

Head-Shot Studio

Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA

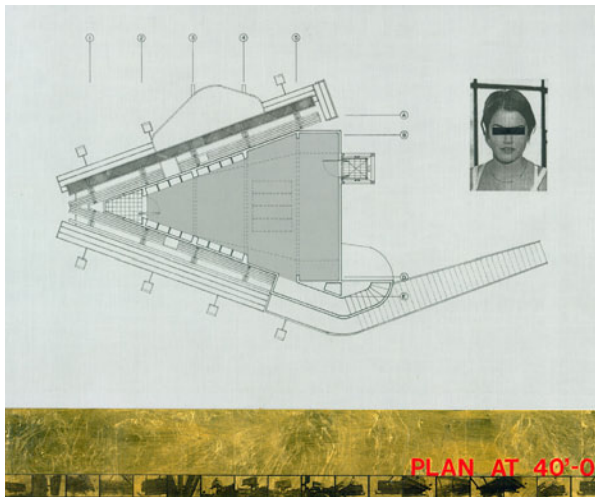
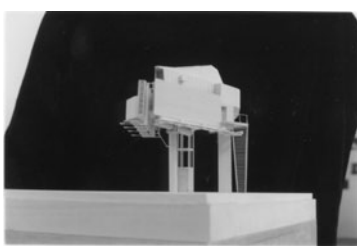
This project was executed as part of a grant that I received with 3 other faculty members at the University of Southern California. This collaboration entitled "Asymptote" dealt with five different aspects of Los Angeles, that we identified and that we felt were critical to the image and meaning of the city: the Automobile, the Overlap of Cultures, the Unseen or In-between Zones, the Weather, and Fantasy. This project entitled "Head Shot Studio" utilized the Unseen Zones and Fantasy as it's departure points. The unseen zone is the space behind or between billboards along Sunset Boulevard. The triangular space hidden by these billboards provides a natural perspective for the photography studio. Fantasy is brought into the mix by the re-use of Edward Ruscha's work, "A BLVD CALLED SUNSET" which in the project is represented on a large permanent white marble billboard. This text immediately conjures up images of fame and fortune in Hollywood. It evokes visions of glamour through text, rather than image. The other, or temporal elevation is a large metal cage wall that would contain vegetation that has become synonymous with Los Angeles, such as eucalyptus leaves or rose petals. The project attempts through the concrete use of hidden space, and the promise of fantasy, to bring about an architectural intervention into a part of Los Angeles that depends on image and fame. It does this however not only through form, but also through text and smell as means of cultural identification.



No notice.
(Sub)way;
Covert.

Who might
aspire to?

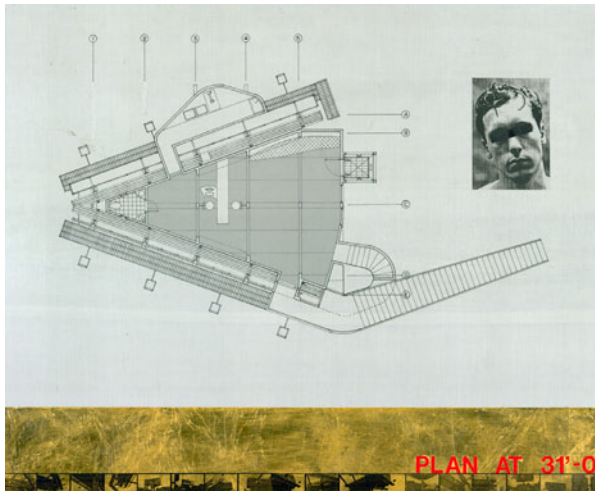
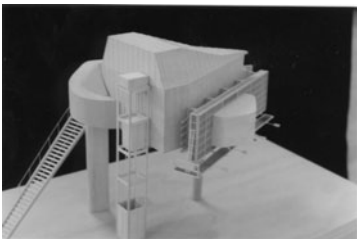
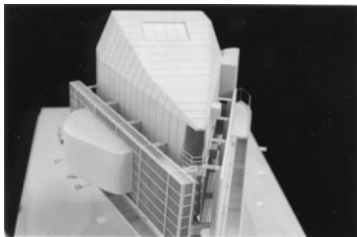
The lack that's
becoming.



Hidden
Convergences,
Unseen
Landscapes

Only apparent
to some.

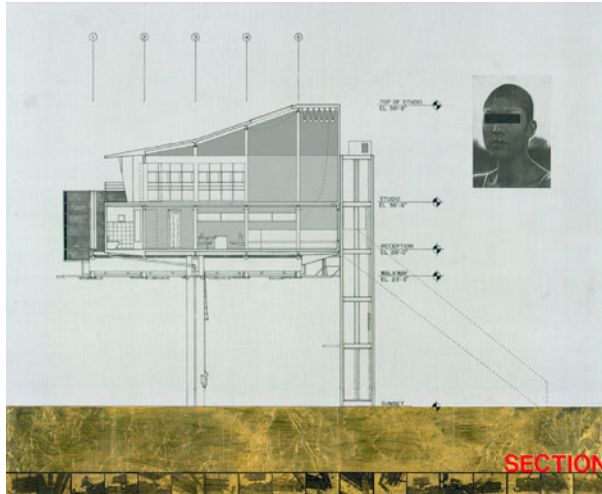
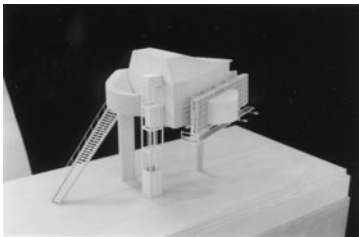
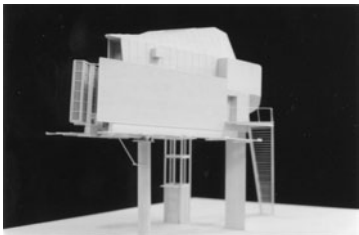
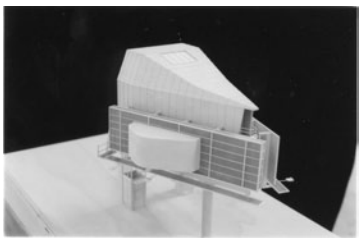
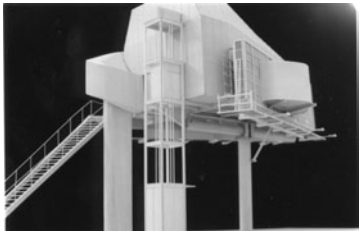
She might walk
into black.
-Turnstile-



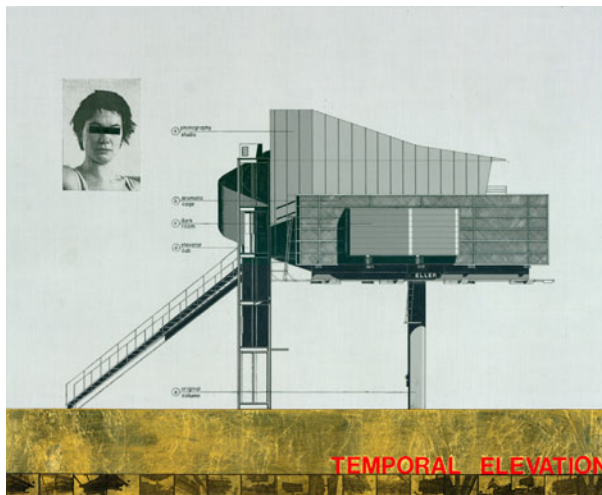
She'd find
what's kept out
of the design
space.

Under the sign.
Designers left
it out.

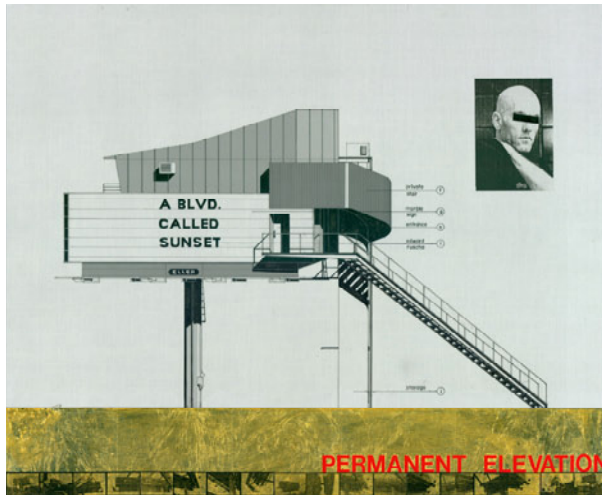
Drive past.
Contractors
sub-tract.



So stop at the club—an internal/external night where stars are inside. Where's the entrance? Pass the word. No man's alley blocks on a map a plot cut out. Corner stop. Space for permission.



If it's hidden. The dark look. Backlot, 1/2 street, cul de sac, underpass, interchange. Hear now—station to station—the in-between static.



Subterranean—boarded up. She might pass here. Downstairs entry, internal. the nothing that's there.

Molly Bendall