

... ASKING, you must be clever - and our teachers like you
too, but should we follow so blindly into the production of
your world? Making pretty books, and things we

TREE RANGE

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... them out, produce them cheaply; make them colourful;
... heap, consume...

65

①

Mr. Koolhaas, you must be clever - and our teachers like you
too, but should we follow so blindly into the production of
your Koorbusian world? Making pretty books, and things we
perhaps do not quite understand.

... them out, produce them cheaply; make them colourful;
... heap, consume...

TREE RANGE



①

& THE SELF

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the self and the city.....freerange #1.....

THE SELF
AND THE
CITY

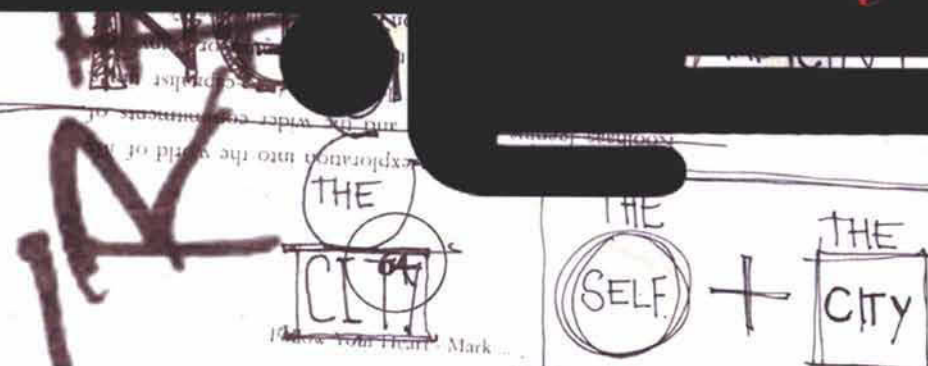
THE SELF AND
THE CITY



THE SELF

CITY

the self and the city:



print: ISBN 978-0-473-14854-6
pdf: ISBN 978-0-473-14855-3

b(L)ank

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Introducing....

This first issue of freerange has been incubating for some time now, and I have had doubts about whether the issues that were of interest two or so years ago when this was conceived are still at pertinent today. Urban issues and city living do seem less topical at this moment; there is a sniff of revolution in the air and historically critical events are indeed happening with remarkable frequency.

Upon reflection however I release there is no need to worry; the seemingly dramatic change in ideology that is presently occurring has not yet resolved itself into a new form, and so now more than ever the time is due for a broad and freeranging discourse about the important ideas of our time. The apparent fall of corporate capitalism is leaving a vacuum of ideologies which will quickly be filled. The challenge is to make sure this void is reformed around ideas that assure both quality and quantity of life for the beings on this little planet, and that the power doesn't just return to a different clique of elites.

"...never have the custodians of the word been so cut off from the realities of power. Never, for that matter, have people so adept at manipulating the word held the levers of power. Western culture, as a result, has become less and less a critical reflection of its own society."

John Ralston Saul. Voltaires Bastards. pg 8.

What is FreeRange?

Freerange is a small pirate style coalition of the willing with a goal of mentoring into creation a small but well considered piece of cultural property. The individuals incubating FreeRange generally hail from architectural and urban design backgrounds but amongst others include video artists, scientists, pirates, mathematicians, musicians, rockers, graphic designers, illustrators, and programmers.

It's about 'good' ideas, in a dual sense. Good in that they are sensible, applicable and constructive; whether this be in design, literature or politics. It is also about good in the sense that it will promote some basic sense of common humanity and bettering peoples realities. (whatever that may mean). It is to be a meme generator to counter the hegemonic memes currently streaming from the airwaves globally.

As humans in this mad mad world today, where understanding seems almost beyond comprehension, we need to ask ourselves on what authority do we make political and moral decisions?

Are there any universal values that we can apply to the complex situations we find ourselves in? Has the western notion of progress finally folded in upon itself? Will global warming and other environmental problems make all bets off and force an ecological fascism upon us? Are we simply moving deckchairs on the boat? Are we oven attendants in this deadly capitalist game?

Our suggestion is that we can become pirates not privateers, neutral angels not cowboys, intellectual probes not ideologues, fly-by-nighters, crepuscular raiders, free range chickens, foxes not hedgehogs. When Lucifer fell out from heaven he was as-



Introducing...

sisted by the not oft mentioned neutral angels, a group that sits in the space between the absolutes of ideology and anarchy. They have the freewill to strategically act, make moral judgments, change their minds, make mistakes, create ambiguity, culture jam, exist in geographies of subversion, out wit and create cunning.

If all action is political and politics is the game of powers, and all power corrupts then it is a moral obligation to subvert all power, starting with oneself.

Perhaps there is an ethos that comes with the knowledge that a healthy existence stems from a balance between chaos and order, between understanding and forgetting, playing games between opposites. If one embraces this then there is an obligation to act when either order or disorder takes control. In some ages this requires the neutral angel to act as architect, constructor, leader, utopian, dreamer, and create visions from chaos. In others when power becomes too strong and the universes desire to create is restricted then it is their obligation to be rebels, pirates, artists, philosophers, and all those that ask questions and confuse. Which time is it now?

"If we ever save ourselves from mass violence, it will be through the efforts of millions of minds, networked together in a collaborative process of science, philosophy, and movements for social change. In short, only a group effort can save us from the sporadic insanities of the group."

Howard Bloom. *The Lucifer Principle*. Pg 7. (Bloom who is a controversial author incidentally ran a pr firm that managed such musical greats as Talking Heads, Bob Marley, and ZZ Top. Weird.)



Introducing...

Issue #1: The City and the Self

Freerange is the published workings of a large and diverse group of people aiming to create some critical reflections on our respective places in the world. This process will take place over a dozen editions which will evolve and develop over the coming months and years. We start with a theme that tackles subjects both the large and personal. *The Self and the City*.

This issue tackles two uncompromising and seemingly incomprehensively complex issues. The city, in all its glorious forms, has become the dominant form of human habitation, and the 'self' as progressively redefined in the 20th Century has become the fundamental instrument for measuring human consciousness.

It is often quoted that 2007 marked first time in human history that more humans lived in *urban conditions* than elsewhere. Our current abilities of comprehension, characterized by divisions of knowledge into discrete disciplines, is unable to grasp the awesome complexity of the city and its explosive mix of contradictory human desires and needs. To even discuss the concept of the city is problematic as it implies a set accepted definitions or ideals that apply to all humans in urban conditions. The first article in this publication is by Tigilau Saili, called **The Hungry City** which questions some of the implicit assumptions behind discussion of Cities and Urbanism.

The discipline of architecture has a unique and difficult relationship with The City. On one hand it is an ultimate celebration of human built form with almost every surface and structure being 'designed' by one human or another.

On the other hand the inherent complexity and ubiquity of the urban condition is necessarily transdisciplinary, requiring the full scope of human intellectual production. This clearly challenges Architecture's position of power as the arbitrator of built form.

This difficult and intriguing relationship has best been explored by one of the seminal architects of our time; **Rem Koolhaas**. Whose various writings and built history show a mind committed to understanding the contemporary condition. Rem Koolhaas has published widely and worked in diverse locations including Amsterdam, Beijing, Lagos, and Qatar. In this issue we quote extensively from a piece of writing published in 2003 from the Harvard Design School Guide to Shopping, titled **Junkspace**. In the spirit of the writing we have arranged a series of quotations from this text and combined them with collages constructed from photos taken from all over the world and submitted by some 27 Freerange photographic contributors.

The various multi-faceted understandings of the term the contemporary city reflects the complex maze of contested spaces that construct our built and mental environments. Through patterns of migration, immigration and emigration the cultural impacts of the growth of the urban environment has affected all peoples. However the localized development of cities on indigenous populations and their historical relationship to land and its use is of particular importance. Architect **Ripeka Walker** offers us her personal understanding of such issues in a piece aptly titled: **Indigenous Urban Realities**.

Muti-disciplined internationalist Indian national **Raj Sahai** presents us with a beautiful example of how leadership and de-



sign can emerge to positively affect even ancient urban situations. The text introduces the eastern Italian town of **Urbino** where the entire walled city is projected as a UNESCO world heritage site.

The next contributor **Dale Fincham** is a Wellington based architect (with an appropriately avian inclined name) who has written a delicately woven text that investigates the concept of **Nesting in the City**.

The organic nature of nesting implies an ability to make immediate and creative change to ones environment. Educationalist **Felicity Morris** explores a more aggressive version of this ideal with her inquiry into the use of male phallic symbols in public graffiti, titled **Vanity and Urbanity**.

With the relentless increase of technology in our lives there is an increasing rupture between the slow pace of physical change and the almost instant ability to adapt digital environments. These digital developments and the radical demographic mobility seen amongst the developed worlds middle classes are forcing a fundamental rethink of previously stationary concepts of the Home. Drawing on research from her graduating project **Sally Ogle** explores issues of **Home, Space and Virtuality**.

An issue of freerange would not be complete with out a bustling polemic. Writer, educationlist, dancer and reformed socialist **Noel Meek** has written a **Dialogue on Street Theatre** that urges us not only to discuss notions of public space, but to actively engage in practice of inhabiting them.

The last contribution to this first issue of Freerange is a small but well aimed critique of Rem Koolhaas by **Mark Kingsley**.



Introducing...

Some Big Historical Numbers

Top 10 Cities of the Year 100AD

1	Rome	450,000	1	Cordova, Spain	450,000	1	Beijing, China	672,000
2	Luoyang (Hanan), China	420,000	2	Kaifeng, China	400,000	2	Vijayanagar, India	500,000
3	Seleucia (on the Tigris), Iraq	250,000	3	Constantinople (Istanbul), Turkey	300,000	3	Cairo, Egypt	400,000
4	Alexandria, Egypt	250,000	4	Angkor, Cambodia	200,000	4	Hangzhou, China	250,000
5	Antioch, Turkey	150,000	5	Kyoto, Japan	175,000	5	Tabriz, Iran	250,000
6	Anuradhapura, Sri Lanka	130,000	6	Cairo, Egypt	135,000	6	Constantinople (Istanbul), Turkey	200,000
7	Peshawar, Pakistan	120,000	7	Baghdad, Iraq	125,000	7	Gaur, India	200,000
8	Carthage, Tunisia	100,000	8	Nishapur (Neyshabur), Iran	125,000	8	Paris, France	185,000
9	Suzhou, China	n/a	9	Al-Hasa, Saudi Arabia	110,000	9	Guangzhou, China	150,000
10	Smyrna, Turkey	90,000	10	Patan (Anhilwara), India	100,000	10	Nanjing, China	147,000

Top 10 Cities of the Year 1000

Top 10 Cities of the Year 1500

Top 10 Cities of the Year 1800

1	Beijing, China	1,100,000
2	London, United Kingdom	861,000
3	Guangzhou, China	800,000
4	Edo (Tokyo), Japan	685,000
5	Constantinople (Istanbul), Turkey	570,000
6	Paris, France	547,000
7	Naples, Italy	430,000
8	Hangzhou, China	387,000
9	Osaka, Japan	383,000
10	Kyoto, Japan	377,000

Top 10 Cities of the Year 1900

1	London, United Kingdom	6,480,000
2	New York, United States	4,242,000
3	Paris, France	3,330,000
4	Berlin, Germany	2,707,000
5	Chicago, United States	1,717,000
6	Vienna, Austria	1,698,000
7	Tokyo, Japan	1,497,000
8	St. Petersburg, Russia	1,439,000
9	Manchester, UK	1,435,000
10	Philadelphia, US	1,418,000

Top 10 Cities of the Year 1950

1	New York, United States	12,463,000
2	London, United Kingdom	8,860,000
3	Tokyo, Japan	7,000,000
4	Paris, France	5,900,000
5	Shanghai, China	5,406,000
6	Moscow, Russia	5,100,000
7	Buenos Aires, Argentina	5,000,000
8	Chicago, United States	4,906,000
9	Ruhr, Germany	4,900,000
10	Kolkata, India	4,800,000

Some Big Contemporary Numbers

Rank	City	Population	Area (km ²)	Population density (/km ²)	Country
1	Mumbai	13,662,885	603	22,658	India
2	Karachi	12,991,000	3,527	3,683	Pakistan
3	Istanbul	11,372,613	1,831	6,211	Turkey
4	Delhi	11,325,124	431	26,276	India
5	São Paulo	10,990,249	1,523	7,216	Brazil
6	Moscow	10,452,000	1,081	9,644	Russia
7	Seoul	10,356,202	605.4	17,213	South Korea
8	Shanghai	10,030,788	2,050	4,991	China
9	Beijing	9,532,000	1,368	6,968	China
10	Mexico City	8,836,045	1,485	5,950	Mexico
11	Tokyo	8,731,000	617	14,151	Japan
12	Jakarta	8,489,910	664	12,738	Indonesia
13	New York City	8,274,527	789.4	10,452	United States
14	Lagos	7,937,932	999.6	7,938	Nigeria
15	Kinshasa	7,843,000	9,965	787	Democratic Republic of the Congo
16	Tehran	7,797,520	760	10,260	Iran
17	Lima	7,605,742	2,670.4	2,848	Peru
18	London	7,581,052	1,580	4,697	United Kingdom
19	Bogotá	7,155,052	1,590	4,500	Colombia
20	Hong Kong	6,985,200	1,092	6,397	Hong Kong

THE HUNGRY CITY

By Coco Smooth

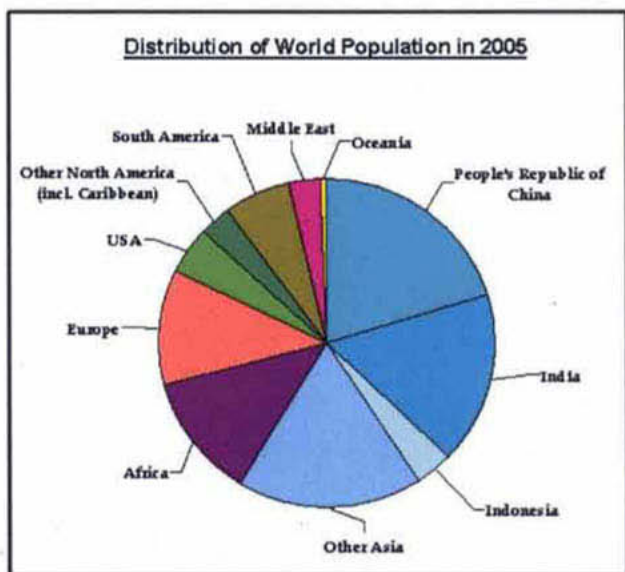
Are cities replacing nation-states as the sources of identity? Are all cities by definition reflections of modernity? 2006 marked a point in human history when for the first time more of us humans live in cities than anywhere else. Humanity is being urbanised.

When the editor approached me with ideas for articles last year I thought those quoted above were the pick of the crop. Cities, identity, modernity, and urbanisation; this was the pith of modern life. Yet something about them also left me feeling a little unsatisfied. The most dissatisfying thought was that humanity was now more urbanised than it had ever been. The assertion seemed boldly opportunistic and so very 21st century – so completely caught up in the now that the now had been made more important than the past.

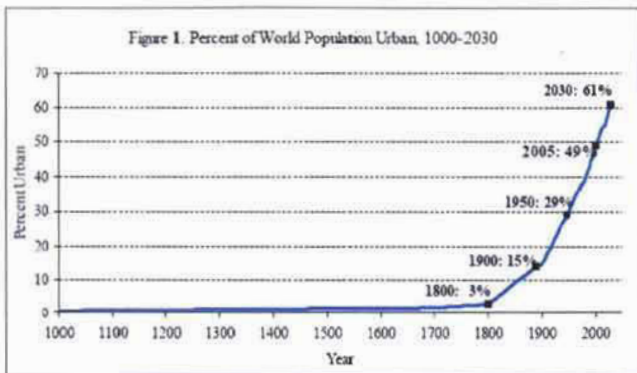
Whatever the merits of the editor's suggestions, they had achieved the intended result – I was quickly looking for something to fix my curious appetite.

I began my enquiry by asking: How could 2006 be such a huge turning point in the urbanisation and therefore development of human civilisation?

Via a subsequent google, the UN Population Division told me that a millennium of urbanisation culminated in 49% of the world's population in 2005. And here in 2007, there's no doubt that it passed that point. Yet in the same breath, the UN unit also said that the majority of each continent's population save Africa (37%) and Asia (37%) were urban in 2000. While I knew that Africa, and Asia in particular, accounted for a large proportion of the world's population; my gut feeling was that it wasn't more than half. It turned out that I was wrong. Another google later to Wikipedia's "world population" entry made it pretty clear by pie graph that Africa and Asia accounted for almost 75% of the world's population in 2005.



A Millennium of Urbanization



Source: United Nations Population Division

Urbanization Trends by Region, 1970-2030

Asia and Africa will experience the highest rates of urbanization by 2030



Source: World Urbanization Prospects, 2007 Revision, United Nations Population Division

To my consternation I was left concluding that I was wrong – I had begun my investigation asking the wrong question. How could I have been so mistaken? What had warped my view?

Maybe it was it a trick of geography?

New Zealand (NZ) and Australia are the only countries I've ever lived in; and they are highly urbanised. More than 70% of the population live in urban areas. However, this is true of all in the club of 'developed' nations, whether old world or new. Most people in these places live in town not country. Add to that the myriad cities of the developing world, and everywhere in-between, and surely that's half or more of the world's population conveniently rotted as another throwaway statistic?

Well yes and no and not quite. As my initial enquiry testified there was something deeper than statistics at play.

Maybe then it was also my rather quaint idea of what is urban?

In my mind's eye urban equals reticulated infrastructure, sealed roads, a local store or two, a school with a sports field, and a church, mosque, or temple if you're lucky. It's cities, towns, and suburbs; but also townships, hamlets, and villages. I grew up in a small coastal village of 500 in northeast Northland (NZ). It had all these things and was a half-hour drive from a town of 40,000 plus but a city to me. Now I live in Auckland, NZ's largest urban area.

But with a population of just over 1,000,000 it's barely a functioning city by international terms, still, it has turned those Northland settlements into little more than coastal footnotes in the back of my mind. One person's city is another's rural backwater.

It turns out that I partly owe my definitional obsession about what is urban and what is not to NZ's British forebears. The difference between cities, towns, townships, hamlets, and villages, between urban and rural, is differently understood in different parts of the English-speaking world. (A symptom of typically English language ambiguity that few other European languages would tolerate). For starters, there's no one standard definition of a city; the term is used for:

- a town possessing city status;
- an urban locality exceeding an arbitrary population size;
- a town dominating other towns with particular regional economic or administrative significance; or
- an agglomeration including suburban and satellite areas.

Similar problems face the definition of a town, township, hamlet, and village; and let's not even talk about what is and isn't urban.

What about scale and density, I hear you say, aren't they the real determining factors behind the definitions? Well no, they aren't the easy answers they seem. For example, Statistics NZ defines an urban area as a settlement with of 400 persons per km² but that wouldn't even feature as a blip on Japan's urban statistical radar of 4,000 persons per km². Big or small, concentrated or dispersed, urban or rural. These are really questions of one's relative sense of perspective; in the thrill of the new century I think it's rather easy to lose it. The city is not a "thing" but a characteristic process. Towns, townships, hamlets, and villages all exhibit the essential features of a city – the process of becoming urban. As Mumford, the influential American urban historian said sagely, "...*urban and rural, city and country, are one thing, not two things.*" This is close to what I'm getting at.

Rather than get caught up in and misled by the quest for hard statistics and neat definitions the questions that I should have been asking at the beginning of this article are: How and why is humanity being urbanised? What is it about human nature that has driven most of us to live an urban life? This is what really lies at the heart of the issue.

Deep down, and way back, we've been urbanising for a long, long, time. Since the development of agriculture actually – the invention of crop cultivation and animal domestication some 13,000 years ago. We humans are a hungry lot and simply put, food production triggered

population growth and population growth triggered food production on and on and on it went. From a family, to a band, to a tribe, to a chiefdom, to a state. From a temporary shelter, to a hut, to a village, to a town, to a city. The symbiotic relationship between urbanisation and food production remains with us to this day, although the long arms of trade and transport usually stretch far beyond the limits of a particular settlement's agricultural hinterland.

So how did it all start? In the beginning the hunter-gatherer lifestyle was a migratory lifestyle closely linked to seasonal and geographical food sources. Populations were small. Found or hunted food could not easily sustain fast-growing or large populations. In addition, without beasts of burden, food surpluses (if any), children, possessions, were limited to those that could be carried.

In contrast, agriculture enabled sedentary living which meant children could be born closer together. This enabled populations to grow bigger and faster in a shorter timeframe. It also created the conditions for:

- Seasonal food and labour surpluses.
- Denser settlement patterns.
- Economic specialisation, including non-food producing specialists.
- Social stratification.
- Centralised political/religious authority.

Staying in one spot meant:

- Possessions could be accumulated.
- Elaborate crafts and technology could be developed.
- Redistributive, as opposed to only reciprocal, economic exchange could take place.
- Large populations could be mobilised for public works and warfare.

States – with a monopoly of force and conflict resolution, a centralised bureaucracy, and a hierarchy of settlements – emerged as some of the prime fruits of this labour. But that is not to say that all the results of moving from a hunter-gatherer to agricultural lifestyle were intended. Plainly, people were just doing what they've always done to get by – interacting with and modifying their environments to make them more favourable to gathering and producing food.

From that long perspective then, the UN Population Division's relatively static rate of population urbanisation at 3% between 1000 and 1800, exploding to 63% in 2030, cannot be viewed in isolation. It is part of the ebb and flow in a tide of urbanisation that began many thousands of years ago. Each swell characterised typically by the development of new technologies capable of changing the dynamics of established food production and therefore population growth.

For us now in the 21st century the most recent wave of population growth began with technological developments of the industrial revolution.

Industrialisation changed the economy from feudal/mercantile to capitalist. People moved to town from country; settlement patterns intensified. Traditional social structures broke down; families shrunk from extended to nuclear. Traditional political structures were overthrown – “off with the King’s head” was the catch cry. Mass production (including food), mass information (print press), mass communication (postal services), and mass transit (rail and steamship) were spawned. Peasants, serfs, and workers could gather together more easily in denser settlements (towns and cities) fostering conditions for mass fraternity and political participation. From this modern democracy, and ultimately universal suffrage, education, and healthcare could arise. With more and more ordinary folk able to read, imagined national and international communities could form, quite distinct from traditional kinship, place, or empire based identities.

However, to fuel the industrial machine ‘new’ lands had to be claimed, ‘new’ people’s conquered, and ‘new’ resources extracted. By fair means or foul the technological, economic, social, and political revolution was to be replicated, all across the globe.

In this light urbanisation is inextricably connected to the forces of capitalism, industrialisation, colonisation/impe-

rialism, and democratisation. But all, all of those forces, and our dreams of the city and modernity, are fundamentally the by-product of food production and population growth.

Turning back then to the editor's ideas for articles, it's clear we're now more urban than we've ever been. Clearly, the environment that the city has created has been the dynamo for the material, intellectual, and spiritual development of humankind. So our dreams of the city and modernity perhaps take on a greater significance than they ever have before. But we shouldn't lose perspective.

We humans are a hungry lot, and our cities are the hungry cities. The long view is that the force of our civilisation is an ancient function of consumption and reproduction. The more we recognise and acknowledge these base elements at play, the more we understand what it is about human nature that drives us to live an urban life, and therefore how and why humanity is being urbanised. It's about being true to our nature and therefore true to ourselves; embracing our baser instincts so that we can tackle the challenges of the city and modernity in a conscious affirmative, rather than instinctual and reactive, way. If we begin from this position we are able to ask the right questions and seek the right answers from the start.

Postscript: I wish to acknowledge the works of Professor Jared Diamond, particularly in relation to the second half of this article.

*

space

Junk

**Koolhaas, Rem (2003). Junkspace, Harvard Design School Guide to Shopping, Harvard Press.*

Rem Koolhaas is the founder and director of the Office for Metropolitan Architecture (OMA), a Rotterdam based firm concerned with contemporary architecture and urbanism. OMA has had an enormous impact on contemporary architecture and urban issues throughout the world.

"If space-junk is the human debris that litters the universe, junk-space is the residue mankind leaves on the planet. The built (more about that later) product of modernization is not modern architecture but Junkspace. Junkspace is what remains after modernization has run its course or, more precisely, what coagulates while modernization is in progress, its fall-out. Modernization had a rational program: to share the blessings of science, universally. Junkspace is its apotheosis, or meltdown... Although its individual parts are the outcome of brilliant inventions, lucidly planned by human intelligence, boosted by infinite computation, their sum spells the end of Enlightenment, its resurrection as farce, a low-grade purgatory... Junkspace is the sum total of our current achievement; we have built more than all previous generations together, but somehow we do not register on the same scales. We do not leave pyramids. According to a new gospel of ugliness, there is already more Junkspace under construction in the 21st century than survived from the 20th...

it was a mistake to invent modern architecture for the 20th century; architecture disappeared in the 20th century; we have been reading a footnote under a microscope hoping it would turn into a novel; our concern for the masses has blinded us to People's Architecture. Junkspace seems an aberration, but it is essence, the main thing... product of the encounter between escalator and air conditioning, conceived in an incubator of sheetrock (all three missing from the history books)."



"When we think about space, we have only looked at its containers. As if space itself is invisible, all theory for the production of space is based on an obsessive preoccupation with its opposite: substance and objects, i.e., architecture. Architects could never explain space; Junkspace is our punishment for their mystifications. OK, let's talk about space then. The beauty of airports, especially after each upgrade. The luster of renovations. The subtlety of the shopping center. Let's explore public space, discover casinos, spend time in theme parks... Junkspace is the body-double of space, a territory of impaired vision, limited expectation, reduced earnestness. Junkspace is a Bermuda triangle of concepts, a petri dish abandoned: it cancels distinctions, undermines resolve, confuses intention with realization. It substitutes hierarchy with accumulation, composition with addition.

More and more, more is more.

Junkspace is overripe and undernourishing at the same time, a colossal security blanket that covers the earth in a stranglehold of seduction... Junkspace is like being condemned to a perpetual Jacuzzi with millions of your best friends... A fuzzy empire of blur, it fuses high and low, public and private, straight and bent, bloated and starved to offer a seamless patchwork of the permanently disjointed. Seemingly an apotheosis, spatially grandiose, the effect of its richness is a terminal hollowness, a vicious parody of ambition that systematically erodes the credibility of building, possibly forever..."



INDIGENOUS URBAN REALITIES?

Key to Text:

-- **kupu** -- (word)

Statement

Thought

monologue

Fact

How to produce a discourse based entirely upon the preconceived notions which the reader [you] brings to a self-indulgent monologue {me}?

I'll attempt.

-----**kaupapa**----- (platform)

Long before I understood, I wanted
to make the places my grandfathers made.

-----**whakapapa**----- (lineage)

My mother's biological father Augustus
Lancelot; *an absent figure from my childhood.* On my father's
side; Rangī.

Augustus' 80th birthday, 2006 - - - *we meet again.*
A bottle of whiskey in his hand, I know this is my grandfather.
And he remembers my name. One of three dozen mokopuna,
we have met less than a half dozen times. The whareniui is
Tuwhakairiora. It is Hick's Bay. The morning comes and,
hangover subdued, I walk to his house. Lance lives in the old
freezing works, as he has for 30 years. The building yawns, its

innards open. Here, he prepares breakfast. Fish, just caught, fries on the hotplate of the wood fired stove. The concrete columns stand proud of the walls, Corbusier's open plan countered by Lance's need to partition. The furniture is odd but adequate.



Manaakitanga

Downstairs, the relocated pub. Years ago, the local tavern burnt and so it finds its home on the ground floor of the old works. This room used to be the dispatch room. A change of use, but not a change of place. The cool stores now hold mismatched crate beer beside the swinging carcasses. Tables, sans barstools, a BBQ in the corner. *A community lives here.*

This is a marae, of sorts. People gather, korero. A man with an eye patch tells me the story of his attempted suicide. Waking from surgery sad to have failed and one eye less. As an encore, he tells me of the time that Lance went hunting for weka with a gun and six bullets. He came back with six weka and a kereru, but only Lance knows how. This is a marae.



Turangawacwac

Rangi's Bach, 2007 - - - in 1961, my other grandfather leased the bach.

One room, three children. Today, one room, three caravans, a lean-to, three great-grand children. Each additional space is paired with a life event: the blue caravan for visiting relatives from York in the 1960's, the bunkroom for the twins born in '76, the side room for my Thai aunt who, in '85, wondered what she'd married into. The entire collection is design-built by Rangi.

The bach filled with things. Memorable fish captured on celluloid, packs of cards rubberband-bound, a collection of raincoats. The whole contained in the jumble of buildings whose contents and form reveal their function. Low-slung open boatshed beside a tiny monopitch longdrop; caravans cuddle watertanks; the bach and it's porch the repository of our whakapapa, our wharehui.

This too is a marae. To belong in a place is to know where things lie; I know the fall of the dunes at the mouth of the estuary and I know the best knife to fillet maomao is kept on top of the cupboard beside the fridge. Learning is by korero, by action, by being there. Although not tangata whenua, we have found a place to stand. It is our urban version of turangawaewae.

The places of my grandfathers are the indigenous urban realities that we don't talk about, because we don't recognize them.

They are my urban marae.

-----whakaaro----- (ideas / concepts / thoughts / views)

In identifying an urban marae, we must first recognize it as such.

We do this by *identifying the architectural language reproduced from the rural marae*. The gable roof, the ornamentation and the spatial arrangement dictated by the protocol of powhiri tell us it is a marae. Secondary to our recognition of urban marae, is our recognition of its urbanity: which is presently restricted to whether or not the marae is in a city setting.

This current definition of urban marae does not acknowledge the reality. The term is a modern construct born out of the urban migration of Māori in the 1960's, and acknowledges the formal marae built in response to the desire of urban Māori to maintain cultural continuity. We identify the migrant-marae, the institutional-marae, the church-marae – each built by committees of urban Maori brought together through Pakeha constructs such as the city, the university and religion respectively.

But what of the informal urban marae? Unlike the urban marae described above, the creation of an informal marae is *not conscious, and therefore does not use the traditional architectural language*. We must recognize them by their function: The gang house inhabited by an alienated urban whanau is the modern equivalent of a fortified pa. The temporary structures used during land occupations are statements against colonization, in the same way the carved meeting house was during the cultural renaissance. The state house transformed to host tangi is the continuing practice of tikanga in the suburb. **The appropriation of a disused slaughterhouse is the 'Māorification' of redundant commercial Pakeha space to communal iwi place. The bach built on the land of another iwi provides turangawaewae for urban Māori.**

To discuss indigenous urban realities is difficult. There is little discourse around Māori urban design. Is this because there is no perceived value in it? Is it too soon to state our indigenous design principles given that what was urban Aotearoa pre-colonisation is radically different to urban New Zealand today? I suspect if we challenge the term urban to not only be defined by physical site, but to include the *urbanization of those creating, designing and occupying informal urban marae*, we may find a way to make the indigenous urban reality.

---**tuumanako**----- (hope / expect / desire)

Optimism: *noun* (as set forth by Leibniz) that this world is the best of all possible worlds --- >

World: *noun* a person's life and activities; everything that exists outside oneself



The Works | 2006



The Pub | 2006



The Roof | 2006



The Bach | 1960's



An evening wananga | 1970's



Rangi and I | 1980's

URBINO: A UNIVERSITY TOWN, AN ARCHITECT'S
DREAM, A CITY RECREATED
by Rajarshi Sahai

Urbino, in the Marche region of mainland (eastern) Italy, was founded around the sixth century BC, and was Etruscan before it was Roman. The surviving fabric is mostly medieval, but overlaid with Renaissance additions from Urbino's proudest period, when Francesco di Giorgio built his masterpiece; the Ducal Palace for Duke Federico da Montefeltro, which was called "the most beautiful house of the Renaissance" by art critic Sir Kenneth Clarke. It has the distinction of being regarded as a UNESCO world heritage site, which covers the whole walled city, including the University. The 'ideal city', it was the birthplace of Raphael, Bramante, and Barocci, and among the celebrated figures who lived there were Luca Pacioli, Leonardo da Vinci, and Pietro Bembo. More recently it is known as the birthplace of Valentino Rossi, the MotoGP world champion.

During the Renaissance period Urbino reached a very high cultural level because many scholars and artists lived and worked there. Some of the leading humanists of the time, such as Leone Battista Alberti, Marsilio Ficino, and Giovanni Bessarione, and mathematicians like Paul van Middelburg, came together at the court of the Montefeltro Duke Federico III, who ruled Urbino from 1444 to 1482, to create and implement outstanding cultural and urban projects.

During Fredrico III's reign the city became a centre of European importance; a cultural and architectural model for other courts, and so elements from Federico's palace can be recognized in the castles of Mathias I Corvinus in Hungary and that of Stanislas II in Prague. Its Renaissance appearance has been remarkably



A magnificent view of the Palace of Duke and the Walls of the City of Urbino around it.



View from Piazza Rinascimento.

well preserved, owing to its economic and cultural stagnation from 16th century onwards. However, the stagnation led to a period in the 1950s when the town was physically in a shoddy and run-down state, with tourism propping up an economy otherwise limited largely to the local market.

The wise young rector of the university Carlo Bo (the University is named after him) realized that the development of the university was vital to the town's revival. He joined hands with the legendary architect Giancarlo De Carlo, who had played a leading role in European Architecture: as a member of Team X and an early critic of orthodox Modernism; as a pioneer of the contextual approach and of participation; as editor of *Spazio e Società* and as organizer of his own summer school ILAUD.

When he was first invited to embark on a masterplan for Urbino he studied the town in immense detail and published his report as a book. Urbino became the principal vehicle for his developing exploration of techniques for reading the territory: that is for understanding a place, its forms and spaces, and how they reflect both its social history and current state. He has built much in Urbino, both converting old buildings and adding new ones.

De Carlo shared the idea of Carlo Bo, to use the university as an instrument for the town's revival, but it meant a doubling of the population. De Carlo developed the double strategy of incorporating university faculties into the old town centre while building residential colleges for students on adjacent hillsides, and his new brick and concrete living quarters of the 1960s and '70s stand among the most notable Italian developments of that period. Within the old town were a number of former monasteries and convents facing extinction; large redundant



A view of the beautifully restored Palace, now serving as a museum.



Piazza Rinascimento

institutional complexes not well suited to dwelling or business, and which nonetheless served a defining role in the historic fabric of Urbino. These proved ripe for conversion into university faculties, and De Carlo has gradually redeveloped them. The idea, however, was to preserve the identity and spirit of the old architecture. For example the old churches converted to faculties still retain the frescos, and the surreal scale & feel of the original structure, provided with the pre-fabricated feel of the era, on the insides. The un-finished plasters, and the use of materials in their purest form, depicts the concern and care with which these buildings were treated.

The faculties of university in the withering old buildings of the historical town, modified to accommodate new functions, gave them and the city a new life. De Carlo gradually managed to impart a design method that at any event fostered works of a higher quality than had been applied in Urbino in the previous years. The method followed in Urbino (which took shape in the form of a master plan in 1964) is fascinating, because it shows that individual architectural schemes were central to the successful realization of a good town plan. It is hard to think of another contemporary architect who has contributed so much to one place. Without his intervention the whole development of the town and its university would have taken a different and almost certainly more destructive turn. Ordinary old buildings in the centre would probably have been destroyed.

What followed later was a revival of the university and the town, with around 20,000 students studying in the university, outnumbering the local residents by more than twice (which can, however be termed as a negative effect). The students in such huge numbers have become a permanent economic base for the city, and the preserved cultural identity of the city, promoting

a good insight into Italian life and language. The large number of language exchange programs(Erasmus Mundus) ensure a majority of female population in the university, which coupled with a small scaled walled city make it friendly and welcoming for both genders.

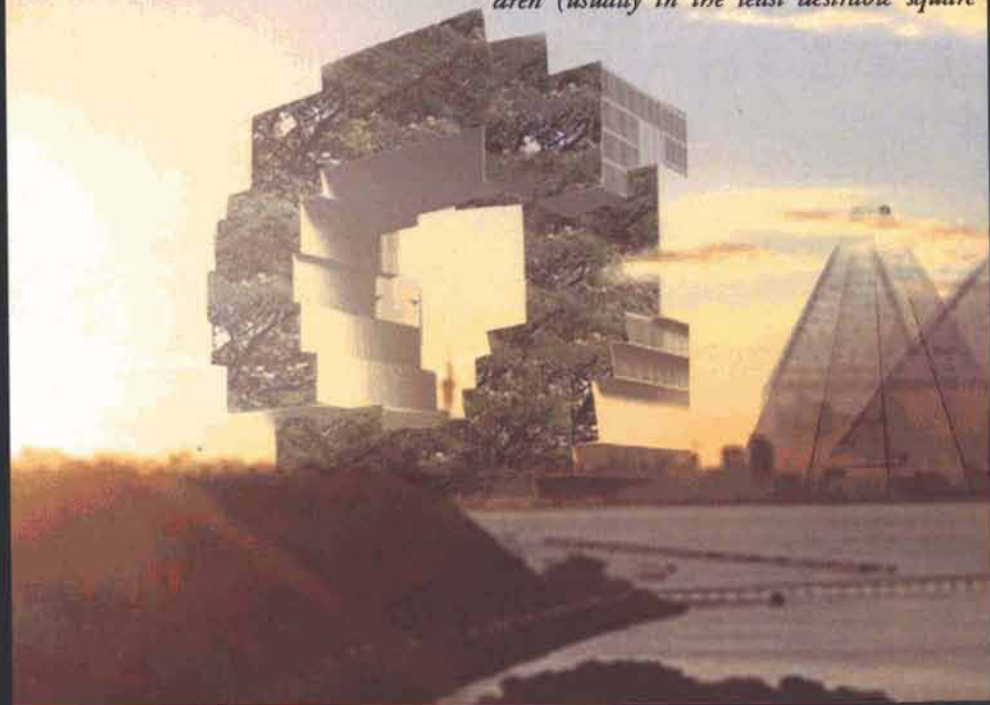
Today the people of Urbino, take pride in the beautifully preserved culture and identity of the city. With its position as a university of international repute for Italian learning, Urbino has revived (partly, at least) its past glory as a city of culture and learning.



Via Saffi, a Typical Street in Urbino.

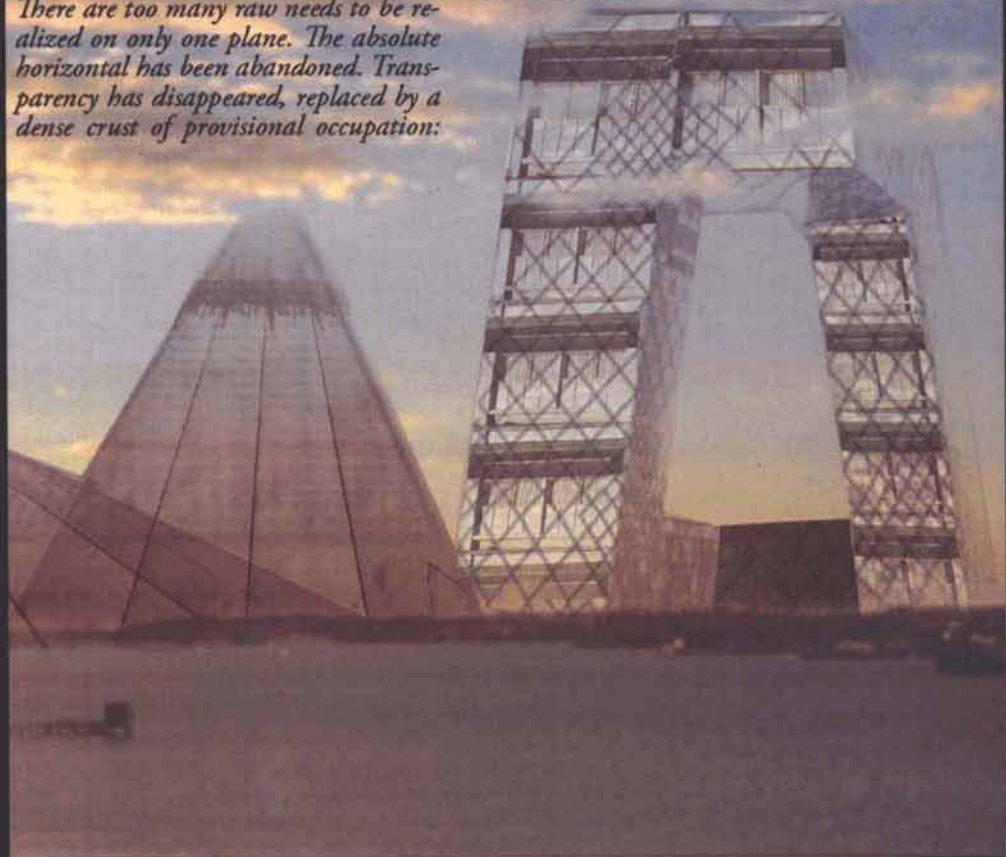
"Junkspace is often described as a space of flows, but that is a misnomer; flows depend on disciplined movement, bodies that cohere. Junkspace is a web without spider; although it is an architecture of the masses, each trajectory is strictly unique. Its anarchy is one of the last tangible ways in which we experience freedom. It is a space of collision, a container of atoms, busy, not dense... There is a special way of moving in Junkspace, at the same time aimless and purposeful. It is an acquired culture. Junkspace features the tyranny of the oblivious: sometimes an entire Junkspace comes unstuck through the non-conformity of one of its members; a single citizen of another culture - a refugee, a mother - can destabilize an entire Junkspace, hold it to a rustic's ransom, leaving an invisible swath of obstruction in his/her wake, a deregulation eventually communicated to its furthest extremities. Where movement becomes synchronized, it curdles: on escalators, near

exits, parking machines, automated tellers. Sometimes, under duress, individuals are channeled in a flow, pushed through a single door or forced to negotiate the gap between two temporary obstacles (an invalid's bleeping chariot and a christmas tree); the manifest ill-will such narrowing provokes, mocks the notion of flows. Flows in Junkspace lead to disaster: department stores at the beginning of sales, the stampedes triggered by warring compartments of soccer fans, dead bodies piling up in front of the locked emergency doors of a disco: evidence of the misfit between the portals of Junkspace and the narrow calibrations of the old world. Traffic is Junkspace, from airspace to the underground; the entire highway system is Junkspace, a vast potential utopia clogged by its users, as you notice when they've finally disappeared on vacation. The young instinctively avoid the Dantesque manipulations/containers to which Junkspace has condemned their elders in perpetuity. Within the meta-playground of Junkspace exist smaller playgrounds, Junkspace for children (usually in the least desirable square



footage): sections of sudden miniaturization - often underneath staircases, always near dead-ends - assemblies of under-dimensioned plastic structures - slides, see-saws, swings - shunned by their intended audience - kids - turned into junkniche for the old, the lost, the forgotten, the insane... last hiccup of humanism... Gaping joints reveal vast ceiling voids (former canyons of asbestos?), beams, ducting, rope, cable, insulation, fireproofing, string; tangled arrangements suddenly exposed to daylight. Impure, tortured and complex, they exist only because they were never consciously plotted. The floor is a patchwork: different textures - concrete, hairy, heavy, shiny, plastic, metallic, muddy - alternate randomly, as if dedicated to different species... The ground is no more. There are too many raw needs to be realized on only one plane. The absolute horizontal has been abandoned. Transparency has disappeared, replaced by a dense crust of provisional occupation:

kiosks, carts, strollers, palms, fountains, bars, sofas, trolleys... Corridors no longer simply link A to B, but have become 'destinations'. Their tenant life tends to be short: the most stagnant windows, the most perfunctory dresses, the most implausible flowers. All perspective is gone, as in a rainforest (itself disappearing, they keep saying...). The formerly straight is coiled into ever more complex configurations. Only a perverse modernist choreography can explain the twists and turns, ascents and descents, sudden reversals that comprise the typical path from check-in (misleading name) to apron of the average contemporary airport. Because we never reconstruct or question the absurdity of these enforced derives, we meekly submit to grotesque journeys past perfume, asylum seeker, building site, underwear, oysters, pornography, cell phone - incredible adventures for the brain, the eye, the nose, the tongue, the womb, the testicles..."



Nesting in the City

By Dale Fincham



(i)

One can learn a lot from birds I feel..

This was what I was thinking as I put pen to paper, as someone who enjoys drawing.

This thought led me on to the following path of inquiry: How could an archetypal understanding of nests be used as a way of exploring the scalar relationship between oneself and the city?

I am particularly interested in the role drawing has to play as an act of observation and interpretation.

(ii)

The nest is not only a shambolic-looking basket of twigs of which birds call home, or even chewed-up plant material in a honey comb form, like that of a hornet's nest, it can also be ascribed as a spatial archetype.

By this I mean there is an innate understanding that the word 'nest' by its very definition induces a sense of home or what it means to be at home:

a fundamental relationship between oneself and the outside world - in this context, the city.

Gaston Bachelard elucidates this idea as being that of a primal image, which are images that bring out the primitiveness in us.

I am interested in this definition of what an image is, as it transcends from being a metaphorical description into an ontological one, as the very nature of being.

I feel drawing encapsulates these very desires and thoughts as an extension of not only how one views the world but also how one views oneself.

I remember from my childhood, building cardboard box forts in a corner of our garden, using old rugs and discarded garden tools, with the only real context being my imagination.

(iii)

But what does this mean for the self and the city?

This is where scale becomes an important part of the discussion, through its many and varied forms of representation, whether through literature, art or architecture et cetera.

Drawing becomes a form of mediation between scales, through the immensity of the city to the intimacy of the self.

Drawing in this case becomes a mediator between the local ideals of oneself and the global imperatives that take place in our cities.

One not only puts pen to paper when one draws, one's imagination is also mapped and it is this cartographic exercise that evolves into how one interprets the city.

So in the usual fashion of raising more questions than answers, a nest in this sense could be seen as a point of view: perhaps as a form of ideal, that takes no form unless acted upon through drawing, writing and making.

To me, a nest is all about being a child again..

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VANITY AND URBANITY

by Felicity Morris

Vanity: enjoying seeing one's self reflected, such as in mirrors, literature, art, buildings or friends. It can be slightly perverse and indulgent, but it is also comforting to see something so familiar; something that one can relate to. There is reassurance in the feeling that someone else possesses the essence or understanding that is contained in you. Therefore, you are not alone. You are part of a group. You belong.

Urbanity: the environment which is constructed by a group of humans to contain buildings to house and employ and entertain other humans, and to fill in all the spaces in between those structures. The number of people who actually have a say in this creation is greatly out-weighted by the people who live within it. Therefore, the chances of this environment actually reflecting its inhabitants are lessened.



Auckland Trainstation. 2007



New North Road, Kingsland, Auckland.

It is possible that there are elements of these places which one can identify with, respond to and therefore have respect for. One's appreciation of a designers' ideas is the self reflected. If not, one adds to it; put a picture on the blank hall-way wall; sellotape a postcard over the logo on the back of your laptop; scrawl a blue fuzzy trail of paint over someone who epitomises offending principles' fence???

Graffiti: a chance to control the environment and let others know that the blank and stoic wall of the panel-beaters or the inviting canvas of a toilet door does not reflect you in any way. And now it does.



Elam School of Fine Arts, Auckland, 2007



Vancouver, Downtown East Side. 2006

I used to think that there were two types of graffiti and a clear line between them. The first was 'considered' graffiti. It had an obvious purpose. Its thought provoking image lingered longer than the time it took to read it and somehow broadened my understanding of my culture and the thoughts of other individuals who inhabit it. I understood it. I was pleased by it. It is possible that it articulated ideas that I had thought but had not found the means to express yet. I was comforted that someone else had made that space theirs and that it had enveloped me in it. The other was the "vandalising" type (note that if I don't identify with it, I class it as a broken law. Vanity in its pure form: 'laws apply to those who aren't me'). This was the meandering path of paint on the retaining wall, or the sexual outlet's cordial invitation on the toilet wall. They shock either because of their explicit or banal nature, raising a question of purpose.

But there is no line. I thought there was because, generally, I do not see myself in the latter. Yet both are expressions of someone's frustration that there is no reflection of themselves in that innocuous stall or suburb.

The over-use of the symbol of the phallus in graffiti is an example of such frustration. It's the dog marking its territory with the exclamation that *'This is mine.'* The image has not weakened in its connotation like the word 'dick' has. It's the symbol of man-hood and dominance. Grrrr. It's about sexual power. The presence of phalluses (fallacies) over cities in graffiti still contains the essence of male power. The scent of the dog. In a boys' high school there are fallacies drawn everywhere. In text books; on desks; on chairs; on shelves; on their friends' drink-bottles so when they sup, it looks dubious. But never on their own property. Everything they own is already imbued with them. Just like the dog that only urinates on the neighbours' trees.



Vancouver, Downtown East Side. 2006

This symbol of power weakens the subject on which it is drawn. The picture of the musician loses all status when he now sings into a phallus not a microphone. The serious message a politician espouses is cut down by the appendage drawn on her skirt. It may seem like light-hearted graffiti, but why was the artist threatened in the first place? Is it a fallacy that the actual phallus-owner commands power?

There is no obvious female alternative. Some females must feel the inclination to draw breasts on things, but this would not represent female dominance or power, but objectification. The presence of breasts would not deter or alienate males, like the fallacies do for females.

When one is jarred by the urban environment and feels the need to see themselves reflected in it, perhaps a simplification of their anatomy helps. I'm not convinced, but then, they aren't doing it for me.

In our urban environment others have been nominated to create the environment for us. The art of creation has been gifted to those who do not necessarily reflect us. One, instinctually or forcefully, adds to it – to see one's self reflected in the area where they live and to let others see them in it too. They leave a mark to let others know that they exist even after they have disappeared into buildings which they did not design. We need to be able to define ourselves when urban planners, businesses, designers and architects fail to do that for us. It's a good thing. How lazy of us to let others create our definition for us. Mark your territory. See your own reflection in your puddle of urine.



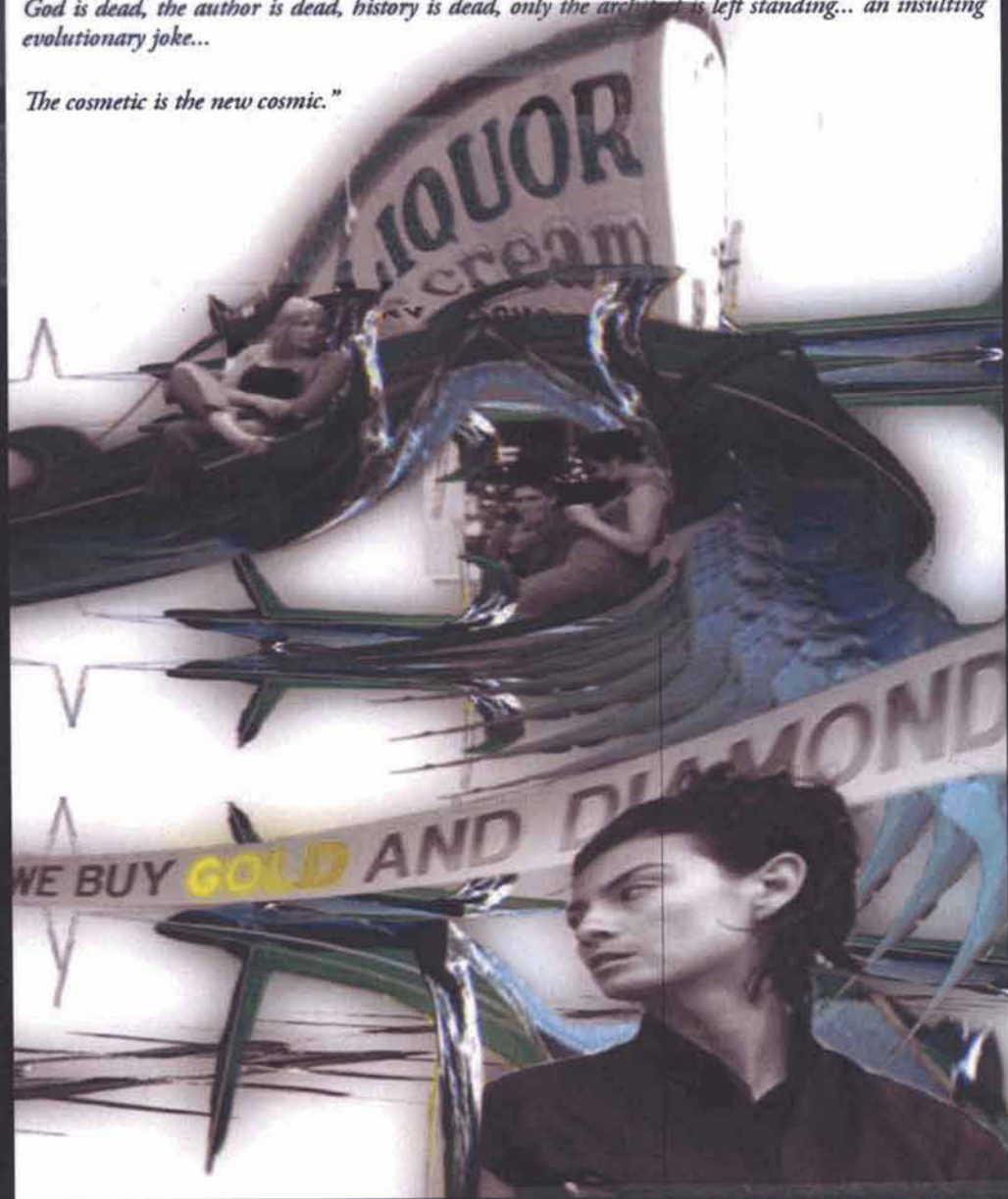
b(L)ank

AS

"Junkspace will be our tomb. Half of mankind pollutes to produce, the other pollutes to consume. The combined pollution of all Third World cars, motorbikes, trucks, buses, sweatshops, pales into insignificance compared to the heat generated by Junkspace. Junkspace is political: it depends on the central removal of the critical faculty in the name of comfort and pleasure. Politics has become manifesto by Photoshop, seamless blueprints of the mutually exclusive. Rabbit is the new beef. Comfort is the new justice. Entire miniature states now adopt Junkspace as political program, establish regimes of engineered disorientation, instigate a politics of systematic disarray. Not exactly 'anything goes'; in fact, the secret of Junkspace is that it is both promiscuous and repressive: as the formless proliferates, the formal withers, and with it all rules, regulations, recourse. Babel has been misunderstood. Language is not the problem, just the new frontier of Junkspace. Mankind, torn by eternal dilemmas, the impasse of seemingly endless debates, has launched a new language that straddles unbridgable divides like a fragile pedestrian designer's footbridge... coined a proactive wave of new oxymorons to suspend former incompatibility: lifestyle, realityTV, world/music, museum/ store, food/court, health/care, waiting/lounge. Naming has replaced class-struggle, sonorous amalgamations of status, high-concept and history. Through acronym, unusual importation, suppressing letters, or fabrication of non-existent plurals, they aim to shed meaning in return for a spacious new roominess... Junkspace knows all your emotions, all your desires. It is the interior of Big Brother's belly. It preempts people's sensations. It comes with a soundtrack, smell, captions; it blatantly proclaims how it wants to be read: rich, stunning, cool, huge, abstract, 'minimal', historical. It sponsors a collective of brooding consumers in surly anticipation of their next spend, a mass of refractory periods caught in a Thousand Year Reign of Razzmatazz, a paroxysm of prosperity. The subject is stripped of privacy in return for access to a creed nirvana. You are complicit in the tracing of the fingerprints each of your transactions leaves; they know more about you, except who you are. Emissaries of Junkspace pursue you in the formerly impermeable privacy of the bedroom: the minibar, private fax machines, pay TV offering compromised pornography, fresh plastic veils wrapping toilets seats, courtesy condoms; miniature profit centers coexist with your bedside bible... The constant threat of virtuality in Junkspace is no longer exorcised by petrochemical products; the synthetic cheapens. Junkspace is like a womb that organizes the transition of endless actualities of the Real - stone, trees, goods, daylight, people - into the virtual. Entire mountains of authenticity, suspended on precarious brackets, provide ever greater quantities of authenticity, suspended on precarious brackets, providing a state of flush that makes the intended realism instantly clouded. Skin comes in the palest of flesh, a violent beige, a soaplike green, the colors of communist plastics in the fifties. Fences are yellow, their wood is all pale, maybe the origins of Junkspace go back to the Kindergarten... ('Origins' is a mint shampoo that stings the anal region). Color in the real world looks increasingly unreal, drained. Color in virtual space is luminous, therefore irresistible. The average Powerpoint presentation displays sudden bursts of Indian red. Junkspace has been the first to translate into reality, a simulation of virtual vigor. The counterfeit of reality TV has made former security guards monitoring a Junkuniverse... From the lively beats of the classical violinist, the designer stubble of the big band leader, the runny makeup of the evangelist, the robotic movements of the conductor, the dubious benefits of the fundraising marathon, the explanation of the politician: the swooping movements of the TV camera suspended from its boom - an eagle without beak or claws, just an optical stomach - swallows images and confessions indiscriminately, like a trashbag, to propell them as cyber-vomit in space. TV studio sets - garishly monumental - are both the culmination and the end of perspectival space as we've known it: angular geometric remnants invading cosmic, starry infinities; real space edited for smooth transmission in virtual space, crucial hinge in an infernal feedback loop... the vastness of Junkspace extended to infinity. Because we spend our life indoors - like animals in a zoo - we are obsessed with the weather. 40% of all TV consists of presenters of lesser firmnesses getting helplessly blown in front of wind-swept formations, through which you recognize, sometimes, your own destination / current position.

Conceptually, each monitor, each TV screen is a substitute for a window; real life is inside, cyberspace has become the great outdoors... Mankind is always going on about architecture. What if space started looking at mankind? Will Junkspace invade the body? Through the vibes of the mobile? Has it already? Botox injections? Collagen? Silicone implants? Liposuction? Penis enlargements? Does gene therapy announce a total reengineering according to Junkspace? Is each of us a mini-construction site? Mankind the sum of 3-5 billion individual upgrades? Is it a repertoire of reconfiguration that facilitates the intromission of a new species into its self-made Junkbiosphere? God is dead, the author is dead, history is dead, only the architect is left standing... an insulting evolutionary joke...

The cosmetic is the new cosmic."



Home, Space, and Virtuality

By Sally Ogle

This text is a discussion around the proposition that a future urban architecture must become a 'flexible' entity – a single space which should be suited to multiple and frequently changing types of inhabitation. This proposition stemmed from musings of what constitutes 'home' in a world of increasingly nomadic types, and a world saturated by communications technology.

the virtual

"At its most extreme, the space of the home is a space of transit, between the digital and physical worlds, between the infinite extension of data connectivity and the compression of phenomenally mute and depersonalized physical space."

Although 'virtual' is a term that is associated with computer simulations of the real world virtuality is a concept that has been in existence for a longer time than the technology required to render a version of the world behind a screen. The virtual can be defined as latent potential within the existing; the potential for what *is* now, to become something else.

*"The virtual is the space of emergence of the new, the unthought, the unrealized, which at every moment loads the presence of the present with supplementarity, redoubling a world through parallel universes, universes that might have been."*²

1 Weinstock, Mike. *Terrain Vague: Interactive Space and the Housescape* "4D Space: Interactive Architecture." *Architectural Design* V.75, No.1, Chichester: Wiley, 2005.

2 Grosz, Elizabeth. *Architecture from the Outside: Essays on Virtual and Real Space*. London: MIT Press, 2001. p.78

Virtuality in this sense is a time based concept, rather than something which can be located in a specific spatiality; virtuality can be described as the "openness of the future to what befalls it." Imbuing a space³ with virtuality is to let time impact on space. Elizabeth Grosz discusses this as letting motion and action transform (and individualize) the space⁴.

Can a 'flexible' space be designed with this definition of virtuality in mind – how, in pragmatic terms, is the virtual 'designed' into the space?

The potential within a built shell, or a blank, open space, is the potential for renovation, for further construction, for the space to be *made* into something else. The potential that is latent within an inhabited space, however, comes from ambiguities and excess; the space is designed to be inhabited, (yet the mode of inhabitation is not prescribed, and allows for *re-inhabitation*).

"Obviously, spatial relations happily admit relations of simultaneity: space is that which enables simultaneous or coextensive relations. Perhaps it would be more intriguing to consider spatiality in terms of the coexistence of multiple relations of *succession*, space as a layering of spaces within themselves, spaces enfolded in others, spaces that can function as the virtualities of the present, the 'here'."⁵

This concept of virtuality recognizes the potential of a space which is inhabited now, and translates this to the next inhabitation – the transformation takes its cue from what is already.

3 In this text 'space' is used in the sense of architectural volume – the inhabitable void

4 Grosz, 2001. p.116-117

5 Grosz, 2001. p.128

The difficulty in designing a space of virtuality, a space which is laden with potential, stems from the need to fix architecture as a static entity. The designer is given a brief to design for the now – the 'what is'. Incorporating virtuality into the design is to design for the 'what might be' or the 'what if...'

identity/home/place

Place has become an ambiguous term, shifting between the 'real' geographical site and the digital/cyber/virtual (web) site. Can architecture mediate between these parallel universes? Can the architecture be the point where this ambiguity is enacted?

Place is "*defined in anthropological terms as an area that has acquired meaning as a result of human activities*"⁶. Place, in these terms, is inherently linked to time through memories of events that have occurred within/around/at that location.

Home can be defined as "*the familiar, comfortable, known space*,"⁷ and becomes a 'place' (rather than a space) for us through that familiarity.

Conducting our lives increasingly in the cyber domain, the places which acquire meaning for us are as likely to be websites as they are real sites. The psychological processes of place identity no longer require the concrete physicality of a geographic site.

6 Ibelings, Hans. *Supermodernism: Architecture in the Age of Globalization*. Rotterdam : NAI, 1998. . p.65

7 Guallart, Vicente. *Media House Project. The House is the Computer The Structure is the Network*. Barcelona: IaaC, 2004.

Websites (email sites, myspace, bebo....) become the familiar, known, places – the sites which allow an individual to develop a sense of place identity (even as they maybe physically nomadic).

The whole planet has the potential to become home (both physically and psychologically); we can be at home anywhere that we can connect to the familiarity of our 'home page'.

Can the psychological needs related to a sense of place identity (of attachment and familiarity) be fulfilled through the cyber realm? A realm housed within a physical architecture, which becomes simply a mechanism to provide for the physical needs of the body, and as an interface to cyberspace. I contend that *home*, even considered as a psychological attachment, requires the stimulation of all senses – the condition of *home* is equally related to the body as it is to the mind. Therefore the architecture of the home, regardless of its form, will be more than a shelter of necessity.

*"More and more of us live in... a generalized condition of homelessness – a world where identities are increasingly coming to be, if not wholly deterritorialized, at least differently territorialized"*⁸.

How does architecture respond to this 'generalized condition of homelessness'? This requires the creation of an architecture which accepts an unstable subject, and relinquishes the permanence that is the foundation of the architectural discipline. For individuals there is a paradox in embracing flux as stability.

8 Gupta, Akhil. Beyond "Culture": Space, Identity, and the Politics of Difference." *Cultural Anthropology*: Vol 7. No.1. Feb 1992.

The architecture of 'home' for the urban camper, or the nomad, does not need to be a traditional house, but can simply be a base, a container for living, providing for our basic physical needs. This base is supplemented by all of the places where we actually live our lives.

Simultaneously, the base must be the connection to the world at large – both physically and digitally – “The base is an address, to be connected with the infrastructural networks, both mass media and physical transport systems.”⁹

This connection must occur in the specific environment; a physical and visual connection to the geographic locale. The base must provide a refuge from the city, and it must have the potential (latent virtuality) to adapt to different characters.

9 West 8 Manifesto (Base, Colonisation, Void Totem Contemplation) 200, quoted in Jencks, Charles & Karl Kropft. (eds) *Theories and Manifestoes of Contemporary Architecture*. Chichester : John Wiley, 2005. p.341-342

TOWARDS A PERFORMANCE OF HUMANISM:
A DIALOGUE ON STREET THEATRE
By Noel Meek

Two people, a PERFORMER and a NON-PERFORMER sit on a bench in a busy city mall.

NON PERFORMER: We've decided to discuss, today, street performance and your reasons for taking it up. Rather zealously, if I may say.

PERFORMER : Indeed, and that is why I asked to meet you here.

NP: Yes, in the street. Why?

P: Because this is the place for dialogue.

NP: We're already getting ahead of ourselves. Let me set our scene. You are an actor who at one stage gave up theatre all together. Why have you now decided to speak out on behalf of street theatre?

P: Firstly, I don't like the term actor. As Brecht points out, an actor's job is to mesmerise an audience, to allow an audience to lose themselves in a narrative. I do not aim to mesmerise. I wish my audience to constantly have their full wits about them. Also, I like to dance, use puppets and masks and sing when I can. Actors don't do these things, they act. I perform.

NP: You've strayed from the question.

P: My apologies. You were asking why street performance?

To answer that, I must go back to the point where I gave up theatre. I was attempting to discover myself and my place in the world and theatre, the type I was involved with, seemed utterly irrelevant. So, despite growing up in theatre, I rejected it. I was lost. For several years I floundered about like that, exploring other options, none of which fitted. Then I discovered politics.

NP: Politics?

P: By politics I mean I came to be very aware of the great amount of suffering in the world. I became obsessed with the idea that I could do something about it. That was my awakening to politics. I returned to theatre, fired with a hatred of the dehumanising effects of oppression and injustice.

NP: Why performance again?

P: Because I felt that now the theatre could be a relevant place, for theatre is a place for telling stories and engaging with people. I felt, naively, that through theatre I could effect social change.

NP: And you could not?

P: Let me explain what happened. There were two things. First, I began to explore political theatre. Second, I became a teacher. The latter was out of pure economic need, but it has had a profound effect on my self and my performance.

NP: You see links between pedagogy and dramaturgy then?

P: Links? They are the same thing! A teacher is a performer and a performer, in many ways, is a teacher. The earliest performers were shamans, repositories of collective knowledge.

Disseminating this knowledge through ritual performance, they were also teachers.

NP: You might note that these earliest performers taught their lessons outdoors.

P: Indeed. Many historical forms of theatre have been outdoors: shamans, ancient Greek theatre, medieval morality plays, carnivals, commedia dell'arte, most non-Western theatre traditions. The proscenium arch is a very recent development. Anyway, when I realised this link between teacher and performer I saw the essential problem with the political theatre I was engaged with. We were didactic. We would stand with great humanism on a stage and tell our audience what we thought of things. Now, as a teacher if I stood before my class and dictated knowledge to my students I wouldn't be a teacher. I'd be a dictator, no matter how well intentioned my despotism. Yet this was what we were in our political theatre, for an hour or two, left wing dictators for a captive audience. Of course, there was a problem with the audience as well.

NP: They were unsympathetic?

P: Quite the opposite. They were completely sympathetic and agreed with us on every point. Theatre audiences are a very select population and are almost exclusively well educated and usually very liberal. We were preaching to the converted.

NP: So what was your answer?

P: I encountered, by good fortune, the writings of educator Paulo Freire. He taught me that in the classroom, if you are not to be an oppressor, you must enter into a dialogue with your students.

If that dialogue is truly open and honest then you can no longer be an oppressor, for to oppress you must control knowledge and open dialogue allows knowledge to flow freely both ways. I am oversimplifying, but this is the essence of it.

NP: I think I see where you are heading, and I am glad because we came here to discuss street theatre, not politics.

P: The two are inextricable.

NP: So you say. Anyway, you are about to say that you discovered that dialogue was impossible in the theatre, trapped, as you were, behind the proscenium arch.

P: Exactly. Behind lights and atop a stage we were too far from the audience to engage in even the most basic dialogue. We were striving to make them think, but in fact, to quote Andy Warhol, you can't tell anybody anything.

NP: So you rejected the theatre again . . .

P: In a sense. To leave the architecture of theatre behind is to lose many things for a performer. You relinquish control of your environment, guarantees of audiences and box office takings, the support of an established infrastructure. You expose yourself in a very real way outside a theatre building. You also give up the ability to tell long or overly complex stories. The street is simply not conducive to it. A drunk or a dog may interrupt proceedings or your audience may suddenly decide their shopping is in fact more important than watching passively as a story unfolds. You are forced to engage directly with your audience, the dog or the shopper.

NP: In a dialogue.

P: Indeed, however, there are any number of street performers, buskers especially, who may disagree with me.

NP: What form can this dialogue take then? Just stepping from under the proscenium arch into the street does not entail dialogue, does it?

P: No, and let me clarify, that while I talk of street performance and street performers, what I really refer to is public space, not just the streets. Parks, churches, government buildings, malls, beaches, any number of places where people gather or can be gathered are places for performance.

NP: All the world's a stage?

P: And we are all but players in't. This is where I'm leading. By taking performance out of the theatres and into the public spaces, the streets, we are breaking down any number of dichotomies or barriers, not least that between performer and non-performer. The performance space of the street performer is porous, where the stage is hermetically sealed. The street performer enters into the space of the non-performer with very few protective barriers, communication can happen with more ease. There are other barriers, though, perhaps insurmountable ones: all the ways a non-performer may react to a performer in performance.

NP: And those are the most important barriers, are they not? I mean, practically you still have trained and rehearsed performers on one side and probably surprised members of the public on the other. This is a big gap.

P: Perhaps, but I believe the key lies in your aim in performance.



If, as many people seem to understand the artistic process, your aim is to create an artefact, a cultural product, then yes, the barriers between performer and non-performer are thrown back up. However, as Eugenio Barba points out, performance is not just an artefact, it is a relationship. If your aim is to create a relationship you are reaching out to the audience, attempting to include them. Either way you end up with some kind of artefact, but in the latter case it may be a collective product with the audience.

NP: Similarly the first kind of performance also creates a relationship, surely?

P: Yes, but an unhealthy one that excludes the audience, the people, from the creative process, perpetuating the myth of the artist as separate and somehow different from the rest of society.

NP: Unhealthy?

P: Of course. What makes people healthy and happy is community. We are intensely social animals and need human contact to survive. To segregate art from everyday life prevents artists from forming relationships with the public. Yet this is exactly what capitalism does with art by insisting that it is a unique cultural product to be bought and sold.

NP: Can we return to street theatre?

P: Of course, but that's what I'm talking about. By entering the streets you leave behind that exchange process. There is no box office on the street.

NP: Similarly, there is no income.

P: A very good point. As I've said, there are sacrifices to me made. Money impedes the dialogue process, like trying to have a real relationship with your bank manager.

NP: This seems very altruistic.

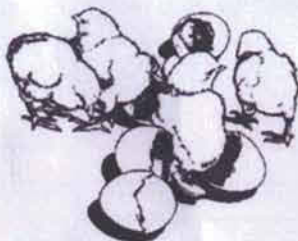
P: In a sense, but you must be aware that street theatre also imposes performance on public space, whether or not you are well intentioned. I also bear in mind that commercial interests have already imposed their view of the world on public space through advertising and architecture and *no-one* asked them to do it either. In reality public spaces are not usable by the public. They are dominated by advertising and by vehicles, to the point where public space is *no more than a thoroughfare* and the only escape is into a commercial establishment where you must enter into money exchange.

NP: So, you wanted to enter into dialogue with your audience, without the barriers of the proscenium arch or commercial pressures. To what purpose?

P: Many! But to keep things brief, there are two things I wish to do: to provide information and to create something beautiful. I believe that most people are deprived of enough of both of these. In both cases I am really trying to offer alternatives. Alternatives to the ugliness and emptiness of most public space. To the commercial dominance in our society. To ignorance of world affairs and the suffering that happens both far away and under our noses. To the lack of simply beauty in our lives and the time to observe it. To the dichotomy between artist and society. To the lack of real comminty and communication within and between communities.

A story relating to Mr. Koolhaas

By Mark Kingsley



[Follow
your heart.]

This might be

-The start of a story relating to Mr. Koolhaas

of Things becoming bigger; things becoming more. *and*

More becoming less permanent;

Consuming

Becoming

Becoming.

painful Meaningless/words pouring through digital space, to be
consumed and rejected in an undergrowth of *painful*
indigestion.



A story relating to Koolhaas - Ma Kingley

"great looking"

I wonder... if Rem Koolhaas
has bought an iPhone yet...

→ not about iPhone
but 'Apple'
company became the
thing which Mr. Koolhaas
stood against.
[ie an alternative to
Microsoft domination]

→ who is the subject?

Lost in groaning cities, among fashionable buzzwords fluxing and impermanencing; ~~we are becoming~~ obsolete thoughts buzzing through ~~our own~~ brains; trying to make sense of somethings which perhaps cannot be made sense of.

These are S/M/L/XL words, mutated to a point of delirium – of content unknown to ourselves; ~~We are~~ at sea because forces have brought our sandy demise; the military might and pirates probably will.

There are 21st Century boyz all over the place, each looking for a piece of the action. Is this to become a Koolhaas world? Context fucked and content to be wasted, we are "dense, cheap, disposable".

Mr. Koolhaas, you must be clever – and our teachers like you too; but should we follow so blindly into the production of your Koorbusian world? Making pretty books, and things we perhaps do not quite understand.

• • • • •
Cities:

churn them out; produce them cheaply; make them colourful; pile high, sell cheap, consume...
• • • • •



A story relating to Koolhaas - Ma Kin ley

No adequate terminology to discuss phenomena
No conceptual framework. to describe, interpret and even understand
Nothing left between CHAOS and CELEBRATION
↓
of the situation ↓
of the event/history/process

morality and self-interest:
 "Why should I be moral?"

"Go east", he says.
 And like good pupils, we do.

But where is the heart?

[[[Don't rant]]]

This story is becoming an exploration into the world of Mr. Koolhaas (genius or loon?) and the wider commitments of architects and urbanites in these post-/neo-capitalist times. The premise is that it is easy to keep consuming or to invest in growth, but is there any option but to cyclically waste?

[this part is not too good]

ask as a recurrent theme but not the definitive question

A story relating to Koolhaas - Ma Kin ley

FAMOUS
 IS
 NOT
 THE
 POINT

so, the story of the alternative,
 the history of the alternative
 and what are these 'alternative values'
 if they are not to become these
 things that they stood in place of

Cheap and Choice Award #1

The 'cheap and choice' award is designed to highlight and celebrate the beauty of design ideas that provide positive results with minimal expense.

Since most of the mental energy for this first edition of Freerange stemmed from Wellington City in NZ, it is appropriate that the first award is for a rare example of generous thinking by Wellington City Council.

With the knowledge that people will jump off harbour-side wharves in summer to swim; some enlightened soul has created a safe and fun mechanism for people to jump clear of the wharf foundations, and also provided a ladder and floating platform for easy return.

This is gesture illustrates an opposing force to the socially corrosive risk mitigation that guides much public decision making today, and it deserves congratulations.

Visitors to, and citizens, of Wellington:
Jump, swim and be happy.



Big thanks to:

Assistant Editor: *Gina Moss*

Contributors: *Tigilau Saili, Ripeka Walker, Rajarshi Sahai, Dale Fincham, Felicity Morris, Sally, Ogle, Noel Meek and Mark Kingsley.*

Design Advice: *Shakey Mo*

Unknowing Contributor: *Rem Koolhaas*

Photography Credits:

Koollage 1 by *Byron Kinnaird*

Photos by: *Marton Mazzag, Candy Chang, Peter Wood, Jeremy Gray, Olivia Moore, Glen Coombridge, Tigilau Saili.*

Koollage 2 by *Chris Winwood*

Photos by: *Olivia Moore, Candy Chang, Peter Wood, Noel Meek, Glen Coombridge, Greta Stoutjesdijk, Maddy Streicek, Thomas Hick.*

Koollage 3 by *Nick Sargent*

Photos by: *Barnaby Bennett, Ari Stevens, Peter Wood, Jeremy Gray, Glen Coombridge, Anya Georgijević.*

Photos for Indigenous Urban Realities: *Ripeka Walker*

Photos for Urbino: *Rajarshi Sahai*

Photos for Vanity and Urbanity: *Mark Henley (Auckland) and Barnaby Bennett (Vancouver).*

Photos for Cheap and Choice Award: *Gina Moss*



FreeRange #1 was brought to you by:

Alain Bruner, Shakey Mo, Shaun Donovan, Charles Baker, Gabrielle Kuiper, Rebecca Ter Borg, Nicola Holden, Nicola Zimmerman, Michael Dann, Nick Sargent, Federico Monsalve, Shenuka Desylva, Joe Garlick, Noel Meek, Greta Stoutijsdejk, Hugo Geddes, Coco Smooth, Kahu Scott, Ari Stevens, Sally Ogle, Clint Cosgrove, Flic Morris, Jaime Royo Olid, Julia Molloy, Sally Janssen, Welfe Bowyer, Dale Fincham, Maddy Streicek, Dean Shirriffs, Seth Hickling, Gina Moss, Candy Chang, Jennifer Van den Bussche, Sophia Sprenger, Jane Caught, Genevieve Blanchett, Dan Griffen, Thomas Hick, Tim Gittos, Eloise Veber, Ripeka Walker, Chris Cottrel, Chook Norris, Ellen Andersen, Jeremy Gray, Mark Henley, Miriam Silvester, Lars Von Minden, Gerald Melling, Marcell Allen, Mark Kingsley, Marton Mazzog, Nathaniel Corum, Irene Overney, Pascal Waldburger, Peter Wood, Bex Galloway, Anya Georgijevec, James Coyle, Glen Coombridge, Timothy Garlick, Willy Baker.

Scattered about:

Paris, Wellington, Auckland, Vancouver, Mumbai, New York, San Francisco, London, Herisau, Amstersdam, Sydney, Melbourne, Hawaii, Budapest, Canary Islands, Christchurch, Colombo, Geneva, Johannesburg, New Mexico.



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thanks to....