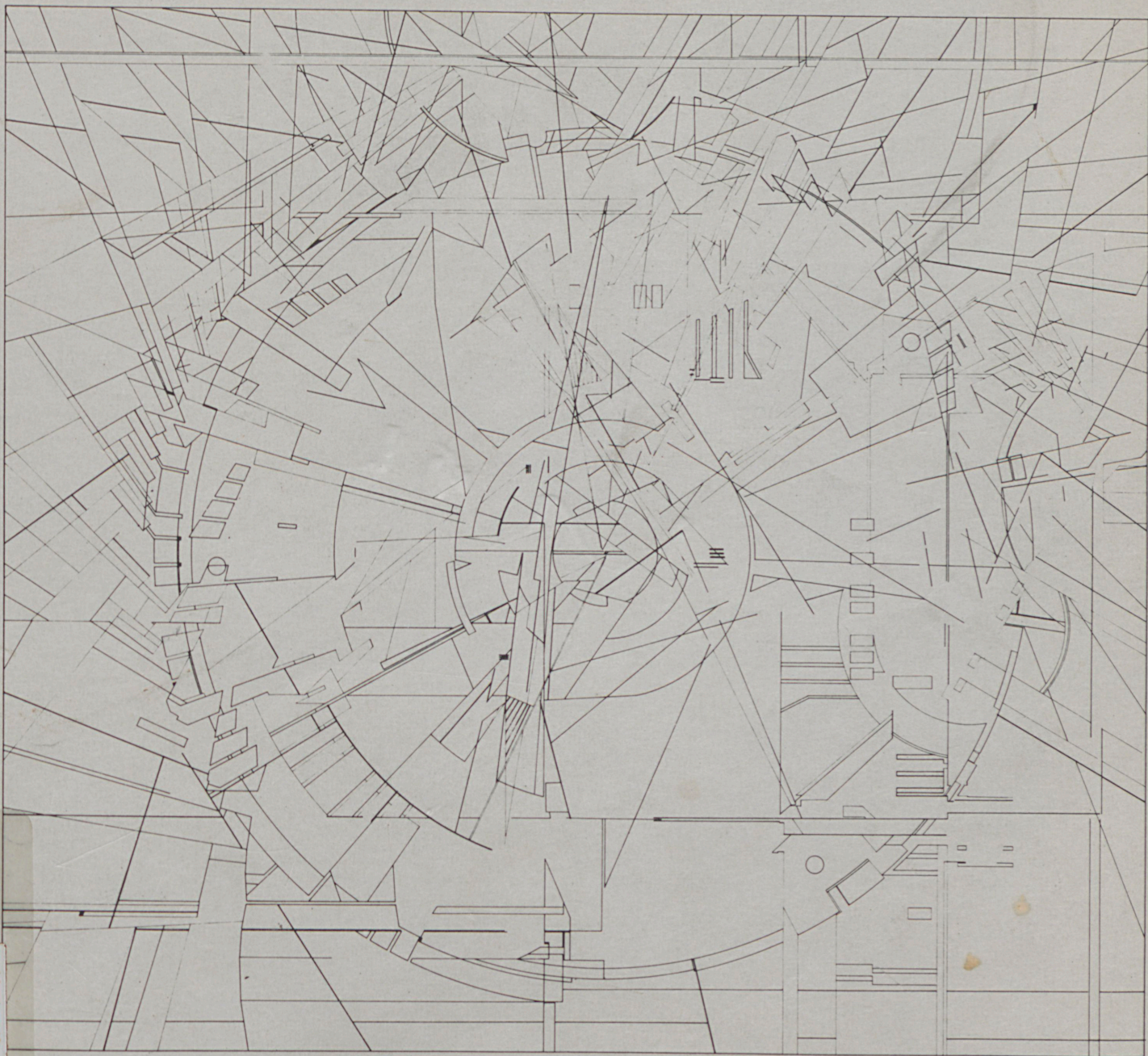


P378
.G1861



~~Private and Confidential~~

Montana State University Library, Bozeman

A DISCOURSE

A search for the bounds of fantasy and reality,
illusory and implied, through personal exercises of
growth and discovery. An interpretation of
abstraction from mimesis through methodology
and metamorphosis to mystique.

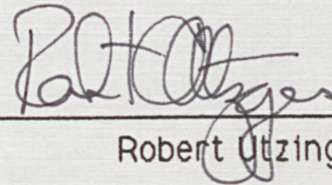
BY

DARCY R. GARNEAU

An undergraduate thesis submitted in partial
fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of
Bachelor of Architecture.

Approved by

Shee C. Kong, Thesis Advisor

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Robert Utzinger", is written over a horizontal line.

Robert Utzinger, Director

MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY
Bozeman Montana
March, 1985

P378
G1861

~~920.6~~
~~1976 NA2540~~
~~G1861~~

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Dune Messiah.....	3
Statement.....	21
Hall of Conspiracy.....	26
Studies and Constructions.....	30
Site and Sequence.....	55
Epilogue.....	81
Footnotes.....	83
Bibliography.....	85

There are many methods and approaches in the process of discovering what is architecture or what it means to be an architect. In varying degrees, it the science of building, the process of construction, and the learning of techniques. It is also the art of ideas, the fine art of creative possibilities. This thesis is a study which focuses on one route to the discovery of possibilities. It is a processual study of abstraction and the combination of seemingly tangential relationships. Exercises, enhanced by the sensibilities of the designer in the creation of illusory reality as form giver to fantasy.

DUNE MESSIAH by FRANK HERBERT

The following condensed excerpts are from Frank Herbert's novel DUNE MESSIAH. Supplemental reading of Dune and Dune Messiah by Frank Herbert is recommended in order to fully appreciate the complexity of historical divergencies, characterization, and socio-political structures the story encompasses.

""Muad'dib's Imperial reign generated more historians than any other era in human history. Most of them argued a particular viewpoint, jealous and sectarian, but it says something about the particular impact of this man that he aroused such passion on so many diverse worlds.

Of course, he contained the ingredients of history, ideal and idealized. This man, born Paul Atreides in an ancient Great Family, received the deep pranu-bindu training from the lady Jessica, his Bene Gesserit mother, and had through this a superb control over muscles and nerves. But more than that, he was a mentat, an intellect whose capacities surpassed those of the religiously prescribed mechanical computers used by the ancients.

Above all else, Muad'dib was the Kwisatz Haderach which the Sisterhood's breeding program had sought across thousands of generations.

The Kwisatz Haderach, then, the one who could be 'many places at once', this prophet, this man, through whom the Bene Gesserit hoped to control human destiny - this man became Emperor Muad'dib and executed a marriage of convenience with a daughter of the Padishah Emperor he had defeated.

Think of the paradox, the failure implicit in

this moment, for you surely have read other histories and know the surface facts. Muad'dib's wild Fremen did indeed, overwhelm the Padishah Shaddam IV. They toppled the Sardaukar legions, the allied forces of the Great Houses, the Harkonnen armies, and the mercenaries bought with money voted in the Landsraad. He brought the Spacing Guild to its knees and placed his own sister, Alia, on the religious throne the Bene Gesserit had thought their own.

He did all these things and more.

Muad'dib's Qizarate missionaries carried their religious war across space in a Jihad whose impetus endured twelve standard years, but in that time, religious colonialism brought all but a fraction of the human universe under one rule.

He did this because capture of Arrakis, that planet know more often as Dune, gave him monopoly over the ultimate coin of the realm - the geriatric spice, melange, the poison that gave life.

Here was another ingredient of history: a material whose psychic chemistry unravelled time. Without melange, the Sisterhood's Reverend Mothers could not perform their feats of observation and human control. Without melange, the Guild's Steersmen could not navigate across space. Without melange, billions of Imperial citizens would die of addictive withdrawal.

Without melange, Paul Muad'dib could not prophecy.

We know this moment of supreme power contained failure. There can be only one answer, that completely accurate and total prediction is lethal.

Other histories say Muad'dib was defeated by obvious plotters - the Guild, the Sisterhood and the scientific amoralists of the Bene Tleilaxu with their face dancer disguises. Other histories point out the spies in Muad'dib's household. They make much of the Dune Tarot which clouded Muad'dib's powers of prophecy. Some show how Muad'dib was made to accept the services of a ghola, the flesh brought back from the dead and trained to destroy him. But certainly they must know this ghola was Duncan Idaho, the Atreides lieutenant who perished saving the life of young Paul.

Yet, they delineate the Qizarate cabal guided by Korba the Panegyrist. They take us step by step through Korba's plan to make a martyr of Muad'dib and place the blame on Chani, the Fremen concubine.

How can any of this explain the facts as history has revealed them? They cannot. Only through the lethal nature of prophecy can we understand the failure of such enormous and far seeing power.

Hopefully, other historians will learn

something from this revelation.

-An Analysis of History: Muad'dib by Bronso of Ix-

Such a rich store of myths enfolds Paul' Muad'dib, the Mentat Emperor, and his sister Alia, it is difficult to see the real persons behind these veils. But there were, after all, a man born Paul Atreides and a woman born Alia. Their flesh was subject to space and time. And even though their oracular powers placed them beyond the usual limits of time and space, they came from human stock. they experienced real events which left real traces upon a real universe. To understand them, it must be seen that their catastrophe was the catastrophe of all mankind. This work is dedicated, then, not to Muad'dib or his sister Alia, but to their heirs - to all of us.

Despite the murderous nature of the plot he hoped to devise. the thoughts of Scytale, the Tleilaxu Face Dancer, returned again and again to rueful compassion.

"I shall regret causing death and misery to Muad'dib", he told himself.

Scytale stood bemused in silence somewhat apart from the others. The argument about psychic poison had been going on for some time now. It was energetic and vehement, but polite in that blindly compulsive way adepts of the Great School always adopted for matters close to their dogma.

"When you think you have him skewered, right then you'll find him unwounded!"

That was the old Reverend Mother of the Bene Gesserit, Gaius Helen Mohiam, their hostess here on Wallach IX. She was a black robed stick figure, a witch crone seated in a floater chair at Scytale's left. Her aba hood had been thrown back to expose a leathery face beneath silver hair. Deeply pocketed eyes stared out of skull-masked features.

They were using a mirabhasa language, honed phalange consonants and joined vowels. It was a instrument for conveying fine emotional subtleties. Edric, the Guild's Steersman, replied to the Reverend Mother now with a vocal curtsy contained in a sneer.

Scytale looked at the Guild's envoy. Edric swam

in a container of orange gas only a few paces away. His container sat in the center of the **transparent dome which the Bene Gesserit had built for this meeting.** The Guildsman was an elongated figure, vaguely humanoid with finned feet and hugely finned membranous hands - a fish in a strange sea. His tank's vents emitted a pale orange cloud rich with the smell of geriatric spice, Melange.

"If we go on this way, we'll die of stupidity!"

That was the fourth person present - the potential member of the conspiracy - Princess Irulan, wife (but not mate, Scytale reminded himself) of their mutual foe. She stood at a corner of Edric's tank, a tall blond beauty, splendid robe of blue whale fur and matching hat. Gold buttons glistened at her ears. She carried herself with an aristocrat's hauteur, but something in the absorbed smoothness of her features betrayed the controls of her Bene Gesserit background.

Scytale's mind turned from nuances of language and faces to nuances of location. All around the dome lay hills mangy with melting snow which reflected mottled blue wetness from the small blue-white sun hanging at the meridian.

Why this particular place? Scytale wondered. The Bene Gesserit seldom did

anything casually. Take the dome's open plan: a more conventional and confining space might've inflicted the Guildsman with claustrophobic nervousness. Inhibitions in his psyche were those of birth and life off-planet in open space.

Have you nothing to say for yourself, Scytale?", the Reverend Mother demanded, voice wheezing.

Scytale shrugged. He was the human chameleon, a face dancer, and the shape he wore now invited the others to judge him too lightly.

"Well?", the Reverend Mother pressed.

"I was enjoying the silence," Scytale said. "Our hostilities are better left unvoiced."

The Reverend mother drew back, and Scytale saw her reassessing him.

Scytale gave her enough time to complete the reassessment, said, "Poison!"

The Guildsman stirred, "We're discussing psychic poison, not a physical one."

Scytale laughed.

"Stop that!" Mohiam rasped.

Scytale stopped, but he had their attention now.

"Our friend Edric suggests," Scytale said, "that a pair of Bene Gesserit witches trained in all their subtle ways have not learned the true uses of deception."

Mohiam turned to stare out at the cold

hills of her Bene Gesserit homeworld.

Edric took this moment to pop a melange pill into his mouth. He ate the spice and breathed it and, no doubt, drank it.

"I think it was a mistake for me to come here," Irulan said.

"Princess," Scytale said, "because of Edric here, your husband's oracular sight cannot stumble upon certain incidents, including this one...presumably.

Eyes closed, the Reverend Mother nodded. "The phenomenon of prescience is poorly understood even by it's initiates," she said.

"I am a full Guild Navigator and have the Power," Edric said.

Again, the Reverend Mother opened her eyes. This time, she stared at the Face Dancer, eyes probing with that peculiar Bene Gesserit intensity. She was weighing minutae.

"No Reverend Mother," Scytale murmured, "I am not as simple as I appeared."

"We don't understand this Power of the second sight," Irulan said. "There's a point. Edric says my husband cannot see, know or predict what happens within the sphere of a Navigator's influence. But how far does that influence extend?"

"There are people and things in our universe which I know only by their effects," Edric said, his fish mouth held in a thin line. "I know they have

been here...there...somewhere. As water creatures stir up the currents in their passage, so the prescient stir up time. I have seen where your husband has been; never have I seen him nor the people who truly share his aims and loyalties. This is the concealment which an adept gives those who are his."

"Irulan is not yours," Scytale said.

"We all know the conspiracy must be conducted only in my presence," Edric said.

Using the voice mode for describing a machine, Irulan said, "You have your uses apparently."

"The future is a thing to be shaped," Scytale said. "Hold that thought, Princess."

"Princess, I know what it is you most desire from the Emperor," Edric said.

"Who does not know it?" Irulan asked.

"You wish to be the founding mother of the royal dynasty," Edric said, as though he had not heard her. "Unless you join us, that will never happen. Take my oracular word on it. The Emperor married you for political reasons, but you'll never share his bed."

"So the oracle is also a voyeur," Irulan sneered.

"The Emperor is more firmly wedded to his Fremmen concubine than he is to you!" Edric snapped.

"And she gives him no heir," Irulan said, her voice measuring out controlled calmness, "because

I am secretly administering a contraceptive. Is that the sort of admission you wanted from me?"

It'd not be a thing for the Emperor to discover," Edric said smiling.

"I have lies ready for him," Irulan said. "He may have truthsense, but some lies are easier to believe than the truth."

"You must make the choice, Princess," Scytale said, "but you understand what it is protects you."

She was fully aware now that if she left this conference under Edric's sway, part of their plot, these moments might be concealed from Paul's oracular vision. If she withheld commitment though...

"Does it seem to you, Princess," Scytale asked, "that Edric holds undue sway in our conspiracy?"

"I've already agreed," Edric said, "that I'll defer to the best judgement offered in our councils."

"He wishes her commitment to be a real one," the Reverend Mother growled. "There should be no trickery between us."

"Princess," Edric said, his voice softly persuasive, "you already are one of us, have no fear of that. Do you not spy upon the Imperial household for your Bene Gesserit superiors?"

"The question is one of powers and how they may be used," Scytale said, moving closer to the Guildsman's tank. "We of the Tleilaxu believe in all

the universe there is only the insatiable appetite of matter, that energy is the only true solid. And energy learns. Hear me well, Princess, energy learns. This, we call power."

"You haven't convinced me we can defeat the Emperor," Irulan said.

"We haven't even convinced ourselves," Scytale said.

"Everywhere we turn," Irulan said, "his power confronts us. He's the Kwisatz Haderach, the one who can be many places at once."

"We know his attributes," the Reverend Mother interrupted. "And we know the abomination, his sister Alia, possesses his gene pattern. But they're also humans, both of them. Thus they have weaknesses."

"And where are those human weaknesses?" the Face Dancer asked. "Shall we search for them in the religious arm of his Jihad?"

"I suggest the Combine Honnete Ober Advancer Mercantiles," Edric said, turning in his tank. "CHOAM is business and business follows profits."

"Or perhaps the Emperor's mother," Scytale said. "The Lady Jessica, I understand, remains on Caladan, but is in frequent communication with her son."

"That traitorous bitch," Mohiam said, voice level. "Would I might disown my own hands which

trained her."

"Princess," Edric said, "make your choice. You have been chosen as an instrument in destiny, the very finest..."

"Save your praise for those who can be swayed by it," Irulan said. "Earlier, you mentioned a ghost, a revenant with which we may contaminate the Emperor. Explain this."

"A very unusual ghost," Edric said. "It has a body and a name. The body—that's the flesh of a renowned swordsmaster known as Duncan Idaho. The name..."

"Idaho's dead," Irulan said. "Pal has mourned the loss often in my presence. He saw Idaho killed by my father's Sardaukar."

"Even in defeat," Edric said, "your father's Sardaukar did not abandon wisdom. Let us suppose a wise Sardaukar commander recognized the swordsmaster in a corpse his men had slain. What then? There exist uses for such flesh and training...if one acts swiftly."

"A Tleilaxu Gholá," Irulan whispered, looking sideways at Scytale.

Scytale observing her attention, exercised his face dancer powers — shape flowing into shape, flesh moving and readjusting. Presently, a slender man stood before her. The face remained somewhat round, but darker and with slightly flattened

features. High cheek bones formed shelves for eyes with definite epicanthic folds. The hair was black and unruly.

"A ghost of this appearance," Edric said, pointing to Scytale.

"Or merely another Face Dancer?" Irulan asked.

"No Face Dancer," Edric said. "A Face Dancer risks exposure under prolonged surveillance."

"I heard not a whisper of this and I was one of my father's confidantes," Irulan said.

"Ahh, but your father was a defeated man and within a few hours you had been sold to a new Emperor," Edric said.

"You've done it then," Irulan said.

Scytale, who had resumed his roly poly first appearance said, "We've done it."

"How has the Idaho been conditioned?" Irulan asked.

"We sold you a creature called Hayt," Scytale said.

"I wish to discuss our mode of giving this Hayt to the Emperor," Edric insisted. "It is my understanding that Hayt reflects the old morality that the Atreides learned on his birth world. Hayt is supposed to make it easy for the Emperor to enlarge his moral nature, to delineate the positive-negative elements of life and religion."

"Do I understand that this Hayt is intended to

poison Paul's psyche?" Irulan asked.

"More or less," Scytale smiled.

"I do not like the way you smile," Mohiam said abruptly, speaking in the truth mode as she glared up at Scytale.

In the same mode, Scytale said, "And I think less of what pleases you. But we must work together. We all see that." He glared at the Guildsman. "Don't we, Edric?"¹

The Beginning of Knowledge - the discovery of
something we do not understand.²

Frank Herbert

Literature is created from the translation of fantasy and images of pure imagination transformed by the author to a literary reality perceivable by others through language or the word. A reader, having read a story and thereby transported to the magical world of *illico tempore*, grasping the initial fantasy image the author has set forth for him to experience, manifests in his/her mind a form of reality for those images and ideas. A richer and deeper form of reality for those images and ideas is made possible through the creation of visual stimuli in different forms; painting, sculpture, renderings, or more powerfully through theatrical interpretations or film. As Dziga Vertov writes in *Articles, Journaux, Projects*, "The film makes possible the realization of what cannot be realized in real life."³ From illusory reality, and the realization of those possibilities not yet possible in true reality, a new form of reality is predetermined and shaped.

As Herbert has written, "My mind controls my reality."⁴

It is fairly common knowledge that the vision we have today will manifest itself in one form or another in the future. For once we have estimated upon the outcome or vision of that future, we

accept it as a form of reality. Authors have always written about the fantastic, and the impossible. The airplane, the horseless carriage, the rocket ship, the submarine, Atlantis, Buck Rogers and Metropolis were all manifestations of the mind and part of the search for ultimate possibilities. However, until the invention of motion pictures, only rather crude interpretations of the visions authors wrote about were possible, dependent upon the technology available. Primarily, these interpretations were confined to renderings, sculpture or theater, which gave somewhat of a realism to the adventure, however, they were by far able to create true plausibility.

After the invention of film and its related techniques, the literary fantasy of space travel, visitations to far off galaxies and underwater cities began to reach a very high level of realism. Film is made a very real experience because it stimulates not only the visual and auditory centers of the brain, but also implies the sense of touch, taste and smell. As Yvette Biro writes, "...viewers who come to a movie with the avowed purpose of being entertained...set[s] the stage for an unusually strong type of communication process, because the viewer is willing even anxious, to receive what the communicator has to

offer."⁵ We as humans perceive our world through movement, a sequence of collaged, overlapping experiences, a constant kaleidoscope of stimulus.

An architectural experience, as Bernard Tshumi suggests in his Manhattan Transcripts is analogous to film. "The relationship of one frame to the next is indispensable insofar as no analysis of any one frame can accurately reveal how the space was handled altogether....They establish a memory of the preceding frame, or course of events. Their final meaning is cumulative; it does not depend merely on a single frame (such as a facade), but on a succession of frames and spaces."⁶ It is the whole which suggests sequence indicative of the time frame and place. It is the sequence of events which creates the reality and plausibility. Part and portions of physical reality mesh together in a collective unity of identity. If this unity of parts is manifested in film then illusory reality of a very high level is possible. From creation of ultimate possibilities, fantasy may be transmigrated from one to another.

To study architectural space requires a,"...tripartite mode of notation (events, movements, spaces) to introduce the order of experience, the order of time movements,

intervals, sequences - for all inevitably intervene in the reading of the city (world or film)...representation generally used by architects...plans, sections, axonometrics, and perspectives...preuse and generative...each implies a logical reduction of architectural thought to what can be shown, at the exclusion of other concerns...where the limits of my language are the limits of my world."⁷

From studies of a personal nature, the generation of a personal architectural language, independent of the self from external input and dependent upon the individual's sensibilities of experience, may be identified and expanded in the subtle nuances of vocabulary and witt. Regardless of the conventionality of the processoral study, the setting up of predetermined walls or barricades will result in stagnation. Although the method of study implemented in this project aspires to be free of those barricades, it cannot and is subject to a degree. However, being aware of a condition is also a means of going beyond.

I submit that an architecture of possibilities is an architecture of reality. Whether implied through film or another visual medium, a manifestation of the mind in physical terms is a realization of

reality.

-THE HALL OF CONSPIRACY-

THE HALL OF CONSPIRACY

PLANET: WALLACH IX, HOME OF THE BENE GESSERIT
SISTERHOOD

DATE: YEAR 10208 A>G> [after guild]

ECOLOGY: A frozen planet, "hills mangy with melting snow which reflected the mottled blue wetness from the small blue-white sun hanging at the meridian."⁸

PLACE: "A transparent dome of open plan."⁹

THE BENE GESSERIT:

"The essence of the Bene Gesserit training philosophy: if one can control itself, or "know thyself", ultimately one can control the universe."¹⁰

AXIOM 1: "My mind controls my reality."¹¹ This state is achieved through psychological and physiological training called prana[nerve] - bindu[muscle]; "a methodology achieving not internal fantasy, but an understanding of reality with detached objectivity."¹²

AXIOM 2: "All proof inevitably leads to

propositions which have no proof. All things are known because we want to believe in them."¹³

AXIOM 3: "The purpose of argument is to change the nature of truth."¹⁴

AXIOM 4: "The control of the body leads to the purification of the mind necessary to separate the real from the unreal."¹⁵ As one becomes the topic, one breeds pure thought.

The Bene Gesserit are a breed of hypersensitized humans who assess humanity with the cold functionality of finely tuned machines. The Sisterhood draw from multiple sources of information; the physical world, their experiential training, and from the collective unity of the Sisterhood itself. The Bene Gesserit Sisters function within a complexity of formulated data and chaotic inputs which are systematically sifted into minutae of detail and decoded before a response is initiated. Decisions are purely responses based on the data, executed at lightning pace. The decision making process of this order appear to be of a black and white nature, no variable of indecision customarily exists. The general training of the order voices its members in the guiles of deception and the subtleties of

complex conspiratorial planning. It has been noted that the Sisterhood coerce not through blatant use of their power [which they hold within the Imperium], but through a gentle infusion of plans within plans meticulously implemented and set in motion.

-STUDIES AND CONSTRUCTIONS -
MIMESIS AND METHODOLOGY

"From the conception the increase,
From the increase the thought,
From the thought the remembrance,
From the remembrance the consciousness,
From the consciousness the desire..."¹⁶

-an excerpt from the Maoris myth of creation-

The studies and constructions contained within this printing represent the creation of a vocabulary or visual language for a project. They manifest themselves through a process which draws not only from the intrinsic qualities of their machine base, but also from a subjective interpretation of the story board and my personal sensibilities. They represent an event, a movement, and a space through the process of mimesis through methodology and metamorphosis to mystique.

-THE MACHINE RELATIONSHIP-

Fantasy is conveyed to others through language or words. A typewriter is an object symbol of that translation of thought to a form of reality and communication to others. The typewriter is a vehicle to the dream world of illo tempore; the inner fantasy world and reflective of a different perceptual experience of time and place.

The socio-political structure described within Dune Messiah organizes itself with the same fine tuning of a complex machine type such as the typewriter. A machine for the purpose of creating words; a government for the purpose of advocating words. The typewriter is a pristine object on the

exterior reflecting a high degree of design quality. However, on the interior the parts are a superb example of engineering, gears and connections which have become sluggish from the residue of corrosion and abuse. They are allegorical of the corrupted governmental system within Dune Messiah.

The typewriter as a vehicle for exploration on an abstract level exemplifies the machine as artifactual reference to both the world of Dune Messiah and our own world quickly approaching the termination of mechanically moving parts, it is a bridge.

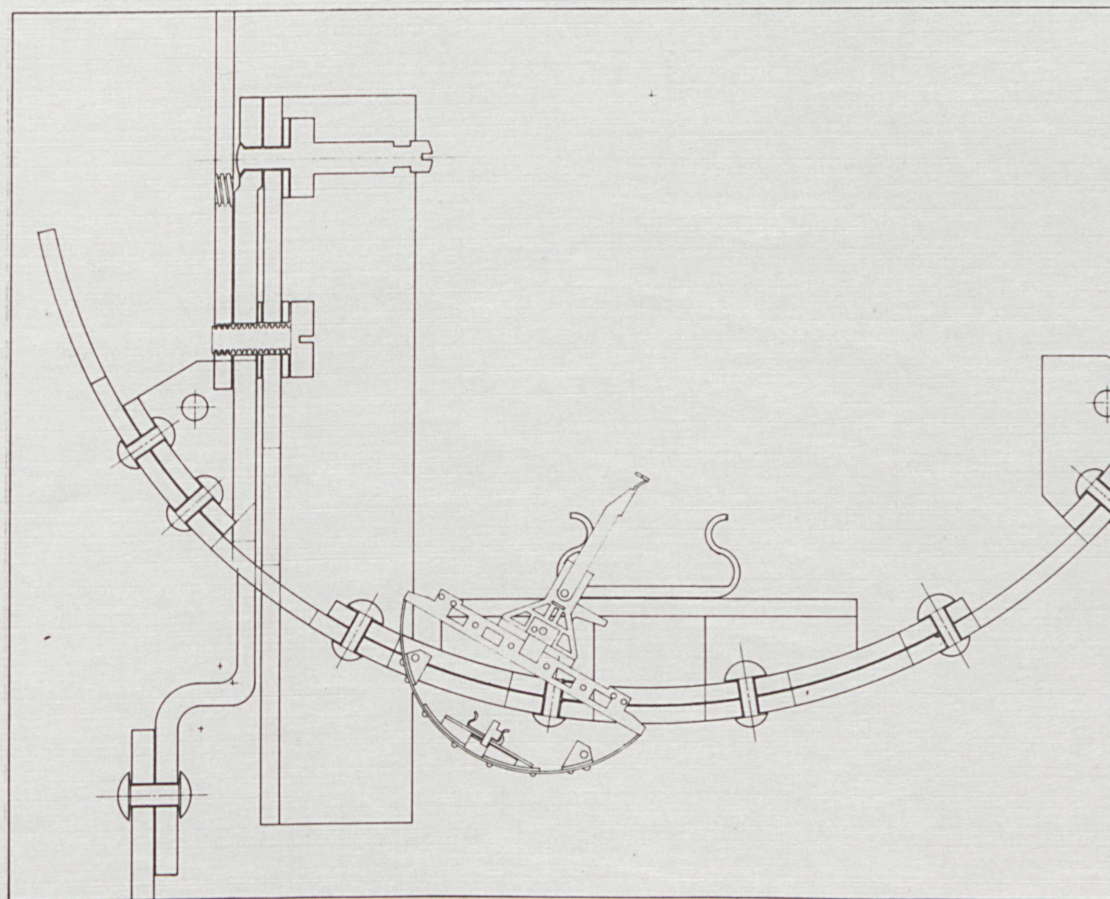
MIMESIS AND METHODOLOGY

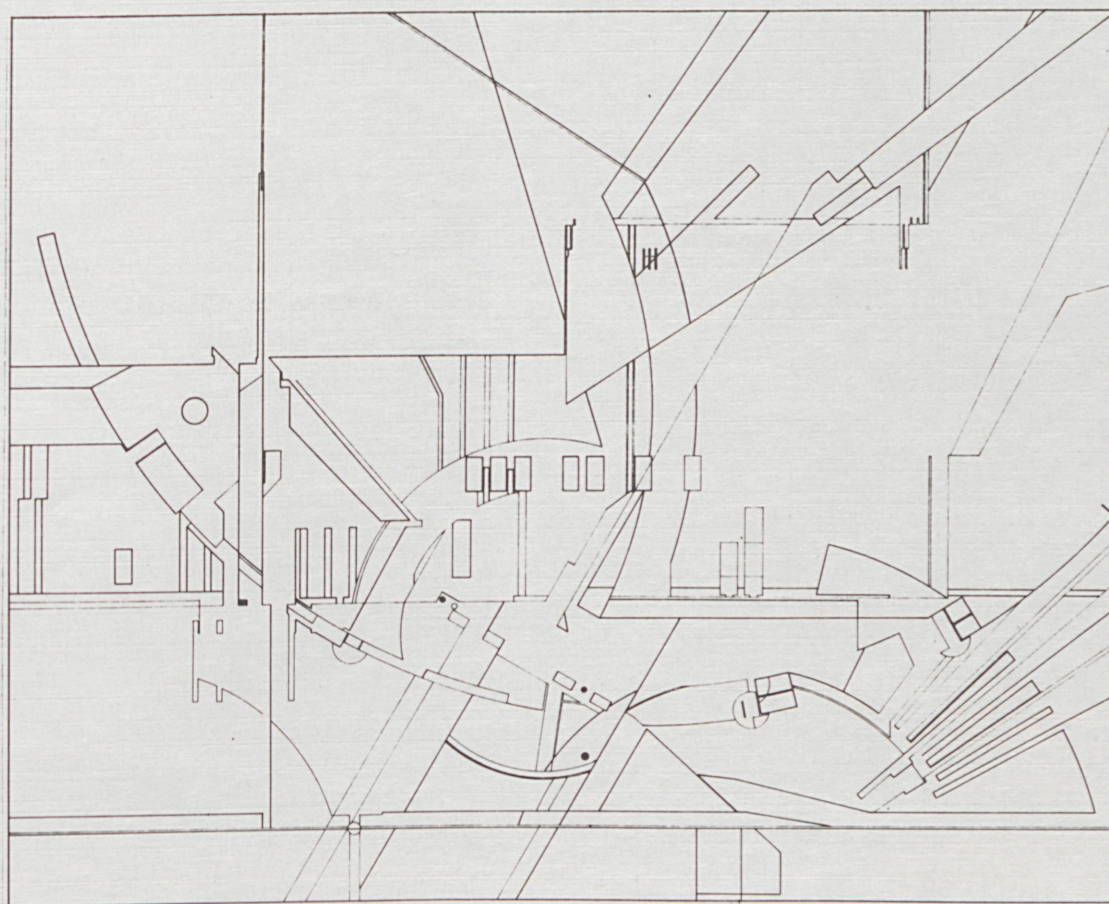
The studies generate from a rather rudimentary level of scaled plans and sections used as a reference point only, chosen from a personal affinity for the part in relationship to the actual project. The plans and sections are then transformed from their initial state to a level of abstraction through selective aesthetic choices of addition and subtraction ; i.e. the extension or foreshortening of both line and arc, the weight of line. the subdivision of section or part, the rotation of axis, or the combination of one study

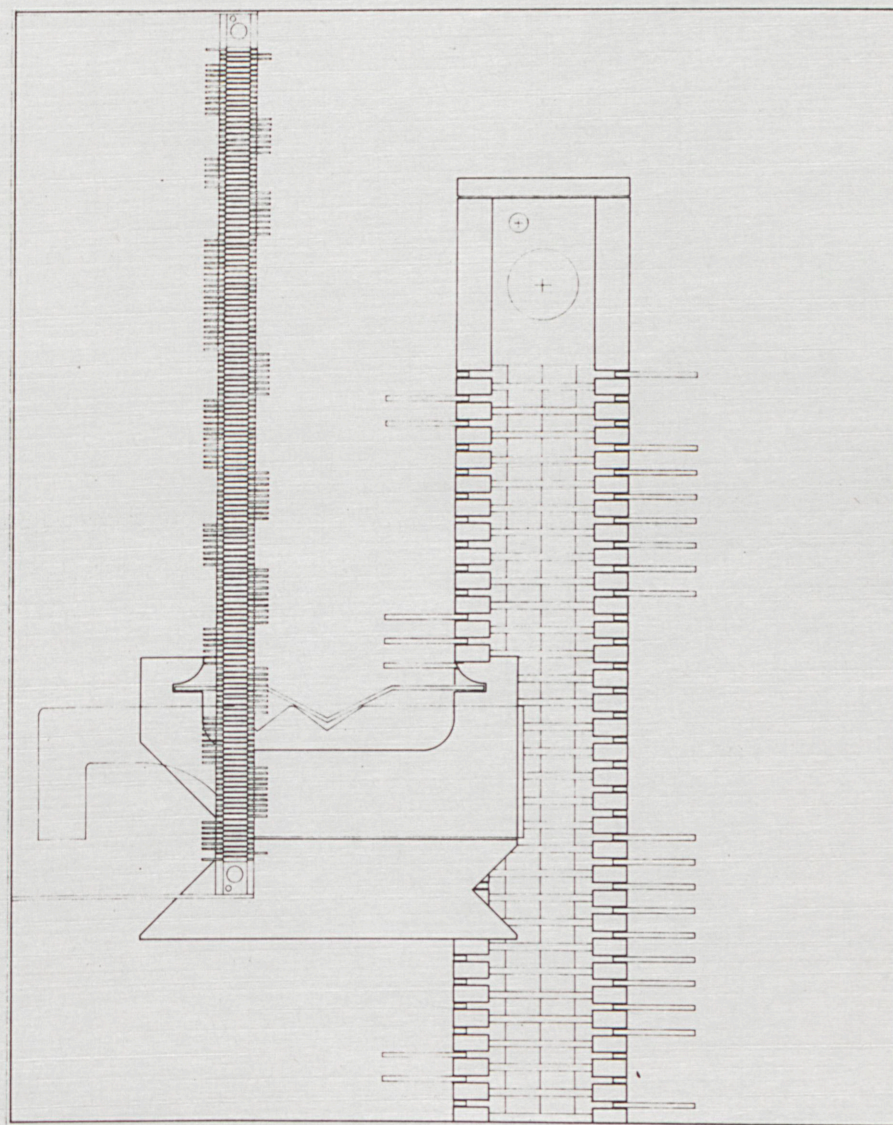
with another. This portion of the exercises comprise the mimesis, or imitational sequence, and the methodological stages of rudimentary transformations. From these studies, the beginnings of a distinctive vocabulary materializes. At this point in the process, the studies begin to imply a third dimension of space. However, as they are yet a study within a two dimensional medium [drawings] they are not indicative of the level of possibilities this process may manifest. They are a step.

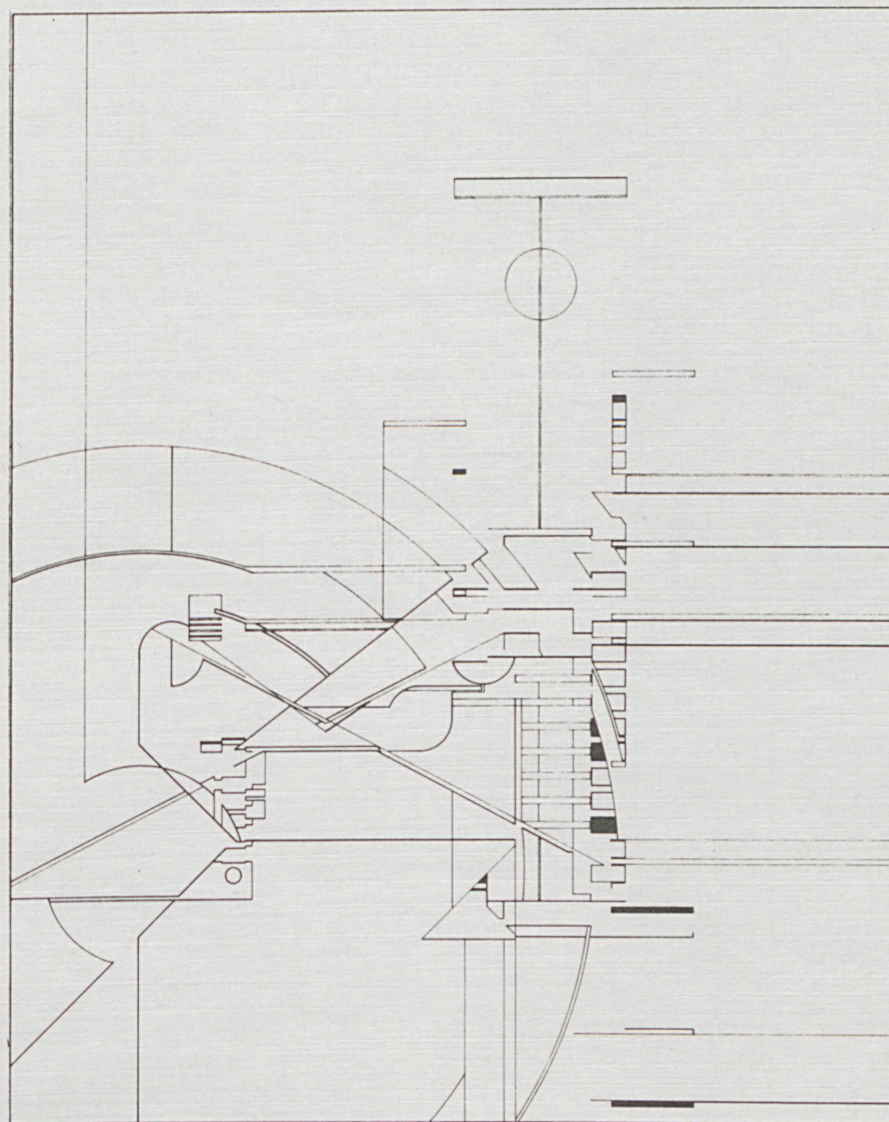
At this stage a study in the third dimension is initiated. The focus of exploration is directed more towards the sensibilities of the actual project base; the fantasy world of Dune Messiah. Again, through the selective process of part affinity, a large scale construction of a very strong architectural nature is manifested. The primary role of which is that of form possibility. Form as a motivator, not to be copied in a literal fashion, but to be used as a generating point. There has been some discussion as to the designer's role up to this point. The designer's sensibilities are directing the exploration. Although the parts are physical by nature, and of have a strong vocabulary in themselves, it is the designer who manipulates these seemingly

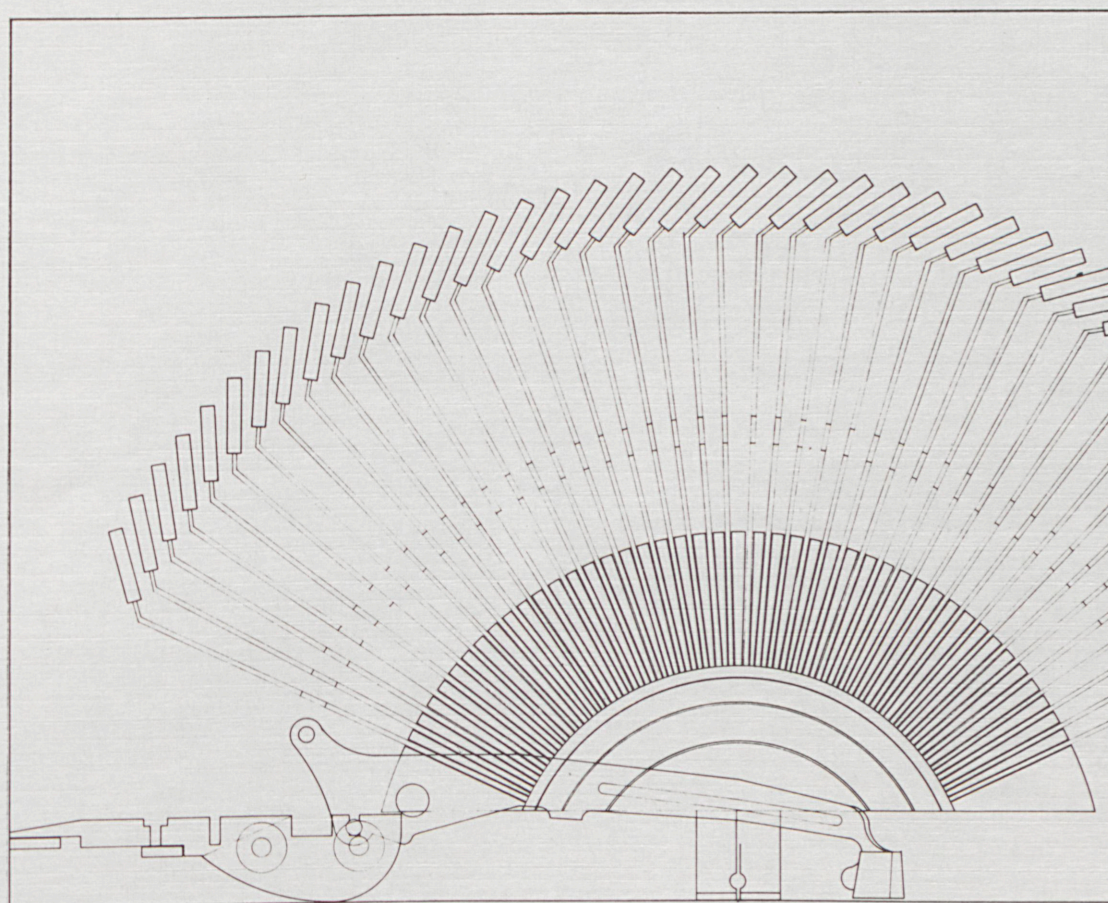
unrelated parts to a level other than that of their original function. In this particular case, a typewriter becomes the image of a city.

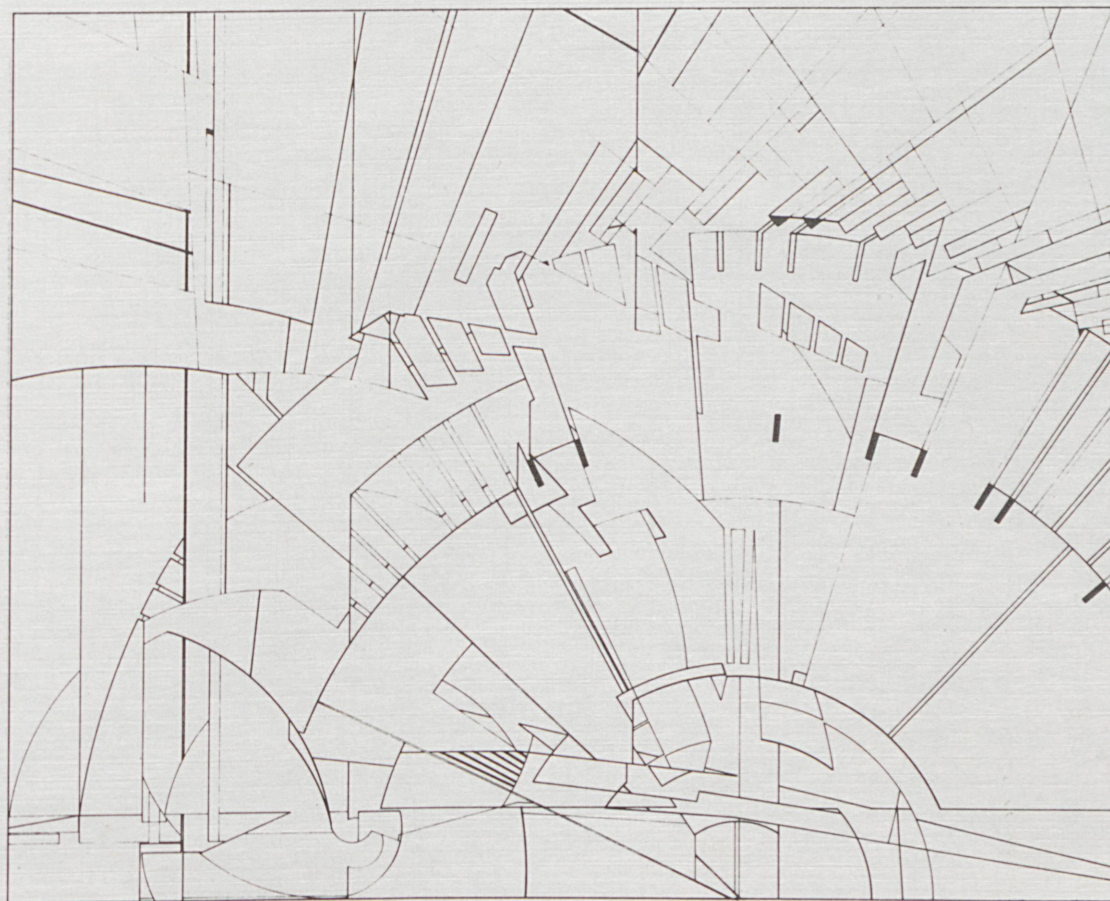




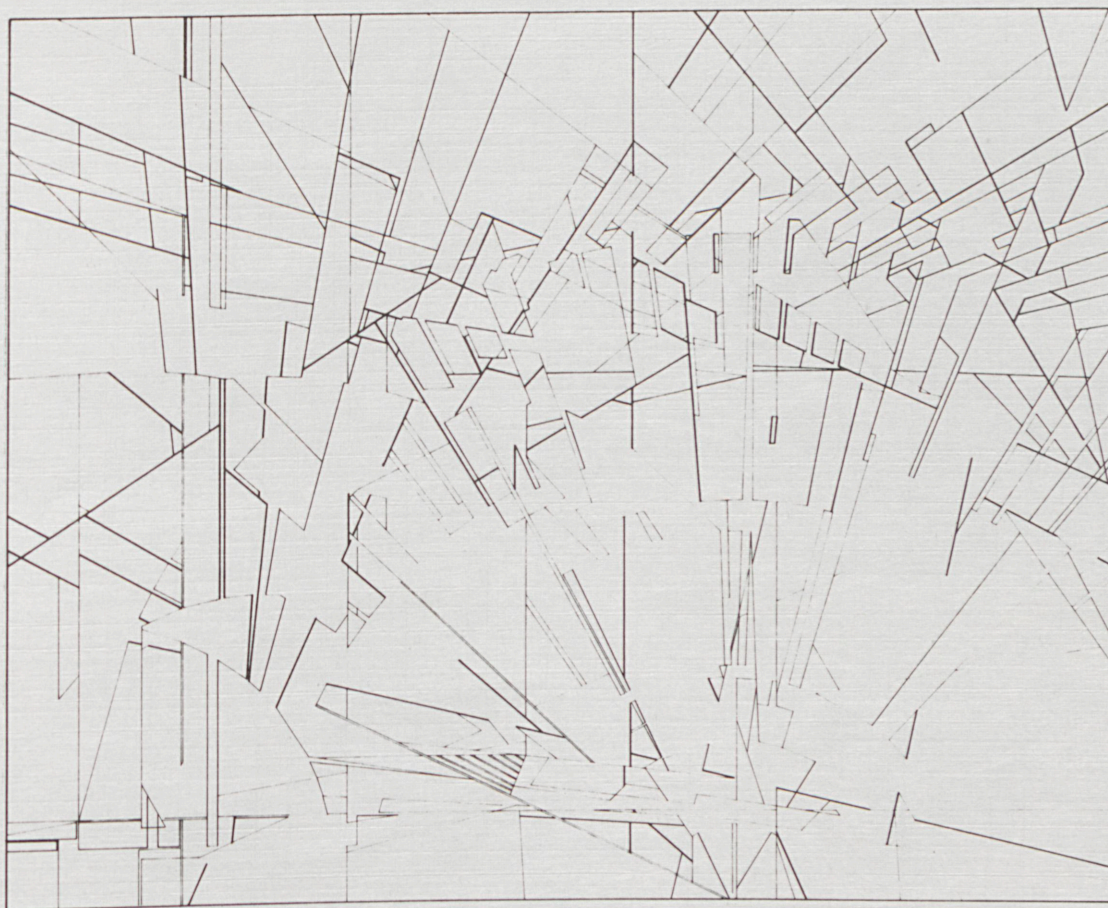


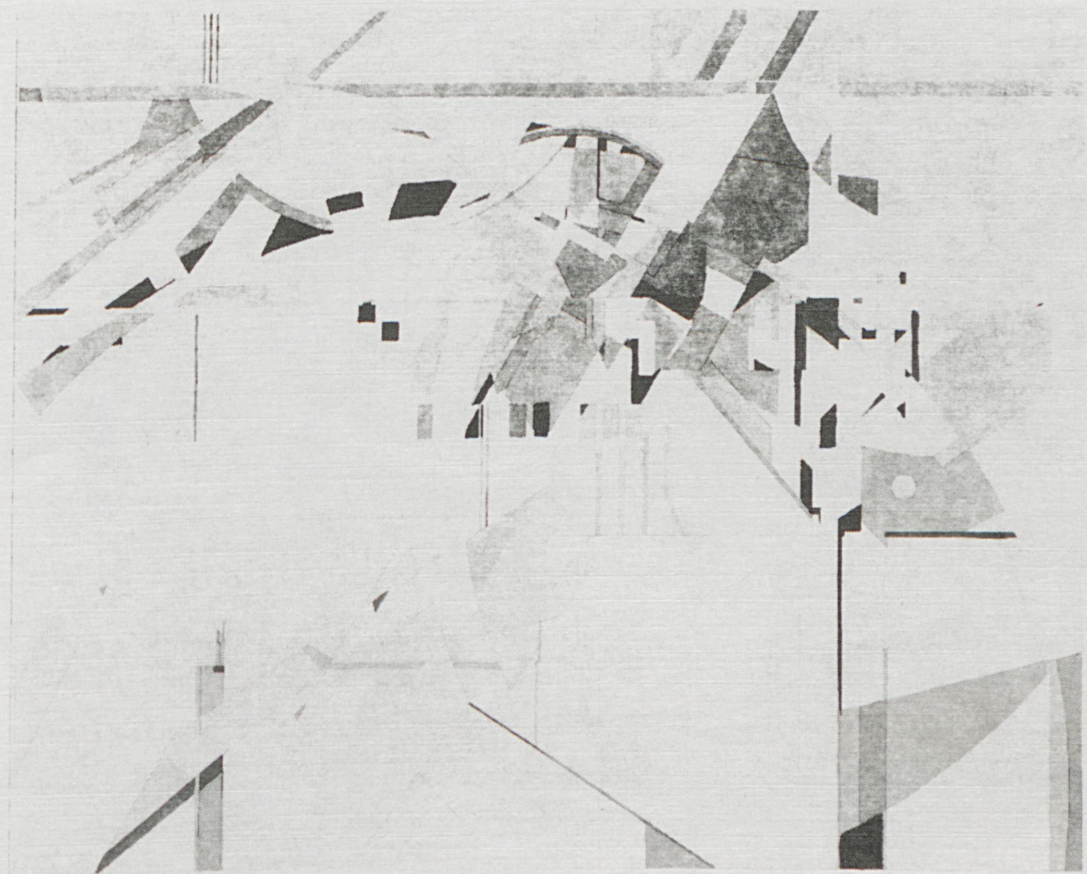


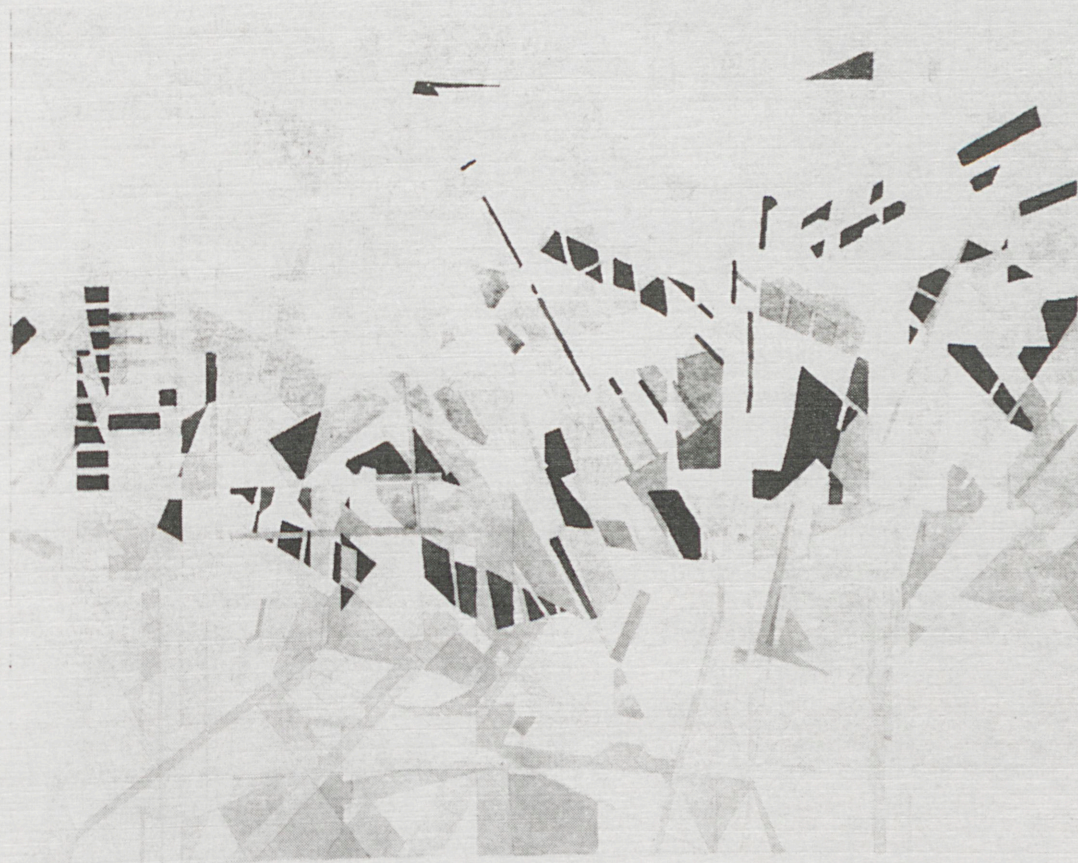




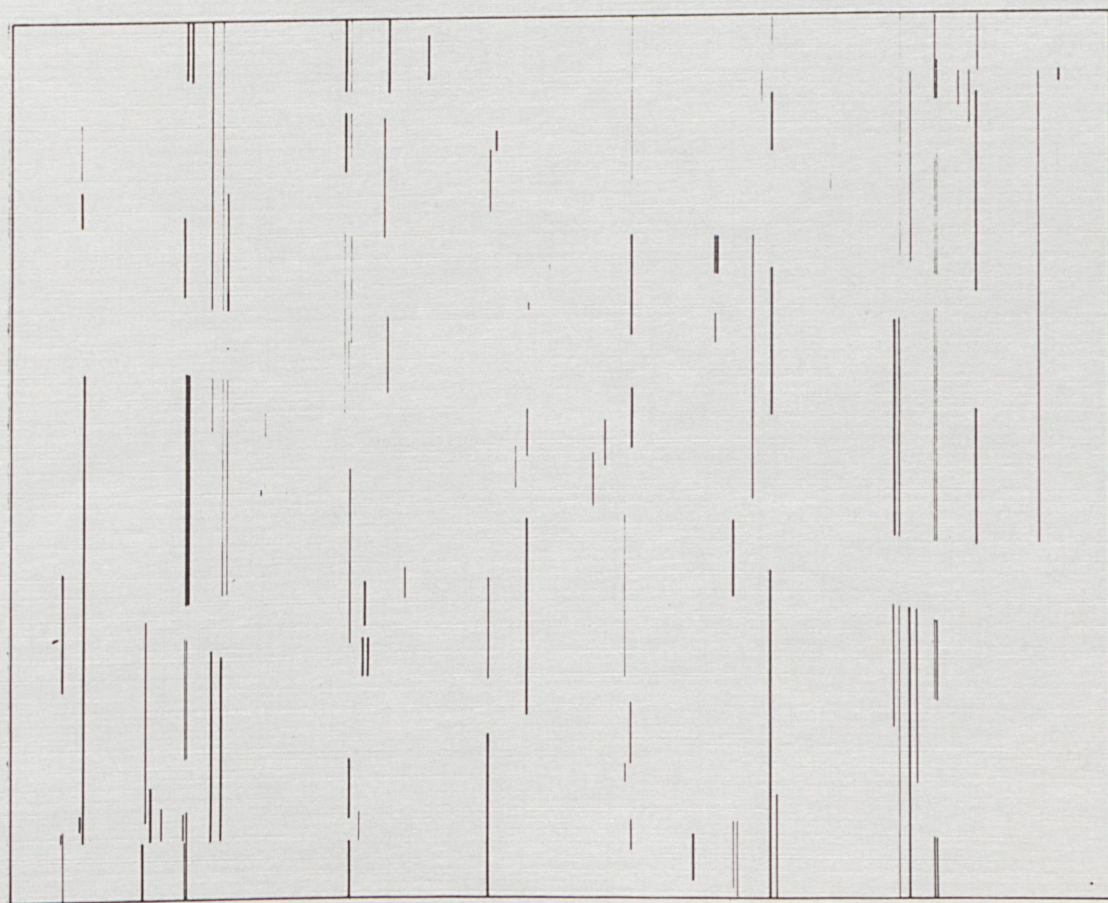


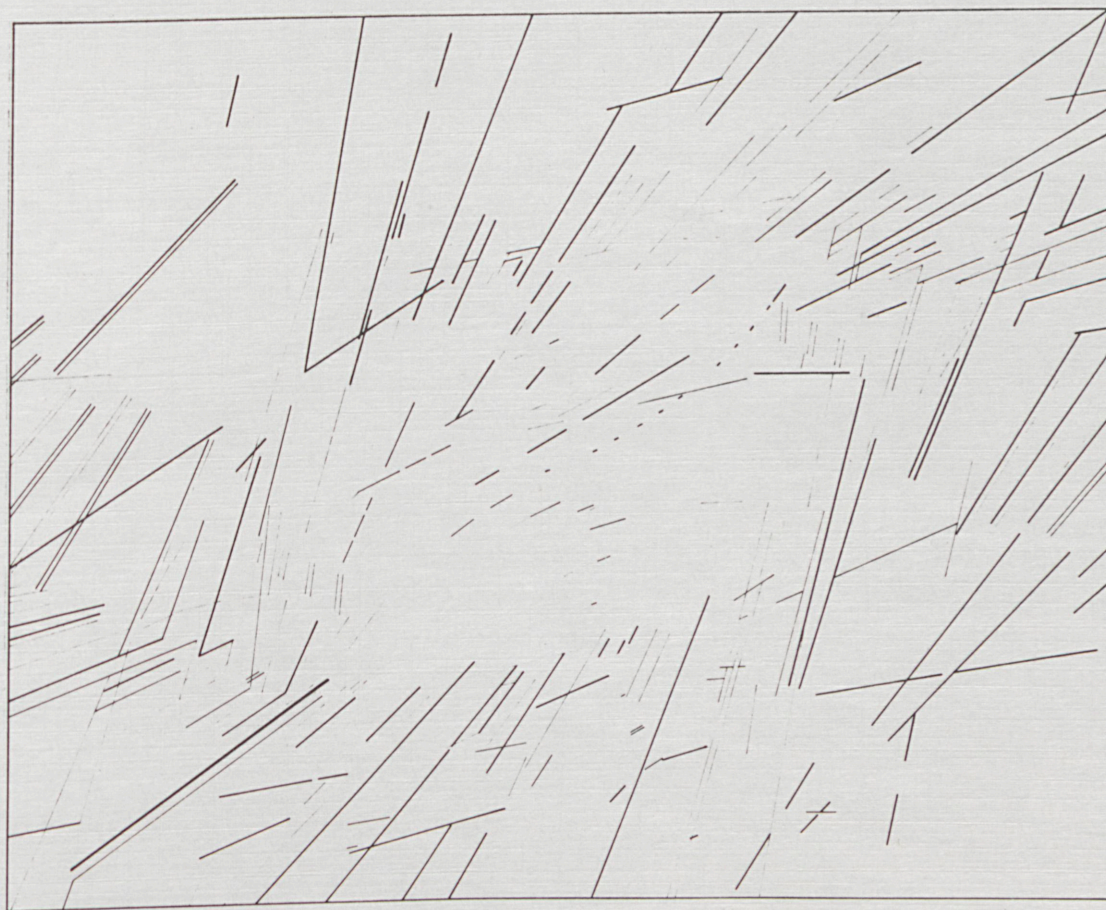


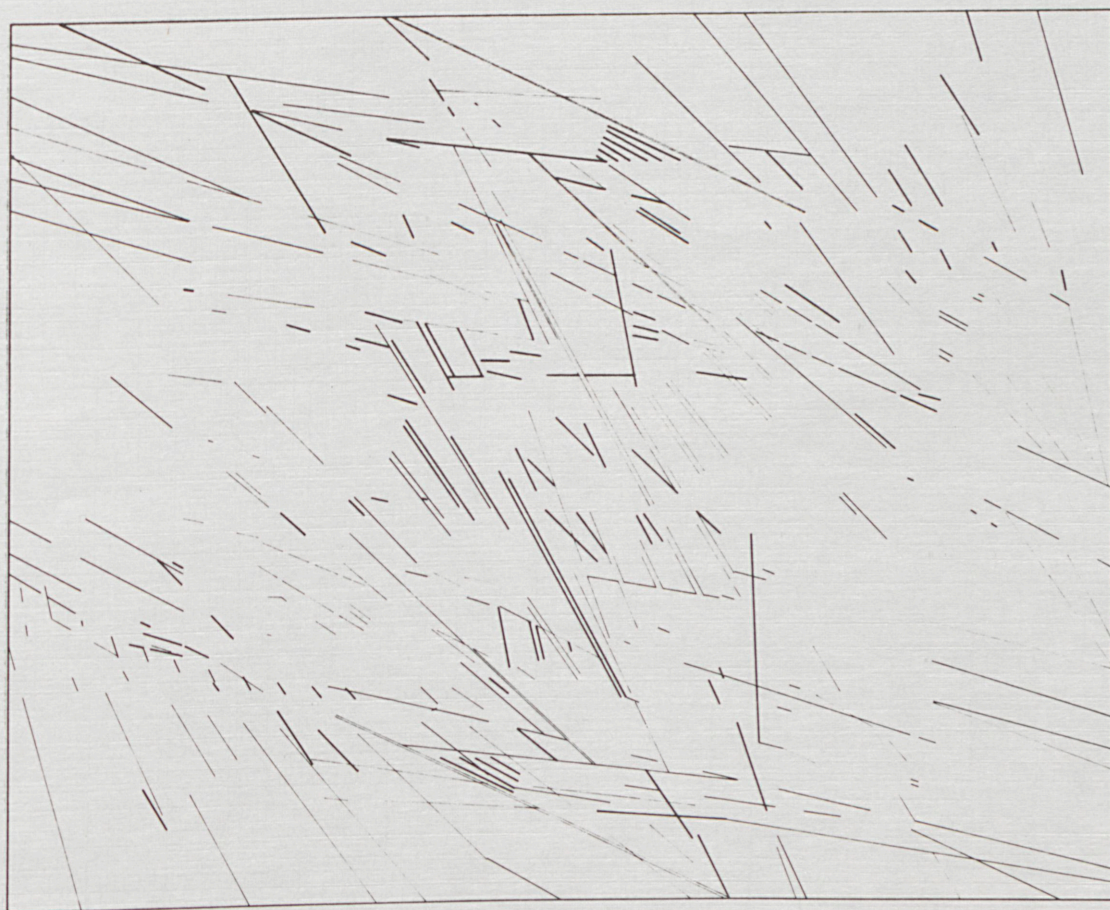


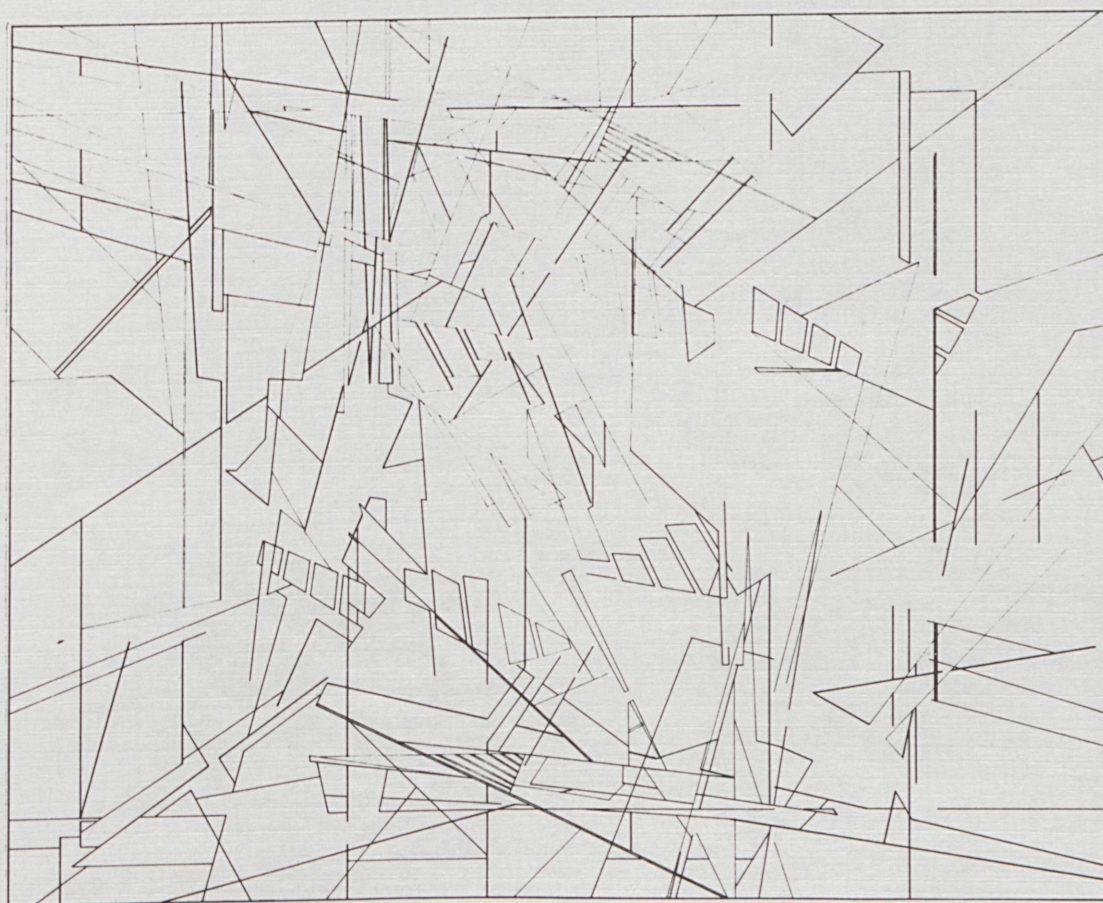


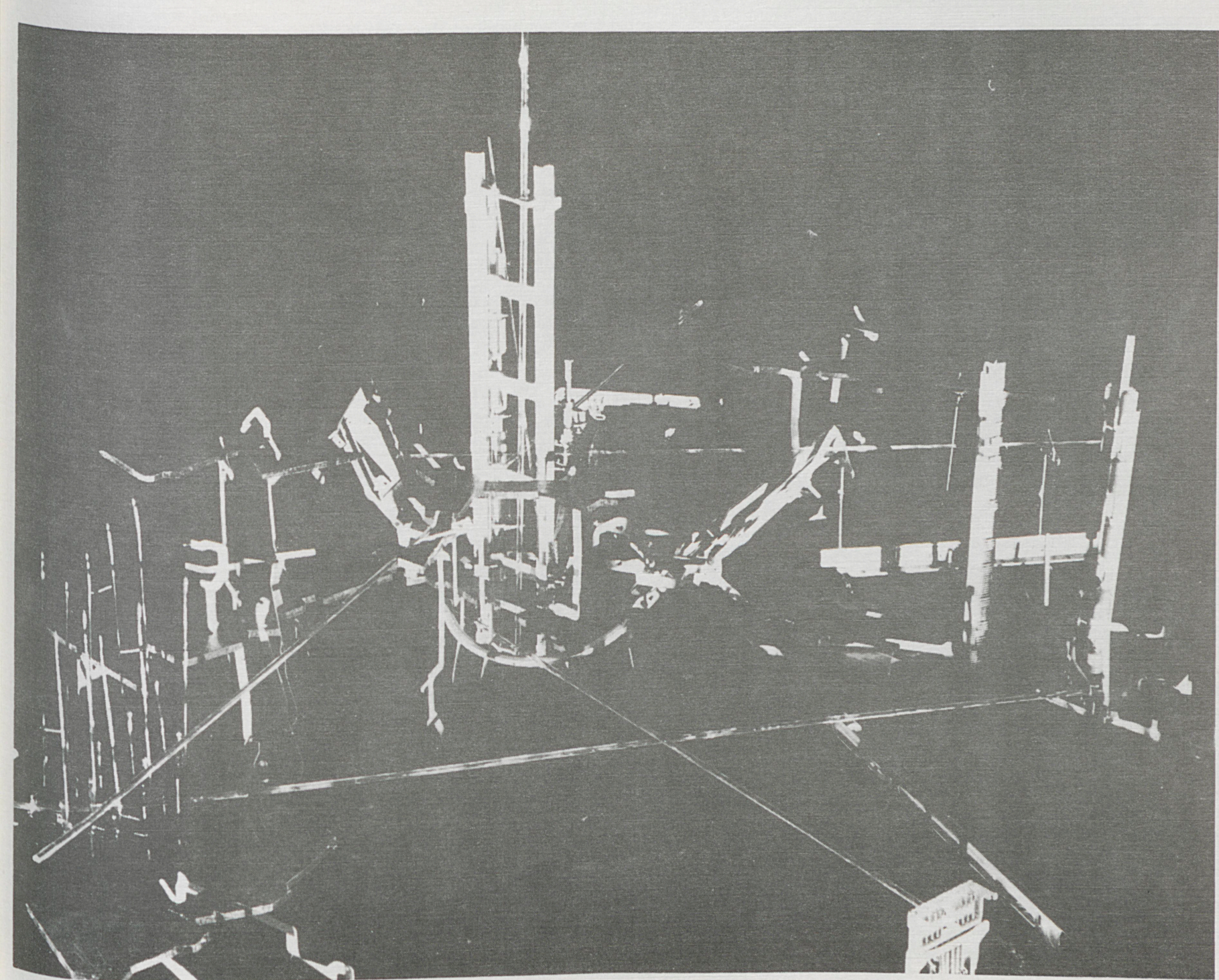


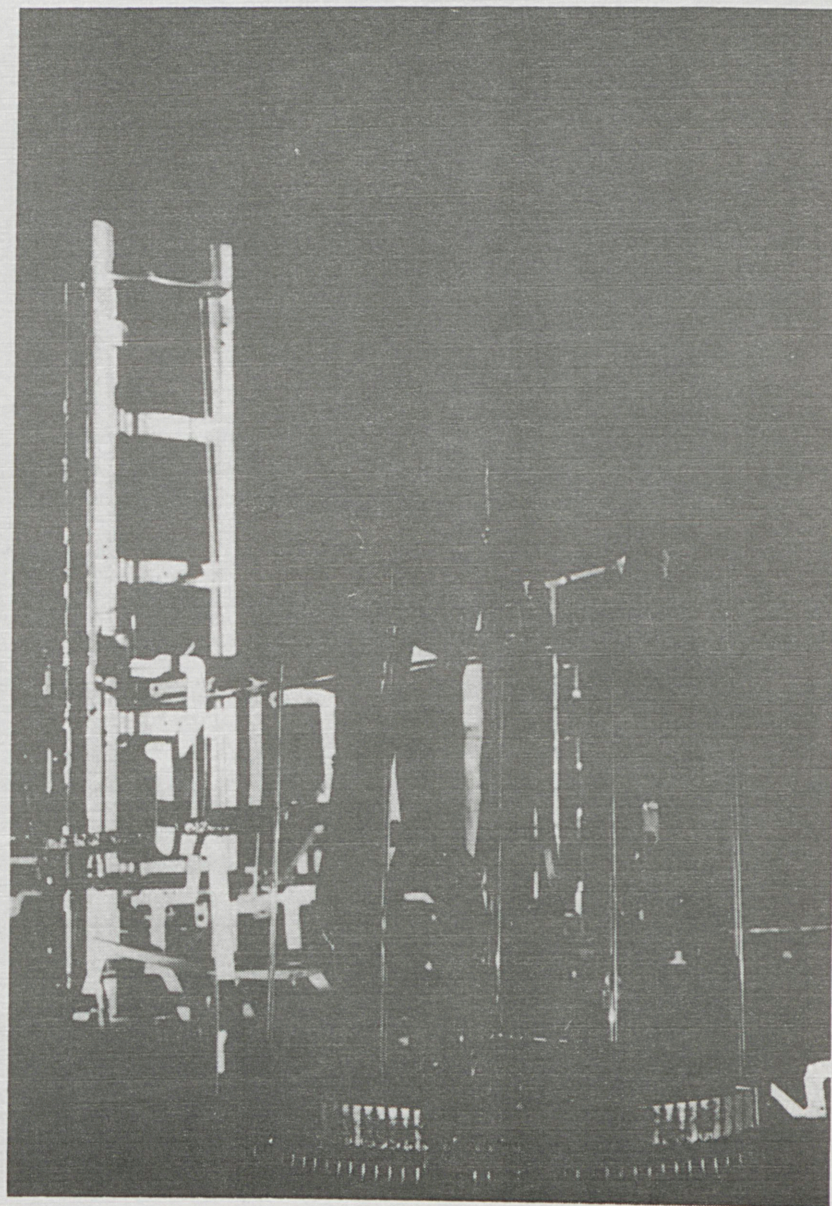
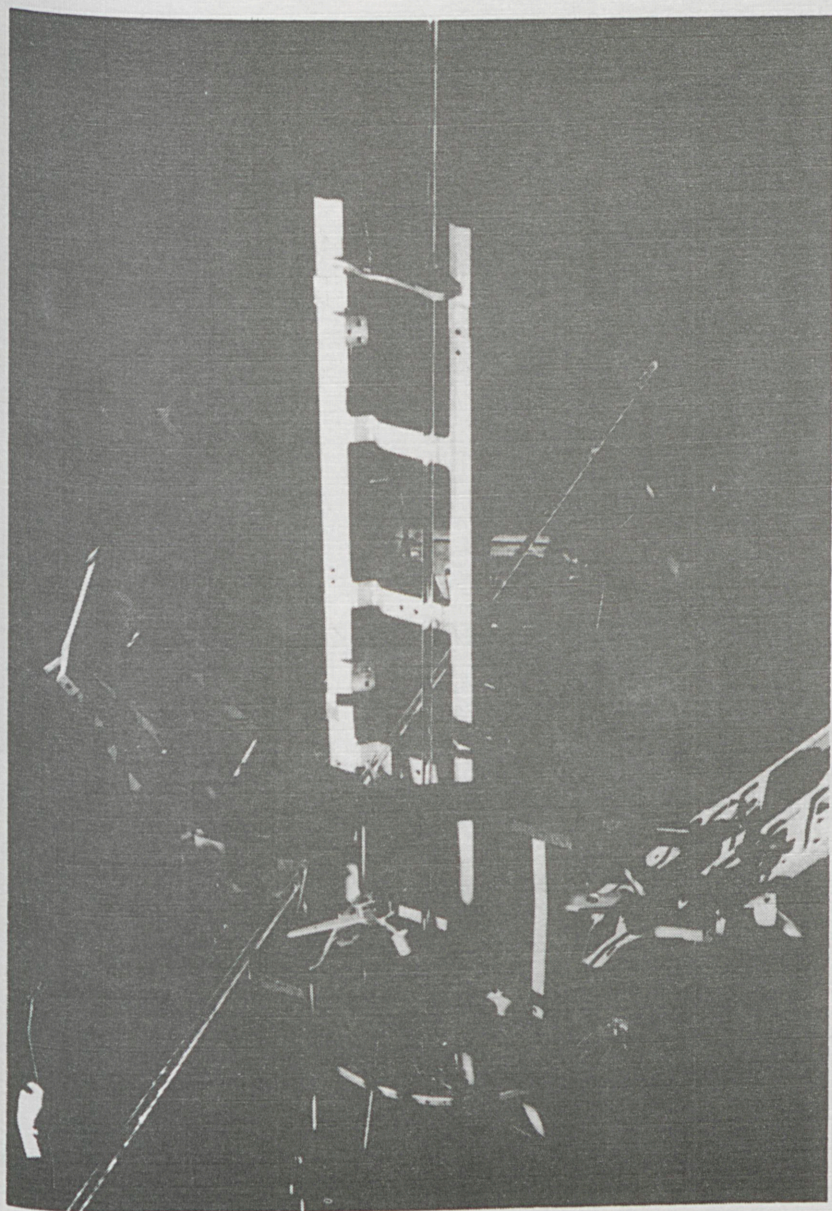


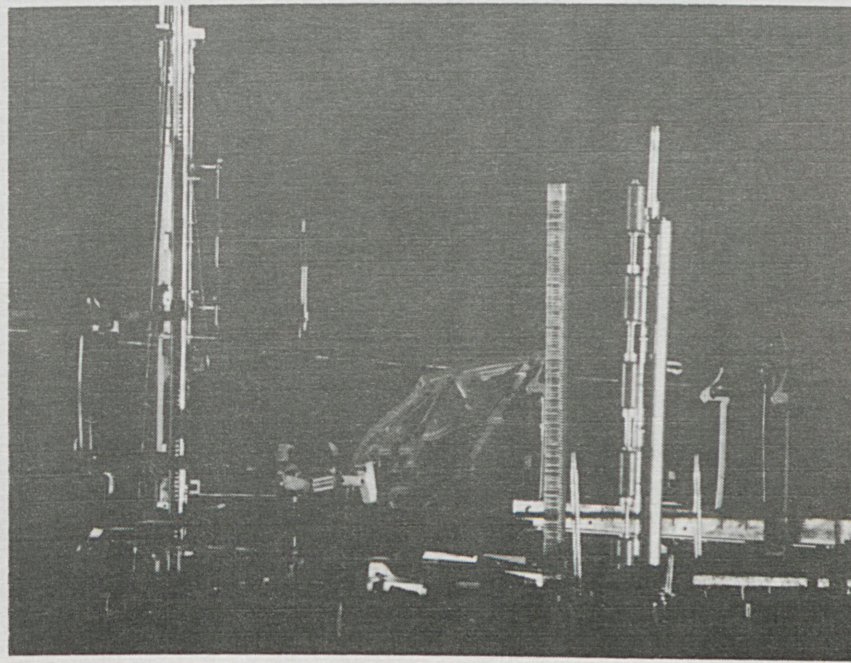
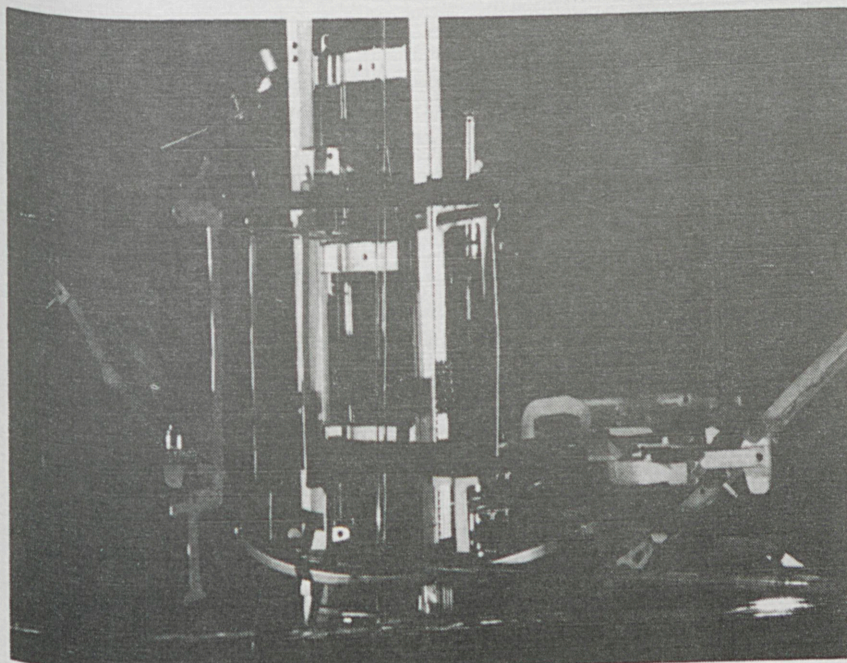
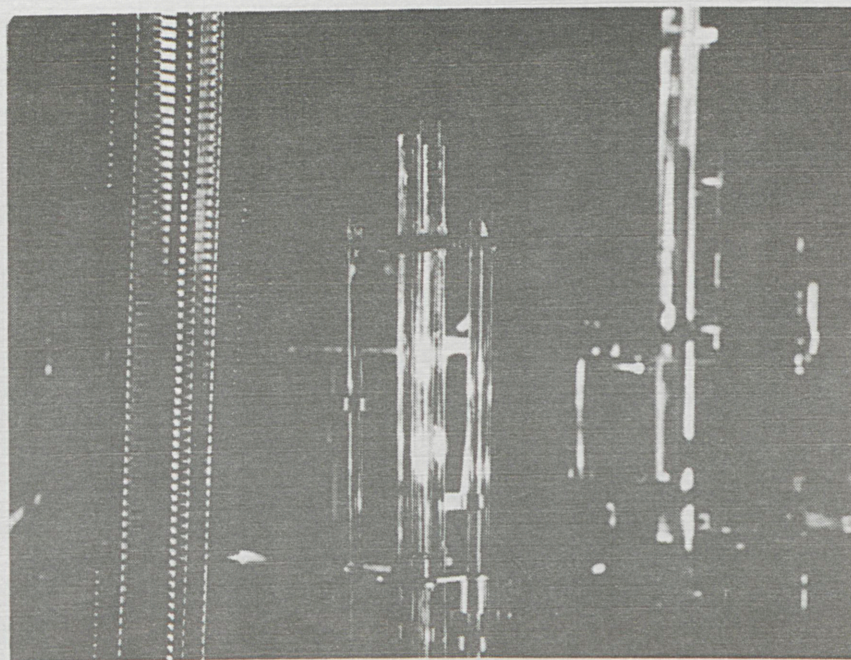
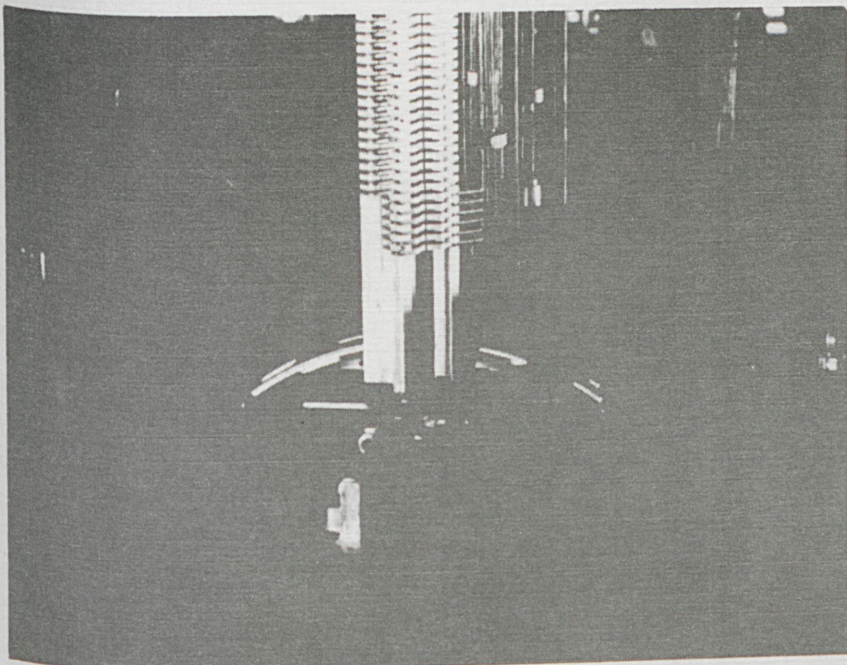


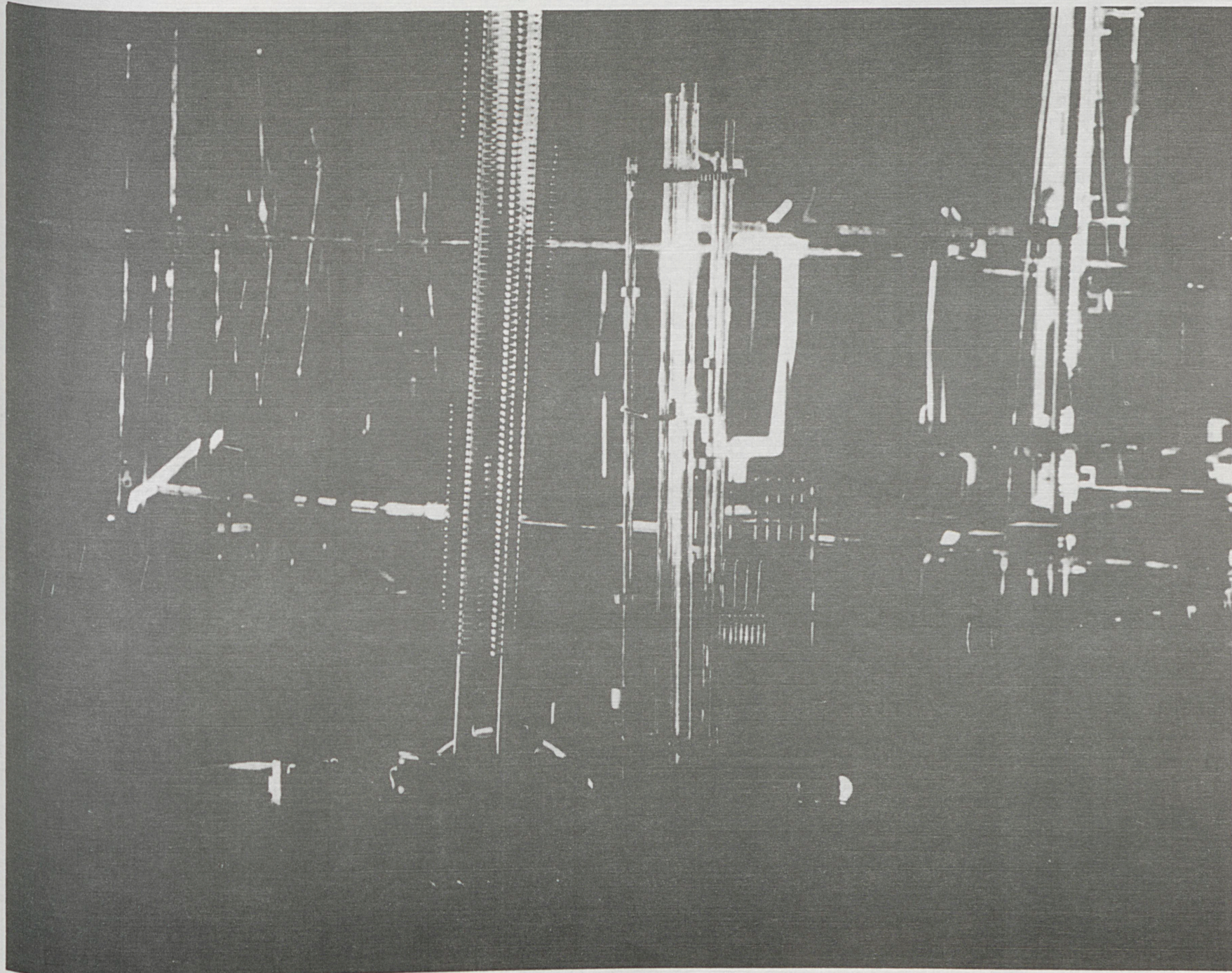












-SITE AND SEQUENCE-
Metamorphosis and Mystique

"Every civilization must contend with an unconscious force which can block, betray or countermand almost any conscious intention of the collectivity."¹⁷

-Tleilaxu Theorem (unproven)

By implementing the initial experimental studies and constructions as an ordering base, actual design work begins for the project. Initial perceptions of the storyboard are explored both in written and in sketch form. These explorations are intuitive by nature, selecting from vocabulary references and from perceptions regarding the story and the fantasy. The studies create the vocabulary, my perceptions regarding the story focus the direction, based on the sensibilities I have regarding the Bene Gesserit Sisterhood and the construction of their world from Herbert's novel. Due to the limited nature of the descriptions within the novel, the descriptions of site and sequence of movement are purely speculative extensions of the story. These exercises comprise the metamorphosis stage of the project, the mystique is resultant from a culmination of the process in a final structure.

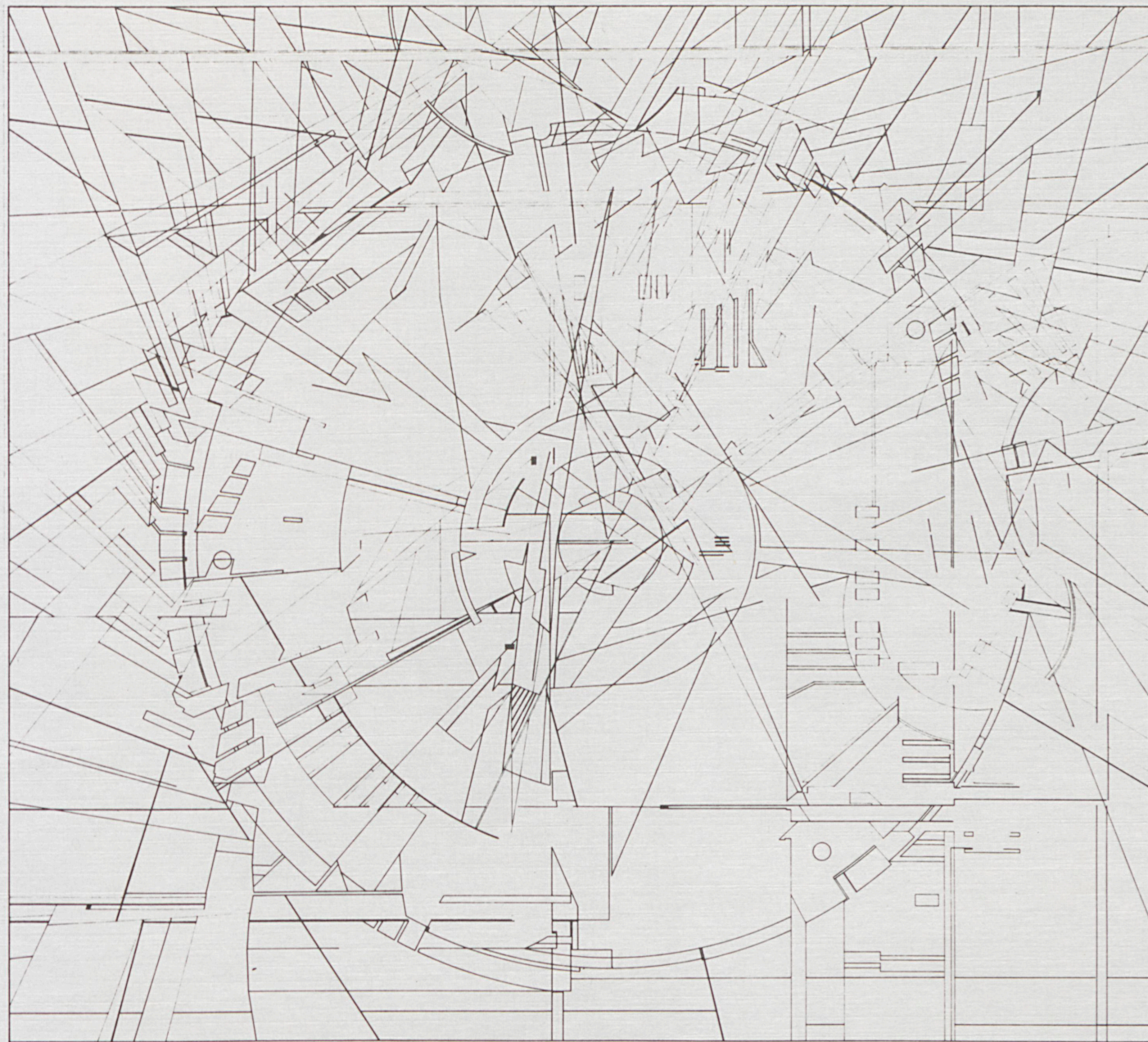
SITE

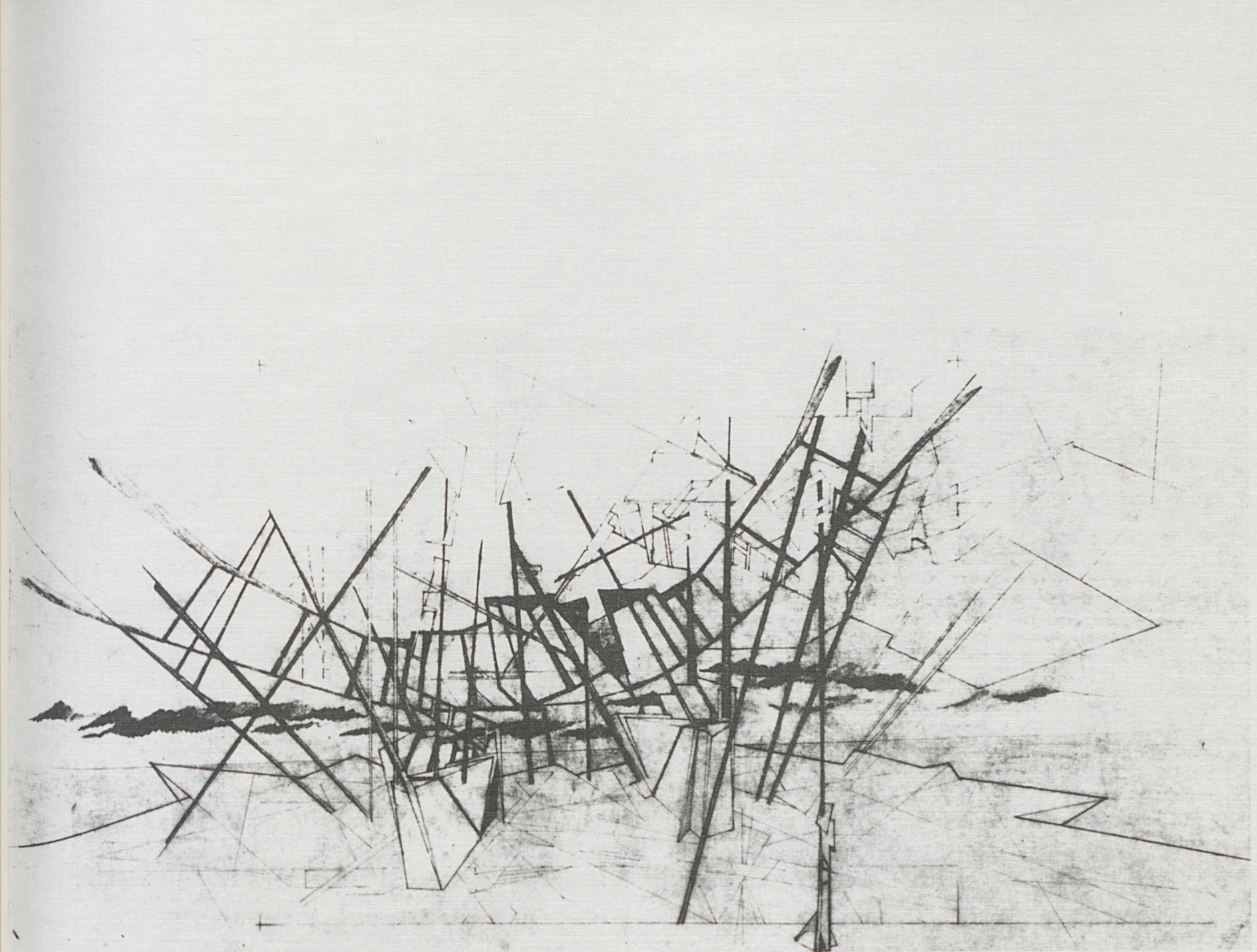
The site is a rather harsh environment in an arctic wasteland and has been envisioned, because of its contrasting textures, as a suitable environment for a meeting of such importance. Dawn is gently breaking as a small blue white sun rises on the meridian. Soft shadows cast an ethereal hue upon the landscape. Gently sloping hills covered with snow contrast the sheer rock cliff face; a violent extrusion in the landscape inherited from a time long since past. The landscape is barren, yet peaceful.

SEQUENCE

The conspirators disembark their transports and are greeted by a large landing facility resting upon gently sloping hills. They pass through this space to the entrance of the reflectory path. In the distance is a structure of ominous presence. This point is a node of decision. The pathway is a thin tenuous line which connects the security of the landing pad, and escape, to the risk of involvement in the conspiracy. The pathway suspends itself high above the rolling landscape and evokes a visual tension of unstructurability. As a result of the extensive length the pathway bridges, the

conspirators have time to reflect upon their personal motives and intentions for the meeting. As they approach the structure at the far side of the pathway, they are confronted by a large ominous wall mass with a large portal. This wall is intended to block their view beyond, and remind them, once again, of the seriousness of their decision. Once they have proceeded through the portal there is, visually, no return. Once they are congregated together inside the structure they are allowed a view from the cliff top of formidable magnitude. The pure shock of this view is meant to procure an envisionment of possibilities; a new landscape, a new dawning, a new imperium. The tenuousity of the structure, on the shear cliff-face, is referential not only to the complexity of the plot and the risk of involvement, but also of the universe itself. The structure is envisioned as a spherical model of the universe, a complexity of form, line, and visual movement; at the center of which is the emperor. This transparent place of meeting is concealed within the deception of a Hall of Rites for the Bene Gesserit Sisterhood.

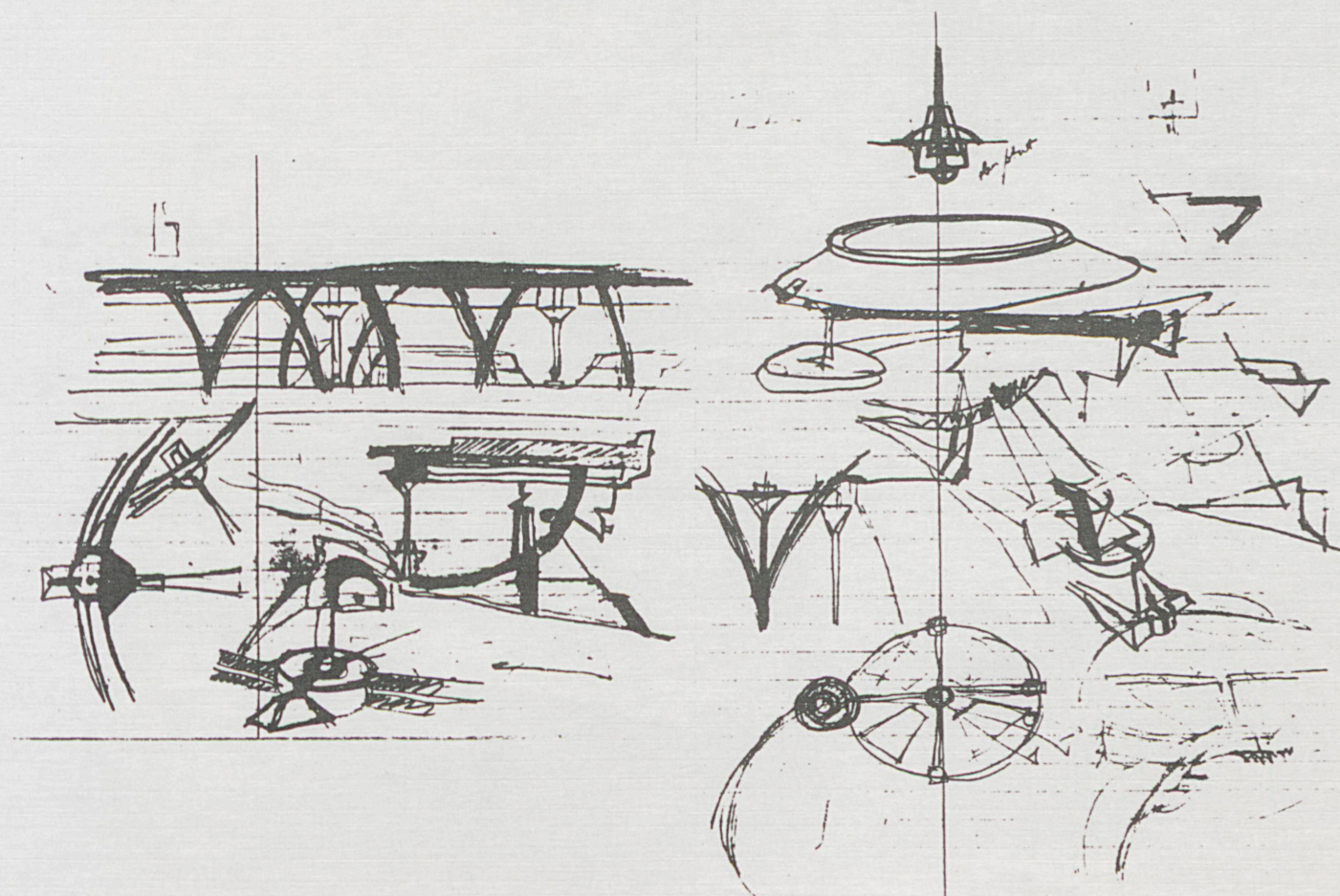


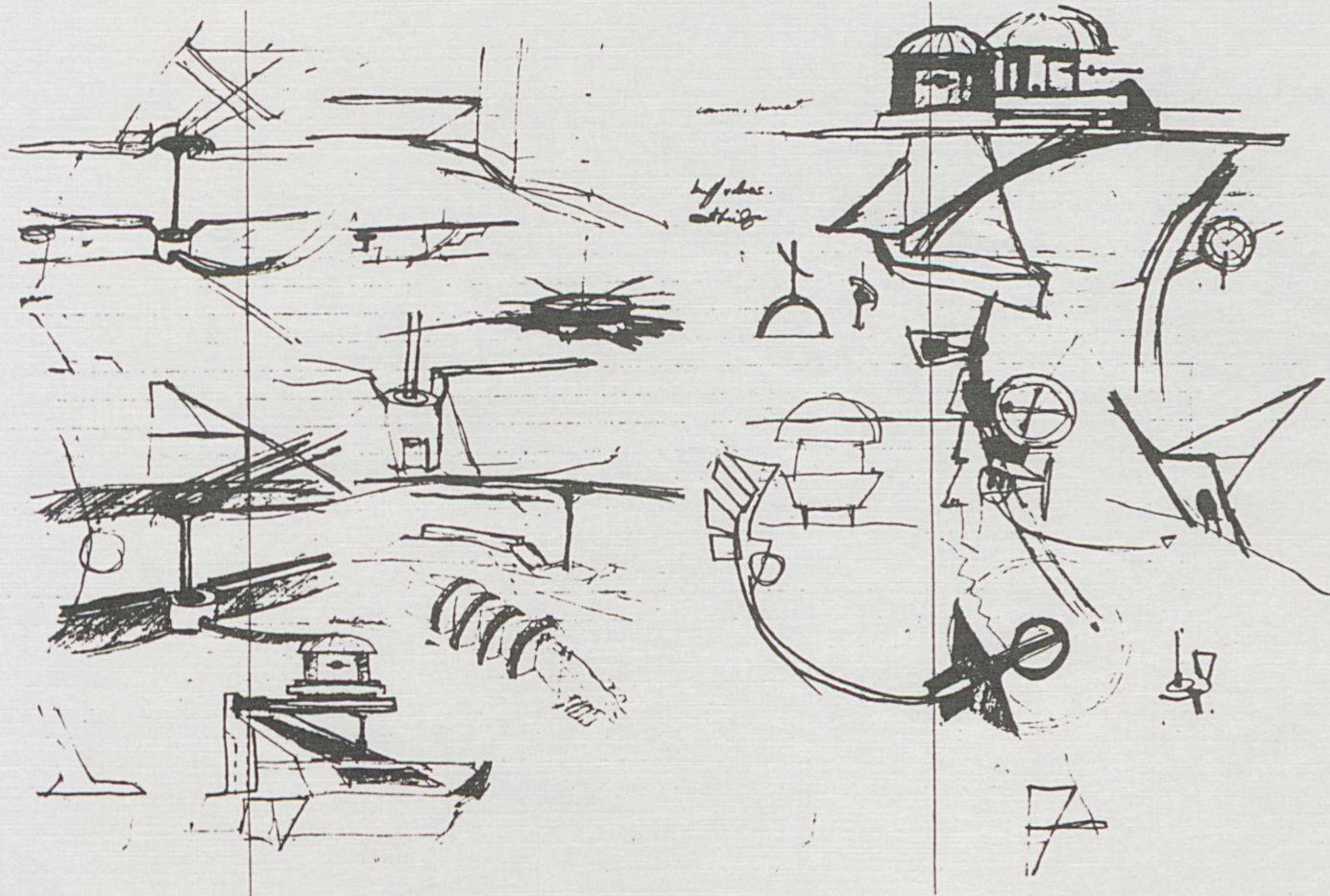


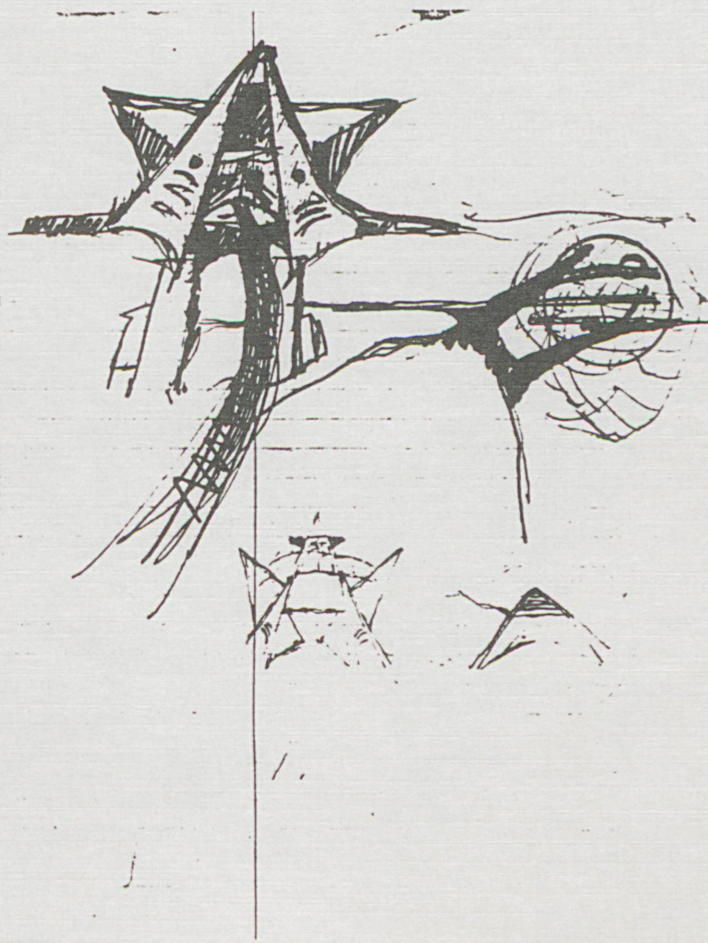
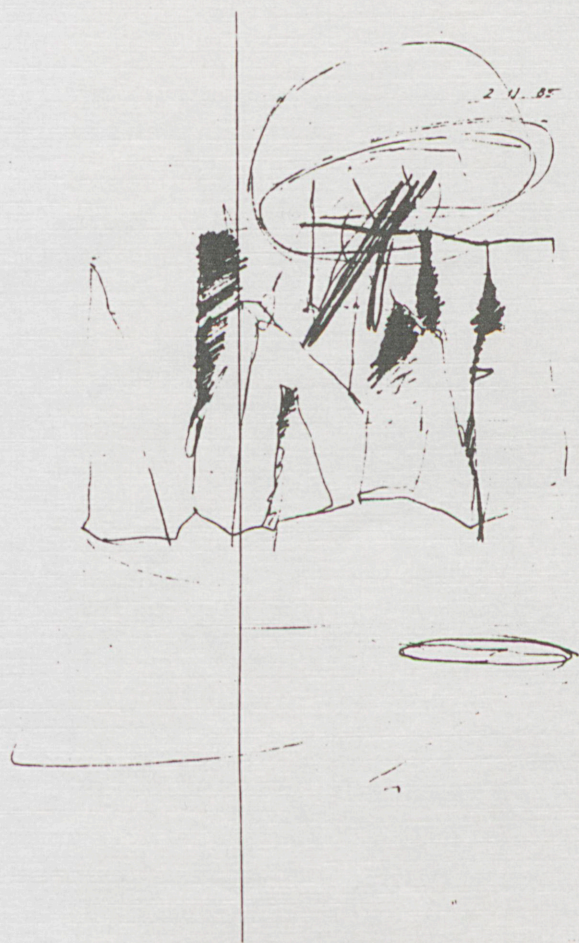


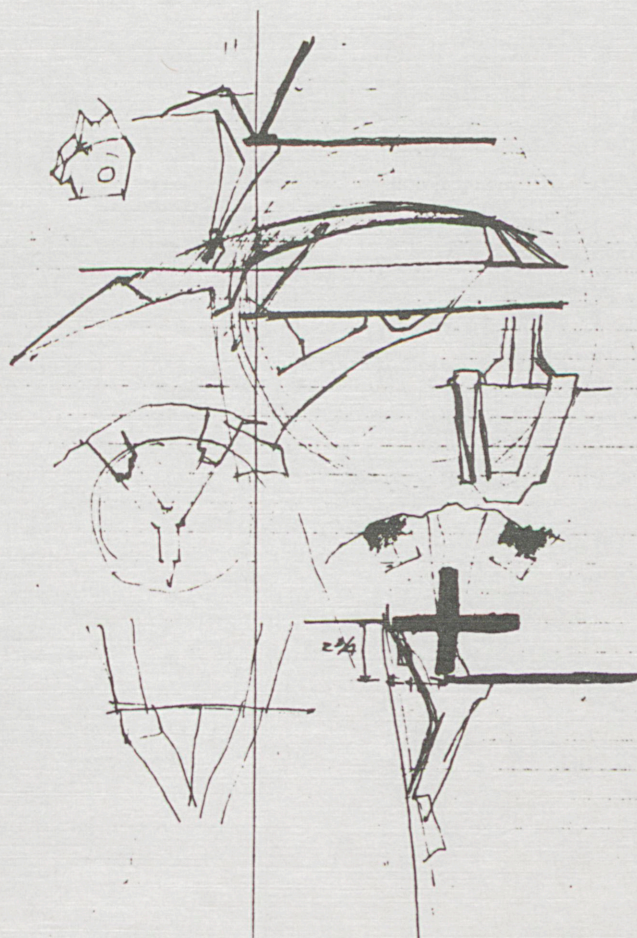
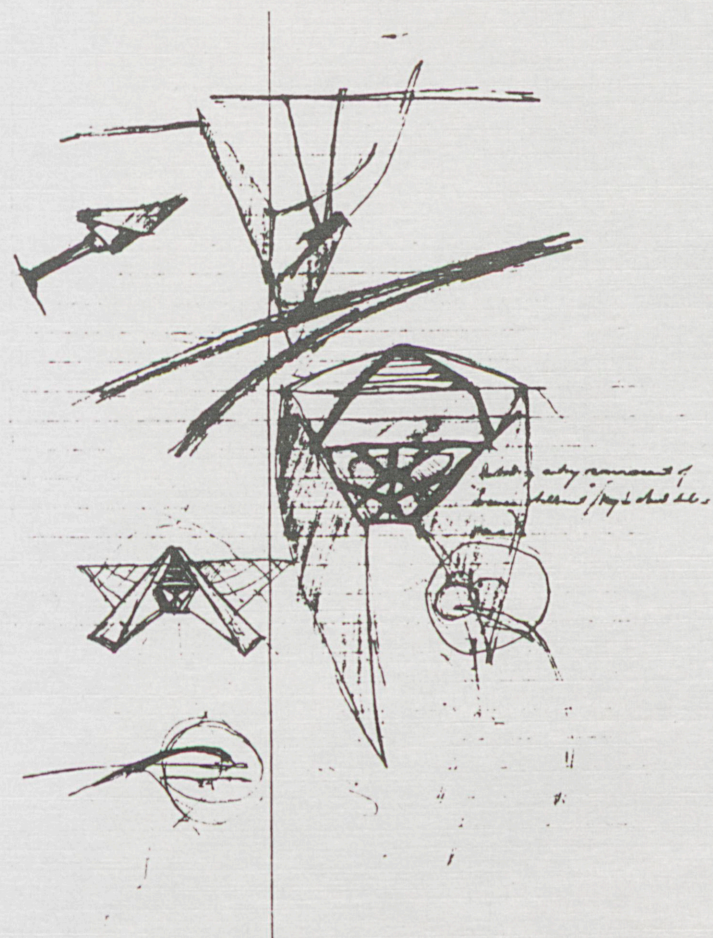


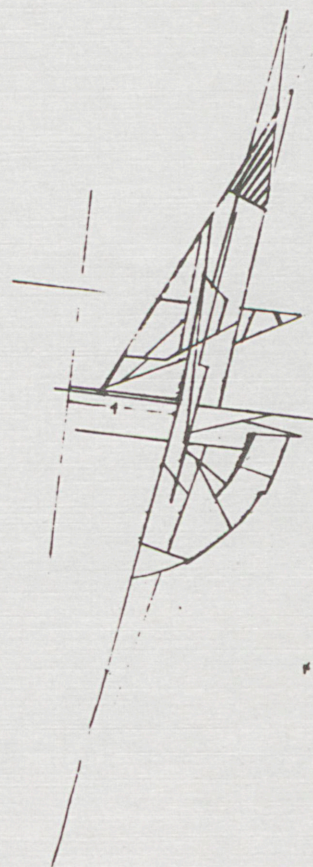


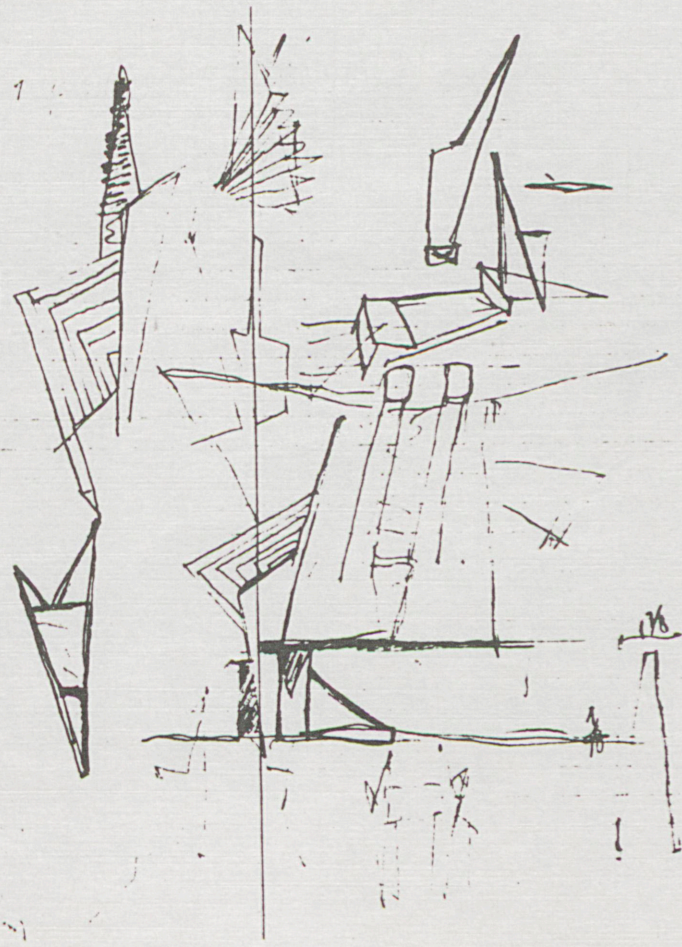
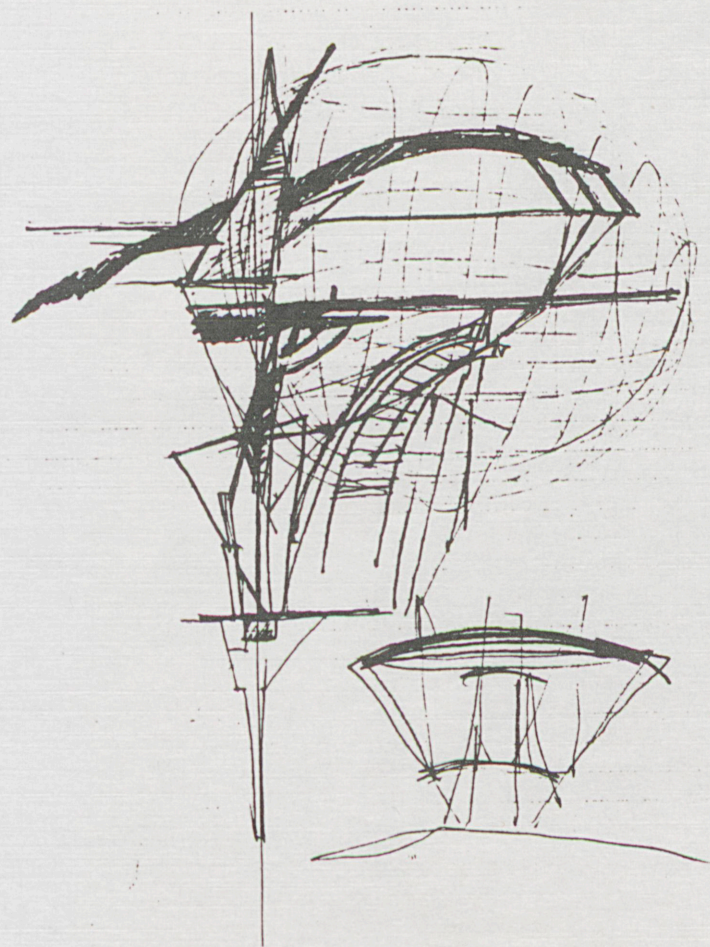




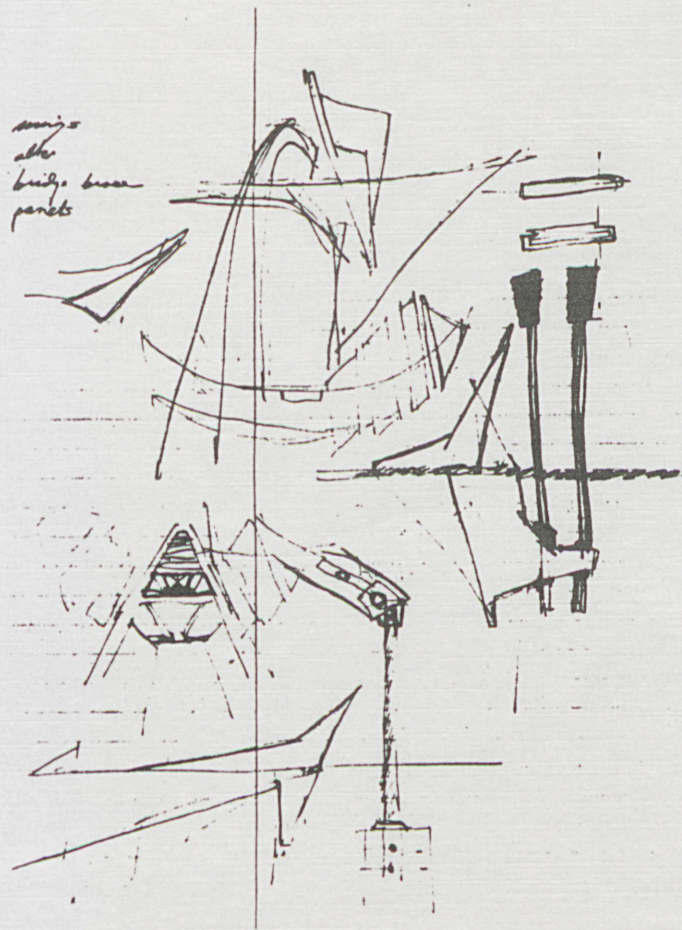




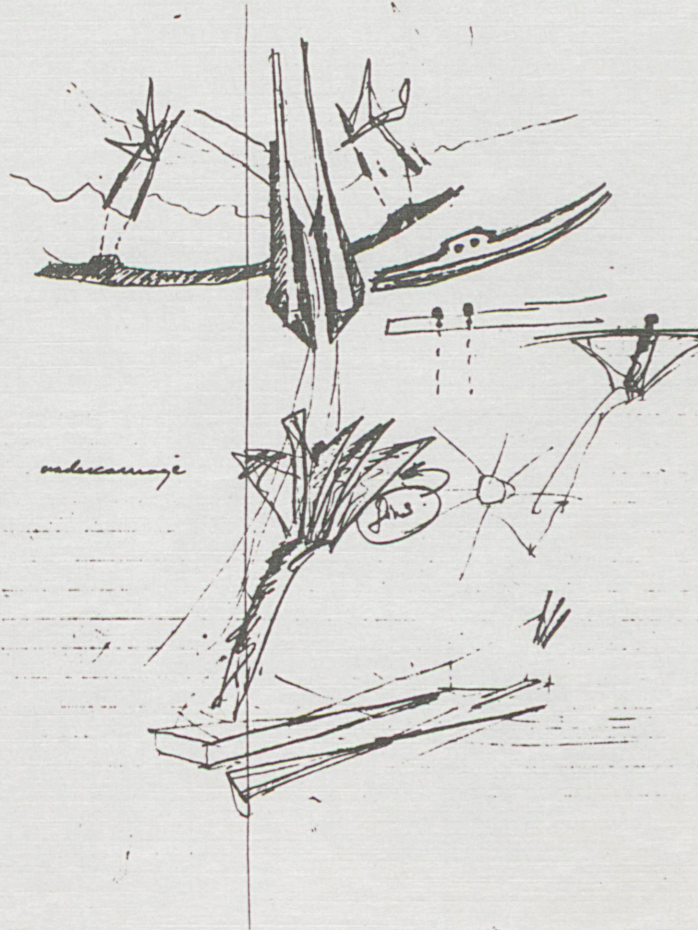


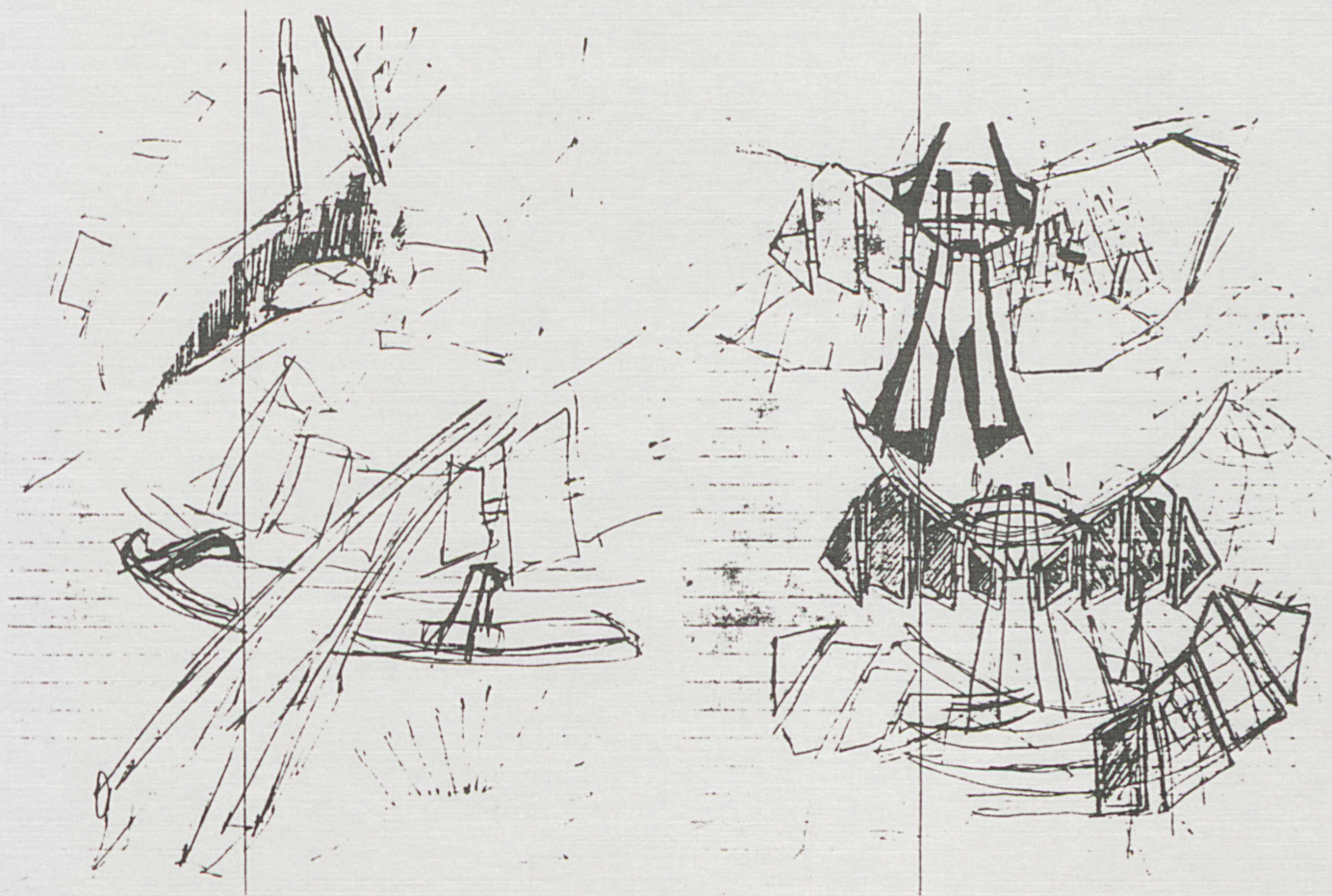


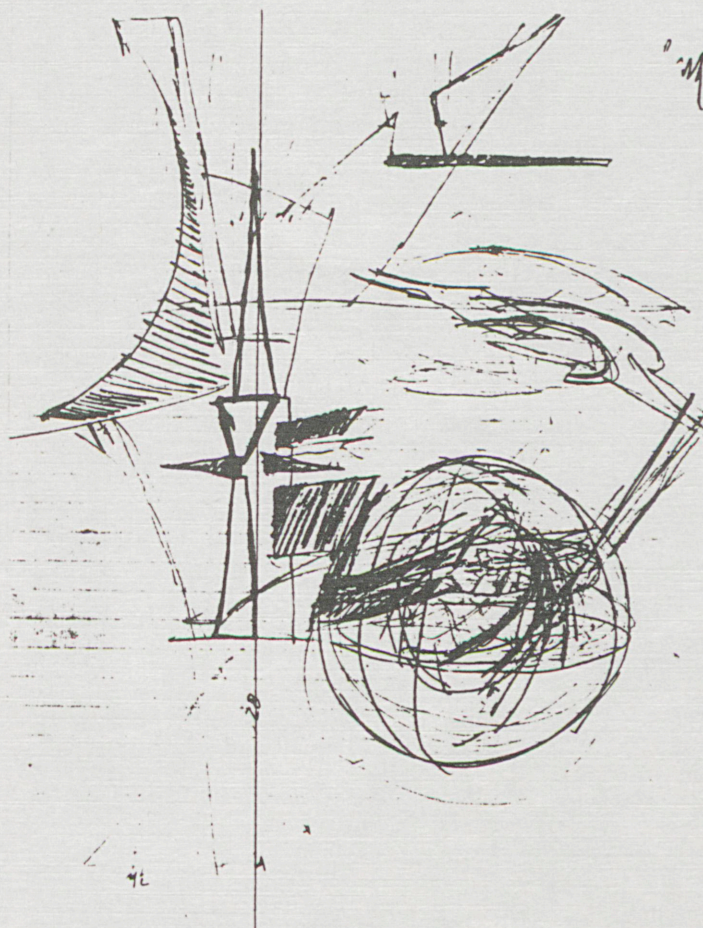
swing
alter
bridge base
panels

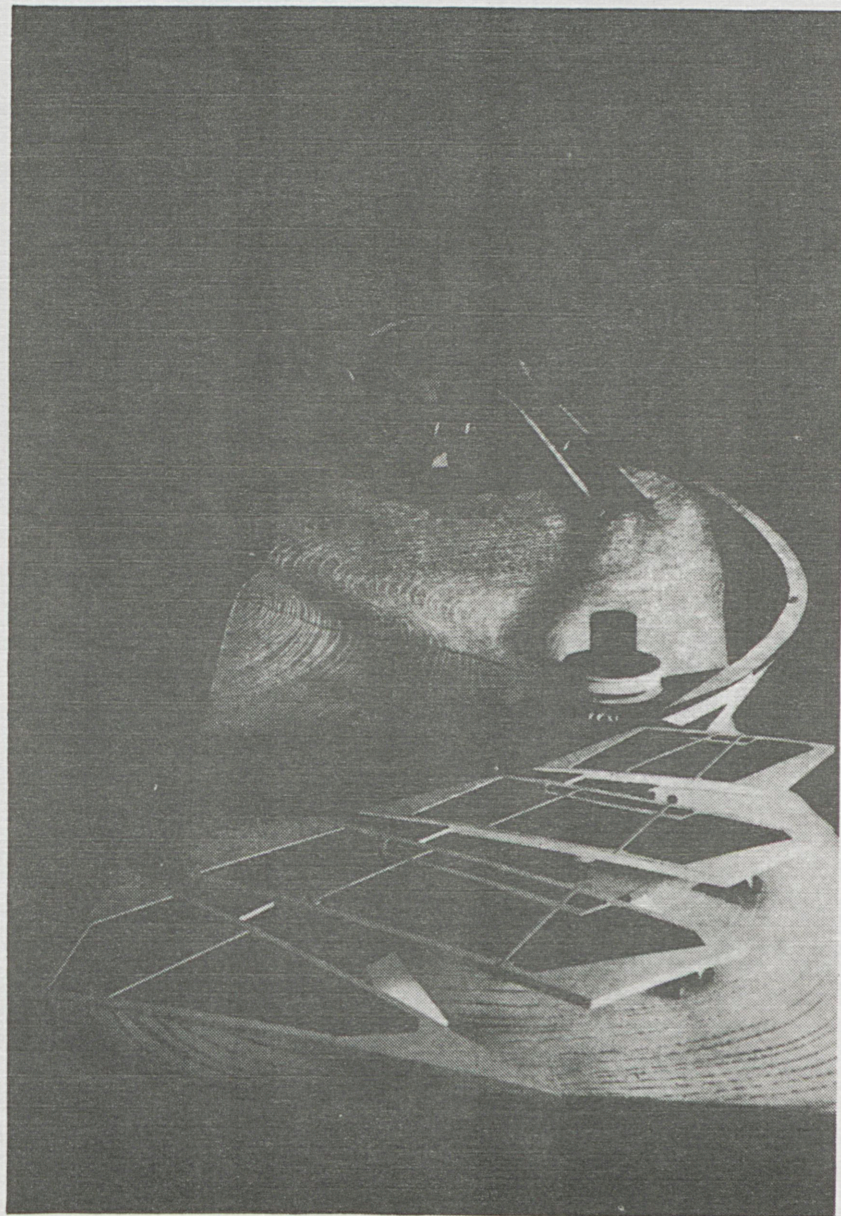


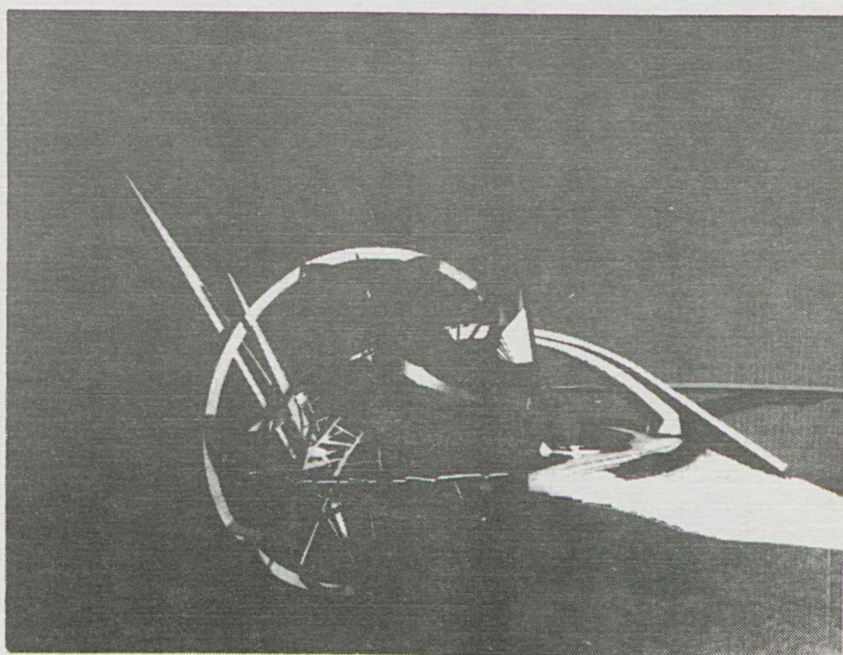
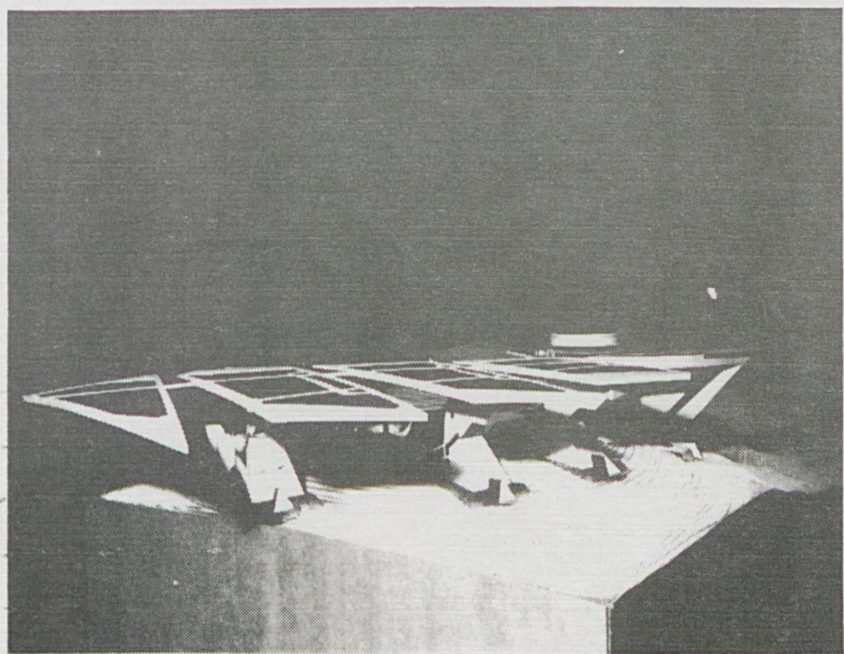
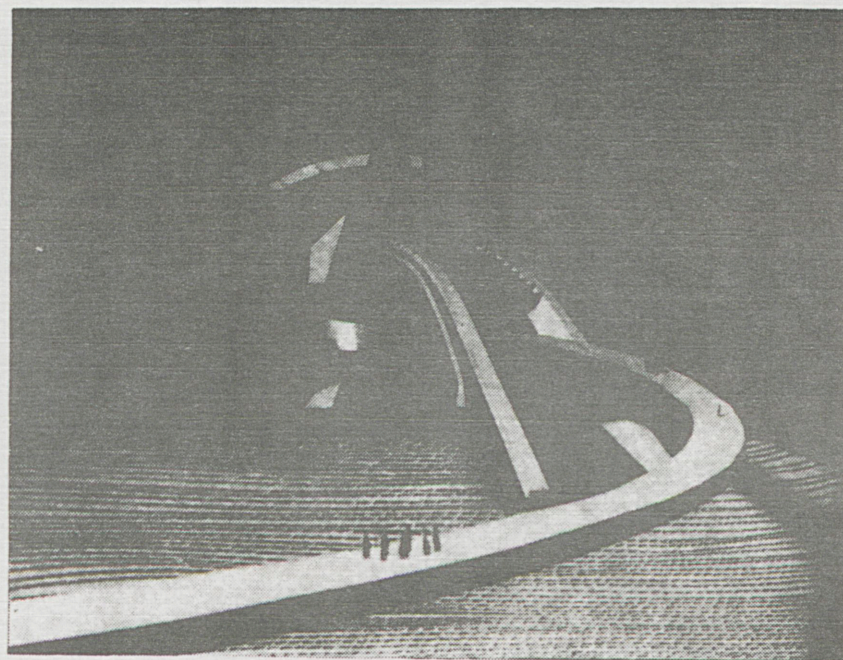
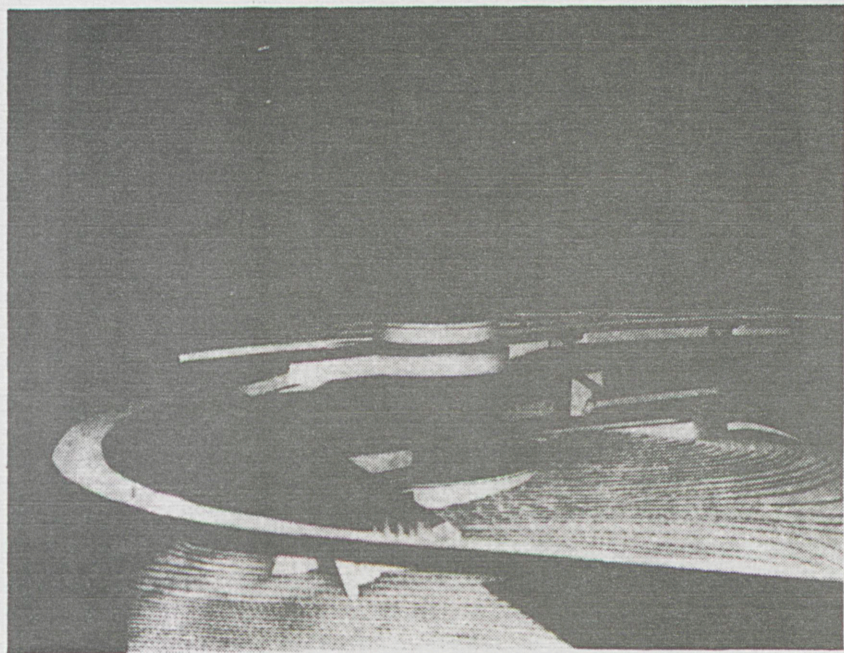
miscellaneous

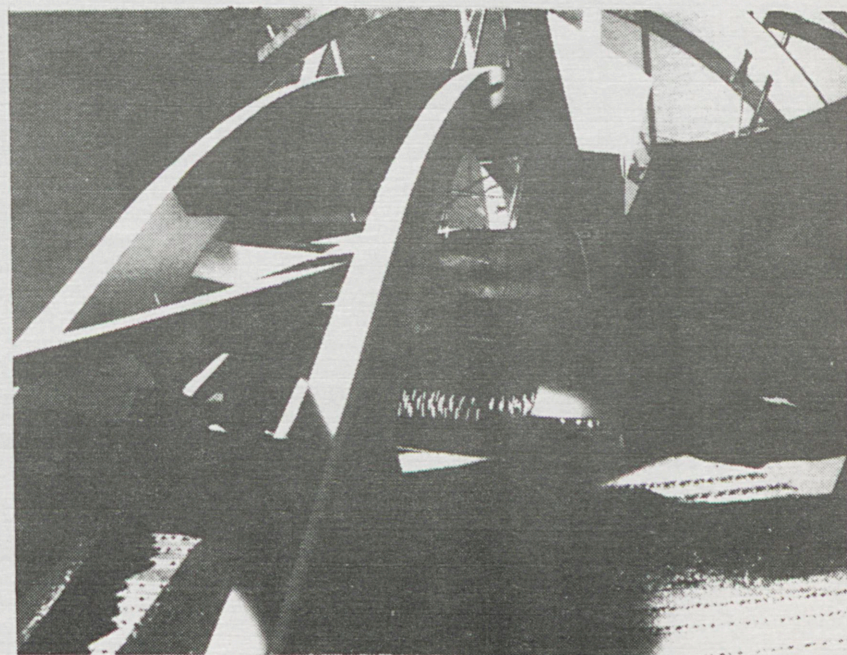
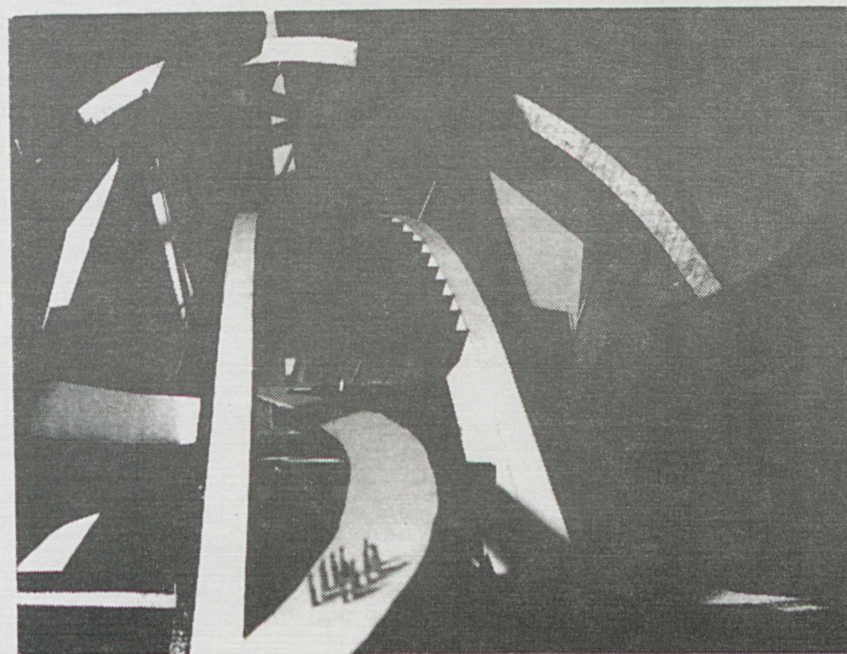
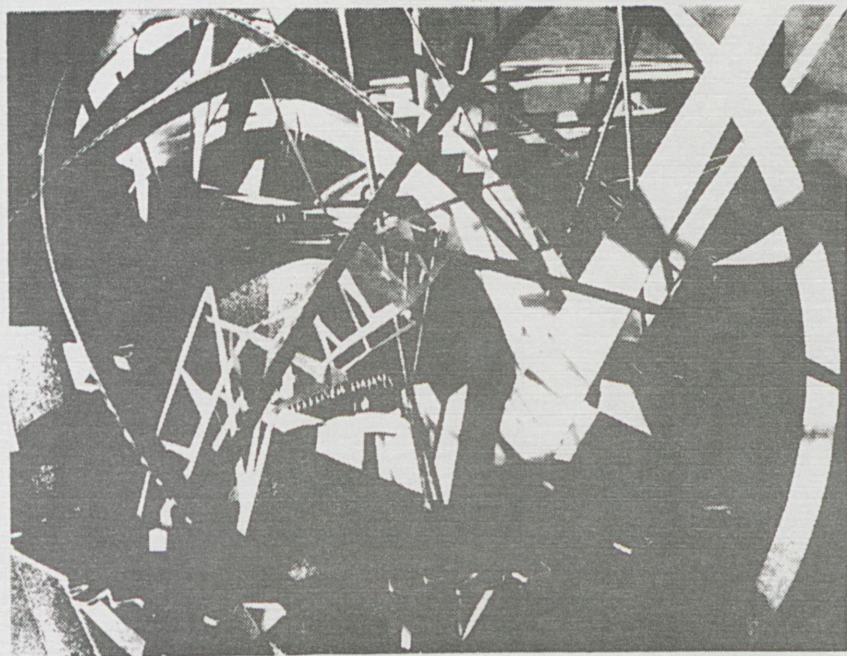


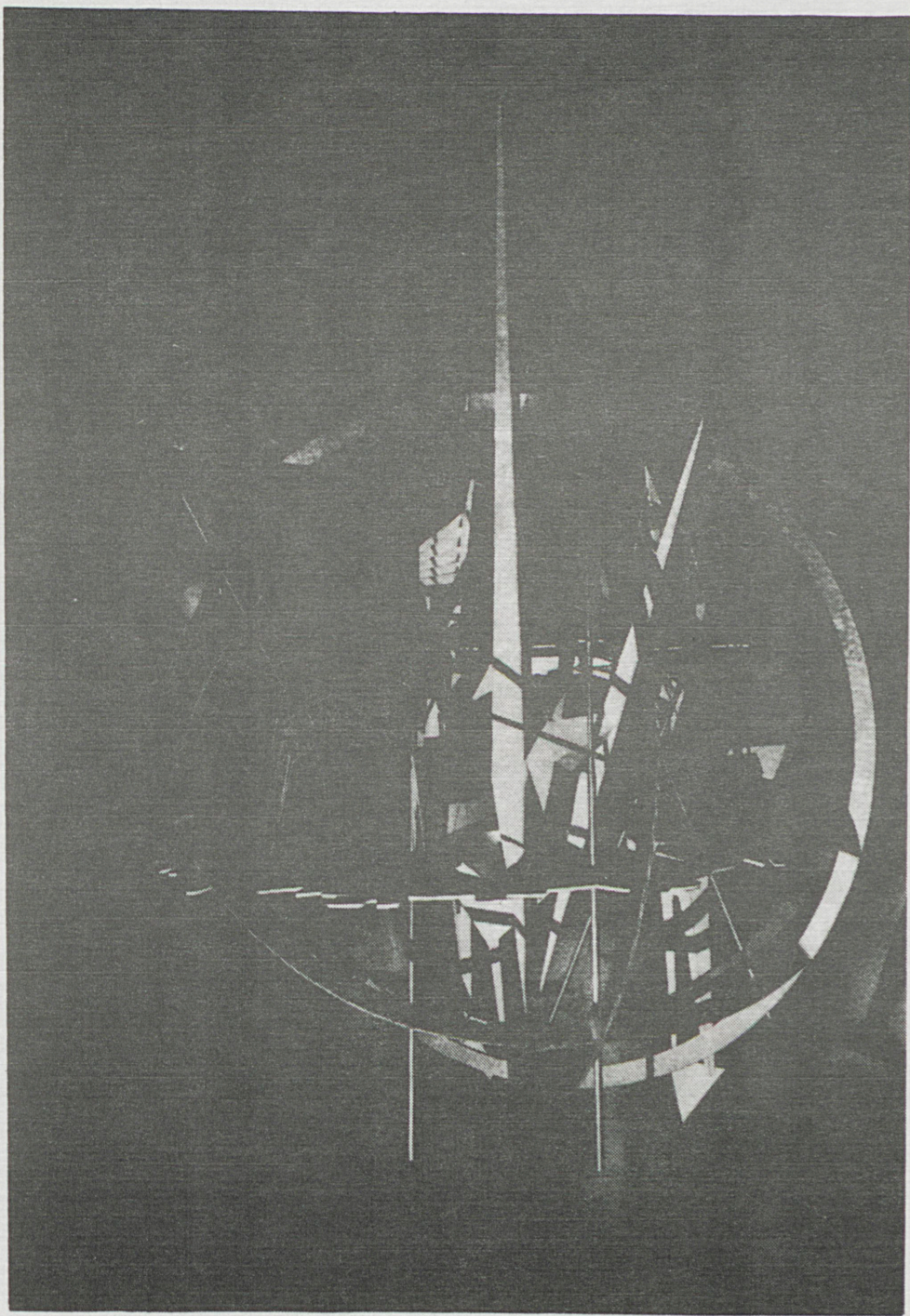


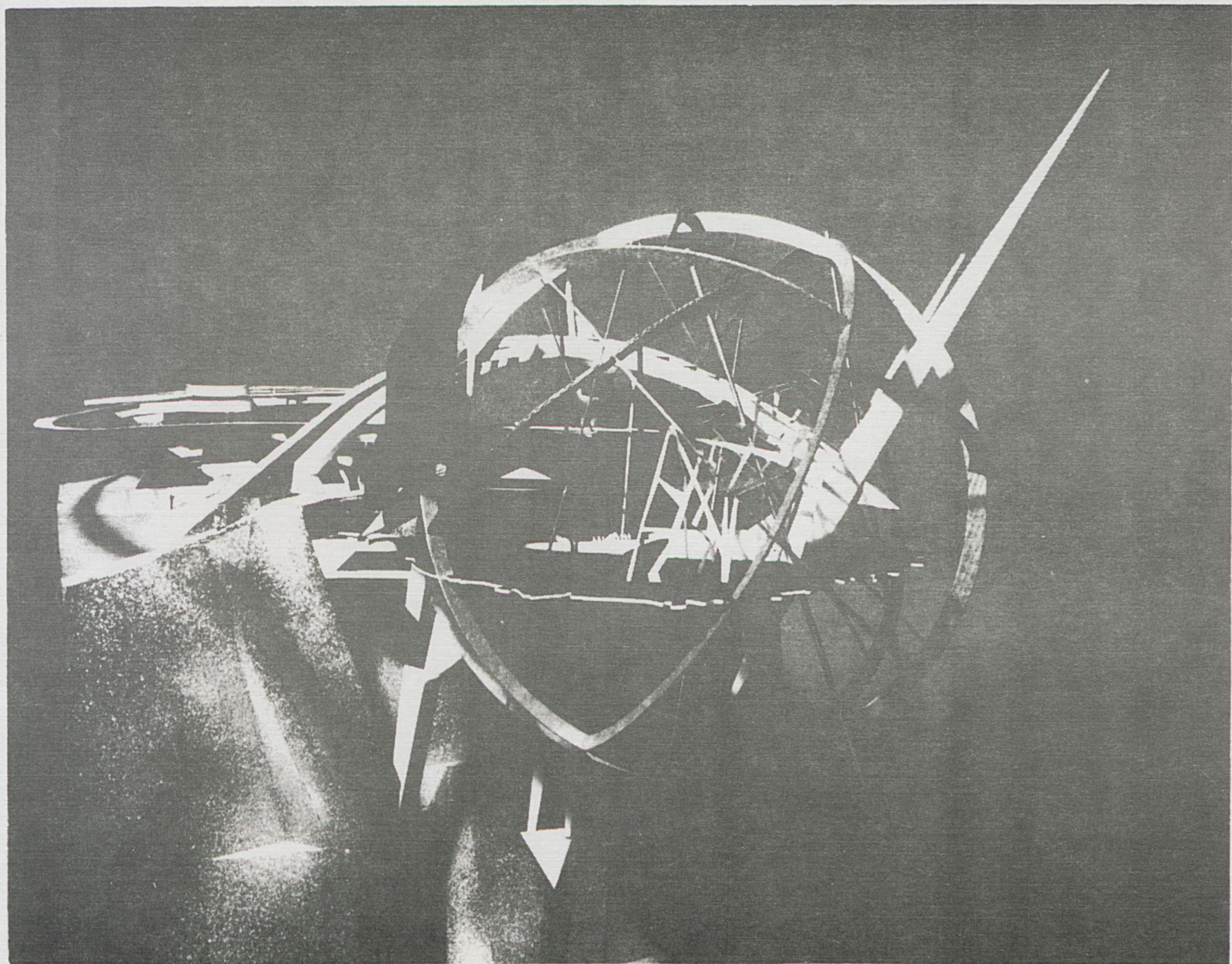












EPILOGUE

"No bitter stench of funeral-still for Muad'dib.
No knell nor solemn rite to free the mind
From avaricious shadows.
He is the fool saint,
The golden stranger living forever
On the edge of reason.
Let your guard fall and he is there!
His crimson peace and sovereign pallor
Strike into our universe on prophetic webs
To the verge of a quiet glance - there!
Out of bristling star jungles:
Mysterious, lethal, an oracle without eyes,
Catspaw of prophecy, whose voice never dies!
Shai-hulud, he waits thee upon a strand
Where couples walk and fix, eye to eye,
The delicious ennui of love.
He strides through the long cavern of time,
Scattering the fool-self of his dream."¹⁸

-The Gholi's Hymn-



FOOTNOTES

1. Frank Herbert, Dune Messiah, (New York: Berkley Books, 1969),p.7-25.
2. Frank Herbert, God Emperor of Dune, (New York: Berkley books, 1969),p163.
3. Dziga Vertov, Articles, Journaux, Projects, (Paris: Cohier du Cinema, 1972),p.19.
4. Frank Herbert, Dune Messiah, (New York: Berkley Books,1969),p.
5. Yvette Biro, Profane Mythology: The Savage Mind of the Cinema, translated by Imre Goldstein, (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1982),p.90.
6. Bernard Tschumi, The Manhattan Transcripts, (London:St. Martin's Press,1981),p.10-11.
7. Ibid.,p.9.
8. Herbert, Dune Messiah,p.12-13.
9. Ibid.,p.13.

10. Dr. Willis E McNelly, comp., The Dune Encyclopedia, (New York: Berkley Books, 1984),p.133.

11. Ibid.,p.133.

12. Ibid.,p.133.

13. Ibid.,p.134.

14. Ibid.,p.134.

15. Ibid.,p.135.

16. Joeseeph Campbell, The Hero with a Thousand Faces, (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1949),p.273.

17. Herbert, Dune Messiah,p.27.

18. Ibid.,p.279.

Selected Bibliography

Biro, Yvette. Profane Mythology: The Savage mind of the Cinema. Translated by Imre Goldstein. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1982.

Campbell, Joeseeph. The Hero with a Thousand Faces. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1949.

Coates, Nigel, ed. "Albion; Straight from the Heart." NATO: At the Frontier of Architecture 1983.

Corn, Joseph J. and Horrigan, Brian. Yesterday's Tomorrows: Past Visions of the American Future. New York: Summit Books, 1984.

Herbert, Frank, Children of Dune, New York: Berkley Books, 1979.

Herbert, Frank, Dune , New York: Berkley Books, 1965.

Herbert, Frank, Dune Messiah. New York: Berkley Books, 1975.

Herbert, Frank, God Emperor of Dune, New York: Berkley Books, 1981.

Jowett, Garth and Linton, James M. Movies as Mass Communication. Beverly Hills: Sage Publications, 1980.

McNelly, Dr. Willis E., comp. The Dune Encyclopedia. New York: Berkley books, 1984.

Mohiam, Galus Helen. Wallach IX on Five Grams a Day. Rakkis: Library Confraternity, 10,192.

Naha, Ed. The Making of Dune. New York: Berkley Books, 1984.

Tshumi, Bernard. The Manhattan Transcripts. London: St. Martin's Press, 1981.

Vertov, Dziga. Articles, Journaux, Projects. Paris, Cohier du Cinema, 1972.

MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES



3 1762 10060438 6

