ACT 2

THE MOTEL OFFICE

The young man methodically plastic cup in his hands. He is wrapping the messy, dirty wrapping around the plastic cup and falls to the floor. He is really tired.

CHARACTERS

MARIANS BLADDER HOUSE
NORMANS voyeur SHOWER
NORMANS voyeur ENLARGING DEVICE
FOREWORD

MOTHER!
MOTHER!
MOTHER!
MOTHER!
Help me mother please!
She is going to take me away from you!
BIRDS!
BIRDS!
BIRDS!
FEATHERS MUM!
CLAWS MUM!
WINGS MUM!
BEAKS MUM!
Help me mother please!
She is going to take me away from you!
SAND-DUST MOTHER!
NEEDLES MOTHER!
THREAD MOTHER!
The chemicals cost the most though mother!

Marian wears a white bra when she is good.
Marian wears a black bra when she is naughty.
I can't recall the colour of her eyes mother!
Everything seems so black and white, here inside my
motel office..................................................
MONTAGE SEQUENCE
VOYEURIST SHOWER
OPTICAL ENLARGING DEVICE
The motel office
FOREWORD

WINDOW

Major quantum fuck-ups.
Quantifying.
Qualifying.
Mystifying.
Quantifying.
The mechanics of the mischievous. What a pataphysical
urag.
Hang him up to dry.
Hand me your pick Alfred, I want to place it in my eye.
You know, to kind of prop my eye-lid open, so I can be
aware of it all.
My mostly cotton shirt has holes where my mostly cotton
elbows used to be.
Hanging my head upon my two-dimensional flatland.
Painting holes in my hand so I can see how it all works.
So I can catch a glimpse of the other side?
Tearing.........................
Pasting.........................
Ripping jagged edges, what gods we can be!
Constructing........................
De......Con..........Struct.........Ing !
Creating one grand illusion.
Leonardo! It's all wrong! Mona can not live in the world
you have created for her, it's all so crooked!
Or, is this another one of your little jokes?
La-La-La-Dee-Da
La-La-La-Dee-Dumb!
Look at me now, floating around the room.
Painting anamorphic jests where my windows used to be.
Hanging foil cylinders from my curtain-rod.
Using small bits of fishing line vis the barbed hooks
that cause so much pain to the inhabitants of the liquid
world.
The foil allows me to see the world as I please.
I think it's quite like the images you might see in the
crime bumper of a automobile as you tailgate.
Severe deformations, tiny 'Black Holes' disguised as
mast. Places where gravity is sucked into the great
Bumper Vortex!
Your head becomes extremely large.
Suddenly, it explodes: And the contents ooosooosoose
onto the floor of your auto. Somewhat like the milk-
shake you spilled there last week:

I must leave for now. The cigarettes and the coffee,
as well as the flies, have taken their toll:
The process of decay has begun.
As surely as my miniature sun will rise and set across
the flatlands and dance upon my feet, I shall madly
bang my head about..............................
ANAMORPHIC WINDOW
ACT 4

THE SHOWER

now, floating in my windows using small oil allows images you described as spacegrund as i played with a chrome robot deformation were gravity room paint changing folishing line the inhabitants

CHARACTERS

COC-COC REFLECTING DEVICE
( for voyeurist only....)
BIRD BATH
RETURN OF THE DEATH MACHINE
DRAIN CHUTE
BODY BAG MACHINE
FOREWORD

SNOODER ROOM

While others sleep and dream nice dreams: some young men stay up to perform nasty deeds.
Wrapping flesh in plastic curtains, methodically cleaning up a nasty mess.
Their bathrooms look so very clean, even the mess between the tiles comes clean.
An occasional girl falls to the floor as he places her so lovingly next to the spare tire.
He develops an erotic sensation.

R.E.M.
R.E.M.
R.E.M.
R.E.M.
R.E.M.

Sleep comes fast.
Good-night Marian, sweet dreams my love.
My mother is calling, see you at the bottom

bottom
bottom
bottom.

BRIDGES... BALL JARS... PANTRIES

It's about an engineering dream.
Linear spans across liquid space. It's about mothers with their pantry fantasies.
Categorizing.
Sterilizing.
Pressing!
Pressing!
Pressing!
Oh mother please don't forget to turn out the light!
Carefully placing the efforts of her garden fantasies within her museum house.
Please mother, can I stop?
The pain!
The pain!
Oh mother please? My lists shall surely burst!
Oh mother dear, may I show them the pantry dear?
Yes it's, yes it's, yes it's another day at the office.
Filing..............
Wrapping............
Preparing...........
Cleaning...........
Anticipating her arrival.
Filing..............
Wrapping............
Cleaning...........
Waiting for the show to begin again.
Can we, can we, can we show thees now?
Place them so lovingly upon the shelf of your pantry house.

Can I still have her?
"Can I!"
"Stop!"
"That's a take!"
"That's a print!"
"Everyone take five!"

Temporal machine love, I can't touch your soul, caress your machine love. Pour me another glass of your by-product.
Liquid space flowing through your veins. The precious molten ingredient that breathes taste into her pantry collection.

It's about a young man's passion for stuffing things!
It's about a destination mother!
Passion explosion!
She detonates his passion.
"Start the process!"
"Stop!"
"Stop!"

Marlan detonates Normans love.
One day, well it may as well be someday.
Please mother please!
I don't to be a part of your collection!
One day, well it may as well be this day.
Filing..............
Wrapping............
Preparing...........
Cleaning...........
Anticipating her arrival.
Filing..............
Wrapping............
Preparing...........
Cleaning...........
Waiting for it all to start again.
Mother!
Mother!
Mother!
Please not today, it's Saturday!
Can't I stay indoors and watch cartoons?
MONTAGE SEQUENCE
VOYEURIST SHOWER
SUMMARY

Although I believe in the premise upon which the work was based, I think that at times the work became too abstract. This summary is not meant to become a disclaimer, but I do think that there are some problems with parts of the work. I am, however, pleased with other aspects of the work.

I feel that the work should have been narrowed in scope. That is, maybe only one sequence of the movie would have been explored thus enabling the project to operate at a level that would have allowed an investigation of details from three various vantage points. For example, perhaps we could have investigated what it meant to be a character in various scenes (such as the shower sequence). Executing drawings which would have explored emotional precepts by the victim, the murderer, and the audience.

I think the work obviously addresses these issues, but not at the level of detail that I originally envisioned.

Although the work was executed in a two-dimensional format (i.e., the various drawings), I think the work becomes a three-dimensional reading or understanding. That is, we cannot completely understand the voyeurist's shower two-dimensionally. We want to participate, cleanse ourselves in this shower, feel the warm water as it is discharged from the bladder-tank. Peer through the view-finder at our prey. Push the buttons, pull the levers, trip the switches that begin the evil cycle over and over again. Perhaps for all eternity. We are, instead, an audience as in a film; entering a private world that we may only participate in from a distance.

Have you ever wondered what takes place behind that window? Many small universes behind these windows. Many "psycho-dramas" being enacted. Some healthy, some not so healthy!!

I am uncertain about the writing aspect of the project. Some pieces of writing were executed before a piece of architecture and some in conjunction with a piece of architecture. Although some of the writing may seem chaotic in nature, I think this is good. The idea was that of attempting a layering of juxtaposition of activities, emotions, and situations. The writer was meant to become a further transformation that would, or should, be read in conjunction with each act. In any case, the verdict is still out on the writing.
Act 3 The window became a low point for me. That is, I felt that the work was becoming very two-dimensional. I wanted to somehow convey this fear. Consequently, the piece of writing entitled "Window" evolved. "Window" begins to talk about the limitations of the medium. That is, the bit about the chrome bumper and the deformations reflected in the bumper were meant to hint at these limitations as well as the illusionistic quality of film.

I read an article once about lassomorphosis; this seemed to be like the chrome bumper to me. Moreover, I saw this deformation of perspective, this trick or technique as being a vehicle to express the fear of limitations. Lapian's idealized view of things, deformed coordinates in a chaotic state of being. My God! It makes no sense at all.

Reflecting the coordinates upon a shining cylinder, re-arranging and ordering the scheme of it all. Providing the perfect view via the shining, rotating cylinder. Of course, it is very nice of Norman to provide this gadget for the amusement of his guests. Such a nice young man, his mother brought him up so very nicely. Although the project may fall short of my expectations, I would like to view the work as an experiment from which I must pick up the pieces, both negative and positive, and carry this information into future endeavors.
BIBLIOGRAPHY

FOOTNOTES

1. Jerry Rosenberg, "CE N’EST PAS LA COLLE", Dictionery, December, 1984


3. Jerry Rosenberg, "CE N’EST PAS LA COLLE", Dictionery, December, 1984

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13. Jerry Rosenberg, "CE N’EST PAS LA COLLE", December, 1984 (Note: page not marked refer to issue of Dictionery in library, College of Arch. and Plann. Ball State University, Muncie, Indiana.)
SELECTED READINGS

The Third Policeman
Heart of Darkness
Origin of Geometry
Symbol and Interpretation
Chamber Works
Architecture and it's Double
Ubu Rei
The Theater of Cruelty
Ce n'est pas la Colère
The Film Age
The Dehumanization of Art
Architecture and the Crisis of Modern Science
Understanding Movies
History of College
College of Dreams
(the writings of Anais Nin)

Plann O' Brien
Joseph Conrad
Edmund Husserl
Cranbrook Academy of Art
Daniel Libeskind
Bernard Tschumi
Alfred Jarry
Antonin Artaud
Jerry Rosenberg
Arnold Hauser
Jose Ortega Y Gasset
Alberto Perez-Gomez
Louis Giannetti
Eddie Wolfram
Sharon Spencer