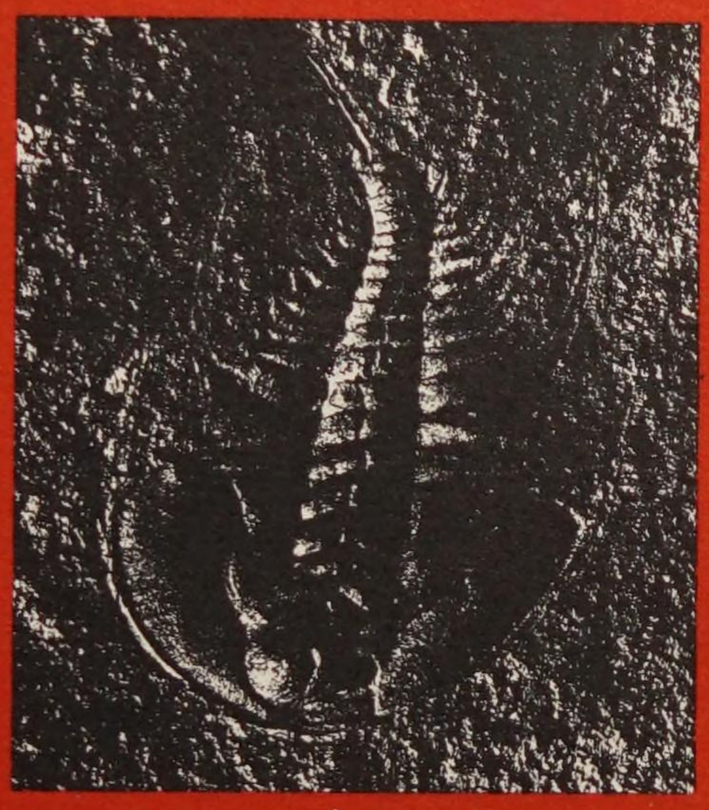
DOUGLAS DARDEN

CONDEMNED BUILDING



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CONDEMNED BUILDING


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DARDEN
ARCHITECT
To be free?
DD

DOUGLAS DARDEN

CONDEMNED BUILDING

AN ARCHITECT'S PRE-TEXT

PLANS, SECTIONS, ELEVATIONS, DETAILS,
MODELS, IDEOGRAMS, SCRIPTEXTS, AND
LETTERS FOR TEN [-] ALLEGORICAL
WORKS OF ARCHITECTURE

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1993

To my
Mother and Father
for their undying support
and
Stanley Tigerman
who taught me that
architecture can never touch

bottom

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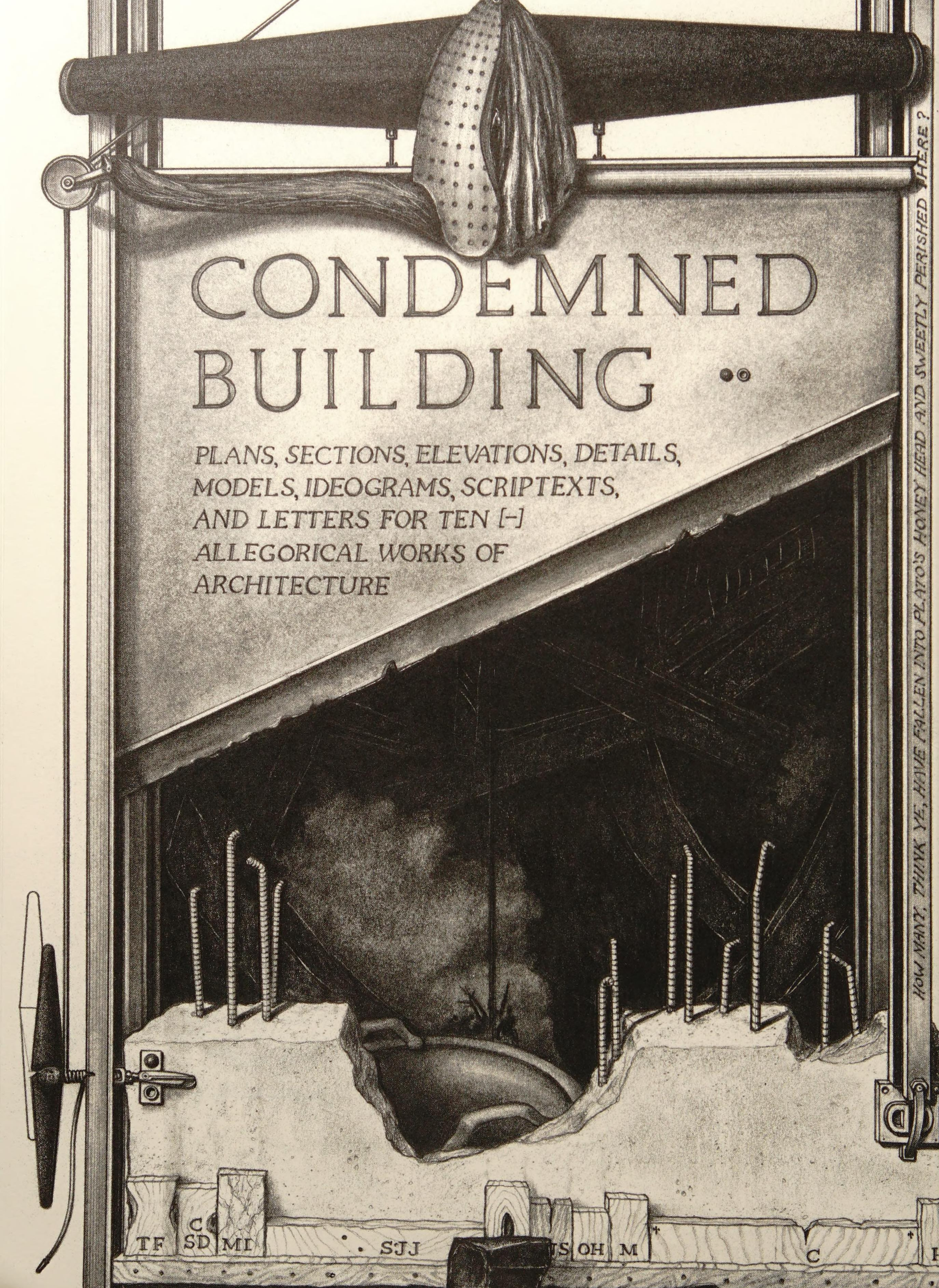
160 Acknowledgments

I am inclined while watching the turtle to turn it over and study its underbelly. From this unnatural position I see how this platonically solid creature makes its way through the world.

***D**weller by the **D**ark Stream*

CONDEMNED BUILDING

PLANS, SECTIONS, ELEVATIONS, DETAILS,
MODELS, IDEOGRAMS, SCRIPTEXTS,
AND LETTERS FOR TEN [-]
ALLEGORICAL WORKS OF
ARCHITECTURE



Forewords

The ten works of architecture sited in this book were constructed during a shameless, unaccountable storm that lasted nearly nine years. The buildings are an admission of rhetoric, not knowledge. Instead of solutions, they offer allegories. By these means, architecture can be seen for what it is; never its own sufficient subject, nor its own sufficient end. The buildings are as follows:

Museum of Impostors
A Portrait of Last Identity

Temple Forgetful
A Sanguine Tête-à-Tête

Clinic for Sleep Disorders
A Rondo on the Study of Sleep

Night School
A Surgical Lesion in Spectatorship

Melvilla
An Underline Reading

Hostel
A Sliding Scale for Habitation

A Saloon for Jesse James
A Ballad with Two Endings

Sex Shop
An Immodest Proposal

Confessional
A Station at Cross Purposes

Oxygen House
A Near Triptych on the Act of Breathing

The ten works of architecture cited in this book were constructed from a particular canon of architecture that has persisted throughout the centuries and the varieties of architectural styles. The buildings are a turning-over, one by one, of those canons. Like the action of the plow, this was done not to lay waste to the canons, but to cultivate their fullest growth. The canons and their *reversa* are as follows:

Architecture posits the ~~authentic~~.
Architecture posits the **fake**.

A monument is for ~~remembering~~.
A monument is for **forgetting**.

Architecture ~~domesticates~~ our fears.
Architecture **locates** our fears.

~~Light~~ is the revealer of form.
Darkness is the revealer of form.

Architecture is the ~~reconciliation~~ with nature.
Architecture is the **irreconciliation** with nature.

Architecture ~~takes possession of a place~~.
Architecture **displaces**.

Architecture is ~~accommodation~~.
Architecture is **confrontation**.

Architecture ~~fulfills~~ desire.
Architecture **objectifies** desire.

Man is ~~at the center~~ of divine creation.
Man is **off-center** of divine creation.

A house is for ~~living~~.
A house is for **dying**.

DD, 30 March 1991

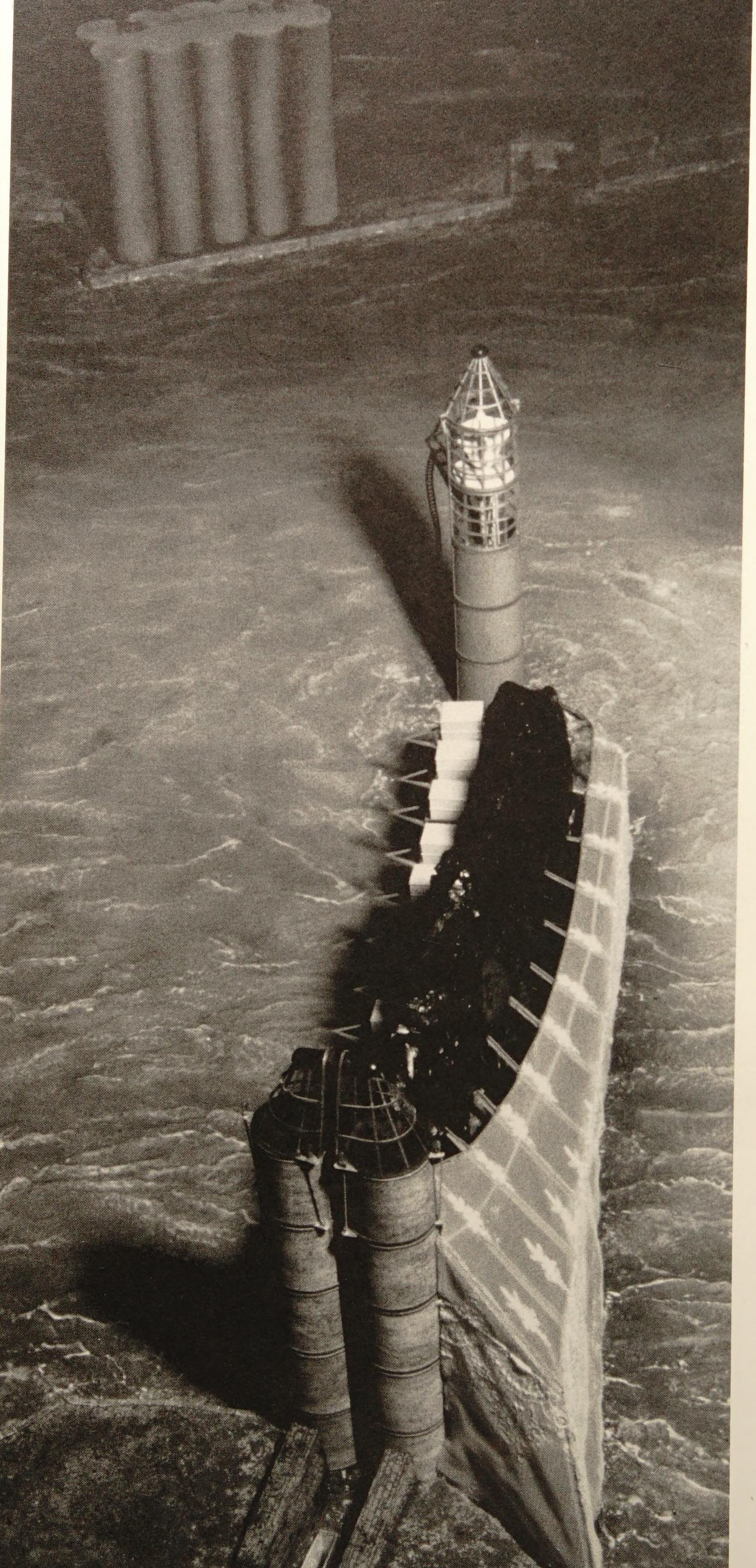
blow them
to their trials:
the bubbles are out.

Museum of Impostors

A portrait of last identity

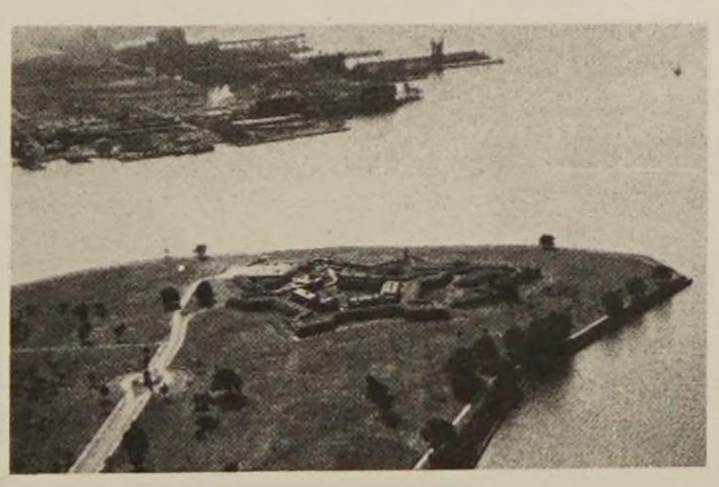
BALTIMORE HARBOR WATER GAP, MARYLAND

Architecture posits the ~~authentic~~.
Architecture posits the **fake**.

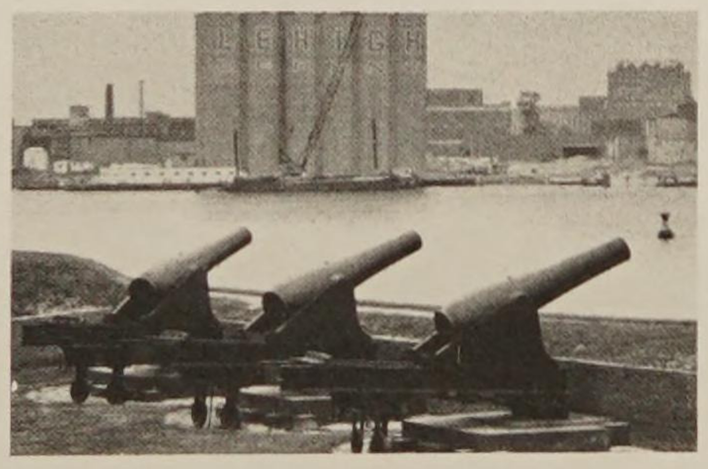


Museum of Impostors reaches into the Baltimore Harbor Water Gap from Fort McHenry National Monument towards an industrial area called Lazaretto Point. The site gained recognition from the War of 1812 when during the British bombardment of the fort, a young lawyer, Francis Scott Key, wrote the national anthem.

The museum exhibits stories of the lives of individuals in American history who have pretended to be someone different from whom they really were. The museum is a half-bridge in the water gap with two stories above water and two submerged.



Baltimore Harbor Water Gap, 1942



Baltimore Harbor Water Gap, 1982

Identities I

Fort McHenry, formerly a pine forest

Channel Marker, buoy with painted stars and stripes, commemorating Francis Scott Key

Naval Barricade, thirteen strategically-placed sunken ships, War of 1812

Bombardment, continual artillery fire, 6 August 1814

Commemoratives, inexpensive souvenirs of local military history

Lazaretto, 19th century quarantine house for immigrants

Identities II

First Silo, encasement for two non-indigenous trees

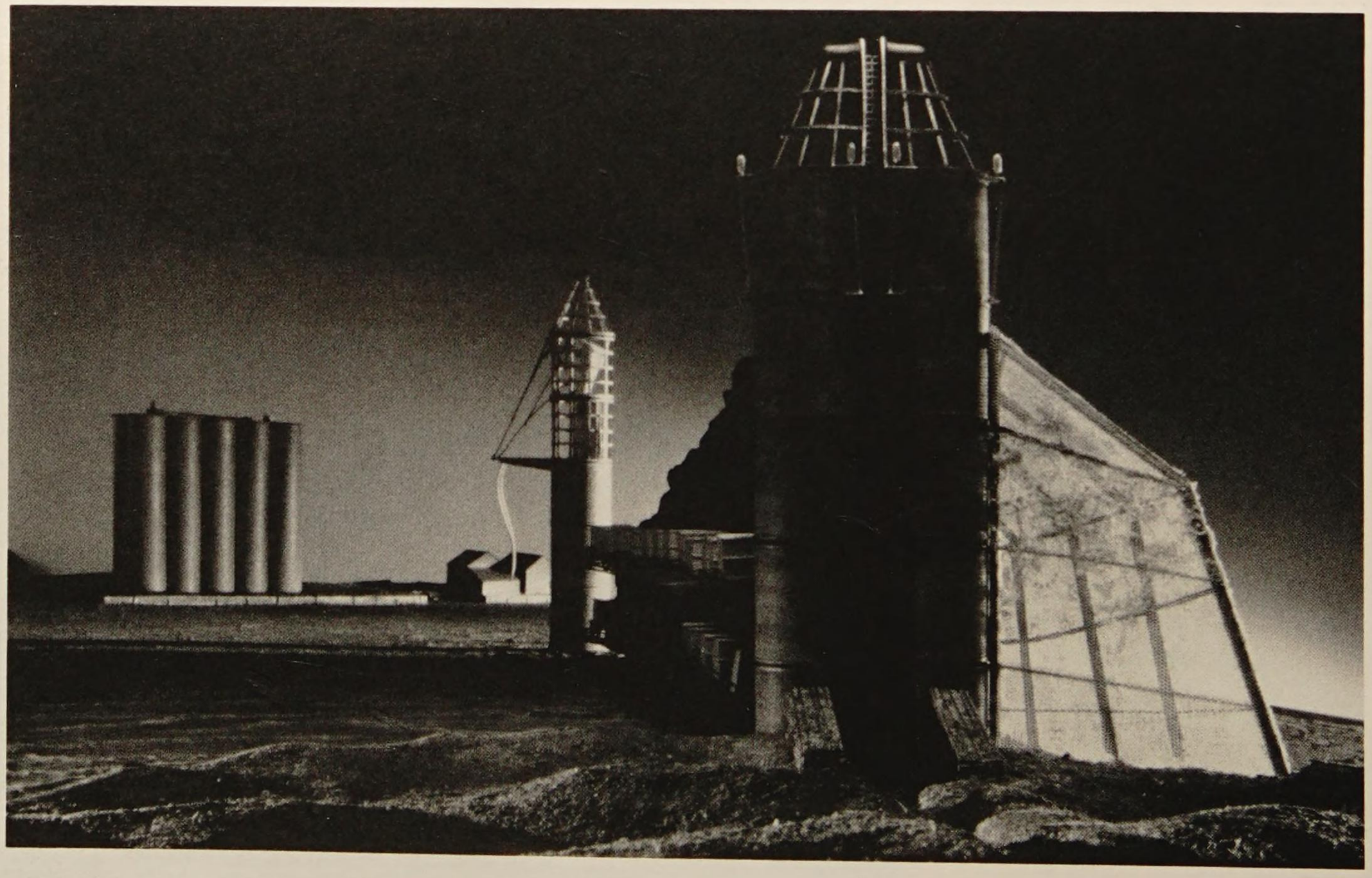
Second Silo, encasement for windmill-powered music box, playing Key's favorite sonata

Black Rock, sheer wall with 13 x 4 shipping containers, exhibiting individual impostors' escapades

Hall of Stairs, lattice of fire-stairs, curtain wall, and untouchable floor

Namesakes, plaster tablets at stair landings, presenting facts of impostors' lives

Wooden Raft, pick-up point from museum, built of quarantine remains





Dis/continuous Genealogy

Fort McHenry, 1803

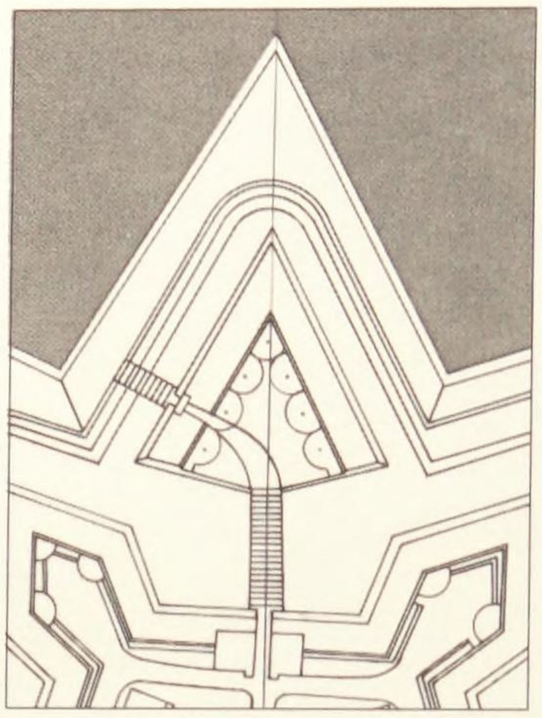
McHenry Federal Troops, 1865

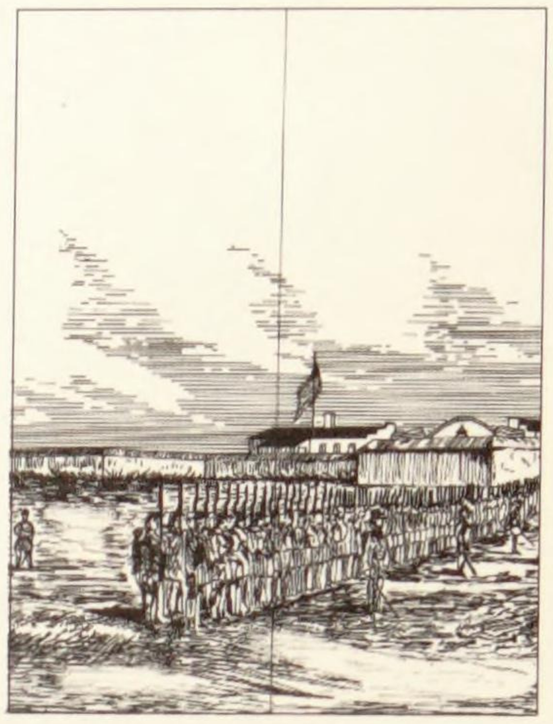
Lazaretto Lighthouse, 1916

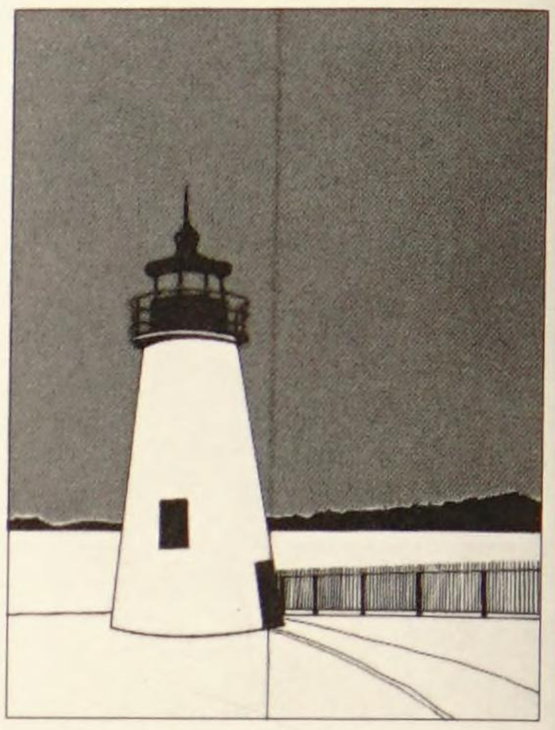
Francis Scott Key Buoy, 1961

Interstate Highway Tunnel Launching, 1981

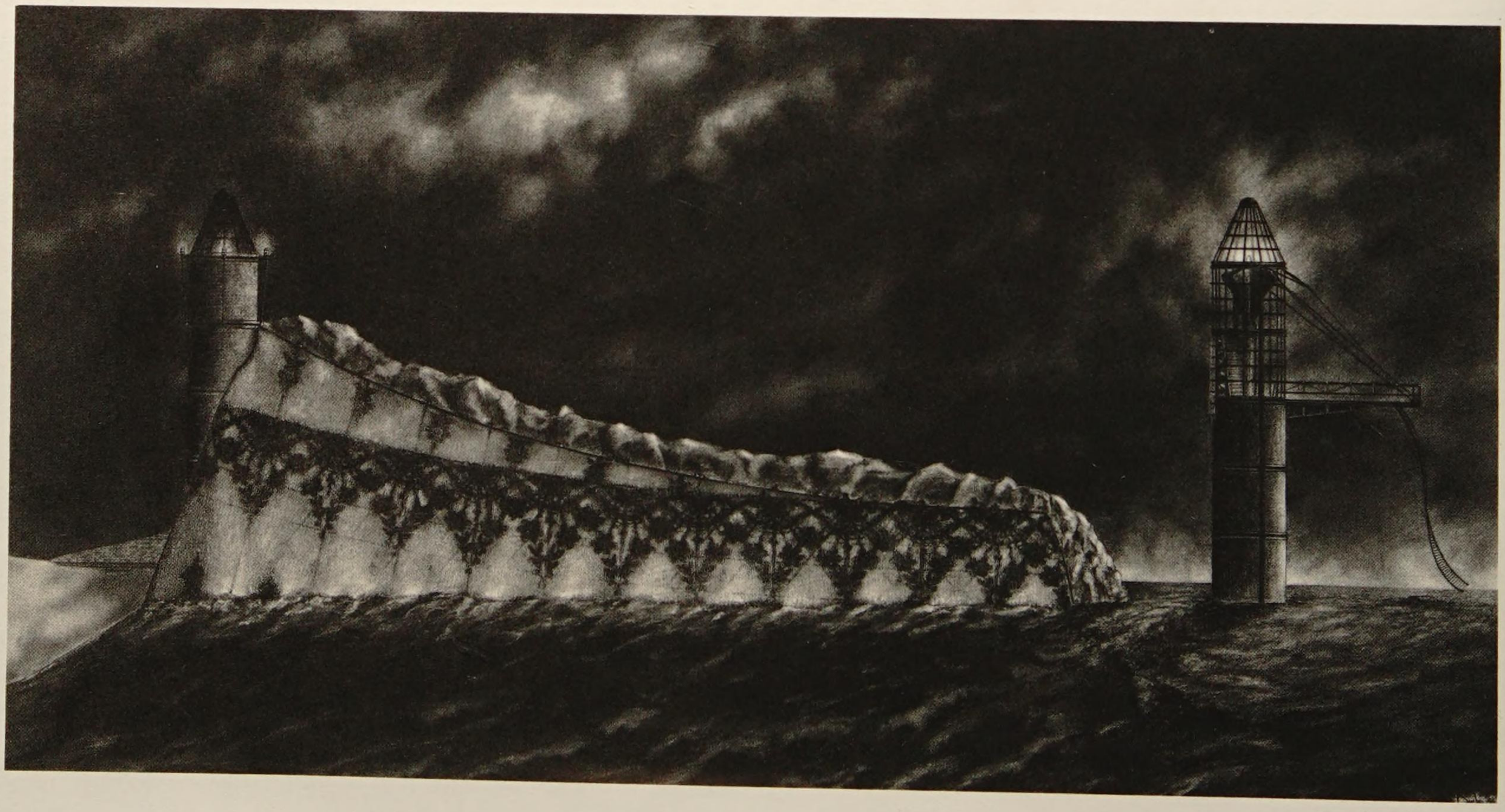
Composite Ideogram

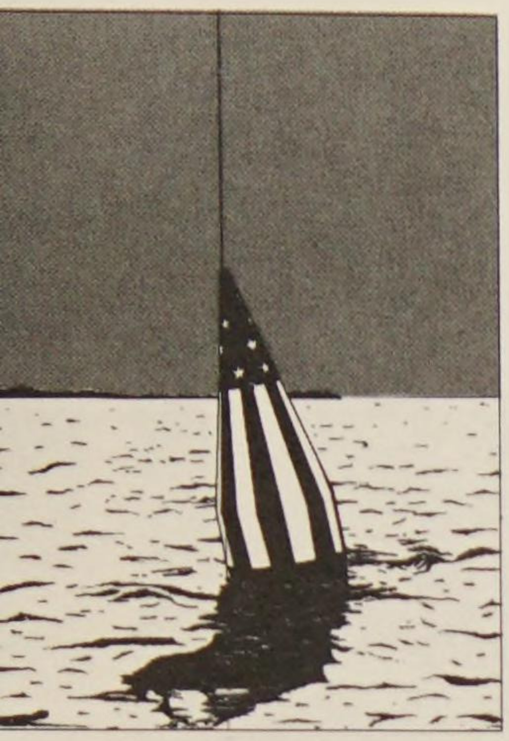


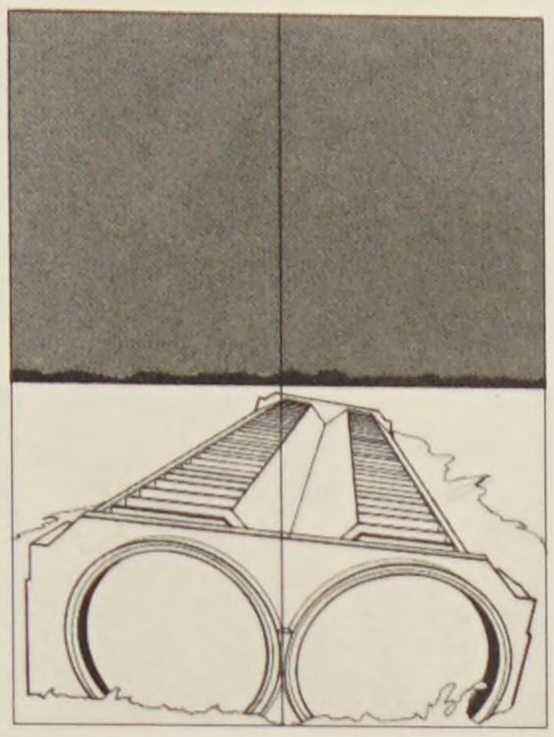


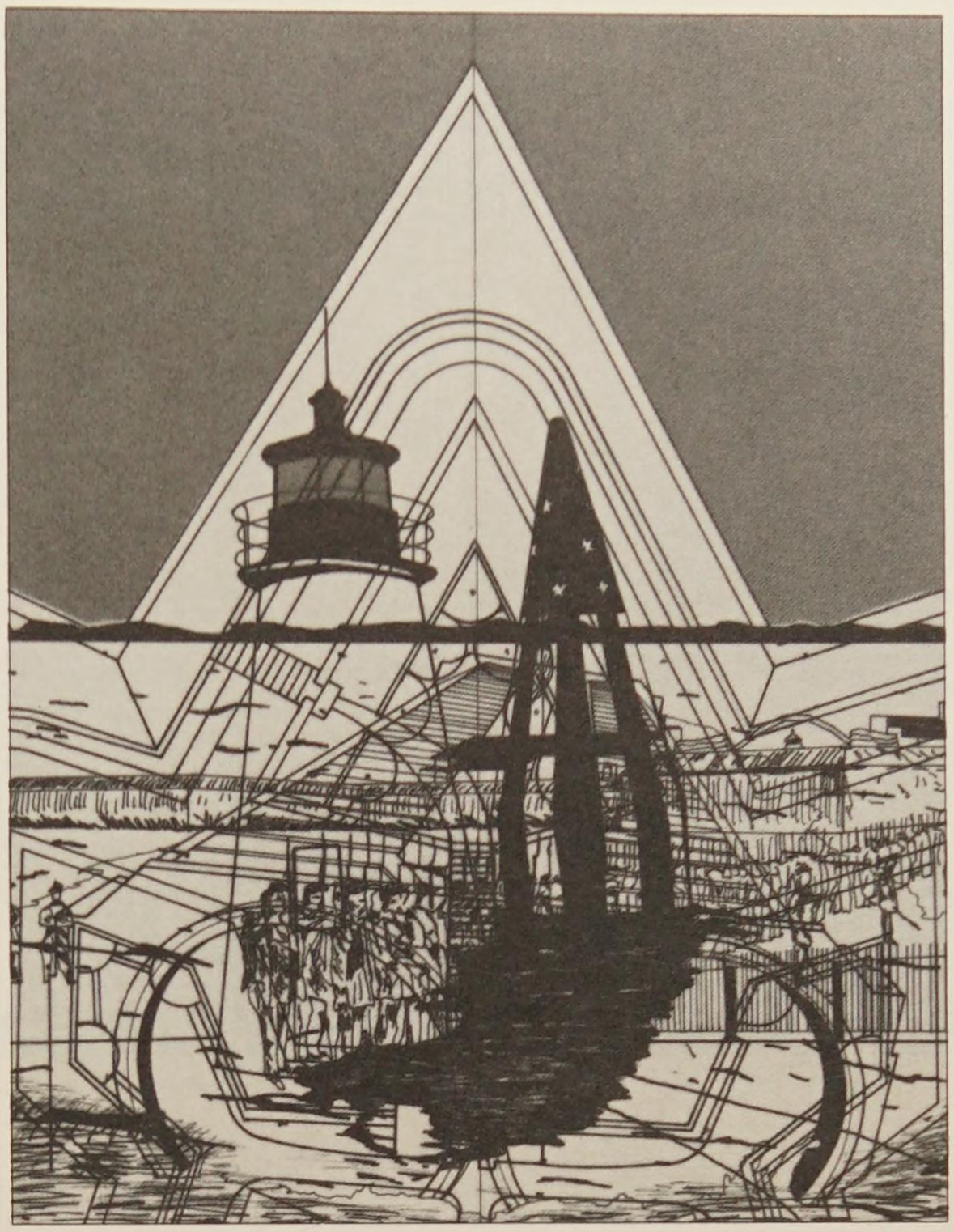


Outer Harbor elevation, night

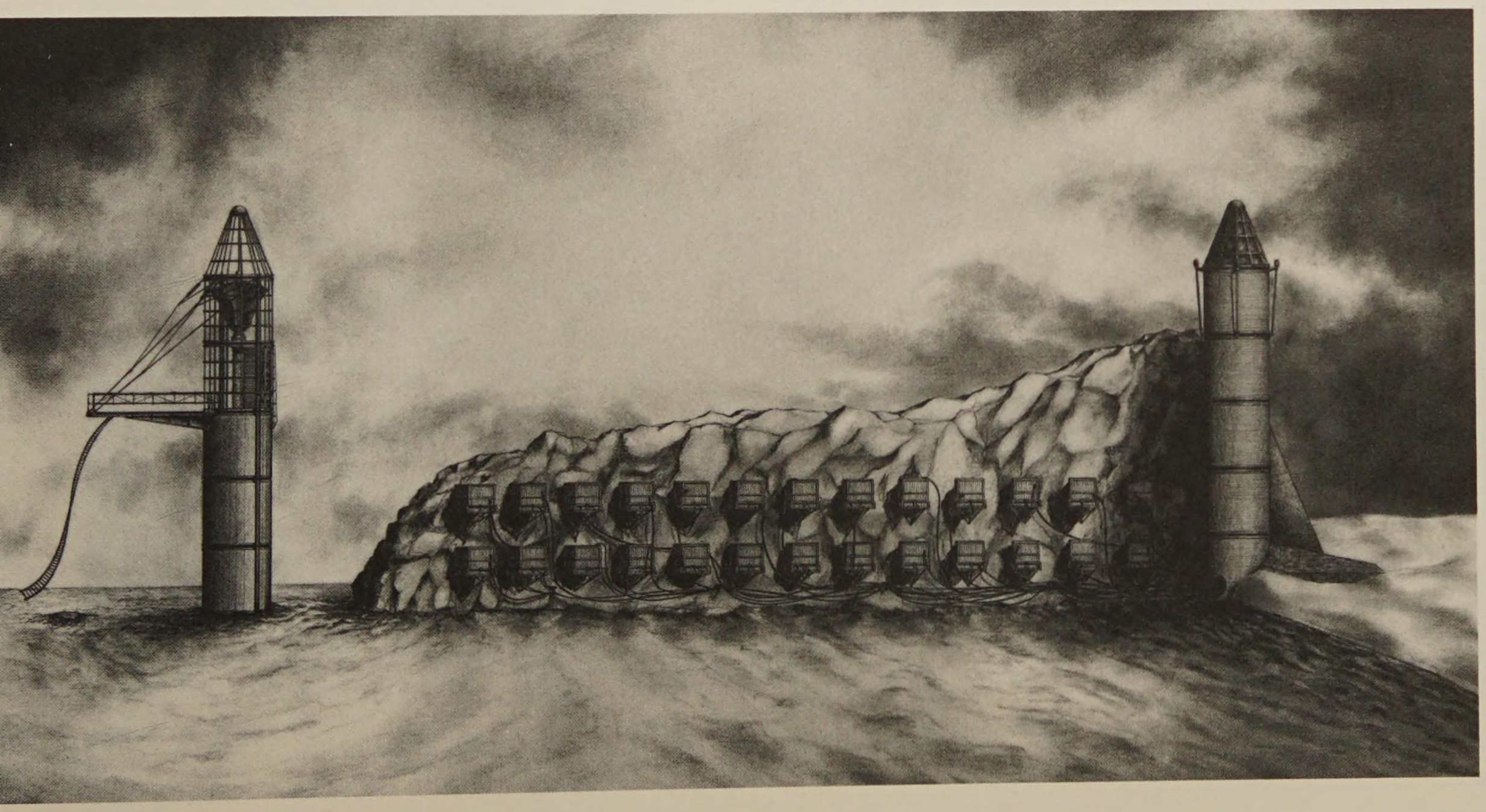


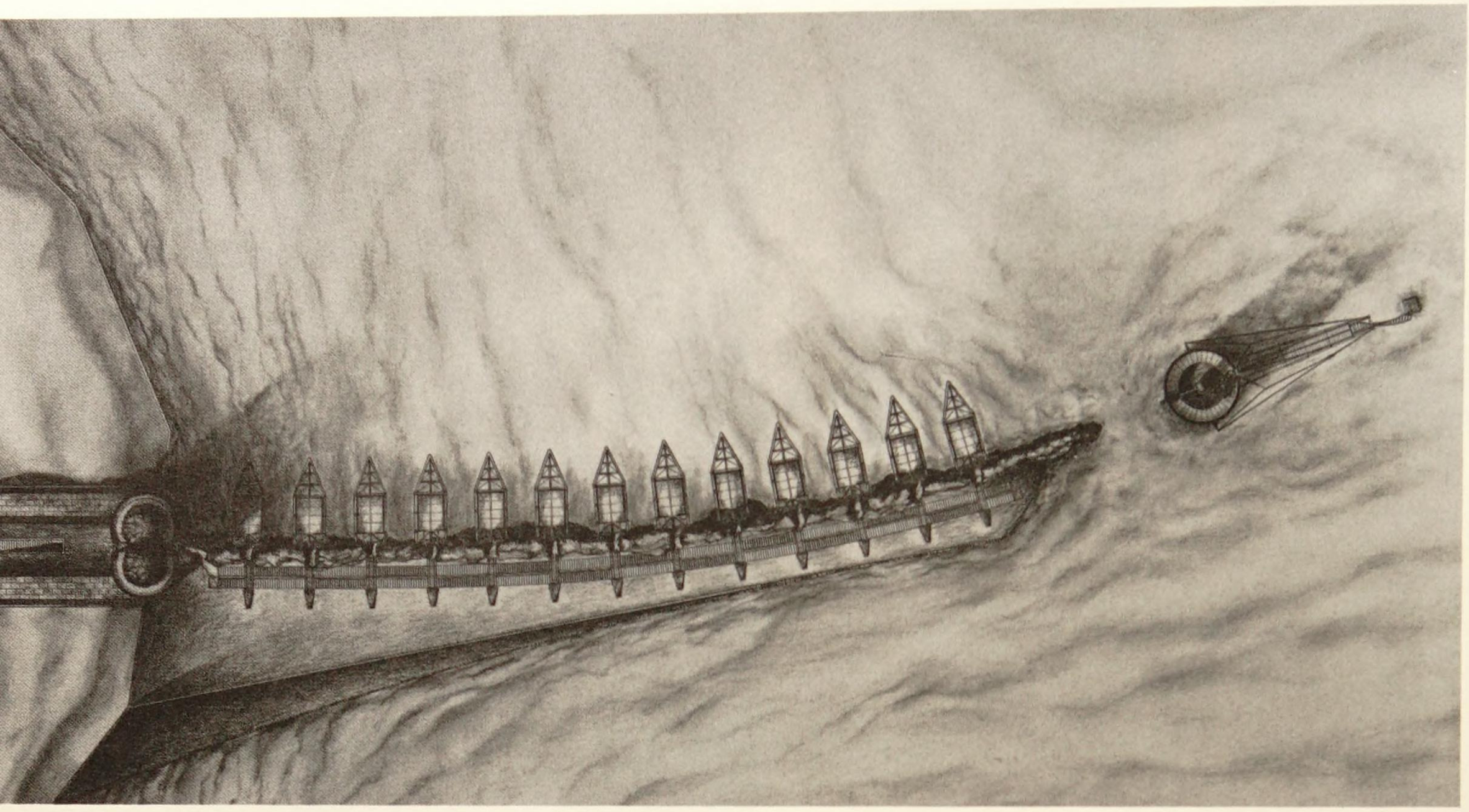




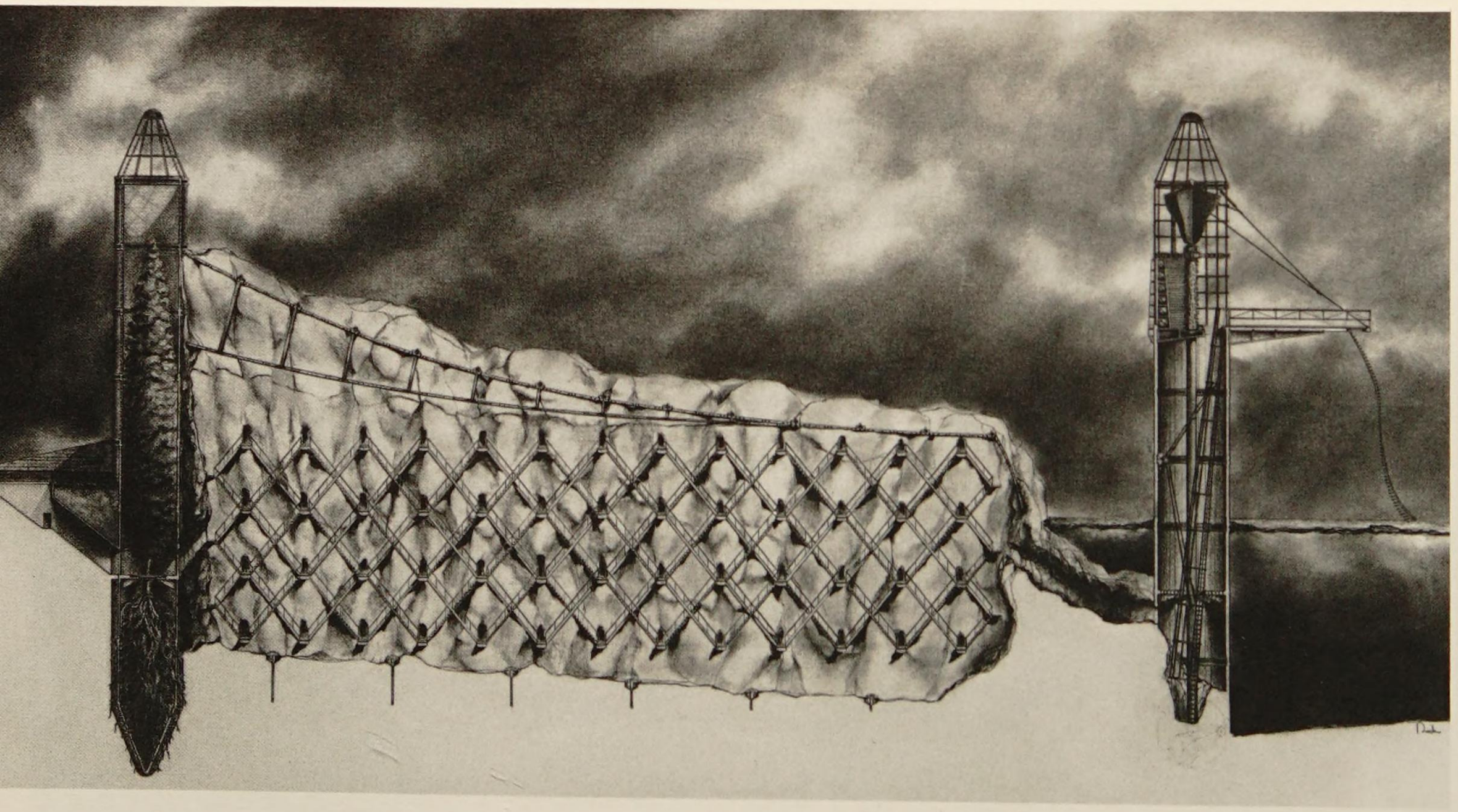


Inner Harbor elevation, day





Plan view

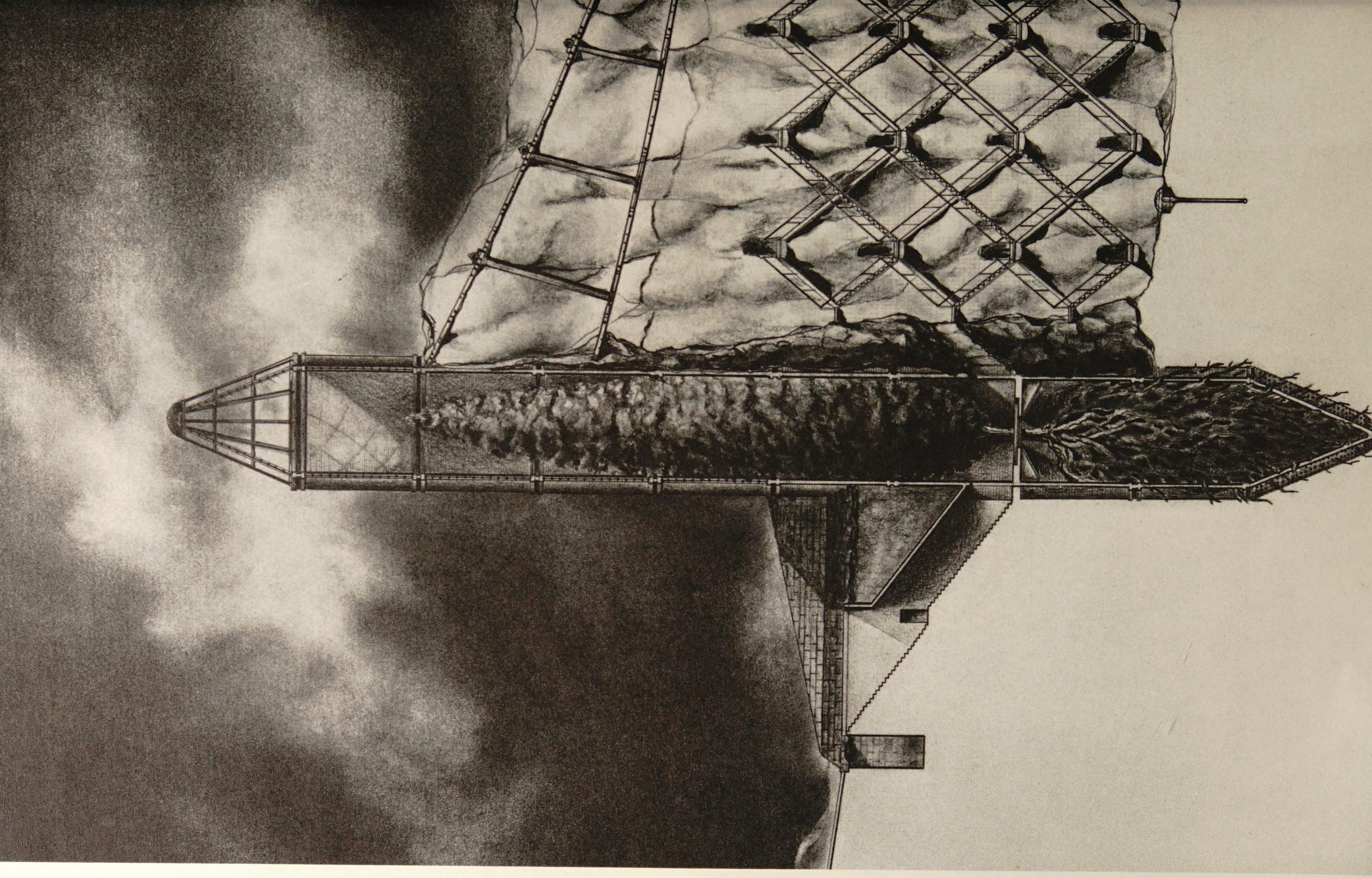


Longitudinal section

Acts

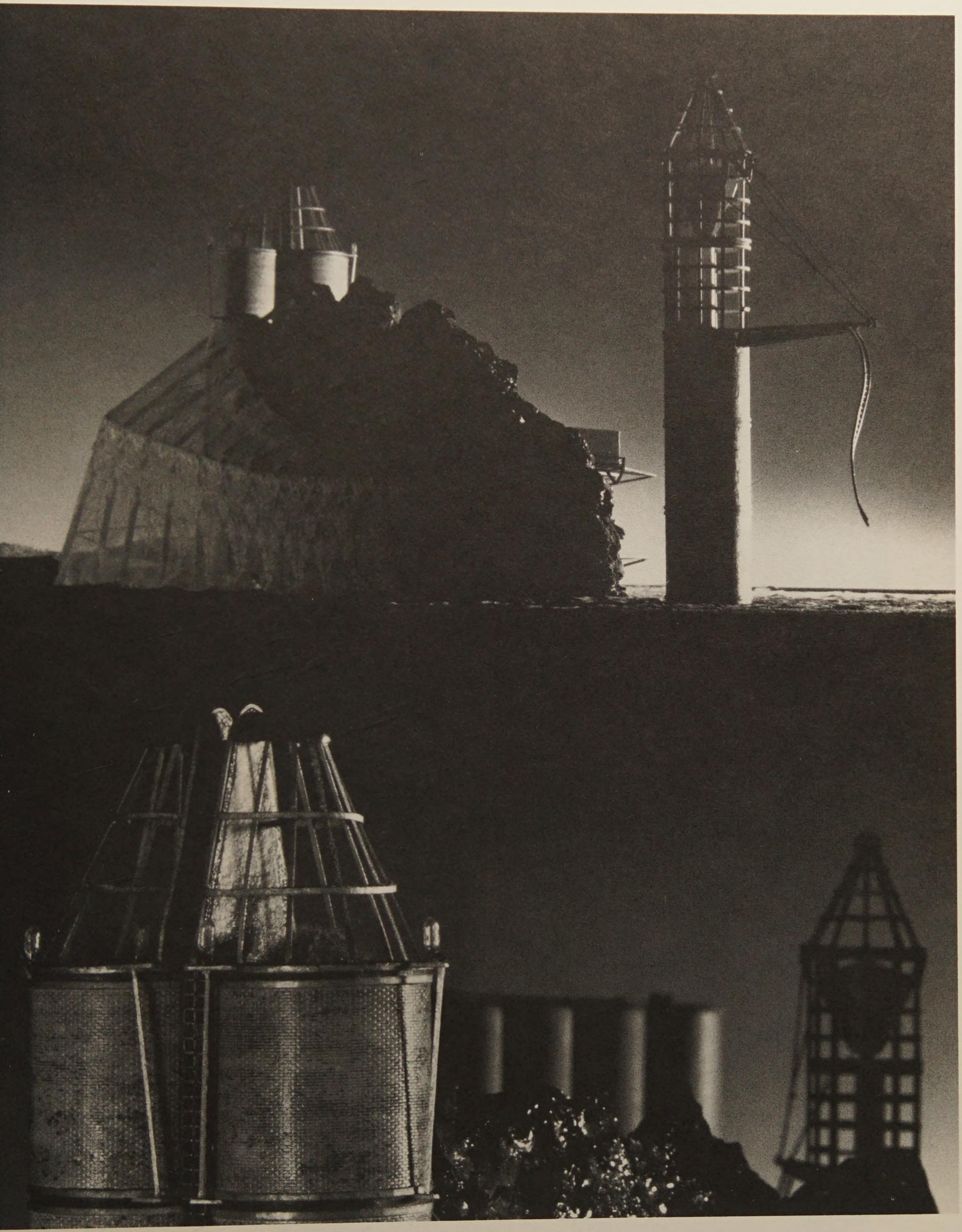
Act 1	*Declaration:* descent by narrow path from fort onto stair passing under the sea
Act 2	*Confirmation:* two trees acknowledge central axis
Gap A	Cave diverts axis into hall of stairs
Act 3	*Passage:* binary travel on either side of rock wall; stair landings with tablets of facts, exhibitions of impostors' lives
Gap B	Second cave leads underwater to second silo
Act 4	*Delivery:* ascent by ship's ladder to music box, descent by rope ladder to wooden raft

they are actions that a man might play









The following letter was written by Sarah Wilson, a maid to Queen Charlotte of England. Wilson was deported to the United States on 19 July 1771 when she was caught stealing a slip and evening dress from the Queen. Wilson was transported on a prison ship and sold at the farmers' slave market in Baltimore, Maryland, as the first white woman slave in America. Within one year, she had escaped from the farmer who had purchased her. Posing as a sister to the Queen by wearing the dress she re-stole before her deportation, Wilson won the favor of governors of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia. She was found out and retrieved by a bounty-hunter hired by the farmer.

In the letter Wilson asks the indulgence of the Queen to send a box of memorabilia she left behind in England. To Wilson's knowledge the Queen never responded. Wilson escaped again and traveled North. She finally married a sea captain in Boston where she lived out the rest of her life.

One of the exhibition spaces in the Museum of Impostors is for Sarah Wilson. The architect discovered that she lived in an extant farmhouse close to his studio in Baltimore.



Immigrants ready to debark, Lazaretto Point, 1910

10 November 1771

To Her Majesty, Queen Charlotte of England:

I am writing to offer humbly an explanation of my actions, and more importantly, to ask You for Your gracious forgiveness. I hope, most fervently that Your Majesty will forgive me for writing under a different appellation, and especially for using Your sister's name. I am sure that this is a shock to You. I could not use my authentic name on the envelope for fear of being discovered. Let me please explain.

I truly regret my impulsive desire which prompted me to borrow one of Your dresses. I know that it was wrong, and now I'm not sure I can say why I was possessed to do it in the first place. I believe that I was tempted beyond reason to put myself in Your place. May God help me and forgive me.

My deportation was only the first of my punishments. Upon my arrival in Baltimore Harbor, I was taken to the open market where I was stripped bare in front of all the townspeople and sold as a common slave. Your Majesty, I cannot convey adequately to You my complete sense of humiliation. Before, I thought only negroes were sold this way, but this is not the case. White women are slaves here, too. A farmer purchased me for 77 pounds, not quite double the price of a cow.

I will not labour Your Majesty to hear an explanation of my trials and tribulations, my escape and subsequent recapture. This is not the reason I have written to You. I have nothing here which truly belongs to me and my former life in England. I wish to ask Your Majesty if She would possibly send the small wooden box of memorabilia left by me in my hasty departure. I would be ever so grateful if You would indulge my desires to possess again these trifles and that Your Majesty might put them on Your next ship to Baltimore.

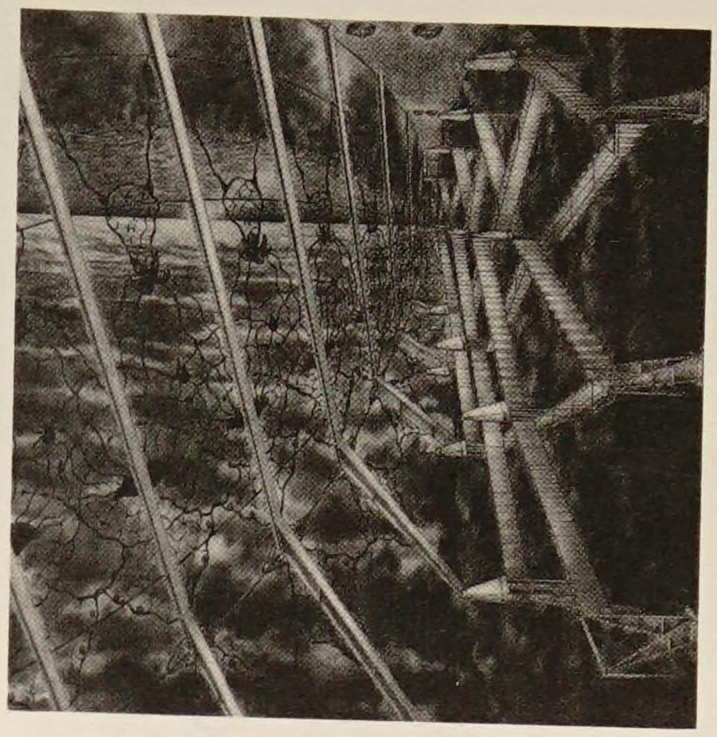
When I took the name of Your Majesty's sister I spoke only well of Your Majesty. I have talked about Your Majesty in front of important officials of the New World. To their wives I have described the Royal Palace, the elegant parties, Your gloves, and how You like to wear Your hair.

By this association with Your Majesty I have been able to survive away from the farmer who purchased me. Now I have been brought back to Baltimore. It is only through devious means and with God's help that You will possibly receive this letter. Please try to understand my brutal circumstances. Oh, that I could have my secure position with You again!

Your humble servant,

Sarah Wilson

I'll have grounds
More relative than this:
the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch
the conscience of the King.



Temple Forgetful

A SANGUINE TÊTE-À-TÊTE

ROMAN FORUM

A monument is for ~~remembering~~.
A monument is for **forgetting**.



Temple Forgetful straddles the recent excavations in the Roman Forum where archaeologists claim to have found the boundary line where the mythical twins, Romulus and Remus, built the originary wall of Rome. The temple is dedicated to Remus, the great nay-sayer of Rome, who maliciously forgot the sacred meaning of building the wall, crossed it, and was murdered by his twin.

The project is primarily two theatres which turn their backs on each other across the alleged originary wall. Akin to the acts of remembering and forgetting, each theatre plays out its respective mechanisms of support and peril; one theatre is jammed with columns under a sagging roof, the other theatre is a gorge flooded with continuously rushing water and threaded by a double bridge.

Roma

I Basilica of Maxentius footprint

II Forgetting Theatre with 28 x 7 steel columns stamped with the identical parable of the founding of Roma

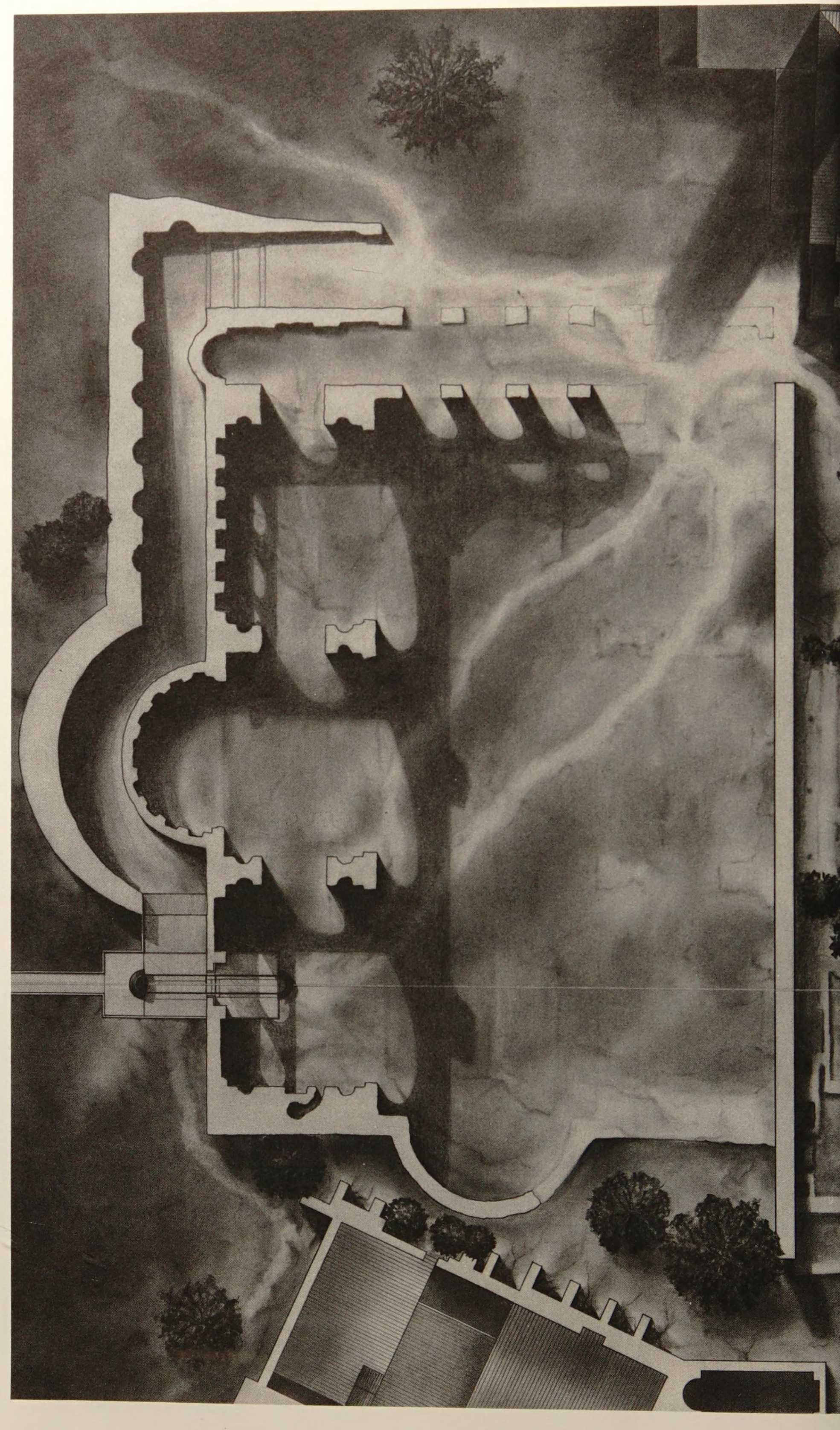
III Seven Stone Stagehands (extant)

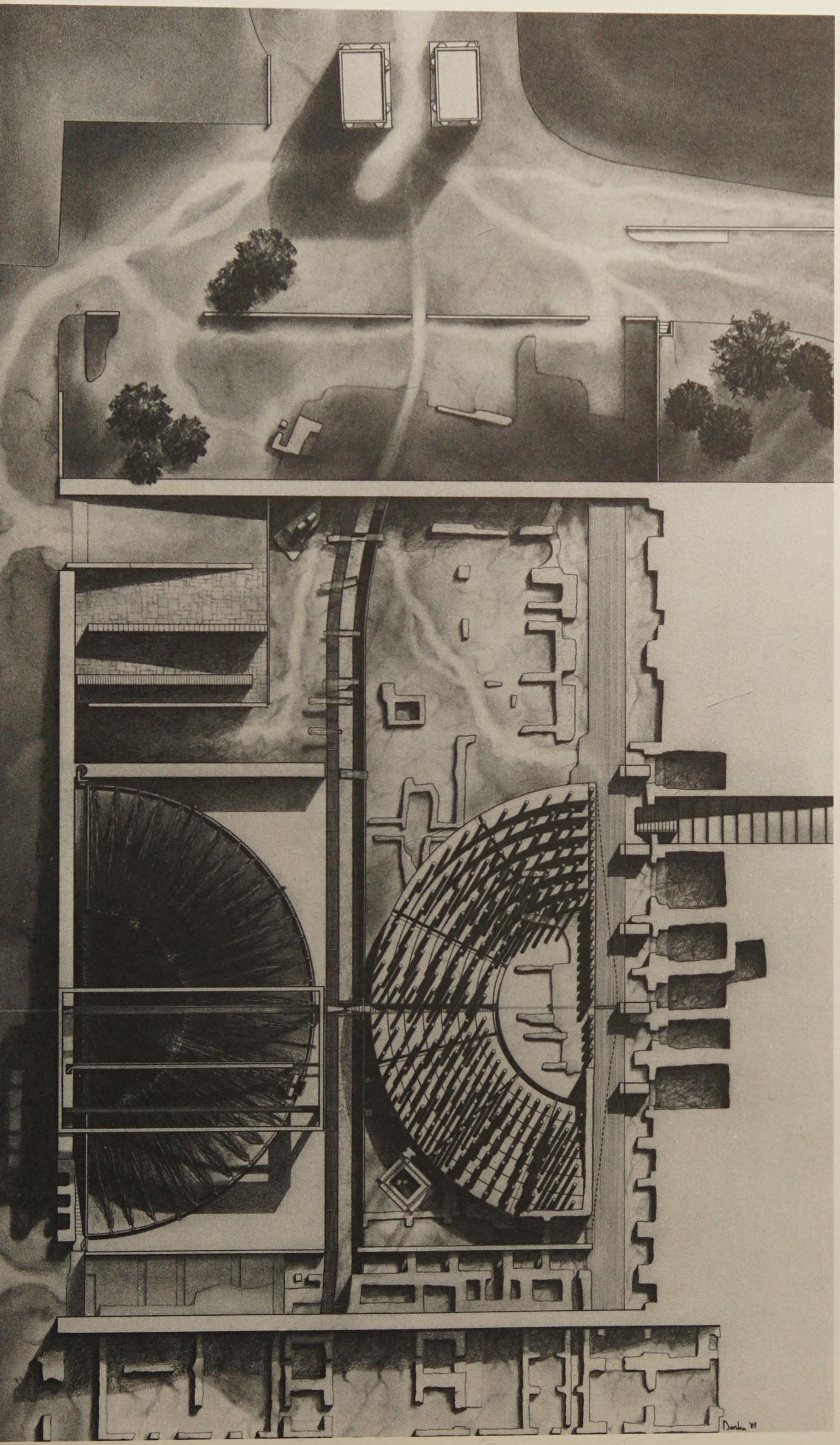
IV Empty Trench

V Dry Well

VI Ramp with Inventory Walls

VII Roman Marker





Rema

I Temple Forgetful
slipped footprint

II Pandemonial Gorge
with 28 continuously
flowing Water Jets

III Seven Glass Actors (cast)

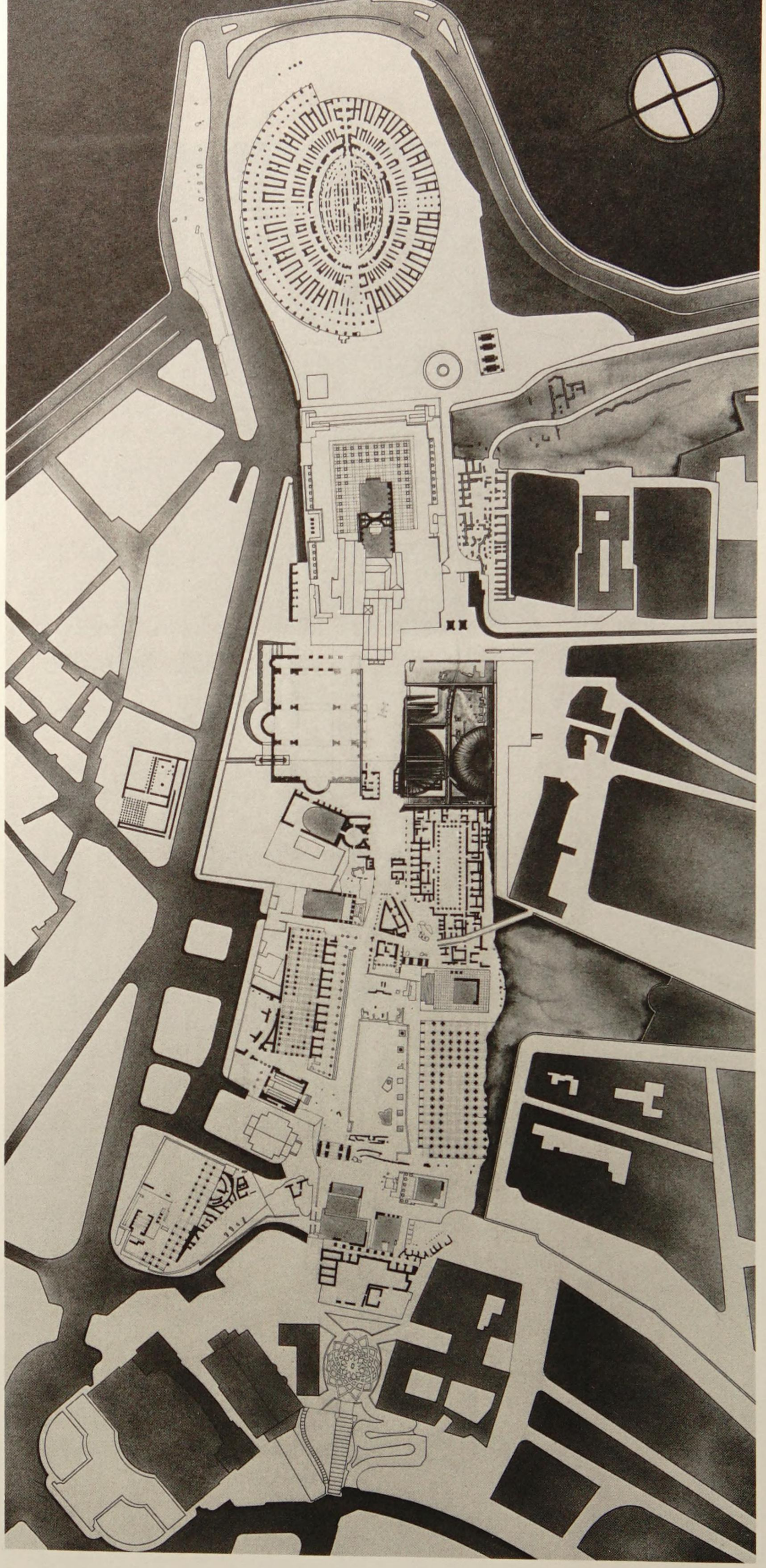
IV Grated Catwalk

V Tower Cistern

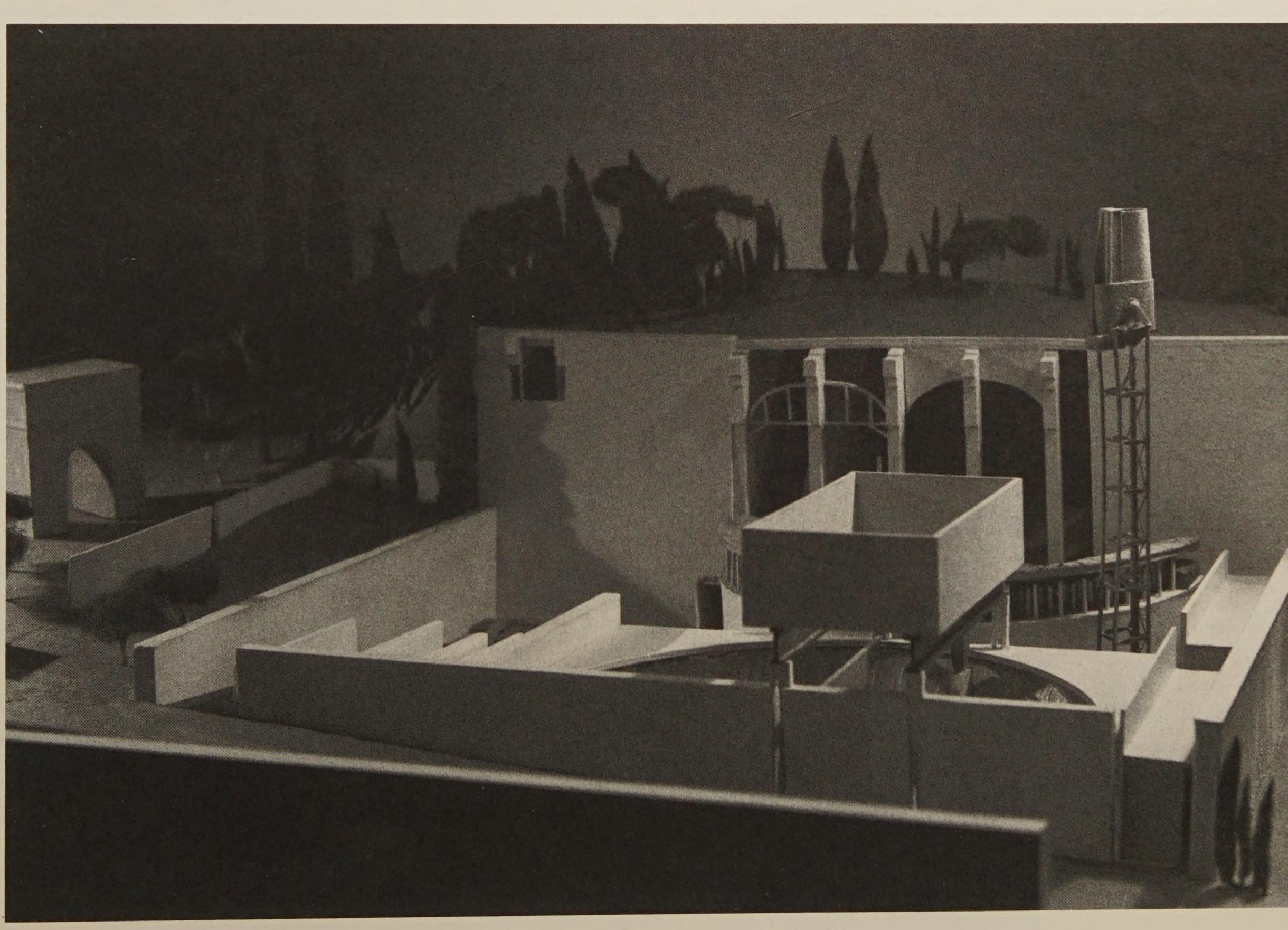
VI Open Temple with
Double Bridge

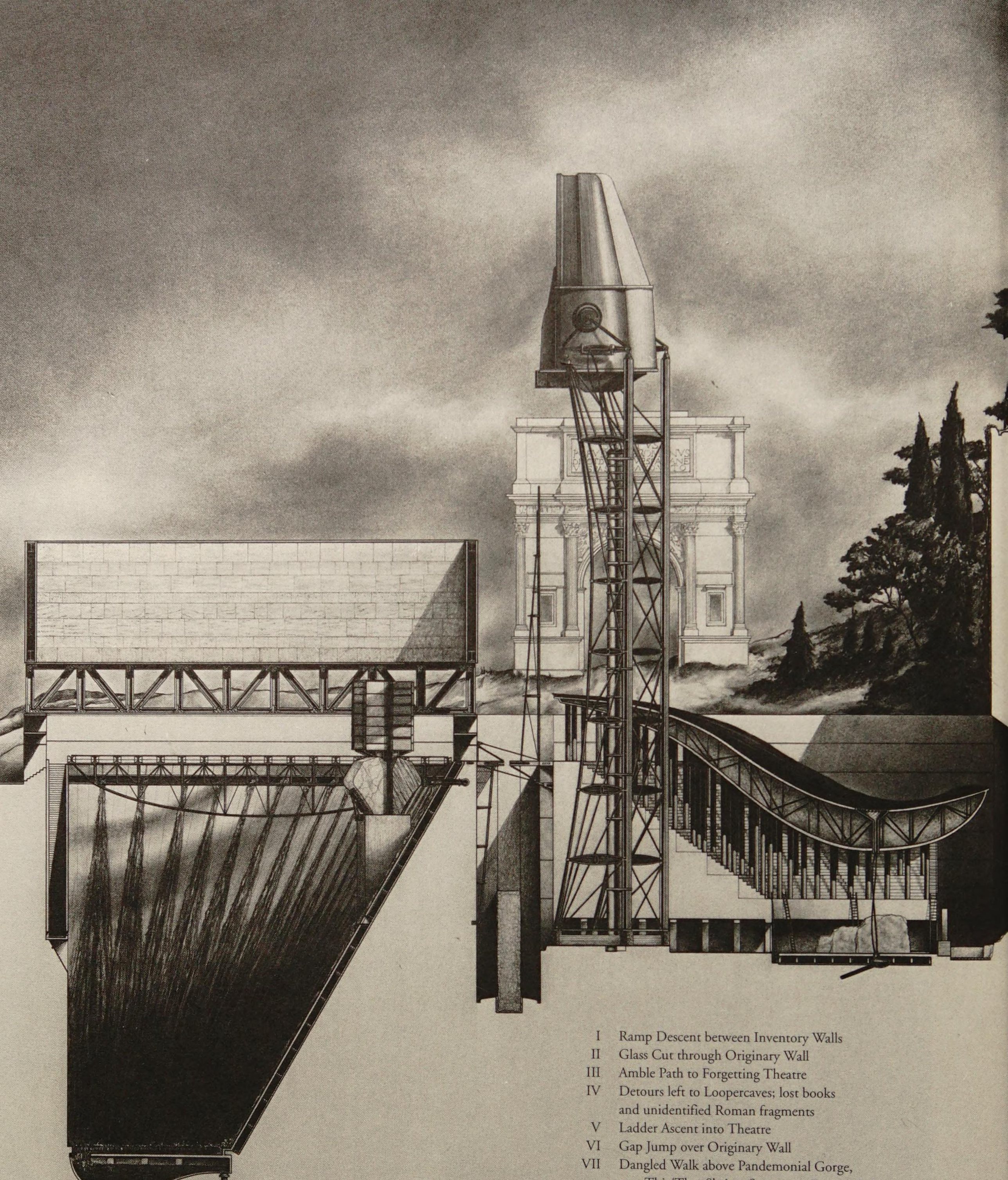
VII This/That Shrine

Yea, from the table of my memory



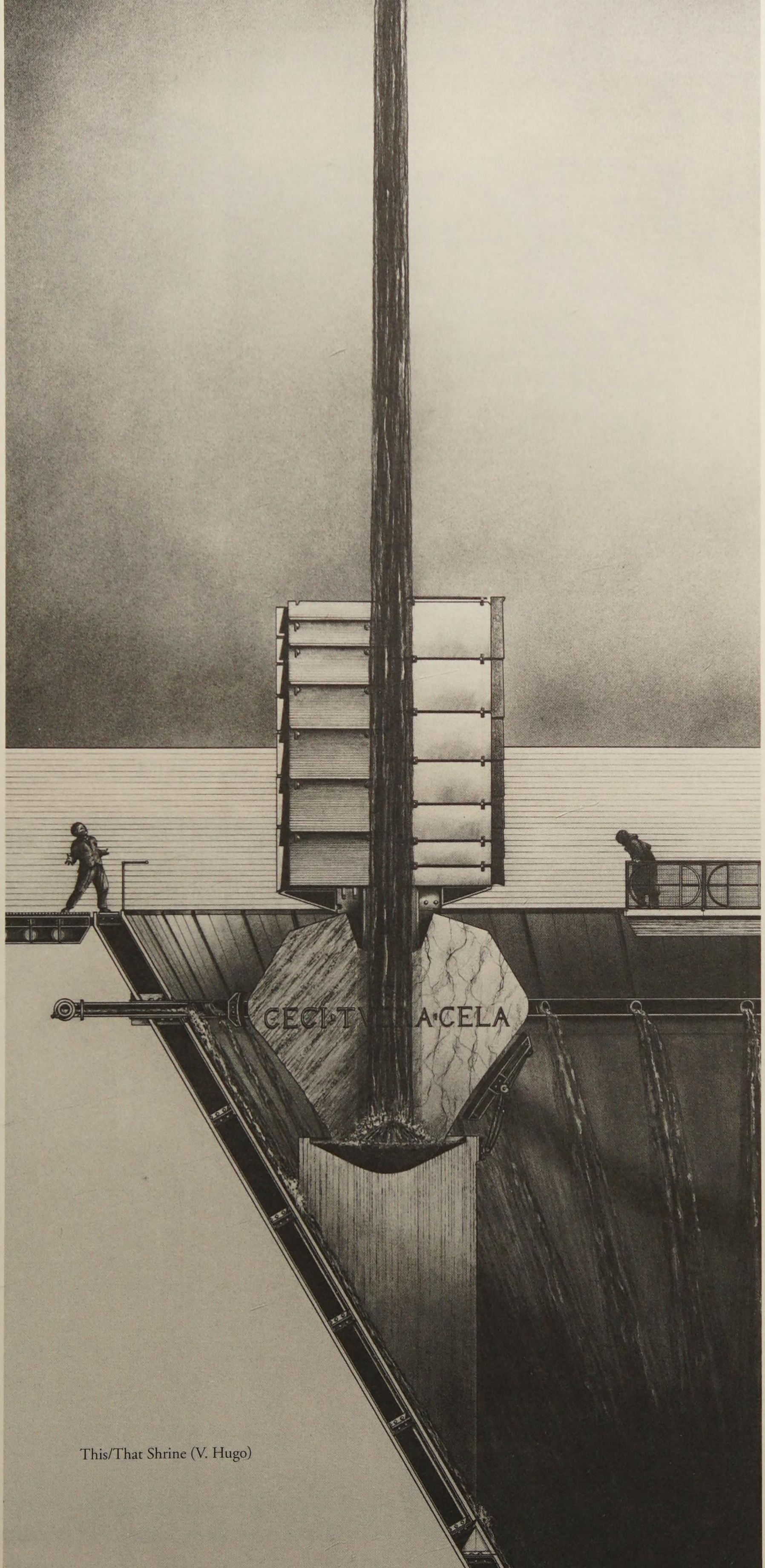






I Ramp Descent between Inventory Walls
II Glass Cut through Originary Wall
III Amble Path to Forgetting Theatre
IV Detours left to Loopercaves; lost books and unidentified Roman fragments
V Ladder Ascent into Theatre
VI Gap Jump over Originary Wall
VII Dangled Walk above Pandemonial Gorge, past This/That Shrine, Steps onto Roman Soil

Cross section through alleged Originary Wall



This/That Shrine (V. Hugo)

Dis/continuous Genealogy

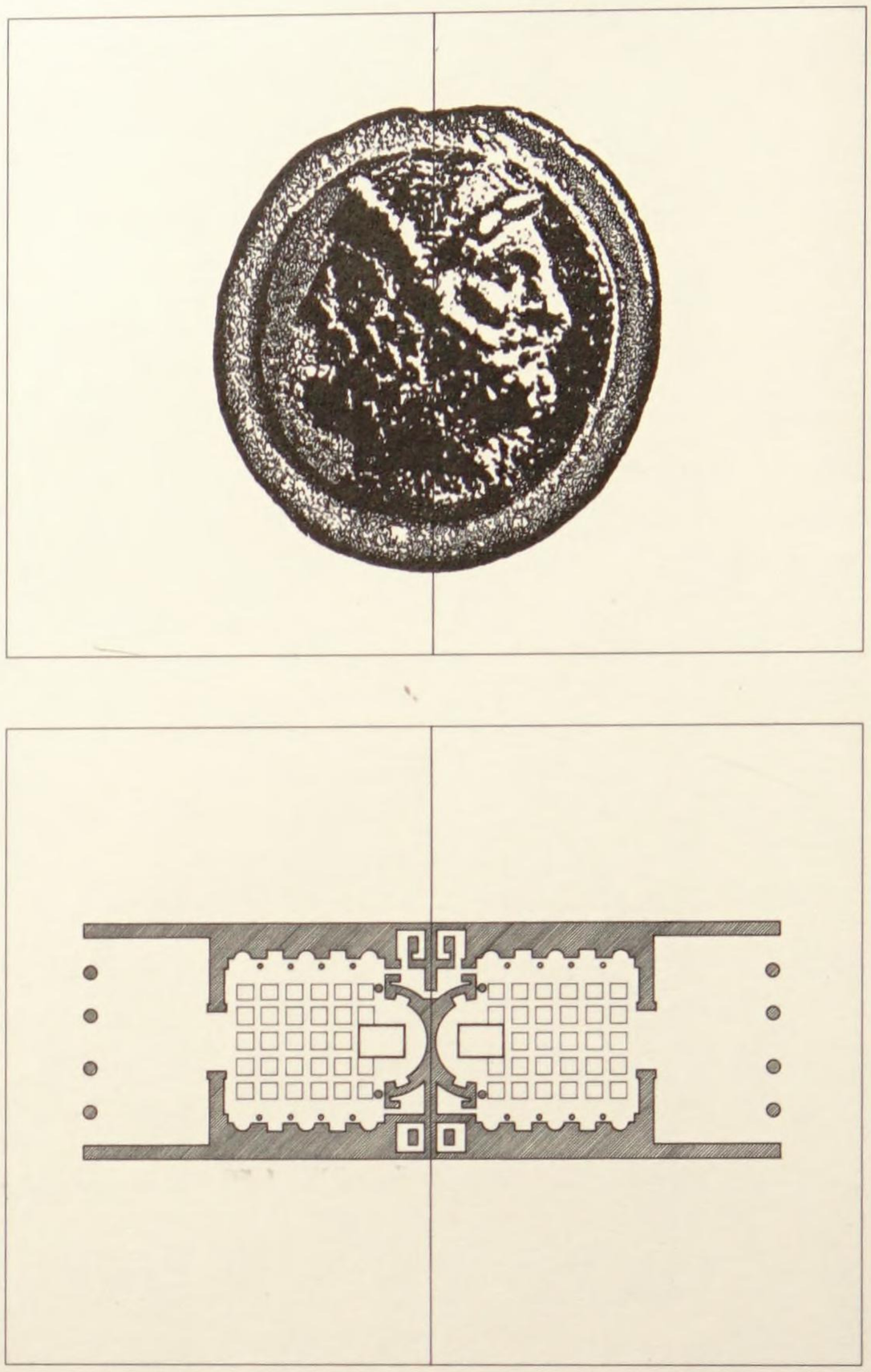
Roman Coin of Janus

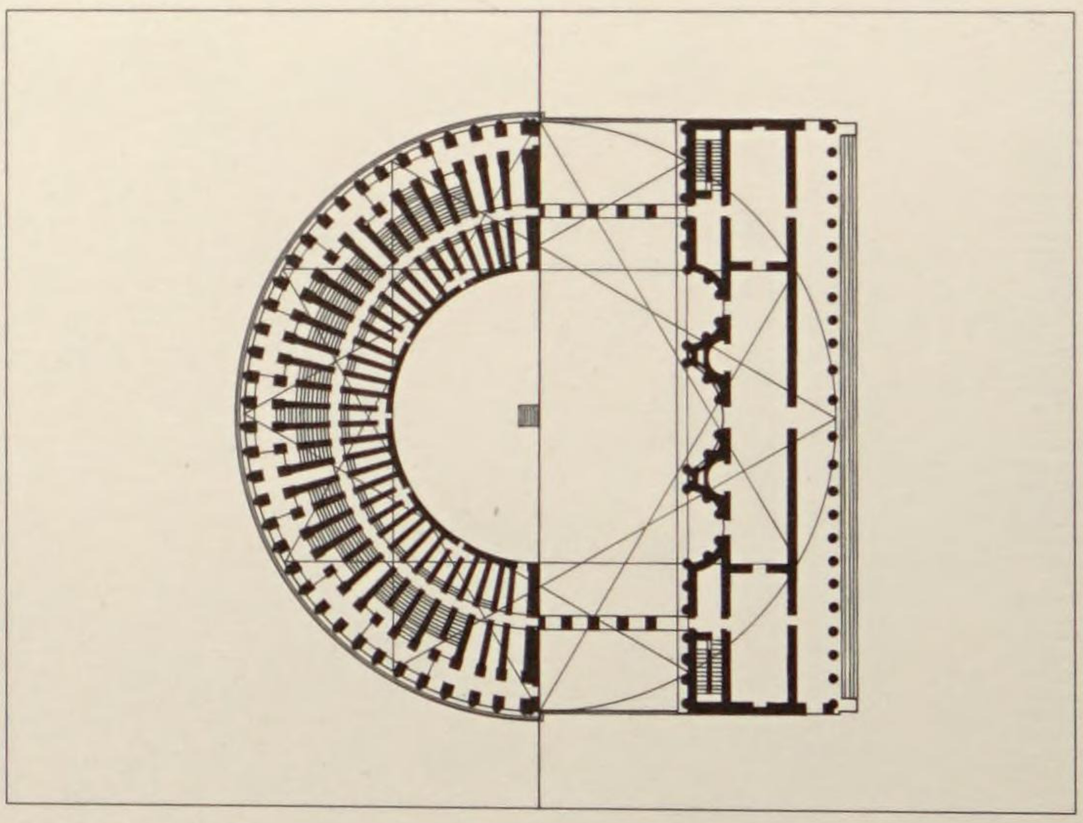
Temple of Roma/Amor

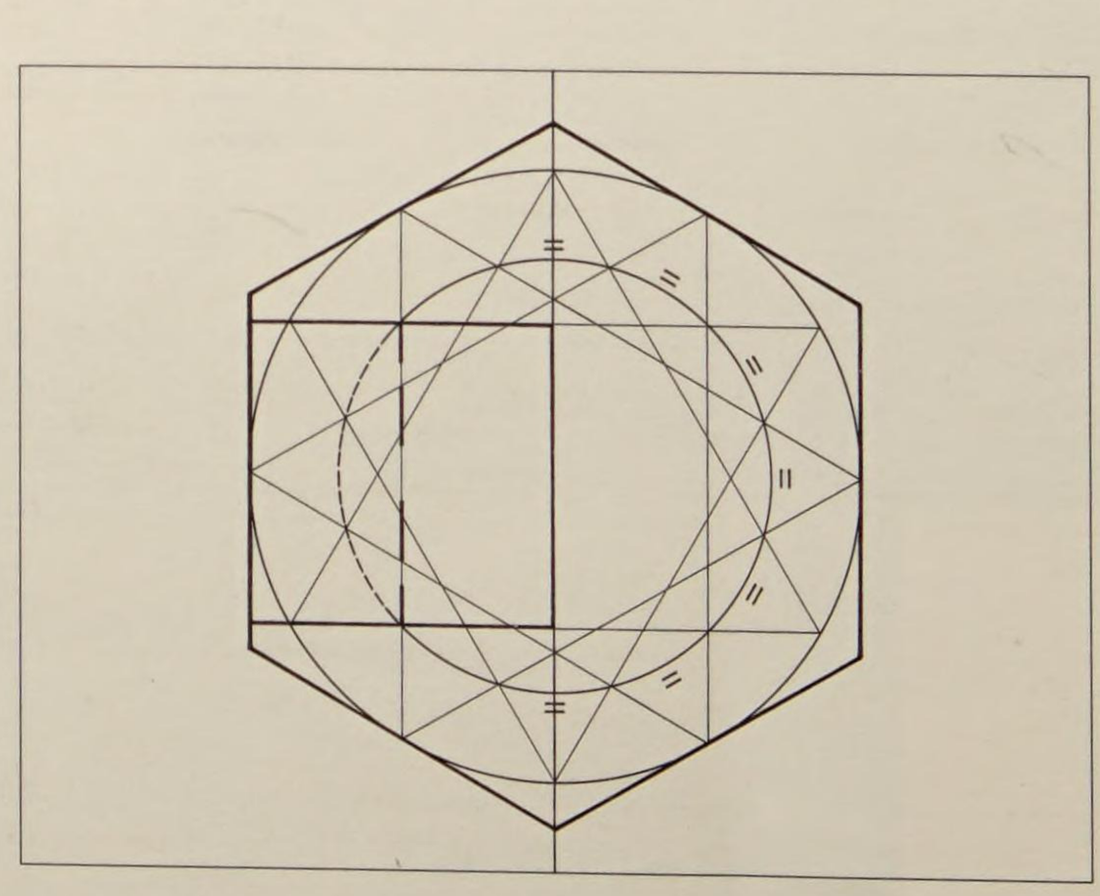
Vitruvian Theatre

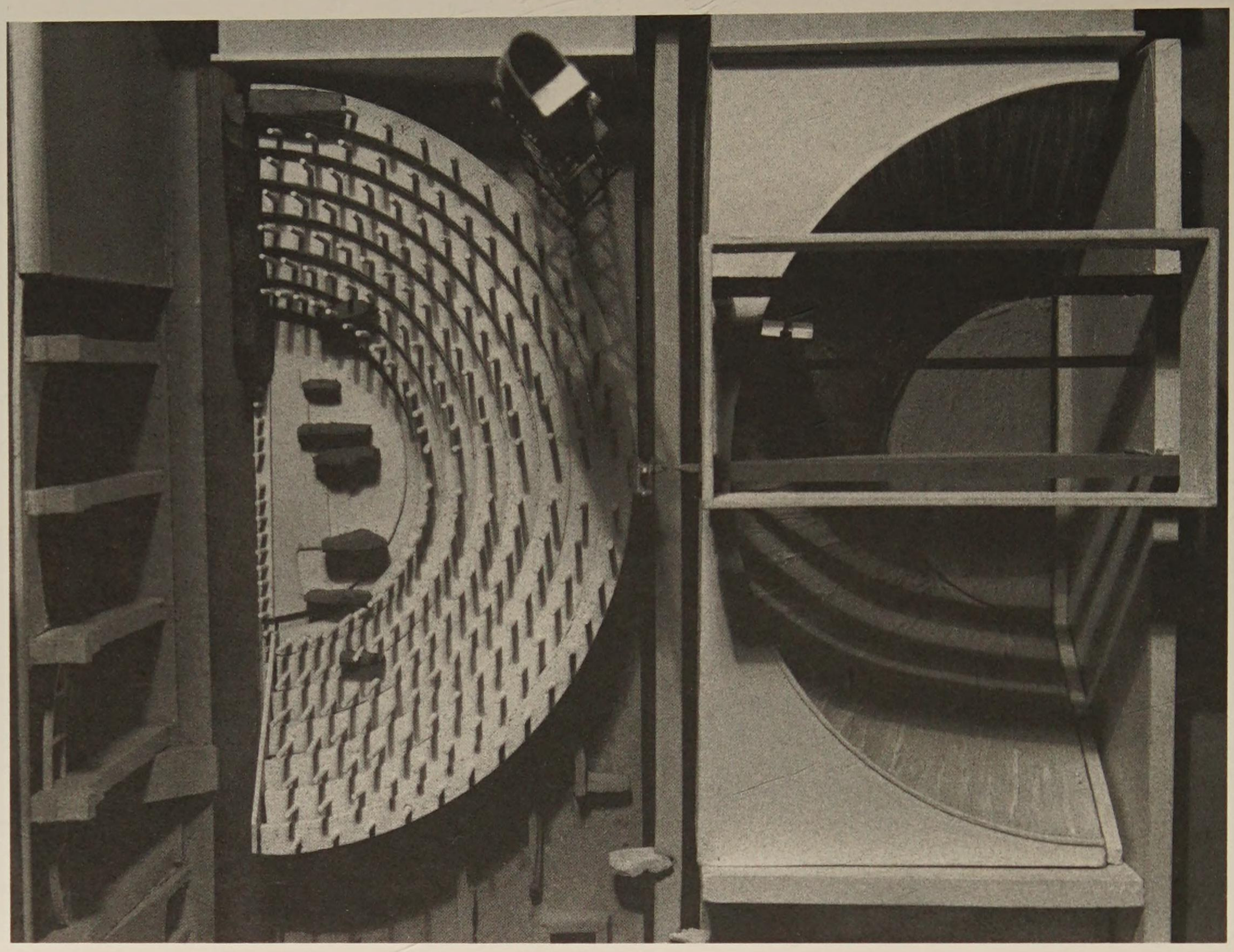
Globe (Memory) Theatre

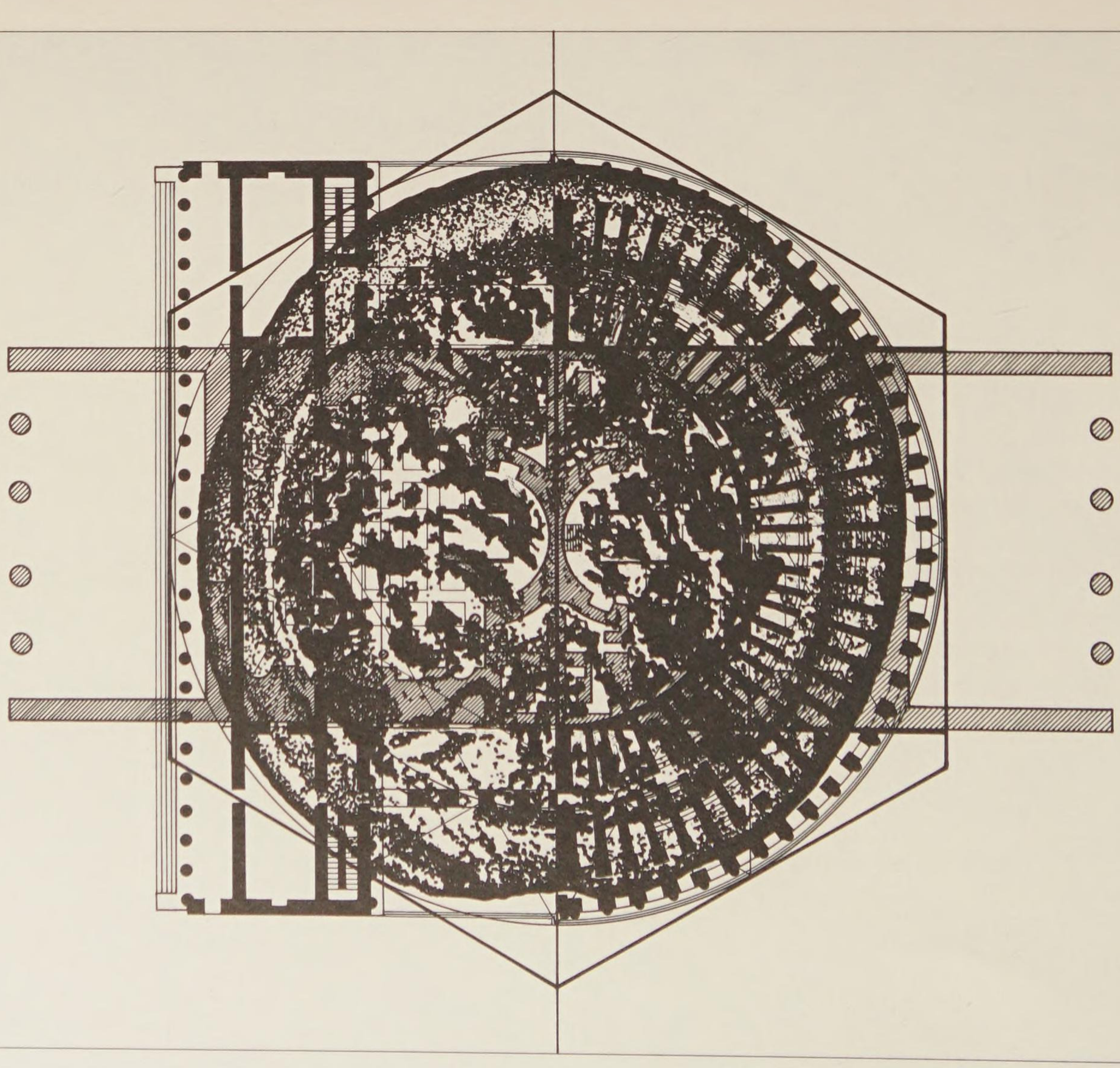
Composite Ideogram

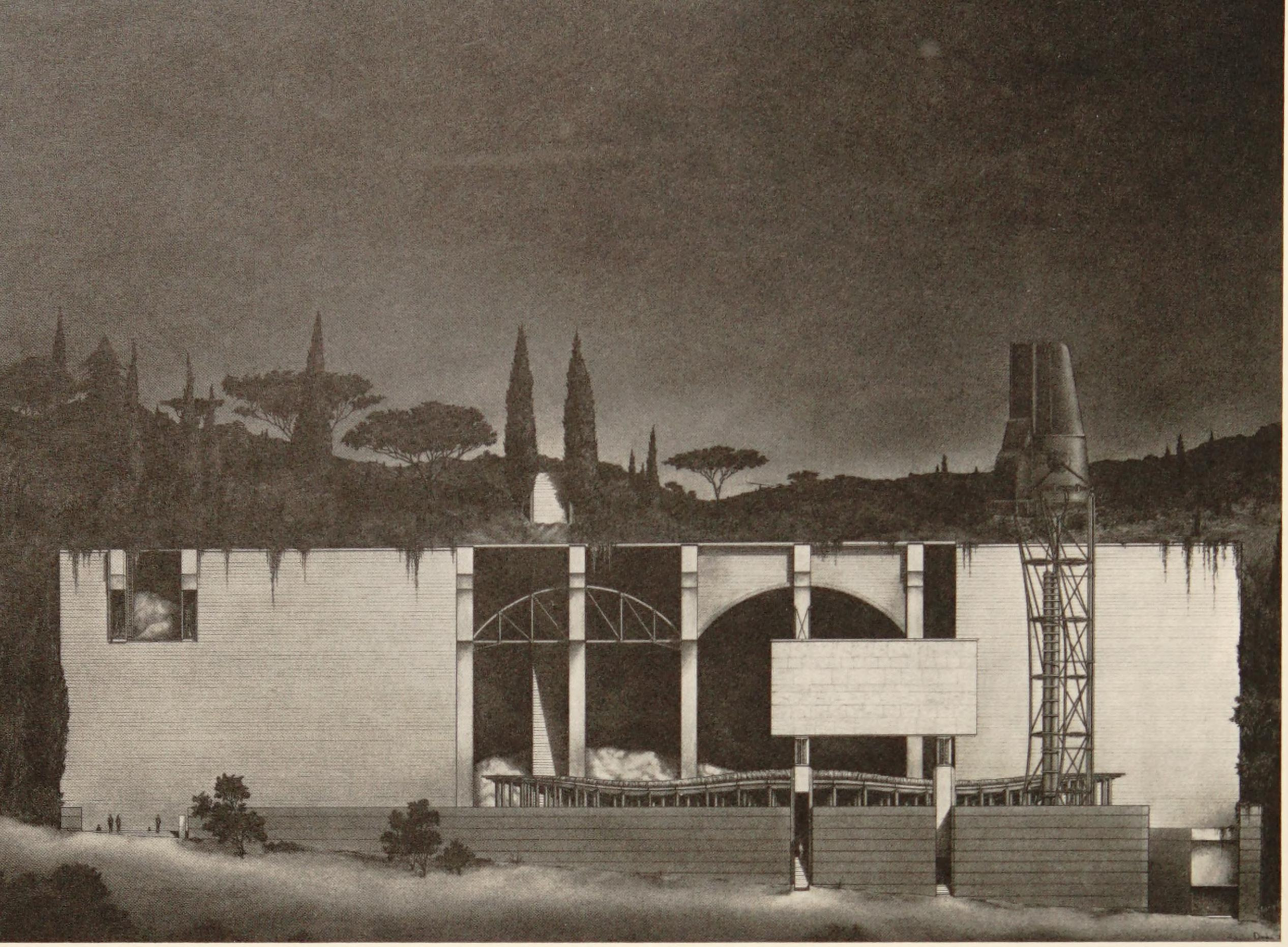


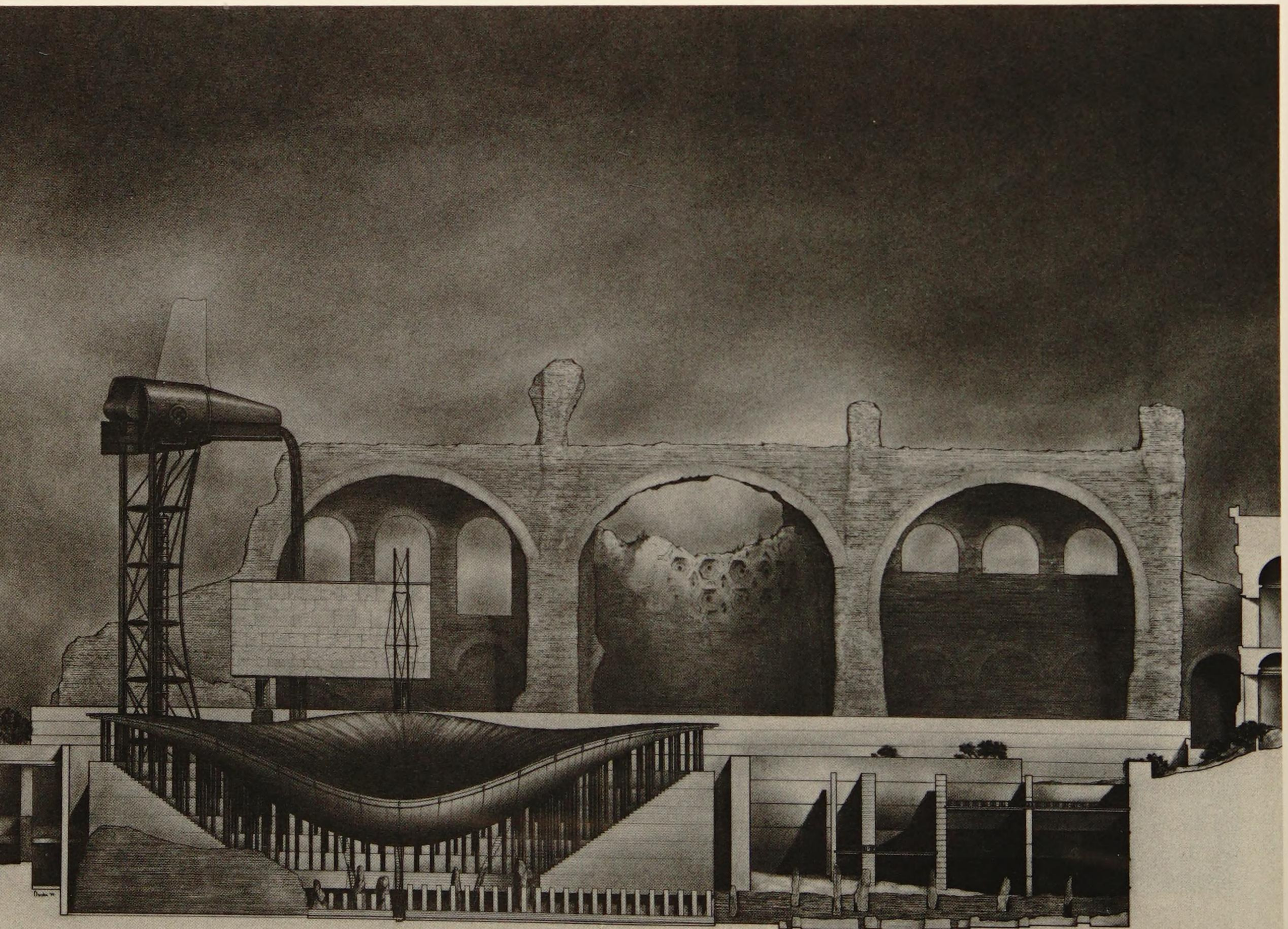










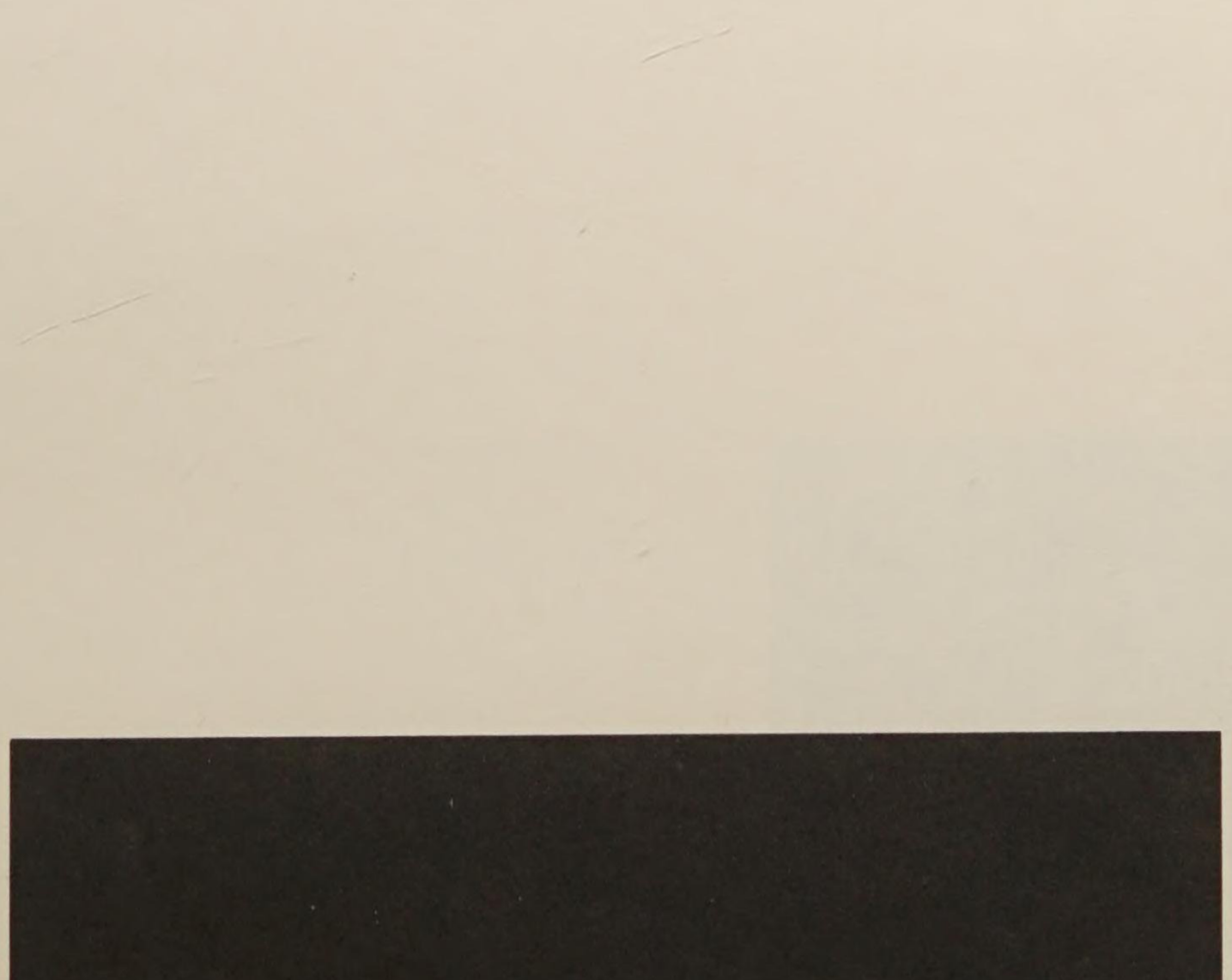


'For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot.'

Elevation, Palatine Hill

Section/Elevation with
Basilica of Maxentius

Forgetting Theatre



Clinic for Sleep Disorders

A rondo on the study of sleep

LIBERTY STATE PARK, NEW JERSEY

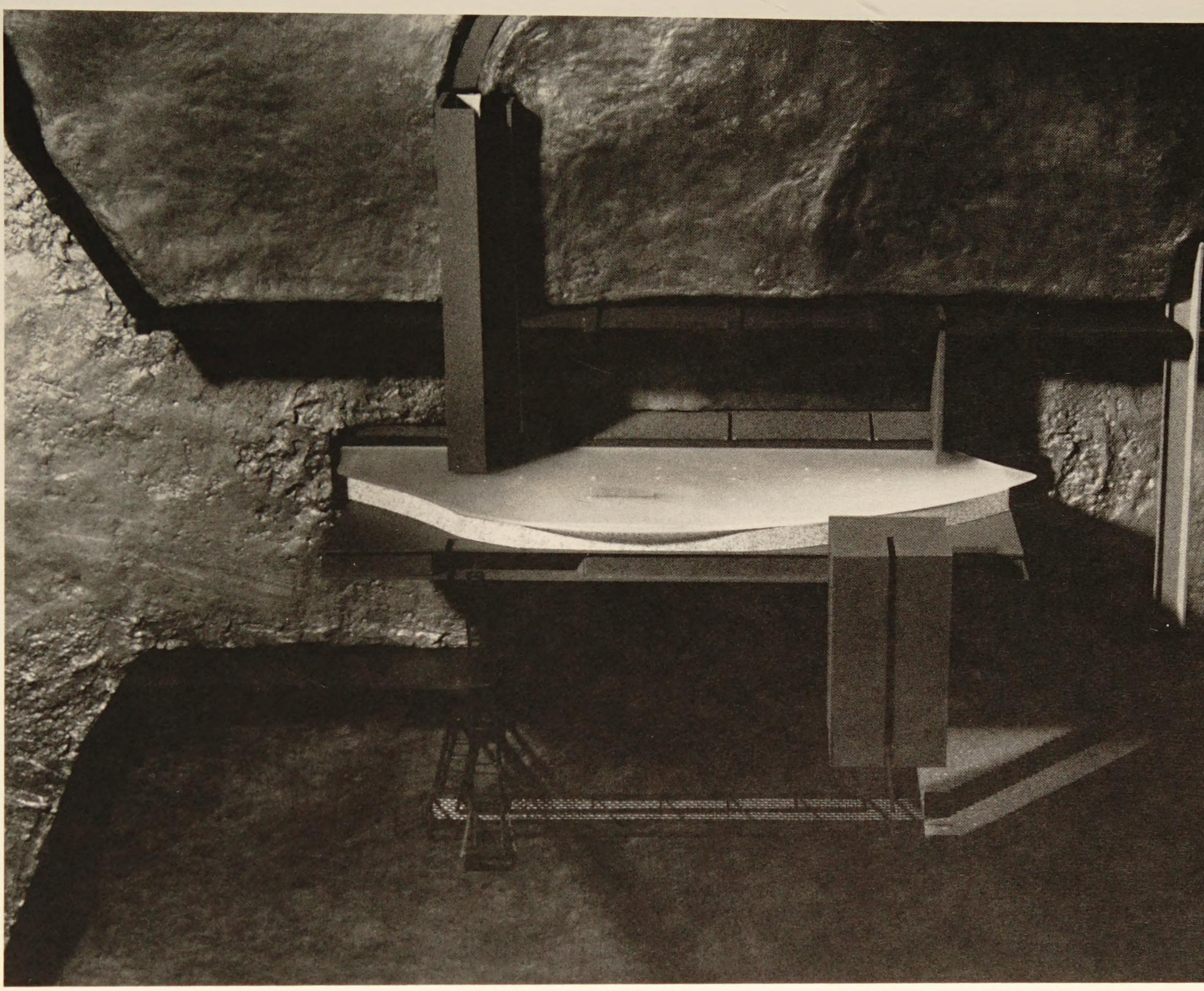
Architecture ~~domesticates~~ our fears.
Architecture **locates** our fears.

Clinic for Sleep Disorders

A rondo on the study of sleep

LIBERTY STATE PARK, NEW JERSEY

Architecture ~~domesticates~~ our fears.
Architecture **locates** our fears.



Clinic for Sleep Disorders is slipped into the Morris Canal on the periphery of Liberty State Park, New Jersey. The canal empties into the Hudson River, west of lower Manhattan. Entry into the site is from a cobblestone road adjacent to an abandoned ferry terminal once used by commuters traveling from New Jersey to Manhattan. The clinic plots for incoming patients a nearly cyclical course of travel through the canal and existing hill.

some must watch, while some must sleep;
So runs the world away.

Ciphers

Terra Firma, earth mound, obscuring view of south elevation of clinic

Wake Wall, clouded glass enclosure, mimicking the earth mound (south wall)

Dusk Wall, hammered concrete wall with six sleeping berths,
six electroencephalographs (north wall)

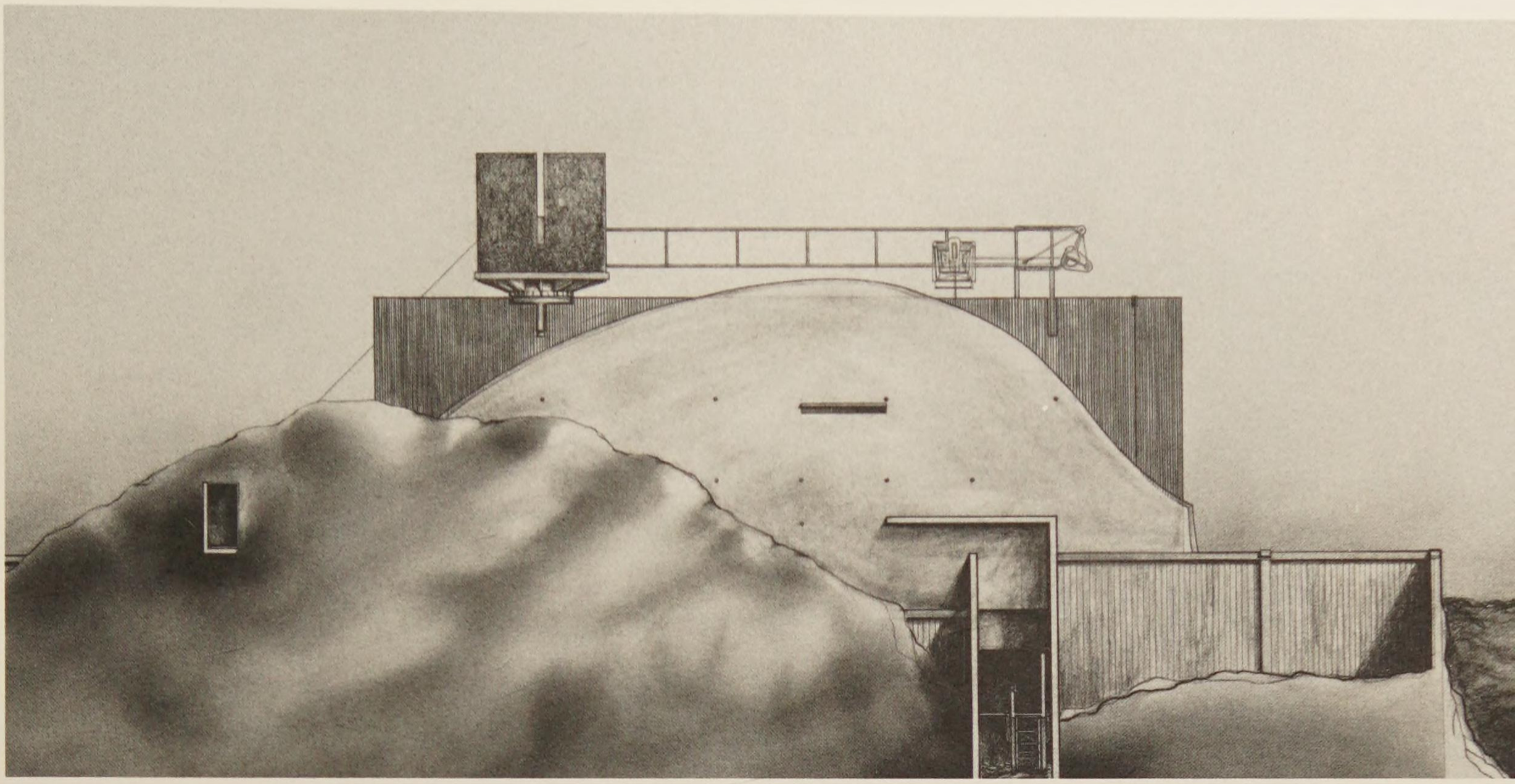
Drawn Boat, first level transportation, driven by skilled operator

Cut Box, rotating surgery room

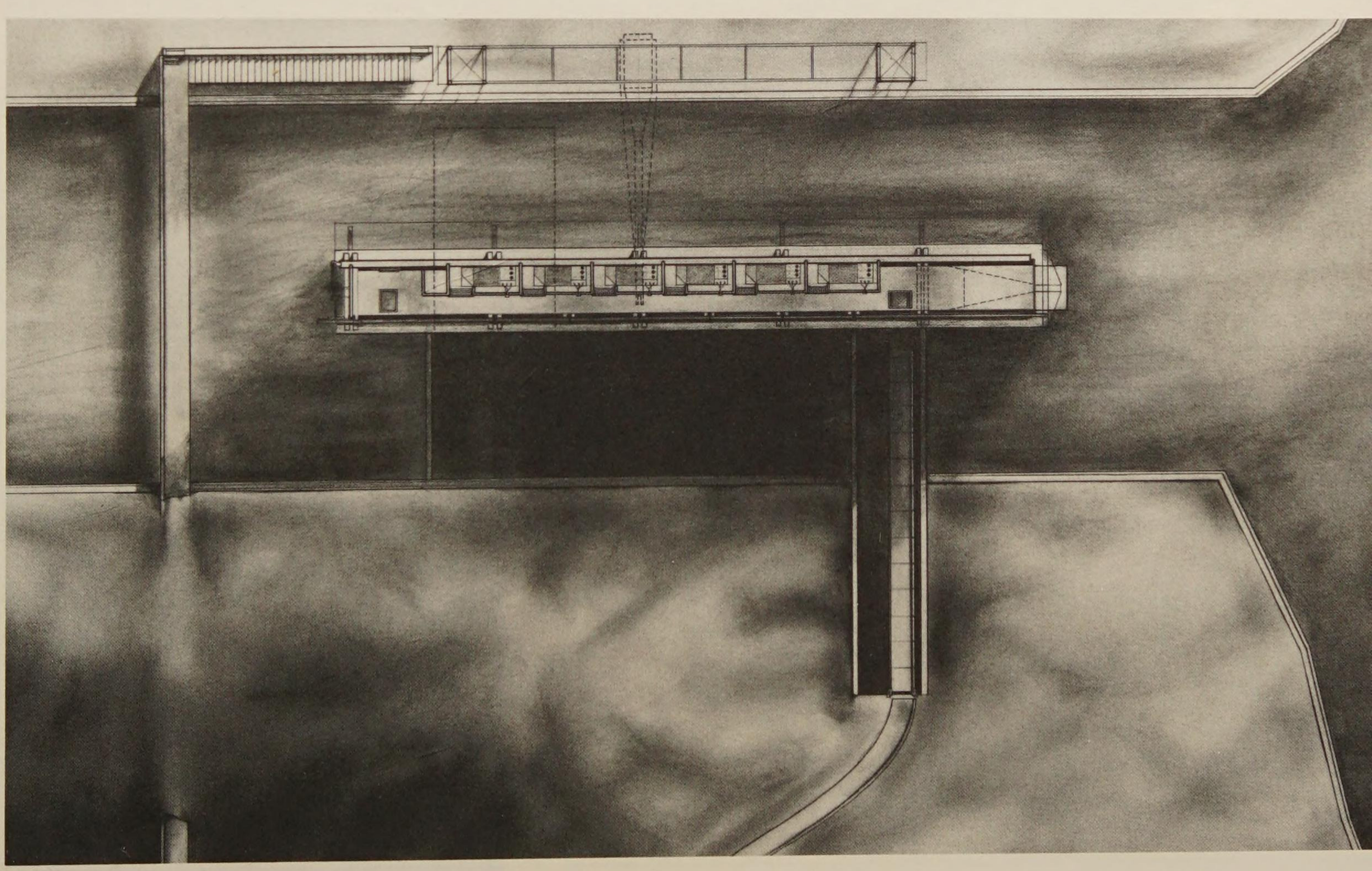
First Walkway, wood and cork gangway, floating in stagnant pool (east side)

Second Walkway, steel catwalk, suspended above north bank of canal (east to west)

Third Walkway, St. Cloud granite bridge, spanning canal and penetrating earth mound (west side)

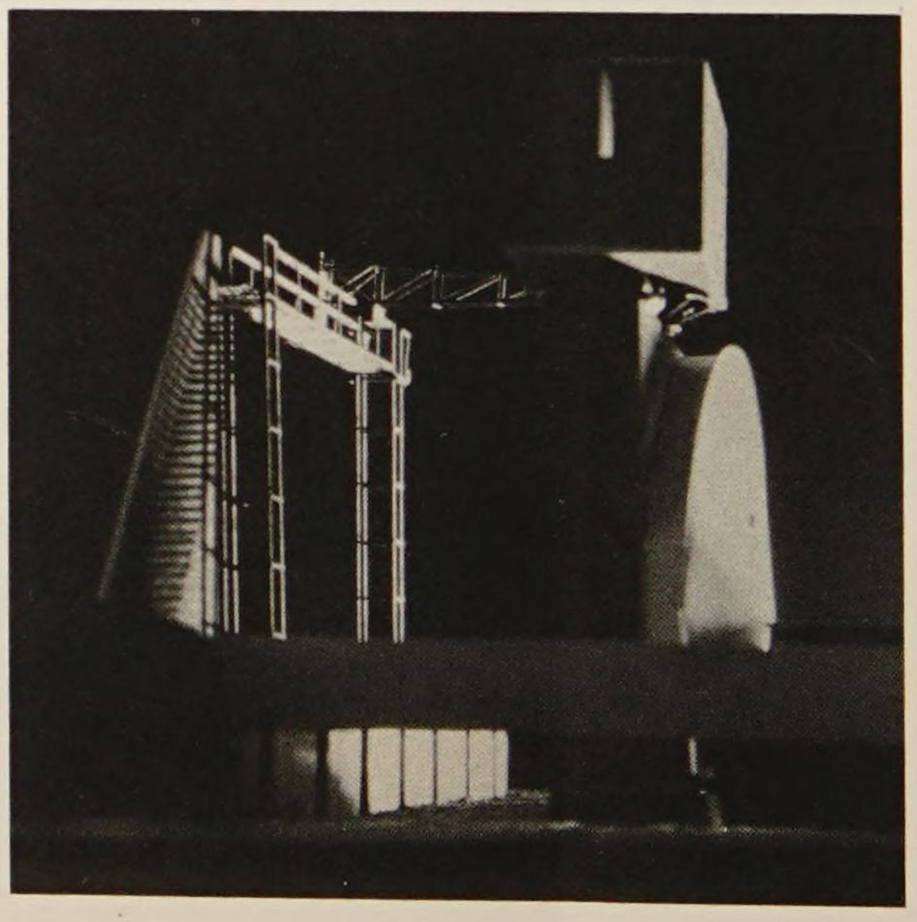


South elevation

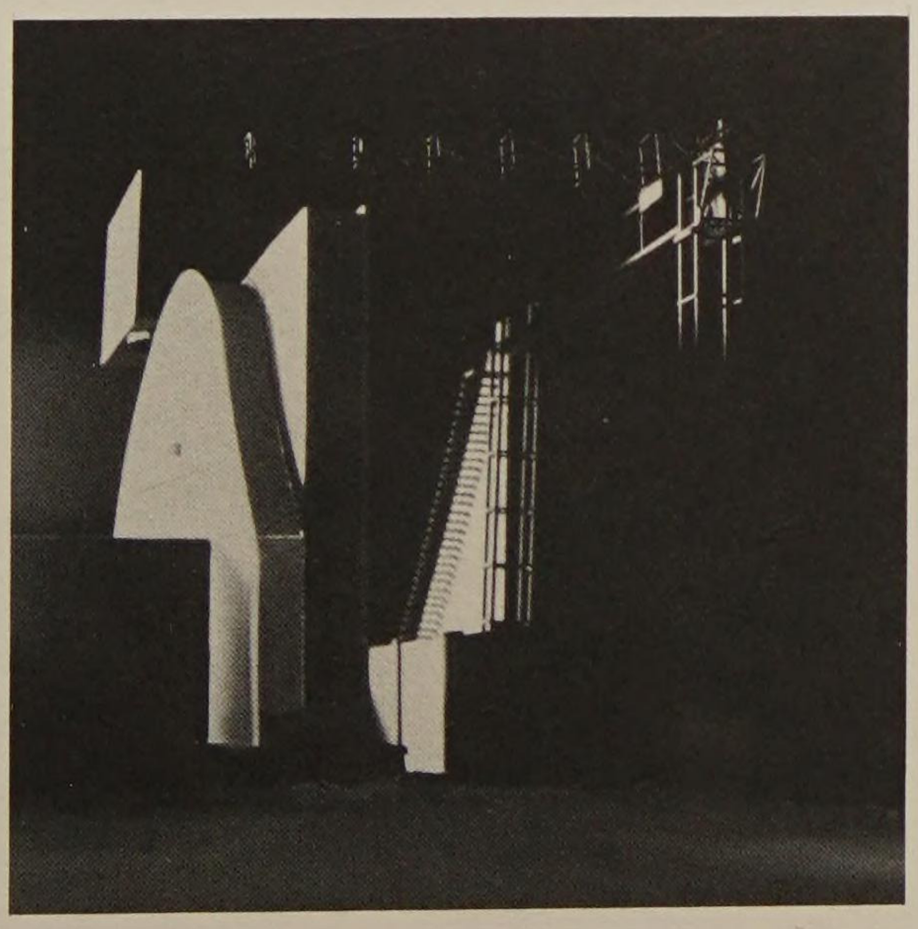


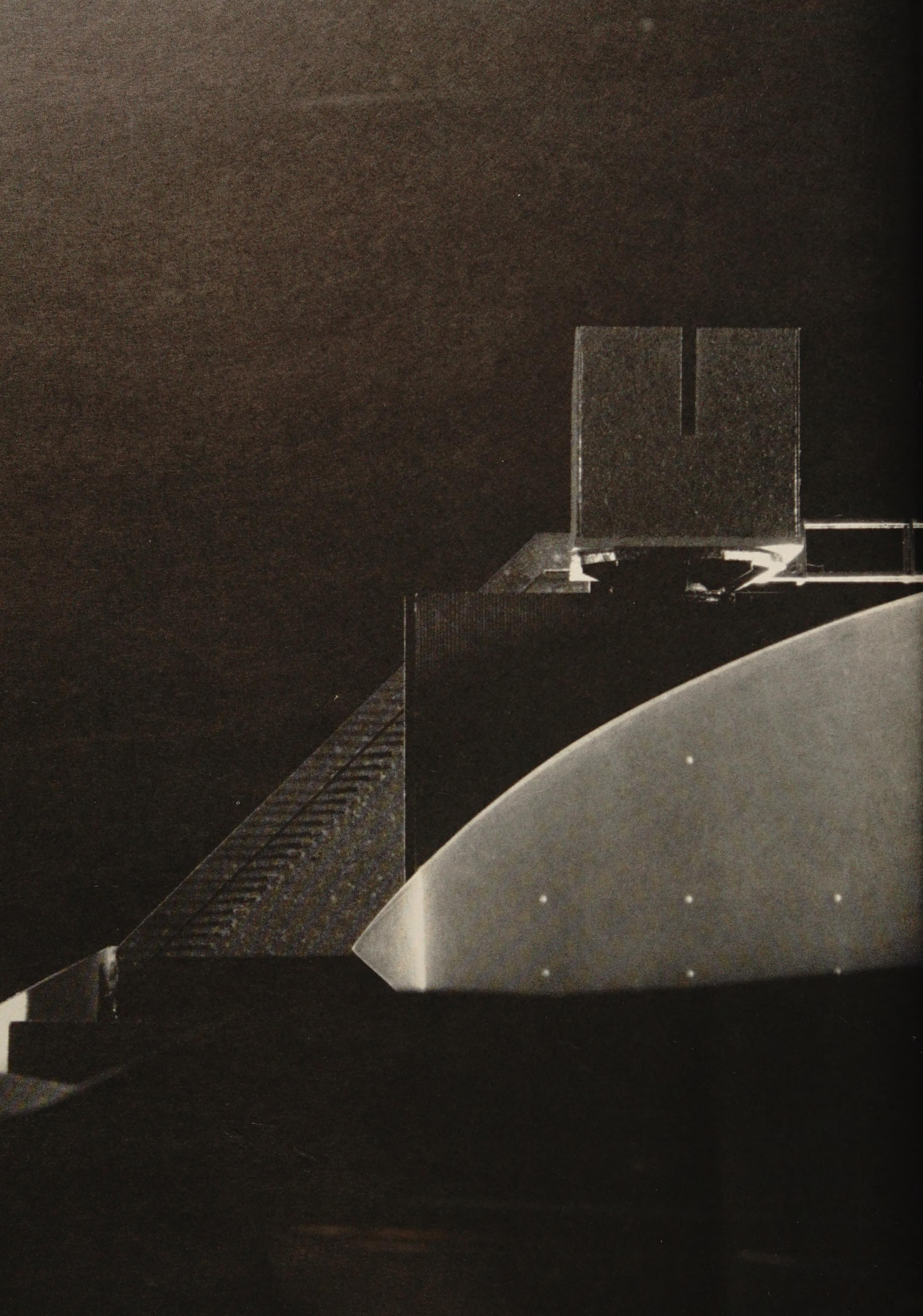
Plan view

North/South section



East elevation







Stages

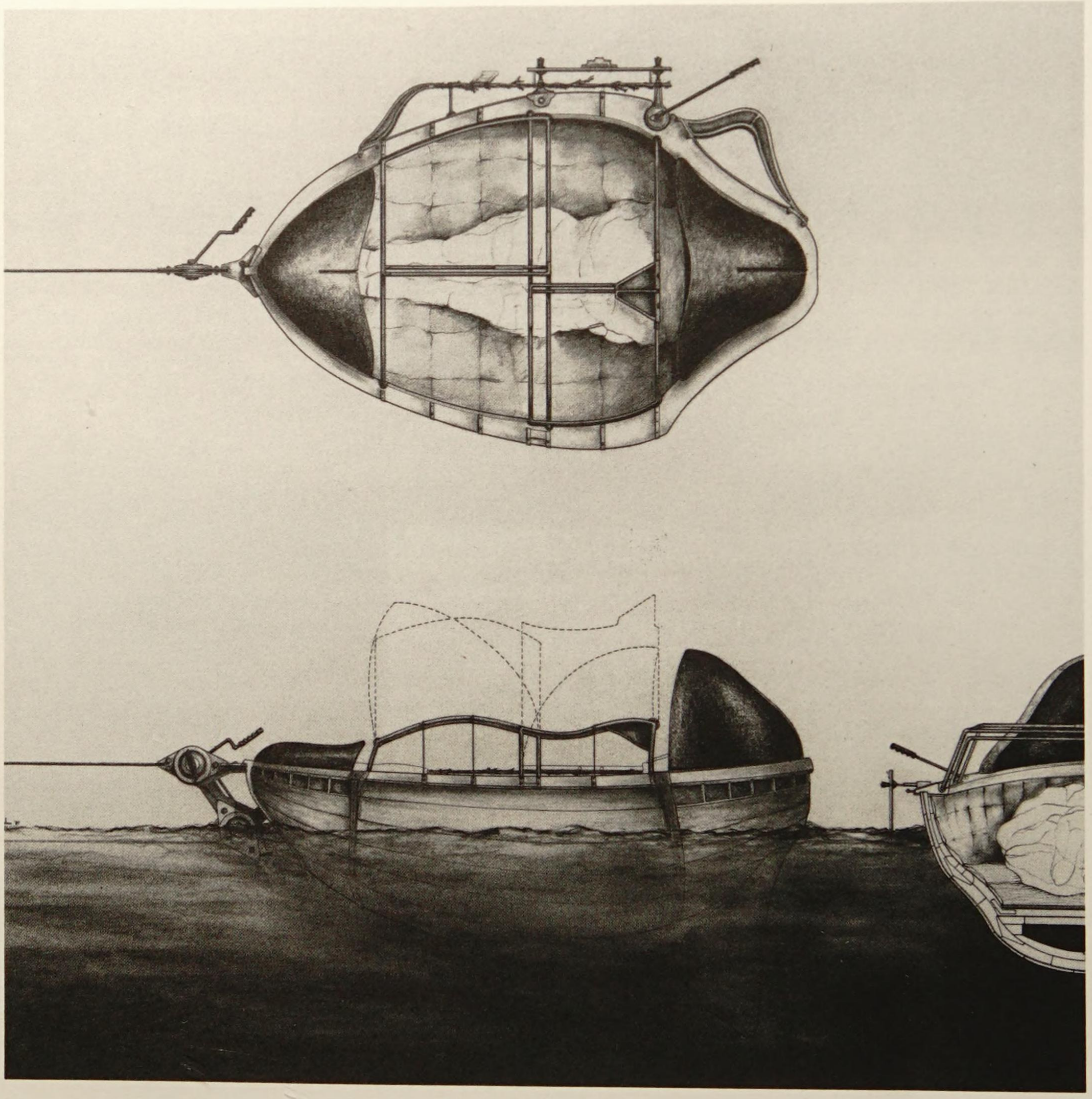
Stage 1 *Initiation:* descent to boat docked in interior canal, patient drawn upstream (low tide)

Stage 2 *Suspension:* patient lifted by crane to second level, ambulatory undulations downstream (mean tide)

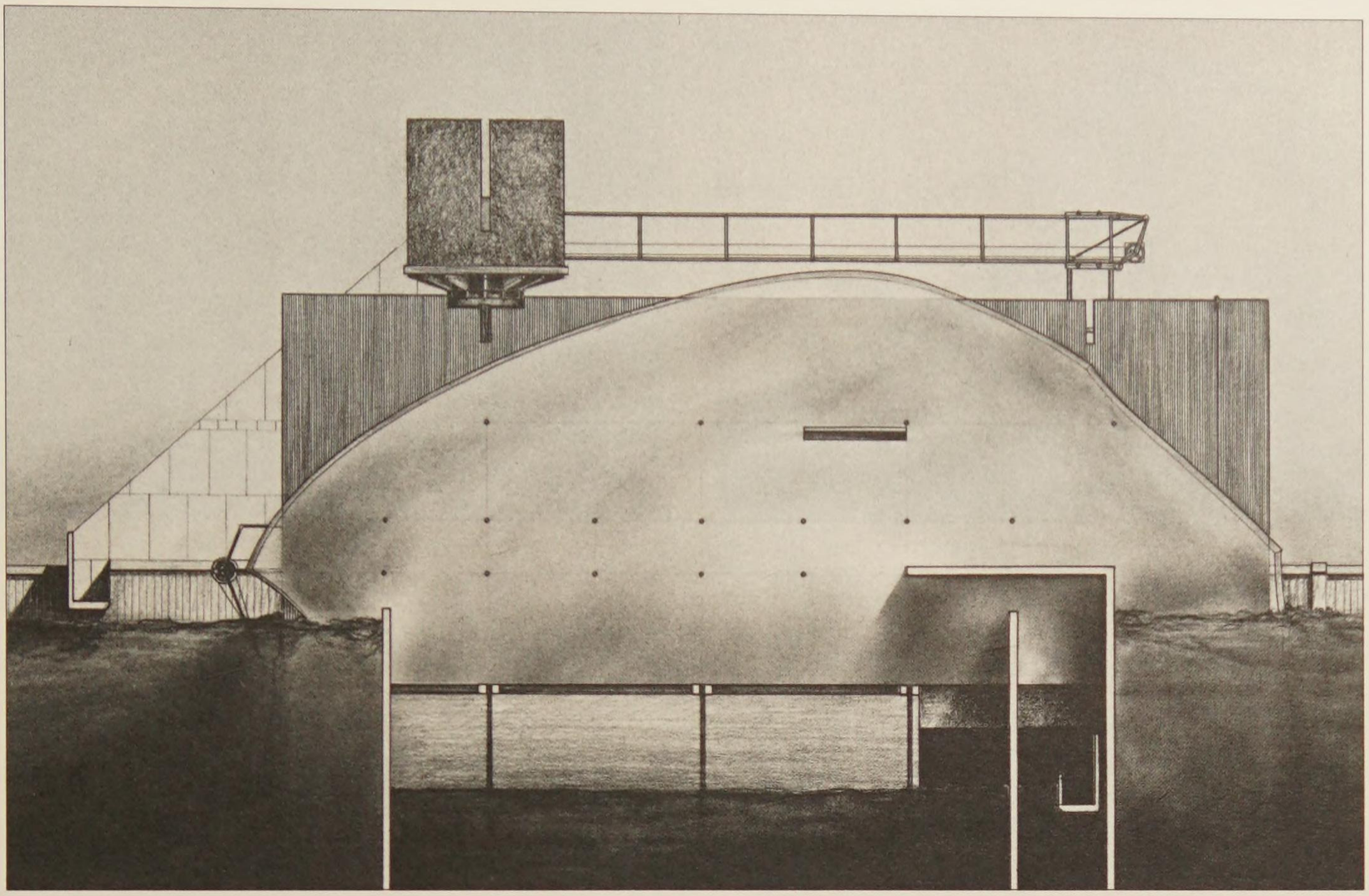
Stage 3 *Diagnosis:* sleep and EEG monitoring (high tide)

Stage 4 *Remission:* prescription/therapy/surgery (flood tide)

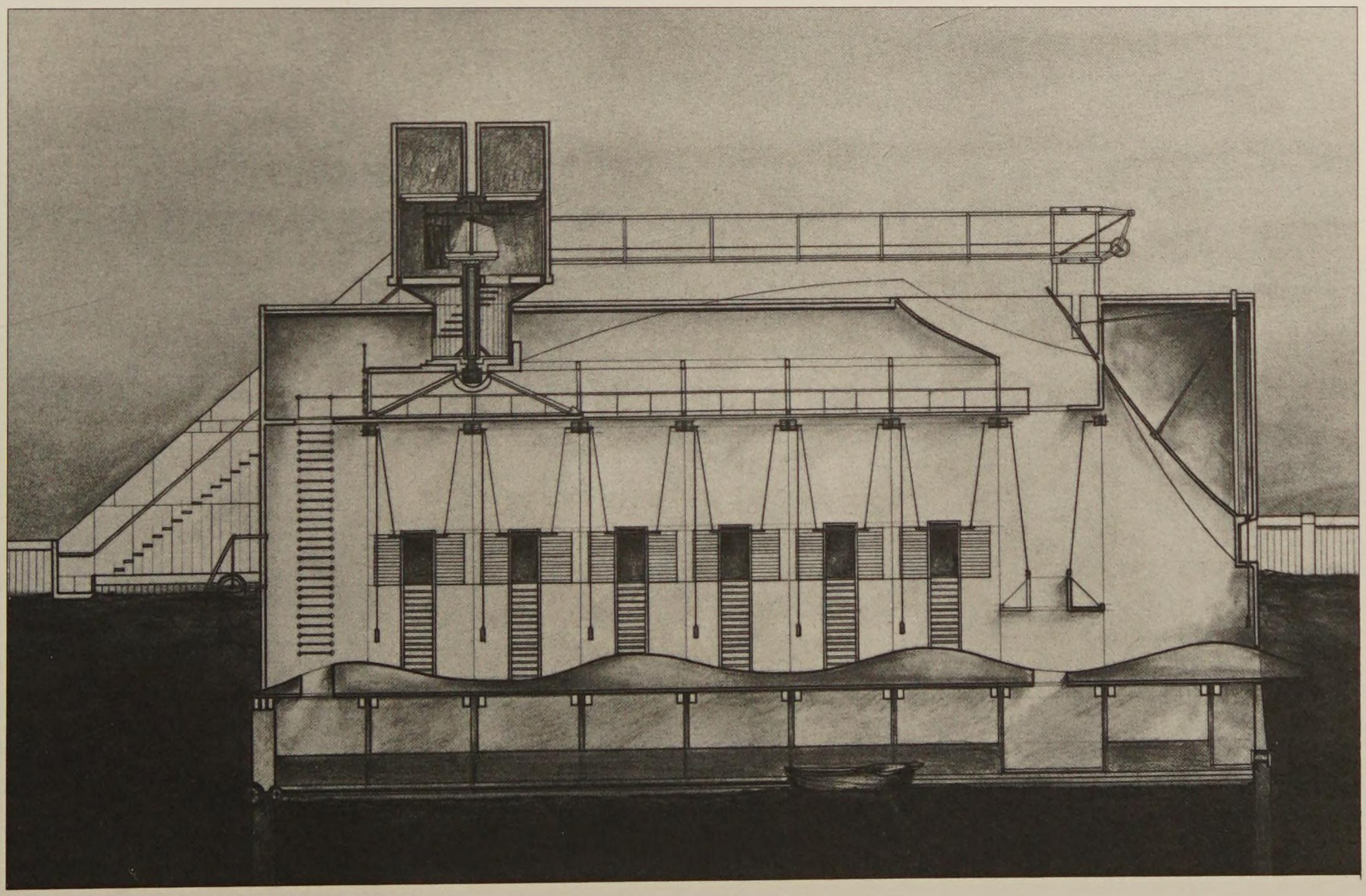
Stage 5 *Release:* voluntary movement of patient back across canal; almost complete return (dry land)



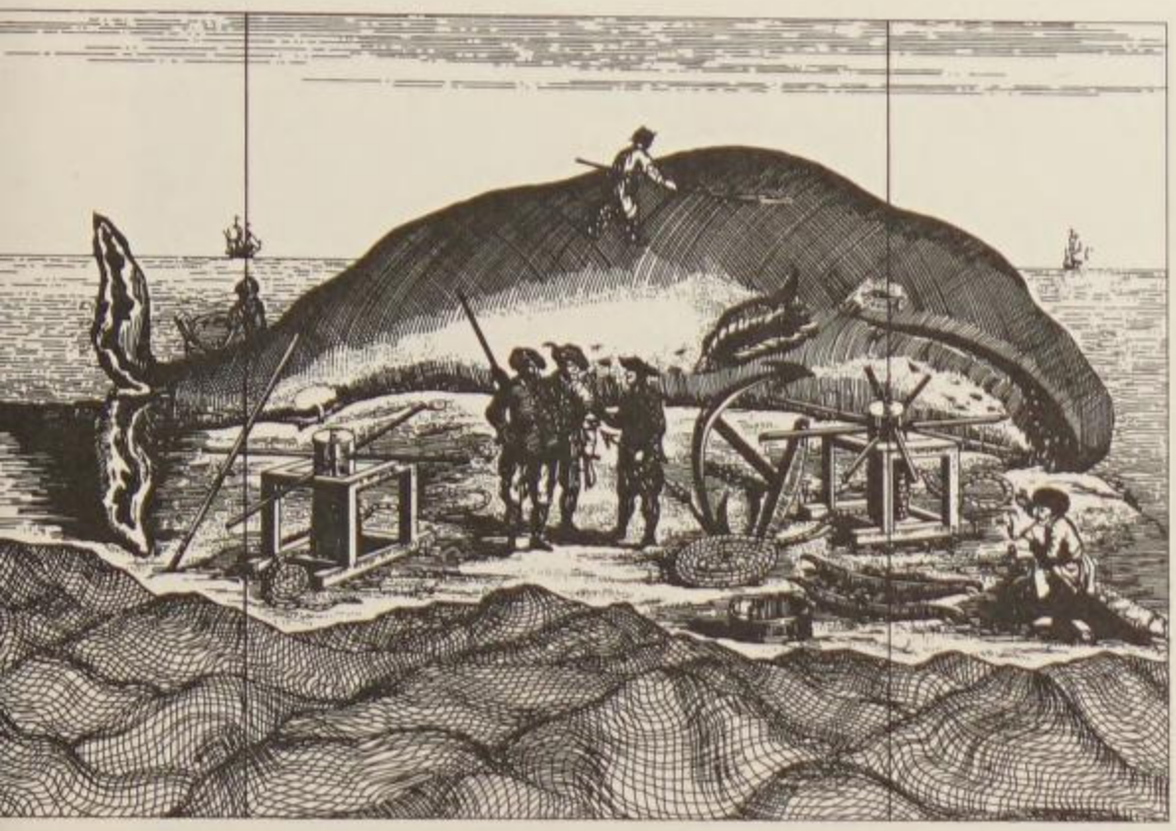
Drawn boat

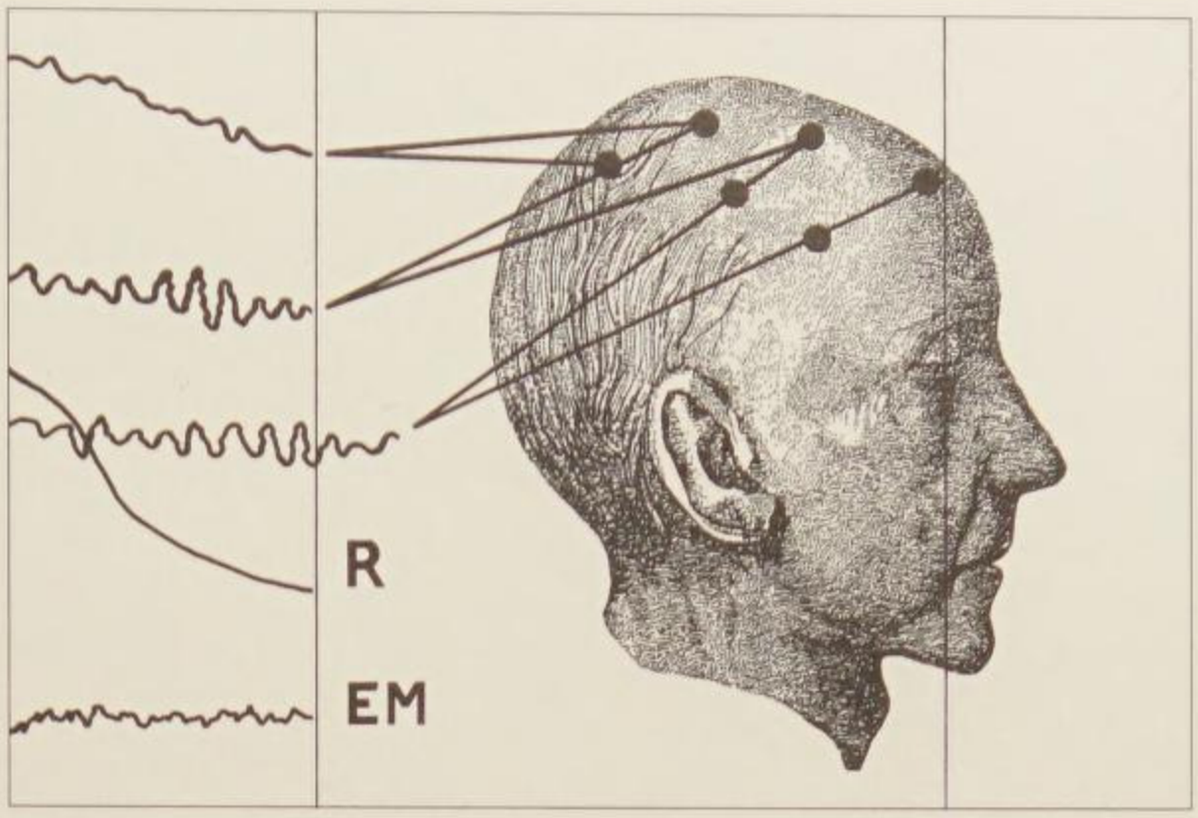


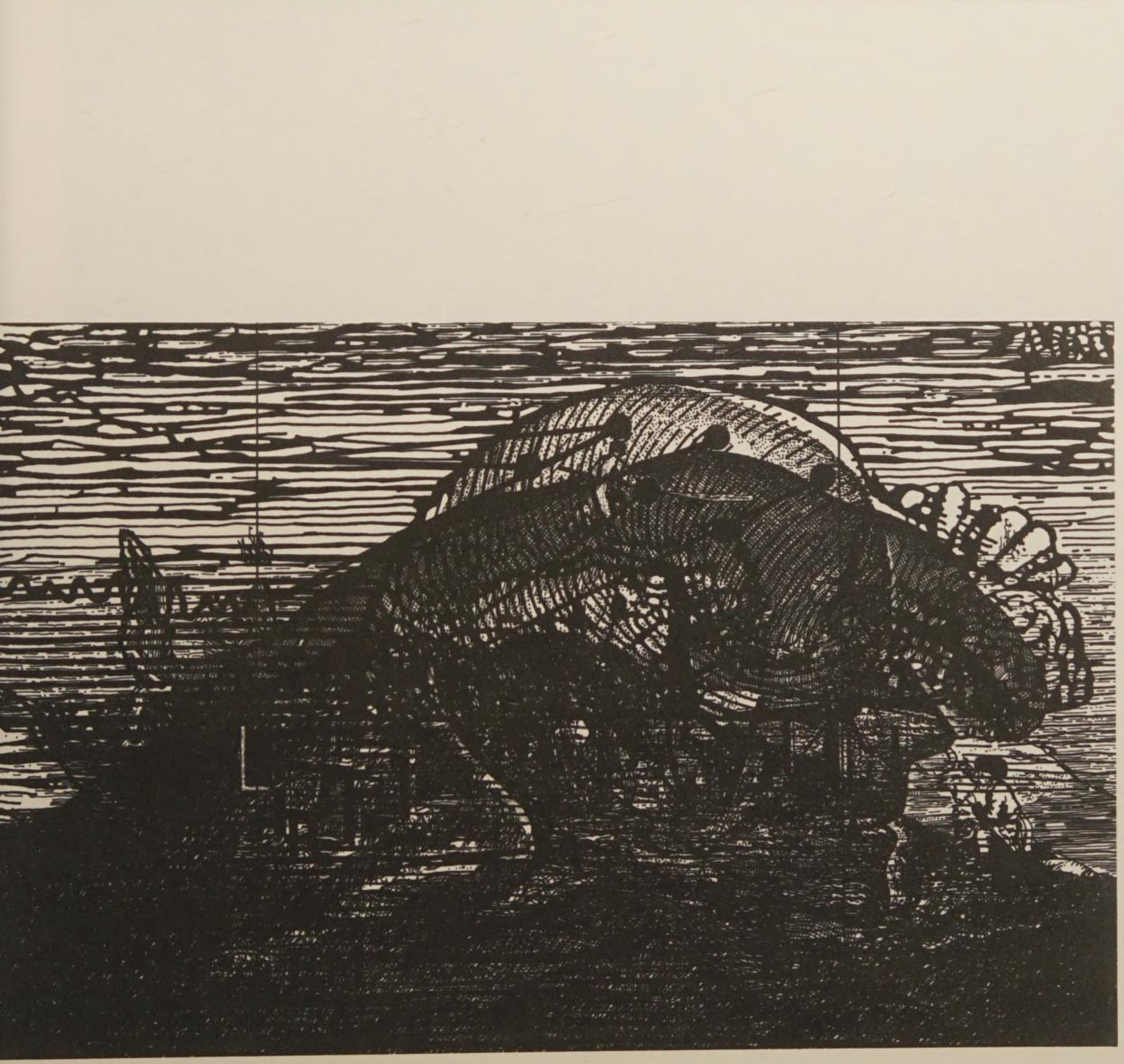
South elevation/section



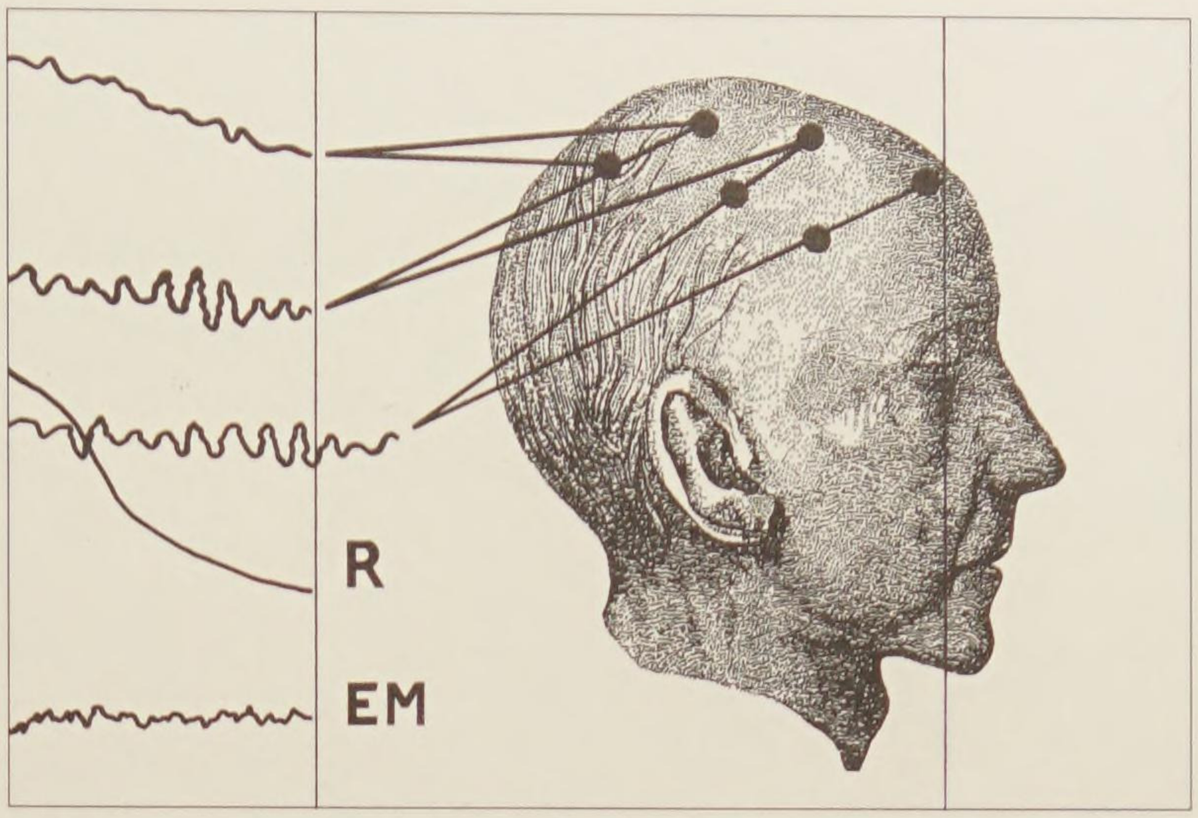
West/East section



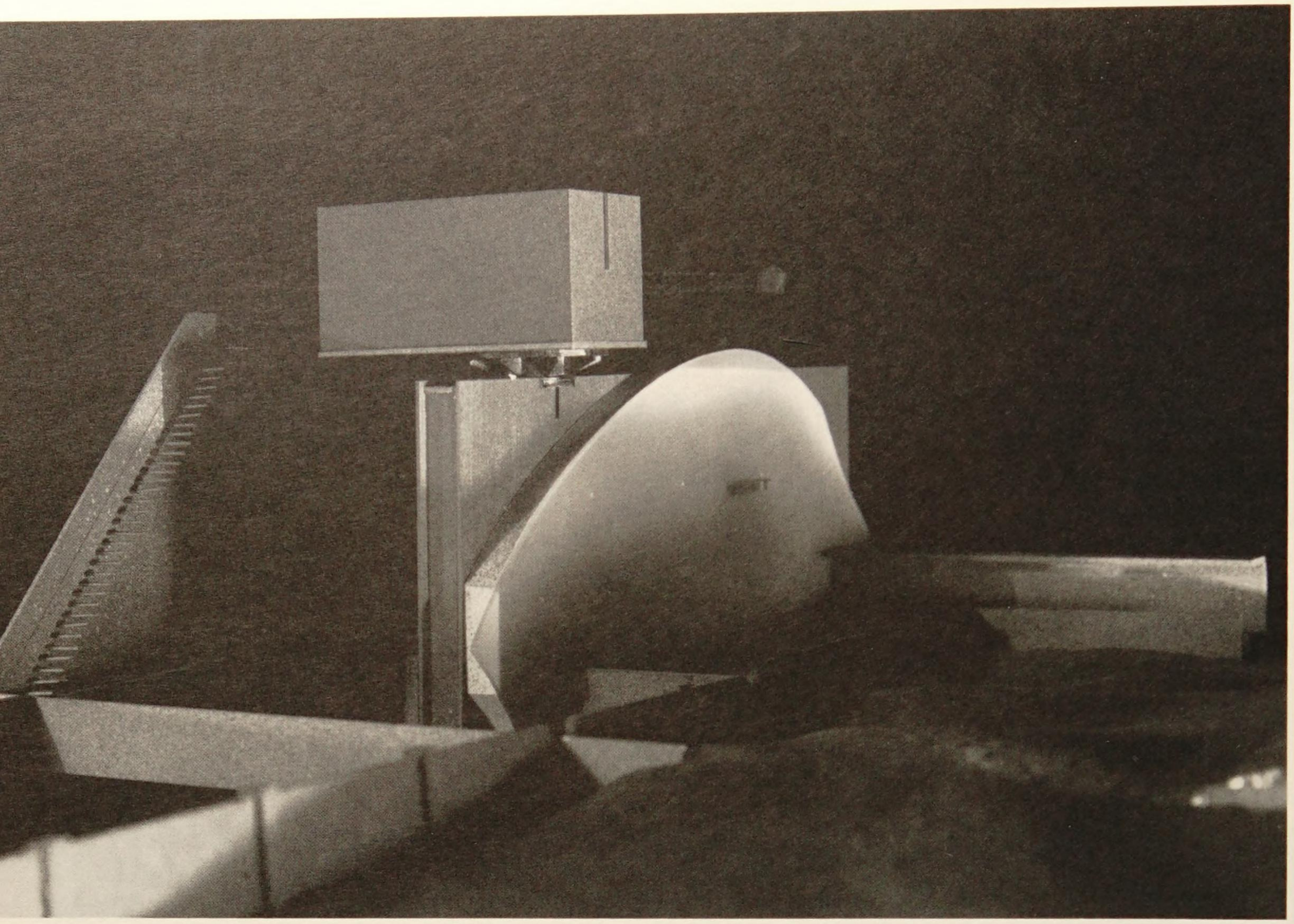

R
EM



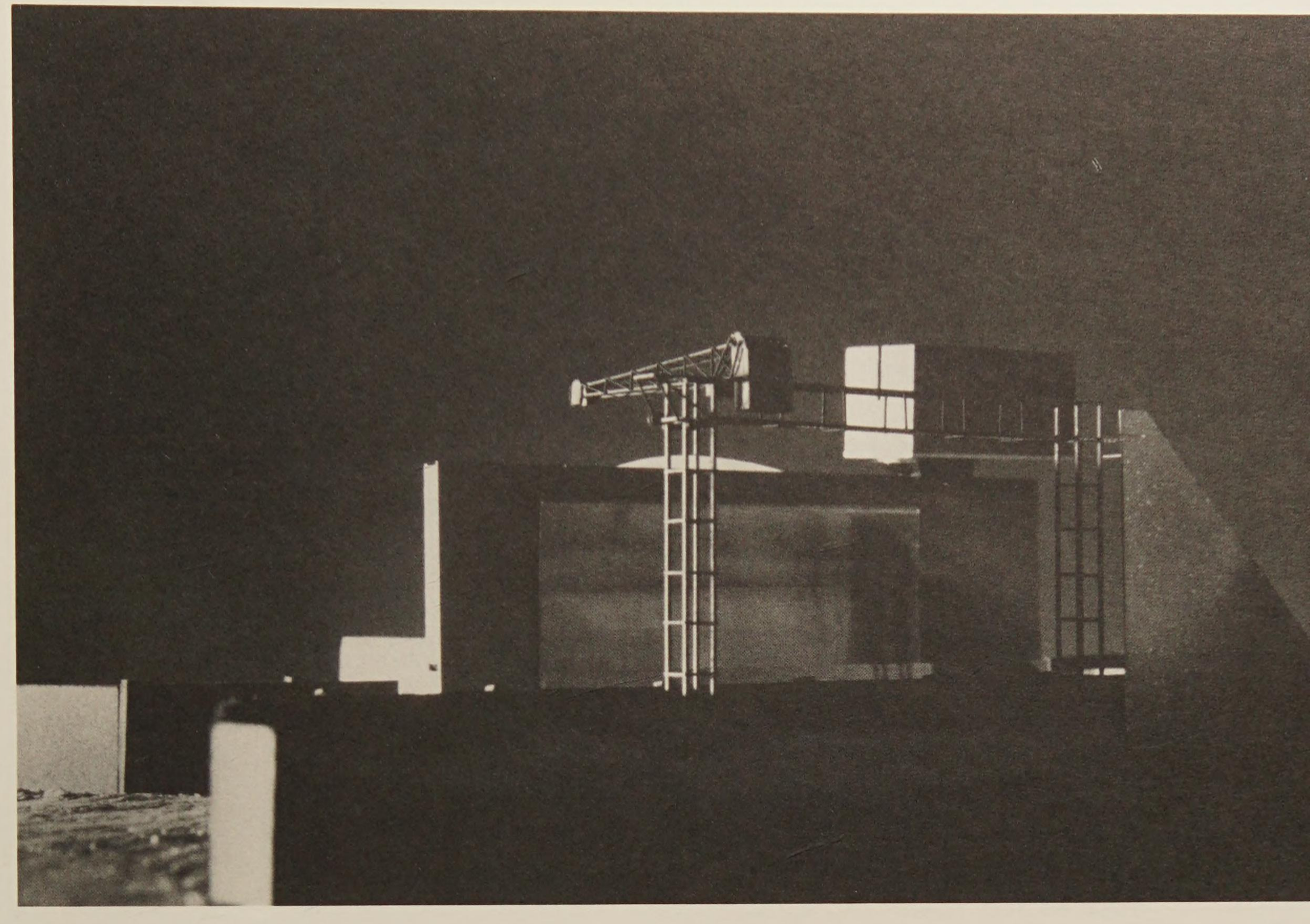


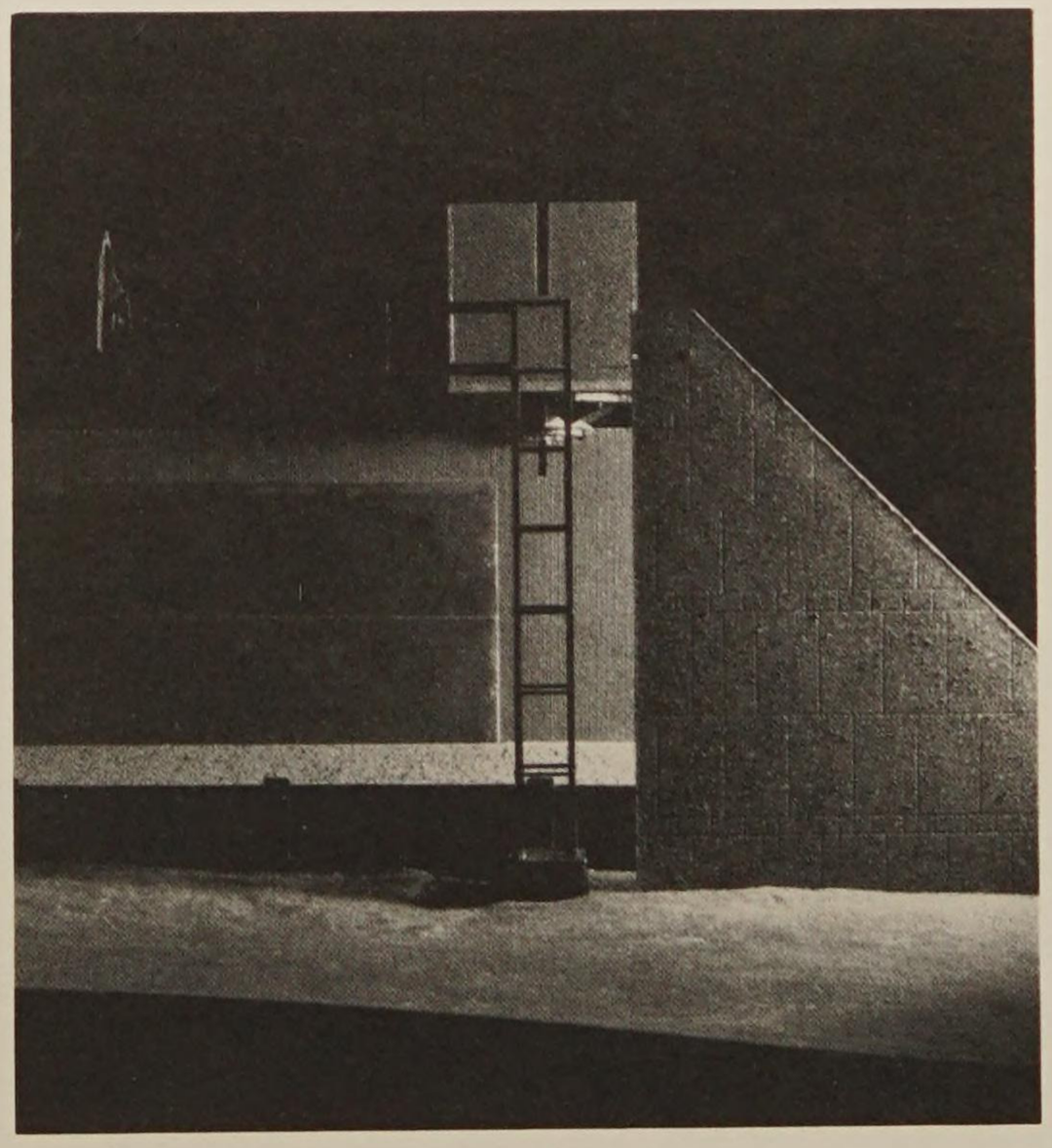

R
EM





and out of frame,
Colleagued with the dream





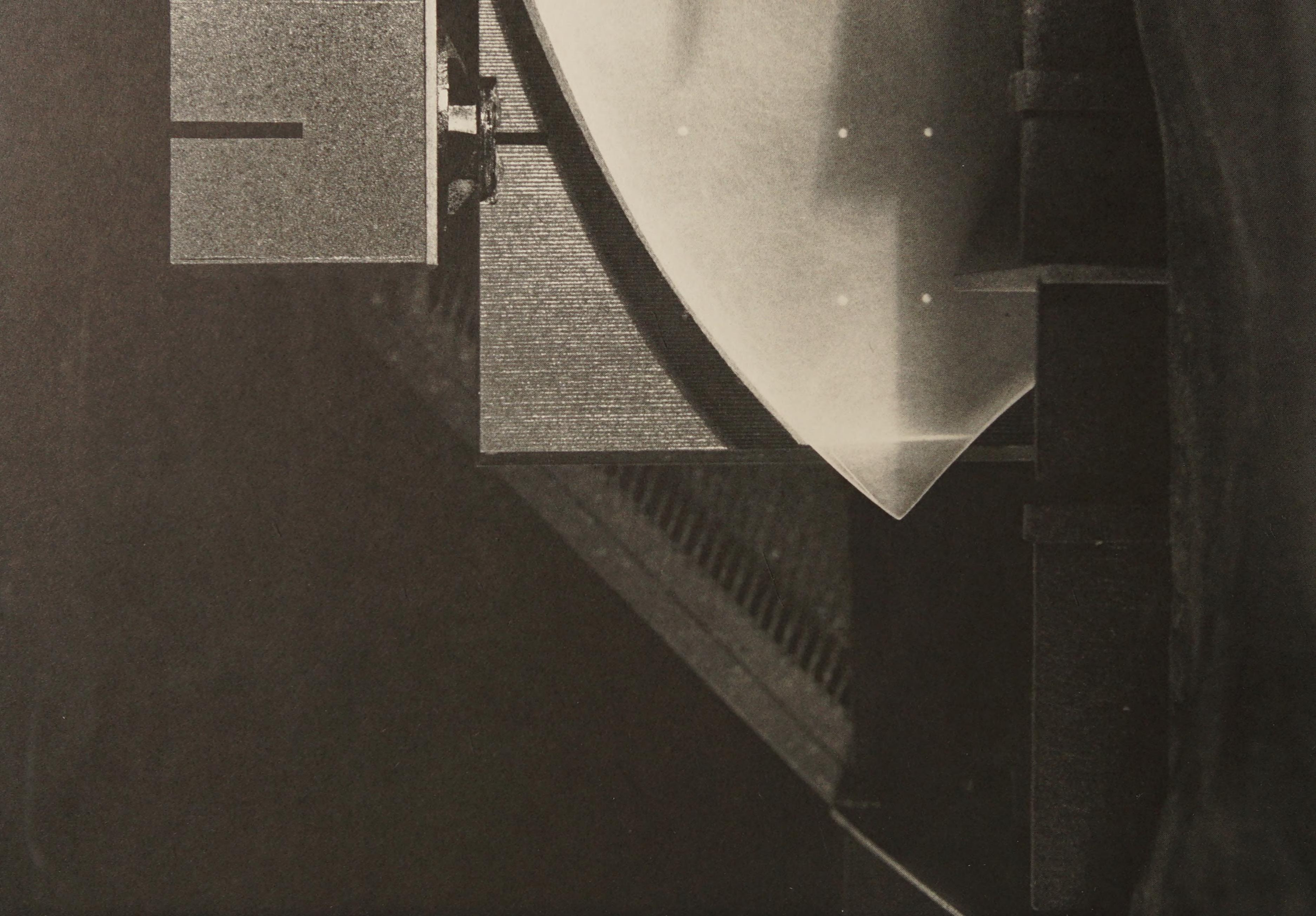
The following interview was conducted on 20 October 1954 in the open-air phosphorus baths surrounding the Charlesville Sleep Clinic, Marseilles, France. The clinic is located on a loosened peninsula hill, near an island. The interviewer was Dr. Jean Nicholas. The patient, then nineteen, used only his first name.

Arthur: *I have wept too much!* (Raises head from bath. Pauses.) *Dawns are heartbreaking over this hill.*
Doctor: *Where do you wish to go from here?*
Arthur: *This is a cold puddle. The sun is bitter and the moon atrocious. Let me go to the sea, the foam.*
Doctor: *Tell me what you do when you can't sleep.*
Arthur: *I run, I am lighter than a cork. . . . The rivers let me go where I want.*
Doctor: *The rivers?*
Arthur: *Yes, I run by them, like a man with red skin. I no longer feel myself guided by the haulers. In fact, I am indifferent to the crews.** (Sinks backward, as if to sleep.)
Doctor: *And so you chose the rivers. I understand; how long has this gone on?*
Arthur: *Ten nights. Not once have I missed the revolving eye of the lighthouse; it's free, and topped with violet fog.*
Doctor: *And before? What did you do before?*
Arthur: *I was weary of poles piercing the red sky. During pregnant months I followed the swell of the wall.** *At fifty leagues off, you could see the streaking of the daylight. . . . Without dreaming, I was like a drifting cow.* (Becomes hysterical.)
Doctor: (After some time.) *You said that you like to go to the ancient parapets. What do you see from there?*
Arthur: *Spots on the low sun. They lift up with purple clots.*
Doctor: *Have you seen anything else?*
Arthur: *Unbelievable floridas! Ancient dramas!* (Rises up from baths.) *At times I have seen what men think they see.*
Doctor: *What is that?*
Arthur: *The evening.* (Wraps himself.)
Doctor: *Please, take this. . . . Can you remember the last time you had a dream?*
Arthur: *Yes, it was on a night with an absolutely dazzling snow, immobile and blue.*
Doctor: *What was the dream?*
Arthur: (Sips medication.) *I was on a boat hauling cotton. We were caught in the lashing of the tides. Then there were avalanches of water in the midst of a calm. The boat was moored by fragile ropes in the fish traps of a cave. I felt that it was a swamp and that we were a whole fish, rotting in the rushes. We were water-drunk.*
Doctor: *Can you remember any other dreams?*
Arthur: *No. The rest have been devoured by bedbugs.*
Doctor: *By bedbugs?* (No response. Pause.) *What are you feeling right now?*
Arthur: *I remain like an exiled woman. My head is on my knees.*

* The patient refers to importing trade in the Gulf of Lions
** Explicit reference unknown, perhaps the peninsula hill



Dreamed client profile: schematic representation of neurophysiological mechanisms of sleep states with Picasso lithograph of A. Rimbaud, laid down to rest



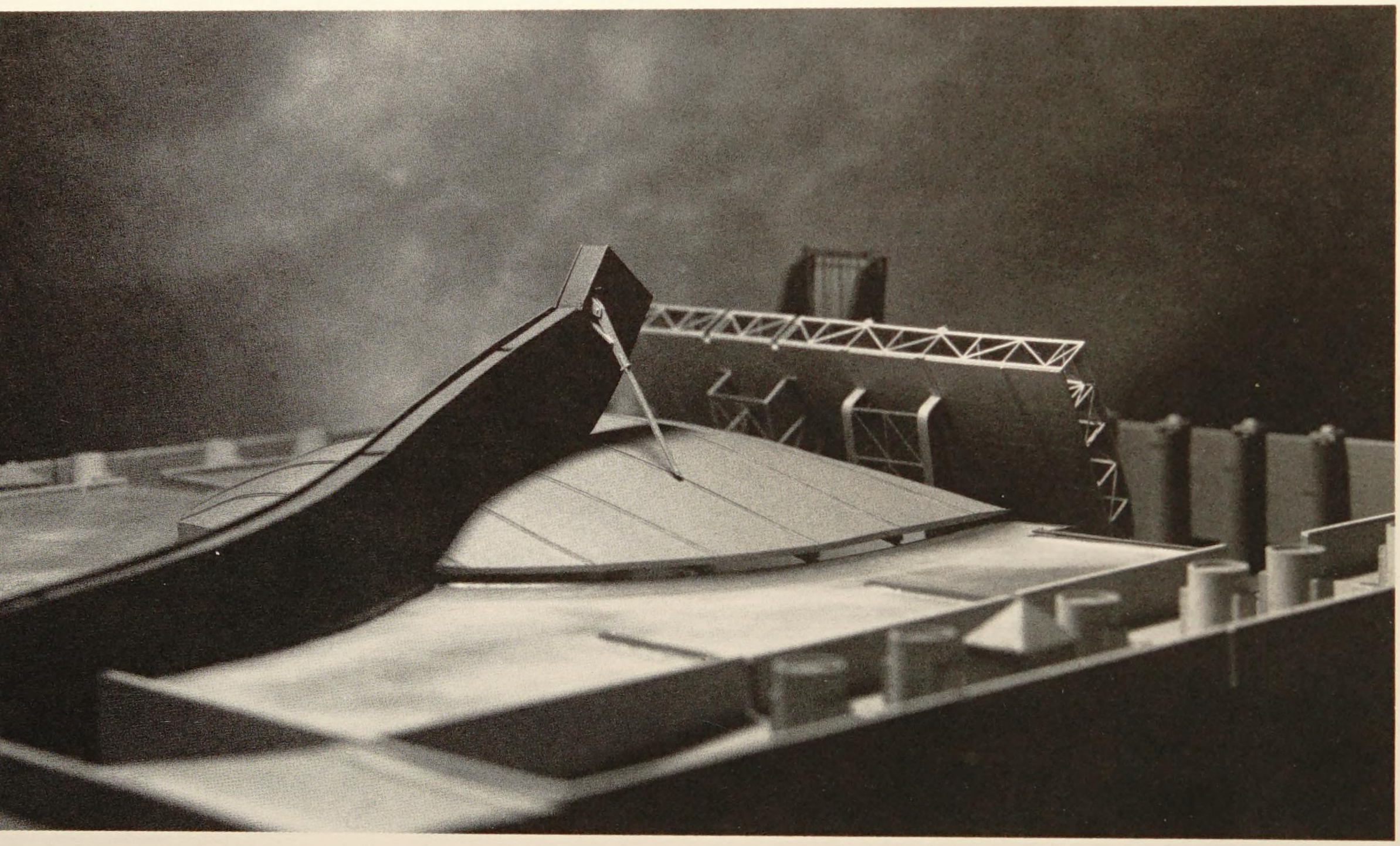
makes the night
joint-labourer with the day

Night School

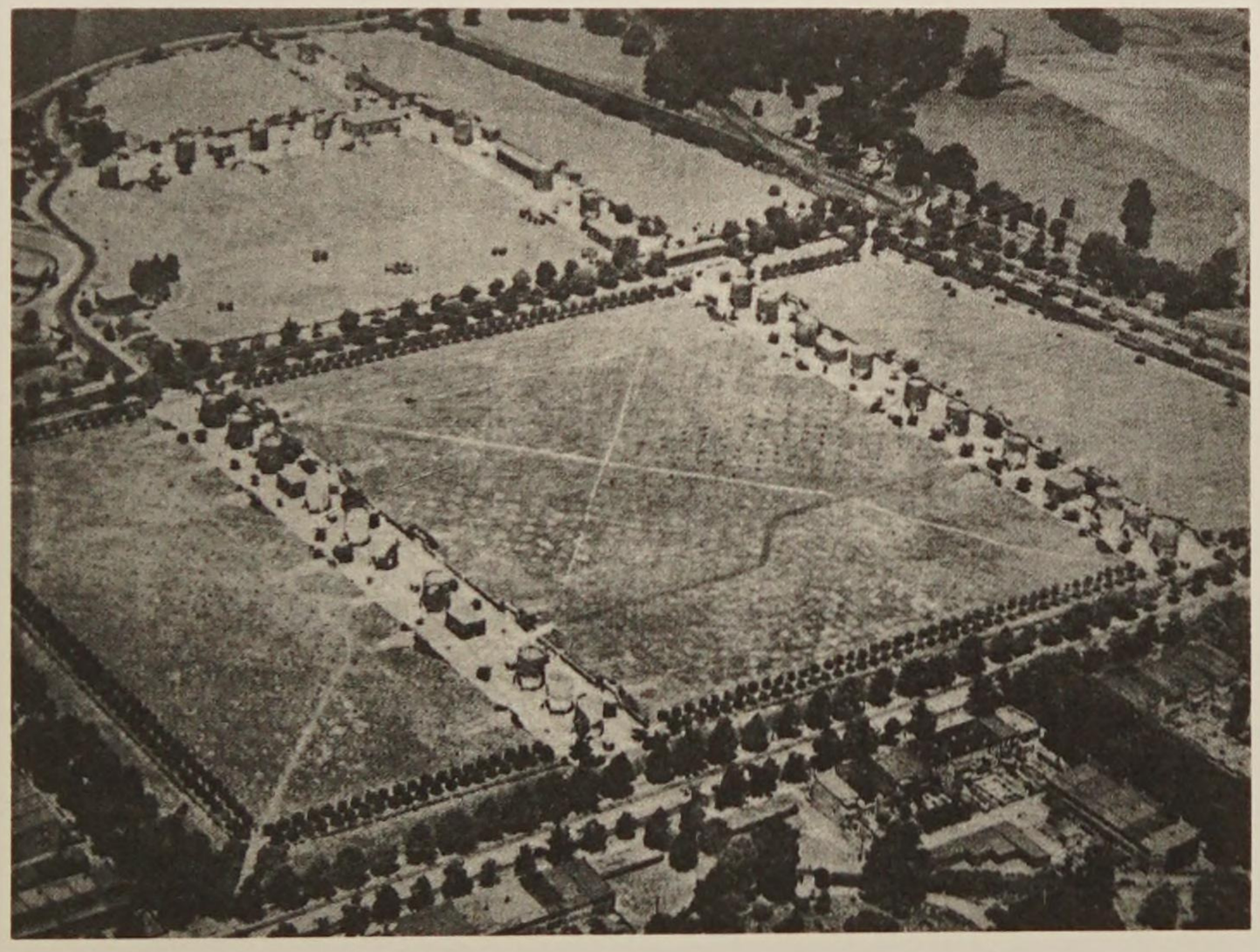
A surgical lesion in spectatorship

McMillan Water Filtration Plant, Washington, D.C.

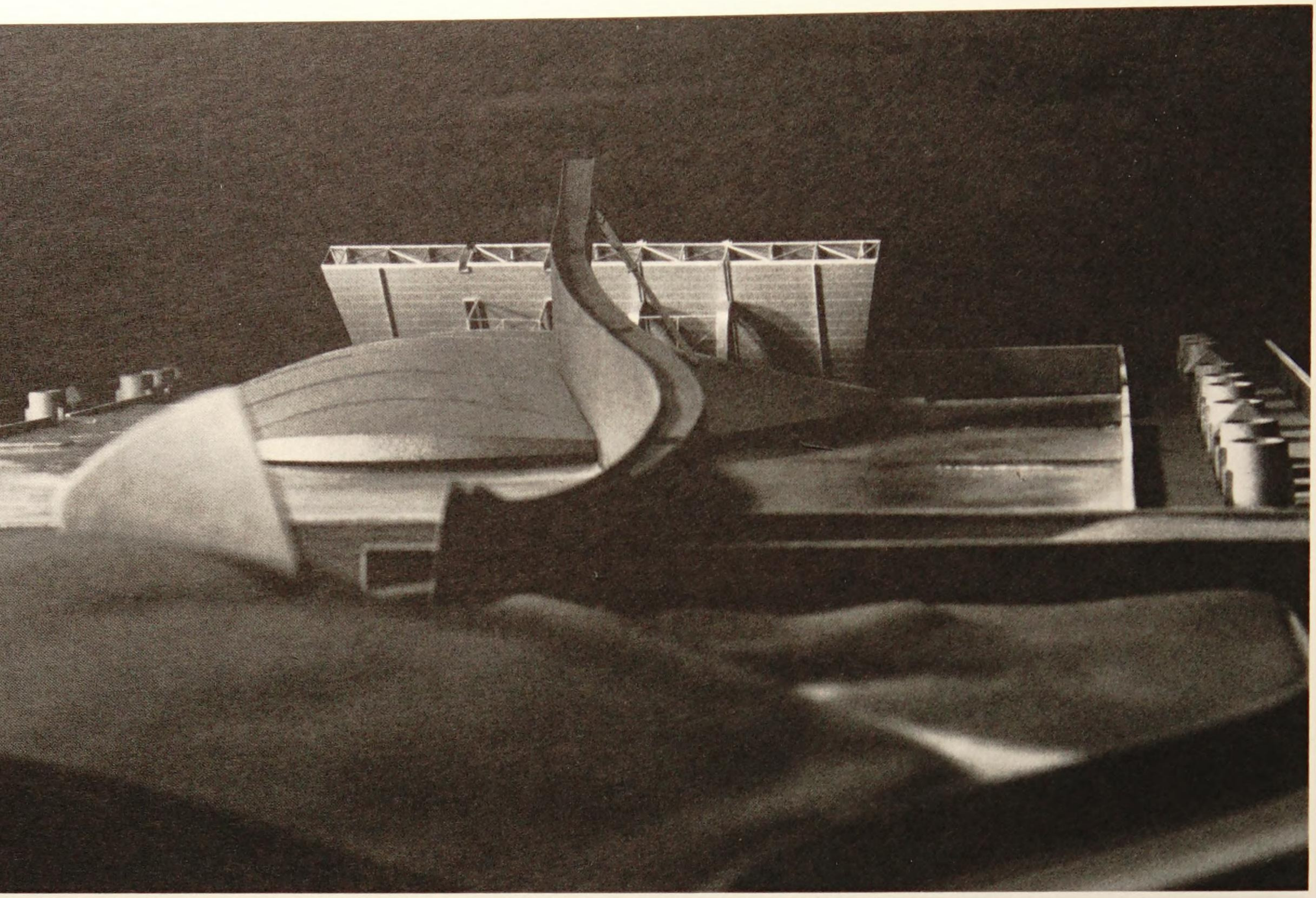
~~Light~~ is the revealer of form.
Darkness is the revealer of form.

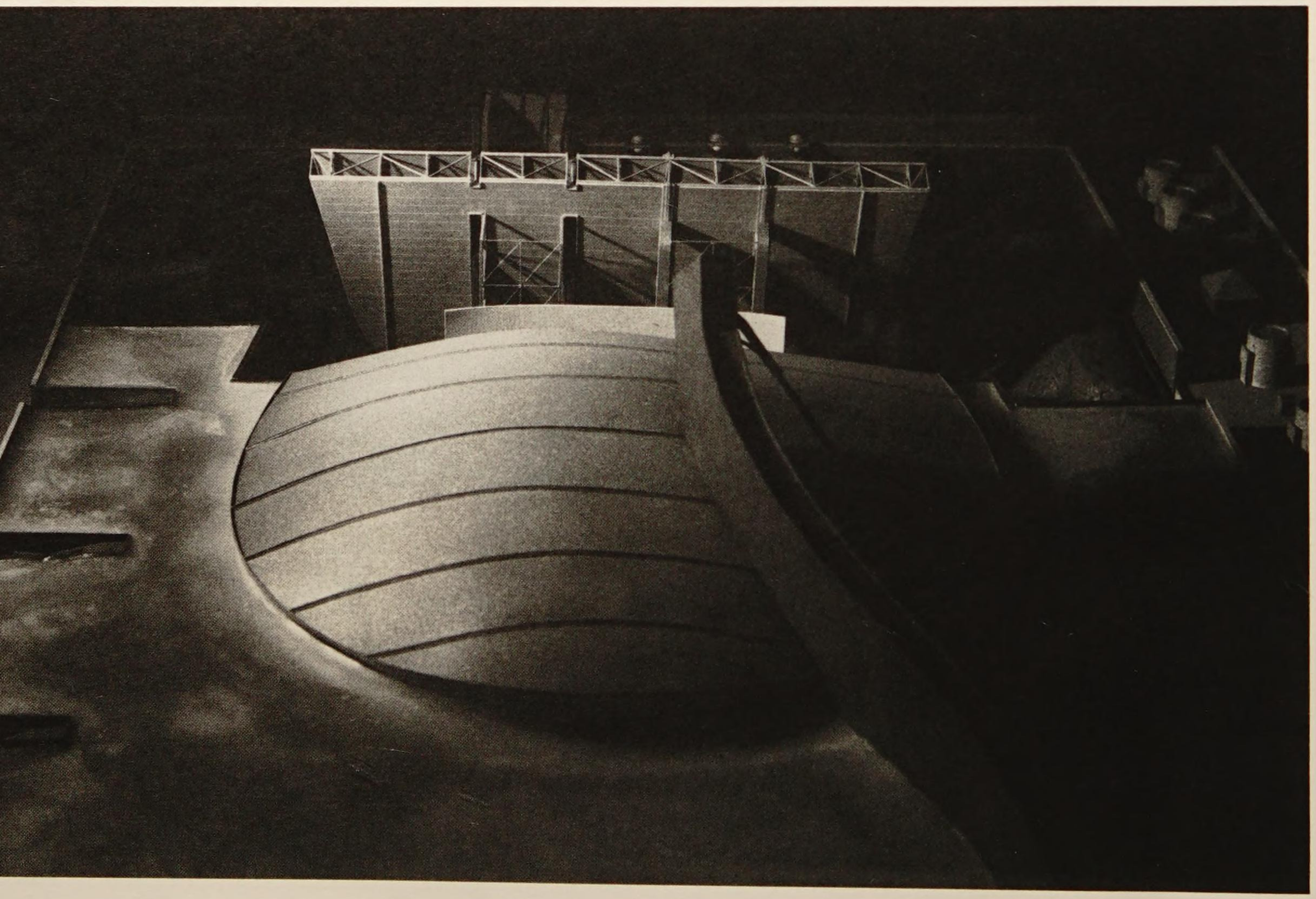


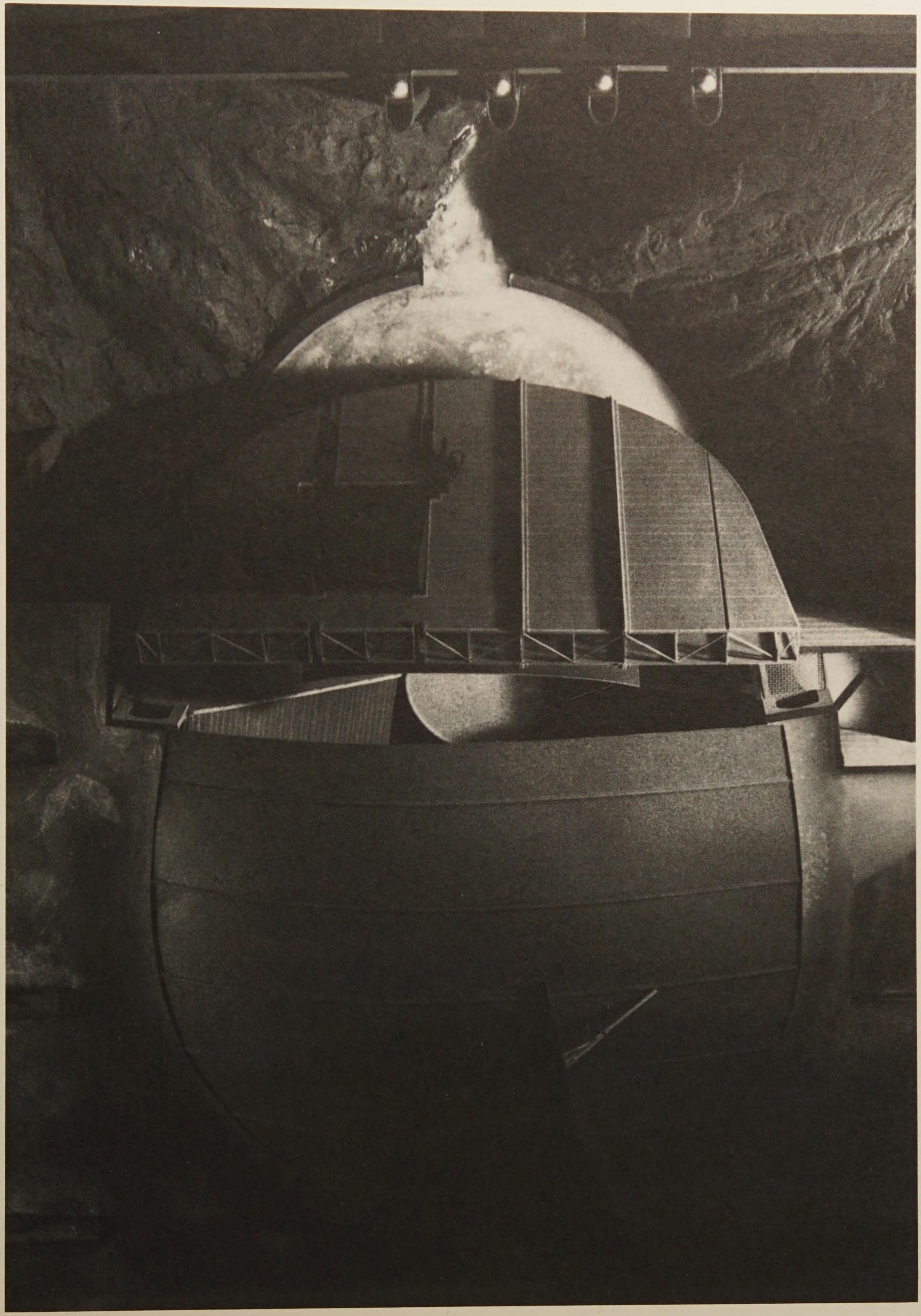
Night School is implanted in the McMillan Water Filtration Plant in Washington, D.C. "School" is designated no longer as a place of learning between students and teachers. Instead, it is a dark place in which to watch performances and movies. The screen apparatus for showing movies cuts open the traditional theatre to multiply the foci of the theatre space and to reveal the earth roots of the McMillan Plant.

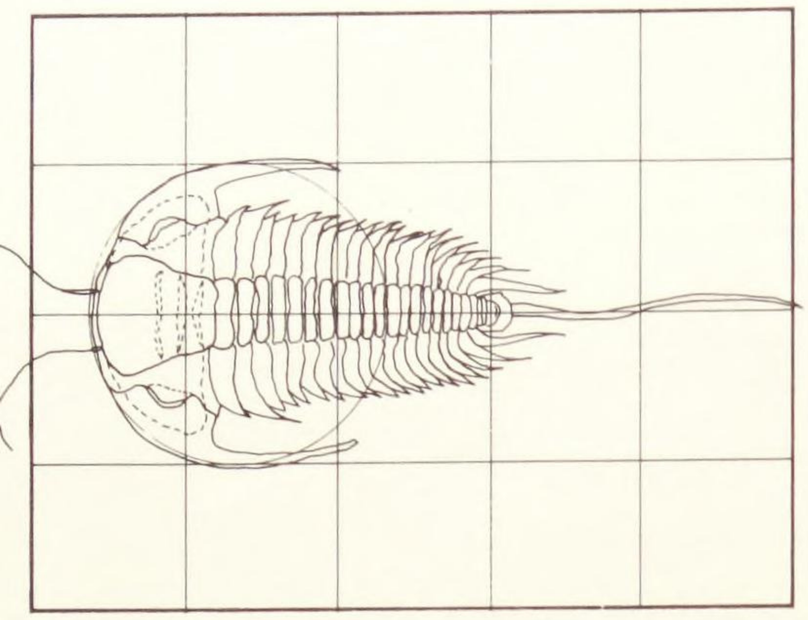


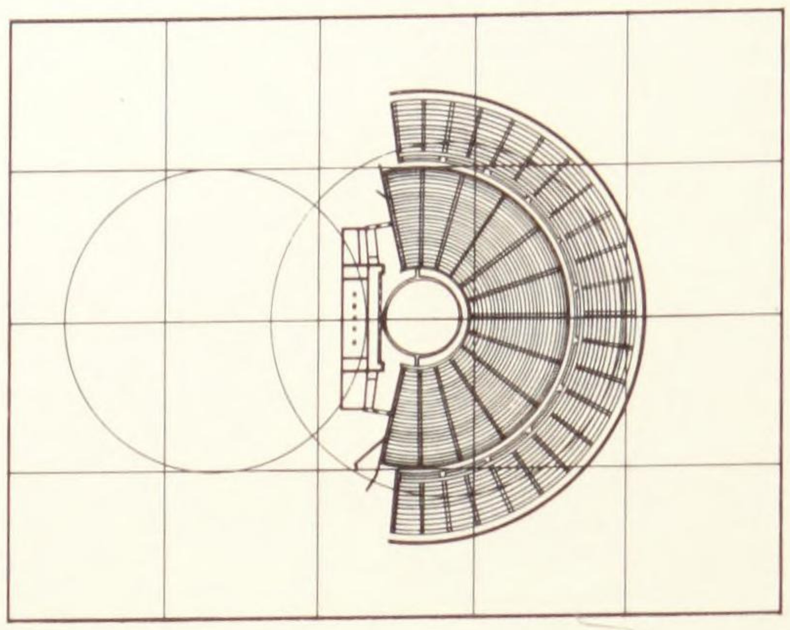
McMillan Water Filtration Plant, Washington, D.C.

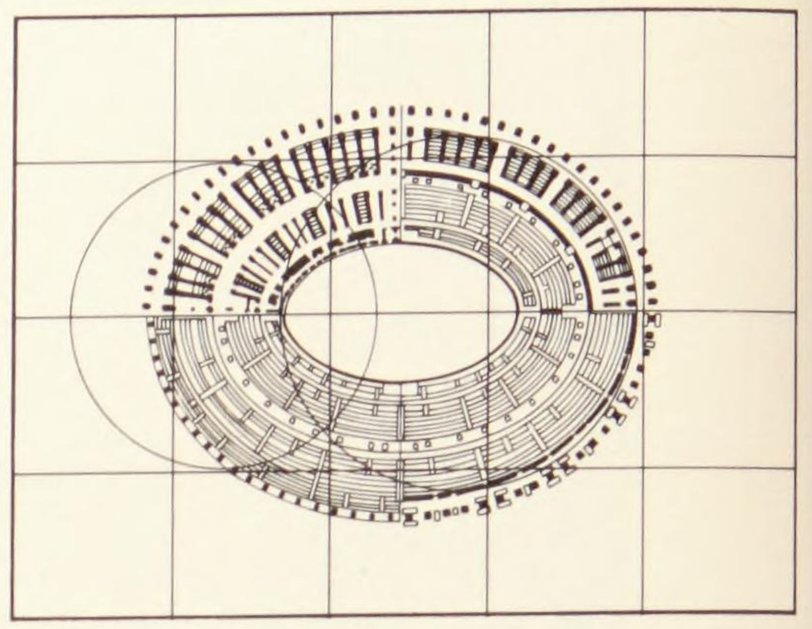




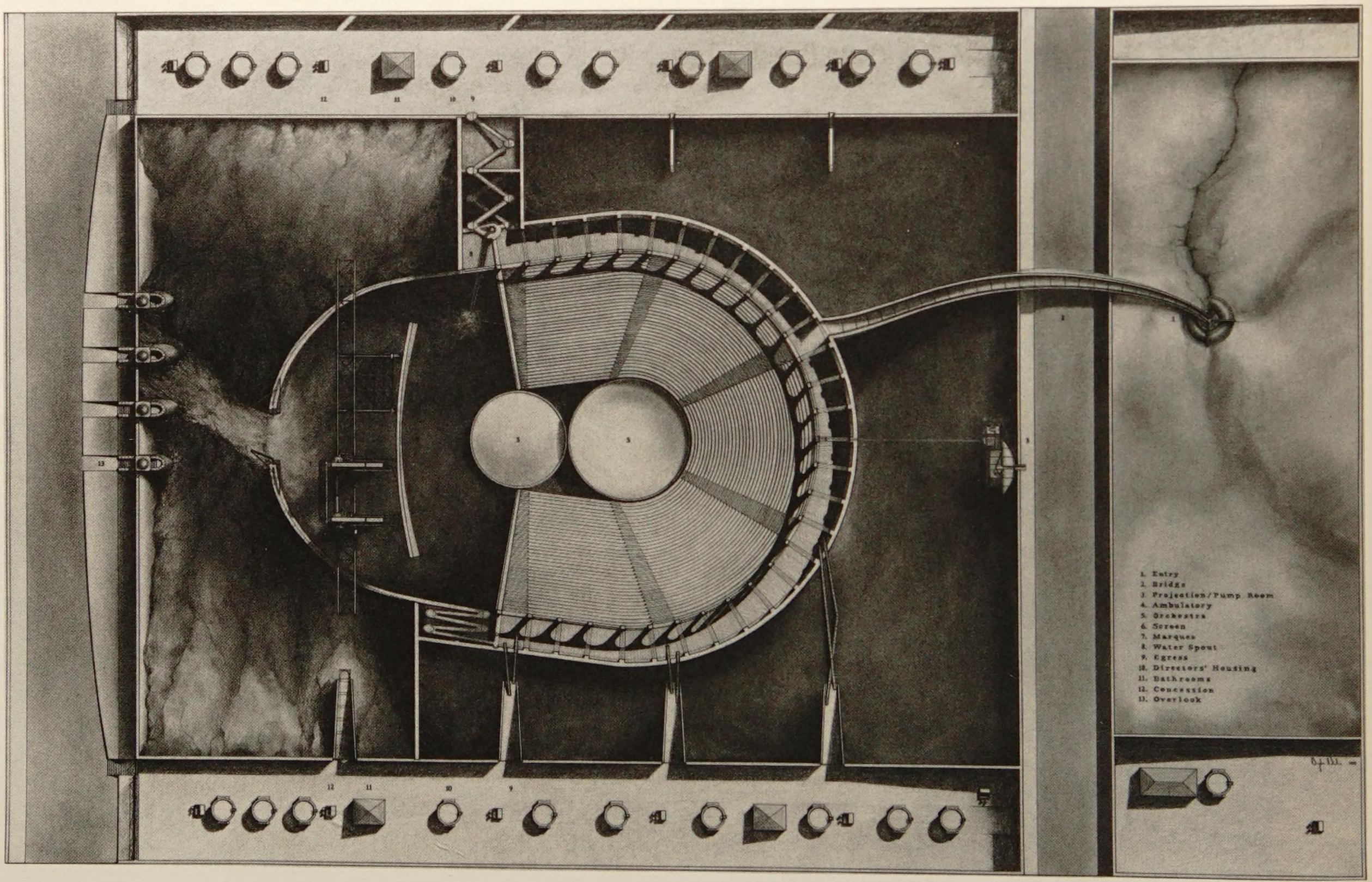


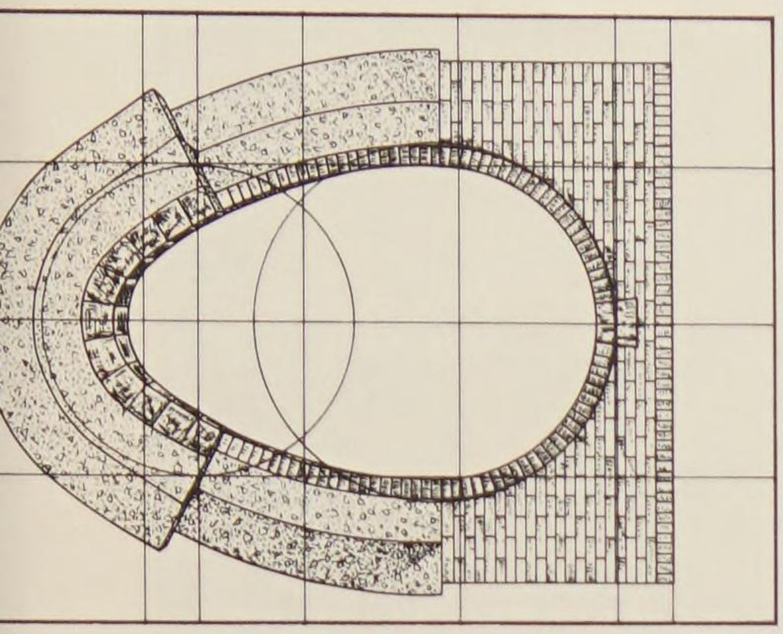






Plan view


1. Entry
2. Bridge
3. Projection/Pump Room
4. Ambulatory
5. Orchestra
6. Screen
7. Marquee
8. Water Spout
9. Egress
10. Directors' Housing
11. Bathrooms
12. Concession
13. Overlook



Dis/continuous Genealogy

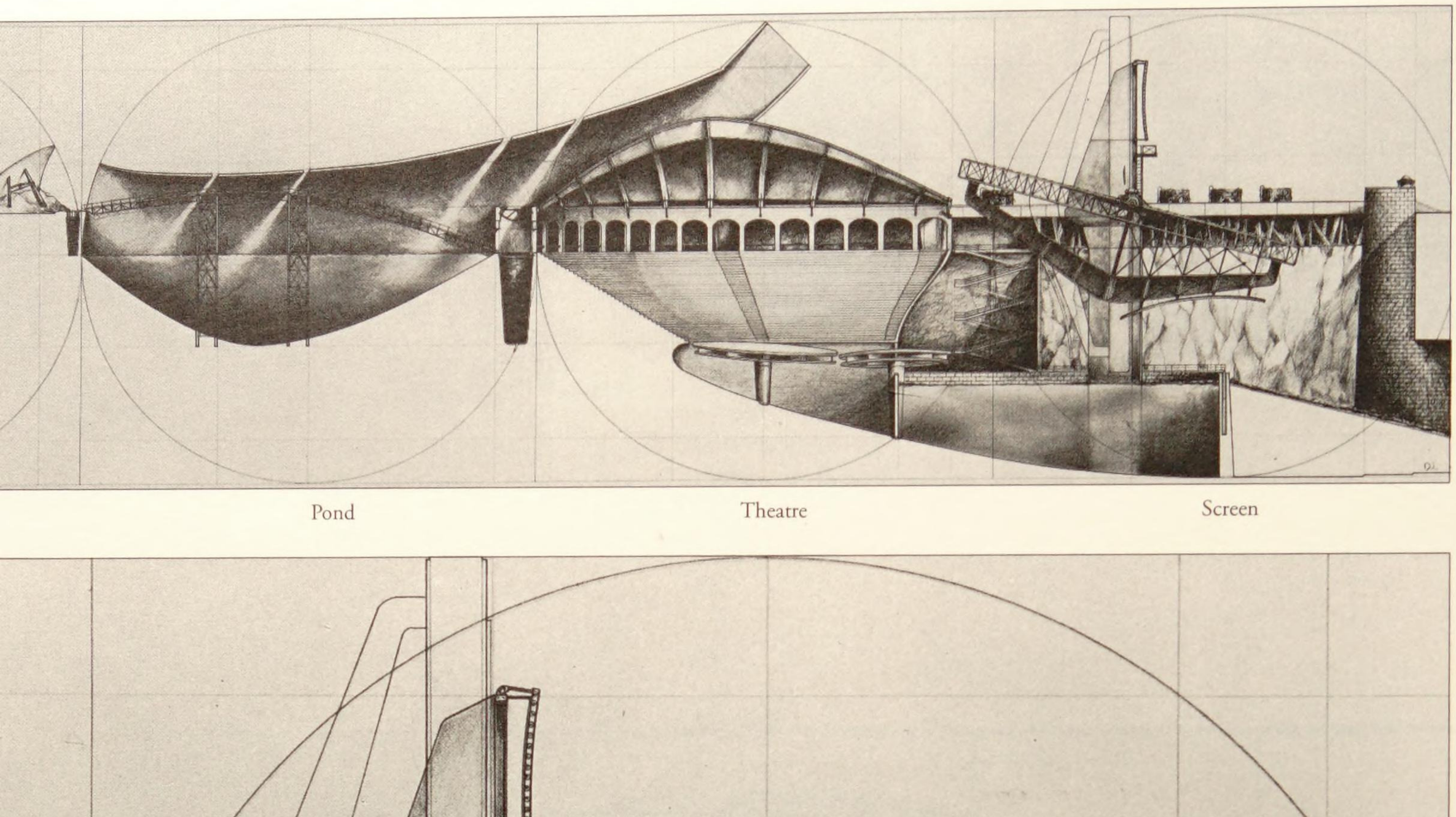
Middle Cambrian Trilobite

Theatre at Epidaurus

Coliseum at Rome

Washington Main Water Culvert

Composite Ideogram



Pond Theatre Screen

Screen

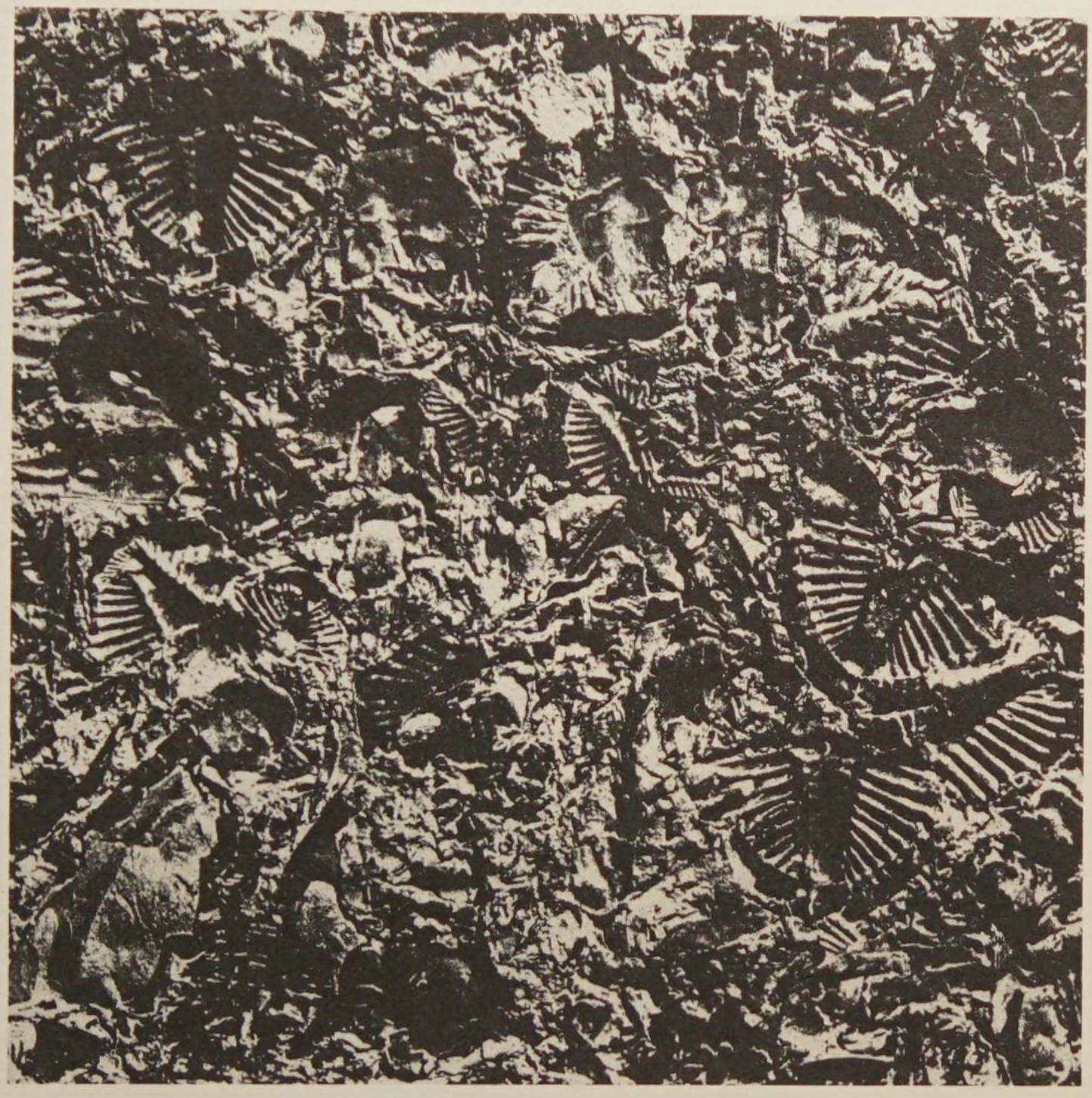
Lessons

Lesson 1 *Entry Reservoir:* students ascend and descend over reservoir pond

Lesson 2 *Ambulation Filtration:* students filter above circulating water

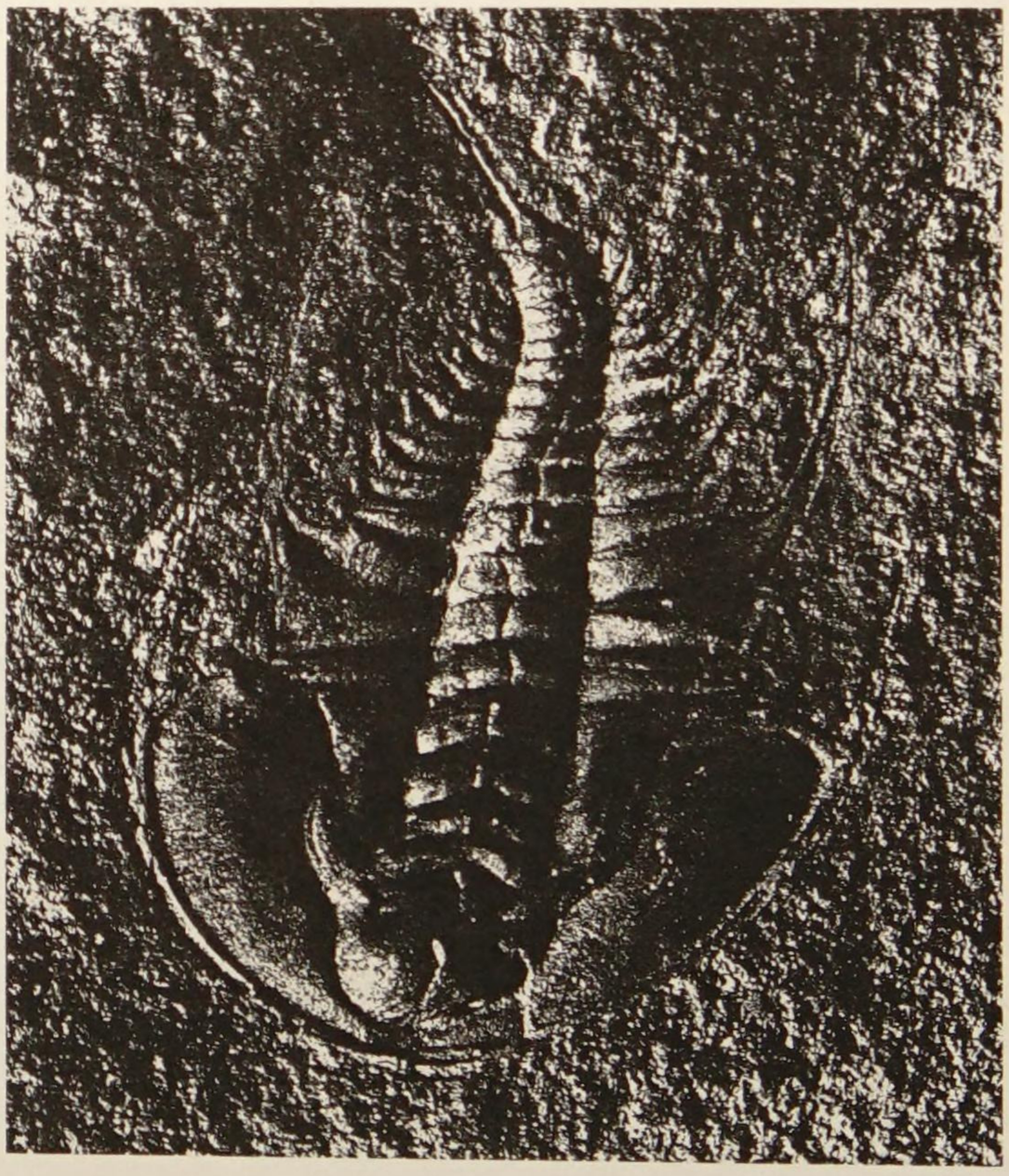
Lesson 3 *Spectating/Performing:* students' attention spans themselves, movie screen, theatre

Lesson 4 *Exit Spillway:* students ramp up, water ramps down

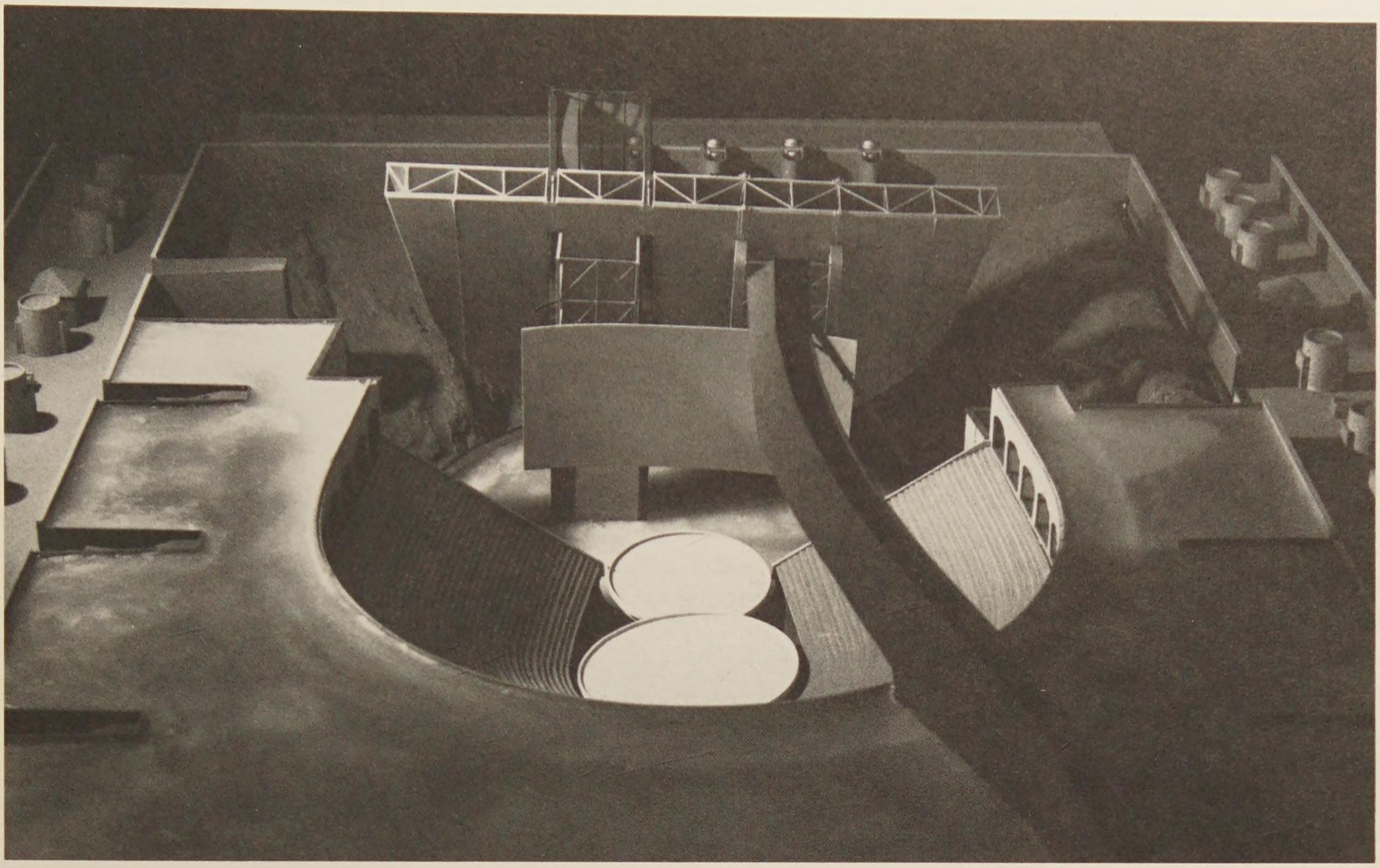


Slab coated with disarticulated exuviae of trilobites found during construction of McMillan Plant

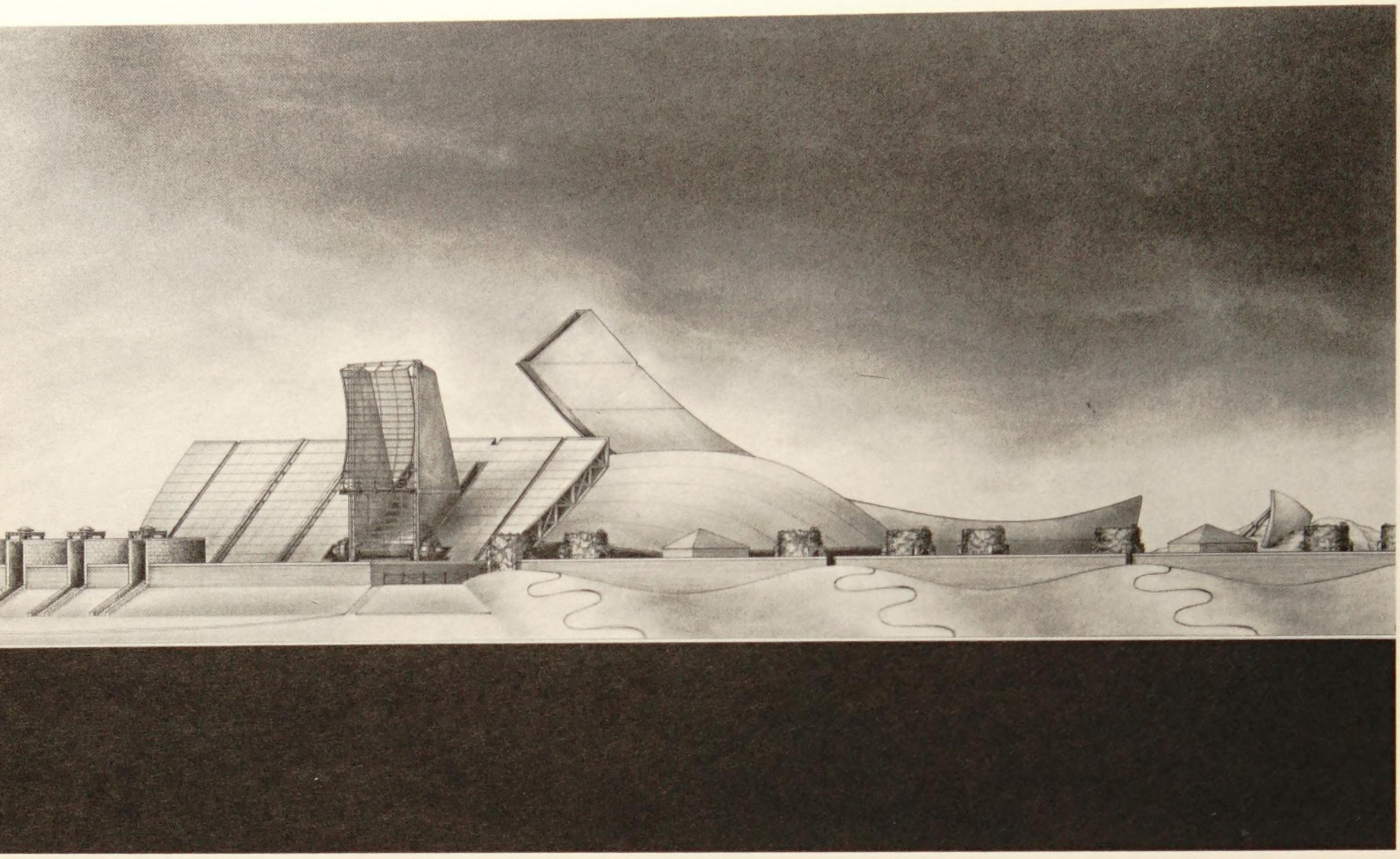
South elevation/section



Exaggerated relic found during construction of the McMillan Plant. The irregular fracture along the axis is due to compression. The axial spine is hollow.

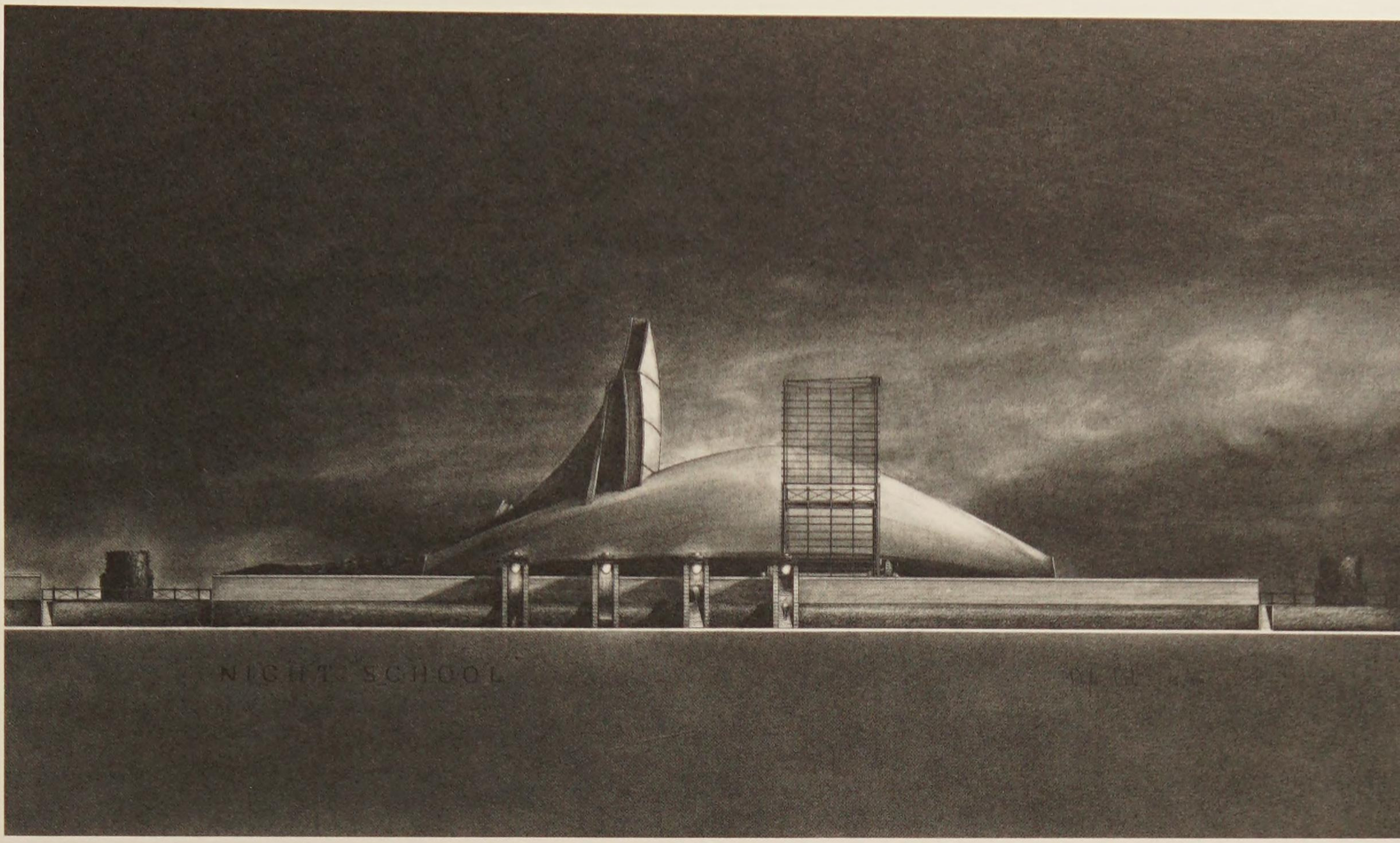


I am too much i' th' sun.

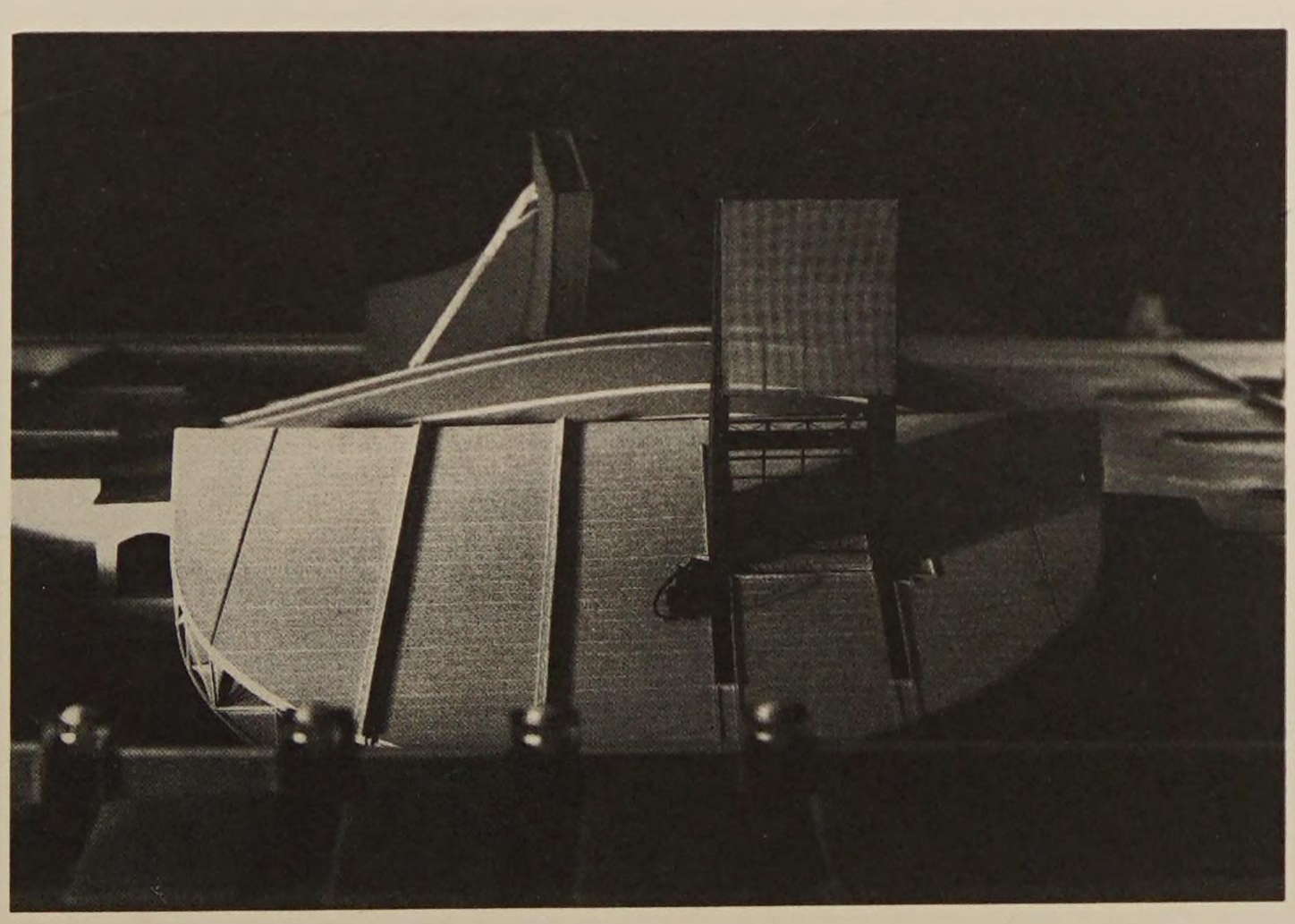


Northeast elevation





East elevation





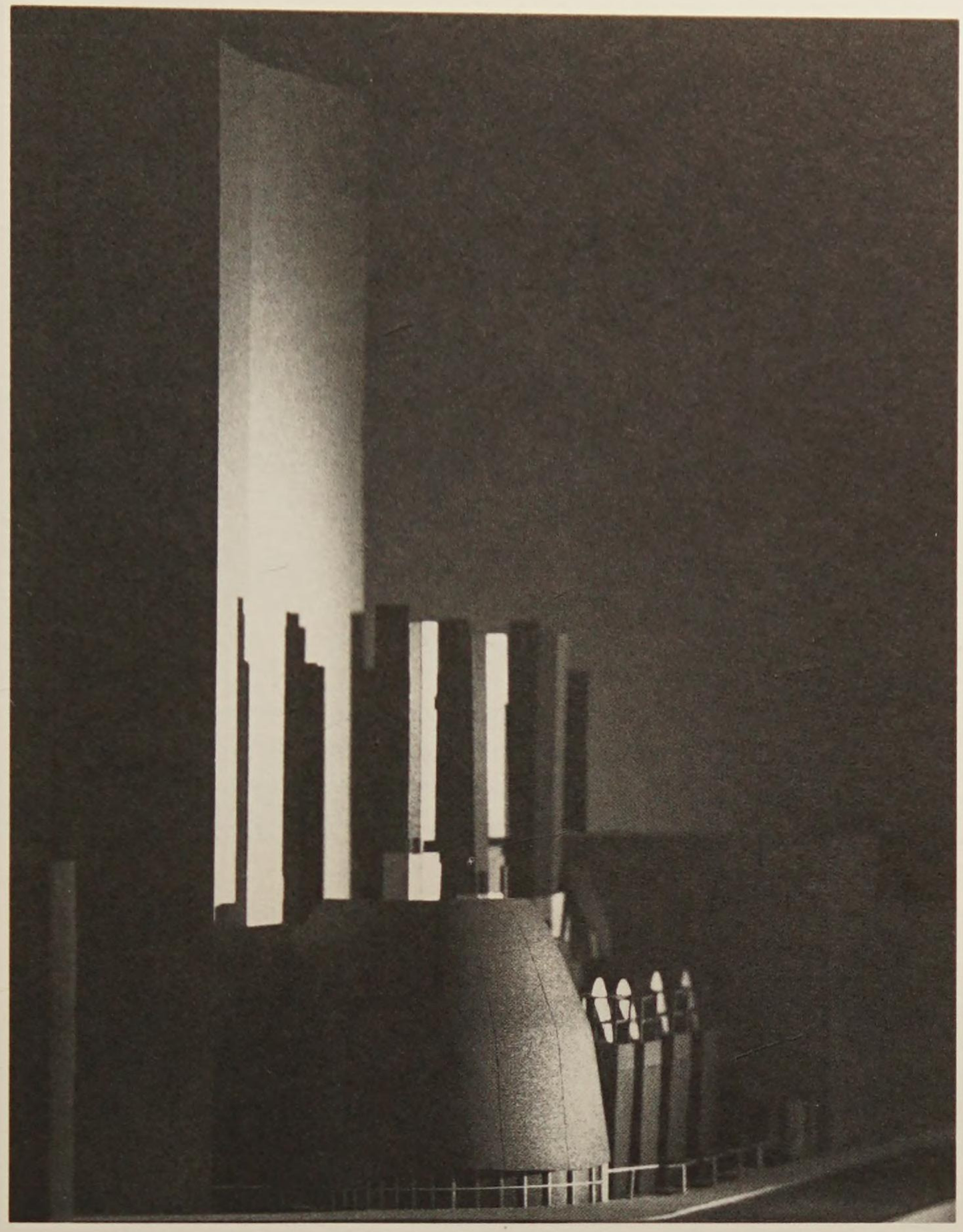
MELVILLA

AN UNDERLINE READING

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

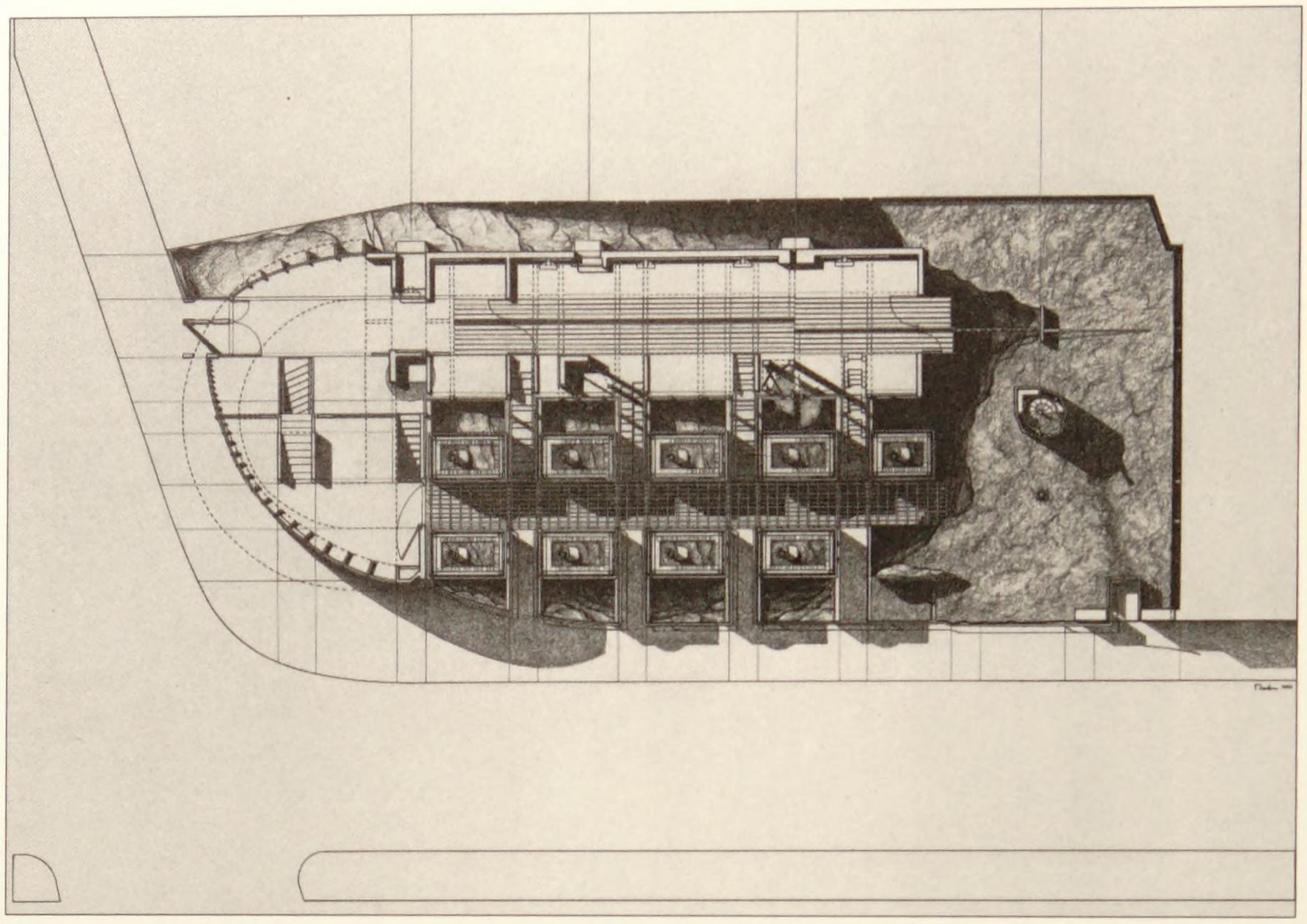
Architecture is the ~~reconciliation~~ with nature.
Architecture is the **irreconciliation** with nature.



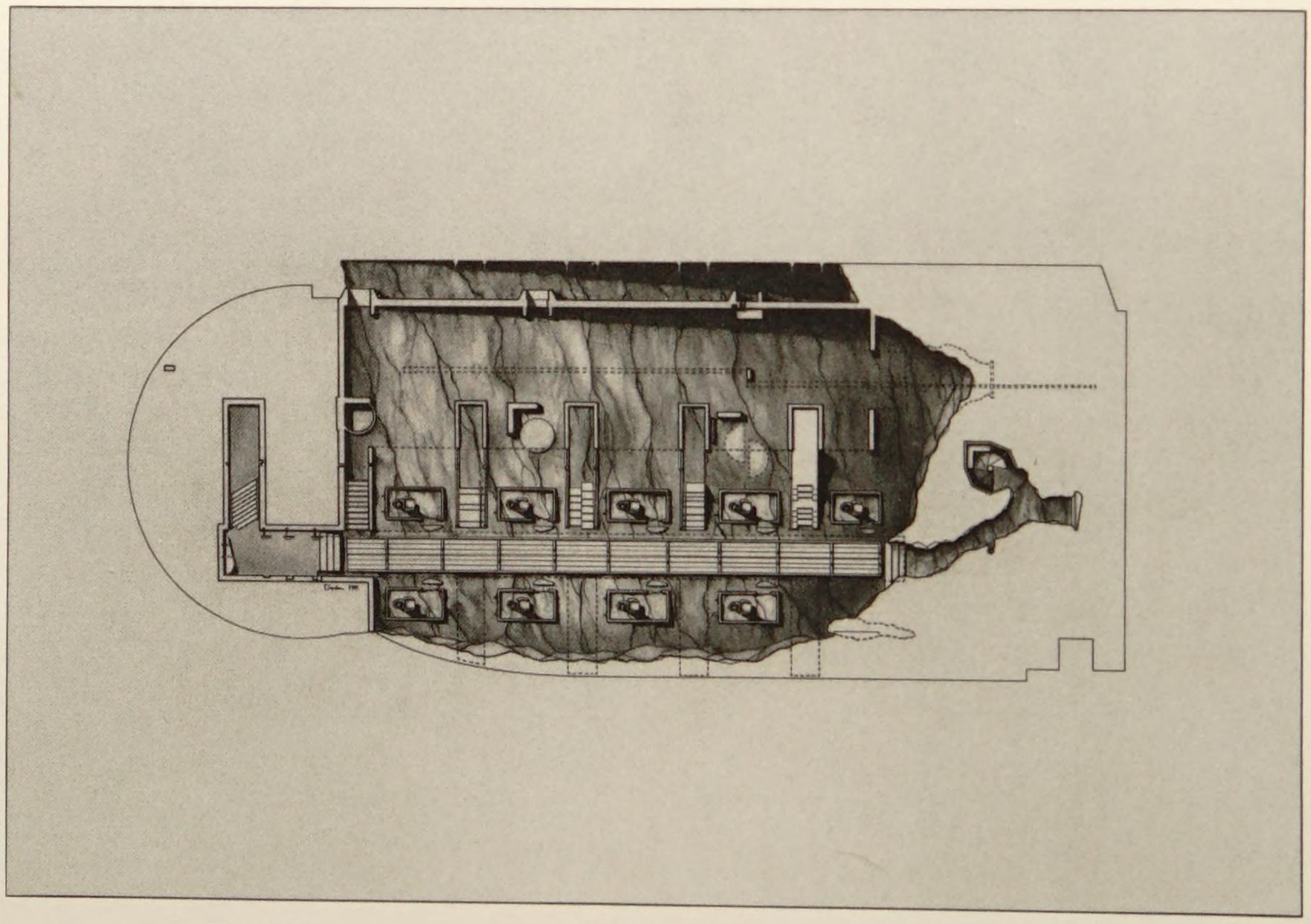


MELVILLA is grounded in the island of Manhattan at Fourth Avenue and East Eleventh Street, the Greenwich Village site where Herman Melville began writing his epic novel, *Moby-Dick*. The building honors *Moby-Dick* as the greatest novel in American history.

The project is comprised of an archive, a common room, and vaults for individual reading which give way to a stone courtyard. Two linear paths and transverse stairs weave together the constituent elements of the building.



Grade level plan



Sea level plan

Characters

Archives: Concrete and steel half-cylinder head, hooded in brushed aluminum slats

Commons: Overstructured concrete and steel box, punctuated by overscaled lightstacks

Transverse Stairs: Multiple runs of varied wooden stairs

Reading Vaults: Native cut stone hung on vertical steel trusses, movable chairs

Rock Yard: Chief substance of Manhattan

Plot Lines

First Path: Reader is led from entry, beneath the archive, and through the commons to a dead end which overlooks the living rock of Manhattan.

Second Path: Reader departs from first path by transverse stairs, gaining access to reading vaults. The second path continues down to sea level where a vitrine is carved in the rock. The vitrine displays a special first edition of *Moby-Dick*. A hollow column cores the rock to allow the Reader to exit from the building.

I was the attendant or page of Queequeg, while busy at the mat. As I kept passing and repassing the filling or woof of marline between the long yarns of the warp, using my own hand for the shuttle, and as Queequeg, standing sideways, ever and anon slid his heavy oaken sword between the threads, and idly looking off upon the water, carelessly and unthinkingly drove home every yarn; I say so strange a dreaminess did there reign all over the ship and all over the sea, only broken by intermitting dull sound of the sword, that it seemed as if this were the Loom of Time, and I myself were a shuttle mechanically weaving away at the Fates. There lay the fixed threads of the warped subject to but one single, ever returning, unchanging vibration, and that vibration merely enough to admit of the crosswise interblending of other threads with its own. This warp seemed necessity; and here, thought I, with my own hand I ply my own shuttle and weave my own destiny into these unalterable threads. Meantime, Queequeg's impulsive, indifferent sword, sometimes hitting the woof slantingly, or crookedly, or strongly, or weakly, as the case might be; and by this difference in the concluding blow producing a corresponding contrast in the final aspect of the completed fabric; this savage's sword, thought I, which thus finally shapes and fashions both warp and woof; this easy, indifferent sword must be chance—aye, chance, free will, and necessity—no wise incompatible—all interweavingly working together. The straight course— its every alternating vibration, indeed, only tending to that; free will standing free to ply her will between given threads; and chance, though restrained in its play within right lines of necessity, and sideways in its motions directed by free will, though thus prescribed to by both, chance by turns rules either, and has the last featuring blow at events.

Moby-Dick, XLVII

Dis/continuous Genealogy

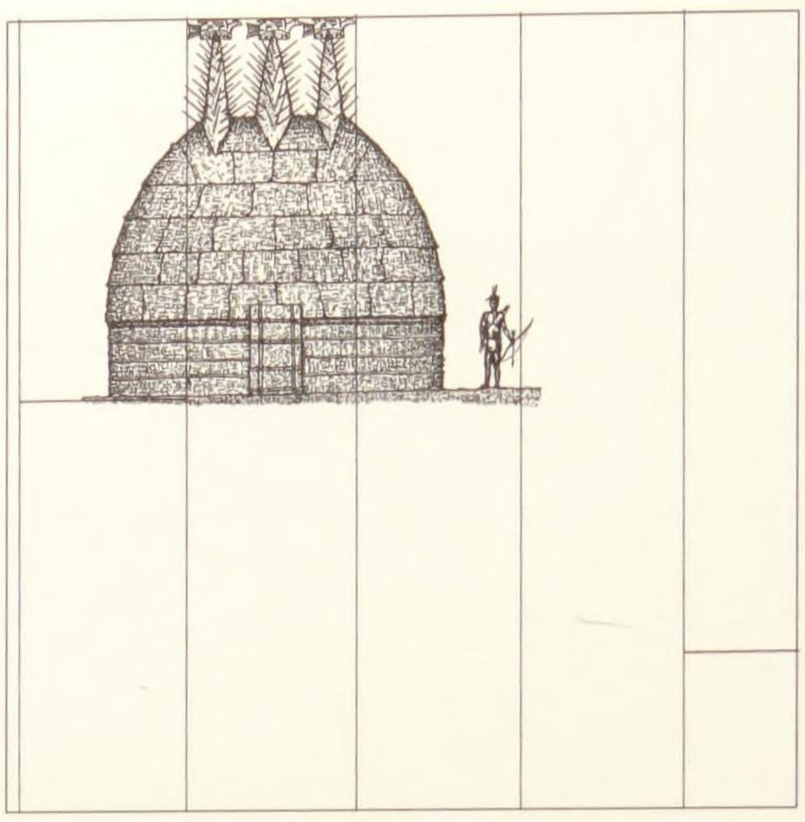
Iroquois Meeting-hut

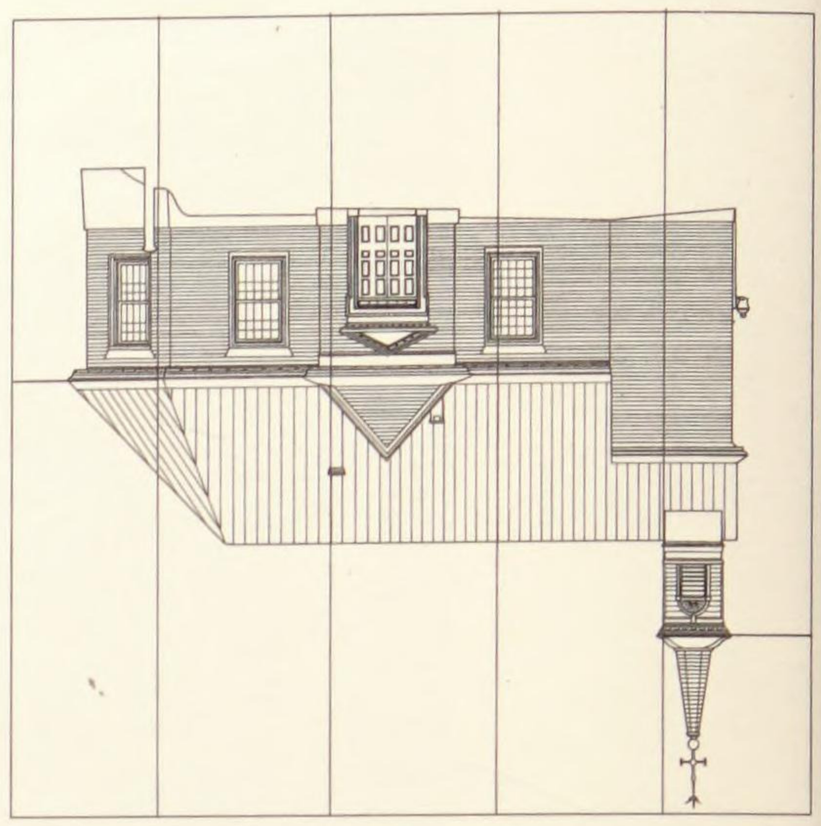
New England Meeting-house

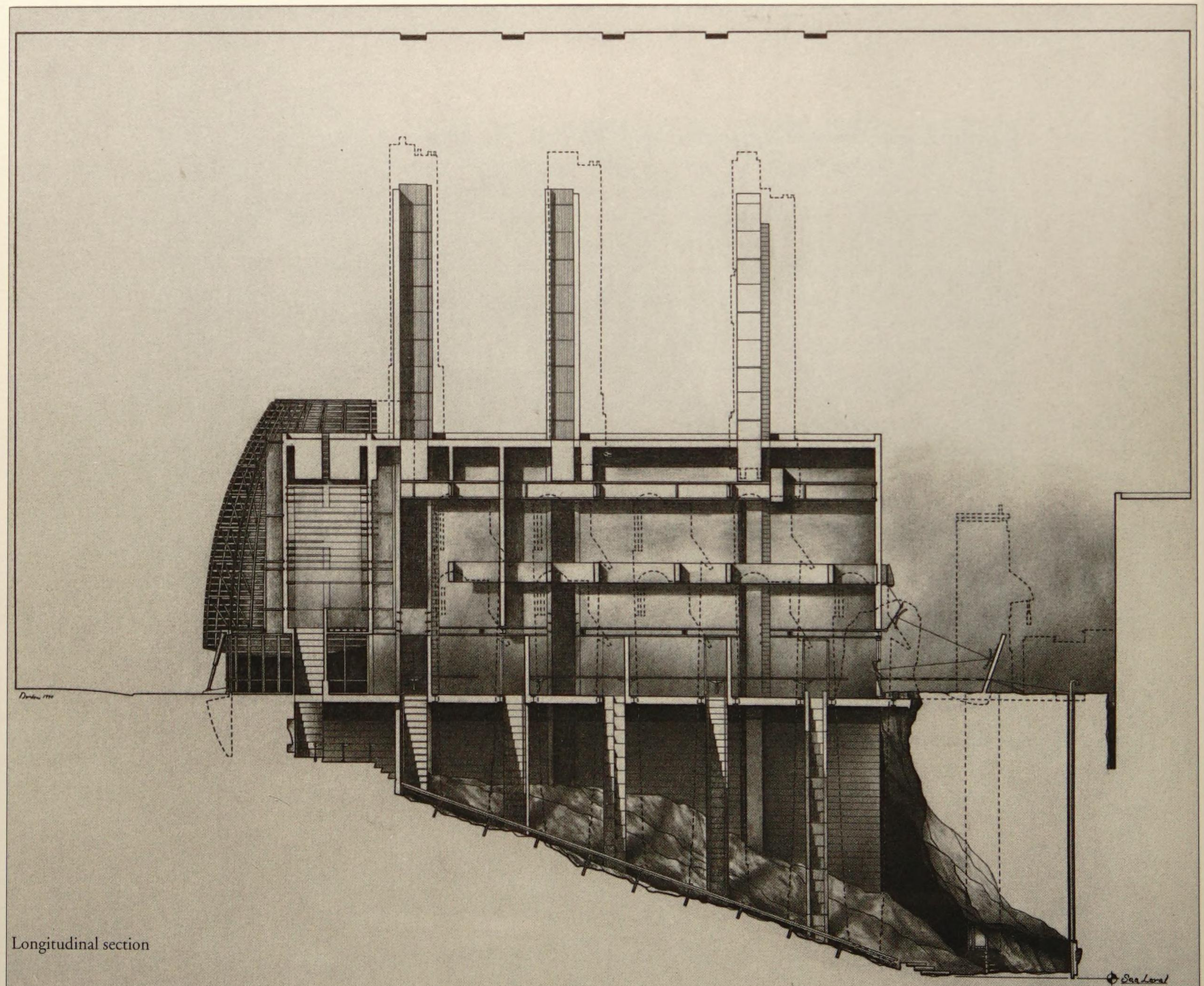
Iroquois Hand Loom

Oliver Cromwell Locomotive

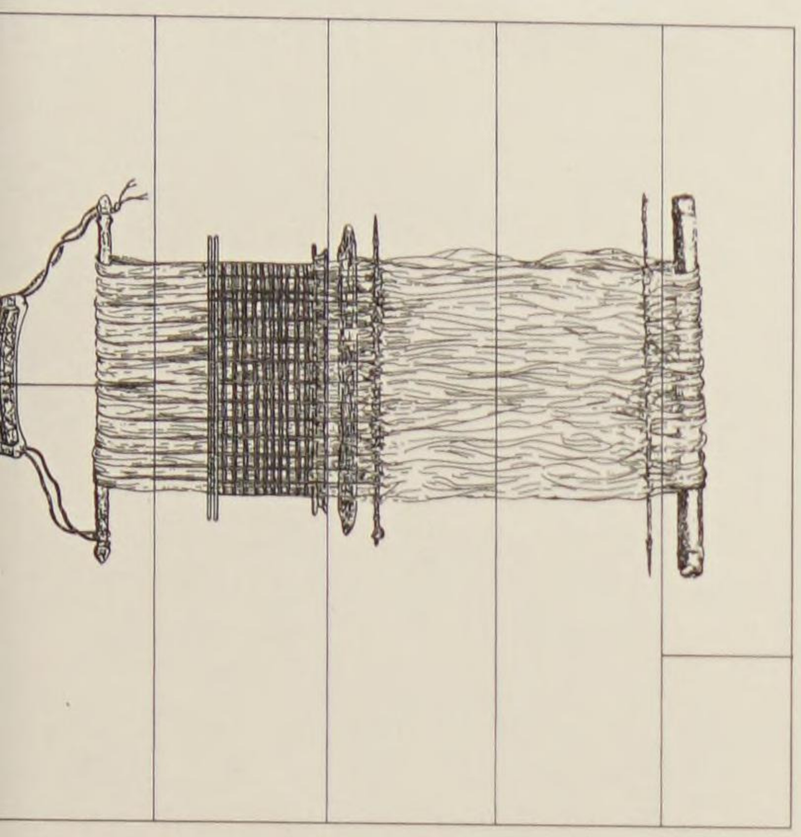
Composite Ideogram

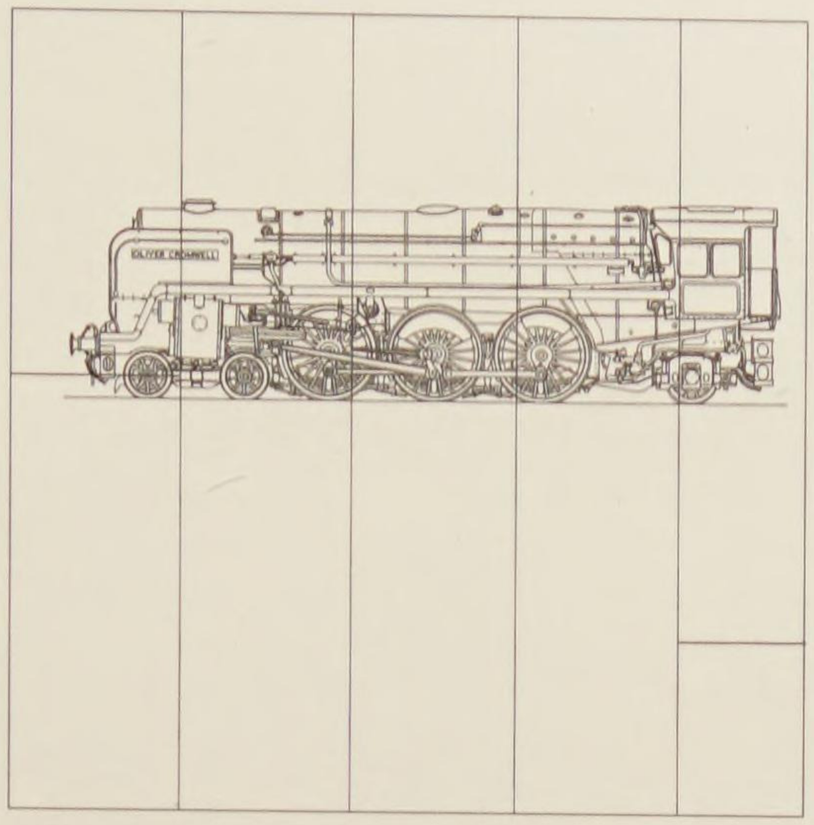


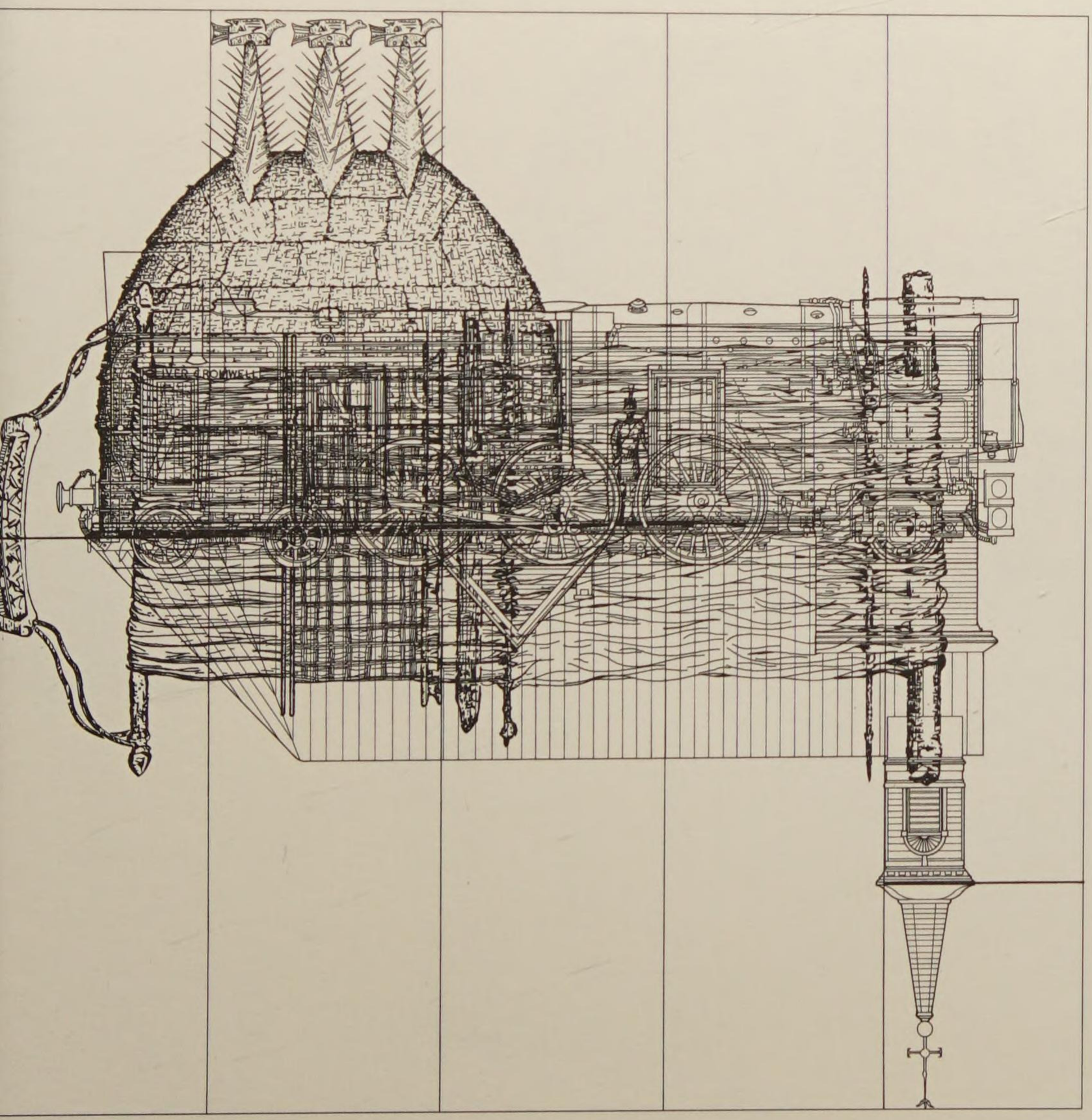




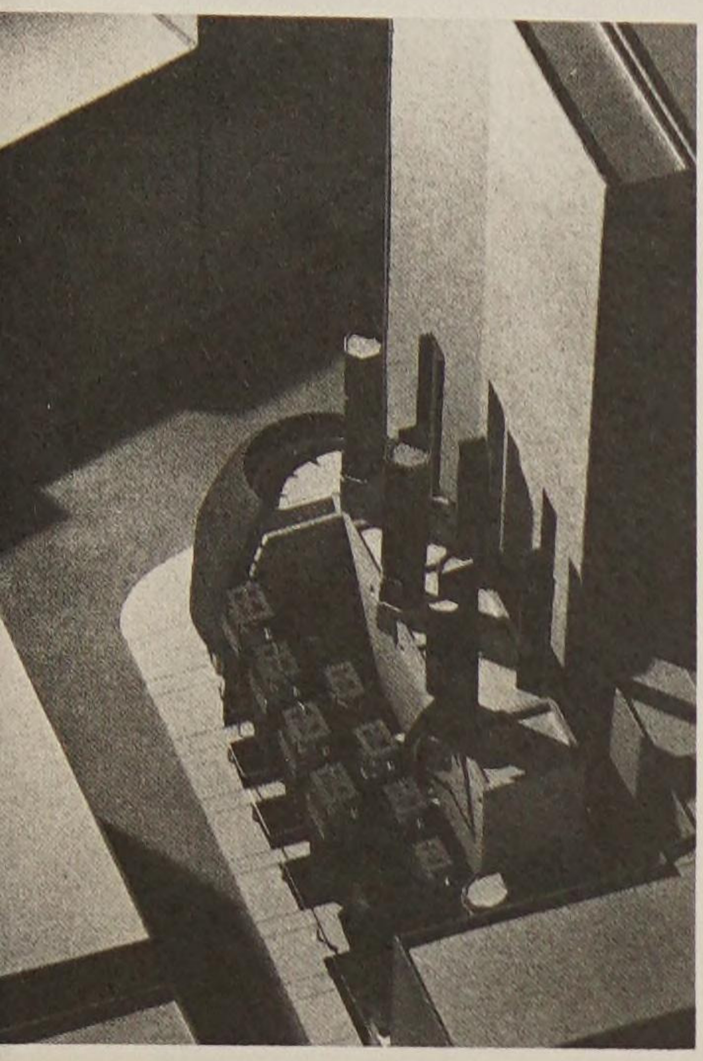
Longitudinal section




OLIVER CROMWELL

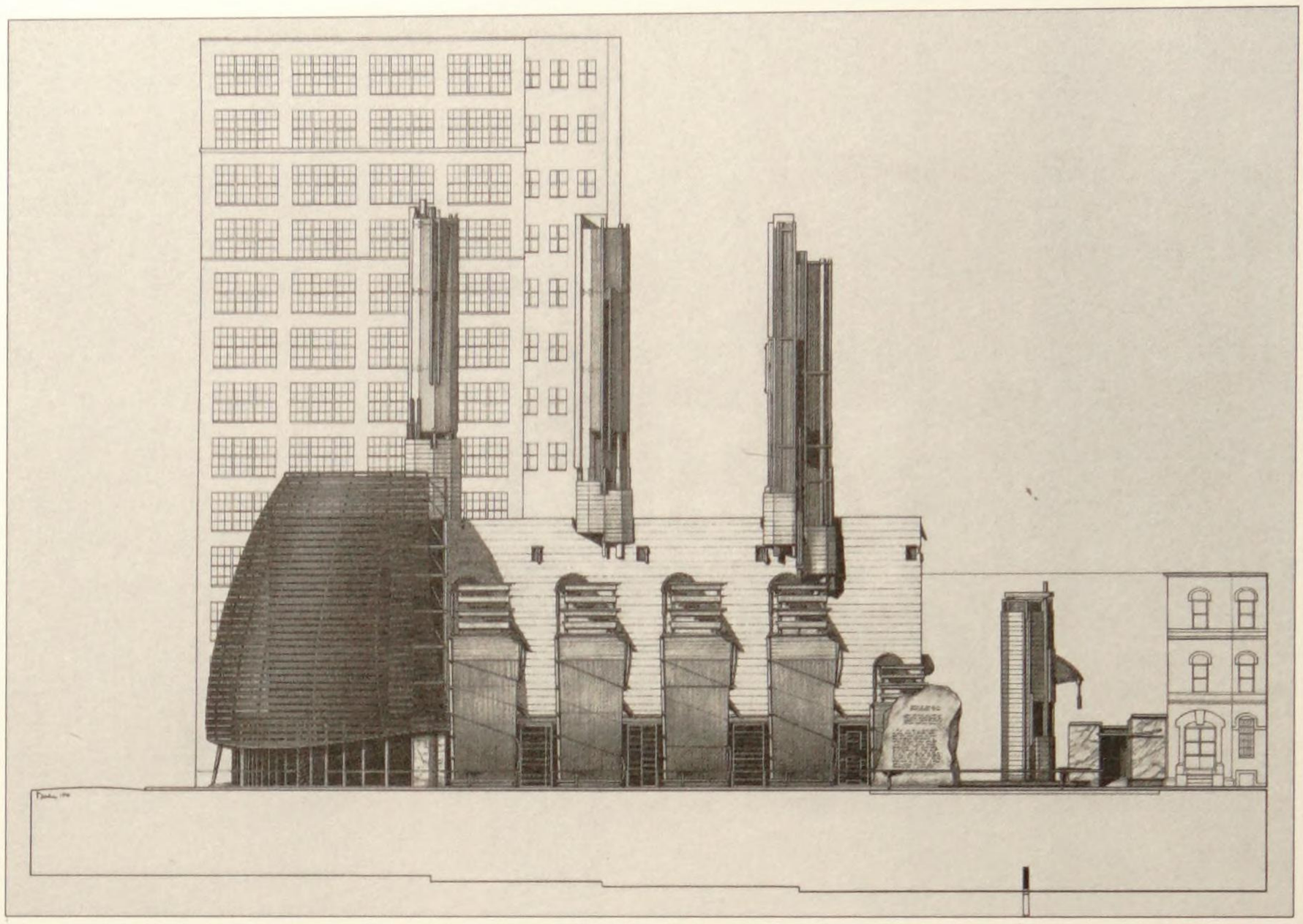

OLIVER CROMWELL

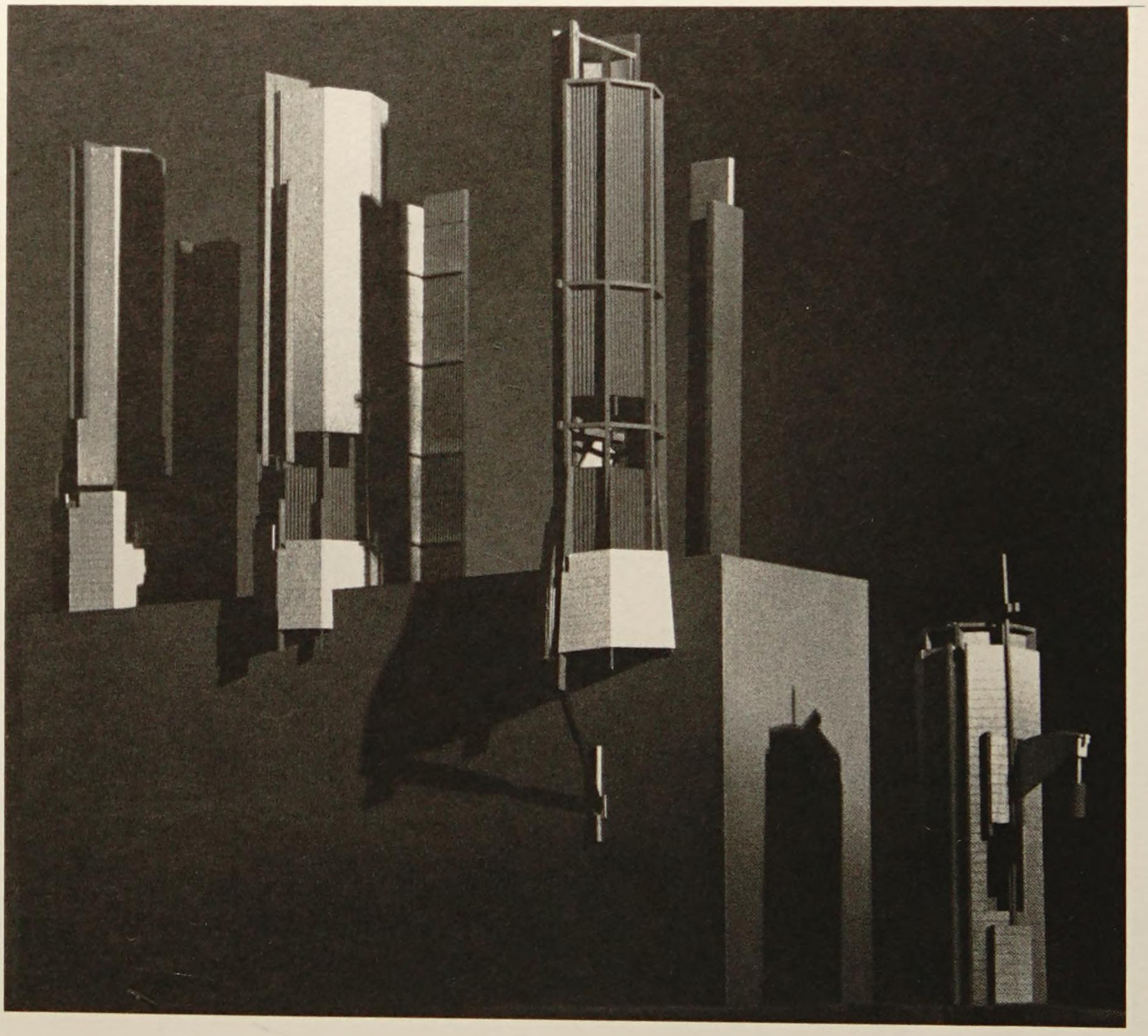
West elevation



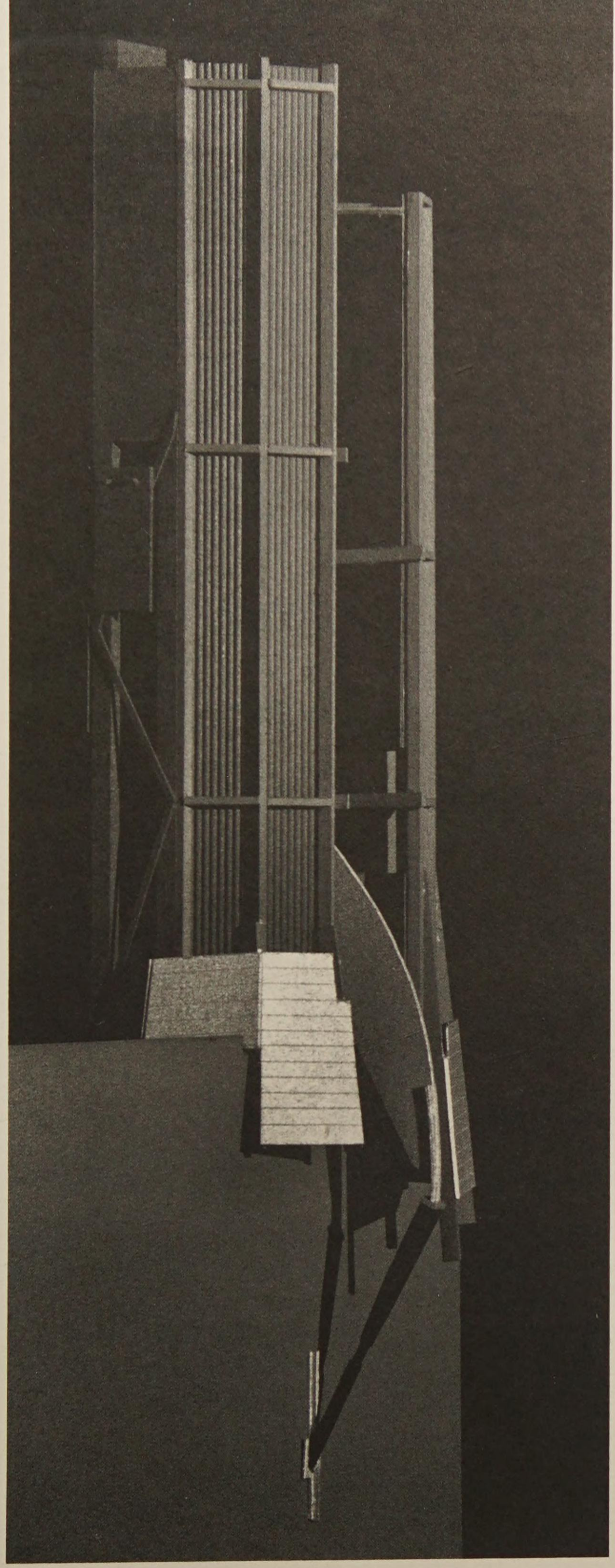
South/North section

South elevation



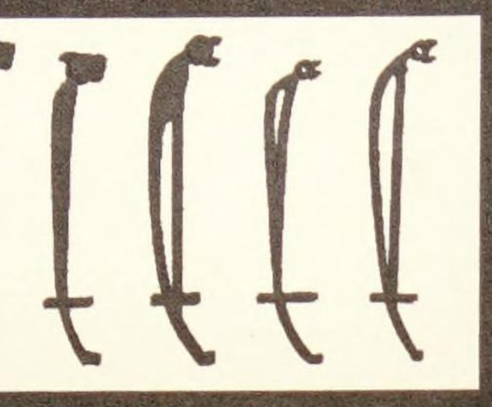


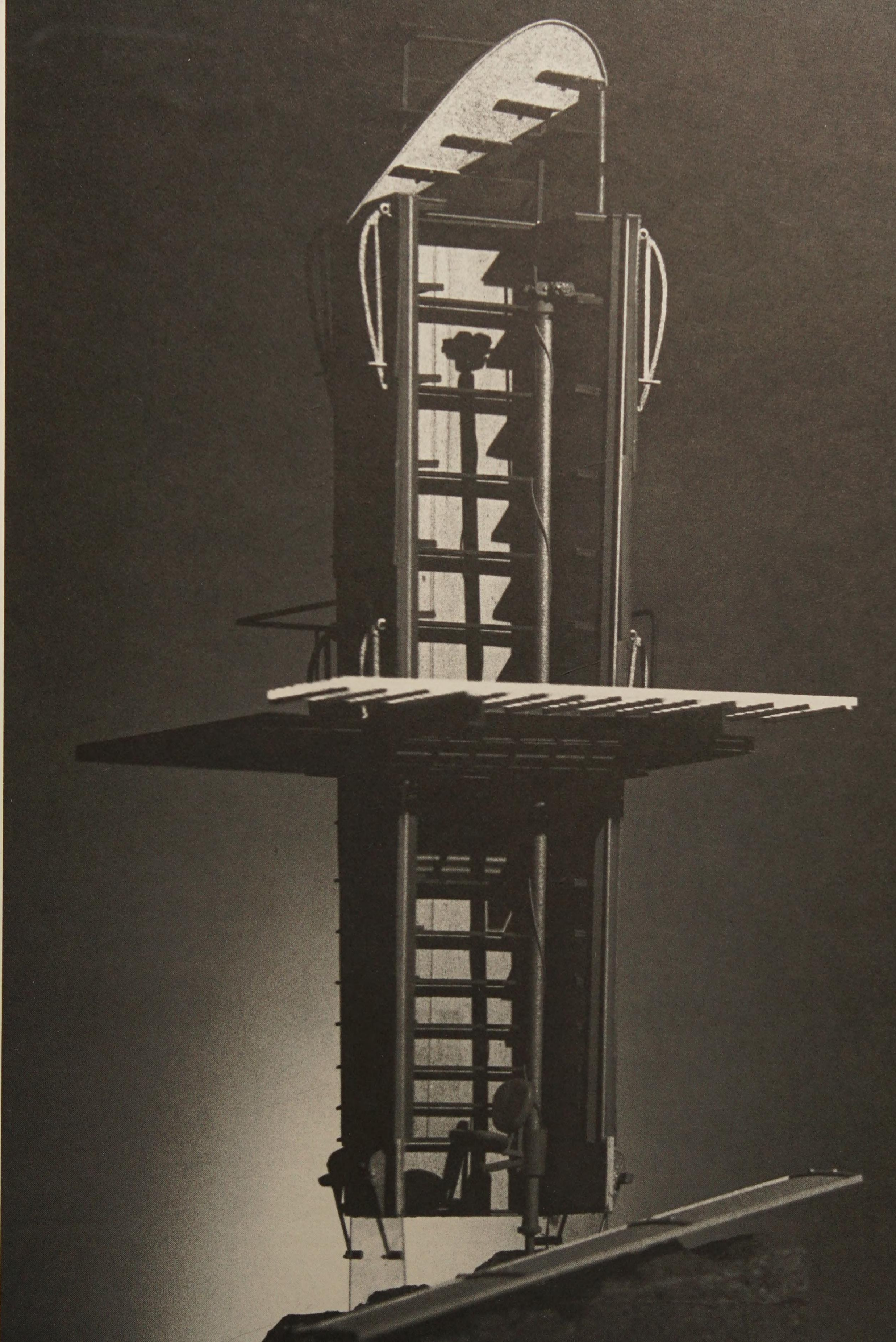
Lightstacks

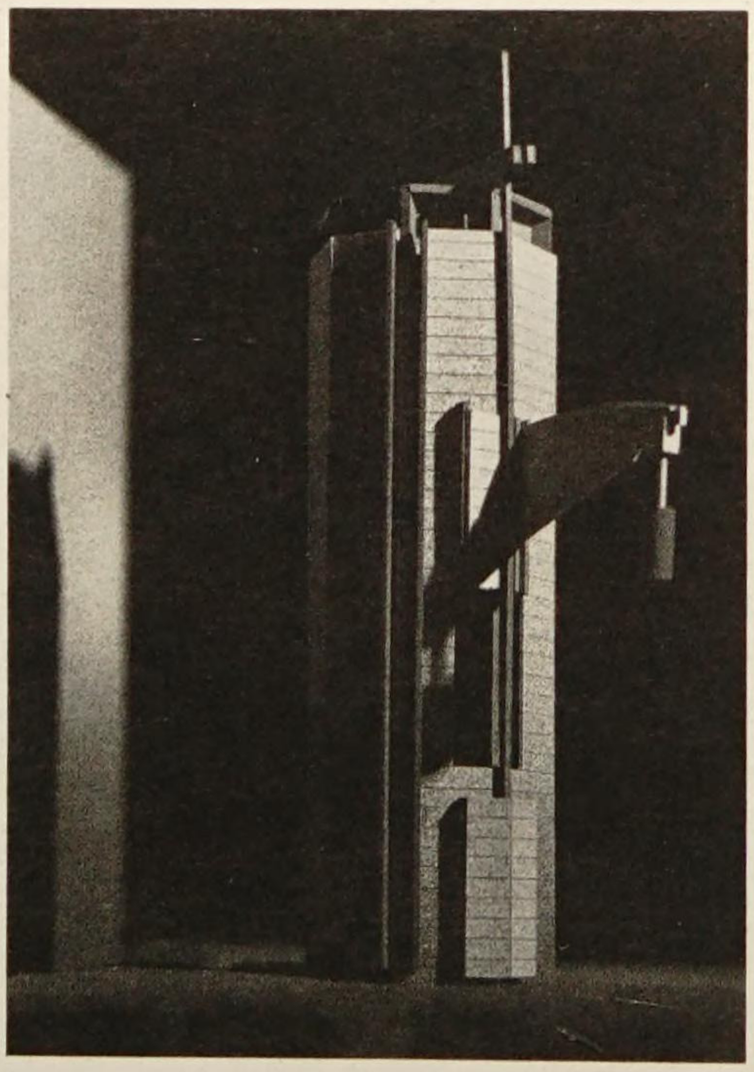


Lightstack detail (Ahab's impairment)

That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft.







Coring column (egress)

Hostel

A sliding scale for habitation

ASWAN HIGH DAM, EGYPT

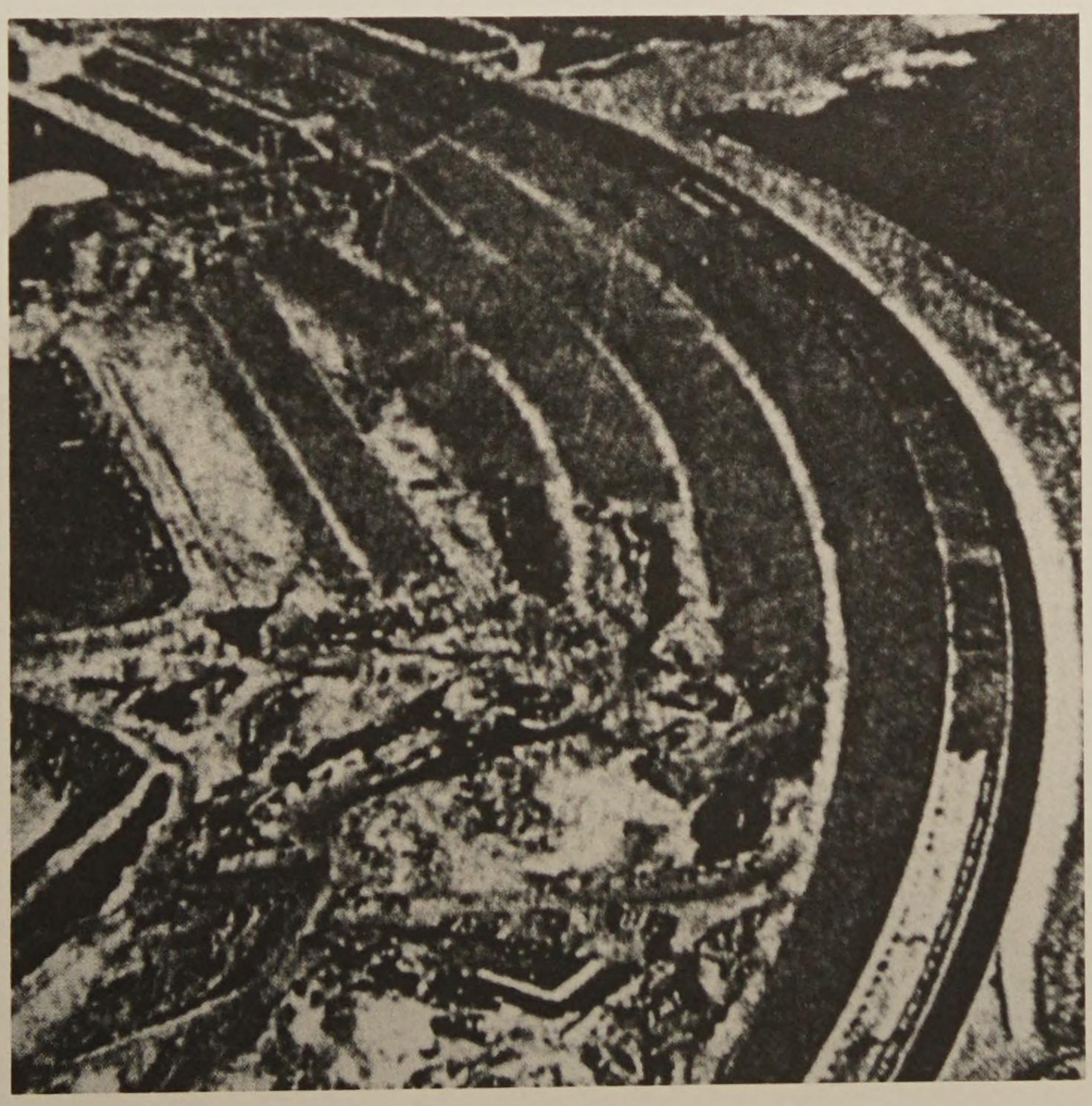
Architecture ~~takes possession of a place~~.
Architecture **displaces**.



HOSTEL is posed on either side of the crest of El Sadd el-Aali, the High Dam at Aswan, Egypt. The two-faced structure marks a point of stasis and exchange along the two-mile arc of the dam. Hostel provides single accommodations and river transportation to and from Aswan for ninety-nine Nubian night workers who were displaced from their homes by the construction of the dam and the flooding of Nubia by Lake Nasser.

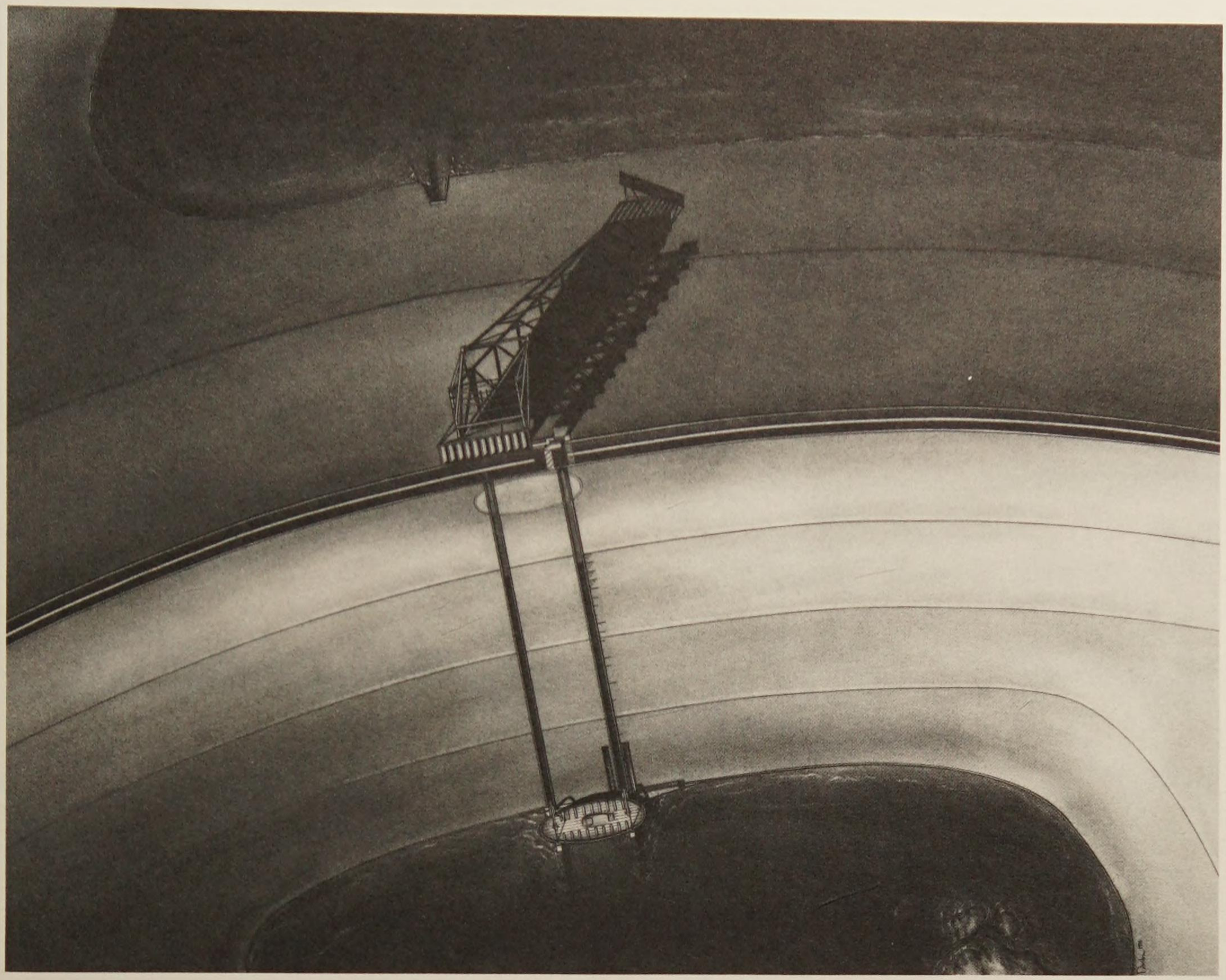
The ninety-nine workers are from the most recent generation of Nubians who have been forced to migrate this century. Nubians were first dispossessed of their homes by the building of the British Aswan Dam in 1902. In 1912 the dam was heightened and Nubians were compelled to move again. In 1933 they moved once more to avoid the rising waters. In 1940 the Egyptian government offered them fertile land in Egypt, but the Nubians preferred their own country and proceeded to build other villages higher in the desert.

With the construction of the High Dam in 1963 Nubians were not able to relocate above the rising waters. Every town in Lower Nubia was flooded and over 120,000 people were forced to leave their land. The great majority of able-bodied men have sought to make a living to the North in Egypt.



Aswan High Dam, Egypt





Hosts

North Pylon: Lead-plated traveling davit with flying porch and cedar bark (salvaged during the flooding of Nubia). The 120-ton pylon descends every evening at sundown to deposit the workers on the Nile River for their jobs in Aswan.

South Pylon: Gold-painted skeletal steel with concrete accommodation for ninety-nine Nubian night workers. At the foot of the pylon is a bath/well and a concealed meeting hall.

Dis/continuous Genealogy

Division of Night and Day, Egyptian Hieroglyph

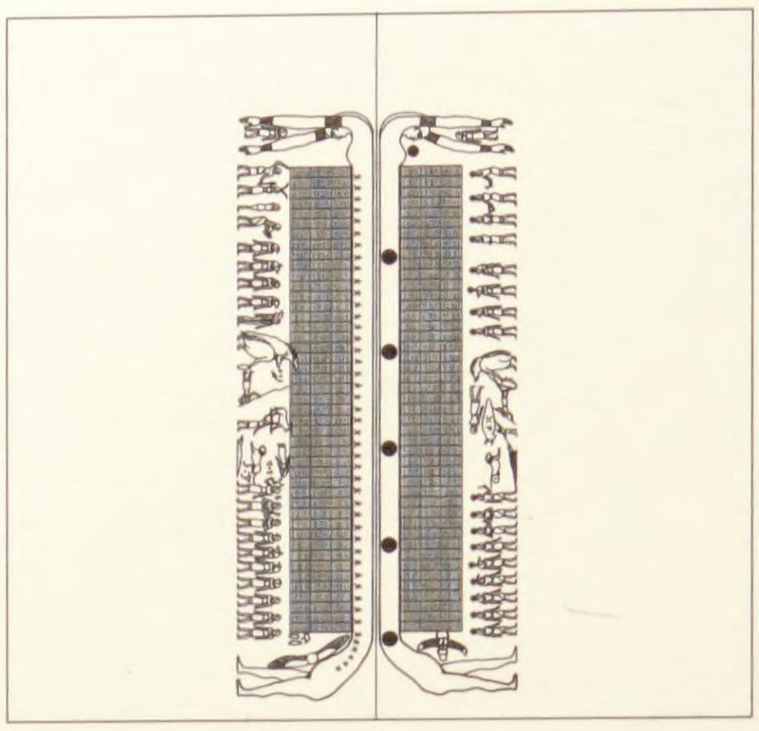
Pylons at Edfu

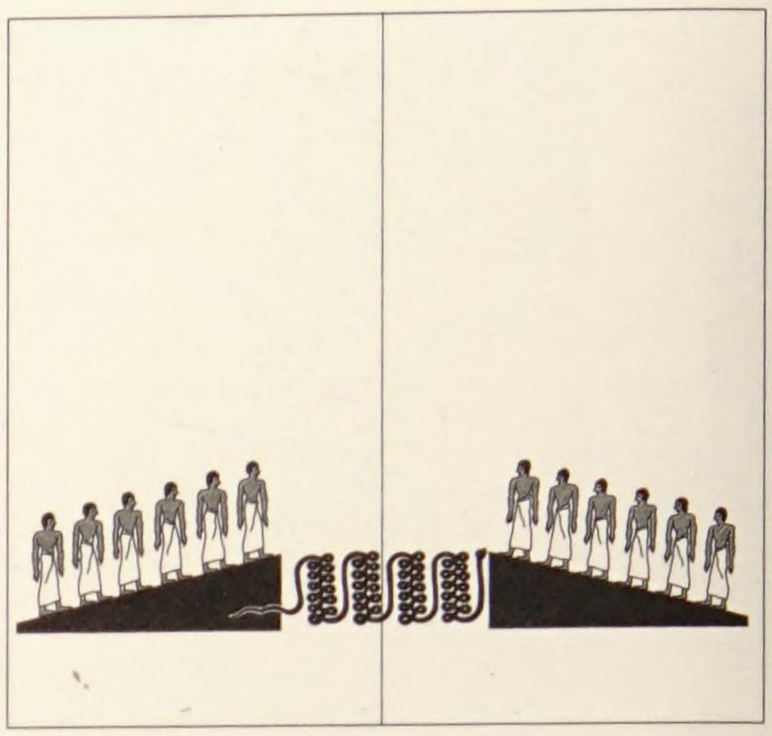
Nubians towing Dahabeah

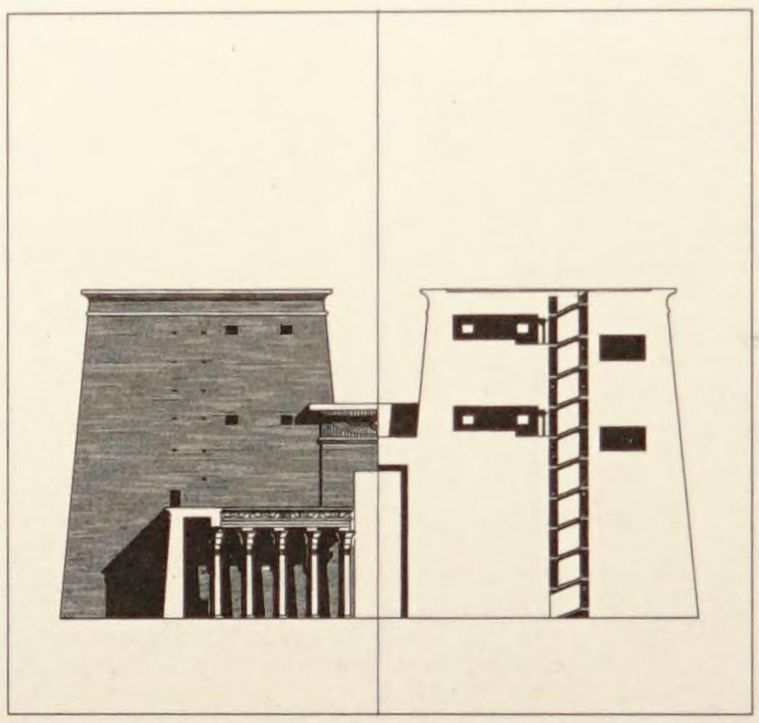
Division of Peoples, Egyptian Hieroglyph

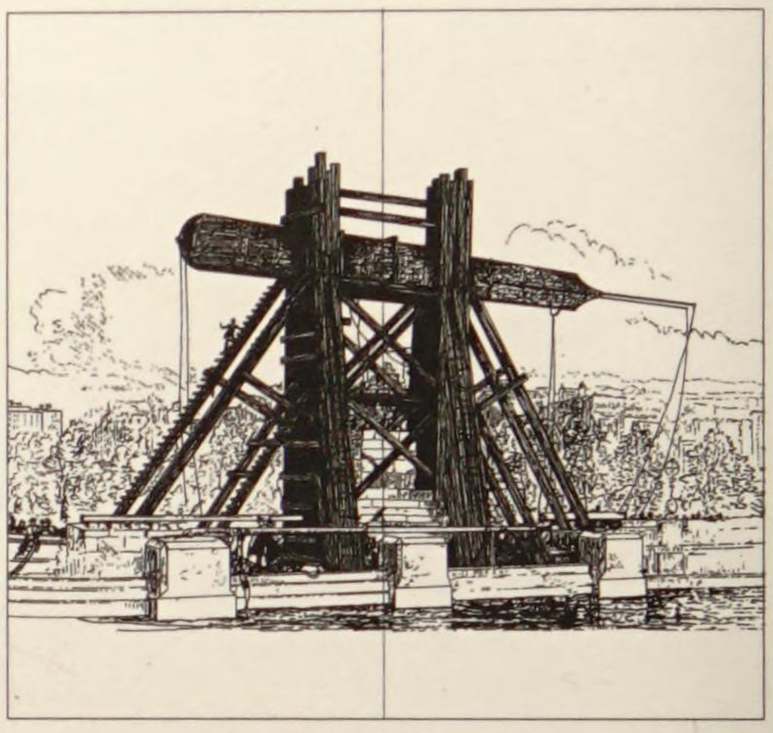
Cleopatra's Needle (displaced)

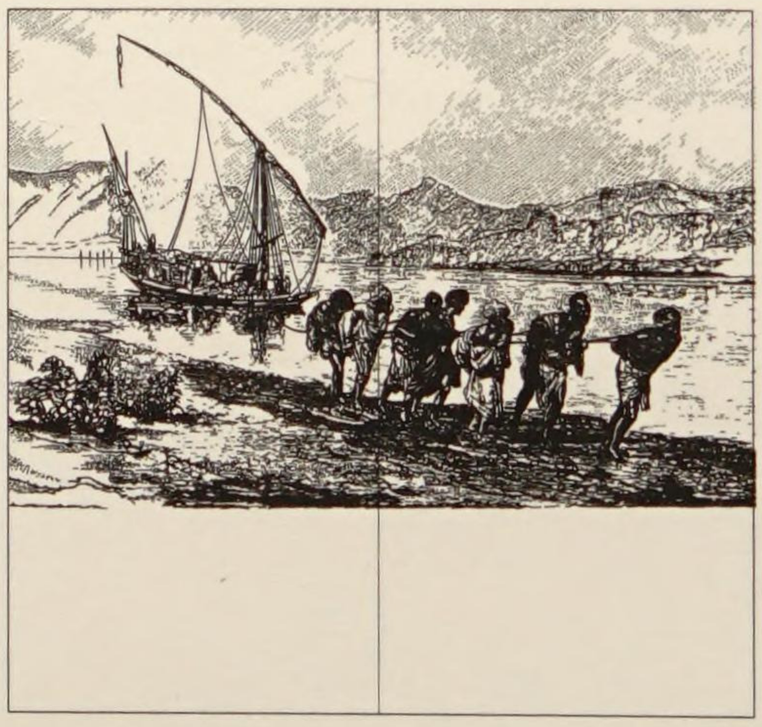
Composite Ideogram

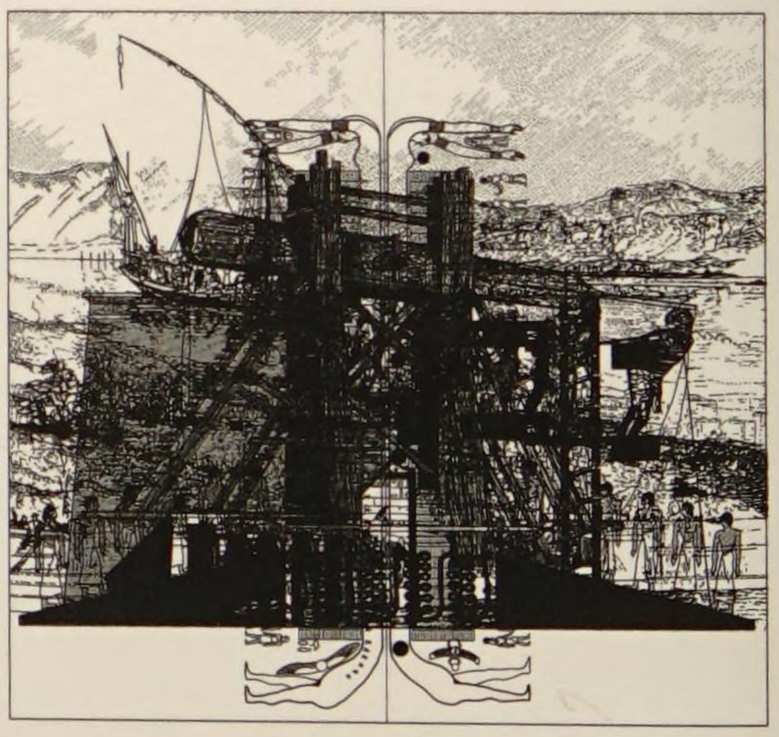






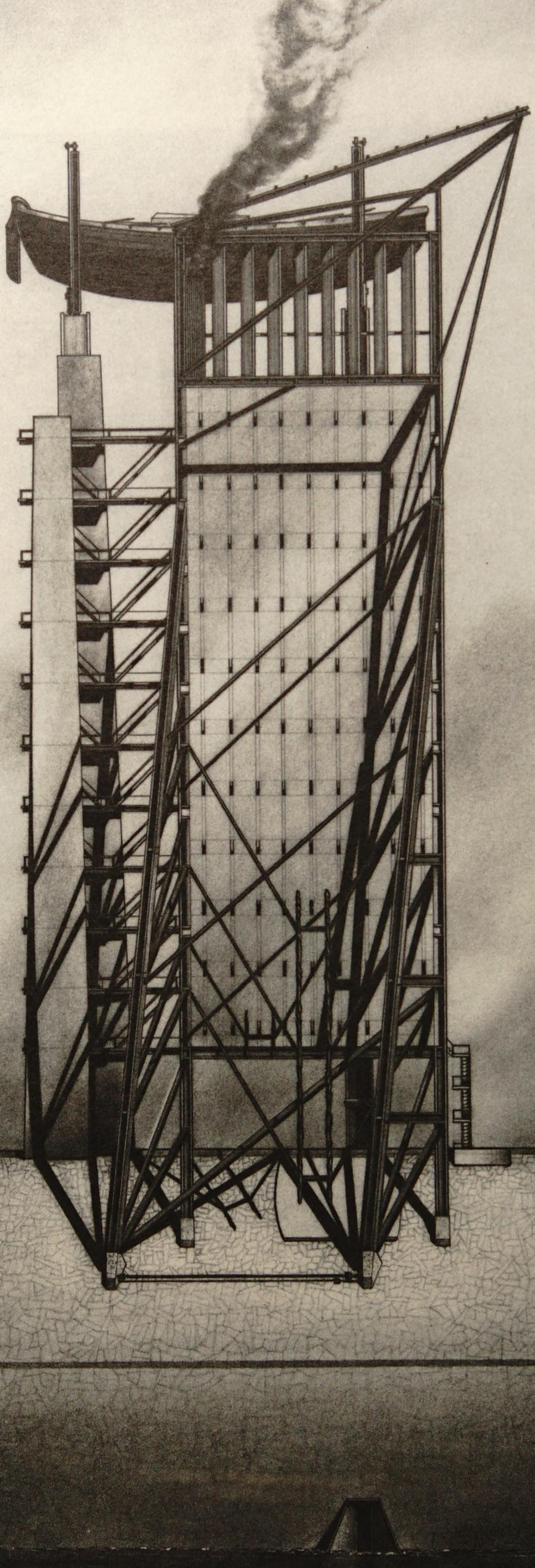








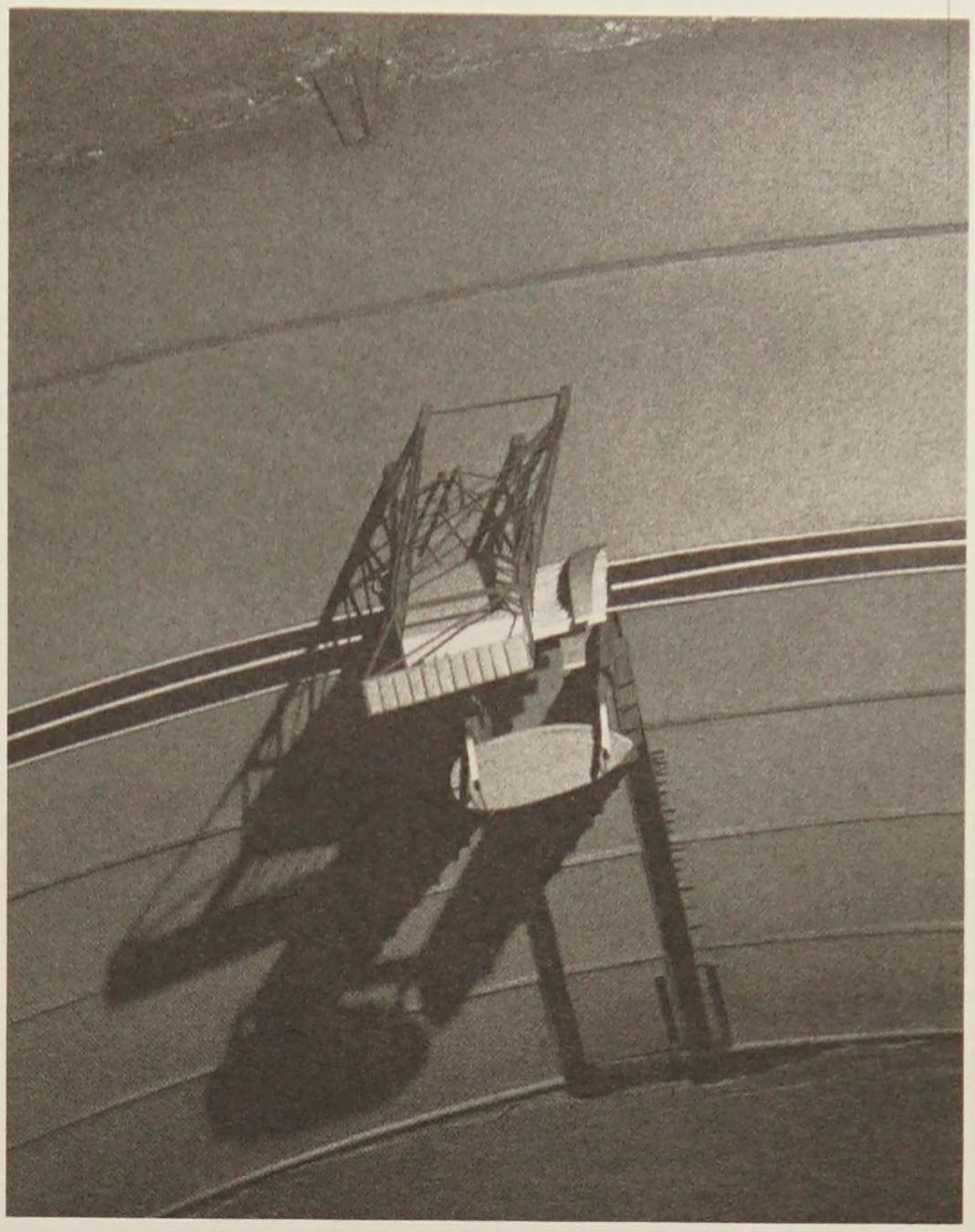
South/North section

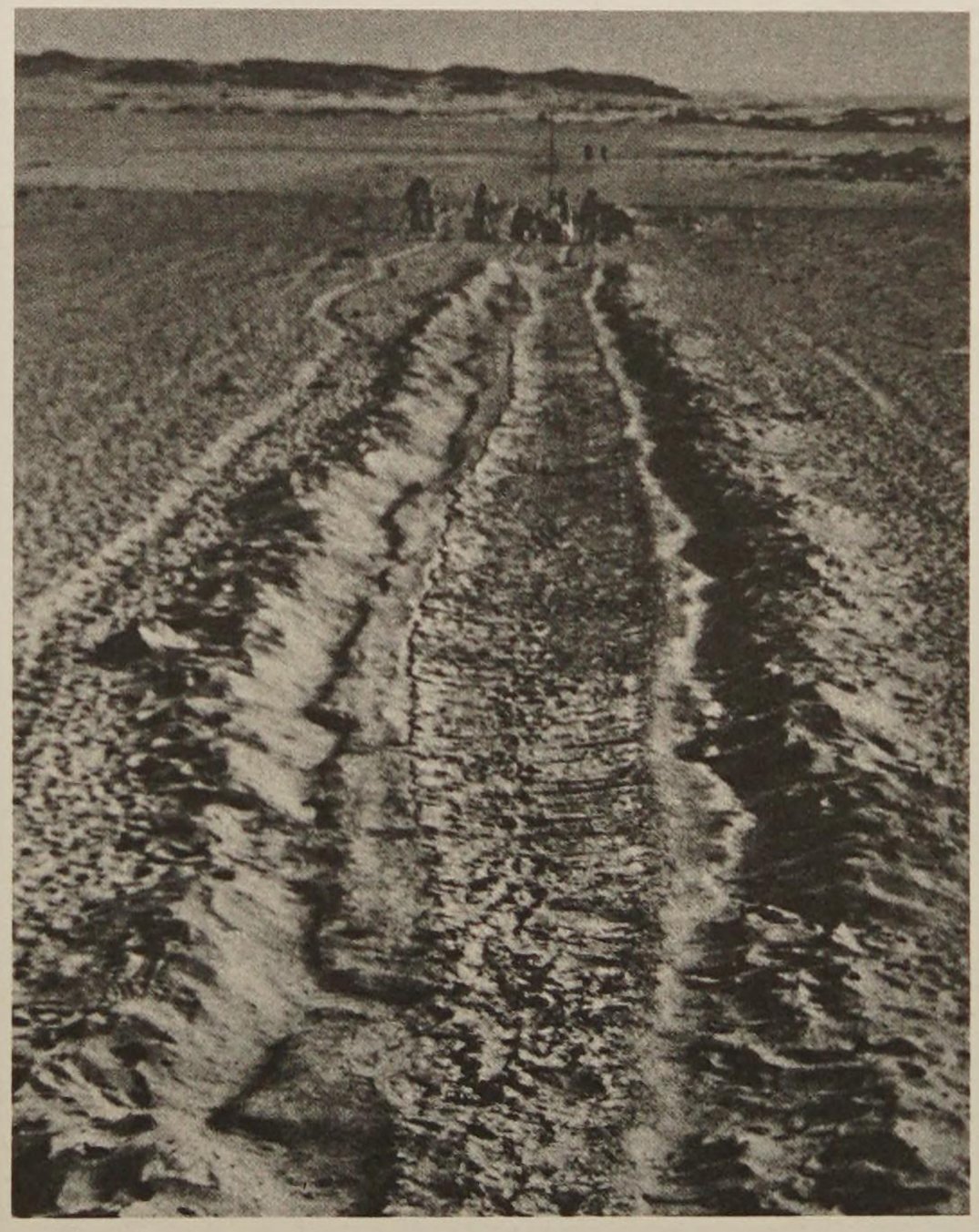






Plan view





Slipway for boats, Magrissa, Nubia

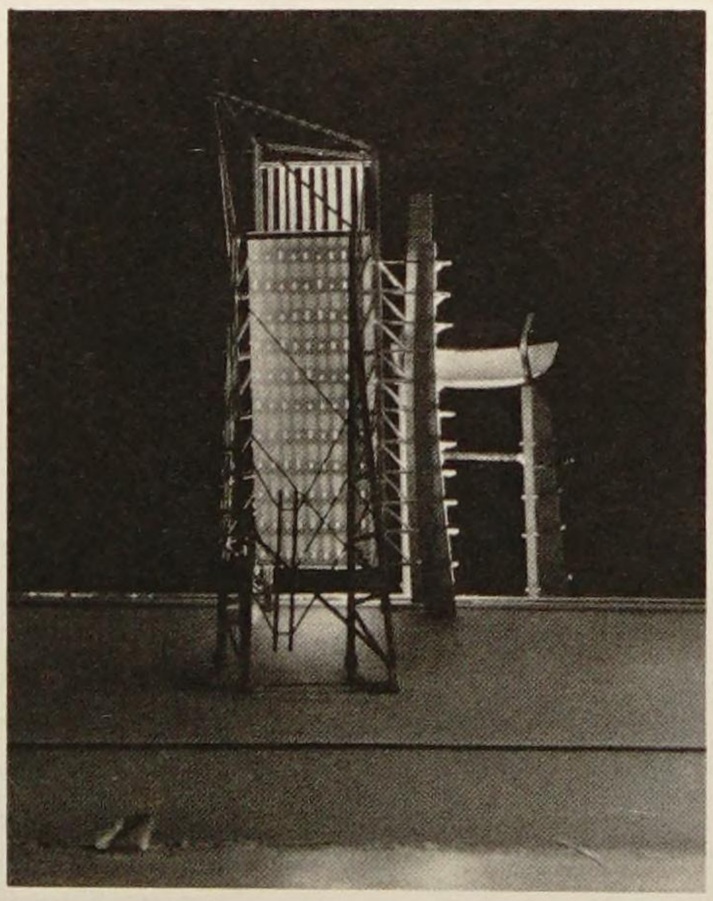






sit by me.
No, good mother,
here's metal more attractive.





A Saloon for Jesse James

A BALLAD WITH TWO ENDINGS

GREAT SALT LAKE, UTAH

Architecture is ~~accommodation~~.
Architecture is **confrontation**.



Saloon for Jesse James is balanced on the eastern shore of the Great Salt Lake, Utah. The bar provides a place of refreshment for employees from Kennecott Copper Mine, a nearby open-pit mine of heroic proportions.

The saloon is dedicated to Jesse James, an American outlaw who became both hero and anti-hero by his actions and the myths which grew out of them.



Black Rock, Great Salt Lake, Utah

Figures

Steel Cage: narrow slot of space extending from shore of Great Salt Lake to rock island

Teeter-totter: device for decision making within Steel Cage

Gatehouse: latrine/entry with entrepreneur's house

Curved Ramp: sluice-like path connecting Gatehouse and Basilica Bar

Basilica Bar: long shed with nave left open to Great Salt Lake

Metal Tower: lookout post with entrepreneur's office and doubled stair

Sunken Tower: freshwater well in rock island

Great Salt Lake: an unmitigated irony of nature; seemingly an oasis, but a lake of death (Nothing grows there.)

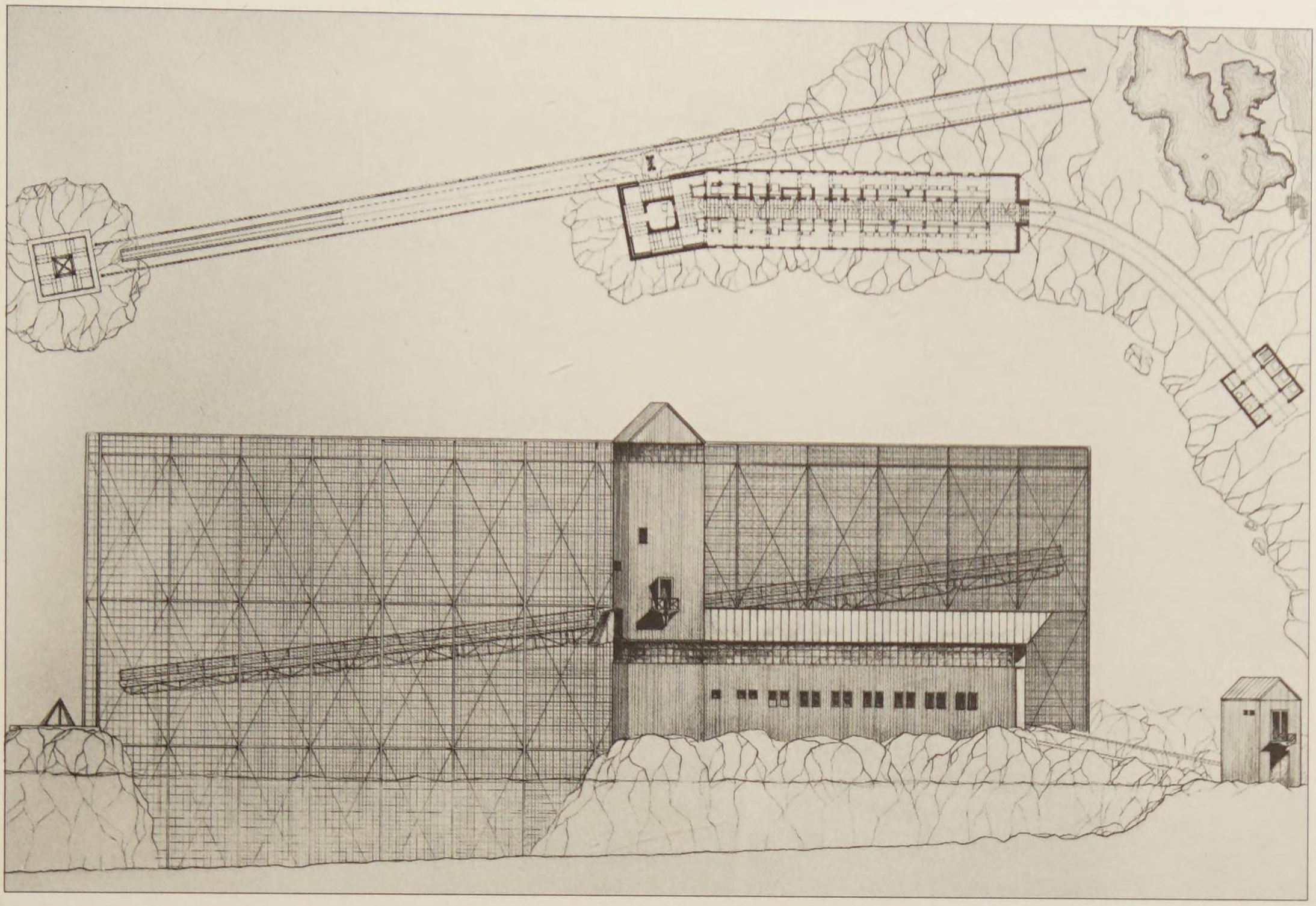
Scenes

Scene I *Penetration:* ablutions at Gatehouse

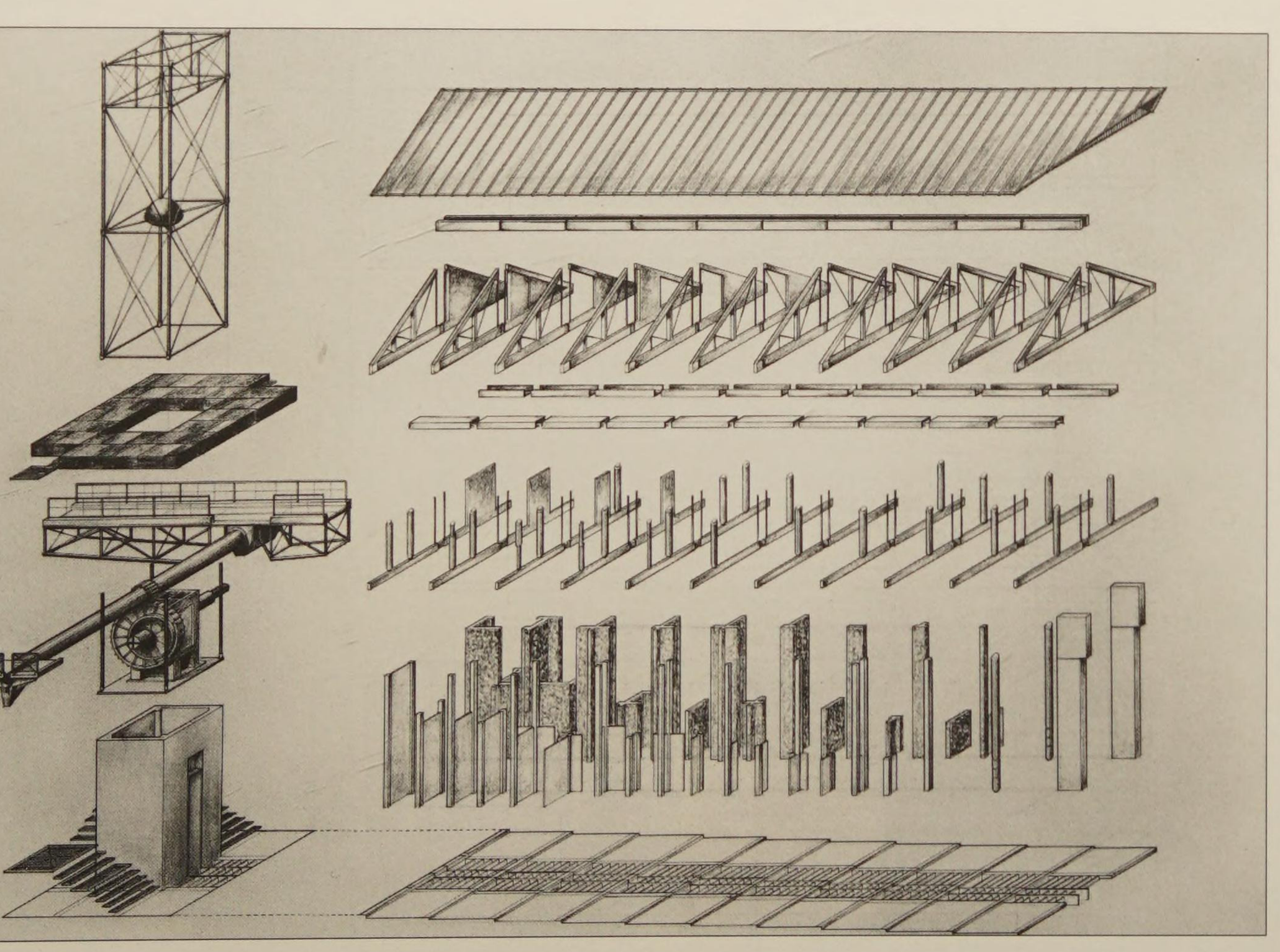
Scene II *Occupation:* drinks at Bar

Scene III *Extension:* office visit and ascent

Scene IV *Egress:* moment of decision at Teeter-totter fulcrum



Plan view and South elevation

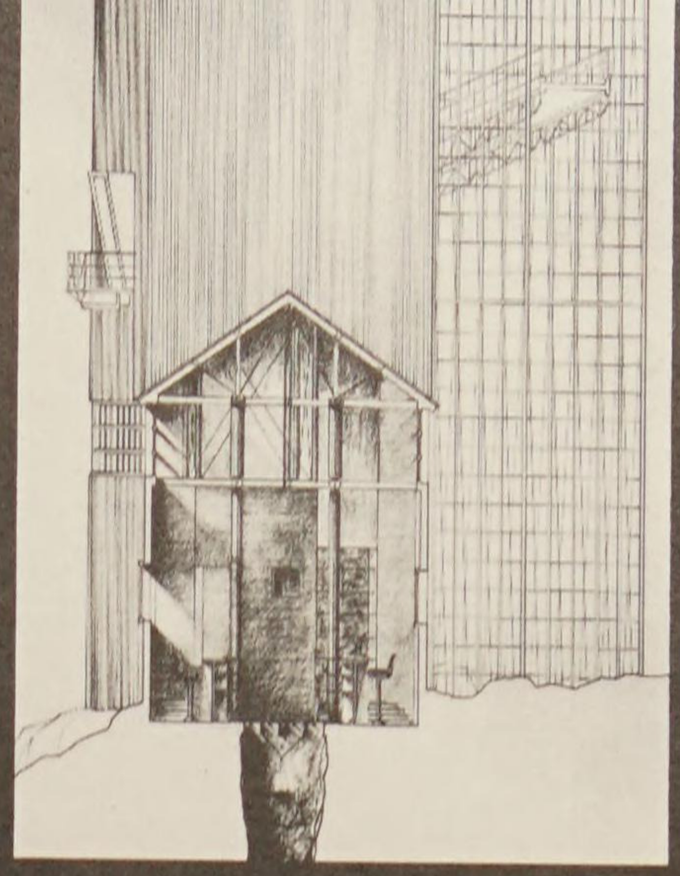


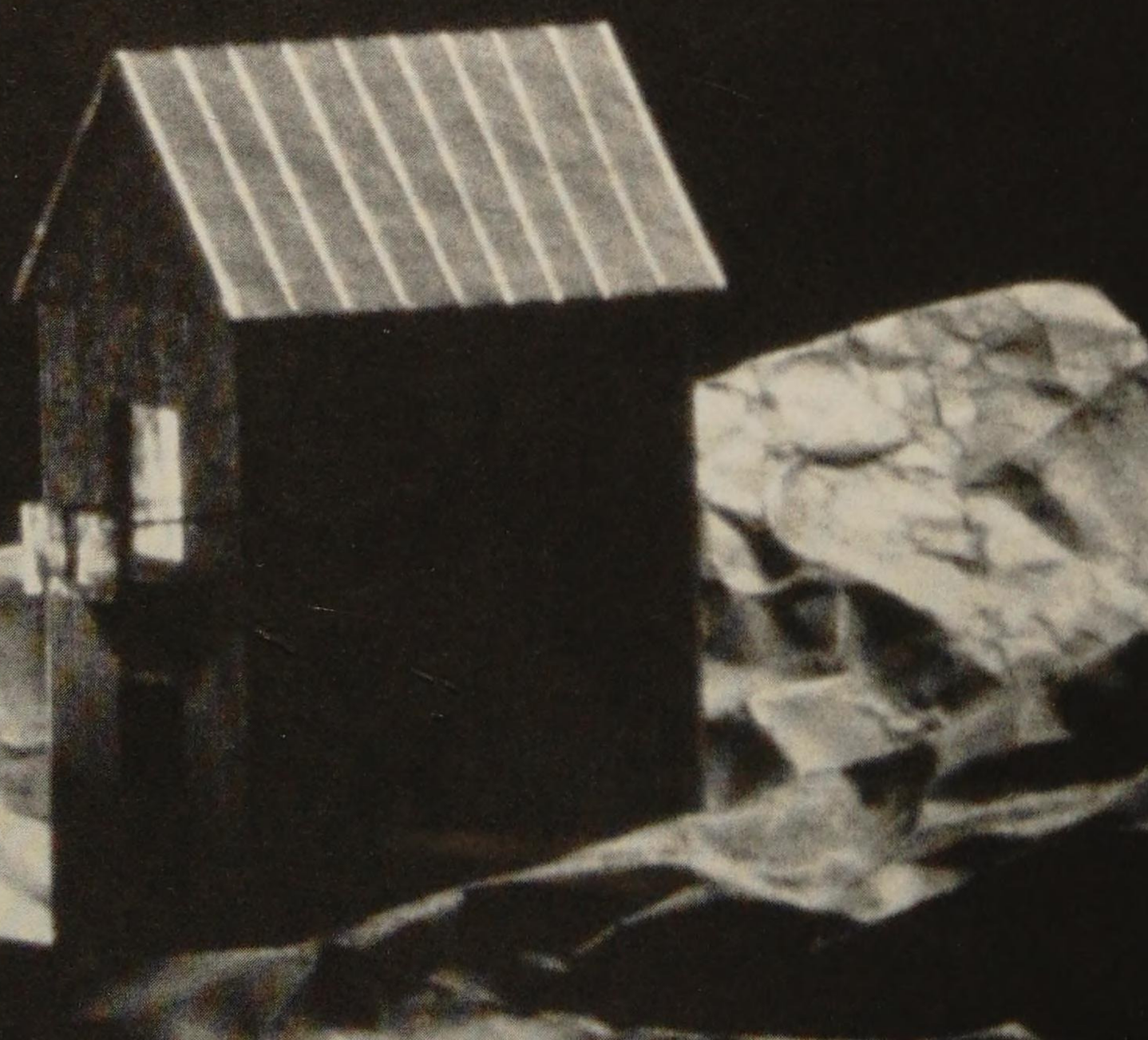
Bar assembly





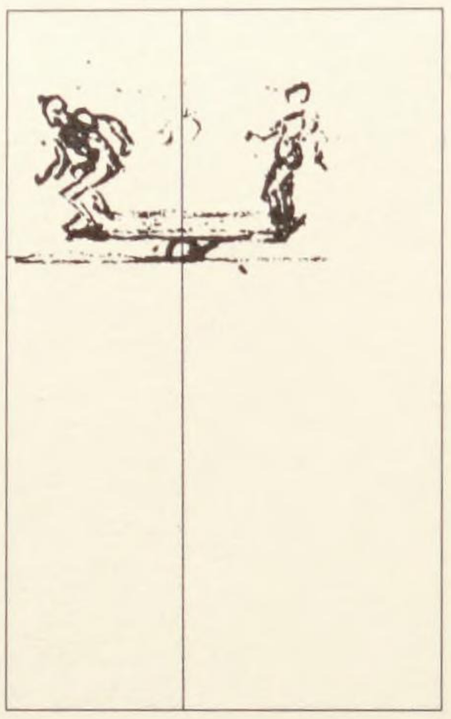
Jesse James depicted as an angel ridiculing his funeral service, *Texas Siftings,* 1882

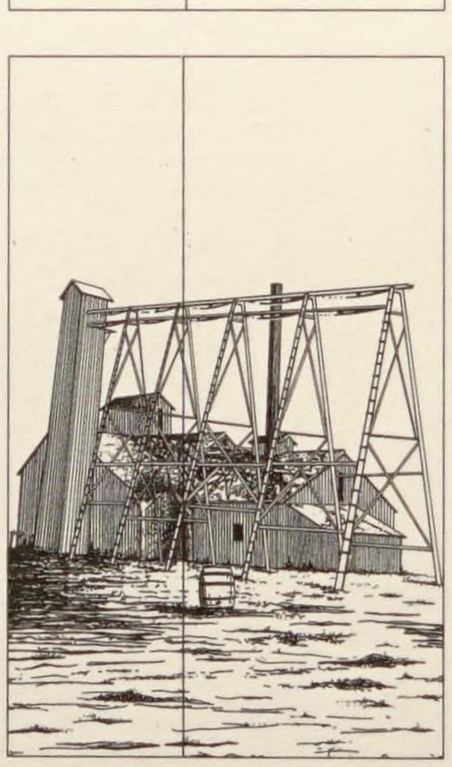


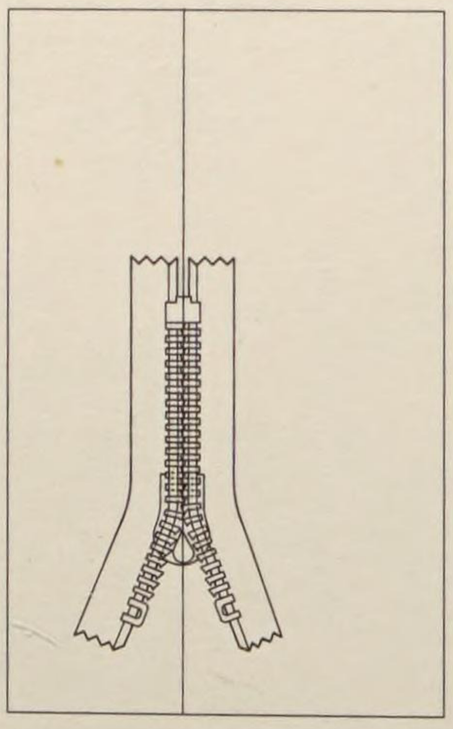












Dis/continuous Genealogy

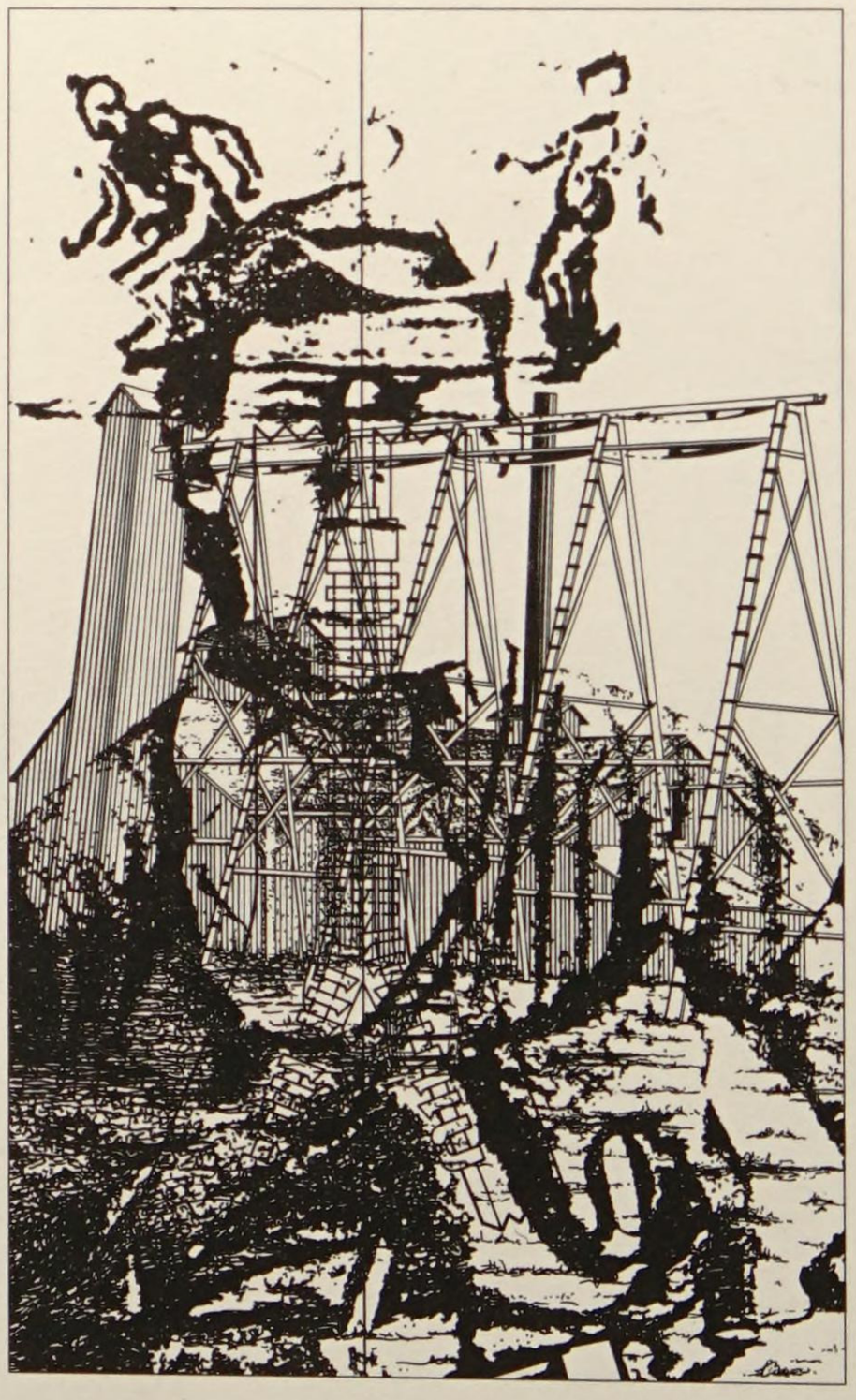
Jesse James, Age 17

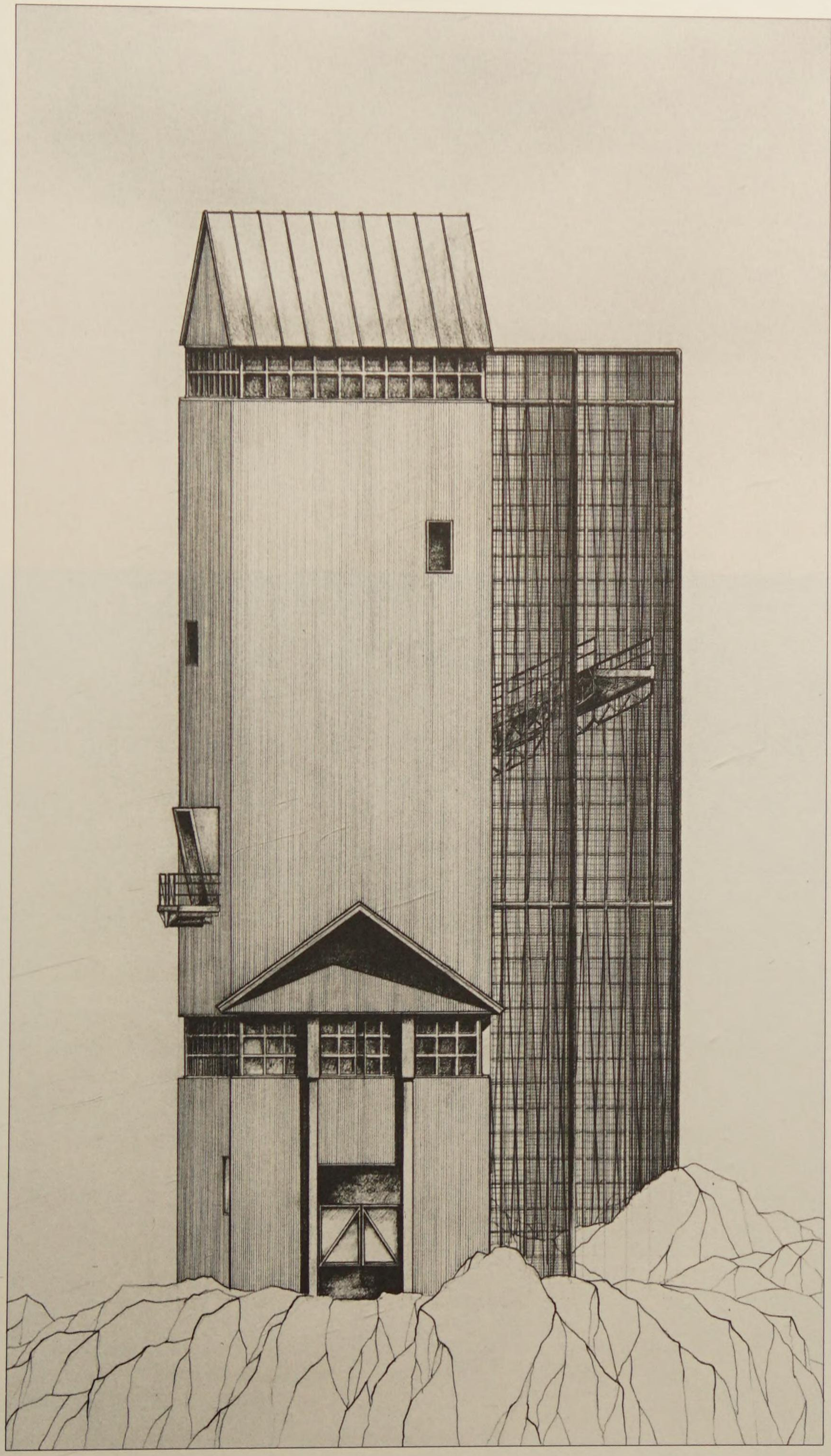
Teeter-totter, Leonardo da Vinci

Prosperity Mining Camp, Missouri

Zip Fastener with Metal Teeth

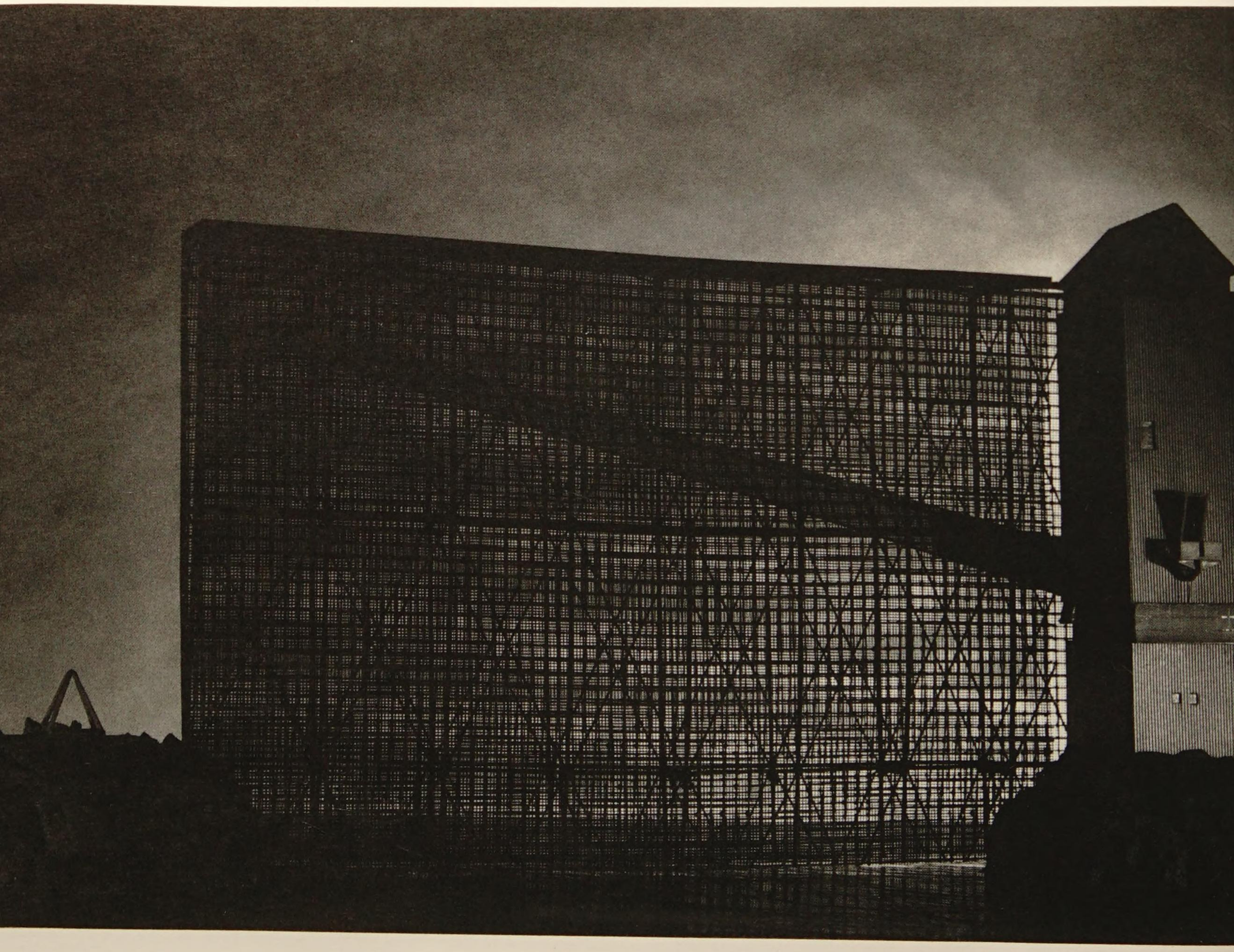
Composite Ideogram



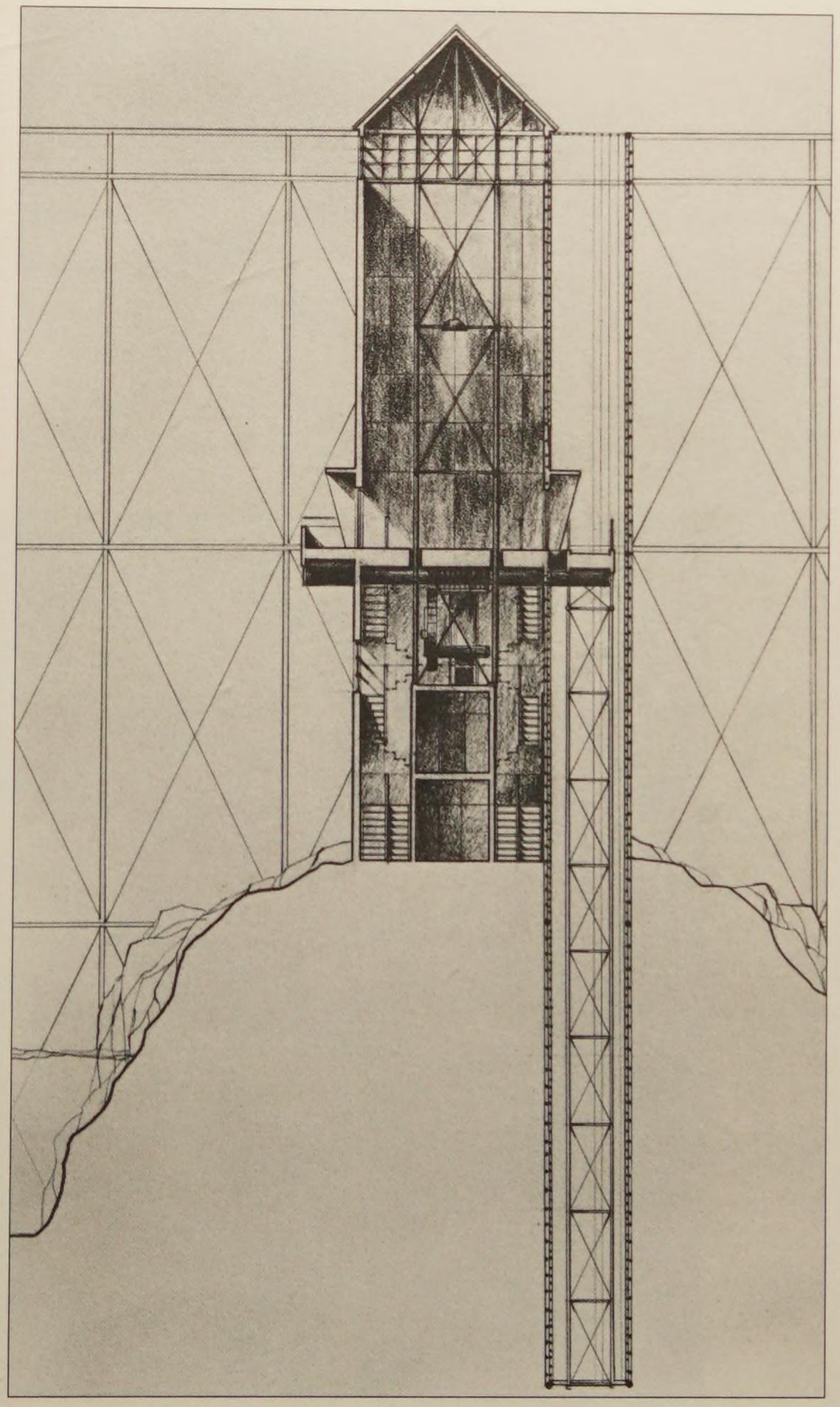


East elevation

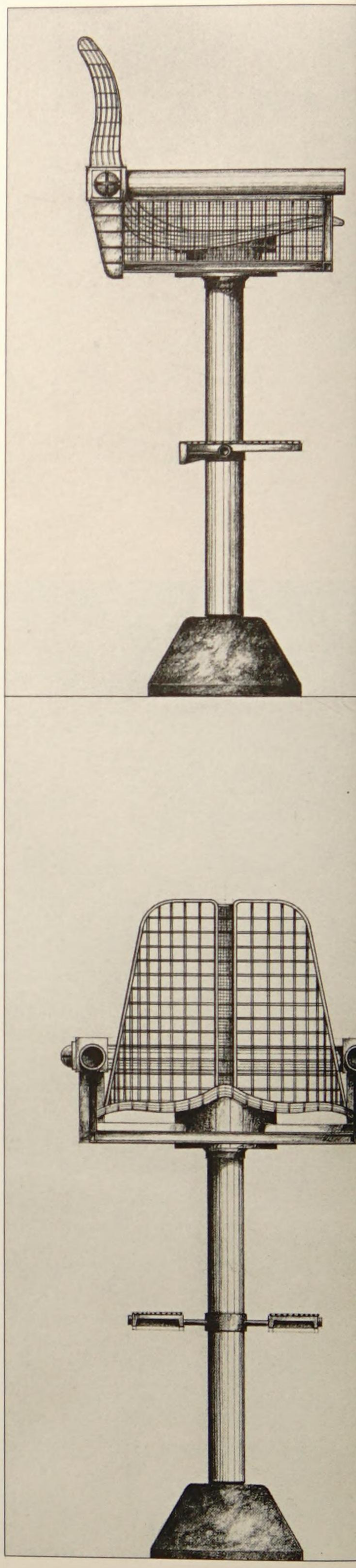
a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than
the observance

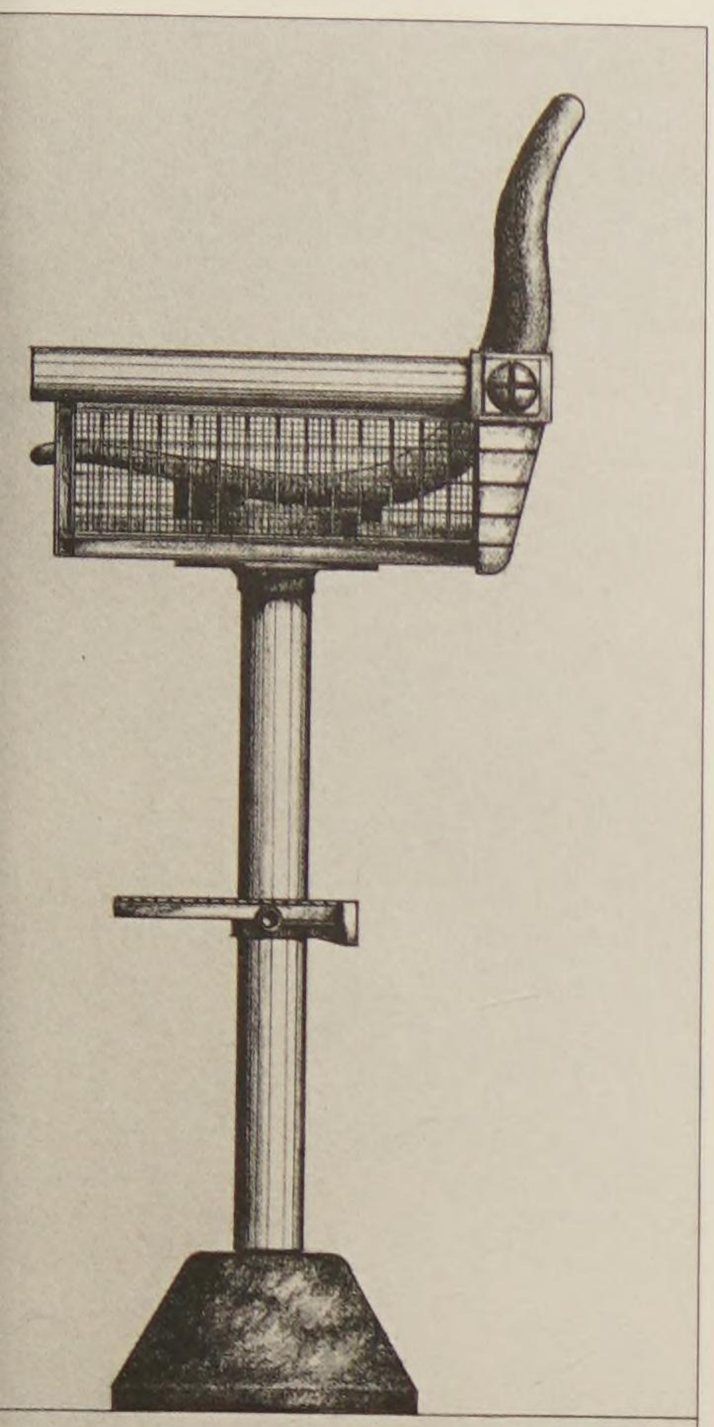


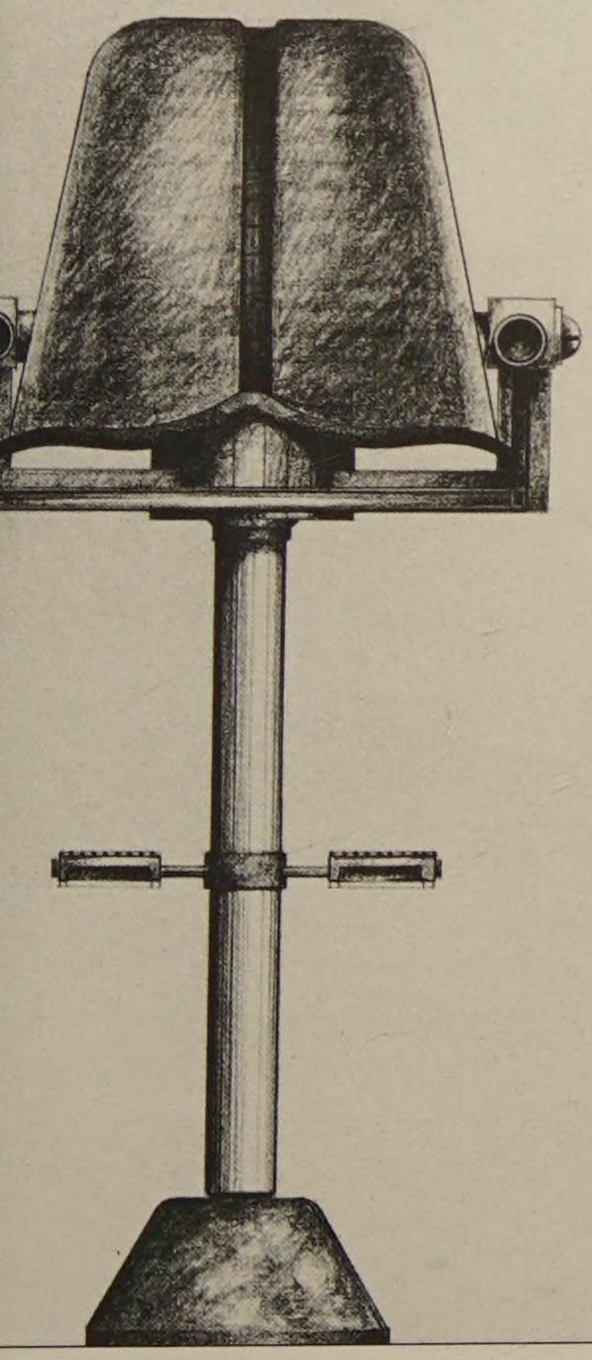
Section through Metal Tower

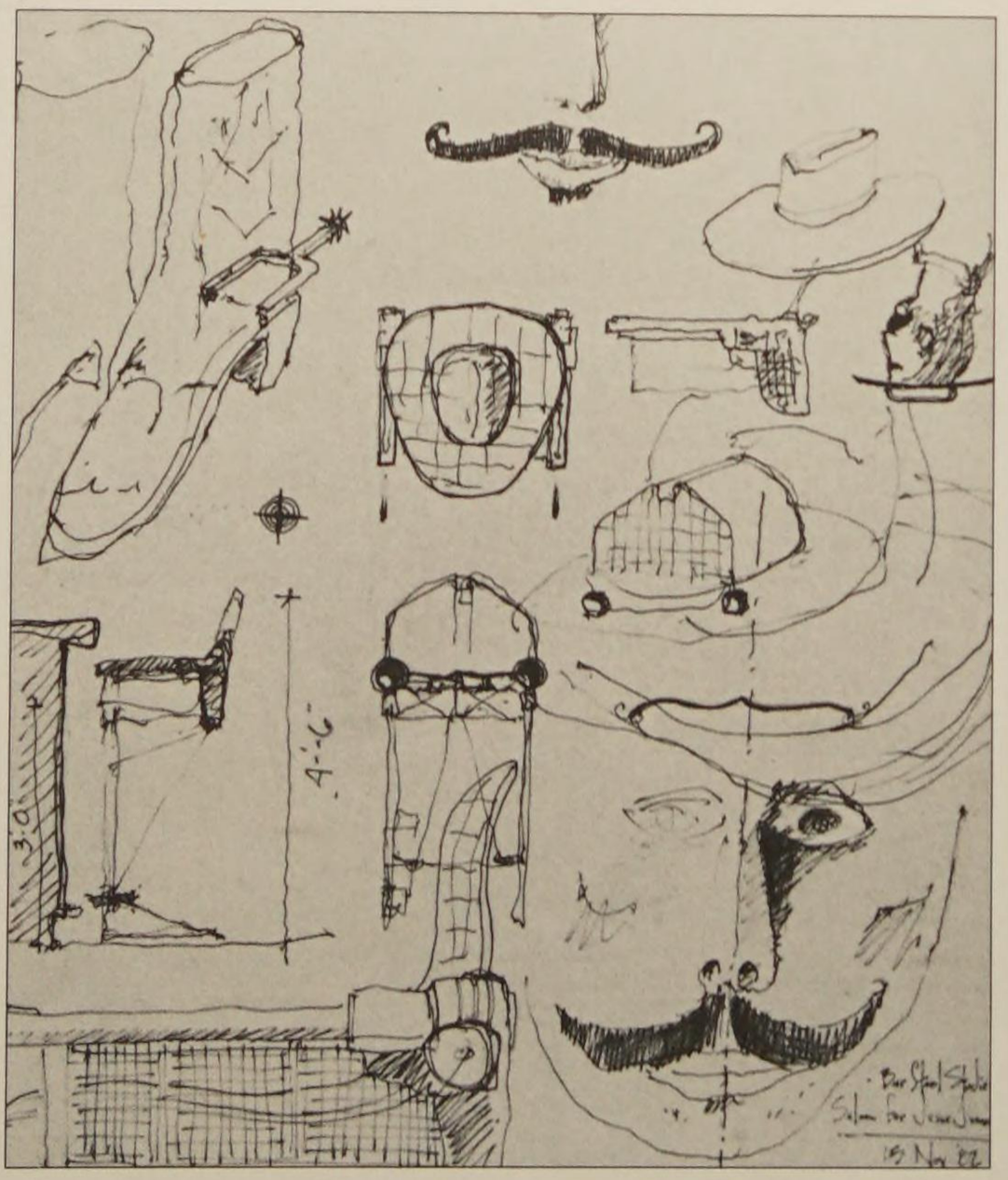


Bar Stools, South and North








3'-0"
4'-7"

1 April 1986

Mr. Virgil Kopel, Supervising Foreman
Bingham Mine
Kennecott Minerals Company
Bingham, Utah

Dear Virgil:

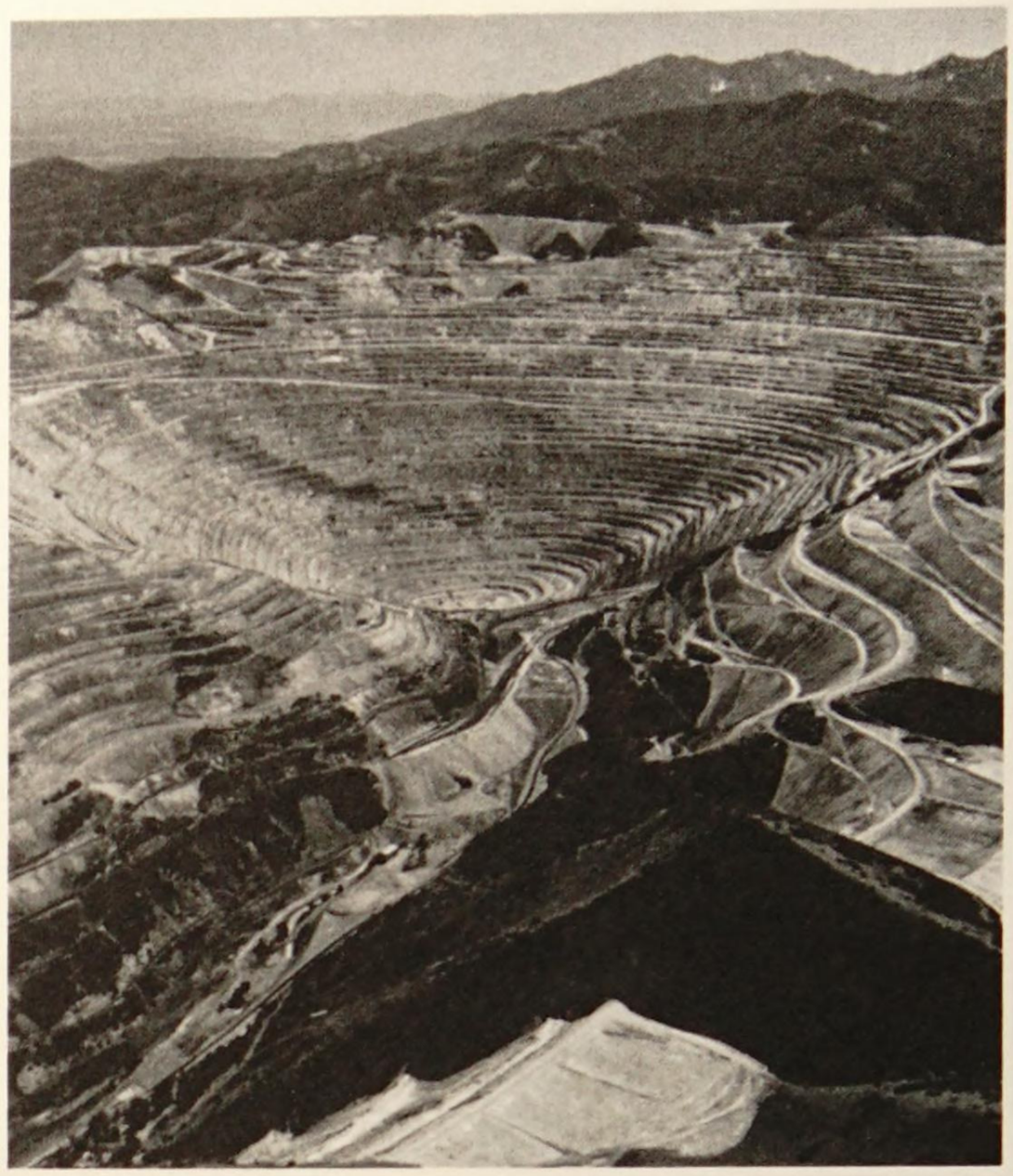
Thank you very much for your letter of February 28, inviting me to accompany you on a guided tour of the Kennecott open-pit mine. I had almost abandoned hope of entering it. With the upcoming Easter holiday, my plans are somewhat in limbo; but as you requested, I can arrive Friday April 8, if this is still good for you. We can meet at 9:00 at the midway gate. I would like to bring Beattie, my assistant, for the purpose of taking photographs. Please advise me if this is possible.

Thank you also for the pamphlet you sent which explains the history of copper mining. I think we are all aware of the abysmal conditions which last century pitted man against nature in hellish shafts of narrow space. Having read the pamphlet, it is now easy for me to see why the mining industry needed to find a safer alternative which would also cut drilling time. Without further human suffering, surely the open-pit is a more humane hole.

I understand that Kennecott is the largest open-pit mine in the world. I hope that we will have the time to descend into the concentric circles of the mine. I would especially like to see the giant machines at the bottom that remove ore and ice. Visiting the mine will greatly assist me in designing the Employees' Bar. As you know, the bar will be located nearby on the eastern shore of the Great Salt Lake. My assistant has organized a special ferry trip on the lake for next Saturday. I would be very pleased if you joined me.

Yours warmly,

Douglas Darden



So oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them

Sex Shop

an immodest proposal

ST. ******, QUÉBEC

Architecture ~~fulfills~~ desire.
Architecture **objectifies** desire.

whilst this machine is to him,

Dis/continuous Genealogy

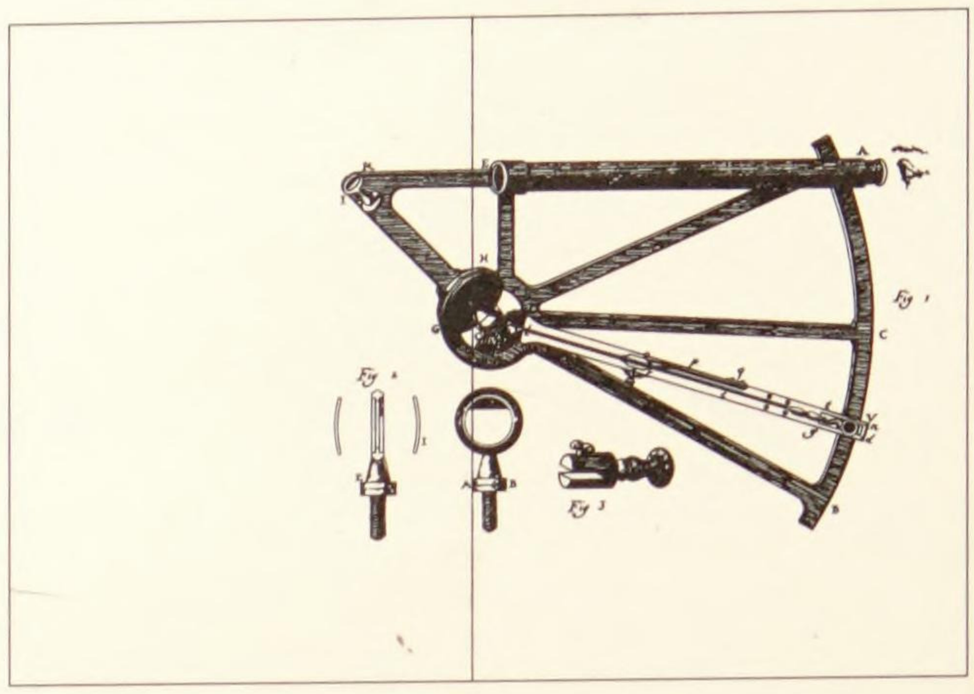
Sextant

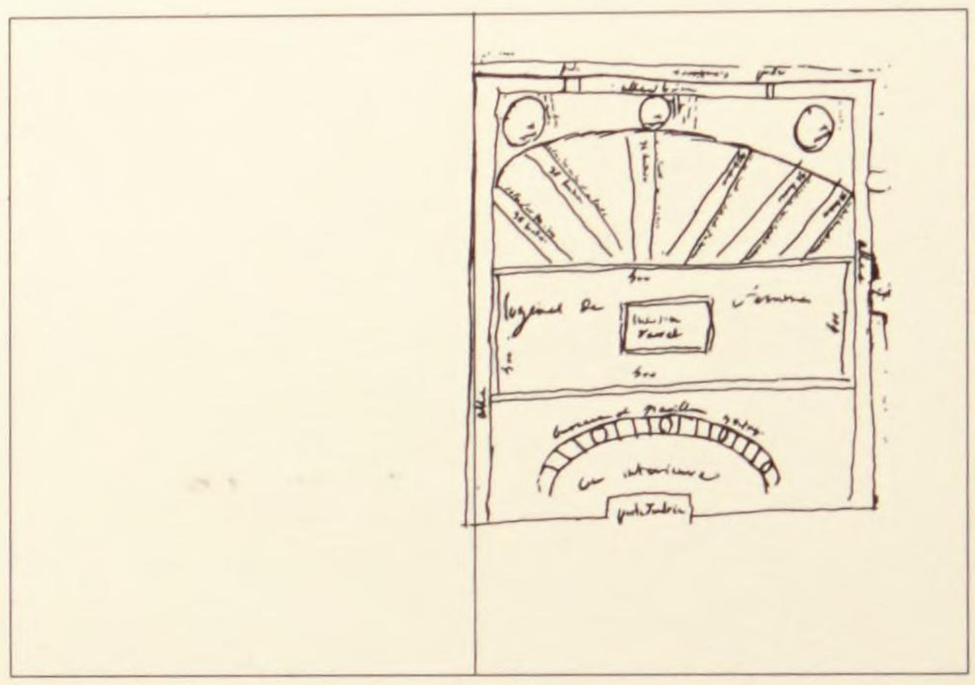
Institution for Debauchery, De Sade

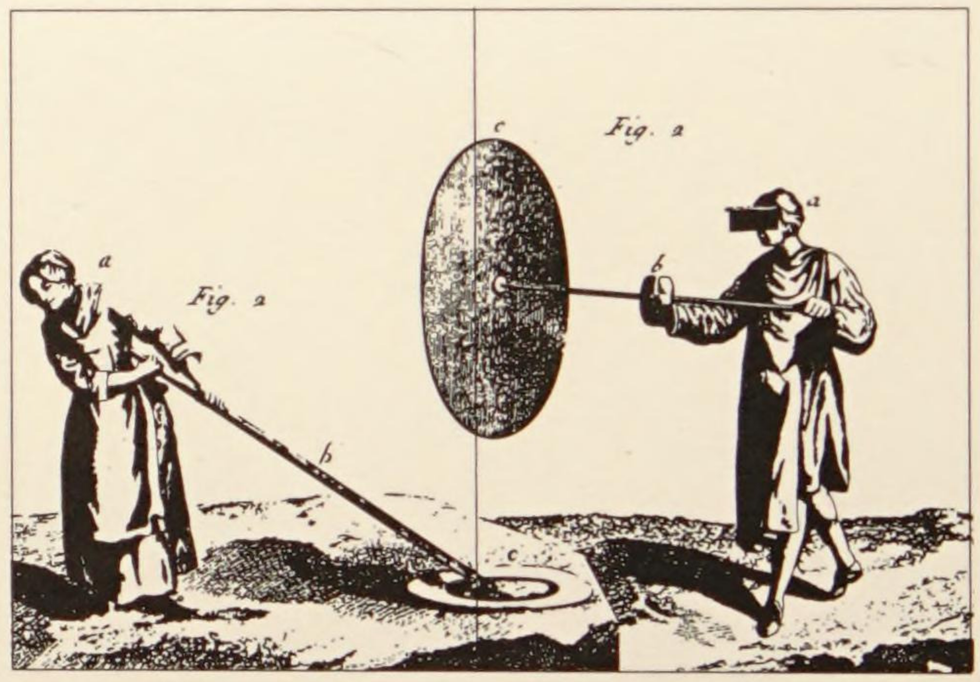
Glass-workers, Diderot

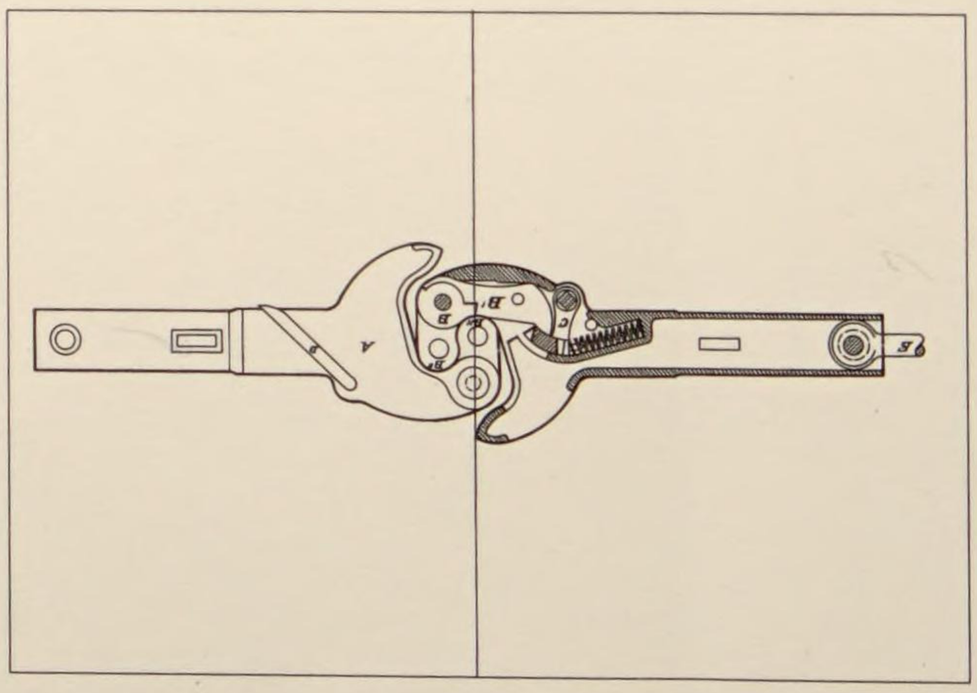
Fanney Car-coupler

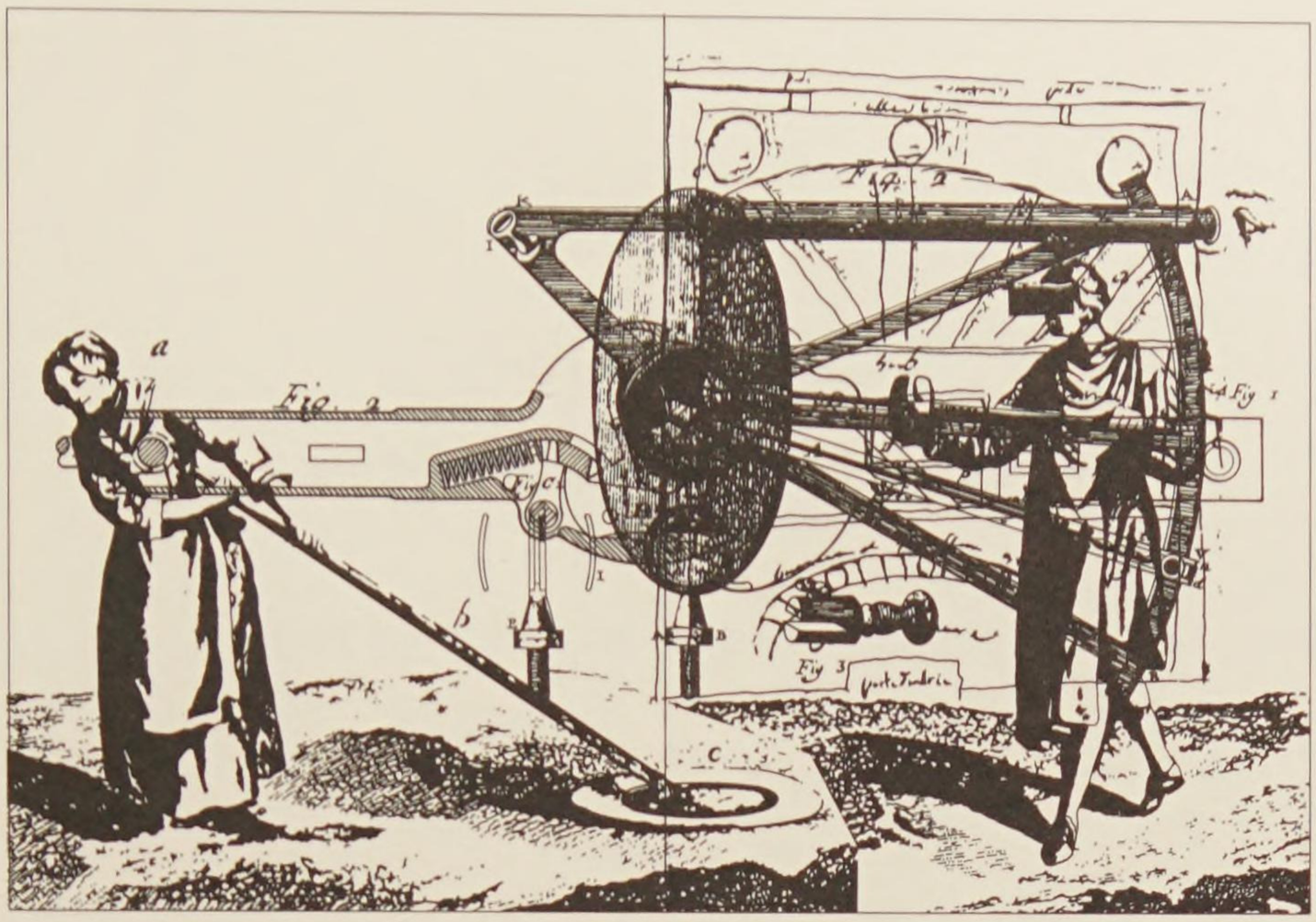
Composite Ideogram











Sex Shop was initiated as a commercial infill project for St. ****** in the Bellechasse region southeast of Québec, Canada.

While local St. ****** ordinances permitted the shop, requisite backing from American sponsors was rescinded in 1989 due to charges of obscenity brought against the architect's proposal. Presiding authorities confiscated the architectural drawings and models.

The architect regrets that he can only disclose the dis/continuous genealogy of the project.

this hot love on the wing,

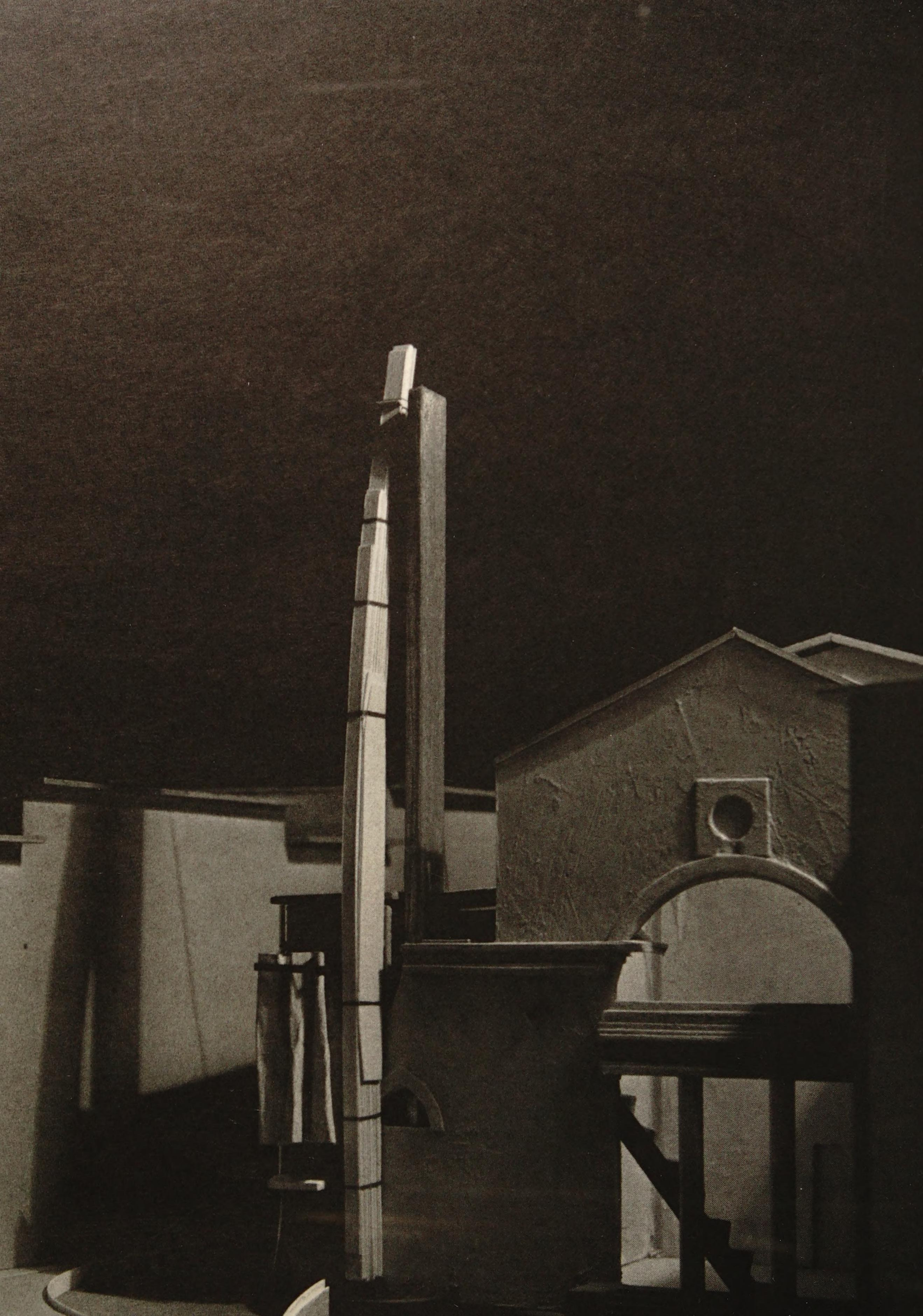
As if increase of appetite had grown

Confessional

A station at cross purposes

San Pancrazio, Florence, Italy

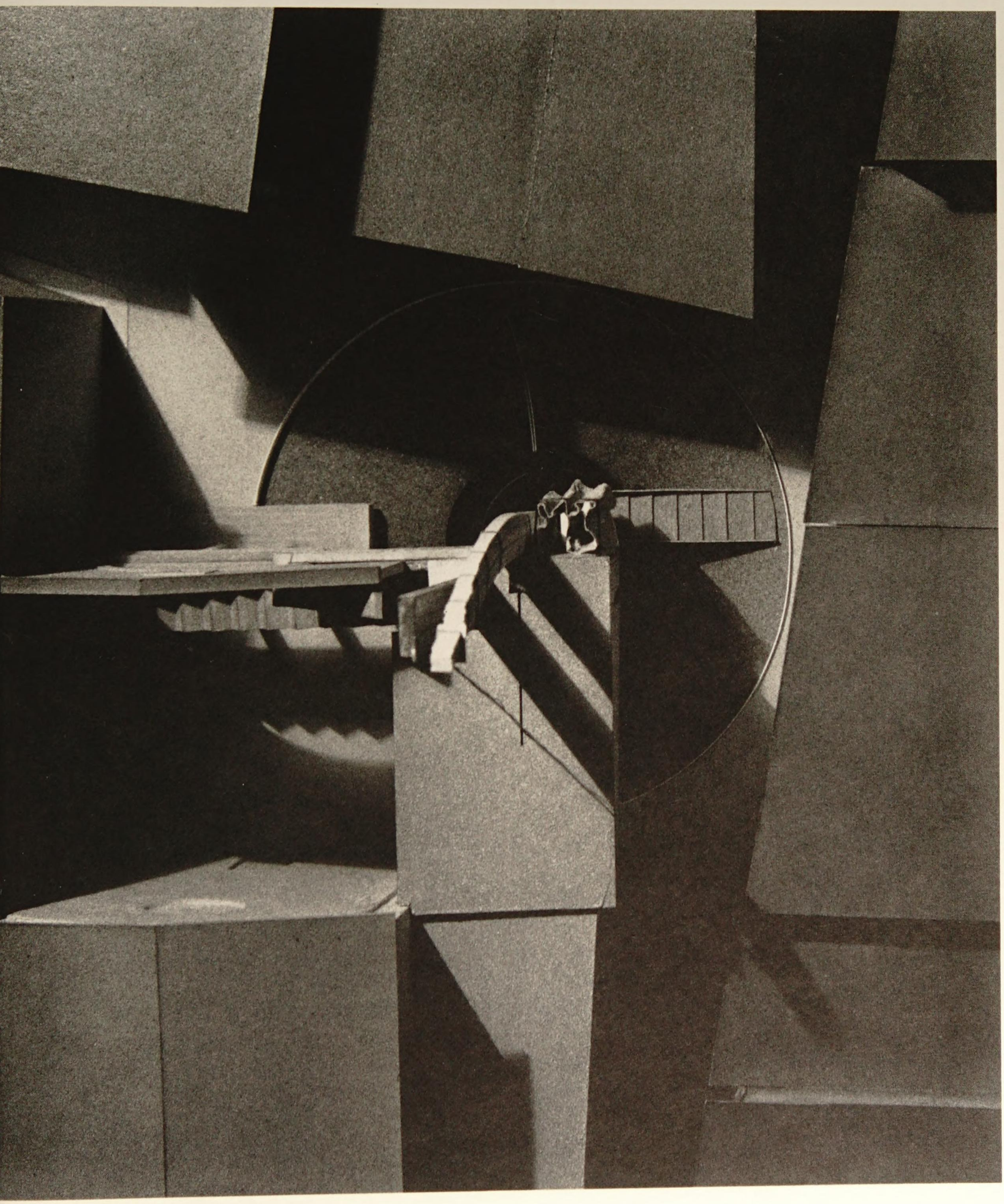
Man is ~~at the center~~ of divine creation.
Man is **off-center** of divine creation.

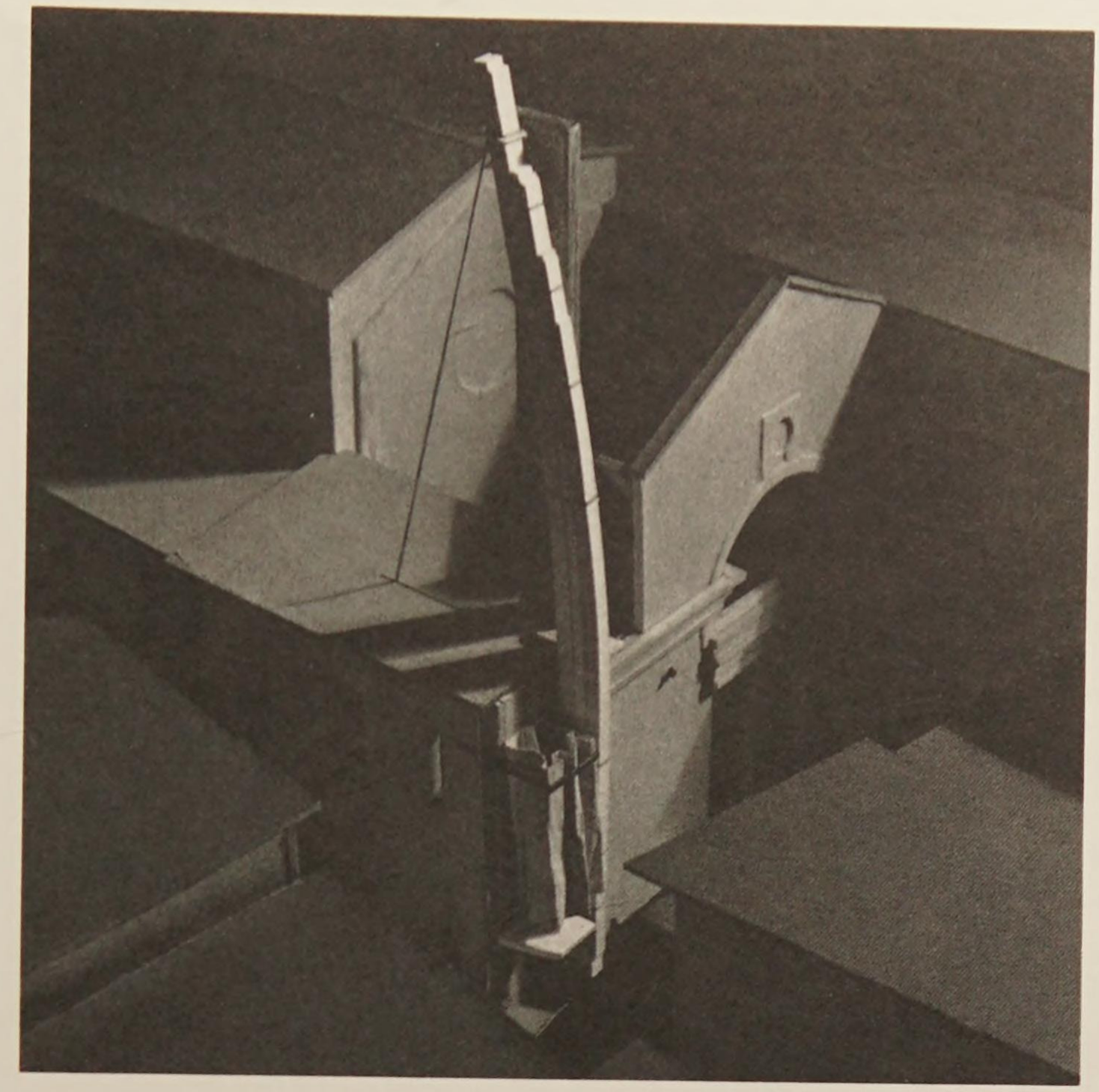


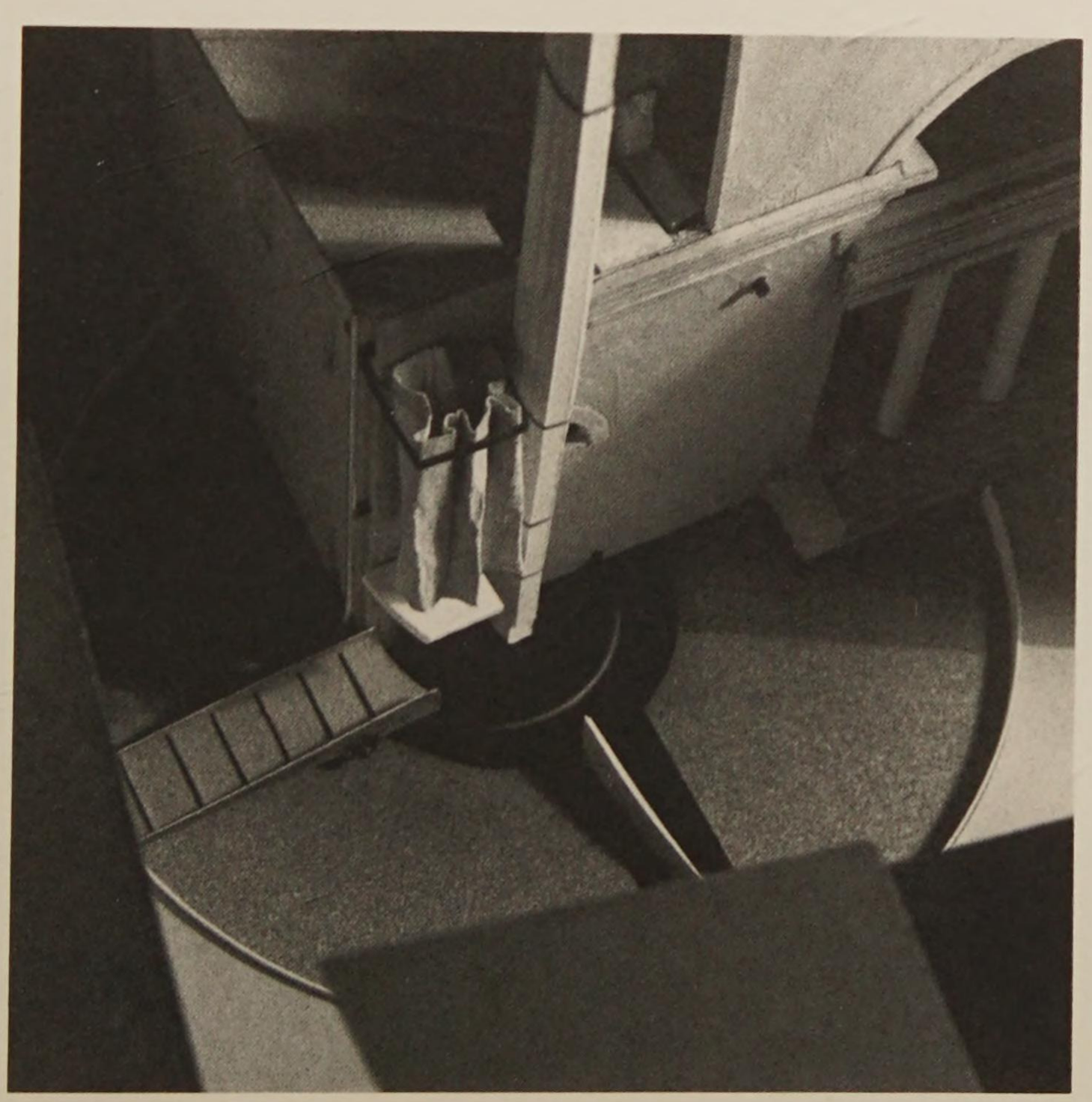
May one be pardon'd,
and retain th' offence?

CONFESSIONAL corners the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre designed by Leon Battista Alberti in 1467 for the Vallombrosan monks of the Church of San Pancrazio in Florence, Italy. Through the 18th century the chapel was accessible from inside the church, but it was walled off at the time of the Napoleonic suppression in 1808. Subsequently, San Pancrazio was deconsecrated. The church was used for the Grand Ducal lottery before being turned into a leather tanning factory, and finally, a military depot for ammunition.

Although today there are no religious services in San Pancrazio, the Catholic Church maintains Alberti's chapel with its ceremonial altar and sepulchre. A priest accepts confessions twice a week. The confessional functions as a provincial radio transmission tower with an optional priest bypass.



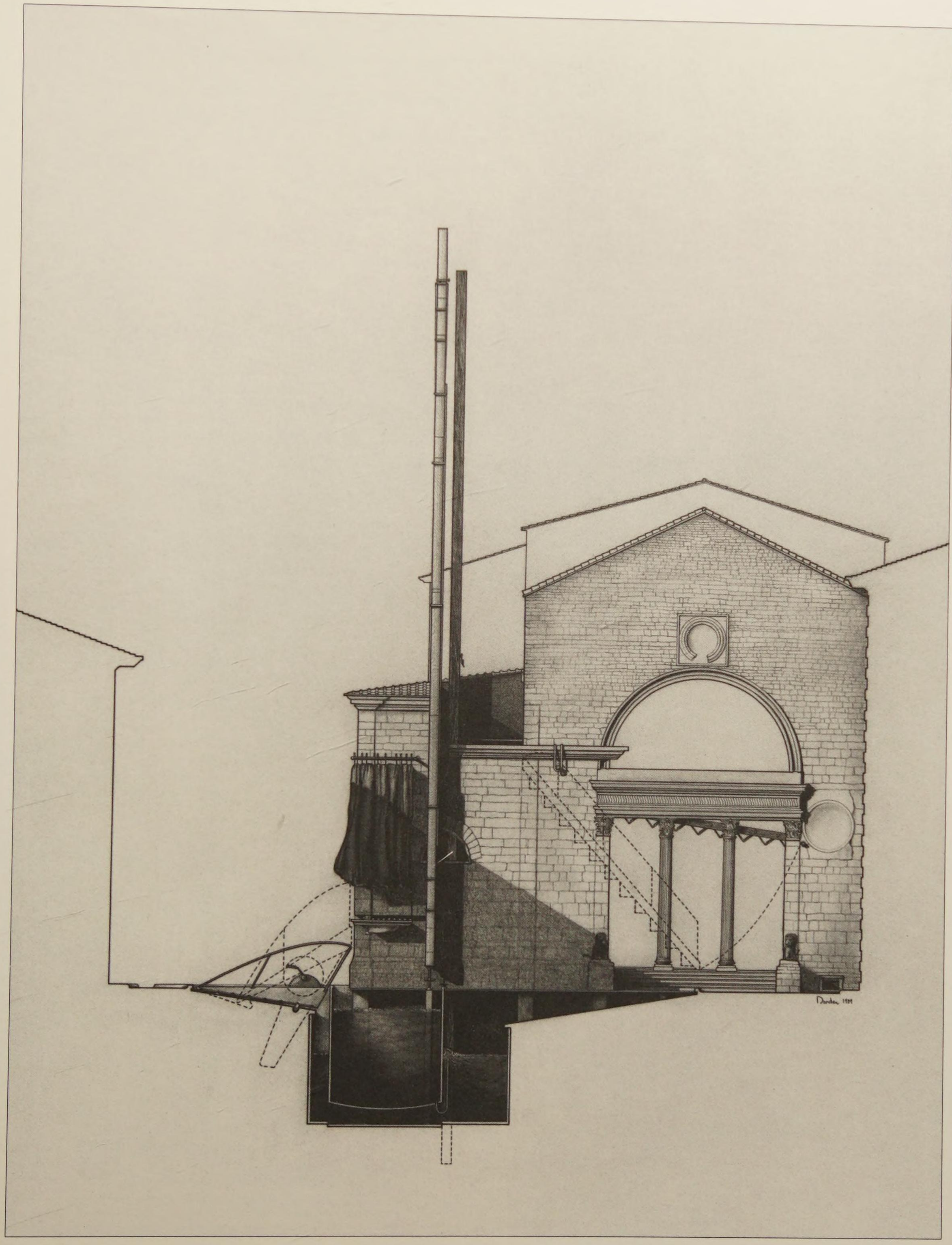




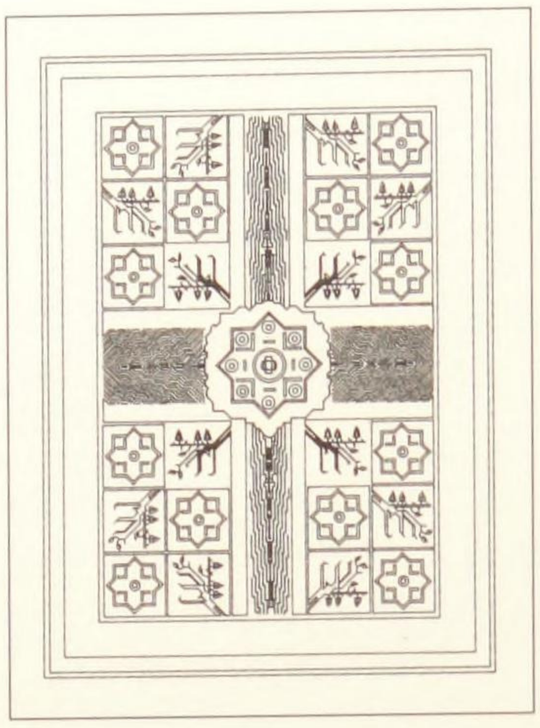
And in the porches
of my ears did pour

—

	Confessor's Lot (outside corner)	**Priest's Lot** (inside corner)
Path:	7 folded steps, hand cranked	12 spring-released fire stairs
Path Support:	self-draining public piazza	displaced cornice and industrial spring
Station:	heavy drawn curtain	private roof niche
Transmitter:	composite pine mast, bound by leather straps	monolithic re-cast aluminum upright, scratched in place
Amplifier:	state-of-the-art microphone in protective marine shell	army surplus one-way receiver fitted into aluminum upright
Reflector:	baptistry-shaped babbling pond	baptistry-shaped babelring pond



Front elevation



Dis/continuous Genealogy

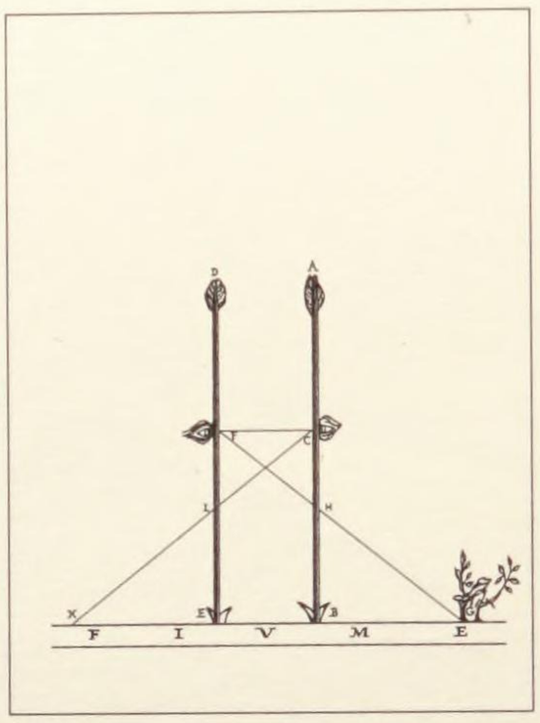
Persian Carpet with Four Rivers of Eden

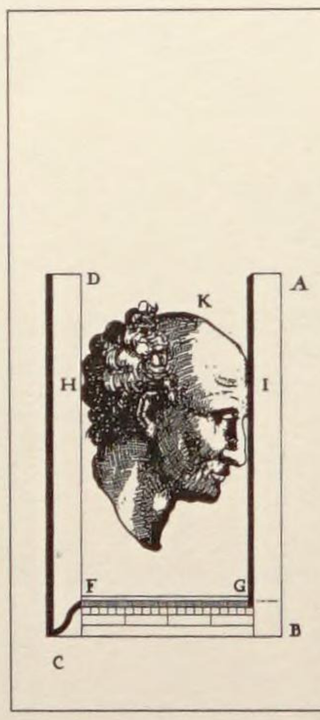
Alberti's Method for measuring the width of a river

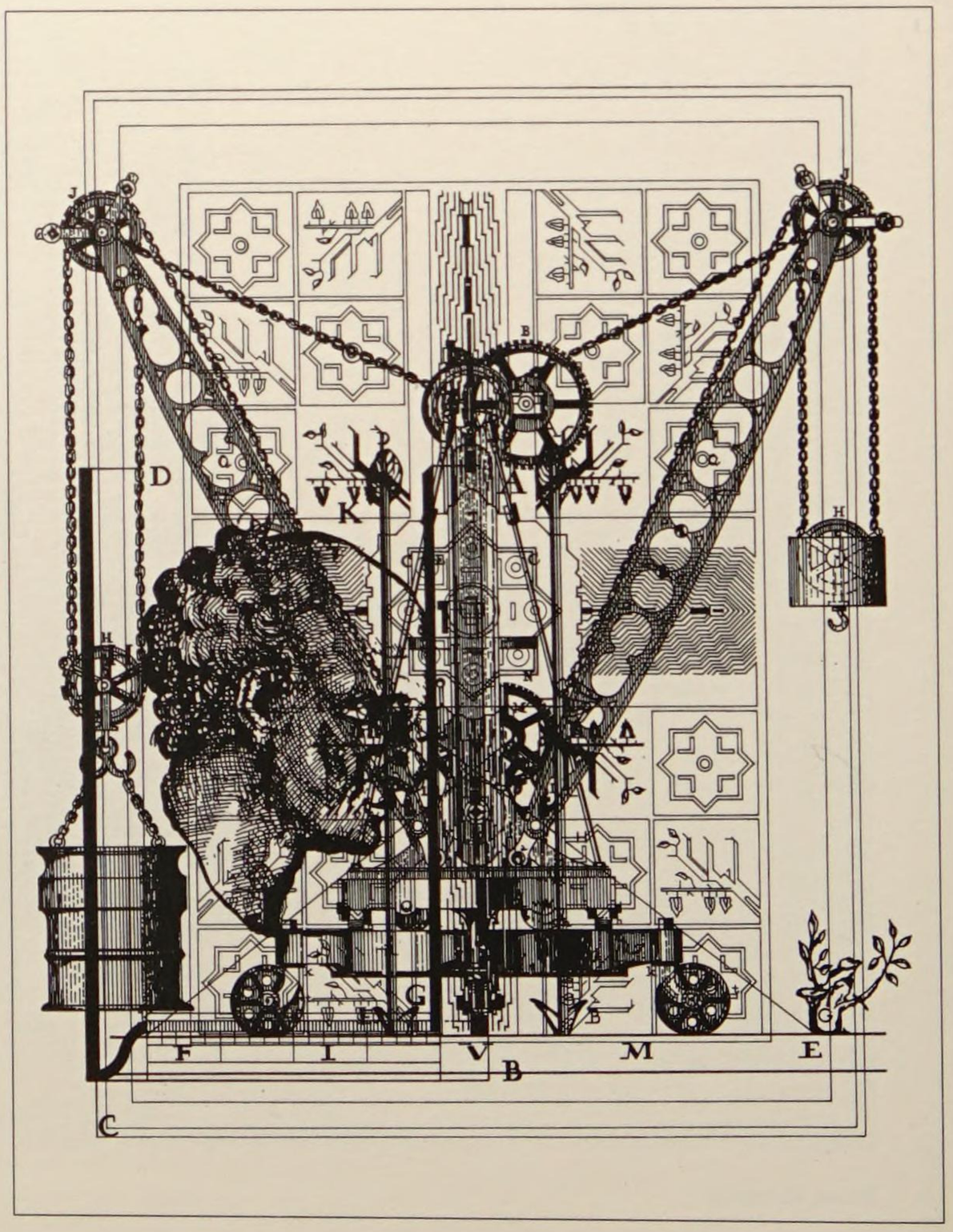
Alberti's *Misura*

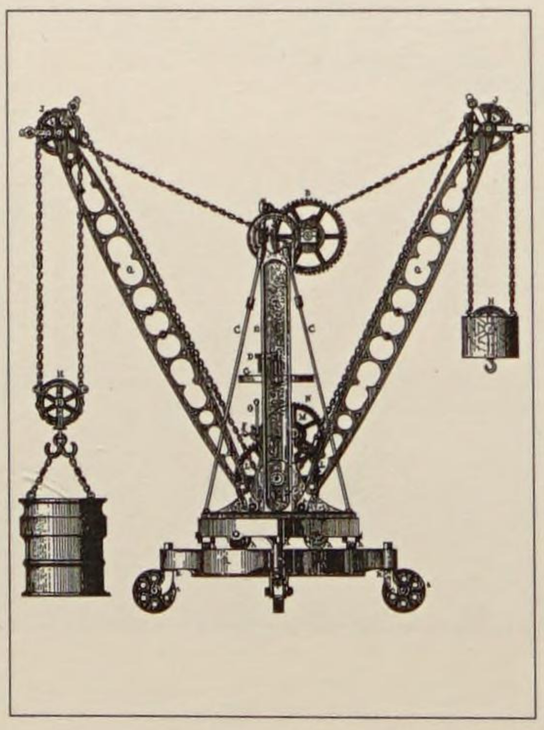
Balancing Crane

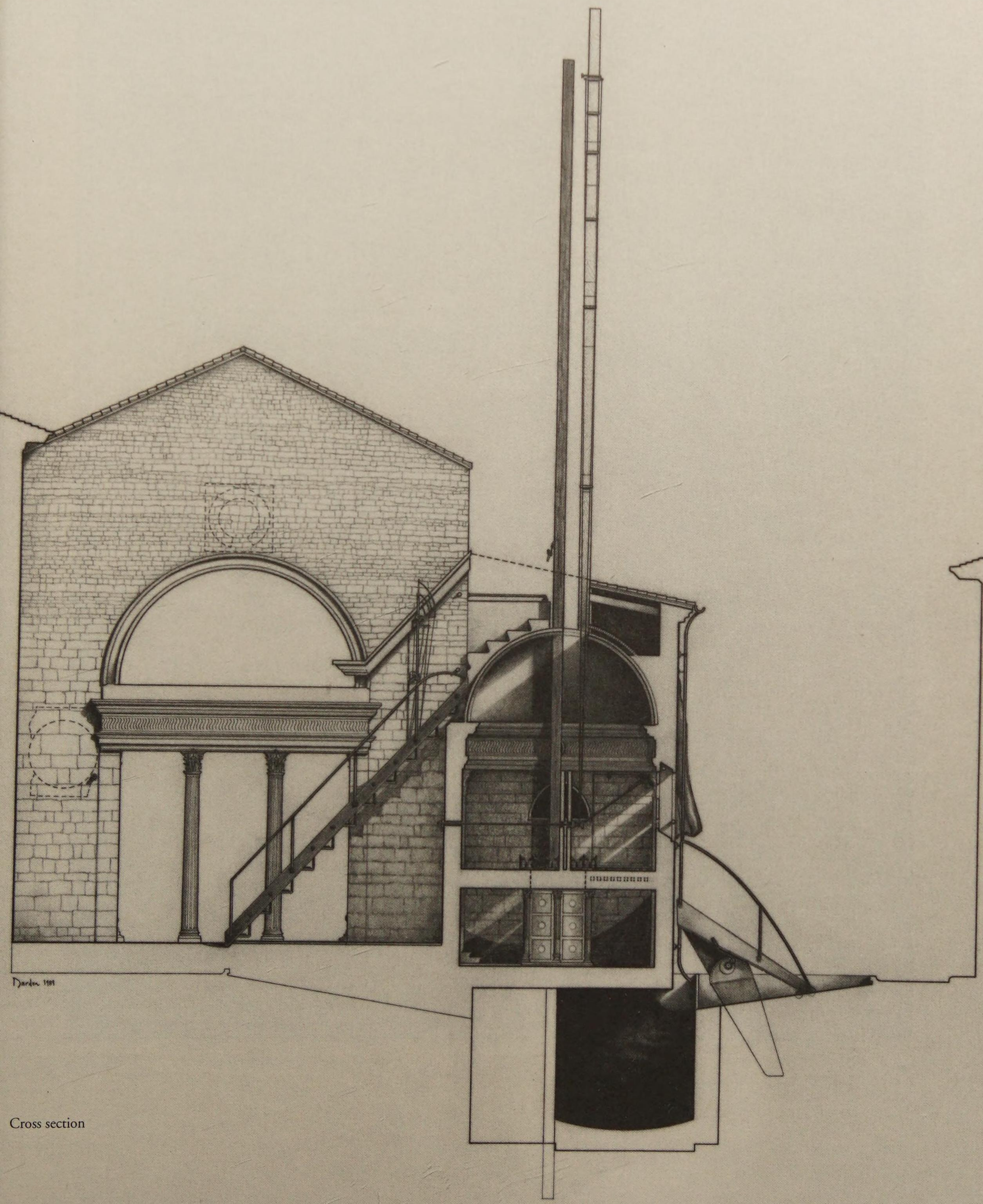
Composite Ideogram



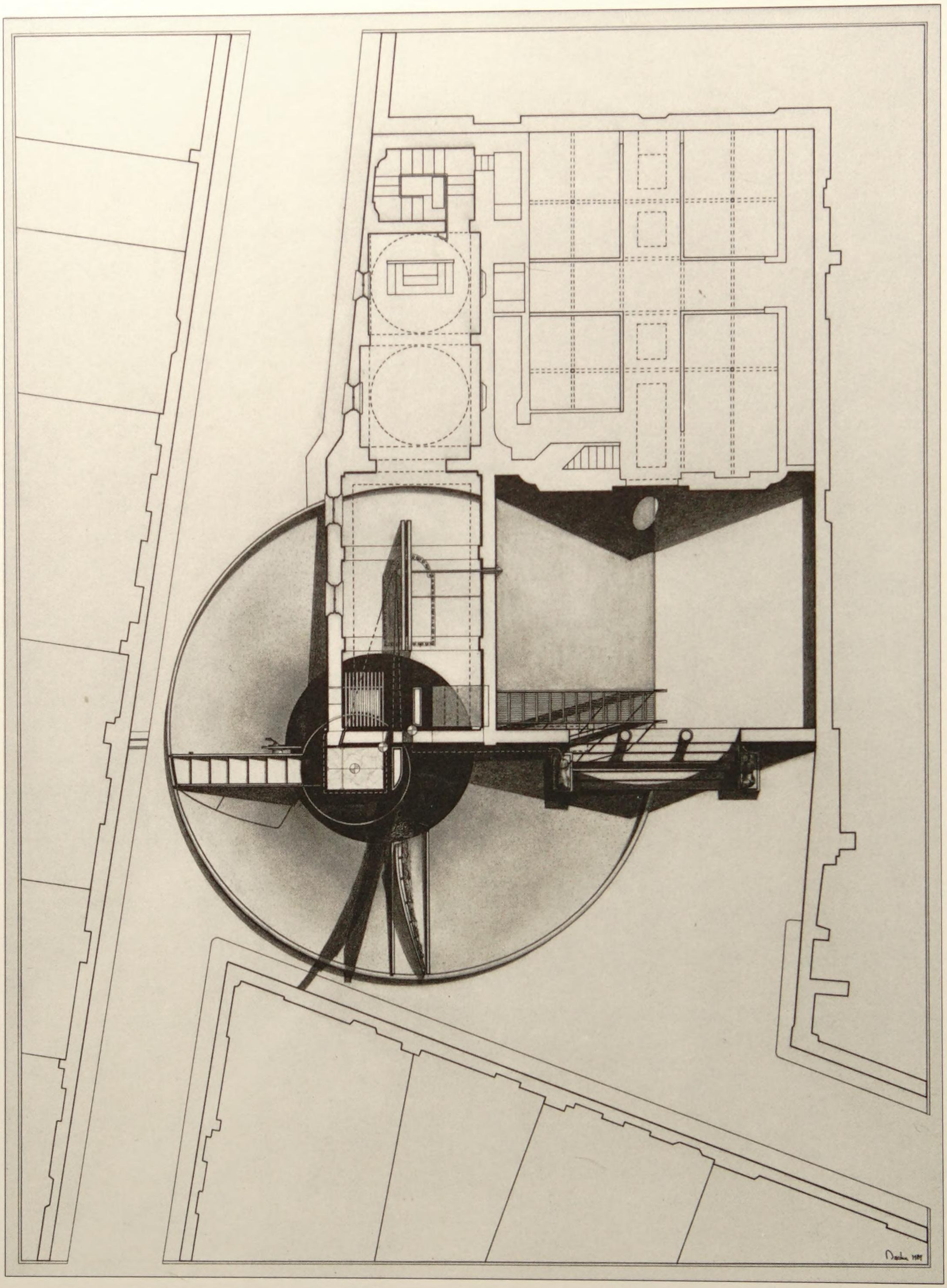








Cross section



Plan view

Liturgy
(performed on Cardinal Points)

I Confessor raises 7 folded steps with manual crank; raising of path activates bubbler in pond, priest pulls down fire stair

II Confessor and priest ascend respective stairs to assume ceremonial positions on platform and roof

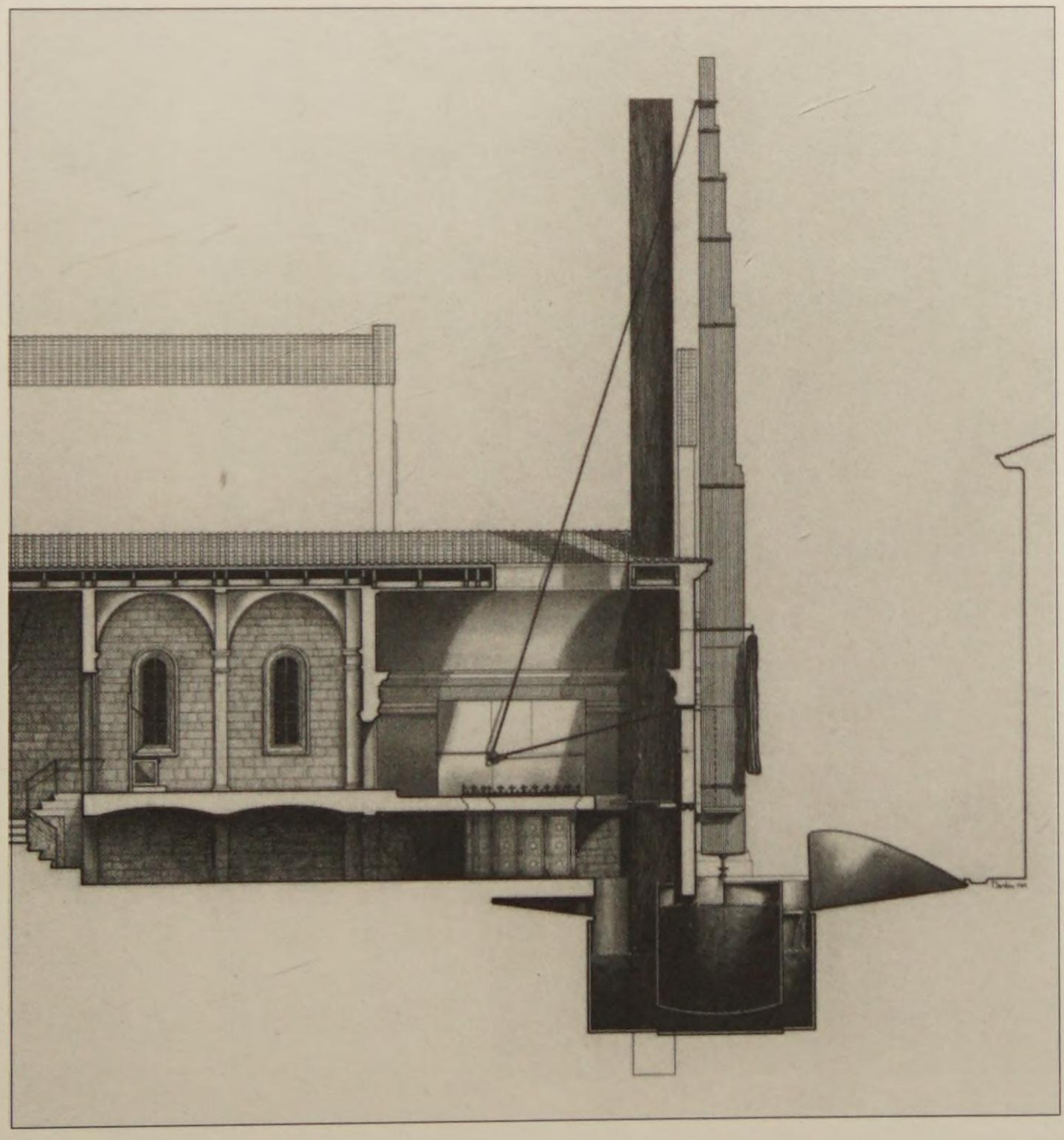
III Confessor draws curtain, pine mast bends to approach aluminum upright for aural transmission

IV Confessor pulls down amplifier and takes confession (option of bypassing priest)

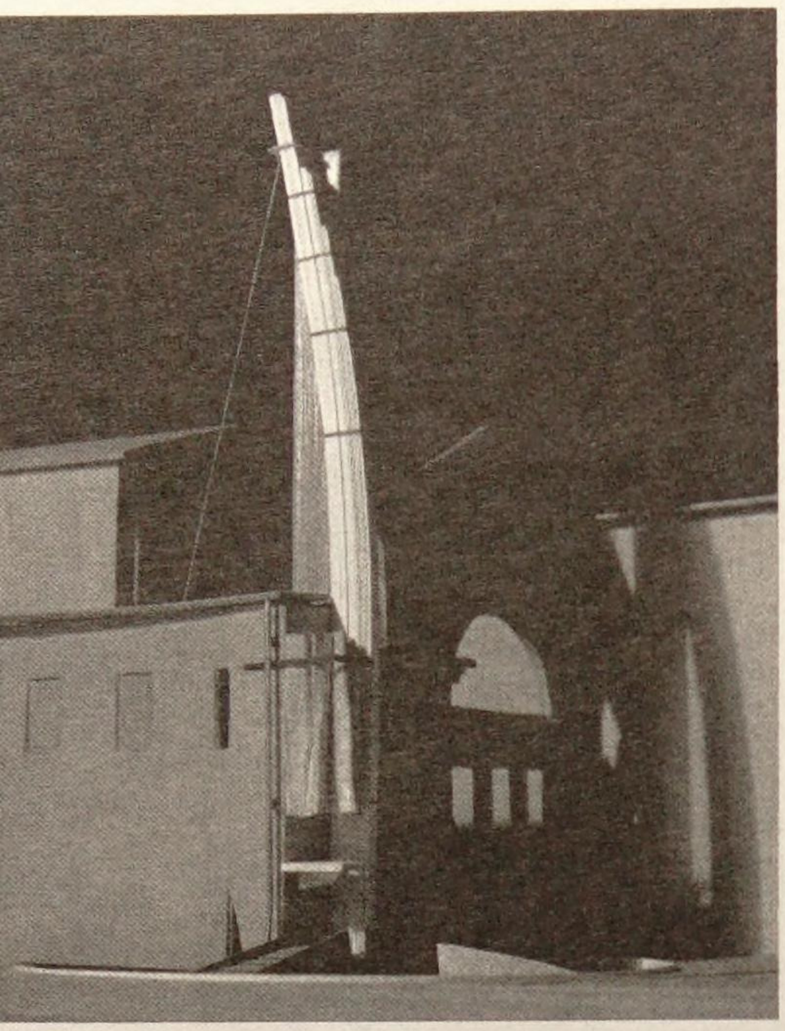
V Confessor rolls aside wall section of chapel, pine mast retracts to vertical position

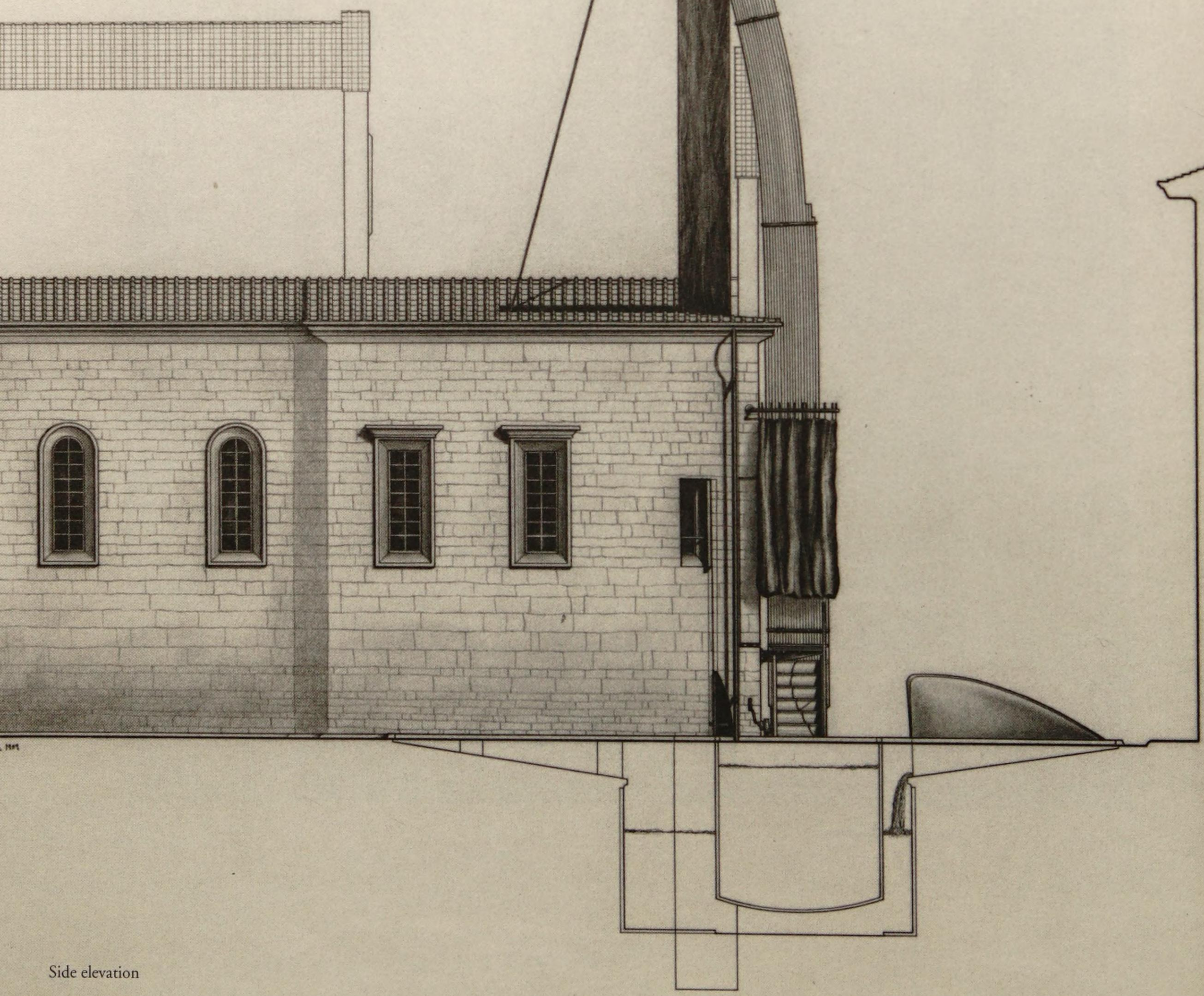
VI Confessor crosses over pond onto chapel floor, proceeds past screen wall and exposed crown of sepulchre

VII Confessor descends stone and steel stair to sepulchre, exits under station of priest

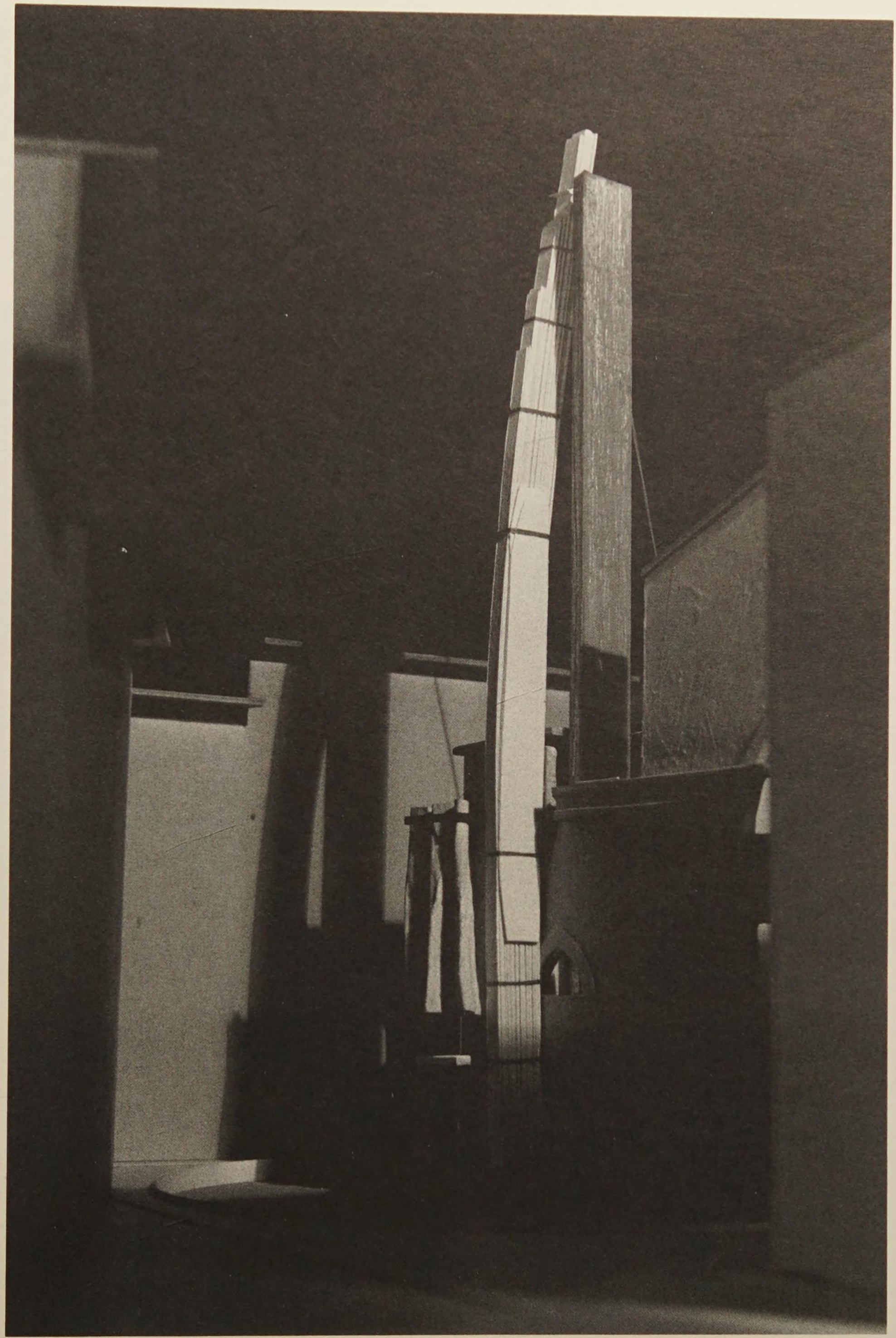


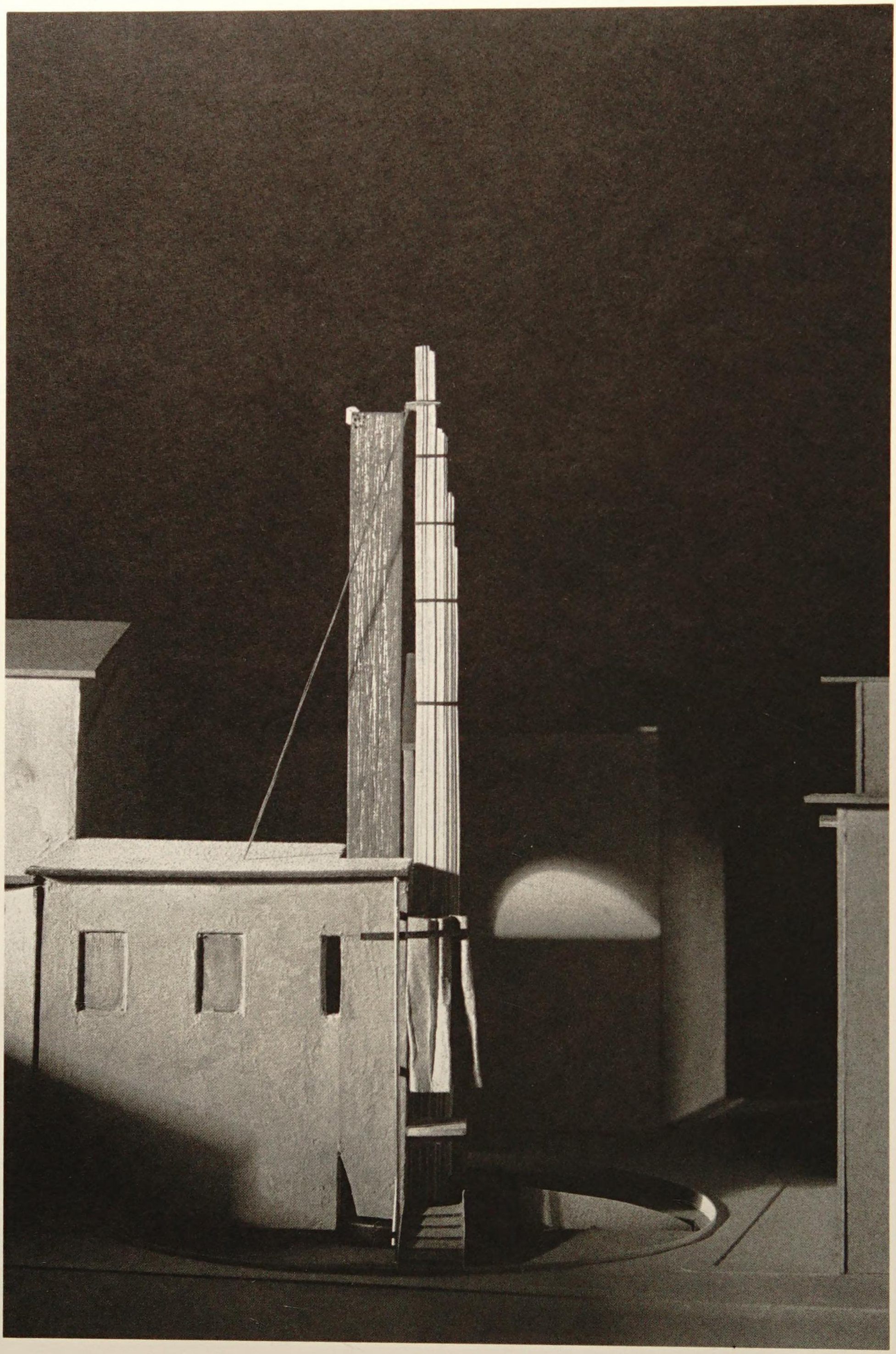
Longitudinal section





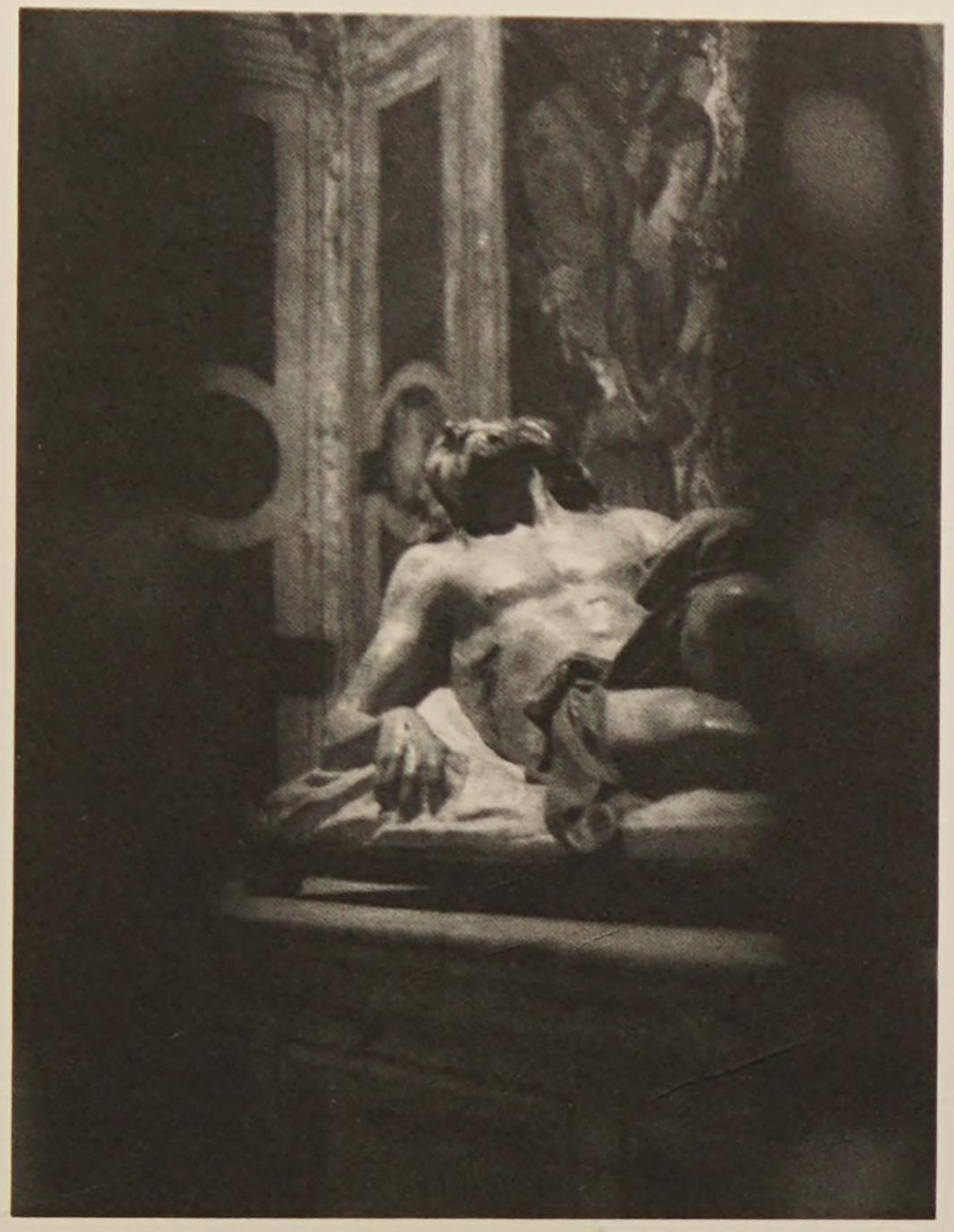
Side elevation



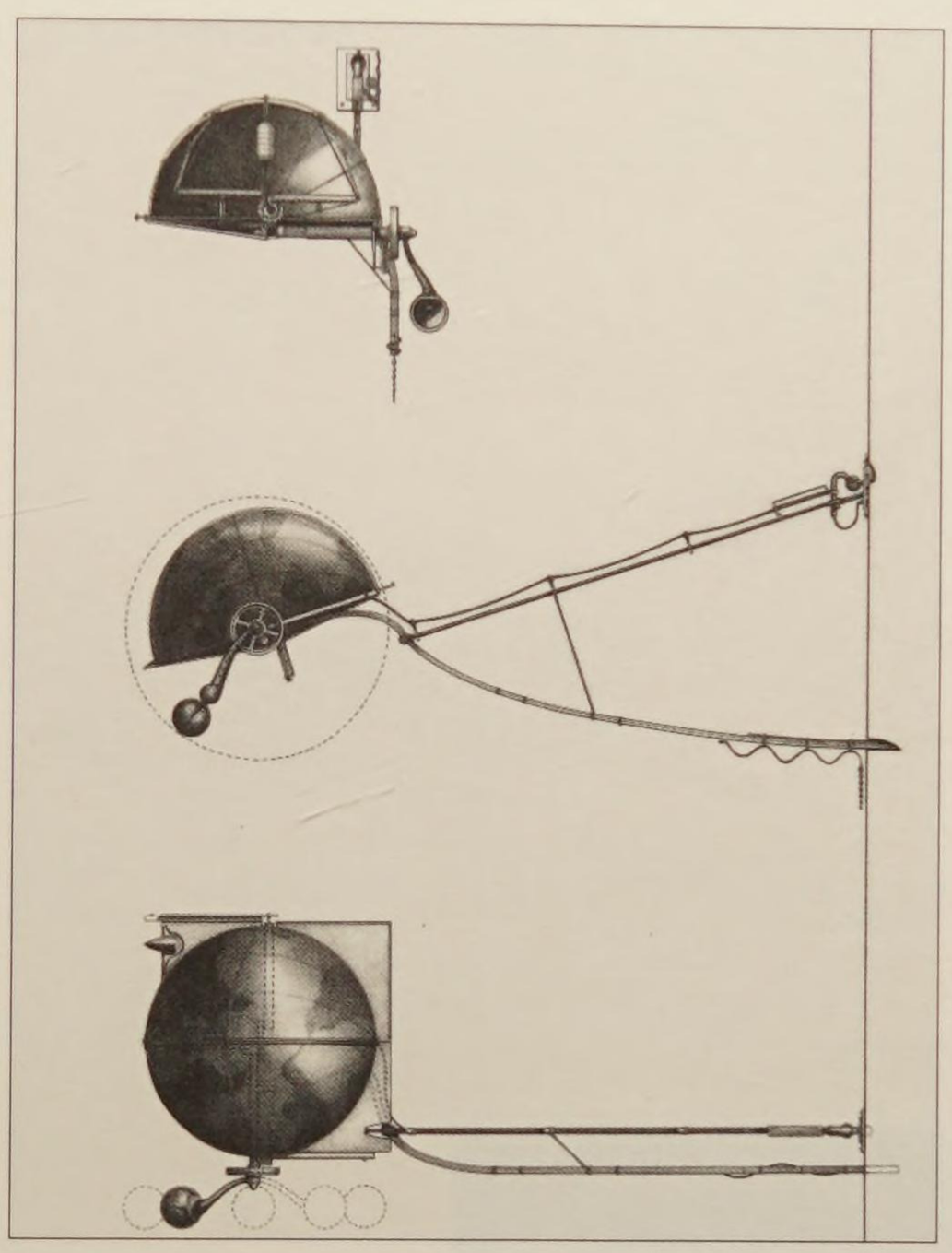


The following confession was written during the time of the Great Manichaean Heresy of the fourth century. At the time of its writing, its author, Bishop Augustine, had already confessed his past sins. The confession bears many traces of the Bishop's training in rhetoric. Scholars still debate the spiritual orientation of St. Augustine's text.

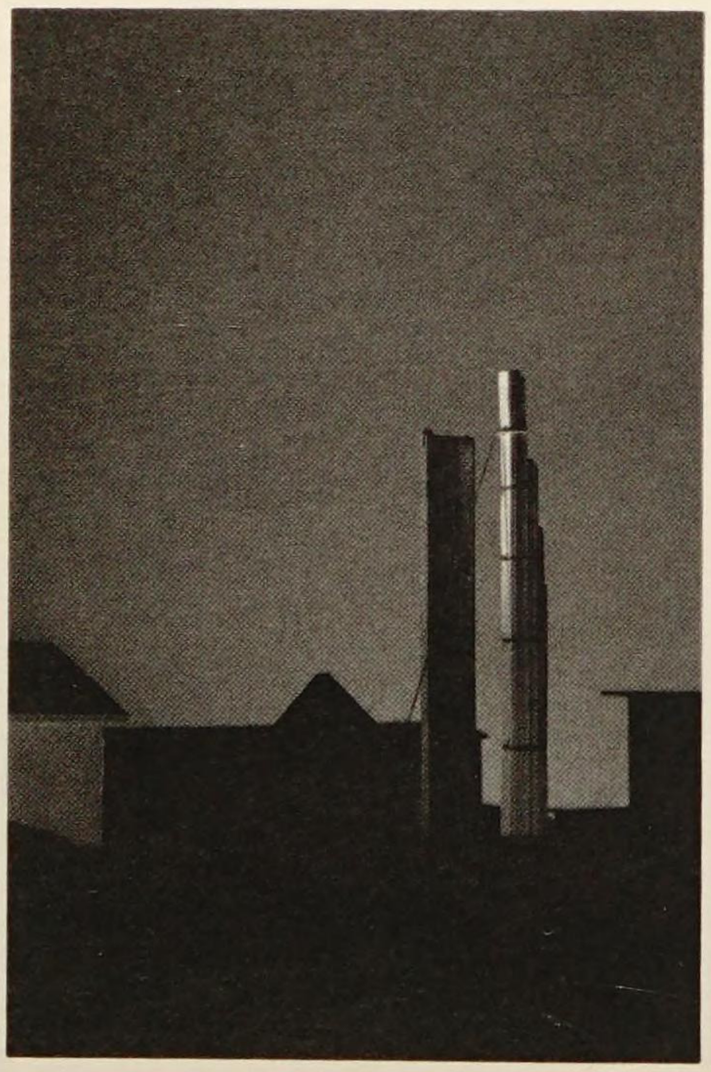
And how shall I call upon God? For when I shall call for Him, I shall be calling Him to myself! and what room is there within me, whither my God come to me, God who made heaven and earth? Is there, indeed, O Lord my God, aught in me that can contain Thee? Do even heaven and earth, which Thou hast made and wherein Thou hast made me, contain Thee? or, since without Thee, not anything that is, could be, does it follow that anything that is doth contain Thee? Since, then, I too am of such a nature, why do I crave that Thou shouldest come to me, who were not, wert Thou not in me? For not yet am I gone down to hell, and yet Thou art there also. For "If I go down to hell, Thou art there also" (Ps. 139:7). I could not be at all, wert Thou not in me; or is it not rather that I could not be unless I were in Thee, "of whom are all things, by whom are all things, in whom are all things?" (Rom. 11:36). Even so, Lord, even so. Whither do I call Thee, since I am in Thee? or whence canst Thou come to me?



Holy Sepulchre



Confessor's Amplifier

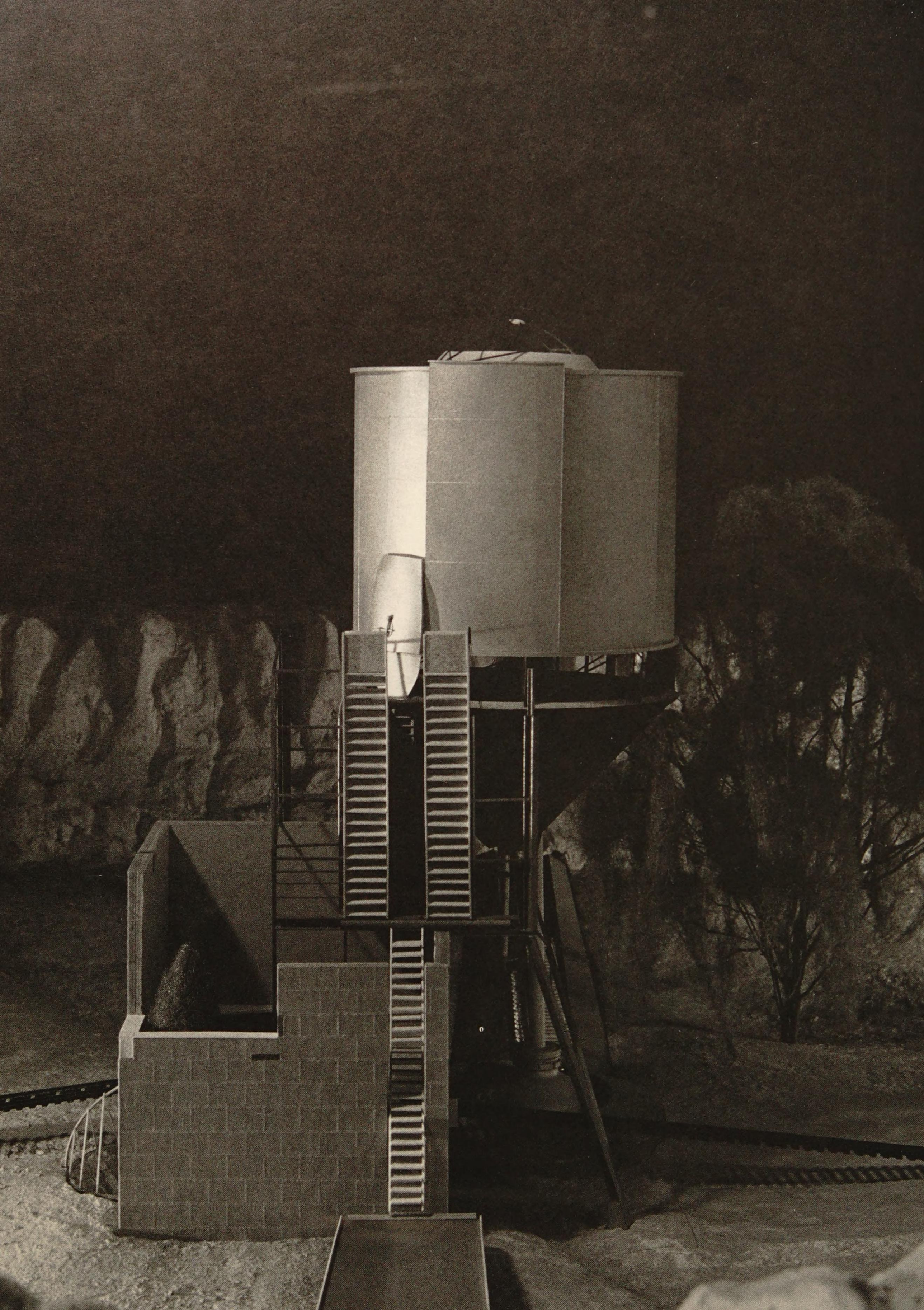


Oxygen House

A near triptych on the act of breathing

FRENCHMAN'S BEND, MISSISSIPPI

A house is for ~~living~~.
A house is for **dying**.



Oxygen House is perched on a depressed flood plain north-northwest of Frenchman's Bend, Mississippi. The structure is designed for Burnden Abraham, an ex-train signalman, who must live in an oxygen tent.

In the early spring of 1979, after torrential rains, the railroad tracks on which Abraham worked were flooded. They were never fully repaired. That following summer during a routine operation, Abraham suffered a collapsed lung when a train jumped the track and sent metal debris puncturing his right lung.

Three years later the railroad company put the property up for sale. Abraham purchased the plot where he had once worked. He requested that his house be built over the scene of his near-fatal accident. Abraham also requested that he finally be entombed in the house.

That he might not beteem the winds

Instruments

Life Lines

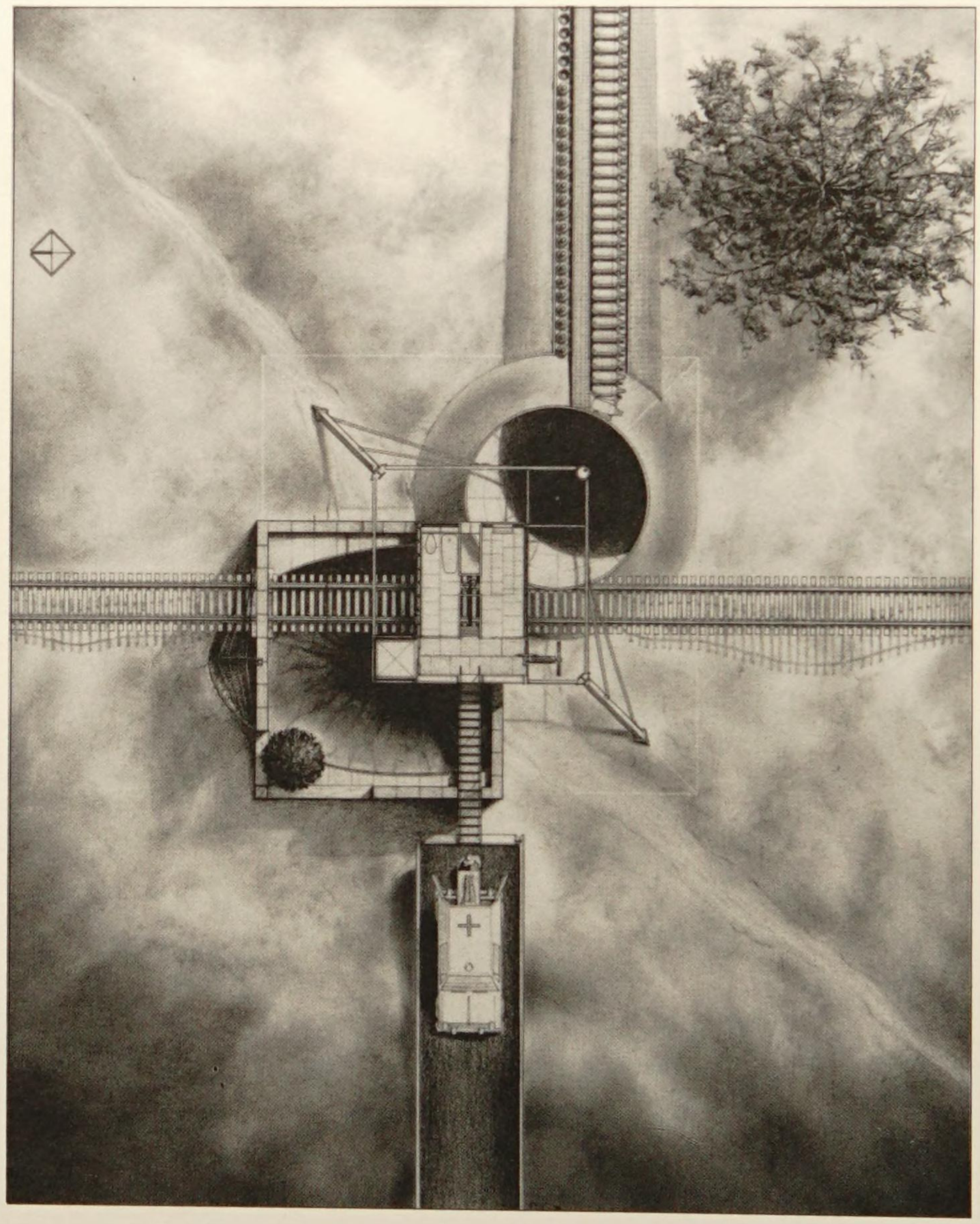
Diagonal: Evergreen, lift, bed, and willow (vertical)
Orthogonal: Visitors' tar road and finite oxygen stockpile (ascending from center, West/East)

Death Lines

Diagonal: Dried-up wash (horizontal)
Orthogonal: Broken tracks (descending from center, North/South)

Mediating Lines

Diagonal: Live-in nurse's station (vertical/horizontal)
Orthogonal: Nurse's shutter-gate/Visitors' stair (view down/access up)



Plan at nurse's level

The following letter was written by the client to the architect from the client's hospital room in Byhalia, Mississippi. The client died shortly after the footings of the house were poured. The construction of the house was never finished.

6 July 1979

Dear Mr. Darden:

Today, my nurse, sister Jewel, and I went down from the hamlet, following the path as good as she could push me and my rolling chair. It was my third visit to the place where I was almost killed three years ago. Anyone watching us from the bluffs could have seen Jewel's straw-colored hair blowing more than a full head above my own in the dust.

You can still see the faint depression of the wash baked brick-hard by the heat, which undermined the tracks. The tracks run straight as a plumbline, crossed by the wash. I can now look calmly at the break in the line. My chest no longer goes chuck chuck. I am doing the right thing to purchase this plot for my house.

Close to the break, in the center of the plain, is an old blockhouse. A path now circles the house at four soft right angles and goes on across the plain again. The blockhouse is square, with a broken roof set at a single pitch; it leans in empty dilapidation in the sunlight with a single broad window in two opposite walls giving onto the approaches of the tracks. You should have seen Jewel step through the window in a single stride while I took in the shimmering willow beyond.

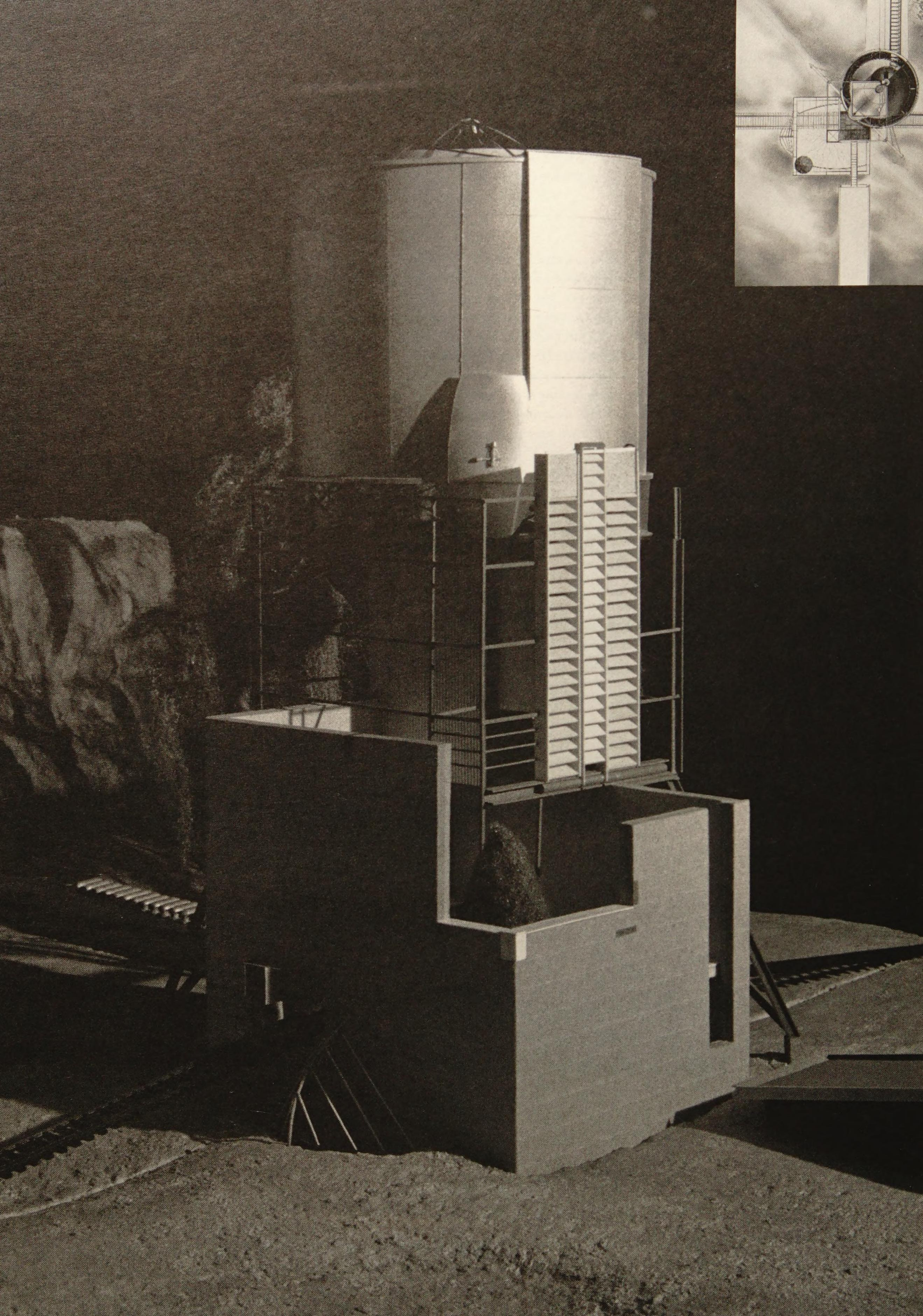
Jewel tells me that there once was a spring next to the willow. Even from the foot of the bluffs you can see its branches move as gracefully as Addie's curtains. Mostly all that is here is this tree, the tracks, and the sand.

You have asked me to share with you my thoughts about death. Now is not the time for this. I have lived for too many months thinking in a fury that I had only a few days—sometimes only a few hours—to live. I was a bubble.

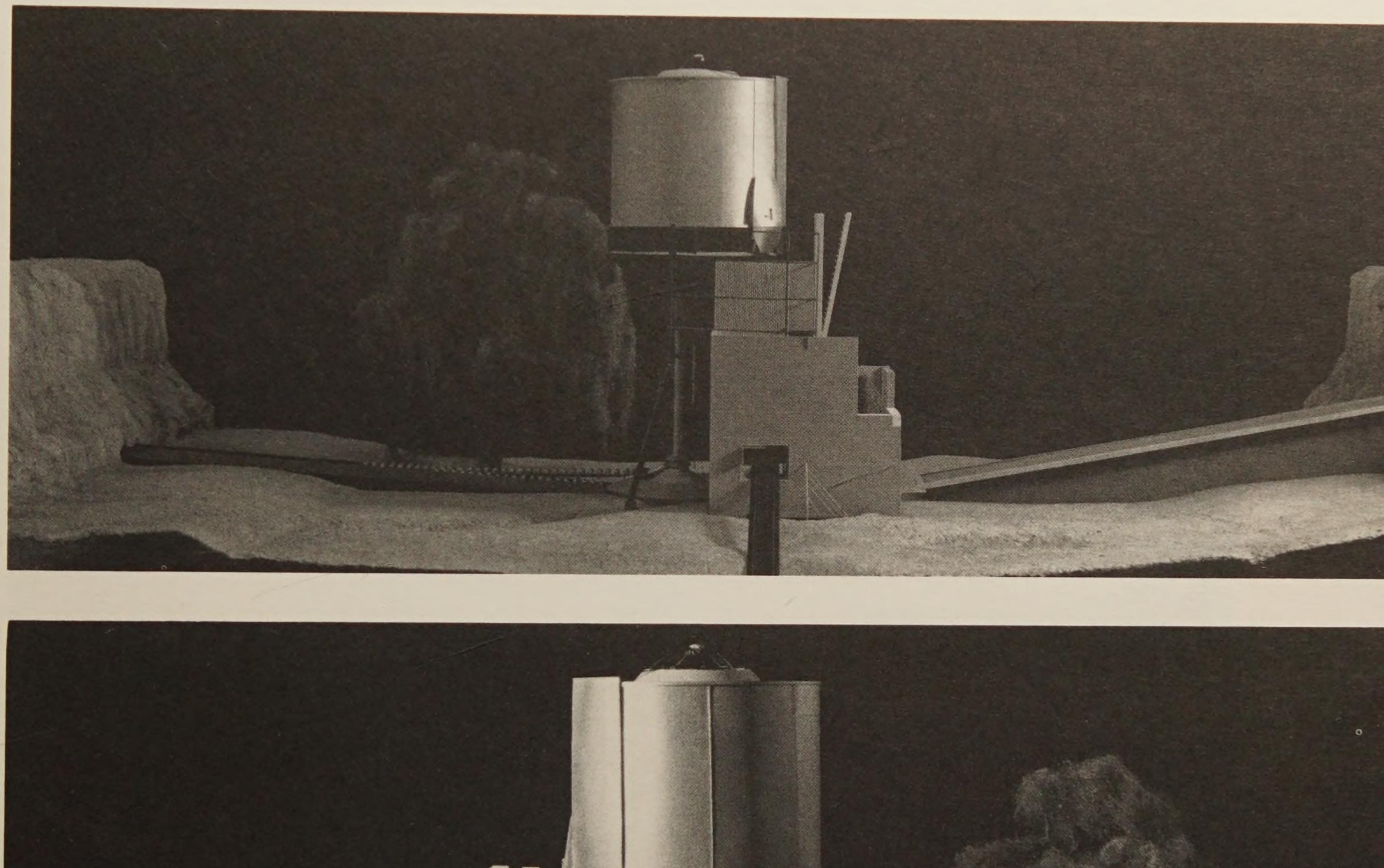
I can only say that death no longer threatens me. It runs like soft gold between the shadow spaces, a diagonal vein passing through my life. Even though I hardly ever emerge from my tent, this vein gives me an enduring sense of sound movement, of amazement, and privilege. Let's go on and build the house.

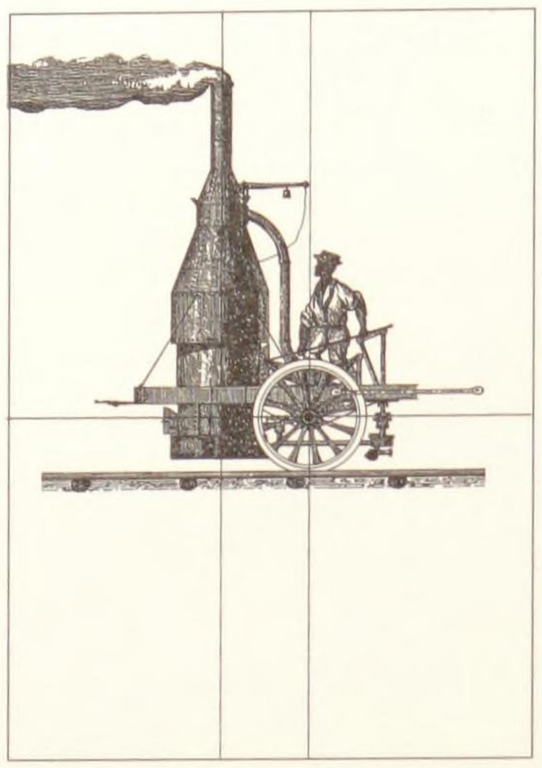
Yours sincerely,

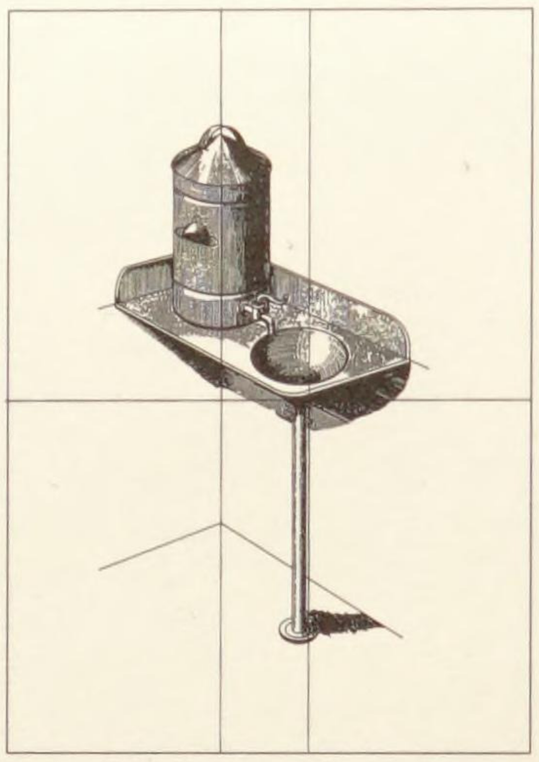
Burnden Abraham

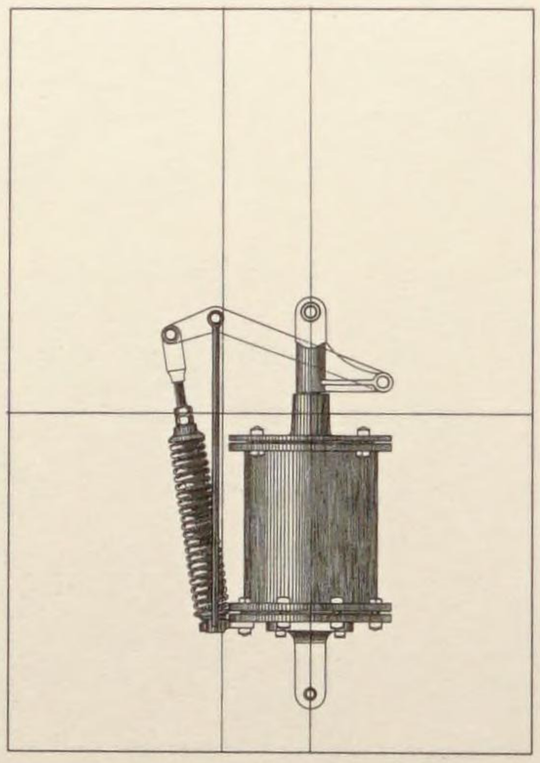


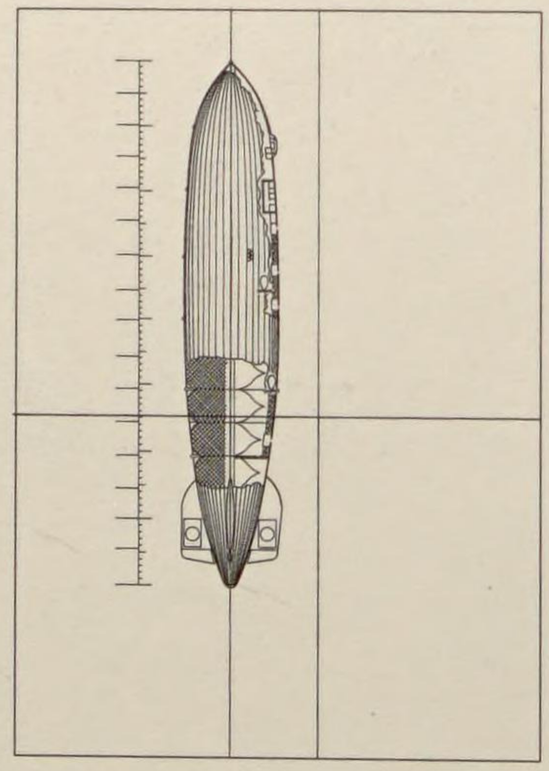
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath

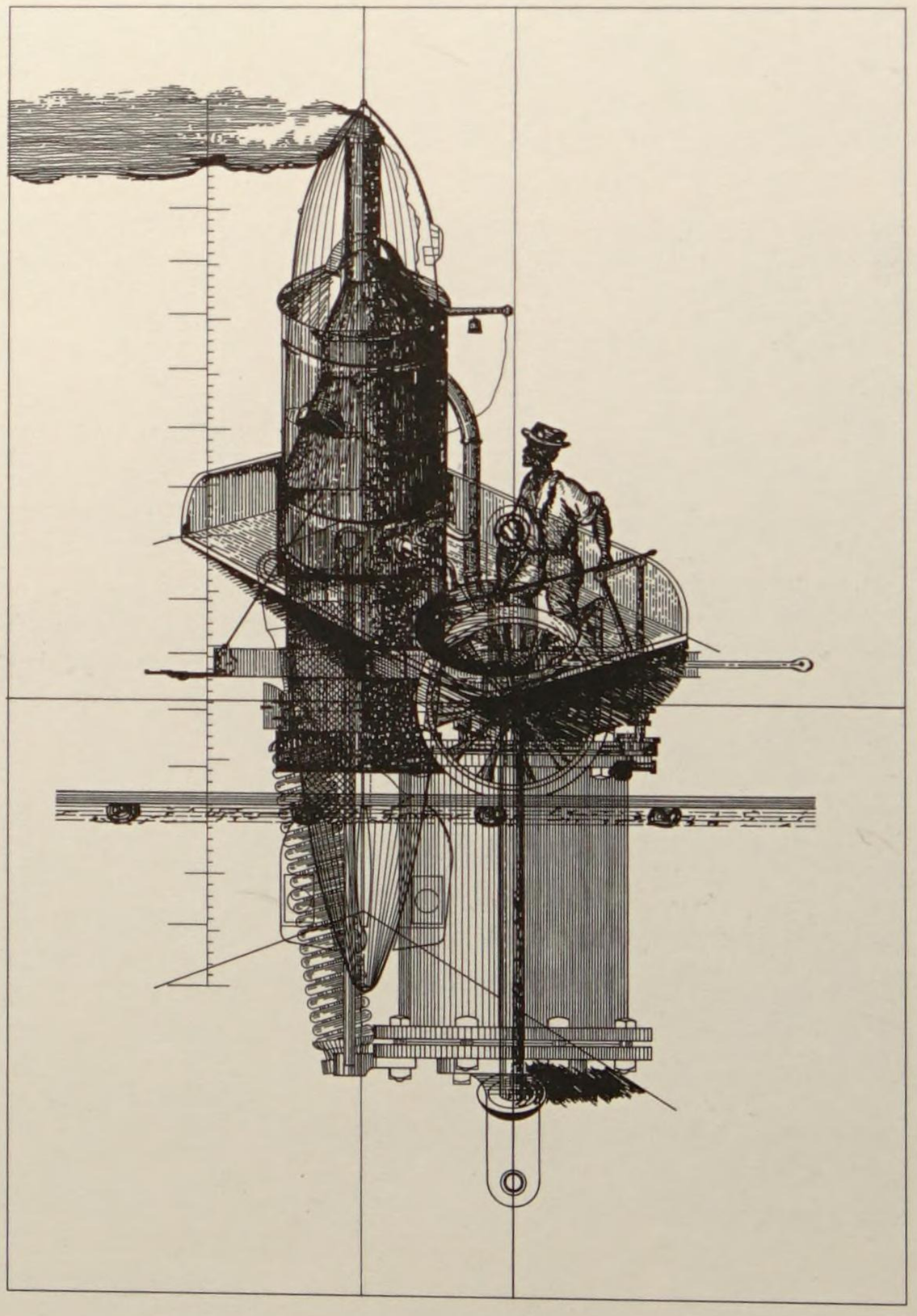












Dis/continuous Genealogy

American Civil War Engraving

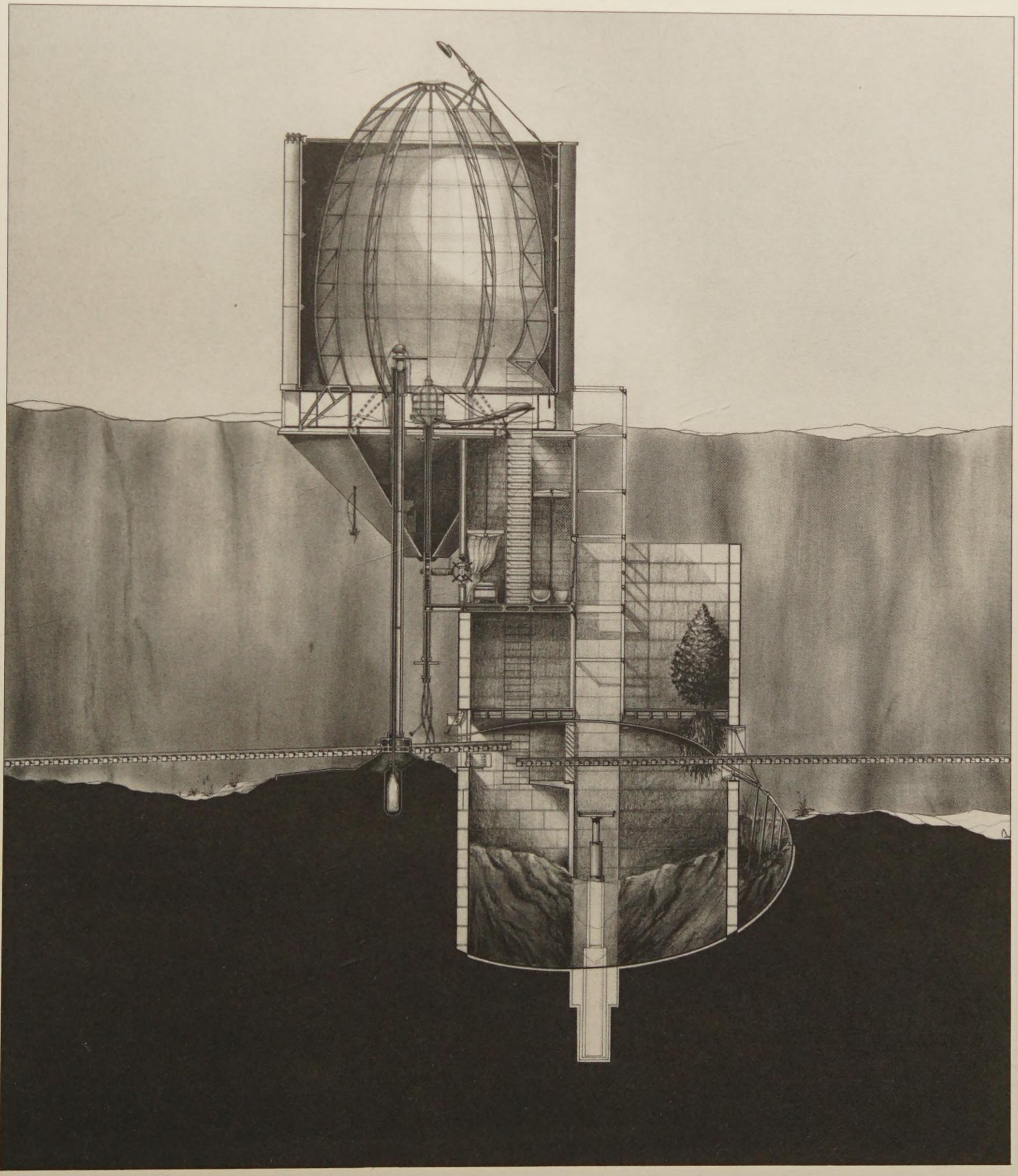
Caboose Water Cooler and Basin

Westinghouse Train Brake

Hindenburg Zeppelin

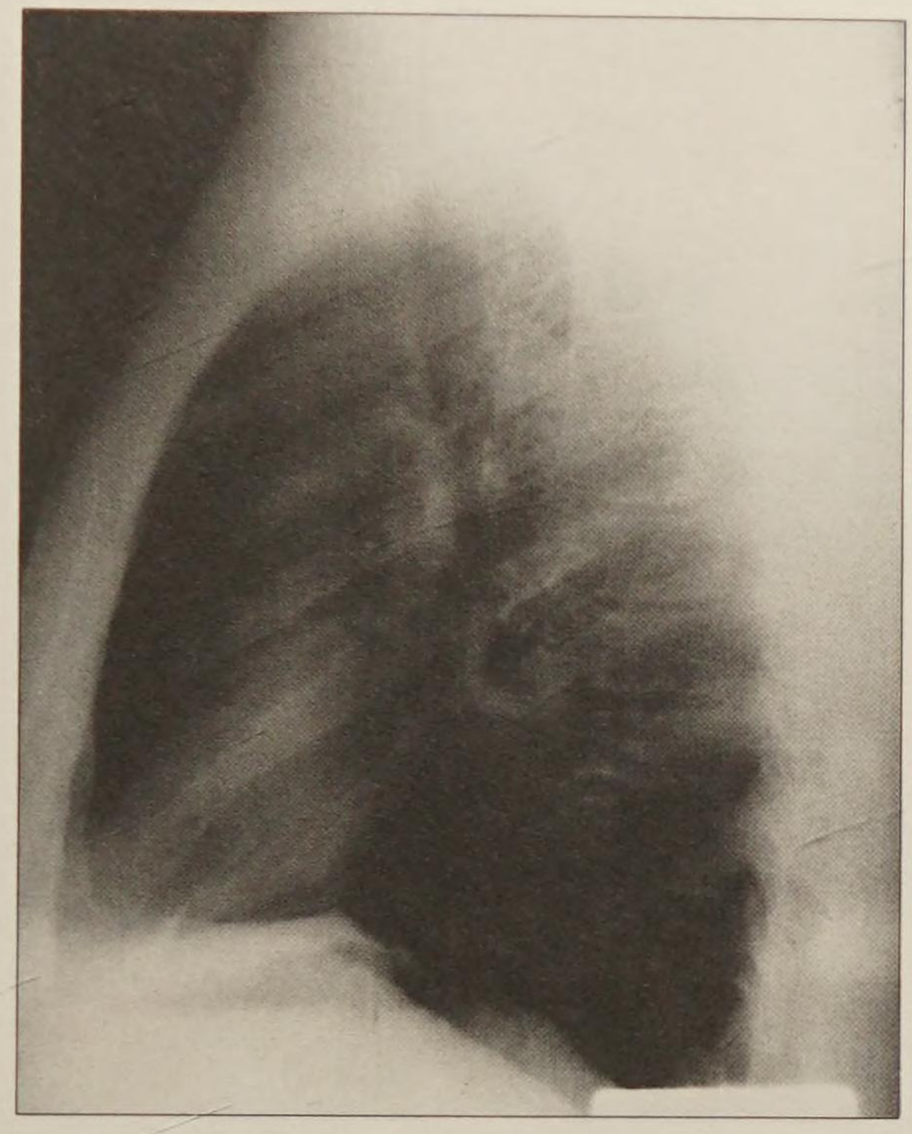
Composite Ideogram

Anatomical section



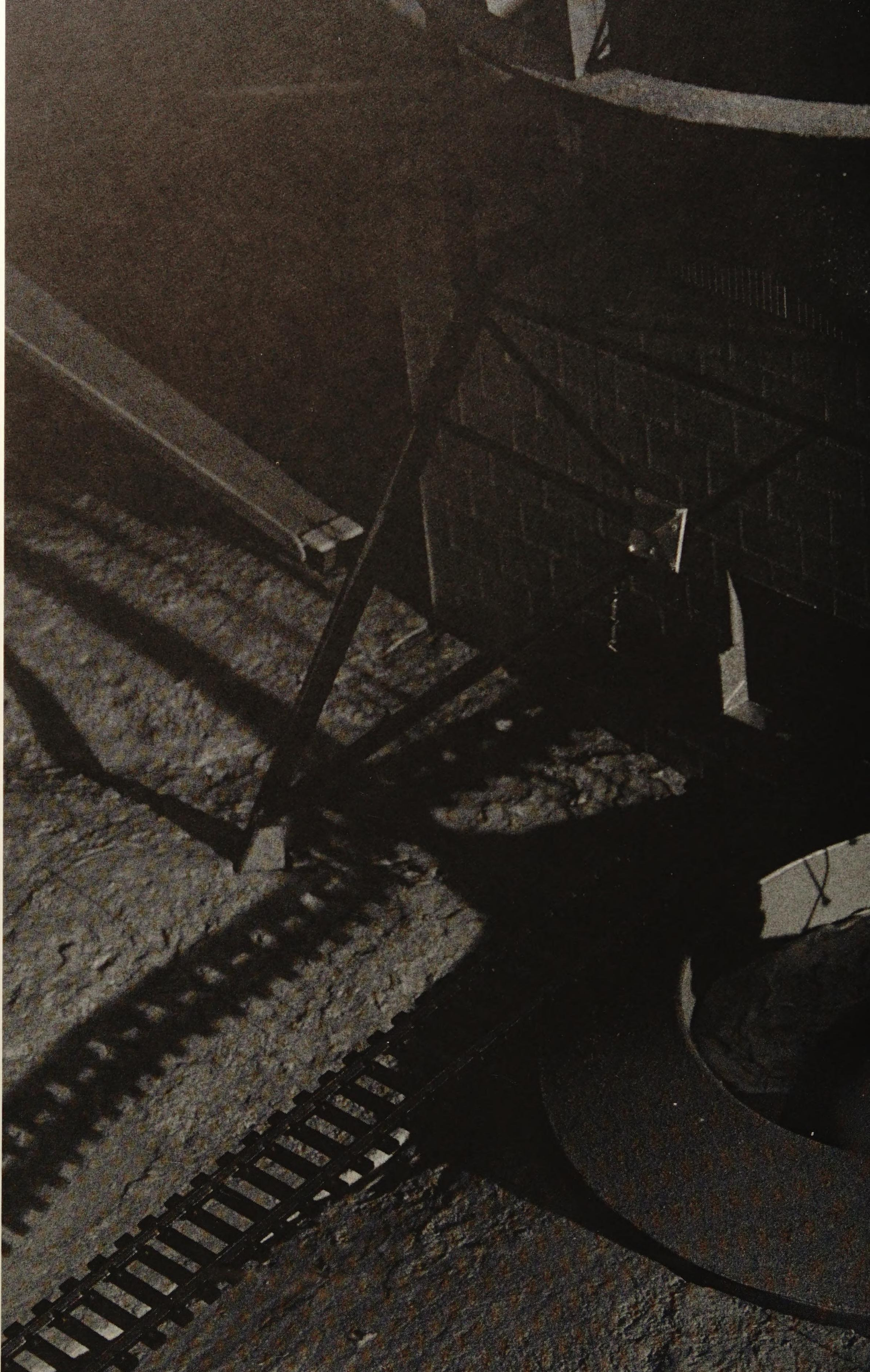


West elevation



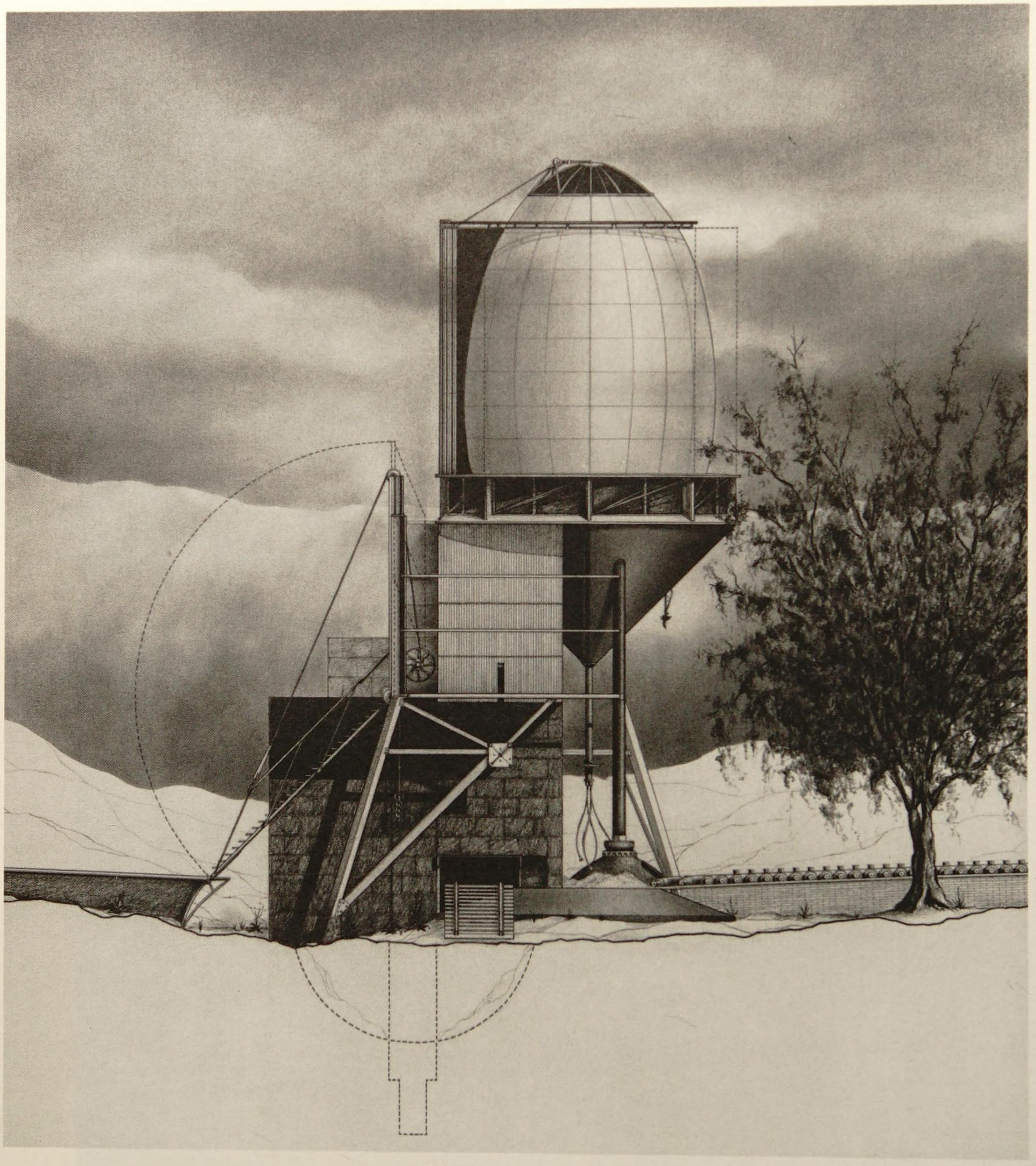
Abraham's collapsed lung

Why do you go to recover the wind of me?





Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly



South elevation (drum-torso retracted)

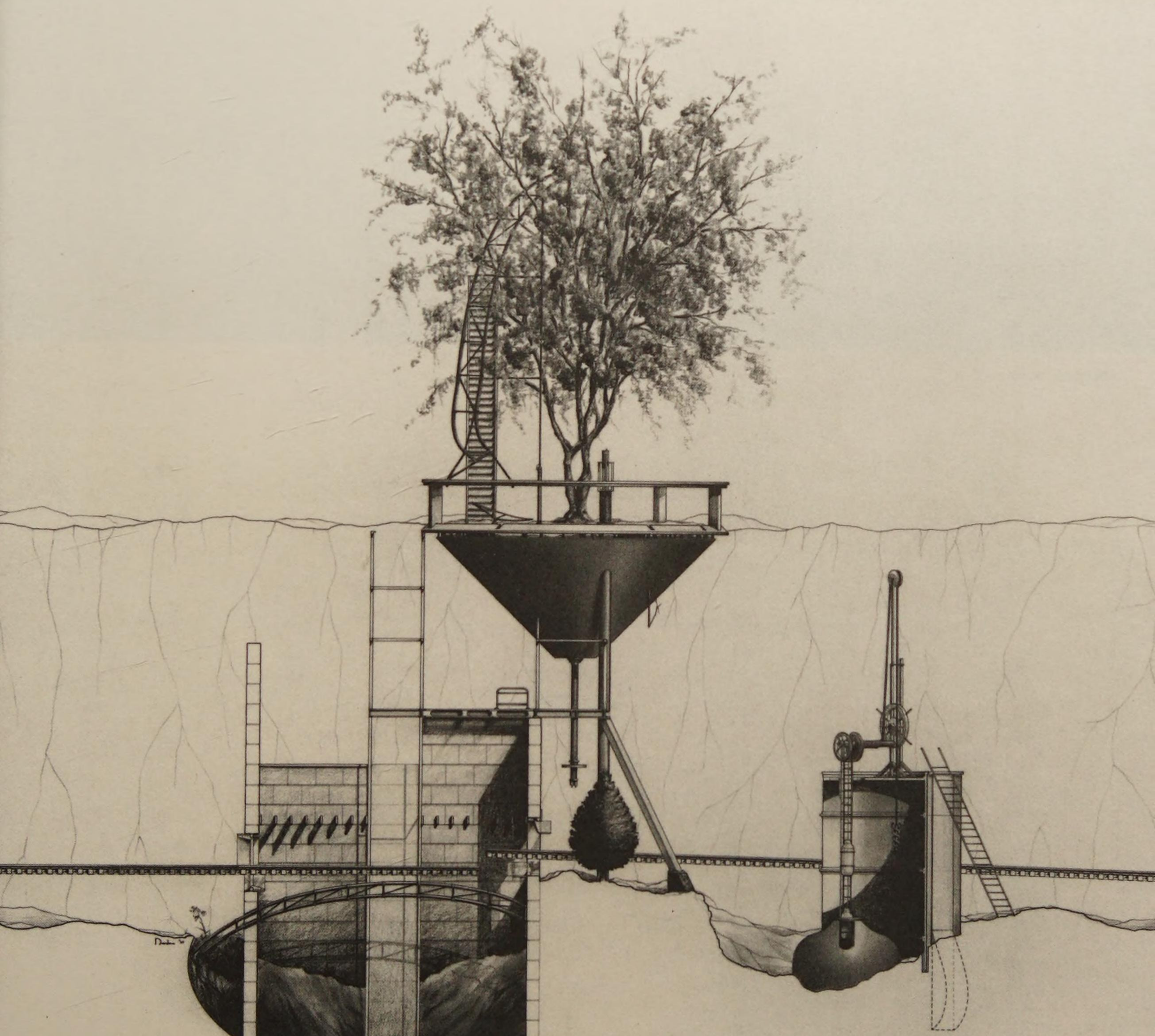
Operations

During Life

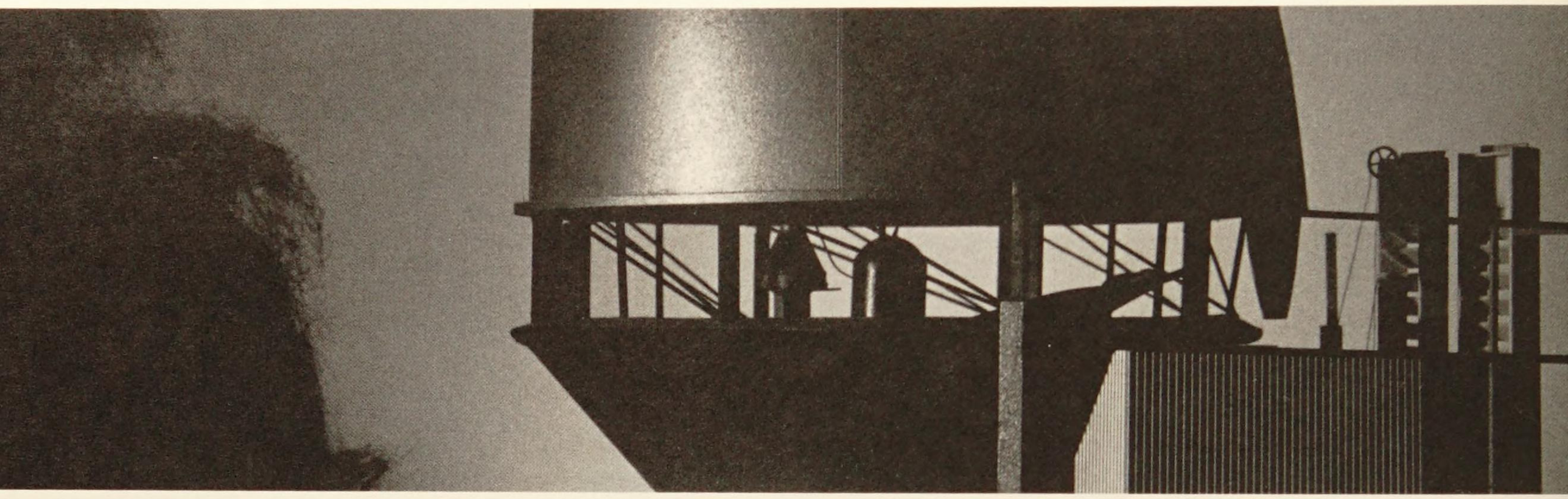
Operation I Visitor is screened by nurse.
Operation II Nurse releases facade, visitor ascends stair.
Operation III Abraham receives visitor.
Operation IV Visitor descends by lift.

After Death

Operation I Oxygen tent is dismantled. Abraham is wrapped in tent membrane.
Operation II Abraham's body is removed and buried in base of lift.
Operation III Willow is up-rooted; replanted in drum base.
Operation IV Drum-torso is dismantled; relocated over well-spring.



Post-mortem section



Abraham's window

Afterwords

Six Aphorisms Envisioning Architecture

I Architecture is the meditation on finitude and failure.

II Architecture is the symbolic redistribution of desire.

III Architecture is the execution of exquisite barriers.

IV Architecture is the fiction of the age critiqued in space.

V Architecture is the history of a place told in broken code.

VI Architecture is carried out by a resistance to itself.

Appendix

The following passage, "This Will Kill That," is excerpted from Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris.*

From the beginning of time to the fifteenth century of the Christian era, architecture was, in truth, the greatest book of humanity, the chief expression of man in his various stages of development. . . .

When the memory of the early races became overcharged, when the store of remembered things grew so weighty and confused that the bare, flying verbal record risked losing part of it upon the way, man began to transcribe his recollections in the manner that at the same time was the clearest, most durable and natural. Every tradition was sealed beneath a monument.

The earliest monuments were mere portions of rocks "which the iron had not touched," says Moses. Architecture began like all writing. There was first the alphabet. A stone was set up, and that was a letter, and every letter was a hieroglyph, and every hieroglyph supported a group of ideas, which were like the capitals to the pillars. . . .

Later on words began to be formed. One stone was placed above another, the granite syllables were linked together, and the best attempted certain combinations.

At last we come to books. . . . It was imperative that symbolism should expand into an edifice. Architecture thus developed side by side with human thought. . . . The word, the principal idea, not only served as a base for all edifices, it was embodied in their form. . . During the first six thousand years of the world's existence, from the immemorial date of the earliest Hindu pagoda to that of Cologne Cathedral, architecture was therefore the chief writing of the human race.

In the fifteenth century, everything underwent a change. Humanity discovered a means of perpetuating thought more lasting and durable than architecture, and even simpler and easier. Architecture was dethroned. To the stone letters of Orpheus are to succeed Gutenberg's letters of lead.

The book will destroy the building!

The invention of printing is the greatest event in history. It was the supreme revolution. It meant the complete renovation of humanity's mode of expression, the discarding of human thought of one form to reclothe itself in another. . . .

In the form of print, thought becomes more imperishable than ever; it is winged, intangible, indestructible. It mingles with the air. In the days of architecture it transformed itself into a mass of stone, and took forcible possession of an age and place. Now it is turned into a flock of birds, winging its way in all directions, and occupying at the same time every corner of air and space. . . .

And now we may pause to ask which of these arts have actually represented human thought during the last three centuries? Which has faithfully transcribed it? Which of the two, without break or intermission, has superposed itself on the human race—that monster of a thousand feet, for ever pressing forward?

Architecture or Printing?

Printing. Do not let us deceive ourselves. Architecture is dead, dead beyond recall, slain by the printed book.

Fall'n on the inventors' heads.

Acknowledgments

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Diana Liljelund *TF, CSD, H, SS, C, OH*
E. J. Meade *M*
Monique Van den Hurk *SJJ*
Criticism
Eytan Fichman *SJJ, C, OH*
Wes Jones *SJJ*
Mark Keating *M*
Ben Ledbetter *NS, SJJ, C, OH*
David Lever *NS*
Maya Lin *SJJ*
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Don Wall *OH*
Project research
American Academy in Rome *TF, H, C*
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National Endowment for the Arts, Design Arts Program *MI*
New Jersey State Arts Council *CSD*
Models
John Coyne *TF*
Frank Gonzalez *NS*
Mark Keating *M*
Brian McGrath *NS*
Vince Paterra *M, OH*
Sardjono Sani *H*
Chune-I Shyu *H*
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Bob Curtis MI, SJJ
Don Semler *MI, CSD, SJJ*
Reed Photo-Art, all drawings
Site documentation
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Sandy Heck *TF*
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Maryland Historical Society *MI*
M. H. Matarasso *CSD*
National Park Service *MI*
The New York Times *TF*
Peale Museum *MI*
United States Army Corps of Engineers *NS*
Letters
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Dr. Alford Peabody *OH*
Katie Towler *MI*
Quotations
The Princely Dane

MI Museum of Impostors; *TF* Temple Forgetful; *CSD* Clinic for Sleep Disorders; *NS* Night School; *M* Melvilla; *H* Hostel; *SJJ* Saloon for Jesse James; *SS* Sex Shop; *C* Confessional; *OH* Oxygen House

DOUGLAS DARDEN

Condemned Building: An Architect's Pre-Text presents ten rhetorical projects conceived as buildings that are "condemned from the start." Each project comprises exquisite drawings and model photographs, as well as a psychodramatic text. The projects, with names such as Museum of Impostors and Clinic for Sleep Disorders, form a treatise on the nature of unfulfilled desire. Darden teaches at the University of Colorado and is a Fellow of the American Academy in Rome.

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