

TYPOLOGY  
OF INTIMACY

# Emotional Catalogue

INTRODUCTION	9
A BOOTH	
FOR ALL TRADES	11
INTIMACY	15
QUESTIONS OF	
TYPOLOGY	20
EMOTIONAL	
CATALOGUE	69
RESEARCH	
REMAINS	159



# INTRODUCTION

## Francisco Moura Veiga

A group exhibition is a fertile ground for experimenting with one's perception of his own work. Particularly in this case, when the exhibition is made up by artists whose only common ground is having been appointed as members of Visarte during 2019. In my specific case, the seldomness is enlarged by the fact that I am not even an artist, I am an architect and an editor. This being said, the core question "what to show?" was quickly decomposed into two: which content? Through which media?

As an architect and editor in the context of artists, I do not dare present an image nor an object: my media are space and publications. As for the content, the time leading up to the original date of the exhibition (some-when during March 2020) was already under the shadow of covid-19's impending arrival. Due to this, notions of safety, proximity and exchange kept circling around the project, closing in on it, eventually making their way to its very core. During this time, topics which usually steer far away from daily conversations

have found their way into the mundane interactions with the ones closest to you. In one of these conversations with my father -a psychologist who dedicated his whole career to the understanding of teaching and the interaction between close people- while I was going on about the effects of the lack of near, trusting interaction, he pointed out that what I was referring to was not proximity nor trust, it was to the kind of awareness which can be found in any intimate exchange.

From this beautifully simple stance, intimacy requires nothing but safety. Or simply: without safety there can be no intimacy. What could safety mean in the context of intimacy? Is it the safety of knowing that what one shares is reaching only the one intended to receive or experience it? As in my confession will be heard by God, as the priest is but a vehicle with no face, only voice. My vote will be counted by a committee, keeping my identity detached from my political choice. My face will be pictured by myself, to be shared with whom I choose, no need for a photographer. Or is it rather based on spatial barriers, guarantees of physical distancing as when my display of sexuality will be based on forced physical distancing which is in itself the promoter of my display in the first place. Or is it the safety of remaining incognito, allowing one to pleasure in the display of someone else? Hygiene, my consumption, political, social, financial statuses, mischief will be kept from the eye of the passerby.

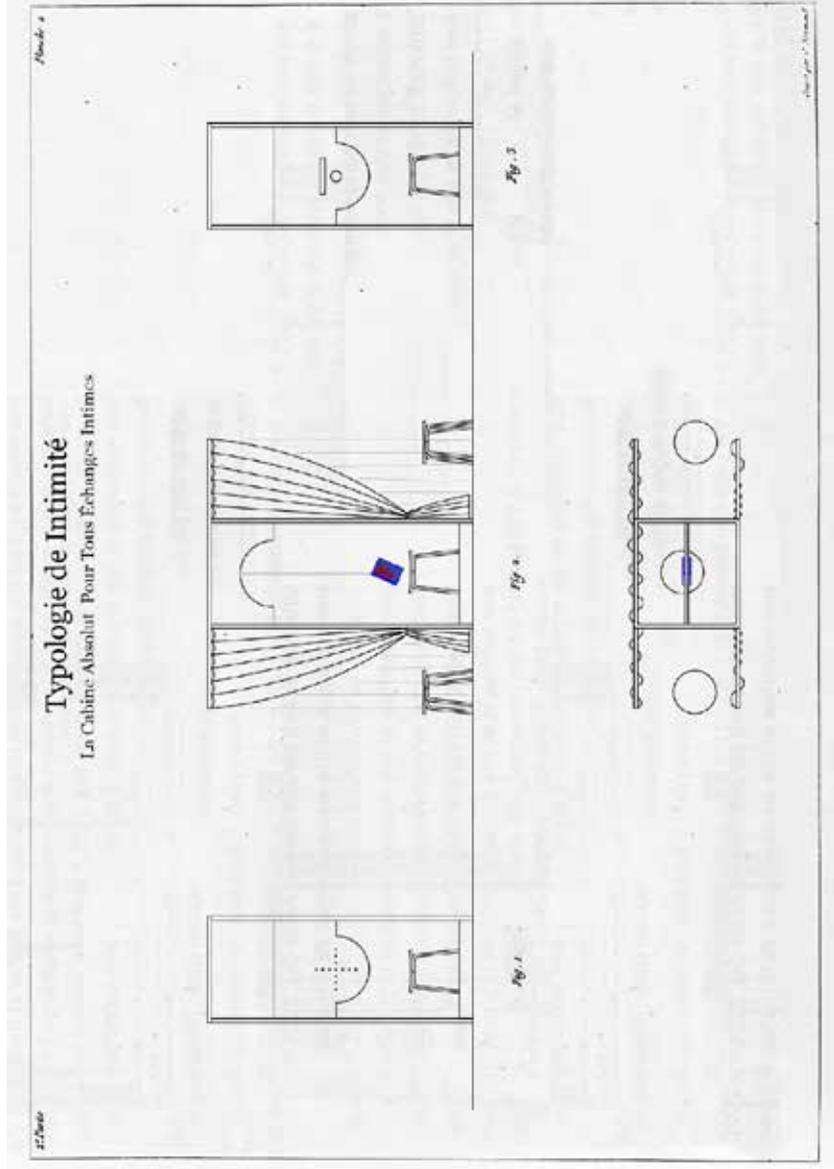
In the outcome of this brief research, the BOOTH emerged as the spatial provider of all these types of safety, it emerged as the

typological embodiment of this intimacy.

And the book you now hold on your hands is, more than the log of this research project, the heart of it as well. It documents the efforts taken in order to properly engage with this long shot at formalizing intimacy, starting with putting forth a comprehensive definition of this notion, beyond the specific angles I referred above. The editor and psychoanalyst Vasco Santos shares with us his truth on this sensitive task. Crucial as well is to define what a booth is, meaning narrowing down its defining characteristics to a solid base, as well as broadening the scope of all which could be interpreted as a booth. The former has been approached through a partial gathering of here recontextualized references (see *Research Remains*) and through a series of interviews (see *Typological Perspectives*) with individuals whose knowledge of and personal relation to the specific typologies places their contributions as deserving of a research project of its own. The latter, the *Emotional Catalogue* per se, has been evocatively achieved through the contributions of a generous group of people, all of which I here wish to thank.

Besides these, no other justification, data or scientific proof which allows the placing of booths as typologies of Intimacy is offered. Nevertheless, I do hope the space you are now in and the content of this small book will challenge you to imagine it as a space of intimacy populated by yourself and the uses, accessoires and partners of each and every booth your mind wanders into.

# J. N. L. Durand's lost Typological board, The Booth for All Trades



# INTIMACY

## Vasco Santos

*This text is an excerpt from a longer, informal discussion on the possible meaning of intimacy with Vasco Santos. As with other projects, where larger notions come to guide the course of the design process (Youth, Property, Public, etc.), Vasco's knowledge and startling perspectives provide me with no straight answers to the original questions but keep on shaking the foundations of my knowledge, cracking new doors and windows towards broader horizons. Intimacy is here defined but in the loosest of ways.*

Francisco Moura Veiga: Dear Vasco, I once again come to you with an unsettled mind. The more I try to find an enticing definition for Intimacy, one that goes beyond the mere physicality of an intimate exchange, the more I feel stuck on barren ground. So tell me, what could Intimacy be?

Vasco Santos: The concept of intimacy is central to modernity. Not that he did not

come operatively from the past, from a previous future, at least since the Middle Ages and from courteous love.

As the concept of identity, it philosophically and subliminally goes through the West. And in both, what do we find in its genesis and definition? The concept of experience. This is the concept that defines the human.

The best book written on this topic is "Gli Amore Difficili" by Italo Calvino. As in "Invisible Cities", where Calvino tries to describe Venice, here he attempts to examine the plural meaning of intimacy: the intimacy of a soldier, a bandit, a traveler, the intimacy of a reader, a married woman, a short-sighted, from a couple. And Calvino shows, brilliantly, that outside the psychologist's speech and the adaptive banal, intimacy is life and knowledge. And runs away cut in half...

It shows how the intimate and the distant touch each other in the word, in a rural nest, in the family, or in the house. Hence the saying of the Ancients: knowledge passes through the body. And ignorance too.

FMV: Since Calvino, the world has been built anew. I do see the richness and the need in approaching intimacy through his Difficult Loves but the Now, the decomposition, multiplication of time must be accompanied by yet another take on intimacy. The notions of proximity, territory, presence have all been upgraded by the digital.

VS: Dearest architect: you cannot define (or speak of) proximity in a simple way. (Ah! and how wonderful Deleuze's text, "What children

say"). There is the map and there is the territory. And not just the parents.

For example: sexuality is fantasy, illusion and communication. It is not just your practice. When you "whatsapp", you can be eroticizing in the sense that Eros (the oldest God) is himself the God of connection (intellectual, affective and physical). Techno-sociability and the mega-machine introduced an extinction (and a culture) that is new...

FMV: So you do accept the possibility of a remote intimacy?

VS: Remote intimacy is possible. The sexting of archaic farming... Or even less. You cannot escape modernity: it is the time of sublimation and of gratification. These are times of a new melancholy. The frustration is unbearable.

And why do we prefer darkness to lights? Desire was replaced by pleasure. Oedipus replaced by Narcissus. Great artists anticipated these times: just think of Kafka or Louise Bourgeois: "L'inspiration vient du retrait en soi ...".

FMV: Do you really think that the shift from anticipation and construction has been replaced by this anti-conceptual need for instant visual fruition? Has intimacy become utterly dependent on "seeing"?

VS: Freud discovered infantile sexuality. In it, seeing is primal as an epistemophilic function. It is a constitutional dimension to our psychic development. That is why Tiresias, blind, is a metaphor inside out about our tragic truth.

Still on this topic, we can revisit Georges Bataille's "History of the Eye" or Luis Bunuel's "Cão Andaluz". Works that throw us into any gutter!

FMV: Bataille! Maybe his postulation of the Erotic as "sacred" could be a catapult for our understanding of intimacy: to place something as sacred is to exclude it from the common, it is a movement of "stowing away" from the normal.

VS: This raises the problem of safety: man is the only animal that loves but he is also the only animal that has contradictions. Or said in a more beautiful and disturbing way by the architect Siza Vieira: "That is why having a home is the universal dream, a house with tubes that connect heaven and earth, with a door and with cabinets, corridor, lobby."

Not only the issue of intimacy is sovereign, but also that of hospitality.

FMV: Here you place the house as the embodiment of the self, as the condition sine qua non for intimacy - being it always a moment of sharing- in the sense that by welcoming someone into your house, your safe place, your centre, you share your intimate sphere. Is it then correct to assume that intimacy cannot exist without hospitality? Or better yet, where does the safety you refer to lie in an intimate moment?

VS: Slightly beyond the subject's historical and anthropological dimension, beyond the social construction and not just the family

(oedipal) complex of its identity / intimacy. Down there, in the diversity of the world, in which we measure cultures, some based on guilt and others on shame... But what you say forces me to raise the classical question: "How do I know if I love or desire someone?" Adam Phillips says that certain people would never know if they had never heard of "knowing". Lacan says: "love is giving something that we got to someone who doesn't exist."

This sagacious formulation on the infinite lack postulates the only answer: That knowing precedes or includes love. Therefore, for Psychoanalysis, love (and the intimate) is, at the end of the stanza, a problem of knowledge. But who knows if it will be the flight of an eagle over the asylums of Apple and Robert Walser?! After all, one would run! A blue moth is what it is...

*Vasco Tavares dos Santos, born in 1959. Psychotherapist and psychoanalyst, carries out clinical and teaching activities. He is Deputy Director of the Portuguese Magazine of Psychoanalysis and an educator at the Institute of Psychoanalysis of Lisbon. Since 1979 he has been working as a publisher. He founded the publishing house Fenda and directed the magazine with the same name, co-directed the magazine Pravda and founded in 2017 the publishing house VS.*

# QUESTIONS OF TYPOLOGY

## CONFESSIONAL BOOTH

Marcella Hackbardt 23

Michael Kenna 31

## PHOTO BOOTH

Annebella Pollen 37

## PEEP-SHOW BOOTH

Monsieur B. 51

## TOILET BOOTH

Roberto Zancan 55

## VOTING BOOTH

Ingo Niermann 61

# CONFESSIONAL BOOTH

What are the specificities of a confessional booth?

## Marcella Hackbardt

This series of photographs documents confessional booths in cathedrals and churches throughout numerous cities in Italy. Using natural light and a straightforward framing, each photograph is a study in the aesthetics and formal design of this particular and rather specific piece of furniture that creates one or two one-person sized “rooms,” often with a kneeling area that is not entirely enclosed on either side of the center room. This central space sometimes has a door, however more often there is a curtain. A decorative portal allows the priest and the penitent to lean in, and achieve a physical proximity otherwise reserved for family and lovers. An interior inside an interior, their inherent intimacy is crafted in unendingly unique styles.

As an artist, my photography is consistently informed by objects and gestures infused with symbolism. The confessional is a site laden with meaning, mystery, and intentionality, such as the hope or promise of forgiveness, and the quest for understanding through the sharing of one’s life stories. Even



In your photographic work on confessionals in Italy, you portray the booth as an object rather than as a room in itself. Is the intimate act of confessing still imbedded in a performative aura by taking place in a structure which only allows for a semi-absence of the person confessing from the threshold space of the church?



with their adornments, which appear lovingly conceived, the scale of the confessional booth is personal, private, like a closet or a wardrobe. Foreboding, somber, and frequently dimly lit, the confessional signals an intimate and intense ritual of re-living and relieving the unsanctioned and the impure. The confessional as site and practice claims a kind of radical dream of the possibility of re-establishing, over and over again, one's inner equilibrium and spiritual community.

I took care not to change the confessional in any way prior to photographing it, so sometimes the doors were closed or the curtain drawn, which may emphasize their objecthood. However, in many cases the interior is exposed, perhaps inviting us to imagine entering. The features of the surrounding space suggest various levels of upkeep or disarray, and situate the confessional amid architectural details. A collection of practical, historical, and iconographic liturgical items surround the confessionals: speakers, lamps, fragments of frescos and paintings, fire extinguishers, crumbling walls, signs, sculptures, and power cords. Whether object or room, or in reality the strange amalgamation and manifestation of both ideas, they are accompanied by, but distinct from the actual objects and architectures framing them.

The center colorful or velvet curtain hides the priest, but also confirms that this is a theatrical space, a performative space, a site of story-telling and narrative dramas. The often ornate wood designs and carvings can be interpreted as an obsessive performance of lav-

Why is the confessing character always absent from your photos? In other words, would photographing a confession be a breaching act?



ishness, money, and power. Furthermore, the act of confessing is also a way of performing your faith, and as such the kneeling penitent is frequently partially or completely exposed.

I decided not to photograph a confession because I wanted each booth to hold the aura and the memory of all the confessions shared there for sometimes hundreds of years, rather than the one confession of a particular person. In addition, many of the booths are not in use anymore, and I was often aesthetically drawn to the abandoned confessionals—still haunted by the past voices and shared stories.

In addition, even photographing the confessional booth itself was somewhat of a breaching act. My consistently centered composition employs an impartial gaze that opens up the object to interpretation, and the resulting typological comparisons provoke an appreciation for the individual formal idiosyncrasies. However, the vantage point's neutrality in this case is called into question, since it is in a position or place where it is not customary to stand or linger, but where the gaze should be politely averted and the ears should be covered.

In order to achieve this effect, the camera was at times on tripod, on the floor, on a pew or bench, or even twice on a tray with burning candles. Over the course of the project, it was necessary to talk to priests, parishioners, church guards and other visitors, in order to sometimes obtain help and permission, or to explain the project that oftentimes aroused curiosity, confusion, and concern. As I met people in this context, I became aware of my



own growth in understanding and respect for the act of confession as a tradition.

While the faithful believe in redemptive promise, the skeptics see a ritualized space that may range from charming to almost encouraging. As such they are a contested site—but authentically designed to provide spaces for secrets, whispers, and centuries of retold sins. Depending on your religious practices and beliefs, these wooden booths may suggest hope or absurdity, but they also predict with certainty the never-ending business of human digression, soul searching, wishfulness, and imagination.

*Marcella Hackbardt is a visual artist, curator, and educator living in central Ohio. She is a professor of studio art at Kenyon College in Gambier, Ohio. Her current work explores aspects of knowledge, self-reflection, the environment, and symbolic states. She received her M.F.A. in studio art/photography from the University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, and a B.A. in studio art from the University of Alaska Anchorage. Her work has been included in exhibitions throughout the USA and in a number of books. A book project titled Various Unbaked Cookies was included in an exhibition based on the book Various Small Books (MIT Press) at Gagosian Gallery in New York and Paris, and at the Museum Brandhorst in Munich, Germany.*

*Her curatorial projects include two exhibitions of contemporary photography at the Ohio Arts Council's Riffe Gallery in Columbus, Ohio. In Spring 2021, Material Message: Photographs of Fabric, featuring work by seven contemporary photographers, will be on exhibit at The Weston Art Gallery in Cincinnati, Ohio. She presented lectures on Material Message in 2019 at the National Society for Photographic Educators conference, and at the South African Visual Art Historians conference. Her essay on photographer Jeff Brouws is included in the book Jeff Brouws: Silent Monoliths (Steidl Press) to be published in 2021.*

*She has received recognition and support for her work from OAC Individual Excellence Grants, Kenyon College Faculty grants, the Midwest Society for Photographic Educators, and the Great Lakes Colleges Association. In 2014, she was the Director of the Kenyon Rome Program, traveling to Rome with Kenyon students for four months. She is a Professional Practices Committee Member for the College Art Association.*

What are the specificities of a confessional booth?



You “portrait” confessionals. What is your intention with this take on a representation of a space, this personification of a room?

## Michael Kenna

Confessional booths are specific structures built to give a sense of privacy and placed in Catholic churches so that penitents can confess sins to a priest before receiving absolution and forgiveness. The confessional boxes that I photographed in the Reggio Emilia area of Italy ranged in age from the 13th century to the present. The basic elements remained the same. There was always a crucifix and a screen that divided the priest from the confessor. A place for the penitent to kneel and the priest to sit. Of course, there are variations in style and scale, based on the specifics of their intended location. I photographed hundreds of confessionals over ten years. Some confessionals were from small, country churches, and were little more than vertical wooden boxes. Others were much more grand affairs, highly decorative and ornate, from larger city churches.

I regard all my photographs as portraits, regardless of the subject matter. As such, I try to photograph with a mixture of respect,



Your upbringing was punctuated by visits to a confessional. Would you describe a confession as an intimate act? And how does your perception on confessing influence your choices when capturing the confessionals?



humility and a degree of curiosity, always asking permission from my subject matter and acknowledging that a collaboration is taking place. We photographers sometimes let our egos get in the way and pretend that we have created something. I think it is important to recognize that we are in the sharing business. These confessionals can speak for themselves very well - I merely act as the conduit.

For as long as I can remember, while growing up in my Catholic family in Widnes, England, I would go into a dark confessional box in my local church of St. Bede's every week to confess my sins to a priest. The opening words of the confessional ritual never varied, "Bless me Father for I have sinned, it has been one week since my last confession." After telling the priest whatever sins I could remember, I would receive a penance from him, usually a series of prayers. Then, after reciting the Act of Contrition, I would be granted absolution. Leaving the church, I would feel greatly relieved. Perhaps because I was forgiven or perhaps because I didn't have to confess again for at least another week.

As a child, then an altar boy, I spent hours in St Bede's praying and listening, intrigued and absorbed by the light on the altar which symbolized that God was at home, hidden in the tabernacle in the form of the host, a wafer of bread, which had been consecrated during an earlier sacred mass. At age 10, my fervent wish was to become a priest myself and I went on to study for seven years at St Joseph's, Upholland, a Catholic seminary boarding school in England. I learnt



a lot there about prayer, meditation, silence and discipline, as well as many other things. However, I did not become a priest, I became an artist instead.

There is no doubt in my mind that my rich, early religious experiences greatly influenced the photographic work I have pursued for almost five decades. As a photographer, I have long been fascinated by memories and traces, stories that have unfolded over time, atmospheres that are left behind, remnants and remains. These images of confessional boxes in and around Reggio Emilia symbolize what I continue to search for, the invisible within the visible, the intangible contained in the tangible, the illusion of what we consider reality. If words, thoughts and emotions could be made visual, these containers of memories would reveal a multitude of densely packed hidden secrets and emotions, confessed, exchanged and discarded, in return for some prayers, a priest's blessing, absolution and forgiveness.

*Michael Kenna's mysterious photographs, often made at dawn or in the dark hours of night, concentrate primarily on the interaction between the natural landscape and human-made structures.*

*Kenna is particularly well-known for the intimate scale of his photography and his meticulous personal printing style. He works in the traditional, non-digital, silver photographic medium. During Kenna's forty six year career, his photographs have been shown in over four hundred and fifty one-person gallery and museum exhibitions throughout the world, and are included in over a hundred permanent institutional collections. Seventy five monographs and exhibition catalogs have been published on Kenna's work*

*Born in Widnes, Lancashire, England in 1953, Kenna currently lives with his family in Seattle, Washington, USA, and continues to photograph throughout the world.*

# PHOTO BOOTH

What are the specificities of a photo booth?

## Annebella Pollen

Since their inception as automated photographic devices and spaces in the 1920s, and especially since coin-operated versions proliferated in the public domain since the 1960s, photo booths have largely conformed to a set pattern in terms of design. As a kiosk-like space, designed for the relatively cheap and speedy production of a strip of usually four portrait photographs, they generally contain a limited range of elements: an adjustable swivel stool, a backdrop, a half-curtain for privacy, fixed lens and lights, brief instructions for push-button operation and a simple means for payment. They may have slight variations in construction and styling, and their photographic production method has shifted in recent decades from a dip-and-dunk chemical process to digital means, but they are readily recognisable and regularly visible as a unit of public photographic production in transport terminals, post offices and street corners the world over.

Standardisation, in fact, is a key characteristic of the form of the booth and also of its

products. Automated photographic portraiture was designed for simplicity of operation but also to reduce variation in results. It is for this reason that photo booths are the predominant site where official identity records, for passports and other official purposes, have been made. These regulatory portraits, full-face and unsmiling, must follow a strictly enforced set of guidelines in pursuit of neutrality, objectivity and legal status. At the same time, however, the particularity of the photo booth, as a space and as an experience, affords a challenge to these forms of authority.

With the drawing of the curtain, an intimate space is produced, concealed from public view. All the admonishments of what not to do, scripted into the disciplinary instructions and the regulatory space, are open to subversion. In the mechanical environment, no-one is watching and there is no photographer to offend. Photo booths are redolent of other private cubicles, from changing rooms, cells and Catholic confessionals, but perhaps most of all the lights, backdrop and curtain have theatrical associations. The booth can become a space for the performance of official and unofficial selves, and it is also performative, producing particular effects.

The formal limitations of the photo booth have made it a productive site for a century of artists to explore creative possibilities within tight constraints. Even without conscious efforts, any user of a photo booth knows that the outcomes can be unpredictable despite the best endeavours of the manufacturers to produce reliable results. The flash takes one by surprise; composure comes

Is photography in and by a photo booth implicitly amateur?

undone, the technology is wont to fail. Akin to other coin-operated amusements, to use a photo booth is to take a gamble. This game of chance has formed a key part of the creative appeal of the photo booth from the surrealists onwards: the photographic self that is fashioned at the end of the encounter is not always the one expected. The camera's unconscious optics reveal inconvenient truths.

Early photo booths were overseen by an operator who advised on poses and managed the process. As the mechanical elements developed and the sitter became the operator, the subjects of the photographs gained greater agency over the process. The images that result from photo booths, however, are not strictly self-portraits and nor are they inherently amateur efforts. The sitter has limited agency and controls only certain elements. It is the mediation of the process via the machine technology that conditions the results.

From their earliest days, photo booths were sold as opportunities to 'photograph yourself' and the name of the dominant 'Photo-Me' photo booth brand reinforces this point, yet the final strip of photographs is a combination of professionally-managed norms and the personal experience of the user. What are sometimes called vernacular photographs – a wide categorical term including snapshots and other forms of amateur photographic production – are sometimes championed for offering a refreshing antidote to the polish of professional practice by providing photographic view that is of the people, by the people. Photo booth portraits, while always

How does the booth justify its survival in the digital era?

mechanically shaped and moderated, certainly share some of these demotic elements. Everyone who needs a passport or an identity document, grand or humble, must sit on the swivel seat and assume the same position.

Increasing anxieties about international security, surveillance and border control have seen a ramping-up of biometric data as a means of authorisation and control. The portrait photograph has taken on new powers under these conditions. Facial recognition technologies utilise identification portraits as part of a broader repertoire of information analysis but the photograph remains central and its standardisation is ever more regulated. While it is possible to produce a digital photograph for formal purposes outside of a photo booth, the technical specifications are so exacting and so tightly enforced that using an automated booth designed to produce governmentally acceptable images remains a popular option. Booths do not seem set to disappear any time soon.

As identification documents move to digital technology and self-portraits have become immediately and freely accessible via widely-owned personal mobile devices, analogue photo booths have taken on an altered status. Like other superseded forms, from vinyl records to VHS videotapes, they have been culturally remediated. As a technology now at risk, with limited producers and suppliers for their component parts, they have achieved rarity value and have become cherished by enthusiasts and collectors. More likely to be found now in retro clothing stores or as nov-

elty entertainments at parties and weddings, analogue photo booths are both nostalgic technology and fashion statements to be worn as images on T-shirts. Their technical fallibilities and photographic limitations have taken on fresh qualities of quaintness and charm in an endlessly regulated and perfectible world of images.

Two personal stories:

1. Robin and Josie, 1962

After my mother and father died and I inherited the family photograph collection, I was astonished to find a joint photo booth portrait taken during their engagement. It knocked me sideways. I had never seen the photograph before, and I'd never seen them this way before.

Squeezed into a booth, in each other's arms, they performed warm togetherness for the automated camera. In front of the familiar photo booth curtain, my father's spectacles reflected the photographic flash. Dressed in formal clothing for an unknown event – I never again saw my father in a bow tie and wing collar, and my mother only wore lipstick and pearls for very special occasions – and photographed in black and white, as was the norm, they nonetheless resembled in so many ways the informal loving performances I produced with lovers in photo booths in various courtships from the 1980s onwards. Photographs



of one's parents before they become parents are a curious thing; they show self-contained people free from the roles by which their children always define them. In the case of divorced parents and deceased parents, this photographic uncanny is elevated, especially when they show an intimate moment, in a private space, as a very small fragment from a forgotten time.

## 2. Tbilisi, Georgia, 2019

Spectacular statement buildings in flamboyant designs flourished in Tbilisi, Georgia under the Saakashvili presidency, 2004-2013. These nestle between ancient Zoroastrian temples, crumbling ornate 18th century domestic architecture, grand 19th century opera houses and 20th century Soviet ruins. As old buildings are levelled for luxury hotels for Tbilisi's new tourism, the city combines dereliction with development.

The sight of a lone photo booth was therefore hard to read as a British visitor to the city in 2019. With well-worn graffiti-marked metal, neon signage and the familiar pleated curtain of photo booths worldwide, it could have been standing on the same scrubland since, perhaps, the 1960s. The fresh instructions, signalling a cost of 4 lari (equivalent to 1 British pound) meant it had to be from at least the mid-1990s when the Russian rouble was replaced. Further investigation showed the photo booth's provenance to be far more recent: a Facebook page put it amidst Tbilisi's young art scene, whose



galleries and maker spaces have made the city the newest site for international fashion weeks and architecture biennials.

Tbilisi's retro photo booth, between stray dogs and construction cranes, encapsulates the city's transitional new-old status.

*Dr Annabella Pollen is Principal Lecturer in the History of Art and Design at University of Brighton, UK. Her research areas include mass photography and popular image culture, and histories of craft, design and dress, especially in relation to cultural politics. Her books include *Mass Photography: Collective Histories of Everyday Life* (2015); *The Kindred of the Kibbo Kift: Intellectual Barbarians* (2015) and the forthcoming *Art without Frontiers*.*

# PEEP-SHOW BOOTH

What are the specificities of a peep-show booth?

Where did intimacy take place in your peep-show experience? Or was it at all an intimate experience? Not rather a voyeuristic moment?

## Monsieur B.

The one I used to go to, at the ——— in Paris, was a very comfortable booth within an otherwise derelict house and establishment. It was about 2 square meters, with a leather sit, a small table, a lamp and a box of tissues. It was up for me to decide if the performer would see me or not by switching the light on or off. The dancer was not performing only for me, other 8 booths were looking onto the stage. I often had a feeling of competition for the attention of a dancer, trying to keep her locked on me rather than looking into other booths. And I always took the same booth.

For me, as a conscious client of an erotic show, the whole experience, from the moment I started making my way there, entered the peep-show, made my way to the booth, watched the show, until I exited again out to the streets, was an intimate experience. As is now, sharing this with you, sharing a part of my life which would otherwise be secret and, for the reader, will still be a story without a face... The voyeurism you speak of is key to

Why did you stop going to the peep-show?



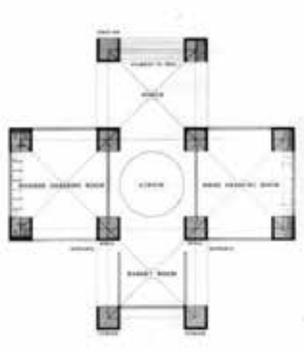
the whole experience but I do not see it as non-compatible with intimacy. At the end, there is a conscious interaction between two or more people. The reasons for this specific interaction are, unfortunately, not always happy but these were set aside once I entered the booth.

There are many reasons for that but, to make it simple, the peep-show changed owner, was renovated and lost its appeal to me. This happened back in the 90's. VHS was the future... video took over the booths, a screen replaced the mirrored glass and flesh became light. Thinking back, the moment when you could look into the eyes of the dancer and he would acknowledge you, welcome you in, was what kept me coming in.

*Monsieur B. asked to remain anonymous.*

# TOILET BOOTH

What are the specificities of a toilet booth?



The Toilet Booth is a Pillar : Louis Kahn, Anne Tyng, Trenton Bath House, Plan, Erwing, New Jersey, USA, 1954-59.



Louis Kahn, Anne Tyng, Trenton Bath House, Interior, Erwing, New Jersey, USA, 1954-59.

## Roberto Zancan

The variety of toilet booths is so vast that it is almost impossible to define specificities. One way to solve this problem is to focus exclusively on toilet booths that have the nature of an isolated architectural object: bathroom cabin as a transportable object, as a small service building on the beach, in parks or in urban spaces, or even old country settlements.

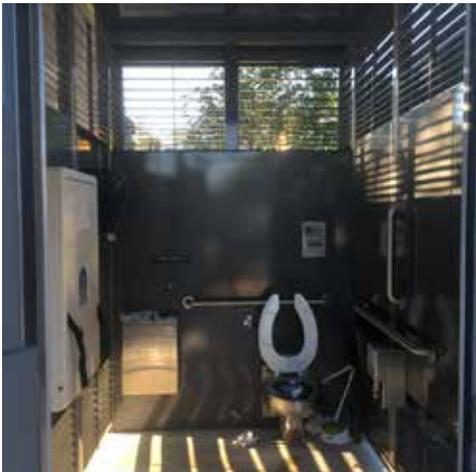
Small building with an external appearance, of which you can experience entering inside. If the exterior can sometimes present technological, typological and even stylistic specificities, in reality most of the toilet booth can be assimilated to many other small buildings (tool stores, electrical cabins, etc.).

Here, we can produce a “pure” phenomenology of the toilet booth and it is inside this space that we can find the specificities at a level that is not influenced by the context of the building. These specificities are: the smell, the feeling of comfort and hygiene, the sense of privacy, the size and the relationship with the body.

Through the research you have been conducting on the toilet, have you been able to identify any differences in societal attitude and perception of this highly specific room and what it enables and promotes?



Carlalberto Amadori, The Portland Loo: An Unique Solution to a Universal Problem, Esquimalt, British Columbia, Canada, 2018



Carlalberto Amadori, The Portland Loo, Interior, Esquimalt, British Columbia, Canada, 2018

Of course, the differences are innumerable. In my studies and personal experiences, what struck me most is that in all societies - western and non-western - can be found a sort of opposition between city and countryside. It is incredible that this situation still persists when we think about the current state of contemporary living.

But from India to Morocco, from France to Canada, from Turkey to Brazil, a difference can still be found between urban and “out of town” toilets. This distinction does not apply to all the country toilets and to all the city toilets, but it is more like a sensation of a distinction, a difference that nevertheless remains pervasive. It is not a general rule, but it exists.

I would describe it with a sense of indefiniteness that appears in the country toilet: the cleaning system of dejections, the distance and the shape of the drain, the degree of sound insulation, the forms and the acts of cleaning the body, even the precarious presence of the water ... A countryside toilets is more questionable and precarious (what you will experience is less known... and ideally more near to an act of dejection in an expanded field, to quote Rosalind Krauss. Here, in the countryside, toilet is sometimes a kind of time capsule that allows to understand what has been the condition of living for most of the history of humanity, something very instructive. We should think about it, not only to understand the pervasiveness of technologies, but also to appreciate the value that many other aspects have in the construction of living spaces.

Are basic intimate needs -including the need for pleasure- being systematically sanitized?



Alessandro Borgomanero, Museo Burri, Foligno, Italy, c2010



Francesco Cucchiara, Full Immersion, Marsala, Italy, 2019

I believe that, despite the current pandemic emergency, sanitization is still a concept put into practice less than is claimed. Everything is dirtier, less cared, less cleaned and less sanitized than we think ... You can notice this every time a judicial or epidemiological investigation takes place on a space. Always appear so many traces that it becomes immediately understandable as, most of the time cleaning focuses only on “what you see”.

Today, centuries after the discovery of bacteria, we continue to have a very “visual” attitude towards sanctification also in sexual intimacy. During sexual intercourse many desire to be unaware, or to suspend judgment in front of risks of diseases or recommended behaviors. Certain situations involving the military are telling, as when legal prostitution is put at the service of troops, with highly organized control of prophylaxis. So, we assist to a paradox where in order to allow the body to fight, and eventually to die, the body that takes pleasure, has its health preserved and ensures at maximum level.

*Roberto Zancan, PhD, is Professor of History and Theory of Architecture at HEAD-Geneve. He has been Deputy Editor of the monthly magazine of architecture, design and art Domus, head curator of Inside the Academy Program for BE OPEN Foundation and associate researcher at UNESCO Chair in Conservation and Regeneration of Urban Heritage of Iuav University in Venice; Professor of History and Theory of Environmental Design at UQAM University of Montreal. Founder of the group Ground Action, his works have been selected for the official section of the Venice Biennale of Architecture, the Biennial of Design in Ljubljana and Lisboa Triennial. He wrote Corrispondenze: “Teorie e storie dal landscape, et Spazialismi italiani”, Recently he published “L’architecture par l’intérieur. Concepts et imaginaires d’une discipline en devenir”*

# VOTING BOOTH

## Ingo Niermann

What are the specificities of a voting booth?

With your installation in Korea you turn the intimacy of voting as a safe anonymous choice into an intimate act. Besides the appeal to voting, which intentions lay within this shift?

The most minimal voting booth (that seems to be prevalent in particular in the US) is a three-sided cardboard that is put on a table. It's not a booth for the person but for the voting slip or machine. As with a cash machine, you are expected to shield your vote with your own bended body.

Sometime these booths are positioned so close to each other and the cardboards are so low, that tall persons could look at the next person's slip the moment he or she is bending insufficiently. On the maximal end of the architectural scale, voting booths resemble changing cabins.

Finally, some booths come with a chair to sit down. It would be worth examining the effects of these different models on how long people ballot, on how secret their vote feels and on how sure they are about it.

You could regard the voting gate as a placeholder for a more direct democracy with regular referenda (as in Switzerland), but foremost it offers the most casual opportunity to



„The Vote“ by Rem Koolhaas & Ingo Niermann. 2013 Gwangju Design Biennale Folly Project. Gwangju, South Korea. Image: OBBA/ Kyungsub Shin

Is intimacy being replaced by privacy?

demonstrate. No permission or gathering is needed.

Our gate is situated in a popular shopping area and all that you might have to do to express your opinion on the weekly matter is a little detour through exactly that street. There is no age restriction, people can vote as often as they like (they could indicate the urgency of a matter by quickly moving back and forth through the gate for hours and days).

Even in times of social distancing, the voting gate offers a safe opportunity for demonstrations and simultaneous counter-demonstrations.

Do you think so?

I'd rather say that intimacy can rely less and less on privacy respectively that people are less keen on being intimate and thereby also less keen on keeping their privacy: surveillance and data mining are increasing massively, social media is rewarding us for making our private life public, private offices have been replaced by open plan offices, the sharing economy entices us to furnish our home in ways that make it easily to rent or swop, and new potential partners are just a click away.

When do we experience intimacy?

I wonder if this has ever been properly examined. What we know is that what used to be for most people the most intimate act – interactive sex – is performed less and less.

I meant that physical spaces of intimacy are being replaced by virtual and digital “places”. If we were to take the definition of intimacy from psychology, “safety” is key for intimacy to take place. Are walls, curtains, sheets and screens being replaced by digital privacy protocols which imply that any digital intimacy becomes implicitly intimate? In other words, sharing with safety in the digital environment implies the sharing with third known conceptual entities but unknown individuals. Maybe you also have some thoughts on this...

That is complex... I think I said everything I have to say in that respect in this recent text: <https://www.e-flux.com/architecture/housing/333703/automatic-privacy/>

*Ingo Niermann is a writer and the editor of the speculative book series “Solution”. His debut novel “Der Effekt” was published in 2001.*

*Recent books include “Solution 275-294: Communists Anonymous” (ed., with Joshua Simon, 2017); “Solution 257: Complete Love” (2016); “Solution 264-274: Drill Nation” (2015); “Concentration” (ed., 2015); “David Lieske: I Tried to Make This Work” (2015); “Solution 247-261: Love” (ed., 2013); “Choose Drill” (2011); “The Future of Art: A Manual” (2011, with Erik Niedling); “Solution 186-195: Dubai Democracy” (2010); “Solution 1-10: UmbauLand” (2009); “Solution 9: The Great Pyramid” (ed., with Jens Thiel, 2008); and “The Curious World of Drugs and Their Friends” (with Adriano Sack, 2008).*

*Niermann co-founded the revolutionary collective Redesigndeutschland, invented a tomb for all people, “The Great Pyramid” (thegreatpyramid.de), and together with Rem Koolhaas he built a tool for public ballots - “Vote” - in Gwangju, Korea. In cooperation with Haus der Kulturen der Welt in Berlin, Niermann started the international digital publishing project “Fiktion” (fiktion.cc). Based on his novel “Solution 257: Complete Love” (2016), Niermann initiated “The Army of Love” (thearmyoflove.net), a project that tests and promotes a just redistribution of sensual love. His work has been featured at Berlin Biennale, Istanbul Biennale, dOCUMENTA(13), La Biennale di Venezia, MACBA, MoMA, mumok, and ZKM. Niermann studied Philosophy and Sociology at the Freie Universität Berlin and currently lives in Basel.*



Content featured in the **Emotional Catalogue** answers to no specific guidelines other than a subjective relation to the typology of the BOOTH. It is heterogeneous in its varied media, formats and intentions.

Contributions are arranged per alphabetical order pertaining the first name, as back in school. Emotion trumps format.

# EMOTIONAL CATALOGUE

# EMOTIONAL CATALOGUE

A-A Collective	76
Allegra Zanirato	78
Antipas Jones	
Architects	80
Asli Çiçek	82
Balts Projects	84
Bessire Winter	86
Carla Ferrando	88
Charlotte	
Malterre-Barthes	90
Chrissie Muhr	92

Ciro Miguel	94
David Bergé	96
Dawn Nilo	100
Dominik Arni	102
Estudio Recoleta	
Arquitectas	104
Fabrizio Gallanti	106
Galaad Van Daele	108
Girão Lima	
Arquitectos	110
Gonçalo Frias	112
KWY Studio	114
Lemonot Studio	118
Lev Bratishenko	120
Manuel Henriques	122
Marco Zelli	124
Mariana Pestana	126

Mariana Siracusa	130
Marine de Dardel	134
MOS Architects	136
Pablo Garrido	138
Parasite 2.0	140
Raphaël Pache	142
Romain Frezza	144
Studiospazio	146
TAB Collective	148
Vasco Santos	150
Yektajo & Valdez	152

## CHILDHOOD DENTIST X-RAY BOOTH

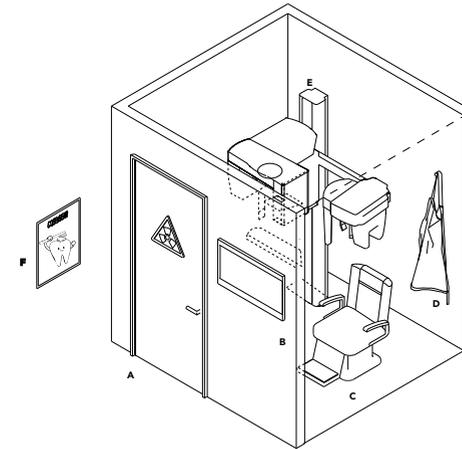
The feeling of being left inside the room alone with only an apron of lead to protect oneself from the unknown. The face of the over-friendly dentist looking through the peephole, and the calming eyes of mother.

Then a small humming sound from the machine and then "clack".

"How can the memories of one space rest so precisely within the mind of a person that have seen, sensed and smelled 100.000 rooms?"

1:20

CHILDHOOD DENTIST X-RAY BOOTH  
*(drawn from memory)*



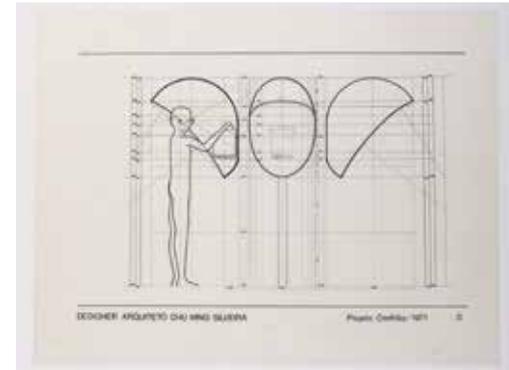
A-A COLLECTIVE

a: Door with X-RAY symbol  
b: Peephole for the dentist  
c: Uncomfortable hospital chair  
d: Apron with Lead/heavy  
e: Big x-ray machine  
f: Cartoonish poster

# Allegra Zanirato

Title: Orelhão  
Author: Chu Ming  
Location: Brazil

The design of this phone “booths” is thought with different purposes than intimacy, despite this, the shape hides the head of the person that is using this tool creating some kind of privacy.



# Antipas Jones Architects

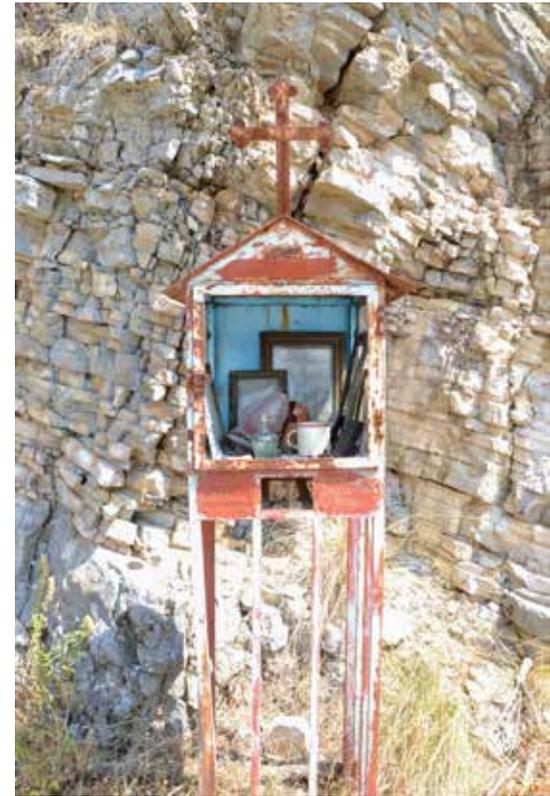
There is something intriguing in the “ekklisakia” you can find along Greek roads.

This may come from some contradictions they stage and a strange relationship between the composed interior, the viewer and the landscape.

They are a very personal and intimate expression of belief but they are placed on a public road. The carefully composed interior staging pictures and personal objects is at odds with the speed of most of the passers-by sitting in the seat of their car. They do not care about their context but inevitably turn the gaze of any bystanders toward the wider landscape they occupy, connecting the small scale with the very wide.

They are open to everyone but force a 1 to 1 relationship with the viewer as they define a unique viewpoint from where their inside can be seen. This becomes stronger during night-time where the candle gives shape to this place assigned to the spectator. We see them as a “booth” in the sense that they assign one precise place to the potential viewer and by doing this define a virtual space of intimacy. A collection of personal booth punctuating the Greek roads.

Pictured is the “Ekklisaki” dedicated to Agios Dimtrios found on the road to Kipoi, Zagoria, Greece (39°51'51.9”N 20°47'21.2”E)



# Asli Çiçek

These images are appealing to me as little, simple, serene forms of architectures and also a strangely adapted interior of a confession booth, the most claustrophobic booth both psychologically and therefore space wise.



# Balts Projects

Two photos from booths - that I like.

Photo 1 - Booth at Bernerstrasse Nord Zurich  
from my archive, 2016

Since the gas station switched to card payment a couple of years ago, I have never seen anyone in there again. At some point, someone installed the colorful curtains. Since then, the booth looks cozy and private but also creates a lot of mystery.

Photo 2 - Installation View, Absalon, Kunsthalle Zürich, 1997  
Photo: Alexander Troehler

I saw Absalon's works for the first time in 1997 in the Kunsthalle Zurich and I have never forgotten them. The exhibition dealt with a group of works entitled "Zellen". Absalon's will was to set up six units in six different cities. He designed the units according to his needs and also wanted to live in there periodically. For the exhibition in Zurich, the work "Cellule N° 2" (built 1993), was installed at its planned destination in the exterior space of the Kunsthalle.

"Die sechs Häuser müssen in Konfrontation mit einem urbanen Raum in Städten, die mit meiner Aktivität verbunden sind, gebaut werden. Diese Konfrontation ist notwendig, weil diese Häuser nicht utopisch sind. Sie sind keine Lösungen für eine Isolierung. Sie sind gemacht, um das Soziale zu leben."

Absalon

Quote from: Press Release, Kunsthalle Zürich, 1997



# Bessire Winter

This is the 'Tapp-und Tastkino' by Valie Export. Maybe one of the most extreme and intimate forms of a booth. Caesura and area of action at the same time.

Super-radical at the time and even now quite direct and confrontational.

“Überspringen sie die Grenzen der Vernunft! Überspringen sie die vom Staat gezogenen Grenzen der Vernunft!” is what the speaker was shouting during her performance. So its not only about gender roles, patriarchy and sex but also about what we are allowed to in general.



# Carla Ferrando

Louise Bourgeois. Femme Maison. 1946-1947 (MOMA)

“Couldn’t I imagine having frightful pains and turning to stone while they lasted? Indeed, how do I know, if I shut my eyes, whether I have not turned into a stone?”

Ludwig Wittgenstein, Philosophical Investigations



# Charlotte Malterre-Barthes

## A desk of ones' own

There is the Persian carpet, which irritates everyone because it feels so domestic in a shared office space. Yet the Persian carpet is precisely delivering what it is made for, isolating splendidly my feet from the cold, dispensing luxury, comfort, and beauty. My son used it best, playing on it for hours.

There are the cardboard and light wood planks that block one side, cheap, flimsy materials. Cardboard is the stuff of ephemeral, illegal construction, it does not age gracefully, it stains, bends and shifts, its low-cost aesthetics annoying my colleagues. Yet these cardboard walls allow for privacy, keeping me out of the neighbor's view, and help to focus without feeling like separating walls.

There are also the plants, non-human living organisms, some thriving, some dying. The orchid did not flourish in years. The cactus from Sardinia left us, slowly mummifying. But the monstera deliciosa gives a new leaf every month. There is the inevitable memorabilia: that rhinoceros-shaped eraser received at an office Christmas, the Indonesian cake moulds Irene gave me when I left Singapore, the portrait of a dear deceased cat, a drawing made by a now estranged friend.

There are also beautiful, non-nostalgic objects: the sleek white pyramidal box by Monya-Helmut, a perfect octagonal paper globe, the globe-barometer that doesn't give the correct weather forecast. And there is the mess: Crayons, cutters, cables, books, notes, bills, receipts, post-its, tape, posters, flyers, postcards, all these inanimate things forming the intimate universe that allows me to be productive at my own desk.

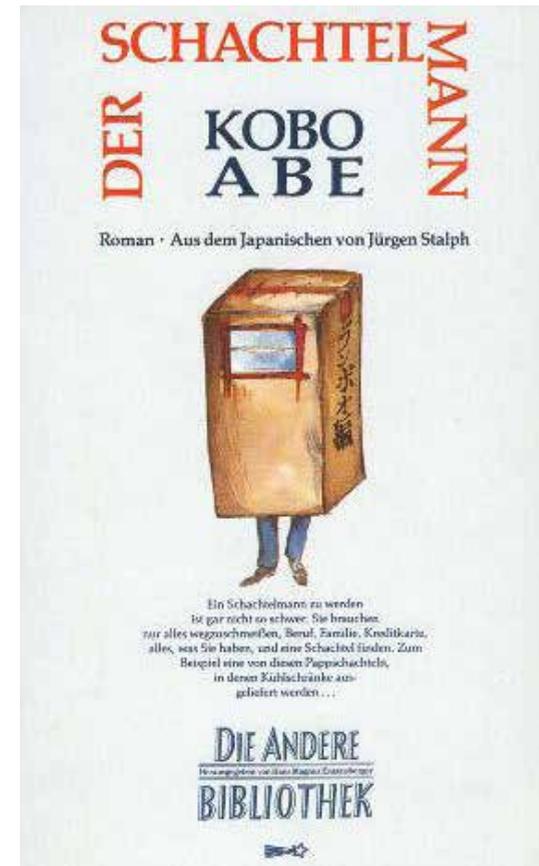


# Chrissie Muhr

Becoming a box man isn't that hard. All you need is to throw everything away you have—a job, family, credit card, everything you have—and find a box. For example, a cardboard box that refrigerators come in. You rip out the bottom, cut a peephole in the wall and move in. Total alienation, total freedom, total withdrawal from society. From now on you become an 'insult to the world'. But you are not the only one! Others, in other boxes, limp through the labyrinth of the huge city.

–Kōbō Abe, *The Box Man*. Alfred A. Knopf, New York 1974  
Translated EN version by Dale E. Saunders

– Cerith Wyn Evans, “Permit yourself...” Exhibition at Galerie Buchholz, Cologne 2009



Permit yourself to drift from what you are reading at this very moment into another situation, another way of acting within the historical and psychic geographies in which the event of your own reading is here and now taking place; here, and now taking the place of other ways of making passionate and energetic connections between us. Imagine a situation that, in all likelihood, you've never been in.

# Ciro Miguel

“Guarita”

Outside.



Inside



# David Bergé

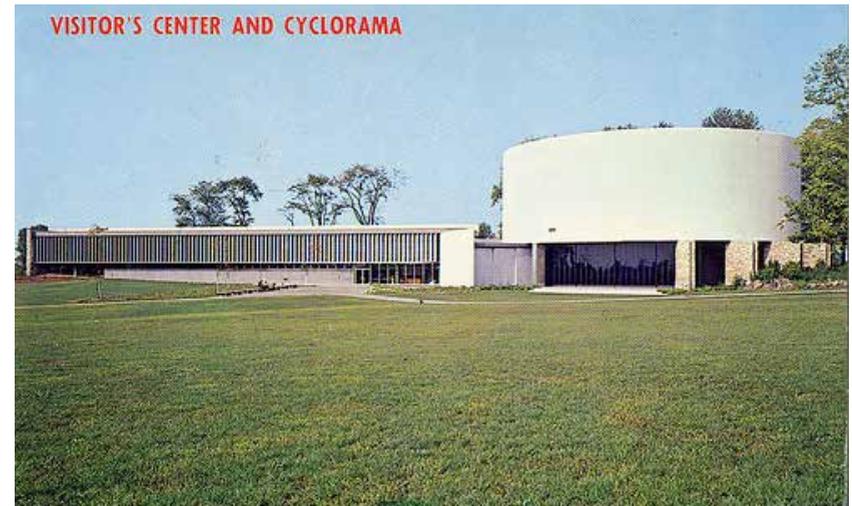
## Cyclorama as Booth

Cyclorama's. Buildings conceived to facilitate the contemplation of large panoramic stitched together oil paintings, by centralizing the image around the viewer. Popular in the late 19th century, and sometimes mobile temporal structures, they depict (battle) fields, usually in the proximity of the actual site they depict.

The Gettysburg Cyclorama building (Pennsylvania, USA), was constructed in 1962 by Richard Neutra to house the famous civil war painting Battle of Gettysburg (1883) by Paul Philipoteaux, on the site where the actual battle took place. The building was conceived to present this 115 x 13 meter oil painting on canvas, as well as offering visitors a perspective on the actual battlefield through a viewing deck. This construction, or machine to enable viewing, related the historic site to its visualization, tied to the spot. According to architecture theorist Tülay Atak, "it was an alternative ground between the site of the event and its image(1)".

When in 2007 the painting was moved to a nearby location for restoration, the imprint the architecture made on the historic site became obsolete in the eyes of its owners, the National Park Service, and was therefore, together with the visitors' centre and viewing deck, demolished in March 2013. Perceived as a disruption to the site and thus to history, the modernist building was destroyed to format the site back to its 1863 state.

Considering the building was demolished to restore the site, its imprint was considered too pertinent. Or the vastness of modernity seemed not indexical enough and too disruptive to the experience of being with one's body on the historic site, some 150 years later.



The Battle of Waterloo took place on June 18, 1815 and lasted one day. From June 19 onwards, tourism to the site started by curious people riding their horse carriages from Brussels. Later, the imprint of the Battle on the field, got erased and messed up to gather soil to construct an artificial hill that would erect a monument for the battle. In 1915 Brussels architect Franz Van Ophem added a Cyclorama on the foot of the hill to house the 110 x 12 meter oil painting on canvas by Louis Dumoulin depicting the Battle of Waterloo. Natural light was coming through the ceiling and a central platform elevated the viewer by 5 meter right into the painting.

These spatial relations between the actual site and a spectacularised document of the activity that took place there earlier, make the cyclorama a booth to the site: a temporal structure of support, a structure to provide information, to experience something near the site, related to the site.

(1) Atak, Tülay; Architecture After Images: Photography and Architecture from Auguste Choisy to James Welling, in *Future Anterior: Volume IX, Number 2*, 2012.

pictures:

Panorama of the Battle of Waterloo, architect Franz Van Ophem (1915- present)

Gettysburg Cyclorama, architect Richard Neutra (1962-2013)





# Dominik Arni

The border booth  
A matter of hospitality

A piece of furniture at the UK border crossing  
point



A glass-walled booth at a Schengen border  
crossing point



# Estudio Recoleta Arquitectas

“a picture of a confessional booth in action that I took a couple of years back in Bergamo. At the time it seemed a really intense moment.”



# Fabrizio Gallanti

The booths of the Ichiran ramen shop, that opened in Fukuoka in 1993, are imagined to heighten the sensorial experience of eating their tonkotsu ramen. The bowl of steaming broth with noodles is gently handed by the cook, whose face stays hidden behind a tiny bamboo curtain. The sound of slurp is amplified by the wooden panels that separate each customer. You don't talk, just eat and savour. The proportions and the wood of the booth seem just perfect so that the action revolves around that bowl. 15 minutes of pure blissful solitary pleasure.



# Galaad Van Daele

I can think of two Italian Renaissance booths: one for the dead, one for the living, one real marble, one fake marble, but both working with highly decorated yet flat 'facades'.

One is a marble funerary monument by Alberti.

Rucellai Sepulchre

Leon Battista Alberti

1467

Church of San Pancrazio, Florence



The other a painted wood alcove that used to host a bed. A cubic room in a room.

Alcove of Federico da Montefeltro and Battista Sforza

Fra' Carnevale (Bartolomeo di Giovanni Corradini)

1460

Palazzo Ducale di Urbino

(340 x 340 x 340cm)



# Girão Lima architectos

“Afinal continuamos a ser uma terra de pistoleiros, foda fácil e metanfetaminas traçadas.”

The series “Work Station” (“Posto de trabalho”) was photographed in Portugal between 2010 and 2013 by Valter Vinagre.



# Gonçalo Frias

Confessional in Santa Maria Gdansk, Polen.



# KWY Studio

“Cellule No. 1”, Absalon, 1993

“Cell No.1 is one of six structures modelled on human dimensions that Absalon designed for various major cities around the world. He intended to inhabit these cells himself, maintaining a consistent lifestyle within a nomadic existence. The structure recalls the simple forms of modernist architecture. It also refers to the impact of technology in the twentieth century, mimicking a space capsule or nuclear shelter. Absalon explained that the cells embodied a ‘desire for a perfect universe’, not in the revolutionary or utopian sense, but as a personal space for solitude and shelter.”

Quote by Gallery Label, 2014



“Cabina dell’Elba”, Aldo Rossi, 1980

“Beach huts are a recurring theme in my designs because I have always found a sort of synthesis or reduction of architecture in them. I like the idea of them becoming an interior landscape.”

Aldo Rossi, 1980



“Passage”, AVPD, 2007

“The unmarked doors creates a performative space which forces the subject(s) physically to examine the potential of the doors. Dependent on the number of persons and their actions the spatial setup will continuously transform creating a spatial disorder.”

AVPD, 2007



“Paluka”, James Turrell, 1992

“As soon as he closes the door and sticks his head into the opening in the opaque skylight dome - because this is the only way he can stand upright in the cabin - a perception process begins that James Turrell describes as ‘behind-the-eyes seeing’ (...) The unusual feeling arises of looking into the void; a perception which does not correspond to the everyday experience of the user and which puts the self-perception of your own perception to the test. Everyone also experiences their stay in the cabin in their own way, because colors are perceived individually and associated with personal experiences.”

Quote by Lempertz.



“Arnheim-Otterlo”, Per Kirkeby, 1988

“A closed rectangular construction, its upper borders crenelated, rests on a triple row of piers. The piers are set somewhat back from the closed wall planes which rise above, so that the upper story projects slightly. (...) With some dexterity and effort, one can explore the interesting interior life of the sculpture, which, according to Kirkeby, should recall a Mayan ballfield. The sculpture is open on top. This results in a view into the treetops and the sky.”

Per Kirkeby, “Brick Sculpture & Architecture”,  
Kunthaus Bregenz, 1997



# Lemonot Studio

Popular booths - architectural hybrids that are the product of ordinary beliefs. Two examples that at first glance may seem extremely different, one 12 meters high “Bun Mountain booth”, constructed once a year for the last folk festivals in Cheung Chau, one hour from HongKong. While the other one, a confessional wooden booth in a Jesuit Church on the border between Bolivia and Brazil.

Every year in Cheung Chau, the community comes together for a month to prepare enough buns that can decorate the booth. The bamboo construction is itself a collective act, as the final race to get to the top. The ritual around this festival implements the great beauty of this architectural device. This Bun Mountain booth would not exist without this folkloric happening, which is capable of bringing together various factors - from ancient bamboo construction and processing techniques to the superstition of how the year will go if you don't eat enough buns.

Not only superstitions but as well as popular myths, legends, and symbolism create the fertile ground for the native Bolivians with their Spanish conquerors to amalgamate two cultures and religions. Inspired by the ‘ideal cities’ of the 16th-century philosophers, the Jesuit churches are a splendid hybrid of typical Catholic architecture and local indigenous traditions. Once inside San Xavier, not only the confessionals but the columns, the choir chairs, the angels are half-human and half-animal. The colors used reflect the local masks and the tools are mixed with agricultural crafts- the bread is cut with the cereal cutter. These confessionals are a constant reference to the earthly, pagan, and celestial Catholic world where the snake is no longer the symbol of temptation but of the most revered animal and therefore present everywhere in the decorations, shapes, and color combinations.



# Lev Bratishenko

A crib is a soft cage or a hard booth, a booth you can't enter or leave; you can only be put in and taken out, for your safety and their sanity. Place a chicken-wire cage out the window and the baby gets a healthy dose of light and fresh air. The baby can't get in any trouble, good for baby. The door to this booth in the sky is a window, close it and the baby's crying becomes street noise, go ahead and read a book or have sex. You didn't put the baby out the window to free yourself from the baby, you did it for its own good. You have the right to do this because you love this little body that is often out of control. You take control of this irresponsible body for the greater good, but you would never put anyone else in a cage, only your baby.

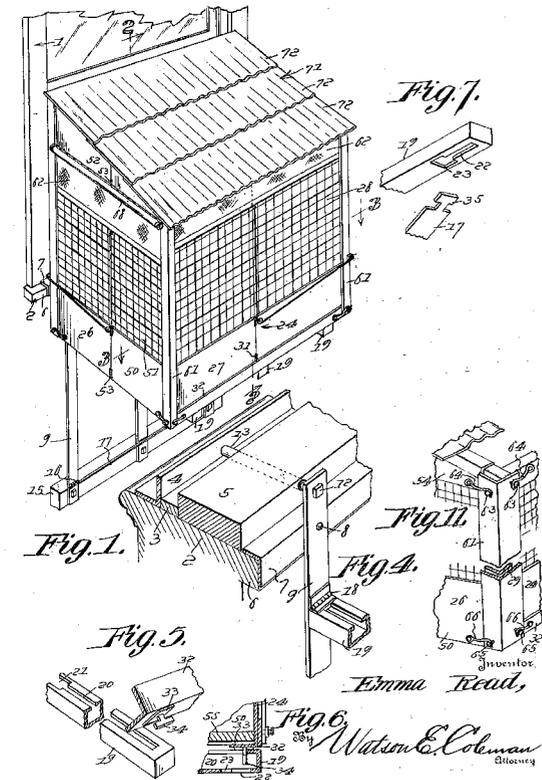
PDF/drawing: Emma Read's US Patent 1,448,235 for a "Portable Baby Cage" from 1923

Mar. 13, 1923.

E. READ  
PORTABLE BABY CAGE  
Filed July 19, 1922

1,448,235

2 sheets-sheet 1



# Manuel Henriques

Shortly after arriving in Basel for an architecture internship at Diener & Diener, I found a photo-booth. It was very close to the office... I do not remember its exact location, but I'm almost certain it was either right in front of the office or somewhere around the corner. In my memory, which might not be so accurate, this photo-booth could be accessed directly from the street, under a passageway, an area with not too much movement. Oddly enough, there was no commercial entourage nor shop next to it.

Twenty-one years ago, photo-booths were not yet as rare as they are now but a photo-booth with black and white photos was relatively unique. This was one of those. Also interesting in this specific booth was the fact that the photos would come on a horizontal strip instead of the usual vertical one. Each image was square, not rectangular, and sequenced from left to right on the print. A plain white background and a thick and uneven black frame would give these images a rather beautiful look.

As a child or a teenager, photo booths, already with color photos, were used when we needed to fill a form for an ID card for school, public transportation, sports club or access to a library. Those forms, to be filled-in with a pen, used to have a little square, usually on top of the page, to physically stick the little picture of our head onto it. And although in 1999 these photo-booths still existed in metro stations and shopping malls, they were kind of forgotten but still not abandoned, somehow representing an era that was already gone but not yet outdated.

At that time, the use of analog photo-booths was already well into its years. I had no forms to fill but I wanted to use that machine. Luckily I had friends to whom I could send my love to.



“Autobiografia Scientifica”, Aldo Rossi, 1981

luoghi; come le case dei monaci alla Certosa di Pavia o le case sterminate dei suburbi americani.

La piccola casa non è la villa, come il lungo ballatoio, come la corte essa prevede un villaggio, una familiarità, un legame che anche nei casi migliori è come un sentimento coatto. A volte mi sembra che non vi sia molta differenza tra una piccola casa al centro di un villaggio africano, o di un villaggio delle Alpi, e una sperduta tra i grandi spazi d'America. Esiste tutta una terminologia tecnica per definire questa che chiamo piccola casa. Ma io l'ho vista per la prima volta nei disegni *Le cabine dell'Elba* che risalgono credo al 1973. Le ho chiamate cabine perché lo sono effettivamente nell'uso e nel linguaggio parlato ma anche perché mi sembravano una dimensione minima del vivere, un'impressione dell'estate e così in altri disegni le ho poi chiamate *Impressions d'Afrique* anche qui con riferimento al mondo di Roussel, che all'inizio ci dice «il teatro era circondato da una capitale imponente formata da innumerevoli capanne». Le capanne-cabine erano quindi innumerevoli e questo mi ha fatto intravedere un tipo di città e di edificio, la massa del teatro, circondato da innumerevoli capanne. Nel 1976 associavo il mio progetto per una casa dello studente a Chieti a questa idea, mentre di solito la intendiamo come un edificio residenziale grande o piccolo, e così l'avevo vista nel progetto triestino del 1974. Ora vedevo questo villaggio dove spiccava un edificio pubblico incompiuto, con grandi travi, che crescevano con le pareti di mattoni. E l'aspetto africano, mediterraneo, era dato da queste cabine come dalle grandi palme che pensavo da anni e che tornano dovunque nella mia osservazione; e non solo nei grandi viali di Siviglia, così come a Siviglia le piccole case sono una città che si identifica con la Feria e quindi con l'estate, ma palme che ho sempre ritrovato allineate sul lago di fronte alle case come un richiamo, un simbolo, la memoria stessa della casa. Così la piccola casa, capanna, cabina si conformava e deformava nel luogo e nelle persone e niente poteva sostituirle o sottrarle questo carattere di privato, quasi di singolo, di identificazione col corpo, con lo spogliarsi e il rivestirsi. Ma questo rapporto con il corpo ritornava anche in senso lontano nei racconti dei contadini riuniti nelle stalle e infine nella piccola analoga costruzione del confessionale. Stavano i confessionali addirittura all'interno dei grandi edifici che generalmente emergono dal villaggio;

piccole case ben costruite, dove si parla di cose segrete, anche qui con il piacere e il disagio delle cabine estive rispetto al corpo. Essi erano provvisti di un tetto, di finestre, di decorazioni; spesso il nome del sacerdote stava scritto come il proprietario di una casa. E la piccola casa si trasformava spesso in cimitero; così San Carlo Borromeo, seppure preoccupato dei grandi progetti architettonici e sociali, cercò di rendere la casa confessionale più umana proibendo di depositarvi le ossa, anche se questo era fatto a fine di devozione e di funzionalità spirituale. Ed egli stesso per vincere questo culto antico percorreva la sua prediletta Valsolda, aiutato da pochi, a svuotare i confessionali più lontani. Nella piccola casa più ancora che nella chiesa la Controriforma cercava di dividere questa stretta antica unità tra corpo e spirito. Ugualmente continuo e faticoso era l'intervento dei Gesuiti nelle piccole case che costruivano per gli Indios per ricomporre pareti, divisioni, separazioni nelle case capanne perché queste diventavano subito un luogo dove una qualche separazione era data (solo) dal corpo. Con questo progetto delle cabine dell'Elba intendevo ridurre la casa a questi suoi valori avvertiti nelle stagioni; perché la piccola casa non è una riduzione dimensionale, in questo senso è il contrario della villa. La villa presuppone interni infiniti come labirinti e giardini per piccoli che siano, e un luogo.

Sono invece queste piccole case come senza luogo perché il luogo è interno o si identifica con chi le abita per un tempo che sappiamo breve ma non possiamo calcolare.

Le cabine possiedono rigidamente quattro pareti e un timpano; vi è nel timpano qualcosa che non è soltanto funzionale, come allo stesso modo esso presuppone una bandiera e presuppone il colore. Il colore a strisce è una parte integrante, riconoscibile, forse la parte più dichiaratamente architettonica.

Essa soprattutto ci rende coscienti che all'interno vi deve essere una vicenda e che in qualche modo alla vicenda seguirà lo spettacolo. Come quindi separare la cabina da un altro suo senso: il teatro? Da questi disegni nasceva il Teatrino scientifico del 1979 e proprio la sua funzione mi spingeva a chiamarlo scientifico.

Come chiamo scientifico il ripercorrere questi progetti; senza sperare che dalla loro analisi provenga qualche indicazione di salvezza per me, per il mestiere, ma solo per il progresso che vi è in tutte le analisi.

# Mariana Pestana

## The Phygital Cave

I once spent a weekend at Portinho da Arrábida, at the invitation of the grandson of Sommer Ribeiro, the architect, who designed a modernist hideaway house overlooking the sea. In the afternoon we ventured into the forest in search of Lapa de Santa Margarida, the so called “secret” cave. It hides in the forest, and the search is not easy... Luckily, we were in company of people who have long known the area and managed to find it eventually. This was after a long period during which all we heard were the branches breaking beneath our feet, 200 steps downhill, a turn. And we finally saw it, an entrance into the rock. But to our surprise there was a queue outside.

As we approached I realised that it wasn't really a queue, but a group of young people hanging out, right there, in the middle of nowhere, at the cave. These people weren't talking to one another. They were not drinking or smoking. The place was silent. We walked in, the cave was full of more people, leaning against the walls, each alone, immersed in their phones. The cave was a gym, I was told. But not for humans. There were dozens of creatures inside the dark cave with us, I slowly realised. Colourful beings jumping up and down. In a parallel, augmented, reality. In the world of Pokémon Go, a 2016 augmented reality mobile game.

The game uses the mobile device GPS to locate, capture, battle and train virtual creatures, called Pokémon, which live alongside the players real-world location. Grottoes like this one (built in the 18th century) are common natural or artificial caves used as decorative features in European gardens. Those derived from natural caves were regarded in antiquity as dwelling places of



divinities. Often constructed by arrangements of rocks, bones and other objects, grottoes evoke a primordial time and parallel dimensions, religious or not. This particular grotto had once images of Nossa Senhora da Conceição, Santo António and Santa Margarida.

The mysticism continues to date, as the eyes adjust to the darkness of the interior or to the brightness of the screen, alternate realities are revealed, other beings come to the fore, and the enveloping architecture sees all.

# Mariana Siracusa

Telephone booth at the street entrance of DLRG by Ludwig Leo, photo Ludwig Leo, ca. 1973.

Seen today, Leo's telephone booth is quite nostalgic: this architectural fragment allowed the user to take a break from the noisy urban environment in order to make a phone call. Today the provided telephone and directory are obsolete but the shelter is still a much needed element in our busy cities.



Bus stop booth, by Gion Caminada, Vrin-Crusch, 2017.

The log-built bus stop booth offers passengers protection from wind, rain and snow. It is carefully designed to frame the landscape around it.



Pao: Dwelling for the Tokyo nomad woman, by Toto Ito, model Kazuyo Sejima, 1985

Ito's lightweight booth allows for an introspective break from everyday interior space. It's equipped with a seat, a table top and can be completely closed off when not in use.



Quadro da Pranzo (oggetti in meno), by Michelangelo Pistoletto, 1965

Pistoletto often allows the visitor to interact with his art pieces. In this case two people can walk into the Quadro da Pranzo and ideally share a meal or a conversation. This simple structure needs no label: everybody understands how it is supposed to work. Once inside the work the two visitors are somehow separated from the rest of the room.



Measure box, by Rebecca Horn, 1970

Rebecca Horn's booth makes visitors self-conscious about their physical presence and reminds us that tight spaces, like booths, have a quite significant impact on our bodies. (the 18th century)



# Marine de Dardel

lift we our ears, eyes of the darkness, [...]\*

\*J. Joyce, FW 14.29

*the sightless science of the sonorous silence,  
the glaucomatic joys of sunken eyeballs  
black booth axioms.*

# MOS Architects

My favourite booth is a box with some words on it, sort of related to Loos' tombstone.

Source:  
[https://peanuts.fandom.com/wiki/Lucy%27s\\_psychiatry\\_booth](https://peanuts.fandom.com/wiki/Lucy%27s_psychiatry_booth)



# Pablo Garrido

Formalhaut. Kuhprojekt. Vogelsberg, Hessen, 1986

“The territory of occupation is not a single physical place, and is certainly not to be found within any existing occupied territory. It is a space of affect, materially supported by ripped reality. It can actualize anywhere, at any time. It exists as a possible experience. It may consist of a composite and montaged sequence of movements through sampled checkpoints, airport security checks, cash tills, aerial viewpoints, body scanners, scattered labor, revolving glass doors, duty-free stores.”

Hito Steyerl, “The Wretched of the Screen”



# Parasite 2.0

## Monolithic Rituals

Monolithic Rituals comes from the synergetic collaboration with Dedem S.p.A., Italian leader in the production of photo-booth. The project aims to give the machine a new identity that could be able to show in a surreal manner its original shapes. We designed a sinuous-methacrylate-smoky grey chrysalis able to rethink the shapes and the presence of the machine, thus projecting it in a very contemporary image. At the same time, the new semitransparent suit maintains in itself the essence of what was its iconic aspect. The new cover transforms the machine into a totemic cult object, coming from an unprecise era, simultaneously from futuristic environments and from ancient times.

Photo by Delfino Sisto Legnani.



# Raphaël Pache

Booth or in french, (with a lisp), "bouche", mouth.

La bouche, symbolic mise en abyme of the booth, be it a voting booth, a peepshow booth, a food booth, an isolation booth, a control booth, a bouche for all trades.

Not I, Samuel Beckett, 1972,

Filmstill of the piece performed by Billie Whitelaw, 1973, Royal Court Theatre, London



# Romain Frezza

Donald Judd, Double Daybed (1982), 113 × 208.3 × 198.1 cm.

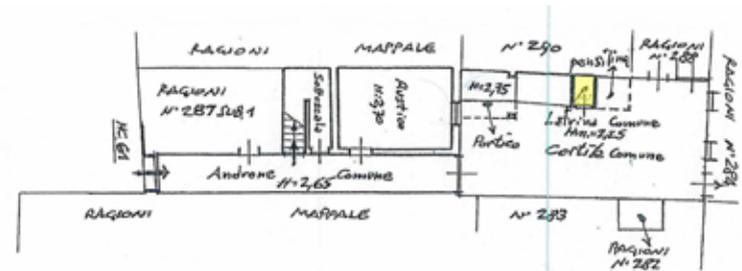


# Studiospazio

Toilet Booth in the courtyard, Mantova

Date: approx. 1920

In Mantova's historical city centre, as well as in many other Italian cities, it is common to find toilet booths in the private courtyards of the houses. This toilet booth is not in use since the 70's, when the family built a toilet annex directly connected to the house. It is planned to be demolished for the renovation of the house we are designing.



# TAB Collective

“Bar Non- Lieu, a hideout in a cabinet”  
by breadedEscalope

“In its dimensions, the Bar Non-Lieu is indeed referring to conventional bar furniture. Its central claim to be a non-place, however, is ultimately obtained by the opportunity to enter the furniture and thus be able to experience it as space.

This shifted perspective expands the viewer’s perception of the piece to an atmospheric bar with room for two people. Thereby, the Bar non-Lieu clearly focuses on interpersonal dialogue and its plain and minimal design offers the perfect setting for an intimate conversation. The interior deliberately refers to the American Bar in Vienna’s first district, which was designed and furnished by Adolf Loos.”

Description and images by breadedEscalope



# Vasco Santos

Animatógrafo - Peep Show room in Lisbon, Portugal.

It opened its doors in 1907, two years after the publication of Freud's "Three Essays on The Theory of Sexuality" (1905). Lisbon was on fire! And Almada, Pessoa e Mário de Sá Carneiro were regulars... w



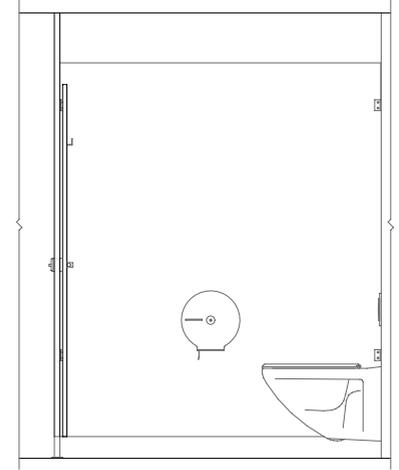
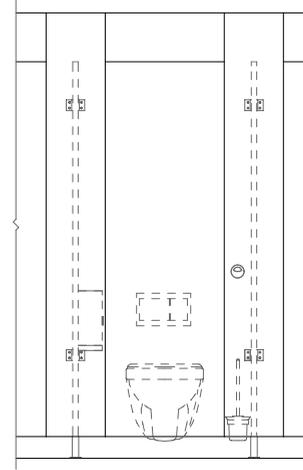
*This luscious and impecable fruit of life  
Falls, it appears, of its own weight to earth,  
When you were Eve, its acrid juice was sweet,  
Untasted, in its heavenly, orchard air.  
An apple serves as well as any skull  
To be the book in which to read a round,  
And is as excellent, in that it is composed  
Of what, like skulls, comes rotting back to ground.  
But it excels in this, that as the fruit  
Of love, it is a book too mad to read  
Before one merely reads to pass the time.*

by Wallace Stevens

# Yektajo & Valdez

## The Public Toilet Booth.

Momentarily appropriated by everyone in the most intimate moment par excellence, an unusual versatility emerges from the public toilet booth's ambivalence between public and private. Originally thought to satisfy our most basic physiological needs, the introduction of the partition in the public toilets has provided an ideal scene for a variety of intimate uses. Ranging from being a space for sexual intercourse, drug consumption, masturbation, exchanging messages, changing clothes, or giving temporary shelter, the public toilet booth has most recently also become the ideal enclosure for one-on-one quality time with our phones.





A typologically sorted bundle of formal and conceptual leftovers.  
Smudges of which are to be found all over the built space of the  
Typology of Intimacy or, A Booth For All Trades.

# RESEARCH REMAINS

# RESEARCH REMAINS

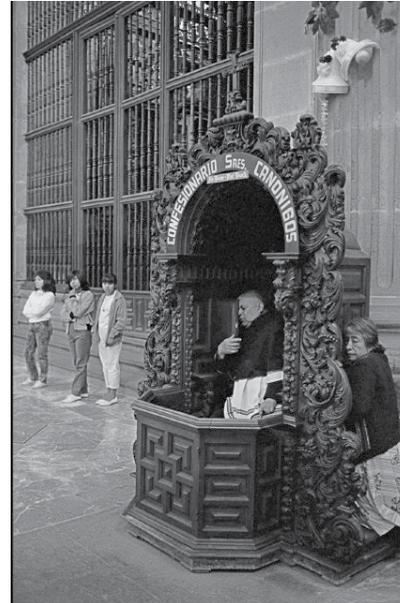
CHANGING	160
COMMERCIAL	162
CONFESSIONAL	164
DINING	166
PHONE	168
PHOTO	170
TOILET	172
VOTING	174



**Kissing Booth**

types:	price:
Butterfly.....	15¢
Air.....	5¢
Eskimo.....	10¢
Cheek.....	20¢
Lips.....	25¢

















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