

The Vernacular of Placeless Architecture; or, Stairs and Portals to the Same Place

by

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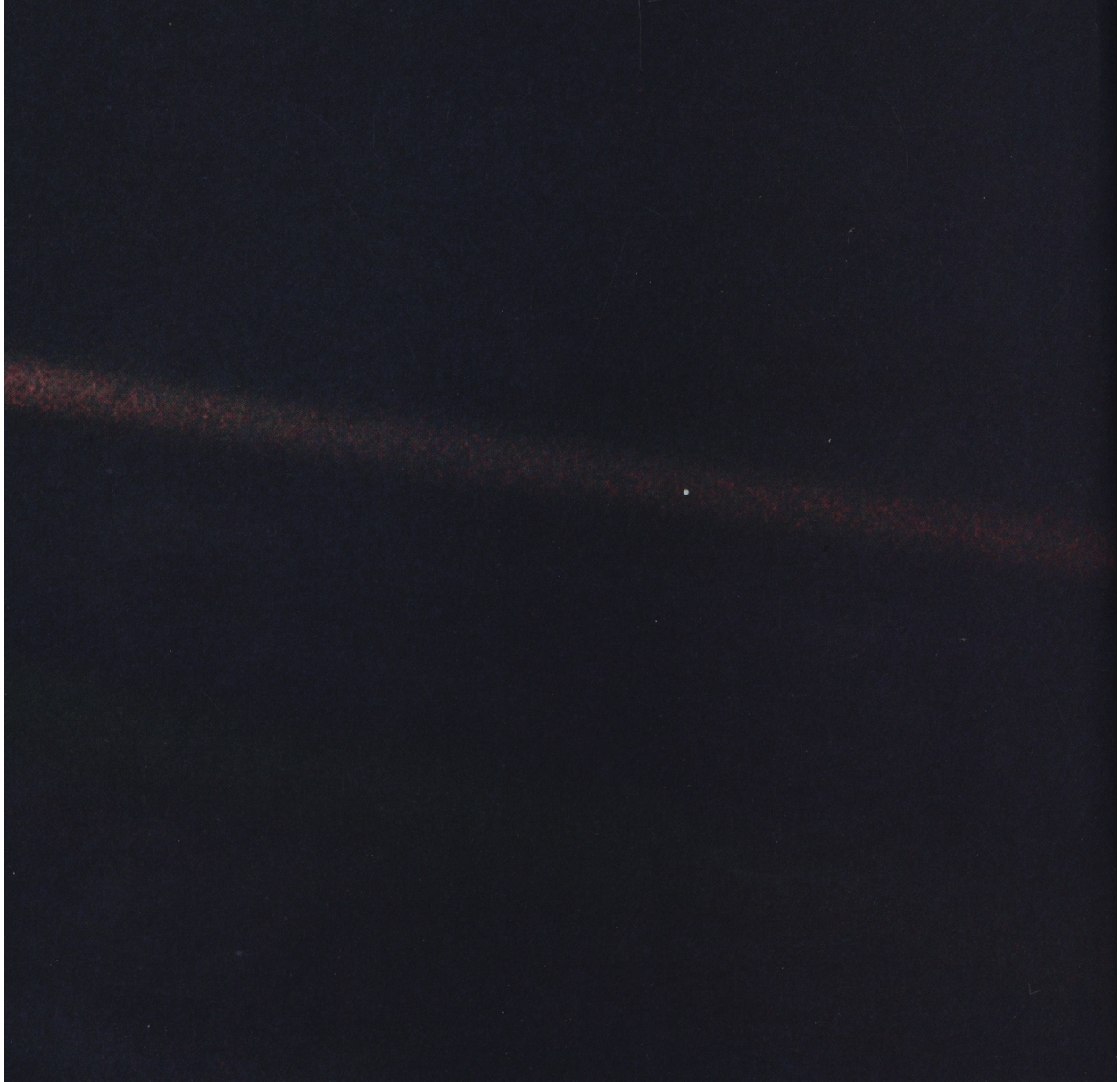
Mickey Oscar Boyd

2023

Space is a given feature of human existence. At all times, we exist within space, and we hold innumerable relationships with different aspects of it. Ten years ago, in the latter years of my undergraduate studies in sculpture, I found myself concerned with the vast, perhaps immeasurable, space between our planet and all else. What we colloquially refer to as “outer space” became a fascination of mine, and a muse from which to make art. Much of my intrigue with the definition of space came from reading *The Pale Blue Dot*, by Carl Sagan, which he wrote after the Voyager I spacecraft took a picture of the Earth from as far away as it could. In this picture, our planet appears as a small blue pixel, or “mote of dust suspended in a sunbeam”¹, as Sagan puts it. Thinking about how all we could ever really know, and everyone we could possibly love, hate, or even simply be in contact with existed on that tiny spec proved to me the importance of our relationship with the larger concept of space. I began to explore how the massive distances between celestial objects can have a profound effect on how we think. Understanding our miniscule place in the vastness of space humbles us. However, as I aged, that humble outlook felt less helpful. When my locality changed I became a property owner, and I became more interested in the intimate spaces we interact with everyday. They have a more profound effect on how we treat one another, and ourselves. What I was trying to define as “space” was the relationships of scale. From the largest possible scale to the human scale. My question became, how does the contemporary development pattern of the United States influence people’s attitudes towards, and perception of, one another? In exploring different scales through my work, the themes of division of space; progress, excess, and capitalism; the standardization of lived experience; speculative fiction and magical realism all coalesce in physical form.

In the summer of 2020, my wife and I became property owners, and thus a concern with the domestic space and what I physically designate as mine enveloped me. I had never owned anything of any real value other than a car, which one could not really

1 Carl Sagan, *Pale Blue Dot: A Vision of the Human Future in Space* (New York, NY: Random House, 1994), 8.



a. A picture of Earth taken by the Voyager spacecraft

That's here. That's home. That's us. On it everyone you love, everyone you know, everyone you ever heard of, every human being who ever was, lived out their lives. The aggregate of our joy and suffering, thousands of confident religions, ideologies, and economic doctrines, every hunter and forager, every hero and coward, every creator and destroyer of civilization, every king and peasant, every young couple in love, every mother and father, hopeful child, inventor and explorer, every teacher of morals, every corrupt politician, every "superstar," every "supreme leader," every saint and sinner in the history of our species lived there... Our posturings, our imagined self-importance, the delusion that we have some privileged position in the Universe, are challenged by this point of pale light. Our planet is a lonely speck in the great enveloping cosmic dark. In our obscurity, in all this vastness, there is no hint that help will come from elsewhere to save us from ourselves.²

-Carl Sagan

2 Carl Sagan, *Pale Blue Dot*, 8-9

define as an investment, but is instead a required tool to participate in the systems upon which our society is constructed. Now, though, I owned property, an investment, and not abstracted investments like 401ks, Roth IRAs, or securities, but a real and physically definable investment: real estate. I now own space, at least I will once my wife and I pay the bank. A portion of this planet is now mine: 0.0000000022% of the earth's surface, or 0.0000000075% of all land. I found my mentality changing. I once believed that all land ownership should be communal in nature, or at the very least, we in the United States should accept some form of what some European countries deem the freedom to roam. This is an understood, and often codified, right for people to be on private and public property, as long as they are not disturbing or exploiting the area. However, I found that once I became the lord of my land, I accepted the larger American cultural paradigm of land ownership, wherein it is mine and for no other to trespass. My property boundaries were unclear at the outset, but once I discovered that a neighbor was growing jalepeño peppers on what was technically my land, I asked him to stop. I have not used that particular area for anything since. As I came into contact with this person I did not think I was, the question came to my mind: how do we define space? Is it the deep legal framework that defines ownership? Is it the distinguishable items, objects, animals, plants, landforms and people? How, specifically, do we define the difference between inside and outside? Is it climate control? If that is the case, I could make the argument that the entire world is inside, based on the greater climate control humans have.

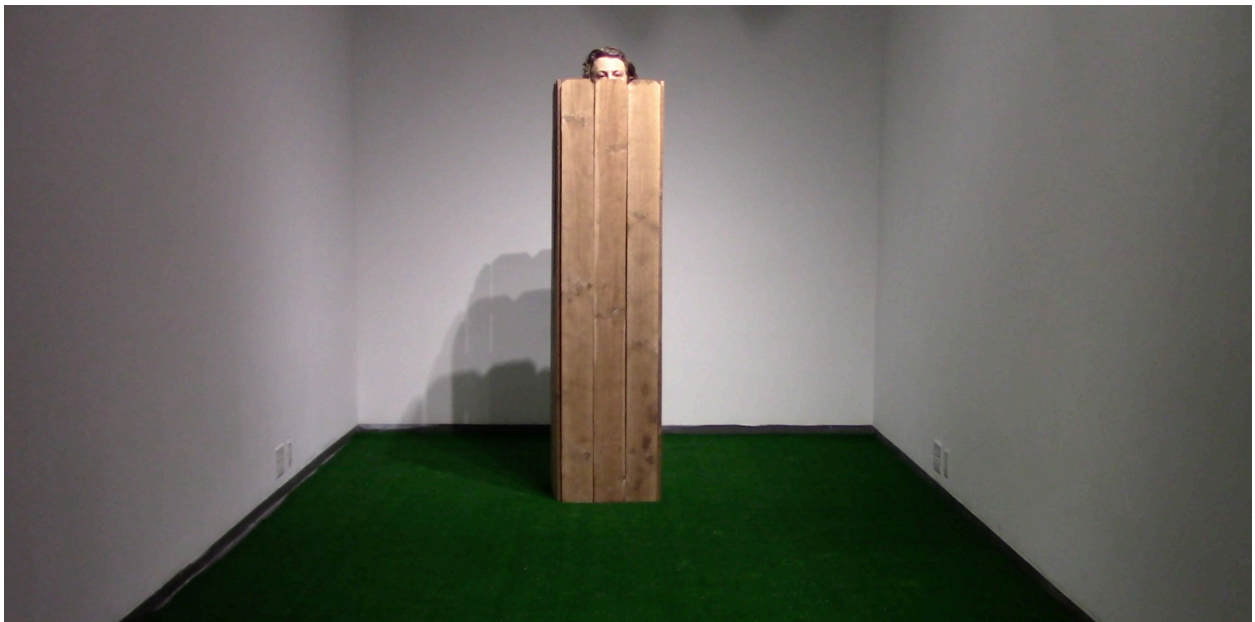
As these questions swirled around me, I devised an object and performance to guide me through this thinking. Inspired by the Lifeworks of Tehching Hsieh, I delved into performance art. Hsieh would dedicate one year periods to a single task or way of living, such as living in a prison cell with no amenities, clocking in to a punch clock every hour 24/7, or never going inside.

I created a structure from which I would perform a ritual of being home. I created a wooden fence that enclosed an area with only enough space for my own body, which



b. Tehching Hsieh in his prison cell in *One Year Performance 1978-1979*, 1978-9

I placed on a piece of AstroTurf. I stood in this construction, which I placed in the semi-public space that is the Lamar Dodd School of Art (LDSOA), and interacted with those who stepped on my “lawn.” The few who did were immediately, and aggressively, verbally warned to leave the “property” immediately.



Mickey Boyd, still from *HOME*, video, 2020

Although I could not match the dedication and intensity of Hsieh, I documented the time that I stood in this object and waited for hours (around 10 hours in total over the course of four days) for people, primarily students, to enter the space. During this time which was spent primarily alone, I conceived of a video that could act as a narrative device. This felt necessary as the performance felt as though it was little more than a reflection of the general antisocial aspect of property ownership. I wanted to create a narrative that probed deeper into the insecurities of this behavior, and would also be a parody of it.



Mickey Boyd, still from *HOME*, video, 2020

While HOME was the first project to begin to grapple with the domestic space and the stereotypes of American property ownership, I still wanted to explore the differences of space further via the process of video creation. After an unfinished try at another video akin to HOME, I made a simple video of me walking my property. Inspired by the video work of Bruce Nauman, especially thinking of the seminal work *Setting a Good Corner (Allegory & Metaphor)*, in which the artist simply sets up a camera and works on setting a corner of a fence on his property, I aimed for documenting a simple action.



c. Installation view of Bruce Nauman, *Setting a Good Corner (Allegory & Metaphor)*, 1999

The plat of the property that I purchased was created after much subdividing had occurred on a greater ranch that was once there. Because of this, there is an old property line that separates the front two thirds of the property from the back third. I had already cleared an opening through the barrier made of a stand of trees that had grown up around a fence. *On Coming and Going* became a video that was taken from the direction of me walking to and fro the camera in multiple positions on either side of the former barrier. I edited it such that every time I crossed the former barrier, the shot would jump to another position. This created a jarring effect, as if in a dream in which you never get to the place you are trying to go. A sort of meditation on real and implied changes in space: entering and exiting at the same time, a kind of infinite portal. Themes of barriers, time, and the constructed nature of existence began to emerge from this work. I had broken and passed through a barrier constructed to identify land, but no longer used. Passing through this former wall acted as a way to wrestle with the way that I am currently identifying my land. I'm telling people not to grow plants on my land, but I am passing through a physical line that at one point in time would have been trespassing.



Mickey Boyd, still from *On Coming and Going*, video, 2021

At the same time as this work was being made, I was engaging in conversations about space and development with an old friend and artist colleague, Max Yarborough. We were struck by what seemed to be the infinite generation of things. The infinite generation of information on the internet, never-ending and expanding suburbs, but especially, the constant generation of waste. In Tom Wessels' book, *The Myth of*



Mickey Boyd, still from *On Coming and Going*, video, 2021

Progress, our economic systems' unending narrative is called into question. Wessels posits that our concept of infinite economic growth is a fiction that does not follow any of the physical laws of our universe, and is thus destined to collapse.³ With this critique in mind, Max and I put together works for a show at the Margie E. West gallery in LDSOA that became *Waste Creation*. In this show my collaborator and I used our shared biting sense of humor to explore these concepts. The show included *On Coming and Going*, as well as *The Exquisite Eater*, a giant head that perpetually eats a sandwich, *Cooked From the Inside Out*, a microwave you can see from the inside that pushes its own buttons, and a work of infinite stairs, *Wasted Potential*. These works were an expression of frustration with the nightmare of excess: higher and higher piles of junk as we spiral towards a very finite end.

These works were a necessary form of catharsis. I was able to execute some of the spiraling, anxious madness in my own mind, whereinand thus could stop replaying

3 Tom Wessels, *The Myth of Progress* (University of Vermont Press, 2006).



Detail from *Waste Creation*, (*The Exquisite Eater* pictured in foreground, left of center) Mickey Boyd with Max Yardbird at the Margie E. Taylor Gallery, Lamar Dodd school of Art, 2021

the endless loop of inevitable fate of all humanity. Space fills up with the endless excess of human modernity. However, to paraphrase a mentor, James Enos, what more is that than a mic drop?

“The world is fucked up!”

Mic drop.

“Don’t you get it, living like this is disgusting!”

Mic drop.

(frantic whisper to self) “What are we gonna do!?”

Mic drop.

I decided that the cultural critique method of pointing at the symptoms of a problem was less fulfilling than creating a false solution to the endlessly complex problem itself. The root problem is, of course, the military-industrial-petrochemical-car-centric-highway-suburban-ponzi-scheme-complex. Look it up. Central to the Ponzi scheme is the single family zoned suburban household. The very same that I grew up wanting to be in.

I spent most of my childhood in the flatness of the eastern Front Range of Colorado. I commuted to a suburban school, so all of the people I wanted to be with, friends, girlfriends, and the various other people cooler than me, all lived in the suburbs. At that time they seemed so inviting compared to the humanless wasteland that was the rural plains. There you could walk to people’s houses, or at least get there with a short drive. Everything was pretty new. Generic and comfortable. I had to drive through a McMansion golf course neighborhood on the way to school, known as Kingsdeer. In my late teenage years during the initial years of the Global Financial Crisis, I discovered the terror and excitement of the lesser narcotics. My friends and I would partake and wander an abandoned development on the outskirts of that neighborhood. There were one or two occupied houses amongst the winding and doubling back wooded roads. This never registered to me as the hellscape I would later come to identify it as. In ruminating on my stoned loser-self, wandering a suburban ghostland on the border of

a muscle-house nightmare, my mind moved towards the process of speculating on this future.

In Miwon Kwon's work on site specificity, *One Place After Another*, she lays out a critical understanding of the concept of site-specific work. Using diverse examples from Richard Serra's Tilted Arc, to Mierle Ukeles Maintenance works, she investigates the shifting understanding of works situated in specific places and time. In Kwon's conclusion, summing up a writing of Lucy Lippard, she writes,

The rapacious growth and transformation of capitalism have subsumed the distinctions of local differences and cultures, and that the particularity of places is continually being homogenized, genericized, and commodified to better accommodate the expansion of capitalism via the abstraction of space (or creation of 'nonplaces,' as some sociologists prefer). These processes, in turn, exacerbate the sense of placelessness in contemporary life.⁴

This best summarizes the grip of capitalism on space: continual standardization brings about greater opportunities for profit.

I find speculative fiction a way to amplify some of the multiplicity of the human experience and use narrative form to explore it. In my print work I have begun to explore some speculative fiction and magical realism. In his book, *Four Futures: Visions of the World After Capitalism*, Peter Frase poses four possible futures for humankind within a framework where two things are given: all work that can be automated will be automated, and those who hold power will do whatever they can to retain it. Within

4 Miwon Kwon, *One Place After Another: Site Specific Art and Locational Identity* (The MIT Press, 2004), 158-159.

| | Abundance | Scarcity |
|-----------|-----------|-------------|
| Equality | communism | socialism |
| Hierarchy | rentism | exterminism |

d. Table from Frase's *Four Futures* describing the possibilities of the near future based on his criteria

this structure, Frase proposes “that we can end up in a world of either scarcity or abundance, alongside either hierarchy or equality.”⁵ How could post capitalism and construction become one? More pointedly, perhaps, how could suburban architecture look in a speculative future?

In the way that Frase boils down our possible futures to a two-by-two grid, I could condense and arrange architecture into a simple system. I could create the perfect essences of domestic spaces. Charles L. Marohn argues in *Strong Towns*, that the American municipality is a Ponzi scheme that must take on a continuous stream of development and debt in infrastructure costs, but never builds enough tax base to pay for the maintenance commitments. Using a method of municipal wealth generation per acre, in the vast majority of real-world scenarios, the poorer, denser populated places make up the majority of the tax revenue. The typically wealthier single-family suburbs rarely generate enough tax revenue to maintain their own infrastructure.⁶ I wanted to make an architecture that could reflect this tendency for all things American to ultimately be at the mercy of the short-term profit. Stupid Architecture™ became the nomenclature for my goal. I began thinking of my own development scheme, one where I could take the elements of modern suburban home, exurban-roofline travesties, and new urban multi-family development, and boil them down to their essence. I had hoped to make this syrupy concoction stand on its own as a dull mirror of the implications of this built environment that is developed devoid of placeness or soul. Roland Barthes says, “Architecture... is the art of the *size of things*.”⁷ Specifically, I think about architecture as the relation of one to the size of the elements and space contained by an object. This work then acts as a surrogate for architecture, because it is at the scale of the model, and was never intended to get any bigger.

5 Peter Frase, *Four Futures: Visions of the World After Capitalism* (Verso Books, 2016), 29.

6 Charles L. Marohn, *Strong Towns: A Bottom-Up Revolution to Rebuild American Prosperity*, (Wiley, 2020).

7 Steven Henry Madoff and Roland Barthes, “That Old Thing, Art...,” in *Pop Art: A Critical History* (Berkeley, CA: Univ. of California Press, 2001), 372. Emphasis original.



Mickey Boyd, *Modular Perfection (Parts)*, plywood, 2022

In *Property Values: Hans Haacke, Real Estate, and the Museum*, Deutsche describes how the Guggenheim refused to display some of Hans Haacke's work exploring real-time systems. Haacke, a leading figure in institutional critique, wanted to show a series of photographs and tables that exposed a New York City slum lord's activities and opaque business dealings that kept him perpetually enriched, while eliminating any personal liability he had over the atrocious conditions of the tenement housing he owned. The essay culminates in the idea that the space of the Guggenheim as an institution defends other institutions in order to defend its own ability to exist as one. While real estate's most distinguishing feature as a commodity is its immovability, the social qualities that change and move make the value of a given livable space.⁸ This makes me question why a given area of development or built environment becomes so interesting. Where does the influence of a space start, and how much does that influence the social interactions therein?

I would argue that the banal landscape transforms those who live in the place into populations of people who look for that very thing. I saw this happen in a place that I loved dearly. I lived in Denver, Colorado from 2009 to 2017. I saw in that time a massive influx of people and the transformation of a lesser-known cheap city with a thriving do-it-yourself art and music scene, into a bland and corporatized zone of no return. The old neighborhoods I enjoyed for their cheap rent, bad landlords, and funky houses were bulldozed to make way for high rent, bad landlords, and modern-sterile boxes. Often where there was once a setback and a one-story modern home, there would later be a two or three story box, roughly the size of the lot. However, a huge number of people were moving in at that time, so was it really the place or the people? Do we want a Chili's® in every middle to large municipality because it is good or because it's familiar? The change in architecture changed my mental landscape and my wish to be in that place. Ever since I have explored how the built environment affects us in my work, and

8 Rosalyn Deutsche, "Property Value: Hans Haacke, Real Estate, and the Museum," in *Evictions: Art and Spatial Politics* (Cambridge, MA: M.I.T. Press, 1998), pp. 159-192.

demonstrated that the influence is great. We are formed by the world around us while we simultaneously form it.

However, the models I made did not succeed to this end. The buildings ended up neutral, the idea of a house, or an attic, or a complex. They did not become any sort of mirror of the architectural styling mutant-mega-domicile, the lowest-common-denominator multifamily complex, or even the placeless shell of the suburban home. They ended up an antithesis of those things: unusable architecture for the purpose of appearing as architecture. “Stupid” was no longer the right word, at least not in the sense of unthinking. They were more impractical, or unreal; stupid from a pragmatic standpoint. The names “ideal,” “quixotic,” or “impracticable” architecture strike closer to what they became. These objects are models for some strange form of cynical utopia.

Magical realism, as opposed to speculative fiction, can then be used to orient this work. The work of Japanese author, Haruki Murakami, could be described as magical realism. His novel, *Hard-boiled Wonderland and the End of the World*, follows two concurrent stories, one is a sort-of science fiction which takes place in the “real world” or



Mickey Boyd, *Housing Complex*, plywood, hardware, 2022



From Left to right: Mickey Boyd, *Model of a Perfect Attic*, plywood, 2022.
Mickey Boyd, *Model of a Perfect Subdivision*, plywood 2022

a possible very near future, in which the main character is a “calcutec” which amounts to some sort of human computer who encodes and decodes complex things. While working on these encoding sessions, the main character enters a sort of fugue state that is physically exhausting. In the concurrent story, the main character wanders through a strange surreal built environment. The town, in the end, is revealed to be his own mind.⁹ This idea of the built environment as a psychological landscape is a way to think about these objects.

I found, once again, that I was beginning to enter another “mic drop” way of thinking. The generalized geometry of these objects, the arched windows and doors, and neutral colored materials allows for a broader interpretive point to enter the work, but they still seem to exemplify a specific kind of “one-liner” critique of the built environment. Their scale is that of the model. Within that scale they act like any other

9 Haruki Murakami, *Hard-Boiled Wonderland and the End of the World: A Novel* (New York, NY: Vintage Books, 1991).

architectural model does. They show something that is proposed to be real some day. They propose a sarcastic, or impossible, solution to an intractable problem. I cannot make work that solves all the problems, rather, I can make work that explores the root problem.

The root problem is the contemporary American system of development and its greater effect on the attitudes of the people and communities that exist with little agency within it. For that, I had to shift the scale of my work to human scale. I had to emulate a real architecture. Although, architecture is the improper word for what I am looking at. I am thinking about building. Building is a biological act. Many animals, from the bee to the beaver build structures of incredible complexity. Humans are driven to build and interact with space in this way to protect themselves from the elements and become ever more comfortable. So then, my thesis work *Stairs and Portals to the Same Place*, is my biological building act.



Mickey Boyd, *Stairs and Portals to the Same Place*, dimensional lumber, plywood, gypsum board, vinyl siding, asphalt shingles, pre-hung window, found carpet, found door, 2023.

Having worked extensively in the construction industry I see its materials as a language, and I started to make statements about what this language says. Specifically, I am investigating the language of residential building, and the aesthetic of the stick-built home. Stick-built construction is the most common type of residential construction in the United States. It is a construction that consists of dimensional lumber superstructure wrapped with various interior and exterior materials depending on climate, budget, and taste. The benefits of this type of construction are its ability to accommodate variability, but there are economic forces that contribute as well. When the industries that create these systems are the largest industries in the nation, there is a control over how a building will be constructed. The stick-built construct is not truth. There is a coalescence of forces that makes this type of construction the most widely available and commonplace in our contemporary suburbs, but that ubiquity is not tied solely to its flexibility, rather, it is tied to the larger system that rewards the behavior of grabbing control of entire markets and forcing consumers down a single path of possibility.

The experiment of the placeless architectural model that has been sweeping the North American continent (and beyond) is best exemplified by one of the fastest growing areas in the United States, The Villages: a local designation in western Florida.

It is a community where the minimum age of entry is fifty-five. The population



e. Aerial view of The Villages. The community boasts a downtown with made up histories, and 30+ square miles of big beautiful homes.

is predominantly white. There is a downtown of sorts, but any who have experienced anything that could be referred to as a downtown would refer to it as a strip mall. It is a glorification of the suburban model of endless standardization. The documentary film *Some Kind of Heaven* dives into the psychology of this place and its residents. In a very telling moment from the film, a prospective resident meeting a realtor at one of the tract homes notes how much she enjoys the sameness, stating, “I like getting up every morning and being able to say, ‘it’s going to be the same way from house to house’... for ten years, or twenty years.”¹⁰ The only thing that matters in this place is the place itself. It has become a metaself, endlessly self-referencing for its own self-preservation. It is The United States Mega Suburb’s last call. One more round at the table, even though we’ve had enough: a willingness to believe that this is all a perpetual system that has no boundaries. This version of progress is unstoppable, it has a beginning, but it does not benefit anyone’s bottom line to understand that there is an end.

For me, the interest lies in the way these buildings are constructed. The

10 *Some Kind of Heaven*, Hulu, 2020, https://www.hulu.com/movie/some-kind-of-heaven-dbb0e05a-537d-4169-8a00-624ec21e35bd?entity_id=dbb0e05a-537d-4169-8a00-624ec21e35bd.



Mickey Boyd, *Stairs and Portals to the Same Place*, dimensional lumber, plywood, gypsum board, vinyl siding, asphalt shingles, pre-hung window, found carpet, found door, 2023.



Mickey Boyd, details of *Stairs and Portals to the Same Place*, dimensional lumber, plywood, gypsum board, vinyl siding, asphalt shingles, pre-hung window, found carpet, found door, 2023.

individuation that appears at the intersection of the larger abstract system and the very real human hands that put things together. When you can speak the language, you can see where different people within the multi-tiered system have made their mark. First the foundation, then the framers, electricians, plumbers, drywallers, and finally, the painters, who get stuck with the finality of the compounding mistakes and changes up to that point. The places where the corners meet interest me the most. That area where drywall and crown molding meet, covered by caulk and paint, is where the whole of a home has come together. In that zone, one sees the work of many laborers, from the framer who built the substructure, to the painter who fixed everyone's mistakes. Gaston Bachelard in his book, *The Poetics of Space*, discusses the corner's psychological and metaphysical meaning. He describes them as secluded spaces, specifically he says that, "every corner in every house, every angle in a room, every inch of secluded space in which we like to hide, or withdraw into ourselves, is a symbol of solitude for the imagination."¹¹ The corners become space where things get put. They get covered by furniture, or dust, and become forgotten spaces. However, the corner is special because they are the moments when the entirety of what it is to build and be within a constructed enclosure culminates.

In another of Murakami's works, *The Wind-up Bird Chronicles*, the main character, Toru Okada, is an unemployed man whose wife left him mysteriously and his cat is missing. The relatively slow, perhaps plodding, story follows Toru from his perspective as he tries to figure out why his wife left, and the connection to his conservative politician brother-in-law, Noboru Wataya, which is also the name of his cat. There is a recurring theme in which Toru spends time at the bottom of a well in his neighborhood, and experiences reality bending or transcendent experiences. However, there is a parallel story as Murakami is known to do, and it is told as the memoir of a Japanese soldier, Lt. Mamiya, during World War II serving in Manchuria. He has an

¹¹ Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space* (Penguin, 2014), 155.



Mickey Boyd, detail of *Stairs and Portals to the Same Place*, dimensional lumber, plywood, gypsum board, vinyl siding, asphalt shingles, pre-hung window, found carpet, found door, 2023.

experience wherein he is left to die at the bottom of an unused well by enemy soldiers. While in this well there is nothing but darkness and the circle of sky above, but the sun bursts into the well in the middle of the day, and he experiences the absolute brightness and warmth of the sun, which only lasts for a few moments and is gone. He is returned to cold darkness. The bathing of sunlight takes something from Lt. Mamiya, he says, "Whatever Heavenly grace I may have enjoyed until that moment was lost forever."¹² This is what I want the outcome of a constructed object to be. I want these objects to become a psychological force, magical and real all at once. One that can make our experience of the sun remove something unnamable from our beings. Or add it. I want this space, which is created by an architectural object to move people to experience more than the thing itself. This, like the view of the sky from the bottom of a well, can be done with the control of one's view, or line of sight. The openings on either side of the bottom floor of *Stairs and Portals to the Same Place* act like this proverbial well. The viewer's sight is constricted. The perspective is a window into a specific world: one where construction is pushed to its limits.

In conclusion, my experiments with space are experiments with scale. From the celestial scale, to the scale model, to the human scale. Speculative fiction and magical realism are narrative frameworks for me to understand the stifling sameness that I have seen in the built environment since I was young. This built environment has become the target of my critique. The economic system that drives this country creates conditions for a specific type of architecture. The reason that houses are made of dimensional lumber and gypsum board is because there are great machines of economics making it the most affordable and widely available way to build, regardless of the climate of the surrounding area. Within this construction methodology, there is the labor that makes it, and the consumer who makes demands of the labor. So, this work is about labor, or more accurately the leftovers of labor; the ghost of it. Construction is an act, it's

12 Haruki Murakami, *The Wind-up Bird Chronicle* (New York, NY: Vintage Books, 1998), 168.



Mickey Boyd, detail of *Stairs and Portals to the Same Place*, dimensional lumber, plywood, gypsum board, vinyl siding, asphalt shingles, pre-hung window, found carpet, found door, 2023.



Mickey Boyd, detail of *Stairs and Portals to the Same Place*, dimensional lumber, plywood, gypsum board, vinyl siding, asphalt shingles, pre-hung window, found carpet, found door, 2023.

something that we do to make the spaces occupiable, in relative permanence. However, permanence is a matter of scale. Nothing is truly permanent. The contemporary stick built home, supposed permanent objects, are a reflection of how we perceive the world at that time. How we build is not only influenced by the most available technology or Market forces, it's molded by a worldview, and becomes a lens through which we can look at ourselves. Bachelard talks about how C.G. Jung, the father of behavioral psychology, referred to the home as a map of our psyche.¹³ The home is a reflection of ourselves and in our dreams, and it's how we're able to occupy ourselves. My work is a home, and it is a dream: it is the reflective surface by which I see myself in the greater society. A confluence of control and uncontrolled interactions with space, and time.

13 Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space* (Penguin, 2014), 21-128.



Mickey Boyd, detail of *Stairs and Portas to the Same Place*, dimensional lumber, plywood, gypsum board, vinyl siding, asphalt shingles, pre-hung window, found carpet, found door, 2023.

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