

Architecture-magazine editors
have the strangest dreams.

EDITOR'S
NOTE

DREAM HOME

I'm the guy in the office who's always telling his coworkers about the strange or humorous cameos they made in his dreams the night before. Most of you have someone like this at work or in your circle of friends, and you probably cringe a little each time he or she launches into a new yarn. You wonder what in the world this person must think of you with these odd characterizations, or why you're in his or her dream at all. I know all this, but it doesn't muzzle me. I get such a kick out of some of my mental movies that I simply have to share them.

The dreams fade over time, but I can still recall one in which a colleague and I sat down to a festive outdoor lunch with the cast of *Dawson's Creek*, during a break in filming, and another in which three coworkers who traveled with me to an out-of-state conference kept turning the tables and bureaus in the hotel hospitality suite upside down and using them as chairs. My comically futile attempts to guide them to more comfortable seating were narrated the following day at the water cooler.

And here I go again: A few months ago, I had an architecture dream that was so absorbing I got up in the middle of the night to scribble it down. In it I was in a coffeehouse-like environment at night when I recognized Hollywood megastar

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Brad Pitt sitting by himself on a couch. This being a dream, I walked right over to the world's most famous architecture enthusiast and said I'd seen his amazing house in a magazine. Before I could get another word out, he began eagerly handing me loose-leaf pages of a tabloid-size magazine strewn with photographs of New Orleans. (The actor's connection to the city is well known: He's



DON F. WONG

leading a campaign to build 150 affordable green houses, all designed by top architecture firms, in the flood-ravaged Lower Ninth Ward.)

The photography was mesmerizing. The images on the first handful of pages were mostly close-ups of the surfaces and edges of weather-worn industrial buildings, with many of the subjects set against a clear blue sky. These masonry and rusting metal structures resided in a shallow canyon down by the Mississippi River.

Up above, lining both edges of the canyon, were all-white modern homes of various sizes; these were the focus of the second stack of pages. My new movie-star friend pointed out his house, and I marveled at the airy interior's many translucent surfaces—doors and walls, even kitchen countertops. The kicker? When I touched a photo with my thumb, the printed image would time-lapse from daytime to

dusk and back again. I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

Here's the part that will give you a chuckle: Mr. Pitt desperately wanted *Architecture Minnesota* to feature his translucent modern manse. The idea thrilled me, of course, but first I had to ask: Did you work with a Minnesota architect? In my dream, the answer was Yes, though the designer was never identified.

The fact that I had architect-designed homes on the brain when I had this dream—I was planning the contents of this issue—probably explains the dream's genesis. But it's also true that houses are powerful symbols in our nighttime adventures. I'd ruminate on that, or on how residential architects are uniquely able to translate our deep-down notions of shelter and comfort into built form, but I'm hopelessly preoccupied with another topic: How do we make that time-lapse feature a reality in print?

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