

an identification

a question
of **values**

render **sex**^{type}_{form} **construct**
size **gender** shape **cap** **identity**
gender



this project is an identification of gender values in our society, and how they are manifested in the built world

this is an exploration -- a viscous fluid -- unmeasured

our lives are measured--quantified in binary codes and standards
male / female -- masculine / feminine -- white / black -- rich / poor -- straight / gay -- young / old -- strong / weak



will be

re-informed

and

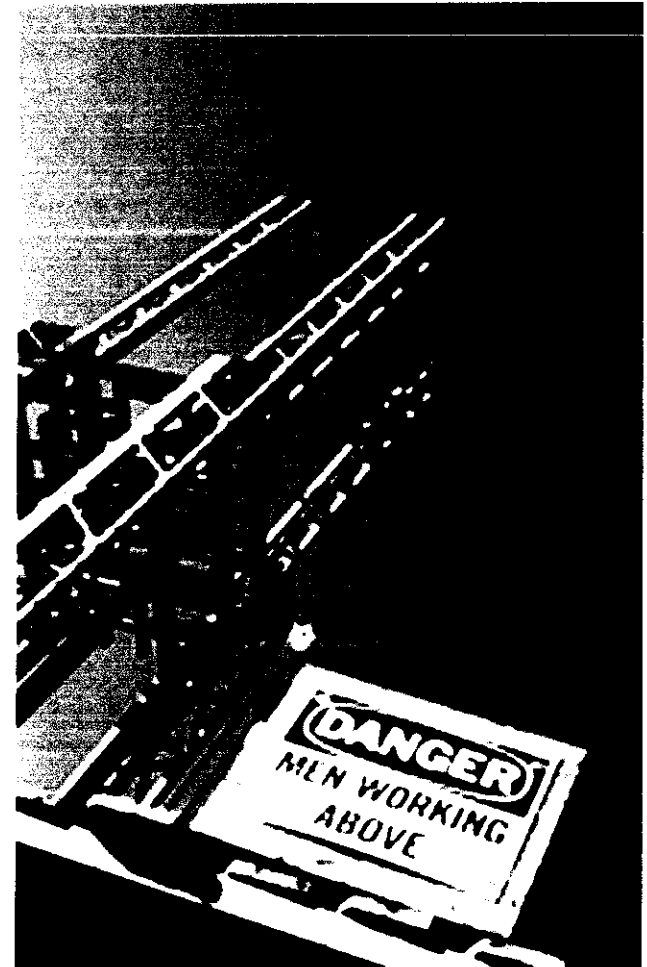
re-constructed

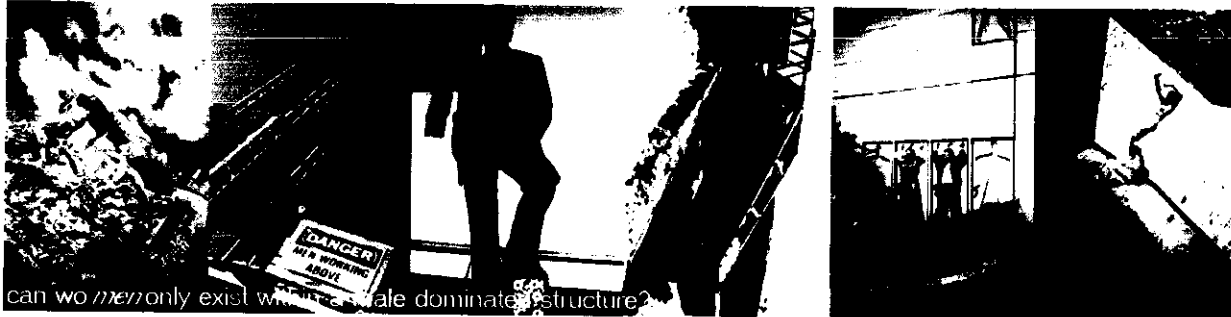
by

a l t e r n a t i v e s

issues and positions

Endless traces reveal and communicate ideals and values .
Such traces are found in language, social organization, and the built environment.





can we // only exist within a male dominated structure?

In language...the masculine subject always dominates, reinforcing a masked "she." Generic and supposedly gender-neutral terms, such as "man" or "mankind," while supposedly universal, reinforce a repressed female subject, subjecting her to make a distinction, to state her place and her presence in an otherwise assumed identity / world.

Leslie Kanes Weisman discusses language and its severe social and physical implications. The use of human-centric spatial terms, such as "top, right, and front," the superior coordinates, and the terms "bottom, left, and back," the inferior coordinates are identified as male / female...better / worse.

Not only does language inform ones social space in a gendered society, but also ones physical placement where top becomes better / superior, and of course male, while the female lies below, worse and inferior.

Myth

Long afterward, Oedipus, old and blinded, walked the roads. He smelled a familiar smell.

It was the Sphinx.

Oedipus said, "I want to ask you one question. Why didn't I recognize my mother?"

"You gave the wrong answer," said the Sphinx.

"But that was what made everything possible," said Oedipus.

"No," she said. "When I asked, what walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three in the evening, you answered MAN. You didn't say anything about woman."

"When you say Man," said Oedipus, "you include women too. Everyone knows that." She said, "That's what you think"

—Muriel Rukeyser

The purpose of architecture is to shelter and enhance *man's* life on earth and to fulfill *his* belief in the nobility of *his* existence. Eero Saarinen--(italics mine)

Since the beginning of measured time and civilization, humans have worked very hard to create a physical and metaphysical world for themselves. In this construction we find a built environment of incredible mass and complexity.

Traces of male dominance within our hierchal, patriarchal social, political, and economic structures still leave their mark in our everyday western world.

What / who do we study? A star-"stud"ded profession. Architectural history stems from a patriarchal root, revealing the ideals and values of the said "time," or rather, those in control of that time, and of the recording of history.

Mary McLeod discusses a hypocritical exclusion of the "other" in popular deconstructivist work. Noting that popular theorists, such as Foucault and Derrida, and architects like Ghery, Tschumi, Eisenman, and Libeskind, while devoted to subversive language and formal / built expression of the "other", still ignore a number of significant "others," most notably women.

weights and measures

Logically, those who have the power to define their society's symbolic universe have the power to create a world in which they and their priorities, beliefs, and operating procedures are not only dominant, but accepted and endorsed without question by the vast majority. In patriarchal societies where men are by definition the dominant group, social, physical, and metaphysical space are products of the male experience, male consciousness, and male control.

*--Leslie Kanes Weisman--
Discrimination by Design*

...the built environment is "male-made." This observation is rooted in the relationship between knowledge and power--the acknowledgment that those in power, primarily white middle-class males, produce the dominant "reality."

*--Dimity Reed--
"Dimity Reed Taking a Stand for a More Humanitarian Environment*



J
E
W
O

...it's a question of values...within societal constructs, architecture has become a representative body, building and shaping our perceptions intra / inter-culturally. However, not critical for the sustenance of society, architecture is crucial as a highly influential form, expressive of desire and value.

Monuments celebrate triumph, particularly in war, signifying struggle over and liberation from a dominant group. Monuments also signify power and the relentless value placed on domination through intimidation and force.

Religious temples, governmental offices, and the domestic place (or palace) also represent political, economical, and social power structures. These power structures are not only reified, but often maintained by aggression.

Architecture serves several functions. At its most basic level, it provides some members of society with physical shelter.

More complex agendas impose upon the profession expressive desires, not necessities.

power is achieved
manifested
 and promoted
 through architecture

natural resources
 metaphysical
 and physical control

material goods
 the **female body**

desired in the temple
 the monument

the governmental / commercial center
 the domestic p(a)lace



another reflection reveals a very different story.

self-actualizing power structures

issues and positions

Endless traces reveal and communicate ideals and values .
Such traces are found in language, social organization, and the built environment.

our lives are split in two...between two places
the place of work and the place of home
production and re-production

what happens when the two worlds collide?
should we merely accept, assimilate, and step into the dominant paradigm?

in the college of architecture and planning our worlds are colliding
the social and physical spaces we all share are crowded and consumed by a measured and stratified learning process

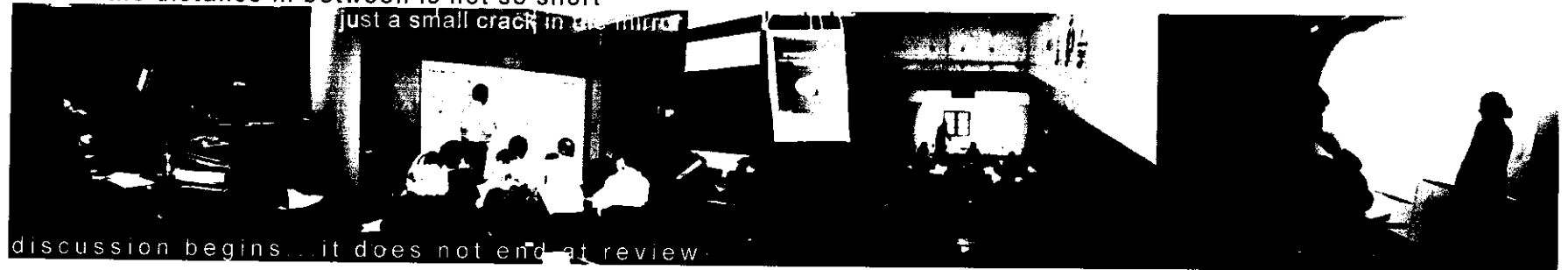
it is the in-between spaces that intrigue me
the place where thought prevails...a discussion, an active discourse
a constant dialogue as i lie in bed at night somewhere between dream and awake
the undefined and the re-definition and desire of place
solid...physical...space...

the moment between conception , gestation, and birth
between the offices, conference rooms, studios, and the courtroom
transitory...linking
there is no linear trace or path recording time and space to experience
a text is created, following the individual in thought and exploration



there are continual gaps in our daily lives of holes and separations

there is no split
no boundary and no termination
we cannot cut ourselves off from the past
the distance in between is not so short



discussion begins... it does not end at review.

with every positive there is a negative. with every force there is a counter force. an action and re-action. dichotomous relationships govern

our perceptions of the everyday world...there is a split. a gap. the college of architecture and planning. the **bridge**.

site of intervention

inside the college of architecture and planning

ball state university

muncie, indiana

five years

three disciplines

architecture, landscape architecture, and urban planning



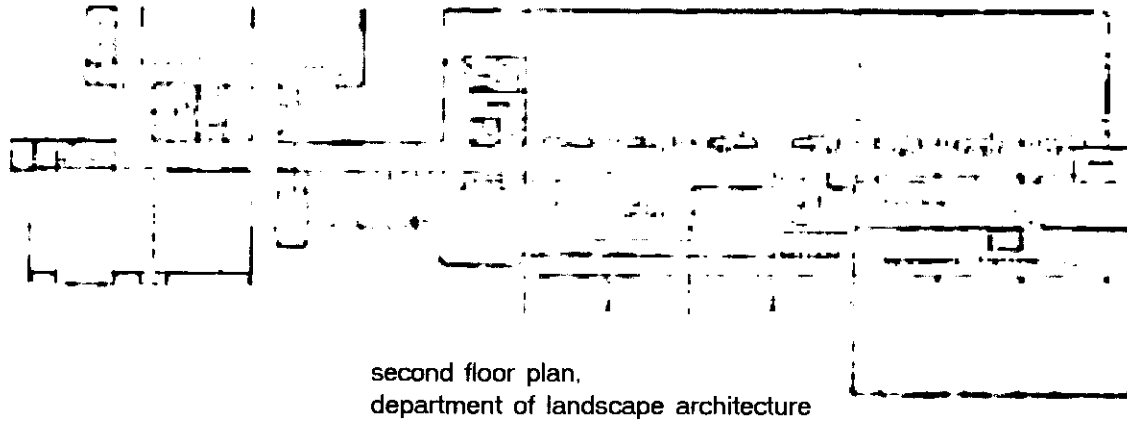
the social nature of cap

there is little or no integration...

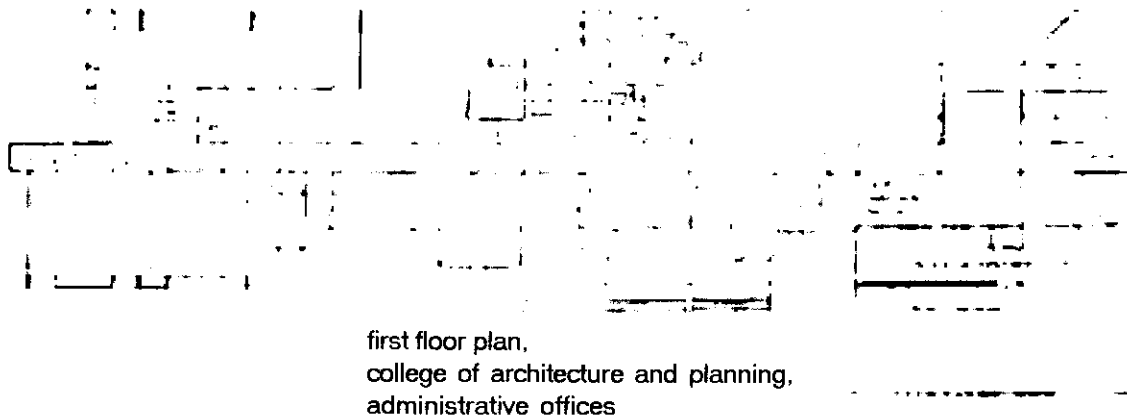
with the foutside world

between the year levels

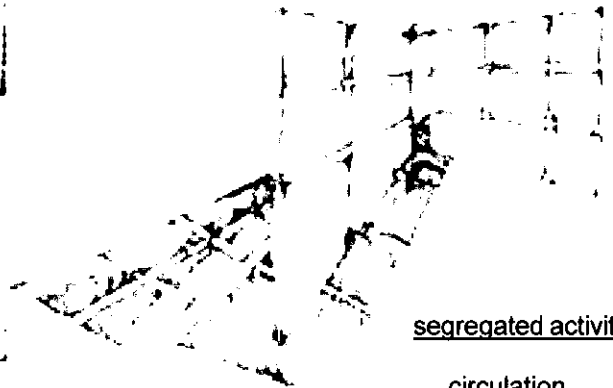
between the disciplines



second floor plan,
department of landscape architecture



first floor plan,
college of architecture and planning,
administrative offices



segregated activity

circulation

learning space / group gathering

office

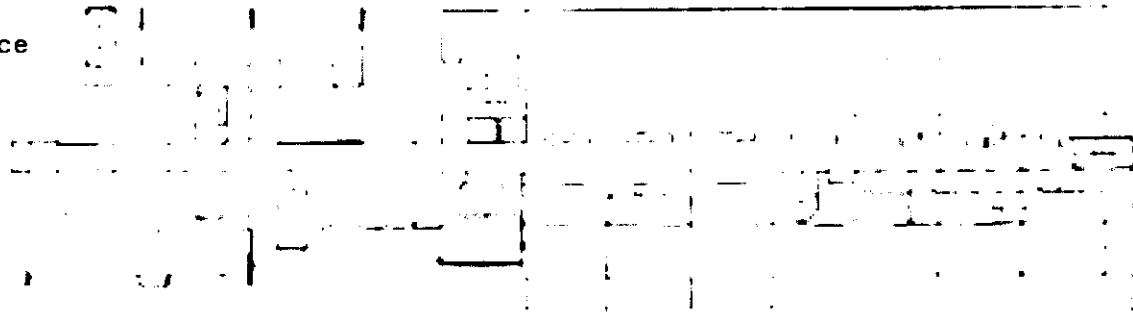
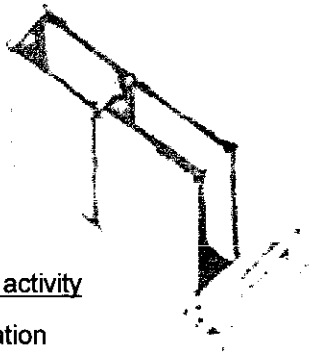
design studio

there is a severe lack in minority voice

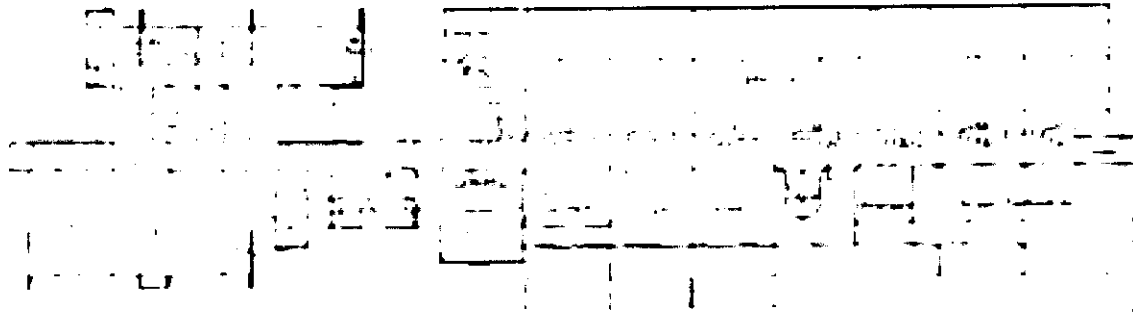
11% of the architecture faculty are women

29% of the architecture students are women

6% are non-white



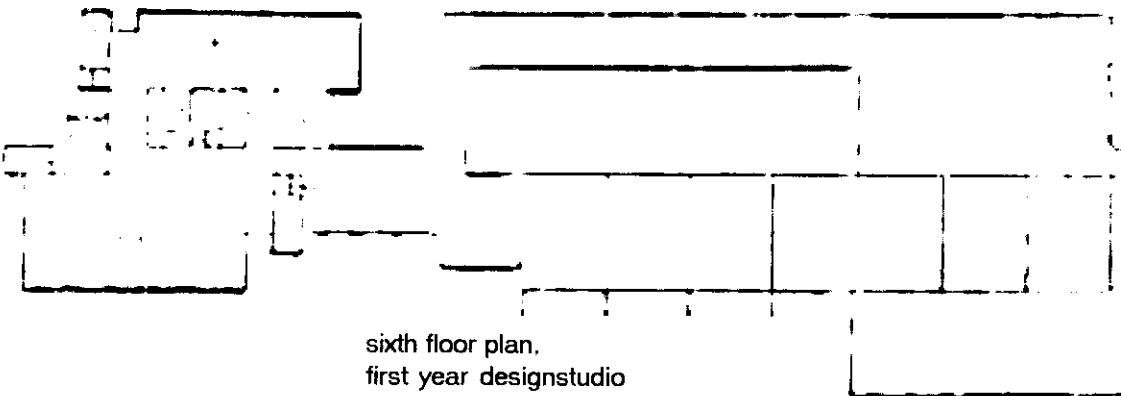
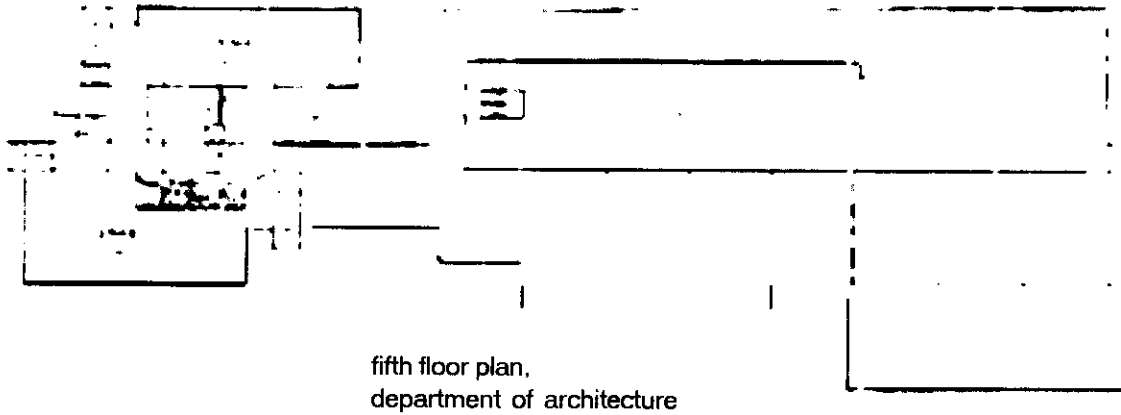
fourth floor plan,
department of architecture



third floor plan,
department of
urban planning

segregated activity

- circulation
- learning space /
group gathering
- office
- design studio

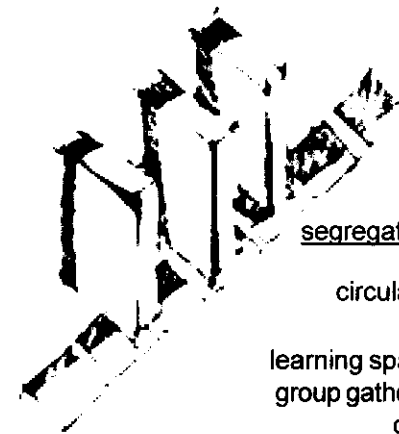


(design) education is defined and measured along pre-planned routes...

a project begins with the professor,
and is conceived

a student typically works alone,
guided by her professor...gestation

a project is born,
evaluated and critiqued before a jury



segregated activity

circulation

learning space /
group gathering

office

design studio

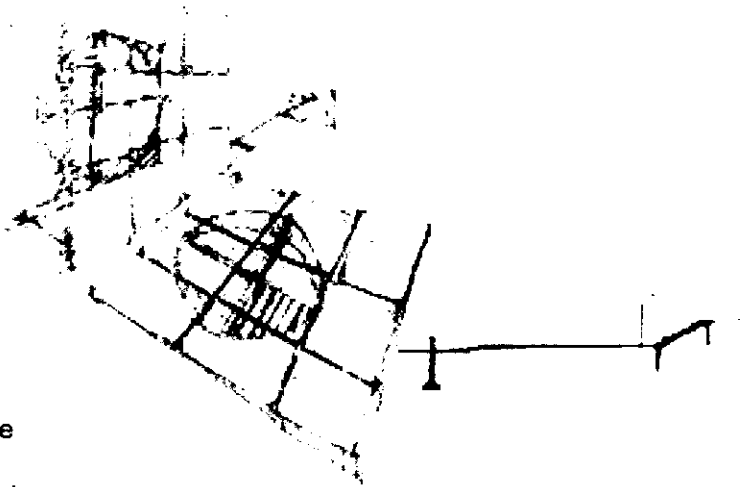
the social space informs the physical

there is little or no integration...

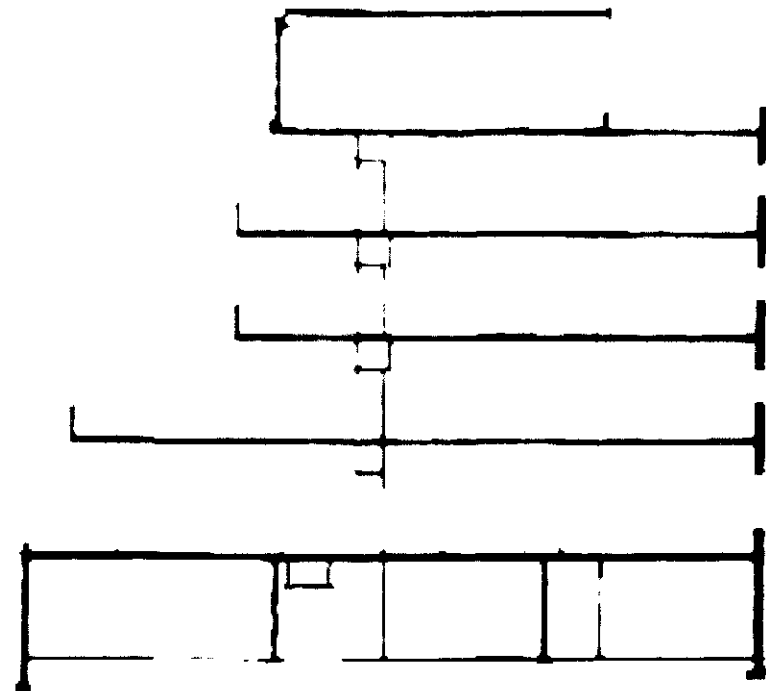
cap stands alone on campus...no one in, and no one out

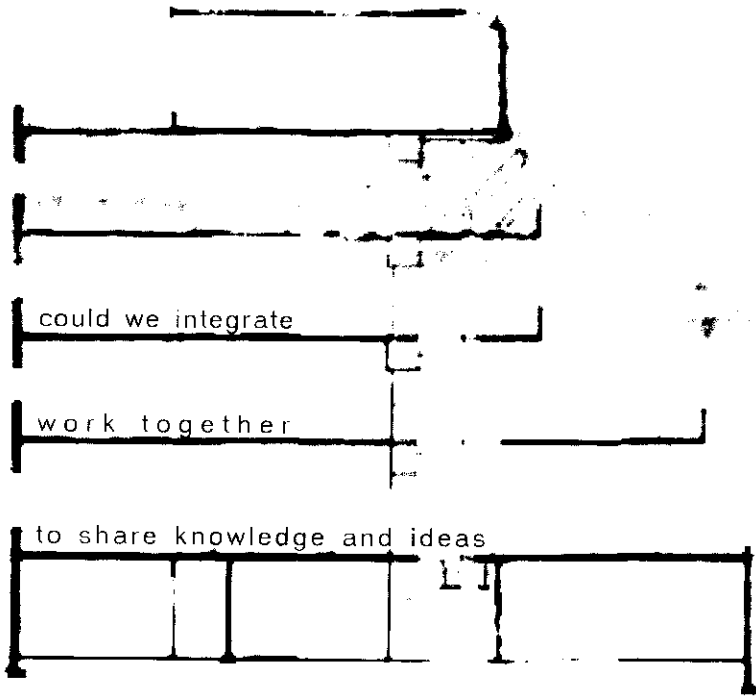
the years levels are divided, old / young--better / worse

the disciplines are divided, and split between the floors



- circulation
- architecture
- urban planning
- landscape architecture

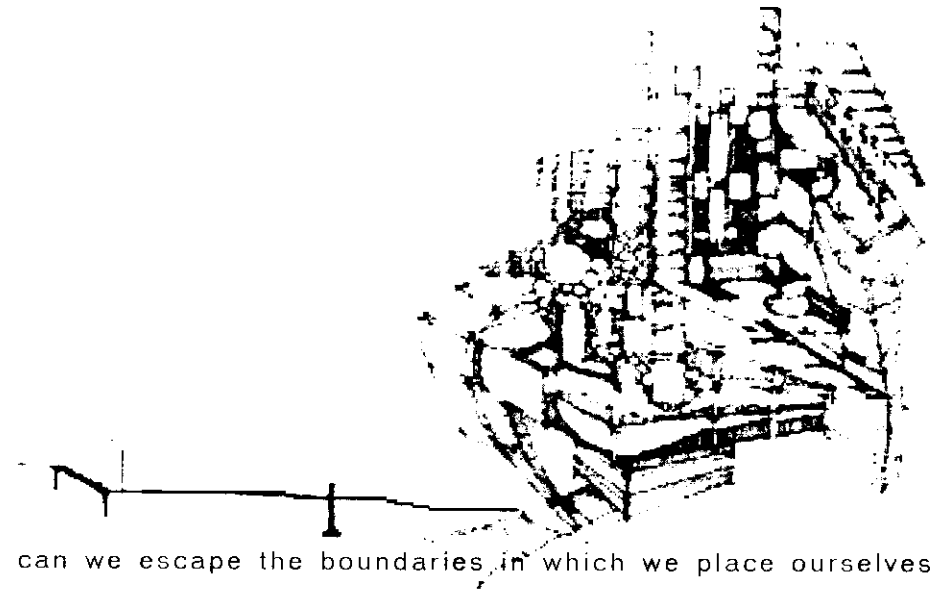




there is a severe lack in minority voice and presence...

the building is consumed and occupied by men. is this safe?

do we discriminate?



site of intervention



language of architecture and planning
(design) education is defined and measured along pre-planned routes

project life and the physical reality of our education

conception

no space or place

gestation

individualism highly promoted

work stations don't always function well

conflict of interests...is it a [social] space or a [work] space

does not facilitate group discussion, physically close to work

birth

extremely hierarchal

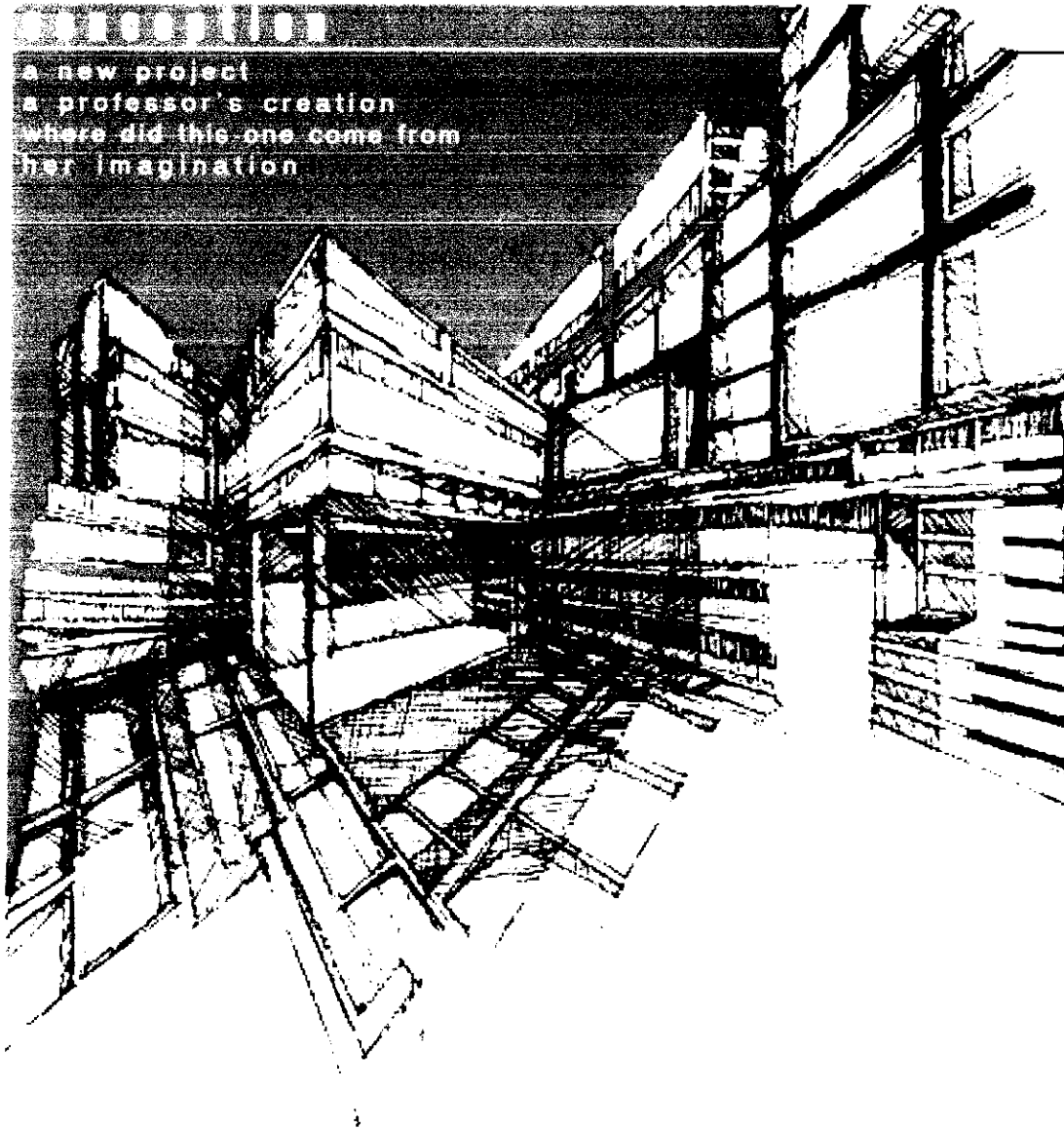
lack of student, et. al., involvement

does not facilitate an open and active discussion



CONCEPTION

A new project
a professor's creation
where did this one come from
her imagination



g e s t a t i o n

the design process...the studio houses
the individual
the place where thought prevails
and theory becomes practice

the studio as a work place...
the studio as a home place...
are these two functions in conflict?
there are more than two functions. what becomes the studio?
the day and night tell very different stories.
the in-between day and night
a silent bridge
a lonely gap
why did it come down to this?
the public and private come together
the male and the female
the physical and the social space
are his
his presence dominates...his body governs...his system is at work
is it working?
for everyone?



can he live here? can he work here without fearing the walk home at four in the morning



b i r t h

the design review...the jury
a courtroom
a place of termination

exploration and discussion stands still

the project ends at review

critique the critique ^{stop now} **suspended**

the individual on stage

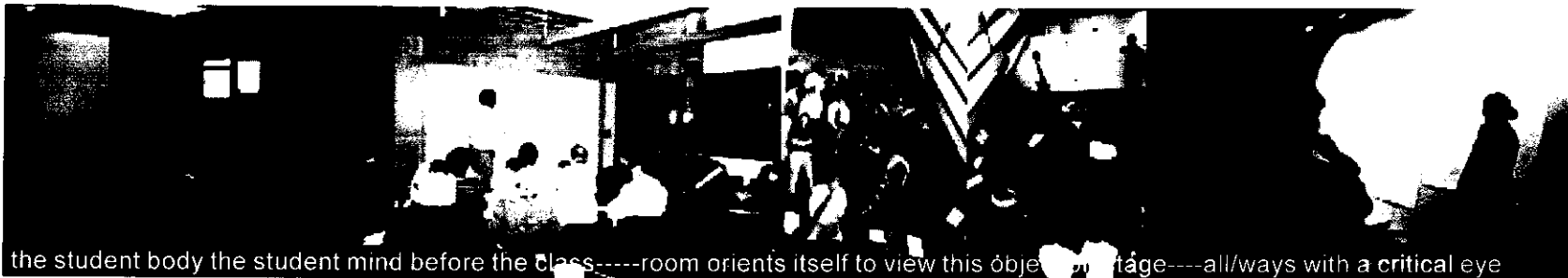
per ^{her body and her mind} **formance** _{ce}

he laughs

he applauds

he sees his own reflection....in everything

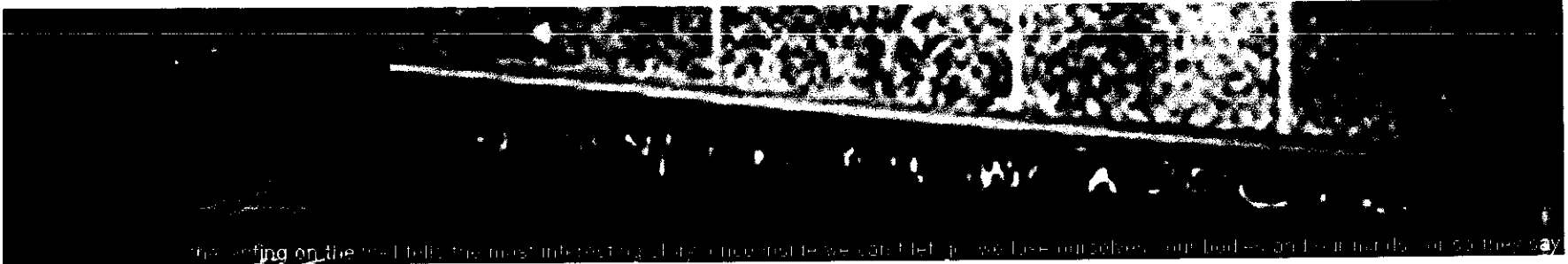
^{would} **could have**
_{if i were you} should



the student body the student mind before the class----room orients itself to view this object on stage---all/ways with a critical eye

site of intervention

inside the college of architecture and planning
ball state university
muncie, indiana



travelling on the road tells the most interesting story once inside we can't help it we lose our beliefs our bodies and our minds on so these way

i wonder

what if i don't have a cock?

what if i don't want one?

do i really lose myself once i step inside?

i'm curious

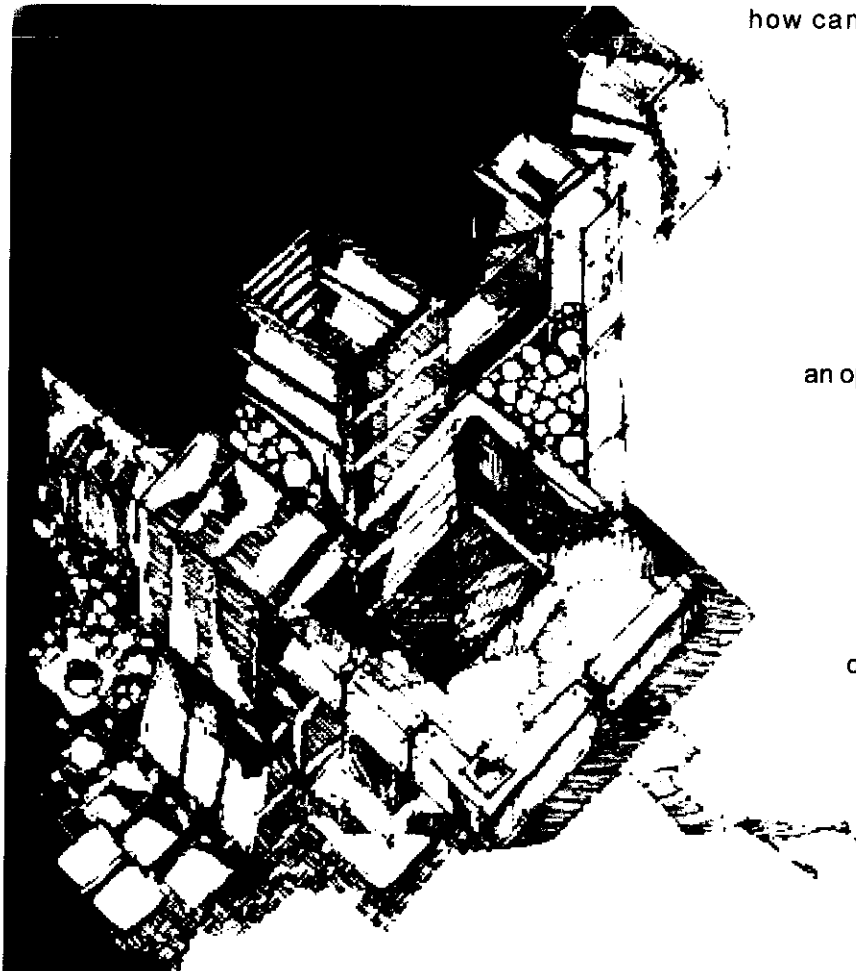
could the presentation become less phallus driven?

could there be a choice? another way of seeing, being, doing?

can we find that point of equilibrium... balance? between here and there? home and work? inside and outside cap?

i just gotta know

is this the best we can do?



how can we better facilitate an individual and shared learning experience?

how can the built environment engage the individual / group
and inform a shared active dialogue?

can the built environment inform?
does change manifest itself first from the social environment?

can the built environment promote a desire for active learning?

can the building become a learning tool? a professor? a student?
an open book, in which we write, on which we record our own story, written together?

could the years and the disciplines bleed into one another?
a fluid or a solid membrane holding us back?
are we individual organisms, or a working system?

can we cleanse our minds and bodies? free ourselves from measures?
always asking why?

can we desire once again? desire to learn, to live, and to work... simultaneously?

how many different roads can we take ?

can we shift from an object-orientation to subject-orientation?
does that mean we rid ourselves of the past?

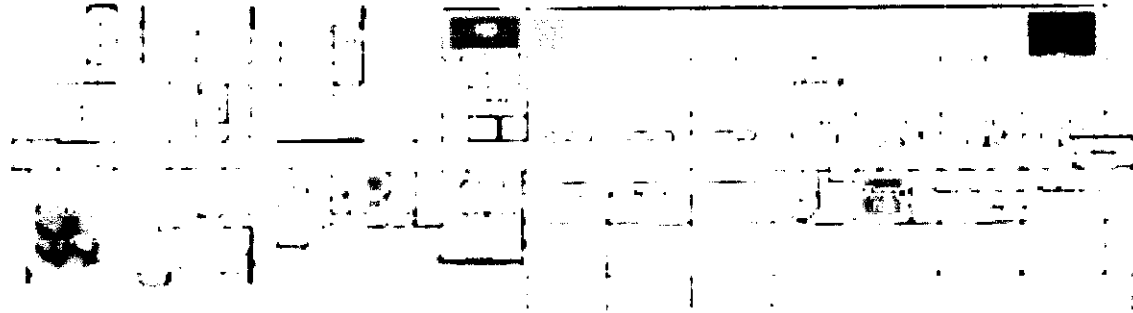
where do we go from here?

and, why am i working alone?

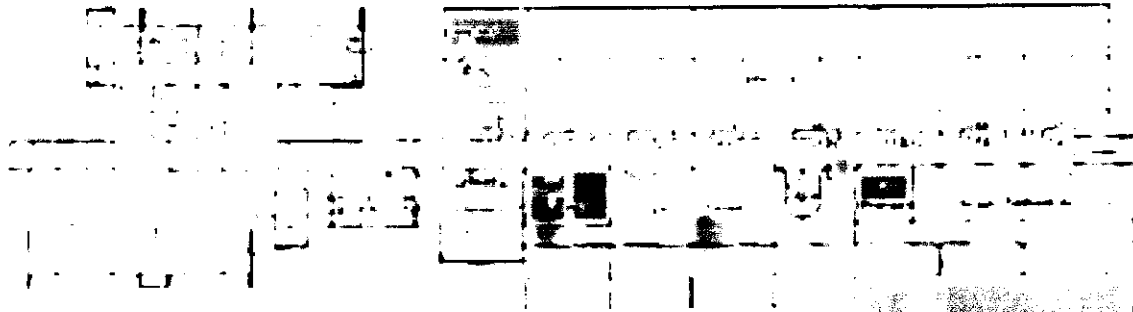
re-shaping the cap experience

how can we better facilitate an individual and shared learning experience?

- multi-disciplinary studios / classes
- multi-disciplinary floors
- multi-year studios / classes /
discussion / exhibition
- social integration in shared space
- flexibility
- individual work stations
- group work stations
- small / larger group gathering
- activity flux (time of day / year / etc.)
- active user participation
- inter / intra studio libraries
- individual areas
- meditation
- escape
- looking back
- personal reflection



fourth floor potential,
it's a possibility



third floor potential,
things are
all-ways changing

integration

the transition
the link
is everywhere

the group
a rest
a pause

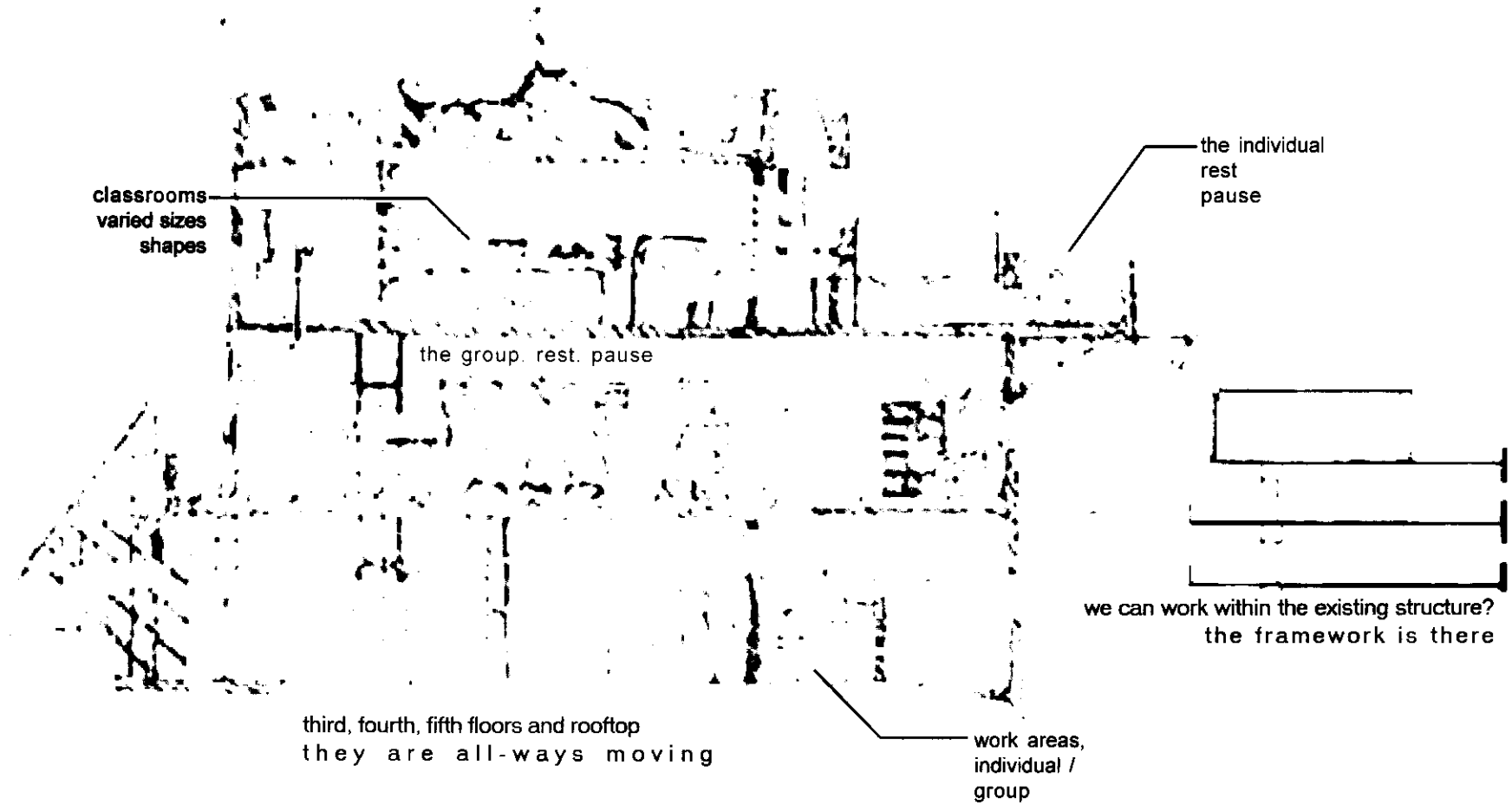
the individual
a rest
a pause

work areas
individual /
group

office space
private /
public

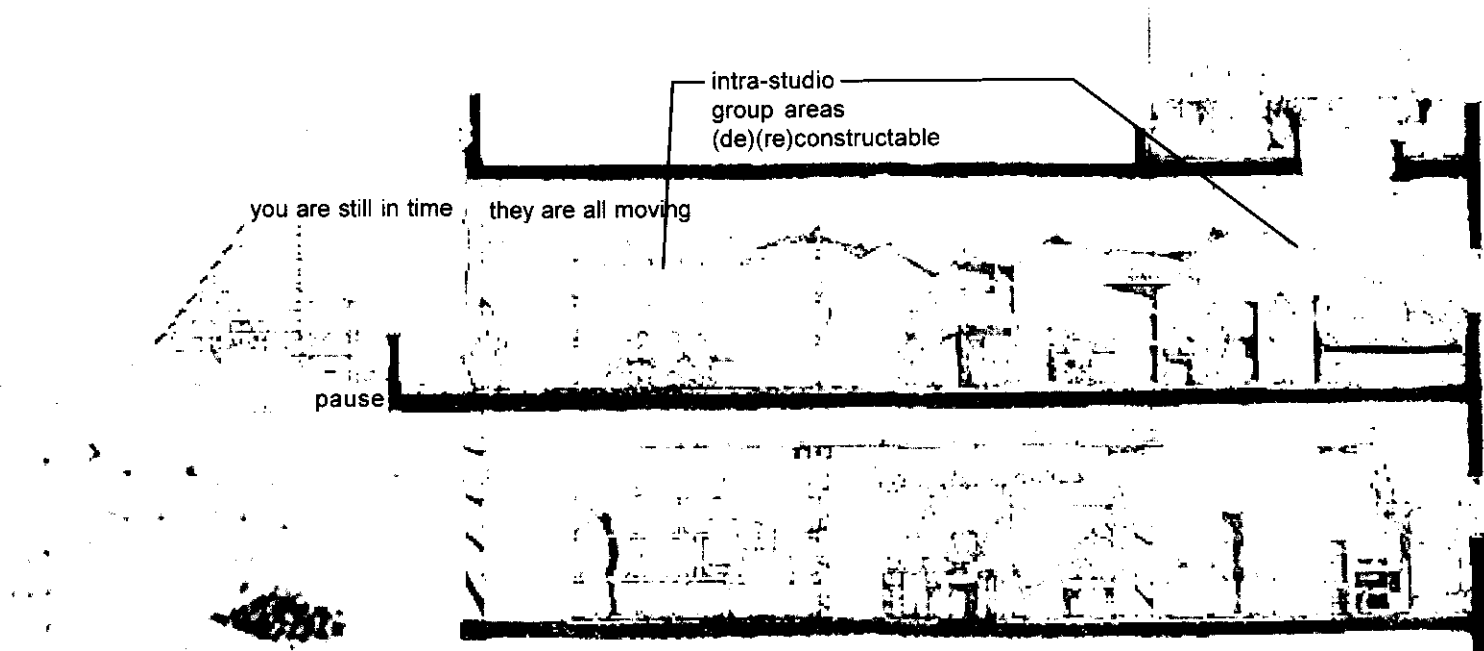
classrooms
varied sizes
shapes

the transition. the link. is everywhere



re-shaping the cap experience

how can the built environment engage the individual / group & inform a shared active dialogue?



the hallway.
another link.
a trace.
a mark.
captured in time and space.
an instant. un-veiled.
re-visit. re-think. engage a fluid process.

third, fourth, fifth floors and rooftop
they are all-ways growing



how much can the built environment (in)form the social environment?

we could hint
interact here

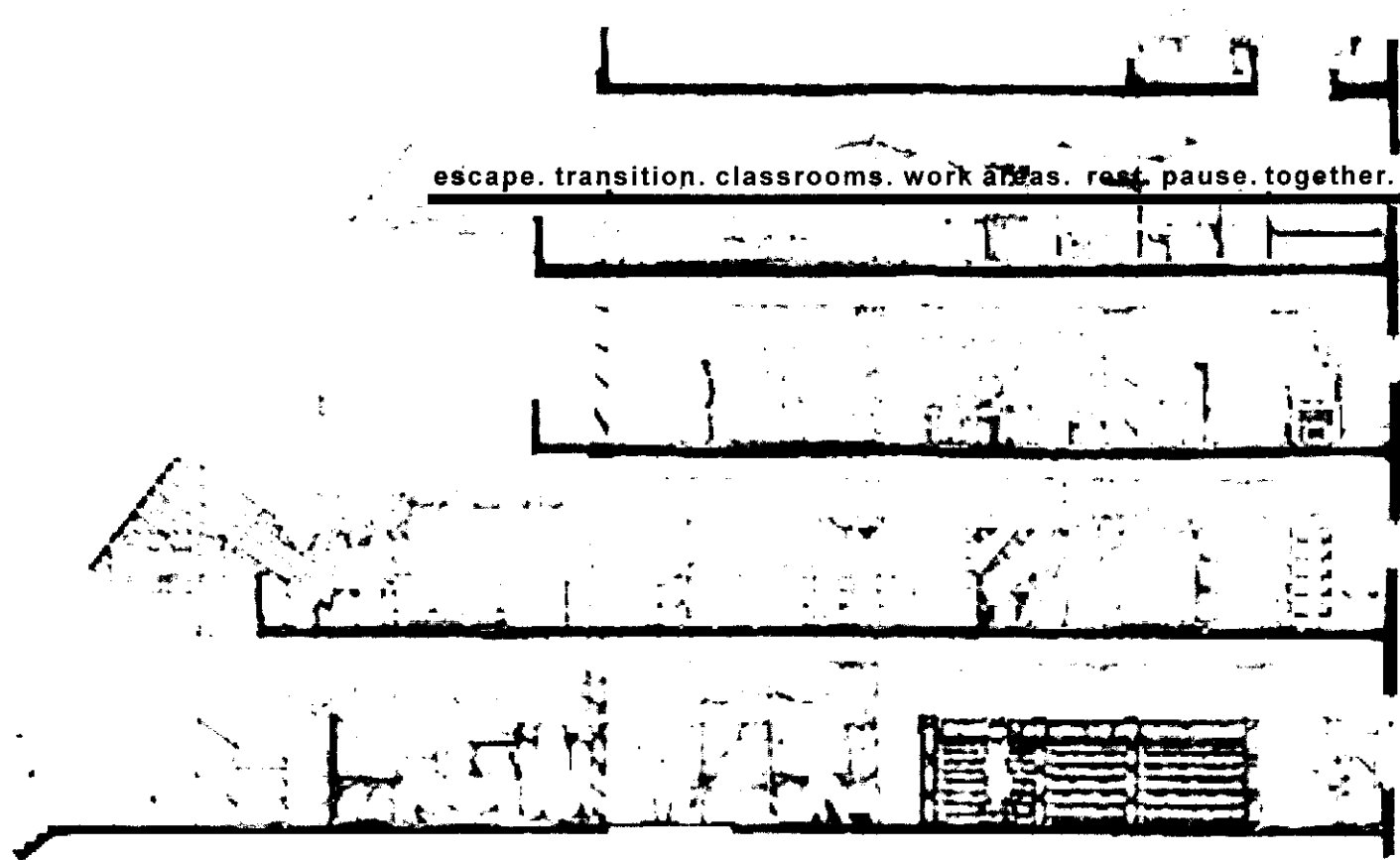
we could advise
work together here

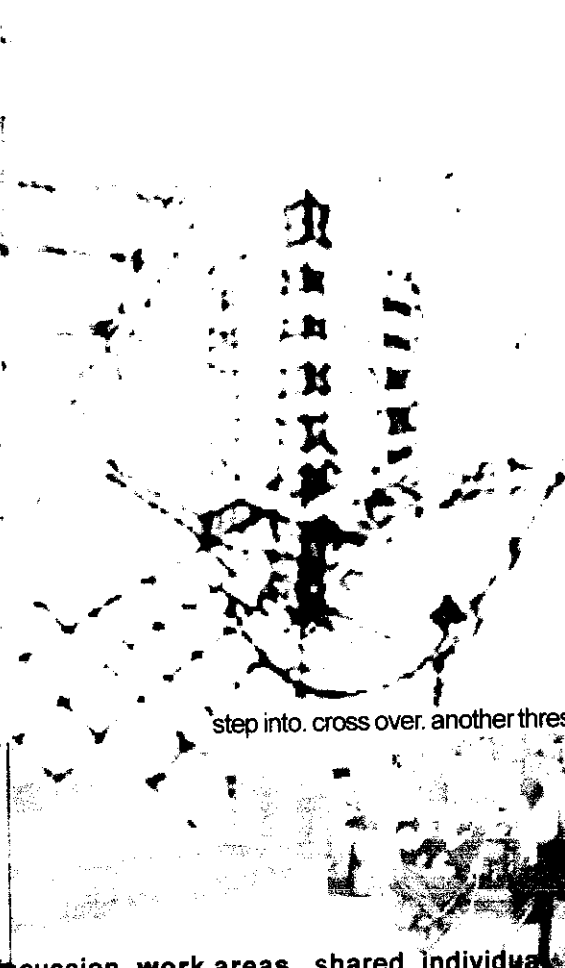
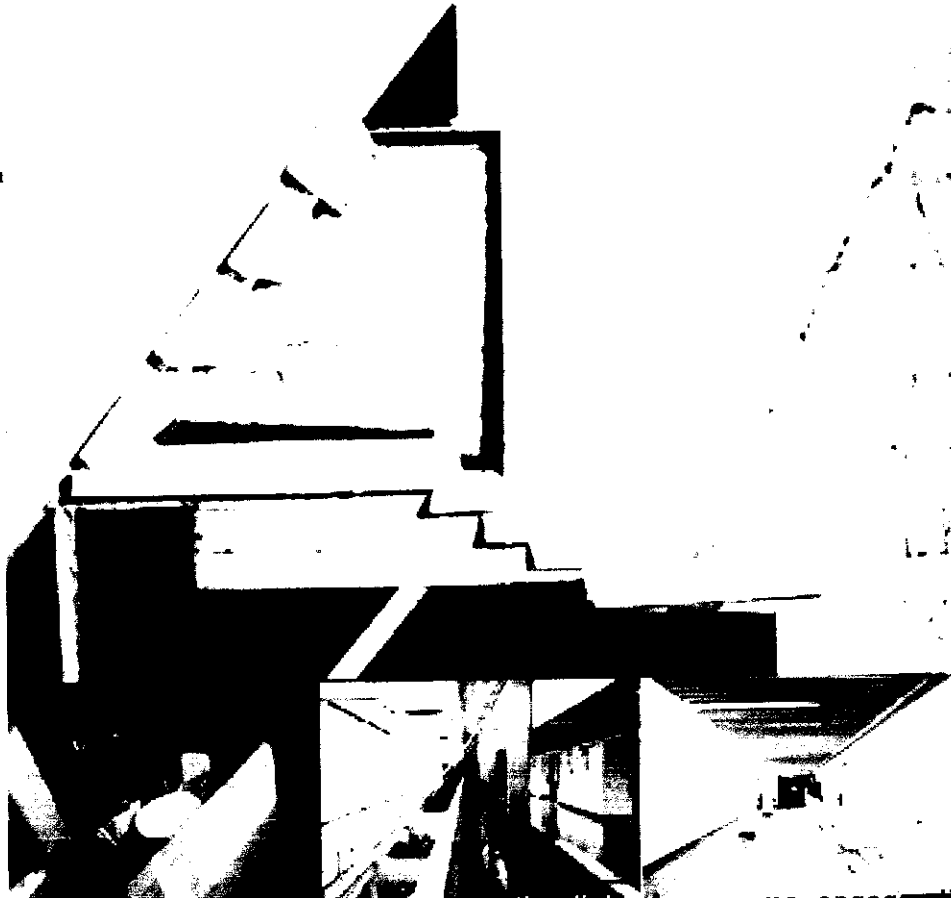
we could encourage
play nice

first, and second floors
they are all-ways looking

the ultimate choice is *yours*

we can better facilitate an individual and shared learning experience



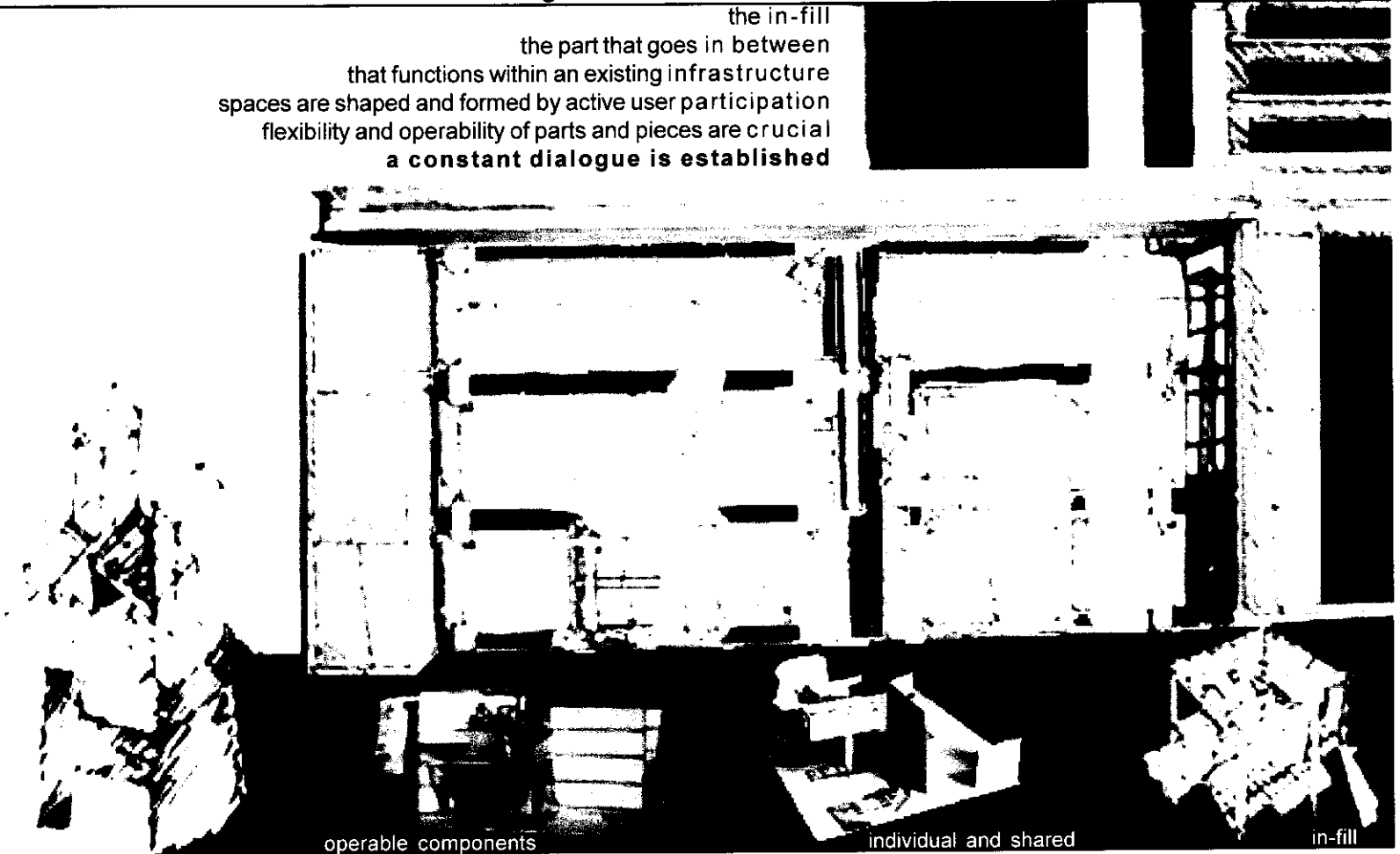


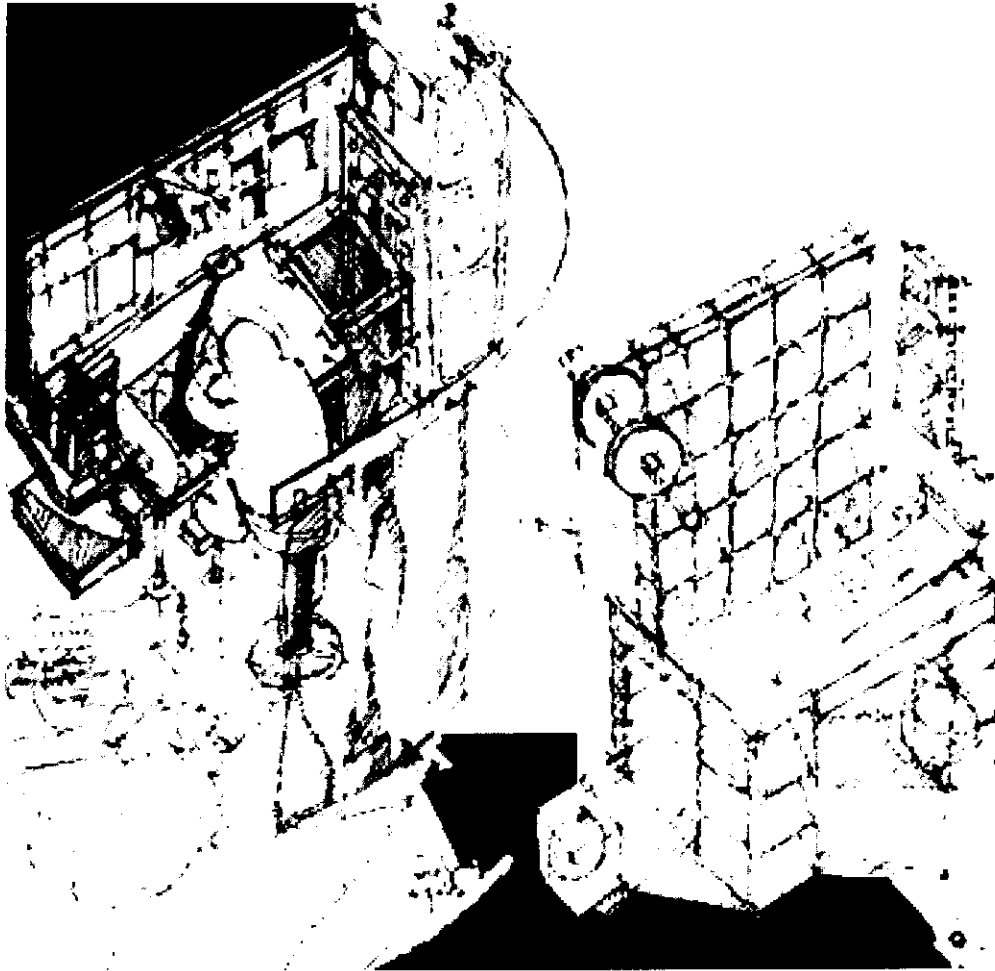
step into. cross over. another threshold. and decompress.

escape. turning back. transit. another link. classrooms. engaged discussion. work areas. shared. individual rest. pause. alone.

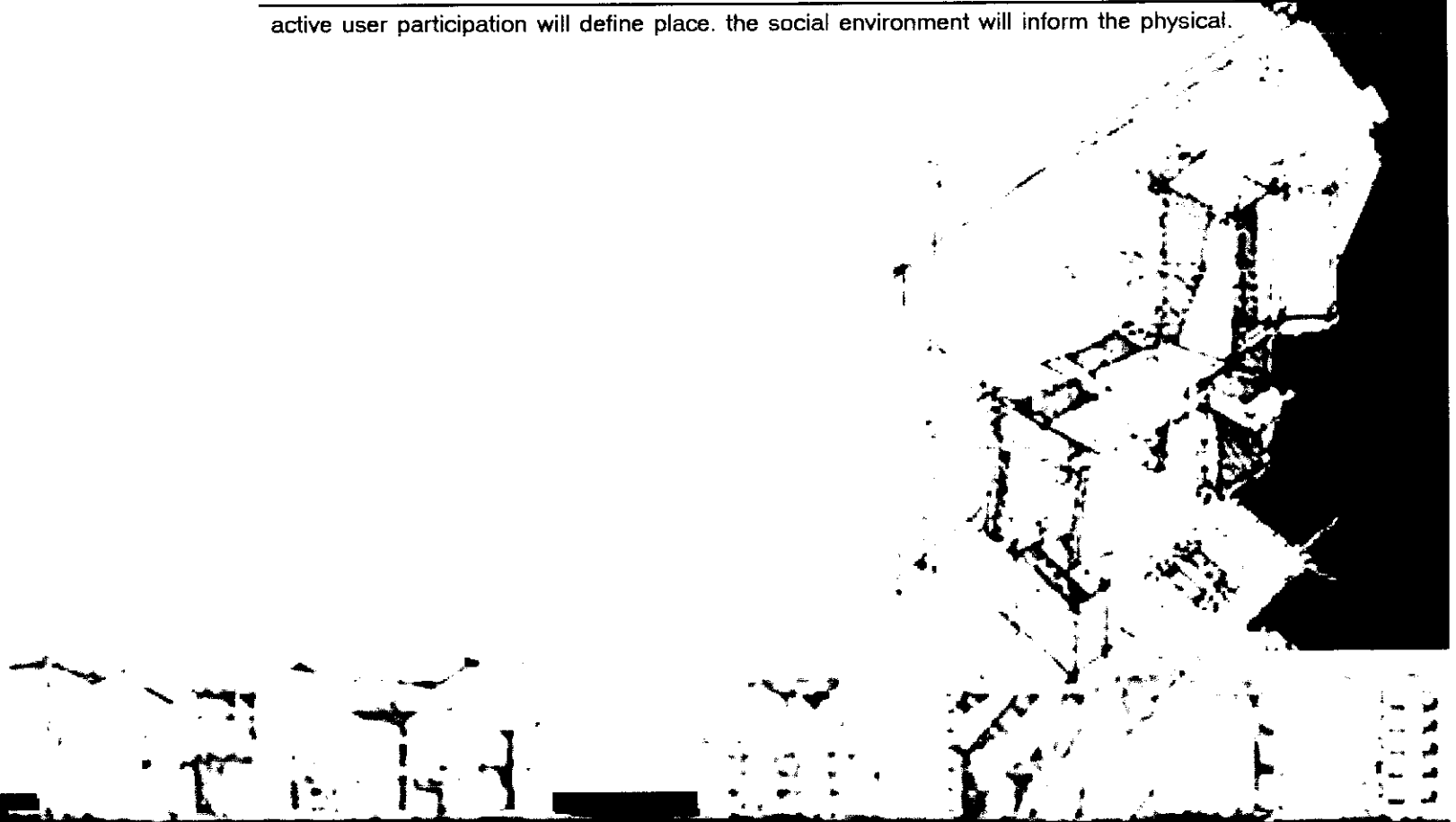
facilitating the individual and shared learning experience

the in-fill
the part that goes in between
that functions within an existing infrastructure
spaces are shaped and formed by active user participation
flexibility and operability of parts and pieces are crucial
a constant dialogue is established

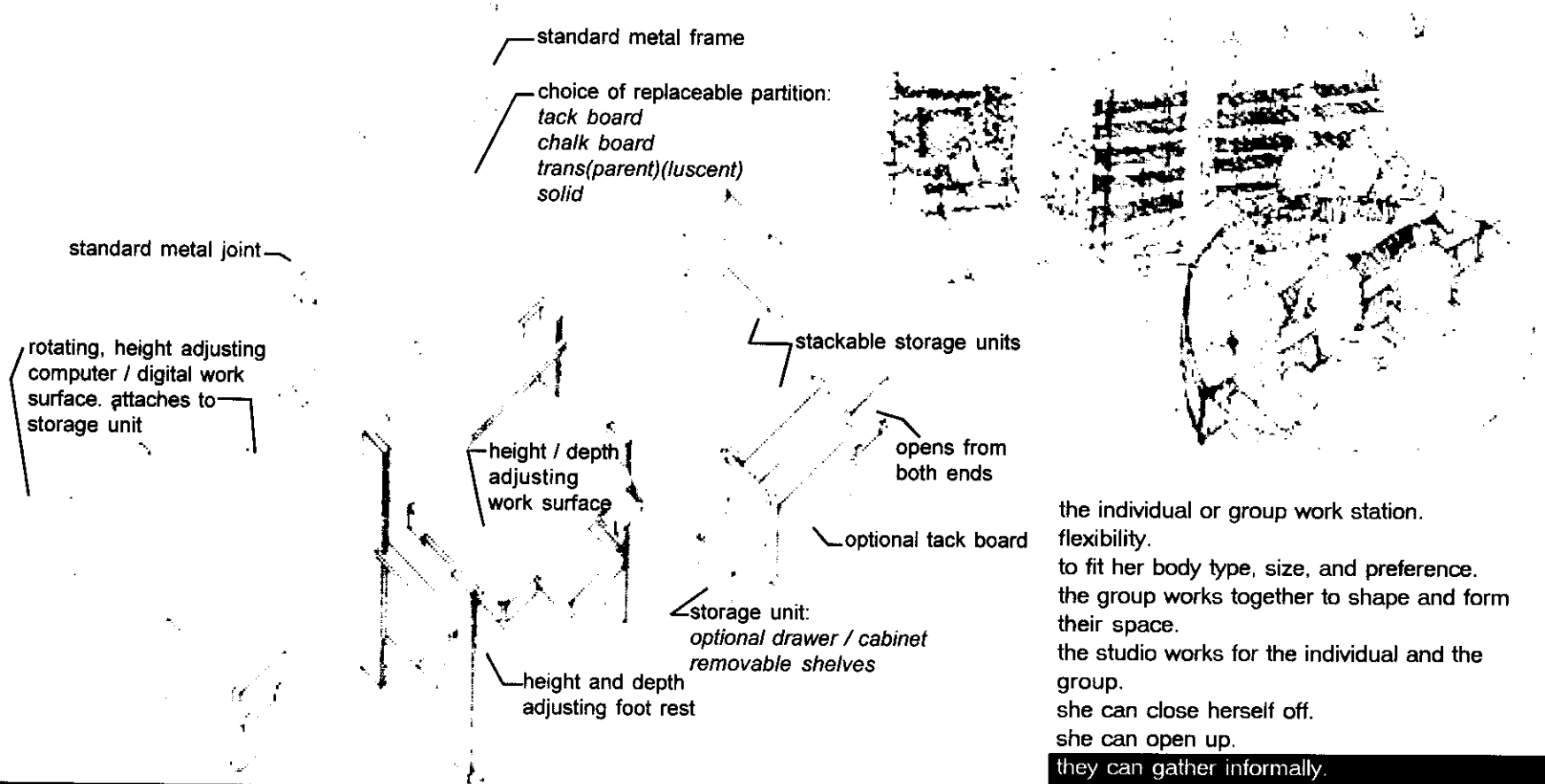




active user participation will define place. the social environment will inform the physical.



the parts are available. you put them together.



standard metal frame

choice of replaceable partition:
tack board
chalk board
trans(parent)(luscent)
solid

standard metal joint

rotating, height adjusting
computer / digital work
surface. attaches to
storage unit

height / depth
adjusting
work surface

height and depth
adjusting foot rest

stackable storage units

opens from
both ends

optional tack board

storage unit:
optional drawer / cabinet
removable shelves

the individual or group work station.
flexibility.
to fit her body type, size, and preference.
the group works together to shape and form
their space.
the studio works for the individual and the
group.
she can close herself off.
she can open up.
they can gather informally.
without interruption.



re-shaping the cap experience

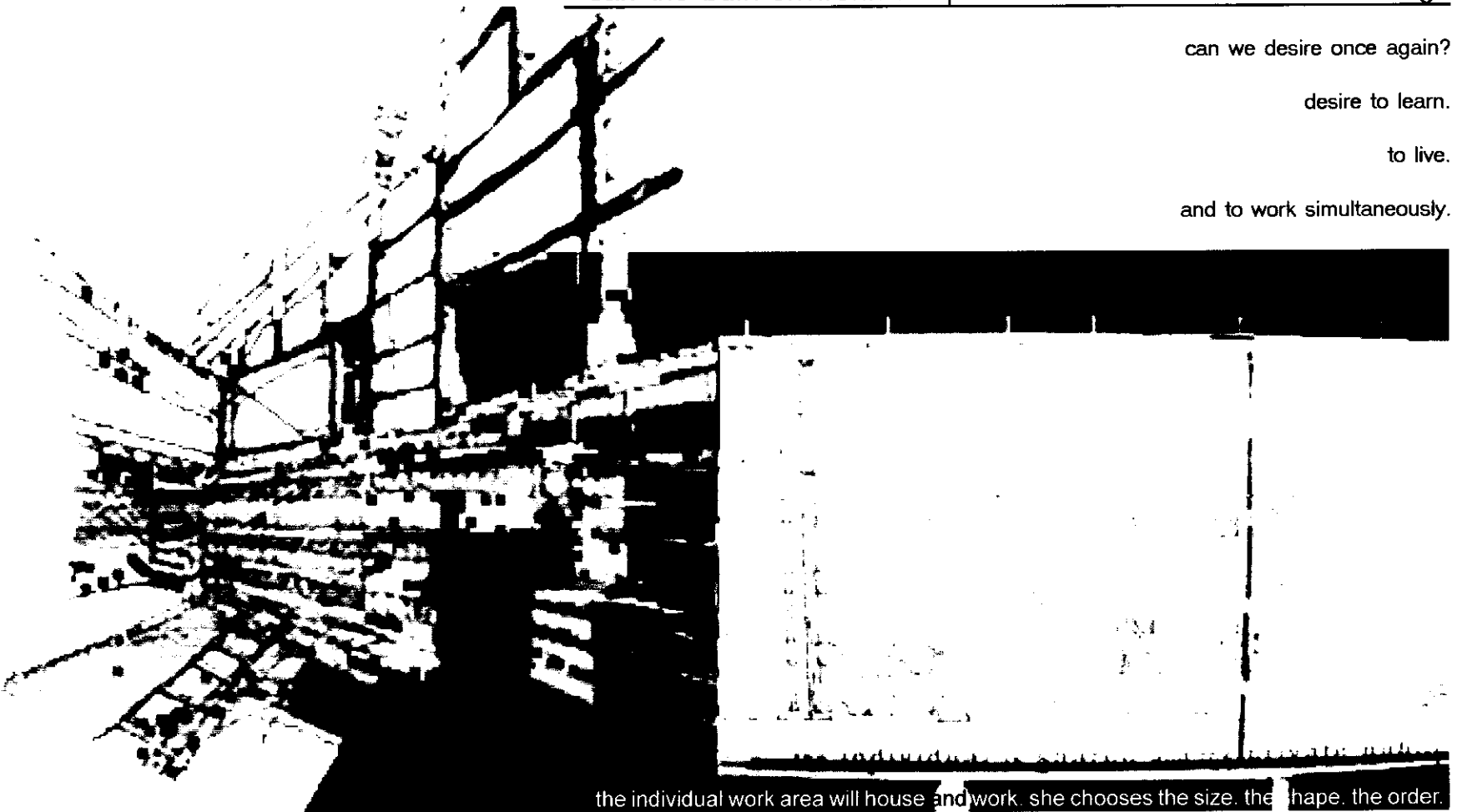
can the built environment promote a desire for active learning?

can we desire once again?

desire to learn.

to live.

and to work simultaneously.



the individual work area will house and work. she chooses the size, the shape, the order.

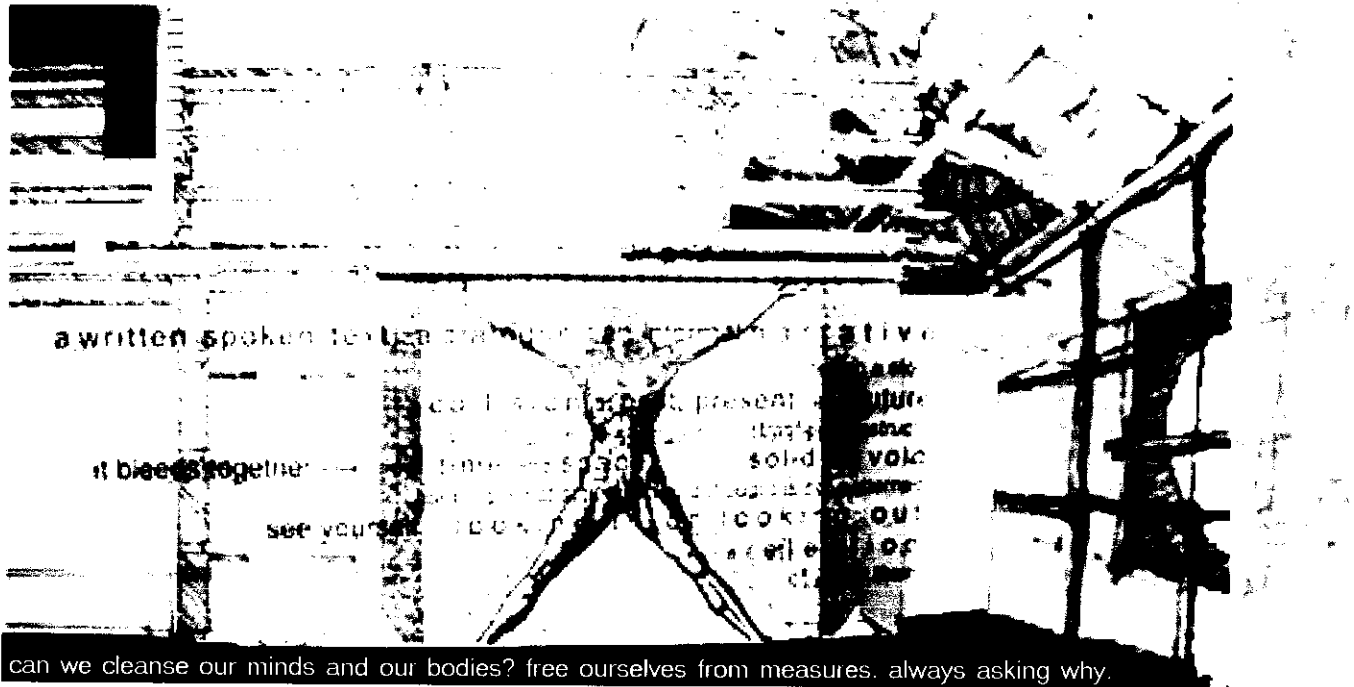
can the building become a learning tool?

a professor? or a student?

an open book

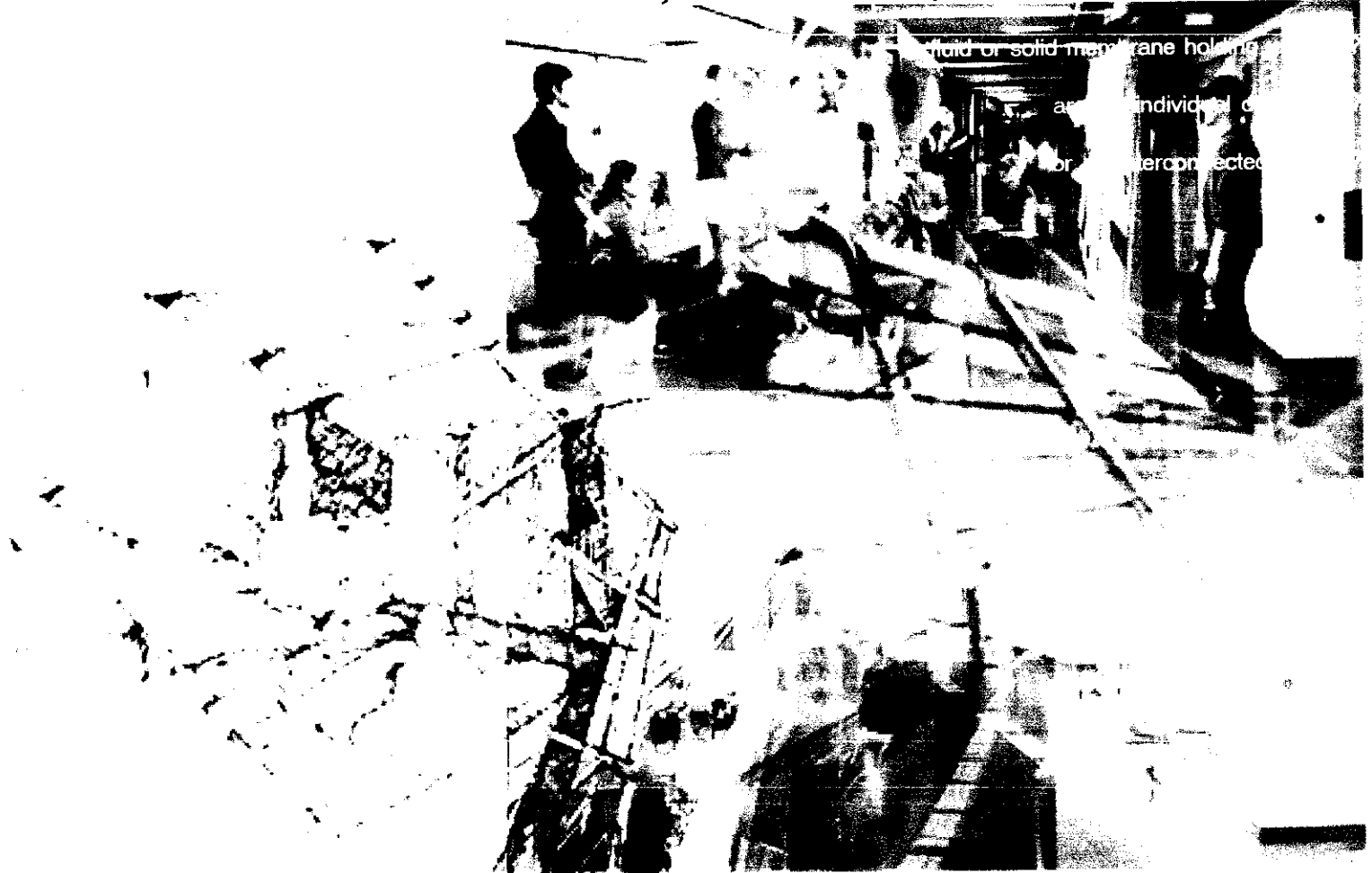
in which we write.

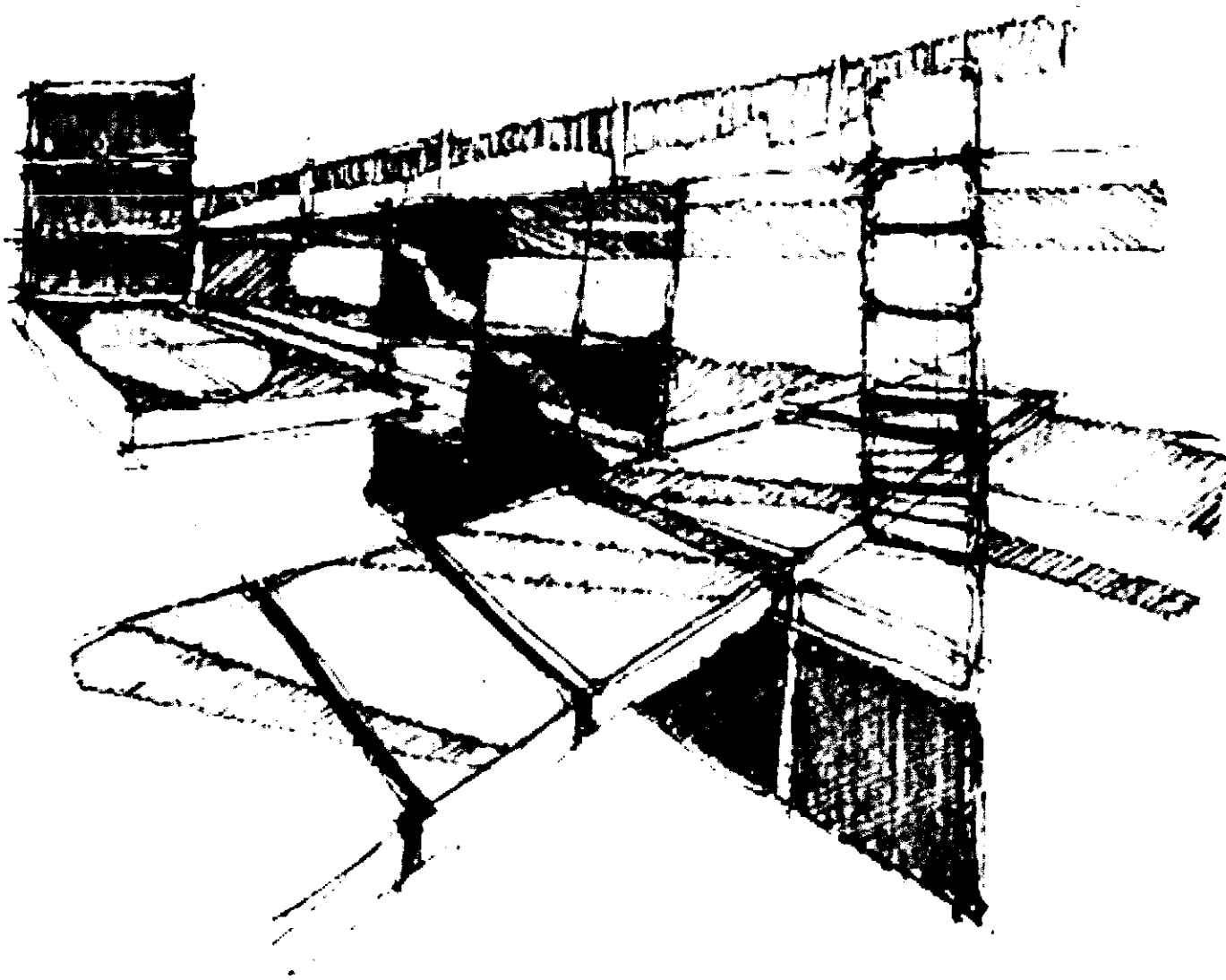
on which we render our own story.



re-shaping the cap experience

could the years and the disciplines bleed into one another?





can we shift from object-orientation to subject-orientation? where will we go from here? why am i working alone?

re-shaping the cap experience

a social re-design of the review
and physical transformation
of space and place

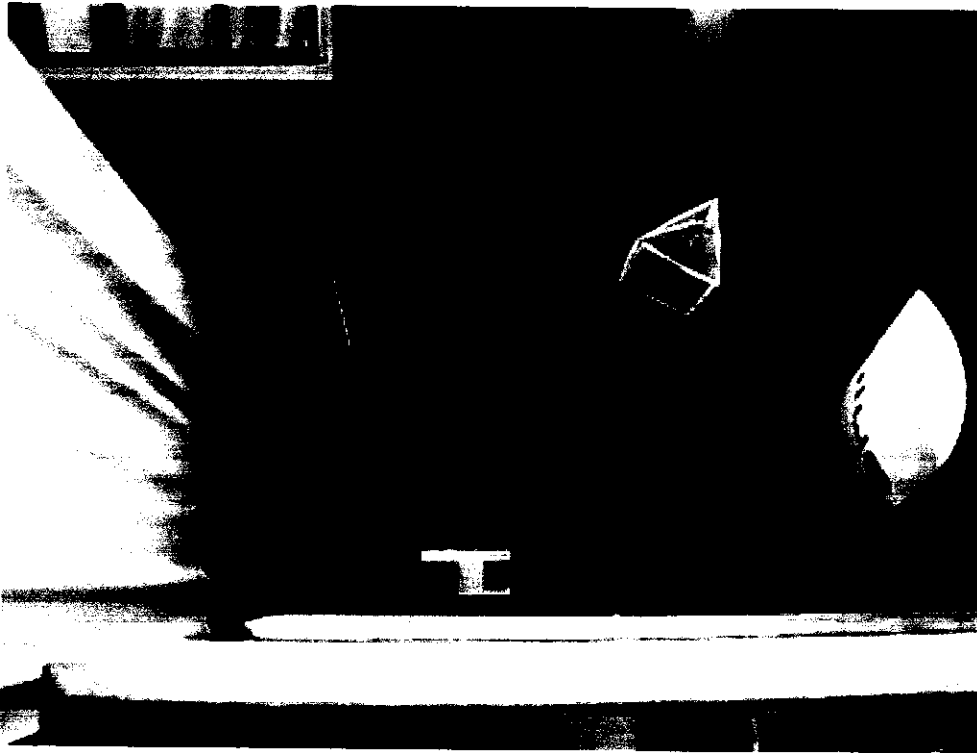
These panels were designed and built with the intention of allowing the individual and group the ability and opportunity to maneuver and participate in the (trans)formation of their own social and physical surround. Their desires and functional needs will determine placement and use.

The design review has become a stage in itself, no longer the individual student. Discussion is active, it is living and breathing, a dialogue between faculty, guests, students, and their work.

The space(s) formed becomes much like a working gallery, the focus now on the project. An accomplishment. A chance to look back and reflect. To see what was...what is...and what will be. A fluid process once again.



a dialogue is established, a collaborative effort between professor and student. discussion begins, it does not end at review.



another shift.
another (trans)formation takes place.
makes place.
a backdrop for play...for entertainment.
a private room in a very public space.
another bridge.
another link.
the individual is shared.
and the private public.

take apart the pieces.
the fragments.
take control of your own self.
your own life.
your body.
your mind.
the body which surrounds you.

you are active.
you are engaged.
you are ready and willing.
to look at yourself. to look at others.
a fluid process once again.



the college of architecture and planning. a place of home. a place of work. a place of the in-between

sources of inspiration and reference

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Foucault, Michel. *Other Spaces: The Principles of Heterotopia*.

photographs (in order from left to right)

the Parthenon: www.sacredsites.com/final40/144.html

Vitruvia, Leonardo da Vinci : <http://banzai.msi.umn.edu/leonardo/>

the Caotoline Hill, Michelangelo: <http://hometown.aol.com/dtrofatter/micharch.htm>

Unite d'Habitation, Le Corbusier: www.greatbuildings.com/buildings/Unite_d_Habitation.html

the Guggenheim, Bilbao, Frank Ghery: <http://usuarios.commm.com/peninsula/cat-guggenheim-bilbao.html>



It's hard to look back. all-ways looking forward. Looking back over the year, the years, tracing and retracing.
Seeing where I once was, they are now. Glad to be so far away from there, from here...or at least on my way.
it's hard to look back when all I see is what isn't. What I didn't say. What I didn't do. There all-ways seems to be something more...and something less.
It's hard to pin-point where it all started. When I opened my eyes for the first time and for the first time I saw something different, something new.

The reflection looking back was not my own.
Or maybe it was mine all along, it was just distorted, hiding behind another image, the layers piled thick, you can hardly break the surface.
A crack in the mirror, and I couldn't recognize my face and my body...only fragments in a kaleidoscope world.
My breath quickens, choking under weight, suffocating under pressure. The mirrored fog makes shadow out of figure form. A distance...2000 miles and
running still. Dis-placed or mis-placed? By them or by me?
It's hard to look back now. Tired fingers and sleepy eyes, fumbling through the pages. Can you see? Can you tell? Do you know what I'm talking about?
Is it all clear and can I articulate, maybe, just once...just this time?
I never know. Did I write enough? Are you looking for more and finding what's not there?
Are you writing your own story? The way you see it? The way you know it?

It's hard to look back. My breath begins to slow again, I relax. I further distance myself, but no matter how far removed, I'm forever being pulled back.
An invisible rope I can not render. Weighting me down.
I can not dis-engage. I cannot step away.
So, maybe instead I enter into. I re-enter. Coming in from somewhere else. I engage now in the re-action. Hoping maybe, possibly, we can do something
different.

Would it be so painful? So terrifying to look at someone else's reflection for a change. To see through different eyes. Maybe still your own.
Maybe you see yourself for the first time on the other side, on another side.
Maybe you don't know where you belong.

And so you try to place yourself. This time, where you want to be, what you want to do, when you want to go.
But it's hard. It's hard to answer everything, to solve or re-solve. It's hard to seek re-resolution when you've just begun to ask.
When you open your eyes again, and see something else.

When every person sees their own body and their own mind, somewhere in between.

It's hard to look back when you still see through the same eyes. When you see yourself set apart from the rest. When they tell you *that's not ok*.

When you can feel the glue, the once viscous fluid now dried and cracking. You try to break free and move away. You try. You could.

Maybe, if you thought they would let you.

But it all remains the same. Another chapter in another book, written in the same font, the sentence structure changing now. It becomes something else,
another way of writing...seeing, being, and doing.

Could there be another way? We've been walking in the same direction for so long. Could we maybe turn the other way? Could we maybe slow down,
even stop for just a moment?

Could we look back at ourselves and re-evaluate?

It's hard to measure when it's a question of values.
It's hard to define locale, when there is no place you're supposed to be.
Forget the reflection. Forget the two sides, the two opposing worlds.
Forget the dis-mis-placement.
It no longer matters. It no longer exists.
The mirror is gone, and there is no place.
There is no better, you could not be worse.
There is no standard, no scale to measure our weight and our worth.
No critical judge or jury...sentencing us for life.
Placing you.
Inside or out.
No.
You would just stand where you are. As you are.
You would stand motionless and move forever forward.
You would not see yourself against his backdrop.
You could unmask the layers and find comfort in the mess.
Without reflection. Without limits...expectations.
Without knowing what should be and what isn't.
Without regret for time wasted.

She would move forever forward. Standing still in time.
Standing alone...and walking together.



for everybody that's... something to think about

for my mom...my life

for you...my breath