Subterranean Inscriptions

by

Olivia Waiyen Keung

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I hereby declare that I am the sole author of this thesis. This is a true copy of the thesis, including any required final revisions, as accepted by my examiners.

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abstract

This thesis considers the condition of homelessness through its marginal position against society. Exteriority is often perceived as an abnormal state to be resolved through assimilation. To investigate it in its *relationship* with the inside, as opposites in a field of interaction, implies a constant state of reaction and change, instead of one that rests in a resolution. The thesis takes this form of continuous shifting between perspectives, media, scale of interaction, and locations, both physical and psychological. Its journey constitutes a search for a middle ground between absolute power and absolute freedom, interiority and exteriority, and an exploration into the possibilities for interaction in this strange and uncertain place.

Through this strategy, the thesis removes the issue of homelessness from the conventional framework of an economical problem, to understand it instead as an existential reality. Homelessness becomes an experience that involves real people and unseen identities; the shifts in the form of this work reflect the subtle idiosyncracies that arise from this subjective reading. In its exteriority, homelessness is related to the psychoanalytical notion of otherness: a quality that is emotional and uncontrolled, and exists outside of social laws. As a threat to public order, this quality is undesireable within society. Thus, the Other is an identity that becomes subjugated and hidden through the exercize of power. The thesis relies on established ideas, including Michel Foucault's exposure of this social repression, R.D. Laing's empathetic perception of ontological insecurity, and Julia Kristeva's essay on abjection, to give context to its ambiguous subject. Set against the tentative narration and notation of lived experiences, they seek to uncover the subjective identity of the Other, and to grasp the significance of his expulsion from the interior. The intention of this work is not to judge, or to implement solutions. Rather, it is passive and receptive, and exists largely in the mere *confrontation* of this estranged condition.

Out of this confrontation, the voices that were buried begin to emerge and assert themselves. Narrative, criticism, design, and visual essay become the vehicles that convey these voices and the multiplicity of their existential experiences, forming a reality from that which was previously invisible to the objective city. This mapping is a construction of displaced identities. The synthesis of these elements exposes the grounds for the possibility of new connections between individuals.

acknowledgements

"At the next table sat two women, wearing white lace gloves. They stared at the couple who had just arrived.

Nowhere's left, one of them whispered, her lipstick was as red as the handle of a hammer, there's nowhere left these days where one feels safe.

What alarmed the two ladies was the fact that the man with his studded belt and the young woman, who had been walking barefoot, were too close. Far too close. They should have been in another part of the city, not at the next table."

John Berger, Lilac and Flag: an Old Wives' Tale of a City[1]

"The psychotic…is more than anything else 'simply human.' The personalities of doctor and psychotic…do not stand opposed to each other as two external facts that do not meet and cannot be compared. Like the expositor, the therapist must have the plasticity to transpose himself into another strange and even alien view of the world. In this act, he draws on his own psychotic possibilities, without forgoing his sanity. Only thus can he arrive at an understanding of the patient's existential position.*"*

R.D. Laing, The Divided Self [2]

The pathology of the modern city is evident in its segregation between the weak and the strong, the inconsequential and the productive. Complexity is buried beneath the precision of an imposed structure: exempted from seeing the emotion and suffering of the weak, the productive city is able to forget their shared humanity. From this distant vantage point, affliction becomes muffled into a faceless and abstracted problem. The need to uncover this hidden aspect, and to see the individual behind it, becomes the motivation for this thesis: its central crisis lies in the confrontation with that which has consciously been forgotten.

The rupture between two sides of a complete identity, one that is familiar, and its hidden Other, carries from the level of the physical city through to its collective psyche. It describes the moment in which one identity inscribes the boundary line, demarcating the inside and ejecting the unwanted; in this act, the Other falls outside the line of inclusion. The condition of homelessness exists in this marginal position. Under the constant threat of dislocation, records of how the homeless fit into the city's network of activity are almost nonexistent. Their patterns of dwelling exist beneath the city's consciousness, segregated paths of habit that rarely cross with those of the official city. When the two collide, the reaction is to end the confrontation quickly. The city pushes the homeless back into transience, quietly erasing the traces of their inhabitation in order to repress this awareness. While governments attack the problem with laws and prohibitions, and organizations plea for funding and housing, the identities of the individuals that populate the issue become obscured. Homelessness is a crisis of displaced identities: it is this crisis that reflects back into the urban environment.

A search for the individual and his identity begins in a conversation: some form of direct contact that breaks through the myth of difference and separation. The psychologist R.D. Laing writes that a true understanding of another human being relies on an initial *shift in perception*; it is a process that demands a moment of vulnerability, in which one reaches toward his own experiences of abandonment and loneliness in order to relate to the Other[3]. It is a departure from the safety of the interior, where identity is defined with unmistakable clarity, to enter the marginal territories, in which the preconceptions that confine the outsider dissolve. Encounter, recognition, and connection between previously segregated factions suddenly become possible. This thesis casts its gaze upon the familiar city from this estranged perspective. Conventional relationships become irrelevant; new and tentative connections must be constructed upon this unstable ground.

"Confronting the foreigner whom I reject and with whom at the same time I identify, I lose my boundaries, I no longer have a container, the memory of experiences when I had been abandoned overwhelm me, I lose my composure. I feel 'lost,' 'indistinct,' 'hazy.' The uncanny strangeness allows for many variations: they all repeat the difficulty I have in situating myself with respect to the other and keep going over the course of identification-projection that lies at the foundation of my reaching autonomy."

Julia Kristeva, Strangers to Ourselves[4]

departure

angela

Angela tells me a story in which there are many winners and no losers. It begins thirteen and a half years ago, when the roof over Angela's apartment collapses. Out of this destruction emerges only a taunting silence.

She tells me: None of our friends could help us, so all of a sudden we didn't have a home. My husband became so nervous all the time. He lost his job after a few weeks.

After that, I started asking strangers on the street if they would take us in. Everyone told us no. So sometimes we would sleep in bus shelters at night. It gets so cold in the morning, people would stand next to us to wait for the bus to go to work.

Angela's eyes are wide as she offers these simple facts, seemingly detached from the voice that is speaking; it is as though she had previously forgotten about them, and is now surprised to discover them again.

Her absent gaze finds neutral ground somewhere on the white plaster wall that stands behind me: her last line of defense lies in its indifference. In her lap, she is kneading her large black purse, massaging its contents into place.

This shelter, where she is staying now, feeds, beds, and counsels up to sixty women. It is usually full to capacity, so Angela must have been lucky on the night that she was admitted, thirty-six days ago. On that day, her husband had become sick, and they had taken him to the hospital again. While Angela sat with her daughter in the waiting room, a doctor came to tell them that they could not continue to live this way. Her husband was lucky to be alive that day, but he was only going to get worse.

Now that Angela's husband is out, he is staying in a different shelter where their daughter is allowed to stay with him. Angela's shelter only admits women above the age of eighteen.

A home has now been found for the family, in Muskoka. Angela tells me she has never been there, but that they tell her it is a beautiful place. She says the house will cost them only eighty-nine dollars a month in rent. They will be leaving the city in two weeks.

The precision of these details slices effortlessly into my memory. She recites them as hygienicized scientific fact; in the same way, she lists for me the many medical afflictions that she suffers from, and those of her husband; or the fact that he was already close to dying when they rushed him to the hospital that day, in convulsions from an epileptic seizure. Angela has given these facts a hundred times before: each time she enters a shelter, handing over her medications like a repentant child; each time she applies for money, or a place on yet another waiting list

of a subsidized apartment; and each time it is like tearing out a piece of herself and offering it as collateral. What else does she own of herself besides her name and the numbers by which her identity is recorded and recognized? Each time she has received very little in return.

At the end of her story, Angela asks me: Is there anything else you want to know about homelessness?

There are a million questions I want to ask her about her past, but each one has a predictable answer. Instead, I ask her if she is excited about her new home, and she tells me yes. Is she afraid to be going so far away? She hesitates, and then explains to me that her husband already has a clerical job, and that she will also be able to work, as a babysitter. Everything has been arranged for them.

When she falls silent, I become aware that many of the other tables in the cafeteria have been filled, and that people have begun to line up in front of the servery. They have decided to serve dinner early today.

Many of the women in the room are dressed up because they are returning from office jobs. Even though there are lockers upstairs where they can store their belongings, most of them are carrying blankets, stacks of papers, books and photographs, and plastic bags crammed full of other belongings that they have decided they cannot leave behind: the bedrooms are locked during the day until four o'clock. Two counsellors stand to the side of the room, in conversation. The table where I sit with Angela suddenly feels empty.

I thank Angela for talking to me, and push back from the table. I am sliding my notebook into my bag when Angela reaches out and brushes her hand against my arm. I look up, and she is staring at me now.

By the way, she urges in a clear voice, my name is Angela. She continues to look hard at me, and then her eyes shift back to rest on the white wall behind me.

I know, I tell her, and now I don't know what to look at either. Her hand is still sitting against my arm. It is as though she is begging me not to forget her after she has moved far away, to her new home in Muskoka. She knows how quickly the city will forget.

"I feel so far away from them, on the top of this hill. It seems as though I belong to another species. They come out of their offices after their day of work, they look at the houses and the squares with satisfaction, they think it is their city, a good, solid, bourgeois city. They aren't afraid, they feel at home. All they have ever seen is trained water running from taps, light which fills bulbs when you turn on the switch, half-breed, bastard trees held up with crutches. They have proof, a hundred times a day, that everything happens mechanically, that the world obeys fixed, unchangeable laws. In a vacuum all bodies fall at the same rate of speed, the public park is closed at 4 p.m. in winter, at 6 p.m. in summer…They are peaceful, a little morose, they think about Tomorrow, that is to say, simply, a new today; cities have only one day at their disposal and every morning it comes back exactly the same…They make laws, they write popular novels, they get married, they are fools enough to have children. And all this time, a great, vague nature has slipped into their city, it has infiltrated everywhere…they are full of it inside, they breathe it, and they don't see it, they imagine it to be outside, twenty miles from the city...I know that its obedience is idleness, I know it has no laws: what they take for constancy is only habit and it can change tomorrow…Let it change just a little…Then you will see other people, suddenly plunged into solitude. Men all alone, completely alone…"

Jean-Paul Sartre, Nausea[5]

"Tens of millions of these strangers now traverse and transgress frontiers and borders that are simultaneously internal and external, geopolitical and psycho-social, ethical and spiritual, private and public. Identities and communities are disintegrating, multiplying, crossing, shifting, and reconfiguring, sparking fear and violence among those who feel invaded by others, who import speechless pain."

Krzysztof Wodiczko, Critical Vehicles[6]

The stranger is an enigmatic figure in the urban imagination, who both endures and perpetuates a condition of loneliness. In the past, the city was a bounded and familiar realm in which the stranger stood apart as an instance of deviation: a clear invasion across a defined edge. His entry to the familiar city was a threat to its stability, inciting the need for caution, and even fortification, against him. In turn, the stranger himself remained isolated and unknown. Yet, the scale of the modern city defies this static idea of boundary, and the crisis surrounding the stranger has shifted.[7] The city's limitless growth signifies a volume of movement that is impossible to regulate. Migration no longer occurs in particular instances, a temporary state between settlement. Instead, movement is a constant condition. Who enters or exits the city's borders, where these edges exist and what they divide have become fluid notions: instability exists at every level, from the uncertain limits of the physical city, to the individual boundaries that contain identity. The modern city, in a state of constant fluctuation, is thus a generator of diverse experiences. Exalting the possibilities inherent in this environment, American urbanist Richard Sennett writes: "Sameness stultifies the mind; diversity stimulates and expands it."[8] This notion seems idealized: although diversity can enrich the individual who is somehow able to recognize and absorb it, our fear of the urban unknown cautions against the interaction that is necessary to pull the individual beyond the boundaries of what is familiar to him.

The stranger is no longer a solitary figure whose relationship with the inside can be carefully monitored. As more people cross into the city,

the presence of the unknown becomes increasingly ubiquitous. Diversity, unexplored, leads to anonymity: a city pervaded with hidden histories and unseen identities.

The work of artist Krzysztof Wodiczko manifests the division between people in the public realm as an intermediate space, seeking to inhabit this space and transform it into one of connection. The instruments he constructs initiate conversations between people, through the displacement of the familiar. With his project *Alien Staff*, Wodiczko detaches the voice of the stranger from its person, placing it in this third zone through a televised image: the voice and its story are thrust into public territory in a way that is disconnected from the initial barrier of direct contact.[9] A displacement occurs when the passer-by breaks from his normalized habits, to pause and listen: he sheds his distracted indifference simply in responding to the instrument; as a story materializes through the voice, the stranger, who wields the instrument, is no longer completely unknown. The instrument is a necessary catalyst for further interaction, disclosing both the possibility of bridging people in public, through conversation, and the alarming absence of a forum for this exchange.

What society has sacrificed through this deprivation is the identity of the individual. Identity emerges out of a person's particular history and the way that history shapes his perspective of the world around him. Underlying the modern phenomenon of mass migration is the multiplicity of people, histories and values that enter our awareness. Numbed by their overwhelming numbers, we seek to understand others by locating them within larger ideas and categories. Without the experience of direct contact, these strange identities become abstract ideas, detached from the individuals behind them. What remains are the obvious differences that place the Other outside of our ability to empathize: beyond any apparent relevance, it is easy to become indifferent.

Particular histories begin to materialize out of the conversations that Wodiczko generates between strangers. This connection, an incident at the scale of the individual, seems insignificant at first. Yet, its insignificance is that which begins to disturb what Stéphan Mosès terms "the history of the victors," a construct that orchestrates "the triumph of the strongest and the disappearance of the weakest."[10] This is a history that chooses specific events to construct a singular vision, thus choosing to forget others; it casts out the uncertainty of the stranger, overlooking idiosyncrasies in favour of sweeping patterns and monumental events.[11] When the voice of the

Krzysztof Wodiczko's projects *Alien Staff* (left) and *Mouthpiece* (right) provoke a response by drawing initial attention away from the stranger, extracting the voice, and placing it in the unfamiliar

individual asserts itself, intertwining with the larger perspective at times and contradicting it at others, the story becomes more complex; this shift leaves an opening in the previously static construction, a possibility for others to respond and interact.

This faint disturbance is only a shadow of the dynamic exchange that characterized the public realm of the ancient Greek *polis*. For the Greek citizen, the public realm was the place of individuality, where he sought to distinguish himself through speech and action.[12] Speech was significant because it translated thought into a form that could be shared with others, giving reality and relevance to his beliefs and his subjective experiences. The relationship between identity and conversation was obvious to the Greek citizen. He constructed his identity by relating and speaking to others in the public realm, thus locating himself amidst a woven complexity of multiple perspectives.[13]

Hannah Arendt asserts that this freedom of exchange was possible only through a careful balance and distinction between the public and private existences. The public realm corresponded to a search for immortality: a struggle against the futility of the individual life. The desire to attain greatness, through action and speech, was driven by this fear of obscurity after death; it could only occur in a world that was larger and more permanent than the individual.[14] The private realm, in which the necessities of life and survival were central, was thus a hidden existence. Birth and death, pain and love, were mysteries that the individual could

not share or communicate with others, and remained in the darkness of the private realm.[15] Both worlds were necessary: a life that exists only in the public realm loses this incommunicable depth, while the private individual carries out a purely subjective existence, burdened by his own mortality.

This careful balance of the dual life has lost its significance in the modern world. Modern man is free of the ancient sensitivity to time that extends beyond one's own life, and consequently, the urgency to speak and to be heard by others has disappeared. Without this structure of exchange, he is no longer able to locate his identity in the public realm. This shift is, in part, a response to the explosion of the scale of the world outside the home: the city is no longer a closed entity like the ancient *polis*. A certain degree of detachment is necessary for navigating the overwhelming diversity of people on the streets. Urban activist Jane Jacobs describes the possibility for this detachment to serve as a line of negotiation between individuals in the urban environment: it entails a familiarity and awareness between neighbours that is limited and respectful.[16] A clear distinction between public and private still exists. More often though, detachment is taken to an extreme that manifests as a cold indifference, blind to the human aspect of the street. In his story *Conversation with the Supplicant*, Franz Kafka describes an experience of public space as an impersonal and empty container:

> "And then if I have to cross a large open space I forget everything. The difficulty of this enterprise confuses me, and I can't help thinking, 'If people must build such large squares out of pure wantonness why don't they pass a stone balustrade to help one across?' There's a gale from the southwest today. The air in the square is swirling about. The tip of the Town Hall is teetering in small circles. All this agitation should be controlled. Every window pane is rattling and the lamp posts are bending like bamboo. The very robe of the Virgin Mary on her column is fluttering and the stormy wind is snatching at it. Is no one aware of this? The ladies and gentlemen who should be walking on the paving stones are driven along. When the wind slackens they come to a stop, exchange a few words and bow to each other, but when the wind blows again they can't help themselves, all their feet leave the ground at the same moment…their eyes twinkle merrily as if there were only a gentle breeze. No one's afraid but me."[17]

The character's existential consciousness appears in violent contrast to the mechanistic crowd. The crisis he faces is psychological: an internal sense of dislocation and disconnect from those around him. In a crowd, he is filled with the overwhelming emptiness of his own insignificance.

The private home is thus a sanctuary from the crowd, a psychological retreat in which one's true self can safely emerge and develop. It is here, in this place of isolation, that modern man forms his identity.

A rupture arises between an individual's hidden identity and his outward, public existence. The true identity is private and vulnerable to exposure. Amidst the unfeeling crowd, it becomes lost. When the individual is in the city, then, his public face is a persona, a false self that provides a protective cover for the private being.

Sennett evokes this rupture between the inner and exterior selves, through the spatial metaphor of the medieval cathedral. In contrast to the tangle of streets outside, the cathedral was a space of precision and, subsequently, spiritual revelation: through its juxtaposition against the chaos and diversity of the city, the sacred became visible. The form of the cathedral impressed its values on the city's physical fabric. As a moral refuge, it was a sanctuary for those in need, a place where suffering invoked an obligatory response. Designating the place of charity exempted the stranger in the secular city from moral obligation: if an individual was in need, the responsibility to care for him existed in the cathedral and not in the streets. Pain and emotion still existed outside, but to the crowded masses, they existed as spectacle. The streets were a realm of amorality. Only inside the cathedral did the pain of an individual become something real to those around him. Here, the individual and his subjective existence were acknowledged.[18]

The connection between amorality and the disorder of the exterior realm has carried into our modern culture. Further, the split that this perception necessarily effects, between a hostile city and its opposing spiritual interior, also persists. What has changed is that, in today's secular culture, the place of sanctuary and individual identity is the private home: its purpose has become isolation, instead of community. The focus revolves around the self, instead of transcendence of the self through faith. As the inner struggle becomes more precious, the physical qualities of the exterior realm shift to reflect this change. The modern metropolis is often criticized for being sterile and alienating: these qualities are often attributed to public indifference. Yet, in considering this city not only through its

form, but also in the social laws that govern the behaviour of its citizens, the *defense of individual privacy* emerges as a conscious priority.

The absence of disorder is comforting to this mentality. The blatant suffering of the homeless or mentally disturbed often invoke hostility from the public; however, a neutral environment helps us to mentally disengage ourselves, numbing us to this intrusion on the inward gaze.[19] Sennett writes: "The visual forms of legibility in urban designs or space no longer suggest much about subjective life or heal the wounds of those in need. The sanctuary of the Christian city has been reduced to a sense of comfort in well-designed places where other people do not intrude. Safe because empty; safe because clearly marked. Authority is divorced from community: this is the conundrum of sanctuary as it has evolved in the city."[20] Clarity is necessarily a result of exclusion. Programmed spaces for specific purposes and prohibitions against particular behaviours remove the people and activities that the public does not want to see, but only to sequester them into other areas of the city. Outside of our visible range and, now, inhabited by a marginal population, these areas are left to degenerate.

The endless grid of the North American city is emblematic of the clear and neutral city. It is ignorant of pre-existing landscapes and natural topography, cutting across valleys and realigning rivers to its geometry. Its boundlessness is disorienting; reaching outwards, it defies the hierarchy generated by centrality. It is mindless of the detailed grain of humanity, supporting instead the capitalistic desire for speed, efficiency and uniformity through its monumental gesture.

This heroic city still hides the vulnerable individual at its core: an existential being, terrified of exposure. The duality of this existence is not unique to the modern city. The rupture between an internalized identity and its defensive exterior relates to a condition that originates in the depths of the human psyche. In his essay on the uncanny, Freud identifies a double aspect of identity: the individual that is located in the outside world, anchored and defined by relationships to objects and people, is a protective construct of the true archaic self. This archaic identity generates its double when it first comes into contact with other people, and must somehow accept and operate within pre-existing social orders. Thus, it remains detached from external relationships: disconnected from the everyday processes of living, it becomes repressed and alienated from our consciousness, while its constructed double comes to accept society's boundaries as a normal condition. The uncanny, a feeling of

strangeness and dread, arises with the rediscovery of this Other within us, simultaneously familiar and alienated; unbounded by social definitions, this aspect has remained ambiguous and fluid, and threatens the certainty of our social being.[21]

If the metropolitan stranger is someone whose mobility implies the possibility of undisclosed identities, and thus disturbs the bounded familiarity of the city, then our collective anxiety towards him begins to relate to our internal fear of the uncanny. The stranger is one who is excluded: in this foreign city, he embodies the ambiguity of an individual who is unable to relate immediately to his surroundings. The objects and physical fabric around him express the unfamiliar identities of others. In his isolation, he is attached to the memory of a home that, already, no longer exists. In her book *Strangers to Ourselves*, the psychoanalyst Julia Kristeva suggests that it is not the stranger as a *person*, that we retreat from, but the memories that we share: the threat lies in the similarities, and not the differences between us. This memory of uncertainty, of intense aloneness and abandonment, is universal, and yet, in order to operate in society, it has necessarily been repressed.[22] Kristeva interprets Freud's avoidance of this direct connection, between the outsider and the ambiguity aroused by the uncanny, as an assertion of this, arguing that his purpose is "not to reify the foreigner, not to petrify him as such, not to petrify *us* as such. But to analyze it by analyzing us. To discover our disturbing otherness, for that indeed is what bursts in to confront that 'demon,' that threat, that apprehension generated by the projective apparition of the other at the heart of what we persist in maintaining as a proper, solid 'us.'…The foreigner is within me, hence we are all foreigners. If I am a foreigner, there are no foreigners."[23]

With this fragile notion, the boundaries that separate different people begin to fluctuate. In his attempt to dissolve the hard edges of the physical city, Sennett writes that "the urbanist has to design weak borders rather than strong walls."[24] It is only in collision with the Other that one can learn to interact with him. This principle begins with the physical fabric of the city, and penetrates the defensive boundaries of individual identity. The possibility of connection exists *in between* the defined roles of our public personae: inhabiting this ambiguous territory implies a negotiation between differences, rather than shutting them out. Ambiguity exposes the individual to the emotion and pain of others, while it exposes his own internal strangeness.

"Incessantly cast in this empty role of unknown visitor, and challenged in everything that can be known about him, drawn to the surface of himself by a social personality silently imposed by observation, by form and mask, the madman is obliged to objectify himself in the eyes of reason as the perfect stranger, that is, as the man whose strangeness does not reveal itself. The city of reason welcomes him only with this qualification and at the price of this surrender to anonymity."

Michel Foucault, Madness and Civilization[25]

conversation

"This contradiction – to us they may seem strange in the city, but are not strangers to the city – results in a contradictory and complex identity: the savage homeless in a noble city, or the noble homeless in a savage city. Squeezed between this play of images, the homeless themselves, in their complexity in a complex city, remain out of the picture, which has no room for the real life of people who happen to lack a dwelling."

Krzysztof Wodiczko, Critical Vehicles[26]

This parking lot is not visible to everyone who passes it. Somehow, its frustrated monotony forms a barrier that the ordinary gaze doesn't attempt to penetrate. It is a void in the built environment; stores turn their backs to it, leaving their garbage to spill out of this end. An old brown church awkwardly flanks the opposite side. From the sidewalk, the plaster peeling from the walls, the gravel and cigarette butts scattered on the ground, and finally, even the people standing outside become hazy, their distinctions bleeding together. Only the red lettering on a sign manages to draw attention to the drop-in centre that is tucked away in the basement of the church.

Kurt told me about this place yesterday. He lives in a tent at the edge of the city, and comes here almost every day. The drop-in centre is a place where the homeless can do their laundry, eat a hot meal, and plug in to an expansive network of resources and people who are eager to help them to a better life, when it is possible. Kurt uses these facilities sometimes, but he comes here regularly because he is a volunteer. He likes to cook, and usually works in the kitchen.

We are sitting in the parking lot outside, because Kurt wants to have a cigarette before he helps to prepare sandwiches for lunch. At first, he is quiet and pensive; slowly, he begins to speak, and it seems like he is not as small as he was in silence. He is recounting fantastic stories about road trips to the Maritimes, hard drugs, and near-death experiences; when he tells me about rescuing an old woman, as she is being mugged in a cemetery, he grows to the size of a hero; he looks at me covertly, trying to gauge my reaction, and when he finds it, he laughs, revealing a shocked topography of jagged black teeth. At the end of his story, the old woman is so grateful that she goes to the grocery store and buys enough food for him and his friends to feast on for a week.

Listening to Kurt talk, my mind sifts through the myths, trying to separate them from the truth, but after awhile I give up. His tone is dramatic; the grin he wears is slightly derisive, towards himself for telling these stories and enjoying it, and towards me for believing any of them. Perhaps the distinction is not important: myth will sometimes shelter intentions and possibilities; reality resides in circumstances that have been determined, decisions that have already been made.

I will be going to school in September, Kurt told me yesterday. Saying this made him cheerful. I'm going to learn about computers; you can't get anywhere these days if you don't understand computers. I'm going to learn to be a chef, too.

He invited me to the drop-in centre so I could try his cooking. In the morning, I arrived before he did; everyone in the room laughed when I said I was there to meet him.

He could be out of the country by now, one woman piped from the table behind. He told me he was moving to Detroit. He thinks he can go and pitch his tent anywhere.

Everyone laughed again. Kurt arrived an hour later.

Underneath our conversation now, bits of his history creep by so quietly, I hardly notice them until they have already brushed past, and I struggle to salvage my memory of them. These are the things that I learn about Kurt: he has lived here for most of his life, and although he has traveled to Frankfurt and to Paris, he still loves Toronto best; he once had a wife and two children; he has been to prison many times, once for doing something terrible to his mother; his wife became tired of his mistakes one day, and now he is alone.

Kurt finishes his cigarette and lets it slide through his fingers to the ground. He looks at his watch and registers the diminishing number of minutes that remain before lunch.

emergence

"She had tried to act in such a way that her acts had not any real consequences, and so by that token could hardly be real acts at all. Instead of using action as we normally do to achieve real ends and thus to become more and more defined...she attempted to reduce herself to vanishing-point by never doing anything specific, never seeming to be in any particular place at any particular time...The effort to dissociate herself from her actions comprised everything she did...By these means she sought to become nobody."

R.D. Laing, The Divided Self[27]

In John Berger's novel *King: A Street Story*, the narrative is rooted in the site of Saint Valéry, and generates from it a dynamic notion of place. The first impressions of the site stem from the perspective of the productive city: a reading that measures value in financial gain. To this end, it is a place that the city forgets; its location next to the highway renders it unusable, until speculators can build their long-anticipated stadium. The squatters who eventually settle there offer a different perspective. When they build and inhabit the wasteland, it becomes inextricably tied to their identities. As the narrator describes how each character builds his home, and the specific events that happen to them within the context of the settlement, these stories become identities that are immediate and present, ephemeral but alive. Detached from the certainty of normalized structures, such as family and work, these fragile identities have only the concrete physicality of place, and the accidental community that it generates, to anchor them. Identity is constructed out of permanence. This construction enables the characters to shed their absolute anonymity. When the speculators finally reclaim the site by destroying the settlement, it is not only the physical shelters that they demolish, but the relationships and identities that have found expression in the reality of place.

The urge to physically establish this fragile identity drives the following design intervention. However, its setting is not the uncontrollable wilderness of the urban periphery. Rather, the site exists within the familiar city. The speculation amplifies and unsettles the relationship between stranger and society: it is an act of infiltration, in

which the stranger establishes his presence, yet maintains his transient identity. The proposed design exists within a conventional framework, but questions convention in its approach. Its program comprises a respite centre for the homeless, in combination with a commercial single-room occupancy hotel (SRO). In minimizing the services offered, the intention is to reduce its imposition of structure and values on the homeless. Without the normal provisions of shelter or medical facilities, the program acts simply as a visible and permanent place of gathering. The commercial SRO heightens the implications of transience and the presence of the urban unknown: it serves a separate but potentially overlapping clientele.

As an insertion into a highly public ground, this proposal exposes the lives and relationships that can begin to form identity, and it is in this quality of visibility that the design begins to build tension. The legitimate city consistently reacts to the presence of the homeless with intense violence, signifying that their visibility is, in itself, a small act of assertion; it presents a barely perceptible, yet profound, threat. In retaliation, public rituals of expulsion assign to their participants the unmistakable roles of prosecutor and criminal, society and outcast. When more than a hundred people were evicted from Tent City, a squatter settlement formerly located on Toronto's waterfront, in September 2002, what was astonishing was not the eviction itself, but the aggression with which it was carried out. Security guards, armed with high-intensity search lights, and demolition crews, took over the site early in the morning; residents were removed from their homes so quickly that many were unable to collect their belongings. Within minutes of occupation, a new barbed wire fence, nine metres high, already enclosed its perimetre, ensuring that the erasure of all traces of inhabitation could be complete. This cleansing expresses a desire to forget. Pushing the homeless back into transience takes from them the reality of place and community, guaranteeing their obscurity from the city's consciousness.

Invisibility, writes Roger Caillois, is an ambiguous and dangerous state. Often adopted in nature as a protective measure, it generates a condition of isolation that threatens an individual's sense of self.[28] Considered biologically, being visible exposes an organism to its predators. Camouflage and mimicry both create the perception of invisibility, and are thus strategies of defence in nature. They induce a state in which

existing site condition (from top) Dundas Street, looking South-West; Dundas Street, looking North-East; Chestnut Street, looking North

the organism loses its visual distinction from its spatial surroundings. Considered psychologically, this loss is a crisis. The physical transformation corresponds to the mental effects of depersonalization: as the body is lost amidst its surroundings, the consciousness of the mind can no longer anchor itself in the physical form. The body itself becomes a part of space: a positive emptiness that permeates and engulfs the individual, dissolving the boundary that contains the inside and separates it from the outside.[29] The subjective consciousness thus becomes fluid and uncontained; detached from the physical world, the individual can no longer feel the substantiality of his relationships or relevance to other people. He is unable to grasp his own reality.

Against the city's collective consciousness, the condition of homelessness exists along this precarious boundary between reality and liminality: it is an imposed state of invisibility that displaces identity.

The deconstruction of the boundaries that induce this state momentarily draws the city closer to this ambiguous place, while it creates, for the homeless, the conditions for surfacing into the urban consciousness. This design speculation brings to light the public discomfort that we usually look to hide. The current design culture for homeless facilities focuses on the need for protection from a traumatic condition. Its language is one of sanctuary, drawing a line that clearly demarcates the inside, and keeps the hostile city outside. From the street, there is little transparency to connect the two realms: a measure of protection for the homeless, but also for the oblivious pedestrian. Belonging is thus clearly defined, through this control of awareness.

This proposal questions the implications of this form, working within its conventional program to centralize this discussion. The conceptual focus of the design is the modulation of relationships between people. Transparency of the building's edges allow a relationship to form between interior and exterior activity. Boundaries expand to become occupiable territory, moments of tension and possibility; the dissolution of hard edges allows for unexpected interactions between people. These interstitial spaces form the transition between light and shadow, permanence and transience, community and withdrawal. Each extreme is necessary in forming a complete identity: they respond to a need for balance, between privacy and public assertion.

"For us, appearance—something that is seen and heard by others as well as by ourselves—constitutes reality. Compared with the reality which comes from being seen and heard, even the greatest forces of intimate life—the passions of the heart, the thoughts of the mind, the delights of the senses—lead an uncertain, shadowy kind of existence unless and until they are transformed, deprivatized and deindividualized, as it were, into a shape to fit them for public appearance."

Hannah Arendt, The Human Condition[30]

polarity

Activated Passages

The following pair of mappings conceptualize the opposing currents around the project site: the light and the shadows, the conscious and the unconscious. The site itself, indicated by a black outline, is affected by both aspects. The activated passages constitute the official city. They generate activity at a collective scale, feeding into programmed spaces. These passages occur along prescribed and predictable paths.

CENTRE AVENUE

CHESTNUT STREET

ELIZABETH STREET

BAY STREET

ELM STREET

EDWARD STREET

DUNDAS STREET WEST

ARMOURY STREET

QUEEN STREET WEST

Indeterminate Space

The interstitial spaces run in between the intentional structure of the constructed fabric; occupation of this realm begins the erosion of the predictable experience of the city. The crowd is absent here, allowing for interaction on a smaller, individual level. The potential of these spaces lies in the lack of program, and their position in the shadows.

CHESTNUT STREET
ELIZABETH STREET
BAY STREET

ELM STREET

EDWARD STREET

DUNDAS STREET WEST

ARMOURY STREET

QUEEN STREET WEST

Looking south on Dundas Street West

Dundas Street West

Chestnut Street

7

1

3

6

8

4

2

9

4

5

42
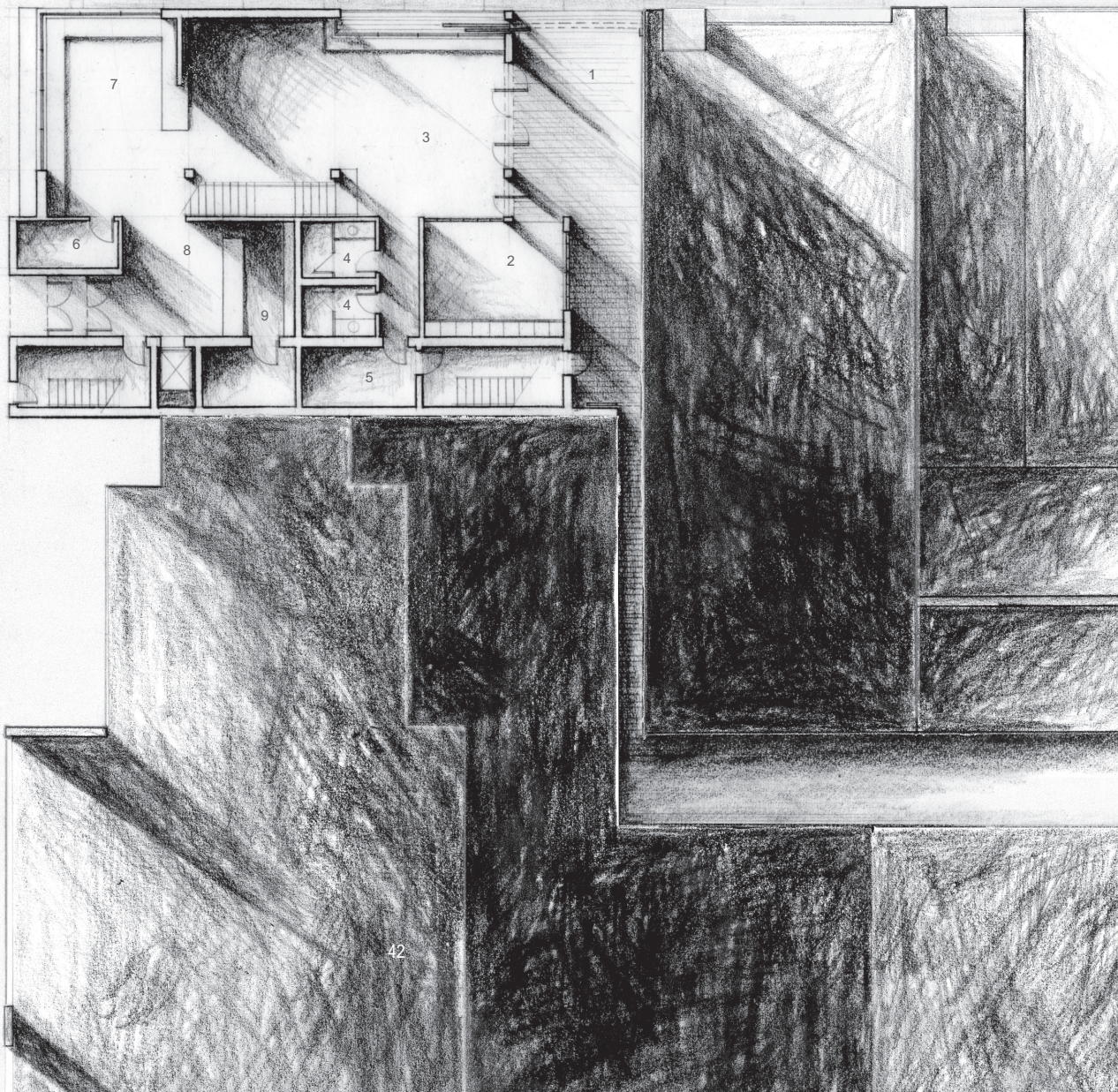
threshold

The notion of the street as a corridor of passage begins to destabilize when it is understood as an extension beyond the sidewalk, to include doorways and entrances, laneways, and other spaces that are visually permeable. Intersections form, connecting the inside and the outside. Boundaries are blurred. The street is a dynamic realm of interaction.

This design moves towards an emphasis on fluidity, between the public realm outside the building and the semi-public spaces inside, both physically and visually. Edges are permeable and habitable: at the ground level, the building is largely a realm of exposure and public assertion. The physical threshold to the respite centre is a thickened boundary, an extended transition between inside and outside. The ambiguity of the space, and its sense of belonging, is heightened as it unfolds into a public laneway, extending the interior context to this larger urban network.

ground floor plan 1 : 250

1 entrance vestibule
2 lockers / bicycle storage
3 lounge / dining area
4 washrooms
5 garbage room
6 kitchen storage
7 community kitchen
8 SRO entrance lobby
9 SRO reception

transition

The respite centre is primarily a space of gathering, and occupies the first two floors; in this position, it interacts with the public realm outside. The relatively private spaces of the SRO exist above. Inside, a continuous semi-public realm wraps around the central staircase and filters into the programmed spaces of the building. It forms a transitional core, an ambiguous and unprogrammed zone of connection. The dialogue between the private and communal spaces occurs through this thickened boundary.

The movement and intersection between retreat and community is a central organizing factor. The overlapping of spaces in section generates a consistent layering of relationships throughout the building. In this, there is a heightened awareness of the other spaces: a stimulating condition. Moving through, one is at times a passive observer, unseen yet indirectly involved in the activity; later one becomes a participant in an inclusive collective space, who may be observed in turn.
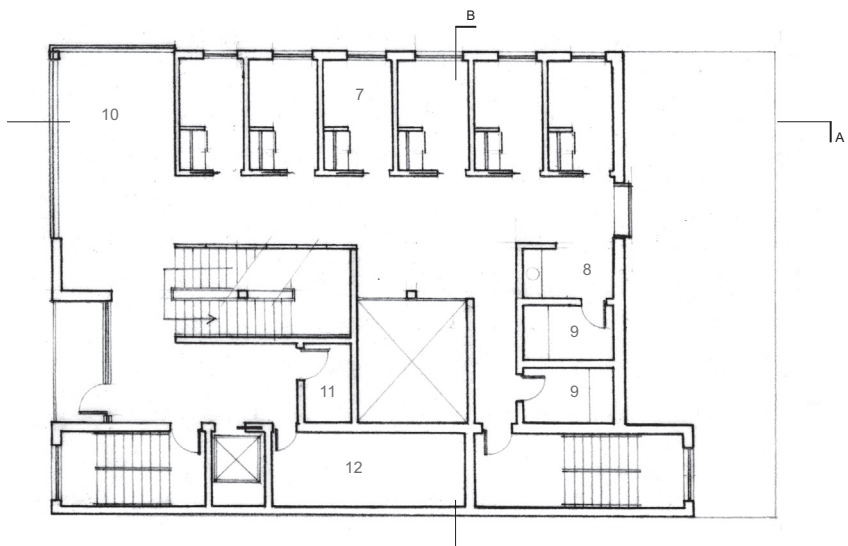
upper floor plans 1 : 250

 1 laundry / lounge for respite centre
 2 showers
 3 administration reception / distribution
 4 administrative offices
 5 staff washroom
 6 communal kitchen / common lounge for SRO
 7 private rooms
 8 wash area
 9 washrooms
10 common lounge for floor
11 janitor's closet
12 mechanical space
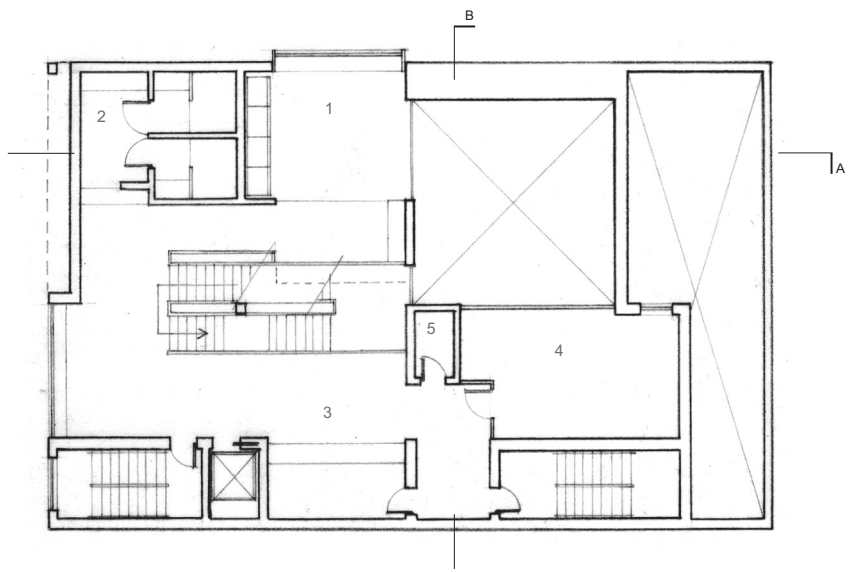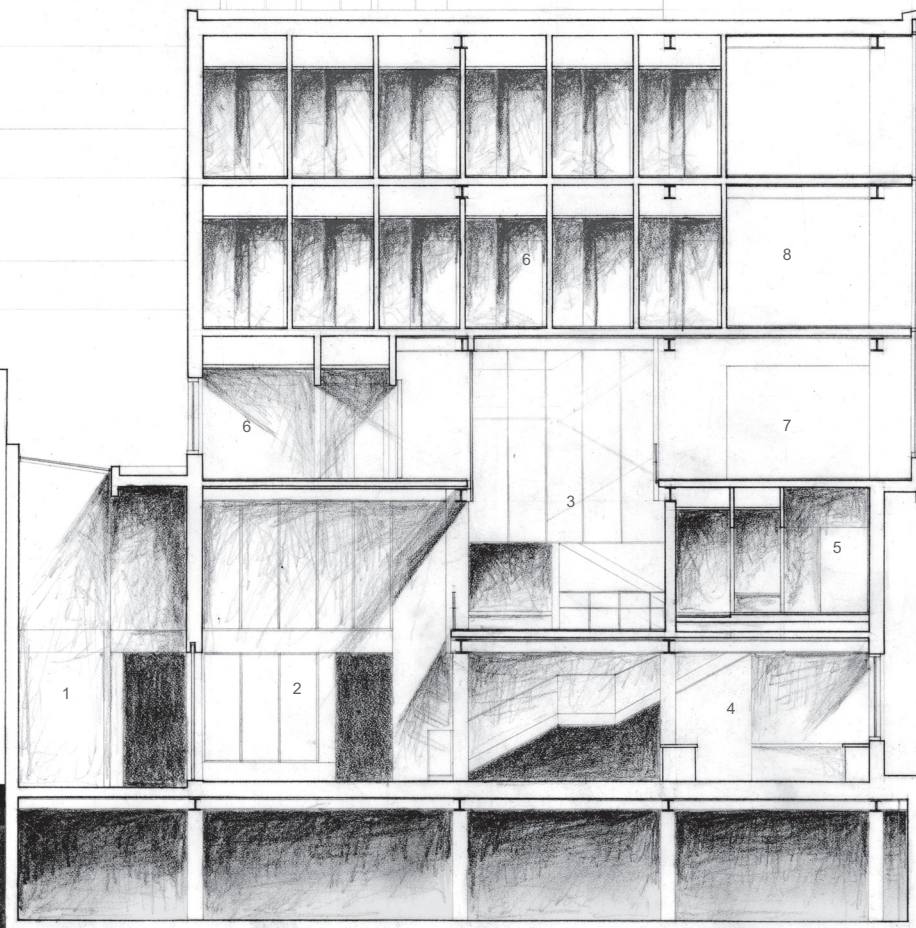
Second Floor
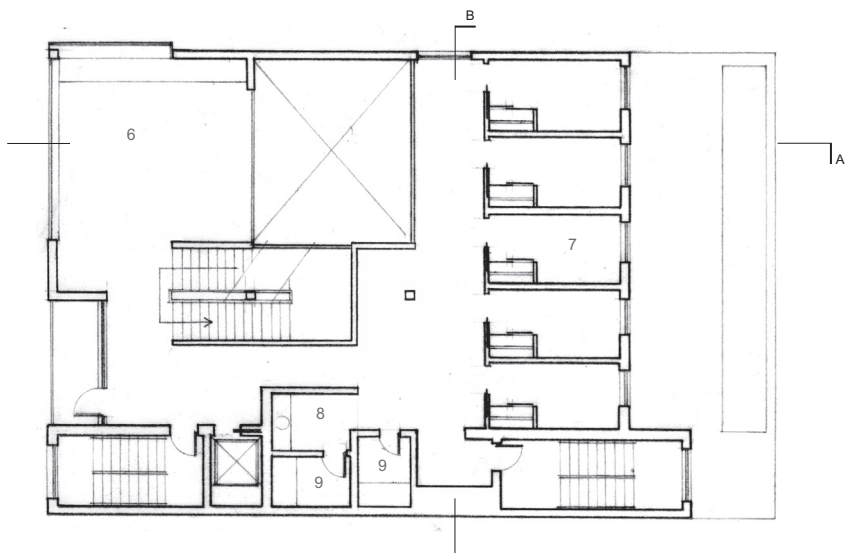
Third Floor

Fourth and Fifth Floors

"Soft glow: people are in their houses, they have undoubtedly turned on the lights too. They read, they watch the sky from the window. For them it means something different. They have aged differently. They live in the midst of legacies, gifts, each piece of furniture holds a memory. Clocks, medallions, portraits, shells, paperweights, screens, shawls. They have closets full of bottles, stuffs, old clothes, newspapers; they have kept everything. The past is a landlord's luxury.

Where shall I keep mine? You don't put your past in your pocket; you have to have a house. I have only my body: a man entirely alone, with his lonely body, cannot indulge in memories; they pass through him."

Jean-Paul Sartre, Nausea[31]
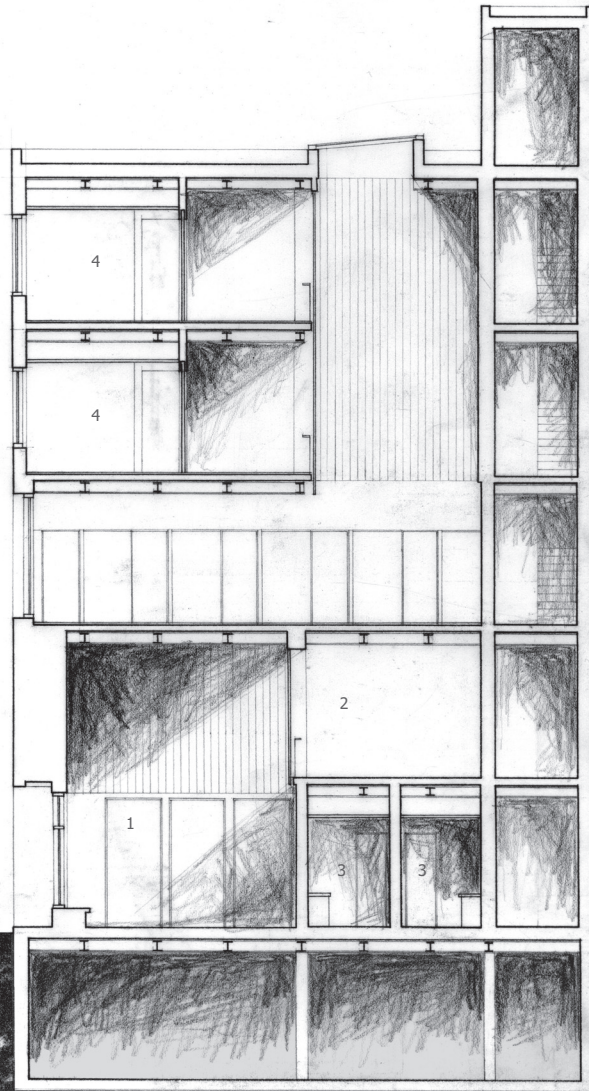
Looking towards ground floor dining space, from entrance
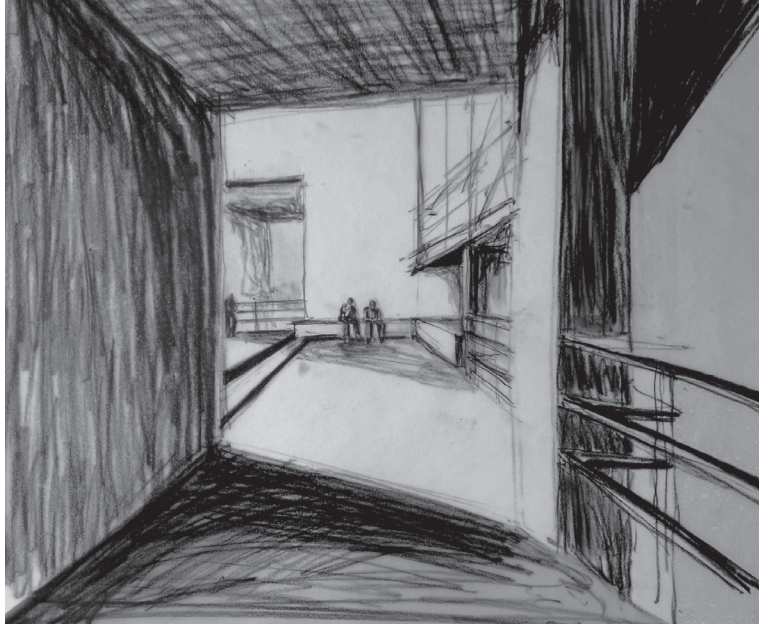
Second floor corridor, facing lounge / laundry space

east - west section (A), facing south 1 : 200

1 entry vestibule
2 lounge / dining area
3 laundry / lounge
4 community kitchen
5 showers
6 private rooms for SRO
7 communal kitchen / lounge for SRO
8 common lounge for floor (SRO)

ascent / withdrawal

Spaces of gathering are open and fluid; spaces of retreat are closed and isolated. Ascent signifies a gradual withdrawal from the public realm. While exchange still exists here, it is more restricted. As the rooms below open up visually, this shifting between spaces produces a sense of familiarity and safety, as it allows for surveillance of the entry and circulation of other people through the building. At the most reserved levels, a translucent screen encloses the semi-public realm, hinting at passages and relationships, without fully disclosing them.

north - south section (B), facing east 1 : 200

1 lounge / dining area
2 administration
3 washrooms
4 private rooms - SRO

"'I'll tell you what you want to know, but please let us rather go into the side street over there.' I nodded, and we crossed to it.

But it was not enough for him to be in the dusk of the little street where only a few yellow lamps hung at wide intervals, he drew me into the low hallway of an old house underneath a tiny lamp that hung dripping before a wooden stair...He kept his body pressed against the wall, only his head could move freely to and fro. 'Don't be angry - why should you be angry about things that don't concern you? I get angry when I behave badly; but if someone else does the wrong thing I am delighted. So don't be angry if I tell you that it is the aim of my life to get people to look at me.'"

Franz Kafka, Conversation with the Supplicant[32]
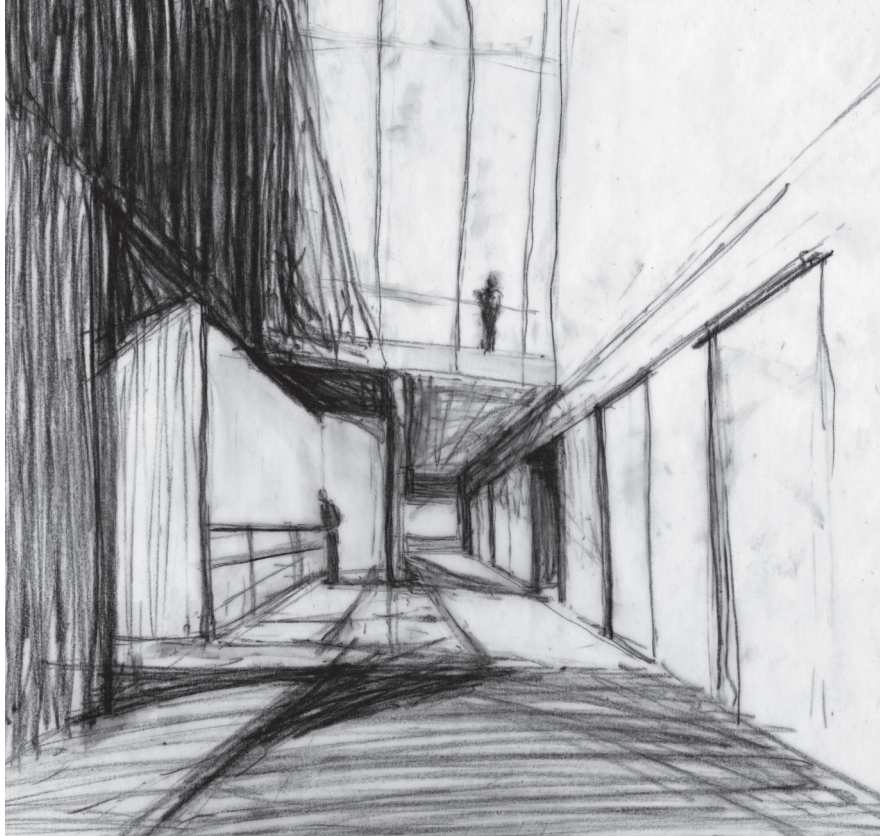
Eastern corridor at third floor
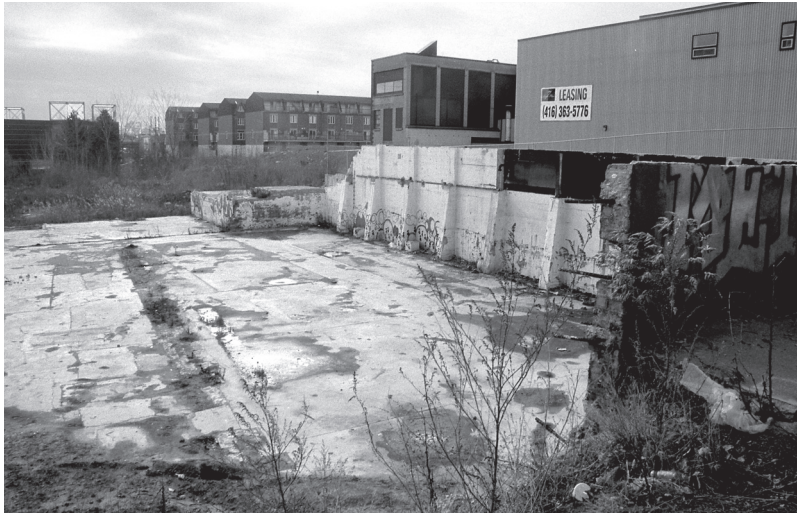
"Lately I have begun to question the Greek word sophrosyne. *I wonder about this concept of self-control and whether it really is, as the Greeks believed, an answer to most questions of human goodness and dilemmas of civility. I wonder if there might not be another idea of human order than repression, another notion of human virtue than self-control, another kind of human self than one based on dissociation of inside and outside. Or indeed, another human essence than self."*

Anne Carson, The Gender of Sound[33]

excavate

"I have not left Bouville and already I am there no longer...I find it strange that I have to stay two more hours in this city which, without bothering about me any more, has straightened up its furniture and put it under dustsheets so as to be able to uncover it in all its freshness, to new arrivals this evening, or tomorrow. I feel more forgotten than ever...I savour this total oblivion into which I have fallen. I am between two cities, one knows nothing of me, the other knows me no longer. Who remembers me?...Now when I say 'I,' it seems hollow to me. I can't manage to feel myself very well, I am so forgotten. The only real thing left in me is existence which feels it exists...suddenly the 'I' pales, pales, and fades out."

Jean-Paul Sartre, Nausea[34]

She arrived by bus, at 8:35 a.m. All around the station, traffic was barely beginning to groan as the city awoke with reluctance, pulled out of unconsciousness by the shock of electricity pumping through its veins once again, and the shattering of construction cranes above as they came to life one by one, to resume their collective mission of dragging the city towards some higher, unseen destination. From here, the view of the sky was cluttered with cranes; the station sat at the edge of the city's site of yearning. It was here that one suddenly noticed a subtly acrid smell hanging in the air: the residual mixture of thwarted visions from the past, and an anxious hunger directed toward the future. Although the city crawled towards change with paranoiac caution, here, in particular, one felt a desperate pull towards something that it longed to become, but which always remained just outside of the city's own frame of understanding and imagination.

The station faced this scene in mute observation. It seemed abandoned at this hour, yet she caught the scrap of a conversation echoing from within, through voices that were isolated and meaningful, self-absorbed, alive. There was no one that was aware of her presence, yet she felt like an intruder to this conversation. For the first time during her trip, she felt lonely.

She thought of the place where she had stood almost thirteen hours ago, waiting to catch the first bus. She realized then that she was looking at a mirror of her own image; at that point in time, as she waited, she had pictured herself at this moment of arrival: stepping off the bus and absorbing the city before her, ready to forget about the old anger that chewed on her constantly, so that in forgetting, she could finally reinvent herself and live this life devoid of all the old boundaries. Yet now, standing at this juncture between the past and the present, she only felt disjointed and tired. She didn't fit into the moment the same way she had envisioned it, and this realization left her a little bewildered. For the first time, after finding her way through a complicated succession of schedules, she seemed to lose track of the calculated sequences her life was supposed to take.

Turning away from the station, she picked up her bags and began to walk. She was unsure of her direction; as the station receded, she lost her only point of reference. The handful of people sharing the sidewalk soon thickened into a crowd that pushed ahead, seemingly towards a single destination; every time she hesitated over the direction, the crowd claimed a larger measure of control over her decisions.

When she reached the street corner, she found herself staring across the street at a man lying crumpled against a

doorway, holding a cardboard sign. As the lights changed, she advanced towards him, pushed unwillingly by the crowd.

PLEASE SPARE CHANGE FOR TICKET HOME TO SURREY, B.C. As the words pronounced themselves on the cardboard sign, they seized her with an urgent need to speak to this man. Perhaps he would understand the way she was feeling: this man who obviously felt dislocated as she did, as though he had arrived in the wrong location and at the wrong moment; this man who had left his home who knows how long ago, and had finally mustered up the courage to admit to himself that he needed to go back; who had come here looking for something, possibly arriving on the bus with the same sense of anticipation that she had envisioned in herself; but all this was in the past: the only thing that was clear now was that, whatever this man had been looking for, he had not found it. Now he sat with this sign that offered too much of himself to an indifferent public: a small sacrifice for the chance to go home, even if he was returning in defeat. At the last minute she found some change in her pocket. The crowd goaded her ahead relentlessly, and as it pushed her before the crumpled man, she only had a split second to drop the money into his hat, bend down and tell him, *Good luck getting home*, before she was driven forwards again, disappointed and empty. *God bless*, she could hear the man call behind her.

displacement

Journeying to a position of ambiguity is to uncover a realm of repressed anxieties. Exposing the being that resides here, suspended in intense aloneness, relies on the disassembly of systems of defense that civilized man has so carefully constructed. We place ourselves at risk in confronting the Other, an aspect that is dark, uncontrollable, and highly emotional. An inquiry into our own fear, awakened by the encounter, demands an understanding of this estranged identity, not from our accustomed vantage point, of inside looking out, but within a place of direct contact. The implications of this shift are unsettling. If this repressed being is a relative of the archaic identity within each individual, then entering his realm suggests the inevitability of glimpsing into our own souls. Deciphering the meaning of his exclusion signifies a critical investigation of the inside as well as the unknown margins.

The identity of the Other is elusive: his concealment is a condition enforced by both victim and oppressor. He chooses to remain in hiding, terrified of the light. To emerge is to sacrifice the subjective self to the indifferent crowd: to feel the weight of one's aloneness amidst a mechanistic society. At the same time, society deliberately maintains its distance. His exclusion from the inside is supported by standards of morality, and of beauty, that society accepts as established truths; these standards demarcate a boundary line that separates those who belong from those who do not. In seeking the alienated identity, one necessarily transgresses this line. The greatest risk, then, exists in this moment, when the opacity of established truths begins to waver.

This complex struggle between the apparent and the invisible, the powerful and the insignificant, emerges clearly from the image that Michel Foucault builds in *Madness and Civilization*, of the shifting relationship between insanity and civil authority. When the state institutes the asylum during the classical age, it removes the presence of insanity from society. The line of exclusion becomes a literal boundary: inside, the madman is held captive, an animal on display; the crowd watches this spectacle from a safe distance, on the other side of the bars.[36] Prior to this, madness was considered to be an inherent aspect of the human soul. Present amidst society during the Renaissance, insanity symbolized man's weaknesses and the secret nature of this truth, embodying the animal that existed inside all men, beneath the veneer of domestication.[37] Renaissance man understood that the line of separation was fragile, even illusory. Classical man recognizes in himself a different nature: insanity signifies to him the *displacement* of a person's humanity, which is contained exclusively in his capacity for reason.[38] The relationship between madness and society is no longer one of interwoven balance and reflection, but one of disconnected polarity. What Foucault describes in this change is the subtle construction that establishes the laws for social division. This externalization of something that was once inherent to the human condition is a strategic act. Exclusion removes the face of the Other from view, destroying the possibility for sympathy.

Beneath the clear division, a silent undercurrent of fear takes form and stirs the imagination of the urban collective. Segregation obscures reality. Under this distorted perception, the figure of the madman becomes so threatening that an exaggerated violence begins to characterize his captivity. The prisoners are bound with elaborate systems of chains and iron bars, and locked in cages amidst their own filth. They are made to suffer extreme temperatures, as well as hunger and pain. To the social individual, this ability to endure extraordinary conditions sets the insane apart, marking them as animal, rather than man.[39] Society is only able to face its object of fear when it has been silenced and transformed into this state of animality; expunged of any recognizable humanity, the madman is put on display, always at a reassuring distance. The violent treatment of the madman, and his placement as public spectacle, does not fold simply into a lack of compassion. The mysterious presence of fear still pervades the scene, and it justifies this brutality, which convinces the man of reason that

there is nothing of himself in this beast. The solidarity between him and his fellow citizens, standing as viewers beside him, re-enforces this belief.

The true danger, then, is proximity: direct contact with the Other could betray a trace of humanity beyond the raging animal. In this moment of recognition, the internal conflict is tangible. Richard Sennett detects a similar tension in the expression of clarity in the city, and suggests its meaning: "In order to sense the Other, one must do the work of accepting oneself as incomplete…sympathy is a condition of mutual concern aroused as one loses the power of self-definition."[40] In this observation, sympathy becomes an unsettling experience. Evading this uncertainty, the city maintains perfect order by suppressing its dark and uncontrollable aspect; similarly, the individual who rejects the Other, unable to recognize their shared humanity, denies and fears the shadow that necessarily exists within himself. This is a perception that considers the self to be a complete and controllable identity. In her essay, *The Gender of Sound*, Canadian classicist Anne Carson writes that the patriarchal notion of order in civic spaces follows this perception, as it precludes a direct projection of the raw emotion that exists inside the individual, to the outside. Self-control must intervene in the translation. To appropriate this outflow for the public realm, something must be contained and repressed.[41]

The split identity of the schizophrenic embodies this deliberate defense system, and begins to illuminate the dark core from which we insistently turn away. The true self of the schizophrenic is elusive, caught between the conflicting needs for emergence and for complete isolation. He yearns for the certainty of reality that comes from relatedness, unable to feel that his own identity is something substantial until it gains significance to someone else.[42] Yet, he remains in the shadows, terrified of this exposure that threatens his subjective identity. Being recognized and understood is to lose one's sense of self, to become a mere object in someone else's experience.[43] The schizophrenic constructs the false-self, a second identity, to live out his objective existence; behind the lie of this adopted identity, the true self can remain invisible and unknown.[44] The schizoid state is one in which defense and destruction become inextricably connected.

The normal individual is secure in his own being and looks for definition: his identity depends on exposure and connection to other people. Fearing obscurity and the isolation that this implies, he transcends his private existence through the certainty of speech and action amongst others.

Conversely, the schizophrenic seeks to be free of definition by evading the finality of action. It is the false-self that carries out all actions, careful that they conceal the individual's real desires by expressing their opposite. The ambiguous identity exists outside of all that can be shared; in pursuit of anonymity, it allows no perspective, history, or emotion to escape that might render it recognizable to another person.[45] This is the unsettling ambiguity of the Other. It is this absolute disconnect that is terrifying to the individual within society. Yet, a complete identity necessarily includes both the familiar, related self *and* the hidden, subjective aspect. Discovering the Other within oneself leads to the revelation that, beneath the controlled persona that civilized man has constructed, a heterogeneous being exists within him: an identity that already knows what it is to be completely alone.

The construction of the city and its public realm is an act of defiance against this absolute isolation. Turning away from the Other, it provides the light and certainty of exposure; its physical and social structures generate permanence and definition. The law of this public realm revolves around the virtue of self-control: it is that which stands at the border between inside and outside, and regulates the individual's internal capacity for emotion and disorder. Carson demonstrates the importance of self-control, by investigating its relationship to uncontrolled sound as the expression of disorder. Its traditional association to women once displaced them, as a category, from the public realm: "The female festivals in which such ritual cries were heard were generally not permitted to be held within the city limits but were relegated to suburban areas like the mountains, the beach or the rooftops of houses where women could disport themselves without contaminating the ears or civic space of men…In general the women of classical literature are a species given to disorderly and uncontrolled outflow of sound – to shrieking, wailing, sobbing, shrill lament, loud laughter, screams of pain or of pleasure and eruptions of raw emotion…It is a corollary assumption that man's proper civic responsibility towards woman is to control her sound for her insofar as she cannot control it herself."[46] This naked display of emotion is disruptive to public order, and is undesirable in the city's civic spaces. It implies a lack of control so fundamental to civilization, that exclusion from society signifies the inability to censor oneself, and thus to contain or repress one's inherent otherness.[47]

The standards through which society distinguishes between good

and evil, proper and improper, support the necessity of self-control. The measure of beauty is exemplary. Mary Russo shows that our idealized notion of beauty resides in the body that clearly separates inside and outside: "The classical body is transcendent and monumental, closed, static, self-contained, symmetrical, and sleek; it is identified with the 'high' or official culture of the Renaissance and later, with the rationalism, individualism, and normalizing aspirations of the bourgeoisie. The grotesque body is open, protruding, irregular, secreting, multiple, and changing; it is identified with non-official 'low' culture or the carnivalesque, and with social transformation."[48] The grotesque exists outside the line of exclusion, because it exposes pain, decay and disease to us: removing them from view erases them from our consciousness. Yet, this body also signifies a state of becoming, a transcendence of limits. The grotesque is open and connected, whereas the classical body is complete and isolated.[49]

The separation between the inside and outside realms is an attempt to order our world and make it permanent. Living in the city demands us to detach ourselves from our internal emotions, to maintain this order that allows us to exist amongst others. The grotesque body does not operate with this composure: it suffers openly. Because of this, it is always driven by an awareness of its own ephemerality. The classical notion of beauty tosses aside this awareness and, like the city, allows man to forget and
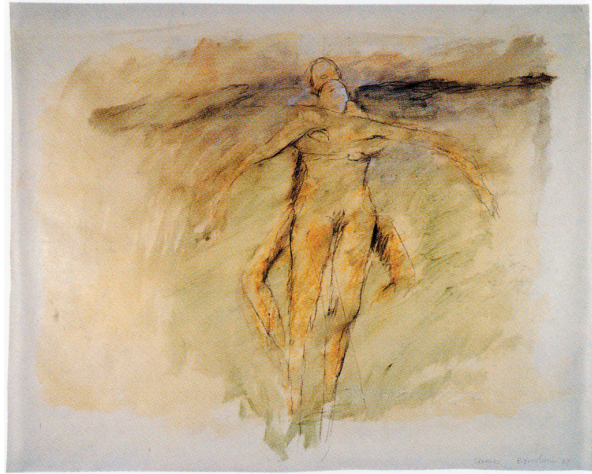
Swimmers, 1984 (left), and *Secours*, 1984 (right), Betty Goodwin

transcend the futility of his condition. In its absolute stability, the classical body is civilized. Yet, it is also a construction: a container, that is artificial and even fragile.

Abjection describes the horror with which we face the grotesque body, and establishes it as the reason for which civilized man constructs the boundaries of exclusion. The abject is that which removes the separation between inside and outside, eluding definition: it leaves identity in an exposed and uncertain state. This border is not restricted to the body. Abjection applies to anything that threatens the solidity of the social or moral structures to which we cling.[50] In her book *The Powers of Horror*, Julia Kristeva identifies the difference between the intellectual knowledge of death, and the material awareness of death: in this lies the rupture between an existence that can be assigned parameters, reasoned and understood, versus one that is naked and devoid of meaning in the immediacy of bodily suffering. Blood, pus, refuse and corpses show, rather than signify, death, without the larger structures of consequence that religion or science assign to it.[51] Without these structures, there is only the body, vulnerable and all alone. The construction of boundaries, then, is an attempt to cast this void of meaninglessness out of everyday consciousness, and forget this isolated self, by excluding those elements that show pain, disease, and death, from our civilized lives.

Through the ejection of this filth, the inside is purified. Thus, filth, or that which is excluded, is not definitive in itself. Rather, it *becomes* a category in the moment that we draw the line of separation: a defensive gesture that creates the margins, in which the object of exclusion inadvertently finds itself.[52] The boundaries set by morality, religion, the law, enclose the inside in an exclusive circle that pushes away the heterogeneous self.[53] Under its mask of necessity, purification is simply a process of definition: a desire for the certain and related identity. It enables those within the circle to connect and form a collectivity. To discover the fragility of this constructed division between inside and outside is to lose all objectivity, all sense of knowable identity. Only the body remains, under the burden of its own mortality: a weight of emptiness that is its own existence.

Caught in the face of absolute meaninglessness, a faint possibility for emergence can no longer exist behind the delusion of a complete and structured society. The open, secreting body can be buried, but our memory of it persists. In her art, Betty Goodwin exposes the body that is

vulnerable and wounded, in a state of suffering, or, beyond this, in decay. Throughout the work, the burden of mortality is a constant presence. Yet, what emerges is not stagnation and despair. In these images, there is a struggle to persist against this weight: even in decay, there is a notion of something that endures beyond death, a sense of process and continuity. The condition that Goodwin describes is lonely and deeply internalized; ironically, it is here, within a consciousness that is more profound and essential than civilization, that connection, through empathy, is suddenly possible. Goodwin's technique is a layering process that embodies this tentative and uncertain struggle: "The attraction of drawing is precisely that it allows for erasure, for beginning over and over in an effort to push beyond the image's capacity for description. In the final instance, what Goodwin's works so often tell us is this: there is no complete picture, no answer, only efforts to arrive at these."[54] It is simply this effort to communicate, in the face of our ephemeral existence, that pushes aside the despair of isolation. The struggle itself conveys hope. Still, there is no urge to reach towards a more heroic and stable consciousness. The insignificant here becomes visible and *necessary*: it is only in drawing out this faint, defenseless voice that empathy for the Other becomes possible.

Empathy forms beneath the knowable identity, in a place of uncertainty. In his study on schizophrenia, R.D. Laing argues that it is impossible to truly understand another person when looking at him as a sum of comprehensible parts, an organism that can be analyzed and measured against conventional standards. In this reading, the humanity that resides in that person's hopes, fears, and intentions, and his experiences of suffering and loneliness, is lost.[55] In order to relate to the Other, one necessarily returns to his own understanding of isolation: it is a moment that contains both terrifying aloneness and tentative connection. Laing writes that even as the schizophrenic seeks to conceal his identity as a defense, what he yearns for most is such a "moment of recognition,"[56] in which he is finally understood in terms of his own experience of the world. It is this fragile gesture that finally pulls the strange identity out of the darkness of isolation, and places him just beyond his singular existence.

Untitled, 1994-1995, Betty Goodwin. From the *Betty Goodwin: Signs of Life* exhibition.

"The law of the State is not the law of All or Nothing...but that of interior and exterior. The State is sovereignty. But sovereignty only reigns over what it is capable of internalizing, of appropriating locally...The State-form, as a form of interiority, has a tendency to reproduce itself, remaining identical to itself across its variations and easily recognizable within the limits of its poles, always seeking public recognition (there is no masked State). But the war machine's form of exteriority is such that it exists only in its own metamorphoses; it exists...in all flows and currents that only secondarily allow themselves to be appropriated by the State. It is in terms not of independence, but of coexistence and competition in a perpetual field of interaction*, that we must conceive of exteriority and interiority, war machines of metamorphoses and State apparatuses of identity, bands and kingdoms, megamachines and empires."*

Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, Nomadology[57]

ambiguous territories

"In these apparently forgotten places, the memory of the past seems to predominate over the present…they are foreign to the urban system, mentally exterior in the physical interior of the city, its negative image, as much a critique as a possible alternative."

Ignasi de Solà-Morales Rubió, Terrain Vague[58]

relic

He cranes his neck in the opposite direction, inspecting the incessant onslaught of traffic. For a long time, we are both still, and I am left to stare at the back of his neck. I am struck by the violence of the creases that are worn into it, and what I start to believe is that if I could touch them, I would somehow be able to measure the pain of whatever he has suffered in the depths of those creases. The emptiness of the valley weighs down on me.

He finally turns back to look at me.

I made some very bad choices in my life, he says. The cars continue to grumble past, as his answer dangles in the air in front of us, resolving nothing.

He slaps it away.

It's not so bad though. This is the only city in the world where you can camp in the wilderness like this, but still be so close to everything! And people are so generous, sometimes they even bring us blankets and coats when it gets cold. We've been through the worst blizzards out here.

Relic becomes excited as he continues to speak, unaffected by his designation as public spectacle. As more cars spill out on to the highway, all eyes pass over in this direction, to wonder, and then to forget, just as quickly.
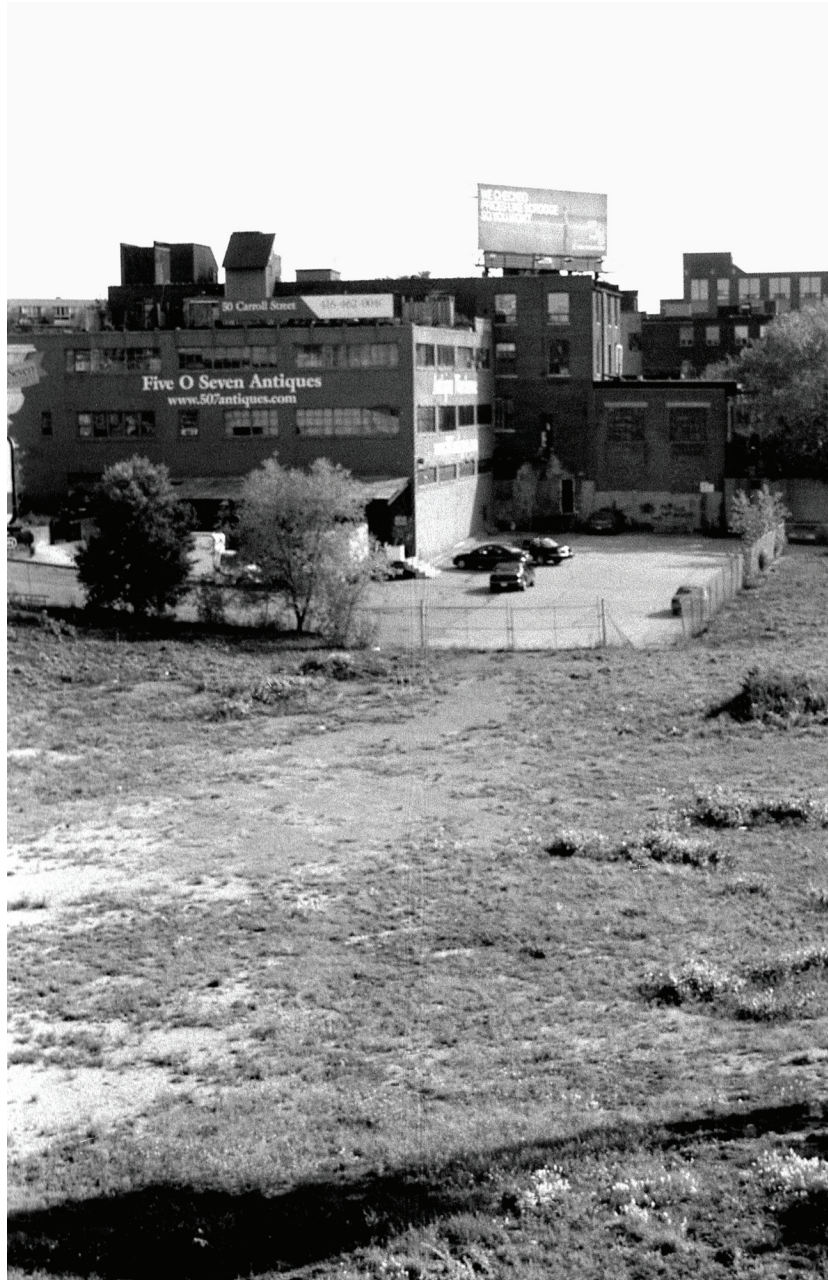
The road in front of us snakes down into the valley; we are sitting on a strip of dirt and gravel that divides the asphalt from the grass. Ambiguity shrouds this space, crushed between the wilderness below and the affluent neighbourhood crouched above. It is not a part of either territory, nor is it a place in itself. It is the passage through, on the way to the highway; on foot it is difficult to find, even though it is so close to the city. It seems to exist somewhere beneath the life and consciousness of the city.

When I first arrived, emerging from the cover of the trees, the sudden expanse of the sullen sky was overwhelming. From behind his big yellow sign, Relic watched me approach. He waited quietly, even though I was surprised by my own act of intrusion as I arrived; Relic only became resigned and expectant in his silence, like someone who has already learned the futility of struggling against fate and will never be surprised again.

Everyday is completely different, that's for sure, he tells me when I ask him what his life is like. He finds a cigarette in his pocket and lights it with a match. I've met so many people at this corner, Relic says. This is the only road around here that leads to the highway, so all the celebrities pass through this way. Jackie Chan used to come out and have his breakfast with us while he was filming his movie. I even got into a fistfight with Eric Lindros once, right here.

To demonstrate, Relic springs off his milk crate and punches the air. I am laughing at him as the traffic lights turn red, and from the line of cars that have stopped on the road, faces press through the protection of tinted glass to stare at us. I look back at them, but Relic only swings harder at his imaginary enemy.

Relic stops and predicts out loud that it will rain in exactly one and a half hours. I want to ask him about the choices that he once had, but somehow it is clear that his life exists only in the present now. It is these facts in the present that are the most important: the ominous smell of rain in the air, the guttural grumbling of engines, advancing and receding with monotonous predictability, the occasional blast from a car that becomes strangely personal in this context.

Relic walks towards the arm that stretches out from the car window. He begins to chat with the woman in the car as he collects the change she offers, and I am looking at the faces that float from the cars stopped behind her. She is on her way to pick up her son from school, the woman tells him. She cannot believe how many red lights have hit her on this simple errand. They continue this familiar conversation, and the woman apologizes for how little change she has managed to find in the car today, and promises she'll bring more next time. Relic makes a joke as the lights switch to green, and the woman is laughing as she drives off, her window buzzing as it seals shut automatically. He returns to his post behind the yellow sign.

I notice, as he settles down on to the milk crate again, that the plastic weaving of his makeshift seating is worn in and caves a little. There is a thick sweater, an umbrella and an open box of crackers stored underneath. A half-eaten plate of roti sits to one side. When his shift is over, Relic will cross the street to the shelter of the trees, where his friends are waiting, and one of them will come here to take his place. I want to ask him about the choices he once had, but his life is based on the facts in the present now. I want to ask him how the different choices that he and his friends have made in the past could have brought each of them, slipping down the same road, to this milk crate at the mouth of the highway.

periphery

"Whereas the migrant leaves behind a milieu that has become amorphous or hostile, the nomad is one who does not depart, who clings to the smooth space left by the receding forest, where the steppe or the desert advances, and who invents nomadism as a response to this challenge."

Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, Treatise on Nomadology[59]

The marginal territories, slipping outside the edge of the programmed and productive spaces of the city, offer an alternative to its normalized fabric. While the internal city is a realm of light and exposure, the periphery is its dark and forgotten Other, that elicits a corresponding mental shift. From a capitalistic point of view, they are unproductive spaces, characterized by an ambiguity in time and form that makes them impossible to assimilate. Burdened by a past that the city has since abandoned, the margins are oblivious to the speed of the interior and its condition of constant change. Space is left open and unbounded. This is their inherent opportunity: to journey out to the periphery is to momentarily cast off the implicit structure of the interior. No longer constrained by prescribed paths, the traveller relies on his instincts to guide him: navigation becomes a spontaneous response to other things and people, destinations, and spaces. Without the city's density, the crowd is also absent. The implication is a lowering of the defenses that protect the individual within the city. This opening is slight, but palpable.

In his essay *Terrain Vague*, Ignasi de Solà-Morales observes that while this estranged landscape has fascinated the photographer, who is drawn to the possibility of the unknown, architecture has an opposing reaction. He writes: "Architecture's destiny has always been colonization, the imposing of limits, order, and form, the introduction into strange space of the elements of identity necessary to make it recognizable… transforming the uncivilized into the cultivated, the fallow into the productive, the void into the built."[60] In contrasting the two perspectives, de Solà-Morales argues that architecture represents the conventional gaze, which departs from a position of power, inside the line of exclusion, and seeks certainty and definition. Next to this, the periphery suggests a different perception. The urge to give structure to amorphous space discloses our hidden anxieties: this vast emptiness can seem oppressive to the urban sensibility. In the margins, it is possible to feel the weight of isolation, and also to confront this strange and disturbing condition. Yet, in their proximity, they present not only a critique of the inside, but also the richer opportunity of dialogue: an exchange that refuses to rest in either extreme. In a constant shifting between realms, this external territory and the city of light can inflect on each other, offering perpetually changing perceptions of time and memory, and changing relationships between people.

This design intervention explores the margins as a territory that invites appropriation: an occupation that resists the certainty of order. The site lies in the transition between Toronto's waterfront and the Don Valley, north of Keating Channel. It is a place of intersection between multiple aspirations of the past and the future. During the city's development, the waterfront was constructed out of landfill to support increasing port activity, and it continued to grow as an important industrial centre. The Don River was absorbed into this growth: the city channelized the mouth of the river at this time to allow larger ships to enter and travel up the river, and filled in its marshes to provide more land area to the Portlands. With the escalation of shipping activity, the city projected further increases, and constructed additional land mass at the southern end of the Portlands, and a number of new docks. However, the projected activity never materialized. As land transportation grew in efficiency over shipping, this area gradually became irrelevant; eventually, it was abandoned and forgotten. Fragments of this history still burden the site. To the city, they represent past

Site - Existing Condition

ambitions for economic progress and modernity, and the failure of this vision.

The elevated Gardiner Expressway slices through this complex landscape, generating further disjunction. When it was conceived, the highway was a heroic monument that would pull together the city's expanding population; the possibility to form a modern and dense metropolis relied on its construction. Its present position in the city is different: the void beneath it carries a large part of the city's frustrations, a dark extension that cannot easily be assimilated into the city. Uncertain of how to respond to the highway, the urban fabric has maintained a consistent setback instead, setting down a defined edge: thus, the void can be characterized as a negative entity, carved out by the determined absence of the city fabric, rather than a positive space created by the structure of the expressway. It is through this construction that the public has come to understand it as a barrier that is unsupportive of occupation.

Tension in the site arises in this collision between past and present: collective antipathy for the existing conditions, and the desire to forget this history, exists with simultaneous anticipation for the future. At present, the barrenness that overwhelms the site expresses a lack of commitment and action; however, this territory sits at the edge of dramatic change. To the west, the waterfront is the subject of an ambitious urbanization project: a dense, mixed-use development will generate new connections between the existing city and a chain of public spaces that will line the water's edge. A different conversion will affect the valley and river east of the site: controlled regeneration into wilderness. The river and its delta will be revitalized, creating a wetlands park that will reintroduce access to the Don Valley to the public. The project site exists at the point of disjunction, where these two conditions end. Dominated by the dark and unknown underbelly of the Gardiner Expressway, the transition is problematic. Yet, in turning away from the urge to colonize and impose a definite structure, the inherent freedom and possibility of this marginal space presents an opportunity.

The potential lies in a conscious construction that places itself somewhere between the physicality of structured space and the formless temporality of residual space. In his visual essay *Perfect Diversion*, Spanish photographer Xavier Ribas explores the attraction of the city's interstitial spaces. Existing outside of the urban programmed structure, their lack of definition allows occupants to act with a spontaneity that

otherwise suffocates inside the city's public spaces. Ribas' characters seek release from the rigidity of these spaces, yet instead of projecting the euphoria of this sudden freedom, the photographs produce an image of desolation. In the absolute formlessness of residual spaces, the absence of memory is inevitable. Memory demands a physical structure in order to persist: it requires a permanent construction that will absorb the scratches and indentations of occupation. Hannah Arendt writes that the construction of the public realm signifies a struggle against the insignificance of the individual life.[61] It is this sense of temporality and futility that finally emerges from Ribas' images, as his characters attempt to demarcate space with tables and chairs, and blankets laid on the ground. The residual spaces themselves exist in a state of volatility: unacknowledged, they sit perilously at the edge of rapid and unmediated change, as the city threatens to place them back into its functional network. After they disappear, like other things that cannot be measured or used, they will be quickly forgotten. The artist's record of these ephemeral places and the inhabitation they inspire is a call for the preservation of their subtle possibility.

It is from this urgent call, in addition to the charged tension of the site, that this intervention draws inspiration. The project constructs a loose framework that serves as a faint suggestion of the possibilities for the appropriation of the site. Two conditions are projected to develop here, after the opposing conditions of urban densification and natural regeneration take place at its edges. First, a series of new boardwalks create, with the existing paths, a network of passage through the park to the east, recovering access to the Don Valley. Through this, the site becomes an unintentional gateway to the revitalized landscape. Second, small clusters of street vendors begin to gravitate towards this stirring of activity. They are drawn by the dominance of passage over destination, which provides a consistent but unregulated flow of traffic through the site. They are also drawn by the shelter of the Gardiner's underbelly, at once enclosing and expansive, permanent structure and porous scaffolding.

photographs from *Perfect Diversion*, Xavier Ribas

"The nomad has a territory; he follows customary paths; he goes from one point to another; he is not ignorant of points (watering points, dwelling points, assembly points, etc.). But the question is what in nomad life is a principle and what is only a consequence. To begin with, although the points determine paths, they are strictly subordinated to the paths they determine, the reverse of what happens with the sedentary. The water point is reached only to be left behind; every point is a relay and exists only as a relay. A path is always between two points, but the in-between has taken on all the consistency and enjoys both an autonomy and a direction of its own. The life of the nomad is the intermezzo."

Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, Treatise on Nomadology[62]

projection

Passages

The growth of density to the west and the regeneration of the river delta to the east place these previously isolated areas back into the consciousness of the city. Designated paths physically re-establish them into the network of passage, creating new possibilities of encounter between people. The patterns of passage that are highlighted in this map show the inherent tension of the project site, positioned at the centre: it is simultaneously a place of intersection and a void.
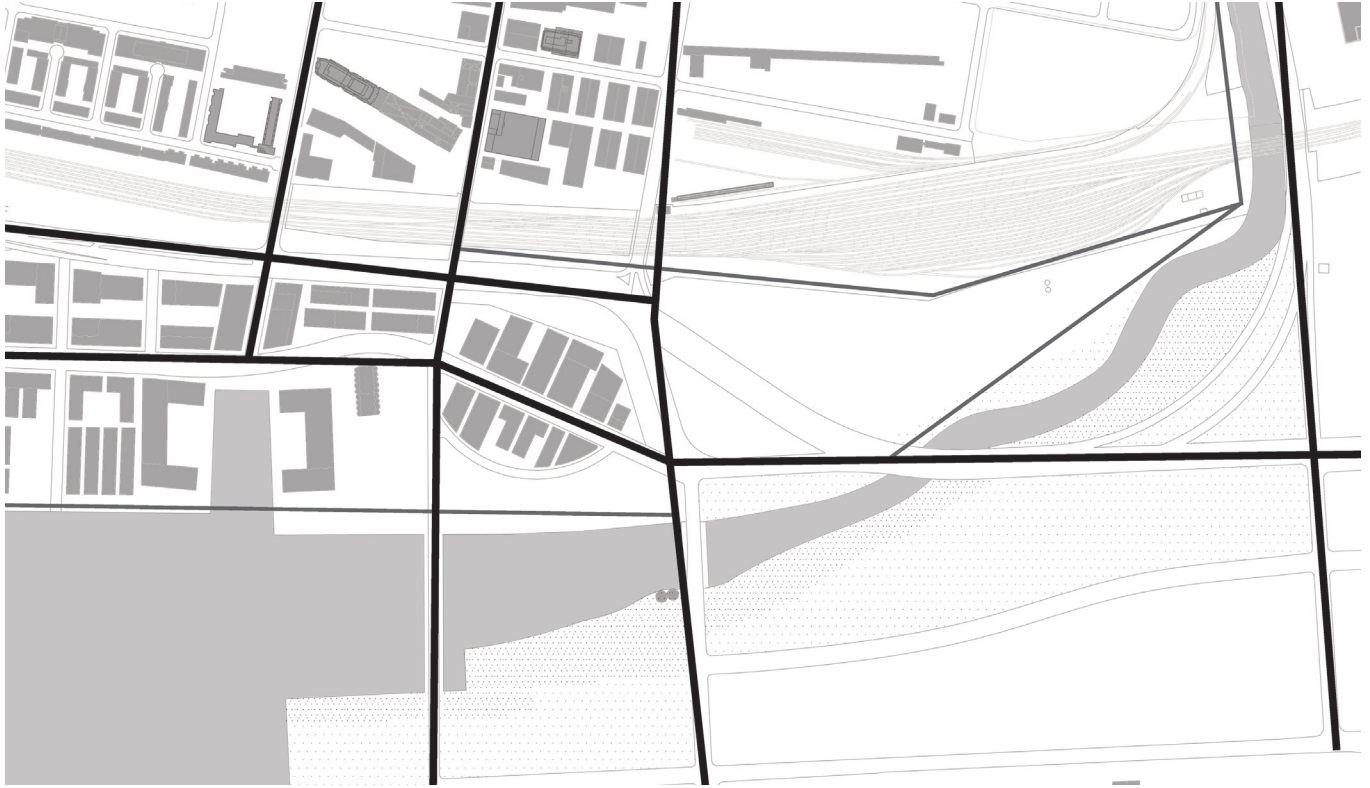
PATHS - PRIMARILY VEHICULAR

PATHS - PRIMARILY PEDESTRIAN

Intersection

The hierarchy of passages begins to describe patterns of habit and occupation that inflect on the site. Each intersection becomes a charged point as occupation there is intensified. The resulting connections between these points could be physical passages, or simply a shift in perception and awareness. They signify a tentative set of connections that have been inscribed through inhabitation, rather than constructed.
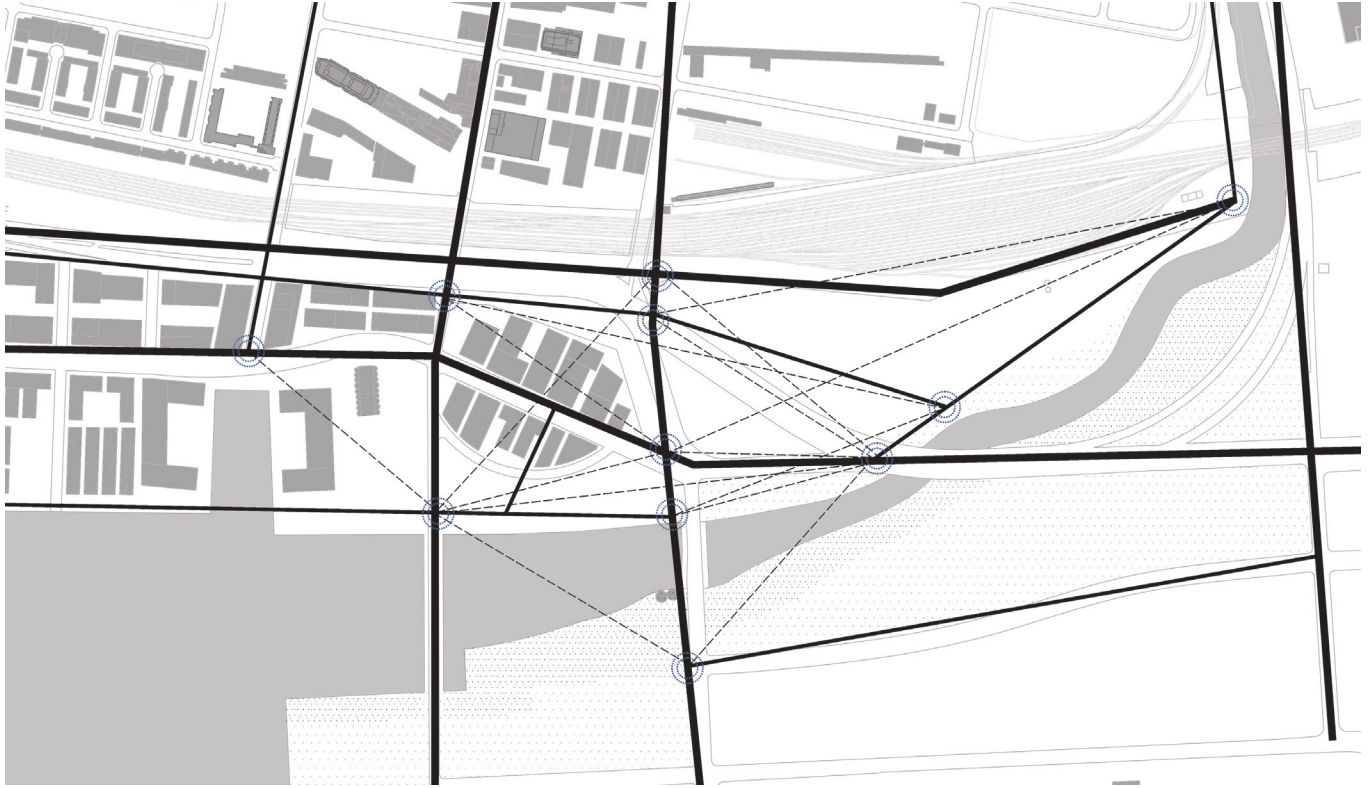
MAJOR PATHS - CONSTRUCTED

SECONDARY PATHS - CONSTRUCTED

POINTS OF COLLISION

CONNECTIONS - INSCRIBED

Collisions

The points chart the gathering of people over time: moments of pause that disrupt the act of passage. Each cluster implies a potential meeting between strangers. Even at the smallest scale, a collision is significant: each has the potential to generate an event that will either be forgotten, or repeated; every cluster holds the faint possibility of habit, appropriation, and settlement. The shift between the two projections is subtle. Although denser areas of concentration before the intervention indicate higher traffic levels, the result is more programmed and regulated activities. In the second map, the dotted lines suggest new thresholds that refocus these gatherings. Lower densities indicate that the crowd is absent; movement, event, and encounter become looser, more instinctual.
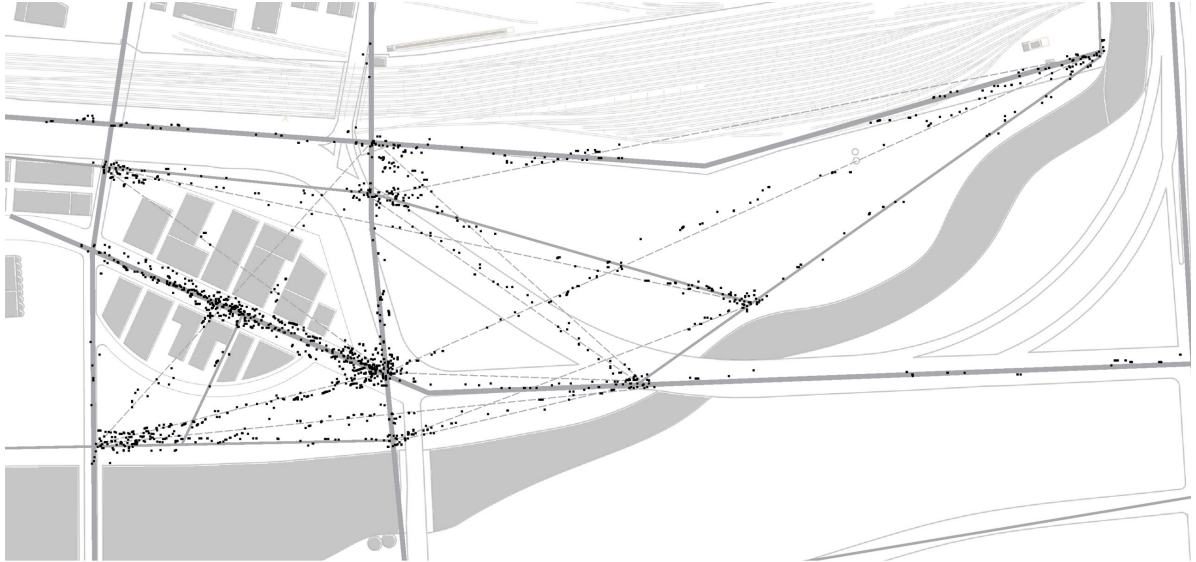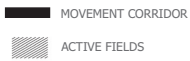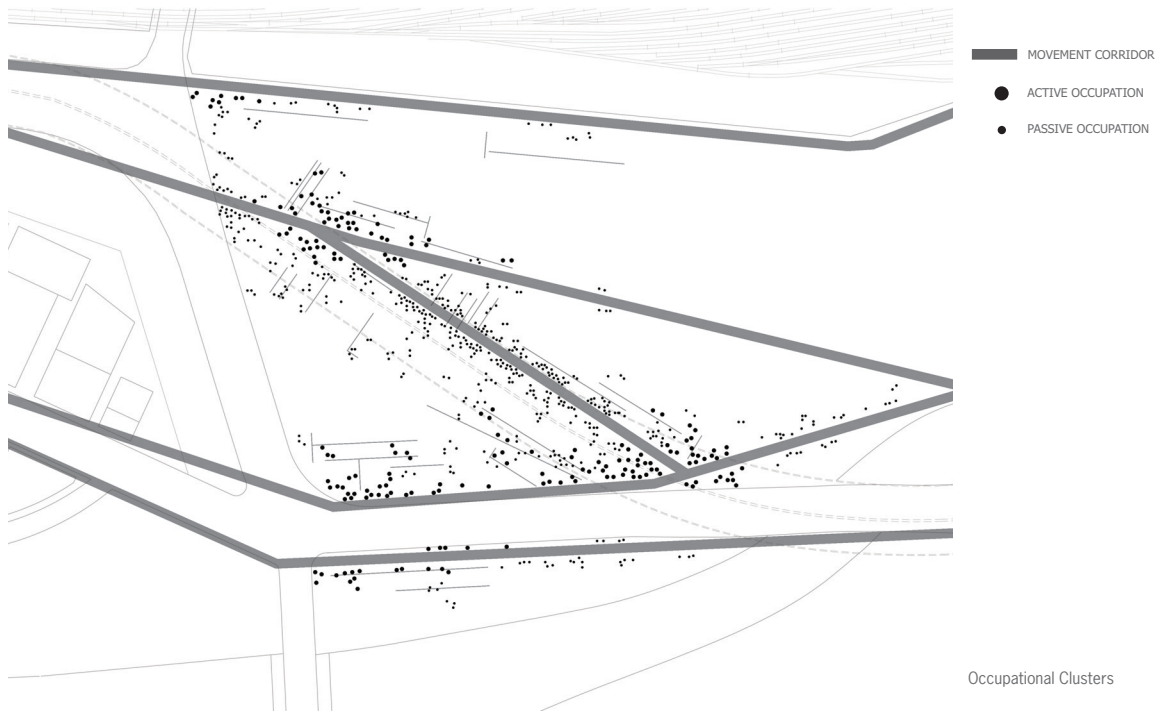
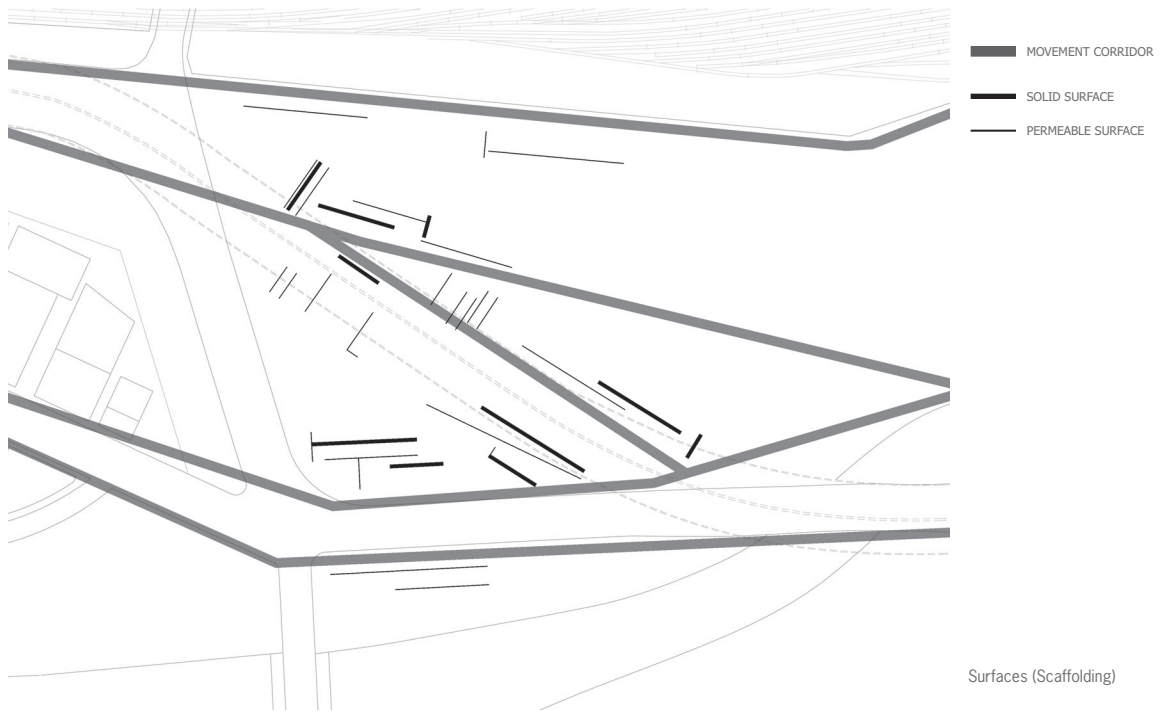Before Intervention
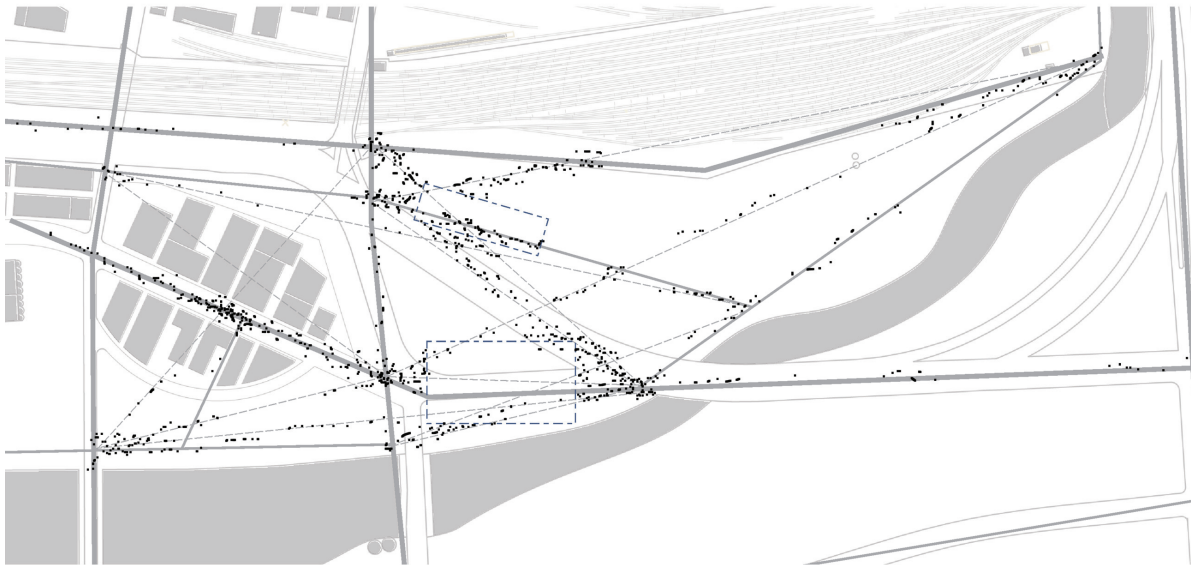
During Intervention

93

Activity Generators

MOVEMENT CORRIDOR
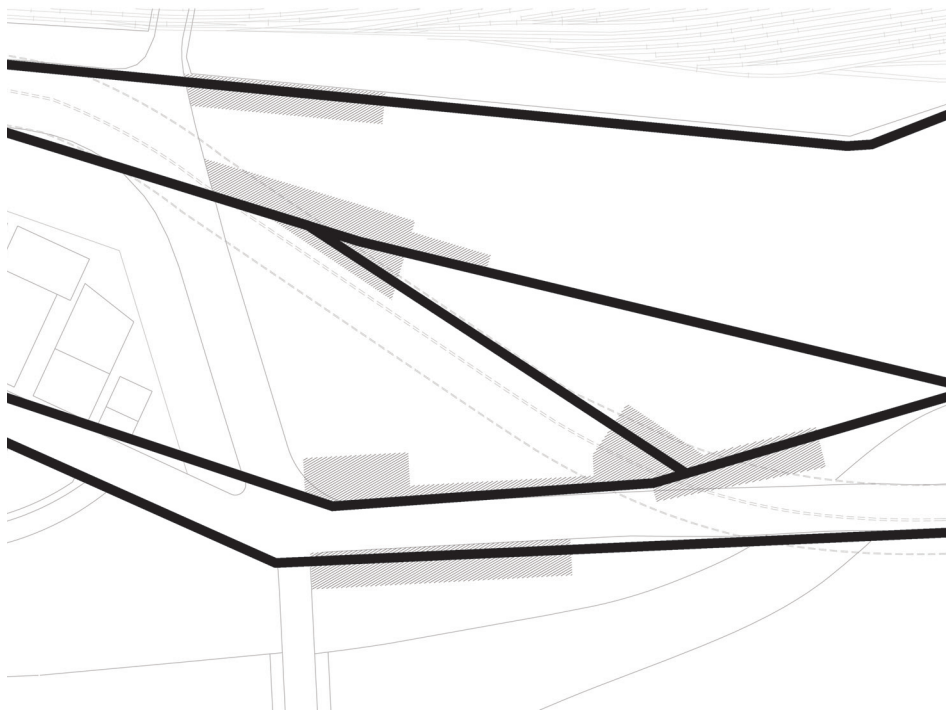
ACTIVE FIELDS

Framework

These diagrams convey a constructed framework that is suggestive in nature. This construction amplifies existing patterns of speeding up and slowing down through the site; its purpose is to gather people together, and to provoke appropriation, instead of determining specific activities. Active programs occupy gently regulated spaces; they might include an exhibition space, a café or snack kiosk, a bicycle workshop, or a stage for performances. Occupation is thicker in these spaces; the framework is more defined. Active programs cling to major paths and intensify at intersections. Passive programs offer spaces that are ambiguous in form and purpose. Freedom is heightened. They feed off the programmed gatherings and also minor paths. Their delineation is dispersed and amorphous, as they seek to inhabit the interstitial spaces of the site.

MOVEMENT CORRIDOR

SOLID SURFACE

PERMEABLE SURFACE

Surfaces (Scaffolding)

MOVEMENT CORRIDOR

ACTIVE OCCUPATION

PASSIVE OCCUPATION

Occupational Clusters

95

Ambiguity shrouds this space, crushed between the wilderness below and the affluent neighbourhood crouched above. It is not a part of either territory, nor is it a place in itself. It is the passage through, on the way to the highway.

On foot, this place is difficult to find. It seems to exist somewhere beneath the life and consciousness of the city.

structured threshold

The threshold to the site marks the beginning of a new path that extends along the river's edge. Addressing the major passages around the site, it is defined through closed and conditioned spaces. The structure of the market stalls, however, remains open, so that it provides shelter when not in operation. The stalls can be rented out to vendors and normally operate according to a schedule. Partially tucked beneath the Gardiner Expressway, it is a heavy concrete structure that presses down and encloses, in mute opposition to the boundless freedom of the site outside. Each individual stall can be closed and locked, acting as storage for the vendors.
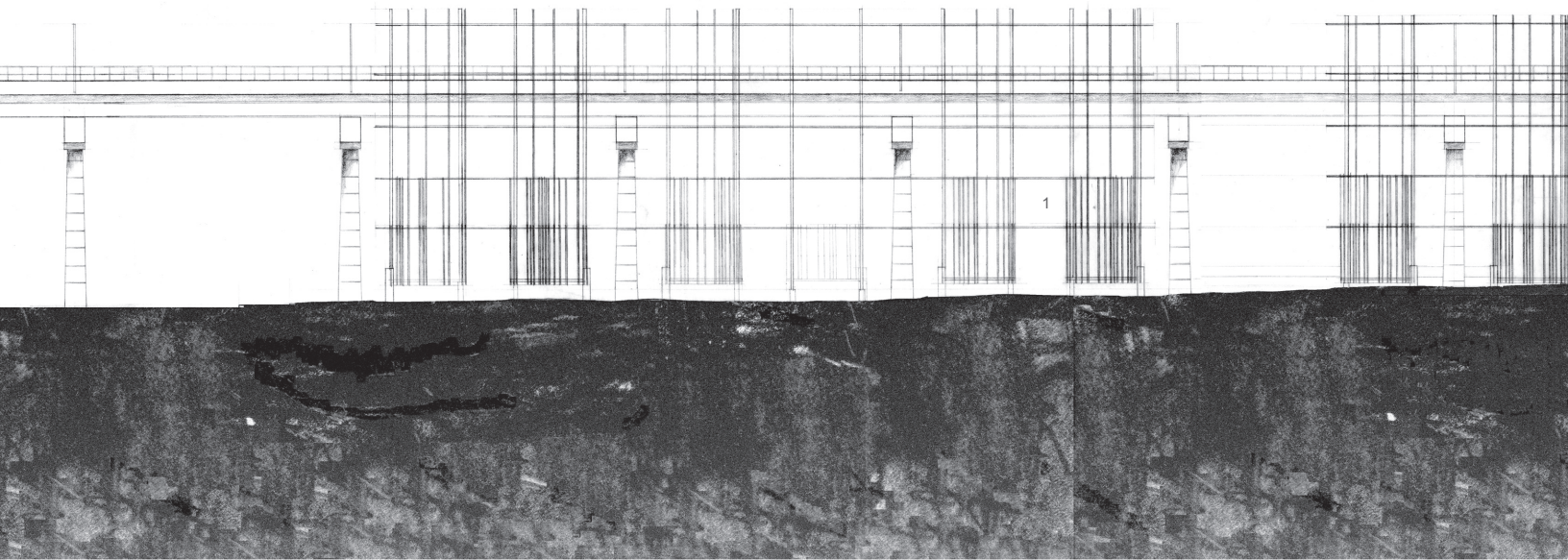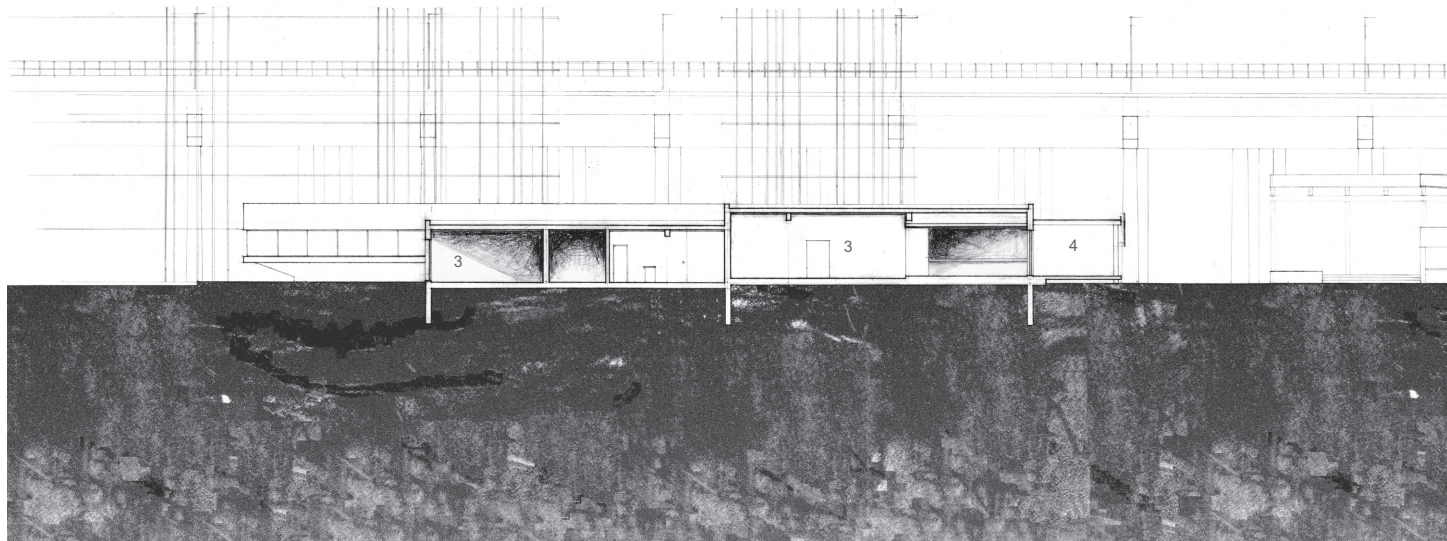
Inside market stalls
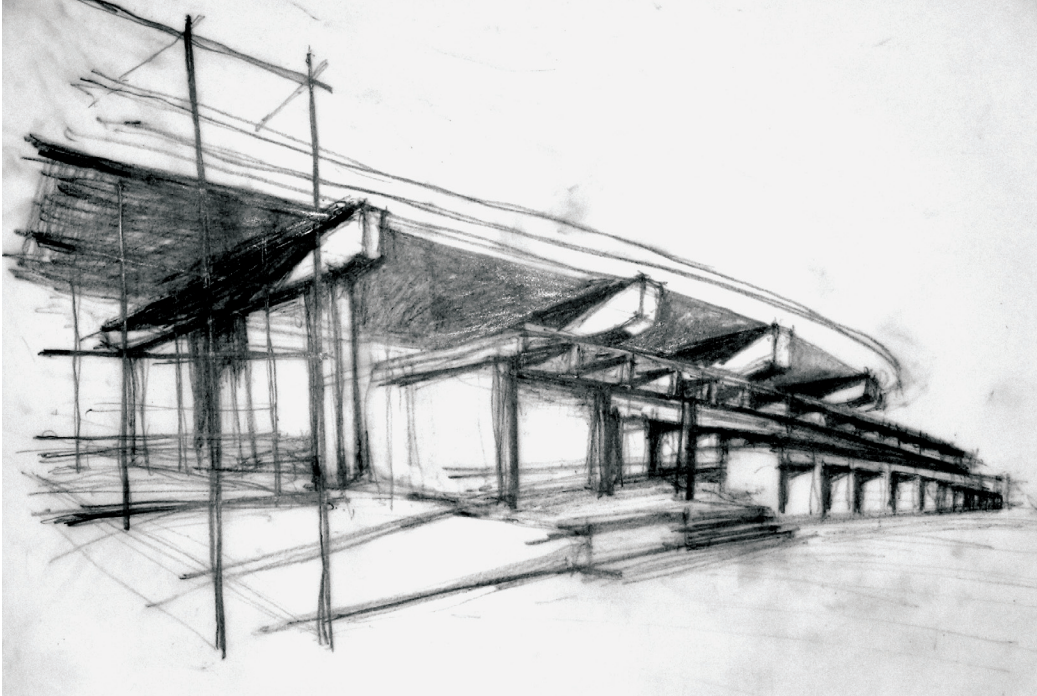
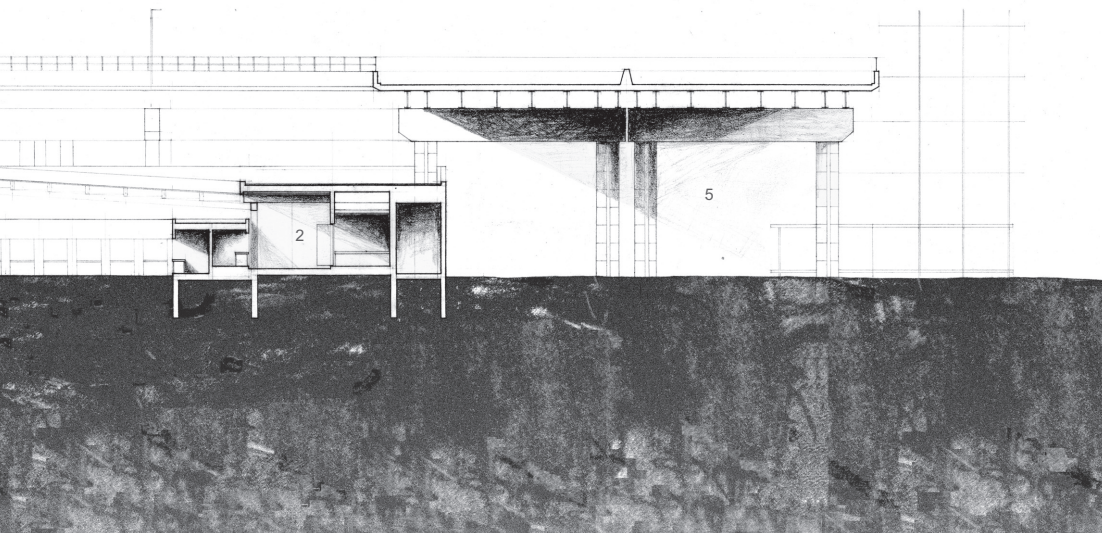Looking towards permanent market stalls
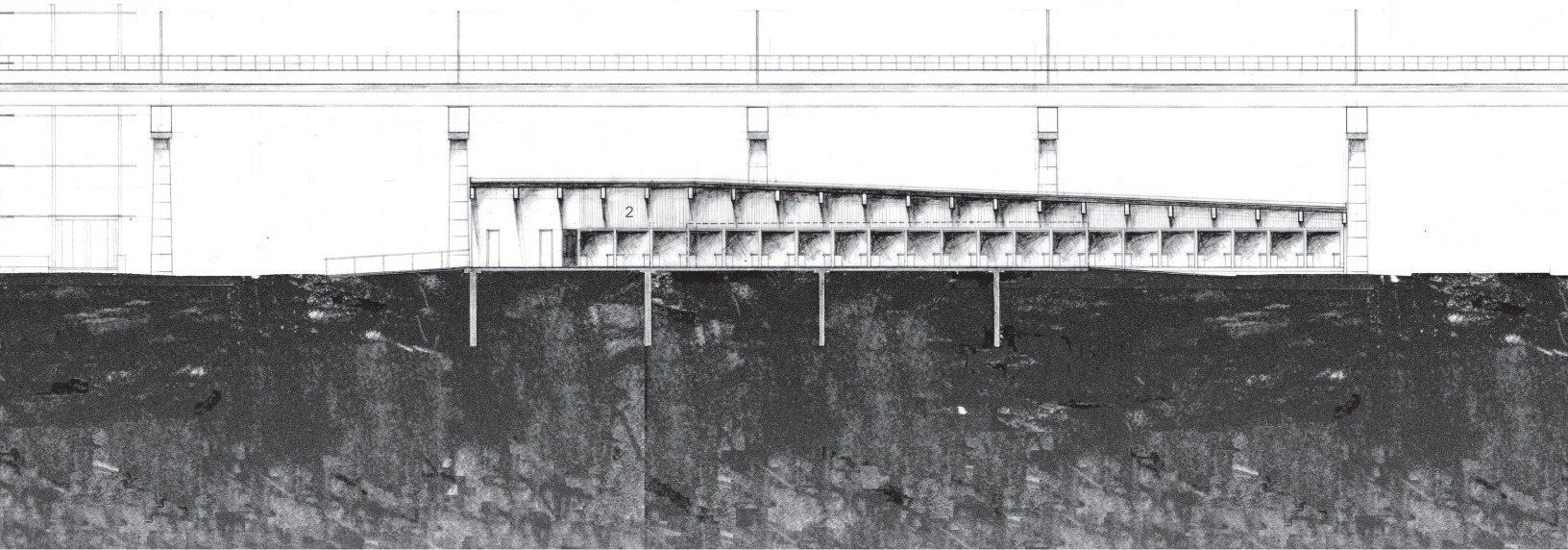
When I first arrived, emerging from the cover of the trees, the sudden expanse of the sullen sky was overwhelming.

North - South Section

East - West Section

site sections 1 : 500

1 filter / market pavillions
2 market stalls
3 conditioned space
4 exterior terrace
5 Gardiner Expressway

filter

A series of shifting pavillions lines the edge of the elevated highway. From
a vehicle, travelling at higher speeds on Cherry Street, the form becomes
an undulating screen that breaks down the solid mass of the expressway.
From a pedestrian perspective, directly on the site, the filter dematerializes
the precise edge of the void, claiming back the underbelly of the Gardiner
as habitable space. Meeting the street at the north end, the pavillions
provide a looser framework that supports more spontaneous occupation by
street vendors.

Partial plan, beneath Gardiner Expressway 1 : 200
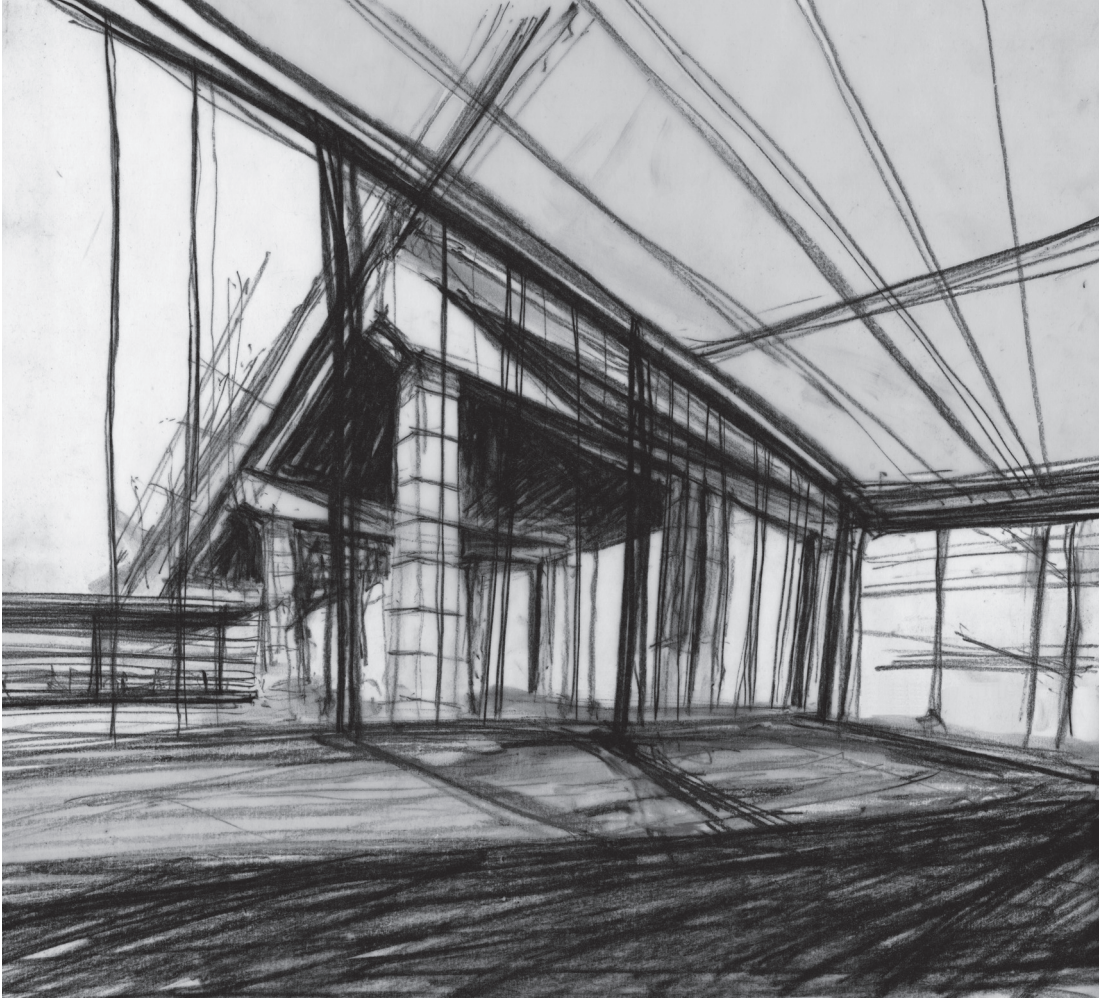
Inside pavillion, looking towards Gardiner Expressway

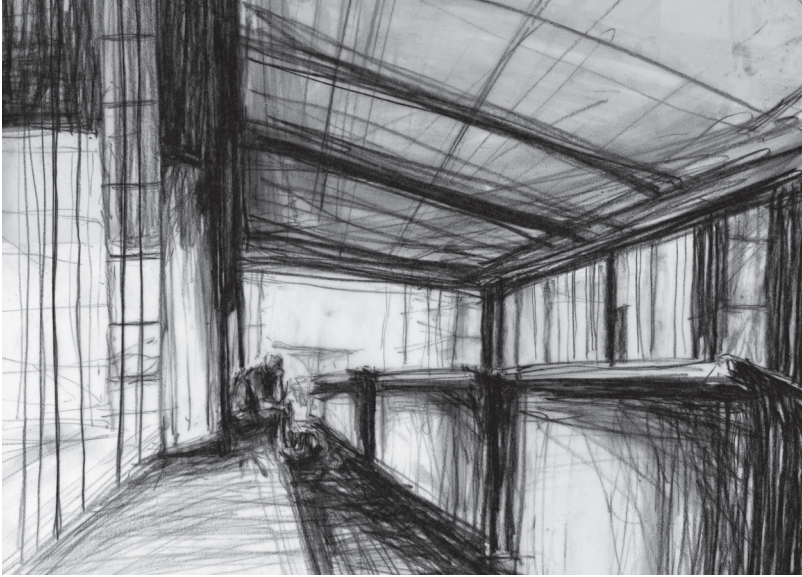*He watches me approach, waiting quietly, even though I am surprised by my own act of intrusion as I arrive. He only becomes resigned and expectant in his silence, like someone who has already learned the futility of struggling against fate and will never be surprised again.*

*The emptiness of the valley weighs down on me.*

Inside market pavillion

Somehow it is clear that his life exists only in the present now. It is these facts that are the most important: the ominous smell of rain in the air, the grumbling of engines, advancing and receding with monotonous predictability.

underbelly

No longer a defined void, the underbelly of the Gardiner is now shaped by the pulling and shifting of the pavillions, and permeated by the paths that run through it. At each column of the structure, pipes extend through the slab to drain water off the highway; as a result, the ground beneath occasionally floods. To prevent this overflow, the shallow water troughs are replaced with a channel, that is carved beneath the ground level. Around it, a series of new level changes, seating, and bridges generate more dynamic spatial relationships. The grating that covers the channel leaves an awareness of this deeper stratum; with its addition, the simple polarity between the realms above and below, of light and darkness, that once defined the elevated highway and its underbelly, becomes more complex. When it rains, this awareness is heightened: the sound of traffic rushing by comes from above, while running water resonates below.

I notice, as he settles down again, that the plastic weaving of his makeshift seating is worn in and caves a little. When his shift is over, he will cross the street to the shelter of the trees, where his friends are waiting. One of them will come here to take his place.
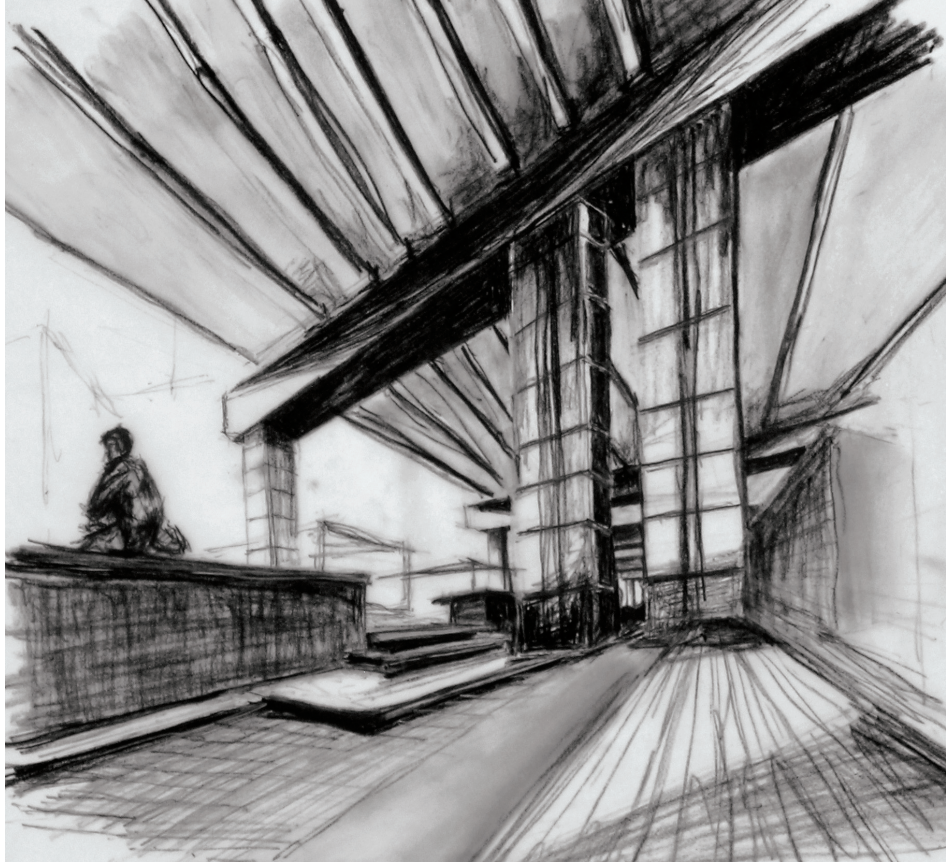
From central channel beneath Gardiner Expressway

I want to ask him about the choices he once had, but his life is based on the facts in the present now. I want to ask him how the different choices that he and his friends have made in the past could have brought each of them, slipping down the same road, to this place at the mouth of the highway.

The passage from interior to periphery signifies a reaching to understand the hidden Other, whose experience of the same city is far removed from our own. At the surface, this journey exists as a spatial exploration through the city: a gradual unravelling of physical boundaries and the subsequent discovery of new relationships. Beneath this level, it is a record of an *internal* transformation. The possibility for social change begins with this slight stirring, beneath the heroic city of light and exposure. This subterranean realm is the subjective city. Its inhabitant is the insignificant individual, who is controlled only by his own desires. This city is volatile: while the heroic city consists of buildings and infrastructure, the fabric of the subjective city is a fluctuating web of tentative voices that weave together. Its construction relies on this interaction, which conveys the possibility for the lonely voice to be heard.

This thesis has taken form through the same process of construction. The intention of this work is not to judge, or to implement solutions. Rather, it is passive and receptive, and exists largely in the mere *confrontation* of the subjective city as an existing condition. Its structure represents a movement from a contained and constructive state, to one that is ephemeral and uncertain, in terms of form and control. Thus, the multiplicty of reactions, voices and perspectives in this thesis conveys a perpetual calibration between structure and disorder, power and freedom; these shifts are as important as the points of momentary resolution. In the end, this is a journey without victories: there is no possibility of advancing towards a resolution, or even of looking towards an ideal, and any "successes" are absolutely temporary. They exist in a moment of simultaneous crisis and hope: in an understanding and recognition of the Other as simply another human being. In this moment, absolute aloneness is countered by the struggle to establish raw connections. Empathy is suddenly possible.

Yet, it is impossible for us to stay in the margins for too long. This shift in perception demands a complete deconstruction of our own identities: of that which defines us as members of society, our relationships, the invisible network that ties us to other people and places. The margins impose upon us the burden of isolation, which can only be cast off through the construction of society. Thus, our return to the city is inevitable: it is here, after all, that the problem of power exists. The need for transformation involves the members of society, and necessarily takes effect within this internal realm.

1. Berger, John, *Lilac and Flag: An Old Wives' Tale of a City*, 15.
2. Laing, R.D., *The Divided Self*, 35.
3. Laing's book *The Divided Self* investigates schizophrenia as an ontological crisis, rather than a disease to be treated and cured. Through this perspective, treatment relies on the doctor's ability to *empathize* with the patient, and thus to value his psychotic behaviour and speech as expressions of his subjective experience, instead of categorizing them objectively as symptoms.
   see Laing, R.D., *The Divided Self*, 32-36.
4. Kristeva, Julia, "Strangers to Ourselves," in *The Portable Kristeva*, 286.
5. Sartre, Jean-Paul, *Nausea*, 158.
6. Wodiczko, Krzysztof, "Designing for the City of Strangers," in *Critical Vehicles: Writings, Projects, Interviews*, 6.
7. Vidler explores our persistent sense of homelessness in the modern city, in connection to our fascination with mobility. The character of the vagabond embodies the root of this alienation: "They are not here today and gone tomorrow; rather, like Georg Simmel's 'stranger,' they come today and stay tomorrow. This refusal to be dislodged once arrived is the source of their willed unacceptability…they are *potential* criminals, outside the law not for a crime committed but for what might be committed in the future."
   see Vidler, Anthony, *The Architectural Uncanny*, 205.
8. Sennett, Richard, "New Capitalism, New Isolation." *Quaderns d'arquitectura i urbanisme*, 63.
9. In an interview with Wodiczko, Bruce Robbins observes: "Some of the brilliance of this seems to me the play on what Guy Debord calls 'the society of the spectacle,' on the fact that people will not stop for human beings telling their story but will stop for a televised image of the same human being telling the same story. When the image replaces the person, when there's an obstacle between you and the person, there's a better chance of making contact."
   Wodiczko, Krzysztof, "An Interview by Bruce Robbins," in *Critical Vehicles: Writings, Projects, Interviews*, 194.
10. Stéphan Mosès, as quoted in Wodiczko, Krzysztof, "Designing for the City of Strangers," in *Critical Vehicles: Writings, Projects, Interviews*, 4.
11. Wodiczko, Krzysztof, "Designing for the City of Strangers," in *Critical Vehicles: Writings, Projects, Interviews*, 4.
12. Arendt, Hannah, *The Human Condition*, 24-27.
13. *Ibid.*, 50-57.
14. *Ibid.*, 55-56.
15. *Ibid.*, 62-63.

16. Jacobs, Jane, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, 56-60.
17. Kafka, Franz, "Conversation with the Supplicant," in *The Penal Colony: Stories and Short Pieces*, 16.
18. Sennet, Richard, *The Conscience of the Eye*, 16-19.
19. *Ibid.*, 45-46.
20. *Ibid.*, 37.
21. from Sigmund Freud's essay *Das Unheimliche* (1919), as discussed by Kristeva in Kristeva, Julia, "Strangers to Ourselves," in *The Portable Kristeva*, 283-285
22. Kristeva, Julia, "Strangers to Ourselves," in *The Portable Kristeva*, 288-289.
23. *Ibid.*, 290.
24. Sennett, Richard, *The Conscience of the Eye*, 196.
25. Foucault, Michel, *Madness and Civilization*, 249.
26. Wodiczko, Krzysztof, "Poliscar," in *Critical Vehicles: Writings, Projects, Interviews*, 99.
27. Laing, R.D., *The Divided Self*, 168.
28. Caillois, Roger. "Mimicry and Legendary Psychasthenia," at http://www.generation-online.org/p/fpcaillois.htm.
29. Caillois, Roger. "Mimicry and Legendary Psychasthenia," at http://www.generation-online.org/p/fpcaillois.htm.
30. Arendt, Hannah, *The Human Condition*, 50.
31. Sartre, Jean-Paul, *Nausea*, 65.
32. Kafka, Franz, "Conversation with the Supplicant," in *The Penal Colony: Stories and Short Pieces*, 12.
33. Carson, Anne, "The Gender of Sound," in *Glass, Irony and God*, 136-137.
34. Sartre, Jean-Paul, *Nausea*, 169.
35. Foucault, Michel, *Madness and Civilization*, 6.
36. *Ibid.*, 70.
37. *Ibid.*, 21-26.
38. *Ibid.*, 73-74.
39. *Ibid.*, 74-75.
40. Sennett, Richard, *The Conscience of the Eye*, 148.
41. Carson, Anne, "The Gender of Sound," in *Glass, Irony and God*, 124-130.
42. Laing, R.D., *The Divided Self*, 54-61.
43. *Ibid.*, 46-47.
44. *Ibid.*, *The Divided Self*, 100-101.
45. *Ibid.*, *The Divided Self*, 92-94, 121-122.
46. Carson, Anne, "The Gender of Sound," in *Glass, Irony and God*, 125-127.
47. *Ibid.*, 127-128.

48. Russo, Mary, *The Female Grotesque: Risk, Excess, and Modernity*, 8.
49. *Ibid.*, 62-63.
50. Kristeva, Julia, *The Powers of Horror*, 69.
51. *Ibid.*, 3-4.
52. *Ibid.*, 65-66, 69.
53. *Ibid.*, 10.
54. Bradley, Jessica, *Betty Goodwin: Signs of Life*, 10.
55. Laing, R.D., *The Divided Self*, 21.
56. *Ibid.*, 122.
57. Deleuze, Gilles, and Félix Guattari, "Treatise on Nomadology: The War Machine," in *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*, 360.
58. Solà-Morales, Ignasi de. "Terrain Vague," in *Anyplace*, 120.
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The City

Studying the city forms an understanding of man as a social animal. It is the place where the individual gathers and interacts with other people. The result exists both in the physical construction and the collective consciousness that inevitably takes form. These works describe and evaluate the city at this intersection between the built and the imagined, the real and the subjective.

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Power

Power is an elusive quality that hides behind the illusion of convention and absolute truth. It exists in the institutions and laws through which society maintains order in the civilized world. Its vision is singular, heroic, complete. Power becomes manifest in the act of expulsion that places the Other outside of society, in order to maintain this stability. Thus, it is tangible only through this relationship with the Other: we realize its effect only when the Other becomes visible to us, and his oppression is exposed.

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Alterity

Alterity describes a state of otherness, that displaces the individual from the familiar boundaries of society. These artists wrestle with the burden of their existential consciousness, and its conflict with the regulated world in which it must operate; what inevitably emerges from their work is the struggle to communicate. There is a yearning for the lonely voice to be heard. Thus, in their confrontation with this strange and deeply internal condition, these works portray moments of simultaneous crisis and hope. Absolute aloneness is countered by a reaching for connection.

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The Nomad (Mapping)

The official city is composed of discrete destinations and predetermined paths. The existential city demands alternate forms of navigation. A spatial understanding that is fluid and evolving reflects the volatility of human desires; it does not dictate activity, but instead responds to the subtlety of existing patterns and conditions. Mapping and notation are passive strategies that seek to give reality to the currents of this invisible city.

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Space and Memory

Architecture, positioned in the margins of society, becomes a space that houses the hidden Other. These projects show a preoccupation with the subtlety and gravity of embracing emptiness, of time and change, healing and reconciliation, narrative, and a resulting appreciation of the found condition. They remove architecture from its static and structured realm, to consider it as the setting for lived events, and human interaction.

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