





# R&Sie(n)

## I'VE HEARD ABOUT...(C)

(a flat, fat, growing urban experiment)

R&Sie(n)之建筑物语：我听到点什么.....

「都市之平直、肥厚及生长试验」

Francois Roche,  
Stephanie Lavaux,  
Jean Navarro  
avec  
Benoit Durandin

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主 编: 蓝青

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I've heard about something that builds up only through multiple, heterogeneous and contradictory scenarios, something that rejects even the idea of a possible prediction about its form of growth or future typology. Something shapeless grafted onto existing tissue, something that needs no vanishing point to justify itself but instead welcomes a quivering existence immersed in a real-time vibratory state, here and now.

Tangled, intertwined, it seems to be a city, or rather a fragment of a city.

Its inhabitants are immunized because they are both vectors and protectors of this complexity.

The multiplicity of its interwoven experiences and forms is matched by the apparent simplicity of its mechanisms.

The urban form no longer depends on the arbitrary decisions or control over its emergence exercised by a few, but rather the ensemble of its individual contingencies. It simultaneously subsumes premises, consequences and the ensemble of induced perturbations, in a ceaseless interaction. Its laws are consubstantial with the place itself, with no work of memory.

Many different stimuli have contributed to the emergence of "I've heard about," and they are continually reloaded. Its existence is inextricably linked to the end of the grand narratives, the objective recognition of climatic changes, a suspicion of all morality (even ecological), the vibration of social phenomena and the urgent need to renew the democratic mechanisms. Fiction is its reality principle: What you have before your eyes conforms to the truth of the urban condition of "I've heard about."

What moral law or social contract could extract us from this reality, prevent us from living there or protect us from it? No, the neighbourhood protocol of "I've heard about" cannot cancel the risk of being in this world. The inhabitants draw sustenance from the present, with no time lag. The form of the territorial structure draws its sustenance directly from the present time.

"I've heard about" also arises from anguishes and anxieties. It's not a shelter against threats or an insulated, isolated place, but remains open to all transactions. It is a zone

of emancipation, produced so that we can keep the origins of its founding act eternally alive, so that we can always live with and re-experience that beginning.

Made of invaginations and knotted geometries, life forms are embedded within it. Its growth is artificial and synthetic, owing nothing to chaos and the formlessness of nature. It is based on very real processes that generate the raw materials and operating modes of its evolution.

The public sphere is everywhere, like a pulsating organism driven by postulates that are mutually contradictory and nonetheless true. The rumours and scenarios that carry the seeds of its future mutations negotiate with the vibratory time of new territories.

It is impossible to name all the elements "I've heard about" comprises or perceive it in its totality, because it belongs to the many, the multitude. Only fragments can be extracted from it. The world is terrifying when it's intelligible, when it clings to some semblance of predictability, when it seeks to preserve a false coherence. In "I've heard about," it is what is not there that defines it, that guarantees its readability, its social and territorial fragility and its indetermination.



我听到点什么是只能通过多重的、异质的和矛盾对立的场景建造的事物,某种甚至拒绝了任何与其相关的未来生长形式或是类型的可能性预测的事物。某种移植入现存组织的无形事物,某种在此时此地不需要结点来证明自己,而是去欢迎一种沉溺于实时震动状态中的颤抖的存在。

紊乱的、缠绕的它或许是一座城市,更或许是一座城市的一部分。

它的居民是免疫的,因为他们同时是这个综合体的带菌者和保护者。

它的内部交汇体验和形式的多样性被其机制外观上的简单性所支配。

都市形式不再取决于专制的决定或者少数人在紧急情况下的专有控制权,而是它的个体突发事件的综合效应。它在一种不间断的相互作用中同时包容前提、后果和所导致混乱的总体。它的原则是在不利用记忆的情况下与场所本身所保持的同一性。

许多不同的激励为“我听到点什么”的出现贡献了力量,并且他们还在继续地发挥着作用。它的存在不可避免地和一个盛大叙述的结尾、对于气候变化的客观认识、一种对于所有道德的怀疑(甚至生态上的)、社会现象的颤动以及更新民主机制的紧迫需要联系在一起。虚构是它在现实中的法则:你的眼睛所看到的是顺从于“我听到点什么”的都市条件真理。

现实世界中的道德法则和社会契约能够从我们身上榨取的东西是阻止了我们生活在那里,还是保护我们不被它侵犯?不,“我听到点什么”的邻里关系协议不能够抹煞存在于这个世界的风险。居民们从现在当中汲取生计,没有时间上的滞后。领域结构的形式直接从现在的时间当中汲取生计。

“我听到点什么”也是从痛苦和焦虑当中生成的。它不是一个防护威胁的遮蔽物,也不是一个绝缘的、孤立的地方,而是对于全部的交易开放。它是一个释放的区域,为了使我们能够保持它的资金来源永远充满活力而制造,为了使我们总是可以与之生活并重新体验那种开始。

它由内凹和多节点的几何特征构造而成,生命形式被植入它的内部。它的生长是人工合成的,不拥有任何混沌中或是自然中无形的东西。它基于生成现实材料和其演变的操作模式的一个非常真实的过程。公共氛围无处不在,就像一个被相互矛盾却又绝对真实的假定所驱动的有规律地跳动的有机体一样。流言与场景背负着它未来变化的种子与新领域中颤动的时间进行谈判。

我们不可能将“我听到点什么”的所包含所有元素命名出来,也不可能在总体上感知到它,因为它是属于多数的、群众的。只有部件可以被从中抽取出来。当坚持那些预言性的伪装时,当寻求去保护一个虚伪的一致性时,世界会因为被理解而感到害怕。在“我听到点什么”当中,是一些并不存在于那里的东西定义了它,保证了它的可读性,它的社会上和领域上的脆弱性,和它的不确定性。

Spread out in front of him lay a pile of maps he didn't know what to do with anymore. Everything seemed so close and yet so far away. He had just been assigned to a difficult position as an urban ethnologist. He was now in charge of evaluating the excrescences, weighing the anchyloses, the impromptu contractures of urban fragments, their drifts and their concretions... To this end he had to immerge himself in the phosphorescent and alveolate clouds surrounding him, explore the liminal regions of the interior and exterior. There were no longer any territory to explore or exteriority to project oneself into, simply organs to penetrate as if they were undulant geographies.

Another particularity of his job was that it involved the examination of artefacts of long-gone temporalities, such as books. Once upon a time books were a permanent and unchanging medium. Today a book came into being in the same temporality as the act of reading it. It was spatialized in the physical field of knowledge. Readers no longer read a text as if they were a passive theatre audience. Instead little by little they fashioned the words and ideas as if they were porous bodies, in an always-reversible trajectory. Words were no longer signifiers; they were simultaneously the thing itself and the idea. Nevertheless, sometimes Mr Bloom found it difficult to grasp the scope of these objectal anteriorities that today had given way to anfractuositities of matter-words that sometimes exfoliated in the cavities of the infraconscious and sometimes came back together as organisms liberated from all semantic tutelage. But still he had to struggle to understand the rhizomatic expansion of words in space-time in order to fathom the modalities of the constitution of urban aggregates.

Where to begin? He had been chosen because he was still a member of what was called the "tragic" generation who preferred to put up walls rather than fix up a "bubble nest." After all, what could be better than living in an endlessly moving hollow? He sighed deeply. What was he going to do with all these maps? They were no longer good for anything. He moved closer to them and saw that their surfaces were wrought with name pinholes like desiccated bodies of butterflies in an entomologist's study. These people were obsessed with pinning down everything, he exclaimed to himself. That was completely alien to



him. He looked at them more closely. Some of them went back to the dawn of time, while others were scarcely a few decades old. Then he got hold of himself. Time was no longer counted in units of measure, just as instruments analogous to the commensurability of space such as maps had also disappeared. Often he was completely perplexed by the study of these ancient eras screwed up by their compulsion to inventory. What good were these strange representations today when territory was constituted progressively as it became habitable and consequently could never be projected, diffracted in multiple and simultaneous timeframes? Yet the images of these maps never ceased to fascinate them, especially those full of "sidereal archipelagos." To navigate among the marine efflorescences of these maps was like "possessing all possible landscapes." But there were no longer any landscapes today. Landscapes were illusionist projections, tableaux, artificial pictures infused with romantic narratives that imprisoned one's gaze. A supreme principle of ideality, the landscape was a product of intellection. It was teleological, perfectible and remissible in the past. Nowadays, people lived "where the eye sees blindly," in something that was no longer a landscape in any sense but rather a moving constellation of alveolate territories. "Who doesn't remember how as a child they imagined that the grass in which they were lying was a miniature forest, swarming with inhabitants and fairy armies?"

Once these maps were concomitant with voyages and conquests. They served as guides, instruments to circumscribe territories and wage wars, but since today one's habitat was constantly shifting, they had lost their purpose. M. Bloom had read several books where cities and utopias had been founded thanks to maps. Maps were simultaneously the vector and narrative of space, but they also inflicted an irremediable caesura where past and present became becalmed.

He remembered the geometric shapes, perfectly aligned, concentric, nested or even crescent-shaped, indicating cities and countries cut off from everything. There was always an insulating void outlined in the middle, making any escape impossible. Luckily none of that existed anymore! The maps bore the mark of a ferocious, rigid scopical control of the territory. In fact,

their tabularity had been gradually invaded by territorial nodosities, intertwined affects from which emergent sociabilities arose. What was important now was not to exist but to "be able to be affected." "There is no longer a subject, just individualizing affective states of the anonymous force. Here the plan specifies nothing but movements and rest, dynamic affective charges: the plan will be perceived with what it gives us to perceive, bit by bit." These nodosities were barely prehensible and even less representable because they were processual, the result of joint germinations of bodies and latent thoughts.... The secreted urban bodies were never solid but riddled with holes, taking in or expelling constantly moving elements, such as air, light, heat, energy and information... these "riddled bodies" moved like divergent formations whose emulsions he was obliged, as an ethologist, to study. Their operating mode depended on how they were gradually perceived. There were no longer any forms, just fasciculae of forces; no beings or inhabitants, just actors in intensive fields. "Intensity can only be experienced in relationship to its mobile inscription on a body." There were no longer any imprints either because nothing was analogical anymore, nor were there directions, just involutions, the crumbly froth of multiple paths... Life had become "an endless voyage through a world that changed so rapidly it seemed permanently different." And this world was seen as a "mobility of illusory forms immobilized in space and reactivated in the air: a past that had perhaps ceased to exist as a present before the probable spectators entered into a present actual existence." Mr Bloom remembered reading a book by Gaston Bonnier, *L'Enchaînement des organismes*, which influenced the most famous architect of the 20th century.

He also observed a choreography of affected bodies, not passive but in a reactive state of becoming, individuated and yet at the same time part of the general metabolism of habitable organisms. They belonged to a cognitive hive whose constantly secreted facets reconfigured always-moving spatialities. "Matter appears to be a perpetual flow; we feel each of our actions dissolve even as they are carried out, and we no longer try to peer into an always fleeing future," Mr Bloom had noted. Building urban structures was a task that had ceased



to exist, since now all forms were nothing but "a snapshot of a transition." Mr Bloom's job was to perceive, at a given moment, "an ensemble of simultaneous positions," since "nothing is left of past simultaneities. He experimented with processes, striving to verify their viability or prune them if necessary due to possible, all too sudden urban emergencies. At any rate the point was to 'remain in the non-situated.'" Still he could not help wondering about the protocol rules for residents, seeing the prescribed three levels (ground floor, cellar and attic) as a resurgence of the "tragic" world. Since by definition every biostructure is permeable and all growth is based on the indistinct, detached from any intentionality, a "shapeless polyphony continuously unfolding," to him this clause seemed a leftover reference to the home's metaphysical antrum, the psyche's dark refuge. Certain residents could not resist subverting these rules by tracing ellipses through the three levels too reminiscent of the lactescent fogs of the id, the ego and the superego. They also saturated alveoli, emptied of their structural tissues, so as to free from all constraint the "galactic attraction" of their cellular emotions. These cells no longer had doors or windows, no drawers of memory to open, just operculi, thicknesses and physiognomies whose porosity varied from one moment to the next.

The cells were no longer enclosures to protect from the outside. "When you say interiorexterior you are creating a prison without even knowing it." Now there were "habitable networks, woven space," an exfoliation of constantly reconfigured habitable organisms whose elasticity was not psychological but physiological. It was important to "densify the matter of which space is comprised until it became totally impenetrable" in some places. Multiplicities proliferated in this "conjunctive world" like stochastically drifting polyps. In this regard, Mr Bloom recalled having found, amidst the tomes in his library dating from the tragic era, a book published in France in 1605 entitled *L'Île des Hermaphrodites*, a best seller in its day, a speculative work of fiction concerning a society that was "hermaphroditic" between the past and future and had no clear location. Here the functioning of affected bodies remained indeterminate. Each was endowed with volition,

as an outline of movement, but it turned out to be deprived of intention. Therefore there was no longer any such thing as a "house," since the cells did not exist previous to one's experience of them. It had become impossible to conceive of a place "as 'unformed' by perception," caught in a thick forest of sensorial siderations. Geography was no longer the propaedeutics of rational knowledge but a moment of "common affections." In his investigations Mr Bloom also found a scholium written by an architect a very long time ago: "We are trying to reinterpret the passage from a postindustrial world to a reflexive, information society where everyone navigates within a knotted social body and collective empathy takes the place of the individualized social contract." Thus scholastic predation upon the measurable world had to give way to the unpredictability of urban concretions, "the processes of constant sedimentation and biological growth." The body, once an instrument of measure, was knotted into organic tresses imbricating interior and exterior. Multiple spatialities were generated in its folds, and they were always in the process of becoming. A topography tillable by experiences had replaced the precepts of enclosure, solidity and permanence, the necrotized genes of thought.

Writing was a generative process produced by movement, not just in the intellectual sense but the physiological as well. In this regard Mr Bloom had read that in a very distant period a famous philosopher named Erasmus had written a book called *In Praise of Folly* while riding on the back of a mule. In the past motion and writing had overlapped, but this was about something else: from the organic reliefs of habitable secretions emerged fragments of writing floating like pouches of energy. Sometimes they got stuck on stellar escarpments or mixed up with topological dunes in the process of generating habitable organisms. Generally speaking the words sought to lodge themselves, either in the wet crystallizations of a semantic cloud or the dry callosities of an algorithmic crater. Thus both atmosphere and algorithm were part of the constructive affections of the biostructures. Textual foam and arithmetic textures mixed into the cracks, the spongible openings of emerging territories. Meteorite fragments of meaning with no fixed location, everyone could do with them



what they liked. No one owned them – in fact, the word property did not exist, as Mr Bloom had already noted. While ancient terminologies contained words like essence, substance, epiphany and finality, today's terms had the concreteness of matter. They themselves were contingencies, hybrid substrates. Like the incessant urban experiments, they were indeterminate, always without form or definitive meaning. It was their striated itinerary through space and time, their prehensible inherence at any given moment, that gave them an always-provisional significance.

Since it was a processual guide, locomotion was a kind of phylogenetic process. It was called "metabolized" simultaneously "generation and corruption, movement, deterioration." It consisted of a transformation of matter, or rather, it was the perfect substrate for transformations. The quality of attraction of this substrate generated an influx for the motion and habitability of organisms. "Immanent efficiency," this locomotion was a process of materialization, simultaneously the raw material and agent of change, allowing everyone and everything to "accord with transformation." "Everything that changes is something that is changed by something and into something." The impulses emitted by the materials effected organic transformations in the substrate. Thus the locomotion of the biostructures constituted a space that was simultaneously potential and transitional.

Mr Bloom stepped into a cell operating in the "recurrent digression" mode characteristic of dreams. One found oneself simultaneously there and elsewhere. The subjectivities with which it had been invested had formed migratory concretions that reverberated a heterogeneous space and time. He sighed under a mass of stagnating shadows and resolutely ventured onto a discontinuous wave of urban conrescences.

Marie Ange Brayer

My thanks to Henri Michaux, Arthur Rimbaud, Edgar Allan Poe, Robert Louis Stevenson, Baruch Spinoza, Hiroshi Hara, Gilles Deleuze, Louis Marin, Constant, James Joyce, Henry Bergson, Tchouang Tseu, Sigmund Freud, Gaston Bachelard, François Roche, Claude Parent, Paul Zumthor and François Jullien.

面对摊开在眼前的一摞地图,他已经不知道该做些什么了。似乎每件事情都很切近,却又仍然遥不可及。作为一名城市生态学家,他刚刚被调任至一个困难重重的岗位:他现在负责评估城市赘余物,衡量城市系统的僵硬度以及城市部件之间随机的挛缩变形、趋势和凝固点。他必须全心理首于围绕着他的磷光现象和蜂窝状的气团之中,探索内部空间和外部空间的阈限区域。已经不存在需要探索的领域或是需要一个人投入的外部空间了,剩下的只有仿佛是波动起伏的地势一般的简单有机体等待着人们去洞察。

他的工作的另一个特性是检验像书籍这样的时效性工艺品的相关性质。曾几何时,书籍被奉为亘古不变的载体。而今天,书籍的生命已经变得像阅读活动本身一样短暂。它已经在知识的实体领域中被空间化。读者们不再像一个被动的剧院观众一样去阅读一篇文章,而是将它作为一个具有漏洞的躯体沿着一个总是可以回溯的轨迹去一点一点地将其语言和思想时效化。词语不再是表情达意的工具,他们已经成为意念与词语本身同时存在的一个结合体。尽管如此,Bloom先生仍然难以领会这些客观性的优先范围,在如今已经让位于问题的错综复杂——词语有时从下意识的腔穴中脱落出来,有时又像是从所有的语义监护之下解放出来重新集合在一起的有机体。但是为了能够彻底了解城市集合体的体制形态,他仍然必须努力去理解空间/时间中语汇的韵律性拓展。

但是从何处入手呢?他已经被选择来从事这项事业,因为他仍然是那些比起建立一个气泡巢穴更愿意竖起一面墙的人们——所谓的“悲剧性”的一代人中的一员。无论如何,还有什么事比生活在一个无穷无尽的移动洞穴里更好呢?他到底会用这些地图来做什么呢?它们不再是绝对好的。他靠近那些地图,看到他们的表面被名字的针孔覆盖着,宛如昆虫学家所研究的那些蝴蝶的粉状躯体一样。“这些人已经完全沉迷在标记所有的东西当中了!”他对自己大声惊呼。那对于他来说完全是背道而驰的。他更靠近地区观察那些地图。其中一些要回溯到世界的开端,而其他的简直只有不到几十年的历史。于是,他把握住了自己。时间不再用单位来计量,正如类似于空间的公度性的工具——比如地图——也都已经消失了。通常会完全被研究这些总量上令人产生心理强迫性的远古年代事物所困惑。领域被激进地制定出来,仿佛已经成为了一种习惯并且永远不会被投射,并分散到多重、同时的时间框架中,现今这些奇异的表示方法到底好在何处?但是仍然,这些地图的图像从来没有停止散发出迷人的魅力,尤其是那些充满了“恒星般的群岛”。在这些地图的海域上航行就像“摆布所有可能的景观”一样。但是现今已经不存在任何景观了。景观是魔术师的戏法、静态场面和进入了迷惑视觉的浪漫叙述的人工画面。景观是智力活动的产物和现实的最高准则。过去它曾经是具有目的性的、可完美的和可宽恕的。现在,人们生活在“眼睛盲目地看”的地方,生活在一种不再是任何意义上的景观而是一个充满了蜂窝状小领域的星群之中。“谁不记得在他们还是一个孩子的时候,他们是怎样想像他们所躺的草地是一片迷你森林,其中拥挤着大群的居民和精灵群?”

曾经伴随着这些地图的还有航行与征服。他们发挥了指导者的作用,来限制领域的边界,发动战争;但是既然现在在一个生物的生活环



境是不断变化的,他们就失去了原有的作用。Bloom先生曾经阅读过一些循着地图找到城市和乌托邦的故事。地图同时也是空间的叙述和向量,但是它们也同样造成了不可挽回的停滞,那里的过去和现在趋于平静。

他还记得那些完美地排列在一起的几何形状——同心的、内嵌的甚至月牙状的,表明了从每样东西上割划出的城市和国家。在轮廓的中央总是存在着一大片暴露出来的中空部分,使任何的逃脱都不可能实现。幸运的是,这些东西都已经不再存在了!地图陷入了一种对于领域凶凶极恶的刚性控制当中。事实上,他们的板块平面已经逐渐地被领域性的结点所侵袭,其中的编结效应来源于社交活动的兴起。

现在最为重要的不是存在而是成为“能够被影响的”。“主题不再存在,只有个人化的情绪状态以一种不知名的力量的存在。这里规划没有将除了运动和停歇以外的任何东西细化,动态的情绪化告诫是:规划将会一点一点地被感知到它想让人们感知的东西。”这些节点几乎不能被理解,同时也不易被描述,因为它们的过程性的,是躯体的生长与潜在意识结合的结果……神秘的都市躯体从来都不是固体的,而是存在着令人迷惑的洞穴,不断地吸收与排斥永恒运动着的元素,比如空气、光、热量、能量和信息……这些“令人迷惑的躯体”,像有分歧的构成一样不停运动的状态,是他作为一个生态学家被迫去研究的。它们的运行模式取决于他们怎样逐渐地被感知。不再存在任何形式,只有丛生的力量;不再存在生命或居住者,只有密集的区域中的演员。“密集性仅仅能够在它与自身躯体上机动的记号的关系之中被体验到。”没有什么能够留下烙印,因为不再有什么是可以类推的,也不再存在方向,只有回旋,多重轨迹的脆弱泡沫……生命已经成为“在不断变化以至看起来总是在不同的世界中无止境的航行”。并且这个世界被看作是一种“空间中固定不动,而在空气中动起来的虚幻形式的活动性:一个在可能的观众进入一个现在事实上的存在中之前曾经中止其作为现在的存在的过去”。Bloom先生记得曾经读过一本加斯頓·波里哀的著作《L'Enchaînement des organismes》,这本著作影响了20世纪最为著名的建筑师。

他也观察到受到影响的躯体行为并不是被动的,而是出于一种恰当的、个体上的,同时又是可居住的有机体新陈代谢的一部分的反应性状态之中。它们属于一个认知的蜂房,其隐匿的多个表面都重新制造了一种永动的空间性。“物质看起来是一种永恒的流动过程;在每一个动作的实施时,我们感知我们的每一个动作的溶解,并且我们不再试图看清总是令人逃避的未来,”Bloom先生注解道。建设一个城市结构是一项开始停止存在的任务,因为现在所有的形式都已经什么都不是了,变成了一种“变化的瞬间掠影”。Bloom先生的工作就是在一个给定的瞬间里感知,“一个同时发生的位置的全体,”由于过去的同步性已经不下什么了。他通过处理进行试验,努力来证实它们的发展能力,并在必要的时候根据可能的、突然的城市出现来剪除它们。在任何的层次上,其意义都是“保持未被定位的状态”。仍然,他情不自禁地思考居民的草案条例,将规定的三个层次(地面层、地窖、顶楼)看成一种悲剧世界的苏醒。既然由定义上看每个生物结构都是有浸

透性的,一切的生长都是模糊的,从任何意图性中苏醒过来的,一种“无形的多音持续地释放出来的”,对他来说这样的条款似乎是家庭哲学性房屋的多余的参考,也是灵魂在暗处的庇护所。通过在本能、自我以及超我三个层次上追踪那些过去的轨迹,某些居民不可抗拒地扰乱着这些法则。他们为了从他们本能情绪的星际引力之中解脱出来,还将它们的结构组织掏空充满了泡沫。这些细胞不具有门窗,不再具有极易的抽屜来开启,只有鳃盖,浑浊的厚度和地势,它们的有孔性不断地在每一个瞬间变化着。

细胞们不再闭合来将自己从外界的伤害中保护起来。“当你谈到内部空间和外部空间的时候,你正在不知不觉中创造了一种桎梏。”现在,“可居住的网络,编织空间”,一种不断重新配置的可居住有机体的脱落物,其弹性是生理上的而非心理上的。在某些地方,将“空间不断压缩以至于不能再被渗透”的问题密集化是非常重要的。多重性在这种“交汇的世界”中像随机漂流的珊瑚虫一样增生扩散。由此,Bloom先生回忆起曾经发现到,在他始于悲惨年代的图书馆的卷册当中,一本于1605年在法国出版的名为《L'Ile des Hermaphrodites》的书——当时所谓的畅销书,一本有关一种定义在过去与未来之间且没有清晰的地点的“雌雄同体”的社会的投机虚构小说。在这里,受影响的躯体的功能定义仍然是模糊的。每一个都受控于意志。

原本是一个行动的大致轮廓,事实上却变成了目的性的缺乏。由于人的细胞从来都不先于人对他们的感觉存在,那些诸如“住宅”之类的事务就都不存在了。于是,我们不可能去想像一种在知觉的重重森林中“感知上无形”的场所。地理再也不是理性知识的基础而变成了“惯常影响”的一个瞬间。在Bloom先生的调查之中,他也发现了很久以前的一位建筑师写下的一条注释:“我们试图重新诠释这条从一个后工业世界到一个自我意识的信息社会的路径,那里的人们在一个多节的社会体中航行,集体的移情作用代替了个人化的社会关联。”于是对于可度量世界所采取的学术性掠夺行为就必须为都市凝固物的不可预测性让路,“持续沉淀与生物性生长的方式。”躯体,曾经是一种度量工具,被糅合入使内部与外部空间相互交叠的有机性枝条当中。多重空间性被包裹进其自身,并且它们总是处于一种形成的过程当中。一种经验上来说适于耕种的地形已经代替了围合的规则,可靠性与永恒性,以及思想中坏死的因子。

写作不只是在智力的范畴上,同时也是心理范畴上的一种由运动生成的一般过程。Bloom先生曾经在骑在驴背上的时候阅读过一位名为Erasmus的年代久远的哲学家的一本叫做《歌颂愚蠢》的著作。动作与写作在过去是相互交叠的,这是与某些事物有关的:像漂浮着的能量袋,来自于隐居的有机性慰藉显现出了著述的片断。有时它们会被星形的绝壁困住,或者在生成可居性有机体的过程中被混淆在拓朴学的沙丘里。大体上讲,词语追求使自身容纳在一种语义云团的潮湿的结晶体之中,或者在一种运算坑道的干燥的硬块中。就这样,两种气氛和运算法则都成为了生物性结构的建造性影响的一部分。文本的泡沫和算术的纹理混合在正在浮现的领域上,在其裂缝和海绵状的开口当中。没有人拥有它们——事实上,词语的性质并不存在,就像Bloom先生所注意到的那样。在古代的术语学中包括了像本质、物质、出现和终



结这样的词语,而今天的术语包含着物质的实体。它们自身是偶然性的,混合本源的。像不断的都市试验一样,它们是不确定的,总是不带有固定的形式和可定义的涵义。它们在空间和时间当中的线性路线,才是在任何给定的时刻下给予它们一种长期临时性的意义的可以理解的固有内在。

既然这是一个过程性的导向,运转就成为了一种系统发生的过程。这被称为“新陈代谢”同时又是“生成与损坏,发展和退化”。它由物质的转换构成,或者甚至是转换中最为完美的原质。这种原质的魅力为有机体的动作和居住生成了一种流量。“内在的效能”,这种运转是一个物质化的过程,同时也是原料和变化的原动力,它使每个人与每个事物都来“与转换保持一致”。“每个改变的事物都被某种事物改变成为另一种事物。”材料释放出的冲击力影响了原质中的有机性转换,于是生物结构的运转便构成了一种同时是潜在的和变迁的空间。

Bloom先生走进了一个梦中“经常性脱轨”的样式特性的细胞操作过程。一个人发现自己在这里的同时也在那里。它被赋予的主观性已经形成了一种迁移性的结论,并反映出了一个混杂的空间与时间。他在大量的积滞的阴影下叹息了,并毅然决然地在都市愈合的不连续波动中冒险。

玛丽·安格·博雅尔

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IntegraTM LifeSciences. Or a few explicit comments on 'I've heard about'

"I want to be as though new-born, knowing nothing, absolutely nothing, about Europe."  
Paul Klee

Well, most men have bound their eyes with one or another handkerchief, and attached themselves to some one of these communities of opinion. This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every truth is not quite true. Their two is not the real two, their four not the real four; so that every word they say chagrins us and we know not where to begin to set them right." Ralph Waldo Emerson, Self-Reliance

Critical commentary is a form of discourse that became shop-worn long ago. "Beware of the monthly flavour you suck as critic."<sup>(1)</sup> Nevertheless, I'm happy to use this form of criticism, to some extent at least, in regard to 'I've heard about', especially since here I am writing as an architect and not as a critic. The point, therefore, is not just to produce a commentary as such but also to make a few additional remarks about what 'I've heard about' implies regarding the role of technology and its neutral quality, and about the contemporary collapse of urbanism and politics in favour of what's termed an "integrated" environment. So when I say that the speculation 'I've heard about' is this or that, I mean that "'I've heard about' logically leads to such-and-such," or "'I've heard about' can only be such-and-such, or else it would be a utopian proposition undermined by its own contradictions, which it is not."

It goes without saying that 'I've heard about' is anything but an urban project since it is morally impossible to envisage urban planning without immediately recalling – and rightfully so – the famous phrase "Beware of urban dogooders."<sup>(2)</sup> To put it a different way and relate it to Euro-centric culture, 'I've heard about' is not an urban project at all because in fact urbanism has never really existed. What we've had instead is an "ensemble of techniques meant to integrate people... These techniques are wielded innocently by



imbeciles or deliberately by cops" <sup>(3)</sup> (although the latter have disappeared, the former, generally poor – I mean to say "stylistically impoverished" – eternal reformers of suburbs and urban sprawl "who discourse on the power of urban planning" while seeking "to hide the fact that what they are doing is the urban planning of power" <sup>(4)</sup> persist in claiming that the fault lies with the cops, not them – but since "power" itself has disappeared, the urbanism they perform is purely of their own making). So 'I've heard about' is not about the quest for Gute Form, the good city or the good life. It is simply an act of intellectual speculation about the nature of our environment. This speculation is not spatial but integral, with spatiality just one of several elements. Thus, like its opposite the New Urbanism, 'I've heard about' is also defined by accepted norms, abstract electronic standards, a self-identified community, voluntary alienation, a carta and a protocol. In the end 'I've heard about' is not taken to extremes; it integrates everything that was most advanced about the New Urbanism while rejecting its democratic and republican anachronism. Furthermore, 'I've heard about' is not a political project, but a speculation about post-political societies where "the clamour raised by the politicians, the many false, fictitious, exaggerated 'emergencies' of all kinds and the blind willingness to believe in them" will have disappeared. 'I've heard about' is not critical negativity but a positive proposal, a proposal for those people who "feel within themselves the power to themselves do good from within, to do something for themselves," people whose "inventions could be more refined," their satisfactions able to "sound like good music," beings who would cease "to fill the world with their clamour about distress and, consequently, far too often, the feeling of distress." <sup>(5)</sup> Thus 'I've heard about' is cool, not in the literal sense but rather in the California sense <sup>(6)</sup>, not in the New Age sense but in the sense of post-critical. It is a speculation linked to a warm temperate climate. While at this point it would be difficult to say where it is situated between the two forms of radical realism represented by "California über alles" (The Dead Kennedys) and "The Whole World Is Just A Great Big California" (The Beach Boys), we can at least legitimately think that the whole thing takes place outside of Europe and that, at any rate, 'I've heard about' integrates a California

"accurate breathing": life as technological individualism.

It integrates and makes a basic principle of the enlightened homebrewing of one's own life. This home-madeness has little to do with a method of production but rather with that irreducible element of experimentation that remains at the heart of any practice, even positive. For 'I've heard about', this tinkering is a philosophical empiricism, an empiricism which of course demarcates it from a romantic "return to the most unrestrained self-construction, with Castorama [an assembleat-home furniture store] as a bonus." <sup>(7)</sup>

It brings out and magnifies this simple fact: self-construction always means the transformation of the environment of others, and this is even more true for the "bioresidents" of 'I've heard about', by nature technologically literate, who through their knowledge and their equipment radicalize every transformation. In fact, the most important thing for 'I've heard about' is simply to be informed (the transformations of the world have become so radical and rapid simply because there is a constantly growing number of people who are informed and who consequently act upon the world in a way that previously only researchers were capable of). This is confirmed by a potential bio-resident who spends his free time working out sting-less bees: "When you're informed, you don't need much (even) to do genetic engineering.

A workbench, some water-tight containers, a few over-the-counter chemicals and bacteria cultures. And of course you need some DNA, in this case from bees. The decoding is a very everyday, automated operation that costs a measly 25 dollars. The results are sent over the Net directly to my computer. All I have to do is run my biological software to interpret them." <sup>(8)</sup> Where is this partnership between knowledge and tools headed? No one really knows. Maybe "soon, teenagers will surf the human genome in total freedom, and God knows what they'll discover... A bunch of kids fooling around on the Net can make knowledge advance faster than some big hierarchical, bureaucratic project." Where is 'I've heard about' taking us? Once again, God only knows what these growth models are capable of. On the other hand, what



we can say with some certainty right now and what 'I've heard about' is telling us as well is the following: the use of technology in the way just noted does not take the form of romantic subversion but the scientific form of a transfer of knowledge. Not only do economic criteria make it inevitable that all hi-tech technology eventually becomes lo-tech, and not only does all morality make it equally inevitable that what is artificial and intolerable today becomes natural and normal tomorrow, but also certain precise scientific criteria – linked to the very nature of the computer and digital technologies – mean that every advance in a particular field almost always ends up becoming an advance in another field. If 'I've heard about' is not a utopia, it is because the transfer of knowledge is ineluctable and "natural," independent of anyone's will, making utopian technology by definition useless. If 'I've heard about' is a case of technological individualism, it is because the whole point of technology comes down to what will be transferred to you too. Therefore technological individualism is automatically a methodologically enriched individualism.

'I've heard about' takes homebrewing your own life as a basic principle and makes transfer a general rule – transfers from machine to machine, from machines to nature and from nature to machines. When the Viab, a selfconstruction robot and computational radicalization of a machine developed by Behrokh Khoshnevis <sup>(9)</sup> (modelled on machines that produce prototypes quickly by building up layers with a wax jet) establishes a new construction paradigm, it implicitly establishes the use of biological models for the creation of machines (biomimetism) and explicitly re-establishes, through the intermediary of its own technological creations, the close link between each individual and their architectural environment. The Viab is not alien technology in relation to which a possible critique exists; rather it is our own concepts objectified in a technological form. Here technology is a symptom, and consequently the criticism of this technology always comes too late – criticism has to be carried out beforehand, at the conceptual level. Further, we can note in advance, and not with irony, that future critics of 'I've heard about' who will reproach it for its unrealistic use of technology are the same people who

usually in the name of a non-existent reality (the only reality they can see, the real that is already history) equally reject both conceptual architecture and conceptual criticism. What needs to be pointed out is this:

1) 'I've heard about' is in fact an authentically realistic project. 2) Not everyone who calls themselves a realist really is one. Technology, because it effects new transfers constantly and with increasing speed, is also becoming generalized. In fact, this tendency has always existed, although it has sometimes been masked by parallel trends toward specialization. Thus it would be a mistake to disconnect generalization and specialization (specialization always takes place through specifications and not specificities), just as it has always been a mistake to not see that in an entirely different domain – morality – the "tailormade" has always gone along very well with mass statistical morality, as is constantly confirmed by particular conditions such as war.

Thus, although architecture entrains certain specific constraints, it is totally logical to introduce the Viab as a construction technology, since no insurmountable difference of principle separates it from possible models such as the T66 Solidscape <sup>(10)</sup>, just as no such separation exists between the latter machine and dental prostheses, jewels and automotive and electronic parts. It might seem unnatural for architecture to be undertaken using a Viab as its starting point (a view that thus automatically recognize the discipline's archaic culture); but on the contrary it seems to me that nothing could be more natural. What we call natural has never been anything but a matter of criteria, which is quite clear in other fields such as humanprocreation: "Jade was conceived in an artisanal fashion, she explained: a syringe."<sup>(11)</sup>

The same applies to animal reproduction: "There is nothing more 'natural' today than artificial insemination. In fact, 95 percent of milk cows are artificially inseminated."<sup>(12)</sup> The naturalization of the technology in 'I've heard about', like the biomimetism of the Viab, occurs within the framework of a contemporary technology that generally, like the software of which it is partially constituted, is indifferent to "the distinct between animals and humans." Since the identity of 'I've heard about' also seems,



"at least for now," "more concerned with morphological and topological transformations of an external skin or shell than by the human dimensions of an interior," <sup>(13)</sup> it is simply preferable to say that from an architectural point of view 'I've heard about' is characterized above all by a total absence of identity. To revisit L. Wittgenstein's famous insistence on questions of usage to which a footnote in the text of 'I've heard about' also refers, we could say about 'I've heard about' that it came be summarized like this: an analytical speculation on the integrated use of technologies and life sciences.

'I've heard about' is not an urban planning project; rather it is a speculation on an enlightened and positive do-it-yourself project. This speculation involves the application of a principle that every present resident or future bio-resident would also know and test for themselves: the environment cannot be reduced to the physical structure of the city or its signs; it also includes the biological immune system and the relational, intellectual and cultural environment. Further, if that were not the case, how could one explain a symptom such as the holding of the Eurodeur/ Biorodeur congress, <sup>(14)</sup> dedicated, in part, to the standardization of air, from olfactory and sensory marketing to the presentation of the latest developments in nose electronics and the use of new products? All this under the following signboard: "Amorphous nanocomposite-based new photocatalysis products: feasibility study." Thus 'I've heard about' is not your usual urban planning, but it's also not your usual critique of urban planning. It is the concrete and positive integration of a set of technologies (the use of gases composed of nanoparticles, with the relationship between the Viab and the residents mediated through chemical stimuli) in a way reminiscent of C. Melnikov's 1930 plan for an likewise integrated Green City outside Moscow, even if most historians and architects have failed to notice anything in the Russian's "multiparameter" planning but isolated elements, thus disintegrating his whole project. Today's history is far more apt to mention M. Ginzburg <sup>(15)</sup> rather than Melnikov. Similarly, to speak the language of Situationism, the first H. Hollein established the "separate power" of an architectural pill, while Archigram established its

connectivity. When the neo-avant-gardes of the 1960s and '70s revisited this Russian's proposal – which foresaw the creation of "laboratories" equipped with "special chambers where the air is rarefied, condensed or enriched with a sort of ether, where an appropriate piece of music written by specialists will ensure the deepest sleep" and the establishment in the city centre of an "institute for the change of mankind's appearance" <sup>(16)</sup> – they didn't bother taking anything more than isolated techniques (except, perhaps, for Superstudio). But 'I've heard about' is not about planning – it is a return to Melnikov's kind of total individual experimentation enhanced by global experience, but without planning. That global experience takes various forms in 'I've heard about'. The first is linked to the unbounded quality of the growth model and the growth of the model, since no model is stable or privileged (although it is necessary to have an algorithmic model allowing the Viab to be mobile). The second is due to the interaction that has been made a basic principle in the form of voluntary "physiological information sharing." The third is linked, as we have seen, to contemporary technology's intrinsic ability to effect transfers.

Thus the speculation 'I've heard about' recognizes (as an incompressible fact) the global character of our environment and its experience, which is a continual integration of a multitude of elements based on data in circulation, several forms of transport, knowledge networks, e-Sciences and e-Laboratory productive grids <sup>(17)</sup>, pollutions transported on air and ocean currents, and "biological supports." 'I've heard about' is not a functionalist project. It lacks neighbourhoods, factories, offices, stores and residences. In fact, it has nothing like that at all because the distinction between such things no longer exists – except in the minds of people who don't know what time it is. The neighbourhoods have become virtual communities united on a "biostructure" <sup>(18)</sup> that they agree to share. The factories are computer production networks, following the turn that has made contemporary production linguistic. The offices are SoHos, <sup>(19)</sup> and the shops are not located on a street or in a mall; rather they are a subtle blend of virtual window shopping and pure logistics, software and recycled cardboard, package shipment tracking



and GPS. As for "lodging," in its cellular form it is the basis of this experiment in life style, not only in an abstract, Hilberseimer sort of way but just as much in the more vitalist spirit of Isosaki and the technicism of Constant. Thus it would seem that 'I've heard about' is one of the finest examples of capitalist speculation we've seen in a long time. There's no lamentation, no "puerile critique of society," <sup>(20)</sup> no individualist primitivism, no worship of the artisanal, no pathetic architectural recycling of waste materials, not to mention scolding of the ugliness of the built environment. This work can only be a stockmarket speculation on the success of the machines (and thus the success of our own concepts). As for shopping, as in all of today's societies, and despite appearances, it has disappeared, having reached a state of maturity where everyone can "afford to buy and sell as a luxury of sensibility," <sup>(21)</sup> The a-functionalism of 'I've heard about' – which is not anti-functionalism – thus saves us from an essential series of architectural and artistic old-fashioned foolishness, since there seems to be no art in this speculation, just global industrial culture. In this regard, following Melnikov, 'I've heard about' also follows another, later great radical experiment, that of Constant, who declared, "Machines are an indispensable tool for everyone, even artists, and industry is the only way to meet the needs, even the aesthetic needs, of humanity in today's world." <sup>(22)</sup> For 'I've heard about', just as for Constant, scientific and industrial reality is not "a problem" but "reality, which cannot be ignored with impunity." <sup>(23)</sup>

Very much unlike the New Urbanism, 'I've heard about' is a "Celebration" <sup>(24)</sup> of this reality. One might object to such a celebration on the grounds that our technological civilization is still occasionally linked to the do-it-yourself, as we have already seen, but what's new is that this do-it-yourself has never been so far from the artisanal stage and so close to the positive stage. <sup>(25)</sup> Never has the distance between those who know and those who do not been so difficult to overcome, even within the same circle. Never have abysses so deep separated intellectual provincialism from the capitals, <sup>(26)</sup> never have urbanistic opinions and metropolitan debates seemed to us so much like what's overheard at the bakery in Plourin-lès-Morlaix <sup>(27)</sup>, "the rain and good weather of petit-bourgeois chatter,"

<sup>(28)</sup> never have they appeared so rancid to the ears of scientific individuals. Seeking to hear a different music, "a good music" or "the music of the swarm," <sup>(29)</sup> 'I've heard about' doesn't ponder machines, it uses them. It is also in order to hear these new sounds that it is devoid of medico-social critiques of today's unwell-being. Finally, it is to hear other languages that 'I've heard about' calls on the "positive barbarism" of the multitude, <sup>(30)</sup> since in the face of "walls or mountains" of every kind, the new barbarian "sees nothing permanent," "but for this very reason sees ways everywhere." Furthermore, "because he sees ways everywhere, he always positions himself at a crossroads. No moment can know what the next will bring. What exists he reduces to rubble, not for the sake of the rubble, but for that of the road leading through it." <sup>(31)</sup>

But what is 'I've heard about' if not an endless pile of constructive rubble amid the immense global suburb, a suburb that welcomes all that is authentically productive and considers the fake cosmopolitanism of the global cities and stock markets just dilapidated images of "passages" and boulevard theatre. <sup>(32)</sup>

What is 'I've heard about' if not a heap of connections and directions within an immense three-dimensional graph (an aggregation of knots and bones)? A graph that is not abstract but on the contrary seems more like a carpet with many invaginations in space, a carpet that combines all of the conditions in the environment, so much so that it is the environment. Thus the possibilities, the expansion and the rhythm of continual growth of 'I've heard about' should be imagined not as those of a city, with its planning hold-ups, "guidance," construction phasing and primitive technologies, but rather as those of a jungle, as taught starting in 1955 by the "enfant terrible" of modernism: "In fact there are no longer any cities. It's like a forest. That's why we can no longer have the old cities, planned towns and so on – all that's finished forever. We should consider what means we possess for living in a jungle, and that we can live with that idea just fine." <sup>(33)</sup> Perhaps we should also imagine the trajectories in space of GPS-equipped Viabs as the closest thing to the choreography of real "caterpillars," <sup>(34)</sup> a breeding farm for these insects, like an off-the-ground (architectural)



culture, and, finally, like the interior of the highly rationalized structures already before our eyes. Here "anyone who has enough money to buy a battery chicken outfit can go into the business. The poultry industry is 'integrated.' Raised on the floor of immense covered buildings (1,500 m<sup>2</sup> on the average), the birds form an immense moving carpet." (35)

Philippe Morel

<sup>1</sup> R. Venturi, *Iconography and electronics upon a generic architecture: a view from the drafting room*, MIT Press, Cambridge, 1996.

<sup>2</sup> Venturi, *ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> "Critique de l'urbanisme", *Internationale Situationniste* no. 6, August 1961.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> F. Nietzsche, "The Desire for Suffering," *The Gay Science*, section 56.

<sup>6</sup> Obviously it's no accident that Bruce Sterling wrote about 'I've heard about' in the "Californian" magazine *Wired* (February 2005).

<sup>7</sup> F. Roche, *Design und Zeit*. I've heard about, interview with Alexandra Midal.

<sup>8</sup> Eric Engelhard, California biological software specialist, quoted in *Le Monde*, November 17, 2002.

<sup>9</sup> Behrokh Khoshnevis, Epstein Department of Industrial and Systems Engineering, University of Southern California, Los Angeles

<sup>10</sup> The first stereolithography machine was the SLA 190 put on the market in 1987 by the California company 3D Systems. The more recent T66 Solidscape, a desk-top machine, uses completely different technology (no liquid resin).

<sup>11</sup> Nathalie Martinez, *La famille, nouvel horizon des couples gays et lesbiens*, Anne Chemin, *Le Monde*, June 24, 2005.

<sup>12</sup> Internal document, Urcéo, a Breton leader in artificial insemination.

<sup>13</sup> A. Vidler, "From Nothing to Everything," in *Anything*, MIT Press, September 2001.

<sup>14</sup> Eurodeur Congress, 2005, Paris. See [http://www.eurodeur.com/index.php?option=com\\_content&task=view&id=30&Itemid=69](http://www.eurodeur.com/index.php?option=com_content&task=view&id=30&Itemid=69)

<sup>15</sup> To my knowledge, F. Migayrou is the sole theoretician to have correctly pointed out the anachronism in M. Ginzburg's project. Cf. "Extensions de la grille," *Cahiers du Musée national d'art moderne* - no. 82, winter 2002/2003. The most recent, historically-oriented publications engaged in a search for the roots of the radical architecture of the 1960s and '70s fail to mention Melnikov's project, generally out of ignorance, and on the contrary cite Ginzburg's as example of progressivism.

The pedagogical vision of architecture that operates through negative criticism of the "project" is by nature incompatible with the very spirit of the avant-garde as defined (and practiced) by Melnikov, leading to a multiplicity of misinterpretations.

<sup>16</sup> For Melnikov, "rationalization" should not be "superficial, exterior... its process in relation to a given architectural solution should get to the root of things."

<sup>17</sup> Cf. grid computing.

<sup>18</sup> Cf. text I've heard about, *Territorial Protocol* section.

<sup>19</sup> *Small Office/Home Office*

<sup>20</sup> G. Benn. "Puerile critique of society" also comprehends provincial rebellion: "In the Mediterranean, since that's the location of your question. I've tried to say no to imperialism, brilliance and aluminium, and not be a fellow traveller of a generic, globalized trend. Marseille is not the flat country cynical urbanists dream of." R. Ricciotti, *www.archicool*, October 6, 2004.

<sup>21</sup> Nietzsche, *op. cit.*

<sup>22</sup> Constant, *Sur nos moyens et nos perspectives*, in *Internationale Situationniste* no. 2 December 1958.

<sup>23</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>24</sup> Celebration is the name of American New Urbanism's emblematic city.

<sup>25</sup> Cf. R. Musil: "The scientific man is totally inevitable nowadays: one can't refuse to know! And the difference between the experience of a specialist and that of an ordinary person has never been as great as it is today. (The Man without Qualities) The point is not that one must be a scientist, but a (re)searcher in every field, with the "scientific spirit."

<sup>26</sup> Intellectual capitals, which obviously have nothing in common with the metropolises (see footnote 32).

<sup>27</sup> Plourin-lès-Morlaix is the site of a modest architectural endeavour (intellectually modest), a sort of modernist Celebration for Breton peasants.

<sup>28</sup> P. P. Pasolini, *Les formes ambiguës du rituel narratif: la Nuit américaine et La Grande Bouffe*, in *Cinema Nuovo*, no. 231, September-October 1974. The new media such as the blog and webzine are, for the most part, "provincialism and commerce on a world scale," as Mayakovsky noted long before the dawn of communications networks when he narrated his "discovery of America" in 1925. The Indian call centre operators who have automatic pop-ups appearing on their monitors to inform them about the weather and current gossip in the region of the US indicated by caller ID provide the most absolute confirmation of this subline prediction.

<sup>29</sup> A reference to Rimbaud by Kristan Ross, *Rimbaud and the Paris Commune* (University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, 1998), cited in the "I remember" section of 'I've heard about'.

<sup>30</sup> I would go so far as to say that the multitude will



remain, as long as possible, a moving assemblage of individuals and not the mass that it tends to reform occasionally in the name of the multitude.

<sup>31</sup> W. Benjamin, *The Destructive Character*, in *Reflections*, ed. Peter Demetz, Schocken Books, New York, 1978. Cited in A. Negri and M. Hardt, *Empire*, p. 215. This aspect of Benjamin, his consideration of destruction from a different angle than that of a purely negative critique, is certainly the most productive, from the point of view of thought, although Nietzsche raised it earlier.

<sup>32</sup> Pace Saskia Sassen, we cannot really classify most of the activities hosted by the metropolises as what I call production for the simple reason that these metropolises are not necessary. Finance is no longer linked to physical stock markets but exists on computer networks. The New York Stock Exchange, for instance, exists throughout the Net and, in the end, barely in New York itself. The politics transmitted to us from these cities, whether national politics or urban politics, are not necessary. The "cultural affairs" are not necessary, nor is art. Thus the cities themselves are not necessary and there is no reason not to completely disperse human activities across all the world's territories, housed in cell-homes that are the core not of the family and bourgeois life (this kind of analysis of the domestic economy is obsolete and today's city "neighbourhoods" and other corporatist gathering places are places of "petitbourgeois chatter." As for the appeals for the founding of a metropolitan character, they are anachronistic. Even Chinese cities, despite their spectacular appearance, represent only a few tens of millions of inhabitants out of 1.3 billion), but of experimentation, anonymity and the advanced capitalist economy. The 21st century will be Californian or there won't be a 21st century. It will be diffuse, from Africa to Siberia.

<sup>33</sup> Mies van der Rohe, "Interview with J. Peter," 1955, in *Mies in America*, pp. 14-15. Today's generalized use of GPS in every domain imaginable proves that he was right on all counts. All urbanism since then has been inferior to Mies. In the contemporary period, only American architects (and their voluntary allies) are able to see the inanity of urban planning.

<sup>34</sup> "I've heard about" radicalizes the meaning of the word caterpillar. Today's GPS-guided bulldozers in the context of a global urban expansion taking the form of an ultra-rational jungle is accompanied at the same time and with the same technology by the rational destruction of the natural jungle. ("The countryside of the future is a Mendelized countryside," G. Benn).

<sup>35</sup> Gaëlle Dupont, "Les aviculteurs bretons pris au piège de la mondialisation," *Le Monde.fr*, November 11, 2002.

IntegraTM生命科学。对于“我听到点什么”的直率的建议。

“我希望成为虽然是新生的,但却是对于欧洲绝对无知的人。” 保罗·克利

大多数人的眼睛都被一张又一张的手帕牢牢地束缚住了,并且将他们自身附属于这些观点性群众中的某个。这样的一致性使他们在少数细节上不会出现错误,但又是另一些谎言的作者,在整体的细节上产生了错误。他们所谓的真理并非那么真实。他们的“2”并非真实的两个,他们所谓的“4”也不是真实的四;因此他们所说的每一个词都会使我们气恼,因为我们知道他们是错误的,却又不知道应该从哪里开始纠正他们。(拉尔夫·瓦尔多·埃默生,《自我信任》)

批评性注释在很久以前就已经成为了一种泛滥的演说技巧。“小心你作为一个批评家每月所吸收的那些味道。”<sup>(1)</sup>无论如何,我很高兴来使用这种批判的形式,至少扩展开来说,牵涉到“我听到点什么”,尤其是自从我开始作为一名建筑师而非一名批评家进行写作。于是,这件事情的意义就不只在于制造一种这样的注释,而在于在一种所谓的“综合性”的环境当中,对“我听到点什么”所暗示的技术的角色和其中立的性质去做一些附加性的评论,这样的评论还应该包括当代都市主义和政治的坍塌。因此,当我提到“我听到点什么”的思维是这样的或者那样的时候,我的意思是“我听到点什么”从逻辑上来说是引导向这个或者那个,或者“我听到点什么”就只是一个被其自身条件所扼杀的都市乌托邦式的主张,但是实际上我们并没有这么认为。

它会不声不响地前进,不会提及“我听到点什么”是一个包罗万象的都市方案,它实际上不可能去正视城市规划,在没有立即地——以及正当——回忆起那个著名的“小心都市社会改良家”<sup>(2)</sup>这句话时。将它以不同的方式放置并与欧洲中心文化联系起来,“我听到点什么”不是一个都市方案,因为事实上的都市主义从来没有真正地存在过。我们所拥有的只是一种“意味着去整合人类的技术综合性”……

这些技术被愚蠢的人纯洁地使用了或是被警察有意地挥霍掉了”<sup>(3)</sup>(尽管后来者已经消失,但是前者,普遍意义上地贫穷——我想说“文本上的匮乏”——那些永远地市郊和都市扩容的改革家们,是“谁在谈论城市规划的权力”的同时又在寻求“以隐藏事实的真相来使用城市规划的权力”,<sup>(4)</sup>并坚持宣称过错在于警察们,不是他们——而是自从“权力”本身消失以后,他们所演绎的都市主义仅仅纯粹是它们自己的想法而已)。因此,“我听到点什么”并不是关于Gute Form的探索或是好的城市好的生活。它简单地只是一种智慧思索导致的有关我们的环境的自然性质的行动。这种思索是整体的而并非只是空间的,空间性仅仅是众多元素之一。由此,就像新都市主义的对立面一样,“我听到点什么”也通过可接受的标准,抽象电子原则,自我辨识社区,志愿转让,装载与协议来对自身进行定义。最后,“我听到点什么”并没有被推到极致;它综合了对于新都市主义最为有利的每一部分,而拒绝了它本身民族主义和共和主义的时代错误。此外,“我听到点什么”不是一个政治性的项目,而是一个对于后政