

matzine 09
copy+paste

dear reader,
welcome to matzine09: copy+paste

it can be said that copy+paste has become a ubiquitous act, a series of keyboard commands, which today has become synonymous with the computer. this issue explores the implications of these three keys on our lives - what are these commands other than an efficient way to duplicate information.

the process by which this zine has materialised was directly influenced by its theme- adopting a photocopier in lieu of the computer. the laborious method of physically copying+cutting+ pasting (repeat(endlessly)) has brought forth how these simple keys are now embedded in our toolkits for making.

to the contributors:thank you for your enthusiasm towards the theme, without you i'd have nothing to photocopy.

stephen mackie - editor

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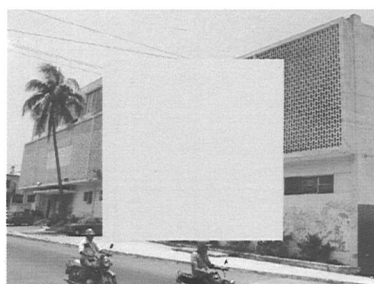
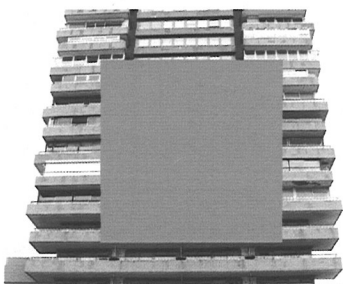
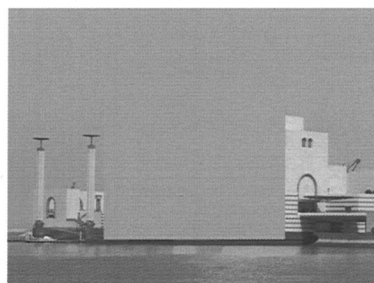
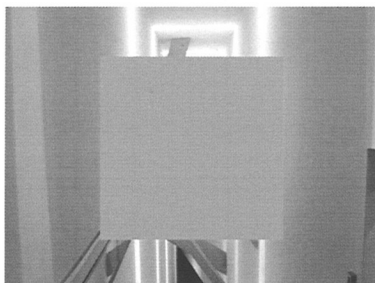
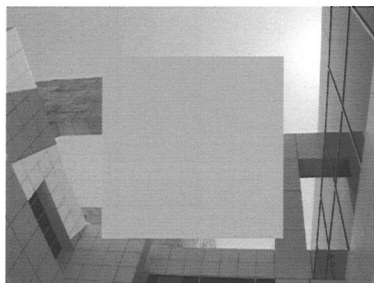
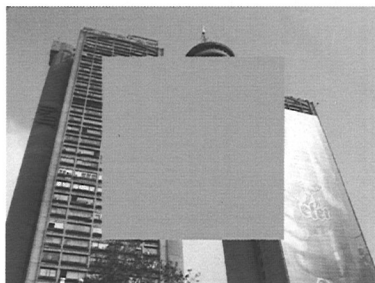
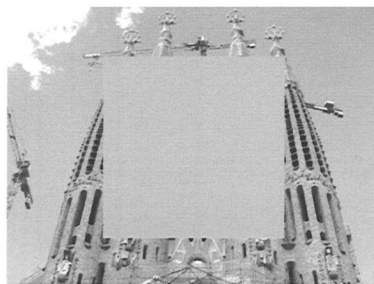
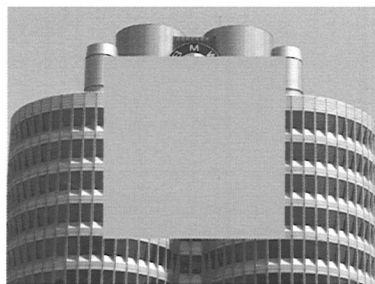
matzine is a conduit for collaborative practice, welcoming submissions from anyone who is game. the editorship, along with the theme, is ever shifting with each issue.

please respect our contributors by copy and pasting this publication electronically and print wherever possible.

all work © to the contributors

contents

memory block: 2005-2011 (with apologies to ellsworth kelly)	owen pritchard -	1
raga man	robert fieldhouse -	2
some recent erasions	jonathan marks -	3
(ctrl C ctrl V) a reality	rien willard -	4
the architecture of analogy a contextual design	cameron mcswan -	7
sub-rural futures?	alex pearson -	9
destroy before reading	fearghus roulsten -	10
architecture for humanity	gerry reilly -	12
spit here	ryan mcleoughlin -	13
the happiness of joseph knut	jonathan peel -	14
martelle tower at finvarra, county clare	ian pollard -	15
a house by the sea	esme fieldhouse -	17
the shifting void	stephen mackie -	18
exitv	rowan mackinnon-pryde+ alexandra ross -	19
etienne + i	sean mcalistar -	21
keys pressed 28.06.11	andre ford -	23
matzine 10	ryan mcleoughlin -	24



Memory Block: 2005-2011 (with apologies to Ellsworth Kelly)

Raga Man

Cut and paste
Each glass pane,
Each grass square,
Each old house:
Cute and past.

Cup and taste
Each dry wine,
Each tea leaf,
Each 2 0:
Cue tap stand.

Cut end pasta
From each pan,
From each dish,
From each plate:
Cad eats tup.

Cat and stupe
In each bed,
In each chair,
In each cage:
Pant due cast.

Cap neat dust
On each desk,
On each deck
On each shore:
Act apt dunes

Act pun dates
On each year,
On each month,
On each day:
Cast end puta.



some recent erosions

[ctrl C ctrl V] a Reality.

rien willard

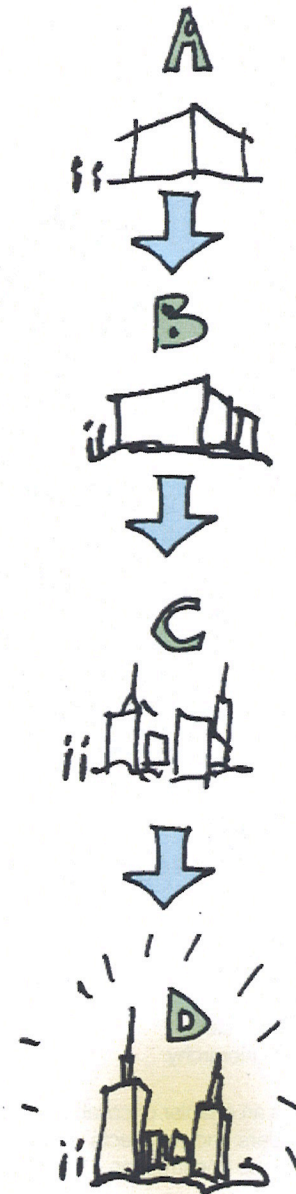
In this article I would like to consider the humble [ctrl c ctrl v] copy paste function, as both an analogy to the practice of architecture and to the process of cognition that allows us to interact, perceive and experience architecture.

As designers we quickly realise that the design process is iterative and recursive. It consists of repeating a process with a desired outcome at the end in mind. We like to communicate this process as a linear from A to B to illustrate clarity of thought. However useful it is in explaining ideas to clients and alike (and it would be so much easier if design was like this), it is not a good model to illustrate how design really works.

The repetition in design is cyclic in nature, with new iterations being informed from the lessons learnt from the last. This process as a whole can be seen as a continuous feedback loop: an evolving copy paste function.

This cyclic iterative process never stops. Once a piece of architecture has come into physical reality, the iterative and recursive strategies that bore its inception continue to operate through the acts of cognition and experiences of individuals who use, occupy, and perceive the built work.

Designing no longer resides solely with the architect, but is something that we all do continually beneath our conscious awareness. Our cognitive and perceptive faculties construct our reality in a way akin to design and it happens moment to moment. Each new experience is informed from past experience as we copy paste from memory into the present, thus 'designing' our reality to fit with our belief systems, cultural background, preferences and psychological makeup. Gordon Pask illustrated this process in his 'Conversation Theory'.



The Myth of Design: Design as a linear process

"We 'converse' [metaphorically] with everything in our environment. We 'offer our views' as we act, re-act and think. The environment 'speaks to us' in the sense that we interpret it. We respond to what we hear and see and feel, in an exchange that has the structure of a dialogue in language."

— Paul Pangaro

Seeing Architecture as part of a cognitive conversation presents it as a dynamic and time based phenomenon that relies on the unique construction of the observer. Pask considered architecture as one of the fundamental conversational systems in human culture. His ideas from cybernetics imply that we are observing beings, who construct our view of the world through interacting with it through conversations. This dialogue is a looping process of iterative and recursive creative cognitive acts.

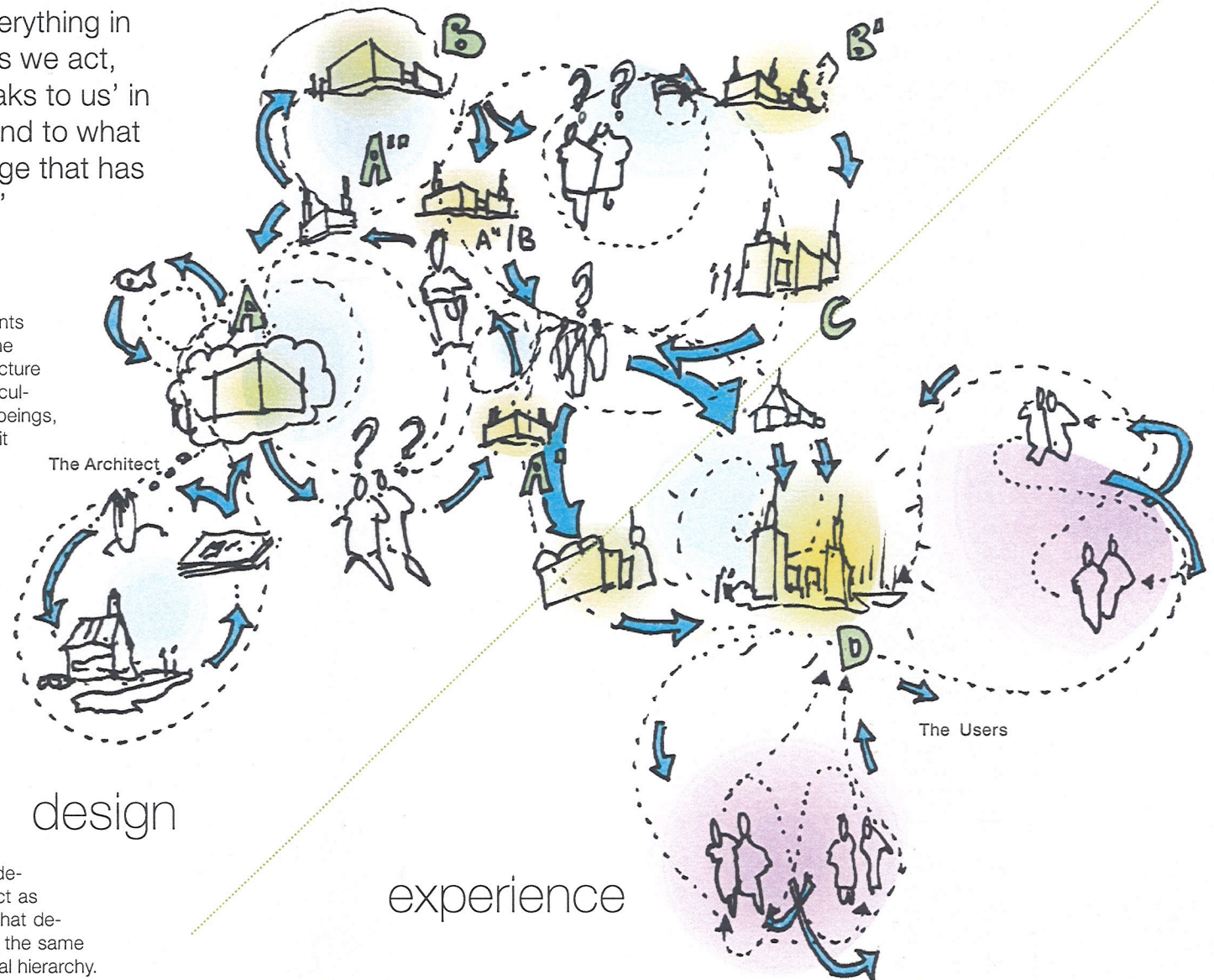
As architects we design not just isolated buildings but growing, evolving and learning systems that perpetually interact with its inhabitants both serving them and influencing their behaviour. The inhabitants' behaviour in turn animates and activates the building in a complex reciprocal relationship. Architects now must consider this relationship in their work and include provisions for the evolution of their design through future use.

It was Pask's desire for architecture to refine this dialogue through technological advances into interactive environments that would engage with their inhabitants, learn about their behaviour and adapt accordingly.

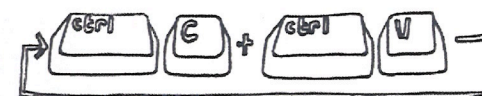
It is also important to consider the interaction between the designer and the system he designs. Pask viewed the architect as controlling the construction of a control system, explaining that design was the 'control of control' thus putting the designer in the same role as his system except at a higher level in the organisational hierarchy.

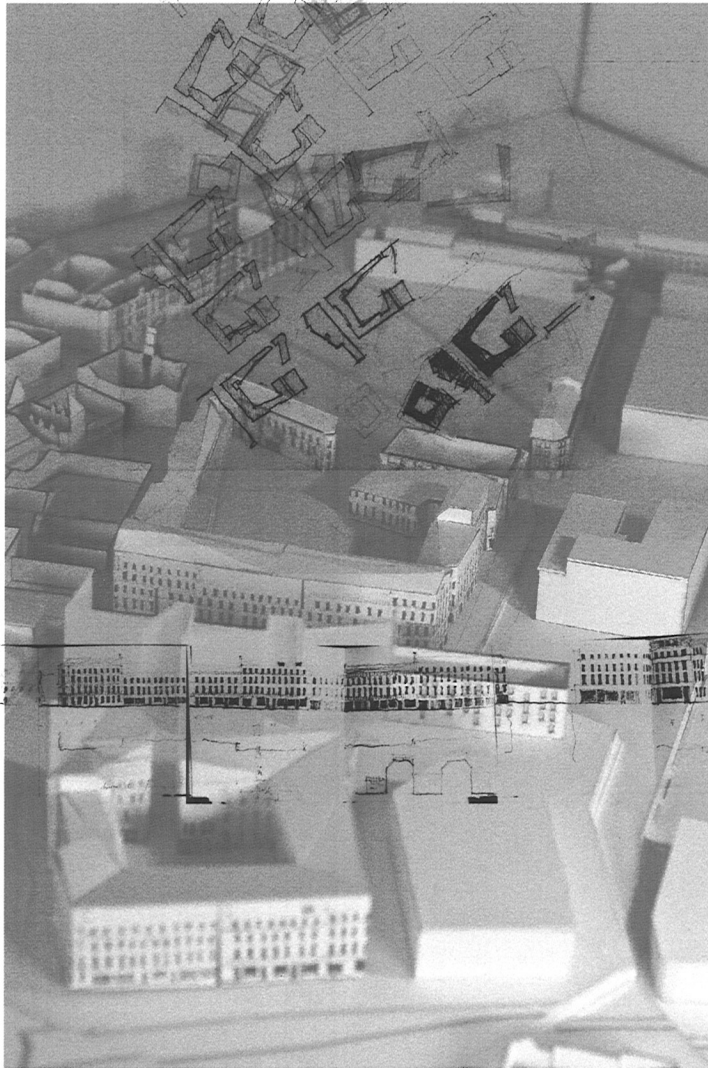
Through recursion and iteration Architecture can be viewed as an enabler of collaboration, where conversation and the interaction between clients, users, builders and architects is highly important and as a time based phenomenon dependant on the unique construction of an observer.

Our friend copy paste is not just a convenient tool on our personal computers, but it is born from our deep cognitive acts of perception that 'copy paste' our reality into our experience of the now.



The Reality of Design: Design as Conversations





The Architecture of Analogy *A Contextual Design, or The Double?*

The film maker Sergei Eisenstein proposed that with the method of montage “any two sequences, when juxtaposed, inevitably combine into another concept which arises from that juxtaposition as something qualitatively new” (Eisenstein, 1938). Montage is a visual technique that superimposes images (and/or text) or places images (and/or text) adjacently in order to produce an impression, illustrate an association of ideas, or analyse by comparison.

At a recent presentation on “Urban Aesthetics” in Dresden, Germany I was asked, in relation to my “contextual” design for a city centre site in Dundee, Scotland: “What do you think about “cut and paste?” Before proceeding with the reply, it is worth outlining the project. The brief proposes a building or buildings that interface with the city, the programme of which is defined by the current Local Development Plan and supplemented by the addition of an Education and Research facility. The design proposes two urban blocks to either side of an existing building. One block investigates a regular courtyard plan; the other is informed by the irregular plan of the adjacent context: the footprint of a neighbouring block is rotated, pasted to the site, re-aligned with the street and cut to fit. The elevational treatment proceeds in a similar way. The existing street elevation is drawn and the relationship of solid to void is noted. The proposition is wrapped by a series of these drawings, cut and altered as the programme necessitates. It is the “double” of the neighbouring block.

My reply to the initial question: “‘Cut and paste’ is similar to the way in which film from the 1920’s uses montage. New ideas emerge through the juxtaposition of images. In urban design, a ‘modification’ takes place in-between the ‘cut’ and the ‘paste.’ The modification is something new. It is placed in a context, which is readjusted by it, to read as something new.” In the short stories of Jorge Luis Borges, *The Double* is our opposite. A shadow. “Analogy” is a process of reasoning that uses existing material as reference in order to construct something new. The design project shares an analogical relationship with both the context *and* its shadow.



Sub-Rural Futures?

This piece is a response to contemporary rural housing and its effect in rural Scotland. Much rural residential development utilises suburban typologies and layouts. Will the future low energy housing follow the same approach, using house types developed for urban areas in rural areas? Currently there are no appropriate alternatives.



The notion of copying seems inherently negative. Plagiarism is the cardinal sin in school-, copying someone's work. Artists are convicted of fraud for selling forgeries of famous paintings. Even being accused of copying their own previous work is a hefty criticism of an artist- it is seen as derivative, lacking the spark of originality. In this context, the aleatory cut-up technique popularized by William S. Burroughs in the 1950s and 1960s questions accepted definitions of reading, writing and even communication. Cut-up can redefine the parameters of our interaction with language, and our basic assumptions about narrative and thought. The technique consists of taking a linear text, cutting it into pieces which each contain a few words, and re-arranging those words to form a 'new' text. It had several antecedents

before Burroughs adopted it, most obviously in the Dadaist collages of the 1920s. As with other Dadaist art like Marcel Duchamp's *Fountain*, collage challenged traditional concepts of art and the role of artists- if a poem could be produced simply by pulling words out of a hat, what did that say about the studiously crafted works of other poets? Aspects of the technique were adopted by T.S. Eliot and John Dos Passos, but it was painter and writer Brion Gysin who introduced Burroughs to the idea.

The two men met in Paris and collaborated on *The Third Man*, a selection of cut-up writings and essays on what the new form entailed. Burroughs began to see it as a form of divination- "when you cut into the past... the future leaks out." He used audio

U FOI R

recordings along with snatches of writing to try and create new soundscapes of phrases and noise- vestiges of this idea can be seen in modern triphop.

It became the great breakthrough he'd been looking for in his writing. It introduced elements of randomness and time into writing which he felt reflected real life; when reading a newspaper on a bus, you're aware not only of other parts of the paper but of the man sitting next to you, the progress of the bus along the road, and so on. Cut-up, he felt, was an effort to turn this leakage into a new kind of novel.

He introduced the technique into his letter-writing. A letter to Paul Bowles from this period went like this; "Smashed and tumbled the Thirsty off once more...sums of dwellings and darkness across the somewhere in that masonry of shattered fragments Castle Host set...Black hinterland garden with a meaning of dust." This comprises a

cut-up of a Lawrence Durrell passage. Critics called it alienating, meaningless- but Burroughs and his advocates felt he'd brought writing forward to a new avant-garde.

The books written using this technique are indeed alienating. They're unsettling, difficult, obscurantist. There is an element to the technique, though, which resonates with our use of language in the information age. The internet atomizes information and language across a broad spectrum; memes like the repetition of Charlie Sheen's comments in a recent interview are used incongruously, divested of context. They also suggest the arbitrary nature of our relationship with language. David Cameron's 'big society' rhetoric stretches the gap between what words suggest and what they really mean- cut-up emphasises the fact that language is malleable, that we paste our own meanings onto the everyday signifiers of speech.



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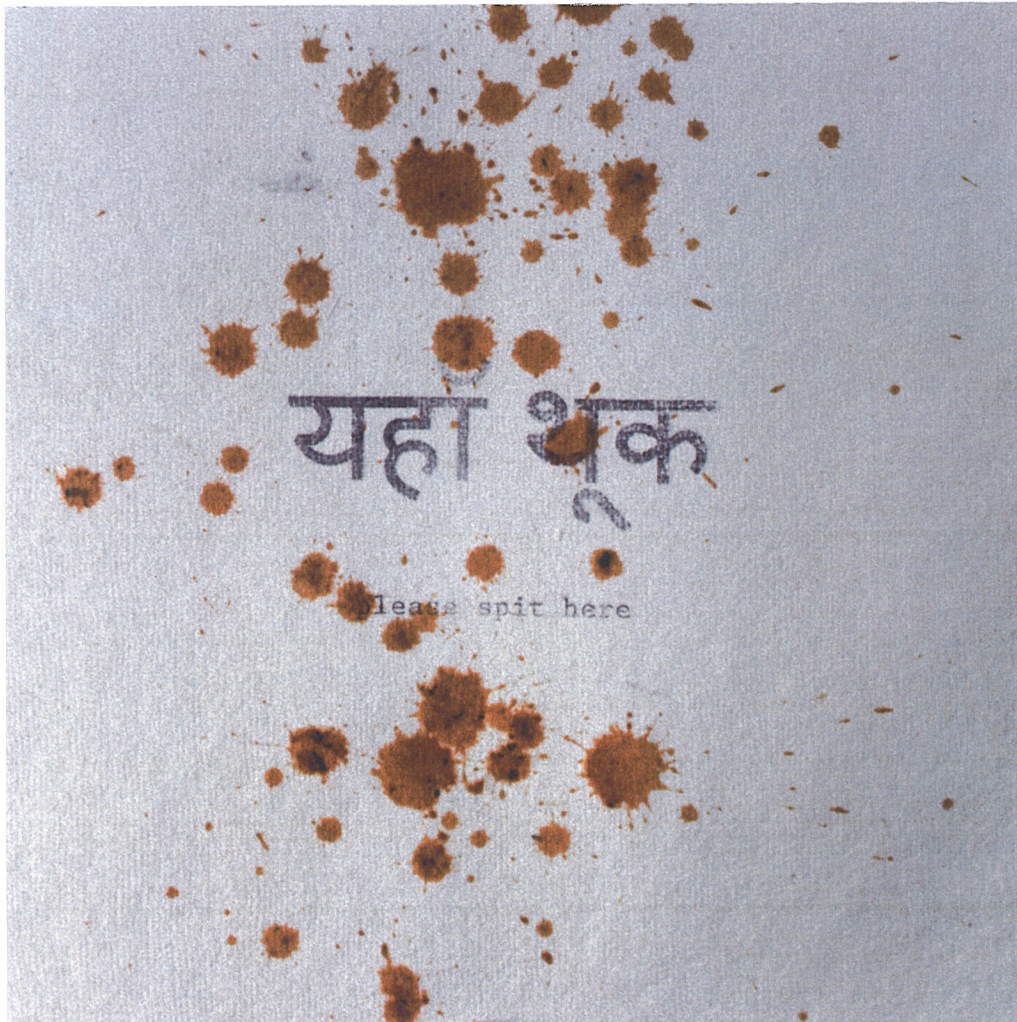
gerry reilly



The Open Architecture Network is an online source allowing design professionals to openly share their work for duplication. It was developed by Architecture for Humanity after one of its founders Cameron Sinclair won the TED Prize granting 'one wish to change the world'. The OAN is covered by the 'Developing Nations Licence'. This allows users to share ideas and designs that can be replicated for free only in the developing world. It is a system dedicated to improving living conditions and bringing design services to communities in need.

Every Architecture for Humanity design project is managed live on the OAN. The network acts as a global server where community leaders, non-profit groups, government agencies, healthcare workers and educators collaborate on projects and share their expertise. The OAN is entirely open source and can be viewed and downloaded by anyone with internet access.

In Haiti we're building schools, clinics and community facilities. The potential of the Open Architecture Network means that after we all leave in the next number of years - safe, seismically engineered designed buildings can still be obtained by any school owner or community leader free of charge.



Spit here

I never meant to put myself in the position of antagonist. How silly I was, what did I think? That no one in Mumbai cared about the state of their filthy city, and it is filthy; human excrement, domestic waste (heaps of it piled high to be grazed upon by goats, dogs, pigs, rats, crows etc), chemical effluent and the rich red markings of Paan-spit?

Paan; a concoction of molasses, areca nut and slaked lime paste, parceled neatly in a betel leaf. To be masticated and spat, anywhere. The result of which is a city stained a rich earthy red. In some places the Paan has been plied repeatedly rising high enough to form spit sculptures. It was these sculptures which inspired me to record this practice on canvas.

Spit here, was a two week campaign of hanging and recording twenty, off white, hand-made, paper canvases in unfortunately public places, namely train stations, the busiest and most populated places of the city and, following the 2008 terrorist attacks, most guarded.

I naively thought, I would do as I've always done, get up to mischief and get away with it. It was a circus. I was confronted continuously, most thought I had mistranslated the Hindi for "*don't spit here*". Curiosity turned to anger and I stopped putting up any more posters when an armed police officer patrolling the skywalk ordered me to take them down.

Fair enough, I was looking to test the city, myself and the culture.

The Happiness of Joseph Knut.

The happiness of Joseph Knut was a difficult thing. In dribs and drabs it would leave him, a tide slowly washing away. Then, out of the blue, it would come crashing back, a tsunami obliterating palm trees and beach huts, his despair melted in an instant.

It would seem so robust then, so immortal, but Joseph Knut knew that it was just a matter of time before the slow lapping of the turning tide would confront him once again. From hard experience, Joseph knew that these periods could be quite lengthy. Far longer than most humans could hope to sustain a mood, Joseph would ride the furious power of his happiness; two weeks, three weeks – months at a time.

All this, of course, was a problem. There are those who can accept what they have, who can enjoy each benefit as it comes, disregarding thoughts of a bleaker future. Joseph was not one of those. Joseph was a worrier. Even as he felt it, even as he was immersed in the massive wave of his happiness, Joseph could not ignore the potential – the mere *potential* – of the unctuous, seeping lack that was waiting in the wings. It was not that he was a pessimist; if anything Joseph was a romantic. The problem was the happiness itself. It was too powerful. It coloured everything. It soaked into his house, his shoes, his clothes. It seeped from his pockets and dripped from his hair – it flooded his memories and sprinkled his future.

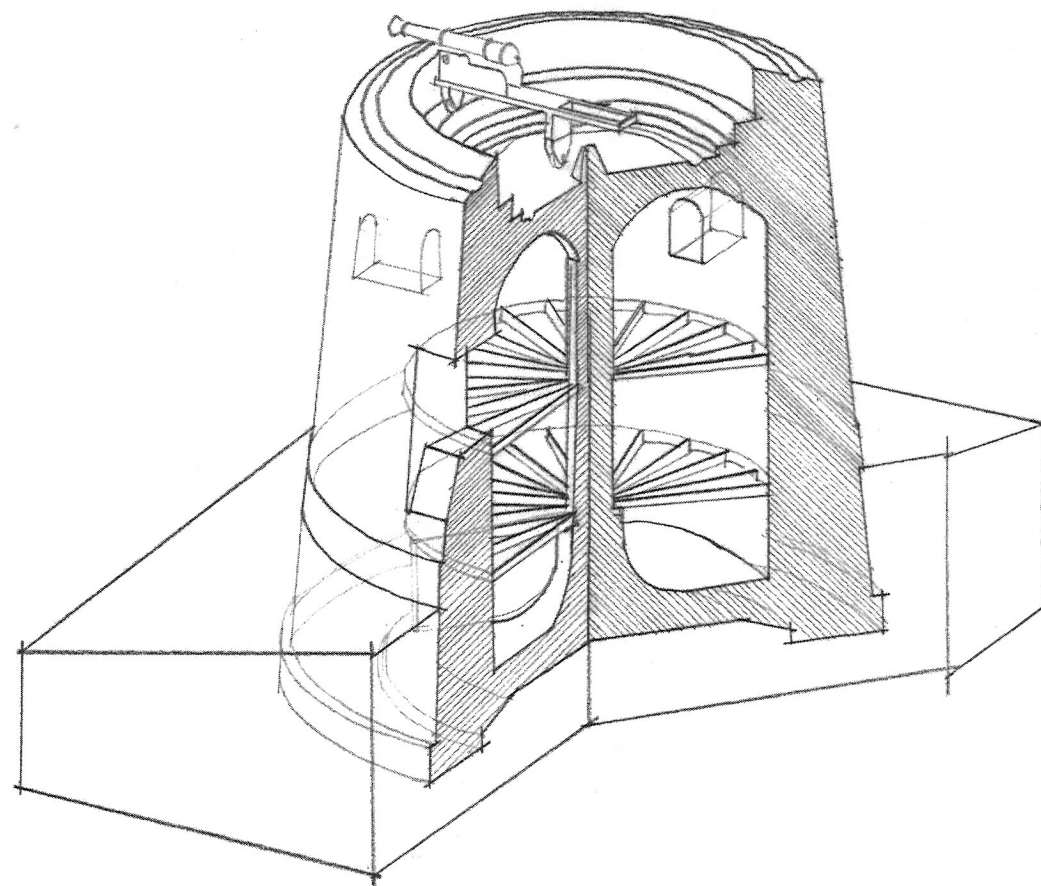
As such, Joseph could not ignore it. Most other humans do not notice their happiness. Or rather, they notice but feel nothing unusual, nothing mysterious or uncontrollable, and then very quickly cease to notice and get on with the business of being happy. They, after all, unlike Joseph Knut, do not have the luxury of happy-time to waste. They are confined to hours at best, more often mere seconds. Not so for Joseph Knut.

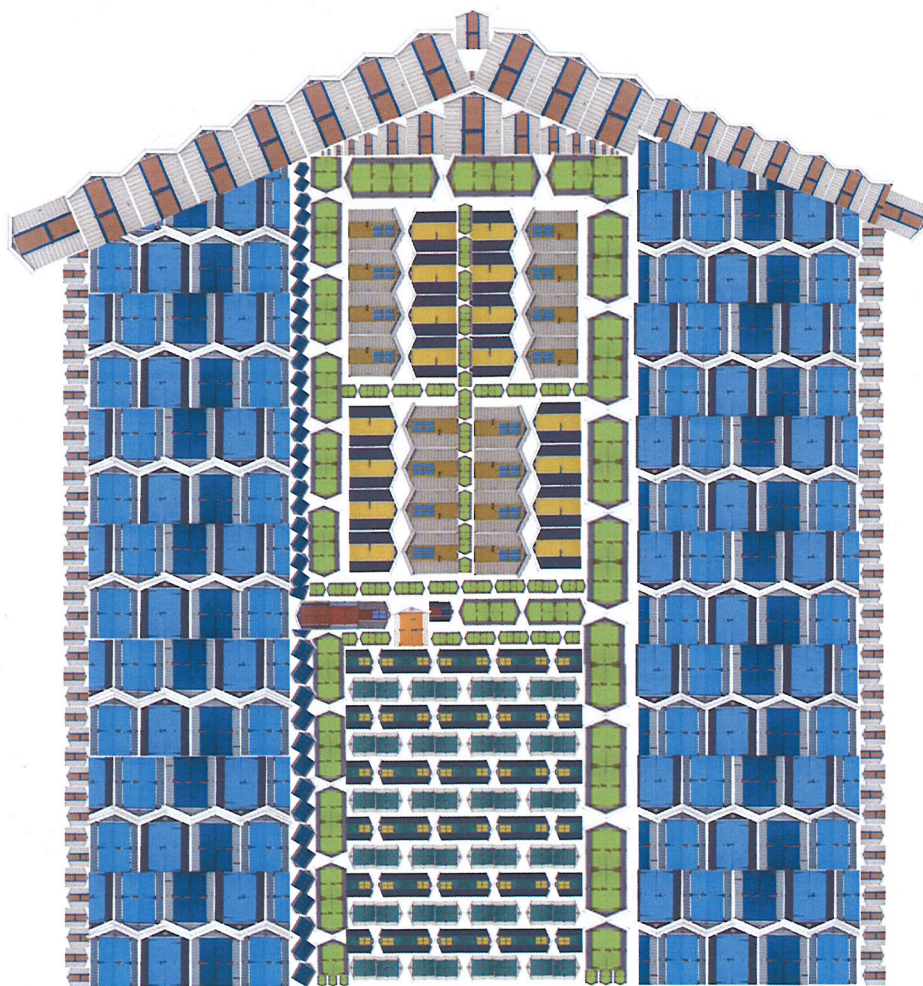
Joseph was constantly, ecstatically, tragically aware of his happiness. When he fumbled his keys from his pocket - there it was. As he cracked his knuckles one by one, bending each finger back in turn (or all at once against the side of his neck) – there it was. As he wrestled with insomnia - there it was, staring at him, blank eyed and idiotic. Its stupid, radiant grin would catch his eye in car windows, in distorted curves from chrome appliances. It would not leave him alone.

The happiness of Joseph Knut dogged him everywhere. It danced as he walked, it sang as he spoke. When he fucked, it made love, when he gave a glib smile, it racked his body with a belly laugh. Nonchalance, he could not pull off. Indifference was out of the question. Playing it cool, for Joseph Knut, was not an option. At best, he could manage an enthused, fidgety, frantic, grinning silence.

Martello Tower at Finvarra, County Clare.

Martello Towers are compact defensive forts built by the British in the early 19th Century at coastal positions throughout the British Empire. They are a development on earlier Corsican defensive towers, and draw their name and design from one at *Mortella*, which was completed in 1565. The design and implementation of the Martello Towers across the 140 locations at which they were constructed remained broadly consistent, and was later emulated and re-purposed for communications by other nations, including the United States of America and France. The inherent material durability, typological uniqueness and diverse geographies of the towers means that the majority have survived as accidental monuments to a war which they hardly served, and now resemble something prehistoric in the dramatic landscapes which they inhabit. The tower at Finvarra - built in 1816 on the western reaches of County Clare in Ireland - may be accessed by scaling the sheer wall by rope and entering into its solid mass through the void which formerly contained a reinforced door, four metres above ground level. Everything surplus to structure has decayed into oblivion, leaving only the stereotomic mass to resonate the sounds of the sea, in a dark mushroom-shaped echo chamber invigilated by the soaring of gulls and terns.





The Shifting Void

His shift started at 0000hrs.

The temperature of the lab was stifling and had produced condensation across the observation window, obscuring his view out. Lowering the thermostat and brewing some coffee, he prepared his mind for the 12-hour shift ahead. From the window he could see the previous scientist to occupy the room return to his quarters.

Sipping the black coffee, he let his gaze and mind drift for a moment through the observation window. Looking back at him: a view he never tires of, yet its composition minimal.

Clusters of dark, slender columns rise, descend and disappear into the infinite distance. A forest of steel without roots, branches or canopy despite efforts to climb to the stars and plummet to the earth below. At moments light breaks through the vast blackness, its source unknown, its legitimacy unknown. The columns fill the void with a blankness that he could gaze into indefinitely and let his imagination fill the space. His mind's potential his only limitation.

The columns shift with time, to create space for new inhabitants and new minds. Each column the same, each life predetermined. A deep cacophony filled the air as steel pushes, grinds and stretches to its tolerance: the sound of space compressing. Volumes shift ominously into their new positions. They move slowly and precariously.

People travel great distances to sign their minds away and inhabit these columns. All these bodies, all these minds and lives, wasting away for a dream, a fake dream that he has provided for them.

As he gazed out the viewing window he saw lab 269 moving to its next subjects. The lab, which binds the columns together like a clenched fist climbs endlessly higher and higher never to descend. Changing shifts, an employee approaches the lab and enters as another leaves with no exchange of gestures. Stepping out onto the suspended steel walkways, which weave in and out of the forest of columns, the employee returns to the accommodation quarter. Giving up their reality for a dream.

The lab jolts awake, his previous subjects sink through the bottom of the lab as new ones descend into position. The glazed windows that frame the faces of the patients become translucent with condensation. Approaching one of the pods, he puts the palm of his hand on the glass. The coldness hurts as small drips of water trickle down his fingers and fall to the floor. Wiping the widow he stares at his own reflection, asleep in his fictitious life.



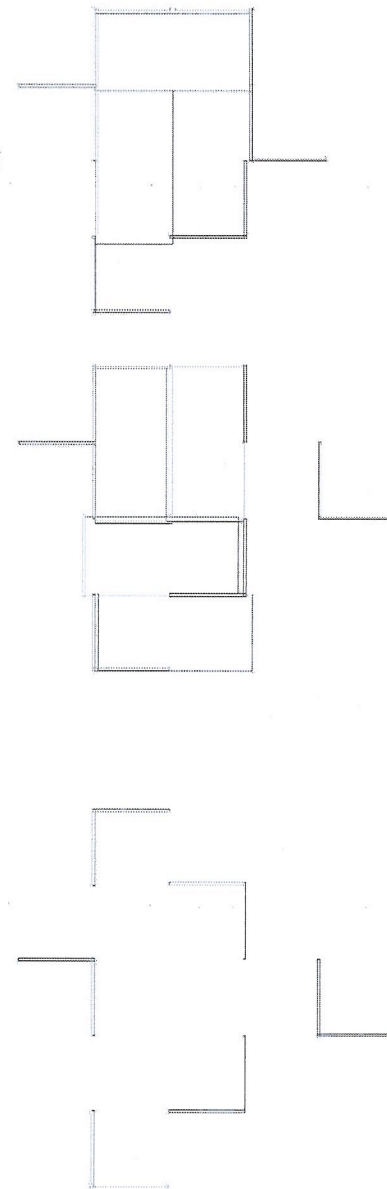
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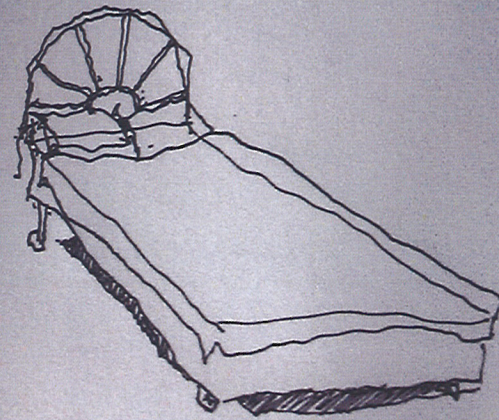
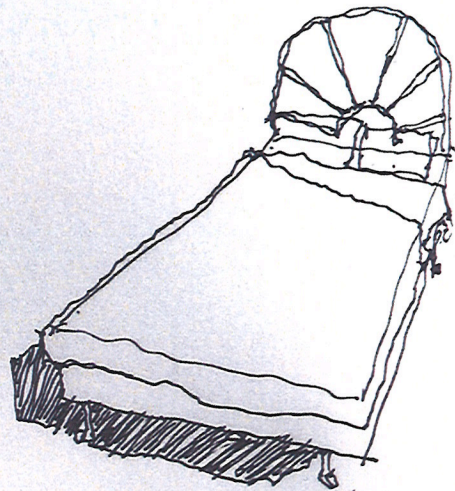
a collaborative project
as part of a study to
compose an oral history of
contemporary curatorial
practice within the
biennial structure.

while facilitating
encounters, the project
investigates the curation
of the conversation
and conversation as
performance within the
context of venice and
a wider international
art scene, allowing a
momentary withdrawal and
reflection on such ideas.

a nomadic object;
transient, fleeting.
occupying interstitial
space somewhere between
architecture, furniture,
sculpture, stage set.
acquiring traces of its
encounters, archiving its
journey.

various locations. Venice
Biennale June 2011





keys pressed	09:49 cmd+p	10:21 xz	anyway so I	14:07 t
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labyrinth	10:00 Hi	10:53 xz	11:45 Love Me	14:16 r
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09:08 x	possible.	10:56 x	you a copy	14:19 m
09:09 x	10:01 W	10:56 z	later today.	14:20 m
09:09 z	10:01 ?	10:56 x	I will be	14:21 t
09:09 x	10:13 at 9.30	10:59 z	starting the	14:22 l
09:11 z	if possible?	10:59 x	3D this	14:23 r
09:12 x	10:15 We are	11:01 z	evening.	14:23 t
09:14 8	hiring a Van	11:01 x	11:51 z	14:23 m
09:14 6	and are	11:01 WC	11:53	14:24 l
09:14 6	paying by the	11:01 Store	portmanteau	14:24 l
09:15 6	half hour so	11:01 Bedroom	11:54 mirth	14:26
09:15 6	we want to be	11:02 Kitchen	11:58 chairs	Existing Site
09:15 6	as quick as	11:02	in meeting 2	Location Plan
09:15 6	possible.	Living/Dining	11:59	14:26 n
09:15 6	10:15 We are	11:02 Sunroom	Basketball	14:28 m
09:15 6	hiring a Van	11:04 4	Elephant and	14:28 m
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09:15 6	need to be	11:08 z	12:04 I'm up	14:29 m
09:15 6	precise with	11:08 xz	for it, see	14:30 m
09:16 6	timing.	11:08 x	you tomorrow.	14:30 l
09:16 26	10:15 W	11:08 x	12:04 André	14:30 m
09:16 6	10:16 Can we	11:08 z	12:07 wilf	14:30 l
09:18 Desktop	please have	11:08 z	12:07 plams	14:31 l
Crap	your address	11:08 x	my space	14:31 r
09:23 z	and a contact	11:08 x	12:09 RSA	14:32 l
09:23 x	telephone	11:08 z	12:12 h	14:34 appy
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09:23 x	10:16 ?	11:10 cmd+p	13:49 you	14:35
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09:25 alex	10:16 Andre	11:16 la HH	13:50	Location Plan
dennis	10:17	11:40 I	apologies for	14:36
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09:31 z	reply.	the bath tub	and got side	14:38
09:31 c z	10:19 I am	in 124. The	tracked	Proposed Site
09:34 x	away from	11:41 .	13:51 If its	14:39
09:35 xz	Friday	Sarah's	not too late	Proposed
09:35 xz	evening until	wallpaper is	could I drop	House Plans
09:35 x	Sunday	peeling off	it off to you	14:39
09:36 z	morning, so	where I think	this evening	Proposed
09:37 xz	you guys	the	or have you	House Plans
09:37 xz	might have to	11:42 Paul	got a fax at	14:43
09:37 x	deal with it	will tell you	work?	Proposed
09:37 z	on your own.	but I think	13:52 schweet	Elevations 1
09:37 x	10:19 I have	its almost	13:53 has	14:43
09:38 zz	proposed	defin	sean dropped	Proposed
09:38 xz	Saturday at	11:42 helena	his round	Elevations 1
09:38 x	9.30.	11:43 Hi Dad,	yet?	14:50 RIB
09:39 z	10:21 z	11:44 I could	13:56 I was	14:50 A pop
09:39 x	10:21 x	come down	at the	up talk 28
09:41 classes	10:21 z	Friday if you	coronation.	june
library	10:21 x	want but I	he is indeed,	14:51 here
09:48 cmd+p	10:21 z	have already	lord of the	are the deets
09:48 cmd+p	10:21 xz	booked my	gays.	sexface.
09:49 cmd+p	10:21 x	train ticket?	14:05 l	14:51
09:49 cmd+p	10:21 z	It's cheap	14:06 t	http://www.lo

