

Flesh¹

architectural probes

Elizabeth Diller and Ricardo Scofidio

The Mutant Body of Architecture

Georges Teyssot

1: the outermost surface of the "body" bordering all relations in "space."

PRINCETON ARCHITECTURAL PRESS

DEVIANTS, by definition, cross lines. And now, those lines have been clearly drawn. A recent ordinance in the state of Florida explicitly maps out the boundaries of body parts which fall into the category of "indecent public exposure." The buttocks, for instance, a hitherto contestable territory, are now legally defined as, "The area at the rear of the human body which lies between two imaginary lines running parallel to the ground when a person is standing—the first or top of such line drawn at the top of the cleavage of the nates, i.e. the prominence formed by the muscles running from the back of the hip to the back of the leg, and the second or bottom line drawn at the lowest visible point of this cleavage or the lowest point of the curvature of the fleshy protuberance, whichever is lower, and between two imaginary lines on each side of the body, which run perpendicular to the ground and to the horizontal lines described above, and which perpendicular lines are drawn through the point at which each nate meets the outer side of each leg." Any exposure of flesh within this rectangular boundary constitutes a legal infraction. Unlike land law,



where property lines protect private space from transgressions of the public, the property lines that define the socially "decent" body defend public space from transgressions of the private(s).

Flesh is a surface controlled by both private and public interests on which the rights of **property** are continuously

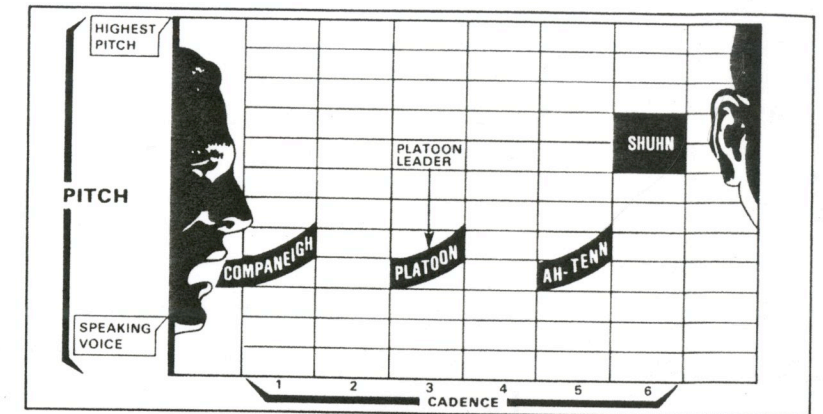
mediated by the restrictions of **propriety**. The body is, after all, a property of uncertain jurisdiction, between the proper (name), property and propriety, can be found in the texts of Catherine Ingraham. shutting between the codes of the Church and those of the State. The steady incursion into the body by commercial interests has further complicated the question, whose body is it?, with the bioethical problems of merchandising body materials. But no matter how nuanced issues of property may become on the open market, the rules of propriety—as defined by Judeo-Christian ethic—will likely play a controlling role. The battle to overturn current abortion legislation is a potent reminder that rights acquired over one's body should never be assumed to be permanent. A recent proposal by William F. Buckley to brand public health warnings onto "guilty" bodies

recalls the oppressive penal apparatus described by Kafka which inscribes the law of the state onto the body of the accused. Buckley's proposal would legally mandate those testing HIV positive to be tattooed on "the upper forearm to warn common needle users" and "the buttocks to warn homosexuals." Of course, the bodies most vulnerable to the subjugation of the Church, the State and the marketplace, are the ones least advantaged, economically and politically.

"Power relations have an immediate hold upon the body; they

invest it, mark it, train it, force it to carry out tasks, to perform ceremonies, to emit signs." Consider inscriptions made by disciplinary technologies and techniques of power onto docile bodies—bodies which become inseparable from their institutional structures. The well-disciplined body of the soldier, for example, is "instrumentally coded" with an "obligatory syntax" which is invested with as much representational value as the uniform covering his skin.

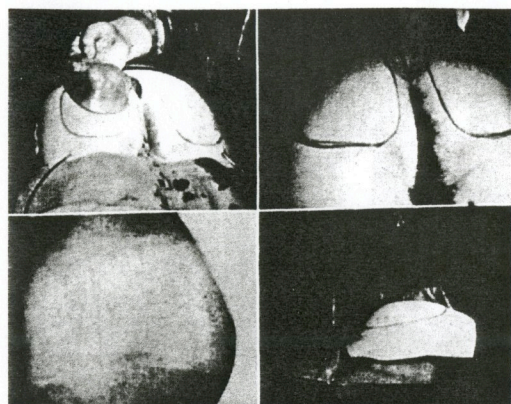
The uniform *is* the institutional skin which makes the disciplined body most intelligible. As a system of representation, it identifies a body's specific function in a given institution and thus defines the behavior of others. According to Lawrence Langner, "Government would never have been possible had it not been for the invention of the uniform, the apparel by which the government, whether it be that of a monarchy, a dictatorship or a democracy, indicates by its soldiers and police force its power over the masses. These uniforms distinguish the limbs of authority from the common herd and secure immediate obedience." Taken to its logical extreme, the uniform enables the violent confrontation of institutionalized warfare by reducing the individual solely to a representation of a nationalism.



Proper Cadence for a Command, *Army Drill and Ceremonies Field Manual*

Bring the heels together sharply on line, with the toes pointing out equally, forming an angle of 45 degrees. Rest the weight of the body evenly on the heels and balls of both feet. Keep the legs straight without locking the knees. Hold the body erect with the hips level, chest lifted and arched, and shoulders square. Let the left arm hang straight without stiffness. Curl the fingers so that the tip of the thumb is alongside and touching the first joint of the forefinger. Keep the thumb straight along the seam of the trouser leg with the first joint of the fingers touching the trousers. The toe of the rifle butt must touch the right foot so that the rear sight and pistol grip form a straight line to the front. Secure the rifle with the right hand in a "U," formed by the fingers and thumb. Keep the right hand and arm behind the rifle so that the thumb is straight along the seam of the trouser leg.

Position of Attention with Weapon, *Army Drill and Ceremonies Field Manual*



Buttock-enhancing implants

More pervasive are uniforms produced by covert systems: the Wall Street lawyer, the American tourist, the Club kid, etc. Membership in a group, institution, or ideology is made easily legible by the consistency of the body's image with a pre-established one, but the uniformed body is also identifiable by the consistency of its image of changeability. The stylish body is continually being re-inscribed by the dictums of fashion—a complicity

According to Roland Barthes, "fashion" is produced when

between the diet, fitness, cosmetic, and clothing industries. This free-floating institution produces a well-disciplined body under continuous self-surveillance.

Waif-like to buxom or nerdish to muscle-bound, the tolerance to ever-changing standards of fashion is marked by the body's new plasticity—reshapeable through chemistries, surgeries, Nautilus, and spandex. As enslaving as it is liberating, this plasticity accepts the physical body as a given—a *form* to either con-*form* to the pressures of the mediascape or to trans-*form* into alternative configurations of gender, ethnicity, and age. Biology is no longer destiny. Michael Jackson's constructed heterogeneity makes his the perfect postmodern body, of indistinguishable race, sex and age. Jackson's chemical "whitening," which has extended his marketability to a broadly diversified public, is comparable to the

"In 1991 surgeons sucked over 200,000 pounds of fat from the bodies of women."—Journal of the American Medical Association

The Wonder-Bra™ promises to give every woman cleavage.

Sister La Toya's subsequent surgeries were

calculated to produce a retroactive family resemblance.

1970: teeth straightened
1971: complete facelift and neck job
1974: breast reduction
1976: tummy tuck
1980: teeth bonded
1981: mini-facelift
1984: teeth rebonded
1985: teeth rebonded again
1985: brow lift, nose job, lower lid lift, cheek implants
1985: eye-liner tattoo
1986: chemical peel
1987: liposuctioned fat from stomach shot into deep vertical wrinkles around the mouth

Dr. Budd Rubin
 Dr. Franklin Ashley
 Dr. Franklin Ashley
 Dr. Franklin Ashley
 Dr. Ronald Goldstein
 Dr. Franklin Ashley
 Dr. Alfred Menzies
 Dr. John Lake
 Drs. Michael Alan & Frederick Berkowitz
 Dr. Warren Katz
 Dr. Frederick Berkowitz
 Dr. Steven M. Hoefflin

Seventeen-year chronology of Phyllis Diller's surgeries, *Harper's Bazaar*

disciplines indicates the extent to which the body is regarded as an ideological terrain in which political, economic and technological forces are constantly being exerted. The body's near absence

current fashion of "blackening" practiced by Japanese rap singers emulating the look of the American oppressed. The body's "new plasticity" easily permits the racial impediments to commercial success in one culture to be erased and reproduced for commercial advantage in another.

The proliferation of literature on

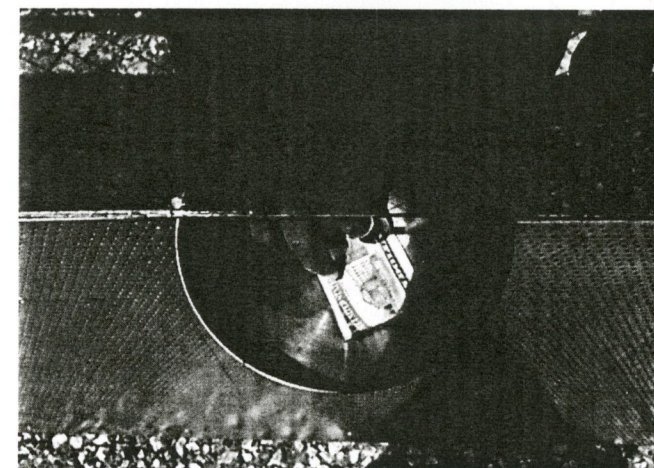
the status of the body from a wide range of

Scan the bookshelf: *The Body in Pain*, *Body Invaders*,

Fragments for a History of the Human Body, *The Body Reader*, *Thinking Bodies*, *Bodies That Matter*, *The Human Body Shop*, *Uncontrollable Bodies*, *The Body in Analysis*...

from architectural discourse, however, points to architecture's unwillingness to think bodies in any other than humanistic terms. Caught between the moral constraints of modernism's autonomy from the social domain on the one hand, and the postmodern (euphoric-dystopian) anxiety over the body's potential loss to the dominating forces of technology on the other, architecture consistently fails to recognize the body as a political/economic construct—one which *it* tacitly helps to produce.

It must be clarified here that architects grapple with the socially constructed body more than they will care to admit. Even the "pure, plastic" icons of High and Late Modernism resonate with the overwhelming expression of the body's denial. The problem, rather, has been in the reluctance of contemporary architectural practice to regard the *body* and *space* as interdependent constructs, inseparable from the cultural forces which have shaped them. Architecture refuses to admit that space is already constructed before *it* gets there—coded legally, politically, morally and socially. Space is nothing other than "contractual," and is prescribed *in advance* of architecture. All too frequently, architecture enters into a simple regulatory role,



Project: detail of transaction window, *Art on the Beach* entrance (1984)

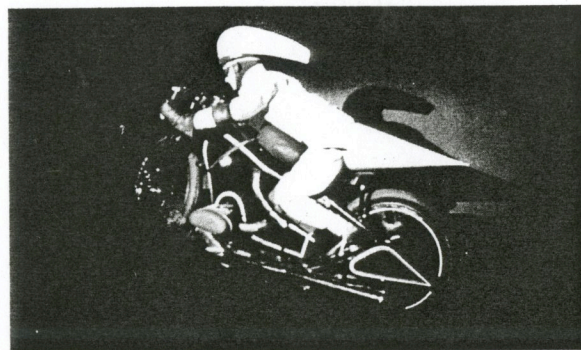
in collusion with the systems which employ it. The performance of banking is as thoroughly inscribed in the space of the bank as the performance of domesticity is in the home. No matter how resistant an architecture may appear in relation to the traditional representation of the *bank* or the *home*, it is still likely to be in complicity with its strategies: while the image of the bank, for exposure may be found in the Manufacturers Hanover Trust Bank (1954) designed by Skidmore Owings & Merrill, in which the door of the (empty) massive vault, displayed to instance, was democratized in the 1950s and 60s by the widespread use of Miesian "transparency," the newly "exposed" bank remained as opaque as its neoclassical predecessor.

The paradigmatic example of the tactics of

the bank, for exposure may be found in the Manufacturers Hanover Trust Bank (1954) designed by Skidmore Owings & Merrill, in which the door of the (empty) massive vault, displayed to instance, was democratized in the 1950s and 60s by the widespread use of Miesian "transparency,"

Fifth Avenue behind a glass wall, is kept invitingly open.

A critical architecture need not rely on the erasure of familiarity. On the contrary, it could use familiarity to earn its welcome into the status quo and then turn insidious. Perhaps a dissident architecture today could be thought of as an *architecture of entrapment*, characterized by stealth. It could act on constructed bodies and space alike, deforming the rules it understands all too well.



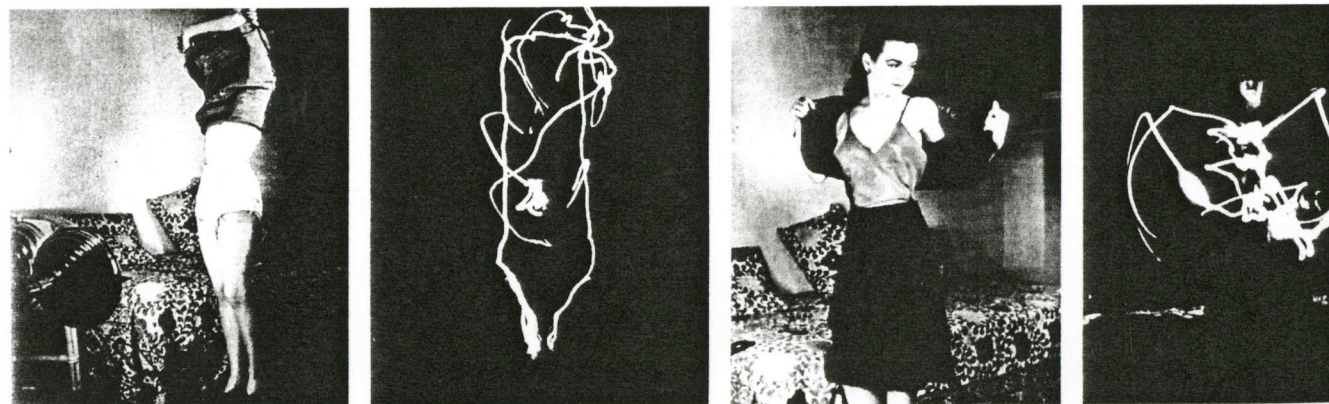
Ernst Henne on his record-breaking BMW (1935)

The inseparability of the body from conceptions of space is most explicit in the changing world view of the late nineteenth century. Like architecture, the body had to become cleaner, faster, more efficient and more agile to meet the demands of a changing society.

As industrialization began to redefine architecture, it brought a significant economic reconceptualization of the body. At the turn of the century the body slowly came to be understood as a mechanical component of industrial productivity, an extension of the factory apparatus. Scientific management, or Taylorism, sought to rationalize and standardize the motions of this body, harnessing its dynamic energy and converting it into efficient labor power. According to Anson Rabinbach, "the dynamic language of energy was central to many utopian social and political ideologies of the early twentieth century: Taylorism, bolshevism, and fascism. All of these movements viewed the body both as a productive force and as a political instrument whose energies could be subjected to scientifically designed systems of organization."

The new science calibrated work into units of energy in relation to space, time, productivity, muscle fatigue and hourly wage.

The Human Motor: Energy, Fatigue, and the Origins of Modernity (1990)



"The Camera Reveals that You are Ungraceful," time-motion studies, Rene W. P. Leanhardt, *American Photography*, May 1942.

It was not long before the practice of engineering bodies was introduced into the office, the school, the hospital and even into the institutionalization of proper "feminine" and "masculine" behavior. By the first decade of the twentieth century, scientific management was brought into the home and applied to domestic housework. Time-motion studies, which had been developed to dissect every action of the factory laborer with the intention of designing ideal shapes of movement and,

The science of the economy of

the body sought to find, according to the motto of scientific management's most humane advocate, Frank Gilbreth, the "One Best Way" to do everything

ultimately, the ideal laborer, were imported into the home to scrutinize every movement exerted in housekeeping in order to produce the ideal housewife. The body of this housewife was interpreted through scientific management as a dynamic force with unlimited capacity for work. Her only enemy was fatigue. And fatigue, in broader terms, undermined the moral imperative of the new social reform—the reclamation of all waste as usable potential.

Although the term "housewife" had been in use since the thirteenth century in Europe, a reconceptualization of both "house" and "wife" was required for the servantless, middle-class American household of the 1920s.

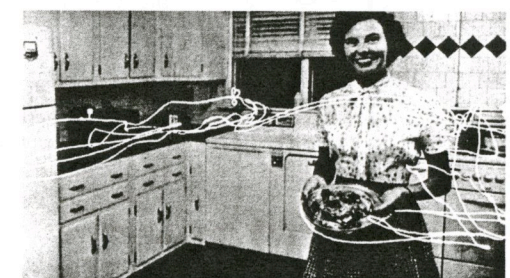
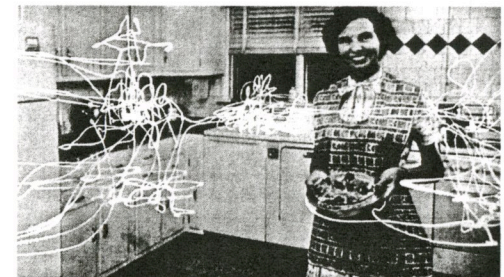
The application of labor-saving techniques from scientific management, in conjunction with the introduction of household appliances, the new "electric servants," sought to conserve the physical expenditure of the housewife in the 1920s. The time and energy saved, according to the rhetoric of "efficiency," would release the woman from the home and thus enable her to join the paid labor force. When Frank Gilbreth raised the efficiency of bricklaying by the reduction of stooping, Christine Frederick, the earliest exponent of scientific efficiency in the home, asked, "Didn't I, with hundreds of women, stoop unnecessarily over kitchen tables, sinks and ironing boards, as bricklayers stoop over and to three inches above the floor increased oxygen consumption above that required for standing bricks?" Inspired by Frederick, "efficiency" found its complete expression in the Frankfurt kitchen of 1925, designed to be "optimally" efficient in the expenditure of human energy, time, space, and money.

The austerity born of an obsession with efficiency came under attack in Europe because it was thought that "bodies were reduced to ciphers in dehumanized environments and processes." In America, the drive for efficiency did not fulfill its liberating

The shift of emphasis from "maximum" to "optimum" in the 1920s marked

an effort to mitigate the ruthlessness of efficiency.

John Heskett, Industrial Design (1980)



Lights attached to a housewife's wrists demonstrate the difference in time and effort required in the preparation of a goulash dinner prepared entirely from scratch in ninety minutes and a pre-cooked, pre-packaged goulash dinner which took only twelve.

promise. Efficiency was often taken as an objective in itself. Ironically, it condemned the housewife to an increased work load as standards of cleanliness in the home rose to compulsive levels. The discovery of the "household germ" and the proliferation of germ theory galvanized a link between dirt and disease. Dirt soon became a moral construct yielding sexual, religious and aesthetic distinctions. The fetishization of hygiene blurred together the categories of cleanliness

"Every trace of dirt and every impure smell became grounds for guilt and anxiety."—Adrian Forty

and beauty, chastity, piety, and modernity. As efficiency targeted the domestic body and domestic space alike, the design of the interior inevitably succumbed to the paranoid hygiene: the dust and

Inducing guilt in the housewife was the standard strategy used in advertisements for home products

in which the presence of dirt was characterized as a sign of inadequate love.

germ-breeding intricacies of the nineteenth-century interior collapsed into

pure surface—white, smooth, flat, non-porous and seamless—under the

The adjective "clean" used with "design" underscores the association of ornament with excess and dirt (as well as crime).

Despite the unrealized aspirations of scientific management's

application to housework in the liberation of the housewife, daily work in the

home continued to become increasingly rationalized by the women condemned

to stay there. According to Phyllis Palmer, "To remove the stigma from what

Domesticity and Dirt: Housewives and Domestic Servants in the United States,

was considered to be service-oriented menial labor of the female, daily housework between the 1920s and 40s was progressively masculinized and re-configured into a more comprehensive economic

management of the household." The new category of the "home economist" now combined the skills of

the nutritionist, the doctor, the accountant, the child care specialist and the informed consumer.

Ironing procedure, Housekeeping Manual, 1962: Center the back of the shirt on an ironing board with yoke taught.

Notwithstanding this new characterization, the actual physical labor involved in housework

remained, in the words of Palmer, "just as demanding and distasteful as it had ever been. The dirt

previously absorbed by the body of the servant was now a direct concern to the woman of the house."

In the servantless household of the first half of the century, the project of maintaining the idealized female

The fetish for hygiene may in fact have been intensified by fears of disintegrating class boundaries.

body, exhibiting no evidence of decay, was approached with the same devotion as that of maintaining an

The visible shirt, which clearly demonstrated its intermediate status between skin and cloth, could play many roles... above all, the white (shirt) introduced depth to clothes, and testified to an "underneath." It was as if, through it, the existence of the skin was delegated to the surface of the clothes. What had been hidden now emerged. What was not seen became partly visible. The material which touched the skin became a witness, discreet or emphatic, on the borders of clothing. It revealed what clothes concealed. The white, in this case, signified a particular cleanliness, that of the inside. This additional attribute made it possible to evoke the intimate.

Georges Vigarello, Concepts of Cleanliness: Changing Attitudes in France Since the Middle Age (1988)

Today, home and body maintenance have found a new conjunction—household chores can

be incorporated into a daily aerobic regimen and performed to the beat of a television fitness

instructor. Biceps, triceps, pecs, glutes—the divisible, docile body is worked in discrete muscle groups

idealized domestic space. These parallel

projects were dedicated to preventing the

corrosions of age and to the daily restora-

tion of an ideal order whose standards and

values were produced and sustained in the

popular media.

with every motion articulated and numbered—a Taylorism of leisure, in which efficiency-gain is traded for

See Patricia Mellencamp, "Calculating Difference," in High Anxiety: Catastrophe, Scandal, Age, & Comedy (1992).

fat-loss. At the same time, housework's primary activities of dirt management and the daily restoration

of order continue to be subjected to the economic ethos of industry,

guided by motion-economy principles once designed by efficiency

engineers. **Bad Press** looks at ironing, one of housework's daily

1993

practices, in relation to the cult of efficiency and the domesticated body.

The chore of ironing is governed by minimums. In pressing

a shirt, for example, a minimum of effort is used to reshape the

shirt with a minimum of flat facets into a two-dimensional, repeti-

tive unit which will consume a minimum of space. The standardized

ironing pattern for a man's shirt always returns the shirt to a flat,

rectangular shape which fits economically into orthogonal systems of storage. At the site

of manufacture, the factory-pressed shirt is stacked and packed into

Draw the iron, with point facing collar, down shirt yoke to rear tail hem and press box

rectangular cartons which are loaded as cubic volume onto trucks and

transported to retail space, where the shirt's form is reinforced in rectangular display cases, and

then, after purchase, sustained at home in

dresser drawers or on closet shelves and,

finally, on trips away from home, in suit-

cases. The shirt is disciplined at every

stage to conform to the economic contract

of minimums.

When worn, the residue of the

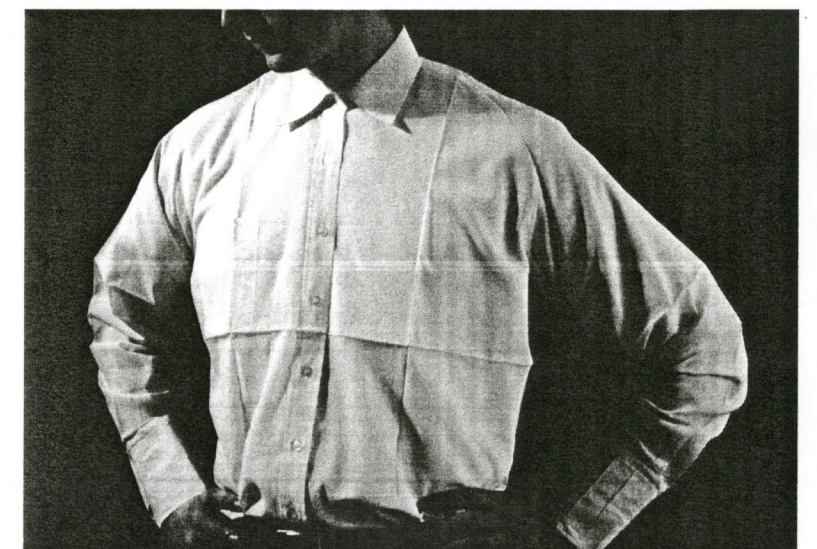
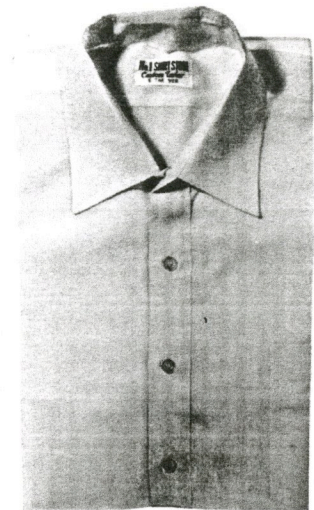
orthogonal logic of efficiency is registered

on the surface of the body. The parallel

creases and crisp, square corners of a clean,

pressed shirt have become sought-after emblems of refinement. The by-product of efficiency has

become a new object of its desire.





But what if the practice of ironing could free itself from the aesthetics of efficiency altogether? Perhaps ironing could more aptly represent the postindustrial body by trading the image of the *functional* for that of the *dysfunctional*. A practice of dissident ironing, relieved of the burdens of propriety could, perhaps, evolve new codes. Take, for example,

the covert language developed in recent years by state prison inmates assigned to laundering detail. Seemingly superfluous, decorative creases pressed into the clothing of other inmates are now understood to be invested with representational value—a system of ciphers

pleat. Rotate shirt counterclockwise over ironing board to expose left front panel and press.



recognizable solely to the participants. Like the prison tattoo, the crease has

become another mark of resistance by the marginalized. But where the tattoo acts directly on the skin, the only possession left to an inmate, the crease acts on the institutional skin—the prison uniform—a defacement all the more subversive in its camouflage. The crease resists

appropriation more so than the tattoo because its abstract language, unlike the typically pictorial language of the tattoo, is illegible to the uninitiated. The articulations produced by a

Once the nemesis of plastic surgeons and dry cleaners, wrinkles are now being celebrated by designers who are taking the starch out of fashion, by visionaries capable of finding beauty in imperfection.

Subtitle, *New York Times Magazine*, 1994

architecture in its relentless pursuit of new models. Carefully avoiding any formal speculations, theory of Leibniz and the Baroque.

John Rajchman points out that the fold is latently within architecture, that is, the word “fold” or “pli”

See: “Out of the Fold,” *Architectural Design* 102, *Folding in Architecture* (1993).

is etymologically related to *plic-* or *plex-* words, like explication, implication, perplexity, complexity, and multiplicity, all of which already “enjoy a prominent role in the discourses of architecture...”

cont'd on page 58



Pause when pressing each button hole and pocket allowing steam to penetrate fabric facing and inner band completely.

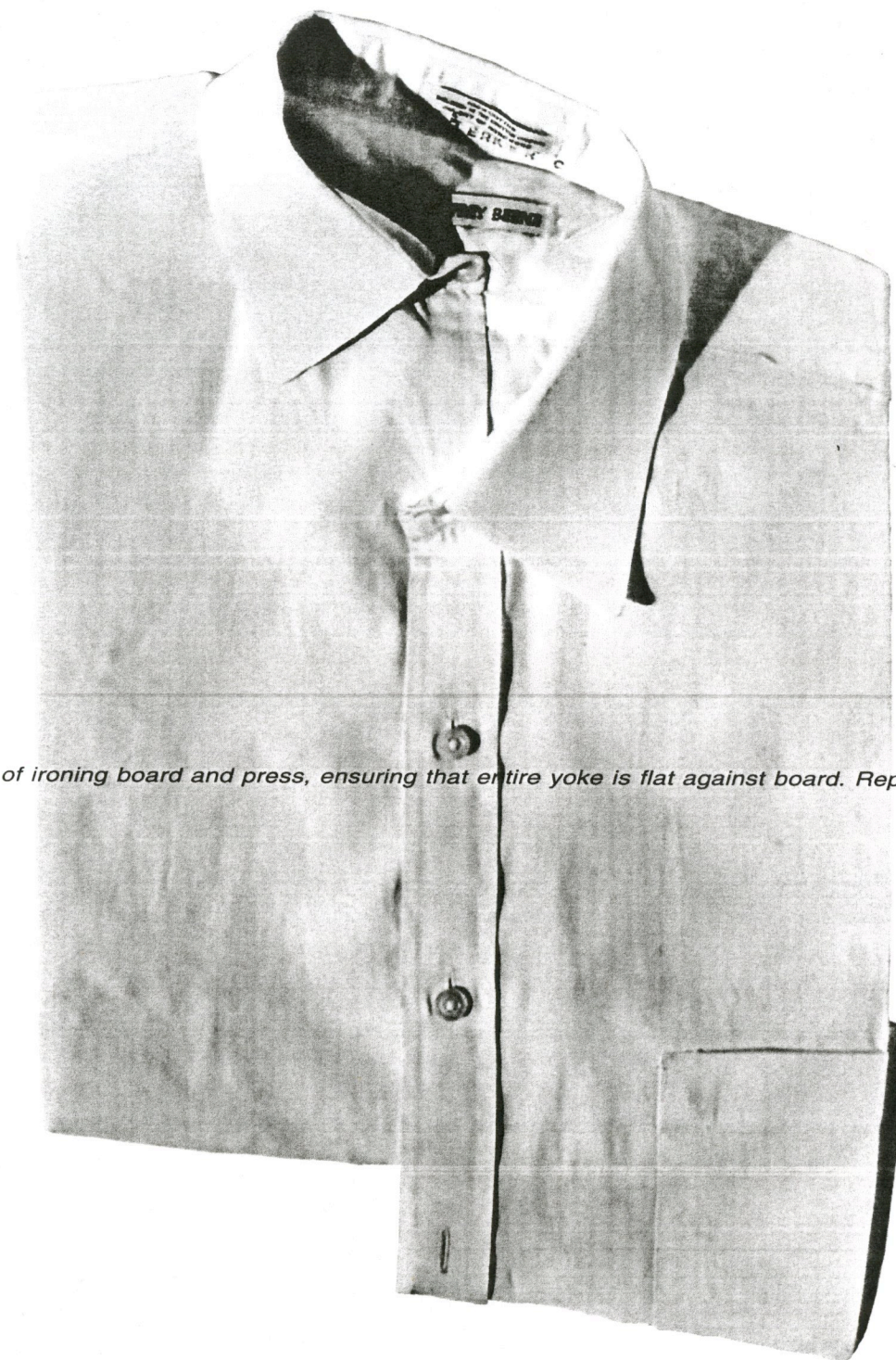
With left front panel of shirt over ironing surface, pull iron tip from outer edge of shoulder seam in a straight diagonal line down to 5th or 6th button hole, depending on inner lapel angle of jacket to be worn. Repeat procedure for right panel and press only the area inside the vee. Press collar crease, working soleplate towards front collar tips. Press 2 inches of shirt cuffs exposed beyond jacket sleeve. Button front and lightly press crease into left and right vee edges.



Rotate shirt clockwise to expose right front panel and press, rolling tip of iron around every button.



Slide left shoulder yoke over tip of ironing board and press, ensuring that entire yoke is flat against board. Repeat procedure with right



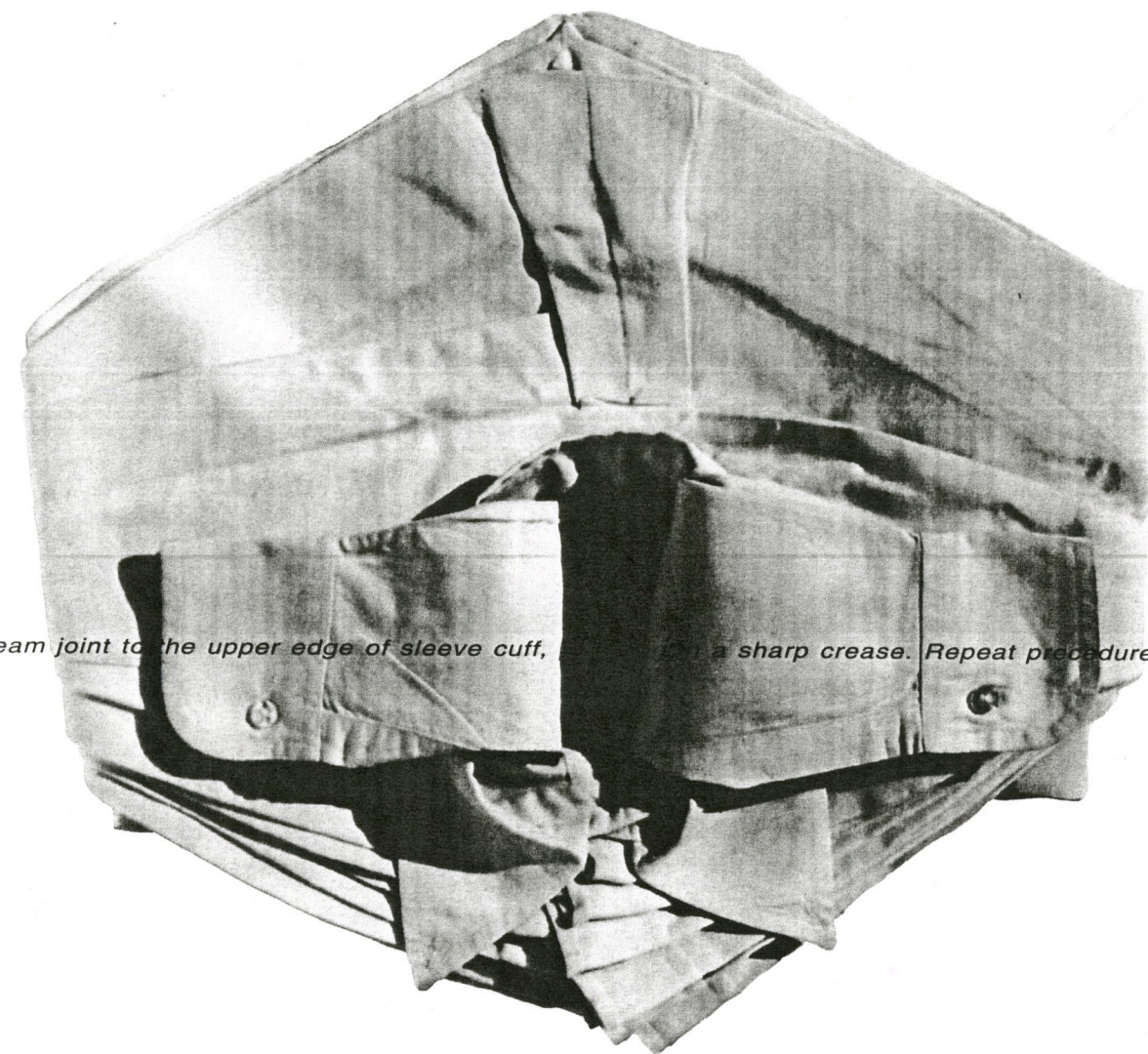
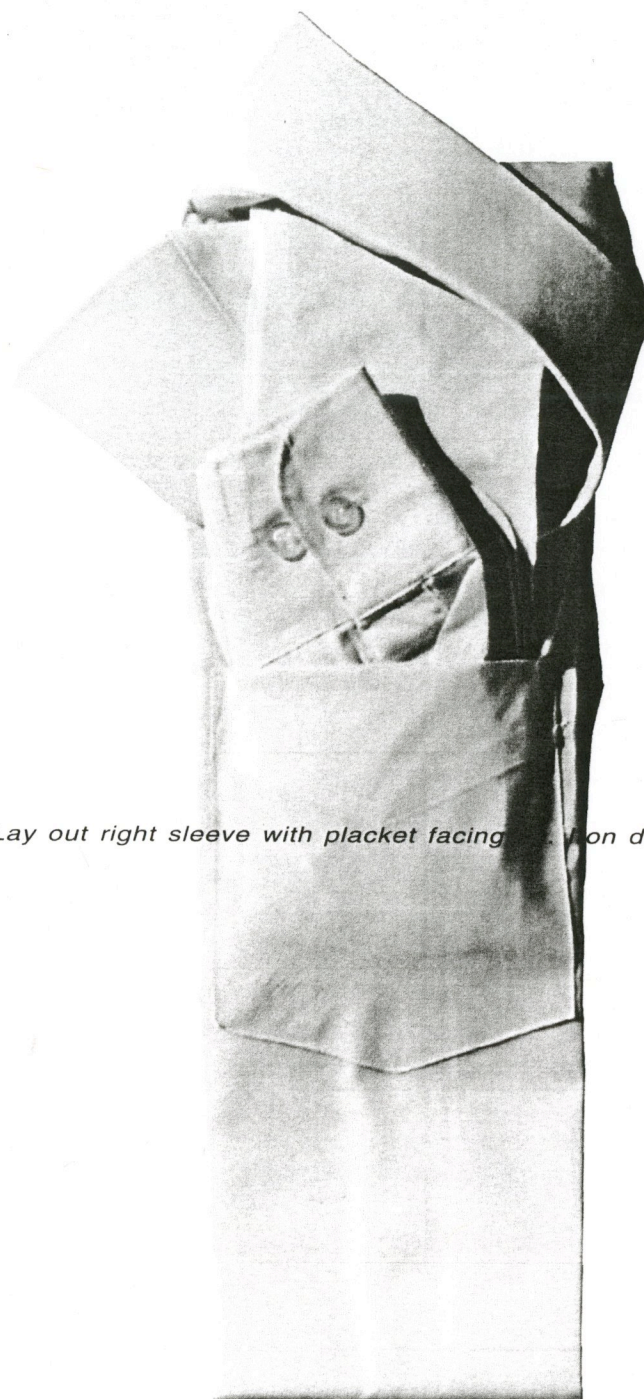
Center shirt. Press front panels and sleeves. Divide lower 1/3 of front panels into 6 parts. Fold each section over accordion-fashion and firmly press. Unfold. Fold sleeves behind front panel. Press. Fold 1/3 of left and right front panels to shirt rear and press. Pull entire shirt through rear of collar and fold over collar front. Using crease marks on lower shirt front panels, re-press accordion folds and arrange them in an extended fashion.

Press shirt according to standard procedure but do not fold. With shirt facing up, insert second button into first button hole at collar. Continue fastening buttons in sequence, skipping 4th buttonhole. Remaining buttons will fall into alignment. Turn shirt over and press left and right facets. Adjust for material discrepancy by parallelogramming shoulder and mid-fold 7 degrees from horizontal.

shoulder yoke.



Lay out right sleeve with placket facing down diagonally across sleeve width, from the underarm-seam joint to the upper edge of sleeve cuff, creating a sharp crease. Repeat procedure for left sleeve.

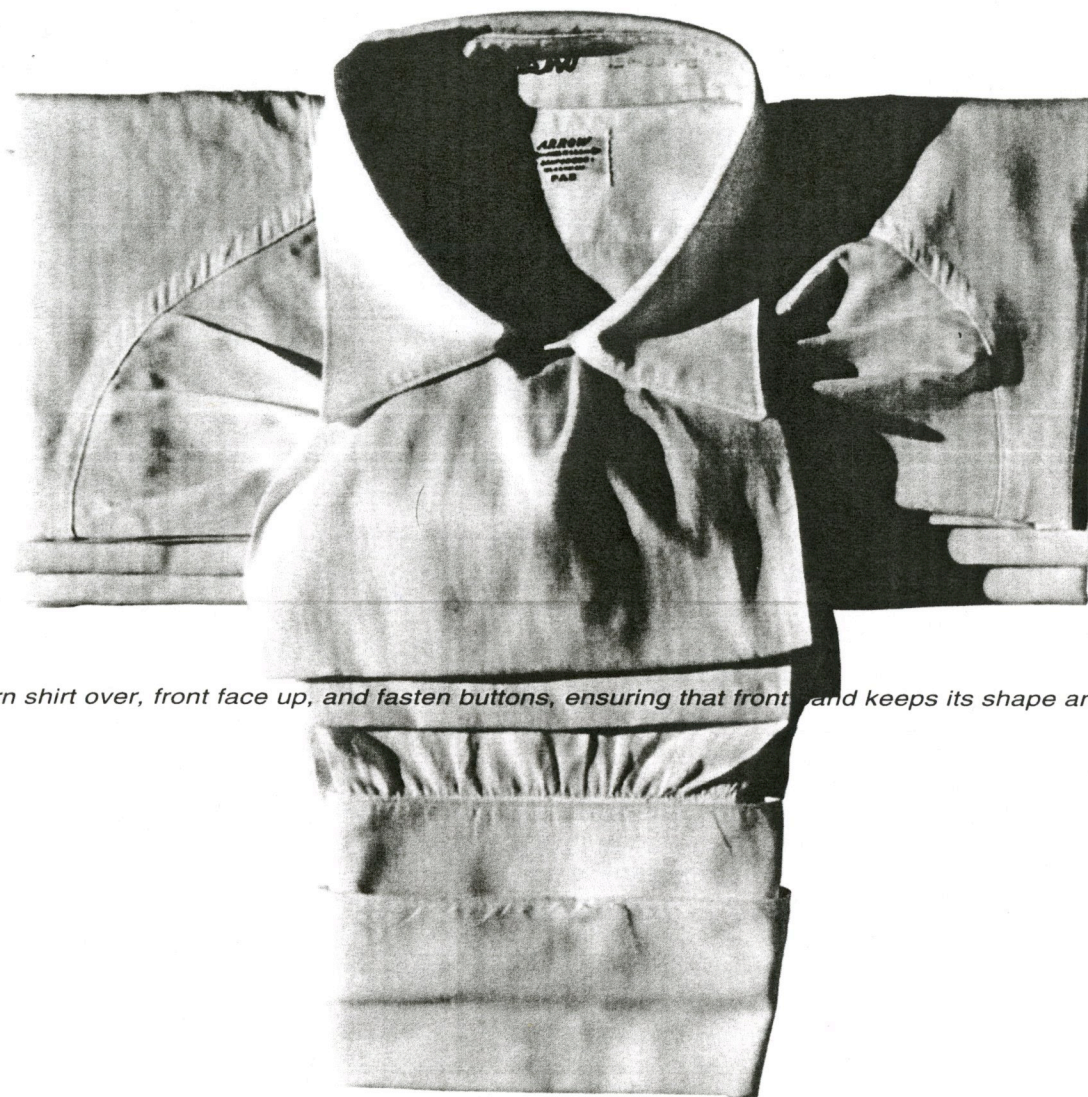


Press shirt flat. Keeping back panel face up, use standard ironing procedure, folding right sleeve over right facet. Keep left sleeve free. Continue to press, folding shirt along axis of right sleeve to reduce panel to precise width of left front shirt pocket. Fold collar forward at a 45-degree angle to shirt. Fold right sleeve in half along length and press. Cross-fold and bring right sleeve up through collar and, with crease 5 inches from cuff, tuck down into pocket.

Press sleeves, shoulder yokes, and collar. Using plumb line, suspend shirt from above. Rear tail hem should rest lightly on ironing board. Iron 1 inch pleat folds from bottom hem up, working towards the collar. Lower shirt after each pleat is pressed. Pleats will naturally form a 28-degree angle left and right from median. Accordion-fold shirt down to compressed form. Press firmly with heavy starch. Pull sleeves through shirt interior and up through collar.



With rear yoke centered, press underarm and collar crease, working soleplate towards collar tips.



Turn shirt over, front face up, and fasten buttons, ensuring that front placket and keeps its shape and proper alignment.

Press right sleeve with crisp crease down center. Starch heavily and repeat procedure until sleeve fabric is stiff. Turn left sleeve inside out, press and pull sleeve through buttoned collar. Extend hand through inside of right sleeve at placket end and grasp shirt bottom at front bands. Gather shirt into sleeve, using blind, accordion-fold method, until shirt is completely within right sleeve and collar meets underarm seam. Align collar and cuff with vertical crease of sleeve.

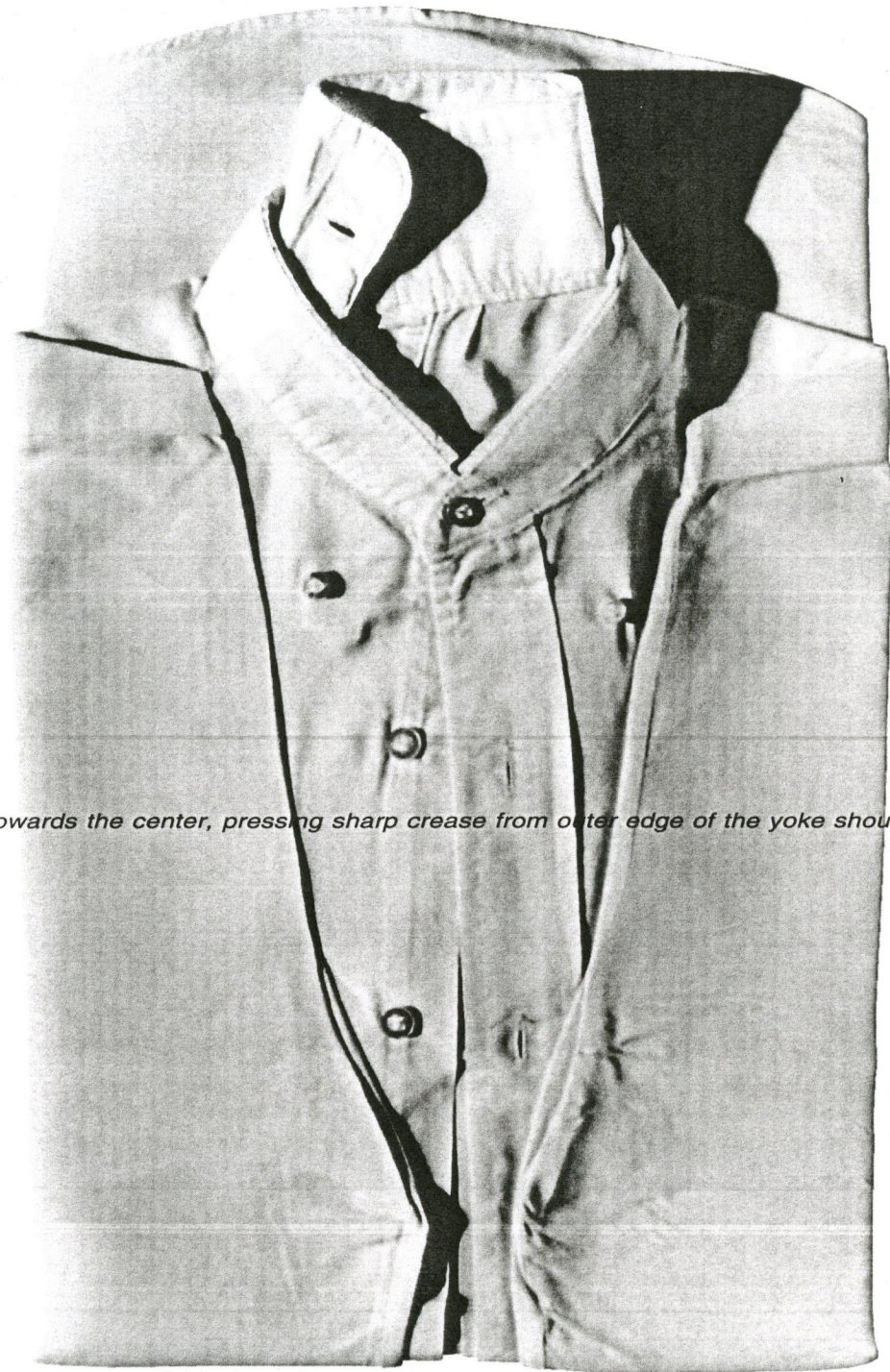
Press shirt according to standard procedure. Refrain from final folding. With shirt centered and flat, pull collar over shirt edge towards front placket. Shoulder seams should form an arc through mid-collar line. Pull shoulder material under collar tips, folding and pleating each side 5 times. Tie sleeves under collar and pull out. Fold remaining shirt accordion-fashion, arranging folds towards shirt front. Press firmly. Accordion-fold sleeves to form shirt cravat. Insert left cuff into right cuff and press.



Using the Z-method, turn shirt over. Unfold hands carefully, placing shirt in center of ironing board.



Fold left rear facet in, towards the center, pressing sharp crease from outer edge of the yoke shoulder, 2 1/2 inches out from



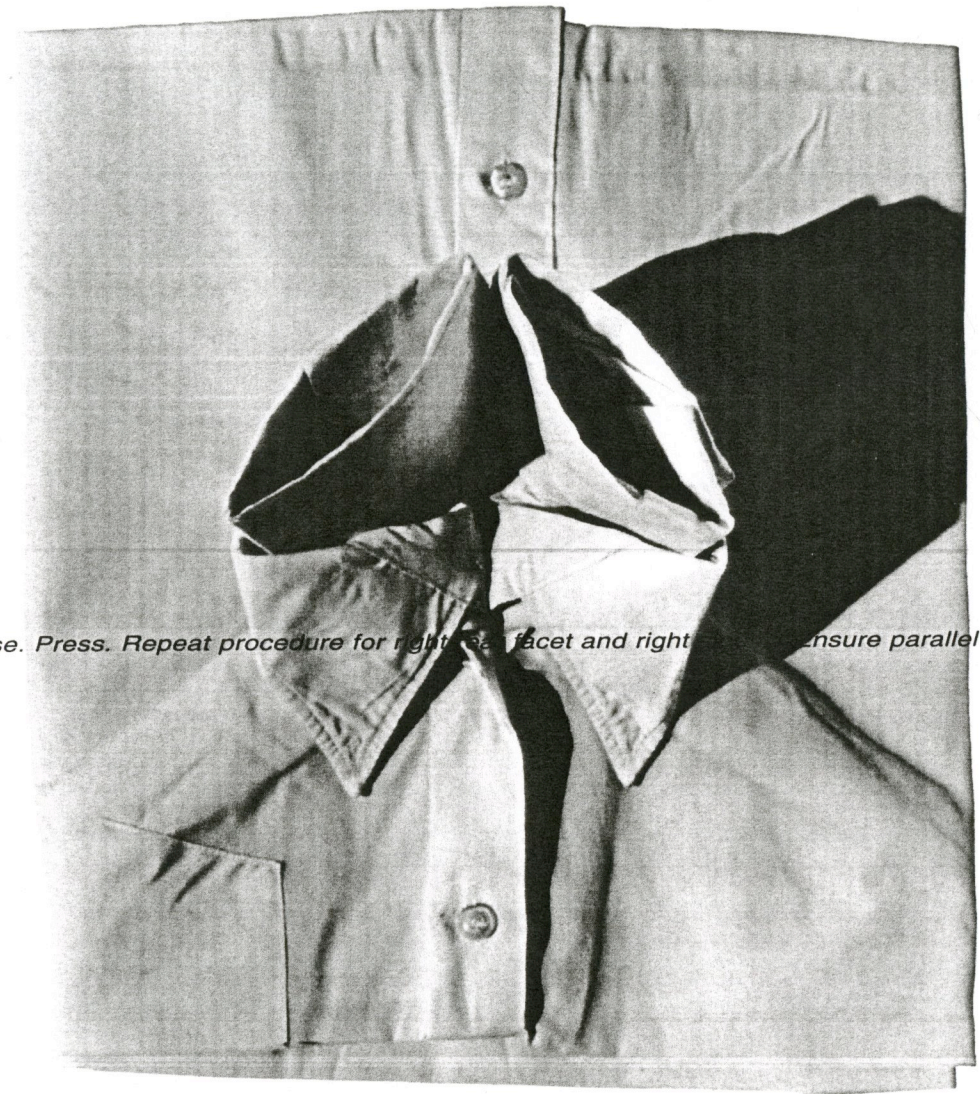
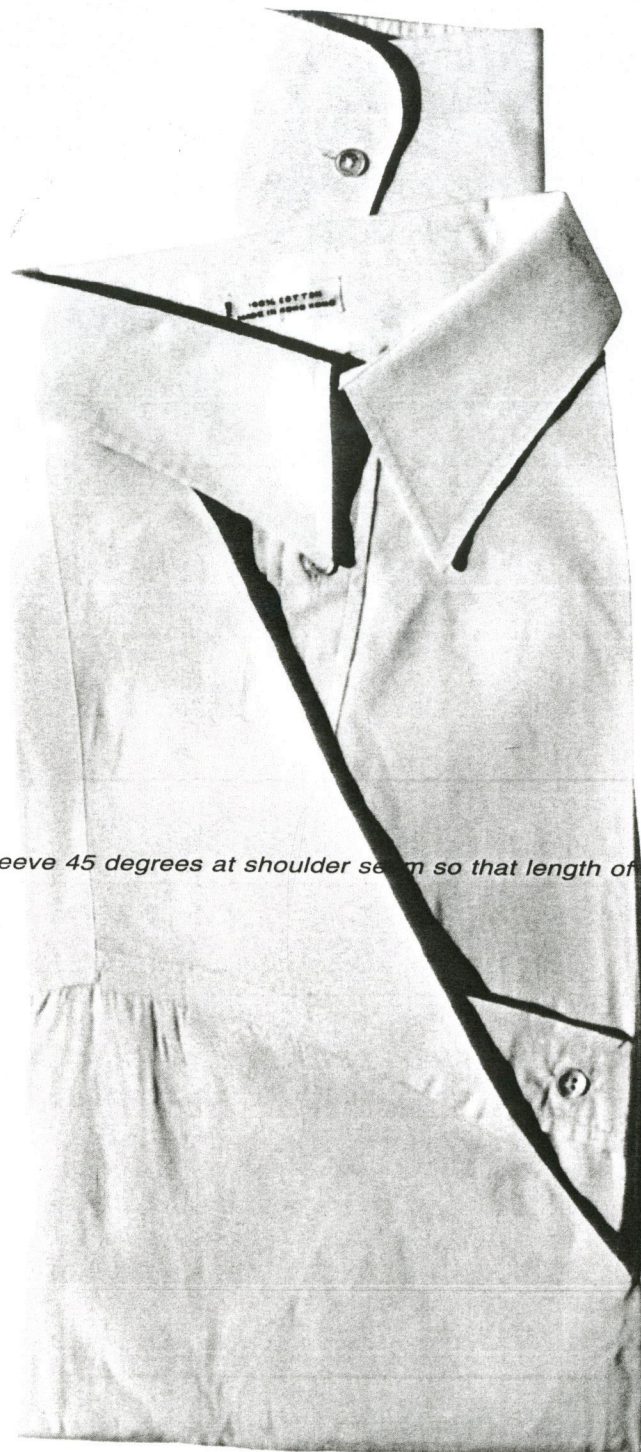
Press shirt panels according to standard procedure. Fold collar up to expose undercollar. Overlap collar tips in an X and press flat. Button shirt and fold front shoulder yokes and collar under shirt at second button hole. Press 2-inch accordion folds in each sleeve, perpendicular to front shirt bands. Press folded sleeves and then front panels inward until shirt is 3 inches wide and full length from collar to tail hem. Cross-fold and press into cube.

Press sleeves firmly and pull inside out into shirt body. With front facing up, open shirt and fold sleeves over each other in an X. Press. Button collar and turn inside out. Press firmly. Pull sleeve cuffs through collar, aligning one in front of the other. With remaining shirt, fold 1/2 of right side over shirt front, forming a partial shirt "waistcoat." Repeat for left side until "waistcoat" is complete. Fold back lower half of shirt front to rear and press firmly.

undercollar.



Fold left sleeve 45 degrees at shoulder seam so that length of sleeve runs parallel along the length of the rear facet crease. Press. Repeat procedure for right rear facet and right front facet. Ensure parallel alignment of rear to front.

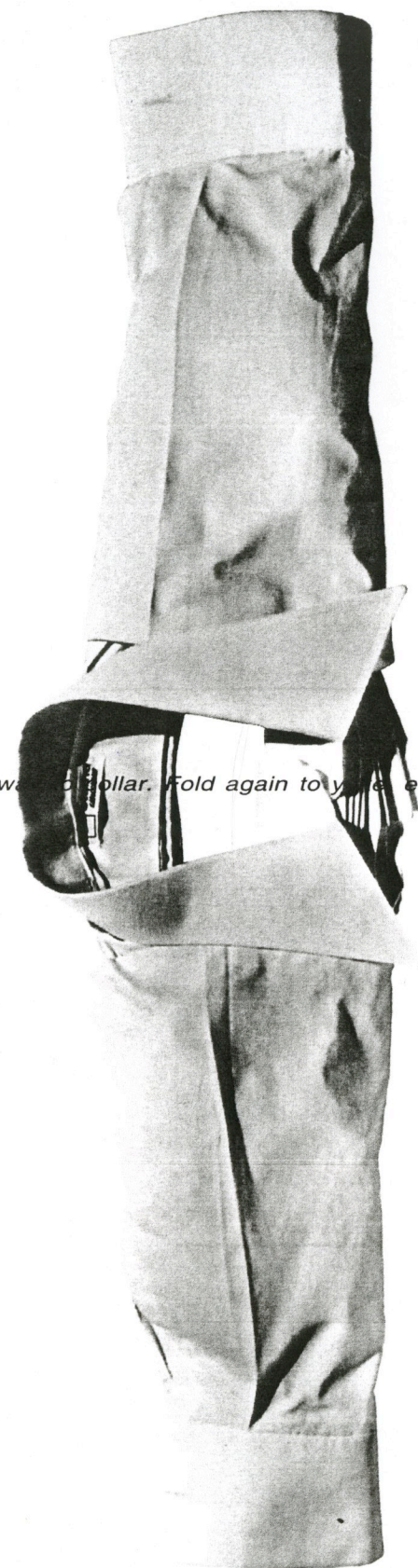


Press shirt rear and front according to standard procedure. Press left sleeve in standard fashion and fold behind shirt rear, double-folding upper sleeve over itself at 45 degrees. Bring right sleeve over front panel, folding 1/5 of upper shoulder material under collar. Press flat. Using 4th button as a pivot, fold lower shirt front to the left and bring to shirt rear. Press. With right sleeve, fold 2 inches below shoulder seam behind shirt and bring cuff up behind shirt collar. Press flat.

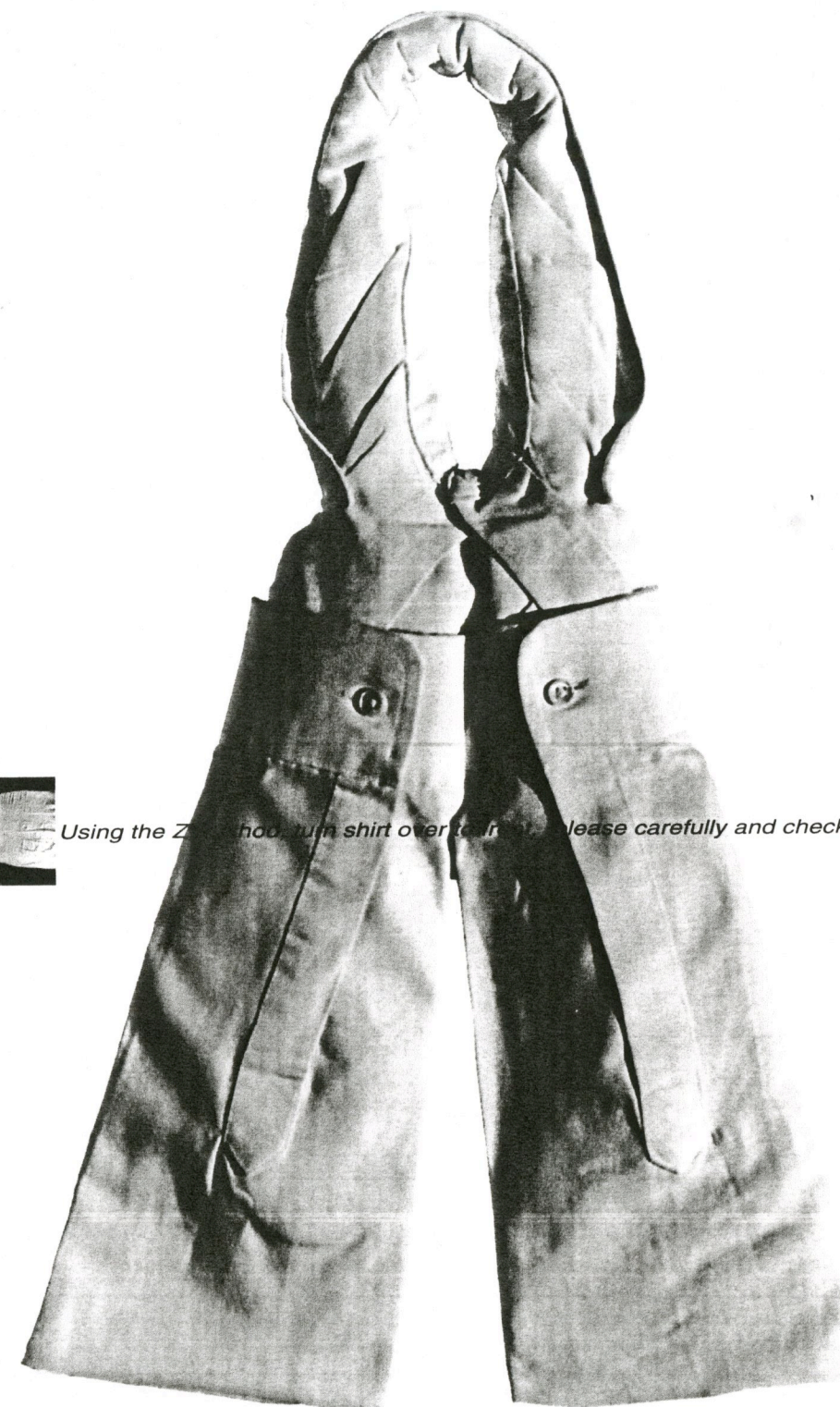
Press shirt without folding. Button cuffs and front panel. Working the shirt from the interior, pull collar into shirt from above and pull out between 4th and 5th buttons. Fold cuffs back on themselves and iron flat. Reaching through the sleeve and body interior of shirt, pull cuffs through collar, keeping crease axis at 45 degrees. Fold collar over and down. Press left and right facets. Press perpendicular folds before 3rd button and after 6th.



Fold shirt tail 1/3 of the way to collar. Fold again to yoke, ensuring that all edges are aligned and form degree corners.

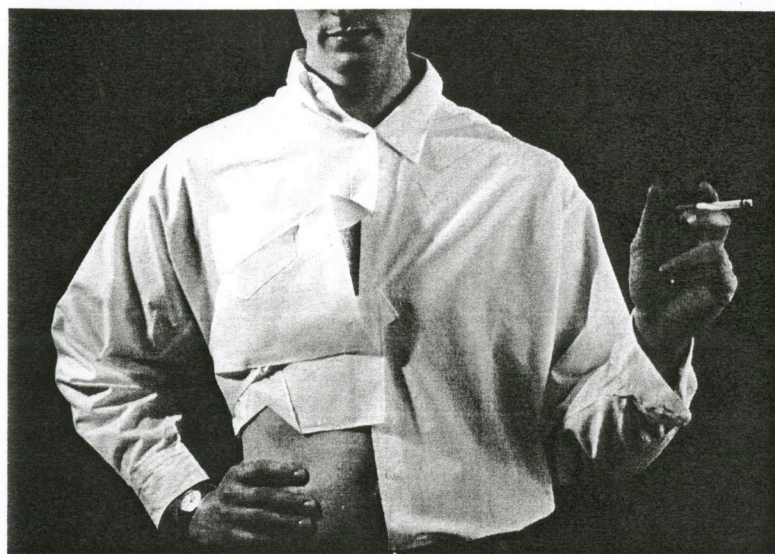


Using the Z-fold, roll shirt over to collar. Release carefully and check for creases. Press lightly.



Press shirt according to standard procedure. Starting at front hem, fold shirt accordion-fashion towards collar in 2-inch sections. Press firmly after each fold. Continue until both front and rear of shirt can be folded under full collar. Double-fold each sleeve over remaining shirt fabric, until 1/2 sleeve mark reaches collar edge.

Center shirt, pulling plackets taut. Divide panel length evenly into 20 sections and mark with tailor's chalk. Fold each section over, accordion-fashion, and firmly press. With entire shirt back folded and pressed, roll back into inside collar, leaving rolled left and right fronts extending from collar tips. Fold collar over compacted shirt back and fasten collar buttons. Reverse inside out sleeves over remaining left and right side panels. Fasten cuffs and press.



First defining a Deleuzian, "multiplicitous" presubjectivity, in which each of us "is 'folded' in many entangled, irregular ways," Rajchman goes on to explain that, "For Deleuze, the fold involves an 'affective' space from which the diverging manners of our being come and go," and poses this question: "The mod-

ernist 'machines for living' sought to express a clean, efficient space for the new mechanical body; but who will invent a way to express the affective space for this other multiplicitous one [body]?"

From the culinary axis, Greg Lynn considers *folding*, among types of mixtures: "Beating, whisking and whipping change the volume but not the nature of a liquid through agitation. Chopping, dicing, grinding, grating, slicing, shredding and mincing eviscerate elements into fragments....Folding, creaming and blending mix smoothly multiple ingredients through repeated gentle overturnings in such a way that their individual characteristics are maintained. ...A folded mixture is neither homogeneous like whipped cream, nor fragmented like chopped nuts, but smooth and heterogeneous." Lynn speculates that folding might have an organizational effect in architecture, a means by which to "integrate unrelated elements within a new

Manufacturers are hailing the Japanese invention of a non-shrinking, durable press, all-cotton shirt. Cotton shirts represent the ultimate no-iron challenge. When cotton is worn and washed, the hydrogen bridges that connect the cellulose molecules can break. If bridges break, the molecular chains swell and shift upon washing and wrinkles form. However, when cotton is treated with resins and other reactive molecules, new bridges are formed between cotton molecules which stabilize the fabric. In Japan, where domestic chores are still divided largely along traditional gender lines, the shirts are proving popular not only with housewives who hate to iron, but also with salary men, who on business trips can now wash a shirt in the sink, hang it up to dry and wear it the next day.

The New York Times, December 1993

(Certainly, the popularity of permanent press miracle fabrics among Japanese businessmen is based as much on saving physical labor as it is on maintaining the image of labor expended by their wives.)

continuous mixture."

The fold has been a useful metaphor for the discourse of post-structuralist architecture because it consolidates ambiguities, such as surface and structure, figure and organization. One of the

primary attributes of the fold is mutability—if something can be folded, it can be unfolded and re-folded. The fold is forgetful. The crease, on the other hand, can be a more compelling metaphor because it has a memory. The crease is a trace. It has representational value—in the nature of an inscription. While the fold implies reversibility, the crease is decisive—a one-way system which accumulates information. But, of course, the crease is not absolute. It can be dissipated with steam heat.

Returning home—to housework, the practice of ironing is the *final* stage in the preparation of pliable surfaces for their defensive domestic function. Clothing, bed linens, table cloths, slip covers and doilies join bath mats, rug coasters and shelf liners in a long taxonomy of domestic prophylactics. Each serves the sole purpose of preventing direct contact between any two anxious surfaces. Sanitary control can be maintained *only if* the plate never touches the tabletop, the body never touches the mattress, the lamp never touches the night stand, etc.

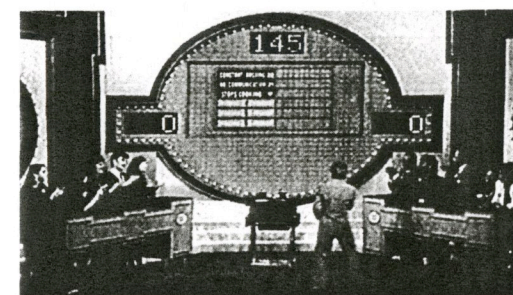
The practice of ironing is also therapeutic, not only because of its calming repetitive motions and warm vapors, but because it plays an assuring role in the maintenance of domestic order and control. However, this need for order and control can also *take* control. According to a clinical report on obsessive cleaning and checking disorders, "When patient 'X' began ironing an article of clothing, she could not stop until she collapsed from exhaustion. The patient would meticulously, and without pause, press out the most imperceptible of wrinkles, going over the same area of the garment again and again. The wrinkles could never be completely removed, thus the job could never be properly finished according to her expectations, as new wrinkles would inevitably be introduced into the garment by the task of ironing itself."

Obsessive-compulsive disorders most frequently manifest themselves around two categories: orderliness of inanimate objects and dirt/contamination. These are followed by less

The word "crease" is etymologically related to "crest," a mark or ridge (caused by a fold).

A clear vinyl-covered sofa is a sign of a family's struggle to preserve domestic order in a

South Central L.A. neighborhood in John Singleton's film, *Boyz n the Hood* (1991). It comes to symbolize frustrated middle-class aspirations in the closing scenes, smeared with the blood a son lost to gang warfare.



CONSTANT ARGUING	22
NO COMMUNICATION	21
STOPS COOKING	17
LACK OF SEX	9
STOPS IRONING	7
INFIDELITY	7

Master of Ceremonies: "Listen carefully to this question. We asked one hundred married men, 'Name one of the first warning signs that a marriage is on the rocks.' The first six answers are on the board..."

Family Feud

(With the advent of miracle fabrics, ironing may continue to linger as an expression of affection.)



common disorders related to aggression, sex and religion. OCD specialist Dr. Jonas Rappoport recounts, "Ginger, a 28-year-old receptionist, has a lonely existence wiping, dusting, cleaning, and straightening her two-bedroom apartment. When not at work, Ginger counts the towels in the closet, arranges the pillows on her couch, and sets the breakfast table. Cereal is placed in the bowl, sprinkled with sugar, awaiting only the milk to be poured over it the next day. Shoelaces are untied and ready, vitamins are placed out. Once, I might have dismissed Ginger as an extreme sort of American housewife, brainwashed by television commercials. However, I have since learned that obsessive-compulsive patients in Europe, Asia, and Africa are remarkably alike."

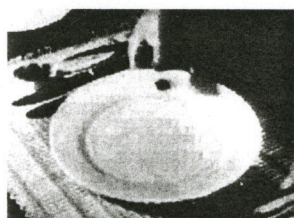
The home is the ideal breeding ground for pathologies related to the fear of disorder and contamination because it is the only site, outside of the body, where there is any expectation of control. Manufacturers of detergents, cleansers and disinfectants prey precisely on common fears of the loss of control. Television commercials for cleaning products divert our anxieties away from work, family and world events to the invisible,

disinfectants prey precisely on common fears of the loss of control. Television commercials for cleaning products divert our anxieties away from work, family and world events to the invisible,

Not tonight honey, I've got a headache

(UNAPPROACHABLE AND DISINTERESTED, SHE TURNS TO THE WALL)

TV: ...I don't know Frank, how would you call it? Well Ron, Washington has made some incredible offensive plays...



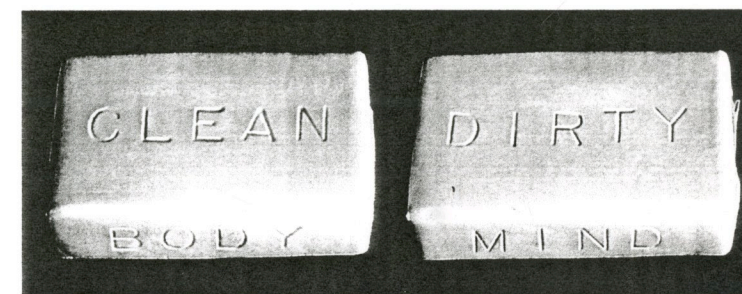
hostile world of microbes and contaminants. The vicious cycle of deterioration-guilt-remedy-deterioration-guilt, etc., produced by the home maintenance industry, turns everyday consumers into dirt-fearing **NEUROTICS**. Germ-obsessed will find assurance in the convergence of the words "sanitary" and "sanity" in the Latin root **sanite**, meaning health—an etymological confirmation of the need for their unfailing vigilance. Housework is a system of defense which protects the home and body alike from external invaders—dust, odors, dirt, pests, germs, viruses, mold, mildew—and internal disruptions such as grease, grime, clogs, smoke, lint, stains, deteriorations, and disorderly family members. In housework, the closely

"Jane has a cold. (She sneezes.) Look at that smudge! Look at those germs she leaves on the doorknob! And here's Bob's hand picking up those germs. Bob, his hand now covered with germs picked up from the doorknob, transfers them to a book. Sue, having a bad habit of wetting her finger to turn pages, carries the germs from the book to her mouth and then passes them along on a pencil to Ann. Ann carries them home and leaves them on the family dinner table."

Health and Safety for You, educational film, 1955

linked threats of contamination and disorder are often interwoven. According to anthropologist Mary Douglas, "In chasing dirt...we are not governed by anxiety to escape disease, but are positively re-ordering our environment, making it conform to an idea...dirt-avoidance is a creative movement, an attempt to relate form to function, to make unity of experience."

Housework operates on hourly, daily, weekly, monthly and seasonal cycles—each repetition, a habitual restoration to an ideal order. Every day the bed will be *made* into a uniform surface, the bathroom will be *freshened*, deodorized and de-personalized,



Project: Soap Bar (1994)

the living room will be *straightened*, erasing any sign of human disturbance, and the dining table will be set to the same predictable pattern. The housewife in Chantal Akerman's film, **Jeanne Dielman**, robotically performs the same daily routine—she brews the coffee according to an identical pattern of movements, and follows with a strict ritual of the bed, the dishes, the living

room furniture, then the shopping and the preparation of the evening meal...until one day, a slight aberration in her prescribed choreography, a break in the automatism of habit, signals that something is about to go very wrong.

HE: Damn it! They should have gone

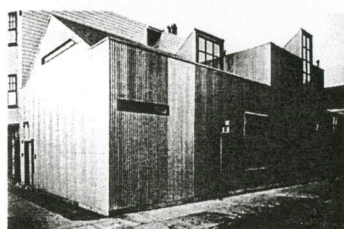
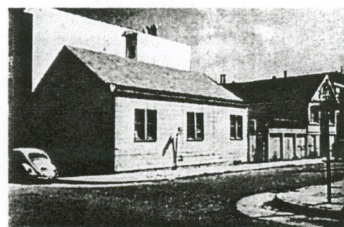
(SHOWING INTEREST, HE GLANCES OVER TO HER—HIS VOICE IS DESPERATE)

There's the snap! They're not going to do it! Ron, can you believe this? I would have gone for the field goal, but it's

room furniture, then the shopping and the preparation of the evening meal...until one day, a slight aberration in her prescribed choreography, a break in the automatism of habit, signals that something is about to go very wrong.

Housework is but one in the network of systems organizing bodies, objects, actions and spaces into what we consensually call the "home." The **withDrawing room** examines several of home's organizational strategies: **Property rights** assign private and public privileges, restrictions, and immunities to land. The building envelope, with its physical, optical, and aural penetrations, is the vulnerable surface. Governing body: the law. Penalty for transgression: fines or imprisonment. **Rules of etiquette** assign performative actions to hosts and guests according to conventions of sociability. The table is the principal constraining and controlling surface. Governing body: custom. Punishment for transgression: social estrangement. The **marriage contract** assigns moral codes, rights and duties concerning relations to another body. The bed is

the negotiable surface. Governing body: conscience, the other. Penalty for transgression: psychological punishment. **Vanity** is a self-imposed stricture, guided by the media-induced drive for uniqueness as well as conformity. The mirror is the controlling surface. Governing body: guilt.



Penalty for transgression: shame.

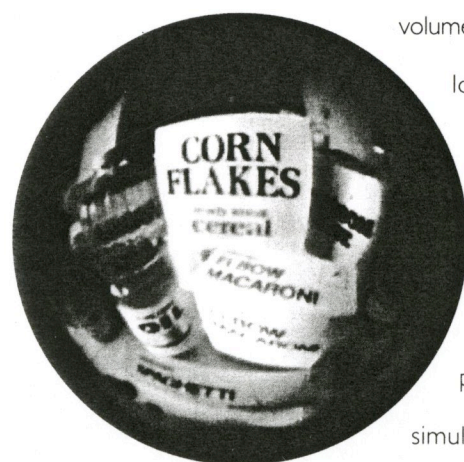
A century-old wood-frame house in San Francisco renovated by sculptor David Ireland is both the site and the target of the project. Its double program of residence and gallery acts reflexively on the theme of the installation: the public codes of the private **home**. Both factual and fictional "domesticities" are available for viewers, who are invited to move freely through the installation and allowed restricted visual access to the artist's living quarters through peepholes. With time, the overlapping domains of public and private

begin to blur, then to exchange: the private domain yields to the public gaze and performs for it, while private acts inadvertently intersect public space.

for the field goal! What a stupid way to loose a game. SHE: Tomorrow. You know I

(IRRITATED AND DEFLATED, HE WATCHES HER WHILE CARESSING THE REMOTE CONTROL) really tight here today. This field is real slick and we've seen a lot of superb receiving, but I just don't know if

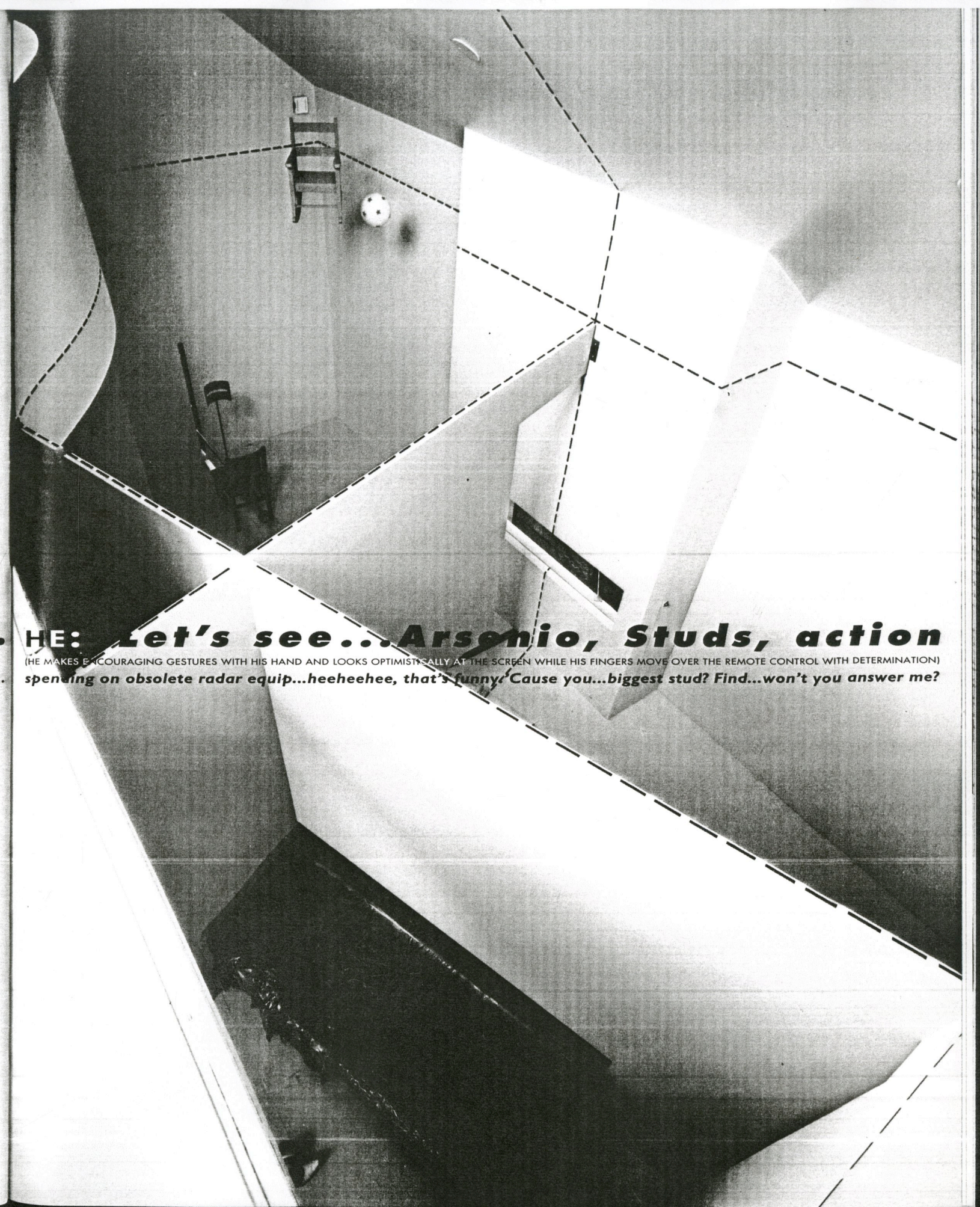
(SHE STARES AT THE WALLPAPER, AVOIDING HIS GAZE, HER FISTS CLENCHED TIGHTLY) I'd have made that play! Right Frank, if you're gonna call that kind of stunt, you gotta be real sure...and



The installation is spatially indifferent to conventions of privacy. Two intersecting walls section the double-height volume into quarters. The datum of the original attic floor subdivides the quartered volume horizontally with a phantom second level. Domestic mise-en-scènes are located along a series of fluctuating vantage points—they are either subjective, perspectival views or orthographic ones (objective views be seen in plan from below, then it visually collapses into pure elevation from the vantage point of the stair and characteristic of plans, sections, and elevations). The project inverts the standard desire of representational drawings in architecture: to simulate the *real*. By materializing objective views, normally the province, limitation, and privilege of notational drawings, the project simulates the *unreal*, that which is lost in the process of **de-abstraction** (building). Thus, the familiar subject matter of "home," offered in different representational modes, may prompt the fluctuating gaze of the gallery-viewer/the scientific observer/the voyeur.

cont'd on page 99

feel dirty on the first day of my period. HE: **Let's see...Arsenio, Studs, action**
coming up after the break, do you know where your tax dollars are going?...clock is running out and this...
(HE MAKES ENCOURAGING GESTURES WITH HIS HAND AND LOOKS OPTIMISTICALLY AT THE SCREEN WHILE HIS FINGERS MOVE OVER THE REMOTE CONTROL WITH DETERMINATION)
spending on obsolete radar equip...heeheehee, that's funny! Cause you...biggest stud? Find...won't you answer me?



(TURNING TO HER)

(SHE DEADPANS, HER VOICE DRY AND SARCASTIC)

(STARING AT THE FLOOR WHILE FIDGETING WITH HIS WATCH, HE PAUSES TO TAKE A DEEP BREATH)

(LOOKING PAST BOTH TOWARDS THE WINDOW WITH DETACHMENT, THEN DOWN TO THE DESK CLOCK)

(FLUSTERED, HIS VOICE QUIVERS, WHILE NODDING SHYLY IN JILL'S DIRECTION)

(SHE IS VISIBLY ANGRY, POINTING AND SHAKING HER FINGER AT TOM)

(PROCEEDING CALMLY, IN A SLOW DELIBERATE VOICE, DETACHED, THOUGH KIND)

movie... SHE: Sorry, I'm not in the mood. I

(HER FOREARM IS EXTENDED BETWEEN THEM, HER ELBOW SHARPLY DEFINED AGAINST HIS BACK)

Why we runnin'? They think I killed Lana! Sam put her body in my bed. BLEEP no! Can't you get nothin' in yo' head?

(HE TALKS TO THE FLOOR)

(FEIGNING DISGUST, SHE TURNS TO THE THERAPIST, SPEAKING CONFIDENTIALLY, AS THOUGH TOM WASN'T THERE)

(HE ADDRESSES JILL, STRETCHING HIS ARM OVER HER BACK REST, HIS NERVOUS VOICE ALMOST INAUDIBLE)

(SHE GIVES A LOOK OF AFFECTED CONCENTRATION)

(SHE UNZIPS HER BAG AND PLUNGES HER HAND DEEP INTO IT, RIFLING THROUGH THE CONTENTS ABSENTMINDEDLY)

CONJOINT SESSION #1

EXCERPT STARTING 2:47 PM

THERAPIST: Let's address your sex life.

How do you usually make love?

JILL: I usually expect a miracle, doctor...

TOM: Well...you know, we get into bed...naked...
and...and then we make out...and then we **do it**
...sort of...

THERAPIST: Okay, look...I know this will be difficult but I
need a more detailed picture than that. Can you tell me
exactly what you both usually do and experience?

TOM: It's embarrassing...

it's hard to talk about it with my...with her here.

JILL: **Oh come on! This is just revolting!**

I really fail to see why I'm here...

he's the one with the problem, **not me!**

THERAPIST: I would like you to tell me about that. You
seem angry and I can see you're uncomfortable
talking about your intimate lives. Perhaps you could
tell me the nature of your complaint?
What seems to be the problem?

I have to get up early... HE: No, no. Let her go

(HE LEANS FORWARD ABRUPTLY, HIS VOICE EXCITED AND BREATHLESS)

You wanna help or what? HELP YOU, SUCKA!? Get YO' hands off me! Lemme tell you somethin'. I ain't never

TOM: You'll laugh...

JILL: Don't be so damned silly!

He acts like such a little boy, you know...it's a put-
on-a child's game. Whining. I'll show you mine if you
show me yours. You know what I mean? Watch me!
Watch me! That's all he ever says. But it's not as
though he's into switch-hitting or anything like
that...you know? He doesn't dress up in lingerie or
panty hose. He's not that perverted...

TOM: Honey please!...that's not right. I only thought I
was doing what you wanted. But she's right...we're
not into kinkiness or the weird stuff.

...I think it's more of a mechanical thing...

THERAPIST: So you feel that there might be a glitch, to
coin a phrase.

JILL: That's one way to put it, if you want to beat around
the bush. I'd say everything works fine. Nothing's
broken, if that's what you mean.

(SHE CONTINUES TO SPEAK AS SHE PULLS A SMALL COMPACT OUT OF HER BAG)

(HE KEEPS HIS VOICE LOWERED AND SINKS BACK INTO HIS CHAIR)

(HE LOOKS UP IN SURPRISE)

(SOUNDING OPTIMISTIC, SHE ADDRESSES BOTH TOM AND JILL)

(HE LOOKS CONFUSED)

(HE AVOIDS EYE CONTACT)

and get outta there before it's too late

gonna trus' you honey. SHHHHH. Shut the BLEEP up! Get in here! Lemme go! Shut yo' mouth girl...you's gonna

(SHE SNAPS THE COMPACT SHUT AND GLARES AT TOM — HER VOICE HAS AN URGENT, CLIPPED TONE)

(SHE USES AN AUTHORITATIVE, COMMANDING VOICE)

(WHILE SPEAKING, SHE CONTINUES TO LOOK AT TOM, EVALUATING HIM WITH A DISDAINFUL, PAINED EXPRESSION)

(WITH A SULLEN EXPRESSION HE SHAKES HIS HEAD BACK AND FORTH AS HE SPEAKS)

...my gyno said I'm okay...but there's a timing problem, on top of everything else...

TOM: To put it mildly...

THERAPIST: Is this something that both of you go through or just one?

TOM: Isn't it obvious? I'd have thought it would be kinda' clear...isn't it?

THERAPIST: Oh no. Not necessarily. In our practice, we treat both men and women with a range of what we prefer to see as inopportune timing of the orgasmic phase. It's really quite common...more than most people realize.

TOM: When is it "opportune"? I mean, what's normal, doctor?

THERAPIST: We'll have to work together as a team in order for us to define parameters each of you will be able to deal with.

TOM: Well...she says it's all my fault. And lately, I've started to agree with her. It's just that I can't help myself. I was happy with my performance. I thought I was doing what she wanted...what she needed.

SHE: ...to make a presentation before the

(SHE PULLS HER FINGERS THROUGH HER HAIR, SWEEPING IT OFF HER FACE, WHILE BENDING FORWARD TO SEE HERSELF IN THE MIRROR OVER THE DRESSER)

get us killed! Sam put the word out an' my ass ain't worth BLEEP when he finds me. I don' care 'bout yo' ass boy!

She's never complained before...

JILL: Before now? Never complained?! Of course I've never complained. You're so fragile...I didn't want to hurt your feelings. It'd only make matters worse. Besides, how would you know what I want? You never ask me! You've always been in the dark.

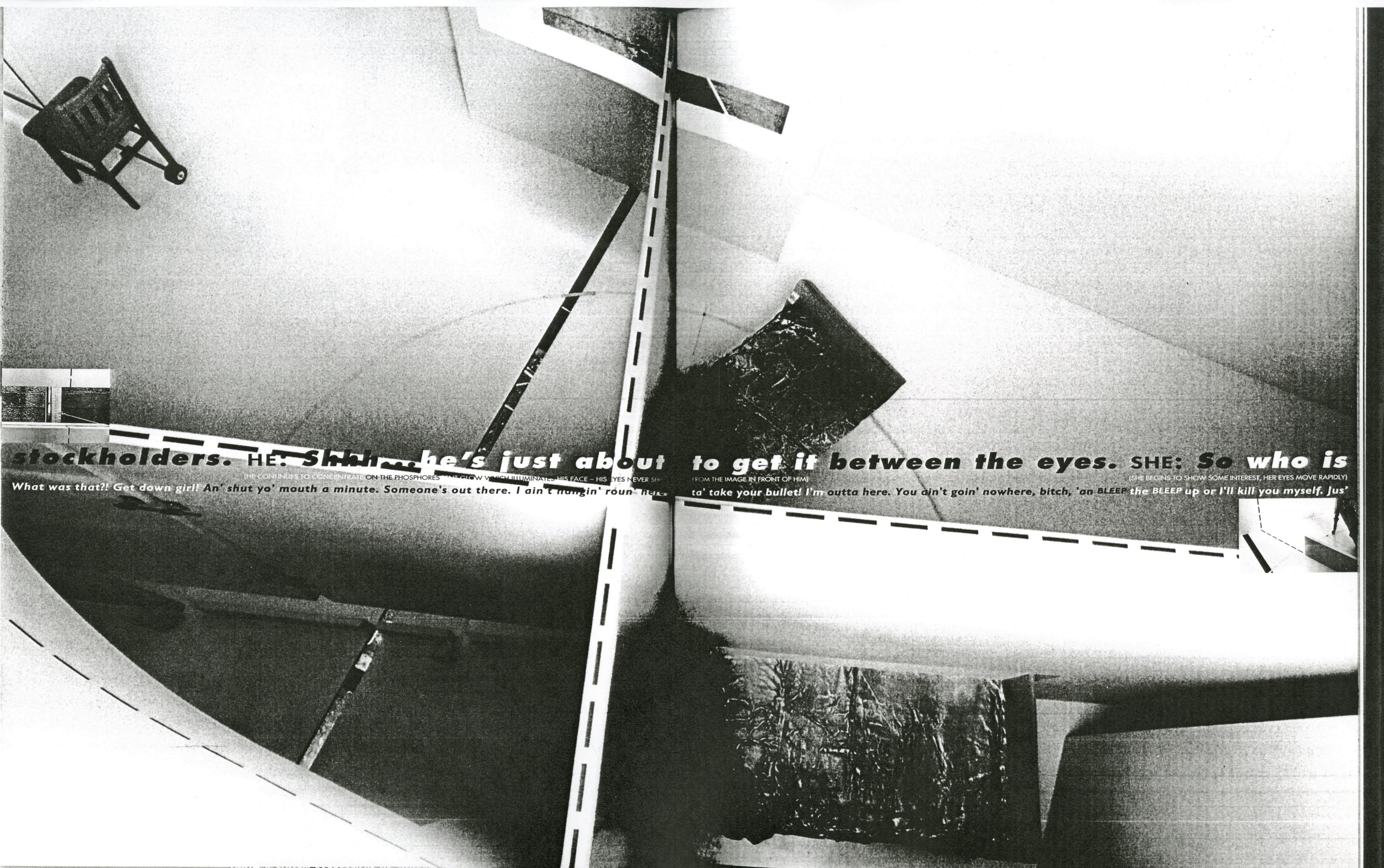
Anyway...I've changed...

THERAPIST: Let's not be counter-productive here. You say that you've changed...perhaps you've expanded your horizons. Now, this might be a positive thing. But I'm getting the feeling that this isn't the case. I'd like us to explore this. How do you see yourself as changed?

JILL: I don't really want to go into it. It's too revealing at this stage. I hardly know you...I feel I hardly know **him**. Let's just say I've grown and he hasn't kept up. The way that we carry on...I think it's infantile.

I want more...

TOM: What's that supposed to mean? You encourage



stockholders. HE: ~~Shhh~~ he's just about to get it between the eyes. SHE: So who is
(HE CONTINUES TO CONCENTRATE ON THE PHOSPHORES CENT GLOW WHICH ILLUMINATES HIS FACE - HIS EYES NEVER SHUT)
What was that?! Get down girl! An' shut yo' mouth a minute. Someone's out there. I ain't hangin' roun' here.
(FROM THE IMAGE IN FRONT OF HIM)
(SHE BEGINS TO SHOW SOME INTEREST. HER EYES MOVE RAPIDLY)
ta' take your bullet! I'm outta here. You ain't goin' nowhere, bitch, 'an BLEEP the BLEEP up or I'll kill you myself. Jus'

(TO THE THERAPIST)

(SHEEPISHLY, HE SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS, MAKING HIMSELF LOOK SMALL IN HIS CHAIR)

(SHE SNAPS BACK)

(HE SPEAKS SARCASTICALLY — HIS VOICE EVEN AND DRY)

(SHE SWITCHES BACK TO THE FAMILIAR MATERNAL VOICE, SPEAKING TO JILL WHILE SCRATCHING ON A STENO PAD)

(INTERRUPTING, HE GLARES AT JILL)

she? HE: **A hooker. He's her pimp. SHE: I'm talking about real life. HE: Oh.**

(HE RELAXES A LITTLE, SINKING BACK INTO A PILLOW AND CASUALLY CROSSING HIS ARMS ACROSS HIS CHEST)

(SHE LIGHTLY

TOUCHES HIS THIGH AND WITHDRAWS HER HAND QUICKLY — HER VOICE HAS A SERIOUS, BUSINESS-LIKE TONE)

(HE HAS A PUZZLED LOOK, BUT

W **chill baby, an' we get outta here in one piece. Now when I say go, you run like hell fo' the door an' jus' keep goin'. An' you? I'm gonna see if I can pop this sucka. Uh-huh. We see 'bout that! Gonna get yo' BLEEP shot off mo'**

(CONTINUING TO IGNORE TOM, SHE LIGHTLY STROKES HER THIGHS IN A PROVOCATIVE CARESSING MOTION)

(HE THROWS HIS HANDS INTO THE AIR)

(MUTTERING UNDER HIS BREATH)

(NOTICING, BUT NOT RESPONDING TO TOM'S COMMENT, SHE CONTINUES WITH JILL)

(SHE LEANS BACK IN HER CHAIR, PROJECTING AN IMPRESSION OF EASE AND CONTROL AS SHE CALMLY STROKES HER CHIN)

me to go on and I'm just following your instructions.
You pester me. And now I haven't **matured** enough
for you?

JILL: You know, I thought that men were supposed to
slow down as they got older...At least that's what I
read once in **Cosmo**, they said it was a scientific fact.

TOM: I just get the urge...you know what I mean? ...I
like the way it feels and I can't control myself...
What can I say? What's wrong with that?

JILL: This isn't about animal biology stupid! You just
want to get off and I just want to get it over with.

TOM: Oh sure. Close your eyes and think of the cash.
But you never close your eyes, do you? ...You're
constantly watching, giving orders...

THERAPIST: Let's talk about that for a moment. If I'm
hearing you correctly, you seem to be saying that he
wants sex too much, and that you feel used by his
incontinence...

TOM: You've got it backwards. Sort of. She's always
going on and on but when it gets down to game time,
she doesn't want to get her hands dirty.

We've...adjusted. Rather well if you ask me.

JILL: Well...I'm not the frigid hysteric, doctor! I like sex
as much as the next person. I want **real sex**, not
these crashes in the middle of the...

TOM: **That's not fair!** You blame me for everything.

JILL: It's the same when he eats doctor...He's out of
control...He shoves it all in as if someone's going to
steal the food off his plate. He doesn't know what
anything tastes like...It's a race to the finish. I spend a
lot of time and trouble preparing gourmet meals and
he eats as though he's at a truck stop...

TOM: ...only passing through. I guess I'm slumming it
once again...

THERAPIST: Let me ask you this. Do you feel that there's
a relationship between Tom's eating habits and his
sexual behavior? Do you see anything there?

JILL: Well...I don't know if I'd go to those extremes.
Certainly it's an interesting thought

Veronica something. She played Constance in Another World. SHE: That's not what

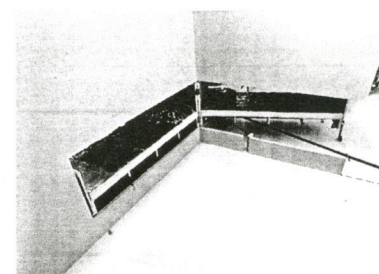
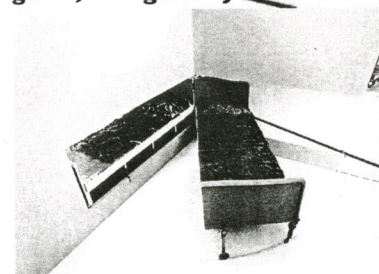
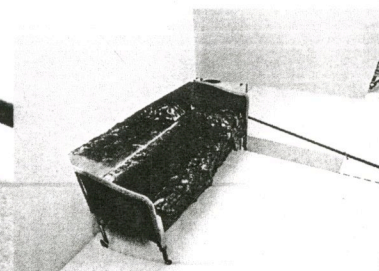
WHEN HE SPEAKS, HIS VOICE HAS A CONDESCENDING EDGE

(SHE SMILES DRYLY AND HER MOVES

ARE SUDDEN AND ANIMATED)

(SHE LOWERS HER VOICE AND SPEAKS IN A SLOW DELIBERATE MANNER AS SHE NERVOUSLY

like it. Then I'll be next. Shit man, you 'bout as stupid as they come. Go on girl. I'll see you back at the club. Don' worry. I've got ya covered. BLEEP! Wha?! Run, fool! He's got us cornered! Move! I'm goin', I'm goin'! Jus' shoot



(HER HANDS ARE FOLDED ON THE DESK SURFACE, HER THUMBS PRESSED TOGETHER)

(EXCITEDLY, SHE TURNS TO TOM)

(STARING BLANKLY OUT THE OFFICE WINDOW, HE RESPONDS TO HER QUESTION WITH A JOLT)

(ENCOURAGED)

(SHE LEANS HER HEAD BACK AND EXAMINES THE CEILING, INTENTLY)

(GLIBLY)

I meant. There's someone else, isn't there?

FIDGETS WITH HER WEDDING BAND)

him. What you waitin' fo'? What! Oh man! That's a real stupid, dumb-BLEEP thing to do. That's right, my man!

(ASTONISHED AND SHOCKED, HE GRIPS THE ARMCHAIR TIGHTLY, MANIACALLY CLUTCHING THE ARMREST)

(SHE SHIFTS HER WEIGHT SO THAT SHE IS FACING TOM)

(HIS TEMPO IS QUICK)

(SHE ADDRESSES TOM AND JILL, LOOKING DELIBERATELY AT EACH IN SUCCESSION AND SPEAKS IN A FIRM, COMMANDING VOICE)

He does seem frantic...like the wrestling on TV.

Loads of flash but no substance, no content.

He's a bit of an exhibitionist.

THERAPIST: What if I were to suggest that Tom might experience some anxiety related to pleasure? His eating habits would indicate that he doesn't want to taste his food, that he's denying any pleasure he'd encounter should he take the time to taste his food.

There's a definite relationship between eating and sex...to savor, to enjoy the aromas and textures...in much the same way as the incontinence....

JILL: Sure! That's possible! It really makes sense... Doesn't it?

TOM: Uh...maybe, I don't know.

THERAPIST: You mentioned sex wasn't meaningful for you. That's quite important. Should we talk about that?

JILL: I just feel left out, like I'm floating around and watching from across the room...totally detached. It's like a porno movie, only I never have any of the fun...I only supply the sound effects.

I'm a great foley artist.

HE: You mean the redhead that drove

(HE LOOKS AT HER CONFIDENTLY - HIS MANNER IS CASUAL, ALMOST RELIEVED, HIS VOICE DETACHED AND DISINTERESTED)

This be the final call for the big one! You wanna say anythin' 'fo you DEEpart? Yeah, don' look now

TOM: **What?!** You mean you've been faking it? I can't believe this...after all these years? Oh my god! I just can't believe this! Stupid, stupid, stupid. I should have never **performed for you**. You suckered me. You're the only one I've ever had these problems with. No one else...uh...

JILL: **Other women?** Or is it men? I though you told me you were a virg....

TOM: I never said that! I've had a few flings in my time. Only messing around...Everyone was doing it.

I was never a monk or anything. It's not like I took vows of chastity. I didn't have any problems then...

THERAPIST: Let's stop there for a moment. This is getting out of control and I don't think we're going to accomplish anything. There seems to be a series of crossed wires and it seems to me that you're both getting off on the overload. I get the impression that trust and confidence are issues here.

off in the Porsche? SHE: I mean the lipstick on your collar. I mean the blonde hairs I

(SHE SNAPS HER HEAD BACK VIOLENTLY, GESTURING TOWARDS HIM—HER VOICE WAVES LIGHTLY, DISPLAYING ANGER AND FEAR)
takes care of the spots with new, improved sheeting action. For virtually spotless dishes. New Calgon with sheeting action. June took it off! So did Bill. And Lucy. And kept it off. It was easy. A delicious shake for breakfast, one

SHE
Wipes

OFF

HE
Wipes

OFF

(SHE LETS OUT A CYNICAL LAUGH AND CONTINUES IN A MOCKING PATTERN)

(HE LOOKS HURT, HIS VOICE GRAVE)

(SHE SITS UP, SHOWING SOME INTEREST)

(HE STARES INTO THE CORNER, BLANKLY — HIS VOICE HESITANT, PAUSING BETWEEN THOUGHTS)

keep finding all over the headrest and back seat of your car! I'm not blind!

for lunch, and a sensible dinner. Even desert! I went from a size '12' to a fabulous '4' with Slimfast. Now I bear it all at the beach and feel great...like no other automobile you've ever handled...in your grocer's dairy shelves...

(SHE RAISES AND LOWERS HER VOICE FOR EFFECT, LOOKING AT TOM AND SHAKING HER HEAD)

(HE SPEAKS QUICKLY, DEFENSIVELY — HIS VOICE HAS A SLIGHT WHINE TO IT)

(SHE BREAKS IN ABRUPTLY, CONTINUING TO SPEAK ONLY TO THE THERAPIST, NEVER ADDRESSING TOM)

JILL: You've got that right! You should see our phone bill over the last few months doctor. He'll perform for anyone. Took me a while to figure it out...He told me they were business calls. Sneaking about and talking dirty over the phone. At least he doesn't have a mistress. At least I don't think he does. I can't imagine anyone would put up with his constant sprinting. Over the phone, he can pretend he's some kind of macho service...keep a woman satisfied all night.

TOM: You'd be surprised what I can do with a real woman.

THERAPIST: From what I've heard, I gather that you're involved with phone sex. Perhaps, rather than sharing your fantasies with Jill, you're finding a surrogate through these phone services. Is it only phone sex?

TOM: I couldn't cheat on Jill. It wouldn't be right. I only use the phone because she won't touch me. With the phone, I'm with someone else...I can pretend I'm with someone real...they tell me how much I turn them on.

THERAPIST: But it's only a phone call.

JILL: That's all he needs...reach out and touch someone. You see, doctor, he takes what television tells him seriously. He thinks he's really having sex with some voice on the other end of a phone call. It's pathetic!

TOM: They're more real then you are! The phone is as close to real sex as I've been in years. I don't have to perform for them. They perform for me. The girls tell me what they want...what they'd do...what they're doing. It's exciting. They touch me...and let me touch them.

JILL: You see! He thinks its real. He's been like this all along. He couldn't tell when I was faking it, he thought he was a man. A real he-man. It has all been an act from the very start. Faking it. Getting him to perform for me. Sex and the television. And now he's having sex with a script over the phone line...and he wonders why I can't stand the sight of him.

(SHE INTERRUPTS AND EXPRESSES EXAGGERATED SHOCK. HER HANDS RISE TO HER FACE IN A GESTURE OF SURPRISE)

(SHE TURNS THE PAGE OF THE STENO PAD)

(HE SHUFFLES HIS FEET NERVOUSLY AND LOOKS AROUND AS THOUGH HE'S SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING)

I can read the signs. We're taught to do

take me away...Yes Tom, these are REAL appraisals, and you can see why the experts are having difficulty

(SOMEWHAT FRUSTRATED, SHE STOPS WRITING AND TOSSES THE STENO PAD ONTO THE DESK)

(RESIGNED TO HIS FATE, HE CONTINUES, SPEAKING SLOWLY)

(HE BRINGS HIS HAND TO HIS THROAT TRACING THE PATH OF THE IMAGINARY SMOKE RINGS AS HE EXHALES)

(SHE SOUNDS SOMEWHAT RELIEVED THAT THE SESSION IS PROGRESSING)

(HE ROLLS HIS EYES AS HE SMILES MOCKINGLY)

(WITH A TONE OF FORCED SADNESS)
THERAPIST: It's clear to me that there's been a lot
festering under the surface. We'll have to work on
these issues one step at a time. However, I should tell
you that I'm worried. Both of you display signs of
being resistant to treatment. Sabotage won't
accomplish anything here and, as a couple, each of
you is engaging in it. You enjoy deliberately
sniping...I see the pleasure it gives you. You don't
really want to work this...

JILL: That's just not true doctor! I think...uh...
we think that treatment is, well...he really needs
some help...

TOM: ...It might keep us together...

SESSION #3 WITH TOM EXCERPT STARTING 5:12 PM

THERAPIST: Why don't you tell me about the dream
you had...

TOM: It's a weird one...I really don't know what to
make of it. I've never had dreams like this one.
I'm kinda' worried.

that. You don't think I'd miss the perfume

turns to the mirror so that she can see his reflection while observing herself speak - she quickly jerks her hair over her shoulder in a nervous
identifying the Zarconias from the real...SHAKE that thing baby! Do it on my favorite show with the HOTTEST

THERAPIST: Well, we can discuss that. Take your time.

TOM: Okay. This is the hard part: my mother's in this
one...Actually it starts with me in our house, only
there's no furniture...just empty rooms. I'm standing
there in the middle of the living room, smoking an
unfiltered cigarette. I know it's unfiltered...I'm
inhaling deeply. I can feel this heavy smoke roll
down. Choking. I'm blowing smoke rings. They're
close to perfect. I'm enjoying myself. Do you think
that's important? The cigarette? The smoke rings? I
feel they're significant in a way. I think that I'm in
my teens because I know I'm doing something
wrong...I'm feeling jumpy and my stomach is tight.

THERAPIST: Your smoking is a source of conflict,
perhaps.

TOM: Mother hated smoking...she had violent
reactions to people smoking...coughing fits, spasms.
She was a fine actress.