

DIRECTED RESEARCH

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ABSTRACT

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There is a mundanity that exists within our daily lives, and one of the most prominent places wherein which this trivial everydayness exists, is within one's own dwelling. Our dwellings may suggest to us where and how we go about living, and as dwellers our adherence too or distancing from these suggestions can manifest itself into the physical conditions of our space. These manifestations however are often subtle and or temporary in nature, providing the dweller with little more than perhaps a chore, a repair, or a moment from upon which to reflect. Despite the uninteresting nature and lack of grandeur that most daily life possesses, there is an undeniable inevitability within it that makes it both highly relatable and strangely endearing . The goal of this Thesis is to relish in the everyday; to take these mundane aspects of dweller and dwelling, and to embellish, contort, and imagine them in curiously fantastic ways.

The investigation into this condition will involve myself as both the investigator and the investigated, with my current residence (59 Englewood Avenue) acting as the site and instigator of the study. Investigations will be conducted through extensive reading, writing, observation, and making with an emphasis on collage. The media produced and discussed will piece together fragments of everyday life and generate events that turn the ordinary into the extraordinary. Using photo and video documentation, detritus from the home, and line work; media will be crafted that counters the normality of the events being discussed. Narrative fairy tales will also be written alongside the collaged work adding new layers of understanding and fantasy onto the media. It should be made clear that the proposed scenarios are not intended to enhance the quality of life for the resident or improve the buildings performance in any particular way. The purpose of these imagined conditions is to instill fascination, generate awareness of self relative to dwelling, as well as dwelling relative to self, and to intensely engage the physical ramifications of our existence.

The implications of this work should be a more experiential understanding of our dwellings and the endless everyday relations that occur within them. How they shelter, provide, engage, respond, and entrance us; and how we maintain, interact, furbish, and sustain them.

The larger curiosity fueling this investigation is a genuine interest in subject matter generally not discussed within the field of architecture. Architects and architecture students talk at length on issues of form, material, program, construction, ecology, technology, history, infrastructure, atmosphere, lighting, line weights, tools, cities, craft, and theory; but rarely, if ever, of sitting at a warm spot in the living room with your pants off eating a sandwich, a situation intensely familiar to people regardless of occupation and yet strongly dependent upon architecture.

Q1: In what ways can the mundane begin to inform architecture?

LITERATURE REVIEW

Kyle McMindes

Dwelling¹

“A place of residence” (Oxford English Dictionary). A dwelling is merely a place where in which life occurs, it is given its value through two very simple but crucial criteria: that of an occupant and that of living (actions, habits, needs, rhythms, desires).

Dweller²

“To reside in a place” (Oxford English Dictionary). A dweller, similar to that of a dwelling only has two criteria that need to be satisfied so as to be produced, those two things being: a space and once again the act of living.

In-Between

A dwelling may not exist without a dweller, nor a dweller without a dwelling; the only factor within this relationship that may stand independent, is living. Living is the in between, it is the endless list of activities, habits, thoughts, and rhythms that empower both dweller and dwelling. Living has no predetermined form, no obligations, nor an intent; yet without it a dwelling becomes a place and a dweller non-existent. Despite its ambiguity, the in-between in fact has an incredibly large impact on the practice of architecture, it is the reason we produce and imagine new spaces: bathrooms, bedrooms, closets, man caves, libraries, vaults, forts, attics, kitchens, and beyond are all products of the dweller dwelling relationship. These spaces are born of the in-between but they do not dictate it, a person may make an omelette in the library just as they may read a book in the kitchen.

Questions: To what extent does a dwellings impact the dweller, to what extent does the dweller impact the dwelling, and in what ways does this relationship manifest itself both materially and immaterially?

¹ **Heidegger:** considers a dwelling as a space beyond program or shelter, someone may spend significant time in a space or perhaps a space is incredibly well constructed; these considerations alone however do not constitute a dwelling. A dwelling must be a place where one builds, not necessarily in the literal sense but in the sense of cultivating, interacting, and caring. (Building, Dwelling, Thinking)

Bachelard: speaks less clearly on the dwelling as a literal space, he considers it more through the lens of the phenomenology. A container of memories, images, and illusions, that offer us some sense of stability within our lives. (The Poetics of Space)

² **Heidegger:** the dweller is then the person who through their cultivation and existence makes a space a dwelling and themselves thereby the dweller. (Building Dwelling Thinking)

Bachelard: in some ways considers dweller similarly to that of Heidegger. It is the dweller who through their thoughts and actions can offer a level of human dignity to their material world thereby transcending both it and themselves. (The Poetics of Space)

Living with....



Ralph stacking wood photo from The Swedish Center for Architecture and Design

Ralph³ trudges through the woods, bounding over heavy snowfall as he makes the journey back to his home, The Box⁴. In his arms he carries a few groceries for his wife and family. Finally arriving at the back door he clutches his haul close to his chest with one hand as the other rummages through his pockets in search of his key. Grasping the piece of metal from his pocket he inserts it into the lock and pulls, but the door does not budge, it is frozen from the cold. He tugs again, this time more viciously and the door flies backward tumbling him and the groceries into the snow and setting off a minor avalanche of firewood which lines the back wall. Being to cold and frustrated to care for the fallen wood he shuffles inside to be warmed. Looking about his single room home⁵ he sees his wife and child, and greets them hello, moving quickly into the kitchen area he hands the groceries off to his wife and goes to hang his coat. Stepping over his son to get to his drafting table he begins to work.

³ **Ralph Erskine:** a prominent British Architect who following the 1940–1941 London Blitz retreated from Britain to begin practicing in Sweden. Over the course of his life's work, had been praised for going against many of the trends of the time and looking more deeply at the social and localized effects of his buildings and not the solely pragmatic.

⁴ **The Box:** was Erskine's family home and office, one of his most published and appreciated works. The Box was located just south of Stockholm Sweden. To Erskine however this project was a major disappointment, he had been caught in the overly simplified views of the time and the home was unsuitable for him and his family.

⁵ "The interior (of The Box) is a single room functioning as a living room/bedroom/office and divided by an interior-exterior chimney that accommodates a small kitchen/office. The bathroom is situated in an outdoor hut and the water has to be taken from a well outside" - Francisco Gonzalez de Canales

Surrounded completely by the activities and sensations of domesticity he find himself drifting from his obligations, the smell of roasted vegetables linger in his nostrils, the sounds of chopping and stirring reverberate in his ears, on his leg he feels the tug of his child⁶. He clears off his drafting table and prepares it for dinner. Gathering at the table for their meal the family begins to eat and chat about the events of their day, as he cuts into a freshly steamed carrot Ralph feels a cold draft brush against his spine, the icy caress steals him away from his meal and family. He turns and stares at the wall behind him, combing it over for any sign of exposure, but none can be found. Continuing to stare at this wall his mind floats into a state of reflection regarding all the shortcomings of his home⁷; it's intense upkeep, it's lack of privacy, it's overly simplified form, it's tight quarters, it's isolation, and it's Romantic Functionalism⁸. Ruth⁹ calls out to him and he snaps out of his minor trance and back to his meal. She informs him that some post has arrived for him and hands him the letter. Opening it at the table he reads to himself, putting the letter down his wife asks what the post was about, solemnly he replies there is interest in publishing their home in an article.

20 years later...



House in Drottningholm photo by Holger Ellgaard

⁶ **Multifunctionality:** a significant number of activities are happening simultaneously within The Box, this is a minor testament to the creative compactness of the home. However something unconsidered by Erskine was the effect of these simultaneous activities, their combined effect making the performance or tolerance of each significantly less practical. (Strangely Familiar: Design and Everyday Life)

⁷ Daydreaming in space is something very common among all people, often seen as a trance like state from which we enter a semi-conscious state of our own minds while focusing blankly upon a fixed spot in the home. This concept is discussed thoroughly in the chapter "Corners" within Bachelard's book (The Poetics of Space).

⁸ **Romantic Functionalism:** was a critique from Peter Collymore regarding The Box's hyper over simplifications made in the name of functionalism. These eliminatory design decisions did not generate purity of function, in fact they decreased the functionality of both the space and its inhabitants but were for whatever reason praised by those whom had never lived in the space..

⁹ **Ruth Erskine:** Ralph Erskine's wife, they were wed in in Sweden in 1939. Was not trained in architecture or design but was a major influence on Erskine's design theory, always seeking to enhance and engage domestic life.

Holding a tepid cup of tea Ralph steps out from his office and meanders about his home¹⁰. Moving aimlessly, his eyes shift up, down, left, and right, examining the residue that the passage of time has accumulated¹¹, a wooden horse, a pile of news clippings, paper mache masks, model sailboats, an old shirt, books bulging from the shelf, a pair of slippers, and a half empty glass of juice. His attention is caught by the soft echo of his family upstairs, he now moves with purpose; ascending the stairwell up to the bedroom loft. Under the soft curve of the ceiling his wife and four children are preparing to go out and enjoy the snow.

Lending a hand he sits the younger ones on the bed to lace up their boots and then moves to the closet to fetch several pairs of gloves. Fully equipped and bubbling over with impatience the children fly down stairs, flinging the door wide open and piling out into the snowy courtyard. Ruth closes the door behind them, as Ralph starts a fire in the hanging flue within the large living area. Ruth heads into the kitchen to fetch some hot beverages. Watching their children through the western facing window they sip and converse around the fire, once again Ralph slips into a brief day dream. He recalls his back tight to the northern wall of “The Box” as they ate dinner 20 years ago, and the chilling prick of cold from the imperceptible draft in that wall. He recalls the praise that home received and the discomfort it brought him and his family. A thud from a snowball thrown by one of the children erupts against the window, jolting Erskine out of his day dream, grinning he inches closer to the fireplaces warm embrace.

“Dwellers are experts on their own needs.”¹² A dwelling is not meant to be sterile or idealised, it is the manifestation of its dwellers and should cultivate the practice of the everyday¹³. Erskine’s Box suffered from a rationalist illusion, it quantified and simplified the requirements of living to a terribly marginal outcome, forcing a literal box to be the place of many conflicting and particular activities; which it could not effectively be. His move to Drottningholm shows his appreciation for the habits, rhythms, and nuances that come with the everyday and feed off dweller and dwelling, and it shows the realization of a

¹⁰ **House in Drottningholm:** Erskine most preferred home in Sweden. Designed and built some 20 years after his construction and occupation of “The Box”. The new estate did away with his earlier desire for the abstract view of pure functionalism and looked to embrace that of everyday life. It offered a wide variety of spaces both in and out that could satisfy him and his families needs, and also areas where the non functional could flourish.

¹¹ “The passage of time (my history) leave behind a residue that accumulates: photographs, drawings, the corpses of long since dried up felt pens, shirts, non-returnable glasses and returnable glasses, cigar wrappers, tins erasers, postcards, books, dust, and knickknacks: this is what I call my fortune.” This quote by Georges Perec, speaks to the value of his objects beyond that of monetary, these are the things that nourish, intrigue, and assist him and their accumulation around him in many ways is a reflection on him as a person. (Species of Space and Other Pieces)

¹² “Dweller’s are experts on their own needs”. The truth in this quote speaks to the extent at which a dwelling can assist or dictate the activities there within. Ultimately the dweller will make changes to the conditions of the home both consciously and unconsciously, resulting in a living condition that is most idealized or perhaps merely reflective of themselves. (Peter Collymore: The Architecture of Ralph Erskine)

¹³ “The practice of everyday life”, this is not a literal practice in the manner of training or seeking skill, where one is specifically looking to better a particular situation. This is the manner of living and learning without specific intent. The practice of everyday life occurs everyday whether we wish it to or not, the extent at which we can engage in this practice is dictated by a myriad of circumstances, one of the more prominent being our dwellings. (Francisco Gonzalez de Canales)

disconnect between the theorized and the practiced. These are critical and strange discoveries for an Architect to make especially considering their profession is predominantly focused on designing structures for inhabitation. It may become easy however to forget or pay little mind to the actual considerations of inhabitation when one chases abstract conditions. An architect must always be aware they are creating a dwelling for a dweller and this interaction is paramount to the success of a design, particularly in regards to liveability.

Questions: Can flexibility of space be achieved without vagueness? Can our dwellings engage our rhythms without being fixed? How does the act of living change our dwelling?

Looking at....



Charles and Ray with friends and colleagues from Eames-Office-LLC

Ray¹⁴ calls out for the costume designer to come and help her with the finishing touches of her outfit. Hearing her call the woman glides up the stairwell of the house¹⁵ leaping into the bedroom so as to assist Ray. On the first floor Charles¹⁶ is in the kitchen preparing him and his wife a bit of breakfast,

¹⁴ **Ray Eames:** one half of the design duo The Eames, their work ranging far and wide across the field of design from Architecture, Product Design, Photography, and Furniture Production. Within the pair Ray was known to be more abstract and imaginative, she utilized her vast array of knowledge within the arts to produce works that possessed intrigue and an intuitive sense of beauty.

¹⁵ **The Eames House:** built in 1949 and located in California, the home was the space of inspiration for many of the world renowned designs and products that the Eames created throughout their careers. They often thought of their personal home as a stage upon which life played itself out upon, they would analyze and postulate on occurrences and conditions within the home itself for inspiration and critique of their designs. The homes itself was designed as a Case Study House, one of many of homes sought to be an experiment with American Residential Architecture.

¹⁶ **Charles Eames:** the other half of the design duo and Ray's husband. Charles was not trained in the arts but in architecture, this naturally poised him as the more pragmatic of the two in regards to design intent. However to suggest one was entirely this way and the other entirely that would be a falsity.

brewing coffee, frying an egg, and toasting some bread; he is already adorned in his outfit. Gracefully descending the staircase Ray enters the kitchen and the play¹⁷ begins. Gathering their plates they pass by a camera fastened to a post in the home on their way to go dine. The shutter goes off at a rapid pace, capturing their torsos as they carry their meal briskly through the hall. Sitting down and resting their plates, they simultaneously cut through an egg and watch as the yolk slowly spills across the china, contouring to its curves and soaking into the toast. Above their heads, fastened to a floating painting, a video camera records the two of them as they consume this meal and discuss today's intentions. The camera notices the gleam of a yolk as it drips off Charles' toast and onto the rug, the Eames however remain unaware.¹⁸

This day commences similarly to many other days, they flow in and out of various spaces and perform various tasks, all of which they both have and have not done before. Some friends come to the house and gather around for drinks and mild conversation, entering into the play without ever knowing.¹⁹ The supporting cast moves through the home unsuspecting and thereby very naturally, all the while the home works with them and watches over them. As the final guests leave and the batteries in the camera's die, the Eames prepare to analyze the performance.

Looking back through the footage, the Eames begin to happen upon things previously undetected. On their second viewing Ray notices the yolk that had slipped from Charles toast and onto the rug earlier that day. She pauses the film and turns to confront him with this finding, embarrassed, all he can do is shrug. They both get up and head into the living area to investigate the damage, stopping over top of the rug they look intently down upon it and notice the yellow goop has been ground into the fibers of the rug by the stomping of their guests feet and has dried itself into a flaky yellowed stain. Agreeing that the damage is at this point irreversible and not being able to unsee this unfortunate discovery, they decide the only course of action is to be rid of it. The two of them spend the next 5 minutes lifting tables, chairs, and tchotchkes off of the rug so that they may bundle it up and take it to the trash. Returning from the side of the house they walk into the room and discuss what should be done with this new space.²⁰

¹⁷ Ray and Charles Eames were obsessed with documentation, they would film, record, photograph, and sketch all the details of their lives and work. They were even known hire costume designers and makeup artists so that they could play out the day. They attributed much of their success to this intense attention to both interaction and detail.

¹⁸ There is only a certain level of awareness that one is able to have while participating within certain scenario. Documentation however offers an opportunity for us to go back and re-investigate that same scenario an infinite number of time. On top of this ability to probe something more acutely the Eames self filming technique, offers an alternate perspective upon the events that are unfolding. They no longer are subjected to looking in the first person they may now look through the lens of the home itself, pulling new information and cues into the frame.

¹⁹ **Naturalistic Observation:** This is a term used by Psychologists to describe the act of observing and recording something without those observed being made aware that they are being watched. This technique leads to a more genuine analysis than any other and offers a variety of avenues from which to proceed following its conduction.

²⁰ "When in a given bedroom, you change the position of the bed, can you say you are changing rooms?" This is a quote by Georges Perec which begins to question the role of objects within a space and their ability to make or

It was through the processes of documentation and observation that the Eames were able to engage so successfully with the in between²¹. Watching feet as they slide against the floorboards, the stream of a drink as it's poured into a glass, the reach of arms as they retrieve a book from the shelf, or a cluster of shadows that collect in a vacated corner of the home as guests convene in another. Each scene on its own being quite trivial, but collectively they produce an event, an event that is just as much dictated by the dwelling as by the dwellers there within. One can begin to deduce or at least hypothesize why particular situations occurred here or there, what instigated said situation, and how to possibly intervene. One also should become aware of the interdependency that exists within our daily lives, what things both active and passive are playing a role in our stream of behavior.²²

Questions: What do our dwellings allow, what do they not, and how do we change them?

Dreaming of...



Alison working photo by Peter Smithson

identify the spaces in which they are present. It also eludes to the adaptability of space, our existence and interactions within a space generate change upon it, turning it into something new while all the while remaining familiar. (Species of Spaces and Other Pieces)

²¹ “The space between two tangible volumes is nevertheless a volume”. This quote by Ray Eames shows their concern for the in-between, the spaces where in which life occurs and relationships are formed. They understand it both as an abstract and as a literal condition and that despite it being intangible, the in between does in fact orchestrate the life that occurs within it. (California Arts and Architecture)

²² **Stream of Behavior:** this is a book which attempts to quantify and apply units to human behavior, it is focused through the lens of psychology and utilizes the naturalistic observation of children to attempt to establish this matrix. Despite the ultimate failure of this overly ambitious task, the Stream of Behavior addresses quite clearly and literally the infinite number of factors that we both affect and are affected by in our daily lives. (Roger G. Barker)

Sitting at a desk outside of her cottage²³ Alison²⁴ observes her children as they venture around the home and throughout the property. Running in circles on the aged stone terrace, the two children veer off towards an opening in the wall. Giggling and yelling as they dash onward, the children suddenly come to an abrupt stop a few feet from the opening, slowly they look upwards at the masked face of an Armored Knight²⁵. Taking a step back they straighten themselves up and with poise and sincerity they approach the apparition. In unison they bow to the figure hoping to be granted passage through the ancient threshold. Their mother looks on and smirks as the children bow to a column of worn stone²⁶. The knight satisfied with their humility grants them passage and the running begins again taking them far out of sight.

Peter²⁷ who is at rest inside, spots the children through a rear window of the home. Out in a rich green pasture they have picked up two large sticks. They swing them in unison, and dirt begins to be flung in all directions. As Peter watches them use their tools and work the ground, he is taken back to a very real but fully imagined space in time. The children have grown old and hunch over the earth upon which they work, with knobby poles they till the ground so that they may plant their crop. Their bodies appear malnourished and their clothing is drab and ill fitting. Lurching upward from her labor, his now decrepit daughter looks through him at her stone cabin. The shelter is old and lopsided, its exterior is caked with dirt and is in a perpetually crumbling state, inside the floor is made of stomped earth which is too often cold and wet; wondering how many more winters her home can withstand, she turns back to the ground and continues to till.²⁸ Having lost interest, the children chuck their sticks and move

²³ **Upper Lawn Solar Pavilion:** the Smithson's summer home and a modern critique on the old english cottage. The structure is crafted almost entirely from glass and steel, with a single wall being made from a pre-existing stone cottage. The larger concern of the project was an attempt at addressing modern techniques with the real and unromantic aspects of British rural life, something the Smithsons were intensely fascinated by.

²⁴ **Alison Smithson:** One half of the husband and wife architectural duo Alison and Peter Smithson, and member of the British think tank the Independent Group. Alison and her husband were involved in many things throughout their careers but were particularly known for their interest in Brutalism and in the un-romantic aspects of life and architecture.

²⁵ **Puck of Pook's Hill (Weland's Sword):** "See you the dimpled track that runs, All hollow through the wheat? O that was where they hauled the guns That smote King Philip's fleet!" The passage folds time in on itself as one looks out onto the English Pastoral Landscape, bringing events long since past and placing them overtop of the existing context. Confronting the changing nature of space and the rich and varied history that becomes embedded within it. (Rudyard Kipling)

²⁶ **Perceive:** To regard as being such (Merriam- Webster). Perception is often regarded through the use of our senses, in this case however there are competing perceptions. The mother sees a stone column, whereas her children imagine a gallant knight. One is perceived purely through the lens of the sensory and the other imagined to be so, and with this difference there are very different cues on how to behave. These differing perceptions reveal the strength of perception and of embodied history.

²⁷ **Peter Smithson:** The other half of the architectural couple and also a member of the Independent Group.

²⁸ **Counter-Pastoralism:** This movement regarded the poverty and unromantic living that most poor laborers endured. The Smithsons looked closely at the lives and styles of Britain's Middle and Low class families. There was a desire for truth and authenticity that is not present in many Pastoral reflections. Things tend to be painted with a nostalgic brush and suggest that farm or country life was one of simplicity and relaxation. The Smithsons and many others knew this to false, and devoted time and research into the real lives of those in the country. (Raymond Williams)

on, at this time Peter returns from his drift wherein which the imaginary and the sensible had combined into one.

Stepping out of the house and across the courtyard Peter heads towards Alison to discuss his daydream. On his short journey across the cobblestone, he drags his toe and stubs it against one of the more protruded pebbles, knocking it loose from its 100 year home. Stumbling forward and cursing the rock he bends over and grasps it in his palm. Turning he launches it across the courtyard at the column of worn stone, and with a loud clang the stone connects, chipping the column and sending bits of shrapnel throughout the air. The children watch in horror, screaming they dash past him and towards the column, in a panic they arrive and begin tending to the fallen knight.

The Smithsons used the Upper Lawn Solar Pavilion as the hub for their personal investigations into the legends and lifestyles of the English countryside.²⁹ Juxtaposing their current existence, material capacities, and daily activities with historically fictional dreamscapes allowed them to explore both the dweller and dwelling in a curiously temporal³⁰ fashion. They could imagine fantastic situations alongside their children and utilize the home in a myriad of non traditional ways. The cottage became a physical construction wherein they could revel in the in between, the imagined and the material. The Smithson's appreciation of the Solar Pavilion transcended the building's architectural reputation, this was a place of retreat and fantasy that fostered some of the family's most prominent memories.

Questions: How does the physical and imagined history of an object or space inform our interactions with it? What are the qualities that alter one's perception of material and space?

²⁹ "They felt that the new order of their lives would be compatible with the small everyday things: the mutual belonging of the human, the natural, the memories and imagination." Despite their counter-pastoral views they still aspired to these romantic sensations. They hoped to get closer to the notions of pastoral idealism through their summer cottage. A place in which they could work, play, and dream that was rich in history, material honesty, and peaceful isolation. (Francisco Gonzalez de Canales)

³⁰ **Temporal:** referring to both its definition as an infinite material state as well as its other definition as a single moment in time.

Disclaimer

This above collection of stories and events, despite the use of real architects and designers, are fictional. They are predominantly pulled from the book “Experiments with Life Itself: Radical Domestic Architecture between 1937 and 1959” by Francisco Gonzalez de Canales. In this literary review, 3 of his 5 case studies have been pulled out and turned into narratives as a means of speculating upon various aspects of dweller and dwelling. The narratives have been informed by the personalities and works of their characters and supplemented by various other texts that are referenced to varying degrees within the above footnotes. The formatting of this Literary Review as a collection of narratives allows for a synthesizing of ideas and themes to occur within it, while remaining true to some of the more ambiguous or experiential aspects of the investigation. Within this one will not find some proposal for a universality, one will be presented with themes, curiosities, patterns, experiences, and ideas that suggest but do not define aspects of dweller and dwelling.

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METHODOLOGY

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Intent

The proposed Thesis will be a fictional story that recounts the events of a single day. The events being narrated will be along similar lines to that of earlier work produced, in that the events being described will be fairly commonplace, they will be informed by both dwelling and dweller, and that despite the commonplace nature of the interactions they will result in curious and fantastic built responses.

Happening adjacent to this storytelling will be the continued production of the “59 Englewood” series. The series will consist of a large number of collages, each one correlating to an event within the story itself. Each piece will be considered both individually as well as a part of a larger collective, that will be the aggregation of all the collages and scenarios discussed. The collages will continue to utilize documentation and materials from within the dwelling so as to be created.

The objective of these methods is to produce a work that is both accessible and mystifying in its presence and themes. The work should be able to speak clearly to all those engaging with it and inspire a more complex appreciation for both dwelling and dweller.

Q1: In what ways does collage allow us to understand the work that the narrative does not?

Q2: In what ways does the narrative allow us to understand the work that the collages do not?

Q3: How do these methods relate to the investigation of the trivial relationship between dweller and dwelling?

Q4: What is to be gained through the application of these methods?

Observation

The ability to observe and critique the dweller dwelling relationship is an essential component of this investigation. Without a healthy body of observation and documentation, the work becomes subjective and forms assumptions based on preconceived notions of what a dweller does within their dwelling, significantly weakening the works legitimacy. To counter the issue of the assumed, extensive observation must be conducted and so it was.

The observational techniques come in several styles; some are based in photography, some based in video footage, some in note taking, and others in passing thoughts. Each of these techniques possess their own unique benefits and limitations in regards to what they can and cannot observe.

Photography has been one of the more successful forms of observation during this process. The photos taken of dwelling, dweller, or both provide stills upon which to ponder and inspect. Things that may be glazed over in daily life are now framed and focused so they may receive a more fixated attention. We can inspect the piles of dust and fuzz that accumulate in a corner, the worn finish of an old drawer, or the harsh glare of the sunlight upon the floor. Whose name is that? Are these my hairs? Why is that chipped? One can speculate and hypothesize while inspecting a photograph, in ways much more concrete than perhaps listening to someone else's recount. The photographs provide a series of moments frozen in time, real things pulled out of the space in which they occurred and forever stored inside a frame.

Video Footage is another key form of observation for this process. The videos provide a 3rd person perspective from which to view the dweller as they interact with their dwelling. One can film themselves doing any sort of task simply by placing a video camera in a discrete location within the home. Video footage covers a wide variety of daily activities within the house such as cleaning dishes, sweeping the floor, eating a meal, and spraying for bugs. We can then take this information and more accurately postulate why said activity is occurring in this way and how this occurrence will be impacting the dwelling. Following the recording process the footage is then rewatched and broken down into a strip of stills that accurately depict the recorded event. These stills allow a clear understanding of the event taking place, the fluid nature of said event, the limitations of the dwelling, and the ramifications of dweller.

Note taking and passing thoughts have fallen under the same umbrella because in this investigation one relies heavily upon the other. What passing thought and notetaking provide that the previous two forms of observation do not, is an element of spontaneity, a dwelling is a vessel for

spontaneous or serendipitous thoughts. Something that occurs to one in the shower, as they gaze through a window, or as they lie looking at the blank space on a wall. Seemingly synthesized out of thin air, an insight will reveal itself but for a brief moment and when that moment arrives it must be captured; therefore we make a note of it. These passing thoughts are difficult to categorize and are often seemingly irrelevant but they are denoted because the dwelling assisted in their creation; however just because they often seem irrelevant does not mean that they always are, some times they can be quite insightful.

Walking to my living room early in the morning, my back is stiff from a poor night's rest. As I stride across my kitchen I hear the floorboards creak and moan, just as I do when I first awaken. I wonder how old is my house? How many decades has this floor supported any number of inhabitants? Arriving in the living room, I lay myself into my back stretcher and begin to relieve the tension in my spine. Looking upward I wonder how nice it would be if I could provide this relief for my floor, just as I do my own tired body.

Narrative

Narratives role within this investigation is to provide insight into some of the more nuanced and phenomenological conditions that exist between dwelling and dweller. By providing a certain level of playful ambiguity narrative is able to begin addressing certain conditions that exist between dwelling and dweller, without being over analytical and reductive in its discussion. A scenario can be described through narrative, but this description does not constitute an end all be all, it merely suggests that the situation has or may exist and therefore gives it relevance. It can provide a platform from which to reflect upon very real circumstances, while also providing a platform from which to leap into more imaginative and fantastic scenarios. Two styles of writing that have been taken on during this investigation are poetry and storytelling.

Poetry, or more specifically in this case the haiku get its strength from its quality of ambiguity. A haiku is formatted as a three line poem with a 5/7/5 syllable count, making the entire piece a mere 17 syllables. This formatting forces the work to be extremely brief and maintain a certain level of vagueness. It is through this vagueness that speculation may then emerge, attempting to piece together such a limited set of clues encourages one to broaden their perspective so as to begin interpreting the work. *Residue laden. Water flows for cleansing me. I should clean you too.* This is one of many haikus written in regards to my dwelling, in fact it is about a bathroom sink. Upon initially reading this however it is unclear as to what exactly is the subject and why I feel the need to return the favor of cleansing. All the

reader is provided with are a few brief statements and actions, they must then depend solely on their imagination in order to manifest the physical conditions that have orchestrated this scenario.

Storytelling provides a more detailed and inclusive style of narration. Characters may be developed, settings established, and a plot or scenario can emerge. These components are essential to the understanding of the dweller dwelling relationship, for without all three you may not have any (dweller/character, dwelling/setting, relationship/plot). Storytelling also provides a more refined scope through which the reader may enter the work; they can project themselves as the character, interpret certain aspects of the setting, and relate certain scenarios within the plot back to their own experiences. The type of storytelling this thesis looks to utilize is that of Fairy Tale. A fairy tale is a powerful example of reality and fiction intermingling to generate something more awe inspiring than its independent parts. This style of narrative allows for stories that contain some of the more typical or mundane aspects of dwelling to be taken and manipulated in a variety of ways so as to generate something fantastic and mystifying. Discussions can begin in regards to certain aspects of dweller and dwelling, that are no longer so weighted down by the pure reality of the subject matter, but are allowed to slip out into something more curious and extreme.

Collage

Collage is the mode of production in which the tactile and visual qualities captured through the observational process can be selected and altered so as to take on the more fantastic attributes present in the narratives. By using images from personal books, found objects within the home, and previous documentation; new media begins to be formed which embodies the various bits of information that constitute the spatial conditions of dweller and dwelling.

Within Ben Nicholson's text, "Appliance House", exists a chapter titled, "Collage Making". This section by Nicholson speaks clearly on the tradition, activity, and implications of collage work. In an opening line within the section Nicholson states that, "Collage permits a silent rapport between the collagist and those objects whose purpose is often to difficult to understand". This quote begins to speak of the role that collage plays in thought provocation. Seemingly unrelated objects can begin to come together in ways that are quite satisfying, while other elements that one may assume belong together in fact produce something rather displeasing. This situation means that the collagist must look beyond thematic interest and into more nuanced aspects of their media; things such as tone, scale, context, shape, perspective, color, linearity, resiliency, opaqueness, and placement. All of these factors must be

considered in regards to the overall theme and without the ability to cooperate with these factors the intended subject will never be manifested. This unique situation found within the act of collaging encourages a more ambiguous thought process than that of other forms of media such as painting or technical drafting.

Collage exists right where this investigation wishes to linger, in the in-between. It takes the real and the tangible, the things we can understand, quantify, and articulate; and then subjects them to various forms of manipulation. Turning what was once familiar and fixed into something new and ephemeral. A pot is no longer a pot, nor a shoe a shoe; they hold onto to aspects of their former existence but through collage they become strange and fantastic.

Addendum

Tactile Series - is a collection of photographs taken straight on of certain elements within my personal home. These are pieces of my dwelling that either provide some level of physical comfort/discomfort, show signs of physical age and past existence, or are physically interacted with by me on a regular basis. The series looks to bring forward some of the more literal and frequent interactions that occur between dwelling and dweller. It depicts features that act as instigators of dwelling dweller interactions, these photos are of knobs, handles, switches, latches, dials, railings, vents, pulleys, and levers. Overtop of these functionalist pieces are details of existence both past and present, that have been soaked into the very material which composes my dwelling. These details can be seen as scarrings on a wooden surface, the collecting of dust, grime, and calcium, the uselessness of a still present fixture, the inscriptions of a former tenant, the smooth shine of a rubbed handrail, or the sag of a tired beam.

A short Haiku was then written about each photograph. The writings begin to cut around some of the more imagined or assumed conditions within the image, and speak more clearly about the current dweller dwelling relationship (my own existence) that is occurring. Offering a window into a very specific and very real moment that dweller and dwelling share. (pages 2 - 3)

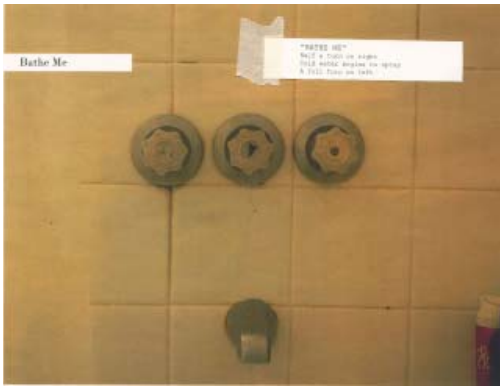
Blueprints - was the next series of documentation that both dwelling and dweller underwent. It is a collection of still frames depicting certain activities that the dweller undertakes both in and on the dwelling. First a video camera is set up so as to record a specific location within the home, then the dweller proceeds to perform an activity within that space all the while being filmed. Following the recording the video would be rewatched and broken down into a series of specific frames that accurately synthesized the activity performed and the space utilized.

The collection of stills allow for a more detailed look into the events unfolding both in regards to dwelling and dweller. One can begin to look at the primary features of the space relative to the event, ways in which the existing conditions are informing the actions, the way in which the actions themselves are affecting space, an understanding of passive or active behavior, and the general timeline of this interaction. These documented everyday events between dwelling and dweller act as the inspiration for later imagined works and narratives. (pages 4 - 5)

Architecture and the Mundane - is a series that looks at some of the more typical circumstances that occur within a dwellings and attempts to give them a more fantastic presence. The work is very interested in the subject of the Everyday and how particular activities or habits can externalize themselves into our physical environments. The act of dwelling is a universal condition, all people dwell; however within this act there exists a wide range of ways in which people dwell. Our homes suggest to us where and how we should perform our daily routines and our adherence to or are distancing from these suggestions manifest themselves into the physical conditions of our dwellings.

In this work the suggestive nature and physical ramifications of dwelling have been taken to an extreme. The home is no longer implying how to dwell but in fact properly engaging and manipulating the dwellers tendencies. 7 common scenarios have been taken from my own daily life and turned into tales, where in which the home is directly instigating or responding to personal behavior. The work comes as a series of pairings, each scenario has a short story and a collage that act in combination to embody the ideas and scenarios being described. (pages 6 - 19)

59 Englewood - is both the address of my current residence and the title of the next series of media. These collages look to more honestly investigate the specific dweller dwelling relationship in question, that of me and my home. The work will utilize previous and ongoing forms of documentation, found detritus from within the dwelling, and other 2D material in order to be constructed. The work will be made simultaneously with the fictional recount of a single day within my home, and be based on actual activities and circumstances from within the home, from which to draw inspiration and inquire into the dweller dwelling relationship. (pages 20 - 25)



Barber Me
*Half a turn on right
 Cold water begins to spray
 A full turn on left*



Bump Me
*The trim is blemished
 A knob extends towards us
 Growing to protect*



Control Me
*Cold enters the home
 Being spun to expel it
 Hours later you start*



Cool Me
*Stretching to a chain
 Blades begin to circulate
 I hear and feel cool*



Drink Me
*Water flows with ease
 Turning a knob left or right
 Thirst evades this home*



Flick Me
*Water flows with ease
 Turning a knob left or right
 Thirst evades this home*



Hang Me
*A pole spans across
 Dipping from time or from weight
 Material strains*



Heal Me
*An owner's neglect
 Manifested in floor boards
 A door was once here*



Hide Me
*Thickness and layers
 Slipped into the walls crevasse
 A dividing plane*



Hold Me
*Atlas of my home
 Interactions are frequent
 Yet I pay no mind*



Ignore Me
*Purpose I have none
 Instinctual I am not
 Resting in you hall*



Lift Me
*The air is stagnant
 Heavy and clear you are shut
 Counterweight fresh breeze*



*Dim light hides my face
Twisting a notch to shed light
Clarity is here*



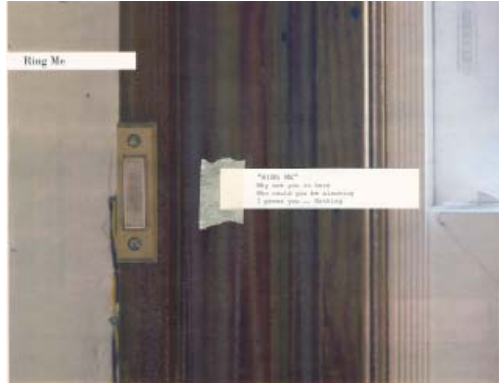
*Thumb applies pressure
Swooped metal tightens the frame
Lay safe and see through*



*Fingers grip beneath
Pulling in and pushing out
Jiggle to break loose*



*Scored into the wood
Initials of some other
My home has a past*



*Why are you in here
Who could you be alarming
I press you Nothing*



*Hand gliding against
Protected from a collapse
Rarely Successful*



*The hand wraps around
Rarely used, always present
The stairwells plus one*



*Soft touch of daylight
Privacy is desired
Unhinged and twisted*



*Hooked yet smooth to grab
Opening space with a turn
One may now walk through*



*Living room spigot
Natural gas you supplied
Lingering in space*



*Belching forth hot air
Mechanics wrapped in gold trim
Thank you to veneer*



*Residue laden
Water flows for cleansing me
I should clean you too*







"The Cabinet That Feeds"

The Cabinet that Feeds

Staring blankly into the kitchen cupboards. He has risen from his bed in the room adjacent, hoping some undefinable delicacy has inched its way to the front of the cabinets. Turning defeated he shuffles back into his den of relaxation for a few more minutes. This event repeats itself several more times over the course of an hour. Each occurrence resulting in defeat.

Cravings begin to overwhelm him as he lays turning in his bed. The previously engaging Netflix series has lost its ability to distract from the real problem at hand. With frustration and intensity the man rises up, in one final attempt to solve the pressing matter of his hunger.

He stands there again looking upon a myriad of options, none of which will do. His eyes shift up and down, back and forth, along the surface of the cabinet. Scanning it for anything that may have been missed previously, with an audible sigh he reaches forward to open the glass encasement and retrieve a second rate treat.

As he grasps the delicate handle and pulls the cupboard door towards him, he is met with resistance. Tugging more and more vigorously, he begins to utilize all the frustrations of his gastronomic defeat. With a clap the door unlatches and the man stumbles backwards.

The entire cabinet begins to slowly unfurl itself in front of him. The doors smoothly swing downward towards him, like a hand steadily becoming unclenched. As the hatches reach out toward the man, the shelves there within slide back into a space previously unknown, taking the snack with which he intended to settle deep out of sight. The shelves of china reach themselves out to him, granting a single entry into his new cupboard room. With hesitance the man climbs inside and works his way into the dimly lit space.

Enamored by the events that have just transpired, he forgets the hunger that has plagued him this past hour. He crawls onwards passing pots, pans, glassware, and dust on his journey. In the distance he sees the warm glow of food packaging. Hastening his pace he arrives to the new space of his hunger. Gliding around him in an oddly orchestrated tornado of wood, hardware, and food are all the things deemed formerly unfit.

Bags of pretzels collide with jars of peanut butter, Mac and Cheese powder explodes overhead, Raisins roll into neat piles by his hands and feet. Amidst the display he grabs whatever he can and inches his way back through the alley of stainless steel and dust and onto the swinging china.

Stepping down into his home he gazes once again onto his kitchen cupboards as they contort themselves back into regularity.

He returns, food in hand, to futon and a sitcom.



"Hurry Up Shower"

Hurry Up Shower

A long day has transpired for him, resulting in a severe build up of grime. Having started his day early this morning the list of events that have occurred that bring us here to 9:26 pm EST are as follows.

- Bike to Delaware Park
- Carry timber and concrete from point A to point B
- Assemble timber and concrete into something
- Bike to South Campus
- Inquire about construction
- Bike back to park
- Disseminate information received from South Campus
- Destroy the construction
- Bury the evidence
- Bike home

His body is sore and his back is twisted from the hours of manual labor that occurred on this day. His shirt is covered in grey concrete dust, his pants streaked brown with grass and mud, hands and shoulder blades fraught with splinters, and body caked with a wonderful mixture of sweat and earth.

Arriving home late he immediately disrobes leaving shoes, pants, shirt, socks, and briefs in his wake. Flying into the bathroom the door closes behind him, and with two flicks of his wrist warm water springs from the shower head. Giving it the natural 30 second warm up he steps into the shower.

Closing his eyes the cleansing warmth of the water rushes over his body and removes both internal and external discomfort from him. In his meditative state he begins to hear a low soft humming, looking around he discovers a single tile within the shower has been replaced by a metal grate.

Putting his hand to the grate he feels a suction and thinks perhaps the landlord has installed a new bathroom fan. Warm steam and air swiftly flow into his wall as he continues to rinse and relax.

All the while overhead a bladder is filling and expanding with air and moisture, steadily drooping into his personal bubble. 7 minutes have gone by and finally the elastic ceiling has touched his head. Looking up with astonishment he pokes the ever growing bladder, which jiggles and wags about.

Unfettered by this and determined to continue enjoying the warm water on his sore body the man attempts to work around it. Shoving it this direction and that as it slowly swallows his head, shoulders, and torso. The bladder is swelling to a point of rupture, hearing the hiss from this tiny vent and feeling the great pressure within the bladder the man turns the shower off.

Exiting he looks down at his ankles still caked with dirt.



"A Growing Sink"

A Growing Sink

Placing a cutting board upon the countertop, he flips a bag of onions onto it. Next to this heap of onions are some broccoli, a few potatoes, 2 cloves of garlic, and three sausages. Taking a large kitchen knife he begins to peel, dice, and chop the ingredients. 5 feet to his right water boils on a stove and a pan slowly heats up, liquefying a pat of butter there within it.

The sink lets out an endless stream of water as he discards the things unfit to make this meal down its piping. Onion and Potato skins, the nub at the bottom of the broccoli, sausage casings, and the fibrous outer layer of the garlic. All these things slide down into the abyss of his home's inner plumbing.

This activity of feeding the drain happens every few days pending his financial ability to eat out and or his interest in preparing a meal. Gallon upon gallon of water slips into the abyss alongside pounds of organic waste.

He thanks the heavens everyday that he has not had a clog but continues to tempt fate. Months pass and spring arrives.

Parading around the home in his briefs, celebrating the warm weather; he is called to the kitchen by his roommate to inspect something suspicious. A small mushroom pokes itself up from a slit in the countertop. Perplexed he plucks it up and throws it in the garbage.

The next day he inspects the location again only to find two fungi in its place. Removing them both and depositing a generous spray of windex into the slight crevice, he hopes the issue is resolved. For 8 more days nothing emerges and so he decides to prepare himself a meal in the formerly affected area.

Cutting and mashing another similar group of ingredients he feels his counter flex and bow beneath his touch. Curious he pushes down with great force upon the flat surface. His hands break through and he falls back pulling with him his entire kitchen counter.

It tears away from the wall with the consistency of damp paper. Spilling the innards of his kitchen out onto the floor, and revealing the hidden world beneath. Rich Black soil rolls out onto the linoleum, large mushrooms of red, orange, and purple burst forward, and water mists the air.

He gazes into the dark to see a system of miniature aqueducts, zigging and zagging beneath his counter. Spanning small valleys, and distributing water and compost to various locations throughout the kitchen.

Reaching deep into the dark and through the water channels he plucks two mushrooms. Standing up he dices them and throws them in a pan for his dinner.



"Eviction Chair"

Eviction Chair

The sky was clear and the air outside fresh. 10:00 am rolled around and he let out a loud yawn as he rolled back and forth on his futon mattress. Wiping the sleep from his eyes he rises up and viciously scratches himself. Shuffling into the kitchen he ponders all the events that occurred the night before, and is overjoyed by the fun he had.

He conducts a series of slow moving events that include but are not limited to breakfast preparation, a hot shower, dressing himself, and brushing his teeth. He is now as presentable as he desires to be. Pacing about he wonders what to make of such a picturesque day. With a strange combination of disappointment and pleasure he decides his day is best spent lounging, and insists that the best space to conduct the day's event is in the front room of the house, due to the immense natural lighting it receives. This decision to soak up the sun's warm light brings him great relief, now the day is not wholly wasted.

He collects his laptop and a few other necessities and places himself onto a large dish like seat located in the room. The viewing begins and he mashes himself into a comfortable sprawl on the seat.

The lines from the sun along his floor become more and more acute as time passes. The sound of homeless carts, loud children, and souped-up 2005 pontiac grand ams pass by his window. The large wooden clock in the corner of the room continues to spin its hands as 11 turns to 12, and 12 turns to 1, and then 1 to 2. All this time his eyes rarely leave the glowing screen in front of him.

Nonchalantly however the chair that he has been sitting in has slowly receded into his floorboards. The change is so intensely gradual that the man is totally unaware. Over the course of almost 3 hours he has sunken roughly 16 inches. The home with the determination and speed of a snail intends to eject him. His recession into the ground commences quite slowly but his ejection happens all at once.

Exactly 3 hours and 22 minutes into this truly lazy Saturday the man reaches the same planed height as the floor which once supported him. It is at this exact moment when the chair sets into its track. With a metallic clang the chair takes off in between the floor joists and the first floor ceiling. Like a mining cart set loose on its tracks the saucer shaped seat flies to the back of the home.

In a matter of four seconds the chairs reaches the end of its tracks. With a sudden stop and a half spin the man is launched out the back of his home and thrown into his lawn.

He stands up and calls a friend, hoping to set up a tennis match.



"Heat a Seat"

Heat a Seat

A man walks steadily down his street on his way home from school. He is encapsulated completely in thick pants, a pillowy coat, rough woven gloves, and a pair of tennis shoes that have grown cold and wet from his quarter mile journey. Snow surrounds him on all sides and impedes his journey by billowing here and there with no regard for his pilgrimage. Arriving home to his unshoveled walk he attempts to leap between the left behind footprints from his venture out this morning. Finally at the door he removes a single glove so as to retrieve his keychain and gain entry into his home.

Once inside his body relaxes as its steps from the outside world which sits at 12 degrees and into his home which hovers disappointingly between 58 - 61 degrees. Striding quickly up the stairs so as to remove his heavy garbs and freezing wet shoes he arrives home.

Walking about handling a series of mundane tasks, boiling water, folding shirts, bothering a roommate; his body soon is unsatisfied with the temperature at which he affords to keep the home. He can feel the cold stagnant air clinging to his body, the floorboards chill his naked feet, and the walls around him radiate chill. Seeking an escape til bed he moves himself to the study.

Opening the door to the small room just off of the home's main gathering space, he carefully steps inside. The floor has been cut away, and a large silver bowl has been placed inside the void. Clinging to the walls he edges his way around the large metal pit, taking note of the vast number of lightbulbs there within it. Extending from one edge of the basin is a large metal rod that extends towards the ceiling and veils the space in a dark cloak.

Reaching the adjacent wall he begins to climb a small set of stairs which curve halfway up the space, encapsulating a large portion of the metallic bowl. Once atop the stairs he steps out onto a small balcony hovering over the steel and glass basin.

Floating by a series of thick ropes over the center of the bowl is a brown pleather La-Z-Boy chair. Stepping gently off the balcony and onto the swinging recliner, he transfers the full mass of his weight onto the dangling chair. With a slight drop and a loud click, the bowl below him illuminates.

Every bulb within lets out a buzz as the entire basin turns a crystalline white and the space becomes radiant. Reclining in mid air, the warmth from the bulbs begins to lightly toast the chair and the man. Warm and comfortable he places a novel onto an extended rod across him to read and relax. Hours pass.

Using the sweat from his thighs the man then slips out of the chair and onto the floor below him. His exit returns the chair to its original height and the lights fade off. Feeling his way along the heated walls, he finds the door and heads off to sleep.



"Come Closer Mirror"

Come Closer Mirror

Strutting down his hall way, umteen times a day, he passes a mirror pinched to his wall by several clear clips. Its trim is of white plastic and its bottom left hand corner has fallen victim to fog. Regardless of how many times he has passed said mirror, he cannot leave it be. Either his pace will slow down as he glances over his shoulder to see himself gliding through space; or he will bring himself to a full stop so as to gaze on as he twists his body and fluffs his hair.

Day or night, clothed or naked, proud or shameful, it does not matter. His eyes must always gaze upon it and subsequently himself. His vanity is fed by the placement of this mirror and his concerns with self image grow more prominent everyday.

The mirror knows it is merely a vessel of self absorption and grows ashamed of its role in his psyche. Unable to change itself the mirror, requests the assistance of the home upon which it lives. Feeling an obligation to its dweller and pity for the mirror, the home agrees to help.

Days pass and the man strolls by the mirror continually looking into it for a reflection of self. With each passing day however the mirror begins to slip back into the walls of the house. Deeper and deeper, so as to escape the man's vision.

After several days the man passes through the short hallway that leads from his living space to his kitchen, he turns his head in his typical way towards the mirror but finds no mirror there. In its wake is a thin cavern of wood, insulation, and cobwebs. Deep within it he can see the glimmer of the mirror as it reflects back a thin shred of light from the hallway.

Astonished by this new condition and quite peeved by the brutal tear in his wall the man ventures to the back of the crevasse to investigate this new space. Turning sideways he sucks in his stomach and begins to shuffle back. Grey pink fiberglass fluff, poofs around his mouth and eyes and old nails tear his shirt as he slinks deeper into the cavern of his home.

Reaching the end he sees the old mirror, absorbed into the long untouched makings of his walls. Angrily he pulls the mirror from its tomb and precedes back out of the cavern. Once outside he dusts himself off and checks his appearance in the mirror.

Unaware of how to fix such a large crack in his wall and too tentative to tell his landlord the man allows the cavern to remain. He simply hangs the mirror across its span.

He looks at the mirror everyday as before and now also a scar.



"Floor to Floor"

Floor to Floor

Following some activity that has pulled him into the outside world, the tenant returns home. He shuffles through his pockets in search of the glob of keys he carries at all times, pulling them close to his face he hastily fingers through them looking for the one called "House". Once found he takes said key and mashes it into the misaligned lock, turning it until the pressure release of the newly unlocked door is felt. Turning the knob and pushing hard against an entrance swollen tight to its frame with the day's humidity, the man is home.

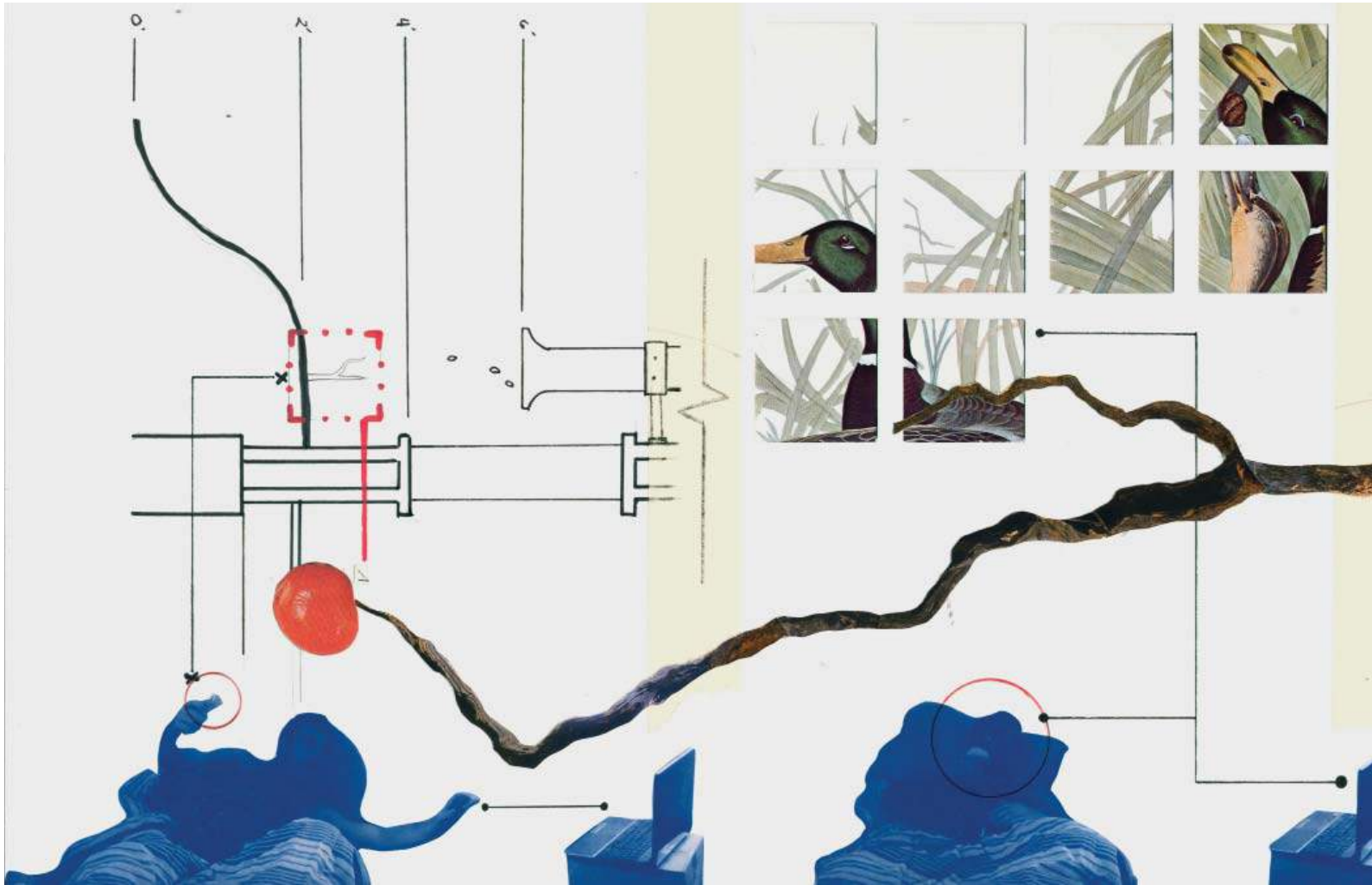
He paces up the stairs, ascending upwards through space with the simplest of means, each step taking him farther and farther from the earth's surface. Living on the second story of a rental home in Buffalo, New York most of his days are spent suspended in air via a product of his own ingenuity.

A new ground is made for him parallel to its origin, it is sturdy, flat, smooth, and trustworthy. Strolling about above the earth's crust the activities of the everyday commence. Food is prepared and cooked, conversations with guests or roommates takes place, movement happens daily, furniture and other objects begin to accrue, all the while being held perpetually in the air.

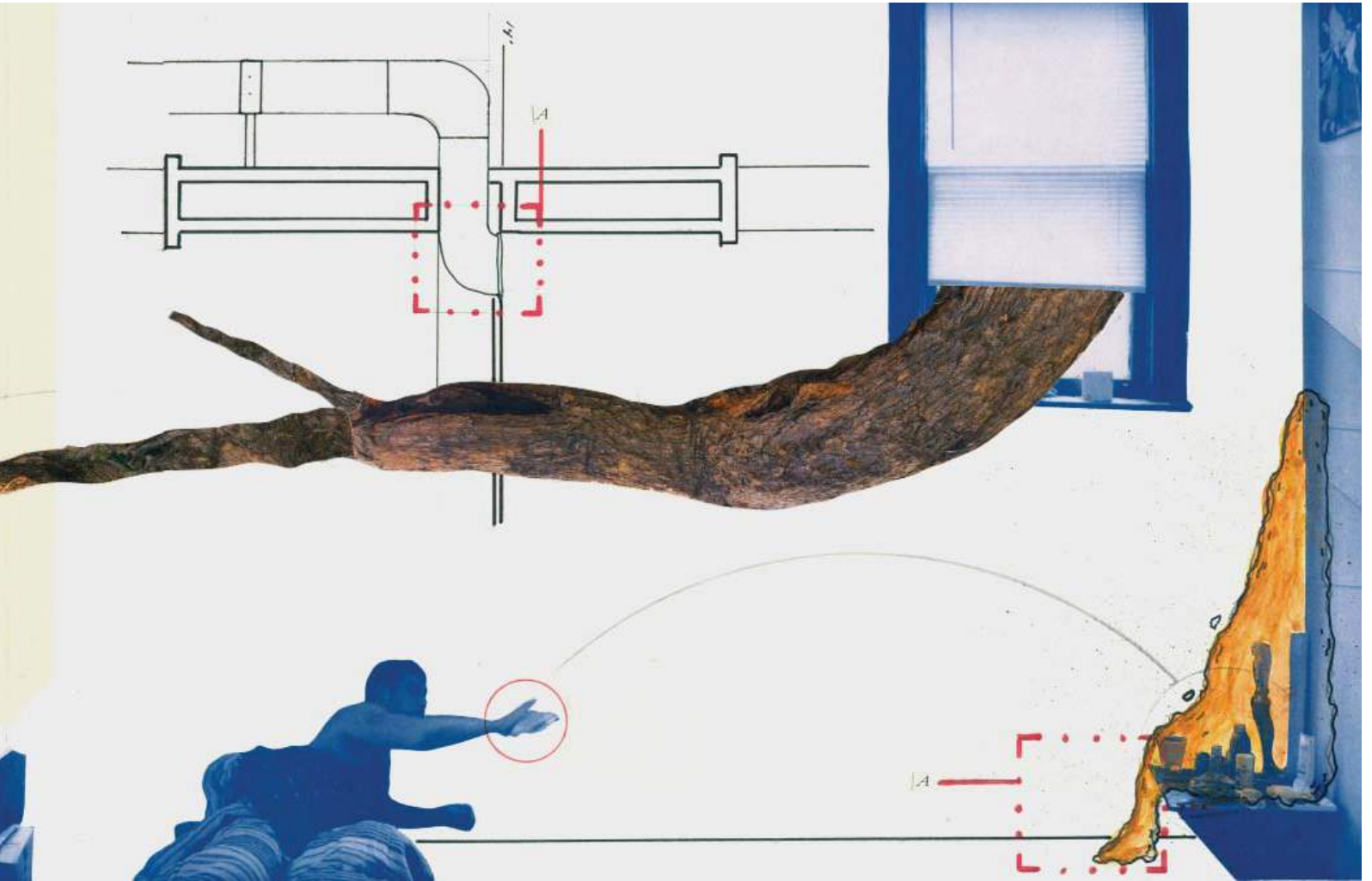
He shows little appreciation to the floor however; despite the service it so consistently provides. Perhaps it will be swept or mopped when cleanliness demands it, but it's true burden, that of infinite holding will never be relieved. Squealing and creaking as its master strides along it, the floor seeks an acknowledgement of its work but does not receive one.

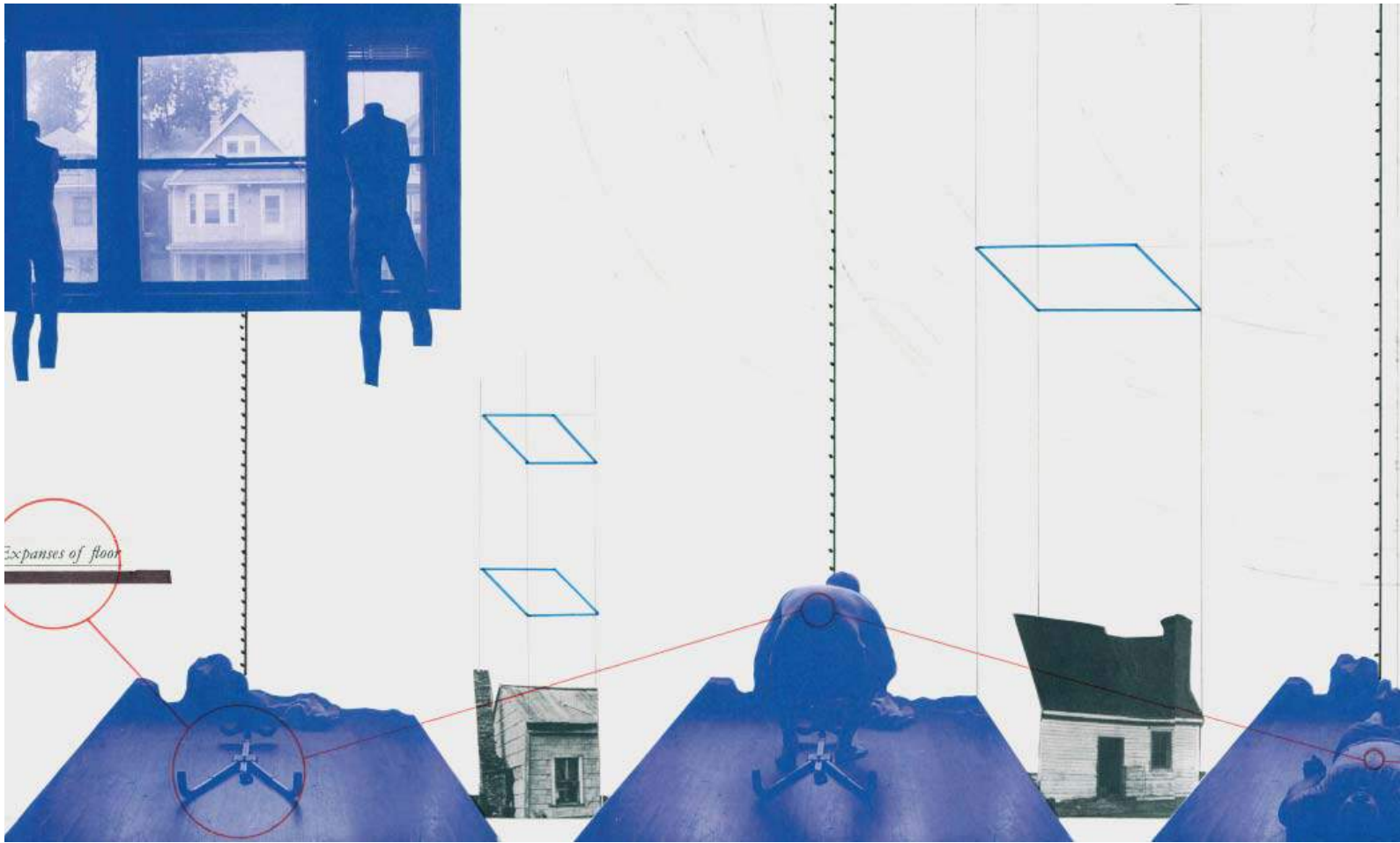
Growing tired of its burden and the tenants carelessness, the floor rescinds its responsibility, allowing it to bow and morph and eventually fall through. The tenant walking in his usual careless manner, feels the artificial plane beneath him give way. In a state of panic, his arms flail looking to take hold of that which has just abandoned him. His body tumbles through the air for a less than a second all the while seeming like the end.

He lands 12 feet below his previous location in a state of shock and with a few bruises. Looking around he realizes he has been caught by that which had just betrayed him. Lying on a floor in the home below his he gazes up at the hole with genuine concern.



Nectarine Pits (in progress)

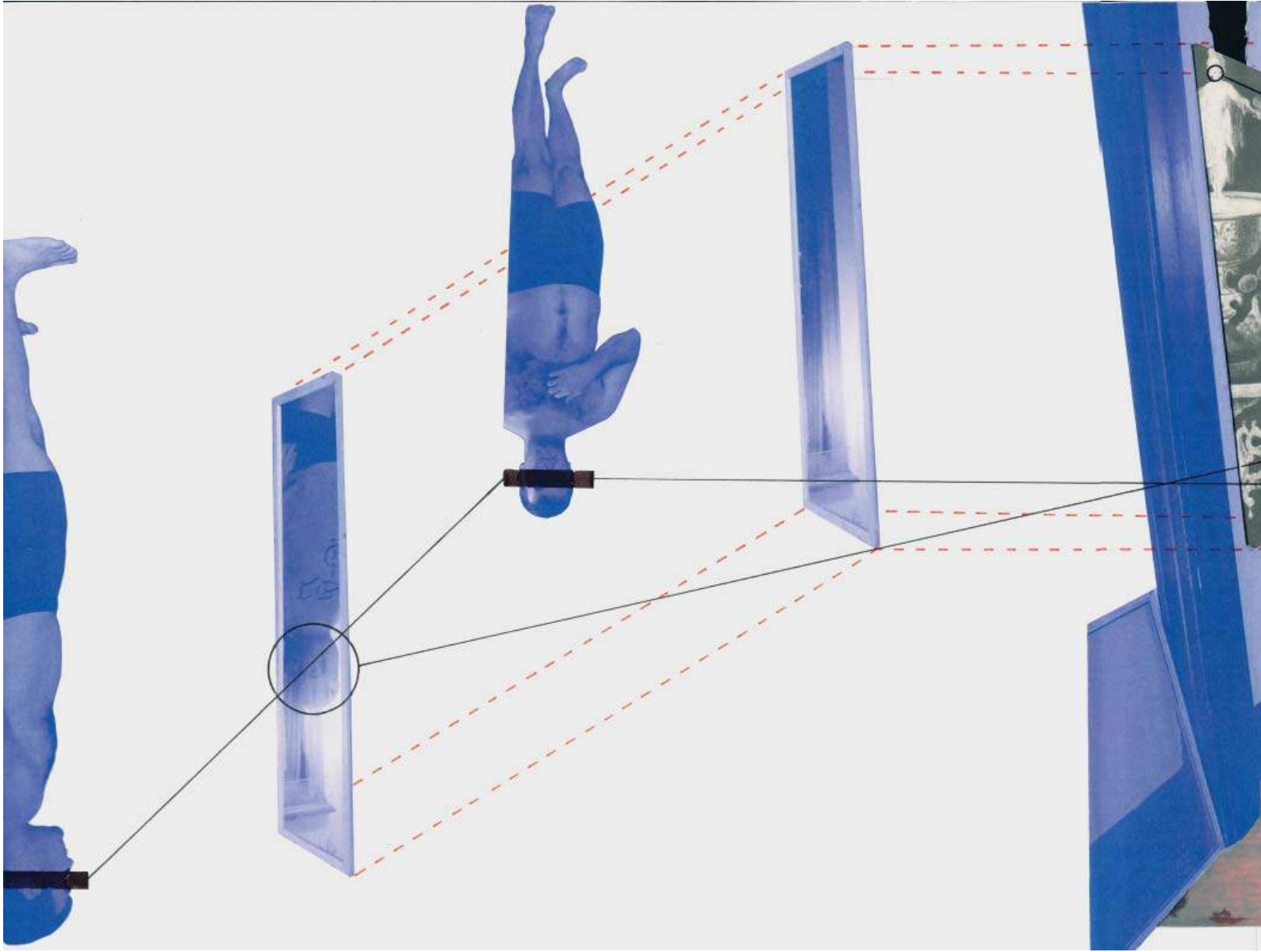




Back Stretch (in progress)



A big
expanse of hard floor can look rather bland, however, and
you might prefer to subtly break up the vista with furniture
or rugs.



Hall Mirror (in progress)

