STREET OF ROCK'N'ROLL DREAMS:
the story of a pop music school
for Washington, D.C.

by Maria DeAngelis

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ABSTRACT

The thesis tests the assumption that a building is not an isolated occurrence, but is integral with the ongoing scene from which it emerges. The design was developed with a constant sense of its context, both built and sociological: people effect and are affected by a building's existence. The building is a facility for the enhancement of lives as they are lived, and of the city as its fabric finds its way into and through its buildings. Far from demarcating a sacred precinct, the building is more like a net which undulates with the flow of the city and its life, but lets that life pass through with only the remembrance of what has been experienced.

Consistent with this philosophy, the thesis is presented in a story format which views the building as continuous with the people, context, and mores from which it emerges. The scene focuses on Adams Morgan, specifically Columbia Road NW, its main street. We see it through the eyes of three characters whose lives become entwined through the creation of a new school of popular music there. The story of the characters, related in comics format, tells of the genesis and realization of the Whynot School of Contempo Music, an institution whose campus finally becomes the street. In the telling we are reminded of the significance of pop iconography and the sights, sounds, and feel of Rockitecture.

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Derek Boggs spend most of my life trying to get th' damn car going... and when I'm not there...

I'm firin' up the Norton.

Thought I might take you around town. I'm from Bowie, MD., but I know D.C. pretty good.
This is Tourist Washington... Capitol Hill. Look at all that white marble.

Ever notice how they always put these buildings up high on platforms? It's so you'll feel like the lion in the Wizard of Oz. You have to climb all these steps, blinde by the white marble.

The arrogance of this stuff gives me the creeps. It's the same way I felt in school... a bunch of pumped-up pretty boys trying to tell everyone what to do.

Now they build these things for themselves.

More of same. The Lincoln Memorial and the mall...
AND THE HOME OF GEORGE BUSH...

VEGETABLE OR NOXIOUS WEED?

LIKE I SAID, THIS IS TOURIST WASHINGTON. WE'RE GONNA GET TO THE COOL PART, BUT FIRST I HAVE TO SHOW YOU WHY IT'S COOL.
Welcome to Georgetown.

I mean, it's cool to keep all these old buildings up, but this cobblestone business is for th' birds.

These people are making a killing off staying in the dark ages.

"Shops that sell nothing but kites...

...or hats...

Then there are these places that make the whole punk movement into a $99.95 pair of spandex pants."

KIT

O

GEORG

HATS IN THE BELFE

SALAM
"I GUESS YOU JUST HAVE TO LEARN HOW TO LOOK AT THE STUFF. YOU HAVE TO OPEN YOURSELF UP TO THE IMAGES. GEORGETOWN OFFERS A LOT OF PSYCHIC DATA. IT'S LIKE T.V.: CONCEALED IN THOSE DOTS AND WAVES IS A WEALTH OF DATA...


FOR MOST PEOPLE, THERE ARE ONLY TWO PLACES IN THE WORLD: WHERE THEY LIVE AND THEIR T.V. SET.

GEORGETOWN OFFERS AN ALTERNATIVE FANTASY WORLD, A PLACE THEY CAN GO TO REAFFIRM THEIR POP ICONS AND INSTINCTS."
But I'm losing myself...
The point is, with all this fantasy, the shopping, the money...

...The cultural scene here stinks. I don't mean just symphonies... There's no place for new bands, new art to happen...

Showing tonight!
Rocky Horror Picture Show
12th straight year!

...With maybe one exception. Let's go there now.
THIS IS ADAMS MORGAN.
IT'S ABOUT THE ONLY D.C.
NEIGHBORHOOD WHERE
DIFFERENT RACES ACTUALLY
LIVE TOGETHER AND TALK
TO ONE ANOTHER.

IT MAY BE D.C.'S LAST
HOPE AS FAR AS BEING
A REAL CITY...
See, there's still the old buildings, but new ones are mixed in that aren't trying to look old... with triangular tops and stuff.

... all these great family-run Spanish restaurants... this little park is pretty run down, but people use it.

Even here, they're creeping in with the Georgetown stuff: chic café, video stores...
THIS IS THE BEST PART OF ALL...

THIS LOT IS WHERE D.C. ROCK’N’ROLL LIVES.
JUST WAIT RIGHT HERE. I’LL BE BACK.

CRRRR...
ONE TWO THREE FOUR!
ONLY SHRED OF HOPE FOR THIS BLOODY PLACE.
Certainly not up to snuff of the British bands of the '70's, but what can you expect? This is America... Mecca of apathy... The prime symptom of the moral decay that's gnawing at the heart of the world.

Everything is trying to sell itself. Even me.

This is Roger Whynot, coming at you on WWDC... The Rock of the Capitol!
WHAT TOMMYROT.
COMMERCIAL RADIO HAS
NOTHING TO DO WITH
ROCK... OR TALENT...

IMAGINE, ME, OF
ALL PEOPLE, SELLING OUT
tO A PARCEL OF PIMPLED
15-YEAR OLD LADIES WHO
WANT TO HURL THEMSELVES
AT ME WHEN I GO
INTO THE DISC SHOPS.

UGH.
I'D RATHER BE
HOME, EATING
HAGGAS AND LISTENING
tO GLAMROCK.

I JUST WANNA
MAKE SOME
EARDRUMS
BLEED.
WHAT THESE CHAPS HAVE GOING HERE, THO', ESPECIALLY IN THIS CULTURAL ABYSS OF A TOWN...

WHY, IT'S SPUNKY.

... AND THEY WEAR TIGHT TROUSERS.

IF OLD MALCOLM McLAAREN COULD DO IT FOR THE SEX PISTOLS...

WHY CAN'T I BE THE ONE TO UNVEIL THESE LADS TO THE WORLD?
Maybe it's time to make the break... ride the crest of this hot dog stand...

STOP GETTING ME ALL WORKED UP! MY RIGHT FACE IS OKAY!

I'll hit up the old man and buy this property! That's it!

But your purse is too tight! I'm looking for money!
A NEW RAD RADIO STATION BROADCASTING THE CUTTING EDGE OF POP...

WHY NOT?

IT'S SIMPLY SMASHING!

IT'S SO BIG IT'S FLOURESCENT
WHY, ROGER, YOU OLD DEVIL! IT'S BRILLIANT, OLD CHAP. MY OWN FORMAT....

MY OWN MATERIAL....

A RETURN TO REAL BROADCAST!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. THEY'RE MAKING THE ONTARIO THEATER INTO A FESTIVAL MARKETPLACE. IT USED TO BE THE ONE PLACE YOU COULD HEAR NEW BANDS.

THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP

WHO IS THAT HELMETED STRANGER?? I THINK I'M IN LUV....
...at least I've got the land and my own station starting up. He'll come round eventually...

Eight bloody months and not a wiggle from this Derek Boggs...

What do I have to do, lie down on train tracks?

Maybe if I offer to a spot on Vincent Rapide bikes, he'll...

Hey man, I've noticed you hangin' here a lot recently.

Would you happen to be the man who put that building up?

Why... uh... ahem!... yes! I'm Roger Whynot.

I operate a radio station in there. WNOT.
LOOK, WE'RE MUSICIANS...

AND WE'D LIKE TO RENT SPACE IN YOUR BUILDING.

TEACHERS, REALLY...

... IT BEING NEXT TO THE GARAGE, AND ALL.

MUSIC TEACHERS, YOU SAY? WHAT'D YOU USE THE SPACE FOR?

MOSTLY PRIVATE LESSONS...

LOOK, WE COULD PAY YOU AT LEAST SOMETHING, AND YOU COULD HAVE SOME MUSICIANS AROUND.

WELL... WE COULD AT LEAST DISCUSS IT... P'RHAPS OVER A PINT? THERE'S A PLACE I LIKE JUST ACROSS THE ROAD...
So that's what we perceive as a problem with this city...

All these talented city kids banging on garbage cans in perfect rhythm...

...and not a single music school beyond the high school level.

Not a conservatory...

Certainly no place like Berklee...
What's California got to do with it?

No, no, man—Berklee in Boston. It's a world-renowned pop music school.

It's where we went.

Mmm... I see. Well, here we are. The Laund-o-rama?
LAUNDROMA

IT'S SORT OF A LOCAL ESTABLISHMENT. YOU HAVE TO LIVE HERE TO KNOW ABOUT IT.

OH... IF YOU SAY SO, MAN...

IT'S A GOOD SPOT TO HAVE A BEER AND TALK, AND...

BE STILL, MY FOOLISH HEART.

SO... WHERE WERE WE?

HAVE TO GET DERICK IN ON THIS CONVERSATION SOMEHOW...

BASICALLY, WE'RE INTERESTED IN TEACHING MUSIC HERE, WITH THE HOPE OF GETTING SOMETHING STARTED...

SO, YOUR OWNED THE BUILDING NEAR THE GARAGE BAND PLACE IS VERY INTERESTING...

I'M SURE YOUR VISION MUST BE SHARED BY OTHERS HERE...
GLIITE RIGHT.
I'VE BEEN INTRIGUED
BY THIS CONVERSATION
SINCE IT STARTED...

DOWN THE
STREET.

YOU TEACHERS?

YES, WE TEACH JAZZ
AND POP MUSIC. I TEACH
BASS; MARK TEACHES
KEYBOARDS.

WELL... AHM... I'M
AN ARCHITECT. BUT I
MOONLIGHT AS A SINGER.

SPLENDID.

AM I MISTAKEN, OR
ARE YOU THE OWNER OF
THE LOT WITH THE GARAGE
ON IT? YOU'VE PUT UP... A...

...AND WE'RE TRYING TO
RENT STUDIO SPACE FROM HIM.

...SOME IDEA IS, YOU'RE GOING
tO BROADCAST WHAT COMES
OUT OF THE GARAGE?

AH EM... THAT WAS
ONE IDEA...

INQUISITIVE
WOMAN.
BLOODY CHEEK.
I think that's fabulous! You could really make something of that... and now, with your building... and these teachers...

Yes, yes! It could be a full-fledged music school!

Media is so important to music nowadays... with your radio station in place, you could just add some performance and practice space, a library, and you'd have a conservatory!

Where could you fit all that?

But what would happen to the garage?

Just think of it!

"The Whynot Conservatory..."

It's a pop music school. For the street, of the street.
HERE... ER... MISS...

MERRILL
DAUGHTER!
MERRILL.

...TAKE MY CARD.
WE MUST SPEAK
FURTHER ABOUT THIS.
Street of Rock-N-Roll Dreams
A contemporary look at the age-old problem of building design... This month's exciting issue features the handsome Derek Boggs, a.k.a. Dirt Bag, International Rock Star. Pursuing him from a distance is the troubled D.J. Roger Whynot. Intrigue begins when Dagni Merrill steps in with plans to design a new school of rock'n'roll music in the neighborhood.

Isn"t That Spatial
The latest from Xerography Wizard Ken Radtkey...an exciting visual journey through the newest hotspot in nationally televised Santa Barbara. See the quicksilver new technologies... Feel the metafigural spatiality in S.B.'s new Natatorium.

Building on the Edge of Reason
Drawings that rival Raphael's... Photos that make a mockery of ManRay's...this poetic chataqua will leave you feeling uplifted, submerged, and like you've been on retreat. Move over, Christol

Approaching the New
Frenzied Harvard Square... a spooky-but-beautiful graveyard... find out how these elements become entwined in a place of mystery, callipygianness, and contemporary music. A series of stunning axonometric studies caps this thought-provoking exploration. Recommended for adult audiences only.

Celebration of Change
Troubled waters become calm seas... stormy lives start to mend in this tale of serenity, growth, and what in this day and age might be called spirituality. This inspiring study explores how the Zen of Making and the process of self-healing can become one.

Point of Departure
Voluptuous Barcelona is the scene of this sylvan tale. Find out what's to become of the many dips and swoops of this great city as 1992 approaches...with its double-edged promise of Olympics and a World's Fair.

And much, much more ~!
So, Dagni!
Merrill... what kind of a name is that?

I think my parents got it out of Atlas Shrugged.

An architect, aye?
Something you said in the Laund-o-Pub intrigued me...

Yes, I guess I've been feeling that music, along with advertising, has gotten increasingly two-dimensional. In all the arts, in fact, you've got to sell yourself to the public through a medium which isn't your own. Musicians have radio, TV, and ver's. Other artists can use only visual media.

Yes, that's all well and good, but what about the subliminal content of music; exhorting people to listen to the radio, watch the telly...

...the encoded messages in every commercial product, including a pop tune. Take the simple example of a supermarket. It's replaced church as a place of worship. You approach, and the big glass doors silently and automatically slide open. You're greeted with streaks of fluorescent light flashing down aisles, soothing music, rows of orderly, dewy vegetables. Really it's close to a mystical experience.

We were talking about combining my radio station with a music school the other day...
I think it's important to try and incorporate some of this stuff into the building. The big thing about all advertising and pop imagery is the immediacy of the message... a kind of gut-level reaction you have to, say, seeing a poster with Humphrey Bogart on it.

So, how do you get this immediacy into architecture?

"Well, post-modernism has gotten it wrong... its two-dimensionality is about spoofing old, familiar impressions. We have of buildings. They'll use a modern steel-frame building and put a two-inch skin over it which is nothing more than a stage set, a cartoon."
But you were talking about two-dimensionality before...

In buildings, that two-dimensionality is the last thing you want. I do think, though, that the gut immediacy we just talked about does have a place in "pop" architecture. A building should be immediately identifiable as what it is, and, if possible, how it got there.

But in a music school there are so many needs... how can they all tell what they are if they're under one roof?

Who says they have to be under one roof?

Come again?

Well, judging from what's happening already on this site, it would be a tragedy to put up a singular, monumental building. Look, you've got the garage, which would be a crime to get rid of...

mm-hmmm...

... and you've got your radio building, which could easily be converted into the rough-and-ready work space for the school... the practice rooms, for example.
WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT HAPPENS TO MY RADIO STATION?!

WE COULD MOVE IT TO MORE APPROPRIATE QUARTERS....

SAY AROUND HERE. ALONG WITH ANOTHER SOUNDPROOF FUNCTION FOR THE SCHOOL, STACKED WITH IT... HOW ABOUT RECORDING STUDIOS?

IT IS GETTING MORE AND MORE COMMERCIAL.

WELL, WE WOULD HAVE TO ROUND IT OUT WITH A COUPLE OF PURELY ACADEMIC OFFERINGS....
... LIKE A RECITAL HALL...

... AND A LIBRARY.

WAIT A MINUTE!
THIS IS SO... SO DISPARATE!
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE IDEA OF
A COURTYARD BUILDING?
I LIKED THAT!

IT WAS SOMETHING THAT
BIKER SAID... "FOR THE
STREET, OF THE STREET."
I BEGAN THINKING THAT THE
SCHOOL SHOULD BE ON DISPLAY
TO THE ENTIRE STREET... SHOULD
BE PERMEABLE... THAT IS,
YOU CAN MOVE THROUGH THE
ENTIRE COMPLEX WITHOUT EVER
ENTERING... MAYBE SHOULD
EVEN CREATE A STREET THROUGH
THE SITE.

WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT
ABOUT ALL THIS MOVEMENT
AND DISPLAY? SHOULDN'T
THERE BE A FRONT DOOR
TO THE PLACE?
Well, if it's a school of pop music, one of the key things students should learn is how to sell their music, both through image and through the music's message. One way to do that is to put them on stage early in their education. This place should generate an enthusiasm which will make people come from all over the city to check out what's happening. If you make it easy and nonthreatening for them to see what goes on in all facets of the school, they'll feel more a part of it.

Well, regardless of what Derek said... I thought a big building... more à propos.

Hmm... well, Mr. Whynot, here's another angle: try to envision the building itself as a piece of music... say, a symphony. It has a theme which is initially stated, then is carried on through several variations over the course of several movements. Finally that beginning theme is restated, and the whole piece is brought full circle.

Exactly! In a monumental finale!
SAY YOU WANT TO BE A ROCK STAR? I'M LISTENING NOW. GET YOURSELF AN ELECTRIC GUITAR AND PLAY A SIMPLE CHORD. WHAT I SAW WHEN I SAW YOU PLAY Thumb Down.

BY BREAKING ITSELF UP INTO SMALL, PAVILION-LIKE PIECES, THE WHOLE BUILDING CAN READ AS A SERIES OF POPULAR SONGS – AN ALBUM, MAYBE – WHOSE MESSAGE IS QUICKLY AND EASILY UNDERSTOOD.

YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG.

BUT THIS BUILDING IS LITERALLY ABOUT A FORM OF MUSIC THAT HAS THREE MINUTES TO GET ITS MESSAGE ACROSS. POP MUSIC IS A ONE-LINER, OR, IF YOU WILL, THREE CHORDS, THREE MINUTES OF AIRWAVE TIME.
Is this where I sign up for guitar lessons?

Oh, Derek!

I was... uh...

just...

The lady has it exactly right. A series of pieces, like a drum kit. Unified framework, pieces like cymbals propped up above. Will cut down on noise leaks, too.

Oh.

Guess I sign up for the lessons somewhere else.

But... wait... Derek!...
HE'S A HOT DOG.

AAGGHH! YES!
AND HOW!!

UM... CAN I AT LEAST SHOW YOU THE SKETCH I BROUGHT?

HMMMM! ...I SUPPOSE...
THIS IS THE GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

I DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND HOW THIS WILL LOOK IN REALITY.
I'm not exactly sure either. Give me a few days, and I'll make a model of it.

Don't get your hopes up too much, young lady.

Not me! See you Thursday!

*Sigh*

Flare

Too much to do still.
THURSDAY...

Well, I've discovered a lot, Mr. Whynot.

Thrilling.

Here, let me unwrap this.

Good God! This thing has a life of its own...

Hmph!... Well, Miss Merrill... You will have to explain this to me.
It's a system of precast concrete cubicles with their own special inside wrapper. The mass of the concrete cubes will keep quite a lot of sound from leaking between rooms; then the wrapper is also an acoustical aid.

Is this what's become of my radio building?

Yes, these are the school's practice rooms.
All this talk about sound getting out... what about all those giant windows?

It is double-glazed... but yes, there'd still be some sound leakage. Maybe that's good! People could hear a little as well as see a lot, that way.

And what's this piece? Is that a radio tower?

Yup.

Some DJ's want to be up on pedestals.

It's got excellent sound isolation... plus this little lookout post over the street for the DJ. The floor below is the school's recording studios.

That's boffo.
AND THIS IS THE RECITAL HALL....
SEATS 125. ITS CURVE IS MEANT TO CREATE
ONE OF THE EDGES OF THIS INTERIOR STREET
WE TALKED ABOUT THE OTHER DAY.

AND THIS PIT TO THE
BASEMENT CREATES THE
OTHER BIT?

EXACTLY. MUCH EASIER TO SEE IN A MODEL, ISN'T IT?
How did the theater get that roof shape?

Well, to be honest, I was thinking of the Rolling Stones logo...

She's a bit wilder than I imagined...

It also has the double glass, so people can see in.

Wouldn't that tick off the people who'd bought tickets?

Well, they wouldn't be able to hear anything... and I've arranged it so that the people outside would never be aware of those inside, and vice versa.
It's the library. It's up in the air because it's a haven for students who're trying to get over their hangovers. It's got nice, gentle north light and plenty of back issues of *Rolling Stone*.

Now there's something I can relate to.

By this time, our venerable garage has become the place where only the best students play... kind of a hot dog exhibition area...

A hot dog stand! You bloody Americans!
...and maybe they come out and play a lick every hour, on the hour... "Six O'clock Jump"... bits from "Rock Around the Clock".

The neighbors would adore that.

Just a thought.

...so... what d'you think?

I need to think it over for awhile. Mind you, I'm not completely convinced.

Maybe you could leave the model with me for a bit?

Um... Okay... maybe for a week or so...
WELL, OLD CHAP, THIS WOULD BE A FINE MONUMENT TO WNOT...

DEREK!

THIS IS BETTER THAN ANYTHING I DREAMED OF.

IT'S ALL HERE.

... RADIO TOWER.

THIS MUST BE THE SERVICE CORE...

PRACTICE ROOMS...

RECITAL HALL...

LIBRARY.

GARAGE.
Just think, a place that could give the kids in this town something to inspire them.

The life this place would generate!

Would you like to go have a beer and talk about it?

Famous personalities would come to visit, just like the Grand Ole Opry! Only this is real architecture!

Derek, Derek... the essence of the school is its commercialism.

...just as the essence of you is your raw beauty.

Commercial or not, this town needs a dream.
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This is the best thing that's ever happened to me... I'm going to make good and show that lady even Derek Boggs can contribute to this town.

Then one day...

Hey, are you the architect who had all those dreams for this place?

Yes, doesn't seem like anything will be done with them, though.

D'you think Adams Morgan is going the way of Georgetown?

Oh.
IT'S UNBELIEVABLE, ISN'T IT? IT'S EVERYWHERE! THEY'VE MADE THE ONTARIO INTO A SHOPPING MALL!

"THE ADAMS MORGAN MARKETPLACE," THEY'RE CALLING IT.

NO KIDDING! AND HAVE YOU NOTICED THEY'VE STARTED TO REPLACE THE SPANISH RESTAURANTS ON 18TH AND COLUMBIA WITH OMINOUS THINGS LIKE "THE ORLEANS CAFE"?

FERN BARS!

THEY'RE EVEN TALKING ABOUT PUTTING ANOTHER COMMANDER SALAMANDER HERE!

AND HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW ALL TH'IING!

Hey, check it out! It's MADAMS ORGAN!

BLOODY HELL.
WELL, HEL-LO, DAHLINGS.

MAYBE THERE'S HOPE FOR THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD YET.
AND... THIS IS ROGER WAYNOT, COMING TO YOU ON WNOT INDEPENDENT RADIO.

COMING UP... A PLATINUM HIT BY A LOCAL SON, DIRT BAG. HERE'S THE TITLE CUT OFF HIS DEBUT ALBUM, "GREASE UP MY GUITAR".

THIS IS JUST TOO VICARIOUS.

LAST NIGHT OF SIX MONTHS ON TOUR...

JAPANESU PEOPLE VERY MUCH ENJOY THE MUSIC OF DIRT BAG. YOU CAME SPEND FEW DAYS MY HOME IN FUJI-YAMA? JAPANESU MOUNTAINS, VERY BEAUTIFUL.

THANKS, BUT I HAVE TO GET HOME. I HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO DO THERE.

YOU RETURN TO LADY FRIEND?

MAYBE.
Derek! Or, excuse me, dirt... Mr. Bag... to what do I owe the honor...

It's time we get that music school built here. I'll put in two bucks to every one of yours to get the project started.

Ten million dollars?! My dear chap, how do you expect me to come up with this kind of money? We're not all international rock stars, you know.

You'll find it. It will be the best money you ever spent.

And we have our architect, right?

Don't you find that scheme a bit... wild?

It's wonderful... It's an inspiration... and it's utterly commercial.
Hello, Miss Dagni Merrill?

Speaking.

This is Roger Whynot calling...

Oh, Mr. Whynot! Need to come by for my model sometime.

Uh... well... that won't be necessary. You see, I've got the funding together to get it built.

Excuse me?

I'd like you to come in and discuss your commission and how we're to proceed.

I've got the commission??!

I don't believe it!

Bless your heart!
So, I think first we should build a new radio station. Then we'll renovate this building.

I'd like to keep an office in here still. For old times' sake, you know.

In the following months...

That base looks great. Nice job on the formwork and casting, Sarah.

Yeah, I was a little worried about the temperature drop last night.

Wonder if it's high enough for ol' Rodge...

I have a question for you on the drawings.
WHAT ARE THESE SPACERS BETWEEN JOINTS ON THE STEEL FRAME?

IT'S TO CUT DOWN ON SOUND LEAKAGE. THIS BUILDING NEEDS TO BE COMPLETELY SOUNDPROOF FROM STREET NOISE... AND METAL CONNECTIONS ARE A GREAT TRANSMITTER OF SOUND.

HEY, ARE YOU PLANNING TO ELBOW US OUT? WE NEED THIS PLACE, Y'KNOW...

FAR FROM IT. YOUR MUSIC GROWS MORE IMPORTANT EVERY DAY.

MR. WHYNOT! COME CHECK IT OUT!

LIGHT 'ER UP, BOYS!
MY GOD! IT'S READY FOR TAKEOFF!
MA'AM, I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU... THIS IS THE BEST BUILDING I EVER WORKED ON.

WHY, THANK YOU. I'M GLAD WE SWITCHED TO MULLIONLESS GLASS, AREN'T YOU? IN THE DAYTIME IT'S A MIRROR, FOR THE OTHER BUILDINGS, ...AT NIGHT IT'S A JEWEL BOX.
SORRY WE'RE MAKING SUCH A RACKET HERE IN THE DAYTIME, GUYS.

I S'POSE YOU COULD JUST CRANK YOURS AMPS UP TO 11.

IT'S REALLY GONNA BE A SCHOOL OF ROCK 'N ROLL?

YOU GOT IT.
ON BEHALF OF THE PEOPLE OF THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, I WANT TO COMMEND YOUR EFFORTS AND YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO THIS CITY.
FOR BUSINESS!
NOT SCHOOL
TEMPO MUSIC

ROCK AND
ROLL!
HAPPENING SESSION, MAN.

YEAH, THAT SAX PLAYER HAS MONSTER CHOPS.

...AND THEN SHE TURNS TO THE AUDIENCE AND SAYS, "DRINK UP NOW, IT'S GETTIN' ON TIME TO CLOSE"...
LOOK AT THE SCENE IN ADAMS MORGAN!

CHECK IT OUT!

I FEEL A SONG COMING ON... "FLY ME TO THE MALL..."

HOW WAS THE SHOW?

IT WAS KIND OF A RAGA STRAIGHT-AHEAD FUSION.
SIT DOWN, MISS MERRILL.
SINCE THE SCHOOL HAS BEEN SO RAGINGLY SUCCESSFUL AND IS ALREADY OVERSUBSCRIBED, I'VE BEEN NEGOTIATING TO ACQUIRE SOME MORE PARCELS FOR IT.

YOU'RE QUITE THE ENTREPRENEUR.

ACTUALLY, I MUST TELL YOU... ALL THIS HAS HAPPENED LARGELY DUE TO THE GENEROSITY OF THE ROCK STAR, DIRT BAG.

DIRT BAG?! WHAT THE HELL, HAVE THESE PEOPLE NO SELF-RESPECT?

THAT WAS AMAZINGLY GENEROUS OF MR. BAG, WHEREVER HE IS.

ON TOUR JUST NOW, I BELIEVE. ANYWAY, WE'VE ACQUIRED THE ONTARIO THEATER.

AND THERE'S SOME RESIDUAL SPACE IN IT.

OH, THANK GOD!

LET'S RESTORE IT TO ITS ORIGINAL FUNCTION AS A THEATER FIRST. SEATS 1500 OR SO, IF I RECALL.

1825, ACTUALLY.
THEN WE CAN ADD SOME TEACHERS' OFFICES OR PRACTICE ROOMS UP HERE, MAYBE ADD A LITTLE "BARNACLE" ON TOP... AND AN ENTRY GATE HERE.
AND THE CITY HAS GONE HALVERS WITH US ON THE RENOVATION OF THIS PARK FOR OUTDOOR PERFORMANCES.

THAT'S GREAT! IF WE JUST RESHAPE THE CONCRETE AND PAVING A BIT... ADD SOME TREES... MAYBE A GESTURE TOWARD THE SCHOOL... AND LOOK! THROUGH THE PARK'S CONNECTION WITH THE SCHOOL, THIS STREET IS CONTINUED BY THE PATH WE'VE BUILT THROUGH THE SITE.

AND WE'RE NEGOTIATING ON THESE TWO CORNER lots. ONE IS CURRENTLY A BURGER JOINT... THE OTHER IS A PORTION OF AN APARTMENT BUILDING.
That's just how Berklee got started, you know.

Oh, the Pop School in Boston?

Yes, this fellow renovated two old hotels and a bank building into a hot music school.

Oh really.

With those last two parcels, I was thinking of one as a nightclub, perhaps something small and low-key... maybe for jazz.

Good idea... an experimental place where students could do their homework while making a few bucks.

Exactly.

...and the other could always be more offices, teachers' studios, practice rooms...

Say, this makes me think...
...these additional pieces really make the whole street into the school.

Students would have to check in at the main building, but then all day long they'd be walking up, down and across Columbia Road with their instruments, going to different buildings for class and to practice.

They could make some of these Spanish places their unofficial hangouts.

It spurs local business... adds more color to the local color. Well, Miss Merrill, start working on it. I've got a contract right here.
ALL THIS TALENT... AND I'VE JUST BEEN TAKING ALL THE CREDIT FOR THIS GREAT WORK.

*SNIFF*

WELL, THIS IS THE TIME FOR A REAL OFFER.
MEANWHILE...

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?!

REALY...
WHAT IS ALL THIS?

I GUESS "GREASE UP MY GUITAR" MADE A HIT HERE TOO.

"GREASE UP... WHAT??"

OHHY, LADY, DON'TCHA EVEN KNOW DIRT BAG!!?
Dirt Bag! Oh my God! It's you!!

Light dawns on Marblehead.

This place is Fabulous! It's even better in real life!
"GLUG!"

DEREK!

OH, BUT YOU'RE

MINE!

? ??

? ??

? ??

? ??

? ??

? ??

? ??

? ??
WASN'T THAT THE DJ...?

OH, GOD, WHAT'S HAPPENED?

POOR BASTARD.

LOOKS LIKE A BROKEN NECK...

HE'S WHYNOT OF THE WHYNOT SCHOOL...

OH, MY GOD, ROGER!

WHAT A WAY TO GO, MAN!

HAIL, HAIL, ROCK 'N' ROLL.

HELP! AMBULANCE! SOMEONE CALL A DOCTOR!

IT'S TOO LATE...
ABOUT THE DESIGN TEAM

SINCE NO DESIGN PROJECT CAN BE DONE IN A VACUUM...
MY HEARTFELT THANKS GO OUT TO MY TEAM:

DAMON STRUB,
SPECIAL EFFECTS PRO AND MY OWN DEREK B.
PAT'S TOW IS NEXT!
BILL HUBBARD JR.,
EDITOR, WRITER, TEACHER,
DESIGNER... OUR FIRST AND I HOPE NOT OUR LAST COMIC BOOK TOGETHER.

AND THESE THREE LOVELIES...

LAUREN WEINGARTEN,
GODDESS OF THE LANDSCAPE AND FOUNDER/PRINCIPAL OF SCHWARTZ/WEINGARTEN ENVIRONMENTAL ARCHITECTS.

JANINA MACOJADAP
FEMME FATALE OF THE ARCHITECTURE WORLD AND FOUNDER OF JANARACHA DESIGNERS LTD.

SARAH HOLDEN HAGA,
FOUNDER OF HAGA ARCHITECTS AND ENGINEERS, INC.
WHO ALSO APPEARS ON PP. 58-59.

FLASHERS OF INSPIRATION FROM:
PETER COLAG
JOSÉ SAMA
SALLY HARDNESS
RANKO BON

PEACE
LOVE

TO THE N-S2 MEN-IACS:
MAHMAD, CAMPBELL, KEN, RICK, DAN, AND BERNARD.
AND TO THE DE ANGELIS FAMILY: PAT, TONY, TORI, ANDREA AND TOTTEN.
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... thanks to the wonders of computer imaging and the tireless patience of Philip Thompson.

Inspirational Artists