

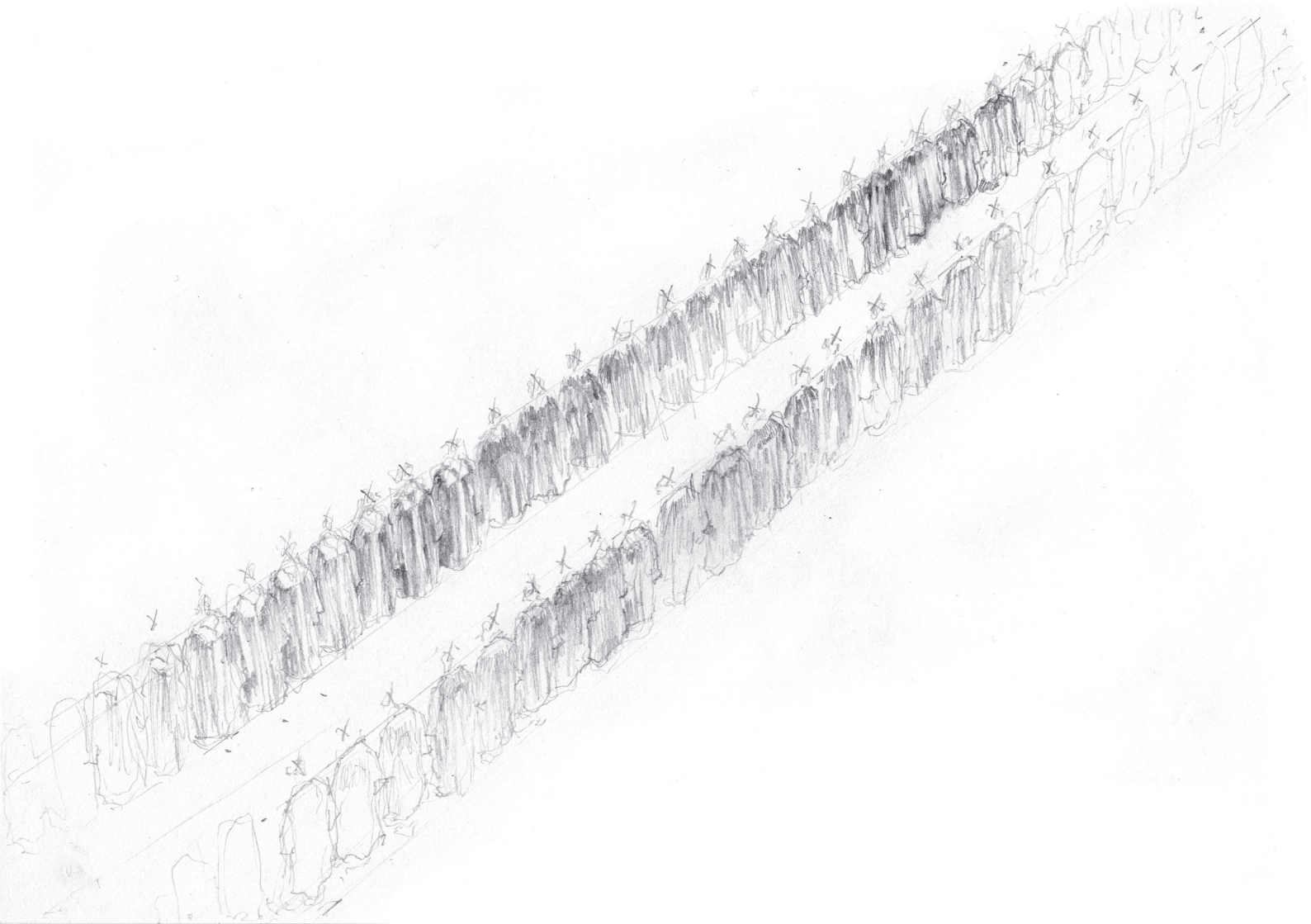
roaming
architectural
objects

(seth weiner)



(a)

It begins with two walls
which form a corridor.



celebration & dissent

Two weeks after my Bar Mitzvah, my parents and I drove twenty miles south of Flint to pick up my brother Brandon from marching band camp. Having joined the high school band, he was enrolled in a week-long intensive training session where he stayed in a cabin with the other freshmen trombonists. Using a church campus as its site, the camp was hidden behind a row of trees next to the highway, marked by an ominous marquee which read, “Are you on the right road?” When we arrived, a group of counselors ushered us onto the grass for a demonstration from the campers. Rows of flutes, horns and drums paraded in front of us, sorting out a clumsy sense of order as they marched through a rendition of Chicago’s “25 or 6 to 4”.

When not at camp, the band, led by an enigmatic man named Mr. Trummell, practiced every afternoon in an empty lot adjacent to the high school football field. The football team also held practice every afternoon. Unaware that the band’s sole purpose was in fact to celebrate their existence, sweaty football players would lean against the fence in between their drills and scrimmages to yell at the band. Sometimes it was directed at specific individuals, but



often it was just a blanket of anger focused on the mass of whimsical costumes, the choreography and the perceived lack of athleticism. Mr. Trummell seemed oblivious to the whole dynamic, or probably just chose to ignore it, conducting through it with one hand, tugging at the waist of his oversized khakis with the other.

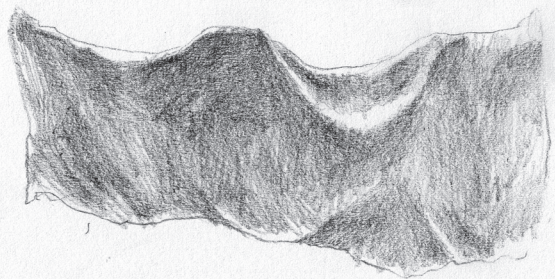
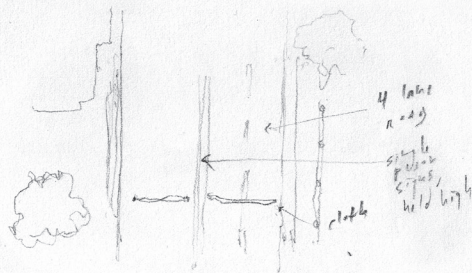
One Saturday morning, after having strategically missed all of the season's football games, I was dragged by my mom to a Fall parade that my brother's marching band was playing in. When we dropped him off in a parking lot on the north end of Saginaw Rd., the band was nervously toying with their uniforms and instruments, surrounded by a handful of derelict buildings, glittering floats and the football team dressed in their full gear. After parking the car we walked a bit and eventually found a place on the sidewalk to watch the parade, unfolded our beach chairs and waited under the grey sky without much conversation.

One by one, a succession of bagpipers, decorated school buses, cop cars, dance troupes and paper mâché floats crawled by. Having just received that month's copy of Big Brother, I buried my attention into its pages, the limbs, crowns and clothing of the parade dissolving into neighborhoods of texture at the edge of my vision. When the distant rumble of drums and brass finally approached, my

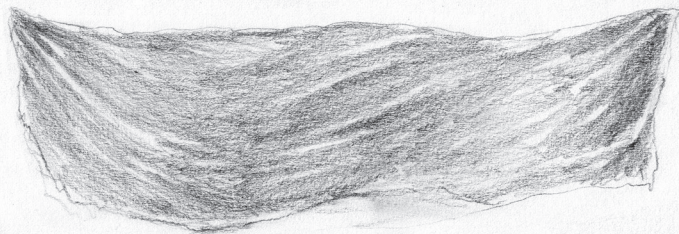
mom signaled to me that this was the moment. I picked up my head to see a gap in front of us, the twirling red and black flags of the color guard being pushed forward by the steps of the marching band. As they moved, the band's rhythm created a void which functioned as a mobile stage, isolating their unit from the string of other parade spectacles.

At the rear edge of the band an equal sized void opened behind, the fully uniformed football team pushing it forward while standing on top of a football shaped float. A few feet from our seats there was a large entrance for service trucks where the metal police barricades were interrupted and there were no spectators. When the football float passed in front of the gap, the players launched a cloud of hard candy through the air at the band. As the candy connected with various brass instruments and body parts, the syncopated rhythm of the fight song drooped for a matter of a beat or two. It was impressive how little the candy assault had affected their focus. Only after watching the float drift much further down the road did the band's nonchalant reaction make sense. Every time the football players encountered another gap in the crowd – whom they were gently tossing candy to and cheering with – they would send a hailstorm of candy at the marching band, *their* marching band.

SKOPJE, MACEDONIA
AGAINST POLICE
BRUTALITY



↑
3 carriers

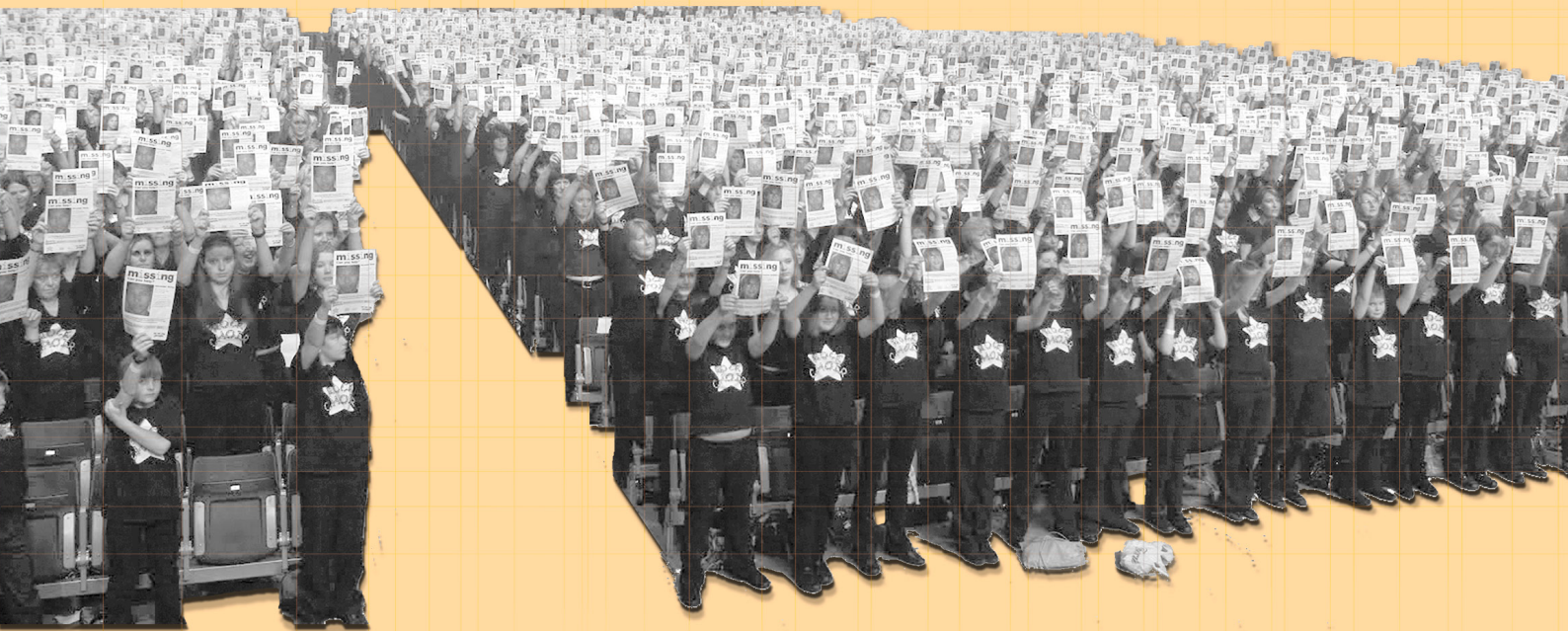


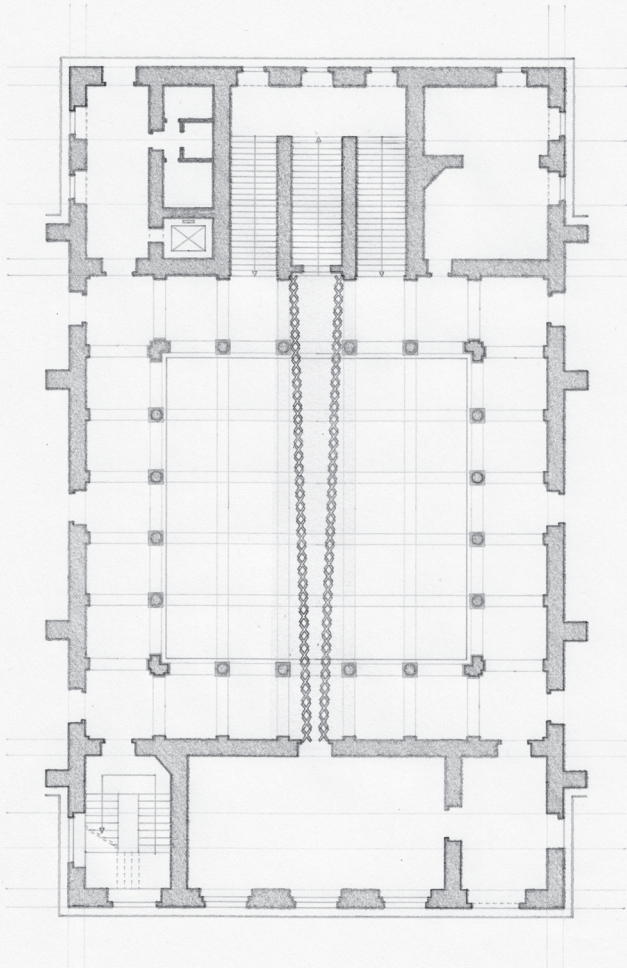
↑ 3 carriers
4 lanes, minus a
gap in the middle

A few years later, when some friends and I were skating a bump in Holy Family's parking lot, we heard a distant rumble of cheers and sirens. After coasting through the paved entrance to get a closer look, we arrived at an empty sidewalk, the same spot where my mom and I had sat years before. Stretching as far as we could see, a mass of demonstrators marched up Saginaw St., pushing a void forward with banners which read: "U.A.W. On Strike", "G.M., Honor Your Social Contract!", "United Auto Workers: We Fight Today for a Better Tomorrow" and "50,000 Eliminated Since '79, No More Outsourcing!" Metal police barriers lined the edges of the street in the same formation as they had during the parade, using the same route. This time though, instead of creating a corridor which kept the crowd *out* of the parade, the barriers ensured that the crowd of protesters was held *in*.









position (a)

The consequences of all of those
bodies pressed together in space.

(a)

Barock
Orient
Historismus
MAK Design Shop
Barock
Mittelalter
Ausstellungshalle



(a - b)

There will be transition,
scattering even.



the pragmatics of trust

Micky Merollis's dad owned a car dealership in Flint which consisted mostly of Chevys, Buicks and the occasional Cadillac. His younger brother Rob, had a voice with a specific hollow to it, like something in his neck had broken loose. Micky's speech was the opposite of Rob's though; dispossessed yet feverish, canceling out his brother's sound with every other word. He would often summon us to gather around him, yelling until our self-assurance had slowly disassembled. When he spoke, words would exit violently from underneath his fuzzy upper lip, attacking the air and covering the surroundings in a mist of promising suburban-ness.

At the edge of our neighborhood there was a driving range which seemed to slide out of the woods, grabbing a handful of trees and a parking lot with it in the process. Following the green's contour was Burning Tree, a road populated with rows of historical quotes; mostly ranches and colonials built in the 1970's. Some of the houses backed up against the driving range, their kitchens and living rooms eagerly awaiting the chance to swallow stray golf balls into domesticity. Looking back at it now, its layout seemed designed to be antagonistic: refined men hidden from view, launching little white balls senselessly into





the landscape from their position at the top of the hill, the only access road to the neighborhood falling directly underneath their swinging clubs. A rough concrete curb did little to keep the contents of the grass from spilling onto the street, the odd sloping of the hill and proximity to the road lending itself to the occasional stray ball shattering a windshield or bouncing excitedly down the pavement.

One afternoon, Micky generously walked a group of us neighborhood kids to the driving range and demystified the mechanics of the whole process. He said that after the golf balls had hit the grass and stopped moving, they were free. His explanation wasn't championing animism, or an attempt to reject accepted ideas about ownership, but was as literal as he had stated it. We had no reason not to believe him; he had presented the scenario with such confidence and conviction that we were mobilized before even understanding what we were following him into. Shortly after the preview tour we assembled in his driveway where he ceremoniously handed each one of us a black plastic trash bag. Veiled by a cloak of shared purpose, we then jogged through a series of backyards, entering the perimeter of the driving range with little concern for who could see us. Upon entering, each one of us began picking up as many balls as we could hold. I remember how smooth they felt, their identical dimples and predictable size, the

thin sounding click they made when sliding into the trash bag, the satisfying metronome locating each person's separate position in space. It was in that moment of picking that I felt like I really belonged to the ensemble, each foraged ball solidifying my sense of membership within the group.

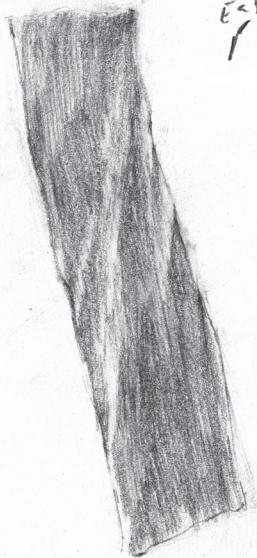
Before this euphoric montage could mature, a menacingly slow golf cart approached. The man wasn't yelling, I don't remember him even looking upset. Nevertheless his presence signaled a certain authority which delineated an exterior boundary around our ensemble. I'll never know what message he came to deliver; maybe he was just coming to thank us for our service or give us tips on how to better empty the green. Micky though, our glorious leader, had a different read altogether, instinctively dropping his nearly-full trash bag and breaking into a sprint along the contour of the road. He could run pretty fast, but it was a husky fast, his legs passing one another in an unseemly way. Then without skipping a beat, the rest of the ensemble followed his lead in frantic unison, dispersing into backyards and onto the street. The confusion of the whole scenario was so overwhelming that I just stood in place, holding my trash bag, uncontrollably pissing myself while everybody else ran by. The paper thin fabric of my soccer shorts transformed instantly from shimmering,

iridescent silver to see-through nylon as it tried to absorb the liquid. The warm acidity of my urine was not of the satisfying variety though, like when in a pool or bathed in the hallucinations of a dream. It was fearful and panicked, collecting in the cotton of my socks. A reminder of how I hadn't yet internalized the code of the group, intuitively responding in lockstep with the unspoken will of the collective. Thankfully, there was no time for the normal rituals of humiliation; my belonging to the imagined community already crushed under the weight of an outsider's authoritative gaze.

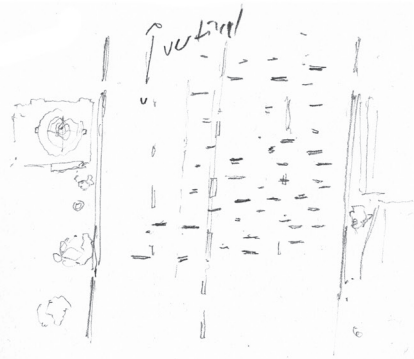
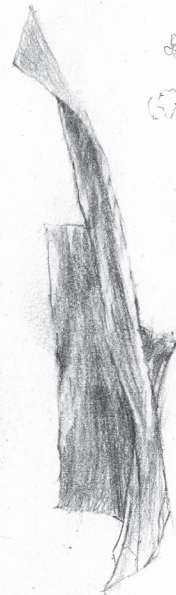
It wasn't long that I stood there alone, frozen in my own piss. Only a minute or two had passed before I dropped my trash bag and began running. I remember seeing a storm drain pressed into the green, taunting my lack of bladder control, its steel grate fighting for a rectangle in the manicured earth. Chugging my fat little body along, I wove sloppily through a haze of shrubbery and miniature Palladian porticos while wetness chased after my legs. When I finally arrived home, I was a rancid combination of fluid and tears, an unknown quantity of defeat as my detachment from the group began to settle in.

1 sign /
carrier

Belated
Easter
parade



20 +
carriers
Jesus is risen
(SYDNEY)



I've always imagined that the rest of the ensemble had intentions similar to mine about the freed balls, at least for the moments while we were quietly picking them, unified by method and the calm of unwavering focus. Together we would have lobbed those golf balls into the air and swung as hard as possible at them with metal baseball bats, our bond growing with every hit. There would be no aiming or directionality, just the shear euphoria of inertia punctuated by the occasional and welcome damaging of property. We would have decontextualized, uprooted, and scattered the golf balls into the world, proposing a new life for them outside of an endless loop of circulation.

At that time, Micky had the seemingly unique ability to dictate which social codes were developed and enforced, elegantly manipulating their meaning to his advantage. Eventually though, when he entered public high school a few years later, he proved to be as delicate as us followers. After an incident where he was supposedly caught jerking off in the locker room showers, he quickly relocated to Powers, a nearby Catholic school, his new reputation following him well beyond graduation and into adulthood. Only now do the lopsided interactions of our ensemble seem to have grown from a reciprocal need for acceptance and social reinforcement, a shared sense of embarrassment for being in the world remedied only by temporary but significant spells of belonging.



For a choir of roughly one hundred members — Performed during the course of an evening, lasting approximately 96 minutes.

During the course of the evening, the choir will be moving between two architectural forms, one being a corridor (a) the other a wall (b).

The formations are always held for approximately 4 minutes, while the transition time between them is also approximately 4 minutes. There will be no timer, which leaves the sense of duration up to each individual choir member. Some members will arrive at the upcoming position in advance of others, but each consecutive section of time should only begin once nearly every member has arrived. Those who arrive early should wait and sustain their previous notes.

When holding formations (a) and (b), each member is to sustain one note at the edge of their own personal vocal register within a range notated as either *low*, *mid* or *high*. Using a vowel sound, the note should begin and end gradually, its edges emerging and disappearing almost imperceptibly. Breathing should be staggered, the overall effect of the choir approaching a seemingly static body of sound. It is also recommended that each member take a couple minutes of silence from time to time, avoiding the overlapping of these breaks as best as possible. In regards to the formations, members should never stand in the same place twice.

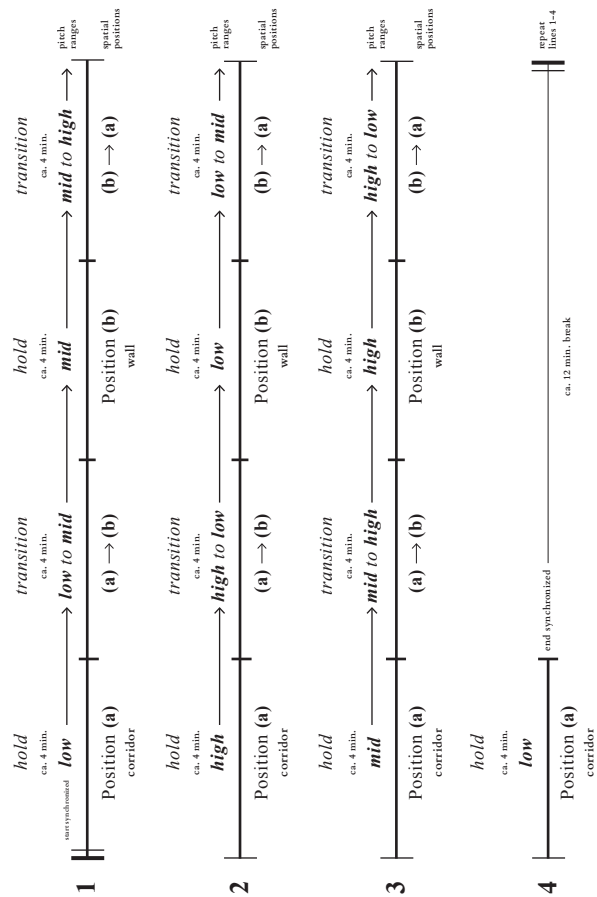
(choir corridor)

For each step taken while transitioning, a single note is to be sung and sustained for as long as possible. Only after running out of breath is the next footstep to be taken, the pitch either ascending or descending, depending on the notation. The size of both the footstep and the change in pitch is meant to best approximate the distance to be covered over the course of 4 minutes, so that each member arrives at the upcoming position and pitch range at about the right time.

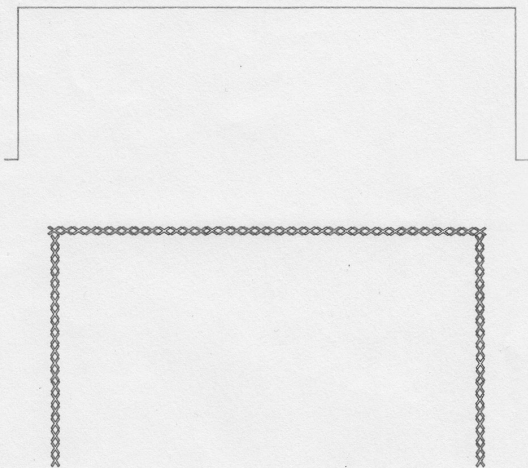
The overall dynamic is medium quiet to comfortably loud.

The following notation shows the relationship between pitch range (*low*, *mid*, *high*), spatial position and time.

If performed elsewhere, the spatial configurations should be adjusted to interact with the specific context as well as with the number of singers. Using the existing geometry, both the corridor and the wall should sufficiently connect and block relevant aspects of the architecture's use. The duration can also be adjusted by changing the amount of repeats, but the basic patterns should be kept in place, while the last section should always be a held position.

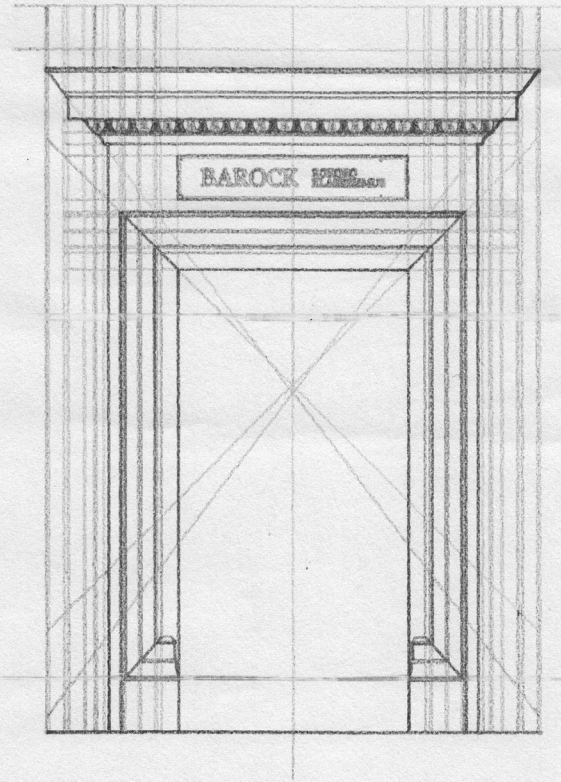


(a)



(b)

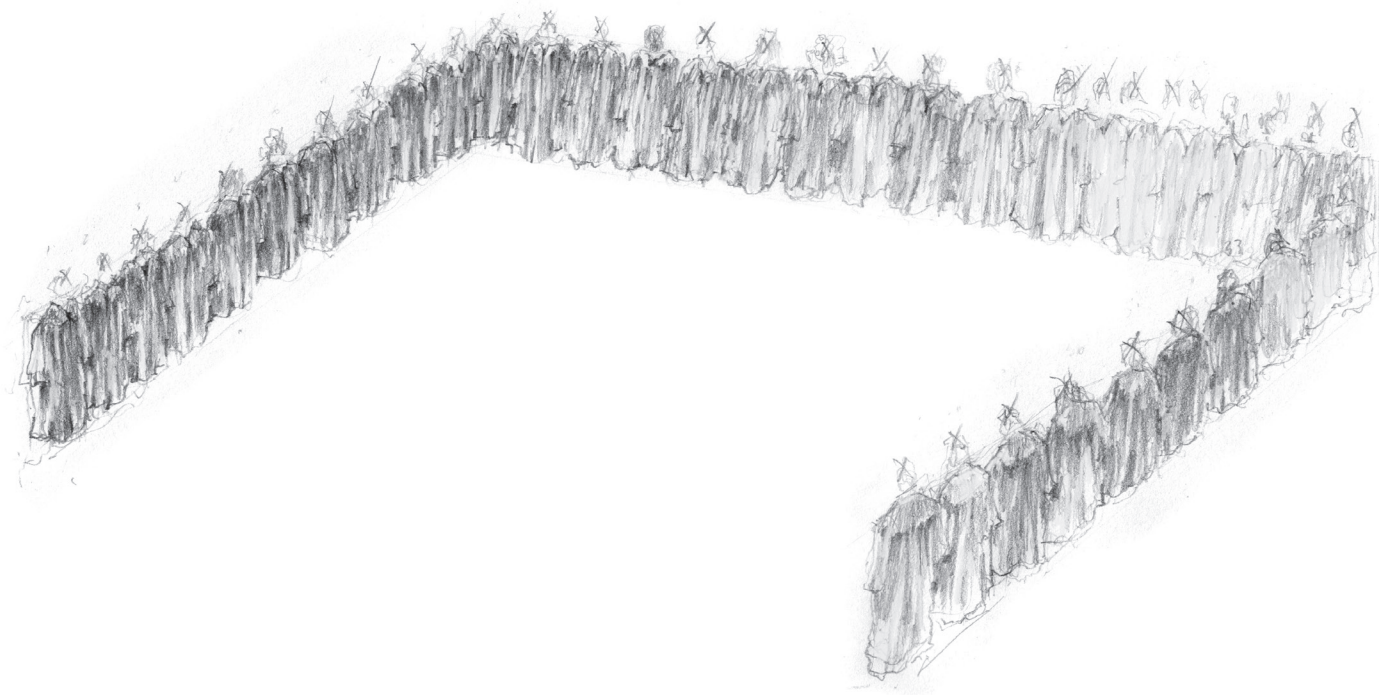






(b)

A wall will gather, this
time as a single line.



mythical boundaries

When I first arrived in L.A. a few years ago, I moved into a house that was nested within a tight residential grid on the northeast border of Atwater Village, directly above Chevy Chase Blvd. Surrounded by large plots of indiscriminate box stores and scrap yards, the neighborhood was the result of colliding axis, its shape gently influenced by the contour of the adjacent and often dry L.A. River. At its edges the neighborhood stopped abruptly, the shift in scale obstructed by thin strips of bushes which were absorbed by a long chain link fence. On the western block of Sequoia, the road's straightness held a series of squat apartment buildings and duplicate shotgun homes with small front lawns, sunburnt facades and tall, rusted white metal gates. Predictable and relentless, the sequence of gates mirrored the social space of each preceding street, their careful rectangle boundaries pushing lawn and landscape to the limits of each property line. Without much notice the street terminated in a lot covered with bleached brush. From that dead end, spots of colored planes and corrugated aluminum from a scrap yard peeked through the growth, disconnected and easily ignored. At night when it was quiet, you could hear intermittent tides of traffic





from the I-5 filling the riverbed with melodic noise, their movement resonating along the sloped concrete embankments, teasing the absence of water with its own sound.

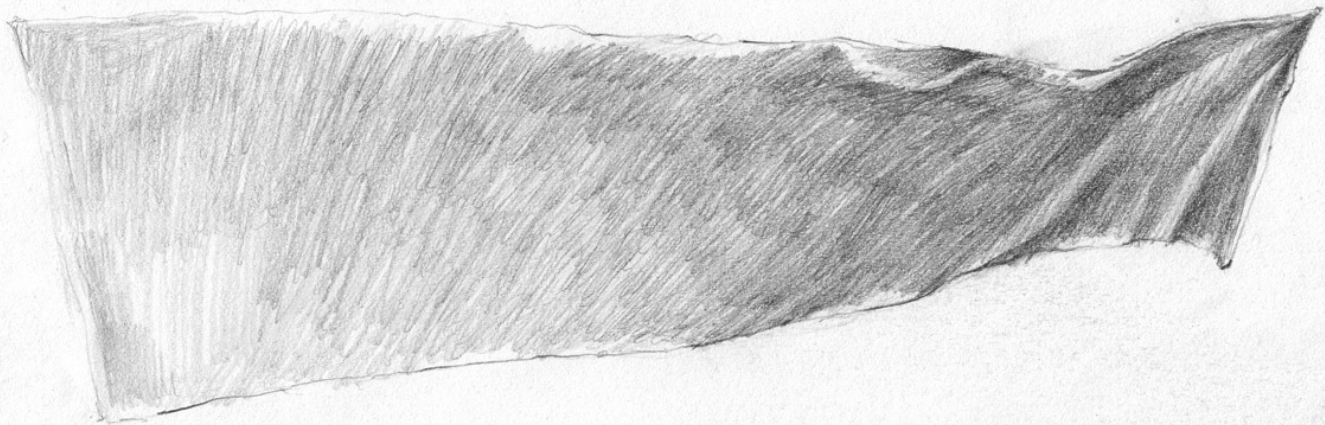
The small, two-bedroom house we found on Craig's List had paper thin walls, thick, low arched doorways and a porch big enough for two chairs. The construction of its interior seemed to have happened at different times and under conflicting conditions. Sunny, the realtor, had recently renovated the house and hastily put it on the market; the first in a series of properties she'd bought in an attempt to quietly gentrify the block, one overpriced rental at a time. We were the first unsuspecting renters. My more knowledgeable roommate, Terry, had lived in L.A. for nearly ten years but for some reason I went alone to visit the place, and out of impatience and naivety signed the lease on the spot. I slept in the back room of the house, my mattress placed across from a corner that would calmly disappear under the shadow of late afternoon, the perception of walls flattening out as if made from one long, continuous surface. There was a guest house in the back of the lot that I could see through my window. The man who'd lived there for thirty years had died while sitting in his chair. For the first two months we were there the guest house was unlocked, and on occasion we'd walk through the single room and admire the tobacco stained wallpaper

and variations in the carpet indexing where the furniture had been, his presence somehow suspended in the absence of objects. Later, Doyle von Frankenstein and Gorgeous George moved into the guest house with their daughter Chicken. Once, while dressed in his full Misfits stage gear and makeup, Doyle knocked on the door asking if we had any macaroni and cheese he could have. He also told me that Danzig listens to Abba on repeat when they ride around in his truck, which makes sense somehow.

At the entrance of our block sat a corner store that went through a daily ritual of having its facade reformulated. Urgent, scrawled texts would emerge and disappear in spray paint, layering upon one another until the tile had become bruised with pigment. The strokes of the capital letters were thin and confident, their body widths monospaced and nonhierarchical in their urgency. The characters' shoulders were sharp, folding into forty-five degree angles, then hitting an implied baseline as if the tails of the letters were broken upon impact. All of the postings, abbreviations, names, numbers (and the inevitable crossing-out) adhered to this typographic standard, the gymnastics of graffiti with a capital "G" abandoned for a more direct format. For most of my time living in the neighborhood, the meaning of the language remained utterly foreign. I could understand the basic function of the wall as a mes-

sage board which documented a contest for territory, but not much beyond that. I often fantasized about how the language had evolved, the process of its aesthetics being inherited and transformed, and wondered what the conditions of learning it were. I imagined in-depth seminars exploring methods for creating undiscovered words, workshops which attributed typography and placement to their respective cliques and large maps where boundaries were shifted daily to accommodate the transitory nature of informal ownership.

Within a year of living there, an invisible architecture slowly emerged, tracing the edges of the block, its figure-ground relationship unstable, oscillating violently within its perimeter. One Saturday night my roommate Terry and a group of our friends were dancing around our living room, drinking Tecates and doing mild amounts of blow, his turntables obsessively repeating "Love Come Down" by Evelyn Champagne King. Some friends who had just arrived pulled a group of people from the makeshift dance floor into the kitchen and said that some guys had stopped them when they were driving down our block. After flagging them down, the guys asked where they were going, who they knew, and told them that they needed to drive slow on this street. A mild haze of paranoia started to surround the party, growing with each new guest's arrival



13 carriers
w. 1012 of 1000
Heritage of Pri 10

and report of experiencing the same checkpoint. The next morning, as I was leaving the house, I saw that the word “Toonerville” had been spray painted on the curb in front of where my mini-van was parked, the typeface identical to that used on the corner store.

After a couple of weeks of seeing no other obvious signals directed at us, we returned to a life of blissful oblivion. Another Saturday night party rolled around, “Love Come Down”, dancing, beer, pretty much the same crowd of people. As the night grew later everything seemed calm; helicopters made their normal rounds by whistling through the air with searchlights in tow, friends came and went without hassle. At one point though, after I had fallen asleep, a panicked friend walked through our front door, convened some of the partyers in the kitchen and asked if anyone knew which gang ran our block. He had been stopped at the same checkpoint, where the group of guys told him he was lucky he spoke Spanish, otherwise being dark-skinned was enough to “get you fucked up in this neighborhood”. Within a few minutes of relaying this, the same group of guys came knocking on our door. Unburdened by fear, our friend Miguel stepped onto the porch. The guys told him they were from Toonerville, to which Miguel responded, “And...”



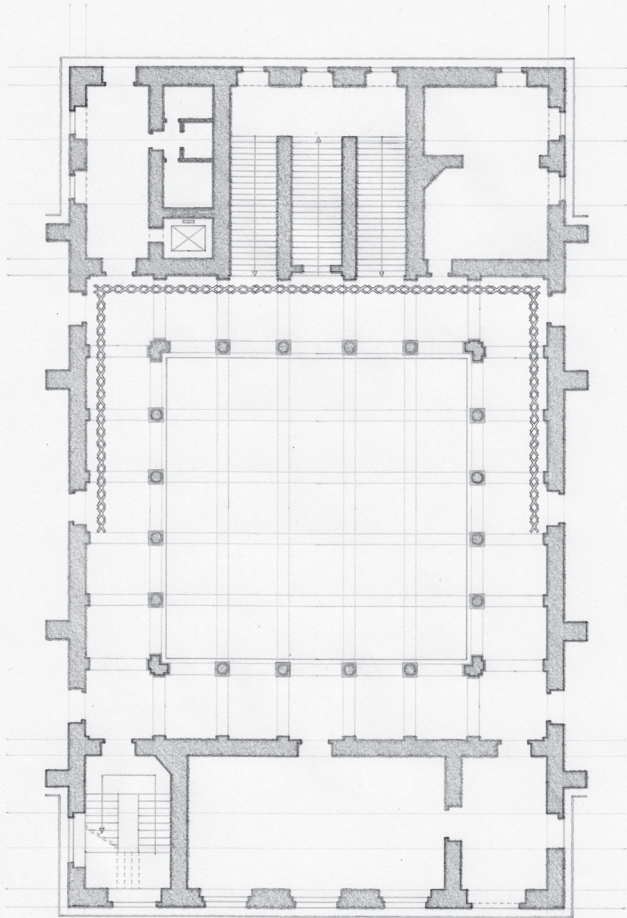
One of the guys then answered by punching him in the face and telling him we all had to leave the block immediately; it had been theirs for fifty years. Miguel came back inside, ducking into the bathroom, blood smeared and dripping from his nose. I stumbled groggily out of my room to find all of the lights in the house turned off. The entire party was huddled in the kitchen, whispering about possible scenarios until a wall of fear had wrapped itself firmly in place around the perimeter of the block, its structure reinforced with myth rather than material.



**Bands
Stop
Playing
Music
Here**

**BAND
PLAY
STREET
CADENCE
HERE**



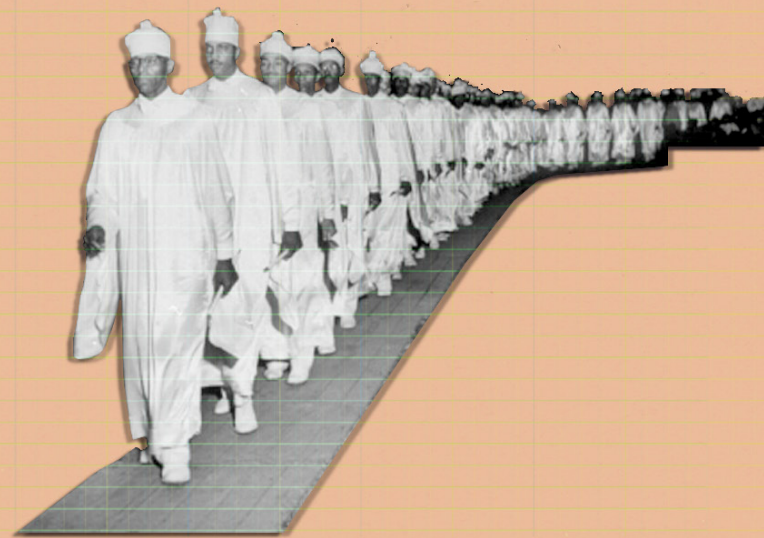


position (b)

The consequences of all of those
bodies pressed together in space.

(b)

Kaminzimmer
Bibliothek
Lesesaal
Kunstblätter
Direktion (3 doors)
Wien 1900
Ausstellunghalle
Barock
Orient
Historismus
MAK Design Shop
Barock
Mittelalter
Ausstellunghalle



Bokuchor Wien	cm
Julia BROSSOK	180
Christiane DAJENG	158
Elisabeth DENK	175
Berenike FALK	154
Cordula FÖTSCH	167
Kerstin HÄNEL	171
Georg HUBMER	175
Traudi KOTEK	163
Martina KREISSL	170
Susanne KUMMER	168
valentin LISZT	182
Maxe MACKINGER	168
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Ulli MAUSER	165
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Doris PESATA	167
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Marlene ROTTENBACHER	169
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Martin SCHEIDT	196
Klara STANGL	160
Kathrin STEINWEG	173
Irmgard STELZER	170
Johann STRUBE	180
Magdalena TORDY	163
Roland WEYSS	180

Wiener Kammerchor	cm
Elisa CAVAGNIS	173
Vera Maria CHARVAT	166
Oleksandra DIACHENKO	168
Daniel DOMBO	178
Gerhard EIDHER	175
Barbara EGGER-RAMSER	170
Magdalena GERNER	162
Claudia HABER	172
Richard HITTER	180
Veronika KÖNIG	178
Elke MANNER-PROCHART	170
Roswitha MICKO	169
Annelies PFEIFER	162
Laurentius RAINER	183
Barbara SCHANDL	168
Elisabeth STEINDL	170
Karin STIFTER	152
Ronald TETTINEK	185
Alice WAGINGER	165
Johannes WAWRA	180
Hsiu-Yen WU	165
choir director	
Stephan JUNG	

9209

(a)

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MAK Columned Main Hall, Entrance

Photo © MAK/Katrin Wißkirchen

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Robed & Idealized Corridor, Choir Corridor Position (a)

Seth Weiner, 2013

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May 6 Prisoners March, Moscow, June 12, 2013

Photo by Alexander Zemlianichenko / AP, 2013

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Wagner High Marching Band, N.Y. Giants Parade, N.Y.C., February 7, 2012

Photo by Ronelle Prickett, 2012

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Moving Barriers Study, 6 Carriers, Middle of the Road Gap (Skopje)

Seth Weiner, 2013

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Anti-Putin March for Political Reform, Moscow, February 4, 2012

Photo by nouseforname / Shutterstock, 2012

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Ninth Floor of 100 Broadway, N.Y. Giants Parade, N.Y.C., February 5, 2008

Photo by Fred R. Conrad / The New York Times, 2008

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Ticker Tape, Canyon of Heroes Sky, N.Y. Giants Parade, February 7, 2012

Author Unknown

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Enveloping Corridor, Songs for the Missing (Basingstoke Rock Choir)

Seth Weiner, 2013

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MAK Columned Main Hall, Choir Corridor Position (a)

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MAK Columned Main Hall, Programmed Rooms

(a - b)

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Largest Human Flag Record (24,200 people), Lahore, Pakistan, October 22, 2012

Photo by Abul Nasir Khan

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Robed & Idealized Field, Choir Corridor Position (a - b)

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Trinity College Choir Practice

Photo by Keith Saunders, 2011

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Moving Barrier Study, Jesus is Risen, Belated Easter Parade (Sydney)

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Scattering Study, Backstage Sit-In (Melbourne)

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(Tear Away) Choir Corridor Score

Seth Weiner, 2013

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Chicago Teachers Union Sit-In, Chicago, March 27, 2013

Photo by Chris Sweda / Chicago Tribune, 2013

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MAK Permanent Collection, Baroque Rococo Classicism, Entrance

Seth Weiner, 2013

(b)

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CUPE Strike, Barnaby, 2012

Photo by Bargaining @ TSSU, 2012

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Robed & Idealized Wall, Choir Corridor Position (b)

Seth Weiner, 2013

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G-20 Summit Protest, Queen's Park, Toronto, June 28, 2010

Photo by Peter J. Thompson / National Post, 2010

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Elmayer Kränzchen, Hofburg Ball, Vienna, February 12, 2013

Photo by G.Fayer, 2013

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Moving Barrier Study, 13 Carriers, Heritage of Pride Parade (N.Y.C.)

Seth Weiner, 2013

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Mens Choir, Soccer Match

Author Unknown

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Dress Rehearsal, Presidential Inaugural Parade, Washington D.C., January, 2013

Photo by Chip Somodevilla / Getty Images 2013

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Heroes' Square on National Day, Heldenplatz, Vienna, October 25, 2004

Author Unknown / Federal Ministry of Defense and Sports, 2004

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MAK Columned Main Hall, Choir Corridor Position (b)

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MAK Columned Main Hall & 1st Floor, Programmed Rooms

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Moving Barrier, Choir Marching onto Field of God (Griffith Stadium. L.A.)

Seth Weiner, 2013

back cover

Banner Study, Land of Promise Model (Emerald)

Seth Weiner, 2013

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&
our new sea turtle,
Manès

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Seth Weiner

Choir Corridor

November 26, 2013

performed by
Wiener Kammerchor & Boku-Chor, Wien

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Stubenring 5, 1010 Vienna, Austria



GREEN

incl. of promise
→ VK