THREE HOUSES
PLAN A DEATH
PART 1  FORMAT

House for A Funeral  (before revolution)
Act 1, Scene 1: Funeral, A socialist’s house
Act 1, Scene 2: A room before funeral
Act 1, Scene 3: A room after funeral

A House to be Burned  (subversion)
Act 2, Scene 1: Immolator’s confession
Act 2, Scene 2: Fire

A House for No Mother  (in authority)
Act 3, Scene 1: A postponed entry
Act 3, Scene 2: A room of no mother
Act 3, Scene 3: The son’s closet

PART 2  ESSAYS
黑夜给了我黑色的眼睛，我用它来寻找光明。
——顾城（《一代人》，1980）

The black night gives me a pair of black eyes, and I use them to look for light.
by Gu Cheng (From "A Generation", 1980)
House for A Funeral

IMMORTAL GREAT LEADER AND MENTOR
CHAIRMAN MAO (1976)

A SOCIALIST'S HOUSE
(1972–2009)

PETER EISENMAN, House VI
(1972–1975)
What is Eisenman trying to say?
House for A Funeral

Countdown
Leaves
The Ground
People and Ritual
山头南国寺，水号北流泉。老树空庭得，
清渠一邑传。秋花危石底，晚景卧钟边。
杜甫 (759)

The temple on the hill is South Surburn Temple
the river below is named North Flowing River
As the old tree emptifies the courtyard
the gully purifies the whole county.
See the flowers of the fall are lying under rocks,
and the place of evening is right beside the bell.

DUFU (759)

Night

of Tianshui
Where the millet is wild,
where the sorghum is full.
Who is walking rottenly,
who is feeling drunk.
He who knows me tells my sorrow;
He who doesn’t know me counts my feat.

(10th to the 7th century BC)
Marriage and Offspring
And ... Night
A House to be Burned

A Red Motherland
Two People
a man, and a woman
A House to be Burned

But there is no clue to nap
this geography of nowhere, a house
where there are only night and rooms inside

On the

because to construct a reason for it to be made in the future other than the past

an imagined geography

a dark green velvet backdrop, only for certain expected types of drama,

stage with

demands An implanted political context, People’s Republic of 1985

Untitled
Nailscape

NO

sex
A House to be Burned

Nail House
Wound
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Wound Level
A Dancing Man
A House to be Burned

and A Dancing woman
A House to be Burned

Sword Dance

Concubine Yuji presents a dance for Xiangyu, raising her sword in a toast to Xiangyu.

"Upon which, my lord, you drink the wine and listen to me,
to put your worries aside, when I give this whirling dance.

After Qin is named after Ying, it breaks regulations and burns our land,
then heroes are born all around and incite hostilities.

It is not a lie, that we should listen to, as the old saying
that success or failure is no more than one moment.

It is still a time of ease and a canopy of wine,
before news from the battle arrives".
A House to be Burned

Supreme Instruction and Architecture
Looking to the East
Where A Woman's History

- Yellow Earth
- Great Leap Forward
- Famine
- House with Tamped Clay Walls
- Rusticated Youth
- To the Countryside
- Farming
- Marriage
- Bearing Manufacturer
- Struggle Sessions
- Rice Ration, Cloth Ration, and Meat Ration
- Going back to city
- Unemployment
- Outskirts
- A Stall
- Speculators
- Inflation
- City Inspector
- Relocation
- Nail House
is on fire
What's there, beyond the mountain?

Under the sun flows

black river.

The Green Sea Lake

Desert of White

Town of Red

Town of Purple

and Town of night
On the northwest of No Country is a green mountainous barrier, hills rolling into the sea and enveloping a piece of lake, the one beautifully named, the South.

People of the South enjoys unlimited freedom, and the generous terrain bears plenty of rain and happiness, where sorrow, the ink of history, only draws only folks' appearance.
A House to be Burned

to the South
A House for No Mother

1959-1962
VANNA VENTURI HOUSE

Site of No Ground
Where a little child and

a fly
“Hug”

“No, no hug”
Hopscotch
Grow up
Farming

and White hair and Leave
To

Where the mountain is high

and red sky
Front of the sea and back against the mountain,
river is in between.
And architecture is the river.

What is the longest distance on the earth? It is
the distance between the sea and the mountain. And
architecture is the longest distance.
If there is not a ground, building a wall is to record the trajectory of the star. That vast expanse of the Milky Way, and the small world of people, in the dust of light, are no longer falling.

In the world of only one wall, from one side to another is the world's furthest journey. On the one side is happiness, and the other is sorrow; on the one side is poverty, and the other is wealthy; on the one side is dying, and the other is permanent.

If destination is never attainable, the alternation of day and night without time, motion becomes station of itself.
A House for No Mother

Distance
A House for No Mother

The sunset comes

the clouds are red
The sunset comes, the clouds are red,
and me recently want to meet him
again, based on my observation
I got nervous when I saw him, and dare not to speak.
I do not speak.
"Please don't pull my hair."

When fog was on, when mountain couldn't be seen,
a closet was locked.
"Turn around, don't be afraid, and you are pretty."
I am pretty, I am your good girl, but I could not speak.
I do not speak.

He said that I was wearing his clothes,
Outside the window, there was a sunset sky.
I want to go home. I am scared. Where are you?
Well I don't need to be afraid. Cuz I am pretty,
I am a good girl.

Very cold water from winter morning,
was that my imagination? I can not be dirty.
Where are you? Please beat me.
I am a good girl, although
I could not speak.
I don't speak.

Mom was distressing about the two dollars, which I soiled.
Black ointment to the face, covering my burned scars.
Girls you go away. Don't look at me.
I would be a good girl, too, but
I do not speak.

Tears flow across the sky, so my thought was caught.
How do you do?
You are pretty. Do not be afraid.
I'd be your good girl, although
I can not speak. I don't speak.
I am a wrong expression.

The sunset comes, the clouds get red,
and me recently want to meet him.
He said he liked my long hair,
which makes me nervous.
I'd be your good girl, although
I couldn't speak. I don't speak.
I am a wrong expression.

A Dark Room
A House for No Mother

and Happiness
STAGE 1
A House for No Mother

Stage 2
A House for No Mother

STAGE 3
STAGE 4
STAGE 5
PART 2 ESSAYS
INTRODUCTION

The plan of house is a formate, where recognizable words are written on the site, with a restricted rhetoric, that of architect' personal style, which says more than its literal meaning, if not sneaking hiding behind. The aching subtly of this poem is inscrutable until the house becomes real home, and holds its ground for decades. I made a nervous title for thesis, part for literal exactitude, part for drawing attention.

The research represents three scenes, as a trilogy that structures a tragedy themed DEATH, in the form of three house projects: A House for Funeral, A House to be Burned, and A House for No Mother, each of the project is like a maze, and the one I am constructing is the same one that I am being inside. They are investigating a state of being, to live with death. Death here refers to the fact of dying, the end of the life of a person; as much as, metaphorically, an obstinate but in fact collapsing traditional notion about family. This explains the title of why three houses only design a death, although each of them deal with a specific condition. As one who comes from a culture where the house, as a physical icon, tightly bonds to the deep-rooted family value, an abstract collectiveness, it touches me of the very deep sense of safety that the transforming family structure in society of China is fundamentally pushing it toward a more flowing and mobil future, where the house-family-bondage is in a real sense loosening. The research takes a very personal stance to observe and record some discursive intellectual trajectories, which I take as a responsibility for being a person in society.

Each of the house project borrows a famous icon in history of architecture, saying the Post-Modernism fashion, House VI by Peter Eisenman (1972-1975), Snyderman House (1972-1977) by Michael Graves, and Yanna Venturi House (1959-1964) by Robert Venturi, as a start point to be detached for implanting a surface reading that guides the construction of new narratives. They assume an overlapped appearance, saying on the one side a scholarly entity full of deductive reasoning and elaboration, and on the other side an introduced decoration, or in another word, a fictional history of non-intellectual events. The parallel reading is a political strategy for conditioned examination of the theories that the architects made for the houses as they were built, as well as a strategy of generating new forms. So there are two parts regarding the products of this research, one is typical architectural drawing and model, and sketches related to the design process if take into consideration the increased interest and acknowledgement in the research of architecture of stylistic drawing practices since 1980s; the other part are notation and texts, if is not given priority over but an equal part as the expected architectural work, to compensate for the abstracted meanings suggested by lines, colors, and icons in drawing. The purpose of the text is not to give a one-sided interpretation of the work provided, and to prevent distortion violates the basic rule of this research in producing architecture, if there is a rule.
Any period in history that qualifies for a prosperous reclusive culture always coincides with the turmoil situation due to enduring war, dictatorship, political movement or economic depression that limits the freedom of personal development. What behind the forced silence is a world that is much more colorful than what official historiography could has recorded, much more playful than cynical activists' deliberate attack, much deeper than the seemingly account book like daily life, and much wider than what geographer is able measure.

Death, in certain old fashioned ideologies, tends to be wrapped fresh in the form of sacrifice, martyr, and other heroic or mysterious dedication; a less terrifying state than failure, that of one cause or another. Giving priority to certain abstract concepts over human life, this type of poetic description of death, as well as other kinds of suffering in this scenario, is vulnerable to opponents' verbal attacks in regard of the correlated political propaganda, and becomes the real repulsive facts, of terrors, in the context of blatant violence, the unenlightened minds who lacks respect for the dignity of life. Then to live carelessly, a desire basing on instinct or others, no matter how menial a life is going to be, replaces to die heroically and becomes the most powerful poetic being if in the period of inferno. Modern revolutions ever since 18th century haven't created as many heroic sacrifices as individual living samples. As any theories built on ideal model, modern movement is never able to defend for its integrity, once being used by politicians, and become no more than an excuse, if not the one who encourages violation, to replace one kind of sovereignty with another that only survives through highly controlled loyalty.

The quality of being loyal witnessed a penetration, especially as the rise of post-modernism since 1960s, of a contaminated commitment into the orthodox one. This conservative self-protection wave blows up to a significant turmoil in 1980s, a short-lived fashion characterized by a bitter taste that favors wound and scar and nostalgia existentialism, along with the undergoing overall recovery driven by market economy, that in the end get the original petitioners involved, singing for the loss of innocence, to create a prosperous illusion together at the end of 20th century. The first decade of 21st century is a even bazaar mixture, concerning on the follow-up development of the previous subversion movement that ostensibly embraces freedom and democracy in 1980s, a new wave of nostalgia is nipped in the bud by those survived activists who turn to cherish the rumor, as a doubtful truth, and ugly, but from somewhere else. There is no way of jumping out of this morbid circle if not giving a thoroughly review on the source and nature of the conservative forces.
"MAN-ARCHITECTURE-NATURE"

Theoretical reasoning, like the one in the discipline of architecture, often draws its argument of dramatic force by positioning architecture in between the split man-and-nature entity. This is one way of interpreting the formula "Man-Architecture-Nature".

Drama, if it is embedded with an event, typically through which a man becomes another man, a story being structured around the theme "change", has the ability of making a humble person the hero. There a distance to be covered, an issue that deals with condition of in-between, where the meaningless turns out to be meaningful, or a predicament resided in the rift that separates man and nature is the place that opens to questioning; for serious mockers, who repeat the legend of the life in different manners only to find the same solution for our guilt; and for the innocent one, who simply punches out the hero of no differences. The ambiguity of the rule makes it impossible to follow, if one not chooses to take the absolute forgiveness, or stray.

Isn't that the same dilemma when it comes to architecture; if through which a man could become another man --school is able to educate the illiterate, a suburban house is where the middle-class live in, factory gives birth to new relations of production, or nationality makes a man the citizen. It is difficult to give answer to many cynical questionings without an in-depth scrutiny of the motive and structure of how a man becomes another man through architecture.

It is interesting to point out that the inhabitants, those who are going to occupy a building, are not exactly the roles that an architect makes up to create an architecture, but rather the audiences, which is the same as when a writer portrays characters through a play. The human figures are part of literature, so are men part of architecture. But the mysterious characters are to disappear, even if not incarnated or violated by users, once architecture takes its physical form.

But who is that mysterious person through whose eyes the architect envisions? Is there any way to trace his existence before he completes his mission and disappears? What makes it different if the architect comes to aware his existence or not?

An assumption is given here that the architect is not the creator, but the tool, basically in the form of body that serves an unclear spiritual being who could be decoded, or we can get closer to, through its practice of architecture. That is to say, this research accepts the ambiguous condition of architecture that starts from man-nature dichotomy. Departure from three atypical programs, the one who stands behind will gradually emerge as architecture comes into shape.
Texts have a purpose, as all the literature is propaganda, to persuade, a process in which logic is to be unaccepted, not only through audience's critical reflection on the content, but also by being merged into an opaque state of unable to reach the point nor to ignore. Ideally, the audiences, as poor receivers inside this obscure condition filled with wording, would get a chance to build an intimate relationship with self by setting up a wall with an exist for escape, as a means of accepting what is going on outside. Here the basic assumption is that clarity, where the exit on that psychological wall is leading to, is human's fundamental preference for being, which drives a person's escaping routine to hold onto self that is supposedly of more lucidity than, even this quality of easy to understand is as much as accustoming oneself to knowledge, that is in nature the same unclear as, the seemingly sensible norm that one is not able to accept until building such a wall to separate self from the norm. This confining scenario was discovered and has been actively applied in the history of human society to normalize the unusual abnormality. Such as the most obvious example of a criminal being sent to prison for rehabilitation, for the sake of the collective welfare, where the psychological wall is materialized for lawbreakers to internalize their personal believes as a way of, hopefully, accepting what he does not believe; until the concept of punishment is invented, approximately equal to what is beyond norm, to intimidate a person not to step onto the boundary designed by it, which sometimes in fact constitutes a great proportion of ignorable social norm, and generates a strange sense of individual freedom that one can make his believe extravert by doing whatever he wants if only certain loss, such as time, money, or life, is affordable. Considering to confine a criminal, as a way of restricting the abnormal ideology within personal limit, versus to deprive that of freedom, executing punishment on behalf of certain obscure collective welfare, two motives of not the same but behavior of no difference, if disparate thinking should result in the same behavioral consequence, then why does it matter to dig into their literal differences? This pragmatic concern is undeniable, and it is not satisfactory to simply putting up a stance, saying that the discursive thinking trajectories are coming after, and have potential of influencing, any established convention or physical existence with admitting the fact of an over intellectualized entity, especially for this research when a theoretical reflection is partly aimed at defending for what is done; unless one still chooses to hold to the poetic nature of human being even after realizing what behind the beautiful veil, saying these body actions with or without premeditation, are mundane, meaningless, of real cruelty.
ON SENTIMENT

Melancholy, if the sentiment seen through architecture, it is such a presence, like breath being looked at through body, that the sense of life has specified in advance but is merely forgotten as stay becomes habitual. The erection of a building encounters settlement, before which the achingly presence comes, so does sorrow, so does architecture.

It is charged daily, but from time to time an announcement preferred to be just enveloped. This unrested sorrow, until for the first time it is recognized, is informing a deadline of nothing but its presence; once the fear of death is dispelled, so are the obligations correlated to it. The awareness of being alive is the same as that of death.

To cover the wound, giving it a peaceful appearance, that architect takes it one's responsibility, of a child-like sentiment contradicts to the rule of art, saying the only commitment, if the nature of subversion pre-exists to damage, that ruin is an occurring event who resists any forces of romanticism.

In many tragedies, even if audiences are very familiar with the end of the story at the beginning, a very long piece of monologue should be chanted for preparing that very moment. Beautifully and memorable, it always fascinates me that how those lines are created and put together. Too vague to be vague, or too clear to be clear, the skill of balancing between the real and estranged real by manipulating wording and rhetoric is a touchstone for a poet's professional quality, to be of generosity, cheering but of not mischief, mourning but not distressingly. Overt exposure of real unpleasant shows less of sincerity, or carefulness, if not of ulterior motivation, a repulsive disingenuous doctrine.

Risks, comparing being in the situation of theoretical research with that of guarding the frontier of a desolate glorified sovereignty, come from what if the hypothetical enemy launches real attack, as much as being abandoned by its hypothetical people who are living and working; or benefits, are devoid of the right of becoming a useful outcome, but affairs that drive purifying the existence of the soldier into a long long gaze, an invitation from the abysmal for you to look at every other kind of being.

If there exists a rule in architectural practice, for those treating architecture as a way of thinking more than bringing ideal being into physical existence, taking the one I am conducting for example, self-discipline, morally and aesthetically speaking, could be the criterion for judging the efforts made for avoiding defects, any untouched white spaces in time, regarding a fact that each of the personalized philosophic entity who in nature deals with physical being but in a deliberately detached way, is difficult to evaluate from outside.
He is a loyal pro-communist soldier who had been fighting for the cause of communism for years. He joined the Communist Party in 1944 and survived through the war years. He was born in the north, but went to the south to study at university. He is married and has two children, a daughter and a son.

She is an expert on organic chemistry. She has conducted research on the effects of pesticides on human health. She has published a book on the topic, which is widely regarded as a seminal work in the field. She is also a policy maker, having worked for several years as an advisor to government officials on environmental issues.

He has a good performing talent. He has been involved in several plays and has won several awards for his performances. He is also a musician and has composed several songs that have been widely praised.

Deng's parents had a very close relationship, which is a rare occurrence in Chinese family structures. Deng's mother was very supportive and encouraged him to pursue his passions, even when they were not necessarily aligned with traditional gender roles. She instilled in him a strong sense of responsibility and dedication, which he later carried into his work.

She is a warm and simple woman. She is not extravagant in her lifestyle, but she values hard work and dedication. She is also very kind and always willing to help others, especially those in need.

She is the daughter of Deng Xiaoping, and she has inherited many of his qualities. She is also a strong and independent woman, who has pursued her dreams and succeeded in her chosen field.

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A HOUSE TO BE BURNED

A scene designed to be seen is not one of my affections. A specific building type, a scenic style of expression in the history of architecture in the first decade of the 21st century, is, in order to be made different from the pervasive modernist new building movement that has been in function for so long, in a sense, a reflection of how we live in our world, where the ordinary people's house could be a reflection of the hero's house.

The most important thing about architecture is not that it should be beautiful or functional, but that it should be a reflection of our society. This has always been the case in Western architecture, where the architect is not only an artist but also a social commentator. In China today, where the architectural styles are often imposed by political considerations, the architect has become more than just a craftsman, he is a social critic.

A splendid surface, an artist's touch, is what gives an architecture its life. Often, it is not the architecture itself that is beautiful, but the life inside it. This is why I am interested in creating spaces that are not only beautiful but also functional, where people can live their lives in comfort and peace.

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A HOUSE FOR NO MOTHER
These days I wake up too early, but too tired to get up to do anything, even just to close the window that I should have but didn't. I don't remember when did I fell asleep either. It is still raining outside, and I can hear it clearly, and thunder, and cars passing by maybe two blocks away. Grandmother should be sweeping the floor in the downstairs now. She always wakes up early. Mother said she is hypertensive and has excessive energy. Her harsh comments often made me laugh. I used to be very familiar with that sweeping sound. It sounds like countryside, where farmers are flailing grains on the courtyard. The floor of the golden yellow millet, and children playing in the empty fields, are memories of my imagination. Gradually there comes some trace of the dawn, so does some slight anxiety in my heart. I am afraid of the dawn every time I wake up too early, the same afraid of falling asleep again if getting an insomnia at mid-night. I go through a tough time once in a while, constantly being attacked by depression. I guess this might be typical for people who at the end of their twenties, and I am already used to it. It should be better in the future.

I have four weeks to design a house to be burned, with an extension of spring break, five weeks total. A task like this confuses me as much as it makes me anxious. It is a very odd task, and I have no idea of why I should assign myself to do something so odd. Aren't you going to architectural school? How should your professor allow you to do so? Professors' trust makes an additional meaning of responsibility to it. As something becomes more a commitment than an assignment, there is no choice for me but to keep dragging my body forward. It is not easy to go without a clear aim. Goal-oriented, morally speaking, always seems more confident and more acceptable than non-goal-oriented, which is perhaps why "artistic" is used to make the latter one sound better, covering the inner sense of inferiority. How should a house to be burned look like? Well, I don't know, at least it is a house, but shouldn't be a normal one. It doesn't worth a sacrifice if it is not devoted with astonishingly effort, for the majestic holy. Splendid heroism, an artisan should shed his blood for forging the finest sword, or revolutionaries for a cause would rather die than surrender, is such a sentiment, a passion, that would have accidentally encountered politician's brainwashing education, but simply undeniable, even if an idealist would lost innocence as one thoroughly understands how unnecessary it is to fight for a vague dream.

I made a dream, where I became a father of a daughter, and a husband of a wife, a career that never belongs to me. Of the many businesses fluttered by, I've only caught a few moments. When I was trying all ways of collecting food for my wife and daughter for the sake of keeping them away from hunger, embezzling, stealing, or obscenously begging for food, without slightly a sense of guilty or inappropriateness. It had been so real until I suddenly fell into sorrow, a painful sorrow, when I opened the door of a room and stepping down a stair. I realized that I would never be able to go back again because I was right standing inside the house plan that I gave a last glance before falling asleep.

The familiar loneliness hits me again after I wake up. It is quiet in the room. Outside the window is night, with a few light coming from two blocks away's Telegraph Avenue, and I don't know what time is it.

Three hours after I wake up, my mind is very clear. I have not been feeling so standing on the ground for quite a long time.
A wooden door should be painted on orange varnish. It is fixed on the west courtyard wall after the walls are erected. The edge of the cut mark should be carefully repaired by concrete of the same color. If it is too hard to avoid the color difference, white plaster can be used to cover it. The size of the door is 3 by 6 feet. And it opens outwards rather than inwards.

The orange varnish should never dry. And in order to keep it wet, a gardener is hired to come by every week. He should be ambitious and patient enough to learn to paint impeccably clean and even. Painting tools are stored on the third shelf besides the oven in the kitchen. The first shelf is for the key to that orange door. As the door needs to be painted on both sides and this arrangement provides convenience to the gardener by saving his walk from inside to outside by traveling along the courtyard wall. The second shelf is for a blank envelope on each week. Inside the envelope is a check for the gardener signed by a same person on a same date. The wet orange door is the only stuff that needs gardening care the year round. Mowing the lawn does not fall into the scope of his duty, although the grass grows four feet a week as fast as new born bamboo. For the owner, it is taken as his major source of joy to barter the lawn into a new stylish looking once a week. And it is the permanent agenda on his schedule, figuring out numerous of ways of getting to that orange door. There are two lozenges in the courtyard, which is a species of plant that grows slowly and don't need too much care. And they were planted by the owner's mother before she was gone and should have been there for years.

The interior of the house is pleasingly designed in order to cater the once-a-week guest. It functions reasonably by arranging the public and private area on the east and west sides of the building. This zoning also assures that the permanent display on the public realm. From entering the library heavily decorated with newspapers published by a renowned national news agency spanning over 35 years, two steps up to a kitchen that accommodates an empty oven and three shelves designed for the gardener, to the dining place at one end of a hallway with doors open to a terrace facing the courtyard, it is a busy interior sight touring filled with decentralized line composition that suggests a believe on liberty and changing time-and-space experience that embraces a dignified taste. An artist like the gardener should be able to appreciate this subtle sensitivity and take it as an extra credit for his work. He also enjoys the maze created by the owner, although he's never seen him. You must be curious about how does the gardener get into the house if the owner never shows up, so does the gardener, so does the owner. Maybe inside the terrain of this castle, everything is closed except the doors.
Dear friends and comrades:

Welcome to theoretical show Three Houses.

Today what I want to say could be outlined as 3 1, 3, 2 3, which are three houses, but one architecture; three parallel approaches, which are notations, graphics, and fiction. By juxtaposing three different readings, architectural theory (especially of the post-modernism), politics, and self-documentary, this theoretical show explores a mantra of narrative of architecture that is impenetrable but innocent. I will also state two stances and give three conclusions later.

Please allow me to give my first statement as a start. From the very beginning of the conversation between me and Susan, my adviser, she has kept questioning why do I still look at those architects of, let's say, the post-modernism fashion, in the 21st century. I could choose to argue that those way of thinkings are not old fashioned, but still relevant to what's going on in today's world. But no, it should be more appropriate to put it in another way that, without struggling for getting out of the old, there is not something new. It seems that in today's discourse, we talk more about innovation, something getting better and better, other than something new, but I can't distinguish the differences of the motives behind being innovative or being new. I also admit that my style of thinking, the media that I keep working on, are old fashioned. But I don't see that as a problem.

The content of this project is very complex, but they are structured, metaphorically, in a way, that we begin with a funeral, which happens inside a typical apartment unit in China, suggesting a bondage between house and family; then come to listen to a self-immolator's confession before suicide, preparing an end of the old ideals; and then come to a state that refuses mother. That is why three houses only plan one death. Inside this frame, theoretical reading, political reading and personal reading are three clues going through this story. And they come together fictionally. The story is filled by actions. In this practice, I work with graphic and words, and the texts are not introduction of each building, but the content of a bigger structure. This is a meditation-oriented research. The skill I applied to create each small action could be summarized as three steps: 1, to make a prescient; 2, to fill this prescient as much as I can; and 3, to look at what I've done and see what emerges out of it.

Next I want to give my second stance, which is to destroy Icon. Three famous buildings of postmodernism are borrowed to be assaulted here. The worst humiliation to an object could be taking it as bad just because it is itself. This culture shift is what a lot of people have been through. During thirty years, peasants, ladies, intellectuals, poets, comrades, they are all attached with negative meaning in today's Chinese context. This phenomenon could explain why I develop three very atypical programs to develop.
The most cynical conditions are closely observed in each of three stages. Peter Eisenman was invited to join a socialist’s funeral. By extending the context, using the same skill of generating forms, each of the new building comes to represent a family member, as a way of expressing what’s going on inside a very small apartment when it encounters a funeral. Michael Graves’ Synderman house was burned by a self-immolator. The narrative of this scene is filled with action. It starts from the center, and keeps expanding, until it becomes a maze where there is no way of getting out of here. I have kept thinking of the atmosphere of Chinese opera for this story. The actors read line very slow, and there are many movements between the lines. Robert Venturi’s Vanna Venturi House becomes no mother’s house. A monologue is inside the huge wall, and everything is awkward, but absolute.

So that’s the story.

Three conclusions I want to give are:

1. Theoretically, theory and history of architecture is a production practice. Its moral judgement should undertake the role of broader cultural criticism.

2. Technically. It is difficult to tell a story through drawing, because the visual impact of drawing does not have a dimension of time, and its abstract syntax is lack of the quality of being clear. And texts would help to compensate for its weakness.

3. Emotionally, rhetoric, and irrelevant context are necessary when constructing the narrative of a space.

May 5, 2012