

2012 SONA SUPERSTUDIO



SHIFTING

SANDS

THE BRIEF



Australian Institute of Architects



Student Organised Network for Architecture

Colorbond



SUPERSTUDIO 2012: SHIFTING SANDS

We architects and students of architecture are standing on shifting sands. The practice of architecture is moving into new territories beyond the old disciplinary boundaries. We must anticipate and interrogate the future for a mongrelised profession.

With the current stretching of architecture into new territories we can observe a concurrent and perverse retreat into architectural primitivism, limiting architecture to corporeal materiality. How will architects engage with the fast future while affirming material reality? What is your radical proposition for future culture, architecture, environment, and thought? What is the role of architecture in the coming centuries? Is the future of architecture fast, slow, ephemeral, digital, material, linguistic, political, economic, propositional, or dead?

SuperStudio 2012 requires you to materialise a future for architecture while engaging with the present. Entrants are asked to eschew objectivity and immerse themselves in a new critical practice. SuperStudio 2012 asks you for your personal architecture.

Entrants will form a council of three students from any faculty and from any university. Councils must have at least one architecture student and/or one SONA member.

Councils will devise an integrated response which will include three parts:

- A provisional manifesto
- An act of Gonzo Architecture to be performed in Venice at the Architecture Biennale
- An event space proposal for the 2013 National Architecture Conference

The purpose of this integrated brief is to demonstrate your council's ability to work across several disciplines and modes of thought simultaneously to create a single unified proposition.



THIS IS WHAT YOU NEED TO DO...

MANIFESTOS ARE DEAD, LONG LIVE MANIFESTOS¹

The time for manifestos has, of course, long since past. We are not interested in the manifesto as a final statement but as a catalyst, as a provisional document that distils your thoughts and ambitions into a didactic, digestible, and distributable form. The manifesto must include a written statement of between 2 and 2000 words and may include graphic content in addition to your written statement. This provisional manifesto will form the armature for your SuperStudio Council.

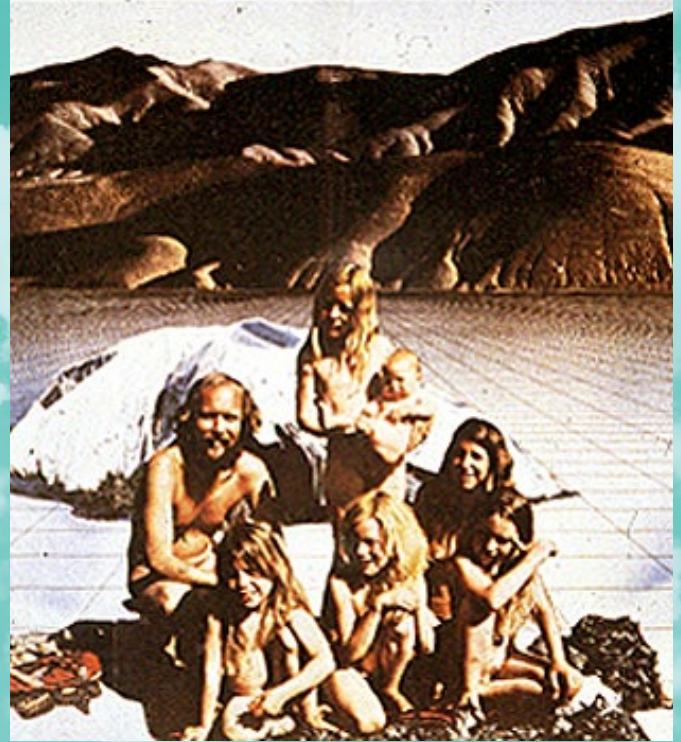
GONZO ARCHITECTURE IN VENICE

Your council will take its manifesto to the Venice Architecture Biennale. The chance to attend the 2012 Biennale is not just a prize, it is part of the brief. We ask that, using your provisional manifesto as a catalyst, you devise an act of Gonzo Architecture that will demonstrate your critical engagement with the Venice Biennale.

The term Gonzo Architecture refers to Gonzo Journalism:

Gonzo Journalism is a style of journalism that is written without claims of objectivity, often including the reporter as part of the story via a first-person narrative. The word "gonzo" is believed to be first used in 1970 to describe an article by Hunter S. Thompson, who later popularized the style. The term has since been applied to other subjective artistic endeavours.

Gonzo journalism tends to utilize personal experiences and emotions to achieve an accurate representation of a phenomenon, as compared to traditional journalism that favours using a detached writing style and relies on facts or quotations that can be verified by third parties. Gonzo journalism disregards the strictly edited product favoured by newspaper media and strives for a more gritty, personable approach—the personality of a piece is just as important as the event the piece is on.²



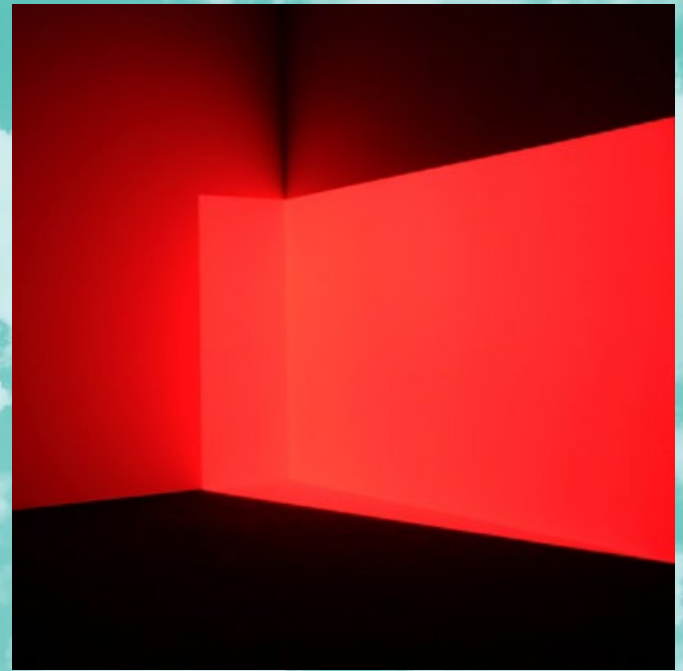
Your act of Gonzo Architecture is not limited to a piece of writing; rather it is an act of personal, emotive, and ambitious architecture. What story do you want to tell? How will you take your ideas, your manifesto, to the biggest, brightest architecture event on the planet? Gonzo Architecture puts you at the heart of the matter. This may take many possible forms; happenings, flashmobs, journalism, fringe pavilions, protests, guerrilla gardening, film, etc. How will you take the future to Venice?

NATIONAL ARCHITECTURE CONFERENCE 2013 - MELBOURNE

Councils will conceptualise an 'event space'; a potential home for SONA at the National Conference. How is the future practice of architecture to be communicated? What does the infinite freedom of conceptual thought feel like? Councils will respond to these issues and more by (re)presenting their Venice antics to the delegates at the National Conference through the medium of their event space.

The winning council will curate the event in association with the Institute.

Throughout all this we hope to see interdisciplinary teams that are able to find new ground between their traditional professional territories. Your outcomes and methodologies may not look like architecture.



DON'T PANIC

SUPERSTUDIO DELIVERABLES:

- Future Manifesto: A written statement between 2 and 2000 words. Graphic content may be included in addition to your written manifesto.
- Venice Proposal: A written statement and/or graphic content which describes how you will bring your manifesto to Venice.
- Event Space Proposal: Graphic material that describes your proposed event space. A written statement and/or graphic material which describe how you will bring your Venice antics back to the National Conference.

This material will be presented digitally. You may include as many slides as you like but will have no more than 3 minutes to present followed by 3 minutes of questions.

(ENDNOTES)

1/

I am for an art that is political-erotic-mystical, that does something other than sit on its ass in a museum.

I am for an art that grows up not knowing it is art at all, an art given the chance of having a staring point of zero.

I am for an art that embroils itself with the everyday crap & still comes out on top.

I am for an art that imitates the human, that is comic, if necessary, or violent, or whatever is necessary.

I am for an art that takes its form from the lines of life itself, that twists and extends and accumulates and spits and drips, and is heavy and coarse and blunt and sweet and stupid as life itself.

I am for an artist who vanishes, turning up in a white cap painting signs or hallways.

I am for an art that comes out of a chimney like black hair and scatters in the sky.

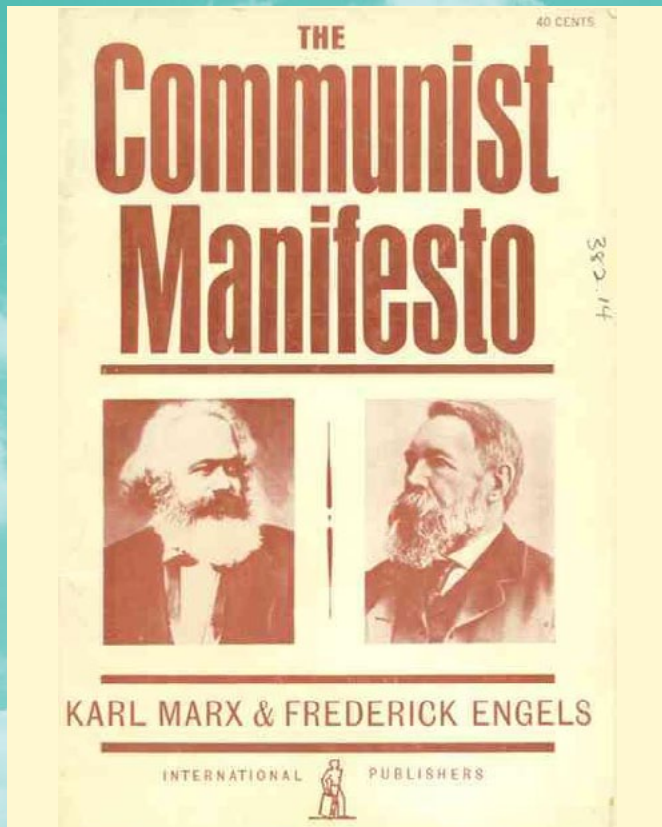
I am for an art that spills out of an old man's purse when he is bounced off a passing fender.

I am for the art out of a doggy's mouth, falling five stories from the roof.

I am for the art that a kid licks, after peeling away the wrapper.s

I am for an art that joggles like everyones knees, when the bus traverses an excavation.

I am for art that is smoked, like a cigarette, smells, like a pair of shoes.



I am for art that flaps like a flag or helps blow noses, like a handkerchief.

I am for art that is put on and taken off, like pants, which develops holes, like socks, which is eaten, like a piece of pie, or abandoned with great contempt, like a piece of shit.

I am for art covered with bandages, I am for art that limps and rolls and runs and jumps. I am for art comes in a can or washes up on the shore.

I am for art that coils and grunts like a wrestler. I am for art that sheds hair.

I am for art you can sit on. I am for art you can pick your nose with or stub your toes on.

I am for art from a pocket, from deep channels of the ear, from the edge of a knife, from the corners of the mouth, stuck in the eye or worn on the wrist.

I am for art under the skirts, and the art of pinching cockroaches.

I am for the art of conversation between the sidewalk and a blind mans metal stick.

I am for the art that grows in a pot, that comes down out of the skies at night, like lightning, that hides in the clouds and growls. I am for art that is flipped on and off with a switch.

I am for art that unfolds like a map, that you can squeeze, like your sweetys arm, or kiss, like a pet dog. Which expands and squeaks, like an accordion, which you can spill your dinner on, like an old tablecloth.

I am for an art that you can hammer with, stitch with, sew with, paste with, file with.

I am for an art that tells you the time of day, or where such and such a street is.

I am for an art that helps old ladies across the street.

I am for the art of the washing machine. I am for the art of a government check. I am for the art of last wars raincoat.

I am for the art that comes up in fogs from sewer-holes in winter. I am for the art that splits when you step on a frozen puddle. I am for the worms art inside the apple. I am for the art of sweat that develops between crossed legs.

I am for the art of neck-hair and caked tea-cups, for the art between the tines of restaurant forks, for odor of boiling dishwater.

I am for the art of sailing on Sunday, and the art of red and white gasoline pumps.

I am for the art of bright blue factory columns and blinking biscuit signs.

I am for the art of cheap plaster and enamel. I am for the art of worn marble and smashed slate. I am for the art of rolling cobblestones and sliding sand. I am for the art of slag and black coal. I am for the art of dead birds.

I am for the art of scratchings in the asphalt, daubing at the walls. I am for the art of bending and kicking metal and breaking glass, and pulling at things to make them fall down.

I am for the art of punching and skinned knees and sat-on bananas. I am for the art of kids' smells. I am for the art of mama-babble.

I am for the art of bar-babble, tooth-picking, beerdrinking, egg-salting, in-sulting. I am for the art of falling off a bartstool.

I am for the art of underwear and the art of taxicabs. I am for the art of ice-cream cones dropped on concrete. I am for the majestic art of dog-turds, rising like cathedrals.

I am for the blinking arts, lighting up the night. I am for art falling, splashing, wiggling, jumping, going on and off.

I am for the art of fat truck-tires and black eyes.

I am for Kool-art, 7-UP art, Pepsi-art, Sunshine art, 39 cents art, 15 cents art, Vatronol Art, Dro-bomb art, Vam art, Menthol art, L & M art Ex-lax art, Venida art, Heaven Hill art, Pamryl art, San-o-med art, Rx art, 9.99 art, Now art, New ar, How art, Fire sale art, Last Chance art, Only art, Diamond art, Tomorrow art, Franks art, Ducks art, Meat-o-rama art.



I am for the art of bread wet by rain. I am for the rat's dance between floors. I am for the art of flies walking on a slick pear in the electric light. I am for the art of soggy onions and firm green shoots. I am for the art of clicking among the nuts when the roaches come and go. I am for the brown sad art of rotting apples.

I am for the art of meowls and clatter of cats and for the art of their dumb electric eyes.

I am for the white art of refrigerators and their muscular openings and closing.

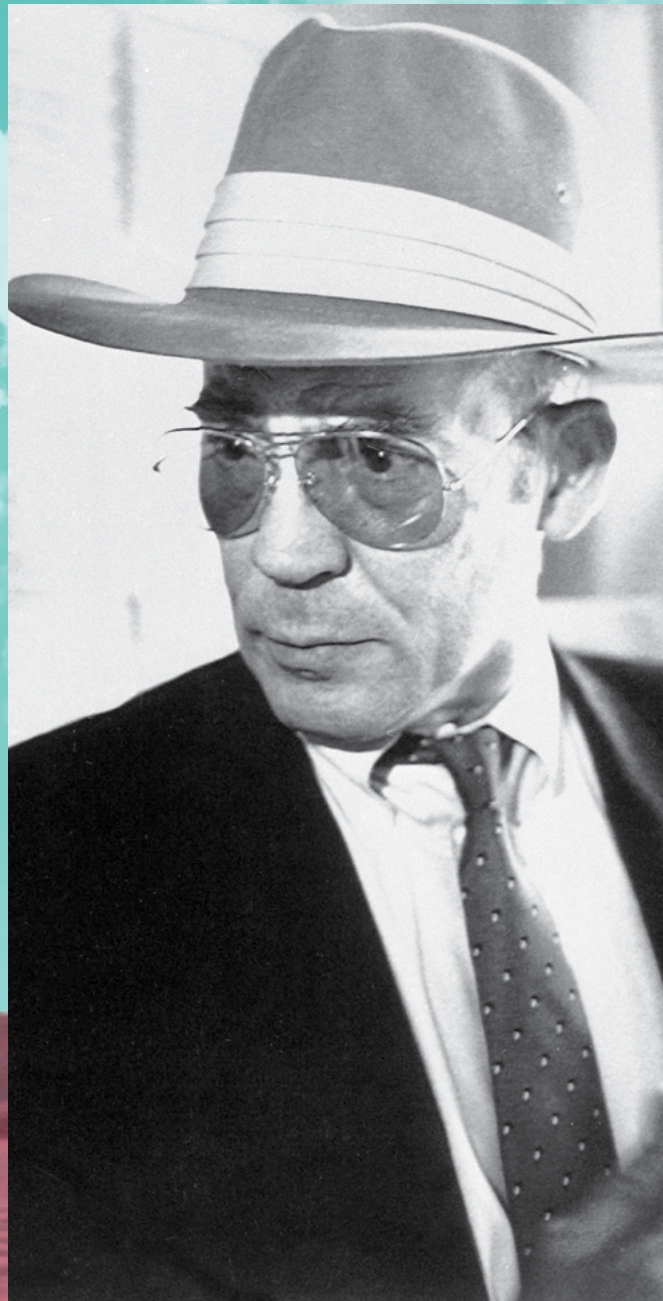
I am for the art of rust and mold. I am for the art of hearts, funeral hearts or sweetheart hearts, full of nougat. I am for the art of worn meathooks and singing barrels of red, white, blue and yellow meat.

I am for the art of things lost or thrown away, coming home from school. I am for the art of cock-and-ball trees and flying cows and the noise of rectangles and squares. I am for for the art of crayons and weak grey pencil-lead, and grainy wash and sticky oil paint, and the art of windshield wipers and the art of the finger on a cold window, on dusty steel or in the bubbles on the sides of a bathtub.

I am for the art of teddy-bears and guns and decapitated rabbits, explodes umbrellas, raped beds, chairs with their brown bones broken, burning trees, firecracker ends, chicken bones, pigeon bones, and boxes with men sleeping in them.

I am for the art of slightly rotten funeral flowers, hung bloody rabbits and wrinkly yellow chickens, bass drums & tambourines, and plastic phonographs.

I am for the art of abandoned boxes, tied like pharaohs. I am for an art of watertanks and speeding clouds and flapping shades.



I am for U.S. Government Inspected Art, Grade A art, Regular Price art, Yellow Ripe art, Extra Fancy art, Ready-to-eat art, Best-for-less art, Ready-to-cook art, Fully cleaned art, Spend Less art, Eat Better art, Ham art, Pork art, chicken art, tomato art, bana art, apple art, turkey art, cake art, cookie art.

add:

I am for an art that is combed down, that is hung from each ear, that is laid on the lips and under the eyes, that is shaved from the legs, that is burshed on the teeth, that is fixed on the thighs, that is slipped on the foot.

square which becomes blobby

Claes Oldenburg, May 1961

2/ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gonzo_journalism