

THE ROMANCE OF SYSTEMS BY MOS

THE ROMANCE OF SYSTEMS.

FRANK HAD FINISHED HIS THIRD MANHATTAN.

SOON HE WOULD BE TALKING ABOUT THE "INVISIBLE

F: EVERYTHING IS A SYSTEM. ARCHITECTURE IS ABOUT RULES. YOU CAN'T JUST PICK AND CHOOSE.

A CROWD STARTED TO FORM, EAGER TO WATCH.

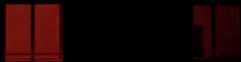
SHE THOUGHT SHE HEARD SOMEONE REFERENCE RANCIERE, BUT COULDN'T BE SURE.

IT WAS GOING TO BE A LONG NIGHT.

HE USED, AND SUSPECTED THAT NO ONE ELSE DID EITHER. BEHIND THE HYPERBOLE, SHE KNEW THERE WAS NO RESISTANCE, NO COMPLEXITY.

"FOR" ANYTHING THESE DAYS - IT'S SUICIDE.

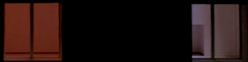
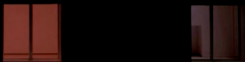
EVERYONE NODDED THEIR HEADS IN A KIND OF SYNCHRONIZED UNISON.



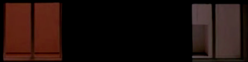
GRID" AGAIN.



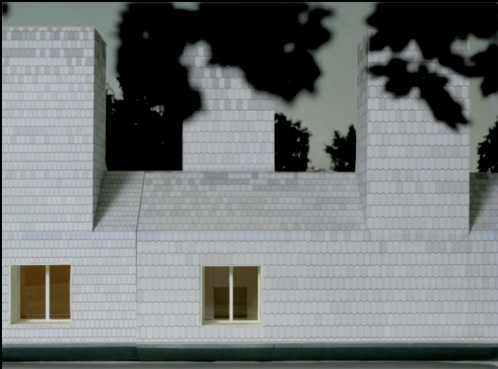
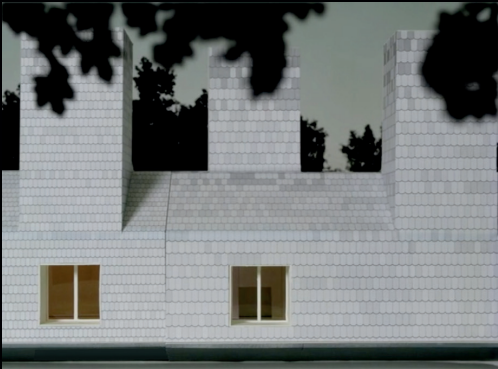
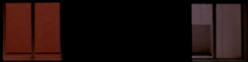
AT THE MOMENT, HE WAS SHOUTING AT NO ONE IN PARTICULAR.



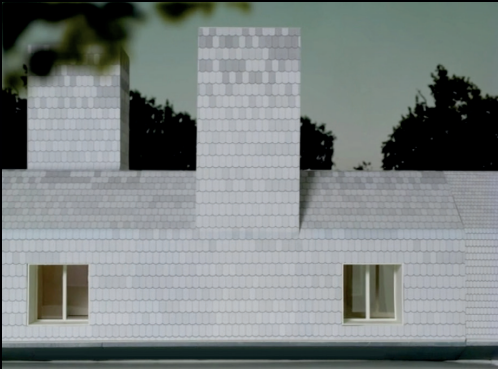
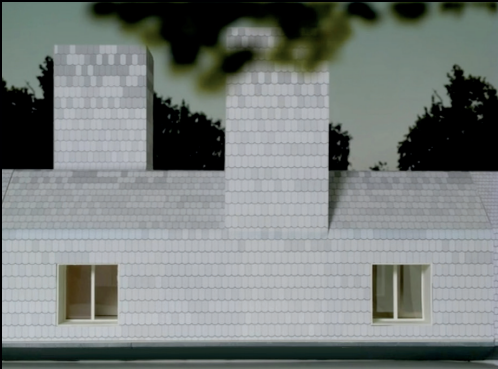
HIS RANTS WERE INFECTIOUS.



ALICE QUIETLY SIPPED HER TONIC WATER, CLOSING HER EYES, COUNTING...4 MINUTES AND 33 SECONDS.



F: IT'S TOO CASUAL, TOO IMPRECISE. THE PROBLEM IS THAT IT LACKS, WELL, A KIND OF HYPERGEOMETRICITY. SHE NEVER QUITE UNDERSTOOD THE WORDS



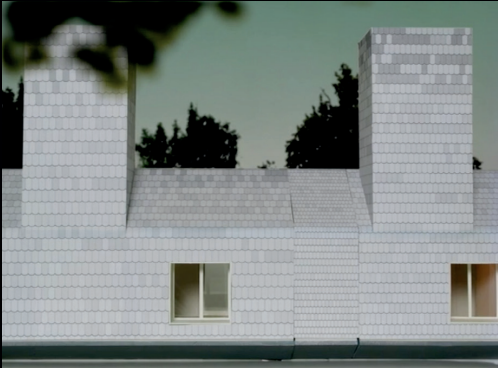
HE WAS AN AGING BOXER STUFFING HIMSELF ON HORS D'OEUVRES TRYING TO RELIVE HIS GLORY.F: IT'S ANTI-ANTI-FORM I'M AFTER. YOU CAN'T JUST BE

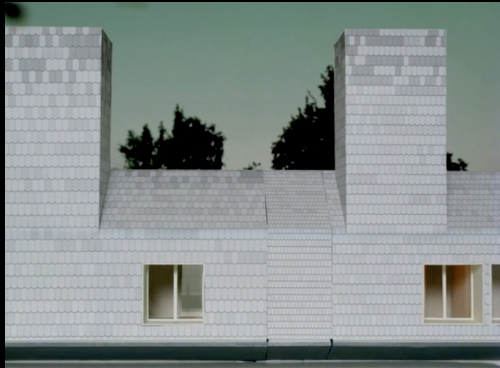


ALICE SIGHED.

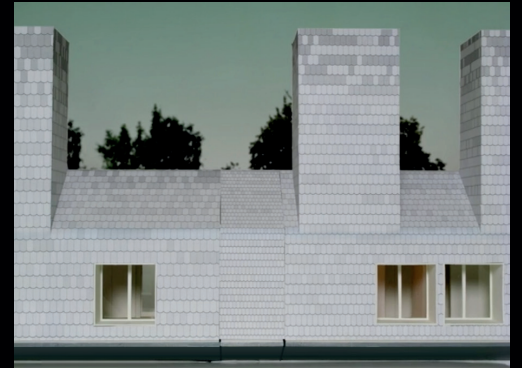
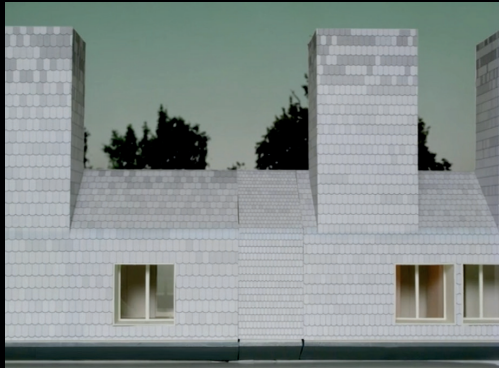


ALL THIS CAJOLING, SHE THOUGHT, IT'S PASSÉ. FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, SHE MIGHT HAVE RUN OFF, UNABLE TO





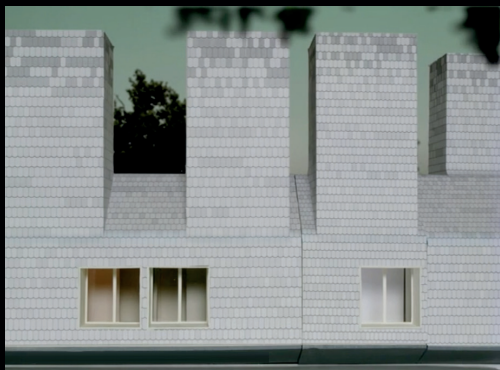
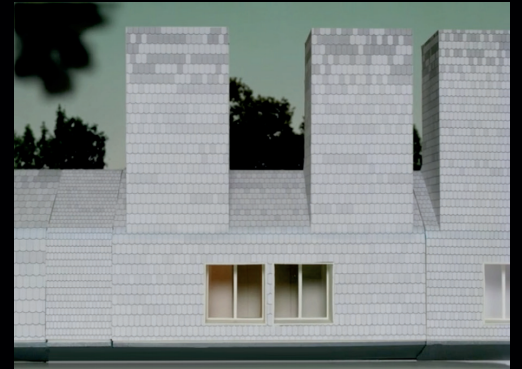
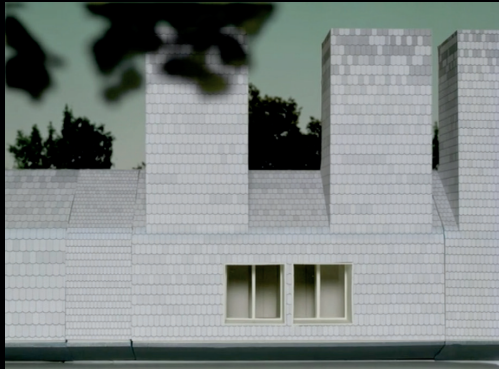
SO MUCH AS FEIGN AN INTEREST IN THE MACHISMO POLITICS OF FORMALISM.



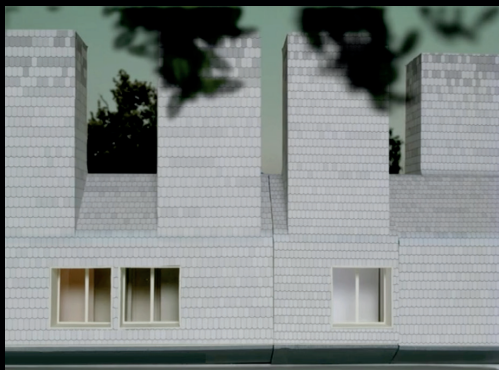
ALL THE TALK OF SO-CALLED ARCHITECTURE MADE



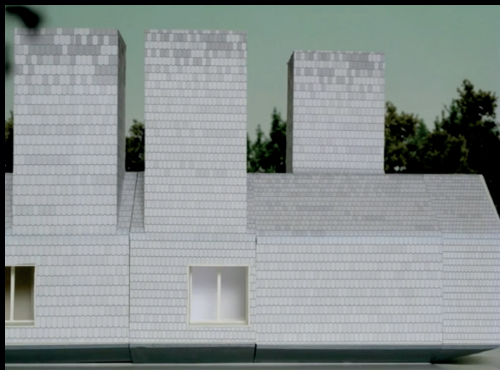
THAT ARCHITECTURE COULD PRODUCE. YET, PART OF IT STILL SEEMED FRIVOLOUS, A STYLISH SILLY EXTRAVAGANCE.



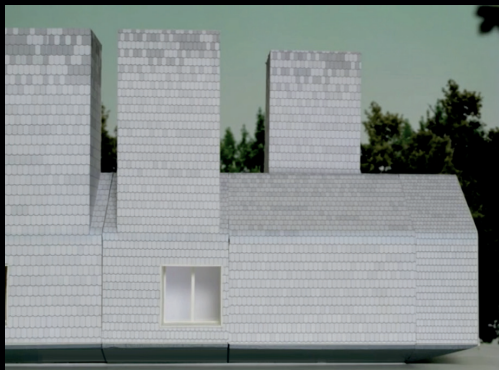
SOON HE WAS LAUGHING AT HIS OWN JOKES.



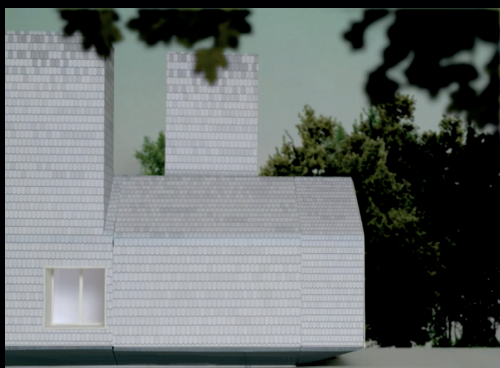
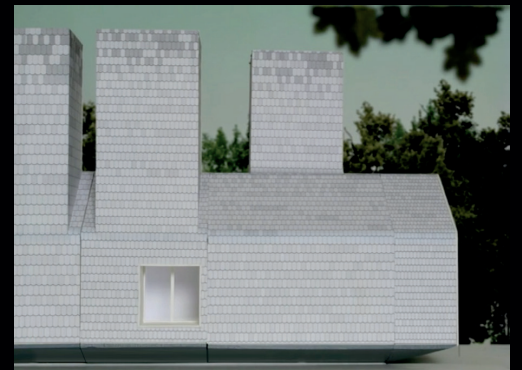
SHE KEPT HER DISTANCE, EVEN THOUGH SHE KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING ENDEARING ABOUT HIS DELIRIUM.



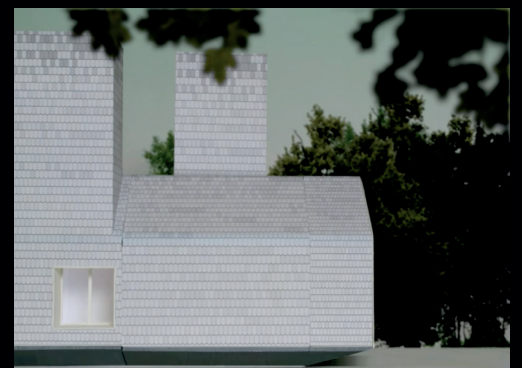
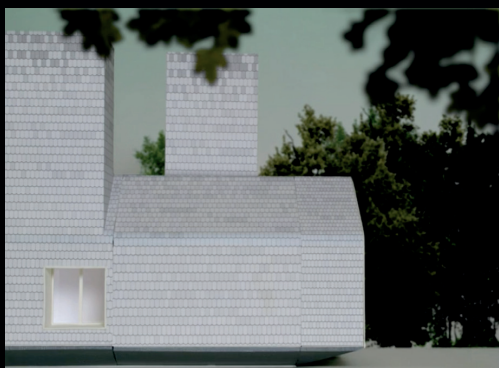
SHE THOUGHT.

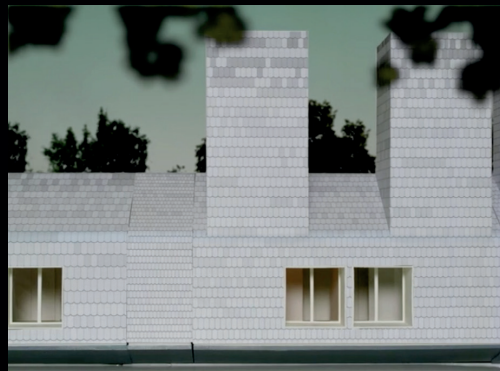
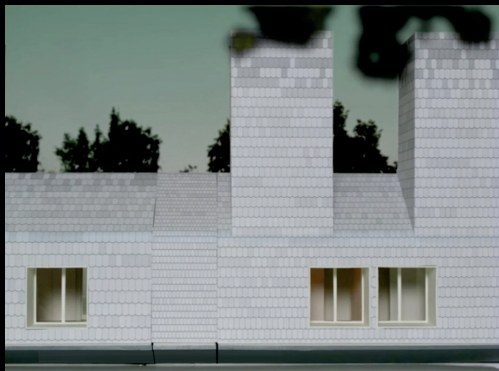
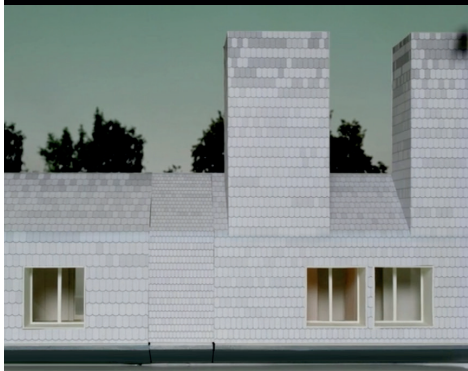


NO SHARED DISCOURSE, NO CRITERIA, NO METHODS OF EVALUATION, JUST POSTURING AND COMPETING

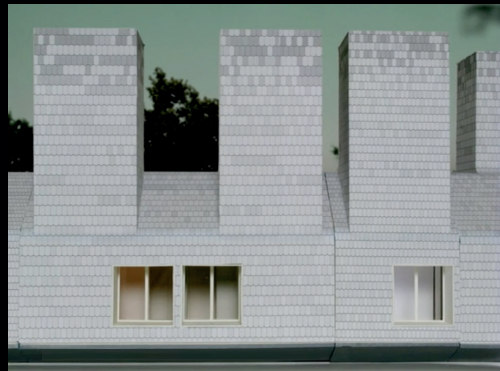
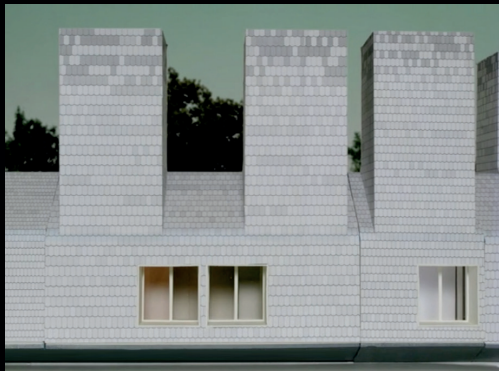
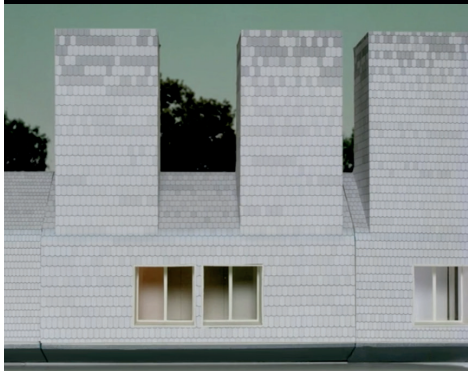


BLEARY-EYED, FRANK SAT AT THE KITCHEN TABLE. HE MARVELED OVER THE WAY HIS EGGS RESEMBLED SHALLOW DOMES, THEIR YOLKS IN PERFECT CRYSTALLINE



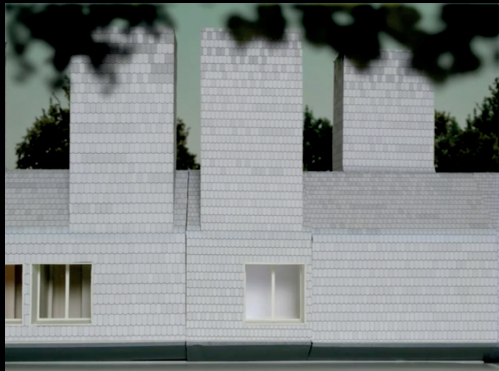


HER CRINGE. IT WAS ONLY RECENTLY THAT SHE HAD BEGUN TO APPRECIATE THE INHERENT BEAUTY OF GEOMETRIC SYSTEMS, THE STRANGE SUBJECTIVITY



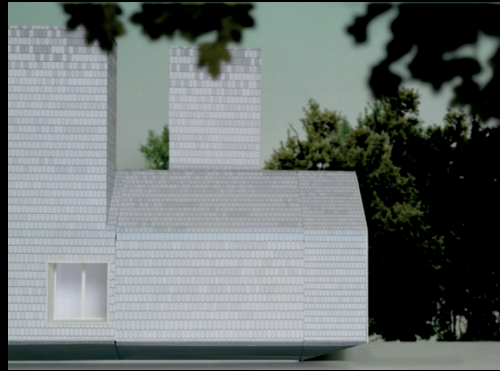
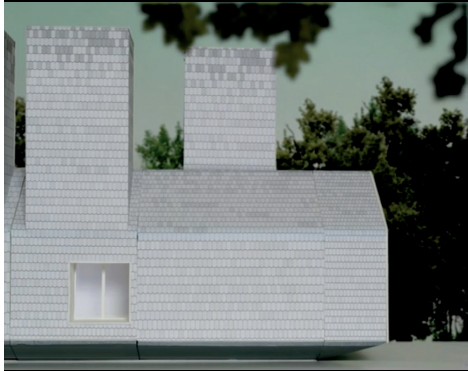
ALICE APPRECIATED THE NOVEL USE OF NATURAL LIGHT, ITS EFFECTS PROMISCUOUS.

FRANK BEGAN GESTURING WILDLY AND SKETCHING DIAGRAMMS.



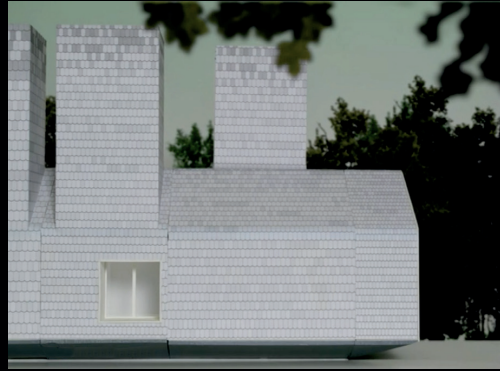
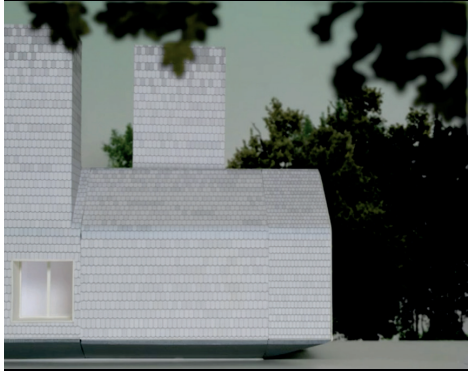
IT WAS GETTING LATE.

ALICE DECIDED TO CALL A CAB. SHE WAS TIRED OF PRETENDING. THERE IS NO MORE DISCIPLINE,



GENRES. SHE KNEW THAT HIS ELABORATE GESTURES COULD NOT BRING IT BACK.

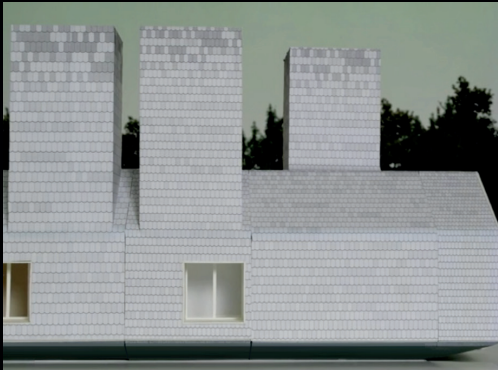
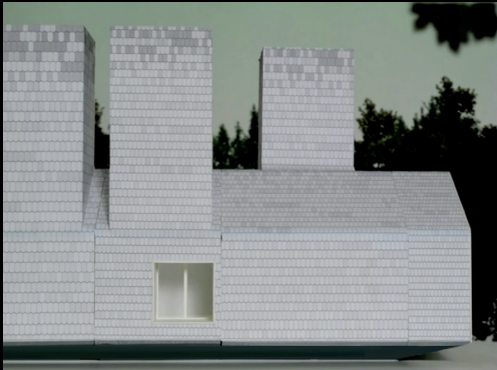
THE NIGHT ENDED. THE SUN WAS RISING. HALF-AWAKE AND



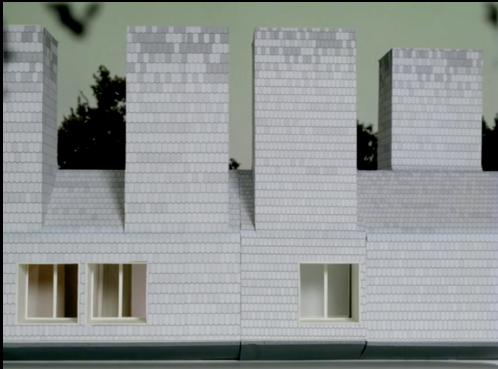
SYMMETRY. CHOLESTEROL, SHE THOUGHT. HE BEGAN TO CONSTRUCT THE FARNSWORTH HOUSE OUT OF TOAST, NEXT TO AN INTRICATE PARAMETRIC DOME OF



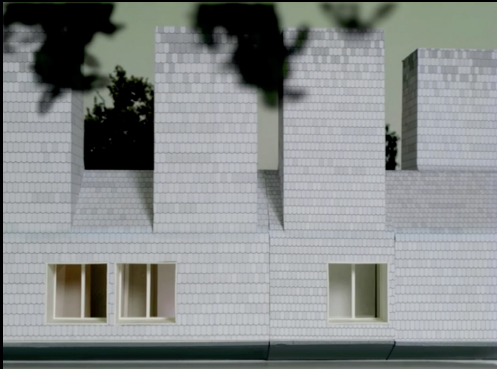
POTATOES. SHE WONDERED IF HE HAD THOUGHT ANYMORE ABOUT THEIR UPCOMING DEADLINE.



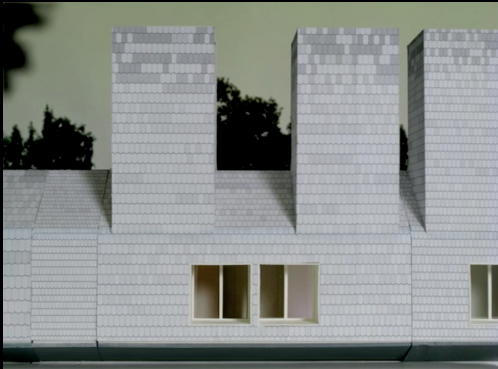
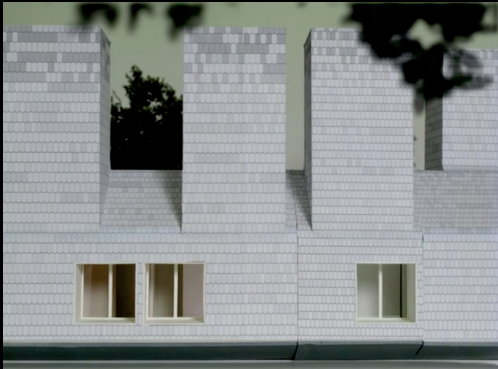
FRANK AND ALICE BOTH WORKED IN THE ARCHITECTURE



IT LACKS SPECIFICITY.



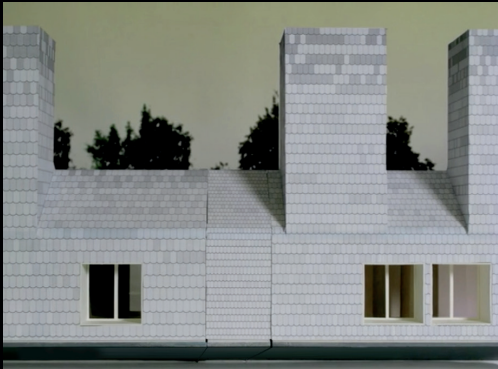
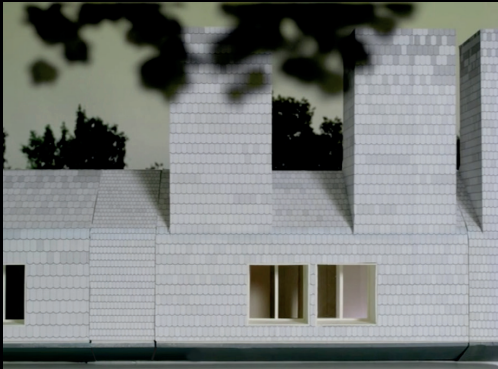
A: I DON'T MIND THE GENERIC, BUT THAT'S THE LEAST OF OUR PROBLEMS. IT DOESN'T FUNCTION. TO



SYSTEMATICITY, ALICE.



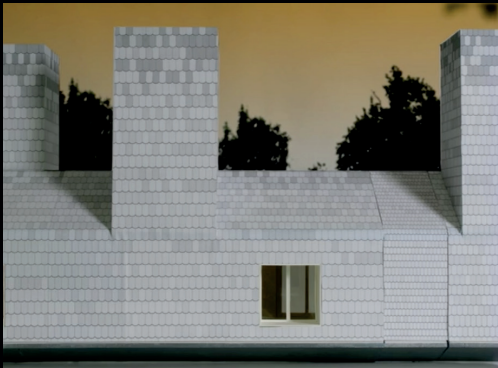
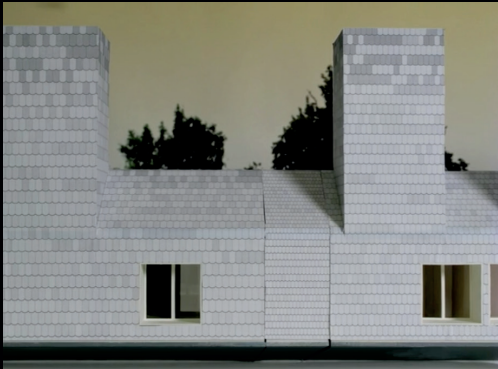
A: WE'VE GOT TO THINK MORE ABOUT PERFORMANCE.



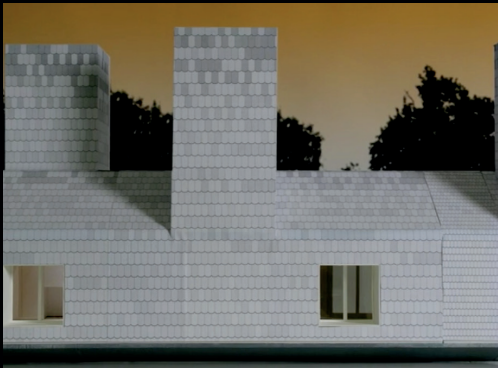
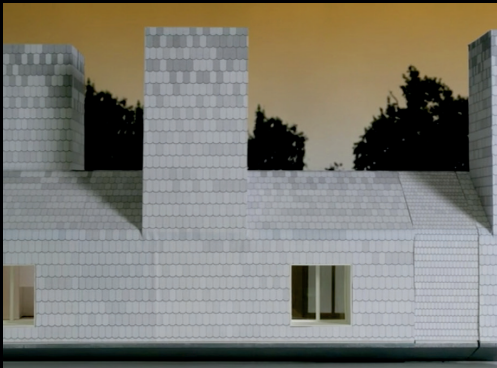
FURIOUSLY IN THE MARGINS OF THE NEWSPAPER.

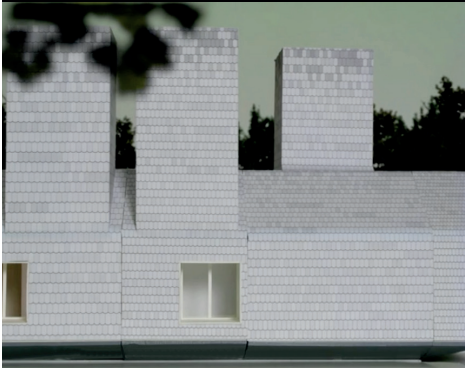


THEY WERE ODDLY-SHAPED LUMPS, BOTH SEDUCTIVE AND UGLY.



FRANK HAD PRODUCED SOME OF THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY ODD THINGS EVER SEEN BY MANKIND, BUT HE HARDLY EVER LEFT THE OFFICE.

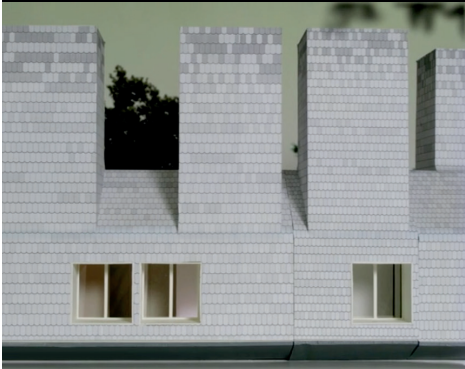




PRACTICE CALLED BOUDOIR.



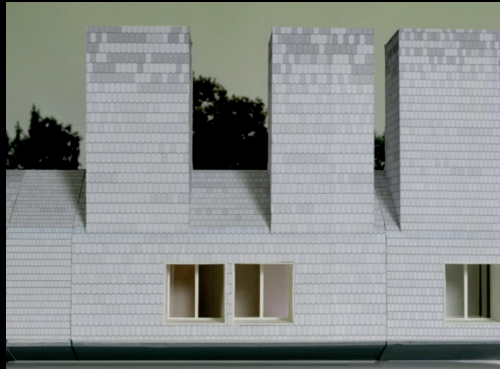
F: WELL, THE GEOMETRY, THE RELATIONSHIP OF PART TO WHOLE, THE COMPOSITION, IT'S TOO GENERIC.



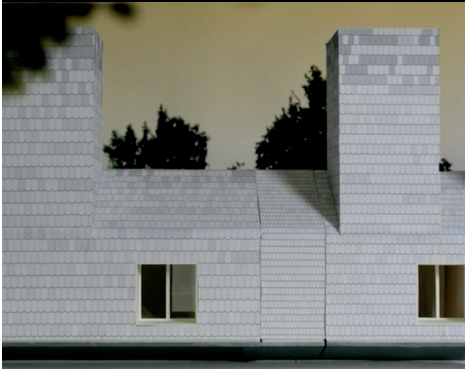
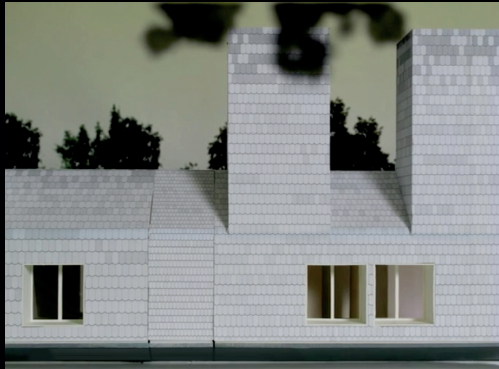
START, THE BATHROOMS ARE ALL WRONG.



F: WHO GIVES A DAMN ABOUT THE PLUMBING? THAT'S WHAT UNIONS ARE FOR. I'M TALKING ABOUT

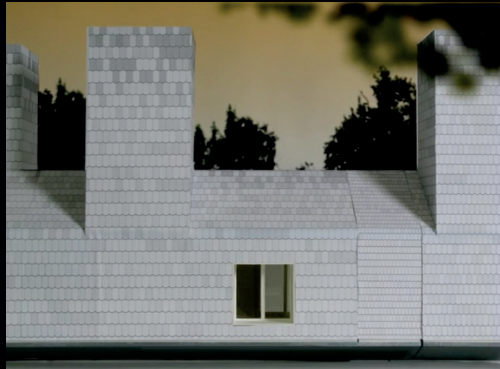
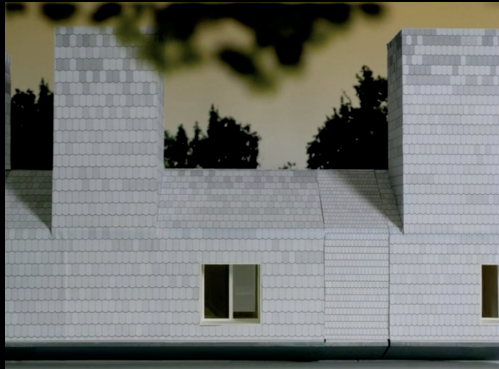


ARCHITECTURE IS THE PRODUCTION OF ENVIRONMENT, NOT SOME NOSTALGIC IDEAS OF FORM. FRANK WASN'T LISTENING, AS USUAL. HE BEGAN SKETCHING



F: THEY'VE GOT TO FLOAT ALICE, THINK OF IT, HOW WONDERFULLY COMPLEX AND DIFFICULT IT COULD BE.

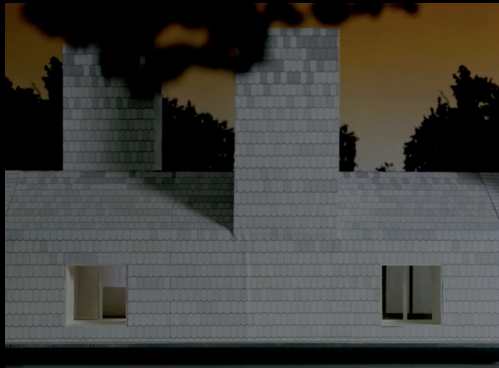
A: FRANK, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS.



HE HAD NO IDEA HOW PEOPLE REALLY LIVED.

ALICE PREFERRED WANDERING AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE CITY.

SHE WAS ALWAYS TRYING TO CONVINCE HIM





THAT THE VERNACULAR WAS INTERESTING.

HER BELIEF WAS IN A RADICAL PRAGMATISM. SHE KNEW THE WORLD WOULDN'T SUSTAIN THAT LEVEL



OF EXCESS.

LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW, AT NOTHING IN PARTICULAR, HE REMEMBERED WHEN THEY MET, AT THE



GLOBAL WARMING CONFERENCE SPONSORED BY THE BANHAM CORPORATION.



UNDER THE FLUORESCENT LIGHTS, SURROUNDED BY BIODEGRADABLE INSULATION PANELS, HE COULD TELL SHE WAS DIFFERENT.



IT WAS FRANK WHO HAD SUGGESTED THAT THEY WORK TOGETHER. HE LOVED HER INSTANTLY.