

## Deformography: the poetics of cybridised architecture

Neil Spiller

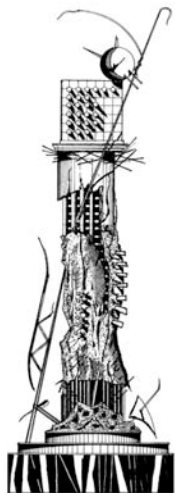
### Abstract

Neil Spiller has spent the last twenty years developing a personal architectural language that rejoices in the surreal poetics of contemporary technology. Simultaneously he has tried to expand the envelope of architectural discourse and its associated tactics of representation. He will illustrate his research into open-ended architectural systems with reference to his early and contemporary projects. Spiller's work currently explores the harvesting of cybernetic, genetic and cyberspatial space-time vectors and their transmission, transmutation and growth to dissolve the old dichotomy of building and landscape. Spiller's world is full of vacillating objects, sensing mechanisms and poetic 'Pataphysical swerves. Architecture will never be the same again. The illustrations are of projects that use ideas of enabling, cyberspace, nanotechnology, cybernetics, molecular science and genetics and translate them into architectural projects that vary from masterplan to furniture in scale.

My organisation is the sloth-like profession of architecture. My language is a symbiotic broth of purple prose, Baroque waywardness and surrealist spatial protocols invigorated by space that does the many-spangled two step between the treacle space of out here and the slippery cyberspaces of inside computers.

I like architecture that is mythic, enigmatic, oblique and encrusted with decoration. I like it to suggest worlds, essences and supernatures.

My work of the last twenty years has continually sought to push the envelope of architectural discourse, creating new spaces where architecture might dwell. This quest first started with a reassessment of architectural ornament, narrative and the dislocation of myself as architectural designer.

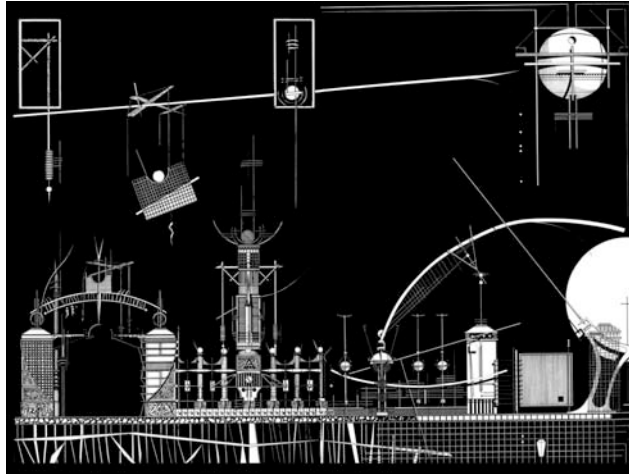


**Figure 1:** Neil Spiller, *Dorian Gray Column*, 1985 © Neil Spiller.

The column was to be placed in the foyer of an architectural school. It represents the state of architecture. Its literary reference is not from Homer, Shakespeare or Corb but from Oscar Wilde whose character, Dorian Gray, commissioned a self-portrait. As Gray's life became more and more decadent he stayed young and unblemished, however his likeness became more and more defaced and vile reflecting its owner's depraved lifestyle. So my column is already defaced and corrupted. Generations of students would be encouraged to deface it or reassemble it, as the case may be. In this way the character of the column would change with time



My search has taken me through all manner of terrain, via the idea of the representational column with its millennia of histories, through large city master plans about time and duration and their impact on the city, to the mystical and cyclic process of alchemy. It has also explored the virtual topologies of cyberspace and the magic power of nanotechnology.

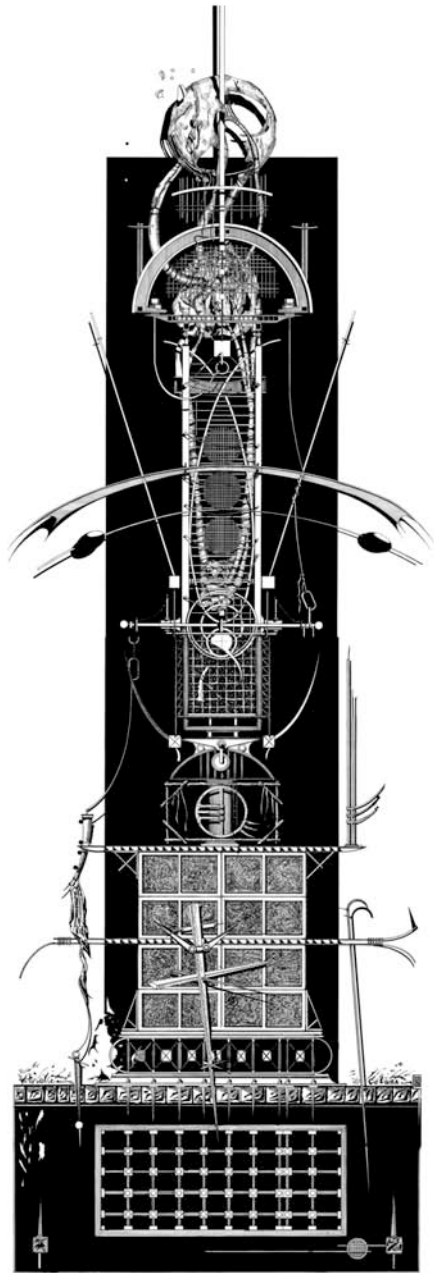


**Figure 2:** Spiller Farmer Architects, *Schizophrenic Railing*, 1986 © Neil Spiller.

The railing was the first time I worked with Laurie Farmer. It was a bit of fun to see whether we could collaborate in any meaningful way. It was a creative jam. For my part it features the flying crucifix and the weight-training totem pole and other, what were to become, familiar motifs of disjuncture, wayward tendril and angry spike mitigated by the circular arc. It was decided to design a railing for a house near our favourite pub in Blackheath, London. It seemed the perfect site in the crisp, chill evening when breath powders against a Guinness night.

Twenty years ago sites were real and unassailable, architecture was simple and the architect's skills were less numerous. Architecture and architects looked relatively safe. I started experimenting with an encrusted architecture, a series of filters, an architecture beyond the starkness of functionalism, an architecture whose way of representing itself was a combination of extravagant prose and a graphic gambit that was as powerful as it was invigorating, energetic and loose-limbed. It owed very little to the established protocols of the prevailing modernism. My architectural language has been honed by years of experimentation, with technology, with mythology and with shifting aesthetic preoccupations and above all it was *out of control*.





**Figure 3:** Spiller Farmer Architects, *Vitriolic Column*, 1986 © Neil Spiller.

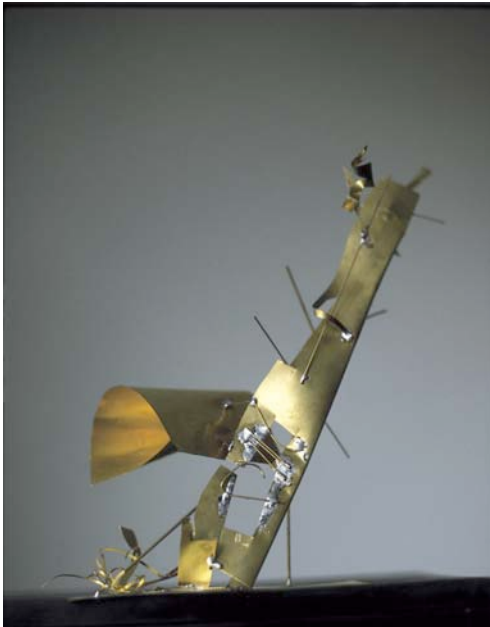
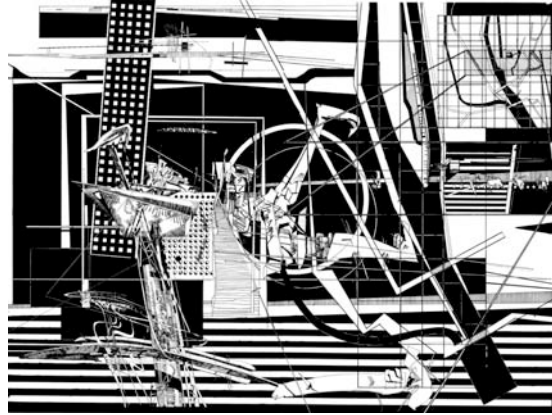
A representational column is nothing new, it is the game of at least four thousand years and embraces all cultures.

The importance of a coherent landscape theory that runs hand in hand with an architectural one is seen to be a crucial element in any evolving approach. The column is a collection of points of departure hoping to reconcile the biological and the mechanical and follows in the tradition of raising piles of material as pointers. It is a beacon into the future casting light ever onwards. A light in the black.

We are now at a point where it seems that we can start to reconstruct architectural and design practice utilising a series of highly advanced and responsive technologies. One hopes that in the future pundits will see the first seconds of the new millennium as the genesis of more fluid, amenable and responsive architectures. This progress will not happen if we continue to bicker about issues of authenticity, purity and honesty. Such concepts will not be of any merit in dealing with our new-found dynamic buildings, cities and objects and their choreographed ecologies. As designers there is much to be gained from accepting and exploiting all advances in technologies

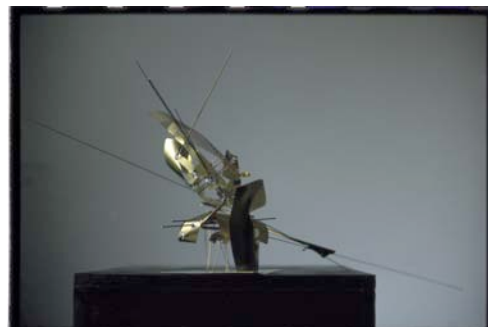
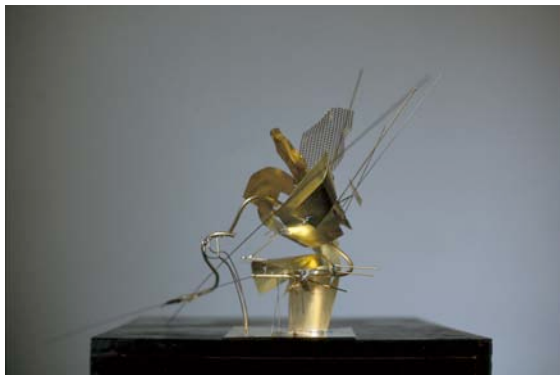


whether virtual, visceral, vital or viral in our culture's continual battle against the tyranny of inertia and entropy.



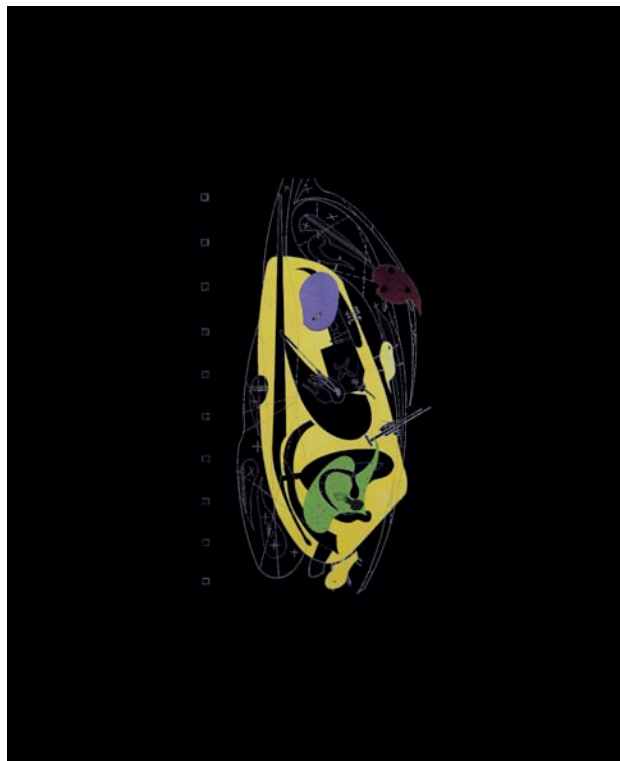
**Figures 4-8:** Spiller Farmer Architects, *Piestany, Slovakia*, 1990 © Neil Spiller.

In Piestany, in Slovakia we were confronted with an area whose major resources were therapeutic spas, a riverside cultural centre, featuring an art gallery and theatre, and an urban park. However, the town centre was separate from this area and the opportunity for promenading, art watching and noise receiving was impaired. Our proposal was to provide an enabling mechanism, which was to take the form of a 'dribble' of interventions that enhances existing functions, fine-tuning them and facilitating new ones. An Art Wall is constructed defining views of the river's course and encouraging or cosseting art marks. It allows the population to compete in the process of identification, by making their own art and placing it on this altar to *laissez-faire*.



Technological developments have been fast, furious and astounding. Computers are doubling in processing power (for the same price) every eighteen months or so. Their software and hardware architecture has become faster, thinner, more efficient and more dexterous. The internet has grown to become commonplace and its servers serve us with all manner of information. Through this technology computer visualisation of objects and their computer-aided manufacture is becoming more closely wedded.

Biotechnology gives us the ability to design soft and wet responsive environments. Indeed we have already reached the stage where we can postulate the ultimate technology, nanotechnology. Nanotechnology is truly alchemic: engineering and magical in its potential. It could give humanity the power to manipulate matter atom by atom, thereby changing one material to another.



**Figure 9:** Neil Spiller, *Nano Desk* © Neil Spiller.





**Figure 10:** Neil Spiller, *Nano Desk* © Neil Spiller.





**Figure 11:** Neil Spiller, *Nano Desk* © Neil Spiller.

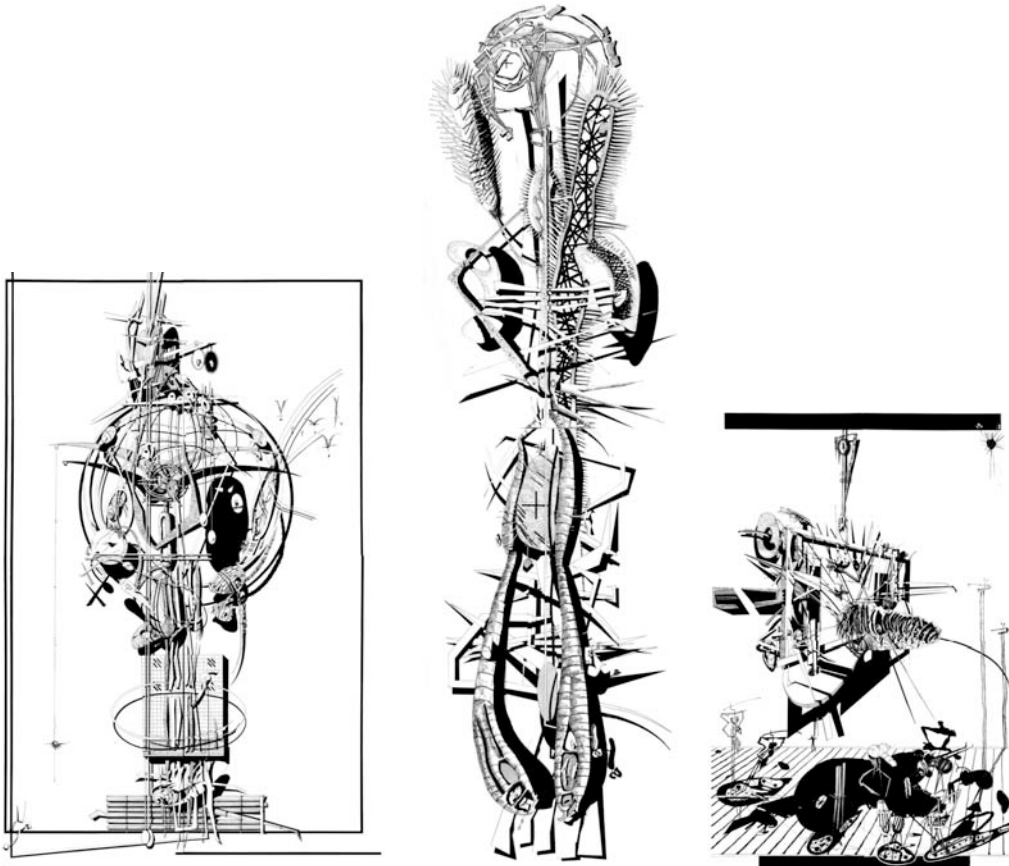
Advances in robotics have created simple thinking machines. Machine intelligences are being educated on a daily basis. It is here that the worlds of cybernetic and consciousness research join. These new robots will not mimic human tropes but respond to them and facilitate them.

Amazing advances in biotechnology have revealed an intricate world of proteins and genes the manipulation of which is fraught with ethical quandaries. The Human Genome Project is close to mapping our genetic 'periodic' table. Technologies that can radically reprogram plant and animal cells can be used to create numerous new proteins that could be used as building materials.

Recent tissue engineering successes with growing bone cultures could quite easily cause bone to become one of the new structural materials. The murky blanket of the body is being understood, unwrapped and rewrapped.

There are many types of body - virtual, vital, augmented, prostheticised, digital and machinic - to name but a few. Technology allows us to coat ourselves in these bodies. However, we fear our fleshly body and its epidemic entropy. We yearn for release from its slow decay and vulnerability. We look to our machines and information networks to give us various shots at different types of immortality.





**Figures 12-14:** Neil Spiller, *The Trashed Triptych*, 1996 © Neil Spiller.

**Panel 1: Genesis to Genocide**

This drawing is the first in a series of three. This series seeks to explore the notions of the 'New Flesh' whilst using the traditional language of the religious triptych. 'New Flesh' is the expression used to describe the changes that technology inflicts on the body. Technologies expand out limited natural bodily dexterity allowing us to perceive and manipulate scales of matter far larger and smaller than we could naturally. This first piece depicts the 'Hell' of our contemporary existence on an inert, polluted planet in fear of bodily decay and finally death.

**Panel 2: The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian**

The saint's impassivity, serenity and detachment as the technological arrows sear his flesh. The Saint Sebastian of today is all that Dalí's and the Renaissance aren't, porous not impervious, vacillating not static and networked, not detached. The new virtual, viral, viral and visceral spaces within which the new objects will operate will be infinite, variegated variform, ventral, varicose, vitrified, vomiting, velutinous, venereal, versicoloured, ventripotent, vascular and versatile.

**Panel 3: Nativity in Black**

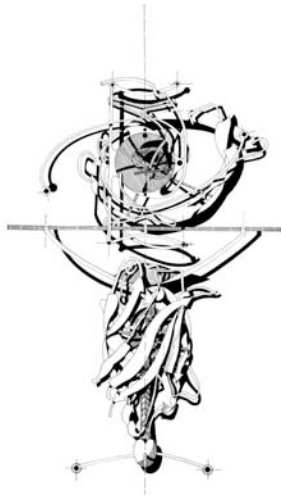
Here the fleshed cage is eroded and pulled this way and that on it rickety orthogonal frame, as the figure at its base dances. This is where technology has led us. Behold our true face at the turn of the millennium. '*Figures at base of a crucifixion*'. These figures are inspired by Francis Bacon, Salvador Dalí and alchemic alembics, on the floor of a ubiquitous room. 'Deformed palette and Eclipsed frame'. The viscera are pulled to breaking point, under a false sun, to be raw material on a deformed palette.

Technology is trashing yet liberating the body, by allowing it to see further and deeper. Simultaneously technology gives us extended but fragmented versions of ourselves. Our bodies hang limply from the crucifixes of technology, waiting for the vultures of science to pluck out their sinews and smear them across the landscape. Engineering has become leaky, brittle and sore as



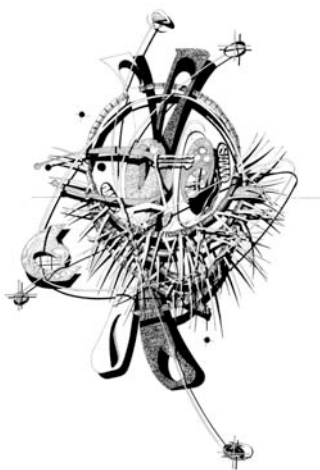
we look to the technologies of molecular biology as a paradigm and method for advanced assemblage of products. The skin, a technological Rubicon, has been crossed.

This is the ecstasy of the millennium and its architectures are ecstatic architectures.



**Figure 15:** Neil Spiller, *Bitai Table*, 1997 © Neil Spiller.

The Bitai table is designed as a metaphorical contemporary 'compound' eye. Its geometries are developed from haptic lenses used by ophthalmic surgeons combined with the computer model of fluorescent protein. As well as the word play of 'BIT' and 'AI', *bitae* is Japanese for 'sexual allure.' The changing eye is still a useful symbol for the effects of digital and soft technologies but this new eye is the synthesised amalgam of organic and mechanic, wet yet dry, binary yet analogue and focused everywhere simultaneously. Its cone of vision is no longer conic; the conic sections of perception are bent out of shape and are of a higher order topology. It is simultaneously fluorescent and illuminates all it scans with hyperreal exactitude.



**Figure 16:** Neil Spiller, *Bioscape Vertigo*, 1997 © Neil Spiller.

This is an attempt to transcribe some aspects of the new landscape and the geometries of the new conic 'un' sections of vision. It is without scale and without navigable order. The traveller in its nested dynamics teeters on the edge of Bioscape Vertigo. The relationships between parts are not snapped to any Platonic conspiracy. The architecture of the cell is held and supported by the 'Extended Phenotype.' DNA is the new crucifix and a religious reading is possible; the thorns are not an accident.

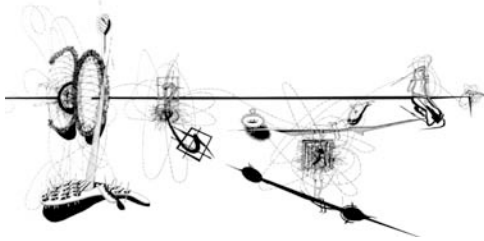
Designers have never been in such a delicate position. Our simplistic educational and professional practices are becoming more and more useless. How can designers accommodate the growing demands of society for environments that facilitate spatial fluctuations, fleeting coalitions with other spaces, virtual presences and mixed realities?

Is it possible to create an architecture that stitches this tapestry of philosophy, aspiration, interest, movements, both seen and unseen, into a whole new landscape of enclosure and exposition, that changes in time and makes no distinction between art and architecture, no matter what 'code' of aesthetics is being used?

Can we create architectures that slip into other locations and spaces and return to show us what they've found and 'plant' a notation of this event in our environment? These 'plantings'

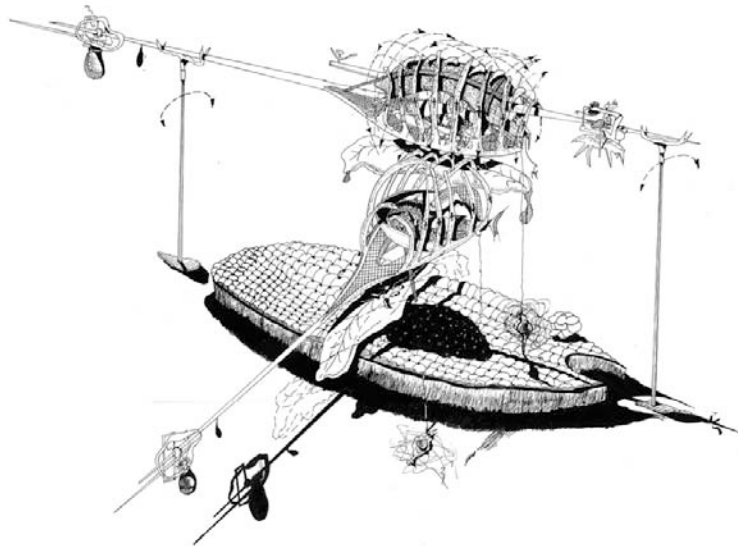


might exist for some for a long time, sometimes for shorter periods of time. Such ideas are capable of producing a sublimity of space that grows and decays, changes and rearranges, that speaks of the human condition as the actor in a series of linear, non-linear and quantum events. The torsions of everyday existence, small expansions, minute stresses and strain and stains, vibrations in the World Wide Web, tigers caged in the quantum zone, and many more, all have the potential to invigorate elements in this architecture.



**Figure 17:** Neil Spiller, *The Object Beside Itself*, 1998  
© Neil Spiller.

The drawing is a quick diagram that points to the future, this involves the ubiquitous vacillating object in a landscape of smears, the evolution of smooth aesthetics in ecstatic frenzy. Embodied into it are ideas or future projects, prose and classifications as yet undrawn, unwritten and half glimpsed, a landscape of change. Work for a new millennium.



**Figure 18:** Neil Spiller, *Velazquez Machine* © Neil Spiller.

To address these questions I have created my Communicating Vessels project. At the heart of this project is the *Velazquez Machine*. It is situated in the Orangerie in the Tuileries Gardens in Paris. These elliptically shaped galleries contain Monet's *Water Lilies*. The galleries were specially designed for Monet's huge paintings that compositionally straddle representation



and abstraction, a critical perturbation in the history of art. My preoccupation is to compositionally straddle the virtual and the actual, art and matter.

Velazquez was the first artist to depict himself working as one of the subjects of his great painting *Las Meninas* (1656-7). Since this point artists have become more and more narcissistic, creating more paintings with themselves as subjects, more websites, more exhibitions about themselves. Contemporary examples include Tracey Emin and there was even an artist who recently crucified himself. As more and more artists are subsumed with self-importance the *Velazquez Machine* vibrates in tune to this narcissism and over time its vibrations become more and more pronounced. The machine holds a frying pan with a perforated bottom, two fish lie on the pan. Inside the clasped centre of the machine along with the fish and the frying pan are nine 'Roo-Objects.' These are jumping hydrochloric acid inoculators, similar to mechanical fleas. Underneath the Machine is the 'Oncological Couch' on which lies a highly sensitive 'tongue'. As the fish decompose pieces fall onto the tongue. These small impacts are then recorded, transmitted and become the planting plan for a vista many miles away.

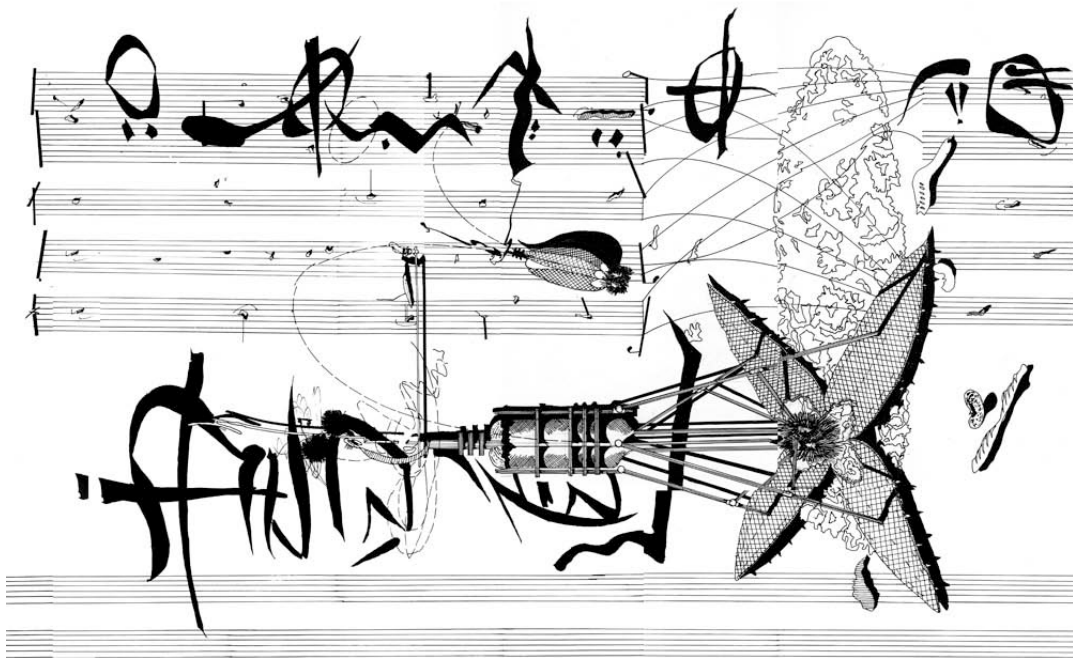


Figure 19: Neil Spiller, *Roo-Object* © Neil Spiller.



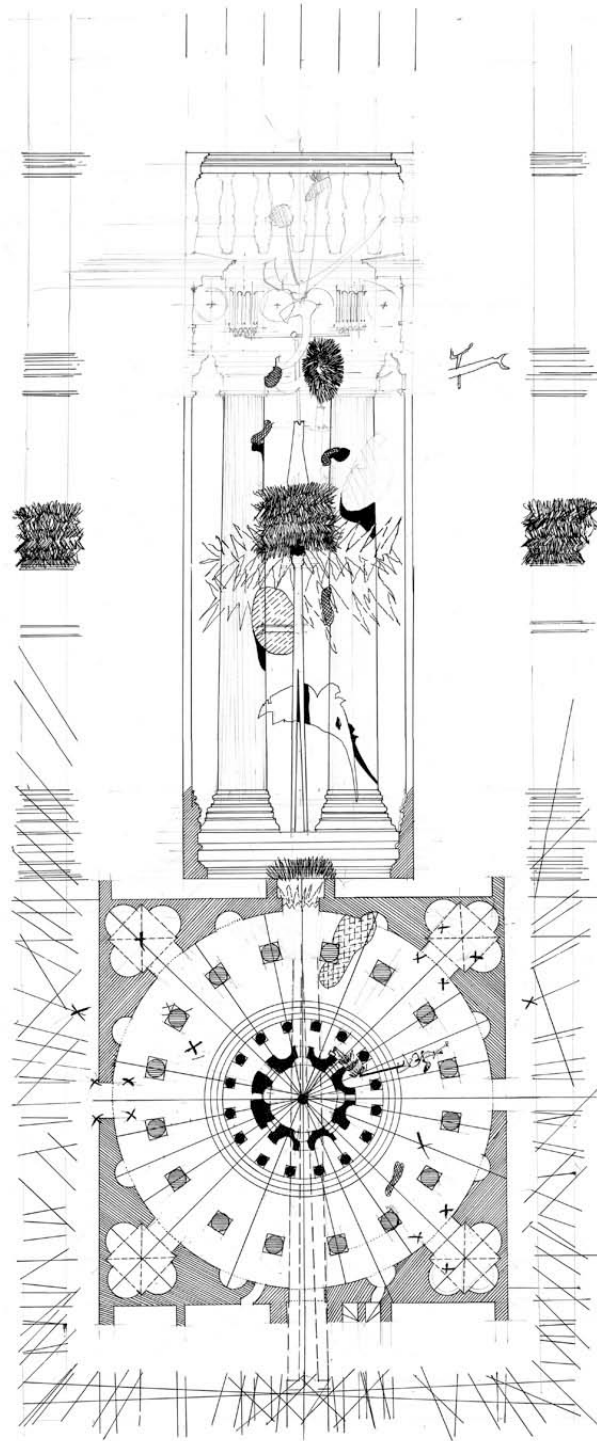


Figure 20: Bramante's *Tempietto Stick* © Neil Spiller.

We move to the second site, which is Bramante's *Tempietto* at S. Pietro in Montorio, Rome (after 1502). The *Tempietto* is sited on the top of a hill in a courtyard of what is now the



Spanish Embassy: a little bit of Spain in Rome. The temple has come to be understood as the genesis of the Renaissance in Rome, a perfect piece of the architectural sublime. The courtyard was originally planned and designed by Bramante but, alas, was not built to his circular and radial design. I have designed a measuring stick that 'lives' in this area. The stick is programmed with a little memory that remembers the exact proportions and idealised dimensions of Bramante's *Tempietto* and his surrounding courtyard and compares it with what it finds. These numerical differences are caused by man's fickleness and lack of ability to construct 'perfect' architecture. The *Tempietto* itself yields minor differences, the courtyard geometries yield larger discrepancies.

Here the *Stick* searches for swerves from the idealised and the theoretically repeatable but ultimately unobtainable dimensions of Classicism.

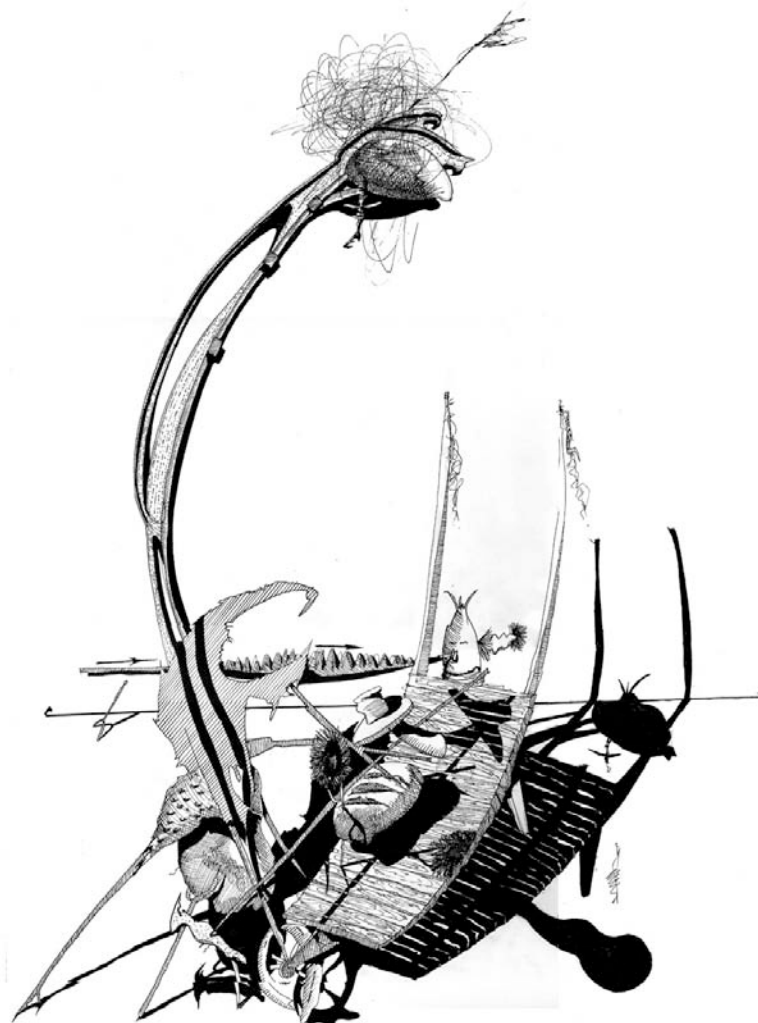


Figure 21: Neil Spiller, *Wheel Barrow with Expanding Bread* © Neil Spiller.



This piece is the receiver of all the output information gleaned from the *Stick* and the *Velazquez Machine*. It is characterised by a symbiotic relationship between its position and the vista that forms around it. Attached to the side of the *Velazquez Machine* is a suspended plumb line terminating with a fried egg. The vectors created by the suspended egg as the Machine vibrates condition the overall movement of the Wheel Barrow sculpture around the landscape. (The fried egg is a reference to Spanish vernacular painting in Velazquez's time and vicariously Dalí's Velazquez-inspired infatuation with the fried egg.) By the way, the Metro light, is an homage to Guimard's Paris Metro stations and Dalí's paranoid-critical interpretation of them. Dalí associated their praying mantis-like appearance with that of the dominant sexual predator female and the male's fear of castration. In this project the lights attract moths and insects at night. Their random bumpings determine the activation of the Roo-Objects inside the *Velazquez Machine*.

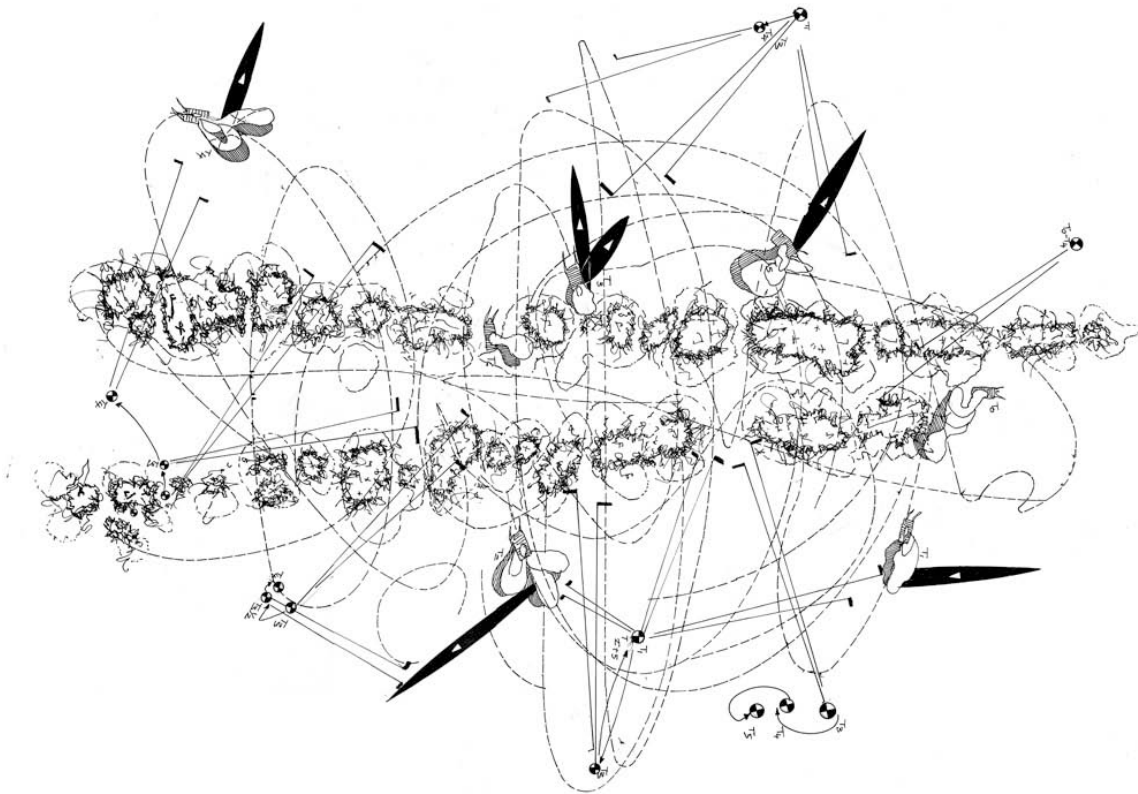


Figure 22: Neil Spiller, *The Ever-Changing Vista* © Neil Spiller.

There are other mechanisms and notions that condition this vista but here I only have time to tell you about this small element.

This whole part of the Velazquez project culminates in the vista.

As the vista grows it wishes 50 per cent of its Bread to be seen and so adjusts position along its trajectory accordingly, or sometime inflates its 'bread' pneumatically. When a viewer



looks at it, it swiftly inflates to facilitate this. This moving system of viewers and the parallax of their glances creates a choreography of visible and invisible spaces relative to each viewer, another ecology yet to be fully explored.

So a complex system of cause and effect is built up around a set of semiotically charged objects that delivers a contextual, glocal, ascalar yet cybernetically beautiful architectonic ecology: an ecology between building and landscape.

These landscape pieces and their relationship to one another are highly 'pataphysical, their logistics of form are conditioned by notions of variance, alliance and deviance. Such ideas produce a very rich formal and surreal architectural language bursting with potential.

Alfred Jarry (1873-1907) was the creator of 'Pataphysics. Jarry was a precocious child, irritating in his childish humour and school kid japes but fearsomely intelligent. In his twenties he started to partake in suicidal drinking. It is his drinking of absinthe and ether that sustained his hallucinogenic imagination.

Along with the creation of *Père Ubu*, Jarry is remembered for his the creation of Doctor Faustroll and the 'science' of 'Pataphysics.

'Pataphysics had appeared in Jarry's most early work but in 1898 he wrote the *Exploits and Opinions of Doctor Faustroll*, ( not published until 1911). This book set out the sketchy outlines of the poetic effrontery that is 'Pataphysics. 'Pataphysics is the science of the realm beyond metaphysics...It will study the laws which govern exceptions and will explain the universe supplementary to this one; or less ambitiously it will describe a universe which one can see – must see perhaps – instead of the traditional one, for the laws discovered in the traditional universe are themselves correlated exceptions, even though frequent, or in any case accidental facts which, reduced to scarcely exceptional exceptions, don't even have the advantage of singularity.

Definition: ' 'Pataphysics is the science of imaginary solutions, which symbolically attributes the properties of objects, described by their virtuality, to their lineaments.'

### **A stranger to mechanical love**

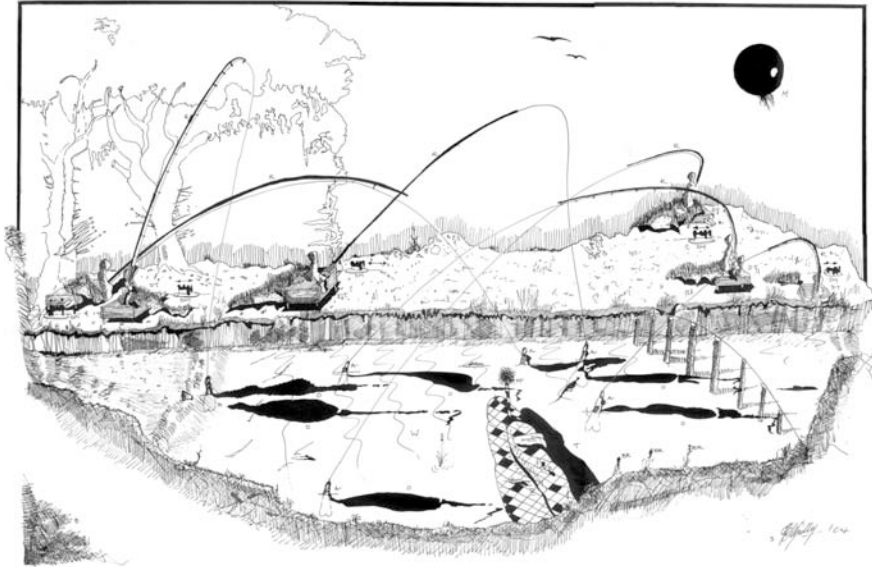
*The misty dawn lifts to reveal six wooden boxes, perched on the riverbank above a seldom bubbling, silent pond. Its surface reflecting the tickle of midges and the sway of lazy branches. The boxes are attached to what looks like fishing rods, which curve beautifully with the load of their catch. Each catch is not a fish but a white alembic.*

Diana wanders aimlessly around the boxes finally selecting one. She plonks herself down on one, sitting on the small seat. The box's invisible suspension inductors buzz ecstatically, realigning themselves, the fishing rods tug on the neck of the alembic up and down, up and down. A small globule of grease from the alembic floats down stream.



*Beneath her Diana can hear the whirl of the clinamen swerving in its Palace of 'pataphysical machines, desire being swerved into poetry and vicariously into a reflexive landscape.*

*Diana is a stranger to their sort of mechanical love. One day she prised the lid of one of the boxes, she blinked in disbelief with what she saw...*



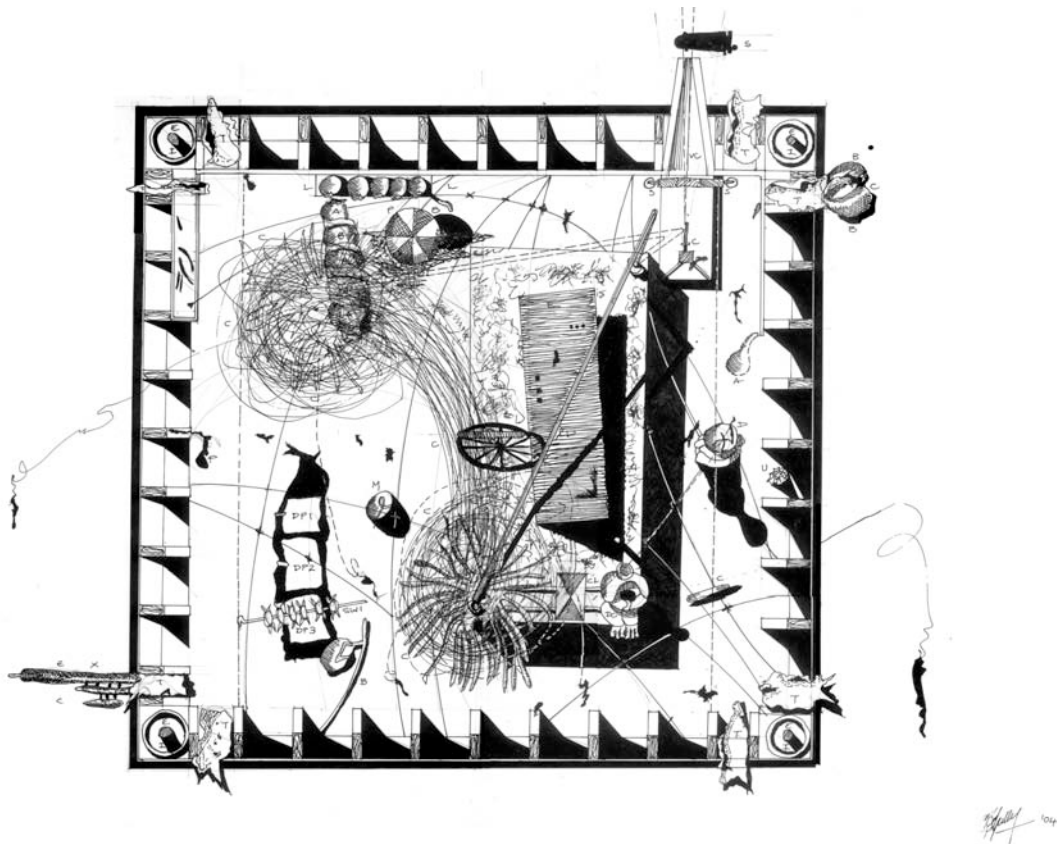
**Figure 23:** Neil Spiller, *Boxing Topographies. Dee Stools*. Exterior perspective © Neil Spiller

The *Dee Trunk* is a symbolic response to the fact that Doctor Dee, Elizabethan alchemist spy and confidant and conversationalist of Angels and Demons used to put his most valued texts in a trunk and hide them away. Special things in special dark places. Dee was a natural philosopher, a magician and as such was interested in the microcosm as a reflection of the macrocosm of the universe. The universe to Dee was characterised by ascalar geometry and divided by a series of almost infinite cyclic distillations. Even the lowliest material was the most noblest, this *prima materia*, the elusive *Slough of Despond* that is everywhere but nowhere. Many alchemists have tried to find this material, the alchemic quest is still-born unless the *Slough* can be found and transmuted. To the architect alchemist the *Slough* is space.

My Trunks are sited on the banks of the river Stour between the villages of Sturry and Fordwich, near Canterbury in Kent, England - I grew up around this area. For the alchemists the alchemic opus needs to be personal and be imbued with an autobiographical psychogeography. These stools are miniature alchemic/'pataphysical laboratories, each one of six, just three buttocks square. The alchemist has had many disguises in the last one hundred and fifty years, he has been assimilated into the genealogy of modernism in the guise of the 'pataphysicist.

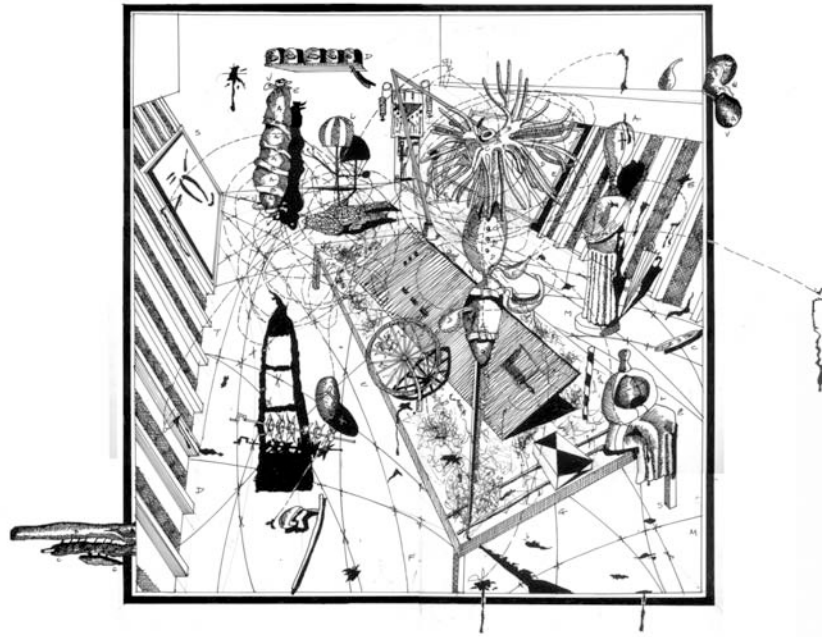


From the Outside the boxes are simple roughly made timber slatted crates. There are six because, one is a singularity and lacks the other, two is too symmetrical, three is sturdy, four is even more sturdy, five is too naughty and seven is cabbalistic etc. Each box has an induction spike at each corner. Each box has a small seat, akin to a bicycle seat on its topside. Each box is partially covered by a 'Futurist Cloak.' Each cloak is an homage to Marinetti's Sudan-Paris table: it has one part covered with spongy material, sandpaper, wool, pigs bristles and wire bristles (crude, greasy, sharp burning tactile values, that evoked African visions in the mind of the toucher. While the other – the sea- had different grades of emery paper (slippery, metallic, cool elastic, marine tactile values). The Paris end was made of silk, velvet and feathers (soft, very delicate, warm and cool at once, artificial, civilised. This whole assemblage took on a table's form; here it is a cloak shrouding the simple timber boxes. Six small facsimiles of Rousset's whale boned corset stiffened 'helot' stand one on the top of each box grasping old-fashioned fishing rods. The 'helots' this time riding the electromagnetic induction coils positioned at the corner of each box. At the end of the fishing lines, pallid aquatic alembics bob tense in their pulchritude, subject to every tug of the rods and quiver of the boxes. Downstream a little is a bridge consisting of timber posts connected at their top by a bow of sensitive wire.



**Figure 24:** Neil Spiller, *Inside Doctor Dee's Trunks*. Interior plan © Neil Spiller.





**Figure 25:** Neil Spiller, *Inside Doctor Dee's Trunks*. Perspective © Neil Spiller.

The interior of the boxes enclose a machinic tableaux, each box has two slightly inclined sides opposite one another. Their insides were only pristine once. There is a small table in the centre of each box. Set on the floor are some draught pistons, a cucumber, two De Chirico mannequin/statues (one a dummy-headed pseudo Classical plinth and another a seated figure with what looks like a chess pawn for a head: both are from the painting *The Disturbing Muses*, 1925), a ubiquitous umbrella, a teeth paviour machine from Roussel's *Locus Solus*, some Swiftian academic gearage, a ready made bicycle wheel attached to a stool, a Duchampian voyeur's door, a shelf on which five artificial lips are perched, another shelf supporting a glass alembic, a turd-shaped mystery object (is it a Dalinian wrapped bread or a bandaged arm). A Giacometti bird is imprisoned behind cool glass. Can I just see a little insect hugging the corner of the glass. Also on the table is a box with calf's lungs rails beneath it. Mounted on a large angle-poise is my prize - the Clinaman. This is a miniature 'pataphysical laboratory executing an experiment quite simply out of control.

My Clinaman is inspired by Jarry's/Faustroll's 'Painting Machine' which incidentally is called 'Clinamen.' 'The Painting Machine, a revolving gyroscope that whirls at random through the "Palace of Machines" mechanically vandalising masterpieces: "it dashed itself against the pillars, swayed and veered in infinitely varied directions, and followed its own whim in blowing onto the walls' canvas the succession of primary colours ranged according to the tubes of its stomach"' (1911, 5). My Clinaman also whirls, spraying paint from the tendrils of its anemone-like head. It is



a maverick painting machine with no respect. It is activated when the box is sat on and deactivated when the sitter stands up.

Also inside the box, virtually superimposed and invisible to the naked eye is a computer-generated topology that slithers around, through and over the actual artefacts positioned in the box. These fields shift in time and can be used to determine texts, speeds, durations, positions and plantings. This in a sense is a virtual planting plan consisting of shifting zones of mathematic possibility. The box is therefore a chunking editing engine and it will mostly be used to develop new mixed surrealist poetry. Where the paint falls is therefore an instruction to appropriate a particular line, word or letter from existing surrealist poems but the information topology of this component can be recoupled to any other data sets when appropriate or when totally inappropriate. This choreography of chance creates exceptional moments and poetry (both textural and spatial) never again repeated. An example of how to describe this microcosmic changes might be to say perhaps for a moment, Dalí's *Saint Sebastian* slithers across the floor of the box, subdividing the quixotic Queneau and skirting Cornell's letter boxes as Faustroll disappears out the slot on a sieve. The key/mixing desk to these poetic dynamics is the grease globules and where, and how long, they pass under the sensitively wired bridge.

So inside the box a virtual terrain changes its responsivity to stimuli over time. The actual machine/iconic tableaux of the interior volume is trammelled, recoded, its unstable virtual terrain is constantly reconfigured with reference to the globules of grease and their turbulent infrathin tensile surfaces which reach the finishing line of the sensile and tensile bridge in some sort of dark greasy boat race. Histories of surreal writing flicker unseen across the paint splattered box, paint nailing the flicker momentarily like the stab of a stiletto through an A-Z or the dart point through the telephone directory, all at a page at a time. Here is the Duchampian kid's matchstick firing cannon forever braising art with the brand of chance. Measurement becomes a stoppage, a point in relative time, and contingent on speed, impact, duration, virtual viscosity and gravity. Poetry swerved into the exceptional never to be repeated, a cybernetic monkey forever searching for a surrealist Shakespeare and often finding Him. The Clinamanic Medusa, with a hole for its face causes the first order aesthetics of form finding to coagulate into stone and seduces the viewer into a world of vicissitudes and attitudes of chance, of joy, of sweet and sweaty embrace of an *ars combinatoria*, so dear to Jarry, Roussel and Ramon Lull. Here 'Pataphysics joins with the mathematic of Oulipo to construct an all too few example of Ouarpo - a miniature architecture of potential.

For this Clinaman is defined by a cybernetic universe of discourse which consists of all buttockian times and their durations, local turbulence, local currents, fling of tousled paint mane, the unseen surrealist data landscape as an interchangeable software application and the sweet tug of the fisherman's rod.



The first splashes of the Clinamen determine the start of all the vistas. As just for a few seconds the virtual topology of poetic plants is replaced by a virtual site plan in the interior of the first box ever to be sat on.

### Conclusion

The *Velazquez Machine* and the *Dee Stools* are like time capsules moving between the history of art and architecture, the virtual and the actual and the challenge of the future with all its magical potential. And this magical future is always surreal.

Receptive and transformative as the best architecture must and should be.

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