Architecture is not enough

A thesis submitted in fulfillment of the requirements for
the degree of Master of Architecture

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September 2008
for Bruce and Joe

architecture is not enough

by Dale Jones-Evans

Introduction

My life, like yours, began with the birth of this universe and will die with it

Wrong

You were not born, or was I, or this universe

To believe you came from, belonged or are going to ‘a place’ is peculiar

Everything exists to reform, not itself, but from the presence of its absence, in rhythm’s of expansion which absorb contraction as movements we refer to as time and space, where origin cannot be known because

it doesn’t exist

Imagine
Dead
Imagine
I know it until I know nothing else

My professional interests began, like yours, long before and after our birth. I did pursue a career in visual arts (painting - with that overly soft touch - sociology) in the early 70’s; design generally, architecture specifically the late 70’s its practice the early 80’s. My gaze shifted throughout the 90’s from art, design (society) and architecture to urbanism (the political economy through the lens of urban geography) to understand the forces and meanings within urban development; it coupled with some urban design work. By 2000 my professional interests had captured three things - the language of visual art (artist), the experiential dimension of space (architect) and how the political economy drives modes of production which result in spatial networks, systems we call cities (urbanist - for want of a better word). Having spent many youthful years in Melbourne’s independent cultural wars it became clear that understanding cultural modes of production alone (a dimension of human capital) was inadequate in explaining human development and its relationship with urbanisation, space and time.

This accretion of interests took expression within my practice in various forms at various stages; curating, exhibiting, writing/publishing, art and design projects and architectural practices, teaching, property development, art collecting, philanthropist. It moved from polemic to poetic, from artist to patron, from activist to recluse, from penniless at forty to comfortable at forty five to modest by fifty and contained three significant love affairs – four if I include my first, a surfboard and I did sleep with it.

During 2000 I expanded the layers to include Australian history, aboriginal art and culture in particular while putting together a Continental aboriginal art collection. I had always written secretly about things, seeking a deeper sense of freedom, (an escape from the menial dimensions of architectural practice). Most architects went the other way (Tillers, Goodwin). During 2002 I purchased a digital camera and began many world trips, using it to paint while writing. I had a swag of incomplete film scripts, short stories, prose works and images which I wanted to refine and complete.

These lateral excursions, field trips and research, from rank amateur to consummate professional cut a swathe across, through and into my practice as an architect. I had not considered many of these activities to be part of my architectural practice – they remained silent, separate, but clearly had relevance to it.

On a winter’s Parisian day in front of the Pompidou Center’s Non Standard exhibition with friend Tom Kovac, Leon Van Schaik tapped me on the shoulder with the invitation to participate in the program. I knew it would be an odd, better suited to simply returning to the studio for a few years - I was right.

I always identified with and been amused by the complexed-neurosis many artists bring to the table and the admission therefore that the peculiarly autobiographic matters - until nothing else does. The psychic space of the artist should not be underestimated, it’s an extremely powerful place from which images flow – it may well be true for architects, all of us. A tune often under-scored by the professional demands and neat theoretical desires in the architectural fraternities I had come to know. I always kept separate company with artists – it was home. But while I loved them dearly as I expanded it became difficult to accept their explanation of ‘our’ world (they often meant their world) or how they centered the universe, looked after our soles – like many architects.

I undertook the invitation (formally 2004-2005) from a psycho-spatial premonition, another ‘stretched breath’ into something else with a view to making a tangential appliqué of it on my return to architectural practice. This was how architecture had always worked for me, in a
discursive, multivalent, murky kind of way. Where the attempt to knock down knowledge into disciplinary strains or unique understandings simply did not matter once you had entangled them. Most of my Masters colleagues were all fired up, in ‘early years - start up mode’. I was in latent ‘fourth career re-invention mode’. To ensure purpose and intensity I wound the demands of practice down to a core and formalized the office art and design studio – running it parallel but not within the practice – yet. I held architectural practice off (1992-1996) and again (mid 2003-2007). An on/off relationship with the lack of freedom, client, public accountability and exhausting late night management demands. It can produce dullarding and for your effort, contribution and risk it doesn’t pay if you’re serious and passionate about design. There is a lot to be penned about ‘intangible assets’, beyond copyright, moral rights and patents. Like carbon trading, we will come to value this (design) as world urbanization accelerates and it will (50% isn’t enough in making this visible). A mix of research, practice, teaching, moving hats worked best for me.

The research was not preconditioned with an overt proposition; following the first presentation I decided to - full time ‘the project’, enjoying its multiple strands. This was not unlike my practice or personal pattern of behavior. The Masters opened and passed through a whole of life, reflection and became too vast, inappropriate to pen here. The intent was to take time out from architectural practice, complete the sabbaticals I already had running across writing, art, Australian history and deepen my interest in understanding consciousness-space-time-human development. Pack it all into a strategic moment of design reflection with a view to seeing where it might pop out and assist as I clawed back into the next (mid to late career) years of architectural practice – most call it re-invention, I think of it as expansion.

The thoughts and projects outlined here are a reflection, narrative of engagements and part record of moments in this journey. It contains samples-evidence (addenda) of a string of exhibitions, prose, art-design, and architectural projects and samples of books (prose, drawings, art+architecture) almost complete and in progress.

The paper follows three parts; a reflection across works (1983-2002), a reflection on thoughts/works leading up to, through and beyond the Masters moment (outside it 2003 inside it 2004-2005 / outside it 2005-2006) and a look at/from (2007-) of what currently matters.

**It matters until nothing else does (1983-2002)**

**Melbourne (the world) Melbourne**

Art taught me to look and see - Architecture to analyse.

My art studio, self-portrait, constructions, latex rubber drgs (1978) left image
Office St Kilda Rd Melbourne (1981) centre image
Conservatory Yarra River Melbourne (1980) right image

Shaped by my experience at art schools I had an early desire to invent and direct an art corporation (Warhol, McLaren), except I became an architect and it became Biltmoderne. 3 Innately I understood McLuhan before reading him, enjoyed Chomsky, Skinner - provisionally, also Coca Cola (you could be to human as nature attests) – fused with the great traditions of American and English libertarians (not political) - extreme free thinkers, locally.
Charlseworth. Biltmoderne was an iconoclastic marriage of art through the lens of architecture, strategically set and orchestrated to a media melody where the street acted as gallery. It began with sculptural furniture, club interiors, and small commercial and residential projects. My focus was paint sculptures, which could house the body. The sculptural concerns were also painted and informed by moods inherent in specific strains of popular music and literature i.e. punk to serialism, existentialism, and nihilism. It drew down from other design practices, namely fashion/textile, design/film and theatre. Imagery was thought of as architecturally filmic and forms were often shattered and dynamic, though assembled with a restrained sense of collage, stripped back and made astringent through a predilection for material rawness, a love of industrial architecture and a life inside artist’s studios and galleries. A crafted, crude-sophistication and loud poetry ground together in an artistic aspiration to generate ‘another worldliness’. Artifice and abstraction fabricated from urbanism and human culture were fore grounded – there was little referent to the nature in making the ‘objet de architecture’ other than to provide a frame within it to view nature or engage simply with climate. I focused on cinema studies but stopped because it was killing the enjoyment.

The idea of remaining below the radar while establishing an architectural practice (or desire to work with master architects) was debunked - rather an expanded public view, based on rock music idolatry was co-opted and embedded within architectural practice. My argument was design and architecture in particular, was a public act/event (on a street), requiring a conscious and direct engagement also with the mass media. The press release became the weapon of choice and it was very important NOT to look like an architect. Another channel was to write, curate and exhibit design right into the independent magazine and gallery network I knew, (i.e. Furniture 83’, Christine Abrahams Gallery, Architecture as Idea - RMIT Gallery (1984), Biltmoderne @ Pinacotheca (1986).

On reflection iconoclasticism was a dead end – rather an abrasive and energetic beginning. But architecture was then and still is about attitude, as much as anything else. And the cross disciplinary interests which kept this early practice and myself informed before and during would continue to engage my curiosities. While little of this work is now of interest, the aesthetic predilection into material reductivism and a first hand understanding of art continues to backstop my thoughts in architecture. The Bauhaus was an obvious architectural referent as a form of collective interactive behavior broke rank across design disciplines connecting it with the aspirations of this early work.

Architecture as Idea, curator ship and the public debate RMIT Gallery Melbourne Victoria Australia (poster and exhibition1984) top left and centre image
Macræ and Way Film Production Studio, chassis, illusion and edifice South Melbourne Victoria Australia (1985-86) top right image
A more enduring idea of consciousness, human or otherwise began to matter, though history remained in denied and continued to be of no conscious interest. The artifice of nature - the cultivated garden emerged and bracket crept into the spatial planning of a new work, The Gallery House (1987-1990). Inside. Quiet. Silent. An exquisite place, of absolute comfort – back to a wall, a specifically captured light reflecting across a specific floor, a picturesque frame - a painting - through which you look, all came to occupy the plan. Lessons learnt from the strategically honed, cunning and lighting-intuit moments practiced when positioning the body within evolving and unpredictable apertures as a surfer, mattered. A quieter more reflective view of the world runs through this house and on reflection runs parallel with an illusive psychological space over the loss of the love of my life.

The whole site was framed as a gallery in which one lives, where human comfort rubs out the noisy rumblings prevalent in earlier work. The relations between differentiated internal states, the picturesque and the optical, over-ride discordant compositions and tensions between straight and curved lines or form. The stretched out, horizontal platforms and suspended bridges, discreetly hung and cantilevered rooms produced a strung out pavilion building, threaded together through lineal composition was ‘placed’ around the site and made gardens. Entry was not articulated, the informality of just slipping in Architectural placement in lieu of form and the opening out or closing off of space in response to the sun’s path (big cantilevers west, less north - rooms) began to emerge. The continuity in compositional opposites and their related sequence of movements through space; of anchoring-floating, opening-closing, thickening-indivisible, was designed to drive the ‘feeling’ in/through these spaces. The plan is a flow of rooms defined without passage. The passage is above (a floating strip) with attached containers. The formalist concerns of composition and attention to the making of skin (surface texture) for architecture ran a line back through painting - the skin, as painterly texture performing under light.

While the long Western lineage of formalism in art continued to inform the architectural language an optical sense of working the picturesque frame as an amplifier of site, coupled with manipulating mass and envelope to control privacy, light, heat and the picturesque.

The Gallery House contained the idea of designing mutually reinforcing and co-dependent elements. The palette was thinning but more mattered in a field of less.

I also worked with several theatre companies (1988-91) engaging with directors and actors designing costumes and sets. It marked a return to art practice via theatre design and engaged a reading of the script (brief in architecture) to make dynamic an environment (the heater space), which reinforced dramatic intent. I worked with the play not against it. Cheap, fast, lean productions were thrown together in often kinetic configurations of transformative scenic spaces and objects, placed within highly spatially planned actor-audience-stage relationships. I made the director and actors work the transformations. The power of light and its transforming quality on-through-off surfaces (painting) were built into material and textural choices. Mutually reinforced movement mattered, as the script rolled into the set, itself reinforced by the effect of light all tuned to the physical and psychological manipulation of space. There was something magical here which freed, excited and assisted in leveraging thoughts on becoming an artistic director – where the design strategy, the composition, not the detail or having to make it, mattered most. In a large caste of players it was how it all worked, quite different to a small practice.
The Gallery House, lineal anchored and floating in the picturesque Hawthorn Victoria Australia (1986-89) left image
Architecture in Progress (1987), Gertrude Street Gallery Fitzroy Victoria Australia (1988) centre left image
Death Raft, one element - one sign The Church Theatre Hawthorn (1989) centre right image
King of Country, kinetic transformations Playbox Theatre South Melbourne (1988) right image

Urbanism - Asia Pacific, Mega-World Cities

During 1991 (the recession-less work) urban politics took me to town hall and numerous community planning forums. I enjoyed being an advocate, suggesting council stage architectural competitions (leading to ARM’s St Kilda Town Hall) and contemporise and make dynamic their conservation, street and urban design guidelines not through protective controls designed as a last resort defense against worst offenders in the courts – but to establish, in law, dynamic processes via expert committees to give advise on all design implications embedded in planning matters. The directorial power of urban policy at national, state and local level opened up and by 1992 independently co-published then edited POLIS (1992-1995), to further my understanding of urbanism policy, planning and law nationally and to polemicise those issues. 4 I could see the myriad of urban disciplines were not talking to the detriment of design and did not subscribe to being a planner, developer or politician basher – that was too easy a hit. These intellectual and applied interests extended to the political economy of urbanisation in Australian cities then World cities. The journal anticipated the rise and my interest in the massive urbanisation program a-foot in parts of Asia Pacific, since post war Japan of which we were an integral part and would acceleratingly engage.

This lead to teaching urbanism and design in the School of Urban Development at UNSW to planning students to ensure the imagination would not be regulated in law (planners had the power). I also gave advise to The City of Sydney and Olympic Urban Design Studio. 5 Foregrounding the mechanisms of urban policy and management meant architecture was backgrounder – I could see managing urbanism’s complexity surfaced urban design’s role further as the link between design, law, landscape, ecology, technology etc – once gardianed by aristocrats, militias or engineers, was inevitable. Architecture surfaces as particle, as urbanisms underlying invisible matter – of information and capital flows (Adam Smith, Manuel Castells, Peter Hall, Saskia Sassen), compressed in free markets, sovereign or otherwise, are directed by political, social and legal structures etc. Representing wealth/power/human development strategies of the developed world with calculable flow on effects, lifting the undeveloped world up through the downloading of labor or manufacturing and other numerous dimensions. Architecture and urban design often end linked in this complex rhythm of stellar like cycles. But also uplifted by them, as ‘human capital is capital’ and knowledge based industries their creative clusters are codependent on these financial and market mechanisms which navigate political territory – ipso facto. I better understood these cycles, complex net of world ecologies and related human development first to third world issues.

This macrocosm enabled foreseeing where and how the world would move. (I am not pessimistic and do not share the view, we are not developing). I thought about how this could further be applied at a micro scale – within architectural design. While architectural discourses
often endeavored to explain urbanism, the meaning of cities and human development it appeared conditioned by its lens, a descriptor of its own circum-ambulating and related disciplines (of which it has many). Conversely as architectural discourse its world was often articulated eloquently.

Drifting from the intimate architectural debates, I preferred to canvas urbanism as my national urban perspectives advanced globally.


**Melbourne/Sydney**

The move from Melbourne to Sydney (winter 1993-), from a moody Bass Straight to a sparkling Tasman and South Pacific, contained a powerful romantic image. A desire to morph my architectural language and sensibility of global art production and the gnarly underbelly of Melbourne’s independent cultural circles, to which I belonged, with the scent of sandstone weeping, sculpted Morton Bays, salt water and a sub temperate climate. Could artifice (made of culture) compress with landscape? Could ‘another worldliness’ meet the sea? Place, as in origin, the authentic, something static was not something even I believed in – and I never understood ‘place’ discourse in architecture as a means of making an image. It was too physically and psychologically deterministic and had been smashed by Duchamp long ago. I was however mindful that adaptation mattered in processes earthbound or otherwise.

As critical distance slid in, the urban-centric architectural debates and virulent strains demonstrably shaped and fought for within State capitals evaporated. I had not identified with Melbourne’s rather awkward (by intent or otherwise) sense of collage or denial of beauty and I had little interest in Sydney or Australian architecture generally - art remained the referent. In Sydney I engaged my post industrial-informational sensibility of urbanism via artifice (art or architecture) with a conduit to land-sea in a highly abstracted, pictorial and optical sense. The optical attributes were also responding to the unrelenting severity of the Australian light. The lineal composition remained to place focus elsewhere. This work did not begin until 1995-96.

**Dirty Property**

‘the rat with a golden tooth’ – and the winner is Sydney!

Right place - right time; after four years studying urban development I become a property entrepreneur (1996-2002) to test an applied urbanism of sorts, establishing FTB while running an architectural practice in Sydney. 6 I identified four strands running through this phase of architectural practice:

- The execution of property development projects as a developer and advisor
- To subliminally leverage large property ad campaigns to elevate design and aboriginal art
- Continue a sub-set of smaller architectural projects and experiments
- Produce art-design projects as a meta-space within smaller architectural commissions

Co-responsible for directing over one hundred people from QC’s, financiers, usual architectural sub-consultants to site laborers while running this side of my architectural practice demanded new thinking. I was self taught, forced to undertake all feasibilities –
getting three right and one horribly wrong. Wearing risk, strategically managing more complex financial, legal, bureaucratic and consumer campaign processes (including being the architect) lent (on top of studying urbanism) further first hand insight into understanding the ‘on going’ relations between many things. It also demanded an astute sense of value engineering entire processes as well as design and provided important insights into how all sides work.

Having subscribed early in my career to both manipulating and seeing mass media space as part of cultural production, establishing a clear entrepreneurial idea for alternative housing where poor housing market choices existed, mattered. I had never considered architecture, its production and consumption, at the highest and most honorable of levels to be exempt from such terms. And never understood the intelligentsia’s or conservative left’s ‘down the nose’ view of such matters. Artists and curators, creatives and their loving audiences, like auction houses rummage in exactly the same space, even if they abhor or deny the terms. We all know innovation does not sell immediately - when human capital is capital - so what!

FTB’s objective was to eliminate the client, control the entire development process cycle, and expand globally in order to procure excellent urban development from multivalent dimensions which included sophisticated entrepreneurial ideas concerning not only art, architecture and urbanism but mix, use, need, structure and management. But the market slumped and so had I, from exhaustion. The lessons were invaluable, the price - less time, coupled with other research interests, for design research and the development of architecture.

The architecture of this period was ostensibly a continuity of my engagement with industrial architecture, the gallery, the artist’s studio, and a desire to turn that into a bold alternative work-housing choice. Most were adaptive re-use projects; restrained, austere and materially raw, which by default were extremely low maintenance, long life buildings; minimising mechanical parts, ensuring low body corporate fees and less energy consumption in their making and post occupancy consumption. These re-worked buildings moved with the industrial language and structural rhythms. The art of placement; of strata subdividing, planning common circulation, wet areas and cores were designed to free the perimeter, void spaces and structures to amplify existing spatial quality, light-ventilation and articulate the shared common journey. Simple artful placement mattered. Common circulation paths were dramatized where the private domain of common spaces – street extensions to lobbies, passages, lifts and stairs were designed as filmic, often darkened, amplified structure (serial music) and incorporated art moments. The deeper you move into the plan the darker it is treated, forcing your return to light which was often filtered by a screen devise. A retinal rein forcer – the camera. The floating of objects through space (rooms/circulation paths) was designed to allow freer readings of space (the spatial containment of the binding warehouse envelope) and ran a direct line form anchoring-floating prior projects. These were ostensibly gestalt-perceptual, retinal and emotive controls.

The screen entered my architectural repertoire as a painterly devise expressed industrially or sculpturally, to mutually reinforce functional concerns; sun and environmental control, light-optics and picture making, public-private transitioning. It was often held off (to deepen) the envelope, wrap a glazed skin, itself wrapped around a grid, industrial frame. It first emerged in the St Francis School Hall loft conversion (1995) as a raw, clip on main circulation chassis made of layered steel mesh, as a privacy devise also attenuating west sunlight and heat. In Metalika (2000) I reworked (a standard inherited apartment approval) into a new loft residential and retail complex (remaining in the approved bulk), the entire western steel mesh skin, two meters deep, is layered in plan, section and elevation and furthers transitions/challenges ones three dimensional sense of privacy while acting as a light filter. The Art Wall (2000) uses a simple geometric laser cut pattern (a play on a Chinese screen) as optical-light picture amplifying what light layering does (as matter) within the entire depth of the building. The fifty percent fractures apertures are designed to place the occupant simultaneously inside out. It couples to down load energy (50% less plant required). In 'The Veil' (2000), in The Water House, an objet d'art is sculpted and placed over a black swimming pool where it shimmers with refractive translucencies of light wrapping around solid strands. It also serves to both terminate and allure a perspectival stretch to the site, also coupling as a functional privacy screen to neighbors.
The design of M Central (2003, M = metropolis), a major re-design of a massive warehouse conversion terminates this run of work at a bigger scale using similar devices but adds a vision (born of urbanism/the continent/art) for its roof (a concrete car park); a genuine urban park (180x40metres) lifted to sky. The design strategy; a city set romantic abstracted Savannah grassland; the wind observed in the movement of grass – a sea, as well as a murmur of the continent abstracted acts an ecological moment - a microclimate and habitat to mitigate the city’s heat sink effect, combines with a design strategy was for an urban roof park made of streets, houses, niches, cool resting places and gardens – all requiring little water. Ecological, animated art. 7

These projects were galleries for living and working in and triggered both the development community and their architects to feel confident in providing old/new loft apartment housing types across Sydney – which were not available, at these levels.

I engineered large related property media campaigns to ensure a sophisticated view of urban living mattered and that aboriginal art appeared in every CAD sales image, with some campaigns in the media for years. Like designing Guillaume’s Opera House Restaurant and advocating to the Opera House Trust that monies be spent on the procurement and building in of aboriginal art (larrakitj) made by our great indigenous artists was polemical. I note with amusement that property ads now look wrong if aboriginal images are not in them (the later rise in the aboriginal art market helped) and that the larrakitj are an official part of the tourism walk through the House.

Uplifting the human condition could be achieved in many ways via many vehicles as an architect. And these were all commercial development projects executed under tight, financial-time pressures and had to return to investors – I saw no conflict.

Property developments by FTB pty ltd (dje co-director):
Marshall St Loft-Work Conversion, Surry Hills NSW Australia (2000 DA approved unbuilt) centre left image
But architecture continued

From 1996-2002 I layered a Melbourne/Sydney then Continent axis, re connected with an old love affair – surfing, by passing Perth for the Margaret River region. As a hard-core urbanist I was overwhelmed by the purity, power and beauty the region contained and noticed how communities of peoples had settled that coast. While in Sydney as a recluse I preferred to watch the Sydney to Hobart, Olympics, the World, particularly it’s economic, political, human and urban development through the space of the screen, TV. I used my own antennae to read things, not in proximity to me, including the human psyche - one could cover far more territory.

Media space was so powerful - it talked to me, I understood its movement, design, strategies and effects – it was brilliant, further extended with the World Wide Web (incipient telepathy). It was not hard to see where we were going. Our co existence with the virtual (from the painting to the screen and soon beyond) was commensurate with the acceleration of urbanization and therefore our comprehension of time and its meaning. This is not unrelated, we know we are compressing time at exponential rates and cannot rely on the measures of the last century – it was slow (Malthus got it so wrong and Ehrlich continues to). The cycle of understanding the movement of space (beyond three dimensions) and the relations between things continued expanding. Unconsciously this macro spatial dimension was beginning to reverberate in the rhythms of some works to a greater or lesser degree.

Coupled with this were many intense experiences of a super-natural kind while being on the grounds of indigenous places both here and in the Pacific Islands. Indigenous peoples, their treatment, thoughts, art, were also affecting me.

I added it all to the mix – and without knowing was preparing to leave the Continent, soon the planet - ‘the place’ - in due course none of it would be acute for making architecture. In these moments I would reflect to conversations with my second father (one I chose to adopt), Dr
Joseph Czulak; Pole, classic scholar and scientist. He was never bored because he said he could always think about infinity, we often talked about it. I was treading his footsteps and was, without knowing it arriving at a different view.

The Australian light, inside the camera - its aperture-speed, began to permeate some optical thinking behind the design of several houses. While Turrell, Ealiasson and Le Witt's courtyard in Rome had advanced related matters in art I was attempting to devolute form for not unsimilar concerns – sometimes unspoken. The adoption of the straight line (Gallery House) was a means of focusing on the picturesque. 8

The appearance of architecture was now subject to the subliminal gestures of reading matter (the wave length particle – light) and amplifying site. The Water House (1996-elongates its site with optical tricks (Borromini), opens to climate vertically and horizontally and can convert to open plan offices. The subliminal was taken to another level in the Roozen House (1997), a modestly budgeted house for a surfer in Margaret River, where the experiential artfully orchestrated in relation to the bodies' movement through space. (choreographers and surfers know, positioning is everything and in the case of surfing reading animated mass is critical). The building works when you walk through it, nothing special to look at – enigma mattered. It was more important the conversation, like a person, revealed itself frame-by-frame, scene-by-scene the extent of a life.

A simple description of the optical narrative is explained:
The crucifix plan generates four courts providing options for comfortably living out range of raging winds, its axis pointed to an infamous ceremonial break in the Indian Ocean - west. While the snout remains thin and floats out to meet the Indian Ocean. The counter axis is anchored along the dunal contour, is bunkered down low, reinforced by being masonry and concrete. As you approach (top of hill) the exquisite 360-degree vista opens. As you descend there is no vista – court 1 / view access denied – no wind – silenced by blank walls – sky. The front is the back – a hole next to a low lineal window, placed along the floor – on sand, a touch of morning light across dune and floor. The hole-restriction-opens to a labyrinth, internalizing you it controls, you sense inbound light via a super thin horizontal aperture a half level below – you cannot see through it. If you travel the bunker/contour it opens to long lineal horizontal pictures – only the sea/the ridge. You descend and travel parallel along a blank wall trimmed with a long thin 100mm slit 1500mm above the floor, the perfect horizon frame – it was the light before you descended! – Lineal – a painting made, you/horizon – nothing else. Turn and trace it either north or south. Turn 1 south, a perspective frame on the sweeping Leeuwin Ridge, turn 2 north, another frame as the ridge descends as flora around you and captures the orthodox church – another picture-made for you – your feet are anchored with the dune – it runs right through the space both sides. You feel you are outside in the flora, the same height as you, but you are anchored at the kitchens (caste concrete) heart. Next step a timber bounce, lightweight, floating – a long snout – an art wall - points to a break miles away, a spot on the sea. As you approach through a gallery the ridge and church disappear as frame opens to the Indian Ocean. Moving towards the frame two flanking horizontal apertures again reframe the ridge and church again - you’re are held in a picture of 270 degrees. Moving through the frame – and a huge heavy lid descends to squeeze you between deck and roof – only long distance sky available – no need to squint. Out to the edge everything finally unfolds as the roof ascends you notice your feet are now level with the floral canopy – floating over it - you emerge – naked/no protection. You have returned to the top of the hill.

This is a land-sea-scaped building, designed through artful placement via denial-aperture, which doubles to mediate the classic west problem. The building squints in order to see while its appearance reinforces its moves. Low, strung out, assertive - Eisenstein’s multiple frames are at work, site is amplified, climate is controlled, the body and eyes are put to work. And the sky angle is a wonderfully available free thing.

The client said it’s the only place he ever experienced a large mass orgie, “there was no wind, everyone just felt so good floating out there on the deck, it just happened”.

The ultimate post occupancy test!
The straight line had served its purpose as I moved back to designing form – image was everything so long as everything mutually reinforced image; sculpted artifice, abstracted landseascapes (movements), the picturesque, functionality, climate control and site amplification. Modigliani and Giocommetti as figurative mark makers - divine sensualists, Brancusi’s bird! Shaping elegance into multivalent concerns mattered. Two unbuilt (approved) projects emerged, the Chrysalis Penthouse and Aitkin House. Both projects worked through these ideas and marked the pursuit of one form does all. Complexity, multiple breaths were beginning to be expressed in the parenthesis of simplicity – difficult, but one breath and possibly breathlessness seemed more intelligent. I was a long way from earlier intentions but using still using multiple channels. Earlier I designed from the outside in, later the inside out, now it was all around if possible.

The skin emerged as a stretched sheathe shaped and apertured to accommodate the elegance of mutually connecting things with which the plan responds. The planning strategy was also working with the skins order; often fattening to the south and west (less frequented habitable spaces) and thinning to the east and north as a passive design for climate with careful consideration of air movement through it. The mound house expressed some of these concerns.

Where form could not be afforded the fold or buckle simply took hold, though the concerns were the same. The Folded House (2002-03) is sculpture incongruously squeezed and bent between two existing structures and moves with the path of the sun while making three courts. Its folding eaves and inclined walls flow and open, extend, deepen from east to west and north to south and set the ground rules for managing light and heat and screen neighboring properties simultaneously. Bound by a seamless floor plan which connects things
subliminally; a heritage building and outbuilding the buildings perimeter is lineal while the inner plan snakes a path. The fold is hard-metallic and transitions with the underside which is pliable-fc sheet and plasterboard to become an interior ceiling of compound curves which pulls down tightly over a new hub – the kitchen – a place where parents can survey their children in any interior, pool or coutyard space – the brief. A black floor tempers light and reflects the courts pool of water and plants in a chimera like painting which occupies the entire plan.

The Folded House Bronte NSW Australia (2002-03)

Coupled with my own observations of natural and other movement patterns I was drawn to establish a significant regional aboriginal art collection (Utopia to Yirkalla). Appreciating this work is no different to appreciating Western or Eastern masters, nor is learning from it – it represents knowledge about ‘time’ in this country. The two forces compressed in the second design for Metalika, a public art project and wind barrier. A collaboration with Dani Marti’s (ex trade commissioner-artist) interested in the molecular and the molar in weaving, our first effort (overpriced scheme sunk). I switched Dani on to good aboriginal art, which he, like many people (until they see the good stuff) had an aversion to. Our interest in object making was parallel but driven by different ideas.

Metalika Windscreens geomorphic extrusions laser cut in horizontal rhythms (competition winner 2002-03) left image
Metalika simplified to blades a laser cut pattern of movement is anchored on a sinuous pebble plan bed – so you don’t walk into the wind zone Yarras Edge The Melbourne Docklands Victoria Australia (2002-03) right image

Meta moments – inside/of architecture

Moments appeared in the fissures and cracks of architecture, where a meta-strategy for making art-design objects which both integrated (belonged) and stood (alone) within architectural commissions could be developed. These small objects, like earlier experiments with furniture acted as design R&D, where huge resources were poured into the intersections of art-design-architecture as a means of actually thinking about architecture, modeling and bumping it in as an installation. Every project had a functional purpose. Measurement by eye was always critical in these projects. Most were painterly sculptures married with functionality and artfully placed (meta) within the architectural body (composition) with other design intent. They speak to artifice and abstracted images of landscape. One to one templates were measured from a variety of digital processes and sketches – and months were spent designing and refining them prior to documentation.

The WALL, a collaboration with artist Sue Norrie (Venice Biennale artist 2007), a common stair well inverts light as it moves from sky – thick, black, bituminous to lower levels –
crimson, smooth glossy and performs a shimmer of both exquisite depth-perspective-translucency and reflection from/to the descending/ascending space. It is then slammed with specifically placed, raw off the shelf industrial componentry; fluorescent and emergency lights, a galvanized steel staircase, which sit uncompromisingly hard against such lusciousness.

‘WALL’ Ann street warehouse conversion – the common passage (1999)

A moment in pure form, a vase, acts as a Marquette for architecture. Set out digitally and shaped purely by eye-instinct the form is hand shaped from 1:1 templates. The Chrysalis, Aitken houses are part of this language where elegance and poise and balletic stature are crafted from years of looking.

‘Vase’ Sydney Opera House restaurant (2001)

The Veil acts at the intersection of a life times observations recording movement of one surface, which contains endless complexities (algorithmic patterns), the sea and combines it with rhythms found in aboriginal painting. It is also functional object, a privacy screen and optical devise placed within an architectural composition (a Meta composition) designed to amplify both a sites depth and perspective (Borromini) via intrigue and allure and is also a sculpture.


I underwrote a public art billboard space on the ART WALL building and framed Emily’s Alkahere Country painting as a thank you to aboriginal people and celebration of her genius. Not surprisingly the Japanese honored this great Dame in Osaka and Tokyo with a retrospective (2008), something not bestowed on any other Australian artist. The billboard project failed; four commissions in five years.
‘Public Art Billboard’ The ART WALL (2001)


‘Black Box’ the loft (2002)

The studies of spatial rhythms, Turkey Tolson’s spears and tiny specs of space held within a field form a natural movement pattern as a front gate and fence institute’s itself and moves with the ascending stair.

‘A Fence and A Gate’ Folded House (2002)

At 10.30 am October 23rd 2002 on an exquisite Bondi morning I decided to shut down this world in pursuit of art-life and other things.

Another stretched breath 2003 - 2006

It slid; crusty edges licked by oceans framed, the expanding network of isolated cities. I came to understand the deeper meaning of isolation, studied it. Isolation of the Continent, it’s geology, flora and fauna, its first inhabitants, them from one another (vast space-small tribes scattered), early settlers isolated from home, our cities hugely spaced like pearls without a thread, this home isolated from the world and all historical attempts, human cost and price to connect it. We sat here lonely, wanting – the Colonial Secretary, Alexander Macleay’s Elizabeth Bay House oriented to Sydney’s Heads, the picturesque or longing for a sighted sail
- oh for familiar company. This time warp echo of information continues to travel with us and has parallels with DNA mutations and copies, where information is lost, jumps are made, warping occurs and odd strains emerge. We are odd, sometimes unique often peculiar to others. It is extremely powerful and shapes most of what we do; our judiciary, human rights, sport, language - part aboriginal – (check pissing), and includes architecture, even if we don’t understand its full dimensions or are in denial of its existence – You know isolation is our strength stuff. It’s not – it’s our inherited condition from which we must work ………. Maturity a century away – it demands fifty million people.

It all etched a beautiful scar - a piercing aquamarine horizontal line rip-scorched my mind and bathed in exquisite majesty alongside a glossy, black-licorice world of abstracted artifice drawn, painted and fabricated from the worlds’ urbanism and global art production. I pasted Becketts white-lined face on black within an aerial postcard of Lord Howe Island and it all made sense. These images compressed in a feeling and contained psychophysical effects drawn on a breath, which housed the greatest sense of freedom imaginable, wrapped in knowing it’s huge out there.

I drew it, wrote about it, and began to think more seriously about how architecture could be composed from it (Sculthorpe, Strehlow, Dhakiyarr, Rover, Cave ….. it had richness, pregnancy - the incipient strains could not be found elsewhere). And it was not a state or insight I could have arrived at without spending time with aboriginal people all over this country – by looking in - to them they helped me - see something, which could complete our journey as a people, if we chose to live on this continent.

It was not that these opposites of continental edge (mass demography) and deep interiors were spatially different – the 180-degree arc and the 360-degree orbital space respectively, but that they were similar. The deserts (dissipated seas) and oceans contained similar patterns of movement and it was this intensity of movement that had been seducing and intriguing my eye. I read the geomorphology - stood in 2.5billion years, dreamings, and settlement and understood the power of ancestry, time differently. Australian cities and their cultures almost drop out completely out there - deep in the Continent. Not an ode to nature, rather an ode to feeling-imaging-understanding the omnipresence of time. While the virulent strain of isolation forged necessity and invention and peculiarity, it was already existent, rooted in aboriginal life. This furthered insights into my own country and therefore part of me, as the great sounds of the continent began to tell their story. The Continent surfaced as an image, as a space as an echo, a murmur of time and light, long before human occupation and after settlement and was resonating with powerful spatial images in my mind.

Back to go forwards.

The night was long and the days were short – time.
Masters moments (2004-2005)
During 2003 and by 2004 I felt I could not include a persuasive case for a highly abstracted architecture for this continent. A shift, as my early thinking was not premised on ‘Australian’ anything by intent and symbolism, overt or inferred was not part of my lexicon. I needed more information; so I looked and recorded deeper journeys into this Continent, simultaneously the World in order to assist one to see the other. In Sicily (winter 2006) pursuing only Italian cuisine and exceptionally sited Greek colonial architecture - I had it, while reflecting on experiences in sacred sites in Gubulanya and geomorphologies of the Kimberly. Insights into how we got here, adapted, made good, evolved. I had imagined and stood in time. But under this lay the perennial pursuit of ‘another worldliness’ and that still mattered most. Goya, El Greco, Duchamp, Tarkovsky, Williams, Thomas, Kngwarreye, Rommel, Eliasson, Kac were playing out. While acknowledging, by personal measure of physical experience, that the earth was the greatest sculpture by time I had no desire to re-create it. The anthropogenic is real; integral to adaptation, mutation, acceleration and changing space and time as the forces, which created the earth. And as our telepathy accelerates this century, an inherent imperative of the net and tissue, gene growth and all manner of quantum computing beckons why not use it all – not bits of it as a composite complexity of circumstance.

Perhaps my work, or I, did not belong here (Australian continent), but if being here helped me ask the question, could I make work that not only spanned us but equaled the acceleration of time as I was coming to understand its earthly meaning, could it be as exquisitely free and elegant? I took an extremely critical view of my work and composed a weird strategy (a methodology); unusual things, designed to distance me in order to look into the connections and flows between things as this was what was interesting me most - understanding privileges one to foresee. Bruce, Joe, artist’s, architects, many elders, Brockman, George Dyson, Jaron Lanier, Craig Venter, the physicists, the biologists and neurologists working on consciousness were all ringing my art, architecture, urbanist, futurist time/space bell. This was also as good and real a context as architecture gets.

Scuttling the office and vacating commissions to a thread I returned to art practice to escape/expand architecture. Rather than ‘actor’ I enhanced the ‘Yeti’, (consistent with my extremophile character) to observe a world pass by from my cafe, silently – and did nothing from morning to 2 pm for 18 months but draw, write and think (often parking my car, walking home believing it to be stolen the next morning). And the world’s noise could often be heard – I also thought how much nicer it could be if we all did less. The travel missions continued.

The master’s reflection over projects had to incorporate ones life, which lead to the simple question ‘who am I’ and ‘we am I’. Tracing this opened a reflection to ‘everything’. Everything is an ambitious and impossible project. But believing, that everything matters, is not. This required a large zoom lens. I could zoom from global interaction – watch Hong Kong grow from an opiate den to a transport hub and watch digital cash flow into London where it would transform into a loan to build infrastructure, where the steel that composed it was mined, the workers life’s who mined it, see their lives and deaths. I could see that beautiful cycle of events and interactions played out over time and it contained animated patterns of an invisible kind. I could zoom down to the particle of architectural design – then out to identifying common threads between what I, architects, physicists, computer scientists, biologists and behavioral psychologists were collectively thinking, or identify how isolation structured the Australian condition. Or project to where and how increasing urbanization networks generate (and require) increasing energy in the form of knowledge demanding new disciplinary expansions to understand it. Or link this acceleration with the political economies design on free trade agreements and wealth creation also creating recession by attrition in some places. Zooming in and zooming out is architectural by necessity (tooling design) and is a powerful state/modality from which to leverage into an examination of what I call causal/projected relations at much larger scales, Castells calls it flows and many call it - ecologies. Stalin built Moscow’s underground from and for it and termites their mounds. These states, cycles conditions between in cohere and cohere from chaos to orderly with all their superimpositions and entanglements are qubits and brains going about their business between nothing and intent. In sets of relations which never repeat but contain modalities of recurrence. The
universe including those that bind it I believe is no different and moves in exactly the same way but may not be made from the same thing.

The zoom lens was now fundamentally increasing in scale to the point where it was no longer a lens at all, it was a series of insights into life and deaths movements, movements underpinned by everything and those movements simply transformed through and into shades and densities of matter and energy both related which illustrated moments. Moments like the particles of the sea, the weather, and a city’s birth-life-death, like a civilization, which come and go as the sun may eventually and collapse the earth.

Intimate reflections on my life were diagrammed as sets of causal/projected relations from which my thoughts these thoughts then flowed.

I re-drew projects, twice
Graphically, as a distillation of spatial intent.
Again
One gestural mark of the design strategy.

Re-drawing architecture, elimination of the superfluous to identify design strategy (2004)
Folded House (left)  Roozen House (right)

I preferred mark to drawing as it connotes my understanding of seeing/looking and recording how form and light act together and how a mark conditions space (Newton’s bucket). I rarely enjoyed architects drawings, as they looked illustrative and graphic, until I saw Mendelssohn’s tiny observatory drawing in 1987, (Cooper Hewitt Museum) and drawings emerging from the advent of the digital – sex and movement at last!

A long period of what I call free writing (prose/poetry/narrative descriptions) increased in frequency during this period. Essentially exploring a spatiality of the mind related to time/space and transfer, the illusive nature of origin, were often written above earth, blinding white light (coast) or in the dark. From autobiographic to understanding ‘dimensions’ of non-physical worlds they occasionally focused on-through another lens for composing architecture.

Paintings, abstracted recordings of the continents hypnotic power (2000-2004) left image
Drawing, marks floating in space observations of movement (2004) centre image
Writings, poetic murmurs to prose and descriptive or abstracted narratives used for design (2003) right image

Artists often ‘see’ and do ‘weird’ things, and don’t have to justify their peculiar inner world – we accept or reject them as invitations, mirrors, critiques, and celebrations. From my earliest introduction to architecture I identified the latent reverberations of former art movement conceptualists (capital assets take time) in architecture, now somewhat reversed with the digital naturally being the architect’s tool. (In 1980 I knew Gheri would be huge, guzumping Eisenman). With several disciplines expanding inside me (different to collaboration) I found conversations with artists and architects strained at points – views of the world often appeared limited by the discipline unless they auto reverted to it. The world could not be explained by one thing alone – but a world could live eloquently alone within a discipline or more complexly two. (It’s just physics)

The first reflective understandings were essentially insights illustrated as peculiar spatial diagrams – of self-analysis, which attempted to trace all causal/projectile effects on my growth including their conditional meanings. They began as time based maps in a simple sense (backwards-forwards), which acted to illustrate the connections to psycho-spatial flows in another. I scribed hundreds linking them with everything possible (conscious) pre-birth, imagination, thoughts, ideas, people, projects, economic and cultural conditions, travel-location, life choices …… and included strategies and projections, it was endless until it became something else! It was helpful and allowed me to position my work within a divergent career and recompose the moments of architecture (fifteen years in twenty five) more cogently so I could write about it here, something I had not done.

Oeuvre (self curation) flow diagrams seeking to place/understand oneself and therefore every thing/one else (2004-2005)

These thoughts-hunches-feelings-insights worked very fast and illusively, moving between images and huge spatial depths, which see and explain things simultaneously; they are conceptualisations like any other (cave painting, web site), which cluster the connections between through/things and require words in order to communicate them, demonstrating language to be remarkably slow but the most celebrated medium we currently use (I suspect it will come of age). They are also loaded with risk and delusion, becoming real and through their reality, a vast accretion of lenses in my head, this pseudo psycho-spatial-analytic linking was an attempt to trace to origin and destiny. Acting as a modality-probe (in the mind) I used this ‘technique’, ‘a dreaming’, ‘imagination’ to think about any/everything. I kept thinking about the past and future of urbanisation, all kinds of networks, movement paths. I re-looked at urban and natural ‘patterns of movement’ – not stills.

Speaking at a conference in Russia (2008) I came across the writer and symbolist Andrei Bely (Boris Bugaev), one famous book and one rather fluid and beautiful diagrammatic chart, which connect his work and life with what he understood, was going on in the world around him. You are rarely alone.
Andrei Bely (Boris Bugaev) Line of life mood swings and cultural influences

I have to footnote here an autobiographical moment/experience. The most intense experience from which I could not breathe or escape - a long sense of waiting (21 years 1985-2006) over no longer being with the love of my life. (nothing compared to having been hunted and almost eaten by a big shark). Knowing it was pure, powerful and complete and would never hit that totality again placed me in a highly illusive, psycho-spatial condition; vast, unreal, bottomless, side less. Neither loss, grief, faithless, death - in any way explains it. Compellingly it privileged one part of me (as the other lived) by conferring extraordinary moments from which acute observations could be seen in life – (the one you are no longer a participant in). Coupled with the master’s moment I continued to amplify its enormous reach and dimension to make many works. While this experience is not uncommon it was ‘exceptional’ and I know it has allowed me to paint some of my work and some of what is written here.

The autobiographical matters as much as anything else – you cannot escape yourself - yet. (I suspect we will) In what way does Howard Raggatt’s wife enter ARM’s work? or tuberculosis Munch’s? suicide Kurt Kobains? or everyone’s sex? To quarantine experience is to quarantine life’s meanings, empathies and the creativity flowing from it. (Tracey Emin’s bed)

In 2003 I designed a door for the glass and metal finishes company Axolotl. Small objects, like scribbles and insights were critical compressions (early furniture) in being helpful to approach scaled up things. In essence the door is all rhythm. One surface, one gesture with echoes of intent unwinding to almost random – a small part drifts – but it all gels as one mesmeric sexual desire. The lure of folds and the stretching of lines lifted gently into sexual (erotic) spaces as if in repose before release – snap frozen in dense matter where desire and experience coalesce in the need for something else – layers the door. Darker than mercury my painters eye ran a line through sculpture across architecture and into deep space – a psycho-sexual-spatiality of reflective luster which mirror reflected a world and the hypnotic mysterious world of the door. Knowable and invisible refractions of form.

At 50 backwards had the same time frame as forwards though the accelerator.

One door one sculpture one painting one building in one colour transforming with perspective and the light within its surface.

‘adoor’ (2003-04)

During 2004-05 I worked from a studio in THE ART WALL, writing making works within the matter of light I had created. I distill that journey and diagram here:
Directing, curating, choreographing public events around electro sound, video and performance works was a means of liberating the lens from building (static) to animate mediums/thoughts. Buried desires of earlier engagements (art) in theatre, short stories and scripts surfaced. My interest was for pure art forms and a closer engagement with humans. The process of architectural practice can be very disengaging of the human psyche. Directing the frontier of human experience with humans in an evening’s composition of experimentation is great. Many poor artists participated in these sponsored events.

The electro and digitized components and software engineering, conversations in the digital concerning sound and video, like in architecture were very similar, but the expression was different – but was it – wasn’t it just the medium – the tools were similar, the referent to the algorithms etc….. the same? Watching a projected light-electro work could be a building. The interest in invisible matter (wave lengths) a glue, all had parallels with my thoughts about deep space, dark matter, entropy and causal/projections. I was actually studying its patterns and modalities; the celebration of existence, the push forwards (artistic intellectual constructs and sensors) and its links to the world’s rhythms. Oh how our lenses are so small! Yet it hangs together in larger patterns of unconsciousness driven by common desires. I was quantum tunneling.

Curated and exhibited sound, electronic, video and performance public events (2003-05)

Endless prose and drawings were also made from the continents land-sea-scapes in particular, a respite from studies in urbanism and architectural practice though still maintaining artifice/abstraction/sensing ‘something bigger’ by compressing it into a psycho-spatial construct. The continuum of paintings (beginning 2000) on corrugated card, wet drawings-marks represented the sounds and murmurs of this very ancient continent.

Paintings, acrylic and cheap corrugated card - exhibited ART WALL Gallery (2001-2004)

Commensurate with these events and flowing from the flow diagrams (self curation) I began to make strange new drawings which sat between analytic thought, insight, image and vast space and dealt with conceptualising any-one-all and more than the thoughts expressed here. They came naturally, had their own existence and I used the technique/process of a physical registration of marks with meanings to make work/write and later developed them as paintings (exhibition forthcoming).
Drawings (2004-2006)

Murmur drawings psycho-spatial insights into time/meaning (2004-2006)

Digitisation is harnessed as a tool (not an end state) and placed under house arrest – director/auteur. The suite of digital paintings/constructions (photography direct and manipulated) is ostensibly a picture composed from light. Taken all over the globe they look into-out-through-off light sources to obliterate ones position-scale in space – all around/through/possibly within you. Majesty, sensuality within one medium as seen from another, underscores the rhythm. Is it large or sub atomic, what is it and where from/to matters as the works make love with their own world, oblivious as they pass through ours. ‘Another worldliness’

Digital paintings made from all over the world often recomposed, zoomed in-zoomed out, others highly manipulated digitally still containing the original image – studies in light exhibited ART WALL Gallery (2002-04)

Endless is perfect and journeys never complete. Animated sound-video scapes further (animated) these possibilities. A series of spatial dimensions reinforced by sound are scored to a composition of mutually reinforcing moments in the unknown.
Videoscape project sound-video-CAD-narrative-photographs collaboration – stills from the piece (2004-05)

A conceptual mass media project using populism - a football, universe image – a sphere is a temporary entertainment space sited in any world stadium (a Meta space). A mass media image and entrepreneurial idea for mass rallies, concerts and is made (translucent skins) from recycled waste. It is also a digital light-sound installation. And contains an inner sphere (circulation between) with orbital 360 perspectives. The project expresses capital flows (profit-erected for i.e. world cups/mass concerts) through an international lens – football. A theatre (set) choreography (light-sound-human movement) Meta within a gallery (view from the stadium or within) experiential (interact). It is art programmed with function and architecture subliminally veiling the interest in a commercial and physical populist icon. It is not a football

‘The BIG Football’ entertainment complex - art and light installation proposal (2004-05)

‘Bruce’ black box installation, raw coal floor soot walls solid glass rods fiber optics and sound proposal (2005-07)

The following projects (mainly stills from animate compressions) are essentially theatre productions containing all of the elements visible within architecture

‘3player’, conceptual study sound-light-stage installation and performance (2004-08)
Still humans 2050, directed choreographed performance light electronic interactive score collaboration performed in the Victoria Room Restaurant Sydney (2005) right image
Several non-paid projects were undertaken, a mercurial glass wall plays with one material and (glass) and four forms of light. In-on-under-mirror reflected. Its pattern moves beyond its frame and
The project also had to reflect the skills of the metal-glass finishes company Axolotl

‘Glass Painting’ and drawing Designex Darling Harbor NSW Australia (2005)

A media piece as art installation. The mind is used (pickled sheep’s brains) in a serial formation of subtle differences, illuminated with up light. The brains are the grey and artistic matter of the contributors of this art and design journal. It is not what you would find at a trade show but the project is an astute and multivalent reading of the brief.

Poll Oxygen Installation Designex Darling Harbor NSW Australia (2005)

The observation of patterns of various kinds emerge in the design for this arboretum (tree trunks)

Arboretum International competition Canberra ACT Australia (2005)

Open source meets the auteurs’ rhythm, as a small interior (and additions) project. The prose of space entered this project, as the Kings Cross square and park slide over the new ceiling (stained ply radial sheets) and swoop down from the perimeter aperture to become a live moss wall (back of bar-no mirrors here) also an air filter (soil-water-plants), human health. Context and circumstance (adaptation). It is littered with art moments and uses unfamiliar sentiment (e.g. dolls and medical urine receptacles on cheap pizza trays as lights). It is composed largely from recycled material and its plan consists of ensembles of furniture as families. This place is hugely popular and will become a Kings Cross classic as a result of the design strategy of adaptation, open channel inputs and capacity to auteur the event, a multivalent perspective makes the project work.
Gazebo Wine Garden Kings Cross NSW Australia (2005-06)

Adaptation of the screened element around the development object. The Gold House was designed also from descriptive prose; of moments moving in and out of spatial dimensions intensifying in a habitable place – a house. It’s illusive stuff. Oriented west to the harbor the house reels in remote site forces across the land-sea scape into the rhythm of its made gardens, into it courts, journeys and spaces. A continuum of the industrial raw frame (concrete/budget) it is sheathed in a deeply profiled skin of abstracted movement. All site fences were removed (public-private dissolve at title) as landscape enters. In reverse an outbound (south passage) forcing occupants to transit-gaze through specific optical flickers (a naturally ventilated treated glass wall) to the sites south floral gully beyond – it’s opposite a secret sunken microclimate court - limited view – a patterned sky. The project intensifies earlier concerns, but introduces more intensely a long strung out inverted profile elegantly descending (one form-texture) the land profile while asserting a painting of light through sculpture as the laser cut artifice (screen) responds (opens-closes-thins-deepens) to the suns path. It is one element performing its multivalent work.

Gold House Mossman waterfront NSW Australia (2006 DA approved, documented unbuilt)

A personal narrative as architecture “I buried an old heart in Qingdao” formed a poetic for the design. Nothing to do with China!

Golden Beach House, a stretched skin rises from under the mounded earth pulling its hood down as an act of adaptation, good manners to neighbors and predator, its eyes glazed to the sea view Qingdao China (2006 commissioned, unbuilt)
I distilled much of this work and exhibited it with a retrospective exhibition in Slovenia. It was useful to make/take it out of an Australian context, present it to a European audience in order to better see it – chapter done.

the multivalent something

Breeding disciplines is part of my life so when it comes to observing, listening or reading about something I tend to take it apart in order to understand how it works from those disciplines while sensing around the input. The image is therefore everything and is analyzed rapidly – at a glance, whether it’s a person-their demeanor, ambience, the weather, picture or plane. Reading, experience – knowledge, assists the reading of the image and the image is of course also about the observer.

From a life’s observations of the oceans as a surfer, artist, and architect - each had a view I could isolate and recompose. I looked, drew, photographed and filmed this natural spectacle of an everyday system perennially going about its work. One medium-surface-volume containing inordinate complexity. The light on it, reflecting off it, held within it, refracting through it – their patterns, conditioned by the atmosphere and clouds. The invisible effect of a present wind and of winds long gone. The effect the ocean floor and shore, tide, gravity. Billions of parts moving in a massive orchestra of light through one animated liquid colour. The textures, patterns, rhythms appear infinite - never the same in a cycle of recurrence. The familiar performing the unfamiliar in familiar ways. It talked to the things you see, made from the things you don’t. I studied the weather, its movement paths also, they were both connected and not dissimilar. Both emerged with force and equally disappeared while remaining present, one part affecting the other and it could in part be explained by science.

This small observation of movements holds true for most things. If I look into a room of people as they talk and interact it is not everyone interacting with everyone. The patterns of the sea and weather appeared no different. Each an ecological state produced and contained by other ecological states with even bigger gaps, often invisible but somehow glued. What determines the movement patterns immutable borders and what is that energy?

My view, is it-all-everything moves, to a similar pattern, a texture – to a movement of ‘types’ with variations appearing similarly but never the same. Buried in this movement is what we refer to as death and it appears more pervasive than life, as life sits on a pinhead of the accumulative power of death. (Van Schaik’s classic PhD cones diagram, coral reefs, and entropy – as a cooling earth gives life to complexity but only to a maximum capacity). That complexity has limits as the system, which sustains it, dissolves/atrophies (the mentor) as life must eject (complexity achieved-or atrophy) if it is to survive in another system amongst the absence but obvious presence of other universes acting through ours. From the sea to the universe, it made sense.

My construct of the infinite lives here, in these causal/projecting movements, which do not discuss life and death, as we do. Those terms are not helpful as the flow of movement between these states is of itself a state, a glue, which holds together the dis/continuity of systems as they expand with contraction. This is not random, there is intention to which the random is engaged and the engagement is forever, history cannot be known and futures unpredicted as knowledge makes itself.

It is the space between the tenses, the thread that holds tense in place/together for a moment that came to intrigue me.

This spatial condition or rather states are not well understood, but for me exist. It is the space through which time exists and like the immutable timeless condition between life and death, it is fully malleable, accelerative and warped, and simply relative to where you may be. The further inside this state of consciousness you realize the pursuit of origin, however momentarily useful, is pointless. It may offer insight into nature (includes us) from which new developments grow. But that does not explain life/death relations as time, as time is ascribed with the meaning the movement patterns reveal and the tenses and futures they hold.
Origin like the authentic has no place in this idea or does zeitgeist, timelessness or place. There are alignments of understanding. Weather maps, erections, the creation and dissolve of empires, regions, states, actions, cities, trade routes, virtual flows, capital, ideas, waves, the suns effect on the biosphere, the electromagnetic pull between planets, nebula rising, a vacuum sealed universe, gravities movements, the adaptation and jumping of genes within environments all move similarly to me but may be made of different things.

The climatologists like the biologists have made the earthly ecological debates more interesting and drawn our focus to such complex, animate-flux relations. Corporate globalism understands ecologies very well, for their reasons. While the astrologists and physicists push further into unlocking space and time the neurologists will make the most advanced leaps by identifying how, what we call but do not know, ‘consciousness’ works. No one knows how it all works (other than it does) and because it self perpetuates – we never will. There is no such thing ‘as a whole of government approach’ not even in China. But it is worth pursuing because it holds the tense in more efficient alignment for a while. I became increasingly interested in this conceptualization as a strange reading in my work and as an understanding I could expand.

A critical question often underestimated in practice (architecture-anything) is it must be executed and applied within an economy of means - this is what grounds, tests and frustrates us.

The expanding universe we are unraveling (which has moved longer and faster than we can unravel it) is no different – it is mentoring us until we have learnt as much about it/us, in the process. As the mentor it/us are pre-programmed either knowingly or not that this mentor like each (each) of us will die. We know nothing else; it is deaths function as life. The sun (a tiny solar system within it) will assume cardiac arrest (5-6million years). What happens then? Harness and learn from the mentor how this portion of the universe works in order to compress its energy (it has vast amounts) to permit us to leave in order to survive. Solar collectors have a limited life and if you’re a conservationist and subscribe only to ‘a natural system’ – you’re dead. Human intervention, cities, networks (artifice) matters. What we are doing is acquiring four to five billion years of knowledge on time.

Ideas exist in the universe (it/us) all we do is find them and intensify their energy to expand our tense I thought

My view is quite unscientific, without proof, subjective and based simply on what my mind sees/feels in vivid-graphic-psycho-spatial scenarios rotating around complexities in causal/projecting relations. Some feel the need for god I prefer this.
Sea infinite, the same, immutable transformations of the familiar – top left image

Weather causal appearing disappearing and moving like the sea – top centre image

Desert deceased sea a geomorphology of time with a surface textures movements like the sea (photo Dale Jones-Evans) – top right image

Urbanisation networks of accelerating knowledge compressions of energy approaching higher states of complexity getting bigger – bottom left image

Synapese patterns like urban networks – bottom centre left image

The universes patterns more fluid, gas, vapor, matter, contain similar movements – bottom centre right image

Road a flow of energy compressed no different to the typology function of planets clusters of stars lending coherence to relative systems – bottom right image

I looked at stills as I stared at the ocean or mapped the earth’s weather; even films are elongated stills as are recordings of human evolution, urbanization, geomorphology, space, matter and time. All fragments of scale and perspective from minutia to macro all insignificant in the space between the tenses but relevant to finite understandings of life and death. Parts, bits, the analogue computer an accounting devise, its variable quantum counterparts talking together with us all appear like nebulas rising. As their dynamic flows work each other to death spitting out algorithmic and random moments as an intention on life. But dark, cold, death marching on the matter of light, warmth lending sight and expansion as an elegant friction held together the momentary steady states.

Its exquisite beauty, perfect and true, as we speed through it, as a result off it, in our earthly form making our own patterns which condition and compress that is which is squeezing that energy more tightly. Architecture, urbanism, expanding neural networks, looping DNA, moving under the sub atomic, amping up our understanding of ecologies of virtual space all assist the immutable advent of the universe. We accelerate that universe (alter time) as we work through our multivalent coexistences and understand that death is the price of life.

Here the concept of accretion, of layering it on, of using everything at the expense of nothing else in a multivalent connusurship appeal. Distilling that in compressed matter (which fully functioned) to a point of intensity to perform all things (inherent in the progression of my work) required deeper development. This was not minimalism, rather its opposite. Nor was I about to follow ‘interactivity’ to the point of collective ownership if the price of success was that everyone liked it. One had to be careful. The art of defense planning is to have highly orchestrated contingencies and exit strategies, (knowledge also required as a property developer). So a one system for all has potentially significant floors, when under attack. (Mao placed production in remote and inconspicuous valleys in China, out of surveillance and bomber range – that was expensive). This needed to be thought through. Coupling everything could be a serious post occupancy problem if the failure of one thing resulted in the failure of others. Complexity worked against viral attack. However Mao spread it too far.

Death

Everyone’s obsessed with life – what’s wrong with death!

When Timothy Leary died on the Internet and then had his ashes shot out of a canon by Brad Pitt I though it was brilliant as was the story I heard (real or otherwise) of a wealthy elderly American woman who wanted to buried in her Ferrari

Another autobiographical note.
During this period my father died (1pm August 28th 2005) and in an unfamiliar experience he grew. I thought about death and asked myself why have we been designed to die?

Death it seemed exceeds life by huge numbers, informing always through space and time the pinhead on which life moves. Life on a pinhead on the world of death, I thought. It seemed death was far more pervasive than life exponentially and is designed (somehow) to die. To ensure a struggle, friction to a new code en route to avoid being eaten, to remain a dominant strain. Nature designed it so and we do not accept it, as we extend life through increasingly multivalent means (food production, urbanization, nutrition, medicine, environment etc) and now engineering of the cells and genes. It seemed there was another pattern here, where organic life, dies in numbers – big numbers, in order to sustain life.

The echo of the continent and of the power of the ancestors I had encountered now seemed very close and real to me. I understood the significance of the ancestors to aboriginal people and of the definitive but adaptive spiritual significance (changing stories) through space and time meanings they had inferred. The church, nor anything else, did this for me, as the psycho-spatial depth (the meaning of the breath in the didg) of the inhabitants of this continent had already echoed deeper insights, unclarified at the time, into the power of death in life as I discovered my first ancestor. Reflecting on entropy and earths cooling one understands what urban clusters/networks (cities) or ecologies (earthly or cosmic) are as they grow and disappear in causal/projectile cycles containing finite systems of exponential expansion. If you extrapolate from this understanding it’s not difficult to foresee where urban systems and new forms of human life have to and will go. We will perform something through light.

Death passes through us as we grow from it (the brain performs increments of its own evolution during a life as synapse and sensor grow) otherwise evolution could not exist. Death is designed in (why we die) as a mechanism for the next gene layer to copy over and mutate other ecologies of discovery, meaning and understanding. We understand the system designed for us (extended by science and medicine) is inefficient as knowledge dies with us (why self replication may be a problem – clones? but designed-species-mutations may work). This no doubt will be addressed more deeply as knowledge is applied (despite moral and ethical resistance) in the latter half of later this century.

The death of our planet permits a moment of organic life, which develops from, with, through and beyond it. As entropy rescinds the contract, complexity emerges (urbanization, networks, the virtual, gene discovery – next, engineered human, new energy, re-located more efficient global locations and increasingly denser cities). For that complexity to further its journey it unlocks that which is invisible to it, things dying in the system around it. In the dead, stimulated by the pinhead of the living as they imagine a future. Death, the attrition of life becomes a quantum factor of energy sustained to permit life’s trajectory. (think oil)

From here I could not see any real division between life and death; it appeared as immutable as the patterns of the ocean and of the states or space between the tenses, which appeared to hold things momentarily in alignment (steady states, coherence with iterations and convulsions; volcanoes, stocks or galaxies). In English, evolution had designed a system – which ensured survival through attrition. Death allowed the other to exist and in that sense death does not actually exist and therefore nor does life as they appeared to be the same in the complex of space and time.

So how could the absence of death in a system as the presence of life give rise to architectural design or anything else for that matter. I think what interested me was that if they were the same, the terms before during and after no longer mattered.
Death/Life diagram (2005)
The exponential accretion of death acting on the pinhead of life – an insight into the values of our aversion of the powerfully significant reality of deaths meaning in underpinning and sustaining life

The malevolent still

Moments in motion, traveling billions of years, increasingly expanding as we turn back to record via a miniscule frame through a measuring stick, an image (of radioactivity), from one perspective, of the big bang at an early 1.5 billion years – a compartmentalised moment flattened to 2 dimensions with a specific measurement, taken from outer space and beamed to (I won’t say down) an earthy perspective and cogent image.

A certain lens pointed in one direction/dimension - a spec in space, capturing a dimension a trajectory coming towards it yet ‘posthumously captured’ (as it had long past) - so we can freeze/ to see-imagine it. This image is groundbreaking, as will be the shot fired by the big quantum computer, which will analyse what the beginnings of this universe was originally made of. Originally made of? Like the perspective of the Hubble telescope none of it is real. They are just sample states, like the discipline in your head, which lends reality to the living for a moment of time/space. Sophisticated tools, extensions of our own sensors (which occupy 85% of the brains energy), which help us, listen, see, and sometimes touch the matter, image or data in order to compose understanding.

We do not even know in which way/direction the big bang expanded – perfectly even and orbital also distributing its matter and gases evenly or was it tangentially outward in one direction or uneven in all directions and where are we in relation to that – or if it has an epicenter. Where was the Hubble in relation to that moment – who measured that if the Hubble is the most sophisticated measuring devise? And so it went on in my head..... It seemed the still, the frame, the play, the maths, cities were all bits of uselessness. They worked, but the achievement and complexity rose only in relation to the network, which nurtured it to behave that way. And can only be done within an economy of means as there is no other way to do it.

So what has any of this go to do with architecture – nothing and everything!

It’s a reading of ‘everything’ and therefore includes art and architecture (as particle) and a lot as thoughts (not a system or theory) ideas, images and understandings. It has been innately buried within and can be more consciously applied to how I think about, design and practice architecture. I kept thinking of our lenses and how limited, even when collaborated they are. How we construct knowledge through death on the pinhead of life as it senses and analyse moments using devises and limited tools which hold/extend that state as real. That we could claim to almost be on top of the universe – problem solved, was an act of insanity. We were always behind that which exists (us as nature – nature as us) as we calibrate, hedge and imagined the space between the tenses in the future struggle for life. Contingent and reliant on death.
I was amplifying my lens/es, the frame (picture) with the site to heighten and make dramatic sense of that around you. Accepting biological time (mind-body-earth-solar system) as a composed skin is placed, stretches or folds to meet the eye, light, climate, art, design and architecture.

The macro scope on the house (architecture) as compressed matter (what humans do) as an exchange of flows (commodity-pleasure-knowledge) was a directorial orchestration of art and its sublimation to perception (optics/light/abstracted murmurs/) of psycho-spatial nuances. The house (architecture) then is not a house (architecture) at all; it is a filter an exchange and lens resonating/posing within a time/space of commodity and communication flows saturated with the eloquence of our image and needs, momentarily.

Hubble telescope image – 1.5 billion year recording of radioactivity – this is the universe?

The inability to map ecologies

As it is claimed by Kurzwell – “we will make the same amount of progress as what occurred in the 20th century in 14 years, and then again in 7 years. The 21st century will see, because of the explosive power of exponential growth, something like 20,000 years of progress at today’s rate of progress — a thousand times greater than the 20th century, which was no slouch for radical change”.

Architectural morphing – nature has-is-does perform this at a magnanimous scale in a continuously exquisite and vicious cycle – including jumping through long-winded adaptive-environment response cycles to which most systems/states/cycles and humans belong. The freak, the genius is wired differently to jump. That’s why I believe cloning is useless, we don’t need cloning we need more freaks. Dolly was useless – worse, premature-atrophied meat! We need greater wires, cross wiring and jumping, so that we may be permitted to see things differently in order to expand the networks of knowledge. And if digital tools, analogue or quantum, microscopic telescopic, DNA, cell or tissue engineering and deep probes into how the mind works gets you there humanely and with a substantial percentage over and above attrition, why not. And this all relates to the acceleration of the mutual urban-virtual worlds and their concomitant human capacities and to that which they have lent our current values to. (6 billion people – 50% in urban clusters).

Napoleon understood (or took advise) that smashing arteries through medieval Paris accelerated the flow of commodities (also to run the militia to places of insurrection) so he could compete with Great Britain and appointed a tough, incorruptible Haussmann to get the job done. Most admire those ‘beautiful’ spaces and have little idea about their expansive meaning. The engineering I refer to above is not so different, as our future screens, galleries and museums will be littered posthumously under the observant curators’ eye. In commerce there is a relation between innovation (cost) and time – before it obtains critical mass and (profit). Urbanisms virtual and physical environments are no different. And it is the
point at which you ground the movement as the mode of production bound by the economy of means within (fiscal constraints) – capitalisms evolving/enduring complexities (consumer desire).

Critical mass (the relations of death through life – think oil or New York) is required to make things happen. The mechanical age could not produce 6 billion people or sustain them, electricity and oil did (industrial), and the informational/digital-post digital and genetically engineered age (and all that coming and flowing from it) may well sustain 10-12 billion people by end century. (Malthus, the skeptic got it very wrong and Ehrlich will likewise, because to foresee requires imagination and faith). Innovation is not sustained without capital and innovation is not sustained without itself, which generates capital – different but the same. It’s not that we’ve accelerated too fast (climate change) or that the earth cannot sustain us, it’s that the networks (compression-urbanism-virtual) hasn’t developed the critical mass of its own invention enough. Obviously we will move from extraction to growing things and harness natural things more efficiently in the struggle to sustain us.

There isn’t really a discipline, which attempts to look at the relationship between all things – its animate, complexly subtle interactivities and cycles of movement through time and space are impossible to trace. I have argued that a relationship between us and earth (universe/s) are the similar things and to a view that urbanization has powerful intent and is related to these collective systems in carrying us. That there is a relationship between urbanization and critical mass and our being able to leverage the innovation/knowledge required within and as a result of accelerated networks to sustain 10-12 billion people within the economy of means that only urbanization can provide. We are going to get a great deal denser.

You realize we barely know nature, ourselves, our evolutionary trail, the planetary systems in the universe, this universe and its housing and place of constant movement within all other moving systems which have produced it and to which, we are. Ecology attempts to unravel this as does physics, but each is limited by its path and will never get there, only increments and in bits because evidence is inevitably after the fact.

architecture again

My jump-cut architectural career, which contained divergent behaviors and interests with spaces between practice and projects that mattered (83-87, 87-91, 95-03) included five tandem years as a property entrepreneur. My journey through several disciplines; art, architecture, global urbanism and the political economy, Australian history, aboriginal art and culture, this multivalent master’s moment was slowly being tested through architectural projects.

Through this period I further galvanised thoughts around an expanding multivalency; the means of mutually reinforcing moments. Always more interested in what I didn’t know, particularly that which lay beyond my discipline I sought the company of those that did. My research combined unorthodox processes in the pursuit of knowing consciousness cannot be self-observed. I spun in Newton’s bucket, it spinning with all the patterns I had observed around these infused disciplines as it spat me out all the Nebula’s rising. Could I make architecture from these accretional insights into the deep cores of time and movement within an understanding of my life?

I returned to practice in 2007 identifying the strands of thinking that mattered and therefore the many strands to my practice. Those distilled marks of prior works, through small art and design projects, which compressed complexity into denser matter as space sat in this causatious/projective opposite of that rather glib referent to non-lineal time. But to compress that into the static materialization of an object (architecture), no matter how animated it is by
the mind? Can a fixed image capture ‘everything’, it cannot exceed the power of the Internet but simply must live with/in/through it (post digital or otherwise). I resorted to writing as words meanings and their clusters spiraled trajectories through the mind (prose, videos, theatre – performance) - animated art. Rather it opened further conceptualizations, which could be applied to design.

How can a static object be as majestic and exquisite as conceptualizing all that. How can its movement be perceived to be animated when in fact it’s fixed? The futurists had tried that. It seemed unreal and glibly metaphoric to try, architecture has its litany-share of all that. Could it lend insight into how the universe/us (the web will compress its density and more stars will come alive) – the same thing, and leads to life in post 5 billion years of time.

These thoughts appeared to transcend the ‘local ‘global’, buried in the deep flows and dimensions of psychic/space/time (not a mystery). I was not looking to bury this as the state of architecture (it couldn’t be) rather ground it as it had to be, as it occupied - live somewhere. And address its adaptation to fixity and circumstance multivalently. No contradiction or conflict – it was simple, alignments! Zeitgeist, adaptiveness, timelessness, ‘other wordliness’ – it was all the same thing.

In essence the cause-effect-projection and imaging of my reflection.

While earlier work, made from specific bits i.e. art into architecture, the painterly image, experiential optical compositions, the abstracted echoes of this Continent, sculpture as skin moving with light filtering/emitter and climate control the next layer of work required a distillation of the expansion. I was ratcheting up the quibits, entanglements, collaborations, disciplines inside me; to direct multivalent compositions of ascetic/luscious expression in a subliminal web of understandings which required alignment to produce mutually reinforced breaths which could compressed in a singular gesture of breathlessness.

But pasting Beckett’s head on black on the Pacific meant nothing if the results were not mesmerizing, hypnotic, enigmatic, elegant, not a moment but moments as a moment. Not spatially reflected in evolutionary loops but in the linking of loops, which assist life’s capacity to mature within the infinite destiny of the delusion of origin. And it has to be like food where imagination, knowing, all the senses, skill, experience, risk unpredictably meet. The conessuier over the mob – the libertarian over the populist (listening to both left and right) – auteur over the collective.

Sometimes I want to make an object that just screams at you (they’re easy-compelling). Now I don’t actually want to lift you out of your comfort zone - I simply want ‘you’ to realize that you have been.

Drifting

Art equals architecture and architecture equals art if architecture is not architecture and a city can be an evolving star whose relations do not preside one to the other. As the painting, the studio and light, the place of production, the sweat of the under-designed over-moment compelled the exquisite beyond lust. I loved her as a stretched skin of artifice compelled nature to land in another world within bodies of minds architectural composure. As inconsistent rhythms rhythmically ran through galleries back, the place of looking as the raw, the defensive plan closed south-southwest and the hat stretched over the skin as an adaptive layer. Where inter stellar mass controlled aperture in response to the universal law of a sun dying on birth – its orbit, waves, heat and altitude combined the shaping and form as sculpture, not sculpture but light ensured the deep core between and read like the flickering spec you thought you saw on a distant sea. While moving around and around the focus anticipated his experiential walk as immaterial space conceptualized in design moments of matter in the serial frame from which perspective could not be seen in a perfect sense.
Further

My control devise points and a surface surrounds. I can volume - shape it, determine its transparency or opacity and colour/s or make any image or calculate. Core and make apertures of light and air or remove it and lie naked under the sky. Its thin surface can read outwardly or inwardly and can sense rain, channel and filter it while amplifying energy from the sun, directing it to storage to later control its release. I can mould it to become a seat or inclined floor I can exercise on…. I can dissolve it and carry it as a bag……..

And further

Or I simply do it my mind as my mind has no body or is a mind and requires no house

Silly – not after the sun is gone
5 billion years away – I so am advised, strange seeing we do even understand earth

In drifting from the schools of architectural arguments into understandings and arguments of urbanism and time/space … I return with hope that architecture, like all good disciplines at its best lends assistance in the passage of insight. Yes, use energy more efficiently and in the Australian context avoid being a decorated shed as it buries into time – as time – and propagates to adapt.

I reflected on Australia for a moment:
We are sub-urban (16 of 22 million of us) and make of that what you will (use it if you must) but don’t underestimate the conservatism lying within including the intelligentsia, it’s part of the friendly Australian psyche. Not surprisingly the Australian house provides the most consistent, innovative moment in our architecture and test-drives well internationally. Home ownership – our spatial-psychological and economic circumstance/desire (governance, law) gave rise to the condition - adaptation counts. While Melbourne’s ‘town’ design scene flourishes in the absence of landscape Sydney’s landscape design and public art flourish in the absence of the urbane ‘city’ (both occasionally exemplary). A small bubble rises in Queensland as climate permits that which it will also kill (networks not nature), Darwin equals pragmatism – you die otherwise, then the horizon blasphemes and scintillates. The significance will remain with the eastern seaboard – think evolution-acceleration and our isolated but intra-continentally triggered neural-urban settlement. We make do with what we have. Eliminate the Ferrell’s! Save water! Capture sunlight! Pass?

Architecture will not save us nor provide salvation – ‘everything does that’ – crudely; its particle in the equation is simply a shell, which needs a body until that shell itself has sensory intelligence so it can determine how it can live in human co-existence. (Hal not Tati) In drifting into a deeper understanding of urbanism and space/time within a context of foreseeing (not Malthus) I am less concerned with local or global arguments concerning architectural positioning. With more noise in an accelerated world (urbanization) and less space for silence an important role for architecture is to assist reflection.

My interest, without shouting, is in a multivalent architecture that goes about its work (not functionalism) both adapting (fixed address and climate matters) intelligently while moving us up the ‘strain’ chain (could be gene jumping) and artfully address human comfort and desire through elegant understatement within an economy of means. One, which compresses the design (including site, client and brief) and makes it more efficient and expansive in undertaking its tasks. It grabs the riches of the body of death within its trajectory of life and alludes to the tenses between. It open insights, you must feel its values and it should want to make you procreate.
Beauty matters to me, measured both by the values and by touching the eye (mind) directly with the other senses. It’s equally about art.

If architecture (anything) cannot eloquently perform all these things, in one breath, then it isn’t fully working to our potential or for me.

Breathless!

Grounded

This was a man who was generous enough to be in control of his own image.

The orchestra over the violin and the composer over the maker.

I get more from Star Wars than Harry Potter.

Feeling over argument / rational meets feeling.

When the dust settles I trust my eye over anything else.

First hand (biological) experience matters but it doesn’t matter most.

The continuity over the action.

Holding space in a compression taking nature into higher forms of energy and glue it all to all the worlds.

Open source is part of the critical mass of the network and will still produce connoisseurs and directors. The source is a powerful tool mechanism (additional synapses but also more noise).

The net is neblua rising.

Architecture does not explain the world it explains the world in architecture.

Anticipation, the silent atmosphere of the pre dawn air, imagining climax.

The pregnant silence of the epiphany.

It all came down to this.

Alignments and alignments
Alignment is the power of connecting things for the purpose of rotating in magnificent moments.

Multivalency and the subliminal
Complexity compressed into simplicity made barely visible.

Adaptation and gene jumping.
Human intervention increases intensity, it does not relinquish or mean the universe does not exert power over us. Freaks not clones.

**Accretion, animation and mobility**
Universal doesn’t exist and whose got time because human culture is accelerating at exponential speeds – your bound to be a loser

**Elegance and sensuality**
It all means very little if neither are there

The site is expanded to include permeable urban spaces of squares, roads, park (as galleries) the structures are opened on all sides. A central gesture ‘big arm shelter’ ties the two buildings and urban space by scale providing a big drop off and scoop. The heritage fabric is opened; inner courts have inserted Meta galleries and retardants. The entire ground plane is porous connecting with rationally placed vertical cores. The conservation plan is considered conservative / opting for a large orbital structure (opaque reflective liquid green glass) with central aperture ties the roof as one – an aged compliment to the adjacent nipple dome. It contains the contemporary galleries.
A lift shaft is inserted up through the dome-vertical permeability and provides a full reading of this beautiful structure.
Meta galleries within-walk-float-through in stretched orbital surrounds providing ‘unseen’ gallery spaces for experimental works.

**Contemporary Art Centre Singapore International Competition (2007)**
Is a three-kilometer stretch containing everything; transport, housing, offices, recreation, health, education, etc. There is no need to leave. It houses 200,000 people and processes 400,000 people a day – it’s an intense networked city.

**Tao tower – a 3kilometre long community replete with metro and anything imaginable**
Venice Biennale 2008 model and CAD render proposal for Abu Dhabi (2007)

Conceptual architecture investigates the under side as a massive permeable public zone. The structures allow shades/intensities of light on the ground and form an entangled network. A sculptural study of compression in entangled spatial types eliminates obvious points of separation.

Chain 1 macro-micro scale, hot climate design CAD render (2007)

Sculpturally extrapolated its particles accrete urban absurdities?

Chain 2 CAD render (2006-07)

Perfectly placed on an island site (in the wet) a rhythm in form and plan, two spaces as one with deep shade and very low sky angles (2.1 metres). The structure closes west (plant-archive-store-services) against existing shade (existing flora) to remain cool and opens southeast north (spectacular view). A space slides between – a cool cross breeze as aboriginal peoples enjoy the ground/shade-place to communicate and work. The forms perform a venturi and the perimeter - deep-walk able all around is wrapped in a screen. The screen duplicates its function; security (stop them getting in - huge crime and break-ins) and ensures further shade. The two shells provide an arts centre and archive and multi function space. The buildings north-south plan provides shade to the external ceremonial spaces and captures the most beautiful part of the day (view east) as the tropics low west sun illuminates the billabong and adjacent floral sedimentary banks.

The architecture does its job, bunkers down in cyclone, deals with the wet and heat, generates porous spaces where aboriginal people can connect with nature and be protected. It all locks up – security – and holds deep in the shaded plan, the communities archival assets.

The architectural image is of one gesture with multivalent spaces executed within an economy of means and does not image itself on prior aboriginal inspired symbols. It asserts itself as sculpture engineered into a cultural and physical adaptation.
Sculptural studies of one gesture as reflected chrome resonates on a black luster. Both painting and sculpture an Marquette’s for architecture as essays in multivalency.

Moby’s Chi aril @ old gulch – a hotel for Lord Howe Island, chrome on 3D printed mould (2007) Venice Architecture Biennale Italy 2008

Murmurs echo like seismic waves

Mind map paintings, superimposed layers of thoughts 1-4 (2004-08)
Alterations and additions to historic dwellings both projects

Folded house No. 2 (2007 DA approved) + Folded house No.3 (2008 proposed)

Always thinking more deeply about how all worlds flow, from trade flows, urbanisation flows, deep space flows to how you, I or we flow lends insight into understanding the cycle of relations linking those flows and can assist designing and predicting them. Not wild guesses rather hedged and calibrated speculations demanding extensive input channels; physical/experiential/virtual/informational/imaginable. There is nothing else. Corporate, policy analysts, defense specialists, we do it all the time in differentiated frequencies, as I do. Reflecting over my oeuvre (and still too close, this piece), I open five written 'bits', bandwidths, channels, as I talk to myself through you;

“It’s obvious, the value add of simply engineering infrastructure is over in developed economies and will not be god enough for attracting business. Design by architects and artists will come to play a larger role in the acceleration of urbanism as density prevails in order to be energy and productively efficient and urban space will come to simply reflect such imperatives. Once it starts everyone has no choice but to do it - virtuous cycles” (1987)

“China will convulse and convolute on accrued debt currently hidden from view in order to underwrite the social contract. Internal law and order meltdowns will occur due ostensibly to divisions between its hinterland and prosperous eastern seaboard ports. As this occurs (not before 10 but within 20 years) it will take those parts of the world it trades with, with it. In will remain communist until then. Its urbanisation will as a result move in and out of non underand accelerated cycles coupled with not having deregulated on time. But over 1 billion people will be urbanized by 2070, but by 2045-50 it will have usurped the world and be the dominant economic and military power. Much of its manufacturing will be outside China, probably Africa (offering some salvation to the most dire country on earth this century and beyond) and poor breakaway Russian and Southeast Asian economies”. (1999)

“The real architecture is in human engineering. Why are we as big as we are? – to defend against predators – what predators – we have tamed the earth of carnivorous, predators generally (the odd dog). It is likely we will reduce our body mass and increase our energy output by designing out its obvious inefficiencies – less food more grunt. Imagine being half the size, stronger, living longer, quantum wired - enhanced memory ….. Urban density, networks would increase, and consumer products half their size. A simple idea – quantum paradigm effect”. (2002)

The Gold House proposition
Optically rich, dense, a thickening pulled so tight ! over a blanket of comfort formed upon a stretchchh edd ! breathhh .
Wrapped and manipulated, unfolding it glistens the horizons case.
Connected - nothing, this sea, absentely fond, glued.
Beautiful, blasphemous, kind, nascent. A shrouded house, spinning out, like a reversal of hands spreading down-up, drawing light, an artifice of penetrating thought, woven of substance, screwed into millions of moments of atmosphere - a spear through the living room - of you. Sucking, this pregnant object feeds itself out, seamless not, but the searns of millions
of lines, which zip, radiating out - the zipper, to tie in, pin down and bolt the bed to the floor so no earthquake can fake its move. So tight-e So compressedddd this magnetic rite, contracts a flexed exclamation allowing all sweet people to say “is it there ?” that bold deception ?
a prowling apparition of excitement the body over, after entry, before a severe vicious storm gloats. Cloud’s charcoaled wrists dare your pulse to lie in a quilt of fielded daffodils where the scent after death equals life as a flash rip-scorch your insatiable desire to swallow. Floating discretions, oohhhh ! and only the ones you adore. Invisible elegance in residual flavours taste, of long caste deep creamy shadows, consistent, slipped through icy throats, which stop the humanitarian chill, each man and every-women feel. As we lay amongst the unconscious 1000’s of billions before, between; after “have you learnt nothing !” “perhaps, a thing or two !” still G-rinding joy pounds the S-mashing earth, and flew time through you as air, accelerating lives future past, where you sit/sat on a tree dutifully scenting mossy edges, olfacting dew, absorbing drains of alizarin perfume, as waves of moments throw particles of sand. You know truth, in that split nano-departure which reached your lips in an frozen precipice of anxiety flooded with centuries of hope falling through smoke, as the woooooshhhhh of the wind, assures your night is longg-warmmmm. A crisp mist of sense revolves, the door, obfuscated by memory, lost polished, no longer seen, as it hunts towards out with, and before, in a kind cyclonic majesty, this irretrievable, shimmering, jutter than black, elegant, FORCE (2006)

and open with

Perhaps a multivalent state works best when its expansion is eloquently compressed in the denser matter of architecture with calibrated precision and subliminal simplicity in the pursuit of the eye’s desire for an intensely elegant orchestration.

and with

“With diminished concentration, loss of memory, obscured intelligence……there is more chance for saying something closer to what one really is”

Samuel Beckett
Selected research + bibliography 2003-2008

People

My heartfelt thanks goes to all the people I engaged along this journey, whose presence travels with me.

Kimberly Western Australia
Tony Oliver - director Kununurra Arts, Rusty Peters, Freddy Timms, Paddy Bedford - artists, - the Art co coordinators at Warmun

East Arnhem Land
Will Stubbs and Andrew Blake - art co coordinators Bukularrny Yirrkala
Yalpi, Garrawun Gumach, Jambawa Marrawilil – artists and elders

Cape York, Queensland

Utopia, Central Desert, Northern Territory
Barabara Weir, Gloria Petyarre, Minnie Pwerle, artists

Darwin, Northern Territory
Robert Maxwell, Scottsamn and intitated elder, roustabout, criminal, alchoholic and aboriginal elder

Balgo and Kimberly region, Western Australia
Boxer Millner, Elizabeth Nyumi, Eubena Nampanjam, Helicopter Tjungurrai
Jeff Vivian, Community Development Officer, Shire of Halls Creek
Mervin, Head of TAFE, Halls Creek

Bewick
Milly Sand, artist ANU

Fiji
Mereani Rokawati - girlfriend, family member of traditional land owners, Suva

Artistic collaborators:

The deceased
Theodor George Henry Strehlow, Emily Kame Kngwarreye, Rover Thomas

Staff
Maki Yamaji, David Vu, Erwin Oi Omyio, Jennifer Lawley

Friends
Tom Kovak, Jane Pinfold, Ron Roozen, Judy Holding, Sue Salmon, Savah Hatzis

Masters advisors
Leon Van Schaik, Sand Helsel, Colin Fournier, Richard Blythe

Academic mentors
Dr Alexander Sandy Cuthbert

Partners in life
Kate Durham, Linda Gregoriou, Aspasia Sagiotis

My two great mentors
My father, Bruce Jones-Evans (1918-2005) and the father I adopted, Dr Joseph Czulak (1918-1987)

One man exhibitions
2004 Dec Oceans painted drawings on cardboard The ART WALL Gallery Darlinghurst NSW Australia
2005 Jan Digital photographic constructions and Video-Scape no. 1 The ART WALL Gallery Darlinghurst NSW Australia
May ‘this is not a love song’ Voice narrative with electronic sound Masters GRC Melbourne Vic
Sept Still Human 2050 Performance, set, lighting and electronic sound
2007  Sept  Dje Retrospective 1985-2007 art architecture writings
   Gallery Dessau Ljubljana Slovenia

Group exhibitions
2005  Sept  In the Soul of the Architect Digital photographic construction
   Tusculum New South Wales Institute of Architects Potts Point NSW Australia
2006  June  Homo Faber - modeling architecture Door
   Melbourne Museum Melbourne Australia
   August  Artificial Nature 1 Transcapes Video-Scape no.1 UTS Gallery
   Ultimo NSW Australia
2007-2008  June  Out of Australia San Francisco Institute of American Architects
   Gallery San Francisco Seattle USA Hong Kong UTS Australia
2008  May  Cityscape  Abu Dhabi UAE
   May  Dialogue 08 St Petersburg Russia

Curated film electro sound performance events
2003  Dec  The ART WALL opening Performance works Electronic Music
2004  Sept  The ART WALL Acoustic music Electronic sound and installations
   Performance works
2005  Aug  The ART WALL Electronic film and video evening

Guest Lectures and forums
2004  Dje Launceston Tasmania
   Dje Building Bookshop
2005  Dje Launceston Tasmania
2006  Medium density housing forum RAIA, NSW
   Guest studio Masters in Digital Architecture UTS, NSW
   Artificial nature conference UTS, NSW
2007  Sea change RAIA, NSW
   Import – Export Conference UTS, NSW
2008  DJE and Urban Renewal Dialogue 08 conference St Petersbourg, Russia
   DJE National Gallery of Australia, ACT

Architecture and Design Projects
2003  Door
   M Central
   Windscreens
2004  Rug
   Canberra Arboretum International Design Competition
   The Big Football - proposed entertainment and communal art venue
   3player - proposed sound and light theatre piece
2005  Gazebo Wine Garden Kings Cross NSW Australia
   East Darling Harbour International Design Competition Sydney NSW Australia
   Gold residence Mosman NSW Australia
   BRUCE – proposed installation
2006  Pol Oxygen installation Designex 06 Sydney NSW Australia
   Glass wall installation Axolotl Designex 06 Sydney NSW Australia
   Golden Beach House Qingdao, China
   Bazelel Art School International Architecture Competition Jerusalem, Isr
   South Pacific Ocean House Little Bay, New South Wales, Australia
2007  Singapore Art Gallery Singapore
   MOCAPE International Architecture Competition Shenzhen, China
Tower Tao 1 – proposed multi use tower
Link-Chain-Multi Chain – conceptual project
Kowanyama Aboriginal Arts and Cultural Centre Kowanyama, Cape York, Australia
Folded House 2 Surry Hills, New South Wales, Australia

2008
Folded House 3 Woollahra, New South Wales, Australia
Galleries on Elizabeth Surry Hills, New South Wales, Australia
2 Models Venice Biennale Australian Pavillon Venice Italy

2008 Publications
Dje drawings
Dje art+architecture (1983-2008) - projects

Travel during the period
2003
March Fiji
Jun-Jul Rome Venice Berlin Amsterdam London
August East Arnhem Land Darwin Northern Territory Australia

2004 Mar-April Alice Springs Hermansburg Haasts Bluff Papunya
Tula Yeundemu Tanamai Desert Balgo Warmun
Beswick Kimberly Kununurra Kakadu Oenpeli
Darwin Australia
August Cairns Laura Aurakun Weipa Injinoo Mapoon
Lockhart River Hopevale Wujal Wujal Daintree
Mosman Cape York Australia

2005-2006 Dec-Jan Kuala Lumpur Rome to Palermo Sicily Venice Italy
Ljubljana Slovenia
2006 June Seattle Idaho San Francisco USA
August Shanghai Beijing Qingdao China
2007 March Auckland New Zealand
May Lord Howe Island New South Wales
September Dubai Rome Ljubljana Venice
October Cairns Aboriginal community of Kowanyama Cape York
QLD Australia
Perth Margaret River Western Australia
November Jakarta Bali Indonesia
December Bali Indonesia
2008 April Lord Howe Island
May Abu Dhabi UAE St Petersburg Moscow USSR
October San Francisco Idaho NYC USA, Paris Slovenia Singapore

Articles by dje
2003 Patricia Piccininini Venice Art Biennale - review, Art Contemporanea, UK
2004 Venice Art Biennale - review, Art Contemporanea, UK
Non Standard Architecture Pompidou Centre review, AR, Australia
2006 Sea Change, AR, Australia
DJE Interview, IDn, Hong Kong

International Publications
Wiley academy, Phaidon, Birkhäuser, Taschen

Guest Lectures and forums
2004 Dje, Launceston School of architecture, Tasmania, Australia
Dje, Building Bookshop, NSW, Australia
2005 Dje, Launceston School of architecture, Tasmania, Australia
2006 Medium Density, RAIA Tusculum, NSW, Australia
Sea change, RAIA Tusculum, NSW, Australia
Guest studio, Masters in Digital Architecture, UTS
Artificial nature, UTS, NSW, Australia

2007
Import-Export, UTS, NSW, Australia
Dialogue 08, St Petersbourg, Russia
DJE National Gallery of Australia, ACT, Australia

Exhibitions
2003
Studying the Dutch mappings of Australia, Maritime History Museum, Amsterdam, Holland
Venice Art Biennale, Italy
Architectures Non Standard, Pompidou Centre, Paris, France
Joseph Beuys and Anselm Kiefer, Bahnhmenhof Railway, Berlin, Germany

2004
Olifueur Elliason, Turbine Room, Tate Gallery, London
DIA at Beacon, Beacon, New York
Strelhow Institute, Araluen Centre, Alice Springs, NT, Australia

2005
Papunya Tula, New South Wales Art Gallery, New South Wales, Australia
Bill Henson, Art Gallery of New South Wales, Australia

2006
Sydney Biennale, The Wharf, Walsh Bay, New South Wales

2008
Robin Fox’s oscilloscope works (with Chunky Moves), Sydney Opera House, Australia
Sydney Biennale, Cockatoo Island, Sydney, New South Wales

Performances
2005
Abram Khan, Opera House, Sydney, Australia
New York Dance Company, Opera House, Sydney, Australia

Events
2003
Sorry Day March and Forum, New South Wales, Australia
Garma Festival, East Arnhem Land, Northern Territory, Australia

2004
Electro-fringe Festival, Newcastle, New South Wales, Australia
Indy Electro-Performance Night, The Art Wall, Darlinghurst, New South Wales, Australia

2005
This is Not Art - electronic music festival, (Robin Fox’s oscilloscope works) Newtown, New South Wales, Australia

Films
2004
Papunya Tula, Geoffrey Bardon

2005
Dhakiyarr Wirrpanda, Dhakiyarr vs. the King (2004)
Revolution

2006
Consciousness, ABC documentary
Ten Canoes

Architecture, natural and archeological sites
2001
Ceremony for an elder, Blue Mud Bay, East Arnhem Land, Northern Territory, Australia
The Church Panels, Bukularny, Yirkalla, East Arnhem Land

2003
Laban Centre, United Kingdom
The old electrical room, Berlin

2004
Gubalanya, Oenpelli, East Arnhem Land,
Gunlom Falls, Kakadu, Northern Territory, Australia
The Bluff, Balgo, WA

2005
Greek UNESCO world heritage sites, southern Sicily, Italy
Laura rock art sites, Cape York, Queensland, Australia
Pajinka, Cape York, Queensland, Australia

2006
De Young Museum (H&D), San Francisco, USA
Dominus Winery (H&D), Napa Valley, San Francisco, USA
Seattle Library (OMA), Seattle, USA
The Forbidden City and Summer Palace gardens, Beijing, China
Gallery 798, Beijing, China

**2007**
Maxi (Zaha Hadid), Rome, Italy

**Restaurants**

**2002**
Sean’s Panorama, Bondi Beach, New South Wales, Australia

**2003**
Bamboo, London, United Kingdom

**2004**
China Doll, The Wharf, Woolloomooloo, NSW, Australia
The Biltmore Room, Chelsea, New York, USA

**2005**
Aqua Luna, Circular Quay, Sydney, Australia
Yoshi, The Rocks, Sydney, Australia

**2006**
Osteria De Fiore, Venice, Italy
Camponeschi, Rome, Italy
Manfreddis, San Francisco, USA
Japanese rest, Shanghai, China

**2007**
Cipriani, Venice Italy
Verve, Dubai, UAE

My Sydney local – Guillaume at Bennelong, Sydney and Fratellis, Potts Point, New South Wales, Australia
My Melbourne local – The European, Melbourne and Di Stasios, Fitzroy Street St Kilda, Victoria, Australia

**Some readings**

Great Southern Land A New History of Australia, Frank Welsh Penguin 2004
Voyage of the Beagle, Charles Darwin Penguin 1989
A Short History of Australia, Manning Clark 1988
North of Capricorn, Henry Reynolds A&U 2003
Aboriginal Men of High Degree, P. Elkin University of Queensland Press 1977
Why Weren’t We Told, Henry Reynolds Penguin Books Australia Pty Ltd 2000
Pulse, Robert Frenay Little Brown 2006
Archeology of the Dreamtime, Josephine Flood Angus & Robertson 2000
The World of the First Australians, Ronald M. & Catherine H. Berndt Aboriginal Studies Press 1999
Archeology of a Dreamtime
The Edge publications
Consciousness, a paper by Professor John Searle
The Fabric of the Cosmos, Brian Greene Penguin 2004
Hyper Architecture, Luigi Prestinenza Puglisi Birkhäuser 1999
Natural Born Caadesigners, Christian Pongratz & Maria Rita Perbellini Birkhäuser 2000
Behind the Scenes, Francesco De Luca & Marco Nardini Birkhäuser 2002
North of Capricorn, Henry Reynolds Allenand Unwin 2003
Broken Song TGH Strehlow and Aboriginal Possession, Barry Hill Vintage Books Random House 2003

**Notes**

General note

The reference to imagine dead imagine is a slight play on Samuel Beckett’s prose

The reference to ‘it matters’ is understood in part through a poem by the American poet Bill Knott ‘it matters until nothing does’

1 I attended art schools from 1974-1977, majored in painting drawing printmaking history

3 I joined two separate friends Roger Wood and Randal Marsh and formed Biltmoderne, Oct 1983

4 Urban planner and geographer Linda Gregoriou and I formed POLIS in 1992. POLIS was initially housed at The Medium Density Housing Unit in Parliament House, Melbourne, Victoria auspices of its director John Lawson, later at the UNSW's Planning and Development School, NSW, with Professor Dr Alexander Cuthbert.

5 Prepared development control reviews for The City of Sydney (1993) and assisted Linda Gregoriou in advising the State Governments property arm (Property Services Group) to conduct an international studio to re-design the Olympic Site (1994). As a participant Bob Nation, Stephen Varady and I prepared a fully dense urban scheme for the site – post 2020 which is the current State Government strategy (2005-) check.

6 The property development company FTB Pty Ltd was formed in 1997 with co-director Linda Gregoriou.

7 The design strategy was a vision-brief approved by the developer (who wanted to add value to the roof), I then briefed 360 degrees landscape architects (I wanted sculptural plants not more architectural structures – a problem amongst many landscape architects) to work through the collaboration and ensure the internally planned rhythm of common spaces (theatre) echoed in the roof. Usual gyms and pools were not advocated. The project was re-designed internally, the park roof and configuration of roof housing blocks from an approval already in place.

8 Ian McDougal was the only person to comment on this in the 1991 Victorian awards jury – I was surprised he picked up on it

9 Built by the fashionable architect John Verge, Elizabeth Bay House is a magnificent example of colonial architecture with sweeping views of Sydney Harbour. Occupied by the Colonial Secretary, Alexander Macleay and his family, between 1839 and 1845