Myths of the near future: a Flaneuric remapping of the post modern city

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MYTHS OF THE NEAR FUTURE: A FLÂNEURIC REMAPPING OF THE POST MODERN CITY
“Si re, je suis de l’autre pays.”
-Ivan Chthcheglov, *Formulary for a New Urbanism*
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Introduc tion

AT THE HEELS of heroic Modernist planning, fully institutionalized by the start of the Second World War, an investigation on the desires of Urban Subject emerges as a critical response to architects’ moralistic fixation on composition, function, and programmatic separation. Walter Benjamin’s exploration of the subject takes the form of an analysis of the nineteenth-century Parisian flâneur, as celebrated by poet-essayist Charles Baudelaire. Passagenwerk discusses architecture’s potency in both supporting social rituals and crafting a Subject itself. “Paris,” specifically the arcade, “created the Type of the flâneur.” (BEN, 416). Continuing in this vein of research, the Situationists develop a framework describing processes of urban alienation and the potential for escape through dérиве, a voluntary invocation of the flâneur-subject to fragment and reconfigure the geography of the city through the creation of experiential narratives.

Today, Paris can no longer function as a stand-in for the City as an idea. In addition to transforming the physical urban landscape, the driver has replaced the pedestrian as prevailing participant in urban planning. Just as the passage created the subject and engendered the dérиве, the automobile has shaped the manner in which we understand and experience space.
The elevated highway is the locus for this contemporary derive. Inherently divorced from the activities of the streetscape, itself a relic of the past, the highway is the architectural armature which supports rituals of movement across the City. *Myths of the Near Future* proposes to remap the postmodern City, a palimpsestic system of speeds and spaces of movement, according to the desires of this “New Urban Subject,” a driving, mechanized flâneur who utilizes the automobile as a mediator with which to experience space. As a methodology, the analysis, spatialization, and close misreading of a textual narrative, here a work of critical science fiction, will provide programming for an urban sequence that targets the highway as a site of potentiality. An investigation through dual modes of architectural representation, both isometric projection and filmic animations, will provide a means by which these narratival, architectural scenarios may be tested.
Through questioning the role of architecture in crafting urban sequences, I will analyze historical apparitions of the Flâneur and its current manifestation as New Urban Subject, specifically examining how built form acts as a frame for its social function. Utilizing Benjamin’s Passagenwerk as well as J.G. Ballard’s science fiction as springboards, the project will argue that architecture has not only the ability to support social function but influence the behavior of individuals.

The passage of nineteenth-century Paris is built upon ritualistic exchange and transaction. (Crickenberger, Arcades). As a device, the vitrines are grouped linearly to capitalize on the unifying characteristic of the urban inhabitant: the moving, surveying eye. The flâneur is able to transcend and subvert the processes of the consumer by utilizing the space for his own pleasure. Rather than engaging with the commodities displayed, the flaneuric subject wanders from storefront to storefront with no intention of buying, projecting his own personal narratives on passerby. In this way, the flâneur quite consciously misuses the space. A similar misuse is able to occur on the highway, though a radical distinction is able to occur on the highway, though a radical distinction is made in the speeds at which the automotive subjects move.

Long Island City, Queens is a site of potential for the activities of this driving flâneuric subject. By reframing the district as a network of contingent spaces and infrastructures designed to facilitate ease of movement and rapid transit, LIC ceases to behave as the traditional city, but as a machine that supports the functions of Manhattan. Due to its history, Long Island City failed to develop a unique identity that differentiates itself from New York City the way Brooklyn did. It does not embody the radical dislocation between
Through analyzing, spatializing, and misreading a rich, short text by British New Wave novelist J.G. Ballard, I will map out the spatial realities of Crash, an urban sequence that is not an infrastructure of efficiency, but rather a stage on which the desires of the New Flâneur are played-out. Chapter 21 describes a hallucinogenic passage from a sanitized airport lounge through an amplified landscape of a highway concluding in a derelict wrecking yard. These scenarios for urban experiences will take the form of fantastical architectural representations including isometric drawings, collaged perspectives, and diagrams that propose radical re-mappings and exaggerations of extant urban conditions.

Embodying of the narrative’s content through form versus specializing the narrative through immersive film.

Something about film and architecture?

Ballardian Inner Space is very akin to the projected narratives of the flâneur and the reconfigured urban fragments derived from the Situationist dérive. It relies on an active participant of urban space deliberately acting to reconceive of the city by the act of moving through it.

Testing these “Myths of the Near Future” in opposition with and needs of the City, these architectural fantasies may find a productive tension between the Real (questions of necessity, efficiency, and program) with the Virtual (the inner-space of the Flâneur—a subject misusing generic spaces for its own pleasure). As a method, the insertion of these Urban Fantasies into the extant city will problematize the Project for “flâneuric space” in the City.
1 Claim
Myths of the Near Future proposes to remap the postmodern City, a palimpsestic system of speeds and spaces of movement, according to the desires of this "New Urban Subject," a driving, mechanized flâneur who utilizes the automobile as a mediator with which to experience space. As a methodology, the analysis, spatialization, and close misreading of a textual narrative, here a work of critical science fiction, will provide programming for an urban sequence that targets the highway as a site of potentiality.
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first covered arcade
Baudelaire active
Passages couverts de Paris
the city interface: vitrine objects subject
"private" semi-public

1880 1890 1900 1910 1920 1930 1940 1950

WWI WWII
Benjamin's death

"Passagenwerk"

"object"

"subject"

"interface"
private

semi-public

the city

sign
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An Architectural Provocation I

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Figure 8: Long Island City, Site, Perceived as System for Movement
Columbus Circle uptown 1 train - m4m - 28 (Columbus Circle)
Late Saturday night. You were wearing a camo jacket, backpack and backwards Nike hat. They were power washing the stairs as we were waiting for the train, and I don’t think you even notice that the mist was hitting you. There was a violinist that I got closer to, and the same car and I got off at 72nd St but you stayed on.

If any of this rings a bell, and I wasn’t just imagining the looks of mutual interest, let me know.

Catching eyes on the 1 - m4m - 26 (Midtown West)
I was studying. You were distracting. Let me know if you see this. We know what store you got off and what you were wearing. Don’t normally do this but what the hell!

Saturday downtown 1 train - m4m - 34 (On train)
Hey, met a handsome guy on 1 train from Moscow. He showed me a message and I was doing something on the train. Tell me what it was I was doing? Hope you want some fun would love to talk and satisfy you completely, you were so hot looking wearing grey pants and an orange shirt. Get a hold of me for a lot of fun and release.

R Train to 86th Street - m4m (Bay Ridge Brooklyn)
You’re a desislander man, extremely good looking. You across from me. You were wearing jeans, fitted shirt, backpack. You and I made eye contact a few times,
I met you on the G train at 4am on a Sat - your name is felix!

I wish I could say something to you. Today you didn’t have... really cute. I wish I could see you smile... You’re a des i / indian man, extremely good looking. You entered the train on Prospect Avenue and sat across from me. We made eye contact numerous times around 7pm on 10/14. You got off with your tan book bag in the same car and I got off at 72nd St but you stayed on. We caught eyes numerous times as we waited for the train, and I didn’t think you even notice that the mist was hitting you. Today you were wearing a camo jacket, backpack and backwards Nike hat. They were with three girls. You were very cute and I hope you use this and write back.

You were heading from 8 Ave on the L train wearing black jacket and red shirt carrying large bag. And you talked about jennifer lawrence (her Oscar junket! the literary merits of the hunger games / fantasy genre we wrote large!) and then debated the merits of going out in Williamsburg (we both seemed to have had fun and released. It was unclear!) but even if you aren’t I can always use a new friend who will go see movie at Lincoln Center and you worked at a photo agency and went to the university of glasgow and maybe you were gay or not. We made appearances but I was at a screening across the street and upstairs! Your name was felix (I think!) and we stood near each other and always faced each other, stealing glances. When the train got packed, we sat together again, but I wanted to post while it’s fresh on our minds. You were tall and bearded, nice body. We talked too much of being interested, let me know.

I wish I could say something to you. Today you didn’t have... really cute. I wish I could see you smile... You’re a des i / indian man, extremely good looking. You entered the train on Prospect Avenue and sat across from me. We made eye contact numerous times around 7pm on 10/14. You got off with your tan book bag in the same car and I got off at 72nd St but you stayed on. We caught eyes numerous times as we waited for the train, and I didn’t think you even notice that the mist was hitting you. Today you were wearing a camo jacket, backpack and backwards Nike hat. They were with three girls. You were very cute and I hope you use this and write back.

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Figure 10: Long Island City, Fragmented: An Architectural Provocation I
“In a sense life in the high-rise had begun to resemble the world outside - there were the same ruthlessness and aggression concealed within a set of polite conventions.”
In a sense life in the high-rise had begun to resemble the world outside - there were the same ruthlessness and aggression concealed within a set of polite conventions.
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hanging from her arm, begging her not to leave me as my body shrank to a naked membrane.

With Vaughan, by contrast, I felt at ease, confident of his affection for me, as if he were deliberately guiding me along this expressway which he had created for me alone. The other cars passing us were present through an enormous act of courtesy on his part. At the same time, I was sure that everything around me, the growing extension of the LSD through my body, was part of some ironic intention of Vaughan’s, as if the excitement suffusing my mind hovered between hostility and affection, emotions which had become interchangeable.

We joined the fast westward sweep of the outer circular motorway. I moved the car into the slow lane as we turned around the central drum of the interchange, accelerating when we gained the open deck of the motorway, traffic speeding past us. Everywhere the perspectives had changed. The concrete walls of the slip road reared over us like luminous cliffs. The marker lines diving and turning formed a maze of white snakes, writhing as they carried the wheels of the cars crossing their backs, as delighted as dolphins. The overhead route signs loomed above us like generous dive-bombers. I pressed my palms against the rim of the steering wheel, pushing the car unaided through the golden air. Two airport coaches and a truck overtook us, their revolving wheels almost motionless, as if these vehicles were pieces of stage scenery suspended from the sky. Looking around, I had the impression that all the cars on the highway were stationary, the spinning earth racing beneath them to create an illusion of movement. The bones of my forearms formed a solid coupling with the shift of the steering column, and I felt the smallest tremors of the road-wheels magnified a hundred times, so that we traversed

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each grain of gravel or cement like the surface of a small asteroid. The murmur of the transmission system reverberated through my legs and spine, echoing off the plates of my skull as if I myself were lying in the transmission tunnel of the car, my hands taking the torque of the crankshaft, my legs spinning to propel the vehicle forwards.

The daylight above the motorway grew brighter, an intense desert air. The white concrete became a curving bone. Waves of anxiety enveloped the car like pools of heat off summer macadam. Looking down at Vaughan, I tried to master this nervous spasm. The cars overtaking us were now being superheated by the sunlight, and I was sure that their metal bodies were only a fraction of a degree below their melting points, held together by the force of my own vision, and that the slightest shift of my attention to the steering wheel would burst the metal films that held them together and break these blocks of boiling steel across our path. By contrast, the oncoming cars were carrying huge cargoes of cool light, floats loaded with electric flowers being transported to a festival. As their speeds increased I found myself drawn into the fast lane, so that the oncoming vehicles were moving almost straight towards us, enormous carousels of accelerating light. Their radiator grilles formed mysterious emblems, racing alphabets that unravelled at high speed across the road surface.

Exhausted by the effort of concentrating on the traffic and holding the cars around us in their lanes, I took my hands off the wheel and let the car press on. In a long and elegant swerve the Lincoln crossed the fast lane. The tyres roared against the concrete verge, lashing the windshield with a storm of dust. I lay back helplessly, my body exhausted. In front of me I saw Vaughan’s hand on
Figure 18: Triptych: Spatialization of *Crash*, Chapter 21 upon the fabric of Queens, New York.

Figure 18a: Airport and Hotel

Figure 18b: Spectacle and Interchange

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Myths of the Near Future strategically and theatrically remaps the urban landscape of Northern Queens (itself a palimpsestic system of speed and movement) according to the desires of the New Urban Subject. A moving, mechanized flâneur, this subject actively misuses the non-spaces associated with contemporary transit and transportation infrastructure in much the same manner as his or her nineteenth-century incarnation.

Through a series of discreet architectural transformations, the latent potential for flâneuric behavior in Long Island City is revealed. In much the same way Baroque festivals conceptually remapped cities through series of disparate, yet networked interventions, Myths of the Near Future proposes to deploy seven devices, architectural episodes exploring possibilities of theater and ritual within actions of commuting, traveling, moving, and driving. Narrative rather than program, as a generative strategy for design, is employed to inform and proscribe flâneuric ritual embedded within these interventions.

Each of these architectural devices amplify, distort, celebrate and reveal episodically the latent potentials of extant conditions within Queens through the systematic misuse of infrastructural forms. Much like the subjects themselves, the architecture becomes flâneuric in nature, actively roaming the landscape of the city.
Borrowing from the unique history of New York’s Miss Subways beauty pageants, the Scanner acts to exhibit subway riders as objects of affection, enlarging the visages of travelers through dynamic jumbotrons. These forms are affixed to the armature of a triple-decker train trestle for the observation of those driving on the Grand Central Parkway.

Narrative: Historic Miss Subways adverts, spliced with voyeuristic Missed Connection adverts.
II

HOUSE OF GLASS, HOUSE OF BRICK

The form of this intervention parodies the forms of air traffic control towers and the residential urban/suburban fabric closely adjoining La Guardia Airport. The tower proscribes the display of airport activities and the elevation of parking, airport security, and waiting to the status of theater.

Narrative: An excerpt from JG Ballard's *Crash.*
The billboard acts as an erotic advertisement for Long Island City’s growing hotel industry (itself a misuse of urban land use due to a loophole in code ordinance) through the staging and exhibiting of intimate acts of domesticity by actors. The architectural device mimics forms of twenty-degree billboards which proliferate along the Grand Central Parkway and optically enhance the theater within.

Narrative: A craigslist advertisement from a modeling agency.
IV

[TOLL] PLAZA

A strategic graft, this form stages transient events of public gathering, ceremonial procession, and voyeurism in the Queens Midtown Tunnel Toll Plaza by reconfiguring the line of toll booths and its canopy to act as a grandstand. This seating, borrowing from material cues of the booths and rhythms of the urban fabric, facilitates a ritual of procession.

Narrative: A calendar of events for the QMT Plaza Venue, seen stapled to a telephone pole.
This intervention displays as cherished artifacts the parked automobiles left behind by those transferring from their cars to the 7 train. Amplifying the inherent qualities of the site—a multi-layered palimpsest of parking, elevated highways and subway tracks, the form of the parking garage is borrowed from the steel structure of parking lifts and the on-ramps of the Queensboro Bridge.

Narrative: An excerpt from JG Ballard's *Crash*. 
The proposed ferry station on Vernon Avenue, underneath the Queensboro Bridge, stages the boarding and disembarking of passengers from the East River Ferry as a theatrical act. Through collaging elements extant along Long Island City’s waterfront (the inlet, the curtain wall, the gantry crane, the sign), postindustrial forms are elevated to the status of icon.

Narrative: An article from a promotional newsletter, NYWaterway, found as litter on a partially submerged dock.
This intervention, a gash into the East River, reveals the curious history of U Thant Island née Belmont Island née Steinway Tunnel Shaft née Man'o'War Reef. Its form expresses the potential of the islet’s poetic and symbolic potential as artificial island by referencing its past use as bird sanctuary, meditative ground, sovereign nation, and tunnel shaft.

Narrative: An unwritten history, torn from the pages of the yet unwritten Encyclopedia Noveboracensis.