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Our Language and the Language of Failure

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I believed I had failed. I struggled with using my tools eloquently, and expressing myself convincingly and completely. Though I hadn't give myself the space to realize I didn't understand my relationship to other material. I was engaging in materials that were, in fact, entirely foreign to me, even if I could use their names convincingly. The struggle was apparent if you knew me, though I didn't know what I was struggling against. Somehow however, I knew that my hands were essential, though I didn't understand why, or what they were capable of, or what I was capable of. Though at the intersection of use and capacity I have found my Architecture.

As students we have chosen to engage ourselves in architecture. Our work boldly tries to insert Us into the physical reality that defines our interactions with our body, as well as the collective body of culture. The impact of this ever-present public art form, and its use to us as human beings, is only hinted at in our training for this field of architecture. We concern ourselves with how to assemble existing standards, components, titles, and awards all in hopes of paying off piles of debt and getting the professional job we were told existed. However, when you really think about it, all of this does little to settle our fears of the universe; at least it does little to settle any of my fears. Instead, I want to invest and actually engage in what I believe to be the material pursuit of Architecture, that which is intended to bring humility, elegance, and dignity to the reality and simplicity of our lives; to make sense of being human.

ARCHITECTURE IS ALL ABOUT CAPACITY

As humans, we rely heavily on our hands to carry out our thoughts and convictions, with support from our senses, also communicate back to us what actually exists and capacity to carry out our interests. Because they recognize our hands, they can also help us understand through our curiosity they so describe to us what is possible beyond what we can conceive knowledge necessary for us to do our work "comes from now what really happens as you work your way the materials respond, and the way that response (and resistance) suggest new ideas to you. It's the real and ordinary changes that matter [it] is about carrying the out, and materials are what is carried out. Because they are they are reliable(1)." This dialog between us and our materials in the work we ultimately produce is an investment. Therefore, to engage ourselves within our Architecture means more than completing a coursework and becoming certified. Architecture is instead the medium in which we chose to see evidence of our actions upon the world, therefore, it must communicate, be expressive.
HUMAN CAPACITY AND MATERIAL CAPACITY; THEY SEEM TO BE SYNONYMOUS.

This interaction with our work begs us to redefine failure. Failing is no longer standing in front of our work in fear that we, or what we have done, are adequate or if we have slaved hard enough. We already know these things for ourselves. Success is then to confront and challenge the restrictions we impose on ourselves and those restrictions we understand to be imposed on us. Our success is no longer based on a rubric or checklist of tasks we can complete. It is instead based in our ability to engage in our world, in the difficult, and what it is we don't understand, through materials. We are material engaging material. The envelope of our body reaches out and touches the world while it also contains us. It is the intersection of our use and our containment. And as these two actions are mediated and negotiate they create an expressive edge, one that is constantly fluctuating in reaction to what we expose our self to. "As conscious being, we exist only in response to other things, and we cannot know ourselves at all without knowing them. ...Our natures are, indeed, elusively insubstantial- notoriously less stable and less inherent..."(2)." Though this all hinges on our ability to see ourselves, be critical and find what is good(3).

This is about engaging my capacity and finding my language and my Architecture. It might not make sense yet how this could be, but for me, this is religious: a religion of humanity.

If we chose to accept without understanding, create without regard for our affect, and make our choices based on ease there is absolutely no dignity in what it is we do. Furthermore if we know longer experience our environments effects upon us, and understand how to affect our world with our own hands how are we ever going to be able to instill a sense of awe and breath within our work, as if it is somehow alive. We live in a world of flimsy constructions of all kinds from hollow-core doors, to detached social networks, and failing economic systems. Consequently we need to dissect it in order to understand it so that we might instill some solidity within it. And we can't do this through the removed theoretical, statistical, and taught knowledge with which we are feed. We need to satiate our appetite for knowledge by forcing our brain and our hands to constantly engage in each other and the world surrounding us. Engaging in architecture then means that we are supposed to be translators. Collecting and instilling an understanding of being human into our physical environment as a service, but even more as a gift, to human consciousness. Carving out of the world and setting the stage for the ritual of our every day life.