















Armin

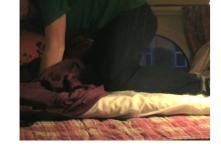
















Directing a standard domestic afternoon for myself.

Creating a hyper-realistic situation, that is totally staged. The purpose of this it to depict a situation that can be used in another staged and analytical piece.



Leaving there and proceeding for three days toward the east, you reach Diomira, a city with sixty silver domes, bronze statues of all the gods, streets paved with lead, a crystal theatre, a golden cock that crows each morning on a tower. All these beauties will already be familiar to the visitor, who has seen them also in other cities. But the special quality of this city for the man who arrives there on a September evening, when the days are growing shoter and the multicoloured lamps are lighted all at once at the doors of the food stalls and from a terrace a woman's voice cries ooh!, is that he feels envy toward those who now believe theyhave once before lived an evening identical to this and think they were happy, that time.

When a man rides a long time through wild regions he feels the desire for a city. Finally he comes to Isidora, a city where buildings have spiral staircases encrusted with spiral seashells, where perfect telescopes and violins are made, where a foreigner hesitating between two women always encounters a third, where cockfights degenerate into bloody brawls among the bettors. He was thinking of all these things when he desired a city. Isidora, therefore, is the city of his dreams: with one difference. The dreamed-of city contained him as a yound man; he arrives at Isidora in his old age. In the square there is a wall where the old men sit and watch the young go by; he is seated in a row with them. Desires are already memories.

### 3.

In vain great-hearted Kublai, shall I attempt to describe Zaira, city of bastions. I could tell you how many steps make up the streets rising like stairways, and the degree of the arcades' curves, and what kind of zinc scales cover the roofs; but I already know this would be the same as telling you nothing. The city does not consist o this, but of relationships between the measurements of its space and the events of its past: the height of a lampost and the distance from the ground of a hanged ursurper's swaving feet; the line strung from the lampost to the railing opposite and the festoons that decorate the course of the queen's nuptial procession; the height of that railing and the leap the adulterer who climbed over it at dawn; the tilt of the guttering and a cat's progress along itas he slips into the same window; the firing range of a gunboat which has suddenly appeared beyond the cape and the bomb that destroys the guttering; the rips in the fish net and the three old men seated on the dock mending nets and telling each other for the hundredth time the story of the gunboat and the usurper, who some say was the queen's illegitimate son, abandoned in his swaddling clothes there on the dock. As this wave from memories flows in, the city soaks it up like a sponge and expands. A description of Zaira as it is today should contain all Zaira's past. The city, however, does not tell its past, but contains it like the lines of a hand, written in the corners of the street the gratings of the windows, the banisters of the steps, the antennae of the lightning rods, the poles of the flags, every segment marked in

turn with scratches, indentations, scrolls.

Beyond six rivers and three mountain ranges rises Zora, a city that no one, having seen it, can forget. But not because, like other memorable cities, it leaves an unusual image in your recollections. Zora has the quality of remaining in your memory point by point, in its succesion of streets, of houses along the streets, and of doors and windows in the houses, though nothing in them possesses a special beauty or rarity. Zora's secret lies in the way your gaze runs over patterns following one another as in a musical score where not a note can be altered or displaced. The man who knows by heart how Zora is made, if he is unable to sleep at night, can imagine he is walking along the streets and he remembers the order by which the copper clock follows the barber's striped awning, then the fountain with the nine jets, the astronomer's glass tower, the melon vendor's kiosk, the statue of the hermit and the lion, the Turkish bath, the cafe at the corner, the alley that leads to the harbour. This city which cannot be expunged from the mind is like an armature, a honevcomb in whose cells each of us can place the things he wants to remember: names of famous men, virtues, numbers, vegetable and mineral classifications, dates of battles, constellations, parts of speech. Between each idea and each point of the itinerary and affinity or a contrast can be established, serving as an immediate aid to memory. So the world's most learned men are those who have memorised Zora.

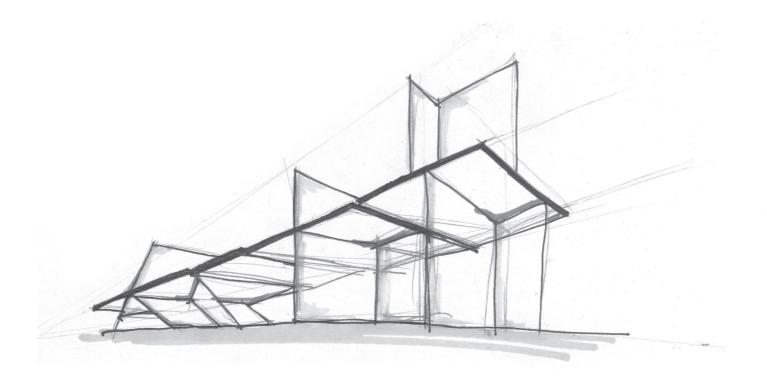
But in vain I set out to visit the city: forced to remain motionless and always the same, in order to be more easily remembered, Zora has languished, disintergrated, disappeared. The earth has forgotten her.

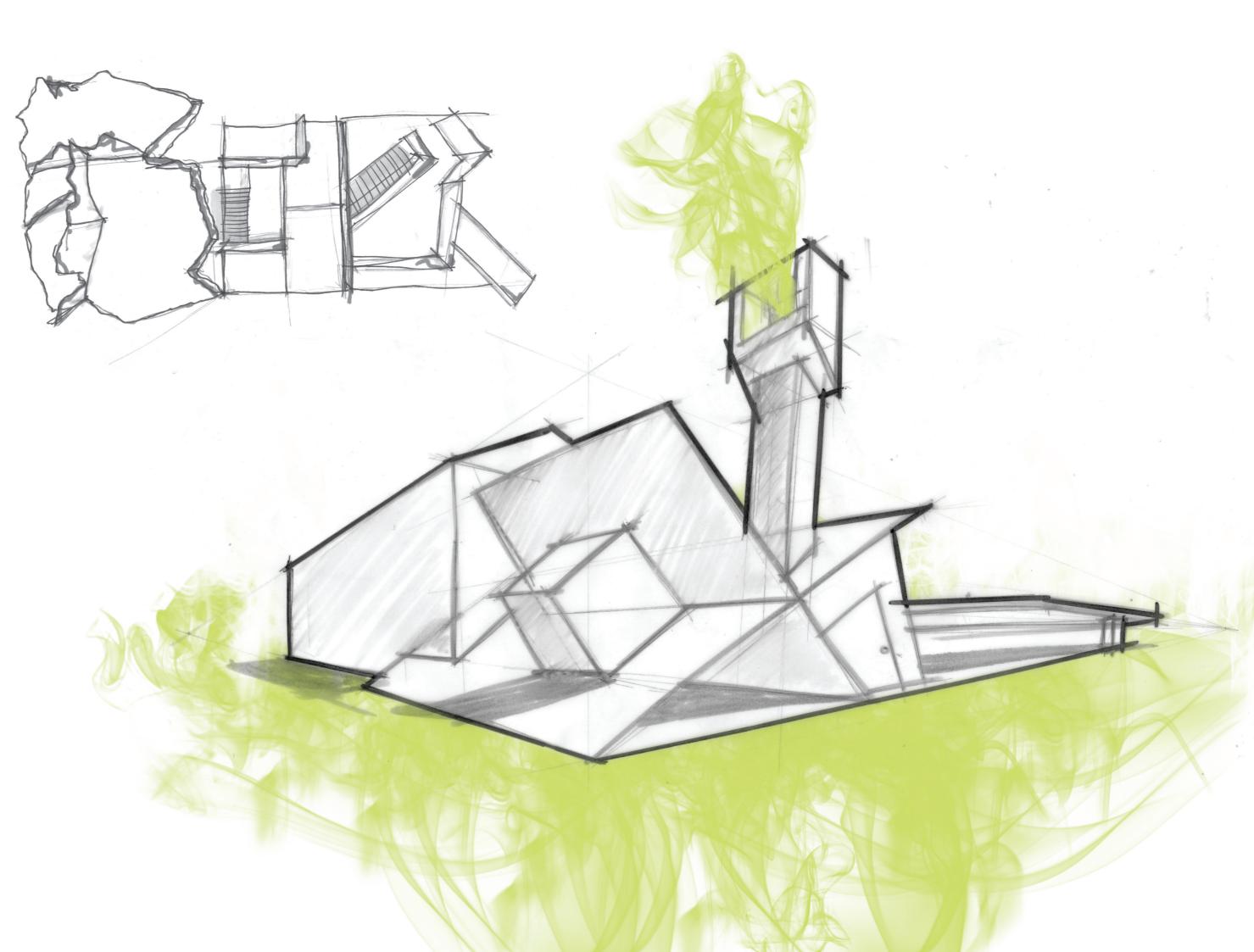
In Maurilia, the traveller is invited to visit the city and, at the same time, to examine old postcards that show it as it used to be: the same identical square with a hen in the place of a bus station, a bandstand in the place of the overpass, two young ladies with white parasols in the place of the munitions factory. If the traveler does not wish to dissapoint the inhabitants, he must praise the postcard city and prefer it to the present onw, though he must be careful to contain his regret at the changes within definite limits: admitting that the magnificence and prosperity of the metropolis Maurilia, when compared to the old, provincial Maurilia, cannot compensate for a certain lost grace, which, however, can be appreciated only now in the old postcards, whereas before, when the provincial Maurilia was before one's eyes, one saw absolutely nothing graceful and would see it even less today, if Maurilia had remained unchanged; and in any case the metropolis has the added attraction that, through what it has become, one can look back with nostalgia at what it was.

Beware of saving to them that sometimes different cities follow one another on the same siteand under the same name, born and dving without knowing one another, without communication among themselves. At time even the names of inhabitants reamin the same, and their voices' accent, and also features of the faces; but the gods who live beneath names and above places have gone off without a word and outsiders have settled in their place. It is pointless to ask whether the new ones are better or worse than the old, since there is no connection between them, just as the old postcards do not depict Maurilia as it was, but a different city which, was called Maurilia, like this one.





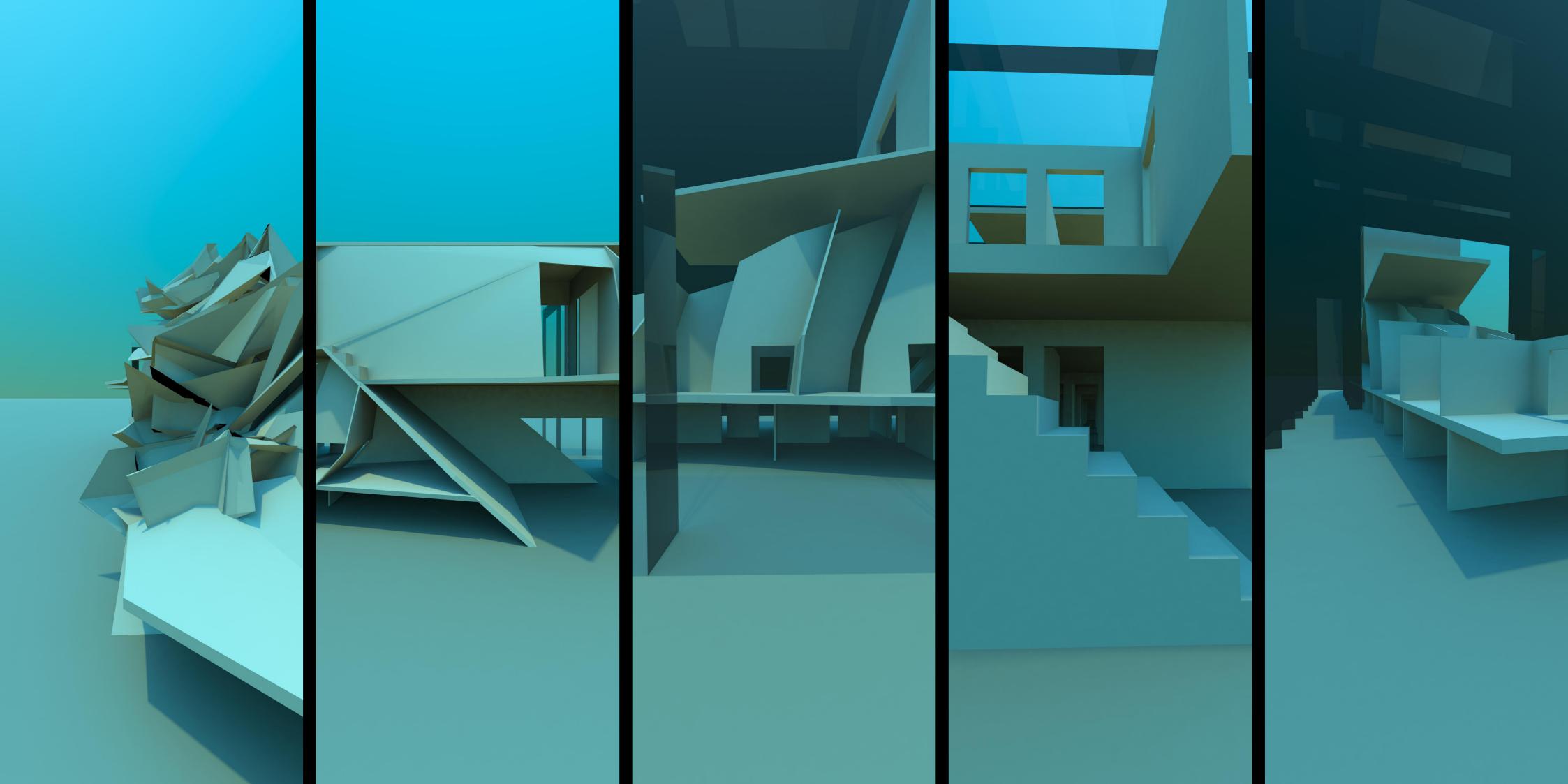




What happens to a space; that you have grown accustomed to, grwon up in, lived our entire life, and experienced so many memories; when you distort and augment it?

Change of: scale, position of objects, addition or subtraction of building elements, orientation of partitions and floors. How does your emotional attachment to this place change?

Finally, what about a space you have never been before, but is vaguely familiar, in no way other than you recognise a series of components, but not the connection between them, or the way they are organised.

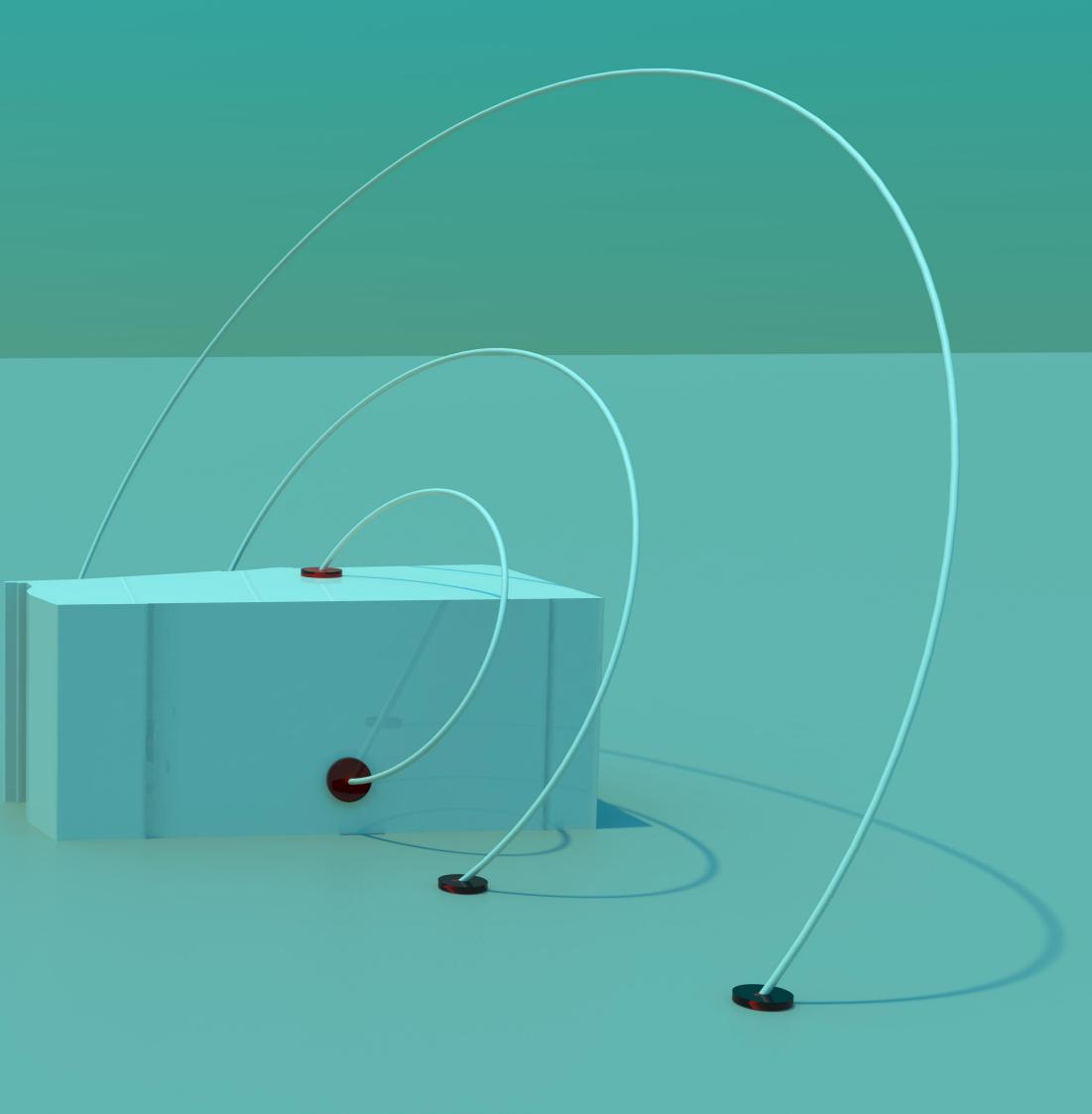


Passing Through

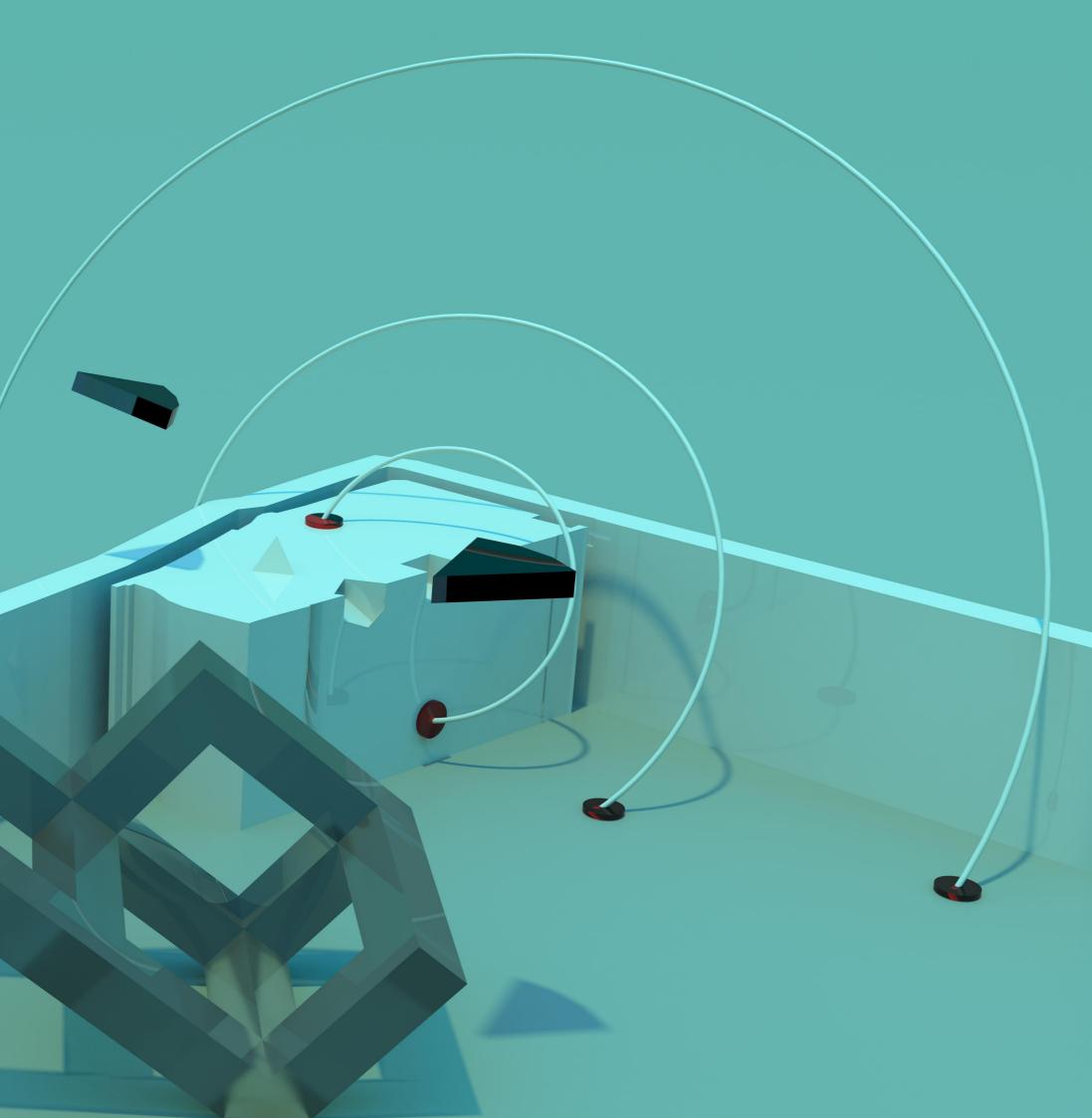


An initial study into the deconstruction of moments experienced by Victoria Tower Gardens. Focusing on the interactions between four stereotypes of people: police, protestors, ministers of Parliament, & tourists.

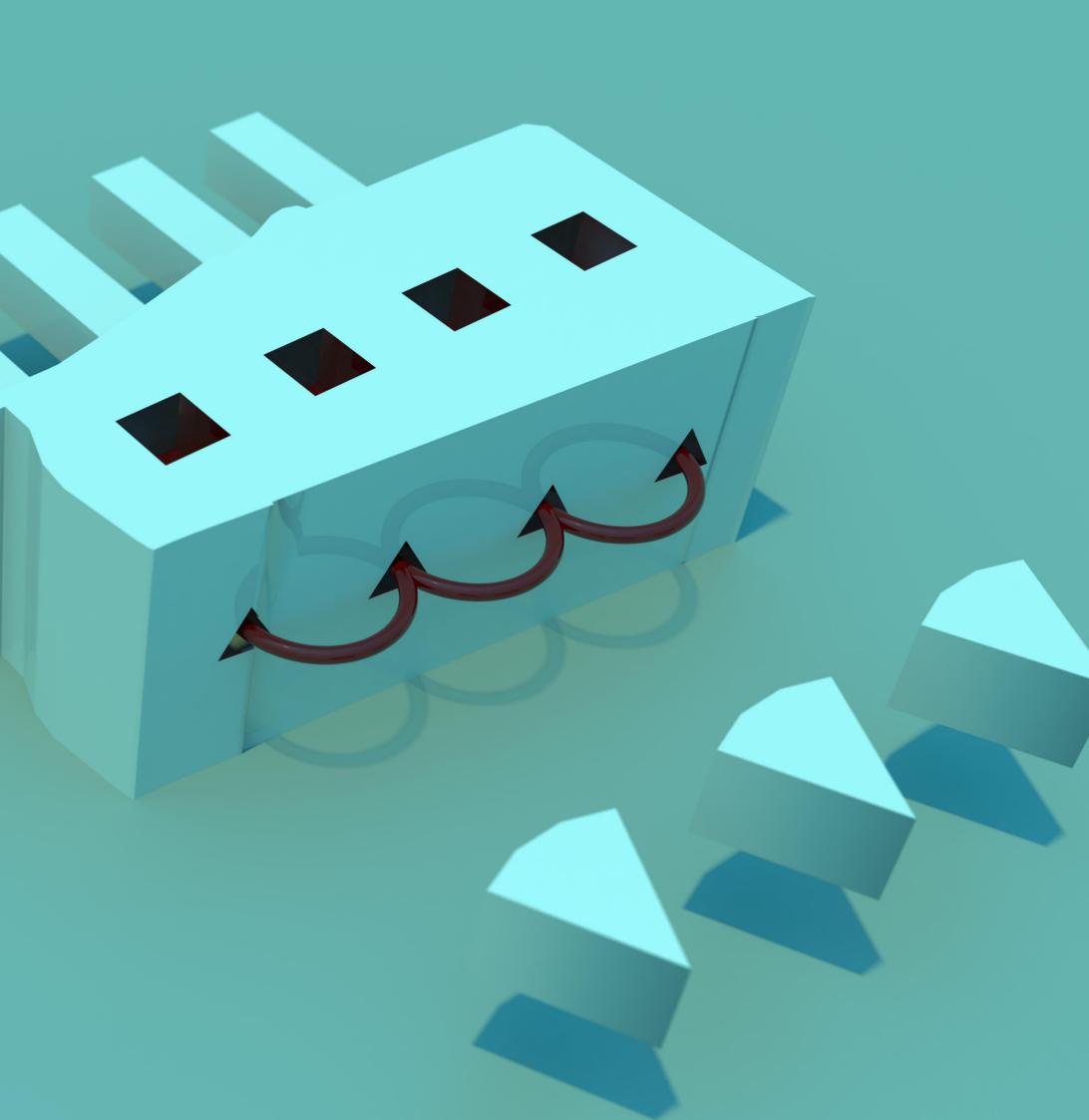
Focus on the interaction between the rings of influence of protestors and police zoning.



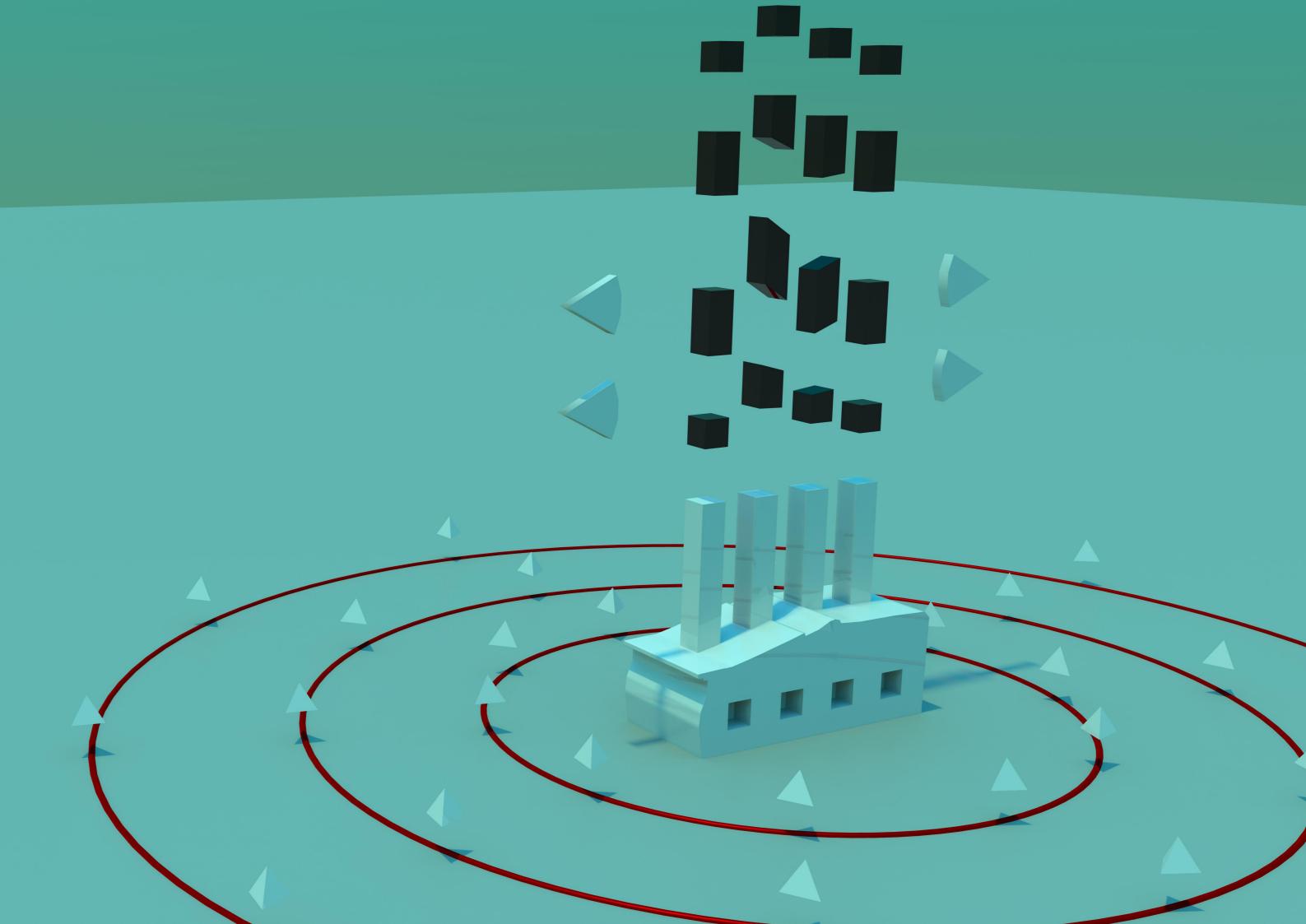
Police zone is being worn away, a new barrier is placed, MP system exposed with a few watching on.



MP system is penetrated, and leaving traces of their actions. Looking for a way out.

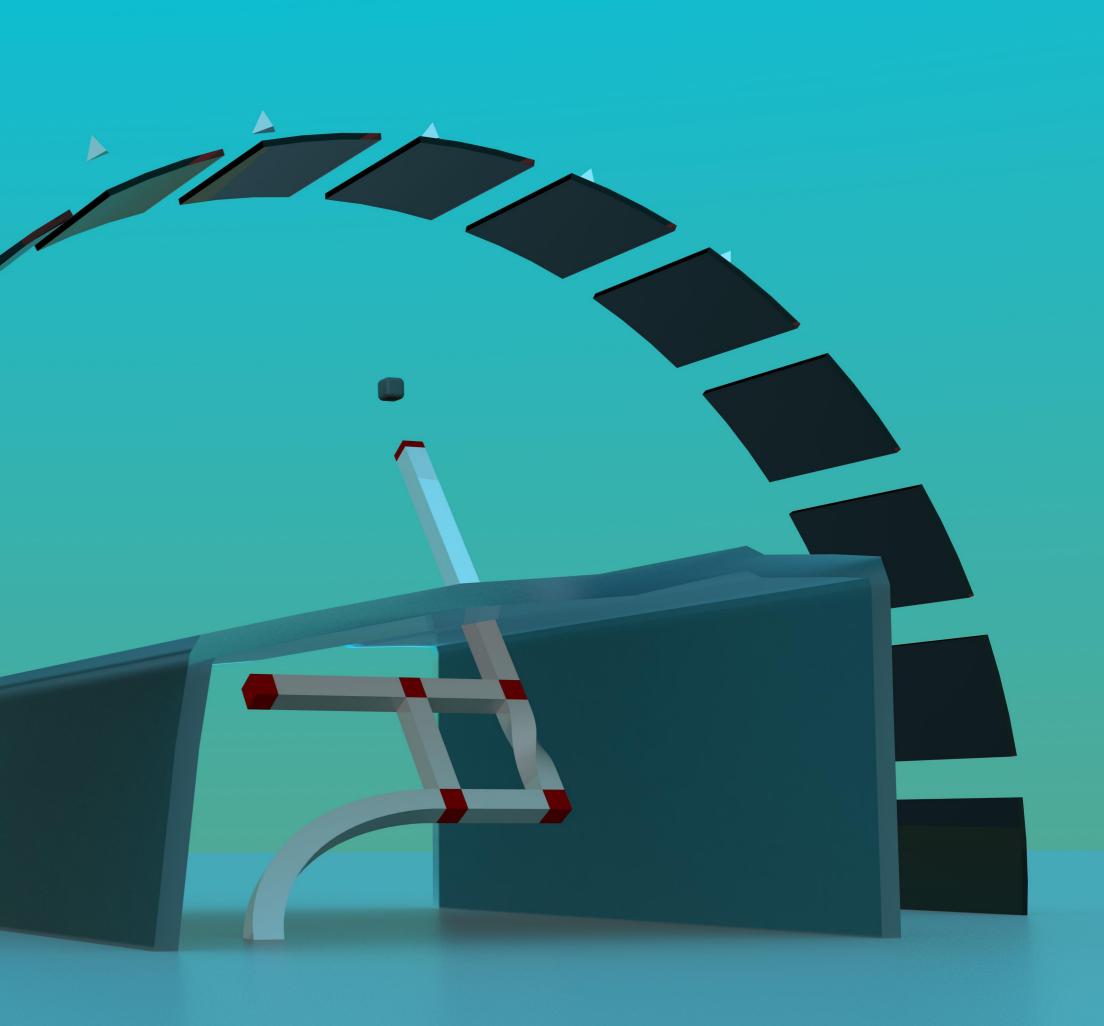


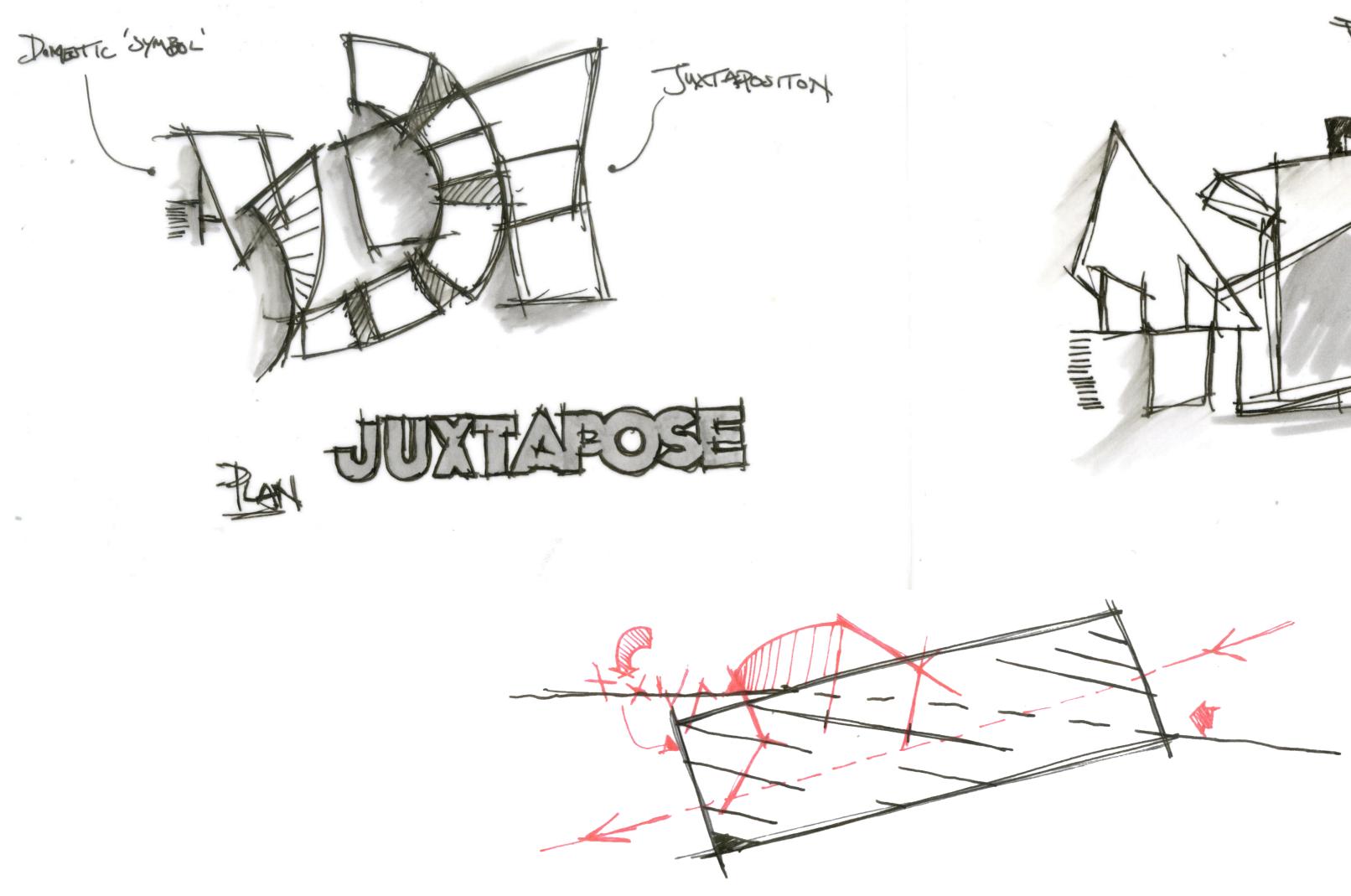
Many protestors setting up rings of influence, and a structured screening system. The factory is breaking.

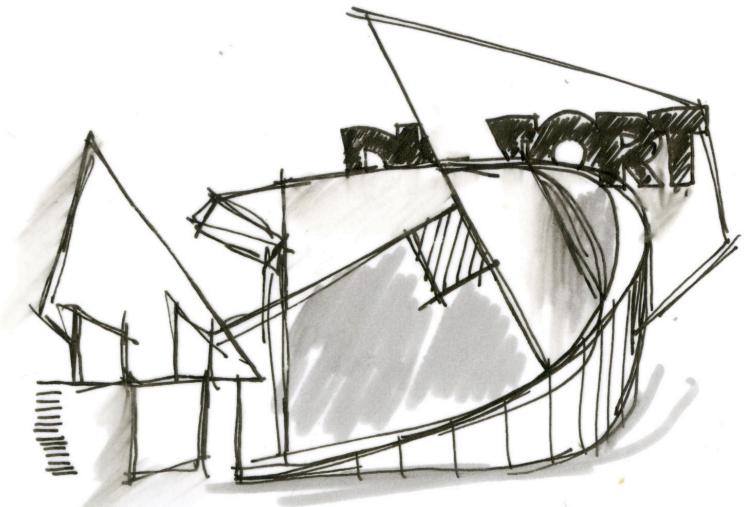


The inverse of the police zoning has crated 'routes' out that are being targeted by protestors. The interaction is being distorted.



The second barrier is penetrated, but to escape the MP's must change their appearance. Scrutinised activities. 





### event |I'vent|

### noun

a thing that happens, esp. one of importance : the media's focus on events in the Middle East.

- a planned public or social occasion : events to raise money for charity.
- each of several particular contests making up a sports competition : a star sprinter in the 100- and 200-meter events.
- Physics a single occurrence of a process, e.g., the ionization of one atom.

### PHRASES

in any event (or at all events) whatever happens or may have happened : in any event, there was one promise the trickster did keep. in the event chiefly Brit. as it turns (or turned) out : he was sent on this important and, in the event, quite fruitless mission. in the event of —— if —— happens : this will reduce the chance of serious injury in the event of an accident. in the event that if; should it happen that : in the event that an attack is launched, the defenders will have been significantly weakened by air attacks. in that event if that happens : in that event, the US would incline toward a lifting of the arms embargo.

DERIVATIVES eventless adjective eventlessness noun

ORIGIN late 16th cent .: from Latin eventus, from evenire 'result, happen,' from e- (variant of ex-) 'out of' + venire 'come.'

EVENT

# choice |tfois|



an act of selecting or making a decision when faced with two or more possibilities : the choice between good and evil.

- the right or ability to make, or possibility of making, such a selection : I had to do it, I had no choice.
- a range of possibilities from which one or more may be selected : you can have a sofa made to order in a choice of over forty fabrics.
- a course of action, thing, or person that is selected or decided upon : this CD drive is the perfect choice for your computer.

### adjective

noun

1 (esp. of food) of very good quality : he picked some choice early plums.

2 (of words, phrases, or language) rude and abusive : he had a few choice words at his command.

### PHRASES

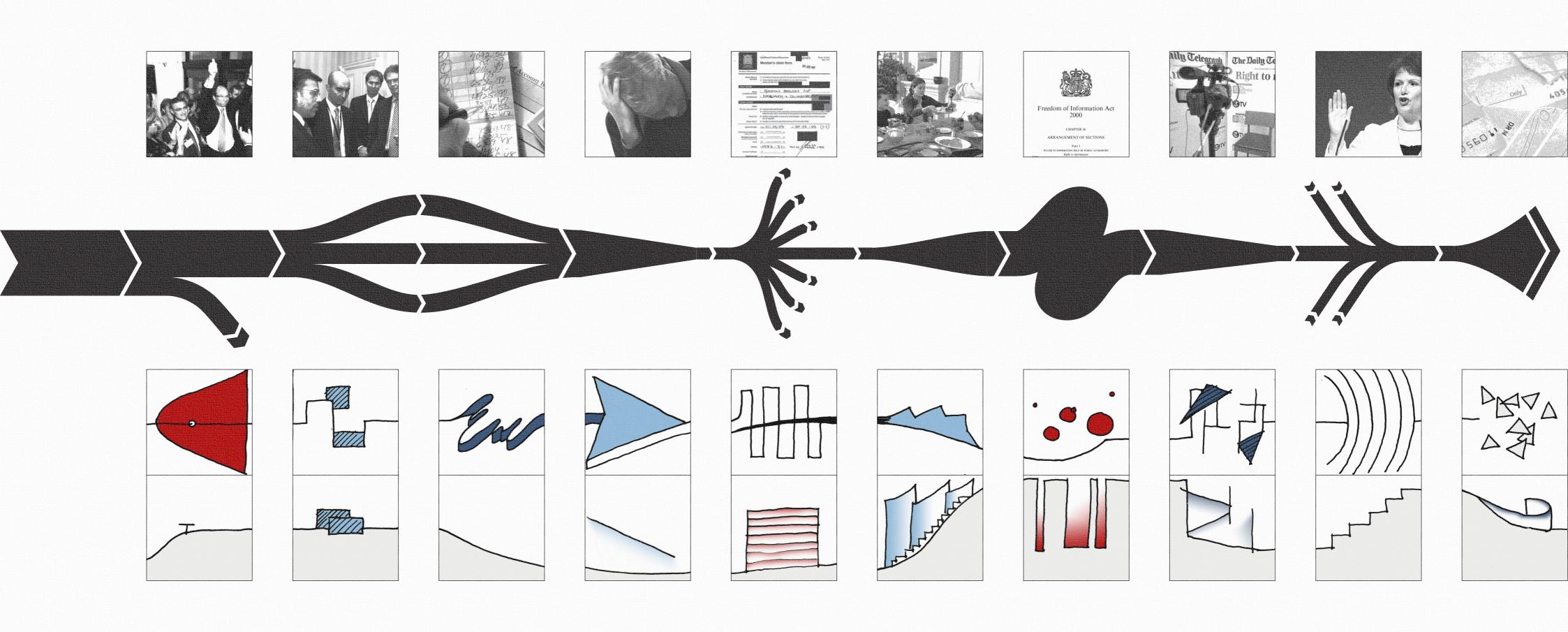
**by choice** of one's own volition. of choice selected as one's favorite or the best : champagne was his drink of choice. of one's choice that one chooses or has chosen : the college of her choice.

DERIVATIVES choicely adverb choiceness noun

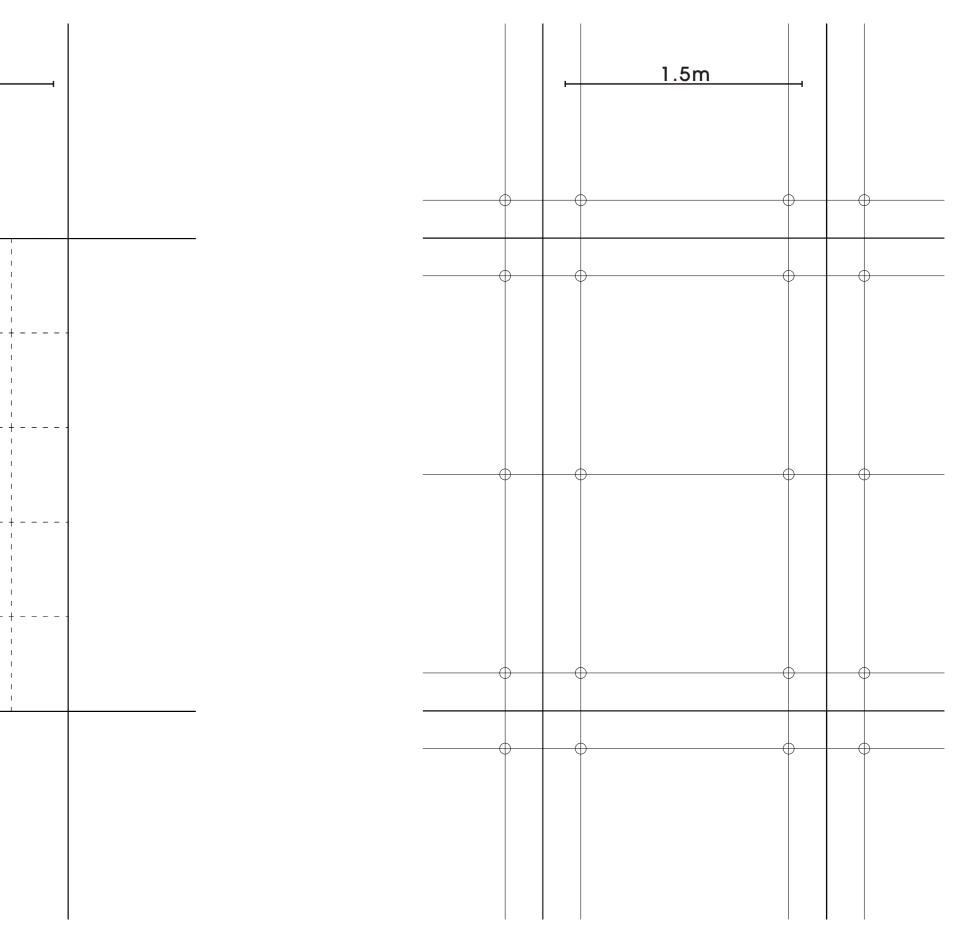
ORIGIN Middle English : from Old French chois, from choisir 'choose,' of Germanic origin and related to choose .

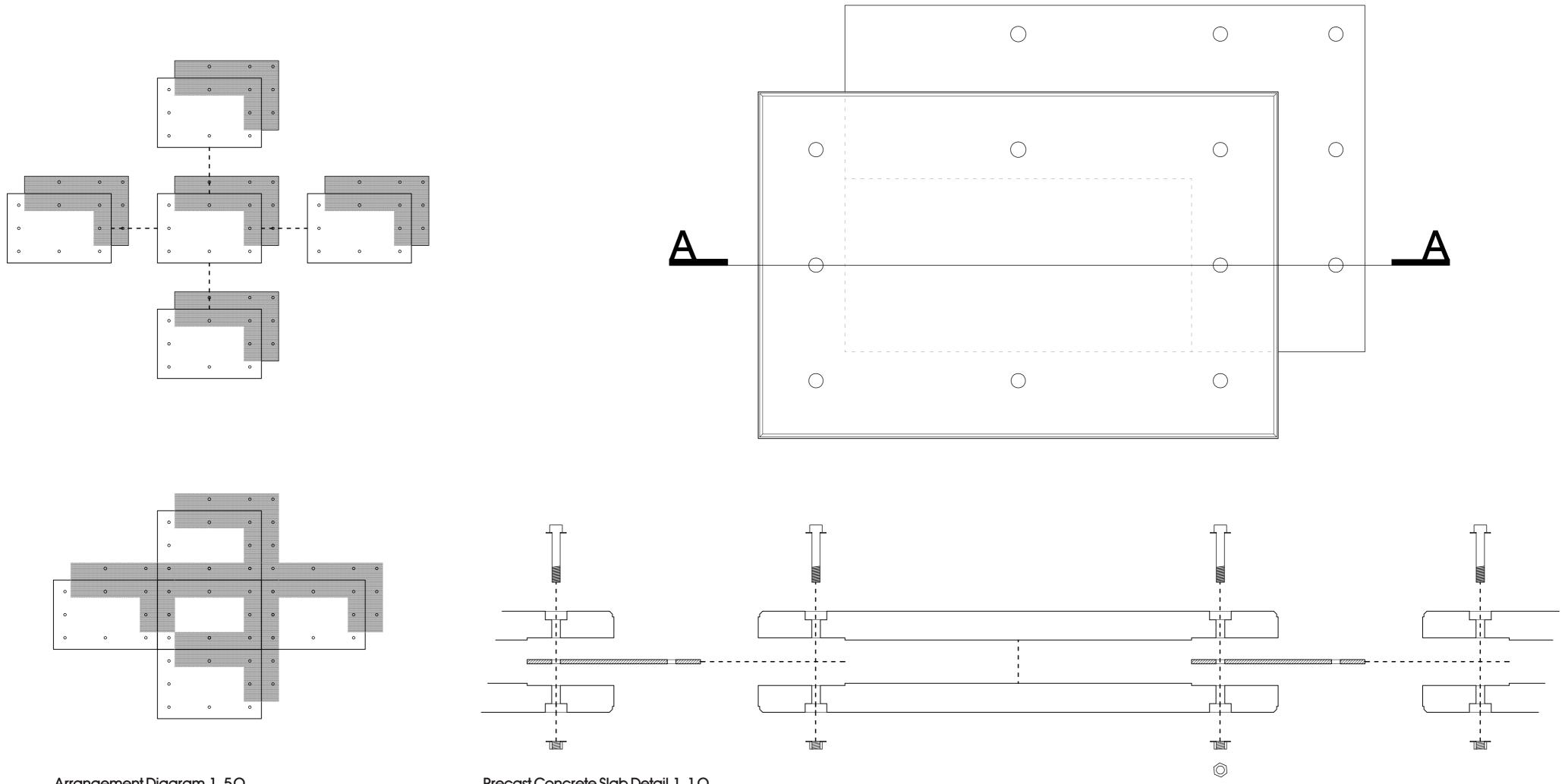
constituency and the expenses scandal.





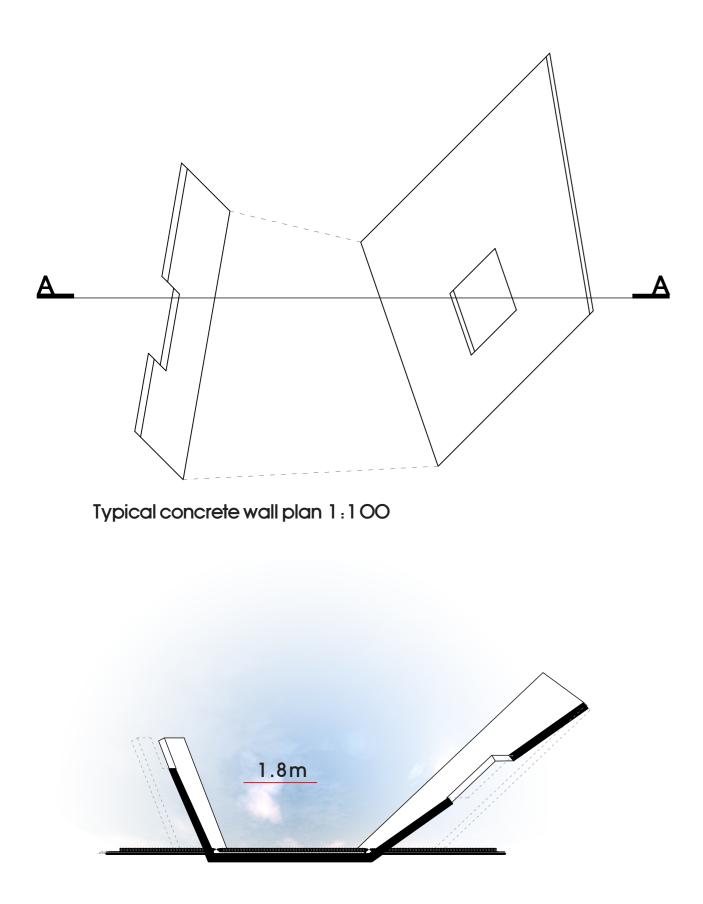
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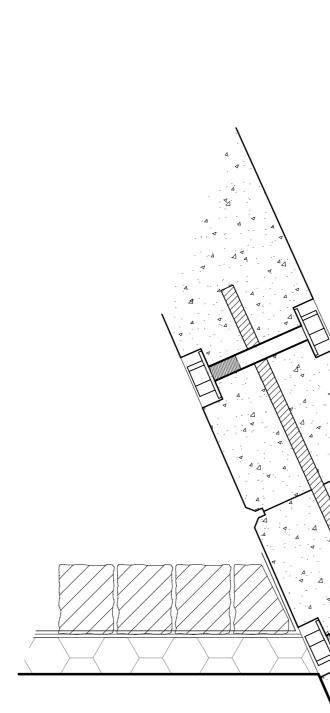




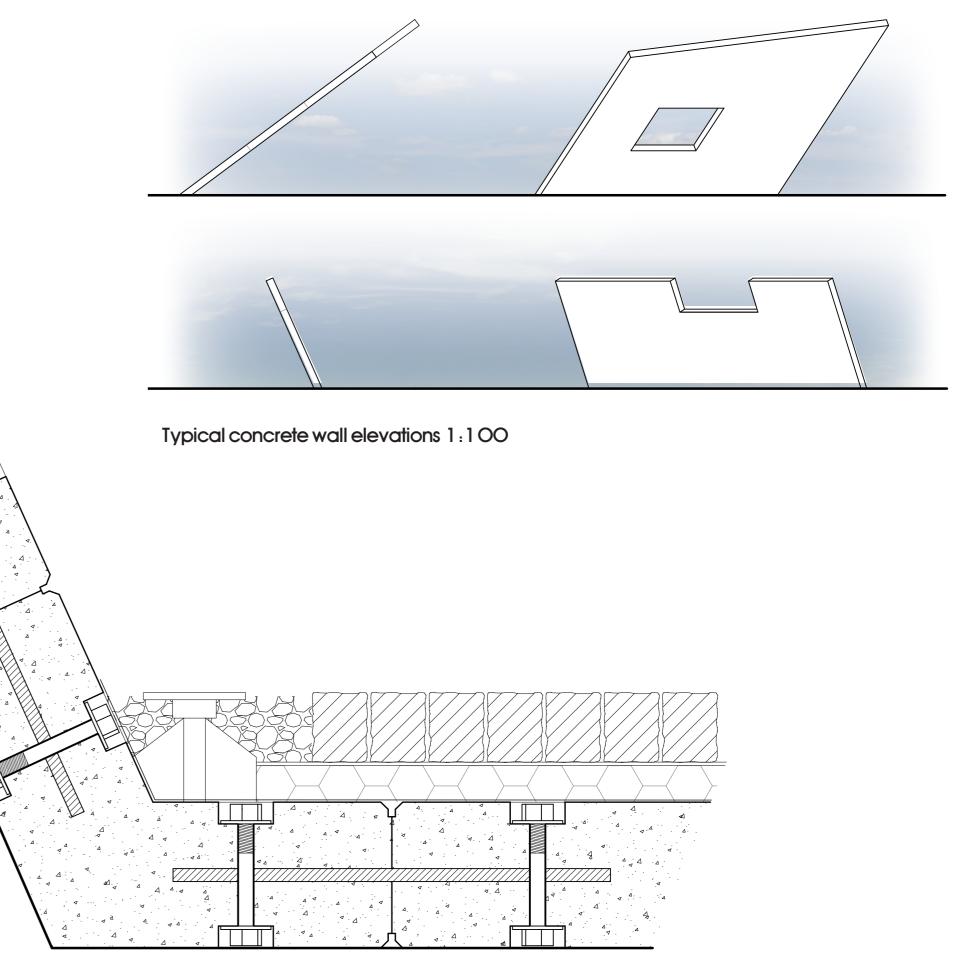


Precast Concrete Slab Detail 1:10





Wall to floor connection detail 1:5





## Graffiti Lab Research - Various Projects:

"Art is a tool of empowerment and social change, and I consider myself blessed to be able to create and use my work to promote health reform, bring awareness about ALS and help others"

[Tony Quan, aka Tempt One]





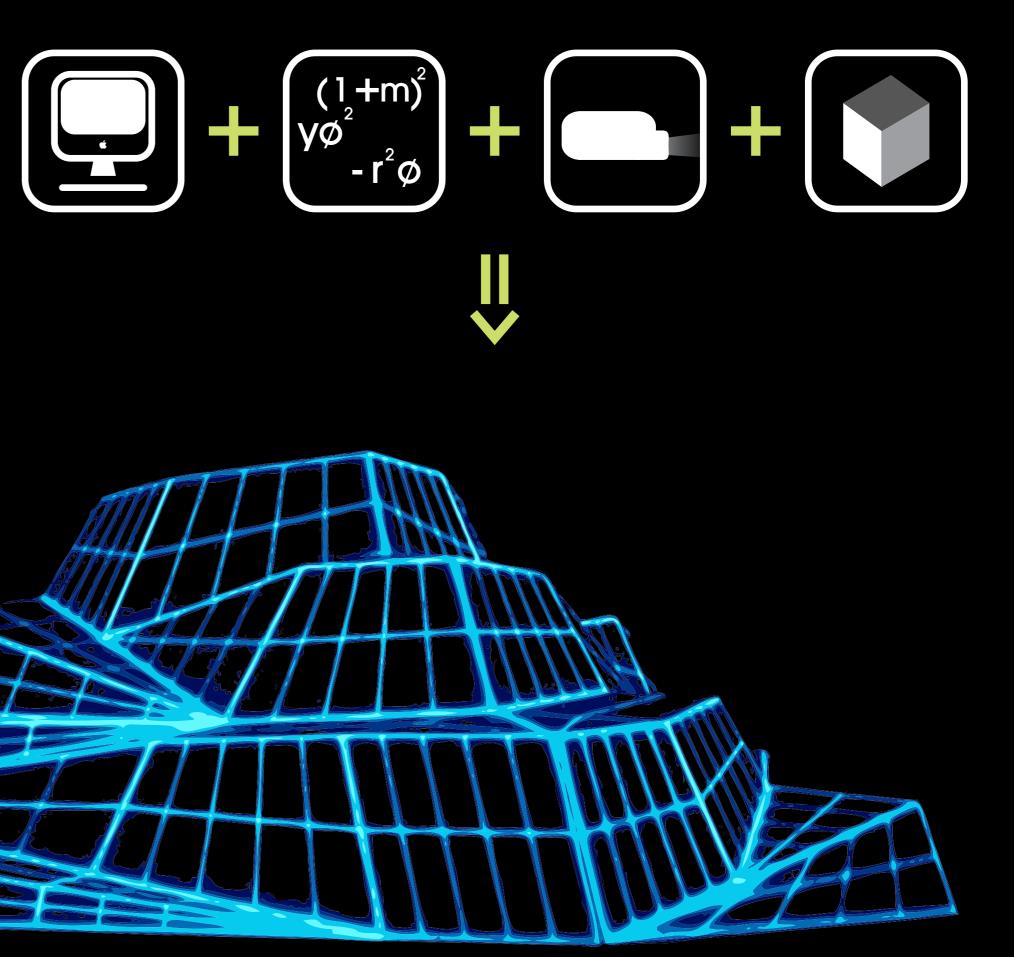




Teemu Määttänen - Noste Installation



Mapping Festival - 2008



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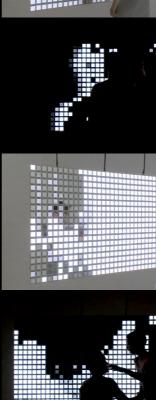
Aesthetics, customisation, and augmentation.

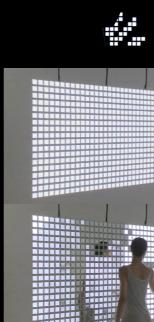
Low power usage light source - 40% of standard LCD screen.

Dynamic, and interactive object. Can respond to surroundings

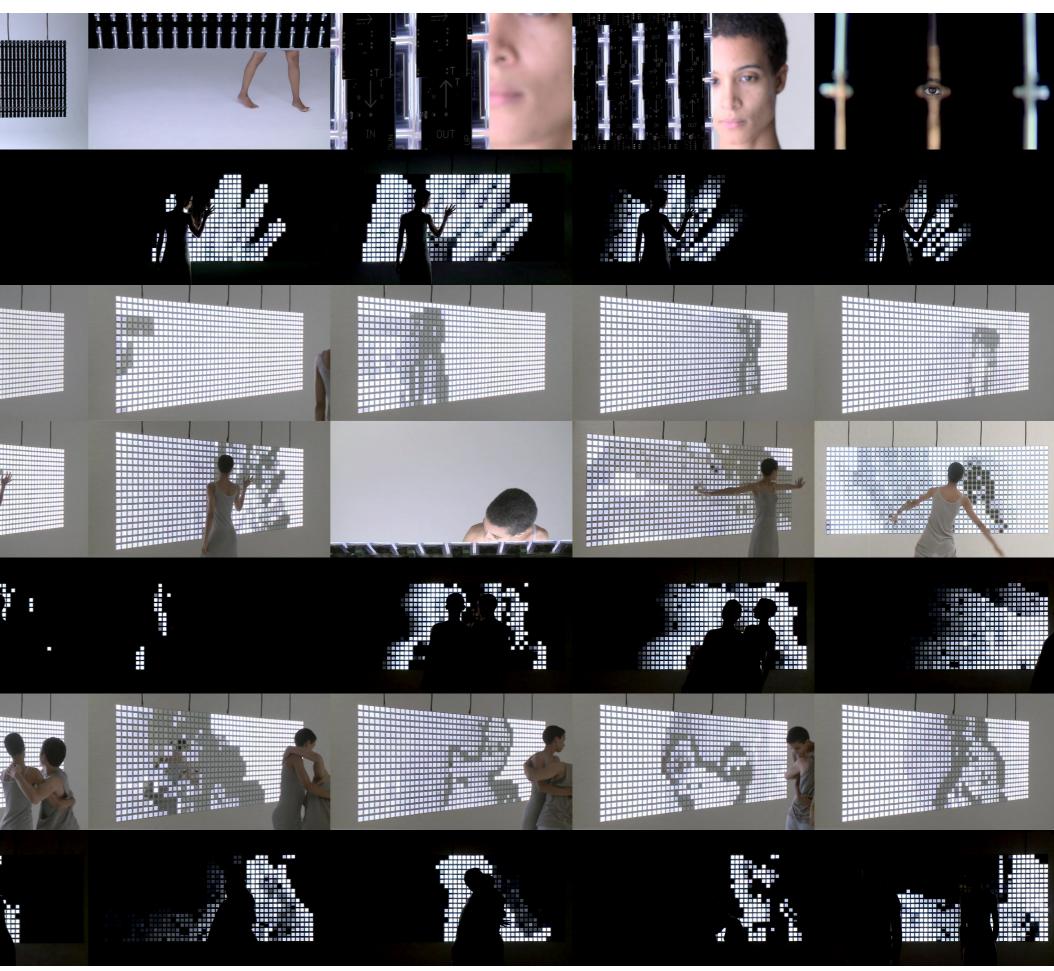












# rAndom International - You Fade To Light

