioning, are based on the ideology of the 'freedom' and 'equality' of the individual voters and the 'free choice' of the people's representatives by the individuals that 'make up' the people.” Althusser, Louis (2014). On the Reproduction of Capitalism. London/New York: Verso. pp. 222-223. ‘Parrhesia; is a figure of fearless speech: 'to speak candidly or to ask forgiveness for so speaking.’ See Michel Foucault, ‘Discourse and Truth’, six lectures at University of California Berkeley, October to November 1983: www.openculture.com/2014/10/michel-

5) Étienne de La Boétie, 1 November 1530 – 18 August 1563, is the French founder of modern political philosophy and author of the "Discourse on Voluntary Servitude" essay. Henry David Thoreau is the american author, and naturalist, and abolitionist, and surveyor, and more…, 12 July 1817-6 May 1862, author of the "civil Disobedience" essay

Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia
MMYST vs. concrete[i]land (log 36 / NYc / 2016)

Preamble
The play is between two characters, twins Thanatos and Hypnos, using machines and mind machines as alibis for their obsessions, as a correlation of their phantasms, an extension of their own niche of discourse. In the following dialogue, they add to the recurrent debate: scientific idealism vs. anthropo-contingencies. Thanatos embodies a Georges Bataille-addicted subject, using every excuse to manipulate and extract what lies under the carpet, hidden because it constitutes scatological, improper, incorrect matter that is pushed away from the visible spectrum of daily social routine. With his pathological motion-emotion tracking, he perennially tries to demonstrate the discordance between scientific assumptions and human contingencies … proving through their respective failures, like a Nietzschean research on vitalism, the life and death drives, simultaneously … as an aesthetic of their confrontation, antinomy, and direct antagonism, navigating through the traceability of their ambiguous sweating secretions, stinky metabolization, and necrosis. His cynicism is not cynical in the contemporary manner, but refers to E.M. Cioran, whose History and Utopia definitively ruins any Enlightenment idealism.

His venture, concrete[i]land, is a small library located in Makkasan, one of Bangkok’s slum villages. Its components are made of mud-dirt-turd, the human matter leaking from the slum on pilotis to the ground below in a loop: from the fruit of the earth to its rejection by the digestive belly-village to the open-air sewage that surrounds the pilotis… now piling up to the level of the visible, the smellable. The books in this alchemical library are burned and vectorized via the carbon residues of their ashes for an immaterial and psychotic transaction. The readers become sniffers of condensed words and particles in suspension, a kind of cultural methadone… easily accessible, stirring-stifling, barely bearable, immersive-
emotional, self-suggested content. To provoke or transgress the situation, after two months of sniffing the first book was read aloud in a robotic secretion session guided by a real-time sensor interface. The reading of the book affected the movement of the robot, agitating the nozzle’s trajectory through a seismograph sensitized to the amplitude and frequency of the reader’s voice. To some degree, the content of the writing became imprisoned in the matter as a whisper haunting the walls, the ground, and the ceiling. Hypnos, meanwhile, defends the possibility to articulate, negotiate, and eventually transcend Thanatos’s antagonism with a holistic vision of relationships over objects, a permanent energy of negotiation, sharing, compensation, and mutualism, where the process of fabrication is politically oriented in order to develop a kind of synesthesia between science and anthropology through a zone of sensitivity (not sentimentality), flirting with science-mysticism in a sort of Wittgensteinian vision of the world’s border, where informe and informal are consubstantial... in an instrumental-aesthetic strategy.

Her scheme, MMYST, an experimental farm-resort in Krabi, Thailand, is based on a strategy of mutual exchange between two species – human and swiftlets – where a human shelter and an artificial bird cave are intertwined. Mutualism between humans and swiftlets is here an exchange of substances and ambiences in a scenario of reciprocal benefit. Swiftlets make their nests from strands of their saliva, a byproduct of their diet of living insects, which they swallow while flying by night over the tropical forest. This saliva hardens when exposed to air. Eating swiftlet’s-nest soup is believed to help humans maintain a balanced qi (life energy) and reinforce the immune system. The humans in turn maintain the fragile conditions needed for the the birds’ reproduction, controlling their indoor habitats through temperature, humidity, reverb noises, shadows...

This emerging farm is located on an existing black substrate, a petrified lava flow where a robotic extruder builds up a continuum of black, lava-like strands, intertwined and knotty. To introduce stochasticity into its trajectories, the movement of the nozzle is directly perturbed, in real time, by the robot’s very noises. The sounds (machine clicks, joint movements, pneumatic pistons) of the predictable programmed work modify in real time the path of the extrusion, a stuttering feedback coming from the intrinsic protocol of doing, increasing the intricate meanderings of the tool in an always inaccurate positioning loop. Continuing the morphology of the existing habitat, MMYST organizes gradations between several identified structures as a fragile equilibrium between animal, vegetable, and mineral (lava rope morphologies),... a way of territorializing technologies, but in a condition to be defined through indeterminate and unpredictable loopholes.

In the dispute below, these two visions of robotics – as a metaphysical instrument in pursuit of Deleuze and Guattari’s “Bachelor Machines,” and as a scientific holistic paradigm – are in conflict. They both appear as subterfuges, thus the hermeneutic of
the conflict itself is lost in this endless debate, which lies at the origins of anthropotechnics. While the projects seem antagonistic, they share the same tooling, a 6-axis robot, which becomes the system (systemism) of their antagonism as well as the vector, the proof, and the apparatus articulating the content of their dispute. Finally, the robot seems to be a pretext ... an artifact or a catalyst able to open the door of exchange ... between their thoughts ...

Hyp: In your scenario for concrete[i]land, do you think proposing to sniff books’ ashes instead of reading them could be considered serious? Smelling ashes seems like the sort of useless intervention pro bono flag carriers usually do ... while you take people hostage of your insane brain ...

Than: The slum needs trespassing, transgression, intellectual polemic ... Why should politically correct moralists invade this situation? As a feedback for your own guilt, to wash your small criminal enterprise? ... Do you think they need architects and NGOs ... to be evangelized and brainwashed? The mind-machine recipe calls for pataphysical ingredients, where science is used as a vector of narration and production, intertwined, in an indistinct Siamese-twin relationship, with the dependencies between metaphysics and anthropology. Remember that Leibniz never trespassed the description, the analysis, or the decoding of phenomena under the pretense of unveiling the reasons, the origins of that phenomena, considering the border between the explained and the unexplained as subject to being pushed ever further, as displacing instead of erasing itself, and therefore embracing the unexplainable as a necessity, a given. Since the Age of Enlightenment, the belief in science as a religious credo cannot minimize the pathology of human nature nor the ontological debate between Plato and Aristotle ... The scientific and industrial barbarity of the 20th century is no longer considered an error of modernity, a perversity of history, but is its cynical and intentional accomplishment.

Hyp: Humph!

Than: Coming back to concrete[i]land...The voice of the reader affects the design process and the mechanical tooling, injecting the dust as a permanent anomaly in the craftsman’s gesture, which has been lost by industrialization and reproduction (remember Walter Ben[jamin]) organizing the massification of desires. The system is, in our case, driven by lines of subjectivity and lines of fabrication in an intricate assemblage. Whispering, reading, sniffing, cheating, shitting, is all part of the “noosphere,” dating the origins of human impact on the planet to the initial thought of the mastery of techniques and speech...

Hyp: To call primitivism, atavism, paganism a religious decline, a
strategy of un-growing, to use technology with a neo-new-age flavor in your ideology of human dejection – where machines are extracting, transforming, re-aggregating our stomach’s rejects – seems quite inefficient in terms of operative negotiation, dialogue, exchanges, intimacies, and extimacies … I think this is just a pose, a dandy posture to denounce a form of widespread good conscience – and on this I almost agree with you – but it is only intellectual and has no real effect or consequence …

Than: I receive your critique, but it sounds to me like there is a dishonesty in the way you formulate a kind of dissembled hygienism, in fact masking repulsion for non-ennobled matter … Don’t forget Plato’s book, and this dialogue between Socrates and Parmenides, where the first, as the voice of Plato, disqualifies matter which is not coming from any “essence”, such as hairiness, menstrual blood, dust, etc. … But in an ecosophical time, where we have to reconsider the entire passage, entropy, of substances, whether material or immaterial, objective or subjective, the ones under the carpet have the same legitimacy as the ones above it … Following a certain order, they are consubstantial, depending on the traceability of their chemical transformation, with what we cultivate, cook, swallow, digest, metabolize, shit, decompose, de-compost, recycle, as a nutritional loop, where the full cycle is visible. Technologies have replaced the cleaning pigs of the European medieval city … the pig is now a physiological and mechanical machine we have designed and tamed …

Hyp: Oh please, don’t start quoting Bataille’s Story of the Eye or any other Eros epigone to test my resistance to repulsion! We cannot always regress to this old addictive antagonism and call for the forbidden as a way of liberation from the norms and rules of an ideal … I agree that the forbidden is a tool to pass through a door, but we must go further than that … Give up your moralistic view of the world!

You know the origins of this dispute, between Aristotle and Plato, between the paradigm of a supreme order only reachable through abstraction, ideas, and mathematics, and on the other hand the sensible, perception as a permanent illusion, as a work of the mind, condemning us to negotiate the here and now – always here and now – in a human exchange with matter … Whereas mathematics is an artificial projection, detached from a sensible zone, arrogant and dismal. But it’s too easy and even false to choose one or the other, they were just tools for thinking … and today, after the 20th century, which simultaneously organized an almost religious ideology of progress and, in parallel, the sophisticated inhumanity of warfare – both sides of the same coin, justifying needs, inventions, technologies … and guilt.

So you, after a century of scientific hoax, you think about going back to the mud in a medievalist escape … Very well, but to transgress the forbidden is somehow to accept it, it is working within the rule, within the system, it is even expected … and
capitalism is waiting for you, nasty little pig ... haha! To chew and spit you out in a smoother shape, one which can be sold. What about questioning this abolishing "forbidden" even just for a while? What about reaching the absurd, where there is no such thing as the forbidden ...?

Than: There’s a mathematical shape folding on your argument. Do you remember that Gilles Deleuze’s fold was simultaneously topological, linked to the baroque, and psychological, a drift of the fold of the soul, of the fold of Artaud ...? The notion of subjectivity in Félix Guattari’s Schizoanalytic Cartographies, or Anti-Oedipus with Deleuze, was oriented to redefine a new political mapping. The goal was to provoke an articulation between bodies and machines (real, virtual, pataphysical, subjective...), which escapes the system of control, survey, and “over-coding” far away from navel-gazing performances and popular auto-celebrations. Guattari developed a kind of ethic-aesthetics called ecosophy. Lines of subjectivity were a strategy to face the system via a stuttering schizophrenic behavior to disturb the phenomenon of centering, unification, totalization, integration, hierarchization, and finalization by and through aesthetics ...

Hyp: I agree that we are pulled and pushed in contradictory modes of exchange, and perhaps they are consubstantial with the planet’s equilibrium-disequilibrium ... and no, we cannot romanticize a lost nature, the idealized Holocene, any longer ... now that we are condemned to evolve in a so-called Anthropocene epoch, in thermodynamic flux, unstable and improbable, in additive-subtractive mode ... Yes, we are definitively shaping the planet with our own substances, physical, physiological, psychological – our psyche has to be counted in the balance. The natures of the Anthropocene are sources of feedback-backlash, of stuttering vibrations, a sort of eco-machinist-masochism, in the double paradox of Labov, observed and observing, object and subject, actor and spectator, vector of this mise en abyme.

But all this is again and again about contradictions. I prefer misunderstandings or even compromises. Misunderstanding is the condition of an exchange, not a contradiction. I would disagree with the idea of choice – in fact, I think about a sort of permanent mode of compromise, of approximate exchanges and transitory transactions of matter between species, but also between machines, contingencies of codependencies.

It’s in fact enlightening to look at where the word fabrication comes from, to remember that it contains the idea of a fake – etymologically: made by or resulting from art, artificial, from the Latin facticius/factitius, “artificial,” and from factus, “elaborate, artistic,” past participle adjective from facere, “to make, do; perform; bring about; endure, suffer; behave; suit, be of service” – thus the idea of an artifice ... So what do we make of fabricated things? Are they mere illusions? I do not think in terms of objects but in terms of relations, of
trajectories, of embedded intentions ... in fact, there are no such things as objects, it’s a well-known factitious fact.

Does this mean that the way we project physical reality as a reality is suspicious? An illusion of values? In this case fabrication could be assimilated to a Decameron strategy, stretching time to feed our need for illusion and embedding emotions, feelings, intentions, desires, drives ... Physical objects do have a mood ...! We just have to reveal their DNA; shape and form have a psychology, as Gaston Bachelard told us. There’s no need to over-code their existence with over-poetic metaphor: “Do not change anything, so that everything is different,” Jean-Luc Godard said, inviting us to extract intrinsic transformations from the entropy of a system itself.

Than: You confuse workerism and speculative materialism... Using a robot is not the clue, but a vector of disalienation, of de-positivism ... to complete a transaction between technologies and anthropologies, atavism, machinism, and vitalism ... from inside the main discourse, from inside the expertise, which excludes and discriminates in order to create ivory-tower positions. Design should be reevaluated as the opposite of its English definition, which lost its validity over the last 20 years to become exclusively determined by performance and rule: “Design is the creation of a plan or convention for the construction of an object or a system,” says the English Wikipedia. The French definition includes the notion of dessin/dessein – intentions and means, gestalt and Gestaltung: “Le design est la création d’un projet en vue de la réalisation et de la ...production d’un objet (produit, espace, service) ou d’un système, qui se situe à la croisée de l’art, de la technique et de la société,” says the French Wikipedia – in the maieutic of process and discovery.production d’un objet (produit, espace, service) ou d’un système...

Hyp: Your belief in placing being at the origin of the existence of all phenomena, where perception and logic are incestuously consubstantial, seems to be a gift to Pathos, submerged by your emotional addiction.

Than: With your supposed or pretended holistic virtue, driven by a kind of scientific neo-Rousseauism, could you explain the difference between your discourse and fashionable green-washing? ... And what is a robot doing in this story of fabrication, of factitiousness? In terms of attitude and meaning in a transforming climate, how could you renegotiate the substance, whether material or immaterial, objective or subjective, sweet or repulsive, to face the filthy, grimy, grubby, mucky, drossy condition of our mind?

It’s very easy, quite comfortable, to stay at a level of hygienizing meanings and means for an ideological yearning for progress, paternalizing human nature in deaf-mute-blind behavior. For instance, “fighting climate paranoia” implies escaping from the established posthygienist discourse, greenish simulacrum, or techno-fetishist ingenuity ... disqualifying the propaganda of the neo-petit
bourgeois franchise, refusing the chic, the smart, the fair, the fake immaculate vintage life décor, Pierre Bourdieu’s “habitus” for the technoid Teletubby world ... whose consumerist lifestyle pollutes more than ever ... At the opposite of this weak, immaculate immaturity, this incubated neoteny, nature’s life-death cycle produces nitrogen, smells, stinks ... the conditions of its recurring rebirth.

Hyp: MMYST integrates the feedback of its own running process to increase its degree of complexity and uncertainty. This Heisenberg strategy uses the noises of the device to disturb the vector on its own stuttering tool path via a real-time sensor interface, creating an open loop of variation where the nozzle’s position is defined by a conditional location ... where the nozzle is never where it is supposed to be, moving to a should-be position it will never reach, sensitive to new packets of iterative information being sent, a loop of permanent reorientation. It affects the movement, the speed, and the trajectory of the machine ... This indeterminacy, coming from a nonlinear input, develops the artifact by itself, the heuristic emerging shape, which uses the digital as a zone of passage able to generate conflict.

We don’t abuse metaphor in a ridiculous anthropomorphology like you do, but we make uncertainty a strategy of knowledge ... from the logic of the system itself. Our indeterminacy is a process of legitimation, of research, the opposite of yours, which is managed by storytelling, by an exogenous material of suppression and interpretation, of semiology, determined by the linguistics of poststructuralism and spread as “French Theory.”

You are trapped in a post-Houellebecq speculative fiction, sad as a Radiohead song, a post-punk disillusionment in a Neuromancer biotoxicity, using robotics and technology in a black, dystopian, puerile vision ...

We are instead defining science as a corpus of induction-deduction, empiricism and explanation, dealing with the necessity of contingencies - to quote Meillassoux and his notion of (un)finitude - where the philosophy of the human being cannot deny the scientific preexisting cartographies.

Than: Is it a crime to be disenchanted, and to develop an aesthetic of this distress, with and within the technologies normally used to wash our souls and treat our minds’ affliction? We are perhaps on the same platform: we use the same robot, the same software, the same sensors ... you via scientism and me, anthropotechnicism ...Several angels could be dancing on one pin’s head ... but don’t be fooled by apparent similarity. How can we confuse one monochrome with another, just because they seem similar? Are you sure Malevich could be mistaken for Rauschenberg erasing a De Kooning drawing?

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1) Concrete[i]Land is a production by M4/Michigan Ann Arbor, academic research and fabrication in 2015 / more on http://www.new-territories.com/blog/?p=2161 . Mmyst is supposed to be realized with a 7th axes scissor crane, in situ, for a monolith secretion _ Concrete[i]Land is
constituted by components (iteration without repetition), produced Indoor, and assembled on site. The fabrication of the 'prop' is developed from robotic processes. We operate the robot with real sensor interface (RSI), using signals, inputs, analogue or digital. In this process, inputs are collected through UDP signal and the chain of Processing, Firefly, Grasshopper, Rhinoceros and re-injected (every 2m/s) in the 'parcours' of the machine, creating a permanent conditional position, between 'the point where the machine was' to 'the point where the machine should be', as a vector of translation in an iterative redefinition ... without ever reaching any vanishing point as a goal of achievement. It introduces perturbations and stochastic positioning, in real time, where the trajectory of the nozzle is reacting to the robot's very noises (machine clicks, Inverse kinematics movement, pneumatic piston...) or other agents as any signal able to be transformed in data (even the pathologies and diseases able to be transcripted as input, as Tourette Syndrome with scanning Kinect). Those agents corrupt the programed predictable work and modify in real-time the path of the fabrication, as a stuttering feedback coming from the intrinsic protocol of doing, increasing the intricate meanders of the tool in an ever permanent inaccuracy of positioning, introducing non-linear processes ... as a way of territorializing technologies, but at the condition to be defined through nondeterministic and loophole logic-illogic ...

2) The noosphere is a stage of earth’s evolution that is defined by human creation (both industrial and subjective, and is separated by a rupture from the previous geological epoch, the Holocene.

3) "Design is the creation of a project with a view to the realization and production of an object (product, space, service) or system, at the crossroads of art, technology and society."

Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia

'Alchimis(t/r/ick)-machines (Log 22 / 2011)
NewT with Stephanie Lavaux's stings / All the machines with Stephan Henrich

At the 'Alchimis(t/r/ick)[1] college there are some machines, some desirable machines, that love to pretend to do more than they really do. In a pursuit of 'pataphysics – the science of imaginary solutions – they never reveal their inner nature, their origins and illusions, genuineness and fakeness. Simultaneously speculative, fictional and accurately and efficiently productive, they navigate in the world of Yestertomorrowday, happily and innocently, walking briskly over the mountain of 20th-century rubbish. Using strange apparatuses, these 'Alchimis(t/r/ick) machines symmetrically articulate different arrows of time and layers of knowledge, but
more specifically they negotiate the endless limit of their own absurdity, where behavior that seems illogical is protocolized by an extreme logic of emerging design and geometry, where input and output are described by rules and protocols…

Neither a satire of the worlds, a techno-pessimism nor a techno-derision, they are located at the limit – or constitute the limit – between the territory of conventions, certainties and stabilities where one can comfortably consider everything legitimated by an order, or an intuition of an order, and all other territories, whether produced by paranoia or fantasy or reported back by travelers...

In a casual and basic sense, machines have always been associated with technicism and used as the extension of the hand, through its replacement or improvement by accelerating its speed and power to produce and transform. But it seems very naïve to reduce machines to this first, obvious layer of their objective dimensions, in a purely functional and “machinism” approach, exclusively limited to Cartesian productive power, located in the visible spectrum of appearance and facts. Because machines also simultaneously produce artifacts, assemblages, multiplicity and desires and infiltrate the “raison d’être” of our own body and mind in the relationship to our own biotopes.[2] Basically everywhere in nature, they are at the origin of all processes of exchange, transactions of substances, entropy and vitalism.[3] Machines are a paradigm for the body in the sense of its co-extensibility with nature, through processes, protocols, apparatuses, where transitory and transactional substances[4] constitute and affect simultaneously all species, their identities, their “objectivized and subjectivized” productions and their mutual relationships…

In this pursuit of a polyphonic approach, we cannot overlook the concept of the "bachelor machine"[5] as an attempt to integrate " machinism" apparatuses into a narrative of transaction and transmutation (in the alchemical sense). Contradictorily, these ‘Alchimis(t/r/ick)-machines operate as direct critique and denunciation of capitalist managerial reductionism, which replaced uniqueness and rarity with a system of repetition and standardization, erasing both the workers (when they are not becoming machines themselves[6]) and any singularities, any anomalies… providing products for a strategy of servitude which combined mass production and the production of the alienation of mass, as described by Walter Benjamin.[7] In opposition to this predictable ONE WAY dependency, bachelor machines simultaneously convey the fascination of this sophisticated human construction, its eroticism, its barbarian eroticism,[8] the "impulsion" and repulsion it generates, as a permanent schizophrenia alternating between its simultaneous potential for production and for destruction,[9] for a permanent dispute between Eros and Tanatos. They are vectors of both resistance and production, infiltrating the arrogance of the mainstream and revealing its schizoid values… The same industrial system produces both outcomes; their geneses are consubstantial, and their diametrically opposed collateral effects depend mainly on our
ability to see and make visible that which lies beyond the mirror. In the work of R&Sie(n), ‘Alchimis(t/r/ick) machines try to reveal these disturbances, or are constitutive of them. The blurriness between what they are supposed to do, as perfect alienated and domesticated creatures, and the anthropomorphic psychology we intentionally project on them, creates a spectrum of potentiality, both interpretative and productive, which is able to re-“scenarize” the operating processes. A mind machine simultaneously transforms the real and our perception of what we consider real. In this sense machines seem to be vectors of narratives, generators of rumors, and at the same time directly operational, with an accurate productive efficiency. These multiple disorders, this kind of schizophrenia, could be considered a tool for reopening processes and subjectivities, for re-“protocolizing’’ indeterminacy and uncertainties. Agents of blur logic, of reactive and reprogrammable logic, the scenario created by and through these “machinism” processes asymptotically touch their own limits, revealing the fragile and movable border line between what seems to be, what should be and what should have been. The creatures produced by this machinism confront exterior forces, their ambivalence, their contingencies, their instability… They allow us to “exercise our power, to be conscious of our power, the consciousness of our power that is by the same token self-consciousness, consciousness of our vulnerability in the face of the enormity of this power.”[10] They cross the line of logic and walk in the fields of absurdity as an intentional value!
- For us and some others / absurdity is a strategy to expand the territory of “what could be,” and simultaneously unbolt the locks on our mind and perception… and production…
- For all others / absurdity is a strategy to qualify the limit of “what could not be” and disqualify everything outside of the territory they previously defined.

Genetically Siamese and consubstantial, this stuttering appears as a dysfunctional reflection in the mirror, organizing the way “we and the others” frame conflicts arising precisely from the state of the mirror, to quote Lacan[11] / Where the perception of the unicity of our corporality, through the mirror, is constructed in coincidence with the defragmentation of the perception of our environment. The process of “reductionism” to One Body is the symmetrical reflection of the One World, where all the complexities, the schizoid and paranoid assemblages, early childhood’s sweet disruption of consistency, are trapped in a univocal representation, framed and simplified. And consequently all the alien fragments that cannot fit in this perfect and comfortable representation of “INselves and OUTselves” are considered fatally flawed by absurdity, weirdness and oddity in order to preserve the illusion of this symmetrically operative but vain unicity. Beyond this point in childhood, we can never again experience the taste of “cul-bite-bouche-poil-chatte[12]”, with this multiplicity of distance and territories (where animalism, animism, acephalous bodies (CsO) and consciousness are interwoven with guilt-free discovery…
“Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is —oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at that rate!” said Alice in the “The Pool of Tears,” but what appears odd is just a multiplication exercise using different bases and positional numeral systems... The confusion created by Charles Dodgson[13] arises contradictorily from a mathematic construction, not from triviality or irony, and still less Alice’s childishness. The disqualification we carry out is a strategy to avoid seeing that which cannot be, “ce qui n’a pas de raison d’être,” that which goes beyond our possible understanding and creates a “malentendu[14]” between our vision of the world as we have we simplified it (state of the mirror syndrome) and the contradictory complexity and “non sens” it generates as a permanent shadow theatre.

Like Alice in Wonderland, we have to confuse our little girl’s perception with such apparatuses of “misunderstanding”, stretching lines of subjectivization to organize the physical perception of our paranoia. Absurd protocols seem simultaneously markers and activators able to de-alienate the edges of the illusory “truth” system, in order to re-invert the logic of meaning and turn it into a multiple vanishing point... As we suppose the mirror is simultaneously a landscape with a Janus 2faced-head, a simple glass over a brick wall, a mathematic and geometric construction to extend light rays through the surface to trace the discovery of an optical logic, or... the door to some parallel universe[15] sometimes simulated to symmetrically reproduce our own environment...

Who said in the audience that we have to choose one? Who said that? I have to know...

The history of science was an ideal playground for this multiple disorder pathology... confronted by the denial and disqualification of “that which cannot be,” sometimes out of ignorance but mainly because of reductionist conviction. The ideological dispute about the theory of heliocentrism[16] could be one of the best paradigms for the fragile boundary between official logic and infringement illogic, as the substrate, the loam for the absurd substances that sprouted until they finally reframed the frontiers of our knowledge... by metabolizing what was previously considered toxic to our framed and “bourgeois”[17] equilibrium.

‘Alchimis(t/r/ick) machines seek to articulate things and minds, objective and narrative production, “machinism” causalities and unpredictable dependences, to interrogate their “raison d’être “and the eroticism of their transgression, weaving together the malentendus and the illusions they generate, in a different arrow of time:

“Here and now” as a live transaction, “here and tomorrow” as an operative fictional scenario, “Elsewhere and simultaneously” for speculative and political research... navigating between apparatuses of “animism, vitalism and mechanism”.

The tools of mechanization drift from a self-organized urbanism (an “architecture des humeurs”)[18] to a stochastic machine with a predictable completion (Olzweg),[19] from the “machinism” ghost of
a wild DMZ forest (heshotmedown)[20] to a paranoiac uranium laboratory (TbWnD),[21] to a simple transportation machine, a stargate experiment (Broomwitch).[22] Their 'alchimis(trick) and skyzoid agendas are both products and vectors of paranoia.[23]

[1] A reference to the Collège de 'pataphysique founded in 1948 in honor of Alfred Jarry. We could consider the OuLiPo (Ouvroir de littérature potentielle, Workshop of Potential Literature, whose members included the mathematician François Le Lionnais and Raymond Queneau) the first branch of that group, and the 'Alchimis(trick) as a rotten branch of that branch.


[3] "Vitalism presumes a monadological rather than atomistic ontology. In Leibniz's 'monadology' all substances are different from one another, whereas its opposite, Cartesian 'atomism,' presumes that matter is comprised of identical parts (atoms)." Scott Lash.

[4] "All bodily phenomena can be explained mechanically or by the corpuscular philosophy." Leibniz, Letters to Arnauld.

[5] Developed by a multitudes of artists, philosophers and writers such as Duchamp, Poe, Kafka, Deleuze and even, subconsciously, Cervantes. The term "bachelor machine" was first used by Marcel Duchamp around 1913 in connection with pieces of work that would later be assembled in the Large Glass of 1915-1923. For Deleuze and Guattari, the "bachelor machine" forms a knot between desiring machine and the body without organs, to create a new myth which seems to articulate Narcissus, Opheus and Sisiphus. It has been isolated by Michel Carrouges (in his book les Machines célibataires / Arcanes, 1954)


[8] From Poe’s “The Pit and the Pendulum” and Kafka’s “In the Penal Colony” to Ballard’s Crash.

[9] The latest subculture icon: Avatar, where the metempsychosis machine saves the ecologically-balanced Ewya Kingdom from the caterpillar machine which destroys the blue hobbits’ dreamtimes. The both are coming from the same “tea pot”.

[10] Recorded lecture by Gilles Deleuze at the University of Paris-Vincennes in 1980. The exercise of our power as Nietzsche and Deleuze understood it, as a gift, a creation, and not the kind of dominance that they (the machines) could grant us.


[12] "Ass-Dick-Hair-Mouth-Pussy" as the nearest reachable, fragmented environment.

[13] The mathematician Charles Dodgson wrote under the name Lewis Carroll.

[14] A malentendu is something between mishearing and misunderstanding.

[15] In physics, quantum mechanics: Universes separated from each other by a single quantum event.

In the Marxist sense, the social class that owned the means of production in the 19th century and now owns, through the media, culture, the means of manipulating desires and subjectivities (Antonio Negri).


Olzweg / 2006.

Heshotmedown / 2009.

The Building which never dies / 2009 -10.

Broomwitch / 2008.

In both senses, “critical paranoia” and pathological paranoia. Used before by R&Sie(n) in the book BIO[re]BO[o]T

Five apparatuses
---Olzweg: A stochastic machine that vitrifies the city, starting from a museum of architecture as the origin of the transformation, of the contamination, in the pursuit of Frederick Kiesler (endlessness) and more surprisingly Le Corbusier (“le musée spirale à croissance illimité”). This smearing is done by pollution, through the recycling element of glass from the French wine bottle, swallowed and vomited through a process of staggering, scattering and stacking, by the machine to become the visible part of the consummation of substances in search of parallel universes to escape our own servitude. The random aggregation is a part of this unpredictable transformation, as in Kafka’s “Metamorphosis.” We know when it starts but cannot predict its outcome, as a fuzzy logic of the vanishing point. The machine works to extend a museum and acquire “voluntary prisoners” wrapped in the permanent entropy of the graft. The opposite of an architecture that petrifies, historicizes, panopticalizes, classifies and freeze-dries in the maze of its multiple trajectories
---Heshotmedown: A tracked biomass machine to penetrate into the DMZ, the demilitarized zone between North and South Korea, collect the rotten substances, the superficial coating of the forest in decomposition, and bring back this material to plug all the external surfaces of the building, in this way creating, through the fermentation of the grass and the heat its chemistry produces, a natural eco-insulation. Full of land mines, the DMZ is a joint security area, a restricted zone, where North and South play Cold War. The heshootmedown machine collects the pathological ingredients of this period and recycles them for productive use. This no-man’s land has been abandoned since the end of the war more than half a century ago. In this re-appropriation of nature by nature, elves, wizards, witches and harpies come back, new species appear, and legends and fairy tales are transported back to the safe zone, the south zone, as in a “Stalker” experiment.
---A paranoiac machine / TbWnD: An alert machine or a marker of our past/future. A laboratory of dark adaptation and the detection of the intensity of solar radiation by the afterglow on external surfaces, the influence of the sun’s seasonal and daily emissions on surfaces directly “touched” by its rays. The phosphorescent components (“Isobiot@opic” oxide pigment made from raw uranium) work as a UV sensor and detector and indicate by night the intensity of the UV rays that shone on the area by day, including on humans and
all other species. Thus the oriented glass components in this Sunflower laboratory reveal and make visible the dangerousness of the sun’s radiation and the changing ozone concentration in the stratosphere. This machine articulates the dangerousness of nature and the science developed by the exploration of the nature in the past (from Marie Curie to Little Boy), and at the same time this Isobiot®opic element becomes a marker of the uncertainties of our future due to the after-effects of human scientific development.

---One transportation machine / broomwitch: A transportation machine from sitting down to standing up as a shortcut of human evolution, from the André Bloc house to this ghostly monstrous excrescence in the back of the garden as its heterotopical extension. Like a time machine, a machine to travel from the illusion of happiness of panoptical buildings and values of the 1950s to their consequences – the warming biotope, nature’s revenge. This element allows us to consider the direct link between these two realities... as a history of this crime. Beam me up, Scotty!

---One machine of the « multitudes » / an “architecture des humeurs”: A utopian machine to produce a self-organized urbanism conditioned by a bottom-up system in which the multitudes (in Spinoza’s and Antonio Negri’s use of the word) are able to drive the entropy of their own system of construction, their own system of vivre ensemble. This architecture des humeurs is based on the potential offered by contemporary science to reread human corporalities in terms of their physiology and chemical balance. It uses technology to make palpable and perceptible the emotional transactions of the “animal body,” the headless body, the body’s chemistry, so that it informs us about individuals’ adaptation, their sympathy and empathy, when confronted with a particular situation and environment, and adapts this result to an endless process of construction through “machinism” behavior. The development of a secretion and weaving machine that can generate a vertical structure by means of extrusion and sintering (full-size 3D printing) using a hybrid raw material (a bio-plastic-cement) that chemically agglomerates to physically constitute the computational trajectories. This structural calligraphy works like a machinism stereotomy comprised of successive geometrics according to a strategy of permanent and repetitive anomalies.

Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia

Le pari(s) de BKK /
LOG 27 / NewT

(... betting on BKK/)
Charles de Gaulle Airport (CDG) is a transactional transitory zone, a transdoor opening to a parallel, simultaneous, negotiable
The escape it offers may be narrow, it’s wonderful anyway... just right for a native emigrant.

Every other week at a minimum over the last ten years, in order to extricate myself from the museum city, frozen, transfixed in its smothering conservatism and pedantic degradation... CDG Airport Terminal 1... ‘Beam me up, Scotty.’

BKK/
The dust enshrouds the city and its biotope, modifies its climate... Within this fog of specks and particles Bangkok turns into a melting pot of hypertrophic human activity, of convulsive exchanges of energy. At the antipode of the canons of modern urbanism and its panoply of instruments of prediction, planning, and determinism, the city of Bangkok, ectoplasmic, is conceived in between aleatory rhizomes where the arborescent growth is at the same time a factor of its transformation and its operational mode... It is an urban environment made of protuberances and emergences, where capitalist merchandise flows through a profusion of gigantic, aseptic, cold, and deterrioralised malls, immersed in an intoxicating urban chaos.

Le pari(s) de BKK is a mixture of dirtiness and beauty, of metabolism and verticality, of traffic jams and smashed-flat motorcycles that swiftly find their way through, of fly-over concrete-bridge-networks snaking their trajectories through a stochastic urbanism with a permanent confusion, indistinction, de-identification between publicness and privacy, exhibitionism and intimacy, repulsion and magnetism... It is an apparatus (and not a display) whose emergences do not pretend to be long lasting or eternal... Surviving, dying, resurrecting, dying again in a logic of contingency and vitalism, the logic of a palpitating organism stuttering between life-and-death drives, Eros and Thanatos... a second nature where the urban tissue is alive, and where the city is not limited and framed by its ‘representation’, not frozen into a normative and panoptical system of survey and representation...

Le pari(s) de BKK is an inter-zone where the possible is uncertain and the impossible plausible... an ad hoc principle of urban (un)planning...

Stuttering/
In the hotchpotch entanglement of flux, friction, trifle and cum, a few spots sparkle, ingrain, identify themselves as the temples of normalised shopping mall exchanges: Terminal 21, Siam Paragon, MBK, Emporium, Gateway, Future Town, Central World, Robinson, plus a handful always under construction, like Samaritaine, Galerie Lafayette, BHV-Bazar Napoléon, or Bon Marché in Paris... These 19th-century temples of commerce work under ritualised transactional modes as the first penitentiary worlds of exchange, socialised and hierarchcal biospheres from the cashier to the department head, where the customer, machine subject and object of desire, is able to exercise the fiction of his/her power, of his/her supposed jouissance, where the climate as well as the ambulatory and
relational social modes are codified, formatted and artificialised as the counterpoint to the swarming and untameable city blighting its accesses... But in Paris these capitalised zones have malevolently turned inside out, and the city itself is now confused with their merchandised display, originally limited, contained and recognisable within geographic (id)entities...

Paris and BKK, two points on the planet, two asymmetrical evolutions, as if following two divergent, contingent space-time cynosures... one confusing the client with the citizen, the other still relying on the original contradiction between the object and the 'subject' of capitalism.

Let us not be mistaken... This is not so much an opposition between two cities as it is an opposition between several temporalities: Le pari(s) de BKK is the Paris of a future anterior eviscerated of all nostalgia, projecting a time when the city was not (yet) conditioned by the subordination of the little bourgeois Ecolo plugged into his/her iPod mini, on a Velib ride, whatever his/her origins, education, salary and gender, to a standardisation of appearances... free-willingly becoming the symptom of a global intellectual fraud.

Schizoid apparatuses/
What perhaps is most relevant in Le pari(s) de BKK is the potential confrontation between the antagonistic forces of two urban models, a permanent union and divorce of the 'Commune and the Capital', intrinsically intertwining to generate a systemic live output. The first model is made of the sound of the human swarm, musical and terrestrial, on the city’s ground, and includes permissiveness of transformation, adaptation, graft and necrosis on its first four-five floors from the ground... where one can erect, destroy, alter, gangrene and nest one’s familial, commercial or amicable system without having to report to a public authority, as if in the midst of a judicial vacuum... The other is looking down on the first, appearing as a skyline, a vertical succession of malls, condos, and hybrids... emerging without creating any centralised downtown, subject to opportunities, speculations and resistances... themselves subject to strict rules of materiality, normality, and global representational aesthetics.

Le pari(s) de BKK is this caress, rustle, friction territory... It makes the encounter possible between the one who only exercises his/her power through the compulsive merchandise of turnkey life models, and the one who, conversely, is in synchronicity with the animal pleasure of things and beings, smells and sounds, illusions and ripe fruits... One makes a skyline, the other humming asphalt...

One is capitalising his/her economy by freezing it in the standardisation of an imaginary vertical home (a condo 70 percent unoccupied, like so many financial products where habitability is a fiction), a producer but not a consumer of a horizontal urban line, a financial transfer zone... The homogenisation of desires and satisfaction allows for the flow of merchandise and the circulation of the money-narrative (the city has turned into a transactional
economic vector), which disincarnates in the construction of pseudo-luxurious, pseudo-comfortable, pseudo-designed, pseudo-inhabited, speculated, and volatile products in a skylinisation process... before the bursting of the financial bubble into a myriad of collateral effects, junk bonds, and fatal contingencies... The predictable deorganisation of profits...

The other has nothing to capitalise except its daily ritornello of ‘difference and repetition’ in an erotic, pornographic rustle conditioning; as Lacan wrote: 'the epidermal contact, complete, total, between the body and a world itself open and quivering [...] from a touch, and at the horizon, a lifestyle of which the poet shows the way and the direction'.

Le pari(s) de BKK stutters on two models of jouissance, between the city-as-product-of-the-capital and the city-that-doesn’t-give-a-shit, busy as it is getting pleasure from it, in the superimposition of two strata, two morphologies, two mechanics of nonlinear exchanges... But Paris only has one model left: the human bourgeois, or bourgeois-becoming, insulated in his/her soundproofed home, listening for the least untimely noise that might get through the partition walls to immediately denounce it, confusing life with its representation... with its corollary of sadness and its dependency on the display organised by the central system of power delegation, the political, social, monarchical operator: la Mairie de Paris.

On the other side, BKK, where two stories of time are still plausible... Like an urbanism for Schrödinger’s cat, it is simultaneously dead and alive, a contingency, a place of parallel stories... exuding the possibility to navigate in their frictions, the crib of their folds, and of generated possibilities, without subscribing to the one or the other as the unique mode of existence...

The jump has been made... One year ago... Le pari(s) de BKK... Could it be only a 14-hour flight, a glass of whisky, three meals, two movies, some writing and half a drawing away...? A normalised distance... linear... almost disappointing... inasmuch as one carries one’s psyche in one’s baggage... and the distance travelled will not metabolise its dependencies....

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1) In Dan Simmons’ novel Hyperion, the transdoor is a vector of physical translation.

2) The city is covered by CO+CO2 particles that filter the light through spectral frequencies of grey, creating a glossy, luminous, vaporous, pheromonal, hideous, shaded, transpiring, cottony, rugged, dirty, hazy, suffocating, hairy grey atmosphere that both reveals the degree of pollution and wraps the city in an extremely sophisticated coat, as the witness of ambivalence to the situation.

3) On the one hand, the bottom-up, under the freeway... a self-organised, ‘messy’, excessively rustling human zone, where frictions and encounters are intrinsically implemented, embedded... a potential of adaptability, transformability, tolerance and indeterminism... from the shapelessness of the city to human pathologies and improvisations... where everything is dedicated to the logic and illogic of the swarm... in the dynamism of the exchanges, in the smelled, swallowed, digested, shitted substances, in the
confusion between the taste of stir-fried food, the fragrance of rain on asphalt… the dirtiness and the beauty in the hell of human energies and vitalism…

On the other hand, the top-down, the freeway… a disseminated downtown dedicated to its own representation, its self-satisfaction with its emergence in the sky, which embodies the running of the financial ideology through multiple condominiums of personal social ‘successes’, stacked and disconnected from each other… both alive and dead: alive through the endlessly upward high-rising of the city, with numerous sites under construction, symbolising the activity, working potential and efficiency of the economic model; and simultaneously dead for the same reasons, especially when the condos are completed... then working as financial products more than as actual living places.

The freeways, organised as a gigantic, octopus-like network floating in the urban tissue, are the ‘horizontal’ line separating and distinguishing these two types of human habitudes of self-representation or social strata… enabling a myriad of connections, flirts, touches, caresses, and collision points between the two.

4) 'Subject' here refers to a subordinate, as in a king’s subject.
5) One hundred high-rise buildings are currently planned and/or are under construction in Bangkok.
6) ‘Capitalism is nearly indifferent to the contents of the stories of which it enables the circulation. The money-narrative is its canonical story because it brings together its two properties: it tells us that we can tell any stories we like, but that the stories’ profits must return to their author, or at least to those who convey their narratives (green washing, social washing, security washing).’ Jean-François Lyotard, Instructions Païennes (Paris: Éditions Galilée, 1977).
8) Paris is used like a beta development zone for the luxury industry. International magazines often depict Paris as a place where people on the street look like fashion models, provoking the Paris Syndrome: a transient psychological disorder encountered by tourists visiting Paris, and Japanese visitors in particular. It is characterised by a number of psychiatric symptoms such as acute delusional states, hallucinations, feelings of persecution (perceptions of being a victim of prejudice, aggression, or hostility from others), derealisation, depersonalisation, anxiety, and also psychosomatic manifestations such as dizziness, tachycardia and sweating. See ‘Paris Syndrome’, Wikipedia, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Paris_syndrome.

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Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia

(Science) Fiction, Ecosophical Apparatus and Skizoid Machines / New-T / R&Sie(n) / AD 2011 / with Stéphanie Lavaux, Toshikatsu Kiuchi & Stephan Henrich

“Animism, vitalism and machinism as a way to rearticulate the need to confront the unknown in a contradictory manner”
"In power games, [apparatuses could be considered] relationship strategies supporting types of knowledge and supported by themselves".
– Michel Foucault, Dits et Ecrits, tome III, Paris, Gallimard, p. 299, 1994

We are immersed in a period that is vibrating, but ultimately lacking momentum. Since the 1960s, time’s arrow has lacked a definite course. Unsure which way to go, it has vascillated between the moral conservatism of the baby boomers and the forward thrust of Gucci-style consumption.

Leaving behind its Galilean scrutinising of the future, an exploration of inaccessible worlds that only Science (fiction) from the heights of its certitude could drive, Science (fiction) has slipped into the meanders of our digital society. The false footsteps of Bibendum (the Michelin tyre man) in the dirty dust of the moon that day in July 1969 marked an end to our entropic flights of fancy. The books of Neal Stephenson, William Gibson, Bruce Sterling and others, while marketed as speculative fiction, were in fact live broadcasts; the funhouse mirror that the genre tended to create, between the space of the imagination and the space of our daily lives, expanded throughout a universe of plausibilities. It melted into the news, in all its social dimensions.

Astonishingly, Science (fiction) has shifted neither forward nor rearward, but into the here and now. The unfolding scenarios it follows to manipulate our reality are becoming true transformation tools and paradoxically strategic levers to grasp the wobbling of our post-digital societies: our choked mass-media culture.

But the main interest of this sudden in vivo ‘matrix immersion’ lies in the anxieties it provokes.

Instead of Science (fiction) remaining a domain for positivist and determinist propaganda, it should nourish the seeds of our own ‘monstrosity’: our own loss of control amid indeterminism, chaos theory2 and biogenetics, as a force striking alliances with harpies and earthly creatures, the Faustian Dark Side and the Sturm und Drang. Against the ‘rationalist wigs’ and the works of Hegelian spirit, we must open up to a world where even fears become fable, as lovely as they are carnal. We have to negotiate with the fold of the instant, the invagination of the thought of the future, and live in a present that is like an asymptotic bend in time, between back to the future and tomorrow now, between dream time and the day after.4

Under these paradoxical conditions, where the notion and perception of time are crushed on the surface of immediacy, how can we believe that architecture can only be constituted by fossilised avatars,
blind cadavers exquis of naive and positivist values, as well as ‘quotational opportunism’ disguised as global entertainment?

To reclaim the scenarios and substances that condition architecture and reveal the contradictions and fantasies that drive our societies, we need, on the contrary, to draw on this vibrating, disquieting and voluptuous temporality. Architecture is not something to be thought or produced for later, like the standard bearer for a morality. It can only be negotiated live, in its contingency on a situation and its solubility in a set of givens.

This critical and territorialised attitude is in sharp contrast to macro-cynical flights of fancy (the market creates the form!) and their remake of ‘international architecture’ (in New York, Paris, Berlin, Shanghai, Singapore and so on); it instead launches, processes and reactivates the concept of a throbbing, complex and unfinished ‘localism’.

Our tools for the codification and transformation of territories do not work through an ideal projection, but through a local inventory: a mutant and tangible biotope, issued from the generalised bankruptcy of urban thought and its deception. This ambiguity gives rise to our unstable and unique scenarios.

The folded rhizomes of Guattari and Deleuze were a point of fusion and arborescence to attain a plateau, a terra incognita, to break out of the grip of those who declared that they had discursive, pedagogic and linear authority. That made it possible for us to escape from Promethean dreams, millenarian apostles and cynical moralists, and walk gaily over the many and multiple dustbins of the last century, unburdened of the confusion of ‘progressivist’ mythologies, in the voluptuousness of a quotidian cataclysm.

(Science) fictional architecture is not a cultural remake of the Altered States variety for the elite. It has nothing to do with a nostalgic idealisation of the world in a ‘museum soap bubble’, nor a New Age utopia with its cautious moral presuppositions.

Recognising the new principles of reality, it is a space of confrontation, ceaselessly investing itself in new procedures for the reprogramming and re-scripting of existence, here and now.

By necessity, it confronts its emergence, its Gestalt, and can only be negotiated in the visible spectrum: that is its political and operational condition. It generates processes of transformation that take the risk of critical positions and mutations, on the razor’s edge.

There can be no pleasure in announcing the ‘infocalypse’. We can only harvest its often strange fruits.

The following apparatuses have to be considered as a few paradigms...
to approach and touch narrative and subjective protocols.

Machines have been always pretending to do more than what they were programmed to do. It is their nature. Their behaviour alternates phantasms, frustrations and fears inspired by their own ability to break free and threaten us.17

The blurriness between what they are supposed to do, as perfect alienated and domesticated creatures, and the anthropomorphic psychology we intentionally project on them, creates a spectrum of potentiality, both interpretative and productive, which is able to re-‘scenarise’ the operating processes of the architectural field. Machines are a vector of narration, generators of rumour, and at the same time directly operational, with an accurate efficiency of production.

These multiple disorders, this kind of schizophrenia, could be considered a tool for reopening processes and subjectivities, for re-‘protocolising’ indeterminacy and uncertainties. In this way, machines become agents of blur logic, of a reactive and reprogrammable logic.

As in Alice in Wonderland, where Lewis Carroll used mathematics to confuse a little girl’s perception, such apparatuses, including ‘bachelor machines’, 18 stretch a line of ‘subjectification’ to organise ‘repetitions and anomalies’, 19 by developing paradoxes that are able to re-complexify and de-alienate the edges of the truth system; in order to reinvert the logic of meaning and turn it into a vanishing point.

It seems to make strategic sense to evaluate architecture’s degree of reality on the basis of its ability to tell stories and in this way enlarge the dimension of its physicality. In a sense, we should consider the structure itself as a fragment of a scenario, as a MacGuffin: the point where and from which speeches, strategies, scientific protocols and power games articulate stories and agendas. Misunderstandings, in this sense, produce artefacts—in ‘the garden which forks nowhere’—and apparatuses can be considered as generators of ambiguities and knowledge, where non-shaping emergent protocols contingently reveal the conditions of emission and are revealed by them, as in a Situationist strategy.20

The ‘machinism’ presented here should be considered a preliminary spectrum, from a speculative self-organised urbanism (I'veheardabout)21 to a digestive physiological experiment (thegardenofearthlydelights).22 Within these endpoints are a stochastic machine with a predictable uncompletion (Olzweg), 23 an industrial milling machine for ‘anthroposophic’ transactions (waterflux), 24 a hydroponic bacteriological Hitchcockian ‘Rear Windows’, (I’mlostInParis), a standing up machine—a Darwinian evolution from an André Bloc house to its extension — (broomwitch)25 and, last but not least, a pure chimera hybrid bio-robot—the
mechanical ghost of a wild forest, where cold war degrades nature (he shot me down).26

Their ‘schizoid – machinism’ agendas are both products and vectors of paranoia.27

Yet, they also help us to renegotiate a relationship with the arrow of time; some of them are directly producing reality, here and now, as an industrial factual protocol; some of them are fictionalising our practice, by reformatting the protocol of production, for a tomorrow reality; and some of them are used as a speculation to magnetise a point in the future. Without certainty that our history will pass by this point, some of the machines are developing their own necrosis: their predictable death, even their unreality, to bring an intrinsic process of erasing in their emerging nature.

In this way, these apparatuses appear through an architecture that seems to come from a transitory strategy: from an operative, fictional and speculative scenario, which rearticulates the relation of a situation with an environment and eventually its own unreality, re-questioning the values of its identity.

“L’auteur est ce qui donne à l’inquiétant langage de la fiction, ses unites, ses noeuds de coherence, son insertion dans le reel – Michel Foucault, L’ordre du Discours, Paris, Gallimard, 1971, page 30”

1. Stanley Kubrick wrote the script for A Clockwork Orange (1971) during the filming of the last scenes of 2001: A Space Odyssey in order to simultaneously visit NASA’s last Galilean projection and its broken-mirror opposite, a sort of morning-after following an excess of hygienist, positivist narratives. Contemporary history has proved the accuracy of his schizophrenia. Ever since that two-fold production, we have been caught in this stopped time, with no past and no future, a vibrating and unstable time, enjoying Hieronymous Bosch’s Garden of Earthly Delights, between heaven and hell. This re-dating of the Big Bang, ‘the day the universe stood still’, to 1967, introduces Postmodernism and Deconstruction as pure residual artefacts, collateral consequences of that vibration.

2. Over the course of time all systems become progressively disordered as they approach their final state of total equilibrium (the second law of thermodynamics). In order to track our environment, physical sciences born out of the study of turbulence, vibration, disequilibria and probability have taken the place of the linear sciences where things are viewed as following a quantitative and determinist path.

3. One percent of the 3,000 polar bears (Ursus maritimus) in Svalbard are hermaphrodites, with a vagina and a penis. The conditions for survival at the North Pole, including Soviet nuclear waste materials carried by the Arctic Stream and the carbon effluence of the Gulf Stream, have allowed us to observe the first natural mutation.


5. How can we reconcile the need to save the Amazonian rainforest and at the same time our fascination with the bulldozer (a sort of caterpillar with beetle pincers) that is cutting it down? This dual attitude protects us from ecologist alibis, primitivist dreams of purity and of the Heimat, as well as from becoming enslaved to the mechanisms of the tabula rasa.
Architecture consists of revealing these two contradictory dimensions in their constant tension.

6. 'Yet this landscape of terror is also, as in Bosh, voluptuous and nearly infinite in irony. Reminding us that hell is full of laughter, we could call this cataclysm where everything bad is foretold in dark humour, a black utopia.' See Mike Davis, Dead Cities and Other Tales, New Press (New York), 2002.

7. One could suspect that the ‘Be global and forget local’ attitude is nothing but a passport for the ones who can afford to...hire ‘a Koolhaas’ or ‘a Nouvel’ to become integrated into the World Corp. But, why not? The vulgarity lies in their duplicity. They may be in Lagos, at Prada or at a floating Pavilion, yet they want to lecture us about political consciousness.

8. Dust and pollution in Bangkok, mosquitoes and Nile River Virus in Trinidad, ‘hairs in the Snake’ and ‘bovine heat’ in Evolène, the bush scorched by sun in Soweto are the human and territorial raw materials that condition the local scene. Contrary to what Plato writes in Parmenides, where he doesn’t trouble to hide his distaste for what he considers as ‘ignoble elements’ – the lowest layers of being – materials like hair and dirt are no less constitutive elements of urban economies, even if they issue from bankruptcy and city planning.

9. Complexity comes from the entropic dimension of a system, between chaos and chance. Another aspect comes from its situation between two different and even contradictory states. Complexity is not driven by autonomy, but by reactivity, and cannot take into account all that surrounds it. It is in this sense that disturbances of identity, stealth and hybridisation become modes of operation. This is reflected in our own indecisiveness, our inability to choose between options and make do with them.

10. Consider how Jules Verne completed Edgar Alan Poe’s Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym. Poe’s last, enigmatic phrase leaves the reader perplexed and frustrated: ‘But there arose in our pathway a shrouded human figure, far larger in proportions than any dweller among men. And the hue of the skin of the figure was of the perfect whiteness of the snow.’ (last sentence of Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym). In Jules Verne’s sequel, Le Sphinx des Glaces (The Sphinx of the Ice Fields), he wrote: ‘No! These were physical facts, not imaginary phenomena … This massive shape (the shrouded figure) was nothing but a colossal magnet... whose power produced effects as natural as they were terrible.’ (Le Sphinx des glaces, 1897, Paris, paragraph 15). Poe’s novel was published in serial form purporting to be an authentic report from an expedition to the South Pole that never actually took place. The piece is disturbing, a source of endless questions, and prefigured Poe’s own death. The fact that a half-century later Verne brought it back to life to bring the story to an end reveals the oppositeness of the two men’s attitudes: the former scripts and opens the narrative in its non-finitude, while the latter plans and encloses it within the same operational modes as urban planners, full of Fourlièrist swindles and scientism.

11. On the contrary, we have to handle contradictions like that of the island of Tuvalu in the South Pacific. Because of its low altitude and changes in the oceanic water level (due to global warming), a plan for its evacuation has been formulated as an objective given.

12. ‘This is what the people of Stateless had in common: not merely the island itself, but the first-hand knowledge that they stood on rock which the founders had crystallised out of the ocean – and which was, forever, dissolving again, only enduring through a process of constant repair. Beneficent nature had nothing to do with it; conscious human effort, and cooperation, had built Stateless … the balance could be disturbed in a
thousand ways .... All that elaborate machinery had to be monitored, had to be understood. ... It had one undeniable advantage over all the contrived mythology of nationhood. It was true.’ See Greg Egan, Distress HarperPrism (New York), 1995, pp 171-2.

13. Fiction differs from utopia in that it does not seek to be right. Why would we seek to be right when there are so many people who carry the banner of morality? They are legion, as dangerous and common as criminals.

14. A Ken Russell film where research into chemical hallucinogenics ends in a polychrome and simian apotheosis.

15. ‘What’s the scenario? A constantly mutating sequence of possibilities. Add a morsel of a difference and the result slips out of control, shift the location for action and everything is different. There is a fundamental gap between societies that base their development on scenarios and those that base their development on planning.’ See Liam Gillick, ‘Should the future help the past?’ in Five or Six Previsions, Lukas and Stenberg, Ltd (New York), 2001.

16. See R&Sie’s AquaAlta 1.0 and 2.0. Amid laguna pollution, technological suspicion and hybrid mutation, this project is a critique of relational mechanisms, on the tangible ground of political reality; it is not a \techno-nostalgic’ or ‘cocaine-digital’ immersion.

17. As the Golem did to its own creator, the Rabbi Loeb.

18. In the sense of Marcel Duchamp and Francis Picabia.


21. “Iveheardabout”, the first experiment in 2005 of R&Sie(n) about self-organisation with computation, robotic and politic apparatuses, sponsorised by Paris, MAM, Antwerpen, De Singel, Tokyo, MOT


27. In both senses, ‘critical paranoia’ and pathological paranoia.

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Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia

Grey strategies / 2003 / Internet-Archicool-France

A piece – folded and refolded – after Dominique Quessada’s L’esclave maître (Vertical, 2002).

A text hidden between the pages of a burned French passport, all the better to hide the suspicious words, nastily cutting the flesh of a singularity from that of the pack, separating the architect and architects, two profiles, two morpho-psychological categories, that
ceaselessly negotiate their own shaky survival, the Siamese twins of a fertile algorithm: $1\&2$, $1+2$, $1/2 = \text{“}t\text{”} + \text{“}s\text{”} = \ldots$

1) The architect is someone who tries to bring out an aesthetic strategy from within the complexities of a society in order to reveal its heartbeat, even if contradictory. The architect shoulders the unshared risk of putting out an unprecedented scenario, thus generating a particular and unique configuration. Wearing neither the halo of a Don Quixote nor the mantle of romanticism, this attitude only emerges after sticking his neck all the way out. You have to give him credit for that.

2) In contrast, architects are gregarious by nature, staunchly corporatist, and incapable of putting out ideas and hypotheses that haven’t been previously validated by their professional environment. Enslaved by this mode of consumption and distribution, they travel in packs so as to assuage the guilt they feel as predators. Since they can’t publicly admit their direct collaboration with the dominant mechanisms, even though they are the latter’s main vectors, architects dress it up with navel-gazing convulsions, fictitious rebellions, whiny subjugation, social emancipations and flights of lyricism. They mask their daily malversation, their cosy arrangements and their ugliness in the same way, with a “Carnival of the Activists” broadcast in prime time and operational modes in soundproofed boudoirs.

Architects corrupt discourse, manipulate competition, make morality their banner and social responsibilities into an amulet or agit-prop. They live and breathe the profound hypocrisy of human nature, with which they are consubstantial. Space is their playground, their control and coercion lever.

Liberal modernity needed a morpho-psychological profile that transcends their alienation to make others – the innumerable – submit to those who know nothing.

We’re there... there... right there... inside... but not only...

Architects are also those who metabolize the irreducible novelty of the architect for society as a whole, even if that means the annulment pure and simple of the novelty in question. Thus architecture undergoes a two-fold process where the architect builds architecture individually by tracing ideas, while only rarely able to make them emerge in the strata of the real.

There is a real struggle between the creator and those who vectorize or even copy. The latter sew up the new because it is socially non-metabolizable in its raw form. Novelty, the strangeness of things never seen before, is not directly assimilable because it can’t be comfortably consumed. Copying is the role of the “rivals,” the “pretenders”, those who claim to be friends of the person who puts out things never seen before, those who claim to be friends of the architect, except that aside from the cannibalism they practice, the content is conveyed very superficially at best. In short, the imitators come up with a copy that plugs the fissure opened up by things never seen before.

Thus there are two kinds of creative activity, creating new things and absorbing them, summarily or maladroitly replicating them, in
order to socialize them in a post-consumption universe.
The architect works right in the centre of architectural time, in real time, while architects work in the heart of its history, in delayed time. Thus what is called the history of architecture is really a history of this differed time in architecture.
It is because they have been transformed into commodities that new things can be reformatted as products and utilized, annulled, employed, socialized, hijacked, tamed and in general manipulated, especially by media capitalism.
We can assume that there are two antagonistic impulses in architecture, one critical, putting forward things without always being able to build them, and the other collaborationist, appearing and working with the powers that be, the administration and its techno-structural forces.
Torn eternally between resistance and collaboration, architecture has two complementary aspects whose constant struggle drives its zigzag, crabwalk movement in space and time.
Thus we can understand its imitative function, deeply rooted in the history of architecture, its treatises, reviews, education and modes of transmission, and recognize it as a necessary evil, or, more precisely, as the other side of the coin which would have no value without it.
The imitative function feeds the imitator, sometimes all too well, but more profoundly its relationship with new things is one of dependence, which allows the former to confer a status upon the latter, that of the original in fact. This is the transfer mechanism, the transaction, without which neither could seek to exist.
Ambiguity would come rather from the lack of transparency, of visibility of this system of exchange, which is incestuous only in the assimilation of these mimetic icons to new things... whereas they are only their collateral effects...

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Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia

The shadow of the chameleon / 1994 / First Manifesto-Monography / IFA / France
‘Making with to do less’

I know people who were born with truth in their cradle. I’m not like them (1). Some of them have a creed, a mission, thought; other copy them in a forger’s ideology. I don’t belong with any of them. What I’m interested in are the manifold, complex ways by which the architecture can throw off itself sufficiency and draw substance from the territory it was supposed to dominate.
But I’m not proud of being able to see amidst the blind. I don’t think much of the faculty of seeing if it isn’t shared. Architects have always represented man’s domination of nature, the city over the ecosystem, the full over the empty. Territory has rarely been anything more than a found object, at the worst an alibi that can be used any old how.

Our profession seems to have isolated itself, selfish and narcissistic, limited to exercises of style and petty quarrels. The architecture that was born in the cradle of utopias has never been able to get out of its strait jacket, its halo of progressist prediction of a better future...

HISTORY EXISTS

Child of the 70s, of the aftermath, orphaned by the great thinkers, what is left for us to produce in a world that isn’t made for us? No one takes any notice of our indictments. They are doomed to be deformed, copied, sidetracked by the generation that is doing all the talking. Blinded by the combats it has lost, it refuses to listen to the demands and the content of our message; by jamming the receivers to protect its own power. All it is doing is delaying its fall. The next century won’t belong to it.

But if we’re not careful, in wanting to build a world that won’t be stolen by those who “know” or by those who simulate, marginalization threatens us. Amidst a system that doesn’t care about anything except its own mirror, few people realize that the object of architecture has imploded to the extent that it has, so it is useless to try and cling to what was or what should be. Situated at the intersection of political battles, economic, territorial and social tensions, spurred on by constant technological and industrial mutations, architecture is doomed to be buffeted and torn in every direction. And yet nothing justifies us in adopting an eclectic stance amidst this state of things, in the blind adhesion to generalized chaos. On the contrary, chaos leads to the exacerbation of ethico-political choices (2) that can reinvest the processes of meaning and reverse the waste that is around us:

- Let the reading of places and environments be the essence of the act
- Let creeds and individualisms be twisted out of shape, infiltrated and embedded in and against what they were preparing to destroy.
- Let cleverly rehearsed effects, of style be attentive to prior territorial balances, such as climate, wind, the attrition of seasons, masses and hollows, time and raw material, sparsity.

Finally, let us learn to do LESS in order to MAKE WITH.

NOSTALGIA is a WEAPON (3)

We have to reinvent an architecture that is animist, sensual, primitive and political, as an antidote to the blindness of jabbering modernity. An architecture that is optimistic and lucid even in the face of the fears of the planet in flames. We have to reinvent architecture not just to launch another style, school or
theory intent on establishing its own supremacy, but to recompose the enunciation of our profession, under the conditions of today.

Core drilling entails extracting a cylindrical sample from a site in order to allow analysis of the subsoil (4). Landscapes—whether they are urban, peripherical, natural or cultivated—have topographic, affective and climatic codes. We have to operate thru these places and environments. Obviously their make-up only reveals itself to those who take the time to explore it, sometimes even by living there... The “genetic code of territoriality” is not a catchword by which we can stamp on a politically correct label for yuppies who yearn for ideology; it is a process of contact that has to be renewed with each experience.

MAKING VISIBLE (5)

Don’t think there’s anything countrified or pleasantly ecological about this, some plat-life alibi, seed in hand. The imbedding process demands means of intervention that are on scale with the territories, as well as a re-education of our raison d’être. This plea for an architecture of time, attrition, the senses and meaning, an architecture that is both human and territorial, would have no substance if we couldn’t enrich it with new skills, between cartography and geology, the reasoned recognition of priors things, and the evolution of technologies. The aim is to produce not just a hashed-up dish from sterile academy (however contemporary it may be), but fresh fruit and vegetables, fresh meat and fish, an architecture on the leading edge between art and history – belonging to this century (6).

By a wrapping that is photosensitive to proximities, by a remoulding of its prime function, architecture, while limiting its vocation for isolation, can adapt itself to variations of climate, atmospheres, topographies and usages in a transformist indictment.

LESS is a POSSIBILITY (7)

As regard our own survival and the feeling of fusion with the elements, the need to be close to what can give us a sense of responsibilities is acute (8. In the final analysis, the Aristotelian world of appearances and artefacts may be just as valid as that of ideas and concepts. It would be enough for us to simply come to terms with this reality, which, in spite of everything, remains our only protection, in an intercession between our own desires and what they were supposed to dominate...

François Roche, 1993,

Introduction of “The Shadow of the Chameleon”, Book on R&SIE,
Publisher IFA / Paris

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Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia

L’ombre du Cameleon / 1994 / Introduction / Premier Manifesto / Monographie / IFA / France

« Faire avec pour en faire moins »

Je connais des gens qui sont nés avec la vérité dans leur berceau, je ne leur ressemble pas.

Certains détiennent un credo, une mission, une pensée, d’autres la plagient dans une idéologie de faussaire. Je ne suis ni des uns ni des autres, je m’intéresse aux chemins multiples, complexes, où l’architecture ne se drapera plus de son autonomie princière, et se nourrirait enfin des territoires qu’elle était sensée dominer. Mais loin d’être fier de voir au milieu des aveugles, je tiens pour peu de chose la faculté de voir, si celle-ci n’est pas partagée.

Les architectes ont invariablement incarné la domination de l’homme sur la nature, de la ville sur l’écosystème, du plein sur le vide. Le territoire n’a finalement été, au mieux qu’un objet trouvé, au pire un alibi, corvéable à merci et notre métier semble s’être isolé, égoïste et nombriliste, limité à des exercices de style et des querelles de chapelle. L’architecture née dans le berceau des utopies ne s’est jamais débarrassée de sa gangue perverse, auréolée de prédiction progressiste et de futur meilleur...

L’histoire existe

Enfants des années 70, “d’après la bataille”, orphelins des maîtres penseurs, que nous reste-t-il à produire dans un monde qui n’est pas fait pour nous. Nos réquisitoires, condamnés à être déformés, récupérés, détournés par cette générations “qui-a-pris-la-parole”, passent inaperçus. Aveuglée de ses combats perdus, elle se refuse à en décoder les exigences et la substance, et par le brouillage qu’elle entretient, instrumentation de son propre pouvoir, elle ne fait que retarder sa chute. Le siècle à venir ne sera pas le sien.

Mais à vouloir reconstruire un univers qui ne soit pas emprunté, ni par ceux qui “savent”, ni par ceux qui simulent, la marginalisation, si l’on n’y prend garde, nous guette.

Dans un système qui n’a de souci que son propre miroir, peu se doutent que l’objet d’architecture ait à ce point imposé, inutile donc de s’accrocher à ce qu’il fût ou à ce qu’il devrait être. Situé à l’intersection d’enjeux politiques, de tensions économiques, territoriales et sociales, aiguillonné par de constantes mutations technologiques et industrielles, il est irréversiblement condamné à être tiraillé et déchiré en tous sens. Et pourtant rien ne justifie qu’on prenne le parti éclectique d’un tel état de fait, dans la revendication aveugle du chaos généralisé. Bien au contraire,
celui-ci appellerait à l’exacerbation de choix éthico-politiques 27 qui puissent réinvestir des processus de sens et inverser le gaspillage auquel on assiste :

Que la lecture des Lieux et des Milieux devienne l’essence même de l’acte.

Que les credo, les individualismes soient contorsionnés, infiltrés, enchâssés sur et contre ce qu’ils s’apprêtaient à détruire.


Que finalement nous apprenions à en faire MOINS pour faire AVEC.

**LA NOSTALGIE EST UNE ARME** 28

Il nous faut réinventer une architecture, animiste, sensuelle, primitive, politique, antidote aux aveuglements d’une modernité bavarde, à la fois optimiste et lucide face aux constats d’inquiétude d’une planète en feu ; ré-inventer une architecture, nullement pour relancer un style, une école, une théorie à vocation hégémonique, mais pour recomposer, dans les conditions d’aujourd’hui, l’énonciation même de notre métier.

Le carottage est
l’action d’extraire un échantillon cylindrique d’un terrain, pour après analyse en connaître la composition 29

Les paysages, fussent-ils urbains, périphériques, naturels ou labourés ont des codes topographiques, affectifs, climatiques. C’est à travers ces lieux et ces milieux qu’il nous faut opérer. Evidemment, leurs constitutions ne se livrent qu’à ceux qui prennent le temps d’y rester, parfois même d’y vivre...Le “code génétique de la territorialité” n’est pas une recette à estampiller, un label politically correct, pour yuppies en mal d’idéologie mais un processus de contact à renouveler sur chaque expérience.

**Rendre visible** 30

Ne voyez rien de bucolique, de gentiment “écolo”, d’alibi végétal, la graine à la main. Ce processus d’infiltration

27 D’après Felix Guattari, “Schyzophrénie analytique”

28 Douglas Coupland, “Génération X”

29 D’après le Larousse

30 Paul Klee
nécessite des moyens d’intervention qui soient à l’échelle des territoires empruntés, ainsi qu’une rééducation de notre raison d’être.

Ce plaidoyer pour une architecture du temps et de l’usure, des sens et du sens, à la fois humaine et territoriale, n’aurait pas de matière si nous ne pouvions l’enrichir de nouvelles compétences entre la cartographie, la géologie, la reconnaissance raisonnée des préalables et l’évolution des technologies afin de produire non pas de cette cuisine réchauffée et stérile des académies, fussent-elles contemporaines, mais de fruits et de légumes frais, de viandes et de poissons frais, une architecture sur le tranchant de l’art – et de l’histoire – de ce siècle 31.

Par un emballage photosensible aux proximités, par une refonte de sa fonction première, elle limiterait ainsi sa “vocation” d’isolement, pour se plier aux variations des climats, des atmosphères, des topographies et des usages dans un réquisitoire transformiste.

MOINS EST UNE POSSIBILITE

Lancinante est cette nécessité de se tenir proche de ce qui nous redonnerait le sens des responsabilités, à l’égard de notre propre survie et dans un sentiment de fusion avec les éléments 33. Le monde aristotélicien des apparences, des artefacts, ne serait-il pas finalement tout aussi valide que celui des idées et des concepts. Il nous suffirait simplement de composer avec ce réel, qui reste malgré tout notre seul abri, dans une intercession entre nos propres désirs et ce qu’ils étaient sensé dominer.

Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia

Inversed Nourritures / 2013 / AD-London
an architecture of mood, and bad mood / NewT
http://www.new-territories.com/blog/architecturebeshumeurs/

When technologies are trapped by Chaosmosis, this increases the schizoid negotiation of double belonging and double membership, simultaneously framed by local instructions on ‘living together’

31 D’après Peter Fend, “Document n°3”

32 Voir 3

33 D’après Felix Guattari, “Chaosmose”
and, at the same time, a furious need to escape, to anywhere, similar to Dan Simmons’ ‘Transdoor’, opening a double window between the ‘here, but …’ and the ‘but elsewhere’, to escape from the stuttering of the local forces of permanencies and immobility seeking to conserve a supposed ‘authenticity’ – that is, the existing situation – regulated by rules and policies … to stop time … a kind of revived Puritanism driven by society-friendly standards for ‘good behaviour’ and phony eco-friendly attitudes, moralistic totalising scrutiny, recipes for organic health food and over-moisturised soap for a perfect body in the ideal village, like the Truman Show, and in escaping all that, to fulfil irreducible needs like reaching, touching the forbidden, jumping through the only windows that authorise objectionable behaviour in the multiple infra-zones of the doors in electronic machinery (socialising, virtualising, fictionalising, pornosing, criminalising, and gaming the game) … the legitimate need to HOPEFULLY be somebody else, the recognition of a contradictory, Siamese dualism, a symmetrical antagonism between the physical hoax of sedentary statements and the illusion of dematerialised nomadism, a permanent schizoid contingency, naturally intertwined.

It seems that our times have invited the two demons to the same cozy dinner party, thus provoking a divorce between the next door and the door after that – a permanent schizophrenia. But this basic and symptomatic opposition imposes itself like a cliché, or more than a cliché – a new standard for ‘life’, or a caricature of life in which on the one hand there is the petrification of the local, and on the other side the artificialised eroticism of the illusory but necessary objective of freedom, like some natural compensation for the stone-edged statement of the former.

For example, we could easily spend time in the ‘bricolage-DIY-village-mall’ to buy the perpetuation of what is already existing, to maintain the sclerosis of the environment by adding two limited screws and nails. We could easily buy a condo in downtown Chicago-Bangkok-Shanghai to simulate the happiness of 1950s urbanism transposed into a ‘Peyton Place’ or ‘Pleasantville’ vertical village, including swimming pools, the sports centre, the health-food shop and the security cameras, self-adapting to your shape for the ultimate comfort in sleeping equipment, with trendy ‘flagshit’ design selected by the latest issue of Wallpaper, including the latest ice-cube crushing fridge for your imported 20-year-old island Scotch, like the settings in American Psycho, but eviscerated of any psycho-human dimension, and in both cases meant to compensate for the degree of repressed emotion and sensation by providing a kind of discharging catharsis in the other window, operating in the depths of the network infra-zone, in the intimacy of the keyboard, the endlessness possibilities of personal and collective neurosis-psychosis that renegotiate human pathologies, the multiple identities syndrome, the temptation of insurrection through ‘inappropriate language and attitudes’ no longer tolerated in the
physical planetary petit-bourgeois village.

This predictable, Manichaean yo-yoing between ‘the next door and another door beyond’ poses as the opposite of post-puritanical capitalism by simultaneously marketing the local and the global. This Siamese business plan traps our free will in a new double mass production of products and desires, from moralistic values about ‘living together’ to scatological, eschatological, compulsive and pathological gimmicks meant to serve as compensation, a transfer of missing parts.

In opposition, or just on the side, could we run an experiment in which the ‘village’ is a matrix across multiple doors, articulating the conflict immanent in living together without denying the uncertain, unpredictable nature of this conflict, directly revealing the sophistication or the lack of social contract, of neighbourhood protocols, to be adjusted in real time, articulating phantasm and reality, ugliness and beauty, obstacles and possibilities, garbage and fresh blooms, threats and various forms of protection, technicist prowess and forces of nature, interlocked, in keeping with the vitality of the species inhabiting them.

Could we test some experimentation where ‘architecture’ is used as a strategy to subjectivise the real, the daily jingle, to negotiate simultaneously the contingencies of these dual dimension, needs of sedentary and nomadism, of security and risk, of certitudes and adaptations, as the antidote of the ‘model owner’, flattery that caresses human atavism, the weakness where we are most fragile, the ostentatious sycophancy of bogus social status that lies at the heart of the obscenity of the new ‘world condo village’.

An Architecture “des humeurs”

An Architecture ‘des Humeurs’, a research project initiated in 2010–11 (by R&Sie(n)/New Territories), seeks to create a kind of alphabet book of apparatuses, of knowledge strategies, to protocolise a counterproposal. It cannot be developed without re-evaluating all the tools, strategies, processes and the very raison d’être of technologies. As it navigates, it drifts from the psycho-methodology of collecting desires to the mathematics that interpret them as relationships, set-belonging situations, from psycho-chemistry to the logic of aggregation, from the physio-morphological computation of the multitude to C++ operators for structural optimisation as an artefact of a logic of discovery, from bio-knit physicality for the operation of a nonlinear geometry to a robotic process and behaviour, and from biochemical research to robotic design and G-code algorithms for automated manufacture.

Being political today is not a lazy fascination with slums, a social-political whitewashing such as was seen at the last Venice Biennale (Common Ground), in perfect symmetry with the mainstream, or the ridiculous PS1 program over the last past years, trying to manipulate neighbourhood interest with a ping-pong table and/or a spiky Smurf to clean the local pollution or a stupid zero Carbon
brick as a plagiarism of robotic brick stacking, but without robot, but with green washing propaganda...etc...etc... for the most vulgar program of curating architecture...
It means defining a line of conflict, the aesthetics of conflict, a line of resistance and resilience, a line of creation that infiltrates the cracks, the interstices between the chapel of power and the self-assurance of the powerful, questioning the order of discourse, human free will, the uses and abuses of mathematics, technological imperialism and necessity, machinist arrogance and the potential of narration to infiltrate and de-alienate the ghetto of expertise and control promoted by power and, at the same time, contradictorily, to work for the emergence of a bottom-up strategy of knowledge by means of computational/DIY urbanism, neither mimicking favelas nor denying science, adopting neither positivism and its mysticism nor its opposite, a regressive nostalgia, but, through a mimesis of their evolutionary vitality with its (un)certain trajectories, human pathology, conflictual apparatuses and contingencies, seeking to achieve a sophisticated and unique assemblage of and for the people that architecture was originally supposed to 'dominate'.

Top Down and Bottom Up

How can we reconsider the notion of space, a term used to death by modernity, of a ‘living zone’ understood not in terms of repetitive stereotypes or a modernistic promenade, but as a way to generate multiple singularities, a polyphony of multiplicity, a multitude, where architecture engages and generates empathy, sympathy and, naturally, antipathy as a factor in relationships, a transactional operator, a vector of negotiation between each of us and others to bring back together the 'elsewhere' and the 'here, and yet', the 'near and far', stability and nomadism, the 'village' as a secure sensation, a whispering Heimat and at the same time to hear the scream of its intrinsic forces of transformation as its vitality overflows.
Looking beyond a strictly scientific and architectural horizon, and reading beyond the usual philosophical benchmarks, it is tempting and, indeed, enlightening to envisage a modus operandi from a metaphorical and strategic angle in which exploring the 'chemistry of bodies' often envisaged as an element liable to disturb and alter linear, authoritarian logics, can achieve what we might call aggregations of 'swarm'6 intelligence. Similarly, it is tempting to look at the relationship of the body to space, and even more, of bodies in their social relations: not just their interrelation within a given cell, but also their intra-relations as part of an osmosis with others. This results in an architecture that plays with conformism and conventions, and instead offers an 'undisciplined' conception of production in its articulation of the collective and the political.
An Architecture "des humeurs" constitutes the second leg (after I’ve
Heard About, in 2005) of an architectural voyage (in the spirit of Thomas More’s Utopia of 1516) federating the skills of scientists from a host of disciplines (mathematics, physics, neurobiology, computations, scripts, nanotechnologies, robotics). This exploration is an attempt to articulate the real and/or fictional link between geographical situations and the narrative structures capable of transforming them. Specifically, the focus here is on using nanotechnology to collect physiological data from all participants to prepare and model, by means of these ‘moods’ – a (post)modern translation of Hippocrates’ four humors – the foundations of an architecture in permanent mutation, modelled (and modulated) by our unconscious. It is an investigation into an architecture of uncertainty and indetermination.

The Architecture “des humeurs” is an interrogation of the confused region of the psyche that lies between pleasure/desire and need/want. It works by detecting physiological signals based on neurobiological secretions and thus achieving a ‘chemistry of humours’, treating future property buyers as inputs who generate a range of diverse, inhabitable morphologies and the relationships between them. The groundwork comes from a rereading of the malentendus inherent in the expression of human desire. Those that traverse public space through the ability to express a choice by means of language, on the surface of things, and those that are underlying and perhaps more disturbing but just as valid. By means of the latter we can appraise the body as a desiring machine with its own chemistry: dopamine, hydrocortisone, melatonin, adrenaline and other molecules secreted by the body itself that are imperceptibly anterior to the consciousness these substances generate. Thus, the making of architecture is inflected by another reality, another complexity, breaking and entering into language’s mechanism of dissimulation in order to physically construct its malentendus, including the data that the acephalous body collects that can tell us about its adaptation, its sympathy and empathy, in the face of specific situations and environments.

The collection of humours is organised on the basis of interviews with a hundred people that make visible the conflict and even schizophrenic qualities of desire, between those secreted (biochemical and neurobiological) and those expressed through the interface of languages, to make palpable and prehensible the emotional transaction of the ‘animal body’, the headless body, confronted with the mutation of a situation, the drifting of an environment. The protocol was to generate a reactive emphasis of phobia-phylia inputs and to record, using the emitter-sensor-detector feature, the biochemical evolution of the ‘mind’ and read this data as relationship outputs comprising psycho-perturbation and psycho-stuttering as a result of attractor-repulsor emotional contingencies.

Mathematical concepts borrowed from set theory are used as a strategic relational tool to extract from these multiple ‘misunderstandings’, a morphological potential (attraction, exclusion, touching, repulsion, indifference) as a negotiation of
the ‘distances’ between humans and humans, humans and limits, humans and access that constitute these collective aggregates. This branch of mathematics was founded by Georg Cantor in the late 19th century. Its aim is to define the concepts of sets and belonging (union, inclusion, intersection and disjunction). This theory can be used to describe the structure of each situation as a kind of collective defining the relationships between the parts and the whole, while taking into consideration that the latter is not reducible to the sum of its part (or even the ensemble of relationship between the parts). It is becoming the matrix, the combinations for the relational structure on which an inhabitable space lows for the definition of all the properties of a given situation in relational modes: both the relationships between the elements themselves (residential areas) and those between these elements and the ensemble or ensembles. It describes morphologies characterised by their dimensions and position in the system and, above all, by the negotiations of distance they carry out with the other parts and as multiple artefacts, produces relational protocols, relational relationships and relational aesthetics: protocols of attraction, repulsion, contiguity, dependence, sharing, indifference, exclusion.

These relational modes are simultaneously elaborated within the residential cell and on its periphery in relation to the neighbouring colonies. The multiplicity of possible physio-morphological layouts based on mathematical formulations offers a variety of habitable patterns in terms of the transfer of the self to the other, and to others as well. The data obtained from the physiological interview by means of nanoparticles concerns the following issues: familial socialisation (distance and relationship between residential areas within a single unit), neighbourhood socialisation (distance and relationship between residential units), modes of relations to externalities (biotope, light, air, environment), and also seeing, being seen and hiding, modes of relating to access (receiving and/or escaping, even self-exclusion) and the nature of the interstices (from closely spaced to panoptic). In contrast to the standard-model formatting of habitats, this tool offers contingencies that produce the potential to negotiate with the ambiguities of one’s own humours (tempers) and desires. It enables the mixing of contradictory compulsions (appearances) and even some malentendus: ‘I’d like that but at the same time/maybe/not/and the opposite.’ These malentendus are directly influenced by the pathologies generated by collective living, oscillating between phobia and philia (claustro-agora-xeno-acro-nocto-socio-neo phobia/philia).

The secondary goal of the research, in terms of mathematical development, concerned structural optimisation, defining the structural sustainability of the system as a post-production. The possibility of structure as a logic of resistance,9 emerging a posteriori to become inhabitable morphologies, calls into question the traditional client-architect relationship and offers an alternative way of generating forms. Emancipated from the conceptual
logic where the structure is the starting point, the spatial contract takes the place of the social contract. Since it is conceived a posteriori, the structure is reactive, adaptive to multiplicity, as the permanent discovery of new agencies, entities and singularities.

Within the framework of this research, François Jouve developed a mathematical process for ‘empirically’ seeking optimisation, by creating forms out of constraints and not vice-versa. The structural optimisation algorithm differs from directly calculated structural methods such as calculating the load-bearing structure of a building after it has been designed. In contrast, the algorithm allows the architectural form to emerge from the trajectories of the transmission of forces simultaneously with the calculation that generates them. The algorithm is based on (among other things) two mathematical strategies, one taken from the derivative initiated by the research of French mathematician Jacques Hadamard (to modify a shape by successive infinitesimal steps, to improve the criteria we want to optimise, as a constant variation of boundaries) and the other from the protocol of the representation of complex shapes by Cartesian meshing through level set (to understand locally what could be the line of the highest or lowest resulting point, if we project the local incremental iterative calculus onto a 2-D diagram, to extract the X,Y position in the space as data to be re-injected into the next step of the calculation.)

This strategy of incremental and recursive optimisation (ex-local, local and hyper-local) approaches simultaneously calculates and designs their trajectories, supporting the multiplicity and heterogeneity of physio-morphologies. Following the non-deterministic aggregation of the unpredictable overstacking of desires, the structural branching and coagulation are generated by successive iterations of calculations that physically link the interstices between morphologies so that they can support each other locally and globally. The calculations satisfy precise inputs, including the constraints and characteristics of the materials used, initial conditions, dead load, and the transfer of forces, intensity, and vectorisation of these forces.

The third part of the research was to define a construction protocol able to handle complex, non-standard, non-repetitive geometries through a process of secretion, extrusion and agglutination. This frees the construction procedure from the usual frameworks that are incompatible with a geometry constituted by a series of anomalies and singularities. The key is the development of a secretion and weaving machine that can generate a vertical structure by means of extrusion and sintering (full-size 3-D printing) using a hybrid raw material (a bio-plastic cement) that chemically agglomerates to physically constitute the computational trajectories. This structural calligraphy works like a machinist stereotomy comprised of successive geometrics according to a strategy based on a non-repetitive protocol. This machine, both additive and formative, uses a bio-cement component, a mix of cement and bio-resin developed by
the agricultural polymers industry that makes it possible to control the parameters of viscosity, liquidity and polymerisation, and thus produce chemical and physical agglutination at the time of secretion. The mechanical expertise of this material is made visible (by constraints of rupture induced by traction, compression and shearing, and so on).

The mathematical process of empirical optimisation makes it possible for the architectural design to react and adapt to previously established constraints, instead of the opposite. Through the use of these computational, mathematical and mechanisation procedures, the urban structure engenders successive, improbable and uncertain aggregations that constantly rearticulate the relationship between the individual and the collective, between top down and bottom up, and that reactivate the potential for the self-organisation and creativity of the multitude in pursuit of the metabolism developed by Constant Nieuwenhuys and Guy Debord.

Through current technologies and procedures we can ‘un-achieve’ what we could call ‘computed slums’: we can re-question and refresh the democratic delegation of power between bottom-up swarm whispering and top-down tooling. Animist, vitalist and machinist, the Architecture “des humeurs” rearticulates the need to confront the unknown in a contradictory manner by means and tools that are normally used to enhance control and prediction, expertise and anticipation. In contrast, it expects to give rise to multitudes in their palpitation and complexity, and the premises of a relational organisation protocol, where the village is a process in progress, a matrix that is not a final product but determined by outputs from the multitude of desires, of malentendus, recognising human pathology as a process of discovery…where Feed Back is acting as a metaphor, as a vehicle of ‘political’ transportation.

Notes
2. Transdoor is a kind of ‘farcasting’, a kind of ‘Beam me up, Scotty’ carried out in the domestic zone of a basic and banal apartment. Dan Simmons, Hyperion, Doubleday, USA, 1989.
4. The research is organised on several levels: from the physiology of humours to misunderstandings; Malentendus (a word that can be translated as ‘misunderstandings’ or ‘mishearings’); from the misunderstanding of humours to physio-morphological computation; from physio-morphological computation to the multitude; mathematical operators for structural optimisation; the ‘algorithm(s)’; from the ‘algorithm(s)’ to bio-knit physicality; toolings/robotic process; and tooling/bio-cement weaving (material expertise).
6. In the sense of the word as used by Toni Negri and Michael Hardt in Empire, Harvard University Press, 2000
7. See Neil Leach, AD Digital Cities, July/August (no 4), 2009, pp 40-5.
8. Nano receptors can be inhaled, making it possible to ‘sniff’ the
chemical state of the human body. Like pollens, they are concentrated in the bronchia and attach themselves to the blood vessels. This location makes it possible for them to detect traces of stress hormones (hydrocortisone) carried by the haemoglobin. As soon as they come into contact with this substance, the phospholipidic membrane of the NP (nanoparticles) dissolves and releases several molecules, including formaldehyde (H2CO) in a gaseous state. The molecules rejected by the respiratory tract are detected using cavity ring-down spectroscopy (CRDS). This is a method of optical analysis using laser beams programmed to a particular frequency, making it possible to measure the density of airborne molecules. The wavelength used for the detection of formaldehyde is around 350 nanometres.

9. ‘A scientist, a mathematician, creates a function ... it is mainly an act of resistance ... against the wishes of casual opinion ... against the whole domain of stupid questioning ... Creation is resistance ... it is the production of exaggerations ... and their existence is the proof of their resistance ... against stupidity and vulgarity.’ Gilles Deleuze, Abecedarium , ,1988-9, Video Interview of 8 hours, about his philosophic ideas and concepts in alphabetical order: A like Animal, B like Boisson (drink), C like Culture, D like Désir (desire), E like Enfance (infancy), R like resistance...etc...

10. Shape optimisation (C++ on Linux, developed by François Jouve).

Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia

@morphous MUTATIONS / 2000
NewT / Frac Orleans

I had to admit defeat. Something wanted it that way. I, too, was just an instrument. The world was nothing more than an infinite interweave of instruments. The respite had only lasted for as long as the mirage that it was. Les Racines du Mal, Maurice G. Dantec, Série Noire, 1995

Sites and territories nurture identities, preconditions and affects that architecture and urbanism have continuously restrained and eradicated. The architectural object, having claimed authority for four centuries has the power of unparalleled destruction of modernity to maturity. But in so doing it signs its own limits and end.

The numerous ‘aesthetic orthodoxies’ born in the antechamber of reason and the wastedumps of ideology have now not only become unworkable but are also criminal in their discrepancy with society. Judging each operation on the validity of hypotheses within an enormous assortment of ever increasing facts and artefacts is not an easy task. Signs and referents are not pre-given, like a symbolic reference, but have to be discovered in real time, on the ‘real site’.
If architecture did not know or could not substitute for the modern culture of breaking in a culture of place, more attentive to what it was bulldozing, it is that the verse was already in the fruit. In short, a genetic error... The horizons of the world of perception, of corporeality and of place have only too rarely been the mediums of a production.

Territorialising architecture does not mean cloaking it in the rags of a new fashion or style, which would be just as out of such and separate from the styles and fashions already consumed. Territorialising architecture in order that the place gains a social, cultural and aesthetic link means inserting it back into what it might have been on the verge of destroying, and extracting the substance of the construction from the landscape (whether urban or otherwise), whether a physical, corporeal substance within it, or climates, materials, perceptions and affects. This is not historical regression, nor modern projection, but an attitude that affirms itself by what it doesn’t belong to, outlined against a razor’s edge, in permanent equilibrium. It is a process that is renewed at each new place, allowing for an in-situ attitude rather than just another aesthetic code. From that a radical displacement of our function can be born. To identify that which characterises a place is already to interpret it and to put forward a way of operating on it. But linking being to its ecosystem can only save linking the body to the body of architecture.

This process of reactive mimesis is not a simulation of the ‘exquisite corpse’ game, a visual avatar, disappearing and camouflaging itself with an ecological alibi. Its ability to take hold of a territory without subjugating it depends on the unclear identity that develops within it, on the transformation it operates, on the gap of its implementation, on the ambiguity of the network of extraction/transformation that the materials have come from. This antidote to the separated, autonomous body, this ‘live’ production process could not operate were it not nourished by these active materials: ‘there are the images of materials ... sight names them and the hand knows them’.

In order that these ‘barren’ propositions do not add, subtract but rather extract, and in order that the object of architecture can spur on the real, like a contorted alterity of the territory in abeyance, we should, perhaps, shift the origins of architectural referents into a precondition that states ‘there is’.

We had spent several years looking for the instrument that would enable us to explore the minimal act, somewhere the not-much and the just enough, where the territorial change stemming from architecture would be steeped in prior geographies, where the development can work its way in, and embed itself in what it was supposed to dominate, to exacerbate issues of mutation and identity. We were after an instrument that would enable us to introduce strategies of hybridisation and mimesis in the "here and now" of each particular situation. In view of the many different manipulations of history, involving morality and heritage alike,
geography and cartography — and not the tracing, as Deleuze and Guattari 6 remind us — have always seemed more operational to us. But to contrast the already existing site with its future, in an encounter between the image of the exposed context and the image (in photomontage) that embraces the architectural project, like the demonstration of a processing economy, was not enough for us. We were missing the grasp of the process, in the breakdown of successive hypotheses.

Despite formulating hybridisation scenarios (Fresnoy, Magasins Généraux, House in the Trees, Berlin, Sarcelles...), the medium was lacking. The mutations not only never appeared in the movement that had given rise to them, but, even more so, the documents, in the final analysis, could, by virtue of their isolation, be re-interpreted as decontextualized artefacts.

The processes of distortion, originating from morphing, and here presented by serial tapes or elsewhere on videotapes, stem from this dearth and open up a field of possibilities. Over and above a fascination with the technological tool, and with the contrived metamorphosis that it creates, we are exercised by its revelatory and operational function. The more "deceptive" the morphed movement seems, the more inert in its transformation, the more the urban and architectural project seems to be dominated by the prior situation. The more the morphing can be read in its artifice, the more the projection seems, this time around, to be deterritorialized. Unlike an instrument of representation, morphing thus reveals the degree to which the hypotheses are decontextualized, and in an on-going back-and-forth between deduction and induction, a re-reading of the successive phases will validate or invalidate the relevance of the choices, in a making with to do less strategy 7. It is no longer a matter of contrasting the project with its context, like two distinct hypotheses, but of linking them together by the actual transformation process.

The project is no longer the issue of an abstract projection, but of a distortion of the real. The blank page and the empty screen cannot be. This software calls for a body, a generic physical matrix. The skin 8 of the photographic, cartographic image is transformed and metamorphosed by aspiration (Aqua Alta in Venice), by Scrambling (Farm in Swiss), by Overflow (Restaurant in Japan), by Extrusion and Contraction (Tave House and Maida Museum in Reunion Island) by folding (Soweto museum in South Africa), by growing Pilosity (Tower in Paris), by shearing Territory (House Barak in France and Rotterdam urbanism)...

And the pixels, fractal fragments of the real, are put back together again in a series of genetic mutations. The context is no longer idealised, conceptualised or historicised, it is rather an underlayer of its own transformation. This is a political difference. The virtual instrument paradoxically becomes a principle of reality.

A few words of explanation:

Morphing lies at the root of a software which makes it possible to
merge image A with image B by means of a topological shift of salient dots. With the "Warp" technique, which is a variant of this process, it is possible to produce this alteration, but without being aware of the resulting B. Image A can thus be easily manipulated, and distorted, when it comes into contact with a programme and a scenario, but it cannot side-step its own matter, it own physicality, by resisting it. And it is this amorphism that is involved here.

Presenting the conditions of a hybridisation and a transformation that are paradoxically static and which, by virtue of the mobility/immobility that they create, reveal at best the various issues of prior identity and geography. It is tantamount to producing a critical state both on the "territorial development" processes but also on the use and misuse of technologies. Doing nothing is to raise questions and problems, alike. Doing things on the map, by way of these "@morphous Mutations", is like trying to do things from the negative angle, without the preformatted and accepted skills. The model already in place obliges us to switch our skill towards other arenas (social mechanisms, political economics, and territorial challenges). This process thus opens up areas of investigation likely to extricate us from the dictate of modern projection (medium and alibi of 20th century architecture), which has muddled the programme with the declaration of functions. To make the architectural object ambiguous, and to force it out of the real, is to question our own perception.

Nothing seems more pertinent to me than an architecture that straddles such ambiguities. The binary structures of the predominant thinking about heritage/modernity and servility/domination have, happily, imploded. The transformations of the body and its sexuality, using silicone and collagen, as a diametric opposite of the Metropolis Cyber-Robot, are the lead-in to this. The contemporary prosthesis is made of flesh, and the functional outgrowth made of artificial skin is re-formed. The body is not denied, but exacerbated and hypertrophied. Technology thus enables us, by way of these "@morphous Mutations", to involve processes and write scripts which reactivate the concept of "localism", not to serve up dishes again that have got cold, and museified models, but a thrilling localism, made up of contradictions 10 and respect, and reactive membranes, in an elastic topography. Identifying what characterises a place by these new tools is already tantamount to putting forward a new operational method. So there's not much point in doing a whole lot more.

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1) Brunelleschi’s perspective geometry is responsible for this, in the rationalisation of instruments of production and the domination of architecture on the site. The rule of visual representation is thus substituted for corporeal perceptions.
2) See the notion developed by Felix Guattari in his Schizophrenia Analytic on ecosophy, that architecture has ‘imploded’ and is condemned to being pulled and torn in every direction.
3) In sense attributed to it by M Maffesoli, Du Temps des tribus, 1988, 'History can promote a morale (a politics), the space will favour an aesthetic and exude an ethics'.
4) See Augustin Berque’s La Théorie du paysage en France.
5) Gaston Bachelard, L'Eau et les rêves, 1942.
6) "The rhizome is quite different, map and not tracing... If there is a contrast between map and tracing, it is because the map in its entirety is oriented towards an experiment to do with reality. The map does not reproduce a subconscious that is closed in on itself, it constructs it." Gilles Deleuze, Félix Guattari, Mille Plateaux, Les Éditions de Minuit, Collection Critique, 1980.
8) "These tear the body within and seek a hole to escape through, it throws its hands on to the body and they vibrate under the fingers; it pushes them towards the joints, towards the cavities of the belly and throat, it crushes them there, its fist digging into the skin, which, bespattered with blood beneath, turns cold." Pierre Guyotat, Tombeau pour cinq cent mille soldats, L'imaginaire, Gallimard, 1967.
9) L'Hiver de l'Amour/The Winter of Love, Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, Paysage/Landscape nº2, R, DSV & Sie. P. An installation on the stairs. The fitted carpet was laid, the height of the steps slightly altered, and the carpet relaid. A study to do with the dissociation of the senses, between what was perceived (the treads) and felt (a moving topography), March 1994.
10) "How to live by following — not without fascination — the bulldozer's passage in the Amazonian forest and campaigning for its protection... while remaining on the razor's edge. It is with this terribly human dimension that we must work. An admittedly schizophrenic attitude, but one which preserves us from the snares of the clear conscience, environmental activism and destructive forms of extremism." Lecture at the Pavilion de l'Arsenal, F. Roche, 1997, Mini-PA.

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Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia

Making with to do less / 2001
ICA / London

Throughout the productive spheres including medicine science and the arts, sexuality today is clearly confronted with problems of transformation and hybridization, from silicone to artificial muscles, from sexual transformation, to changes of identities, from biotechnology to underlying eugenism.
The integrities defined by modernity have imploded. The body has become a programmable instrument in vitro, a shell injected with collagen. At the antipodes of the Cyber-Robot of Metropolis, the contemporary prosthesis is made of flesh, and the functional excrescence is recomposed in artificial derma.
The body is not denied, but exacerbated, hypertrophied, and the skin is not any more an element of covering, of protection, but like a
reactive surface to the environment. The human body and its bodily functions would thus have become the physical attributes of an individual choice, not of an evolutionary adaptation from the constraints in opposition to Darwin's ideas. To quote one of the main ideas of Houelbeck in the elementary particle's book, the human being could therefore be the first animal species to organize his own conditions of mutation,. From these possibilities which alternate with ambiguity, Science Fiction and reality, morality its limitations and beyond, emerges these biogenetic mutations which assimilate our evolution to those of avatars, and our ability to believe that architecture can still consist just of bodies, identifiable like slices of chorizo in a pizza.

The processes of distortion, originating from morphing, and here presented by serial tapes (or elsewhere on video tapes), stem from this dearth and open up a field of new possibilities. Over and above a fascination with the technological tool, and with the contrived metamorphosis that it creates, we are exercised by its revelatory and operational function. The more deceptive the morphed movement appears, the more inert its transformation, the more the urban and architectural project seems to be dominated by the prior situation. The more the morphing can be read in its artifice, the more the projection seems, this time around, to be deterritorialized.

Unlike an instrument of representation, morphing thus reveals the degree to which the hypotheses are decontextualized, and in an ongoing flux between deduction and induction, a re-reading of the successive phases will validate or invalidate the relevance of the choices, in a making do with less strategy. Like a chemist having to reproduce the experiment to read it again and understand it, this empirical and random process, is built on reaction and folding on the support. The skin of the photographic, cartographic image is transformed and metamorphosed in one and the same shell. In one and the same matter, it undergoes manipulations akin to folding, extrusion and scarification. The pixels, fractal fragments of the real, are put back together again in a series of genetic mutations. These grafted manipulations, like images of subcutaneous piercing, operate on several registers, several identifications. It is a process of degeneration, a topological cyst, a code of tribal recognition, an exacerbation of hyperlocalism where the city is assimilated to an organism— the context, here, is not idealized or conceptualized, but substrate of its own mutation. The virtual instrument would thus become paradoxically a principle of reality, and architecture escapes from abstracted projections to be assimilated to a distortion of reality in situ.

Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia

A reasoned and logical process for the identification of Sainte
The difficulty in identifying Sainte Bernadette, or at least the possibility of mistaking its identity as a result of dodgy—purely analogical—interpretations, requires us to redefine Sainte Bernadette by that which it is not.

The logic of belonging, based on the recognition of forms, is no more operative here than the logic that consists of confusing Rauschenberg’s white monochrome with Malevich’s, or even worse, the white silence of John Cage.

In Sainte Bernadette what is given to us to see is not reducible to the remnants of the memory of the Todt line.

The logic of identification, the logic of belonging to a circumscribed ensemble deemed “identifiable”, which would typically make it possible to determine the nature of an object is a trap when it comes to Sainte Bernadette. Claude Parent’s “Bloc” (with Virilio’s initial complicity) is unnamable. It is a trap set for those who confuse their own perception with the “explicit” recognition of the object itself. This singularity operates by virtue of a hiatus between its perceptual and functional properties whose relationship is conflicted and even paradoxical.

This is the source of its incomparable resistance to being what it appears to be.

The theater of interpretations is complex but also misleading. Is this a metaphor, in the sense of a stylistic device, which serves as a bridge between two worlds? Is this an imitation in the era of technical reproducibility, in Walter Benjamin’s terms? Or is this a mimesis, in the original sense, which reveals hidden reality? Is this an illusion, or even a phantom that borrowed its reality from the body of another and poorly chose its host, or a poltergeist trying to warn us...?

In contrast to this logic of certainty, this determinist (Boolean) logic that deceives us, we could describe Sainte Bernadette by appealing to math and trying to use a fuzzy logic protocol, incorporating degrees of uncertainty so as to avoid reducing its possible truth values to simply it is/is not what it appears to be.

In other words, an algorithm based on Zadeh fuzzy logic operators can reflect contradictory hypotheses of identification.

Here the function (fzappearance) allows the building to be or not to be what it seems to be (the Boolean values 0 and/or 1).

Thus whether:
- It is officially declared as being what it seems to be / fzDeclare
(the “official” principle having emanated from the military sphere.)

Or if:
- It was built by a military engineering unit / fzEngineer (counter-example: the Casbah and the Battle of Algiers).
- It was or should be used as part of a military strategy / fzStrategy (counter-example: Ken Adams’ monolith of the man with the golden gun, Pana Gna, Thailand).
- It was built of monolithic poured reinforced concrete / fzMimicryStructure (counter-example: Edison’s 1907 solid concrete house).
- It resembles what it seems to be / fzChameleon (counter-example: Swiss Bunker, a mimeses of the landscape and not a fortress).

We can write the formulation so that:

\[-fzapparence = \text{Zadeh}_OR(fzDeclare, \text{Multiply}_AND(fzEngineer, fzStrategy, fzMimicry, fzChameleon))\]

Given
\[-fzapparence = \text{max}(fzDeclare, \text{min}(fzEngineer, fzStrategy, MimicryStructure, fzChameleon))\]

For Sainte Bernadette the values are; fzDeclare = 0 (false), fzEngineer = 0, fzStrategy = 0, fzMimicryStructure = 1, fzChameleon = 1) / Given
\[-fzapparence = \text{max}(0, \text{min}(0,0,1,1)) / fzapparence = 0\]

We can assert therefore that according to the modes of belonging attributed to the members of the family of what it seems to be, this building cannot be equated with that family (value zero) and remains other than what it seems to be.

1) Rauschenberg made this white monochrome by deliberately erasing a drawing by de Kooning.
2) The Todt Line, named after the engineer Fritz Todt, in charge of building of the Atlantikwall.
4) To name an object is to suppress three-quarters of the enjoyment... which derives from the pleasure of step-by-step discovery; to suggest, that is the dream... There must always be an enigma... the goal – there is no other – is to evoke objects (without naming them).” Stéphane Mallarmé.
... that seems to pretend to be a history of the stuttering position between Green and Grey, between chlorophyll addiction, the dream of an ideal biotope, re-primitivized, re-artificialized, in pursuit of the lost paradise, the lost Eden Park, a story for little boys and girls to put their fears to bed and ... the Grey, the deep Grey, which never appears in the visible spectrum ... ("The greatest trick the devil ever played was convincing the world that he did not exist," said Baudelaire) ... an antagonism of stealth forces, an embedded demon: mixture of contradictory human desires emerging from the mud, from permanent, unpredictable, and irreducible conflicts ... factor of domination and servitude, destruction and emergences, which fireworks an unlimited source of arrogance and illusion, through which the notions of success and failure depend on a kind of absurd Pendulum of life and death, which, as an Infinite unstable movement, caresses the boundaries of them both ... polymerizing ugliness and beauty, obstacles and possibilities, waste materials and efflorescence, threats and protection, technological phantasms and the revenge of nature into a knot, into a process of becoming, a never-ending movement ... the Grey—where we glide into this silky, strange sensation that scares you and caresses you ... that scares you and caresses you ... Faced with the autistic, blind, deaf, and mute violence of our technological, industrial, mercantile, and human servo-mechanisms, we are at the crossroads where nature reacts ... with violence and without warning, in a faltering of the original chaos ... in mutiny against the organization of men ... Gaia seems to take revenge (Katrina, El Niño, Cyclone Jeanne, Tomas and Nargis, the Xynthia storm, Ewiniar typhoon, Indonesian and Japanese earthquakes, collateral tsunamis all the way to Fukushima ... chain of devastating incertitude, unpredictable in spite of our seismographic sciences) ... the elements rage and the gods, so quick to pardon our folly, seem powerless to appease a rebellion armed with infernal force ... Nature is not an ideological "green washing" for backyard politics, nor the millenarian, eschatologist dream of Eden Park, from which we have very fortunately escaped, freeing ourselves from gatherer-hedonist blindness to negotiate consciousness with the hostile dark forces that get stuck in the depths of the forest ... But these forces have come out of their hiding places ... their biotopes, they are invading the spaces that Man thought he could take without giving anything in exchange, without transaction ... war has been declared ... nature’s revenge is not a bedtime story for innocent minds ... our bellicose enemy operates openly ... in the light of day ... ultimate arrogance ... How can we reveal the conflict between strategies of “knowledge and domination” of the first and the monstrous and wildly beautiful destruction of the other ... as the field of an unpredictable battle, disconnected, cleared of all the greenish moralism jumble and its post-capitalism lure ... ? ... To help us feel this ambivalence, this
permanent disequilibrium, where contingencies are the main factor in emergences, let us navigate in this history of “gre(Y)en” … From a physiological early simple dualism “shadow & light” in 1990 where Neuschwanstein Grotto is f@ctionally adjusted to Playtime mirror reflection, weakly connecting a cavernous, dark, humid, sensorially-primitive atmosphere with its schizophrenically antagonist and twin brother, crystalline, cold, luminous, dry, technologically-blind as the recognition of an impossible stuttered dialogue, to … a “Growing up” for chlorophyll energy and entropy in 1993 which will collapse and strangle a fragile “chicken legs” house, wrapped and dominated masochistically by the danger of its own predictable death, if the maintenance is not ritualized by the owner as a permanent conflict against the structure’s destructive strength and his need to survive … to a blur petrochemical “Filtration” in 1997, with 5000m2 of plastic stripes floating in the trees, on the edge of a seasonal tidy wild river, carrying nitrate and insecticide plastic bag residues that the farmer abandoned on the bank of his field, waiting for this rising of the water as a depolluting natural service, in charge of erasing the trace of his chemical addiction, and paradoxically back to the visible spectrum when the river is low again, hanging from the branches … the “Filtration” layer reveals through the concentration of the plastic wasted in the canopies an aesthetic countryside planning coming directly from its human managing … to a traveling to the weird … “aqua alta 1.0,” in 1998, sucking up the disgusting viscous over-polluted liquidity called the Venetian Lagoon, to use capillarity’s water forces of the contaminated to infiltrate, literally, the building emergences from these lagoon substances, to … “aqua alta 2.0,” the Venetian bar in 2000 at the Architectural Biennale of Venice where “conventioneers” could refresh themselves by drinking “in live” the lagoon soup, but depolluted through a military purification machine to test in the condition of the Biennale; the schizophrenia between green-washing rhetoric and repulsive digestive paranoia sprung from doubts regarding the reliability of the cleaning engine, that people promote as an efficient technology (for others) … to “shearing,” in 2001, as a simple stealth private House, organizing a simulacrum of its own impermanence and apparent fragility, unfolding in the countryside, but using for the whole envelope the authorized petro-chemistry non-biodegradable fabric spread and disseminated in nature to preserve planted young trees from being destroyed by rabbits, in an agriculture industrial logic … to “Dustyrelief,” in 2002, for the Museum of Contemporary Art in Bangkok, where the dust of the city and the residue of the traffic jam (carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide) dressed her skin and her biotope, as the recognition of public transportation failure in the “greynish” equatorial eroticism, where this special fog of specs and particles becomes the traces of hypertrophic human convulsing activity, as a second adaptive nature, through a bottom-up unpredictable un-mastering un-planning city aesthetic. Without delegating power to autocratic and aseptic technocratic experts at the place of the chaotic emergences of the multitudes, the aleatory
rhizomes, the arborescent growth are at the same time a factor of her transformation and her operational mode. The non-hygienic intoxicating urban chaos is the sign of its human vitalism, as permanent vibration between Eros and Thanatos ... the invisible but breathable substances are bred, attracted by electrostaticism machine to “skin” the hairy freak, exacerbating a schizo climate between indoor (white cube and labyrinth in an Euclidian geometry) and outdoor (dust relief on topologic geometry) ... and ... in a second step collecting the particle substances, dropped down in the monsoon period, through drainage systems ... to create on the side the tea pavilion extension directly coming from the compacted particles brick produced “by” the failure and the beauty of the city ... to the ... “mosquitosbottleneck” scenario, in Trinidad, 2002, trying to negotiate with the infestation of the Nile Virus carried by mosquitos, the recognition of this disease as an objective paranoia triggering strategies for safety, in a weekend residential house. The fragile net, through a Klein bottle apparatus, preserves, protects, but also disjoins the living of the first in resonance with the death of the other. And the sound of their agony, buzzing in the double trapped membrane, becomes the proof of the efficiency of the system, preserving human against nature, against its offensive biotope, protected and surrounded by the theatre of its own barbarity ... to the buffalo Machismo no-tech Machinism in “HybridMuscle,” in 2003, Thailand, as a local mammal muscling power station, lifting with gears of a two-ton steel counterweight, transformed in a battery house, transformed first into an electricity plug and connections and secondly in pneumatic rubber muscles movement of leaves in elastomer membrane to wind the suffocating hot sweaty climate ... as a endogeneous-exogeneous storytelling ... to the “greengorgon,” in 2005, as phasmid morphologies, embedded in a wood, which feed the confusion between artificial and domesticated nature ... where all the outdoor surfaces are dedicated to vertical wet swamp recycling the inert grey water ... as a purification plan infrastructure, rejecting only clean liquidities in the Léman Lake ... to the “Mipi,” in 2006, a PI Bar in the temple of cognitive science, the MIT-Cambridge campus, as an extension of the Media Lab, to experiment through urine therapy absorption, the immunotherapy of the individual human production, including a schizoid balance between disgusting and healthy effect ... to a stochastic machine that vitrifies the city, in “Olzweg,” 2006, starting the contamination from a radical architecture museum in the pursuit of Frederick Kiesler endlessnesslessness. This smearing is done through the industrial glass recycling (mainly French wines bottles), swallowed and vomited through a process of staggering, scattering, and stacking by a twelve-meter-high machine. The random aggregation is a part of this unpredictable transformation, as a fuzzy logic of the vanishing point. The machine works to extend the museum and collect “voluntary prisoners” wrapped in the permanent entropy of the graft, testing the glass maze through its multiple uncertain trajectories, to loose themselves and rediscover this heterotopian, non-panoptical sensation of their youngness, using if
necessary PDA on RFID to rediscover their positioning ... the opposite of an architecture that petrifies, historicizes, panopticalizes ... to the “waterflux,” in 2007, for a scenario scooping out hollows in a full wood volume by a five-axes drill machine with 1000 trees (2000m3) coming directly from the maintenance of the forest around the location of extracting-manufacturing-transformation, as a anthroposophic logic, where technologies and machine are territorialized from the site, endemic to a situation and its mutation, reactivating accessorially local forest economy ... to the “gardenofearthlydelights,” in 2008, a toxic garden in a new green house in Croatia, on the site of an old Middle Ages Apotiker Franciscan monk medical plantation, protected behind a restricted area, but able to be tasted and tested through a distillation de-concentration machinism process, and bar ... only by voluntary desire, in a similar way to the Japanese “Fugu” physiological and psychological effects ... with an “at your own risk” protocol, and where ecosophy is considered as a global interaction, porous to the human body, as a Gaia exchange, a chain of interaction and dependences ... articulating life and death and its knitting paranoia ... to “Heshotmedown,” in 2008, for a tracked biomass machine penetrating into the (De)Militarized Zone, the DMZ, between North and South Korea, collecting the rotten substances, the superficial coating of the forest in decomposition, and bringing back this material to plug all the external surfaces of the ballistic-like building, for a natural eco-insulation, through the fermentation of the grass and the heat coming from its chemical transformation. Full of land mines, the DMZ is a restricted zone, where North and South never stop playing the Cold War. The machine collects the ingredients of this pathological period and recycles them for productive use, from a highly dangerous no-man’s land abandoned since the end of the war (more than half a century ago), which come back to its natural wildness, with the reappearing of elves, wizards, witches, and harpies, and some new vegetal species. Legends and fairy tales are transported out of the deepness of the forest, as in a Stalker experiment to touch the unknown ... to “I’mlostinParis,” in 2008, as a laboratory for bacterial culture, called the “Rhizobium” agent, cultivated in 200 beakers, for its potential to increase nitrogen percentages without the chemical manure of the substrate of each plant, after the re-injection of this substance into the individual nutritional aeroponic system ... for a Rear Window minimum distance to the conservatism and “petite bourgeois” nature of a Parisian neighborhood, the opposite view on a closed courtyard ... this Devil’s Rock emergence is constituted by 2000 ferns from the Devonian period, technologically domesticated to survive in the actual “regressive monarchic French period” ... to a paranoiac system, the “TbWnD” (the building which never dies), in 2011, an alert detection or a marker of our past/future symptoms: a Zumtobel laboratory on “dark adaptation” and on solar radiation intensity detection, covered by phosphorescent components (“Isobiot@opic” oxide pigment made from raw uranium) working as a UV sensor and detector to indicate and analyze the intensity of the UV
rays that touched the area by day (including on humans and all other species). 5000 glass components reveal the depletion of the ozone concentration in the stratosphere and simultaneously the origin of this phenomenon, the sun’s radiation. This lab articulates the risk coming from ozone weakness (industrial pollution / CO2) combined with the paranoia coming from the last century’s scientific ignorance or criminality, developed by the exploitation of the characteristic of some natural element ... to several escaping, coming first through a utopian protocol “an architecture des ‘humeurs’,” in 2011, with a self-organized......urbanism conditioned by a bottom-up system in which the multitudes are able to drive the entropy of their own system of construction, their own system of “vivre ensemble.” Based on the potential offered by contemporary bioscience, the rereading of human corporalities in terms of physiology and chemical balance to make palpable and perceptible the emotional transactions of the “animal body,” the headless body, the body’s chemistry, and information about individuals’ adaptation, sympathy, empathy, and conflict, when confronted with a particular situation and environment ... to adaptations to the “malentendus” of this result, to an endless process of construction through “machinism” un-determinism and unpredictable behavior with the development of a secretive and weaving machine that can generate a vertical structure by means of extrusion and sintering (full-size 3D printing) using a hybrid raw material (a bio-plastic-cement) that chemically agglomerates to physically constitute the computational trajectories. This structural calligraphy works like a machinist stereotomy comprised of successive geometrics according to a strategy of permanent production of anomalies ... with no standardization, no repetition, except for the procedures and protocols, at the base of this technoid slum’s emergence ... and ... last but not least, the last experiment, the “hypnosisroom,” in 2006 (Paris) and 2012 (Japan) ... using a hypnosis session for a star-gate effect, in the pursuit of the Somnambulist feminist political movement, from the first half of the nineteenth century, using hypnosis (called “magnetism” at the time) in an attempt to develop spaces of freedom, an egalitarian, un-racial, un-sexist social contract, that could not be perceived and explored without travelling through this layer ... at the opposite end of the impossibility (or difficulty) of modifying the mechanisms of the real, tangible, political state of the world ... this pre-feminist movement sought, on the contrary, to create this suggestive, immersive, and distanced layer of another social contract ... Although demonized and treated as charlatanism, all of pre-modern reformist thought drew on this movement ... and ... End of the first chapter ...

1) “Mes chers frères, n’oubliez jamais, quand vous entendrez vanter le progrès des Lumières, que la plus belle des ruses du diable est de vous persuader qu’il n’existe pas,” Le Spleen de Paris, Baudelaire, 1858.
2) Edgar Allen Poe’s “The Pit and the Pendulum” as the first scenario of Bachelor Machines
3) Neuschwanstein Castle and its artificial romantic grotto were commissioned by Ludwig II of Bavaria as a retreat and a homage to Richard Wagner.

4) Playtime (1967) is a movie by Jacques Tati that portrays a glass-cold-deteriorated futurist urbanism.

5) A machine using both ozone and ceramic system to create drinkable water, without the right from Italian authorities to call it “Natural Venice Water.”

6) We could spend more time on this project / This scenario in Switzerland is located in La Fauchère near Evolène (Waterflux). We won a competition ten years ago for a centre for glaciology and geology (Le Cairn), initiated by the foundation La Maison des Alpes. You need sometimes ten or 20 years in Switzerland to complete a project, so it is still running. We did the entire studies for the construction, and now we are in the time of fund-raising– the budget is 15 Mio. The building will be erected at around 1’500 meters above sea level in a mountainous area where – 20 years ago – the location was covered by a glacier. It will look somehow like a cocoon and be made entirely of wood. A five axes drill machine will scoop out hollows within the wooden volume as if it is an ice cavity. So you could say that one natural element, the glacier, will be substituted by another natural element, the pine. We want to understand how we can cut the material and how we can shape the architecture by extracting, by cutting out through a sophisticated technological process of transformation which use the material directly from the situation. The building is monstrous in a way, as a Rabelaisian building – talking about this chimera or this kind of stuttering between existing nature, primitive nature and how the technology could transform them both. So we intend to log trees from the nearby forest with a machine and bring the wood to a village at the bottom of the mountain. For this project we are not designing a special machine, but are using a tremendous CNC machine driven by computers. So we will come back with roughly 180 elements, each of them unique and singular and will reassemble them on site, as a topological Lego, with branches outside to maintain the illusion of the snow in a warming environment period to a topological shape similar to the melting ice cavern, indoor, as the dilemma of the glacier disappearing, as a schizophrenia.

The Val d’Hérens, the valley where Evolène is located, is a region with potential seismic activity, with earthquake risk, so we also try to invent a possibility to project this dangerousness onto the building: But in fact we reinforce in appearance the fragility of the multiple stacking elements in equilibrium. The wood we are using is absorbing through the variation of its thickness, depending on location in the building, the structures, the insulation, the waterproofing. Some of indoor space are frozen at -10°C interior, like an attempt to keep the frozen fragments of a lost paradise, “what was the alpine mountain” before the changing of climate, as a sanctuary. As usual in Swiss project, architect has to convince the people to avoid a petition against it. So last year I was in front of 1500 people, and the mayor predicted to me that it will be my last day in the village.”

But I came with a mask, this kind of pagan mask that local people are traditionally using on “mardi gras” (Fat Tuesday), at a carnival, to historically exorcise the winter period and jump in the spring vitalism. They wear masks, they scream, they even beat each other up in the street, in a multitude of Bibendum Michelins, filled by grass in a hessian fat suit, running through the streets, as a ritual, as a ceremony of middle age grotesque behaviour. So before the votation, I justified the building insofar as it could exorcise the global warming, testing a line of illogic and subjectivities to argue and articulate the monstrous design. And
surprisingly, people, all from this mountain, reacted strangely positively and collectively adopted this interpretation as a plausible one, confusing the mask, the exorcising, and the design... with a high degree of logic and illogic. I was in this case the ideal architect speaking about science but in a pataphysics way, articulating the true and the false, the reason and the madness and mainly the forbidden, where ghosts, witches, wizards, and yetis of the mountains were part of the common sharing knowledge.

7) The Gaia hypothesis is a bio-geo-chemical scientific theory. It states that the earth, including the biosphere, is a dynamic physiological system that has operated in harmony with life for three billion years.

8) Stalker (1979) is a movie by Andrei Tarkovski. It takes place in a kind of after-war interzone where a protocol or ritual has to be strictly followed to avoid waking up the forces nobody knows...

9) A 1954 film by Alfred Hitchcock about voyeurism, relations within a neighborhood, phantasms, and realities...

10) Devil's Rock is in the United States. It was used by Steven Spielberg as the alien meeting point in Close Encounters of the Third Kind (1977). In the movie, Richard Dreyfus reproduced Devil's Rock in his own livingroom by destroying, in a lucid rage, a small decorative neighborhood garden in order to get enough material, soil, plants, and mud to build it.

11) From the discovery of the properties of radon by Pierre and Marie Curie, to the plutonium after-effects of the Little Boy atomic bomb.

12) In Spinoza and Negri’s senses.

13) A French word that navigates between “mishearing” and “misunderstanding.”

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Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia
"The last laugh..." / 2015 / ETH
(soliloquy of the avatar New-Territories)

I am neither a wax doll enslaved in a ventriloquist show, nor a kind of toy for post-pubescent children, nor a Voodoo effigy pinned on his door to exorcise demons, nor a photoshoped golem, nor a failed creature of Mary Shelleys twisted imagination... I know, what I am not and that list is long. I am even less the interpretation you make of me: „I am New-Territories, architect, a French both native and immigrant.“ No, my genetic map is Caucasian, Negroid, Asian, and my nature is "both": a transgender, born like Hermaphrodite, I have both sexes and multiple sexualities. I had to go through numerous plateaus of human stupidity, or the only existing BGTG in cabarets, playing the clown at "chez Michou" (sometimes with talent).

But, in these days, I must admit, I am tired of being with New Territories for so long. I sent them my decision, irrevocable and definitive, to leave my position, so they no longer use me as their stooge, as their scapegoat, for hide and seek-sex, like an undercover agent... Making me, muddle through their small problems of the architects... I do not agree anymore with their work, with which
they subjected me... it must be possible to escape! I can no longer suffer from the manners and views, they appropriated. In tune with the postmodern charade "Helsinki Guggenheim", the "Chicago Architecture Biennial" acted as a trigger: assisting the Carnival of Activism, wears Prada, the 'left', and obviously, agitprops in charge to save the planet, misery and Willy... but in the end, however, beforehand, all those that did not correspond to them became a "persona non grata"... which were the occupants, part of the daily routine at the social-centre down-town or rather in front of the Biennial / get the bastards out, these filthy, fat and ugly bodies, with their filthy rubbish-filled shopping carts, all this should disappear... cleaned up... to be among us... permission was granted after passing the super-private-club-silver-class-premium security check... among us, we were allowed daub ourselves with the silly words of outrageous stupidity, from our ingenious flag-bearer Joseph Grima... the human bullshit distillery... and assisting the clownery, stupefying to the fullest at their facebookish, selfish (shee) representation, white, in accordance with the previously agreed 'reac' discourse, pseudo-ecolo trade fair, stroking the mayor’s testicles without worrying that he closed all psychiatric hospitals in the city... among other weapons... the moralizing sperm jet of good conscience of lobotomized grandmothers... paired with the pathological talkativeness and verbiage of those... those who claim to act on the world’s misery, but without coming to terms with it... without ever looking in its eyes... so much they are afraid of... in the depths of “simulacred” museums, which act as a principle of exclusion, if not to say treason... (I would have liked to live as the avatar of Bourdieu, but he did not want), in a room where "the good taste of the dominant social class" is played and dramatized... her glamour... sexy, with Store Front and Fake Frida Kahlo (FFK) as peroxide-blond master of ceremony and... fairly harmless. Yes, precisely the same... I decided to leave François Roche and all those mother’s boys... let them go under in their self-adulation, in the middle of their cultural soundproof Bunker, "champonyzed", and what now is an orphan. Fate is sealed. My suicide belongs to me... guilty... to reach the void of the dark zone... in the states of souls...

‘The Ex-Avatar of New-Territories’ / 2015

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First I have to apologize... mainly because I was invited to take the place of S/he, my trans-post-human CEO since 1993... and I’m talking today on their behalf... and, secondly, because I will occasionally trespass the conventional order of discourse... in content, in grammar, in punctuation... in the pursuit of the notion of Parrhesia developed by Michel Foucault at the end of his life, mainly at Berkley and the College de France: “Is it possible to tell what is forbidden to tell you?”

I remind you of the howling of Ginsberg, the barking of Diogenes, the trespasses of Baudelaire, the repulsive soul of Céline, the gummy viscosity of Houellebecq, the catatonia of Artaud, the devil’s music of Lautréamont... etc., etc... so, on behalf of all of them and myself... first of all, I must apologize...

In fact, we are already beyond... beyond digital... beyond post-feminism, post-technology, post-human, and specifically in Bangkok where 17 genders are listed... and from where I’m writing and playing with complexities and synesthesia, flirting with in-between-politics and sexuality, biochemistry and commoners, computation, mechanization and animism, technologies and lines of subjectivities... in my Temporary Anonymous Zone... that is considered architecture....

As an aside: If we fly over your planet... what we mainly see are scattered de-territorialized zones defining a fragmented country of

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34 We are facing several niches, with a real disjunct in term of incomes-outcomes / input-output:

- The tech-AI-robotic niche mainly in Anglo-American academia, a masturbatory post-human fantasy... full of wealthy Asian students (UPenn, USC... for example), for cash flow considerations, trapped in an accelerationist fetishist/neo-libertarian... promethean vision of the incestuous couple capitalism/technologies... What Zizeck called the cynical.

- The moralistic niche (P. Correct) comprised mainly of “Champagne lefties,” starting in France in the 90s, now in the US as e-flux or GSAPP... yielding to the temptation to exhibit, through empathy spectacles and... while sipping a glass of vintage red wine... the misery of the world... on the condition that the broom never sweep in front of their door... what Zizeck called the Clown.

- And last ...The ecosophical niche composed of scientists and scientific academics who are aware of the disaster but remain trapped in a deaf-blind-mute Cassandra syndrome.

Could we propose a post-millenarian / synesthesia where technology is not used as an immersive lure (art scene), a vintage retro-futurism (parametric) or an accelerationist mask (Deleuzian deterritorialization masking in fact a capitalistic reterritorialization with the concentration
nowhere, or everywhere ... a zone where loopholes are the rules, able to overcome any political situation or regime, to ignore situations such as illiberalism, liberalism, religious dogma, violations of human rights (including those of women and LGBTQIA), as they merge into the eschatological Anthropocene parade... with the fetishism of jiggling façades, twisted high rises... the morbid clownery of parametric libertarians, in the holistic medley of the dance of death....

The merchandising of mass media culture for the massive elite has no frontiers... no limits, no qualms, no mood 35 ... in our “society of the spectacle,” to quote the Situationist Guy Debord... but we cannot ignore the consequences...

- Drinking vintage Champagne with cynical E-Flux lefties whose class arrogance contributes to the populist revenge of the proletariat, middle class and white trash...

- Ignoring the ivory tower syndrome afflicting Anglo-American campuses, where master classes are mainly comprised of a unique layer of wealthy Asian offspring, doesn’t help us re-evaluate or re-negotiate the collateral damage done by globalized finance capitalism as it articulates the concentration of both resources and story-telling “newspeak,” but in architecture it assures the cash flow for new generations of lobotomized TAs, making diversion in Chicago Style clever monkey writing... not without a vertiginous void of content and courage, in self-referential and self-complaisant compliance with the establishment, Their Master’s Voice.

Pierre Bourdieu described this mechanism of the social and cultural production of taste as a second exclusion, a second level of discrimination... the first layer is the initial domination of capital...
(control over the means of production and social organization), and the second cultural capital (control over the means of narration, storytelling and subjective content that architects are developing)... We are instruments of the second... rolling out the red carpet for the first....

In our case... how to consider the temptation to scratch up the film of hypocrisies... a naive or romantic quixotic trap... of what we did in 2000 at our third Venice Biennial, with a lagoon bar depolluting the toxic staphylococcus-saturated water to quench the thirst of those speaking about technologies with a progressive mysticism while refusing to absorb the liquid into their own intestines... or Uranium in 2010, at the Arsenale, questioning the sciences in terms of non-innocent “inoffensive” propaganda at a time when architecture uses AI and robotics as an amnesiac décor, a blue pill to entertain the cybernetic narration, in a scientific mysticism... or in Istanbul, during the last two years... facing Erdogan... and his scary personal regime ... with an installation called “please let me go away”... engaging possible suicide, euthanasia as a political posture... facing the imposture... and the last, #digitaldisobediences... an agenda to de-alienate the hypo-crisis and the extreme violence of the new class arrogance, “déjà vu’’ laziness, Pavlovian conditioning... Those international exhibitions are like a niche, a protected gated community, a restricted area... so contained and isolated that our claim to bio-political, social and intellectual debate has been metabolized... addressed to the event’s visitors, mainly constituted by people taking part in the show... like an airport corridor between two customs borders... please be silent... this zone doesn’t exist... it’s an illusion.

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Psycho drifting (part to read aloud, after a drink or with a shot of dopamine-serotonin, stoned, to get the meaning behind the words)
... psychotic bachelor machines, psychotic apparatuses and fragments... bodies in verse, bodies-becoming... a plausible encounter of the situations, the stories and their symptoms, simultaneously. The “forbidden” is reintroduced as a possible, and what was rejected or considered an improper ingredient is coming back like Georges Bataille’s substances... in a repulsive “curiouser and curiouser” affinity, in the pursuit of Ulrich Beck’s concept of risk society....

Each scenario is a condition of solitude in relation to a “symptomatic symptom” structure where fragmentation is the very raison d’être of his/her emotions: the true story of an old Indian book collector ostracized from his community on the suspicion of atheism, who finds refuge in a tear-collecting shelter made of stones and lachrymatories (“Would Have Been My Last Complaint”); a scientist tramped in Anthropocene entropy, condemned to accept metempsychotic exchanges according to the principle of the law of thermodynamics (“Although (in) Hapnea”); a monster-boy endomorph constantly overfed, protected in a claustrophilic antidote-jacket from the love excess of his incestuous mother (“beau)strosity”); the suspended time of Ariadne floating between two periods, two macho spirals, testosteroned Theseus and the alcoholic Dionysus (“Terra Insola”); a feral child, innocent, naïve and obscene, in a deep jungle, observed by science and voyeurism (“The Offspring”); the “difference and repetition” of an affective alienation that has become caged food in the pursuit of Gilles Deleuze (“’Edays’”); a postculture spasm... in a mud-dirt turd where substances (human psyche and discharges) meet in their states of chemical transformation (“concrete(i)land”), an oracle trapped in carbon, similar to the Pythia, the Oracle of Delphi, stoned on gas vapors, feeding and strangling herself and vomiting... to tell the truth (“liminal”), a real episode of a “Mister Thank You”’ life, a man who died in the street two years ago. He was trapped in a stuttering Tourette Syndrome borborygmus, forced to face the cruelty of BKK kids (“emet”), a sardonic banished king’s jester Arbitrista dwarf living in the darkness of the Sathorn Unique tower, an abandoned skyscraper in BKK, growling within its Pandora’s box, where hope becomes a delusion of grandeur (“whatEVS~4~EVS”).

But also (“what could happen?”) as a prologue to a story about euthanasia in Switzerland where teenagers use winter to bring on hypothermia, but also the last seminal spurts of a Thai ladyboy computed through a robot for a “psycho-cartography”’ choreography that dismisses the position of the artist with posthuman substances and the delegation of authorship (the artist Mika Tamori)... until (“e_Sc[h]atology’’) scientific research develops a perpetual loop between what we digest, shit, recycle, cook, swallow... assuming that some parts have a repulsiveness that must be negotiated individually. In our Anthropocene period... here we can’t fail to mention the (“mind(e)scape”) currently existing in Japan, where citizens can scream, insult, rumble, vomit out their frustration in the middle of a public space, exulting, exposing and exorcising their demons, protesting... but in a voice transfixed in real time to appear to be nothing but incomprehensible lamentation... a kind of Kafkaesque Bachelor Machine....
...including the one visible in these pages (‘Coitus interruptus’), with a castration scenario as an inverted mode of the Lacanian fragmentation mirror: ...a man and an object, a man-object, a knickknack on the mantelpiece... with all of his parts scattered around him: flesh, feet, penis, libido dismembered... as an inversion of the mirror stage, losing his unity, subversion of the masculine subject, voluntary will trapped in the amnesia of desire... in a situation of re-arrangement, re-assembling... beyond frustration... infinite possibilities of castration... caressing his Eros-Tanatos... condition. Educated as a predator by routine Western machismo... he is in a position to surrender, abandoning his arrogance... shifting its representation... thanks to the transaction with the ladyboy he abused a few years ago... to help him face his affective and sexual despair, as a casual pathology... He initially came to Bangkok to re-acquire a “legitimate” compensation for what he lost, or more precisely, what he never met, in his mishmash of pre-pubescent romantic delusions... to... now... surrounded by his petrified semen... negotiate a subjective emasculation, escaping from a previous vain agenda, from drive and suppression... to reach the un- raped grail... questioning as a white male the contours of his identity....

The architectural outcome emerged as a net-like “glitch” structure. An artifact, or result of the slippage between three agents, human, robot and materials. There is no linear top-down relationship of human as designer - robot as servant - extruding inert material. The qualities of the glitch structure are folded into and from a narrative to become an actant, the shelter prop in the production of the associated report (film)....

The inaccurate nature of the extrusion is further exaggerated as the structure continues to grow, resulting in an inconsistent cage “wall” lattice like an emergent effect. The catenary is also in effect at the larger scale of the overall structure’s formal language, making it inhabitable for the film’s protagonist, shattering and dismembering his body as representative of his consciously partitioned psyche.

...and (‘don’t let me sw/EAT’), for the long agony of the digestive machine, from our hunter condition to a monism co-relation, from Carnivor to Vegetarian, to Vegan, Frutarian, Liquidarian...reaching the limbo of dead-alive Bretharian...in organic-psyche matters.

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Scenario include processes on robotic from catatonic feedback of human pathologies to environment memories or failures. Those signals, from analogue or digital, in real-time, are the subtrakts, the intrinsic logic of fabrication. As in many scenarios in Bangkok, the making of the “prop” is developed from this non-linear and conditional robotic processes, from AI task algorithms to absorb the misapprehension of human and environmental pre-conditions. We use real sensor interface (RSI), to capture multitude of inputs which shift, drift the absolute position, the accuracy of robotic nozzle. In this process, inputs are collected through UPD signals and the chain of Processing, Firefly, Grasshopper and Rhinoceros, and re-injected (every 2m/s) into the moving of the machine, creating a permanent artifact between “the point where the machine was” and “the point where the machine should be”... a vector of translation in an iterative de-positioning... AI in an imperfect stammering between
the antagonistic mis-correspondence of several signals and inputs... It introduces local and stochastic perturbations in real time as the trajectory of the nozzle makes visible the conflict of analogue-digital data from robot's own noises, machine clicks, inverse kinematics, pneumatic piston... sequences of loops between what is supposed to drive the movement and the movement itself, impacting the very movement... for a mise-en-abime of order-disorder-order...

Agents corrupt the programmed, predictable work and modify the path of the fabrication, the intrinsic protocol of making, augmenting the intricate meanders of the tool in an ever permanent inaccuracy of positioning, introducing non-linear processes... as a way of territorializing technologies, but on the condition that they be defined through nondeterministic and loophole logic-illogic... to "de-expertize" the design process through its opposite... the discovery of the potential of a masochistic adaptation, in a strategy of contingencies and correlations... of co-dependencies... with the making as artifact... not design but process... no modelization, no scripting if-then-while for bio-mimicry but uncertain input-output, artifacts... failure, collateral effects, bugs, anomalies... are welcome... to develop environmental-architectural psycho-scapes... psyche and environment, body and mind, and "Manias" (mythomaniaS) that refer, etymologically, to an insane drive of perception-projection...

...to the last intention by scanning the urban surface in Okayama City to produce a ("sys-mic") scenario, using ground-penetrating radar to reveal the residue of the Allied bombing during the Second World War, mainly using napalm, and extract an architecture with underground data bubbling up onto the surface... a scenario against amnesia... with postdigital computer robotics as a fold of time, past-present-future, a sharing process...

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Architecture as a weapon

We have ourselves been intoxicated by the very location from where we are broadcasting. In the concert of globalization, we choose to define an “interzone” and “naked lunch” and plunge into the mud of the city, which scares and caresses us...
But of what anomalies is Bangkok the name?

Principally: A degree of resilience? Resistance to any top-down institutions, considering them fictional representations of authority... Waiting for the wheel to turn... (I’m not so naïve... fiction is not innocent or inoffensive)... but on this supposed resilience... I prefer to let Thais speak for themselves... explaining how this Kingdom of Siam, surrounded by Indochina and the British Empire, was never colonized, never educated in Western ways....

Secondly, as an architect who identifies the practice of urbanism as a coercive instrument of power... I admire a city where madness has not been massively interned within the walls of psychiatric hospitals, as Foucault described in his history of madness during the classical period in Europe... Modernist urban planning has essentially mirrored the panoptical psychiatric institutions of the eighteenth century, adopting the strategy of discipline and punishment in terms of circulation, distribution, polarities, partitions, producing an extreme antagonism between the public and the private... exhibitionism and intimacy... security and paranoia... And using hygienist propaganda as a pretext to validate this fiction in the design process.... Outdoor cities in Europe have been configured as extensions of those indoor institutions... a topological inversion.

So... the city of Bangkok is a complex metastructure where madness is tolerated... meaning that the top-down structure of decision-making cannot regulate life on the street, the daily lives of ordinary people, the commoners... whether Thai or immigrants like me, even if that’s for wrong or bad reasons....

And, finally, Bangkok has appeared as a stage on which heterosexual fictionalized storytelling as a unique mode of social, sexual, political and urban organization is abolished...

Let me do a flashback:

In fact, S/he, my androgynous business CEO character, developed a territory of fugitivity from a discriminatory world where sexuality has stamped its intrinsic logic on the walls of Westernized design. The “trans” condition and appearance of S/he, given birth by Photoshop 1.0 in the early nineties, was not a conceit of that period but instead a strategy to historically question the system of masculine-feminine domination and its organization of power....

Architecture, by its nature, its genetic pathology, develops techniques and apparatuses of this violence, and this why, in the deregulated system of post-capitalism, architects dream of working under an illiberal political regime (many in Asia, in fact)... all to the advantage of the techno-structure, but with the performative cynical asymmetry of a top-down approach. This genetic pathology embedded in the master-slave discourse started with a patriarchal conception of the architect that corresponds to the normative political heterosexual system of the representation of domination/submission. Sex, space and power are consubstantial, as
Paul Preciado described in Pornotopia. Those hetero-violence became naturally mapped into urban planning and architecture as a physical construction of the political- and gender-charged fictions of those relations... where tools and apparatus are directly used and abused as a design strategy that assumes and reinforces this politic asymmetry. This male hetero-violence has been petrified in buildings and cities themselves...

The anomaly of BKK is that it has performed, contradictorily, this predictable managerial iconic petrification... but exclusively in its skyline... while abandoning the urban sprawl, the unpredictable, polymorphic urban tissue, to the ground level... where it smells of commoners, genitalia, humanity, madness and hope... and as we said... resilience... as the basic daily routine.

These schizoid involuntary artifacts, with their top-down/bottom-up intricacy, including the infrastructure... are producing one of the leading complex cities of the twenty-first century, in term of the binaries of antagonism/control and resignation, networked and crafty, panoptical and heterotopic... including 17 genders... or is it 18... I’m perhaps late myself in counting up this post-human situation... that directly influences the normative ways to use the city... shifting the model of rigid representation into a zone of transgressive matter... with porosity... desirable mazes... obstacles and a fluidity... tension and vanishing points...

All these overlapping ambivalences are directly and compulsively writing our agenda... our means and meaning... Pushing and wiring our seven-axes robot in the BKK streets for small construction projects... without a permit, without any delegation of power... including the agreement of the neighborhood, sometimes just a temporary rental structure... as in the slum of Makasan, or in our lab on Chao Phraya, or in the Talad Noi Chinatown where we are based. We are able to touch the borderline... the forbidden... repulsive matter... and question... the concept of boundaries, the multiple frontiers between digital, robotic, biological and human substances, computation systemism, posing instead indeterminism, uncertainty, heuristic and haptic logical disruption... building amid the commoners, creating debate, controversy, arguments and agreement in situations utterly unlike the virginal symptom of bits and pixels...

The main interest of our BKK involvement... plunged into the middle of those antagonistic forces... is NOT to define a political position... but to politically accept and act on a political position of creation... meaning to question the format, the aesthetic conditions, the synchronicity here and now in today's globalized zeitgeist, in recognition that what we had named “culture” has become just another kind of merchandise, privatized and vectorized in a fictional narration and its by-products.

Could we, in the anomaly of Bangkok, reopen the transdoor of the vanguard where creation is experimental, radical, unorthodox... offering, by its nature, a critical position regarding the
relationship between producer and consumer (I prefer the word citizens, in fact)... where art and architecture participate in changing the rules... by reason of their “historical de-functionalism.”

Pushing the boundaries of what is accepted as the norm in the status quo... in cultural branding... to simultaneously and intrinsically promote radical social and economical debate, through catharsis strategies... and reform....

Along time ago... in 1969... Arial Zeyman developed his own curation of the famous and iconic art exhibition “When attitudes become form” /...

in conclusion... we could admit that... in the deregulation, the loophole of BKK... we are able to re-open the Pandora’s box of attitudes... able to pervert and corrupt forms and shapes through technologies and fiction... leaving the “déjà vu” far behind.

“If you find this world bad, you should see some of the others,” said Philip K. Dick in what seems to be a before-the-fact proto-Buddhist description of BKK....

Welcome to #postDigital... facing the post-capitalist-age... as a strategy of resistance...

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FACING “déjà vu”

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...historically, what Chomsky put forward in his latest book Who Rules the World?, a return to the Dreyfusard/Anti-Dreyfusard polarization, not only in terms of anti-Semitic propaganda and obscenity but also in the positioning of two types of intellectuals, on the one side those based in academia, arguing to preserve the system of power and authority, using politics and aesthetic to petrify the structure or privileges, and, on the other side, a need to desacralize the system of representation and its logic of domination-hypocrisy as a way to de-articulate and de-alienate the ‘orders of discourses’.... the first type of intellectual gets the the grants, the awards and accolade, the direct profits from their cynicism as a business plan (like the “Immortals” of the Académie Française) and the second gets censorship, exclusion and in some cases banishment...from Narcissus to Cassandra.

In our own disciplinary system, difficult to omit forget the long tradition of the tractatus, from Leon Battista Alberti to Jean-Nicolas-Louis Durand, as a method to think-design-construct with the right attitudes and proportions, with Beaux-Arts references, in the Greco-Roman organization of space and Monarchic division of tasks. Modernism was, with its five points, a legitimate pursuit of the control of space, both private and public. However two recent periods exorcised this long-standing top-down authority of means and meaning... the first emerged as the collateral effect of the barbarity of the Second World War with the birth of so many experimental
groups such as GEAM and GIAP among others. Let’s also remember that David Georges Emmerich, an Auschwitz survivor, and his early association with Yona Friedman, led to a re-questioning of the legitimacy of the architect, the bottom-up self organization of the “creative unemployed” to quote Constant, and as collateral effect our own “professional expertise”. The second period, which is still too close to be fully understood and analyzed, is the emergence from the digital (r)evolution of the mid-90's, a period of some 10 years lasting until its first class burial in 2004 on the occasion of the “Non Standard” exhibition at the Pompidou Center... as the opposite of the Bruneleschi-Alberti perspective diagram that re-organized the representation of society with humanism as a pretext, and the vanishing point as the modus of master-planning and surveying, this proto-digital period - initially intending to conquer, appropriate, caress and corrupt new tooling methods, situations and processes made possible by the democratization of computers - was (re-) opening the Pandora's box of dreams, nightmares, illusions, fiction and reality... de-alienating the managerial-official story-telling by insiders, workerism and operaist strategies... recomposing the full chain of production and the division of labor, with a permanent shift or drift in design and fabrication processes, renegotiating the posture-position of the architect, and mainly developing a format of “resistance-resilience,” if I may quote Log 25 which was published later, in 2012. The proto-digital was perverting the ancient order, the post-modern Rotary Club, and the merchandising of design.

Where are we now? As Burroughs or Bowles said about the Interzone of Tangiers, there is nothing left to spoil anymore... The digital has come back as a system of control, simultaneously developing a superficial, naïve jiggling methodology to mask its content (in a Neoliberal Parametricism), computation and robots are used for decorative "'Christmas'" exhibitions, like in the "Coder le monde" show this year at the Pompidou Center and in similar institutions where Academia engages in the use-abuse of tooling in a purely formalist way, detoxified, sterilized and lobotomized as... the Anglo-American spots for wealthy lazy Asians... for cash-flow purposes. It’s time to announce the defeat of the digital in terms of a re-questioning of thinking and making in the post-capitalist age... architecture plunges again into a system of tractatus, repetition, plagiarism and “déjà vu”... waiting in sleep mode for the next trans-door... the next singular synchronicity...

As a small conclusion... I would like to end with the case of Gottfried Semper who designed the Dresden Opera House for the King in 1841, and seven years later designed the barricades for the May Uprising in the same city... This schizoid condition could be used as a tractatus... to resolve the dilemma of your question...
The erotism of Sade is an erotism of dream, only realizable through a fiction: but more this erotism is dreamed, more it needs a fiction from where the dream is banned, where the lust is either realized, either lived (Lautréamont et Sade, Maurice Blanchot)

Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia

TE(E)N YEARS AFTER
merci à l’ange noir, « Sie... »

_Biotopes 1990-1995

1) Entropie / 1991
L’urbanisation du XXIe siècle couvrira 50% des terres de la planète pour 80% de ses habitants. Sorte de continuum d’activités humaines, sans début ni fin, sans centre ni périphérie. Cette surface uniforme, grise d’enchevêtrement de réseaux, de pavillonnaires, d’illusoires « espaces verts » et de quelques totems sera l’héritage du XXe siècle.
Certes, notre grande clairvoyance nous aura poussé à protéger quelques fragments noyés dans ce tissu, par ici quelques hectares de forêt amazonienne, par là un Rockefeller Center, Pigalle, le Zoo de Londres...

Et face à cette urbanisation proliférante, quelques territoires vierges en réalité inhabitable : vallée de la mort, océan Arctique, Grand Erg occidental et j’en passe.

Rappel des faits : il fut un temps où la cité s’ancrait là où le topo pouvait contenir, défendre, alimenter la vie. Un contrat d’urbanité reliait le développement de la cité à sa sécurité et cimentait le contrat social.
L’occupation foncière était de fait une jouissance protectrice, un droit à la vie. La cité, par son autonomie défensive et politique, instaurait avec la nature des rapports d’altérité et de dépendance. Mais l’équilibre précaire entre ces deux états distincts, la ville et l’en dehors de la ville, n’a pas pu résister au nouveau concept de territorialité de l’Etat-nation.

L’unité géographique de la cité ne se superposant plus à celle politique, elle n’avait plus de raison de la contenir. Le principe d’équilibre rompu (cité/nature) signait
simultanément la mort de l’une et la naissance de l’autre, du
glisement de la cité à la ville, de l’unité limitée à celle
extensive. L’entropie devenue planétaire, nous assistons à la
recherche d’un nouveau point d’équilibre, thermodynamique, où les
formes d’enchaînement, d’aspiration réciproque et de gaspillage
entre nature vacante et densité humaine ne font que commencer.

En 2050, 80% de la population mondiale sera urbaine. Une nouvelle
culture urbaine est à développer et ce n’est pas tant l’opposition
entre la ville et son en dehors qui nous intéresse que la nature
même de la ville dans ce nouvel écosystème de frottements
contingents.

2) « Mimesis » / 1992
...ça procède par variation, expansion, conquête, traversée,
recyclage, adaptation, imitation, capture, baiser, modification...
C’est un rapport à l’animal, au végétal, au monde, au politique, à
l’artifice, en ligne de fuite.
Une petite machine de guerre, pistolet automatique de combinaisons,
od’associations beaucoup plus importantes que l’innovation, machine
de rêves, en butte contre les méthodes, les messianismes, les
utopies factices de bonheur, l’état naturel, les symboles, les
progrès quand ils sont illusores. Quand tout a basculé pour de bon
dans n’importe quoi, le grand froid, la guérilla urbaine et tout le
bordel, reste un sixième sens, des terminaisons nerveuses et des
réflexes de défense.
...ça ne prend pas le maquis, ne fait pas de la résistance. C’est un
principe de réalité qui ne cherche pas à avoir raison contre le
quotidien du désordre mais marche gaiement sur ses décombres, ça vit
au grand jour
...ça bricole, recycle, recompose en tous sens historiques, ça fait
rêver ce qui existe, ça n’invente pas, ça vibre dans la forme des
histoires et des langues locales, petits contes, provisions de
fables et récits obtenus par collage de dernière minute. Rêve de
matière, de climats sociaux, de terrains vagues et d’intimité
rehaussée. C’est méchant aussi, pas vraiment prêt à plier et à se
taire. Et puis c’est naïf et plein de trouvailles, obligé de se
frayer un chemin à travers le monstrueux dépôt du bric-à-brac
social...

3) Habiter / 1993
Etat des lieux : une porte cochère, un premier code, de l’espace
public à l’immeuble. Un deuxième, quelques mètres plus loin,
l’entrée du bâtiment N°1, de la copropriété à la cage d’escalier. Au
quatrième, c’est une porte-blindée-trois-points-serrure-Fichet,
syndrome maladif de la sécurité, un premier motif de solitude.
Isolé du monde, dans la bulle de survie, étanche, climatisée,
insonorisée, il ne reste plus qu’a faire gueuler la T.V, seule
fenêtre ouverte sur l’extérieur de cet abri, deuxième motif de
solitude.
Et dans cet ennui, on se prend à rêver du temps où l’escalier inhalait la cuisine de la concierge, du temps où le bruit de la rue nous parvenait encore, du temps où le voisin du dessus s’occupait de nos insomnies, du temps où l’architecture participait à la sociabilisation des groupes humains et non à leur atomisation, du temps où les nuisances, les odeurs, les bruits, les conflits, les frôlements inscrivaient nos propres sensations dans un processus d’échange.

L’évolution du logement ne s’est limitée qu’à la surdéfinition et à l’individualisation de son espace et de son confort. Du tout à l’égout antique, à l’innervation XIXe (eau et gaz à tous les étages), de l’hygiénisme début du siècle à la surenchère « crise pétrolière » (isolation phonique, climatique...) de l’hypertrophie télématique à la pizza à domicile, l’acte d’habiter s’est orienté de gré ou de force vers une fonction réduite, utérine, du replis sur soi, dans la négation de l’en-dehors.

L’architecture, en participant à ce processus d’atomisation, n’a fait que le radicaliser. Pas étonnant que dans ces conditions la T.V. fasse un tel tabac.

Face à cette dérive « carcérale » et à cette glaciation fonctionnelle, il serait légitime de réévaluer l’énonciation architecturale de la domesticité au regard des espèces corporelles qui l’habite.

Pour exemple, qu’on se souvienne de la coupe sociale d’un immeuble XIXème ou se côtoyaient l’artisan et la famille du concierge au rez-de-chaussée, les riches bourgeois au premier, les petits bourgeois au second, les commerçants du rez-de-chaussée au quatrième, les pauvres au cinquième, et le chat sur le toit. Ou deuxième exemple, qu’on se souvienne de l’activité sur la terrasse haute, séchoir à linge…

La fonction habiter est une fonction de complexité, fonction d’interface entre soi et le monde extérieur, d’usage et d’échange. A trop vouloir mettre en scène une fonction de repli, fut-elle livrée aux dernières technologies du confort, on a oublié son rôle de médiation. C’est dans le mythe entretenu de la propriété indivisible que naissent les tireurs-barres-années-soixantes. Le bruit les dépossédant de leur bien et le contrat d’isolation rompu, aucun garde-fou collectif ne peut enrayer le fusil à pompe. L’empilement de logements ne peut servir de ciment social, fut-il de béton.

Aux architectes alors de proposer des lieux intermédiaires de la domesticité, ni totalement dedans, ni totalement dehors, d’offrir des lieux qui puissent servir comme antidote à la délocalisation télématique, à l’illusion d’autonomie, des lieux rechargés de corporalité, de frottement, d’échange transitif entre l’individu, le groupe et son environnement (autre que la cage d’ascenseur...).
Le système de production du logement n’a privilégié qu’un stricte rapport privatif (y compris en location), flattant le citoyen là où il est le plus fragile (sur ce sentiment de propriété) et minimisé de fait, pour des ratios de rentabilité, toute interface entre la rue et la cellule. (Les systèmes d’aides ne font qu’accentuer cet état de fait en indexant le crédit au seul critère de la surface privative).

Le logement s’est donc à la fois atomisé dans l’espace et dans l’usage, sur un mode commun d’isolement. Réhabiliter ce concept de voisinage, de mixité, de bruits, de nuisances, c’est certainement réenclencher le premier atome de la collectivité.

Il suffirait simplement que l’architecture domestique évite de superposer au contrat social un contrat spatial factice.

4) L’ombre du caméléon / 1994

Je connais des gens qui sont nés avec la vérité dans leur berceau, je ne leur ressemble pas.

Certains détiennent un credo, une mission, une pensée, d’autres la plagient dans une idéologie de faussaire. Je ne suis ni des uns ni des autres, je m’intéresse aux chemins multiples, complexes, où l’architecture ne se draperait plus de son autonomie princière et se nourrirait enfin des territoires qu’elle était sensée dominer. Mais loin d’être fier de voir au milieu des aveugles, je tiens pour peu de chose la faculté de voir si celle-ci n’est pas partagée.

Les architectes ont invariablement incarné la domination de l’homme sur la nature, de la ville sur l’écosystème, du plein sur le vide. Le territoire n’a finalement été, au mieux qu’un objet trouvé, au pire un alibi, corvéable à merci, et notre métier semble s’être isolé, égoïste et nombriliste, limité à des exercices de style et des querelles de chapelle.

L’architecture, née dans le berceau des utopies, ne s’est jamais débarrassée de sa gangue perverse, auréolée de prédiction progressiste et de futur meilleur...

L’histoire existe

Enfants des années 70, « d’après la bataille », orphelins des maîtres-penseurs, que nous reste t-il à produire dans un monde qui n’est pas fait pour nous ? Nos réquisitoires, condamnés à être déformés, récupérés, détournés par cette génération « qui-a-pris-la-parole », passent inaperçus. Aveuglée de ses combats perdus, elle se refuse à en décoder les exigences et la substance, et par le brouillage qu’elle entretient, instrumentation de son propre pouvoir, elle ne fait que retarder sa chute. Le siècle à venir ne sera pas le sien.

Mais à vouloir reconstruire un univers qui ne soit pas emprunté, ni par ceux qui « savent », ni par ceux qui simulent, la marginalisation, si l’on n’y prend garde, nous guette.

Dans un système qui n’a de souci que son propre miroir, peu se doutent que l’objet d’architecture ait à ce point implosé, inutile
donc de s’accrocher à ce qu’il fût ou à ce qu’il devrait être. Situé à l’intersection d’enjeux politiques, de tensions économiques, territoriales et sociales, aiguillé par de constantes mutations technologiques et industrielles, il est irréversiblement condamné à être tiraillé et déchiré en tous sens.
Et pourtant rien ne justifie qu’on prenne le parti éclectique d’un tel état de fait, dans la revendication aveugle du chaos généralisé. Bien au contraire, celui-ci appellerait à l’exacerbation de choix éthico politiques qui puissent réinvestir des processus de sens et inverser le gaspillage auquel on assiste.
Que la lecture des lieux et des milieux devienne l’essence même de l’acte.
Que les credo, les individualismes soient contorsionnés, infiltrés, enchâssés sur et contre ce qu’ils s’apprêtaient à détruire.
Que finalement nous apprenions à en faire MOINS pour faire AVEC.

La nostalgie est une arme

Il nous faut réinventer une architecture, animiste, sensuelle, primitive, politique, antidote aux aveuglements d’une modernité bavarde, à la fois optimiste et lucide face aux constats d’iniqüité d’une planète en feu.
Réinventer une architecture, nullement pour relancer un style, une école, une théorie à vocation hégémonique, mais pour recomposer, dans les conditions d’aujourd’hui, l’énonciation même de notre métier.
Les paysages, fussent-ils urbains, périphériques, naturels ou labourés ont des codes topographiques, affectifs, climatiques. C’est à travers ces lieux et ces milieux qu’il nous faut opérer. Evidemment, leurs constitutions ne se livrent qu’à ceux qui prennent le temps d’y rester, parfois même d’y vivre. Le « code génétique de la territorialité » n’est pas une recette à estampiller, un label politically correct, pour yuppies en mal d’idéologie mais un processus de contact à renouveler sur chaque expérience.

Rendre visible

N’y voyez rien de bucolique, de sentiment écolo, d’alibi végétal, la graine à la main. Ce processus d’infiltration nécessite des moyens d’intervention qui soient à l’échelle des territoires empruntés, ainsi qu’une rééducation de notre raison d’être.

Ce plaidoyer pour une architecture du temps et de l’usure, des sens et du sens, à la fois humaine et territoriale, n’aurait pas de matière si nous ne pouvions l’enrichir de nouvelles compétences entre la cartographie, la géologie, la reconnaissance raisonnée des préalables et l’évolution des technologies afin de produire non pas
de cette cuisine réchauffée et stérile des académies, fussent-elles « contemporaines », mais de fruits et de légumes frais, de viandes et de poissons frais, une architecture sur le tranchant de l’art-et de l’histoire-de ce siècle.

Par un emballage photosensible aux proximités, par une refonte de sa fonction première, elle limiterait ainsi sa « vocation » d’isolement, pour se plier aux variations des climats, des atmosphères, des topographies et des usages dans un réquisitoire transformiste.

Moins est une possibilité

Lancinante est cette nécessité de se tenir proche de ce qui nous redonnerait le sens des responsabilités, à l’égard de notre propre survie et dans un sentiment de fusion avec les éléments. Le monde aristotélicien des apparences, des artefacts, ne serait-il pas finalement tout aussi valide que celui des idées et des concepts. Il nous suffirait simplement de composer avec ce réel, qui reste malgré tout notre seul abri, dans une intercession entre nos propres désirs et ce qu’ils étaient censé dominer.

5) Situations / 1996
Je me souviens des dernières paroles de Guattari fin 1980 qui associait cette décennie aux années de l’hiver et de la glaciation. Il est mort avant de voir celles qui suivaient, ou l'individualisme voire même les petites lâchetés en sont le fond de commerce.

Boursoufflement de l’ego manipulé par les institutions malades qui nous font marcher sur les frêles béquilles de la reconnaissance inutile.
Génération des soi-disant années glorieuses, née sur les barricades, qui fière de son échec idéologique s’accroche aux rênes du pouvoir et du discours, moralistes et obscènes.

Que de manipulations dans le reflet d’un miroir déformant qui nous ghettoisent un peu plus chaque jour. Otages des labels, des primes au succès, des cocktails et des baisemains. L’architecture, rien d’autre qu’une société d’élégants sympathiques sirotant non sans cynisme la coupe de leur propre inutilité. Et si nous assistions schizophrènes à notre propre rélegation. Et si finalement nous ne servions plus à rien ? Et si finalement tout notre petit outillage nourri sur les expériences de ce siècle était déconnecté, en roue libre, académisé et instrumentalisé ?

Les architectes n’ont jamais eu à leur disposition un arsenal (c’est le cas de le dire) de formes et de codes esthétiques aussi développés et multiples qu’aujourd’hui. On comprend donc la fascination de produire son bâtiment au firmament de l’esthétique (qu’elle soit déconstructiviste, moderne, écolo, industrielle et j’en passe) sans s’apercevoir que la nécessité de faire de
l’architecture est ailleurs que dans les énièmes problématiques de style.

Les bateleurs et badineurs en tout genre n'ont jamais été aussi puissants que dans le brouillage qu'ils alimentent à relayer ces objets labellisés culture comme caution de leur propre importance, otages des codes des marchés publics et de leur fausse transparence, à la fois dans leur attribution et dans leur montage. En dernier maillon de la chaîne de production, on nous invite à dessiner les « programmes programmés », verrouillés, sans que nous puissions remettre en cause leur validité, leur situation et leur coût, leur inscription territoriale et humaine. Kidnappés par un milieu de professionnels du bâtiment, instrumentalisés par les institutions, l’architecture et l’architecte ont rarement-en France-été aussi serviles.

Remontons le cours du temps.

Mimesis

Par pure nécessité représentative, l’architecture a besoin de formes et de signes. Qu’ils soient contingents à sa propre histoire ou puisés en temps réel, dans le vivier d’une société, ils obéissent dans leur mise en scène à des lois syntaxiques prédéterminées : « Du bon usage de la forme pour architectes vertueux ». On ne compte plus les petits et grands traités, les méthodes édictées en bible de la composition et du style (aujourd’hui évidemment remplacés par les revues de l'autopromotion) qui donnent à construire ces mêmes signes avant de donner à penser. L’imitation étant la courroie de transmission de l’acte de bâtir, fait de ces signes et formes admises, les mouvements esthétiques ont toujours statué sur leurs propres référents, ceci afin d’en ériger les canons à suivre. Opérants, parce que symboliques, ils en creusaient d’autant plus la capacité de formulation qu’ils en étaient constitutifs (de l’ordre des modèles antiques, de leur imitation renaissance à leur détournement maniériste, aux modèles modernes et prémodernes, du paquebot transatlantique aux ouvrages métallurgiques, des mythes « fonctionnels » au postmodernisme et finalement à la fascination du chaos...).

Cela n’a été en fait qu’une affaire de digestion, de permutations successives à partir de référents et artefacts liés en temps réel aux contacts d’une société et réintroduits dans le champ spécifique de l’architecture. Il était un temps où le métier de l’architecte s’opérait en mimésis de ces « signaux précurseurs ».

Le relativisme des cultures, la crise des grands récits progressistes, le pied d’Armstrong dans la poussière en direct live un certain juillet 1969, l’indéterminisme et la fin des entropies humaines nous ont laissé sur le carreau, orphelins. Le mythe embryonnaire du réseau, de l’interactivité, du « multimédia » et de la délocalisation ne paraît pas se nourrir de ces mêmes signaux
élémentaires faits de références visibles. D’un métier asservi « aux règles de l’art », sur catalogue, avec quelques recettes en poche intrinsèquement porteuses de sens, nous plongeons dans une ère qui ne se laisse plus coder ni décoder. Sans lexique, ni manuel, l’architecte ne peut plus se livrer aux arrangements savants « des volumes sous la lumière », son écriture tourne à vide. Les signaux ne sont plus donnés a priori comme références symboliques mais à découvrir en temps réel, en chevauchant à cru un animal convulsif. On comprend dans ces conditions la tentative de se replier sur un microlangage et de substituer à la perte d’un catalogue collectif ses propres obsessions personnelles. Mais Cette « liberté », si elle ne passe que par la célébration d'un individualisme « créatif », ne sera qu’un avatar de plus dans la longue litanie des erreurs de la modernité. Quand les signes viennent à manquer, leur profusion factice, de l’ordre des simulacres, semble d’autant plus suffocante.

Et si nous nous laissions dominer plutôt qu’asservir. Et si le référent était non inscrit sur les tables des lois mais, ici et maintenant, sur le site même, sur le territoire même du projet. Et c’est au travers de ces substances mêmes des lieux et des milieux qu’une pensée sur la ville peut émerger.

D’avant-garde en avant-garde hégémonique, dans une succession de messages prophétiques, l’architecture a ainsi toujours rêvé d’un monde en décalage total avec son cadre de production et paradoxalement s’est le plus souvent asservi dans les actes à celui-ci ainsi qu’aux seuls critères d’un savoir technico-économique nécessaire à sa fabrication.

Cette schizophrénie entre l’idée et l’acte explique en grande partie l’échec patent de nos villes. Ce malentendu, qui nous rend sympathique dans nos convulsions psycho-nombrilistes, a tellement brouillé les pistes qu’il nous est difficile de discerner, à la lecture de la production, ce qui reste de la prévention sociale et humaniste. Si l'architecture n’a pas su ou pas pu substituer à la culture contemporaine de l'effraction une culture du lieu, plus attentive à ce qu’elle « bulldozerisait », c'est que le vers était à l'origine dans le fruit. Une erreur génétique.

Les nombreuses « orthodoxies esthétiques » nées des poubelles des idéologies et dans l'antichambre de la raison sont non seulement devenues aujourd'hui inopérantes mais aussi criminelles au regard de leur décalage avec la société. L’imitation, courroie de transmission du savoir architectural donc, n'a plus d'autres repères que la surconsommation, l'abus du design et du référent culturel autoréférentiel et consommé. Mais l’éclectisme de surface n’est que le travestissement d’un académisme qui n’a de cesse- malgré sa profusion-de déterritorialiser l’architecture.

A la culture de la forme, il faudrait substituer une culture du
lieu, en extraction de ce «il y a», et l'on s'apercevrait que le monde des apparences est tout aussi valide, pour y puiser nos matières, nos substrats, que celui de la culture et de son propre spectacle.

Mais Chronos mangeait

Depuis peu, quelques nouveaux outils numériques apparaissent (je ne parle évidemment pas de l’informatique omniprésente dans toute agence et école sur des bases de conception 2D qui n’ont eu comme utilité que l’accélération des processus de production et leur représentation… et comme tare cette même utilité). Le numérique qui m’intéresse est celui qui ouvre des champs d’investigation propre à nous extraire de la programmation moderne (support de l’architecture du XVe et qui inféode ce même programme à la l’énonciation des fonctions).

Introduire comme paramètres l’intensité des flux, les liens, les climats, les proximités, la territorialité dans toute sa complexité, les devenirs sociaux comme un scénario à écrire et donc à construire… Ne sont-ils pas plus légitimes que le mythe fonctionnaliste qui, quoi qu’on en dise, ne cesse de mourir et de renaitre ?
La fonction est aujourd’hui ailleurs.

Car identifier par ces nouveaux outils ce qui caractérise un lieu, c’est déjà avancer un nouveau mode opératoire, inutile d’en faire plus.

Qu’il nous faille en effet aujourd’hui, sur chaque opération, statuer sur la validité des hypothèses au sein du gigantesque bric-à-brac de facts et d’artefacts qui s’amplifie quotidiennement n’est évidemment pas chose aisée.
Ni régression historique, ni projection moderne. Cette attitude s’affirme par ce à quoi elle ne veut pas appartenir et se profile...

Territorialiser l’architecture, ce n’est certes pas la draper des oripeaux d’une nouvelle tendance, par nature tout aussi décalée et « séparée » que celles qui viennent d’être consommées.
Je me méfie aussi des bonnes consciences qui fleurissent sur le terrain de l’écologie. Il y a Te(e)n Years After

tant de monde pour porter le drapeau de la morale, ils sont légions, aussi nombreux que les criminels, et la préservation de la planète leur sert d’étendard. Je préfère les chemins complexes, multiples, forcément mauvais diront certains.

«L’herbe, ça ne produit ni fleur ni sermon sur la montagne, ni
porte-avion mais en fin de compte c'est toujours l'herbe qui a le
dernier mot. Elle comble les vides, pousse entre et parmi les autres
choSES. La fleur est belle, le chou utile, le pavot rend fou, mais
l'herbe est débordement ».
C'est de cette herbe dont Miller parle que j'aimerais me
constituer.

Et Chronos mangeait ses enfants

Territorialiser l'architecture, afin que le lieu retisse un lien
social, culturel, et de fait esthétique, c'est l'enchaîser dans ce
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s'apprêtait à détruire, c'est extraire des paysages (fussent-ils
urbains ou non) la substance d'une construction, non seulement au
regard des climats, des matières, des perceptions et des affects
mais aussi des espèces corporelles qui l'habitent. Notre projet
recyclage sur Sarcelles de l'immeuble 48 qui permettait d'amorcer
des processus d'auto-construction, en capitalisant ce que l'on
appelle abusivement le temps libre, en est la tentative.

Notre société ne peut plus reproduire exclusivement un modèle
d'habitat issu des années 60, du temps du plein emploi dans un
montage de pure consommation immédiate. Le concept de l'habitat
social n'est pas un produit statique mais fonction des climats
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« Celui qui aime les plantes ne devrait pas être foncièrement
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Et c'est cette dimension humaine, terriblement humaine, avec laquelle il faut œuvrer. Une attitude schizophrène certainement, mais qui nous protège des pièges de la bonne conscience, du militantisme écolo comme des extrémistes destructeurs. Comment vivre en suivant, non sans fascination, la trace du bulldozer dans la forêt amazonienne et militer pour sa préservation ? En restant sur le fil du rasoir.

Territorialiser l'architecture, ce n'est pas non plus se servir abusivement des expériences du Land Art pour justifier d'une énième colonisation de ce qu'il nous reste à conquérir, l'en dehors de la ville. Substituer aux cultures agricoles des environnements dits « paysagers » ne serait-ce pas une douce et coupable ironie ?

Les seuls jardins du monde contemporain que je connaisse sont les friches et les champs de maïs, les vignes au centre des bourgs de la côte chalonnaise -c'est là d'où je viens- les rizières en plein Tokyo et les micro jardins associatifs et

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maraîchers dans le Bronx à New York, un tissu mixte, métissé, né de la superposition de l'agriculture et de la ville, de la friche, du débordement et de l'ordre comme antidote à l'entropie urbaine. Les expériences d'art végétal, de Néotu Vert, qui fleurissent ça et là en France, particulièrement dans les parcs de châteaux, en sont le versant petit marquis et le contre exemple.

La matière, un préalable à la forme

Les horizons du monde de la perception, de la corporalité n'ont que trop rarement été le support d'une production. L'univers de la perception s'est asservi au monde du visible, comme une hégémonie de l'œil. La représentation codée de l'architecture ne pouvant en représenter que la superficie, elle en a simplement limité le réel.

Relier l'être à son écosystème ne peut faire l'économie de relier le corps au corps de l'architecture. Saisir un territoire sans

Te(e)n Years After

l'asservir tient tout autant de la reconnaissance d'une pensée de la situation que de la pertinence du choix de la matière. De cette double identité, métissée, issue des filières d'extraction/transformation et de leur localisme, de leur voisinage, l'on pourra alors se rendre compte que la ville est une plante qui a besoin de terre, de ciel et de substances.

Que la pensée d'architecture, pensée de survol, pensée de l'objet en général se replace dans un « il y a » préalable, dans le site et sur le sol du monde et l'on s'apercevrait que le toucher n'est pas
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Avec du vide, un dépouillement, de la nature, comme l'exacerbation d'une réciprocité, de ce qui était historiquement dedans (la ville) avec

Te(e)n Years After

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Sur des liens fragiles entre les fragments éparses de notre fin de siècle et dans une attitude qui ne se veut ni messianique ni repliée, mais de guérilla et de désir entrelacés.

Et Chronos n'avait finalement plus rien à se mettre sous la dent, pas même un Caméléon s'affirme par ce à quoi elle ne veut pas appartenir et se profile ainsi en équilibre permanent, en principe réactif de pertinence et non de style.

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Que chacun puisse accéder à l'édification de son « home », dans une structure familiale évolutive et incertaine, est incompatible avec l'idéal clé en main développée en France depuis l'après-guerre dans le logement social. Induire une proportion d'inachèvement dans un bâtiment, c'est on s'en doute un peu contradictoire avec l'image que l'on projette sur notre fonction.

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6) Rumeurs - Belleville / 1994

Jusqu'à hier, rien ne prédisposait à un changement d'état, et l'arborescence des capteurs sur les parois n'avait enregistré, depuis vingt ans, sur les rouleaux des sismographes, que le cycle répétitif des saisons.

Un facteur avait dû évoluer, lequel ? Je ne sais... mais le processus de mutation était enclenché. Le métabolisme avait bougé, imperceptiblement d'accord, mais il avait bel et bien bougé.

Et pas de ce genre de mutation mécanique version Cyber-robot, accompagnée de grincement d'écrou et de froissement de tôle, non, une mutation ectoplasmique, neuronale.

Personne ne voulait y croire, la ville se refusait à y croire. Toutes sortes de contes pour enfants circulaient et se propageaient
lancement d’une campagne de pub pour les uns, manipulations politiques ou arnaque de foire pour les autres,… Ces rumeurs nous protégeaient tous de la réalité des faits, fixant ainsi les limites de l’acceptable, du tangible.

Que la ville devienne un organism vivant, constitué de membranes réactives, de derme palpitant, et échappe ainsi au simple amoncellement de matières inertes ne pouvait et ne devait pas être.

La rumeur nous en éloignait pour quelques temps encore.

**Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia**

_Génétiques 1996-2001

1) MUTATIONS @morphes / 1998
(NewT/ R&Sie(n) / Frac )

Je devais m’avouer vaincu. Quelque chose voulait que cela se fasse. Je n’étais qu’un instrument, moi aussi. Le monde n’était qu’un emboîtement infini d’instruments. Le répit n’avait duré que le temps du mirage qu’il était.

Les Racines du Mal, Maurice G. Dantec, Série Noire, 1995

Depuis plusieurs années, nous cherchions l’instrument qui nous permette d’explorer l’acte minimum, entre le pas grand chose et le juste assez, où la transformation territoriale née de l’architecture s’imprégnait des géographies préalables, où l’aménagement aurait pu s’infiltrer, s’enchâsser dans ce qu’il était censé dominer pour en exacerber des problématiques de mutations, d’identités. Nous cherchions un instrument qui nous permettent d’induire, in situ, des stratégies d’hybridation, de mimesis, dans l’« ici et maintenant » de chaque situation. Face aux multiples manipulations morales et patrimoniales de l’histoire, la géographie, la cartographie, et non le calque comme nous le rappellent Deleuze et Guattari [1], nous ont toujours semblé plus opérantes. Mais opposer le site préexistant à son devenir, dans un face-à-face entre l’image du contexte à nu et celle (en photomontage) intégrant le projet architectural, comme démonstration d’une économie de transformation, ne pouvait nous suffire. Il nous manquait la préhension du processus, dans la décomposition des hypothèses successives. Malgré l’élaboration de scénarios d’hybridation (le Fresnoy, Magasins Généraux, Maison dans les Arbres, Berlin, Sarcelles), le médium nous faisait défaut. Les mutations n’apparaissaient non seulement jamais dans le mouvement qui les avaient engendrées, mais plus encore les documents, in fine, pouvaient par leur isolement être réinterprétés comme des artefacts décontextualisés.

Les processus de déformation, issus du morphing, présentés ici par bandes séquences ou ailleurs sur bandes vidéo, relèvent de ce manque et ouvrent un champ de possibles. En deçà de la fascination pour l’outil technologique, et de la métamorphose factice qu’il engendre,
c’est sa fonction révélatrice et opératoire qui nous occupe. Plus le mouvement morphé semble « déceptif », inerte dans sa transformation, plus le projet urbain ou architectural, semble se laisser dominer par la situation préalable. Plus le morphing se donne à lire dans son artifice, plus la projection semble cette fois-ci se déterritorialiser. À l’opposé d’un instrument de représentation, le morphing révèle ainsi le degré de dé-contextualisation des hypothèses, et dans un va-et-vient permanent entre déduction et induction, à la relecture des étapes successives, vient valider ou infirmer la pertinence des choix, dans une stratégie du « making with to do less » [2].

Il ne s’agit plus d’opposer le projet à son contexte, comme deux hypothèses distinctes, mais de les lier par le processus de transformation même. Le projet n’est plus issu d’une projection abstraite mais d’une distorsion du réel. La page blanche ou l’écran vide ne peuvent être. Ce soft nécessite un corps, une matrice physique générique. La peau [3] de l’image photographique, cartographique, se mue, se métamorphose par aspiration, extrusion, subit des manipulations de l’ordre du pliage, de la scarification, du boursouflement, du cisaillement...Et les pixels, fragments fractals du réel, se recomposent en une série de mutations génétiques. Le contexte n’est plus idéalisé, conceptualisé ou historicisé, mais substrat de sa propre transformation. C’est là une différence politique. L’instrument virtuel devient paradoxalement un principe de réalité. Quelques mots d’explication : Le morphing est à l’origine un soft qui permet de fusionner une image A à une image B par un déplacement topologique de points remarquables. La technique du « Warp », variante de ce process, permet de produire cette altération sans pour autant connaître sa résultante B. L’image A se voit ainsi manipulée, déformée, au contact d’un programme et d’un scénario, sans pour autant pouvoir échapper à sa propre matière, sa propre corporalité, en faisant résistance. Et c’est de cet amorphisme dont il s’agit ici. Mettre en scène les conditions d’une hybridation, d’une transformation qui soit paradoxalement statique et qui, par la mobilité/immobile qu’elle engendre, révèle au mieux les problématiques d’identité préalable et de géographie, c’est produire un état critique à la fois sur les processus « d’aménagement du territoire » mais aussi sur l’usage et le détournement des technologies. Ne rien faire, c’est poser question mais aussi poser problème. Agir sur la carte, au travers de ces « Mutations @morphe », c’est vouloir agir en creux, sans les compétences préformatées, et admises. Le modèle déjà là nous impose de déplacer notre compétence vers d’autres sphères (mécanismes sociaux, économie politique, enjeux territoriaux). Ce process ouvre ainsi des champs d’investigation propres à nous extraire du diktat de la projection moderne (support et alibi de l’architecture du XXe) qui a confondu le programme avec l’énonciation des fonctions.
Rendre équivoque l’objet architectural, et le contraindre à s’extraitre du réel, c’est questionner notre propre perception [4]. Rien ne me semble plus pertinent qu’une architecture qui traverse ces ambiguïtés. Les structures binaires de la pensée dominante patrimoine/modernité, servilité/domination, ont heureusement implosé.

Les transformations du corps et de sa sexualité, à coup de silicone et de collagène, aux antidotes du Cyber-Robot de Metropolis, en sont le préambule. La prothèse contemporaine est faite de chair, et l’excrément fonctionnelle en derme artificiel recomposée. Le corps n’est pas nié mais exacerbé, hypertrophié. La technologie nous permet ainsi, au travers de ces « Mutations @morphes », d’engager des processus, d’écrire des scénarios, qui réactivent la notion de « localisme », non pas pour resservir des plats refroidis, de modèles muséifiés, mais un localisme palpitant, fait de contradictions [5] et de respect, de membranes réactives, dans une topologie élastique.

Identifier par ces nouveaux outils ce qui caractérise un lieu, c’est déjà avancer un nouveau mode opératoire. Inutile donc d’en faire beaucoup plus.

[1] « Tout autre est le rhizome, carte et non pas calque. Faire la carte, et pas le calque... Si la carte s’oppose au calque, c’est qu’elle est tout entière tournée vers une expérimentation en prise sur le réel. La carte ne reproduit pas un inconscient fermé sur lui-même, elle le construit ». Gilles Deleuze, Félix Guattari, Mille Plateaux, Minuit, Critique, 1980.


2) Reactive Skin

L’ensemble des sphères productives (médicales, scientifiques, artistiques, évidemment sexuelles) se trouve aujourd’hui confronté à des problématiques de transformation, d’hybridation (de la silicone aux muscles artificiels, du transformisme aux changements d’identité, des biotechnologies à l’eugénisme sous-jacent...). Les « intégrités » définies par la modernité ont implosé. Le corps est devenu un instrument programmable in vitro, une enveloppe reformatable à coup de collagène. Fonctions et organes seraient donc devenus les attributs physiques d’un choix individuel, non une adaptation évolutive face aux contraintes environnementales (un pied de nez à Darwin !).

Et pour reprendre un extrait des Particules Elémentaires : « l’humanité pourrait être ainsi la première espèce animale à organiser elle-même les conditions de sa propre mutation ». Face à ces possibles qui alternent non sans ambiguïté S.F et réalité, conscience, ses limites et son dépassement, face à ces mutations biogénétiques, comment croire que l’architecture puisse être encore constituée de corps intègres, identifiables, comme des pépites de chocolat dans une glace Häagen-Dazs ? Modélisée à partir d’une page blanche ou d’un écran vide, decontextualisée, déterritorialisée, avec un panel instrumental qui s’est finalement substitué au réel (comme système interprétatif et projectif), l’architecture a hélas appris à survivre dans un isolement culturel. Rêve de domination « platonicienne » du plein sur le vide, de l’homme sur l’écosystème, de l’idée sur le préalable.

Mais qu’en est-il quand la génétique devient l’une des interrogations génériques et conflictuelles de notre devenir, qu’en est-il quand les outils eux-mêmes (soft et interface) s’éloignent chaque jour un peu plus des géométries descriptives et perspectivistes qui ont dominé la « représentation » de l’architecture depuis plusieurs siècles, qu’elle soit constructive ou fictive ?

Impossible de nous cacher encore plus longtemps derrière ces envelopées humanistes, fondées sur des soi-disant émancipations sociales ou progressistes qui ont fait les beaux jours de la modernité (et ce qui s’en est suivi). Panofsky, au travers de la cabale entre Galilée et Kepler, nous avait pourtant prévenu : Les architectes sont au mieux conscients de l’influence des outils de mesure qu’ils utilisent, au pire ils en sont otages (n’en déplaise aux derniers anarcho-trotskos drapés de leurs illusions prométhéennes).

Néanmoins...dans cet univers incertain, quid de cette révolution instrumentale si elle ne s'abandonne qu’à une pure virtuosité de l'objet. Pour élaborer des stratégies basées sur des processus de mutation,
il nous faut en effet déterminer en préalable une matrice, un corps qui puisse les absorber « dans sa chair », à l’image d’un organisme en devenir.

On ne tire pas sur une patiente malade pour la soigner, comme l’application médicale d’une Tabula Rasa, on ne la maquille pas non plus avant de l’opérer.

Pour éviter la cicatrice, l’incision est légère.

Pour que la greffe prenne, les tissus seront compatibles (bien qu’artificiels).

Hypothèse 1 : Les softs de déformation peuvent être considérés autrement que comme des joujoux pour clips vidéo de Michael Jackson (Black and White) mais comme instrument d’hybridation.

Hypothèse 2 : La géographie peut être considérée autrement que comme un outil de représentation mais être, elle-même, le support de sa transformation et l’interface opératoire avec le réel.

1 + 2 = Hyperlocalisme

Ces manipulations greffées, à l’image des piercings sous-cutanés, fonctionnent néanmoins sur plusieurs registres : est-ce un process de dégénérescence, un kyste topologique, un code de reconnaissance tribal, une exacerbation d’hyperlocalisme... « Entre le désordre incontrôlé et l’ordre excessif d’Euclide, il y a désormais une nouvelle zone d’ordre fractal, issu de la situation et de l’analyse situs » (D’après Mandelbrot)

Ces deux modèles d’intervention s’opposent radicalement : l’un consiste en la production de formes, raisonnées et admises, issues d’une conception platonicienne du monde et qui viendrait s’appliquer sur le territoire, le dominant afin de se prouver la prééminence de l’homme sur la situation. Et l’autre, l’autre exacerbe une réponse dans le prolongement de la complexité du site lui-même, se replie, en creux, afin de se laisser absorber, voir asservir par l’équilibre préexistant.

Le premier est une pure projection de l’esprit, à la portée des concepts et des technologies en usage, l’autre, mutant, nous invite à contrario à élaborer des stratégies à la manière des astrophysi-ciens dont la principale méthode se résume en ces quelques mots : « A défaut d’avoir des idées, il vaudrait mieux prendre le temps d’observer ».

Dans cette représentation du monde, le local n’est plus synonyme d’isolement mais relié naturellement au global. Les lieux et les milieux peuvent être réintroduits tel qu’ils sont, comme particules élémentaires d’un principe de réalité, dans un continuum, un zoom qui associe et relie l’ensemble des perceptions physiques. Et c’est en cela que cet outil, issu de l’observation géographique en mouvement, s’oppose radicalement à ceux issus de la lecture historique (qui hiérarchise et momifie), ou à ceux qui feraient de la « projection abstraite et mentale » une quête conceptuelle, exclusivement déterminée et conditionnée par l’instrument qui les modélise.

Ce flame fusionne la réalité perceptible du monde à sa conception humaine. Le contexte n’est plus univoque, mais rhizomatique. Cette géographie en mouvement (que l’on peut aisément aujourd’hui introduire dans l’instrument productif de l’architecte) nous permet en effet de saisir et engager en temps réel, « Ici et Maintenant », des hypothèses sur la croûte terrestre sans en réduire la complexité. Ces géographies nous servent ainsi de matrice, d’organisme vivant, sur lesquels sont introduits nos processus d’hybridation.

Elles sont de fait un corps mutant, à l’image de l’un des derniers clips de Paul White pour Björk où l’enroulement zoomorphe d’une animation 3D sur un visage (qui n’est pas sans rappeler le film d’animation humanoïde Tron), associe et imbrique virtuel et réel, mais aussi peau, chair et numérique dans un enchaînement ambigu. C’est d’ailleurs cette dimension imparfaite qui nous relie aux technologies, non le fantasme d’une énonciation « progressiste » de plus.

Avoir une vision globale, macropolitique, ne nous intéresse pas, elle nous semble d’ailleurs opérer sur les mêmes modélisations que la modernité.

Etre asservi instrumentalement à un localisme, c’est pour nous l’occasion de développer une micropolitique, agissante et opératoire. C’est en cela que nous sommes vaccinés contre les virus magnifiquement macrocyniques d’une pensée de la macrostructure et son remake d’architecture internationale (New York, Paris, Berlin, Shanghai, Singapour), pour engager des processus, écrire des scénarios, qui réactivent la notion de localisme.

**Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia**

_Intermède_

Aqua Alta 2.0 / 2000

On peut en parler de la ville du sud, voire même y projeter toutes les fictions, y révéler tous les manques avec les sentiments attendus : culpabilité, cynisme, compassion, humanitarisme, interventionnisme, prosélytisme catho et j’en passe...
Nous préférons ici la donner à boire.

Absorber de l’eau polluée, c’est percevoir physiologiquement la dépendance du corps au corps social, aux matières premières, aux matières élémentaires.

« Et si elle est buvable pour un réfugié du Pakistan, pourquoi ne le serait-elle pas pour des congressistes pleins de bonnes intentions ? Par ces gorgées de Grand Canal, nous expérimentons in vivo les délices d’une aide humanitaire dont nous sommes généralement si fiers ». (D’après Patrick Sourd)

C’est donc un lieu d’échanges, mais d’échanges digestifs et aqueux, de substances intestinales, faites de dégoût et de suspicion vis-à-vis de la fiabilité des technologies.

« Là où ça sent la lagune, ça sent la merde et ça sent l’homme, la taxifolia et les hydrocarbures, entre moiteur salée de flagrances estivales et lichens spongieux logés dans le moindre interstice de briques suintantes d’humidité ». (D’après Artaud)

Que faire en effet de ce fatras de grands manifestes sur la ville si le regard ne se pose pas en préalable sur les substances qui la constituent : terre rouge à Dakar, bush à Soweto, glace à Resolute, lagune à Venise… afin de l'intégrer comme mode opératoire, hyper localisé.

Ce que l’on consomme, avale et absorbe doit simplement correspondre aux règles minima de santé publique, inutile donc de formater les villes sur les mêmes mécanismes hygiénistes, masqués habilement par de fausses prétentions d’émancipations sociales et progressistes.

La constitution de la ville et son devenir se situent au creux de cette contradiction et c’est une attitude politique de le reconnaître comme préalable pour intervenir dans les pays en voie de développement.

A contrario d’une vision globale qui tente de passer la planète au PAIC Citron, nous nous laissons dominer par la nature physique et chimique d’une situation.

Ce projet lagunaire en est l’expression critique.

**Parrhesia / Athazagoraphobia**

_Jedi 2001...

1) (Science) Fiction & mass culture crisis / 2003

Immergés dans un temps arrêté, vibratoire, nous suivons la flèche du temps qui depuis les années 60 hésite sur le sens à donner à ses aiguilles, entre conservatisme moral des baby-boomers et futurologie consumériste Gucci.

D’une anticipation galiléenne, exploratoire de mondes inaccessibles que seule la science (fiction) du haut de sa certitude pouvait
alimenter, la (science) fiction a quitté le champ du futur pour s’infiltérer dans les méandres de nos sociétés informationnelles. Les faux-pas du Bibendum, dans la poussière crasseuse et lunaire, un certain mois de juillet 69, ont mis fin à ses envolées entropiques. La littérature des Stephenson, Gibson, Stirling et autres publiés dans les séries d’anticipation, s’inscrit en direct live et le miroir déformant que le genre tendait à créer entre l’espace de l’imaginaire et celui de notre quotidienneté s’est dilué dans l’univers des plausibles pour se confondre avec les news, avec le jeu social. La (science) fiction s’est étonnamment déplacée, ni forward ni reward, mais here and now. Les scénarios de dépliage qu’elle emprunte pour manipuler notre réel deviennent de véritables outils de transformation et paradoxalement des leviers stratégiques pour rendre compte du flottement de nos sociétés post-informationnelles, du shocked mass media culture. Mais son principal intérêt depuis cette immersion dans une matrice in vivo vient des inquiétudes qu’elle alimente.

Que la science (fiction) ne soit plus le lieu de la propagande positive et déterministe (mais qu’elle nourrisse les germes de notre propre monstruosité-de notre propre perte de contrôle entre indéterminisme, théorie du Chaos, et biogénétique-comme une force pactisant avec les harpies et les créatures de la terre, avec le Dark Side faustien et le Sturm and Drang, contre les perruques rationalistes et l’œuvre de l’esprit hégélien) ouvre enfin sur un monde où même les peurs deviennent fables, belles et charnelles. Il nous faut négocier avec le pli de l’instant, invagination de la pensée du futur, et vivre un présent comme courbure asymptotique du temps : entre Back to the Futur et Tomorrow Now, entre le dream time et le day after.

Dans ces conditions paradoxales où la notion et la perception du temps se sont écrasées à la surface de l’immédiateté, comment croire que l’architecture ne puisse se constituer qu’au travers d’avatars fossilisés, de cadavres exquis aveuglés de valeurs naïves et progressistes, d’opportunisme citationnel comme maquillage du global entertainment ?

Pour réinvestir les scénarios et substances qui conditionnent l’architecture et révéler les contradictions et fantasmes qui alimentent nos sociétés, il nous faut au contraire puiser dans cette temporalité vibratoire, inquiétante et voluptueuse. L’architecture n’a pas à se penser ni à se produire dans un temps différé comme porte-drapeau d’une morale, d’un futur meilleur. Elle ne peut se négocier que sur l’instant, contingente d’une situation, soluble dans un « étant donné ».

Critique et territorialisée, cette attitude est aux antipodes des envolées macrocyniques (le marché crée la forme) et de son remake
d’architecture internationale pour engager à contrario des processus qui réactivent la notion de « localisme » palpitant, complexe et inachevée.

Nos outils de codification et de transformation des territoires agissent non à travers une projection idéale, mais sur un état des lieux, un biotope mutant et tangible issu de la faillite généralisée des pensées urbaines et de leur imposture. De cette ambiguïté surgissent nos scénarios, fragiles et uniques.

Les rhizomes pliés de Guattari-Deleuze étaient un point de fusion et d’arborescence pour atteindre un énième plateau, une terra incognita, pour sortir de l’emprise de ceux qui déclaraient avoir autorité, linéaire, pédagogique et discursive. Cela nous a permis d’échapper aux rêves prométhéens, aux apôtres millénaristes, aux moralistes cyniques, pour marcher gaiement sur les poubelles – ô combien nombreuses et multiples – du siècle écoulé, débarrassés du fatras des mythologies progressistes dans la volupté d’un cataclysme quotidien.

L’architecture (science) “ fictionnelle ” n’est pas un remake culturel, genre Altered states pour quelques happy few, elle n’a rien à faire d’une idéalisation nostalgique du monde dans une bulle de savon muséale, ni d’une utopie new age et de ses présupposés gentiment moraux.

Elle est un lieu d’affrontement dans la reconnaissance de nouveaux principes de réalités et s’investit en permanence dans des procédures de re-programmation, de re-scénarisation du réel, ici et maintenant.

Par nécessité, elle se confronte à l’émergence, à sa Gestalt, et ne peut se négocier que dans le spectre du visible. C’est là sa condition politique et opérationnelle.

Elle génère des processus de transformation qui prennent le risque de positions et mutations critiques, sur le fil du rasoir. On ne peut tirer de plaisir à annoncer l’« infocalypse », on peut juste en récolter les fruits, souvent étranges. Nos projets en sont quelques paradigmes…
TWIN HOMOPHOBIC STRATEGIES

Reaction following the Censure of 'S/he' 26th lecture "digitaldisobedience", cancelled a day before by e-flux...
https://lnkd.in/f2_Uq-e

I was born in 1993, and as an androgyne, I have met with many humiliations and exclusion from the conventional and reactionary machismo discipline of architecture.

I’ve been used, sometimes as a puppet, in a queer parade or as an architect’s conceptual joke, but most of the time just denied on the basis that my supposed non-existence makes me useless, brainless...

In the white heterosexual field of architecture, the benefits of the work naturally always accrued to my secretary, FR. But in 2017, my identity was at LAST authorized to take credit for my first show, “s/he would rather do fiction making,” restoring the historical logic of the scenario and authorship.

By censoring my first May 26th e-flux lecture in NYC a few hours before the event, you (e-flux) enacted a Trump queer/homophobia syndrome. Do you think that what you consider a virtual trans character is less sensitive than an LGBT person from Texas?

The content I was supposed to deliver, was, as you know, about our own responsibilities (yours included) in the lefties carnival that abandons the foundational reason for our existence - to reveal the intellectual hypocrisy of the organization of society - constructing instead a private, performative circle for the happy few (called the “gauche caviar” in France) and helping create this populist situation by using culture to exclude and humiliate, as a commodity, hijacking the real debate about social conflict and reducing it to inoffensive, self-complaisant postures and positions (for your own advantage).

We are facing, historically, what Chomsky put forward in his latest book Who Rules the World?, a return to the Dreyfusard/Anti-Dreyfusard polarization, not only in terms of anti-Semitic propaganda and obscenity but also in the positioning of two types of intellectuals, on the one side those based in academia (such as e-flux) arguing to preserve the system of power and authority, and using politics to create a diversion, and, on the other, the “S/he” speeches as a strategy to desacralize the system of representation and its logic of domination-hypocrisy as a way to de-articulate and de-alienate the orders of discourses.... the first type of intellectual gets the privileges, the grants, the branding, the direct profits from their cynicism as a business plan (like the “Immortals” of the Académie Française); the second gets censorship,
exclusion and in some cases banishment under pain of prison (like Assange, Snowden, Zola...).

It's easier and more comfortable to defend the LGBTQPIA in Chechnya while drinking a warm glass of red wine among people from the e-flux storefront in New York than to question our responsibilities in the abandonment of social and political demands amid the upsurge of the new Western populism (shouldn’t we put our own house in order, or, as said in French, sweep in front of our own front door?).

S/he is opening this Pandora’s box... and has been just repudiated... to maintain the order of power and the logic of hierarchy...

BUT nothing changed in class organization, and institutional-Master Card intellectuals are, in New York as in France, determined to maintain the ‘‘old regime’’ pyramid by excluding everything liable to upend their privileges. We face two perfectly symmetrical systems, like two sides of the same coin: on the one hand Trump in his abuse of the delegation of power and establishment of an idiocracy, and on the other you, with your simulated intellectualism that is really the intellectualism of the courtier, of the French Academy, which reinforces and stabilizes the organization of power.

You both are developing a phobia... of everything you cannot control... For one, a phobia of the Anthropocene and the LGBTQPIA, and for the others (you), a phobic fear of self-criticism as the virtue of intelligence, liable to de-alienate, desacralize the postures of authority – and accessorially, a phobia of me, the transgender ‘‘s/he’’, who uses my own fiction as an apparatus of bio-political strategies...

“Fiction is a tool to knot and unknot realities.” (Michel Foucault)

S/he

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Parrhesia / Frigoli Symptomes

_Polémiques

1) Vous avez dit patrimoine / 1999

En 1996, la direction de l’Architecture revient dans le giron du ministère de la culture, après 15 ans de loyaux services au sein du ministère de l’équipement. En 1998, elle s’adjoint le patrimoine et accouche d’un institut à la mesure de sa démesure : une « cité de l’Architecture et du Patrimoine », avec un budget de fonctionnement d’environ 100 MF par an !
Ce qui peut paraître anodin, une simple permutation de service, en
raconte finalement beaucoup plus long sur l’état de l’architecture française que les nombreuses déclarations emphatiques des milieux autorisés à penser.

Un homme incarne ce billard à trois bandes : FB / Premièrement, on extrait de l’architecture la substance politique et territoriale pour en limiter la portée à de simples joutes culturelles; deuxièmement on la gave d’une nouvelle orientation qui relierais passé et modernité, patrimoine et création, servilité et domination. Opposition binaire dont abusent les serviteurs de l’état, dont on connaît pertinemment l’escroquerie intellectuelle.
Troisièmement, et dernière bande, on réalise un machin pléthorique de communication-spectacle chargé d’assouvir le besoin de reconnaissance de l’architecte et de sa direction de tutelle.
La troisième bande fut fatale. La précipitation des architectes à en être, n’a d’égal que leur perdition face aux enjeux de nos sociétés.

Entre les fausses pétitions dénonçant le machin, pour mieux s’y placer, les auto-proclamations de guide spirituel, et les manipulations d’enfants de choeur, FB, lui, oeuvrait.
Asservir une profession avec quelques breloques en poche (rosette et poignées de main...) nous ramène à la grande époque, celle pompeuse et officielle où les « professionnels de la profession » péroreraient.
Les grands commis de l’état ont besoin de thèmes récurrents, qui permettent de discoursir, de « colloquer » et de plier le réel à des projections simplistes et savantes.

C’est entre autre ce qui explique l’échec patent de nos villes. Car en France, et cela peut surprendre, on pense la ville, on la pense même tellement qu’on la plante. On la pense comme un systématisme, avec des schématismes.
Colbertistes incompatibles avec des notions de complexité, de rhizomes, de processus. Ce n’est pas tant l’urbanisme des années 60 et la mauvaise qualité des architectures qui est à remettre en cause que notre incapacité à faire évoluer ces modèles que l’on a toujours considérés comme achevés. La mutation, le recyclage, le sampling, l’hybridation sont des attitudes perceptibles dans l’ensemble des sphères productives de la société. La prothèse contemporaine est faite de chair ou de derme artificiel recomposé. Le corps n’y est pas nié mais exacerbé, hypertrophié.

Mais là où celles-ci agissent et produisent par mutations successives, l’architecture contemporaine, elle, alterne périodes moralistes de « réhabilitation » et cycles progressistes de destruction, comme le miroir déformant de deux attitudes finalement semblables, et qui consistent à s’exclure du réel.
Momifier, muséifier les centre urbains, c’est accélérer les fragmentations, les dislocations : des attitudes qui isolent plus qu’elles ne rassemblent. Comment cette génération des barricades, aujourd’hui au pouvoir, peut-elle se renier en énonçant et en favorisant des mécanismes de la séparation, de la nécrose ?
La distorsion de la société est devenue tout autant géographique que social. Les conducteurs de bus, eux, le savent. Contrairement au patrimoine, qui hiérarchise, classe et fige, la géographie, elle, n’est ni morale ni sentimentale, elle est simplement déjà là, et c’est sur ce corps vivant et complexe qu’il nous faudrait opérer.

Les technologies au service de ces mutations sont connues, elles permettent d’élaborer des scénarios, des processus qui réactivent la notion de localisme et qui capitalisent les lieux, les milieux comme atome d’un discours productif. C’est un euphémisme de dire qu’elles ne sont pas mises en œuvre dans la production et dans l’enseignement architectural en France. On appelle cela, je crois, l’exception culturelle.

Laissons le patrimoine au Secrétariat d’État au tourisme afin qu’il en assume pleinement la dimension économique.

2) Escroquerie nationaliste ou revival new age ? / 2002 / Le Pavillon suisse, Biennale de Venise

Face à la difficulté grandissante de produire des fictions, des singularités, et de les confronter à des processus de réalité, il paraît plus confortable, et c’est bien là le mot : confortable, de s’éprendre du vide, de revendiquer l’absence pour y reproduire un new age isolationniste, comme la sympathique illustration d’une climatologie suisse, éviscérée des paradoxes et ambiguïtés qui agitent le monde.

Bunkerisés et oxygénisés dans leur grotte platonicienne, PR et ses amis, contempilent de loin, la puanteur des hommes, le crash W.T.C. et l’échec des pensées sur la ville.

Des abris anti-atomiques, nous en avions une image froide et lugubre, les voici lumineux, parfois sonorisés (easy-listening oblige) et aériens. C’est peut-être là, contradictoirement, parce qu’inavouée, la seule dimension visionnaire, pré-cataclysmique de ce pavillon.

Sélectionnée par un groupe de curateurs de la scène arti, cette chambre d’isolation, nombriliste et moderne (dans sa dimension exclusive et son rêve passésiste de pureté), introduirait l’utopie comme mode opératoire ? N’est-ce pas profondément naïf ? De cette utopie des années 60, de l’aventure spatiale et du futur meilleur, que reste t-il d’autre qu’un sentiment vintage (back to the futur).

Réaliser une utopie est idéologiquement dangereux et esthétiquement (éthiquement) nul. Elles sont nées dans le berceau de l’illusion, de la propagande et paradoxalement elles ont permis de justifier que nos sociétés n’évoluent que sur des critères technostructurels.

Quand Klein et Parent émettent l’idée d’une architecture
immatérielle, ce n’est pas tant son immatérialité qui fait acte que la dilution du statut d’auteur, devenu ici bicéphale.
L’architecture immatérielle est pensée comme un prétexte, non comme une finalité. La reconstitution à Bilbao de quelques flammèches « monument funéraire » nous laisse entrevoir l’erreur manifeste. L’idée était politique, sa réalisation, elle, est imbécile.
Il est symptomatic que ces mêmes opérateurs culturels face à la peur de cette « émergence », à sa Gestalt, à sa forme tangible, préfèrent favoriser l’absence et le vide. Cela leur garanti un sauf-conduit pour profiter et alimenter le flux libéral (voir pour cela le renouveau de l’architecture internationale) et en incarner l’antidote (le vide, le pas grand chose).
Mais l’architecture radicale est aux antipodes de ces deux systèmes, profondément siamois dans leur décontextualisation et leur profonde lâcheté.
Elle génère des processus de transformation qui prennent le risque de positions et mutations critiques. Le new age bunkerisé est un art pompier, au métalangage scientifiste/scientiste.
Nous irons tous dans le Sanatorium des Alpages gambader avec Philippe Rahm pour oublier, pour s’oublier... Avec Moby en boucle.

1) Rappel des faits : PR, critique d’architecture (Architecture d’Aujourd’hui, Art Press, le Temps...) est invité comme architecte cette année pour occuper le pavillon suisse lors de la Biennale de Venise. Il y réalise un univers vide, suréclairé (10.000 lux), dépressurisé (ingénierie d’aéroport) afin d’y reproduire un climat d’altitude. La raréfaction de l’air ainsi que la modification de la pression produisent l’effet d’un caisson d’isolation (entre autre utilisé pour générer une augmentation d’E.P.O chez les sportifs).
2) Rappelons-nous la « Pills Architecture » d’Hollein, charnière entre la période radicale d’avant 74, et celle postérieure à 74, année de démission collective d’Archigram, Archizoom, Superstudio, décrétant simultanément leur propre fin et par la même la fin de tout engagement. Cette pills architecture, justifiant de l’absorption chimique comme seul moyen permettant d’échapper au réel, fut la porte ouverte, grande ouverte, aux années régressives et nostalgique du post modernisme (dans sa version architecturale, évidemment...).
3) L’implication expérimentale d’autres opérateurs comme le Consortium à Dijon, le Frac Languedoc-Roussillon par son ex directeur, le Frac Centre sont évidemment de toute autre nature...
4) La scène arti transfert son déficit d’utopies (Mamco), son déficit social dans le champ de l’architecture en s’appuyant sur des groupes sympathiquement otages dont les seuls attributs sont d’être à la fois idéologiquement naïfs et de ne jamais se confronter à des principes d’émergences (fussent-ils fictionnels).
5) Souvenons-nous (Biennale 2000) du caisson de transport de Didier Faustino, posant question sur les flux humains, ou des propositions Aqua Alta 1.0 et 2.0 de R&Sie... entre pollution lagunaire, suspicion technologique et mutation hybride...dans les deux cas il s’agissait d’une critique des mécanismes relationnels, sur le sol tangible de
la réalité politique, non d’une immersion technonostalgique.
6) D’autant plus quand il se conçoit sous influence, en oublant volontairement de citer les travaux (plus pertinents d’ailleurs) des artistes Berdagauer et Pejus (voir leur catalogue chez HYX édition).

3) Visite guidée / 2002
Exposition JN à Beaubourg (curateur CB !)

Brutus
...ne craignez rien ! ...L’ambition a payé sa dette...
Brutus n’aimait pas moins que vous César...
...Préférez vous César vivant, qui vous fera tous mourir esclaves, à César mort qui vous fait tous vivre libres ?...
...Quel homme assez lâche ... l’eût frappé, si ce n’est pour la justice ?
Acte III Scène I/II/III, Jules César, W. Shakespeare

Bienvenue au panthéon de l’autoglorification, version Photo Service des sous-sols de la pensée (niveau -4 du Forum des Halles)... mais non,
mais non, nous sommes au cinquième étage du starship « business class » de JN
Mais commençons par le commencement et prenons goulûment ce qui nous est donné à consommer, à s’en faire crever la panse d’indigestion :
 d’un coté le Georges et le chuintement de ses bulles Veuve Clicquot et de l’autre Méphisto Studio Harcourt, en clair-obscurce obscène.
 « C’est qui maman, le monsieur qu’est tout nu de la tête » -Le dernier partenaire anti-capillaire de Beaubourg, un politique italien égaré dans les stairways de la raffinerie - (ndl)
« Un architecte » nous dit la mère, reconnaissant par la même une figure emblématique de la presse féminine.
 « Eh ben ? Il a pété les plombs, l’monsieur, hein dit maman ».
Qu’elle fut difficile à prendre cette photo de toi, cher J.N. Il fallait le saisir, cet instant fugace et magique, cet instant ô combien sophistiqué où tu rayonnes d’orgueil inassouvi dans la solitude carnassière de l’être blessé. Un truc vraiment pas facile à faire!
Je n’ose te voir dans ton peignoir JN (noir) de chez Versace, répéter jour après jour cette mimique Star Academy devant ta glace, dans ton loft-city-blanc-piscine-intégrée. Je me doute qu’il s’agit là d’une mise en bouche, d’un apéro peu ragoûtant qui frise l’autodérision.
Mais permets moi de te dire qu’elle nous fait très, très étrangement saliver la photo de JN

Le meilleur est à venir...

4) La Ville est Morte / Libe Rebond / 1994

Parrhesia / Frigoli Symptomes
The carp and the rabbit / 2010
Opening of satellite of Pompidou Center, Metz, 11 May
Guiheux-FM and Guignol-FR...t walk arm in arm, flaunting their self-satisfaction. That’s not the least of the day’s paradoxes, but it’s especially intriguing: these two fake figureheads, each seemingly so unlike the other, exposing themselves in the sunlight. After all, the former lives shut away in his refinery, fearing to face a world he can only see through the filters of the past, the battles that brought him the Pompidou scepter, and the latter well, we’re still wondering what exactly he’s good for, aside from his promised and proclaimed servility... isn’t open cowardice a performative act in today’s society?

But the most surprising thing is to see the former, who once (long ago) was a pioneer, so fully assuming his present role of conservator, acting like the museum equivalent of a nightclub bouncer or a cop.

In a position to write history,[1] he exploits it, helping make it congeal and turn to stone, with the illusion and fantasy of classification... something between a Creationist entomologist and the malicious comeback of an ambushing Alphonse Bertillon... He who freezes the future of things condemns them to never come to be, even if that’s done with sophistication and diligence, and decorated with an encyclopedic knowledge, and all the more so if the futile and fabricated demonstration of power is unfolded with the virtuosity of a wannabe philosopher, bitter that he has never been able to extricate himself from the royal armchair that has slowly and malignantly smothered him. That’s not harmless.

Anyway, here we are in this garrison city, with the carp and the rabbit strolling arm in arm, proud of their young friendship, with undisguised pleasure... or perhaps avowed obscenity. How did these two come to form such a perfect union? What a coup — joining together one figure who gained legitimacy through the emergence of the Orléans FRAC (regional art center), standing on — and sucking the blood of — a generation of auteurs, in order to get them to commit voluntary euthanasia in his suicide opus Non-Standard, and another, a minor waterbearer in professional circles (from editor of the monthly D’Architectures to head of the Cité de l’architecture et du patrimoine), a man about whom there’s not much to say, except to mention his marvelous affability, like the devoted vizier in the Iznogoud comics, a question of character and calling. These two might seem an unlikely match unless you happen to know them personally. In fact, they were made for each other’s... cupidity. What is the quiddity of their coitus non-interruptus? Of their wedding night? You tell me. It was the kiss of death at the eponymous institution: the grand ceremony as Claude Parent[2] was lowered into his coffin by the same man who helped liquidate him 20 years before, JN.

A clever move to take the whole pot. The two accomplices not only coolly planned out the whole thing, they claimed the prize as the dowry due them for their embrace.
It’s open all week, so come one come all. The lip-smacking prospect of a (funhouse mirror) show bringing together the little water carrier and the pseudo-philosopher using radical architecture to rehabilitate the Boomers, on the backs of those they spit on and those they silence to keep their powers of postmodern creativity as the admen that they are.

It’s what’s known as the strategy of the carp and the rabbit: power, glory, treason and mediocrity in the palace of the republic. No need to say another word about the Metz show, no sir. The architecture room is as mortiferous as they are. A cadaver (not so exquisite) and a series of tombstones, as gray as they are... as desperately gray as death... and scale models refurbished for the occasion. Like the portrait gallery in a castle whose owner suffers from Alzheimer’s. Double-dealing hypocrites and double agents. Architecture has nothing to do with what they make it. But their union is sacred and consummated. In France today, architecture is in their “dirty hands.”

On this May afternoon in the year 2010, Guilheux-FM and Guignol-FR skipped the light fantastic at the Shigeru Ban. Over the canopy hovered the specters of Frei Otto and Cecil Balmond, opening their cape like Mephisto in the Murnau movie, and what that cape covered and hid was labyrinthine, heterotopic and above all designed by Hans Poelzig…But more on that another time.

Glossary –

“To marry the carp and the rabbit” is a french expression meaning a union of two people (often politicians) who don’t belong together.

- FM is the actual director of the architecture department at the Pompidou Center.
- Alain Guilheux was the previous director of the architecture department at the Pompidou Center.
- FR is the actual director of the Chaillot architecture center
- Guignol was a puppet conceived by Laurent Mourguet in 1808. - Alphonse Bertillon was a 19th-century criminologist and physiognomist. The latter word is used in French for a nightclub bouncer. - Non-Standard Architecture was an exhibition curated by Frédéric Migayrou at the Pompidou Center in 2005. - Dirty Hands, a 1948 play by Jean-Paul Sartre. - Iznogoud was a 1960s series of comic books by René Goscinny and Jean Tabary.
- JN is a so-called “international” architect beloved by Boomers.
- Claude Parent is a radical architect.
- Pseudo : du grec pseudēς ψευδῆς: false.
- Frei Otto and Cecil Balmond, structural architect and engineer.
- Faust, by Friedrich Wilhelm Murnau, 1926.
- Hans Poelzig, architect, 1869/1936.

Notes

[1] For someone (FM) who dreamed of being – and could have become – a Michel Ragon, Reyner Banham... and some others more actual... the fall isn’t so much painful as monetizable... in these parts.
[2] Perhaps Claude parent dreamed of it, both of the hilt of his sword [as a member of the Académie française] and of being resuscitated by Iago, haunted by the ghost of Orson Wells. JN has the stature of a traitor, and that’s not the smallest compliment. We recognize his talent.

Parrhesia / Frigoli Symptomes

La carpe et le lapin / 2010
Inauguration du satellite du centre Pompidou Metz, ce 11 mai 2010.
Bras dessus bras dessous, Guilheux-FM et Guignol-FR se tiennent par la main et défilent sous la canopée. Et ce n’est pas le moindre des paradoxes de cette journée. Mais, précisément c’est quand même cela qui nous intrigue ; que ces po(s)tiches si apparemment dissemblables s’exhibent ensemble à la lumière des sunlights ; n’oublions pas que l’un vit claquemuré dans sa raffinerie, de peur de se confronter à un monde qu’il ne regarde que par les filtres de ses combats passés et qui lui ont permis d’acquérir le sceptre pompidolien, et que l’autre… on se demande encore à quoi il peut bien servir, au-delà de sa servilité annoncée et revendiquée… la couardise avouée n’est-elle pas un acte performatif dans notre société contemporaine ? Mais le plus étonnant, c’est encore le premier, passant du rôle de défriicheur (c’est déjà lointain) à celui de « conservateur » (c’est actuel), en assumant pleinement et poliètement sa fonction comme le ferait un physionomiste de boîte de nuit.

En position d’écrire l’histoire [1], il en abuse et participe à sa gélification, à sa pétrification / Illusion et fantasme de classification… entre l’entomologiste créationniste… et le come-back malicieux d’Alphonse Bertillon… en embuscade… Figer le devenir des choses, c’est les contraindre à ne jamais émerger… que cela soit fait avec sophistication et application, enrubanné d’un savoir encyclopédique… d’autant plus si la démonstration de puissance, vaine et factice, est dépliée avec la virtuosité d’un prétendu philosophe, amer de ne pouvoir s’extraire du fauteuil régalien qui l’a lentement et malignement étouffé… cela n’est pas anodin…

Donc, nous sommes dans la ville de garnison entre la carpe et le lapin qui déambulent, bras dessus bras dessous, fiers de leur jeune amitié… avec un plaisir non dissimulé, voire une obscénité revendiquée.

Comment ont-ils fait pour se pacser, ces deux-là ? Un beau coup quand même : entre celui qui se légitime via l’émergence de la collection du Frac Orléans en s’appuyant sur… et en vampirisant une génération d’auteurs, pour les euthanasier volontairement dans son opus suicidaire « Non Standard » et celui, petit porteur d’eau des milieux professionnels (de « D’A » à la Cité du patrimoine), dont on n’a rien à dire si ce n’est ses qualités d’homme merveilleusement affable, parangon d’Iznogoud, par nature et par vocation… rien, non rien ne semblait les réunir… excepté pour ceux qui les connaissaient personnellement. Ils étaient bien au contraire faits pour s’entrelacer… de cupidité…

C’est cela la stratégie de la carpe et du lapin : puissance, gloire, trahison et médiocrité sous les dorures de la République... Nul n’est besoin d’en rajouter, sur l’exposition de Metz, nenni....

La salle de l’architecture est à leur image, mortifère... cadavre pas exquis et... succession de pierres tombales, grises, à l’image de ce qu’ils sont... gris, morts, désespérément... des maquettes refaites pour l’occasion ! Des galeries de portraits d’un châtelain « Alzheimerisé » !... faux culs et faux nez...

L’architecture n’a rien à voir avec ce qu’ils en font, mais le pacs, lui, est scellé et consommé. L’architecture est, aujourd’hui, dans leurs « mains sales ».

Cet après-midi de mai 2010, Guilheux-FM & Guignol-FR dansaient en farandole chez Shigeru Ban...

Sur la canopée planent les spectres de Frei Otto et Cecil Balmond, ouvrant leur cape comme celle de Méphisto dans l’opus de Murnau, si ce n’est que ce qu’elle recouvrait et masquait, cette cape, était tortueux, labyrinthique, hétérotopique, inquiétant et magique, de la main de Hans Poelzig... mais sur cela nous reviendrons...

.......... Lexique

- Alain Guilheux est le précédent directeur de l’architecture du Centre Pompidou ;
- FM est l’actuel directeur de l’architecture du Centre Pompidou ;
- FR est l’actuel directeur de la Cité de l’architecture, Paris ;
- Guignol est une marionnette créée en 1808 par Laurent Mourguet ;
- Alphonse Bertillon est un criminologue-physionomiste du XIXe ;
- « Non Standard », expo fin de soirée par FM, Centre Pompidou, 2005 ;
- « Les mains sales », pièce de Jean-Paul Sartre, 1948 ;
- Alzheimer est une maladie neurodégénérative ;
- « Iznogoud » est une série de bande dessinée de René Goscinny et Jean Tabary, vers les années soixante ;
- JN est un architecte baby-boomer dit « international » ;
- Claude Parent fut un architecte radical ;
- Pseudo : du grec pseudês ψευδής : « faux » ;
- Frei Otto, Cecil Balmond, architecte et ingénieur structurels ;
- « Faust » de Friedrich Wilhelm Murnau, 1926 ;
- Hans Poelzig, architecte, 1869-1936 ;
Pour celui (FM) qui se rêvait d’être un Michel Ragon, un Reyner Banham... et qui aurait pu le devenir... la chute n’est pas si douloureuse, elle est monnayable... dans notre comté.

Peut-être que Claude Parent rêvait de ça, à la fois de son pommeau d’académicien, et à la fois d’être ressuscité par Iago. Orson Welles plane. JN... il a la stature du traître -et ce n’est pas le moindre des compliments. Nous savons lui reconnaître ce talent.

**Parrhesia / Frigoli Symptomes**

Open letter / 13rd march 2011

R&S|e(n)
ARCHITECTS
Paris: 24 rue des Maronites, 75020 Paris,
Tel +33(0)142060669

Dear Sci-Arc Staff / email-letter

I have no other way than to cancel the Sci-Arc exhibition in the Gallery (scheduled in May 25) and the lecture (scheduled the April 6)

The gap of point of view, and the lack of interest for politics and attitudes, reducing the architecture process to a unique design agenda cannot fit with our scenario of production and scenario of speeches.

Our works and attitudes are toxic, animal, dangerous, regressive, politic and computational. Architecture is mainly an affair of resistance and self-defense, against hypocrisies and "in"voluntary servitude, to quote La Boetie. It cannot be reduced to a design goal, exclusively dedicated and trapped by tooling. I disagree on the way the knowledge is framed by and for predictable professional, without any potential to corrupt and desalienate through educational procedures the “coming out” of neoplagiarism and neocopism, which remind me the Beaux Art symptom and syndrome. I ’m French and know perfectly the stickiness of this sliperring addiction.

I just want to precise that this voluntary abandon, cannot be understood as a “tantrum or capriccio” against the Sci-arc students pool, but it is at the level of Sci-Arc staff arrogances and ignorances, which seems to shrink architecture purpose to a simple affair of design agenda.

My best
PS Speaking and writing are done here, in my Frenchglish dialect / I let you the opportunity to translate it in the Shakespeare "mayonnaise".

Parrhesia / Frigoli Symptomes

22 avril

Cher FM (L.Ouverte)

Que vous n’ayez pas relayé ou même questionné les controverses sur le parcours de Le Corbusier afin de ne laisser place qu’au poète-écrivain-artiste-architecte protéiforme …. en dit long et plus encore sur votre incapacité à penser l’architecture comme une structure de conflit, de pouvoir, d’intérêt, comme une zone à la fois esthétique et politique.

L’exposition ‘Non standard’ sous votre ‘commissariat’ était naïve et puérile, obsédée par les outils technologiques plus que par leur contenu et leur ‘autorité’ à saisir le monde, voir à le perdre, comme une ambivalence dont vous avez déniée les ambiguités...

L’architecture n’est vu que sous l’angle du Formalisme pompier et positiviste et de son corollaire de ‘Name Dropping’, pour ‘être dans le temps’….Mais l’architecture est à l’opposé de ce temps-là… elle est par nature en décalage …et c’est même ce qu’elle fait de mieux…de ne pas être inféodée aux synchronicités pour garder sa capacité à spéculer...

Désolé, vous ne pouvez comprendre !

Il parait hélas logique donc que vous paradiez dans une institution assez représentative des mécanismes qui guident l’architecture Française depuis 20 ans… je suis de ceux qui attendait justement autre chose qu’une simple prise d’écran avec effacement, mise à la corbeille des zones troubles.

Ne pas ‘fâcher’ la fondation Le Corbusier pour avoir accès aux Archives…ne penser vous là qu’il s’agisse d’une attitude intellectuelle valide ? Se vautrer dans l’abus de pouvoir avec un Lagarde et Michard en poche, pour y puiser quelques citations, comme effet de manche péremptoire, est-ce là le devenir humain de tout commissaire ou opérateur culturel ?

Que vous ayez omis l’ambiguïté du personnage de Le Corbusier pour n’y voir qu’un ‘artiste génial’ est préjudiciable à l’histoire des êtres et des choses mais bien plus encore … cela nuit au temps présent, ici et maintenant, en mode lobotomisation généralisée, avec
le Centre Pompidou comme vecteur de ‘déculturation’... Honte à vous.

En fait cette entreprise date. Que penser des collections du Frac, évacuées de toute velléité, dangerosité, toxicité politique (Polis)... pour n’être qu’un défilé de Maquettes et Dessins... comme une collection de papillons nécrosés et inutiles (dans l’espoir que sa nouvelle direction saura en réveiller les contenus)... et du ‘Tempietto-has been’, partie visible de l’‘Iceberg, et masquage - mascarade maladroit des malversations d’un concours...

Salutation
FR

Parrhesia / Frigoli Symptomes

Flash-back et Fiction / 2002
Le duo Séguéla - Nouvel

Leur arrivée sur le marché de l’emploi est liée à l’entrée en scène de la gauche-produit-culturel.
L’un s’était outillé d’une lime à dentition présidentielle (il fallait rogner les signes par trop évident du prédateur), l’autre, JN allait inventer le créatif réactif (non sans se draper des ambiguïtés du Pape Pop de Las Vegas).

Face aux verrouillages multiples des vieux modernes engoncés dans leurs costards pompidoliens et des quelques jeunes cons stalinos qui confondaient l’engagement avec une A.G. post Nanterre, ces deux là allaient faire merveille.
Le créatif était né ! Mix de slogans pubeux, emballés comme projet politique, de recyclages permanents et récurrents d’artefacts du monde de l’art, avec deux trois citations de Baudrillard (l’alibi du simulacre, bien malgré lui d’ailleurs) pour une Agitprop en 4 par 3.

La post modernité en était l’écrin. S’y référer, c’était s’autoriser le remoulinage des références, s’en réclamer permettait de puiser dans la poubelle du XXème sans avoir à en révéler les préalables, les attitudes. Le monde était devenu une marchandise, la culture un simple instrument commercial et l’auteur son parangon.

Ils allaient anoblir ce que l’académisme Beaux-Arts n’avait pas réussi à légitimer : la répétition savante des formes déjà consommées comme process de création et renvoyer toute pensée contextuelle à un simple opportunisme citationnel.

Une première maison à la mode Parent, une salle de concert à Bobigny comme un acarien d’Archigram, une autoroute bleuée version Yves Klein, un Cartier pour Dan Graham, un palais de justice Kunsthhal de Mies, un roche(r) de Burgos, une tour-bite Foster et j’en passe...
La violence est là.
C’est même la condition première du ciment social et urbain : le
modus vivendi de la vie quotidienne.
La violence, ici, ça s’apprivoise par nécessité.
La ville n’a pas été conçue par elle ni contre elle, elle ne l’a ni
engendré, ni contrainte, elle l’alimente.
Eviter de prendre un taxi, ils sont depuis cette année la cible des
« Maps », gangs tueurs d’informateurs présumés. Eviter de la
parcourir à pied, a moins que vous ne vouliez servir de cible aux
nombreux kidnappings et personnifier physiquement l’impôt
révolutionnaire des FAR, des paysans fachos, des dingues de toutes
sortes, du cartel de Medellín, de je ne sais quoi encore...
La ville se traverse à horaire planifié, tel ce quartier bruyant et
surpeuplé la journée devenant au crépuscule un scénario de
Carpenter.

Cet univers réactive nos peurs d’enfant, comme le souvenir d’un soir
d’été où il a fallu aller seul, une bougie à la main, affronter au
fond du jardin les fantômes et les griffons surgis de nul part.

Mais au-delà de cette perception qui attise notre paranoïa, la
violence transforme non seulement la vision de la ville mais son
usage. Les mécanismes de sécurisations détournent l’urbanisme
moderne de sa fonction première.

L’autoroute entre l’aéroport et le centre-ville, devient les week-
ends LA place publique de la ville, où il fait bon picniquer sur le
bitume et draquer, appuyé sur la glissière galvanisée. Pas de sniper
ni kidnapping. L’infrastructure, facile à contrôler, change de
statut.

La Carreras (artère parallèle à la Cordillère des Andes) dont on
permute le sens de circulation à mi-journée pour favoriser la
migration quotidienne des quartiers riches vers les zones
tertiaires, aller et retour. Orientation sud-nord le matin, nord-sud
le soir.
A Bogotá, en effet, mieux vaut rouler, dixit la « sécurité »
routeière. Naviguer à vue et méfiez-vous des feux rouges.

L’urbanisme vertical légitimé par la protection qu’il procure à ces
habitants. Entre un jardin ouvert au vent et le 40ème étage d’une
tour, où l’entrée se confond avec le portillon magnétique d’un hall
d’aéroport, le AK47 en bandoulière : pas d’hésitation. Un pass est de mise pour pénétrer dans cette safe architecture, à l’image d’une de ces monades urbaines de Silverberg, ou l’espace public intérieurisé, se superpose à l’espace domestique.

Ces nouvelles cités « radieuses », énièmes variation du phalanstère, version Terminator, assument un rôle d’interface entre l’individu et la collectivité, ne laissant au niveau urbain, au raz du bitume, qu’une fonction de flux.

« Il jette un coup d’œil derrière lui. Un colossal pilier de trois kilomètres de haut. Une masse vacillante trouvant l’air.... Il commence à compter les étages, mais la tête lui tourne... toutes ces fenêtres... Au loin, trois monades urbaines scintillent d’un éclat nacré ; il se demande laquelle est la 116 ». Les monades urbaines, Robert Silverbeg, Ed. Robert Laffont

L’accès à ces monades est contrôlé, filtré. Au rez-de-chaussée, elles sont enrubannées de barbed wire anglais, coupant comme des lames de rasoirs. La sécurisation est codifiée, elle détermine une esthétique, une psycho-sensorialité des espaces. La ville transpire sa dangerosité, et les signes ne sont pas des métaphores.

A Bogotá, la violence sécrète une énergie, une esthétique qui cannibalise la ville. Il faut pour circuler s’adapter, se confondre, se fondre, devenir furtif, comme ces nouveaux taxis banalisés, dans lesquels il convient de monter à l’avant, pour simuler temporairement un lien de parenté. L’idéal serait même, dès la descente d’avion, de se relooker local. Think globally, Act locally annonçait J.Walter Thompson en 1975, cela paraît ici une évidence.

Dans ce paysage de 6 millions d’habitants, où l’oxygène se raréfie (3000 mètres au dessus du niveau de la mer), on doit tailler au coupe-coupe son propre cheminement sauvage et incertain : la vie ne dépend que de la vitesse de réaction et d’improvisation.

Nombreux sont ceux qui tentent ou feignent d’ignorer ce que la ville est devenue, protégés derrière leur blindage, ils se cachent, d’autres au contraire paraissent et s’excitent de cette violence (tant qu’ils ne l’ont pas rencontrée). Peu, par contre, l’exploite comme un substrat, comme un état des choses avec lequel il nous faut composer.

Il est trop tard pour désigner les coupables de cet environnement, ni pour tenter de comprendre pourquoi, ou comment cela est arrivé. La substance de la ville est liée à ce flux de violence, aux modes de déplacement qu’elle engendre, aux transformations qu’elle opère.

La ville est ici un organisme réactif qui se réadapte comme un corps mutant à chaque impact. De lieu de représentation nul besoin. Si ce n’est le highway, le dimanche matin.
On y va comme à la plage.

Parrhesia / Frigoli Symptomes

Démission du pavillon Français / 2002 / Biennale de Venise

R & S i e …
PARIS: 45 rue de Belleville, 75019
Tel +33(0)142060669,
Fax +33(0)142082786.
Email:" rochedsvsie@wanadoo.fr ".
Web : "http://new-territories.com"
François Roche, Stéphanie Lavaux

DAPA / AFAA / FRAC CENTRE
Mesdames
Yollande de Courrière, chargée de l'architecture à l'AFAA
Wanda Diebolt, directrice de la DAPA
Marie Ange Brayer, directrice du Frac Orleans

Chères,

Je vous confirme notre démission de la sélection "Pavillon Français" Biennale de Venise 2002.
Nous ne serons ni scénographe, ni même exposant.
Nous ne pouvons cautionner la politique de vos deux institutions
AFAA et DAPA en acceptant votre montage financier ridicule et votre sélection de complaisance (comme le pavillon du même nom).
De plus nous ne désirons pas participer à un Archilab Franco-Français (encore une volonté AFAA/DAPA). C'est une erreur politique (1). Je vous laisse le soin d'y songer.
Bien à vous

F Roche, janvier 2002

1) PS suite au 21 avril 2002 : l'exception culturelle couche avec la préférence nationale (deux notions finalement siamoises) !!

Parrhesia / Frigoli Symptomes

Les aventures de Pipo-Pino-Reno / 2005

C'était dans les années d'avant eleven september, d'avant la bombe, le souvenir est un peu flouté, imprécis mais il nous reste assez de fragments pour vous conter l'histoire du Citizen Pino et de son
Xanadu.

Ami des monarques républicains, le Citizen Pino avait appris à festoyer en leur compagnie, dans les palais dorés de la république. C’est peut être là qu’il développa l’envie d’en édifier UN, plus grand et plus beau, un Xanadu à lui, rien qu’à lui. Toujours est il que dans sa longue vie, longue et riche, oui très riche, le Citizen avait entassé une collection de Rosebud à faire pâlir les plus grands collectionneurs officiels, les collectionneurs d’Etats. Je me souviens que l’annonce avait été rapidement ficelée, le Citizen aurait son Xanadu. Cela avait été un fait d’autant plus engageant que celui-ci avait gagné en légitimité : il serait ouvert, il serait public, il serait monté dans la grande tradition des fondations anglo-saxonnes, ou le capital retournait à ceux à qui il avait été spolié, pour les éduquer, les émanciper, à la grandeur de la culture, et à celle des Rosebuds en particulier.

Le grand capitaine d’industrie qu’était le Citizen Pino devenait la pièce maîtresse de l’aménagement des faubourgs, il était la clé, voir l’alibi qui permettait de définitivement ratiboiser l’île industrielle de Reno, d’éliminer les miasmes, les efflorescences ouvrières qui s’y logeaient encore.

Et le Citizen Pino avait son architecte, Ando le joaillier, le magicien lilliputien, du petit ouvrage, de l’orfèvrerie en clair obscure. Le Citizen le voulait ce joaillier, en direct, sans intermédiaire, pour sertir son Xanadu, à façon, sur le cadavre de Reno.

Mais le petit homme du soleil levant, on le sait, n’est pas homme de la grande dimension, les grands monuments l’effraient. Il n’a pas d’égal quand il faut incruster un éclat dans un microcosme, en lisière d’un paysage artificialisé, mais lui demander de dessiner un paquebot, amarré au ponton de notre monarchie, c’est le prendre à contre-emploi, c’est prendre un risque. Les erreurs de casting accouchent parfois de roses épineuses et belles à la fois, c’était justement le pari revendiqué et assumé du Citizen Pino que de tenter cette aventure inédite.

Nul ombres ni nuages à l’horizon, il suffisait de faire, de nouer une relation délicate, forcément délicate entre la fierté impulsive de l’un et la modestie relative de l’autre, un Pacs-Pino-Ando pour le meilleur.

La noce était belle, le vin coulait à flot, le média commentait [c’est le rôle qu’on lui attribue dans notre comté]. Dans la liesse du montage, personne ne s’aperçut qu’un troisième larron s’était glissé dans le lit conjugal : la monarchie républicaine n’allait pas laisser passer une si belle occasion. Elle était en embuscade et avait même envoyée son meilleur limier, celui des coups tordus, pour infiltrer l’affaire et la faire sienne.

L’Etat ne validait la noce qu’à condition que celle-ci soit organisée suite à un concours de prétendants ! Si, si, je vous jure. C’est l’une des ficelles les plus opératoires, que de justifier d’une transparence démocratique pour mieux en asservir les choix.

Le Citizen Pino, pour des raisons qui restent aujourd’hui obscures, s’est soumis à ce diktat, et a in fine accepté qu’une consultation
de prétendants (concepteurs) soit organisée, à condition par retour, que le petit joaillier, Tadao Ando soit élu. Le petit Joaillier a été déclaré le meilleur des prétendants, dans une consultation granguignolesque et factice. C’est ici que la chose se perd dans les profondeurs abyssales de la médiocrité et que la bêtise submerge le système mis en place : le petit joaillier de génie ne sait pas faire un concours, il ne sait pas réduire l’intelligence de son travail à un concept, à une idée, à un geste de papier, propres aux mécanismes des consultations à la Française (voir les Halles à Paris pour s’en convaincre). Et le projet est mauvais, très mauvais, inintéressant et pauvre. Personne n’ose le dire, silence radio des commentateurs officiels et du faux jury, aux ordres, dont la fonction avait au préalablement été éviscérée de toute velléité d’indépendance [ça nous savons le faire dans notre comté].

Voilà donc le Citizen et son joaillier chez Reno, futur propriétaire d’un Xanadu réduit à une fantaisie lourdingue, un cake indigeste. Le grand seigneur ne pipe mot, l’aventure doit être lancée, les couleuvres avalées, faut bien faire avec cet état des choses, avec cet Etat français qui par ailleurs l’a si souvent épaulé.

Le seul à s’enorgueillir d’avoir « pre-nationalisé » un projet privé en imposant ses propres procédures. C’était le limier de l’Etat. Belle victoire que celle à la Pyrrhus.

La deuxième rafale allait le surprendre en plein sommeil. C’est que Pino ne désirait pas seulement un Xanadu, ce que personne ne voulait comprendre, mais un Xanadu Parc, un parc-à-thème, un Pinoland avec la fondation-musée comme pièce maîtresse ; de l’organisation économique du spectacle et de l’entertainment comme vecteur de production d’un fragment de ville et de sa consommation. C’était peut être là, la vrai dimension visionnaire du projet. Cela ouvrait d’autres perspectives que l’isolement, que la statufication d’un bâtiment à caractère muséal. La fondation Pino ne devait pas s’autovalider par son contenu et son autonomie mais générer une dynamique au-delà de ses murs. Pas si mal.

Mais, dans ce montage de pieds nickelés, l’Etat avait oublié qu’il ne pouvait revendiquer et avaliser un parc à thème, usiné sur les cendres encore fumantes de Reno.

Le musée anoblit celui qui le commissionne, le parc à thème, dysneylandisé et populaire, par nature l’avilie [c’est comme cela que l’on pense dans notre comté]. La grandeur de la France n’est pas miscible dans mickey mouse, la situation ne pouvait être ! Pour résoudre cette équation impossible, celle qui devait à la fois injecter les programmes annexes que demandait voir exigeait le Citizen Pino tout en réhabilitant la mémoire industrielle du lieu, l’Etat va faire appel à son limier, qui, si vous avez bien suivi est toujours dans le lit. Rien de plus simple. Il suffisait d’y penser. Une autre consultation de prétendants est lancée, qui sans craindre le ridicule, se battent en duels pour restituer l’âme de l’enceinte industrielle de Reno, avant même que celle-ci ne soit détruite ! Coup double, joli coup, se dit-on.

Des montages intellectuels abracadabrantesques [ça on sait faire
dans notre comté].
Concours décidé, concours organisé, dans les mêmes procédures que préalablement, jury au ordres et petits marquis issus des amitiés de ce même jury. Les « professionnels de la profession » péroreraient. Le résultat a été à la hauteur des espérances, ou du dénie d’intelligence.
Une enceinte de béton censée abriter les lieux de consommations culturels tant désirés et réactiver la présence du fantôme industriel encore sur pied à l’époque, gagne la consultation. Rarement un projet ne fut si idiot. Nous devenions le dernier pays à construire des enceintes alors que les autres, tous les autres les abattaient!
Rien à dire, on ne pouvait faire mieux : ce mur de béton, qui fermerait l’île sur elle-même, c’était la goutte d’eau et le linceul du projet, il l’avait définitivement achevé en l’étouffant. Cette fois, la balle logée profondément dans le pied l’infestait, salement. Pino ne voulait plus être le Dindon chez Reno et s’est enfui au Lido. Le joaillier a rendu son tablier, le limier de l’État cherche encore une autre situation à infiltrer, et l’histoire se perd,seuls quelques pauvres guignols de l’ouest Parisien, qui pour une fois n’y avaient été pour rien, mais bon garçons, étaient allés au charbon pour colmater les fuites et prendre les coups de bâton.

PS 1
Si l’on avait voulu raser Reno, on ne s’y serait pas pris autrement. Pendant qu’un architecte d’État paradait à la biennale de Venise pour justifier du trésor archéologique de la condition ouvrière, la consultation qui planifiait sa destruction était organisée. 2) La sélection du joaillier, Ando, permettait d’habiller cette destruction du voile de l’ambition de sa reconstruction, et in fine 3) le projet passe aujourd’hui aux mains de ceux qui laborent la ville de la production la plus autiste. On ne peut néanmoins pas pour autant soupçonner l’État d’avoir orchestrer ce mauvais scénario, mais plutôt de ne pas l’avoir anticiper.

PS 2
Ne pourrait-on pas remettre en cause pour une fois l’impunité du limier et/ou commis de l’État [c’est comme cela que l’on dit dans notre comté] qui aurait du avouer qu’en tout état de cause, l’affaire était mal barré(e).

PS 3
Toute ressemblance avec des faits réels ou personnages réels serait purement fortuite et liée à des coïncidences involontaires.

Parrhesia / Frigoli Symptomes

Droit de réponse / 2005 / TA

New-T a personnellement demandé à la rédaction de TA conformément aux règles du copyright de ne pas utiliser ni reproduire les images

- Faut-il déplier « I’ve heard about » pour en justifier la spéculation ?
- Faut-il préciser que le Contour crafting est un procédé développé depuis 1995 par Berokh Khoshnevis dans le cadre du laboratoire de robotique de USC (University of Southern California) ? Que ce procédé de coffrage-coulage (sécration et lissage en simultanée par buse) est à même de transformer les modes de construction avec les matériaux coulés (béton, résine, argile...) et annule le coût inhérent à leur bancage... Que cette recherche est en cours de passage en production à l’échelle 1 et que R&Sie(n) y participe.
- Faut-il préciser que pour s’informer sur ces technologies, il suffit de Googler « Contour Crafting »...
- Faut-il préciser que ces recherches peuvent engendrer une véritable mutation des procédés de construction ?- non le simple fraisage numérique d’une forme 3D, post B. Cache par print Cad-cam, hypothèse que Non standard, au Centre Pompidou a largement contribuer à véhiculer (entre autres) - mais ouvre des possibilités de programmation-reprogrammation d’une construction, d’une forme urbaine au cours même de son édification !
- Faut-il préciser que remettre en cause cette dimension prévisionnelle, prédictible de l’architecture, par nature anticipée et verrouillée par ceux en charge de la dessiner, de la maîtriser, est de nature à bouleverser la scénarisation, la programmation de cette même architecture, et par effet collatéral de la position de l’architecte. Que la fabrication de ville, plutôt que de s’inféoder à des mécanismes de planifications, se constitue sur une suite d’indéterminations et d’autodéterminations ne peut être ni anodin, ni inoffensif.
- Suffit-il de préciser que « I’ve heard about » prend le risque de spéculer – ce mot s’oppose à l’anticipatios et au prospectivisme-de spéculer donc sur ces procédures d’indéterminations, de fabrication en temps réel afin de questionner les modes transactionnels, de négociation localisée qui pourraient en émerger. Habiter c’est construire et cultiver, nous rappelle Heidegger, c’est agir sur la production de son environnement, de son biotope afin de ne pas passivement s’« insulariser » dans la machine à ignorance qu’est devenu le logement social.
- Faut-il préciser que ces procédures requestionnet la délégation de pouvoir comme seul principe exclusif et constitutif d’une production urbaine. Que nombreux sont ceux qui ne peuvent plus se satisfaire « du moins mauvais des systèmes / la démocratie », pour
légitimer son immobilisme. De Tocqueville[1] à Michel Foucault, de Tony Negri, de Félix Guattari à Peter Sloterdjick, difficile de ne pas s’interroger grâce à eux, et/ou avec eux sur la nature de notre contrat collectif. Difficile de se satisfaire des stigmates de la ville contemporaine, construite en terme de contrôle social. Difficile de ne pas pressentir que les incertitudes nouvelles, morphologiques issues des multitudes citoyennes, protéiformes, en réseaux, puissent se satisfaire d’une organisation centralisée issues de nos républiques post-monarchistes. Peut on totalement s’en soustraire ou en dénier la réalité. Le protocole territorial « I’ve heard about » écrit entre biologistes, mathématiciens, écrivains et accessoirement architectes, tente d’appréhender ce corps collectif, où chacun est à la fois producteur, consommateur, et vecteur de la fragmentation des mécanismes informationnels (la toile), où l’intégrité des individus s’enchevêtre au point de générer une mutation de la structure sociale et territoriale. Le devenir de la ville et les schémas qui en sous tendent la production en est osmotique.

- Faut-il préciser que « I’ve heard about », ne cherche pas à getthoïser cette recherche (Contour Crafting) à son seul profit mais l’ouvre comme une possibilité, une suite de possibilités, d’expériences dont on ne peut diaboliser l’existence avant d’en avoir testé préalablement l’étendue (et avant même d’avoir pu les tester).

- Faut-il préciser que « I’ve heard about » a été émis à partir d’un Musée d’Art Contemporain, comme l’a été en son temps « Architecture Without Architects » au Moma, en 66 à NY, et que par la même, de part ce lieu d’émission, ceux-la même qui pensent que l’architecture ne peut être débattue qu’entre individus qui ont légitimité et autorité pour en débattre, en disqualifient bien évidemment la nature. Nous sommes là au creux même de la raison d’ « I’ve heard about » : sortir du déficit de démocratie qui préside à la fabrication de la ville, ou la raison de quelques uns préside à la destinée du plus grand nombre.

- Faut-il préciser que dans l’exposition, nous revenons là à des détails pratiques, le cabinet hypnotique à été fraisé numériquement, effectivement dans des pains de mousse afin de répondre au poids maximum de surcharge de 160kg/m² et découpé par la suite en tranche de 3,8x0,9x1,9 pour passer dans les seules ouvertures existantes d’un monument historique inadapté à ce type de projet, la porte d’entrée ! Que cette Chambre des vœux n’a évidemment pas été coulée-coffrée-lissée selon les procédures du Contour Crafting, en cours de développement à échelle 1, certes, mais à coûts prototypaux hors de portée. C’est un bien mauvais procès que de justifier de la distorsion entre les possibilités d’une innovation technologique et de sa mise en pratique « immédiate » pour en nier l’existence. « I’ve heard about » s’annonce et s’énonce justement comme une spécula­tion et c’est dans ce cadre qu’elle opère.

- Faut-il préciser que le cabinet hypnotique n’est pas une cellule à échelle 1, mais une trans-door ; la possibilité d’une immersion individuelle, d’une expérience individuelle (au sein d’un groupe),
dans la poursuite du mouvement somnambulisme du XIXe siècle, introduisant la subjectivité, le voyage intérieur, le mesmérisme (voir le magnétisme animal d’Hegel) comme hypothèse de transformation politique, utilisant l’hypnose, non en introspection post-freudienne, mais comme un affrontement, une confrontation au réel, afin d’en contourner les immobilismes ; que chacun puisse se sentir, se ressentir comme « l’une des terminaisons nerveuse de cette structure organique », donne une physicalité qui est de nature à dépasser la simple mise à distance dés-incarnée propre à une exposition d’architecture : « Si vous trouvez ce monde mauvais, vous devriez en construire quelques d’autres », dixit Ph.K. Dick, encore faut-il le ressentir dans sa chair, infiltré aux creux des subjectivités contemporaines.

- Faut-il préciser que l’encrassage de ce même cabinet par une projection de résine de béton correspond à la nécessité de salir ces technologies, de les corrompre à une situation, en particulier celle d’un couvent médiéval, afin d’éviter toute dimension « rétro-futur », comme la nostalgie d’un futur émis dans les années 60.

- Faut-il préciser, effectivement, les différents points ci-dessus pour justifier de la recherche « I’ve heard about » ? C’est loin d’être évident. Expliquer c’est rendre lisse, au sens littéral. S’opposer au réductionnisme que le système français impose, c’est lui permettre de s’améliorer, de se renforcer, non pour en modifier les attendus, mais pour en rendre plus perforant, performant les aveuglements. Nous taire suite à ce papier eut été plus stratégique…nous prenons ici le risque de « collaborer »[2] par ce droit de réponse.

« I’ve heard about » ne peut répondre aux inquiétudes de la rédaction de TA - la peur des technologies, de la biogénétique, leur diabolisation,…leur Frankensteinisation,… ne peut nous affranchir d’en envisager les possibles et d’en spéculer sur les devenirs…mais débarrassés du verrouillage moral et maisain de la génération des barricades (68).

« I’ve heard about »
RxSie(n) / François Roche, Stéphanie Lavaux, Jean Navarro

Notes
[1] « La raison de la crise de la civilisation européenne et de ses pratiques de démocraties monarchistes consistait dans le fait que la vertu européenne, c’est-à-dire sa morale aristocratique organisée dans les institutions de la souveraineté moderne, ne réussissait pas à rester en rythme avec les pouvoirs vitaux de la démocratie de masse », Note de Tony Negri sur Tocqueville dans Empire, Havard University 2000
French stinky french / 2014
2 open letters following the European Vote last Sunday (National Party winner / 25 May 2014).

My dear friends... / 2014
What have you done?
Dear leader of (K)ultur in France. You are carrying as a flagship, the >>>> in random order FB, FM, DA, AJA, FC, FE, RR, JN, RC, historically JB and JMBL, and some ridiculous kids FR/ JFC... but others know it... they are the future new-comers in this ad-hominem list... of this French invention which you made so moribund, nowhere audible except in your small power boudoirs..
What have you done other than creating the manure of today’s stench Your intelligences were only used to serve yourselves... your haughtiness... hypocrisy It suits you well to cry Wolf, while your arrogance in enclosing creation in the back room of your own interests, of your small franco-french affairs, are at the origin of the situation. Everyone has to clean his/her own backyard... and the small crime of the architect (and of his/her administrators !) is not less punishable than the one of a politician... in fact it became its toy, thanks to you...
No the Samaritan is not the problem... it is the Philharmonique attributed in a fake competition which should be considered one (and we would shoot the second opus of Ferreri ‘Touche pas a la femme blanche’ in the aborted construction site), it is the choice of the curator from the Biennale Pavilion in Venice, it is the PLU of Paris and its 'queue-jumping’... which is already one... it is to have for 20 years preferred the copy to the original (JN and RR in front display, with all their epigones – see the Milan Pavilion, graceless clone of the Seville one), but even more to have organized it, to have consciously orchestrated it... and its representation headquarters... dedicated to the ‘in the style of’... as in the time of Bernini and Colbert conflict... your Model... not mine... where the administration power complies with the ignorance of the Prince to in fine manipulate him (see the pathetic dairy of Frederic Mitterrand)... You have sown the seeds of power abuse, via a dominating politico-cultural administration drunken on its kingly 'puissance’... simultaneously ignorant to the World and ignored by it... It is now time for the operetta elites to harvest these pernicious providences.
AA, the typically french architectural magazine, is in the hands of ‘faquins’, the Order, the Guild has not left the Vichy suburbs and the institutions are blinded by their lack of means... clearly a good pretext for inertia... and so on and so on... the list is long...
But this time I will come to your lectures, I will confront your mediocrities, in Venice... where despite your disqualifications we are again and again invited... but also to give you the cue... for all the prattling you have crafted... for the stench you have provoked... Can you see the price to pay?

It is not so much a vindictive being from the servile crowd of the Venice Biennale which will confront you but the one who has seen and fought your co-optation systems, from within, since over 20 years and can testify to your masquerades and democratic hoaxes at the origin of the public command mechanisms and mediation, standing to attention... silly typesetters (of d’A, AA etc.)

You made a small personal affair out of architecture... I am ashamed to have met ‘US’...

For the record / demission letter for the French Pavilion curating in 2002 >>Letter /The cultural exception was already sleeping with the National Preference / Siamese concepts

**Parrhesia / Frigoli Symptomes**

Dear friends / Frac Orleans / 2014

Once upon a time you were a tool for emancipation, for confrontation, almost a zone of conflict... Not a ghetto destined to a bunch of Happy Few... in drowsy consumption... with as a bonus a grey eminence nightclub bouncer.

FRAC has built its 'has been' insipid and authoritarian Turbulences, while abusing es-robotic masters in its first exhibition, with Friedman® as an alibi, instead of having supported the winning project Olzweg which could have provoked a deflagration, an ambition... and change the landscape ‘of what was admissible to conceive and to make’... and we would not be there today. Did you know that?

For the record / The 2006 project Olzweg (co-winning) was of a kind to reconcile the curiosity of some with the ignorance of others (20 years Machine Celibataire). We had at that time stopped the legal proceedings to cancel the competition for passive corruption in the second round... on your request and to save your head...

Because of your exclusion and cultural and intellectual gullibility politics ... we are again getting plagiarism in Milan, again a... French pavilion... under influence... is this your success? To condone... after having been stifled by the then DAPA obliging you, without protest, to hire its shires and expose its offspring... to drive your boat where it was sure to wreck... on a sympathetic inoffensive coral, a kind of kinder-garden, with its shovel, plastic rake and sandbox...?

Having surfed over a combative and generous generation, at the origin of the Frac to afterwards put its suitor into position, without undertaking any historical work?! Is it your success to participate to the jamming, the daubing of events and emergences... from those who initiated them to those who pursue them and in fine (we are still in this Beaux-Arts atavist France) to those who plagiarize...

Your archiving is magnificent yes, and as museum conservators, we
have no choice but to respect you... yet your cultural politic in real
time is distressing by its complaisance... and it is no longer of
interest to anyone... check the frequention rate... what you stamp as
‘recherche’ is not profitable anymore... shall we question its
content?.. is this your new agenda, to produce paper hens... painless,
colourless, abstruse. A lot of them are my friends, they were
expecting better than your infantile instrumentation, rather that
you’d help them to overcome this status of prepubescent geeks which
is getting under their skin. Who is to blame? your Mentor and its
Philosophy for Dummies pocketbook ? or you lack of ‘cultural
political science’ ?
You think that you are not responsible for the rise of the
indifferences... but you are one of its vectors. We expected courage
from your part, instead you made culture into a queue-jumping, a
kind of monarchic privilege, reserved for subscribers... and the
nation is rebelling... and it’s violent, it’s obscene... but this
monstrous and mean Golem ... you took part in its begetting...
I had refused in 2002 (see above) to be the co-curator-scenographer
of the French pavilion with you. The reasons have not changed and
the consequences are getting worst... but nothing to report,
everything will be all right, in the French cultural Teletubbies...
you will get your pay at the end of the month... ‘I’ll be seeing you.’

Parrhesia / Frigoli Symptomes

Chers amis / 2014
2 lettres ouvertes, au dimanche soir du 25 May 2014 / Suite à la
victoire du Front National au premier tour...en France

Qu’avez-vous donc fait ? Messieurs les représentants de la {K}ultur
que vous portez en étendard, les >>>>>dans le désordre FB, FM, DA,
AJA, FC, FE, RR, JN, RC, historiquement JB et JMBL, y-compris
quelques lampistes FR/ JFC... mais d’autres le savent ...ils sont a-
venir dans cette liste ad-hominem. ... de cette création française que
vous avez rendue moribonde, inaudible ailleurs que dans vos petits
boudoirs de pouvoir...
Qu’avez-vous fait d’autre que de créer le lisier de la puanteur
d’aujourd’hui
Vos intelligences n’étaient qu’au service de vous-même... de votre
superbe...hypocrisie.
Cela vous va bien de crier au loup, alors que vos arrogances
d’enfermer la création dans l’arrière-boutique de vos propres
intérêts, de vos petites affaires franco-françaises, sont à
l’origine de la situation. Chacun doit balayer devant sa porte... et
le petit crime de l’architecte (et de ses administrateurs! grands
commis et petits commis de l’état) n’est pas moins punissable que
celui d’un politique...il en est devenu son jouet, grâce à vous... Non
la Samaritaine n’est pas le problème... c’est de construire le
Philarmonique, suite au déni de concours qui devrait en être un (et
on tournerait le second opus de Ferreri Touche pas à la femme
Blanche dans le chantier avorté), c’est le choix du curateur du
Pavillon de la Biennale de Venise qui aurait dû en être un, c’est le PLU de Paris et ses passe-droits... qui en est déjà un... c’est d’avoir depuis vingt ans préféré le plagia à l’original (J.N. et R.R. en tête de gondole, épigones inclus - voir pavillon de Milan, clone débile de Séville), mais plus encore de l’avoir organisé, orchestré sciemment... avec ses officines de représentations pour faire « à la manière de » ...comme du temps du conflit entre Bernini et Colbert... votre Modèle... non le mien...... ou le pouvoir de l’administration se plie, au service de l’ignorance du prince pour in fine le manipuler (voir le journal pathétique de Frédéric Mitterrand)...Vous avez ensemencé l’abus de pouvoir, celui d’une administration politico-culturelle dominante enivrée de sa puissance régalienn...et simultanément ignorante au Monde et ignorée du Monde....Aux Elites d’opérettes...de récolter maintenant les providences malsaines... Architecture d’Aujourd’hui (le magazine franchouillard d’architecture) est aux mains de faquins, l’ordre n’a pas quitté les faubourgs de Vichy (non sans humour) et les institutions sont aveuglées par leur manque de moyen... bon prétexte en fait pour n’en prendre aucun... et ainsi de suite...la liste est longue... Mais cette fois-ci je viendrai à vos discours, à vos médiocrités pour vous faire face, à Venise...ou malgré vos disqualifications, nous sommes encore et encore invités... Mais aussi pour vous faire réplique...à toute les facondes que vous avez façonnées... À la puanteur que vous avez créée... Voyez-vous le prix à payer... ? Ce n’est pas tant un vindicatif dans la foule servile de la Biennale, qui vous fera face que celui qui a vu et combattu vos systèmes de cooptations, de l’intérieur, depuis 20 ans et peux témoigner de ses mascarades et canulars démocratiques à l’origine des mécanismes de la commande publique et de sa médiation, le petit doigt sur la couture, ... , par de simples pigistes... L’architecture vous en avez fait une petite affaire personnelle... J’ai honte de ‘NOUS’ avoir rencontré ... FR / Pour mémoire / Lettre de démission du curating du Pavillon Français en 2002>>> Letter / L’exception culturelle couchait déjà avec la préférence Nationale / Concept Siamois /

Parrhesia / Frigoli Symptomes

Chers Amis du Frac Orleans (2014)
Vous étiez un outil d’émancipation, de confrontation, voire une zone de conflit ...et non un ghetto réservé à quelques Happy Few...pour une consommation abrutie... avec en prime... un physionomiste de boîte de Nuit en éminence grise. Le FRAC a construit ses Turbulences ‘has been’ et insipides tout en se gargarisant à la première expo de maîtres es-robotiques, avec Friedman en Alibi, à défaut d’avoir porté le projet Lauréat Olzweg qui aurait pu produire une déflagration, une ambition...et modifier le paysage « de ce qu’il était admis de concevoir et de faire »... et nous n’en serions pas là aujourd’hui. Le saviez vous ? Pour mémoire / Le projet de 2006, Olzweg (Co-Lauréat) était de nature à réconcilier la curiosité des uns avec l’ignorance des autres (Machine Célibataire sur 20 ans). Nous avions à l’époque stoppé la procédure judiciaire d’annulation
du concours pour corruption passive au second tour, cela sur votre demande et afin de sauver votre tête. Grave erreur stratégique que la nôtre en fait. A cause de votre politique d'exclusion et de naïveté culturelle et intellectuelle... on se tape encore un plagiat à Milan, encore un...Pavillon français...sous influence...c'est cela votre réussite... ? De laisser faire... après avoir été bâillonné par la DAPA de l’époque vous obligeant, sans que vous trouviez à redire, à employer ses sbires et exposer ses progénitures... pour piloter votre navire là où il était sûr de s'échouer... sur un récif sympathique et inoffensif, une sorte de jardin d’enfant, avec pelles, bac à sable et râteaux... !? D'avoir surfer sur une génération combative et généreuse, à l’origine du Frac pour installer par la suite ses prétendants, sans qu'aucun travail historique ne soit fait ? Est-ce là votre réussite de participer aux brouillages, aux barbouillages des événements et des émergences...de ceux qui les initient à ceux qui les poursuivent et in fine (nous sommes toujours dans cette France aux atavismes Beaux-Arts) à ceux qui les plagient... Votre archivage est magnifique, certes, et comme conservateurs de musée, on ne peut que vous respecter... mais votre politique culturelle en temps réel est affligeante de complaisance... ce qui n’intéresse plus personne... voir le taux de fréquentation... ce que vous Estampillez « recherche » ne fait plus recette... Faut-il en questionner le contenu ? Est-ce là votre nouveau cahier des charges de produire des cocottes en papier...indolore, inodore, abscons. Beaucoup sont mes amis, ils attendaient mieux que votre instrumentalisation infantile, et qu’au contraire... vous les aidiez à dépasser ce stade de Geeks pré-pubères qui leur collent à la peau. La faute à qui ? A votre Mentor, et son ‘Que Sais-je’ de philosophie en poche ? ou à votre manque de ‘science politique culturelle’ ? Vous croyez ne pas être responsable de la montée des indifférences... mais vous en êtes l’un des vecteurs. On aurait pu attendre de vous du courage, mais vous avez fait de la culture un passe-droit, une sorte de privilège monarchique, réservé aux abonnés... et le peuple se révolte... c’est violent, obscène... mais ce Golem monstrueux et méchant... vous avez participé à son éclosion... J’avais refusé en 2002 (voir plus haut) d’être co-curateur-scénographe avec vous du pavillon Français. Les raisons n’ont pas changées, les conséquences, elles, s’aggravent... mais RAS, tout va bien aller, chez les « teletubbies » Culturels Français... vous serez rémunérés à la fin du mois... ‘Bonjour chez vous’.

Parrhesia / Frigoli Symptomes

Obscenity
(The mister Jourdain’ syndrome)
Obscene was the Venice Biennale of Rem Koolhaas

On one side the fetishism of the industrial products and components (Italian International Pavilion) and on the other the celebration of the political failure of the world... as a naive agitprop able to wrap
the architect with politically correct conscientiousness... self-complaisance for this comfortable dualism.
We are in the pursuit of the diagrammatic hoax he himself promoted 20 years ago, same arrogance of reductionism to avoid embracing and gathering complexity in a productive way, in an aesthetic way, for a critical production, not for a simulation of a critical behavior... sponsored by Rolex.
Where are the political mechanisms in Rem’s obscenity? Where are underlying apparatuses, at the origin of the global ‘malentendu’, he self-enjoyed to play with, with literal self-indulgence and a high degree of criminal innocence.
As a counter example, it reminds me of Hans Haack fired from the Guggenheim in 1971 for showing the mechanisms of property and alienation of NY cities, particularly the capitalism of slums. One is doing entertainment, which most architects applaud as Penguins, the other is taking the personal risk to open the Pandora box. But the worm was in the fruit. It started when Rem derived to his own profit (Exodus) the ‘Continuous Monument’ of Super Studio for the Casabella competition in the early 70ties. We could date this trick as the first act of selling Merchandised radicalism to the global market. And the new-age dematerialized mirror roof of Natalini (Superstudio) became in the hand of Rem a functionalist Corbusean iconography to justify he was able to initiate the passage between what seems for him political romanticism (radicalism) to pseudo functionalist statement (to be sold to global ignorance).
The loop-story of authorship-economy, ironically wrote J.F. Lyotard in his ‘philosophical postmodern description’, has to come back ‘in the pocket’ of the one who will be able to vectorize the story, eviscerated of any toxicity for the financial world dimension, and never to the one who is at the origin of the storytelling, facing his solitude. Rem sociologically represents this kind of extreme arrogant icon of the ‘new-wave’ Hegelian movement (at the Opposite of the notion of Sublime defined by Kant and Lyotard). This movement surfed since the 70ties on the work of the others (David Lynch abusing of Rivette for Mulholland Drive, or his plagiarism of Jodorovsky’s Dune). Their protagonists are so occupied to play their Ziggy Stardust’s role of post-modern Shaman, full-time Guru that they forgot to innovate, to risk their position and their neck.
This passage from Radicalism to Marketplace is a Hoax. They mainly succeeded because of their correspondence and adaptation to the global brainlessness organized by media and politics, in the 90ties, during the period called the “Age of the ice’ by Deleuze and Guattari.
This voluntary and systematic duplicity between standardization of product on one side (to flatter the conventional way of industrial system and offer to the architect the only possibility to become a property master) and on the other side an appearance of criticality of the world conflict without to absorb, digest this multiple ambivalence as a “reason d’etre”, as the starting point of a production.
This discovery of the failure of the world is similar to mister Jourdain’s syndrome in Moliere’s play, discovering with naivety and self-confidence the existence of the rules, the rules of language, the rules of the world, and thinking that he is the only one to get this consciousness... With a post un-interruptus egotist coitus pleasure... It is so easy to show the pathology of the world on one side and on the other the repetition of industrial components... To avoid seeing that creation is exactly at the opposite... articulating production and critical meaning, associating emergencies and knowledge, absorbing simultaneously the desire of production and the pathology of the drama, digesting and metabolizing beauty and toxicity, vomiting it in a strategy of knowledge, of critic... of design (and not in the literal Death Star way), developing apparatuses, as said M Foucault, which question the order of discourses, meaning and authority.

We have to face the main aspect of this biennial... Who gave Rem the authority to take part in the burning of the discipline (from exodus diploma, to ‘fuck the context’, from fake activism to ‘hysterical preservation’). Who benefits from the crime? Who was interested to this reductionism...

Creation, situationism and creation as a strategy of political aesthetic (including some courage) is exactly at the opposite ... of this commercialization of consciousness. We have to show the mechanism at the origin of the mechanism, to manipulate anxiety as a process of knowledge and aesthetic... far away from this immature reductionism...

The next Biennale should stop these kinds of clichés, for an operative critical production, and avoid this hoax between stereotype of ‘reproduction’ and political entertainment for dummies.

Some visit /on pavilions:
- The Russian / the music of Titanic .... Sad and joy... we wonder if they are playing a ragtime of a god save the queen when the boat was sinking. Not so far away from the musician in the Hieronymus Bosh’ ‘Delicious Garden '. The game of Rem’s Topic... as a legitimate Funky Fuck You for a non productive vision... the statement of the end...with musicians... the last dance.
- The Korean and French / Utilizing the past / the puppets of Rem / Historical usurpation from architect and critic... Do we need a Biennale to know the conflict in Korea? or that the French missed modernity... except the ones who were not architects (Tati -playtime-Hulot) and Prouve (the industrial craftsman in a Walter Benjamin ambiguity, between era of reproduction and aura of the object...)? How institution used the ones who resisted against them, both in bankruptcy at the end of their life, without any attention from the same institutions who are now, after their death, using their critical position to promote the French of flag >>>That should be awarded as the best hypocrisy... hopefully they received it / 30 pieces of silver = one honorable mention... the price of Judas... a
'cocardisme' postmortem.

PS / never want to promote our own babies / and it’s not the subject of this paper / But the two projects in DMZ in Korea are able to talk, show and critic the situation in a design process... in a strategy of meanings... articulating tools and critics of situation... Korea / New-Territories / http://www.new-territories.com/he%20shoot%20me%20down.htm /

-The German / Naked Cynicism (intentional or not - not so clear in fact)... but in any case the standard of the past becoming the stereotype of the Asiatic Petit Bourgeois continent... In fact more real than any political activism... to show the ugliness of our discipline, supported by BMW-Mercedes.

-The American / A cultural Maddofian scheme pyramid organized by StoreFront to fake multiple discourses for speeches of tenure track academic teachers. A strategy to water the fish and make Noise... to brew the void in an incredible self-sufficiency. Thanks to the epigone of Frida Kahlo who also participates in sinking the boat.

-The Polish / just regressively monarcho-fascist as the factual output of the theme.

-Israelian / A copism of a machine already shown in previous Venice Biennale for the ideal Cartography in the sand to easily erase problem, history and guilty borders...

And so on...

Parrhesia / Chronophobia

F.B. NewT reactions / NewT / 2013-16 /
(including orthographic approximations)

#Accelerationism

Accelerationism and de-Accelerationism are the proto-game of stupid Anglo saxon puppets... just addicted to negotiate their strategical position in the game of power through neo-conservative Academia... in fact this accelerationism new gimmick produced and amplified this last cup of years appeared nothing else than the fake stuttering of the history... using Lyotard (Libidinal Economy), Deleuze (anti-oedipe), Marx, and Negri... to justify that they could play a degree of 'excess'-obscenity' able to de-alienate the system of 'power' or its representation... to be themselves at the center of this system of power.... What is the degree of obscenity they are effectively producing... ... Oh my dear proto-crypto-post accelerationist addicted pigeon ..... try to stop your operative speculative passivity and cowardness.... try .... just only one day to be yourself at the place to think you could be Beaudelaire... and take one risk... just one... is it enough for you ! .......... will be better than to scream in the lost zone of architecture university... which paid and pay you to play this role...

Book on #accelerate / a phenomena of strategic hypo-crisis using post-mortem philosophers to justify personal request of alienation and servitude gracefully offered to the 'mechanism of power', in the
sense of M. Foucault.
http://www.urbanomic.com/pub_accelerate.php
Initially text of Alex Williams and Nick Srnicek was a kind of Accelerationist Pamphlet to help-force the left wing to move from its frozen past ideology and comfortable consciousness...and it's becoming one year later the medley of techno-illusionism and Geek-Rastignac(s) Tartufery ...who got the benefice of the crime?

**Parrhesia / Chronophobia**

#BIG-DATA

We are facing
-Wu tang Clan album bought as exclusive uses by pharma' boy
-Black color bought as exclusive uses by a 'square mile'' trader artist
-Assange refugee in Ecuador embassy
-Snowden refugee in Russia...

In the history of Art ...it’s a permanent battle... in one way the Fire Art, as the monkey representation of old regime (now called post capitalism)...with all the honors and the profits.... and ...... in the other way the physical restraint, by sequestration, "embrasement", disqualification, repudiation...solitude !!!/

Who do you-we want to be...?? / / some poor boys and girls... slave Architects using Big Data and technologies as the monkey fire art...to promote their authority, metabolize their toxicity, in a pseudo-scientific propaganda, visible in any neo-beaux-arts school as Sci-Arc, Isaac, Bartlett, AA, GSD...where students are maintained in stupid ignorant neo-liberal idiotcracy, using technology and big data, in an inoffensive, childish strategy of brainless... never politic, never questioning the organization of knowledge, the order of discourse... never suspecting the distribution, the sprawling of information... to keep their mode of diffusion in a blind, mute and deaf systemism.. and get back the profit of this 'Voluntary Servitude' to quote La Boetie, to finally be paid with 30 pieces of silver. (architect are really badly paid for betraying themselves)...

OR.... to wake up... not in a regressive, passive, reactionary way !!!...but to infiltrate, corrupt, des-alienate the mode of representation from those system of values and technologies... to escape from Renaissance period (stupid humanism and perspectivism as a univocal system of organization and representation / as now the GAFA could be) ...... to reach the "second plateau"... the Barocco...where the degenerative curvilinear human physiologies, where the religious war, where the uncertainties of the Political situation created an aesthetic of the ambiguity, of the ambivalence, of the Fold...BOTH in Geometry and Soul .... Topology and Mind...to question and re-evaluate the system of representation... as Assange or Snowden...not as the fire art and architecture that US academia are providing... for wealthy lazy students...at 90%...We should use technologies to corrupt them, from inside... a heliocentrical scientists Kepler or Hypatia of Alexandria corrupted the Galilean ideal platonic shape... something about....the "Darknet" and The
Parrhesia / last lecture of Foucault at Berkeley in 1982...

Parrhesia / Chronophobia

‘post-culture’spasm
The Bowl of mad-mud
In the muck-dirt-turd / human cradle to cradle loop / where substances meet in all their states of chemical transformation / from the fruit of the earth to the rejection / Human Matter...“where it smells shit, it smells human” to quote Antonin Artaud (' Là ou ça sent la merde, ça sent l'être...’ Pour en finir avec le Jugement de Dieu, 1947) from body metabolism... As a cycle... of rejection - recycling (physical context), extracted, pumped, remixed, extruded from the open sky sewage ground below the pilotis... emerging on the above level, the visible level. Robotic production from recycling matter, first antagonism. The Ghost Content
Something was lost... the relation to the initial system of knowledge transmission... in this 'Idiocratic' post-capitalist regime ... no one reads no more... and language has been reduced to a daily life commerce... banality and merchandising. The people of the Slum, because of their interzone, lawless situation, can re-question this social, political and cultural Alzheimer global XXI century phenomena... via a transgressive line of escape.
We derive, we drift within the situation... to shift this relation to knowledge (rapport au savoir) in a subjective, immersive mode... In the library, people aren’t expected to read... but to sniff the ashes coming from the books, targeting a travel ‘shot’ to a subculture cinematographic adaptation of the book. 
Book readers are sniffers, disseminated in the Slum in a subjective immersive ego-trip, in the pursuit of the Selfie, a self-portrait in Alchemist mode.
At the opposite of Pro-Bono enterprises usually intervening in the slum to promote politically correctness and right consciousness... Concrete[I]land / short film / from Ballard's book Makkoson, a kind of 'Alpha Ville', as the fear of word’s disappearance, now a fact, with the emotions that came with them, as the impoverishment of the means of expression, as a displacement perhaps and yesterday’s world might be gone and dead. The rise of the selfie as the only way to witness one’s life. To take it and put it there, nowhere really, directly, with no one acknowledging it. The absence of meditation, permanent obsession of self-portraiture, the obscene display of solitudes.
The short film is about 2 worlds (upper-condo/highway and below-slum self-organization). Below is the genetically diseased autarky, island of degeneresence, living among their rejects, in the acceptance of society’s garbage, where the social contract is a constant work in progress, unstable.
What is burned though is our memory, our culture in the form of books. The written world is sinking in the canal slum water, putrid,
smelly-belly. While North Pole polar bears change their gender membership to increase their reproduction probability in the melting-ice age, here in Makkasan, people are developing by-product of substitution, a kind of cultural methadone, of easily-accessible stirring stifling barely-bearable immersive-emotional self-suggested shots.

Robotic voice process / The shelter components are done through real sensor interface robotic system... where 'nick's reading of the book affects the trajectory of the nozzle (voice intensity and timber) / Microphone + Sound voice recognition + RSI-Kuka = seismograph movement of the robot linked to frequency and amplitude of the sound sinusoidal curve) / & the shelter petrified the Books reader’s voice ... witness of a lost paradise (Milton)...

**Parrhesia / Chronophobia**

#BIENNIALCHICAGO

/... / From inside / a review far away from the Neo-Liberal Jealousy and last "Utermenshen" libertarian Patrick Schumacher jiggering... this past week / but within the ideological and political 'tabula rasa' which operated on the situation / Chicago Cultural Center was (is) before everything a social center.... the last homeless spot in downtown Chicago / With a tacitly organized passive violence, during the Biennial opening days only "members" with authorized badges were admitted / Rejecting the regular "trashy-freak" users / To quote Bourdieu ... Taste is an affair of business, exclusion and social class ... contemporary museums widely betray the emancipating hypothesis of their origin and foundation / At the Biennial all architects were participating to this 'hygienist’ strategy / But the most absurd ... was to listen to their speeches about bio-politics, greenish-color and bottom-up slummy romanticism, saving Willy and the world with Joseph Grima (the curator in charge of this specific Activism Carnival) on the throne of those selves-complaisance-indulgence... at the spot and the time where the Cultural-Social Center became "bunkerized".

... Between Patrick S. and Zaha who are ignoring with cynicism the workers’ dramatic condition of servitude in Abu Dhabi, and who participated to the biggest brainwashing enterprise of these past 10 years: technologies as a strategy of ignorance-arrogance-positivism (pleonasm), and symmetrically the participants of this Biennial who "naively and innocently" excluded the damaged bodies and disordered minds, while wearing their black Penguin suits to moralistically enact political entertainment... WHO are the most criminal? Simply the two faces of the same coin or bitcoin... feeding themselves as a reciprocity simulacrum, as ping-pong between the Cynical and the Clown... the history of intellectual Tabula Rasa... of architecture discipline...

Could we find a crack between the techno-fetishism and at its
opposite the techno-regression? It is so comfortable to choose one of these chapels... there are many advantages to reduce or to falsify consciousness and knowledge...... Techno-sciences shouldn’t be an Object any more.... but a Subject that we have to re-appropriate in 'democratic anthropo-technic' strategies...

PS / Thanks to Sarah Herda for the incredible program and curating of the Graham Foundation...but why did you call Grima, the Pied Piper ? Sure you will jump over this politically correct spoiled kid on second shot in two years...we want only you...

Parrhesia / Chronophobia

#Thefulldispute...in [V] ACTs + [I] tragic epilogue ///

ACT I / from NT /
#schumacherfascist? / We could question the permanent stupidity of Patrick the "smurf"...is it intentional, a disease of intelligence, a strategy of power, a lack of anthropology, a fascination for aesthetical aesthetic as Walter Benjamin defined fascism ? .....but main question ....who got the benefits of those ashamed positions ...as the Miami school last two weeks...who is interested in this vomiting discourse with nonsense, no values, reactionary capitalism, childish positivism sciences embedded .....(exchange fake parametric dummies' tooling for original Niemeyer' pencil ...). Technologies is so stupid when it is only dedicated to repetition and reproduction...or arrogance of expertise...
Possible Hypothesis...Is Patrick making diversion ?.....to hide something in the back...more disgusting...... as a puppet crying wolf...to hide a daemon .....??
Many young architects at Acadia working with Zaha apologized in private....to be trapped in the wealthy ignorance and technoid-idiotcracy.........Now...It s up to you, to us, to invite this proto-fascism epigon to talk again and again on libertarian position as el-Khoury at Miami school of Architecture...Is it a role of a dean in academia to promote this historical lobotomy in the pursuit of Gabriele D'Annunzio....??? They are consequences...and each of us will be accounted..."first time history could be a tragedy, but its repetition, as an afterglow, will be a farce"

ACT II / from Patrik Schumacher /
The "fascism" label has unfortunately degenerated to an indiscriminate invective ... but if we argue with a serious concept of fascism, then it should be clear that libertarianism has nothing to do with fascism but is its opposite. Fascism is an extreme form of statism, extreme interventionism in the economy and totalitarian obliteration of individual liberties.

ACTIII / from NT/
You should revise your approach...specially on the notion of Freedom, Freewill and Liberty... Advise you the "Ethic of Spinoza"...if you have time...just to re-question what seems for you
the goal, the Graal, of the ideal regime of micro-free-society as
!Singapore! and !Monaco! according to your own phraseology !!!... small ...Booster injections / on this misunderstanding.....

1) Liberatalia / the real-fictional pirates society in Madagascar / vigilant guardians of the people's Rights and Liberties / waging war on behalf of "the Oppressed" against the "Oppressors," with justice equally distributed...where every Thing was in common / no Hedge bounded any particular Property, and Treasure equally divided !! We should have been "Pirates" with short life expectancy...

2) Anarchia / the bio-tech island and community of Greg Egan / where the human rights are equally symmetric to the fragility of the floating ground / the first example of 'Natural Contract' in the pursuit of Michel Serres.

3) Utopia / Thomas More / to read again...and again...as a political report in real time.

4) I've heard About / New-Territories 2006 / bottom-up computation (n)certain non deterministic urbanism including neighborhood protocol _http://www.new-territories.com/protocole%20anglais.doc

5) Objectivism / Ayn Rand delirium on 'laissez-faire capitalism' / but in fact genius writer on 'Fountain Head'

6) Libertarian / "free will" = "free market" = "USA deviationism" issues for conservative rules on economic liberal business plan.

7) Anarchism / Started with the 'Discourse on Voluntary Servitude' of La Boetie / Re-question the notion of property in the Proudhonism branch / Mutualism / Check Gracchus Babeuf and Auguste Blanqui / Main ref: LA COMMUNE de PARIS / ...to send a pebble in dummys pond - In no case this political model or anti-model could have any ideological overlapping with Singapor-Monaco-HK-Lichenstein or other Capitalism Off-shore Tax Paradise!

8) "La carta di liberta" of Carnaro / Italian Regency of Gabriele d'Annunzio / the first "Duce" / a kind of 'boudoir' and front shop of the "Salo Republic" (see Pasolini-Sade 120 days of...) / with free "'music'" on background / at the condition to be in the "harmony of the church language". Very close to the politic logorrhoea of Liberland (see #9)/ http://www.reakt.org/fiume/charter_of_carnaro.html

9) Liberland (see #6) / an in-digest soup and soap of ownership claims and jungle policies / The extreme version of deregulated post-capitalism, a kind of proto-individualistic-fascism... last epigone of right-wing-anarcho-regime...agitprop-propaganda of the 'free will' illusion for wealthy-neo-petit-bourgeois... please take a ticket onboard... it's "free"...https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Liberland

ACT IV / from Patrik Schumacher /
Francois, your atavistic yearnings for the egalitarian, collectivist, morality/sociality of the Ur-kommunist hunting band are evident: predatory pirate bands are your model. In the modern world this model can escape the most crushing poverty only as a parasite on civilisation, and yet remains a brutal form of existence, even internally. The morality of Ur-kommunist bands -
communist anarchism - is incompatible with civilisation establishing rules of cooperation across large heterogeneous populations. In contrast, anarcho-capitalism is compatible with an unlimited population with radically diverse pursuits and the most heterogeneous modes of relations, associations, with our without solidarity, and allowing for the most radical individualism and creativity. My intuition is that your persona would flourish in these conditions but would be crushed in the collectivist/egalitarian world you dream off - and this from day one. The other point which is crucial: anarcho-communism is inherently incompatible with complex economy and would thus come crashing down rather quickly. Where is your economic theory? Where are you answering the long list of theoretical and empirical economic refutations your idea of utopia has been subjected to for decades?

ACT V / from NT

So world is according to you separated in two fractions / the UR-Komunist - kind of naive and inoffensive dreamers.... and the anarcho-Capitalist as operative strategy to associate freedom and profit ????. The both are coming from the 50ties / 'new-age' facing "objectivism" .../ i m not sure the actual debate of society is to wake up the old daemons / Collectivism versus Individualism / the both died and are deeply buried / If you want to research a model or create a model of society / of living together / / should check Sympoietic (VS) Autopoietic systems / http://bethd.ca/pubs/isss-as-sys.pdf / which is our main opposition / our ontological dispute / Sympoietic is an open system and at the opposite, your main credo is a closed one, defining its boundaries by its own internal logic... / for example in the Libertarian society you launched / notion of inalienable property is written in the stone / as the first commandment ! / Sure you know how capitalism started with Barbed Wire in Ohio, restraining cattle, and stoping the previous nomadism...creating the enclosure of the values and properties...You are deeply addicted on barbed wire, to protect the autarky of 'selected people' in a misunderstanding of Rudolph Steiner notion of Enthroposophy... You are not the first my friend using this "Ubermenschen mysticism"...do you understand what it means ?!...All your declarations, positions and system are at minimum too naive, at worst irresponsible of consequences.... It creates perhaps fascination on people interested by your interpersonal skills and their individual interest to get back some subside of your success story with Zaha....but don t be cat's paw of the situation. Lars or me are not in your Carousel... making tours for brainless students in Architecture which confused knowledge and authority....

What is the audience of Patrick...? To who he is talking with this kind of hydrocephalus discourse / Mainly students in school of architecture / his favorite game with virgin mind / and who are they, now, in Anglosaxon situation after Lehman brother crisis / Do they have the education to understand what mean political-science,
do they have the right to express their differences or their de-agreements facing his Logorrhea? Never... Patrick know the situation he himself created at DRL... the perfect enterprise of lobotomization of knowledge...to appear as a GURU, as the Hamelin pied piper... to sink an entire generation in his pond...of pseudo-science, of libertarian hypocrisis. NOW it s over Patrick... The mask fell...

EPILOGUE / from Patrik Schumacher / November 4, 2015 at 6:44 pm
Francois, the envy is all yours - a double envy in this case - and the cynicism and self-contradiction also reaches a new height with your masochistic trashing of what you yourself represent more than any of your targets. You are the ultimate tragic clown!

Parrhesia / Chronophobia


Parrhesia / Chronophobia

#Dirty-Dirty
C’est une sécrétion immonde, une maladie congénitale du béton, dans laquelle aurait pris refuge une autre difformité, elle humaine... un nain évadé de Velasquez... qui se rit de nous... pour avoir été si naïf... délibérément abusé ... de croire que les technologies étaient 'neutres'... innocentes et inoffensives envers le monde qu’elles transforment et dominent... Le nain rit... doublement... avec sa poupée de plastique-bulle ‘Lipstick Traces /1 ’, nain du nain et de lui-même... qui n’en finit pas de questionner celui qui parle...celui qui se pense ‘parlant’... dans sa défécation, éructation animalière et catatonique à la Diogène, invagination sale en version ‘babyblues’ d’une ‘origine de ce monde’ et...Courbet pétrifié...qui ne nous dit pas grand-chose, en fait... non pas qu’ils aient tort, ces deux nains, de ne pas nous parler ainsi... avec leurs ricanements sardoniques... de bêtise... de la nôtre... Mais...ce n’est pas suffisant ... et y a peu de chance pour qu’on y comprenne quelque chose... à cette langue, à ce langage du dégoût...émis au creux de cette laideur...qui secrète pour nous ces mythomanies psychotiques... ils n’en sont que le vecteur...les passeurs... et ils rient donc dans leur antre de béton déféquée, par un sphincter dont nous ignorons la raison d’être, mais plus encore dont nous ne pouvons reconstituer le corps... ce corps qui nous dit ‘m...’ en la produisant...
Le ‘Quasimodo’ ricane de ce faux malentendu... en échos-graphie de notre incapacité à percevoir le monde... gesticulant avec spasmes et bégaies... le monde... la mise en spectacle de vanités mercantiles, l’aveuglement de ces Data, ...entre le techno-régressif (Common Ground /3) au techno-illusionniste (Acadia /2).../ Neo-capitalism (vs) Occupancy and reciprocally... / Bio-design (vs) Shale-Oil / Comput-Mimicry (vs) Vitalism / Plagiarism (vs) Singularities... Absurdistés et cynismes performatifs.

On ne peut que le haïr, ce bouffon, et tous les autres ‘échappée-belles’ de Velasquez... commedia Dell’Arte grotesque... contre cela immunisés... protégés... nous le sommes... et de mon ignorance, revendiquée, émergera un procédé... Celui qui conduit les nouveaux sous-prolétariats... contemporains... à danser en farandole.

Notes
1) Greil Marcus,Lipstick Traces, 1989
2) ‘Common Ground’ est le titre de la Biennale de 2012, avec présupposés socio-politiques d’une naïveté confondante (voir la Tour Torre-David de la famille Brillembourg, actuellement vidée de ses occupants, et parallèlement remise d’un golden lion à l’un de ses rejetons pour la mise en spectacle de son empathie complaisante / Think-thank,sunk)
3) Acadia est un petit frère du SIGGRAPH, échelle modeste pour architectes, néanmoins utile quand il n’est pas utilisé à des fins de propagandes positivistes et de mysticismes scientifiques (éditions 2014)

Parrhesia / Chronophobia

#Dirty-Dirty...
It's a filthy secretion, a congenital disease of concrete, in which another deformity would have taken refuge, this one human... an escaped dwarf from Velasquez ... who laughs at us... for being so naive... deliberately abused... to believe that the technologies were 'neutral'... innocent and harmless towards the world they transform and dominate... The dwarf laughs... twice... with its plastic-bubble doll 'Lipstick Traces /1', dwarf of the dwarf and of himself... which never ends questioning the one who speaks... one who thinks himself 'speaking'... in his defecation, animal and catatonic eructation like Diogenes, dirty invagination as a 'baby blues' version of an 'origin of this world'... and Courbet petrified ... who does not tell us much, in fact ... not that they are wrong, these two dwarfs, not to talk to us like that... with their sardonic sneers... of stupidity... of ours... But... that is not enough... and there is little chance we will understand something... about this language, about this language of disgust... emitted in the palm of this ugliness... that secretes for us psychotic mythomanias... they are only the vector... the smugglers... and they laugh in their defecated concrete cavern, through a sphincter of which we don't know the reason for being, but even more of which we cannot reconstitute the body... this body that
tells us, `'s …', while producing it... The 'Quasimodo' sneers about this false misunderstanding... as an ultrasound of our inability to sense the world... gesticulating with spasms and stuttering... the world... the staging of mercantile vanities, the blindness caused by these Data... between the techno-regressive (Common Ground /3) with techno-illusionist (Acadia /2)... / Neo-capitalism (vs) Occupancy and reciprocally... / Bio-design (vs) Shale-Oil / Comput-Mimicry (vs) Vitalism / Plagiarism (vs)... Singularities. Nonsense and performative cynicisms. We can only hate him, that jester, and all the other 'getaways' of Velasquez...ridiculous commedia dell’Arte... immune against this... protected... we are... and from my claimed ignorance, will emerge a process... Whoever leads the new sub-proletariat... contemporaries ... to dance farandole.

Notes
1) Greil Marcus, Lipstick Traces, 1989
2)'Common Ground' is the title of the Biennale of 2012 with sociopolitical presupposed of an confusing naivety (see the Tower Torre-David of the Brillobourg family, now emptied of its occupants, and simultaneously given by a golden lion to one of his offspring for the staging of its complacent empathy / Think-Thank, sunk)
3) Acadia is a little brother of SIGGRAPH, modest scale for architects, nevertheless useful when it is not used for purposes of positivist propaganda and scientific mysticisms (2014 editions)

Parrhesia / Narciscism

Who are you F R.? / A case study & investigations conducted by MarieVic

Los Angeles_10/10/2014
Interview with Sylvia Lavin.

A Borromini

There’s a long tradition of crazy, troubled, flamboyant architects. Probably the most famous and in some ways the one that perhaps has a great deal of resonance with François Roche would be Borromini, who did exactly the same kind of things: he was constantly insulting the pope, losing commissions, impaling himself on swords; he had a kind of disastrous life because of his inability to operate within certain protocols, and particularly because he was in a constant conflict with a single competitor - Bernini. And this dynamic of one and the other, which would be another form of one plus one, on a psychological level, undid Borromini. He wasn’t able to compete. Bernini would
come out at the last moment and substitute models in competitions made out of silver, things Borromini was incapable of. On the other hand, historically speaking, Borromini has been the most beloved by architectural history. So what he lost in his own lifetime, he made up for in a kind of endless series of heroic reinventions. Not by himself but by historians and critics. In some way, this is a terrible thing to say and I hope that François will understand that I mean it with great affection but, part of the problem is: he isn’t dead yet. He’s still there and so he’s not yet fully available to be reinvented by criticism. The other thing about François is I always imagine him as clever enough to know this. Perhaps this is part of his own tragedy – there is a big and potentially ultimate cost in the kind of road he’s traveling. But at any rate, there is a tradition of architects who profoundly change things but not through typical means of practice; I think of François is one of those guys.

I also think he is practicing at a complicated moment.

When he first came to my attention, he belonged to a generation of people who were interested in theoretical issues, interested in the relationship between computation and form, computation and construction, who were thinking about computing less as job-management or information-management – they were not really interested in what has become more predominant today, which is to say the aesthetics of administration by means of a computer. That generation emerged from the generation of the ’70s and ’80s but we think of them as the early 1990s people. People who put a new kind of value on theoretical work. There was a generation that was almost lulled into a sense of security, that you could have a meaningful and contributory life through an alternative form of practice. Somewhere in there, I don’t know whether it was just because there started to be too much money involved, I’m not entirely sure what the explanation would be, but a lot of those people ended up pursuing pretty typical forms of practice. The forms of their buildings might have changed in some way, but the structure of the field and practice stayed the same. The rules of the game changed around a certain set of figures. Some of them decided to go along with the new rule set, which looked a whole lot like professional practices of the fifties, and some of them didn’t. And I would say that François is one of those people who didn’t. In a certain sense he’s a kind of futuristic anachronism. He’s somebody who
seemed to enter the world as one who thought about radical ways of changing the future. And his own commitment to architecture’s potential to change the future has made him kind of outdated, in a conceptual way. So François is really out of sync, which, I think, is why he is not in the position one might have predicted 15 years ago. But if he were given the job of doing the City Hall of Lyon, would he want to do that? I don’t know. I’m not his analyst, but there is an underlying question: is there a psychological bloc that makes it impossible for him to complete things that he would want to complete? Or is not completing precisely his form of resistance? But in that case, he has to pay the consequences. When I think of Thailand... I can’t tell whether it’s an escape or alternative. My feeling about François is that his commitment (I’m not sure to what) – the ethos of commitment and the willingness to pay a significant cost for it – is an essential part of the ecology. I think it’s unfortunate that isn’t a more constant pressure on the field. When he disappears, a certain potentiality for architects disappears with him. I don’t know of anybody else who is willing to do the acupressure in the way that he does. And this is a little bit what I mean when I say he’s out of sync, too. I think that there are other people who want to apply pressure. It’s just that the way of applying pressure these days is generally understood to be more from within. People who want to work with industries, who want to work with institutions, who want to work with these kind of things because they feel that you could really make more effective change if you work from within rather than from outside. And they may be correct. But there’s nothing to compare it to. I think the field misses him. I’m acting as if he didn’t exist anymore, but he is not as frequent a reference as he once was.

Laboratory vs. Fieldwork

If you think about François’s work... This is a totally gross oversimplification, but just for the sake or argument let’s say that there were two modalities of work production. That, given the kind of scientific experiment quality of François’s work as a whole, we might liken it to a sort of Bruno Latour discussion about the laboratory and fieldwork. In the case of François, I think in some ways he treated the gallery as the laboratory in which certain forms of experiments were done, and fieldwork was where materials were developed. Let’s say the gallery and fieldwork
were different forms of demonstration of architectural principles and produced different forms of inscription. In one of Latour’s discussions of the laboratory, he goes into some detail about trying to understand about how it was that the average cost of a paper was 60,000 euros, read by four or five people, four or five people generally already in the laboratory. Now it’s an interesting question when you place that in the gallery, because normally, when you think of the gallery, unlike the laboratory, it is a site for making work accessible to lots of people. But there is a sense of the gallery as being a site that puts the notion of value in crisis. And there was a period when a kind of experimentation got funded, making a certain kind of work possible, and I think that those funds don’t exist anymore; those funds are being spent in other ways, they simply don’t exist anymore. Is that something to be mourned? I’m not entirely sure. It has had devastating effects for some people but I’m not sure I would mourn it for a variety of reasons.

Bricoleur

Hybrid Muscle was a very different kind of project. I’m making those very stupid polarities, but the laboratory work of François was more like Levi-Strauss’s notion of the Engineer, whereas the Hybrid Muscle was more the work of the Bricoleur, which means it has a different relationship to context, to money, to all kinds of things. That work is probably where his form of resistance could be the most interesting. Of course, on some fundamental level, there is no distinction between the lab and the fieldwork; whether you think of the workshop as a kind of way station between the two, it’s interesting to think of the workshop institutionally as a different kind of financial structure. Even that becomes fieldwork in a certain sense. But the Hybrid Muscle very specifically had the ability to demonstrate a range of premises that are advanced with minimal means and I mean that very explicitly with a traditional sense of what architecture’s responsibility is, to do the most with the least, let’s say. It’s a really interesting combination of a sort of excess and restraint, which to me continues to make it one of his most interesting projects. Some of his gallery things, I think, have more excess than restraint. Unlike some people, I don’t take a moral position on excess. I don’t think excess is wrong. I just think that at certain moments there is no funding for excess. I think he was the most popular before, in relation to the laboratory work. And
I’m not criticizing that work at all. But I think that if he thought of that work as work that was done, and therefore available to be re-invented by critics, given away, it would have come to life in the hands of others, but he went back to the field. I think it would be interesting to see him emerge as a father figure to some of the other people that are doing that kind of work now, in other words as a precedent to a generation; that would be a rich terrain for him to pursue. If you think of practices, particularly European practices, like Raumlabor, I think there is a connection between the rhetoric of participation that they do and the kind of work that was happening in the Hybrid Muscle project. But I’ve never seen them make any connection to Roche because they probably associate him with a kind of formalism, the computational stuff. What they lack, however, is a certain technical sophistication with regard to materials and computation that I think somebody like François could bring to their table. I think it would be an interesting path for him.

On In-definitude

Let’s look at FRAC Centre (Regional Contemporary Art Fund). First of all, it’s important to know why it didn’t get built. Which is to say, if the reasons are super-personal to François, then it’s a little bit more complicated to read the refusal to build it as a historical symptom. My instinct would be to say, if they got that far down the road with François, they must have known what his character was about, and, therefore there could only be other reasons for it not to be built. Which is to say the conditions just don’t exist yet for such a building to be built. So if that’s the case, it preserves a kind of potentiality in the project; then it is not a failed endeavor. When the difference between lab and field begin to collapse in a building, that is, not in terms of its program but in terms of its constantly unfolding actualization, I think there is simply no precedent for that. There are plenty of buildings that mimic that aesthetically. If you go back to the 1970s, for instance, Lucien Kroll’s faculty housing for the school of medicine in Belgium, that was definitely a process building meant to be unfolded in time. So in other words if you think about the discipline and its unfolding, there’s been a lot of interest in the complex, in the indefinite. There
is an architecture of “in-definitude” but it’s always been aborted because it becomes a representation of it rather than its actualization. And the minute you would start to try to actualize it, you’re immediately running into all kinds of problems of liability and real estate – in an instant, it shows how architecture is the thing that holds things together, like Tito in Yugoslavia. And if you let it go, you would get a total regime collapse, a total anarchy. So is François right, that they couldn’t do it politically? Yes, but not in relation to him; in relation to the state of the world for sure. Do I think the world is going to be ready for that in the next couple years? Unlikely. I would imagine that such things would be easier in China because the relationship between capitalism and the state is different.

Anachronism

Didn’t Mark Twain say, “The rumors of my death have been greatly exaggerated”? We figure the reverse – “Rumors of his death have been underreported.” Well, for me, whenever I see François, just on a social level, he is always a kind of wormhole. I imagine him as a figure of the historical avant-garde who I’m too young to have ever met and yet I also imagine him on some weird future planet as well. One of these interesting architecture figures who have been able to be deeply historically resonant because in some ways they don’t belong in the present: they belong in a past that never existed and a future that we don’t know about, and they’re fundamentally anachronisms.

Oration-Ovation

He was the first, or the last (?) architect to combine thinking about the potentiality of form (form in a philosophical sense) and politics. The world, over the last 25 years, has cleaved and there continues to be a kind of formalist thing, and in some parts of Europe it’s even re-emerging, although the character of the form is very different that it was 30 years ago. So you have a lot of neo-rationalists doing nine square grids and so forth, but nevertheless... And then you have a kind of politics and social engagement and problems of participation. I can’t really think of many people who have combined these two things. In the really profound sense, a profound sense in terms of Russian formalism, etc., in its early historical avant-garde phase, formalism was always an instrument for social change. But I think that at various moments,
particularly as it became associated with a kind of semiotics, it transformed into something more meta-social rather than directly socially engaged. So I think of François as a Russian formalist whose work could not be addressed without close attention to the particularities of the things that he makes and how he makes them and so forth, and I think of that as a kind of critical response that form requires. And yet he has also, always as far as I have understood, been interested in the socially and transformative capacity of architecture, both on the level of the subjectivity of individuals and of social relations. I don’t really know that many other people of his generation who were interested in both of those things. But the combination is particular to him.

Innsbruck _4/2016_
Bart Lootsma’s Horror portrait.

It’s the first thing architect François Roche shows me when I visit his Bangkok studio – even before introducing me to Vong, his right-hand man who sits quietly behind an altar of computers, next to a small six-axis robot. The studio, hidden in Bangkok’s Chinatown on the Chao Phraya River, is a light structure, and once inside, one has the feeling one is actually in the hold of a ship. Roche leads me up a stepladder that lets out onto a narrow deck. “Don’t fall! It will end badly!” he warns. “Shhh! Do not make too much noise or you’ll wake them!” Pointing at a narrow void between the studio and the neighboring building, he says, “There are crocodiles living under the studio floor!” Indeed, among the rubble, the rubbish and the wreckage, I see an eight-foot-long lump of blubber covered by dirty, scaly skin. It’s disturbing to think that there are more crocodiles just inches away, beneath the thin wooden floor. The studio scene is indicative of Roche and his collaborative work created under R&Sie(n), [eIf/b.t/c], and New Territories. Some partners, like Stéphanie Lavaux in R&Sie(n) and Camille Lacadée in [eIf/b.t/c], both through New Territories, frequently reappear, though most evaporate.

In the humid warmth of Bangkok, the scene reminds me of “Shark Fin Blues” by The Drones, the epic title song of the TV series True Detective, in which a sailor on a lost ship sees sharks “out in the water like slicks of ink,” one even “bigger than a submarine.” As the shark circles, the sailor looks in his eye and sees “Jonah in his belly by the campfire light.”
The image of a European man on a ship on a river in the tropics and the atmosphere of imminent danger also bring to mind Joseph Conrad’s Heart of Darkness. Conrad’s mentor, Edward Garnett, characterized the book like this: “The art of Heart of Darkness — as in every psychological masterpiece — lies in the relation of the things of the spirit to the things of the flesh, of the invisible life to the visible, of the subconscious life within us, our obscure motives and instincts, to our conscious actions, feelings and outlook.” This applies to Roche’s work, as psychology plays an important part in it.

Roche’s collaborative practice has led him to refuse official portraits for a long time, representing R&Sie(n) as a somewhat creepy androgynous avatar with a computer voice. It was a reaction to the personality cult that emerged in architecture in the late 1980s. Roche could have easily become such a figure himself. Whereas in private, he can be warm and open, in public, he is as charismatic as he is edgy, jumping from one idea to another, moving effortlessly from philosophy to art and from architecture to media criticism. In the end, this produces constellations of thoughts and things with unusual hierarchies between what one would expect to be central or peripheral and with unexpected coherences. The content can be dark, and often plays with desire, sexuality, aggression and death. Roche can leave one baffled after a lecture, an effect he reinforces with provocative one-liners.

In Roche’s work, the archaic and the modern, nature and technology, the West and the Orient, myth and reality, intuition and calculation are intrinsically linked in rhizomatic chains that can be as material as they are associative (like the relationship between the orchid and the wasp in Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari’s A Thousand Plateaus). The objects and buildings Roche designs do not seem to have a classical one-dimensional purpose. Instead, they are part of stories. Sometimes objects are the protagonists of his videos; other times they appear almost parenthetically, like a McGuffin, in quasi-mythical contexts, guarded by people that seem as poor as they are wise. Bodies, animals, natural phenomena, things and robots are all in a constant state of flux, a state of becoming. It is a world like that of Alice in Wonderland as invoked by Deleuze in The Logic of Sense.

On the first floor of Roche’s studio, in front of a large
open window overlooking the river, I find a strange apparatus consisting of glass bottles suspended from thin wires. It is an installation from New Territories’ 2013 video Although (in) hapnea, a 14-minute work inspired by the French myth of Vouivre, a female wyvern who is thought to live by a river. Lacadée, the video’s co-director, appears as a chimera that can live on land and in water. Initially, she’s a journalist, sporting a moustache and short hair and dressed in an elegant gray suit. Later, she appears as Ophelia, with long, curly hair. In between, we see her disappearing into a river, her long hair dissolving as it meets the water. In the video, the bottles are a kind of chimera as well – something between river, land and air. Roche tells me that they are shaped like the little fish that eat mosquito larvae in the water of Thai Buddhist monasteries, but they are much bigger. Some of the bottles contain colorful fish. The installation looks like a wave in a frozen river. At the end of the video, a Thai man eats one of these beautiful fish raw, in an act suggesting a form of cannibalism.

Roche recommends I watch Cannibal Holocaust, the 1980 film by Ruggero Deodato. Its quasi-documentary style and the way it treats the mythologies of an imaginary alien culture have greatly influenced New Territories. Cannibal Holocaust contains extreme violence, rape and cannibalism. The film seems to be about the relation between “primitive” and “civilized” societies, but eventually it becomes clear that it is a critique of media. The plot centers on a search for a documentary film crew that has gone missing while seeking out cannibals. The crew is found dead, but their films are recovered. The reels contain shocking images of what seem to be primitive rituals involving rape and cannibalism. A TV station wants to broadcast the films, but after watching them, the search team leader, Harold Monroe, discovers that many of the actions thought to be “primitive” were in fact staged by the Western crew. He recommends the documentary not be broadcast, and the executives of the television station order the films to be burned. Watching Monroe leave the station, we can only wonder who the real cannibals are. Nobody will ever know, just like the final words of Mr. Kurtz in Conrad’s Heart of Darkness, which are concealed for his fiancée:

“The horror, the horror.”
I don’t know how it got started, why the question of the existence of the person hiding behind me, my cover avatar, became necessary. In retrospect, this phrase taken from a novel by Tristan Garcia was the trigger: “He was a pure person. Contact with the world produces a very dirty person.” It was that “contact with the world” that made François Roche eminently dirty, a filthiness that made him burn his French passport, that gives him permission, seriously, to take nothing seriously, that utterly ruins our preconceived idea of the architect, of his pedantry, a ragged-ass deus ex machina, corrupting ideas, expectations and situations, slandering his peers, contaminating the critique, destroying the discourse… perverting, that’s exactly what it is, perverting, polluting, insulting “beauty” and the order of things… and simultaneously destroying himself, a pathetic Fitzcaraldo, a toxic antidote to the turn of the century, embodying the entry of contemporary technologies into this discipline, from their stuttering to their merchandizing, from their fetishization and eroticization to their denunciation and re-enunciation, suspecting them of not being so innocent nor inoffensive.

This architect plays with the Parnassian, whose presence in the world is troublesome. He is not in love with himself, and this world (the incredibly tiny world of architecture in France) returns the favor. Between Victor Hugo and Baudelaire, he chooses parrehsia as his mode of discourse. Ruination and ruining his reputation constitutes his professional agenda, aesthetic strategy and politics, in romantic and introspective circumvolutions… empathy, sympathy and antipathy… in synesthetic and masochistic modes.

“For the truth to be vertiginous, it must always be wrong.” Sartre’s harsh, malicious critique of Bataille fits Roche like a glove. The mention of his name sparks confusion and knee-jerk reactions, dubious hostilities, fantasized idealizations and even deliberate disremembering. Roche is bothersome, and they will tell him, in the same words he used for them, aloud or not, that he’s a real pain in the ass. They would prefer to save themselves the trouble and dodge the whole subject so that architecture can
stick to its primary objective, the perpetuation of the m. o. of that incestuous couple, power and knowledge, and their representation of supposedly pre-established conventions.

François Roche is my vector, my private secretary, in the service of... of which I am the author.... He accepts responsibility for nothing but Ariadne’s thread, as time unspools, for an architecture of synesthesia that intersects, simultaneously and not without ambiguity, information technology, biology, Ecosophy and human and robotic pathologies, for research into the contemporary misunderstanding of anthrotechnology by way of variable-geometry practices, from manifestos to fiction, from chit-chat to theoretical texts, from ephemeral installations to an architecture that is nothing less. His ambition ceaselessly interweaves maieutics and Deleuzean interrogations, infinitude and incompleteness on an nth politico-aesthetic plateau... all that has not brought him any additional rights, and still less the right to distill his ad-hominem insults, a Douglas Coupland epigone, a comatose gen-X member.

He dropped out of sight in France for structural and strategic reasons. His masochistic, combative, parrhesiatic impulses are both the obstacle to and the genesis of the work he champions... Wanting to “ruin your reputation” is form of resistance to social conformism, which simultaneously produces the work, distracts attention and ruins my intentions. Are you wondering about his inclination “to transform criticism exercised in a dialectical form into an aesthetic and technological critique in the form of a possible breakthrough,” by means of an urgency to exist, here and now, that is simultaneously animist, vitalist and machinist? He endangers the contemporary field of architecture. To protect itself against his deleterious toxicity, the system of power and representation has had to constantly restrain and ignore his excesses.

Have fun drawing his portrait and you will see how his actions ceaselessly interrogate the possibility of a landscape and a world that are “post” in every way – digital, humanist, technologist, activist and whatever else... democratic, feminist, queer, disturbing, disenchanted, pornographic... where scenarios, mechanisms, misunderstandings and psychological
and physiological fragments are the raw materials for walls, ceilings, cellars and attics. Schizoid and paranoiac, they are at the core of operational and critical fictions. The androgynous creases and folds behind which he/she/they hide trigger visceral confusions and reactions, dubious suspicions, fantasized idealizations and even deliberate disremembering. I’m not sure that it’s a good idea to highlight his paradoxical postures and strategies involving masks, distractions and halls of mirrors. But is it possible to separate this convulsive hustle and bustle from the aesthetic mechanisms and bio-political concerns in the face of the disorder of contemporary technologies, from their stuttering to their merchandization, which are neither inoffensive nor innocent...

Although it’s already too late...

I am neither a wax doll enslaved in a ventriloquist show, nor a kind of toy for post-pubescent children, nor a Voodoo effigy pinned on his door to exorcise demons, nor a photoshoped golem, nor a failed creature of Mary Shelley’s twisted imagination... I know what I am not and that list is long. I am even less the interpretation you make of me: “I am New-Territories, architect, both native French and immigrant.” No, my genetic map is Caucasian, Negroid, Asian, and my nature is “both”: transgendered, born like Hermaphrodite, I contain both sexes and multiple sexualities. I had to go through numerous plateaus of human stupidity, or the only existing LGBT in cabarets, playing the clown at the Chez Michou nightclub (sometimes with talent).

But, in these days, I must admit, I am tired of being with New Territories for so long. I sent them my decision, irrevocable and definitive, to leave my position, so they no longer use me as their stooge, as their scapegoat, for hide and seek-sex, like an undercover agent....

In tune with the postmodern charade known as the Helsinki Guggenheim, the Chicago Architecture Biennial acted as a trigger: attending the Carnival of Activism, wearing Prada, with the 'left' and, obviously, agitprops in hand, to save the planet, poverty and Willy... but in the end, however, as known beforehand, all those who did not resemble them became persona non grata... which were the occupiers, part of the daily routine at the social center downtown, or rather in front of the Biennial: Get these bastards out
of here, these filthy, fat and ugly bodies, with their filthy rubbish-filled shopping carts, all this has got to go... be cleaned up... if they want to be among us. Permission was granted after passing the super-private-club-silver-class-premium security check... we were allowed daub ourselves with silly words of outrageous stupidity, from our ingenious flag-bearer Joseph Grima... the human bullshit distillery... and assisting the clownery, stupefying to the fullest at their facebookish, selfi(e)sh representation, white, in accordance with the previously agreed reactionary discourse, pseudo-ecolo trade fair, stroking the mayor’s testicles without worrying that he closed all psychiatric hospitals in the city... among other weapons... the moralizing sperm jet of a clean conscience prized by lobotomized grandmothers... paired with the pathological talkativeness and verbiage of those... those who claim to act on the world’s misery, but without coming to terms with it... without ever looking it in the eyes... so much they are afraid of... in the depths of simulacra museums, which act as a principle of exclusion, if not to say treason... (I would have liked to be Bourdieu’s avatar, but he did not want that), in a room where “the good taste of the dominant social class” is staged and dramatized... her sexy glamour... with the Store Front Fake Frida Kahlo (FFK) as peroxide-blonde master of ceremonies and... fairly harmless.

Yes, precisely the same... I decided to leave François Roche and all those mother’s boys and girls... let them go under in their self-adulation, in the middle of their cultural soundproof bunker, “champomyzed” And now orphans.

My fate is sealed. My suicide belongs to me... guilty... of reaching the void of the dark zone... in the state of souls....

Parrhesia / Narciscism

Los Angeles _10/11/2014_
Interview with Jeff Kipnis

François has a self-destructive psyche. I’m not a creative person but I’ve spent 20 years, five days a week, in psychoanalysis just to be around creative people. There’s a whole side about him that everybody that is enthusiastic about his presence in the world understands they have to cope with that. But many people
are giving up on that. The other thing I’m going to
tell you about François is he is extremely interesting.
He remains extremely interesting. But he is at the
end of an era, not the beginning of an era. And he’s
not as interesting as he once was. Not because his
work doesn’t remain as interesting as it always was, it
does, but the world has gotten a lot more interesting
for other reasons.

He was, I would say, for a moment, the most interesting
architect I thought there was. The reason is simple:
he took a surrealist implies and a détournement
theory and married them to realism. It is not an exceptional
formulation, but the thing he did was ex-
ceptional. In fact, I’ve never seen anything as original.

One of the things you should know about me is that
as much as I like the general milieu of architecture,
I am particularly interested in buildings. That makes
me more conservative than most. I’m not so interested
in cities; I’m not so interested in the general
spectrum of architecture, infrastructures, etc. My
particular interest is in buildings. I say that to you so
that you’ll understand that I tend to be conservative.
I like all kinds of art but I have an obsession with
paintings and I have an obsession with buildings. So
when I think about François, I understand a lot of
work that he does (his writing, etc.) but when he does
something that inflects my thinking about buildings,
that’s when I’m at my best. For example, the Mosquito
Bottleneck or the Dusty Relief, those are profound
works of architecture that will be remembered over
centuries for reasons that are so obvious and easy,
and for reasons that are so deep. It’s almost impossible
to teach them because you cannot teach them
without a smile. It’s rare for comedy to achieve the
same poignancy as tragedy, but when it does, it’s far
more important. It’s like the difference between Eros
and Thanatos. Thanatos is a kind of easy poignancy
or profundity. But when Eros achieves profundity
then you have a world-making situation. That’s why
Marriage of Figaro I think is one of the greatest cultural
achievements of all time.

He’s done other things that I think are quite interesting
with nuclear lights, lots of stuff, but these two
projects… Had he done these two projects and never
done anything else I would have always accounted
him among the most important architects that I’ve
ever met. I could have heard about those two projects
and retired. Dusty Relief is the most original and
intelligent - it was his Demoiselles d’Avignon. It was just an explosion of genius. But, the mosquito project is the deeper of the projects. Because it was the first time a détournement had been a détournement of affect. The dust is revulsion. But the fear of a disease, that’s a totally different thing. That took Debord and the détournement and the phenomenology of the real and the theory of the affect to an incredible level.

I also think he’s done some really uninteresting projects. Spidernetthewood, the spider net house for instance, this is a project that I think is not yet complete. I think that he knows that this project was a sketch, an intuitive sketch. One of the great projects that is not a building that I’ve seen twice, that I’ve seen at work, is the hypnosis room in his exhibition I’ve Heard About. The way that it politicizes an audience, and they don’t understand - most people are sitting there just thinking why? What’s going on here? Why am I doing this? And the other half of the audience is thinking this is one of the most incredible things I’ve ever seen. And it only works if you think you’re in an architecture lecture. The most important thing about it is that it gets framed in the context of the specificity of the discourse of architecture. If you frame that lecture in any other discourse, it changes the effect of the lecture.

So these are attitudes about the détournement. If one thought that the détournement and the dérive no longer had any purpose because their locality and specificity had been overwhelmed by geopolitics and geo-economics, cause I think it was the case, and then any appeal to them had become nostalgic. Then François Roche totally rewrote the book on at least half of that. And had he wanted to, he could have rewritten the book on the other half of that. He hasn’t taken up the dérive problem but it’s implied in all his work anyway. That’s why the surrealist issue is important. He realized that surrealism won. Reality and surreality are the same. One doesn’t have to be surreal anymore. We are surreal. In his writing, every word is this. But he actually never says that. So he’s either the most cunning narrator in a sense that he’s never actually saying what he knows he’s writing, which makes him a fantastic writer or just having become him so much, he imagines everyone else in the world knows what he knows and they don’t. Which is what I think might be true. But I do think he suffers some kind of mild madness. Which means he has these feats of misanthropy that must cause him
incredible distress.

Now the world has changed. This is a very interesting problem. And I don’t mean to say it has changed under François’ feet. For example, there was something like the last humanist. If you were in architecture, it might be interesting to talk about an end of 400 years of architecture and the end of the humanist tradition and the last great humanist in architecture and you might be able to say something like Koolhaas and Eisenman, in their own way, were certainly indicating the end of a great humanist tradition. And then others like François Roche were showing the indication of a new trans-humanist tradition. Trans-humanism looked like what was going to be the replacement of humanism. And it just got wiped away by big data technology. Not wiped away. It’s there. But it’s totally dwarfed: big data technology is the end of big nations. And what I find very interesting about that is that the end of big nations is for me the end of great comedies in the future. And the reason I know that, is because no one knows how to tell the story of it except as a tragedy.

Stuxnet is nothing but fear. When Israel and the United Stated attacked Iran and it worked, that same technology, Stuxnet, spread all over the world and anybody can now adapt it. Also ninety to a hundred hackers have the ability to wage war against nations.

And nations are unable to defend themselves and the only reason they have to exist anymore is to defend themselves against this war. But, in order to maintain the environment in which they can wage war, they have to maintain very complex infrastructures and very complex economies. There is no interest on the part of the hackers to break down economies or infrastructures when they have to ability to be developing independent controls. So you’re seeing something very exciting, which is an emergence of nations of individuals – spontaneous short-life nations.

It’s hard to theorize but the only way you know it’s true is that the stories you’re told at the moment are stories of fear. And that’s always the beginning of something new and positive. And so if you try to position François in there, he doesn’t belong. In fact right now, it’s hard to position architects at all, although architecture will be totally implicated in it. I know architecture is going to be really important in it, because it’s entirely about designed worlds. Surrealism was the announcement of the importance of
design. Surrealism was about the fact that as soon as perspective was invented and as soon as we started constructing the world, surrealism started to understand that we could construct speculative worlds, or adventurous worlds that science gave us the power to realize. That’s when architecture took control. And that’s the bigger case that architecture won.

Stuxnex itself started of with an architecture ruse. It was a team of architects who conceived the idea of how to camouflage good behavior. Now it’s being generalized. There are big databases of what is a good behavior environment in any live situation; any architectural situation, any urban situation and architects are going to be designing it. The difference between a digital environment and a big data environment is another thing people don’t understand cause it actually changed in 2008. 2008 is an interesting year. It’s the financial world change. There’s two halves to the equation of the financial world’s collapse: there’s the digital half and the big data half. The big data half and the digital half came together in a way that caused the financial collapse.

There’s a thing called the black-Sholes equation, it’s what causes derivatives. And then there’s a thing called normalization curve, which the black-Sholes depends on. But to make a long story short: if you did a rendering, like a recreation rendering, to actually do all the real calculations of the rendering would take many computers and would take a long time. So instead of doing that, they figured out the simplification formulas - the algorithms. The digital is a computer world based on really interesting algorithms that make wonderfully good approximations. By 2008, speed got so high, and storage got so big that you didn’t need algorithms anymore. What you could do was brute force calculations. And brute force calculations give you a totally different pattern. You could do real ray tracing as fast as algorithms. When you’re working with a hundred percent real data, there’s no way to tell the difference between what you’re seeing on the web and reality. All sorts of powers are changed completely. The banks knew the total environment of exposure to the risk but they had no idea how much particular risk any one bank had. And they still don’t know by the way. Just to give you a hint, the United States had a trillion dollars of debt nine year ago ; they now have thirteen trillion dollars of debt. We are no longer in the digital environment. We are no longer based on algorithms.
And there’s not that many people in the world that understand the difference between writing programs that are no longer algorithm based, and writing programs that are brute force based. It’s not a question of writing neat formulas. If you look at François’ book (Log 25), it’s all based on formulas. None of those formulas matter anymore. François Roche argues from a Marxist point of view. Marx argues that private property is crime. He wasn’t against private property, what he was against was the fact that 90% of the world couldn’t have it. So when you read Capital, and you read the earlier arguments, it says private property is only held by 10% of the world and then they erect police forces and they produce laws to stop the other 90% from getting it. 10% have food and they make it illegal for people that are starving to get food. That’s a very hard argument to defeat. So now we have the ability for example to listen to every conversation in the world and account for it. Technology has produced a new form of property, in Marxism terms. Instead of getting rid of private property, we now have the means to producing an entire new world of property and accounting for it and paying people for it. Imagine every time a heroin addict appears in a movie, every heroin addict in the world that has contributed to producing that character is entitled to a hundredth of a cent. We can now proliferate properties. In other words, we can solve Marx’s problem of not everybody getting property and we no longer need police forces or laws because the law is very simple: the computer says yes or no. You don’t even need a Court. All you need is Big Data technology to constantly re-account everybody’s personal production. So you go from a labor theory of value (Marx) to an existence theory of value. Anyway, these are just stories of why the world is just totally different now. And I think everybody is starting to realize we have to theorize this which is going to be called the end of nations. It matters a whole lot but it does put someone like the incredible eruptive originality of François out of context. I don’t want him to change. I don’t want him to move over to this. But the détournement is not going to be. It’ll be special, it will belong to History but it will not be what I thought it was three or four year ago. Because I don’t think trans-humanism is going to be the paradigm that we thought it was unless, interestingly enough, unless electricity disappears… I’m loosing my mind you should shut me up.

About four years ago, it was pretty clear we were going
to run out of oil by 2080. By 2020-2030 we were going to have pricing oil for real value. And by 2040 it would have been a serious issue. Then François would have been one of the single most important thinkers in the world, art wise. Because then the détourment of materiality, of sensitivity to every possible thing for all its potential would have been a world consciousness and he would have been a leading art figure. Like Picasso, Einstein and Stravinsky were all part of a change of consciousness. Because we would have fundamentally been moving to a different kind of environment, not squandering energy resources. It would have been an interesting time. Thank god we didn’t have to live though it! But it would have been an important one. Then shale oil came along. And let me tell you we are just going to blow this planet to death. Now we have three hundred years of free electricity and I guaranty you, we are not going to not use it. We are using it at a mile a minute. Every country in the world is about to exploit it. Russia, which is about to be a major power, is now totally bankrupt because they have no shale oil. To watch these things happening is a funny thing, but to watch these things happening in the position of one individual as a theoretical placement in the art world, and its relationship to an emerging consciousness is kind of interesting.

The effect of shale oil in the importance of François Roche is a silly idea but it elongates the life of electricity, which guaranties that the big data process is going to go full speed. So the post-nation state is going to beat the trans-human experiment into existence, I’m pretty sure. I’m not afraid of it because I do believe that it’s a great comedy... “First as tragedy, then as farce”. It changes the ecology. It will be like oxygen heating the earth a little earlier. Oxygen was the great poison on earth. For two billion years, Earth was an anaerobic planet and the dominating species of the planet poisoned themselves because their waste product was oxygen. That’s the type of stories François loves. They basically farted themselves to death. This is the kind of consciousness however that François has taught everyone to think. François belongs to this generation of people learning primarily from Deleuze, (I think that Derrida was much more profound thinker), who thinks about matters in connectivity from the most intimate particle to large-scale economic global communities of matter. No one moves in it with more genius than he does as an architect, because he is an architect. I
think it would be real misfortune for anyone to make of him a polymath. I don’t think the work is interesting as art. I don’t think the work is interesting as philosophy.

The role of an architect, or the role of an artist, is to recognize that everyone at any point in time feels inchoate being in the world that they can’t find confirmation of. For a long time you could only make one place in the world, for one subjectivity. It that was the dominant form of subjectivity and everybody else felt slightly alienated from that. It’s only recently that architecture has had the power over matter and the economy to start to enable smaller forms of existential subjectivities to become located in the world on their own. It can actually do this job of letting multiple subjectivities have a place in the world – it’s fantastic. And we’re just beginning. Paintings, music and fashion have done that for years. It is an incredible thing. It is the effect of artistic multiplicity. Affect can be more powerful than ideas. Woodstock for instance was more important than Mai 68. Paris 68 was about ideas. And ideas are very good at tearing things apart. Affects are really good at building things. And I think François Roche works the level of affect more than the level of ideas. He is not an intellectual he is a great architect.

Not every bit of every project is fundamental though. Most of what he does is just what people of his generation are doing. That’s true for everybody: Greg Lynn and everybody else. Most of what everybody does all the time isn’t of great genius. But what’s fundamental to Dusty Relief is a lot though: the electrostatic skin, the fantastic idea of turning the dust into the exterior and make that the form, and make that clean the air... And also how horrible it would be! There was also that incredibly simple section in circulation: as soon as you pass the dusty exterior, architecture goes away. With that simple section, a simple box for the art, there is no more presence of architecture, no more burden of architectural presence. That is a part very few people recognize. It’s time now for architecture to get out of the way because to be living with the burden of architectural presence, no matter how fantastic it is, is over bearing. You don’t want to live with somebody telling you how to live all your life, that four hundred year ethical idea in architecture in now dead. At least I think theoretically people are experimenting with what is called the synthetic project. There are a lot of great projects where at a
certain point architects just stop. If you were to say that something was interesting about the spider net house, it’s that. It does have a kind of architectural game but once you’re inside, you’re inside. Image living in a Frank Lloyd Wright house! I couldn’t live in one. The idea of some architect telling me every moment of my life how to feel, where to look... I would either kill him (or her) or myself. Knowing how to get it out of the way becomes increasingly important in modern architecture and finally getting out of the way completely is really important. And he does that quite often, like in Dusty Relief - as far as I’m concerned, in a museum, you need to get the architecture out the way very quickly. François cultivated a sense of thumbing his nose at the traditions of academia and the importance of the canon. He seems like he’s indifferent to the history of architecture, which is just not true. But he’s indifferent to expressing his loyalty to history of architecture. And that offends people. And also he behaves badly!

Parrhesia / Narcissism

London _7/09/2014_
Interview with Hans-Ulrich Obrist.

François Roche has inscribed himself in the tradition of 1960s experimental architecture. I think it’s interesting to consider his practice in terms of the heritage of Cedric Price. Like Price, there is no utopia in Roche’s work, just concrete utopias. He works with engineers, biologists and other scientists and people from all kinds of spheres, seeking to pool knowledge. If you examine Price’s Fun Palace, an unbuilt project, you can see a kind of choreography where all the disciplines join together. Price made use of a calculated uncertainty and a very conscious incompleteness to produce a catalyst for invigorating change. Very few architects have changed the history of the field with less built projects than Price, who built very few. The idea behind Fun Palace was to design a structure, not an object. Roche is also definitely not an architect who designs objects. Further, he is linked to artists like Pierre Huyghe, Philippe Parreno, Rirkrit Tiravanija and their generation, not only by his multidisciplinary approach but also by the idea of resisting, questioning and challenging the design of objects, and finding other forms of negotiation.

Dan Graham called Price the most original and influential architect of the 1960s. He combined the
concepts of pleasure with communitarian socialism. François has also taken a radical stance in the architecture world. There are several parallels between these two architects. First there is their multidisciplinary approach, their partnerships with other experts. For Fun Palace, Cedric and the stage director Joan Littlewood worked with cyberneticians, acousticians, musicians, artists and so on. But in addition to the multi-disciplinary approach, there is a multisensory approach. Margaret Mead, the anthropologist who looked at tribal cultures holistically, once remarked on the impoverishment of a conception of a museum exhibition that appeals only to our sense of vision. Most people do not spend more than 15 seconds standing in front of the Mona Lisa… That’s why when I was a curator at the Musée d’Art Moderne de la ville de Paris, directed by Suzanne Page, I was happy to invite Roche to present his work I’ve Heard About at the Couvent des Cordeliers while the museum was closed for reservations. Working with Rostand, Roche carried out a hypnotic participative experiment. The exhibition at the Couvent des Cordeliers was a total ritual, appealing to the different senses, offering an interior landscape, an architectural structure, a kind of cave in which the experiment was possible. It was a rich experience for visitors because this exhibition mode allowed the creation of links, a ritualistic relationship with the site, in line with Mead’s interesting observation. Dorothea von Hantelmann has also written a lot about the exhibition as ritual, the reintroduction of rituals into the 21st century at a time when they were on the verge of disappearing. The exhibition as ritual is very free and democratic, permitting an individual experience of the show, and this high-individualized ritual always produces new connections. That is precisely the distinguishing mark of François’s architecture: it creates connections. That was the case with this exhibition, and also his extraordinary idea for a mosquito-proof house (Mosquito Bottleneck) whose architecture was produced by a tension between the fear of mosquitoes and an anti-mosquito defense system – an animal connection.

In my opinion, this exhibition was more a realization of his work than a documentation of it. Furthermore, I’ve Heard About was a big success.

Obviously, there is a question as to just how much this work can exist if François really wants to produce this sort of reality. That was also a problem for Price.
In a way, Price never wanted things to exist in reality. He always deconstructed and dismantled whatever it was that had been commissioned, again and again until there were no more commissions. When a couple asked him to design a home for them, he did a feasibility study and advised them to get a divorce. When at the end of his life he demanded the demolition of the Interaction Center, one of his rare projects to be built, the press was outraged, but that was what he wanted. The question is this: does François want to work as a pedagogue conveying ideas? Or in the context of art? Or does he want to build? He is the only person who can answer that.

It’s interesting that he decided to move to Bangkok, and I’m curious to see what he will design there. His move is an example of a less linear world. Until recently, our lives were more circumscribed by a very specific geography. The 1960s radicals, the paperless, were in a specific context. Today, I see Bangkok as a kind of freedom he has achieved to begin producing a very 21st century reality. He hasn’t stopped surprising us. François Roche is an oxymoron; he is simultaneously resilience and resistance. His title for Log 25 suits him perfectly, although it lacks an s. Maybe the term should have been plural.

Parrhesia / Narciscism

New York City _2/24/2014_
Interview with Cynthia Davidson

Log was conceived as a ship’s log. And a captain writes in a ship’s log everyday what they observe at sea: latitude, weather conditions, dolphins, birds, land, other ships etc. Log is a way to look at different currents that are going on in architecture. And I thought, certainly François and the work he does, and the kind of people that are in the same frame of mind shall we say, or going similar research, are definitely a current that should be taken note of. We should observe this. We met in person for the first time when I was asked to give a lecture about Log. After my talk, this man dressed in black, with sunglasses and greasy black hair came right up to me and said I’m François Roche. He introduced himself to me not only because he was aware of my work but because he heard me say guest editing was a possibility.

What I liked about him was this idea of resistance.
I’m very interested in resisting the status quo, in resisting the expected. Through resistance I believe comes resilience, even though François wrote that term differently. I think we could have done better to say Reclaim Resistance, so the resistance reclaims resilience in a certain way.

If he were on the ship’s log... what animal he would be? I have no idea! Hmm. He would not be a monkey, because I don’t think he is that agile; but neither would he be an armadillo, because he is not thick skinned. He’s actually very thin-skinned. Not a porcupine, he is not prickly. He’s not an elephant, cause he may be intelligent like an elephant but he’s not lumbering like an elephant. A gazelle? No. A panther? Hmm. No. A panther! Yes, something like a panther, which is so fast... Like the way a machine could do things so much faster that we can, and sort of dark and a little bit ominous.

I had a real talk of war with François on Log 25 Reclaim Resistance, the edition he guest-edited. Speaking of resistance! The whole way that François writes with ellipses became an issue, because he even resists the standard way of writing. And in that resistance, I would argue he makes already complex thinking more inaccessible, more difficult. I find this to be masochistic. I only came to this conclusion of François being masochistic because he insisted I ran this piece about Loos being a masochist. This is why he is now living in Bangkok.

I had to write a disclaimer. (This wasn’t the first one.) Because I did not want to write an editorial embracing something I don’t fully understand. François operates in a territory that I appreciate but don’t operate it myself. This is not architecture as I think about it. And therefore I left it open to the reader to decide what is it. I loved it as a first line on the cover of Log. Because in a certain sense, by saying he’s an impostor, he’s disclaiming the entire article himself. Just the way I disclaimed editorship of the issue! But I think I learned a lot from it. There is a sort of primitiveness about it that is almost archetypal. If you think of the idea of primitive huts, then François might be operating at that level. There is really a primitive hut quality to some of his projects, which is about resilience and resistance, not that I want to hang him with those words, or insist on keeping François with those ideas, but it is another way of rethinking what it is we’re doing as architects,
in building. I always think of the landscape architect Dan Carlin whose philosophy was “step lightly on this earth”. I think perhaps without even knowing he’s doing that, that François is an architect who is stepping lightly on this earth. It’s a very resilient attitude given all the economic and environmental problems we’re trying to cope with today across the globe. There are so many problems we’re contributing to by doing things the same old way, and François is not. I think there’s an embedded resilience in what he is doing. It’s not resilience about architecture; it’s resilience about life.

I don’t know if his self-defeating behavior eliminates the possibility of a dialogue. He might be eliminating the possibility of a dialogue between himself and others, because he is, in a certain way, dogmatic about what he thinks for himself. But he wants other people to have a dialogue about what he’s doing. And I think they do, have that, even if it’s denigrating. I think that through his teaching he’s made extraordinary dialogue possible. He opens up possibilities for thinking which I think is the ultimate goal with education. Weather people thought more broadly after Log 25, I don’t know, couldn’t track it. But I don’t think he is eliminating dialogue outside of his work, just might be eliminating dialogue with him. They are shutting him down because he is so dogmatic and again masochistic… I believe he is a very emotional human being and that takes it all. He is not a pure thinker. I am a real devote of Jung’s archetypes of thinking, intuition feeling and sensation, and I think that François is a feeling intuition archetype. It can’t get inside his head. I think he feels more than he lets on. But it’s his intuition that leads him into these interesting paths of exploration that he’s been doing in his architectural projects and even in his teaching.

Cedric Price suffered throughout his career of not being taken seriously enough to build and yet today we look at his ideas and find them to be quite fantastic. Cedric Price’s Potteries Thinkbelt idea about education and moving buildings essentially, or the Fun Palace… This kind of ideas were much more grounded in reality that things like Archigram. But still people sort of found it crazy. And in certain sense, this was a light touch too, because everything was always moving and flexible. I don’t think François’ parts are moving, I wouldn’t make a literal comparison between Cedric Price and François Roche but I would think in terms of the imaginary they could be in a
same camp to some degree.

I have to give François a lot of credits because it takes a lot of psychological energy to maintain this kind of position of the impostor, or the position of the resistor.

Parrhesia / Narciscism

Paris_11/25/2014_
Interview with Jérôme Auzolle

François Roche is a mystery. What I have learned from him, from his successes and failures, is that it is nearly impossible to practice architecture in Paris today. Roche wants to be an author, his work is original, and that, today, is no longer accepted. The architectural milieu seeks conformism and prefers copyists to authors – they are less dangerous. Architecture refuses to take risks, and with Roche, that’s exactly what you get. I don’t understand why he strives to practice his profession in a milieu that by definition was always going to reject him. I see it as a kind of masochism. It’s pretty odd.

I remember following the competition for the design of the FRAC Centre in Orleans. There were two finalist teams. For this project Roche designed a robot, an articulated arm that assembled glass bricks to form a sort of cavity. Like a medieval cathedral, the building was in a perpetual state of construction. The final object was less important than the process of making it. This project had an interesting relationship with time. There was a hint of infinitude that raised political questions. The plan was marvelous and intelligent, a real achievement... it was rejected. The project was much too radical and strong for a city like Orleans. That was a shame, because the winning team came up with a design for a cardboard box building that was so fashionable that by the time it was built, today, it is already old-fashioned. That’s ironic for a FRAC that is supposed to spotlight creative architectural work.

The defeat of R&Sie(n) in this competition is a symptom of something that has been going on for a number of years in the French architectural world, a world of brands and logos and no longer one of creativity. With Roche, everything is at risk. That frightens people. He decided to see what robotics is about. He
spoke to researchers and formed supposedly unnatural partnerships. He was able to enter fields where other architects had not previously cleared the way; he was able to spark people’s interest and actively involve them in his ventures, which is no small thing. Other architects couldn’t do that – they were too lazy. These are lazy times, where everyone wants guarantees. Why weren’t prominent businessmen like Bernard Arnault and François Pinault interested in someone like Roche? They are intelligent men who would have every interest in taking an interest in his work, especially since he is so well known. From 2008 through today, architecture’s quest for safety has led it to spiral downward faster and faster, while he has been going in the opposite direction. The views of a Parnassian intellectual like Roche seem to have been hit by an express train that could not take its time to consider sincere work.

If he really wanted to exist in this world that does what it’s told, he would have to learn to scheme. Instead, he remains at an impasse. He would always rather say no than make concessions; he’s pathological that way. That’s a shame, because it keeps him from overcoming certain obstacles. For example, Jean Nouvel is a sly fox who has understood the importance of networking for success; the Swiss group Richemont has been his biggest benefactor. Roche has never taken that turn, and I wonder if he regrets it. He is more literary. Agile, intelligent, he understands the world and has mastered narratives and fiction. Like the great novelists of the 19th century, there’s something romantic about him. His work is meant to reveal the monstrosity of society. He cultivates a horrifying, unaesthetic aesthetics. The same goes for him as a person. He plays at being perverse and is able to inspire hatred in others without any clear reason. He likes to play the role of an odious character. He is able to blow contentious positions all out of proportion. His ruptures are carefully staged, worthy of an opera.

Despite all that, maybe because he is a great poet, I still think he is naive – that’s his weakness. He is unable to finish something, which is exactly in line with his discourse. He is not interested in completing work; finitude would contradict what it is about. His path is not from point A to point B. He refuses to fit into predictable patterns.

The last great technological revolution produced
the Eiffel Tower, which represented the start of the countdown for the race to the Moon. It announced the beginning of an ascent into the ether, a time when humanity was going to rise up above this thoroughly horizontal world. That is what is unique, important and legitimate about it. It continues to have an invisible dimension, embodying a mad hope, an insatiable vanity. In my opinion, Roche is demanding in the same way. He is the last of the Mohicans. He goes against the tide of a lazy society. That says it all.

**Parrhesia / Narcissism**

**Princeton _2/05/2015_**  
**Interview with Greg Lynn**

I always felt like a kinship with François Roche. He is an architect that writes, that speculates, that’s interested in art, that connects with other fields and that’s something I really value. For me, he was the most important architect to shift from either a focus on formalism or geometry, an approach to digital technology that was more formalist. He connected that to an interest in environments and atmosphere and ambiances. He was the first one to merge those two interests. And he is still the best at doing that. In that sense, he’s a very unique figure.

I always feel like we’re very close but at a distance. A fundamental part of our characters is that none of us is interested in the new normal, or a kind of commercial success. I’m more interested in innovation and being on the edge of things, and he’s the same way. I’m probably more committed to being in the center of let’s say ideas that have become the new normal, the new standard. And Francois is actually not interested in that. He is very much interested in the future edge of the field rather than the future center of the field. It probably has more to do with character than it does with a philosophy or an aesthetic, and in that sense I feel we have a real similarity.

For me, the robotics was always a fascination of going from virtual spaces to physical manifestations. Robots are very similar to making plan and using the plan to make a space. I’ve always been interested in that extension of the digital into the physical through machines and I think the first most obvious place to go with that was making stuff, fabricating stuff. So for me, it started almost at the same time I was using animation software, which instead of drawings with
points that are fixed you could have things moving on the screen. For me, the focus on robot for construction, which is really where the field has almost completely moved to, is a real dead end because it’s not using them spatially. François is one of the people that would share that interest in robots. He uses them as part of the building experience, as part of the spatial quality of the space. Even if he uses them to build something, his robots are still supposed to be around after the construction is complete, transforming the construction or extending it or however it would be. For François, the robot is very personified, in a sense that it has a character in the space equivalent to somebody inhabiting it, he really sees it as part of the architecture. And to me, he’s one of the few people who didn’t get in this trap of the robot as a carpenter, which is very mainstream. For everybody else, at least in the United States, automating the physical environment, automating the city, rethinking mobility and transportation... all that, is project number one. It’s one of the big jobs. In a funny way, how to automate the physical environment is really not at the center of things in architecture. There’s a lot of people working on how to have robots do work and build things but I find it less interesting than how to change a city with moving things that are intelligent.

For a lot of other fields, architecture plays a role. For instance, I designed a boat. And the first thing I realized about boats is that naval architects think of everything in the water and everything that involves going through the water is one sensibility. But the minute they think of someone going inside, they shift to a model of architecture that is just ridiculous: the cabins will have a salon and a master suite. They use terms that are from the seventeen centuries or something. Boats always have this thing with a little house. Architecture has always played the role as the frame, or the timeless thing where other design fields are always seeing themselves as changing. So if you go into those fields and point out that architecture is not what they think it is, you can have a big impact. Francois’ interest in medical, pharmaceutical, biological... all of that interest is a new palette. It’s very easy with a different model of space than habitation to turn it upside down and transform it. I think the field is splitting. One of the ways you get into those fields now is through technical expertise. Twenty years ago, Volvo invited a group of architects to come and talk to them about how to make a car
like a building. I didn’t know why I was going in there, I was excited to learn about how they design cars and I thought they had lots of technology. But I got there and they said look, architects take standards components, in most cases, and make unique objects out of them, and they make those things for particular clients. Volvo told us that, considering the direction the car industry is going, eventually they were going to need to get architects’ expertise.

Architects are good at thinking abstractly, making a plan is something they have always been able to do that most people can’t. The plan has changed and it’s now a digital document but a lot of industries don’t have that skill set. And architects have technical skills to really have a big impact on some industries. Even corporate leadership now at Nike, from the shoe designer Tinker Hatfield, to their head of design John Hoke, to their head of their environments Byron Merritt, everyone is trained as an architect. Everyone there went to graduate school of architecture. They practice for a year or two, and then they left and went to Nike. I think a lot of the people that are really thinking about a new ecology can develop interesting work in other fields. It is in a lot of industries that you find not always your best student but people that were dissatisfied with something about the horizon of architecture and knew they could create a world instead of convincing a developer with drawings. They could create a world by getting into a sports company or media-company or an energy drink company or whatever it is.

With my practice I’m trying to straddle those two worlds. And who knows if that will be successful or not! Actually I could tell you for sure, it would be a lot more successful to take a decision and go one way or the other. Either develop a more commercial practice in the building industry or really focus on how technology could be used in the build environment without having to do with buildings. But right now, for me the interest is to have one foot in both. And if you really ask me to think twenty years from now will these two worlds come back together again? It’s kind of unlikely. Nike used to be in the shoe business. Now they want to know information about performance, they want to be involved with data, with changing the human body, making somebody into a super human: through technology they want to augment them, change their physiology... In a certain way, there are similarities between François and Nike, really there’s
a lot in common between these two. Nike should hire him as their head of design! They hold the patents on growing artificial leather. It would get very strange but he’d be a perfect fit for a company researching the whole ecology of environments. But François is always going to have a hard time functioning in the corporate world. It would never work... The human resources person would see him coming at the door and have a panic attack. Unfortunately he’s going have to work with people who can tolerate his curiosity about making trouble for corporate structures. Who knows who are the people who are going to tolerate that?

The French architectural establishment is very hierarchical and very monolithic: from IFA to the museum, to curators, to schools, it’s incredibly pyramidal, and obviously François is very allergic to that kind of structure and culture. What’s funny is that, for me, the most important French architects of that generation are the ones who were totally ostracized: Bernard Cache and François Roche. Both of them are very committed to the intellectual and creative culture of France but they also have a very rough time. François Roche is not going to win Pritzker prizes or get as much work as Jean Nouvel but in a certain level, he’s a very important figure and one of the most influential French architect. But nobody has found a way to exploit him properly; France has a legacy of these kinds of figures, if I knew François well enough to have a psychoanalytic perspective, I would think that legacy is a real burden.

You cannot take François out of the French context and I think like many of the French heroes, which I think he for sure is and will be, it’s important that those people get pushed out, to then be brought back in when it’s too late.

**Parrhesia / Narciscism**

**Paris _12/07/2014_**

**Interview with Chis Younès**

François Roche’s work is very valuable because he makes improbable, indeterminate environments that open the door to the POSSIBLE. His production is characteristic of a plural world where the markers and references have multiplied, uncertainty has moved in and we are looking for new imaginary worlds, modes of representation that take into account the indeterminate,
the unfinished and the disturbingly strange.
Roche develops the tools to bring that incertitude
into reality. He uses robotics to make that world tangible.
His experiments extend to processes of construction.

When Roche invited me to take part in a discussion as
part of An Architecture of Humors, I suggested studying
a text by Leibniz because I find that Roche’s work
resonates with (resonates, not explicates) that philosopher’s
thinking. Leibniz said we are in a world
full of life, and Roche is interested in the natural phenomenon
that is growth, nature’s power of becoming.

This thinking, linked to the way he uses technology,
leads him to produce an anthropo-technological architecture
with a powerful mechanical dimension. He
invents strange, artificial kinds of habitats that relate
mimetically to plants and natural growth. His robot
for An Architecture of Humors is terrifying: a machine
with something organic about it. This passage
from the mechanical to the living-mechanical is disturbing.
Furthermore, his images are always infused
with an animal quality. There is something vegetal
and something animal in his work, an untamed animality.
Artaud is very present in this relationship
between destructive impulses – Roche’s architecture
is always caught between the life drive and the death
drive. Eros and Thanatos are both summoned in his
world.

Adaptation is an important theme in Roche’s work.
Technological mediations linked to digital culture
engender new forms of adaptation to time. The creation
of environments is an expression of humanity’s
need to adapt, to adapt itself, mentally and physically,
to an overwhelming world. The introduction
of machines modifies the environment and our existence
within it; we are transformed and that transformation
is uncontrollable. The double modification
is interesting. It is like Deleuze’s discussion of the
story of Alice in Wonderland – it involves time and
an exploration of possible, multiple, parallel worlds.
Today we live not only in a universe but a multi-verse.
Somehow Roche shares that culture of the multitude,
the plurality that Deleuze and Guattari spoke of.

In each of his projects that I know of, his experiments
take place at the boundaries of disciplines (scientific,
psychological, etc.). The power of his imagination
is fuelled by very sophisticated encounters that nourish
his narrative and awaken, like Paul Ricoeur’s live
metaphor. In this regard, he has entirely renovated architecture, in keeping with our era.

He constructs a literally living world that is in no way calm. In his work, the individual is in conflict with himself and encountering others. An alterity that is human but also vegetable, also animal, also a drive. His work perfectly expresses the intranquility of our era. But this intranquility is neither moralistic nor dogmatist. It is a creative intranquility. His architecture is that of a world where human beings construct machines that keep them alive and kill them as well. It is fundamentally important to be conscious of this anxiety. In the contemporary architecture milieu, he is impossible to classify. He is other, a rebel who escapes categorization. He rightly will not let himself be put in a box.

Parrhesia / Narciscism

Paris _8/04/2016_
Benoît Durandin’s Gaseous Solution

Take a gaseous solution.

Take a solution of two gases. Air is a good example: oxygen, water vapor, are diluted in nitrogen. She got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly. This expression is not rational and consequently to be avoided.

Take a liquid-gas solution. A soft drink like Coke is made of carbon dioxide diluted in a liquid. Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words “EAT ME” were beautifully marked in currants. Admittedly, this rational unity does not have the simplicity of the previous one.

Take a liquid-solid solution. Seawater is an aqueous solution of various mineral salts such as sodium chloride... Have you guessed the riddle yet? the Hatter said, turning to Alice again. No, I give it up, Alice replied: what’s the answer? I haven’t the slightest idea, said the Hatter. Nor I, said the March Hare. This expression is a bit more rational than the one before.

Take a solid-gas solution. Hydrogen dissolves in palladium. Just as she said this, she noticed that one of
the trees had a door leading right into it. That’s very curious! she thought. But everything’s curious today. I think I may as well go in at once. And in she went. Still, this expression lacks the precision – as well as the incertitude that can be associated with it – of a numerical value.

Take a liquid-liquid solution. Alcoholic beverages are solutions of alcohol in an aqueous phase. Alice thought she had never seen such a curious croquet-ground in all her life; it was all ridges and furrows; the balls were live hedgehogs, the mallets live flamingoes, and the soldiers had to double themselves up and to stand upon their hands and feet, to make the arches. These expressions have the same flaws.

Take a solid-solid solution. We will also see that many alloys are solutions of two or more solid compounds. A cat may look at a king, said Alice. I’ve read that in some book, but I don’t remember where. And what are they made of? she asked in a tone of great curiosity. In contrast, in this case, she did not correctly translate the reality of the solution.

Now take horn silver with mineral alkali. The latter dissipates and appears on the horn silver like a vitreous black nipple. I was thinking, which is the best way out of this wood? This unity is also not really rational.

Take lead. Lead easily flows out of rich graphite pencil lead, because the principles of mineralization are expelled, starting with a strong vapor and boiling. I’m sure my memory only works one way. I can’t remember things before they happen. This expression of concentration was widely used in the past. Now it should be rejected or even prohibited.

The cooled result was perfectly white, inside and out. The surface was as polished and shiny as glass and sprinkled with bubbles. There was no label this time with the words “DRINK ME,” but nevertheless she uncorked it and put it to her lips. I know something interesting is sure to happen whenever I eat or drink anything. This expression also covers solutions comprised of several chemical compounds.

The apparatus in question should consequently provide the means to regulate this flow at will, so that it can be considered a universal instrument, able to transmit any quantity of fluid, even one is far beyond the capacity of any laboratory flask to contain. They began running when they liked, and left off when they liked, so that it was not easy to know when the race was over. This law connects the ideality of a
solution in equilibrium and an ideal solution.

I’ve conducted several experiments on this sand by means of a humid process, the results of which I will inform my readers. On this sand I poured spirit of vitriol and fulminating oil of vitriol. No effervescence appeared; it all rested peacefully for several days. I should see the garden far better if I could get to the top of that hill: and here’s a path that leads straight to it – at least, no, it doesn’t do that – but I suppose it will at last. But how curiously it twists! It’s more like a corkscrew than a path! It should be recalled that these are homogenous phases. An observer situated at any point in this phase will always be surrounded by the same landscape.

// Cut-ups of Alice in Wonderland, Through the Looking Glass + a course in physical chemistry at the University of Quebec at Chicoutimi + Essai d’un art de fusion à l’aide de l’air du feu, by Mr. Ehrmann, followed by Mr. Lavoisier’s Memoires on the same subject, 1787.//

Parrhesia / Narciscism

By email _/27/2016_ ‘are you Francois Roche, Stephanie Lavaux ?’

Well, as you seem to know... it could be... that... you’re right, maybe... “She” didn’t think of that... even if the avatar is a constituent part of it... but now that you pose the question so clearly... yes... maybe so... yes... in reality... François Roche might well be Me... Yes... that seems logical... no surprise... in fact... so far...

Maybe... the soul of a “she” in the body of a “he” or vice versa... Like two intertwined snakes... with no mutual distinction... one would say... yes, it’s possible... work that is a matrix, a womb, non-feminist female... certainly... unless “HE” has stolen something from “Her”? Or vice-versa?... I don’t know anymore...

It is a “s(H)e” a little too made up... a little too much... S(H)e is forced to adopt a disguise... obliged to hide... too fragile... not to suffer the violence inflicted... in this milieu... like all the others, for that matter... and all over the world as well... But anyway... these things are working out slightly... as time goes by... and, thanks to tenacious struggles... the “s(H)e’s” are holding out in architecture... there are a few of them... not many... for sure... but they exist. There are those who continue to believe that they are still “she’s” to fight as such on the field of Bataille2 between the “he’s” and the
“she’s”, while these “he’s” and “she’s” are merely being stripped of one or another of their two wings.... Then there are the “she’s” who subjugate this world of “he’s” because the “she’s” are stronger than all the “he’s” put together... But few are the “she’s” who let their light shine by opening their two wings wide... Who knows... You don’t agree with me?... It’s true...

What if the “HE” remained “HE” without accessing the “s(H)e,” and vice-versa? But good God, the architecture never would have been a courageous vector of subtlety, ecology, sensuality, sensibility, a delicate treat for the eyes, unlike our cities that are still too (male)oderous.3

Still far too few men and women are capable of being “s(H)e’s.” Maybe some people consider that tender empathy pathetic? Taking into account the perplexing complexity of our territories... The results of our disastrous human psyches... far too sensitive... too wounded to want to conserve the preexisting matrix equilibriums. Yes.... That’s true...

There are still far too few men and women capable of that generosity, in general too eager to get to the efficacy of their programming... The “He’s” and the “She’s” will never connect... Here I’m speaking of their Anima, Animus4... or so rarely... too petrified by the fear of accessing the poetry of the functionality of architecture to do anything else with it... or even subvert their own reality... transcend it, spiritualize it, stage it for the sake of the “S(H)E.”... Dodge the difficulty of the exercise and exalt the passage to the real... revealing the constitution of human beings. These “HE’s” and “SHE’s” with their “I, you, he, she.”5

If you knew what goes on in the head of the “S(H)E’s” think when they are washing the dishes... if you only knew... But what joy... But with the “HE’S” (as the “SHE’S” know only too well), just the opposite happens. The more they acknowledge the difficulty, the more their virility stands out!

Fortunately, the multiple and diverse cultures of the “HE’S/SHE’S” open the doors so that we can escape from the ridiculousness of this all too familiar situation... just think about those HE’S who are fighting over the SHE’S in the barnyard, or instead prefer to show them off, corner them, collect them, bugger them... Stop! Bloody fucking hell! The unabashed transgenderism of Thai and other cultures can be integrated into our own without getting lost in our “HE’S” and our “SHE’S.”

Let all architects become Rrose Sélavy!! The world will be better when we consciously take care of our
Parrhesia / Narciscism

I am a science fiction writer but I’m also a journalist. Seeing fictional things I’ve imagined become real feels like watching your children grow up, become adults. It’s amusing. In some ways it can be upsetting to people. Even people I know who are visionary science fiction writers and are super neophilic are surprised by development and often upset. Eventually, they feel a sense of guilt about something that they knew was going to happen. I feel pretty consistent about what I felt at the time because even as a young person, I didn’t really feel that the way I was living was normality. I was a child in a Texan oil diaspora and I’d seen a lot of different cultures. When I had lived overseas and came back to the United States, I immediately realized that there was something very artificial about the American cultural construct, something weird was going on in that society. I’d simply didn’t look at reality with the same eyes. I realized that there is no biblical steady-state, there isn’t a set of normal activities that are just where everything works out fine. And even in one human lifetime people don’t have consistent desire.

I take an interest in Francois Roche’s work because I like speculative architecture, generally speaking. I would classify him as somebody who is into architecture-fiction. I’ve had interesting discussions with him about things like lunar assembly of architectural structures, that kind of things. I’m not sure I want to live in one of his buildings but I think it’s pleasant that he’s not a utopian architect. He’s not somebody who goes around insisting that people live in you know some kind of Paolo Soreli archeology. He’s not the kind of Frank Lloyd Wright small tyrant who will go into the client’s home and rearrange the furniture and the pianos. He’s not insistent in that kind of Corbusier “I am modernism, this is your machine for living” kind of situation... He just makes remarkably eccentric buildings that stimulate the imagination without François unnecessarily throwing his weight around.
I wrote a story for MIT’s technology review several years ago, which was called the “Indoor Operation”; it was a work about software and architecture. The hero is an architect of the future. He’s somebody who behaves in a somehow François Roche’s fashion. The story is basically about architecture and parametric practice, a kind of open-ended assemblage of construction processes, which is a matter I was debating with François at the time. The story is set 30 years in the future. The main character is just an everyday kind of American builder, a guy from the American Midwest with a settled home life but who is surrounded by ideas that are François Roche like. His ideas are metabolized by society and they become mainstream architectural practice. At the end of the story he becomes a superstar, a starchitect almost. He inspired another story called The Spider net in the wood. It was a piece about people in the future, stumbling across one of François’ constructions in the middle of a French forest that’s become a fortress of a sinister super villain, of course. It was a work of architecture fiction.

Guys in generative art like to do objects that could not be dreamed up by any human effort of imagination. The difficulty is that the machine doesn’t really have imagination and the offshoot tends to be a bit banal. And that’s what François is trying to combat with his story stutter that he imposes. Now my friends in architecture are a bit upset about the code monkey thing. Kids understand Rhino, Grasshopper and parametric whatever, they assemble shapes – you know, rattlesnake, backbone, etc. but they have no idea of how is everybody supposed to live in there. It’s like scolding somebody whose a very good blogger and never writes a novel. But why you’re messing around with the Internet, why don’t you actually write something that serves the narrative? With this machine assisted methods of composition, the romance wears off after a while and you’re left with this sense of emptiness. People are not served. I think it’s a period thing. It’s typical of a big change in the means of production. Early automation was like that. Early industrial production was like that. Early experiences with electricity were kind of similar. They were very spectacular but not very practical. I think it’s a typical domestication process. It’s the theme of my story The Inner Operation where there’s a guy surrounded by fantastic software tools and he’s just trying to be the normal guy: father of the family figure, practical guy who’s paying the bills, considers himself a normal
guy but he’s surrounded by these temptations
and a heritage of guys who took that stuff with utter
seriousness… It’s the difficulty with all these kind
of make believe ideas in science fiction. If I give you
a science fiction car, if you domesticate something
that was formally talked about in science fiction, it
will no longer have the sense of wonder that excited
you when it was described as a speculative thing you
know. Cause it’s not speculative, it’s something you
interact with everyday, it’s your own human psyche
that’s going to normalize it, objectively speaking it’s
just as weird. Flying across the Atlantic is a very weir
ing thing to do. When Lindbergh did it, everybody was
thunderstruck for years, the guy was a hero to his
last day and now there are probably ten thousand
people above the Atlantic right now. And it’s dull!
They’re in there, sipping Chivas Regal and staring
out the window, there’s no marvel to it - it’s a cultural
reaction. It doesn’t have anything to do with the
mechanisms of flight which are vastly more advanced
than the Spirit of Saint Louis, this rattletrap little
device who barely made it. Meanwhile now we can
do fantastic stuff, we just don’t find that particularly
impressive. Even the space stations are rather banal
to us. I’m in pretty good terms with some astronauts;
following their social media presence is really interesting.
They’re like coal miners, in a relatively risky
situation, but you can see what they eat and how they
dressed that day… There’s an intimacy with the act
of space flight that is de-glamorizing on some ways,
but super interesting. It can’t be helped that the architecture
of the space station is not exciting. Things
that are un-built can remain wonderful; once they’re
actually built they’re just a process of mental adjustment.
You don’t really want to have your heartbeat
like that of a young bride after you’ve been married
to your husband for ten years. You’re not going to
panic when you see him, unless he’s almost killed in
a car accident. That’s because you’re used to a routine
in your life. They’re acts of architecture-fiction
that can stay marvelous because nobody can really
do them and then there are others that are attempt-
ed and turned out not to work. And then there are
some, very few, that are sort of accepted and taken
to people’s bosom like steel frame buildings. Those
that were amazing at the time, incredibly tall, with
fantastic strength, slenderness, lightness, these glorious
structures people were building were arcane
skyscrapers at the time. Glamorous ones, decorations
were all up and down before the international style,
nobody had rationalized the boxes, they were just in
love with the structural steel, now we’ve got plenty.

Francois Roche’s “I’ve Heard About” is interesting. I like the idea of generative art. The idea of an open-ended building that’s constantly reformatting itself by some kinds of sensors that surround the inhabitants is of interest to me; I like the idea that the building is fluid.

I spend a lot of time in Europe and I’m keenly aware of what Italian architectural circles sometimes notice with Unesco world heritage buildings. They are like stuffed animal where the outside of it can not be altered, because it would upset the tourists taking photographs, so you have to maintain the skin and the eyes... but then the inside of it has been gutted, it’s been completely replaced and the human activity going on within there have no resemblance with the original purpose of the building. It’s something like a bear that’s inhabited by honeybees. There’s a kind monstrosity to it. These Roche auto-reformatting buildings are the polar opposite of that. The activities are unsteady, and the activities are also somehow generating the building and then the building itself instead has no self-form and can move its surfaces and windows around as if it were some screen saver. So if you’re upset about the prospect of the other one, this kind of cultural frozen architectural taxidermy, the François Roche buildings would be the polar opposite of that. You can’t ever make it a Unesco world heritage monument because it doesn’t have any form you can valorize and freeze. Even guys like Viollet-le-Duc who was the Prince of historical restoration in European circles, made this wise comment that you can’t really preserve a building in the form that it had historically, because they are always being reformatted and changed and a little bit. So in order to have this perfect historical replica of the building you have to choose its best moments and then sort of freeze it in that even though it never behaved like that when it was... you have to drag the fluidity out of it and turn it into a monumental replica of itself. Rather than just letting it be the Versailles Palace which historically had a lot of boarded up windows and guys would wander around and rooms were used as pis-aller, things were falling apart, it was a rambling mess that was never perfect but it had to be preserved for the Japanese to take pictures of contemporary European glamourized architecture. It’s an anti-chronism. The building turns into the thing
that’s really to takes photos of. It becomes more and more like a staged set as time goes on. The managers of the building are aware of its attractions; they have a flow coming and it always exits through the gift shop. They are managing traffic flow through the thing… They’re re-painting certain areas not really related to the ones that are being put on somebody’s Instagram and… And the process of entropy is never entirely rested in any building so they can’t really physically keep it up perfectly so François’ vision of these auto-reformatting building offers a fantasy of escaping that. When he said he could do a thing like that on the Moon, I thought it was an interesting place to put it because the Moon has no architectural tradition. A lot of people, including Lord Foster of Thames Bank, talk about making lunar buildings out of compacted lunar dust using robots. So if that’s what it’s actually structured from, as opposed to Carrera marble or something precious, why don’t you just pull a sort of mind craft digital construction thing just to try the blocks, all blocks or sort of equal block right. So lunar dust turns into a block. The block comes from the dust, you just put the block back into the dust and you kind of move the block around. On the moon it probably wouldn’t bother people as much. If you had a structure like that in downtown Milan, or the Art Nouveau District or whatever, it would be noisy, it would be troublesome, it would be a never ending construction site, it would be extremely costly etc. So it doesn’t seem to me entirely practical as like a contemporary urban edifice. But maybe in some area that was hostile, peculiar and un-earthly it would find a mediate. Or out in the desert. Just rebuild in a desert like Guajira: it’s a good place to put a deliberate spiritual departure from earlier practice where we’re going to make the wasteland bloom you know, stop us who dares.

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On a Concept, Interviews and Editing by MarieVic

Translation Leo Stephen Torgoff

Made possible by new-territories and S/he

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Fragments of Who are you, François Roche? An investigation conducted by MarieVic

Sylvia Lavin. In a way – and I hope he will understand that I’m saying this will a great deal of affection – François’s problem is that he’s not dead yet.

Bart Lootsma. In Roche’s work, the archaic and the modern, nature and technology, the West and the Orient, myth and reality, intuition and calculation are intrinsically linked in rhizomatic chains that can be as material as they are associative (like the relationship between the orchid and the wasp in Gilles Deleuze and Félix
Guattari’s A Thousand Plateaus)

Stephanie Lavaux. “She” didn’t think of that... even if the avatar is a constituent part of it... but now that you pose the question so clearly... yes... maybe so... yes... in reality... François Roche might well be Me...

Jeff Kipnis. His work is extremely interesting and important. He took surrealist principles and a détournement theory and married them to realism. That’s not really an exceptional formulation, but the thing he did was exceptional. In fact, I’ve never seen anything as original.

Greg Lynn. Like many of the French heroes, which I think he for sure is and will be, it’s important that those people get pushed out, to then be brought back in when it’s too late.

Cynthia Davidson. I have to give François a lot of credit, because it takes a lot of psychological energy to maintain this kind of position of the impostor, or the position of the resister.

Hans-Ulrich Obrist. He has achieved the freedom to produce a very 21st-century reality. François Roche is an oxymoron: he is both resilience and resistance.

Benoît Durandin. Take a gaseous solution...

Bruce Sterling. The idea of an open-ended building that’s constantly reformatting itself by some kinds of sensors that surround the inhabitants is of interest to me; I like the idea that the building is fluid.

Chris Younès. François Roche’s work is invaluable because he makes improbable, indeterminate environments that give way to the possible.

Jérôme Auzolle. François Roche wants to be an author. That’s incompatible with a profession that takes orders.

S/He. It was that “contact with the world” that made François Roche eminently dirty, a filthiness that made him burn his French passport, that gives him permission, seriously, to take nothing seriously, that utterly ruins our preconceived idea of the architect, of his pedantry, a raggedy-ass deus ex machina, corrupting ideas, expectations and situations, slandering his peers, contaminating the critique, destroying the discourse...

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I’m a kid from Burgundy; whatever that means. I’m half-brother to Douglas Coupland, the head-shrinker of the X generation, the post-baby-boomers who came after the protests and trips of the 60s, the legitimate and the illegitimate battles. I grew up in the wake of all that, after structures and things had petrified. My name says I’m French, but I’ve always felt like a sort of native migrant, out of place in the France of today – I mean the one that bears the stigmata of a mouldy and overblown past, that hasn’t been able to update its mechanisms for making decisions and delegating actions, but whose politico-esthetic smugness still thinks its destiny is to lead the masses… I don’t care about my pedigree, but my genetic make-up might reveal something about my origins… which I’m afraid are probably all Caucasian… with little chance of tracing a Mongol or Negro strain that might explain my desire for migration, creolization.

What else? I’m an architect, qualified at Versailles. When I got out of school – amid the backwash of spent rebellions – the questions facing us were political by nature. There was fierce debate between rear-guard Maoists, Stalinists, Operaists (...). We sidestepped all that, we avoided getting caught up in the culture of conflict, but gave an ear to what those people had to say. None of them were absurd, but none were sensitive either... too much testosterone! They had good reason to take advantage of the opportunity to say things... but it was rare to hear anything that was really different, that went against the currents, or even got into conflict with them. I come from a time zone where you could work up a project ‘in words’, without drawing, without even a plan; it was a ‘wannabe’ thing – like the German Kunst wollen (want-to-do) as against Kunst können (know-how). In my day the library at the Ecole de Versailles had purged from its shelves all the radical production of the 60s, hidden it under lock and key for fear it would corrupt the innocents we were then. All we had access to was post-modernism: Lucan, Rossi, Grassi... That was what French Stalino-Marxism was about – a far cry from the Pasolini model. There was this gut-fear of innovation... of the unknown... even if we were free to dispute things, to seek confrontation... The whole show of the 60s was effaced, disqualified; so much so that at the 1996 Venice Biennale, when Gianni Pettena presented his book on the worldwide radicality of the 60s, there was esseffay in it for France! We were like some terra incognita, a blank on the map as white as Moby Dick, not one progressive architect working in France made the list. Their disqualification in
their homeland had led to their being invisible on the international scene. So I come from this sophisticated country that eliminates people, maybe not physically but ideologically... intellectually, and what is worse still - institutionally. We used to put out a fanzine, with Olivier Zahm as editor, the Purple prose of the day, which before it became a soft porn sheet for the sleazy bourgeoisie was in a critical zone, a sort of 'intello-porn' if you like. We used it as a mouth-piece for horny, disrespectful, embittered and half-crazy old geezers who had been lobotomized by the 1980s. People who had turned their bitterness into a sublime downfall, a greatness of the soul. We interviewed Yona Friedman, Claude Parent, Ionel Schein...

Some of them had experienced the beauty of defeat - the toxic beauty of defeat that had made their life into a sort of photo-novella, with all its dramaturgy and sublimation. We had no way of knowing that 30 years later people who are brain-dead would be holding the centre-stage... with Ricciotti and other idiots out in front, plagiarizing to keep the crowd amused.

Where do they come from, these mechanisms that disqualify and eliminate work so cleverly?

You can’t be a prophet in your own country, and that’s probably what shapes the soul, the DNA of French culture. People like Baudelaire or Duchamp, or even prophetic bastards like Céline. The list is a long one, all our contemporary history is made up of censorship. From the frustrated petit bourgeois Frenchie at the bottom of the social ladder, under medication for neurosis and cast in the role of the leftist reactionary journalist, to the institutions whose job it is to censor.

But to get back to your first question, I was born in a hair-dressing parlour for old ladies and right now I’m working in a boutique-city situated at the back of the parlour - Bangkok. There must be some sort of "synchroni-city" in play, there are similarities all over the place: the smell of hair-spray and trans-genderism. Genders to prove that the human gender isn’t represented in those protest marches against marriage for everyone. A long way from French-style idiocracy, deep among the plastic surgery freaks, the transformites, and the transformation screw-ups, some of whom - given the fragility of the idea of ‘belonging’- are in their second turn-around. That’s where I am!

How would you define immateriality?

When I arrived in Paris in the 80s, the Immaterials were strung out all over the place, what with the implosion of post-modernism – in the philosophical sense, not in architecture of course. Architects just didn’t see that implosion, excepting perhaps Robert Venturi and Denise Scott Brown.

There was a critic at the time, Jean-François Lyotard, who in his writings had spoken of ‘the dilution of artistic fields’... So there was a sort of hazing of borders, thanks to or because of him. It was a floating situation, in suspended animation, that heralded in
contemporary practises. It sort of emptied the old cupboards, the glory-holes and even the WCs. It was fascinating to be part of it all, to feel you were on the verge of something, questioning the relationship to limits.

Practises began to dilute too. But we weren’t grouped in ideological communities as in the 60s. Everyone had a place and was duty bound to define it in osmosis, in reciprocity. Sure, we put forward our own proposals, but they interlocked, crossed over and mingled with lots of other things, other substances, without the Agitprop. Out of all this crossing over came roots and shoots… And they in turn gave rise to practises that engendered esthetics, artefacts… an echo phenomenon, stuttering…

The focus among professionals wasn’t about salting yourself away in a specialization or walling yourself up in a fortress of know-how. Expertise was an insult. We were involved in relationships of osmosis, symbiosis. Membranes were porous and inspiration was shared. That was what immateriality was at the time, like a sequence of arrangements.

But 9/11 cut all that down. The paranoia of politics and citizens came back into power. Everything shut down, withdrew, including architects who by nature need to legitimize their singularity, the professionalism of their practises, justifying them to activate story-telling as an exchange currency in the post-communist capitalist economy. It became necessary for them to justify their belonging to a territorial code, a delimited territory, a niche, a discourse, the discourse of the master, one that had been stamped and validated in due form to serve the economic transactions of the people who pay us to keep up appearances. Uninspired ecology with its gaggle of green decorators, the socio-political moralists who are always gushing about the miseries of the world from their obese and capitalistic NGOs, the fetishist techno-geek neo-conservatives and so on.

Going against all that, I continue to think that the architect has to work in interstices, in the voids and in-between spaces of power games, passing in dynamic dis-balance, schizophrenic by nature.

I’m not a digital romantic, not a computer freak, not an eco-wanker, not a socio-moralist…

Materiality/immateriality can be approached from another angle – by the relationship with machines. I’ve heard that you use a 6-axis robot. What place do machines have in your architectural thought and production?

In this new century – or rather new millennium – you can’t just ignore the machinist transformation of algorithms via the Google search engine, generating cookies and hooked up to a 3-axis robot able to print out at real scale.

There’s a clear reason for us having a 6-axis robot in our Bangkok office… We’re trying to use the ‘hands on tech’ capability as a zone
for research and production. The aim is to enlist ways of breaking up tasks and time-scales between preliminary studies, intuition, design and execution. Right now we’re not designing, we’re elaborating strategies in between systems. Between the project and its artefact!

It’s been a slow evolution from the first projects, in which tools enabled us to resolve conflict between nature (growth) and the fragility of a construction encased in a context that could destroy it (cf. Growing in 1993); and from there to where the building becomes a machine echoing a situation that dominates, but which it can help control (cf. Bangkok dusty relief); then moving towards the emancipation of that same machine, which becomes both the vehicle for producing the working script and the building itself (cf. Olzweg for the Frac); and on to the most recent phase, in which the machine works like a queen bee, correlating the species it has to perpetuate in habitat, like a prolongation, an extension of symptoms and pathologies in their resolution.

Can’t you see the psychodrama our machinist societies are acting out today, for no other reason than to keep architecture going in some stupid accelerating, performative mode?

Against all that, I like to think that I’m with the people who use technologies and at the same time civilize them by an esthetics of arrangements and by critical research. By ‘esthetics’ I don’t mean the repetition of modes of representation to win silly French-style competitions (which is plagiarism, copying, paying tribute). All of that stinks of the same fake aristocratic democracy that Tocqueville heckled back in the 19th c., by which contracts are signed and decisions made using the laws regulating public works as if they were cod-pieces, fake noses or bustles!

Esthetics are proto-political: they act, speak, produce, love and spew… They are pathological, human, sometimes they’re even repulsive or infected… They take risks… they are light years away from the de-boned de-fleshed products served up for competitions – the strategies cooked up for brain-dead, gutless juries under orders, even at the topmost echelons of the State. All those competitions do is reflect the philistinism of ministries of Kultur, who organize them as smokescreen events to mask performative malfunction. There’s so much arrogance and incompetence involved!

Going against all that, we’re trying to set up between things, be animist as well as machinist, integrate soft and hard science, work using the cold rationality of modern-day tools and the things that are able to intercept them, turn them around, the way Wittgenstein described things. Integrate passing melancholia, nostalgia, pathos, desires, human instincts and even illusions. That’s what arrangements are – a word borrowed from Giorgio Agamben.

Just what do you mean by passing?

We are all born amid passing time… I felt like an orphan pretty
quick. Deleuze died in 1995, Guattari in ‘92 I think it was, Lacan
in 1981, Coluche in ‘86 – the year I got my diploma – Lyotard in
1998, a bit over a decade after Les immatériaux – the exhibition
that he curated in ‘85.

The people who might have helped us get thru the 90s dropped out of
the picture, so we had to face the mutation of technologies on our
own. They had all cashed it in before the coming of these new ‘tool
boxes’– as Foucault who died in ‘84 called them –, before the fall
of the Berlin Wall in ‘89, before the Internet came in 1995. They
weren’t there to react to the end of ideologies and the rise of
unrestrained capitalism that came in the aftermath. We’re the
children of that passage of time, brought up on what was known as
French theory and the constant questioning of relationships between
power and knowledge, which in parallel is what enables us today to
confront the world-wide wired petit bourgeoisie, the enslaved and
all-holy consumer! In his ABC, Deleuze said creation had to do with
defining the principle of a resistance-strategy to being alone,
being able to pay attention to the esthetics of solitude... Because
artefacts ooze. We’re the children of the 20th century’s passing and
we are now faced with the threat of global lobotomy in which someone
like Zizek is enthroned king – in nothing but name! When he slings
off at the Coke bottle as a prime example of the object-subject of
desire and merchandising, all he does is betray his own gullibility
in the face of the West, which none of us ever believed in anyway...
So in place of Diogenes, all we get is a crumby clown who is drawing
crowds in universities all over America, where I myself happen to
have been teaching for the past 10 years in a Research Lab.

That’s what the world is made up of, clown acts shown over and over
again because they’re harmless...

But if that’s the context, then how is it possible to hold to a
position, when the act of denouncing something is in fact part of
the same system?

Well, we all live with contradictions. I have a vague recollection
of the bad blood that was said to exist between Victor Hugo and
Baudelaire. To sum it up, Hugo was accused of using the hardships of
the people as a stage for his own act, and that’s what’s happening
right now! Prime-time TV news is a corral-full of snippets rounded
up by cynical and clever little Hugo-ites! Baudelaire, on the other
hand was a pre-Parnassian poet nursing his own downfall, the
ultimate commitment, a pathological antidote to idiocy. There’s
something obscene about it, obscenity as the anti-venom to idealism.
Something interesting and pornographic too. Laura Kipnis has written
some good things on the same subject. Contemporary pornography as
the last-stand space for transgression and what is possible. Maybe
obscenity is something we have to face again in order to transgress.

Transgress what, you say? Transgress the sleeping sickness, the
‘dumb-ifying’ as Deleuze called it, the unspeakable stupidity of
repeating things over and again. What we need is a catalyst that
will enable us to get up like the Golem out of the mud of general
merchandising, the cult of objects, fictions, managerial storytelling, the routine of Facebook and the selfie.

We’re like kids swept up in the whirlwind of repetition and replication, postures we can’t stomach, but also – and this is how the world has really changed – we’re pushed into micro-niches where we remain conscious and capable of action, rare attitudes, hollowed out singularities made possible by the same technologies we spoke of earlier, like production units that no longer have to wait for a permit to do things. There are study groups in architecture that have moved in to this workshop mode, they’re busy doing, making things and spreading the word. They compute and fabricate in small units, foxholes for experimenting with operative and discursive strategies. In my own case, we use a fiction/narration/scenario that enables us to extract the ‘mere doing’ and shift it somewhere else.

You know that song Girlfriend in a coma? Well, we came out of the 2000s as if we’d just taken an uppercut from Tyson. I could give you a whole list of things we did (4 biennales in the international pavilion) and not a single commission in France. So my partner from way back, Stéphanie Lavaux, threw in the towel; and she was right. This is a great age we’re living in and in the end I like being voluntarily in this state – lucid as to the noxious shifts in arguments but also as to shifts in power zones, and most of all sceptical in the face of the international middle class that worships what is marketable...

We don’t trust their models, but we know that we have to work on the same territory as where they emerge; which is both mined and actionist, in fact operaist or established to quote Negri and Linhart. I brought out a book with Negri in New York in 2013, Reclaim resilience resistance – it sold out in three months but was never translated into French of course.

You mentioned Deleuze. Is your re-locating to Bangkok like his folding? Is it a clear stance or a stand-by? How do you see your architectural positioning on the world scene?

First of all, nowadays the place where you’re based hasn’t got much importance, either to validate or invalidate the work you produce. You can be anywhere, so long as you’ve got a good web link and the technologies that enable you to produce and access means of interacting. Living in a capital is not an obligation, nor is it the only way of staying in touch. Paris has become a sad museum – I couldn’t stay there any longer. As for Bangkok, in spite of the current political régime, which I’ve spoken out against to the point of compromising a project, it’s a city that stinks of life... and it smells good!

You don’t have to dress up as William Tell and kill your wife like Burroughs did to create via an inter-zone, Tangiers for him, Bangkok for us. Here, you can do things in XXS mode, just negotiating 'in
the street’ with the neighbourhood. I set up a robot in the street, plug it in to a public power source and build a small place 3 to 6 m high in exchange-mode with locals, with the micro-economies, the people concerned, without delegation from the territorial authorities.

We’ve put three years of work into Computation Crafting, a sort of robot-enabled pathology, and into mythomaniaS, the book for the Chicago Biennial, presenting about fifteen projects, none of them done with a building permit or calls for tender…. It’s a relief to work like this and it shifts the focus. There’s an immediate pay-off in doing, the promiscuity, the proximity with the sciences and word-play: pataphysics.

Getting down into the dirt of Ruskin and the aura of Walter Benjamin, using the same tools designed to eliminate their traces. Getting a rush, technological, computational spleen.

Can you tell us more about the projects?

Our office, meaning Camille Lacadée and myself as partners, with a fluctuating team of 4 to 7 collaborators, work at street-level in Bangkok. Our most recent project consisted in removing from a slum built on poles the accumulated mud composed - among other things - of human shit that ran down the poles. There was no drainage system so we had to shift all this crap using robots, putting a small bookshop back in place of it. You can find the working script on the ‘net.

How can anyone talk decently about ecology without taking into account filth and trash? You know Plato in his fictive Dialogues between Socrates and Parmenides denies that things he says are dirty have an essence… things like menstrual blood, perspiration and even hair under armpits!

I’m interested in bringing things like that back into the contemporary world, whether they’re refined or not. You can learn more about people by looking into their garbage can than into their fridge. Technology isn’t all on the level of MIT – I know because I’ve often collaborated with them. It shouldn’t be shut up in a hygienist trip, a purified and positivist cognitive relationship that follows on from Auguste Comte. Technology is also about confronting what the world spews up, making it visible but also putting it back into the cycle as a raw material, even if it has a repulsive dimension. You know, ironically, when Fukushima blew up, there wasn’t a single Japanese robot capable of going inside the wrecked reactors. All the ones they had could do was prance about in front of the public, they were useless in a critical zone.

Bangkok is a getaway destination, it’s not forever but it carries over from the mid-90s when we worked in South Africa with the ANC. We were in Soweto in tandem with Mandela’s team, using our first computers equipped with topology transformation software. What does it mean to be assigned to a territory, dependent on it and held
hostage by it? What does that kind of relationship to territory entail? It isn’t just the polis in the etymological sense – the city – it’s also the state where there are zones of apprehension, appropriation, of fear and hostility and sexuality too! The fold of Euclidian geometry worked as a support for activism, at the end of Apartheid… that’s what esthetics are. A sophisticated play of synesthesia at the service of saying and feeling. Topology is about Bézier curves, differential equations, asymptotic systems. It folds in and out as Artaud said, before Deleuze. It isn’t just geometrical, it has to do with the folds of the soul too. Another one of our little projects under way is about testing platforms for crowdfunding. We’re launching the first architectural project via Kickstarter. By the time this interview goes to press we’ll know whether it was just a shot in the dark or a worthwhile means of bringing people together, for exchanges and productions. https://www.kickstarter.com/projects/2139928141/mmyst

Do material and immaterial things like that reflect the new paradigms you’re trying to develop in your work? Are they new ways of experimenting?

One of Lacan’s last essays, or rather seminars, focused on what he called the sinthome – meaning symptom – and on James Joyce, at the outer limits of literature, of what is intelligible, as in Finnegans’s Wake, Artaud’s catatonia and the experimental writings of Michaux and Guyotat… It was about producing something that turns the current on, something that grows out of a mistake, a misunderstanding, like a continuing stutter in someone talking, where form is no longer a protection but the expression of a pathology. Letting that out instead of shutting people up, isolating them, calming things down, commanding silence. So I wonder whether architecture shouldn’t get down dirty re-negotiating with our ‘symptoms’, expressing and correlating them. There wouldn’t be anything immoral or moral about it – just the realization of unfulfilled desires, dissatisfaction, fears, pathologies, illusions…

Turning these things into a script… Producing extremities as against intimacies, that’s what we need to get down to! Architecture has already produced its bunkers – in Design & Crime, Hal Foster describes Gehry’s works as a gentrification of the Blockhaus, with formal gesticulation there to mask and dissimulate the occupation of territory… and of its prerogatives. Look at the Louis Vuitton foundation in the Bois de Boulogne in Paris.

In Dan Simmons’ short story The River Styx Flows Upstream, the people who work around the living dead show visible traces of the things hidden in their metabolism or their psyche.

It isn’t about what is human, a moralist social practise… like Chipperfield’s Common Ground at the Venice Biennale, which aimed at saving the planet and Willy too…! On the contrary! Human things ought to be shown in their smell and beauty, their psyche too with all its poisons… Architecture as the living vector of these things, shaken by spasms, questions that have no answers, absurdities…
To wind up, can you be more precise about your relationship to technology and what is material.

Chinese universities rate their clout on hard sciences, they leave out the so called soft sciences – meaning political and human sciences. But when anthropo-socio-philosophical input is rubbed out, the world is made up of ignorant people at the mercy of ‘experts’, the direct descendants of Henry Ford’s perfect workers on his Detroit production line. Look at the Kerviel case: the bank is guilty, no doubt about it… but the guy has the gall to deny his own role so as to recover his false innocence and humanity. He stinks… he’s guilty of being gullible – he should be hanged for that!

It is handy to know that technologies are political; that they’re not harmless, especially when they’re dedicated to the service of what is neo-liberal, savage and uncertain. They bring us gadgets and turn them into fetishes that we can’t live without, and which mask our own failings when they are used indiscriminately. It isn’t without reason that Stephen Hawkins sees himself as a Cassandra.

We can’t pretend to know nothing about the things we’re involved with, the forces in play and the mass control ideologies that lie hidden behind technologies. That is what we’ve always tried to let coexist. The principle of a misunderstanding.

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Parrhesia / Schizoid

Dora Butor as MC / 2017

Francois, you have been migrating your studio locations often over the last years between Paris, New York and Asia. Where are you located now?

I’m in Bangkok, where we had our lab for last four years. Our studio is floating on the Chao Praya river. On the top there is a seven-axis robot but below it is like a zoo, with an Asian water monitor family. That is the name of the large thai-crocodile-like, a kind of iguana around three meters in length. Sometimes there is a connection between those two, the lab and the zoo, the robot and the beast, in a techno-animist incestuous relation. On our talking now, I’ve to tell you that my speeches are on behalf of my avatar, S/he, who need to approve or modify the content…

Are the roles between you and s/he, the avatar that you constructed in 1993, constantly evolving, and what are the dynamics of that relation? How does the transgression of the gender binary through your avatar further amount to establishing architecture which is not
heteronormative, that does not conform to the already established rules?

S/he is between a doppelgänger, a Siamese twin, the masK of Mishima, an avatar of Vishnu, in an androgyne appearance and queers attitudes. S/he is hermaphrodite, resolving by the way a lot of libido drives and suppression, which makes him-her neither a LGBTzia, neither a white caucasian heterosexual machismo architect, which could appear in this discipline as a pleonasm. In fact, s/he helped me since 25 years to keep a singular voice, coming from nowhere, emerging from a territories which abandoned the posture of authority, of discourse, of academia... and to disqualify, corrupt the pretending value and skill of the architect, between the hoax of social services and propaganda, or childish fascination for up-to-date technologies, in a mystique naïve positivism... S/he helped me to talk about the unreachable 'Thousand and one plateaux', where schizophrenic voices are able to consider the operaismo, the workerism in english as a strategy of infiltration, of de-alienation.... Multiple whispering borrowing Parrhesia trajectories...potential to fork personality’s disorders... in fact ... to escape from the linear discourse of knowledge and power, where the cynicism and the indignation are symmetric, as two faces of the same coins...feeding their reciprocity of interest and mutual award, in the clownery theatre of post-capitalism... S/he refused to be and to act as a cultural merchandise. It makes me sometimes in an uncomfortable position.

The avatar is born in the middle of the 90ties, as a need to de-identify the author, to question the architect branding system, but mainly to create a conflict, between "who is talking, who has the right to talk, who has been delegated by an authority, an institution to justify his own rights to talk...” Waiting Godot and Jacques Lacan Seminars are not so far. Criticizing architecture, or making critically critical architecture, is not a de-construction in term of shape and semiology, but it is requisitioning the territory of power from where, architects, in a top down shamanism and self-complaisance’s, are developing discourses of authority. S/he was more than suspicious about that kind of predictable business, in a very "'beaux-arts'" symptomes.... at the opposite, s/he allow us to blur the chat, to reverb it back in a “mise en abime”, as an permanent echo for dissonances and “malentendus” (could be translated by middle point between misunderstanding-mishearing).

First in the 90ties it was a strategy of denunciation, and ironically in the Y2K, it became a coquetry, with the exact opposite of what it was supposed to produce...yet now s/he is more a kind of Don Quixotte, where her-his madness reveals the hypocrisies of the situations. This why last May, S/he lecture at e-flux was censured. By cancelling the first lecture of S/he the May 26th, few hours before the event, e-flux enacted a Trump queer/homophobia syndrome. Do you think that what they consider as a virtual trans-character is less sensitive than an LGBT person from Texas?
We are facing, historically, what Chomsky put forward in his latest book “Who Rules the World?”, a return to the Dreyfusard/Anti-Dreyfusard polarization, not only in terms of anti-Semitic propaganda (or in our case homophobic) and obscenity but also in the positioning of two types of intellectuals, on the one side those based in academia or situation of power arguing to preserve the system of means, meaning and authority, and using politics to create a diversion, as an entertainment, and, on the other, as the “S/he” speeches, in a strategy to desacralize the system of representation and its logic of domination... the first type of intellectual gets the privileges, the grants, the branding, the direct profits, and the second gets censorship, exclusion and in some cases banishment under pain of prison (like Assange, Snowden, Zola...).

But as I suspected these homophobia on characters (real or not) as a lure, a diversion...to create in one case the revival of white activism, with Alt-right and Steve Bannon played puppets and puppet master, and in other case, the phobic fear of self-criticism as the virtue of intelligence, and the eviction of the fictional s/he who incarnates a apparatus of bio-political strategies...to at the opposite maintain the fiction in a fantasy storytelling frame, inoffensive and innocent.

Can you talk about some of the common interests in biopolitics that you share with Preciado and how have those been incorporated in your work in form of non-stagnant systems that evolve (or degrade)? In both “Architecture des humeurs” (2010 – ongoing) and “I’ve heard about” (2004) you have made palpable the internalized mechanisms that control the body, as well as microprosthetic and molecular transactions that constitute “the emission of desires”. The structures you present are dynamic and reactive modules that attempt to react and adapt according to their inhabitants’ chemical imbalance and physiology through technology.

That is Jean Didier Vincent’s “The Biology of emotions”, who was the first neurobiologist that tried to analyze the correlation between something called the ‘reptilian part of the brain’, creating an atavism, instinct of surviving, and the psyche, and attempting to analyze the relation between the intrinsic chemistry of the being and the interpretation-dependencies-reactions to an environment, to a situation, including emotion and pathos. Neurobiology and suppression, part of the brain secreting dopamine, adrenaline, cortisol, serotonin facing the id, self and superego, Freudian psychoanalysis systemic.

The research which opened on two main exhibitions, to make it public, was the temptation to re-evaluate an architecture as a bottom up, using more specific informations than only language to define our willingness, desires and free wills. The human machines, desirable machines is also crossed by as if beast and acephalous dimension, fluidity and chemistry as pre-psyches reaction. ‘Hippocrates’ temperaments are back, we cannot talk anymore of the being in a pure organicist vision. It means that we are crossed of
sensation and emotional cortex activities, which are the axioms of the “Architecture des humeurs” and “I’ve heard about”, by re-reading through technologies this ‘part secrete’ (in French it is a same word for secretion and secret), as a proposal of negotiation, of ‘malentendu’, of individual alchemy and social relation. Architecture is not only done by a modernistic programming, which associates spaces to shape or function, it is a “linking”, which articulate our libido, nostalgia, phantasm, fears and protection in a fictional relation with sex, space, power at the age of post-digital, able to de-alienate and re-assemble the puzzle, at the condition to accept to lose control, to undetermined the procedures, to include the human, with his faults, failures, weakness and misunderstanding, to develop an anthropo-technic approach, where his/our pathology are con-substantial, in co-dependancies, in correlation... fare away from the post human farce of perfection and religious scientist positivism...

Architecture doesn’t mean only to create buildings in the public space, but to create debate in public space, through building and/or attitude able to do building. I’m fed up of the LVHM over design for the world gentrification, where technologies is used in term of accuracy, expertise, performance...new hygienism and amnesia as a business model.

You quoted Jean Luc Godard in one of your previous interviews saying “to make political architecture, it’s to do politically political architecture”...

Godard is very sharp in declaring that, but I am also not sure that Rivette, Jean Rouch or Eustache are not more efficient in the way to perform it. Mainly it is something talking about the notion of style, similar to the Flaubert or Parnessian “R&D”. The format of something means something, not only in the inclination of discourse, but in the way to vectorize it in the public space.... ‘Attitude with Form and reciprocally’ to over-quote Harald Szeemann...

That relates to what you mentioned before about the uprising of ’68, where some of the radical leftists tried to change the system by infiltrating French car manufacturers. You say that the failure might stem from them trying “to change the means of production, but they never evaluated the possibility of changing the design of the car.” Let’s talk now about the idea of infecting the design of the car, and how you contaminate a system from within. Your structures reveal their inner workings - they get sick, swell, get polluted, disconnect from the grid...

In “Unplug”(2001), which is a never realized building on La Defense (commissioned by the research department of the French electricity utility), its reactive façade questions the benefits of the deficit of the radiation from the sun. The monolithic representation of the generic office building becomes a monster because of the sun making visible the benefits of sustainable energy, but in the same time reveals the pathologies of the sun UV rays exposure, triggering a
melanoma of the glass skin... Architecture can’t reduce the situation between the benefit and the deficit, but works as a permanent debate, ambivalence in a society. Technology is a critical operative tool for action and production of a situation of transformation, but without trying to deny complexity, to serve as a precipice to render the conflict more visible.

In North Korea we did a ballistic project ("he shot me down", 2006-7), for which in the underground of the office in Paris we did tests with a rifle and perforated clay to understand how the ballistics produce simultaneously the flower of the destruction and the horror of perpetuation of the Cold War. We are always caressing the monstrosity as well as the beauty of monstrosity, like Hieronymus Bosch did.

The idea of Negri’s ‘workerism’ or Italian operaismo relates to that, as the opposite of the Marxist system of demonstration. It was infiltrating the Fiat, understanding the weakest point in the situation to destabilize the organization of transmission of tools, knowledge, goods, everything...

First project of yours I ever read about was DustyRelief (2002), a project for a museum in Bangkok that would absorb the gray city around it, pollinate with carbon monoxide and grow an electrified shell that would continuously accumulate dust and particles from the polluted air. There is a description on newterritories.com talking about more than 50 words used to describe the absence of color, and a reference to Man Ray’s famous 1920 photograph Dust Breeding, which depicts Duchamp’s “The Large Glass” in the studio having accumulated a year’s worth of environmental dirt. What happened with the plans for the building of the museum?

Military coup in Thailand in 2003/4 stopped the production, and then we worked for the same client on another project which was shown at the Venice Biennale 2014, and was also stopped by a new military coup...in 2013... Irony of the history....That one was called “Timidity Symptom”, where we were making a contemporary art museum which has a relation of dynamic antagonism towards the forest. We tried to define pheromonal allelopathy, what you could find in certain trees of Thailand called crown shy, in a situation of a humid forest, where both architecture and forest are facing their existence as two sumo, to tired to fight again...We scanned the forest during 3 month, in XYZ to define architecture as a the negative...of the void between foliage...

Another project you did for the Venice Biennale was presented in the French Pavillion in 2011, called “Building Which Never Dies”. It contained radioactive uranium?

It was for the Biennale curated by Sejima, the pope of the whiteness, the architecture bleaching cream for amnesic client...immaterial and intemporal... We worked with the Austrian company Zumtobel on a research for a project using the most paranoiac material created by the 20th century, a radioactive isotope, that
represents at the same time ideology of progress and its drama. We found the way to buy 10 kg of uranium powder to jail it in glass beakers that had an extreme scary greenish after glowing in the dark. This after glowing could be used as the sensors of the intensity and specificity of the UV radiation crossing the atmosphere, from ozone depletion. So at the same time this matter became the detector of our past and future paranoia...this debate is collective, the step after the fossil energy is either sustainable either nuclear... or both...

As an architect we cannot abolish the risk of being in the world, or doing moralistic lesson or self complaisances...we are involved in the 'making visible', even what we suppressed...nothing below the carpet, for a footprint without reductionism or washing machine..., design as a scenario of apparatus of knowledge and questioning knowledge...that scares you and caresses you......which reveal the ambiguities of each situation of ambiguities, as a critical and operative tools.

Your book "MythomaniaS" serves as a catalogue of environmental-architectural psychoscapes that are represented through films, props, texts, programs for machines, and bioarchitectural constructs that are all case studies made by MindMachineMakingMyths, which is part of your New Territories studio. In these cases you use speculative fictions, myths and storytelling to create a narrative architecture. So how does fiction and speculation work as an architectural practice, and how does it contrast with the expectation of exactitude and linearity?

"MythomaniaS" came from impetus to reduce the scale and face small program, including human psycho-pathologies. We started 5 years ago with a 7 axis robot in Bangkok, to develop with sensors a relation between trajectories of machines and physio-psycho relation.... Capturing, sweat, Tourette Syndrome, Scream, Rumbles, Cruelties, Railleries, Moods, Solitude... So a catalogue of case studies, of architecture fragments, stage props to construct environmental architectural psycho-scapes as laboratory shelters for exploring and disturb the supposed rift between realism and speculative fiction, psyche and environment, body and mind, with "mania", which refer, etymologically to an insane drive of perception-projection

Does it become like a virus corrupting and infecting the code with its own?

It's like the analogy with the cut-up of Ginsberg's poetry. Two algorithms are protocolized to be in conflict, where the result became an artifact, not predictable, a kind of battle between the sensor feed-back in real time, and the intrinsic logic of the machine code, meaning that all position are located in conditional...from where it should have been be to where it should be...as the antidote of determinism... as a process of discovering instead of certainties...to bring back the Golem, the phantasm of the bachelor machine. It was with Camille Lacadee.
I remember this case of the Air Loom machine, which was an English rumor during the French Revolution, to check any boat, coming from France, able to carry in its belly the machine able to influence minds of the people and import the iconoclast ‘declaration of human rights’. Fiction as remind us Foucault is a “tools to knot and unknot realities”. S/he and new-territories are mainly focusing on this paradox, abusively.

Speaking of intertwining fictions, Bruce Sterling also wrote a narrative that functions almost as a film scenario extending from one of your projects? It was a report from 2030...

Cyberpunk are no longer storyteller, but sociologist. Bruce Sterling described a world in which a house is not reachable, just because it has been develop as a phantom, a stealth emergence. An art collector asked me to make a house for him, as a representation of his collection and taste. I agreed at one condition, to frustrate him by doing a design without any façade. No way for him to take pictures of the house, which is in Nîmes, called “Spidernethwood”, wrapped all around with the netting growing trees. No representation of its value, of the ego of the owner. Just go to Art Basel or any World Art Fair to see how arrogant and superficial are the wealthy collectors... acting in their childish play ground where art is just an alibi...

Another letter from the future was your retrospective at FRAC Centre in Val de Loire last year, which was titled “s/he would rather do FICTION MAKER”. Simultaneously projective, it was subtitled “1993-2050 Flashback”, presenting 57 years of work, scenarios, projects, controversies, and foresights.

That was also s/he, assuming the contradiction of the arrow of time and troubling postures of now. S/he was talking from 2050, old and bitter, against herself and the society, not so far away from Ayn Rand’s book “The Fountainhead”. The text written for it was from the position of an architect dreaming of the freedom which nobody actually wants. After this drape and video to across, the exhibition was a cavern of Alibaba, architectural models were all on the ground, which could have been effectively fragilized by the visitors, with all the texts, letter of ad-hominem fight, images, projections, since 20 years...including political statement, neighborhood protocols, bottom up design, machines and psycho-attitudes, human pathologies... FRAC went somewhere... Everything was desacralized...skyzophrenic...

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...in the middle of nowhere

In relation to the debate between naturalism and artifice appealed by black ecologies, I feel part of the Eighteenth Century, when the automata of Vaucanson created a large polemic between vitalism and machinism.

In the pursuit of the Plato-Aristotle dispute about the notion of mimesis, which corrupts the ideal city for the first time or which could be used as an intercessor to the human nature and its environment, I cannot ignore the Oscar Wilde aphorism in the “decay of Lying”: "For what is Nature? Nature is no great mother who has born us. She is our creation. It is in our brain that she quickens to life. Things are because we see them, and what we see, and how we see it, depends on the arts that have influenced us". So in this sense, the debate it's not new, even if we pretend to ignore these “Déjà vu”, “Déjà entendu”. One of our contemporary problems, because of the technological endlessness flight forward, is how debates are permanently being developed looking on the proto-relation between naturalism and artifice dictated by philosophical symmetry. But at the opposite Deleuze and Negri described the tangling of this initial dualism: “A more profound response to these arguments requires that we recognize the mistake in posing an ontological division and even opposition between human life and machines... Our intellectual and corporeal developments are inseparable from the creation of machines internal and external to our minds and bodies. Machines constitute and are constituted by human reality”. In this sense, we cannot ignore the co-dependencies, the correlation between nature and artifice, between human machines and its creation, from the Golem to the AI. It’s nothing else but the mirror of ourselves. The discourse about technological singularity, mainly about artificial super intelligence, that will abruptly trigger runaway technological growth resulting in unfathomable changes to human civilization, is a hoax: this Robocalypse is a pure nonsense...we are the machines! It’s important to spot, to scout the procedure of paranoia as the main gasoline and subjective power of our post-capitalism era. We have to face the role of media propaganda in all this issue, the eschatology as a part of a global merchandising, the manipulation of the fear as the main toxic junk bond.

Although the debate between naturalism and artifice per se is not new, our relation with artifice in today’s context of hyper connecting bits and atoms, is undoubtedly unveiling unprecedented questions about our “self”, the other “selves” and its/their position in a hybrid world.
I cannot help observing and participating in this accelerated society, both eager and powered with ever growing tools, to discover mental, emotional and physical wilderness.

What we know, feel and see is never enough. Millennials, immersed in virtual and mixed reality worlds, cyborgs with augmented capacities and senses, or countries granting passports to AI humanoids... All this showcase a society running at much higher speeds than the philosophical debates on the dualistic separation (or not) and the “ecosophic” equilibrium (or not) between nature and artifice.

The empowered actions of such an accelerated society in the Anthropocene - or Capitalocene - era are the ones that position us a step away from the “Déjà vu” and definitely far away, yet, from any “...entendu”.

I always find fascinating to enter the process of realizing the bi-directional effects and interdependencies of nature and artifice. On the one hand, we are part of a reality of nature strong manipulation through technological agents, which in particular is starting to mutate human nature. Global organizations, scientists or other individuals all over the globe are focused on understanding (even mapping) how nature is affected by technology. Obviously this might be measurable or predictable, using numbers, indicators, statistics and algorithms, but what about the question on the other part of the equation on entropy? We shouldn’t avoid facing how technology is affected by nature as well. Artificial intelligence is trying nothing more than to bring what is, in essence, coming from life and nature, into technological products or into artifice. The performance of AI or responsiveness technologies is ruled by norms of evolution, mutation and adaptability, paying no attention to any aesthetics. Aren’t those the main characteristics of any natural or living organism, that is to say, related to Mother Nature’s DNA? In this sense, as architects and space performances creators, we trigger social interactions; therefore we need, as well, to thoroughly investigate how technology is influenced by nature rather than just how nature is influenced by technology. We also need to deeply experiment such evolving technologies and looking into the hybrid or “transspecies” principles that those latter can bring to space, buildings and us, humans.

And fortunately to do this, the traditional knowledge of our discipline is not enough.

Actually we are forcing the scenario with symbiosis, with mutualism. If you check the development of our last work, it’s a temptation to articulate a kind of synaesthesia between meanings and species which are normally distinguished separately. Mixing, tangling, intertwining object and subject, animal and human, nature and artifice, false and right, mad and rigorous, to touch the forbidden, something that normally is not fitting in our traditional territories of knowledge, discipline and strategy of divisions.
I'm a kid of Foucault-Lyotard, meaning involved in the post modern-post structural philosophy of twenty years ago, which questioned among others the barriers between disciplines, intending to blur the niches of expertises, of pretending knowledge, to disassemble the fortresses that are permanently reconstructed: architecture appealing to architects, art to artists, science to scientists, professional talking exclusively to professional... All these niches of expertise determine a kind of isolation, a restricted area from where the "master speeches" are cynically performing. As architects, we need all the time to corrupt this zone, mainly Beaux Arts', of emission in the expertise of the replica, in the stuttering of the history, in the control of any "miasma" able to accidentally leak. As architects, we are in the need to define and locate the crack between disciplines, between those territories of power and discourses: restarting from that, we could diffuse and infuse, through a workerism strategy, a de-alienation of situations, technologies, anthropotechnologies, to reveal the contradictions between different territories of desires, conflicts, affections. I was impressed about that, since my visit to 'Immateriaux', last main exhibition at Pompidou Center before it became a by-product; I've still the Catalogue in Silver plastic, as a product of the future which never happened... So the point is to take the risk of defining a counter egotic zone that is not directly driven by the greed of expertise, and firstly to escape from the white Caucasian heterosexual and western architect gender, a pleonasm of the DNA arrogance.

That is why I created an avatar, as a political trans-androgylny, in 1993.

I am fond of the definition of the Architect as a mediator, instead of a solitary creator. The architect’s value lies in the capacity of fitting complex social, economic, cultural, political elements together and convert them into something solid, many times even material. I also like that Wachowskis trans women’s “Matrix” needs an architect to operate, because “Matrix” is a systemic evolutionary set of complex operations creating “mixed” worlds. Very close to the systemic way of today’s digital and physical merge. What we see or what we measure is not always reflecting the real essence of things. And what we see is who we are, what our cultural background is. In a highly digitized and mixed world, “who I am” refers to multiple contexts. My "self" in social media could be something other than "me", since my news could be fake and everywhere. I like the use of the word “architecture” in systems as well, because architecture, etymologically, comes from the greek words ἀρχι- that means "chief" and τέκτων that means "builder". Any complex system requires building tectonic principles, even if in a hierarchical or in a more distributed way; such tectonics, in the age of experience and participation, transcends physical materialities and can only be “built” by deriving hybrid knowledge from different disciplines and perspectives.

Your MMYST project is not only about bringing species together in a
symbiotic system. It observes, predicts and eventually designs systems’ performances. One of our last works at Digital Matter Studio has been designing building systems out of biodegradable materials. To design such systems it’s not enough just to define a form. We are also predicting and eventually designing the building’s biodegradation, its inhabitation and co-existence with other organisms, and eventually its “collapse”. Designing with fluxes, or designing to face collapse and death, hasn’t been common in traditional architecture or planning. We have been foreseeing buildings to survive forever, for a very long time, while working only with a series of approximate data. In our work we bring biologists or ecologists, and together we identify, create and program new systems and their metabolism. We merge living organisms with mechanical agents that are trained and acquire intelligence, with the goal to create spaces designed to live and die. Is this dark or black ecology? Is it a mutated nature or the design and building evolution of the Anthropocene?

When I heard about the Anthropocene as a notion related to black ecologies, I could be interested in the sense of “cultivation of our own garden’’, following the Voltaire meaning, as a metaphor of ’making’ against too many metalanguages, against “Newspeaks”; but the garden is deeply polluted: black ecology is already intended as the recognition of the disaster. I remember the notion of tragic in Nietzsche or Walter Benjamin who spoke about the cynicism of the human conditions, by nature, and the possible antidote pills of the “imagination of the despair”. We should recognize that we are swimming in the Goya’s Pinturas Negras and renegotiate from this failure a social-natural-artificial contract where architecture is not used to wash, blind, ignore, falsify, jigger. We cannot deny that human being is now responsible for the future of the planet, that is a fact we more or less share internationally. But we cannot ignore that our system of capitalist/ post-capitalist values is in contradiction with the announcement effect of good intentions to save or free Willy. Photovoltaic produced in China with coal energy to save the roof of Paris, is a hoax; Bitcoin cryptocurrency which produced 20 megatonnes of CO2 per year, around 1 million transatlantic flight, batteries of mister Tesla coming from Lithium or Cobalt. Do you think they are fruit from the Garden of Delices, picked to make marmalade?

So we are facing a politically correct ecology, which articulates a storytelling able to quiet our fear created by itself and our discipline, architecture, is firstly intended to make and perform this propaganda to sleep our conscientiousness in a servitude mode: zero carbon at Masdar, but zero citizens too!

We should question education trapped in its ivory tower of social class discrimination; I quitted GSAPP because of that. We should distrust news and information published by editorials, but also reported through French, Russian, US representatives. We should question global lobotomization with IQ crashing down and social media as a new addiction and dependencies; sciences trapped in a new
positivism, offering the perfect world for ideal human, transhuman, posthuman, where subhuman will be excluded by other humans. We have to face a new obscurantism coming directly and intentionally from sciences and GAFA (Google, Amazon, Facebook, Apple). The catastrophe already happened, but we don't panic, we are quiet because architecture schools are still providing a zone of amnesia, in a post-Beaux Art “enchantment” for the wealthy offspring of eastern family. Some of our European main schools are perfectly scheduled to provide the RED pill (of Matrix)... Sorry, I’ve to deeply apologize to have tasted the blue, to show you “how deep the rabbit hole goes”.

We could accept the gift of Baudelaire based on his late obscenity to produce the right to offend, to trespass, to clash the icons (iconoclasm), to transgress the habitudes, in order to face the main discourse of ‘Speaknews’. It's really complex, and especially in architecture, where everything is already prepared to develop ignorance and amnesia within supposed professional transmission of knowledge, we have to re-create a strategy of resistance: the letter R in the alphabet book of Deleuze, as the LOG 25 book we did with Antonio Negri in 2012, that is titled “Resilience-Resistance”.

Recognizing that our contemporary garden is polluted, principally means recognizing an ever growing society that is highly investing in the contemporary noble lies of Plato, that is to say, concepts which are not produced with altruistic motivation, but mainly driven by the religion of capital. The first thing our architecture discipline should do, would be to expand its geological and geopolitical descriptions. The relation between nature and artifice or the relation between nature and “anthropos” are redefined in the major discourse of ecological transformations and ecological crisis: however these discussions cannot be limited to an environmental description of measurable values like climate change and fossil fuels, without expanding to the political-economical organization of our societies throughout history. I can’t help thinking about the inter-connections among fire discovery, intellectual growth, mythology, limited liability companies, agricultural and industrial revolution, that Yuval Noah Harari highlights in such an exceptional way in his book, “Sapiens: A Brief History of Humankind”. Or the “kins” and ethics of “response-ability” of Donna Haraway, in an effort of defining our future survival that includes the practice of justice, the emergence of multi-species assemblages and the principles of sustainability.

Architecture, as design and performance, has both the responsibility and capacity to break the “Cheap Natures” principles of labour, food, energy and raw materials that Jason Moore defines in the book “Capitalism in the Web of Life”. This requires a radical repositioning of architecture: responding to the effects of climate change but even closer to the contemporary economical-political structures.

When you are talking about obscurantism, I can’t help thinking that in the era of information democratization, the idea of restricted
knowledge is a huge contradiction. The Obscure Men of today, are the ones distorting knowledge not the ones restricting it. It’s not as direct as choosing one of the coloured pills available on the shelf: we need to peel the pills, break them into their particles, define their complex logic and create new hybrid or customized ones. The goal of education is precisely teaching where to search for the tools in order to perform the breakdown and the “reforma” at the same time. I work in the field of education with the certainty that I cannot teach someone what I know, this would never be enough. What we can teach is HOW TO learn, how the tools to learn can be found and how distortions can be detected; how to recognize our kin\textsuperscript{36} and peers to learn from each other and interact to grow intellectually. Our current era of bits and atoms, which is the era of digital information and making, is simultaneously bringing new educational formats. Low-cost or no-cost e-learning, open source culture and distributed educational programs are now accessible all over the Internet, the Fab Labs or Maker spaces. We’ve been running a Fab Lab at IAAC, in Barcelona, since 2007, and the access to fast prototyping, DIY technology and multidisciplinary peers radically influenced the way we think and make architecture: visionary design for positive change combined with fast prototyping and testing, creates a fantastic feedback loop that expand ideas and brings them to reality. In the Advanced Architecture Lab, for example, we are currently working on the creation of energy from the roots of the plants, merging electronics with growth and soil; on a family of swarm robots that can adapt to weather conditions, and build with material found on site; on DIY wearables and AR devices as alternative navigation systems to reorganize the mobility; on a flying species for urbanized coasts, that learns to collect and digest micro plastic for future use from its environment. Sometimes it is not clear if humans create machines as something separate from them, or if machines have to be integrated with humans to define novel, mixed spaces and species.

As we said, we are intellectually, physically, physiologically inseparable from machines; Artaud in the BwO -Body without Organs- was emitting that our desirable machinery, through temperament, fluidity, cortisol, dopamine, serotonin, adrenaline,... is comparable with a topological fold: a torus, which co-relates inside and outside spleen and language, pathos and overpowers, beast and human with his catatonia performances, in a kind of monism, an inseparable condition of the whole and the part, linked by fluids and subjectivities, mathematics and glitches.

We are today also in this ontological debate we opened above: the ontological contradiction that the future has already been and we are in a suspending time machine which bugs, stops and hesitates between the stuttering of what has been done and the refusal of what

\textsuperscript{36} The ability of bacteria to recognize their kin provides means to form social groups. These groups, in turn, can lead to cooperative behaviours that surpass the ability of the individuals.
we don’t know. Like the replica VS the discovery, shift paradigms in contradiction, as explained by Thomas Kuhn, in “The Structure of Scientific Revolutions”.

I want to come back to the notion of ecosophy, developed by Guattari. I try to resume his concept divided into three parts: the first ecology is mainly referring to the human contract. Which is the unicity of a human socialized in the swarm, in synchronicity with the multiple? The second part of the ecosophy is the current relation to nature as it is now, referring to the situation in real time, not what it should be or should have been. And the third is the subjectivity: the human subjectivity, including dreams, nightmares, pathologies, sociopathy,... all elements which are constituent of the psycho relation with our environment and biotopes. As contemporary architects, we ignore two of these three ecologies of Guattari: we often ignore the state of social contract and never include the degree of human subjectivities. We rarely use fictions to knot and unknot realities and de-alienate managerial top-down storytelling. So we could assume that the tabula rasa, not only on geography, but on the mind machine, on psychocartography, is still dedicated and oriented by modernistic values we never really denounced.

The forbidden is forbidden.

At the moment we transcend accepted facts in science and we accept anomalies, allowing human subjectivity to enter, by default. The paradigm shift, in contradiction with Kuhn, mainly emerges from the humanization of the science core; in addition we could recall Hegel’s self-consciousness account, according to whom subjects are objects for other subjects at the same time, and to be one you must be many at a time.

I find important to understand whether humans are impacting nature as one to one or if they are integrating it as one to many. In my idea, I perceive that we are in a moment wherein we have an augmented nature that shares certain similarities with the dark ecology of Timothy Morton. There is no doubt that ecology is augmented through technological agents, but it is also augmented by different “selves” with their own subjectivity, operating context and cultural stigma.

This brings a paradigm shift for architects and designers: we are not discussing about the pure artificiality of our products anymore. We are designing hybrid “organisms”, “new ecologies” that are evolving together with the principles of nature, instead. Affected by and affecting nature at the same time. An architecture that purifies air, heats passively, digests waste, produces food and biodegrades, triggers a radically different nature’s response than a consuming, contaminating architecture with long-term footprint. All in all, the essence of our design and thinking is not limited to robots or mere technology: merging technological, natural and human agents, we are opening new possibilities for inhabiting architecture
and space. In those novel inhabitation models, space evolves with and through nature, not against it. We are not focusing on merely protect our built environment from the natural environment, neither we are distinguishing the two. We envision architecture as a new living organism in synchronization with multi-species inhabitants and the environment itself, adapting to nature and evolving with it, co-existing with bacteria, animals, humans and augmented humans.

To quote Haraway: “to be a one at all you must be a many and that's not a metaphor”. The ecological wisdom of architecture cannot be a metaphor.

I would also add that we cannot use the grid of antagonism between pessimistic-idealistic, dystopia-utopia attitudes. It's too predictable and the symmetry of negative-positive is becoming in fact a lazy game for advertising, publicity, political and goods commerce. Plugged in a post Promethean age, experimental architecture has shifted toward a new corpus of instrumentations made out of tools as computation and mechanisation, but also and simultaneously of fictions and, as we said, lines of subjectivity of our symptoms, in the trash of the Zeitgeist of “here and now”. This to discover a post-digital, post-activist, post-democratic, post-feminist zone, as the somnambulist girly club in the 18eme Century: in this period, it was called animal magnetism, using hypnosis to create the condition of a new social contract on another exoplanet, in real time; a queer, androgynous, carnal, disturbing, disenchanted, pornographic, transient, transactional world, where scenarios, mechanisms, misunderstandings, psychological and physiological fragments are what makes up walls and ceilings, cellars and attics, schizoid and paranoid; this between the lines of operative and critical fictions, triggering confusion and gut reactions, suspecting hostilities, fantasizing idealization, and even premeditating oblivion. We must use paradoxical postures and aesthetical mechanisms to highlight bio-political challenges, potentials and disorders of contemporary technologies. For this reason we cannot forget to suspect them, from their early stages to their merchandising, not to be so harmless, not so inoffensive and innocent, beyond conventional discourses and self-conscious aesthetics.

We shouldn't believe in the symmetry of negative-positive, neither in any boundaries, when we deal with nature. Black ecology forces us to ask ourselves to which extend nature is bounded or not by artifice. What we know is that nature survives and develops without any need of maintenance and independently from any sort of aesthetics. On the contrary, artifice decays and it requires maintenance. We need to start thinking of a new artifice, mixed with natural elements, while allowing bottom-up processes to reveal unexpected ecologies which can bring solutions to current and future challenges.

This expanded state of nature and artifice, integrates both the augmented state of human culture and non-human natural systems; it
operates in a complex contemporary ecosophy that can be found in a lot of contemporary works, although sometimes, indeed, it is considered more as a proof of concepts rather than as a real work. That's also something that we need, as architects, to take a step further. How can we transform our work, that usually is presented as experimenting prototypes or as concept proofs, to something that can really be applied not only to materiality, but rather to the emotional, political sense and mentality of our society?

A change of mentality related to what a building and an inhabitant is, what is the lifespan of a space, which is its materiality and how does it perform, is crucial for the ecosophic challenge. This is the moment in which, as architects, we need to make a big step forward, and that's why we need to strongly address the economical-political structures of our society, and the capitalist ecological violence. Otherwise, we will stay on the margin talking among us, in a small circle, about what architecture could occasionally do, but without doing it.

For me the schizophrenia and anthroposophy are a contemporary tooling, as algorithm and apparatuses. We have to reconquer a lost paradise, to quote Milton, to the condition that it will never be used as an eschatologist dream, or in the Fedorov trans-human boring phantasm of eternal life, millenarist eden park, secular post-religious eternity any more (RealLive 2016).

Last two years I did ACADIA and at the same time the Biennale of Chicago. In the Biennale there were mainly lefties architects based on the idea of saving the world; unfortunately the same people were participating to the evacuation of the community centre to exclude the noisy and smelly homeless of the down town, mainly back people who stayed days around the building waiting their tour to take a shower and get food. I've tried to protect, check on the internet, but all lefties wearing Prada, as Grima... looked at me and Camille, my partner, with condescendence.

Selection and discrimination by “good taste’’ according to Bourdieu is the second exclusion process, after social classes.

At the opposite, the week after, ACADIA was a meeting for geeks in short pants and jacket, playing ball or Frisbee in the courtyard, ignoring anything outside of the last Tech Fair. It's useless to tell them that the planet is burning: despite their brilliance, they will look at you with condescension, but with a Tag Autodesk and Bentley, on their T-shirts involved in the next generation of addictive formula.

Education in architecture cannot be resume by niches, it has to embrace complexity. I'm really surprised of the propagation of “blind mute deaf tempieto“ - post AA school everywhere.

Making prototypes, small scales, with or without technologies, doesn’t abolish the risk to be in this world and architecture, within a fragment, cannot reduce the complexity to the promotion of
its fabrication; the works ‘’mythomaniaS’’ shown during IaaC lecture developed in Bangkok since 5 years, are on this line: small but architecture.

What we are urged to do is going out from the sterilized classroom environment. Like the example you were giving about the Biennale: we cannot pretend that deleting the context would allow us to promote new ideas. This is impossible: a closed world, a sealed sphere, even if it is a hyper-tech biosphere, is still sealed. If we want to promote new ideas, we need to do it in a very clear context and taking into consideration every agent that inhabits it, whether it is human or non-human. This sterilized attitude of trying to delete everything that is creating noise, it's not valid anymore. The key for architecture is to imagine new processes of action and performance, considering that they are required to enter our way of making; the goal for us architects is not only thinking and acting as designers, but also trying to see ourselves more as collaborators, allowing other disciplines and agents to come into this process. In this sense, black ecology doesn't refer to any star architect who is creating high-end final aesthetics and forms anymore: it's really a kind of attitude of mediating processes which facilitate things to happen and facilitate other agents to find their place in the way of making. It’s crucial to start designing in a different way: dealing with fluxes, predicting collapses, paying attention to continuous flows of information, geopolitical realities, bio-political challenges and subjective perceptions, and integrating them all. A simply creative or iconic design which produces no change, has been far from giving any solution to real challenges for too much time.

We ignore the dimension but, more, the limit of iconoclasm. Could we recognize, identify the contemporary Barthesian mythologies? The architects, by nature, are always surfing on the equilibrium, between synchronicities and desynchronising, in real time and in differed times. The revolutionaries Boulee, Ledoux, Lequeux were perfectly playing the game of these ambivalences, working for the king, and preparing the protest; as G. Semper in Germany, making the palace of the monarchy and ETH education temple and at the same time designing the barricade of Dresde, the citizens proto revolt which engaged the Commune of Paris later, and its music of the swarm, to quote Rimbaud. So firstly we need to call a cat a cat: who are the corporate architects, that voluntary make lobotomizing design to muddy the water? They are the one who are constructing a lot of ashamed and vulgar buildings.

What we are talking about is to destabilize the icons, the system organized to maintain positions of privilege, actors of the ancient regime of post-capitalism. What an irony! We need compliant architects to produce the new hygienist temples of Gucci, LVMH, le Louvre, Vuitton and GAFA and hopefully, there are some ready: many flattering contenders in Ithaca waiting for Ulysses to release them from their amnesic cupidity.
We are in a very accurate period-paradigm, as we were saying, wherein everything has to be re-shaped, redefined. Architecture and architects in the post-digital age are proletarians. It's the chance, in fact, to move and question education.

We need to touch what is a theoretical technology, what is a disruptive technology, what is an erratic technology, etc. We need to corrupt our vision of technology, in particular its positivism and its determinism. Black ecologies need to incorporate “hope” from the Pandora box, but in correlation, in codependency, as a pursuit of our own pathologies and psychodisorder; we cannot ignore or erase the human contradictions, trespassing and weaknesses.

We have to renegotiate a degree of absurdism, in an Albert Camus or Lewis Carroll sense, including the possibility of being augmented, enhanced or reduced: by absorbing, digesting, shitting, metabolizing or mechanizing nature. In this sense technology should be a good friend, an extension of our own escape and drama, a synaesthesia to perceive complexities and contradictions, ambivalence and empathy...

We need to see what comes next to technology, which is the so-called age of "Calm Technology" as described by Mark Weiser. The calm technology, which is a key to the Black Ecologies principles, recedes into the background of our lives and it is not just a catalyst, but the foundation for social interaction. We also need to understand that open-source culture, artificial intelligence, virtual and augmented reality, blockchain, robots, smart- and bio-materials, are not just purely technological products: they are becoming a completely new way of defining what buildings, cities and citizens are. In this era of rapid innovation, Design emerges, once again, as the constructive synthesis of thought and action; additionally it shall be open to include an architecture of systemic correlation among humans, technology and nature, inter-species collaboration, de-growth, climate justice, and new forms of social and political inclusion.

Parrhesia / Schizoid

Augusto Fabio Cerqua as MC / AA School / Due Journal / 2018 /

As early as the late '80s, when every architect was much more interested in promoting their identity rather than their works, you decided not to appear, or better to disappear, by erasing your own portrait, by constantly changing your agency’s name, and by using S/he, a pc-generated androgynous avatar to de-personalize your identity. This allowed you to generate a multitude of personalities, to be unpredictable and not become a brand. Furthermore, this
strategy of disappearance is also evident in your architectural
works. I wanted to ask you if you could show me how to disappear
completely.

Today… I got a “sinthome”… let me do a “sinthome” interview…
nonlinear and stuttering //... ... I was born in a coma, like in
Douglas Coupland’s book, without a primal scream… so never alive, or
never dead… in a Schrödinger paradox, resurrected prior to being
alive… Pathologies and Symptoms are consubstantial to the New-
Territories paranoiac means and meaning… and architecture has to be
considered, in our psycho-case, as the medium we found… to
manipulate antagonism through the disruption of logic, sadness… and
technologies like ‘pataphysics or alchemy.

Everything we did or were supposed to do is erasable, in the pursuit
of the third-little-pig weakness, waiting for the wolf to blow his
house down… I leave eternity to others… Why would we seek to be
righteous when there are so many people carrying the banner of
morality? They are legion, as dangerous and common as criminals,
from parametric positivist libertarians to socio-carnival
semiologists and activists. There is enough “talent”’ in those
symmetric chapels to perform the petrification of worlds, like those
who play with clownery and cynicism, Sodom and Gomorrah
individualism…

In BKK, the M4 Lab integrates “feedback” robots and “shapeless”
processes of fabrication includes real time sensor interface, sensor
perturbation, where the trajectory of the nozzle is reacting to the
robot’s own noises (machine clicks, inverse kinematics, pneumatic
piston….) or other agents such as any analogue signal. Even
pathologies and diseases can be transcribed as input, to corrupt the
pre-programmed, predictable work, and modify the course of the
fabrication in real time, like a stuttering feedback coming from the
intrinsic protocol of doing, increasing the intricate meanders of
the tool in an everlasting inaccuracy of positioning, introducing
non-linear processes… as a way of territorializing technologies, but
on the condition that they be defined as indeterministic and
loopholed… In this case we are in the pursuit of erasing design’
signature, becoming a process, a protocol to discover artifacts,
undesirable collateral effect of the experiment itself, for an
architecture that lost and dismissed its author, and the territories
from where he is pretending to officialize his status…

To be an architect, in my operative fiction, is mainly to confront
the hypocrisies of discourse, of power, of the situation… to re-
question the business model of academia and knowledge (like AA or
the new Bartlett Style, among others), producing, actually, an army
of monkey-swarm teachers... arrogant and complacent in their ghetto of self-satisfaction... ignorant of the drama of the word, of the risk of being alive (or dead)... of the fragility of each situation... In Asia, schools are invaded by this kind of brainless epigone.

Our weakness work is developed, on the contrary, in an erasable sandbox /... I asked the Frac to destroy the models in their collection... eternity is the main egotism of architects and the main condition of their servitude... “S/he’’ loves the... wind... the rain... the whispering... like at the end of Blade Runner when the ‘‘replicant,’’ naturally more human than post-human, faces its battery limit without ubermenschen vainglory....

De-egotism, de-enlightenment, has to be considered a process of fabrication... to re-question, in a kind of Situationism, the global spectacle... turning design into a virus, like Guy Debord’s book with its two covers made of abrasive material to damage the others between which it is slipped... In developing a workerist (Operaismo) strategy, we should reconsider disobedience, post-digital disobedience....

Meanwhile, the avatar, S/he, committed suicide several times, and abandoned her-his position... as the Stanislaw Lem character in Solaris, condemned to survive his-her nonexistence...

I’m just the personal secretary.

I’m really interested in the issue of authorship in architecture. In your L'Ombre du Caméléon, you wrote “faire avec pour en faire moins.” Is this also a strategy of self-erasure?

...Ah... you found that book from 1993... from the XIX Century... the first element of the Fictions starship... “as a process to knot and unknot reality and its perception,’’ to quote Michel Foucault / Far away from Fantasy addiction, using fiction in an hygienic, inoffensive soap opera for kids...

To bring you up to date, I could use the preamble of the “s/he would rather do fiction Maker” (https://www.instagram.com/s_hefictionmaker), which was the ‘‘s/he’’ event four months ago at the Frac Orleans:

“Experimental architecture has shifted toward a new corpus of instrumentations – tools, computation, mechanization, but also and simultaneously fictions and lines of subjectivity synchronous with our symptoms, our fears and great escapes in the ‘here and now.’ The purpose of this 1993–2050 flashback is to explore attitudes that show a correlation, a co-dependency, with the forms they underpin, through their conflicts and reciprocities. It is to discover a post-digital, post-human, post-activist, post-democratic, post-feminist
world… a queer, androgynous, carnal, disturbing, disenchanted, pornographic, transient, transactional world… where scenarios, mechanisms, misunderstandings and psychological and physiological fragments are what make up walls and ceilings, cellars and attics… schizoid and paranoid, between the lines of operative and critical fictions… The androgynous folds and recesses behind which… he(s) / she(s)... hide(s), trigger confusion and gut reactions, suspicious hostilities, fantasized idealization, and even premeditated oblivion. We must use paradoxical postures and aesthetic mechanisms to highlight bio-political challenges, the potentials and disorders of contemporary technologies, from their early stages to their merchandizing, and suspect them of not being so harmless, beyond conventional discourses and self-conscious aesthetics...”

What else could we do than oppose this system’s obscenity, the obscenity of our pathologies... generated by this very system, affected by the impossibility of the world, facing these multiple disorders... to say, to make-say and make-known... that we, as well, are pathogenic elements... of this very disorder, but in a critical mode, activist, solitary... to produce with this repulsion... this rejection... in a metabolized loop... constitutive of the obscene chain... of these little tales.

Yes, we have nothing left but obscenity in order to say, to make, to make-say and make-known.

This is what we offer here... our pathologies as paranoid criticism... the obscenity is not so much the subject as the voyeuristic apparatus that forces us to look at it, frontally....

In the face of the miserabilism of cretinous niches with their hypocritical formulas, we have to reevaluate what we used to call “Design” as a process of synesthesia, of knowledge... crossing the multiple conflicts and embarrassing wasteland of ideology, criminal positivism, voluntary ignorance, performative cynicism.... To secrete, from its ambiguity, ambivalence... even nonsense... absurdity....

I have a vague recollection of the bad blood that was said to exist between Victor Hugo and Baudelaire. To sum it up, Hugo was accused of using the hardships of the people as a stage for his own act, and that’s what’s happening right now! Prime time TV news is a corral full of snippets rounded up by cynical and clever little Hugoites! Baudelaire, on the other hand, was a pre-Parnassian poet nursing his own downfall, the ultimate commitment, a pathological antidote to idiocy. There’s something obscene about it, obscenity as the antivenin to idealism.... Something... and pornographic, too....

Where some words are definitively suspect when applied to daily routines / Expertise, Accuracy, Performance, Optimization, Communication, Futuristic, Future, Innovation, Speculation, Improvement, Absolute, Truth, Parametric, Post-Human, Positivism... as the Holy Grail of masturbation, and, conversely, other words are vehicles for some kind of legitimacy... innocently injected into the daily routine / dirty, filthy, X-rated, explicit, lewd, rude,
vulgar, coarse, crude, offensive, immoral, improper, impure, off-color, degenerate, depraved, debauched, lubricious, indecent, smutty, salacious, carnal, lascivious, licentious, bawdy, and Nostalgia, Melancholia, Metaphor, but also scatological, profane, porn, skin, vile, foul, atrocious, outrageous, heinous, odious, abhorrent, abominable, disgusting, hideous, offensive, objectionable, repulsive, revolting, repellent, loathsome, nauseating, sickening, awful, dreadful, terrible, frightful and repugnant….

Getting down into the dirt with Ruskin and the aura of Walter Benjamin, using the same tools designed to eliminate their traces. Getting a rush, technological, computational spleen.

Could we take the risk to talk about what we should not be, as a Parrhesia, and let ourselves be in the crack, in the negative territory: …being not so digital-romantic, not so computation addict, not so eco-masturbator, not socio-moralist, but just architects, snaking in the rift of abuse, idolatry, idiocracy, propaganda, self-complaisance, bio-hoax, social network lure...

Could we find a zone between techno-fetishism (post-Palo Alto symptom of childish parametric post-capitalism for libertarian-neoliberalism propaganda and tooling-idiocracy-mysticism), and at the opposite, the semiological-propaganda as the Social Kreisel toy for noisy moralism, visible as a parade, a disgusting spectacle of the ‘common ground’ hoax…to mask with a politically correct flag the hypocrisies of the discourses and facts (from consciousness' alibi to neo-colonialism). It’s so comfortable to choose one of these chapels… many benefices to falsify the apparatuses of knowledge. But both sides are just the two faces of the same coin … a Janus-like reciprocity of personal interest…!

You have often spoken about the PoMo Beaux-Arts syndrome. Could you expand on that?

FR: Beaux art is the organization of a knowledge validated on the condition of its self-replication. This is what we have been battling in France... it is part of the DNA of B-Arts that intellectual debates or disputes are a diversion to validate COPism, plagiarism, Homage, Name-Dropping.... We defined a line of escape through what we called scenarios, procedures, processes... but the digital age has entered an extremely regressive period... a manifestation of our times... facing the fear of the “future anterior”... ideologically determined by notions of Expertise, Accuracy, Performance...

As we witness electoral mutinies (Brexit and the election of Trump) against progressivist, individualist neoliberalism, which links ambiguous social movements (queers, feminism, antiracism) to the cutting edge economy... where the individualist/liberal idea of progress has replaced emancipatory ideals... As Pankaj Mishra suggested, we can no long deny the “age of Anger”... which, for him,
connects Brexit to ISIS as the same rage for revenge... against this neo-liberal caterpillar... where design, overdesign, is used as propaganda for "Living better means being better," the dubious "ideology of happiness" organized by the financial world company of lobotomy.

Architects are consubstantially the vector of this world economy, in the middle of the global village, swimming in the globalization masquerade... How can we deny that we are, actually, deeply associated with a top-down commitment to the political regime or the situation we deliberately ignore... in "Design as a Crime," or, more, design as the jiggering mask of the crime... a diversion.

All this time, we architects are comfortably sitting in our gold bubble ghetto... walking cheerfully and untroubled from "fuck the context" to ¥€$... carrying in our luggage the universalist propaganda of individualist merchandising and emancipation-through-consumerism, applicable anywhere, vehicling ideas of innovation as progress, of eco-deco-propaganda, of saving willy, instrumentalizing the label of post-humanism... for the exclusive use of the few who capitalize and concentrate wealth and power, like, for example, the CCTV tower in China, the LACMA in Los Angeles, the Serpentine Pavilion in London, of Grima’ Biennial of Chicago... In a strategy... as Bourdieu said, of exclusion by “taste and social class’’ of those definitively located in the “age of Anger”....

Architecture exclusively focused on design expertise, with no critical tools and intentions... done mainly by wealthy post-students, mainly because bank loans have become unavailable for the middle class... is architecture betrayed. Asian cash (as much as 90% of some master classes in the U.S. are drawn from this profile) deeply modified the mode of access and the academic content and agenda... producing a mute, deaf and blind education... in the service of the market economy. At the last lottery I took part in at Columbia, GSAPP, I wore a monkey mask as a protest against the current idiocracy running planning and preservation at this U.S. university... the visible part of the plutocracy iceberg... and I quit. Sure you could find a picture on the Net....

Computational, robotic technologies are not inoffensive, not innocent... they are vectors of this system’s profits, using design to create a diversion, like the 3D print ‘’has-been’’ exhibition at the Pompidou Center, similar to the Non-Standard and Le Corbusier events in the same building, obsessively seeking to de-politicize architecture, to eviscerate the field of any intention of social and politic transformation... ashamed.

The wake-up is violent... Brexit in the UK, and in France 30% of people voting for Le Pen (and perhaps more), the current occupant of the Oval Office in the U.S.... Does architecture bear some responsibility?... Of course not... will claim Migayrou and the main architecture school deans... Who benefits from crime by ignoring voluntary the situation (see Wozniak, Hawking and others sounding
the alert about the increasing disjunct between cutting edge technology and politics)

I read in an interview that when you finished your studies in Paris, you got in touch with Claude Parent and Yona Friedman. However, in the U.S. there was another architect of that generation whose ideas on self-organization, micromation, chemical and hydronic architecture lead me, somehow, to you. Was there ever a dialogue between you and William Katavolos? One of the things that strikes me is that while he promotes security as the next aesthetic in architecture, on the contrary many of your projects epitomize the aesthetics of danger.

It was the same as the period of today... as a cycle... semiological postmodernism burned and buried the 1970s and more... I was interested, after my diploma, in interviewing the grandfathers, the incestuous bad boys of the sixties... so I could feel the reasons for their excommunication...

As for the second part... Paranoia, Nostalgia and Escape are the daily routine and agenda of the New-Territories studio... the identity of “S/he” rubbed off on us, triggering simultaneously a desire for technologies and their antidotes, for schizoid scenarios.

When I first stumbled across your work I remember trying to draw a weird parallel between you and Genghis Khan as eco-warriors. But neither you nor Genghis are really green. Today the green attitude has become a trend, a moralistic alibi, a demagogic strategy. Instead, a lot of your projects seem to give rise to post-genocide scenarios where nature shows its resistance to domestication and takes over violently and without notice. Your architectures are machines produced by a permanent tension between antagonistic forces, ecological devices capable of recycling waste and environmental diseases, turning negative information into positive. Could you tell me about your interest in pathologies and toxicity?

I want to make visible the antagonistic forces, the contradiction within the notion of ecosophy... never minimizing the risk and the temptation of cross-escaping from... again... to use Fiction... “knot and unknot” to bring architecture back into the debate... conflict, controversy, not the latest corporate production by ..., and ... and mainly ... (to be filled by readers).

Today’s the main architects are Assange and Snowden...(not the LVMH head quarter designer in Shanghai !!). Computer activists, hackers, are making the situation visible, directly from and within the
architecture of our environment, creating access, corridor in the labyrinth of the “elite” top down castle of power, leaking the system of survey, of data bases, of hypocrisies of Post_financial capitalism, developing escapes and barricades on the main avenues to break down the progression of the ‘Versaillais’ (La Commune de Paris)...One is still in London... you should interview him instead of me...

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**Parrhesia / Schizoid**

*Augusto Fabio Cerqua (second interview) as MC / 2018 /

You meet a licensed architect in a coffee shop, he tells you of his recently completed strip-mall and asks

'what do you do?'.

Well, I’m not the guy you supposed I am or I should be. An Asperger patient doesn’t really take care of who and what, he is paranoiac by nature... in his own personal disorder... or trapped innocently in his pathology...delusional escaping by his attitude, works, strategies...as a blind point.

So I will ask to this co-tenant if he likes the Voltaire brewage... I hope you didn’t plan our coffee and cigarette meeting in a SrBk. I’m really aware, suspicious of this industrial GAFA+, using the ‘saving willy’ symptom as the new moralistic post-capitalism... to make business... claiming an Organic coffee!! For unfair trade evading billions in taxes in Irish fiscal paradise!! I will, nevertheless, ask innocently, how this co-tenant consider the way to be a merchandise, a by-product doing by-product, selling merchandises in his secular temple of consummation...What is mean for him, personally, but more precisely, aesthetically, to be on the core in this brainwash addictive porn machine of consumerism ...If I remember... he answered, politely...''they is no bad commission, I’m teaching myself at Harvard how to design department store as a parametric-concept-business to feed my own family“... What could I say with this fucking legitimate argue... a lot, fucking a lot, and even more... you should imagine...justifying design as a political condition of societal transformation, architecture as a dualism, in the schizophrenic pendulum between the Voluntary Servitude of La Boetie, masochistically assumed, and the Don Quixote phantasm of a heroic fantasy...facing the cynical performative strategy of the ¥€$... (silence)... I just paid his dark liquid bottomless pit, a low price at 30 coins ... all the dumps of complaints for myself...

PS / I checked later on the net the mall design, in fact it was a real cutting edge digital production, with an overly
“jiggling” façade... so mister “Bezier Isocurve’’ was involved... It makes me sad twice.

What is the role of the architect today? What should/ could be the role of the architect?

Could we take the risk to talk about what we should not be, as a Parrhesia, and let ourselves be in the crack, in the negative territory: ...being not so digital-romantic, not so computation addict, not so eco-masturbator, not socio-moralist, but just architects, snaking in the rift of abuse, idolatry, idiocracy, propaganda, self-complaisance, bio-hoax, social network lure...

Could we find a zone between techno-fetishism (post-Palo Alto symptom of childish parametric post-capitalism for libertarian-neoliberalism propaganda and tooling-idiocracy-mysticism), and at the opposite, the semiological-propaganda (mainly in all European schools— and all biennial s / as Venice and Chicago / as the Social Kreisel toy for noisy moralism, visible as a parade, a disgusting spectacle of the “common ground” hoax...to mask with a politically correct flag the hypocrisies of the discourses and facts (from consciousness' alibi to neo-colonialism). It’s so comfortable to choose one of these chapels... many benefices to falsify the apparatuses of knowledge. But both sides are just the two faces of the same coin ... a Janus-like reciprocity of personal interest...! At the opposite side of the spectrum, techno-sciences should no longer be an Object, but a Subject, one we have to re-appropriate, corrupt and de-alienate from its mystic ideology of progress, in a “democratic anthropo-technic” strategy to simultaneously denounce and produce - as a critical operative mode of schizophrenia – design.

Facing the miserabilism of the dichotomy between techno-fetishism and semiological-propaganda, we have to reevaluate what we used to call 'design' as a process of synesthesia, crossing over and shooting criminal positivism, voluntary amnesia, performative cynicism, embedded obsolescence... The Wikipedia English definition of design—which lost its validity in the last twenty years to be exclusively determined by performance and rules—is precisely “The creation of a plan or convention for the construction of an object... or a system...”.

At the opposite, the French page on design (sorry ... but they didn’t refresh their home page ... we could profit from a relevant “has been” definition) / includes the notions of “dessin” and ’’dessein’’ (drawing, plan, intuition, intention, means and meaning), a kind of Gestalt and Gestaltung, which embraces process, discovery, interpretation and collateral effect. ..). We should reconsider this burnt ‘’word’’, in an After Death Experimentation.

For example, In 2015, New-Territories was, the same month, invited to the Chicago Biennial and Acadia. One as the temple of a neo-semantic-post modern architect and activist, located in the Community center of down-town Chicago. Their first decision was to
exclude for the 5 days of opening all the Chicago ‘fourth world’ people using this compound as life buoy... to operate their play about architectural political discourse and social involvement BUT in a Prada suit...really disgusting this Grima curating carnival (we reacted hardly, badly...with a spitting in the pond effect... mute deaf blind was the instructions). The other, two weeks after, was the symmetrical purpose, in Acadia, Minneapolis, as obsessive demonstration that technologies are innovative, innocent, inoffensive ‘harmless’ by nature...for an ideal accuracy and expertise of THE future, with the condition to add the logo of Bentley-Microsoft-Autodesk, trapped in the amnesia of the close history of XX centuries, where technologies fed the ambivalence of their uses... profit-deficit... as instruments of the worst and the best, from the discovery of Radium by Pierre-Marie Curie to ’Little Boy’ and Fukushima... The notion of post-human, posthumanism, trans-humanism originally from Peter Sloterdijk in the Domestication of Being, where re-questioning the foundation of humanism is not a ‘Blank Check’ for the re-birth of techno-libertarian orphaning kids in architecture...

We are now as we are... facing these two niches make discourses and business...colonizing universities and zones of research, carbonizing intentionally everything which is not directly affiliated, submitted, surrendered... The role of the architect is to scout and enlarge the crack in the territories between those zones of power, instruments of power...and conventional suitabilities... “a la fois fou du roi, son bouffon et son garde-fou”...

You describe New-Territories as being organized on a particular set of themes: Research as Speculation, Fiction as Practice, Practice as Lifespan, and in recent years, mythomaniaS as Daily Routine. Would you elaborate on these themes; do they intertwine (how so)?

In a sense, It is a relation of time, to the arrow of the Time... We cannot deny the position of architecture as being in a state of nonequilibrium between past and future, the tomorrow now and the retro future, anterior future, subjunctive possibilities...it seems that the preterit is never so simple... We are in a pull and push between antagonistic notions of utopia, black or dark utopia, dystopia, atopia... and fiction which refers to a specific position in time and situation from where a narration could be developed / We are talking from a ‘somewhere’, which is not exclusively determined by here and now, in real time... The zeitgeist is plural, multiples, in the rhizomatic curves of the space and the time...where architecture stutters by nature between the Stones of Ruskin and the Bits of William J. Mitchell. Architecture is embedded in this dualism of synchronicities where the narration is navigating on several layers of times, values, conflicts, from a “déjà vu” to a scheduled obsolescence, from this “zeitgeist” to its “has been” condition, from objective-prospectivism to speculative-cyberpunk...

So the different branches don’t mean anything else other than as strategies in a relation of space and time... here and now, here and
tomorrow, elsewhere, until our personal circadian-psycho pendulum reverberates... As Deleuze said in *Empiricism and Subjectivity* “the given is not in the space or the time, the space is in the given, the space and the time are in the mind.”

Your work has expanded in recent years to include the medium of film to convey mysterious or even cryptic architectural narratives. What is the main agenda(s) driving the mythomaniaS series?

MythomaniaS is a catalog of case studies in the form of film stills, architectural fragments, stage props, texts, and images culled from the experiments of MindMachineMakingMyths (Lab M4, part of the New Territories architecture studio, Bankgok, Thailand), to construct environmental-architectural psycho-scapes (in the partly fabricated wilds of various countries) as laboratory-shelters for exploring and deconstructing the supposed rifts between realism and speculative fiction (myth), psyche and environment, body and mind, and “Mania” which refer, etymologically, to an Insane drive of perception-projection. Bringing together architecture, Deleuze and Guatarri’s schizoanalysis and deterrioralization, and Alfred Jarry’s pataphysics (the “science of imaginary solutions which symbolically attributes the properties of objects, described by their virtuality, to their lineaments”), Mindmachinemyths enacted and filmed mise-en-abymes in which certain scripted para-psyhic narratives and architectural structures merge in the pursuit of reclaiming resilience—as a tactic for merging refusal and vitality into a schizophrenic logic able to navigate the antagonism between the bottom-up and top-down conditions of the globalized world. In these fabricated schizoid psycho-nature-machine-scapes, the human being is no longer a bio-ecological consumer but a psycho-computing animal that emerges co-dependently with its environment in a hyper-local haecceity (“this-ness”). In the vein of Situationist psychogeography (“the study of the precise laws and specific effects of the geographical environment, consciously organized or not, on the emotions and behavior of individuals”), each scenario fabulates geo-architectural conditions of human exile, solitude, and pathology drawn from narratives of the forbidden and taboo: the true story of an old Indian book collector exiled from his community on the suspicion of atheism, who finds refuge in a tear-collecting shelter (“Would Have Been My Last Complaint”); a scientist captured by a water spirit who remains trapped like a fish in the mindscape of a fish butcher (Although (in) Hapnea); a monster-boy endomorph constantly overfed and protected by a claustrophilic antidote-jacket produced by the excess of his incestuous mother’s love ((beau)strosity); Ariadne, labyrinth overseer, floating between two macho spirals, testosteroned Theseus and alcoholic Dionysus (Naxos, Terra Insola); the feral child—innocent, naïve, and obscene—in the deep jungle, auscultated by a scientistic voyeurism (The Offspring); etc. Each of these scenarios (designed as “shelters” where mind, environment, and architecture comap each other) unfolds a “mythomania” in which each character transforms, and is transformed, para-psychically, by the environment, in a sort of
biotope (habitat) feedback experiment. Ultimately, our NewT want to create – via architecture and design, myth (literature), and psycho-geography – various conditions for schizoid passages between realism and fiction, expertise and knowledge, mind and built environment, narrative and topology, in order to bring about new strategic-tragic co-dependencies as forms of schizoid resistance to the usual identity regimes, and to also reboot architecture as a form of psycho-social praxis and non-necrotic speculation. (www.new-territories.com/props.htm)

Joseph Campbell once stated that mythology resides at “the interface between what can be known and what is never to be discovered, because it is a mystery transcendent of all human research” and further analogizes the journey into the unknown with delving into the unconscious mind itself (2). What does architecture have to do with myth?

We use mythomanias...in the mindmachinemakingmyths work...as a paranoid critic...myths and the mania (from Latin which means insane as we talked)...uncontrolled emotion or drive-suppression... meaning that architecture is not in this case anymore developed in a bunkerization strategy, in a box of insularization, a gatecommunity-fort-knox-fortress hiding the human pathologies and making a clear frontier between the public and the private, between attitudes and behavior in common and in particular...We are interested in developing apparatuses in correlation, in co-dependencies with the species that are supposed to be protected... The architecture as a transgender process, which is never completed, always in the between of the make-up and the surgery, porous to our own pathology, bodies and mind diseases... as a clue to negotiate the living...together... It is difficult to deny that we are definitively immersed in post-structuralism, questioning obsessively the relationship of power-knowledge, through our scenario, our critical aesthetic, where the history of the madness by M Foucault became the political gasoline of our resistance and resilience, if I quote the title of the LOG 25 we edited several years ago in NYC. We could refer to The River Styx Runs Upstream, by Dan Simmons, where the sins, the deprivation, the “malentendu” of the human condition are no longer hidden in the hypocrisies of appearance, behind the wall of architecture and its representation... rather a factual strategy of daily routine re-negotiation is adopted.

While operating in the overlapping folds of the architect and researcher, designer and story-teller, how do you mediate between the production of objects, and the intent behind them?

As Antonio Negri ‘‘professed’’ in Empire: “The great industrial and financial powers produced not only commodities, but also subjectivities”... about the fear-paranoia-security to pick up children at school with a Hummer wagon or to over-CCTV his own shelter, about culture-merchandising as a strategy of information
and knowledge (do we need to talk about Trump syndrome), about rejuvenating yourself by the last yogurt with Botox molecules, about managerial industrial fake conflict to Gate the Job... et cetera. Set in an objective professionalism delusion, architects are still doing the objectivized object, totem, phallus (often), vagina (rarely), androgyny (never)... at the time where storytelling has invaded all the spheres of the how and the sell, we should perhaps or maybe, as the 'operaism' movement intended to do, infiltrate this metaphorical industry by and through story-telling to corrupt, de-alienate the small purring of the mass servitude's machine. Could we admit that either Euclidean or Wriggling shapes... neo conservative or fancy digital... minimal regionalism or alien station earth based... and their apparent conflict is used to drown the fish... to perform entertainment of a fake debate, and to make a diversion... At the opposite we could requote again and again Godard... about the “Nouvelle Vague”... “to make political architecture, it’s to do politically political architecture”... questioning the format, the structure of decision, the process of doing, and the relation, the connivance with the spectator - for an aesthetic of de-programation – a critical tool, which definitively eradicates the ideology of the completeness, of the finitude, of the achievement... except, if I’m authorized to tell, in the recognition of our DNA drama... “Architecture cannot preserve us from being in the world, to risk the world”.

The s/he, avatar of NewT wrote three months ago an introduction for his/her retrospective s/he would rather do Fiction Maker at the Frac Centre... better than anything I could write myself: “Experimental architecture has shifted toward a new corpus of instrumentations – tools, computation, mechanization, but also and simultaneously fictions and lines of subjectivity synchronous with our symptoms, our fears and great escapes in the “here and now”. The purpose of this 1993-2050 flashback is to explore attitudes that show a correlation, a co-dependency with the forms they underpin, through their conflicts and reciprocities. It is to discover a post-digital, post-human, post-activist, post-democratic, post-feminist world... a queer, androgynous, carnal, disturbing, disenchanted, pornographic, transient, transactional world... where scenarios, mechanisms, misunderstandings and psychological and physiological fragments are what make up walls and ceilings, cellars and attics... schizoid and paranoid, between the lines of operative and critical fictions... The androgynous folds and recesses behind which... he(s) / she(s) ... hide(s), trigger confusion and gut reactions, suspicious hostilities, fantasized idealization, and even premeditated oblivion. We must use paradoxical postures and aesthetic mechanisms to highlight bio-political challenges, the potentials and disorders of contemporary technologies, from their early stages to their merchandising, and suspect them of not being so harmless, beyond conventional discourses and self-conscious aesthetics.”

How does one begin to teach others to practice in such a way? To be both rigorous in their thinking and fluid in their methodologies, all while engaging the contemporary milieu of design, material research and fabrication?

Sorry / no method for that... Or just the bible Empiricism and Subjectivity, I spoke of before, with a pinch of Parrhesia, the one
developed by Michel Foucault as the last shot before he died, both at Berkeley and College de France. To refresh / Parrhesia is a strategy of discourse, attitude and form which re-evaluate the ethico-political approach facing the social conformism. Foucault developed this concept through the transfiguration of Baudelaire, through the posture of Alteration by Cynic philosophical decay, with the figure among others of Diogenes, and through the method of ‘’estrangement’’, as a displacement of values by Ginsberg. The Diogenes agenda, as an aesthetic research of the being, has to be understood, according to Foucault, as an intentional enterprise of falsification of ‘’the habit and currency’’. Organized around the celebration of human-beast, or the beast-human, the critical and performative borderline is used as a weapon to corrupt the repetition of the conventional routines and discourses to operate, ultimately, a strategy of transformation, of transfiguration of what is politic, of what we should consider as politic. It’s about to make visible, the singular dimension, through the contingencies of the arbitrary constraints, inside of what is considered as universal, necessary and obligatory...

Could we re-include Architecture as a paradigm of disobedience ‘’to paraphrase’’ the essays of Henry Thoreau or la Boetie, as an experiment of what should not have been revealed, to help us to get back our voice, our scream, through what Foucault defines as the “truth”, which cannot emerge in another way than through an alterity, extreme and radical...

On the other part, as your question suggests... what about fabrication?... How to use technologies in correspondence to this formula of resistance, as protocols of discovering, as artefact, collateral effect, losing control... bottom up...robotic inaccuracy...and illegitimated science beliefs: the fabrication of the 'prop' in the mythomaniaS series is developed from robotic processes. We operate the robot with real sensor interface (RSI) using signals, inputs, analogue or digital. In this process, inputs are collected through UPD signal and the chain of Processing, Firefly, Grasshopper, Rhinoceros and re-injected (every 2m/s) in the 'parcours' of the machine, creating a permanent conditional position, between 'the point where the machine was' to 'the point where the machine should be', as a vector of translation in an iterative redefinition... without ever reaching any vanishing point as a goal of achievement. Introducing perturbations and stochastic positioning, in real time, where the trajectory of the nozzle is reacting to the robot's very noises (machine clicks, inverse kinematics movement, pneumatic piston...) or other agents as any signal able to be transformed in data (even the pathologies and diseases able to be transcripted as input, as Tourette Syndrome with scanning Kinect). Those agents corrupt the programmed predictable work and modify in real-time the path of the fabrication, as a stuttering feedback coming from the intrinsic protocol of doing, increasing the intricate meanders of the tool in an ever permanent inaccuracy of positioning, introducing non-linear processes... as a way of territorializing technologies, but at the condition which is defined as non-deterministic via a loophole of logic-illogic... absurdism from technologies...

In an interview in 2008, when asked to describe the evolution of your work, you stated: "in the beginning, we were thinking to integrate nature as a substance and now we integrate nature as a
protocol, as an algorithm (...) at the beginning we used nature to mimic its substances and now we are trying to understand what kind of geometry, what kind of unpredictable geometry, we could develop from it. (2)” How has your work evolved since?

The stuttering of the robot described above, with double signal and conditional positioning is now something we use to produce a systemism closed to organic output but without mimicry. We were very closed in 2004 with Rupert Soar and his research in Namibia about termite structures. To make it short / Termites are blind but they are able to fabricate complex underground structures with the help of a natural pheromone positioning communicating device... their main task is to 'open and close wall and door’, keeping temperature constant in the mound... for reproduction / queen chamber issue... meaning they are constantly creating an insulated wind modifying their pheromone GPS accuracy positioning, corrupting the zero(xyz) origin... as the feedback consequences of the work they are doing... in real time... so... something affect, infect something else making an unpredictable, nonlinear result as an output-artifact which depends on the condition of the empirical experiment (by versatile signals). As a quantic logic, of probabilities and uncertainties, the system is developing a logic which has to be engaged to emerge... the laws of nature are intrinsic... from a suite of iterative approximation... It’s a main question about technology. Do we use them to “copy” or scale one of the previous 3D representations, or at the opposite to discover the passage, the transaction of the doing, between intention and fabrication, as an original, specific, unique trespassing. It requestions the heritage, the hiatus between Villard de Honnecourt and Brunelleschi, between a middle age project manager and the Quattrocento architect.

Is the “I've heard about” experiment on-going?

The second opus was in Paris in 2011 at the laboratory / an architecture of humors still in a process of speculation. We should start with my friend Pierre Huyghe something related to the rumors by uncertainties and robotics in Japan, this year, small scale but scale one, with our own 7-axes robots from BKK.

Could you expand on the underlying ideas that lead to such a radical concept?

Could I put again the introduction which was the preamble of this research in 2006 / Mainly questioning the recipes of ‘computation+robotic+acephalous chemistry’ from human reptilian secretions as a tool to renegotiation bottom-up-top-down social organization and urban context... So in 2006, the rumors was: I've heard about something that builds up only through multiple, heterogeneous and contradictory scenarios, something that rejects even the idea of a possible prediction about its form of growth or future typology. Something shapeless grafted onto existing tissue, something that needs no vanishing point to justify itself but instead welcomes a quivering existence immersed in a real-time vibratory state, here and now. Tangled, intertwined, it seems to be a city, or rather a fragment of a city. Its inhabitants are immunized because they are both vectors and protectors of this
complexity. The multiplicity of its interwoven experiences and forms is matched by the apparent simplicity of its mechanisms. The urban form no longer depends on the arbitrary decisions or control over its emergence exercised by a few, but rather the ensemble of its individual contingencies. It simultaneously subsumes premises, consequences and the ensemble of induced perturbations, in a ceaseless interaction. Its laws are consubstantial with the place itself, with no work of memory. Many different stimuli have contributed to the emergence of "I’ve heard about," and they are continually reloaded. Its existence is inextricably linked to the end of the grand narratives, the objective recognition of climatic changes, a suspicion of all morality (even ecological), to the vibration of social phenomena and the urgent need to renew the democratic mechanisms. Fiction is its reality principle: What you have before your eyes conforms to the truth of the urban condition of “I’ve heard about”. What moral law or social contract could extract us from this reality, prevent us from living there or protect us from it? No, the residence protocol of “I’ve heard about” cannot cancel the risk of being in this world. The inhabitants draw sustenance from the present, with no time lag. The form of the territorial structure draws its sustenance directly from the present time. “I’ve heard about” also arises from anguishes and anxieties. It’s not a shelter against threats or an insulated, isolated place, but remains open to all transactions. It is a zone of emancipation, produced so that we can keep the origins of its founding act eternally alive, so that we can always live with and re-experience that beginning. Made of invaginations and knotted geometries, life forms are embedded within it. Its growth is artificial and synthetic, owing nothing to chaos and the formlessness of nature. It is based on very real processes that generate the raw materials and operating modes of its evolution. The public sphere is everywhere, like a pulsating organism driven by postulates that are mutually contradictory and nonetheless true. The rumours and scenarios that carry the seeds of its future mutations negotiate with the vibratory time of new territories. It is impossible to name all the elements “I've heard about” comprises or to perceive it in its totality, because it belongs to the many, the multitude. Only fragments can be extracted from it. The world is terrifying when it’s intelligible, when it clings to some semblance of predictability, when it seeks to preserve a false coherence. In “I’ve heard about,” it is what is not there that defines it, that guarantees its readability, its social and territorial fragility and its indetermination.

Some works: http://www.new-territories.com/I'veheardabout.htm
Le social protocol downloadable: http://www.new-territories.com/protocole%20anglais.doc

How does the “Hypnosis Chamber” relate to “I've heard about”?

It’s not a deep secret to admit that we failed..not only us in terms of personal trajectory but societally by the ghettoization of the architecture discipline. Architecture betrayed, as Bourdieu used the word ‘betray’, and the failure virus was already inoculated in the research, as the consubstantial and contingent failure.
So we included a ‘beam me up Scotty’, a pill of Hollein, a strategy of immersion, suggestion, psychopsychotrophic apparatuses and escape to give the feeling of the desirable urbanism by mind-machine, a neuromancien bachelor system, driven by ‘mine and your’ suppression... and the collateral effect... an emerging work-in-progress urbanism... Francois Roustang, the Jacques Lacan hypnosis specialist died two month ago... he was deeply involved in this chamber, in this claim... Was really Sad... he died in November. In 2006, we added new paragraph in the dictionary concerning Somnambulism: n. -1. Mental activity produce during the phase called waking sleep, or even heightened consciousness. Somnambulism can be characterized by the sensation of an indefinite, uncertain and problematic state, a state of unstable consciousness revealing a new relationship with the world, others and oneself. -2. Historically, this unusual state of the consciousness labeled hypnosis in the first half of the 19th century has been an attempt to develop spaces of freedom, egalitarian social projects, that could not be perceived and explored except in this state. It could be said that confronted by the impossibility of modifying the mechanisms of the real, tangible, political world, this pre-feminist movement strove, on the contrary, to create a different and distanced layer of existence somewhere out of reach. Although diabolized and treated as charlatanism, nevertheless all of premodern reformist thought drew on this movement. -3. Trans-door, a method of hypnotic suggestion used during the “I’ve heard about” experiment (cf. Teleportation).

In a world of instant gratification, I wonder if the complexity of your work is often lost on its viewers. Do you feel your work is understood?

Yes... it is a part of the work to keep the relief as shadowing, unreadable... Explanation (explanara) etymologically means 'making flat'... so ... if I take two examples... the art piece “Air de Paris”, the glass bubble that Duchamp brought when he escaped to the US in the 30's, was done in the city Le Havre, where he took the transatlantic boat...in a drugstore of the city, which is filled, of course by the Air of le Havre. When the glass bubble broke, some decade ago, it was a detective investigation to check the clues of fabrication, to redo it from its original way... and the AIR the Paris... was discovered as a trick. Similar to this first example of maze logic, M. Duchamp sent multiple a postcards entitled 'landscape', with a kind of drawing stain on the back. A collector did chemical research to qualify the pigment and the medium, oil or acrylic, brush or roll, to in fact discover it was a semen ejaculation of the artist... How to call the Alice logic-illogic-absurdism of the logician Lewis Carroll, who articulates several simple mathematical problematics substitution of Variable, Shifting Base Counting, Integer modulo N, the symmetry. The limit, the Infinite loop...using Sciences is a contingencies protocols, narration... not in a trigonometric parametric determinism... No need to understand, or unfold the work...we are in a zone of stuttering, a kind of Zoo with a bestiary named Ecosophy, Pataphysic, Parrhesia... I could admit that this soup (specifically and with some irony the French
system) is too stodgy, toxic, irrelevant...even “libidinal”, which was for Jean Francois Lyotard (as described in Libidinal Economy, 1974) a strategy of excess, able to destabilize the merchandising organization of the routine.

You commonly cite philosophers and philosophical concepts in your project texts. Does your philosophical world-view evolve with the work, and/ or vice versa?

Well... think I've already answered without doing it directly... I just saw lectures of Derrida at Ulm and Deleuze at Vincennes at a time when Students where reading Aldo Rossi... Doesn't produce the same pathologies... Regarding your practice(s), New-Territories (R&Sie(n) / [eIf/b t/c]) and M4 (MindMachineMakingMyths), would you describe the process that takes place when working on a project?

Was fascinated by the way Kubrick was only doing one movie, one by one...Only one by one, requisitioning all the procedures and all the reason to start... what is the beginning...again...a specific enterprise of narration, free of the previous and the next one...by nature singular. So even if we didn't construct so much, as you know ... we always try to make scenario in this condition of uniqueness and it is perhaps one of the reason... we are not so involved in industrial corporate repetition...

What is missing in architecture today?

Research and free academia (not the US any more after the subprime and Lehman brothers crisis, where just wealthy students from Asia, paying cash, are in the Master class... called 'the Ivory Tower syndrome', increasing the difficulties of access for middle or lower class to a more speculative studio) as a counter force of corporate (Zaha, Big, Mad, Novel, Herzog...as head of a gondola) and political populism _nourished among other things by the abandonment of the question on the condition of post-capitalism production through operative and aesthetic criticism. This abandon sur-signeified, sur-realized by fake “ingenuity” of those corporates...who promote without any state of mind the revival of international architecture... as a MasterCard of deterritorialization. It’s a subject which has to be specifically analyzed, developed and argued... No place here... S/he will do an e-flux lecture in NYC in May...Hope s/he will be explicit.

As a young person, who or what had an influence on your way of thinking? Your work?

Shinohara, Cedric Price, Scarpa... Harald Szeemann and Michel Carouge and their “Machines célibataires”, Duchamp and Hieronymus Bosch, Godard, Rivette and Keaton, Eustache, Jean Rouch and Chris Marker, Xenakis, Thelonious Monk and Stockhausen...but mainly Deleuze and Bataille, Foucault, Lyotard...the Sokal list of impostor! but my playlist... Few architects in fact. Don't like to be an architect, became just by coincidences and contingencies. I could understand the too much testosterone, arrogance, self-complaisance in our discipline, as a teenager revolting against submission, as a beaux-arts attitude to mask our drama and failure...but it seems so
much becoming the standard of cynical behavior to dance to death in farandole as smiling suitors courtier...the main profile of what we call "professionalism"... One of the reasons why we created this androgynous queer avatar, in '93... was to escape from this French beaux-arts pathology, but also to escape from ourselves...

Whose work is currently of interest to you?

We are facing:
- Wu tang Clan album bought as exclusive use by pharma' boy
- Black color bought as exclusive uses by a 'square mile' trader artist
- Assange refugee in Ecuador embassy
- Snowden refugee in Russia...

In the history of Art ...it's a permanent battle... in one way the Fireman Art (art pompier), as the monkey representation of old regime (now called post-capitalism)... with all the honors and the profits.... and ...... in the other way the physical restraint, by sequestration, "embastillement", disqualification, repudiation...of the one who revealed the hoax, from Renaissance perspective to big data. Hackers are definitively the main artist of today, taking a risk similar to Leonardo or Michelangelo, facing organization of simulacrum... I don't understand why big Data in architecture is so naively used, as an informative friendly parameter, objectivized, for diagrammatic purpose... In this condition of brainless education, architect are prepared to be the "servant", the 'Iago', badly paid, badly considered... the new proletarian.

What advice would you give to young up-and-coming architects and designers today?

What else can we do but to oppose this system’s obscenity, the obscenity of our pathologies ... generated by this very system, affected by an impossibility to the world, facing these multiple disorders ... to say, to make-say and make-know ... that we as well are pathogen elements ... of this very disorder, but in a critical mode, activist, solitary ... to produce with this repulsion ... this rejection ... in a metabolized loop ... constitutive of the obscene chain ... of these little tales. Yes, we are only left with obscenity in order to say, to make, to make-say and make-know. This is what we offer here ... our pathologies as paranoid-criticism ... the obscenity is not so much the subject than the voyeurism apparatus which forces us to look at it, frontally ... In front of the miserabilism of cretinous niches with their hypocritical formulas, we have to re-evaluate what we used to call “Design” as a process of synesthesia of knowledge ... crossing the multiple conflicts and embarrassing waste of ideology, criminal positivism, voluntary ignorance, per formative cynicism ... . To secrete from its ambiguity, ambivalence ... even non sense... absurdity ...

... Where some words are definitively “suspect” relative to daily routines / Expertise, Accuracy, Performance, Optimization, Communication, Futuristic, Future, Innovation, Speculation, Improvement, Absolute, Truth, Parametric, Post-Human, Positivism... as the Grail “onanism” and at the opposite, other words are vehicles for some kind of legitimacy... innocently injected into the daily routine / dirty, filthy, X-rated, explicit, lewd, rude,
vulgar, coarse, crude, offensive, immoral, improper, impure, off-color, degenerate, depraved, debauched, lubricious, indecent, smutty, salacious, carnal, lascivious, licentious, bawdy, and Nostalgia, Melancholia, Metaphor, but also scatological, profane, porn, skin, vile, foul, atrociou, outrageous, heinous, odious, abhorrent, abominable, disgusting, hideous, offensive, objectionable, repulsive, revolting, repellent, loathsome, nauseating, sickening, awful, dreadful, terrible, frightful and repugnant...

And at least but not last... an extract from one of the first books of Zizek (4):
“...Le meilleur moyen de s’en rendre compte est de se référer à la distinction entre le fou et le fripon. Le fou est un simple d’esprit, un bouffon de cour, un petit marquis, à qui l’on permet de dire la vérité précisément dans la mesure où son discours n’est pas porteur de pouvoir [performatif]. Le fou c’est celui qui dit la vérité mais qui n’a aucun levier de transformation de la société, aucun levier de pouvoir, et qui se complait dans cette inactivité critique. Quant au fripon, c’est un cynique qui dit ouvertement la vérité, un escroc qui tente de faire passer la malhonnêteté pour de l’honnêteté, un vaurien qui reconnaît la nécessité de la réflexion illégitime afin de maintenir la stabilité de l’ordre social. Le fripon est bien évidemment le défenseur, le néo conservateur du marché libre, qui rejette avec cruauté toute forme de solidarité sociale comme une forme de sentimentalisme contre-productif, alors que le fou est celui qui choisit une position critique à partir de points de vue sociaux, radicaux... etc. etc....’’

What's next for Francois Roche?
S/he would rather do FICTION MAKER:

NOTES:
3) More videos in the mythomaniaS series can be found here: http://www.new-territories.com/blog/?p=2294

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Parrhesia / Schizoid

Caroline Naphegyi as MC / Le Laboratoire / An architecture of Mood / MIT / 2011

How do you do research and an exhibition at the same time?

There are two parts. Research unfolds in what we call the Process room, a pretty basic space. You have to take your time so that the interactions between physiology, robotics and computation fully emerge in their logic and interdependence. The
other part, the exhibition, is a suite of visual indices. Since these clues are neither didactic nor chronological nor pedagogical, visitors construct their own logic and subjectivities. Furthermore, this part has an immersion area, a physiological testing station, where visitors, called prospective purchasers by analogy to a sales office, are themselves experimental subject and object. This cognitive and immersive mechanism thus articulates a thirst for knowledge and a willingness to lose oneself in that quest.

What’s this about?

It’s an unprecedented experiment in which architecture harnesses several different fields of exploration – neurobiology, mechanization, and math protocols – working together as an ensemble of structural, transactional and relational operating modes. This is not a sequel to the I’ve heard about show held by the MAM (Paris municipal modern art museum) in 2005, although that show did explore the relationship between physiology, computation and indeterminism in the sense of its preconditions, its genesis. That earlier piece sought to understand and write (in the sense of writing code) biological geometries that mimic natural ones. The predominant figure was that of coral and its growth. This second piece, at Le Laboratoire, goes beyond that representation, since we’ve already worked on what conditions the emergence of such a geometry, namely principles of exchange, dynamic principles based on a system’s immanent forces.

But that’s not all. We wanted to get a better handle on something already sketched out at the MAM show: the capture of body chemistry as an element able to disturb and alter linear logics, the logics of authorities, replacing a top-down approach with a bottom-up one.

In fact, for you, the axiom on which your architecture of humors research is based is the contingency of the humors of the inhabitant on the habitat itself.

Humors in the sense that Hippocrates used the word, a concept brought up to date by today’s possibilities for detecting body chemistry.

Until now the acquisition of information used in residence protocols has been based exclusively on visible, reductive data. In our research we want to add the corporalities and their own substances. They can provide information about the relationship between bodies and space, and especially about the social relationships of bodies, the relationships between them, of the self to the other, both inside a single housing unit and in terms of the osmosis of vicinity.

In the physiology station located at the entrance to the exhibition, a machine captures visitors’ chemical data. So visitors are put into a very particular psychological state. As she asks you to slide your hand onto a screen, Melisa whispers into your ear, “Your body becomes the vector of your emotions. These vapors help you capture the changing course of these emotions…”
The signal collection station makes it possible to perceive individual variations and how these changes in emotional state affect the resulting geometries and influence the morphological protocol at the "living together" level. This physiological test works like an emotion detector. It unleashes your corporal chemical reactions, principally molecules like dopamine, adrenalin, serotonin and hydrocortisone that feed us information about your animal reactions/degree of pleasure or repulsion, curiosity or disinterest. This physiological test helps us map the visitor’s future dwelling area. It only takes seven minutes. The protocol is simple. During the test, a sort of vapor (of nanoparticles) is emitted, so that we can detect the evolution of these emotions without noxious intrusion.

A voice whispers into the visitor’s ear, “Let it enter into you, breathe it in. You are in absolutely no danger from this vapor… Your family has become a conflict zone and you can no longer calm things down. It’s an illusion to believe that architecture can help you with that. But you can negotiate the distances by negotiating the details… The area where you live can react to your desires. It has the power… to allow you to experience this conflict without denying its existence or making up fantasies about it. Your living area can be transformed into a morphology of the moment. You’re free to go along with others or retreat into yourself.”

For us this is an occasion to interrogate the confused region that lies between the notion of enjoyment and that of need, by detecting physiological signals based on neurobiological secretions and thus realize a 'chemistry of humors,' treating future buyers as inputs generating the diversity of inhabitable morphologies and the relationships between them. Consequently the formulation of desires in language is inflected by another reality, another complexity, that of the acephalous body, the animal body, so that it can tell us about its adaptation, its sympathy and empathy, in the face of specific situations and environments.

Why do you introduce contradictory signals—what you call 'misunderstandings'—into the heart of your architectural protocol (the inhabitable morphologies)? How does this physiology of desires, this living and unpredictable material, radically shift the architect’s whole approach?

We decided to take the preliminary step of revisiting the contradictions within the very expression of these desires, both those that traverse public space because of their ability to express a choice, a desire conveyed by language, on the surface of things, and those preexisting and perhaps more disturbing but equally valid desires that reflect the body as a desiring machine (as Deleuze put it), with its own chemistry, imperceptibly anterior to the consciousness those substances generate. The architecture of humors is a way of breaking and entering into language’s mechanism of dissimulation in order to
physically construct its contradictions. It means staging a break-in to the logic of things when language has to negotiate with the depths of the body, down to the bottom folds, like with Antonin Artaud and his compulsive catatonia. The concept of free will may be simultaneously the most beautiful and the most corruptible of all. The cultural media pierce us to the core; their influence penetrates us everywhere, generating a conformism that can be considered obscene. We are both its vector and instrument. What we like to do is just the opposite, to seek out the dark side, our animal side, in order to subvert the other side using reactive and emotional data. We’re glad that our choices are not guided exclusively by architectural conventions, both the conventions of the client and those of the architects themselves. There’s more to architecture than serving the prince and his totems, as people around here like to do. To speak to some of today’s issues, the debate about high-rises is pathetic. Of course density has to be rethought, but I don’t think it’s relevant for southern Paris to be filled with reproductions of models of verticality conceived for 1950s business districts. The proposals submitted by the architects selected by the city are puerile in that regard, and the plans for Greater Paris no less so. Architecture has become like a schoolyard full of kids who constantly flatter politicians about what is really that world’s weakest point, its modes and fantasies of representation... and then they end up crying about it when the politicians don’t commission them to design their Xanadu, like Jean Nouvel, the perfect example of the new cynicism. The politicians have largely sucked the lifeblood out of the past. Let’s hope that the future can be different. But that’s not what we’re supposed to be talking about...

You introduce the possibility of contradictory relational modes into the residential units themselves. How has set theory made you able to handle these ‘misunderstandings’ and the contradictory ways in which individuals relate to their family and those around them?

The interviews at the physiological station make it possible to collect some seldom-seen materials. They make visible how the body reacts to a situation of exchange, and indicate the degree of pathology that would afflict the visitor – I mean the ‘future buyer’—if she or he were placed in a productive reality. I would have loved to be able to set up a sales office where people could make a purchase and concretize their bio-architecture in a collective aggregation. The data obtained from the physiological interview tell us about:

Familial socialization (distance and relationship between residential areas within a single unit), neighborhood socialization (distance and relationship between residential units), modes of relations to externalities (biotope, light, air, environment, and also seeing, being seen and hiding, modes of relating to access (receiving and/or escaping, even self-exclusion) and the nature of the interstices (from closely spaced to panoptic).
We use formulations taken from set theory to define these relationships. This branch of math was founded by the German mathematician Georg Cantor in the late 19th century. Its aim is to define the concepts of sets and belonging. This theory can be used to describe the structure of each situation as a kind of set defining the relationships between the parts and the whole, while taking into consideration that the latter can’t be reduced to the sum of its parts or even to the ensemble of relationships between the parts. It allows you to define all the properties of a situation as relational modes, both the relationships between the elements (residential areas) and those between these elements and the ensemble or ensembles they fit into.

The operators of belonging, union, inclusion, intersection and disjunction describe morphologies characterized by their dimensions and position and above all by the negotiations of distance they carry out with the other parts. This produces relational protocols, protocols of attraction, repulsion, contiguity, dependence, sharing, indifference, exclusion, etc. Before the morphology of a habitat is reduced to a functional typology, first it's structured as an area of exchange. Mathematical formulas aid the development of these combinations and thus become the matrix for the relational structure on which an inhabitable space is based.

In contrast to the standardized-model formatting of habitats, this tool offers the potential for negotiation with the ambiguities of one’s own humors and desires. It makes it possible to mix contradictory compulsions (appearances) and even some 'malentendus,' which could be translated by both misunderstandings and mishearing: “I’d like that but at the same time / maybe / not / and the opposite.” These 'malentendus' are directly influenced by the pathologies generated by collective living: Claustro_ (phobia Philia) / Agora_ (phobia philia) / Xeno_ (phobia philia) / Acro_ (phobia Philia) / Nocto_ (phobia Philia) / Socio_ (phobia Philia) / Neo_ (phobia Philia), etc.

In other words, you approach architecture as a dynamic principle, incorporating incompletion, incertitude and indetermination. These parameters are the basis of your parametric construction system, aren’t they?

Nature is basically made up of indetermination protocols. Algorithms can simulate the growth of a tree in terms of reproducing its geometry, but the fit between geometry-photosynthesis-equilibrium-growth is and always will be a hidden protocol that can’t be reduced to its simple mathematical and geometrical dimensions.

Using the architecture of humors we have staged a constructive and narrative machine that is receptive to two contradictory inputs, the order of desire codified by language and the order of its anterior and even hidden chemical secretion. We wanted this schizoid rereading of an architect’s brief ‘in constant becoming’ to be able to generate protocols of incertitude.
and incompletion. An urban structure based on these computational and robotic procedures, these vectors of variability and indetermination, makes visible the potential of these heterogeneous aggregations.

One of the subjects of this research was to consider the bearing structure of these residential units, and thus the final shape of the building, as a product and not the starting point. The fact that the bearing structure is not designed beforehand makes it necessary to constantly recalculate the segments and force trajectories that carry these inhabitable cells.

How did math solve one of architecture’s problematics: how to respond to indeterminate situations, a construction based on affective variability, with a constantly changing form (you use the metaphor of trees, which grow incrementally)?

How did your partnership with the mathematician François Jouve start?

One of the objectives of our research was to imagine structure as a postproduction element, emerging a posteriori to the inhabitable morphologies, which are themselves thought as unique entities, “singularities,” emancipated from the conceptual logic where the structure is the starting point, the matrix for human organization, so that the spatial contract takes the place of the social contract. Since it’s conceived a posteriori, the structure is reactive, adaptive to multiplicity, ‘the multitude’ to use Antonio Negri’s term.

François Jouve developed a mathematical process for ‘empirically’ seeking optimization by creating forms out of constraints and not vice-versa. That’s different than “direct calculus” methods which, for instance, calculate a building’s beams after establishing its design. Instead, it calculates form based on trajectories, the vectorization and intensity of forces, without that form being predetermined. Produced by a simultaneously recursive and incremental optimization protocol, this form, which appears only through the calculations themselves, has to satisfy precise inputs (material constraints, the client’s brief, initial and environmental conditions, etc.). In this particular case, the unknown is the form, the hidden part revealed only by the experiment itself.

Through the use of these computational, mathematical and mechanization procedures, the urban structure engenders successive, improbable and uncertain aggregations that constantly rearticulate the relationship between the individual and the collective.

You emphasize the passage from an industrial era (seeking uniformity and standardization) to the reintroduction of the concept of singularity in architecture by means of robotics and computations. More recently, what has science – especially math – and technological development – robotics and a biochemical understanding of raw materials – brought to the table in architecture? What new speculative issues has it raised, particularly in France?
Nothing is happening in France. The field of architecture is totally sclerotic and held on a leash by a dozen people. It’s shameful. Along with our “professional” practice as R&Sie(n), we have a research organization called ‘new-territories,’ and for the last five years I’ve been teaching labs at Columbia University. Not only are these core questions in today’s debates; they’re also a core source of speculations and learning. The point is to get back to the idea that architecture should be a site for knowledge and debates, a site for experimentation, and not just for grandiose celebrations of necrosis organized by the Palais de Chaillot and its ‘Cité du patrimoine.’

Regarding your question, it only takes a few years for technology to drain and absorb speculations that once seemed unreal. For instance, in Switzerland and Japan we’ve designed two buildings entirely conceived by numerical control using optimization algorithms, one made of solid wood and the other of polyurethane foam. In five years what once was merely plausible has become possible. In this case, it’s important to conceive protocols and designs not to stand out in some glamour interior decoration magazine but to magnetize a point in the near future, so that it draws our present towards itself.

Regarding the architecture of humors, Bherokh Khoshnevis and Stephen Henrich have done research in robotics and mechanization that make it possible to foresee the first prototypes in two or three years.

Since its opening in 2007, Le Laboratoire has sought to give visibility to research projects jointly undertaken by scientists and artists. In the ‘Processes’ space that is at the heart of this show you unfold the various phases of your research, going so far as to make the computational script available as open source software. First of all, the software is available for anyone who wants to further mutate it. Second, the building’s final form is the result of a structural calculation and not vice-versa; it’s out of the architect’s control. What do you expect from this stance, this renunciation of authorship and even copyleft?

A script is above all a form of writing, a language. There’s no point to it unless it’s shared so that other people can take it up and improve it. But it’s a tricky position. We all remember the madness of the computer programmer in Tron whose all-powerfulness makes him think he’s the master of the universe and that he knows everything about everything. Luckily, the mathematicians we’ve worked with are protected against this kind of positivist mysticism.

Parrhesia / Schizoid

Greg Lynn as MC / 2017
When we started Water Flux, our approach was to mine the situation on site with the available technology; at this point it was still possible to question technologies in their territorial/deterritorial dimension. In the valley, near the site, we were lucky to have access to a large CNC machine that was normally used for the reproduction of wood roof structures for cultural patrimony. We trained people from the CNC industry to use Rhino—they were mostly using software with CNC to loft in section, with a degree of approximation. It became an obvious choice for us to work with this threshold of inaccuracy, as a consequence of true machinery. The precise 3D was meant to be reinterpreted by the system itself, making a small discovery artifact, something that was not developed intentionally. We were pursuing this conceptual malentendu between what the thing is and what it should be, but the premise was the Alps, the situation, the machine, and the naïveté that we claimed in the face of new tooling.

The aim of the project was to extract the material from the forest. We found a specialist of larch trees to help us test the milling, to see how the process would work with the oily, dense, and fibrous flesh of the larch wood. I should mention the wonders of the way he selected each tree, one by one, by knocking on its trunk and understanding the quality, durability, and resistance of the wood from its sound. Put to a Turing test, the organic, biological machine seems to be unsurpassable. This expert had a small Caterpillar that could extract one tree at a time—a sharp contrast with the practice of shaving entire mountains of trees in France or the United States. So we started our little experiment—like the trappers in America during the time of the westward expansion of the territories—to fabricate in a specific situation with the ingredients of that situation, but with a strange recipe. It reminded me of the notion of bricolage, a word that comes from the Latin bricola, which refers to a catapult constructed on the battlefield. This was a very high-tech low-tech strategy used by the Roman army, to move with a conceptual and adaptive technology that is light (it is just an idea) and performative (it is drawn from the forests of the European environment).

We won the competition in 2000, four years after we got our first computer. It was our first in terms of a strategy of research, calculation, and a graphics card—it didn’t have AutoCAD loaded on it. We immediately questioned this tool as an umpteenth plateau, as part of a rhizome, in reference to the Thousand Plateaus of Deleuze and Guattari. We were afraid of being trapped in a deterritorialized tooling, which would impose its own exclusive logic, its own amnesia, on any situation. The project was a kind of claim or resistance, in order to incestuously generate a monster as a chimera of computer numerical control and the atavism of the geo-location. It was a desire to corrupt the Kubrick retro-future of the 1960s, which is generally associated with the IBM control room and its ideology of progress and a better future—a positivist charlatanism
in pursuit of modernistic hygienism and propaganda. So, at this time, after the exhibition of @Morphous MUTATIONS 2.0 at FRAC Centre, we were really torn between the temptation to define a scenario whose resistance is in its transformation, intrinsically, and to create a new situation as a collateral effect of the visible conflict, of the arrow of time, digitalizing The Stones of Venice within the nostalgia for what has been lost, or what was supposed to be lost inside the material, inside the DNA of architecture—nostalgia as a weapon, to quote Douglas Coupland.

A few years later, in 2005, we met with everyone in the village to see if we would get the official right to realize the project, through this Swiss game of democratic voting; many projects have been stopped and many architects cast roughly aside at times like this. Around six hundred villagers came to the vote. The mayor had dismissed the design as a kind of yeti protuberance of the mountain, and so according to him my days were numbered. He told me to pack my bags at the hotel. I went to the vote with a mask from a carnival that is typical of the Alpine region, representing a figure of transformism, transgender, and even zoophilia—a mixture of animal and human that is grotesque, absurd, ridiculous, and frightening. Of course, the mayor warned me: “François, this is your last chance. You will be fired today. No one will vote for your ugly project.” I started to talk about fiction, about fiction for the people living in the village. The mask’s intentional ugliness and monstrous appearance, in the Rabelaisian sense, is a desire to exorcise the end of the winter through Shrove Tuesday, and in parallel our chimera project was a desire to exorcise global warming, the transformation of the fragile Alpine biotope into a melting area with no more glaciers and snow, no more edelweiss and folktales. Everyone was silent. It was calm, like in the eye of a cyclone. We were waiting for deliverance, to be kicked out. But the villagers stood up and came to kiss me. It wasn’t a question of believing or not believing my comparison literally—obviously they knew it was a metaphor, a subjective line to justify a design process. They accepted this metaphor of an understanding of their condition. It was not a metaphor of the climate, even though Switzerland is extremely affected by global warming, but rather the recognition of their anomalies, the legacy of centuries of autarky and their cultural isolation from the people living in the valley. The monster was becoming their identity and their suppression. I never felt more an architect; at that moment, architecture was a claim of singularity, of anomaly, and of rarity, in opposition to the painful revival of international go-go dancers, where situations are used as alibis and pretexts, where the delegation of the power of politicians is used to perform a blind, deaf, and dumb strategy of discourse and design.

And this was an opportunity for me to affirm, tirelessly and obsessively, that tooling is a bachelor, in pursuit of Picabia’s machines, and that CNC is nothing more than desirable machines, in a co-dependancy with our pathologies, our misunderstanding and
mishearing—Deleuze’s fold simultaneously as algebraic geometry and, in our souls, as mirror and knot.

So it’s a very strange project. I’m not sure many have gone so far in post-schizoid regionalism. It’s continuing slowly; it hasn’t been completely abandoned. In 2011, we received funding for the project from the nuclear energy department of the Swiss government electricity service, as a way for them to wash their hands clean of their suspicious power plants. But after the Fukushima disaster, the nuclear energy program in Switzerland was stopped, which postponed this program’s guilt and sank our delusion as a result.

Had you thought of taking CNC into the field before, or was Water Flux the first time you considered this?

This was the first time. We quickly discovered that the wood of a specific pine—the larch—that grows at an altitude of two thousand metres is waterproof and good for construction and insulation because of oxidization. The wood is extremely oily, so you don’t need to coat it, and it becomes black or white depending on the altitude. And in this part of Switzerland, folk knowledge of this particular material, transferred from generation to generation for centuries, was starting to be lost. I loved the ambiguity that the project generated: technology facing a disappearing heritage, dancing together in a farandole, a suspending of time between Ruskin and massive industrialization. This was the rediscovery of uniqueness and anomaly through technology, which was supposed to avoid error, bugs, and human failure through the assembly line of Henry Ford. All this knowledge of wood is disappearing, and it was an essential part of the project to meet very old people living high in the Alps who still have it. Knocking on the trunks of trees and CNC are co-substantial; they create a paradox of knowledge and, more precisely, a strategy of anthropo-technology.

How did animation change the way you think about design, in terms of how things were put together and transformed, and also in terms of what you visualized using the technology?

Before the competition, we tried to convince the mayor to build a certain design. Then it became a competition and we won it. But in the first scenario, the project was an experimental farm. This was during the period in which Switzerland was negotiating with the European Union about agricultural regulations. According to the sanitary rules of breeding, you have to separate spaces for animals from human living space, in order to avoid the transmission of disease. People in these Swiss villages high in the mountains didn’t know how to negotiate with these new rules. They live with the warmth of the animals—Herens cattle, bees, pigs, yetis—and take from them milk, flesh, and skin, in an ambiguous relationship of flux. And now suddenly they had to separate themselves from the species they coexisted with. So we first proposed a project to reconceive that flux, those interactions of humans and animals living together, very locally, to make an anthroposophical space in a kind of Rudolf
Steiner system. But when the mayor said they needed to do a competition, he introduced a new program: a museum of ecology that would illustrate the local disaster of global warming and the thawing of the Alps. We redefined all the dimensions and fluidities, which had initially been for the flux of air, the flux of water, the flux of humidity, and the flux of living, to address the flux of the human and the flux of the decay of the transformation of H₂O–water, ice, vapour—that would occupy the building. We included some confusion on the freezing state and season to keep some interior spaces in permanent winter—the lost seasonal whiteness as the *Paradise Lost* of Milton. The 3D evolved to control the melting of the snow and to combine the access to the building with the water’s falling, on pipes, gutters, and tracks. The aesthetic of the spring is a phenomenon we could capture only slightly, modestly, weakly. There is a relationship of osmosis between inside and outside, a negotiation between climates in which each alters and corrupts the previous one. But globally, outside, it is irremediable. Step by step, winter will lose its snow and the glaciers are shrinking. The building was a sanctuary; the death is alive! It was a big theme for a small project. We needed a Rachmaninoff symphony.

In terms of the design process, we used a lot of attractors and repulsors in 3DMax. In Europe at this time, people making music videos and video games were the most interesting computer programmers. We worked with some of them using 3DMax, rather than Maya or Softimage, and programmed in MZP—the original language of 3DMax. So it was very easy to get some performative knowledge, although we didn’t do the programming ourselves at this time. The attracting and repulsing forces were applied to surfaces and set in motion; kinematic play produced the building’s shape. We were thinking about a kind of analogy between the multiplicity of the flux and the process of liquidity, liquefaction, distorted surface, and soft elastic behaviour. This intermediary hybrid period between modelling and the beginning of computation was done enthusiastically and with a naive approach. The membrane, which constitutes the whole surface and absorbed all the constraints of beams, structures, and insulation, was a monolith that vampired the five points of architecture, indistinct in the output. The human was not the main reference, as in the Modulor, but was rather injected in post-production by re-stretching the model in MZP to correspond to his/her dimensions, to share the space he/she was never meant to use (as a sanctuary). We did a lot of 3D models in synthetic clay, modifying them by hand (as car companies did after the introduction of computer-aided design) and re-scanning with Microscribe, a company from Los Angeles that offered the first affordable point-by-point scanning models. It was enjoyable and sad, ecstatic and desperate, similar to the Dustyrelief building we planned to do in Bangkok or the project in Trinidad with the mosquitoes. De-enlightening technology was exciting, but at the same time we were scared of the low gestalt of the 3D production. What is that thing carrying in its luggage? It blurs the message as hermeneutic. We followed this process of modelling and re-scanning expressly to blur
the message—by over-scripting, over-modelling, over-scanning, shaping the shape. We blurred the Golem, the Godzilla, so you couldn’t recognize its origin, its sibling, its computer DNA.

I remember a meeting in Japan with Shinohara, the architect of the Tokyo Institute of Technology building. He told me it took too much time to unquote references, to eviscerate everything that could justify the architecture’s raison d’être and his own skill, to question with a building the limit of what could be a building. Shinohara resisted producing semiology and let the interpretation of the building exist in the void of space and time, orphaned. I was impressed by the possibility of producing an orphan from a location, the death of a child, a Kindertotenlieder. This fit perfectly in our Swiss condition of paradise lost.

In practical terms, at this time, we didn’t know so much about CNC. We discovered that the industrial technique did not keep the entire shape because the machine did sectional cuts, and in its hardware and software it lofted in real time between sections, not preserving the accuracy of the shape we proposed. Moreover, the drill furrow left large traces on the model with strange trajectories of circumvolutions, like a worm or a crazy, drunk termite eating the wood. We enjoyed this discovery of an involuntary artifact, and we decided it was more interesting to preserve the tool paths than to erase them by smoothing. So we worked with the industry people to keep some of these furrows, as if they had been made by a caterpillar in the countryside. This was the first time that I understood the trace of the engine, as a tractor defines the shape of the field, and the linear touch of continuity and discontinuity, flirting with the ground, making a relief. We also worked directly with CNC at scale one. We did the 3D printed model in 2008 and the scale-one prototype in 2002. The 3D printed model is true to the computer visualization, whereas the scale-one prototype invented its own reality through production, making another potential of doing. I’m really skeptical of buildings that just rely on 3D printing, that are perfect copies of design done on a computer. They cannot pretend to be original in the literal sense.

Were you doing the structural analysis and the relaxation of material and deflection yourself?

No, the engineers did seismic analysis of the models. They are pretty good at that in this region of Switzerland. During the time of continental drift, after Pangaea, there was a period of retraction of the Mediterranean Basin. Africa came back to collide with Europe with a huge shock, and this part of Switzerland was exactly in the middle of the collision zone. You can see evidence of this—there are two types of mountains there. It is an extremely violent seismic zone with a high degree of risk, so the building was designed to be in a kind of movable shearing equilibrium. And the larch wood, with an internal system of steel wiring, was extremely good in terms of absorbing the vibrations. In Japan, usually you put some springs below the building to assume the system’s movement
during earthquakes. But in our case, the entire building was able to move. It was a fake imbalance; it assumed an equilibrium in the imbalance. We did some drawings before the village’s vote to justify the technology’s ability to assume vibrations in the ground.

Were you using 3DMax to visualize the heat flow and the melting?

We were using RealFlow 1.0. This was at the time that RealFlow was launched commercially, especially for liquidity effects in movies and advertisements, like the ejaculation of Coca-Cola. So we got some extremely good advisers to help us with scripting in RealFlow, to define the flux inside the building. But afterward we erased it—it was too much of a direct reference to the intention, too literal. We used technology and then erased it, like the white paper of a de Kooning drawing after Rauschenberg erased it. Alchemistic and 'pataphysic protocols never reveal their codes. As I said, this was the period of the Bangkok museum. We blurred technology; we blurred the parcours that we had made in order to produce something sophisticated, but in a schizophrenia, far from positivist-scientist propaganda but using its trash can.

I have always been fascinated by Lewis Carroll, who, as you know, was a mathematician. I was interested in a very strong logic, but in making the logic illogical, to blur the logic to make it appear more subjective, controversial, inadequate, and even repulsive. It was a period in which we were intensively involved in interpretation and misinterpretation, in the way that a new language can create the conditions of its own invention through oxymoron, false friends, alliteration, metaphor, metonymy, et cetera. An article in Log 25 in 2012, when I was invited as a guest editor, talks more specifically about language, not in terms of semiotics but in terms of absurdism correlated to the figure of style.

Were you moving fluidly from three dimensions to two dimensions, from a plan or a section to a three-dimensional model?

No. During this period, I was teaching at the Bartlett, with Peter Cook. He was always talking about sections, and I protested. I said, “I don’t want to do any section for any building.” And I remember doing the final crit—I think this was in 2000—with a big banner that claimed, “Projects Censored by the Bartlett,” which were projects with no sections. So, no, we didn’t work with sections for Water Flux. It was forbidden in the studio to work with 2D. I understand the sophistication of sections in the period of Archigram, as a door that opened to a strategy of complexity and various discourses. But we said no outright, and surfaces were developed according to a behaviour of continuity. Ultimately, sections had to be done for the CNC milling—we needed four hundred unique fragments, and so we used a very simple system of cutting every ninety centimetres to operate the seismic simulation with the engineer. At first we were supposed to bring part of the CNC machine to the site, but this became impossible. So we decided to do the milling in the valley and to transport the fragments by truck. Transportation became the most
important vector of production scale and size. In 2011, we did a small project for a hypnosis room in Towada, Japan, but the CNC fabrication of fifty fragments was done in Spain. The size of the shipping containers determined the scale of the fragments. We need and love constraints.

Parrhesia / Schizoid
ZACK SAUNDER as MC / 2017

You meet a licensed architect in a coffee shop, he tells you of his recently completed strip-mall and asks 'what do you do?'.

Well, I’m not the guy you supposed I am or I should be. An Asperger patient doesn't really take care of who and what, he is paranoid by nature... in his own personal disorder... or trapped innocently in his pathology... delusional escaping by his attitude, works, strategies...as a blind point.

So I will ask to this co-tenant if he likes the Voltaire brewage... I hope you didn’t plan our coffee and cigarette meeting in a SrBk. I’m really aware, suspicious of this industrial GAFA+, using the ‘saving willy’ symptom as the new moralistic post-capitalism... to make business... claiming an Organic coffee!! For unfair trade evading billions in taxes in Irish fiscal paradise!!

I will, nevertheless, ask innocently, how this co-tenant consider the way to be a merchandise, a by-product doing by-product, selling merchandises in his secular temple of consummation...What is mean for him, personally, but more precisely, aesthetically, to be on the core in this brainwash addictive porn machine of consumerism ...If I remember... he answered, politely...’’they is no bad commission, I'm teaching myself at Harvard how to design department store as a parametric-concept-business to feed my own family”... What could I say with this fucking legitimate argue... a lot, fucking a lot, and even more... you should imagine...justifying design as a political condition of societal transformation, architecture as a dualism, in the schizophrenic pendulum between the Voluntary Servitude of La Boetie, masochistically assumed, and the Don Quixote phantasm of a heroic fantasy ...facing the cynical performative strategy of the ¥€$... (silence)... I just paid his dark liquid bottomless pit, a low price at 30 coins ... all the dumps of complaints for myself...

I checked later on the net the mall design, in fact it was a real cutting edge digital production, with an overly ‘’jiggling” façade... so mister ’’Bezier Isocurve’’ was involved... It makes me
sad twice.

What is the role of the architect today? What should/ could be the role of the architect?

Could we take the risk to talk about what we should not be, as a Parrhesia, and let ourselves be in the crack, in the negative territory: ...being not so digital-romantic, not so computation addict, not so eco-masturbator, not socio-moralist, but just architects, snaking in the rift of abuse, idolatry, idiocracy, propaganda, self-complaisance, bio-hoax, social network lure...

Could we find a zone between techno-fetishism (post-Palo Alto symptom of childish parametric post-capitalism for libertarian-neoliberalism propaganda and tooling-idiocracy-mysticism), and at the opposite, the semiological-propaganda (mainly in all European schools— and all biennials / as Venice and Chicago / as the Social Kreisel toy for noisy moralism, visible as a parade, a disgusting spectacle of the "common ground" hoax...to mask with a politically correct flag the hypocrisies of the discourses and facts (from consciousness' alibi to neo-colonialism). It’s so comfortable to choose one of these chapels... many benefits to falsify the apparatures of knowledge. But both sides are just the two faces of the same coin ... a Janus-like reciprocity of personal interest! At the opposite side of the spectrum, techno-sciences should no longer be an Object, but a Subject, one we have to re-appropriate, corrupt and de-alienate from its mystic ideology of progress, in a “democratic anthropo-technic” strategy to simultaneously denounce and produce - as a critical operative mode of schizophrenia - design.

Facing the miserabilism of the dichotomy between techno-fetishism and semiological-propaganda, we have to reevaluate what we used to call 'design' as a process of synesthesia, crossing over and shooting criminal positivism, voluntary amnesia, performative cynicism, embedded obsolescence... The Wikipedia English definition of design—which lost its validity in the last twenty years to be exclusively determined by performance and rules—is precisely “The creation of a plan or convention for the construction of an object... or a system...”. At the opposite, the French page on design (sorry ... but they didn’t refresh their home page ... we could profit from a relevant “has been” definition) / includes the notions of “dessin” and ‘dessein’ (drawing, plan, intuition, intention, means and meaning), a kind of Gestalt and Gestaltung, which embraces process, discovery, interpretation and collateral effect...). We should reconsider this burnt ‘word’, in an After Death Experimentation.

For example, In 2015, New-Territories was, the same month, invited to the Chicago Biennial and Acadia. One as the temple of a neo-semantic-post modern architect and activist, located in the Community center of down-town Chicago. Their first decision was to exclude for the 5 days of opening all the Chicago ‘fourth world' people using this compound as life buoy... to operate their
play about architectural political discourse and social involvement
BUT in a Prada suit...really disgusting this Grima curating carnival
(we reacted hardly, badly...with a spitting in the pond effect... mute
deaf blind was the instructions). The other, two weeks after, was
the symmetrical purpose, in Acadia, Minneapolis, as obsessive
demonstration that technologies are innovative, innocent,
inoffensive... ‘harmless’ by nature...for an ideal accuracy and
expertise of THE future, with the condition to add the logo of
Bentley-Microsoft-Autodesk, trapped in the amnesia of the close
history of XX centuries, where technologies fed the ambivalence of
their uses... profit-deficit... as instruments of the worst and the
best, from the discovery of Radium by Pierre-Marie Curie to 'Little
Boy’ and Fukushima... The notion of post-human, post-humanism,
trans-humanism originally from Peter Sloterdijk in the Domestication
of Being, where re-questioning the foundation of humanism is not a
‘Blank Check’ for the re-birth of techno-libertarian orphaning kids
in architecture...

We are now as we are... facing these two niches make discourses and
business...colonizing universities and zones of research, carbonizing
intentionally everything which is not directly affiliated,
submitted, surrendered...

The role of the architect is to scout and enlarge the crack in the
territories between those zones of power, instruments of power...and
conventional suitabilities...

You describe New-Territories as being organized on a particular set
of themes: Research as Speculation, Fiction as Practice, Practice as
Lifespan, and in recent years, mythomaniaS as Daily Routine. Would
you elaborate on these themes; do they intertwine (how so)?

In a sense, It is a relation of time, to the arrow of the Time..

We cannot deny the position of architecture as being in a state of
nonequilibrium between past and future, the tomorrow now and the
retro future, anterior future, subjunctive possibilities ...it seems
that the preterit is never so simple...

We are in a pull and push between antagonistic notions of utopia,
black or dark utopia, dystopia, atopia... and fiction which refers to
a specific position in time and situation from where a narration
could be developed / We are talking from a ‘somewhere’, which is not
exclusively determined by here and now, in real time... The zeitgeist
is plural, multiples, in the rhizomatic curves of the space and the
time...where architecture stutters by nature between the Stones of
Ruskin and the Bits of William J. Mitchell. Architecture is
embedded in this dualism of synchronicities where the narration is
navigating on several layers of times, values, conflicts, from a
“déjà vu” to a scheduled obsolescence, from this ‘zeitgeist’ to
its ‘has been’ condition, from objective-prospectivism to
speculative-cyberpunk...

So the different branches don’t mean anything else other than as
strategies in a relation of space and time... here and now, here and tomorrow, elsewhere, until our personal circadian-psycho pendulum reverberates... As Deleuze said in *Empiricism and Subjectivity* “the given is not in the space or the time, the space is in the given, the space and the time are in the mind.”

Your work has expanded in recent years to include the medium of film to convey mysterious or even cryptic architectural narratives. What is the main agenda(s) driving the mythomaniaS series?

*MythomaniaS* is a catalog of case studies in the form of film stills, architectural fragments, stage props, texts, and images culled from the experiments of MindMachineMakingMyths (Lab M4, part of the New Territories architecture studio, Bankgok, Thailand), to construct environmental-architectural psycho-scapes (in the partly fabricated wilds of various countries) as laboratory-shelters for exploring and deconstructing the supposed rifts between realism and speculative fiction (myth), psyche and environment, body and mind, and “Mania” which refer, etymologically, to an Insane drive of perception-projection. Bringing together architecture, Deleuze and Guatarri’s schizoanalysis and deterritorialization, and Alfred Jarry’s *pataphysics* (the “science of imaginary solutions which symbolically attributes the properties of objects, described by their virtuality, to their lineaments”), Mindmachinemyths enacted and filmed mise-en-abymes in which certain scripted para-psychic narratives and architectural structures merge in the pursuit of reclaiming resilience—as a tactic for merging refusal and vitality into a schizophrenic logic able to navigate the antagonism between the bottom-up and top-down conditions of the globalized world. In these fabricated schizoid psycho-nature-machine-scapes, the human being is no longer a bio-ecological consumer but a psycho-computing animal that emerges co-dependently with its environment in a hyper-local *haecceity* (“this-ness”). In the vein of Situationist psychogeography (“the study of the precise laws and specific effects of the geographical environment, consciously organized or not, on the emotions and behavior of individuals”), each scenario fabulates geo-architectural conditions of human exile, solitude, and pathology drawn from narratives of the forbidden and taboo: the true story of an old Indian book collector exiled from his community on the suspicion of atheism, who finds refuge in a tear-collecting shelter (“Would Have Been My Last Complaint”); a scientist captured by a water spirit who remains trapped like a fish in the mindscape of a fish butcher (*Although (in) Hapnea*); a monster-boy endomorph constantly overfed and protected by a claustraphilic antidote-jacket produced by the excess of his incestuous mother’s love (*beau*strosity); Ariadne, labyrinth overseer, floating between two macho spirals, testosteroned Theseus and alcoholic Dionysus (*Naxos, Terra Insola*); the feral child—innocent, naïve, and obscene—in the deep jungle, auscultated by a scientific voyeurism (*The Offspring*); etc. Each of these scenarios (designed as “shelters” where mind, environment, and architecture co-map each other) unfolds a “mythomania” in which each character transforms, and is transformed, para-psychically, by the environment, in a sort of *biotope* (habitat) feedback experiment.

Ultimately, our NewT want to create—via architecture and design, myth (literature), and psycho-geography—various conditions for
schizoid passages between realism and fiction, expertise and knowledge, mind and built environment, narrative and topology, in order to bring about new strategic-tragic co-dependencies as forms of schizoid resistance to the usual identity regimes, and to also reboot architecture as a form of psycho-social praxis and non-necrotic speculation. (www.new-territories.com/props.htm)

Joseph Campbell once stated that mythology resides at “the interface between what can be known and what is never to be discovered, because it is a mystery transcendent of all human research” and further analogizes the journey into the unknown with delving into the unconscious mind itself (2). What does architecture have to do with myth?

We use mythomanias...in the mindmachinemakingmyths work...as a paranoid critic...myths and the mania (from Latin which means insane as we talked)...uncontrolled emotion or drive-suppression...meaning that architecture is not in this case anymore developed in a bunkerization strategy, in a box of insularization, a gate-community-fort-knox-fortress hiding the human pathologies and making a clear frontier between the public and the private, between attitudes and behavior in common and in particular...We are interested in developing apparatuses in correlation, in co-dependencies with the species that are supposed to be protected...The architecture as a transgender process, which is never completed, always in the between of the make-up and the surgery, porous to our own pathology, bodies and mind diseases...as a clue to negotiate the living...together...

It is difficult to deny that we are definitively immersed in post-structuralism, questioning obsessively the relationship of power-knowledge, through our scenario, our critical aesthetic, where the history of the madness by M Foucault became the political gasoline of our resistance and resilience, if I quote the title of the LOG 25 we edited several years ago in NYC.

We could refer to The River Styx Runs Upstream, by Dan Simmons, where the sins, the deprivation, the “malentendu” of the human condition are no longer hidden in the hypocrisies of appearance, behind the wall of architecture and its representation...rather a factual strategy of daily routine re-negotiation is adopted.

While operating in the overlapping folds of the architect and researcher, designer and story-teller, how do you mediate between the production of objects, and the intent behind them?

As Antonio Negri ‘professed’ in Empire: “The great industrial and financial powers produced not only commodities, but also subjectivities”...about the fear-paranoia-security to pick up children at school with a Hummer wagon or to over-CCTV his own shelter, about culture-merchandising as a strategy of information and knowledge (do we need to talk about Trump syndrome), about rejuvenating yourself by the last yogurt with Botox molecules, about managerial industrial fake conflict to Gate the Job...et cetera.
Set in an objective professionalism delusion, architects are still doing the objectivized object, totem, phallus (often), vagina (rarely), androgyny (never)...at the time where storytelling has invaded all the spheres of the how and the sell, we should perhaps or maybe, as the ‘operaism’ movement intended to do, infiltrate this metaphorical industry by and through story-telling to corrupt, de-alienate the small purring of the mass servitude's machine.

Could we admit that either Euclidean or Wriggling shapes...neo conservative or fancy digital... minimal regionalism or alien station earth based...are in fact Siamese twins... and their apparent conflict is used to drown the fish... to perform entertainment of a fake debate, and to make a diversion... At the opposite we could requote again and again Godard... about the “Nouvelle Vague”... “to make political architecture, it’s to do politically political architecture”... questioning the format, the structure of decision, the process of doing, and the relation, the connivance with the spectator - for an aesthetic of de-programation — a critical tool, which definitively eradicates the ideology of the completeness, of the finitude, of the achievement...except, if I’m authorized to tell, in the recognition of our DNA drama ... “Architecture cannot preserve us from being in the world, to risk the world’.

The s/he, avatar of NewT wrote three months ago an introduction for his/her retrospective s/he would rather do Fiction Maker at the Frac Centre... better than anything I could write myself:

“Experimental architecture has shifted toward a new corpus of instrumentations — tools, computation, mechanization, but also and simultaneously fictions and lines of subjectivity synchronous with our symptoms, our fears and great escapes in the “here and now”. The purpose of this 1993-2050 flashback is to explore attitudes that show a correlation, a co-dependency with the forms they underpin, through their conflicts and reciprocities. It is to discover a post-digital, post-human, post-activist, post-democratic, post-feminist world... a queer, androgynous, carnal, disturbing, disenchanted, pornographic, transient, transactional world... where scenarios, mechanisms, misunderstandings and psychological and physiological fragments are what make up walls and ceilings, cellars and attics... schizoid and paranoid, between the lines of operative and critical fictions... The androgynous folds and recesses behind which... he(s) / she(s) ... hide(s), trigger confusion and gut reactions, suspicious hostilities, fantasized idealization, and even premeditated oblivion. We must use paradoxical postures and aesthetic mechanisms to highlight bio-political challenges, the potentials and disorders of contemporary technologies, from their early stages to their merchandising, and suspect them of not being so harmless, beyond conventional discourses and self-conscious aesthetics...”

How does one begin to teach others to practice in such a way? To be both rigorous in their thinking and fluid in their methodologies, all while engaging the contemporary milieu of design, material
research and fabrication?

Sorry / no method for that... Or just the bible Empiricism and Subjectivity, I spoke of before, with a pinch of Parrhesia, the one developed by Michel Foucault as the last shot before he died, both at Berkeley and College de France.

To refresh / Parrhesia is a strategy of discourse, attitude and form which re-evaluate the ethico-political approach facing the social conformism. Foucault developed this concept through the transfiguration of Baudelaire, through the posture of Alteration by Cynic philosophical decay, with the figure among others of Diogenes, and through the method of ‘‘estrangement’’, as a displacement of values by Ginsberg. The Diogenes agenda, as an aesthetic research of the being, has to be understood, according to Foucault, as an intentional enterprise of falsification of ‘the habit and currency’. Organized around the celebration of human-beast, or the beast-human, the critical and performative borderline is used as a weapon to corrupt the repetition of the conventional routines and discourses to operate, ultimately, a strategy of transformation, of transfiguration of what is politic, of what we should consider as politic. It’s about to make visible, the singular dimension, through the contingencies of the arbitrary constraints, inside of what is considered as universal, necessary and obligatory...

Could we re-include Architecture as a paradigm of disobedience ‘‘to paraphrase’’ the essays of Henry Thoreau or la Boetie, as an experiment of what should not have been revealed, to help us to get back our voice, our scream, through what Foucault defines as the “truth”, which cannot emerge in another way than through an alterity, extreme and radical...

On the other part, as your question suggests... what about fabrication?... How to use technologies in correspondence to this formula of resistance, as protocols of discovering, as artefact, collateral effect, losing control... bottom up...robotic inaccuracy...and illegitimated science beliefs: the fabrication of the 'prop' in the mythomaniaS series is developed from robotic processes. We operate the robot with real sensor interface (RSI) using signals, inputs, analogue or digital. In this process, inputs are collected through UPD signal and the chain of Processing, Firefly, Grasshopper, Rhinoceros and re-injected (every 2m/s) in the 'parcours' of the machine, creating a permanent conditional position, between 'the point where the machine was' to 'the point where the machine should be', as a vector of translation in an iterative redefinition... without ever reaching any vanishing point as a goal of achievement. Introducing perturbations and stochastic positioning, in real time, where the trajectory of the nozzle is reacting to the robot's very noises (machine clicks, inverse kinematics movement, pneumatic piston...) or other agents as any signal able to be transformed in data (even the pathologies and diseases able to be transcripted as input, as Tourette Syndrome with scanning Kinect). Those agents corrupt the programmed predictable work and modify in real-time the
path of the fabrication, as a stuttering feedback coming from the intrinsic protocol of doing, increasing the intricate meanders of the tool in an ever permanent inaccuracy of positioning, introducing non-linear processes... as a way of territorializing technologies, but at the condition which is defined as non-deterministic via a loophole of logic-illogic... absurdism from technologies...

In an interview in 2008, when asked to describe the evolution of your work, you stated: “in the beginning, we were thinking to integrate nature as a substance and now we integrate nature as a protocol, as an algorithm (...) at the beginning we used nature to mimic its substances and now we are trying to understand what kind of geometry, what kind of unpredictable geometry, we could develop from it.(2)” How has your work evolved since?

The stuttering of the robot described above, with double signal and conditional positioning is now something we use to produce a systemism closed to organic output but without mimicry. We were very closed in 2004 with Rupert Soar and his research in Namibia about termite structures. To make it short / Termites are blind but they are able to fabricate complex underground structures with the help of a natural pheromone positioning-communicating device... their main task is to ''open and close wall and door'', keeping temperature constant in the mound... for reproduction / queen chamber issue... meaning they are constantly creating an insulated wind modifying their pheromone GPS accuracy positioning, corrupting the zero(xyz) origin... as the feedback consequences of the work they are doing... in real time... so... something affect, infect something else making an unpredictable, nonlinear result as an output-artifact which depends on the condition of the empirical experiment (by versatile signals). As a quantic logic, of probabilities and uncertainties, the system is developing a logic which has to be engaged to emerge... the laws of nature are intrinsic... from a suite of iterative approximation... It’s a main question about technology. Do we use them to “copy’’ or scale one of the previous 3D representations, or at the opposite to discover the passage, the transaction of the doing, between intention and fabrication, as an original, specific, unique trespassing. It requestions the heritage, the hiatus between Villard de Honnecourt and Brunelleschi, between a middle age project manager and the Quattrocento architect.

Is the “I've heard about” experiment on-going?

The second opus was in Paris in 2011 at the laboratory / an architecture of humors still in a process of speculation. We should start with my friend Pierre Huyghe something related to the rumors by uncertainties and robotics in Japan, this year, small scale but scale one, with our own 7-axes robots from BKK.

Could you expand on the underlying ideas that lead to such a radical concept?

Could I put again the introduction which was the preamble of this research in 2006 / Mainly questioning the recipes of
“computation+robotic+acephalous chemistry” from human reptilian secretions as a tool to renegotiation bottom-up-top-down social organization and urban context...

So in 2006, the rumors was:

“I’ve heard about something that builds up only through multiple, heterogeneous and contradictory scenarios, something that rejects even the idea of a possible prediction about its form of growth or future typology.

Something shapeless grafted onto existing tissue, something that needs no vanishing point to justify itself but instead welcomes a quivering existence immersed in a real-time vibratory state, here and now.

Tangled, intertwined, it seems to be a city, or rather a fragment of a city.

Its inhabitants are immunized because they are both vectors and protectors of this complexity.

The multiplicity of its interwoven experiences and forms is matched by the apparent simplicity of its mechanisms.

The urban form no longer depends on the arbitrary decisions or control over its emergence exercised by a few, but rather the ensemble of its individual contingencies. It simultaneously subsumes premises, consequences and the ensemble of induced perturbations, in a ceaseless interaction. Its laws are consubstantial with the place itself, with no work of memory.

Many different stimuli have contributed to the emergence of “I’ve heard about,” and they are continually reloaded. Its existence is inextricably linked to the end of the grand narratives, the objective recognition of climatic changes, a suspicion of all morality (even ecological), to the vibration of social phenomena and the urgent need to renew the democratic mechanisms. Fiction is its reality principle: What you have before your eyes conforms to the truth of the urban condition of “I’ve heard about”.

What moral law or social contract could extract us from this reality, prevent us from living there or protect us from it? No, the residence protocol of “I’ve heard about” cannot cancel the risk of being in this world. The inhabitants draw sustenance from the present, with no time lag. The form of the territorial structure draws its sustenance directly from the present time.

“I’ve heard about” also arises from anguishes and anxieties. It’s not a shelter against threats or an insulated, isolated place, but remains open to all transactions. It is a zone of emancipation, produced so that we can keep the origins of its founding act eternally alive, so that we can always live with and re-experience that beginning.

Made of invaginations and knotted geometries, life forms are embedded within it. Its growth is artificial and synthetic, owing nothing to chaos and the formlessness of nature. It is based on very
real processes that generate the raw materials and operating modes of its evolution.

The public sphere is everywhere, like a pulsating organism driven by postulates that are mutually contradictory and nonetheless true. The rumours and scenarios that carry the seeds of its future mutations negotiate with the vibratory time of new territories.

It is impossible to name all the elements “I’ve heard about” comprises or to perceive it in its totality, because it belongs to the many, the multitude. Only fragments can be extracted from it.

The world is terrifying when it’s intelligible, when it clings to some semblance of predictability, when it seeks to preserve a false coherence. In “I’ve heard about,” it is what is not there that defines it, that guarantees its readability, its social and territorial fragility and its indetermination.’’

http://www.new-territories.com/I'veheardabout.htm

The social protocol downloadable: http://www.new-territories.com/protocole%20anglais.doc

How does the “Hypnosis Chamber” relate to “I've heard about”? 

It’s not a deep secret to admit that we failed… not only us in terms of personal trajectory but societally by the ghettoization of the architecture discipline. Architecture betrayed, as Bourdieu used the word ‘betray’, and the failure virus was already inoculated in the research, as the consubstantial and contingent failure.

So we included a ‘beam me up Scotty’, a pill of Hollein, a strategy of immersion, suggestion, psycho-psychotropic apparatuses and escape to give the feeling of the desirable urbanism by mind-machine, a neuromancien bachelor system, driven by “mine and your” suppression… and the collateral effect… an emerging work-in-progress urbanism…

Francois Roustang, the Jacques Lacan hypnosis specialist died two month ago… he was deeply involved in this chamber, in this claim… Was really Sad… he died in November.

In 2006, we added new paragraph in the dictionary concerning Somnambulism: n. -1. Mental activity produce during the phase called waking sleep, or even heightened consciousness. Somnambulism can be characterized by the sensation of an indefinite, uncertain and problematic state, a state of unstable consciousness revealing a new relationship with the world, others and oneself. -2. Historically, this unusual state of the consciousness labeled hypnosis in the first half of the 19th century has been an attempt to develop spaces of freedom, egalitarian social projects, that could not be perceived and explored except in this state. It could be said that confronted by the impossibility of modifying the mechanisms of the real, tangible, political world, this pre-feminist movement strove, on the
contrary, to create a different and distanced layer of existence somewhere out of reach. Although diabolized and treated as charlatanism, nevertheless all of premodern reformist thought drew on this movement. -3. Trans-door, a method of hypnotic suggestion used during the “I’ve heard about” experiment (cf. Teleportation).

In a world of instant gratification, I wonder if the complexity of your work is often lost on its viewers. Do you feel your work is understood?

Yes… it is a part of the work to keep the relief as shadowing, unreadable… Explanation (explanara) etymologically means 'making flat'… so … if I take two examples… the art piece “Air de Paris”, the glass bubble that Duchamp brought when he escaped to the US in the 30's, was done in the city Le Havre, where he took the transatlantic boat…in a drugstore of the city, which is filled, of course by the Air of le Havre. When the glass bubble broke, some decade ago, it was a detective investigation to check the clues of fabrication, to redo it from its original way… and the AIR the Paris… was discovered as a trick. Similar to this first example of maze logic, M. Duchamp sent multiple a postcards entitled 'landscape', with a kind of drawing stain on the back. A collector did chemical research to qualify the pigment and the medium, oil or acrylic, brush or roll, to in fact discover it was a semen ejaculation of the artist…

How to call the Alice logic-illogic-absurdism of the logician Lewis Carroll, who articulates several simple mathematical problemas substitution of Variable, Shifting Base Counting, Integer modulo N, the symmetry. The limit, the Infinite loop...using Sciences is a contingencies protocols, narration… not in a trigonometric parametric determinism…

No need to understand, or unfold the work…we are in a zone of stuttering, a kind of Zoo with a bestiary named Ecosophy, Pataphysic, Parrhesia… I could admit that this soup (specifically and with some irony the French system) is too stodgy, toxic, irrelevant…even “libidinal”, which was for Jean Francois Lyotard (as described in Libidinal Economy, 1974) a strategy of excess, able to destabilize the merchandising organization of the routine.

You commonly cite philosophers and philosophical concepts in your project texts. Does your philosophical world-view evolve with the work, and/ or vice versa?

Well… think I’ve already answered without doing it directly… I just saw lectures of Derrida at Ulm and Deleuze at Vincennes at a time when Students where reading Aldo Rossi… Doesn’t produce the same pathologies…

Regarding your practice(s), New-Territories (R&Sie(n) / [eIf/bLt/c]) and M4 (MindMachineMakingMyths), would you describe the process that takes place when working on a project?

Was fascinated by the way Kubrick was only doing one movie, one by
one...Only one by one, requisitioning all the procedures and all the reason to start... what is the beginning...again...a specific enterprise of narration, free of the previous and the next one...by nature singular..

So even if we didn't construct so much, as you know ... we always try to make scenario in this condition of uniqueness and it is perhaps one of the reason... we are not so involved in industrial corporate repetition...

What is missing in architecture today?

Research and free academia (not the US any more after the subprime and Lehman brothers crisis, where just wealthy students from Asia, paying cash, are in the Master class... called 'the Ivory Tower syndrome', increasing the difficulties of access for middle or lower class to a more speculative studio) as a counter force of corporate (Zaha, Big, Mad, Novel, Herzog...as head of a gondola) and political populism _nourished among other things by the abandonment of the question on the condition of post-capitalism production through operative and aesthetic criticism. This abandon sur-signified, sur-realized by fake “ingenuity” of those corporates...who promote without any state of mind the revival of international architecture... as a MasterCard of deterritorialization. It’s a subject which has to be specifically analyzed, developed and argued... No place here... S/he will do an e-flux lecture in NYC in May...Hope s/he will be explicit.

As a young person, who or what had an influence on your way of thinking? Your work?

Shinohara, Cedric Price, Scarpa... Harald Szeemann and Michel Carouge and their “Machines célibataires’, Duchamp and Hieronymus Bosch, Godard, Rivette and Keaton, Eustache, Jean Rouch and Chris Marker, Xenakis, Thelonious Monk and Stockhausen....but mainly Deleuze and Bataille, Foucault, Lyotard...the Sokal list of impostor! but my playlist... Few architects in fact. Don't like to be an architect, became just by coincidences and contingencies. I could understand the too much testosterone, arrogance, self-complaisance in our discipline, as a teenager revolting against submission, as a beaux-arts attitude to mask our drama and failure...but it seems so much becoming the standard of cynical behavior to dance to death in farandole as smiling suitors courtier...the main profile of what we call "professionalism’’...

One of the reasons why we created this androgynous queer avatar , in '93... was to escape from this French beaux-arts pathology, but also to escape from ourselves...

Whose work is currently of interest to you?

We are facing:

-Wu tang Clan album bought as exclusive use by pharma' boy

-Black color bought as exclusive uses by a 'square mile' trader artist
In the history of Art... it’s a permanent battle... in one way the Fireman Art (art pompier), as the monkey representation of old regime (now called post-capitalism)... with all the honors and the profits... and... in the other way the physical restraint, by sequestration, "embaistillement", disqualification, repudiation... of the one who revealed the hoax, from Renaissance perspective to big data. Hackers are definitively the main artist of today, taking a risk similar to Leonardo or Michelangelo, facing organization of simulacrum...

I don't understand why big Data in architecture is so naively used, as an informative friendly parameter, objectivized, for diagrammatic purpose... In this condition of brainless education, architect are prepared to be the "servant", the 'Iago', badly paid, badly considered... the new proletarian.

What advice would you give to young up-and-coming architects and designers today?

What else can we do but to oppose this system’s obscenity, the obscenity of our pathologies... generated by this very system, affected by an impossibility to the world, facing these multiple disorders... to say, to make-say and make-know... that we as well are pathogen elements... of this very disorder, but in a critical mode, activist, solitary... to produce with this repulsion... this rejection... in a metabolized loop... constitutive of the obscene chain... of these little tales.

Yes, we are only left with obscenity in order to say, to make, to make-say and make-know.

This is what we offer here... our pathologies as paranoid-criticism... the obscenity is not so much the subject than the voyeurism apparatus which forces us to look at it, frontally... in front of the miserabilism of cretinous niches with their hypocritical formulas, we have to re-evaluate what we used to call "Design" as a process of synesthesia of knowledge... crossing the multiple conflicts and embarrassing waste of ideology, criminal positivism, voluntary ignorance, per formative cynicism... To secrete from its ambiguity, ambivalence... even non sense... absurdity...

... Where some words are definitively "suspect" relative to daily routines / Expertise, Accuracy, Performance, Optimization, Communication, Futuristic, Future, Innovation, Speculation, Improvement, Absolute, Truth, Parametric, Post-Human, Positivism... as the Grail “onanism” and at the opposite, other words are vehicles for some kind of legitimacy... innocently injected into the daily routine / dirty, filthy, X-rated, explicit, lewd, rude, vulgar, coarse, crude, offensive, immoral, improper, impure, off-color,
degenerate, depraved, debauched, lubricious, indecent, smutty, salacious, carnal, lascivious, licentious, bawdy, and Nostalgia, Melancholia, Metaphor, but also scatological, profane, porn, skin, vile, foul, atrocious, outrageous, heinous, odious, abhorrent, abominable, disgusting, hideous, offensive, objectionable, repulsive, revolting, repellent, loathsome, nauseating, sickening, awful, dreadful, terrible, frightful and repugnant...

And at least but not last... an extract from one of the first books of Zizek (4):

"...Le meilleur moyen de s’en rendre compte est de se référer à la distinction entre le fou et le fripon. Le fou est un simple d’esprit, un bouffon de cour, un petit marquis, à qui l’on permet de dire la vérité précisément dans la mesure où son discours n’est pas porteur de pouvoir (performatif). Le fou c’est celui qui dit la vérité mais qui n’a aucun levier de transformation de la société, aucun levier de pouvoir, et qui se complait dans cette inactivité critique. Quant au fripon, c’est un cynique qui dit ouvertement la vérité, un escroc qui tente de faire passer la malhonnêteté pour de l’honnêteté, un vaurien qui reconnaît la nécessité de la réflexion illégitime afin de maintenir la stabilité de l’ordre social. Le fripon est bien évidemment le défenseur, le néo conservateur du marché libre, qui rejette avec cruauté toute forme de solidarité sociale comme une forme de sentimentalisme contre-productif, alors que le fou est celui qui choisit une position critique à partir de points de vue sociaux, radicaux ... etc. etc...."

What's next for Francois Roche?
S/he would rather do FICTION MAKER:

END NOTES:

3) More videos in the mythomaniaS series can be found here: http://www.new-territories.com/blog/?p=2294

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Parrhesia / Schizoid

Monika Mitasova as MC / NewT / Bratislava / 2019

"the fable of the virus and the tom-boy"
How do you understand your collaboration with robotic systems, with robots?

If you talk of Simondon or Deleuze, about desiring machine or social machine of Foucault – in fact if you talk about all the legends from Golem to Frankenstein – the Faustian temptation of human to extend their power through machine – as Sloterdijk described the first machine technology: to throw the pebble to kill the beast, to break the pebble to make silex, to profile this knife and cut the flesh of beast to ingest it, through our own digestive acid neuronal machine... and so one. So what is a correlation with machine: we, all of us, are already constituted by vitalism and mechanisms, by organicist, neurobiological and mind machine.

Why not to quote and at the place to paraphrase Antonio Negri: "we recognize (...) mistake in posing an ontological division and even opposition between human life and machines. (...) Our intellectual and corporeal development are inseparable from the creation of machines internal and external to our minds and bodies. Machines constitute and are constituted by human reality."(1)

We consider machines as extensions of ourselves, describing through their diagrammatic system simultaneously the system of control, the operative mode of fabrication, the strategy of narration, their intrinsic power, in terms of destabilizing-erasing-ignoring the previous order in our lines of attitude and work and in our co-dependencies.

Hopefully their potential of re-agencement is able to create a disruptive model and haptic processes and heuristic contingencies from human and environmental inputs to arte-fact outputs through emerging logic... Far, far away from the temptation of control, from a top down deus ex-machina architect’s posture and from the self-complaisance to use technologies in a strategy of a dictatorship and overpower, as any ubermenschen... in a Faustian pathetic human pathology. But we are not so naïve, machines were also the weapons of post capitalistic captains of immaterial industry, where 20th century cookie bots and robots are the 19th century textile machines operating concentration of resources, profits and any manipulation of Data (from personal to logistic).

In a strategy of workerism, or operaismo, it s a necessity for an architect to face and de-alienate this new babel tower, specifically when robot, [programming] language, computation, sensors are becoming accessible for small niche of production, when meaning and means are not only for MIT or Elon Musk and their propaganda of an optimization and expertise and augmented power and post stupid human who is “lobotomized” to be the servant of their own development and illusion of domination.

When and how you became interested in computers?

I am generation of the passage, from analogue to digital, and I try in fact to be fugitive of the both, meaning to work, move and love in the cracks of this two systems. As some other, I’ am the
incarnation of this passage of 20th – 21st centuries – the Millenium –, when revolution and evolution started in garage, as you know, as a democratic vision, with the first browser Altavista in 1995. It started with open sources, sharing platforms to access and sediment in the data base: new layers and new plateau generating knowledge and apparatus of knowledge, from a web site, a blob, an exchange, a dispute… human activism and curiosities for curiouusers. Now, well you know… no need or too late to complain… it has been perverted in to a logic of business caressing the being at the blind point where is the most fragile… the egotic matters as the 30 silver coins. So we sunk collectively in the idiocracy. After evolution, after 21 years of innovation, we face necrosis or sclerosis and control, and puritanism and concentration of power, data, resources… Cambridge Analytica is not the deviance of the system, its perversion. On the contrary, it’s the core of the system, the pathology of the system itself. Welcome skynet… Sarah HELP. So we could resign, or redefine artistically and politically and aesthetically, and sexually the access to show another process of using machines – another process of elaborating strategies of any narration, scenarization, production… in the living together, in our collective Dasein.

In fact I am crossed by… I was in a school of architecture where we were not obliged to draw, but to talk, and present design by words and attitude. I’ve been deeply infected. It was university in the 80’s, in the last tail of the 60’s – from the uprising ’68 – I was trapped between Maoists, Stalinians, Trockist, Operaismo, Autonomists in permanent conflict – sounding the corridors of their argues and insults… but at the same time it was the end of Free University at Vincennes, ‘centre experimental universitaire’, where I assisted as a virgin, as a tourist at few seminars of Deleuze, without hearing perfectly, without understanding… It was my weaning… I’m born this year… from a maggot.

In 2005, I showed Deleuze [at School of Design] at U. Penn in the US, specifically the video of L’Abécédaire which was not translated at this period, trying to do it myself with my frenchglish… Students protested to the dean – it was Detlef Mertins at the time – about the fact I destabilized the aura, the representation of the philosophe by showing a homeless, an alcoholic, a Diogenes… which cannot be Gilles Deleuze… and in parallel I ‘forced’ them to see through the lock of the Door of the last piece of Marcel Duchamp, Étant donnés (1966) at the Philadelphia modern museum of art, where you face your own viewer-voyeurism, as the fold of your mind, through the vision of a nudity, sleeping, dead, murdered, in an Eden Park surrounded by artificial nature and waterfall.

A week after, I have been fired… and caught up by a group of students at Columbia University, who pushed me at the teacher position, against their own regressive administration… I stayed 10 years, always supported by arriving generation… until Mark Wigley left and a new dean was launched as a puppet of this administration. She decided immediately to sacrifice the black sheep, and normalize this university – after Lehman Brother crashed –, in a cash flow strategy for wealthy Asians, ignoring the drama of lower and middle class, promoting ivory tower and an education as clientelism…
So is resistance possible now? If so, how?

After the "Immateriaux" in 1985, an exhibition with a display and a catalogue, and a sound system, and a content which definitively impacted "our mind and our genital", Jean-François Lyotard was supposed to prepare the exhibition titled "Resistance". He died before. We could supposed he anticipated by this intention, the way that my generation used and abused of the format, display, from the "immateriaux", tools and content for the spectacle of the bourgeoisie, for the entertainment of LVMH, and we could quote my first partners, friends as Parreno, Huygue, Tiravnija, …and many institutions, from Pompidou Center… to the Serpentine, which appears as a obscene meeting point for this jet-set-idiocratic-massive-elite, cynical, arrogant, using artificial cerebral position to enrich the rich and divert their laziness… without to never… never… scratch the organization of power, the discourse of the master… we assist to the revival of "l’art Pompier" (pompeian-pompous) where artists in XIX century have to rant their psycho-greco-roman-allegory dependences to value and sell their "croutes"… The actual "relational aesthetic" seems to be the historical stuttering "zeitgeist" of this period.

The "why" of resistance is an evidence… the "how" is not so complex; please abandon your platinum card status, drinking millesimal wine in the first class Lounge …and face the violence of society, in the concentration of power, knowledge, Data, strategies of lobotomy… (dis)qualifying social class by taste and prime access. The most vulgar we could face is not the populism but the Champagne Lefties as E-Flux in NYC, spreading their condescension and mercy from their "Princeton’’ Chigaco style logorrhea of complacency. They are the red carpet for Trump, for the white hetero-sexual Caucasian phantasm of glory; The Rosebud syndrome, so well analyzed by Orson.

I should apologize to have read or heard about Bataille, Conrad, Céline, Sade… I remind the howling of Ginsberg, the barking of Diogenes, the trespasses of Baudelaire, the devil"s music of Lautreamont, the parrhesia of Foucault, … To who I should apologize?

How are robots involved in a current processes of designing architecture?

A small ro-bots are not so expensive. A studio of design could face this economy and apparatus of knowledge and fabrication, and meaning. You could compute a machinist system to absorb multitude of signals and multitude of inputs which are in conflict, in mutual mis-correspondence while developing through the movement: the vectorization of trajectories and the diversion, the corruption of their absolute position through analogue or digital signal which absorb and restate the risk to be human, the risk to be alive, the risk to face our environment evaluating words, which are normally forbidden in architecture, as nostalgia, sadness, bitterness, weakness, vulnerability, indecision, irrationality, passion, fear, defeat, stuttering, stammering, procrastinating…
It is the opposite of a glorification of fetishism of technology, which appears for me as referring to a retro-future and containing something what has already happened... the ideology of progress of the 60’s, religiosity and mysticism of sciences. We perceive any days what kind of drama it is generating.

So ‘machines’ in this potential are the antidote of massification of the production, massification of desire and suggestion (cookies) in the pursuit of the claim of Walter Benjamin concerning singularities, rarities, and - with a certain irony-, in ontological antinomy with the ones who alienated us previously... who are in fact the same.

There is necessity to reprogram and pervert and adapt and conflict the algorithms and open a wild possibilities of mind-machines, of anthropo-technologies... where human fragility and psyche are vectors to his and her own biotope transformation.

How current technologies coming mainly from the empire of globalization are able to become a tooling for somewhere... how anywhere and somewhere are able to be knitted in a ping pong, correspondence, dialogue... in a relation without vassalage, without assimilation and in-distinction...? That seems an aesthetic and political agenda.

The traditional opposition of global and local, of regional and universal, of nationalism and progressivism is born in a political right system of the 30’s, mainly by an initiative of capitalism to drive ideologically the dictatorship of a progress and the world’s managerial business plan... unfortunately, we assisted to its rebirth few years ago, reinforced by the failure of the emancipation promise by the lefties: the tragic failure of social democracy in its egalitarian perspective.

How is the work of you and all your collaborators influenced and changed by this?

To be an architect in post capitalist age is to face this failure, this contradiction and develop an attitude, tooling, technology, process which is able to question and renegotiate the transaction of top down – bottom up systems, today and tomorrow, here and now, and elsewhere with different logic, different belonging, behavior – but simultaneously.

We use-develop-program system and machine to infiltrate this situation in terms of operaismo strategies. I was close to Negri, when I edited the LOG No. 25(2) (Summer 2012), questioning modes of resilience and resistance through philosophy, mathematics, politics, architecture... from inside, as an insider, in a workerism de-alienation.

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What design and fabrication strategies and methods of your work did you develop?

It is possible to identify a method through analytic schizophrenia or paranoia... to open a biopolitic Pandora boxes and emit from the diversity of genders, of belongings and differences, within the multitude of the being, from natural to transformist... in all the spectrum to associate your social representation and your sexuality.
There are seventeen possibilities of sexual-gender identity in some Asian countries. That cannot be framed through the violent authority of the white Caucasian male, and its fictional ‘legitimate’ heterosexuality which could be called by an extension ‘the architect’.

Since I saw your projects in 90’s I was struck by the influence of certain works of French philosophy on your work. What philosophers, including those already mentioned, and philosophical works have influenced you and how?

Certainly Deleuze, Foucault, Milner, Rancière, Guattari, in terms of science perhaps the position of Badiou and Meillassoux, but not the ridiculous speculative materialism which seems to be a kind of mystical religious or spiritualistic approach for believers with an evangelism trapped in their own contradictions... How could we de-correlate the correlationism of metaphysic and sciences, by and through a mind subjective strategy, for example the Gödel paradox...? Just try to define consciousness by consciousness! It s a Flytrap for lazy post-Heideggerians or pseudo-phenomenologists which flourished both in Prague and USA (laugh)... as a Faustian incest between imperialism and Loewy’s Golem. Among other things they never question social and political conditions, and the Dasein in our situation... to quote their ideologue master; but they are in fact stuck in the "traditional pre-critical antinomies" as Slavoj Žižek has pointed out between naturalism and materialism without will to face the ontology of being emerging from lines of subjectivities... in a state/stage of Jacques Lacan.

Your designs include writing, scripting, film making, fabrication of prototypes, exhibiting – how do you relate them? How do you test and interpret produced varieties of proto-types?

Precisely, as in many scenarios developed in Bangkok, the fabrication of the prop is developed from a non-linear robotic processes, AI task algorithms to accept and act on the malentendu (misunderstanding) with a robot sensor interface (RSI) using signals and analogue or digital inputs. In this process, inputs are collected through UPD signals and the chain of Processing, Firefly, Grasshopper and Rhinoceros, and re-injected in the parcours of the machine (every 2ms), creating a permanent conditional position between “the point where the machine was” and “the point where the machine should be” as a vector of translation in an iterative de-positioning AI in an imperfect stuttering between the antagonistic mis-correspondence of several signals, several inputs.

It introduces local and stochastic perturbations in real time as the trajectory of the nozzle makes visible the conflict of analogue-digital inputs from robot's own noises and machine clicks and inverse kinematics, and pneumatic piston... sequences of loops between what is supposed to drive the movement and the movement itself: a mise-en-abîme (autothematisation, infinite regression) of order-disorder-order... Agents corrupt the programmed, predictable work and modify in real-time the path of the fabrication, a stuttering feedback coming from the intrinsic protocol of its
making, augmenting the intricate meanders of the tool in an ever permanent inaccuracy of positioning and introducing non-linear processes... as a way of territorializing technologies, but on the condition that they will be defined through a nondeterministic and loophole logic-illogic... to “de-expertize” the design process through its opposite: the discovery of the potential of a masochistic adaptation in a strategy of contingencies and correlations and of co-dependencies with the making as an artifact... not design but a process...

It operates neither as a modeling nor as a scripting in a manner of “if-then-while” producing bio-mimicry but it leads to an uncertain input-output artifacts and failures and collateral effects and bugs or anomalies... All of them are welcomed to develop environmental-architectural psycho-scapes: Psyché and environment, body and mind, and "Manias" (mytho-manias) referring, in an etymological sense, to an insane drive of perception-projection... to make the human vulnerability as we talked before a vector of fabrication.

Jun 2019, Bratislava – Bangkok


Parrhesia / Schizoid


Your work has been shown in a large number of biennials. In fact, it could be said that you belong to a generation for which biennials and other related platforms—as opposed to traditional professional practices that achieve only buildings—have been the primary framework for the realization of their work.

It seems to be a symptom of generation X. Biennials should, in fact, be considered as a new paradigm for a client.

Would you argue, then, that in using the exhibitions system as a means of resisting the conditions of the professional system, architecture has now conflated the two—that producing an exhibition has become the new professionalism?

Beyond being a meeting point every two years, the ceremony of the Venice Architecture Biennale—where we portray the illusion of self-complaisance, individualistic egotist behavior—appears as the real-time cartography of a sinking boat, as a portrait of architecture’s uselessness. We contributed to past Venice Architecture Biennales according to a pendulum of values that alternated depending on the session: fetishist technologies, moralist hoaxes, performative
cynicism. It produces a kind of family portrait—the cybernetic, prepubescent nerd facing the fake social-dreamer offspring, both of whom surveyed and controlled by the disenchanted incestuous grandfather. This ping-pong effect is wittingly organized as a comfortable simulacrum of debates for a select happy few, along with an embedded journalist and some lost students, to talk exclusively to themselves.

The Venice Biennale is a kind of business plan where architects are the laborers, the workers in a chain of entertainment (moving clockwise or counterclockwise, depending on the curator’s temperament), to demonstrate, argue, exhibit, and debate as if in a play that was already written. They are workers producing stuff without economy, without a clear agenda other than to eroticize their presence, to perform the show.

Meanwhile, on the other side of production, when we are “architects” submitting competition entries, are we to believe the regressive simulacrum of ideas and design hallowed by people who pretend to have received a delegation of power? Why are architects so seriously boring? The questions posed to architecture are naive and childish, using projects as a fake political catharsis—as if green, “bio” design will save the planet, as if transparent and boxy forms were democratic and neutral, a kind of semiology for dummies.

If we wear the uniform of architect, we are instrumentalized to be as stupid as possible and to follow a regime of mediocracy that is organized by fear, control, and bio-propaganda. But if we wear the uniform of a worker, we could go fishing and strike . . . Refusing the predictable format of discourse organized to be symmetrically inoffensive and immunized against here-and-now complexities. Now the Chicago Architecture Biennial is the first of a new set. Let’s see what will happen . . .

We also wonder, who is the audience? As Albert Camus stated in The Myth of Sisyphus, “Thus I draw from the absurd three consequences, which are my revolt, my freedom, and my passion. By the mere activity of consciousness I transform into a rule of life what was an invitation to death.”

In the 1960s, Hans Hollein rightly claimed that “everything is architecture.” We could now say that everything was architecture.

SL: Bruce Jenner is now Caitlyn Jenner. Much has been made of the redesigning of this person from heroic man to fashion icon. Much has also been made of the fact that despite all the resources at her disposal—scientific, economic, medical, media, and PR power—she created an opportunity to merely recreate and reproduce the most banal of gender oppositions.

Well, don’t forget that Camille and I are in Bangkok now. Here, Caitlyn is everywhere around us, and without merchandizing his/her transformation through the lure of the social network. Now we are at the point when everybody can change identity with or without surgery. We won this inclusive right to be together and to share our
idiocracy—whatever our appearance or sexual identity. We are no longer fighting the heroic battle of Judith Butler or Harvey Milk. Instead we are living in a Hieronymus Bosch triptych, with entertainment, music, torture, the sophistication of alienation, corrupted free will, and public masturbation as performance.

Perhaps this was also a historical misunderstanding: the confusion between one’s own sexuality and its claim as a political statement, when it is almost always a personal question before a social one. It is only because of society’s past condemnations of certain forms of sexuality that a political value and activism was attached to them. Now that society is more permissive, a lot of that value is not there. A word like “queer,” for example, does not mean anything anymore. It became a trend, the rule not the exception.

Your practice has been explicitly focused on the entangled ways in which architecture constructs both buildings and subjectivities. Since your practice is now long-lived enough to have its own history, where is your thinking on this matter today and how does it inform your current work?

In our era of merchandising—when even the internet is becoming an egocentric TV show with cookies, likes, and smiley faces—to defend ourselves we are only left with mental spaces. Hostages to the society of the spectacle. Mirror of our own reflection. Selfish-selfies, in self-contemplation.

We are pushed and pulled in a contradictory mode of exchanges, consubstantial with the planet’s equilibrium/disequilibrium, where we cannot romanticize the lost natures, the idealized Holocene, condemned now to evolve in the Anthropocene time. A thermodynamic flux, instable and improbable, where we are definitively shaping the planet with our substances—be it physical, physiological, psychological. The natures of the Anthropocene are source of feedback and backlash, of vibrations that stutter, a kind of eco-machinist masochism.

The Chicago Biennial will be the first display of your work since the restructuring of your practice and its relocation to Bangkok. If we say that Bangkok is, for you, the new Bohemia, we could also say that currently you are not only designing and producing new work, but that you are also constructing a new model of work and its conditions. For the historical avant-gardes the nature/culture distinction was a given, but that way of organizing the world is no longer valid. To wit, what were the foundations of our world order are now the alligators in our basement. How does that shape the way we understand the world-making implications of your work?

Our work is itself the observing-enacting apparatus we engage with—the camera, the robotic behavior, the enclosing. The production isn’t unidirectional, we have to acknowledge the potential violence of architecture and of the contemporary tools we work with.
We have a family of water monitors below the six-axes robots using extracted mud-dirt-clay to extrude small experimentations. The crossing of species, natures, human matters, reason and madness, right and false, and the forbidden is the matrix of our daily agenda and routine.

Fabrication is an artificial production, but in which sense? Does it mean that the way we project its physical entity as a reality is suspicious? In this case fabrication could be assimilated to a Decameron-esque strategy, stretching time to feed our need of illusion.

"Design" has to be re-enounced . . .

How are we to understand the term design today? Is its persistence valid or does it represent an irrepressible nostalgia that has set into the field?

In front of the miserabilism of the dichotomy between techno-fetishism and techno-regression, we have to reevaluate what we used to call design as a process of synesthesia, of knowledge, crossing the conflict of ideology, criminal positivism, voluntary ignorance, performative cynicism.

The English definition of design—which lost its validity in the last twenty years to be exclusively determined by performance and rules—is “The creation of a plan or convention for the construction of an object or a system,” to quote Wikipedia. At the opposite, the French definition includes the notions of dessin and dessein (drawing and plan), that is to say means and meanings, Gestalt and Gestaltung, both process and discovery.

In 1944, Charles Eames drew an extraordinary cartoon for an article titled “What Is a House?” in Arts & Architecture. In it, there is not a house at all. Instead, “house” emerges as the byproduct of a collection of activities and the human and technological agents that perform them. His drawing was both an act of radical reduction (the elimination of all traditional architectural form) and radical production (the presence of an entirely new palette of architectural materials). You seem to me to be amplifying this double action, taking out even the residual associations with domesticity that remained in the Eameses’ drawing but adding a whole new set of agents: alligators, dust particles, heat fluctuations. Could you address more explicitly what you see is left, and what more is available for architecture today?

I remember a model done by artist Mike Kelley of his college, where he tried to reproduce the school building by memory, by remembering the corridors and classrooms. In this model, all the parts he had forgotten about or never went to himself are missing—as a Gordon Matta-Clark’s Office Baroque—proof of their non-materiality. We are
permanently confronted with this void.

The negotiation with oneself . . .

Our project for the Biennial, mythomaniaS, consists of a few vanitas-inspired works through fifteen apparatuses, mainly extracted from scenario-fabrication-fiction-movies, that we did in the last three years. Apparatuses refer to the notion developed by Michel Foucault and later by Giorgio Agamben. Foucault was defining them as a strategy of knowledge that faces the “power” (both as strength and as political power) with its reciprocity. It is the unrevealed intention of those mythomaniaS case studies to restore apparatuses into common use, to push their overcoding (a concept Deleuze and Guattari use to describe the process whereby singular human actions are integrated into dominant social structure) in the visible spectrum. To share this schizoid goal . . . storytelling and fabrication, but also to create a laboratory, able to provide the conditions for using and manipulating Sciences and Fictions.

Parrhesia / Schizoid

Benedict Clouette, Jeffrey Inaba as MC / Columbia University / 2008

[Image/identity/position]

First of all, can you talk about why we’re looking at your hands?

It’s not coquetry. I prefer to depersonalize the identity of the architect, rather than to represent myself by my avatar. I prefer a part of myself without it being my face. There’s another reason. I’m coming from the 90s, and I remember when I was a student at the end of the 80s, architects were the simulacrum of rock stars. And they promoted themselves more by their identity than by their work. So that’s why, it’s not Coffee and Cigarettes, it’s Coffee and Croissant. It’s Jarmusch II.

How do you see the function of this cloaked identity in professional terms with your clients and the projects you produce for them?

It’s strategic. When you become a brand, you have to repeat yourself. It’s a condition of post-capitalism. Your reputation forces you to repeat what people are expecting from you. And it is a kind of cannibalism of yourself, an autophagy, where you promote yourself on the basis of your given self and never to try to change. If you change, you break the brand, because immediately the system says, ‘What? What are you doing? We are just commissioning you to be you, not to be something other than you.’
It allows you the possibility to be ‘out of character.’

Yes. It’s important to develop many labels now. You are not only one. You can be a profusion of personalities. You can have a personality disorder. And to develop a personality disorder is a way to be an architect and to have several possibilities of infiltration. If it’s only you as a physical branded attitude, you immediately become a slave to this self-promotion. So it gives you a perfect idea of your representation, but in fact it creates a prison of this representation.

How does that work with the constantly evolving name of the firm?

It’s exactly the same strategy. The name is something that changes, first depending on the partner. The name is absorptive. It is infused by the people inside the group. So if a new person is involved, the name of the group changes. And as a result in Google, we can be found by several names. If you add up all the names of the studio, you have more visibility by having many names rather than by one.

Also, more seriously, to change the name is to recognize that our office mutates. That’s why the name now is R&Sie, which could be pronounced as hérésie, but it’s a contraction of many names, between ‘R’, which is me, and ‘S’, which is Stephanie Lavaux. It’s not a specific vindication of heresy. But I love this coincidence.

With what you’re saying about the brand identity of the architect is that you are conscious about the architects that precede you; you take in account in your own approach to practice in comparison to the prior generation of architects. What do you think is important for yourself in the shift you see in your practice?

It’s difficult to re-open the conflict of generations, specifically with fathers, my own fathers, of their work, who are now kidnapping all the systems for themselves. I don’t want to open this war because I will lose. My experience was very lucky. When I finished my studies in Paris, I was linked with Claude Parent, and Yona Friedman, and I discovered these eliminated architects. Understand, they were completely eliminated by history, in France and in Europe. This radicality was eliminated, and even the people were eliminated, not only the work. I remember in the library of my school, this entire period of radical architecture was absolutely not visible. These social experiments, language and conceptual experiments, and reprogramming, were completely inaccessible.

I was lucky to rediscover in this way these people, that these grandfathers were still alive, how they found a way to survive without any commissions, and how they stayed alive with their dream intact. So it really gave me a lot of desire to go further, and to test if I could prolong these grandfathers’ dreams. And to reprogram the position of the architect within society, which is very
important for me. Not to take a position, not to use this genetic link from the father, but to be totally independent in the way we produce and in the way we think about our career.

There seem to be four trajectories that go through your projects: desire, technology, fictional scenarios, and geometry. The richness of your work comes from the way that you interrelate these four sources. For example, with the introduction of the idea of desire in your projects, a fictional scenario takes a turn even within that story’s own logic. Or because of the imposition of a scenario, the geometry of the form of a project will deviate from the parametric logic used to set up the geometry. Or when you combine a story that includes some kind of found desire with an applied technology that interests you, your goals seems to be not to create something that a project that is technologically advanced as a goal in itself. Instead, you use a sense of desire to inspire your technological creations to introduce us to a mutation, like the robot albino penguin. Can you talk a little bit about how you work? How would you describe your framework of thinking?

You focus on the center-point of our work. We love to tell stories. First we are telling stories, and we promote stories, like Hoffmann, Grimm, or Charles Perrault: fairy tales, the tales of Borges or Edgar Allen Poe. It is a science fiction premise. I’m really interested in how stories can talk about the truth through a narration that does not directly reproduce reality. When you tell stories, you use the context of your society. If you want the stories to penetrate, to infiltrate, and to be the vector of a transformation, you have to use the background of the society you are in.

For example, we worked ten years ago with NASA in Houston. I rediscovered that NASA similarly first tells a story and then uses science to justify the story they tell. The science is not exactly accurate and perfect for sure. It’s a propaganda of possibilities. It is a way to navigate between reality and fiction. The architect has to understand this kind of boundary between telling stories that are part reality and partly a fiction of reality, about the fiction that happens everywhere, all the time. I think an architect has to move somewhat toward this possibility of telling stories, and to tell stories through the technology of today to describe the process of reality. And the architect should do that within the story of reality itself.

A main question for us is the degree of mass media culture we assume and consume. We are fed a lot of references. This consumption doesn’t help us to be more accurate, it justifies that we are consuming, it justifies the simulacrum of knowledge. So the question is how we could find a way inside this consumption. I think it’s Mike Davis who said, fiction is the best way, the sharpest way, to infiltrate mass media culture. It’s really important as an architect now to recognize and not to be naïve about mass media culture. We are inside mass media culture, and we have to reveal this, in my
view. What we are doing is rereading the artifacts we are producing, to understand how we are using the mass media to justify a position, and to accept that the references we are using are sometimes in contradiction with the real use or real production we are doing. One of the reasons I taught at Penn last spring, was to experience the Philadelphia Museum of Art, where there is a permanent exhibition of Marcel Duchamp’s work. It’s clear in the desire machines of Duchamp, that he does not replicate technology, but technology is a metaphor and a vector, a vector that reprograms relationships and collective desire.

In reference to the South Pole expedition project with Pierre Huyghe you have said that an expedition is an alibi for something else that you discover, and that the stories that we use in architecture a lot of times are alibis. That what we claim to be pursuing allows us to find something else. How does that relate to your idea of fiction? Does fiction allow you to set out on a course, but what comes out of that course is not necessarily what first led you to that fiction?

There’s an Edgar Allen Poe book, The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym. At the end of the 19th century there was the idea that the two poles were connected through the center of the planet. It was a scientific possibility that the poles were joined by a big hole, by a big vortex going through the center. This hypothesis fell through very quickly. When Edgar Allen Poe wrote the book the hypothesis was dead. In other words, Poe started the book to justify the hypothesis, even though he knew the hypothesis was incorrect. So it is a fiction based upon an interesting but impossible reality. On a narrative level, the story does not end. The ending is inconclusive. It’s one of the first books voluntarily unfinished. It ends with them disappearing into a white haze, a white silhouette drifting in the white snow. It’s incredibly beautiful. This possibility of the unfinished puts us all inside an ongoing continuous narrative. In Edgar Allen Poe there’s always a discontinuity of the narration, or a disruption of time, to assert that finally it is your story to write - it’s something you could infiltrate yourself. Not only through your own writing of a book, but the ability to come back into a work, like The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym by infiltration and to create a contradiction in this work.

Twenty years after the finishing, or rather the unfinishing of Poe’s book, Jules Verne, the French writer ‘finished the book’ by writing, The Sphinx of the Ice Fields. He wrote the book to justify what happens in the end. He wrote it to show that science could explain the end. It could explain the white silhouette in the snow in the unfinished book of Edgar Allen Poe.

My position is against Jules Verne. It’s against using science to finish, or close the possibility of a story. My position is use science in an indeterminist way, using indeterminism as way to produce knowledge.

The French Museum project for radical architectures we just proposed
in Orleans / France and just win and loose, a project called Olzweg... title from the Heidegger book “Path which are going nowhere” is coming from the same attitude but for a building: or how the un-achievement and uncertainty could be introduce through robotic and mechanical process with a part of un-determinism in the software driving the machine, which is constructing the building... This type of research has been develop and exhibited last year at the Modern Art Museum in Paris on the whole space, for an urban and social experiment “I’ve heard about”. It was about a self-organized aggregated urban structure where a social protocol became the random vector of the growing and entropic process...

All of this is visible on our web site http://www.new-territories.com and receive an award at the Feidad competition this year.

When you work in places far away, such as in Thailand, you neither explore project ideas from an externalized vantage point nor from an internally submerged one. You use technology as a source to tell a story about the place that you’re in.

It is not that we say ‘fuck the context.’ And we try to avoid being fucked by the context. Not to fuck, and not to be fucked by, the context. [laughter] You, the architect, empathize, you have a self-consciousness, you are affected. You are corrupted by your situation, and at the same time you try to be at a distance from the situation because you bring your own skill and ability to understand the situation being from somewhere else. So you accept this confusion to speak about the inside and outside, to keep intact this borderline. Not be located as a self-prisoner (to be fucked by the context), and not to be complicit with international corporations to justify your cynicism.

Can you talk about how you derive the multiple storylines for your projects?

Gilles Deleuze’s idea of territory and deterritorialization has been somewhat reduced in schools of architecture. In Abecedaire, a video of Deleuze, he takes each word, and he explains each word, and you understand all the ways, the confusion, and the rhetoric, he introduces in every word of his writing by way of what he calls approximation. This project of approximation by Deleuze is not perfectly understood in the U.S. I think an architect has to approach a problem by approximation, with several entrances, and to keep intact the several entrances, even if they are opposites, or if they are contradictory, because we have several labels and we have also several inputs and outputs.

...You talk about ‘corrupting the biotope.’ Is using several labels, several points of input and output, what you mean when you talk about corrupting the biotope?

I use ‘corruption’ as a provocation. It’s more that I am affected by
the biotope and I corrupt a situation through my job as an architect, by modifying the situation. So I both dominate and am dominated. Both movements are interesting. But the use of the word 'corruption' is also in the sense that when steel becomes rusty, it corrupts itself. How a material changes by it’s own mutation and it corrupts its own integrity. I am speaking about the naivety of integrity.

In any situation, you could avoid seeing reality, as a pure strategy of naivety, or you could deny reality, or you could also dramatize reality by using fear. Our work tries to make the context visible, to make visible the materiality of the situation. In doing so, we are also corrupting the situation.

For instance, I cannot change the climate of Bangkok, which is one of the most polluted in the world, for many reasons. I cannot promote perfect, clean architecture in the context where the pollution is a principle condition of the city. It’s clear that the project we did in Bangkok uses the situation, uses the dust, like breeding the dust of Duchamp, as an acceptance of this biotope. Of course it critiques the failure of urbanism, or the failure of human development. But I’m not moral, I don’t want to make lessons. I just want to use the biotope as it is, and to avoid denying this reality, and to avoid dramatizing this reality to promote fear, just to show it. It’s about using the context as the first matrix of a transformation. And using its substances, even the substances we don’t want to see which lie under the rug. Each context develops its own reality. And it’s interesting how an architect is not only making visible the parts, but also produces an understanding of relationships in the context through aesthetic means, a relationship by aesthetics.

Does your use of the word biotope mean the interaction of human desires, technologies, and economies? What do you mean by biotype in reference to an urban environment? You’re interested in a city like Bangkok more so than Shanghai, because of the activity there. Could you talk more about biotope and urbanism?

“Territory” is used in reference both to nations, like nation as a territory, and to animals, for which territory is the critical size where an animal can survive by finding food, by making love. The territory is the critical dimension of your survival. It’s interesting how it could be used as either the minimum space or maximum space in which you move, to feel your independence and to be linked to other things. Biotope for me is this sense of territory, where material and immaterial spaces weave together, and interact to create multiple scenarios of a context.

It’s clear that Bangkok’s a city where everything grows as a pure human energy. And even the necros. It’s the first city in the world that has introduced the necros of the building—exactly like a forest, where when the trees die, the trees die, and other trees could grow over the trees that died. Bangkok is like that. The city accepts the death of buildings. There are many buildings
that die, which are unoccupied, or unfinished. In the Bangkok skyline, it is incredible how, for many reasons, there are unfinished buildings. But there’s no drama about it, it’s just, ‘We failed in the construction, so we stopped it. And we’ll do another one.’ The city is an ectoplasm which is growing over itself, without the idea of preservation, and without the idea of propaganda, or of controlling the design.

You talk about your work both in terms of a political dimension and an animal dimension. In your projects there are oxen, there are albino penguins, there are elephants. What is it that you want to convey through the animal elements? Is it to activate an atavistic dimension in the reality of your projects?

I remember reading in some book that in the Middle Ages people could legally prosecute animals or trees. When a tree fell down in the street, the tree would be put on trial to determine the extent of its guilt. It was really interesting that every species could be put on trial and condemned, not only humans but also nature. We talk always about the guilt of human destruction. But if a tree falls down and kills somebody, it’s clearly guilty. It clearly could be killed a second time. [laughter]

I use this example as a metaphor. Our work involves is a horizontal reprogramming of our relationship to predation, to the biotope. It’s clear with global warming, we are no longer, like in the 50s and the 60s, jumping on the moon, dreaming to escape through an odyssey in a starship. We no longer have the possibility of escaping the condition of our failure. We can no longer destroy or explode the biotope, and expect to move to another one, or to restore ourselves by destroying ourselves again. We are inside the system of our own destruction and reconstruction. When Armstrong was walking on the Sea of Tranquillity in ’69, showing the whole earth that the moon was a very dusty and crazy place to survive, the feedback was not a fascination about technology. It was the end of the odyssey, it was the end of the escape. You can no longer escape when you see the status of the moon. It created our acceptance our own biotope, not humans as a higher intelligence, but as a parameter of this biotope, as one of its elements. If we put ourselves in the right mind place, we can renegotiate this position, renegotiate with other spaces, nature and the wild.

You’ve heard about the polar bears in the North Pole? In the territories where they reproduce there’s incredible pollution coming from the Arctic Stream and the Gulf Stream, carrying not only rubbish, but also carbonic gas and plutonium from the Russian cemetery of submarines. Because of that 5% of polar bears are hermaphrodites. They are modifying their sexuality. They are modifying their physiology to survive in this condition. The world has become a laboratory, and wild animals are included in this laboratory, transforming their own physiology to survive, to increase their possibilities of reproduction by a hermaphroditic transformation. The position of the polar bear interests me. They
are not in denial, they are not dramatizing, just mutating themselves, to accept and to survive in this new condition.

In your work there’s both an engagement of the evolution of biological beings, but there is also a bridge with technology. What I love is the albino penguin robot, and the transnatural characters, partly animal, partly robotic, artificial.

I think it’s a question of nature, and the nature of nature. To talk about this point, I think it is best to see a movie by the young Kurosawa, the Japanese moviemaker, called Charisma. It’s a movie about incredible trees, very naked and straight trees in the middle of a forest. They are from the dinosaur period, so everybody takes care of the trees, to be sure that the trees survive. They discover that these trees are killing all the nature around them from their toxicity. But the forest is part of our economy – for the production of wood, to make paper, to make buildings, and so on. Primitive nature destroys domesticated nature. At the end of the movie, they destroy the trees from the dinosaur period to be sure that cultivated nature survives. Reintroducing wildness within this ideology of control is of interest for me. For example the nature of Bangkok is something without prediction. It’s something without control, it is wild in a biological way. I’m interested when patterns, algorithms are invisible, when there is a hidden order. It has the possibility to react, to deform itself, and to develop its own singularity when confronted with a situation. What is interesting in the hidden algorithm of Bangkok is that it cannot be visualized or predicted.

Many of your projects use textiles. What do you see as the relation between the textiles and the forms that your work takes?

We started the textile project five years ago, when it was impossible to get a construction permit. We were operating at a site under the control of the Patrimonial Archaeological Survey. Near the project site there’s a tower from the Middle Ages. We did the project in textiles to assert that it was impermanent. We received permission to make the textile project because technically it was defined as a tent. Inside, we colonized the tent to make a private house. It was a strategy to jump over the problem – to justify a tent not a building. It was to justify this fragility, a little bit like the third house in the story of the ‘Three Little Pigs. We created an un-resistant house.

In this project we were confronted with complex geometry and a medium budget. This was a problem. We discovered at this time that textiles are very cheap. So our strategy was to build a complex geometry with cheap materials; other parts were designed very Euclidean and basic with traditional means of production. Many projects in the studio are a little bit schizophrenic in being Euclidean and complex in shape as a result of finding way to realize the whole.
In that sense, our studio is a reacting studio. If there is no commission, we don’t work. I’m not a research architect. I’ve no real desire to research without a commission, without this confrontation with a particular situation. A situation is a perfect way for me to understand how I could move around in a new way and to understand a situation of complexity. But without this situation, I’m just a child dreamer. I prefer to surf with the Valley boys in Malibu. I prefer to waste time than to be an architect. We don’t have a clear objective for the future. What is interesting for the studio is to understand how we could tell stories, and how the stories could infiltrate the stories that the system is producing.

One last thing, do you believe there is a potential for symbolism today? When you tell stories do you employ symbolic references in the forms you use?

In your bridge project called Loophole there’s this need to walk out and then return to the country, and find a way through to actually cross. Is the symbolism of turning back to go forward significant or is this difficulty intended to produce a certain affective state?

Symbolism reduces reality to iconography. In this sense, no, we are not using symbolism at all. We want to implement something phenomenological in the bridge. You need to use the bridge to understand the difficulty in crossing over a country border, over to another culture. So it’s not symbolism, it’s more of a body experiment, in this case, with emigration and immigration. I don’t want to reduce reality to iconography.

When you develop a narrative you need to develop a storyline. In the development of a story, the intelligence of the characters and the situation validate the story. Territory is an term that is of interest to me because there is a multiple disorder in a territory. It clearly cannot be reduced in one way. I really prefer an attitude of weaving relationships rather than to create a symbolism of the characters. Weaving a story of relationships of characters creates a psychological complexity. And in a project it is the same, you have many entrances, many possibilities of reading, many possibilities to be affected by your situation, and it’s interesting how to weave them together to produce the building, to keep this complex story with all the characters intact from the beginning to the end. And to avoid minimizing or reducing this woven story to one way—be it a technological, biological, or construction one—to leave open the possibility for the narration to go further, even after the building is constructed. That is really important for me, specifically with the buildings we are creating, which try to let the doors open, to unfinish the stories.
On becoming an architect

Honestly I fell into architecture by accident and coincidence. It happened perpetually. I didn’t want to find a profession through vocation or through somebody who saw the light, I just found my job by mistake…. I thought my job should’ve been something else- I was studying science and was supposed to be a physician, but I discovered I was not as much of a value of what I expected. Architecture is perfect zone for dummies who are pretending they are not. In fact, it’s a refugee’s area for psychopath…, moving in a crack of logic, which stutter simultaneously arrogance and weakness…in a schizophrenic ritual. ...Spreading perversity, obscenity as an aesthetic simulacrum...of values...in a Sacher Masoch contract and dependences...In fact discovering this field of forgery, where discourses and process are scrounged to other fields, as professional chicken thief’s... I started to be interested intrinsically by this ontological failure, as a protocol of discovering the rules and potentials behind...what appears on the surface of appearances.
I assume now this uncomfortable position situation which became by knocking the wrong door a permanent and cyclic drifting ritual of enjoyment-dejoyment.

On discovering his voice as a designer

I was deeply influenced, as a DNA by Deleuze...still alive at this period. I went one time to this seminar, afraid and curious, curious curioser.... I became a symptom or collateral effect of the French theory, post-structuralism in vivo, between semiology, digression, languages, libido and tragedy of knowledge as a strategy of power, in the sense of Spinoza not Donald Trump. In this voluntary ‘jeopardizing me’ I was push and pulled in the comet tails of Marxism-Workism... as a grid of analyze, dispute, dialectic, bad faith, rhetoric, and skeptical to any system of representation, propaganda... As a possible line of escape, we started to develop an Avatar, as a de-Identification of our own portrait, but more important as a character able to act and react independently...of us. After 20 years of intensive works and attitude, he decided to quit his position as a suicide, last year, and we did an homage exhibition in Swiss, where he explained the reason why...

On starting his own firm

First of all, nowadays the place where you’re based hasn’t got much importance, either to validate or invalidate the work you produce. You can be anywhere, so long as you’ve got a good web link and the technologies that enable you to produce and access means of
interacting. Living in a capital is not an obligation, nor is it the only way of staying in touch. Paris has become a sad museum—I couldn’t stay there any longer. As for Bangkok, in spite of the current political régime, which I’ve spoken out against to the point of compromising a project, it’s a city that stinks of life… and it smells good!
But at this origin… it was Paris in the 90ties, and my friend, it was before the French became perfect petit-bourgeois…but mainly before the Beaux Art system launched again its enterprise of plagiarism and copism… Without sentimentalism, or nostalgia, it was a period of “the Immateriaux” of Jean Francois Lyotard at Pompidou Center…so magically transcendent and naïve…

On his research

Our office, meaning Camille Lacadée and myself as partners, with a fluctuating team of 4 to 7 collaborators, work at street-level in Bangkok. Our most recent project consisted in removing from a slum built on poles the accumulated mud composed—among other things—of human shit that ran down the poles. There was no drainage system so we had to shift all this crap using robots, putting a small bookshop back in place of it. You can find the working script on the ‘net. How can anyone talk decently about ecology without taking into account filth and trash? You know Plato in his fictive Dialogues between Socrates and Parmenides denies that things he says are dirty have an essence… things like menstrual blood, perspiration and even hair under armpits!
I’m interested in bringing things like that back into the contemporary world, whether they’re refined or not. You can learn more about people by looking into their garbage can than into their fridge. Technology isn’t all on the level of MIT—I know because I’ve often collaborated with them. It shouldn’t be shut up in a hygienist trip, a purified and positivist cognitive relationship that follows on from Auguste Comte. Technology is also about confronting what the world spews up, making it visible but also putting it back into the cycle as a raw material, even if it has a repulsive dimension. You know, ironically, when Fukushima blew up, there wasn’t a single Japanese robot capable of going inside the wrecked reactors. All the ones they had could do was prance about in front of the public, they were useless in a critical zone.
Bangkok is a getaway destination, it’s not forever but it carries over from the mid-90s when we worked in South Africa with the ANC. We were in Soweto in tandem with Mandela’s team, using our first computers equipped with topology transformation software. What does it mean to be assigned to a territory, dependent on it and held hostage by it? What does that kind of relationship to territory entail? It isn’t just the polis in the etymological sense—the city—it’s also the state where there are zones of apprehension, appropriation, of fear and hostility and sexuality too! The fold of Euclidian geometry worked as a support for activism, at the end of Apartheid… that’s what esthetics are. A sophisticated play of
synesthesia at the service of saying and feeling. Topology is about Bézier curves, differential equations, asymptotic systems. It folds in and out as Artaud said, before Deleuze. It isn’t just geometrical, it has to do with the folds of the soul too. Another one of our little projects under way is about testing platforms for crowdfunding. We’re launching the first architectural project via Kickstarter. By the time this interview goes to press we’ll know whether it was just a shot in the dark or a worthwhile means of bringing people together, for exchanges and productions.

On projects that represent his unique approach

Well, we all live with contradictions. I have a vague recollection of the bad blood that was said to exist between Victor Hugo and Baudelaire. To sum it up, Hugo was accused of using the hardships of the people as a stage for his own act, and that’s what’s happening right now! Prime-time TV news is a corral-full of snippets rounded up by cynical and clever little Hugo-ites! Baudelaire, on the other hand was a pre-Parnassian poet nursing his own downfall, the ultimate commitment, a pathological antidote to idiocy. There’s something obscene about it, obscenity as the anti-venom to idealism. Something interesting and pornographic too. Laura Kipnis has written some good things on the same subject. Contemporary pornography as the last-stand space for transgression and what is possible. Maybe obscenity is something we have to face again in order to transgress. Transgress what, you say? Transgress the sleeping sickness, the ‘dumb-ifying’ as Deleuze called it, the unspeakable stupidity of repeating things over and again. What we need is a catalyst that will enable us to get up like the Golem out of the mud of general merchandising, the cult of objects, fictions, managerial storytelling, the routine of facebook and the selfie. We’re like kids swept up in the whirlwind of repetition and replication, postures we can’t stomach, but also—and this is how the world has really changed—we’re pushed into micro-niches where we remain conscious and capable of action, rare attitudes, hollowed out singularities made possible by the same technologies we spoke of earlier, like production units that no longer have to wait for a permit to do things. There are study groups in architecture that have moved in to this workshop mode, they’re busy doing, making things and spreading the word. They compute and fabricate in small units, foxholes for experimenting with operative and discursive strategies. In my own case, we use a fiction/narration/scenario that enables us to extract the ‘mere doing’ and shift it somewhere else.

This is a great age we’re living in and in the end I like being voluntarily in this state—lucid as to the noxious shifts in arguments but also as to shifts in power zones, and most of all sceptical in the face of the international middle class that worships what is marketable… We don’t trust their models, but we know that we have to work on the
same territory as where they emerge; which is both mined and actionist, in fact operaist or established to quote Negri and Linhart. I brought out a book with Negri in New York in 2013, Reclaim resilience resistance—it sold out in three months...

On his aspirations for the future

You don’t have to dress up as William Tell and kill your wife like Burroughs did to create via an inter-zone, Tangiers for him, Bangkok for us. Here, you can do things in XXS mode, just negotiating ‘in the street’ with the neighbourhood. I set up a robot in the street, plug it in to a public power source and build a small fabrication experimentation in exchange-mode with locals, with the micro-economies, the people concerned, without delegation from the territorial authorities. We’ve put three years of work into Computation Crafting, a sort of robot-enabled pathology, and into mythomanias, the book for the Chicago Biennial, presenting about fifteen projects, none of them done with a building permit or calls for tender... It’s a relief to work like this and it shifts the focus. There’s an immediate pay-off in doing, the promiscuity, the proximity with the sciences and word-play: pataphysics.

Getting down into the dirt of Ruskin and the aura of Walter Benjamin, using the same tools designed to eliminate their traces. Getting a rush, technological, computational spleen. In BKK, the M4 Lab integrate 6 axes robots, kuka R10KR1100, and processes of fabrication including RSI (real sensor interface) program. The analogue inputs are collected through UPD signal and the chain of Processing, Firefly, Grasshopper, Rhinoceros. We introduced sensors perturbation, in real time, where the trajectory of the nozzle is reacting to the robot’s very noises (machine clicks, Inverse kinematics movement, pneumatic piston...) or other agents as any analogue signal, even the pathologies and diseases able to be transcripted as input. The agents corrupt the programed predictable work and modify in real-time the path of the fabrication, as a stuttering feedback coming from the intrinsic protocol of doing, increasing the intricate meanders of the tool in an ever permanent inaccuracy of positioning, introducing non-linear processes... as a way of territorializing technologies, but at the condition to be defined through in deterministic and loophole

On the future of architecture in the next 5-10 years

What else could we do than to oppose this system’s obscenity, the obscenity[1] of our pathologies ... generated by this very system, affected by an impossibility to the world, facing these multiple disorders ... to say, to make-say and make-know ... that we as well are pathogen elements ... of this very disorder, but in a critical mode, activist, solitary ... to produce with this repulsion ... this rejection ... in a metabolised loop ... constitutive of the obscene chain ... of
these little tales. 
Yes, we are only left with obscenity in order to say, to make, to
make-say and make-know.
This is what we offer here … our pathologies as paranoid-criticism …
the obscenity is not so much the subject than the voyeurism
apparatus which forces us to look at it, frontally …
In front of the miserabilism of cretinous niches with their
hypocritical formulas,[2] we have to re-evaluate what we used to
call “Design”[3] as a process of synaesthesia , of knowledge …
crossing the multiple conflicts and embarrassing waste of ideology,
criminal positivism, voluntary ignorance, per formative cynicism … .
To secrete from its ambiguity, ambivalence … even non sense …
asurdity …
... Where some words are definitively "suspect" relative to daily
routines / Expertise, Accuracy, Performance, Optimization,
Communication, Futuristic, Future, Innovation, Speculation,
Improvement, Absolute, Truth, Parametric, Post-Human, Positivism… as
the Grail “onanism” and at the opposite, other words are vehicles
for some kind of legitimacy… innocently injected into the daily
routine / dirty, filthy, X-rated, explicit, lewd, rude, vulgar,
crude, offensive, immoral, improper, impure, off-color,
degenerate, depraved, debauched, lubricious, indecent, smutty,
salacious, carnal, lascivious, licentious, bawdy, and Nostalgia,
Melancholia, Metaphor, but also scatological, profane, porn, skin,
vile, foul, atrocious, outrageous, heinous, odious, abhorrent,
abominable, disgusting, hideous, offensive, objectionable,
repulsive, revolting, repellent, loathsome, nauseating, sickening,
awful, dreadful, terrible, frightful and repugnant…

On advice he would give to his younger self
...To be a girl.

Notes
[1] … Bataille in ambush, but also Baudelaire, as a proto-
Parnassian, in his battle against Hugolian conventions (Victor Hugo
and his compassions for the salon, the boudoir and power), Joyce and
his sinthomes, his Guyotat and borborygmi, Artaud and his
Catatonias… and Houellebecq … contemporary Pornographic Pictura
Negras …
[2] being not so digital-romantic, not so computation addict, not so
eco-masturbator, not socio-moralist, but just architects, snaking in
the crack of abuse, idolatry, idiocracy, propaganda, self-
complaisance, bio-hoax, social network lure,… Could we find a
crack between the techno-fetishism (post-Palo Alto symptom in the
main Anglo-Saxon schools for neo-liberalism propaganda and tooling-
idiocracy), other end, the techno-regression (mainly in all European
schools–Social Kreisel toy for noisy moralism, visible as a parade,
a disgusting spectacle at the “common ground” Biennale)? It’s so
comfortable and self-complaisant to choose one of these chapels…
there are many benefits to be blind to or to falsify consciousness
and knowledge. But both sides are just the two faces of the same...
...coin... a Janus-like reciprocity of personal interest...! At the opposite, techno-sciences should no longer be an Object, but a Subject we have to re-appropriate and corrupt, in “democratic anthropo-technic” strategies (not in an Art-Deco bio-design show for dummies)...[3] Design, at the opposite of its English definition, which lost its validity this last 20 years to be exclusively determined by performance and rules, “Design is the creation of a plan or convention for the construction of an object or a system,” to quote US Wikipedia ... In the French definition, it includes the notion of “dessin/dessein,” meaning meanings and means, Gestalt and Gestaltung... “Le design est la création d’un projet en vue de la réalisation et de la production d’un objet (produit, espace, service) ou d’un système, qui se situe à la croisée de l’art, de la technique et de la société,” in a “maïeutique” process and discovery, as an Ethico-Aesthetic, to quote Guattari.

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Parrhesia / Schizoid

Matters of Fabulation / with Etienne Turpin as MC / NewT / F.R. / 2013

On the Construction of Realities in the Anthropocene

As the principal of New-Territories, R&Sie(n), and [eIf/hat/c], François Roche is based mainly in Bangkok, sometimes in Paris, and during the Fall, in New York, for a research studio at the Graduate School of Architecture, Preservation and Planning, Columbia University. Through these different structures, his architectural works and protocols seek to articulate both the real and the fictional, geographic situations, and the narrative structures that can transform them. He was born in Paris in 1961, and first trained as a mathematician, later graduating from the School of Architecture of Versailles in 1987. In 1989, with French architects Stephanie Lavaux and Jean Navarro, he founded R&Sie(n) architecture studio, which developed a range of work experimenting with technological mutations, territorial transformations, and distorted appropriations of nature. His work with New-Territories, R&Sie(n), and [eIf/hat/c] has been exhibited widely at institutions and galleries around the world, and he has held visiting professorships at a number of universities, including, most recently, the Bartlett School in London, TU Vienna, ESARQ (Barcelona), ESA (Paris), the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, Angewandte (Vienna), and USC–Los Angeles, in addition to Columbia University’s GSAPP every Fall since 2006. In May 2013, I met François in Bangkok’s controversial Pata Zoo—an aging, rooftop animal prison overlooking the city’s Bang Phlat District from the sixth and seventh floors of the Pata Department Store—where he was considering the possibility of a new design commission within the space that would re-locate human visitors more conspicuously within the confines of the zoo’s enclosure. What follows is an edited transcript of our conversation.

We are trying to consider perspectives on architecture from outside
of the dominant concept of nature (as opposed to culture) in relation to the Anthropocene.

How is the Anthropocene thesis related to the concept of Gaïa?

The argument is basically that the aggregate effect of human beings on the planet has reached a geological proportion. We believe this challenges many architects’ concepts of nature.

But we are not completely in control of what is happening. Humans are agents; sometimes humans are slave agents, sometimes swarm agents, or even intelligent agents. This is also the concept of Gaïa.

The Anthropocene thesis undermines any meaningful epistemological distinction between human beings and nature, or culture and nature. Bruno Latour has recently brought the concept of Gaïa into a dialogue, through his own thinking on political theology, with the Anthropocene thesis as well. Isabelle Stengers has also used the concept of Gaïa to challenge the Anthropocene thesis. The projects that you have done, and the particular alchemical position you take through your work, as well as the evocation of biotopes in some of your design projects, all suggest a certain characterization of nature.

It started very naively, simply by taking a weak position in the 1980s. We wanted to develop a weak position as an attempt to avoid dominating the situation. We began with a kind of contextualism—I know that the idea of context has been very badly used by architects for the past 20 years—but a contextualism in terms of the biotope. The biotope is pre-existing, before we modify it, using the material substances of the biotope to be the vectors of their own transformation, the agents of their own transformation. So we start with psychasthenia, if you know Roger Caillois’s approach to psychasthenia, where the biotope can create its own ornamentation, becoming a flower, or a building, through an extra-vitalism that directly extracts potential from its situation. But we reached a certain ambiguity, or kind of a trouble, which, in the last 10 years, started to question how the position we were using not to dominate the situation was becoming a position of domination—not in terms of aesthetics, but intellectually.

It was a kind of back-door domination?

Weakness, as a position, became its own intellectual position and a statement on its own. This statement of weakness quickly became a vector of pretentiousness—of pretending you are over the situation because you consider the situation as an exogenous system. So, we were thinking about whether the same weakness could become endogenous. As an architect, how do you become a part of the system? Not only as an architect, but as a human, as a body, as flesh, as a species, as a breathing mammal? Are you able to take a position from inside, when you are in a position of servitude to the system you are trying to transform? That is, to lose the visibility of what you are doing and to accept a degree of uncertainty. That is why we talk a lot about uncertainty, a concept developed by Cedric Price in the 1970s, in order to accept a degree of missing knowledge, of driving horses without being able to tame them. This requires negotiation,
the negotiation through an embassy between nature and yourself.

It is very interesting, the project of Ant Farm from the late 1960s, about the Dolphin Embassy. Everyone knows this project now, but even 10 years ago it was not so easy to talk about it in architecture. The possibility of doing an embassy so that everybody, every thing on every side, has the right to negotiate a zone where all relations between the behaviours are plausible. Human and nature, human and dolphin, etc. So we tried to define this kind of thing, to integrate the human as an animality, as a degree, or as a vector of the Part maudite, as in Georges Bataille.2 We are working on architecture as a Bataille-machine: psychology, physiology, history, temperament. We want to consider a premedical system, before Hippocrates, where temperament describes the body as a negotiation between the temperament of the black bile, the blood, the phlegm, etc. The body is an emotional fluidity and therefore an emotional machine. This is not so far away from Deleuze and Guattari’s desiring-machine, or Antonin Artaud’s body-without-organs, a provocative argument that the body is not merely a composition of organic machinery, but a constant transference of flux.

So, if we can integrate the desiring-machine, the body-without-organs, the animal body, can we understand behaviour as acephalous—a fundamentally headless process? Can we use the biochemistry, neurobiology, and nanotechnology of today to understand the atavism of the reptilian part of the brain that is making Pavlovian reactions—the will to survive—predicted by the DNA and the transmission of DNA, but which, at the same time, cannot be so easily categorized. We are trying to pose the question of architecture not in terms of function, but in terms of psycho-physio phobias or philias. That is, as emotional reactions constituting case studies that lead to a taxonomy and produce morphologies that can extract form from emotional flux. To elicit a program that we cannot predict through knowledge, or the normal tooling of an architect. The last ten years was about that.

To go back a little bit, I am curious if you think the idea of the “weak position” became dominant within your own practice or within the broader field of architecture?

The so-called “weak position” became décor. It became the décort taking care of nature; it became just a green façade. It was then only a stereotype, the merchandizing of architecture as a simulation of weakness and cooperation. But nature is monstrous!

You responded with the slime building?

Exactly, because to use nature as décor, to simplify ecology in this way, is a kind of domination through domestication. It produced a kind of Disney Land World Fair of architecture justified by pseudo-ecological values. I am very worried by that. I think we have to keep in tact the intrinsic conflict of nature, especially of our own nature. But for architecture, nature is typically conceived of as a peaceful thing occasionally afflicted by catastrophes. This is a
problem, because to negotiate with nature is to negotiate with brutal forces. So you have to approach delicately, with courage, but without denying or erasing the danger.

To leave a place for it to appear?

For something to appear between repulsion and curiosity. You are curious about what is scaring you! Now nature is just a world garden, a domesticated garden. But nature always produces its own revenge. I am a surfer, and in the last five years shark attacks have also increased by a multiple of five around the world. Is this the revenge of Gaïa? This psycho-parallel universe says Gaïa is the mistress of the world and that we humans are only a part of a global equilibrium, even while we keep thinking we will just enjoy our supremacy. In fact, even when we are destroying something, it is for the benefit of Gaïa—we are never outside of this circuit. The supreme forces of the Earth, of the planet, are not divinities, but the forces of a global equilibrium in which we are just vectors, just citizens, but not controllers.

It is interesting that at the same time as ecology is developing, we are seeing the self-completion of the human though the destruction of the planet but also, through a recognition that we are destroying the planet, we realize the scale of destruction humans are capable of. We recognize the potential danger of domination, but the planet is capable of destroying us as well. So, while we desperately need to reorganize the social contract, we also need to renegotiate it with nature.

This is the argument of Michel Serres.

Certainly, Le Contrat Naturel is about that. There is a simultaneity! We can’t take care of the cats if we can’t take care of the neighbourhood! If you look at the first political ecology, from the Germans in WWII, it was organized by the Nazi General Hermann Göring. He was, at the same time, directing the Final Solution. Modern ecology comes out of this incredible distinction between the suffering of the people and protecting the domestic animal. This is similar to South Africa, under the apartheid regime, where the animal reserves were incredibly sophisticated.

Eugenics has its counterpart in the preservation of nature.

Yes, and in this way people taking care of nature are very suspicious to me!

How do you see architecture, especially in the last ten years, in terms of its response to planetary, ecological collapse?

The discipline is now a refugee unto itself, just an ivory tower. But I think a lot about this concern, for instance, how the polar bear is becoming a hermaphrodite to increase its potential for reproduction because of global climate change. There are examples in the fish as well. Nature responds to change by changing its sexuality, its morphology, its physiology, its behaviour. So, architecture is not about selling green products as new merchandise
that can save Willy or save the world! It is about modifying our own comportment between us and others. That is a pretty strange complexity for architects to confront today... following the mainstream production of global merchandise without questioning the new reductionism that says we must consume to protect the planet. This is a total antagonism; in fact, it is an absurdity—over-consuming with a green attitude! And all without questioning our proximity or relationship to others, to other species, to the environment. Architecture as green consumption is just green-washing, and we know that architecture is completely involved in this green-washing of global merchandise. Is there a way to have a voice, to say, “Perhaps we are wrong. Perhaps there are other possibilities”? There is the mainstream image of architecture, which is as univocal as a slab of concrete. Architecture then becomes a global lamentation with a univocal voice, without any care for singularities, other practices, or other ways of conducting our practice in the world.

It is terrible how the last ten years was dedicated to the success story of the last architect making the tower in Dubai. It is funny, but look at it now—the field is entirely impoverished! The field of architecture is crashing everywhere, not just in the US, and architects are becoming even more a part of the slavery system of capitalism. Why? I don’t want to answer why, but we have to question why it is so disastrous to be an architect in the world right now!

But do you see yourself as an architect?

I am like you! I am like the monkey in The Jungle Book, when the monkey says, “I am like you, I want to be like you, I want to be like you.” I want to be like you, I want to be an architect, but it doesn’t mean I am an architect. Just like you, I don’t know what that means exactly.

Does it have to mean making building-sized advertisements for merchandise?

Louis Althusser described pretty well the difference between the heroic period, the classic period, and the communication period we are in now. In the heroic period, the architect was both denouncing and producing. Perhaps we know too well King Vidor’s The Fountainhead, based on Ayn Rand’s book about Frank Lloyd Wright. We know it well, of course, but beyond the stereotype, there was a debate between producing and denouncing. In the illusion of modernity, in the denunciation of the system and its failures, as we see in Carlo Scarpa and others, there is a denunciation and a possibility to produce through denunciation. The heroic period was schizophrenic. It is interesting if we conserve—not in terms of preservation—but if we travel a little bit with this kind of schizophrenic potential. You can say “Fuck you,” and “I love you.” If you always say “I love you,” you forget how to negotiate with an occasional “Fuck you!” So, you have to negotiate, you always have to make room to negotiate.

The attitude of the smart architect today: working every day of the week, all the time, never considering societies other than their own, never trying to denounce the new economic imperialism or the
situation of the system; finally, step by step, this disqualifies architecture, its potential for narration, and its potential for acting. Architects are no longer acting in society; they act within their field with incredible knowledge about new tools and with a remarkably self-referential expertise, but no one wants this knowledge outside of the field of architecture. So, we are like monkeys in a cage who develop an incredibly sophisticated language, but no one can understand the language outside the cage. The question of how to renegotiate the porosity of the cage, of re-infiltrating the cage—in both directions—this is exactly what we are trying to practice now. I am pretty optimistic. I don’t want to be optimistic, but, on arrive à toucher le fond de la piscine [we’ve reached the bottom of the swimming pool]! So, there is nothing more to do except come up for air. It is a global condition that I wrote about in Log and there is no need to repeat it. But we cannot separate research and politics. Artists are usually a lot better at becoming engaged in the debates about their own society and, at the same time, in the debates regarding the singularity of their own productions. Both have a possibility of articulating knowledge transactions and transhistorical processes, challenging what is outside of the field and what is inside, and thus negotiating the boundaries. A boundary is an osmotic membrane. When the membrane becomes entirely determined by advertising, it is no longer porous. The field of architecture declared that its own knowledge was self-sufficient, became self-confident, and stopped caring what happened outside the field. And, now we have such a deficit of attention for what is outside the discipline.

We arrive at last the 2012 Venice Biennale, with some stupid, social impressions—a report on a vertical slum in Caracas that imagined, by simply reporting on the slum, it would engage society in a new debate. But we are not reporters; we are acting and transforming, and we are taking care of transformations as well. Sometimes we have to break the system, and other times we need to encourage it. But, we are not reporters; we are not sociologists reporting on miserable zones of the planet to create a sympathetic consciousness about the horrors of the world. For me, this is terribly vulgar. It was the most vulgar Biennale so far—architects simulating a good conscience!

But can you admit that informality is an important question for architecture in the Anthropocene?

I think informality is more interesting as a process in the construction of the city. We could question informality in terms of design, but slums, like the slums here in Bangkok, they don’t need architects! They don’t need you, they don’t need me. They have incredible organization, social organization, which is not top down, but about the delegation of micro-power in a constant movement, from the bottom up. You don’t have time now, but I could show you how useless architects are for the slums, but you know that already from Jakarta. We still have architects trying to force it, like a degree of justification, as if people need them to validate a process or a set of skills. This is a total vulgarity.

So is this position at all related to your work in film? Did you decide to move to a different kind of production altogether, for example, with Hybrid Muscle?
We started with film quite a long time ago now; the first was with Philippe Parreno.

I have been very interested in the work of Hans Vaihinger, a German philosopher who wrote The Philosophy of 'As If.' In this book, Vaihinger discusses the power of fiction from a philosophical perspective, admitting the need for speculative realities, upon which both fiction and science rely.

Before, it might have been possible to consider science as hardware, as a kind of petrified knowledge—of course, this was unrealistic thinking—but we know now science is marked by permanent speculation. From Ptolemy to Kepler, among many others, there is a cosmic movement, and science was carrying with it a concept of the world, or a concept of the organization of the world, through this movement. And each time a choice was made to explain something, it was also political. Science is politics. Science means you want to see what your synchronicity is able to understand, able to accept, or able to justify. So, there is an incredible, perpetual incest between the concept of the universe or the concept of the world, and the will to knowledge coming from the sciences. We can try to use science to prove something, or use politics to prove something, but there is a permanent flux, and both micro- and macro-scale concerns continue.

Architects tend to have a very impressionistic understanding of science because they consider it a tautology that contains all knowledge; on the contrary, we know this is not the case. When I came to architecture from physics, there was a concern with abstractions. But, in science we know abstractions, as axioms, rely on the explanation of a reality that cannot be validated in nature or experience. This is the duplicity of knowledge. We talk about this because fiction is akin to alchemy, when the science of the Middle Ages invented its own grammar for a knowledge which is not directly operative, but operates on itself, and by doing so, according to its own logic, becomes a thesis on knowledge without direct practice, but with illusionary practices for the mutation of substances. Alchemy has an incredible alphabet and a deepness to its internal logic in order to prove that which cannot be proven real about that which doesn’t exist. At the same time, we might consider the fiction of architecture as a kind of pataphysics, as in the writing of Alfred Jarry.

Architecture as the solution to an imaginary problem?

To mix narration, illusion, science, and sensation, you must insinuate yourself in the crack between the true and the false, between madness and rigor, and then you can inhabit the forbidden, as described by Michel Foucault, as another discourse. The pataphysical field is snaking; it is not a group of objects, but objects that are subjects at the same time, subjects that lead our mind somewhere that secures one zone by dislocating another. Pataphysics is a metaphor in the etymological sense—a vehicle of transportation. You are in a vehicle that allows you to go somewhere, and to return with a report of something you saw or touched, which modifies the perception of reality in another zone. There is another parallel with André Breton and Salvador Dalí, who
used the paranoiac-critical method to question perception through mental states, physiology, optical perspectives, perversions, etc., in order to understand the "je" as a form of negotiation, not in terms of the individual, but in terms of the species. Me—"je"—as a term of negotiation with others.

Is that negotiation of perspective not the work of architecture? Not that architecture is the only way to negotiate perspective...

We have lost what it means to be an architect; we have lost this notion. It does not mean constructing a building. Many people construct buildings, but are they necessarily architects? No! So why are we architects? To define a political-aesthetic condition of construction where we produce something in order to destabilize the habits of a situation. I don’t think there is anything else for us, because if we take the job of an architect, it is not for the beauty of the building alone, or for the arrogance of the discourse, or to become the master of ceremonies which so many young egos want to become today, but to question the condition of production and the context of practice.

For example, we trying to do a building now, a contemporary art museum, and we are trying to work within a fragment of forest in central Bangkok. We are working to calculate all the positions of the main branching of the trees and their trunks to make a building without cutting anything—a building with a "shy crown." In the forest, trees do not touch each other; they have a shy crown because their leaves will not touch each other. Trees respect distances. In the forest, this is the crack in between the tree canopies, which you can’t always see. They respect a zone where they do not touch. We are developing this museum project through an idea of timidity, developed through mathematics, where we resist touching nature. Antipathy has become, for this project, a design strategy.

We are immediately questioning what an object is. An object, in the contemporary situation, has to negotiate a relationship with other species. We respect the trees not because we want to save the planet, but because we want to understand the how these relationships, correspondences, antagonisms, or conflicts produce both pathology and geometry. That is, how these relations form an architecture.

What about the relationship of your work to Gilles Deleuze? There is a certain crude appropriation of philosophy in architecture, but I am interested in how you relate philosophy to your practice, which seems especially committed to theoretical inquiry.

We take time. It is the only agent in our present condition that can develop a degree of blurry knowledge. Time for becoming unsatisfying, time for dis-identification. I think you cannot so clearly identify what we are doing in the studio. In the end, yes, it is an object, diluted by a certain narration and through its own process of objectification. But this is also not so clear.

Really, it is about taking time. For the museum I just mentioned, we asked for three months to develop a draft design, but they wanted it in two weeks. This means that we always try to slow down, we are very slow. We slow down production so that we never answer a problem
of design with concepts. I am very afraid of concepts, and Deleuze said it perfectly—the only people who should work with concepts are the philosophers, nobody else! Of course, the public relations people making advertisements are not making concepts either—they are just selling production within the field of merchandise.

But, to take time is an economic problem. This is why I am in Bangkok: because the only way to take time is to minimize the daily cost of the studio, which was far too high in Paris. The last few years in Paris, I was not able to take time on projects, and I lost a lot of projects and clients trying to slow down. I could convince the client to take time, but I can’t convince the bank to take time! That’s the problem! The banks in Europe became worse and worse, and I ideologically bankrupted my studio in Paris by saying no to the French banks. I lost a lot of profit and gained a lot of debt. Now, in Bangkok, we are in a position where we can reconfigure the economy of production and the economy of thinking.

But, honestly, I was really astonished when I went to Japan as a young architect. I won a prize to go study in Japan and I decided to spend half of my time in a Buddhist temple, in the winter, to understand the pain of being a Buddhist—it is not so comfortable to be a Buddhist in the middle of winter—and also to meet the architect Kazuo Shinohara. Shinohara is maybe a surprising influence on me. He takes ten years to make a project. The main issue in architecture today is architects trying to brand themselves all over the world. But look at the number of projects of Mies van der Rohe and the other heroic architects—not so many. They considered a work of architecture as a way of creating themselves, not as industrial reproduction. I think this interesting—of course, perhaps I am totally romantic—but I think the field of architecture has to be multiple. It is now purely dedicated to an industrial vision, and the replication of an industrial vision; although, to be clear, I am not saying that this should not exist. Just as in nineteenth-century Europe, there were treatises to make a temple, to make a church, etc., and architects were to follow the treatises to make proper, standard, public buildings. It is the same condition right now. It might appear as if production is not standardized because of the fancy décor of contemporary buildings, but the practice is highly standardized through its relationship to capital. And now they are using an impoverished image of nature as the outline for the treatises of today.

Okay, let me say that I think it is interesting to help some other practices. Other practices are also tolerable. There are many possibilities. You can make something very arrogant for the flagship store of some new merchandise, or you can make something very timid. But, timid does not mean without ambition! It can be very ambitious...think, for example, of Ingmar Bergman, Robert Bresson, or Dreyer’s La Passion de Jeanne d’Arc—it is totally weak, but incredibly provocative.

So the weak, the timid, is not without ambition. We believe too much in the self-confident, self-promotion of the architect, and it is
the only kind of character promoted in architecture, the architect as businessman; whether feminine or masculine, it is the same.

So, I believe that a small practice, with modest production using antagonisms to question the contemporary mode of production, is still valuable today. But, young architects are not prepared for that. They are prepared only to succeed, in a very standardized way, and when they don’t succeed, when they don’t get the value that they expected from their degrees, they become incredibly bitter. You used to become bitter in your 50s, or your 40s, but now we have bitter architects in their early 30s! That is the field!

Within the higher education industry, the role of the profession is to help sell an image of success that encourages student debt and maximizes industry profit. If the profession helps sell the image, the discipline serves this industry.

Yes, exactly. It is connected to a kind of propaganda which was started by Wallpaper in London, and Blueprint, which confused the character of the architect with her own production. This is how branding became a kind of valuable self-promotion for young architects. This is why R&Sie(n) had an avatar, to avoid becoming a branding portrait, but it is not so useful now, perhaps.

But, I would like to say again that art practices negotiate much better than architecture the kind of multiple possibilities of production, as well as accepting an exposure to vulgarity. Architects are simulating, as best they can, that everything is fine. They must maintain an attitude of hygienic thinking, a hygienic relation to a world they repeatedly tell us is fine. This is architecture as a brand of permanent optimism. But when we erase deception, nostalgia, the forbidden—all of these things that are very important for understanding human pathology and emotion—we have erased everything which could be a danger. We try to contain the whole world. The last ten years of architecture have only been about efficiency and expertise—it has been terrible! This erases everything that could elicit a degree of subjectivity in the architect. But architecture wants to say, instead: we are building, we are constructing, we are making the future. How stupid is this?

Everyone knows we are not doing that, and we all know architecture is trapped. Except, you know, it’s great for capitalism, which tells us: great, work for the future, work every day, and we don’t need to pay you because you are working for the future! We know perfectly well that the replication of the present as the production of the future is a catastrophe.

So you are going to reintroduce the subjective dimension of the architect by going to find the Minotaur in Crete?

I think we have to find the Minotaur. We have to renegotiate metaphor, nostalgia, forbidden words, deception, weakness, and delusion in order to renegotiate a relationship to the world that has been condemned. We need to bring the vocabulary of the world back into architecture, which has tried to minimize the ways that ideas can be expressed and limit the emotional flux of expression as much as possible.

For now, R&Sie(n) is sleeping. After 25 years, we are taking a break
from the masochism of architecture. Of course, I am swimming in this masochism as well—I think it is my biotope—but it is still a very interesting concept about negotiating, through the contract, one’s dependence and one’s servitude. You accept a degree of servitude on the condition that it is contractual, as in Deleuze’s book about Leopold von Sacher-Masoch.

As New-Territories, we are now going to Crete. Within the Schengen Zone, Crete is in a very strange situation. The Schengen Zone is a very peculiar barrier that tries to protect the people on the inside by jailing them. This is both increasing the temptation to get inside, but also creating a sensation of security and importance that is a barrier to understanding the condition of the world. The planet, its energy, and its refugees must be excluded from the zone, but the need to fight economic imperialism still remains. I was thinking that a project could be more sophisticated in Crete. They have a background as a philosophical and cultural foundation of Europe, and they now have a fantastic conflict arising on the Mediterranean scene. There is potential in antagonism and negotiation.

So, we are doing a project with students to construct the platform for one fictional Greek citizen revolting against the barrier of the Schengen Zone, redefining a second zone within his own house as a kind of Robinson Crusoe figure. Within the second barrier is a kind of autonomous zone. We want consider this intellectually and physically, and in relation to the “inter-zone” of William Burroughs. It could be inside or outside, as a Klein bottle.

We are working in an area where people speak German, basically a vacation camp for German tourists. Why do they go there? To relax, to siesta, to use the soft economy to quiet themselves. But why is the Greek economy so much trouble? Because they are not producing enough! Germans demand the Greeks to be more like them, sacrifice like them, while they expect to go on vacation to a quiet camp where everyone is smiling, relaxed, and not working!

We are in the absurd situation where in order to have a quality of life, an authentic life, a relaxed life, you have to pay! It is only possible as a vacation camp; you cannot try to live like that. In Europe today, you have to pay for it—freedom cannot be free!

Notes
4 François Roche, ed., Log 25, ‘reclaim resis(licence)stance’ (Spring/Summer 2012).
6 “The Schengen Area is a group of 26 European countries that have abolished passport and immigration controls at their common borders. It
functions as a single country for international travel purposes, with a common visa policy. The Area is named after the village of Schengen in Luxembourg where the Schengen Agreement, which led to the Area’s creation, was signed. Joining Schengen entails eliminating internal border controls with the other Schengen members, while simultaneously strengthening external border controls with non-Schengen states.” Source: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Schengen_Area](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Schengen_Area)

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**Parrhesia / Schizoid**

Salomé Rigal as MC / NewT / F.R. / 2015


Pourquoi avoir choisi de faire de l’architecture et de devenir architecte ? J’ai pu lire dans vos interviews précédentes, notamment pour Architectural Design en 2003, qu’après math sup, math spé, vous avez bifurqué de manière un peu hasardeuse vers ce domaine. Mais qu’est-ce qui vous a mené à vous intéresser à cette discipline?

Effectivement mon parcours n’est pas celui dédié au sentiment d’une vocation précoce, mais suite à des coïncidences, voire des bifurcations et des synchronicités. Je ne viens pas d’une famille d’architecte. Tout petit, je n’ai pas joué avec des cubes de bois, ou des vis et des clous dans une quincaillerie pour reprendre des
exemples connus de tous. Donc pas de playmobiles, ni de garage ESSO... A priori je m’étais destiné à devenir chasseur d’Ours polaire, sans bien saisir le ridicule de ce rêve de gosse...Très loin donc de ce que je fais, bien que l’animalité soit une substance de notre scenario. On tombe dans la soupière par coïncidence. Il y a cependant des raisons cachées qui se découvrent au fil du temps, suite de micros événements qui font que ça engage d’être quelque part bien que cela ne soit là où l’on aimerait être. D’autant plus peut être. C’est un cheminement qui chemine par méandres successifs, qui s’ajuste de lui-même...sans que je ne me sente concerné par une discipline au sens d’une corporation, voire même d’un corpus de savoir... Je n’ai jamais eu de sympathie, ni pour les architectes avant, pendant et après.

A partir de quel moment avez-vous commencé à vous révolter contre cet univers ? Est-ce que dès votre cursus universitaire vous aviez un regard critique sur cette discipline ?

Je naviguais entre Histoire de la folie de Foucault2, L’ornement est un crime3 ou le Design & Crime d’Hal Foster4, sur la scène du crime. Être architecte, c’est impunément œuvrer comme un criminel tout en étant dans une posture “à la recherche du coupable”, ballotté dans une nasse de multiples scènes de crimes...comme une mise en abime et l’on est soit même le délinquant et le juge, l’alibi et la pièce à conviction, l’innocent coupable...attitude extrêmement contradictoire, schizophrénique.

Quand j’étais étudiant, il était performatif de se romantiser, architecte artiste et post-utopique, pour immédiatement, diplôme en poche, s’inféoder aux mécanismes de petite servitude quotidienne et de répétitions. Cette duplicité, « fait de velléité d’autonomie, d’indépendance et contradictoirement d’asservissement », était une matière qu’il me fallait corrompre. La question n’était pas tant de feindre d’ignorer ces jeux malins, de l’ordre de la malignité, que de déplacer cette pathologie sur un terrain productif, cognitif. Très vite, l’école m’est apparue comme étant un champ d’expérimentation, pas tant du point de vue du design (dessin/dessin), mais que du rapport de pouvoir, de savoir, du rapport de la transmission de celle-ci et de son organisation. Un lieu où l’autorité, qui se pense comme lieu de connaissance, transmet des modèles à ceux qui doivent faire croire qu’ils peuvent agir sur ceux « qui ne savent pas », ou plus encore ceux qui ne sont pas censés savoir. C’est la première scène de crime. Les caractères de la partie suivante y sont déjà disposés.

Les études d’architecture en France sont extrêmement pénible...comment passer entre les gouttes de prof. idiots, amères, prétentieux...pléthore d’imbéciles caquetant à la buvette et des groupe d’étudiants qui n’ont de cesser d’opposer à cette médiocrité des système réactionnaires petit-bourgeois... comme deux systèmes symétriques qui s’auto-définissent en mode « vase clos ». J’étais terrifié à la fois par les artefacts Frenchy de la Tendenza version
Typo-morphologie stalinienne, les professionnelles incestueux et machistes, les historiens paperassiers, les modernistes des-illuminé et fascistes, les romantiques estudiantins... bref une collection de clichés épiphénomènes 60Huitards dans une discipline qui avait justement éliminé préalablement les architectes radicaux de ces années-là. Cela faisait de nous des orphelins.

C’est donc quelque chose qui nous posait question, ou problème. On se demandait « mais qu’est que c’est que cette école ? Qu’est-ce que c’est que cette école qui transmet déjà des modes organisationnels en validant ou invalidant des terrains d’exploration, en échos des rapports dits ‘de professionnels’ »

Pour remplir le vide, l’étudiant choisissait une chapelle et s’idéologisait naïvement, pour discourir et s’engueuler mollement à la Cafeteria...moment pitoyable et pathétique...centre névralgique à cette époque dont l’abus permettait d’ignorer le monde, de masquer ses ignorances, ses petits arrangements, prémisses de servitude future.

Mais l’école de Versailles n’était ni mieux, ni pire à l’époque. Elle était plutôt traversée par quelques dernier Maoïstes, en mode « étranges spécimens révolutionnaires dans les couloirs de béton du lycée ». Cela donnait quand même une âme à tout ce bastringue. Eux en portaient les séquelles, comme des gueules cassées... c’était assez touchant et ça sentait le moisi...

De là mon attirance pour les matières impures peut-être.

Je suis donc arrivé à l’architecture par erreur. On y prend goût parfois, non pas dans cette mécaniques de répétition et de reproduction, mais à partir du moment où l’on choisit de s’affronter à la fabrication d’une esthétique comme « une confrontation à », comme un mode d’échange et de conflit.

Il ne s’agit pas là d’une esthétique de rebelle, avec son corollaire de marginalité confortable, il fallait faire émerger qq chose ici et maintenant, en temps réel, mais qui spéculait simultanément sur celui-ci...

Vous ne vous revendiquez pas par exemple comme post-punk ?

Don Quichotte m’a toujours paru sympathique dans les pages où se confronte à ses propres démons. Le nœud Borroméen RSI, réel-imaginaire-symbolique de Lacan est à cette place là, à cet entrecroisement, cette singularité. Je ne sais si on peut le taxer de cyber-punk comme Gibson, Sterling, et autres...mais c’est une littérature pre & post Ballard qui a réintroduit la fiction sur la croûte terrestre, comme principe de réalité spéculative. Je suis un enfant du passage de ce millénaire, sorte de Tyler Durden de Fight Club qui n’existe que dans l’imagination d’un autre.

Nous avons travaillé sur la disparition de l’auteur, l’effacement de son portrait, de sa personnification-marchandise...Dans ce temps
présent où chacun est partout, dans l’hémorragie de ses Selfi(sh), ne pas s’exhiber devient certes anachronique... les Avatars au placard... Kim Kardashian et Ricciotti au poteau... Jean Nouvel au Pantheon... !!! Vous ne nous verrez pas en haut des barricades, avec une bannière d’activisme révolté et révoltant. Notre avatar ne le tolérerait pas. Je ne puis faire autrement que de porter attention à sa propre logique, quitte à en être moi-même dépendant.

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J’ai peut-être une approche plus Deleuzienne, de la création de plateaux, de territorialisation où peuvent s’affronter des schizophrénies agissantes, où sur lesquels on peut œuvrer pour faire apparaître et disparaître en simultanée comme le chat de Schrödinger. Ne jamais être préhensible, ne jamais être vectorisé par sa propre flagornerie, mais bien plus encore par la totemisation de sa propre production... cela doit être des petits mécanismes de défense, sorte de protéiformisme opératif sur les scènes de crimes.

On ne peut dans ce passage du « siècle » omettre la transformation machiniste... de l’algorithme de Google en mode recherche cookies au robot 3 axes en print échelle réelle... Il n’est pas innocent que nous ayons un robot 6 axes à l’agence de Bangkok... Pour réintroduire “l’ faire” comme une zone de recherche et de production, ... pour réquisitionner les modes de divisions des tâches et du temps entre le préliminaire, intuition, le dessin et sa fabrication... Actuellement nous ne dessinons plus, mais élaborons des stratégies entre les systèmes... Le dessein est son artefact...

Cela a été une sorte d’évolution lente... entre les premier projet où l’outillage permettait la taille du conflit entre nature (croissance) et la fragilité d’une construction enchâssée dans ce qui pouvait la détruire (Growing en 1993).... au bâtiment lui-même machine en écho d’une situation qui le domine mais dont il est un vecteur de captation (Bangkok dusty relief) à l’émancipation de cette même machine qui devenait le véhicule de production simultanément du scénario et du bâtiment (Olzweg, Frac) ... puis dernièrement à la machine célibataire, celle qui met en co-relation les espèces dont elle est sensée fabriquer l’habitat, comme un prolongement, une extension des symptômes des pathologies et de leur négociation...

Quel psychodrame se joue actuellement dans nos sociétés machinistes... que l’architecture n’y voit qu’un mode de computation, de performativité est imbécile. Nous serons toujours dans l’entre deux des choses, à la fois animiste et machiniste... entre science molle et dure... entre la rationalité froide de ce qui les constitue et l’irrationnalité voir le pathétique des désirs et des pulsions humaines... à l’origine de ces mêmes mécanismes. Nous appelons cela Dispositifs. Le travail de new territoires c’est de rendre visible ce passage... et leurs contradictions schizoides.
Quel était votre projet à la sortie de l’école en 1987 ? Aviez-vous déjà débuté cette réflexion autour de l’hybridation ?

Je voulais rencontrer les grands-pères radicaux et cabochards, ceux justement qui avaient été éliminés par les Stalinien-Maoistes et Opportunistes de gauche (de Chemetov à JN)...cela avant de me définir sur quoi ce soit. Je voulais voir d’où venait leur prétendu « échec ». L’école de Versailles n’avait aucun livre sur Superstudio, Adolfo Natalini, Archizoom, Archigram, mais aussi Parent – Virilio, HÄusermann, Friedman, Schein... Tout avait volontairement disparu, cadenassé dans une autre pièce, de peur que cela puisse inoculer un virus. Le savoir et l’histoire sont des zones de contrôle.

Je suis donc allé en rencontrer certains, ceux qui avaient disparus des livres et ceux dont les livres avaient disparus. Nous étions co-rédacteurs, à l’époque, d’un fanzine architectural, sociétal, politique et Arty : Purple Prose qui est devenu bien autre chose par la suite. Cela nous permettait d’avoir une sorte de carte de presse et d’aller faire nos interviews, dont le but caché était non seulement de voir où ils en étaient et de quoi ils pouvaient encore parler mais aussi quelles avaient été les organisations à l’origine de leur élimination.

...Nous avons donc retrouvé certains de ces grands-pères, cabots, dandys, chercheurs, capriceux, souvent extrêmement appauvris, dans un état parfois lamentable. Nous sommes allés échanger avec ces architectes ayant cru à une révolution technologique, esthétique et politique d’avant la crise du pétrole, d’avant les publicitaires conceptuels, d’avant le mur de Berlin et de Sept 11...etc Certains étaient déjà porteurs d’auto-organisation mathématique, d’autres d’auto-construction sans architecte, de système transformiste, de canulars actionnistes, de critiques productives... avec toujours une approche sur la ou les limites. Et c’est cela qui nous fascinait, de redéfinir la limite entre les choses, les limites de l’acceptable, les limites de la scène et de son hors scène, hors limite...la limite des territoires déterritorialisées... entre un scénario et sa fabrication... Le Pli de Deleuze était sorti en 1988 année de mon diplôme...nous buvions le monde et ses complexités à venir, jouissif et productif... Mais c’était sans compter avec les modes régressifs des années qui ont suivi, années Chirac à l’administration culturelle fait de passe-droit et de cooptations, toujours en place d’ailleurs (voir lettre ouverte jointe, écrite et publiée en mai 2014). Quand Gianni Pettena sort ce livre sur la radicalité théorique Radicals. Architettura e Design5 en 1996, la France est représentée par un espace vide, Terra Incognita de la création, dont la carte est finalement complètement blanche. Les institutions et les académies avaient « bien fait leur boulot », ceux qui avaient questionné ces limites avaient été non seulement disqualifiés professionnellement, mais excommunisés historiquement de leur propre existence. Cela a donc été un véritable travail, de remettre sur le devant de la scène, ou de remettre du moins à leur place ces architectes des années 1955-70, avant qu’ils ne disparaissent. Un
des premiers boulots était donc de faire en sorte que leurs archives soient considérées et préservées. Mais il ne s’agissait pas d’un travail d’historien. Nous pensions que rien ne pouvait émerger si on ne commençait pas par balayer devant notre porte et réintroduire cette génération dans un continuum-discontinuum de temps, de lieu, d’action, afin que la tragédie puisse se poursuivre, comme dans le théâtre Classique. Le Frac Orléans a été développé pour pallier ce manque... nous y avons largement contribué. Mais cela n’a pas suffi... et pour des raisons propres à la gestion intellectuelle du Frac, et de ces directeurs de l’époque...cela est même devenu contreproductif. L’archivage que je voulais devait être pulsionnel, activiste, palpitant, afin de rendre cette collection susceptible de légitimer la transformation d’une pratique, cela n’a pas eu lieu. Avec le Frac Centre, les mémoires se sont figées dans le temps, comme pétrifiées. D’où ma rapide opposition à ce projet, qui devenait une collection de maquettes inoffensives, de coléoptères labélisés « culturels » punaisés dans des boîtes à la con sans aucune incidence sur le monde de l’en-dehors / exhibition white cube, sorte de statuaires, morts-vivantes, mortes puis vivantes et finalement mortes à nouveau...pour finir par ce concours du Frac Centre que nous gagnons en 2006 avec une fabrication stochastique robotique aléatoire...pour être déclassé en une pantalonnade de second tour... Donc on ne s’est pas aperçu, et pas simplement moi évidemment, que le ver était déjà dans le fruit, qu’il y avait un virus dans le système. Le mode d’archivage, qu’il était en train de mettre en place était à l’opposé d’une stratégie opérative, mais otage de son inscription muséale nécrosée... les pratiques expérimentales ghettoïsées, cadenassées dans des coffres-white-cube labélisés culture ne pouvant plus servir de détonateur, d’activateur... À partir du moment où le « Architectures non standard » du Centre Pompidou en 2004 s’est engagé sur la même ligne politique de terre brulée que l’Archilab, s’en était fini. Le « non standard » était naïf et puéril, obsédé par les outils technologiques plus que par leurs contenus et leur « autorité-possibilité » à saisir le monde, voir à le perdre, comme une ambivalence dont l’expo a volontairement dénié les ambiguïtés...mais aussi les potentiels. Ensemble Frac + Beaubourg légitimaient l’euthanasie de la création française, pour laisser naître une sorte de formalisme eco-digital-frenchy, en écho lobotomisé... avec tous les jaloux, les petits maîtres en farandole, pacsé a une administration qui enfin pouvait les valider à moindre frais : léthargie intellectuelle et servitudes au quotidien. Ces mêmes curateurs sont à l’origine de l’exposition « Le Corbusier » (Centre Pompidou, Paris, 2015) et qui à nouveau fait table rase des mécanismes qui en sous-tendent les productions. Que les controverses sur le parcours de Le Corbusier n’aient pas été relayées ou même questionnées afin de ne pas s’auto aveugler du poète-écrivain-artiste-architecte... en dit long et plus encore sur leur incapacité à penser l’architecture comme une structure de conflit, de pouvoir, comme une zone à la fois esthétique et politique. Je suis de ceux qui attendaient justement autre chose qu’une simple prise d’écran avec effacement, mise à la corbeille des zones troubles, pour ne pas “fâcher” la fondation Le
Corbusier et pour avoir accès aux Archives…S’agit-il en 2015 d’une attitude intellectuelle valide ? Qu’ils aient omis l’ambiguïté du personnage de Le Corbusier pour n’y voir qu’un "artiste génial" est préjudiciable à l’histoire des êtres et des choses mais bien plus encore … cela nuit au temps présent, ici et maintenant, en mode abrutissement généralisé, avec le Centre Pompidou comme vecteur de « déculturation »... Donc, oui, il y a quelque chose que l’on a raté, je pense. Non pas en tant que production personnelle, mais en tant que dynamique structurelle, qui permettait à d’autre de la prendre au vol. Et par là même de revendiquer le risque d’une production en négatif, d’une production négative, critique. Cela nous sommes passés à côté et nous avons laissé le champ miné. Que nous en soyons co-responsable… peut être. Du moins une génération, les X semblent responsables de ne pas avoir tenté de modifier les structures de décision, de délégation, et d’avoir pantouflée dans l’apport historique de ces grands-pères radicaux...mais sans ‘le pli de l’Amé’ pour reprendre Deleuze. Nous sommes responsables d’avoir porté haut et fort la possibilité d’une innovation esthétiquement-politique, sorte de catharsis hystérique, sans le courage de la situation, c’est à dire d’en finir avec la Miquép, le rotary club des archi-conseils, de questionner l’ordre sur ses droits et son origine, de repenser le système des concours autrement qu’en passe-droit sur-rémunérés, de virer quelques têtes d’affiche « conseiller(es) du prince » qui se prennent pour Mazarin, etc. etc. ...Sacré programme que cela... S’est donc installée, après le « Non Standard », dans la poursuite de l’atavisme génétique Beaux-Arts (de l’apprentissage du métier par la répétition du savoir-faire et discours du maitre), toute une industrie de copistes, industrie de représentation, de spécialistes et petits génies « à la manière de » pour rendre concours (comme on vomit) et faire croire à une production, à une intention. Que Frédéric Mitterrand se bidonne ouvertement (et dans ses indigestes mémoires) qu’il n’y ait aucun contenu du Mucem...alors que nous sommes dans un bégaiement de l’histoire, voir un conflit entre civilisation et religion sur le Bassin Méditerranéen, en dit long sur la vulgarité des complicités qui unissent ces architectes imbéciles et notre délégation de pouvoir. Puisque les architectes se sont inféodés exclusivement aux modes de représentation, ils n’ont effectivement plus accès à leur contenu…à leur scénario…et n’apparaissent que pour gesticuler…produire gesticulation…afin de masquer la pauvreté des discours sous-jacents… Je ne compte plus par ailleurs le nombre de concours qui ont été voir dans les poubelles de R&Sie(n) pour simuler une sorte d’eco-digital-style éviscéré, décervelé, lobotomisé... Donc là aussi, difficile de ne pas en être co-responsable...

En 1993 vous fondez l’agence R&sie(n) avec Stéphanie Lavaux. Vous effectuez alors des collaborations avec Phillipe Parreno et Pierre Huyghe par exemple. Un certain nombre d’artistes avec qui vous créez notamment Olzweg (avec Pierre Huyghe) pour le Frac Centre ou encore Hybrid muscle (avec Philippe Parreno). Pourriez-vous nous nous parler de
la relation que vous entretenez avec ce domaine des Arts, dans le

carde de votre travail ? Mon mémoire de diplôme portait sur

l'évaluation de ces rapports, de façon très naïve. Je n'avais pas

les outils à l'époque (heureusement je l'ai perdu, ce qui m'empêche de le relire). Il s'agissait donc d'une cinquantaine de pages ayant

pour objectif de comprendre les passerelles entre art et

architecture au XXe. Je tentais d'analyser ou simplement de
diagnostiquer le lien entre plusieurs périodes : d'une part Mondrian

et son carroyage urbain, dans les mains de Rietvelt et du mouvement

De Stijl et leur facetisation structurelle, puis sur les papiers

peint muraux de Theo Van Deosburg diagonalisés, jusqu'au tee-shirt

'Mondrian' d’Yves St Laurent. La seconde étude portait sur le

rapport à l'écriture automatique entre Henri Michaux, sous

mescaline, et Coop Himmelb(l)au dans leurs sismographies mentales

(avant de faire n'importe quoi) et... un troisième sujet qui s'est

perdu dans ma mémoire... alzheimerisée. Ce ping-pong art-architecture

qui s'est opéré au XXe siècle est une sorte de pendulum de multiples
temps différés, ou une discipline ne se nourrit des concepts

artistiques de l'autre, par association, mimicry (imitation),

récupération, comme un bégaiement translaté, vectorisé, ayant

justement perdu la mémoire des raisons qui l’ont vu émerger.

J'avais donc émis mon diplôme suite dans cette stratégie de ping-

pong mais en temps réel. Cela m’a permis sans le savoir d’être en

vibration productive avec nombre d’artiste, comme Leccia, Vilmouth

puis Xavier Veilhan et principalement Pierre Huyghe et Philippe

Parreno... et Carsten Höller... etc. C'est à dire, entre autre, de ne

pas mettre les bandes Rouges et Blanches sur un bâtiment pour faire

Daniel Buren...si ça vous rappelle quelque chose. C'était de se dire «

En étant associé en temps réel, peut-on produire quelque chose qui

soit de l’ordre d’un scénario, d’un jeu, d’un Je au pluriel ? Et

que, ce scénario, puisse être aimanté, validé par deux champs
différents pour exister indépendamment et simultanément... Sorte de

bicéphalie univoque... 1+1= 1.

Oui, ça été quelque chose, comme un déclencheur.

Parallèlement à ce mémoire, je rédigeais un projet sur 360 pages,

360 jours. Chaque jour un dessin à la main, comme une sorte de

narration qui n’en finissait pas de s’autoalimenter en confusion-

réaction des jours précédents... en synchronicité -desynchronicité...

Quinze jours avant la date de jury..., j’ai compris que je n’aurais

jamais mon diplôme si je me présentais dans cet état la. J’ai donc

produit un autre projet, totalement conventionnel, avec un étudiant

associé de Versailles. Ce qui m’a permis d’avoir un résultat

schizoid / les félicitations du jury pour l’un et être couvert de

boue pour l’autre. Mais ce qui était assez paradoxal, c’était que

j’obtenais néanmoins ce diplôme pour l’ensemble, sorte de fuite en

avant, suicidaire pour l’un et caricature professionnel pour

l’autre. Il a fallu plusieurs années avant que les deux ne

fusionnent, encore ce fameux 1+1=1... J’avais fait deux ans d’études

scientifiques avant Versailles pour manipuler ces pseudo-
démonstrations par l’absurde.

Peu de temps après ce diplôme, une circulaire est passée, m’a-t-on
dit, dans cette école, pour prohiber deux diplômes à la fois. Cela mettait le jury, évidemment, dans une position compliquée. Mais cela avait été assez malin d’éviter de se confronter aux mécanismes corporatistes largement sous évalués dans ‘la misère en milieu étudiant’ pour reprendre Guy Debord.


L’Association des temps libérés, de 1995, ne s’est jamais revendiquée comme un groupe ni un mouvement, mais est considérée comme étant une association, justement afin de modifier le ou les formats d’une exposition, non plus en point culminant mais en système productif. Donc vous me demandez si j’adhère au mouvement ? Oui j’adhère au mouvement, j’en suis même un de ceux qui en ouvrent préalablement les portes. Juste pour mémoire, ‘Action 1993’, expo personnelle à l’IFAd (bien avant la goujaterie de Chaillot) sur une trentaine de projets, un livre, L’ombre du Caméléon sur les notions de scénario, de fiction, de process de réalité, de temps différé, d’engagement esthétique au limites floues...

Nous avons fait beaucoup d’exploration ensemble sans pour autant faire mouvement. Les X sont peut-être réticents au grégarisme, c’est aussi leur faiblesse. Les choses se sont liées par des langages, des rapports et des hypothèses du langage, de scénario. Enfants des Mille Plateaux de Deleuze et Guattarié, enfants de la schizophrénie analytique, de l’Anti-Edipe, de Lewis Carroll et des séminaires de Lacan sur les symptômes. Cela passe aussi par une attention à la création la plus emblématique du XXe siècle, le cinéma, on ne peut faire sans. J’ai découvert L’Image-mouvement de Deleuze7 en deuxième année. J’ai ainsi pris acte du rapport temps/pellicule/mouvement comme un triolisme incestueux... cela a modifié le rapport que j’avais au projet, à son scénario, comme une zone de passage, comme un sujet dés-objectivé... tu veux dire dé-réifié ? Lorsque je travaille avec Pierre, avant d’émettre un scénario, d’abord on se parle. Mais on ne se parle pas, comme on le fait en mode expertise, dans le champ clos de notre propre savoir, on se doit de reconstruire les mots, en sémiologue, pour qu’ils puissent se correspondre. Le Minimalisme en Art est un mouvement issu de la phénoménologie de Merleau-Ponty dans les années 1960, en architecture, c’est une réaction économique à la crise de 1970 et à la faillite des utopies... et ainsi de suite... un mode d’échange cela passe préalablement par la définition d’une ambassade... une micro Tour de Babel. Nous étions donc des êtres navigant sur les plates-formes de Deleuze, sur lesquelles nous partagions des choses, des biens, des aides et des mémoires et des
pulsion de production, avant même de penser à des formes.
L’exposition de Harald Szeemann « Quand les attitudes deviennent forme » (Live in your head: When Attitudes Become Form, Berne, 1969), illustre à contrario parfaitement cela. Nous voulions aussi reprendre possessions des attitudes. Nous ne voulions pas que l’objet soit simplement un objet. Nous voulions les disséquer pour qu’ils suintent, ces objets, suintent de multiples Lost Paradise de John Milton8, figure papale des femmes et aristo du XVIIIe siècle, précurseur des « desperates housewifes ». Nous le sommes tout autant des « desperates housewifes », alcoolisées dans la cuisine l’après-midi, désespérément jouissives et jouissantes de leur désœuvrement, questionnant le temps...de l’ennui comme le dit Jean Claude Milner. On est assez loin de la figure tutélaire de l’architecte... non ?

A présent, j’aimerais discuter de vos installations tel que le Laboratoire des humeurs, Architecturer des humeurs en 2006, ou encore Aqua Alta, que vous réalisez sous le nom R&Sie(n). Ces installations vous rapprochent-elles d’une démarche artistique ? Cette démarche d’installation pourrait-elle être analysée comme relevant de l’art contemporain ?

La biennale d’architecture de Chicago a un drôle de mauvais titre: « The state of Art of architecture » (L’état de l’art de l’architecture). Il y a un rapport de l’art à l’architecture, il y a de l’art dans l’architecture qui fait partie des modes d’échange des champs artistiques. Mais la on commence à faire de la bouillie... c’est indigeste. Nous y sommes invités, OK... Mais restons lucide... valider une pratique architecturale comme étant artistique, est un des grands mécanismes de disqualification. Que l’on vous dénomme Architecte-Artiste, c’est un minimum une farce, mais dans bien des cas ...une insulte. Cela sous-entend que malgré l’approche dite « sensible », vous ne comprenez rien aux enjeux de la commande, du monde, des contraintes, des us et coutumes, et des modes opératoires de l’architecture. Donc à priori, vous ne pouvez pas être un architecte, puisque vous vous refuserez à en accepter les modes opératoires. Mais c’est justement le rôle de l’architecte de questionner ces mêmes modes opératoires...(productif, discursif, cognitif, économique, politique...). Qui d’autre que celui-là pourrait assumer la charge ? « Mais n’ayez crainte, allez dans le champ artistique ! il vous y attend ! Il y fait beaucoup plus chaud. Vous verrez, il y a de la lumière ! Mais s’il-vous-plait, de grâce, n’utilisez pas le terme architecte, que pour vos coquetteries de savant, puisque vous êtes un artiste... ». Rires. Ce que nous ne sommes évidemment pas...C’est un Non Territoire, un vide cosmique dans lequel certains se font envoyer de force (rires) pour éviter de devenir trop toxiques ou trop perturbants par ceux qui disqualifient, excommunient, exécutent, etc. Pour l’I’ve heard about, et L’Architecture de Humeurs, nous ne nous sommes pas associés à des artistes. Et ce n’était pas innocent. Nous voulions empêcher que cette démarche, politico-computationnelle et bio-technologique, soit déplacée ailleurs, dans un territoire inoffensif.

Dans les deux cas nous avons été rémunéré en architecte, c’est-à-dire à 20% du coût de l’exposition...et non en production d’œuvre artistique mise en vente sur les marchés.


Je ne transmets rien. Rien, au sens de la transmission de savoir, du magistère, du maître de cérémonie. Je me positionne rarement en début de scolarité. Je suis plutôt en master, ou en année de recherche, ou il n’y a pas rapport d’autorité quand a la transmission d’un savoir et moins de conflit a gérer avec le corps enseignant...j’aime pas trop ce corps là...il est gras, affable, hypocrite et paresseux (je parles de l’architecture). J’ai toujours considéré qu’enseigner dans ces zones-là, en master, c’était mettre en place des procédures comme dans un laboratoire scientifique. On y élabore des hypothèses, des spéculations, des stratégies de fabrication, d’émergence, pour faire apparaître des artefacts. Et, ces artefacts, rétrospectivement vont nourrir ces hypothèses et ces procédures. Comme si les enjeux se définissaient en mode incrémental et récursif. C’est ce qui est intéressant dans les écoles anglo-saxonnes, enfin ce qui était intéressant, car depuis quelques années cela s’est un peu abîmé, c’est que chaque début d’année, vous êtes à la loterie. On présente un sujet d’étude, face à la multitude des étudiants, en amphi, et ce sujet de travail là, doit être validé par un certain nombre d’étudiants, sans quoi il est annulé. Et votre poste est en péril. J’ai toujours préféré être un professeur invité (guest professor), sans jamais souhaiter, et pourtant on me l’a proposé plusieurs fois, de devenir un fonctionnaire de l’enseignement, que ce soit en France, aux Etats-Unis ou ailleurs. Ma position est volatile, versatile...et doit le rester. Après il me semble important de se confronter. La pratique de l’architecte, c’est de fabriquer, certes ...mais de fabriquer quoi... ? C’est aussi et principalement se confronter ou faire face, se ‘conflictualiser’. Le conflit, la dispute, sont des vecteurs et des esthétiques de fabrication. La pratique d’architecte c’est aussi...
produire des synchronicités... en temps réels et temps différé, nous
en avons déjà parlé...

Récemment j’ai rencontré un de vos ancien étudiant aux Beaux-Art, de
l’atelier Vilmouth, donc Baptiste Debombourg. Pouvez-vous nous
parlez de votre expérience d’enseignant à l’école des Beaux- Art de
Paris ?

Aux Beaux-Arts de Paris, il y avait traditionnellement, un poste
dédié à un architecte. Alfred Pacquement, qui était directeur des
Beaux-Arts à l’époque, m’appelle donc un jour, et me dit: « ce poste
se libère, Antoine Stinco part à la retraite ». (Antoine Stinco,
avant l’Orangerie et une pratique dite professionnelle, était membre
du groupe Aérolande, un travail intéressant dans les années 60-70
dans la poursuite de Cédric Price). On m’a donc proposé ce poste. Je
me suis dis: « pourquoi pas ? ». Avoir une position aux Beaux-Arts,
avec une chaire d’architecture qui me permettait de créer des
passerelles avec Malaquais était tout de même risquée... mais le jeu
de me lancer dans des mécanismes d’infiltration / je lisais à
l’époque le livre de Robert Linhart sur L’entrisme, les ‘Etablis’ /
c’était plausible. J’entre donc avec une recherche bicéphale, pour
les étudiants d’architecture et les étudiants des Beaux-Arts, un
Lab-odyssée à concevoir au pôle nord, sur l’archipel du Svalbard
entre autre. Il s’agissait d’une recherche sur les chimères aux
confins du monde, avec pour objectif de produire des principes de
réalité au travers de ces chimères, et de fabriquer des contingences
qui se nourrissent et produisent des cheminement scientifiques et
artistiques. Je suis pris avec Pacquement et un jury plutôt pas mal,
et les emmerdes commencent immédiatement / administration / jalousie
des petits profs de l’époque / J’essaie alors de m’associer avec
Vilmouth. Il me fallait surtout trouver un allié sur place, lui-même
était inféodé à ce système. J’espérais ainsi avoir une chance de
voir le projet avancer. Puis, au bout de deux ans et demi, voyant
qu’il n’y avait vraiment rien à faire, j’ai volontairement
démissionné de mon poste et claqué la porte. Belle histoire, non ?

Et il s’agit toujours de cela. Bien des années après... Suite à dix
ans de « snaking » dans le système anglo-saxon, j’ai réussi à faire
LOG dont je suis l’éditeur. Et ce livre LOG 25, au centre des
systèmes de pouvoir, avec Cynthia Davidson et Eisenman en censeurs
paternels, est le moment de questionner les relations de résistance
aux technologies, mais avec des mathématiciens, philosophes comme
Antonio Negri et architectes de la génération computing.... Cet
ouvrage a été épuisé en trois mois...

Aujourd’hui, 3 ans après cet ouvrage, il s’agit d’un nouveau cycle.
Quelque chose a changé au pays de l’oncle Sam... Lehman Brothers et
les Sub-primes, la peurs des banques à financer les académies les
obliger à brader leur systèmes aux « cash flow » des pays
émergents, Chine en tête, à des niveaux de 80, 90% de la masse
étudiante des Master classes. Ces écoles sont revenues au point
zéro... de l’avant paperless studio de Bernard Tschumi en Dean de la Columbia en 95... C’est-à-dire qu’on achète le cursus à la Columbia, comme un « stamp ». Mais l’histoire a des cycles. Et le cycle actuel est un cycle pauvre. Les académies doivent aller chercher l’argent où il est, et sont complètement otages de critères de sélection qui n’ont plus rien à voir avec la recherche. Plusieurs articles sont parus sur ce sujet. Il y a aujourd’hui même une tentative de mise en place de numérus-clausus asiatique pour éviter de faire discrimination, face à l’afflux d’étudiants chic-chinois. Ces numérus-clausus ont pour but de réquisitionner les flux financiers mais cela parait des vœux très pieux... C’est donc pour cela que je quitte ces écoles US. Il n’y a plus rien à y faire. Aujourd’hui nous avons ouvert notre propre LAB, à Bangkok par exemple, où nous invitons sur sélections des étudiants de différentes provenances à produire ici ... et il y a des chinois bien évidemment...mais pas en version ‘raz de marée’. J’ai arrêté les Beaux-Arts, j’arrête les académies anglo-saxonnes. Nous sommes plutôt aujourd’hui dans une pratique de micro recherche, de niche, pour comprendre en quoi les technologies peuvent produire et fabriquer à l’échelle 1:1, et permettre de ne plus passer par...

...la représentation de l’architecture ; et ainsi accéder directement à sa fabrication. Ce qui supprime complètement le rapport d’indulgence qu’on s’applique à soi-même, face à son propre dessin, se mirant dans le reflet de la qualité graphique que l’on peut produire avec les outils digitaux. Donc effectivement il s’agit de sortir aussi de cette fascination. L’Architecture est en mouvement, c’est quelque chose qui est en palpitation... En 1992 vous écrivez un article dans le dossier « de quelques créateurs » publié dans le numéro 399 de Technique et architecture, qui aborde cette question d’explosion des frontières entre art et architecture. Je vous cite: « (...) que reste-il entre et dans ces deux champs d’investigation (art et archi) dont les frontières historiques explosent sous nos yeux, qui puisse en légitimer le statut » et donc vous concluez cet article par une petite liste « Amitié à Ozu, Yves Klein, James Turell, Robert Smithon, Donald Judd, Merleau-Ponty, Orson Wells, et les ‘‘paysagistes’’ de Tamanrasset. »

Plus de 20 ans après cet article et cette observation que vous portiez déjà sur ce rapport « art et architecture », qu’en est-il de cette explosion selon vous et que reste-il de cet intervalle entre art et architecture ?

Remettons à sa place celui qui est à l’origine de cette porosité, Jean-François Lyotard, et « Les immatériaux » 9. Lorsque j’arrive à Paris dans les années 1980... « Les Immatériaux » ouvrent leurs portes, dans l’implosion postmoderne au sens philosophique, pas au sens architectural. Les architectes n’ont rien compris de cette implosion, à part Robert Venturi et Denise Scott Brown. Jean-François Lyotard va donc constituer, par ses écrits, quelque chose qui a à voir avec la dilution des champs artistiques... Ou du moins le floutage de leurs frontières, grâce ou à cause de lui. Il y a eu

Votre génération Y revient étrangement à des pratiques de servitudes, dans lequel les limites sont données comme les seuls formats admissibles (like like). Ce n’était pas le cas il y a vingt ans. Et ça ne sera pas le cas dans cinq ans, ou plus. Ce sont des cycles. Ils correspondent à des mécanismes de société, ou parfois quelque chose s’engouffre. Et ces choses qui s’engouffrent, quand elles ne sont pas encore domestiquées, elles performent, elles ouvrent, cisaillement, invaginent et baignent avec le monde...un potentiel pornographique. Maintenant que l’internet est domestiqué comme un écran TV. Julian Assange et quelques autres comme Edward Snowden, nous rappellent à la création... la lettre R de l’Abécédaires de Deleuze... contre la bêtise du monde...

J’aimerai terminer cet entretien par une dernière discussion autour de cette notion d’auteur. Dans le Journal des Arts10, au moment d’une interview en 2013, vous évoquez votre collaboration avec Philippe Parreno. Je vous cite : «Si nous produisons à l’époque, à plusieurs, entre architectes et artistes, entre autre, c’était principalement pour éviscérer l’œuvre, le projet de son auteur présumé et flouter celui qui parle ». Pourquoi ce flou ? Ce floutage est-il la condition de survie, ou de prolongement de cette génération d’artiste-architecte ? Une disparition de l’auteur est-
elle une des conditions de la transdisciplinarité?

Qu’est-ce que l’auteur ? Cela ne répond pas forcément, mais ça questionne. Qu’est-ce que l’auteur dans le post capitalisme ? Jean-François Lyotard, dans Instructions païennes, émet l’hypothèse que l’auteur postmoderne est celui qui véhicule quelque chose, mais quelque chose qu’il n’a pas à inventer / ou qu’il n’a pas inventé ?. Il tire profit, cet auteur postcapitaliste, de la vectorisation de ce qui a été produit préalablement. On pense alors à En attendant godot qui parle de Samuel Beckett. Il s’agit de toujours questionner celui qui parle. Jacques Lacan a aussi écrit sur ce sujet. Donc voilà, il faut s’interroger sur : qui parle ? Qui a le droit de s’exprimer ? Qui s’autorise à penser ? Et ce n’est pas étonnant que les procès en plagiat se multiplient... en France et ailleurs dans l’industrie musicale, c’est déjà là... je l’espère aussi dans l’architecture Française... imaginez que l’on sorte enfin de la gangue Beaux-Arts ou JN trône en maître de cérémonie...

Alors, qu’est-ce que c’est que d’être un auteur qui se floute lui-même ? C’est d’abord résister à « ne pas se prendre pour », à sa propre fétichisation, pour se déplacer...

Après, flouter l’auteur, c’est rendre compte d’une petite mécanique narrative, qui questionne la nature de celui qui fait et de celui qui écoute. Interroger la façon dont entre ces deux acteurs, la transaction s’opère. Et celle-ci s’opère sur des questionnements... pas sur des objets. C’était quelque chose qui nous intéressait effectivement avec Philippe. Nous ne voulions pas que notre travail soit simplement une chose facile, en name dropping. Ce n’étaient donc pas un objet facile, car le contour de cet objet est topologique comme un pli de l’âme. Et sa consommation n’en devient pas conséquent que plus délicate. Ceux qui n’ont pas le temps... ne s’en saisissent pas, et tant mieux pour eux. J’ai édité il y a quelque temps un livre qui s’effaçait. C’était au mois d’août, pour I’ve heard about au MAM. Il était imprimé avec une encre qui s’effaçait à plus de 30°. Pour ne pas être lu sur la plage comme le Figaro Magazine ou Beaux Arts Magazine. Il fallait attendre l’hiver. Il s’agissait d’un livre qui devait attendre une saison, avec une temporalité différée ou se mettre la tête dans le frigo comme Maryline dans The Misfits de 1961. Ce n’est rien d’autre que de L’Air de Paris dans une pharmacie du Havre. Ce n’est rien d’autre que le jet spermatique dit de paysage sur cartes postales de Duchamp, ...faut attendre un demi-siècle pour en saisir la tromperie et l’espéglérie... Nos petites histoires sont à saisir en décalage, en mode cadavre exquis...

Notes
Parrhesia / Schizoid

Frog Kiss 1.0 / Nicolas Hannequin as MC / 2004 / Paris / pour la revue "Raison Présente /

Que ce soit dans vos textes, votre attitude ou vos réalisations, le problème posé par votre agence (R&Sie), est celui de l’autorité. Au-delà de tout présupposé sur la forme ou la fonction de l’architecture, c’est la figure même de l’architecte démiurge que vous mettez en question. C’est ainsi qu’il faut entendre vos nombreux coups de griffe à l’égard des figures de l’architecture contemporaines. Lors de la rétrospective consacrée à l’architecte Jean Nouvel en 2002 (centre Georges Pompidou), par exemple, vous choisissez de vous exprimer avant tout sur le symptôme de leur égotisme en soulignant le gigantesque portrait de l’architecte qui trônait à l’entrée de l’exposition.

Comment cette volonté d’apparaître le moins possible en tant qu’auteur, et de penser une architecture qui sache rester dans l’arrière-plan, est-elle conciliable avec une politique de la ville qui ne retient de l’architecture que sa valeur emblématique d’objet, ou de “totem” ?

Cette situation tient en effet au fait que toutes les politiques de la ville depuis la reconstruction sont pensées par des représentants de l’État, par des commis de l’État, dans un contexte politique de république monarchiste. Sous prétexte qu’ils sont nommés par ceux qui émergent de la vox populi, ils s’arrogent le droit de penser et d’agir sans consultation, dans des procédures régaliennes, au travers de mécanismes d’autorités en complète contradiction avec
l’évolution de nos sociétés démocratiques. Il suffit de se souvenir de l’attitude de Colbert, face au projet du Bernin destiné au Louvre. Louis XIV avait été, du haut de sa “clairvoyance”, attiré par l’architecte baroque, pour réaliser l’extension du Louvre. Sa première proposition – un travail assez exceptionnel sur le concave et le convexe – est immédiatement refusée par Colbert qui juge le projet trop onéreux, non fonctionnel et trop complexe. Ce dernier revient à Paris pour une deuxième version, plus aplatie, de moindre intérêt mais au coût, selon Colbert toujours trop élevé. Suite à un troisième essai, qui n’a du génie du Bernin que la signature, Colbert, surpris et fasciné par le pouvoir de nuisance qu’il découvre, va justifier de la pauvreté du projet pour débarquer l’architecte Italien. À même manque d’exigence, un architecte français, docile et serviable, au classicisme pompeux, comme Claude Perrault (le Frère de Charles) pouvait bien se charger de la besogne. Ainsi, cette grande stratégie de déshabillage, de raison d’État, et d’une politique architecturale exclusivement conditionnée par le désir de représentation du prince, date de l’époque où ces mêmes Princes ont délégué leur pouvoir à des interfaces ; les commis de l’État, drapés d’une compétence que leur confère les boudoirs enfumés des antichambres du Monarque fut-il républicain, issus des loges où l’on se parle en chuchotant, de peur d’être entendu par ceux qui ne savent pas : les innombrables, les innocents, ceux qui ne peuvent comprendre les enjeux, les stratégies de développement de la ville et de son usage. Étrangement, le seul bâtiment de la deuxième moitié du XXe siècle qui est parvenu à émerger sans passer par le filtre de ces grands commis de l’État, c’est le Centre Georges Pompidou, pour lequel on a fait confiance à un ingénieur-artisan-architecte, Jean Prouvé, afin que son opinion sur le choix du jury valide l’expérience et convainque Pompidou. À l’inverse, afin de rendre compte de la stabilité du pouvoir et inscrire « une certaine idée de la représentation de la France et de sa grandeur », le commis ne prendra jamais le risque d’amener le monarque républicain, qu’il soit à la tête d’une collectivité territoriale ou au sommet de l’État, à développer un projet qui ne soit pas prévisible. C’est ce mode de fonctionnement qui, en France, a engendré une sorte de dépréciation et de désaffectation publique de l’architecture. Sa grandiloquence et sa prétention ennuient, agacent et n’intéressent que ceux qui la produisent.

Votre architecture s’érige moins sur un sol que sur une expérience critique. On comprend alors que refuser de faire autorité, signifie avant tout être à l’écoute de la situation : « saisir un territoire sans l’asservir ». Or, vous faites le constat qu’en France « on pense la ville comme un systématisme […] incompatible avec ces notions de complexité, de rhizomes, de processus ». Comment réagissez-vous face au retour d’une politique de restructuration lourde, notamment lors de la récente destruction de la Cité des 4000 à La Courneuve ?

Je réagis comme les habitants de la Courneuve. En un sens, ce sont
les mêmes mécanismes qui sont à l’origine des grands ensembles et qui les éradiquent aujourd’hui, soixante ans plus tard. Ce sont toujours les mêmes pensées de la ville, qui sont à l’œuvre. Politiques de la tabula rasa selon lesquelles on fera toujours mieux après. L’on rase sous prétexte que la reconstruction de cette Cité des 4000 s’accomplira à une échelle plus humaine, alors que le devenir de ce type d’urbanisme appellerait plutôt à privilégier la formation sédimentaire de concrétions et de complexités afin de substituer une forme noueuse au modèle panoptique d’un urbanisme sous surveillance. Les villes asiatiques fournissent un parfait exemple de scénarii multiples entrecroisés, enchevêtrés… Constituées de rhizomes et de hasard, elles sont autant de creusets à vivre, sans prévisionnisme ni planification sclérosante. Ces villes rendent visibles les contingences humaines et leur forme est surtout une forme à vivre et non une forme définie dans un fantasme d’achèvement et de principes de contrôle. Il s’agit de se souvenir du fait que quelques expériences ont déjà eu lieu. Les bulles de Chanéac (1), déjà dans les années 1970, prouvaient que ces unités standardisées issues des chemins de grues pouvaient porter, engendrer des sécrétions capables de les métamorphoser. Mais pour penser sans modèle, pour agir au cœur d’un mouvement « en train de ce faire », il faut accepter l’incomplétude, voir même l’engendrer. Or cette attitude est en parfaite contradiction avec la propagande professionnelle qui ferait de l’architecte le porteur d’eau d’une émancipation urbaine et sociale. Comment ne pas reconnaître que nous nous trouvons face à des complexités que nous ne pouvons pas résoudre et admettre que la ville contemporaine, du moins celle qui n’est pas une enclave exclusivement touristique sur le modèle d’une gated community, relève d’un artefact aléatoire que personne ne peut ni maîtriser ni dominer. Il s’agirait alors de rendre compte des contradictions qui en sous-tendent le devenir à travers, notamment, les technologies de plisages par ordinateurs. Celles-ci ne sont pas tant des joujoux pour gamins puérils, comme certains architectes et critiques français le pensent, mais des outils qui nous permettent d’aborder cette complexité afin d’en finir avec le modèle de la ville néolibérale, et son espace euclidien sous surveillance. Le temps glisse, dérape et nous sommes de plus en plus inféodés à des temps qui sont ici et maintenant. Paradoxalement, les auteurs de Science-fiction, de Neal Stephenson à William Gibson, sont devenus les décrypteurs de notre société en temps réel et personne n’ose émettre des hypothèses sur un devenir sans en lister les facteurs d’incertitudes. Ainsi, notre présent nove-t-il des relations contradictoires et étranges entre des notions de Rétrofutur, de Tomorrow-now, mixte de Dream Time et de Day after. Or, étrangement ce sont les architectes et les urbanistes qui alimentent cette naïveté, presque génétique, de simuler une vision pour l’avenir.

L’architecte doit donc accepter de ne plus avoir de pouvoir sur la ville ?

Oui, c’est très intéressant de prendre d’autres chemins que celui
qui associe compétence, autorité et procédures de domination. On pressent bien que dans le système libéral le rapport à l’auteur est un rapport miné, truffé de faux-semblants. Jean-François Lyotard ne constatait-il pas le déplacement de cette notion d’auteur ? Ce dernier se place aujourd’hui au centre d’une vectorisation de « produits culturels » sans qu’il ait à les élaborer lui-même. Il ne serait plus celui qui émet mais celui qui transmet. On nomme cela plus communément sampling, mixing, remastering. Cela est d’autant plus vrai, en France, que nous sommes assujettis à une culture Beaux-Arts qui s’enseigne sous influences et se transmet par citations. Se pose donc invariablement, comme à toute période la question de l’auteur, non dans ce qu’il a à nous dire mais de quelle position d’autorité légitime tire-t-il son discours ? Question qui est constamment évacuée dans les discours sur la ville. Avec ce préalable, nous pourrions éviter les mécanismes ô combien labourés de propagandes sociales, d’émancipations des masses, de développements durables, et autres escroqueries qui nourrissent la faconde du professionnel.

Ce sont les émeutes que connaît le quartier des Minguettes, en 1981, qui enclenchent une « refondation » complète de l’action publique teintée de cet idéal d’émancipation sociale que vous dénoncez. En effet, à cette utopie, vous préférez opposer une architecture « fictionnelle »2. Vous affirmez notamment « qu’être asservi instrumentalement à un localisme, c’est pour nous l’occasion de développer une micro politique, agissante et opératoire ». Comment avez-vous pu développer cette stratégie dans votre travail, dans le cadre des procédures de Développement Social des Quartiers (DSQ) ?

L’agence a effectivement travaillé sur cette économie de DSQ, en 1995, à Condé-sur-l’Escaut, près de Valenciennes, dans un territoire abandonné, « Chanteclerc Le Coq». Une suite d’opération des années 1950, au milieu des marécages, gorgées, infiltées jusqu’aux toits d’humidité, de ruissellements, pour une population que l’on qualifierait de White Trash, de petits blancs, soumis à leur condition, culpabilisant même de leur misère. Contrat de plan, en main, on allait, nous, les architectes leur refaire leur quartier, en embellir les voiries, en planter les poubelles et des arbustes rachitiques... cela paraissait vulgaire. Nous ne savions comment faire, comment commencer. Nous étions suspecté de toute façon d’être les portes plumes ou portes flingues de l’Opac du Nord, les bailleurs en titre. Il a fallu d’abord délier la parole, se laisser apprivoiser, l’agence pour cela débarquait avec des coupes de sangria ! Pour agir, pour échanger, l’esthétique relationnelle était éthylique. Nous avons essayé, avec eux, de développer des économies parallèles, d’engager des principes d’auto-construction, entre recyclage des résidus industriels et introduction de modèle d’échange de type « SEL », fait de troc, de services, et de modes alternatifs. Nous ne pouvions nous servir de cette désespérance pour faire un projet dit « politique », avec en vue une exposition sur nos engagements légitimes, et ceci d’autant plus que rien ne pouvait
Nous n’avions pas été appelé pour résoudre et aider ce quartier mais pour feindre un activisme, une Agitprop de circonstance. Le mot de la fin de cette immersion fut triste. Notre hypothèse de micro économie, agissante et opératoire, face à l’impossibilité d’agir comme architecte, a finalement consisté à préconiser aux habitants de séquestrer le directeur de l’Opac du Nord et d’appeler FR3, pour se faire entendre ! Nous ne pouvions collaborer au simulacre d’un discours d’entraide, nous ne pouvions que les aider à dénoncer leur environnement.

Les politiques de la ville en France ont régulièrement transité de l’échelle du quartier à celle de l’agglomération, depuis leur création en 1977. Récemment, la loi dite Borloo replace le quartier à son niveau d’échelle prioritaire d’intervention. En quoi votre notion « d’hyper-localisme » diffère-t-elle de celle utilisée par le gouvernement actuel ?

Je me méfie de tout effet d’annonce portant sur la ville et la loi Borloo m’apparaît comme une sympathique crécelle. Tout comme Banlieues 89 en son temps (Roland Castro). Mais j’espère me tromper. Pour ce qui est de l’hyper-localisme, je considère que chaque situation recèle ses propres ambiguïtés, ses propres contradictions et, à chaque fois, un degré d’intelligence d’intervention. Il ne peut pas exister des modus operandi qui soient décrétés par la puissance publique qui viendraient, du haut de sa compétence administrative et technocratique, résoudre les problèmes de ces quartiers en difficulté. Il faut non seulement des moyens autrement plus importants que le plan Borloo ne l’annonce, mais aussi faire confiance à des agences, de jeunes agences d’architectes avec un véritable degré d’autonomie, pour programmer, reprogrammer et prendre le risque de procéder différemment. À mon avis, sur ce sujet, comme sur tant d’autres, le code des marchés publics va plutôt favoriser les rouleaux compresseurs, mélange de bureaux d’études et d’agences spécialisés dans le rafistolage, avec quelques alibis sociaux en poche, sans ambition. Travailler à chaud sur la ville, dans sa palpitation, ce n’est certainement pas passer un coup de bulldozer, déplacer les populations ou relooker les façades. Malheureusement nous en sommes toujours là. La décentralisation est jeune et vit ses premiers balbutiements. À l’inverse, les collectivités territoriales et pouvoirs locaux n’ont de cesse de singer la production de l’État dans la sur-totémisation de l’architecture. Il n’y a pas encore d’enracinement d’un contrepoids culturel, en Régions, capable d’agir comme contrepoids face aux velléités d’un Président de Conseil Régional ou d’un Maire, quand ils se prennent à figer leur passage dans la pierre.

Vous employez le terme « rhizome » et faites référence régulièrement aux travaux de Gilles Deleuze et Félix Guattari. Comment faudrait-il s’y prendre pour construire une politique de la ville à partir de ces pensées de la multiplicité et de l’écart ?
Dans un premier temps, la politique de la ville devrait être fondée en prenant en compte l’intelligence du citoyen à vivre et à produire la ville. D’autant plus que le citoyen d’aujourd’hui ne ressemble plus du tout à celui des années soixante, encore moins à celui du XIXe siècle. Nous sommes passé d’une société de mass workers qu’il fallait guider pas à pas, à une société de consommateurs mass media qu’il faut suivre pour poursuivre pour en comprendre les circonvolutions, les comportements fiévreux d’indépendance et d’implications collectives tribales. Dans ces conditions, on imagine bien que les modes de production de la ville néolibérale, où le contrôle de l’individu et son aliénation étaient le fondement, ne puissent plus s’appliquer. Quelle forme donner à cette société fragmentée, fractale dans laquelle nous vivons ? Un politique seul ne peut la comprendre et un architecte ne peut non plus en devenir le simple illustrateur. Il va falloir prendre le risque d’une démocratie autre. Ce n’est pas facile, personne dans notre république monarchique n’y est préparé ; ni le politique, ni l’architecte, ni le citoyen. Mais je ne vois pas d’autres issues que ce risque-là. Prendons modèles sur d’autres pays européens, où la démocratie directe n’a pas dévalué la valeur de l’architecture émise. La Suisse en est l’un des exemples. Nous y réalisons un bâtiment qui passe par une votation publique. Dans un second temps, il faut arrêter de penser que la ville possède une représentation, une forme prévisible. C’est en figeant cette forme que l’on empêche la ville de croître au rythme des négociations humaines et de leurs conflits. L’héritage français du Trident de Versailles, dans lequel il s’agissait de faire circuler les carrosses, est inadapté, anachronique et obsolète. Nous effectuons actuellement un travail prospectif pour une ville au Japon, où nous élaborons une hypothèse de bâtiment dont les matières constitutives et structurelles se nécroseraient par cycle tous les vingt ans. Chaque bâtiment, ou partie de bâtiment, réagissant comme du corail, interdirait par cette transformation programmée l’appropriation ad vitam aeternam du propriétaire. Il s’agirait alors de construire les conditions nécessaires d’un nouveau nomadisme, très Proudhonien, afin que la ville demeure en perpétuelle mutation, non pas par le biais d’un contrat social, mais via la mutation de sa matière première. C’est une étude que nous dévoilerons bientôt.

Votre conception semble se rapprocher d’un « laisser faire » de type économique. La définiriez-vous comme une « politique libérale de la ville » ?

En aucun cas ! Elle ne dépeint pas le dessin d’une économie libérale. Il s’agit simplement d’accepter le fait que nos sociétés incertaines ne se rassurent pas naïvement en produisant une architecture qui ne le soit pas. Vous connaissez bien évidemment ces villes inachevées du bassin méditerranéen, constituées de poteaux, poutres et fers en attente. Ces maisons évoluent en fonction de la dilatation ou de la rétraction de la cellule familiale. Ainsi, l’habitat cesse d’être figé, tel un produit clef en mains des années
soixante. Il se définit comme un organisme palpitant. Ce n’est certes pas un modèle à reproduire dans sa forme, mais nous devrions en questionner les procédures.
Quant à ces problèmes de proximité, d’hyper-localisme que vous soulignez, il me semble qu’un architecte ne peut pas ignorer les frottements, ces “ritournelles de la quotidienneté”, qui constituent la ville. Il faut parvenir à s’intéresser aux affects, à la phénoménologie locale sans pour autant en revêtir les dérives identitaires et régionalistes. Le localisme, c’est un mode de confrontation avec d’autres échelles, c’est éviter les replis pour forcer la négociation avec le prédateur, lui global.

Si l’on entend correctement votre manière de produire de l’architecture, il s’agirait de fabriquer des bâtiments, qui ne soient plus citationnels, dans lesquels on ne reconnaîsse plus la culture bien apprise de l’histoire de l’architecture. Quel serait alors l’outil de l’architecte, car vous ne parlez ni de mur ni d’espace ?

Parler d’espace, en tant que tel, relève de la tradition moderne qui a cru pouvoir imposer l’idée selon laquelle l’architecture se constitue grâce à sa physicalité, de poteaux et de murs. L’architecture n’est pas faite de ça ! Elle est le fait d’une société et porte en elle même la capacité à rendre compte de sa sophistication. Le Centre Georges Pompidou rend visibles les envolées belles et courageuses des années soixante sous l’influence de Cedric Price et de son Fun Palace. À l’opposée la pyramide du Louvre (Ieoh Ming Pei) imprime le règne du président. À vous de vous prononcer...

Vous considérez que l’architecture ne peut se négocier que sur l’instant, que dans la contingence d’une situation. Votre jeu subtil autour des composants d’un site ou d’une situation pourrait être assimilé au ¥€$ de Rem Koolhaas (3), car dans les deux cas la lecture des lieux et des milieux tend à devenir l’essence même de l’acte architectural. N’y a-t-il pas un danger à ne produire que des simples états des lieux ?

Il faut comprendre que l’architecture internationale des années 1950 était légitimée par une dimension messianique. Mises à part quelques erreurs d’orientation des pare-soleil effectuées par des architectes qui ne savaient pas toujours que l’orientation du soleil variait de part et d’autre de l’équateur, cette architecture s’était donnée pour mission de subvenir, ici et ailleurs, aux besoins minimaux de l’individu moyen. Aujourd’hui, l’architecture internationale, le revival international, se caractérise plutôt par le cynisme de son idéologie, ou comment endetter un pays ou une ville dite « périphérique » pour lui donner l’illusion d’une position centrale : une wildcard pour une Mastercard4. On en est arrivé au point où les élus ne demandent plus des bâtiments mais des « phallus », comme les dernières réalisations à Londres ou à Barcelone5. Il est
symptomatique de voir comment ces mêmes objets érectiles incarnent simultanément le cynisme de l’élue et la décontextualisation de l’architecture. Comme si le Y€$ de Rem Koolhass se drapait d’un « fuck the context » (« merde au contexte ! ») du même architecte. Si ce nouveau type d’architecture internationale parvient aussi facilement à encanailler les politiques et à les séduire, c’est non seulement parce qu’il partage ce même cynisme mais aussi qu’il lui donne une visibilité tangible. L’aveu public des malhonnêtetés est un acte performatif dans nos sociétés libérales. Le rotary club du revival de l’architecture internationale l’a analysé très finement et y participe très activement.

Votre attitude ressemble étrangement à un flirt, avec le lieu, la législation ou les nuisances. Vous écrivez à ce propos : « Et si nous nous laissions dominer plutôt qu’asservir ». À quel moment considérez-vous faire acte d’architecture ?


Vous ne vous souciez donc pas de l’espace ?

Qu’est-ce que l’espace ? A-t-on besoin d’une chambre autour d’un lit ? L’espace se définit-il en par ce qu’on y fait, dormir, lire, baiser ou par sa représentation pétrifiée ? Il convient de questionner correctement la notion d’espace. Car l’espace n’est pas la matière première mais résultante. Il est composé aussi bien de flux corporels que de modes relationnels, de bruits de voisinage que de la pollution de l’air. L’espace est constitué de phénomènes, de chimie, de perceptions phénoménologiques. Ici encore, c’est une escroquerie que de réduire l’espace à sa simple physicalité. Il importe d’élaborer des scénarios qui ne soient pas fermés, qui soient même contradictoires. À la manière des trajectoires de Ilya Prigogine (La fin des certitudes, Odile Jacob, 2001), l’étude de l’équilibre, du déséquilibre est plus productive que celle des trajectoires des particules qui le composent. Savoir où se trouve l’électron importe peu quand il s’agit de parler de l’instabilité d’un système.

Lors de la conférence organisée autour de l’exposition « Architecture non standard » (Centre Georges Pompidou, 2003), vous vous êtes qualifié « d’alibi français ». Pour autant, vous partagez avec les autres exposants des références similaires et un
vocabulaire commun. Vous affirmez qu’il faut : « introduire comme paramètres l’intensité des flux, les liens, les climats, les proximités, la territorialité dans toute sa complexité, les devenirs sociaux comme scénario à écrire et donc à construire ». Vous sentez-vous proche de cette tendance de l’architecture contemporaine ?

Tout d’abord, je ne voulais pas me servir de cette plate-forme pour me revêtir d’une quelconque prétention face à une audience franco-française. La stratégie d’apparition consiste à ne jamais être là où on vous attend. L’agence R&Sie peut effectivement être assimilée à cette tendance, mais avec guillemets. Pour la petite histoire, nous avons acheté notre premier ordinateur en 1995, et sommes partis deux ans, deux ans hors des pressions de toutes sortes, à la Réunion et en Afrique du Sud, pour essayer de comprendre cet outil. Parallèlement, nous poursuivions nos travaux sur l’hybridation, la synesthésie...

... le végétal, le biotope plus exactement. La greffe s’est donc fait naturellement entre procédure de computeurs, perte de contrôle, phénomène cinétique de croissance, de transformation, morphogenèses des organismes et géographie, situations préalables, climatologies, chimies... Pour autant, il s’agissait également de faire valoir notre regard européen face à nombres d’agences digitales majoritairement anglo-saxonnes, et plus portées sur la recherche abstraite, algorithmique. Européens, nous héritons d’une culture tissée de contradictions, de velléités politiques et critiques, à la fois influencés par les situationnistes (Guy Debord, La Société Du Spectacle, Paris, Gallimard, 1996) et fascinés par la notion d’écosophie politique de Guattari (Les trois écologies, Paris, Galilée 1989). Pour revenir à ces années entre 1995 et 2000, à ces années qui ont vu émerger cette génération, il est difficile de nier qu’elles furent belles. L’ensemble des systèmes académiques se fragilisait, voir s’effondrait. De fait, les architectes en place, ne connaissant pas les procédures informatiques, les enjeux topologiques, étaient incapables de comprendre les attitudes qui les conditionnaient. C’était une époque où le conflit générationnel devenait exclusivement instrumental. Mais l’histoire est espiègle. Je reviens de la Biennale de Venise, où la confusion et les enjeux de pouvoir règnent à nouveau, en maitre de cérémonie...

Notes.
1) Chanéac mène, dans les années 1970, des recherches sur une « architecture industrialisée poétisée ». Ses « villes cratères » développent l’idée qu’une trame industrielle peut engendrer de la complexité en se contractant ou se dilatant afin de produire une ville évolutive dans laquelle les cellules d’habitations sont capables de proliférer.
2) la fiction s’oppose à l’utopie en ce qu’elle ne cherche pas à avoir raison (in te(e)n years after).

4) Une wildcard est un terme sportif signifiant l’action d’un concurrent qui, lors d’une compétition, invite un autre sportif non classé à participer au jeu. Le premier donne ainsi une wildcard au second.

**Parrhesia / Schizoid**

"Kiss the frog 2.0" / Jerome Auzolle as MC / 2004 / Paris / Belleville

Quel est votre parcours ?

Le parcours ?

C’est une façon de demander aux gens de se définir....

C’est un peu... dit moi d’où tu parles, de quel territoire émets-tu ce discours afin que d’en valider le contenu, ou plutôt de quel territoire te permet-tu d’émettre ce discours ? De quel parcours vas-tu te justifier pour inscrire ton autorité ? Et donc asseoir la légitimation de tes compétences... le terrain semble miné. Non seulement je me méfie de ces modes prévisibles, mais je ferraille contre ceux qui les portent, ceux qui les incarnent. L’architecte, l’urbaniste est au creux de ce faux semblant... Un diplôme auto-justifierait une revendication professionnelle, une compétence, mieux, il légitimerait un droit, un pouvoir cannibale sur ceux qui ne l’ont pas !... j’en doute ... « Il faut porter attention aux œuvres, non aux auteurs. » Dixit Godard. Cette inclination m’intéresse, non la vocation précoce de l’auteur, ses premiers jeux de cubes, ses états d’âmes adolescents puis son diplôme, sa souffrance, son ego, ses premiers réseaux de pouvoir, ses convulsions, puis bien évidemment ses petits arrangements avec notre monarchie républicaine pour valider ce qui n’aurait pas dû être, pour masquer son impuissance et se repaître paradoxalement de sa capacité de nuisance... non définitivement : « Il faut porter attention aux œuvres, non aux auteurs».

Pour vous le parcours c’est une fausse notion ?

...Il y a un mouvement en train de se faire... c’est un mouvement en train de se faire. Deleuze ....[ inaudible], le baroque ou la mort
du mouvement en train de se faire.
L’agence R&Sie développe des outils, des procédures, des amitiés « en train de se faire », conditionné par des modes d’incertitudes, c’est un épanchement d’incertitudes. J’ai travaillé la plupart du temps avec des associés qui n’étaient pas et ne sont pas des architectes, qui ne se revendiquent pas comme architecte, voir même qui vomissent l’architecture telle qu’elle est pratiquée en France, ou les mécanismes de domination, d’autorité, de professionnalisme d’apparat, se conjugue avec les servilités quotidiennes qui les sous tendent et les alimentent.

SI il n’y a pas de parcours, qu’il y a t’il ?

Un vecteur économique, une dimension économique, on ne peut répondre à cette question qu’en rendant compte des choix qui conditionnent l’affrontement à une économie dominante, donc une pensée dominante. Une agence d’architecture, c’est une structure économique, qui vend de la prestation, de la prestation intellectuelle. Elle négocie sur ce mode d’échange. J’aime cette objectivisation. C’est même au creux de cette dimension que l’on peut questionner la notion d’authorship. Une agence d’architecture vend de l’intelligence, supporte une position critique, rend visible un état d’instabilité....

N’en déplaise à nombres architectes, une agence d’architecture ne vend pas des matériaux de constructions, une agence d’architecture n’est pas une succursale de Batimat....

Revenons en arrière, comme un flash back, au moment ou la revue le Moniteur a été créée. Si nous parlions des appels d’offres et appels à concurrences montés de toutes pièces, non pour faire émerger l’idée la plus innovante, mais pour associer développement de ville moyenne et accessoirisation industrielle du bâtiment, pour vendre du matériaux de construction sous prétexte de joutes intellectuelles. Si nous parlions de cet accord de complaisance, cet alibi de montage démocratique qu’est le concours d’architecture, montées entre grandes entreprises du BTP et politiques RPR/PC afin de rendre toute une profession otage d’un journal professionnel, d’un code des marchés public. On comprendrait pourquoi le Moniteur a été crée, pourquoi un concours en France n’est qu’un habillage, qui tente de dissimuler la corruption passive ou active de ceux qui s’en repaissent.

Il est étonnant néanmoins qu’il ait été aussi aisée d’asservir la génération des barricades (mai 68), les baby-boomers égotiques, pour leur faire vendre des matériaux. Il fallait des « créateurs » pour en justifier la plus-value culturelle, pour en produire la vitrine et en anoblir le mécanisme. C’était l’époque où l’on cannibalisait les villes moyennes, les villes rouges, pour refiler des plans d’urbanisme abscons, sous des prétextes d’émancipation des masses, d’attention sociale, c’était l’époque où les concours servaient, comme aujourd’hui d’ailleurs, de vecteurs de diffusions des produits issus de l’industrie du bâtiment. Quelques alibis artistiques, une façade politique et le tour était joué. On vendait tous des
matériaux et on était heureux, on roulait en Ferrari, et on était heureux. JN et Odile Fillon, au creux du système médiatique vendait des concepts BATIMAT, par Moniteur interposé. L’un était l’agent blanchissant, la vitrine de ce système, l’autre son alibi critique. Le monde était beau, Stark pérorait et l’avenir de la consommation... radieux. JN était utilisé à l’insu de son plein gré pour masquer le montage de l’affaire... pour masquer le montage de l’arrangement ; Les architectes devaient vendre des matériaux et Le Moniteur en était le rouage.

Il est, ou il était ?

Ah !!! Je parle de sa meilleure période, Je parle de la période où il était en phase avec la Société de marketing, de promotion individuelle, d’égotisme maladif, une société qui ne portait pas attention aux modes relationnels, ou la pensée conceptuelle elle, se développait comme du papier peint. Dans Te(e)n years after, j’y ajoute une louche « Ils allaient anoblir ce que l’académisme beaux arts n’avait pas réussi à légitimer : la répétition savante des formes déjà consommées comme processus de création et renvoyer toute pensée conceptuelle à un simple opportunisme citationnel. »

Prenons par exemple le palais de Justice de Nantes de JN ... juste un exemple évidemment. Ce n’est pas de l’acharnement thérapeutique. Une référence avouée, la Kunsthalle de Mies Van der Rohe à Berlin, un sophisme conceptuel douteux : Mies représenterait l’ordre / La justice, la mesure, l’équilibre / Si donc j’ai à construire cette mesure / J’assume culturellement de « remixer » la Kunsthalle. Et la boucle est bouclée ! Mies devient un alibi de consommation qui permet à l’auteur d’économiser son investissement, au maire de Nantes, de justifier qu’il achète une Icône préinscrite dans l’histoire de la media culture et permet aux industriels de vendre des matériaux. On ne peut pas ne pas porter attention à la manière dont les choses sont émises aujourd’hui ; dans quelle condition, avec quels mécanismes, qui prend la parole ? Dans quelle structure, avec quelle autorité présupposée ?

Pour citer Lyotard : « Le capitalisme est a peu près indifférent aux contenus des récits dont il autorise la circulation. Le récit monnaie est son récit canonique parce qu’il rassemble les deux propriétés : il raconte qu’on peut raconter n’importe quoi, mais que le bénéfice des récits doit revenir à leur auteur ». Impossible de se satisfaire, voir même de prolonger la propagande officielle qui ferait croire que l’architecte participe à la transformation de la ville, dans un développement raisonné voir durable ! Pure hypocrisie bien évidemment, qui tendrait à justifier qu’il suffit de sampler, de remixer, de remasteriser des formes admises, des formes empruntées pour en faciliter l’accès communicationnel et la consommation.

Séduire pour exister, C’est une logique de soumission non ?

Bien évidemment, je vous renvoie à Žižek (Slavoj Žižek) Dans
l’ouvrage intitulé Le spectre rôde toujours (qu’il ouvre et lit) : « Le meilleur moyen de s’en rendre compte est de se référer à la distinction entre le fou et le fripon. Le fou est un simple d’esprit, un bouffon de cour, un petit marquis, à qui l’on permet de dire la vérité précisément dans la mesure où son discours n’est pas porteur de pouvoir [performatif.] » Le fou c’est celui qui dit la vérité mais qui n’a aucun levier de transformation de la société, aucun levier de pouvoir, et qui se complait dans cette inactivité critique. « Quant au fripon, c’est un cynique qui dit ouvertement la vérité, un escroc qui tente de faire passer la malhonnêteté pour de l’honnêteté, un vaurien qui reconnaît la nécessité de la réflexion illégitime afin de maintenir la stabilité de l’ordre social. Le fripon est bien évidemment le défenseur, le néo conservateur du marché libre, qui rejette avec cruauté toute forme de solidarité sociale comme une forme de sentimentalisme contre-productif, alors que le fou est celui qui choisit une position critique à partir de points de vue sociaux, radicaux … etc. etc. »

Un architecte doit aujourd’hui essayer d’éviter ces deux attitudes prévisibles. Ni fou, ni fripon.

« Prévisible », comment ne pas être prévisible ?

De regarder la beauté et de l’injurier ? Pour reprendre ce mot de Rimbaud: « d’injurier la beauté ». Rires… Il nous faut choisir la couleur des pilules, Bleu ou rouge, rouge ou bleu comme Neo (Matrix) : accepter une réalité factice, illusoire et confortable, ou plonger dans la crasse, inconfortable et humaine, imprévisible.

Comment, dans ces conditions, participer à ces concours dont on sait pertinemment qu’il ne fonctionne que par cooptations professionnelles.

Ne pas être prévisible, c’est simplement éviter de prendre les chemins balisés, ou chaque pas éloigne, distend la réalité pour finir par ne la percevoir qu’au travers du filtre déformant d’un discours professionnel, d’un discours d’autorité. Ne pas être prévisible, c’est se méfier du statut d’auteur, c’est se méfier des pensées dominantes, des soirées pince-fesses corporatistes, des breloques et des honneurs. Ne pas être prévisible, c’est se méfier de son ego, c’est suspecter qu’il fonctionne comme un vecteur d’aliénation. Ne pas être prévisible, c’est aussi se méfier des outils de prédicitions, des outils qui planifient, c’est refuser de produire l’illustration d’une planification urbaine, afin que politique et architecte, sur un bateau ivre de pouvoir, simulent voir dans le brouillard, simulent la cohérence d’un développement, de peur qu’il ne devienne un débat public, de peur que ces choix de développement, il faille les construire et les partager avec ceux qui ne savent pas, les ignorants, les innombrables, les citoyens.

Comment éviter de questionner la notion de temps, de temporalité, la notion du Ici et maintenant. Nous ne sommes plus les pourvoyeurs
d’un passé ou d’un futur meilleur, auréolé de prédictions naïves et simplistes. Nous ne pouvons plus nous revêtir de cette fonction sociale d’anticipation qui alterne non sans ambiguïtés, régression passéeiste et projection futuriste. Il nous faut négocier avec un temps présent, avec un corps palpitant et incertain, dans l’indétermination des mécanismes, des discours et des modes de production. Il nous plait de vivre cette contingence de l’immédiateté. Il nous plait de porter attention à tout ce qui paraît normalisé, justifié, légitime, dont les montages symboliques et structurels, afin d’en questionner les préambules, afin de s’attacher aux modes relationnels et non à leur représentation, afin de générer une attitude critique. L’architecture est un des « outils » qui rend compte de la complexité d’une société, de sa capacité à rendre visible sa sophistication, voir ses contradictions.

Génération : Qu’est devenue la génération de votre tranche d’âge ? C’est un désert.

Les mécanismes sont des rouleaux compresseurs, cycliques et répétitifs. Tant que les AJAP seront choisis par un jury complaisant, tant que les jeunes architectes seront flattés de l’être... flattés. Tant que les baby boomers instrumentaliseront toutes les générations suivantes pour leur voler leur jeunesse, effet yaourt rajeunissant, tant que ces mêmes baby boomers ne valideront, ne coopteront que des petits professionnels serviles qui ne puissent remettre en cause la puissance de leur « créativité conceptuelle», tant que... tant que... la liste est trop longue. Un véritable bottin de malversations en tout genre, drapées d’impunité et de fausses pudeurs.

Ce sont des fins de cycle, ils arrivent sur la fin.

J’ai vu JN avec OF et FB détruire trois générations, trois générations de jeunes architectes, les cannibalisant, les caressant, les étouffant, père et mère castrateurs, Barbe Bleue sous les habits du chaperon rouge. Nous avons survécu, mais blessé, à l’économie fragile, et exclusivement hors de France.

Ils l’auraient fait sciemment ?

Ah oui... magnifique, magnifique, La Pompadour dans ses cuisines, étouffant ses poussins, pour éviter toute émergence fragilisant la stature du commandeur. Rien ne peut émerger, rien ne doit émerger, il faudra attendre péniblement le dernier jour, pour que la machine s’enraille... ils ont la peau dure, les carnassiers...(rires)

N’oublions pas que ces mêmes carnassiers, dans leur stratégie de standardisation des modes de pensées et de construction de l’architecture ont réussi à éliminer tous les grands pères radicaux, les Yona Friedman, Claude Parent, et autres Giap incontrôlables [...], renvoyant leur travaux à de simple joutes esthétiques, à de simples postures de dandy, néo-bourgeois, alors que eux, maos et
staliniens, CdeP, PC en tête de file, allaient émanciper la ville, le citoyen, ma grand-mère et son chien.

Heureusement que quelques uns, peu nombreux, comme Frédéric Migayrou, et Marie-Ange Brayer se sont attelé à un travail de mémoire. La réhabilitation des Grands-Pères radicaux sévissant sur le territoire français dans les années 1960 est aujourd’hui internationale. Claude Parent à la Columbia (New York) fait salle comble. Le lien n’est pas rompu avec les inventeurs, avec la parole libre. Il suffit de l’accepter pour être déniaisé.

Je me souviens, étudiant à l’école de Versailles, de l’impossibilité de dénicher dans la bibliothèque des ouvrages sur cette époque. Les rayonnages faisant la part belle à la modernité, jusque dans les années 1950 puis à la post modernité (d’après 1974)... mais entre les deux un trou noir, une Supernova qui avait atomisé le linéaire correspondant, une censure bien évidemment. La recherche, le risque avaient été éliminés de l’histoire et de son corollaire pédagogique.


Je pense que ma génération a dans son ensemble omis de porter attention et de questionner ces jeux de crècelles. IL faut avouer que le « méchant » avançait masqué. Comment, à l’époque, ne pas céder aux avances de l’AFAA, et de l’ensemble des institutions culturelles qui dans la continuité de la politique de J. Lang,
validait toute production, à condition que l’auteur assume de porter haut et fort le drapeau tricolore, endosse le rôle d’ambassadeur des prétentions nationales. Nul à l’étranger n’acceptait de nous écouter, nul ne portait attention aux recherches entreprises ici, nous étions perçus non comme des individus libres de penser et d’agir, mais comme une multitude grégaire, inféodée à un système de caste, nationaliste. L’exposition de A.G. « Premises: Invested Spaces in visual Arts, Architecture, & Design from France: 1958-1998 » à New York (Guggenheim Museum) en 1998 en a été le feu d’artifice, le bouquet final, aux confins de la Vulgarité...

A contrario, je me souviens de notre première exposition et conférence aux États-Unis, au MoMA PS1, en 1993. Avec Stéphanie Lavaux nous n’avions pas d’autres choix que de nier notre propre nationalité pour nous revendiquer, non sans humour, jamaïcains… (rires) Nous n’étions pas particulièrement porté sur le Rastafarisme. Mais accepter d’être ou de faire partie d’une minorité nous semblait plus plausible pour développer une stratégie d’infiltration, de contamination.

Nous y retourmons en septembre 2004, pour une série de conférence à la Columbia, Harvard et au MIT, cette fois-ci débarrassés de ces jeux adolescents, en assumant une culture qui nous est propre, ni plus, ni moins.

Il faut dire que la culture française a noué ces dernières années des liens très étroits, très ambigus, entre « préférence nationale » et « exception culturelle ». Ces notions sont incestueusement siamoises. Pour ces raisons, j’ai refusé l’année dernière de porter la scénographe du pavillon Français à la Biennale de Venise. Ma démission était politique. Le Pen paradait au deuxième tour à cette époque…

Les AJAP par exemple ?

On sait bien qu’il n’y a aucune politique pour aider les jeunes architectes en France, qu’il n’y a aucune volonté… C’est un simulacrum d’autant plus médiatisé qu’il ne débouche au mieux sur du vide, au pire une industrie de plagiat.

Quels conseils donner à un jeune architecte aujourd’hui ?

D’aller voir ailleurs… mieux, de se confronter à l’en-dehors, quitter la France, ce n’est pas un pays qui émet de l’architecture mais sa représentation institutionnelle.

Prenons cet exemple historique : Lorsque Le Bernin, débarque à Paris invité par Louis le Quatorzième, monarque de fonction, pour la réalisation d’une partie du Louvre : Première proposition; magnifique hypothèse baroque, architecture libre si il en est, façade qui n’en est pas une, creusée et à la fois boursouflée,
concave et convexe, et complexe, une proposition que l’on pourrait presque revendiquer aujourd’hui....., pas simplement un bossage renaissance, mais son reflet, ondoyant... En embuscade, l’un des premiers commis de l’état, Colbert, qui rechigne, qui trépigne, qui ne trouve pas le projet à son goût, et qui va se servir de sa position de consultant de sa majesté pour disqualifier le projet, trop cher, trop courbe, trop de notes, non ça c’est la critique à Mozart, trop, c’en est trop. Il conseille donc à Louis le bien nommé de rappeler Le Bernin mais pour un deuxième projet, un deuxième projet beaucoup moins cher et plus classique, si ce mot a un sens. L’architecte baroque qui cherche du travail, s’exécute. Mais Colbert, toujours commis de l’état, et toujours en embuscade, comprenant qu’il pouvait à loisir abuser de son pouvoir lui demande une nouvelle fois de revoir sa copie. Et Le Bernin revient, merveilleuse histoire que cette histoire, avec un troisième projet, un projet qui n’a plus d’autre intérêt que d’être une façade, totalement plate, décevante. Colbert jubile, et pose cette ultime question à son monarque: « Mon très cher Louis le beau, ne voyez vous pas quelques incohérences à inviter cet italien, alors qu’il se renie lui-même, et qu’il nous propose une façade que nos hommes de l’art ici bas peuvent exécuter par eux-mêmes ». Le piège s’est refermé, la fonction du commis de l’état était inventée, il ne lui restait qu’à l’appliquer à la lettre à toute époque. Comment ne pas relire les cénotaphes des derniers présidents accompagnés des commis d’état à la lumière de cette fable. ...


Quel courage. Pourquoi ne pas l’avoir compris ?

A vol d’oiseau de Beaubourg...... parlons du projet des Halles ?

J’en ai assez dit pour JN (rires). Je ne pense pas qu’il puisse faire mieux, c’est-à-dire vendre les Halles à la promotion privée, en y ajoutant une moumoute verte sur la tête (rires). Les Halles, c’est d’abord l’éclosion du syndicat de l’architecture et de JN pour une Agitprop, l’organisation d’une contre proposition internationale au projet officiel sous Giscard... Pour JN c’est l’histoire d’une vie, comme un cycle, naissance et mort contingent, concomitant, le
théâtre comme unité de lieu, d’action mais différé dans le temps. J’espère qu’il ne s’agit pas d’une tragédie. Non, impossible, nous avons à faire à des acteurs avertis, des tragédiens aguerris.

J’aimerais faire la proposition officielle du classement des Halles au patrimoine national, de son architecture début eighties, champignon bleu et trou inclus. La ville de Paris s’est tirée une balle dans le pied. Je ne suis pas le premier à l’avoir dit. Les halles c’est l’un des derniers quartiers de Paris où la périphérie et le centre se rencontrent. Toutes les générations, toutes les populations se croisent et se lient. Lieux du croisement des flux, de l’enchevêtrement des gares RER et métro, du déplacement souterrain d’une population interlope, ce nœud de transport, ce lieu accessible à tous n’est pas un espace contrôlable, il n’est pas un espace panoptique dans la grande tradition de la ville neo-bourgoise. C’est pour ces raisons qu’il doit être détruit, remodelé, hygiénéisé, Guccisé.

Non … non, il faut définitivement classer cette architecture 1980, avec sa laideur Piranésienne et ses champignons bleus (mais que signifie cet qualificatif de laïd !). Ils renvoient aux esthétiques labellisés « villes nouvelles » et par la même nie le rapport de domination, entre le Paris Intra-muros et sa Banlieue. Appropriation culturelle, symbolique, drague, consommation de produits dopants, les halles on peut s’y cacher, s’y aimer, c’est pépé le moko et gégène à la fois, le dernier bastion d’un aménagement troglodytique, sans mode d’emploi, sans mode comportemental.

Pourquoi l’architecture des années 1980 n’aurait elle pas plus de noblesse, que les palais de la République, qui n’en ont pas ? Les Halles, c’est autre chose, un lieu polyphonique, au centre de Paris, un lieu accessible à tous. Intéressons-nous aux modes relationnels qu’elles abritent, ces halles, plutôt que d’en relooker l’infrastructure existante, plutôt que d’en aliéner l’espace public à des principes de surveillance, pour reprendre Foucault.

Mais avant toute intervention, opérons le pied de la Ville de Paris, la balle s’est profondément logée dans l’articulation. Ça fait mal, très mal.

En opposition à la porosité des Halles, les vingt ans de “cénotaphes” de Mitterrand ne sont pas arrivés à fabriquer cette même porosité entre la ville et ses habitants.

Les Halles, ce sont des aménagements populaires qui n’ont pas été dictés par un seul urbaniste, une seule main, un démiurge urbaniste architecte. Et c’est paradoxalement leur intérêt. La succession d’opérations se sont sédimentés les unes sur les autres, et ont créées des interstices hasardeux, improbables (Subway, ou la femme Blanche de Ferreri). Ce lieu ne s’est pas développé sur une stratégie de représentation, mais sur un croisement de modes
d’usages. Evidemment la génération des Baby Boomers veut le détruire, c’est compréhensible et prévisible.

La solution c’est d’aller construire en Thaïlande ?

C’est de survivre,

À partir du moment où on a plus besoin de la cooptation de la génération précédente, de parrainage, de s’inscrire au Rotary Club pour construire à l’étranger, parce que les réseaux de communication, de médiation passent et traversent les mailles du filet d’un nationalisme bon teint. Là, on peut construire en Thaïlande. Le Net nous a permis de toucher la personne, le client caché derrière la forêt, un mec au loin qui vous regarde et vous appelle un jour sans autre intérêt que l’envie de risquer une aventure.

On ne s’enorgueillit pas de travailler à l’étranger. Il n’y a absolument aucune fascination, prétention, à se la jouer architecte international, nous ne le sommes pas. Nos commandes viennent simplement d’individus isolés, qui via les réseaux arrivent jusqu’à nous. C’est un peu la petite entreprise au fond de « Nowhere ». On vent du fromage de chèvre à des japonais parce qu’ils ont envie du goûter un truc qu’il n’ont pas, qui pue drôlement fort (rire). A la seule différence, c’est que ce truc qu’ils n’ont pas ne nous aimons le faire pousser sur leurs propres terres avec leurs ingrédients, sans l’importer ni l’exporter. Une attitude plutôt critique, ni local/ni global, ou les deux à la fois.

C’est d’ailleurs tout l’enjeu de ces mots largement labourés : global/local comment les éviter, les contourner ... parlons de la monade de Leibniz. La monade de Leibniz est une chose qui est à la fois insécable, comme une pierre de cathédrale gothique, à la fois la partie et le tout. Et pourtant, bien qu’elle porte une dimension universelle, elle est néanmoins émise d’une situation, elle est départementalisée, régionalisée, localisée ... c’est intéressant ce conflit, cette ambiguïté, cette confrontation, cette corruption entre un idéal déterritorialisé et son émission, ancrée dans un biotope particulier. La corruption d’un idéal, voilà ce qui nous poursuit. Faire émerger les contradictions issues de la corruption d’un idéal. Platon qui s’écrase salément sur Guyotat, et lui fait l’amour. Voilà le travail de l’agence. Il n’y a pas de revendication phalique dans notre travail. Il serait plutôt comme une invagination, un trou noir, un conte de Grimm, méchant pour les enfants, incompréhensible pour les parents.

Une question personnelle, quand on parle de François Roche aux journalistes, ils ont l’air terrorisés. Pourquoi ? Vous les travaillez, vous les secouez. C’est une forme d’exigence de votre part ?
On est exigeant, je n’ai d’amitiés durables qu’exigeantes [...] nombre de journalistes sont « embedded », embarqués dans le système. Cela procure des avantages certains mais peu d’indépendance, cela les limite à un rôle de commentateurs, de paraphraseurs. Au fait, qui paye le billet du charter des French journalistes à la Biennale de Pékin, l’aller et le retour gratuit au pays de l’intox ?

des noms....

Vous le savez..... les journalistes politiques sont inféodés aux hommes politiques ... on peut se douter qu’il en va de même pour les critiques d’architecture d’autant plus qu’ils sont le vecteur de leur représentation.
Posez-vous la question comment Jean-Michel Place a pu racheter sans s’endetter les deux seules revues d’architecture en France, pour les anémier par la suite.

A contrario, je me souviens avoir été soufflé, lors de ma première rencontre avec Frédéric Migayrou, en 1995-96. Il était le seul avec Marie-Ange Brayer à s’intéresser aux projets, aux engagements qui suintent des œuvres, à leurs implications, à leurs liens, à leurs chronologies, et non aux convulsions de leurs auteurs. (ndlr en 2010 / l’avenir a prouvé du contraire / que de naïveté dans ces propos...)

Tous deux, ils reliaient et déliaient, ce que notre culture Beaux-Arts avait emmêlé. Comment, en effet, sortir d’un système qui ne véhicule qu’une pratique « sous influence », « à la manière de » si on ne porte pas attention aux œuvres elles-mêmes. L’enseignement de l’architecture est le principal promoteur de cette confusion. Il m’a fallu trois ans à la sortie de l’UP3 de Versailles pour se désintoxiquer, pour désapprendre, pour se dénuder, pour éviscérer la citation, la référence de la « forme en train de se faire ». Notre formation était directement conditionnée par un apprentissage sur le mode copiste, maladie du « reproductionisme », masqué sous des habiles habillages sociaux et politiques. On m’a préparé à devenir un bon professionnel, à la mode de chez nous, « sous influence », « sur modèle », « sur commande ». Bref, de la misère en milieu étudiant à la misère en milieu professionnel...

Sur l’enseignement, voyez notre position, j’enseigne depuis plusieurs années en Post-Graduate, en Espagne, Londres et ailleurs. Nous donnerons en septembre pour un série de conférence au creux de la zone de pouvoir anglo-saxonne, et parallèlement je viens de recevoir de la DAPA un courrier sibyllin qui me disqualifie pour enseigner en France
J’aime ce paradoxe...
Cette pratique double, labo de recherche et studio de production, je n’ai donc pas d’autre choix que de la mener à distance. Remettre en question le kidnapping des écoles d’architecture, c’est évidemment séduisant ... mais ça ne peut se faire sans les étudiants eux-mêmes.
Pour revenir à votre question, après cette digression, on comprend mieux, alors, le rôle des critiques et des journalistes. Que peuvent-ils faire d’autre que de faire du bruit, des commentaires, de la musique … Rappelons-nous le triptyque de Hieronimus Bosch, Le jardin des Délices : les chanteurs, les musiciens sont dans le volet droit. Leur fonction : égayer la damnation de l’enfer…

A ce titre, j’ai juste un message personnel en pensant à un certain Trétiack, un parmi tant d’autres, il me plait, sans arrière-pensées évidemment, de relire encore et encore le passage de Slavoj Žižek : « Quand au fripon, c’est un cynique qui dit ouvertement la vérité, un escroc qui tente de faire passer l’aveu public de ses malhonnêtetés pour de l’honnêteté, un vaurien qui reconnaît la nécessité de la répression illégitime afin de maintenir la stabilité de l’ordre social ».

Ce qui est étrange c’est qu’il n’y ait qu’eux, et qu’ils arrivent à se maintenir ?

Cooptation… Cooptation, et cette cooptation se nourrit de chairs fraîches, les albums en sont, ce sont des vampires, film gore et snuf movies. De la chair fraîche, de la chair fraîche… qu’on m’apporte de la chair fraîche…

Vous n’avez pas envie de partir de France ?

On est parti …puis on est revenu, puis on est reparti … puis on est revenu …

Pourquoi ?

Je vis dans Belleville, ou les unions inter-raciales sont légions…. Plus sérieusement, Claude Parent m’a raconté qu’il aurait posé cette même question à Corbusier… Pourquoi la France ?

Par défi ?

Peut être par défi, on ne bataille vraiment qu’avec sa propre culture, il nous faut l’affronter, c’est une coquetterie de penser qu’il suffit de tourner autour du monde pour égrener des conférences et projets, si cette position ne permet pas d’agir dans le pays qui vous a vu naître. Intellectual architecte, cela n’a aucun sens, la confrontation on ne peut y échapper, autant le faire, en Afrique du Sud en 1993… Aujourd’hui sur le sol de notre monarchie républicaine.

pourquoi l’Afrique du Sud ?

…On y était appelé pour faire un projet en 1996. En 1994, Mandela prend le pouvoir, fin de l’Apartheid, mouvements sociaux,
fascination, je n’ai pas vécu Berlin, mais l’instabilité des mouvements sociaux, et leur transformation en temps réel est un moment qui reconditionne le partage de l’espace public. Des lieux d’aliénation, de ségrégation se métamorphosent en l’espace d’une journée, comme un principe thermodynamique, d’écoulement, de fluidification, d’entropie. La « ville blanche » a été cannibalisée par les populations des townships, le downtown était devenu un squat à tous les étages, rien de prévisible ni de planifié, seule une énergie de flux... difficile de parler de l’Afrique du Sud en omettant l’état de violence qui y sévit, mais pas la violence attendue, celle qui aurait pu se légitimer comme un règlement de compte. Nous sommes appelés pour faire un projet à Soweto, en plein milieu du township, étrange, dangereux et fascinant. Nous découvrions à l’époque les computers et leur capacité procédurale, cinématique. Les machines n’étaient pas tant des outils de représentation, pour faire tourner au journal de 20 heures le stade de France en 3D, mais plutôt des outils d’expérimentation, de perte de contrôle, d’hybridation et de pliage comme ce projet de Soweto.

Des voies déjà ouvertes ?

Comme je le disais, peut-on tracer une voie qui ne soit ni celle du Bouffon, ni du fripon ?

Quelques noms aujourd’hui d’architectes ?

Non, pas de nom d’architectes.

Non... je voulais que vous me citiez les gens dont le travail est intéressant, selon vous, à suivre, des références...des œuvres.

The Brown Bunny de Vincent Gallo, une œuvre qui m’a réellement intrigué, et qui remet en question la nature du cinéma. Plus important Charisma de Kurosawa... Slavoj Žižek, dont on parlait... Les cours de Deleuze que je n’avais jamais entendus, sur la notion du baroque, sur Leibniz, sur la notion du mouvement en train de se faire, le magnifique discours sur l’instabilité des choses, et l’inquiétude du mouvement en train de se faire.

Je reviens rapidement sur le Charisma de Kurosawa, c’est l’histoire d’un arbre qui surgit dans une forêt, un arbre antédiluvien, un arbre qui vient de l’époque des dinosaures, il arrive là, on ne sait pas comment, on ne sait pourquoi, mais il arrive là. Cet arbre va immédiatement légitimer qu’on le protège, qu’on le surprotège. Les villageois vont s’étonner progressivement que la forêt meure à son contact, on découvre que l’arbre émet des toxines, qu’il est toxique, que la mort s’infiltre dans le substrat du sol, et éradique progressivement la forêt. Il pose la simple question, de la nature de l’écologie. Faut-il protéger la toxicité au prix de détruire l’écologie du XIXe siècle, celle qui produit une économie forestière ? Ce film se finit avec le plan d’un jet de lance-flammes,
l’autodafé de cet arbre coupable. C’est de cette liberté toxique dont nous aimerions nous constituer.