

Discourse on Cabin 3

by
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Submitted to the Department of Architecture in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree
of Masters of Science in Visual Studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

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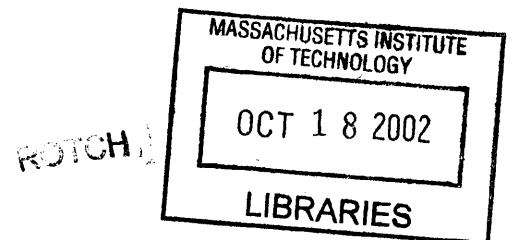
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ABSTRACT:

An adaptation of the Unabomber's cabin placed on four automobile wheels, Cabin 3 was installed as a hybrid cabin-vehicle-writing device on the elevated plaza in front of 105 Massachusetts Ave on MIT's campus. Inside the cabin was the same model typewriter used by the Unabomber to write his manifesto. The typewriter was mechanically connected to the cabin's rear axle so that each letter typed rolled the cabin back in imperceptibly small increments. From late May to early July, the cabin's door remained open to the public and invited viewer interaction. Shelves of three-ring binders provided a place for people to place their typed pages within the cabin's walls. Members of the MIT community, as well as the general public, left several new pages of thoughts, messages, and gobbledygook each day, addressed to MIT, the artist, to Kaczynski, to acquaintances, and to the ether.

Thesis Supervisor: Joan Jonas
Title: Professor of Visual Arts

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I am indebted to a small but crucial circle of people without whom this project would not have happened. I would like to thank:

Ed Levine, whose presence was missed for the last three of my four semesters at MIT, for allowing me to attend the Visual Arts Program with that initial piece of advice, “Take everything you hear with a grain of salt,” and those final words, “You’re almost making art.” *Dennis Adams*, for making my ignorance abundantly clear and directing me toward the light.

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Antonio Muntadas, for his unparalleled generosity, his quiet encouragement, and his open mind, who resisted giving up on me despite my faults.

And above all else, my peers:

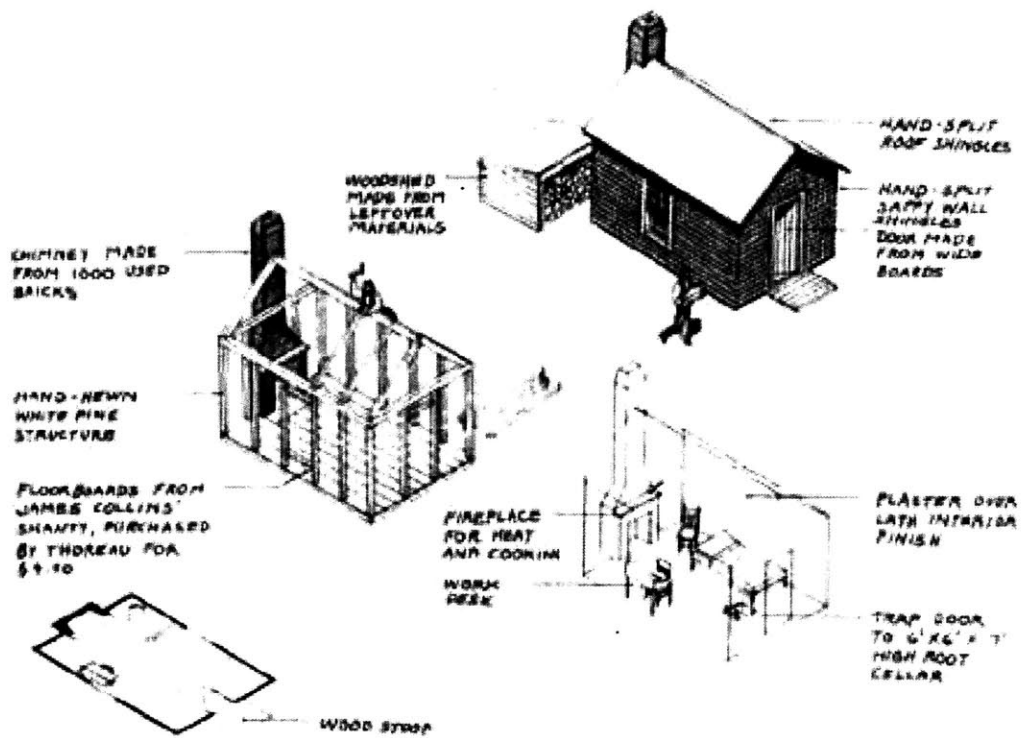
Sanjit Sethi and Jed Ela, for pulling me out of the abyss, without whom Cabin 3 would have neither roof nor wheels.

Lastly, a quick nod and a wink to those who helped me in one way or another and have requested that I not mention their names.

This project was made possible with funding from the Council for the Arts, the Department of Architecture, and the Office for the Arts.

“Shall we forever resign the pleasure of construction to the carpenter? Where is this division of labor to end? And what object does it finally serve? No doubt another may also think for me, but it is not therefore desirable that he should do so to the exclusion of my thinking for myself.”

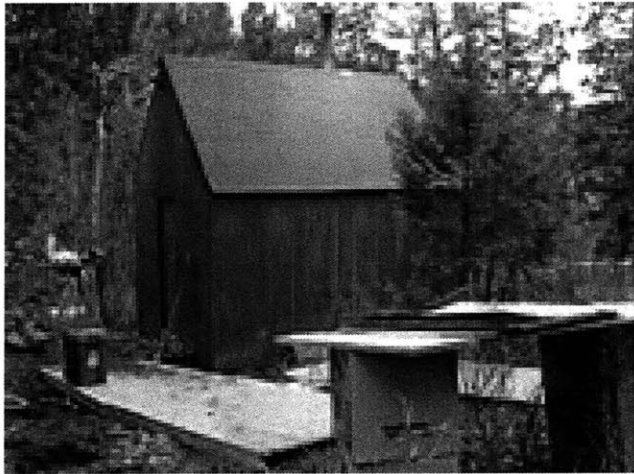
--Henry David Thoreau, Walden



Building Thoreau's cabin. Source unknown.



Cabin 1, Thoreau's cabin at Walden



Cabin 2, Kaczynski's cabin in Montana



Cabin 3, Weiner's cabin at MIT



Thank God there was something to say.

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

June 10, 2002

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UNABOMBER MEETS THOREAU IN CABIN 3 AT MIT

CAMBRIDGE, MA-- MIT Deems Public Art Project "Security Risk". Due to concern over potential security risks, MIT has removed Cabin 3, a public art project, from its location outside 105 Massachusetts Avenue in Cambridge. The move was taken in preparation for MIT's Commencement Address, delivered by James D. Wolfensohn, president of the World Bank.

Cabin 3, designed and constructed by MIT graduate student Seth Weiner, was installed on MIT campus two weeks prior to Commencement. MIT will return the cabin to its site when it no longer poses a risk to security. Cabin 3 is scheduled to remain at 105 Massachusetts Ave until July 1, 2002.

An adaptation of the Unabomber's shack placed on four automobile wheels, Cabin 3 is a metaphor for the conflict of ideals within the artist; the promise of technological advances and the consequences stemming from that which is lost with each step. The installation of Cabin 3 at MIT is intended to focus public discourse on the globalization of the techno-industrial system and the ensuing turbulence brought about by drastic change.

Inside the cabin is a typewriter identical to the one used by Ted Kaczynski to write The Unabomber Manifesto, which was printed in the New York Times and the Washington Post in exchange for a halt to the use of violent tactics. Typing on the typewriter in the cabin causes the entire structure to roll backwards.

Cabin 3 invites public interaction. Collected within the structure are pages upon pages of typed writings from the MIT community and the general public. Among the collected pages are typed copies of Walden and Civil Disobedience by Henry David Thoreau, transcribed by the artist.

For more information visit: <http://vapserver.mit.edu/cabin3>

The project was made possible in part by the MIT Council for the Arts, The Department of Architecture, and the Associate Provost for the Arts.

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Introduction

“Why is this here?” asked a middle-aged woman wearing the business suit uniform of a local administrative worker. My initial impulse, I’m ashamed to say, was to answer, “Because I put it here.” Such a simple question, yet I found myself unable to understand what she was asking. I was reminded of the famous statement by Bill Clinton, “It depends on what the meaning of ‘is’ is.” Add to that “this” and “here”. I will now attempt to interpret the question.

An initial interpretation of the question might be, “What is the meaning of placing a hybrid cabin/vehicle/writing machine on this plaza, in front of this MIT building?” Another interpretation could be, “Did you get permission to place this structure in front of this building?” Or was she asking, “Why have you brought this object into existence?” Those are questions I can answer.

The public reasons for building Cabin 3 are briefly addressed in the press release. However, the true impetus was quite personal, bordering on trivial. It started with a breakdown in January of 2002. Depression and anxiety were infiltrating most aspects of my life. I had ended the only long-term relationship I’d ever had. Concentrating on my work, I realized I did not feel the passion for it that I previously had. That is death to the artist, as one cannot survive without a high degree of passion for ones work. What most troubled me was my desire to stop producing. Suffering a loss of confidence in most realms of my life, I soon lost the ability to function. No food. No sleep. No reading. No writing. The studio induced waves of panic. My apartment stifled me. The sight of people interacting taunted me with a glimpse of that which I might have known under different circumstances.

Motion provided my only relief. The faster I propelled myself through space under my own power, the better I felt. So I paced in circles when I had nowhere to go and ran during periods of extreme distress. The pacing was reminiscent of animal behavior after confinement induced a degree of insanity. Similar symptoms are constant rocking and repeated banging of one’s head against the wall. Such things seem to occur in the face of seemingly insurmountable futility. Such was the nature of my descent. I saw no escape.

I mention this not for sympathy. I have enjoyed a privileged and charmed existence, relative to global conditions and the quality of life of my ancestors, and I make no pretense of having “suffered” in real material terms by any stretch of the imagination. My feelings of alienation, inadequacy, and hopelessness had very little to do with reality. My descent had progressed to the extent that I could see the allure held in the prospect of escaping unhappiness by any means necessary.

While I am aware that such feelings are widespread, I myself had not previously experienced them with such intensity. I eventually sought professional help.

In that state of psychological distress, I had developed a fantasy involving my moving to a cabin in the woods. This would entail my taking a leave of absence from MIT during my final semester, finding a subletter for my apartment... and who would come with me? I had no desire to become a hermit. I just needed the “simple life” until I felt better. The cabin would have to be near water. If I just went out to the woods and built a little cabin by a stream or lake, how long before the land-owner finds out and kicks me off the land? Would I lose my scholarship and have to pay twice as much for the final semester upon my return? What if I never came back to finish?

I had to admit it was not feasible to turn this fantasy into reality-- at least, not while I was still a student. I began to see the necessity to resist the fantasy. I needed to resist the urge to escape the various pressures and desires in my life and in my work.

Thinking about these desires to escape as source material, I turned to a famous hermit who moved to a cabin in the woods.

Dead Reckoning:

“It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen.”ⁱ

I often feel ill at ease. I don't claim that I am the only one. Rather, I'd prefer to assume that this is a sensation experienced by most people in most places most of the time. Why else would we need to retreat on a daily basis to the fortresses of our homes, surrounded by our creature comforts? This assumption allows me to externalize the source of my uneasiness; it's in the air we breathe, in the radiation we absorb, the food we eat.

I have doubts on occasion. Witnessing the social phobia, agoraphobia, general anxiety, and depression in my lineage, as well as in my own identical twin, forces me, on occasion, to admit the probability that my stock is less tolerable of certain conditions and constraints than most members of society. This uneasiness--perhaps anxiety is a better word--presented itself when I was an adolescent with the feeling that I was born 200 years too late. I felt out of step with my times.

In my late teens this manifested in an escapist approach to art making. As I grew more independent, I experienced the desire to explore my relationship with my world, and in doing so I started at the ground floor. I stumbled across Rene' Descartes.

Descartes' *Discourse on the Method of Rightly Conducting Reason* and his *Meditations on First Philosophy* formed a bridge for me to the gates of the modern secular world view, providing something for me to latch onto. In particular, I connected with the beginning of Descartes' *Meditations*, where he describes the dilemma of perception as follows:

4. But it may be said, perhaps, that, although the senses occasionally mislead us respecting minute objects, and such as are so far removed from us as to be beyond the reach of close observation, there are yet many other of their informations (presentations), of the truth of which it is manifestly impossible to doubt; as for example, that I am in this place, seated by the

fire, clothed in a winter dressing gown, that I hold in my hands this piece of paper, with other intimations of the same nature. But how could I deny that I possess these hands and this body, and withal escape being classed with persons in a state of insanity, whose brains are so disordered and clouded by dark bilious vapors as to cause them pertinaciously to assert that they are monarchs when they are in the greatest poverty; or clothed [in gold] and purple when destitute of any covering; or that their head is made of clay, their body of glass, or that they are gourds? I should certainly be not less insane than they, were I to regulate my procedure according to examples so extravagant.

5. Though this be true, I must nevertheless here consider that I am a man, and that, consequently, I am in the habit of sleeping, and representing to myself in dreams those same things, or even sometimes others less probable, which the insane think are presented to them in their waking moments. How often have I dreamt that I was in these familiar circumstances, that I was dressed, and occupied this place by the fire, when I was lying undressed in bed? At the present moment, however, I certainly look upon this paper with eyes wide awake; the head which I now move is not asleep; I extend this hand consciously and with express purpose, and I perceive it; the occurrences in sleep are not so distinct as all this. But I cannot forget that, at other times I have been deceived in sleep by similar illusions; and, attentively considering those cases, I perceive so clearly that there exist no certain marks by which the state of waking can ever be distinguished from sleep, that I feel greatly astonished; and in amazement I almost persuade myself that I am now dreaming. ⁱⁱ

This was by no means a revelation of doubt in my eyes; I was not seeking revelations or even new thoughts. Rather, it was quite familiar, being something I often thought about in my adolescence. It gave me hope that, perhaps, I was not out of sync after all. I live in an age where things are supposed to be at odds with my nature. Ontological and epistemological dilemmas are part and parcel of the modern condition.

Descartes became one of the pillars on which my work developed and remains important to this day, though probably more as a force to react against. Of particular interest was the theme of doubt; that perception was dubious. Descartes states:

We will not, therefore, perhaps reason illegitimately if we conclude from this that Physics, Astronomy, Medicine, and all the other sciences that have for their end the consideration of composite objects, are indeed of a doubtful character; but that Arithmetic, Geometry, and the other sciences of the same class, which regard merely the simplest and most general objects, and scarcely inquire whether or not these are really existent, contain somewhat that is certain and indubitable: for whether I am awake or dreaming, it remains true that two and three make five, and that a square has but four sides; nor does it seem possible that truths so apparent can ever fall under a suspicion of falsity [or incertitude].ⁱⁱⁱ

I would not be the first to point out the incompleteness of these thought exercises. The problem of mind-body dualism has occupied philosophers ever since the Greeks, and Descartes didn't exactly solve it. But I will focus elsewhere for the moment: As for the simplest and most general objects, the fact that a square has but four sides is indubitable solely because it is a tautology. A square has four sides (edges) by definition. One more or one less, and you call it something else. The *meaning* of the words "has", "four", and "sides" are not questioned. If he were truly to overthrow his beliefs, as he claims to do, then he would have to doubt his logic, the resilience of reason, as well as his senses. Just as one can easily dream that one is awake, one can easily dream that two and three make seven. One can dream that one is in a world where the fundamental rules are different. One can be just as mistaken about one's assumptions of reason as one can be about what one smells or sees.

How does one know of one's error without some corrective exteriority? Similarly, the certainty with which I form an understanding of my world can be shaken not only with an earth-shattering revelation of truth, but with social conditioning, a small pill, or even a naturally occurring fluctuation in the balance of chemicals in my brain, as I would come to learn first-hand. That is why I *need* to make objects and commit

thoughts to writing. They are a part of me externalized; parts of me thrown overboard; logs tossed into the ocean by a ship in the process of dead reckoning.

I'm pretty confident that we've gotten the fundamentals correct. That is a matter of faith. But even the best of us hold some falsehood or other to be true with the utmost confidence. Such confidence does not make the falsehood any less false. This is a fundamental filter through which I view my world. Nothing is beyond doubt, and that which seems most accepted, venerated, and celebrated deserves to be regarded with the highest degree of suspicion. One need only look to the past for an endless trail of falsehoods accepted as truths, the errors in thought and action dwarfing the few examples of truth and righteousness. What is different about the present? Why would any particular person have the confidence, the megalomania, to assert some kind of authority over truth, over what is right and good, when that person resides at the peak of a mountain of bullshit?

I have come to see the present just as I view the past. We are the emperors with new clothes. Here I sit, a shining example of just that hubris imparting these thoughts to you, no doubt an equally apt specimen. Though it puts me no more at ease, I accept my lot with the knowledge that it is entirely appropriate. It is a lot shared with the rest of the industrialized world.

The goal is not to reach the truth, but to endeavor toward it. I fear dying before understanding. That is the impetus for working as I do. It is not intended to provide the public with infotainment, to indulge someone's shamanistic fetishes, or to place myself in the position of teacher to the ignorant masses. The intent is to poke and prod my own assumptions, and in doing so, the desire is to attract allies who also respond to such poking and prodding while I inch closer to *understanding* in imperceptible increments.

So much work seems to be done these days, particularly in the realms of emerging technologies and media, where the artist has gone to great pains to take something recognizable and render it abstract through technology. To rob the world of understanding. It is quite common in such places as MIT's Media Lab. A certain wave of the hand makes a certain color appear on the screen and is accompanied by a certain tone, both of which change as a function of the feedback from sensors and

what not. I don't understand why that's considered interesting. But there are a lot of things I don't understand, which is why I do what I do.

What are the allies for? I'm tired of being alone. My allies form *my* society. Not a society of protest and opposition, but a society of skeptics. This is different from such subcultures as the anti-globalization "movement", Luddites, or other such groups that are defined by the force they oppose. Such groups lack a true skepticism and operate under the seemingly blind faith that they are right and the force they oppose is wrong. The society I seek does not define itself against an exteriority. It questions its own assumptions as much as anyone else's.

What assumptions am I poking and prodding? Perhaps the most general of them goes back to Descartes' mind-body dualism. The idea that mind and body operate on different planes is a difficult one to doubt, and it has such far-reaching implication as to how one perceives oneself and one's environment. Clearly these words I'm writing come from thoughts, and these thoughts are not corporeal. They are not a physical substance. I then use my body to make physical signs (these letters) that are decoded by the function of another's body (sight) to become something non-corporeal in *their* mind. Viewed objectively, this is simply magic. Separate realms of existence? How does the non-corporeal mind and corporeal body interact? To accept this view of the world is to give credence to the adolescent belief in the extra-sensory perception and poltergeists.

The dilemma stems from the interactions between the realm of the physical and "the realm of the mind." Descartes goes as far as to claim to have located the physical location in the brain that connects mind to body. Descartes is most famous, however, for his assertion that the only thing he cannot doubt is that he exists. *Cogito ergo sum*. Not his body, but that entity which formulates the question about his existence. If he did not exist, we would not be able to question his existence.

This is the aspect of a person generally referred to as their spirit, their soul, their consciousness. Sentience. Where does it come from? If one does not believe in God, or in spirits, or anything mystical or requiring faith, for the sake of argument, then what other options are there? What if one were to dispense with all faith and assert that all that exists is corporeal and exists within this Universe; everything in ONE realm?

Every thought, every emotion, every sensation is governed by the same rules that govern the physical Universe. Just as a digital photograph is a visual representation of physical magnetic particles or microscopic craters in the surface of a plastic disk, everything I think and feel, as well as everything I sense, is a biologically constituted representation of the infinite permutations of *real* substances in my body. It's chemistry. Everything in the Universe exists on the same plane, or, conversely, nothing exists at all.

And just as I convince myself of this, it occurs to me that, while the particles and chemicals are physical, they still carry information that has not a substance or dimension. They have *attributes*. Given a certain matrix or pattern, the physical particles are either present or absent. One or zero. On or off. Eight particles are arranged in space. There, there, there, there, there, there, there, and there; 1,1,1,1,1,1,1, and 1. The presence or absence of these eight particles creates *information*. The *byte* above (consisting of eight binary digits) has a decimal value of 255. Take away some of the particles: 01001011—the value is 75 using the decimal system. Under the American Standard Code for Information Interchange, it is the letter “K”. Presence and absence equals information. Language. Information and language are physical particles that create certain patterns of light transmitted to the retina; certain rhythms and tones produced by vibrating the eardrum. Where does *meaning* reside?

This may seem far a field of a project involving the Unabomber's cabin. But it goes to the central tactic in this and other work I have done at MIT. The concepts of hardware and software -- of object or apparatus being separate from content -- is as accepted as the separation between mind and body. I have been laboring toward a unification of all components within an expressive system. Hardware and software, mind and body; unified and indistinguishable. Dispense with the myth of dualism, exposed as a mere stop-gap in our struggle for understanding that which is currently beyond comprehension.

What, then, are the tactics to which these thoughts and this conclusion point? This line of inquiry produced a body of work centered on what I have come to call the *writing scheme*. The works address the variety of components held within the act of writing. A typewriter is mated with a wall-mounted track. A line of text is typed, each letter causing the typewriter to inch along the track, so that a single line of text

is typed onto the track itself while the typewriter moves along. The text being typed places the author in a physical program that mimics the progress of the protagonist within the short narrative of the text that the author is typing. The end of the narrative loops back to the beginning, and so the typist returns the typewriter to the beginning of the line, only to continue typing it again, each letter over itself in a continual strange-loop that escapes the confines of the text and entraps the typist.

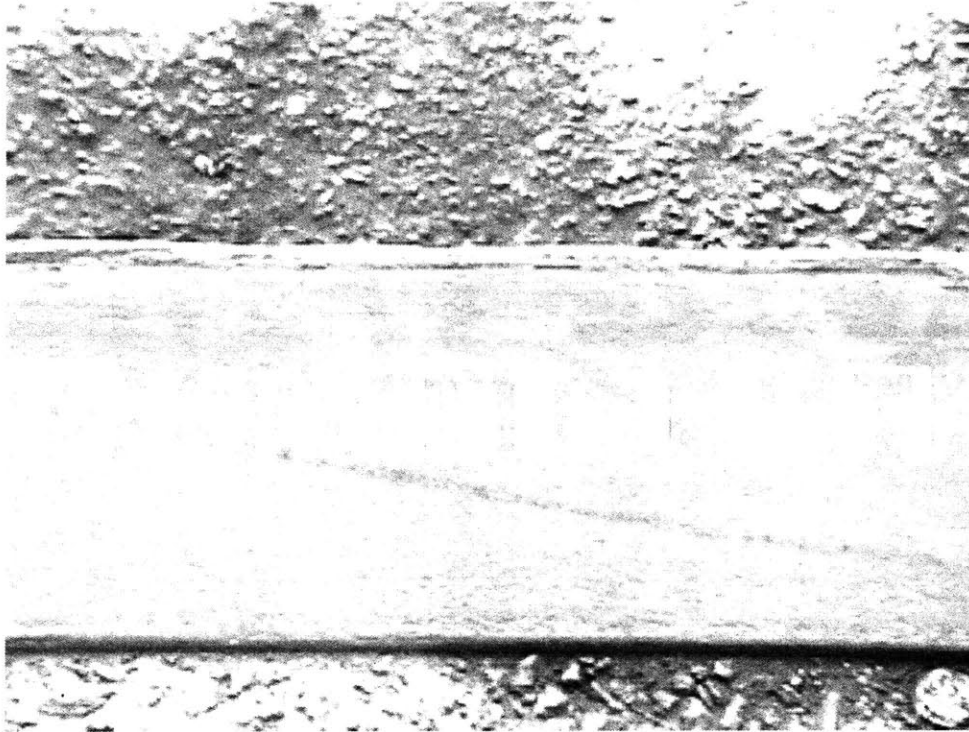
Descartes writing of a dream he had of sitting in his chair, writing of a dream he had of sitting in his chair ..., illustrates the ontological dilemma that fascinated me. I later came across a short paragraph of text by Franz Kafka called *The Watchman* and was presented another such loop, which inspired the text used in the typing piece.

I ran past the watchman. Then I was horrified, ran back again and said to the watchman: "I ran through here while you were looking the other way." The watchman gazed ahead and said nothing. "I suppose I really oughtn't to have done it," I said. The watchman still said nothing. "Does your silence indicate permission to pass?" ...^{iv}

The dots of ellipsis at the end of the paragraph can be taken mathematically. In a number series that end with dots of ellipsis, the pattern is repeated infinitely. That paragraph, then, is the complete work; one endless paragraph. It is a subtle, simple proposition. The narrative space it creates is infinite.

In the typing piece described above, the act of writing, the text's placement in space, and the narrative space within the text all conspired with each other in an attempt to show the parallels between the different spaces, pointing toward the conclusion that they were equally real, or equally illusory, when all was said and done. But in this system, never is *all* said and done. The progression of the strange-loop is infinite.

The Predator's Tracks



“Prohibited”, part of a sentence imparted to the ground via bicycle treads.

The act of writing in the context of my work has been a schematic diagram. The action is a progression akin to travel, referencing production with its assemblage of constituent elements, which possess the appearance of duality; physical object and datum. Writing entails the treading of paths that become tracks of information.

The Bikewriting project makes use of tracks in just such a way. Vehicle treads leave tracks everywhere. Bikewriting uses this form of mark-making to leave messages in the wake of motion. An interchangeable rubber typeset system called RIBtype is applied to the wheel of a bicycle. To give the tracks greater visibility and temporal durability, ink or paint is applied to the treads via an applicator integrated into the bicycle's existing structure. The writer/rider is given a new voice in the public sphere. While it is easy to see such a device in use by activists acting in groups or individually as a means of disseminating information, my interests have turned of late to the meaning of the act itself; tracks and text, an instrument in the hands of a predator in motion that creates an expression machine.



Bikewriting, Fall 2001

The human form is designed primarily for a forward, frontal movement through space with respect to perception. Our passive sensors—those for sight, hearing, and smell—are positioned favoring the direction in which our bodies are designed to travel. Incidentally, this is not the case for all animals. The crab, for instance, moves laterally with respect to the default position of its eyes and body symmetry. The flounder is another exception. Animals that are not predatory also possess a more lateral view, though they retain motion in the direction of body symmetry. Imagining the view of the world laterally positioned eyes would create is mind-boggling. Humans, however, do not stray from the typical traits of predators. We are made for seeking, range finding, and tracking while in pursuit. We are frontal beings whose consequences are always behind us. While the human body is designed to track its prey, it is less prepared to maintain an awareness of its own tracks.

Our tracks are behind us, outside our realm of perception; a wake of impressions and detritus. Our tracks are more than that, though. They are evidence. They are

messages. They are lines of flight. They talk about us behind our backs and lie in wait for the perfect moment of betrayal, and we have no choice but to flee from them. We are in constant flight from our tracks. We have very little choice in the matter; that is how we were designed.

While our tracks and our writings exist as objects that store information, the collection of waste and displacement surrounding every activity we undertake serves as a record of our time in space. The work of Merle Ukeles has taken a thorough look at the role of maintenance and sanitation in society. While she seems to work from the angle of “care” and “maintenance appreciation”, I am more interested in the philosophical terrain of which she seems less concerned; the ontological questions raised by these acts of sustenance and expurgation.



Writing and Mopping, Fall 2001

What is it to be clean? What is order? What is lost in the trash? We necessarily leave traces of our activities—our very existence—everywhere. To sanitize is to erase. To undo. To deny. And it is completely necessary for survival.

To erase, to scatter, to smear, to sweep away.... Nothing is ever destroyed. Material is reordered in such a way that arbitrary order is created and information is destroyed. The traces of time, of activity, of consumption and waste are sanitized, and the record left by the wake is annihilated. Such is the nature of maintenance.

Writing and erasing, when intrinsically linked, create a volatile space between the element of creation and the element of annihilation with respect to data. The mutability of this data within the confines of this space would theoretically create a fertile place for writing without fear or inhibition. However, such is not the case. Something about the brief gap between writing and erasing creates an uneasy tension in the author. The lightness of emancipation rides on waves of anxiety undulating in from the periphery.

Nabokov writes in Speak, Memory of the fleeting lifespan that is a brief crack in the middle of an infinite void.

The cradle rocks above an abyss, and common sense tells us that our existence is but a brief crack of light between two eternities of darkness. Although the two are identical twins, man, as a rule, views the prenatal abyss with more calm than the one he is heading for (at some forty-five hundred heartbeats an hour). I know, however, of a young chronophobic who experienced something like panic when looking for the first time at homemade movies that had been taken a few weeks before his birth. He saw a world that was practically unchanged – the same house, the same people – and then realized that he did not exist there at all and that nobody mourned his absence....^v

He then notes quite poignantly the traumatic experience of seeing in the movie his pregnant mother waving from a window to the camera. The brand new baby carriage in the shot is like a coffin, though a coffin contains remains. The carriage was empty, "...as if, in the reverse course of events, his very bones had disintegrated." He

equates the manner in which he views that void before the crack with the manner in which he views the void after the crack.

The *chronophobic*. Could this sentiment be at the root of my own uneasiness? In retrospect, I had always preferred the present, even as a child. Even now, I regard my own past and the future with a high degree of anxiety. Viewing pictures and videos of myself often caused me a certain degree of sadness, not unlike the undercurrents I felt during each birthday. Leaving 12 behind forever, not wanting to be a teenager. What is temporality? In the context of an infinite Universe, what is a lifespan? How long must something exist to be *real*? Can a thought, never communicated and now forgotten, be said to ever have existed? What about a person?



Paranoid Writing Scheme, Winter 2001

The limited lifespan of the text written within a system that ensures its swift destruction provides refuge for the author from the possibility of the text turning on him. However, there is no protection from the anxiety. The machine serves to heighten the awareness of the danger within the author. While the vulnerability to the danger decreases, the fear itself is amplified by the machine's constant reminder to the author of the machine's necessity. The comfort of expression without fear succumbs to regret of the suicide pact with the machine. Everything is relegated to inconsequential masturbatory indulgences. Self-pollution and self-defeat.

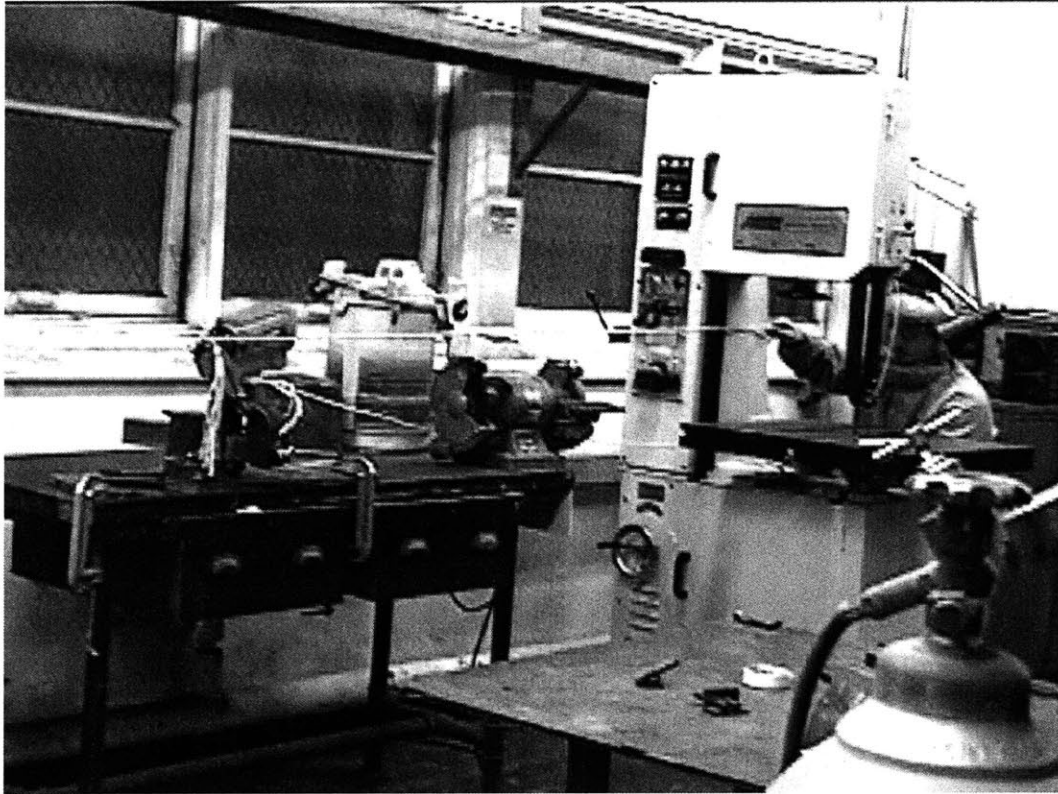


When one writes, one lays tracks of symbols with one's fingers, and these tracks of symbols record the mental tracks of the author. Like footprints, these written artifacts are not always benign. Neither are the mental tracks. Most mental tracks are successfully concealed. The author knows better than to reveal them through writing. But the author lets some mental tracks solidify as writing. One commits them to words as one commits a sin. These are the thoughts that enter the world.



Certainty





Seeking Refuge from the Fear of the Letter

“...there is a deeper panic in the recumbent writer – fear that he’s said too much, fear that the letter machine will turn against him and throw him back into what he was trying to get rid of, anguish that the many little messages or dirty little letters will entrap him.”^{vi}

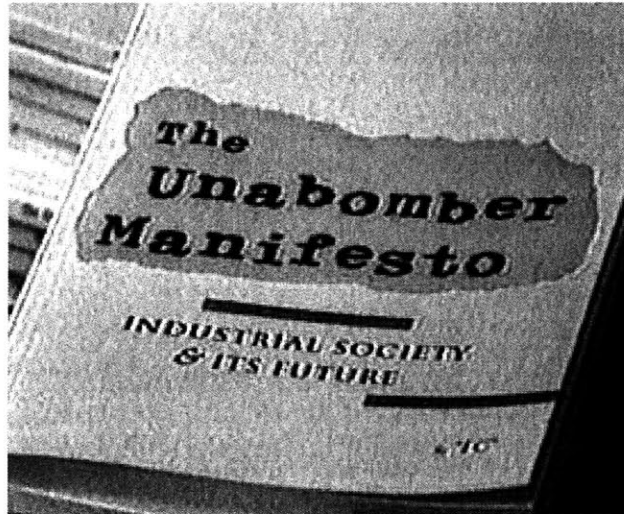
Deleuze and Guattari are referring to Proust in relation to the function of Kafka’s letters within a greater expression machine. They see Franz Kafka as a vampire, and his letters as blood-sucking bats. Kafka himself viewed letters as ghosts. The general sense is gleaned that there may be something inherently sinister within the function of a letter.

By combining the act of writing with the act of cleansing, a writing scheme is born specifically for the writing of “dirty little letters”. These are unruly, risky texts; the

kind that, once written, take on the nature of “evidence” or “specimen” or “pathogen”. A note to a young woman, written in the haze of misplaced affection. A threat to an object’s structural integrity, written with untempered anger. An obsequious apology written in fear or guilt, rather than regret. When the guilt, fear, anger, affection, lust, and desire dissipate (and they always do) there is still the matter of the “dirty little letter”, the evidence of the thought-crime. There is a need for erasure as strong now as the need for writing was then. These letters hold within them a literary violence with the intent to impact a great disturbance upon the reader. The “dirty little letter” often possesses a cruel, selfish character.

How does one reconcile the predatory human and the writer? Will the writer become ensnared in a trap set by the letter? Perhaps a degree of paranoia sets in. The writer occasionally pays a price for the text. How many authors have been harmed because of what they wrote? How many have done harm to others? Like a sharp object, text holds within it violent temptations. From the Bible to the Communist Manifesto to Mein Kampf, the text was *committed*. The tracks were laid and the thoughts were let loose upon the world with violent ramifications.

The Unabomber is a contemporary case study in the predatory writer, complete with the paranoia that comes with the commitment of such texts. Theodore Kaczynski’s text is teeming with traps, both literal and literary. His textual tracks led a Federal task force to his front door.



Ultimately his manifesto turned against him by betraying his identity. Or, rather, Kaczynski sacrificed himself so that his manifesto may live.

Thought turned an academic into a terrorist. The manifesto purified the author of violence and murder, and it turned a terrorist into a prophet. The Unabomber didn’t commit the crimes. The manifesto did. The violence was necessary to serve the needs of the manifesto. The text was born from this violence when the New York Times

and Washington Post agreed to publish, which they did when the Unabomber told them he'd end his violent tactics in return.

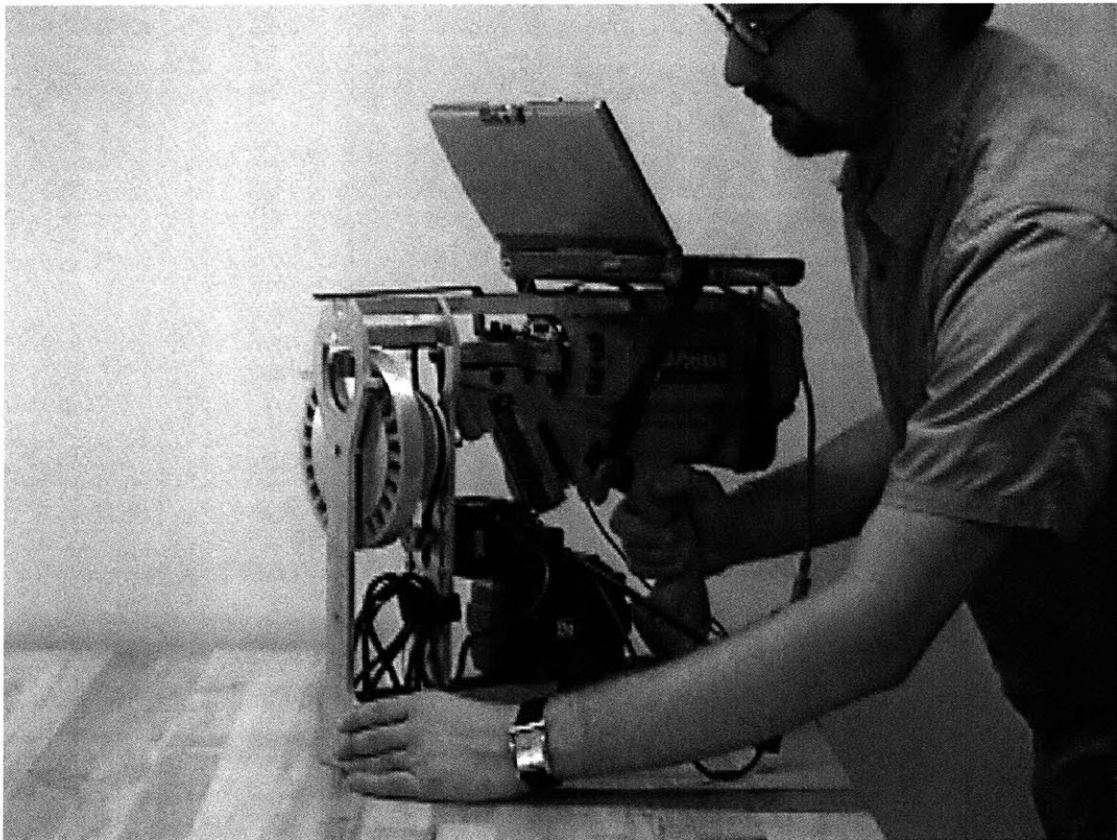


The manifesto raises the familiar issue of temporal durability; a lasting impression through a violent act. The Type Gun project addresses just such a need. The Type Gun is a computer-controlled instrument that uses the impact of a nail gun to indent text into whatever surface the author chooses. The impression left by the firing of the gun is rather indelible when compared to the results of applying a pigmented vehicle to a substrate. The act of committing such a text may often be illegal by its very nature. With this instrument, the violence is obvious in the act of writing. It is an apparatus for giving the words of the author “a lasting impression” through a violent act contained within the writing itself.

The writing becomes a repository for the literal side of literary violence. A dirty little letter, a radical manifesto, a hasty email, ...they are all dangerous.

They are contaminants waiting to infect the author, who through the writing finds himself up to his neck in exactly that which he'd been attempting to get rid of.

Is the contaminant contained within a textual receptacle, or is the text a dispersal device?



The Type Gun prints digital texts by driving steel letter stamps with a nailer. The text is liberated from its dependent carrier and hermetic substrate.

Writing, Violence, and the Inadequacy of Text

Words say little to the mind; extent and objects speak; new images speak; even new images made with words.^{vii}

But are not words objects? Are they not images? Yes, but they are invisible for the sake of their meaning, as Joseph Kosuth seeks to show. He would say that the word is the closest thing to the idea, and the idea is the closest thing to truth, or reality. Text, then, is an invisible theater. But is that how it has to be?

Anyone who lives in this culture cannot deny Artaud's point, echoed by Ted Kaczynski. Given a choice between reading a text and viewing a performance, most people choose to watch the performance. Writing, however, *is* an act. The human machine and the writing implement engage in a performance whose residue is a record of thought, a freezing of memory.

Writing is risky. It entails the intentional laying of tracks. Traps, obstacles, failures, consequences; these lie in wait as the act of giving thought a physical carrier becomes a performance. In this act there is a struggle between the mind, the hand, the implement, and the space into which the implement imparts the words. This struggle takes form in a subtle, ritualized dance performed by the fingers, the hand, the arm.

As I write on the floor with an implement that ensures the writing's erasure, I find a nearly incomprehensible mingling of textual, spatial, terrestrial, mechanical, and mental streams. The letters form paths that become scuff marks; residue of erasure. The path reacts to the architectural terrain, sometimes following a border, sometimes disregarding it. The crossing of borders relates to the completion of a thought within a text. An obstruction in the floor is crossed at the end of a sentence. But some sentences are more maneuverable and roam freely throughout the structural terrain.



The writing instrument has much in common with the musical instrument. While the instrument itself is integral to the sound it creates, it relies upon the human body to bring it to life. Just as a violin emits a musical form of expression that is always different from the music emitted by a piano, the written form of expression from a pen on paper is different from the writing emitted by a typewriter. Also, one must learn to use the instrument over time, and with practice, one gains a certain degree of virtuosity, not just in the execution, but also in the expression. The musician and the musical instrument have a relationship much deeper than that of the typical machine and operator.

Kaczynski and Me

As I stated earlier, during my winter-time psychological descent, I had developed a fantasy that involved moving to a cabin in the woods. This would entail my taking a leave of absence from MIT during my final semester, finding a subletter for my apartment... and who would come with me? I would surely lose my scholarship. And I had no desire to become a hermit. I just needed the “simple life” until I felt better.

How might I resist the fantasy, the urge to escape the various pressures and desires in my life? The primary source of my angst was artistic. The personal and academic hurdles stemmed from a basic struggle over the conceptual philosophy of my work.

Divorcing myself from my most recent work, I chose to alter my trajectory, which was heading, with the encouragement of faculty and peers, toward a de-emphasis of the physical object in favor of performance. My performance of *A Paranoid Writing Scheme* was met with sighs of relief and nods of approval, and yet it left me profoundly empty. It became apparent to me that I was tailoring my work for academic approval and therefore alienating myself from my own work to the point that I felt it wasn't mine. Addressing the *act* of writing, my investigation culminated in the performance of writing within a strict system of governing mechanisms.

Performing under concrete restrictions; that was the essence of the work and remains an important theme. It was a metaphor for the academic environment into which I had inserted myself, with the sense, not necessarily justified, that each professor sought to turn each student into a follower to strengthen the professor's legacy. Witnessing the selection process as a participant on the admissions committee for the Visual Arts Program solidified that sense. The power relationships within the Visual Arts Program were more palpable than any system of control I had experienced to date.

The struggle for my work stemmed from the perception of being siphoned into a sort of academic post-modern Mannerism, where the professors were the Ideals to which the students must strive to become pale shadows. This is not to say that such was the intent of the faculty. Such was the feeling of this student at the time. I can think of a couple of examples where such relationships exist in the program, and such relationships are accepted as the norm in most academic fields, where a professor

chooses a protégé. But in the arena of contemporary art, I pity the practicing artist who becomes ensnared as the protégé. I fear I would be subsumed by the mentor.

Divorcing myself from my previous artistic tactics proved easier said than done. It never quite happened. The solution, however, could be found in the search for autonomy: Paranoia. Anxiety. Cabin. Unabomber. Autonomy.

The process of recovery from my spell of acute depression and my continuing struggle with anxiety presented a particularly prone mental and emotional state with which to read *The Unabomber Manifesto: Technological Society and Its Future*. For the years since its publication in The New York Times and The Washington Post, I had avoided reading the manifesto, published in return for an end to Theodore Kaczynski's use of violent tactics. He had manipulated the media through violence and murder, and though publication of his manifesto ultimately led to the capture of the Unabomber, reading his words would prove his tactics successful. As stated in the manifesto:

Anyone who has a little money can have something printed, or can distribute it on the Internet or in some such way, but what he has to say will be swamped by the vast volume of material put out by the media, hence it will have no practical effect. To make an impression on society with words is therefore almost impossible for most individuals and small groups. Take us (FC) for example. If we had never done anything violent and had submitted the present writings to a publisher, they probably would not have been accepted. If they had been accepted and published, they probably would not have attracted many readers, because it's more fun to watch the entertainment put out by the media than to read a sober essay. Even if these writings had had many readers, most of these readers would soon have forgotten what they had read as their minds were flooded by the mass of material to which the media expose them. In order to get our message before the public with some chance of making a lasting impression, we've had to kill people.

What, then, are the ethical implications of reading words printed with the blood of innocent victims; people maimed for life or murdered? More broadly framed, is it ethical to turn one's attention to a certain agenda if one's attention is gotten through violent tactics? Is the terrorist's agenda immediately invalidated through the use of violence against civil society? Are the violent tactics forgivable if the terrorist has a valid point?

I was forced to admit that Kaczynski had already succeeded in using violence to get his message out, and shutting my eyes would do nothing to change that. So I read it, and even found guilty relief in it during a time when I was feeling a high degree of alienation from the same society against which he was rebelling.

Side-note: Daniel Pearl and the Ethics of Fear

More recently, a similar dilemma arose with the release of the video depicting a Pakistani radical group's murder of Daniel Pearl, a journalist with the Wall Street Journal. The video was distributed electronically as extremist propaganda and had been circulating on numerous sites on the internet. The FBI, the State Department, and the family of Daniel Pearl had been strongly discouraging the spread of this imagery, asking internet service providers not to allow this video to be distributed through their web sites. The blackout had been extremely effective in keeping the video out of mainstream sight, until The Phoenix put a link to it on the front page of their website.

When I discovered that Pearl had been killed after having to verbally state his Jewish background, I decided I would watch the tape if given the opportunity. This is because of the manner in which the meaning of his death was being suppressed by authorities on moral, ethical, and patriotic grounds.

Statement from the Publisher preceding the link to the video on The Phoenix web site:

THOUGHTS ON POLITICAL PORNOGRAPHY

A vile act that is beneath contempt

This is the single most gruesome, horrible, despicable, and horrifying thing I've ever seen. The outrage I feel as an American and a Jew is almost indescribable. If there is anything that should galvanize every non-Jew hater in the world -- of whatever faith, or of no faith -- against the perpetrators and supporters of those who committed this unspeakable murder - it should be the viewing of this video.

That our government and others throughout the world, who have had this tape for some time, have remained silent is nothing less than an act of shame. We, as a nation and as individuals, should, at minimum, write the president and our congressional delegations and call for the immediate withdrawal of all support of any nation or group that does not loudly and resoundingly condemn this act and who does not openly commit itself to route out from its midst those who support this and other such heinous acts of pure, cold-blooded murder.

-- **Stephen M. Mindich, Publisher**

The FBI has since been able to successfully “convince” the web host to remove the link to the video. The web host claims to have been threatened with “obscenity” charges. The FBI claims it only suggested the video’s removal and has not threatened charging anyone under obscenity laws.

Closing one’s eyes to atrocity is more dangerous than seeing the propaganda put out by the perpetrators. I found it troubling that the nature of the murder seemed to be played down by the government and the media. Why? At best, perhaps they were operating under the premise that to show the propaganda was to aid the terrorist in accomplishing his goal. Is that a faulty premise?

The goal of the terrorist is not merely to frighten me with the prospect of atrocious violence. The goal is to affect political, economic, and social change in the society against which the act is directed. Merely bearing witness to such atrocity does not accomplish this goal. Conversely, shutting one's eyes does not prevent the terrorist's goals from being accomplished. Witnessing atrocity is the *responsibility* of every member of society. Feeling the horror, and particularly the outrage, is an integral step in preventing an escalation of violence. If one tactic does not get the attention of society, a new one will be employed with greater impact. Along with that goes the responsibility never to validate the violent tactics by allowing them to accomplish their political and social goals with impunity. For his violent temper, Moses never entered the Promised Land.

A month after viewing the small, compressed web video of Pearl's decapitation, I can shut my eyes and vividly see the final statement of his Jewish identity, followed by the sawing motion of a man's arm who crouched over Pearl's body in the process of removing his head. Then the almost clichéd lifting of the severed head to the camera, Pearl's face slack as though in a deep slumber, the only sure sign of his demise being the void beneath his chin.

Outrage is an understatement. Is Justice nothing but an illusion? An apparition? As vague and as absent? Love, hate, vengeance, satisfaction, kindness, power. These notions are all held within us. Justice, however, implies an external, Universal well of good and evil, with Justice making things right. Is it a fairy tale? Justice is the manifestation of a consensus within a society. But there will never be justice for Daniel Pearl. Like the millions upon million of victims of irrational hate, he's dead. Everything he ever hoped to experience, to learn, to love, is gone. He never knew his own child. He'll never see his wife again. Nothing can right that. The most I, as a Pearl sympathizer, can hope for is vengeance and retribution. Is that wrong? Is Justice somehow on a "higher moral plain" than revenge? If one were to believe in Justice, then one would realize that any action taken to bring about Justice results in further injustice. The children of a convicted felon lose a parent through no fault of their own, for example.

What is my personal obligation to Justice? Do I justify the violence of the Unabomber by reading his words? Do I then assume responsibility for the tactics employed to get my attention? I concluded, perhaps for expediency, that the

Unabomber's incarceration gave me the freedom to read his words. If he were still free, still hurting people, or even still putting out new writings, I would choose to avoid reading the manifesto as a small way of depriving him of success. His tactics were successful in disseminating his thoughts, but not with impunity.

I entered into a discourse with Kaczynski, who was in turn having his own discourse with Thoreau. From the manifesto:

1. The Industrial Revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race. They have greatly increased the life-expectancy of those of us who live in "advanced" countries, but they have destabilized society, have made life unfulfilling, have subjected human beings to indignities, have led to widespread psychological suffering (in the Third World to physical suffering as well) and have inflicted severe damage on the natural world. The continued development of technology will worsen the situation. It will certainly subject human beings to greater indignities and inflict greater damage on the natural world, it will probably lead to greater social disruption and psychological suffering, and it may lead to increased physical suffering even in "advanced" countries.

2. The industrial-technological system may survive or it may break down. If it survives, it MAY eventually achieve a low level of physical and psychological suffering, but only after passing through a long and very painful period of adjustment and only at the cost of permanently reducing human beings and many other living organisms to engineered products and mere cogs in the social machine. Furthermore, if the system survives, the consequences will be inevitable: There is no way of reforming or modifying the system so as to prevent it from depriving people of dignity and autonomy.

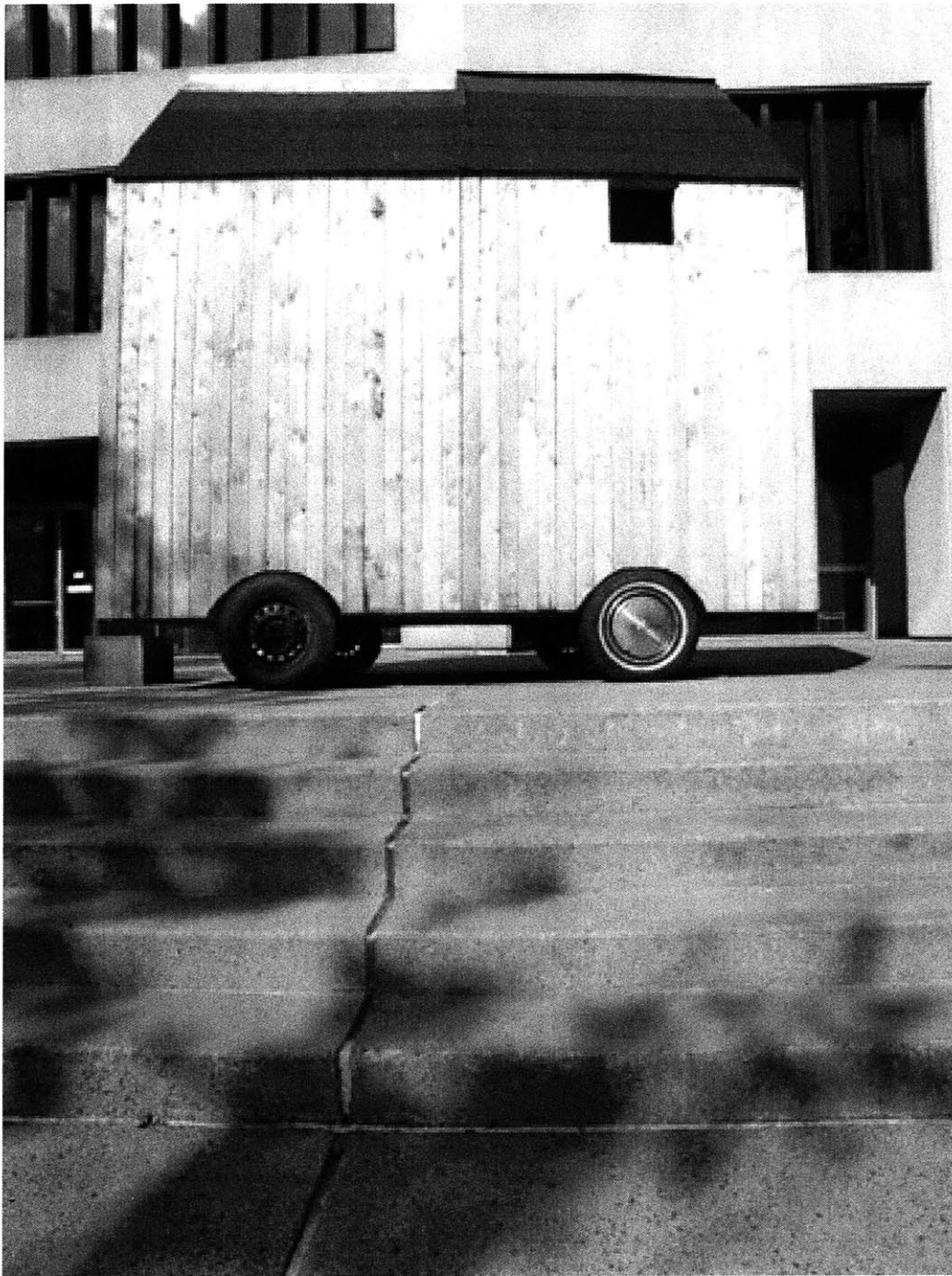
We agree that the trajectory of the industrial-technological system is heading toward an eventual reduction in the level of physical and psychological suffering. We also agree that the current conditions of

this society serve to increase alienation of individuals who, for whatever reason, require a higher degree of autonomy than the system prefers to give. You say the consequences will be inevitable, with no way of reforming or modifying the system. To what consequences are you referring? Those that deprive people of dignity and autonomy? To what extent does man's vulnerability to nature increase his level of dignity and autonomy? One seems merely to switch one's constraints from technologically and socially rooted to "naturally" rooted. Is the human suffering from famine or disease somehow more "dignified" than the suffering from anxiety and depression caused by an alienating, controlling society? What sort of autonomy do these victims enjoy? Is an anxiety-riddled middle manager less autonomous than a lonely mountain hermit avoiding those anxieties? The fact is, every one of us may choose to exit this system, eschew "technology" however that may be defined, and accept the consequences that decision may have on quality of life, life expectancy, and governance. Clearly, we sacrifice a certain degree of autonomy in exchange for the benefits and protections afforded us by an admittedly constrictive, artificial, alienating environment.

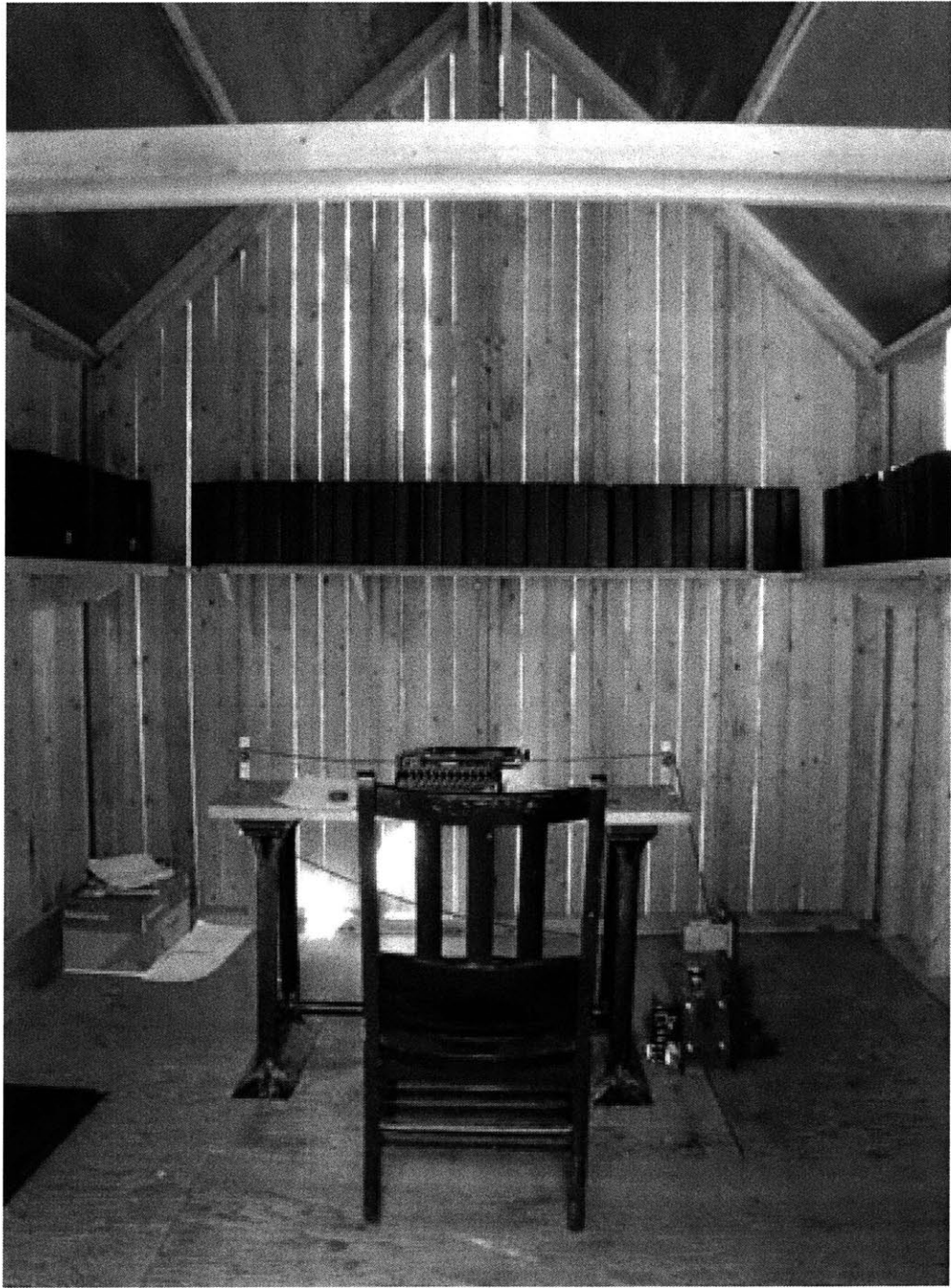
3. If the system breaks down the consequences will still be very painful. But the bigger the system grows the more disastrous the results of its breakdown will be, so if it is to break down it had best break down sooner rather than later.

Which is more disastrous, being killed at the age of 30 or being killed at the age of 45? It seems your impatience stems from the prospect of not witnessing the fruits of your labor....

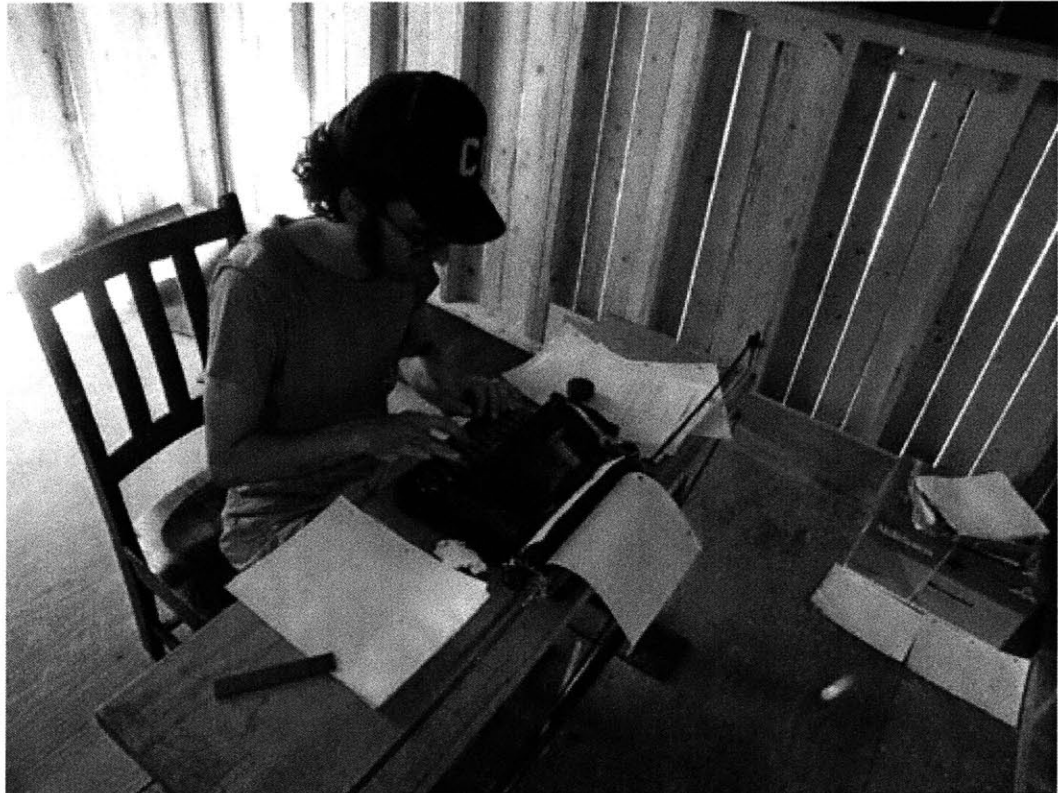
Thus the discourse continued, and my process migrated from the manifesto to the cabin.



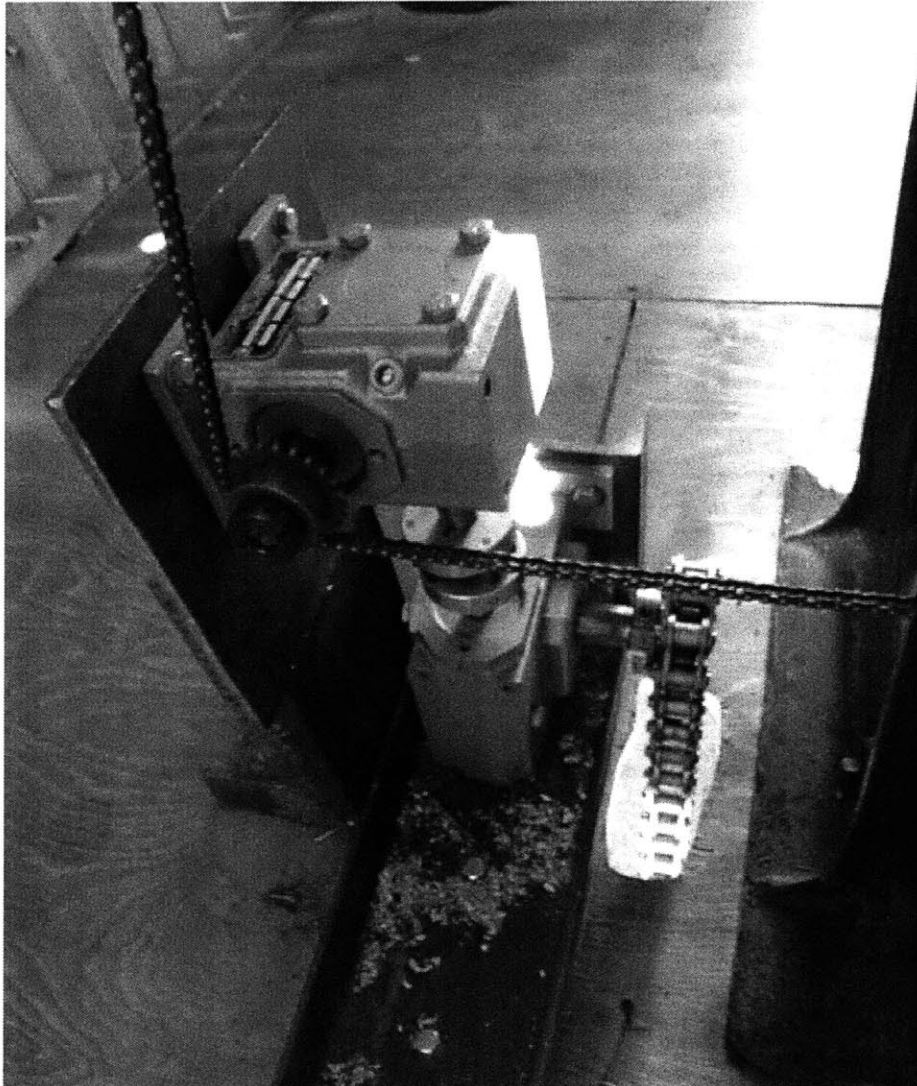
Cabin 3 at Building 9



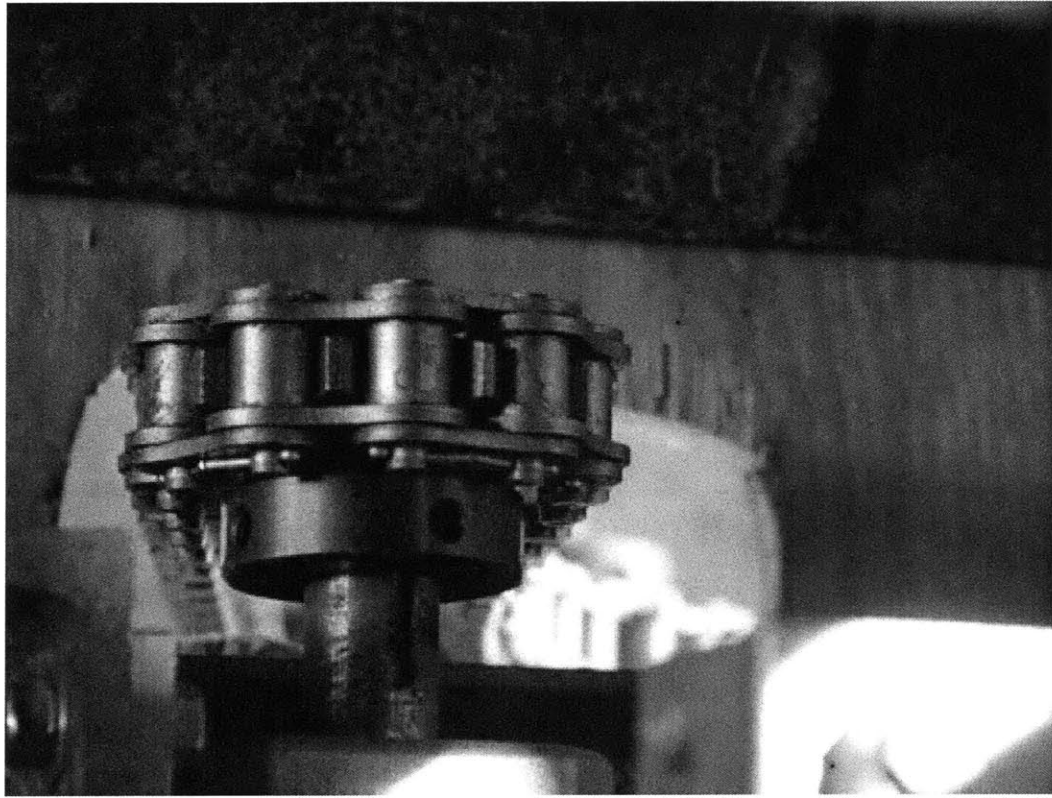
The chain attached to the typewriter's carriage runs to the gearbox on the floor.



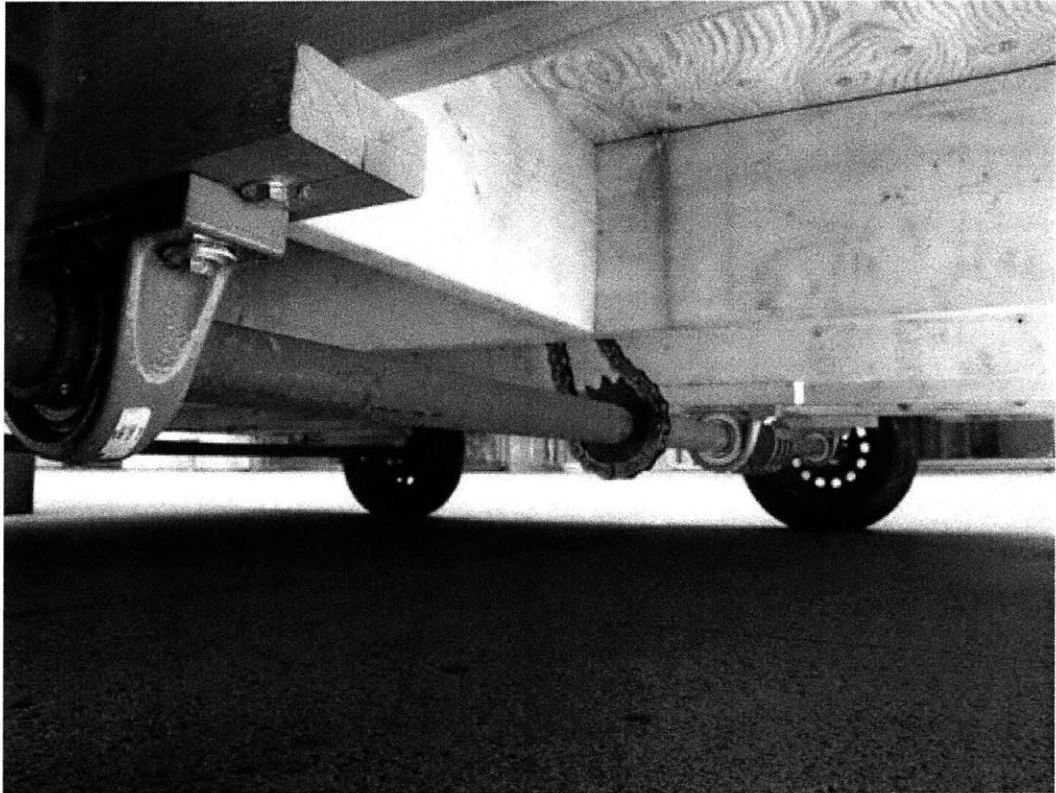
The chain is pulled to the left while typing and to the right with the carriage return.



The thin chain connects the motion of the typewriter's carriage to the sprocket on the gearbox. The sprocket has been fitted with a clutch bearing, so that it spins freely in one direction, and grabs the input shaft when spinning in the other direction, like a ratchet. This allows the shaft to turn only with the typing of each character, and not to rewind when the carriage is returned to the beginning of the next line. An anonymous typist calculated the gear ratio and characters typed per revolution: 84 pages of typing to get one full rotation of the cabin's wheels. That's about one revolution per manifesto.



The thick chain drives the cabin's wheels. The chain is taught on the left side of the sprocket and slack on the right side. This indicates that the sprocket is turning clockwise from the perspective of this shot, pulling tightly on the left part of the chain. The motion is too slow, too miniscule to be observed by the naked eye. This, however, is proof that the sprocket is, indeed, turning the cabin's wheels.



The chain pulls on the large sprocket, turning the wheels clockwise, which moves the cabin backwards. The cabin inches ever so slowly toward the brink of the concrete platform on which it resides. Five or six manifestos would make the cabin fall down the steps of the plaza.

American building is an act of making do. This act is additive and concrete (the prototype is the log-cabin, where notched log is fitted to notched log so that there's no abstraction, no extra frame-work needed to hold up the walls). American building is desperate and insistent, in the middle of nowhere....^{viii}

Cabin 3 is an open work, intentionally fluid and receptive to dialectical interpretations. The meaning of the work also depends on the intent of the typists or occupants. The regime under which one operates, however, possesses its own inherent meanings. The participant accepts this manipulation and responds to it.

The dominant component of the regime is the cabin itself. To the informed participant and viewer, it is a reproduction of Ted Kaczynski's cabin, the origin of the Unabomber's Manifesto, and the most recognizable icon of sociopathic technophobia in the United States today. The implications of placing it on MIT campus are clear and meaningful. To the uninformed participant, it is a simple wooden shack whose form is reminiscent of the archetypal *house*, reproduced in crayon a thousand times each day in 3rd grade classrooms throughout the nation.

These two views embody two divergent lines of expression emanating from the project. I have been warned that some people, especially those not living in the United States, would miss the references to the Unabomber, or would not even know who the Unabomber is. With the risk of seeming grandiose, I would respond that many people would not immediately link the famous Picasso mural to the town for which it was named if not for its title, and if the link were made abundantly clear, the significance of *Guernica* could still be lost on the uninformed viewer.

Given that situation, what do I do with such warnings? Rule out all references but the lowest common denominators? Spell it out? Most works hold a number of different interpretive layers, and some viewers will appreciate certain layers, while other viewers will be unable or unwilling to access other layers for a variety of reasons. That is an acceptable situation, particularly if the work is still interesting without the additional layers of meaning.

Now add to the regime the component of mobility by integrating into the structure four wheels, with wheel wells cut into the walls of the cabin. Notably, it is not a

cabin on a trailer. It is clearly a *cabin-mobile*; a hybrid structure. The wheels are as integral as the roof and walls. This modification, it has been argued, would have been a sufficient statement. Conflating the Unabomber's cabin with an Oldsmobile, after all, says volumes. Trailer parks and Americana, the pastoral ideal in American industrial society, the increasingly nomadic lifestyle of the past, present, and future. But that wasn't all I had in mind for this project.

My intent is not merely to point out a social condition through visual puns, though that certainly is part of it. This is a project of personal significance. Where am I in the regime? How does my situation, my experience, factor into a mobile Unabomber shack? The answer is contained within the cabin's function.

The participant enters the cabin and is confronted by an empty chair before a typewriter on a workbench in the middle of the cabin. When the participant sits before the typewriter, the front door is ajar behind the participant's back. The participant is seated facing the rear of the cabin. A shelf runs along each wall, crammed with black 3-ring binders. Most of them are empty. Some of them contain collected writings by the participant's predecessors. Some of the writings are meaningful. Some of them are messages to the artist, some to MIT, and some to God. And of course, the obligatory repetitions of the sentence, "ALL WORK AND NO PLAY MAKE JACK A DULL BOY." This was the most common contribution by anonymous participants and cannot be ignored.

By democratic process, Stanley Kubric's *The Shining* has been brought within the walls of *Cabin 3*. Jack Nicholson's character, a man driven to madness by the closed resort hotel in which he lives with his wife and son during a terrible winter, secluded by the elements from the rest of the world, sits at his typewriter and types day-in and day-out. His wife decides to take a peek while Jack's away, and she discovers reams and reams of typed pages filled with the sentence, "All work and no play make Jack a dull boy."

Jack meets Theodore Kaczynski in the cabin from which the Unabomber's terror emanated. It was never my intent to give these two references the proximity created for them by random typists merely testing out the typewriter. No doubt, Jack Nicholson's use of the typewriter in *The Shining* is the most dominant image of typewriter usage in contemporary pop culture today. Add to that the parallel of a

man turned violently psychotic, driven to murder in a plot where the architecture *becomes* a psychological state. A more appropriate reference does not exist.

While the participant types, he or she is studying the mechanical relationship between the typewriter and the cabin. Each keystroke, unlike that of a computer's keyboard, sends a *thump* through the cabin and the body, providing a visceral feedback to the typist of the ramifications of each keystroke. The gearbox assembly is mounted above the floor, so the progress of typing becomes visually, intuitively linked to the effect that mode of expression has on the cabin's state. The cabin gains the slightest degree of velocity, carrying the typist forward while the typist pushes the cabin back.

What is the meaning of this interaction? It is highly equivocal. The cabin itself is looking back in relation to its trajectory. The typist is facing forward in relation to the same trajectory. Is the cabin moving the typist, or is the typist moving the cabin? Does the participant operate in complicity or resistance? Clearly they move each other, and the act of resistance merges with the act of complicity. The motion is regression, relative to the cabin's orientation. It is progression, relative to the participant's orientation

“What is your intention? What are you saying?” Some people jump to the conclusion that I'm aligning myself with Kaczynski. I view that interpretation with disdain, perhaps with a tinge of defensiveness. It is a surface reading, though, without much thought to the cabin's overall function as part of a *dispositif*. The massive machinic assemblage that is MIT, with its bureaucracy, its financial holdings, its research and patents... and *Cabin 3* is a part of it, accepted into the fold with relatively little resistance.

Perhaps this tests the notion that a revolution can be rendered less and less necessary. Autonomy can be exercised if one can navigate the labyrinth. Privacy will be gone, and nothing can be done to change that. Autonomy may still be possible without privacy. A world without secrets can even be liberating under the right conditions.

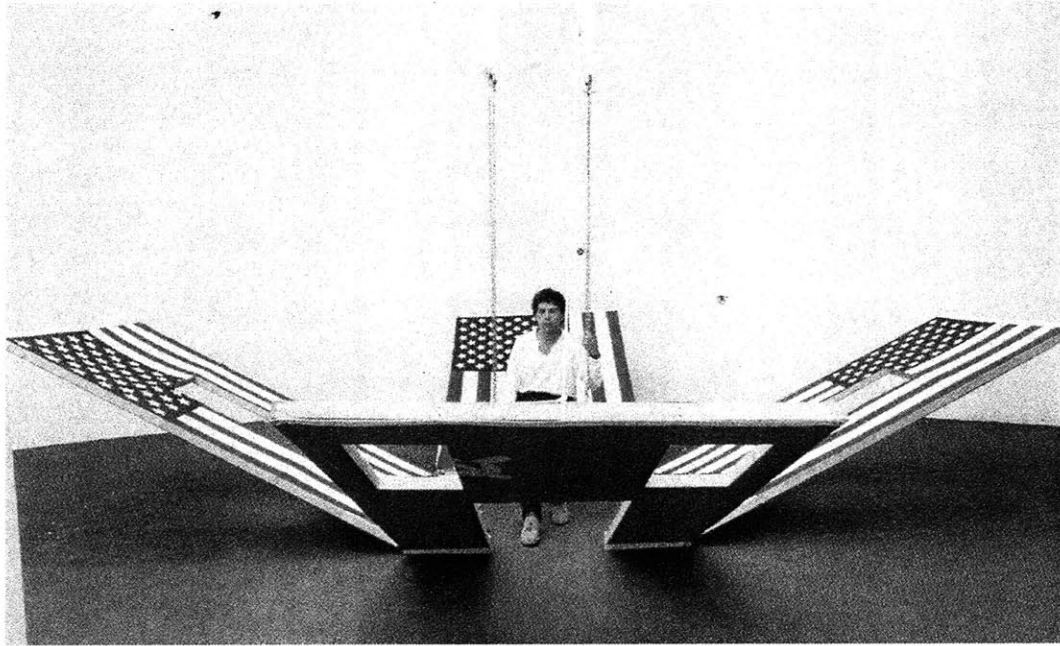
How can *Cabin 3* be seen as aligning the artist with Kaczynski when the project, above all else, exposes him as obsolete? Kaczynski dreams of a complete revolution that erases all knowledge and memory of industrial technology from the human race to the point that it can never be regained. I view that as a delusion that can never

happen without the complete extermination of the human race. But then it's just a matter of evolutionary time before it all begins again. A world of globally destructive super-cockroaches. This is because, ultimately, this kind of development is inherent in our nature. Technological progress is as natural and awkward as going through puberty.

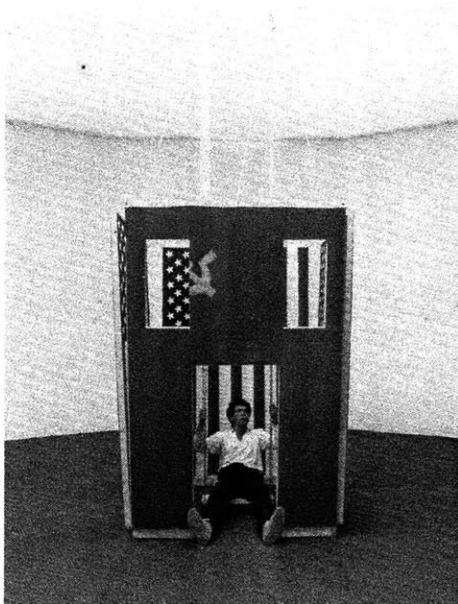
That said, Kaczynski points out many real problems in his manifesto. I particularly identify with his psychological state, but I'm not convinced it is so easily explained by technology. It is not the tool, but what we do with it. Television is not inherently bad, but the tastes of most of the people watching it are. Kaczynski never seems to admit that the society he hates is a society of individuals who make the system what it is.

**Talking expresses the self; writing makes a thing outside of the self. If
orality is dance and music, then writing is architecture^x**

**Oral language numbs. Written language demands. The listener
dreams; the reader struggles.^x**



Perhaps the strongest allies I have are two artists from a previous generation. They may object, but I claim them as my predecessors. I see the footsteps of Vito Acconci and Krzysztof Wodiczko under my feet as I push onward, and while my steps leave their own imprints on the terrain, the marks of these two artists create the path.

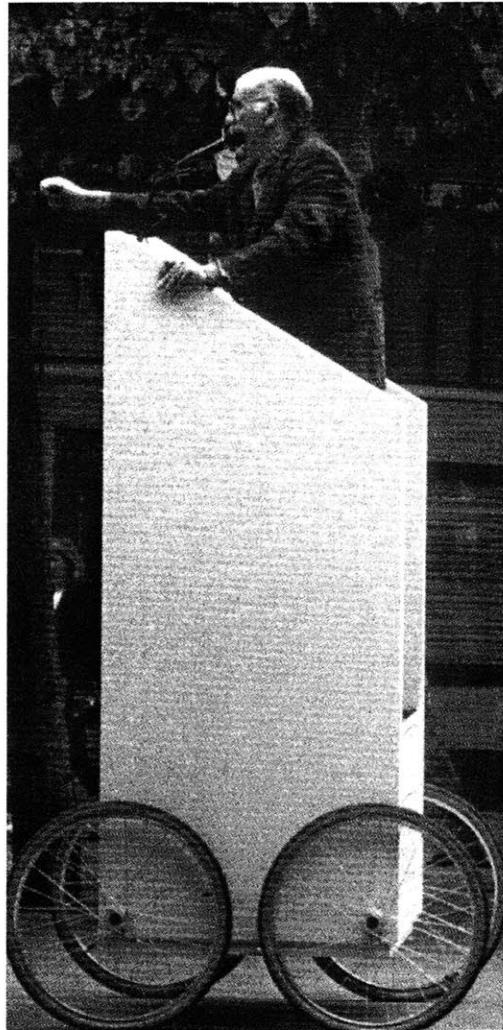


In particular, Vito Acconci's *Instant House* (1980), and Krzysztof Wodiczko's *Vehicle-Podium* (1979) serve as landmarks for the navigation of *Cabin 3* through the wilderness to the location it now occupies. The hybridity inherent in the design of these two works manufactures a correspondence and a dialectic between conflated elements. *Instant House* makes use of the American flag and the Soviet flag, combining them within a machine that resembles both a game and a trap for the viewer/participant. When the participant sits on the seat of the swing, the four flags swing upward, forming a

temporary architectural structure, an archetypal house and a cell, with the hidden soviet flag displayed on the exterior and the American flag surrounding the participant within the interior.

Wodiczko's Vehicle-Podium reacts to speech, advancing the speaker through space based on the feedback of the speaker's voice. Here the notion of progress is interrogated by Wodiczko's cross breeding of vehicle and podium. The speaker moves the podium and the podium moves the speaker. Voice is motion. Speech is progress. While the podium is reactive, the speaker enjoys a nominal degree of autonomy within the machine. It is the illusion of progress within a very closed system whose end is preordained. It is a dictatorial regime, not unlike mine, with an eye toward democracy and the illusion of autonomy.

These two men come from very different backgrounds. Acconci, the poet. Wodiczko, the designer. At some point they seem to have crossed paths, however.



...those vehicles were nothing other than metaphorical concretization of that one great vehicle that was the technocratic Poland of central planning, the Poland of progress, a progressive movement of the Newtonian type.”^{xi}

Instant House also creates a very closed system. In fact, it is binary in nature, much like the polarized world of the Cold War. With that system gone, *Instant House* becomes a relic encapsulating a now-dead world while *Vehicle-Podium* enjoys a sustained proximity to the evolving global system; the catastrophe of progress.

Positioning the hybrid cabin/vehicle/writing-machine in public, on MIT campus, places the visual pun of the hybrid structure on a rather confrontational trajectory. This is no longer a private joke amongst colleagues. The hybrid structure becomes vulnerable while exploiting the vulnerability of its site. Cabin 3 benefits from a void left by the prior removal of the Alexander Calder sculpture that had occupied the elevated plaza in front of MIT's Building 9 some years earlier.

Cabin 3 is a parasite on Building 9, and MIT's Department of Architecture and Department of Urban Studies and Planning constitute the nourishment. This parasite infiltrates its host in a most public venue, exposed to the constant traffic of Massachusetts Avenue. It is a shy, troubled exhibitionist, not unlike Ted Kaczynski, who fled society, but would not let it lay. The cabin sits slightly askew of its environment, paralleling neither architectural nor infrastructural elements. It exudes a sense of contradiction with its environment. It is not the same as Building 9 and makes no pretense at blending in.

The door to the cabin remains ajar, inviting the curious to investigate. An empty chair beckons, as do the empty binders lining the shelves. The cabin puts the viewer on the spot, and the moment the viewer becomes participant, the participant is implicated and accepts a degree of complicity.

The participant loads a sheet of paper into the typewriter, just as Kaczynski did. The participant types tentatively, and by manipulating the keys, is manipulated and implicated by the cabin. The participant feels each letter reverberate through the wood of the cabin, up through the chair, and into the participant's body. The thump of each letter is amplified as it interacts with the cabin's infrastructure, nudging the cabin along, ever so slightly, with each keystroke. The participant's reaction is almost universal: Satisfaction.

Procession



The cabin needed to go from its place of birth at N52 to its installation site at Building 9 about a third of a mile down Massachusetts.

I had a few options. As the cabin's modularity allowed for repeated assembly and disassembly, it could be taken apart into chunks and loaded into a truck, then reassembled on the plaza at Building 9. It became clear that such a method would be a colossal waste of an opportunity, as the image of the cabin lumbering down Massachusetts Avenue would be priceless.

I decided the cabin had to roll on its own wheels to its destination. While it was not capable of steering, it was designed to be mobile. A few calls to Cambridge and MIT Police, and the clearance was set. I was told only that I was expected to obey the traffic laws.

"Finals week" is certainly not a good time to procure assistance for such endeavors. However, with some luck I was able to summon a dozen or so helpers, mostly graduate students in the Department of Architecture. I didn't know most of them, but the novelty of pushing the Unabomber's cabin down Massachusetts Ave was enough to garner their assistance.

At 9:30 PM we rolled the cabin, completely in tact, through the gates of the courtyard at building N52, where it was constructed, and into the side street. It cleared the gateway with just an inch or two of clearance and was born into the city of Cambridge without a hitch.



Maneuvering the cabin would prove to be the biggest challenge, as it was easy enough to roll with one person using one hand. To turn, however, the back end of the cabin needed to be lifted off the ground and shifted to whichever direction was necessary. That is what the dozen helpers were for.



We had requested police escort and were told they were on the way, but after ten minutes of twiddling our thumbs, my helpers became impatient to get on with the show, as their own work beckoned. Like Aaron at the foot of Mount Sinai, I chose to accommodate this impatience by giving the go-ahead to embark on Massachusetts Avenue. A small party took advanced positions and halted traffic while the rest of us rolled Cabin 3 onto the thoroughfare. That is when the police arrived, quite unhappy that we started without them. Their minor collision with the cabin heightened their anger to the point of calling off the whole operation.





The MIT police escort drives while angry and accidentally hits Cabin 3.

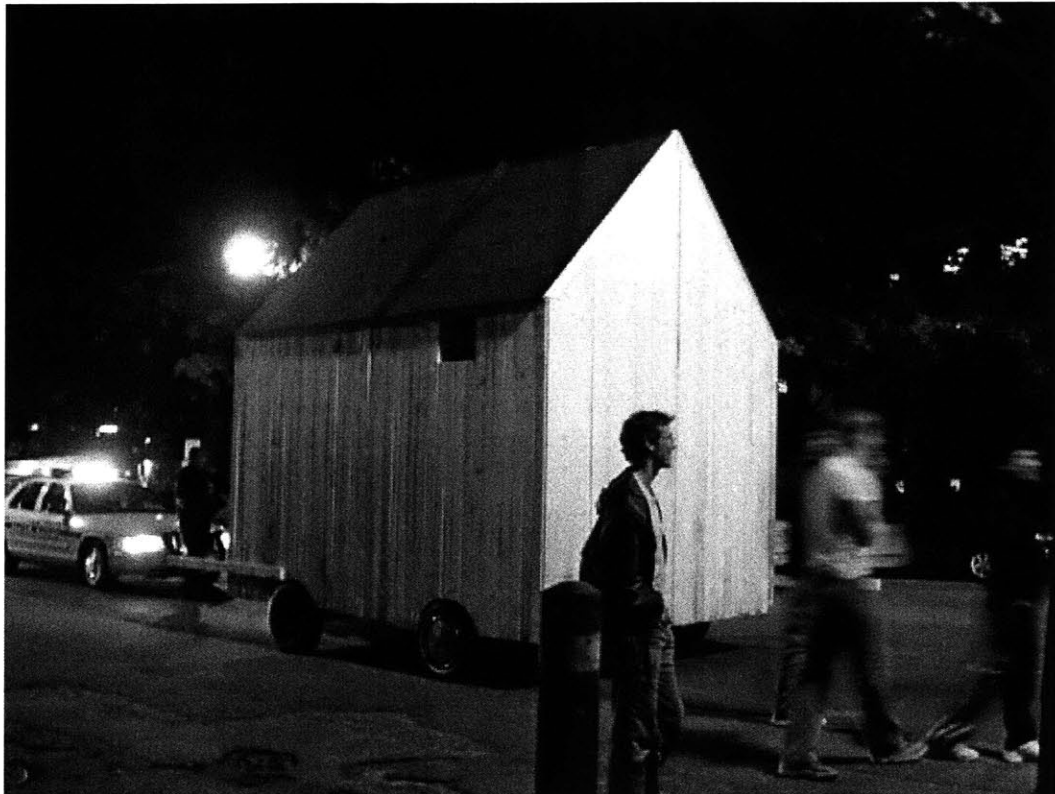


“Get this off the street!” shouted the officer.

As I had gone the previous few nights without sleep, “What do you mean?” was all I could muster.

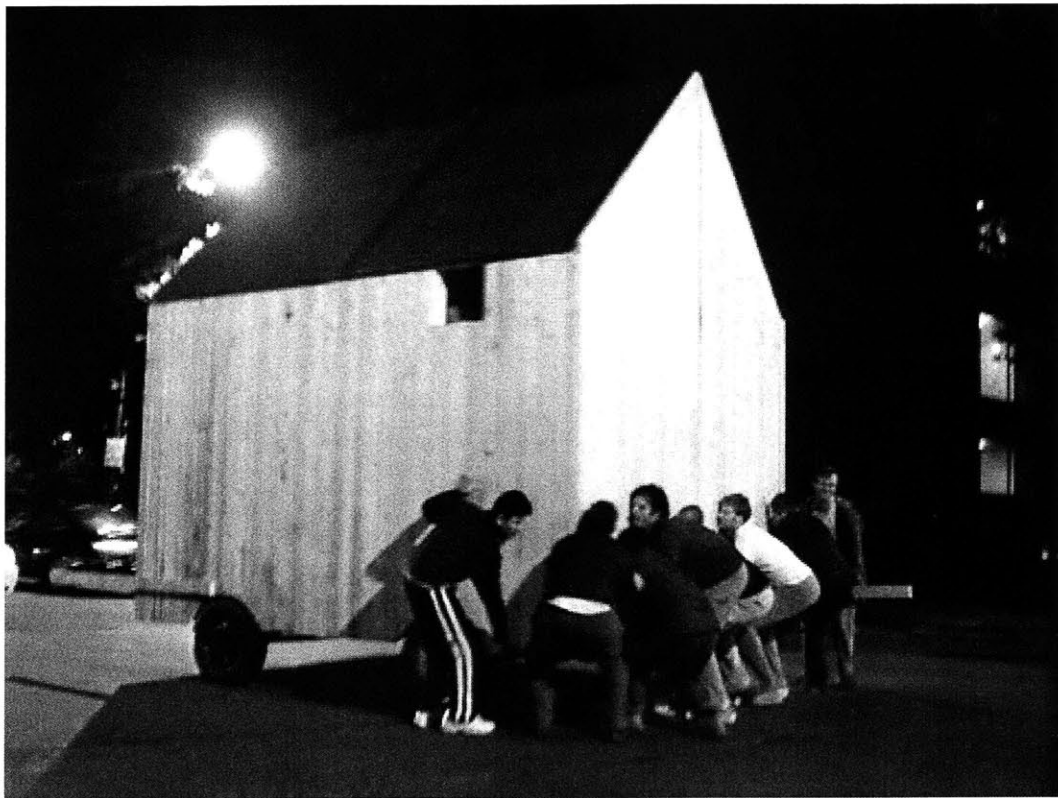
“Who told you to start?” he demanded.

I responded, “I did; I mean, it’s my project. Who was supposed to tell me to start?” This was not a good beginning. I feared it was heading immediately toward disaster. I promptly apologized and explained that the cabin cannot be removed from the street. After some cooling off, the officer allowed us to continue with the operation.



And so the procession down Massachusetts Avenue commenced with one police cruiser at the front and two bringing up the rear, emergency lights flashing relentlessly for the 20 minutes it took to run the gauntlet.

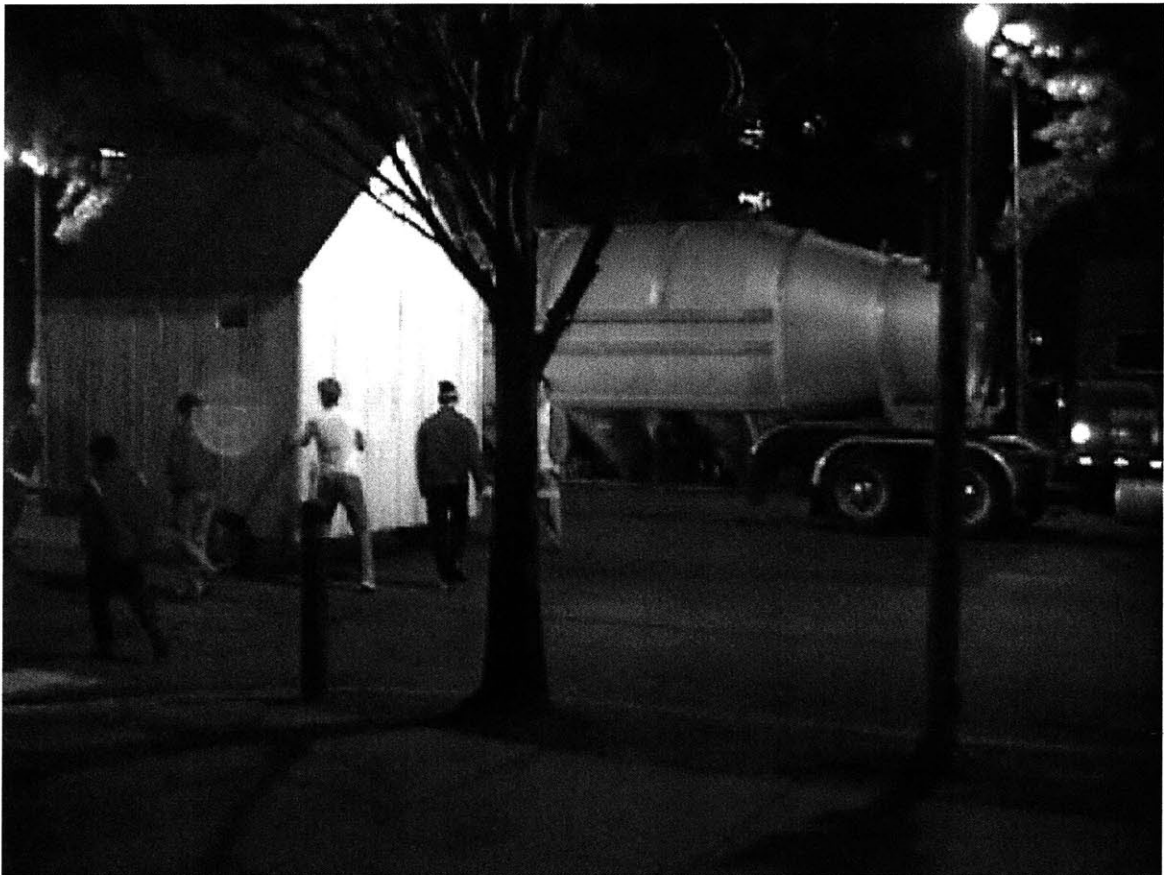


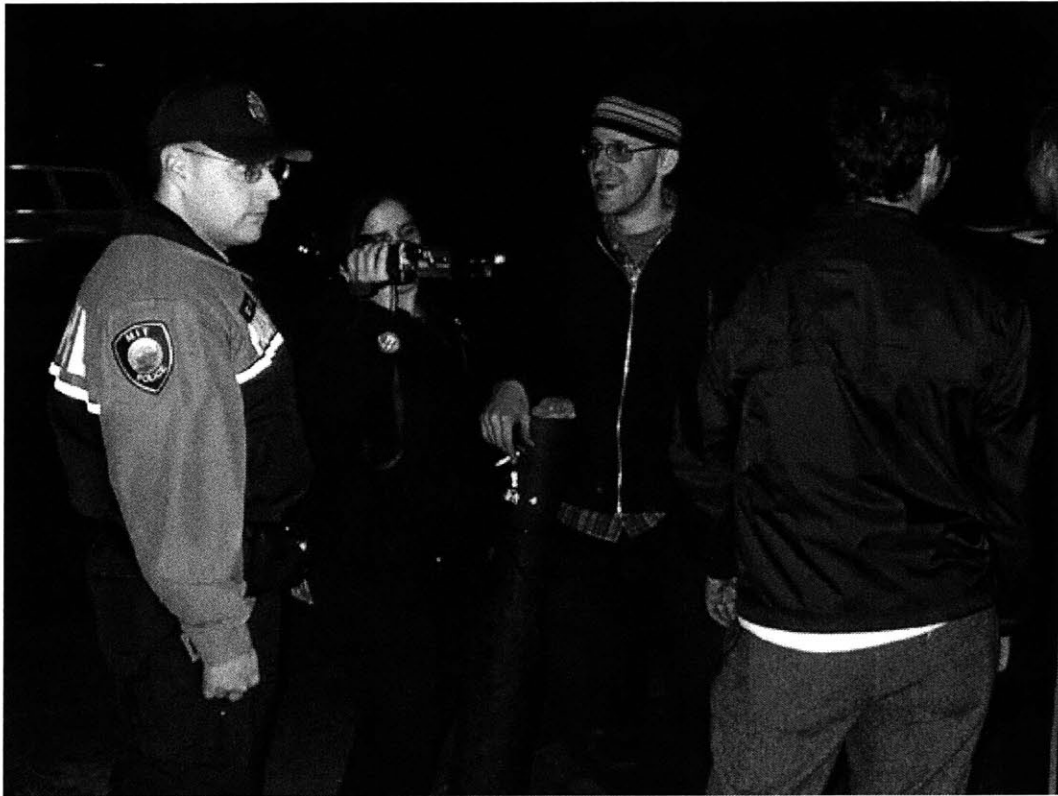


In Unison: One, two, three!

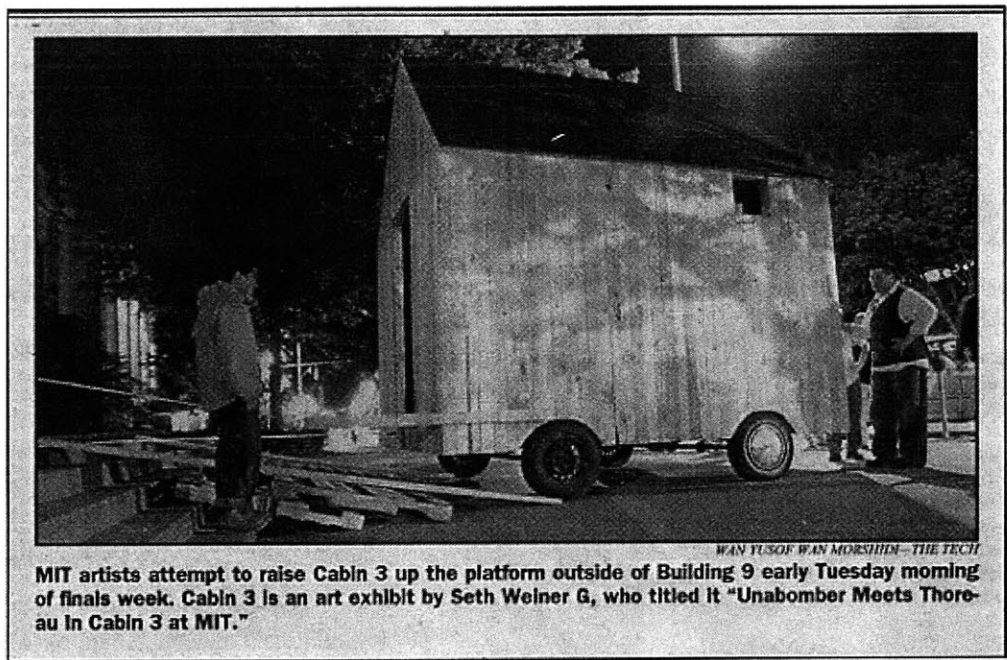








The shift supervisor is summoned by his subordinates but sees no problem with the operation



We hastily set up two planks as a ramp up the steps of the plaza. Sanjit Sethi arrived with his truck and nudged the cabin up the incline as three of us pulled on a rope from the top of the incline. *Cabin 3* had commenced its residence on the elevated plaza in front of Building 9. The procession was complete.



The Castle

The never-beheld, always-expected applicant, truly thirstingly expected and always reasonably regarded as out of reach – there this applicant sits. By his mute presence, if by nothing else, he constitutes an invitation to penetrate into his poor life, to look around there as in one's own property and there to suffer with him under the weight of his futile demands. This invitation in the silent night is beguiling. One gives way to it, and now one has actually ceased to function in one's official capacity. It is a situation in which it very soon becomes impossible to refuse to do a favour. To put it precisely, one is desperate; to put it still more precisely, one is very happy. Desperate, for the defenseless position in which one sits here waiting for the applicant to utter his plea and knowing that once it is uttered one must grant it, even if, at least in so far as one has oneself a general view of the situation, it positively tears the official organization to shreds....^{xii}

This is perhaps the most optimistic encapsulation of the cabin's function, and one that, with the greatest proximity to my heart, causes my pulse to race, if only for a moment. In its literary context, it acquires tragic irony with the darkest of humor, as the bureaucrat Bürgel reveals this shining ray of hope to K. just as K. loses consciousness in hopeless slumber.

If *Cabin 3* is K., then MIT is the Castle, and I certainly would not be the first to make such a characterization of MIT's *modus operandi*. It was purely by coincidence that The Castle was the last book I read before starting my education at MIT, but nothing could have been more appropriate.

I had secured permission to keep *Cabin 3* on MIT campus until June 6. June 7 was Commencement, and I was encountering resistance regarding the possibility of exposing Cabin 3 to the proud parents of MIT's fresh crop of graduates. So I compromised for the sake of expediency, hoping it would be easier to extend the project's duration once it was in place.

I inquired with the Department of Grounds regarding the possibility of extending the project's duration through Commencement. My email went unanswered, so I called after a couple days and re-submitted my request for an extended duration. I was rather taken aback by the response I received. I was told that extending the project's duration is not an option, and furthermore, the structure needs to be removed as soon as possible. When I asked why, I was told the cabin posed a security risk.

I eventually tracked down the source of this directive through MIT police to the Commencement Planning Committee and a woman named Gayle, who I should call Klamm and whose name I recognized from the many rejected requests by students to use certain spaces for their projects.

For several days, I shared K.'s exasperation, attempting in vain to meet with the source of this directive; a directive that came to me in the form of a rumor. She seemed always to be in "security meetings" regarding Commencement and, in particular, the Commencement address to be delivered by the President of the World Bank, James Wolfensohn. Just as I had begun to believe the rumor to be a fabrication

out of thin air, and after many emails, phone calls, and office drop-ins, I was granted a meeting with one of MIT's bureaucrats to discuss the cabin's immediate future.

Stephen "Immer" Immerman, Director of Enterprise Services, Office of the Executive Vice President, MIT, agreed to meet at the cabin and discuss the risk it posed with regard to security. From my meeting with him, it became clear that they were preparing for the inevitability of protests against the World Bank. Immer's vision of Commencement was reminiscent of Mad Max or Lord of the Flies, with protestors seizing the cabin, rolling it into the street, and setting it ablaze as a roadblock whilst running amuck. That, combined with the possibility of a post-September-11th terrorist hiding a bomb in there, sealed the deal. The cabin would be removed with or without my cooperation. Somehow, though, I was able to get a much longer extension of the project's duration in exchange for my cooperation.

One benefit of this inconvenience was the headline of the press release I subsequently distributed to the media: "MIT Deems Public Art Project Security Risk".

Sat, 01 Jun 2002 15:27:55 -0400

Seth,

I understand that the cabin outside of building 9 is your project. I am writing in my capacity as Chair of the Facilities Use Committee and as the person to whom security issues at MIT report. I need to know when the cabin is coming down and in particular to be able to confirm that it will be removed prior to Commencement this coming Friday. If you cannot take it apart by Friday, I can arrange to have it done for you through our Facilities Department. Please advise as soon as possible.

Many thanks,

-immer

At 01:10 PM 6/1/02 -0700, Seth wrote:

immer,

I have been endeavoring to meet with someone about this for the latter half of the past week. The people with the key to the place it would be moved to have gone on vacation. Additionally, as the project has been well received, I have been seeking permission to extend the duration of its installation at Building 9. The only hurdle seems to be Commencement.

If there are security concerns regarding Commencement, I would like to hear what they are so that I may accommodate them. If the problem is that it is perceived as an eyesore, or someone finds it disagreeable, I question whether that is a proper reason to remove the project from its site. If there are real security concerns, I'd like to meet with someone to come up with an amicable solution. For instance, are there any steps that can be taken to secure the building (ie sealing all orifices and giving keys to MIT police, staying with the structure at all times, getting a guard?) If there is absolutely no solution other than the removal of the structure, then I would like to arrange for temporary storage in a nearby space, (there is plenty of parking behind Building 9) so that the structure may return the next day.

NOTE: There is no reason to take the structure apart. It is mobile. This is a graduate thesis project and deserves the degree of consideration given to other graduate-level academic work at MIT.

Sincerely,
Seth Weiner

Seth,

Thanks for getting back so quickly. I would be happy to meet with you and anyone else to share the security concerns that we have and see if we cannot craft a solution. While Commencement is my prime concern, I do have another perspective that I should share. That is, in the many years that I have been involved in one way or another with projects like yours, my understanding is that they are by definition, temporary.

Regardless of how well the cabin was received, it must come down or be moved at some point. I'm guessing from your note that you have plans for that eventuality when you referenced the location to which it will be moved currently being unable to be unlocked.

I'm not all that concerned about how it looks. I am concerned that it is, what we call, "an attractive nuisance." So, aside from what we do with it during Commencement, I do want to know when it will be relocated permanently. I have all kinds of bureaucratic, boring, and legalistic reasons why I need to know.

I have time Monday after 11:00 if you are available.

-Immer

Immer,

Thank you for your responsiveness. I can meet with you Monday anytime after 11:00. Let me know when's the best time. As for the extended duration of the project, yes, it is still by its nature a temporary installation. I would love to extend it beyond Commencement and through the month of June, into July. This is because I would like to make some improvements after commencement to the structure and its mechanisms.

I don't know if you've had a chance to see the cabin, but it is a time-dependent project, slowly accumulating information with each day that passes. I would like to continue collecting information within the cabin (passersby leave several pages a day of thoughts and whatnot) and have plenty of time to document everything for the written thesis, which I will finish by mid-July. Additionally, as part of the project, I am transcribing the writings of Thoreau on the typewriter in the cabin. I didn't realize, initially, how long all of this would take and had expected to be ready to take the project away by Commencement if I were unable to get the project extended. It was upon doing the legwork for extending the project that I got word of possible security risks and the need to take the cabin away asap.

I hope this is enough background to give you a picture of the situation in preparation for our meeting.

the attractive nuisance,

Seth

We met at the cabin to discuss its fate. Immer was a jovial middle aged fellow with a moustache groomed to curl up at its ends, wearing a tie with his shirtsleeves rolled up a bit. He was there, as he put it, “to play the bad guy.” A role, to his credit, he did not play very well.

Seth,

Very nice to have met you!

I talked with Mr. Norman Magnuson in our Facilities Department about moving the cabin around the corner until after the weekend. He will contact you and arrange a time for you to help with the moves.

As we agreed, the cabin can remain back in front of building 9 until the end of June so that you can collect more data. It will be removed on or about June 30.

Also, as I mentioned, you should strongly consider securing the door at night to mitigate the chance of having "overnight guests" in the structure.

Good luck with all your endeavors and your future plans. Be in touch if there is anything I can do to assist.

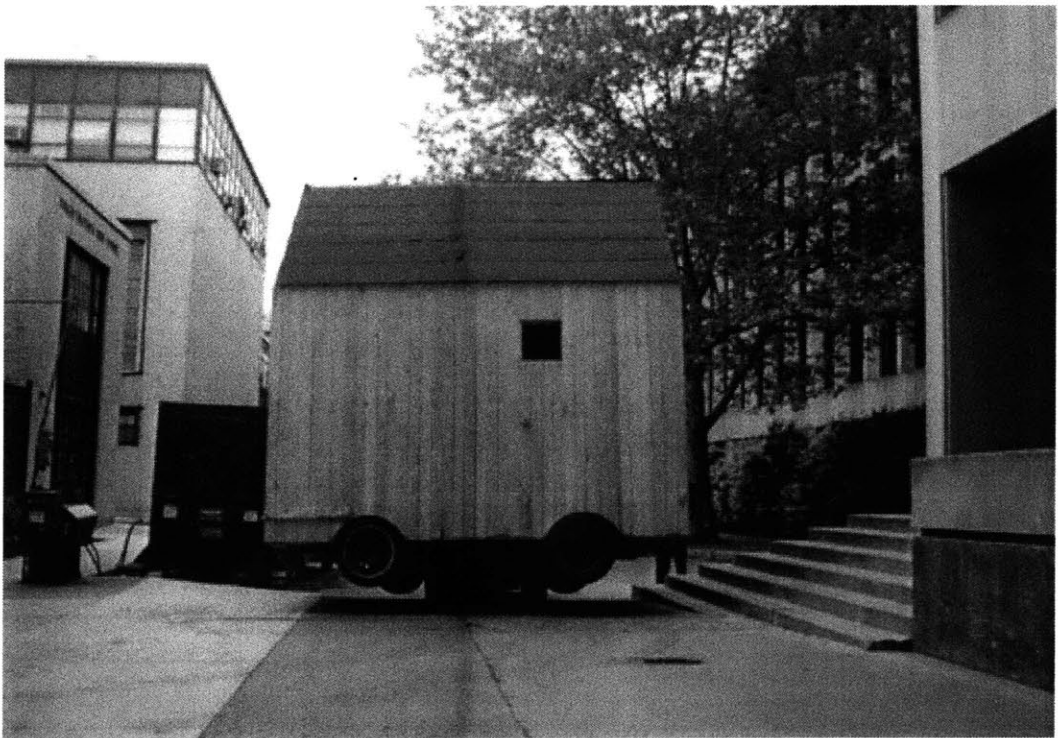
-Immer



Cabin 3 is placed behind a cement barricade during MIT's Commencement.



Immer was kind enough to arrange for MIT to do all the work involved in the relocation and subsequent replacement of the cabin. Their means and methods were drastically different from mine.

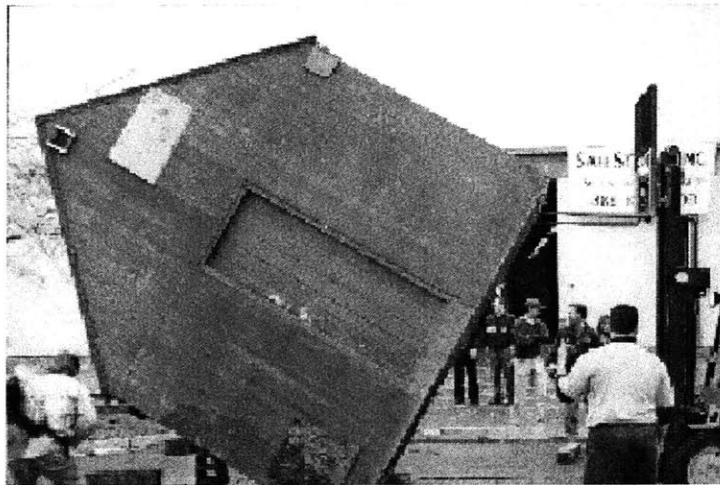






Completing the compromise: Two Cruisers, a Forklift, and Cabin 3.

Kaczynski's cabin en route to the California warehouse.



Spotlight

After the cabin ceased to pose a security risk and was returned to its site, I put together documentation of the project in the form of a website. This was part of the Media Manipulation aspect of Cabin 3, perhaps the weakest link in the chain of events I had conspired to manufacture. I never managed to get the attention of the mainstream media. The website was primarily a place for recipients of the press release to go for more information.

I decided it could be more than that, though. The site was the digital manifestation of Cabin 3, complete with its location on MIT's networks. VAPSERVER.MIT.EDU was the digital courtyard at N52 in which I constructed the project. The website needed to behave like the Cabin occupying public space on MIT's campus. I submitted the Cabin 3 website to receive the MIT homepage "spotlight", taking over the MIT logo on the MIT homepage, together with the link: "Cabin3: Public art installation". A flurry of emails and phone calls ensued, and the Web Content Administrator's last-minute demand for a disclaimer to the web audience followed.

Wed, 19 Jun 2002

Hi Seth,

Thanks for your spotlight request, and for making the changes Margaret suggested. Cabin3 seems like a really interesting project! I also love the home page graphic you submitted.

As we select spotlights, we make a special effort to include spotlights that are of interest to the community beyond MIT, as well as those on-campus. It is important that people's first impression of MIT be a positive one, that reflects our values and our goals.

While Cabin3 is clearly an interesting experiment, it is unclear what was learned by doing the project, or what a home page visitor would learn from visiting the site.

Additionally, I am concerned that people might not understand the connection with the Unabomber. Since the MIT home page is intended for a wide audience, including international students and parents, there is considerable room for misinterpretation.

I would be happy to talk to you about this with you further. Please feel free to call or email me.

Best,

Susan

Wed, 19 Jun 2002

Hi Susan,

I'm glad you seem to find the project and graphic interesting.

Regarding background info, I would be happy to include links to more information on Theodore Kaczynski and Henry David Thoreau.

As for what was learned by doing the project, allow me to first clarify that this was not an "experiment" in the traditional sense. I am a graduate student in the Visual Arts Program. It is a public art project, funded by the MIT Council for the Arts, the Department of Architecture, and the Office of the Arts, and while I have learned quite a bit from undertaking this project, it is not purely educational or didactic in nature. Its primary purpose is not to inform or instruct. It is an artistic proposition; one which allows for the input and interaction of the MIT community. Furthermore, without the interactions of members of the MIT community, the project would not be successful. Think of it as a play, and anyone who enters the cabin an actor. It provides for the participant, simply put, a unique experience dictated by the installation. I see the MIT homepage spotlight as an excellent way of informing the MIT community and the general public about the project. What better way to highlight the diverse, open, and robust nature of MIT academics than to spotlight a project such as this?

As for what is learned by visiting the web site.... Do you mean, besides learning about

Cabin 3? The purpose of the site is to convey the essence of this particular MIT-based artwork to a web audience.

I hope this helps. Are you hinting that you are uncomfortable with spotlighting this project? What interpretations are you worried about? Is it regarding the actual project, or is it the press release? Time is running out for the project, so I would be grateful if we could resolve this as soon as possible and commence with the spotlighting.

Thanks,

Seth

We then spoke on the phone and it was decided that I would write a disclaimer geared toward a web audience that is forced to experience Cabin 3 only through the mediated digital environment. I was essentially asked to refute any possible negative interpretations of this project vis-à-vis MIT. This preceded any visitor's encounter with my website:

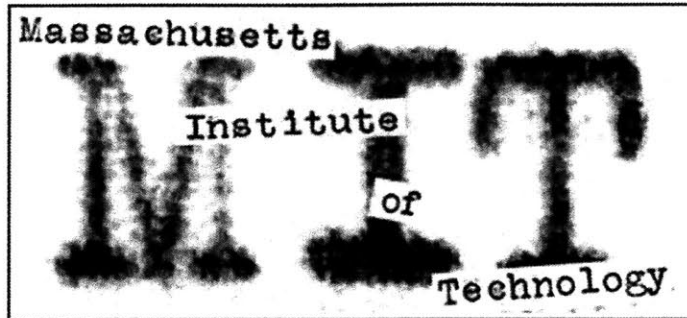
Cabin 3

Cabin 3 is a public art installation by Seth Weiner, MIT graduate student in the Visual Arts Program. The project, made with the support of the MIT Council for the Arts, the Department of Architecture, and the Office of the Arts, uses the Unabomber's cabin as its primary reference. When encountering a remake of the Unabomber's cabin, even with dramatic alterations, one may be tempted to interpret the project as glorifying the terrorist who provided the inspiration for this project's form. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

The Unabomber Manifesto is subtitled, *Technological Society and its Future*. The placement of *Cabin 3* at MIT brings to the public sphere the issue of MIT's role in the development of our techno-industrial society and the extent to which the MIT community can influence its future development.

A large part of this community comes to MIT with the knowledge that there are problems that need solutions and questions that need answers. Theodore Kaczynski, aka the Unabomber, addresses some of these problems in his manifesto, but gives up on "the system". *Cabin 3* functions as a place for members of the MIT community to enter a space much like Kaczynski's home, to write on a typewriter identical to the one Kaczynski used to write *The Unabomber Manifesto*, and to have that physical act result in the entire cabin rolling backwards. Much of the MIT community shares with Kaczynski a need to change the status quo and a desire to influence the shape of the future. The numerous positive contributions to society from individuals at MIT become possible when this desire for change is channeled to constructive ends.

***Cabin 3* is a public artistic proposition that requires the input of members of the MIT community in order to function. It is a project open to multiple interpretations and functions much as a set in a theater production. Anyone who enters becomes a player, in a sense, and is thrust into a typewritten discussion where the participant, Theodore Kaczynski, and Henry David Thoreau (clearly an influence on Kaczynski's cabin and ideals) engage in a conflation of ideas (or lack thereof) that has only one guaranteed outcome; driving the cabin back.**



spotlight - [Cabin 3: Public art installation](#)

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MIT web quick search



77 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, MA 02139-4307
TEL 617.253.1000 TTY 617.258.9344

Cabin 3 at Building 9

105 Massachusetts Avenue

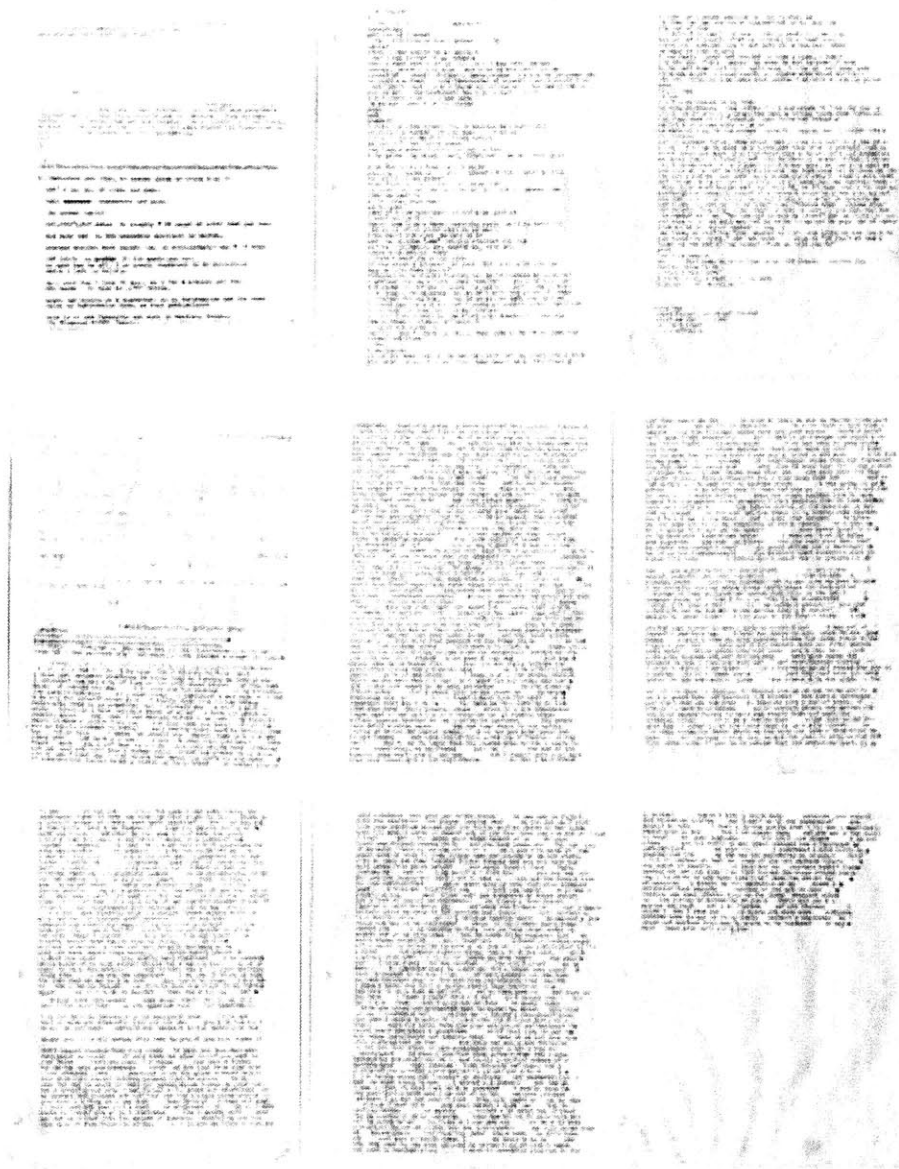
Independence Day, 2002







Samples of Anonymous Writings from Cabin 3



hi my name is
Slim shady mmncjfu s-djf jim was here
jack ass was here with him as well

1 1111 111

vab vab

cast system. This is
s only a tess. Were this a real emergency, you would have received
instructions and then run screaming out of the room. That strange
moving room in which you are now sitting. Is it moving back and forth,
or does it continue in the same direction even though the typewriter is
sliding back and forth? Verrrry interesting...

rip
8
i"

I
234567890-234567890-234567890-234567890-234567890-234567890-234567890-

70 characters per line, no spaces (plus or minus 2 or 3)

let's say ca. 50 lines per page.

3500 ~~characters~~ characters per page.

(no spaces again)

288,000/3,500 makes it roughly $\approx 8\frac{1}{2}$ pages of solid text per rev.

how many rev. is the unabomber manifesto or walden.

average english word length (ie. in cryptography) say ≈ 5 char.

288 000/5 is ~~57600~~ 57 600 words per rev.

my math may be off, I am pretty dependent on my calculator
which I left in Halifax.

on a good day I type 10 wpm., so 5 760 \times minutes per rev.
960 hours . 40 days to .0157 inches.

space bar counts as a character, so no information has the same
value as information here, as does gobbledegook.

this is my new favourite art work in America, thanks.

the Flemming NSCAD, Canada! P. AAAA'AAAthere not enough ink / // // // ohh
Hello there

everywhere hurriedly going to their hurried destinations furiously honking and waving their fists at the slight distractions of a pedestrian in the crosswalk or of another car waiting more than two seconds at a stop light no you can not hear my shoes over this but i can hear my shoes and it feels like everyone else can too this feeling is amplified when the background noise is diminished every step every step all ears on me the police know when i am coming i cant get away with anything they hear and they know they will stop me they will question me they will find me because my shoes squeek at least they could but not anymore i have new shoes and these dont squeek the other pair of running shoes i have they are dead they r have holes they no longer have rubber on the bottom they make my feet hurt when i walk but they didnt squeek so i wore them up until last week i just couldnt take it anymore i had gotten them wet so i put on the squeeky pair until they dried i wore the squeeky pair after they had dried because they reminded me of how comfortable i couldnt mbe but i couldnt stand the squeek anymore and i didnt want to wear the other ones so i decided to buy a new pair i went to the sacony outlet store on cambridge street they have very good shoes and they are reasonably priced i usually buy a pair of shoes from the discount bin these are shoes that have been discontinued or have defects or are in some other way unwanted by society i purchase these i wear them i use them i fulfill the needs but today they didnt have any good shoes in the discount bin that would fit they had some good shoes that didnt fit but the ones that did they were insults they were cheap rerakes of good shoes in would have found them less bothersome if they werent rerakes cheap stuff i can handle but these were not only cheap but replicas inferior products trying to convince the world that they were a bright and shining star rerakes of nice good shoes shoes that the customers had asked for shoes that people had written to sacony about shoes that had served them well that they appreciated so sacony made more but left out the parts that made them good in the first place they made them because they had become fashionable because teenagers consumers had decided that they liked them and they have little knowledge of what made them popular in the first place so they buy and sacony makes and when it is all done there sit a rack in the back of some store with the embarrassing skeletons of our consumeristic closets that even i wont buy and the price goes up on these also they now are thirty dollars for a pathetic excuse for a running shoe so i decided to purchase a pair of new shoes i found a pair for thirty dollars which is the same price i would have paid for the other ones any not to say that money is my only motivator on the contrary i hate money but i would like to not spend it to encourage its use so i found a pair that fit well it is important that they fit well it keeps me from hurting my feet they also were trail running shoes which is a new phenomenon there used to not exist such a thing as trail running shoes before yuppies decided it was cool to be outdoorsy all shoes were trail running shoes but now they exist in wonderful shades of brown and hunter green with larger shoe laces and bigger treads not that any of this makes any difference on the trail but they do imply that the wearer goes to the woods to run that they re outdoorsy active the sub of the running shoe world you might say but i bought them anyway they were inexpensive and comfortable because i wear these

and they aren't so bad it took me over an hour to decide which pair to buy I am awful at decision it took about a half hour to decide that the discount shoes were not good enough which I could tell upon first inspection but I had to go through and check each one individually to make sure I do not want to make mistakes takes so after deciding that they were no good I then had to make the decision that I was going to buy a new pair that took quite some time you see I've only bought shoes from the discount bin for over ten years now only once in that time did I buy a pair of shoes from a store other than that one and only once did I buy a pair of shoes from a discount bin other than that one and it was merely a discount bin in another state I was going to go hiking and my shoes were in very bad shape and I do not like to wear boots while hiking they are just another tool to make money for companies that understand that yuppies like to look out of this is a side note the return spring on the carriage is not strong enough at the end of the line it is having some trouble so I don't hear the bell and I type over letters it gives me one more thing to be conscious of while typing as a distraction but I guess this can not be helped I have never typed on a fully mechanical typewriter before I must say that it takes persistence you must go slower and you must push very hard my hands are becoming sore my grandmother was a secretary back in the nineteenth century she probably used something much worse than this I always had a great deal of admiration for

her she must have had strong hands at any rate I should probably get back on track I like to hike in running shoes they are lighter and do not give my feet blisters I am actually curious about these trail shoes for that matter I wonder if they will give me better stability on the trail I somehow doubt it but I do not like to be close minded so I shall give them a try it was quite a morning you see I had arrived at the shoe store before they had opened before the shoe store I had gone to the fabric store I needed

needed some thread to sew a pair of pants I had I ran out of thread a few days ago I have two pairs of army issue dress pants I bought these at army surplus stores for about three dollars which is not bad they are fifty percent wool and fifty percent polyester which means they are warm even when wet and are also lightweight and dry quickly very good pants the trouble is that they are very old and wear through quickly so I have to stitch them often but I recently gained access to a sewing machine so this is much easier I just realized that the return spring is not entirely to blame the reason it is not going to the

end of the page is because of varying torque on the drive shaft as the gears turn and backlash is removed the torque increases and the tires are not flat so they require a varied amount of torque to make them rotate so at certain points the spring will not have enough force to make the wheels turn and pull the carriage along this is a design flaw after looking at the gear box I noted that the input gear is on a slip clutch so it only turns the input shaft as the carriage moves from right to left the return action only causes the gear to slip on the shaft this makes sense if one is to assume that the structure needs to go

forward at any rate since the typewriter must supply the necessary force to move the carriage from right to left there is a limited amount of energy that can be supplied but if the roller clutch were to be reversed then the return action of the carriage which is inputted by the user would move the gears since a user can apply a varied and relatively unlimited amount of energy it would be a much better configuration for this application at any rate I have two tools with me so I can not fix this so I shall continue to persevere under the current conditions I believe I last left off describing the need for thread I went to purchase that thread at a low discount fabrics on Cambridge Street it is entertaining to me how the sewing world is so fond of puns there is also a very sophisticated shop and a very fantastic shop and the sewing machine I use says something to the effect of sew easy on it so I purchase thread it cost two dollars it was the thickest thread I could buy it was made of one hundred percent nylon which will not deteriorate with moisture and is very strong I was also just thinking that a constant force spring would also improve the current configuration at any rate I purchased the thread and proceeded to the sewing store they were not open so I decided to walk to Central Square to obtain the other items I needed I had to take a long way there the streets around here really turn me around so I arrived in Central Square and went to a hardware store they are much better than Economy which barely passes as a hardware store they mostly sell furniture I am currently being bothered by some stupid person who is asking questions of me that is very frustrating why do they think I know anything about this I am not the organizer I am just filling my role why won't they let me do my job just leave me alone I have work to do they insist though as if they have some right to my information as if I have to respond they keep asking and I become more persistent they raise their voice as if I just didn't hear them no you ignorant fool I am ignoring you I am not here to entertain or to enlighten you I am not here to make your miserable life any easier you will have to do your own work perhaps the internet or the television has taught you that all things will come to you if you sit there and stuff enough cheetos down your mouth if only you consumed more then you'd be happy if only everyone else around you bent to your whims then you could be happy you obese fucker fat on the shit you purchase watch on the tube from your cockroach infested lives purchase it at the glass covered utopia that your hard earned dollars brought into existence bring it home and try to stuff it into the gaping abyss that is your life keep bringing stuff after stuff full of video games and televisions and computers and clothes and food and the million other pieces of shit that you drag to your lair keep bringing it home and pour it into that pit you call a soul it will never fill it will only serve to remind you of your emptiness the constant lack that can not be filled with any amount of nineteen ninety five compact disc sets of your favorite oldies it can not be filled with the

only toothpaste that gets your teeth whiter it can not be filled
with the smoother and longer lasting beer it can not be filled
with your worthless spouse and the little selfish spawn of her loins
they all merely serve to remind you of the fact that you can not be filled
filled now you point your nikon camera at me and your
brand new digital camera at me and you take in one more little bit
of my soul trying to take what I have well you can't have it you
could take me back to your filthy home and chop me up and slowly
feed me into your four hundred dollar blender that you can only buy
mail order from Switzerland you could drink me down fully
consume me and it would still not fill you you are the void
you are the reason that this work is unhappy you are the reason that
you are unfulfilled you grate upon my soul with your constant
need I will not fulfill you I tell you again I will not fulfill
you just as I've told you thousands of times before
but I know it makes no difference so I take a deep breath I
imagine a world without you and then you dissapear and I begin
to talk about my trip to the hardware store again pill hardware
is a smaller store it will sell you anything though especially keys
which are not to be duplicated which is why I went there today I
needed a key I am working on this lock so I can keep certain
people out of certain areas but it needs to be a special lock to
match those around it so I found one I found a perfect match
all I need to do now is to make a key for it so I went there to find
a blank the person selling things was a bit hesitant which
I always find odd as is not his intent to make money why should
care I have money he has product its all logical at any
rate he insisted that he could not fit a blank into a lock
that it needed to be cut first I pointed out the error
he then insisted that he did not have any blanks that would fit
I then pointed out to him on the rack of keys that there were
two rows of keys that might fit so he then gave in and let me
try keys I found a blank that fit well so I bought two the
key is a problem but I can cut it down it should work
I left the store and proceeded back to Cambridge Street this time
taking a shorter path on the way I pass a playground that
had been recently remodeled and with all of these sorts of things
they had taken down the good equipment and replaced it
with brand new plastic paradises stuff that kids do not want
but makes politicians and parents happy because we all know that
what a playground is for but this one was a bit different
it had the only piece of new equipment that I felt was an
improvement it was a ten foot high geodesic dome with a rope
tensegrity structure inside basically a ten-foot sphere of
spiders nest very intense both visually and physically
I climbed for a while and decided to go onto the street I had
I got to the store and finished my shopping and remembered that I
had one more thing to get I needed a journal not for me
I really don't do that sort of thing anymore I really don't feel
the need to document every aspect of my life with cars anyways
and when I go back and reread them they only amuse me as to what
a fool I used to be not that I'm not a fool now but I'm
getting better at my rate I needed a journal for a friend
who is currently under scrutiny they are trying to eliminate him
and he needs proof to fight off the man with so he will keep
a vigilant record of all things that transpire he will store them
in a secure place and when they make their move he will make
his and justice shall prevail at least I hope one
can only hope in the face of what is transpiring on this campus
but that is another story I went to university stationery for

a journal again i make a side note someone just entered
she raised my spirits she looked as if she understood she
wanted to type i feel a little guilty that i did not immediately
relinquish to her but i am almost done and she said she would
be back so i must continue but there are others i am not
alone and the world is not lost amongst the offspring of the
unfulfilled at any rate i purchased a nice hard cover
journal for him on the way to university station which
i wrote instead of perl because of the atmosphere inside
the scent of reality oh jesus christ another suited fucker
asking the obvious questions that anyone who hasn't rotted their
brain in front of the boob tube would know the answers to
at any rate i stopped by the salvation army there i
purchased four records nothing of any great note
perhaps the most interesting is the jimmy swaggart album
oh the spring is bothering me again barle making it a
across the page and more flashes and more flashes
i think i shall stop now my hands are very sore and there
nothing more to say on this topic perhaps i shall come back
later and explore what really needs to be explored at any
rate hope all well with you

am scared
i
today he seems really worried day
horrifying
and now im scared
i feel that this is how i spend my life
scared
first i was scared of my mother
then i was scared of my friends
grades, exams...you know...not doing well enough
scared of that...failure...incompetence. its not an interesting
or yunicuse fear. i have been scared of myself. that i could have
hurt myself not that i have any edirse er...desires (this is
not an ergonomic keyboard) desires to hurt myself
now i guess i am in a new mode
i am now scared of my lovers
past
and
present
i like how this typewriter requires no electricity
it will run forever if you keep it clean
i fuck with one of my lovers today
our sex life isnt the great
its been somewhat disappointing. in fact
this makes him angry, sad, frustrated...he is starting to
have fantasies about raping me.
... makes me a little scared. i dont think he will
but still. i am scared
same fucking thing over and over again
we have good sex once in a while. just not every time
like we used to
so it goes, says kurt
so it goes
then after we successfully had some good sex
i read my email
(because i am a loser geek who needs email to survive)
and my ex of 4 years sent me an email
this email contains no url in it
and the tagline "-me" which is standard for him
and in his email, er, pardon me, this url
there is an erotic story
i didnt read the whole thing
it was about a 15 year old girl. 15? where is the ne
key on this thing anyhow?
this girl is in a park fucking her 19 (lowercase L) year old
boyfriend who is a dork. when this older, maybe 30 year old
man shows up and she i guess has sex with him. the younger
boys name is Christopher. my ex of 4 years was about 30 when
i started dating him. i was 16 or so. i left the older ex
4 years ago for a guy about 3 years my senior named Christian
i try not to look into things too much
i didnt finish reading the story. my breakup 4 years ago
was extremely clumsy and painful
i guess i regret it
but the was 4 years ago...i feel like i have no control
overt that time.
time
time passes...
my ex has been sending me emails, off and on, every few months
for half a year. i think this last email is a bit creepy.

i like the return motion in his typewriter
i like how one can write typewriter using only the
top row of keys
i finished my email and was getting ready to come to
campus and i couldn't find my wallet. (i's found now, i
correctly deduced that i had left it in the restaurant
we went to last night)
i was really tired and decided to take a nap. a name?
i want nap. fine memory. my name is not my name. i have
2. my real name. and my chosen name. i like my real name more
it means myrrh the sweet scent. my chosen name means nothing.
it frustrates me sometimes when people don't call my name by my given
name

so, it goes
in how

i had a nightmare in my area .
in this nightmare i was living at a warehouse in downtown boston
which is irnicall, true. the people living there were different.
but they were still friends. just different friends
im havin problems with my is he
we were sitting in the street outside, hanging out. i think alkin
or whatever.
and my current lover, (the other one) i guess i should say one of my
exes that he is more of a lover and less of a boyfriend. and my
other lover is more of a boyfriend than a lover. it's all semantics
my lover comes to visit. and this is where my memory fades. i write
sh, i wrote more in my journal but it's not here. he can't hurt me
he's chasing me and im tryin to escape the warehouse but he sees me throu
thru a window. he's carrying a brown paper bag i think i must have
had the razor in it and i quickly try to jump out the loading dock
which is painted bright red and is a 88, or 8' drop. but i go. and su
suddenly he's there, i should have known because he was singing and
laughing. he's both a lot. and i try to run but he catches me
and i try to curl in a ball and i say "please stop. please stop"
and he says "you don't like this?" i like in ensi, usually. but now
im scared so i say "no ive had enough im scared" and im cryin by now
and he's about to kill me. and he talks to me and he says one of three
things. im trying to remember them
one thing he said was "you wanted to find something and now you have
you should be happy." and one thing he says is "if you don't see a
light in the end of the tunnel. fuck me till you do"

yeah
its been pecky
and i just came by with this group of people...they're his
family. nice folks.
i wish i felt safe
sitting here, i feel a little safe
i should get on with my day

what was i?
great father, great artificer
stand me now and ever
in good stead
tries to/dublin

ⁱ Orwell, 1984, p.1

ⁱⁱ Descartes, Meditations on First Philosophy; Of the Things of Which We May Doubt.

ⁱⁱⁱ *ibid*

^{iv} Kafka, Parables and Paradoxes

^v Nabokov, Speak, Memory, p.1

^{vi} Deleuze and Guattari, Kafka; Toward a Minor Literature, p34

^{vii} Artaud, The Theater and Its Double; The Theater of Cruelty: First Manifesto, p87

^{viii} Moure ed., Acconci; Writings, Works, Projects, p381

^{ix} Acconci, Vito Acconci, p105

^x *ibid*

^{xi} Wodiczko, Critical Vehicles, An interview with Jaromir Jedlinski, p212

^{xii} Kafka, The Castle, p.270

^{xiii} From the MIT Home Page: <http://web.mit.edu>

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