

novelty sets

A CAPSTONE BY NINA BURGESS



STATEMENT OF INTENT

In the redefinition and reconfiguration of narratives and objects we have Novelty Sets. Extracting fictional worlds into tangible and temporary spaces provides the template for these unique lives and experiences to be understood individually and fully. By examining literature for its ability to remove someone from time, from space, from reality, how do we change and adapt our own narratives? How do we merge our perspectives and align our experiences? Conversely, how do we do the exact opposite? Novelty Sets plays the role of host and visitor, becoming both the event and the spectator- as is the individual experiencing it in the first place. Five pavilions set throughout the Point Defiance Park in Tacoma, Washington each temporarily host a story for four months at a time and then are swapped out; each new transition reflecting a new subgroup of phenomenology and reflective of the human consciousness; the first theme is existential individualism.

“THE TASK OF ART AND ARCHITECTURE IN
GENERAL IS TO RECONSTRUCT THE EXPERIENCE
OF AN UNDIFFERENTIATED INTERIOR WORLD, IN
WHICH WE ARE NOT MERE SPECTATORS, BUT
TO WHICH WE INSEPARABLY BELONG.”

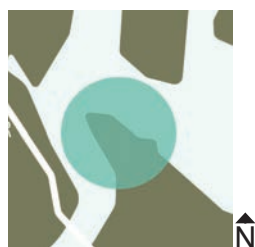
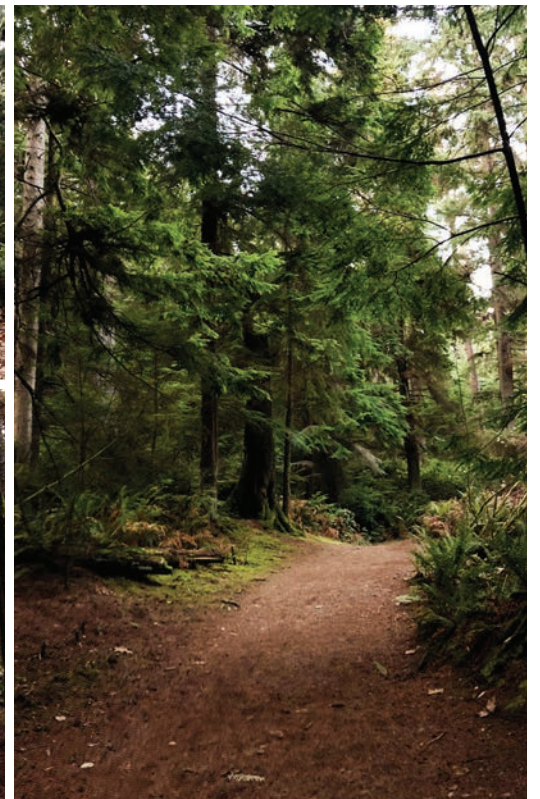
-JUHANI PALLASMAA, THE EYES OF THE SKIN (1996)

THE GREATER PUGET SOUND AREA, WASHINGTON

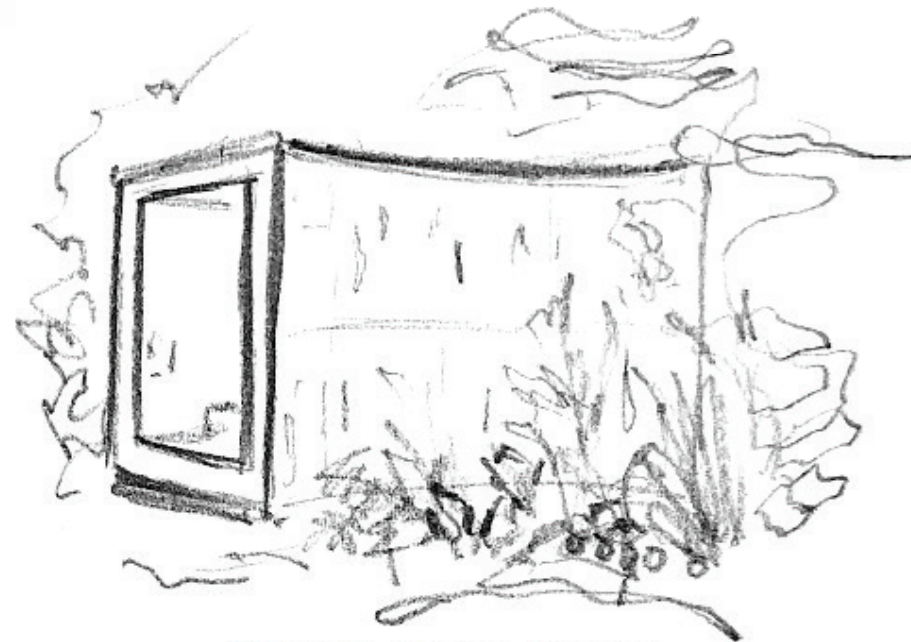
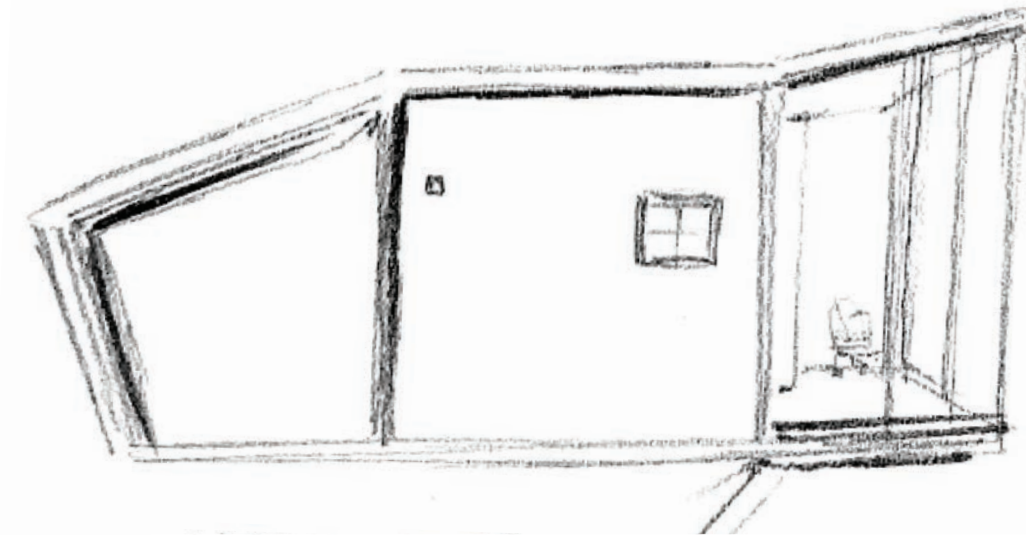


1" = 26,400'

POINT DEFIANCE PARK SITE PHOTOS



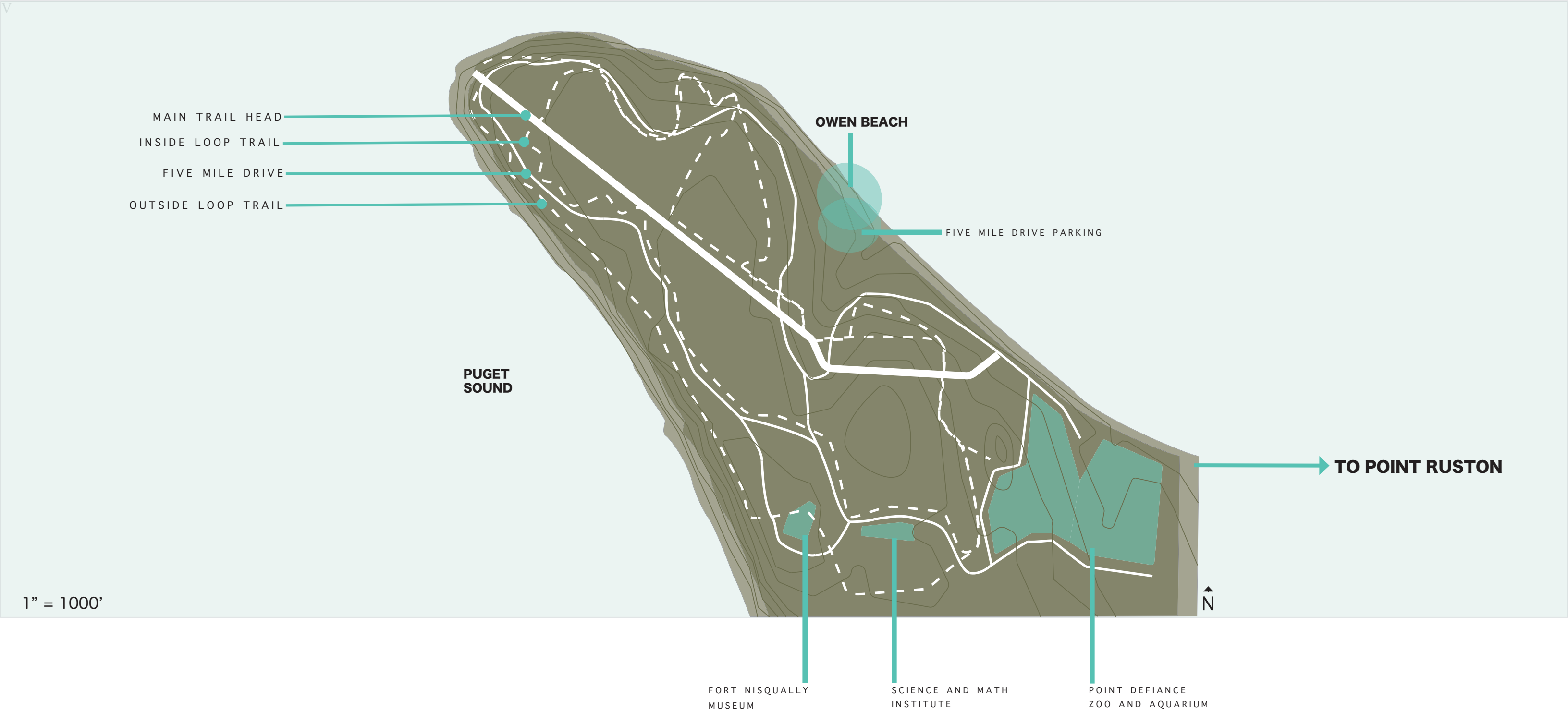
PRECEDENT SKETCHES



FOREST POND HOUSE



EXISTING PARK FEATURES



ON PHENOMENOLOGY

Phenomenology is essentially the analyzation of human behavior which allows for a greater understanding of people and how they experience life and, specifically, nature.

By objectively studying the subjective nature of consciousness, there is room to look at phenomena without theoretical presuppositions and judgments.

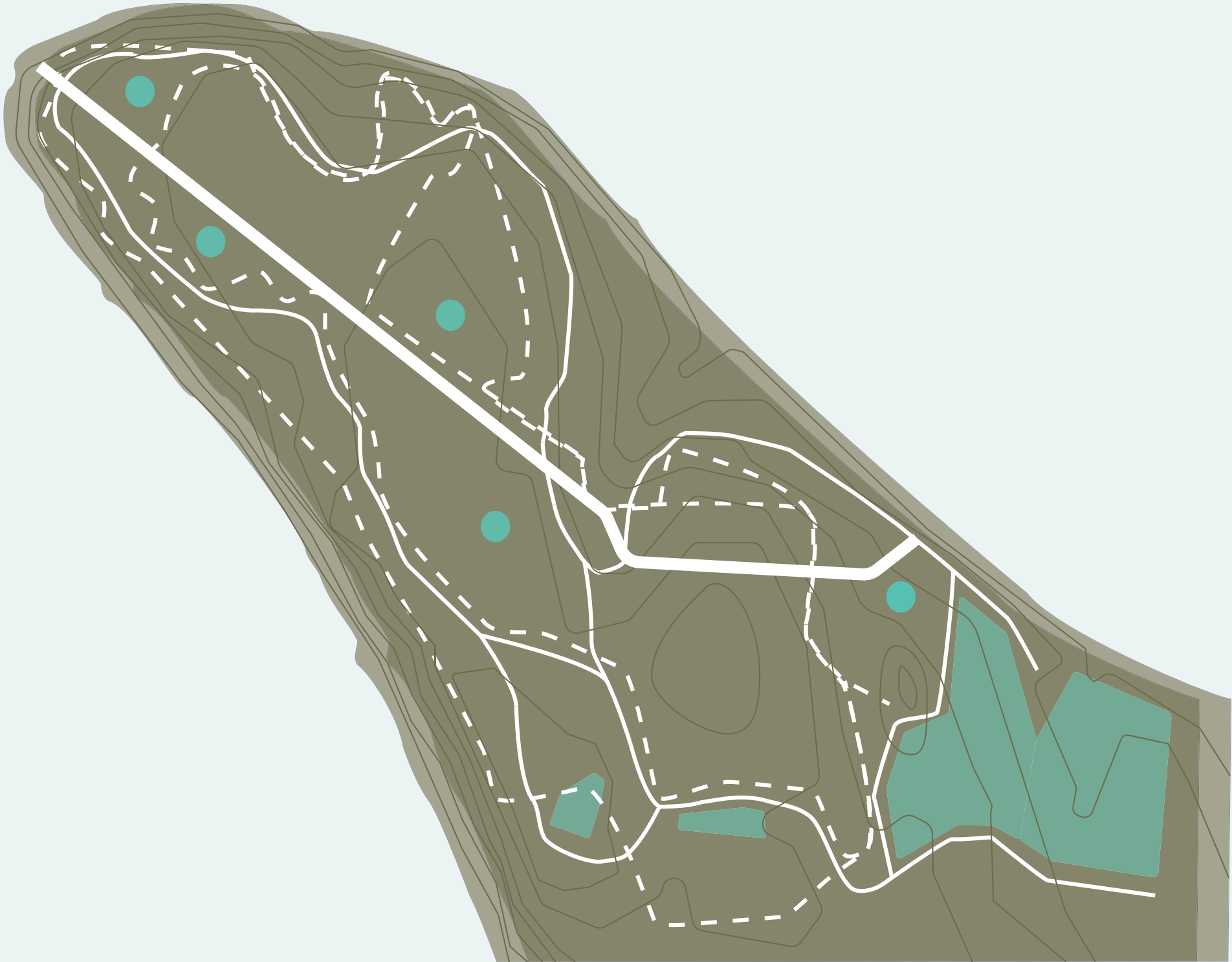
These intentions in perceptions of the human experience prove the complexity of persons and the myriad of means to understand a topic or life in general.

THE INTENTIONALITIES OF REALITIES

“THE SHIFT FROM ORAL TO WRITTEN SPEECH
WAS ESSENTIALLY A SHIFT FROM SOUND TO
VISUAL SPACE”

-WALTER J. ONG, ORALITY AND LITERACY (1982)

PAVILION PLACEMENT



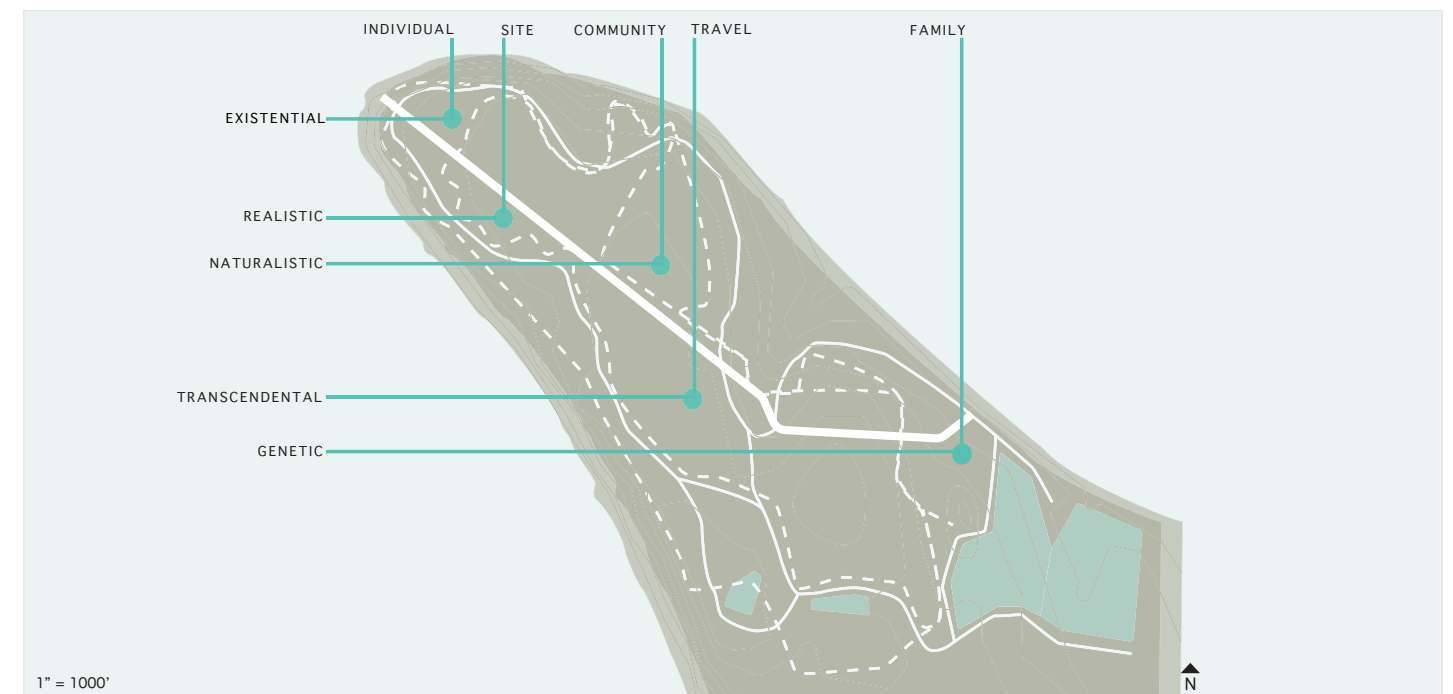
1" = 1000'



REGARDING VARIATIONS

The pavilions are updated in relation to subgroups of phenomenology. For example, this project highlights the subgroup of Existential Individualism. This system creates a continuous series of updated experiential appeal within the pavilions as isolated moments in addition to the campus as a whole.

The mixture of genre and theme aid to identify with the existing broad and inclusive demographic that visits the park regularly.



EXAMPLE CONFIGURATIONS

A YEAR IN ROTATION



NOVEL INSPIRATION: EXISTENTIAL INDIVIDUALISM

CANNERY ROW



JOHN STEINBECK

HOLES



LOUIS SACHAR

ONE FLEW OVER THE
CUCKOO'S NEST



KEN KESEY

TIMELINE



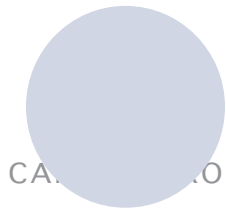
MICHAEL CRICHTON

STARDUST

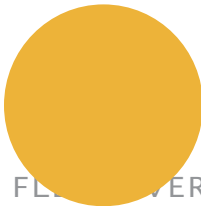


NEIL GAIMAN

COLOR BOARD



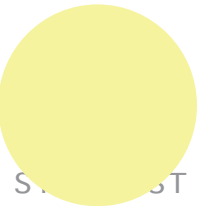
CAROL HOW



ONE FLY OVER THE
CUCKOO'S NEST



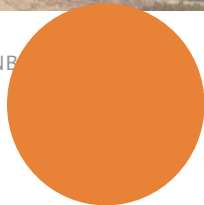
THE



S. ST



JOHN STEINBECK



LOUIS SACHAR



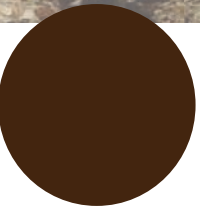
KEN KESEY



MICHAEL CRICHTON



NEIL GAIMAN



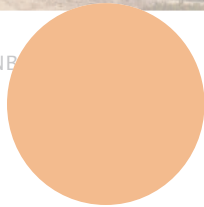
COLOR COLLAGE



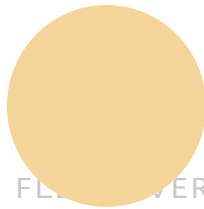
CAROL CROW



JOHN STEINBECK



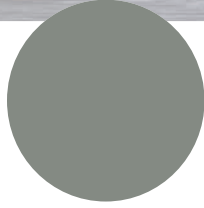
LOUIS SACHAR



ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST



KEN KESEY



THE GIVER



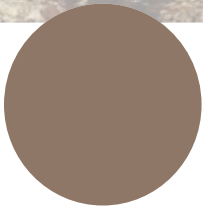
MICHAEL CRICHTON



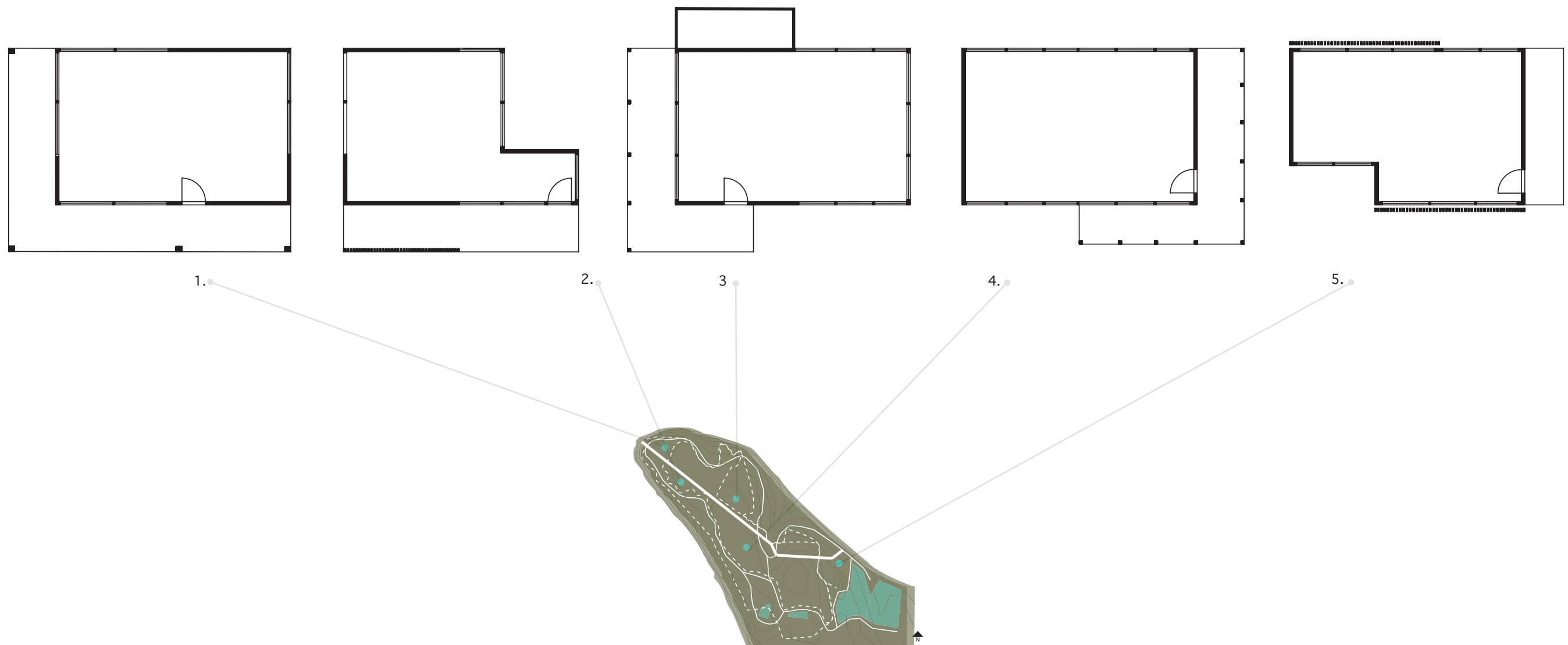
S. J. PERKINS



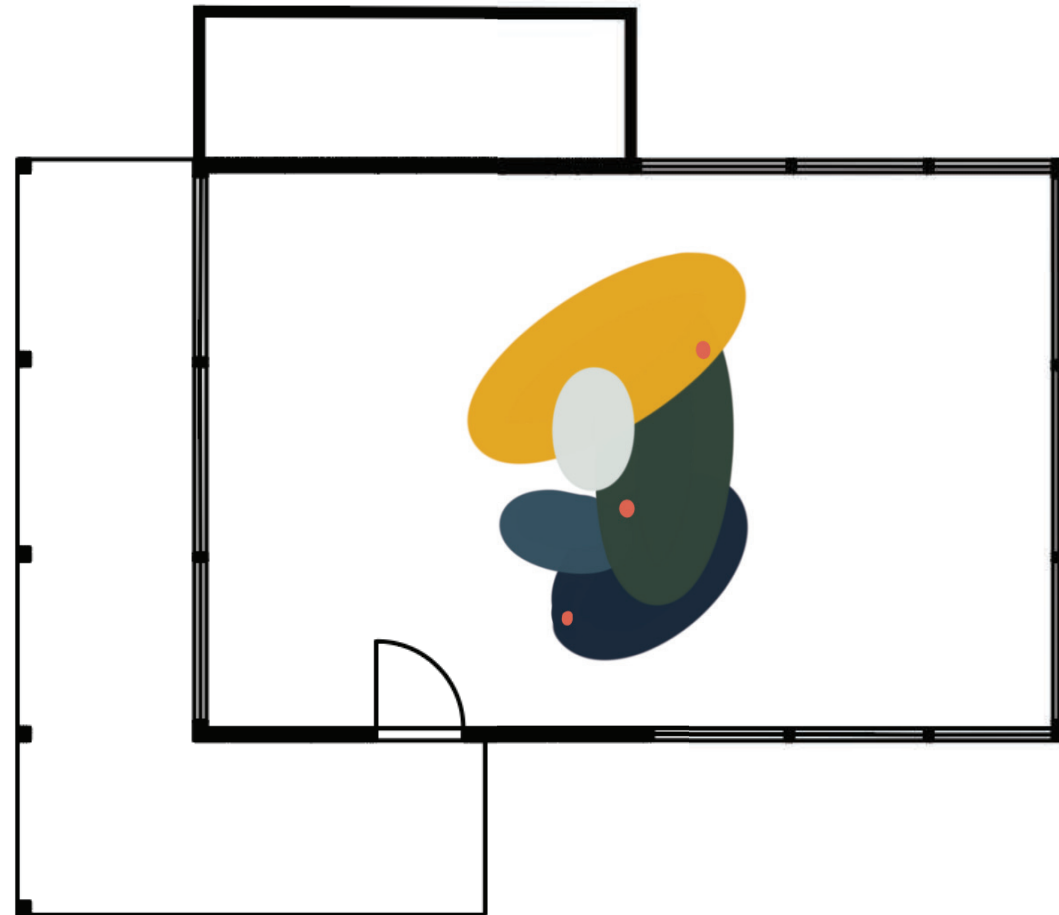
NEIL GAIMAN



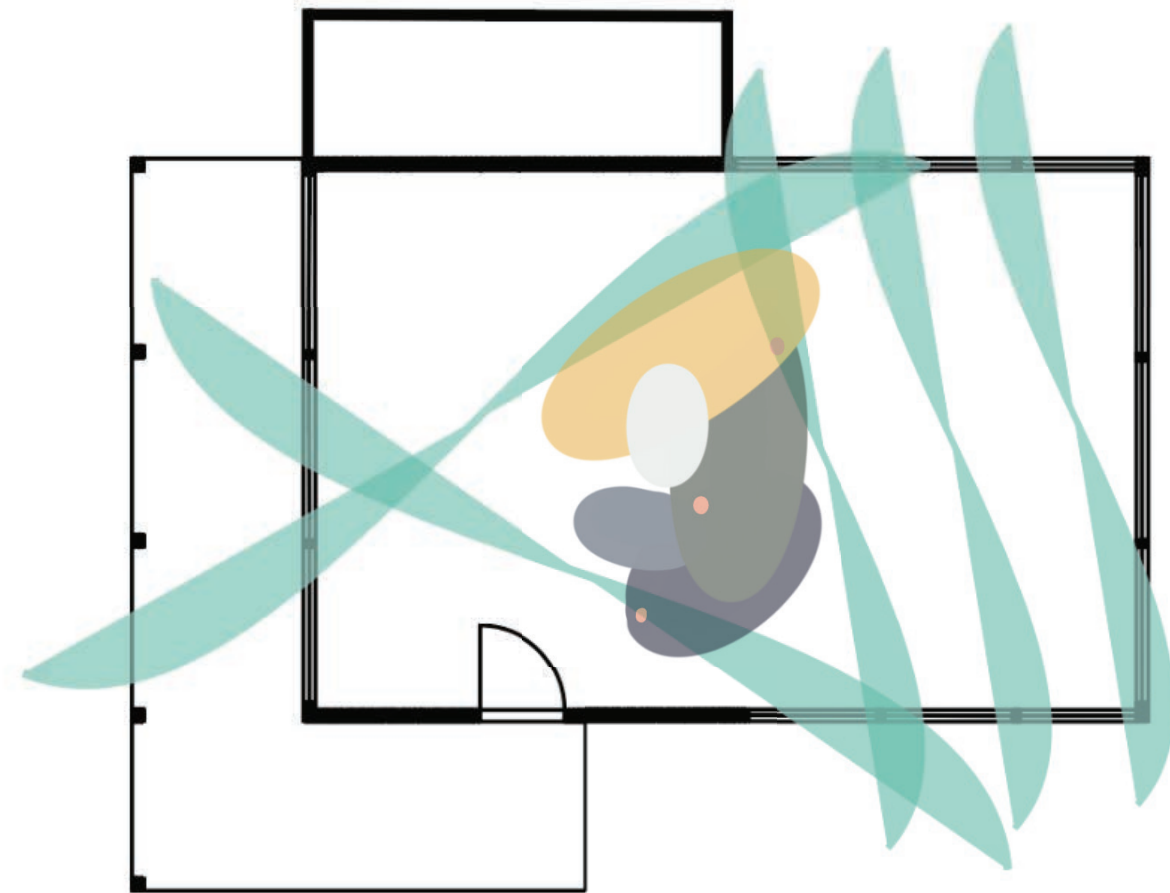
PAVILION FLOORPLANS



PAVILION 3:
ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST BY KEN KESEY



FLOORPLAN WITH COLLAGE



THEMATIC NATURAL LIGHTING PLAN

HIGHLIGHTED TEXT

Seven-thirty back to the day room. The big nurse looks out through her special glass, always polished till you can't tell it's there, and nods at what she sees, reaches up and tears a sheet off her calendar one day closer to the goal. She pushes a button for things to start. I hear the wharrup of a big sheet of tin being shook someplace. Everybody come to order. Acutes: sit on your side of the day room and wait for cards and Monopoly games to be brought out. Chronics: sit on your side and wait for puzzles from the Red Cross box. Ellis: go to your

Before noontime they're at the fog machine again but t
got it turned up full; it's not so thick but what I can se
real hard. One of these days I'll quit straining and let myse
pletely, lose myself in the fog the way some of the other Chr
but for the time being I'm interested in this new man—I v
how he takes to the Group Meeting coming up.

soon as you lose once, she's won for good. And eventually we all g
lose. Nobody can help that.

Right now, she's got the fog machine switched on, and it's rollin
so fast I can't see a thing but her face, rolling in thicker and thicker,
I feel as hopele
that little jerk-

Before anybody can turn to look for me I duck back in the mop
closet, jerk the door shut dark after me, hold my breath. Shaving before
you get breakfast is the worst time. When you got something under
your belt you're stronger and more wide awake, and the bastards who
work for the Combine aren't so apt to slip one of their machines in on
you in place of an electric shaver. But when you shave before breakfast
like she has me do some mornings—six-thirty in the morning in a
room all white walls and white basins, and long tube-lights in the ceil-
ing making sure there aren't any shadows, and faces all round you
trapped screaming behind the mirrors—then what chance you got
against one of their machines?

I hide in the mop closet and listen, my heart beating in the dark,
and I try to keep from getting scared, try to get my thoughts off some-
place else—try to think back and remember things about the village
and the big Columbia River, think about ah one time Papa and me
were hunting birds in a stand of cedar trees near The Dalles. . . . But
like always when I try to place my thoughts in the past and hide them

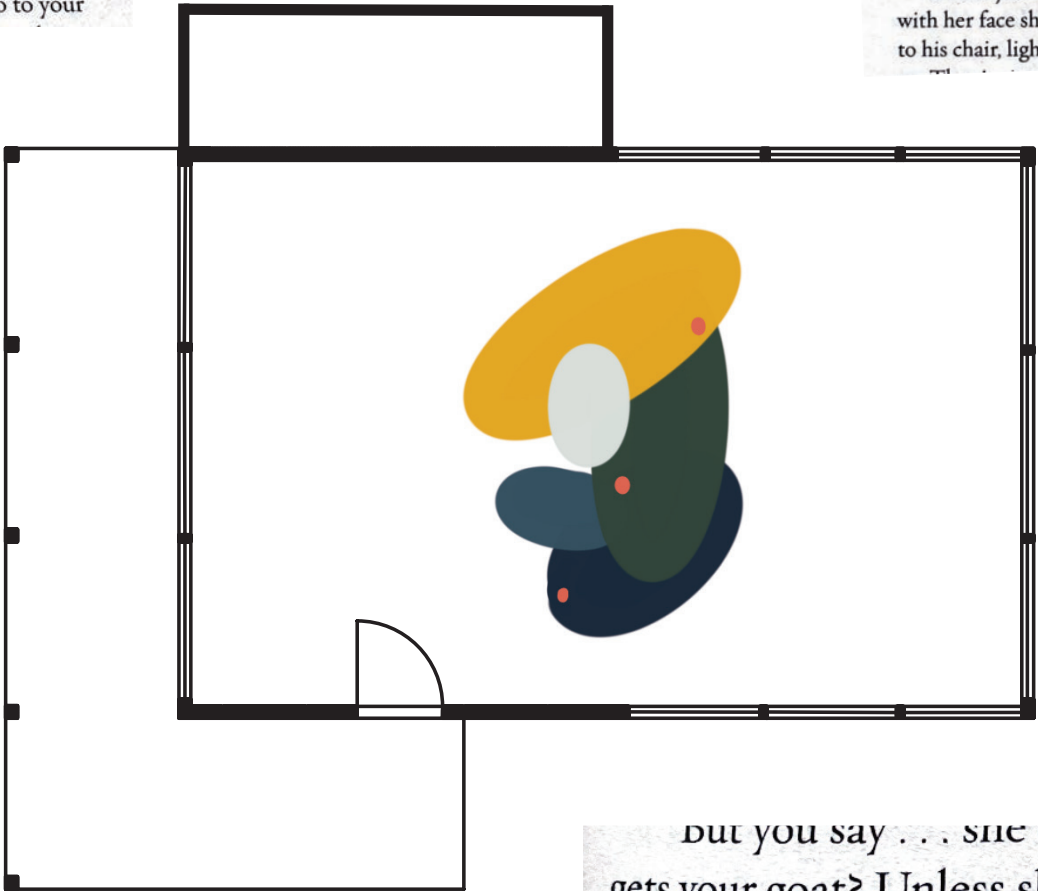
of water on the green tile. I'm out there most days, an
that.

But this morning I have to sit in the chair and only
bring him in. Still, even though I can't see him, I know h
Admission. I don't hear him slide scared along the wa
tell him about the shower he don't just submit with a
tells them right back in a loud, brassy voice that he
damn clean, thank you.

McMurphy's eyes follow all of this. He doesn't get out of his chair
He looks puzzled again. He sits in his chair for a while, watching the
Acutes, scuffing that deck of cards up and down the red stubble on his
chin, then finally stands up from his arm chair, yawns and stretcl

workers don't exist.

But if they don't exist, how can a man
see them?



tries to learn to roll a tailor-made cigarette, and Ma
discovering things under the tables and chairs,
around a lot. They tell jokes to each other and sr
(nobody ever dares let loose and laugh, the whole
notebooks and a lot of questions) and they write
runty, chewed pencils.

They're out there.
Black boys in white suits up before me to commit sex acts in the
hall and get it mopped up before I can catch them.

They're mopping when I come out the dorm, all three of them
sulky and hating everything, the time of day, the place they're at here,

The glass came apart like water splashing, and the nurse threw her
hands to her ears. He got one of the cartons of cigarettes with his name
on it and took out a pack, then put it back and turned to where the Big
Nurse was sitting like a chalk statue and very tenderly went to brushing
the slivers of glass off her hat and shoulders.

"I'm sure sorry, ma'am," he said. "Gawd but I am. That window glass
was so spick and span I com-pletely forgot it was there."

It took just a couple of seconds. He turned and left her sitting there
with her face shifting and jerking and walked back across the day room
to his chair, lighting up a cigarette.

teresting any more, so I requested a transfer, ya see. Needed some new
blood. Hooee, look at the way this bird holds his cards, showin' to
everybody in a block; man! I'll trim you babies like little lambs."

Cheswick gathers his cards together. The redheaded man sticks his
hand out for Cheswick to shake.

"Hello, buddy; what's that you're playin'? Pinochle? Jesus, no won-
der you don't care nothin' about showing your hand. Don't you have a
straight deck around here? Well say, here we go, I brought along my
own deck, just in case, has something in it other than face cards—and
check the pictures, huh? Every one different. Fifty-two positions."

The two big black boys catch Taber in the latrine and drag him
told and white all over me like skim milk, so thick I might even
the mattress room. He gets one a good kick in the shins. He's yellin'
bloody murder. I'm surprised how helpless he looks when they hold
him, like he was wrapped with bands of black iron.

They push him face down on the mattress. One sits on his head
and the other rips his pants open in back and peels the cloth unt
and shows it down with a mop handle.
Taber's peach-colored rear is framed by the ragged lettuce-green. He
smothering curses into the mattress and the black boy sitting on h
head saying, "Tha's right, Mistuh Taber, tha's right. . . ." The nurse
comes down the hall, coming in the windshield reflected an expression that was

McMurphy's face, and the windshield reflected an expression that was
allowed only because he figured it'd be too dark for anybody in the car
to see, dreadfully tired and strained and frantic, like there wasn't enough
time left for something he had to do. . . .

While his relaxed, good-natured voice doled out his life for us to
live, a rollicking past full of kid fun and drinking buddies and loving
women and barroom battles over meager honors—for all of us to
dream ourselves into.

but you say . . . she don't send you up to
gets your goat? Unless she makes you crack in
cussing her out or busting a window or some
"Unless you do something like that."

"You're sure of that, now? Because I'm ge
tion of how to pick up a good purse off you
want to be a sucker about it. I had a hell of a ti
hole; I don't want to be jumping outa the fryi

She's carrying her woven wicker bag
ones the Umpqua tribe sells out along
August highway, a bag shape of a tool bo
a hemp handle. She's had it all the y
been here. It's a loose weave and I can se
inside it; there's no compact or lipstick
or woman stuff, she's got that bag full
of a thousand parts she aims to use in
her duties today—wheels and gears, t
cogs polished to a hard glitter, tiny
pills that gleam like porcelain, need-
dles, forceps, watchmakers' pliers,
rolls of copper wire . . .

She dips a nod at me as she

(Papa tells me to keep still, tells me that the dog senses a bird
wheres right close. We borrowed a pointer dog from a man :
Dalles. All the village dogs are no-count mongrels, Papa says, fi
eaters and no class a-tall; this here dog, he got instee! I don't se
thing, but I already see the bird up in a scrub cedar, hunched in
knot of feathers. Dog running in circles underneath, too much
around for him to point for sure. The bird safe as long as he kee
He's holding out pretty good, but the dog keeps sniffing and c
louder and closer. Then the bird breaks, feathers springing, jum
of the cedar into the birdshot from Papa's gun.)

The least black boy and one of the bigger ones catch me befor
and drag me back to the shaving
. If you yell it's just tougher on

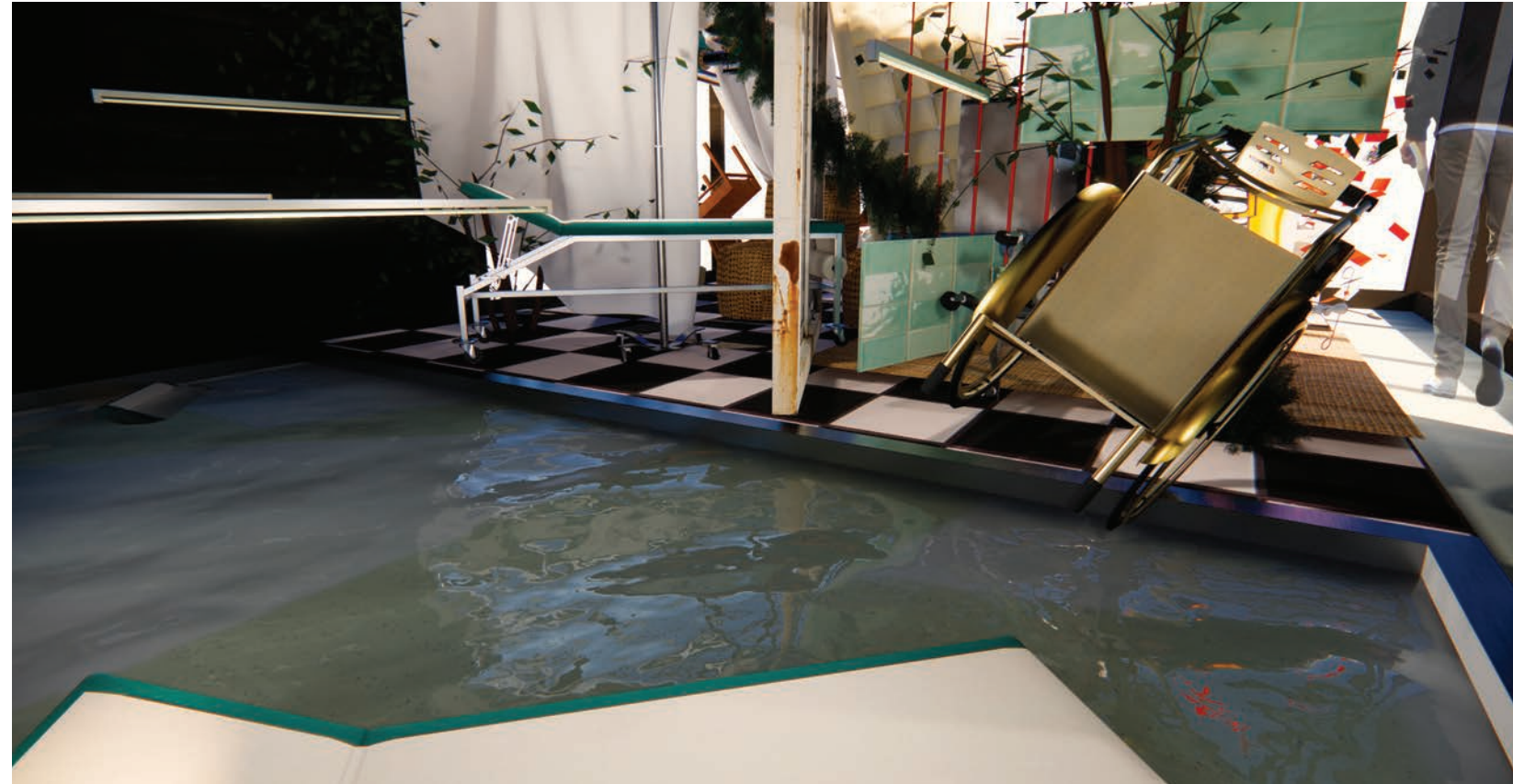
FINAL RENDER



FINAL RENDER



FINAL RENDERS



FINAL RENDERS



FINAL
RENDER



FINAL RENDERS

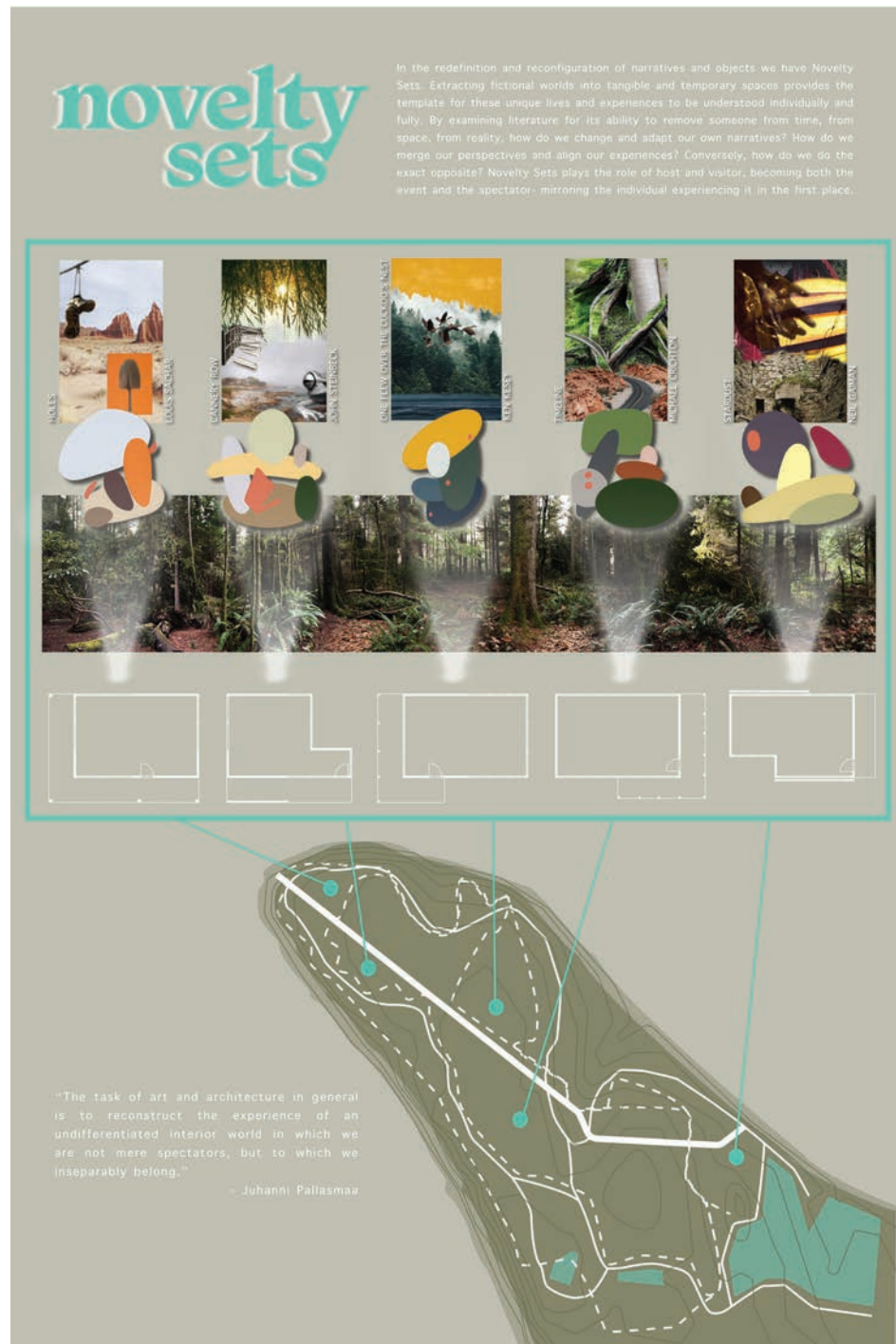


TOPOGRAPHICAL SITE MODEL: 1:64" SCALE

MATERIAL: GATOR BOARD



FINAL POSTER LAYOUTS



THANK YOU