

PLAY OF PLACE OF PLAY

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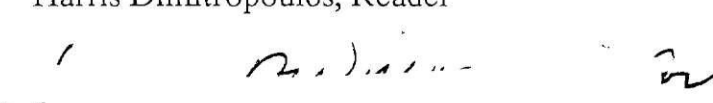
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PLAY OF PLACE OF PLAY

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To my family, Richard, Lois, Lynda, David, Michael and Heather.

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. . . Artaud returned to the theatre, for 'theatre is the only place in the world, the last group means we still possess of directly affecting the anatomy, and in neurotic, basely sensual periods like the one in which we are immersed, of attacking that abase sensuality through physical means it cannot withstand'. Artaud's theatre will violently be both space and action but with one dramatic particularity: he will try to organise his spaces and his words so as to create complete physical and mental havoc. 'In the period of neurosis and low sensuality in which we are about to plunge, we must attack that low sensuality by physical means which it will not resist'.

Tschumi in Architectural Design/2-3/78 p. 114.

CHAPTER 1

read'er, n. 1. one who reads.

read, v.i., 1. to get the meaning of (something written, printed, etc.) by interpreting its characters or signs.
 2. to learn the true meaning of: to understand the nature or significance of as if by reading; as, you read a person's character in his face.
 3. to fortell (the future)
 4. to advice; to counsil; to declare; to tell; to suppose; to imagine; to read into; to attribute a particular meaning to; to interpret in a certain way.

view'er, n. 1. one who views, surveys, or examines.
 2. one who views a scene, exhibit, motion picture, television etc., ie. a spectator.

vo-year' (vwa-yer') *n.* [*Fr., from voir, to see.*] a person given to voyeurism, a perversion in which sexual gratification is obtained by looking at sexual objects or scenes.

au'thor, n. 1. one who creates produces or brings into being; the beginner, creator or first mover of anything.

Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dicitonary, G.C. Merriam Company, Publishers, Springfield Massachusettes, 1972.

Poetic creation begins as violence to language. The first act in this operation is the uprooting of words. The poet wrests them from their habitual connections and occupations: separated from the formless world of speech, words become unique, as if they had just been born. The second act is the return of the word: the poem becomes an object of participation. Two opposing forces inhabit the poem: one of elevation or uprooting, which pulls the word from the language; the other of gravity, which makes it return. The poem is an original and unique creation, but it is also reading and recitation: participation. The Poet and reader are two moments of a single reality. Alternating in a manner that may aptly be called cyclical, their rotation engenders the spark: poetry. (Paz, Octavio, *The Bow and the Lyre*, University of Texas Press, Austin, 1967, pg. 28).

Knowledge of the world, of others and of self is determined by language. Language is the pre-condition for the act of becoming aware of oneself as a distinct entity.¹

Between the retina and world is inserted a screen of signs, a screen consisting of all the multiple discourses on vision built into the social arena.²

(pause)

Man is a being of words, and vice versa...so, at one extreme, the reality that words cannot express; at the other; the reality of man which can only be expressed with words.³

The supernatural manifests itself, first of all, as a sensation of radical strangeness. And that strangeness interdicts reality and existence itself, at the very moment when it affirms them in their most common-place and palpable expressions...Everything is real and unreal. Rites and religious ceremonies emphasize this ambiguity. (Paz., pg. 111)

Everything happens in a common, ordinary way, frequently in a way that wounds us by its aggressive vulgarity; and at the same time, everything is anointed. The believer is and is not in this world. This world is and is not real. (Paz., pg. 111).

INTRODUCTION

This work begins by recognizing the position of the participant as *reader/viewer* within contemporary society. In a climate of theoretical criticism based on the notion of language, the subject; the participant; the body have all been reduced to the position of *reader/viewer*. Meaning is expressed in terms of shared pre-existing categories, ie. a system of codes, a system of signs, ie. language. Even the "self", because it must be expressed through semiotic units, can be thought of as a conventional construct - a function of the codes that ground it. Both Structuralism and Post-Structuralism, current strategies of criticism, emphasize this notion of language determinism.

Jaques Lacan states that the mediator between subject and object is a cultural system of signs.

Or in other words, the subject is defined by language. This is not to say that language is not defined by the subject. We all have to represent ourselves in language and although structuralist theory implies that the autonomous subject disappears into the anonymous operations of language, the subject cannot truly dissolve as he/she remains necessary as "reader" and writer or, to state in economic terms, maker and consumer.

Having established the subject as *reader/viewer*, it is important to establish its relationship to the object. The object is what appears to the subject at the end of a view-finder. The viewfinder creates a kind of tunnel vision in which all the surrounding field is screened out. Only that which appears within the framing apparatus; perspective; field of vision; picture frame, exists. The viewer on one side, the object on the other. The other views which pass out from the object (the unnamable, the unspeakable) to all those uncountable places where the viewer is not are lost as the

The poetic is not in man like something given, nor does poetizing consist in taking the poetic out of us, as if it were a matter of "something" that "someone" had deposited inside us or with which we were born. The poet's consciousness is not a cave where the poetic lies like a hidden treasure. In the presence of the future poem the poet is naked and empty of words. Anterior to creation, the poet as such does not exist. Nor after it. He is a poet because of the poem. The poet is a creation of the poem as much as the poem is a creation of the poet. (Paz, pg. 151.)

*An idea of the theatre has been lost. And as long as the theatre limits itself to showing us intimate scenes from the lives of a few puppets, transforming the public into Peeping Toms, it is no wonder the elite abandon it and the great public looks to the movies, the music hall or the circus for violent satisfactions, whose intentions do not deceive them.*⁴

After creation, the poet is alone; now it is others, the readers, who are going to create themselves in re-creating the poem. The experience is repeated, but in reverse: the image opens up to the reader and shows him its translucent abyss. The reader leans forward and plunges. And as he falls - or as he ascends, as he penetrates the chambers of the image and abandons himself to the flow of the poem - he breaks away from himself to enter "another himself" previously unknown or ignored. The reader, like the poet, becomes an image: something that is projected and separates from itself and goes to the encounter of the unnamable. In both cases the poetic is not something that is outside, in the poem, or inside, in us, but something that we make and that makes us...the poem does not make, but makes it possible for one to make. And the one who makes is man, the creator. (Paz, pg.151)

Surrealism presents itself as a radical attempt to suppress the duel between subject and object, the form assumed for us by that which we call reality...on the one hand, the world evaporates and changes into an image of consciousness; on the other, the consciousness is a reflection of the work. The surrealist adventure is an attack on the modern world because it tries to suppress the quarrel between subject and object. (Paz, pg. 153.)

subject remains only *reader/viewer*. So, as *reader/viewers*, we read and observe objects and, although we are equipped with the capacity to interpret, re-interpret; write, re-write; make and re-make objects in hopes of discovering something "new". This "new" (the unspeakable, the un-nameable) by its very nature has no language and therefore, according to the implications of structuralist theory, can only be meaningless. Thus, our imaginations (the residence of the unspeakable) are left inert and we passively consume products in a society conducive to lazy readers. The *reader/viewer* is thus a passive anonymous figure that sits silently in the dark, much like a theatre audience, a non-participant, a disinterested spectator. This work will attempt to re-define, to re-awaken, to transform the *reader/viewer* to *author/voyeur* specifically through the design of a theatre, which will also require re-thinking as outlined by Antonin Artaud in his first manifesto, the "Theatre of Cruelty".

To transform the subject from *reader/viewer* to *author/voyeur* is to expand the field of vision; to expand space from the three dimensions which define and confine it; to expand space into the realm of the imaginary; to explore other views which pass out from the object. In terms of reading, to transform the subject from reader to author is to read between the lines.

This work accepts the position of the participant as *reader/viewer* but becomes critical of both the humanist and structuralist notion of man. The former places the subject at the center of the universe as an authoritative figure while the latter dismantles the subject altogether, including the magical and powerful imagination. Instead of denying and even destroying the subject, this work attempts to blur the distinctions in the subject/object relationship in order to address the "unspeakable" by attempting to activate the power of the imagination.

*At the point of deterioration which our sensibility has reached, it is certain that we need above all a theatre that wakes us up: nerves and heart.*⁵

The act of writing involves, as the first movement, a separating oneself from the world, something like throwing oneself into the void (displacing the body and mind). Now the poet is alone. All that was his everyday world and his usual preoccupations a moment ago, disappears. If the poet truly wishes to write and not to perform a vague literary ceremony, his act leads him to break away from the world and to interdict everything - not excluding himself. Then there are two possibilities: everything can turn to vapor and disintegrate, lose weight, float, and finally dissolve; or else, everything can close and turn aggressively into an object without meaning, matter that is unseizable and impenetrable to the light of significance. The world opens: it is an abyss, an immense yawn; the world - the table, the wall, the goblet, the remembered faces - closes and becomes a wall without fissures. In both cases, the poet is left alone, without a world to lean on. It is time to create the world anew and to name again with words that menacing external vacuity: table tree, lips, stars nothing. But the words have evaporated too, they too have slipped away. We are surrounded by the silence that precedes the word. Or the other side of silence: the senseless and untranslatable murmur, "the sound and the fury," the prattle, the noise that does not say anything, that only says: nothing. (Paz, pg. 159).

The spectator occupies two places simultaneously. One is the imaginary identification or closure with the illusion - as we see, as if they were unmediated, the cow grazing against the hallucinatory depth of the stereoscopically distanced stream, or the bobbing gestures of feeding geese. The second position is a connection to the optical machine in question, an insistent reminder of its presence, of its mechanism, of its form of constituting piecemeal the only seemingly unified spectacle. This double effect, of both having the experience and watching oneself have it from outside, characterized the late nineteenth-century fascination with the spectacle in which there was produced a sense of being captured not so much by the visual itself as by what one could call the *visuality-effect*. (Krauss, Rosalind, "The Impulse to See", *Vision and Visuality*, pg. 58.)

In order to engage the imagination as readers in this world of objects we must be implicated in the work ie. displaced both mentally and physically. The theatre has the potential to implicate its audience, a condition Artaud studied in his manifesto.

If reader and theatre audience are synonymous then reading must lose its status as a passive consumption of a product to become performance, ie. the reader and text must actively interact. Antonin Artaud says, "enough of personal poems, benefitting those who create them much more than those who read them"⁶ The reader should be implicated in the work such that he/she actively interacts with the text, "setting off images that will shake the subject to its foundations and leave an ineffaceable scar."⁷ Displacement of the reader in time and space is a means to this end and is a condition this work will attempt to examine. This displacement is necessary since it begins to dismantle the observed *reader/viewer* such that the relationship between subject/object becomes indistinct. This displacement and dismantling of the *reader/viewer* sets up a crisis situation, which, as in most, presents an opportunity for speculation and discovery, in this case perhaps a new relationship between subject/object and a transformation of the *reader/viewer* (passive non-participant) into *author/voyeur* (active, implicated participant). The implications of these new relationships will be explored here both through text and drawing.

pause and hold

This speculative work will address three primary questions which in turn will address the subject/object relationship: Can a space, like a text or piece of art, inspire the mind by somehow displacing the body? Can a space distract, displace and confuse the mind, exposing the vulnerability of the body in space? And finally, can this space truly be called a physical (manifest) space of the imagination?

Horror "takes our breath away", "freezes our blood", petrifies us. Stupor before the strange Presence is above all a state of suspended animation, that is, an interruption of the breathing, which is the flow of life. Horror interdicts existence. An invisible hand keeps us in suspense: we are nothing and that which surrounds us is nothing. The universe becomes an abyss and there is nothing before us but that motionless Presence, which does not talk, or move, or affirm this or that, but is only present. And that just being present engenders the horror. (Paz, pg. 113.)

In the true theatre a play disturbs the senses' repose, frees the repressed unconscious incites a kind of virtual revolt...and imposes on the assembled collectivity an attitude that is both difficult and heroic.⁸

The image opens up to the reader and shows him its translucent abyss. The reader leans forward and plunges. And as he falls - or as he ascends, as he penetrates the chambers of the image and abandons himself to the flow of the poem - he breaks away from himself to enter "another himself" previously unknown or ignored (or masked). The reader, like the poet, becomes an image: something that is projected and separates from itself and goes to the encounter of the unnamable. In both cases the poetic is not something that is outside, in the poem, or inside, in us, but something that we make and that makes us...the poem does not make, but makes it possible for one to make.¹¹

Every rite is a performance. The one who participates in a ceremony is like an actor who plays a part: at the same time he is and is not in his character. The stage also plays a part, everything is and is not. (Paz, pg. 111)

A written text is performed in the space of the imagination through the act of reading, a mnemonic act. A physical space of the imagination within which a written text is performed through the act of gesture, is a stage, formally a theatre. A text is transformed and begins to embody a new language, a unique language halfway between gesture and thought.

This language of the theatre and the theatre itself are the vehicles for this exploration since they have the potential to cast a spell and induce a trance on the body and set the mind free.

It is important here to distinguish between the Structuralist and Post-Structuralist notion of "de-centering" the subject versus the suggested notion of "displacing" the subject. De-centering the subject is an erasure of the subject altogether. Levi- Strauss, a leading Structuralist called the human subject (the centre of being) the "spoilt brat of philosophy".⁹ He suggested that the "ultimate goal of the human sciences is not to constitute man but to dissolve him".¹⁰ This became the slogan of structuralism. The notion of displacement, on the other hand, is to disturb the subject, essentially pushing him to or over the edge of the abyss so as to actively engage the imagination.

So, to displace the body in space is not to kill the body in space but to "mask" it. Much like the mask in the theatre, both literal and metaphorical, a muse inhabits the body and a new persona, a virtual persona, is revealed. The audience participates in the illusion, their bodies masked by the darkness of the theatre while the performance in front takes them to the presentness of the play: the body is masked and the mind is set free.

To represent this masking of the body other than through darkness is to displace the body in space; to transform the *reader/viewer* into *author/voyeur* (poet). In the state of dreaming our body is at rest, our eyes closed, and we do not perceive the body, it is in

Delirium and inspiration were transformed into synonyms for madness and disease. (Paz., pg. 145).

In madness the totality of soul and body is parceled out: not according to elements which constitute that totality metaphysically; but according to figures, images which envelope segments of the body and ideas of the soul in a kind of absurd unity. Fragments which isolate man from himself, but above all, from reality; fragments which, by detaching themselves, have formed the unreal unity of a hallucination and, by very virtue of this autonomy, impose it upon truth.¹² Madness is no more than the derangement of the imagination.

Nothing comes from nothing. Even if the poet could create from nothing, what sense would there be in talking about "inventing a language"? Language is, by its very nature, dialogue. Language is social and always implies, at least, two: the one who speaks and the one who hears. Thus, the word that the poet invents - the word that, for an instant, that is every instant, had evaporated or been concerted into an impenetrable object - is the word of every day. (Paz., pg. 160).

Theatrical performance depends upon the concrete presence of the human actor; when the actor appears before the audience, both his character and the scene he inhabits assume a strong sense of objective reality. (Lyons, pg. 13)

Beneath the poetry of the text, there is the actual poetry, without form and without text.....written poetry is worth reading once and then it should be destroyed. Let the dead poets make way for others. Then we might even come to see that it is our veneration for what has already been created, however beautiful and valid it may be that petrifies us, deadens our responses, and prevents us from making contact with that underlying power, call it thought-energy, the life force, the determinism of change, lunar menses, or anything you like.¹³

darkness. Our mind is open and we "see" visions, our dreams. The theatre literally mimics this state of dreaming in the performance place. The waking dream proposed here incites a kind of madness. The illusion does not exclude the physical body in space. The physical body and the mind may participate in the same illusion but essentially they are split. The mind in the realm of the imaginary, the body, out of darkness and stability is in motion and vulnerable in space. Indeed this dissociation between the external movements of the body and the course of ideas does not mean that the unity of body and soul is necessarily dissolved, nor that each recovers its autonomy in madness.

The question here is how to incorporate this madness in the building of architecture. The monsters and demons that inhabit madness must also inhabit architecture. Belief in the imaginary is perhaps a form of madness. Madness is thus beyond imagination, and yet it is profoundly rooted in it, for it consists merely in allowing the image a spontaneous value total and absolute truth. Architecture is not necessarily directly registered by the senses but by the imagination.

A hallucinogenic architecture that duplicates the conditions of dreaming has the power not to define thoughts through recognition and remembering, but to cause thinking through forgetting and erasing. This is the premise for the work of Artaud who suggested that the problem of theatre is that the public is no longer shown anything but the mirror of itself.

Thinking through forgetting and erasing, is a tool to implicate the reader in the work and to displace him in space. In other words, transform the reader to author.

(pause) - Theatre of Cruelty

The work that follows uses Antonin Artaud's "Theatre of Cruelty" as a map; it uses his notion of the displaced body and his use of language to inform the design project

*The idea of a play made directly in terms of the stage, encountering obstacles of both production and performance, compels the discovery of an active language, active and anarchic, a language in which the customary limits of feelings and words are transcended.*¹⁴

*This concrete language, intended for the senses and independent of speech has first to satisfy the senses, that there is poetry of the senses as there is a poetry of language, and that this concrete physical language to which I refer is truly theatrical only to the degree that the thoughts it expresses are beyond the reach of the spoken language.*¹⁵

this thesis proposes, ie. a play that makes a place and a place that makes a play, ie. mise en scene according to Artaud,

Mise en scene is a concrete language of the stage:

The unsaid is often more powerful, more meaningful than the said. The unspoken lives in the imagination of the subject (reader) and can be made manifest by poetry in space. Poetry in space produces something objectively from the face of its active presence on stage, i.e. "if a sound has its equivalent in a gesture and, instead of serving as a decoration, an accompaniment of a thought, instead causes its movement, directs it, destroys it, or changes it completely."¹⁶ This very difficult and complex poetry assumes many aspects: especially the aspects of all the means of expression utilizable on the stage, such as music, dance, plastic art, pantomime, mimicry, gesticulation, intonation, architecture, lighting, and scenery.¹⁷ Each of these means has its own intrinsic poetry, and a kind of ironic poetry as well, resulting from the way it combines with the other means of expression; and the consequences of these combinations, of their reactions and their reciprocal destructions can easily be perceived.¹⁸

Artaud's notion of mass spectacle in his Theatre of Cruelty aligns itself with the notion of displaced body and it is also used as a strategy in this proposed project. The Theatre of Cruelty is a theatre "in which violent physical images crush and hypnotize the sensibility of the spectator seized by the theatre as by a whirlwind of higher forces."¹⁹ And the public will believe in the theatre's dreams on condition that it take them for true dreams and not for a servile copy of reality; on condition that they allow the public to liberate within itself the magical liberties of dreams which it can only recognize when they are imprinted with terror and cruelty.²⁰ Again, an induced madness which in itself displaces the "normal" thinking and living body, not only for the duration of the play, but a fragment of the reader is forever transformed...scarred.

(pause) - *Play of Place of Play*

Play of Place of Play is a transformation. Using the literary structure of Italo Calvino's If on a Winter's Night a Traveler (a literary labyrinth of endless mutations) to transform Alberto Giacometti's "Palace at 4 a.m." into a theatre of imagination, the work hopes to reveal that architecture, like a text, can take the *reader/viewer* in and out of reality; a theatre that, like a play, displaces the *reader/viewer* in space and time by disturbing the body (dismantling the conventional) and provoking the mind (implying the unseen and unsaid).

Two distinct methods of (induced) displacement will be explored in this transformation; displacement of the reader through the act of reading; and displacement of the body in space.

[1]

The two original constructions by Calvino and Giacometti merge to form a hybrid in the form of both model and text. Through the act of memory and the act of forgetting, the characters from Calvino's complex narrative maze and Giacometti's ethereal palace are used to inform this construction, as, obviously, do materials.

A play has been written in the form of a script during the process of construction as the model served as stage set. Informing the reader of the play in the margins are fragments from the original constructions of Calvino and Giacometti; quotes, plot analysis, drawings and photos. The reader then becomes the author as the format reveals the process of design; the reader is located between the work and the margin. Silence can also be considered a kind of speech and in this case: silence is synonymous with the gap between the work and the marginal fragments. The reader, in the gap, is displaced from both and is therefore forced to "connect" - to imagine.

[2]

It is during this second method of displacement that the vulnerability of the body in space is explored. It deals with the notion of mapping, i.e. mapping the traditional program of the theatre as building type onto the stage set. The significance of the "palace" is manipulated; it can at any point be the stage, the audience, the back stage etc.

This second transformation becomes the theatre which houses the stage for the original stage set developed in the primary method of operation. It is here that the body is displaced...Is the reader an actor in a play or a spectator in a theatre about to watch a play? Who is the reader and what is his/her role?

pause

The goal of the work is to contribute to a contemporary theory of architecture based on the notion of displacement (displacement because it subverts the *reader/viewer* dilemma). This theory of architecture does not ignore and thus ultimately kill the body in space but displaces it, disturbs it in order to encourage active engagement of the work on an imaginary level. If the "thing" dismisses the body, the mind may not engage it at all. An architecture however, that sets up a displacement in the subject/object relationship as an evocative device to engage the work and participate within it both physically and mentally, can truly be called a space of the imagination.

Currently in field of architecture there is generally a passive attitude towards the building and practice of architecture. Mysticism and magic, theoretical bases of work in the past, are no longer issues that inspire the post modern practicing architect. In a society that embraces a capitalist consumer economic model, money is the inspiration of most - "what is the cheapest way I can make the most money?" The architectural

object suffers in response to this question...passivity also results. This passive attitude engulfs the client and the user group as well as the architect. A building is contracted, designed and built in a commercial, political and economic climate that perpetuates this attitude and subsequently suppresses the imaginative power of all parties since it is also consumed. The importance and goal of this work is to provoke and overturn the commonplace as described above, through the notions of displacement and implication.

"One can't possibly believe in impossible things", [said Alice] "My dear, you are simply out of practice", said the Queen, "why I have believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast." Lewis Carroll - Through the Looking Glass -

The purpose and goal of this work is to practice...

The author was an invisible point from which the books come, a void traveled by ghosts - an underground tunnel that put other worlds in communication... (Calvino, Italo, *If on a Winter's Night a Traveler*, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Publishers, San Diego, California, 1979, pg. 102)

ABOUT THE PLAY

Play of Place of Play is an architectural performance ignited by Italo Calvino's *If on a Winter's Night a Traveler* and Alberto Giacometti's "Palace at 4 a.m."

The structure of Calvino is very distinct. The author erases his authorship from the on set. As a reader, you are implicated in the work. You are engrossed in an inescapable labyrinth of falsifications and mythifications; stories within stories; dialogues within dialogues. One story begins and at a critical point in the narrative, the climax, the story is broken off, erased and another begins, replaces and is written over the last. Calvino denies you, reader, a narrative, he denies you as witness. You are not allowed to record passively the work as it acts itself out. You have a role as reader in the book. You are a character, reader. Your reading is not only interrupted from within the text but also as reader outside the text.

I have had the idea of writing a novel composed only of beginnings of novels. The protagonist could be a Reader who is continually interrupted. The Reader buys the new novel A by the author Z. But it is a defective copy, he can't go beyond the beginning... He returns to the bookshop to have the volume exchanged...

I could write it all in the second person: you, Reader...I could also introduce a young lady, the Other Reader, and a counterfeiter-translator, and an old writer who keeps a diary like this diary...

But I wouldn't want the young lady Reader, in escaping the Counterfeiter, to end up in the arms of the Reader. I will see to it that the Reader sets out on the trail of the Counterfeiter, hiding in some very distant country, so the Writer can remain alone with the young lady, the Other Reader.

*To be sure, without a female character, the Reader's journey would lose liveliness: he must encounter some other woman on his way. Perhaps the Other Reader could have a sister.*²¹

pause

the phone rings, you have an appointment, its time for a cigarette.

pause

You are displaced - located somewhere between the two readers. You are both and neither. You are located on the edge - the edge of presence and absence...between...in between - you identify yourself with the slash; the slash in the presence/absence duality. It is this condition that **Play of Place of Play** attempts to re-capitulate.

If Calvino is the literary component to the ignition then Giacometti's "Palace at 4

The palace at 4 a.m...This really is an imaginary building...Its constructional foundations are still more uncertain and rough. It looks like a ghost with a semblance of urban reality devoid of aesthetic needs but animated by an agonizing thirst for poetry. From left to right can be glimpsed the features of a house, a tower and other box-like volumes compressed on top of each other. (Paolo Melis, "Giacometti's Palace at 4 a.m.", *Domus* March 1983, pg. 24).

As for the ostentatious theatrical mise en scene, it only bears out and reveals that Giacometti's Palace at 4 a.m. still is a work of great mystery and implication, especially for architecture. A surrealist construction - the exact opposite of architecture - in fact confronts architecture, by the very link that governs and consolidates the life of opposites, with the most disquieting food for thought. (Melis, pg.26)

The object took shape little by little in the late summer of 1932; it revealed itself to me slowly, the various parts taking their exact form and their precise place within the whole. By autumn it had attained such reality that its actual execution in space took no more than one day. It is related without any doubt to a period in my life that had come to an end a year before, when for six whole months hour after hour was passed in the company of a woman who, concentrating all life in herself, magically transformed my every moment. We used to construct a fantastic palace at night - days and nights had the same color, as if everything happened just before daybreak; throughout the whole time I never saw the sun - a very fragile palace made of matchsticks.

I don't know why it came to be inhabited by a spinal column in a cage - the spinal column this woman sold me one of the very first nights I met her on the street - and by one of the skeleton birds that she saw the very night before the morning in which our life together collapsed - the skeleton birds that flutter with cries of joy at four o'clock in the morning very high above the pool of clear, green water where the extremely fine, white skeletons of fish float in the great unroofed hall.

In the middle there rises the scaffolding of a tower, perhaps unfinished or, since its top has collapsed, perhaps also broken.

On the other side there appeared the statue of a woman, in which I recognize my mother, just as she appears in my earliest memories. The mystery of her long black dress touching the floor troubled me; it seemed to me like a part of her body, and aroused in me a feeling of fear and confusion. All the rest has vanished, and escaped my attention. This figure stands out against the curtain that is repeated three times, the very curtain I saw when I opened my eyes for the first time...

I can't say anything about the red object in front of the board; I identify it with myself.²³

a.m." is the three dimensional sculptural component. It is composed, as the title suggests, of a space and a time. 4am is a dream time and the palace is a place with an "a" - it is a special magical place - "a large magnificent place, the official residence of the king." It, as an object, is located "in between". It is a skeleton located between construction and destruction. It is both and it is neither. It is a dreamscape. It identifies with the slash in the construction/destruction duality. Each piece is described and identified by Giacometti, with the exception of the horizontal glass hanging from the house-like element and the cage-like element. It visually cuts the elevation in half in all directions. The mystique of the glass remains enigmatic. Is it an inverted window? Is it visible or invisible? Giacometti's silence is significant and enhances the power of the glass' presence/absence, visible/invisible quality.

pause

The glass is perhaps a tribute, or mnemonic device to Marcel Duchamp's *Large Glass*? Or perhaps this reader is "reading between the lines".

Duchamp "unfinished" the *Large Glass* in 1922. I use the word "unfinished" as a transitive verb because his act was so decisive. Giacometti "unfinished" the "Palace at 4 a.m." in 1932. Duchamp postulates in the *Green Box*, the literary component to the glass, the formulation: a/b isolates the sign of accordance. It is "a" over "b" or "a" divided by "b", or "a" is to "b"? They are all self contained algebraic statements. The sign of accordance, the horizontal line that separates "a" from "b", relates "a" to "b".²² In Giacometti's composition the glass separates visually the fragmented human spinal column and the whole skeleton of the bird. It also separates the base, the ground plane from the free points in space. It also visually cuts the author/object in the centre of the front elevation in half. Does it divide heaven and earth, life from death?

The Slash	Like Duchamp's <i>Large Glass</i> , Giacometti's glass is a section through time like a photograph is a section cut through time - a cut that preserves a spatio-temporal moment. It is also a cut through space - and it is silent. We ponder it's silence which screams at us. We are at this point transformed from reader to author.
The Apparatus	Play of Place of Play takes this "slash" between silence and word (silence/word, presence/absence, reader/viewer, author/voyeur) as the program to the work. The slash
The House	between words is neither verticle nor horizontal, it lies somewhere in between. It mediates between the two. It is an object that both masks and reveals. The play is about
The Tower	displacement. It is about a place that is neither here nor there - it is about the "in between", the edge of the abyss which engages the imagination.
The Cage	<i>pause</i>
The Woman	
The Author/Object, Victim	The play is a tragi-drami-comedy. There are eight animate components, three are human and one inanimate object, the apparatus from which the slash is hung. All the characters and objects in the play are taken directly from Giacometti's "Palace at 4 a.m."
The Spinal Column	
The Skeletal Bird	Each scene is separate - a distinct play. Each is interrupted in the spirit of Calvino. Each is erased, replaced and over written. Play of Place of Play is a "dis-Play". It is plays within plays within plays. The theme in each is displacement (dis-Plays-ment). Traces of each are displayed on the screen/"slash". The reader, (you) must place (plays) yourself between reading and imagining the places described. You are victim, witness, voyeur and author (of your own imagination).

The slash is the mechanical device at center stage which transforms the objects of the "Palace at 4 a.m." (it is itself a transformation of the horizontal hanging unspoken glass of the Palace). It guides, makes, and erases figments and fragments of objects; objects which are outside the field of vision; outside the procenium. The objects are unseen and unnameable; they are absent but their presence is perceived. The players allude to them.

pause

THE SLASH

The slash is the sign of the work and is signified in the work by the "screen". It is a device, or to use a Diller Scofidio term, a "hinge"²⁴ upon which the work revolves. The contemplation of that line is the void, the gap, the "in between". It is the place of contemplation and imagination. It is a mechanical device that is manipulated by bodies. It is a screen that both masks and reveals. It collects and displays dust and particles from the ground and air. It is a memory device. It rotates, pivots, and turns. It has four configurations. It is foreground and background.

THE APPARATUS

It is a stationary form that supports the "slash". It is minimal and indiscrete. It is an inverted procenium, ie. it is located behind the action instead of in front.

THE HOUSE

The house is a collapsing house. When in use it has space when no one is home it folds in on itself, it closes, like a mechanized garage door.

It denies history.

It is both place and dis-place, non-place, im-place, un-place.

It is the subject and object of destruction. It destroys itself (subject) and through its destruction it destroys history (object).

THE TOWER

Sexual apparatus

Phallic symbol whose footprint is taken from shadows of the Palace at 4am. Parts of it stand erect, others are only in shadow.

THE CAGE

The element of confinement. It is a physical and mental object.

THE WOMAN

Fluctuating character. Changes character arbitrarily with the Spinal column at any point in time through body language and a sliding mask apparatus. interchangeable through body part emphasis

A cult priestess

Subject and object of religion and desire.

She governs the sexual apparatus, the tower, her object of desire.

THE AUTHOR/OBJECT, VICTIM

Psychotic - Victim of his own fears.

He is always seen in shadow if at all.

All voices belong to him regardless of sex.

He is both victim and perpetrator.

He is subject and object of insanity.

THE SPINAL COLUMN

Fluctuating character. Changes character arbitrarily with the woman at any point in time.

Represented through its absence, ie. a spineless person. Synonyms for spineless are invertibrate, emasculate and impotent. The invertibrate is an exoskeleton, an automaton. His quest occurs in the sexual apparatus, the tower, his object of desire.

THE SKELETAL BIRD

The mystery element. It is only implied.

THE PROGRAM

Scene 1: *(the making)*

VOICES THAT DO NOT INTERSECT

Scene 2: *(the drawing)*

DIVIDED BY SILENCE

Scene 3 *(the projection)*

ON OPAQUE WALLS

Scene 4: *(the reading)*

WITH ONLY A TRACE

Scene 5: *(the dis - play)*

SCENE 1 - Making...(the slash)

*It's 4, four am [ante meridiem] not a normal time for building but an ideal one for
fantasizing on houses and palaces and dreaming of labyrinthine and impossible
constructions.*

There are no boundaries just blank, empty space that must be carved.

Lights are on but dimmed

Silence - hold

Sound of chainsaw starting - abruptly (loud and echoing)

*Figure walks to centre stage and proceeds to cut an "x", a cross in the floor. Wood chips
shower the figure and ground.*

*Figure turns saw off and walks out of view
Light flashes quickly from scar left in ground*

*Three hands enter, one holding a cigarette
(figures dressed in black with white gloves)*

*They proceed to build a metal frame
(no sound except the sound of making)*

White diaphragm panels are hung in place on the frame

*Hands clap - cigarette is thrown in front of screen
Hands leave from view.*

Lights dim out to total blackness...

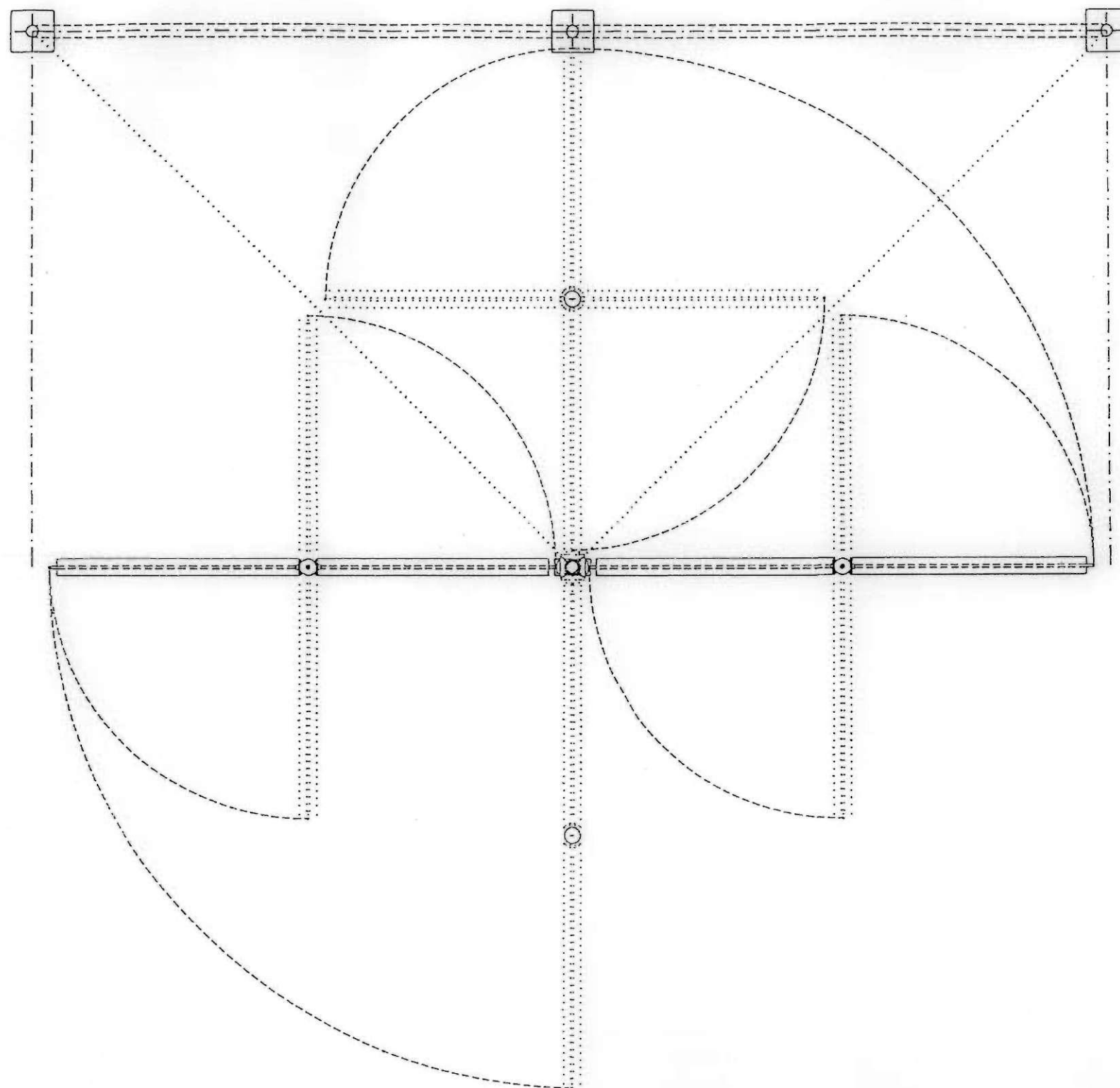


Figure 1: Stage Configuration 1

VOICES THAT INTERSECT - (the cage)

The scene begins in total blackness - a profound and frightful darkness

silence

Hold for some time

Suddenly, sound of door slamming. In an instant the sound of two turnings of a key

note to reader: you are locked in and deprived of your liberty while seated in a tomb, among shadows

Behind the screen, in shadow, two figures are seated at opposite ends of a table, one writes, the other reads aloud.

*Victim: I see and hear things they tell me
are not there, but that I know are;
and I'm terrified. They say I'm
mad...but I know different.*

pause

*Victim: This recurring dream ails me at all
hours. They call it a dream but I
know different. You rip the
thoughts from my head and
consume them fervorously until
my mind is null. I have been
erased, pruned from existence,
swallowed by a vacuum.*

pause

Victim: Are you even listening?

pause

Voice 1: You are just between places.

*Voice 2: You are in transition.
Instructions will be given. New
thoughts will arrive - step aside
and wait your turn.*

Voice 1: You are just between places.

pause

a very strange shadow comes into view here and very slowly, hardly noticeably encroaches upon the victim

Victim: Now...I only see shadows. They substitute for the opaqueness of my walls, the very vagueness of their depth. The outside is no longer there - they destroy the familiar impressions I once had of my room, the very place I had cursed as my prison has turned it's planes' face. Now I no longer recognize it, and I feel quite uneasy in it, as in a room in some way-side hotel, in a place where I had just arrived by train for the first time...only different...I'm waiting.

Voice 2: Are you reading or daydreaming?

Voice 3: Reading is always this: There is a thing that is there, a thing made of writing, a solid, material object, which cannot be changed, and through this thing you measure yourself against something else that is not present, something else that belongs to the immaterial, invisible world, because it can only be thought, imagined, or because it was once and is no longer, past, lost, unattainable, in the land of the dead...

Voice 2: The shadows of which you see.

Victim: Yes, they haunt me, they over take my presence and engulf me in a tomb-like darkness of which there is no escape.

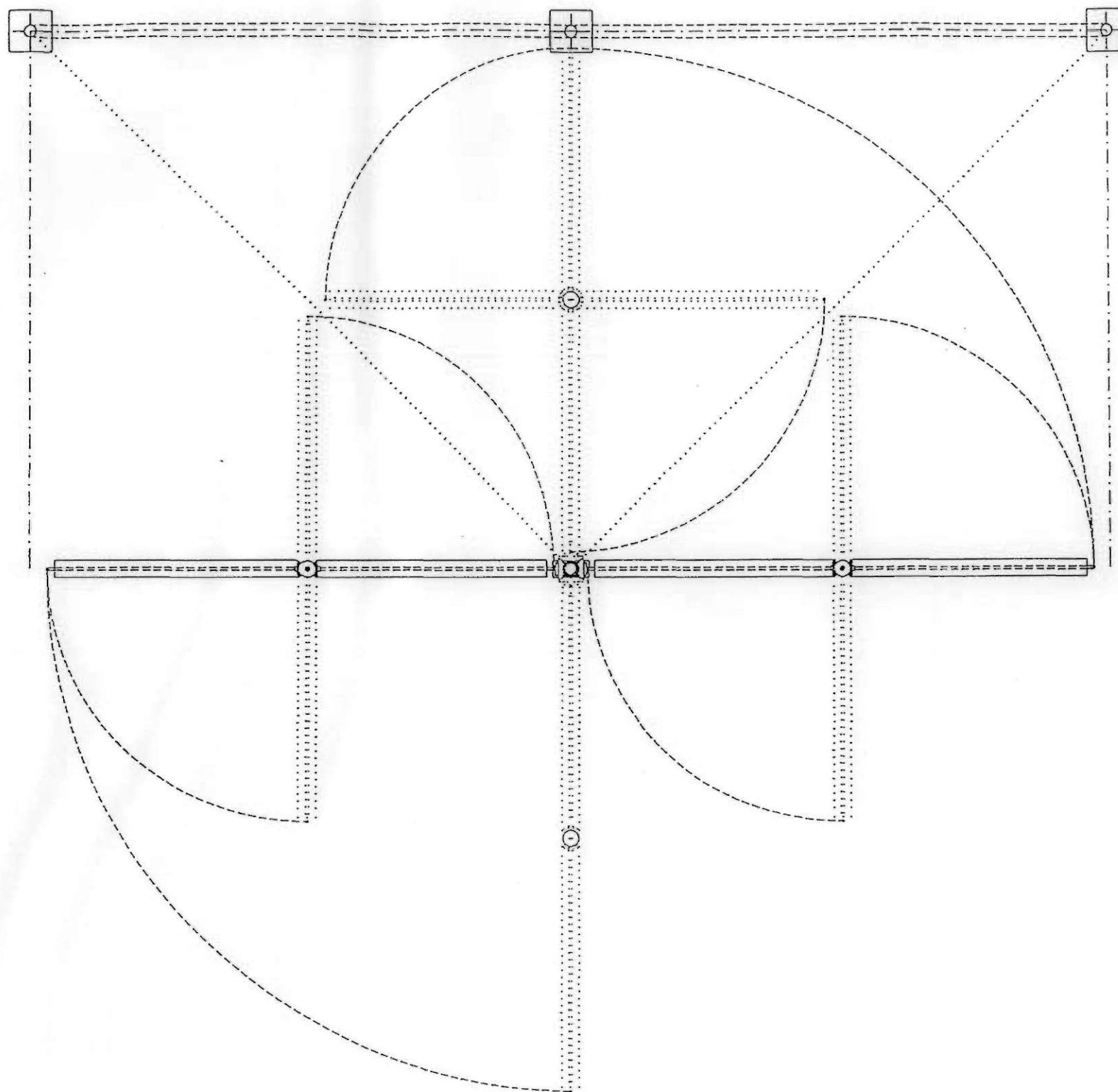


Figure 1: Stage Configuration 1

shadow hovers over the victim, he takes his book and hides under the table for protection.

Voice 1: You are just between places.

voice 1 repeats this stanza every time voice 2 speaks.

voice 2 repeats this stanza every time voice 3 speaks.

*Voice 2: You see four black swatches above
you with a network of thin
string-like lines intersecting
between.*

*Victim: Yes, I see them. Lines, they are only
lines. Many lines intersecting, or
seemingly so.*

shadow descends upon and through the table. (monotone) All voices speak at once

repeatedly. Victim yells in order to be heard.

*Voice 3: You see it moving towards you.
Reaching for you. It threatens your
body. The lines begin to cut
through the table as if it weren't
there.*

shadow begins to slowly fill the screen

*Victim: Yes, I see it. I hear my heart
pounding as if the organ were in my
head. It's like a train vibrating and
ripping through the corpuscles to my
brain. These lines have become
planes and planes, solids, heavy,
sharp...A skeletal body invading my
space, my room. It's scepter cuts my
flesh and it sucks the breath from my
lips. The planes, the faceless cold
planes like the black oval face of the
hooded "death".!!*

(note to reader: do you find your eyes rushing back and forth across the page? faster, faster...)

Voice 2: You see corridors (repeat)

*Victim: It is so vast. Yes, I see, innumerable
passages, corridors, tortuous paths
and blind alleys - what is this place?
Can you hear me? Can you hear
me?*

voices still repeating their last line.

Voice 3: You read therefore it writes.

all voices stop abruptly

pause

figure walks in and takes the writer's pulse and temperature.

pause

Victim:(whispers) They call it a dream.

pause

Victim:(whispers) But I know different.

figure leaves the screen

voices begin speaking and repeating their last spoken line together.

*Victim: (excitedly) My hand look at my
hand...its gone. I can't see it, I
can't feel it, I can't smell it, I can't
hear it,...I can't even taste it! Its
gone.*

shadow of object overtakes shadow of subject.

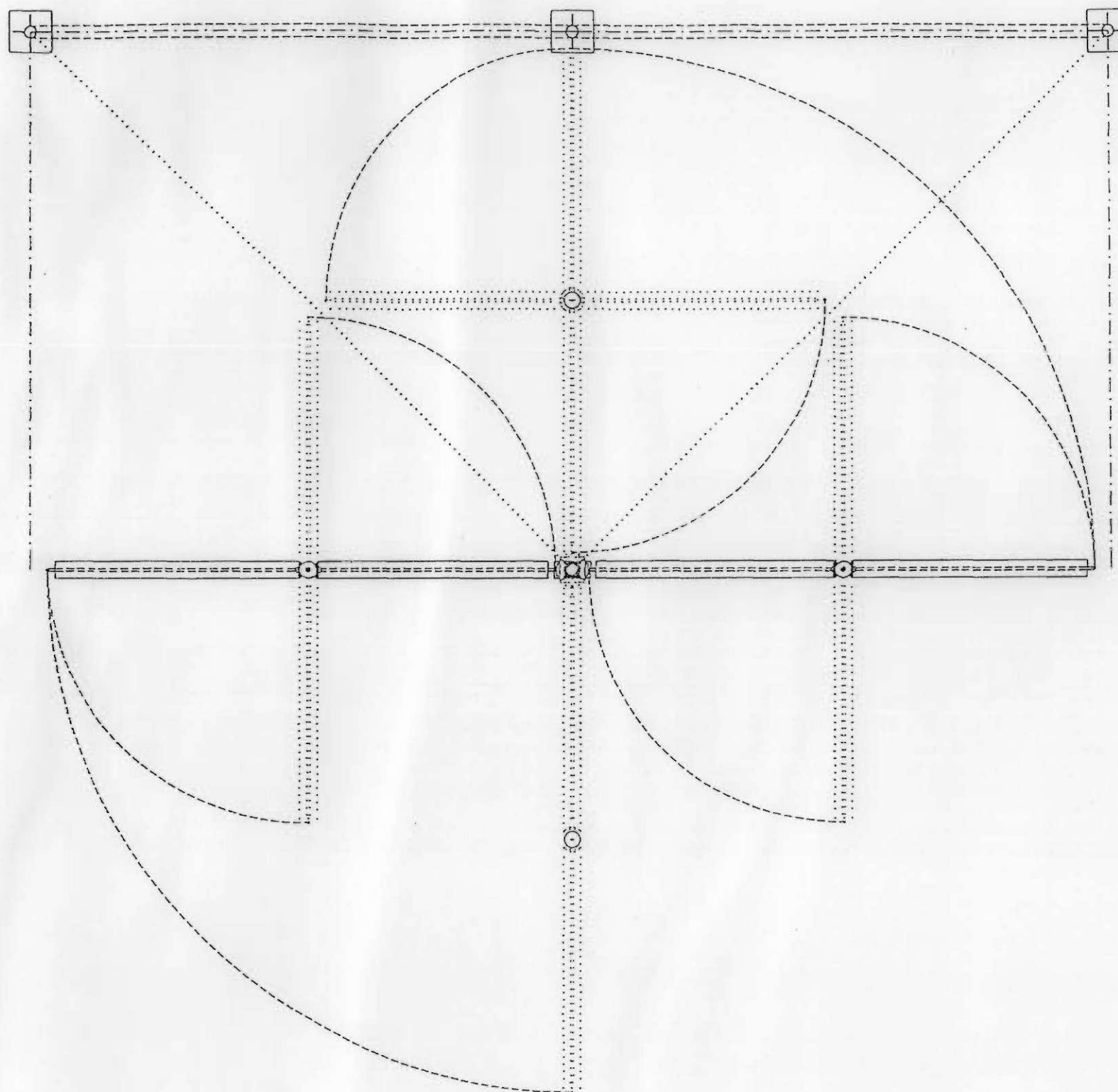


Figure 1: Stage Configuration 1

Voice 2: Are you even listening or are you daydreaming?

Voice 3: Listening to someone read aloud is very different from reading in silence. When you read, you can stop or skip sentences: you are the one who sets the pace. When someone else is reading, it is difficult to make your attention coincide with the tempo of his reading: the voice goes either too fast or too slow

Victim: (frustrated) I'm not listening, I'm reading...

Writer throws back his chair. Voices stop abruptly. light fixture falls on the stage in front of screen destroying the shadows...

SCENE 2 - The Drawing

Feminine entity appears on stage with a piece of charcoal and a kneaded eraser. Whether man or woman remains a mystery since only the face and hands are visible...the entity is bodiless. But it is a fact that this entity is more feminine than masculine...actions, motions and body language speak louder than words and specific body part...(in this case).

It begins to draw the shadow of the cage which has just abruptly left the screen, on the screen...the middle two panels of the slash to be exact.

addressing the audience

VOICE (feminine) Does any body...pause...any "body" have a cigarette?

pause

VOICE (feminine) Do you?...pause...No I don't want one, I'm drawing right now...I'm trying to quit...

the partial body takes the cigarette from you, which you then proceed to light for "her"

VOICE (feminine) Well...O.K. thank you don't mind if I do.

"she continues to draw...humming softly but audibly to herself.

music begins to play...music from the soundtrack to Mishima by philip glass...she begins to hum to that...her drawing is dictated by the rhythm and repeatative nature of the music, she draws the same lines over and over on top of each other repeatedly as if hypnotized by the music...

the hand stops drawing the other hand lifts the cigarette to the lips and the lips gently pull the smoke from the body of the firestick. A long draw...the head turns to the source of the music and inquires...

pause

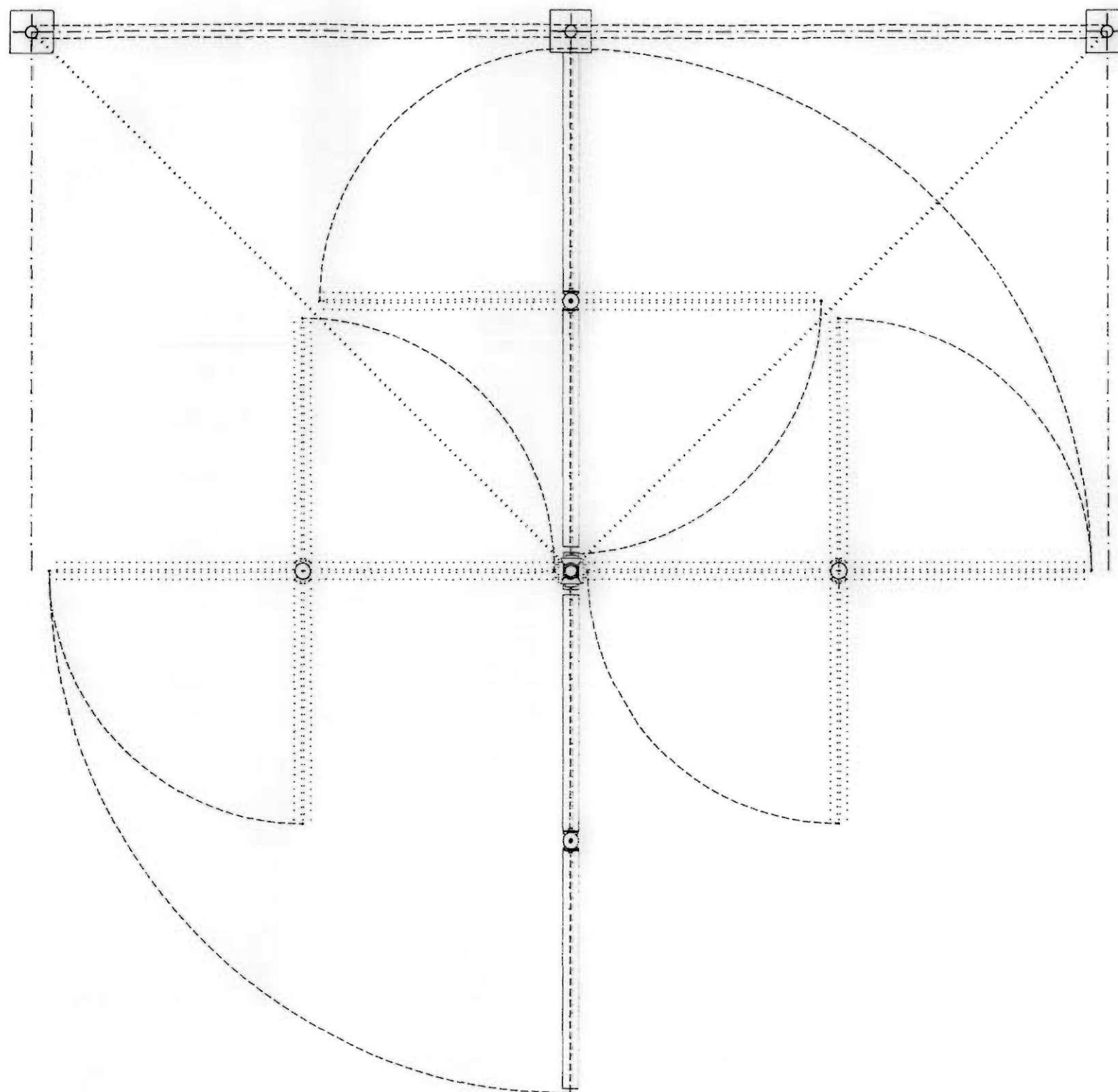


Figure 2: Stage Configuration 2

VOICE (masculine) Do you have permission to use the music of such a genius in this performance?...(pause)...It's from a sound track you know...you do know don't you?

silence hold 5 seconds

music gets louder - the hand continues to draw, only this time with a different action - body language is more masculine than feminine

sound of hammering, sawing, drilling, dropping in the back ground...

VOICE (masculine)(as if in response) oh, my foot, I bet you didn't even check the copy right laws...pause...call Kinko's and get the o.k. would you...

music gets louder

voice sings with music...very repetative...

enter scene shifters...pairs of hands which begin to release the slash for motion...they begin to make the make shift...

sound of making is heard behind the slash.

voice stops humming and addresses his/her drawing

music gets louder then fades in a 10 sec frame

pause

VOICE (feminine) This is a place...a special place...That intellectual space, psychic interplay, and silence solidified by thought which exists between the members of a written phrase is here, in the scenic space, traced between the members, the air, and the perspectives of a certain number of shouts colours and movements...

*music gets very loud, face gets very agitated at the drawing...hand
drops the eraser.*

pause

music fades to background noise

pause

one of the scene shifters picks it up

*the hands and face take the cigarette to you and hands it to
you...all that is left of it is a burning butt.*

*hands and face return to the drawing. they stop in front of
it...ponder it silently...hands begin erasing the image in an erratic,
fervorous manner...masculine and feminine join in anger.*

*the scene shifters shift the slash as if the hands and face were not
present.
hands continue erasing*

*the stage is now divided in half...the second configuration
(place)...for the second play.*

*VOICE (feminine) After all this is a maze -
a labyrinth and fibrous interlacings
of matter...it is a cage which we
must all eventually
face...FACE...FACE...FACE...*

*VOICE (masculine) These strange games of
flying hands (gestures to scene shifters)
like insects in the green air of
evening, communicate a sort of
horrible obsession, an inexhaustible
mental ratiocination, like a mind
ceaselessly taking its bearings in the
maze of its unconscious.*

*VOICE (masculine) Would some - "body"
hand me that erasure?...*

*VOICE (feminine) Did I say some "hand"
body me that eraser?...thanks
anyway...*

VOICE (feminine) thanks anyway

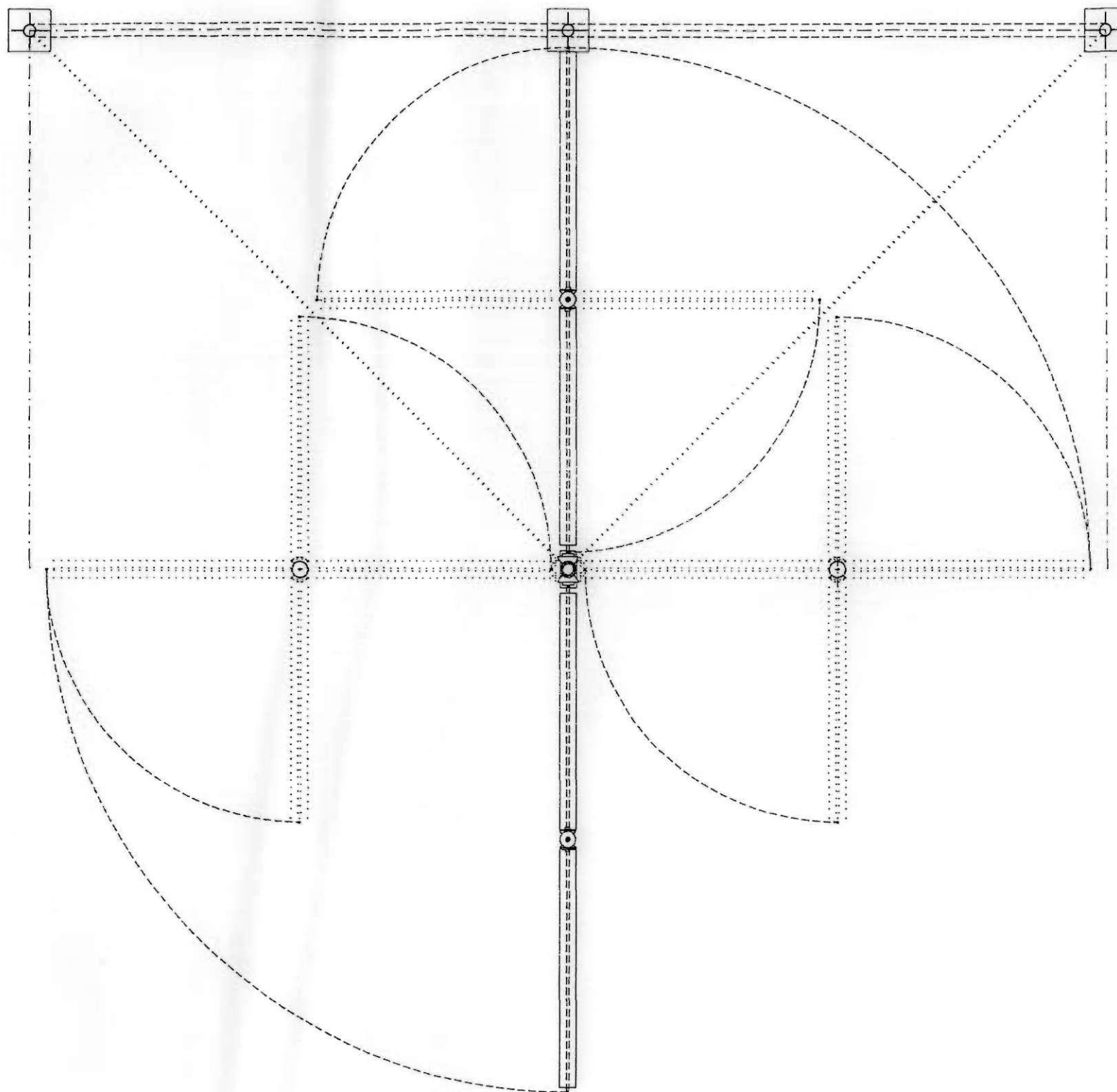


Figure 2: Stage Configuration 2

DIVIDED BY SILENCE - (the house, the tower)

*author/object/victim is dressed in black and lit from behind...face
and body are seen in shadow - enters stage left.*

*objects are located outside the procenium
only shadows are cast and perceived*

*VICTIM: It is a figment..without
dimension (gestures to
object/shadow on the
ground)*

pause

VICTIM: to learn is to assimilate

pause

*VOICE I: many memories...we are
victims of a subjective
illusion...when I am
melting I have no hands.*

pause

walks over to the slash...touches it hand passes through it.

*VICTIM: I go into a doorway in order
not to be trampled on.
Everything is flying away
from me. In the doorway I
can gather together the
pieces of my body...there...*

*begins to draw the object of the shadow. (the projection onto the
screen)*

The woman drawing stops, light on hands and face are dimmed

Stage right is in blackness

silence - hold

*lights brighten stage right - woman dressed in black robe - full view
center of stage right - lit from above.*

*WOMAN: It is an apparition, a ghost
with infinite direction*

WOMAN: To know is to forget

she begins to paint (trace) the shadow on the floor

*WOMAN: Amnesia...we are
perpetrators of an objective
validity...I have only hands*

*light from above dims...light on hands...figure continues painting,
audience sees only the hands of the figure*

light turns on above man - revealing the automatron

*MAN: We have left the window without
fear of vertigo. The wind blows our
faces out of the window the
implosion of thoughts builds a
figmental tower...here...*

gestures to the floor

begins tracing the shadow with his body

VICTIM: It is as if something is
thrown in me, bursts me
asunder, why do I divide
myself in different
pieces...

man shifts to woman

WOMAN: My secret identity is...the
room is empty and the
window is open.

VOICE 1: A house of cards...of sticks...I
had to tread softly past the
house of cards...a whole
road of them...thinking of
falling.

pause

contorts his body as if afraid of falling

VICTIM: Finding the infinite number
of threads that join me to
things and beings so that a
diagram of each moment of
my life would look like a
madman's scribble.

continues to scribble on screen

VICTIM: to learn is to assimilate

VOICE 1: to learn is to assimilate

VOICE 2: to learn is to assimilate

WOMAN: TO KNOW IS TO FORGET.

pause

MAN: TO KNOW IS TO FORGET.

*the shadow figure stops drawing and places his hand on the
screen and holds it there for five seconds*

pause

VICTIM: The threshold - drawing on
the memory of my home...

MAN: Drawing on forgetfulness erases words...

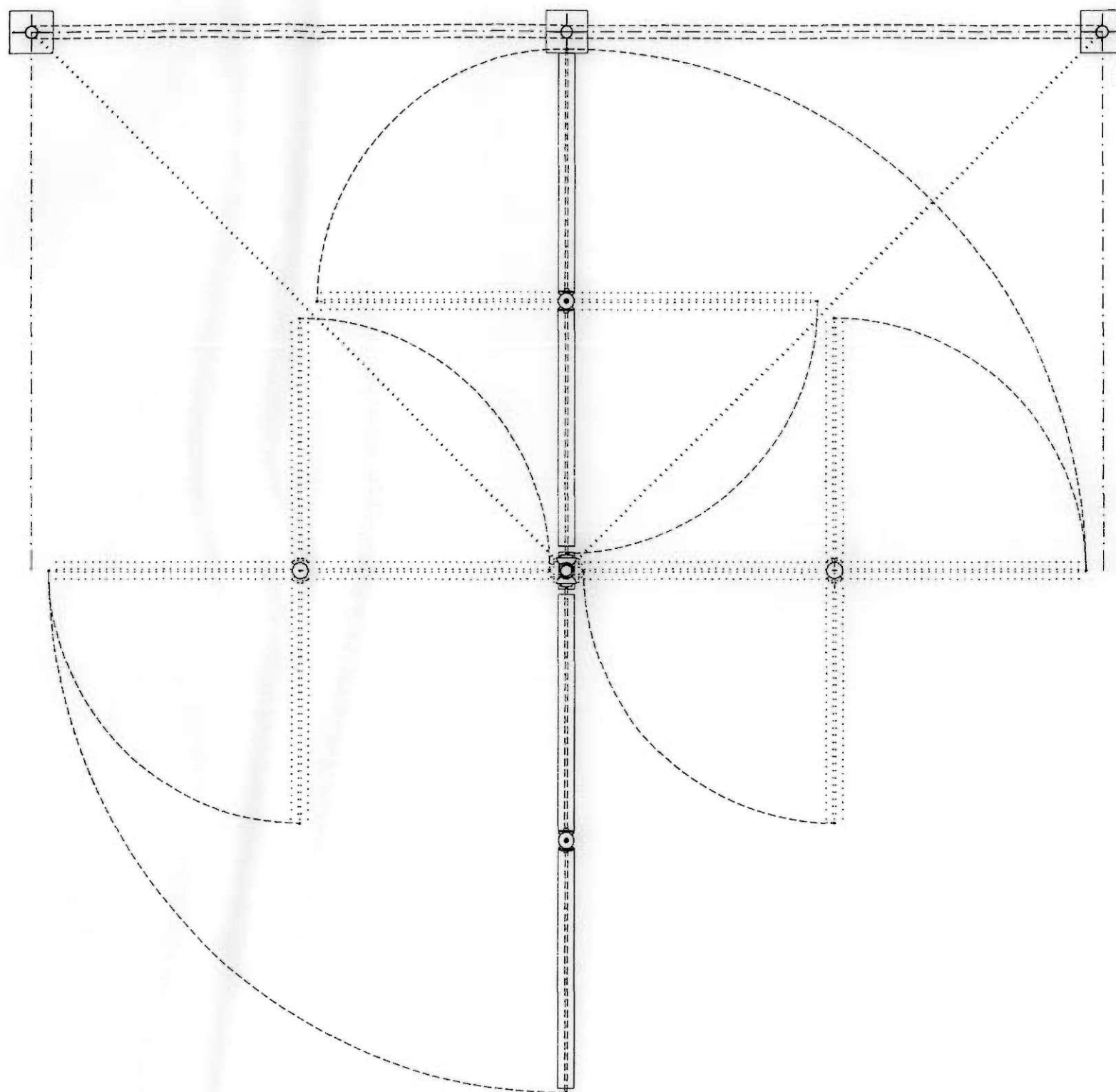


Figure 2: Stage Configuration 2

VOICE 1: I recall my mother by the
 window - the long black
 dress she wore seemed a
 part of her body...*(pause)*
 my earliest memory.
 It closes in on
 us...memory after
 recollection after...

WOMAN: We were born knowing
 how to sleep and some body
 woke us up...and we never
 saw them again.
 an apparition - both present
 and absent - we live in its
 shadow which is all we know.

VICTIM: The destruction of the house...
 no trace is left...Its folds and
 crevices erase the narratives...my
 body is intact in the folds and
 crevices of this house here.
(gestures to the drawing).

pause

VOICE 2: But its not right...

MAN: But its not Right

VOICE 1: But it is...

WOMAN: Not Right

SCENE 3 - The Projection

*scene shifters enter stage - they dim the lights
they turn off the light behind the victim...he fades from existence*

*woman/automatron move to the tip of the slash closest to the
audience and away from the proscenium*

scene shifters prepare for the projection... they shift the slash

WOMAN: shadow if you won't follow me,

WOMAN: let the cat follow the tree,

WOMAN: and the sky follow the window,

WOMAN: and the house follow the city towers,

WOMAN: and the country follow the road,

WOMAN: the walk I rise for in the morning,

WOMAN: the climb I rest from at night,

WOMAN: my heels where I lock you,

WOMAN: with nightfall I lock you,

WOMAN: FOLLOW ME

*woman and man split slowly - they unfold from each other - semiotic
relationship is broken*

they take their places at either side of the stage

woman stage right

MAN: you shall follow the cat,

MAN: and the tree follow the sky,

MAN: and the window follow the house,

MAN: and the city follow the country,

MAN: the road I walk on following you,

MAN: the rise I climb for in the evening,

MAN: resting my hands, my heart, my heels,

MAN: without stitch or key,

MAN: with footfall I lock you,

MAN: FOLLOW ME.

automatron stage left

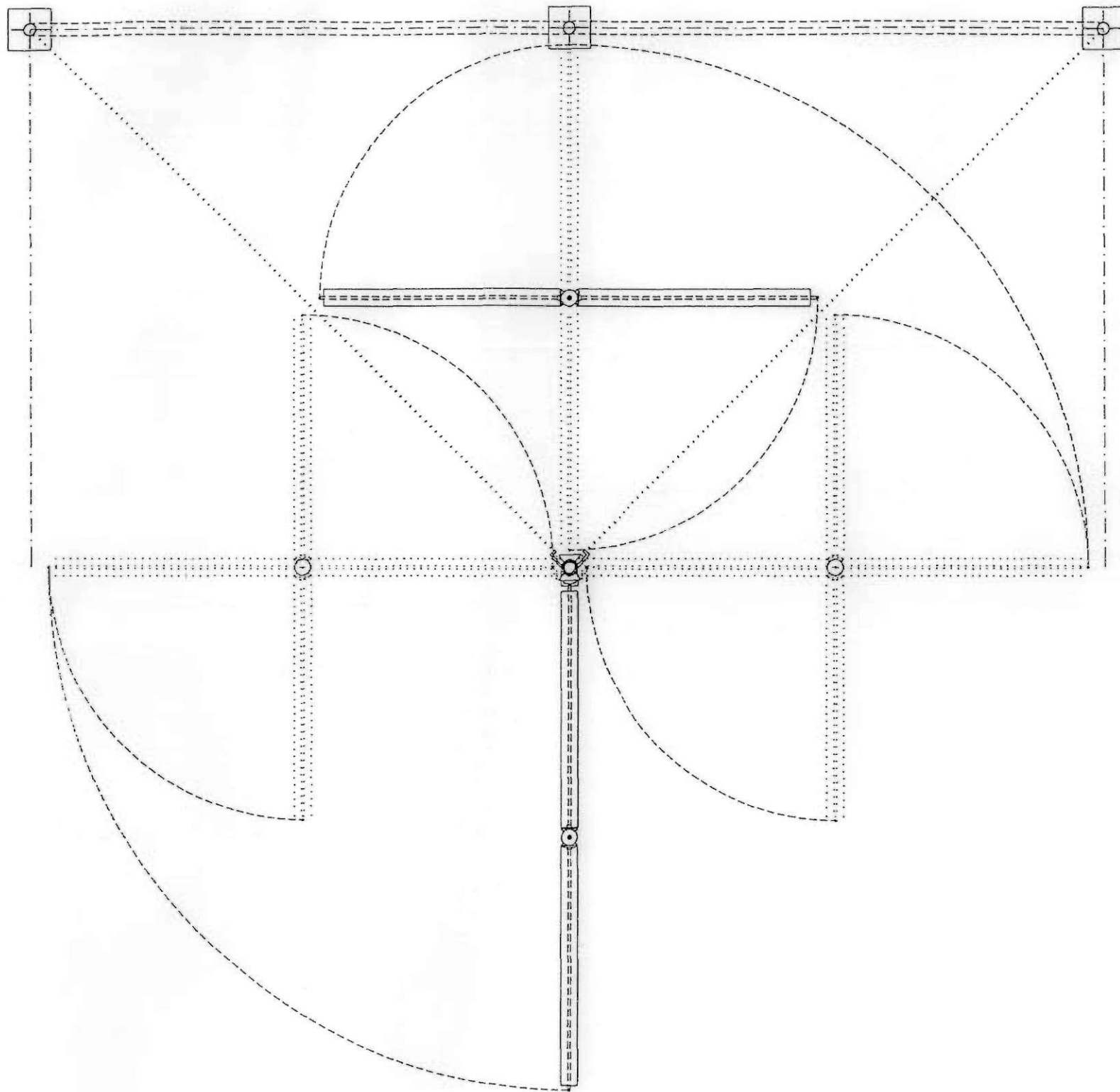


Figure 3: Stage Configuration 3

ON OPAQUE WALLS - (the house, the tower)

house lights turn off and the theatre is in total darkness

light source is the slash...it glows

*automatron and woman face each other - divided by the screen
both are lit from light emanating from the slash*

stage left man (automatron)

stage right woman

silence hold - 5 second frame

woman to tower, man to house

*woman and man turn in unison to face the proscenium they walk in step
towards it - shadows of objects appear - they take their positions in the center
of their prospective shadows*

*victim enters with movie camera - begins to film the audience whose images
are then projected on the slash - victim moves through the audience as the
man and woman begin to speak...*

(note to reader: you are on the stage...look...are they speaking to you?)

both man and woman trace their projections with their bodies.

WOMAN: It is here in this
configuration...what you and I are
looking for. It is our object of
desire...

MAN: My house is here...Can you see it?

he moves out from behind the screen and speaks to you on the screen

MAN: can you?

WOMAN: Yes...In the skeletal cities,
welcome - radiant - inverse of the
visible - we praise you - A (wo)
MEN.

MAN: NO, a sculpture a child would make
out of the hurt parts of the sky...we
salute silent shadows

stands at attention, salutes the object off stage projecting its shadow

hold

hold

man begins to unfold the house

MAN: I define myself spatially...to my
house...words describe my existence;

man walks the path of his house again.

pause

*victim moves back to the stage and projects the man and woman on the
slash.*

(note to reader: your point of view has changed...it is a double vision.)

*both man and woman paint the shadows of the objects projected from off
stage.*

woman begins pulling out pieces of the tower - fragments are erected.

WOMAN: The project is to project its
projection - see, its no longer a
figment but a fragment...but still a
complete whole...a (wo) men.

victim climbs the tower.

(note to reader: in order to give you a plan view.)

silence as they paint their shadows...hold 10 second frame

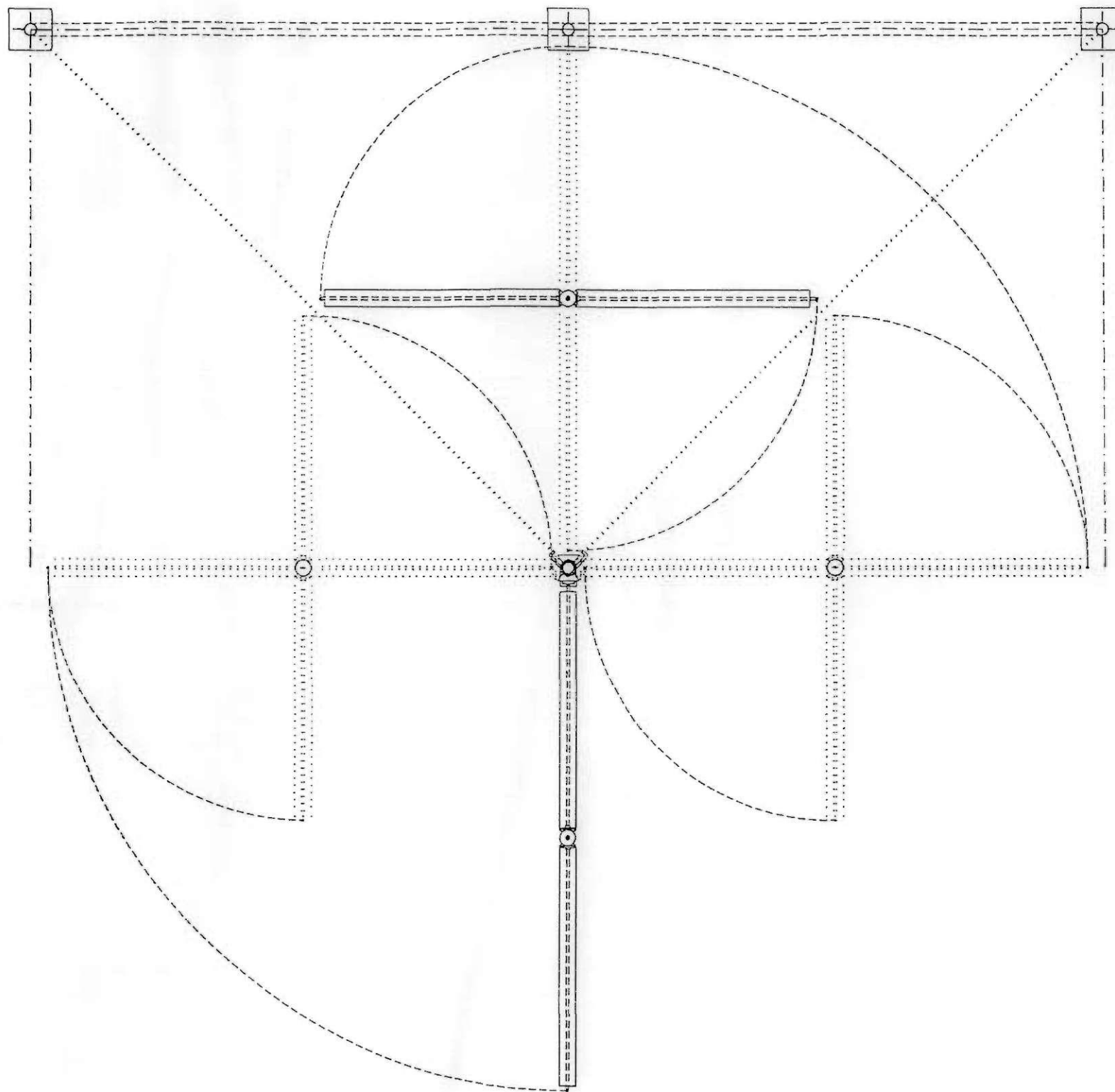


Figure 3: Stage Configuration 3

WOMAN: We are carried by an ancient momentum. Earth's shadow never alters its position - a solid cone that is poised above the maps of history - a conduit for stuff more permanent than light, which we praise...A (wo) MEN.

they meet at the center and begin to argue over whose shadow belongs to who...

MAN: It's a house.

WOMAN: It's a tower.

MAN: HOUSE

WOMAN: TOWER

in unison - The Tower Houses our desire

interruption: the projection ends abruptly as the victims camera completes its film

the shadows meet - confusion as to which is tower and which is house - the slash erases the conflict as scene shifters change the configuration separating the fragments of the house and the tower.

hold - 10 sec frame

SCENE 4 - The reading - (intermission)

house lights come on - hold 3 second frame

house lights dim

stage in blackness

pause

victim, lit from behind enters stage at the point furthest from the procenium

scene shifters hand out a text

*VICTIM: please take one and pass them along and please do not read until I say
begin*

VICTIM: begin...

don't you;

VICTIM: you semi colon myself

myself I,

VICTIM: comma

watch it change.

VICTIM: change period pay

*pay close and strict
attention:*

VICTIM: colon

to what I am saying,

VICTIM: saying comma to

to what you reading,

VICTIM: comma

and to the slash.

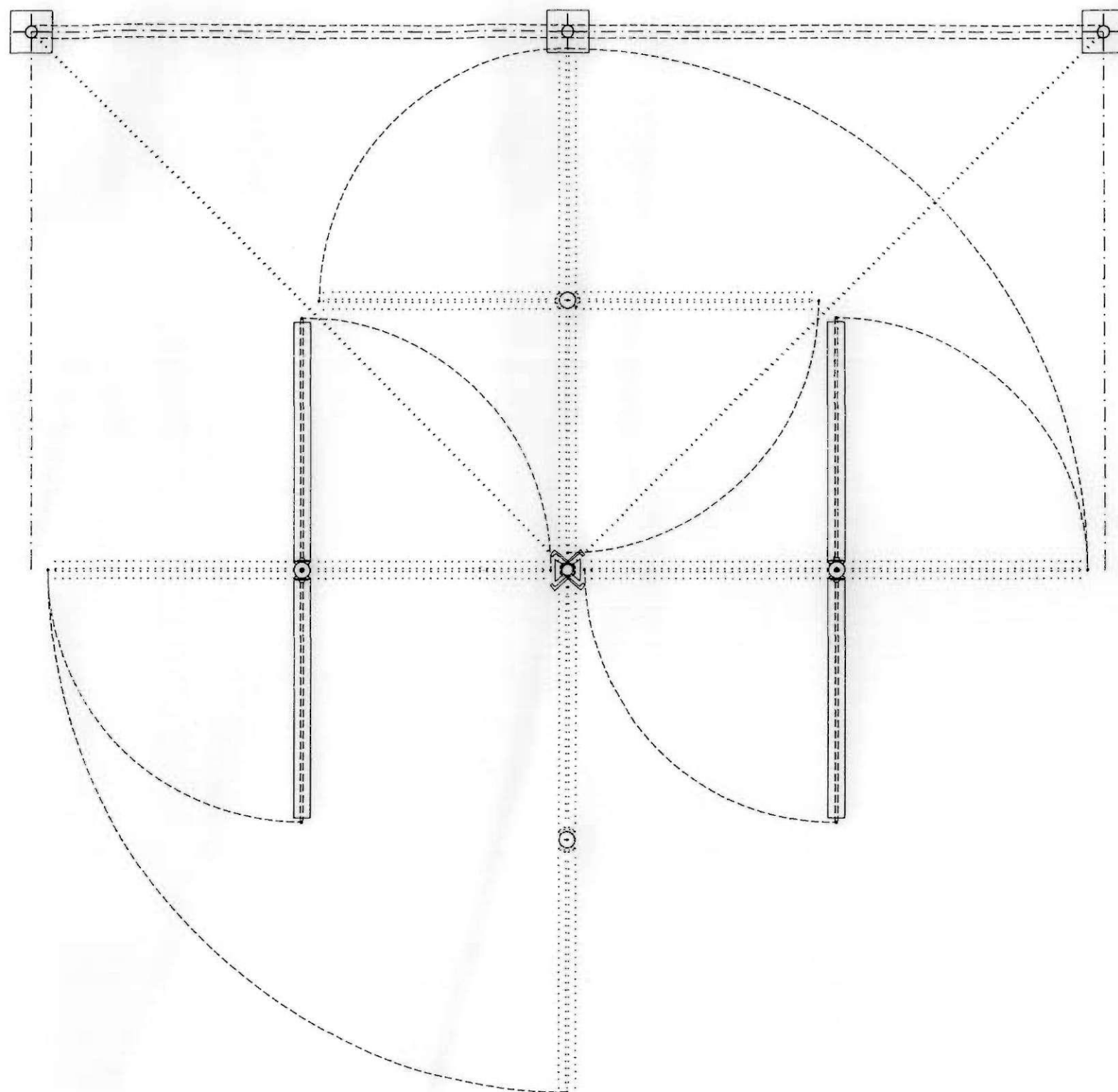


Figure 4: Stage Configuration 4

	VICTIM: OK comma They	
		<i>They have cued me,</i>
	VICTIM: comma	!
<i>the scene shifters have completed the shift.</i>		
	VICTIM: shift period It	
		<i>It is time,</i>
	VICTIM: comma	
<i>I think,</i>		
	VICTIM: think comma to	
		<i>to stop this...</i>
	VICTIM: dot dot dot	
<i>and continue.</i>		
	VICTIM: continue period.	

WITH ONLY A TRACE - (the house, the tower, the cage)

It's 4, four am [ante meridiem] not a normal time for building but an ideal one for fantasizing on houses and palaces and dreaming of labyrinthine and impossible constructions.

Silence - hold

man - automatron - stage left

victim is at center stage

woman - stage right

all three speak their lines simultaneously during this play

Victim: I see and hear things they tell me are not there, but that I know are; and I'm terrified. They say I'm mad...but I know different.

Victim: This recurring dream ails me at all hours. They call it a dream but I know different. You rip the thoughts from my head and consume them fervorously until my mind is null. I have been erased, pruned from existence, swallowed by a vacuum.

MAN: My house is here...Can you see it?

Victim: Yes, I see it. I hear my heart pounding as if the organ were in my head. It's like a train vibrating and ripping through the corpuscles to my brain. These lines have become planes and planes, solids, heavy, sharp...A skeletal body invading my space, my room. Its scepter cuts my flesh and it sucks the breath from my lips. The planes, the faceless cold planes like the black oval face of the hooded "death".!!

MAN: HOUSE,

WOMAN: It is here in this configuration...what you and I are looking for. It is our object of desire...

WOMAN: TOWER

silence hold - 5 second frame

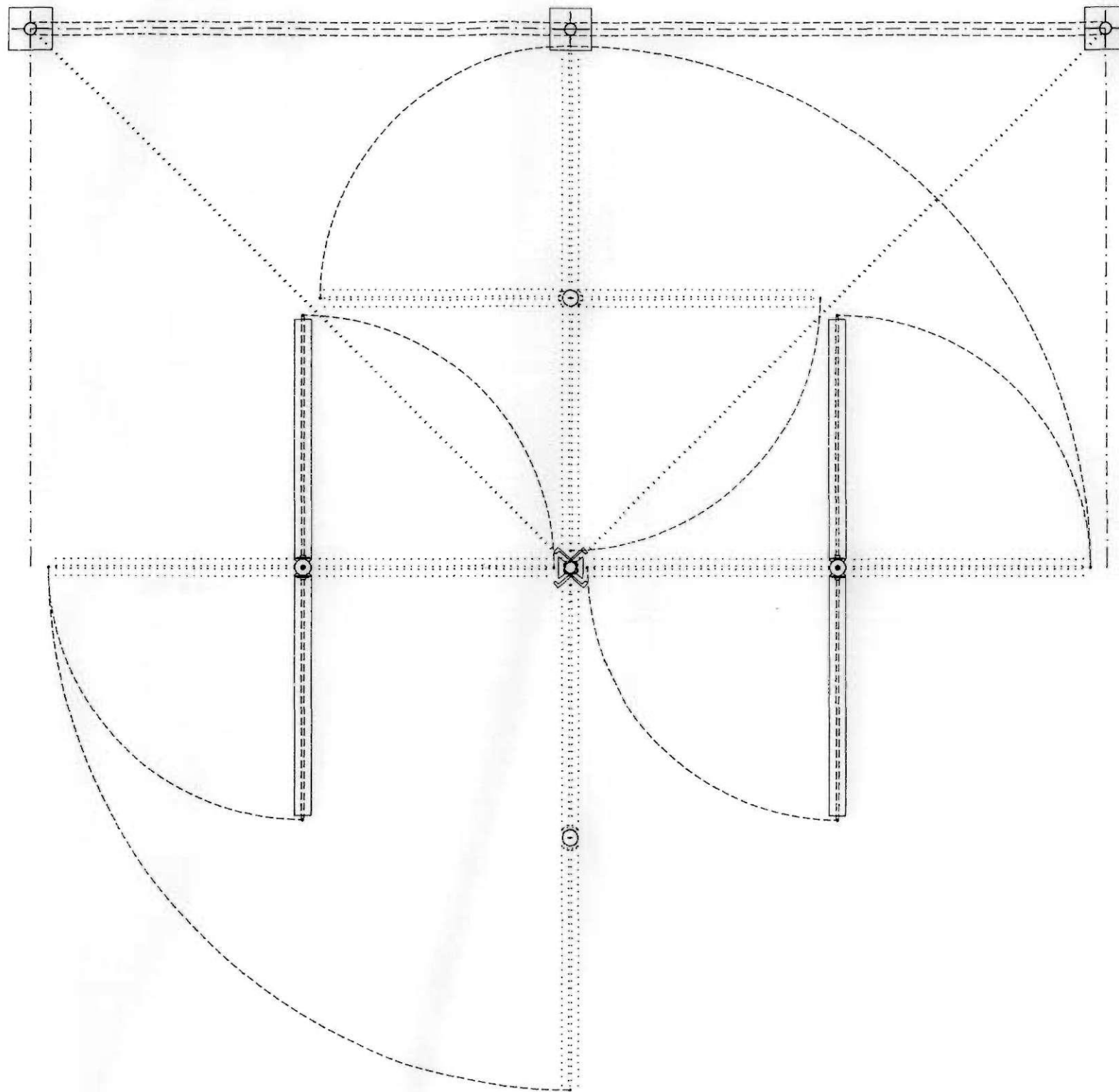


Figure 4: Stage Configuration 4

MAN: NO, a sculpture a child would make
out of the hurt parts of the sky...we
salute silent shadows

man walks the path of his house again.

MAN: It's a house.

Victim: Now...I only see shadows. They
substitute for the opaqueness of
my walls, the very vagueness of
their depth. The outside is no
longer there - they destroy the
familiar impressions I once had of
my room, the very place I had
cursed as my prison has turned it's
planes' face. Now I no longer
recognize it, and I feel quite uneasy
in it, as in a room in some way- side
hotel, in a place where I had just
arrived by train for the first
time...only different...I'm waiting.

Victim: Yes, they haunt me, they over take
my presence and engulf me in a
tomb-like darkness of which there
is no escape.

Reading is always this: There is a
thing that is there, a thing made of
writing, a solid, material object,
which cannot be changed, and
through this thing you measure
yourself against something else
that is not present, something else
that belongs to the immaterial,
invisible world, because it can only
be thought, imagined, or because it
was once and is no longer, past,
lost, unattainable, in the land of the
dead...

pause

all three characters leave the stage only objects remain...silence

hold

*scene shifters silently change the stage configuration from four to one lights are still off
slowly the slash begins to glow revealing all of the drawing and painting of shadows that
have been alluded to throughout the play...silence...hold*

WOMAN: The project is to project its
projection - see, it's no longer a
figment but a fragment...but still a
complete whole...a (wo) men.

WOMAN: Yes...In the skeletal cities,
welcome - radiant - inverse of the
visible - we praise you - A (wo)
MEN.

WOMAN: It's a tower.

lights dim and glow from the slash

SCENE 5 - The "Dis-Play"

*, pause**Silence - hold*

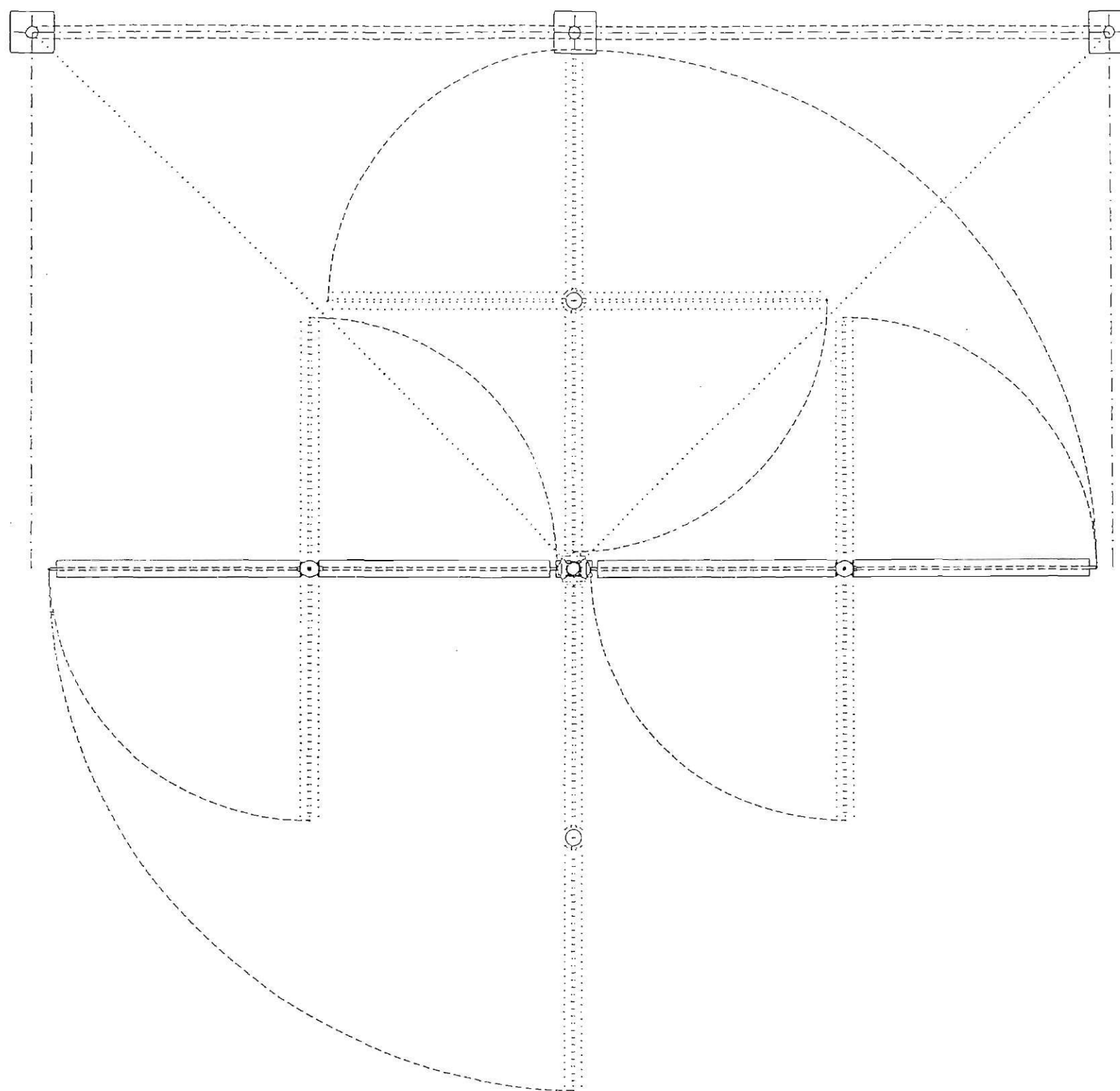


Figure 1: Stage Configuration 1

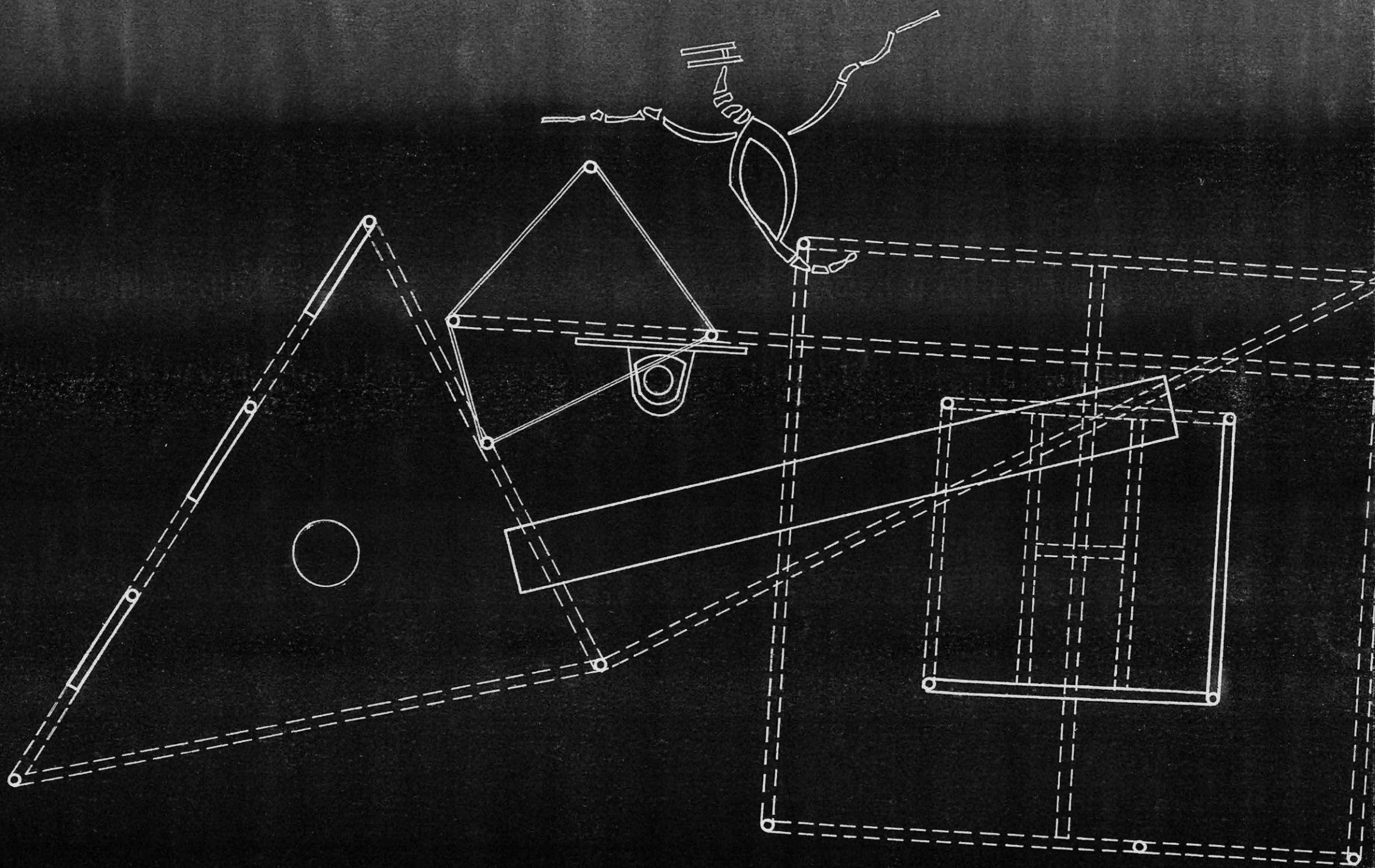


Figure 5: Plan of Palace at 4 a.m.

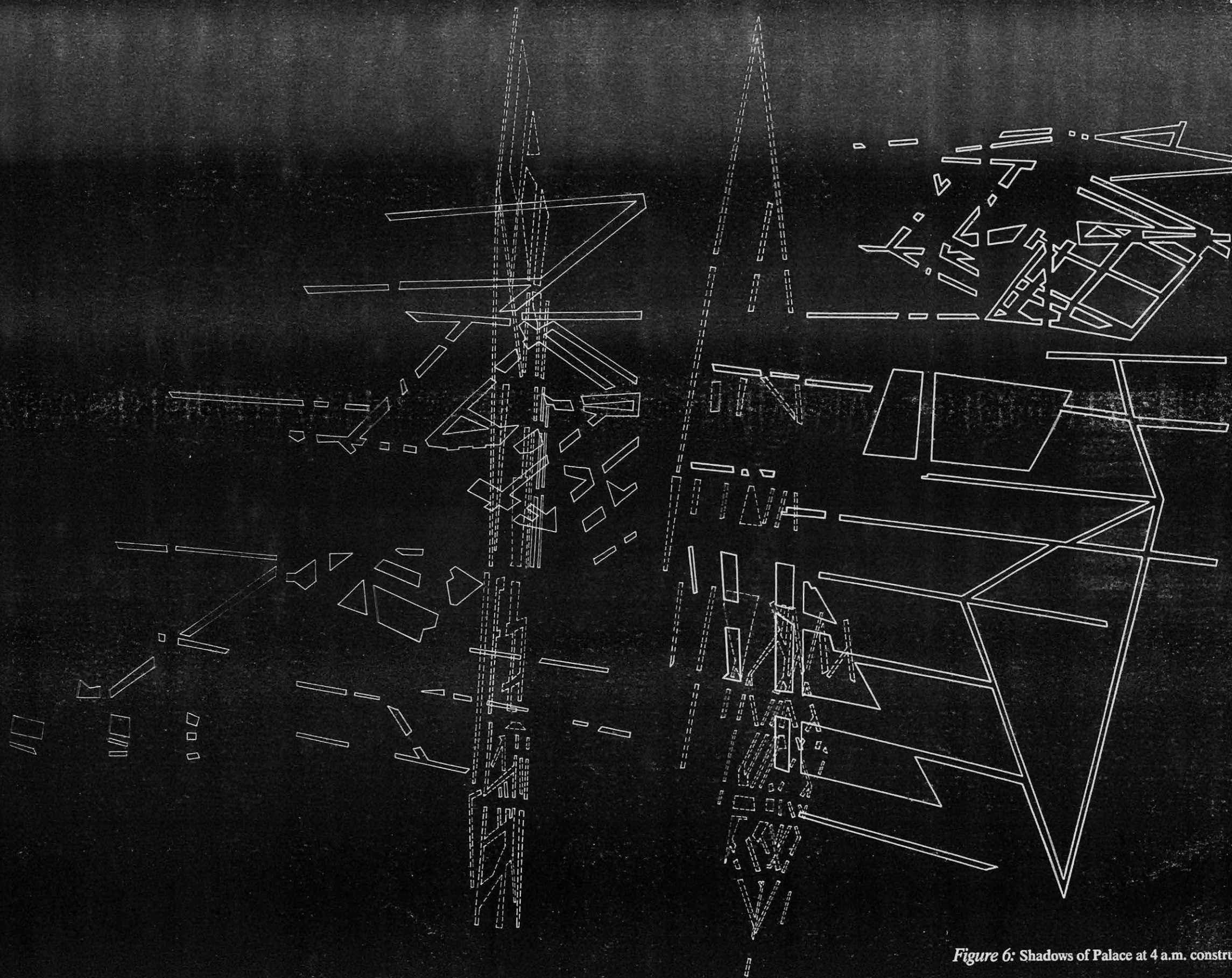


Figure 6: Shadows of Palace at 4 a.m. construcion

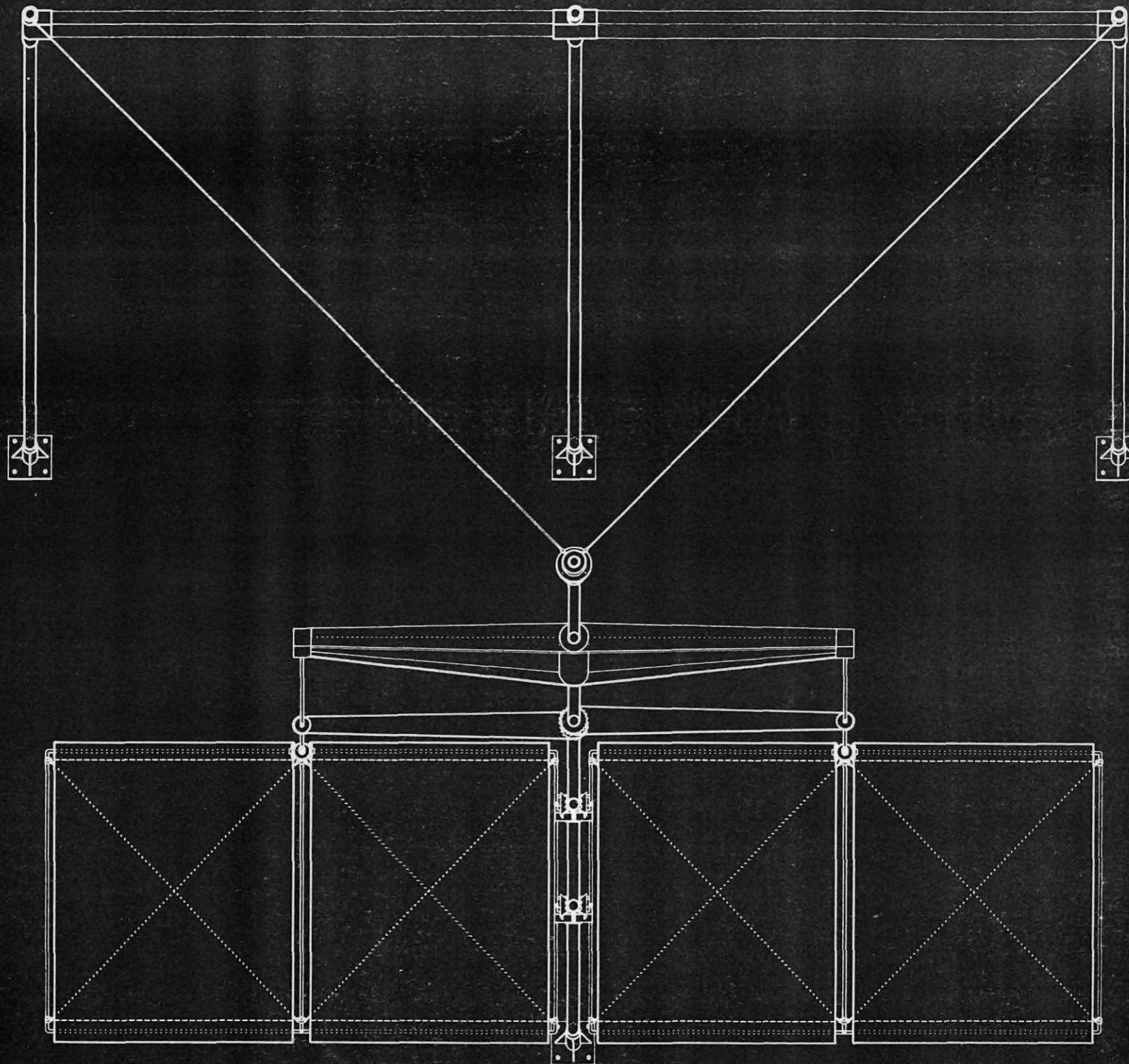


Figure 7: Flat Projection of "Slash" Configuration 1

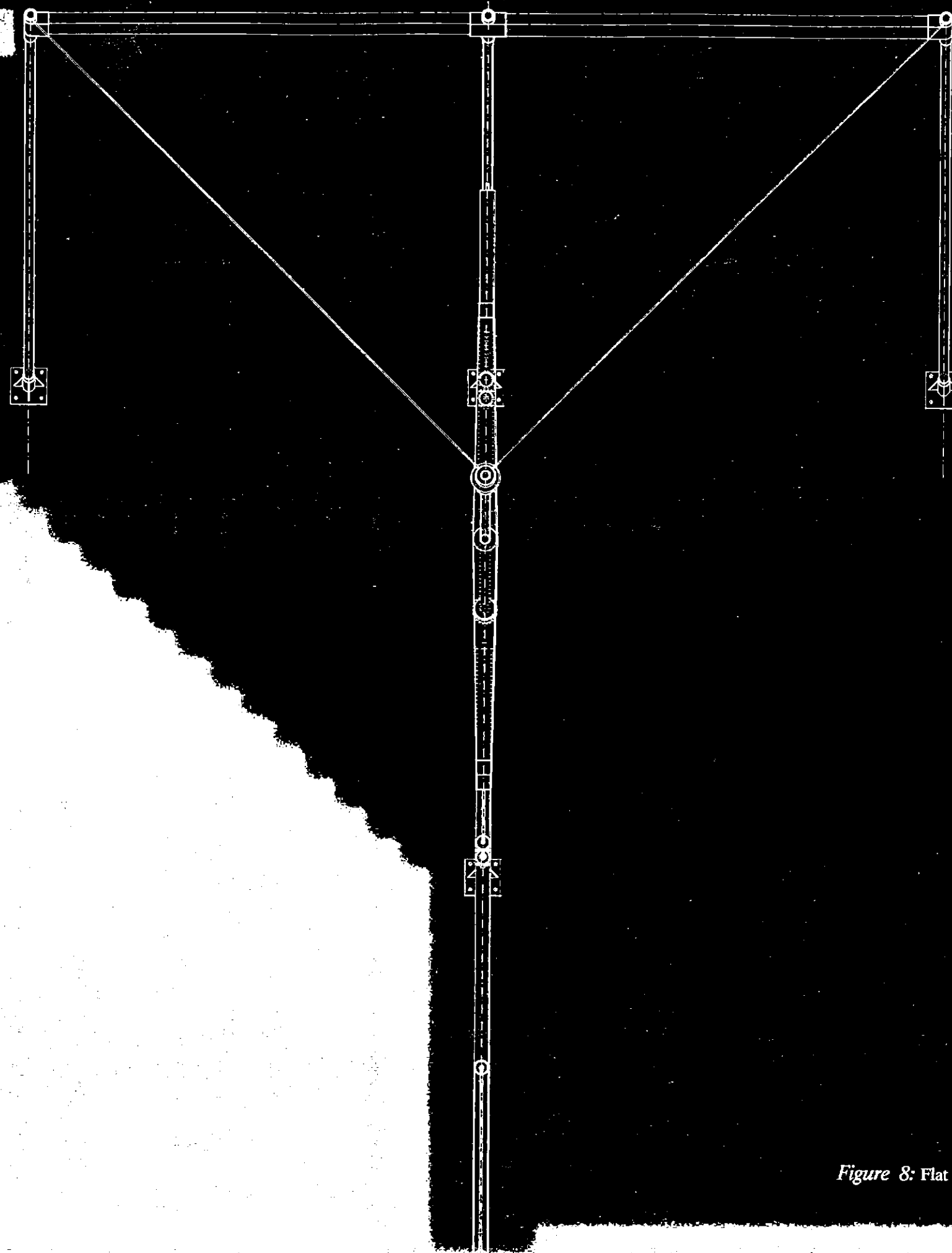


Figure 8: Flat Projection of "Slash" Configuration 2

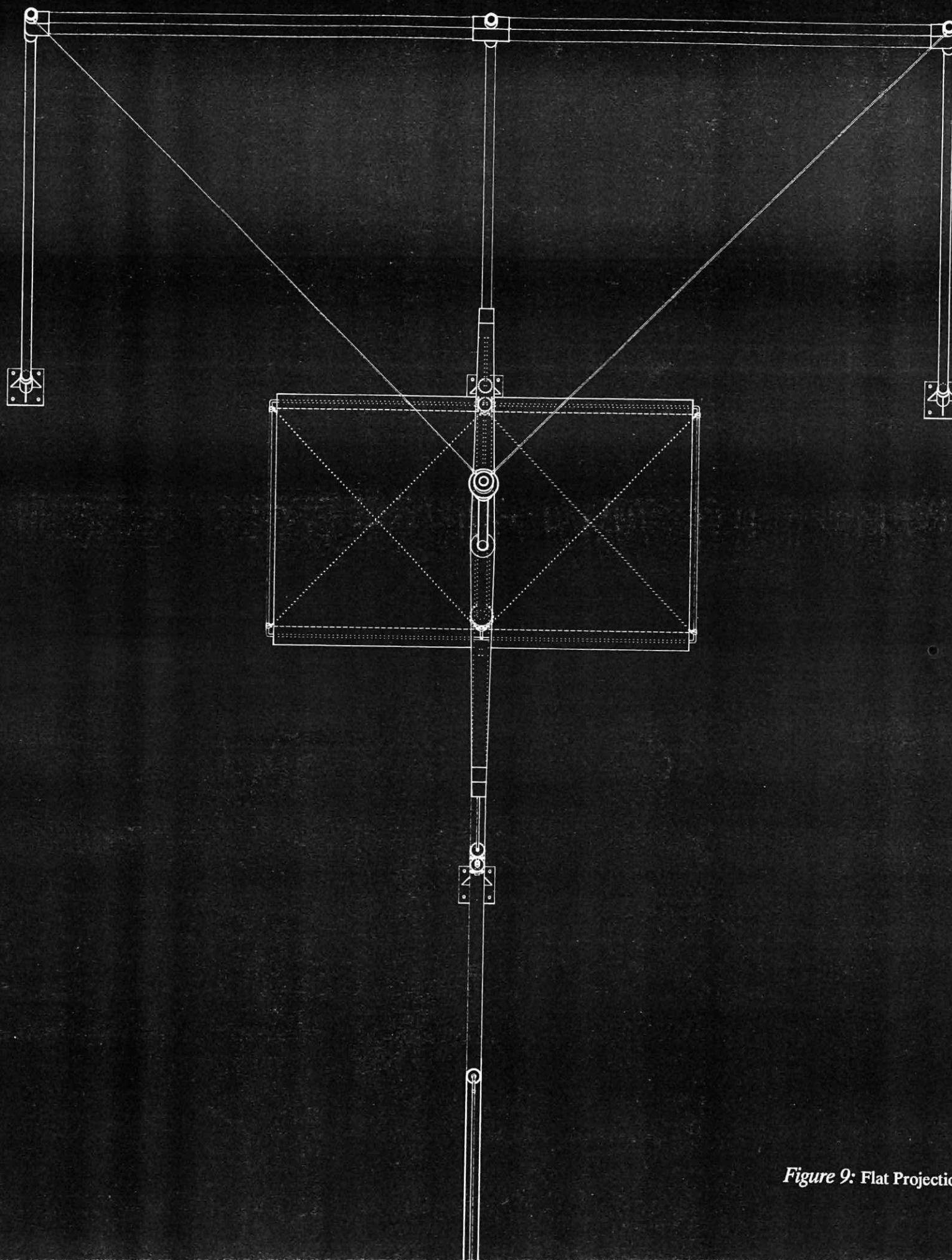


Figure 9: Flat Projection of "Slash" Configuration 3

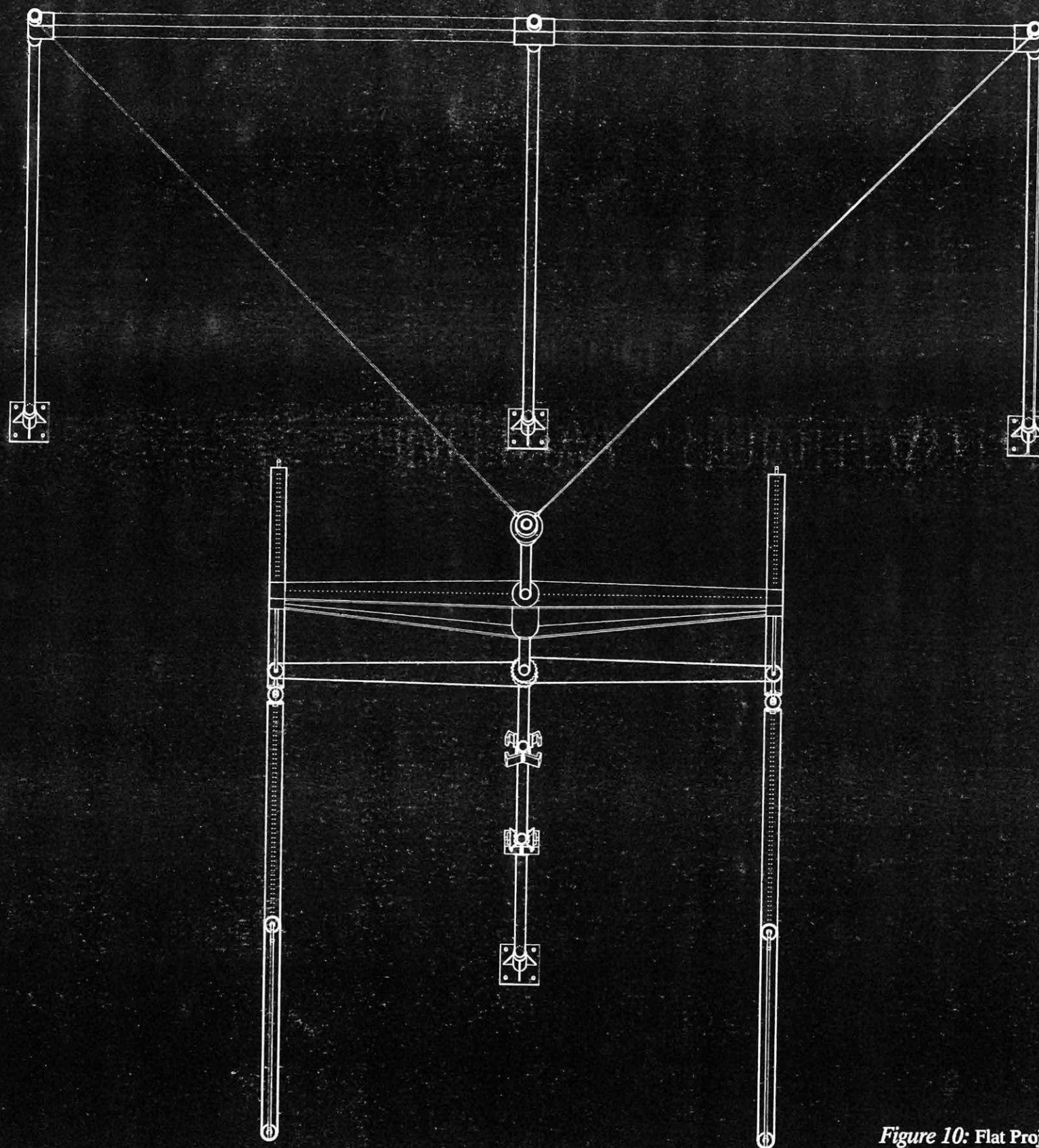


Figure 10: Flat Projection of "Slash" Configuration 4

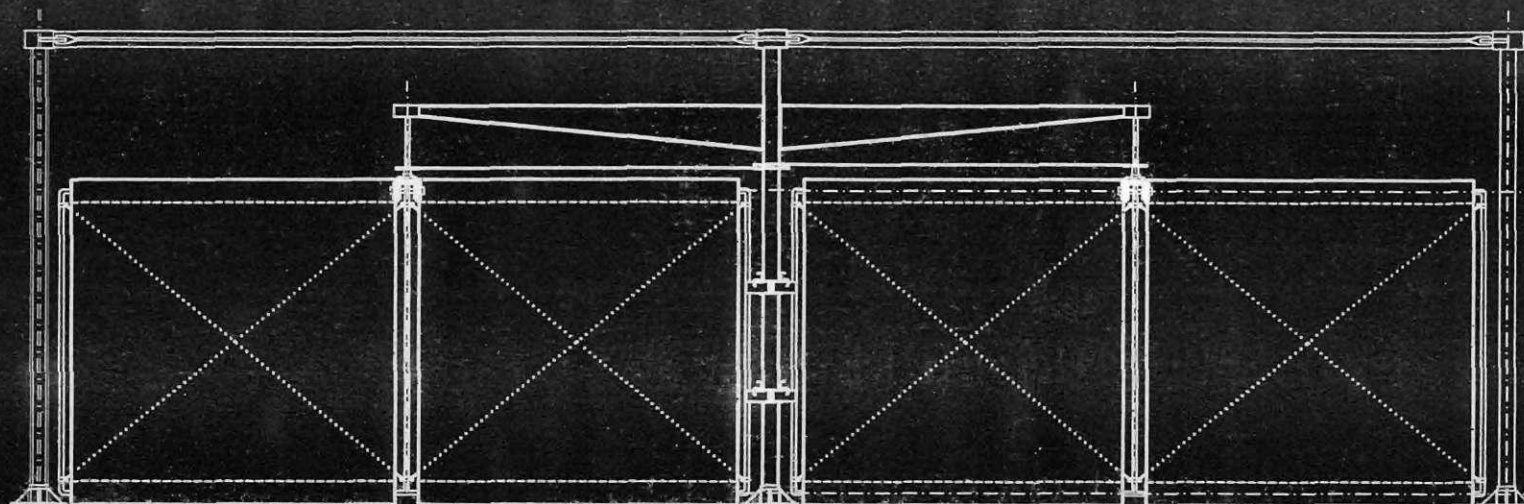


Figure 11: Stage Configuration 1 (Elevation)

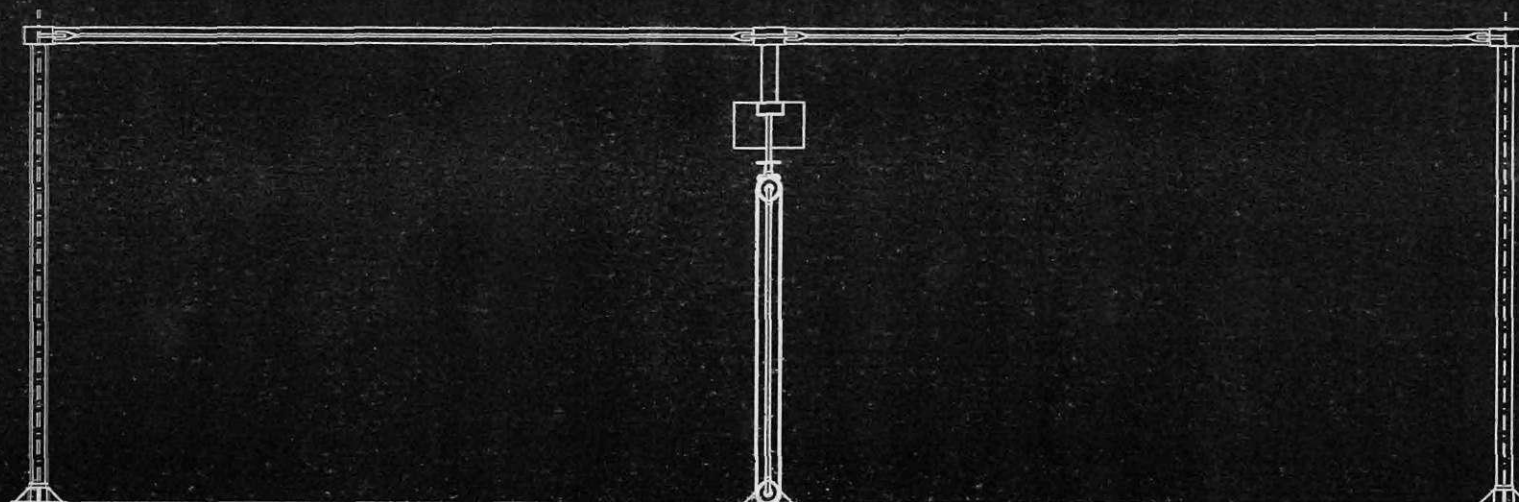


Figure 12: Stage Configuration 2 (Elevation)

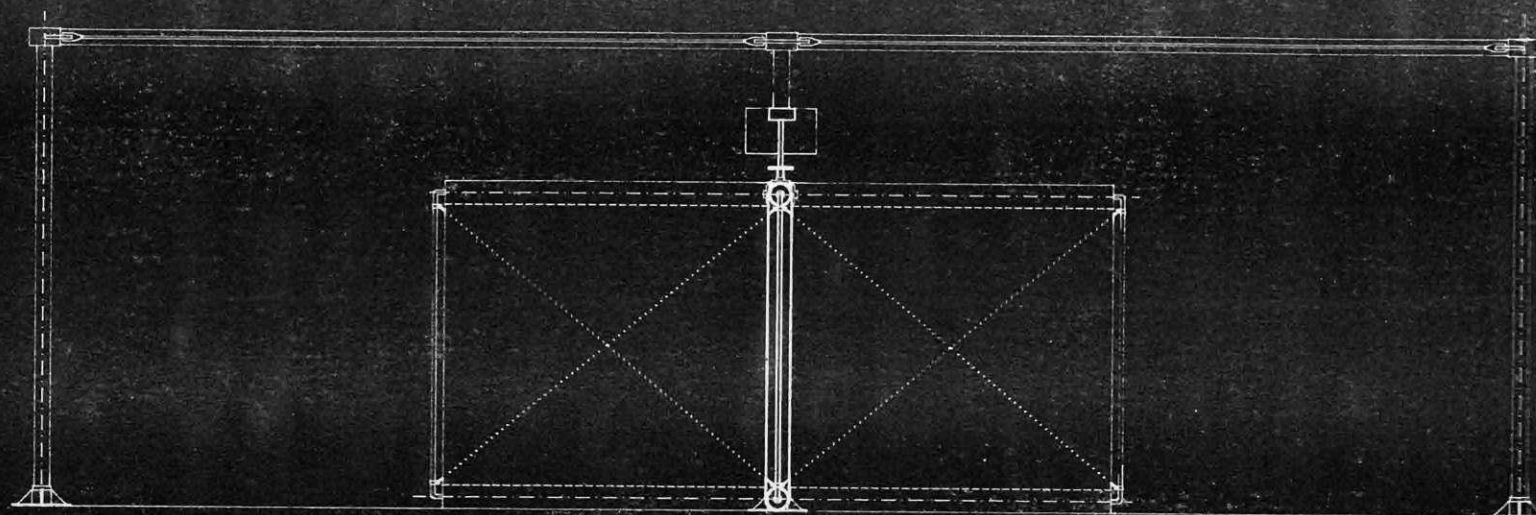


Figure 13: Stage Configuration 3 (Elevation)

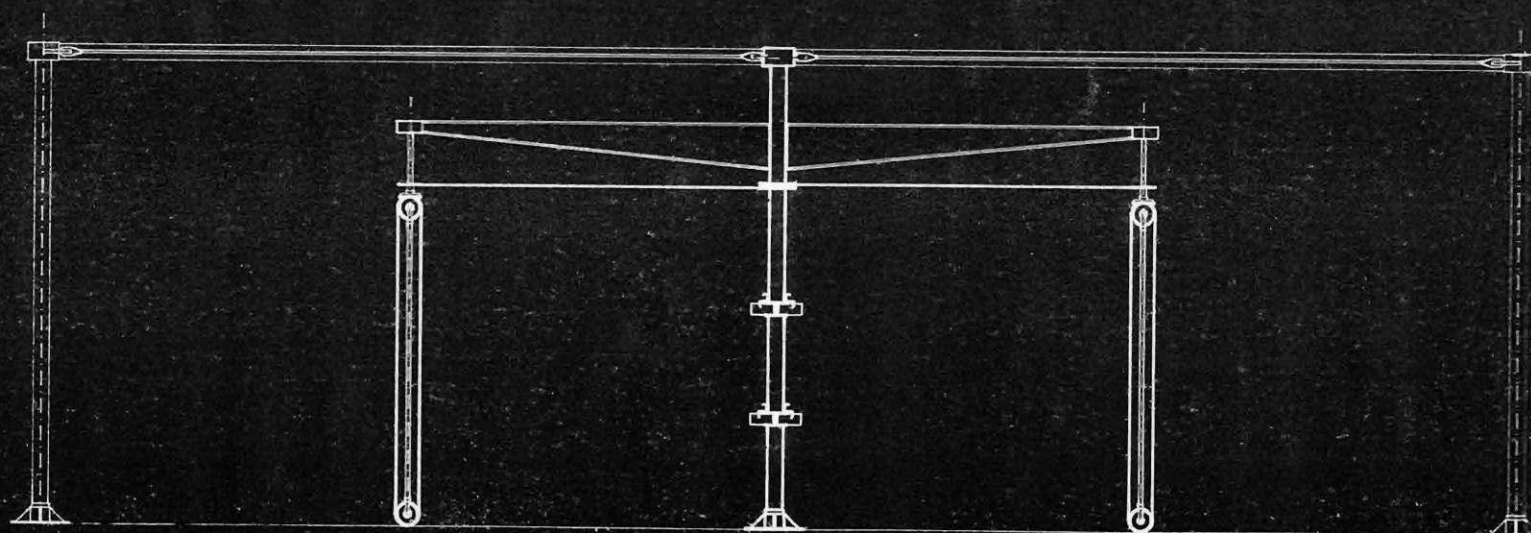


Figure 14: Stage Configuration 4 (Elevation)

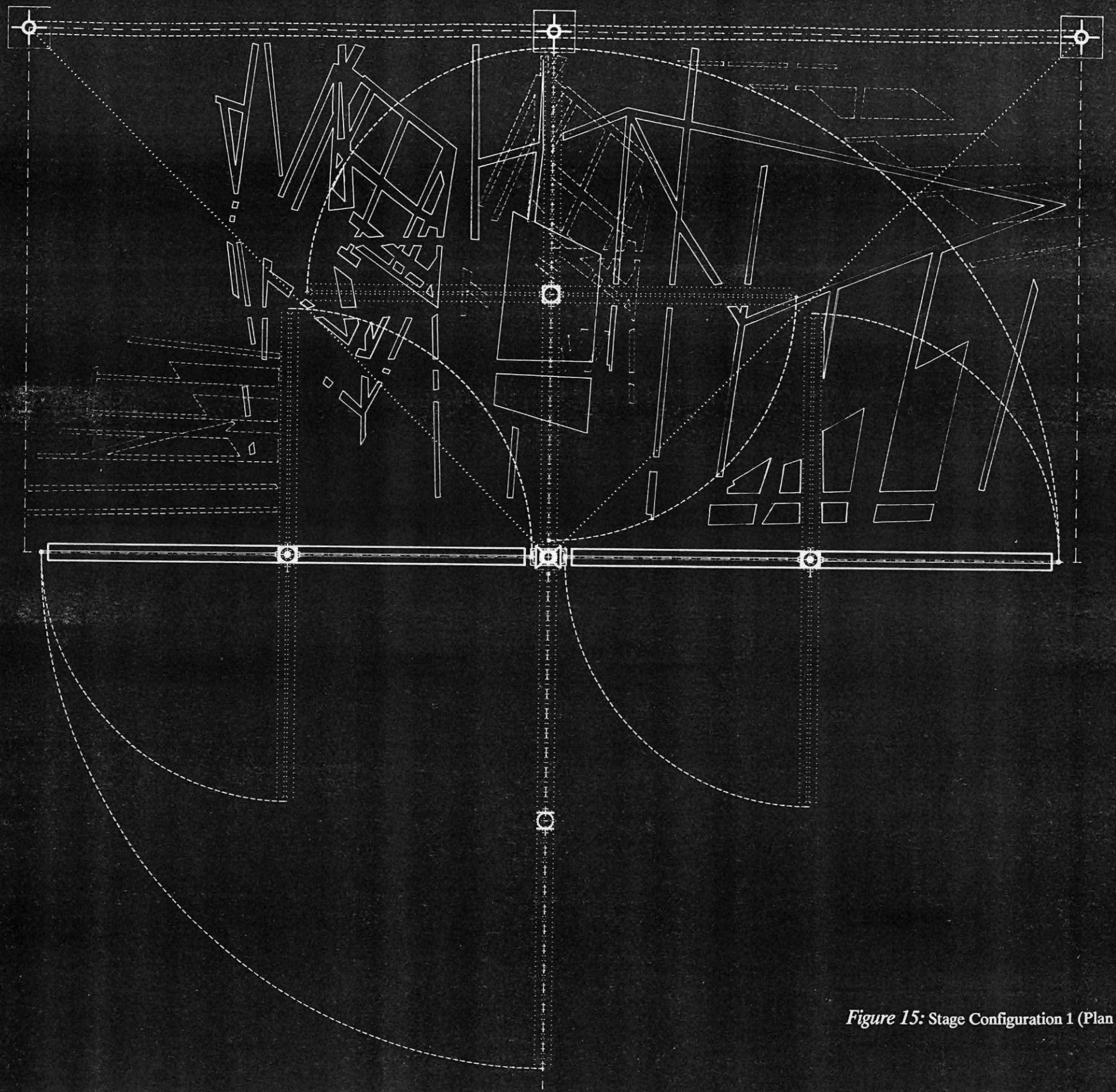


Figure 15: Stage Configuration 1 (Plan with Objects)

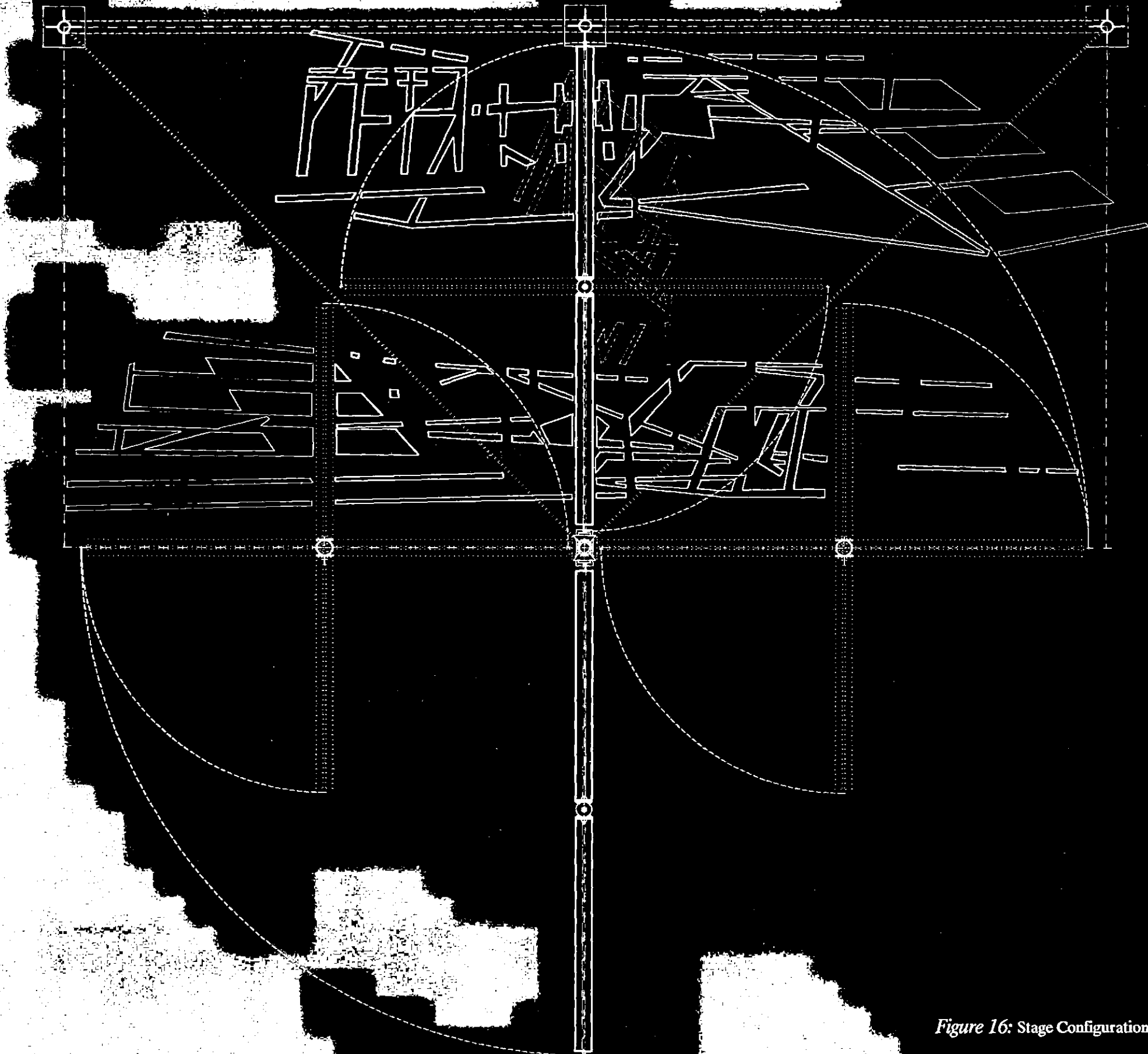


Figure 16: Stage Configuration 2 (Plan with Objects)

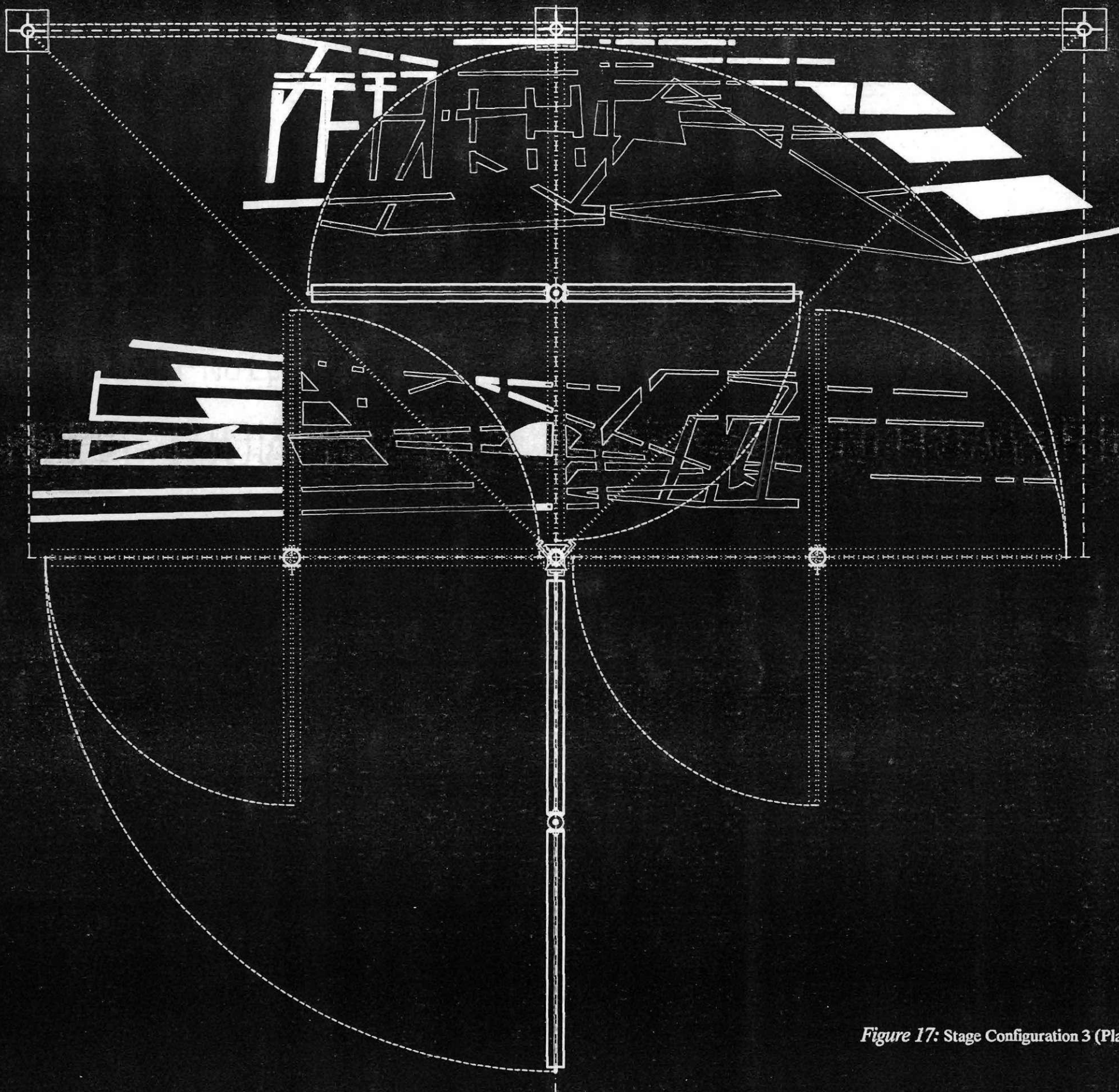


Figure 17: Stage Configuration 3 (Plan with Objects)

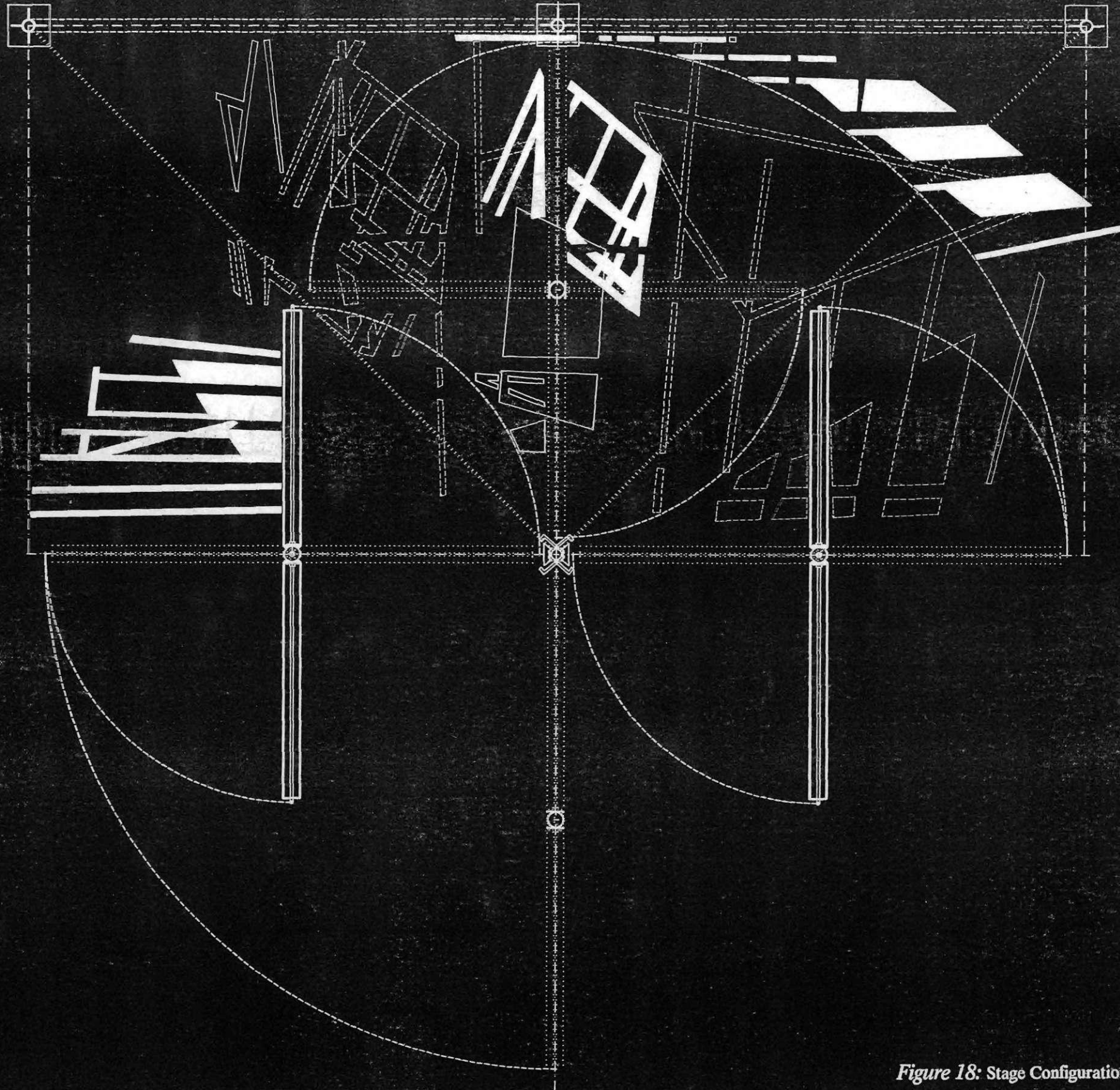


Figure 18: Stage Configuration 4 (Plan with Objects)

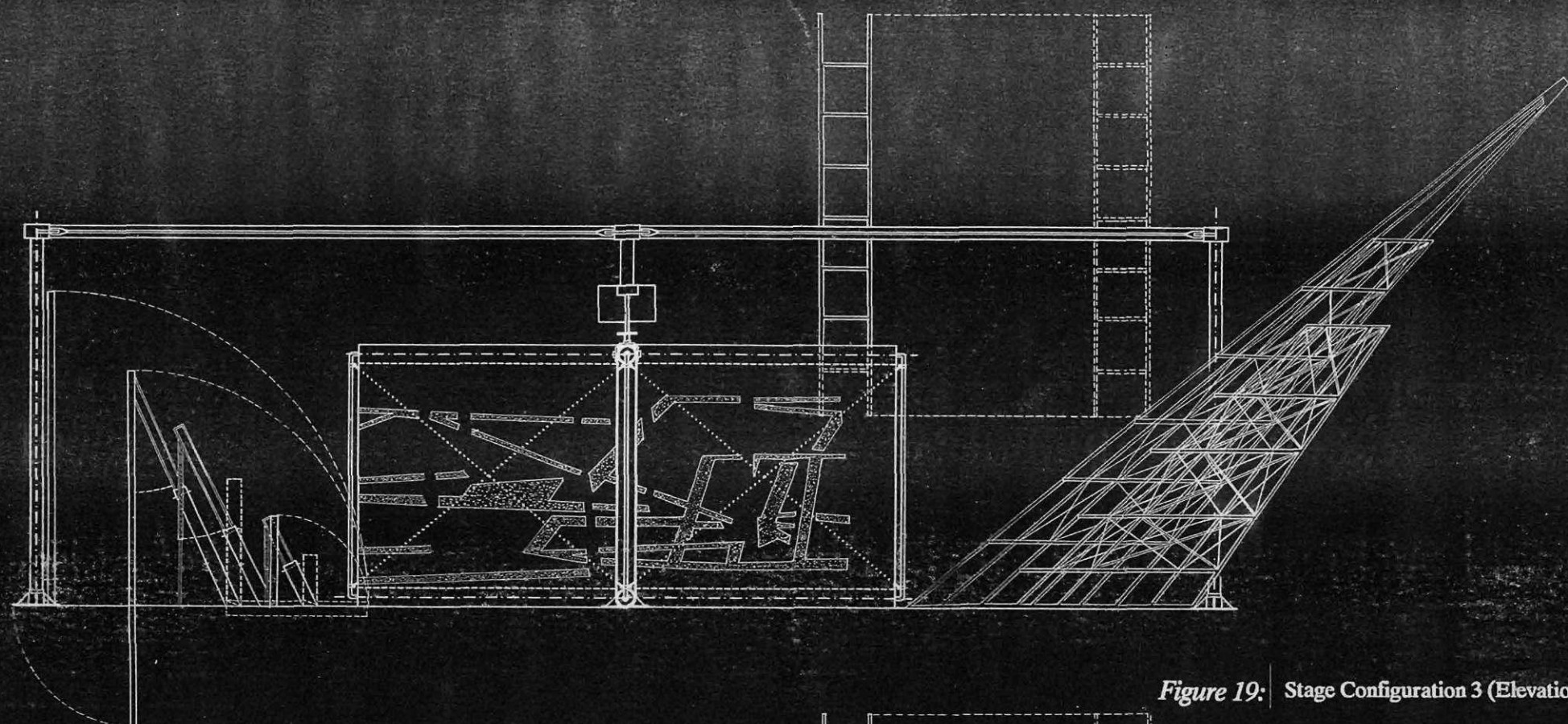
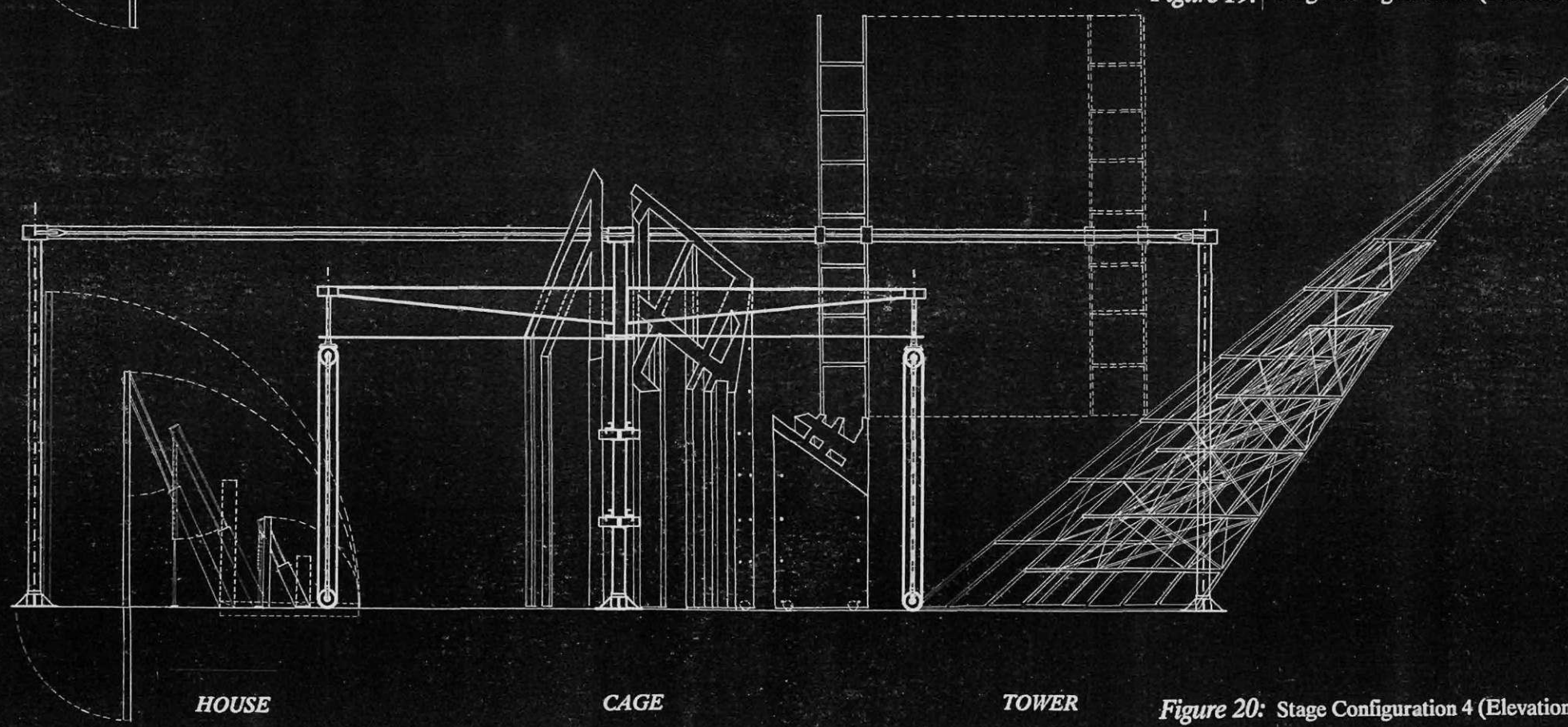


Figure 19: Stage Configuration 3 (Elevations with Objects)



HOUSE

CAGE

TOWER

Figure 20: Stage Configuration 4 (Elevations with Objects)

IF ON A WINTER'S NIGHT A TRAVELER - (plot analysis)

Interruptions in reading:

- 1) Duplicated pages - mixed up pages (repetition)
 - 2) Blank pages - at the moment of suspense - the cruelty of a white page smashes your expectations
 - 3) Listening to another reader read aloud while translating
 - 4) Learning from the steep slope - just simply breaks off - the author sank into a deep depression - he committed suicide at the fragment of text was published. Like the end of *Gone With The Wind* - we expect a sequel - it never came - it was never written - no notes for the plot...nothing.
 - 5) The study group had divided the book up - they were not interested in the story. They were interested in general concepts that were inspired by the events in the text, ie. Polymorphic - perverse sexuality; laws of marked economy; etc.
 - 6) In the office, books are considered raw material, spare parts; gears to be dismantled and reassembled. Reading a photocopied manuscript always leaves an on going to be finished. "Reader has crossed the boundary - crossed to the other side - lost the privileged relationship with books which are particular to the reader". "The ability to consider what is written as something finished and definitive, to which there is nothing to be added, from which there is nothing to be removed".
 - 7) Someone steals your book in the middle of reading - to make an art object out of it.
 - 8) Banned books - confiscated in the middle of your reading.
 - 9) Torn pages.
- Idea of a "Double reality" in architecture using the work of Antonin Artaud. Theatre and its double and the sculptural work of Alberto Giacometti - to develop a possible discourse in architecture and it's double - "representation".

CHAPTER 1

-Goes through a sequence of an experience of buying a new book - The way it smells, the way it feels - in a bag on the way home you want to look at it- it's something raw and you look forward to reading it - the author is speaking directly to you. You are the reader and are familiar with this experience.

IF ON A WINTER'S NIGHT A TRAVELER

-The novel here repeats fragments of conversation. That seems to have no other function beyond that of depicting the daily life of a provincial city.
 -The novel describes what it is doing in using other paragraphs which then draws into every other chapter
 - organization "Zeno of Eka" password.

CHAPTER 2

-you are reading - pages are repeated.

"WHAT YOU THOUGHT WAS A STYLISTIC SUBTLETY ON THE AUTHOR'S PART IS SIMPLY A PRINTER'S MISTAKE: they have inserted the same pages 2ce. [author/reader] - either can, reader is subjected to it
 whether it is called mistake or style.

-INTENSIONALITY vs MISTAKE

-author's style vs printer's mistake

- "What exasperates you the most is to find yourself at the mercy of the fortuitious, the aleatory, the random, in things and in human actions - carelessness, approximation, imprecision whether your own or others".
 Pg 27.

-DREAM

-Not as in control of things- pg 27 If on a Winter's Night you are motionless, blocked, forced to repeat everything from the beginning!

Calvino erases his authorship - The book that was broken off is not a Calvino book but a polish book.

Polish authorship is erased - The book begins differently from the previous book you read.

OUT SIDE THE TOWN OF MALBORK

-summary Pg 36.

-The author discusses characters - The writing and developing of characters as an underlying message.

-Also discusses problems reader runs into through translations.

-a model must have as much visual detail as text on a page.

-every other page is blank - you read anyway but...

- "you can't get your bearings: The characters have changed, the settings, you don't understand what it's about, you find names (maybe nicknames, you don't know) and don't know who they are"-Pg 43.

CHAPTER 3

- not Lotaria - Ludmilla (the other reader's) sister
- interested in authors positions in:
- Trends of contemporary thought and problem that demand a solution

LOTARIA - analyzes books according to various categories:

- Codes Conscious and Unconscious - all taboos are eliminated - Sex Class and Culture.

IRNERIO - non-reader - friend of Ludmilla

- "The secret is refusing to look at written words
On the contrary, you must look at them intensely
until they disappear. pg. 49.

- New Book - Learning from the steep slope has some similar names as in Marubrook.

LEARNING FROM THE STEEP SLOPE

MISS ZWIDA

-draws seashells which - denotes in her a search for formal perfection which the world can and therefore must attain, I, on the contrary, have been confined for some time that perfect - is not produced except marginally and by chance; therefore it deserves no interest at all. The true nature of things being revealed only in disintegration. Pg 57.

-Kauderer - Meteorologist

-text is written in a diary - author writes his concerns that maybe someday his language will be a dead language (Cimraerian) which, it is - only now being translated by this professor Uzzi.

- "Perhaps this diary will come to light many, many years after my death, when our language will have undergone who knows what transformations, and some of the words and expressions I use normally will seem outdated and of ambiguous meaning".

- "With a written language it is always possible to reconstruct a dictionary and grammar, isolate sentences, transcribe them or paraphrase them in another language". Pg 61.

-The important thing is that I convey to him the effort I am making to read between the lines of things. The evasive meaning of what is in store for me.

- "Life is nothing but the trading of smells". Pg 64.

-escape - the person as my mortal body and the escapes that awaits me the separation of the soul, the beginning of a life beyond this earth. Pg 65.

-Cemetery is the home of those who are not here.

CHAPTER 4

- discusses reading aloud and it's implications.

-markings-

-no longer are you in the room - there is no longer the room in the department, the shelves, the professor: you have entered the novel, you follow the footsteps of the character.

"all books continue in the beyond"-Pg 71.

1. wordless alanguage of living bodies.
2. the words in books are written with and attempts to translate the first language
3. cimmerician books are all unfinished because:
"they continue in the beyond, in the other language, in the silent language to which all the words we believe we read refer..."Pg 71.

WITHOUT FEAR OF WIND OR VERTIGO

-written under psedonym of author of leaning from a steep slope

-read in Lotaria's study group.

-Kauderer munitions factory.

"every void continues in the void, every gap, even a short one, opens onto another gap, every chasm empties into an infinite abyss: - vertigo.

-the story is like a void - "for the story, the bridge is not finished beneath every word there is nothingness"

THEMES

-political upheaval

-writing on the void

-this story is described as if the reader is translating the goings on at the university meeting he and the other reader and her sister are attending.

IRINA-is at once priestess and divinity profaner and victim of that sevet and sacrificial cult.

she says: "each has a different dream" vertigo is everywhere-it seems a bottomless pit you feel the summons of the void, the temptation to fall, to join the darkness that is beckoning-she says this as she holds a revolver with one bullet to her eye- then turns it on the narrator and his friend.

-she is a powerful woman

-she can induce a trance on to the narrrator and his friend

she took possission of the two of them

"however mad the things she would drive us to do once her magic circle had closed and imprisoned us, they would be nothing compared to what she was concocting now in her imagination, never pausing in the face of any excess in the exploration of the senses, in mental elation, in cruelty."

the narrator is to die for treason - the text is intertupted

CHAPTER 5

-readers decide to go to the publisher

-discusses the boundary line-on the side of those who make books the other side those who read them.

MR. CAVEDAGNA-the publisher-solver of all unresolved queries suggests that the body of text should be a footnote: "but couldn't you include the footnotes in the body of the text and even perhaps condense the text a bit, and even-the decision is yours-turn it into a footnote?"

- the confusion comes down to one man Ermes Marana who is supposed to translate Cimmerian into Ciberian-gets it mixed up-everything mixed up and falsified - fraud
- the author was an invisible point from which the books came, a void traveled by ghosts - an underground tunnel that put other worlds in communication.

LOOKS DOWN IN THE GATHERING SHADOW

- two people trying to get rid of a corpse-JoJo
- story about erasing the past - I'll turn the miledge back to zero" - the face of many stories all at once
- Bernadette helps narrator kill JoJo.

CHAPTER 6

All the papers of Marana have vanished. His typescripts, the original texts, everything - he's vanished - everything has vanished...reader then reads letters of Marana given to him by the publisher. It is here that we learn about Marana as character.

FATHER OF STORIES

One who writes stories before they ever appear in print, incarnated as Homer, Joyce, the author of Arabian Nights etc. He is an old Indian.

Chapter six is stories within stories, a book within a book a reading of letters.

ORGANIZATION OF APOCRYPHAL POWER

- an organization which Marana founded- it specialized in the advertising and exploitation of literary and philosophical works. It is a part of a larger group, OEPHLW (Organization for the Electronic Production of Homogenized Literary Works.)

- Marana translates books for an arabian sultan but: he will break off his translation at the moment of greatest suspense and will start translating another novel, inserting it into the first thru some rudimentary expedient; for example; a character in the first novel opens a book and starts reading. The second novel will also break off to yield to a third, which will not proceed very far before opening into a fourth and so on.

- the book whose continuation you were already enjoying in anticipation, vicariously through a third party, breaks off again.

ERMES MARANA-serpent who injects his malace into the paradise of reading.

SILAS FLANNERY-Irish author watches a woman reading and describes it. -"she seems to live in a sphere suspended in another time and another space" Pg 126.

he writes-he does nothing but follow the reading of the woman he sees on a deck below him (voyeur) day by day, hour by hour. He reads in her face what she desires to read and he writes it faithfully-Marana

interrupts him-too faithfully-as a translator of Bertrand Bandervelde, author of a novel that woman is reading, I warn you to stop plagiarizing it."

This chapter is a small version of the whole book-fragments of texts interrupted - leaving you hanging as you begin the next. holding your breath you have followed from letter to letter the transformations of the woman reader, as if it were always the same person...maybe the woman reader in the text you are reading.

APOCRYPHAL POWER-broken into two groups:

1. A sect of enlightened followers of the Archangel of Light convinced that among the false books flooding the world they can track down the few that bear a truth perhaps extrahuman or extraterrestrial.

2. a sect of nihilist followers of the Archon of Shadow, they believe that only counterfeiting, mystification, international falsehood can represent absolute value in a book, a truth not contaminated by the dominant pseudo truths

-electronic machine that writes stories or Father of Stories?

-genuine or pseudo?

-go to cafeteria where you are to meet the other reader and begin this new Silas Filanrary novel - in a network that enlace.

-Methamane? Translator - Pg 131.

IN A NETWORK OF LINES THAT ENLACE

Metaphor

-the percing story of an arraow that penetrates a hips naked flesh - one can employ an imaginary sensation to poriray a known sensation - though nobody these days knows the feelings of being struck by an arrow, we all believe we can imagine it, the sense of being helpless, without protection in the presence of something that reaches us from alien and unknown spaces.

"space occupied by my presence, because all around me there are only inert objects, including the telephone, a space that apparently cannot contain anything but me, isolated in my interior time, the space is no longer what it was before it is occupied by the ring, and my presence is no longer what it was before because it is conditioned by the will of this object that is calling".

In a Network of Lines that Enlace:

-is about a man and his relationship with a ringing telephone;

Logic:

"these telephones are perhaps not calling me, have no relation to me, but the mere fact that I can be called to a telephone suffices to make it possible or at least conceivable that I may be called by all telephones".

-if the telephone rings next door we all wonder if it is actually ringing in our house - this is often unfounded but then; what if that call is for me? Through a wrong number or crossed wires it has gone to my neighbour.

Madness:(Premise for Action and Suspense)

"perhaps it is indeed for me, perhaps my neighbour is at home but does not answer because he knows, perhaps also the person calling knows he is calling a wrong number but does so deliberately to keep me in this state, knowing that I can't answer but know that I should answer".

This man is obsessed with the ringing telephone:

Some feelings we are familiar with:

"the anxiety when I have just left the house and I hear a telephone ringing that could be in my house or in another apartment and I rush back, I arrive breathless, having run up the stairs and the telephone falls silent and I will never know if the call was for me!".

Humour:

-he's jogging - a phone rings in a house - no answer - as he's jogging the phone in the next house begins to ring: and the jogger begins to think:

[Madness (Farcault) - absurd frenzy]

"there is a telephone chasing me, there is somebody looking up all the numbers on Chestnut lane in the directory, and he is calling one house after the other to see if he can overtake me". 135

Answers to why someone doesn't answer the ring:

-Does a deaf man live there? Perhaps a paralytic lives there and you have to leave a great deal of time so that he can crawl to the phone...Perhaps a suicide lives there, and as long as you keep calling him, some hope remains of preventing his extreme act.

The pace of the ring picks up - Jogger answers the phone in a strange house the voice tells him that Margorie is in a house at 115 Hillside Drive. If he goes there to get her fine and if not there is a bomb in the basement. Margorie - a girl in his class - he is a teacher - new teacher who was implicated --- Margorie although unintentionally - invited her to his house to pick up books - rumours began to fly - he decides to rush to the address. There is Margorie tied on a sofa, Gagged. Jogger releases her. She vomits. Looks at me with contempt and says you're a bastard...

-story breaks off here.

CHAPTER 7

Sitting in cafeteria waiting for the other reader, reading this Silas Flanery novel.

Action of the Mind

Your mine is occupied by two simultaneous concerns:

-the interior one, with your reading, and the other, with the other reader who is late for your appointment.

phone rings - you are being paged - it's the other reader cancelling the appointment - but meet her at her house...

This chapter changes gender:

-Second person addresses itself no longer to a general male - but switches to female while the third person becomes the male.

"this book so far has been careful to leave open to the reader who is reading the possibility of identifying himself with the reader who is read: this is why he was not given a name, which would have made him automatically the equivalent of a third person, of a character (where as you, as third person, a name had

to be given, Ludmilla), and so he has been kept a pronoun, in the abstract condition of pronoun, suitable for any attribute and any action".

The other reader's house is described in second person - cool - her character is developed further in this description.

LUDMILLA

-she is an extroverted, clear-sighted woman, sensual and methodical; she makes her practical sense serve her imagination. 143.

-she is possessive toward herself, she is attached to the signs in which you identify something of yourself, fearing to be lost with them. 144.

book shifts back to the reader...don't believe the book is losing sight of you, reads the you that was shifted to the other reader can, at any sentence, be addressed to you again. You are always a possible you. Who would dare sentence you to loss of the you, a catastrophe as terrible as he lost of the I.

For a second person discourse to become a novel, at least two you's are required, distinct and concomitant, which stand out from the crowd of he's, she's and they's.

One reads alone, even in another's presence. Does the relationship between one reader and the other reader remain that of two separate shells, which can communicate only through partial confrontations of two exclusive experiences?

Books are "the other's words" which, as they are uttered by an alien voice, by the voice of that silent nobody made of ink and typographical spacing, can become yours - a code.

IRNERIO

"It's not for reading. It's for making. I make things with books. I make objects. Yes, artworks; statues, pictures, whatever you want to call them."

-a book is a good material to work with; you can make all sorts of things with it.

"A book with photographs of all my works. When this book is printed, I'll use it for another work, lots of works. Then they'll put them in another book, and so on."

Philosophy

-Everything has already begun before, the first line of the first page of every novel refers to something that has already happened outside the book.

-The meeting of two people - must bear in mind that each of the two brings with himself a feature of events, environments, other people and that from the meeting, in turn, other stories will be derived which will break off from their common stay. 153.

-Second Person Plural - You - you are in bed together you the readers

Bodies are read in the making of love:

"It is not only the body that is, in you, the object of reading: the body matters in so far as it is part of a complex of elaborate elements, not all visible and not all present, but manifested in visible and present events: the clouding of your eyes, your laughing, the words you speak, your way of gathering and spreading your hair...and all the signs that are on the frontier between you and usage and habits and memory and prehistory and fashion all codes, all the poor alphabets but which one human being believes at certain moments that he is reading another human being."

"and you too oh reader are meanwhile an object of reading."155

Reading the Body:

-what makes love making and reading resemble each other most is that within both of them times and spaces open, different from measurable time and space - Pg 156.

Architecture:

-for Ludmilla authors are never incarnated in individuals of flesh and blood, they exist for her only in published pages, the living and the dead both are these ready to communicate with her, to amaze her and the reader is always ready to follow them - carefree relations one can have with incorporeal persons.

-between the book and the reader there would always be insinuated the shadow of mystification and margna, identifying himself with every mystification, would have affirmed his presence.

A NETWORK OF LINES THAT INTERSECT

-the sail is a mirror that creates material things reflecting the ideas of the higher reason.

Polydyptic Theatre:

-sixty little mirrors lining the inside of a large box transform a bough into a forest, a lead soldier into an array of a booklet into a library.

"I" builds a room of mirrors which eventually becomes his prison.

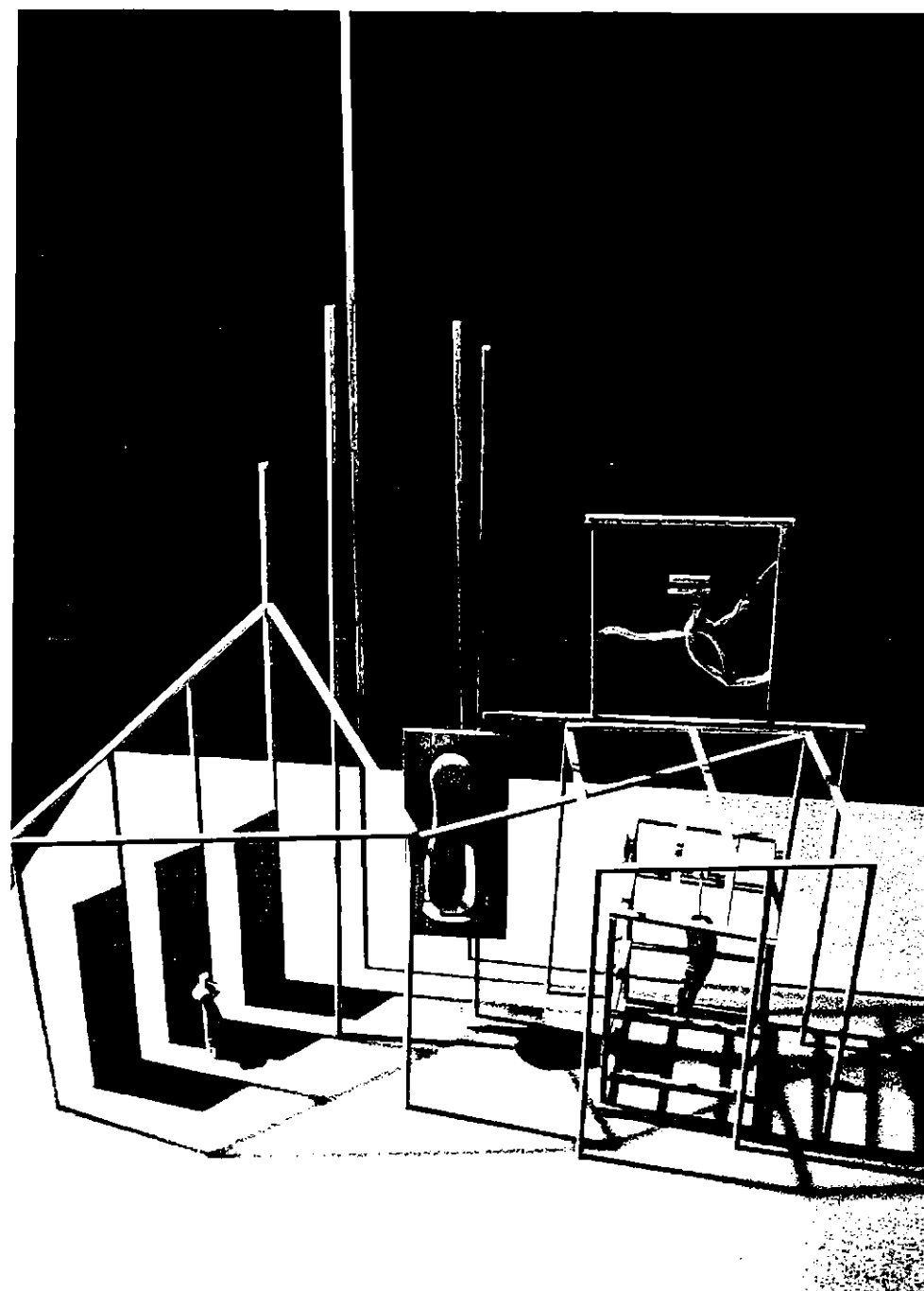


Figure 21: Palace at 4 a.m. construction with shadows

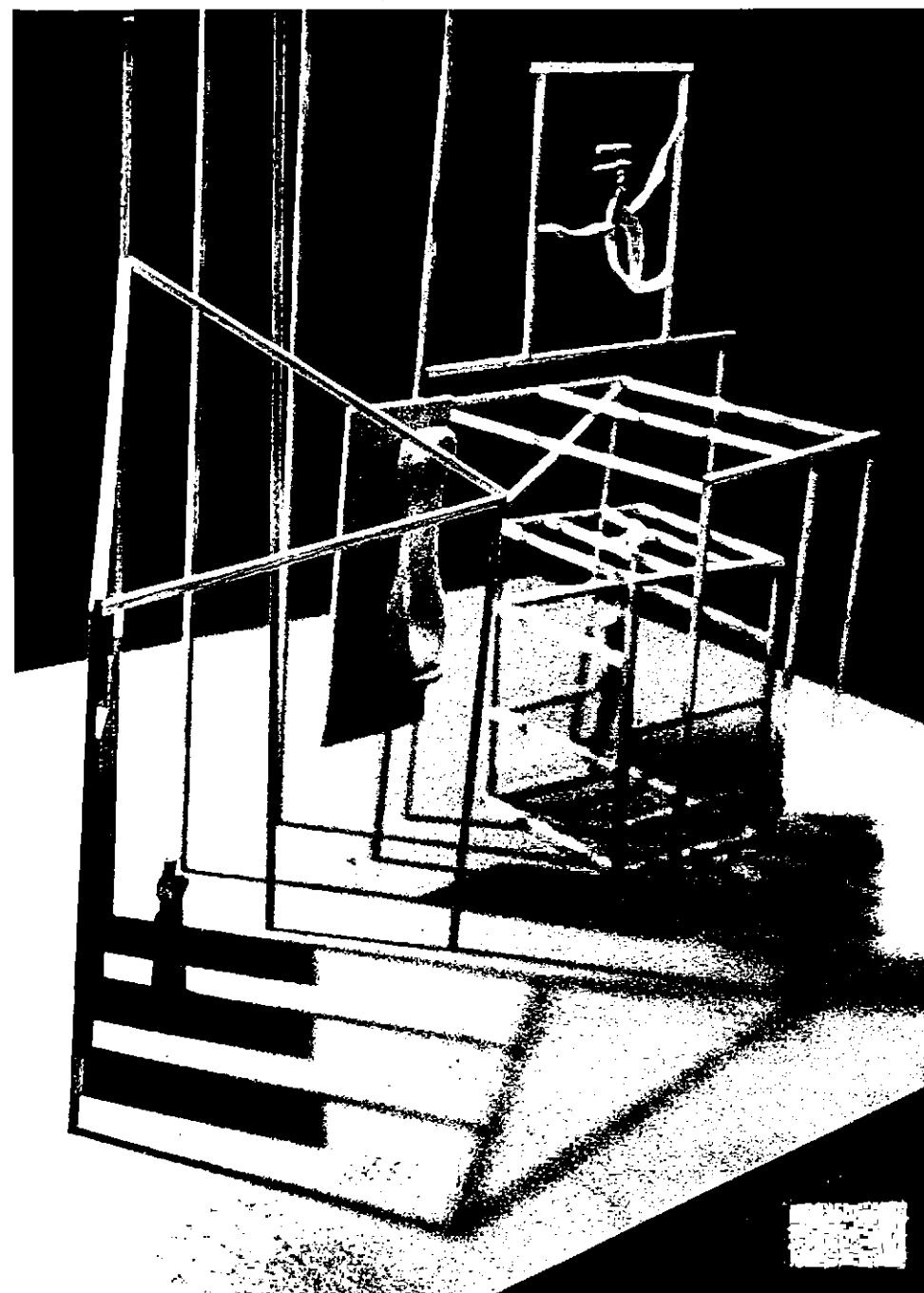


Figure 22: Palace at 4 a.m. construction with shadows

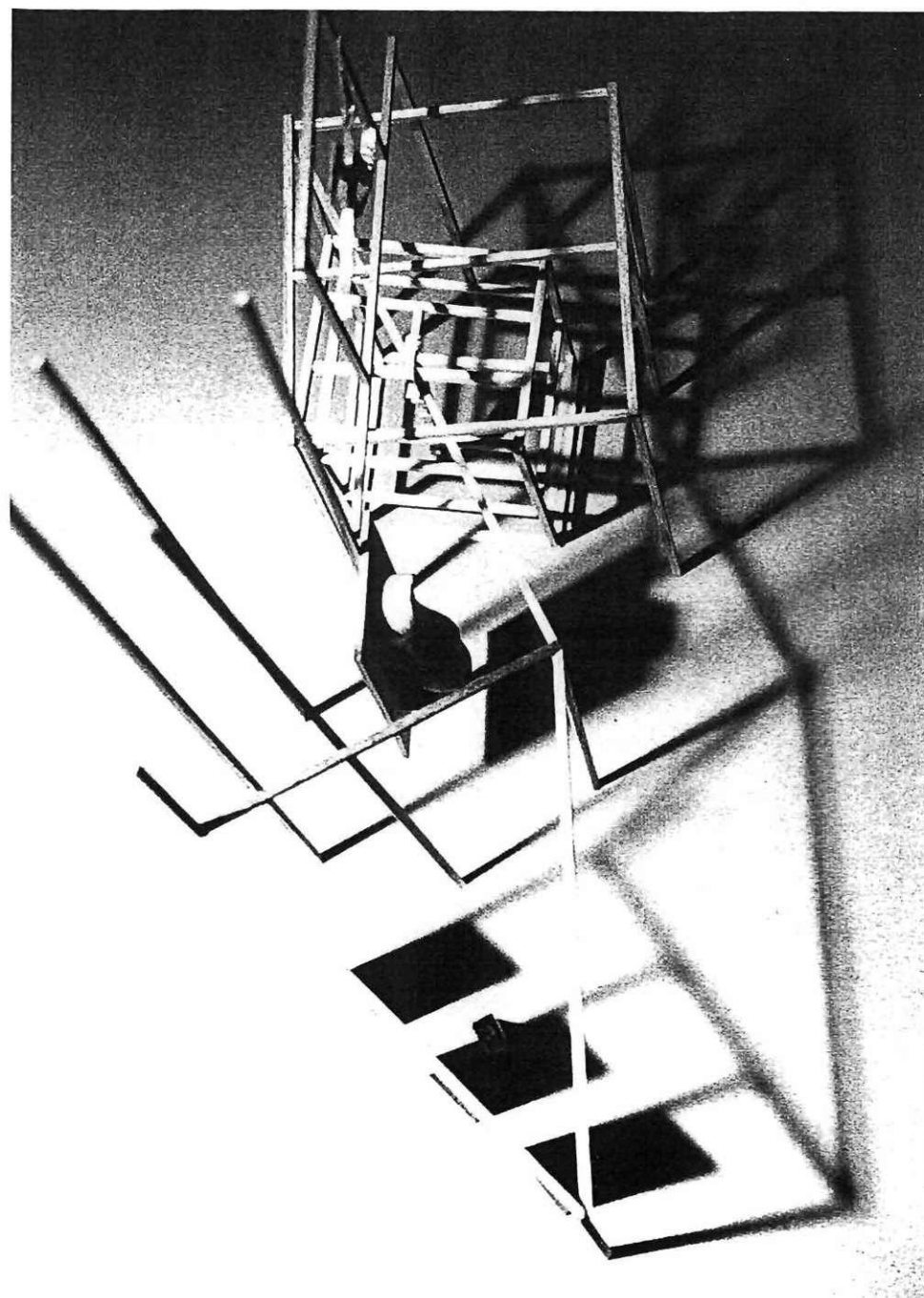


Figure 23: Palace at 4 a.m. construction with shadows

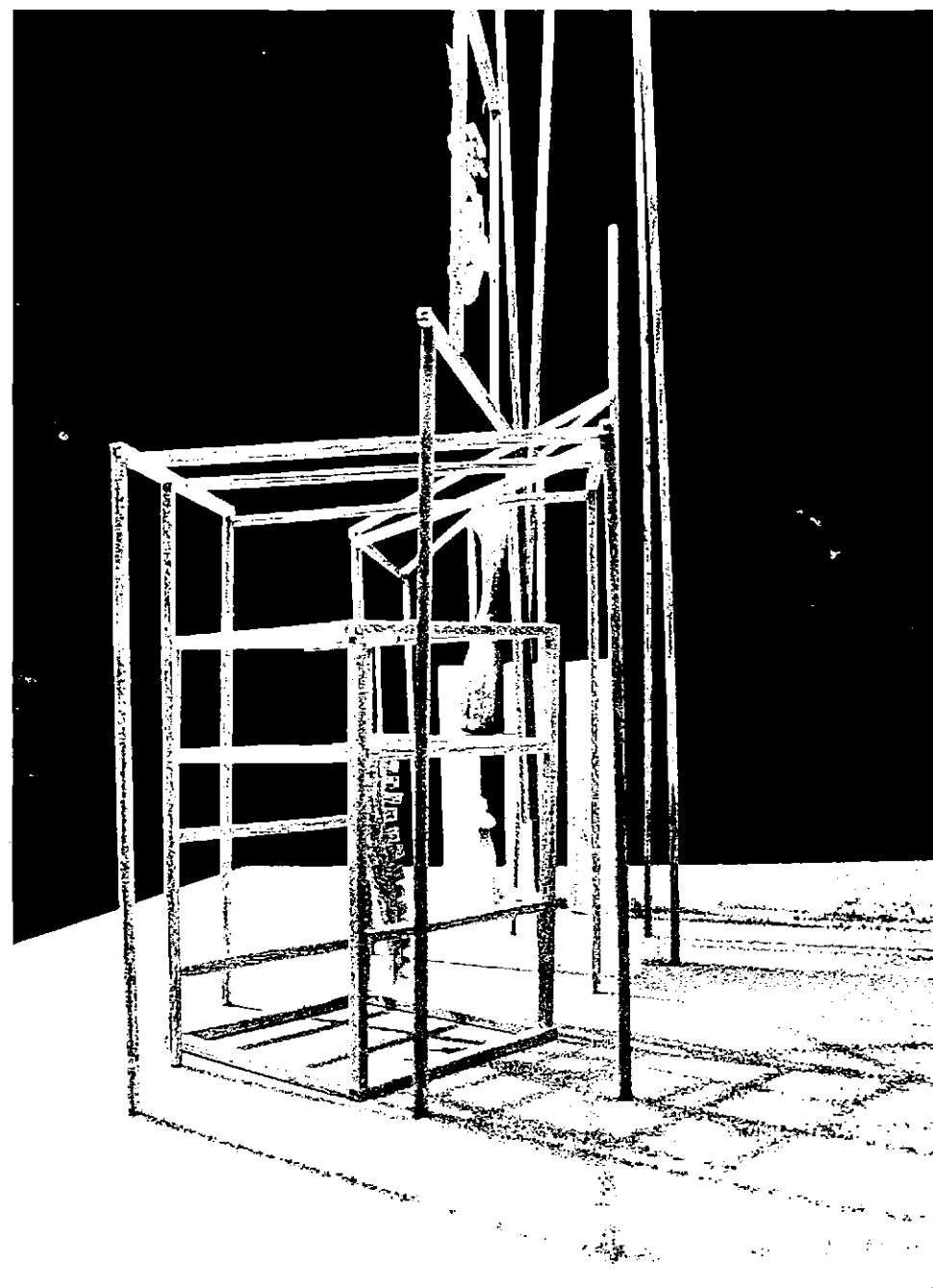


Figure 24: Palace at 4 a.m. construction with shadows

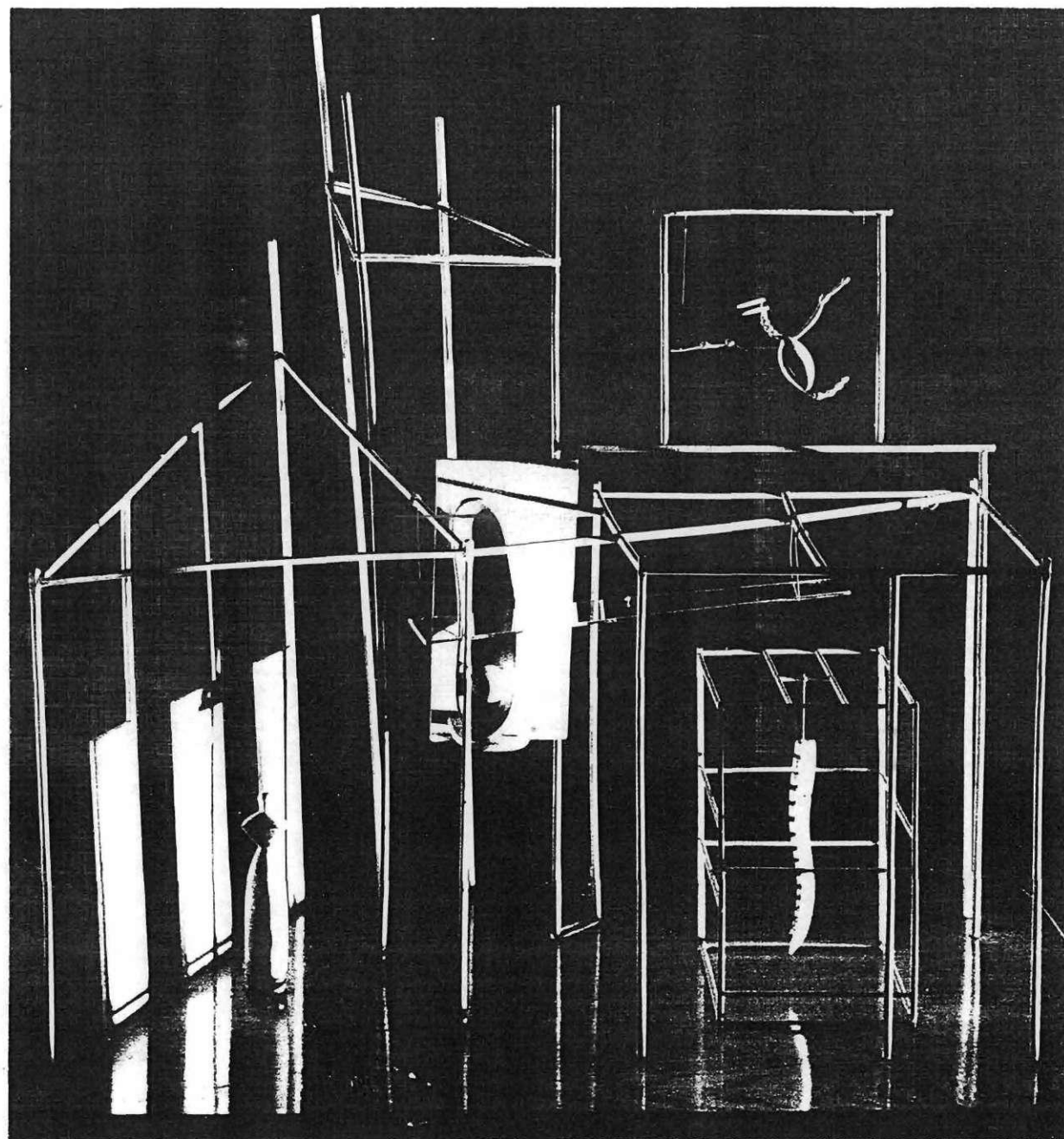


Figure 25: Palace at 4 a.m. Giacometti - Modern Museum of Art

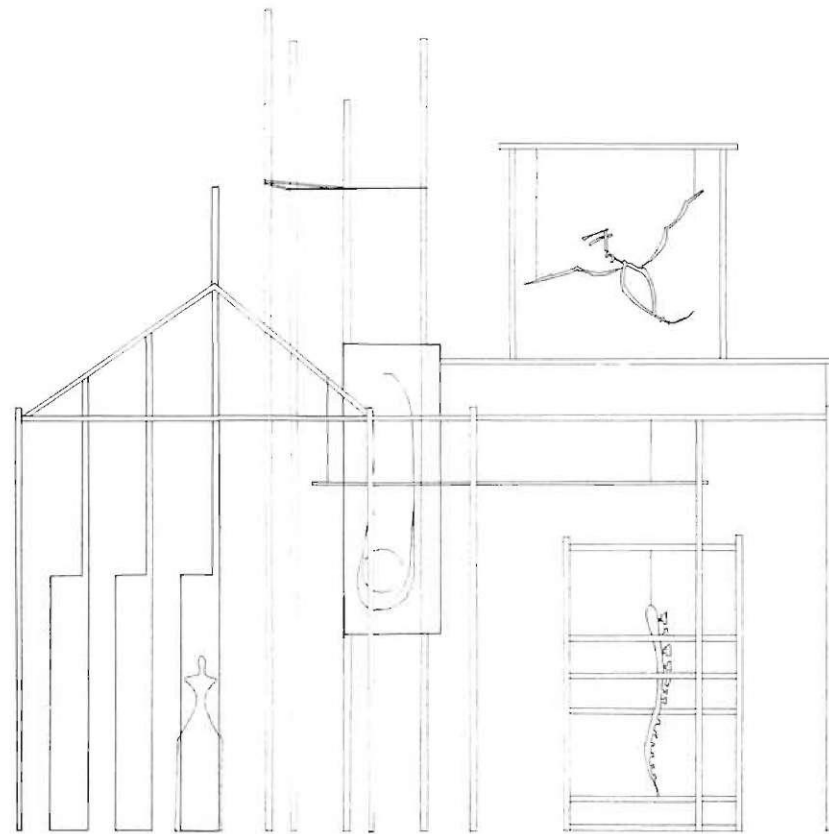
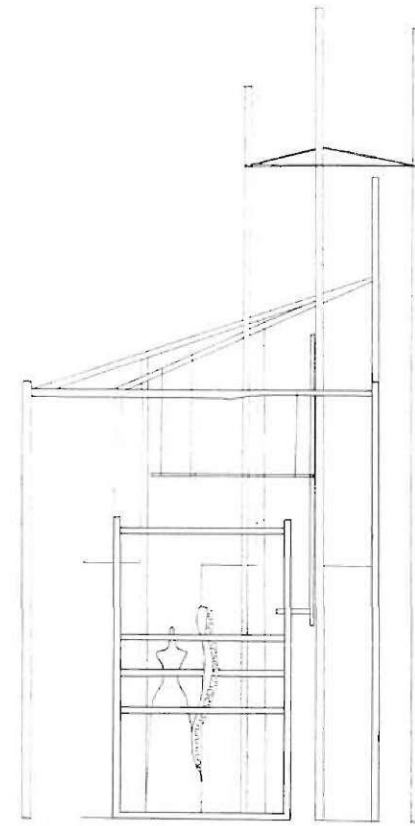
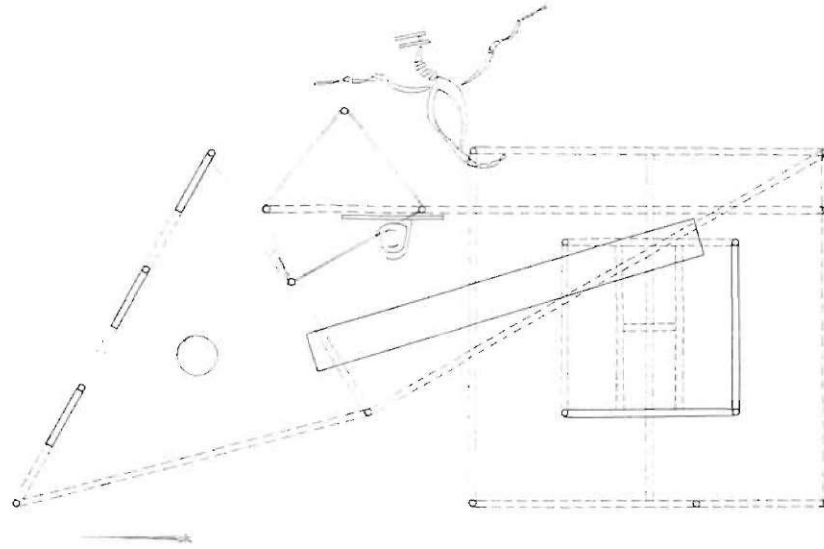
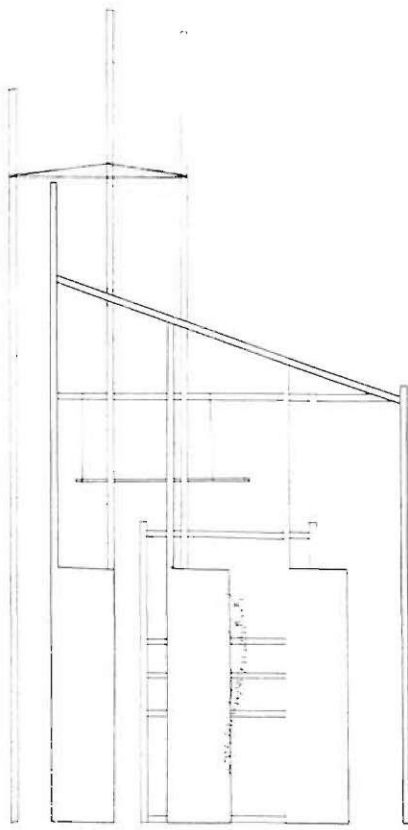


Figure 26: Palace at 4 a.m. - Plan and Elevations.

ENDNOTES:

1. Madan Sarup, An Introductory Guide to Post Structuralism and Post Modernism, University of Georgia Press, Athens Georgia, 1989, pg.9.
2. Norman Bryson, "The Gaze in the Expanded Field", Vision and Visuality, ed. Hal Foster, Bay Press, Seattle, 1988, pg. 92.
3. Octavio Paz, The Bow and the Lyre, University of Texas, Austin, 1973, pg. 20.
4. Antonin Artaud, The Theatre and It's Double, Grove Press Inc., New York, New York, 1958, 1958, pg. 84.
5. Ibid.
6. Ibid., pg. 78.
7. Ibid., pg. 77.
8. Ibid., pg. 28
9. Sarup, An Introductory Guide to Post Structuralism and Post Modernism, pg. 10.
10. Ibid.
11. Paz, The Bow and the Lyre, pg. 151.
12. Michel Foucault, Madness and Civilization, Vintage Books, New York, New York, 1965, pg. 93.
13. Artaud, The Theatre and It's Double, pg. 78.
14. Ibid., pg. 41.

15. Ibid., pg. 37.

16. Ibid., pg. 39.

17. Ibid.

18. Ibid.

19. Ibid., pg. 83.

20. Ibid., pg. 86.

21. Italo Calvino, If of a Winter's Night a Traveler, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Publishers, San Diego, California, 1979, pg. 197.

22. Elizabeth Diller, "A Delay in Glass", **AA Files**, vol 75. pg.54.

23 Peter Selz, Alberto Giacometti: The Museum of Modern Arts, New York, Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York, 1965, pg. 34.

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