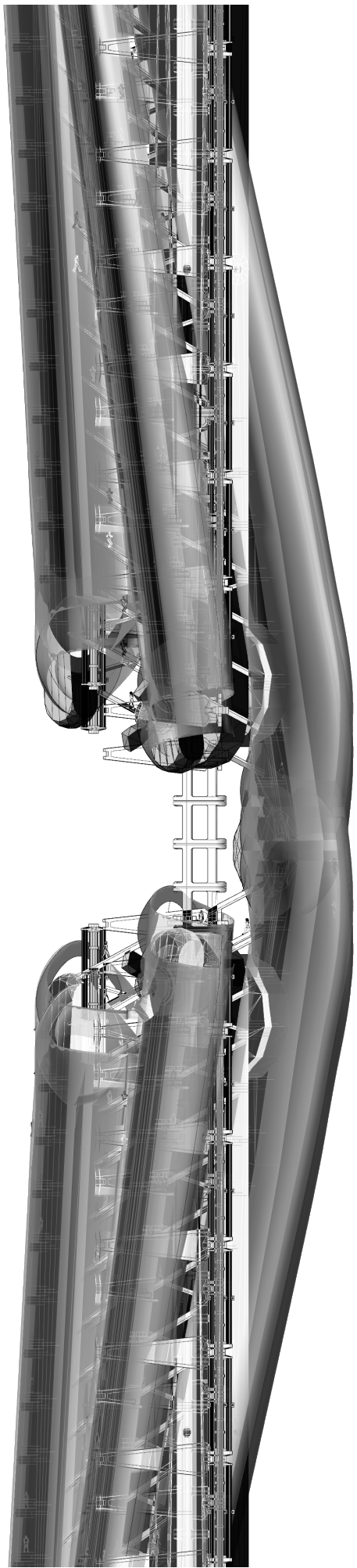


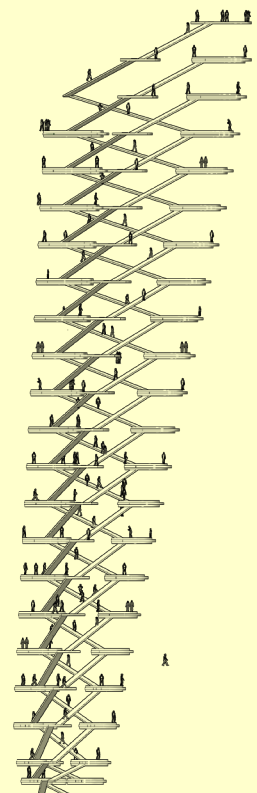
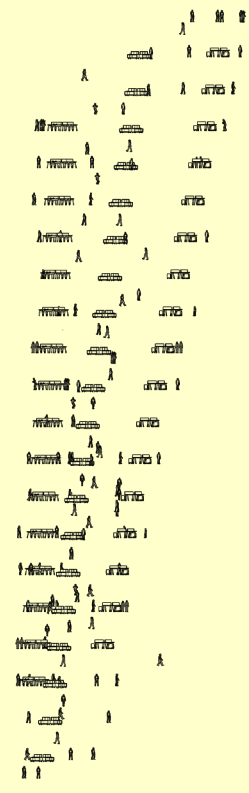
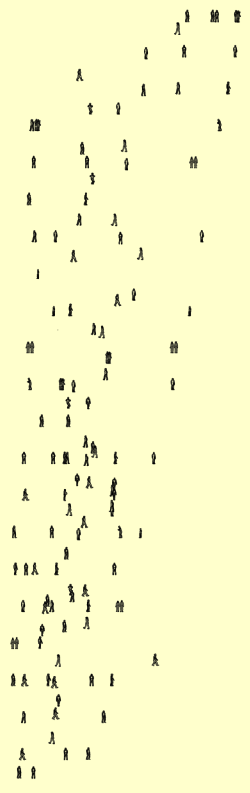
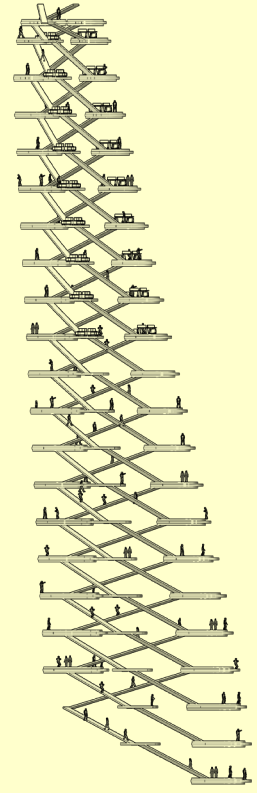
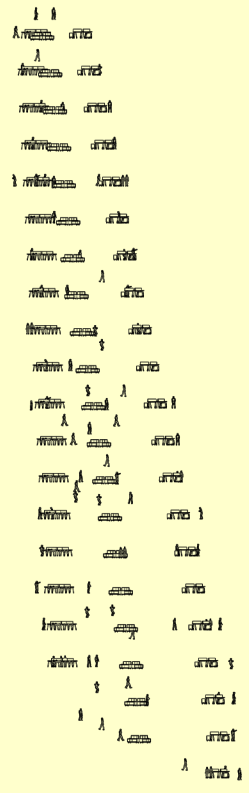
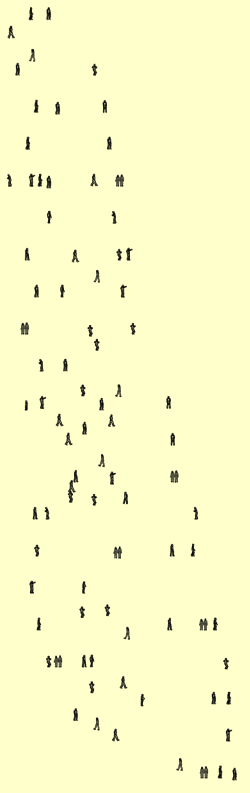
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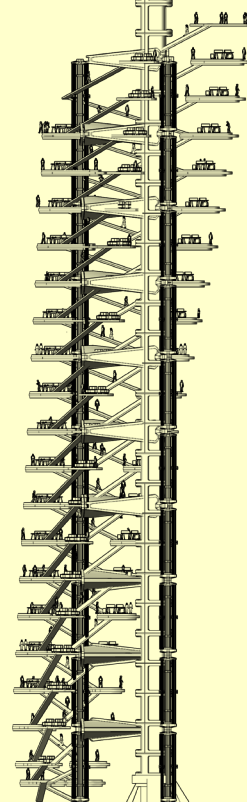
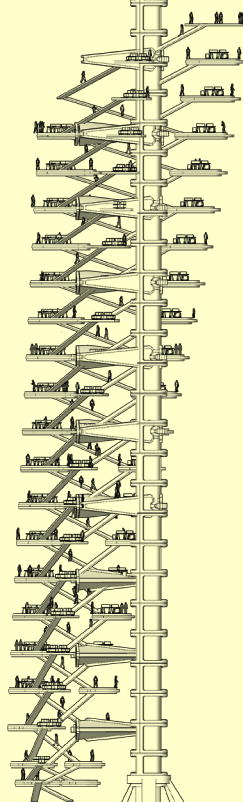
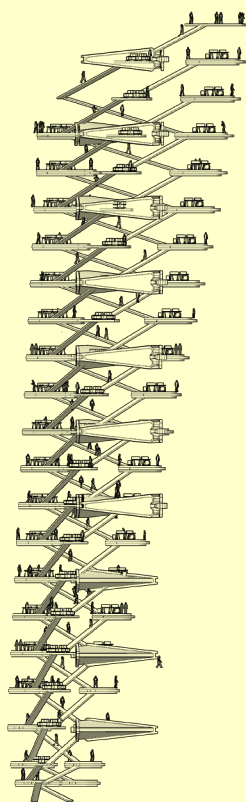
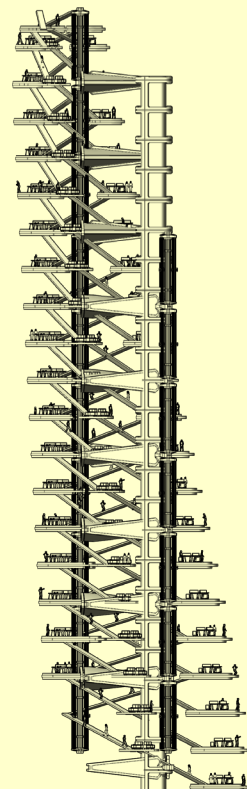
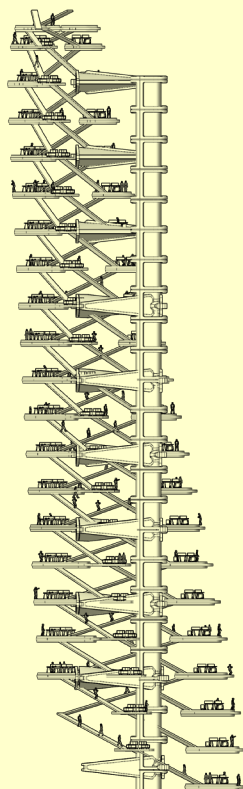
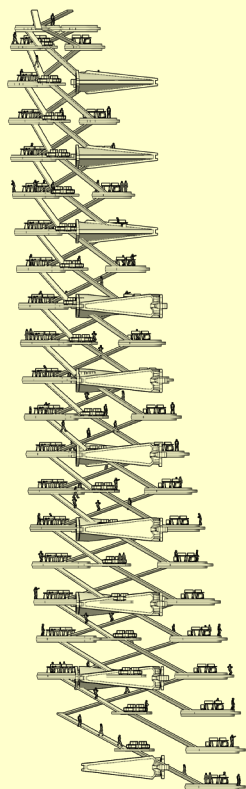
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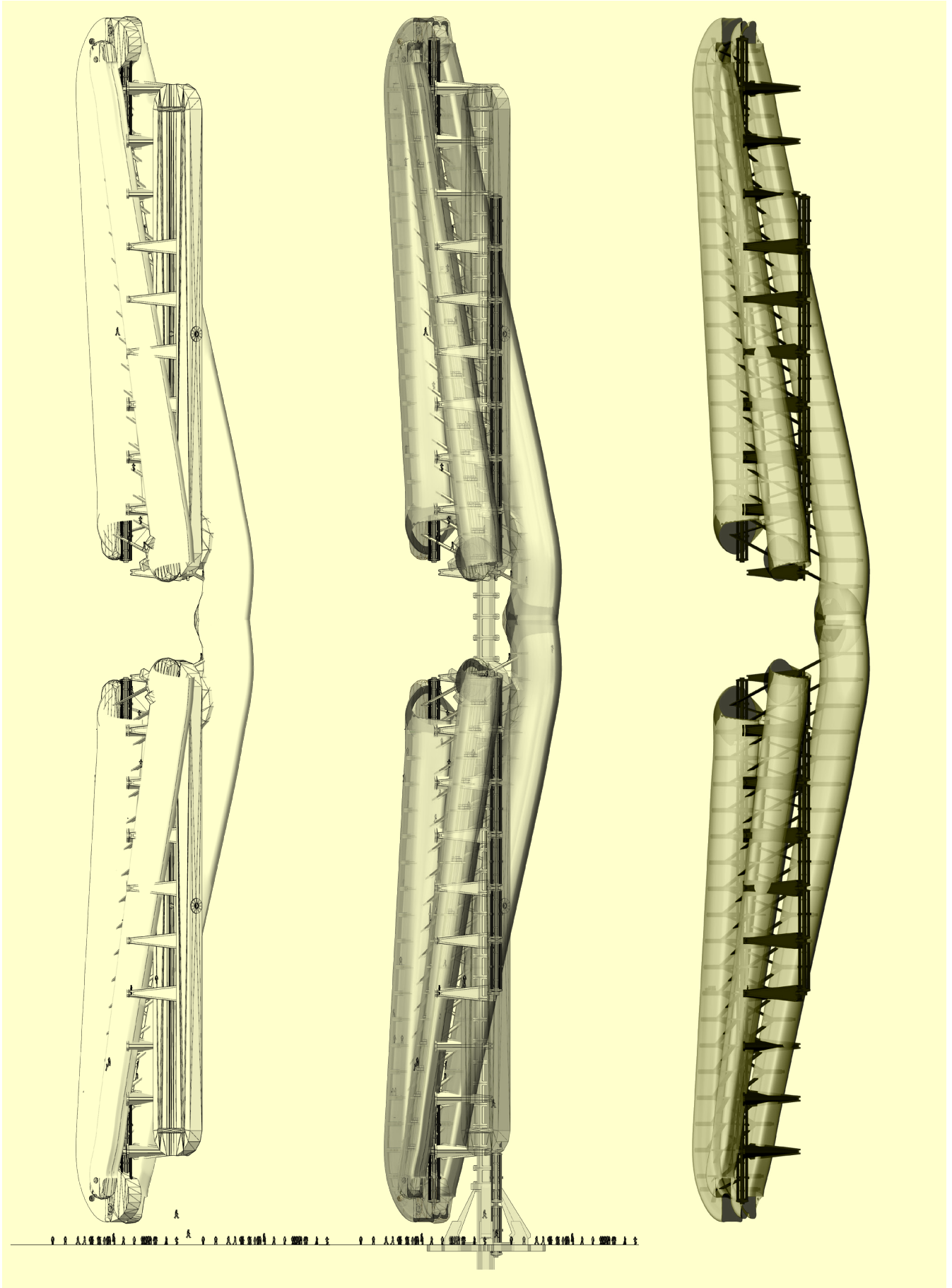


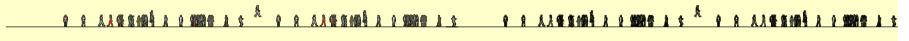
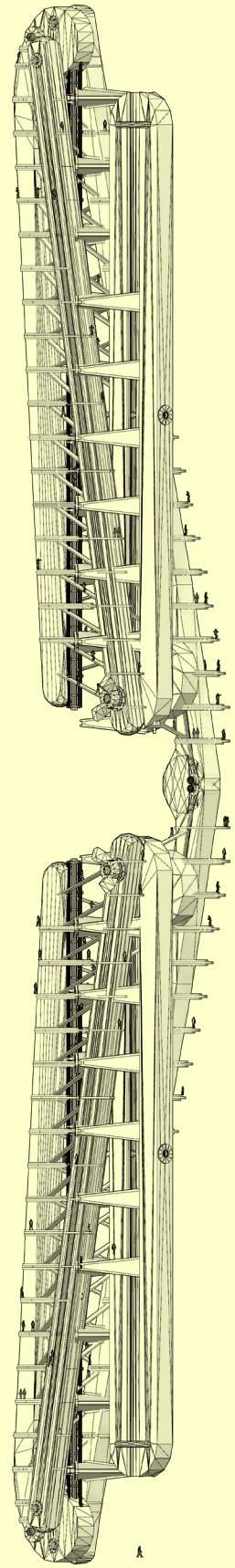
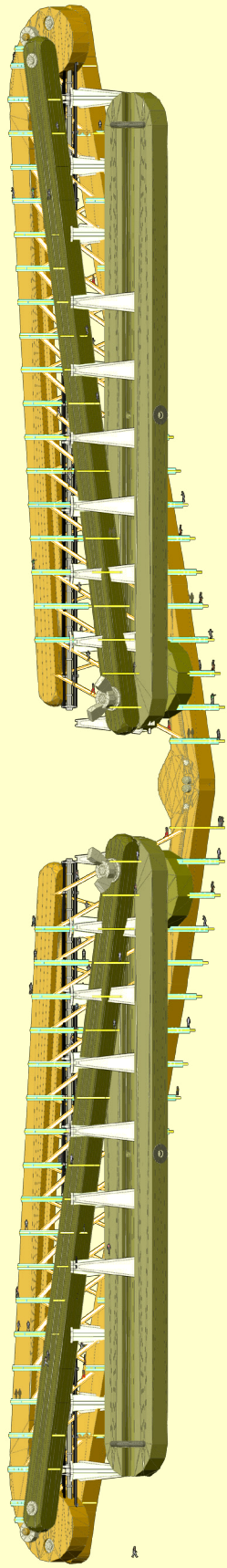
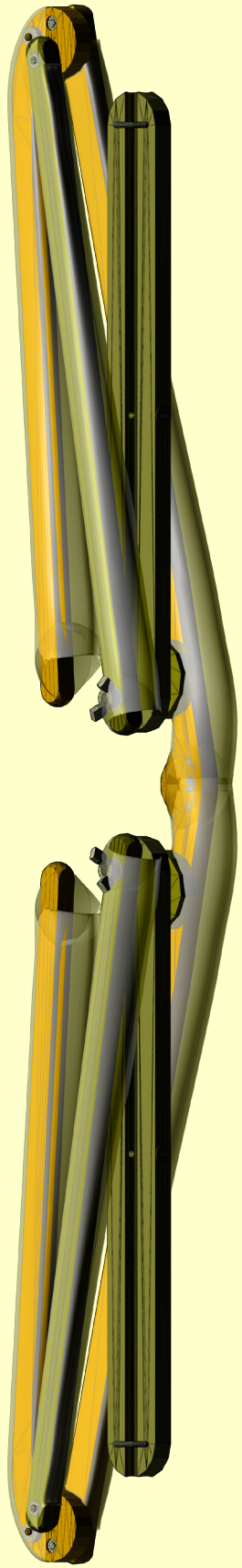
If you look up, it looks kind of like a Richard Rogers building. Cylindrical discs, pipes, tubes, ribbed like a spine. It also looks like a metabolist tower. Two or more independent masses that attach radially to a single towering core. I needed an architectural body to transform. Or at least, a familiar parti. This is a familiar plan. I wanted to examine gestures (mechanically) of the thing I arrived at. Anatomical postures -- mostly at joints, knees, elbows, hips -- and force an impossible movement, at least in massing, a contortion. An unusual contortion but a gesture that evokes familiar movements, familiar rules, familiar sockets where joints go but perhaps bending unusually far or to abnormally great extent in the anatomically incorrect direction. Too big to see. From below it looks like a familiar skyscraper.

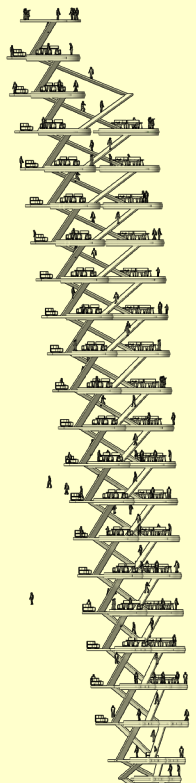
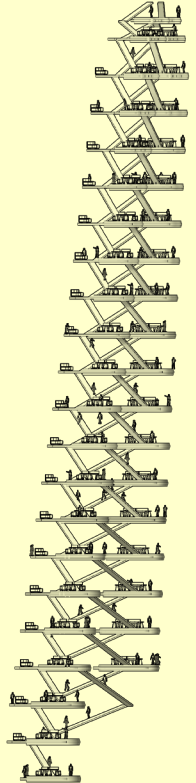
The building is an office slash medical facility for overseeing the production of custom parts. Custom-fabricated, custom-fitted, 3D-printed parts for the body. Working in small scales, like industrial design studio spaces coupled with an online store: the building houses primarily offices, wet and dry studios, material research labs including several greenhouses, storage and a medical unit for fittings, x-rays, etc.

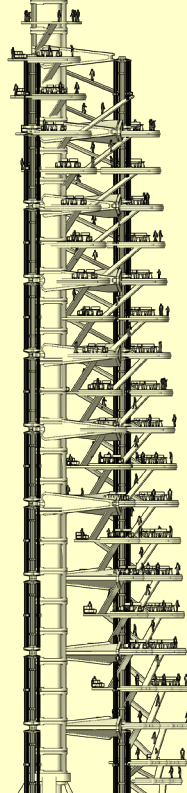
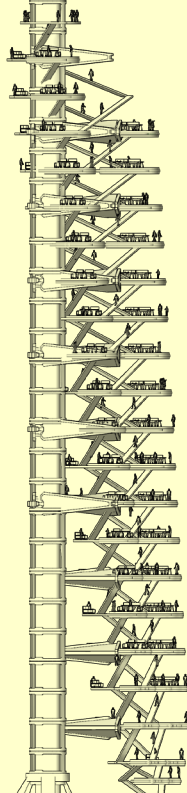
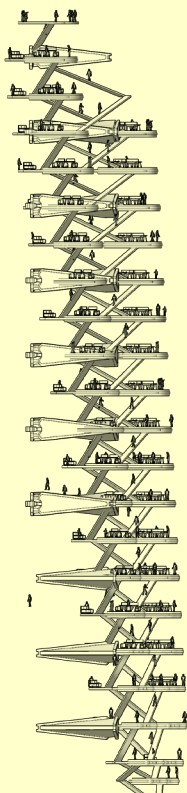
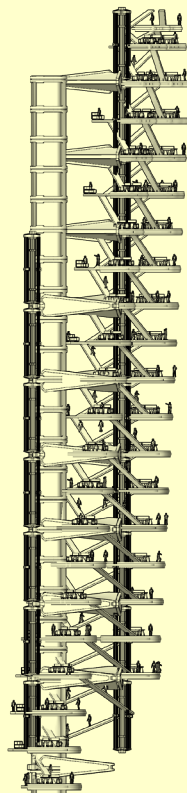
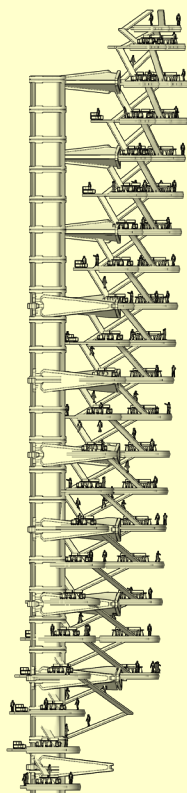
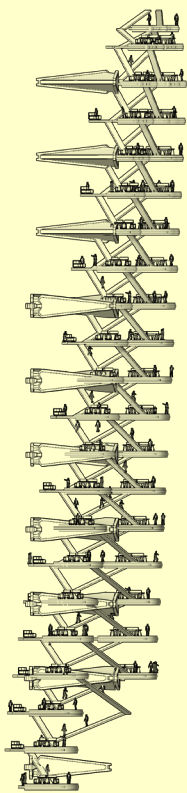










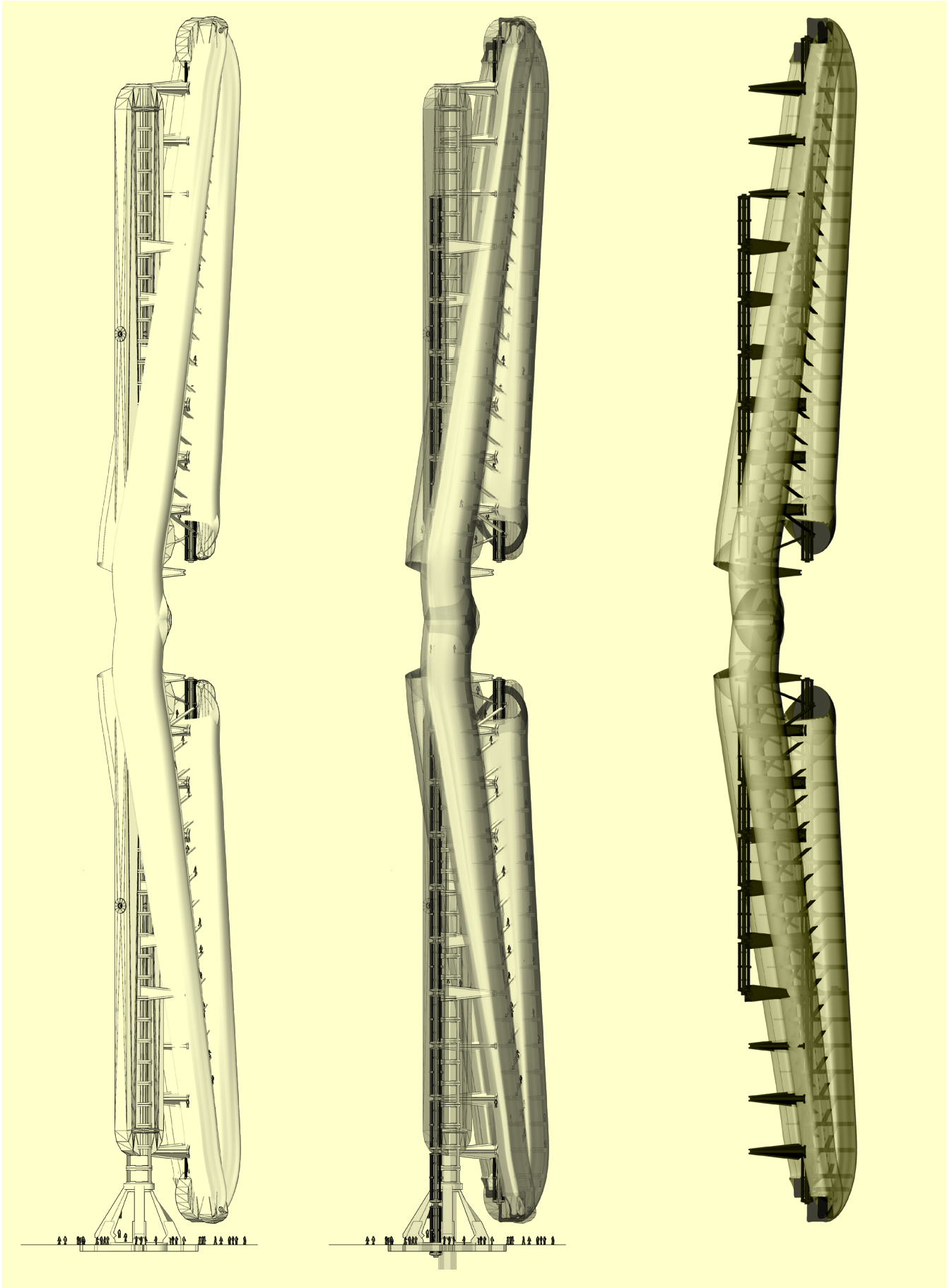


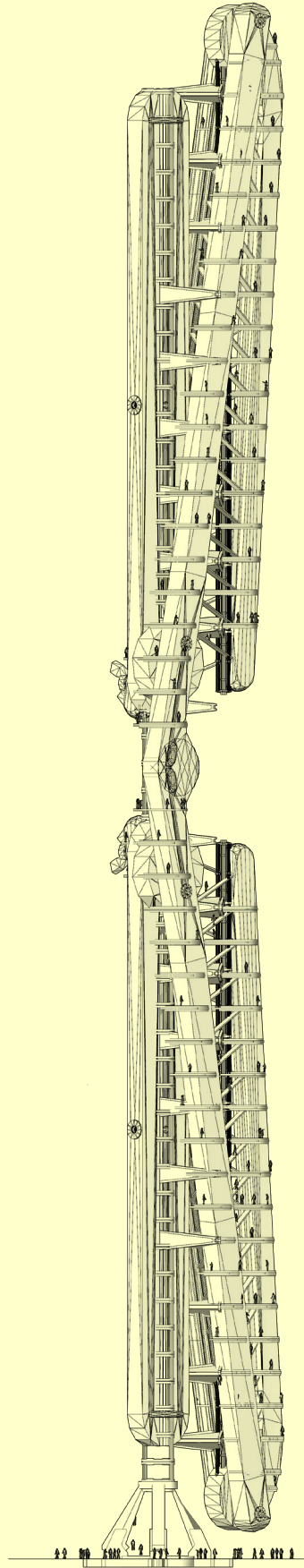
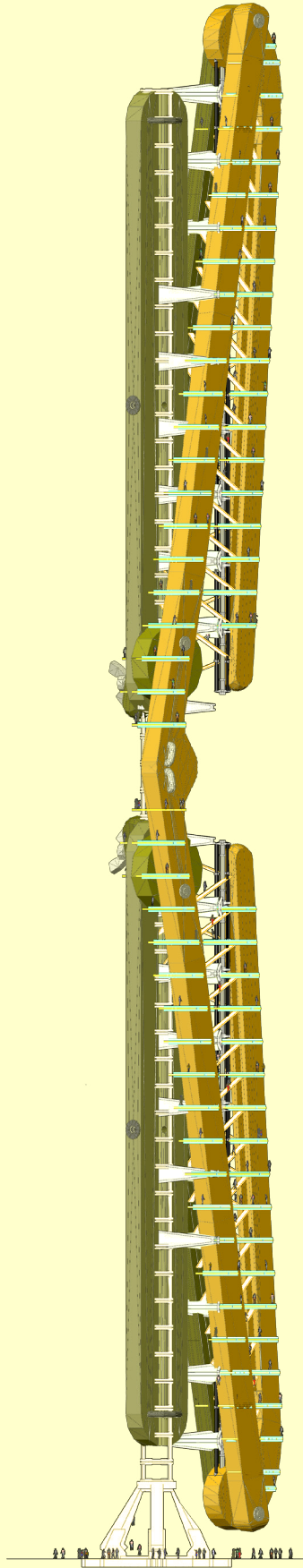
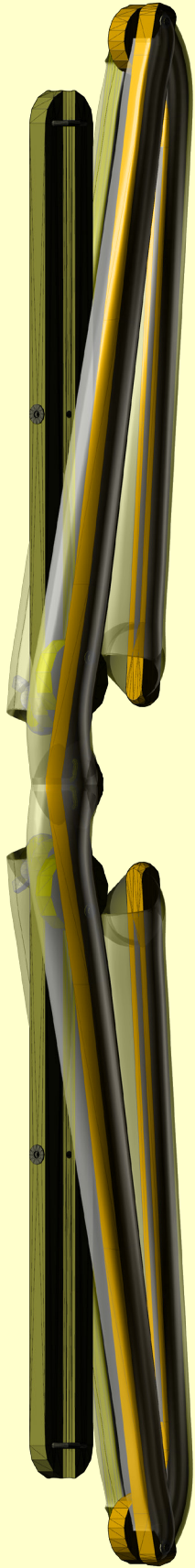
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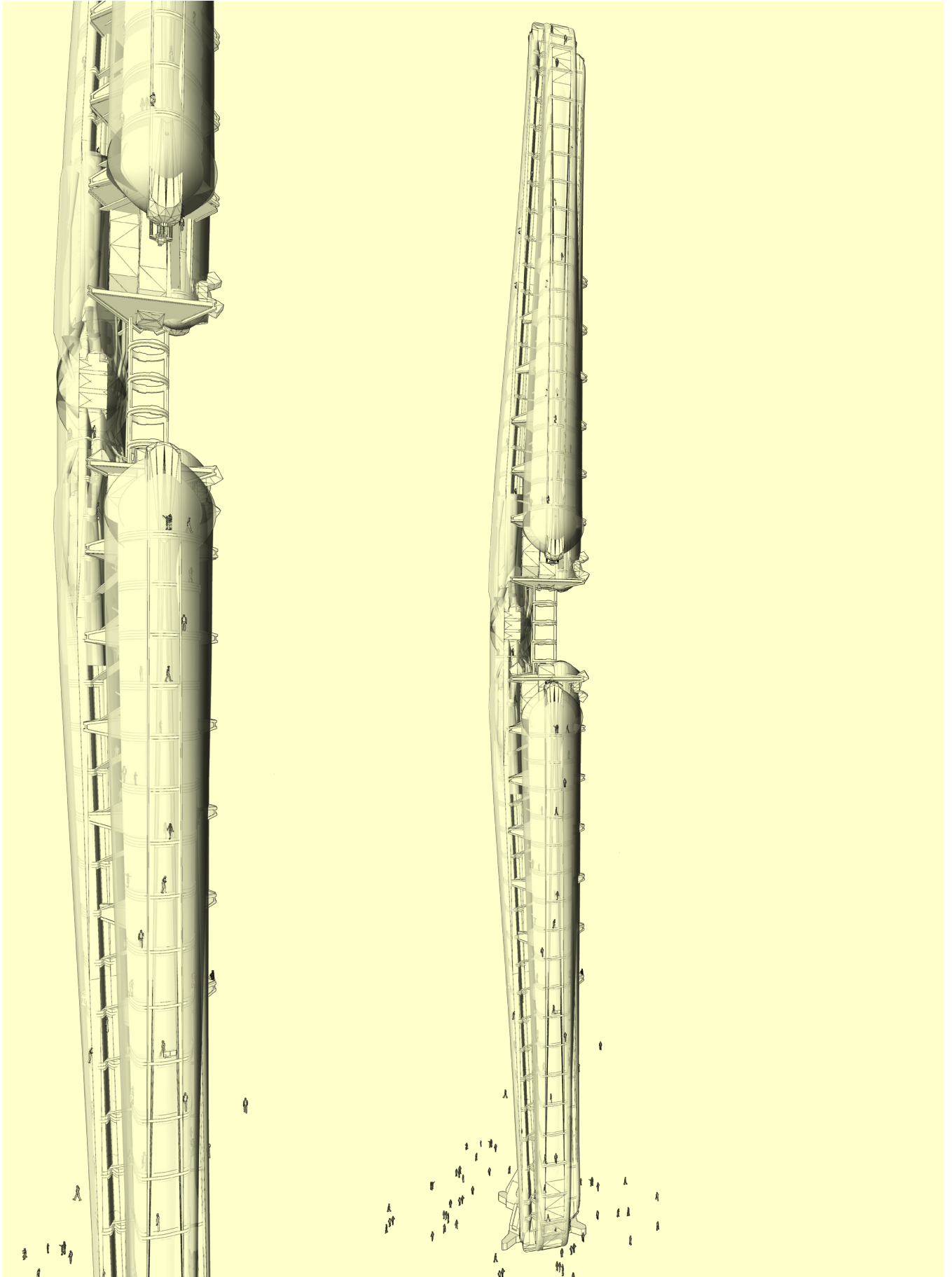
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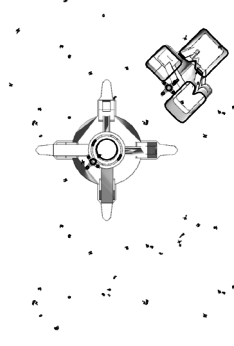
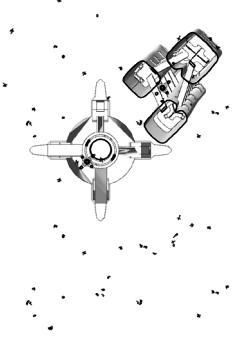
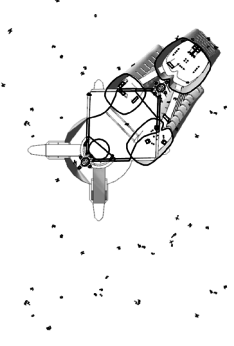
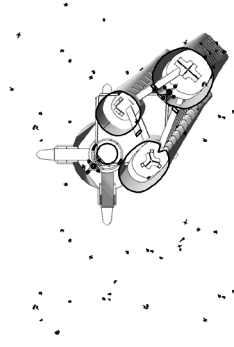
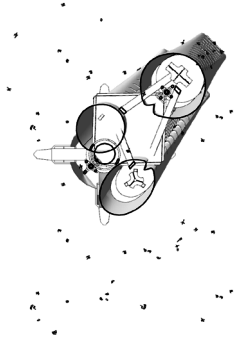
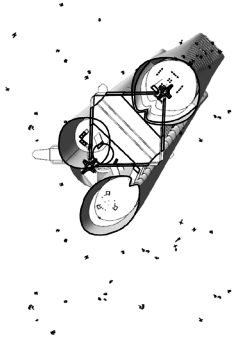
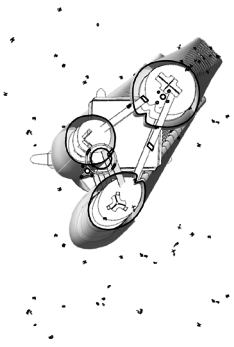
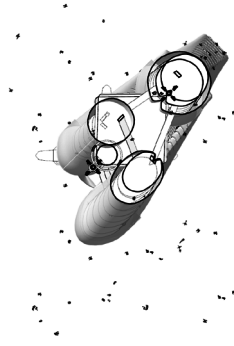
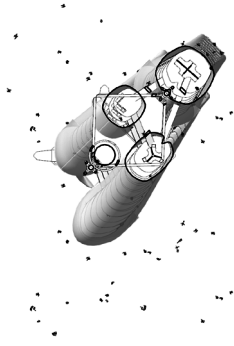
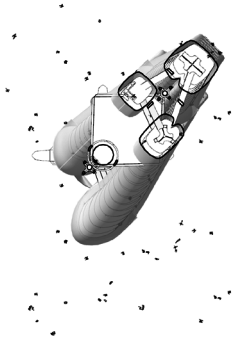
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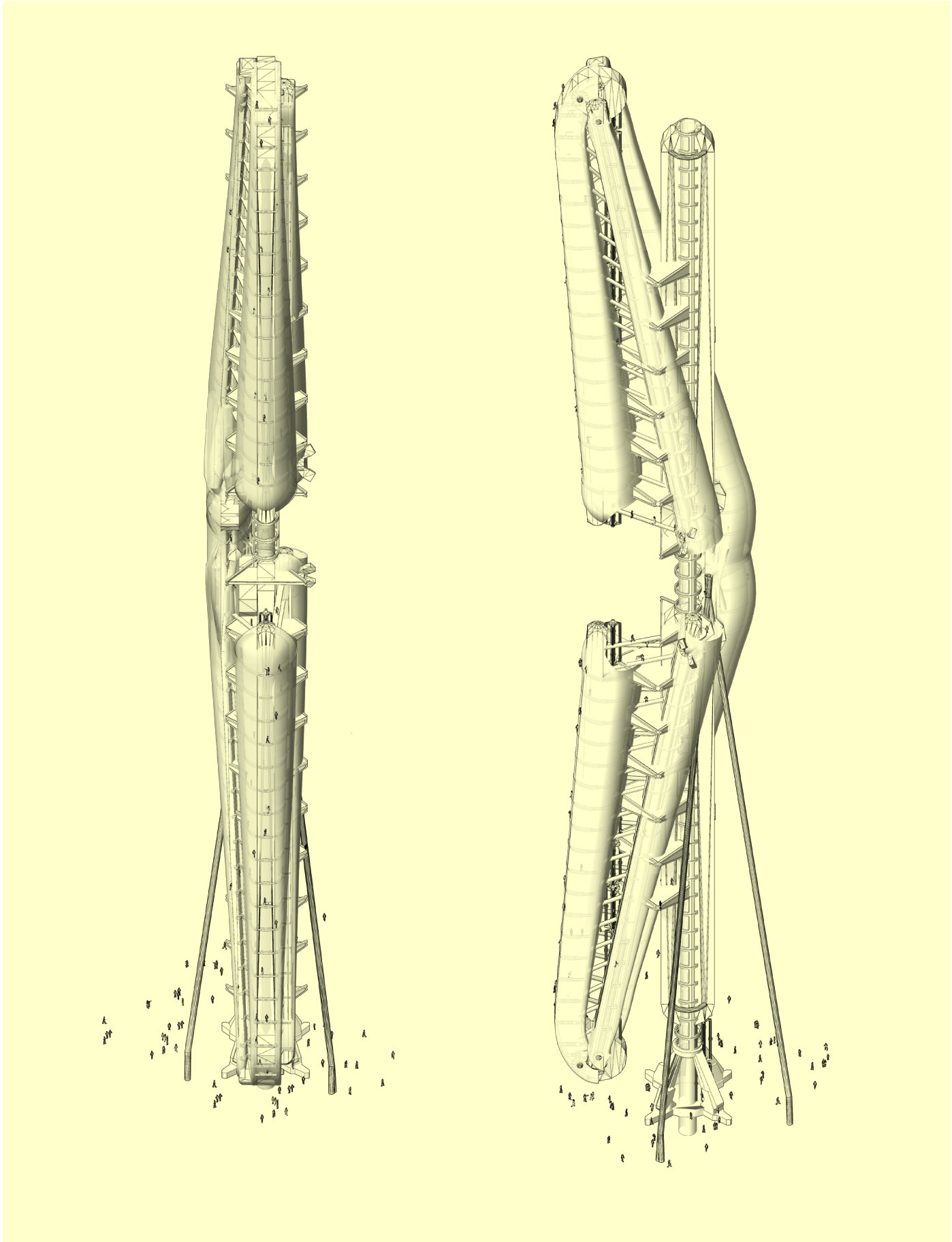


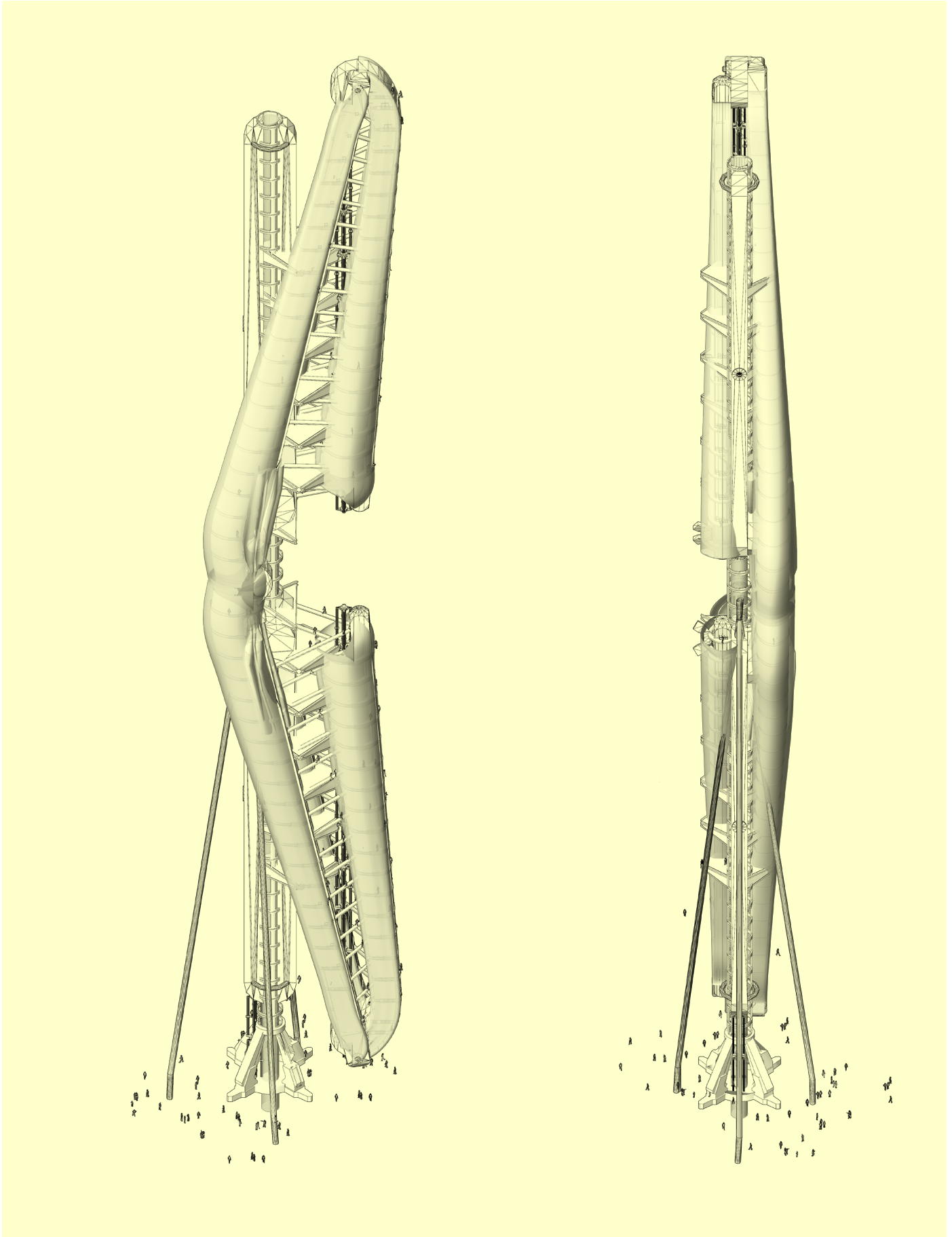


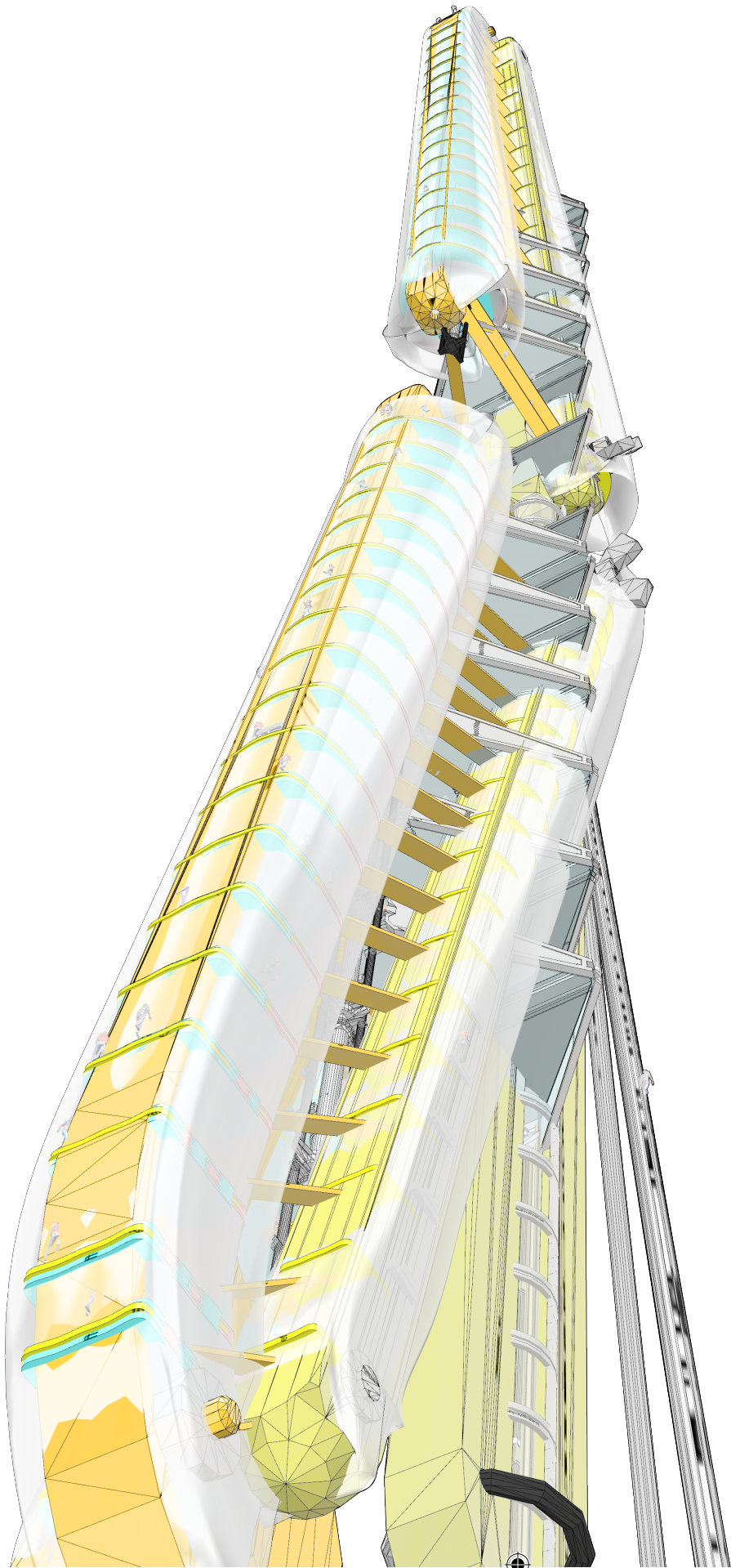


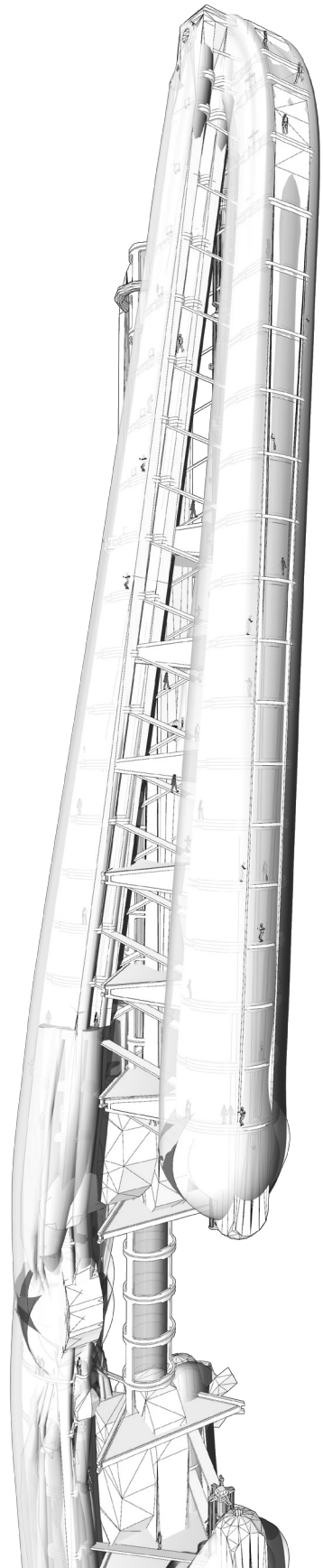
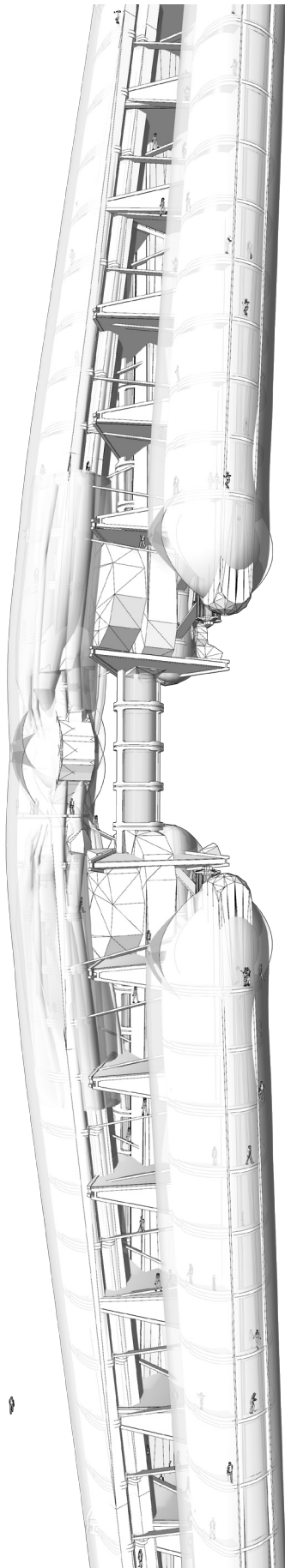
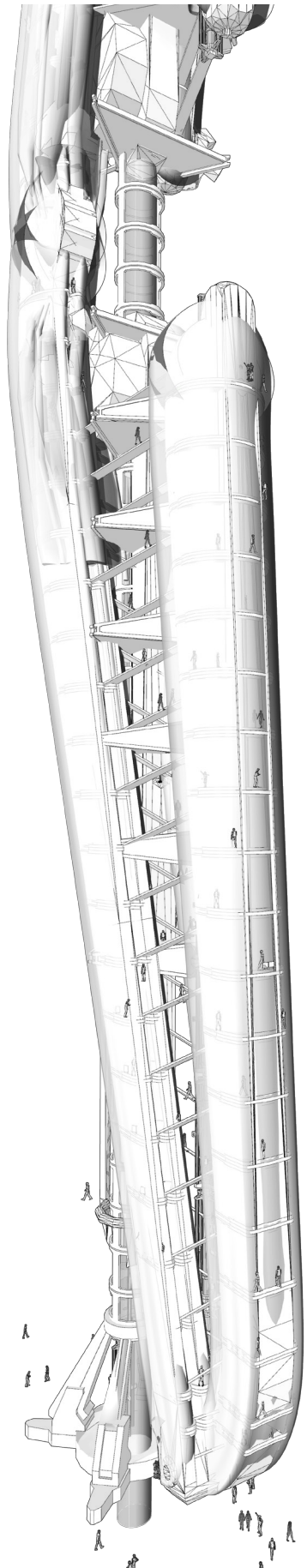


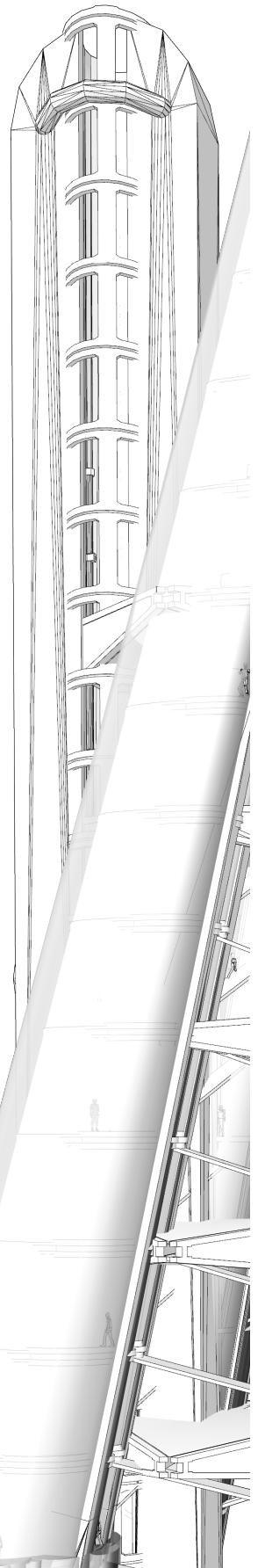
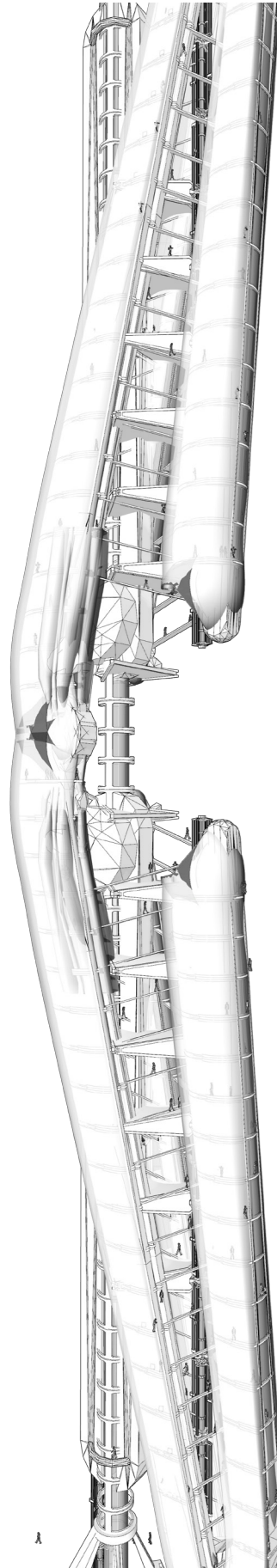
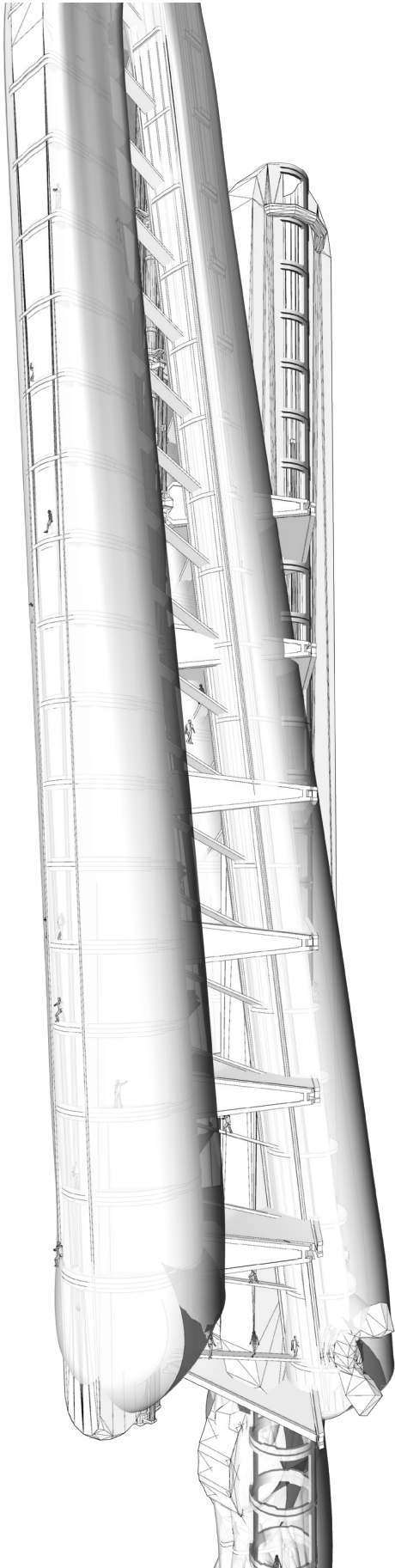


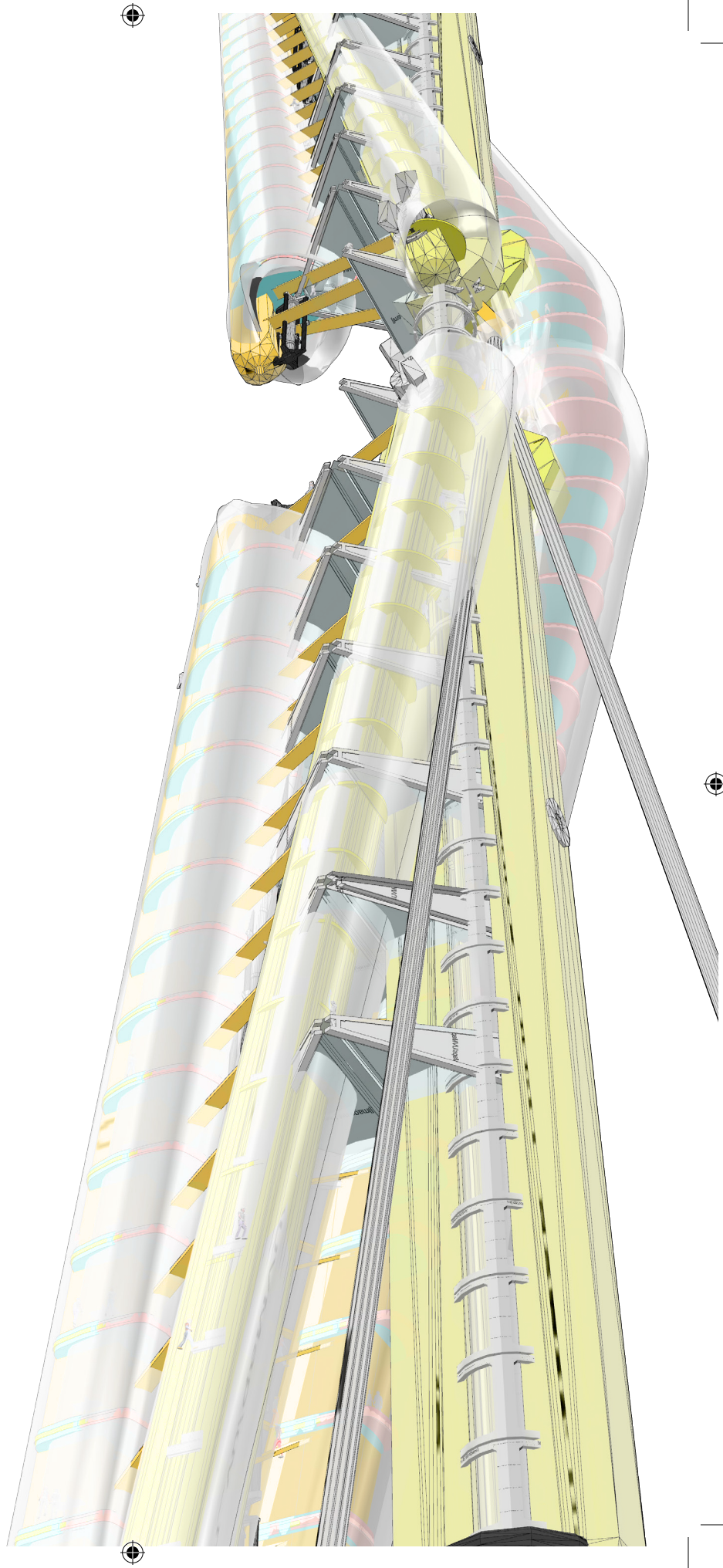
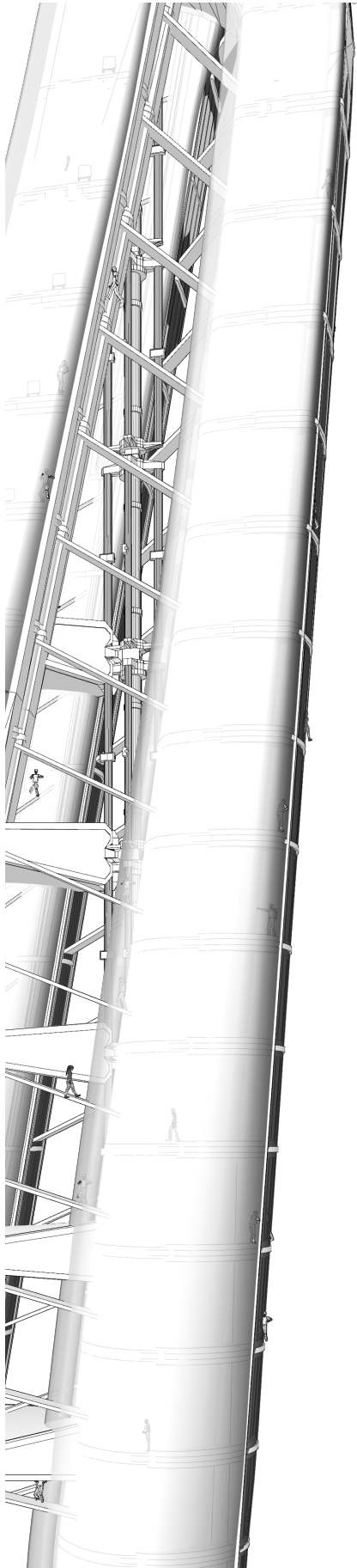


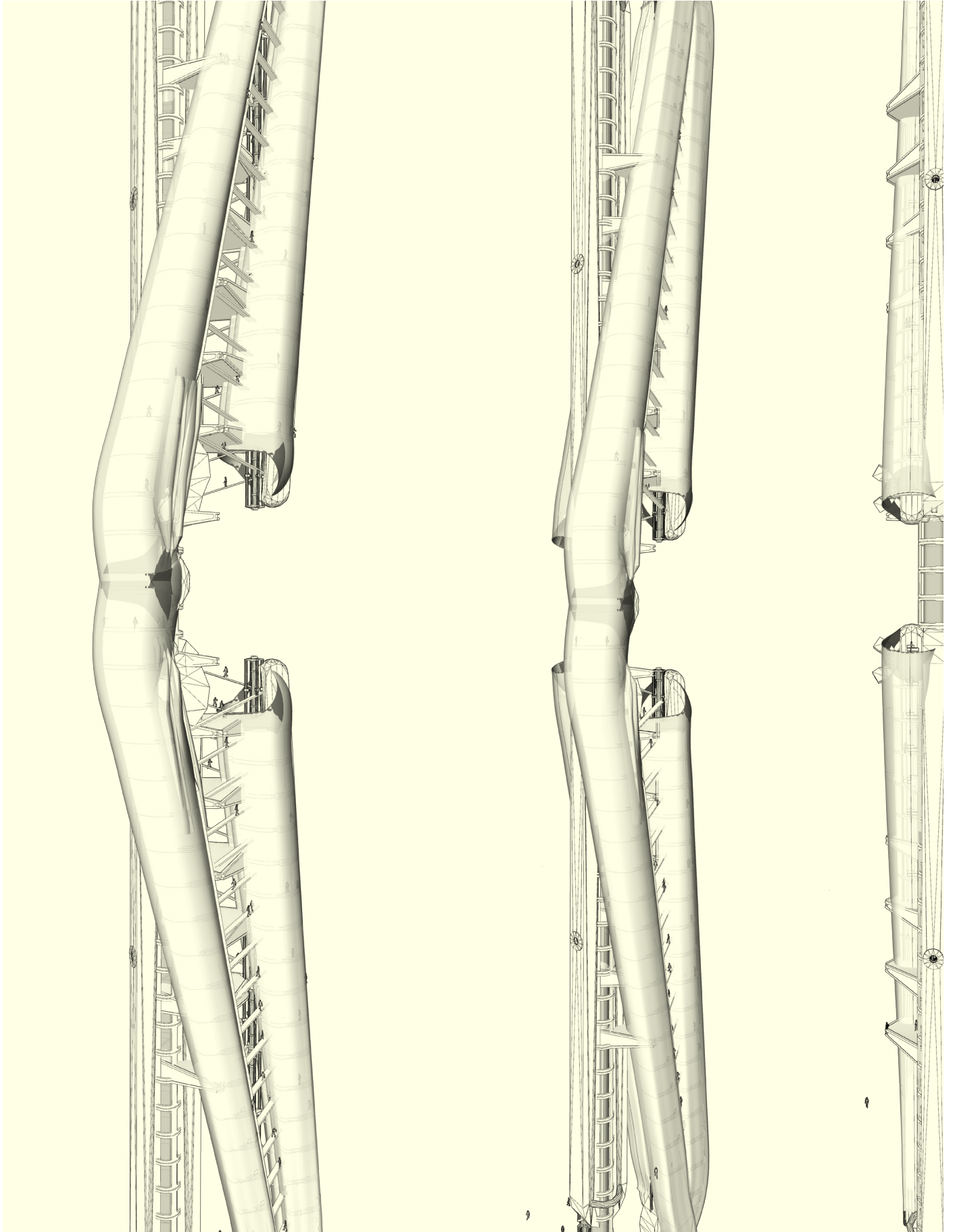


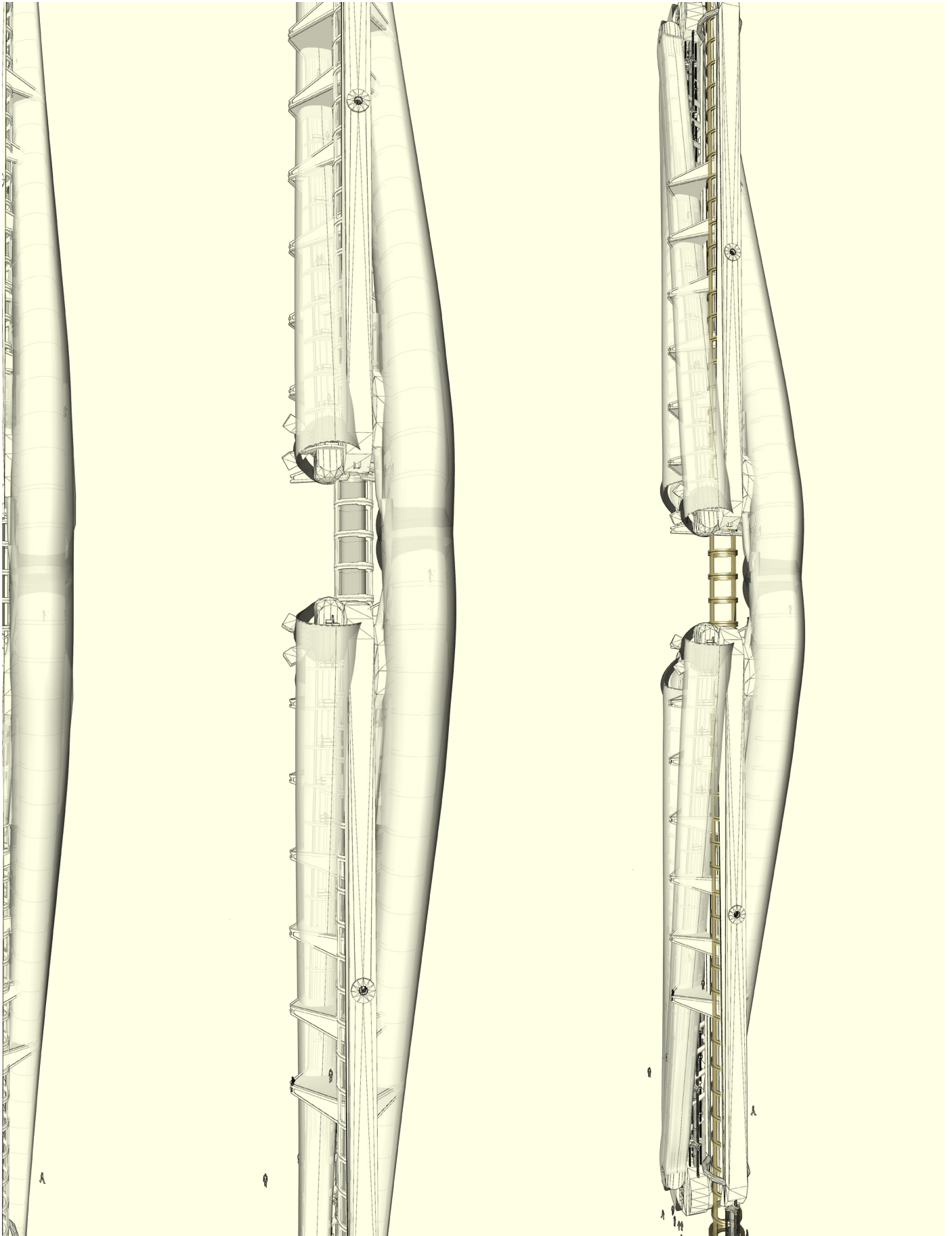


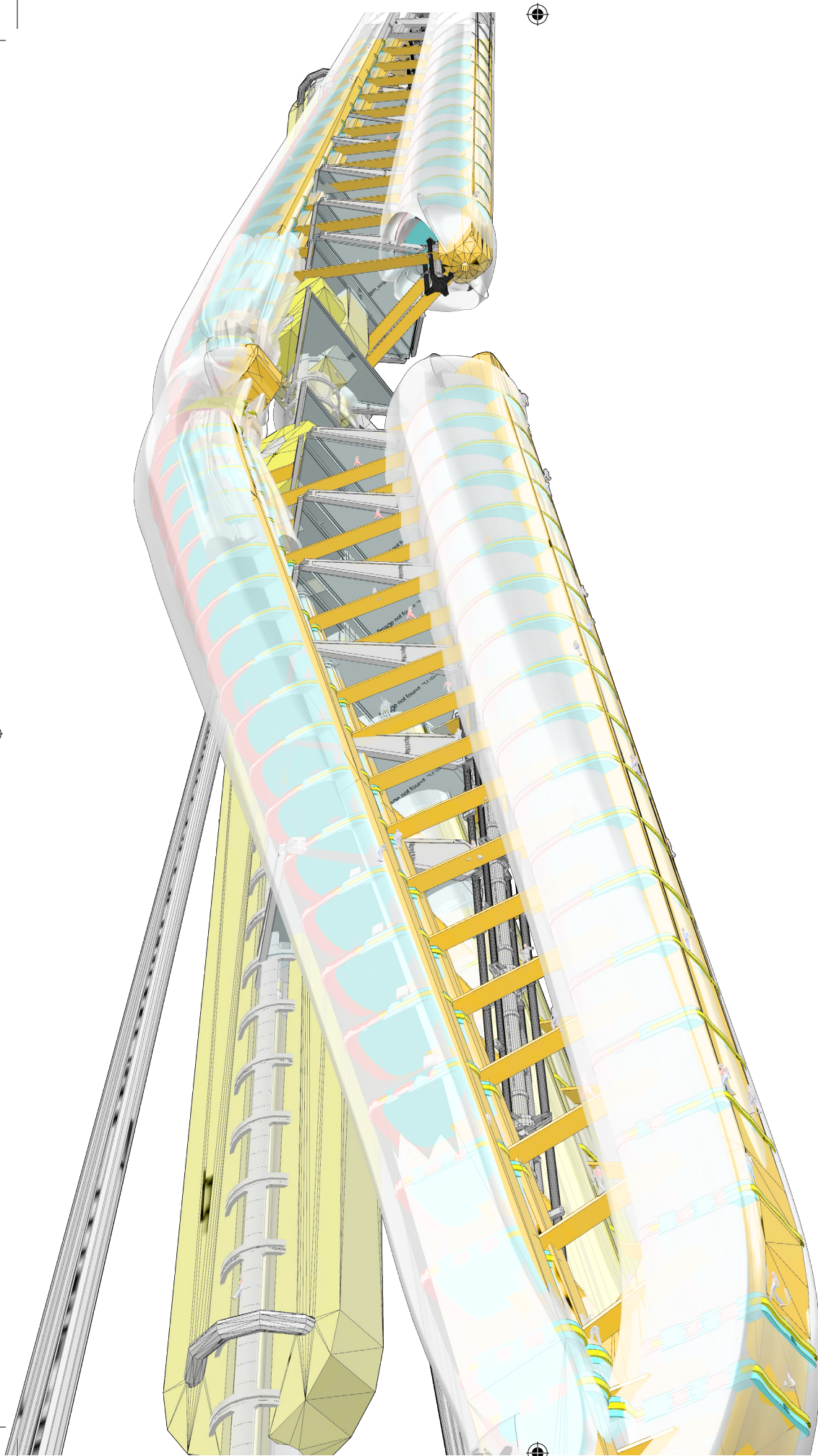


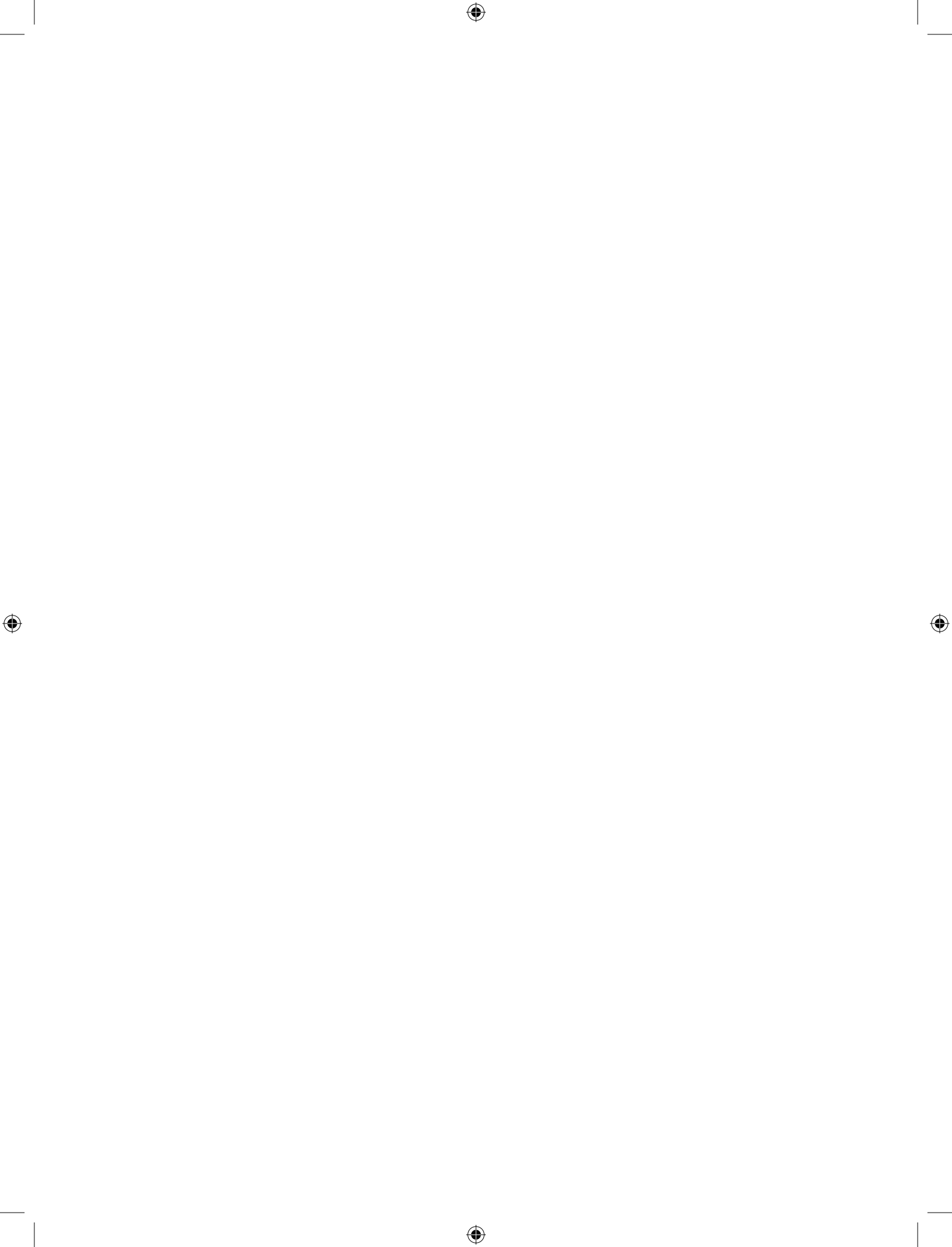


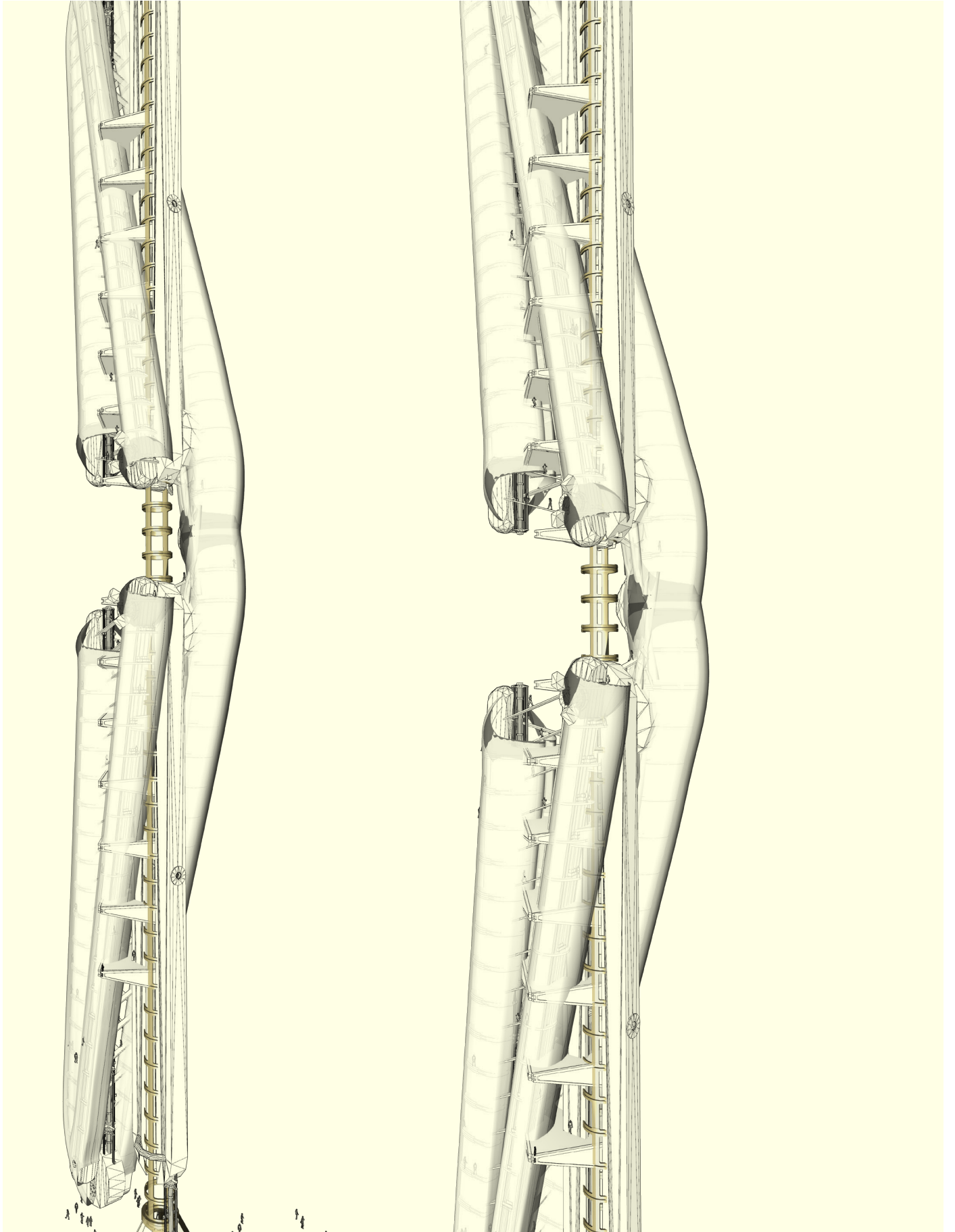


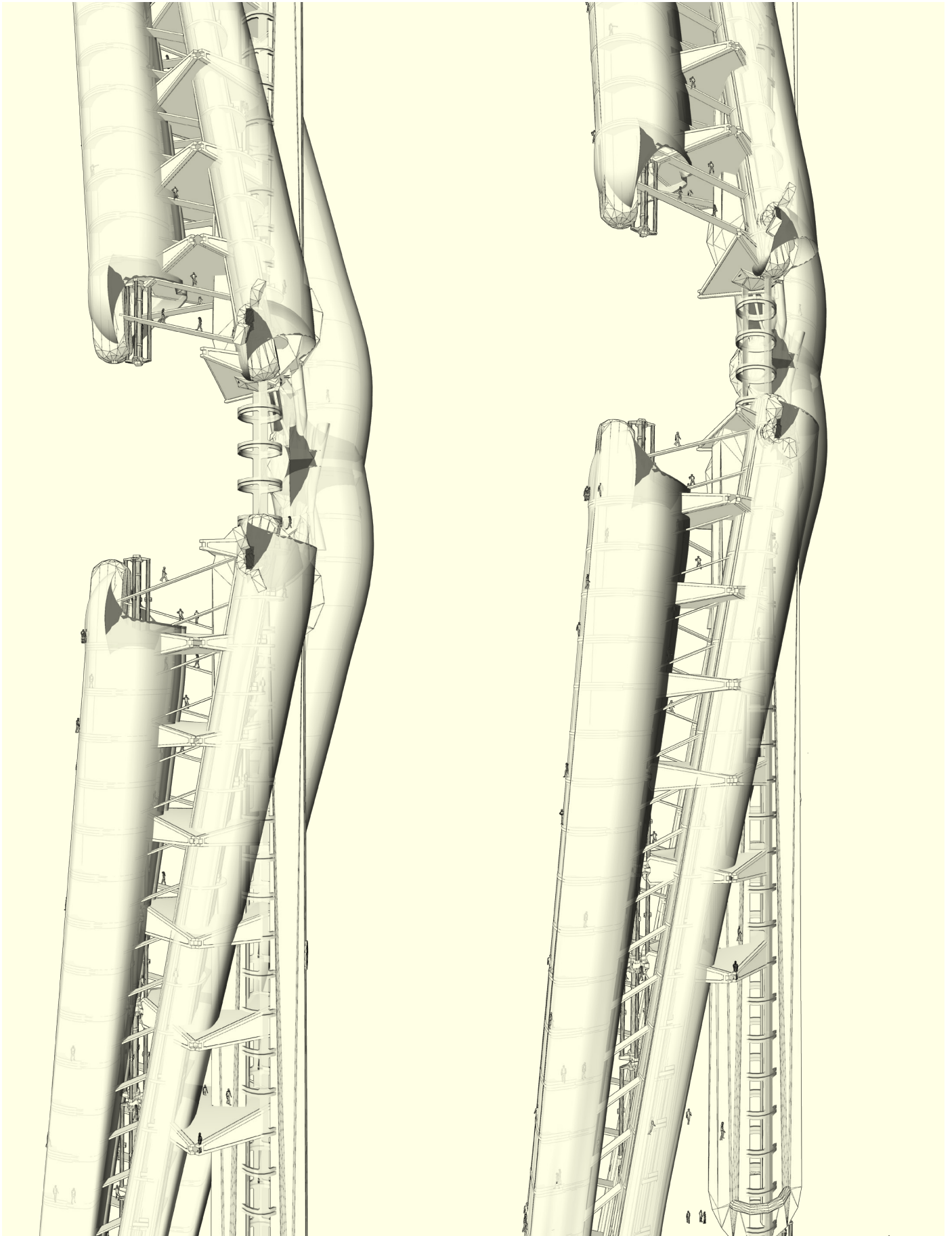


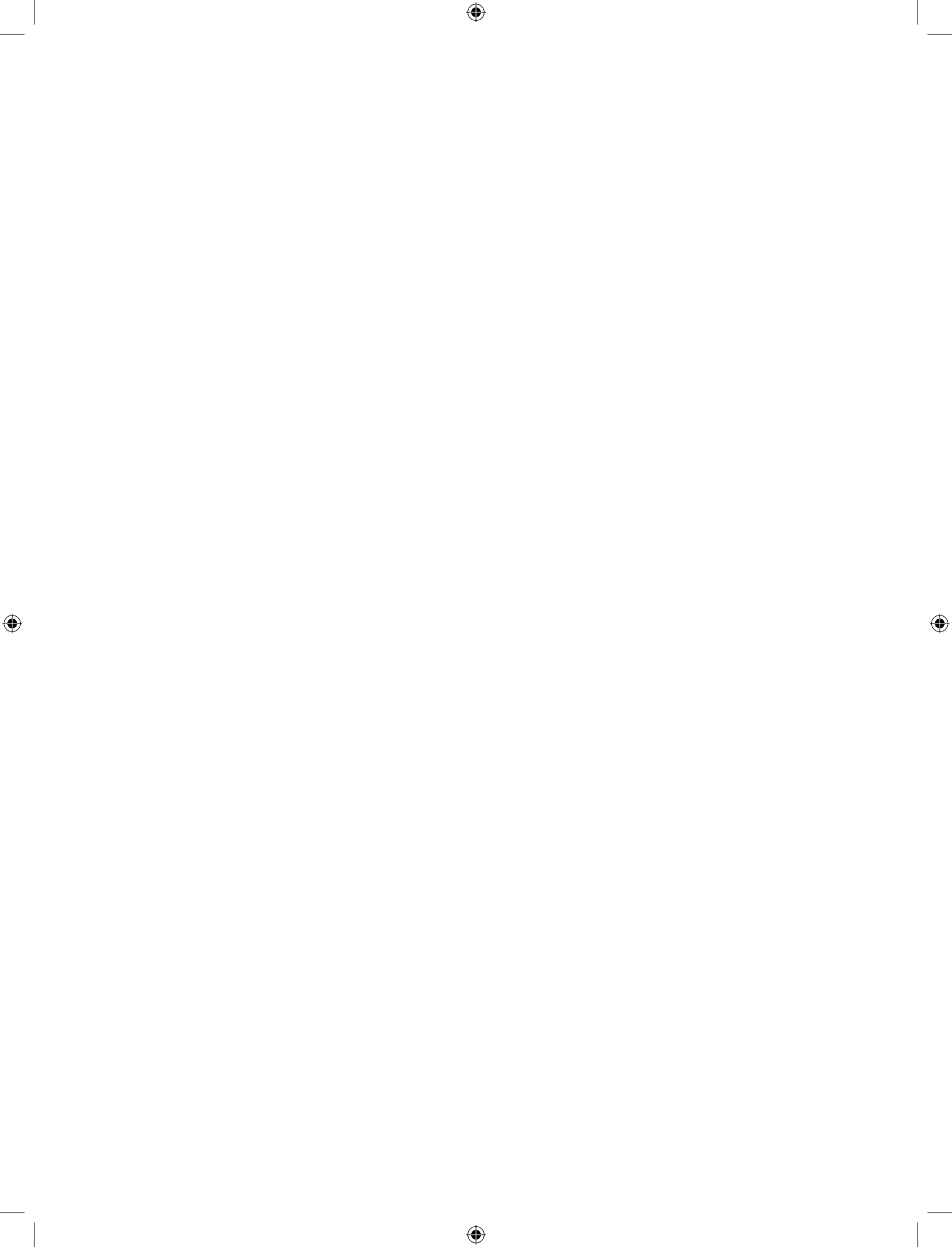


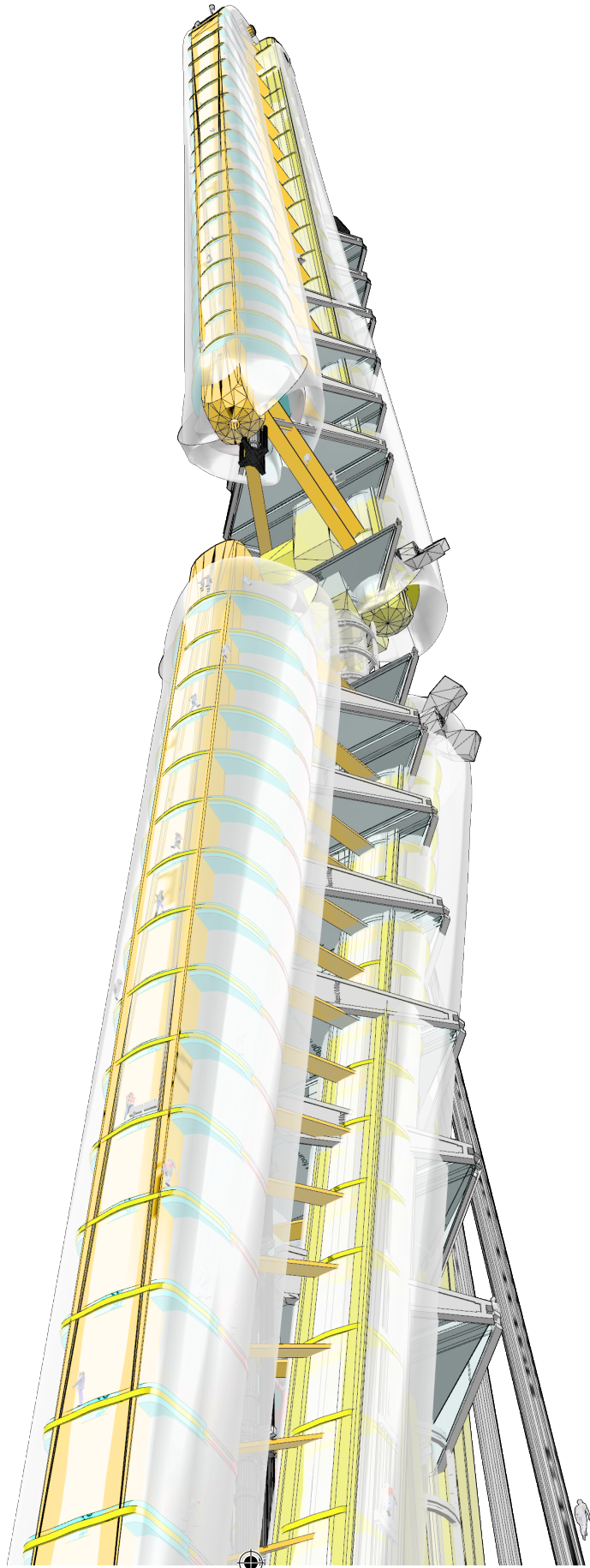












I am double jointed. In both elbows. I used to demonstrate this during my parents' dinner parties as a kid. My contribution to the evening with the grownups consisted of two sets of performances: I'd play hotel lobby ballads on the piano for them. They always applauded but nothing held their attention more than the second performance: what my Dad referred to as my "death

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defying act." I am double jointed on both elbows. I can rotate/twist my entire arm 360 and also bend it the direction it's not supposed to.

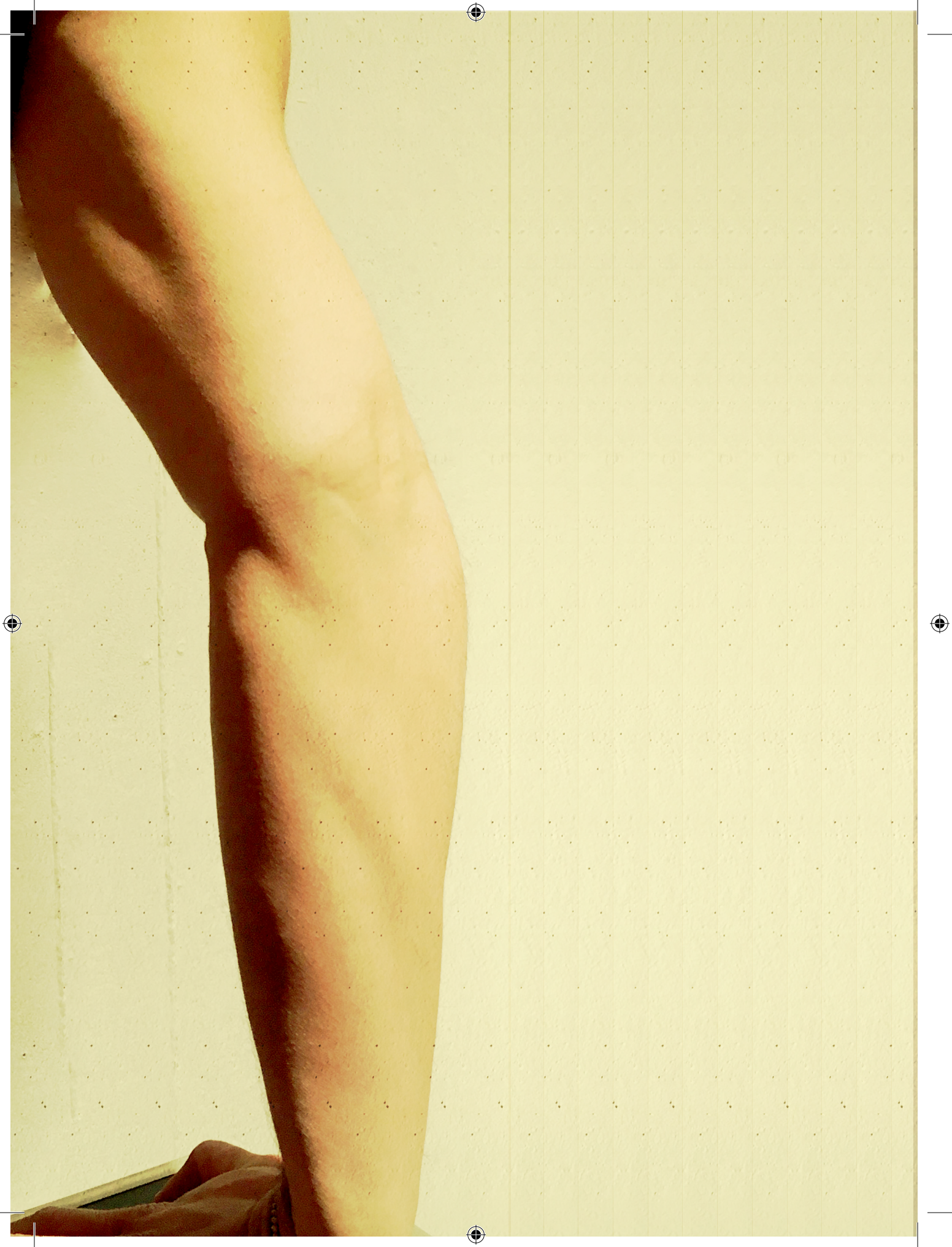
I'm now thinking that this whole thing is less about repairing or replacing broken limbs, this prosthetics and anatomical robots things. The obsession with prosthesis is less about the reconstruction, more about the bionic enhancement.

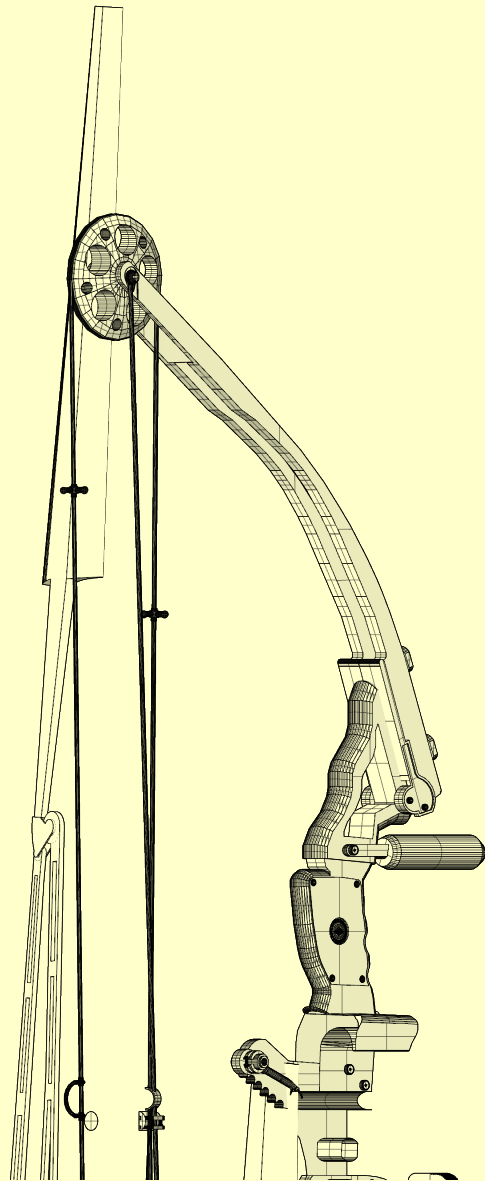
The prosthetic retrofit, the proesthetic augmentation, is the specific intervention on the generic, familiar object. Type. It can only be understood as prosthesis when it's done on something we know, something familiar. Assembling and retrofitting parts of bodies where they don't belong is a discursive exercise. There is a reason we intuitively, instinctively spatially composite, or make things fit where they do.

I do like creating composites -- spatial or otherwise -- out of things we know have belonged somewhere, have a history, have a clear formal identity. I like asking at which point familiar things - objects, buildings, my elbows - can be remodified

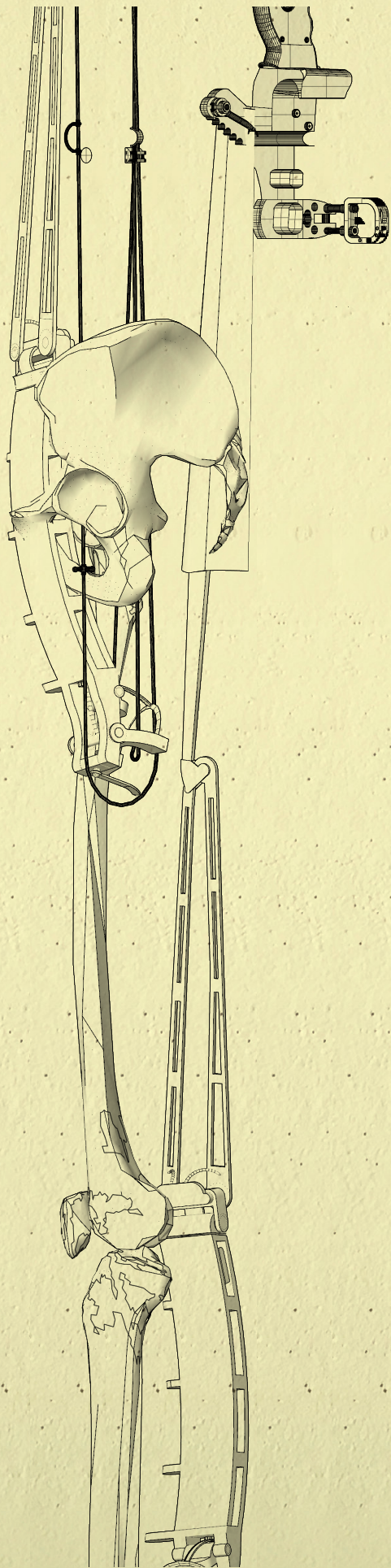
until they lose all reference; meaning and definition from the familiar -- via specific reconfiguration of generic materials that happen to have history -- till it's no longer defined by anything other than itself.

Prosthetic as an expanded body -- as super-human body. When the familiar becomes grotesque and the grotesque becomes of something familiar. Familiar forms, untamed. Anatomical forms, untamed. At its wildest. I realize that only when you understand the very nature of the familiar, the mundane, like elbows, can you truly transform its character, its properties, its anatomy. And slip beneath the notice of the world. And exist in the fuzzyness between grotesque and mundane.

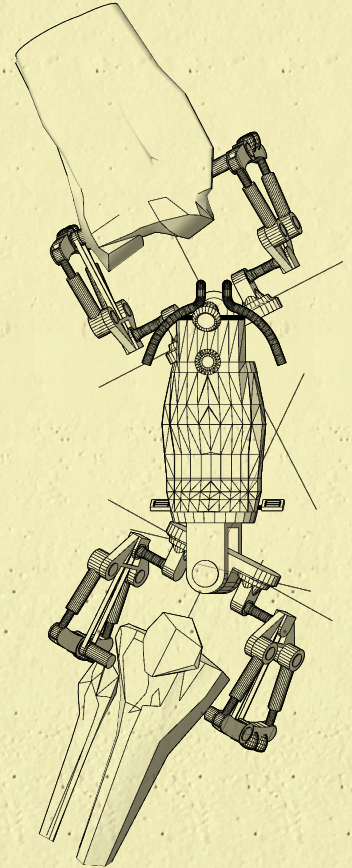
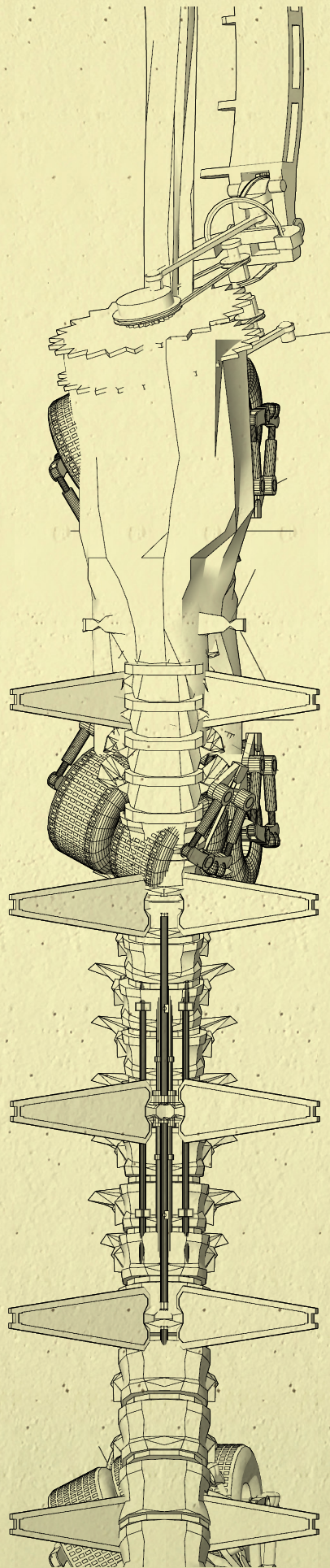
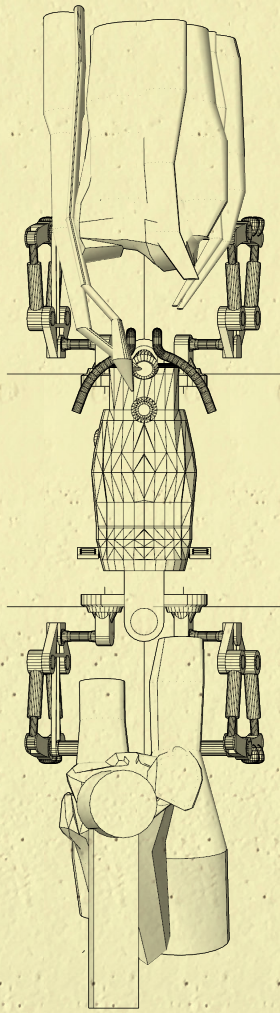




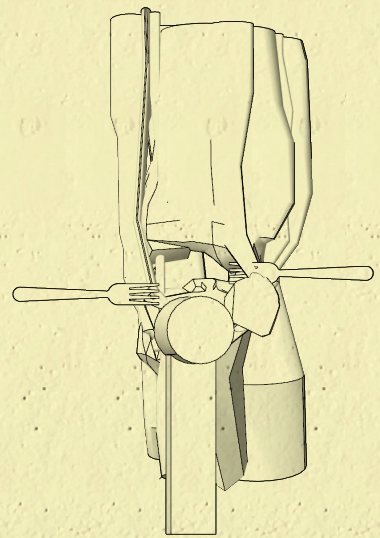
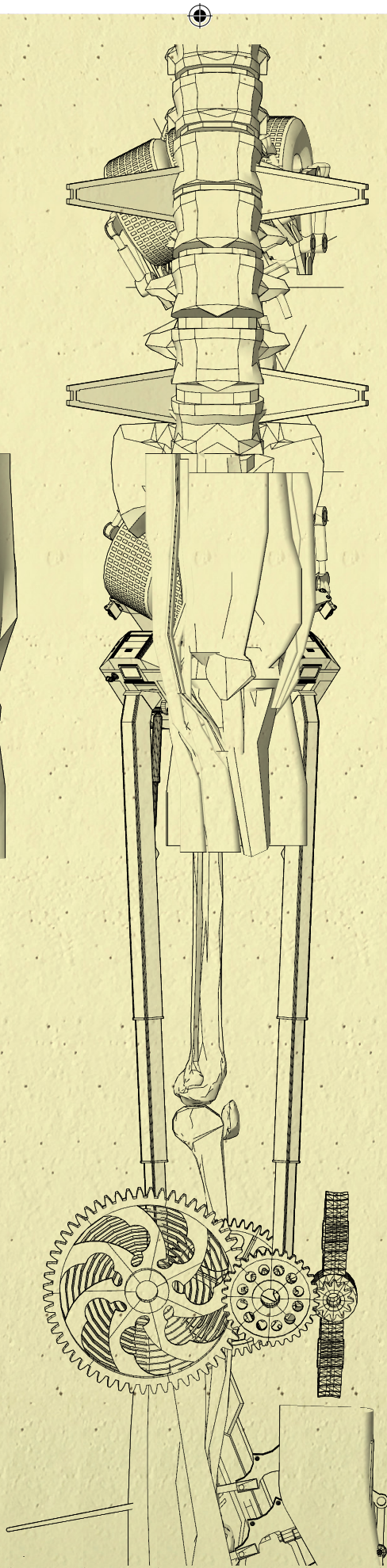




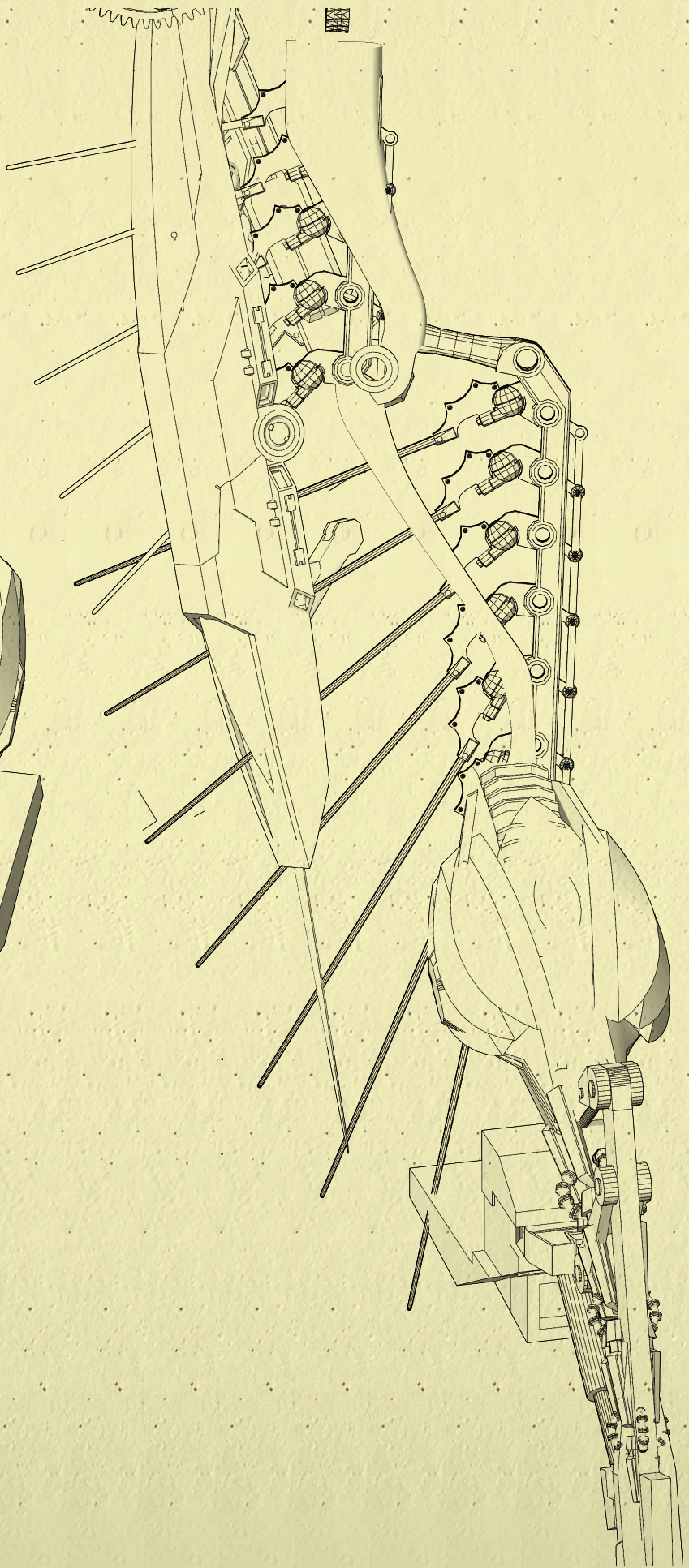
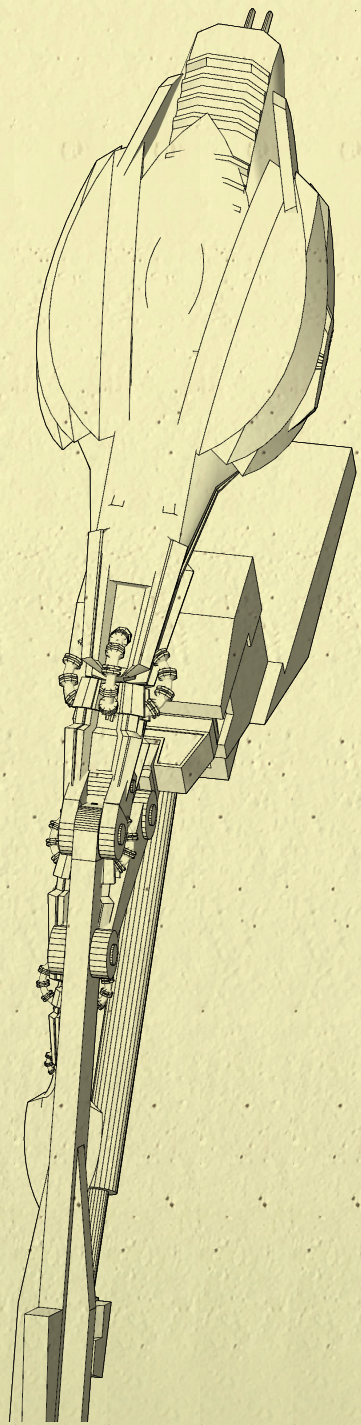




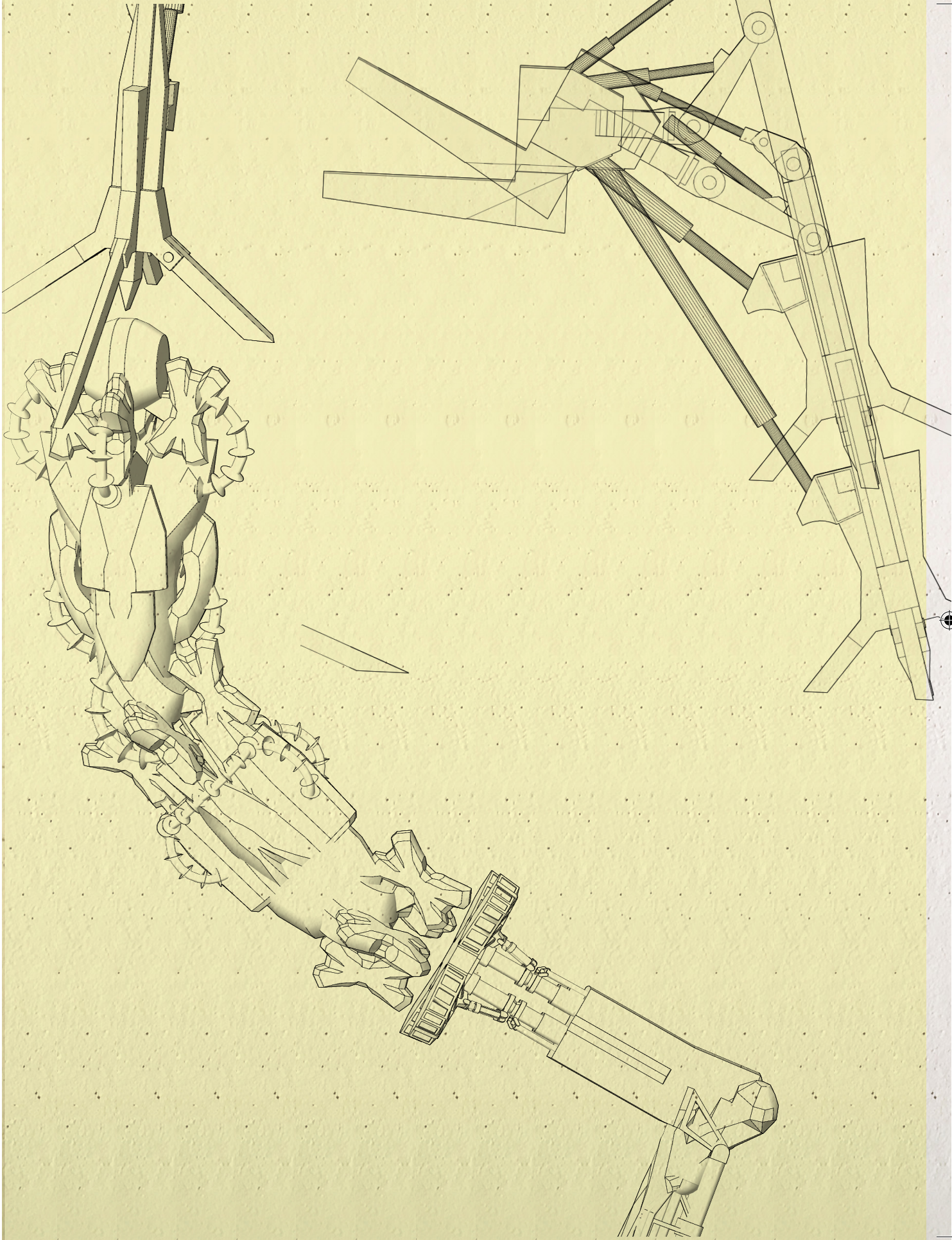




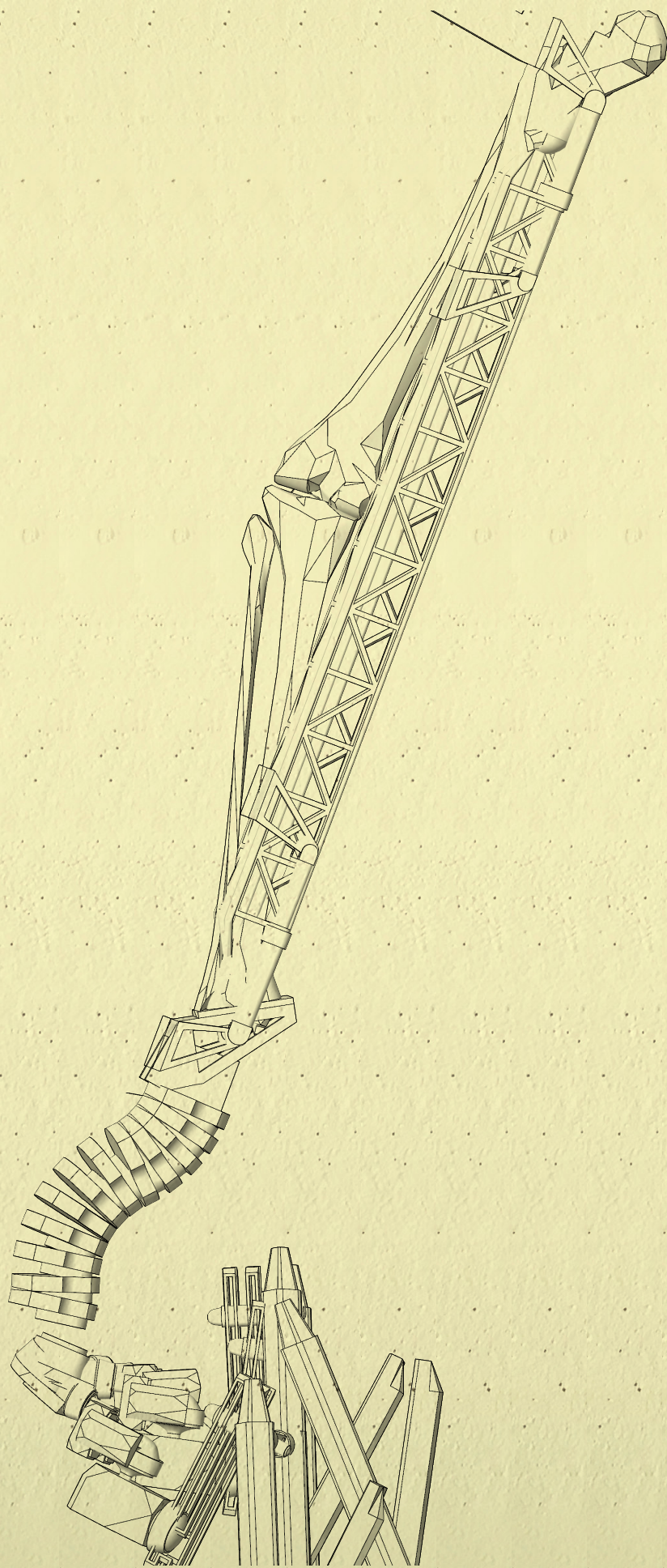


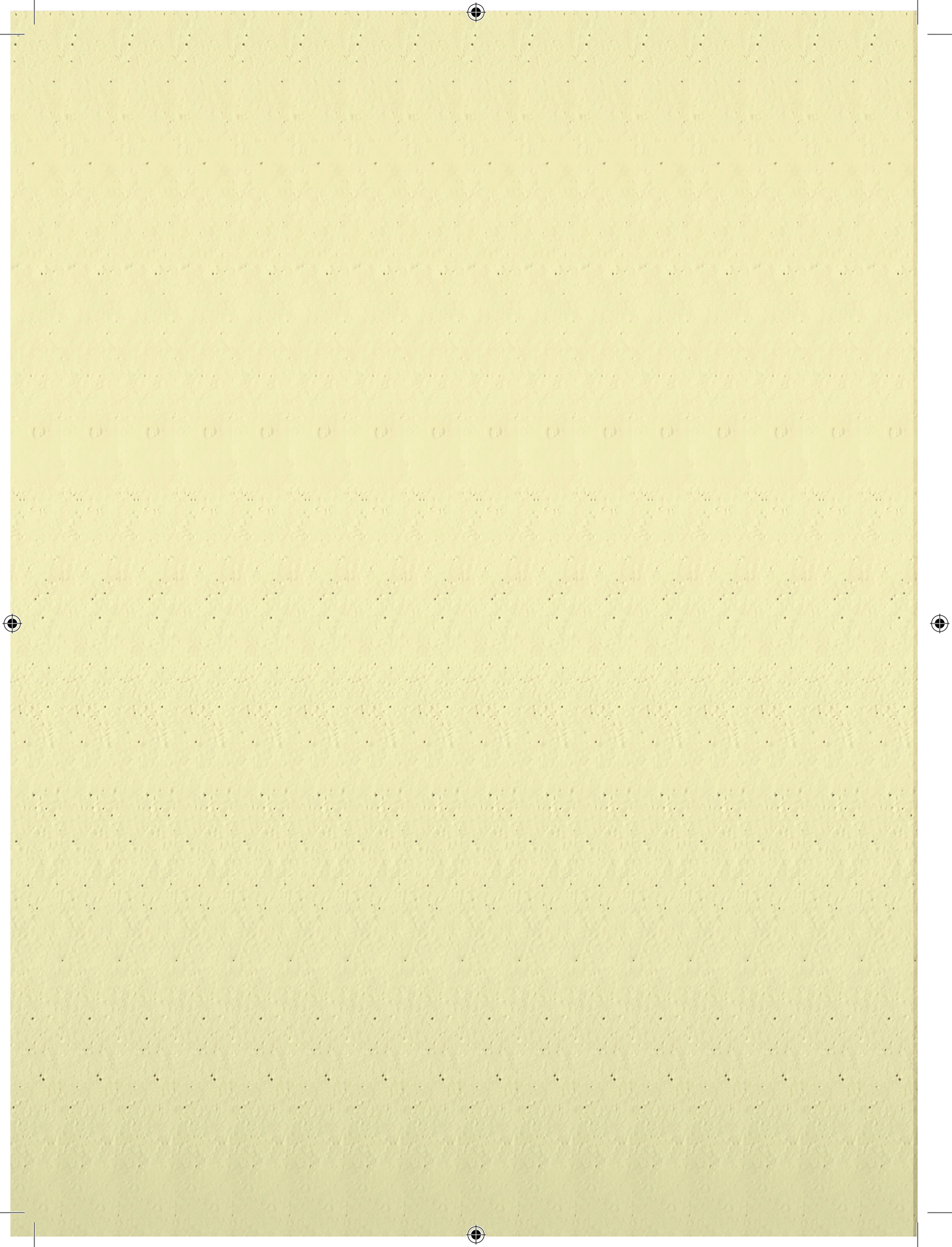


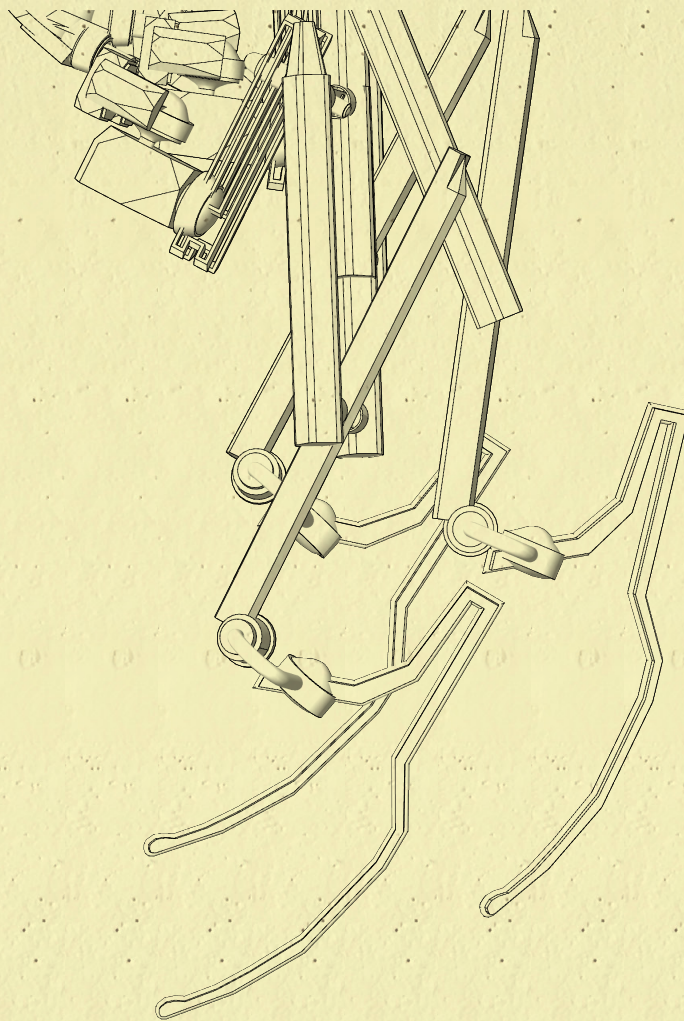












Here is the fourth chapter of
my preoccupations as of the
fifteenth of February, twenty
sixteen.

Joem Elias Sañez

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