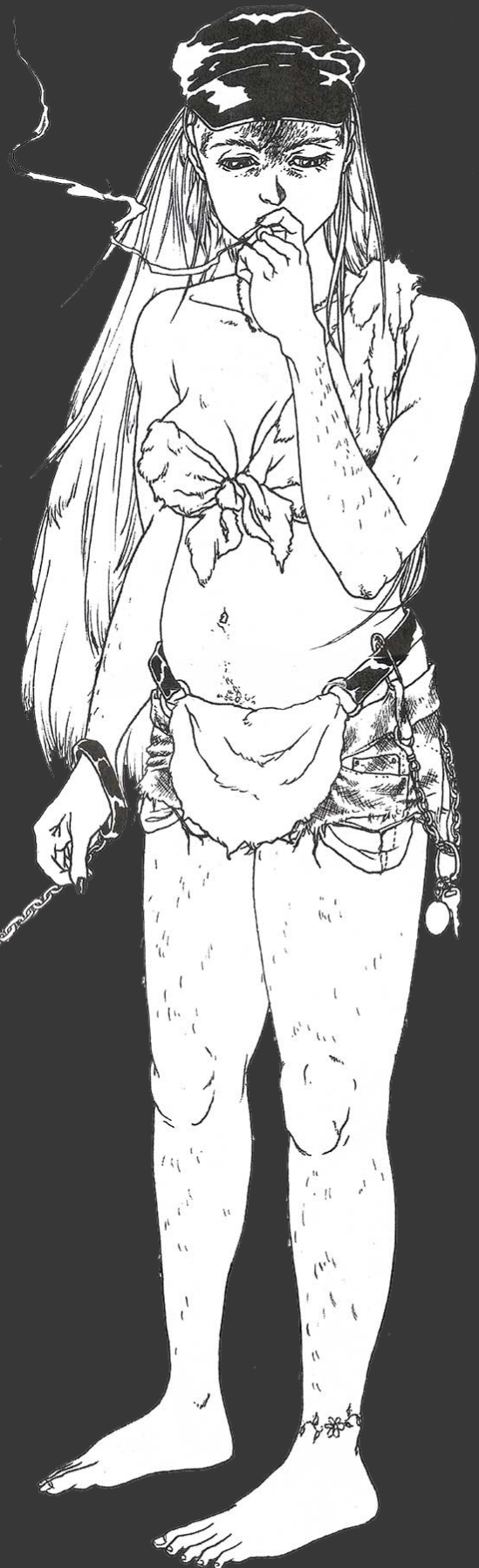
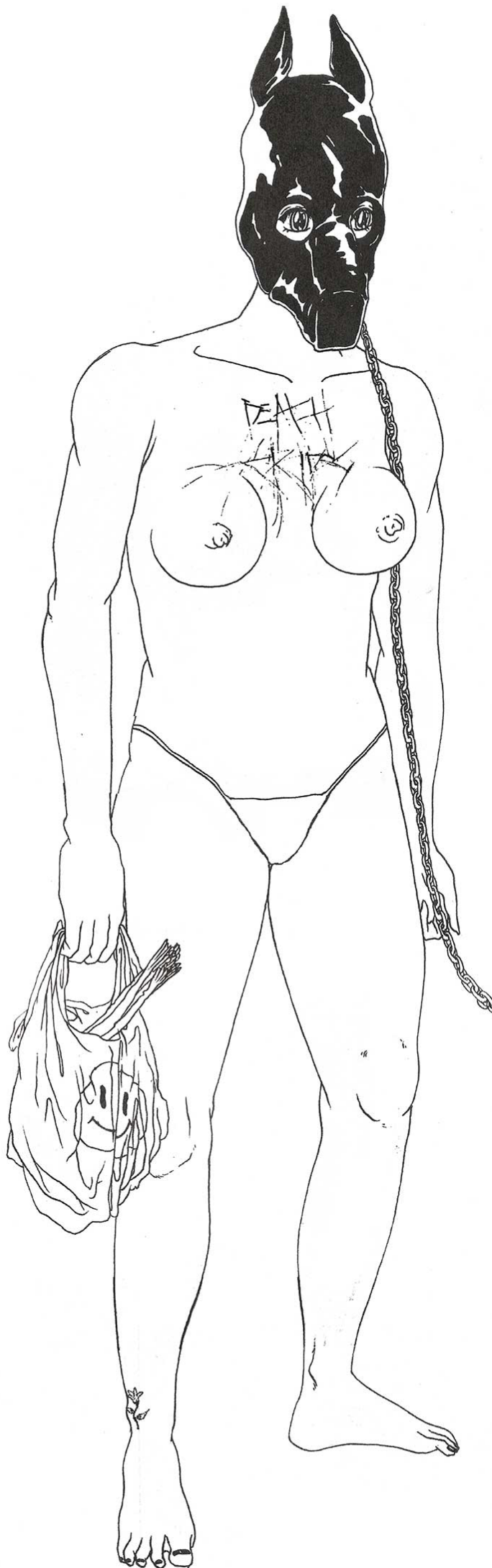


WHATEVER

This is unnecessary to understand the meaning of the word nightclub but yet necessary to understand the purpose of its definition. It would be stupid to believe this is something more than an extremely subjective exercise. This is, in fact, the consequence of a selfish act, a me, myself and I exercise to make my unconscious conscious. A nightclub embodied in a book where a series of elements and thoughts in form of images drawings and texts will be precisely positioned in order to create a specific environment for the dancer and its dance.



On the cover you have an androgynous masochist on the leash of a feminist sadist who's smoking. The sadist has carved Death Grips into her bitch's chest. There is an overly confident sexuality to the woman smocking and a calmness to the androgynous masochist.

The group wanted a cover with the “The same progessive and edge ideology” that inspires their music with hopes of representing their “views on sexuality and modern society”.

We consider ourselves feminists, we fiercely support homosexuality, transparent world leadership, and the idea of embrassing yourself as an individual in any shape or form. Acceleration is a mantra, we're not a political band we are freaks and outsiders. It was important to project that message and energy through the artwork of this album. This is free thinking and eternally open-ended music... (the cover) is like an ambassador to the sound.



If Death Grips has been a great machine to evade myself into my unconscious, Death Grips music, Sua Yoo / Death Grips image and Jenn Pelly / Death Grips text could be even better tools to explain what this is about and how it could look like. I believe in the next pages as in the black and white background of The Money Store cover there will be some contradictions. Tired of making black and white simplistic generalizations, this exercise is seeking for contradictions at gray, or even more, at color levels. In the cover, both individuals are overlapped with the background, and by this emphasizing that female-male opposition is not as simple as the background one. Both of them are drawn with its own internal and external complexities and contradictions, true individualization which can no longer be embraced consequence of a norm.



It's important to understand that this is a whole. The different elements of Death Grips work, their representation and their thoughts are one. Even if they believe that they are not a political band, by the simple fact that they are citizens and observers they are. Their position is obviously represented in their work. As I am more than just an architect (still student), as I am a citizen and an observer my personal preoccupations further more than architecture are the core of it. But if as artists they produce art, me as an architect I should produce architecture so the thoughts that appear and will appear don't fall into stupid facepoliticians comments or instaphotographers images or whatever these thoughts of mine could be like if no action was taken.



Hans Kolleim
• Architektur, 1967

/Kolleim 67

Yet clubs, places of nocturnal entertainment, have always been a social safety valve for turning transgressive forces loose - Berlin in the 30's, Paris in the 50's and now London and New York.

(...)

Nightclubs are less obviously architectural. They have little or no exterior significance, other than their actual nameplates(...).

Invariably hidden *beneath* ordinary city buildings, these clubs take on the project of the night by burying themselves.

Underground they are free to promote what rarely could happen in the streets, to give a contrived reality to what would otherwise be unlikely, taboo, or at best occasional. Inside, environments are designed to intoxicate, confuse and play up the theatricality of mas showmanship. More often than not, they sacrifice elegance for a tribal world of libido. As opposed to Pall Mall's dedication to social livery, clubs can now be discussed as the protagonists of a current urban intensity.

(...)

Clubs favour the crowd as the performers; everyone in them performs both for themselves and for one another. Clubs are therefore concentric organisations (...).

Hence a large crowd of similarly motivated people in any room identifies the basic character of club space, although we would normally expect the idea to be supported by official rules of selection. More specifically, a club relies on the city, but is separated from it - it depends on being annexed from the world outside. By reinforcing this with a specific activity to go inside it, the thing becomes clearer: a drinking club, a rock club, a sauna club, an after-hours club.

The Piazza Navona in Rome was an every-now-and-then club. Although a "room" only in the extended sense, Panini's late

17th century painting of the piazza flooded has the most of the club attributes. It shows us an event which was both arrogant and self-contained, but obviously succesful. When flooded, as it often was during the Renaissance and Baroque periods, the piazza would become a "club" for a day. The novelty of riding in coaches around and around the urbanised remains of the old

Roman stadium needed little justification. It was a spectacle without an audience, celebrating the fraternity of Roman high society. But most important here is the mutual reinforcement of space and activity, of permanence and ephimerality, performed by the carriages sloshing through the water around the piazza.

Similarly, any club combines the container and the action it contains into one system in which stillness and motion can evoke one another.

Other outdoor events in cities may have less to do with clubs. But if the street can briefly forfeit its role as conveyor in favour of being room, it too can catch some of the club idea. Street festivals only need barriers, buntings, lights and loud music to make sense of the erratic movement of dance. Cities can, however, support such events on rare occasions. Since cities are not nightclubs in themselves, they certify the club as a special type of space which thrives behind blank facades.

(...)

However, far from being neutral assemblages of tables and chairs in factory buildings, clubs set out to induce a sense of delirium in the people inside them. Dance and music are added to by elaborate lighting effects which, when seen via the perpetual disordering of alcohol, help to hot up the sensuous, and sexual, attitude of the place. Everyone is working at their own gratification, and if the space doesn't help, the club will be empty. Delirium with a purpose, you could say.

This is a possible canon of my architecture, not an atemporal one but and eternally open-ended. I do find in Nightclub the possibility to contain a series of elements which should define my architecture. Nightclub is about perimeter, is about machine, is about urbanity, is about pragmatism, is about environment and is about exception. But maybe this last one is the real truth of the nightclub, even if there is almost always need of the others, exception defines the most the nightclub. Nightclub should not only be my architecture but my whole. Nightclub is a last call to myself before finishing my studies that I should always remember the exception. Nightclub as an opposition to context by acknowledging it. Nightclub as a scientific method of trial and error. Nightclub as an alternative. Nightclub as a put in question. Nightclub as an if. Nightclub as a contra norm.



I believe this is a selfish act but if me, myself and I are both conscious and unconscious and this last one is a series of memories which lie inside but have an external origin on the common, me, myself and I is to a certain extent us, ourself and we. Both confronting elements of the common, mostly of architecture, and my individual I will try to define a new possible whole, which luckily will be of your interest, entitled Nightclub.



WHATEVER