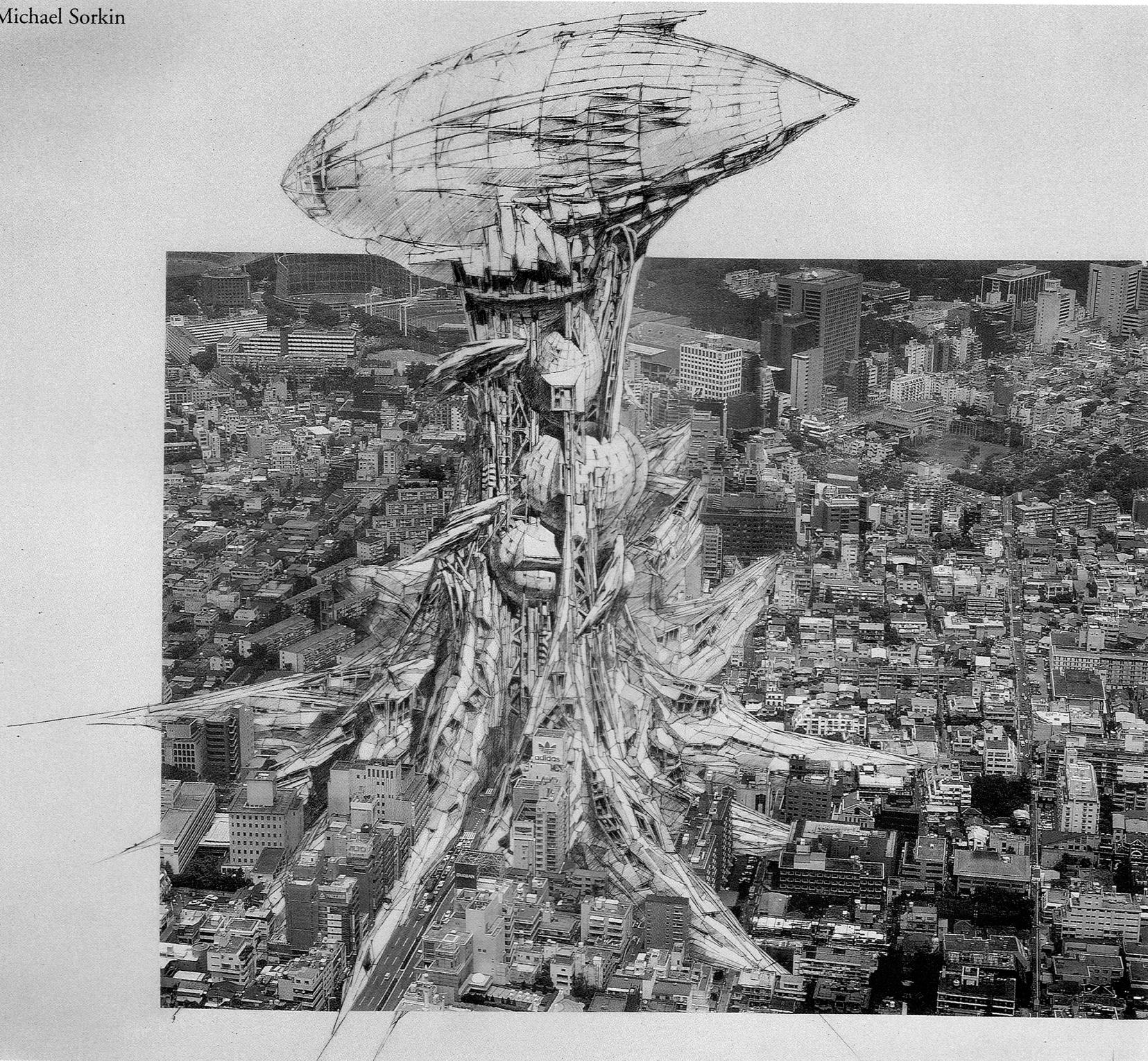


Godzilla

Michael Sorkin



I have never been to Tokyo and decided a couple of years ago that before my delirious vision of the place was contaminated by the cruel and contorting rigors of actual observation, I'd better do a project there; we're still working on it. Although this building has come to be known as Godzilla around the studio, I don't mean it to be sinister, just large, a building with—shall we say—presence. Perhaps it would seem less threatening if we called it Barney.

The projects affinities with Godzilla, are not merely morphological but con-

ceptual. Just as that monster (again not a pejorative term so much as a genetic one) stands for a intensification of Japanese post-nuclear anxieties, so this building represents, for me, a kind of intensification of "Tokyones". It is a building in which the tangled skein of that city finds a critical mass and erupts into form, a verticalization of what I take—from my distant vantage point—to be the fundamental (dis)order of the city.

The polemic inscribed in all of this lies in the relationship of the building to

its site. The proposal is to disseminate green, blue, and car-free vectors from the building, to expand the perimeter of a zone of pedestrianism, to insinuate fresh tendrils of form and materiality through the city. The site is imaginary and certain modifications may be required when we get to the construction phase.

P.S.—I've written a few Haikus to suggest a little more about the character of inhabitation in this vertical melange.

Tanaka rises
and adjusts the solar wall.
Morning rays strike feet.

Elevator stems,
destination lower sphere.
Diodes mark the way.

Taeg soaks in the pool,
alone in the midnight sky.
City lights glimmer.

Late for a meeting,
grabbing notes, running across
forty-fifth floor bridge.

Looking down the street,
green colored limb rises up,
traffic is thwarted.

Aerial fish form,
habitations and theaters.
Many ways to get high.

Tokyo building,
like no place on earth.
Fantasy of mine.

