

# The Inside-Out House

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## **Prologue**

Friday, July 12, 2024

Dear God:

Thank You for the day of yesterday. Thank You too for the day of today, for this new day that You present me with today. Please keep walking alongside me as I tackle this new day and please be my counsel and my support as I do the things I need to do to achieve my short, my medium, and my long term goals. And please allow me to enjoy this new day. Last night, as You know, after José's call confirming the dinner here tomorrow night with his student, Martita and I were reminiscing about the days when we finally decided to move forward, to go ahead and build this house. I told her, I said, "Martita, honey, I cannot believe how fast five whole years of our lives have gone by." If You take that time span

and You look at that time span as days instead of years, God, it calcs out at 1,825 days. 1,825! That seems like so little! What's 1,825 people? What's 1,825 heartbeats? What's 1,825 feet? The commercial airliner now flying overhead (can't hear it thanks to the total acoustic insulation on each of the Pavilions, thank You once again for this) does 30,000 of those. You know? Only 16.438 times that much. To think such few days represent over 6.667% of Your life – if You get to be 75 of course (though with Your help Martita and I will do a century. Remember that, God.) – is just mind-blowing. It is to me at least. That's a huge chunk.

Anyway, thank You for helping me do all the things I need to do on this new day You've allowed me, as I'm on a race against time. Who knows what can happen tomorrow. God – er... *You* I should say... forbid... anything were to happen to Martita or me. Kendall and De'Mario are no longer my priorities. She on her own now, he on his own with his own beautiful family - off on their own path each one of them... thank You also for blessing them so. As You well know, I'm so glad they're no longer around. There comes a time when a man and his wife must be one for each other, exclusively. Thank You for allowing us to make this project happen. This, the place we call home. To be able to call home the place where You want to spend the rest of Your life and Freedom in. Thanks for allowing us as a marriage to negotiate a dwelling we're both happy with. As You well know, too, a Home Theater with supporting areas – You know, a kitchenette, a bathroom and a couch somewhere – would have been more than enough for me. As long as it's more than a several stone throws away from the neighboring streets and houses in every direction, that is. You made me an introvert. But Martita, well, as You well know. That's another story. She also deserves her ample social areas and galleries, though. Kitchen and walk-in-closet, guest rooms. I think it worked out well enough in the end. What can You do when You're married to an extrovert. Right? God? You and I both agree, I'm sure, that this Freedom I talk about can only exist if Peace exists at its side. If it walks side by side with it. Other than keeping Your spouse happy, I can think of very few things making for a more peaceful time than living in a house where all views from it are neutral, due to their sameness. All rooms the same, except for their interior finishes, furnishings, and decoration. But same shape and size, like we wanted. I don't know about You, but me at least, I can think up of

very few things more soothing than the sheer ORDER this house... embodies. He taught me that word. *Embodies*.

I once read that I.M. Pei once said, "Life is kaleidoscopic and heterogeneous, and I tend to seek order in life." Or something along those lines. Well, me too, as You well know. Now, to me this is one of the best gifts a man can provide... an architect can provide. Through You, of course. Only through You. I only told him, I want sameness and order everywhere. He accommodated Martita with all the spaces she wanted – plus my Den and Home Theater of course – thanks for that. He presented us with this scheme. I kind of like how it looks. Ah, who am I kidding, right? You're all-knowing. Looks cool as hell! Oops. Excuse me for that. But yes. It's most of all, the Peace. God. The Peace. Thank You for protecting that Peace, God. We did make it clear to José that we did not allow pictures or videos of any kind in here. I guess in a similar fashion, maybe, to how some primitive cultures – You know? - believe that whole thing about a picture stealing the soul of the person the camera captured? Both Martita and I feel that the Uniqueness and Presentness of this place is somehow protected by limiting, as much as possible, the amount of media – photographic, video footage, printed, streamed, whichever kind - it appears on.

Hope this kid coming tomorrow night's a good sport about it. It's hard with these kids today with those so-called smartphones fused to their hands as if they were not kids at all, but androids. Kind of looking forward to receiving her, though. As I gaze into Your 6am Arizona desert that You've allowed us to call private property, God, from the comfort of my desk. Thank You again. Amen.

Sincerely,

-Karl L. Sepulveda

## **Phoenix, Arizona and the "Desert" Architecture of the American Southwest, Pt. I**

7/12/2024 10:16 AM: ;-\*O!!!!!!!erianadonutfreak1999: I can't believe José. Still hasn't given me the address or even these guys' email. I fly back home on Sunday!! Article or no article!!

7/12/2024 12:00 PM: ;-\*O!!!!!!!erianadonutfreak1999: I thought I knew hot weather. Midwestern summers can't hold a candle to this. Gotta be 200 degrees out here.

7/12/2024 2:21 PM: ;-\*O!!!!!!!erianadonutfreak1999: Spent all day just hanging around instead of going to that Taliesin west tour.. Insights Tour ... started at 9am...some comment on Wright.. at least I lucked out, most of my site research is done thanks to having met Marty Castillo who had a lot to say. Claims even to have nailed Crockett. Not poor Sonny though, we love you Sonny. But the Tracee variety. No relation to Chapman. T. Crockett, the city relocation manager! Hahahaha!! He's prolly full of shit. I dropped by the gym too just before noon and kept it simple: did 666 squats.

7/12/2024 2:29 PM: ;-\*O!!!!!!!erianadonutfreak1999: Note to self: haha!! Elle freaking all, L freaking OL. As if these weren't already that... hahahaha!! Anyhow... emailed Deshaughnessy fo' mo' money. Explained about the thing with the thing at the thing and that therefore, naturally, of course, CLARO ESTA, POR SUPUESTO QUE... I need more money!

7/12/2024 2:39 PM: ;-\*O!!!!!!!erianadonutfreak1999: Yay! Finally got his email with the intel. Place is in "Central City". Got the street address. Emailed the owners, a Karl and Marta Sepulveda. I guess José had already talked to them. They're expecting me for dinner tomorrow night!!

7/12/2024 2:52 PM: ;-\*O!!!!!!!erianadonutfreak1999: Googled it. Nothing. Frigging José wants me to... even the architect's name! ... find out on my own! Oh well let's see what I can get tomorrow.

7/13/2024 6:43 PM: ;-\*O!!!!!!!erianadonutfreak1999: Off to the Sepulveda's in a few minutes. Saw the location on Maps. Anyone willing to build their house a mile and a half away from the PHX runway, right on the approach path no less, must have gotten a *really* good deal on the land. I mean, huge planes roaring over your roof on a regular, 24-7, you gotta *like* planes. You gotta *swear* planes are *it*. And you just GOTTA have a sizey place in your heart reserved for the TURBINES *themselves*. Plus, have gotten a really good deal on the land. So I guess even with the relocation of these Nuestro Barrio families... something like 18 families were still living in what eventually would be the construction site, as recently as 2016, at least according to that older-Edward-James-Olmos-looking gentleman in the has-seen-better-days UNM Los Lobos basketball jersey I met yesterday at the lobby, who claims to have been one of the contractor guys that owned a bunch of those house-tearing bulldozers. So...*even* considering the price tag of 18 ok-I'll-moves, and let's not forget Pete's Fish & Chips at the corner of 11<sup>th</sup> and Buckeye Road – he must have gotten a *really* sweet deal – even then, I mean, I'm no a real estate expert, not an appraiser, no historian either, have 0 clue what the price per-square-foot in the middle of Phoenix was in 2017, but, 8.5 acres is kind of a lot. For like, *one* house. So purely, that *must* have been a steal. *Plus they like planes*.

7/13/2024 7:16 PM: ;-\*O!!!!!!!erianadonutfreak1999: Maybe it wasn't such a hot idea either to book at the Hyatt Regency up in Scottsdale considering I practically *landed on* the project, but whatever. A chance to stretch my legs across the back seat as I also splurge on a black UWheel self-driving 2020 Chevy Suburban (jeez they can make a car drive itself but can't make an app worth a half a darn, took forever for the UWheel app to read the silly code!) and take in the desert landscape. I cross suburban Phoenix and I got the setting sun hit the west side of the mountains as we go by the preserve along 51. Can't recall ever seeing that kind of Orange before. Beautiful. Radio's playing a nice oldie. Otero's remix of "Worth Fighting For" by Rico and Miella. And Telykast. This thing's doing, like, 20. Hell, *I* can get a self-driving car to not slam into a pedestrian too if I can put the damn thing on "park"! Beautiful landscape, sssssloooowwwww... mowwwwwww... sightseeeeeeeinnnggg. Heck, no rush. Thing's at eight. I swear I see a mountain lion. Yawn. Out.

7/13/2024 7:51 PM: ;-\*O!!!!!!!erianadonutfreak1999: Wow. Let me sit up straight! If you expected a multimillion-dollar home to be located in a nice neighborhood, I mean this is.. like you took No-Man's-Land, Middle-Of-Nowhere, AZ and ... WOW. The City... took a piece of the Sonora and laid some a dirt-cheap roads and power cable grid on it, threw in a crumbling shack here and there, a couple mortuaries for good measure - everything's *beige* by the way, and one-story tall - dropped a few warehouses here and there, and... *where's everyone???* Ok. Here it is. Approaching 12<sup>th</sup> street... an at least 12 foot tall, and, guess. *Beige*... perimeter wall, topped with electric fence... behind that, huge trees. Not sure what kind. Oaks? And that's IT. That's all you see. We're talking two whole city blocks, here, like... And all you see is that wall and those trees. Now down 12<sup>th</sup> and... right turn on Yuma. Same thing. Wall, huge trees. Blue skies.

7/13/2024 7:57 PM: ;-\*O!!!!!!!erianadonutfreak1999: On time!! Early even! Came in through a huge metal sliding gate, *green* this time, believe it or not, and... Yay. In the middle of the Sonoran desert again. Ok, like we ever left, right, but this is *pure* desert; I'm talking saguaros, fan palms, big yellow boulders, sand, agaves, sand, prickly pear cacti, sand and no doubt scorpions, rattlesnakes, and tarantulas on either side of the driveway. Shoulda have come in hiking boots, instead of on these... er.. *beige*.. uh.. strappy.. um.. 5-inch wedges?? Heck it's not my fault it's like 200 degrees out here. Heck at least the little bastards would have to *rock-climb* their way to anywhere *near* my repellent-free feet.. as if big perimeter trees weren't enough... there's a second line of trees, this time... *cypresses??* ...that seem to form a ring. I mean a circle. Huge one. I'm out the SUV. Can't see squat of the house yet. I'm GUESSING it's behind those cypresses. Heading toward that path that seems to lead to that "clearing" between the cypresses. Won't take my chances roughing it across the desert, nope. By the way. Kinda scary. Ain't seen a soul yet? WTF?? Left the UWheel in stand-by. You know? Case anything.. oh wait, some radiantly smiling guy's coming. Prolly the owner. Yep. Prolly Mr. Sep. Mister well-blowered, pharmacy-auburned-mane-of-eighties-soap-opera haired, sensationally tan, all-in-white and barefoot Mr. Sep. Yep. Barefoot. Pedicure and all. Mister I-even-see-a-turquoise-ring-on-his-left-toe Mr. Sep. The just-emerged-from-within-the-ring-along-the-path-across-the-"break"-in-the-circle-of-cypresses Mr. Sep. He keeps walking. I can make him out much

better now! The one and only mister all-smiles, mister lower-incisors-notably-yellow-  
than-upper-incisors Mr. Sep!

7/13/2024 8:00 PM: ;-\*O!!!!!!!erianadonutfreak1999: I have no idea what he's saying to  
me since a plane was roaring overhead at that precise moment so all I did was watch his  
cracked lips move. For like a two full minutes. *Seems* nice enough though. We're  
supposedly walking toward the house now.

7/13/2024 8:01 PM: ;-\*O!!!!!!!erianadonutfreak1999: O...M...F...G... The house is in  
the middle of a like...immense...round reflecting pool, and... suspended above it, a good 8  
feet?? And... like it's, a building, not a house? And, pointy? And, glass, lots of glass?  
The entry right smack at the center, at the end of the path that's – surprise! - *also* suspended  
over the water... but, what the hell? Two other paths at seemingly 90-degree angles at left  
and right and also leading toward the house. Two more front doors?? Three more???  
Some stairs seem to go back down to the water inside.. man. The thing looks like a cross  
between a pueblo mansion, a turn-of-the-century suburban corporate headquarter and a  
minimalist desert Transformer, transforming. *On pilotis*. No *WONDER* José thinks this  
house is the 'sheet'. Pardon my French, literally. I'm inclined to ask my smiling host,  
“was peyote in any way involved in that first ‘client-architect’, ‘*brainstorming*’ meeting??”  
Beyond the initial glass façade plane... planes come up from inside the house, at different  
angles... white planes with square openings ... seeming to rotatingly draw away back from  
the façade... making their way up too. Oh I don't mean planes like the ones roaring above,  
I mean the *plane* planes, I mean the *flat-surface-on-which-a-straight-line-joining-any-two-  
points-on-it-would-wholly-lie* planes. On we walk toward the open front door, red, right at  
the end of the path. Isn't that like, feng shui suicide? Who cares, peyotes will beat the  
heck out of lychees, any day, any time, anywhere. Even in China. How not Phoenix?  
(Funny side note: As we walk I hear something crack and it's loud enough that we both  
look at my feet since it's no doubt something I stepped on. I slowly bring my foot up and I  
guess I killed a scorpion. Looked up sheepishly at Mr. Sep, offered a half a chuckle and a  
cheesy smile. He frowns. For once I can't see his teeth!). We walk on. I can't get over  
this reflecting pool! I mean I thought Tadao had smoked with Eychaner Lee but. This  
smells Chandigarh, this smells Pei, this smells... I catch a whiff of squashed arachnid,

never mind. He's again saying something but bam, another plane's en route to Sky Harbor. His lips do their thing. We're at the front door.

## **Phoenix, Arizona and the "Desert" Architecture of the American Southwest, Pt. II**

Hey man. What up 15:18 ✓✓

Yo 15:18 ✓✓

Yo Phil 15:18 ✓✓

What ol' Phillip Bookman Jr. up to tonite?? 15:20 ✓✓

Cmon man 15:21 ✓✓

That's alright man. I know you're pissed. I knew you'd be. So what man? Don't they just Fed Ex the hardware home to you if you don't show up? X)))) So did you enjoy the show via live stream from the comfort of your home? They dish out the *Whistlepig? Monkey Shoulder?* What were the hors d'oeuvres? Any hardbodies? Tell me I missed *something!* X)))) 15:22 ✓✓

Guess not!!! X)))) 15:23 ✓✓

Tell you what. Be mad. It's all good. I got no regrets. Mammoth of a hangover tho. Slept like 5 hours, man. Lying in bed as we speak. Guess where I was as you were ogling the old ladies via live streaming from the comfort of your home. As you systematically stuffed your mouth tranced-out in your living room, eyes glued to the screen, with Stuffed Piquillo Peppers with Goat Cheese, Jamon Serrano with Olives and Oranges, and Spicy Tuna Tartare? Well, took a detour. I did make it to my room at the airport Best Western you booked for me. Gee thanks. Thanks too for that BOMB Chevy Spark you got me. But I figured. The house is ON THE WAY to the Art center. So I figured. Why not drop in on the Sepulvedas while I'm here. I mean it's ON THE WAY 15:27 ✓✓

Ok let's go full disclosure here. I crashed in on em at around 10. So technically I could have made it to the awards. But let's be honest. Went down to the bar for a Patron at about 6. Met this guy Papo and his wife. They're visiting from Guatemala. Lovely couple.

Anyway. Time flew. Shots flew. Next thing I know it's 9 and I think. Maybe I can still at least catch the tail end of the gala thing and ogle some hot bods and gobble some cold. Catch the hardware or piece of glass right there. Hors d'oeuvres. Savor some of that Monkey they dishing out. Spent the next hour or so just driving around Central City instead 15:35 ✓✓

Listening to *Free Bird* by Lynyrd Skynyrd. 15:56 ✓✓

So. You won't believe this. I get to the house. Parked my bomb Spark – thanks again - right behind this black 2020 Chevy Suburban. Windows down. Empty. 90's techno blasting away. WTF? Karl came out to meet me, all smiles as usual. Karl can't feign his surprise at my presence, man. Big hug. Walk back toward the house. He talking. Can't make out any words though. Cause of that plane flying over us right then. It's as if someone pressed mute. You know. I just look back at him and nod every so often. We get to the house. Southeastern entrance. Walk around the courtyard past the Living Room to the Dining Room. Step in and damn. I mean DAMN. I mean, DAMN!! Turns out they're not just up having dinner, the Sepulvedas. They got a visitor... This chick from the DAAP, Cincinnati, it turns out. Having dinner with them. Who's purportedly doing a paper on the house. Believe that? I get there, they're at the Dining Room eating fucking dessert. This chick's a hot one man. Freaking 9.9. You know. Cause 10 don't exist right? Wait. It does. It's *this* chick. Hold on. 16:10 ✓✓

Got sick of thump-typing. At my laptop now. So yeah. Martita's all like hi, she gets up to greet me, chick stays put, at her place at the table, just staring at me, head turned toward me, hands on the edge of the table, serious, alert, like kinda spoked. Kinda startled. Martita's all hugs and kisses and welcome and what a pleasant surprise. She sits me across from her as Neto set my place with the china and cutlery and soon a steaming plate of all previous courses turned to one is in front of me. I delve in. It was kind of awkward though. No one formally introduced us two. I get up and offer my hand, introduce myself. She takes it. Says hi, back. Name's, get this, Eriana. As in lake Erie, Eriana. This chick is like a point 16:13 ✓✓

Pointier-nosed, fuller-lipped, copper-toned Emma Watson with a longer neck crossed with a pointier-nosed, fuller-lipped, copper-toned Jordana Brewster with a smaller waist. But this girl, as I later learn, runs for the U of C Bearcats, a senior. I mean runs as in she's a track star. Seriously. She's a track MVP over at Cincy. Was no surprise either, the legs freaking *screamed* it. Yell it out, to all points of the compass. Yell it out, Phil!! 16:15 ✓✓

*What was she wearing? 16:15 ✓✓*

You DOG!! Hahahahaha!!! There you are!! I knew that would get your attention!! What up?? 16:15 ✓✓

Damn, Phil. Anyway. Some sort of brown and white 'pueblo revival' cotton dress, pretty short, I later attested to, above mid-thigh. Real Native-American looking. The dress. Wide, low-cut square neck cleavage, above it a Bobby Schaefer 3-Strand Campo Frío green turquoise and sterling silver Native American charm bracelet if I'm not mistaken. Stood on some high ass sandals, too. Beige. Some black scorpions embroidered on it, too. 16:19 ✓✓

So I eat on, basically this sort of Pozole but far denser.. mix of corn chips mixed with Pueblo beans and ground meat mixed with lots of Picante and Cured Pepper Jack and Fried Guacamole and throw in Pimientos, Piki bread, the works and I swear chopped Sonoran Hot Dogs somewhere in there, and, Martita, she does most of the talking really. Sep just like savoring his Padron, you know? Smiling away? Now, sure this girl's a looker, man, but... ah, Cat? Cat's *The Guinness World Record Prime Grade A No. 1 Conversationalist Master of The Universe Blabbermouth* compared to this chick. I mean, that song by Run-D.M.C.? It's *about* Cat. So I... try to spark a... convo. That's how I learn she's doing this paper for a class back at Cincy for, get this: José Oubrerie. Turns out that the ultra secretive, ultra reclusive Mr. and Mrs. Sep are warm enough, and tight enough with him to allow one of his students inside their home, and to do a paper about it no less. With only one condition: no pics, and... no vids. Hey, isn't he emeritus at Knowlton at OSU? The hell's he doing at Cincy. Anyway, the Seps already toured around the house, and she's planning to leave as soon as dinner's over. But even as she puts that last piece of Prickly-

Pear-Ice-Cream-soaked Chocolate Tamale in her mouth, she still doesn't know that I... like... *designed* the thing. Cracked me up. 16:34 ✓✓

Then, but then, you can always count on *Martita* to be *Martita*. Right? Out of nowhere she's like, hey Eriana! By the way about that *paper* of yours, GUESS WHO'S THE ARCHITECT?? HE'S SITTING RIGHT THERE IN FRONT OF YOU!!! 16:36 ✓✓

She's like, no way. Dude, for the first time I see a true smile on her face. Face lit up. Wide smile, bright eyes. Teeth. She's like, *SERIOUSLY??* I'm like, yeah. She's like... wait you ready for this? She's like you got to give me an interview! I'm like, an *interview...* So I lean toward the Seps and lift an eyebrow. Like, ok with you?? They're like, go nuts. I say: OK. But, I say, but what about a subtle change of venue. I say that as a statement, not a question. She's like, where? I say, right here, right here in the house, we're not going anywhere. I say, well, not exactly *in* the house, actually. I say, you in? She nods immediately. Martita says, you guys go along. We're turning in. House is all yours. Bro! I say, ok, I say, thanks you guys, much love, we just gotta hit the tequila cellar and the kitchen first. Alright? Supplies are needed. Right man?? 16:40 ✓✓

I know you're there man. Nothing but blue check marks here.. I know you're there man!! 16:41 ✓✓

### **Phoenix, Arizona and the "Desert" Architecture of the American Southwest, Pt. III**

7/13/2024 11:48 PM: ;-\*O!!!!!!!!!!erianadonutfreak1999: Jesus H. Fucking Christ. Like, I'm a human, right? An around-at-a-quarter-of-its-life-expectancy human with ovaries, right? When this guy walked into the dining room... I swear my heart skipped a beat. And then BOOM, almost KO'd my sternum with the next one, as I swear to god my salivary glands broke water and - on my mother - my entire reproductive apparatus felt like this amorphous, dripping-wet sea-sponge someone had just vigorously squeezed every living drop out of... with a single contraction of both of their big, strong, sexy hands. Forget about the house, let's talk its *creator*. This guy looks and acts like a... cross between a much younger, short-bearded, slightly taller Nick Nolte and a slightly older, short-bearded, slightly taller Ryan Reynolds. Wearing a sky-blue, sack type, narrow notch lapel, single

vent jacket with the two top shirt (white) buttons unbuttoned instead of a tie, black straight-legged jeans, beige suede oxfords. Zilch in terms of accessories – 0 glasses, 0 rings, 0 watch, 0 chains. Wait, 1 accessory... one beat up Samsung Galaxy Note 10, metallic Spygen cover. But right now both of his virile, tan, vasculated hands are empty, hanging calmly, respectively, at 10 o'clock and 2 o'clock of his front pants' pockets, me wishing I was 12. He set his eyes on me.

7/14/2024 12:01 AM: ;-\*O!!!!!!!erianadonutfreak1999: And sits right the fuck in front of me. Jesus! I need to keep on stuffing my mouth with Martita's pueblo dessert in order not to either: 1. Say something moronic, and/or 2. Drool all over my freaking lap. So he's right across from me. At first he's asking me stuff, suave as a mother, as he eats his pueblo soup, he's eyeing me like a mother, too, and so I end up telling him about the project and Martita's like, "YO, GUESS WHAT, ERI, THIS MOTHER BUILT THIS FUCKING PLACE!" and I'm like... so I brain-fart this moron-prize-of-the-year pearl through my mouth: "Will you give me an interview?" Jesus H. Christ. So he's like no prob, we can have it right here in the house, but not in the house, if you know what I mean. And asks me if I'm "in". So to compensate for my previous outburst I skip like seventeen beats to answer, putting up my best Rodin's She-Thinker look. And slowly say, "sure, I guess that would be okay". And now I got a world-strong army of man-sized butterflies, of all shapes, sizes, colors and their own anxieties rampant, ramming their way up across my body, up my wide-open freaking asshole and out my wide-open freaking mouth, ears, and nostrils. Some of 'em even trying to pound their way through my fucking eyeballs. Fuck. Anyway. Here goes.

#### **Phoenix, Arizona and the "Desert" Architecture of the American Southwest, Pt. IV**

So the Seps retire up to their 2nd floor, Neto and the rest of the kitchen staff, wrapping up, I grab an Extended-Family Size bag of *Mama Eufemia's Best* wheat tortilla chips and what's left of the funky menudo, you know, and a large paper towel, as Lucía bless her heart fixes me a cooler chock-full of lemon, ice, bunch a little zip locks crammed with salt. Neto's '*El Bravo*' kitchen machete, that was splendid of him, you know, the one that you just you lay the blade on top the lemon let go and swishhhh it slices it in half all on its own? Remember?

This chick Eriana went off to the bathroom in the meantime, we agreed to meet at the stairs in front of the dining room. I grab the bag of tortilla chips, the thick clay pot with the menudo, a half-pound of shredded Monterey Jack I hadn't mentioned, the cooler, the paper towel, and Neto's 'El Bravo' kitchen knife, cross over to the bar at the den and snatch one of Karl's Silver Patrons from the huge built-in icebox, and finally get to the stairs in front of the dining room. Where she's waiting. By now few lights are on in the house. Matter of fact the only lights are the few warm led sconces along the corridor around the courtyard, and those along the path around the reflecting pool. What an ambiance, huh Phil!?! 16:59 ✓✓

She's waiting there with her smartphone in her hand. Smiling, saying, ok, all set. Looking taller than I remembered! Phil, I know you're a leg man too. Did I say track? Let me clarify. Sprinter. Screaming it in all directions, Phil! Orchestra horns radiating out and blaring it to the four winds, renegade fairies hissing it furiously into your ears with each step she takes!! 17:06 ✓✓

*Send pics. And we're cool 17:06 ✓✓*

You dog!! ... don't have any. C'mon man! Focus on the context! I lead the way. Guess where we're headed. My spot! My spot. Smack at the center of the house. My spot. *That's* where we're headed. 17:07 ✓✓

Phil, we do a couple of low *taburetes* on that grass in that courtyard, set down the goodies, damn. I had never seen it like that. No need for artificial lighting, the moon was so bright. Surprisingly starry sky above us too, to be in the middle of Phoenix. Quiet. No planes coming in or out. Above us the spectacular pitch black starry sky framed by the courtyard walls. Around us, 300 feet of clear view of the moonlit pool within the cypresses. Cool, crisp air with every breath. The experience was surreal. As expected, I should say. You crying yet bro? Hell Phil, to live a moment like this, this is what I created this for. To experience a moment like this, a little piece of your life, to share it like this. With someone like this. This is a total beauty, Phil. You have no idea what I'm talking about. We set up the cooler and the rest of the stuff at that little table between us. We chat a bit, we do the interview. Brother, this chick can shoot tequila! Said they never even took her to this part

of the house. As I said, my spot. Seps never cared too much for it. My spot, Phil. 17:22

✓✓

## **The Inside-Out House**

Interview to the architect (identity withheld at P.R. agent's request)

*By: Eriana Dugan Aminillo*

Eriana Dugan Aminillo: Good evening, Mr. (IWAPRAR)

Architect (IWAPRAR): Thank you, Miss Dugan. And a very good evening to you, too!

EDA: All right, thanks so much for conceding to sit down with us tonight and chat a little regarding one of your latest works, the Phoenix, Arizona house located in Central City, and taking up two urban blocks, between South 11<sup>th</sup> street, South 12<sup>th</sup> Street, and Buckeye Road to the North and Yuma Street to the South. So how does the project come into being?

Architect (IWAPRAR): Well, the owners who are also good friends call me up one day and say they're finally serious about pursuing a new custom home in Phoenix - after years of shooting the breeze with me over cappuccinos, margaritas or burros, they finally want to sit down and do some serious brainstorming. They need help for everything required to make the project a reality, including defining their objectives, finding the land, designing the architecture, DD's, CD's, specs, permitting, financing, construction management, interior design, selecting artwork, commissioning, putting together a maintenance plan. Now I'd venture to say that you'd be more interested in everything previous to Design Development, right?

EDA: As far as the scope of this article, yes. Especially the "designing of the architecture" part that you just mentioned.

Architect (IWAPRAR): No problem. Well, unless you got copious amounts of cash, which I don't, you, as an architect, depend on commissions to see your architectural ideas built, as we in our field know. In this case, were it not for a very specific wish list on the part of the client, well, you have to give it to them, clients. They're a huge part of the

reason why finished projects are what they are, for better or for worse. In this case, they requested from the outset: First, an urban site, as close as possible to Downtown Phoenix without the price per square foot shooting up too high, because, second, they wanted a site large enough that you felt as though you're *not* in the middle of Phoenix at all, but in the countryside, with an ample buffer zone between the house and the streets. And noisy overhead jets were no problem! So of course Nuestro Barrio was a prime candidate and it prevailed in the end. Third, I mean, get this: they dreamed of a house where "every room" would have ample and equal – meaning exactly the same – view of the exterior landscape. Fourth, a house where "no one room would be second to another". And fifth and last, and this one's, finally, a rather simple request: a pool that's as close to the house as possible, with ample shade.

EDA: Wow. Idiosyncratic starting requirements, to put it mildly! So walk us through, then, around how you addressed these requests, if you don't mind.

Architect (IWAPRAR): Be thrilled to. So we get the Nuestro Barrio site. I won't get into the dealings with the City and the residents. Some relocations were easier than others, to put it mildly. A little under 20 families still resided in what would become the site; luckily, few of them actual activists. I mean, my clients – you see so many of the residents wanting to move out – my clients want to move in. We worked with both the community and the Voluntary Acquisition and Relocation Services program, extensively. Many a meeting was held and a coffee drunk and an emotion ran high at the Sylvestre S. Herrera Elementary, and even some money was put into helping the community lobby for fed dollars to be fed back into the area, pun not intended, and revitalize it, beautify it, for the benefit of the remaining residents. Anyhow, we get the site. Super. Now, you got an eight-and-a-half acre site, and you got an architectural program that calls for a floor area, including closed and open covered, that shouldn't exceed 25,000 square feet. Meaning your house's total surface area is 15 times less than your site's surface area, and that means that you got your buffer, so long as you place your house right at or near the center of your site. You further enlarge said buffer by densifying your program by making the house multistory. That was the easy part, design wise, and you get your requests one and two covered.

EDA: Ok, so, the same big view from every room, and making no room second in importance to another, right? I see that you achieved that, but how was that solution fabricated, design wise? How was that attained?

Architect (IWAPRAR): You want to talk parti, right?

EDA: Sure, if you don't mind.

Architect (IWAPRAR): I do not mind at all. I don't often sit down and draw a diagram and then follow those rules as I design. The parti is a consequence. Useful, as a tool to communicate architectural ideas, of course. But there's a romantic misconception about it usually being a precursor to design, at least in my experience. At least with real-life projects. Projects that need to be built and need to enjoy a sustainable life cycle. The concept that will eventually be illustrated through the parti diagram is born as a very simple idea that quickly is developed many times non linearly in your head, as a mix of mental images and text, one overtaking the previous one before it's even completely finished usually, a turbulent flow, in text, written and audio, also images, simple and complex and in 3D and 2D, and, of course, you do go back and forth and refine all these as you go. But yes, of course, a parti is useful in documenting this process.

EDA: Can you explain how it comes into being?

Architect (IWAPRAR): Sure, let's start with a square in plan, to represent our project, in this case a single family home. Very simple, let's now ask how it helps in achieving our goals. Well, let's name this square "A" and everything outside it "B", with the former representing our architecture, and the latter representing its surroundings. The "Inside" and the "Out" if you will. So, one, we want equal rooms, and I posit that the most important aspects in doing away with hierarchy will be shape and size. So let's divide our square up. Let's take two diagonal lines and divide our square into four pieces. Now, the diagonal lines, what they do is that they create four triangles, and each of these has two sides now that are equal in length, and each of them shorter in length than the third, perimetral, "original" side. The two shorter sides, or legs, are located inside, therefore in contact with "Inside", while the longer side, hypotenuse, is part, again, of the perimeter, and thus in contact with "Outside". Let's name the shorter sides the Inside Diagonals or "ID's", and

the longer sides Outside Perimeter or “OP”. Now, again, while each “ID” is shorter than its corresponding “OP”, the sum of the length of the “ID’s” of each triangle surpasses the length of a single “OP”, by, of course, approximately, 40%, since these are right triangles and their hypotenuse is equal to the square root of 2, so long as the legs are one, as Pythagoras made quite sure to tell everyone. So now, what if we move these pieces, move each of these 4 triangles so that these diagonal sides, the “ID’s”, are the ones that are in contact with b, the outside, instead of the “OP’s”? The inner surface has become the outer. Or, the architecture has turned inside-out, if you will. And, since we had defined “B”, the outside, as the zone that is adjacent to, or in contact with, “OP”, now the outside is inside - in the space previously occupied by “A”. “A” has been fragmented and displaced, but has the same unit area. The square “A” has now become the triangles “A1”, “A2”, “A3”, and “A4”. And, the edges that are now in contact with the surrounding space are 40% longer. But that surrounding space is not the same anymore. It can’t be, since that space is the original outside which is now inside. The new “outside”, that which is in contact with ID’s and not OP, must become another entity, let’s call it C.

EDA: Wow. And “C” becomes...?

Architect (IWAPRAR): You take your typical single family home, the house is surrounded by a mowed, cared-for lawn. In our case, the mowed, cared-for lawn is surrounded by the house. The “outside” walls of the house still have a view of the lawn. The guts, the innards, of the house – the main program that resides in A1, A2, A3 and A4 and that has now been exposed – have a view of the space that used to be, would normally be, your typical mowed lawn, but which is something else now: “C”. Non-earth. How do we landscape using an element that can be read, conceptually, as opposite to grass, to green, as we would perhaps in a figure-ground diagram of Planet Earth? I say water.

EDA: So, the sameness provided by “C”, reinforced by the ring of cypresses that I assume has as its center the center of the grassy area we’re on right now, achieves the goal that every room has the same view. And these rooms are in turn equal as requested, sharing both size and shape.

Architect (IWAPRAR): Yes.

EDA: Wow, so... so let's shift gears a little. How do you feel about tonight's award?

Architect (IWAPRAR): I'll just go ahead and quote Farson on this one: "*Contrary to what most people believe, giving awards is not a benign activity. The weight of psychological research on this subject shows clearly that extrinsic rewards are ultimately demotivating, not just because there are always a lot more losers than there are winners, but the pursuit of awards paradoxically distracts people from the work itself. Genuine awards, the kind that lead to further innovation, are always intrinsic to the process of the work.*"

EDA: Interesting. Is that the reason why you didn't attend tonight's award ceremony?

Architect (IWAPRAR): No.

EDA: Would you agree that the house looks like a cross between a pueblo mansion, a turn-of-the-century suburban corporate headquarter and a minimalist desert Transformer, transforming?

Architect (IWAPRAR): Autobot or Decepticon?

EDA: Decepticon.

Architect (IWAPRAR): Yes. But let's take aesthetics out of the equation for a second. Tell me. Do you.. *like* the house?

EDA: Yes I do, actually.

Architect (IWAPRAR): Super. So, *what* do you like, about the house?

EDA: There's less beige in it than in the rest of Arizona? No, the equalization of the spaces designated to each of the main domestic program emphasizes *use* itself as well as interior distribution as providers of identity over relative shape and/or size of enclosure. This allows function over form to provide identity to each environment, while at the same time allowing for the equivalent experiencing of the practically equal views and shapes of the rooms to provide, via equiparation and uniformization, maybe a stronger overall identity of this house over others, signifying perhaps a novel and stronger take on the concept of

'home' for its users. The Sepulvedas in this case of course. To me, that's interesting.  
Would you say that's a good reading?

Architect (IWAPRAR): No, I would not say that that's a good reading at all. I'd say, maybe, that's not such a terrible reading.

EDA: Well, there you go, people. Award-winning architect (IWAPRAR) for you all.  
Thank you again, sir, for your time this evening.

Architect (IWAPRAR): No problem at all, Miss Dugan. You're more than welcome.  
More than welcome.

### **Phoenix, Arizona and the "Desert" Architecture of the American Southwest, Pt. V**

Anyway. Phil. Pick me up at the airport. We'll hit a diner on the way home. Tell you all about it. 17:39 ✓✓

Come on, my treat. 17:39 ✓✓

And I'll tell you all about what happened next. 15:39 ✓✓

*What happened??* 15:40 ✓✓

You DOG!! Hahahahaha!!! There he is!! He's alive, ladies and gentlemen!! He's alive!!  
Peace out, bro!!! See you soon!!! 17:41 ✓✓