

This Chair is called Interiors Buildings Cities, and one of the most pressing questions of students and even staff concerns that word, interiors. Our position regarding the study of architecture has, as far as I can remember, always been about situating architecture in its spatial, social, cultural and, by inference, political conditions. We might call these the conditions of architecture's visibility. The 'interior' in the title has tended to be about the interior of our urbanised total environment: in other words, those conditions we occupy and which condition us and our engagements with each other and agents of power. This is something I talked about earlier this year in relation to the idea of the 'intimate city'. But the interior is also a literal condition of being inside. In the city, the public interior often dictates how we are to behave, and how we are to respond, largely in a state of subservience, obedience, bedazzlement, and readiness to consume. This state of affairs, of being captive within a condition of interior, is very serious. But what we rarely talk about is the interior that pertains to the private self. It has been my position to assert that private space exists solely within the parameters of public conditions; that there is always a borrowed or inculcated narrative that accompanies its images, effects and comforts. I want to talk to you about a private interior today, and its design, as a complex of such narratives.

This lecture is an elaborate description of a project within a project. The Red House, a renowned building by Tony Fretton (2001, 2011) was conceived as a kind of palace for its owner. Its interiors, which I designed, were constructed as reflective narratives on the architecture of the building and the nature of privacy and intimacy within its deepest spaces.

It was Caspar Frenken who very kindly and generously suggested that I should talk about these interiors, which I had last talked about in the context of other works. when they were still relatively fresh, in a symposium organised by the Chair of Interiors here in Delft in 2001 before I started teaching here; and then once more in the symposium called 'The Body in Architecture' organised by the Chair of Theory in 2003, shortly after I started.

Today I will talk about the house as a building in the city; I will then talk about its interiors in terms of those narratives built into their architecture, and how I designed the interiors as interpretations and elaborations of those narratives. I will do so by starting at the bottom of the house and moving towards the top. And I will describe those narratives that might be thought of more public towards those that are more private, specifically oriented toward the body, and subjective experience. Along the way, I will talk about the notions of house, salon and palace (which happen to be themes for the Chair in the coming academic year).

The house itself was designed, quite consciously as a palazzo—a palace—for a single, young man to entertain and accommodate his art collection. And, to express his position of the scion of a wealthy family. The man was called Alex Sainsbury. My painter friend Brad Lochore and I knew him through an art organization called Peer, and when Alex told us that he wanted an architect to design a house for him, we said, "talk to Tony Fretton." So he did. After quite a few attempts by Tony and Alex to find a site, one was finally found and secured in Tite Street, in Chelsea. It was occupied by two cottages, which were demolished to make way for a much grander building. Tite Street itself was relatively new, made in 1875 out of the division of the Cadogan Estate. It lay adjacent to the Royal Hospital, designed by Sir Christopher Wren. The street ran down to the Thames and ended with a view across the river to Battersea Park, and a stupa that built by Buddhist monks as a gift of peace to the city in 1985.

The site was at a bend in the road, and very close to the Thames. It had view of the River and the stupa; of Dilke Street and the Chelsea Physick Garden; and at the back, the gardens of the Royal Hospital. This is a view of the model, looking up Tite Street from the Thames (made by Richard Armiger, now based in Rotterdam). It shows that the house sits within a context of mansion blocks. From the time of its making, Tite Street was the preferred residence of a generation of professionals and writers—such as Oscar Wilde—and painters—such as John Singer Sargent—for whom special apartment blocks were built, including those featuring double-height studios, frequently stacked up on top of each other, mostly executed in red brick and terracotta.

The interiors of many of these buildings were utterly novel, with elegant and spacious studios, accommodating the most outrageous or 'Bohemian' aesthetes of the time, as well as some professionals. (Among them, Lord (Leslie) Hayden Guest (1877-1960), great grandfather of Christopher Guest, otherwise known as Nigel Tufnel of the fictional British band Spinal Tap). These mansion blocks might be imagined as palazzi, with studios as their salone, and one, next to the site chosen for the new house, was designed by the Arts & Crafts architect EW Godwin in an Orient-inflected style with his friend the painter James MacNiel Whistler. It was called the White House (1878). (Whistler lived in it for one year only, as his finances were depleted by the Ruskin libel case. The house was altered as shown almost immediately thereafter). The White House was designed as a studio and a place for entertainment, simultaneously modest and grand, a hypertrophied cottage with highly aestheticised embellishments.

When Alex Sainsbury acquired the adjacent site in 1997, Godwin's palace had been already (and rather recently) demolished, to be replaced by a Neo-Palladian block designed by mass-builder Barrett Homes that Margaret Thatcher was interested in buying. So, back-to-back acts of cultural vandalism. Thatcher did not buy it, in the end, much to the relief of the entire street.

In Tony Fretton's design, the new building would re-propose some of the features of those fin-de-siècle structures; it too would offer itself as a kind of palace, with imagery that was both familiar (its compositional order) and severe (its external form and its expression). The villas of Adolf Loos, both in their external forms and in their internal organization, would serve as a kind of inspiration. Of course, the Loos raumplan offered a continuously unfolding experience divorced from the straightforward distribution of floors; it accommodated life and its expression, and one of consequences of this was the fusion of informality and its opposite: a kind of theatricality. The appearances of Loos's villas—this for the Dadaist writer Tristan Tsara in Paris—seemed directly tied to the incidents of their internal arrangements, apparently haphazard, and a confrontation with a pre-ordained formal order. Loos's *raumplan* could accommodate a puzzle of interlocking volumes, and this notion was also at play in the organisation of the Red House, which proposed a series of 'houses' on each floor, and even between floors which would be resolved within an approximately cubic volume presented to the street. Their elevations seemed to be regular but were in fact pulled this way and that, reflecting tensions caused by the arrangements of the interior.

The house had a studied relationship to the context of Tite Street and its particular position at the bend in the road that opened to the Thames. Here, the view from the Embankment on the Thames to the house, courtesy of Google street view, and in a view up Tite Street made by Peter Cook, showing the dominant central bay of the

house joining that of its neighbour, and a closer view made by H el ene Binet that shows the house as something more substantial than a house: a palace among the other discrete forms along Tite Street, One should note the composition of bay window sitting on top of a one-storey screen separated from the body of the house. A view from the upper part of Tite Street shows how the building's identity as a volume rather than just a fa ade along the street resolves relations with its local neighbours. The composition of screen and bay window forms is scaled to the experience of passersby.

The bay accommodates a huge window set above the street, and from the street it is possible to look into an enormous room. For the architect, the house would 'join' the buildings of Tite Street through its proportions. As it was adjacent to a right-of way to the gardens of the block adjacent to Wren's hospital, It would also be a building that was seen in the round. It would 'join' the buildings of the street through its colour. And, through an imaginative leap that would bind it to both the arts & crafts buildings in the street and a larger architectural heritage, namely the work of Adolf Loos, it would be red, and made of honed Antico Rosso marble. I think that decision surprised everyone and underlined the building's status as a Palace. It was not a villa, not a block; there was nothing like it.

It was indeed to be a palace, and like so many palaces, it would contain a multitude of organisations, in this case several 'houses' or apartments in its 'body'. There were precisely three kinds of 'houses' and an 'apartment' in between them, in a kind of puzzle of distinct yet interlocked entities, in this case, as elements of one house and the experiences of one occupant. Briefly, there would be a courtyard house, bound to the ground, horizontal, and avowedly Modernist; a palatial middle house dominated by a monumental salon; and an upper house of pavilions set upon the roof, a noble private landscape with distant views.

It is with this organisation in place that I was asked if I would be interested to join the project in order to consider its interiors; and add a 'voice' to the project that was distinct from the architect's, one that was, according to the client, expected to be at odds with it, even explicitly critical. It was, in that sense, both a welcome and a strange commission, whose effects would unfold in the interior. At the time, I had a practice that could be described as placed at a distance from architecture, or adjacent to it, one that considered architecture and its environments as products of culture that demanded inquiry and interpretation, like all cultural products. This 'situation' of architecture within culture and the idea that acts of architecture are situated within culture, ideas and politics was something that Tony and I had talked about at length from the time we met. My own distance was caused by my departure from architecture into the visual arts in 1988, and its own discourse of situated and critical practice. Here I am looking all critical in 2001.

My art practice was founded upon the idea of recovering those operative fictions that reside within the world of appearances, a practice that suggested that all things as they appeared were inconclusive representations of ideas, which if fully grasped, could be fertile sites for the creation of new realities, and new freedoms. This attitude extended itself into domains made by architecture, and to works such as this, La scala, that extended or interpreted the fictions residing in architecture's forms, arrangements and appearances. These fictions were also played out in spaces for art—in the conditions for art's visibility—and so, the examination of fictions and the production of fictions that revealed, undermined and extended them were very much part of my

work. I understood everything as constructions related to ideas. Here, one such construction, a museum in the process of becoming itself, one that expressed the *idea* of the Museum. Its use as a photograph situated in a gallery showed that gallery to be another iteration in the litany of iterations of that idea which legitimated the gallery itself. And this view of Architecture, its environments and its territories, was what I brought to the relationship between Tony, the client, and the house.

I should note here that Alex had asked me, in his idea of the commission, to “destroy” the architecture, and to propose interiors that I would not want to be associated with after their completion, partly to suggest that as the client, he was the author. This, I thought, was quite a provocation. But it also gave me license to be free from my own authorship, which Tony cautiously and most generously agreed to. I took it to be license, consistent with my approach to art and its commissions, to interpret the fictions that resided both consciously and unconsciously within the project and elaborate upon them. I should add that I had also been at that moment a design coordinator on two projects by Philippe Starck in London, and his prodigious irreverence offered a further provocation, particularly in his address of the private. The private, and realms of the body, became rather important outlets for ‘destruction’ (as Alex would have it) within my designs for the interior.

A palace is a fictional construct: provisional, artificial, often consisting of an accumulation of cells whose uses or functions are indeterminate, always open to change, projection and interpretation. The palace, a shifting arrangement of cells, is a scaffold for representations. Here, in the series of photographs made by Yaushiro Ishimoto commissioned by Kenzo Tange, it is a scaffold for the fiction that bound traditional Japanese architecture to Modernism, thus rendering Modernism essentially Japanese. But that is another story.

The story, or the narratives that accumulate in the Red House, begin on the ground floor. From the street, one passes through the stone screen on the street into a little illuminated courtyard, and then into a stair hall, double-, nay, triple-height, and across a stone floor whose pattern gently guides one to a view through a glass door towards a garden. One’s eye might also follow a mirrored ribbon upwards. But one moves through this episode towards a lush garden, which dominates all spaces gathered around it, particularly a sitting room and a dining room. As one enters the room, one looks diagonally out, in, out. This is a typical modernist pattern. The rooms at the right hand side of the plan is dedicated to service and staff, and hence not part of one’s perception of the space. But the diagonal view, through spaces suspended in an artificial nature, suggested a model.

That model was the main interior space of Mies and Reich’s Haus Tugendhat, its point of entry, the unfolding of space through movement rather than design; its immateriality and its luxurious materiality—of onyx, exotic veneers, polished or chrome-plated steel, glass, velvet, and plants. And so the space in the Red House unfolded as one walked around the garden and first saw and then found the dining room which proposed itself as a glass pavilion set amongst lush planting in which columns, mullions and trees were nearly indistinguishable and over which a ceiling was proposed to be a cloth spread over a clearing amongst the verdure, recalling a tent, and a primordial or elementary Architecture, ...

one that was significant, or accommodated significance. Here, Le Corbusier’s speculations on a ‘primitive temple’, from ‘Vers une architecture’ (1927), which suggests an enclosure, and a tent for the sanctuary. Here, Karl Friedrich Schinkel’s

tented room at Schloß Charlottenhof (1826): this is a constructed fantasy. Tony had always said that Modernism in the arts was very accommodating; that it was able to accept classicism, among other influences, and that it was important to carry on the project of Modernism as an open one, which used differing appearances towards the aim of liberating people. He would not have used such direct quotations as this; rather, he would have incorporated the influence of other images, things and experiences less consciously, more naturally.

I was however interested in the presence of these influences, and the prospect of making them, and their fictions, visible. As in the case of this work, in which the gallery, a 'white cube', was drawn over to resemble a life-size drawing of itself and its embedded narrative of disembodied abstraction, or 'white cube-ness'. At the same time, I was making drawings of ideas: among them, drawings of cloth surfaces, possible canvases. And so for the ceiling of the dining room as glass pavilion, the ceiling was returned to its suggested origin as a cloth suspended over a clearing in nature. And this cloth was a linen surface with a drawing of a woven cloth drawn onto it, *in situ*. The ceiling was a picture of this idea, and, if you will, a picture of itself. It gave the room a faint aura of artificiality. Under the ceiling, which one might only slightly notice, the setting of the dining room grew more lush every year and it became a place for all sorts of work in the light and within a fiction of nature. This was an effect that was reiterated at the top of the house, which I will begin to move to now. To the left, a plinth I designed for a small sculpture by Alighiero Boetti which proposed itself as a companion piece to the room as pavilion. I designed a lot of pieces of furniture and equipment for the house over the years, a few of which may appear among the other interiors.

One left the ground floor 'courtyard house', returning to the space from which one entered the house. The view to the garden one was first attracted to is mirrored by a view to the front door and the light coming from its own little courtyard. One follows a ribbon of mirror-polished stainless steel upward to another window, and then at the landing, through to another, vast room which seems to occupy, in this section, the majority of the volume of the house. This is the Salon which Tony Fretton imagined would offer pleasures to passersby in the street, like palazzi in Venice, whose painted ceilings were visible from below. The Salon is six metres high. The ceiling, though not painted, was still important to me. The Salon occupies most of the plan of the first floor, which is imagined and treated as a piano nobile, the noble or special floor. The rest of the plan accommodates the void of the stair hall, a little room called the Petit Salon (really), and a tiny bar, which we will get a glimpse of later. A balcony looking onto the back garden contains a stair leading down to the garden, while in the Salon, a little stair in the corner leads down to the dining room pavilion. At the front the room's windows open to the street. At the back, the windows look onto the garden and the gardens of the Royal Hospital beyond them. The doors to the stair hall and the Petit Salon are both, in comparison to the great openings to the street and the garden, tiny, with stone frames, and a door set within another, smaller frame. The Salon's volume seems to expand into a dark and ambiguous space above. Tony Fretton's early sketch shows the Salon as a room containing a few precious objects, and life provided by, billowing curtains, and the project architect in various states of repose. Here, a view to the garden side of the Salon, with large windows/doors to a balcony; the little stair to the dining room below tucked in under the window on the left, and a smattering of Sigmar Polke paintings (the Richters, Boettis, and Paolinis are out of view).

The volume of the Salon was its truly distinguishing characteristic, and defined, as it were, by the ceiling. I wanted to make the Salon's volume uncertain, ambiguous, and even higher than it was. Rather than suggesting some space through illusionistic painting, I wanted to operate directly on the volume of the room to render this ambiguity, and the ceiling was the 'surface' that could be operated on. Rather than it being a feature of the Salon, I wanted the ceiling to be perceived so that it might catch the attention of one's peripheral vision, oscillating, as it were, in and out of one's consciousness. The ceiling was cut, and punctured, in the manner of a Lucio Fontana painting the surface pulled out and pushed in around the cuts, allowing for the concealment of wall-washing lights for the paintings rendering the source of that lighting invisible, and the solid surface of the ceiling more like some rippling fabric, whose movement caused the volume of the room to be perceived more ambiguously. This effect was enhanced by the work of a specialist painter, Richard Clarke, who worked over every surface to enhance their implied effects.

One of the room's windows was in fact an opening to another space, for thinking, out of the boundary of the Salon and pressed into the realm of the street, perched over the screen wall which became a place to contemplate the Buddha across the river, or write, at another of my pieces of furniture or attend to the daily movement of one's business, outside the body of the house and in the space of the street.

Leaving the Salon, one steps back into the stair hall, another ribbon of steel in hand (the dimensions of which were based on those of Mies's design for the Haus Tugendhat) towards a narrow staircase fit between the stair hall and the salon, of Portuguese limestone, lined with horsehair panels. The stair goes to the very top of the house and is intentionally compressed, almost claustrophobic, its volume narrowing as one rises to the light. The stair is a space made to surround the body, and relief comes at the top of the stair and a landing in the middle which leads to this room, a study and library in the form of a long apartment, one that might find in Zürich, or New York.

The 'apartment' is hidden from the experience of the house, tucked behind the wall of the Salon, and parked above the Petit Salon (which we will see later). The room was long and dark, and here again, the darkness accommodates a particular kind of use, namely reading, rendered in exotic veneers, whose points of reference were bookcases designed by Mies and Reich and Loos. Here, the bookcases at Haus Tugendhat. The room itself was painted gold, again by Richard Clarke, both to reflect light and gather darkness. This was to be an intensely private realm, whose design was returned to again in 2011 to make into an apartment for visiting artists. Alex established Raven Row, a space for art discourse, around 2005 or so; it was designed by 6a architects. As you can see, the gold paint confuses the effects of light. The fireplace for reading is extremely simple. Its detail is in the bush hammered surface of the hearth-stone and the Rietveld-esque construction of the fireplace-grate. I will return to this room again towards the end of the talk.

Leaving the 'apartment' one entered the horsehair-lined staircase again and climbed toward the light, holding on to the narrow mirrored handrail as one went. It was quite a climb. One arrived in a bright labyrinth. The floor was stone, but hammered to resemble wall-to-wall carpeting. One found oneself wandering and looking through glass walls around gardens, and occasionally, looking at oneself, caught in the reflections of glass and mirror-polished stainless steel. One arrived at the top of the house and at the same time, the roof of the house. A house the size of the palace has a

roof that is as large as a landscape. Here, it is a landscape populated by glass pavilions, or, open stone pavilions with glass. The floor has a guest bedroom and bathroom, a little office, a greenhouse filled with tropical plants, a master bedroom, dressing room and bathroom and a garden. It contains some of the most private spaces of the house, and was the most vulnerable part of the house. When the client got married and started a family, this floor was substantially altered, for better and worse. At first, the interior's space was very ambiguous. One's sense of interior and exterior was constantly confused by glass walls to the exterior or to another interior that resembled an exterior. The presence of Michelangelo Pistoletto mirror paintings did not help one's understanding to improve.

When the floor was rearranged, the roof garden remained, but became more like a lush garden, replacing the effects that were lost by converting the greenhouse into a larger dressing room. Here, on the roof, one is protected from the street by a screen wall, but one can see the city around. To the right, one of the 'pavilions' which I interpreted as one of a collection of temples, this one dedicated to ablutions. I thought that these might occur with a pronounced aura of nakedness. The structure is open to the garden, the surfaces of Thassos marble, glass mosaic, acid-etched mirror, acid-etched acrylic, mirror, mirror-polished stainless steel, and acrylic created an immaterial realm, exaggerating the temple-like quality of the architectural proposition. The interior was brilliantly illuminated, the Thassos marble invoking its origins and its landscape of myth. And water was a part of this, as transparent as the acrylic basins.

The master bathroom was connected to the bedroom, which looked onto the gardens behind the Chelsea Hospital and well beyond to Central London. Inside, the bedroom (here, in 2011) was situated amidst the pavilions, looking here toward the roof garden and the bathroom. For the conscious eye, the play of glass and mirrored surfaces persisted. The bedroom had been proposed as a recollection of architecture that Alex professed to 'know all about' and hate.

Namely, the modernism of the house he was raised in, Hill House, designed by Sir Denys Lasdun, a Palladian exercise in beautifully cast concrete. It was only natural then, that the ceiling of the bedroom was designed to evoke that architecture. In the plaster ceiling, an opening was cut to reveal a concrete vault. This concrete depth lay directly above where Alex slept. It evoked at once Lasdun, the ceiling of a parking garage, and a tomb, playing upon memory, prejudice, the stripping away of luxury, and the inevitable prospect of death. The unease of the bedroom was connected to the recumbent contemplation of this mute yet material void, suggestive of the past, other presents and unwelcome futures. In my work, this was germane to the territory of painting itself, whether dark or proposed as reflections of the world and the self.

When the project was revisited and completed again in 2011, the greenhouse became a dressing room, the office became a baby's room, the guest room a children's room, and the openness of the plan was necessarily replaced with environments that were more enclosed, intimate. The rooftop garden, originally home to a hot-tub—a Hefneresque touch if there ever was one—was replaced by a real garden, very effete, here before the planting, with an island of basalt, and little basalt stepping stones, and a mountain.

Inside, the glass was replaced by solid partitions and De Gournay wallpaper, depicting wistful wisteria. The stone wall-to-wall carpeting was replaced with walnut boards, and a cosy numbness took hold, disturbed only by the original mirror-polished stainless-steel dumbwaiter and 'service station', which, when opened, looked like the

interior of an airplane cabinet. The greenhouse became a cabinet of a grander kind, double height (impossible to photograph), made of padded chinoiserie-painted panels and walnut and bronze and antique velvet. Being inside was a bit like being inside a gentlemen's club, or one's grandfather's suit.

The bedroom maintained its aura, and its view, but was now connected to the dressing room from which it could be closed off by sliding walnut partitions, all very much playing upon the Japonism that was invading the rooftop floor's decorative order. The bedside table, another of a litany of furniture designs, has antler-tip handles. Back in the bedroom, the way to the bathroom is suggested by soft curtains; the age of nakedness being replaced by the age of middle-aged modesty.

The route to the bathroom was still next to the garden, which was now suggested to have entered the interior. Painted De Gournay magnolia blossoms and birds of paradise to one side; and beyond, the realm of ablutions, now sensual, and bodily, and weird. The floor is now of honed Brazilian marble the curtains of linen, the transparent basin caught in the new play of light and shadow, of leaves and water. This table for the bath imitating water and some kind of reflective-bodied animate thing. The effects of the room in this new guise were intended to fuse the natural and the artificial and place the body in the midst of the tension between the two. The windows still opened, and now it was much easier to imagine yourself to have a bath outdoors, in a way far less vulgar suggested by the hot-tub.

And this space, for considerations of the face, and adornment of the body, perhaps represented that best. Alex's wife Elinor sat on an antique velvet upholstered chair designed by Charlotte Perriand for Le Corbusier, with a garden beside her (in painted wallpaper) and behind her, in the reflection of the rooftop garden. Clusters of lightbulbs gently illuminated her face. This was a way of being intensely private while being in the world, or at least a highly artificial version of paradise.

And one looked down from the roof onto the paradise of the ground floor. Again, this was a profoundly interior and private and artificial realm, as natural as its foliage was. This privacy and its artificiality, that took place off the edges of what the house stated it was, its peripheries, its corners, were ultimately central to my work at the Red House, and predictably, the most difficult to capture in pictures. They are tied to experience, that of one person, in often very confined circumstances.

In the Salon, as one passes the Boetti, the Richter, the Genzken and then the Polke on the way to the garden, one stumbles upon the door to the Petit Salon, a tiny room painted silver, which like the gold paint of the apartment both reflects and swallows light. There is too much furniture, much of it by my own design, and a hidden door in the corner, which leads to a bar, impossible to photograph, impossibly narrow, of opalescent mirror-finish lacquer, a speckled granite floor (outrageous), backlit glass (pale pink), bronze mirror, and mirror-polished stainless steel. The stereo system is also controlled from here. It is decadent, meant to be appreciated when very drunk.

There was a note of decadence that ran through the consideration of these unseen corners of the house, which was indebted to Joris-Karl Huysmans's *Against Nature* or 'À Rebours' (1910), and the interior decoration of its protagonist, the cruel Des Esseintes, who indulges his obsession with decay and death in the décor of his house. Here, a tortoise is heavily adorned with gems, so that the protagonist might consider

the reflections of candlelight as the beast struggles across the floor. The tortoise eventually dies.

In the hidden 'apartment' in the middle of the body of the house, the gathering golden gloom gets gloomiest in two corners at both ends of the room-length bookcase. These are spaces in which darkness conceals the body: at one end, a loo as walnut cabin with mirror acid-etched mirror and acid-etched glass, a corian basin and globs of cast glass hung over recessed wall-lamps and at the other end, a shower of glass, and acid-etched glass, and acid-etched mirror, and perforated mirror-polished stainless steel and glass mosaic tile, all lined like a private cabin in a night train, and intense and all so close to the body, and claustrophobic.

And this call to the body, and touch, accompanied even the public parts of the house, from the front door to the house's depths: here in door knobs of various sizes designed to evoke balloons, both fully inflated and partly deflated and distorted. In the house, these were cast in solid steel. They were later extended as a series and made by Izé in London as a collection called 'the Chelsea Set'.

These collisions of the public and the extremely private or personal; the collision of the realm of public bodies and the realms of the solitary private body happened even in the most public parts of the house. This is something that happened in medieval halls, where just next to the room someone would empty themselves. In the stair hall at the Red House, there were three such spaces immediate to the room: the garage, whose tiled walls and reflective plastic ceiling received the pale green light of sagging sconces, rendering it a sad disco for Alex arriving in his Maserati, or the little loo of shiny things cocooned in wallpaper made from a photograph of a Mac Classic 'city sky at night' screensaver (c 1994) where one could read back issues of Artforum while contemplating some early Cindy Sherman photographs and the reflection of one's legs or another little loo in which one was on all sides surrounded by, sat in, a photograph of a bog. 'Bog' is a slang word in English for toilet.

The interiors of the Red House were designed as extensions of, critique of, dreams of, nightmares of both the architecture (and hence the architect) and the client. Alex's invitation to make a work whose authorship I might reject yielded a set of interiors whose forms and surfaces and effects attempted to elicit a range of orders of perception. These pertained to the architecture of each part or episode of the house and its embedded allusions and fictions; to the perceptions of the eye and body; to histories, proclivities and anxieties of the client; to narratives and territories that lay beyond the known: to subtexts, to bodies, to one's own body in architecture and in the confines of one's corporeal reality; to one's vulnerability, the comforts and things and effects around oneself; and despite them and their accumulation, to the inevitability of death.

© Mark Pimlott