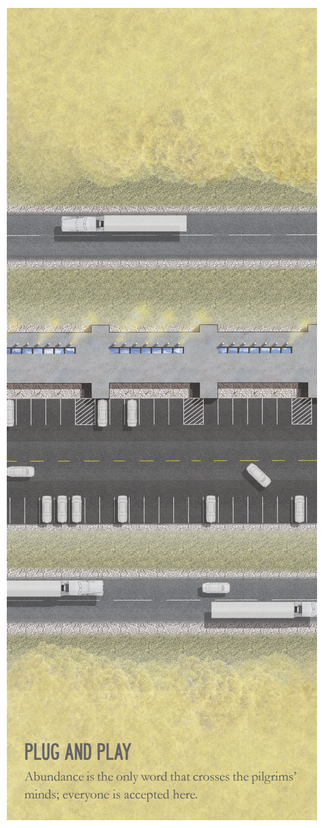
PITSTOP CONFESSIONAL

INTRODUCTION

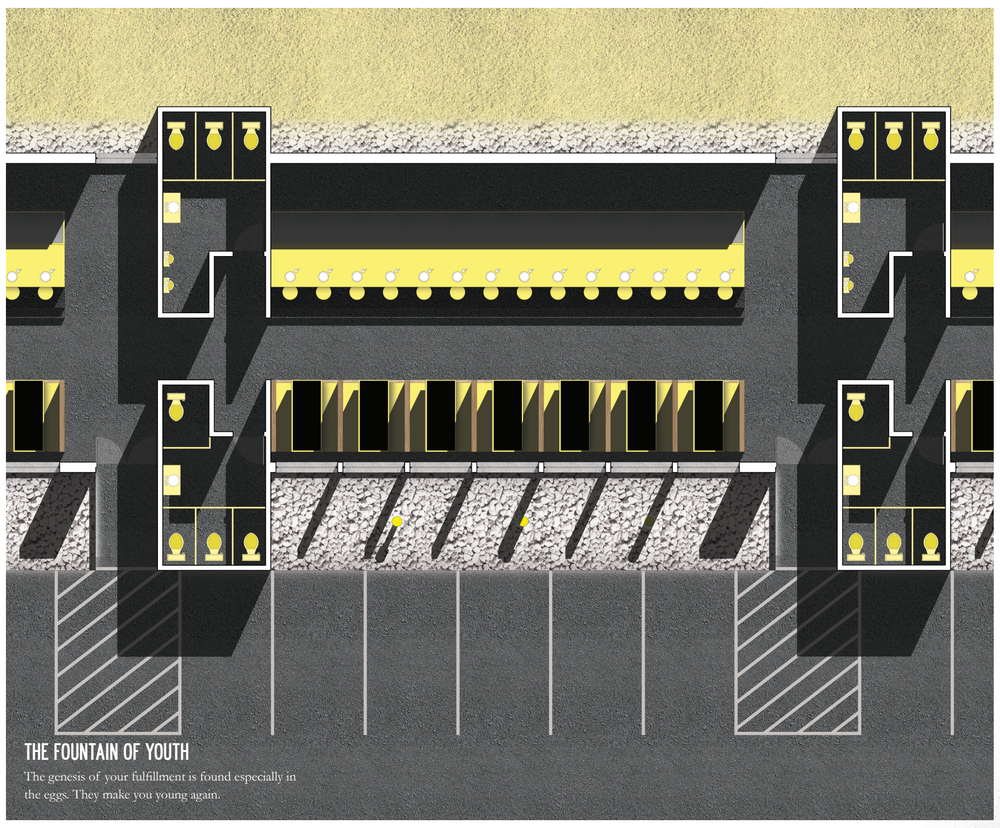
This conceptual project considers the region of the South to be a vibrant historical artifact with a valuable future tense. The Pitstop Confessional positions the cultural lineage of the saloon and roadside diner typologies within their contemporary highway context and critiques the morphology of the Southern dining experience from the one-room house to the asphalt edgescapes of suburbia. Waffle House is designed as a truer version of itself – a roadside sanctuary. An assertion is made through spatial gestures, allusions to religious rituals, and the written word that the Waffle House dining experience – however detached from the presuppositions society has about communal eating – is a spiritual activity that fulfills patrons' desires for redemption and salvation under a pretense of affordable, transit-oriented happiness. The Fountain of Youth, the Hymnal, and the Call to Prayer are metaphors embedded in Waffle House.

Drawing upon the speed and linearity of the automobile, the redemptive aspects of comfort food, and the dynamics between public and private experience at Waffle House, the Pitstop Confessional is a Southern sanctuary for highway pilgrims to find repose along their Westward journey. The project becomes a more real manifestation of what Waffle House means.



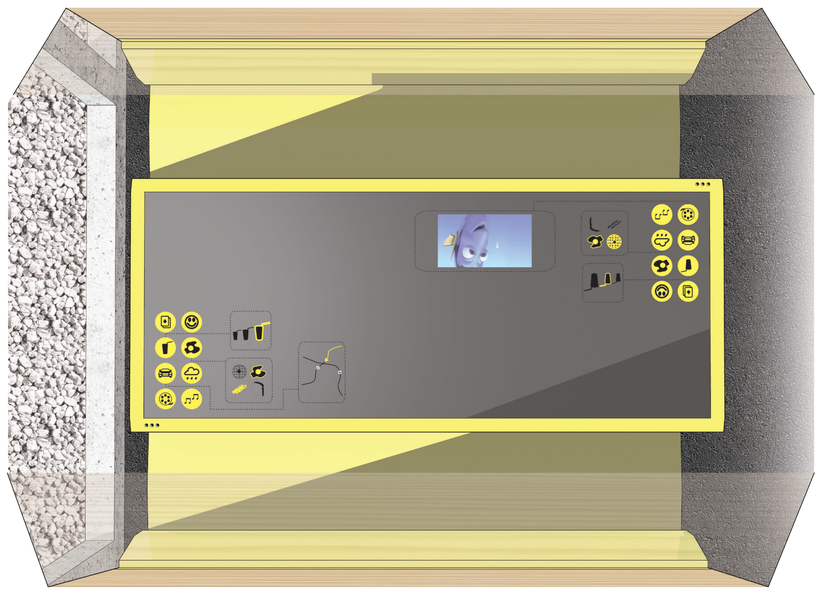
PLUG AND PLAY

Abundance is the only word that crosses the pilgrims' minds; everyone is accepted here.



THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

The genesis of your fulfillment is found especially in the eggs. They make you young again.



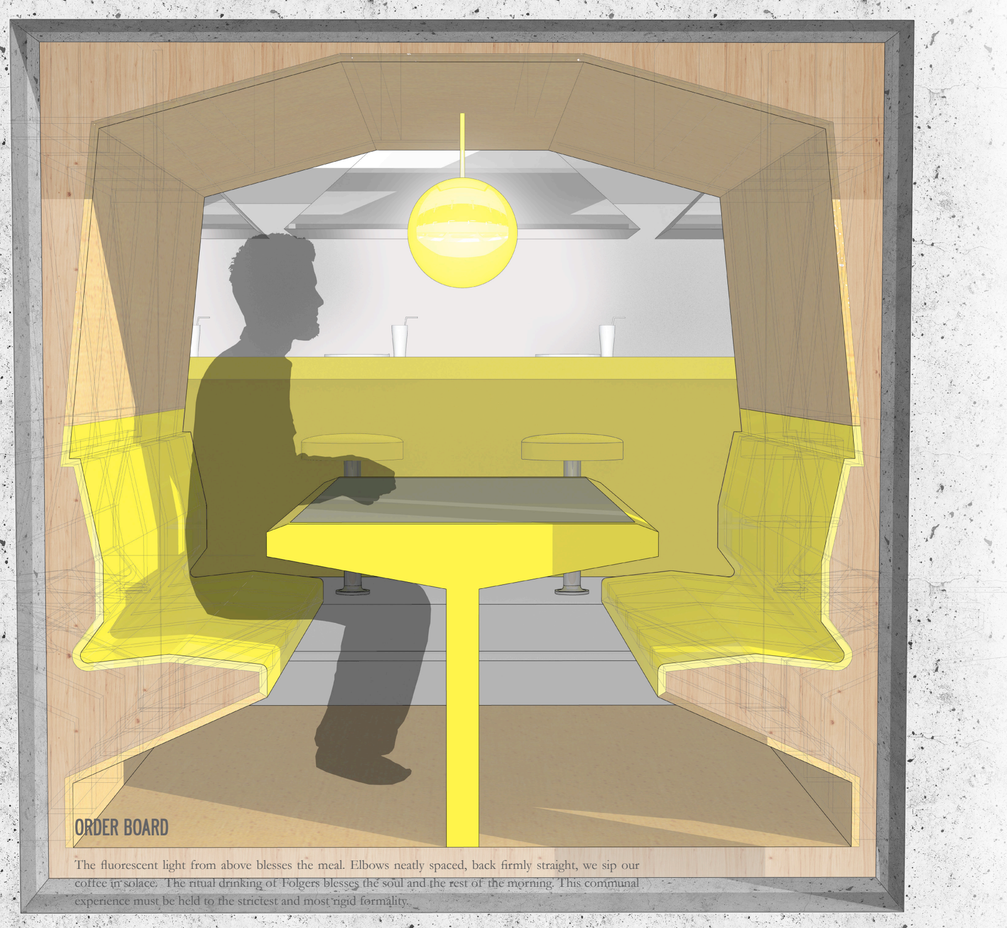
HYMNAL

Here we order our hashbrowns, petitioning for redemption and salvation.



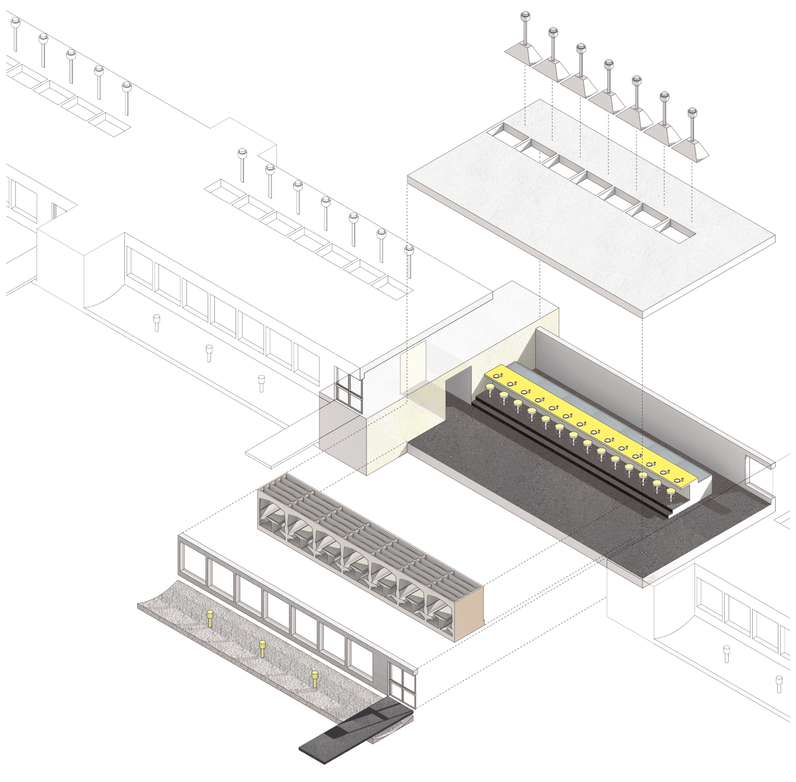
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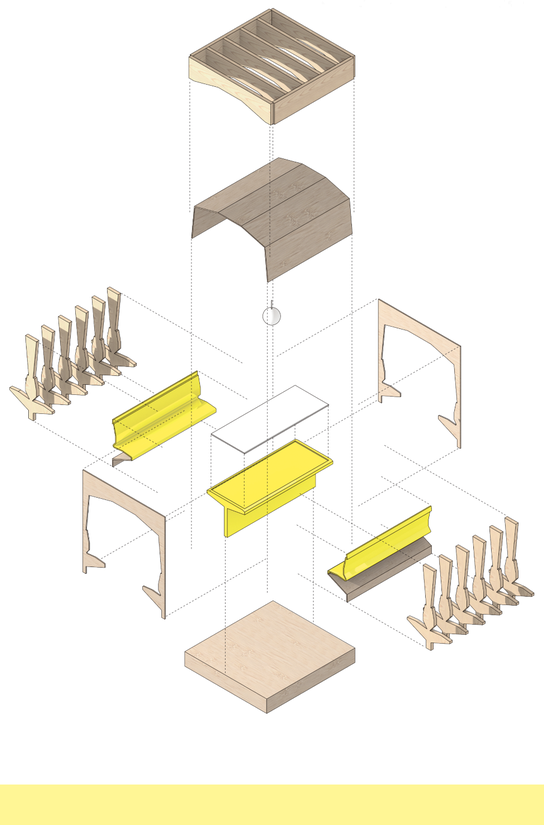
The westward flow of settlers funnels into and out of the intra-road sanctuary. The call to feast blares to the olfactory aspirations for pleasure. This is the fulfillment of Ponce De León's search, all for under ten bucks.

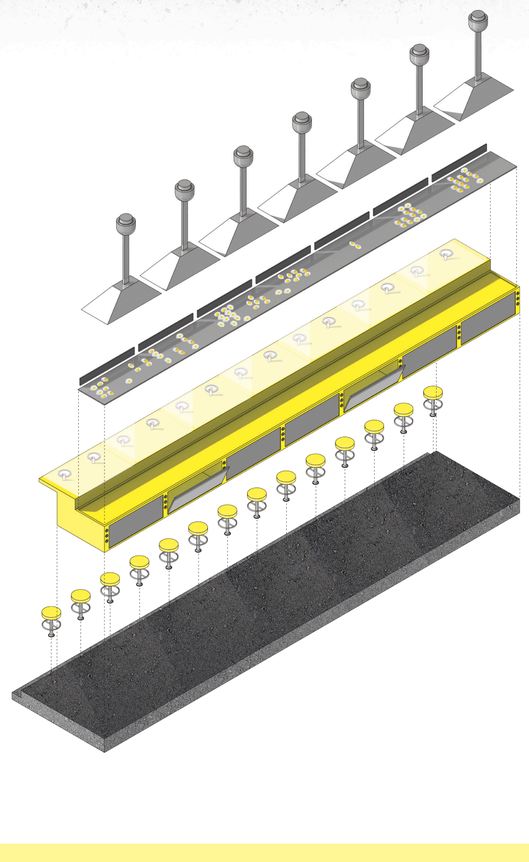


ORDER BOARD

The fluorescent light from above blesses the meal. Elbows neatly spaced, back firmly straight, we sip our coffee in solace. The ritual drinking of Folgers blesses the soul and the rest of the morning. This communal experience must be held to the strictest and most rigid formality.







SANCTUARY

This story starts as brave men resettle the lands of their fathers in search of peace. Inspired by Ponce de León and the whur of passing cars, something whispers: these people must eat. In 1956 President Eisenhower signs the national charter; day in and day out since, hashbrowns and happiness have abounded. If you come, you are hungry.

Like Henry Ford, the possibilities are endless. Choose between breads, waffles, eggs, bacon or sausage, and an assortment of hashbrowns to meet all your needs and desires. The remnants of this sin will disappear like a mist into the yellow. Abundance is the only word that crosses the pilgrims' minds; sustenance, happiness, and forgiveness are all impending, for everyone is accepted here.

To exit the current of the highway, the car slices through 70 mph of layered speeds. The transition from literal to figural movement is not subtle; the decision is predicated on the final lurch on the asphalt lot and the soft clap of leather soles on white rustoleum delineation stripes.

EACH MINUTE, WE SERVE

- 342 strips of bacon
- 238 orders of hashbrowns
- 145 waffles
- 127 cups of coffee
- 33 hamburgers
- 110 sausage patties
- 96 grits orders
- 16 Texas cheesesteaks
- 15 chicken breasts
- 11 pork chops

SINCE 1995, WE HAVE SERVED

- 2,501,866,574 eggs
- 1,800,286,157 hashbrown orders
- 1,684,212,442 bacon strips
- 1,359,881,590 orders of grits
- 1,289,801,887 cups of coffee
- 877,388,027 waffles
- 729,065,401 glasses of coca-cola
- 661,031,274 sausage patties
- 264,925,814 omelets
- 201,228,687 hamburger quarters

ALTAR

Here we rest and survey our pasts and presents. We place our orders and those commandments are fulfilled with the utmost piety. This is where we post about our worries, express desires and open up to each other. This is the place where our thoughts come alive, and our passions solidify in edible form. We fast while we wait, squirming with expectancy.

Redemption is in the same line of thought as the journey. Thus, the same place where our hiatus begins is where our sins die. The priest prepares for ritual consumption. He takes the desires and conviction of the congregation and fries them into a nebulous yellow fog that ascends to the skies.

CAYCE DAVIS